

Racial Killer.

By Nadine.

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FADE IN:

SEATTLE SKYLINE - DAY

A dead body is washed up on land. The dead body is a white male, mid 30s, casual clothing. There are police and Detectives all over the area. A woman walks to the crime scene, this is DETECTIVE MYRA FROST, she is white, early 40s, medium height, dirty blonde short spiky pixie hairstyle, feminine yet professional attire, very feminine facial features. She studies the area and the dead body. A man is walking towards her, he is DETECTIVE ADAM HIGGINS, he is African-American, early 40s, tall, chinstrap beard, bald-fade wave hairstyle. He approaches Myra.

ADAM HIGGINS

Another one, huh?

MYRA FROST

Yes.

MYRA FROST (CONT'D)

This is the third one, same gender,
same race.

Another officer walks up to them, this is SERGEANT GEORGE PRICE.

SERGEANT PRICE (TO FROST AND HIGGINS)

I want you two as the lead Detectives
on this case. You've been working hard
on this. I know you'll get this
killer...or killers.

ADAM HIGGINS (TO SERGEANT PRICE)

Yes, sir.

MYRA FROST (TO SERGEANT PRICE)

Yes, sir. We already have a suspect.

SERGEANT PRICE (TO FROST)

Well, get on it, Detective!

MYRA FROST (TO SERGEANT PRICE)

Yes, sir.

Sergeant Price walks away.

ADAM HIGGINS (TO MYRA FROST)

Let's go pay the scumbag a visit.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. APARTMENT - SAME DAY

Frost knocks on the door of this apartment. A tall skinny dark skinned black-man opens the door, this is DEQUINN MITCHELL. He rolls his eyes.

DEQUINN

What do you motherfuckers' want?!

MYRA FROST (TO DEQUINN)

We need you to answer some more questions, Dequinn.

DEQUINN (TO MYRA FROST)

No way, not without my lawyer.

Dequinn slams the door in the Detectives faces. Higgins thumps on the door...very loud this time.

CUT TO:

INT. INTERROGATION ROOM - SAME DAY

Dequinn Mitchell and his lawyer EDMUND CARIKER are sitting opposite Frost and Higgins.

EDMUND CARIKER (TO FROST AND HIGGINS)

You have nothing on my client.

MYRA FROST (TO EDMUND CARIKER)

We all know that your client is a black supremacist.

DEQUINN (TO FROST)

Black Supremacist.

DEQUINN (TO FROST AND HIGGINS)

Look, just because I don't associate with the white man, doesn't mean I killed these crackers.

Edmund Cariker whispers something in Dequinn's ear.

DEQUINN (TO EDMUND CARIKER)

Aight, Aight, say no more. I got it.

EDMUND CARIKER (TO FROST AND HIGGINS)

Look, if my client is not under
arrest. Then we're leaving.

Edmund Cariker stands up.

EDMUND CARIKER (TO DEQUINN)

Let's go.

Dequinn gets up, he and his lawyer both leave.

ADAM HIGGINS

I can't believe we have to let that
racist go.

MYRA FROST

Cariker is right. We have nothing on
Dequinn. And I hate to agree with him,
but Dequinn does have a point. Him
being a racist doesn't mean he's a
killer.

MYRA FROST (CONT'D)

We'll keep looking. It's possible
Dequinn is not our guy.

CROSSFADE:

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

It's a rainy night, a man is walking, he is white, tall,
short dark hair, we only see the back of him. All of a sudden
a GUN is pointed at the back of his head, we see the person's
arm, but we don't see who it is, they fire a SHOT at the
man's head, he falls to the ground, footsteps are running,
the sound of the footsteps are faded until we no longer hear
them. The dead man is lying on the pavement, the rain falling
heavier on his corpse.

CROSSFADE:

EXT. STREET - DAY

Detectives and Police are surrounding the new crime scene.
Detective Myra Frost and Detective Adam Higgins are at the
scene.

MYRA FROST (TO ADAM HIGGINS)

Same type of guy, again same race,
same gender, Number four.

CUT TO:

INT. DETECTIVE PRECINCT - DAY

MYRA FROST (TO ADAM HIGGINS)
It's always around the same area that these men are getting killed. The locations are not far from each other. If we do a stake-out, maybe we can catch this guy.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. CAR - NIGHT

Frost and Higgins are on a stakeout. Frost is at the wheel. The street is dark, some street lights are on, the stores are all closed with the standard automatic light inside the stores. The street has an eerie vibe.

ADAM HIGGINS
We forgot the coffee and doughnuts.

MYRA FROST
We'll live.

ADAM HIGGINS
No seriously. I will need some doughnuts soon.

Frost laughs.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. CAR - SAME NIGHT

Adam Higgins is falling in and out of sleep.

MYRA FROST
Hey! Wake up, Adam.

ADAM HIGGINS
Oh, uh, sorry.

MYRA FROST
There's been no activity. Our guy isn't gonna show tonight. Let's get out of here.

ADAM HIGGINS
Good idea.

They drive away.

CROSSFADE:

INT. DETECTIVE PRECINCT - DAY

The precinct is busy with people walking around and people at their desks. Detective Myra Frost is at her desk, talking to another Detective, this is DETECTIVE FAVIA, he is early 40s, tall, slim, suit and tie.

FAVIA

I heard the psycho decided not to strike last night.

MYRA FROST

Yeah. We need to get this guy. He's not gonna stop until he's behind bars.

FAVIA

Well, don't let this career consume you, Myra. Gotta have a life too.

MYRA FROST

Yeah, I know.

MYRA FROST (CONT'D)

How's the family?

FAVIA

They're good. We're going to a family wedding this weekend.

MYRA FROST

That's nice.

Favia chuckles.

FAVIA

Trust me, it's not.

FAVIA (CONT'D)

A Latino wedding with some family members always at each other's throats?!

MYRA FROST

They can't work out their differences?

FAVIA

Seemingly not.

FAVIA (CONT'D)

They're grown adults, you'd think they could. Maybe they need to cut off contact, but family weddings...I don't know.

FAVIA

I gotta go. I'll see you, Myra.

MYRA FROST

Bye, Eduardo.

Favia walks away. Higgins walks up to Frost's desk.

ADAM HIGGINS

Detective, I was thinking we should try the stakeout again.

MYRA FROST

I don't know if that will work again, Detective.

ADAM HIGGINS

We have no leads.

MYRA FROST

We could drive around the area of the murders. We may have better luck that way.

Higgins nods his head.

ADAM HIGGINS

I saw you talking to Favia.

MYRA FROST

Yeah, he was trying to remind me not to let the job take over my life.

ADAM HIGGINS

Coming from him? That's almost laughable...The workaholic Detective?!

MYRA FROST

Let's try and catch our guy again tonight.

ADAM HIGGINS

I'm there.

CUT TO:

INT. CAR - NIGHT

Frost is at the wheel, Higgins beside her. We sense the icy cold of the night, even in the car. People are leaving restaurants and waiting at bus stops.

ADAM HIGGINS

I doubt anything will happen tonight.
Quite a lot of people around.

MYRA FROST

We'll keep driving around a bit longer.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. CAR - SAME NIGHT

ADAM HIGGINS

Our killer is in hiding again.

MYRA FROST

He isn't gone. When he returns, we'll get this S.O.B.

CROSSFADE:

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

Two men are arguing, one is a white man, mid 30s, slightly overweight, he is arguing with someone, we don't see who he is arguing with, the argument is inaudible. All of a sudden a silencer gun is pointed to the white man's forehead, the TRIGGER is PULLED, the unidentified white man falls to the ground, he is DEAD. We barely see the shadow of this man's killer, he runs off and disappears into the dark of the night.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. DETECTIVE MYRA FROST'S APARTMENT - SAME NIGHT

Frost's Apartment. It's a third floor one bedroom. The walls are plain white, minimalist apartment with only the essentials, some abstract art are on some shelves. Detective Myra Frost is exiting the kitchen, she has a glass of white wine in one of her hands, she walks into the living room. All of a sudden, someone slips a piece of paper through her letterbox. She walks to the front door, she opens the door, we hear someone walking away, a shadow disappears. She closes the door, looks at the paper, it says *'It's time that*

everyone stops praising the white man.' The disturbing message is cut up on different pieces of paper. Detective Myra Frost's eyes displays fear, her hands start to tremble as she is still holding the piece of paper, her eyes fixed on the message.

CUT TO:

EXT. STREET - SAME NIGHT

Detective Myra Frost, Sergeant Price and Detective Adam Higgins are at the crime scene of the latest murder. The crime scene has yellow tape and lots of police are around. Sergeant Price looks at the message on the piece of paper.

SERGEANT PRICE (TO MYRA FROST)

Okay, now the killer knows where you live. We're going to put you in a hotel until we catch this guy.

MYRA FROST (TO SERGEANT PRICE)

No way. This guy is not chasing me out of my own home.

SERGEANT PRICE (TO MYRA FROST)

Myra, I understand, but--

MYRA FROST (TO SERGEANT PRICE)

--Sergeant, it's not happening.

SERGEANT PRICE (TO MYRA FROST)

Okay, so we'll assign to your home - protection, round the clock.

MYRA FROST (TO SERGEANT PRICE)

Okay.

CROSSFADE:

INT. DETECTIVE PRECINCT - DAY

Detectives are working to catch the serial killer. They have a bulletin board, we see inaudible conversations of the Detectives in the precinct.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. DETECTIVE MYRA FROST'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Detective Myra Frost exits her bathroom. Someone knocks at the door. It's Detective Adam Higgins, his forehead has

BLOOD, Higgins is slumped over on one side.

MYRA FROST

Oh my God. Adam, what happened?

ADAM HIGGINS

He attacked me...the killer...he...

Detective Adam Higgins begins to fall over before Detective Myra Frost grabs him.

MYRA FROST

Come on, let's get you cleaned up.

Detective Myra Frost is finished bandaging up Detective Adam Higgins' cut.

MYRA FROST

Are you sure you don't want to go to the hospital?

ADAM HIGGINS

Yeah, I'm sure.

ADAM HIGGINS (CONT'D)

It isn't a deep cut. I'll be okay.

MYRA FROST

What happened?

ADAM HIGGINS

I was driving around the areas where we were previously, trying to find this bastard, and I saw him...he was following this white man, the killer had a gun, he, he pointed it at the man, and...oh my God...

Detective Adam Higgins is breathing fast, seems to be on the verge of tears.

MYRA FROST

Okay, okay. Calm down. Take your time. Let me get you some water.

Higgins drinks some water. He's calmer.

ADAM HIGGINS

I got out of my car. I ran up to him and yelled and before I knew it, we were in a fight, he hit me on the head

with his gun and he ran.

MYRA FROST
We're gonna get this guy, Adam.

Higgins' nods his head.

MYRA FROST
Listen, I want to keep an eye on
you...that blow to your head...you
wanna stay here tonight? I've got a
sofa bed.

ADAM HIGGINS
Are you sure? I mean--

MYRA FROST
--Yes, I'm sure.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. DETECTIVE MYRA FROST'S APARTMENT - SAME NIGHT

Frost and Higgins are sitting on the couch, drinking some tea
or coffee.

DETECTIVE MYRA FROST
This evil son of a bitch is so
elusive. We don't even have a rough
sketch.

Frost sighs.

MYRA FROST
Well, it's late. I'm gonna get ready
for bed.

ADAM HIGGINS
Me too.

Frost and Higgins have finished washing the cups and plates
in the kitchen.

ADAM HIGGINS
There's been a rumour around work that
Sergeant Price is stepping down, and
Detective Douglass has been promoted.

MYRA FROST
Well, good for him!

ADAM HIGGINS

The thing is Detective Hallmon wanted that promotion, and he deserved it.

MYRA FROST

They're both hard workers.

ADAM HIGGINS

Yeah, but I think somethings going on. I mean, a hard working brother works harder than everyone in the precinct, and he doesn't get promoted?

MYRA FROST

I don't know, Adam. I guess it is what it is.

ADAM HIGGINS

Yeah, well it ain't right!

Higgins starts to walk out of the kitchen.

ADAM HIGGINS

It's time that everyone stops praising the white man.

Frost freezes as Higgins leaves the kitchen.

FLASHBACK:

INT. DETECTIVE MYRA FROST'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

She is reading the disturbing note that says *'It's time that everyone stops praising the white man.'*

END FLASHBACK

Frost gulps, obviously subtly, but enough to know she's now nervous and worried. She joins Higgins in the living room.

MYRA FROST

Adam?

ADAM HIGGINS

Yeah.

MYRA FROST

Why'd you...why did you say that? The comment about praising the white man.

ADAM HIGGINS

Well, it's true. As a black man, it's what I believe.

The vibe of the apartment has turned from comfortable to unsettling. Detective Myra Frost looks at her bag on one of the sofa's. She walks up to her bag and rummages through it.

ADAM HIGGINS

You looking for this?

Higgins has Frost's phone.

MYRA FROST

What are you doing with my phone?!

She walks towards him.

ADAM HIGGINS

Myra, I need you to sit down. I'll give you your phone. Please sit down.

Frost stares at Higgins for a moment. She doesn't try and argue or fight him as she does what he asks. He sits down next to her. He stares at her for a moment, he is no longer the nice Detective that we've gotten to know. He is now unpredictable. His calmness adds to the uncertainty of what he might do.

ADAM HIGGINS

You think I slipped up, but I didn't.

The room is silent for about seven seconds, before anyone fills the atmosphere with words again. These seven seconds of silence are short, yet tense.

MYRA FROST

Was it you? You killed all those men?

Detective Adam Higgins smiles at Detective Myra Frost for a moment.

ADAM HIGGINS

Yes, I killed them.

Myra Frost gasps.

MYRA FROST

And the cut on your head?

ADAM HIGGINS

Something I chose to do. To make sure

I don't become a suspect.

FLASHBACK: INT. HIGGINS APARTMENT - NIGHT

Higgins looks at himself through his bathroom mirror, he has his gun in his hand, he pauses for a few seconds before hitting himself on the forehead with his gun.

END FLASHBACK

MYRA FROST

Why did you kill them? They're innocent people.

ADAM HIGGINS

Innocent?! When they're killing black men everyday, when they don't even try and help poor black neighbourhoods.

MYRA FROST

They? These men that you killed did not--

ADAM HIGGINS

--It's neither here nor there, Myra.

ADAM HIGGINS (CONT'D)

They're white men. Them existing is contributing to the problem. They're taking opportunities that black people deserve.

ADAM HIGGINS (CONT'D)

Detective Douglass getting promoted is one of the examples why.

ADAM HIGGINS (CONT'D)

But why should us black folk complain?! We should just be grateful we can get a job, right?!

MYRA FROST

You can't go around KILLING PEOPLE!

ADAM HIGGINS

It ain't just about jobs and careers. White men think they're all that and a bag of chips, and the truth is THEY AIN'T SHIT!

Frost's hands are shaking. We get the sense Higgins has not

displayed anger before.

ADAM HIGGINS (CONT'D)
Plain looking, boring crackers. It's
2023, WHY CAN'T THE WHITE MAN TAKE A
STEP BACK?!

ADAM HIGGINS (CONT'D)
NOT ONLY ARE THEY NOT LETTING US HAVE
BETTER CAREER OPPORTUNITIES, THEY'RE
ALSO TRYING TO TAKE OUR WOMEN!

ADAM HIGGINS (CONT'D)
Yeah, my sister's dating a white son
of a...

MYRA FROST
Adam, what is wrong with you?!

ADAM HIGGINS
They wanted to wipe black people
out...well I say, we wipe THEM OUT!

Myra Frost RUNS to the front door, Adam Higgins CHASES her, she manages to get out, she runs straight into the arms of Detective Favia.

EXT. MYRA FROST'S APARTMENT - SAME NIGHT

FAVIA
Myra, what's going on? Are you okay?

MYRA FROST
It's Adam, he's, he...

FAVIA
Calm down, calm down.

Adam Higgins walks out of the apartment, holding a gun towards Myra and Favia.

ADAM HIGGINS
Both of you get in the apartment.

They both walk back into Frost's apartment.

INT. DETECTIVE MYRA FROST'S APARTMENT - SAME NIGHT

FAVIA
What the hell is going on?!

FAVIA (TO ADAM HIGGINS)
Adam, what are you doing?

ADAM HIGGINS (TO FAVIA)
I've been doing what is necessary.

MYRA FROST (TO FAVIA)
It's him, he's been killing these
white men. He just confessed to me.

FAVIA (TO ADAM HIGGINS)
Adam, put the gun down.

ADAM HIGGINS (TO FAVIA)
No way. There's only one way out for
me.

FAVIA (TO ADAM HIGGINS)
You don't want to kill two Detectives.

ADAM HIGGINS (TO FAVIA)
No, but one of you are gonna kill one
Detective. I ain't doing prison time.
I know you're armed. Point your gun at
me, Favia. We're doing this my way.

Favia is speechless for a moment, he doesn't reach for his
gun.

ADAM HIGGINS (TO FAVIA)
GET OUT YOUR GUN!

Favia takes his gun out of his inside jacket pocket. He
points it at Higgins.

FAVIA (TO ADAM HIGGINS)
Suicide by cop. That's how you want to
do this?!

ADAM HIGGINS (TO FAVIA)
You're damn right.

ADAM HIGGINS (TO FAVIA)
As a man of color, I thought you'd
understand why I did the things I did.

FAVIA (TO ADAM HIGGINS)
As a man of color, I understand that
hate can't wipe out hate.

FAVIA (TO ADAM HIGGINS)

It's 2023. You have the same opportunities as everyone else, and so do I, Higgins.

ADAM HIGGINS (TO FAVIA)
Bullshit.

ADAM HIGGINS
Let's get this over with.

ADAM HIGGINS
Let's see who will be the first to go.

Higgins points his gun at Frost. Higgins is extremely unstable, there's no telling if he is going to pull the trigger. A SHOT is FIRED.

CROSSFADE:

INT. DETECTIVE MYRA FROST'S APARTMENT - SAME NIGHT

Higgins is lying DEAD on the floor. Favia is frozen with his gun pointed at Higgins' dead body. Frost is crying. Favia drops his gun, he is in shock as he stares at Higgins' lifeless body. He manages to turn away from the dead body to comfort Frost. He holds her while she is crying in his arms.

CROSSFADE:

INT. BAR - NIGHT

A news broadcast on the TV.

NEWS REPORTER
Good evening, Seattle. Urgent update on the serial killer that has been nicknamed The Racial Killer. He was finally killed three nights ago as he confessed his crimes to two of his colleagues. Detective Adam Higgins was killed by a fellow colleague as he threatened to shoot another Detective.

Adam Higgins' photo on the news report is the last thing we see as the screen Fades To Black.

THE END.

