

Won't You Be My Victim

By

Scott Sawitz

[SJSawitz@Yahoo.com](mailto:SJSawitz@Yahoo.com)

**FADE IN:**

**INT. FRANK'S LIVING ROOM - NIGHT**

Black and white photos in older frames litter the walls.

Furniture several decades old is firmly rooted over aging plush carpet that's immaculately clean.

The local news is on a small television. The sound is muted.

A mugshot of JULIA SWEET (mid 40s), a rough looking hooker, is on the screen.

The Chyron underneath it says "Ripper victim?"

FRANK JACKSON (mid 60s, African-American) sits on an older, high-end couch, watching it with disinterested eyes.

He's tall, slightly built with a well managed beard that's turned white. His hairline is significantly receded.

Pictures of Frank with CELEBRITIES and NOTABLE POLITICIANS from several decades are on the walls.

A plethora of award trophies and plaques are scattered throughout the room.

Frank clutches a tumbler of whiskey in his hands. A script marked "Fun Time with Frank - Series Finale" is next to him.

A photo of FRANK'S WIFE (mid 30s), Frank (mid 40s) and their DAUGHTER (child) is on a side table. They're happy.

A bottle of expensive whiskey is next to the photo.

Frank places the glass down. He picks up the script and opens it up. A fake smile comes over his lips.

FRANK  
(reading)  
Hello, kids, to the final episode  
of "Fun Time with Frank."

Frank puts the script down grabs the bottle. He fills up his glass and takes a deep breath.

FRANK (CONT'D)  
(picks up script)  
Maximum effort.  
(looks at script)  
Hello, kids, to the final episode  
of "Fun Time with Frank."

Frank's eyes wander to the television for a moment.

His hand grabs the remote and turns the volume up.

TELEVISION ANNOUNCER (V.O.)  
 Julia Sweet marks the fifth victim  
 of the Ripper in the past year.

Frank puts the script down and takes a drink.

Security video footage of a HOMELESS MAN (white, mid 40s)  
 appears on the television screen.

TELEVISION ANNOUNCER (V.O.) (CONT'D)  
 Tonight police are urgently looking  
 for this homeless man, seen here on  
 surveillance footage near the scene  
 of the crime.

A genuine smile comes over his lips.

**INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - NIGHT**

HILLARY DRAKE (mid 20s) sits in a chair watching the same  
 news program on a tablet.

Hillary is tiny. Her hair is dyed multiple colors. Blonde  
 roots are noticeable.

A pair of horn rimmed glasses frame her face.

An older digital watch is around her wrist.

AMANDA DRAKE (O.S.)  
 That's depressing, dear.

Hillary turns to her mother, AMANDA DRAKE (mid 50s).

Amanda is frail and weak. A handful of medical devices are  
 attached to her. An untouched meal is near her.

HILLARY  
 You need to eat, mom.

AMANDA DRAKE  
 The Lord keeps me plenty strong.

HILLARY  
 I'd give the doctor more credit  
 than your man in the sky.

AMANDA DRAKE  
 Do you have to do that?

## HILLARY

Ten years of Catholic school beat  
the belief right out of me.

Amanda closes her eyes and falls asleep.

Hillary pulls Amanda's covers over her. Out of the corner of  
her eye she sees Amanda's purse. An envelope hangs out of it.

She grabs it and opens it up. It's a foreclosure notice.

Hillary puts it back. She pulls up her bank account.

She has fifty dollars in her checking account.

Her hands take out a pair of earbuds and puts them in. Her  
fingers quickly pull up a show about serial killers on a  
streaming service.

This episode is about "The Red Light Ripper."

Crime scene photos of middle-aged, rough looking hookers come  
onto the screen. All have slashed throats.

The wounds are crisp, almost surgical.

Hillary closes it out. She pulls up her email.

Nothing new is in there.

She composes an email to "Producer Zack."

## HILLARY (E-MAIL) (CONT'D)

Zack, what's happening? I haven't  
gotten my deposit yet, and we're  
supposed to start pre-production  
next week per my calendar.

Hillary sends it. She taps her feet for a moment. Her hands  
pull up the streaming service.

She pulls up older episodes of "Fun Time with Frank." A smile  
born of nostalgia comes over her lips.

Hillary presses play.

**INT. LIZ'S OFFICE - NIGHT**

An older sign on the wall has "Reporters trade in pain. It  
sells papers" embossed on it. Dust is on it.

A wall full of awards for investigative journalism surround a  
bachelor's degree in Journalism.

LIZ RODRIGUEZ (mid 40s) furiously types on a laptop. She's short and stocky. An air of professionalism surrounds her.

A whiteboard is in the corner marked "Red Light Ripper Feature." On it are sixty crime scene photos. The victims are all the same: rough looking hookers over the age of 40.

Julia Sweet's mug shot is newly taped onto it.

GREG WILLIAMS (mid 60s, Southern) walks up to her desk. He's tall with an unkempt beard. A folder is in his hands.

LIZ RODRIGUEZ

No.

GREG WILLIAMS

How do you always know?

Liz stops typing and looks up.

LIZ RODRIGUEZ

You hire bloggers and then expect them to turn in work like mine.

GREG WILLIAMS

I've got a feature for the weekend edition about Frank Jackson ready and Sue gave me a fluff piece. Two god-damn hours with the guy and it's just the drizzling shits.

LIZ RODRIGUEZ

"TV Legend walks away" practically writes itself, Greg.

GREG WILLIAMS

I've got a source at the studio that says otherwise.

LIZ RODRIGUEZ

So what do you need me for?

GREG WILLIAMS

My kid could write this. This guy is walking away from forty damn years of television. I want a piece that reflects that sort of gravity.

LIZ RODRIGUEZ

There's not much to him.

GREG WILLIAMS

There's something about this guy I can't let go. I want some fresh eyes to see if I'm right.

LIZ RODRIGUEZ

Ross said the Ripper retrospective is the only thing I should be working on right now.

GREG WILLIAMS

Clay is out because his wife is very expecting. Gina was on day shift and the two bodies I'm supposed to get aren't here yet.

LIZ RODRIGUEZ

Do I have a choice?

GREG WILLIAMS

No.

(looks at white board)

This guy's been busy.

LIZ RODRIGUEZ

Every documentary says he has been active for at least twenty years. I found a dozen other cases that look like his handiwork, too.

GREG WILLIAMS

I've never understood why guys like the Red Light Ripper do all this.

LIZ RODRIGUEZ

The best answer I've gotten is that it's about compulsion. It's that, or they were born broken and this is how it leaked out into the world.

GREG WILLIAMS

I was hoping for something better, maybe more cinematic.

LIZ RODRIGUEZ

When I find a better answer you will be the first to know.

GREG WILLIAMS

I need you to do that--

(points to whiteboard)

--on Frank Jackson.

LIZ RODRIGUEZ  
How much time do I have?

GREG WILLIAMS  
I need it ASAP.

She groans.

He leaves.

Liz pulls up a search engine and types in "Frank Jackson."

A litany of results comes up. A prominent magazine has a headline article referring to Frank as "TV's Last Good Man."

She groans. Her cursor clicks the next page. More articles like that come up. She clicks again. More of the same.

**INT. HILLARY'S APARTMENT - NIGHT**

Vintage movie posters are all over the walls.

In the middle of them is a framed poster of "Fun Time with Frank" from over a decade ago. It's been signed. A photo of Frank and a younger Hillary is inside it.

Hillary sits on an old, crappy couch eating cheap Chinese takeout. Several bills marked "Past Due" are in front of her.

Her phone rings with a call from Zack.

HILLARY  
I was just about to call you.

**INT. OFFICE - NIGHT**

ZACK JAMES (mid 40s, producer) looks out the window.

ZACK JAMES  
How are you doing, Hillary?

**INTERCUT BETWEEN ZACK AND HILLARY**

HILLARY  
We start shooting next week and I haven't gotten my deposit.

ZACK JAMES  
One of our investors pulled out. I am asking the cast and crew to defer their compensation.

HILLARY

I'm not working for exposure.

ZACK JAMES

It's not exposure. You'll still get paid for it... just not right now.

HILLARY

I can't pay my bills on not right now, Zack.

ZACK JAMES

When we get into Sundance this will all be a temporary blip.

HILLARY

What if it doesn't?

He doesn't know.

ZACK JAMES

This could change your life.

HILLARY

I can't.

ZACK JAMES

I'll let Henry know we need a new director of photography.

END INTERCUT

Hillary hangs up. She pulls out her tablet and pulls up a job search engine for entertainment professionals.

She searches for "all open jobs."

A long list comes up. She clicks on the first job. Her eyes focus on pay.

"Deferred comp."

She goes back and selects the next job.

"Food and IMDB credit."

She goes back and selects the next job.

"Paid in experience, good times."

Hillary groans loudly. Her hands pull up Zack on her phone. Her finger hovers over "Dial" for a long moment.

She puts the phone down and picks up her food.



**INT. STUDIO - DAY**

A large, ranch themed television set with a full CAST and CREW working hard.

Frank stands in front of a fake log cabin. He's dressed like an old-time cowboy. The costume is old.

FRANK

That's all we have for today,  
folks. I hope you enjoyed it.

Beat.

DIRECTOR

And cut!

Everyone stops.

FRANK

So that's it, huh?

The Director (mid 30s) walks onto stage.

DIRECTOR

"Fun Time with Frank" is officially  
wrapped, everybody.

No one is happy.

FRANK

Would you mind if I address my crew  
one final time?

DIRECTOR

Whatever you want, Mister Jackson.

The Director nods and walks off-stage.

Frank looks at the crew. They look back with warmth, respect and awe all over their faces.

FRANK

I know everyone is upset right now  
but please don't be sad about this.  
It's not about these final moments,  
it's about the journey we've taken  
to get here. I've been blessed to  
be here, with you all, and I would  
not change a thing about it. Thank  
you all and God bless.

Frank looks around. There isn't a dry eye in the house.

**INT. LIZ'S OFFICE - NIGHT**

Liz stares at a word processing program.

The file is titled "Frank Jackson piece."

Nothing is written.

Liz randomly clicks on a random page in the search engine.

An older article describing an unknown man in a "fugue state" around a crime scene is linked to a social networking site.

Liz clicks on the story. A pimp named BISHOP JOKER JUICE (mid 40s) was found beaten to death in an alleyway.

She clicks back to the social networking site. A number of commentators suggest that it was Frank. Liz prints it out.

She searches for the date and "Frank Jackson." An article on his daughter's death comes up. Her eyes open wide.

Liz prints that out. She walks over to her whiteboard and flips it over, revealing a blank slate.

Her hand grabs a marker and writes "Frank Jackson" up top.

**INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - NIGHT**

Amanda is asleep.

Hillary stares at a Facebook group for film professionals. Nothing is worth her time.

A hand reaches over and briefly rubs her shoulder. She's comfortable for a moment before looking over to see ROBERT MAJORS (late 20s) sitting next to her.

He's tall with a dad bod underneath an anime themed t-shirt.

ROBERT  
How's she doing?

HILLARY  
Not good.

They look at each other for a long moment. Her eyes look over and see some flowers on an end table.

ROBERT  
She was always good to me.  
(beat)  
I need your help.

HILLARY

I'm not going to do you any favors.

ROBERT

I'm doing an interview with Frank Jackson tomorrow night for the mag and I need another pair of hands.

HILLARY

No.

ROBERT

It's double your day rate for two weeks of work, minimum.

Hillary's eyes spot Amanda's purse and then turn to Robert.

She nods. He smiles.

**INT. FRANK'S GREEN ROOM - NIGHT**

Forty seasons of framed "Fun Time with Frank" posters cover up fading paint.

Photos of charitable galas for over several decades are underneath them. It's "Frank's Family" up until five years ago, when it becomes "Frank's Fam."

Frank relaxes in his chair.

Hillary sets up two cameras facing him.

Robert sets up a boom microphone.

FRANK

So it's this, and then we go back to my place for the tour, right?

ROBERT

That's what your assistant told me.

FRANK

Oh, good. They let her go a couple of days ago, so I wasn't sure.

(looks at cameras)

Is this going to be put on the internet or how does this work?

ROBERT

My magazine's YouTube channel will have it up the week of the finale.

FRANK

How many people will watch it?

Hillary stares at a handful of the posters.

ROBERT

Forty thousand people subscribe to the channel, which isn't much but--

FRANK

Forty thousand of anything is never small, young man.

Frank looks over and sees Hillary.

HILLARY

How does it feel to be walking away from your show?

FRANK

It feels good. I've done everything I wanted to and more. If I had a regret about this show, it died of loneliness a long time ago.

Robert puts the microphone on Frank's lapel.

HILLARY

The trade papers have reported that this decision wasn't mutual.

FRANK

That's just someone stirring the pot up for drama.

HILLARY

It was unexpected.

FRANK

I didn't want it to be a big deal.

Hillary adjusts one of the cameras.

HILLARY

There's a lot of history here.

FRANK

You say that like I'm an old man. I like to think that they're compilations of good memories.

HILLARY

How old do you feel right now?

FRANK  
As old as this chair.

HILLARY  
How old is it?

FRANK  
I played King Lear sitting here.

HILLARY  
Can you tell that on camera? It'd  
be a great story to hear.

FRANK  
Absolutely, Hillary.

Hillary smiles. She loves this.

HILLARY  
I'll let you know when we go live.

Frank's eyes glance at his "Frank's Fam" photo. He spots a  
younger version of Hillary in it.

FRANK  
I didn't realize I met you much  
earlier in our lives, Hillary.

HILLARY  
I didn't want to make it weird.

FRANK  
Heavens no. People like you are why  
I started my foundation.

Hillary presses record on the first camera.

HILLARY  
My mother appreciated it when you  
called her. You helped a lot.

FRANK  
How is she doing?

Hillary presses record on the second camera.

HILLARY  
She's in the middle of radiation.

FRANK  
I'll pray for her.

HILLARY  
Thank you.

Frank looks at the photos.

FRANK

You've never come back for the annual fundraiser.

HILLARY

I don't want to be in the spotlight for being a sick kid.

FRANK

Nonsense! You're a part of Frank's Fam, after all.

Frank and Hillary look at each other and cringe.

HILLARY

What's in your Netflix Queue?

FRANK

I'm between shows right now. What would you recommend?

Robert walks behind the cameras.

HILLARY

I'm working on the new season of "Serial Killers of America."

ROBERT

It's excellent.

HILLARY

I just finished both episodes on the Red Light Ripper.

Robert makes an adjustment to one of them.

ROBERT

(gives Hillary a thumbs up)

The episode on the Missouri Strangler is much better.

FRANK

I don't have the stomach for that.

Hillary sits down in a chair facing Frank.

HILLARY

Thanks for taking the time to do this with us, Frank.

(mouths "we're live")

I love that chair. Is it special?

FRANK

It's from the time I played King Lear during Summer Stock. We had this and a disco ball. We turned it into a disco king's fall.

HILLARY

That sounds interesting. Is the play special to you?

FRANK

It was. We were young and able to experiment on stage like that.

HILLARY

Did you record it?

FRANK

I didn't think so but someone did back then. I saw footage of it on YouTube the other day.

HILLARY

What did you think of it?

FRANK

I cried.

HILLARY

Was it that meaningful to you?

FRANK

It was because I had a full head of hair back then.

Frank laughs.

Hillary smiles.

**INT. LIZ'S OFFICE - NIGHT**

Liz stares at the whiteboard. Three categories are listed on top: "Pimp's death," "Frank's daughter" and "Fugue state."

News articles and red question marks are all over it.

Greg walks in and takes a look. His eyes connect with Liz's for a moment. He nods and leaves.

**EXT. STUDIO - NIGHT**

Frank walks outside. He takes a deep breath and looks around.

FRANK  
 You did it, old man. You finished  
 this with some--

He sees a dumpster. A piece of the set sticks out of it.

FRANK (CONT'D)  
 --dignity.

Frank walks over and opens the dumpster up. He looks inside.  
 Most of the set has been torn apart and thrown in there.

**EXT. PARKING LOT - NIGHT**

Hillary and Robert walk to their cars.

HILLARY  
 Can you handle the rest of this?

ROBERT  
 We're getting amazing stuff!

HILLARY  
 I hate how this feels.

ROBERT  
 Because it reminds you of being a  
 kid? That's a good thing.

HILLARY  
 I see you and then I see *her*.

Frank walks out and sees them.

ROBERT  
 It was just that once.

HILLARY  
 She told me everything.

Frank catches up to them.

FRANK  
 Hey guys. We've got a tour of my  
 home and the basement full of  
 memorabilia, per the schedule.

HILLARY  
 Robert can handle that with you.



FRANK  
You can't leave without seeing my  
basement, Hillary!

HILLARY  
I think I can stick around.

FRANK  
Are either you two hungry? I know a  
great hot dog stand that isn't too  
far from here. My treat.

**INT. LIZ'S OFFICE - NIGHT**

Liz puts a photo up of Bishop Joker Juice on the board.

Underneath it is a photo of a six women marked "Bishop's  
Prostitutes." A handful have crime scene photos.

"Red Light Ripper" pops up on one of them.

**INT. FRANK'S CAR - NIGHT (DRIVING)**

Frank drives through the ghetto.

Hillary is in the passenger seat, her camera aimed at him.

Robert is behind her, aiming a digital recorder at Frank.

FRANK  
I grew up in the public housing  
authority a couple blocks from  
here. It was me and my mother in a  
tiny one-bedroom apartment.

HILLARY  
What about your father?

FRANK  
My father's only contribution to my  
life was on my birth certificate.

HILLARY  
Did you ever meet him?

FRANK  
Marcus showed up once, drunk and  
looking for some money. I gave him  
some cash and the next time I saw  
him he was in a coffin.

(beat)

(MORE)

FRANK (CONT'D)

My mother said he was not ready to be a father. She wasn't, either, but at least she tried.

(beat)

Giancarlo is the guy I thought of as my father. He was my agent for my entire career, up until he died.

HILLARY

You guys were really close.

FRANK

He was the first person who looked at me and said I could be more than some Huggy Bear clone.

Robert and Hillary look at one another inquisitively.

HILLARY

Who's Huggy Bear?

ROBERT

He sounds like a cartoon.

FRANK

He was the pimp in "Starsky and Hutch." Giancarlo said I could be a leading man, not just some low rent hood for disposable TV shows.

Robert goes to say something. Hillary motions for him not to.

HILLARY

Why'd you become an actor?

FRANK

Purely by accident.

Frank takes a large multi-tool off his belt and hands it to Hillary. It's older and well maintained.

HILLARY

What's that?

FRANK

It's why I got into acting. I was handy and knew enough woodworking to be useful on a set. I wasn't going to be going to college so my guidance counselor advised I should learn a trade. Without wood shop I never would have become an actor. Life is funny sometimes.

HILLARY

We didn't have that in high school.

FRANK

I got extra credit for helping them build their sets for a play.

Hillary hands the multi-tool to Robert. He pops a knife out. It's large and incredibly sharp.

ROBERT

And they thought you could act?

FRANK

I was fixing a set piece when one of the actors fell off-stage and broke his leg. It was an hour before the show, too, and they asked me to fill in. I was the only other guy there so it was either I do it or the show doesn't go on.

HILLARY

And you were amazing, right?

FRANK

I was awful.

Robert hands the tool back to him.

FRANK (CONT'D)

(puts multi-tool on belt)

I walked out there I was thinking it would be a funny story I told my grand kids. Then I got out there and it was natural, like this is what I was supposed to do. I signed up for acting classes right after, I put time into my craft and then I decided that this was going to be my life's work.

HILLARY

How does it feel for it to be over?

FRANK

I'm happy to have had the--

HILLARY

(from memory)

Opportunity to be on this show for as long as I have been.

FRANK

I've said that a lot, haven't I?

HILLARY

It sounds like something a PR flack told you to say so.

FRANK

A PR flack did tell me to say that.

(beat)

They told me to say and do a lot of things over the years I hated.

HILLARY

What did you hate the most?

FRANK

Two years ago a millennial changed "Frank's Kids" to "Frank's Fam" to make it more hip. I sound like a god-damn idiot any time I say it.

HILLARY

They forced you out, didn't they?

FRANK

It didn't happen exactly like that.

HILLARY

So how did it happen?

FRANK

It was a lot of meetings and then I was told we weren't being renewed. Everything after that is almost a blur at this point.

HILLARY

Why didn't they give you a retirement ceremony?

FRANK

It wasn't my choice and I didn't want to pretend it was. This let me feel like it was my call.

HILLARY

Why agree to any of this?

FRANK

It was that or just announce it was being cancelled and I... I didn't want that.

HILLARY

Did they ever give you a reason?

FRANK

Those pricks demanded I get the same ratings I did twenty years ago despite spending next to nothing to actually market the show. They slash my budget, their notes were stupid and everything they did just made it worse. They said I'd be able to walk away with dignity.

(beat)

They couldn't even wait for me to leave before tossing out the set.

HILLARY

Are you sure you should--

FRANK

They had the balls to threaten me when I was responsible for most of their children being able to go to college. Any time they needed a favor they asked me. The one time I ask for one final season, to end it the right way, they acted like I demanded to corn hole someone's wife on national television.

**INT. LIZ'S OFFICE - NIGHT**

Liz stares at her laptop, her cell phone in her hand.

POLICE SECRETARY (V.O.)

I can get into trouble if they find me snooping, Liz.

LIZ RODRIGUEZ

Who was assigned to it?

POLICE SECRETARY (V.O.)

Your brother.

LIZ RODRIGUEZ

I've got his number.

Liz does a web search on "Frank Jackson racist."

Nothing.

She does a web search on "Frank Jackson addiction."

Nothing.

She does a web search on "Frank Jackson murder."

A news story from 40 years ago comes up. Photos of a teenage Frank at the funeral of LINDA ROLFE (teenager).

In the story it's mentioned that Linda was stabbed to death by an unknown assailant.

Liz searches for "Linda Rolfe."

Several websites come up.

On an internet forum she's listed as "Red Light Ripper Victim #1." The comments underneath dispute it.

Liz clicks away and turns back to the board. Her eyes focus on the picture of Bishop Joker Juice.

**INT. FRANK'S CAR - NIGHT (DRIVING)**

Shake's, a hot dog stand, is nearby.

A seedy liquor store is across from it.

FRANK

At one point they wanted to make the show animated because it'd be cheaper. The nerve of them.

Hillary's hands are tight on the camera.

Frank has a moment of inspiration.

FRANK (CONT'D)

I've got forty years of stress I want to unload and I want you two to record it for me.

ROBERT

The magazine just wants a nice little video. This is beyond what they're paying us.

Frank looks to the side. His eyes land on CHERRY (mid 40s, hooker) walking towards the liquor store.

Her eyes are bloodshot, highlighting a face marred by bad choices and poor luck.

The handle of a small pistol pokes out of her purse.

HILLARY

What if they sue you?

FRANK

They said I'd be able to walk away from this with my head held high. I didn't and frankly I'm ready to give them exactly what they did not want to happen.

HILLARY

Are you sure?

FRANK

Name your price and I'll double it.

Hillary pauses the camera and turns to Robert. He shrugs.

HILLARY

Yes.

ROBERT

We need to think about it.

Hillary and Robert glare at each other.

FRANK

(points to Shake's)

I've learned you never do anything of significance on a full bladder or an empty stomach.

#### **INT. LIZ'S OFFICE - NIGHT**

Liz pulls up a web browser and searches for Frank's mother.

The first hit is a story about her funeral at a church. A picture of Frank giving her eulogy is prominent.

Liz pulls up several other articles on the death of Frank's mother. Pictures of FATHER TED DOUGAL (mid 70s) are all over it. She pulls up the address of his church.

#### **INT. SHAKE'S HOT DOG STAND - NIGHT**

Black and white photos of old celebrities are on the wall.

A prominent one of Frank (much younger) is in the middle.

Hillary, Robert and Frank have a half dozen wrappers of Chicago style hot dogs in front of them.

Hillary's camera is on a table next to them, filming.

ROBERT  
That was fantastic.

FRANK  
I lent Chris the money to open this  
place up thirty years ago. His wife  
Trudy and my Ethel were friends.  
(beat)  
They're both gone now, too.

CHRIS (mid 60s), the owner of the stand, walks up to Frank.

CHRIS  
Hey Frank.

FRANK  
How are you?

CHRIS  
Another week living the dream.

They shake hands.

FRANK  
(to Chris)  
This is Hillary and Robert. They're  
doing a documentary on me.  
(to Robert and Hillary)  
This is Chris, the owner of this  
fine establishment.

CHRIS  
Can I get a minute with you, alone?

Frank nods. He and Chris walk over to another table.

FRANK  
How's everything?

CHRIS  
We're moving uptown and I'd like  
you there for the ribbon cutting  
ceremony in June.

FRANK  
This is the last piece of the old  
neighborhood. Going to Shake's is a  
tradition at the high school.

CHRIS  
The only tradition this place has  
now getting robbed.

Frank's eyes peer out the window. His nerves go on edge.



FRANK

I always forget how big your large sodas are. If you'll excuse me.

Chris nods.

Frank walks over to the bathroom. He goes inside.

The rear entrance is next to it.

**INT. SHAKE'S BATHROOM - NIGHT**

Frank urgently looks underneath the bathroom stalls. A thin bead of sweat comes down his brow. He walks up to a sink and turns it on. He splashes water on his face.

He rolls up his sleeves. An expensive Rolex is on his wrist.

His eyes stare into the mirror.

FRANK

Keep it together, old man.

Frank splashes some more water on his face and looks away.

The sweat stops. The life disappears from his eyes. He looks into the mirror and Frank isn't in control anymore.

**INT. SHAKE'S HOT DOG STAND - NIGHT**

Frank exits the bathroom and leaves.

Hillary plays a game on her phone.

Robert sees Frank leave. He sees Frank cross the street and walk into the liquor store.

Hillary looks up and follows Robert's eyes.

ROBERT

I thought I saw a sex worker go in there. You think Frank--

HILLARY

With a sex worker? Doubtful.

ROBERT

TMZ would pay through the roof if he did, wouldn't they?

HILLARY

It's just money.

ROBERT

I got an eight on "Worcester Sauce and Whiskey" from the Blacklist. I want you to help me make it.

HILLARY

Get an investor and do it the right way. Not like this.

ROBERT

I did. The changes they want will ruin what it could be.

(grabs her hands)

I'm sick of doing garbage stringer jobs and bumming money off my parents. This is our chance to call our shot and never worry about money or bullshit ever again.

She lets go of his hands.

HILLARY

I don't want to be a part of this.

He grabs her camera and runs off into the liquor store.

She gets out and chases after him, phone in her hand.

**EXT. ALLEY BEHIND LIQUOR STORE - NIGHT**

Frank and Cherry walk into the alleyway.

FRANK

By the dumpster.

She nods and walks over to it.

**INT. LIQUOR STORE - NIGHT**

Robert walks in and looks around. He spots the rear exit and sprints towards it. Hillary runs in and chases after him.

**EXT. ALLEY BEHIND LIQUOR STORE - NIGHT**

The back door opens slightly.

Robert sees Frank and aims the camera at him.

Frank walks up to Cherry and places his hand on her shoulder.

He grips it tightly.

Hillary walks up behind Robert.

CHERRY

Not too hard, baby. I've got a bad  
arm, you feel me?

SLICE!

Blood sprays onto the dumpster as Cherry grabs her throat.

She goes to speak but can't.

Frank steps back, carefully holding the bloody knife.

Cherry hits the ground with a thud. She rolls onto her back,  
gasping for air. Her eyes connect with Frank's.

Frank's face lights up with true happiness.

Cherry gasps and then dies.

Frank looks down and spots her purse. He grabs the pistol and  
kicks the purse down far down the alley.

Hillary drops her phone. It rattles off the ground.

Frank turns and sees Robert. He points the gun at him. His  
finger moves to the trigger when his eyes spot Hillary.

His finger moves away from the trigger.

Both are stunned.

FRANK

Back to the car, now.

They stare at him and then the body.

Frank points the gun at Robert.

Robert snaps out of it. He nods and grabs Hillary's arm. They  
all walk briskly towards the street.

After a moment the LIQUOR STORE CLERK sticks his head out and  
looks around. He spots Cherry's body and screams.

Frank's sedan starts in the distance and takes off.

#### **INT. CHURCH - NIGHT**

A large, empty Catholic Church.

Father Ted is seated in the pews.

Liz walks in and sits behind him.

FATHER TED  
(turns to her)  
Can I help you miss?

LIZ RODRIGUEZ  
I'm looking for Father Ted.

FATHER TED  
That's me, dear.

LIZ RODRIGUEZ  
Do you have a couple of minutes to  
talk about something?

FATHER TED  
Confession is on Sundays.

LIZ RODRIGUEZ  
I have several questions about  
Irene Jackson, actually.

She hands Father Ted her business card.

He looks at it for a moment and nods.

FATHER TED  
What do you want to know about  
Frank Jackson's mother?

LIZ RODRIGUEZ  
She had a long arrest history.

FATHER TED  
You shouldn't speak ill of the  
dead, my dear.

LIZ RODRIGUEZ  
You shouldn't glorify them, either.

FATHER TED  
This is a man's dearly departed  
mother you are asking about.

LIZ RODRIGUEZ  
He doesn't talk about his parents,  
ever. He refused to speak about his  
mother to one of my colleagues.

FATHER TED  
A man can have a lot of reasons not  
to discuss his parents.

LIZ RODRIGUEZ  
What about his father?

FATHER TED  
Marcus Jackson was not involved in  
his son's life.

LIZ RODRIGUEZ  
His funeral was here.

FATHER TED  
Frank gave his father one final  
dignity. I always assumed it was  
out of some obligation.

LIZ RODRIGUEZ  
His obligations are interesting.

FATHER TED  
Frank's silence is complicated.

LIZ RODRIGUEZ  
Explain it to me, then.

**INT. FRANK'S CAR - NIGHT (DRIVING)**

Frank pulls over to the side. He turns and looks at Hillary.

A cold sweat comes down her face. Her eyes are open wide, her  
mouth shaking in fear. Her camera is in her lap.

Robert feels around the roof for a moment. His eyes scour the  
car for a moment. They settle on Frank's gun.

ROBERT  
Where's the camera?

FRANK  
Excuse me?

Hillary snaps out of it.

ROBERT  
I totally should've seen it. You  
walk across the street and make  
sure we see you. You have the right  
actress on the street to stick in  
the back of my mind. The c-grade  
movie effects of her dying. It's a  
great prank, you got us.

Frank puts the gun to Robert's head.

Robert pushes the gun away and looks at it.

ROBERT (CONT'D)

The person that painted that did a good job making it look real. That is professional work, not just a couple coats of spray paint.

(to Hillary)

We used the same AirSoft gun in my short for Directing Two. Mike couldn't get the color right, so we went with all black instead.

Frank ejects a round from the gun and hands it to Robert.

It's real.

Robert gulps and drops the bullet.

FRANK

Your phones, now.

Robert hands Frank his phone.

Frank places the phone in his pocket.

Hillary reaches into her purse. It's not there. She touches her pockets and looks around.

HILLARY

I don't know where it is.

Frank puts the gun to Robert's head.

ROBERT

What the hell?

FRANK

(to Hillary)

Find that phone or else.

Hillary frantically looks around in the same places again.

ROBERT

She just dropped it.

FRANK

(to Robert)

Shut up.

(to Hillary)

You've got five seconds.

Hillary opens the glove box. A box of zip ties are in there.

HILLARY  
It's not here.

FRANK  
Five.

She searches under the seat. Nothing.

HILLARY  
I must've dropped it.

FRANK  
Four.

She searches her pockets. Nothing.

HILLARY  
It's not here, I swear.

FRANK  
Three.

She dumps the contents of her purse onto the floor. Nothing.

HILLARY  
You have to believe me.

FRANK  
Two.

She searches all over her seat. Nothing.

HILLARY  
I swear to God I don't have it.

FRANK  
One.

Robert closes his eyes.

Hillary looks Frank deep in the eyes.

HILLARY  
Please don't kill him, Frank. Kill  
me instead if you don't trust me.

Frank goes to pull the trigger but stops.

FRANK  
I believe you... for now.

Frank puts the car into gear and drives.

**INT. CHURCH - NIGHT**

Father Ted takes a deep breath.

FATHER TED

Irene was a troubled young woman.  
If Marcus had his act together back  
then it would've been better for  
Frank, but they were the wrong kind  
of people to have children.

(beat)

The Lord works in mysterious ways  
sometimes, I suppose.

LIZ RODRIGUEZ

What was she like?

FATHER TED

Irene was troubled.

LIZ RODRIGUEZ

What was Frank like back then?

FATHER TED

I am not comfortable talking about  
one of my flock.

LIZ RODRIGUEZ

I'm impressed he still comes here.

FATHER TED

Frank goes to confession every time  
he's here. He takes his faith as  
seriously now as he did then.

LIZ RODRIGUEZ

I'm surprised he has things to  
confess to you about.

FATHER TED

We all have our sins, dear.

**INT. FRANK'S CAR - NIGHT (DRIVING)**

Hillary slyly takes out the video card in her camera.

It's yellow.

She replaces it with a red video card.

Frank doesn't see her do it.



HILLARY

I don't want to die tonight.

FRANK

I want every piece of equipment you used today.

Hillary places the yellow video card into her pocket.

HILLARY

This camera cost me five thousand dollars. It's my life.

FRANK

Do you think you're in a position to negotiate, Hillary?

Hillary takes out the red video card from her camera. She places it in on the dashboard.

HILLARY

That's all the footage we shot from the time we left the studio to about ten minutes ago.

FRANK

What about the interview?

HILLARY

That's in my gear bag. I put it in the trunk before we left.

Frank grabs the video card and snaps it in half. He opens the window and tosses the pieces out.

**EXT. CHURCH - NIGHT**

Liz walks out of the church.

Greg calls her on her cell phone.

GREG WILLIAMS (V.O.)

I'm impressed.

LIZ RODRIGUEZ

You said to add some gravity and I'm about to drop a planet onto your piece, Greg.

**INT. LIZ'S OFFICE - NIGHT**

Greg looks at her whiteboard, his cell phone in his hand.

GREG WILLIAMS

I need you to cover something.

INTERCUT BETWEEN GREG AND LIZ

LIZ RODRIGUEZ

There's way more to this story than anyone has looked at.

GREG WILLIAMS

I need you at Carnival Liquors on fourth and Anderson. A hooker got her throat slit and I need three hundred words on it.

LIZ RODRIGUEZ

I'll be there in ten.

**INT. FRANK'S CAR - NIGHT (DRIVING)**

Frank sees a small gas station in the distance.

FRANK

I'm thirsty. Are either of you in need of something to drink?

They aren't.

Frank pulls into the gas station. He motions to the glove box and nods.

Hillary opens it up.

FRANK (CONT'D)

Tie yourself up.

HILLARY

We'll stay right here, Frank.

FRANK

Consider this a trust enhancement exercise, miss Hillary.

Hillary puts her hands through the steering wheel.

Frank puts the zip ties on and pulls them close. He motions to Robert.

Robert places his hands through the steering wheel.

Frank puts the zip ties on Robert and pulls them close. He exits the car and walks to the gas station.

Robert and Hillary stare at Frank.

ROBERT  
 (looks at her shoes)  
 Can you run in those?  
 (motions right)  
 We can lose him in the buildings.

They see Frank taking a selfie with the cashier.

HILLARY  
 We need to get out of this first.

ROBERT  
 With enough force we can pull the  
 steering wheel off.

HILLARY  
 And then what?

ROBERT  
 I'll figure that out later.

Robert braces himself and pulls on the steering wheel. It doesn't move. He pulls again and stops.

ROBERT (CONT'D)  
 It's going to take both of us to  
 get this off.

HILLARY  
 Why didn't he kill us back there?

ROBERT  
 Who cares? We need to get out of  
 here and find the police.

HILLARY  
 There's a bigger story here.

ROBERT  
 Bigger than Frank Jackson killing a  
 sex worker behind a liquor store?

HILLARY  
 You think the cops care about her?  
 They'll look at us, look at him and  
 go "No way he did it" while they  
 pursue other leads.

ROBERT  
 And you handed him the video of it.

Hillary motions to her pocket. His eyes follow.

HILLARY

I can swap out the video card on my camera blindfolded.

ROBERT

So let's use that and get the fuck out of here!

HILLARY

What if he's the Red Light Ripper?

He's thrown off guard.

ROBERT

Let the cops figure that out.

HILLARY

Frank killed that woman like it was something he practiced. We get him on tape, confessing his sins, and we call our shot forever.

ROBERT

Or we could wind up dead in some alley somewhere!

HILLARY

Frank would've shot us back there if he wanted us dead. He left us live for a reason.

ROBERT

This is insane.

HILLARY

Insane is the amount of money the tabloids will pay us for Frank Jackson's confessions.

ROBERT

He'll probably kill you.

HILLARY

The juice is worth the squeeze.

Robert looks outside. Frank is approaching the car.

ROBERT

We get it and we're out of here.

Hillary nods.

Robert mutters a profanity to himself.

Frank takes out his multi tool and cuts off their zip ties.

Robert and Hillary move back into their seats.

Frank starts the engine and drives off.

Robert looks into rearview mirror and then at Frank. His eyes measure the distance between them.

**EXT. ALLEY BEHIND LIQUOR STORE - NIGHT**

Yellow Police tape cordons off the scene.

A MEDICAL EXAMINER is working on Cherry's corpse.

Liz's brother, Detective BRAD RODRIGUEZ (mid 40s), surveys the scene. He takes out a pair of medical exam gloves.

Brad is tall, dark and handsome. His suit is clean, crisp and hangs onto him tightly.

His eyes spot Hillary's phone. He picks it up and looks at it. There are vintage movies on the cover.

Brad bags it.

BRAD RODRIGUEZ

I want to know who owns this phone.

MEDICAL EXAMINER

(points to corpse)

It's probably hers.

BRAD RODRIGUEZ

Run it anyways. Maybe we got lucky and the killer dropped it.

A handful of LOCALS and NIGHT CRAWLERS look on as uniformed police officers keep them behind the police tape.

LIZ RODRIGUEZ (O.S.)

Detective Brad!

Brad groans and looks over.

Liz pushes way to the front of the line.

BRAD RODRIGUEZ

(to Liz)

Give me a moment.

(to Examiner)

Anything else?

MEDICAL EXAMINER

I'll see if I can expedite the tox screen for you.

BRAD RODRIGUEZ

Tell Drake this is a priority.

Brad motions to Liz. She nods her head.

**EXT. STREET OUTSIDE LIQUOR STORE - MOMENTS LATER**

Liz and Brad walk in front and then towards somewhere more discrete. Both look in either direction.

LIZ RODRIGUEZ

What do you have for me?

BRAD RODRIGUEZ

I'll deny telling you anything if my name gets attached to it.

LIZ RODRIGUEZ

We're off the record.

BRAD RODRIGUEZ

Still no.

LIZ RODRIGUEZ

I'll call Mom.

BRAD RODRIGUEZ

The Clerk saw a woman with weird hair and an average looking man run through and to the back. They didn't come back inside, either.

LIZ RODRIGUEZ

That's it?

BRAD RODRIGUEZ

The victim must've walked in and through while he was on the john.

LIZ RODRIGUEZ

Does she have a name?

BRAD RODRIGUEZ

She didn't have ID on her. We're working on it but it'll take a bit.

LIZ RODRIGUEZ

What about the camera?

BRAD RODRIGUEZ  
They found the only liquor store in  
this area that doesn't have it.

LIZ RODRIGUEZ  
That's strange.

BRAD RODRIGUEZ  
It's a total shit show.

LIZ RODRIGUEZ  
What can you tell me on the record?

BRAD RODRIGUEZ  
The usual bullshit about how this  
is an active investigation.

LIZ RODRIGUEZ  
Call me if you get anything else.  
(beat)  
Stay safe out there.

BRAD RODRIGUEZ  
You too.

Brad walks away.

**INT. FRANK'S CAR - NIGHT (DRIVING)**

Frank is behind the wheel, staring at the road.

HILLARY  
Do you trust me, Frank?

FRANK  
So far.

HILLARY  
Would you mind if I ask you a  
couple questions?

FRANK  
I would mind.

HILLARY  
You said you wanted to tell the  
truth. Get it all on tape.

FRANK  
I don't want this on tape.

HILLARY  
We'll go to our graves with this.

FRANK  
(motions to gun)  
Be careful what you promise.

She reaches into her back pocket and takes out a green video card. She puts it in her camera.

ROBERT  
How many of those do you have?

HILLARY  
I always carry an extra one, just  
in case something happens.  
(to Frank)  
You can have it when you're done.

FRANK  
And you'll never say a word?

HILLARY  
Not a single one.

Frank turns to Robert. He nods as well.

FRANK  
I feel a little uncomfortable  
talking about this.

HILLARY  
Let's talk about the show, then.

FRANK  
What do you want to know?

HILLARY  
Jack Steel was your producer for  
the first ten years. He walked away  
and hasn't worked since. Why?

FRANK  
He stole money from my charity.

HILLARY  
How come you didn't turn him into  
the authorities?

FRANK  
My lawyers said the scandal was big  
enough to ruin the foundation.

ROBERT  
So could that hooker.



FRANK

I will be damned if I let you, her  
or that little prick ruin it all.

HILLARY

You couldn't do that now, huh?

FRANK

I did a telethon to raise money for  
the mayor's favorite charity in  
exchange for Jack walking way.

ROBERT

Now he'd go to jail and the whole  
world would know. That's a good  
thing, Frank.

FRANK

How many families lose everything  
because one little junkie couldn't  
keep from stealing?

ROBERT

It'd be more honest that way.

FRANK

So how many kids have to suffer for  
you to feel good about it?

HILLARY

Why did you kill her?

FRANK

The answer will take you to a place  
you don't want to go.

**EXT. STREET OUTSIDE LIQUOR STORE - NIGHT**

Liz walks around, looking at the stores. Her eyes wander  
until she spots a pawn shop.

A camera is on the roof, aimed towards the street.

LIZ RODRIGUEZ

Jackpot!

She sprints towards it.

**INT. FRANK'S CAR - NIGHT (DRIVING)**

Frank stares into the distance.

HILLARY  
What was the first time like?

FRANK  
Are you sure you want to know?

Hillary turns the camera off.

HILLARY  
You said yourself you've got years  
of things to get off your chest. No  
better time than right here, right  
now and no one ever finds out.

FRANK  
You wouldn't understand why I do  
the things that I've done.

HILLARY  
The only evidence out there you've  
done anything wrong is somewhere on  
forty-ninth street.

FRANK  
And what's in your camera.

HILLARY  
It's yours to do with what you want  
when this is over.

FRANK  
You could tell someone as soon as  
this is over.

Frank sees the camera is off.

HILLARY  
Maybe letting go of everything will  
be good for your soul?

Frank looks at her and nods. She turns the camera on.

FRANK  
Where do you want me to start?

HILLARY  
Was she your first?

FRANK  
The last documentary pegged it at  
around a hundred and that's light.

Hillary turns to Robert, mortified. He feels the same way.

HILLARY

Are you... *him*?

Frank takes a deep breath and looks at Hillary.

She looks back in a warm and friendly manner.

Frank relaxes.

FRANK

I hate the name.

HILLARY

How come?

FRANK

The Missouri Butcher is a great name. The Choke-and-Stroke Killer just rolls off the tongue.

HILLARY

What would you have preferred?

FRANK

Something better than that.

Frank looks around and then at Hillary. Her smile is warm.

HILLARY

How have you managed to not get caught for all these years?

FRANK

It's like preparing for a role. You learn your lines, you think of the blocking and after a while it just becomes second nature. The first time I was nervous, and sweaty. I got blood all over me. That rush after... it was like nothing I'd never felt before. Every time since then I've been trying to get that feeling again. It's like a drug.

(beat)

If you'd have just stayed in the hot dog stand none of this would've happened. The clerk wasn't there and I left nothing behind. You've ruined *everything*.

HILLARY

Did you know her?

FRANK

Yes.

HILLARY

What was her name?

FRANK

Does it really matter?

Silence.

ROBERT

What was it like?

FRANK

You don't want to know.

Silence.

HILLARY

I think I do.

FRANK

A wave comes over me like you wouldn't believe. It is better than an orgasm when you watch the light go out in someone's eyes. You don't know what happiness really is until you've seen that.

Hillary and Robert share the same face: *What the fuck?*

HILLARY

Why do you do it?

FRANK

It's just like breathing. It comes over me and then I have to do it.

HILLARY

And then what?

FRANK

Then I go home and wait until the next one walks into my path.

HILLARY

Have you thought of a final one?

FRANK

There won't be one until I'm dead.

Chills go down Hillary and Robert's neck.

She summons all the courage she has.

HILLARY

Why her?

FRANK

It's never about who they are. It's about me and nothing else.

HILLARY

Is there a way you pick or--

FRANK

It comes over me and then I see someone who isn't going to live to see another day. After that, it's just a matter of time.

HILLARY

Why sex workers?

FRANK

Killing a hooker is like hitting a stray dog with your car. Society just washes it off and moves on.

Hillary recoils.

HILLARY

They're still people.

FRANK

Barely.

HILLARY

What about compassion for your fellow man?

FRANK

What about it?

Robert looks at her with worried eyes.

HILLARY

What about getting caught?

FRANK

Two of the extras were watching the same series you were. One of them said he thought people like me are just a myth the police make up because they don't care to actually solve the crime.

(MORE)

FRANK (CONT'D)

It's a cliché but there isn't a television show about a cop trying to solve the murders of dead hookers for a reason.

(beat)

When one hand is looking one way and other hand isn't looking at all... it's easy to stay hidden.

Robert's body tenses up. He looks at Frank's gun.

It's still pointed at Hillary.

**EXT. PAWN SHOP - NIGHT**

The lights are on inside.

Liz walks up to the door and pulls on it.

It's locked.

She knocks on the door.

A PAWN SHOP OWNER walks up to it and opens it up.

PAWN SHOP OWNER

Can I help you?

LIZ RODRIGUEZ

Do those cameras work?

**INT. FRANK'S CAR - NIGHT**

The car is stopped at a red light. The engine dies.

Frank smacks the steering wheel.

FRANK

Dang spark plugs.

Robert looks at Hillary and nods. She shakes her head no.

ROBERT

Let me help you with that.

FRANK

You know engines?

Frank pops the hood of the car.

ROBERT

My dad was a mechanic.

Frank grabs Robert's phone out of storage and places it in his pocket. Both men exit the car.

**EXT. STREET BY NEARBY ALLEYWAY - NIGHT**

Frank raises the hood and puts it in place with the hood prop. He spots the spark plugs and tightens them up.

FRANK  
You see anything else?

ROBERT  
I think I see something but I need  
a light. Would you mind?

Frank hands Robert his cell phone.

Robert turns the flashlight on and aims it towards the back of the engine bay.

FRANK  
It looks fine.

ROBERT  
Take a closer look.

Frank leans in.

Robert grabs his head and slams it off the engine. He hits the hood prop out of place.

The hood lands on Frank with a thud.

ROBERT (CONT'D)  
RUN!

Robert sprints off into the darkness.

Hillary gets out the car and sprints after him.

Frank lifts the hood off him and runs after them.

**EXT. NEARBY ALLEYWAY - NIGHT**

The end of the alleyway is a twelve-foot-high fence.

Hillary and Robert sprint towards it.

Hillary trips and falls on the ground.

Robert turns to help and sees Frank sprinting towards him, gun in hand. He turns back to the fence and tries to climb.

Frank points the gun at Hillary.

FRANK

Don't move another inch, son, or she never sees you again.

Robert stops and climbs down.

Frank points the pistol at Robert.

ROBERT

I swear I won't say a word, Frank.

Hillary stares at the gun, frozen.

FRANK

You two have left me no other choice, unfortunately.

ROBERT

I was scared, OK? You can zip tie me to anything you want but just don't kill me.

HILLARY

Shoot me instead, please!

Frank looks at her and shakes his head.

FRANK

(to Hillary)

You didn't attack me.

(to Robert)

He did.

Frank pulls the hammer back on the pistol and aims it at him.

ROBERT

I swear I won't do anything if we just go back to the car. I won't say anything, I swear.

BANG!

Robert falls to the ground. A bullet hole is through his chest, blood spurting out.

Frank walks up to Robert. He carefully aims the gun at Robert's face. His eyes gaze into Robert's deeply.

BANG!

Hillary screams.



Frank points the gun at her. Blood spatter is over his face.

FRANK

I can leave two bodies here if  
you'd like.

HILLARY

I don't want to die.

FRANK

Then do as I say from now on and  
you get to go home tonight.

Hillary looks at Robert. Her hand touches her pocket and then she nods.

Frank helps her up to her feet. He points out of the alleyway and the two walk briskly out of it.

**EXT. STREET BY NEARBY ALLEYWAY - NIGHT**

Hillary and the Frank exit the alleyway.

Hillary walks to the car.

Frank has Robert's phone in his hand.

SNAP!

He throws both pieces into a storm drain.

Hillary notices it out of the corner of her eye as she gets into the car. She takes a deep breath.

**INT. CORONER'S OFFICE - NIGHT**

Julia's corpse is on an examining table. Cherry's corpse is on another. Both are mostly covered up by white sheets.

The Coroner, DAN SCHMIDT (mid 50s), stares at Cherry's neck wound. He's well over six feet tall and gangly with long thinning hair.

A bag marked "Personal effects" is on the floor.

Brad walks in with a notepad.

DAN SCHMIDT

I haven't even begun, detective.

BRAD RODRIGUEZ  
There can't be that many bodies in  
here, Drake.

Drake turns to Brad.

DAN SCHMIDT  
You'd be surprised, detective.

BRAD RODRIGUEZ  
You just made me an offer in  
fantasy. I assumed you were slow.

DAN SCHMIDT  
I can do two things at once.

Brad looks at both corpses.

BRAD RODRIGUEZ  
I'm the primary on both of these.

DAN SCHMIDT  
They didn't put that on the newer  
one's paperwork.

BRAD RODRIGUEZ  
Liz showed up and he probably half-  
assed it afterwards. The lab geeks  
never get it right unless you're  
there with them.

Brad takes out a notepad and a pen.

DAN SCHMIDT  
You ready?

BRAD RODRIGUEZ  
The floor is yours.

Drake leans up and point to both corpses.

DAN SCHMIDT  
The same guy did both of them, I  
think. Probably *him*, if I had to  
make an educated guess about it.

BRAD RODRIGUEZ  
How sure are you? Saying *him* rings  
a bell I can't undo anytime soon.

DAN SCHMIDT  
I'm pretty sure.

BRAD RODRIGUEZ

Show me why.

DAN SCHMIDT

(points to neck wounds on  
both bodies)

Same angle and probably the same  
knife. This is clean work, too.

(focuses on Julia's body)

Stabbing someone is usually a crime  
of passion. This is clinical.

(points to neck)

Right through the throat in one  
clean motion. No hesitation.

(points to collar bone)

Bruising in the shape of a rough  
grip from behind. It happened  
before she died, too, like two  
dozen other bodies this office has  
processed in the last decade alone.

(looks at Brad)

It fits the pattern.

BRAD RODRIGUEZ

Just don't write that name on it  
until I tell you to, OK?

Drake nods.

**INT. PAWN SHOP - NIGHT**

The remnants of broken dreams and empty promises are all over  
the walls.

The Pawn Shop Owner has a small monitor on a desk.

Liz's eyes are glued to it.

PAWN SHOP OWNER

That's as good as it gets.

The Owner presses play. The monitor shows the rear of Frank's  
car, half of it cut off due to the angle.

The back of Robert's head is visible.

LIZ RODRIGUEZ

Is there a better angle?

PAWN SHOP OWNER

This is the only camera I have.

Liz writes down the partial license plate number.

LIZ RODRIGUEZ  
Don't touch that footage, OK?

Liz walks out.

**EXT. PAWN SHOP - CONTINUOUS**

Liz walks out and calls Brad.

BRAD RODRIGUEZ (V.O.)  
I don't have anything.

**INT. POLICE BULLPEN - NIGHT**

Brad sits at his desk, filling out a report on Cherry's murder on his laptop. It's mostly filled out.

A handful of boxes marked 'Red Light Ripper' are behind him.

LIZ RODRIGUEZ (V.O.)  
I need you to run a plate for me.

INTERCUT BETWEEN BRAD AND LIZ

BRAD RODRIGUEZ  
I'm not your personal DMV. It's also illegal to do unless it's for police business, Liz.

LIZ RODRIGUEZ  
The pawn shop three doors down from the liquor store had a camera. It caught a car that was there. Guess who got inside?

BRAD RODRIGUEZ  
A girl with weird colored hair and an average looking guy?

LIZ RODRIGUEZ  
The guy. It's not his face but I have a partial.

BRAD RODRIGUEZ  
I'll have some uniforms go back there and get it.

LIZ RODRIGUEZ  
Can I get first dibs when you give them a perp walk?

BRAD RODRIGUEZ

Did you get a good look at the driver? That'd be helpful.

Brad pulls up a license plate database.

LIZ RODRIGUEZ

It was a sedan. The footage was black and white, so I don't know the color. Make was domestic.

BRAD RODRIGUEZ

Anything more?

LIZ RODRIGUEZ

It looked like the car Dad taught us to drive on. The plate began with X, four, J, eight.

Brad types it in. He presses search.

LIZ RODRIGUEZ (CONT'D)

I'll stop by in twenty.

**INT. FRANK'S CAR - NIGHT (DRIVING)**

Frank pulls up to a red light.

FRANK

Are you OK?

Frank looks into the mirror. His eyes notice the blood. He wipes his face off with his shirt.

The light turns green and he drives on.

Hillary's eyes look all over and settle on the fuel gauge.

The car is running low on gas.

Her eyes look into the back seat. She spots Robert's equipment. A resolve comes over her.

Hillary picks up the camera and points it at him.

HILLARY

Are you religious, Frank?

FRANK

I grew up Catholic.

HILLARY

Do you still go to church?

FRANK

I've been going to the same church  
since I was a kid.

Hillary looks and sees Frank's gun. He grips it loosely.

HILLARY

That's surprising.

FRANK

It was that or the gangs and my mom  
didn't want that life for me.

HILLARY

Did the priests.... you know.

FRANK

God no! They were good, honorable  
men of the cloth.

HILLARY

Do you believe?

FRANK

It's complicated.

HILLARY

How do you rectify what you've done  
with your faith?

FRANK

I've done enough good things to  
balance the scales.

HILLARY

So you think everything you've done  
absolves you of your sins?

Her eyes measure the distance between the gun and her.

He looks off into the distance contemplatively.

**INT. POLICE BULLPEN - NIGHT**

A sheet of paper with a handful of VIN numbers is on Brad's  
desk. He's filling out a report.

Liz walks up to Brad's desk. She's carrying a tray with two  
cups of premium coffee and a pastry. She sits down.

Brad looks up and smiles. He grabs a cup and the pastry.

BRAD RODRIGUEZ  
You're the reason I'm never going  
to become Sergeant.

A DETECTIVE gives Liz a dirty look. She notices.

LIZ RODRIGUEZ  
I don't pick my stories.

Brad hands her a sheet of paper with license plate numbers,  
makes and models of a dozen cars.

BRAD RODRIGUEZ  
A dozen geriatrics, including Fun  
Time Frank, all match it.

Liz looks at the sheet.

LIZ RODRIGUEZ  
Frank Jackson?

BRAD RODRIGUEZ  
It hasn't been reported stolen.

LIZ RODRIGUEZ  
You need to question him.

BRAD RODRIGUEZ  
I'll send a patrol car over, but he  
is Fun Time fucking Frank.

LIZ RODRIGUEZ  
Just because he's famous doesn't  
mean you treat him differently.

BRAD RODRIGUEZ  
I wish that was the case.

Liz pulls up her notebook.

LIZ RODRIGUEZ  
You were the primary on Bishop  
Joker Juice a while back.

Brad recognizes the name. He tries to hide it.

Liz notices.

BRAD RODRIGUEZ  
Doesn't ring a bell.

LIZ RODRIGUEZ  
I'll give you my friend Amber's  
phone number. She said you were  
cute on Facebook.

BRAD RODRIGUEZ  
It's in my storage locker. Give me  
a couple of minutes to find it.

Brad leaves.

**INT. FRANK'S CAR - NIGHT (DRIVING)**

Hillary's eyes measure the distance between her hand and the  
gun. She takes a deep breath and looks around.

HILLARY  
I'd like to think God doesn't look  
at your life as quality versus  
quantity when it comes down to it.

FRANK  
He should.

HILLARY  
So a child molester should be  
allowed into the same Heaven as his  
victims if he just asks for some  
redemption at the end?

FRANK  
If he's truthful and honest he  
should get it, right?

Her hands clench the camera tight.

HILLARY  
So technically Saint Peter should  
let you in because you did a bunch  
of good deeds through the years?

FRANK  
I'll ask for forgiveness before I  
die, certainly.

HILLARY  
That doesn't sound right. Or fair.

Her eyes measure the distance between the camera and his  
face.



FRANK

If it's true that we're made in his image then it's technically not my fault for everything I've done.

HILLARY

Please don't justify murder with divine providence, Frank. You're better than that.

FRANK

Do you think I like doing this?

Her eyes focus on the gun again. She takes a deep breath.

HILLARY

It doesn't look like you hate it.

FRANK

If I could, I would.

HILLARY

Have you tried?

FRANK

Several times.

HILLARY

And what happened?

She moves the camera, her leg moving with it.

The strap of the camera underneath her foot.

FRANK

As soon as they see my face they don't think of me as a patient but as a celebrity.

Hillary looks and sees Frank's hands grip the gun tightly.

HILLARY

Plenty of famous people get help.

FRANK

I spent a lifetime trying to keep this hidden for some curious secretary to ruin it all.

An alarm goes off on Hillary's watch.

HILLARY

Crap.

FRANK

Do you need to take a pill or something, Hillary?

HILLARY

I visit my mother every night and that's a reminder to pick her up some coffee.

FRANK

That's not good for someone who's diagnosed with cancer.

HILLARY

It helps her eat and it's better than soda.

FRANK

I think we should go visit her.

HILLARY

You aren't visiting my mother.

FRANK

That's not your decision.

He motions to the gun. She groans.

HILLARY

Where's the nearest Starbucks?

**INT. POLICE BULLPEN - NIGHT**

Liz taps her feet anxiously.

Brad walks up with large box. He places it on his desk and opens it up. He pulls out an older file marked "Bishop JJ."

BRAD RODRIGUEZ

This was my first case after I made detective.

LIZ RODRIGUEZ

No one was ever charged.

Brad hands her the file. She opens it up.

BRAD RODRIGUEZ

The bishop didn't garner much in the form of good will.

Liz looks at the crime scene photos.

LIZ RODRIGUEZ  
He didn't die well.

BRAD RODRIGUEZ  
That's putting it mildly.

Liz looks around and spots the boxes.

They look at each other. She nods knowingly.

LIZ RODRIGUEZ  
I'm doing a big piece on him.

BRAD RODRIGUEZ  
I'd love to be the guy that slaps  
the bracelets on him.

LIZ RODRIGUEZ  
Why can't you catch him?

BRAD RODRIGUEZ  
When he picks the wrong target,  
then maybe we'll have a shot.

She looks at him oddly.

BRAD RODRIGUEZ (CONT'D)  
Well... A housewife has a husband  
wanting justice. A sex worker  
usually doesn't.

**INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - NIGHT**

Amanda is asleep.

Hillary and Frank walk in.

Frank looks at her for a long moment.

FRANK  
Is she doing alright?

HILLARY  
Why would you care?

Hillary places the coffee on her table.

FRANK  
I'm still a human being, after all.

HILLARY  
Barely.

Hillary eyes the door.

FRANK  
We can leave, if you'd like.

HILLARY  
I'd love it.

Amanda wakes up.

AMANDA DRAKE  
Hey honey.

HILLARY  
Hey mom.

Amanda looks over and sees Frank. Her eyes open wide.

AMANDA DRAKE  
I must be getting chemo fever.

FRANK  
It's not chemo fever, ma'am.

He sits down next to her and grabs her hand.

Amanda's eyes light up as she squeezes it.

AMANDA DRAKE  
I can't believe Frank Jackson took  
time to visit me here.

Hillary looks away, mortified.

FRANK  
Your daughter is following me  
around for the show. She mentioned  
you were a big fan.

AMANDA DRAKE  
Me? She's been your number one fan  
since she was a child.

FRANK  
I remember we talked about her back  
then. You were very concerned.

AMANDA DRAKE  
I doubt that.

FRANK

Hillary doubts me but I remember.  
She was very sick and we prayed for  
her. I told her it was in his hands  
and that he'd take care of her.

Tears come down Amanda's face.

AMANDA DRAKE

I don't know why but that helped.

FRANK

She didn't want to say anything  
about it, either.

HILLARY

I was just trying to be a  
professional about this.

AMANDA DRAKE

(squeeze Frank's hand  
hard)

You were a lifesaver back then. I  
don't know what I did to deserve it  
but you were a godsend, especially  
after Harold passed on.

Hillary looks at the door.

FRANK

I'm glad I could help.

Frank's eyes follow Hillary's.

**INT. POLICE BULLPEN - NIGHT**

Brad pulls out a dusty notepad and looks inside it.

BRAD RODRIGUEZ

My notes are pretty light.

His eyes focus on them. Several pages have been ripped out.

She doesn't notice.

LIZ RODRIGUEZ

Did you get any suspects?

Brad closes his notepad.

She looks at him and nods.

BRAD RODRIGUEZ  
This is off the record.  
(looks around)  
We got a partial from one of his  
girls. It wound up going nowhere.

LIZ RODRIGUEZ  
Do you have her name?

BRAD RODRIGUEZ  
The Ripper got her.

Brad looks around. No one is looking at them.

LIZ RODRIGUEZ  
How about the partial?

She looks him in the eyes. He nods.

BRAD RODRIGUEZ  
I can't. It's technically an active  
investigation, still.

He opens his notepad to a page.

LIZ RODRIGUEZ  
Please?

BRAD RODRIGUEZ  
You know I can't.

His fingers slowly point to the letters FQZ written on it.

LIZ RODRIGUEZ  
This could be a big news story.

She sees the letters.

He closes the notepad.

BRAD RODRIGUEZ  
I hope you understand.

Liz nods.

LIZ RODRIGUEZ  
(hushed)  
Thanks.

Liz exits.

**EXT. POLICE STATION - MOMENTS LATER**

Liz walks over to her car. She pops the trunk open and takes out her notes. Her hands pull out the sheets of paper Brad gave her. Her eyes scan them.

Liz focuses on the plate numbers.

X4J8 FQZ

FQZ

LIZ RODRIGUEZ  
Mother fucker.

She rushes into her car and starts the engine.

**INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - NIGHT**

Amanda's smile could light up a room.

Hillary looks at the door. She takes a step away from Frank.

Her eyes measure the distance to it.

AMANDA DRAKE  
Hillary is such a big fan of yours.  
This has to be her childhood dream  
come true.

FRANK  
Absolutely.

HILLARY  
I'm thrilled.

Hillary backs up a step towards the door.

FRANK  
It was lovely meeting you Miss  
Drake. Your daughter has said many  
wonderful things about you.

AMANDA DRAKE  
That doesn't sound like her.

FRANK  
Want to know a secret? She didn't  
want to stop by tonight on a part  
of working with me.

AMANDA DRAKE  
She hates hospitals.

FRANK

You want to know what I told her?

(beat)

When you're sick in the hospital,  
the one thing that keeps you going  
is having people visit. Bad things  
only happen when you're alone.

Hillary and Frank look at one another for a long moment. She takes a step closer to him.

HILLARY

Right.

**EXT. STREET OUTSIDE FRANK'S HOME - NIGHT**

A sedan parks.

Liz exits the car and walks toward a small ranch home.

Greg calls her.

LIZ RODRIGUEZ

Hey boss.

GREG WILLIAMS (V.O.)

Why don't I have a story about a  
dead hooker behind a liquor store  
on my desk?

A NEIGHBOR notices her.

LIZ RODRIGUEZ

I'm following a lead on another  
story. It'll be on your desk soon.

**EXT. FRANK'S HOME - CONTINUOUS**

Liz walks up to the front door and knocks.

Nothing.

She looks around. Her eyes spot a rock that doesn't quite match up. Her hands pick it up.

GREG WILLIAMS (V.O.)

I needed this on my desk an hour  
ago, Liz.

LIZ RODRIGUEZ

This could win me a Pulitzer.



Her fingers touch a false bottom. She opens it up, revealing a house key.

GREG WILLIAMS (V.O.)  
What are you doing?

Liz unlocks the door and walks inside.

LIZ RODRIGUEZ  
Following a lead.

She shuts the door behind her quietly.

Frank's car parks down the street.

**INT. FRANK'S CAR - NIGHT**

Frank stares at his house. A cell phone light is barely visible through the windows.

FRANK  
You know what happens if you don't stay here, right?

Hillary nods.

Frank exits the car.

Hillary watches him walk towards his house. She aims her camera at him as he walks inside. Her eyes wander around.

The streets are empty.

Hillary's hand reaches for the door handle.

FRANK (V.O.)  
Bad things only happen when you're alone.

Hillary stops. Her hands take out the video card from her camera. She places it in her pocket.

**INT. FRANK'S LIVING ROOM - NIGHT**

Liz looks around, using her cell phone as a flashlight.

LIZ RODRIGUEZ  
If I find something, I'll call Brad, and he can come out here.

GREG WILLIAMS (V.O.)  
 You're a journalist. You can't  
 break the law!

She hangs up and wanders into the kitchen.

**INT. FRANK'S KITCHEN - NIGHT**

Liz walks in and looks around. Her eyes spot a pantry door.

The front door opens. She doesn't hear it.

She walks into the pantry door.

**INT. FRANK'S TROPHY ROOM - CONTINUOUS**

An ornate box is in a corner. A small bottle of rubbing alcohol and a box of rags are next to it.

Newspaper clippings of dozens of stories of murdered women are taped to the walls. One highlighting Julia's death is newly tacked to the wall.

"Red Light Ripper" is highlighted on many of them.

The door opens, revealing Liz. She walks in and looks around.

Her eyes spot the box. Her hands open it.

Liz sees a number of ornate knives. Her eyes look up and see the articles.

LIZ RODRIGUEZ  
 (hushed)  
 Holy shit.

She takes her phone out and takes a handful of pictures.

FRANK  
 There's no need to stay quiet.

She turns and sees Frank.

LIZ RODRIGUEZ  
 You're... you're *him*.

FRANK  
 This all will be over soon.

LIZ RODRIGUEZ  
 You're not even going to deny it?

FRANK

You broke into my house. I was just defending myself.

LIZ RODRIGUEZ

What will happen when they find this room?

FRANK

I'll deal with that later.

Frank takes his multi tool out. He pulls the blade out.

Liz spots a speck of blood on it. She gulps.

**INT. FRANK'S CAR - NIGHT**

A scream is barely heard.

Hillary is mortified. She looks around. One of the houses near her has a light on. One hand grabs the purse, the other moves to the door handle.

The purse opens up, revealing a photo of Hillary and Amanda.

Her eyes focus on it.

Frank exits the house and walks towards the car.

She freezes up. A deep breath later and her hand moves to the door handle. Her body tenses up.

The glint of the gun handle catches her eye. She stops. Her hand instinctively goes on top of the video card.

Frank gets into the car. He starts it and drives off.

**INT. BRAD'S CAR - NIGHT (DRIVING)**

Brad drives. His face is covered in exhaustion.

RADIO OPERATOR (V.O.)

Car forty-two, over.

BRAD RODRIGUEZ

This is car forty-two.

RADIO OPERATOR (V.O.)

Please be advised of a possible one eight seven, over.

BRAD RODRIGUEZ  
Sergeant Reynolds is up next.

RADIO OPERATOR (V.O.)  
It's a code four thirteen, over.

BRAD RODRIGUEZ  
Who's that important?

RADIO OPERATOR (V.O.)  
Frank Jackson, over.

BRAD RODRIGUEZ  
En route.

Brad places a police light on her car and guns it.

**EXT. FRANK'S HOME - NIGHT**

Uniformed Police Officers man yellow police tape.

MEDIA and NEIGHBORS are behind it, looking at the scene.

An Ambulance is parked in the driveway.

SERGEANT REYNOLDS (mid 50s) watches the crowd from the porch.

He's tall, very overweight and has an epic mustache.

Brad fights his way through the crowd and to the other side.

The Officers let him through.

Sergeant Reynolds walks down to him.

BRAD RODRIGUEZ  
What's going on?

A PARAMEDIC on either side of a stretcher wheels Liz out. She has been beaten badly and bleeding profusely.

They push past Reynolds and Brad and towards the ambulance.

Brad goes after them but is restrained by Reynolds.

SERGEANT REYNOLDS  
Follow them to the hospital.

BRAD RODRIGUEZ  
Where is he?

SERGEANT REYNOLDS  
You can't work this case, Brad.

BRAD RODRIGUEZ  
Who said anything about working it?

SERGEANT REYNOLDS  
Do I need to ask for your badge and  
gun, detective?

Brad shakes his head no.

BRAD RODRIGUEZ  
She was working on something that  
involved him. That has to be why  
she was here.

SERGEANT REYNOLDS  
We'll call her boss and figure out  
why she was here.

BRAD RODRIGUEZ  
Let me go in and search the place.

SERGEANT REYNOLDS  
You can't be involved in this.

BRAD RODRIGUEZ  
I need to do something.

SERGEANT REYNOLDS  
We'll be doing this by the book,  
detective. That means you can't be  
anywhere near this.

Brad turns around and walks to his car.

**EXT. GAS STATION - NIGHT**

Frank's sedan is parked in front of a gas pump.

Frank is next to the pump as it fills his car.

Hillary looks into the distance. Her eyes spot a handful of  
places she could run to. Her hand touches her pocket. The  
video card is secure.

She looks over and sees Frank.

One of his hands is near his gun.

FRANK  
I said the same thing to every  
parent, in case you're wondering.

HILLARY

I assumed so.

FRANK

When your kid is sick, and you can't make them better, you need to hear that it's going to be OK.

HILLARY

I gathered.

Silence.

FRANK

Something on your mind?

HILLARY

How come you haven't killed me?

Frank looks into the distance.

FRANK

You ask good questions.

HILLARY

That can't be it.

FRANK

You remind me of my daughter.

HILLARY

Do I look like her?

FRANK

I see you and I see the woman she could've been. Sadie would've been twenty-six next month.

(beat)

I wish it'd have been me, not her.

HILLARY

What was she like?

FRANK

Sadie was into art in a way kids aren't supposed to be. She was ten when it happened. There's nothing worse in this world than burying your child.

HILLARY

How did you handle it?

FRANK

I found a pimp who had young girls and beat him to death. I told them that if I ever saw any of them on the streets again that I'd kill them, too.

HILLARY

Did they catch you?

FRANK

A young detective pulled me over that night. I had blood all over me and all he did was ask me for an autograph for his kid. I think he knew... but he didn't want to know.

HILLARY

How come you didn't just do that?

FRANK

I can't control my urges like that.

HILLARY

It would be better than taking out the innocent.

FRANK

None of them were ever innocent.

CLICK!

The car finishes fueling.

Frank puts the pump back.

FRANK (CONT'D)

Let's get something to drink.

Metal core plays in the distance.

HILLARY

I'm not thirsty.

He motions to his pistol.

She nods.

FRANK

Stay within ten feet of me.

Both of them walk inside.

The Metal core gets louder as an old, rusty van pulls up.

A pair of ex-con losers with ten teeth between them, VANCE and NATE (both mid 30s), exit the van.

They have clown masks and pistols in their hands.

**INT. GAS STATION - NIGHT**

The only camera in the store is behind the counter, watching a GAS STATION CLERK (mid 40s, clerk) at work.

Frank looks at the soda section of a cooler.

Hillary is behind him, looking around. She spots a bottle of motor oil near her. Her hands grab it and hold it behind her.

HILLARY

(hushed)

If you let me go right now you'll never see or hear from me again.

Frank turns to her.

FRANK

(hushed)

Excuse me?

HILLARY

(hushed)

I can leave through the back door and no one will ever see me again.

The Gas Station Clerk looks up. His eyes focus on them.

FRANK

(hushed)

You'll know who I am.

HILLARY

(hushed)

All the evidence is in your car.

Hillary unscrews the cap of the motor oil bottle.

FRANK

(hushed)

You'll always be in the wind.

HILLARY

(hushed)

You can drive to the airport right now and by tomorrow you can be in Belize. They speak English there and extradition is a nightmare.



FRANK

(hushed)

How do I know you wouldn't say a word ten minutes after you leave?

She grips the cap tightly.

HILLARY

(hushed)

You haven't killed me. That means something, right?

FRANK

(hushed)

I could just be waiting to kill you once we're done here.

HILLARY

(hushed)

You could be on the beach, tomorrow, if you wanted to be.

The Gas Station Clerk's hands touch a shotgun underneath the counter.

FRANK

(hushed)

If they found out they'd move heaven and Earth to get me, even in Belize. What I've done is something no country will overlook.

HILLARY

(hushed)

If you said you had cancer and went there for experimental treatment no one would question it.

Hillary grips the bottle tight.

FRANK

(hushed)

You'd know the truth.

Hillary tenses up.

HILLARY

(hushed)

The only people who'd believe me can't do anything but talk about it. You'd have all the proof and I'd just have my word. You're Frank fucking Jackson, right?

Frank looks at her. He believes her.

NATE (O.S.)  
(shouting)  
This is a fucking robbery!

Nate and Vance burst into the gas station armed with pistols.

The Gas Station Clerk presses a button activating the silent alarm underneath the counter.

Frank and Hillary freeze in their tracks.

NATE (CONT'D)  
(points gun at the Gas  
Station Clerk)  
Put your hands up!

The Gas Station Clerk puts his hands up.

Vance looks around. He spots Hillary and Frank.

VANCE  
Don't fucking move.

Vance points his gun at Hillary.

Hillary drops the can. It hits the ground with a thud, motor oil spilling out over the floor.

Frank looks over and sees it.

FRANK  
Just let you go, huh?

VANCE  
Quiet!

Frank and Hillary raise their hands.

Vance turns to the counter.

NATE  
Empty the register and the safe.

GAS STATION CLERK  
I don't have access to the safe.

Nate pulls the hammer of his pistol back.

NATE  
How about now?

FRANK  
You don't need to do this, guys.

Nate looks back and spots Frank.

NATE  
No fucking way!

VANCE  
He's an old guy, so what?

Frank smiles. His hand slowly moves back to his pistol.

NATE  
You don't recognize him?  
(singing)  
Welcome to the Fun Time Frank hour!

FRANK  
(singing)  
I hope you like it.

NATE  
(singing)  
I hope you do!

Hillary's eyes are wide, pure terror in them.

NATE (CONT'D)  
I'd tell my kid, but you know.

FRANK  
We all do bad things, young man.  
You can walk away from this and no  
one will know it.

NATE  
Once we get the money we'll be on  
our way, Mister Jackson.  
(turns to gas station  
clerk)  
Move it.

The Gas Station Clerk presses a button on the register and  
the drawer opens.

He quickly places the cash on the counter.

Both robbers relax, pointing their guns at the floor.

Hillary shoves Frank to the floor and runs to the front door.

Her foot catches on the oil, and she crashes into a display  
stand with a thud.

The Gas Station Clerk grabs a shotgun and pulls it up.

BOOM!

Nate takes it in the chest, bleeding out on the floor.

BANG!

Vance puts a round in the Gas Station Clerk's head.

BANG!

Frank puts a round in Vance's head.

Hillary gets up and sloppily runs out of the gas station.

**EXT. GAS STATION - CONTINUOUS**

Hillary runs towards the car.

Frank sprints out of the gas station after her.

She looks back and sees him getting close.

Frank tackles her to the ground and quickly pins her down. He places the gun to her head. She stops moving.

FRANK  
Move and you die.

She looks at him and nods.

Frank stands up and walks over to the trunk. He opens it up.

Hillary gets in.

Frank slams the trunk shut.

Police sirens wail in the distance.

Frank sprints into the car and starts it up.

The car roars to life and bulldozes straight out of the parking lot.

**INT. BRAD'S CAR - NIGHT (DRIVING)**

Brad stares into the distance as he pulls up to a red light.

He's numb, his face processing everything.

PATROLMAN (V.O.)  
Radio, please confirm plate on that  
last APB, over.

RADIO OPERATOR (V.O.)  
X, four, J, eight, F, Q, Z. Over.

Brad's ears perk up.

PATROLMAN (V.O.)  
I think I just saw him go left on  
Clay and Ninth.

RADIO OPERATOR (V.O.)  
Can you confirm?

PATROLMAN (V.O.)  
It looks like he's heading to the  
Docks. If anyone's nearby, they can  
probably confirm.

Brad takes out a police light and places it on the roof. He  
grabs the radio with a tight grip.

BRAD RODRIGUEZ  
Radio, this is car forty-two.  
Heading that way, over.

**INT. TRUNK - NIGHT (DRIVING)**

Hillary feels around. Her hand grabs something hard. She  
pulls it close.

It's a tire iron.

**EXT. THE DOCKS - NIGHT**

Frank's car pulls up and parks.

Frank gets out of the car, his gun in his lower back. He  
walks over to the trunk and opens it up.

He looks down. His mucus is mostly blood.

Frank walks over to the trunk and opens it up.

WHACK!

Hillary cracks Frank in the face with a tire iron.

Frank hits the ground hard. He spits out blood and teeth.

Hillary sprints off into the darkness.

Frank gets up and sprints after her.

**INT. BRAD'S CAR - NIGHT (DRIVING)**

Brad spots Frank's car and pulls up nearby

**EXT. THE DOCKS - NIGHT**

Brad gets out of the car and looks around. She spots a trail of blood leading into the distance.

Her hands reach into her car and grab the radio.

BRAD RODRIGUEZ  
Radio, this is car forty-two.  
Pursuing suspect at the Docks.

**EXT. BACK OF WAREHOUSE - NIGHT**

Hillary runs around, sheer terror on her face.

Footsteps come after her in the distance.

Her eyes look around. She sees trash all over the ground and a burned out dumpster near a wall.

Hillary sprints behind the dumpster. She puts her hand over her mouth.

Frank walks in front of the dumpster. He looks around.

FRANK  
No one is going to save you, dear.

He looks around angrily.

Her eyes are filled with fear and panic.

BANG!

She yelps.

Frank smiles. Smoke comes off the barrel of the gun.

Footsteps approach in the distance.

FRANK (CONT'D)  
You can't hide forever.

Frank looks around and aims the gun at the building.

BANG!

YELP!

Hillary looks around. She reaches into her pocket. Nothing.

Frank's eyes focus on the dumpster. He takes a deep breath and focuses on it.

BANG!

Hillary yells in terror. She looks up and sees a fresh bullet hole several feet from her head.

FRANK (CONT'D)  
Please don't make this difficult.

He stares at the dumpster.

Hillary is frozen in fear.

BANG!

The bullet is closer to her.

FRANK (CONT'D)  
I was hoping you'd want some  
dignity when your life ended.

HILLARY  
You don't have to do this.

FRANK  
What do you expect me to do?

HILLARY  
Let me go and turn yourself in.

Frank laughs.

HILLARY (CONT'D)  
You said you trusted me.

FRANK  
I was going to and you decided to  
attack me. Twice.

HILLARY  
What about your immortal soul?

FRANK

I don't see God letting me into the same Heaven as you, Hillary.

HILLARY

What about Saint Peter? What about the sum of your life's work being greater than your sins?

FRANK

Years from now, after I die in peace on a beach in Belize, I'll see what he thinks myself.

HILLARY

They'll figure out the truth.

FRANK

Maybe they will. Maybe they won't.

BRAD RODRIGUEZ (O.S.)

Freeze!

Frank turns and sees Brad. Their eyes connect.

BANG! BANG! BANG!

Hillary screams. Two bodies hit the ground.

Police sirens wail in the background.

Hillary gets out from behind the dumpster and sees Brad on the ground, multiple gunshots in him. Her eyes dart around.

Frank is down across from Brad. A bullet hole is in his chest. He reaches for his gun but can't get it.

Hillary's hand touches her pocket. She feels the video card.

POLICE OFFICER (O.S.)

Freeze!

Hillary looks over and a handful of POLICE OFFICERS sprint over to her. She raises her hands and closes her eyes.

A Police Officer place handcuffs on her and take her away.

EMT PERSONNEL emerge from the darkness.

**INT. PODCAST STUDIO - DAY**

Super: One year later



Everything about the studio is professional.

Hillary sits across from podcast host EZEKIEL MORRIS (mid 30s). He has a bushy beard.

Hillary's hair is blonde now.

An ENGINEER watches them from a booth.

Ezekiel motions to the Engineer.

FRANK (V.O.)

When one hand is looking one way  
and other hand isn't looking at  
all... it's easy to stay hidden.

EZEKIEL MORRIS

That gives me the chills.

HILLARY

You and me both.

EZEKIEL MORRIS

Welcome back to today's installment  
of "The Killer Inside Him." I'm  
your host, Ezekiel Morris we're  
continuing our five part series on  
the "Red Light Ripper." Joining me  
today is the woman who documented  
Frank Jackson's crimes, filmmaker  
Hillary Drake. Thanks for coming on  
the show, Hillary.

HILLARY

Thanks for having me, Ezekiel.

EZEKIEL MORRIS

I watched the unedited video you  
posted online. I didn't sleep for a  
couple nights because of it.

HILLARY

I haven't slept without Xanax ever  
since this happened. I'd complain  
but it's cheaper than Vodka.

EZEKIEL MORRIS

That's not good.

HILLARY

It's a bad joke.

EZEKIEL MORRIS

What was it like to have your  
childhood hero exposed like that?

HILLARY

I used to laugh whenever some incel  
screamed about how some change to a  
movie ruined their childhood.

EZEKIEL MORRIS

The one thing I'm curious about is  
that you went straight to the  
internet with this.

HILLARY

I tried the traditional route. They  
wanted to make some changes to it  
so that the conspiracy crowd would  
be pacified by it.

EZEKIEL MORRIS

That sort of sounds like you'd be  
neutering it.

HILLARY

More than sounds like.

EZEKIEL MORRIS

I thought the footage would speak  
for itself.

HILLARY

I put up the unedited footage,  
instead of the documentary I turned  
it into, just so people could see  
everything that happened.

EZEKIEL MORRIS

There's a growing amount of people  
who call themselves the "Real  
Frank's Fam" online who claim this  
is all a conspiracy to frame an  
innocent man.

HILLARY

If he's so innocent why did he flee  
the country?

EZEKIEL MORRIS

They claim the footage was doctored  
and that you framed him.

HILLARY

So the hooker he killed was what?

EZEKIEL MORRIS

They claim you and Robert Majors killed her. There's a whole "second stabber" theory about it, too.

HILLARY

That's nuts.

EZEKIEL MORRIS

I wish it was a joke.

HILLARY

The video shows him clearly doing it. I had the footage verified by an independent lab from the card it was recorded on.

EZEKIEL MORRIS

I'm always amazed people could hear Liz Rodriguez's testimony and think she was lying.

HILLARY

She broke into his house so everything the police found on him was ruled inadmissible, too.

EZEKIEL MORRIS

I still don't understand that.

HILLARY

I didn't until I went online. A YouTube lawyer said that sometimes judges make the worst possible decisions and that's the only way I can think of why he did it.

EZEKIEL MORRIS

Do you think that's why the jury found him not guilty?

HILLARY

That was always my guess but I wasn't in that courtroom, either.

EZEKIEL MORRIS

I watched the trial and it seemed pretty cut and dry.

HILLARY

The jury must've not listened to the part where Frank talks about killing people.

EZEKIEL MORRIS

He said on Twitter that you guys were making a guerrilla style feature about what it would be like to be a serial killer.

HILLARY

Are we sure it's his account?

EZEKIEL MORRIS

His lawyers would neither confirm nor deny it.

HILLARY

I tend to think that means it probably is him.

EZEKIEL MORRIS

There was a stunning photo of you on the cover of the times after Frank was acquitted.

HILLARY

The foreman was a conspiracy nut. At least one of the other jurors is under financial investigation, too.

EZEKIEL MORRIS

I was expecting it be a hung jury with one guy but not guilty just stunned me.

HILLARY

That's what you get from twelve people who couldn't get out of jury duty, I suppose.

EZEKIEL MORRIS

I notice you don't have any social media accounts anymore.

HILLARY

It just got too much to handle. I'm happier off that way.

EZEKIEL MORRIS

If you could say anything to Frank Jackson right now, what would it be?

HILLARY

I'd tell him to turn himself in and confess his sins.

EZEKIEL MORRIS  
Where do you think he is?

HILLARY  
I don't know. I wish I did.

EZEKIEL MORRIS  
He's spotted a lot on Twitter.

HILLARY  
But it's never him, right?

Ezekiel looks over to his Engineer and nods.

EZEKIEL MORRIS  
We'll continue this conversation in a moment. But first a word from this week's sponsor Rouge Exercise Equipment out of Des Moines, Iowa.

Ezekiel waves to the Engineer. The "On Air" sign turns off.

HILLARY  
Can I get a glass of water?

The Engineer walks in with two bottles of water.

EZEKIEL MORRIS  
Have you spoken to Robert's family since this all happened?

HILLARY  
His family asked me not to attend his funeral. That hurt.

EZEKIEL MORRIS  
I've got some questions about him when you're ready.

HILLARY  
I'd rather not.

Ezekiel nods.

**INT. HILLARY'S APARTMENT - DAY**

The Fun Time with Frank poster has been replaced by one of an obscure foreign film.

Hillary walks in.

AMANDA DRAKE (O.S.)  
You have nothing to eat in here!

Amanda emerges from the kitchen with an apron on. She looks healthy.

HILLARY

I've been working a lot, sorry.

AMANDA DRAKE

I'm not leaving until we have a proper meal. We need to celebrate!

HILLARY

What happened?

AMANDA DRAKE

I was getting ready and this lawyer shows up at the house.

HILLARY

Tell me you didn't sign anything.

AMANDA DRAKE

He represented your father's cousin David, from Canada. Apparently he passed and left a significant sum of money to your father.

HILLARY

Dad's been gone a long time.

AMANDA DRAKE

Apparently we get the money because we're his next of kin.

HILLARY

Since when did Dad have family in Canada? He's from Pittsburgh.

AMANDA DRAKE

His mother had a sister your father never told me about.

HILLARY

Grandma was an only child.

AMANDA DRAKE

The check was just too big to question it. Someone wanted to do something good for us and I could not say no.

HILLARY

How much did you get?

AMANDA DRAKE

Enough to pay off the house, my  
medical bills and most of your  
student loans.

HILLARY

Holy shit.

AMANDA DRAKE

I got some pasta so we could  
celebrate this!

HILLARY

Did you cash the check?

AMANDA DRAKE

Of course, I did. You don't look at  
a gift horse in the mouth, dear.  
After what we've gone through, I  
think this is God's way of making  
things right.

HILLARY

I doubt that.

AMANDA DRAKE

Can't you just be happy about this?

Hillary sits at the table.

Amanda walks into the kitchen.

AMANDA DRAKE (O.S.) (CONT'D)

Did you know you have a local deli  
around the corner with farm fresh  
meat and cheese?

HILLARY

I've been meaning to go there.

AMANDA DRAKE (O.S.)

The owner's son is really handsome.  
You should stop by and meet him.  
He's into weird movies, like you.

Hillary goes through her mail. There's nothing that holds her  
interest until she spots the back of a postcard.

Her eyes focus on it.

HILLARY

(reading)

Dear Hillary. Belize is beautiful.

(MORE)

HILLARY (CONT'D)

I'm enjoying the beaches and the lack of an extradition treaty, just like you thought I could. Tell your mother she's welcome. I always take care of my kids. Signed, Frank.

She turns the postcard over.

It's a picture of a beach in Belize.

MATCH CUT TO:

**EXT. BEACH - DAY**

Super: Vacasa, Belize

The same beach as the postcard.

Lots of TOURISTS and LOCALS are all over.

Far away from them Frank sits in a lounge chair with a fruity drink in his hands.

Frank has a beard and a deep tan now. He's wearing cargo pants and a Hawaiian shirt.

A HOOKER (mid 40s) at the edge of beach catches his eyes.

She's rough looking, the Belize equivalent of the hookers from America.

She smiles at him.

Frank stands up and walks over to her.

A knife is in his back pocket.

FADE OUT.