

Serial Killers Anonymous

FADE IN

EXT. RIVER BANK. DAY.

A BOY and his DOG run and play on a sandbar along a meandering river on a perfect summer morning. The boy throws a tennis ball and the dog chases after it, only to get distracted by something near the water's edge.

INSERT TITLE CARD: "WABASH RIVER. ENUMCLAW, WASHINGTON. JULY 11, 1984"

BOY

Go get the ball Rebel! Get the ball!

The boy arrives at the place near the riverbank to find his dog licking the face of a nude and partially decomposed female corpse.

BOY

(shocked, terrified)

Oh no! ... Oh no!... Oh no! ...

Unable to separate his dog from the dead woman, the boy turns and sprints back upstream from where he came.

DISSOLVE TO BLACK

The sound of rain over a black screen for a bit, then -

FADE BACK IN.

EXT. SEATTLE SKYLINE. NIGHT

Dark clouds engulf the upper floors of modern glass structures. Rain falls in sheets.

INSERT TITLE CARD: "SEATTLE, WASHINGTON. OCTOBER 16, 2002." [BEGIN OPENING CREDITS.]

EXT. SEATTLE. NIGHT.

A late-model VOLVO moves through the dark and very rainy streets on the outskirts of downtown Seattle.

After a while, the Volvo drives past Doc Maynards, a pub in Pioneer Square.

INT. DOC MAYNARD'S. NIGHT.

JOSEPH "JOE" LADD, a student at Seattle University, and fellow student, FRANK, are knocking back a few beers at Doc Maynard's, a popular hangout with the college crowd near campus. As we enter, Joe is telling a story and Frank leans in.

JOE

So I've got her tied up to the bed and I'm giving her the Ol'Sausage Machine...

FREEZE FRAME.

INSERT TYPE-OVER: "JOSEPH LADD. A.K.A. 'PETE'. COLLEGE STUDENT. EIGHT VICTIMS."

RESUME.

FRANK

Another one who likes to be tied up?

JOE

Sure.

Anyway, I'm yank'n and crank'n and she's screaming her head off. I'm afraid the neighbors are gonna hear her and call the cops or something.

FRANK

What'd you do?

JOE

(chuckle)

Get this. I stuffed my dirty underwear in her mouth.

FRANK

No way.

JOE
Way. And she liked it.

They laugh.

FRANK
Where do you find these freaks?

JOE
You just gotta know where to look.

INT. VOLVO. NIGHT.

PROFESSOR NATHANIEL HARRISON, an English Gentleman (Late 50's), is behind the wheel of the Volvo. Classical music plays on the radio. Squeaky windshield wipers work hard against the rain.

FREEZE FRAME.

INSERT TYPE-OVER: "NATHANIEL HARRISON III. A.K.A. 'ROGER'. COLLEGE PROFESSOR. FORTY-FOUR VICTIMS."

RESUME.

Eventually, Prof. Harrison makes a U-turn and pulls alongside the curb in front of a brick building in a semi-industrial part of the City. He puts the car in park but does not turn off the ignition. Rather, Professor Harrison closes his eyes and listens with hypnotic pleasure through the remainder of the piece.

RADIO VOICE (Female)
Good evening Seattle. That Was
Beethoven's Concerto 21 and your listening
to....

Professor Harrison's eyes pop open and he turns off the car. Grabbing an umbrella, he gets out and moves quickly around to the trunk where he unloads a large grocery bag, doing his best to keep things dry.

Out of nowhere, A WOMAN (mid-20's), upset and crying, oblivious to her surroundings, comes walking down the sidewalk right past Professor Harrison without ever looking up. The Englishman stands in the rain, grocery bag in hand,

and watches her with eye-twitching unusual interest as she disappears around a dark corner at the end of the block.

As soon as The Woman is out of sight, Professor Harrison reflexively reaches into his jacket pocket and pulls out a JADE DOMINO and rubs it between his thumb and forefinger.

INT. DOC MAYNARDS PUB. NIGHT

Joe and Frank ogle the pretty coeds.

Joe checks his watch.

JOE

I gotta go.

FRANK

Where are you going?

JOE

I gotta be someplace.

Joe drops a few dollars on the table and gets up.

JOE

See you later.

FRANK

Late.

Joe grabs his backpack and jacket and leaves.

EXT. DOC MAYNARDS PUB. NIGHT.

Joe hesitates at the bad weather. He zips up his jacket, lowers his head, and starts up the street into the rain.

INT. BRICK BUILDING. NIGHT.

From the darkness of a large conference room somewhere inside the brick building, we watch as Professor Harrison opens the door, enters, and flips on the lights with an elbow. He places the soggy bag on the floor next to a card table along one wall and shakes off the cold. He removes his overcoat and hangs it on a hook then proceeds to place the contents of the grocery bag (cookies, napkins, plates, juice, etc.) on the table, humming pleasantly all the

while. Next, Professor Harrison tacks a sign on the outside of the door with the letters "SKA" written on it in black ink. [END OPENING CREDITS]

EXT. RAINY SEATTLE STREET. NIGHT.

Joe continues along a downtown street, passing lowlifes and drunks along the way. He walks past an ominous figure lurking near the entrance to a dark alley. The figure, a tall male whose facial features are obscured by a hooded jacket, casually starts to follow.

INT. MEETING ROOM. NIGHT.

Professor Harrison carefully arranges eight folding chairs into a circle in the middle of the room. He steps back and surveys his work - Maybe one or two chairs need slight adjustments. Just then a 400 pound woman, HILLARY, sticks her fat flushed face into the room.

HILLARY
Helloooooo...!

FREEZE FRAME.

INSERT TYPE-OVER: "CONNIE MERRIWEATHER. A.K.A. 'HILLARY'. REGISTERED NURSE. FIFTEEN VICTIMS."

RESUME.

PROF. HARRISON
Hillary! Come in! Come in!

Professor Harrison goes to greet Hillary.

HILLARY
It's raining cats and dogs out there.

PROF. HARRISON
I know. Isn't it just miserable?

HILLARY
I'll say. And to think I moved here from Arizona for this.

PROF. HARRISON
Here, let me take that for you.

Professor Harrison helps Hillary out of her raincoat then gestures toward the card table.

PROF. HARRISON
Would you care for a cookie?

HILLARY
Don't mind if I do.

EXT. RAINY SEATTLE STREET. NIGHT.

The Hooded Man from the dark alley follows Joe from about fifteen paces back, undetected. When Joe stops at the curb at an intersection beneath the greenish glow of a streetlamp, the Hooded Man slips into a doorway and watches him from the shadows. We can hear his heart beat like that of a hunter with prey in the crosshairs.

INT. MEETING ROOM. NIGHT.

Two new arrivals, JACK, an ex-jock with paunch, and ALEX, a slender man with slick jet-black hair and a pencil thin moustache, have joined Hillary and Professor Harrison over by the snack table. Separate conversations are going on simultaneously and independent of each other.

JACK (To Prof. Harrison)
Did you know the Seahawks have the worst opening day record in the history of the NFL?

FREEZE FRAME.

INSERT TYPE-OVER: "MILES BURKE. A.K.A. 'JACK' UPS DRIVER. FIVE VICTIMS."

RESUME.

PROF. HARRISON
(feigning interest)
No Jack, I didn't know that.

JACK
It's a fact. I heard it today on the radio. It's something like they've lost eight of their last ten openers.

PROF. HARRISON
Hmmm. That's not good.

ALEX (To Hillary)
So, have you seen any good movies lately?

FREEZE FRAME.

INSERT TYPE-OVER: "ERIC LARSON. A.K.A. 'ALEX'.
TRAVELING SALESMAN. TWENTY TWO VICTIMS."

RESUME.

HILLARY
Naaa. It's so hard to find a babysitter I
can trust. Besides, I don't like going to
the movies by myself.

ALEX
Yeah... I know what you mean.

HILLARY
There are a couple movies out right now I'd
like to see though.

ALEX
Me too.

Awkward pause.

Hey, my Grandmother babysits... Maybe we
could... umm... go see something together some
time?

EXT. PARKING LOT. NIGHT.

Joe, soaking wet, stands alone next to his car in a dimly
lit isolated parking lot searching his pockets for his car
keys.

JOE
(frustrated)
Where the...?

Eventually Joe peers through the driver's side window of
his car, and there on the seat, are his keys.

The doors are locked.

JOE

Shit!

Joe runs his hands through his wet hair then throws his head back in complete frustration, letting the cold rain pelt his face. His eyes are closed. We hear the heartbeat from the Hooded Man but do not see him.

Something catches Joe's attention and he turns around just in time to have a big serrated butcher knife plunged into his gut.

EXT. PARKING LOT. NIGHT.

The Hooded Man kneels over Joe's lifeless body, a fingertip on Joe's neck checking for a pulse. Satisfied, The Hooded Man wipes the blood from his knife on Joe's jacket then disappears into the night.

INT. MEETING ROOM. NIGHT.

Three more characters have joined Professor Harrison, Hillary, Jack and Alex. All seven sit in the circled chairs staring quietly and familiarly suspicious at one another. One chair remains empty. Let me introduce the new additions:

There's CURTIS, a mountain of a man with an unruly beard in dirty flannel under overalls.

FREEZE FRAME.

INSERT TYPE-OVER: "RICHARD GRUEN. A.K.A. 'CURTIS'. LONG SHOREMAN. TEN VICTIMS."

RESUME.

There's KEN, tall, tan, handsome, blow-dried blonde hair.

FREEZE FRAME.

INSERT TYPE-OVER: "AARON PEARLMAN. A.K.A. 'KEN'. CHANNEL 10 METEROLOGIST. TWO VICTIMS."

RESUME.

And finally, TICK, a greasy purple-haired homeless teen.

FREEZE FRAME.

INSERT TYPE-OVER: "TERRANCE ALBRIGHT. A.K.A. 'TICK'.
TRANSIENT. SIX VICTIMS."

RESUME.

Professor Harrison checks his wristwatch.

PROF. HARRISON
Well, let's go ahead and get started anyway.

He stands up and clears his throat.

PROF. HARRISON
(cheerful)
Good evening everybody!

EVERYBODY
(equally cheerful)
Good evening!

PROF. HARRISON
My name is - Roger.

EVERYBODY
Hello Roger!

FLASHBACK. MONTAGE of several disturbing images in ultra-rapid succession of Professor Harrison, as a younger man, torturing and/or killing bound and gagged terrified young women.

PROF. HARRISON
...and I'm a serial killer.

I haven't killed in five thousand one
hundred and seventy two days.

Everyone applauds enthusiastically.

HOLD.

INT. DINER. MORNING

CLOSEUP of two flies humping on a table top. Lurking behind the salt shaker is a hairy brown spider.

FREEZE FRAME.

INSERT TYPE-OVER: "ARACHNIDA ARANEAE LYCOSIDAE. A.K.A. 'WOLF SPIDER'. 330 VICTIMS."

RESUME.

With lightning quick speed the spider covers the distance between itself and the flies, pouncing on the helpless insects.

Suddenly a fly swatter comes crashing down smashing all involved into a brown, black and red glob. A hand wipes the guts away with a dish towel. PULL BACK to reveal WAITRESS #1, a woman in her fifties who has definitely seen better days. She shakes the dish towel "clean" then heads toward the only occupied table in the joint.

Two plain-clothed Detectives: DETECTIVE CONRAD WRIGHT (50's), and a tom-boy sexy female officer, DETECTIVE SUZANNE POWERS, are seated at a booth tucked away in the back. Detective Wright smokes a cigarette while Detective Powers peruses the menu. They already have their drinks: Detective Wright, a coffee, and Detective Powers, a Diet Coke.

The Waitress clears a few crumbs off their table with her dish towel.

WAITRESS #1
What can I getcha?

DET. WRIGHT
(without looking up)
The usual.

WAITRESS #1
(as she writes the order on a pad)
Three eggs over easy... Corned beef
hash... Country potatoes smothered in gravy...
Sourdough toast.

DET. POWERS
Holy Cow!

DET. WRIGHT
What's the problem?

DET. POWERS
That'll kill you.

DET. WRIGHT
No it won't.

WAITRESS #1
He eats it every day, Hon.

DET. POWERS
You gotta be kidding me... And you let him?

WAITRESS #1
I just write down the orders and fill up the coffee.

DET. POWERS
This makes you an accomplice I want you to know.

WAITRESS #1
(moving right along)
What'll it be Sugar?

DET. POWERS
I think I'll have a mushroom and tomato egg-white omelette and dry wheat toast, please. No hash browns.

The Waitress writes down the order, collects the menus and leaves

DET. WRIGHT
Why is it, everyone nowadays is a health nut?

DET. POWERS
I don't know. Maybe it's because we know more about nutrition than they did back in the... twenties?

Detective Wright acknowledges the jab with a slight smirk then takes a travel itinerary and some airline tickets from his pocket and starts thumbing through them. But first, he puts on a pair of reading glasses.

DET. WRIGHT

I can't read a thing anymore without these.

DET. POWERS

Where are you going?

DET. WRIGHT

What's that?

DET. POWERS

The airline tickets.

DET. WRIGHT

I'm going to Chicago.

DET. POWERS

Oh Yeah? What for?

DET. WRIGHT

Not that it's any of your business, but my Mom's 75th birthday is coming up and my sisters have arranged a surprise party for her.

DET. POWERS

That'll be nice.

DET. WRIGHT (deadpan)

I can hardly wait.

The Waitress is back to fill up Detective Wright's coffee. She leaves.

DET. POWERS

Tell me about the DuBois case.

DET. WRIGHT

What about the DuBois case?

DET. POWERS

Well, we did a case study on it when I was at the academy.

DET. WRIGHT

Then maybe you should tell me about it.

Pause.

DET. POWERS

What did it feel like to get shot?

Detective Wright takes a long drag from his cigarette.
Slow exhale.

DET. WRIGHT

It hurt.

EXT. PARKING LOT. MORNING

Detective Wright and Detective Suzanne Powers arrive at the perimeter of last night's murder scene, currently getting cordoned off with yellow crime scene tape. POLICE OFFICER NEAL BOMRAY meets them as they approach.

DET. WRIGHT

Hey Bomray, what do we you got?

OFFICER BOMRAY

Stabbing. Male Caucasian.

DET. POWERS

Bomray, Powers - Powers, Bomray.

Detective Powers and Officer Bomray shake hands.

DET. POWERS

Nice to meet you.

Officer Bomray leads Wright and Powers to the body, now covered by a sheet. All three kneel down as Officer Bomray pulls back the edge of the sheet enough to reveal Joe's grey and lifeless face. Detective Suzanne Powers winces.

DET. WRIGHT

Any I.D.?

OFFICER BOMRAY
Yeah. Joseph Ladd. His driver's license shows an address on Martin Luther King. It looks like he's a student at Seattle U.

Detective Wright scribbles some notes.

DET. WRIGHT
Any sign of a struggle?

OFFICER BOMRAY
No. I think he was caught by surprise.

DET. WRIGHT
Witnesses?

OFFICER BOMRAY
None so far. We're asking around.

Officer Bomray places the sheet back over the victim's face.

Detective Suzanne Powers notices something on the ground just under Joe's car.

DET. POWERS
Hey, what's that?

Detective Wright puts on a latex glove and carefully removes a JADE DOMINO by the corners from under the vehicle.

DET. WRIGHT
A domino. A jade domino.

DET. POWERS
Do you think it's related?

DET. WRIGHT
I doubt it. But you never know.

Detective Wright places the domino into a plastic evidence bag and slips it into his jacket pocket.

All three stand back up.

DET. WRIGHT
How's your Mom?

OFFICER BOMRAY
She's doing better.

DET. WRIGHT
Good. Glad to hear it.

Detective Wright slowly scans the crime scene from left to right.

DET. WRIGHT
Let me know what else you find.

OFFICER BOMRAY
Sure thing.

WRIGHT (to Powers)
C'mon, lets go.

Detectives Wright and Powers walk away as Officer Bomray greets another police officer just arriving.

EXT/INT. DEAD JOE'S HOUSE. DAY.

Detective Wright and Detective Powers arrive at Joe's house in a working-class neighborhood on Martin Luther King. They ring the doorbell. No answer. Detective Wright tests the door and finds it to be unlocked. He opens it up a crack.

DET. WRIGHT
King County Police Department!..
Anybody home?!

No response. They enter cautiously and Detective Powers shuts the door behind her.

Wright and Powers wander through the front room of the single story house, looking for whatever. Nothing jumps out as unusual, other than the place is pretty messy.

The television set is on with the volume down. The lights are low. Heavy metal posters hang lopsided on the walls.

A bong and a baggie of marijuana sit next to a couple porno movies on the coffee table. Empty beer bottles. Fast food wrappers.

Detective Powers notices a terrarium with a turtle in it. The turtle has the name "Ed" painted in white on its shell.

DET. POWERS

I used to have a turtle just like this when I was a little girl.

Detective powers taps the turtle on the shell.

DET. POWERS

Hey Eddy, how's it going in there?

They move to the kitchen to find more empty beer bottles and a sink full of dirty dishes. Among the Polaroid pictures on the refrigerator is one of Joe holding Ed the Turtle up close to his smiling face. There are pizza coupons on the refrigerator as well.

DET. WRIGHT

Pizza sounds pretty good right about now.

In the first bedroom, Detective Powers checks under the bed while Detective Wright looks through the dresser. Wright pulls out a handful of bras and women's panties from the top dresser drawer and shows it to Powers.

DET. WRIGHT

Hopefully he had a girlfriend.

They move down the hall to the other bedroom but find that door to be locked.

Detective Wright and Detective Powers exchange a look. Wright notices that the door locks from the outside. The side they are on.

DET. WRIGHT

Check this out. It locks from the outside. Did you see a key anywhere?

DET. POWERS

No.

Wright knocks on the bedroom door.

DET. WRIGHT
Anybody in there?

To their surprise, they hear a very faint muffled grunt. Detective Wright knocks again.

DET. WRIGHT
Hello? King County Police Department! Is somebody in there?

Another muffled grunt. This time a little louder. Detective Powers draws her firearm.

Detective Wright backs up two steps, and with Detective Powers covering him, Wright throws his shoulder into the door and breaks into the room.

The room is dark (there are no windows) except for a disco ball hanging from the ceiling splashing the walls, which are entirely covered with egg cartons, with multi-colored beams of light. Beneath the disco ball, bound and gagged to the bed, the detectives are shocked to find a naked and bruised young woman.

DET. POWERS
Oh my God...

Detective Wright quickly works to remove the duct tape from around the woman's face and pulls a pair of men's underwear from her mouth. She gasps for air and sobs hysterically as Wright and Powers start untying her hands and feet.

INT. SEATTLE UNIVERSITY. DAY.

Professor Nathaniel Harrison stands in front of a chalk board lecturing a class of about 30 Criminal Justice Majors.

PROF. HARRISON
...The terms "mass murderer" and "serial killer" are often used interchangeably by the media. Although they do share a few common traits, the truth is that serial killers and mass murderers are very different birds indeed.

The mass murderer is somebody who kills a large group of people at one time, usually using a device, such as a bomb - think Timothy McVeigh; or an arsonist who ignites a nightclub filled with people.

A serial killer, on the other hand, usually commits one murder at a time over an extended period of time: Ted Bundy. Jeffrey Dahmer.

Detectives Wright and Detective Suzanne Powers quietly enter the classroom and stand just inside the door.

PROF. HARRISON

Quite often the serial killer honestly believes what he or she is doing is normal and acceptable. But surprisingly, very few serial killers are found to be legally insane and most are highly intelligent as indicated by the fact that almost 30 percent of the cases of serial murder in this country remain unsolved.

And to our knowledge, no serial killer has ever killed, then stopped. They may lie dormant for a while - for various reasons - but they *never stop*. The only time the slayings end is when the killer is apprehended and incarcerated where he doesn't have access to victims anymore. Or, of course, when he dies.

Professor Harrison and Detective Wright make eye contact.

INT. PROF. HARRISON'S OFFICE. DAY.

Detective Wright and Detective Powers are seated in front of Professor Harrison's desk in the Professor's dark and cluttered macabre office.

PROF. HARRISON

I'm absolutely flabbergasted to think an actual serial murderer was in one of my classrooms. It's a bit ironic, don't you think?

DET. WRIGHT

Yes. I guess it is.

PROF. HARRISON

So... What exactly can I do to assist in your investigation?

DET. WRIGHT

Well, we thought we'd talk with some of the students and professors who knew Mr. Ladd to see if anyone has any theories.

PROF. HARRISON

I see...

(thinking it over)

Hmmm... I can't think of anything... He was a bright kid. He earned high marks. I don't think anyone wanted to hurt him.

DET. POWERS

Let me ask you this Professor - Do you think it's possible that somebody else knew about the girls?

PROF. HARRISON

Possible? Certainly. Likely? I don't think so. You see, Statistically speaking, most American serial killers are loners, and Mr. Ladd, it seemed, fell into that category.

Detective Wright hands Professor Harrison a business card.

DET. WRIGHT

Thank you for your time, Professor. Call us if you think of anything.

PROF. HARRISON

I certainly will. I'm sorry I wasn't much help.

Detectives Wright and Powers get up to leave. Professor Harrison rises to see them to the door.

PROF. HARRISON
How many girls did you say you found in
Joe's garage?

DET. WRIGHT
Three.

PROF. HARRISON
And how many panties did you find in his
bedroom?

Detective Wright and Detective Harrison exchange a look.

DET. WRIGHT
We'll double check that.

PROF. HARRISON
Good idea.

As Detectives Wright and Powers are headed out the door,
Detective Powers notices a creepy oil painting of a clown
on the wall. She stops and looks at it.

PROF. HARRISON
Do you like that, Detective Powers?

DET. POWERS
Not really.

PROF. HARRISON
That's an original John Wayne Gacy. Have
you heard of him before?

DET. POWERS
The name sounds familiar.

PROF. HARRISON
Mr. Gacy was a respected businessman and
politician in Chicago whose claim to fame
was how nice he was to children. He liked
to dress up like a clown and entertain the
kiddies at hospitals and birthday parties.
He was liked by many.

It came as quite a surprise when police
found the bodies of 33 young men in the
crawl space beneath his house.

Professor Harrison gently touches the painting,
affectionately caressing the Killer Clown's cheek.

PROF. HARRISON

Just after midnight on May 10th, 1994, John
Wayne Gacy was executed for his crimes by
lethal injection at Statesville Penitentiary
near Joliete. And the value of my painting
skyrocketed.

HOLD as Detectives Wright and Powers contemplate Professor
Harrison's new strange attitude.

DET. POWERS

So, where'd you get it?

PROF. HARRISON

A good friend gave it to me.

DET. WRIGHT (To Powers)

Let's go.

Detectives Wright and Powers leave Professor Harrison's
office and start down the hall.

PROFESSOR HARRISON

(calling after them)

It was a pleasure.

INT. HILLARY'S APARTMENT. NIGHT

Four-hundred-pound Hillary, in a powder blue nurse's
uniform with the name "Connie" embroidered on the front,
hurriedly throws two T.V. dinners into the oven. Her
chubby kid, RANDY (10), sits on the living room floor
inches from the television screen, watching Jerry Springer.

HILLARY

Randy Dandy, I'm making your favorite.
Beans and franks!

Randy ignores her.

HILLARY

You should watch cartoons like other kids
your age.

Randy ignores her. Just then the doorbell rings.

HILLARY (excited)
That must be Alex! Go wash your face and
put on a clean shirt. Right now Buster!

Randy grudgingly tears himself away from the gravitational pull of the T.V. and disappears down the hall. Hillary goes to the door and after a brief moment of primping, unlocks and opens up.

There in the hall, in a 1970's-style leisure suit is Alex from the Serial Killers Anonymous meeting, and his Grandmother, EDNA. (As a reminder, Alex is a thin man with slick jet-black hair and a pencil thin mustache)

HILLARY
Hello! Come in!

ALEX
Hillary, I'd like you to meet my
Grandmother, Edna. Grandma, this is Hillary.

HILLARY
You can call me Connie

Hillary points to the name on her uniform.

ALEX
Oops.

EDNA
It's nice to meet you, Connie.

HILLARY
It's nice to meet you.

EDNA
Eric has told me so much about you.

HILLARY
Sorry I'm running a little late. I just got home ten minutes ago. Another patient in my ward died today.

EDNA

Oh no, I'm sorry to hear that.

HILLARY

It was for the best. The old man had been suffering terribly for months.

EDNA

That's a shame.

HILLARY

Yes, it was.

I'm going to go change now. I won't be but a minute.

ALEX

If you don't mind me saying so... Connie, I think you look ravishing in your nurse's uniform. And if it's all the same to you, I'd be delighted to take you out just the way you are.

HILLARY

(flattered)

Really? This old thing?

ALEX

Absolutely. I'll have you know, it's every man's fantasy to date a hot nurse.

HILLARY

Oh, stop it!

EDNA

Yeah, stop it Eric. You're making me nauseous.

So, where did you two meet?

ALEX

Uhhhh...

HILLARY

Ummm... Where did we meet Alex?

ALEX

Umm... It was at that place... you know...

Just then Randy returns to save the moment, a little more presentable than before.

RANDY

Hey.

EDNA

Well, hello. You must be Randy.

RANDY

Yeah.

HILLARY

Randy, I want you to meet my friend Alex.

ALEX

Eric.

HILLARY

Eric. And his Grandmother, Agnes.

EDNA

Edna.

HILLARY

Edna. I'm sorry.

RANDY

How long until dinner's ready?

HILLARY

About twenty minutes. I set the timer for you.

ALEX

We should probably get going. I hate to miss the previews.

HILLARY

I couldn't agree more.

ALEX

My theory is this: If I'm paying seven dollars for a movie, a buck fifty is going

toward the previews.

EDNA

What time do you kids think you'll be home?

ALEX

We don't know Grandma.

HILLARY

It won't be too late. I have to work in the morning.

EDNA

Well, have fun. Don't spill anything on your father's suit.

ALEX

What does he care - he's been dead for twenty years.

HILLARY (To Randy)

Make sure you behave yourself Randal. Do whatever Alex's Grandmother tells you to do and don't be a butthole.

And with those pearls of wisdom, Alex and Hillary disappear out the door, leaving Randy and Edna to size each other up.

EXT. CINEPLEX . NIGHT

Alex and Hillary arrive at the ticket window at the Cineplex; most likely not the least conspicuous couple out tonight. On the other side of the glass sits a bubble gum smacking TICKET GIRL.

ALEX

Two tickets for Red Dragon please.

TICKET GIRL

Fourteen dollars.

The Ticket Girl slides Alex two tickets in exchange for cash then blows a bubble. Pop.

INT. LOBBY. NIGHT.

Alex and Hillary are ordering from the snack bar.

ALEX
One Super Tub Popcorn...

HILLARY
Extra butter.

ALEX
With extra butter. Two extra large Diet
Cokes. Milk Duds. Super Nachos...

HILLARY
Jelly Bellies

ALEX
Jelly Bellies. And.....?

HILLARY
That's it.

ALEX
That's it.

INT. MOVIE THEATER. NIGHT

Alex and Hillary sit together near the back of a sparsely occupied theater with their \$35 worth of junk food.

Hillary dumps a few Jelly Bellies into her hand and, after consulting the flavor chart on the back of the box, selects one and holds it in front of Alex's mouth, making sure not to reveal the color.

HILLARY
Close your eyes.

ALEX
Huh?

HILLARY
Close your eyes.

ALEX
Why?

HILLARY
I want to see if you can guess what flavor

Jelly Belly this is.

ALEX

Why?

HILLARY

Because it's fun Silly.

Alex closes his eyes and Hillary pushes the Jelly Belly between his lips. Alex meticulously chops the Jelly Belly up between his front teeth.

ALEX

Grape?

HILLARY

Nope.

ALEX

Watermelon?

HILLARY

Nope.

ALEX

I give up.

HILLARY

Tropical Punch!

Hillary dumps most of the pack into her palm and scratches around until she finds a specific one, holding it up like a precious diamond.

HILLARY

This one's my favorite.

ALEX

Oh yeah. What is it?

HILLARY

Cotton candy.

ALEX

Cotton candy? Who comes up with these crazy flavors?

Hillary carefully bites the little Jelly Belly in two and hands half to Alex. She seductively rubs the pink jewel along her lips and against the tip of her tongue before placing it in her sumptuous mouth. Alex does the same - sort of.

Fortunately, the previews start before things go any further.

INT/EXT. CAR. DAY

Detective Wright is behind the wheel of a black Crown Victoria with Detective Suzanne Powers in the passenger seat.

DET. WRIGHT

How's your new place working out?

DET. POWERS

I like it. It's really small but I like it.

DET. WRIGHT

Uh huh.

The Crown Victoria slows and maneuvers around a UPS Truck double-parked in their lane. Jack, the UPS Driver from the SKA Meeting, hops out of the truck with a big envelope in his hand and high steps it in the direction of some businesses. Detective Powers watches Jack absentmindedly

DET. POWERS

Professor Harrison gave me the creeps the other day.

DET. WRIGHT

I know. I could tell.

DET. POWER

He talks about serial killers the way most guys talk about sports.

Detective Wright chuckles.

DET. POWERS

Did you see the way he was caressing that stupid clown painting of his? What a

freak.

DET. WRIGHT
Don't let him get to you Powers.

DET. POWERS
Why didn't you ask him where he got that painting?

DET. WRIGHT
Simple. Because he wanted me to.

The Crown Vic pulls into the parking lot at the Precinct

INT. PRECINCT. DAY.

Detectives Wright and Powers zig zag past some cubicles in the busy precinct back to where SERGEANT HANK KROLL waits behind his desk in a glass office.

DET. WRIGHT
You wanted to see us Sarge?

SERGEANT KROLL
Yeah. Come on in.

Wright and Powers enter and seat themselves in two chairs in front of Sgt. Kroll's desk.

SERGEANT KROLL
I hear you had a pretty exciting first day on the streets Detective Powers.

DET. POWERS
Yes sir, I did.

SERGEANT KROLL
How'd you like all the paperwork?

DET. POWERS
It's a part of the job.

SERGEANT KROLL
Is Detective Wright taking good care of you?

DET. POWERS
Yes sir, he is.

SERGEANT KROLL
He's the best we've got.

DET. POWERS
That's what he keeps telling me.

Sgt. Kroll likes the fact that Suzanne shows a little spunk.

SERGEANT KROLL (more serious tone)
We dug up Ladd's backyard this morning.

WRIGHT and POWERS wait for the other shoe.

SERGEANT KROLL
You two were right - We found five more bodies. Forensics will let us know if we get any positive ID's.

An officer enters and places a file on Kroll's desk and leaves.

SERGEANT KROLL
There's something else.
(beat)
A transient was found murdered in a cardboard box in the University District this morning - you wanta check it out?

Sgt. Kroll hands the file to Detective Wright.

INT. CITY MORGUE. DAY.

Detective Wright and Detective Powers stand by as an Employee of the Morgue slides open the long drawer containing the latest murder victim. The victim's head is nearly decapitated, much to the dismay of Detective Powers.

DET. POWERS
Jesus Christ...

DETECTIVE WRIGHT studies the body.

DET. WRIGHT
Nice hairdo.

DET. POWERS
Do you recognize him?

DET. WRIGHT
Nope.

But we do. He's purple-haired Terrance Albright, A.K.A. "Tick" from the SKA meeting.

Detective Wright indicates for the Morgue Employee to close up the drawer.

INT. EVIDENCE WAREHOUSE. DAY.

Detective Wright and Detective Powers approach the counter to the Precinct's Evidence Warehouse. GLORIA, an attractive female in her late forties with a bit too much make-up, greets them as they approach.

GLORIA
Well, well, well...Look what the cat drug in.

DET. WRIGHT
Hello Gloria.

GLORIA
I haven't seen you in weeks Detective.
Business must be slow.

DET. WRIGHT
That's a good thing.

GLORIA
Who's your new sidekick?

DET. WRIGHT
This is the very capable Detective Suzanne Powers.

GLORIA
Suzanne Powers. What a cool name.

Gloria extends a hand with its long red fingernails and she and Detective Powers shake.

DET. POWERS

It's a pleasure to meet you, Gloria.

GLORIA

And manners to boot.

DET. WRIGHT

A transient by the name of Terrance Albright came in this morning. Case #4502, what do you have for him?

Detective Wright hands Gloria some paperwork.

GLORIA

Let me go see. I'll be right back.

Gloria disappears into the back

DET. POWERS

So... How long did you and Gloria date?

DET. WRIGHT

Very perceptive. That's a good quality in a detective.

A few moments pass with Detective Powers smugly staring down Detective Wright, waiting for an answer she will never get.

DET. POWERS

You don't want to talk about it I see.

Gloria returns with a package. She hands it to Detective Wright who dumps its contents on the counter. Out fall a comb, a pocket knife, some loose change, a hemp bracelet, two generic matchbooks, and a JADE DOMINO.

The two detectives exchange a look.

DET. POWERS

Verrrrry interesting.

Detective Powers picks up the domino and studies it.

INT. BRICK BUILDING. NIGHT.

Professor Harrison, Hillary, Alex, Jack, Curtis and Ken sit in six circled chairs in the same room within the Brick Building as before.

PROF. HARRISON
 (very matter-of-fact)
 Tick and Pete will no longer be joining us.

Everyone grimaces and shakes their heads in disappointment. Curtis, the longshoreman, seems especially pained by the news.

PROF. HARRISON
 That being the case, let's go ahead and pick up where we left off last week. Jack, I believe you were next.

JACK
 Oh. O.K.

Jack looks around a bit uncomfortably before slowly rising to his feet.

JACK
 (nervous)
 Hello... everybody...

EVERYBODY
 Hello!

JACK (barely audible)
 My name is Miles. I mean... my name is... Jack.

PROF. HARRISON
 Stop!!

Jack stops. Professor Harrison cups a hand to his ear.

PROF. HARRISON
 We can't hear you.

JACK
 I'm sorry.

PROF. HARRISON
 Start over.

JACK
(a bit louder)
Hello everybody.

EVERYBODY
Hello!

JACK
My name is... Jack...

FLASHBACK MONTAGE of Jack, as Miles Burke, dragging little boys into his UPS truck from different locations.

JACK
...And I'm a Serial Killer.

EVERYBODY
Hello Jack!

JACK
I haven't killed in two hundred and seven days.

Everyone applauds.

PROF. HARRISON
Very good Jack! Very good!

JACK stares down at his shoes.

PROF. HARRISON
Now - start off, if you will, with your very first... incident .

JACK
Well... O.K...

Long pause.

JACK
I had just been assigned a new route out on Mercer Island..

INT. SKA MEETING. NIGHT.

The meeting is over and everyone is filing out the door, exchanging "Goodbye's" etc with Professor Harrison. Last to leave is Alex and Hillary.

HILLARY

That was a great meeting, Roger.

PROF. HARRISON

Thank you, Hillary.

HILLARY

I feel so bad for Jack though. My heart just bleeds for him.

ALEX

Poor guy.

HILLARY

But to involve children like that.....

PROF. HARRISON

Now, now, Hillary... We're not here to judge.

HILLARY

I know. I know. I was just thinking of my own little Randy Dandy when he was describing what he would do to those poor little boys.

PROF. HARRISON

We all have our demons or we wouldn't be here.

HILLARY

True. True.

Hey, Alex and I were talking the other day, and we thought it might be fun if The Group got together and went on a field trip, or an outing, or something.

PROF. HARRISON

Really? What did you have in mind?

HILLARY

Oh, I don't know. We could go to a nice restaurant or an ice cream parlor...

ALEX

Or Bowling.

PROF. HARRISON

That's an interesting idea. Let's bring it up to The Group next week and we'll vote on it.

And with that, Alex, Hillary and Professor Harrison (grocery bag in hand), turn out the lights and walk out the door.

INT. THE PRECINCT. DAY

Close-up of the two Jade Dominos found at the Ladd and Albright crime scenes. PULL BACK to reveal, Detective Wright and Detective Powers at a table in some room within the Precinct looking at the dominos, which sit on the table. An ashtray with a few cigarette butts and some empty Diet Coke cans tell us The Detectives have been here pondering things for awhile.

DET. POWERS

Where would somebody get a jade domino?

DET. WRIGHT

I still don't know. Lots of places.

DET. POWERS

I don't think so. I bet these are pretty rare.

DET. WRIGHT

Let's forget about the dominos for a second and see if there's anything else the victims have in common.

DET. POWERS

Like what?

Detective Suzanne Powers grabs a Yellow Pages phone book from one of the desks in the room.

DET. POWERS

What should I look up? Toys? Toy stores?

She flips through the pages.

DET. POWERS
Tires... Toilets... Towing... Toys. Toys -
Retail. Here we go.

She scans the listings.

DET. POWERS
Wow. There must be 50 listings.

Detective Wright doesn't seem too enthusiastic about the possibilities.

DET. POWERS
We've got nothing else to go on.

INT. CHANNEL 10 NIGHTLY NEWS STUDIO. NIGHT.

TRENT BUCK and CHERYL ANDERSEN sit behind a desk reading into a teleprompter, delivering the nightly news to all of Western Washington, as they do every weekday evening.

TRENT BUCK
Police say advances in DNA analysis may open up new leads in the nearly twenty-year-old Wabash River Serial Killer Case. (cont.)

TRENT BUCK
Investigators claim some evidence collected at the crime scenes may finally yield clues to the identity of the Wabash Killer.

INT. MCCORMIC & SCHMICKS. SAME TIME

The television set at the bar at MCCORMIC & SCHMICKS, a nice seafood restaurant near the waterfront in Seattle, is tuned to Channel 10.

TRENT BUCK
At least 40 women are listed as victims in the most notorious unsolved murder investigation in State history. For more on this story, let's go live in Seattle, to Sylvia Johanssen - Sylvia?

Channel 10 Reporter, SYLVIA JOHANSSSEN, is standing next to Sergeant Hank Kroll somewhere inside The Precinct

SYLVIA JOHANSEN

Yes, thank you, Trent. I'm standing here with Sergeant Hank Kroll of the Seattle Police Department, decorated officer and former lead investigator of the Wabash Killer Task Force.

Sergeant Kroll, what can you tell us about possible new leads in the Case?

SGT. KROLL

Well Sylvia, let's not get ahead of ourselves here, but we are working with a new, more reliable process for identifying latent DNA evidence.

SYLVIA JOHANSEN

And what exactly does that mean?

SGT. KROLL

That means forensics have developed a better way to separate the evidence from the environment in which it was found.

SYLVIA JOHANSEN

Does this mean an arrest of the Wabash River Killer might be right around the corner?

SGT. KROLL

No. Not at all. All it means is that in this case, as in all cases, we will be using every available tool at our disposal to solve the crime.

SYLVIA JOHANSEN

As you know Sergeant, there haven't been any new victims attributed to this case since the summer of 1984. Is it your opinion, as it is of some, that the Killer is already behind bars or possibly even dead?

SGT. KROLL

That's certainly a possibility.

SYLVIA JOHANSSSEN
You'll keep us informed, won't you?

SGT. KROLL
Of course.

SYLVIA JOHANSSSEN
Thank you, Sergeant. Back to you guys.

TRENT BUCK
Thank you, Sylvia.

Alone at the bar, Professor Nathaniel Harrison sips a Grand Marnier as he watches the newscast, guarded concern on his face.

CHERYL ANDERSEN
Sports are next. But first, let's check in with Aaron Pearlman to find out about our latest weather forecast.

INT. CHANNEL 10 NIGHTLY NEWS STUDIO. NIGHT.

Aaron Pearlman, A.K.A. "Ken", sits at a desk not far from Trent Buck and Cheryl Andersen. We recognize Ken from the SKA meetings.

AARON PEARLMAN
Thank you Cheryl.

That nasty front that's been stalled over The Pacific Ocean all week finally moves east over the Cascades....

EXT. CHANNEL 10 NIGHTLY NEWS STUDIO PARKING LOT. NIGHT.

Aaron Pearlman, A.K.A. "Ken", walks from the Channel 10 building to his Chevy Tahoe, climbs in, and drives away.

EXT. THE INDIAN AND COWBOY. NIGHT.

Ken sits parked in his SUV watching the entrance to The Indian and Cowboy, a gay bar in the Capitol Hill District of Seattle. Various men go inside and occasional pairs come out. HOLD on Ken as he agonizes over whether or not to go inside.

Eventually, Ken puts the Tahoe into gear and drives off.

EXT/INT. ABC TOYS. DAY.

Detectives Wright and Powers pull up to ABC Toys and enter the store. An OLD MAN stands behind the counter.

OLD MAN

Top o' the mornin'. What can I do
for ya?

Detective Wright displays his badge in one hand and a domino in the other.

DET. WRIGHT

We're looking for a place that sells
jade dominos like this one.

Detective Wright hands the Old Man the domino and the Old Man puts on a pair of glasses and studies it.

OLD MAN

Not here, that's for sure. These are hand
made. Very unique. Very nice work. We
only sell your classic sets. You know -
Imitation ivory.

The Old Man gestures in the direction of some boxes on a shelf.

OLD MAN

Have you tried Hank's Hobbies on Seneca?

DET. WRIGHT

Yeah. We've already been there.

OLD MAN

How about Umberto's Tobacco Shop in the
Mall?

DET. WRIGHT

We've been there too.

OLD MAN

You know, there's a Vietnamese place up the
street, a little hole in the wall - I

couldn't tell you the name - but they sell nice stuff like this.

DET. POWERS

Really?

OLD MAN

Yep. Just go on up the street a couple blocks. It'll be on the left hand side next to a bakery.

DET. POWERS

Thanks. We'll check it out.

The Old Man returns the domino. Detectives Wright and Powers leave.

INT. VIETMANESE SHOP. DAY.

Detectives Wright and Peters approach the counter inside a small family-owned Vietnamese gift shop. A TEENAGE VIETNAMESE GIRL with an American accent waits behind the counter.

TEENAGE GIRL

Can I help you?

DET. POWERS

Yes. Do you sell dominos like this here?

Detective Powers hands The Girl one of the dominos and she studies it.

TEENAGE GIRL

We've sold a couple sets like this. But we don't have any in right now. I can order some.

DET. POWERS

No. That's O.K. Would you be able to tell us the names of the people who bought them?

TEENAGE GIRL

I wouldn't know. You'd probably have to ask my dad.

DET. POWERS
Is he here?

TEENAGE GIRL
No. He's out of town.

DET. WRIGHT
When will he be back?

TEENAGE GIRL
I think tomorrow or the next day. I'm not sure.

DET. POWERS
(disappointed)
HMMMMM...

Detective Wright hands The Girl a business card.

DET. WRIGHT
Do us a favor. Give your father my card.
Have him call me when he gets back.

TEENAGE GIRL
Sure.

The Detectives leave.

EXT. GREEN LAKE PARK. DAY.

Professor Nathaniel Harrison sits on a park bench on a crisp fall day, reading a book and enjoying the fresh air.

A Sophisticated Man, BERNARD, strolls by with a poodle on a leash and exchanges a courteous "Hello/Good Morning" with Professor Harrison. Upon making eye contact with Bernard, Professor Harrison becomes entranced. Even after Bernard has walked past Professor Harrison, the Professor is unable to shake his feeling and eventually gets up and follows after him, catching up to Bernard not far away where he has stopped while his poodle takes a dump.

PROFESSOR HARRISON
Excuse me.

BERNARD
Fear not, I've brought my Pooper Scooper.

At which Bernard displays a small blue plastic shovel.

PROFESSOR HARRISON

No, no. That's not what I want.

BERNARD

How then may I assist you on such a Fine Morning, my friend?

PROFESSOR HARRISON

(accusatory)

I know.

BERNARD

Pardon me?

PROF. HARRISON

I know - what you do.

BERNARD

I can assure you, Sir, I have no idea what you're talking about.

PROF. HARRISON

I know beyond a shadow of a doubt, that you are a cold blooded murderer.

BERNARD

Excuse me! Why, I never.....!

PROF. HARRISON

It's O.K. You're not alone.

BERNARD

(tugging on his poodle who is still crapping)

Come on Peppy, let's go!

Bernard starts to drag his poor dog away from Professor Harrison.

PROF. HARRISON

Wait a minute.

BERNARD

I certainly will not!

Bernard walks rapidly away from Professor Harrison.

PROF. HARRISON
Listen... There are others just like you.

Bernard keeps walking.

PROF. HARRISON
We can help.

Bernard hesitates - But then he keeps going.

EXT. GREEN LAKE PARK. DAY.

Bernard and Professor Harrison sit on the park bench together. Bernard is full of shame.

PROF. HARRISON
We meet once a week, every week.

BERNARD
I'll be there. I promise.

Professor Harrison writes the address on a page from his book and rips it out.

PROF. HARRISON
Here's the address.

Bernard takes the page and folds it up before putting it in the pocket of his overcoat.

PROF. HARRISON
In the meantime, I want you to have one of these.

Professor Harrison hands Bernard a jade domino.

BERNARD.
What's this for?

PROF. HARRISON
It's a symbolic deterrent.

The next time you feel the Urge; look at it, rub it - think about all the pain you've caused over the years. From this day forward, if you start killing again, it will be like knocking over that first domino.

Pause.

BERNARD

I understand.

PROF. HARRISON

Keep it with you at all times.

Bernard places the domino in the inside pocket of his overcoat and taps his chest.

BERNARD

Thank you. I... I don't know how to thank you.

Professor Harrison gives Bernard a comforting hug.

INT. THE SPACE NEEDLE RESTAURANT. NIGHT.

Professor Harrison and Curtis, the longshoreman from the SKA meetings, sit at a window table in the restaurant atop

Seattle's Space Needle. The Emerald City sparkles far below.

PROF. HARRISON

I found another One yesterday.

CURTIS

You did? Where?

PROF. HARRISON

In the park at Green Lake.

CURTIS

How did it happen?

PROF. HARRISON

The same as always. I was just sitting there minding my own business, reading a good book, when this kind Gentleman comes

walking by with his poodle. As soon as I looked in his eyes - I knew.

CURTIS

What exactly is it that you see?

PROF. HARRISON

I don't 'see' anything. I... taste it - in my soul.

CURTIS

Are you ever wrong?

PROF. HARRISON

No. Never

Pause.

PROF. HARRISON

Remember the day I found you?

CURTIS

Of course.

PROF. HARRISON

You were so hostile toward me.

Hostile and frightened - like a caged raccoon. It was really quite charming.

They eat in silence for a bit. Professor Harrison stares out across the flickering lights of Seattle.

PROF. HARRISON

(almost to himself)

I wonder how many more of us there are out there?

INT. HILLARY'S APARTMENT. NIGHT.

Alex, Hillary, and Randy are playing Monopoly at the kitchen table. Hillary is already eliminated and is simply watching, eating Ding Dongs. Randy has mortgaged all his property and is down to very few dollars. Randy rolls the dice. Five.

RANDY

One - two - three - four - five.

He lands on a green property with a hotel on it.

RANDY

Shit.

ALEX

Pennsylvania Avenue. That'll be \$1400.00
Bucko.

RANDY

I don't have \$1400.00.

ALEX

Game over! I win! La-la-la-la la-la-la-la.

HILLARY

Well, that was fun.

RANDY

I hate Monopoly.

Randy slams his fist on the table.

They look around at the huge mess which, in addition to the Monopoly game, consists of soda cans, candy wrappers, potato chip bags, etc.

HILLARY

It's late. I'll clean this up in the morning. Randy, it's time for you to go to bed.

Randy gets up.

RANDY

Good night Alex.

ALEX

Good night, Kiddo. Good game.

RANDY

Good night Mom.

HILLARY

I'll be right there to tuck you in.

Randy disappears down the hall.

HILLARY

Don't forget to brush your teeth!

ALEX

Well... I guess I better be leaving.

HILLARY

I guess so.

Alex grabs his coat and slowly walks to the door with Hillary right behind him.

ALEX

Thanks a lot Hillary. I had a blast tonight.

HILLARY

Me too. Thanks for coming over. Usually Randy and I just sit around and watch TV.

ALEX

You're a good mom.

Nothing Alex could have said would have meant more to Hillary.

HILLARY

You really think so?

ALEX

Yes. I do.

Slowly, their faces come together and they kiss.

HILLARY

You can spend the night if you want.

INT. RANDY'S ROOM. NIGHT.

Hillary tucks the covers up and around Randy who is already almost asleep.

HILLARY

Good night, Chicken Butt.

RANDY
Good night, Mom.

HILLARY
What do you think about Alex?

RANDY
He's O.K.

Hillary kisses Randy on the forehead then steps quietly out of Randy's room and into her own where Alex waits meekly for her at the foot of her bed.

Hillary enters and shuts the door behind her, locking it. She goes to Alex and slowly unbuttons his shirt, kissing him on the chest and stomach as each new pale, quivering section is exposed. As she does, we see that Alex's torso has homemade tattoos of groups of four lines with a diagonal line running through each group like a castaway counting off the days. Hillary does not ask about these markings. She just keeps on going.

Next, Hillary removes all of her own clothes, (Don't forget she weighs 400 lbs) then seductively pushes Alex onto the bed.

INTER-CUT scenes of Hillary and Alex trying unsuccessfully to have intercourse:

Alex on top.

ALEX
Uhhh... Sorry...

Hillary on top.

ALEX
I... can't... breath...

Alex from behind.

ALEX
Sorry...

Despite their noble efforts, in the end, Alex is unable to find his way past all the blubber and they collapse exhausted, yet curiously satisfied, into each other's arms.

HILLARY
(with a sigh)
That was really nice.

ALEX
Huh? You didn't mind that we didn't... umm...
you know?

HILLARY
Oh... No. Not at all.

They spoon.

HILLARY
Do you really think I'm a good mom?

ALEX
Of course. Randy's a very lucky kid. I
wish I had a mom like you when I was a boy.

Hillary smiles to herself. Pause.

HILLARY
What ever happened to your mom?

ALEX
She was murdered.

HILLARY
That's too bad.

ALEX
Yep. That's too bad.

INT. SKA MEETING ROOM. NIGHT.

The remaining six members of SKA are congregated near the snack table in the conference room inside the brick building, engaging in small talk. Six empty chairs, arranged in the usual circle, await them in the middle of the room.

CURTIS (To Alex)
My gutters are completely clogged with
leaves. I'm gonna have to get up there
this weekend and clean em out.

JACK (To Professor Harrison)
I'm telling you, the Seahawks need to buy Holmgren out of his contract and send him on his merry way. It was a huge mistake to make him Head Coach and General Manager at the same time.

PROF. HARRISON
I see.

HILLARY (To Ken)
Hey Ken, don't you think it'd be fun if we all got together and did something sometime?

KEN
Like what?

INT. SKA MEETING. NIGHT.
A little later, everyone is seated except for Professor Harrison who stands.

PROF. HARRISON
One more announcement before we get started. Somebody new will be joining the group this evening and I want all of you to make him feel right at home.

Professor Harrison checks his watch.

PROF. HARRISON
As a matter of fact, he really should be here by now.

EXT. BRICK BUILDING. NIGHT.

Bernard is lost. He's a block away walking up and down the street with the address Professor Harrison gave him trying to locate the correct building.

INT. SKA MEETING. NIGHT.

PROF. HARRISON
Let's do this - Curtis, tell everybody about your hunting trip to Montana and I'll run outside real quick

to see where he is.

CURTIS
O.K. Sure thing.

Professor Harrison leaves and Curtis stands up and clears his throat.

INT. BRICK BUILDING. NIGHT.

Professor Harrison walks down the hall to one of the elevators. He pushes the down button and waits.

INT. SKA MEETING. NIGHT.

CURTIS
...So I crawl out of my tent one morning and there's this Girl Scout standing there, shivering and crying.

INT/EXT BRICK BUILDING. NIGHT.

Professor Harrison exits the elevator on the first floor and walks outside, looking up and down the street for Bernard.

INT. SKA METING. NIGHT.

CURTIS
Apparently she got separated from her troop.

EXT. CAMPSITE. DAY. FLASHBACK.

Curtis, in bright orange hunting attire complete with ear muffs, helps a shivering Girl Scout into his tent and bundles her up.

CURTIS (Voice Over)
So I bring her into the tent and wrap her up in my sleeping bag.

INT. SKA MEETING. NIGHT.

HILLARY
Ahhh. That's so nice.

Just then, a FAT GUY peeks in the door. This guy is not Bernard, but the group doesn't know any better.

HILLARY

Come on in! Have a seat! Roger went looking for you. He should be right back.

Fat Guy hesitates before slowly settling into his seat amongst the serial killers.

CURTIS

Where was I? Oh yeah.

A couple of hours go by and nobody comes looking for her. So I figure, what the hell? This is a good opportunity. Right?

EXT. CAMPSITE. DAY. FLASHBACK.

Curtis strangling the Girl Scout inside pup tent.

CURTIS (Voice Over)

So I grab her around her little neck and I start choking her. And her feet are flying everywhere, kicking the inside of the tent and everything. You guys know how it is.

From the outside we can see the tent being kicked from the inside.

INT. SKA MEETING. NIGHT

Curtis is very animated especially when it comes to demonstrating how he choked the Girl Scout.

Fat Guy has no idea what to think. He looks around at the others to see what their reaction is to this rather bizarre story.

CURTIS

Finally - she's dead. And then I start to panic. Cause I'm thinking, eventually someone's gonna come looking for her, right?

All the group nods in agreement except Fat Guy.

EXT. CAMPSITE. DAY. FLASHBACK

Curtis butchering and cooking the Girl Scout.

CURTIS (Voice Over)

I get out my giant cooking pot and I fill it with water and potatoes and carrots and celery, and I put in some of that Essence Seasoning from that Emeril show on TV, and I start chopping her up into bite-sized little pieces.

INT. SKA MEETING. NIGHT.

Hillary shakes her head in disgust.

Jack loves the story.

Fat Guy cannot believe what he's hearing.

CURTIS

About four hours later her troop comes by looking for her. I tell em I hadn't seen her but I'd keep my eyes open.

Now, these girls were real tired from searching half the night and all morning so I ask em if they wanna stop and rest for awhile, maybe even join me for some stew.

HILLARY

No!

Curtis grins.

EXT. CAMPSITE. DAY. FLASHBACK.

Curtis is surrounded by a dozen Girl Scouts and two Troop Leaders.

CURTIS

(gesturing toward the Cooking Pot)
Would you girls care to join me for some stew?

INT. SKA MEETING. NIGHT.

CURTIS

I didn't have enough bowls, but we passed around some spoons and I'll be darned if we didn't eat almost the whole pot before they took off again.

EXT. CAMPSITE. DAY. FLASHBACK.

Curtis is waving to the Girl Scouts as they walk away from his campsite.

CURTIS

Goodbye girls. Good Luck.

GIRL SCOUTS

Goodbye Mister. Thanks for the stew!

INT. SKA MEETING. NIGHT

Fat Guy's eyes are as big as Frisbees. He sits there in stunned silence. Curtis flashes him a quick smile. Finally, Fat Guy summons enough courage to ask -

FAT GUY

This isn't... Weight Watchers... is it?

You can hear a pin drop.

After what seems like an eternity -

ALEX

I think Weight Watchers is on the fourth floor.

FAT GUY

Oh.

Pause.

KEN

This is an acting class.

HILLARY

Yeah. That's right. This is an acting class.

Fat Guy slowly rises and cautiously yet quickly leaves the room. The SKA members look at one another, not sure what

to do. Professor Harrison walks in at that moment with Bernard.

PROF. HARRISON

Who was that?

ALEX

Uhhh...

JACK

That was somebody looking for Weight Watchers.

EXT. BRICK BUILDING. NIGHT.

Just outside the Brick Building, everyone is saying "Goodbye," "Good night", etc., before splitting up in different directions.

We follow Ken (The Weatherman) as he slips down an alley onto a side street where he hops in his Tahoe and drives away.

EXT. KEN'S TAHOE. NIGHT.

Ken once again finds himself sitting in his Tahoe in front of The Indian and Cowboy. After watching the place from across the street for awhile, Ken finally builds up the nerve and starts walking in that direction.

INT. THE INDIAN AND COWBOY. NIGHT.

Ken walks through the crowded and strobe-lit dance floor. Guys are dancing and making out. The music is very loud.

Ken stands behind some men seated at the bar, waiting for the bartender to take his drink order. A GAY MAN at the bar notices Ken and gives him the once over. Ken smiles.

GAY MAN

Can I buy you a drink?

KEN

Sure.

GAY MAN

What do you want?

KEN
A Black Russian

GAY MAN
Don't we all?

The Gay Man orders two Black Russians.

GAY MAN
Here you go. Let's take these to the back,
shall we?

Ken and the Gay Man take their drinks to a room in the back where it's a little bit quieter and more intimate. They have a seat on one of many couches and sip their Black Russians.

GAY MAN
You look very familiar.

KEN
I do?

GAY MAN
Do you come here often?

KEN
No. Not much.

GAY MAN
Me neither. It's waaay too loud.

KEN
I agree.

The Gay Man puts a hand on Ken's thigh.

GAY MAN
What do you say we finish our drinks and go
someplace quieter?

Ken takes a long drink of his Black Russian while the two men maintain eye contact.

EXT. THE WOODS. NIGHT.

Ken's Tahoe is parked somewhere in a remote clearing in the woods.

A sweaty and dirty Ken is just finishing digging a shallow grave. He pulls the Gay Man's dead body from the Tahoe and drags it to the edge of the hole, kicking it twice, hard, before rolling it in.

He begins to sob. He starts covering the body with dirt.

EXT./INT. BOWLING ALLEY. NIGHT.

ESTABLISHING SHOT of a BOWLING ALLEY

INSIDE, an employee of the Bowling Alley places seven pairs of bowling shoes on the counter, calling out the sizes as he does.

PULL BACK to reveal the SKA Group Members, now including Bernard. Let's watch them try to figure out who gets which shoes.

INT. BOWLING ALLEY. NIGHT.

The Bowling Alley is packed. The SKA members take up two middle lanes. On Lane Eleven is: Hillary, Alex, Ken, and Bernard. Lane Twelve consists of Professor Harrison, Jack, and Curtis.

While Alex helps both groups set-up their Automatic Scoring system, Jack discovers the call button and orders a round of beers for everyone.

INSERT VARIOUS HIGHLIGHTS of SKA Members bowling while others "oooh" and "aaaah" accordingly. Include: Hillary rolling a flopper that crawls down the lane, eventually knocking over a single pin.

Alex helping Bernard with his grip and release.

BERNARD

Thank you, kind young man.

ALEX.

No problem.

JACK throwing a power strike.

LATER

Jack orders another round of beer. Everyone is boozing it up pretty good, especially Hillary.

On Lane Twelve, as Professor Harrison rolls back-to-back gutter balls, Curtis stares at a sexy teenage girl in the next lane as she bends over to pick up her bowling ball. Curtis leans over to Jack and in a low voice -

CURTIS

What I wouldn't give to chop her up into little pieces.

The two men giggle and toast their beers.

Just then a VOICE from the public address system announces -

VOICE

Hold on to your balls everyone!

And of course, half a dozen guys grab their crotch

VOICE

It's time for Coooossssmiiiiic
Boooooowwwwwwwlliiiiinnnng!

And with that, the lights dim, psychedelic strobes come on, and the place is suddenly transformed into a loud rock-n-roll bowling alley/ discotheque. Our group couldn't be happier.

Hillary, feeling no pain, orders another round of beer for everybody.

LATER STILL

Same Crazy Atmosphere.

A fun and popular tune [To be decided] is playing throughout the bowling alley. Hillary, Alex, and Jack sing along.

INSERT MORE BOWLING HIGHLIGHTS and BEER DRINKING. The bowling is getting worse but nobody seems to mind.

Huddled in their seats now, Jack demonstrates something to Curtis, who is paying very close attention.

JACK (To Curtis)

(slurred)

What I like to do is take a scalpel and start right above the navel and then slowly work my way up..

CURTIS

Uh huh...

JACK.

Hey, check this out.

Jack pulls a necklace out from under his shirt and shows it to Curtis. It looks like it has half a dozen dried-up apricot slices on it.

JACK

It's an ear necklace.

PROF. HARRISON

Jack, you're up.

JACK (To Curtis)

I'll be right back.

Jack gets up and grabs a bowling ball from the rack.

Over on Lane Eleven, Hillary, drunk as a skunk, one eye closed, teetering as she goes, ball up to her triple chin, prepares to roll.

ALEX

Come on Hill! You can do it!

Shuffle... Shuffle... Wobble... TUMBLE!

Hillary falls into a heap on the floor. Several SKA Members, led by Alex, rush to her side and attempt to help her up.

EXT. BOWLING ALLEY PARKING LOT. NIGHT.

Everyone piles into Ken's Tahoe.

EXT/INT. KEN'S TAHOE. NIGHT

Ken drives cautiously down Pacific Coast Highway while everybody jabbers on about the evening's activities.

Hillary is passed out in the middle row of seats. She farts. Really loud. Everybody gags.

Professor Harrison, sitting in the front seat between Ken and Bernard, notices what looks to be dried blood on the dash board. He says nothing.

Traffic slows up ahead as the Tahoe approaches the scene of a bad accident.

KEN

It looks like a bad accident up ahead.

Only minutes earlier, an SUV crossed the center line and slammed head-on into a station wagon full of passengers.

As the Tahoe nears the scene, Motorists are busy pulling the injured from the flaming and smoking mangled vehicles.

A Man's Body, obviously dead, lies in a pool of blood on the asphalt in the middle of the road, half his brains spilling out from a fractured skull.

Ken slows to a crawl as he drives past The Dead Body. Everyone in the Tahoe maneuvers to get a good look. This is like pornography for these people. Curtis even licks his chops.

INT. STARBUCKS COFFEE SHOP. DAY.

Detective Wright and Detective Powers sip coffee at a Starbucks somewhere in Seattle. Photographs and paperwork relating to the case are scattered about their table.

DET. WRIGHT

Are you still taking me to the airport tomorrow?

DET. POWERS
Yep. Do you need me to pick
you up when you get back?

DET. WRIGHT
Do you mind?

DET. POWERS
I don't mind.

DET. WRIGHT
I get back Friday night.

DET. POWERS
I know.

DET. WRIGHT
You don't have plans? Like a date or
something?

DET. POWERS
Not that it's any of your business - But...
no.

Touche.

INT. HILLARY'S APARTMENT. MORNING.
Alex wakes up in Hillary's bed with a raging hangover.
Hillary snores like a freight train next to him. As Alex
gets out from underneath the covers, Hillary wakes up -

HILLARY
Ooooooooooww... My head.

ALEX
How do you feel?

HILLARY
Horrrrrrrrible.

ALEX
Yeah. Me too.

HILLARY
You're not still going to Portland, are you?

ALEX

I have to.

HILLARY

Can't you call in sick or something?

ALEX

Not today. I'm meeting with my boss and then we're taking a customer out to dinner tonight.

HILLARY

Poor Poopsie Woopsie.

Hillary gets a pained look on her face and then she burp vomits but keeps it all in her mouth and swallows.

ALEX

I gotsta run. I still have to go home and change.

HILLARY

Give me a kiss.

Alex and Hillary exchange a quick peck.

ALEX

I hope you feel better.

HILLARY

You too.

Alex starts out the bedroom door.

HILLARY

Call me tonight, Sex Machine.

Alex blushes.

ALEX

I will.

HILLARY

You promise?

ALEX

I promise.

HILLARY

Don't forget.

ALEX

I won't forget.

On his way out the front door Alex walks past Randy who is sitting on the living room floor, inches from the television set, watching the news.

ALEX

See ya later, Kiddo.

RANDY

See ya Alex.

EXT. HILLARY'S APARTMENT. MORNING

Alex gets into his car and drives off.

EXT. PIER 33. DAY.

Curtis unloads crates with a forklift from a container ship. A FOREMAN oversees his work.

FOREMAN

Come on, pick up the pace.

Curtis mumbles something under his breath then steers his next load close enough to the Foreman causing him to jump out of the way.

FOREMAN

Hey, watch it!

EXT. RESIDENTIAL STREET. DAY.

Jack, in his brown shirt and shorts, jumps from his UPS truck carrying a package and trots up to the front door of a nice house in an upper-class neighborhood and rings the doorbell. A young BOY answers the door.

JACK

Hello there, little buddy!

BOY
Hello.

JACK
Is your Mom or Dad home?

BOY
No.

The Boy just stands there.

JACK
Well, I have a package for them. Is there
somebody here who can sign for this?

BOY
No. I'm the only one home.

JACK
You don't have an older brother.. or sister..
or a baby sitter here?

BOY
No. Just me.

JACK
Hmmm... Well, can you give this to your
parents when they come home?

BOY
Sure Mister.

Jack hands the boy a claim slip.

BOY
Do you wanna come in? Power Rangers is on.

Long pause.

JACK
I better not.

BOY
O.K. See ya.

The boy closes the door and Jack turns to leave. He takes
a couple hesitant steps. He looks up and down the street.

All is quiet. Jack returns to the door and knocks. The boy opens the door.

BOY

Hello.

JACK

Hello again.

Jack kneels down so he is eye-level with the boy.

JACK

What's your name, kid?

BOY

Timmy.

JACK

Timmy.

Jack inches forward, within striking distance.

JACK

I want to give you some really good advice, Timmy.

BOY

What's that?

Suddenly, Jack lunges forward and grabs Timmy by the shoulders, pulling the startled kid toward him. Their noses are practically touching.

JACK

Don't ever open the door for strangers. Ever. In fact, when you're home alone like you are right now, make sure all the doors in the house are locked and don't even get up to see who it is when someone knocks.

BOY

(frightened, hesitant)

B-But why?

JACK

Well, Timmy, there's a lot of really bad people in the world. And I don't want to see you get hurt. Understand?

Timmy shakes his head. Jack releases him.

JACK

Now, close the door and lock it. I'm not gonna leave until I hear you lock this door. O.K.?

BOY

O.K.

JACK

And don't forget to give your parents that piece of paper.

Timmy closes the door. Jack waits until he hears the lock. A proud smile washes across his face. He turns to leave.

Just then, unnoticed by Jack, Ken, in grey sweats, comes jogging down the sidewalk, right past the house.

We follow Ken for a block as he strides along, breathing steadily, wiping sweat off his brow, checking his watch.

As Ken passes a certain house, our view departs from Ken and goes up and over the house into the backyard, where Bernard tends to his garden, Peppy the Poodle by his side.

INT. SEATTLE UNIVERSITY. DAY.

Professor Harrison sits quietly at his desk in his classroom at Seattle University while his students finish an exam. A female student, DARLENE, drops off her test on Professor Harrison's desk before heading out the door.

PROF. HARRISON

Thank you, Darlene, have a nice day.

DARLENE

You too Professor.

EXT/INT. ALEX'S CAR. DAY.

Alex, dressed in another bad suit, drives his car southbound on Interstate 5 across the Columbia River Bridge from Washington State into Oregon.

EXT. EL TORITO. NIGHT.

The parking lot is full and festive music and laughter filter out from EL TORITO, a Mexican restaurant/lounge in the Portland area.

INSIDE, Alex, his boss, Mr. Constantinople, and Butch, a customer, sit at a high top table in the lounge. It's loud and crowded. Several empty beer bottles are on their table. A SEXY WAITRESS, Carol, approaches.

SEXY WAITRESS

Wow. You boys are thirsty.

MR. CONSTANTINOPLE

(borderline obnoxious drunk)

We're always thirsty, Carol! Hey is that your blue Camero out there?

SEXY WAITRESS

Yep. It sure is.

MR. CONSTANTINOPLE

I told you guys! What year is it?

SEXY WAITRESS

'68.

MR. CONSTANTINOPLE

I knew it! I had a car just like that when I Was in college. Same color and everything.

SEXY WAITRESS

Oh yeah?

MR. CONSTANTINOPLE

Yeah. Maybe that's it. Maybe you're driving my old car...!

SEXY WAITRESS

Maybe.

MR. CONSTANTINOPLE

Maybe when you get off work, we can go check it out together. Maybe.

SEXY WAITRESS

Uhhhh... Maybe not.

BUTCH

Ouch.

SEXY WAITRESS

Another round?

MR. CONSTANTINOPLE

Of course! But this time, bring us each a shot of tequila with our cervezas, por favor.

Alex starts to object but changes his mind.

SEXY WAITRESS

Cuervo O.K.?

MR. CONSTANTINOPLE

Absolutamente!

The Sexy Waitress heads to the bar to get their drinks. All three guys, but especially Mr. Constantinople, check out Carol's ass as she walks away.

MR. CONSTANTINOPLE

Yikes! Do you think it's too late to take this thing off?

Mr. Constantinople slides his wedding ring off his finger, laughs, then, puts it back on.

BUTCH

How old do you think she is?

MR. CONSTANTINOPLE

The perfect age.

Moments later, the Sexy Waitress returns with three beers, and three shots of tequila.

MR. CONSTANTINOPLE

I was just telling these guys how much you remind me of my third wife.

SEXY WAITRESS

Is that so?

MR. CONSTANTINOPLE

(raising his shot of tequila)

Bottoms up!

Mr. Constantinople and Butch slam their tequila but Alex takes a sip of beer instead.

MR. CONSTANTINOPLE

Hey, Alex, what's up? Not a tequila man?

ALEX

Not really.

MR. CONSTANTINOPLE

Don't be such a pussy! Drink it!

ALEX

I don't really like tequila.

MR.. CONSTANTINOPLE

Drink it anyway.

BUTCH

I don't really like tequila either, but I drank mine.

ALEX

I'd really rather not. I've had some bad experiences with tequila.

MR. CONSTANTINOPLE

Big deal. Everybody has. Besides, you don't have a choice in the matter.

Mr. Constantinople slides the shot of tequila up to the edge of the table right in front of Alex.

MR. CONSTANTINOPLE

Drink it.

ALEX
I... I'd rather not.

MR. CONSTANTINOPLÉ
Drink!....Drink!....Drink!....Drink!....

Butch joins in.

MR. CONSTANTINOPLÉ/ BUTCH
Drink!....Drink!....Drink!....Drink..

Everyone in the bar is looking over now. ALEX is truly uncomfortable and embarrassed, but he refuses to drink the tequila.

Suddenly, The Sexy Waitress reaches down and quickly shoots the tequila herself. She winks at Alex, then goes about her business.

MR. CONSTANTINOPLÉ
What a baby!

MR. CONSTANTINOPLÉ (To Butch)
Can you believe what a baby he is?

ALEX
I don't like tequila

MR. CONSTANTINOPLÉ (To Waitress)
Go get him another one.

The waitress looks to Alex who reluctantly indicates its O.K.

LATER.

Mr. Constantinople, Butch, and Alex stumble out of the bar. After they all say goodbye to each other, Butch and Mr. Constantinople get in their cars and drive off. Alex walks across the parking lot to a DAYS INN.

EXT./INT. DAYS INN. NIGHT.

Alex walks through the lobby and down a hall.

FRONT DESK CLERK

Good night.

ALEX

Good night.

Alex is inside a first floor room sitting on the bed, flipping the channels through some late night TV. The lights are off. He gets up and peeks through the curtains and we see that his room looks out at the El Torito parking lot. There are only a few cars left in the lot, Carol's blue Camero being one of them.

Alex picks up the room phone and punches in some numbers. It rings three or four times and then the answering machine picks up.

RANDY'S VOICE

Mom and I cant' come to the phone right now.
Leave a message. Beep.

ALEX

Hey, Hill, it's me. Sorry to call you so late but I just got back to my room....

HILLARY

(groggy, tired)

Alex?

ALEX

Hey.

HILLARY

What time is it?

ALEX

Twelve thirty.

HILLARY

Can you call me tomorrow?

ALEX

Oh... O.K... Sure.

HILLARY

I miss you my little Poopsie Woopsie.

ALEX
I miss you to.

HILLARY
Good night.

ALEX
Good night.

Click. Alex hangs up the phone.

Alex goes to the window and peeks through the curtains again. Nothing new. He sits down on a chair and reaches into his pocket for his domino. He flips the domino between his fingers absentmindedly as he watches Conan O'Brian on TV.

Alex hears something outside and peeks through the curtains again. This time he sees Carol, the Sexy Waitress, leaving the restaurant with two other employees of El Torito.

Carol's co-workers climb into one car, wave goodbye, and drive off. Carol goes to her car. Alex tosses his domino on the bed and exits the room.

EXT. EL TORITO PARKING LOT. NIGHT.

Carol is at the front of her car looking at two flat tires. Alex comes out and gets into his car and starts to drive off, but then he "notices" Carol.

ALEX
Is everything alright?

CAROL
(hesitant)
Uh... Yeah.

Alex drives away. He gets to the end of the parking lot then reverses back to where Carol is.

ALEX
Hey, I'm just going down the street for some contact solution. When I get back, do you want me to change that tire for you?

CAROL
No. That's O.K.

ALEX
Are you sure? I don't mind.

CAROL
I have TWO flat tires.

ALEX
TWO flat tires? How did that happen?

CAROL
I have no idea.

Alex gets out of his car and walks to the front of Carol's Camero and looks at the two flats.

ALEX
Bummer in the summer.

CAROL
Tell me about it.

It starts to rain.

ALEX
I don't suppose you have two spare tires in your trunk, do you?

CAROL
I don't even have one.

Thunder rumbles somewhere in the distance.

ALEX
Well, what do you want to do? I can give you a lift somewhere.

CAROL
I... I don't know about that.

ALEX
I owe you. From inside. The tequila shot.

CAROL

Oh yeah. Did you say you were going to the mini mart?

ALEX

Yeah. I need some contact solution. For my eyes.

Alex points to his eyes.

CAROL

I know the guy that works there. If you don't mind dropping me off, maybe he can give me a ride home.

ALEX

I don't mind at all. Hop in.

CAROL

O.K. Just a sec.

Carol grabs her purse, locks up her car, and follows Alex around to the passenger door of his car where he lets her in and shuts the door.

INT. ALEX'S CAR. NIGHT.

It's now dumping rain

ALEX

Just in time.

CAROL

Yeah. Thanks a lot. I owe you one.

ALEX

No. This just makes us even.

Alex drives off.

A mile or two down the road, just outside of town, neither Alex nor Carol are saying much. The rhythmic sound of the windshield wipers seems incredibly loud. The mini mart is in sight.

Alex slowly turns into the parking lot of the mini mart and eases his car toward the front door - then suddenly accelerates and drives out of the parking lot back onto the street.

CAROL
What are you doing?

ALEX
Don't worry.

CAROL
What are you doing?!

Alex continues down the road, away from town.

CAROL
Stop the car!!

Carol reaches for her door handle but discovers there isn't one on her side.

CAROL
Stop the car! Right now!!

ALEX
Calm down. Calm down.

CAROL
Stop the God Damn car!!

Carol reaches for her purse.

CAROL
Listen Asshole - I have mace!! Stop the
Fucking car!!

Carol fumbles through her purse looking for her mace but accidentally spills its contents onto the floor in front of her. As she leans forward, frantically feeling around for her mace, Alex quickly pulls the car over to the side of the road. Just as Carol's fingers locate the little canister, Alex wraps a cord around her neck and twists it tight. Carol struggles mightily, trying desperately to get her fingers between the cord and her neck, but Alex is too strong for her and he keeps tightening his grip. At one point, Carol's flailing feet violently kick out the passenger's side window of Alex's car and rain pours into

the vehicle. But it's too late. A few agonizing moments later, after a final twitch, Carol is dead.

Alex looks anxiously up and down the road for any cars. There are none. His breathing verges on hyperventilation.

EXT. ALEX'S CAR. NIGHT.

Alex's car pulls back onto the road, whips a u-turn, and heads back into town.

INT. DAYS INN. NIGHT.

Back in the bathroom of his hotel room, in front of the mirror, Alex retrieves a crude electric tattoo needle from his shaving kit and calmly engraves another mark onto his chest.

Once finished, Alex stares at his shirtless self in the mirror, admiring his "artwork."

He walks slowly, trancelike, to the bed where he pulls back the covers revealing Carol's dead body. He climbs in beside the corpse and begins caressing its hair. He pushes open an eyelid.

ALEX

Are you warm enough?

He kisses the dead body on the forehead and then reaches over and turns off the lamp on the nightstand.

EXT/ INT. SEATTLE/TACOMA AIRPORT. DAY.

Detective Powers, behind the wheel of the Crown Victoria pulls up to the Passenger Loading and Unloading Zone at the airport. Detective Wright gets out and grabs a carry-on bag from the back seat.

DET. WRIGHT

Thanks for the ride.

DET. POWERS

No problem. I'll pick you up right here.

DET. WRIGHT

Sound good.

DET. POWERS

Have a nice trip. Tell your Mom Happy
Birthday for me.

Detective Wright waves 'goodbye' then heads into the terminal and Detective Powers drives off.

INT. CROWN VICTORIA. DAY.

Not far down the road, Detective Powers notices that Detective Wright has left his reading glasses on the dashboard.

DET. POWERS

Shoot.

She circles back.

INT. SEATTLE/TACOMA AIRPORT. DAY.

Inside the terminal, Detective Wright is attempting to pass through the metal detector as Detective Powers approaches from behind. The machine beeps and Detective Wright is asked to empty his pockets and try again.

Detective Powers, unnoticed by Detective Wright, watches as Detective Wright dumps the contents of his pockets into the little basket: Wallet, gum, change, a JADE DOMINO. Detective Powers is surprised to see the domino.

On the other side of the metal detector, Detective Wright puts everything back in his pocket and continues forward.

DET. POWERS

Hey - Conrad.

Detective Wright turns to face Detective Powers. There is a moment of uncertainty between them, then -

DET. POWERS

You forgot these.

Detective Powers hands Detective Wright the reading glasses.

DET. WRIGHT

Oh. Wow. Thanks. I can't read a thing without these.

DET. POWERS

I know. Have a nice trip.

DET. WRIGHT

Thanks.

They both hesitate before going their separate ways.

INT. CROWN VIC. DAY.

Back inside the Crown Victoria, parked in the Passenger Loading and Unloading Zone, Detective Powers opens up the glove box and pulls out the two Jade Dominos, confirming that the domino Detective Wright has, is, in fact, a third one. Obviously, Detective Powers' mind is racing as she contemplates the implications of Detective Wright possessing a jade domino. Suddenly, there is a hard knock on the window, startling Detective Powers. She spins around to see -

A TRAFFIC COP

Move it along.

After a sigh of relief, Detective Powers puts the car in gear and drives off.

EXT/INT. ALEX'S CAR. DAY.

Alex's car, with plastic covering the passenger side window, drives northbound on Interstate 5 across the Columbia River from Oregon into Washington State.

LATER

Further northbound on Interstate 5, along a monotonous stretch of highway, Alex sings along with the radio when suddenly he blows a tire.

ALEX

Judas Priest!

Alex pulls over to the shoulder next to an open field and stops the car. He gets out and confirms he has a shredded front left tire.

ALEX

Karma.

As vehicles whiz past, Alex walks around to the trunk and opens it up. Carol's dead body lies on top of all the crap in the trunk.

Alex looks back at the heavy traffic, frustrated because in order to change his tire he has to get his jack and spare which are in the trunk under the dead body.

When the time is right, that is, when there is a lull in traffic, Alex pulls Carol's body from the trunk and drags it around to the side of the vehicle, out of sight.

A BIT LATER.

The car is jacked up and Alex is about to remove the spare tire from the trunk, when a WASHINGTON STATE PATROL CAR pulls off the road in front of him and backs up to within a few feet of Alex's grill. Alex does not have time to put the dead body back in the trunk. Alex grabs the jack handle.

ALEX

(to self)

Oh boy. Oh boy. Oh boy. Oh boy.

The Trooper walks slowly back toward Alex.

TROOPER

What seems to be the problem?

ALEX

Oh, nothing much, Officer. Just a flat tire.

TROOPER

Do you need any assistance?

ALEX

No, thank you. Everything is under control.

The Trooper is right next to Alex now, maybe sensing some anxiety.

TROOPER

Are you sure?

ALEX

Oh yeah. I change tires all the time.
Piece of cake.

The Trooper notices Alex has yet to get the spare tire from the trunk.

TROOPER

I'll get the spare out for you.

ALEX

No that's O.K. I've got it. I'm almost done here.

The Trooper walks back to the trunk of Alex's car anyway and looks in. No more than five feet from his boot is Carol's body. If he looks down to his right he will surely see her leg. But he doesn't. Alex adjusts the grip on the jack handle just in case.

TROOPER

I'll get this. Go ahead and take off the bad tire?

What else can Alex do? He returns to the front of the car and finishes removing the lug nuts, keeping an eye on the Trooper the whole time. He removes the bad tire and the Trooper brings him the spare.

Alex puts the spare in place and starts twisting on the lug nuts. The Trooper reaches down to lift the bad tire and take it back to the trunk-

ALEX

That's O.K. I got that.

TROOPER

Are you sure?

ALEX

Yeah. I want to re-arrange some things in the trunk anyway.

TROOPER

O.K.

ALEX

Thank you for your help, Officer.

TROOPER

You're welcome. Be careful when you pull back into traffic.

ALEX

I will. Thanks again.

The Trooper returns to his Patrol Car and gets in but does not drive off. Instead, we can see that he's talking on his radio, occasionally checking his rear view mirror to see how Alex is doing.

Finally, Alex has the tire changed and is putting stuff back in the trunk. He flashes the Trooper the thumbs up sign and the Trooper starts up his vehicle and pulls away.

Alex shuts the trunk.

He pulls back into traffic and drives away leaving the dead body on the side of the road.

INT. EVIDENCE WAREHOUSE. DAY.

Detective Powers is talking with Gloria at the Precinct's Evidence Warehouse.

DET. POWERS

Are you positive there wasn't another domino?

GLORIA

I'm positive. But I can check again.

DET. POWERS

No, that's O.K. Thanks Gloria.

GLORIA

Anything else?

DET. POWERS

No. See you later.

Detective Powers turns to leave.

GLORIA

Goodbye.

INT. CLUB SPORT. NIGHT

Detective Powers is one of twenty or so stationary cyclists sweating their asses off in a spin class. The lights are low. Music blasts. The group LEADER is a female in her twenties. Super high energy.

LEADER

Come on! Keep it up! You can do it!

Everyone is really grinding it out. A cute Male CYCLIST (20's) on a bike next to Detective Powers looks over to Powers and smiles.

CYCLIST

Whew!

Detective Powers smiles back.

LEADER

Sixty more seconds!! Push! Push! Push!

Pedal. Pedal. Pedal.

INT. RESTAURANT. NIGHT.

Detective Powers sits alone at a table finishing her dinner. She has the Jade Dominoes with her and she keeps staring at them.

A waitress, WAITRESS #2, approaches.

WAITRESS #2

Can I get you anything else?

DET. POWERS

No - I'm O.K. Thanks.

WAITRESS #2

Just let me know.

She goes about her work.

INT. DETECTIVE POWERS' APARTMENT. NIGHT.

Detective Powers enters her apartment, turns on the lights and drops some bills on the table. She hits the button on her answering machine to find she has one message.

VOICE (female)

Hi Honey. It's mom and dad. We miss you.
Call us when you get a chance. We love you.
Be careful. Goodnight.

Detective Powers smiles. She absentmindedly looks in the fridge. Nothing good. She plops down on the couch and turns on the television.

T.V. REPORTER

Police have confirmed the discovery of a body discarded along the shoulder of the northbound lanes of Interstate 5 this afternoon. The body, that of a female in her early to mid twenties, has not yet been identified....

Detective Powers isn't really paying attention.

EXT. HOUSE. DAY.

SUPERIMPOSE "Chicago, Illinois" over an establishing shot of the house.

INT. MODEST HOUSE. DAY.

Detective Wright and several others crouch behind furniture inside the house. A WOMAN peeks outside from behind the curtains.

WOMAN

Get down everybody! Here she comes!

The front door opens, Detective Wright's mom enters, and everyone jumps and yells -

EVERYONE
Surprise!!

EXT./INT. RENTAL CAR. DAY.

Detective Wright drives a rental car through the outskirts of Chicago. He cruises slowly through a dilapidated residential neighborhood, eyeing the houses with his window down. One particular house obviously has special meaning to him and he parks the car in the street in front of it. As he stares out at the run-down house we FLASHBACK TO -

INT. DETECTIVE WRIGHT'S CHILDHOOD HOME. DAY.

Detective Conrad Wright, as a young boy, CONRAD, and a bunch of his friends are gathered in the living room of his childhood home, being entertained by COOKIE THE CLOWN. A banner on the wall reads: "Happy Birthday Conrad!" Wrapping paper and presents litter the floor.

Cookie the Clown rapidly blows up tubular balloons and twists them into squeaky balloon animals. CONRAD'S MOM watches from the perimeter. Most of the kids already have balloon animals in their hands.

COOKIE THE CLOWN
Who doesn't have one?

A girl raises her hand.

COOKIE THE CLOWN
Patricia! There you go, Sweetie!

Cookie the Clown hands a balloon poodle to the little girl.

COOKIE THE CLOWN
Is that everybody?

Yes it is.

COOKIE THE CLOWN
Well, boys and girls, Cookie the Clown has to go home now.

All the kids moan.

COOKIE THE CLOWN
I know. I know. But before I do, I have
one more present for the Birthday Boy!

Conrad, come on over here.

Conrad goes happily to Cookie the Clown.

COOKIE THE CLOWN
Hop up on my lap.

Conrad climbs onto Cookie the Clown's lap.

COOKIE THE CLOWN
Close your eyes.

Conrad closes his eyes. Cookie the Clown reaches behind
the couch and pulls out a painting of a clown (The same
painting we saw in Professor Harrison's office).

COOKIE THE CLOWN
O.K. Open em up!

Conrad opens his eyes and sees this magnificent clown
painting.

CONRAD
Woooooow...

COOKIE THE CLOWN
It's for you! I painted it myself.

CONRAD'S MOM
What do you say Conrad?

CONRAD
Thank you Cookie.

COOKIE THE CLOWN
You're welcome big boy. I thought it'd look
real nice in your bedroom right above your
fish tank.

Conrad admires the painting from arm's length.

CONRAD

Thank you.

COOKIE THE CLOWN

Oh My! What's this in your ear?!

Cookie the Clown proceeds to 'magically' pull a quarter out of Conrad's ear.

COOKIE THE CLOWN

Hey look kids! There was a quarter in his ear!

All the kids laugh. Cookie the Clown gives the quarter to Conrad.

COOKIE THE CLOWN

Hey! What's this in your other ear!?

CONRAD

I don't know.

Cookie the Clown 'magically' pulls another quarter out of Conrad's other ear and hands it to him.

CONRAD

How did those get in there Conrad?

Conrad looks to his mom for an explanation. She plays dumb.

COOKIE THE CLOWN

Are there any more?

Conrad shrugs his shoulders and Cookie the Clown peers inside Conrad's ears. Right. Left. Right. Left.

COOKIE THE CLOWN

Nope. I don't see any more. Oh well.

Cookie the Clown gets up and shakes all the kid's hands one at a time. They hug him, cling to him, etc.

COOKIE THE CLOWN

Goodbye kiddies!

KIDS
Goodbye Cookie!

Cookie the Clown heads toward the door where Conrad's Mom waits to see him out.

CONRAD'S MOM
Thanks a lot John. That was really nice.

COOKIE THE CLOWN
You're welcome. It's what I like to do. I love the kids.

CONRAD'S MOM
Are you sure I can't pay you?

COOKIE THE CLOWN
Absolutely not.

And with that, Cookie the Clown leaves and walks RIGHT NEXT DOOR to where he lives.

LATER THAT NIGHT.

The party is over. All the kids have left. Little Conrad and his Mom sit on the couch together in the living room watching television. Conrad has a fingertip moving around in his ear. It is dark outside.

CONRAD'S MOM
Well Connie, I better get up and clean the kitchen before I fall asleep.

She gets up and disappears into the kitchen. Conrad gets up and walks to the window that faces Cookie the Clown's house and gazes out at it. He checks both ears with his fingertips.

EXT/INT. COOKIE THE CLOWN'S HOUSE. NIGHT.

Conrad steps out of his house and walks next door where he opens the door to Cookie the Clown's house and enters without knocking. The house is dark. Music is heard from somewhere toward the back of the house.

CONRAD

Cookie?

At the end of the hall in the back of the house is a door, closed, with light shining out from beneath. The music comes from this room. Conrad walks slowly toward the door... He puts a hand on the doorknob... He turns it... He gently opens it up to find JOHN WAYNE GACY, still in his Cookie the Clown outfit hovering over a naked and terrified teenage boy who is strapped face down on a bed with a gag in his mouth. Cookie the Clown has a syringe and is injecting something into the teenager's buttocks.

CONRAD

Cookie?

Cookie the Clown does not hear Conrad over the music but the teenager spots Conrad and tries to warn him with wild bulging eyes to turn and run.

Conrad inches forward and tugs on Cookie the Clown's frills.

CONRAD

Cookie?

Cookie the Clown turns to discover Conrad standing right next to him, looking up with big wide eyes. Cookie the Clown is at first startled but quickly realizes the Boy has no idea what's going on.

COOKIE THE CLOWN

Conrad! What are you doing here?

CONRAD

I think there's more money in my ear
Cookie.

COOKIE THE CLOWN

Really! Which one?

CONRAD

I think both.

Whatever it was that Cookie the Clown injected into the Teenage boy, it's quickly taking effect as he starts to lose consciousness.

COOKIE THE CLOWN

Let me take a look.

Cookie the Clown thoroughly inspects inside both of Conrad's ears.

COOKIE THE CLOWN

You know - I don't see anything. Are you sure?

CONRAD

I thought so.

COOKIE THE CLOWN

Maybe they fell out. Let's go look.

Cookie the Clown leads Conrad out of the room and back down the hall and into the kitchen, searching the floor for quarters the whole way.

Without Conrad noticing, Cookie the Clown grabs two quarters from a pile of change on a countertop in the kitchen and pretends to find them on the floor.

COOKIE THE CLOWN

Hey, what's this?

Cookie the Clown bends down and "picks up" two quarters.

COOKIE THE CLOWN

Here they are. You were right Conrad!

Cookie hands Conrad the quarters and sees him out the door.

COOKIE THE CLOWN

Good night buddy.

CONRAD

Good night Cookie.

Conrad walks back to his own house. He turns and waves to Cookie the Clown who is framed in the doorway waving back. Very Creepy.

EXT/INT. RENTAL CAR. DAY.

Just then, Detective Wright is interrupted from his FLASHBACK by a couple of DOPE DEALERS who have approached his car on foot.

DOPE DEALER
Hey Dog, what up?

DET. WRIGHT
(startled)
What's that?

DOPE DEALER
You looking to score?

DET. WRIGHT
Not today.

DOPE DEALER
You're not?

DET. WRIGHT
No.

DOPE DEALER
You're not?

DET. WRIGHT
I said "No."

DOPE DEALER
Then you better get your sorry ass off my street before I bitch slap you.

Detective Wright and the Dope Dealer stare each other down before Detective Wright puts his car in gear and drives off.

INT. THE PRECINCT. DAY.

Detective Powers sits at her desk at The Precinct, doing paperwork or whatever.

OFFICER EVERCLEAR calls to her from across the room.

OFFICER EVERCLEAR
Hey, Powers, Detective Wright has a phone call. Do you want to take it?

DET. POWERS

Sure.

OFFICER EVERCLEAR

Line five.

Detective Powers picks up her phone and punches line five.

DETECTIVE POWERS

This is Detective Powers.

MARTIN, with heavy Vietnamese accent, is on the other end.

MARTIN

Hello. I'm looking for a Detective Conrad Wright.

DET. POWERS

Detective Wright's not available right now. I'm his partner, Detective Powers - Can I help you?

MARTIN

I'm not sure. I was told to contact Detective Wright regarding some dominos.

DET. POWERS

Who did you say you were?

MARTIN

Martin Wong. I own a small shop in Seattle. My daughter told me to call.

DET. POWERS

Yes. Yes. That's right. We were wondering about some Jade Dominos. Your daughter said she thought you might have sold a couple sets from your store.

MARTIN

Yes. I have the invoices right here.

DET. POWERS

You do?

MARTIN

Yes I do.

DET. POWERS

Can you tell me the names of the people who bought those sets?

MARTIN

Uhhh... May I ask why for?

DET. POWERS

It would help us with an investigation we're doing.

MARTIN

You're the Police, right?

DET. POWERS

Yes.

MARTIN

(a bit hesitant)

One was a Sandra Perez. And the other was Nathaniel Harrison.

DET. POWERS

Did you say Nathaniel Harrison?

MARTIN

Yes. Nathaniel Harrison.

The name registers with Detective Powers as the professor from Seattle University.

DET. POWERS

Martin, thank you for calling back.

MARTIN

That's it?

DET. POWERS

That's it. Thank you.

MARTIN

No problem.

They hang up.

EXT. SEATTLE UNIVERSITY. DUSK.

Black clouds, heavy rain, and high winds, challenge Detective Powers as she passes through the Main entrance onto the campus of Seattle University.

INT. SEATTLE UNIVERSITY. DUSK.

Detective Powers, soaking wet, looks into Professor Harrison's Classroom. It's empty.

Detective Powers knocks on Professor Harrison's Office Door. No answer. The door is locked.

Detective Powers stands at the Counter at the Administration Office of Seattle University.

DET. POWERS

Excuse me.

RECEPTIONIST

How may I help you?

DETECTIVE POWERS

Can you tell me where I might find Professor Harrison today?

RECEPTIONIST

And you are?

Detective Powers flashes her badge.

EXT/INT. PROFESSOR HARRISON'S HOUSE. DUSK.

The weather is getting worse.

Detective Powers pulls up and parks the Crown Victoria in front of Professor Harrison's massive ivy-covered Turn-of-the-century Victorian-style home in the Capitol Hill District. She watches the house from the car for a while, hoping the wind and rain might die down. She ponders to herself exactly what she is doing here, all alone and a rookie working her very first case. Eventually, the hesitant Detective ventures out and jogs up the long gravel path to the front door. She rings the bell.

After a bit, Professor Harrison opens the door.

PROF. HARRISON
Detective Powers! What are you doing here?

DET. POWERS
Professor Harrison.

I was wondering if we could talk some more about the Joseph Ladd murder?

PROF. HARRISON
Sure. Of course. Come on in.

Detective Powers steps in and Professor Harrison helps her off with her coat.

PROF. HARRISON
Crazy weather we've been having.

DET. POWERS
I'll say. I'm starting to think this is normal for around here.

PROF. HARRISON
Actually it is.

Where is Detective Wright today?

DET. POWERS
He's out of town. I'm just following up on a couple of leads.

PROF. HARRISON
Oh. I see. Police work.

Professor Harrison's house is dark yet spacious with high ceilings and arches leading down multiple mysterious hallways. Professor Harrison leads Detective Powers into a room with a large stone fireplace along one wall. The fireplace is unlit. They sit in big leather chairs next to the mantle. A decanter and a glass of sherry sit on the table next to Professor Harrison.

[Throughout this scene, the wind howls from outside; tree limbs bang against the house and the lights occasionally flicker.]

DET. POWERS
I like your house.

PROF. HARRISON
Thank you. There aren't many like it.

Detective Powers takes in as much of the house as she can.

PROF. HARRISON
Where are my manners? - Would you care to
join me in a glass of sherry, Detective?

DET. POWERS
Oh. No. Thank you. I'm working.

PROF. HARRISON
Right. Right. How about a mint julep then?

DET. POWERS
No. I'm fine. Thanks.

PROF. HARRISON
Anyway... this house was built in 1900. Some
say by a mad man. It has hidden rooms. And
a dungeon with a torture chamber - Would you
like to see it?

DET. POWERS
Not right now, thank you Professor. Maybe
later

PROF. HARRISON
Yes. Maybe later.

Professor Harrison flashes a wry smile.

DET. POWERS
I wanted to ask if you knew anyone by the
name of Terrance Albright?

PROF. HARRISON
Albright? Albright? No, the name doesn't
ring a bell.

DET. POWERS
He wasn't a student of yours?

PROF. HARRISON

Not that I recall. Why do you ask?

DET. POWERS

Well, he was found murdered recently and he had in his possession at the time of the murder a Jade Domino.

PROF. HARRISON

Interesting. But I don't think I follow.

DET. POWERS

A similar domino was found at the scene of Joseph Ladd's murder - from your class. I thought maybe the two were related somehow.

Detective Powers removes the dominos from her pocket and hands them to Professor Harrison.

DET. POWERS

Do these look familiar to you, Professor?

Professor Harrison examines the dominoes.

PROF. HARRISON

No. I can't say that they do.

He hands them back.

DET. POWERS

Can you think of any reason why Detective Wright would have a domino like this?

PROF. HARRISON

Detective Wright? Your partner?

DET. POWERS

Yes.

PROF. HARRISON

No. Like I said - I've never seen these before.

The lights flicker. Professor Harrison's demeanor darkens.

PROF. HARRISON

You're full of strange questions today.
Exactly what is it that's on your mind
Detective?

DET. POWERS

Well... We - Detective Wright and myself -
were able to track down the company that
sold the dominoes.

PROF. HARRISON

Were you?

DET. POWERS

Yes.

PROF. HARRISON

Good work.

DET. POWERS

Thank you. So now I know the name of the
person who bought them.

PROF. HARRISON

Bravo. You must be very proud of yourself.

Professor Harrison takes a drink of sherry. Detective
Powers studies him silently creating an uncomfortable
pause.

PROF. HARRISON

O.K. The suspense is killing me. Who
bought the dominoes?

DET. POWERS

Oddly enough... I think you did Professor.

Just then thunder claps, lightning flashes and the lights
go out washing the already dim setting into near darkness.

Detective Powers notices Professor Harrison's chair is now
empty. Startled, she rises to her feet and draws her
firearm.

DET. POWERS

Professor?

No answer.

DET. POWERS
Professor?!

Detective Powers is having trouble seeing in the dark. She hears a noise and spins left, then right. Shadowy illusions are all she sees.

DET. POWERS
Professor??

Detective Powers moves slowly and cautiously through the dark room searching for Professor Harrison, occasionally stumbling against furniture she can't quite see.

DET. POWERS
I just want to talk to you. That's all.

A cat suddenly darts across the floor in front of Detective Powers who quickly trains her gun on it.

Something falls and crashes to the floor in another room.

DET. POWERS
Professor?

Detective Powers never sees the fireplace poker that Professor Harrison brings down hard against the side of her head from behind, knocking her out cold.

INT. PROF. HARRISON'S HOUSE. NIGHT

Professor Harrison drags Detective Powers' unconscious body down a flight of stairs.

EXT. PROFESSOR HARRISON'S HOUSE. DUSK.

Through TIME LAPSE VIDEO night falls, dark clouds move away, and the sliver of a moon rises in the sky above the Professor's House.

EXT. SEATAC AIRPORT. NIGHT.

Detective Wright stands at the curb waiting for Detective Powers to pick him up. He checks his watch.

INT. PROFESSOR HARRISON'S HOUSE. NIGHT

Detective Powers wakes to find herself sitting on a cold cement floor. Her arms are pulled back and around a pillar with her wrists handcuffed together. There is a blood-stained drain in the floor near her feet. And beyond that, the body of a dead woman, her throat slit.

Detective Powers reacts to the grisly sight, attracting the attention of Professor Harrison who sits nearby sharpening a large knife.

Professor Harrison has transformed into the detached black hearted sadist that is his alter self.

PROF. HARRISON

Well hello Sleepy Head. I'm so glad you finally woke up. I didn't want you to miss all the fun.

DET. POWERS (a bit groggy)

Where am I?

PROF. HARRISON

It seems you get to see the Dungeon after all.

DET. POWERS

Who is that?

PROF. HARRISON

Oh her? She's nobody.

DET. POWERS

Let me go, Professor.

PROF. HARRISON

Let you go? Don't be ridiculous. You know way too much.

DETECTIVE POWERS

I don't know anything.

PROF. HARRISON

You know about her.

Detective Powers struggles against her bonds but realizes it is useless.

DETECTIVE POWERS

Please...

The Professor chuckles dismissively.

PROFESSOR HARRISON

I'm curious. Just how much have you pieced together in that pretty little head of yours?

DET. POWERS

Nothing. I swear. All I know is you bought the dominos. I don't even know what it means.

The professor stops sharpening the knife and looks long and deep into Detective Powers' eyes.

PROF. HARRISON

I believe you. I have an uncanny knack for sensing when people are telling the truth.

But... I still have to kill you. You understand. I'm really sorry about that.

Professor Harrison rises and walks slowly around and behind Detective Powers, knife in hand.

DET. POWERS (obviously scared)

What are you doing?

Professor Harrison's face is right up against the back of Detective Power's head.

PROF. HARRISON

Shhhhhhh...

DET. POWERS

Please... Don't.

PROF. HARRISON

(very soft sing song)
Hush little baby don't say a word...

He reaches around and unbuttons Detective Powers' blouse, exposing her bra.

DET. POWERS

Leave me alone.

He starts massaging her breasts. His breathing becomes heavy.

DET. POWERS

Stop it. You fucking freak.

PROF. HARRISON

Oooooooh... You have a dirty mouth. I like that about you.

(very soft sing song)

Daddy's gonna buy you a mockingbird...

Professor Harrison slowly and deliberately brings the knife's blade up against Detective Powers' smooth neck, pressing ever so lightly, just enough to cut into the first layer of skin.

DETECTIVE POWERS

Don't do it Professor...

Detective Powers holds deathly still, terrified.

DET. POWERS

Please. Don't do it.

PROF. HARRISON

Hmmmm. Not quite sharp enough. But close. Very close.

Professor Harrison returns to his chair in front of Detective Powers and resumes sharpening his knife. He really enjoys this little game.

Blood trickles from the small cut on Detective Powers' neck. She shakes uncontrollably but tries to hide it.

PROF. HARRISON

Before I... do this... Why don't I connect some of the dots in this sordid little tale for

you. That way, all your hard detective work will have paid off - kind of.

DET. POWERS

I don't need to know. Really. Just let me go.

PROF. HARRISON

I think I'll tell you anyway.

Professor Harrison scoots his chair up close to Detective Powers. He leans in.

PROF. HARRISON

You see, Detective Powers, I am a serial killer.

So was Joseph Ladd. And so too was Terrance Albright.

DET. POWERS

What are you talking about?

PROF. HARRISON

It's true. You'd be surprised how many of us there are.

We have been burdened by God with an overwhelming desire to take human life. It's just one of those things.

But we are not the monsters society makes us out to be. And many of us only kill sinners. And that makes the world a better place, now, doesn't it?

Detective Powers makes one more futile effort to free her hands. Not a chance. Professor Harrison waits for her to settle back down.

PROF. HARRISON

We recognize, of course, that what we do might be considered wrong by others. And we all want desperately to stop - believe you me. But we're no more in control of our urges than a pedophile trying to quit fondling little kids. Goochie Goochie Goo.

Professor Harrison reaches out and mockingly tickles Detective Power's side. She does her best to not react.

Professor Harrison then slowly and deliberately puts the tip of the knife up against the underside of Detective Power's chin and stares deep into her watery eyes.

Just then, the figure of Detective Wright emerges quietly from the shadows of a doorway behind Professor Harrison. Detective Wright's revolver is drawn. Wright and Powers make eye contact. Detective Wright puts a finger up to his lips to indicate silence. He doesn't yet have a good shot without endangering her.

PROF. HARRISON

That's why I founded Serial Killers Anonymous: Give me an "S" - Give me a "K" - Give me an "A". You can call it a support group if you'd like - With no 12-step program, of course.

Professor Harrison chuckles to himself.

Detective Wright continues to close quietly in on Professor Harrison, his gun now pointing at the back of the Professors' head from halfway across the room.

PROF. HARRISON

But the best part - and I think you'll appreciate this - is once somebody joins SKA, they have to promise never to kill again. And if they do - kill again - I arrange for Detective Wright to put them out of their misery. Isn't that right Conrad?

Professor Harrison spins around to face Detective Wright. Not surprised in the least to see Detective Wright standing there with a gun pointed at him.

DET. POWERS

What are you talking about??

PROF. HARRISON

That's right! It's your own partner here who has been murdering these people. And

He has been doing it for years. Isn't that a hoot?

DET. POWERS

You are so full of shit.

Detective Powers looks to Detective Wright. No reaction.

Det. POWERS

Conrad, What's going on??

PROF. HARRISON

Go ahead Conrad... Tell her all about it.

Detective Wright, still with his gun pointed at Professor Harrison, calmly cocks the weapon. Professor Harrison does not seem threatened at all.

PROF. HARRISON

Put that thing away. You're not shooting anybody. We both know that.

Detective Write maintains his position with the gun pointed squarely at Professor Harrison who casually runs the knife's blade one last time across the sharpening stone.

PROF. HARRISON

Guess what? I think I'm done here.

DETECTIVE POWERS

Conrad! Shoot him!

Professor Harrison, arms straight out to his sides, knife in one hand, offers his life to Detective Wright who looks back with a blank stare.

DETECTIVE POWERS

Shoot him Conrad! Shoot him! He's going to kill me!

Detective Wright does not pull the trigger. Professor Harrison responds with a confident evil grin.

Detective Wright slowly lowers his gun and Detective Powers realizes the truth.

DETECTIVE POWERS
Please..... Please.....

Professor Harrison gets up and walks behind Detective Powers once again.

DET. POWERS (sobbing)
Don't let him kill me Conrad..

Professor Harrison positions himself behind Detective Powers, his knife at the ready.

PROF. HARRISON
(to Detective Wright)
You might want to close your eyes. I think you have a school boy crush on her.

Detective Powers has given up. She is shaking and crying. Terrified. Waiting to die.

But just before Professor Harrison slides the blade across Detective Powers' neck, Detective Wright raises his gun and fires three quick rounds - into Detective Powers' chest.

PROFESSOR HARRISON
(very disappointed)
Awww. C'mon. What did you do that for?

Detective Powers body slumps in death.

Long Pause.

Detective Wright raises his revolver and points the weapon at Professor Harrison once again. There is hatred in Detective Wright's eyes and Professor Harrison is no longer convinced Detective Wright won't kill him. The two men stare at each other for several moments before Detective Wright calmly lowers the gun, turns, and walks out of the room.

DISSOLVE TO BLACK

FADE BACK IN

INT. DINER. MORNING

Detective Wright is back at his favorite diner, reading USA Today and smoking a cigarette.

INSERT TITLE: "MONTHS LATER"

The same waitress as before, approaches.

WAITRESS #1
What'll it be this morning?

DET. WRIGHT
(without looking up)
The usual.

WAITRESS #1
(writing on a pad as she speaks)
Three eggs over easy... corned beef hash...
country potatoes Smothered in gravy...
sourdough toast.

She leaves.

EXT. PIER. DAY.

Professor Harrison stands at the end of a pier watching the sunset. Seagulls cry overhead.

An OLD FISHERMAN walks down the pier and sets himself up not too far away from Professor Harrison. The two exchange a courteous nod.

LATER.

We see, but cannot hear, as Professor Harrison and the Old Fisherman engage in serious conversation at the end of the pier.

EXT./INT. KEN'S HOUSE. NIGHT.

Ken (The Weatherman) parks his familiar Chevy Tahoe in his driveway and enters his house. No sooner has he turned on the lights and shut the door when he comes face-to-face with Detective Wright who raises a pistol equipped with a silencer and blasts Ken twice in the face.

Ken lies dead on the floor in a pool of blood. Detective Wright searches through Ken's pockets until he finds Ken's Jade Domino. He takes the domino and leaves.

INT. BRICK BUILDING. NIGHT.

Professor Harrison, Hillary, Alex, Curtis, Jack, Bernard, and the Old Fisherman are gathered around the snack table at an SKA meeting.

JACK (to Old Fisherman)

If you ask me, The Seahawks have the ugliest uniforms in the league. I've even designed some alternatives and sent them in to the team president.

OLD FISHERMAN

I have no idea what you're talking about.

HILLARY (to Professor Harrison)

I really must get your snicker doodle recipe, Roger. These are simply scrumptious.

ALEX

Yeah. These are great.

PROF. HARRISON

Well, thank you. Remind me after the meeting.

LATER

Everyone is seated in a circle as usual. Professor Harrison stands up.

PROF. HARRISON

I have an announcement to make before we get started - Ken will no longer be joining us.

Everyone grimaces.

PROF. HARRISON

Melvin, since you're the newest member of the group, why don't you lead off tonight?

OLD FISHERMAN
Yes sir, Roger.

The Old Fisherman rises to his feet and clears his throat.

OLD FISHERMAN
Good evening everybody.

EVERYBODY
Good evening!

OLD FISHERMAN
My name is... Melvin.

EVERYBODY
Hello Melvin!

FLASHBACK. MONTAGE of several gruesome images of Melvin, killing and dismembering people then stuffing crab pots with human body parts and lowering them over the side of a boat and into the sea.

OLD FISHERMAN
And I'm a Serial Killer.

I haven't killed in 55 days.

Everyone applauds enthusiastically.

EXT. THE BRICK BUILDING. NIGHT.

HOLD.

EXT. THE SEATTLE SKYLINE. NIGHT.

HOLD.

FADE OUT