

REKINDLED LOVE

By

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FADE IN:

INT. 1998 - THE HALLWAY - AFTERNOON

Indistinct music being played by the band is heard lightly echoing through the hallway.

Flyers about the graduation and other posters and banners cover the walls.

There's a trophy case filled with various trophies, medals, and pictures of the students on the teams who earned them.

A student with matted down brown hair is sitting on the stairs with their face covered whimpering wearing the baby blue graduation gown, with the cap resting on the step.

Blood is seen dripping down from under the right hand of the Latino descent student.

STUDENT POV

Removing the hands, the student looks at the blood on the palm.

The whimpering stops, and there's silence.

The hands start shaking, followed with a low laughter that gradually grows louder turning maniacal.

INTERCUT WITH:

INT. AUDITORIUM - CONTINUOUS

The graduating students are standing on stage wearing their graduation caps and gowns.

The band is still playing the song we heard.

Majority of them have a look of self-satisfaction, proud they're graduating high school, and some of them look anxious to get the ceremony over so they can go party.

But when we look in the back row at the student with strawberry blonde hair cut into a low fade with his head down, rubbing a diamond engagement ring on his right hand, we get a vibe of regret coming from him.

This depressed reddish-brown skin tone student is TEENAGE BERNARD DRIVE.

The pretty boy Caucasian with ocean blue eyes and long blonde hair standing next to him tapping his shoulder to get his attention is his best friend TEENAGE PHIL.

The band finishes up the song, and then walks off stage, so they can come back and stand with the other students.

We can hear indistinct talking coming from the family and friends sitting in the packed room.

TEENAGE PHIL
(Whispering)
"B" are you okay?

He doesn't respond, keeping his head down, rubbing the ring.

TEENAGE PHIL (CONT'D)
(Whispering)
Get over that shit. Nobody will believe it anyway.

TEENAGE BERNARD
(Somber tone, whispering)
...It was wrong. Maybe it's easy for you to brush it off, but-.

TEENAGE PHIL
(Whispering)
People get what they deserve

TEENAGE BERNARD
(Whispering)
...And then?

The PRINCIPAL comes out walking to the center of the stage and then stops, facing the audience, bringing the microphone up preparing to speak.

PRINCIPAL
Thank you all for coming to enjoy this glorious moment with the students who worked hard getting to this point in their lives. Give yourselves a round of applause for helping your children and family members reach this pivotal point in life.

A thunderous applause, whistling and random words of praise fill the room.

PRINCIPAL (CONT'D)

Before we continue with the ceremony,
our valedictorian would like to recite
a poem she wrote dedicated to the
graduating class.

Applauds are heard again.

FADE TO BLACK:

TITLE CARD

SIXTEEN YEARS LATER

INT. THE COURTHOUSE - AFTERNOON

Silence embraces the cold room with everyone waiting for the jury to return with a verdict.

The defendant TRACY HUN, a Caucasian female in her mid-thirties sits beside BERNARD nervous.

Tears are glossing her brown eyes, and it would appear she hasn't had a good night sleep in days.

Bernard still looks like he's in high school, aging with grace wearing a black suit.

He turns looking at her, grabbing her hand, giving her a nod of confidence.

The jury returns, taking their seats.

Faint indistinct talking is heard, as the judge looks over some papers.

JUDGE

Will the defendant please stand?

Nervously, Tracy stands up, while Bernard smiles fixing his tie.

JUDGE (CONT'D)

Has the jury reached a verdict?

One of the jury members stands up.

JURY MEMBER

Yes, we have your honor. On the charges of murder in the first degree, we find the defendant Tracy Hun, not

guilty.

The judge slams the gavel.

The room instantly fills with cheers and scoffs.

The judge is repeatedly banging the gavel to get the people to settle down.

Tracy drops down on her knees crying tears of joy.

Bernard places his folders into his briefcase, closing it ready to walk off.

Tracy stands up grabbing him by the arm, making him turn around so she can give him a hug.

Bernard stands lost for a moment before hugging her back.

TRACY

(Sobbing)

Thank you so much. I thought I'd never see my children again.

BERNARD

There's no need to thank me. Freedom is what you deserved, and I made sure you got it.

He releases Tracy, and then makes his way towards the door to leave, and TRACY'S KIDS, a boy and a girl, both nine-years-old run up hugging him.

TRACY'S DAUGHTER

Thank you for helping our mommy.

This an experience he hasn't felt in years, getting choked up enjoying the love coming from the children.

BERNARD

You're more than welcome. Everyone needs their mother in their lives. Appreciate her while you have her.

The children release him, and he makes his way out the room.

INTERCUT WITH:

EXT. THE COURTHOUSE - CONTINUOUS

It's a nice summer day with partially cloudy skies, and a

nice breeze.

Bernard is standing on the steps of the courthouse smiling savoring the victory, watching the reporters run up to him.

REPORTER

How does it feel not only winning another case, but the biggest case the county has ever had?

BERNARD

When you have the best defending you, how can you lose?

The reporters are silent as Bernard looks at them smiling.

They begin asking questions again, and he walks through them making his way to the sidewalk, walking down the street towards his jet-black Mercedes.

As he approaches his car, he sees HOMELESS TIM standing by the driver side door.

Homeless Tim is an African-American male, holding a Styrofoam cup filled with coins he's jingling wearing some torn up dirty rags.

Homeless Tim tried to murder Bernard back in high school, but as Bernard approaches him, he doesn't recognize him, but the smell reeking from Homeless Tim makes him cover his mouth and nose from hurling.

BERNARD (CONT'D)

Can I help you?

Homeless Tim stops jingling the coins, turning to look at Bernard with a blank stare.

HOMELESS TIM

You don't remember me, do you?

BERNARD

I don't wanna know you now.

HOMELESS TIM

(laughs)

That's cool. Don't worry about helping me. Worry about helping yourself.

BERNARD

Get yo dusty ass away from my goddamn

car. I don't have time for this shit,
or any change to give you.

Bernard tries moving Homeless Tim to the side, but he grabs him by the arms trying to pin him against the car.

Bernard grabs Homeless Tim's shoulders, spinning him around pinning him against the car.

Homeless Tim laughs with his mouth open exposing the few rotted teeth left in his head.

BERNARD (CONT'D)
What the fuck is so funny?

HOMELESS TIM
(laughing)
You are. You should have been tough
like this back in the day, and maybe-.

BERNARD
Maybe I should break-.

HOMELESS TIM
She's not here to help you.

Bernard releases Homeless Tim's right arm ready to swing, when he looks back seeing the reporters heading their way.

Bernard slings Homeless Tim to the side, opening the door and getting in.

Homeless Tim throws a balled up paper bag into the car, and then grabs the door so Bernard can't close it.

Bernard is looking at him with hate and annoyance in his eyes.

HOMELESS TIM (CONT'D)
When I told you what I did is
something you'll always remember, I
was wrong. But I do know this is a
case you won't win.

Bernard yanks the door, and Homeless Tim moves his hand before getting it smashed.

He pulls off just as the reporters reach the car.

INTERCUT WITH:

INT. BERNARD'S CAR - MOVING - CONTINUOUS

Driving a few blocks down, he pulls into an alley, turning the car off.

He grabs the balled up paper bag and opens it.

BERNARD'S POV

Written sloppily in black marker it says "Vengeance is only sweet, when you make the person you love realize how sweet it is."

BACK TO THE SCENE

He scoffs, tossing the bag out.

Reaching over opening the glove compartment, he grabs some hand sanitizer, squirting some in his hand rubbing it in real good.

Laughing starting the car, he turns the radio on and some classical music plays, while he pulls out the alley.

CUT TO:

INT. BERNARD'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

The all-black Gothic style bedroom has a touch of class with a mini bar off by the partially cracked door leading to the balcony.

Some opera music is heard playing.

Bernard is sitting on the edge of the bed shirtless wearing black silk pajama pants, holding a glass of Cognac.

He's looking at the picture of him and his mother when he was a child hanging above the headboard.

BERNARD

(Takes a sip, laughs)

It's only sweet if you make the person you love realize how sweet it is. The fan base I have, I tell you the truth.

He makes his way over to the mini bar.

On his right side, there's a long scar left behind when Tim stabbed him in high school.

He places the glass down, picking up a bottle of cognac ready to pour, but instead he places the bottle down with a blank stare.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. FLASHBACK - 1986 THE BEDROOM - NIGHT

The room has an 80's feel about it, with an original floor model television resting in front of the king size bed.

BERNARD'S MOTHER, the beautiful brown skin woman with a short hairstyle is in shambles, sitting on the bed holding a picture of Bernard's father dressed in his police uniform.

She sobs, placing the picture on the nightstand, continuing to stare at it.

BERNARD'S MOTHER

(Sobbing)

Why did you leave me? Why did you take
the call?

She reaches down picking up the bottle by her feet ready to take a sip, when she sees out the corner of her eye, YOUNG BERNARD in the doorway rubbing his eyes.

Young Bernard is eight-years-old.

She puts the bottle down as he makes his way over to her.

YOUNG BERNARD

He's in a better place mommy.

She exhales softly, wiping the tears from her light brown eyes.

BERNARD'S MOTHER

(Sobbing)

I know he is, baby. I'm just sad he
went to a restful place so soon.

YOUNG BERNARD

But if it's a better place, why don't
you want him there?

She smiles tapping the bed so he can sit next to her.

He gets up on the bed, and she wraps her arm around him.

BERNARD'S MOTHER

When you get older, you'll meet someone you love. And the woman you'll-

YOUNG BERNARD

I already love you.

BERNARD'S MOTHER

You'll meet a woman you'll love, just as much as mommy. And when you do, you'll never want her to leave.

YOUNG BERNARD

But, the only woman I love is you.

BERNARD'S MOTHER

That's for now. When you meet the other woman, if she leaves you, it'll hurt for a while.

He reaches for the bottle, and she grabs his hand.

YOUNG BERNARD

Why are you drinking, mommy?

BERNARD'S MOTHER

(Sighs)

You would think it helps ease the pain, but it makes you cling to it tighter.

YOUNG BERNARD

Why are you in pain, mommy?

BERNARD'S MOTHER

It's nothing, baby. Just know mommy loves you.

YOUNG BERNARD

I love you too, mommy.

She gives him a tight hug and kiss on the forehead.

COME BACK TO:

INT. PRESENT DAY - BERNARD'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Bernard has a blank stare, waking up hitting his fist on the counter.

BERNARD

You were wrong. It does help ease the pain. You're the one who created the pain, and this is my medicine to completely wipe you from my memory.

He pours another round, and then leaves the room.

CUT TO:

INT. ABANDONED BUILDING - NIGHT

The fire burning in the oil drum illuminates the filthy area.

Whimpers are coming from WOMAN # 1, mid-twenties.

She's tied naked to a pillar with barbed wire trying to escape as the wire cuts deeper into her fair white flesh.

Footsteps can be heard drawing near, and her eyes get wide as the footsteps come to a stop.

The killer reaches out wearing black leather gloves and a long sleeve black shirt caressing the right side of her face.

She tries turning her head, but the killer holds her head still.

The killer lets her face go, and the whimpers calm down, until the killer holds up a pair of rusted garden shears.

Just as she gets ready to scream, the killer plunges the shears under her chin, up into her mouth.

She's choking on her blood, as the killer opens the shears.

Snatching the shears out, the blood spills out as the killer tosses the shears to the side.

With her head down, the killer uses a surgical scalpel removing a large portion of flesh from her right cheek.

The killer puts the flesh away, and then snatches her down from the pillar.

The killer kneels down and plays in the hole on her face before walking off.

INT. THE MESSAGE PARLOR - MORNING

A female client walks out of the room.

Joey, the handsome Latino man in his early-thirties is standing against the wall irritated.

He pulls out his cell phone making a call, placing the phone to his ear.

CLAIRE (O.S.)

Hello?

JOEY

What are you doing?

SPLIT SCREEN:

The African-American standing against the gym wall wearing a sports bra and spandex, covered in sweat with a towel on her shoulder is CLAIRE, early-thirties.

Clarie has a gritty, but alluring sex-appeal about her that oozes from her toned dark skin body.

CLAIRE

Just finished doing a couple of reps.

JOEY

(laughs)

If I didn't know you, I would swear you're a man.

CLAIRE

You know you're a second from getting hung up on? The next words from your mouth better be good.

JOEY

(Laughs)

Goddamn, where's your sense of humor? Have you heard from Tom?

CLAIRE

You know I rarely call his conceited ass.

JOEY

I know the feeling. I was making sure everybody was coming to lunch.

CLAIRE

Oh, you know I'll be there. Missing a lunch date with Mr. Perfect is something unexplainable.

JOEY

You're right about that. Find out what's up with Tom, and get back to me.

CLAIRE

Not a problem.

JOEY

Cool. I'll let you get back to getting your grown man on. I mean, workout.

CLAIRE

Bye.

The screen goes back to Joey.

Joey places his phone in his pocket as an overweight man with a hairy body wearing a towel comes into the room.

JOEY

(Sighs)

It's about to be a long day.

CUT TO:

INT. TOM'S OFFICE - MORNING

A nice view of the city is seen through the picture window behind TOM.

The handsome Caucasian in his early-thirties with curly black hair and green eyes is sitting behind his desk, with his left hand under it staring at the wall, as his phone resting on the desk begins ringing.

He looks down with his eyes, and takes a few seconds before answering.

TOM

(Calm tone)

Hello?

CLAIRE (O.S.)

What are you doing?

TOM

Waiting for the moment.

CLAIRE (O.S.)

Are you at work?

TOM
I'm working towards the moment.

CLAIRE (O.S.)
What moment? What the fuck--?

TOM
The moment is--.

He drops the phone, leaning forward in his seat, releasing an orgasmic moan of pleasure.

CLAIRE (O.S.)
What the hell? Hello? Hello?

He regains his composure, placing the phone back to his ear.

TOM
Okay. What were you saying?

CLAIRE (O.S.)
What the hell was that about?

TOM
(Panting calmly)
That was the moment.

CLAIRE (O.S.)
Are you joining us for lunch?

TOM
Yeah, I'll be there.

CLAIRE (O.S.)
You enjoy that moment, whatever the hell it was.

TOM
Believe you me, I did. I'll see you there.

He hangs up taking a deep breath, wiping his face, moving his chair back.

WOMAN # 2 a hot Caucasian with blonde hair in her early-twenties comes from under the desk licking her lips, wearing a fitted dress.

He pulls out a roll of money wrapped with a rubber band, and extends it to her.

She takes the money, placing it between her breasts.

WOMAN # 2

Are we still going to dinner later?

TOM

I'm afraid I'll be taking a rain check. You go treat yourself to something nice.

WOMAN # 2

I will.

She leans down trying to give him a kiss, and he puts a finger to her lips.

TOM

Keep the frosted lips for someone else, baby.

She looks at him with an attitude before making her way to the door.

TOM (CONT'D)

Don't leave with an attitude. I'll call you, and we can do it again.

She gives him the finger walking out the office.

He laughs, stretching before turning to look out the window.

CUT TO:

INT. THE RESTAURANT - AFTERNOON

Indistinct talk is heard from the customers occupying the crowded establishment with waiters moving around the room.

From the layout of the restaurant, you can tell the place is high class.

Bernard, Claire, Tom and Joey are sitting at the back of the restaurant by a big picture window.

On their table is a bottle of red wine.

A wine glass is in front of each of them half full.

CLAIRE

Do you wanna explain what that moment was you were talking about?

TOM

Well---

BERNARD

Nine times outta ten, he was doing some freaky shit he probably paid for.

TOM

You're absolutely right. I'd rather be paying for it, than sitting with my dick in my hand.

Claire and Joey break out laughing.

Bernard takes a sip from his wine with a smirk.

BERNARD

Ha, ha, very funny.

CLAIRE

(Laughs)

It's been some years now, hasn't it?

BERNARD

(Laughs)

Oh, is this crack jokes on Bernard day?

JOEY

(Laughing)

You've been dry for some years, and Mary is doing her best to get you wet.

Tom takes a sip from his wine, and then pats Bernard on the shoulder.

TOM

It's okay buddy. Tell them you don't like getting wet, unless you're in the shower.

BERNARD

Uh huh, keep it up.

CLAIRE

Okay, okay. Let's calm down before he gets in his mood.

BERNARD

I'm good.

JOEY

(Laughs)

That's what you always say before flipping the bipolar switch.

TOM

Okay, enough with the jokes. Congratulations on winning the case.

BERNARD

Should I really take that as a compliment?

JOEY

Oh, shit, there he goes.

CLAIRE

Will you stop it? I agree with Tom. Congratulations on your victory.

Bernard doesn't respond, taking a sip of wine.

JOEY

We better get to moving because he's about to blow.

BERNARD

(Laughs)

Frankly, I'm good to go. But if that's what you think, by all means leave.

TOM

Since you're in such a good mood, lunch is on you?

Bernard turns to look at him.

BERNARD

You know, you're the cheapest, trickin' person I ever met?

TOM

But you love me, right?

Tom stands up walking over to him trying to give him a hug, and Bernard laughs pushing him back.

BERNARD

Get back.

Tom laughs taking his seat.

CLAIRE

Why haven't you talked to Mary yet?

BERNARD

No particular reason.

JOEY

Maybe it's because--.

BERNARD

Don't you even think about speaking because we all question you.

JOEY

What?

BERNARD

Oh, yes. I speak for everybody when I say, we never hear you talk about women.

CLAIRE

Now, that's true.

JOEY

Hold up.

TOM

No need to hold up, when the truth is right there.

JOEY

I happen to have a stable of women I can't bring around you heathens.

BERNARD

(Laughs)

Let's order this food. I think you had too much to drink, talking that bullshit.

The four sit laughing and talking.

CUT TO:

INT. THE LOBBY - AFTERNOON

People are moving around the lobby, standing at the elevators, or coming downstairs or going up the staircase.

Indistinct talking is heard.

The gorgeous Latino woman in her early-thirties sitting behind the reception desk staring at a picture of Bernard is MARY.

Bernard comes walking down the hall, and she quickly puts the picture away, pretending like she's doing work.

Bernard walks up to the desk smiling, and she looks up trying not to blush.

MARY

How was lunch?

BERNARD

It was cool.

MARY

When will I get my lunch date with you?

BERNARD

(shy laugh)

You don't wanna have lunch with me.

MARY

Why would I mention it if I don't?

BERNARD

Yeah, okay. Did I get any messages?

MARY

A reporter wants to have an interview with you.

BERNARD

That's it?

MARY

Yes, sir.

BERNARD

Thanks. I'll be in my office.

MARY

Wait, before you go.

BERNARD

What's up?

MARY

Can I get an answer to my question?

BERNARD

Oh, that. One day we can have a drink
or two.

MARY

One, I don't drink. And two, that
doesn't answer my question.

BERNARD

So feisty. I'll keep that in mind.

He smiles winking at her before walking off.

She sits smiling, pulling the picture out staring at it.

CUT TO:

INT. THE BEDROOM - NIGHT

The moon shines through the wooden blinds into the room
that's fairly clean.

The shade on the lamp resting on the nightstand is tilted up,
so the light can shine down onto the bed.

The body of WOMAN # 3 who appears to be in her early-thirties
wearing a black laced bra and panty set lies dead.

Her throat has been slit down to the bone, and on the right
side of her Latino face, a large portion of flesh has been
removed.

The killer is walking out of the room, but remains unseen
because the door is closing right behind.

INTERCUT WITH:

INT. THE LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

KILLER POV

The killer walks over to the coffee table where the telephone
rests, picking up the phone dialing 911.

OPERATOR (V.O.)

911, what is your emergency?

The killer doesn't respond.

OPERATOR (V.O.) (CONT'D)

Hello? Hello, is anyone there?

The killer drops the phone, and then walks towards the front door walking out into the darkness blending in, leaving the door wide open.

CUT TO:

INT. THE BEDROOM - THIRTY MINUTES LATER

FORENSIC OFFICER # 1, FORENSIC OFFICER # 2 and other forensic officers are examining the room for clues, collecting evidence.

Standing up against the wall with his arms folded across his chest disgusted is CHARLIE.

The detective in his mid-forties has confusion running through his blue eyes, unable to grasp the true motive behind the random murders, leaving the signature calling card of missing flesh.

Forensic officer # 1 is looking over Woman # 3 body and then stops, shaking her head.

FORENSIC OFFICER # 1
Charlie, I think you wanna take a look at this.

He sighs deep, making his way over to the bed.

He kneels down looking at the body, while rubbing his chin.

CHARLIE
Yeah, this is our guy. The same characteristics, but he used a different method of death.

FORENSIC OFFICER # 1
No signs of rape or willingly sexual penetration.

CHARLIE
I figured that much.
(Points to the missing flesh)
I wonder why he takes the flesh from their face.

FORENSIC OFFICER # 2
Maybe he collects it as a souvenir, reminding him of the sick shit he does.

Charlie stands up sighing deeply.

CHARLIE

That's a close possibility.

Charlie walks over to the wall and pauses before hitting it with all his might.

Everyone turns their attention to him as he walks out the room.

INTERCUT WITH:

INT. THE LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Forensic officers are downstairs looking for clues and evidence as Charlie heads outside.

INTERCUT WITH:

EXT. WOMAN # 3 HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

People are standing around trying to see what's going on, while officers yellow tape the scene.

Reporters are anxiously waiting to get an interview.

Charlie stands on the porch looking around.

He pulls out a pack of cigarettes, taking one out placing it in his mouth, lighting it, taking a hard pull looking up at the moon.

CHARLIE

Where are you, you son of a bitch? Who are you? And what's driving you to do the sick shit you're doing?

INT. BERNARD'S OFFICE - AFTERNOON

His plaques are hanging on the wall, and there is a picture of him and his mother when he was a child resting on his desk next to his nameplate.

Bernard is sitting behind his desk reading over a file, when Mary comes into the room carrying a stack of files, walking to his desk placing them down.

MARY

How are you today, Bernard?

BERNARD
 (Continues reading)
 I'm just fine.

She slides her fingers across the desk, walking over to the wall with his plaques.

MARY
 Did you hear about the murder?

BERNARD
 (Continues reading)
 How did this one die?

MARY
 Throat slit, down to the bone.

She rubs her fingers on the plaques in an orgasmic way before turning back around walking to the chair taking a seat.

MARY (CONT'D)
 But as usual, there was no sign of rape.

BERNARD
 (Continues reading)
 Isn't he something? Kills women, but has the common courtesy not to rape them.

MARY
 I know, right? Usually when a woman is killed, she's either sexually assaulted before or after. I guess that's what makes this guy so eerie.

Bernard scoffs placing the file down, finally looking at her.

BERNARD
 It's some sick people in the world today.

He stands up stretching before walking over to Mary.

She stands up trying not to smile.

BERNARD (CONT'D)
 Thanks for everything you do around here.

MARY

Not a problem. You know I'm here if you need anything.

The two stare at each other before hugging.

Bernard begins feeling like his emotions are getting the best of him, so he releases her and steps back, clearing his throat.

BERNARD

I'll see you tomorrow.

MARY

You sure will.

Bernard walks over to the door grabbing his coat, and then makes his way out the room.

Mary stands blushing fanning herself before placing the files up she brought in.

INT. THE RESTAURANT - AFTERNOON

Claire, Joey and Tom are sitting at the usual table.

Tom is talking on his cell phone with sunglasses on.

CLAIRE

With all the murders going on, it makes you scared to be a woman living out here.

JOEY

Don't worry, Claire. A woman with your build should never worry about being attacked.

Claire stands up outraged, balling her fist up.

CLAIRE

Are you jealous because a woman has a build you can never have!

Everyone looks back at their table.

Tom hangs his phone up, sighing.

TOM

Will you two stop acting childish? I'm sure there's something else you can

talk about.

Claire cuts a cold glance at Joey taking her seat.

CLAIRE

You lucky we're friends, otherwise I'd do something to you.

Tom shakes his head, taking a sip of his wine.

TOM

Women today act like they're so tough.

Claire cuts a cold glance at Tom taking a sip from her wine.

Bernard makes his way into the restaurant heading towards the table, walking up behind Tom.

TOM (CONT'D)

But honestly, I think the person behind these murders is truly sick.

Tom gets ready to take a sip from his wine, and Bernard places a hand on his shoulder making him jump.

BERNARD

You fuck any and everything, but you're calling someone else sick?

Bernard pats him on the shoulder before taking his seat, picking up a menu.

Joey extends his hand for a handshake.

JOEY

What took you so long, Mr. Perfect?
Mary had you tied down?

Bernard lowers his menu looking at Joey, and then goes back to reading.

BERNARD

Joey, if I didn't know any better, I would say you have no social life.
Wait a minute...you don't have a social life.

Joey pulls his hand back embarrassed.

Tom lifts his sunglasses looking at Bernard.

TOM

One of these days, that mouth is going to get you in a heap of shit?

BERNARD

(Continues reading)

One of these days, one of them whores you fuck with will give you some shit you can't shake. But, do you see me complaining?

Claire notices the tension building, clearing her throat loud enough to get everyone's attention.

CLAIRE

Bernard, what do you think about the murders?

BERNARD

(Continues reading)

Sounds like some shit Tom would be behind. I mean, we know his motto. If she's not giving it up, he'll do something to make her wish she did.

Tom stands up almost knocking over the glasses.

TOM

Are you fucking serious right now?! You're bringing up my past in a situation like this?!

The manager comes out over to their table.

MANAGER

Is everything okay, Mr. Drive? Because if it's not, I'm afraid I'll have to ask you and your party to leave.

Bernard pulls out a stack of money flipping through it, placing five hundred dollar bills on the table.

BERNARD

Everything is fine. My friend is just a little tipsy.

MANAGER

Are you sure?

BERNARD

I'm positive, everything is dandy.

Right, Tom?

TOM

(Talks through his teeth)
Everything is peachy.

Tom takes his seat.

The manager takes the money from the table and places it in his pocket.

MANAGER

Okay. Just keep it down over here,
please.

The Manager walks off.

Tom takes a sip from his wine staring at Bernard.

BERNARD

But I think the killer is disturbingly
different, with a touch of class and
dedication.

CLAIRE

Why do you think he's only killing
women, and not men?

BERNARD

I don't know or care. When he starts
killing men, I'll let you know.

Bernard raises his hand to signal a waiter over.

JOEY

Does anything get under your skin?

BERNARD

Calling a waiter over, but he doesn't
hurry to take my order.

Tom loosens his collar before taking one more sip of his wine.

TOM

I would love to stay and chat, but I
have a date. So, excuse me.

Bernard lowers his hand, looking at Tom with a sinister smile.

BERNARD

Make sure when you're done with the lucky whore, you cash her out like you do all the other ones.

Tom scoots his chair closer to Bernard, so they're looking eye to eye.

TOM

Your day is coming. When it does, I'll be the main one pissing all over your fucking parade.

Tom stands up shoving his chair under the table, and then makes his way out the restaurant.

Claire and Joey look at Bernard confused.

CLAIRE

What's wrong with you? Why would you say something like that?

BERNARD

Because my status says I can.

Claire grabs her purse pulling out two hundred dollars, dropping it on the table.

CLAIRE

I think you should eat by yourself. We wouldn't want to ruin your image, with our how shall I say...low standards.

She nods her head at Joey signaling for him to come with her before making her way out the restaurant.

Bernard looks over at Joey seeing he's still looking at him confused.

BERNARD

You got something to say, too?

JOEY

What's wrong with you man? I mean seriously, what's going on? You need to get it together.

BERNARD

My problem is the same one you're having. I'm trying to enhance my perfect lifestyle, while you're still

trying to be noticed. You figure it out.

Joey pulls out some money and drops it on the table.

JOEY

Eat by yourself, you cold-hearted prick.

Joey stands up and makes his way out of the restaurant.

Bernard collects all the money and throws it on the floor.

BERNARD

I don't need this. I was paying for everybody with my black card.

Bernard pulls out a pack of cigarettes and his custom gold lighter, with the letter "B" on it in diamonds.

He looks over at another table where a Latino man is sitting looking over at his table, before lifting up a newspaper with the headline about the killer.

Bernard pours a glass of wine, and then takes a sip.

BERNARD (CONT'D)

If they were smart, they would realize the killer is far from completing his masterpiece.

CUT TO:

INT. THE BAR - NIGHT

Some techno music is playing in the eccentric bar where we see people dancing, sitting at tables or walking around.

Tom is sitting at the bar with his date WOMAN # 4.

She's a Caucasian female in her mid-twenties wearing a fitted black dress with the purse to match.

On the bar in front of them is a half-bottle of tequila, a row of shot glasses and a bowl of cherries.

TOM

(Drunk tone)

What are we doing when we leave?

She takes a cherry from the bowl and uses her tongue to play

with it seductively, before placing it in her mouth sucking on it.

WOMAN # 4

I should be asking you that.

TOM

I'm about to go to the bathroom. When I come back, we can head to my house.

WOMAN # 4

Hurry up. Maybe when we leave, I can treat you like I did that cherry.

Tom takes one more shot before standing up fixing his clothes, and then walks through the crowded floor to the bathroom walking in.

INTERCUT WITH:

INT. THE BATHROOM - CONTINUOUS

Tom walks over to one of the urinals, unzipping his pants.

TOM

(Mocking Bernard)

Make sure when you're done with the lucky one for the night, you cash her out like you do all the other ones.

(Laughs)

The gull of that guy. At least I'm getting pussy, while he's hung up on a bitch he's scared to approach.

(Laughs)

It's funny, because I still love him. Me and him--.

GUY IN THE STALL (O.S.)

Goddamn, can you shut the fuck up?! A man can't take a shit without some little girl coming in here crying!

Tom finishes using the bathroom fixing his clothes before walking over to the stall kicking it.

TOM

Fuck you pal! You need to worry about wiping your ass, instead of listening to what I'm talking about!

GUY IN THE STALL (O.S.)
 You need to find your pad, pussy! Oh,
 I love him, and blah, blah, blah! Take
 that shit somewhere else!

Tom makes his way to the door.

TOM
 Fuck you!

GUY IN THE STALL (O.S.)
 Fuck yourself! It sounds like you're
 good at it!

Tom walks out the bathroom.

INTERCUT WITH:

INT. THE BAR - CONTINUOUS

Tom gets halfway back to the bar pausing, seeing Woman # 4
 talking to a rather muscular black man.

Tom takes a deep breath before making his way over to the
 two, forcing his way between them.

He grabs a shot from the bar downing it, and then wraps his
 arm around his date.

TOM
 Sorry pal, this pussy is off limits
 for the night.

The guy looks at him with no expression.

WOMAN # 4
 You're too funny. But listen, I want
 you to meet--.

TOM
 Maybe some other time sweetie, when
 I'm in a sharing mood. Let's get out
 of here.

He grabs her by the hand walking off.

The guy continues looking at Tom as they walk off.

They walk through the crowd, while Woman # 4 continues
 laughing.

TOM (CONT'D)

Who was that guy you were talking to?

WOMAN # 4

I have no clue. He just came over and started talking.

TOM

You should have told him you already have plans.

WOMAN # 4

(Laughs)

I didn't have too.

TOM

What do you mean?

WOMAN # 4

(Laughs)

He wanted to talk to you.

TOM

What?

WOMAN # 4

(Laughs)

He wanted to know what your sexy ass was doing for the night.

Tom looks back, and the guy is smiling, licking his lips.

TOM

It's a goddamn shame I'm so sexy.

CUT TO:

INT. TOM'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

The lights are off, and the moon is shining through the slits of the blinds.

Tom opens the door clapping his hands, turning the lights and radio on.

Jazz music is heard.

This is a true bachelor's room.

The two stagger into the room laughing.

Tom takes a seat on the waterbed and then places his cellphone on the nightstand next to the cordless phone before putting his hands over his face.

Woman # 4 walks over to the bed placing her purse on the floor before getting on the bed behind him on her knees massaging his shoulders.

WOMAN # 4
I'm having a blast.

Tom doesn't respond, sighing deeply.

WOMAN # 4 (CONT'D)
What's wrong?

TOM
I don't even know why I'm thinking about it.

WOMAN #4
You wanna talk about it?

He slowly pulls his hands down feeling less of a man.

TOM
(Sighs)
Bernard Drive.

She jumps back grinning ear to ear.

WOMAN #4
The hot shot lawyer, Bernard Drive?

He turns around upset, grabbing her by the wrist.

TOM
Goddamn it! Why do people lose their fucking mind whenever he's mentioned?!

She looks at him confused, snatching her arms away, rubbing her wrist.

WOMAN # 4
What the hell is wrong with you? Who doesn't get excited when they hear about him?

He turns around lowering his head.

TOM
It doesn't matter.

She grabs her purse, opening it, pulling out a sandwich bag filled with heroin, and a black case she extends over Tom's shoulder.

WOMAN #4
(Seductive tone)
I got what you need right here, baby.

Tom takes the case, opening it, rubbing his fingers across the syringe.

The doorbell rings.

He looks confused placing the case down.

TOM
You get everything together. I'll go see who this is and be right back.

He walks out the room.

INTERCUT WITH:

INT. THE HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

He closes the door behind him.

Tom leans up against the wall walking to the door.

Reaching the door he takes a deep breath before swinging the door open.

TOM (CONT'D)
Okay buddy--.

KILLER POV

The killer grabs Tom and hits him hard three times upside the head with a blackjack, releasing him so his body can hit the floor unconscious.

The killer walks in and drags Tom's body further into the house, closing the door.

Leaving Tom in the hallway, the killer heads towards a room with a dim light.

Stepping into the room we see the light is coming from the

light over the stove.

The killer walks over to the sink grabbing a glass from the rack.

Pulling out a sandwich bag filled with antifreeze, the killer pours it into the glass, and then walks back into the hallway.

Getting ready to approach Tom, the killer pauses when the music goes from Jazz to Blues.

The killer turns heading towards the bedroom door listening, before slowly opening the door.

INTERCUT WITH:

INT. TOM'S BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

The room is dark, but the light from the moon coming through the blinds gives a little light.

Woman # 4 sits up in the bed naked.

WOMAN # 4

(Drunk tone)

There you are? What took you so long?

The killer walks into the room closing the door before walking over to the bed taking a seat, back turned, extending the glass.

She's so high she doesn't realize the person in the room is the killer, getting on her hands and knees crawling over taking the glass.

WOMAN # 4 (CONT'D)

Still drinking, huh?

She downs the glass.

WOMAN # 4 (CONT'D)

Let's get to...

She grabs at her throat, falling back on the bed having complications breathing, vomiting.

The killer stands up walking to the nightstand where the syringe filled with heroin, and Tom's cell phone rests.

As Woman # 4 continues slowly dying, the killer picks up the

cordless phone dialing 911 placing it on speaker, putting it back down on the nightstand.

The Killer pulls a butcher knife out, holding her down, placing the blade on her stomach.

OPERATOR (V.O.)
911, what is your emergency?

The killer presses the knife down causing not just blood to come forth, but a blood curdling scream as the knife is pulled all the way across her stomach.

OPERATOR (V.O.) (CONT'D)
Hello? Is everything okay?

The operator can still be heard.

The killer leaves the knife sticking up in her stomach and then walks out the room.

INTERCUT WITH:

INT. THE HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

Coming down the hallway the killer grabs Tom by the ankles, and drags him back into the room.

INTERCUT WITH:

INT. TOM'S BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

The last thing heard from the operator is the indication that police officers are about to be in route.

The killer props Tom up against the nightstand, and then grabs him by the throat.

Tom wakes up and begins struggling to get free, but he can't overpower the killer.

The killer reaches on the nightstand grabbing the syringe.

As Tom continues trying to get free, the killer plunges the syringe into his jugular, causing blood to squirt out while injecting the heroin.

Tom grabs at his throat spitting out blood foaming at the mouth as the killer stands watching until he dies.

Before leaving the room, the killer drops a note on the floor

behind the door.

CUT TO:

INT. TOM'S BEDROOM - AN HOUR LATER

Forensic officer # 1, Forensic officer # 2 and FORENSIC OFFICER # 3 are examining the room for clues, and evidence, while Charlie stands against the wall.

Forensic officer # 3 walks over to the radio and turns it off.

FORENSIC OFFICER # 3
This guy is really sick.

Forensic officer # 2 puts the knife into an evidence bag.

FORENSIC OFFICER # 2
Yeah, but he's getting sloppy.

Everyone in the room applauds, except for Charlie.

He gets off the wall shaking his head, sighing.

CHARLIE
This isn't our guy.

FORENSIC OFFICER # 2
What?

CHARLIE
Look at this. It's staged. You see the damage done to the man's head? Apparently, he got the shit knocked out of him and was brought back in here, where he was finally killed.

FORENSIC OFFICER # 2
So, what? There's only one serial killer on the loose out here.

Charlie laughs, placing his hands behind his back, walking over to Forensic Officer # 2.

CHARLIE
Two key things you forgot about our guy. One, he takes a large portion of flesh from their face. And two, you'll really love this one. He only kills women!

He slaps him on the back of the head moving him to the side.

Charlie paces back and forth rubbing his chin, when he sees the note by the door.

He walks over to the note and picks it up.

FORENSIC OFFICER # 3
What you got over there, Charlie?

CHARLIE
I don't know.

INSERT NOTE

The letters on the note are bloody newspaper clippings.

BACK TO THE SCENE

CHARLIE (CONT'D)
(Reads aloud)
Which would you prefer, desire or love? Wanting love, eliminating everything, destroying the love you desired and yourself in the end. By the time the answer is unfolded, it might be too late. "B."

Everyone is lost.

CHARLIE (CONT'D)
Does anybody have a clue what this means?

No one responds.

Charlie walks over to Forensic officer # 3 handing him the note.

CHARLIE (CONT'D)
I want some results for this and the knife by the end of the night.

Charlie walks out the room.

CUT TO:

INT. BERNARD'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Bernard is sitting on the bed holding a glass of cognac wearing his silk blue pajama pants, listening to some

classical music.

BERNARD

(Sad tone)

It's my fault. If I knew then, what I know now, maybe it would have played a big part.

He downs the glass and places it on the nightstand.

He pulls out a cigarette placing it in his mouth lighting it, taking a pull looking down at the newspaper at his feet.

BERNARD (CONT'D)

A killer's mind is a masterpiece without the colors. Soon it'll be filled with colors of beauty.

He takes one more pull from his cigarette, before putting it out.

Lying down on the bed, he stares at the ceiling.

BERNARD (CONT'D)

Don't worry...we'll be together again, soon.

Rolling over on his side, he opens the drawer, reaching in pulling out an old rusty straight razor.

BERNARD (CONT'D)

It's easier taking your own life, than it is to take another.

He rubs his finger along the side of the blade before extending his left wrist where there's already a scar, indicating he's attempted suicide before.

He places the blade on his wrist.

BERNARD (CONT'D)

(Sniffling)

If I do this now...we won't have to wait to be together. ...I won't have to deal with this ugly ass world anymore.

His hand trembles as tears come down before throwing the blade to the side.

BERNARD (CONT'D)

(Sobbing)

How could you leave me? How could you take away my meaning to live, leaving me alone? You never loved me. If you did, you would be here with me now.

He places his hands over his face sobbing.

CUT TO:

INT. CHARLIE'S OFFICE - NIGHT

Charlie is sitting behind his desk smoking a cigarette looking over case files. We can see the frustration on his face, and by the way he's taking pulls from the cigarette.

Forensic officer # 3 comes into the room.

FORENSIC OFFICER # 3

I got something you need to hear.

Charlie looks up from the files.

CHARLIE

(Exhales smoke)

If it doesn't involve the killer, I don't care to hear it.

FORENSIC OFFICER # 3

I'll let you be the judge.

Charlie stands up frustrated, throwing his cigarette to the floor.

CHARLIE

Look, either it does or it doesn't! I don't have time for bullshit!

FORENSIC OFFICER # 3

Okay, calm down and listen. You were right about the guy, and the scene being staged. Traces of his blood were found downstairs in the hallway.

CHARLIE

I knew it. What about the woman?

FORENSIC OFFICER # 3

After an examination, there were traces of poison found in her throat

and stomach.

CHARLIE

I told you. This is the work of some other sick bastard trying--.

FORENSIC OFFICER # 3

You didn't let me get to the part about the blood on the letters.

Charlie looks on in interest, pulling out a cigarette, placing it in his mouth.

CHARLIE

Go on.

FORENSIC OFFICER # 3

The blood was a mixture of all the victims who were killed.

CHARLIE

What?

FORENSIC OFFICER # 3

The letters were soaked in each victim's blood, dried out and used.

CHARLIE

What about fingerprints?

FORENSIC OFFICER # 3

Not one. You were thinking it was a new killer on the loose? Our boy just switched the game on us.

Forensic officer # 3 walks out the room.

Charlie lights his cigarette, taking a hard pull, exhaling sharply.

CHARLIE

That son of a bitch is pissing in my face, and I can't do a thing about it.

He takes one more pull from his cigarette before shoving the files on the floor.

CUT TO:

INT. THE MORGUE - NIGHT

Death's breath is breathing hard and cold throughout the room where we see various dead bodies laid out on slabs.

The caucasian man wearing bloody scrubs and gloves is working on a black male who suffered a headshot and multiple gunshot wounds.

This is OTIS.

Charlie comes into the room, and Otis looks up taking his gloves off.

Charlie approaches him, and the two shake hands.

OTIS

Charlie Sling? What brings you to the place where you, along with other people place bodies?

CHARLIE

It's been a long time, Otis. I came to ask about the two they brought in tonight.

Otis walks over to a slab covered with a bloody sheet.

Charlie follows behind him.

Otis pulls the sheet back revealing Woman # 4 disemboweled.

OTIS

I'm sure you know she would have died from ingesting poison?

CHARLIE

I was told poison was found in her system. Exactly what kind of poison was it?

OTIS

Antifreeze. Most use it to kill animals because of the sweet taste. She would have died a slow death, but as you can see... the disembowelment sped the process up, adding insult to injury.

CHARLIE

What about the guy?

OTIS

If the puncture to the jugular wasn't made, he would have died from the heroin.

CHARLIE

You've been keeping up with the murders, right?

OTIS

I have no choice in the matter, if you really look at it.

CHARLIE

You know what I mean.

OTIS

What are you getting at Charles?

CHARLIE

Do you think the killer changed his style?

OTIS

Do I think it, or know it?

CHARLIE

What makes you say you know?

OTIS

You have to look at it this way. What do people do to make sure they don't get caught, when they know their mate is close to finding out they're cheating?

CHARLIE

We have no real leads to work on.

OTIS

The same thing a person says who knows they've been cheated on, instead of looking at the evidence in front of them.

CHARLIE

I'll keep that in mind.

Charlie turns to walk away, and Otis grabs his shoulder making him stop, turning back around.

OTIS

You're running out of time. The more time you spend on a clue that's right in front of you, the killer will win, hands down.

CHARLIE

What exactly is this clue that's right in front of me?

OTIS

It's right in front of you. That's all I can say.

CHARLIE

Thanks Otis. Maybe I'll see you around some time.

Charlie walks away.

CUT TO:

INT. BERNARD'S OFFICE - AFTERNOON

Bernard is sitting behind his desk reading over a file.

Mary comes walking in.

MARY

Are you going to be okay?

BERNARD

(Continues reading)
Will I be okay about what?

MARY

Wasn't that your friend who was murdered last night?

He places the file down, sighing.

BERNARD

Yeah, that was playboy Tommy. Hard to believe he was into drugs.

Seeing he's in a vulnerable state, she takes advantage walking over to him, taking a seat on his lap.

MARY

Are you sure you're going to be okay?

BERNARD

I'll manage. It's just hard to believe.

MARY

Maybe he had a depression problem you didn't know about.

Bernard blanks out.

INT. FLASHBACK 1989 - THE KITCHEN - MORNING

The sun shines in from the window onto the wooden table with an angel centerpiece resting on it.

Bernard's mother is sitting at the table in her robe crying, taking a sip from the liquor bottle in her hand.

She hears footsteps coming, and quickly hides the bottle trying to straighten her face.

Young Bernard comes into the room carrying his backpack, walking over to her.

YOUNG BERNARD

What's wrong mommy?

BERNARD'S MOTHER

(Sniffling)

It's nothing, baby. Are you all set to go?

YOUNG BERNARD

Yes.

BERNARD'S MOTHER

You know no matter what, mommy loves you right?

YOUNG BERNARD

Yes, mommy.

She gives him a kiss on the forehead.

BERNARD'S MOTHER

Good. Now, get going before you're late.

He walks out the room.

She watches him leave before picking up the bottle taking a

deep swig, and then she places it down.

She lifts her leg to retrieve the straight razor Bernard has in his drawer, only it's not rusted.

She sobs, extending her left arm, placing the razor on her wrist slowly pulling the blade down, and then she alternates doing the other.

Her body gives way falling to the floor.

Young Bernard comes back into the room smiling, until he sees his mother on the floor shaking.

He drops his backpack running over to her, dropping to his knees, holding her in his arms.

YOUNG BERNARD

Mommy, why?!

COME BACK TO:

INT. PRESENT DAY - BERNARD'S OFFICE - AFTERNOON

Bernard has a blank stare, as Mary shakes him.

MARY

Bernard, are you okay?

He comes from his trance looking around confused.

BERNARD

Huh? Oh, yeah. Depression could have played a big part in it. Can I ask you a question?

MARY

Sure.

BERNARD

Will you accompany me to lunch today?

MARY

The pleasure is mine. Let me go get my things, and I'll meet you in the lobby.

She gives him a kiss on the cheek, and then makes her way to the door.

Bernard looks terrified, standing up reaching out for her.

BERNARD

Mary, please don't--.

She turns around to look at him.

MARY

Don't what?

He realizes what's going on, gaining his composure, sitting back down clearing his throat.

BERNARD

I'm sorry. I'll see you in a minute.

She continues looking at him strangely, before walking out.

Bernard has tears built up in his eyes, placing his head down on his desk sobbing.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. FLASHBACK 1998 - PHIL'S PARENTS BASEMENT - AFTERNOON

The room is set up like a game room.

Teenage Bernard is sitting at the bar drinking scotch from the bottle, with blood leaking from his left wrist.

On the counter is the straight razor his mother used to kill herself.

TEENAGE BERNARD

(Drunk tone)

Mother, oh mother! I see why you were drinking so much! It makes it easier to kill yourself when you're drunk!

He takes another sip from the bottle.

Teenage Phil comes walking down the steps.

TEENAGE PHIL

Bernard? What are you doing down here?

Teenage Bernard turns around with the bottle in his hand.

TEENAGE BERNARD

Phil, my friend! Come on over and have a drink with me!

Teenage Phil see's the blood leaking from his wrist, rushing

over to him, grabbing the bottle from his hand, throwing it against the wall.

TEENAGE PHIL

What the fuck are you doing?!

TEENAGE BERNARD

I was...I was talking to mama.

TEENAGE PHIL

Do you see the shit you're doing?! Are you fucking crazy?!

Teenage Phil tries to grab his arm, and Teenage Bernard pushes him back.

TEENAGE BERNARD

Leave me the fuck alone!

Teenage Bernard grabs the blade, and Teenage Phil grabs him, slinging him to the floor.

The two wrestle for a moment, until Teenage Bernard hits Teenage Phil knocking him to the side.

Teenage Bernard grabs the blade, sitting on Teenage Phil's chest, placing the blade on his throat.

TEENAGE BERNARD (CONT'D)

Do you know what it's like having the person you love kill themselves in front of you, leaving you with nothing to live for?! Do you know how that shit feels?!

He presses the blade down a little causing blood to come forth.

Teenage Phil tenses up, but he keeps a calm composure.

TEENAGE PHIL

I don't know what you're going through. But I can tell you, you're my best friend, and I love you.

TEENAGE BERNARD

That's the same shit she said! I love you baby, and I'll always be here for you! Nothing but bullshit! Where is her ass now?!

TEENAGE PHIL
It's not your fault "B". It's not.

TEENAGE BERNARD
(Sobbing)
She didn't love me. No one loves me.

He lowers the blade, and Teenage Phil sees his opportunity flipping him over getting on top of him, taking the blade from his hand.

TEENAGE BERNARD (CONT'D)
Just kill me, Phil. End my useless ass life. I have nothing to live for.

TEENAGE PHIL
You have a lot to live for. Gather your losses and use them to make you stronger. If no one else in the world loves you, I do. How do you think I would feel if I lost you as a friend?

Teenage Phil gets off him sitting to the side, allowing Teenage Bernard to sit up.

TEENAGE BERNARD
Why did she leave me? Why did she do this to me?

Teenage Phil places the blade to the side holding Teenage Bernard.

TEENAGE PHIL
She didn't leave you. She's with us talking through me.

TEENAGE BERNARD
...I don't wanna--.

TEENAGE PHIL
You wanna live, trust me. You're destined to do great things. Your mother and father would want you to live.

Teenage Phil stands up, and then helps Teenage Bernard stand to his feet.

TEENAGE PHIL (CONT'D)
Let's get yo crazy ass cleaned up.
(Laughs)

I don't want you fucking up my outfit more than what you already did.

The two laugh, making their way upstairs.

COME BACK TO:

INT. PRESENT DAY - BERNARD'S OFFICE - AFTERNOON

Bernard is sitting at his desk smiling, wiping the tears getting himself together before walking over grabbing his coat, walking out the room.

INTERCUT WITH:

INT. THE LOBBY - CONTINUOUS

Bernard walks down the hallway to the staircase making his way downstairs, and everyone praises him as if he's a God.

He pays them no mind making his way over to Mary standing by the door smiling with her coat over her arm and purse in hand.

He opens the door for her so she can walk out, and he follows behind her.

INTERCUT WITH:

EXT. THE LAW OFFICE - AFTERNOON

They walk from the building over to the parking lot where Bernard's Benz is parked.

He walks to the passenger door, opening it so she can get in, closing the door behind her before walking over to the driver side getting in.

He starts the car up and pulls off.

INTERCUT WITH:

INT. BERNARD'S CAR - MOVING - CONTINUOUS

Some alternative music is playing faintly.

MARY

What made you decide to go into law?

BERNARD

I loved debating when I was a kid. I

get a rush out of breaking people down, proving my point.

MARY

(Laughs)

You like having people like putty in your hands, molding them into whatever you see fit?

BERNARD

(Laughs)

Of course I do.

MARY

So, is it true what they say about you?

BERNARD

What's that?

She places her hand on his inner thigh.

MARY

To get close to Mr. Drive, you have to break him down.

He gently moves her hand.

BERNARD

Very true. But how can you break down a glacier with an ice pick?

MARY

Are you implying you're hard to climb?

BERNARD

I'm just saying.

MARY

Did you know I love a challenge because it makes the reward so much worth the effort?

He looks at her, and she's looking at him licking her lips seductively winking.

He smiles looking back at the road, reaching into the cigarette pack resting in the cup holder taking one out placing it in his mouth.

BERNARD

Once you start this challenge, there's no starting over.

He goes to reach for his lighter, and she grabs it, lighting his cigarette.

MARY

Why play a game if you don't know the odds of winning are high?

BERNARD

(Laughs)

That's enough about me for now. Tell me why you don't have a man?

MARY

What makes you think I don't?

BERNARD

A woman who has a man wouldn't have asked me the questions you did, nor would you be riding in this car with me.

MARY

What does that mean? I could be a woman who wants her cake and eats it too.

BERNARD

Then I must be the cake you can't wait to eat, and your man is the napkin.

MARY

(Laughs)

Seriously?

BERNARD

Come on now. I see the way you look at me every day. The goose bumps you get when I say hello. I'm not even getting on when I hug you.

MARY

Look at you. You think--.

BERNARD

If this was a trial, it would've been over in less than five minutes.

MARY

Okay, okay, you got me. I'm single.

BERNARD

Why is that?

She sits silent for a moment.

BERNARD (CONT'D)

Well?

MARY

Let's just say, it takes a lot for me to like a man. The idea of a man drooling over me for my looks and body is so trifling to me.

BERNARD

I don't drool over you.

MARY

Not physically. But in that mind of yours, you do.

BERNARD

(Laughs)

I plead the fifth.

MARY

We're not in court.

BERNARD

Well, something's gotta give.

MARY

Something is going to give.

CUT TO:

INT. THE RESTAURANT - AFTERNOON

Joey and Claire are sitting at the usual table.

Bernard and Mary walk into the restaurant, taking a seat at another table.

Joey sits watching the two with a look of hate.

BERNARD

Thank you for coming with me today.

MARY

Believe me, the pleasure is mine. I've always wanted to come here, but money wise, I can't afford it.

BERNARD

Well, if you turn out liking it this can be our spot if we get serious.

Joey gets up making his way over to the two.

MARY

Oh, really?

BERNARD

That's what I said. But I wanted you to come with me today because I want to tell you something only a few people know.

MARY

What would that be?

Joey comes up behind Mary placing his hands on her shoulders causing her to cringe.

JOEY

Hey buddy, why didn't you sit with us? We're not good enough for you and your precious Mary?

BERNARD

All jokes aside. I think you should take your hands off her.

Joey wraps his hands around her neck.

JOEY

What's wrong, Mr. Perfect? I'm I getting under your skin?

BERNARD

Either you leave...or Tom is about to have some company.

Mary moves Joey's hands from her neck, scooting her chair up.

MARY

Why don't you sit down, so you two can talk about it?

Joey grabs her by the shoulders, slinging her to the floor causing a loud thud, making everyone look.

JOEY
Shut up bitch!

Bernard gets up from his seat walking over to Joey shoving him.

BERNARD
You sorry ass excuse of a man!

Joey swings, and Bernard blocks the punch, grabbing Joey taking him to the floor, getting on top of him.

Bernard is working Joey out as Mary continues sitting on the floor looking on in shock.

Claire comes rushing over to the two grabbing Bernard, pulling him off.

Claire stands in front of Bernard holding him back as Joey gets up from the floor with blood coming from his mouth.

CLAIRE
What the hell is wrong with you two?!
How are you behaving this way after
the death of our friend?!

Joey wipes the blood from his mouth and flings it to the floor, after which he points at Bernard with rage as his hand shakes.

JOEY
He's not my friend! Apparently, he
never was!

Joey makes his way out the restaurant, wiping the blood from his face.

By this time the Manager has come to the table standing back looking just as stunned as the other customers.

Claire turns looking at Bernard, and Bernard gives her a light shove.

CLAIRE
What the hell has gotten into you?

BERNARD
The virgin came to save that sorry ass

excuse of a man. Look here. How about, both of you stay the fuck out of my life? Why would I wanna be around people whose standards are lower than mine?

He turns his back walking off.

Mary gets up from the floor, and leans over into Claire's ear.

MARY
(Whispering)
You two should be dead like the one who died last night.

Claire pushes her back, following it with a slap, knocking Mary on the table.

CLAIRE
Bernard, don't throw a friendship away for this whore!

Bernard turns around walking back to the table helping Mary.

Mary looks at Claire stunned, holding her red face.

BERNARD
Respect it when I say it again. Stay the fuck out of my life.

The two walk off.

Claire watches with tears built up in her eyes.

CUT TO:

INT. BERNARD'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Bernard is standing by the bar with a drink in his hand in a state of sorrow and confusion.

Mary is sitting on the bed looking at him.

BERNARD
Why is this happening again? Haven't I suffered enough?

MARY
Why don't you come over here and take a seat? You need to relax.

BERNARD

Maybe you're right. But when I saw you
on the floor...

He shakes his head, mumbling something under his breath
before taking a sip.

MARY

Just come over here, sit down, and
tell me what you were about to say at
the restaurant.

He downs his glass and then grabs the bottle before walking
over to the bed sitting next to her.

BERNARD

(sighs)

The scene reminded me of my mother.
When I was little, she killed herself.
She didn't do it in front of me...but
the way I found her, she might as
well.

She covers her mouth stunned.

MARY

Oh my God. Why did she do that?

BERNARD

Depression. When I was little, my
father was killed trying to apprehend
a suspect. He didn't know the dude had
a partner, and he came up from behind
blowing my father's brains out. The
day we buried him, we buried her as
well. She always kept talking about
how she wanted to be with dad.

MARY

How did you deal with it?

BERNARD

I kept my mind on school, while living
with my friend and his parents.

He walks back over to the bar with his head down.

Mary stands up taking her clothes off, leaving nothing but
her bra and panty set on.

MARY

Does your friend have a name?

BERNARD

Good old Phil. We were tight in high school, until we graduated. After that, he got deep into drugs and whatnot leading to him doing some time for domestic violence and a rape case.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. FLASHBACK 1996 - THE HALLWAY - AFTERNOON

Six teenage boys block off the hallway as a healthier in shape Tim with a bald-head has Teenage Phil against the wall beating the shit out of him.

Teenage Bernard comes running up, and two of the boys grab him, holding him back.

Tim tosses Teenage Phil to the side, and then walks over to Teenage Bernard cracking his blood coated knuckles.

TIM

What do you want?

TEENAGE BERNARD

Why are you beating on my friend?!
That's what the fuck I want.

TIM

Unless you about to pay what he owes,
I suggest you get the fuck on.

Teenage Phil tries to stand on his feet, but he's dazed.

TEENAGE PHIL

"B" man, just...just go man. I got this.

TEENAGE BERNARD

Phil, shut the fuck up. Why don't you let him go, and we can call it even?

TIM

Call it even? Nigga, is you crazy?

TEENAGE BERNARD

Oh, yo weak ass real tough with ya bitch ass boys around.

TIM
What did you say?

TEENAGE BERNARD
You heard what the fuck I said.

TEENAGE PHIL
Bernard man--.

TIM
Shut the fuck up before I come back
there and beat on yo ass some more!
Let this nigga go.

The two boys let Teenage Bernard go.

TEENAGE BERNARD
What does this supposed to mean? When
I get to beating on that ass, they'll
jump in.

TIM
(Laughs)
I like you lil nigga. I can--.

Teenage Bernard swings, hitting Tim in the face, making his head turn.

He swings a few more times trying to drop him, but Tim blocks one of the punches, hitting him in the stomach making him fold over in pain.

Tim hits him a few more times before he slings him into the wall, and he hits it hard, sliding to the floor holding his head in pain.

He shakes the daze off ready to rush at Tim, but Tim pulls out a switchblade haltering the process.

Tim walks over to him, grabbing him by the collar.

Teenage Bernard smiles, licking the blood from his busted lip as Tim places the blade up to his throat.

TIM (CONT'D)
You got heart, I'll give you that. Too
bad I have to kill you.

TEENAGE PHIL
Tim man--.

TIM
Shut the fuck up because you're next!

TEENAGE BERNARD
(Laughs)
Then hurry up and get the shit out the way. I've been waiting to die for the longest. What better way to die, than by a pussy ass nigga like you?

TIM
What?

TEENAGE BERNARD
What is absolutely right?! I'm trying to die!

BOY # 1
Tim, come on man, let's go.

TEENAGE BERNARD
Yeah, Tim, let's go! All you have to do is push it in and drag it across, you pussy.

Teenage Bernard spits in Tim's face.

Tim laughs, taking the knife down.

TIM
Like I said, you got some heart.

TEENAGE BERNARD
And like I said, you--.

Tim stabs Teenage Bernard on his right side holding it there as Teenage Bernard releases a moan of pain.

TIM
If you live from this, you'll remember I did it to you.

TEENAGE BERNARD
(Moans in pain)
I'll remember what it feels like to be fucked, by a pussy like you.

Tim pulls the knife up before pushing Teenage Bernard back into the wall.

Tim and the boys with him take off running.

Teenage Bernard lies on the floor holding his bleeding side, as Teenage Phil inches toward him.

TEENAGE PHIL
What the hell were you thinking?

TEENAGE BERNARD
(Moaning)
That's what friends are for, right? No matter the situation...if you love someone, you'll die for them if you have to.

TEENAGE PHIL
Help! Somebody help us!

COME BACK TO:

INT. PRESENT DAY - BERNARD'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Bernard downs his drink, and rubs his chin.

Mary walks up, stopping not too far from being right on him.

MARY
Do you know where he is now?

BERNARD
Last I heard he was in Ohio. He supposedly remarried and got his life back together.

He turns around backing into the bar when he sees her standing there.

BERNARD (CONT'D)
Whoa. What's this about?

MARY
The first time I saw you, I said to myself, I have to have you.

BERNARD
But...what if I lose you, too?

She steps into him, placing a finger to his lips, and then trails it down to his belt stopping.

MARY
The only way you'll lose me, is through death.

She grabs him by the back of the head, giving him a deep passionate kiss, and he embraces her kissing back.

She jumps up wrapping her legs around him as they continue kissing.

He carries her over to the bed, laying her down.

He starts kissing on her neck, making his way down, and judging from her face and how she's grabbing at his head, she's enjoying what he's doing between her legs.

He comes back up kissing on her neck for a moment, until she flips him over getting on top ripping his shirt open, beginning to kiss on his chest.

She sits up taking her bra off, and then goes back to kissing on his chest, while unfastening his pants sliding them down.

He moans in pleasure, smiling, feeling the warmth of her as she straddles, beginning to ride him slowly.

SLOWLY FADE OUT:

INT. BERNARD'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Bernard and Mary are lying under the covers.

She has her head on his chest with one leg across his waist, and he has one arm around her playing in her hair.

MARY

I have something to tell you.

BERNARD

(Sarcastic laugh)

You're pregnant already?

She lightly hits him on the chest.

MARY

It's more serious than that.

Bernard sits up, and she slides her head down into his lap.

BERNARD

What is it? Tell me.

MARY

I wasn't always this beautiful. I had to have surgery to get the right side

of my face fixed.

BERNARD

What happened?

MARY

You know you usually hear about the father abusing the daughter? Well in my case...it was the other way around.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. FLASHBACK - 1989 MARY'S MOTHER KITCHEN - AFTERNOON

Dirty dishes rest in the old dish water, and on the counter. A plate of cocaine is on the table.

MARY'S MOTHER is sitting at the table taking a sip from a liquor bottle wearing a dirty wife beater and black leggings.

MARY'S MOTHER

(Drunk tone)

You good for nothing tramp!

INTERCUT WITH:

INT. THE LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

The living room is just as filthy as the kitchen.

Young Mary, nine-years-old is sitting on the couch crying wearing something simple.

YOUNG MARY

What did I do, mama?

Mary's mother comes staggering out the kitchen holding the liquor bottle, leaning up against the wall to keep her balance.

She shatters the bottle against the wall, still holding the neck end.

Young Mary stands up, slowly walking backwards keeping her eyes on her mother.

MARY'S MOTHER

Just like your father! You'll never be shit!

YOUNG MARY

Mama, please. I didn't do anything.

MARY'S MOTHER

I'll make sure you won't become a
whore, Ms. Lady!

Young Mary attempts to run, but her mother was quick on her feet, grabbing her by the hair, slamming her to the floor.

Young Mary screams in fear as her mother gets on top of her plunging the broken glass deep into the right side of her face.

Young Mary screams in agonizing pain as her mother twists the glass deeper.

Mary's mother gets up, and throws the glass to the side, while looking down at Young Mary crying, grabbing at her bleeding face, cutting her fingers on the shards of glass.

MARY'S MOTHER (CONT'D)

There! Now I know you won't be out
here doing anything foolish! Who would
look at a disfigured whore like you?!

Young Mary continues sitting on the floor crying, trying to stop the blood coming from her face.

Mary's mother makes her way back into the kitchen.

INTERCUT WITH:

INT. THE KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

She walks over to the cabinet tossing cereal boxes out the way until she reaches the liquor bottle grabbing it, staggering back to the table taking a seat, opening the bottle.

MARY'S MOTHER (CONT'D)

(Sorrow tone)

Forgive me, God.

She tries taking a sip, but her head falls face first to the table, dropping the bottle shattering it.

Young Mary comes into the kitchen with a blank stare, and blood dripping from her face.

She walks over to the sink grabbing a butcher knife from the

dirty water, and then she walks over to her mother raising the knife high, bringing it down with force into her mother's back.

Mary's mother screams in pain, while Young Mary continues stabbing.

She still has the same blank stare as blood covers her face, and her mother's screams go mute.

COME BACK TO:

INT. PRESENT DAY - BERNARD'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Bernard sits stunned playing with her hair.

MARY

They let me go with temporary insanity, instead of murder. But they kept me under close observation at the asylum before they decided to repair my face and let me go.

BERNARD

That's deep.

MARY

Right. But from there on, I grew a deep hate for women. Especially the ones who get drunk pretending they don't know what they're doing while intoxicated.

BERNARD

Well we have each other now, and I won't let anything come between that.

INT. BERNARD'S OFFICE - AFTERNOON

Bernard is sitting behind his desk doing a crossword puzzle with his headphones on.

Mary is placing files in the cabinet.

She closes the cabinet, and then walks over to him taking a seat on his lap, giving him a kiss on the cheek.

He takes his headphones off giving her a kiss, holding her tight.

MARY

What are we doing for the day?

BERNARD

I was thinking we could--.

Charlie comes bursting into the room walking towards the desk stopping, picking up the nameplate sucking his teeth.

CHARLIE

Mr. Drive?

BERNARD

How may I help you?

Charlie places the plate back down, turning his back to walk away.

CHARLIE

Get your shit, you're coming with me.

BERNARD

May I ask why?

Charlie pauses.

CHARLIE

Don't be a smart-ass, kid. Just get your shit, and let's go.

Charlie walks out the room.

Bernard and Mary are confused by what just transpired.

MARY

What was that about?

BERNARD

I don't know. But he better have a good goddamn reason, or a healthy pension to retire on.

He gives her a kiss, and then taps her on the ass so she can stand up.

He gets up walking over to the hook grabbing his coat before walking out the room.

INT. THE INTERROGATION ROOM - AFTERNOON

Bernard is sitting at the table, while Charlie stands to the

side smoking a cigarette.

BERNARD

You care to tell me why I'm down here?

CHARLIE

Your friends are Claire Nile, and Joey Mason?

BERNARD

They used to be my friends.

CHARLIE

(Takes a pull)

That really doesn't matter. What does matter is you were friends with Tom Rivers.

BERNARD

Your point is?

Charlie pulls out the note, tossing it at Bernard.

BERNARD (CONT'D)

(Laughs)

You brought me down here to read your love letters?

CHARLIE

Just open the goddamn thing, and read it.

Bernard opens the note, scans over it, and tosses it to the side.

BERNARD

Okay, now what?

CHARLIE

(Takes a pull)

Why do you think your initial is on it?

BERNARD

(Laughs)

Please tell me.

CHARLIE

If you don't know who the killer is, you're next on the list.

BERNARD
Obviously you don't know who I am.

CHARLIE
I know who you are.

BERNARD
Good. Then you know keeping me here
any longer can cost you your career.
Thank you, and have a nice day.

Bernard stands up patting Charlie on the shoulder, getting ready to walk off.

Charlie drops his cigarette, grabbing Bernard by the arm, making him turn back around.

CHARLIE
You got a real smart-ass mouth, just
like your friends said. Tell me
something, kid. Did you say a smart
ass remark like that when they found
you with your dead mother?

Bernard snatches his arm away.

BERNARD
I told you they're not friends of
mine. If I was you, I'd tread softly.
You never know if you might end up on
someone's list.

Bernard walks out the room.

INTERCUT WITH:

INT. THE LOBBY - CONTINUOUS

Bernard walks through the lobby that's rather loud from the phones ringing, and the people who are handcuffed talking trash.

He walks past them making his way outside.

INTERCUT WITH:

EXT. THE POLICE STATION - CONTINUOUS

He walks to his car getting in slamming the door behind him, gripping the steering wheel tight.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. FLASHBACK 1989 - THE KITCHEN - MORNING

Young Bernard is standing in the corner with a blank stare watching the coroners carry his mother out.

There's a large bloodstain on the floor, and instead of the straight razor she used to kill herself, Young Bernard replaced it with another one.

An officer walks over to Young Bernard.

MALE OFFICER

I know this isn't the right time, but
I have to ask you a question. Were you
here when she did this?

Young Bernard doesn't respond.

MALE OFFICER (CONT'D)

I know this is difficult, but I need--

.

YOUNG BERNARD

She's in a better place.

MALE OFFICER

Yes, she is. But--.

YOUNG BERNARD

That's all that matters.

Young Bernard walks out the house.

INTERCUT WITH:

EXT. BERNARD'S MOTHER HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

People are looking on, shaking their heads.

Police cars, an ambulance and the coroner van are in front of the house.

Young Bernard stands on the porch with the same blank stare watching them place his mother into the van.

He walks off the porch making his way down the street, and coming from the other end of the street is the neighborhood bully Juan.

The Latino male with a stocky build is making his way down to Young Bernard.

Juan stops in front of Young Bernard, and Young Bernard walks through him with a hard push continuing to walk.

Juan stands confused for a minute before he runs up in front of Young Bernard placing a hand to his chest making him stop.

JUAN

Hey wheat-head? You know you have to pay a toll if you wanna walk down this street.

YOUNG BERNARD

I would advise you to carry on about your day.

Young Bernard places his hand in his pocket on the handle of the blade.

JUAN

You must be ready to collect this beating.

Just as Juan gets ready to swing, Young Bernard grabs him, pulling the straight blade out, placing it to Juan's throat.

YOUNG BERNARD

Are you ready to go to a better place? My mommy was.

JUAN

(Begging)
Please...please--.

YOUNG BERNARD

Please what? Let you live?

Young Bernard looks back seeing some people making their way towards them.

He leans in closer whispering in Juan's ear.

YOUNG BERNARD (CONT'D)

(Whispering)
I lost my mother and father. Unless you wanna join them, I suggest you leave me the fuck alone from here on out. If you think about telling anyone, I'll kill you right now. Do

you understand me?

JUAN

Yes...yes, I understand.

Young Bernard lets him go holding the blade down to his side as the people walk pass.

YOUNG BERNARD

Get yo ass home.

Juan gets ready to walk off, but Young Bernard grabs his hand making him stop.

YOUNG BERNARD (CONT'D)

Oh, yeah. This is for all the tolls I had to pay.

Young Bernard slices Juan across the right side of his face making him release a scream.

Young Bernard grabs him by the collar, pulling him close, placing the blade to his throat to make him be quiet.

The people who were walking stop, and turn around looking at the two.

PERSON ON THE STREET

Is everything okay?

YOUNG BERNARD

(Laughs)

He's okay. He got stung by a bee.

The people turn around continuing to walk off.

YOUNG BERNARD (CONT'D)

If you ever mention a toll again, the price you'll pay will be far worse than this.

He lets Juan go and walks off down the street.

Juan looks at Young Bernard walking off with a look of hate taking a bandanna out placing it on his face trying to stop the bleeding.

COME BACK TO:

INT. PRESENT DAY - BERNARD'S CAR - AFTERNOON

Bernard is holding the wheel tight with a smile on his face.

BERNARD

Nope, I didn't say a smart remark.
But, I'll tell you this much. The last
person who asked me a stupid question
knew not to ask me shit else.

He starts the car up driving off.

CUT TO:

INT. THE JAZZ BAR - NIGHT

The bar is barely full as some jazz music plays.

Bernard is sitting at the bar with a half bottle of whiskey
and a shot glass.

Sitting at the end of the bar is Juan's brother RICO, mid-
thirties.

He's wearing a wife beater and jeans with a twig in his
mouth, staring down at Bernard.

The Bartender is standing behind the bar cleaning glasses
looking at Bernard.

BERNARD

(Drunk tone)

The woman I love is a deranged
murderer.

BARTENDER

Are you okay pal?

Bernard downs his shot, and then looks at the Bartender
crazy.

BERNARD

Am I okay? Would you be okay if the
woman you love is a psychopath?

Rico takes one more shot before making his way down to
Bernard, standing behind him.

BARTENDER

I think you need to go home. You've
had enough.

BERNARD

Who the hell are you to tell me I've had enough? Do you know--?

Rico places a hand on Bernard's shoulder.

Bernard pulls a cigarette out placing it in his mouth, lighting it, before turning around.

RICO

(Drunk tone)

Ain't you that lawyer guy?

Bernard grabs the bottle from the counter taking a sip, and then places the bottle down to his side holding it by the neck.

BERNARD

That would be me. If you have any problems, let me know.

RICO

This is a problem that should've been solved a long time ago.

BERNARD

Huh?

RICO

You don't remember Juan Paso, do you wheat-head?

BERNARD

(Laughs)

I haven't heard that name in years. Wait a minute. Are you the guy who used to bully me on my street?

RICO

I wish he was here right now, to beat your ass! But due to what you did to him, he killed himself!

Bernard busts out laughing.

The Bartender reaches down grabbing the handle of the shotgun he has under the counter.

BARTENDER

I'm not having any shit in here tonight.

Bernard continues laughing, gripping the bottle tighter.

RICO

You think it's funny?!

BERNARD

I guess the toll I told him really
went to his head.

Rico gets ready to swing, and Bernard hits him upside the head with the bottle shattering it.

While Rico is holding his bleeding head in pain, moaning, Bernard gets up hitting him with a hard right knocking him to the floor.

Everyone looks on as the Bartender pulls the shotgun out, letting off a round in the air.

Everyone drops to the floor except for Bernard, who turns around looking at the Bartender smiling.

The Bartender takes aim at Bernard, and Bernard raises his hands.

BARTENDER

Get the fuck outta here! I told you, I
wasn't having any shit in here today!

Bernard kicks Rico before walking backwards towards the door with his hands still in the air.

He gets to the door putting his hands down, going his pocket pulling out a wad of money taking the rubber band off.

BERNARD

Everybody have a drink on me!

He throws the money up in the air, and everyone rushes trying to get the money, causing a bar brawl.

The bartender comes from behind the bar trying to break some of the people up from fighting.

Bernard laughs making his way out the door.

CUT TO:

INT. BERNARD'S HOUSE - NIGHT

The crystal chandelier hangs above the room shining down onto

the black marble floors.

Bernard comes staggering in closing the door behind him, leaning up against the wall with his head down laughing.

Mary comes out of the bedroom upstairs wearing a sheer black nightgown.

She walks over to the rail looking down at him.

MARY

What took you so long to get here?

He looks up, placing his hand over his eyes trying to focus, continuing laughing.

BERNARD

(Drunk, laughing)

Mary? How did you get here?

MARY

The same way you did. Although, I find it hard to believe you made it here in the condition you're in.

BERNARD

And you're mad about what?

She comes downstairs making her way to him.

She shoves him making him stagger back a few steps, but he continues to laugh.

MARY

What am I mad about?! I've been cooking all day, trying to prepare a nice night for us, and you went and fucked it up! That's why I'm mad!

BERNARD

...What did you make?

MARY

You know what?

She rolls her eyes making her way back upstairs going into the bedroom, slamming the door behind her.

Bernard continues laughing, shrugging up his shoulders, staggering his way into the living room.

The room is all-white with pictures of his mother on the walls, and a mini bar off in the corner.

Bernard staggers over to the couch falling face first, going straight to sleep.

He lays there for a few minutes, and then the doorbell starts ringing.

He hops up looking around confused.

BERNARD

(Dazed)

Huh? No, no further questions, your honor.

The doorbell continues ringing as Bernard rolls off the sofa onto the floor slowly crawling towards the wall.

BERNARD (CONT'D)

Alright, Goddamn it, I'm coming!

He stands up getting to the front door, and the ringing stops.

BERNARD (CONT'D)

What?! I know you didn't have me get up for no reason?!

PHIL (O.S.)

Why stop now, when you can go all the way?

BERNARD

Because what you do now, can predict who you'll be in the future!

Bernard swings the door open and there stands Phil, still looking like a pretty boy, just with shorter hair.

The two hug each other, and then Bernard lets Phil come in, closing the door behind him.

They walk into the living room.

PHIL

I see you made it to what you wanted to be.

BERNARD

What are you doing out here? Last I

heard you were in Ohio.

PHIL

I've been here for the longest. The wife and I had a few issues, so we went our separate ways.

BERNARD

It wasn't for what I think, was it?

Phil walks over to the mini bar, grabbing two glasses and a bottle of cognac, filling the glasses up.

Picking up both glasses, he walks back over to Bernard handing him one.

PHIL

Naw, it wasn't for that. I learned my lesson from that shit.

BERNARD

Well, that's good. How do you like it out here in the county of murder and madness?

PHIL

None of that shit bothers me. Besides, I had to come see how my best friend was doing.

MARY (O.S.)

What's going on down here?

They turn around seeing Mary standing there dressed in one of Bernard's robes, with her arms folded across her chest.

PHIL

Who is that?

BERNARD

Phil, this is my woman, Mary. Mary, this is my best friend Phil.

MARY

Oh, the rapist? I'm going back to bed.

She walks off as they look at each other confused.

PHIL

What's her problem?

BERNARD

Who gives a fuck what her issue is?
Where are you staying?

PHIL

This little motel that's not too far
from where you live. Just a little
something until I get back on my feet.

BERNARD

I think you meant to say, you're
staying here.

PHIL

Come on, I can't do that "B".

BERNARD

You can and you will. You and your
family did it for me when I needed it
the most.

PHIL

(Laughs)

Same old Bernard. You never knew how
to back down, or knew what defeat
means.

BERNARD

That's why I'm the best in the county.

They laugh toasting.

INT. THE GUEST ROOM - MORNING

The room has a layout like Bernard's room, minus the dark
gothic feel.

Phil is lying asleep on the bed under the covers.

Mary is standing at the side of the bed wearing a black
jogging suit, staring at Phil.

Phil slowly wakes up, and just as he gets ready to come from
under the covers, he jumps back pulling the cover over
himself when he notices Mary.

PHIL

Sorry, I didn't know you were standing
there.

MARY

That's the least of your problems.

PHIL

What the fuck are you talking about?

MARY

I just wanna let you know, I know what you're doing. Just because you helped my man when he was little, don't think you can come back around taking him from me.

PHIL

Have you lost your fucking mind? It was his idea for me to stay here in the first place.

MARY

It's not about what he says! It's about what I say! If you're smart, which I know you're not!

(Points between her legs)

You should know he'll put this pussy before some bum ass, washed up ex rapist!

He gets ready to lunge at her, but she pulls a butcher knife out making him jump back.

PHIL

You got the nerve to mention my past, and you're pulling a knife on me?! Bitch, you crazy!

MARY

You goddamn right, I'm crazy! Now you take these words, and heed them. It's not hard for me to bruise myself up, and file a report saying you beat me. I'm sure they would love to send your sweet ass back to jail.

She gets closer to him, and places the tip of the knife in his face.

MARY (CONT'D)

You remember that, bitch.

She walks out the room.

Phil sits on the bed breathing heavily, mad he couldn't retaliate to her action.

CUT TO:

INT. BERNARD'S OFFICE - AFTERNOON

Mary is standing in front of the desk with her arms folded across her chest.

Bernard comes walking in trying to give her a hug and kiss, but she pushes him back.

BERNARD

What's wrong with you?

MARY

What are you going to do about your friend?

BERNARD

Phil? What about him?

MARY

Well, we had a conversation this morning--

Bernard hits himself upside the head.

BERNARD

That's right. We're supposed to have lunch today.

He turns his back ready to walk away, and Mary grabs his hand making him stop.

MARY

Bernard? Is that all you have to say to me?

He turns around giving her a kiss, and then rubs her chin.

BERNARD

I love you, and I'll see you later tonight.

He walks out the room.

Mary picks up the nameplate, throwing it at the door.

CUT TO:

INT. BERNARD'S CAR - AFTERNOON

Bernard is sitting in front of his mini mansion further down from the other houses.

He's looking at the group message he sent to Joey and Claire waiting for Phil to come out.

INSERT THE PHONE SCREEN

If it's possible, can we meet for lunch at the sushi place? I'm sure you guys are still pissed from last time, but let's put that behind us. I hope to see you.

He sends the message.

BACK TO THE SCENE

Phil comes out the house wearing some of Bernard's casual clothes making his way to the car getting in.

Bernard pulls off.

INTERCUT WITH:

INT. BERNARD'S CAR - MOVING - CONTINUOUS

Some rap music is playing faintly.

Phil is still stewing about the incident he had with Mary earlier.

PHIL

What's wrong with your girl?

Bernard turns the music down.

BERNARD

What about her?

PHIL

She didn't tell you about the shit she did today?

BERNARD

She told me y'all had a conversation, but that's about it.

PHIL

She came into the room on some other shit. She was talking about, she's not

letting me take you away from her...and then the crazy bitch pulled a knife on me.

Bernard laughs, taking a cigarette from his pack, placing it in his mouth.

BERNARD

You're taking me away from her? Damn, I never knew.

PHIL

You sitting there laughing and shit, but I'm being dead ass serious.

BERNARD

Whoa, wait a minute. You said she pulled a knife on you?

PHIL

That's what I said.

Bernard takes a calm pull from his cigarette.

PHIL (CONT'D)

I know that's your girl and you love her, but the bitch is crazy.

BERNARD

I'll talk to her when we get back.

PHIL

Fuck a talk! You need to kick that bitch out!

BERNARD

I said I'll talk to her! Did I get on yo head when I told you about that shit back in the day and you didn't listen to me?!

Phil sits silently rubbing his chin.

BERNARD (CONT'D)

Thank you. Now I said I'll talk to her, and will. You're my boy, and no pussy or money will ever come between that. I love you, and I'm glad we're back hanging.

PHIL
I love you too. It's just--.

BERNARD
Just drop it.

CUT TO:

INT. SUSHI BUFFET - AFTERNOON

Indistinct talking can be heard along with the sound of rain hitting up against the windows.

The restaurant is packed with people either sitting at tables, being seated or walking around refilling their plates.

Joey has his back turned to the entrance, and Claire is sitting across from him.

Bernard and Phil come into the restaurant.

Bernard tells Phil to wait by the door while he makes his way to Claire and Joey.

JOEY
Who does he think he is? What does the little lunch date supposed to mean?

CLAIRE
Just let it go. Everybody was in the wrong that day.

JOEY
That might be true. It still doesn't give him the right to do what he did. When he gets here--.

Bernard extends his hand out in front of Joey.

BERNARD
You'll shake my hand accepting my apology, and say we're still friends.

CLAIRE
What do we owe the honor of this lunch date, Mr. Perfect?

JOEY
Yeah. I thought you wanted us to stay the fuck out of your life?

Bernard pulls his hand back, clearing his throat.

BERNARD

That's all in the past. I'm a new person now, and all I want is my friends.

Claire stands up, and then steps over to him.

CLAIRE

I don't know. My life without Mr. Perfect might be hard to deal with.

She opens her arms for a hug, and they embrace.

BERNARD

Thanks. How about you, Joey?

Joey stands up staring in Bernard's eyes.

BERNARD (CONT'D)

Well?

JOEY

...As long as you give me a kiss.

The two laugh before giving each other a hug, while Claire looks at Bernard confused.

CLAIRE

Can you tell me what happened to Bernard?

BERNARD

I had an epiphany. I want you guys to meet someone.

Bernard signals for Phil to come over.

Phil pauses in his tracks staring at Claire in awe.

BERNARD (CONT'D)

Claire and Joey, this is my good friend Phil. Phil, Joey and Claire.

Phil takes Claire's hand and kisses it.

PHIL

I'm charmed to meet your acquaintance.

She pulls her hand back, blushing.

CLAIRE

Where did you meet this well-mannered man?

BERNARD

He's my friend from back in the day.

CLAIRE

It's nice to meet you, Phil.

JOEY

Claire, calm down. I don't think he's into men.

Claire gets ready to speak, and Phil grabs her hand staring into her eyes.

PHIL

She's far from a man. She's the true meaning behind the word beauty.

JOEY

I think he's blind. What man in his right mind would say that about Claire?

BERNARD

(Laughs)

Let's stop with the jokes as Tom would say. Let's sit down, eat, drink and have a good time.

The four sit having a good time drinking and eating, while Claire and Phil keep constant eye contact with each other.

No one notices Mary standing outside the window getting soaking wet looking at them with insanity in her eyes.

CUT TO:

INT. BERNARD'S KITCHEN - NIGHT

The kitchen is a sight of beauty with the gray on white paint job, going great with black appliances and marble counters.

Mary is sitting at the table in the same wet clothes, drinking vodka straight from the bottle.

In front of her is a picture of Bernard, and resting beside it is a butcher knife.

She picks up the knife placing the tip of the blade on the picture beginning to scrape away.

She realizes she's scraping the glass, so she places the knife down as tears pour down her face.

She picks up the bottle taking another sip.

Just as she gets ready to put her head down, she hears the front door open, followed by laughter coming from Bernard and Phil.

INTERCUT WITH:

INT. THE LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Bernard and Phil are standing by the bar laughing.

PHIL

You got some crazy friends. And that Claire is something special.

BERNARD

I just bet she is, considering you never took your eyes off her. Not to mention, you got her number.

PHIL

It's something about her, what can I say? I doubt she would be interested in me. I don't even know why I got the number.

BERNARD

Are you crazy? The way you two were talking, there's no doubt something will jump off. You better put that number to use.

PHIL

Do you think so?

BERNARD

Hell yeah. There's no doubt in my mind--.

MARY (O.S.)

(Drunk tone)

He's right! What woman would be interested in an ex rapist?!

They turn, seeing Mary leaning up against the wall holding the bottle.

Phil lowers his head in shame.

Bernard walks over to her, snatching the bottle from her hand.

BERNARD

What the fuck is wrong with you? Why would you say some shit like that?

PHIL

...I'll just come back later.

BERNARD

No, fuck that! This is my goddamn house, and you don't have to go nowhere! I need to speak with you.

He grabs her by the arm, dragging her into the kitchen.

INTERCUT WITH:

INT. THE KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

He presses her up against the wall holding her by the shoulders.

BERNARD

Why are you fuckin' with him? What did he do to you? And what's with the shit you pulled this morning, pulling a knife on my friend?

MARY

I'm not losing you to a rapist is what I'm saying! And what I said to him I meant! This isn't just your house anymore, it's ours! I need you to understand that!

BERNARD

Lose me? This is our house?

(Laughs)

Listen, I know you're drunk right now. I need you to go upstairs, and take a nap. When you wake up, we can talk about it.

She snatches his hands down, pushing him back.

MARY

You are not my daddy! I don't need you trying to tell me what to do!

She turns her back walking away.

BERNARD

I need to be your daddy! Somebody needs to put some discipline down on your ass!

She turns back around, walking up to him getting in his face.

MARY

Oh, really? I don't think you would want to be my father, considering that bastard is a rapist too! That's the reason why I'm here!

She turns her back storming out the kitchen.

INTERCUT WITH:

INT. THE LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Phil looks at Mary storming past him to the front door opening it, slamming the door behind her.

Bernard comes walking out the kitchen.

PHIL

You okay, man? Your girl just stormed out.

BERNARD

Naw man, I'm pretty fucked up right now. Listen, I'll get up with you later.

Bernard makes his way to the stairs going up to his room.

PHIL

"B". "B", man you sure you're okay?

Bernard keeps walking to his room, walking in closing the door behind him.

Phil walks over to the bar making a drink.

CUT TO:

INT. BERNARD'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Bernard is under the covers asleep.

The killer creeps into the room from the balcony, walking over to the bed.

The killer pulls a butcher knife out placing the tip of the blade on Bernard's leg, slowly trailing it up.

BERNARD
(Half woke)
Mary quit the bullshit.

The killer takes the blade, placing it on Bernard's arm trailing it up.

BERNARD (CONT'D)
Mary, I told you--.

The killer pounces on Bernard sitting on him weighing him down, pulling out a flashlight turning it on in Bernard's eyes.

BERNARD (CONT'D)
What do you want?

The Killer places the dull part of the blade on the right side of Bernard's face, trailing it down to his heart stopping.

BERNARD (CONT'D)
Charlie said this would happen. Go ahead and do it. Do it! Do it, Mary!

The killer quickly moves the knife, placing a deep gash in Bernard's side causing Bernard to moan in pain.

BERNARD (CONT'D)
(In pain)
Is that the best you got...sweetheart?

The killer hits Bernard upside the head with the flashlight until he goes unconscious, and then gets up.

The killer takes Bernard's lighter from the nightstand, and before leaving the room, drops a note on the bed.

CUT TO:

INT. THE BASEMENT - NIGHT

Some rap music plays, and the sound of weights being lifted are heard.

Claire is on the bench cranking out, covered in sweat.

She finishes one more rep, and then puts the weights down.

She sits up breathing heavily, reaching down grabbing her water bottle, and her phone starts ringing.

She finishes drinking her water before answering the phone.

CLAIRE

Hello?

JOEY (O.S.)

What are you over there doing?

CLAIRE

I'm hitting the weights.

JOEY (O.S.)

I should have figured that, Hercules.

CLAIRE

Is there a reason for this phone call before I hang up?

JOEY (O.S.)

(Laughs)

Yes, I have a purpose. What do you think got into good old Mr. Perfect?

CLAIRE

I don't know. I know I want his friend.

JOEY (O.S.)

(Scoffs)

You're a dick chaser. Have you ever heard of the word game?

CLAIRE

Have you ever heard of the word hater? You're just jealous because everybody has somebody all over them, except for you.

JOEY (O.S.)
Oh, I got mine sweetheart, please
believe me.

CLAIRE
Sure you do.

Her line clicks.

CLAIRE (CONT'D)
Hold on.

She clicks over.

CLAIRE (CONT'D)
Hello?

PHIL (O.S.)
Hey Claire, how are you doing?

CLAIRE
Who is this?

PHIL (O.S.)
This is Phil. Bernard's friend.

CLAIRE
Oh, how are you doing?

PHIL (O.S.)
I'm fine.

CLAIRE
That's good. So, what's going on?

PHIL (O.S.)
Nothing really, I'm just relaxing. Do
you want to go grab something to eat?
That's if you're not busy.

CLAIRE
I would love to. Just give me a minute
to get ready.

PHIL (O.S.)
Okay, cool. I need some time to get
ready myself. I'll call you when I'm
on the way.

CLAIRE
I can't wait.

She clicks back over.

Joey is singing a song sounding horrible.

CLAIRE (CONT'D)
You know singing ain't for everybody?

JOEY (O.S.)
Girl, you know my singing makes you wet.

CLAIRE
Yeah, okay. Anyway, I have to let you go because I need to go get ready.

JOEY (O.S.)
Where are you going?

CLAIRE
On a date with the person you said is running game on me.

JOEY (O.S.)
I would tell you to take some mace or some shit, but you don't need any of that.

CLAIRE
Fuck you. Kiss this ass, and goodbye.

She hangs up smiling, getting up to go get ready.

CUT TO:

EXT. THE LAW OFFICE - NIGHT

Mary is standing in front of the building with her purse on her shoulder, holding a bottle of vodka teetering side to side.

MARY
(Drunk tone)
I can't believe that son of a bitch.
He's putting a rapist before the woman who actually loves him!
(Takes a sip)
That's okay, I don't need his ass.
Best lawyer in the county. Too bad his dick ain't the best in the county, with his baby dick having ass!

She goes to take another sip, and the bottle slips from her hand falling to the ground shattering.

She breaks down crying.

MARY (CONT'D)

(Sobbing)

My father is a rapist. My mother didn't give a fuck about me. Just when I thought I found love he pushes me to the side for everything my parents stand for.

She picks up a piece of glass digging it deep into her hand until it bleeds, and then wipes it all over her clothes.

MARY (CONT'D)

He's got another thought coming, if he thinks he's leaving me. I'm starting to feel that urge again, when I killed that worthless bitch of a mother. This time, it won't be temporary insanity for what I'm about to do.

She begins staggering to the back of the building, into the darkness.

CUT TO:

INT. EMERGENCY ROOM - NIGHT

Bernard is on the bed getting stitched up, while Charlie stands to the side looking at him.

CHARLIE

This is the man who said he wasn't on the list?

BERNARD

Fuck you very much. This ain't the time for sarcasm.

CHARLIE

You're right.

Charlie pulls out the note handing it to Bernard.

Bernard takes the note opening it.

BERNARD

(Reads aloud)

I'm cutting off all ties. The only thing standing between me and my goal is death.

CHARLIE

Do you know what it means?

BERNARD

She was plotting on me the whole time.

CHARLIE

Who?

BERNARD

My woman.

Charlie bursts out laughing causing the doctor to laugh and accidentally prick Bernard with the needle.

BERNARD (CONT'D)

Ouch! That shit hurts.

DOCTOR

(Snickering)

Sorry, sir.

CHARLIE

Let's say that's true. That explains why she killed your friend. Why did she kill the other women?

BERNARD

Her abusive mother fucked up the right side of her face and she ended up killing her, growing a deep hate for drunk women.

CHARLIE

That explains why she takes the flesh. We need to get to her before she kills someone else.

CUT TO:

EXT. THE PARK - NIGHT

The streetlamps give the park a little bit of light.

Claire and Phil are holding hands walking along the path.

CLAIRE

So, you and Bernard are childhood friends.

PHIL

We started off as nothing more than neighbors. But after the incident with his mother, we became closer.

CLAIRE

What incident with his mother?

PHIL

You don't know? His mother killed herself when he was little. Sad to say, he was the one who found her.

CLAIRE

Oh my God.

PHIL

Yeah, it fucked him up real bad. He was always trying to kill himself. It got to the point I couldn't leave him alone.

CLAIRE

That's terrible. I didn't know that.

PHIL

He's a secretive person. He doesn't open up because he feels holding back the pain makes him stronger. But back in the day, it was the complete opposite. Back then, he felt he had nothing to live for. I had to keep telling him he needs to live because he's destined to be something special in life.

CLAIRE

So, you were his guardian angel?

PHIL

You can say that. He was mine too.

CLAIRE

What do you mean?

PHIL

Back in the day, it was this gang that

was about to kill me, and he took a knife for me. I thought he was going to die in my arms that day.

CLAIRE

Why would anyone want to hurt you?
You're such a sweetheart.

PHIL

During that time, I was everything but a sweetheart. I did some dumb shit, I knew I had no business doing.

CLAIRE

I know what you mean.

PHIL

So he saved me from that, and I was like... why would he jump into something meant to come down on me? Then I realized that's what a true friend would do.

CLAIRE

Everybody makes mistakes. If you can learn to forgive yourself, that's the first step in getting over it. Believe it or not, Bernard helped me out in a strange way.

PHIL

Really? How?

CLAIRE

(Laughs)

That's not important. What's important is why a fine, well distinguished man is single?

PHIL

Drugs, alcohol and trying to be something I'm not placed a dent in my relationship.

CLAIRE

Oh, okay.

PHIL

That's why I don't bother approaching women. I figure when they find out about my past they wouldn't bother

looking twice my way.

CLAIRE

But, you approached me.

PHIL

To tell you the truth, I was about to give up. But good old Bernard told me to keep pursuing and see what it gets me.

They stop walking, and she turns looking at him.

CLAIRE

I'm glad you kept pursuing me. Maybe we need each other to wipe the other's pain away.

PHIL

You think--.

She grabs him by the back of the head pulling him in for a deep passionate kiss, and they embrace for a moment before releasing.

CLAIRE

How about I come over in a few, and we can talk about taking each other's pain away?

PHIL

Sounds good to me. I'll head to the house, freshen up, and tell Bernard what's going down.

CLAIRE

You do that.

She gives him one more kiss before they walk back to their cars.

CUT TO:

INT. BERNARD'S OFFICE - NIGHT

Bernard and Charlie are standing in the room that's in shambles lit by the moon and building lights coming through the window.

CHARLIE

This place is a mess just like hers.

BERNARD

There's only one other place she could be.

Charlie picks up the picture Bernard had on his desk.

CHARLIE

How did you get over the thing with your mother?

BERNARD

Actually I'm not over it. That's why I took the case with the woman on trial for killing her husband.

CHARLIE

Why did she kill him?

BERNARD

Because he was always cheating and beating on her.

CHARLIE

She killed him because of built up anger?

BERNARD

Depression finally took over after so many years. In the state she was in, I'm surprised she didn't kill him, the kids and herself.

(Sighs)

At some point you get to where you have to do something. That moment of clarity to help you get through the pain. I kept having flashbacks of my incident, and I used that to help strengthen me to win the case.

CHARLIE

So, winning the case helped you with your problem?

BERNARD

If I knew then, what I know now.

Charlie places the picture back on the desk, and then pats Bernard on the back.

CHARLIE

I'm sorry about the comment I made

before.

BERNARD

Sometimes I need to hear those words,
so I can get through the rough times.

CHARLIE

You did real good, kid. Let's get some
justice for those innocent people
murdered.

Charlie walks out the room.

Bernard stands with tears in his eyes, sighing deeply before
walking out the room.

INTERCUT WITH:

INT. THE LAW OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Bernard comes out of the room, walking down the barely lit
hallway with his head down, and that's when the killer hits
him with a clothesline from one of the other rooms, knocking
him to the floor.

Charlie is walking down the stairs, and then he stops when he
notices Bernard isn't behind him.

He pulls his gun out, and slowly starts making his way back
upstairs.

CHARLIE

Come on kid, we need to get going!

Charlie gets to the top of the stairs, and he pauses when he
sees the outline of the killer, but thinks it's Bernard.

CHARLIE (CONT'D)

Kid?

The killer opens fire, and Charlie quickly takes cover
returning fire.

The two have a short and sweet shootout because Charlie tries
to get a clean shot, and gets shot in the shoulder making him
fall backwards down the stairs.

Charlie tumbles down the stairs losing his gun, and the
killer is right behind him.

Charlie lands hard on the floor, lying in pain with distorted

vision.

The killer walks up, and then kneels down placing the gun in his face.

CHARLIE (CONT'D)

(In pain)

Kill me, you crazy bitch!

The killer pistol-whips Charlie until he goes unconscious, and then goes back upstairs to get Bernard.

CUT TO:

INT. BERNARD'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

KILLER POV

Bernard has ropes on his wrist and ankles, tied to the bed remaining unconscious.

The killer injects him with morphine.

As the killer gets ready to walk out the room, we hear Phil coming into the house excited about his date with Claire.

PHIL (O.S.)

"B", you won't believe what happened to me tonight.

The Killer moves into a corner, listening to Phil approaching the door.

The knocks on the door are heard.

PHIL (O.S.) (CONT'D)

You and Mary have to excuse me because you have to hear this.

He opens the door, and his mouth drops open seeing Bernard tied to the bed.

He rushes over trying to untie him, and while he's doing that, the killer comes from behind the door with a butcher knife in hand, heading over to Phil.

The killer gets behind Phil tapping him on the shoulder, making him turn around.

PHIL (CONT'D)

What the--.

The Killer plunges the knife in Phil's right eye, twisting it, holding him steady, and then releases him, letting his body hit the floor.

The killer leaves the room.

CUT TO:

INT. THE LAW OFFICE - NIGHT

Charlie is slowly waking up moaning in pain.

He takes his tie off wrapping it around the bullet wound tight to stop the bleeding, and then he stands to his feet preparing to leave the building.

CUT TO:

INT. BERNARD'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Candles are lit around the bed.

Bernard is tossing and turning covered with sweat.

BERNARD
(Half woke)
Mommy. Mommy, get up.

DISTORTED VOICE (O.S.)
Mommy can't help you now.

BERNARD
(Half woke)
What am I supposed to do mommy?

DISTORTED VOICE (O.S.)
Wake up. I have a surprise for you.

Bernard slowly opens his eyes turning to the side, and he jerks seeing Phil's dead body.

BERNARD
Oh, shit! What the fuck...Phil.

Bernard struggles trying to get free from the ropes.

Mary is standing at the head of the bed in the shadows, only allowing her face to be seen with a cold stare in her eyes.

Bernard sees her, and stops trying to get free.

BERNARD (CONT'D)

I knew it was you. Why didn't you kill me, and get the shit out the way?

She doesn't respond, continuing to stare at him.

BERNARD (CONT'D)

What? You don't have anything to say?

JOEY (O.S.)

Actually, I do.

BERNARD

...Joey? What are you, her partner?

JOEY (O.S.)

(Laughs)

How can I be her partner, and I killed her too?

BERNARD

Huh?

Joey releases Mary's hair and shirt, allowing her to fall face first onto the bed.

The back of her skull has been crushed in, with multiple stab wounds in her back.

Joey comes from the darkness wearing a bloody wife beater and jeans, walking over to Phil snatching the knife from his face.

Bernard lies shaking his head with tears falling from his eyes.

JOEY

Well, would you look at this? Mr. Perfect has a heart after all.

BERNARD

You go to hell, you son of a bitch.

Joey walks over to Bernard.

JOEY

The hell part, I can probably get with. But, the son part is way off.

BERNARD

What are you saying? You're a woman?

JOEY

(Sighs)

I used to be. Besides when I was a girl, you didn't care for me then, like you don't care now.

BERNARD

What are you talking about?

JOEY

Back in high school, I was the flat chest girl with shaggy hair, bum clothes and messed up teeth.

Bernard stares at him confused, raising his eyebrow.

BERNARD

I think you got the wrong guy, freak.

JOEY

Allow me to refresh your memory. Graduation day, a girl asks if she can have that special place in your heart.

Bernard lies silent.

JOEY (CONT'D)

(Sighs)

I guess ugly people are hard to remember. I mean, how can you remember a hideous beast named Josephine?

Bernard's eyes get wide.

BERNARD

It can't be.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. FLASHBACK 1998 - THE HALLWAY - AFTERNOON

Teenage Bernard and Teenage Phil are standing by the lockers with their cap and gowns on.

TEENAGE BERNARD

This is it. This is the day we've been waiting for.

TEENAGE PHIL

This is the day that starts the beginning of our lives.

TEENAGE BERNARD

Check out this ring.

Teenage Bernard holds up his right hand, showing off his mother's diamond engagement ring.

TEENAGE PHIL

That's cold. Where did you get it from?

TEENAGE BERNARD

It was my mama's engagement ring.

Josephine comes walking down the hall wearing her gown carrying her cap smiling, walking up behind Teenage Bernard tapping him on the shoulder.

JOSEPHINE

Can I talk to you for a minute?

He turns around and jumps back as if he saw something that scared him.

TEENAGE BERNARD

Goddamn it, Scooby. What do you want?

JOSEPHINE

Well it's the end of the year, and I was--.

TEENAGE PHIL

Just say what you have to say, so we can get the fuck on.

JOSEPHINE

I was wondering if we could exchange numbers, so we can keep in touch with each other.

Teenage Bernard and Teenage Phil look at each other, and then break out laughing.

Josephine stands embarrassed.

TEENAGE PHIL

Why the hell would he do that?

JOSEPHINE

I wasn't talking to you, now was I?

TEENAGE BERNARD

You two, cut it out.

Teenage Bernard takes Josephine's hand and kisses it, looking into her eyes.

TEENAGE BERNARD (CONT'D)

Josephine, I would love to.

JOSEPHINE

Would you, really?

Teenage Bernard laughs, letting her hand go.

TEENAGE BERNARD

Hell no! Get yo ass outta here,
Scooby.

Teenage Bernard and Teenage Phil walk off laughing.

She runs up grabbing his shoulder, making him stop.

JOSEPHINE

Bernard, I can be the woman you need.
You have to give me the chance.

He backhands her with his right hand, turning around looking at her.

TEENAGE BERNARD

What would I look like dating someone
that looks like you?! I'd rather be
dead than be seen with you!

She holds her bleeding face crying.

He realizes what he's done, and he tries to comfort her, but she slaps him across the face.

She stares at him with insanity in her eyes, and blood coming from the long gash.

JOSEPHINE

Get the hell away from me!

TEENAGE BERNARD

Josephine I'm--.

JOSEPHINE

You mark my words, Bernard Drive! It
may not be today, or tomorrow, but

you're going to pay for what you did
to me, physically and mentally.

She takes off running down the hall crying.

Teenage Bernard gets ready to go after her, but Teenage Phil
stops him.

TEENAGE PHIL

Just let her go, man. Besides, who'll
believe what that ugly bitch has to
say?

TEENAGE BERNARD

Maybe you're right.

He looks down, seeing a piece of flesh and blood on the ring
that he rubs off.

COME BACK TO:

INT. PRESENT DAY - BERNARD'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Joey is standing over Bernard wiping the tears falling from
his eyes, while Bernard looks at him confused.

BERNARD

Wait a minute. You waited this long
length of time to come back and do
this crazy shit?

JOEY

Going through years of planning,
therapy and surgery, yes, I did.
Didn't you get my message from Tim?

BERNARD

Tim? The only Tim I know is from high
school, and I haven't seen him since.

JOEY

Oh, you've seen him. He's not the
terrifying threat who stabbed you back
then, but you've seen him. "Vengeance
is only sweet, when you make the
person you love realize how sweet it
is."

BERNARD

(Laughs)

That was him? I figured he would be

dead.

JOEY

(Laughs)

You might as well say he is. I mean,
look at him.

BERNARD

You murdered those innocent people
leaving dumbass notes, just so you
could get back at me? You're a fucking
weirdo.

JOEY

But, it's okay baby. You can finally
be with a real woman.

BERNARD

What the fuck are you talking about?

JOEY

I may look like a man...but I have the
proper equipment to satisfy a man. And
I'm a virgin.

BERNARD

You are truly out of your fuckin'
mind.

Joey takes a seat on the bed, patting Bernard on the chest.

JOEY

I know this. Now, you can be with the
woman you needed for so long. Because
unlike your mother who killed herself
because your father was murdered.

(Scoffs)

What a pathetic woman. But unlike her,
I'll never leave you.

Bernard spits on him.

BERNARD

Fuck you, bitch!

Joey smiles, ripping Bernard's shirt open, placing the knife
on his stitched up wound, slowly dragging the knife across,
reopening the wound as Bernard moans in pain.

JOEY

It's okay, baby. We can grow to love

each other.

BERNARD

(Moaning in pain)

I'd...I'd rather be dead.

JOEY

I won't let you die, baby. We're going to be happy together. But since we're talking, let me tell you how I killed your precious Mary here.

Joey picks Mary's head up, and then slams it down on the bed.

JOEY (CONT'D)

I'm actually glad I killed her. Not just because she slept with you. But if I didn't kill her, I wouldn't have been able to set this up.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. FLASHBACK - THE LAW OFFICE - NIGHT

JOEY POV

Mary is staggering along the side of the building.

Joey is waiting in the shadows behind some trees watching her.

She gets to the back door, leaning up against the wall.

She fumbles around in her purse for her key card, finally pulling the card out ready to use it.

BACK TO THE SCENE

Joey runs from out of the darkness grabbing her covering her mouth, dragging her into the darkness behind the trees.

Mary struggles trying to get free, and Joey tosses her to the ground.

He turns her around, standing over her smiling.

MARY

You--.

Joey slaps her hard.

JOEY

Yes bitch, it's me! Had you kept your hands off my man, you wouldn't have been on the list!

Mary kicks him in the crotch, and Joey laughs, slapping her across the face again.

JOEY (CONT'D)

I got the same shit as you, bitch!

Joey pulls the butcher knife out, squatting down prepared to stab her, and Mary swings with all her might hitting him in the face, knocking him over to the side.

She gets up running, but Joey is quickly back on his feet right behind her, tripping her, so she can fall face first to the ground.

Joey places his foot on her back, so she can't move.

Mary screams out for help.

Joey leans down picking up a brick.

She continues screaming as Joey cocks his arm back slinging the brick with full force to the back of her head, silencing her screams.

Joey sits on her back picking the brick up hitting her in the back of the head a few more times, cracking her skull open.

He stands up and goes back to grab the butcher knife, and then walks back over to her dead body taking a seat on her back, beginning to stab away.

JOEY (CONT'D)

You filthy bitch! He's not here to save you this time, is he?!

He stabs her one more time and leaves the knife in her back walking off.

COME BACK TO:

INT. PRESENT DAY - BERNARD'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Joey is sitting with the tip of the knife on his lip, smiling.

Bernard is devastated with tears falling from his eyes.

JOEY

The irony is after I killed her. I sabotaged your office and as I was coming out, that's when you and your cop friend showed up. I guess it was all a blessing in disguise, saving me the trouble of going to the hospital having to kill a few nurses to get you out.

BERNARD

And you really think we're about to be together?

Joey leans down in Bernard's face, placing the knife to his throat.

JOEY

I don't think so, baby...I know it.

INTERCUT WITH:

EXT. BERNARD'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Claire comes walking up the walkway, making her way to the door.

She gets ready to ring the doorbell, and Charlie comes from behind one of the bushes aiming his gun at the back of her head, cocking the hammer.

She puts her hands up in the air.

CHARLIE

(Whispering)

What are you doing here?

CLAIRE

(Whispering)

I came to see Bernard's friend.

Other officers come out, and Charlie signals for them to fall back.

Charlie lowers his gun, and Claire slowly turns around lowering her hands.

CHARLIE

Apparently, you don't know what's going on. That woman of his is the killer, and I believe she has him in

there right now.

CLAIRE

Then why are we standing here talking?
Let's go.

CHARLIE

This is some serious shit about to go
down. We can't just rush in there, and
she possibly ends up killing him and
escaping.

CLAIRE

That's my friend in there, and y'all
out here wanting to move in, not
knowing if he isn't already dead? I'm
going in.

Claire gets ready to take off towards the back of the house,
and Charlie grabs her arm, haltering the process.

Sighing deep, he pulls a nine millimeter from his other
holster extending it to her, and she pushes it away.

CLAIRE (CONT'D)

I don't need that. I can handle
myself.

She takes off running towards the back of the house.

While Charlie stands frustrated, the sound of breaking glass
is heard, followed with the alarm blaring.

Charlie pulls his gun out.

CHARLIE

(To the other officers)
Nobody makes a move!

Charlie takes off running towards the back of the house.

INTERCUT WITH:

INT. BERNARD'S BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

Joey places a gag in Bernard's mouth, and then gives him a
kiss on the forehead.

JOEY

Sounds like we have some guests, dear.
Let me go take care of them, and I'll

be right back.

Joey walks off.

Bernard begins muffling some words.

Joey turns around walking back over to him, taking the gag from his mouth.

JOEY (CONT'D)

Yes, dear?

BERNARD

(Laughs)

It's like I've been saying. I knew you had no social life.

Joey gets frustrated slashing Bernard across the chest, and then places the knife on his throat.

JOEY

Since you still wanna be a smart-ass, acting like you can't be with me. I might as well send you to your precious Mary.

He gets ready to slit his throat, and that's when Claire bursts into the room.

Joey looks up at her confused.

CLAIRE

What the--?

She covers her mouth from the gruesome scene in front of her.

JOEY

Goddamn it, Claire. Now I have to kill you, too.

CLAIRE

You were the killer? You killed Tom?

JOEY

You act like it's a big loss. This...

Joey points the knife down at Bernard.

JOEY (CONT'D)

This has nothing to do with you. Strong women like me and you need to

stick together.

CLAIRE

Strong women like me and you? What fuckin' drugs are you on?

Joey walks over to Claire with a sadistic look.

BERNARD

He's a woman! He's a crazy bitch from my past, finally coming back to get me!

JOEY

Pay him no mind. Me and you--.

Claire hits Joey, making his head turn, taking a step back.

CLAIRE

Why would I be a part of whatever this is you got going on?

Joey looks at Claire smiling, licking the blood from his busted lip.

JOEY

Fuck it. I see there's no winning.

He tries to stab her, but she grabs his arm and the two tussle out the door.

INTERCUT WITH:

INT. THE HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

Just as Charlie makes his way upstairs, Claire and Joey trip over each other's feet, causing them to stumble forward down the steps, knocking Charlie down with them.

Joey loses the knife on the steps before the three hit the floor.

Claire and Charlie lie motionless as Joey gets up laughing, walking back over to the stairs getting the knife.

JOEY

You see, Claire. Since I'm a strong woman, it allows me to endure anything.

He walks over to Claire grabbing her by the back of the head,

pulling it back.

JOEY (CONT'D)

But unfortunately for you, this is the
end of the story.

He gets ready to slit her throat, when a gunshot goes off.

Joey releases Claire's head, and drops the knife looking at
the bullet wound in his shoulder.

Charlie is sitting up with his aim on Joey.

JOEY (CONT'D)

I don't recall this happening in my
story.

Charlie keeps his aim on him.

CHARLIE

That happens when you leave someone
alive in the last scene. They always
come back to bite you in the ass.

Joey picks up the knife.

JOEY

Not in my story.

CHARLIE

Look, I'm tired. Just put the knife
down, and we can all walk out
breathing.

JOEY

You're in the way of a beautiful
picture.

Joey charges at Charlie, and Charlie lets off four shots
hitting him in the chest, making him fall back to the floor.

Charlie slowly stands to his feet in pain, walking over to
Claire.

Claire sits up shaking the daze off.

CHARLIE

Are you okay?

CLAIRE

I had better days. Bernard's upstairs

tied to the bed.

CHARLIE

Okay. Let's get up there and--ah!!!

Charlie drops to the floor, dropping his gun grabbing at his bleeding Achilles Joey slashed.

Charlie continues moaning in pain.

Claire quickly grabs the gun, and then moves out of the way.

Joey is inching towards Charlie with blood falling from his mouth and chest.

JOEY

He's mine! You--.

Claire lets off one shot, hitting Joey in the head splattering his brains on the floor.

Charlie continues holding his Achilles in pain, looking up at Claire.

CHARLIE

Goddamn. I guess you can handle yourself.

CLAIRE

He wanted something he couldn't have.

CHARLIE

Go out there and get some officers in here, and tell them to get some medics. Make sure someone turns off this annoying ass alarm.

CLAIRE

I'm on it.

Before she walks out the house, she places the gun under her shirt.

CUT TO:

EXT. BERNARD'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Coroner vans, ambulances, reporter vans and police cars are resting in front of the house.

People are standing around looking stunned as reporters try

getting to Bernard for an interview, but officers hold them back.

Medics are tending to Charlie lying down on a stretcher.

Claire is standing beside Bernard lying on a stretcher.

BERNARD

Thanks Claire.

CLAIRE

Glad I could help. Can I ask you a question?

BERNARD

What would that be?

CLAIRE

Remember the pedophile they caught some years back?

BERNARD

I remember that sick bastard. I made sure he got life in jail. What about him?

CLAIRE

Along with giving him life, you took my unborn child's life due the a miscarriage I had.

BERNARD

Huh?

CLAIRE

He was my soon to be husband, and father of my child I lost.

She pulls the gun from under her shirt placing it to his head.

The medics take off running.

MEDIC

She's got a gun!

The officers on the scene draw their guns taking aim as the people and reporters scream, dropping to the ground.

Charlie sits up on his stretcher, pulling his spare gun taking aim on Claire.

CLAIRE

A life for two lives. Sounds fair to me.

Bernard shakes his head, closing his eyes.

BERNARD

Do what you have to do.

CLAIRE

I hereby sentence you to death. No further questions.

A gunshot goes off, and blood sprays on Bernard's face.

He opens his eyes just in time to see the hole in Claire's head before her body falls to the ground.

He sees Charlie lying back down on his stretcher.

CHARLIE

You owe me one kid.

The medics come back over to Bernard ready to place him in the ambulance.

BERNARD

All this time...I thought she was a virgin.

The medics place him in the ambulance, and then get in themselves.

The ambulance pulls off.

INTERCUT WITH:

INT. THE AMBULANCE - MOVING - CONTINUOUS

The rain hits hard against the ambulance as Bernard lies with a look of anguish.

BERNARD

I'm all alone again.

MEDIC

Excuse me, sir?

BERNARD

Nothing...I was thinking aloud.

MEDIC

Okay.

BERNARD

I wanna go home.

MEDIC

Sir, what are you talking about?

BERNARD

I'm sorry, it was a tragic night. Can you loosen my straps please? I feel a tad bit dizzy.

The medic loosens the straps.

BERNARD (CONT'D)

Thank you. I'm going home now.

Bernard sits up shoving the medic to the side, and then kicks the door open jumping out onto the street.

He tumbles to the ground, and when he stands on his feet, he gets hit by a car, rolling up and over the top, landing on the ground dead.

The look on his face says he's happy with the outcome.

EXT. THE CEMETERY - MORNING

It's a clear day. Charlie is standing in front of Bernard's tombstone dressed in a black suit with his arm in a sling, holding a bouquet of blue roses.

CHARLIE

I guess this is the way it had to end, huh kid? I'll tell you one thing. You can finally rest in peace. Not to mention, you finally made amends with your mother.

He places the roses down, pulling out a cigarette placing it in his mouth, lighting it.

He exhales slowly calmly shaking his head yes, before turning his back walking away.

SLOWLY FADE TO BLACK:

"Depression can lead to various outcomes, which are all bad. Don't let the burden of what happened to you, or someone you

know bring you down. For life is to be enjoyed by the day, not sitting around miserable because of what happened. Live your life to the fullest."

~Bernard Mersier~

In loving memory and never will be forgotten Mary K. Lewis, Da'shawn R. McCloud, Richie, Sweetie Mae Peterson, Kenyon Reese and Lamar.

END CREDITS