

Vigilante

By

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INT. PARKED CAR - NIGHT

Smooth HIP-HOP comes out the speakers.

A woman's hand grips the steering wheel.

A hospital bracelet on the wrist.

Blood-shot eyes glance into the rear view mirror.

On the passenger seat; prescription pill bottle.

Mostly B-Plus vitamins.

She licks her dry, blistered lips.

Twists the cap off a bottle in a brown paper bag.

This is SAMANTHA FORD, 40's.

She lifts the bottle to her lips.

Hesitates.

SAMANTHA

No. You don't need it, Sam.

She COUGHS.

Bottle TREMBLES slightly in her grip.

Licks her lips profusely.

A lush.

More COUGHING.

SAMANTHA

Put it down, Sam. Put it down...

She wants to...can't.

SAMANTHA

PUT THE FUCKING BOTTLE DOWN,
SAMANTHA!

Slowly...she lowers the bottle.

Sits back.

Starts to COUGH...harshly.

Covers her mouth.

(CONTINUED)

It passes.

Samantha looks at her hand, blood on the palm.

She sits back, SIGHS.

INT. ALLEY - NIGHT

A drug deal is going down.

The BUYER; a derelict in a filthy Dallas Cowboys cap.

And KANE, the dealer.

They make a quick hand to hand.

Before Cowboys Cap can walk away;

VIGILANTE (O.S.)
You should have just said no,
Reggie!

Cowboys Cap (Reggie) looks around at Kane, spooked.

Before he can speak...

POW! His head gets BLOWN OFF by a SILENCED GUN BLAST.

Kane is SPLATTERED with Reggie's blood.

He does not react, stays cool.

Reggie's bloody corpse drops.

Kane wipes his face, whips out his gun, no fear.

A true professional.

He scans the darkness.

Looks at Reggie's body, smiles.

KANE
Good shot.

Suddenly, from behind him...

VIGILANTE (O.S.)
Thank you.

Kane does not turn around.

Lifts his hands in the air in surrender; gun still in hand.

KANE

You going to blow my head off too?

VIGILANTE

No. Reggie was a junkie, that was a mercy killing. I got something a lot more worse for you, Kane.

KANE

And what makes me so special?

VIGILANTE

Ask Bernadette Perkins.

KANE

Who?

VIGILANTE

That's the woman whose daughter you molested two years ago.

Kane slowly moves as The Vigilante talks.

Until...

KANE

Sorry...I don't remember!

He SPINS, FIRES at the black clad figure.

A SHOOT-OUT ensues.

The alley is LIT UP WITH GUNFIRE.

BOOM! Kane is hit. He drops, unmoving.

Silence.

The Vigilante approaches him.

Starts taking his jewelry and drug money.

The Vigilante rolls him over...SURPRISE!

He is pointing his gun.

A sinister smile.

KANE

You missed, motherfucker!

BOOM!

The Vigilante is shot, point blank range, in the gut.

(CONTINUED)

They UNLOAD at each other.

Kane is SHOT IN THE FACE.

His skull is SHATTERED, blood and bone everywhere.

He goes down, a bloody mess.

BACK IN SAMANTHA'S CAR -

She takes a drink, and another, and another...

COUGHS...

Drinks some more.

Then...

In the back seat;

PHANTOM WHISPERS.

PHANTOM VOICE (O.S.)

Samantha...

Samantha looks in the

REAR VIEW MIRROR -

did something just shift in her backseat?

She nearly chokes with terror...

IN THE ALLEY -

The Vigilante rises; hurt and bleeding.

Removes a backpack, digs in and fishes out...

Cleaning supplies, and a portable Forensics Kit.

And starts CLEANING UP the murder scene.

Takes out a spray can.

Sprays a blood red "V" on Kane's corpse.

IN SAMANTHA'S CAR -

She turns on her overhead light.

Checks the

BACK SEAT -

and finds it empty.

She kills the light, sits back, rubs her tired eyes.

SAMANTHA
I'm losing it, I'm fucking losing
it.

PHANTOM VOICE (O.S.)
Samantha...

IN THE DRIVER'S SIDE MIRROR -

A ZOMBIE is looking back at her.

She reacts, horrified.

The zombie approaches, dead, pissed off and coming for her.

ZOMBIE
Samantha...

She hesitates, looking at the zombie more closely.

Recognition.

SAMANTHA
Jason...?

BAM!

The zombie POUNDS on the driver's side window.

ZOMBIE
SAMANTHA!

Icy terror.

Samantha drops the bottle.

Scrambles to start the car.

COUGHS.

HER FINGERS twist the keys in the ignition.

The car stalls.

The zombie SLAMS a fist into the glass.

SAMANTHA
Oh, Jesus!

ZOMBIE

You let us die, Sam! Our babies are
in hell because of you!

VROOM!

The car starts.

Sam HAULS ASS out of the parking lot.

IN THE ALLEY -

The Vigilante has finished up.

Dumps Reggie's corpse into a trash dumpster.

Then STUMBLES.

Weak, fights to stay conscious.

The dark, masked figure leans against the wall.

HEAVY BREATHING beneath the black mask, not good.

Then, from behind...a MOAN.

The Vigilante looks around.

Kane is still alive! Son of a bitch won't die.

VIGILANTE

SHIT!

The gun comes out.

The Vigilante can barely hold it up.

The figure points it at Kane, STAGGERS back.

Takes aim...

When...

BAM...A CAR SLAMS INTO THE VIGILANTE.

The Vigilante ROLLS up onto the hood.

The car SCREECHES to a halt.

The Vigilante is THROWN to the ground.

Silence.

A long beat.

(CONTINUED)

Car idling.

Vigilante lying in the cars headlights, unmoving.

IN THE CAR -

Fingers grip the steering wheel.

It's Samantha.

She sits behind the wheel, thinking.

Then...panic hits.

SAMANTHA

Drive away, Sam. Just go!

Instead...

EXT. SAMANTHA'S CAR - SAME

... she climbs out.

Looks around; sees nothing else...Kane is gone!

SAMANTHA

Oh, God, bitch, what the hell are
you doing?!? Just leave!

She is about to get back in her car.

Then...

A MOAN...The Vigilante stirs on the ground.

Samantha freezes.

Reluctantly, she goes to the figure.

Kneels over The Vigilante.

SAMANTHA

Hey, you alive? Listen, I didn't
see you! I'm sorry! You just came
out of nowhere...! I'm already
responsible for Jason and the girls
being killed, I don't need this
shit on my conscious again!

She starts rambling, drunk, paranoid.

The Vigilante tries to move, broken, body twisted.

Samantha holds the figure still.

(CONTINUED)

SAMANTHA

No, don't move! Stay still.

Samantha removes her cell phone.

SAMANTHA

I'll call nine/eleven...

Before she can dial, The Vigilante's gloved hand grabs the phone.

VIGILANTE

No cops...no hospital...Kevlar
absorbed most of the impact...

SAMANTHA

Look, I'm the one who hit you, so
that makes me responsible! If you
fucking die that's manslaughter!

VIGILANTE

Then you better make sure I don't
fucking die.

SAMANTHA

What...?

A beat...

Samantha really looks at the masked figure.

Realization dawns in her face.

Fear...

SAMANTHA

Oh, my God...I know who you are!

A flash, The Vigilante pulls a gun.

Sticks the barrel in Samantha's face.

VIGILANTE

You know who I am?

SAMANTHA

Jesus, yes!

VIGILANTE

Then you know what I do.

SAMANTHA
I know what you do.

VIGILANTE
Then we have an understanding
between us.

SAMANTHA
Listen, why don't I just--

VIGILANTE
You want to get shot?

SAMANTHA
No!

VIGILANTE
Then you better listen to me very
carefully. Put me in your car and
drive away...NOW!

Samantha hesitates.

The Vigilante FIRES a shot past her head.

VIGILANTE
The next one goes in your mouth.

SHIT...!

That gets Samantha moving quickly.

INT. SAMANTHA'S CAR - MOMENTS LATER

She scrambles to get The Vigilante in the back seat.

VIGILANTE
My bag, don't forget my bag!

Samantha shuts the door.

THROUGH THE WINDSHIELD -

We see her retrieve The Vigilante's backpack.

The Vigilante MOANS in agony.

SLAPS the gun against his/her forehead, pissed.

VIGILANTE
Sloppy, sloppy! You dumbass!

The dark figure reaches into the front seat.

(CONTINUED)

Picks up Samantha's pill bottle.

Reads the name:

VIGILANTE
(reads)
"Samantha Ford"...pleased to meet
you.

OUTSIDE THE WINDOW -

Samantha is coming back.

Then stops...she doubles over.

Starts HACKING up bloody phlegm.

The Vigilante tosses the meds back on the front seat.

Samantha jumps in behind the wheel, Still COUGHING.

She starts up the ignition.

The Vigilante puts the gun to her neck.

VIGILANTE
Hold it...

SAMANTHA
What now...?

VIGILANTE
Kane.

SAMANTHA
What?!?

VIGILANTE
Did you see another body out there?

SAMANTHA
No. Just you. Why?

Trouble.

The Vigilante lays back, swallowed up by the shadows.

VIGILANTE (O.S.)
Never mind, just drive.

SAMANTHA
Well, where are we going?

(CONTINUED)

VIGILANTE (O.S.)
I'll tell you when we're moving.
Now drive and don't make me have to
tell you again.

OUTSIDE -

Samantha's car HAULS ASS out of there.

EXT. STREET - LATER

Samantha's car is really moving.

INSIDE -

The Vigilante leans forward.

VIGILANTE
Stick to the speed limit.

SAMANTHA
Sorry, speed limit! Right! Gotcha!

IN THE REAR VIEW MIRROR -

Sam watches the dark figure ease back down into the shadows.

Gun still pointing at her.

ON THE SPEEDOMETER; Sam keeps it at 45.

HER EYES go back to the mirror, and the dark figure.

SAMANTHA
Listen, are you going to kill me?
Because I heard on the news that
you only kill criminals...

VIGILANTE (O.S.)
Shouldn't watch the news so much.

SAMANTHA
I get that. But you still didn't
answer my question.

Silence from The Vigilante.

The dark figure stirs and MOANS back there.

Samantha sees the gun tremble slightly.

SAMANTHA

You've lost a lot of blood. We keep driving around like this and you'll bleed out.

VIGILANTE

Sam, do you have kids?

SAMANTHA

What?

VIGILANTE

Kids? Do you have kids? A husband? Boyfriend? Girlfriend? Do you live with anyone...?

Samantha hesitates.

SAMANTHA

How do you know my name?

VIGILANTE

Your meds.

A quick glance at the meds in the passenger seat.

Samantha makes a "I'm such a moron" face.

VIGILANTE

B-Plus vitamins. You're a lush.

SAMANTHA

That's very nice of you. Thanks.

VIGILANTE

But you're also a nurse, aren't you?

Samantha is silent, defiant, refusing to talk.

VIGILANTE

Ok, Sam, here's what you're going to do. We're going to the nearest drug store, to pick up a few things.

SAMANTHA

Fine. Then what? Do I drop you off somewhere?

VIGILANTE

I'll tell you when we leave the drug store. For now though, give me your license.

(CONTINUED)

SAMANTHA
What?!? No!

The gun reappears at her neck.

VIGILANTE
Samantha, I don't have to kill you
to make you do what I want. I just
have to hurt you.

SAMANTHA
You try it and I'll kill us both.

The Vigilante LAUGHS.

SAMANTHA
What's so funny?

VIGILANTE
I'm already dying, Sam. You think
wrecking your car and killing us is
going to make much of a difference?

Samantha hesitates. Thinks.

The Vigilante takes Sam's purse; rummages through it,
tossing stuff here and there.

Until...

BINGO...finds Sam's driver's license and RN I.D.

The Vigilante eases back down.

VIGILANTE
Just go to the drug store, Sam. You
ran me over it's the least you can
do.

EXT. PARKING LOT, DRUG STORE - NIGHT - LATER

Samantha's car pulls into a slot, parks.

INSIDE -

Samantha sits behind the wheel, COUGHING.

The Vigilante hands her the B-Plus vitamins.

VIGILANTE
Here, take them.

Samantha CHEWS a few of the vitamins.

VIGILANTE

Better?

SAMANTHA

No. What now?

VIGILANTE

Go in there and buy whatever you need to remove a bullet.

Samantha looks around, startled.

SAMANTHA

What?!?

The Vigilante points the gun at her.

VIGILANTE

Turn on some music, Sam. Then get out and get what you need.

SAMANTHA

So you want me to leave the car running?

VIGILANTE

Now, Samantha.

Samantha turns on some music.

She gets out. Heads into the drug store.

The Vigilante removes the dark goggles and ski mask.

Revealing; a pretty, but scarred FEMALE FACE.

She lifts up her shirt and bullet shredded kevlar vest, checks the wound.

Bloody.

Nasty.

VIGILANTE

Shit...good shot, Kane. I owe you one, son of a bitch.

OUTSIDE -

A cop car pulls up next to Samantha's car.

The Vigilante looks up, sees the cop get out.

The cop hesitates, studying Sam's car.

(CONTINUED)

The Vigilante lifts her gun, COCKS IT.

The cop approaches Samantha's car.

Tense.

The Vigilante grips her gun.

Before the cop is about to peek in the back seat...

Samantha appears.

SAMANTHA
Hey, officer. Problem?

COP
Ma'am, what year is this?

Samantha's eyes go to the

BACK SEAT -

and sees The Vigilante hold up the gun.

Nervous.

COP
Something wrong, ma'am?

SAMANTHA
'96! Buick Riviera!

COP
'96, huh?

SAMANTHA
Yep.

COP
Is it a classic?

SAMANTHA
Uh, honestly, I really don't know,
officer.

COP
Well, it's a beautiful car. Nice
body. Thinking about selling it?

Samantha keeps looking at The Vigilante hidden in her back
seat.

SAMANTHA
Selling it...?

COP
Yeah, I'd be willing to make you a
hell of an offer for her, ma'am.

SAMANTHA
Well, I'm flattered, but it was my
husbands car. And he's dead now.

The cop looks disappointed.

COP
I get it. Sentimental value, huh?

Samantha COUGHS.

SAMANTHA
Yeah.

The cop moves to examine it further.

Shit...he is about to peek in the back seat!

The Vigilante points the gun at the back window.

Samantha tenses...thinks fast.

SAMANTHA
But, you know something; everything
has a price, officer!

The cop looks around before he is shot.

He leaves the back window, smiling at Sam.

COP
Yeah?

SAMANTHA
Sure why not.

He gives Samantha his business card.

COP
Well that's some great news, ma'am.
Here take this. Call me with an
offer.

SAMANTHA
Absolutely...
(reads the card)
(MORE)

SAMANTHA (cont'd)
"Officer Gates".

COP
You have a good night, uhh...?

She thinks...

SAMANTHA
Uh...I'm Summer...Summer Knight.

They shake hands.

Officer Gates LAUGHS.

COP
"Summer Knight"...? Sounds like an
alias.

SAMANTHA
(shrug)
What can I say, my parents were
goofy.

He LAUGHS.

Samantha LAUGHS with him.

The cop leaves.

IN THE CAR -

The Vigilante relaxes.

Sam climbs in behind the wheel.

The Vigilante CRIES OUT in pain, frustration.

VIGILANTE
I almost had to kill a cop, girl!

Sam is terrified.

VIGILANTE
Drive, Sam!

SAMANTHA
Where?

VIGILANTE
Your place!

SAMANTHA

What?!? NO!

VIGILANTE

Sam, you left the scene of a double homicide. Do you know what that means? You didn't see the security cameras back there did you? Help me, and I help you.

Thunderstruck silence from Sam.

VIGILANTE

Now. Drive. Please.

INT. SAMANTHA'S HOUSE - NIGHT - LATER

A pigsty.

Junk and liquor bottles everywhere.

THE FRONT DOOR -

BURSTS open; enter the women, Samantha carrying The Vigilante under her arm.

They stop.

The Vigilante takes in the place.

VIGILANTE

What a shithole! You actually live here...?

SAMANTHA

Oh, gee, I'm sorry. Had I known I was going to be kidnapped by a homicidal vigilante killer, I would have straightened up the place.

VIGILANTE

I'm not crazy.

SAMANTHA

Yeah, whatever!

Samantha lays the wounded, broken woman on her living room floor.

As The Vigilante lies there MOANING in agony...

Samantha leaves her.

(CONTINUED)

VIGILANTE

The Kevlar took most of that hit,
but I think my ribs are bruised
pretty bad.

SAMANTHA (O.S.)

Yeah...? Well, cry me a fucking
river!

VIGILANTE

(under her breath)

...bitch...

We hear her RUMMAGING around.

She returns, carrying dark blankets and towels.

As she starts spreading them on her couch:

VIGILANTE

Who's Jason and the kids? And why
are you responsible for them being
killed?

As Samantha helps her onto the couch:

SAMANTHA

What are you talking about?

VIGILANTE

Back in the alley, that's what you
said.

SAMANTHA

It's none of your business.

Samantha hesitates.

The Vigilante looks at her.

VIGILANTE

What are you waiting for, applause?
Get to operating, Sam!

The Vigilante sticks the gun in her face.

Samantha tenses, but does not move.

VIGILANTE

Let me tell you what you want to do
here, Sam. You want to help me,
because if you don't I guarantee
that you'll die before I do and
we'll settle up in hell together.

(CONTINUED)

SAMANTHA

You're going to kill me whether I help you or not because I've seen your face. I'm a, whatchamacallit, loose end.

The Vigilante LAUGHS, it hurts, but she can't help it.

VIGILANTE

"Loose end"? You watch too many gangster movies, Sam.

SAMANTHA

Maybe, but it's the truth.

PAIN.

The Vigilante CRIES out.

Time is running out.

She looks at Samantha, about to pass out.

Sam looks back. No sympathy here.

The Vigilante grabs her hand; slaps the gun into Sam's palm.

She lies back, weak, fading fast.

Samantha looks at the gun in her hand.

VIGILANTE

Live or die, just do what comes natural.

SAMANTHA

Do what comes natural?

The Vigilante nods, breath WHEEZY.

A beat...Samantha considers.

Then...

She sets the gun on the coffee table.

She helps The Vigilante undress.

VIGILANTE

Thank you...

(CONTINUED)

SAMANTHA

Yeah, eat me! Be right back.

Samantha rises, runs off.

VIGILANTE

(off her wound)

Shouldn't I be keeping pressure on
this thing or something?

SAMANTHA (O.S.)

You watch too many movies too,
girlfriend!

The Vigilante looks at the wound; a ragged hole.

Blood BUBBLES out of it with each breath.

The Vigilante looks to the side and throws up in a cup.

VIGILANTE

Jesus...! TICK-TOCK, SAMANTHA!

Samantha returns; wearing scrubs, surgical mask and gloves.

She pours a stiff drink.

Offers it to The Vigilante.

VIGILANTE

I don't drink.

SAMANTHA

You want to live?

The Vigilante SNATCHES the cup, GULPS it.

It's hot, she reacts.

VIGILANTE

Jesus, what is that stuff?!?

SAMANTHA

Moonshine.

VIGILANTE

Tastes like jet fuel!

SAMANTHA

Hardcore killer and she's whining
about a little moonshine. Guess
they just don't make serial killers
like they used to.

Samantha goes to work; checking the wound.

She takes the whiskey.

The Vigilante grabs her wrist.

VIGILANTE
No Happy Hour before surgery,
"Doc"!

Samantha gives her a look.

Then...

SPILLS some of the whiskey over her wound.

The Vigilante SCREAMS.

VIGILANTE
WHAT THE HELL ARE YOU DOING?!?

SAMANTHA
Got to sterilize the wound.

Samantha picks up a loaded syringe.

SAMANTHA
I'm going to have to put you out.

VIGILANTE
NO! I can take it!

Samantha looks at the woman's exposed torso.

It is a road map of burns, scars, and old wounds.

SAMANTHA
Jesus...

Samantha leans over the woman.

SAMANTHA
With no kind of anesthetic, the
pain will be beyond the world. Plus
a good chance of infection if you
don't go and see a--

Half conscious by now; The Vigilante grabs her.

Jerks her close.

VIGILANTE

DO IT!

MONTAGE:

- scalpels in a jar -
- brown liquor poured over them -
- blade SLICING into The Vigilante's wound -
- The Vigilante's teeth biting into a leather strap -
- bloody slug being extracted -
- Vigilante sweaty, trembling, unconscious -
- FLICK of a lighter -
- flame touching the tip of a blade -
- white hot blade cauterizing the wound -
- Vigilante SCREAMING soundlessly -

EXT. HALLWAY, SAMANTHA'S PLACE - LATER

Samantha comes STAGGERING from the living room.

Sweaty, exhausted, and blood-soaked.

She goes into her

BATHROOM - SAME

and looks at her reflection in the mirror.

She looks ragged, sick, half-dead.

She COUGHS.

Then HACKS...

Then SPITS up blood in the bowl.

She turns on the water, SPLASHES her face.

Goes under her sink. Brings out a liquor bottle.

Pops a squat on the floor.

She opens the bottle, hesitates.

Notices the hospital bracelet.

(CONTINUED)

Still on her wrist.

LAUGHS...DRINKS...

Then...

PHANTOM VOICE (O.S.)
Samantha...

The bathroom lights FLICKER.

Samantha starts to panic.

The shower turns itself on.

Steam rises.

Her eyes shift around the bathroom.

Finally settling on the

CLOSED SHOWER CURTAIN.

Something moves behind it.

Intensity builds.

Samantha curls up into a ball on the floor.

A terrified little girl.

PHANTOM VOICE (O.S.)
Samantha...

SAMANTHA
Leave me alone, Jason! Leave me
alone!

PHANTOM VOICE (O.S.)
You let us die, Samantha...

HEARTBEAT.

Intensity.

A ROTTED HAND grips the outside of the shower curtain.

Starts to pull it.

The curtain begins to SLIDE open.

Samantha can't move, shocked out of her mind.

The curtain continues to slide...

(CONTINUED)

The thing behind it nearly revealed.

Then...

BRIIIIIING!

A RINGING cell phone.

Samantha snaps out of it.

She looks up; the shower curtain is still shut.

No steamy nightmare.

Just Samantha on the floor.

Death grip on the liquor bottle.

BRIIIIIING!

She rises.

IN THE KITCHEN -

Samantha's cell RINGS on the counter.

Samantha picks it up.

SAMANTHA

(phone)

Yeah...?

WOMAN'S VOICE (O.S.)

(emotional)

Sammy...?

SAMANTHA

Kelly? What's wrong...?

As she talks; Sam peeks into the

LIVING ROOM - SAME

sees The Vigilante still passed out on the couch.

It's safe.

KELLY (O.S.)

We got into it again, Sammy!

SAMANTHA

That piece of shit! Did he hit you again?

KELLY (O.S.)
It was really bad this time, Sammy.
I think he tried to kill me!

SAMANTHA
Then it's time to press charges!

As she talks; Sam wanders into the living room.

KELLY (O.S.)
I'm scared, Sammy. I'm on my way to
your house...

SAMANTHA
My house--

Her eyes go to the unconscious woman on her couch.

Panic!

SAMANTHA
--KELLY, NO--

CLICK!

Kelly is gone.

SAMANTHA
Shit!

Samantha is about to hit redial.

Her eyes study the numbers.

911 stands out BIG AS LIFE.

She looks at The Vigilante, still out.

Moving swiftly;

Samantha grabs the gun off the table.

Holds it on the unconscious woman.

HER THUMB hits 911.

It RINGS.

Samantha turns away.

OPERATOR (O.S.)
(phone)
Nine, one, one, what is your
emergency...?

SAMANTHA

(phone)

Yes, I--

She turns back around.

NO!

The Vigilante is gone.

Terror!

OPERATOR (O.S.)

Ma'am, do you have an emergency?

Before Samantha can speak; a blade appears at her throat.

The Vigilante casually takes the phone.

She speaks in a flawless foreign accent

VIGILANTE

(phone)

Yes, I am not from this country and I have a bad case of diarrhea and I was wondering what I could do about it?

OPERATOR (O.S.)

Ma'am, nine one one is for emergencies only.

VIGILANTE

(phone)

Oh, sorry. Please forgive.

She hangs up. TOSSES the phone.

VIGILANTE

You saved my life. So that one you get for free, Sam.

The Vigilante reaches to take the gun.

Samantha FIGHTS.

They STRUGGLE.

A brutal fight ensues.

No wimpy cat fight either.

This is a life or death battle.

(CONTINUED)

Because of The Vigilante's weakened state; Samantha emerges the victor.

She holds both knife and gun.

Samantha COUGHS, her vision BLURS.

The Vigilante watches, waits.

Samantha can barely stay vertical.

She gets weak, COUGHS up blood.

Her vision doubles...then triples.

VIGILANTE

Samantha--

SAMANTHA

You shut up! And stay back!

The Vigilante keeps moving around the room.

Samantha can't keep up with her movements.

VIGILANTE (O.S.)

Acute Alcoholic Hepatitis. You've been binge drinking for too many years, Sam...

SAMANTHA

SHUT UP!

Samantha STAGGERS, blood on her lips, eyes ROLLING.

She points the gun, tries to fire.

No fire.

Safety catch on.

The Vigilante appears behind her.

Samantha WHIRLS around, wobbly.

The Vigilante TAPS Samantha in the chest.

Weak as a baby, Samantha falls backward.

On the floor; Sam rolls over and vomits up blood.

The Vigilante's shadow falls over her.

Samantha looks up, bloody puke clinging to her lips.

(CONTINUED)

POW!

The Vigilante KNOCKS HER OUT.

BLACK.

FADE UP:

INT. FRONT DOOR, SAMANTHA'S PLACE - LATER

The front door unlocks.

A woman enters, face puffy, bruised, lips swollen.

KELLY, 40's.

KELLY
Sammy, it's me!

Kelly takes in the mess.

She heads off for the bedroom.

KELLY
Girl, you need to hire a maid--

AT THE BEDROOM DOORWAY -

Kelly freezes.

Samantha is bound and gagged on the bed.

Before Kelly can move; The Vigilante appears behind her.

Now back in full vigilante mode; mask, hood, long coat.

The Vigilante puts a gun to Kelly's cheek.

VIGILANTE
Don't move.

KELLY
Oh, Jesus...

Samantha can only watch, tied and helpless.

The Vigilante takes Kelly's purse.

Removes her license; looks at it.

VIGILANTE
Kelly Moore, 44 Willow lane. Do you
want to see me again, Kelly Moore?

KELLY

No, God, no...

VIGILANTE

When I feel that you haven't reported any of this to the police, I'll mail you back your license.

KELLY

What do you want...?!?

The gun disappears.

Behind Kelly; The Vigilante vanishes into the darkness.

VIGILANTE (O.S.)

I want you to take care of Samantha.

Silence.

Kelly stands frozen.

Scared to move.

She chances a look behind her.

The Vigilante is gone.

A SHUDDERED BREATH.

Her legs give out.

Kelly collapses in the doorway.

With TREMBLING hands she tries to light a cigarette.

KELLY

What the hell was that shit?!?

On the bed; Samantha can only close her eyes.

INT. LIVING ROOM, SAMANTHA'S PLACE - LATER

LIQUOR IS POURED INTO A GLASS.

Samantha is on the couch, shaken.

Kelly PACES back and forth, chain smoking.

KELLY

This is bullshit, Sammy! I got to tell Ryan!

(CONTINUED)

SAMANTHA

Kelly, are you even listening to yourself?!? Look at your face!

KELLY

He's a cop, Sammy!

SAMANTHA

No, he's a maniac with a badge and a gun who tried to kill you!

KELLY

Yeah, you're right. All he gives a shit about is that stupid boat of his, anyway. But, we got to do something!

SAMANTHA

No, we don't do shit!

KELLY

Give me one good reason why?

SAMANTHA

44 Willow Lane, remember? The Vigilante has your driver's license, Kel.

KELLY

Shit...

Samantha rubs her temples, exhausted.

SAMANTHA

The Vigilante kills dangerous criminals for fun. What do you think would happen to us if we ran singing to the cops?

KELLY

Well, the son of a bitch told me to take care of you. Sounds like you two got pretty close.

SAMANTHA

Don't go there. What was I supposed to do, Kelly? She had a gun!

Kelly stops pacing.

KELLY

"SHE"?!? Did you just say "SHE"...?

(CONTINUED)

SAMANTHA
Vigilante's a woman, Kel.

Kelly FLOPS down on the couch, thunderstruck.

Samantha ROLLS the drink glass between her hands.

Kelly takes it from her, GULPS it.

Samantha sees Kelly's face.

SAMANTHA
Jesus, Kelly, your face...

Kelly looks ashamed.

Samantha takes her hand.

They hug.

INT. PATIO DOOR, APARTMENT - EARLY MORNING

The Vigilante CREEPS inside.

STRIPPING off her Vigilante gear as she heads to the

BATHROOM - SAME

and turns on the shower...

She steps beneath the water.

Getting clean.

Then...

IMAGES FLASH THROUGH HER MIND:

- violent, gory murders -
- her victims SHRIEKING -
- the bloody "V" being spray painted -

The images hit her like hay-makers to her head.

The Vigilante STAGGERS in the shower.

THE IMAGES CONTINUE TO ASSAULT HER:

- killing -
- gun fire -

(CONTINUED)

- blood -

- bodies -

INT. BEDROOM, VIGILANTE'S PLACE - LATER

She sits at the foot of her bed.

Body wrapped in a bath towel.

Wet hair in her face.

Holding a gun in her lap.

Staring at it.

She WINCES at the pain in her side.

At her bare feet, is an opened suitcase and a spray can.

Inside of it, packed, folded and put away neatly; is her Vigilante get-up and weapons.

She touches the mask and goggles with her toes.

Caressing them almost.

Then...

A deep BREATH.

She puts the gun in her mouth.

COCKS the hammer back.

Is about to pull the trigger.

Then notices the spray can.

She picks up the can.

VIGILANTE

Must be marked. Rule number four,
always mark the target...

She lifts the can, pointing the nozzle at herself.

FINGER ON THE NOZZLE, about to press it.

Then...

BRIIIIIING.

Startled.

(CONTINUED)

Her cell phone rings.

She tries to ignore it.

BRIIIING...BRIIING...BRIIIIIIIIIING!!!

She can't...drops the spray can.

VIGILANTE
FUCK! SHIT!

She flops back on the bed, rubs her eyes.

Grabs her phone.

Rises and walks around the room.

VIGILANTE
(phone)
Yeah?

MAN'S VOICE (O.S.)
(phone)
Hey? How you holding up?

VIGILANTE
Not so good.

MAN'S VOICE (O.S.)
That's what I figured, That's why I
called. You weren't at the meeting
last night. Did you slip?

VIGILANTE
Yeah, I guess I did. Please don't
tell me I'm a piece of shit for it.
Because I don't think I could take
that. Not from you.

MAN'S VOICE (O.S.)
I would never tell you that. What
the hell kind of sponsor would I be
if I did. It's okay. You're okay.

She goes and sits in a corner of her bedroom.

Curled up, phone cradled to her ear.

She could be a lonely, scared little girl.

MAN'S VOICE (O.S.)
You are okay, right?

VIGILANTE

I don't know...I honestly don't
know what I am anymore...

INT. KITCHEN, SAMANTHA'S PLACE - MORNING - LATER

Bacon frying in a skillet.

Stiring grits in a pot.

Orange juice poured into a glass.

Kelly and Samantha sit down to eat breakfast.

KELLY

I'm going to my mother's.

SAMANTHA

Kel, please! You're staying right
here.

KELLY

Thanks, Sammy. But, I'll be fine at
my mothers.

SAMANTHA

Kel, you hate your mother. Why in
the world would you--

Samantha stops.

It hits her.

SAMANTHA

Oh, right.

KELLY

I'm sorry, Sammy. But that maniac
knows where we both live. I was
going to ask you to come with me.

Samantha gives her a look.

SAMANTHA

Hmm, lets see; The Vigilante or
your mother...?

A beat...

BOTH

(unison)

The Vigilante.

They LAUGH.

(CONTINUED)

KELLY

But you want to hear something weird?

SAMANTHA

Sure.

KELLY

The Vigilante might be a criminal, and a psychotic, but at least she's trying.

SAMANTHA

Really? You sympathize?

KELLY

Not sympathize. Respect. Maybe even admire.

SAMANTHA

I see. Why?

KELLY

Because she's got the balls to do something a lot of people are too scared to do for themselves.

SAMANTHA

What? Run around murdering people?

KELLY

Put fear in the hearts of assholes who don't know fear. Ryan tells me all the time about how criminals on the streets are genuinely afraid for their own lives.

SAMANTHA

Have you ever...

Samantha hesitates.

KELLY

What?

SAMANTHA

Have you ever thought about killing him?

KELLY

Ryan...? Are you kidding me? Everyday since the day we got married.

(CONTINUED)

INT. FAT DADDY'S AUTO REPAIR - MORNING

Oily, sweaty, greasy.

The place is cluttered with junk and car parts

The Vigilante is tinkering away under a truck.

Dressed in oil stained coveralls.

A mechanic.

MAN'S VOICE (O.S.)

Excuse me?

The Vigilante looks around.

Two men stand there; one older, one younger.

ARTURO BLAKE, 60's.

RYAN BLAKE, 30'S.

Both well dressed.

VIGILANTE

Yeah, be with you in a minute.

RYAN

Actually, sweetheart, we're not here about car problems, we're looking for--

FAT DADDY (O.S.)

Gentlemen!

Everyone looks around at the arrival of Fat Daddy.

He's a big man, well dressed, money.

Fat Daddy approaches the men.

They shake hands.

FAT DADDY

Mr. Blake, how are you?

MR. BLAKE

I'm well, Lawrence. Yourself?

FAT DADDY

Well...what would complaining do, huh?

(CONTINUED)

(to Ryan)
Ryan, you here to arrest to me?

Ryan LAUGHS.

RYAN
Not yet, Fats.

But Ryan's eyes never leave The Vigilante.

MR. BLAKE
Indeed. Is there some place we can
speak, Lawrence?

FAT DADDY
Sure.

The men leave.

Ryan approaches The Vigilante.

RYAN
Don't see very many female
mechanics.

She stays silent, cleaning a car part with a rag.

RYAN
What's your name?

VIGILANTE
Not interested.

RYAN
Ah, that's an original name.

She looks at his left hand.

He holds it up.

Solid gold wedding band GLEAMING.

RYAN
Yeah, going through a separation.
Guess I'm just used to wearing it.

She goes back to tinkering under the hood.

VIGILANTE
Is she a bitch?

RYAN
Come again?

VIGILANTE
Your wife, is she a bitch?

RYAN
Not really.

VIGILANTE
You love her?

RYAN
Not like I used to.

The Vigilante stops working.

Turns to him.

VIGILANTE
Lets see it.

RYAN
Come again...?

VIGILANTE
I like to see what I'm working
with. Lets see it. Unless you're
shy and shit.

He considers her.

Smiles.

Starts unbuckling his pants.

INT. FAT DADDY'S OFFICE - SAME

He and Mr. Blake sit, talking.

Mr. Blake removes a Cuban cigar; LIGHTS UP.

MR. BLAKE
What do you know about this
vigilante business, Lawrence?

FAT DADDY
Nut job, seen too many comic book
movies. We'll get him.

MR. BLAKE
Lawrence, I've been in this
business for many years. And one
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

MR. BLAKE (cont'd)
thing I learned to detest is a
lackadaisical attitude towards a
potential threat to business.

Fat Daddy looks nervous.

Mr. Blake smiles; pleasant...and menacing.

MR. BLAKE
Now, lets try it again, shall we?

FAT DADDY
His last victim was--

MR. BLAKE
Augustus Kane. Yes, I'm aware of
his condition. Most unfortunate.
However, Mr. Kane has now risen to
V.I.P status, as he is the only
survivor of a Vigilante hit. Am I
correct?

FAT DADDY
That's right.

MR. BLAKE
I will speak with him. In the mean
time, I want you to stay on top of
this, Lawrence.

FAT DADDY
I will, sir. Count on it!

Blake rises.

They shake hands.

MR. BLAKE
I'm sure you'll do your best,
Lawrence. However if you cannot
rise to the occasion then you may
have to be replaced. That would
dishearten me greatly.

Icy terror.

Fat Daddy swallows a knot in his throat.

FAT DADDY
I understand, sir.

MR. BLAKE

(all smiles)

That's what I like to hear. Well,
I'll get out of your way now and
let you work, Lawrence.

They head out.

IN THE SHOP -

We are outside the

PRIVATE BATHROOM DOOR

from inside we can hear the sound of The Vigilante and Ryan
SCREWING each others brains out.

A moment...

Then...

The bathroom door opens.

The Vigilante comes out, fixing her coveralls.

Followed behind by Ryan.

She stops, lights a cigarette.

Goes back to working on the car.

Sticks earphones in her ears.

Turns up her iPod.

Her attitude is complete indifference.

Ryan approaches her, zipping up his pants.

RYAN

So...?

She ignores him.

He pulls one of the plugs out of her ear.

RYAN

I said..."so"?

VIGILANTE

"So"....?

RYAN

You going to tell me your name?

VIGILANTE

I already told you, Not Interested.

RYAN

Fair enough.

She stops, puts down her socket wrench.

VIGILANTE

Look, I was stressed. I needed some release. You were here. What do you want, deep commitment? Long term you and me thing...?

Ryan LAUGHS.

RYAN

You really are my kind of chick. Sex is sex, and feelings are feelings.

VIGILANTE

Thatta boy. I got your number.

She MOANS.

Grips her side.

Sharp pain.

Ryan touches her shoulder.

She SHRUGS him off.

RYAN

Easy, baby.

VIGILANTE

I'm fine!

RYAN

Did I do that?

She LAUGHS at him, "please!"

RYAN

Flattering myself, huh? Forgive me.

Pops her earphones back in.

Goes back to work.

(CONTINUED)

Mr. Blake and Fat Daddy reappear.

MR. BLAKE
We ready, son?

Ryan gives The Vigilante one last look.

RYAN
Yeah, pop. I'm ready.

FAT DADDY
Gentlemen, it's always a pleasure.

The Blake men leave.

Fat Daddy approaches The Vigilante.

FAT DADDY
Hey?!?

She kills the music.

VIGILANTE
What?

FAT DADDY
You and Ryan seemed to get along.

VIGILANTE
Looks can be deceiving, Fats.

FAT DADDY
Mr. Blake is a very important man.
I want you to remember that. His
son is also a cop, just more food
for thought.

VIGILANTE
Get to the point, Fats.

He gets in her face.

FAT DADDY
My point, little girl, is that Ryan
Blake is NOT a target. Understand?
They're too powerful to touch right
now. It's even more important that
Mr. Blake sees me as a fat, slimy
piece of shit. If he were to change
his perception of me, I would
already be dead. But we will get
them.

She looks at him, face intense.

FAT DADDY
In time. I promise you. In time.
But we play it smart. Clear?

Silence.

He grabs her.

FAT DADDY
I said are we clear?!?

VIGILANTE
...yes...

FAT DADDY
What the hell happened with the
Kane Hit?

VIGILANTE
I fucked up. Bastard was ready for
me.

FAT DADDY
That's going to come back to get
you.

He looks at her.

VIGILANTE
Don't look at me like that! I'll
take care of it.

A wince.

Her side hurts.

She pops a few pain pills.

FAT DADDY
You going to make it?

She gives him a look.

FAT DADDY
Okay, alright, I'm just checking.
Here.

He hands her a manila envelope.

FAT DADDY
Tonight. Thirteen and Central.

VIGILANTE

The crack house? What's there?

FAT DADDY

Sons of bitches kidnapped a six year old boy. They tried to keep him doped up until they could sell him as a slave, but they over dosed him. He died, kiddo.

As she studies the contents of the envelope:

VIGILANTE

Then they die! Rule number one, kill the bad guys.

FAT DADDY

Handle it. And don't get yourself a grave.

He walks off.

The Vigilante stares at a

PHOTOGRAPH -

it's a black and white of a DEAD LITTLE BOY.

VIGILANTE

Yeah.

INT. SAMANTHA'S CAR - NIGHT

Alone.

Sitting behind the wheel.

Touching her hospital bracelet.

Listening to a police scanner App on her iPhone.

Drink on the dashboard.

A picture of her dead family hanging from the rear-view mirror.

Then...

POLICE SCANNER

...repeat; shots fired at thirteen and Central. Probable Vigilante hit...

SHIT!

(CONTINUED)

Samantha KEYS THE IGNITION.

INT. CRACK HOUSE - NIGHT

Blood, bodies and gore.

The aftermath of a massacre.

A male CRACK HEAD bolts from a bedroom.

Terrified...RUNNING for his life.

When...

WHOOSH!

He catches an ax to the stomach.

Goes down bloody.

The Vigilante steps over him.

Raises the ax...hesitates.

Lowers the ax...SIGHS.

VIGILANTE

What the hell are you doing here?

Over her shoulder; appearing out of the shadows...

Samantha.

She is shaken by the horrible scene.

The crack head on the floor MOANS.

The Vigilante turns.

Ax on her shoulder.

SAMANTHA

I--

She is about to puke.

The Vigilante points the ax at her.

VIGILANTE

STOP! Do not vomit! Not here!

Samantha struggles to keep her guts.

On the floor; the crack head tries to drag himself away

(CONTINUED)

SAMANTHA

I want you to teach me.

VIGILANTE

What?

SAMANTHA

I want to learn to do what you do.

VIGILANTE

You're crazy, Sam. Go home.

SAMANTHA

No! I'm tired of the nightmares!
I'm sick of the hallucinations! You
don't know how many times I've
tried to kill myself! You don't--

VIGILANTE

SHUT UP! You don't think I know?
Believe me...I know all too well,
Sam.

SAMANTHA

And this helps?

In a flash; The Vigilante WHIPS around.

WACK!

And buries the ax in the junky's skull.

As she struggles to pull the ax free:

VIGILANTE

Yes...it helps me.

SAMANTHA

Then what's the problem?

VIGILANTE

I said; it helps ME! You want me to
be your tour guide on a road to
hell, Sam? You're fucking crazy!

SHOCK.

Samantha looks around them.

LAUGHS.

SAMANTHA

Crazy...?

VIGILANTE

Yeah, crazy!

SAMANTHA

We're standing in the middle of a
fucking bloodbath and you're
calling me crazy?!?

Silence.

The Vigilante can only stare at her.

Then...

In the distance; approaching SIRENS.

Tick, tock...

Finally...

The Vigilante tosses Samantha the spray can.

Samantha looks at it...at the wall.

As Samantha spray paints the "V" on the wall:

VIGILANTE (O.S.)

Burn those clothes and shoes when
you're done.

SAMANTHA

Okay.

VIGILANTE

This won't end well for you,
Samantha.

Sam continues SPRAYING.

She starts COUGHING.

As Samantha coughs with her back turned...

The Vigilante pulls out a knife.

She takes a step towards Samantha, blade GLEAMING.

After it passes:

(CONTINUED)

SAMANTHA

Yeah, well, tell me something I don't know.

She finishes.

Turns to face The Vigilante.

The Vigilante SLAMS her against the wall.

Knife to Samantha's throat.

VIGILANTE

Give me one good reason why I shouldn't...?

SAMANTHA

I don't have one. So, do what you have to do...

Intensity builds...

The serrated Blade draws a trickle of Samantha's blood.

Samantha waits...showing no fear.

Her face reflected in The Vigilante's goggles.

The Vigilante releases her.

PISSED.

VIGILANTE

FUCK!

SAMANTHA

So, we have a deal?

VIGILANTE

Yes. We have a deal, Samantha. Two things; first, get rid of that car, cops will be looking for it by tomorrow. And second, if you screw up, the next time I won't even hesitate. Clear...?

The Vigilante walks away.

Samantha touches the blood on her neck.

SAMANTHA

We're clear...

EXT. PARK - MORNING

(CONTINUED)

Very early.

Few people.

Samantha; sits in a swing, sipping coffee, smoking.

There is a band-aid on her neck.

COUGHS.

She looks at her watch.

Screw this!

She moves to leave.

When...

WOMAN'S VOICE (O.S.)
Got another one...?

Samantha looks around.

The Vigilante stands there.

Dressed like a normal woman.

Baseball cap, leather jacket, boots, sunglasses.

Samantha just stares at her.

The Vigilante waves her fingers in front of Sam's face.

VIGILANTE
Earth to Sam...!

SAMANTHA
I'm sorry. It's just...never mind.
What were you saying?

The Vigilante slides into the swing next to Sam.

She starts SWINGING back and forth.

VIGILANTE
Cigarette. Do you have another one?

Samantha looks at the half smoked square.

SAMANTHA
No, last one.

The Vigilante shrugs.

She takes the cigarette from Samantha.

PUFFS.

Hands it back.

Continues swinging.

Samantha can only stare at this woman.

SAMANTHA

Okay, so...how does this work?

VIGILANTE

Jeez, a little impatient aren't you, Samantha? Chill, girl. We'll get to it.

The Vigilante stops swinging.

Sudden, sharp PAIN.

She doubles over in the swing.

Hugging her abdomen.

SAMANTHA

You need to see a doctor about that wound. And those bruised ribs.

A few deep BREATHS.

The Vigilante sits up straight.

Goes back to swinging.

VIGILANTE

It's only pain. Ignore it and it goes away.

She PLUCKS the cigarette from Samantha's fingers.

PUFFS.

Hands it back.

SWINGS.

VIGILANTE

Mind over matter and all that bullshit.

Silence.

Samantha thinking...

Hesitating...

VIGILANTE
Just ask, already!

SAMANTHA
Excuse me...?

VIGILANTE
Whatever it is that's eating away
at you. Just ask me and get it off
your chest!

SAMANTHA
Fair enough. Why do you do it?

VIGILANTE
Do what?

Samantha gives her a look.

VIGILANTE
Okay, you want to know why I kill
people, huh?

SAMANTHA
I want to know why you kill people.

VIGILANTE
Two simple reasons.

SAMANTHA
I'm listening--

Samantha starts COUGHING.

SPITS blood.

Wipes her mouth.

The Vigilante looks at her.

SAMANTHA
(off her look)
I'm fine! Two simple reasons. Go!

VIGILANTE
One, because I can...

SAMANTHA
And the second?

The Vigilante stops swinging.

Leans over.

Pulls Samantha close.

WHISPERS:

VIGILANTE
Are you listening, Samantha?

SAMANTHA
Yes...

VIGILANTE
The second reason I kill people is
the simplest reason of all...

SAMANTHA
Which is...

VIGILANTE
None of your fucking business.

Samantha looks at her.

The Vigilante takes the cigarette.

Goes back to swinging.

VIGILANTE
And don't ask me that again, Sam.
Now that we got that out the way.
Are you ready for your first
lesson?

A moment of hesitation.

Then...

SAMANTHA
Yes.

The Vigilante butts the cigarette out on her boot.

FLICKS it away.

Rises...

VIGILANTE

Good. 'Cause I'm bored. Lets go.

As The Vigilante walks away:

SAMANTHA

Go where...?

No answer.

The Vigilante keeps walking.

After a moment...

SAMANTHA

Jesus, Sam, what the hell are you doing...?

...She leaves the swing...

SAMANTHA (O.S.)

WAIT UP...!

INT. VIGILANTE'S CAR - MORNING - LATER

We are in the back seat.

The ladies sit up front.

The Vigilante in the driver's seat.

Sam in the passenger's.

RAP MUSIC plays on the radio.

Both are very quiet.

Finally...

Samantha leans over; HER FINGERS turn down the music.

SAMANTHA

You can't seriously expect me to do this...?

VIGILANTE

Hey, you wanted to learn, babe. Here it is, raw and real.

Silence.

Samantha thinks.

Looking down at her lap.

(CONTINUED)

SAMANTHA

Jesus, I thought we would be out in a field somewhere shooting off guns and shit. Not...THIS.

VIGILANTE

Just don't think about what it is, and just do it.

SAMANTHA

I can't believe what you're asking me to do...

Samantha holds up a puppy.

Not just any puppy, either.

The absolute CUTEST puppy in the world.

SAMANTHA

...I'm supposed to kill THIS?!?

VIGILANTE

It's simple. Put your fingers around it's throat and squeeze as hard as you can.

SAMANTHA

I can't believe you actually want me to do this.

VIGILANTE

Or snap it's neck. A quick jerk to the right or left, boom, it's over and we can go get some breakfast.

SAMANTHA

You really are sick, aren't you?

VIGILANTE

Sam, I'm starving. Kill the fucking thing and lets go!

Sam looks at her.

Fierce defiance.

SAMANTHA

Fuck you! I'm not killing a puppy!

VIGILANTE

You're not going to do it?

(CONTINUED)

SAMANTHA

No.

VIGILANTE

So, what you're saying is you're not going to kill the dog?

SAMANTHA

Jesus, how many ways do I have to say it? I'm. Not. Doing it!

A beat.

Then...

The Vigilante moves.

Swift.

A FLASH of silver.

She puts a blade to Samantha's throat...again!

Terror.

Samantha freezes.

VIGILANTE

Kill the dog, or I kill you. Right here, right now, broad daylight.

Samantha sits frozen.

VIGILANTE

Samantha, I want you to look me in my eyes and tell me what you see.

Samantha looks.

SAMANTHA

Nothing. Emptiness.

VIGILANTE

Then you believe that I mean what I say and say what I mean, right?

Samantha nods. "Yes."

VIGILANTE

Put your hands around the puppy's throat, Sam.

Reluctantly; SAM'S FINGERS close around the puppy's throat.

(CONTINUED)

The little dog WHINES.

As if it knows.

VIGILANTE

Thatta girl. Now, slowly start to
squeeze.

Tears.

Gritted teeth.

Samantha looks out the window.

The puppy CRIES for it's life in her lap.

As she chokes the little animal...

We see Samantha's face go from tearful grief...

...to near sexual ecstasy.

Then...

It's finally over.

The Vigilante leans back.

Puts the blade away.

Samantha takes a minute to pull it together.

Breathing hard.

Sweaty.

A woman who just experienced a powerful orgasm.

VIGILANTE

It'll take a minute, but it'll
pass.

Samantha closes her eyes.

SAMANTHA

I hate you.

VIGILANTE

You wanted to experience my world.
We're just getting started. Now
dump the dog.

SAMANTHA

What?

VIGILANTE

Only serial killers keep souvenirs,
Sam. Get rid of that thing.

Samantha looks at the dead puppy in her lap.

SAMANTHA

What am I supposed to do? Just
chuck it out the window?

VIGILANTE

Yes. And make it quick!

It takes a minute.

Finally...

Sam dumps the dead puppy out the window.

VIGILANTE

Now how do you feel?

Samantha looks around at her.

SAMANTHA

Hungry...

EXT. INNER CITY STREET - EARLY EVENING

Urban jungle.

Drugs.

Gangs.

Decaying tenement buildings.

Here, crime rules.

The Vigilante's Camary pulls up.

Parks.

INSIDE -

The Vigilante kills the ignition.

In the passenger seat; Sam looks nervous.

And for some reason she is dressed like a filthy derelict.

(CONTINUED)

SAMANTHA

What are we doing here? And I wish you would tell me why I had to dress like this.

VIGILANTE

See that building over there?

She points.

SAMANTHA

Yeah, what about it?

VIGILANTE

They call it the Bermuda Triangle. A lot of people disappear in that place.

SAMANTHA

So, you're going to hit it next or something.

The Vigilante LAUGHS.

VIGILANTE

Not exactly.

SAMANTHA

What do you mean?

VIGILANTE

I put something in there. I need you to go and get it.

SAMANTHA

What happens if I don't?

VIGILANTE

Then you go to jail.

SAMANTHA

I'm not following.

VIGILANTE

I took the alley surveillance tape from where we met the other night. It's got you aiding and abetting a known criminal, Sam. And then fleeing the scene of a murder.

Samantha can only look at her.

(CONTINUED)

SAMANTHA

You bitch! That's why you had me
dress like this!

VIGILANTE

You should know, Sam, that the
addicts in the Triangle are not
like normal drug addicts.

SAMANTHA

What the hell does that mean?

VIGILANTE

You'll see. You need to quit
looking at me and get your ass in
there and get that tape.

Temper boiling.

Sam really wants to argue.

But instead...

...she calms herself.

Eyes closed.

Deep breath.

SAMANTHA

Where?

VIGILANTE

Now you're learning. I put it in a
bathroom, second floor, marked with
a V. Oh, here...

She hands Samantha a black ski mask.

VIGILANTE

Take this.

SAMANTHA

You're sending me into one of the
worst crack houses in the city and
you give me a fucking mask? No gun?
No knife?

The Vigilante ignores her.

Takes out her cell phone.

Dials.

(CONTINUED)

She smiles at Samantha.

Then...

VIGILANTE
(phone)
Hello, police? Listen I want to
report a kidnapping...

Without missing a beat; The Vigilante TAPS her watch.

VIGILANTE
(to Sam)
Tick-tock...

Samantha puts on the mask.

Covers her head with a hood.

Exits.

EXT. STREET - SAME

Samantha heads towards the Bermuda Triangle.

INT. THE BERMUDA TRIANGLE - SAME

Hell on earth.

Dark.

Claustrophobic.

Choked with crack smoke.

Samantha makes her way through the dingy halls.

Floors and stairs littered with bodies.

Dead or alive, who can really tell?

Samantha starts to GAG.

Leans against a wall to pull it together.

Something SKITTERS across her hand.

She looks and nearly SCREAMS.

It is a large cockroach.

She fights off her revulsion.

Moves on...

(CONTINUED)

On the floor; one of the BODIES stirs.

Like a zombie.

A female.

Dead eyes.

mouth swarming with blisters.

Lips coated with a dry white film; we probably don't even want to think about what that is.

She looks after Samantha, SNIFFS the air...

...SNARLS, flashing rotted teeth.

The female crack zombie rises.

She grips a jagged wedge of glass in one hand.

Follows after Samantha.

It creates a trend; four or five others rise from the floor.

They follow the female crack zombie.

A stranger is in their midst...and they know it!

ON THE SECOND FLOOR -

Samantha appears at the top of the stairs.

She uses a Bic lighter to see.

She creeps down the grimy corridor to a

ROOM - SAME

Empty.

Samantha takes in the dark room.

Graffiti.

Blood stains.

Crack pipes and heroin needles littered everywhere.

She takes a closer look at the graffiti wall.

And the words; "THE PROPHET WILL NOT SAVE YOU".

Seems to stand out.

(CONTINUED)

SAMANTHA
(chilled)
Jesus...

She starts to COUGH and GAG.

It passes.

She moves towards the

BATHROOM DOOR

and reaches for the door knob.

A board CREAKS behind her.

She looks around, tense.

Sees...nothing.

Just a dark empty room.

IN THE BATHROOM -

She searches high and low.

Through the grit, slime and grime.

No security tape.

SAMANTHA
Lying little b--

THE TOILET TANK...

QUICK.

She lifts the lid.

And there it is; wrapped in plastic.

The security tape.

IN THE ROOM -

The crack zombies enter.

The female pushes the bathroom door.

It CREAKS open, revealing...

A dark, empty bathroom.

The female crackhead peeks her head inside.

(CONTINUED)

SNIFFS.

PANIC.

FEMALE CRACKHEAD
SHE'S IN HERE! THE BITCH IS--

BAM!

She is SLAMMED in the face with the toilet tank lid.

Hits the floor; face shattered.

Dead.

Samantha comes out SWINGING.

BASHING heads.

Bowling through the crackheads.

Toilet tank lid SWINGING like crazy.

She BARRELS her way out into the

CORRIDOR - SAME

and drops the lid; RUNS.

She gets half-way down the stairs.

STOPS!

A MALE CRACKHEAD blocks her way.

He holds up a blood-stained meat cleaver.

MALE CRACKHEAD
What are you doing here, bitch?

A small GROUP of crack zombies gathers behind him.

All brandishing used needles for weapons.

The male crackhead starts climbing the steps.

MALE CRACKHEAD
I asked you a question.

Samantha hesitates.

Thinks.

She smiles...an idea.

She pulls out a wad of cash.

The crack zombies freeze.

Dead eyes light up with greed.

SAMANTHA
Here's the answer!

She TOSSES the cash into the air.

Bills FLUTTER everywhere.

RAINING down on the crack zombies.

They SCRAMBLE to catch the bills.

Even the male crackhead.

Distracted.

Swiftly.

Samantha SNATCHES the cleaver from him.

He looks around.

WHACK!

Samantha BURIES it in his face.

Blood SPLATTERS her.

She KICKS his corpse into the greedy zombies.

They pay no attention.

All are too preoccupied with the money.

Samantha LEAPS over the railing.

FLEES for her life.

INT. THE VIGILANTE'S CAR - NIGHT - LATER

The Vigilante sits behind the wheel.

Chewing on a twizzler.

Waiting.

Then...

She sits up, sees...

THROUGH THE WINDSHIELD -

Samantha RACING towards the car.

Sam HOPS in.

Scared.

Out of breath.

Yanks off her mask.

SAMANTHA
GO! JUST GO, GODDAMMIT!

VIGILANTE
Did you get it?

SAMANTHA
YES! NOW FUCKING GO!

Both women look up.

OUTSIDE -

A small group of zombie crackheads.

All armed with various weapons.

Coming out of the shadows.

SWARMING.

Heading straight for the car.

Samantha PANICS.

The Vigilante is calm.

Not moving.

SAMANTHA
WHAT ARE YOU WAITING FOR?!? BITCH,
GO!

VIGILANTE
Chill.

The Vigilante flips on her hood.

Gets out.

Goes around to the cars

TRUNK - SAME

and pops it open.

The swarm is only a few yards away.

A mob of the living dead.

The trunk lid is slammed shut.

The Vigilante steps out into the middle of the street.

She is carrying two .9 millimeter automatics.

Silencers screwed on the barrels.

The Grim Reaper with two hand canons.

She waits.

BREATHING steady.

Like an old western gunslinger.

The mob draws closer.

IN THE CAR -

Samantha slides over behind the wheel.

OUTSIDE -

WE MOVE THROUGH THE MOB.

A sea of soulless eyes.

Rotted grit teeth.

Junkie thin bodies.

THE VIGILANTE -

Stands her ground.

SILENCE.

Only her BREATHING is heard.

IN THE CAR -

SAMANTHA'S FINGERS key the ignition.

Hits the headlights switch.

(CONTINUED)

EXT. CAR - SAME

The headlamps come on.

Bright.

Blinding.

The mob hesitates.

Momentarily blinded.

THAT'S IT!

THE VIGILANTE -

lifts her hand canons...

SILENCED SHOTS RIP THROUGH THE MOB.

Bodies go down.

Bloody.

The Vigilante never moves.

Only BREATHEs steadily.

UNLOADING on the crackheads.

EACH SHOT strikes it's mark.

A few try and FLEE.

They don't make it.

She never misses.

Finally...

The last one DROPS...bullet to the head.

Dead.

The Vigilante LOWERS THE GUNS.

SMOKE; drifts from the barrels.

She drops to her knees.

PAIN.

Sudden.

(CONTINUED)

Intense.

She CRIES out.

Grips her side.

THE CAR -

BURNS RUBBER.

ZOOMS back, in reverse.

SCREECHES to a stop.

Next to the crouching Vigilante.

THE PASSENGER WINDOW rolls down.

SAMANTHA
HEY! GET OFF YOUR ASS, GIRL!

Struggling.

The Vigilante rises.

Climbs into the car.

They HAUL ASS out of there.

WHITE.

WHITE UP ON:

INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT

We move over the floor.

A jumbled mess everywhere.

A man's sneakers, ball cap, watch.

A woman's underwear, bra, stiletto pump.

A bed squeaking.

A woman CRYING OUT in unbelievable ecstasy.

MOVE UP TO THE BED - SAME

A MAN and a WOMAN having sex.

The woman is Kelly.

The man is much younger.

(CONTINUED)

BRANDON RODRIGUEZ, 20's.

They finish up.

Sweaty.

Exhausted.

Thoroughly satisfied.

Kelly is on top.

She lies down on his chest.

KELLY

Oh, God. We can't keep doing this.
You are killing this old woman,
lover.

BRANDON

Please, baby. I might be younger
than you, but it's killing me
trying to keep up.

They LAUGH.

Silence.

They enjoy the quiet moment.

Kelly nods off.

Head on his chest.

Listening to his rapid heartbeat.

Then...

BRANDON

I love you.

Kelly's eyes open.

Lifts her head.

Looks deep into his eyes.

KELLY

What?

BRANDON

Yeah, that's right. I love you.

Hesitation.

KELLY

What am I supposed to say to that,
Brandon?

BRANDON

Just say whatever you feel, baby.

KELLY

I don't know what I feel.

BRANDON

It's cool. You don't know if you
love me, too. It's all good,
baby...

He kisses her lips.

Smiles.

BRANDON

I can wait.

Loss for words.

Kelly can only shake her head.

Brandon takes her left hand.

Looks at her wedding band.

His eyes go to her face.

Smiles.

BRANDON

I know, baby. But I just want you
to know how I feel. So when the day
comes and you leave that bastard...

Puts her hand over his heart.

BRANDON

...this is where you belong.
Understand?

Silence.

She can only shake her head.

Tears build in her eyes.

His words...

His love...

(CONTINUED)

Her nostrils flare.
Feral passion fills her eyes.
She ATTACKS him.
Kissing him hard.
MOVING...
LIPS kissing his chin...
His neck...
His chest...
His stomach...
And...LOWER...
Brandon's eyes close.

BRANDON

Had I known this would happen, I
would've told you I loved you a
long time ago...

INT. BATHROOM, BRANDON'S PLACE - NIGHT - LATER

Steamy.
Kelly stands in front of the basin mirror.
In her underwear.
Putting on her make-up.
Behind her:
Brandon is still showering.

BRANDON (O.S.)

You know we should take a trip
somewhere.

KELLY

That's a sweet fantasy...

BRANDON (O.S.)

You know it doesn't have to be.

Kelly stops.
Looks at her wedding band.

(CONTINUED)

Thinking.

BRANDON (O.S.)
Bay, you still there?

Tears fill her eyes.

KELLY
Yeah, bay. I'm here.

BRANDON (O.S.)
Where do you want to go?

A beat...

She rips off the wedding band.

PLIP!

Drops it into the toilet bowl.

HER FINGER presses the flush.

A SHUDDERED breath.

Then...a satisfied smile.

Goes back to putting on her make-up.

KELLY
Um...how about St. Thomas?

BRANDON (O.S.)
The lady requests St. Thomas. Then
St. Thomas it is.

He starts SINGING to her.

Moments later...

Brandon exits the shower.

Still SINGING.

He comes up behind her.

Naked.

Wet.

Hugs her.

SINGING softly in her ear.

She STRUGGLES to get free.

KELLY

Ewww! Brandon get off me! You're
freaking wet!

He kisses her neck.

BRANDON

Wait! I got something for you!

He leaves.

Returns seconds later.

Hands behind his back.

Playful expression.

BRANDON

(spanish)

Tell me you love me, lady. Tell me
there will come a time when it'll
be me and you forever and ever...

She turns to him.

Smiles.

KELLY

(perfect spanish)

With all my heart, my love. A day
will come soon when it will be just
me and you, forever. Okay?

BRANDON

(spanish)

Okay!

From behind his back.

He hands her a small gift box.

She looks at it...at him.

He grabs a towel.

Dries off.

Kelly opens it.

Her expression says it all.

He takes it out.

(CONTINUED)

Puts it around her neck.

A gorgeous gold necklace.

Expensive.

They face the mirror.

It looks beautiful on her.

KELLY
(spanish)
Thank you.

He looks at her in the mirror.

Face serious.

BRANDON
(English)
So you never forget.

KELLY
I won't...

She faces him.

A kiss.

BRANDON
If he asks, just tell him you found
it, or your lesbian lover gave it
to you or something.

She LAUGHS.

They embrace.

Foreheads touching.

A beat.

They both SING to each other in Spanish.

INT. KELLY AND RYAN'S PLACE - NIGHT - LATER

WE MOVE THROUGH THE PLACE.

Candles are lit everywhere.

Soft MUSIC plays on the stereo.

Kelly enters.

(CONTINUED)

Takes in the place.

Her eyes scan the candle lit shadows.

KELLY

Ryan...?!?

She goes to the

KITCHEN - SAME

and finds dinner for two.

A beautiful red rose next to her plate.

And a large, gift wrapped box.

Ryan appears behind her.

BLOWS on her ear.

STARTLED.

Kelly almost screams.

RYAN

Hello, wife!

KELLY

What's all this?

He sits at the kitchen table.

RYAN

This, me pretty, is a celebration dinner! Sit, babe, please.

She sits.

KELLY

Wow, what are we celebrating?

RYAN

You, o love of my life. We're celebrating you.

She smiles, slightly touched.

KELLY

Me...?

RYAN

You!

KELLY

Why are we celebrating me...?

RYAN

Because you're finally free.

Suspicion.

Kelly's smile disappears.

KELLY

What does that mean, Ryan?

RYAN

It means...Kelly, where's your ring?

SHIT!

She looks at her naked ring finger.

Cold fear.

She takes a breath.

RYAN

Wife?

Summons her courage.

Finally...

KELLY

I flushed it.

RYAN

You flushed your ring?

KELLY

Yes.

RYAN

What do you mean? As in down the toilet?

KELLY

Yes, Ryan.

Thick silence.

Tension builds.

Then...

Ryan BURST OUT LAUGHING.

After a moment...

Kelly LAUGHS, too.

RYAN

Did you...

After he composes himself:

RYAN

Oh, Jesus. Did you do it on purpose?

KELLY

Yes.

He looks at her.

No surprise at all.

He might have expected this.

He leans back, smiling.

RYAN

I see. Care to tell me why?

KELLY

Because I'm leaving you, Ryan.

He just sits.

Listening.

No emotion.

Watching her.

The gift wrapped box between them.

RYAN

Is it because there's someone else?

KELLY

Yes. And the fact that you're an abusive, psychotic son of a bitch.

He waves this off.

RYAN

Whew, Kelly, your language.

Adrenaline pumping.

She sits forward.

KELLY

Fuck my language! I've been afraid of you our entire marriage. I'm sick of this Ike and Tina shit! Tonight it ends, Ryan!

RYAN

Are you sure that's what you want?

KELLY

I have never been more sure about anything in my life, baby.

RYAN

Nothing I can say or do to change your mind...?

KELLY

What, are you not listening to me?!? Bottom line, You and me? We're done, Ryan! I see light at the end of the tunnel--

He points at her.

RYAN

Careful! Don't play with spiritual things, Kelly. We don't do that in this house, you know the rules when it comes to God--

KELLY

Fuck your rules!

Ryan calms himself.

RYAN

Who's the guy?

KELLY

What?

RYAN

The guy you're leaving me for. Who is he? What's his name?

She LAUGHS.

KELLY

Yeah, right! You want his fucking
Social Security Number, too?

Ryan looks at her...a deadly smile.

RYAN

746-58-6701.

SHOCK!

Kelly can only stare at him.

RYAN

His name is Brandon Manuel
Rodriguez, born January 30, 1974,
in Lindenwold, New Jersey.

Breathless.

Kelly is a woman about to go into Cardiac Arrest.

KELLY

Son of a bitch...

She rises to leave.

RYAN

Sit down, Kelly. Please. Let me
explain and I'll let you walk out
that door with no problems.

She hesitates.

RYAN

All I'm asking is for a little more
of your time. The last time we
speak as husband and wife. I
promise. Please sit. Chill.

Reluctantly.

She sits.

KELLY

How long?

RYAN

Eight months.

KELLY

You knew for eight months and never
said anything?

RYAN

Thought about it. I was hurt,
angry. Then it hit me.

KELLY

What?

RYAN

You will never love me. You can't
love me, because I killed your love
for me.

Tears in his eyes.

Ryan takes a minute.

Pulls himself together.

KELLY

Ryan--

RYAN

No! Just shut up and let me finish,
Kelly. I want to get this out, and
then I want you to open your
present. Maybe that'll change your
mind about leaving us.

Kelly's eyes go to the beautiful gift box.

RYAN

I had Brandon checked out to make
sure he was good for you, Kelly.

Thunderstruck.

Kelly can't find the words.

Tears wet her cheeks.

RYAN

I don't expect you to believe me.
But it's the truth...

Kelly wipes her tears.

Looks at the gift box.

Starts to open it.

RYAN

...And you know something...

She removes the lid.

FREEZES.

There is blood on her fingers.

Ryan leans forward.

Evil smile.

RYAN
...he wasn't...

Kelly looks inside the

BOX -SAME

and sees Brandon's SEVERED HEAD.

No screams.

No melodramatic performance.

She just stares into the box.

Tears falling.

Silent.

RYAN
He wasn't good enough for you,
Kelly. There was some questionable
things I really didn't like about
his past...

She starts to MUMBLE.

HER FINGERS absently go to the chain around her neck.

RYAN
What was that?

A long uncomfortable moment passes.

Finally...

Kelly looks at him.

Steel-faced.

KELLY
I said, we were going to go to St.
Thomas together.

RYAN

I know, he told me before...well,
you know...

(points to the box)

...THAT happened.

Her weary eyes look down.

MOVING from the grisly gift...

...to the steak knife next to her plate.

RYAN

He really loved you I think.

KELLY

(shock)

He loved me...

RYAN

I even offered him a chance to
live...without his arms and legs of
course, if he would only admit to
me that what you two had was
nothing more than a sex thing.

KELLY'S FINGERS close over the steak knife.

RYAN

he wouldn't do it, Kelly. He
believed he really loved you, right
up until the end.

Kelly shakes her head.

It builds.

The enormity of it all.

Ryan.

The box.

The chain on her neck.

She looks up at him.

Eyes burning.

Filled with rage.

She shows Ryan the knife.

And finally...

(CONTINUED)

She SNAPS:

KELLY
WE WERE GOING TO ST. THOMAS
TOGETHER, YOU PSYCHOPATHIC
MOTHERF--

POW!

A GUNSHOT from under the table.

Kelly JERKS.

SPITS blood.

She grips the knife.

Looks down at herself.

Sees; a ragged bullet hole through her abdomen.

Tries to speak.

Fails.

Tries to breathe...

Fails.

She starts GASPING for air.

RYAN
I told you about the language.

Ryan SLAMS the gun on the table top.

Kelly looks at him.

He rage explodes.

She FLIPS the table over.

The gun hits the floor.

RYAN TUMBLES backward in his chair.

CRASHES to the floor.

Kelly rises.

BLEEDING everywhere.

Steak knife in hand.

(CONTINUED)

Blade shiny and clean.

She LIMPS around the over-turned table.

Ryan gets to his feet.

They CLASH.

Ryan THROWING only face punches.

Kelly SLASHING him all over with the steak knife.

Brutal.

Bloody.

Raw.

These two go at it, like nothing ever seen before.

BACK AND FORTH:

Her blade SLASHING and STABBING his flesh.

His fists SMASHING and BREAKING her pretty face.

Both SHRIEKING like enraged warriors.

Finally...

Kelly loses strength.

She manages one more weak slash at him.

Ryan THROWS his last hard punch.

KNOCKING her front teeth out.

They both STUMBLE back, away from each other.

Kelly's legs give out.

She COLLAPSES to the floor.

Her face so broken and shattered, it's unrecognizable.

THE BLOODY KNIFE hits the floor.

RYAN -

slides down the wall.

Half-conscious from blood loss.

(CONTINUED)

White shirt soaked with blood.

KELLY -

simply stretches out on the kitchen floor.

PANTING.

Harsh, labored, painful.

Fading fast.

HER GOOD EYE spots the gold chain.

HER BLOODY FINGERS close over it.

A few more WHEEZING BREATHS...

Her breathing stops.

Her GOOD EYE OPENED in a glassy stare.

Dead.

RYAN -

looks to the side, spots the gun.

It hurts like hell...

But he leans over and grabs it.

Takes a few seconds...

WHEEZING breaths.

Fighting to stay vertical.

HIS VISION BLURS.

He grabs Kelly's wrist.

DRAGS her corpse closer.

Takes a break...

Harder and harder to breathe now.

He puts the gun in Kelly's dead fingers.

Takes a break...

Puts her finger on the trigger.

(CONTINUED)

Takes a break...

Sticks the gun barrel in his side.

A safe place to take a bullet.

Takes a break...

Musters up as much strength as he can.

Then...

POW!

He SHOOTS himself.

CRIES OUT.

Behind him:

FAN of blood SPRAYS the wall.

The shot SLAMS his body back against the wall.

HIS VISION BLURS...

REFOCUSES...

BLURS AGAIN...

REFOCUSES...

He sees the rose on the floor.

Picks it up.

SNIFFS.

LAUGHS.

COLLAPSES.

BLACK.

OVER BLACK:

FEMALE JUDGE (O.S.)

It is the order of this judicial inquiry that the death of Kelly Nicholson be ruled as an accidental homicide. These proceedings are dismissed. Mr. Blake, you're free to go.

(CONTINUED)

BOOM UP ON:

SAMANTHA -

Sitting in a daze.

Staring at nothing.

She PUFFS a cigarette.

COUGHS.

Keeps staring.

Until...

SAMANTHA

They let his ass off. Son of a bitch kills my best friend in cold blood and they let him go. How does something like that even work?

VIGILANTE (O.S.)

It's the system, Sam. It was designed by crooks for crooks.

SAMANTHA

I saw the autopsy pictures. It looked like he tried to beat her to death.

FLASH IMAGES: Kelly's autopsy photos

- swollen eyes -
- broken teeth -
- shattered nose -
- crooked jaw -

BACK TO SAMANTHA -

Too gruesome.

She can only shake her head.

MOVING BACK:

We see that Samantha is in the

PARK - DAY

and dressed in funeral black.

(CONTINUED)

She sits in one of the swings.

The Vigilante sits in the swing next to her.

They face opposite directions.

Both smoking.

The park is completely empty.

The Vigilante has a bottle of scotch whiskey.

Passing the bottle back and forth between them as they talk.

VIGILANTE (O.S.)

Sam, what's rule number three?

SAMANTHA

What?

VIGILANTE (O.S.)

I want you to tell me rule number three.

SAMANTHA

Never make it personal.

VIGILANTE (O.S.)

Meaning, let it go, Sam.

SAMANTHA

He's a murderer! Why are we talking about this like it's an option? He has to die, right? Just a question of when.

MOVING AROUND THEM -

The Vigilante takes a drink.

Hands Samantha the bottle.

VIGILANTE

Here. Drink.

SAMANTHA

You really shouldn't give me liquor. I'm an alcoholic, remember?

VIGILANTE

I know. But in this case you actually need it to calm down.

(CONTINUED)

SAMANTHA

I don't need to calm down.

VIGILANTE

Yeah you do, Sam. You're ready to go off and do something stupid.

SAMANTHA

You know I don't get you. You kill bad guys, and here's one on a silver platter for us and you're telling me to back off!

VIGILANTE

Samantha, there's more going on here than you understand.

Samantha GULPS half the bottle.

Wipes her mouth.

SAMANTHA

Sounds like there's more bullshit going on here than I understand.

VIGILANTE

Ryan Blake will die. But it has to be done right. Otherwise we're just a couple of psycho killers.

Samantha looks at her.

SAMANTHA

What are you not telling me?

The Vigilante looks away, guilty.

SAMANTHA

Hey? Look at me! You're hiding something! What is it?

VIGILANTE

Don't open that door, Sam. Trust me, you really don't want to do this.

SAMANTHA

Don't give me that shit! You come clean...or you and me? We're going to get it in, right here, right now!

The Vigilante tries to light a cigarette.

(CONTINUED)

Samantha SMACKS it out of her hand.

Both women rise up.

Face each other.

Tense stand-off.

VIGILANTE

Look, I get that you need to lash out, Samantha. But, you don't want it like this. It's not your fault your girl is dead--

Samantha MOVES.

POW!

SLAMS The Vigilante in the nose.

The blow STAGGERS her.

She faces Samantha; touches the blood on her nose.

SAMANTHA

Tell me what your hiding.

The Vigilante approaches her.

Stands her ground.

Looks Samantha directly in the eye.

VIGILANTE

It's not your fault--

WHAM!

Samantha GUT-PUNCHES her.

Blinding agony.

The Vigilante FOLDS UP.

Drops to her knees before Samantha.

SAMANTHA

TELL ME!

From the ground;

The Vigilante looks up.

VIGILANTE
It's not your fault...

ENRAGED.

Samantha kneels.

Grabs The Vigilante.

Yanks her close.

Rage.

Tears.

Pain.

SAMANTHA
FIGHT BACK!

VIGILANTE
It's not your fault--

Samantha unleashes on her.

Merciless.

Unrelenting.

POUNDING The Vigilante's face with PUNCHES.

The Vigilante takes it.

Then...

It stops.

Samantha looks at her fist.

Stained with The Vigilante's blood.

Thunderstruck silence.

She looks at The Vigilante's swollen, broken face.

Hesitation.

Samantha releases her.

Rises.

Looks at her hands...at The Vigilante.

Cold realization.

(CONTINUED)

SAMANTHA

What the hell is happening to me?

The Vigilante reaches out to her.

VIGILANTE

Sam--

SAMANTHA

NO!

Samantha steps back.

Terrified.

SAMANTHA

I don't know who I am anymore! Just stay the hell away from me.

She BOLTS.

INT. KITCHEN, SAMANTHA'S PLACE - DAY - LATER

Samantha sits at the table.

Head resting on one arm.

She GULPS a shot of liquor.

Thoroughly drunk.

SLAMS down the empty shot glass.

Takes up the bottle of scotch.

Refills the glass.

As she POURS:

SAMANTHA

(sings)

Frarajaka, Frarajaka, are you
sleeping, are you sleeping? Brother
John? Brother John? Morning bells
are ringing, morning bells are
ringing, Ding ding dong, Ding ding
dong...

MOVING BACK SLOWLY -

a HAND appears.

Someone stands behind her.

(CONTINUED)

SAMANTHA -

lifts the glass to her lips.

STOPS.

Sensing she is not alone.

SAMANTHA

I'm not afraid anymore, Jason.

She holds up the glass.

SAMANTHA

Cheers, baby.

JASON

Put it down.

Samantha sets the glass down.

The FIGURE (Jason) stands behind her.

Out of focus.

A BLURRY SHAPE in the background.

Watching Samantha.

JASON

You don't need it anymore,
Samantha. It's time to let go.

SAMANTHA

Kelly's dead, Jason. He killed her.

She turns in her chair.

Looks at Jason.

He goes to her.

No zombie here.

Jason is dressed in his policemen's uniform.

He looks sharp, dignified.

Very much human.

He takes her hand.

JASON

You need to let us go, Sam. But you also need to remember. You need to remember what you saw the night me and the girls were killed, Sam.

SAMANTHA

Jason, what are you--

A brilliant white light.

It bathes Jason.

He looks around at it.

Back at Samantha.

JASON

My time is up, Sam. No more nightmares for you. Just remember...

He rises.

Backs into the light.

JASON

Remember, Sam...remember what you buried, remember what you forgot...

Jason VANISHES.

SAMANTHA

Jason, no! Don't leave me!

WHITE.

JASON (O.S.)

Remember, Sam...remember...

SAMANTHA -

snaps awake at the kitchen table.

She sits up.

Takes a long moment.

It was a dream.

Then...

BOLTS from the table to the

BEDROOM - SAME

and goes tearing through her closet.

Rummaging.

Searching.

Frantic.

Desperate.

TOSSING shoes and clothes everywhere.

SAMANTHA

WHERE THE HELL IS IT, JASON?!?

She finds a box.

Starts COUGHING.

It passes.

She takes the box.

Sits on her bed.

Her eyes go to a

FRAMED PHOTO -

on the nightstand.

Her dead family.

A tear.

Samantha wipes it away.

SAMANTHA

No more tears...

Opens the box.

INSIDE -

is a manila envelope.

"EVIDENCE" is written on it.

She dumps the contents out on the bed:

- documents -

(CONTINUED)

- photos -

- DVD case -

IN THE LIVING ROOM -

Samantha turns on the TV.

Pops the DVD into the player.

ON THE TV:

Hidden camera footage.

Inside a bedroom.

A BLACK COUPLE on their knees; both in their 50's.

Hands and feet tied.

RYAN -

steps into the frame.

Wearing all black.

He holds up a gun in one hand.

And a big machete in the other.

He can't choose which to use.

RYAN

Hm. Let's see; eeny, meeny, minny,
moe, someone's head has got to go.

He puts the gun away.

Grabs the woman.

Forces her neck out, puts the blade to the back of it.

MAN

NO, PLEASE! DON'T DO THIS!!

RYAN

Calm down, Mr. Cochran. This will
be real quick.

WOMAN

Please! Please, don't kill me! My
daughter...

(CONTINUED)

MAN
YES! LISTEN TO ME, WE HAVE A
DAUGHTER - CHRISTINE--

RYAN
Shut up!

WOMAN
...please...

RYAN
I SAID SHUT UP!

The woman CRIES.

The man PANICS.

The camera man moves.

CAMERA MAN (O.S.)
Whoa, Ryan! Slow down! What the
hell are you doing?!?

RYAN
Back off, Jason. Go and find their
daughter.

JASON (O.S.)
Ryan--

Ryan whips out his gun.

Points it at Jason/us.

RYAN
NOW, GODDAMMIT!

THE CAMERA MOVES -

Leaves the room.

Goes out into the

HALLWAY - SAME

moving along the corridor to a

BEDROOM - SAME

and holds in here.

THE VIEW moves around the room.

We can hear Jason BREATHING.

(CONTINUED)

The camera goes to the

CLOSET -

and JASON'S HAND pulls the closet door open.

Revealing;

hidden among the clothes...

a familiar, but SCARED GIRL.

CHRISTINE COCHRAN, 14.

JASON (O.S.)
Christine?

Silence.

She stays CROUCHED in terror.

JASON (O.S.)
Don't worry. I'm not going to hurt
you. I just want you to stay here
until we leave, okay?

She nods, "yes".

He shuts the doors.

SAMANTHA -

sits watching the rest.

Face hard.

No tears.

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

A car pulls up.

INSIDE -

Samantha sits behind the wheel.

Dressed in black.

THROUGH THE WINDSHIELD -

she watches a boat.

Parked.

(CONTINUED)

In the driveway of a house.

Alone.

Ryan stands on the deck.

He pops prescription pills.

GULPS down liquor.

He disappears below deck.

IN THE CAR -

Samantha checks her gun.

It's loaded.

Pulls on a mask.

Dark goggles.

She could be The Vigilante.

EXT. STREET - SAME

Samantha CREEPS in the dark.

Edging towards the

BOAT - SAME

she CLIMBS up onto the

BOW -

eases over the side.

Pulls her gun.

Before she can go below deck:

VOICE (O.S.)

Psst!

Samantha turns.

POW!

She is KICKED in the face.

A DARK FIGURE moves in on her.

KICKING.

(CONTINUED)

PUNCHING.

The dark figure moves with style.

Grace.

A professional.

Samantha lies on the deck.

Unconscious.

The dark figure KNEELS over her.

In the dim light.

Revealing; a female, dressed in red leather.

SHIA, 30's.

Shia picks up Sam's gun.

RYAN -

comes from below deck.

RYAN

I'm impressed. You were definitely worth the money.

SHIA

It's your fathers money. He thought you might need the protection.

She holds up the gun.

SHIA

Your father was right.

RYAN

So, is that him?

As Shia pats Samantha down; checking her pockets.

SHIA

"Him"...?

RYAN

Yeah, that Vigilante asshole!

SHIA

Mr. Blake, I don't know if this is your mythical vigilante, but what I

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

SHIA (cont'd)
do know is that this "him" is
actually a "her"...

RYAN
No shit?

SHIA
No shit.

Shia rises.

They both stand over Samantha.

SHIA
Would you like me to take off the
mask?

RYAN
No. Not here. Whoever she is I want
to do it somewhere private and out
the way.

SHIA
Fair enough.

INT. FAT DADDY'S REPAIR SHOP - NIGHT

The Vigilante is moving around.

Frantic.

Gathering weapons.

Fat Daddy appears.

FAT DADDY
Forgot something...!

He TOSSES her a sheathed sword.

The Vigilante packs it away.

FAT DADDY
Is she really worth this?

VIGILANTE
Not now, Fats!

He touches her shoulder.

FAT DADDY

No...now.

The Vigilante stops packing.

She turns to face him.

FAT DADDY

Seeing as how you're about to go off and get yourself a grave over some chick you barely know, I need you to explain it to me. I need you to help me understand this bullshit!

VIGILANTE

I don't have time for this.

She turns away.

Fat Daddy GRABS her.

She SPINS.

THROWS a wild swing.

He BLOCKS it.

BEAR HUGS her.

The Vigilante STRUGGLES.

When she finally calms.

FAT DADDY

I didn't tell you where Ryan was taking this Samantha chick so I could watch you throw away all that we worked for, girl! Is she really worth it?

VIGILANTE

Yes...

He releases her.

As she gathers up her gear:

VIGILANTE

...she's worth it, Fats.

FAT DADDY

Why?

VIGILANTE

BECAUSE SHE'S MY FRIEND, OKAY?!?

FAT DADDY

Your friend?

She calms down.

VIGILANTE

My friend. Something I haven't had
in a long time.

FAT DADDY

Okay. Go and save your friend then.

She walks off.

FAT DADDY (O.S.)

But you forgot rule number three,
Christine! If you do this, you kill
Ryan Blake now, before we have all
the evidence, it will undo
everything, Chris! EVERYTHING!

She hesitates at the door.

Back to him.

CHRISTINE

I know, and I didn't forget, Fats.
I have never forgotten one rule you
taught me.

FAT DADDY

NEVER MAKE IT PERSONAL, CHRISTINE!
Remember...?

CHRISTINE

But you forgot rule number one,
Fats...

She turns to him.

CHRISTINE

...Kill the bad guys.

She hugs him.

Emotional.

He hugs her back.

(CONTINUED)

FAT DADDY

You do this and you'll be on the run, Chris. I won't be able to protect you. Mr. Blake will come after you with a vengeance.

CHRISTINE

I know. I love you, old man.

She looks him in the eyes.

A smile.

CHRISTINE

You taught me well. I'll be fine.

FAT DADDY

One more thing...

He WHISPERS in her ear.

Christine looks at him.

He nods.

FAT DADDY

That's where you'll find it when the time comes. Don't forget. Now get out of here. And watch your ass.

She leaves.

After she is gone.

FAT DADDY

...I love you, kiddo...

He looks up:

FAT DADDY

I know we don't deserve it, but I'm begging you, please watch over her...

EXT. ABANDONED FACTORY - NIGHT - LATER

Chain-link fence.

MOVING BACK -

A car is revealed.

INSIDE -

(CONTINUED)

Christine sits behind the wheel.

Takes out her cell phone.

DIALS.

It picks up on the other end.

MAN'S VOICE (O.S.)
(phone)
Hey...? You okay?

CHRISTINE
(phone)
No. Not really. I just wanted to
hear a friendly voice.

MAN'S VOICE (O.S.)
Where are you? I could meet you for
coffee somewhere if you need to
talk.

Sweet.

She smiles.

CHRISTINE
I'd like that so much.

MAN'S VOICE (O.S.)
Cool, just give me a few minutes
to--

CHRISTINE
No.

MAN'S VOICE (O.S.)
But--

CHRISTINE
Just listen, I only wanted to call
and say thank you. For everything
you did to help me.

Silence on the other end.

CHRISTINE
Still there...?

MAN'S VOICE (O.S.)
Why do I get the impression that
I'm never going to hear from you
again?

CHRISTINE

Do you remember the very first
thing you ever said to me?

MAN'S VOICE (O.S.)

Yes, I told you that you'll bury
your demons once and for all when
you're ready...

CHRISTINE

Well...I'm ready.

MAN'S VOICE (O.S.)

What does that mean, Christine?

Tears.

She loads her gun.

CHRISTINE

Nothing. Listen, take care of
yourself, okay?

MAN'S VOICE (O.S.)

Well, wait a--

She hangs up.

Slips on her mask.

Goggles.

Gears up.

The Vigilante.

She sits behind the wheel.

BREATHING.

Slow.

Steady.

She just BREATHES.

VIGILANTE

Please. Please give me the strength
to end this for good. That's all I
ask.

She gets out.

INT. BUILDING, ABANDONED FACTORY - SAME

(CONTINUED)

SAMANTHA'S MASK -

is RIPPED off.

She is tied to a chair.

Face bruised.

Barely conscious.

Ryan leans close to her.

He is holding the mask and goggles.

RYAN

YOU...?!? You're the fucking
Vigilante?

Samantha SPITS in his face.

SAMANTHA

That's for my family, you piece of
shit!

He uses the mask to wipe his face.

RYAN

Your family, Sam?

SAMANTHA

You killed them! You killed Jason
because he was a witness to what
you did!

RYAN

Oh, yeah. Jason. Son of a bitch
wanted to be a good guy.

SAMANTHA

He was a good guy!

Ryan stands.

Shia appears at his side.

SHIA

How do you want to handle this, Mr.
Blake?

RYAN

Violently.

They turn away.

SAMANTHA (O.S.)

Ryan...?

When he looks at her:

She smiles.

SAMANTHA

Before it's over, I will finish
what Kelly couldn't.

Amused.

RYAN

Fair enough.

He and Shia walk.

SHIA

Maybe I should call your father.
Let him know we have his precious
Vigilante killer.

RYAN

Later. Not now.

She reads his face.

SHIA

You don't believe she's the one.

RYAN

Honestly? No, I don't. But I think
she knows who The Vigilante really
is. Call it a cops instinct.

PAIN.

He WINCES.

Swallows pain pills.

SHIA

I could ask her.

Ryan grins.

OUTSIDE -

The Vigilante moves through the shadows.

She takes out Ryan's armed guards.

Silent.

(CONTINUED)

Cool.

Professional.

IN THE BUILDING -

A CRUCIFIX -

Metallic.

Crude.

Sinister.

Samantha is STRAPPED to this thing.

Wearing only her underwear.

Ryan steps to her.

RYAN

Who is the real Vigilante,
Samantha?

SAMANTHA

I am.

RYAN

No, you're not. Last chance. You
tell me who it is, before I do some
serious damage.

Silence.

Saddened.

Ryan steps away from her.

Shia stands there.

RYAN

She's all yours.

Shia holds up a large spike.

In her other hand is a metal mallet.

Samantha COUGHS up blood.

Shia steps up to her.

WHISPERS:

SHIA

This is going to hurt.

SAMANTHA

Yeah? If you care so much then let me go. Otherwise, stick your fake pity up your ass and get on with it.

SHIA

Tough bitch, huh. We'll see.

Shia puts the spike against Samantha's wrist.

Lifts the mallet over it.

Looks around at Ryan.

Ryan nods.

WHAM!

Samantha SCREAMS.

The bloody spike juts through her wrist.

Shia leans close to her.

SHIA

Don't let this continue. Tell us what we need to know and I'll show you mercy.

AGONY.

Samantha looks at the woman.

SAMANTHA

(sings)

Frarajaka, Frarajaka, are you sleeping, are you sleeping...?

Another spike.

Over Sam's wrist.

The mallet lifts...

SAMANTHA

(sings)

...morning bells are ringing...

WHAM!

SCREAM!

Blood SPLASHES Shia.

She steps back.

Ryan grabs Samantha by the hair.

Gets in her face.

RYAN
TELL ME WHO THE VIGILANTE IS!

Behind him...

A MUFFLED GUNSHOT.

Ryan looks around.

Shia stands.

Holding her abdomen.

Looks at her hands.

Blood.

She looks up at Ryan.

Tries to speak.

Fails.

COLLAPSES.

Dead.

SWIFTLY.

Ryan ducks behind the crucifix.

Gun out.

Puts the barrel to Samantha's temple.

RYAN
SHOW YOURSELF!

VIGILANTE (O.S.)
Hey, Sammy!

SAMANTHA

Hey! What are you doing here?!?

VIGILANTE (O.S.)

Eh, didn't have a date. Said to hell with it! Might as well save your ass!

Samantha LAUGHS.

Ryan is paranoid.

RYAN

Okay, maybe you think I'm joking. How's this...?

He reaches around the crucifix.

Gun pointed at Sam's feet.

POW!

SHOOTS her in one foot.

Samantha SCREAMS.

VIGILANTE (O.S.)

He's a real asshole isn't he?

SAMANTHA

Yeah...

VIGILANTE (O.S.)

What do you say, Sam? Want to get a drink after this?

Fighting the pain.

SHIVERING.

SAMANTHA

Don't think so. Think I'm done drinking.

The Vigilante appears.

Across the room.

Out of the shadows.

Coming towards them.

VIGILANTE

Too bad. 'Cause I'm thinking about starting.

Ryan steps out from behind the crucifix.

Gun in hand.

He starts towards The Vigilante.

Gun raised.

FIRING.

His bullets missing.

As if she were a ghost.

The Vigilante keeps coming.

She tosses her guns.

WHIPS out the sword.

UNSHEATHES it as she closes the distance.

CLICK.

Ryan's gun is empty.

He tosses it.

Goes to a gym bag.

The Vigilante is almost on top of him.

WHEN...

He WHIPS out his machete.

CLANG.

Their swords CLASH.

RYAN

Who the hell are you?!?

VIGILANTE

It's not time for that yet, Ryan.
Right now...it's time to bleed!

They circle each other.

Finally...

They BATTLE.

Brutal.

Violent.

Relentless.

SAMANTHA -

can only watch from the crucifix.

COUGHING.

Losing blood.

Meanwhile...

The two swordsmen go at it.

The Vigilante is good.

Ryan is better.

He SLASHES her repeatedly.

KICKS.

PUNCHES.

HEAD-BUTTS.

The Vigilante is nearly beaten.

Ryan moves in for the kill.

He makes a move.

Quick.

THRUSTS the sword at her.

The Vigilante...is QUICKER.

She ROLLS out of the way.

SPINS.

Her sword TWIRLS.

GLEAMING blade SPINNING.

SLASH!

Comes down on Ryan's arm.

CHOPS it off at the elbow.

Ryan SHRIEKS.

Blood SPLATTERS.

He STAGGERS back.

SHOCK.

HORROR.

The Vigilante FLICKS her sword.

SPLATTERING blood droplets at the camera lens.

Ryan looks at her.

Her masked face showing nothing.

Struggling.

Refusing to give up.

He picks up the sword with his remaining hand.

The Vigilante circles him.

INSIDE HER MASK -

she watches him.

Her BREATHING is steady, but labored.

Ryan ATTACKS.

The Vigilante BLOCKS.

SPINS.

SLASH.

SEVERES HIS OTHER ARM.

Ryan SCREAMS.

Blood SHOOTS everywhere.

No more hesitation:

The Vigilante goes at him.

Merciless in her assault.

She does a CROUCHING SPIN MANEUVER.

Her BLADE CUTTING THE AIR.

SWISH!

HACKS RYAN OFF AT BOTH KNEES.

He hits the floor.

Now a full bodied amputee.

The Vigilante goes to

SAMANTHA - SAME

who is fading away from blood loss and shock.

The vigilante touches Sam's face.

Samantha COUGHS up blood.

Smiles at The Vigilante.

SAMANTHA

Show off...

VIGILANTE

Shh, don't talk, Sam. Stay with me.

Reluctantly.

The Vigilante PULLS one spike out.

Samantha GROANS.

Too weak to scream.

CRYING inside her mask -

The Vigilante pulls out the other spike.

Helps Samantha out of the crucifix.

The Vigilante removes her longcoat.

Wraps Samantha up in it.

Lays her weakened friend on the ground.

VIGILANTE
Easy, Samantha.

Fading.

Samantha touches The Vigilante's dark goggles.

SAMANTHA
I'm fine...Christine Cochran...

VIGILANTE
How did you--

Behind them:

Ryan SCREAMS with insane LAUGHTER.

The Vigilante looks around.

VIGILANTE
He's not dead yet, Sam. Ready for
your final lesson?

She looks around at Samantha.

Samantha looks back.

SAMANTHA
Help me up...

They rise together.

The Vigilante carrying her.

The way Sam carried her in the beginning.

RYAN -

is a bloody, gory mess.

ROCKING back and forth.

Bloody stumps WRIGGLING.

The women stand over him.

RYAN
My father is going to get both of
you for this. Both of you!

He LAUGHS.

THE VIGILANTE -

pulls off her mask and goggles.

The laughter instantly dies.

RYAN

You...

CHRISTINE

Me.

RYAN

It was you all along? I...we...

CHRISTINE

Fucked. Yes.

RYAN

Who are you?

CHRISTINE

Christine Cochran. My father was Miles Cochran. The man you beheaded, along with my mother.

RYAN

Cochran...Jesus!

Samantha kneels down.

Picks up Ryan's severed arm.

Sword still in the hand.

She pulls it free.

LIMPS closer to Ryan.

RYAN

I really fucked you two up royally, didn't I?

Samantha lifts the sword...

SAMANTHA

Yes...

CHRISTINE

...you did...

...and brings it down.

BEHEADING RYAN.

She STUMBLES back.

FLINGS the sword away.

Silence.

Samantha LIMPS off.

Christine lights a cigarette.

Samantha returns with a gas canister.

Pours it around Ryan's corpse.

Christine looks at her.

Lighter still in hand.

CHRISTINE

What are you doing, Sam?

SAMANTHA

Rule number four...

As she LIMPS away:

SAMANTHA

...Mark him!

CHRISTINE'S FINGER FLICKS THE LIGHTER.

DROPS IT.

It hits the ground.

WHOOSH!

The fluid IGNITES.

Two FIERY LINES erupt.

Forming a FLAMING "V" SHAPE around Ryan's body.

The women walk away as it burns.

SAMANTHA (O.S.)

So...did you really fuck him?

CHRISTINE (O.S.)

I really don't want to talk about
it. And how the hell did you find
out my name?

SAMANTHA (O.S.)

It was my husband that saved you
the night your parents were killed.
So, what now?

CHRISTINE (O.S.)

Now...

WHITE.

CHRISTINE (O.S.)

...we run, Sam.

EXT. PATIO DECK, BLAKE HOME - DAY

Mr. Blake stands at the railing.

Hands behind his back.

A grieving father.

THE PATIO DOOR OPENS -

A FIGURE steps out.

Barely seen.

Blurry in the background.

Mr. Blake doesn't turn to face the figure.

MR. BLAKE

How are you feeling?

FIGURE

Better. Much, much better. Thank
you.

MR. BLAKE

Do you understand why I had you
brought here?

FIGURE

Not exactly. But I heard The
Vigilante killed your son.

Tears appear in Mr. Blakes eyes.

MR. BLAKE

Yes.

(CONTINUED)

FIGURE
Nasty business, that.

MR. BLAKE
Indeed. And it must be dealt with.
On a grand scale.

FIGURE
I don't follow.

Mr. Blake finally turns to face the figure.

MR. BLAKE
It's very simple, actually. I have
a job I think you might enjoy...

The figure looks up.

Revealing the face of:

MR. BLAKE
...Mr. Kane.

Kane's face is partially hidden by a hood.

What is shown is ghastly and horrifying.

Kane grins.

BLACK.

End.