

THRILLED TO KILL

Written by

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Based on the writer's imagination

©

FADE IN:

**EXT. BIG CITY - DAY**

Busy street scene. Thousands of people on their way to work. On their way to shop. On their way with life.

NARRATOR (V.O.)

Although the number of serial killers in the United States has been in steep decline since it's peak in the nineteen seventies to the turn of the century, some believe that there are still somewhere around three thousand of them living among us today.

**INSERT**

Mugshots of famous serial killers.

NARRATOR (V.O.)

The killers back in the heyday of serial murders often became celebrities. Decades later, most of us still remember the likes of Ted Bundy, Jeffrey Dahmer, Danny Rollings and Richard Ramirez, to name a few.

**EXT. SUBURBIA - DAY**

Picture perfect American suburbs. Nice houses. Well maintained lawns. Two cars in the driveway. The star spangled banner proudly displayed.

NARRATOR (V.O.)

Today, there's a growing subculture of serial killers. But, they are nothing like their predecessors. They live amongst us in the suburbs. They hold regular jobs and are often very successful.

**INT. HOUSE - BASEMENT - DAY**

Your semi-normal basement with an abundance of tools for all sorts of jobs. Electrical. Yard work. Any type of home repairs. Bleach. Rags. The floor covered in plastic...

In addition, there's a professional set-up with a camera, sound, and lights.

NARRATOR (V.O.)

They are also tech savvy and know their way around social media. Some even run hugely popular Youtube channels and podcasts. Like Karen and Brad.

INSERT: Not their real names.

KAREN, 30, attractive, white-bread, always the first one inline to speak to the manager, enters the basement.

She checks on the camera set-up. Approves. Moves on to a work bench, checks the tools laid out.

BRAD, 30), steps into view. A male version of Karen. He inspects the room, rubs his hands in anticipation. A smile grows wide on his face.

BRAD

I'm getting excited, Karen.

Giddy, she turns to him with an equally big grin.

KAREN

Me too! I'm getting a tingle up my leg all the way up to you know where.

Brad, covers his mouth with his hand to stifle a squeal. Then he turns a suggestive eye to Karen.

BRAD

I can't wait to try my new pipe wrench.

Karen, lets the tip of her tongue run across her upper lip.

KAREN

Oooohhh. And, I can't wait to try my new Italian coarse cheese grater.

Brad stifles another squeal.

#### **INT. HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - DAY**

Karen and Brad sit next to each other on a sofa in an immaculate tastefully decorated room.

Excited, they both smile. Speak with passion.

BRAD

We've been doing this now for --

Unsure, Brad looks at Karen.

KAREN

-- two and a half years.

BRAD

It started out as something fun.  
Something we wanted to try.

KAREN

Some friends we met online were  
telling us about it, so we wanted  
to give it a shot. Why not, right?  
We're so happy we did.

She squeezes Brad's hand.

#### **EXT. PARK - NIGHT**

Karen and Brad hide behind a tree. A MALE JOGGER approaches.

BRAD (V.O.)

Of course, back then, we were real  
amateurs. We had no idea what we  
were doing.

Brad jumps out from behind the tree, tackles the Jogger to the ground. Karen runs up, covers his nose and mouth with a cloth. The jogger passes out.

They pick up the jogger, carry him to their car where Brad trips, drops the jogger who hits his head on the pavement.

KAREN

Our first one was so disappointing.  
He was dead before we even got  
home. Such a waste.

Brad nods in agreement.

#### **INT. PARKING GARAGE - NIGHT**

A WOMAN, 25, strides past parked cars.

Karen watches her from behind a column. She pushes a button on her phone.

The woman's phone rings. She looks down at the screen.

Karen steps out from her spot, follows the woman a few steps, then clasps the cloth over her face. The woman sags down.

**INT. HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT**

Karen and Brad smile wide at each other.

BRAD

We don't make mistakes like that anymore.

KAREN

We're good at reading people now. We can tell how they will react when we make our move. We're ready for anything.

**INT. PARKING GARAGE - DAY**

Brad pops out from behind a car. Together, they pick up the woman, dumps her in the trunk of their car, shuts it, then get inside. Quick. Smooth. Practiced. No one noticed a thing.

**INT. HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - DAY**

Brad and Karen beam with pride.

BRAD

We're just hobbyists --

KAREN

-- serious hobbyists.

BRAD

-- but, we probably will turn pro some time later this year. We have over one hundred thousand subscribers on Youtube.

KAREN

And our podcast has ninety thousand listeners and we're getting more and more advertisers.

BRAD

Bigger better ones too.

KAREN

Clorox is our biggest one.

**INT. HOUSE - BASEMENT - NIGHT**

Brad and Karen carry the unconscious woman into the room, lay her down on the plastic covered floor.

They study the woman. Two wolves salivating over a lamb.

BRAD

Lets make this one last a long time. No rushing. Okay?

KAREN

Of course not. I want it to go on for hours and hours.

A squeal escapes before Brad covers his mouth.

**INT. HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - DAY**

Glassy eyed, Karen looks straight into the camera.

KAREN

There is no greater high in the world than to torture someone for hours. There just isn't anything else like it.

Brad stifles another squeal, puts his hands in his lap to hide the bulge in his pants.

**INT. HOUSE - BASEMENT - NIGHT**

Brad's face fills most of the screen.

The sound of a DRILL followed by the woman's SCREAM.

Blood sprays up in Brad's face.

**INT. HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - DAY**

Creepy excitement fills Brad and Karen's faces.

BRAD

We once kept one alive five hours. We were exhausted by the time he died.

They look into each other's eyes.

KAREN

It was worth every minute. The best we've ever had. Complete and utter ecstasy.

**INT. HOUSE - BASEMENT - NIGHT**

Brad and Karen wrap up the messy leftovers of the woman's body with the plastic sheet. They pick it up, then carry it to a corner of the room where a home made machine stands.

It's an old large water heater with a hatch on the top. Hoses are attached. A spigot at the bottom. A control panel on the wall.

Next to the machine, on the floor, are bags with commercial grade lye.

Brad opens the hatch on the tank. Together, they stuff the packaged woman into the tank, then lock the hatch.

**INT. HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - DAY**

Karen and Brad look a little more serious.

BRAD

Disposal is a non issue. We built our own tissue digester out of an old water tank.

Karen turns to the camera.

KAREN

Alkaline hydrolysis. Same method they use at Universities to dispose of large animal carcasses. Much more eco friendly than an incinerator.

BRAD

Oh yes, and after a few days, all you're left with is sterile water.

KAREN

A win win for the planet. One less human without leaving a big carbon footprint.

INTERVIEWER (O.S.)

Are you not worried police will catch up with you?

Karen and Brad dismisses the thought of getting caught.

BRAD

No. We leave nothing behind. No evidence and all the killings are done right here in our home.

INTERVIEWER (O.S.)

You don't worry anyone will recognize your faces?

Karen scoffs.

KAREN

No, of course not.

Brad shows a smidgeon of concern.

BRAD

You said you were going to blur out our faces, right?

INTERVIEWER (O.S.)

Yeah, sure...

Brad relaxes.

BRAD

Oh, good. You had me worried there for a sec.

They all chuckle.

INTERVIEWER (O.S.)

So, what's next for you two? What does the future hold?

Brad and Karen light up with excitement.

BRAD

After we go pro, who knows, the sky's the limit. Right?

KAREN

On our next kill, we're going to be sampling the different parts and see how they taste. If that goes well --

**INT. TV SHOW - KITCHEN - DAY**

Karen stands at a demo kitchen cooking up red wet slop.



KAREN  
-- maybe a cooking show.

**EXT. LOS ANGELES - DAY**

The Hollywood sign up on that hill.

**INT. HOUSE - LIVING ROOM**

Brad's gaze rises dream like to an imaginary sky. He sweeps his hand at an imaginary billboard.

BRAD  
Movies. Hollywood. Brad and Karen  
does America.

**EXT. AMERICAN SUBURBS - DAY**

Drone shot from high above. Picturesque. The American dream.

NARRATOR (V.O.)  
So, the next time you're out and  
about, whether it's in one of our  
bustling big cities, or in one of  
the sleepy idyllic smaller towns,  
just know that the odds of a new  
type of serial killer being out  
there, might be higher than you  
think. And, maybe, they're waiting  
for you.

FADE OUT: