

BRUSH CREEK CHARLIE

An original screenplay

by

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EXT. BRUSH CREEK - NIGHT

A shell-shocked Vietnam war veteran, CHARLES "CHARLIE THE MACHETE" RASTELLI, casts his evil eyes over at a young and beautiful Jewish woman, SANDY BARNHOLTZ. CHARLIE, who is in his early sixties, is five-foot-ten and slender-built, with a severely pock-marked face and badly rotted teeth.

SANDY is a very attractive woman who is in her middle thirties with an athletic figure and coiffed brown hair. She walks her large black Labrador Retriever along the mud dried concrete near the creek waters of Brush Creek. Brush Creek is about a three mile, east-to-west stretch of creek water, woods, wildlife, and long concrete jogging trails in Kansas City, Missouri. CHARLIE quietly lifts a broken off piece of whiskey bottle from the ground and covertly approaches SANDY.

CHARLIE

Evening, ma'am.

SANDY is caught by surprise and jerks her head backwards. There is a familiar growl coming from her Labrador Retriever.

SANDY

Evening to you, sir.

CHARLIE

Come to Brush Creek often?

SANDY

Just to walk my dog and get some nightly fresh air. How about yourself?

CHARLIE

Brush Creek is like my inner sanctum. There's never been a more exciting place on Earth.

SANDY

Sounds like Brush Creek fascinates you.

CHARLIE

I used to come here every single day when I was a kid.

SANDY

Brush Creek gives me the chance to escape the madness of everyday city life.

The familiar growl becomes stronger from the stomach of her Labrador Retriever. SANDY notices a large bulge on the side of CHARLIE'S stomach. She also notices his hand dangling uncontrollably down by his waist.

SANDY (CONT'D)  
(backs away)  
Hey, what've you got in your hand?

CHARLIE  
Didn't you notice when I first walked  
up on you?

SANDY uses her lightning quick reflexes and drops the dog  
lease to the ground.

SANDY  
(shouts)  
Get him Bolo!

The large dog maneuvers quickly enough to sink his sharp  
teeth into the right arm of CHARLIE.

CHARLIE  
You stupid, fucking mutt!

SANDY cheers on her beloved canine.

SANDY  
Kill him, Bolo! Kill the bastard!

CHARLIE has been leveled to the ground by the Labrador.  
Instinctively, he uses the glass from the old whiskey bottle  
and jabs the dog repeatedly through the abdomen with the  
pointed edge. Blood gushes from the dog's mid-section like a  
tiny water fountain.

SANDY (CONT'D)  
(screams)  
You killed my precious Bolo!

CHARLIE  
The goddamned mutt deserved it.

SANDY  
You're a cold-blooded killer!

CHARLIE  
That's right, the United States  
Government made me a cold-blooded  
killer when I was over in Nam.

SANDY  
That's your problem, you sick-o  
sonofabitch!

CHARLIE  
My dick and balls got blown off in  
combat, bitch!

CHARLIE drifts into an episode of his past as a soldier during one of his tours of duty over in Vietnam.

EXT. FLASHBACK, VIETNAM JUNGLE - DAY

CHARLIE runs through a dark and damp jungle near Saigon and intercepts hundreds of rounds from an M-60. The rounds crash straight into his midsection and he instantly suffers genital mutilation.

EXT. BRUSH CREEK (AGAIN) - NIGHT

SANDY stares down at CHARLIE'S mid-section.

SANDY

You lost your privates?

CHARLIE

Yes, I lost the very thing that was supposed to carry on the family name.

SANDY

You probably deserved it, you crazy, maniac-bastard!

SANDY slips out a straight razor from her left pants pocket, which is backup just in case her dog wouldn't have been able to protect her. CHARLIE rushes towards SANDY with the sharp glass in the clutch of his tight fist. She swings at him and causes the blade to make malicious contact with the side of his neck. A deep gash forms as a result of the blade penetrating his skin. She then kicks him near the left side of his stomach. This causes urine to drip from his near full colostomy bag.

CHARLIE

(laughs)

Is that all you've got?

SANDY

Got a lot more.

CHARLIE

Women will always be the weaker sex.

SANDY

Not this woman, you asshole.

CHARLIE

I knew that you were a lezbo bitch when I first laid eyes on you. I wish that I could take all of you homos, put you on an island together, and then blow that very island straight to fucking hell.

SANDY

We don't have much love for you,  
either.

CHARLIE runs away at a slow pace holding the side of his bleeding neck, while his colostomy bag still drips.

CHARLIE

(furiously)

I'll see you again, bitch! War has  
no beginning, and war has no ending!  
I'll find you somewhere in Kansas  
City, Missouri.

SANDY

Yes, motherfucker, we'll meet again!

CHARLIE disperses into the acute darkness of the tall grasses surrounding Brush Creek. SANDY lowers herself to the ground to lift her beloved canine off the blood-soaked concrete. She walks through the tall grasses near the creek waters and places the murdered dog in the backseat of her car.

INT. ROSENBERG APARTMENTS - NIGHT

CHARLIE stands in the mirror inside the bathroom of his apartment to observe some hideous scars and pits across his face. All of a sudden, he experiences shakiness, muscle aches, sweating, cold and clammy hands, dizziness, and fatigue. These are the severe symptoms of his Post Traumatic Stress Disorder.

CHARLIE

(violently)

War has no fucking beginning, and it  
has no fucking ending!

He bams both fists against the bathroom wall and stomps both feet into the sturdy wooden floor.

INT. FIRST FLOOR - NIGHT

An interracial gay couple, DERRICK THOMAS and MITCHELL MCNALLY, are the first floor neighbors of CHARLIE. DERRICK is an African American man with short kinky hair, who has a large black mole on his right cheek, and two teeth missing from the front top and bottom. MITCHELL is a white male with thick bi-focal glasses, a thin body frame, and patchy thinning brown hair. CHARLIE gains their attention from the baming and stomping up at his apartment.

DERRICK

What is Charlie up there doing now?

MITCHELL

Trying to wake up the dead, I suppose.

DERRICK

Everybody here at the Rosenberg complains about his noise all the time.

MITCHELL

I'd like to know what goes on inside his apartment.

DERRICK

Charlie's the weirdest man that I've ever known.

MITCHELL

He's never been married and he doesn't have any children.

DERRICK

Why do you think that's so, Mitch?

MITCHELL

I really don't know, Derrick. I do know that he did time over in Vietnam.

DERRICK

Lots of guys came back from Vietnam with their minds and bodies all messed up.

MITCHELL

Shell-shocked and filled with all kinds of mental and physical diseases.

DERRICK

Vietnam could've easily made Charlie certifiably insane.

MITCHELL

That's true.

CHARLIE continues to bam and stomp inside his apartment. It is like he's throwing anger fits. The noise becomes irritable to DERRICK and MITCHELL. They decide to pay CHARLIE a visit by traveling to the upper floor. DERRICK knocks aggressively on the door to CHARLIE'S apartment.

INT. BATHROOM - NIGHT

CHARLIE remains in the mirror inside the bathroom observing his years old pitted and scarred face.

CHARLIE  
(angrily)  
Who the fuck is it?

INT. 2ND FLOOR HALLWAY - NIGHT

DERRICK and MITCHELL display amazing patience as they wait near CHARLIE'S door.

DERRICK  
It's Derrick and Mitchell from the  
first floor.

INT. BATHROOM (AGAIN) - NIGHT

By now, CHARLIE begins to show very little patience for his gay neighbors. He bites down on his lower lip and huffs rather strongly.

CHARLIE  
(viciously)  
What the fuck do you chocolate and  
vanilla faggots want?

INT. HALLWAY - NIGHT

CHARLIE creeps to his front door and steps into the hallway. MITCHELL is right there to give him serious eye contact.

MITCHELL  
Charlie, don't you know that there  
are big stacks of complaints against  
you down in the manager's office?

CHARLIE  
Sure, I'm aware that a lot of these  
nosy people here at the Rosenberg  
have complained about me. And yes,  
the management has threatened to  
kick me out a whole buncha times.  
I'm a veteran and I have rights just  
like everybody else.

DERRICK peeks inside CHARLIE'S apartment and notices something rather unconventional. There are many framed photos, both color and black and white, of the Brush Creek infrastructure.

DERRICK  
Charlie, why do you have all those  
pictures of Brush Creek on your walls?

CHARLIE looks back into his apartment and scans the walls.

CHARLIE

(grins)

Brush Creek is the greatest engineering marvel ever known to man. As a little kid, I became fascinated with Brush Creek.

MITCHELL

What's the fascination? Brush Creek is nothing but a bunch of concrete trails with sewer water and tree brush and animals running wild.

CHARLIE releases an uneasy grunt.

CHARLIE

You might see it that way, but let me be the first to tell you. Brush Creek is like the Eighth Wonder of the World. You don't have the eyes for beauty and greatness.

DERRICK momentarily sizes up CHARLIE'S physical and emotional characteristics.

DERRICK

Forgive me for asking, but are you on some type of medication?

CHARLIE quickly lashes out, as his blood pressure tips the scale.

CHARLIE

That's none of your goddamned business! But since you asked, I've been on medication for anxiety attacks and high blood pressure for several years. Let's see you go to combat in Vietnam and watch innocent women and babies killed right before your very eyes. Not to mention all the ones that I personally killed. You don't know what it's like to run through trenches and dive onto dead bodies filled with thousands of maggots. None of you people here at the Rosenberg know what I've been through.

MITCHELL looks on the side of CHARLIE'S neck and notices a deep gash.

MITCHELL

Charlie, what happened to your neck?

CHARLIE  
(covers wound)  
I cut myself with one my tools.

MITCHELL  
You better learn to be more careful  
next time.

CHARLIE  
I will. If you'll excuse me, I've  
got work to do.

MITCHELL  
Sure, no problem.

CHARLIE steps back inside his apartment and then slams the door.

EXT. HYDE PARK - NIGHT

SANDY BARNHOLT arrives at her four bedroom home in the midtown section of Hyde Park in Kansas City, Missouri. She gets out of the car and walks to the back to stare at her reflection. Her murdered canine lies dead across the backseat. SANDY'S lesbian lover, CAROL WEXLER, a broad-shouldered woman with blonde spiked hair, comes to the back porch to notice how SANDY is in a distraught state.

CAROL  
Sandy, my dear, are you alright?

SANDY  
Depends on what you mean by alright.

CAROL  
Why are you hanging around out here  
in the dark? Why don't you just come  
in the house?

SANDY  
Right now, babe, I'm sorta shook up.

CAROL  
Where's Bolo?

SANDY  
In the backseat.

CAROL  
How was your night walk through Brush  
Creek?

SANDY  
(sheds tear)  
Fine, except for a sadistic maniac  
carving up Bolo with a piece of  
whiskey bottle.

CAROL  
(hysterically)  
Jesus! Not Bolo!

SANDY opens the backdoor of the car very slowly.

SANDY  
Babe, help me get him in the house.

CAROL looks at the slaughtered Labrador Retriever with  
bewildered eyes.

CAROL  
Sandy, who in the hell did this to  
Bolo!

SANDY  
First, help me get him in the house.  
I'll tell you about it in a minute.

SANDY and CAROL lift Bolo by his front and hind legs.

INT. KITCHEN - NIGHT

SANDY and CAROL lay Bolo on the kitchen floor. Thick blood  
has caked all around his sliced open abdomen.

INT. FRONT ROOM - NIGHT

SANDY and CAROL take a seat next to one another on the sofa.

CAROL  
Now, tell me what happened.

SANDY  
(deep breath)  
Well, Bolo and I had taken a nightly  
stroll along the concrete trail down  
in Brush Creek. Things were quiet  
down there until we ran upon this  
maniac-of-a-creep sonofabitch who  
seemed to have popped up out of  
nowhere. Carol, this had to have  
been one of the ugliest guys that I  
have ever seen in my life.

CAROL  
He was ruined, huh?

SANDY

Beyond ruined. Babe, this guy had severely-pitted skin and rotted teeth. For some reason, I sensed that he was some shell-shocked Vietnam War veteran. When I saw that sharp piece of glass in his hand, I knew that I was in the presence of a lunatic. Bolo started growling, ready to attack this bastard on command.

CAROL

What happened after Bolo started growling?

SANDY

Once I sicked Bolo on this lunatic, he ripped into Bolo's stomach and started cutting him up with the sharp whiskey bottle glass like mince meat.

CAROL rushes over to one of the tables and snatches up the cordless phone.

CAROL

I'm calling the police right now.

SANDY grabs CAROL by the arm and puts the phone back on the base.

SANDY

Babe, there's nothing that we can do about it now.

CAROL

That looney tune killed our beloved dog, Bolo. He probably had intentions on trying to rape and kill you.

SANDY

I honestly don't believe that he'll ever try and rape any woman.

CAROL

Says who?

SANDY

Carol, he was wearing a colostomy bag. He admitted that he didn't have any genitalia down there. We're talking about a jerk who doesn't have anything to pleasure a woman.

CAROL

That's deep. How'd that happen?

SANDY

The retarded nutball said that he lost his family jewels while in combat in the Vietnam War.

CAROL

And you don't think he'll be on the prowl around the city again? You don't think he's waiting to prey on his next victim?

SANDY

It's a strong possibility.

CAROL

The next woman might not be so lucky.

SANDY

You're right, Carol. But let's just hold off on calling the police.

SANDY and CAROL leave the front room to exit through the backdoor.

EXT. BACKYARD - NIGHT

SANDY and CAROL use large shovels to dig a grave for Bolo. Once they've dug about three feet into the ground, the dog is placed in the grave with the dirt put back on top.

SANDY

(crosses herself)  
Goodbye, Bolo.

CAROL

(crosses herself)  
Goodbye, Bolo.

INT. GOMEZ FOODS - DAY

CHARLIE and a large number of MEXICAN MEN work fast-paced inside a food processing plant which cooks various foods. There are four colossal-sized kettles with towering steam shooting up from inside. Two of the kettles are cooking a special hot sauce, while the other two kettles are cooking a barbecue sauce. JOSE FERNANDEZ, a very short and thin-built Mexican man, works with CHARLIE on an assembly line screwing the lids on jars and stuffing them inside boxes. JOSE fixes his eyes on the nasty scar on the side of CHARLIE'S neck.

JOSE

Charlie, how'd you get that ugly scar on the side of your neck?

CHARLIE guiltily covers the deep wound with his left hand.

CHARLIE

Had a bad accident this past weekend.

JOSE

Did you get into a fight with somebody?

CHARLIE

No, I didn't.

JOSE

Looks like somebody cut you with a razor or something.

CHARLIE and JOSE continue placing lids on the jars and boxing them up to go out into the warehouse.

INT. BATHROOM - DAY

CHARLIE is inside the bathroom fastening the caps to his colostomy bag. He looks in the mirror at the severe gash on the side of his neck. Blood still leaks from the slightly open wound. He washes his hands and tucks in the colostomy bag before leaving the men's room.

INT. FRONT OFFICE - DAY

The owner of Gomez Foods, NICK DI LOMBARDO, has called CHARLIE into his office for a briefing on one of the top orders.

NICK

Charlie, how're things going inside the plant?

CHARLIE

They're fine, Nick.

NICK

Kettles running good for the Capital Punishment Hotsauce?

CHARLIE

Running as smooth as a baby's bottom.

NICK

We've got a fifty-thousand dollar order that needs to be shipped out before tomorrow.

CHARLIE

We should be finished with those kettles before lunchtime.

NICK

(smiles)

Great. Things going okay with you  
and the other guys?

CHARLIE

Better than expected.

NICK steps closer to CHARLIE. He closes in on the deep gash  
on the side of his neck.

NICK

Charlie, what happened to your neck?

CHARLIE

My neck?

NICK

Your neck, it looks like someone  
sliced you with a sharp object.

CHARLIE

Like I told Jose and the other guys,  
I had a bad accident doing some  
housework this weekend.

NICK

You might wanna let a doctor take a  
look at it.

CHARLIE

It'll heal on its own.

NICK

I'm no doctor, Charlie, but you might  
need stitches.

CHARLIE stares down at his midsection.

CHARLIE

Nick, I've suffered worse wounds in  
Vietnam.

NICK

If an infection gets inside that  
wound, it could make you real sick.  
I'd hate to lose you, Charlie, because  
of negligence on your part. Gomez  
Foods has always been happy to have  
you as a value employee.

CHARLIE

Since you insist, I'll go and see a  
doctor in the morning.

NICK

Just let Jose and the others know  
you'll be late tomorrow.

CHARLIE

Will do, Nick.

EXT. PERSHING AVENUE - DAY

CHARLIE cruises in his car along a busy Kansas City street near the downtown area. He stares off to the right side and notices a woman standing at the front of her car with steam shooting from the engine and radiator. A huge IRS government complex is just on the other side of a tall, black iron gate. She frustratingly waits in front of her sky blue Ford Mustang. CHARLIE swoops over and gets out of his car.

CHARLIE

Having car trouble?

The stranded woman, LISA WALLACE, is a lean and toned woman with an innocent, attractive face and a contemporary hairstyle. She experiences a tingle of fright once she looks at CHARLIE'S badly pitted skin and rotted teeth.

LISA

(hesitantly)

This car should've gone to the  
junkyard a long time ago.

CHARLIE extends his hand out to LISA.

CHARLIE

By the way, I'm Charlie.

LISA

My name's Lisa Wallace.

CHARLIE

What seems to be the problem with  
your car?

LISA

Well, it leaks oil like crazy. I  
also believe one of my gaskets needs  
to be sealed.

CHARLIE

See, even you know something about  
cars.

LISA

Not enough to fix this worthless  
piece of junk.

CHARLIE

How about I take a look at it.

LISA

Go right ahead.

CHARLIE lifts the hood and moves around a few wires and hoses. Steam rushes up from the water pump. He throws up a hand signal to LISA.

CHARLIE

Get inside and start the car up.

LISA gets inside her car and turns the ignition.

CHARLIE (CONT'D)

When's the last time you replaced the battery?

LISA

At least four years or more.

CHARLIE

How about the starter and alternator?

LISA

Probably even longer.

CHARLIE

When's the last time you had a tune up or an oil change?

LISA

I haven't had a tuneup or oil change in two years.

CHARLIE

You should get a tuneup done once a year and an oil change once every three to four thousand miles. You're going to need a new water pump and a new battery. Your belts and hoses look like they're in great shape.

LISA

You know a lot about cars. Did you used to be an auto mechanic?

CHARLIE

Worked on a lot of jeeps and tanks when I did my tours of duty over in Vietnam.

LISA

You were in Vietnam?

CHARLIE

Did several years over there. I can go to O'Hurley Automotive and get the battery and water pump.

LISA searches around inside her purse.

LISA

How much will it cost?

CHARLIE

It's on me.

LISA

No, no, I have the cash to pay for it.

CHARLIE

I'd be insulted if you didn't let me pay for it.

LISA

If you insist.

Several EMPLOYEES stand at a bus stop in front of the huge IRS building. Other EMPLOYEES drive out of the garage to leave the building.

EXT. PERSHING AVENUE (HOUR LATER) - DAY

CHARLIE has spent the last hour replacing the water pump and battery. He puts up a hand signal to LISA.

CHARLIE

Try and start it up.

LISA gets inside her car and turns the ignition. The engine starts up and there doesn't appear to be any further mechanical problems.

CHARLIE (CONT'D)

Looks like you're back in business.

LISA

How can I ever thank you?

CHARLIE

Have dinner with me tonight.

LISA

(grunts)

Dinner? I'm not so sure about that.

CHARLIE  
(mischevious smirk)  
Sure you're sure.

LISA  
Charlie, I'm not too big about having  
dinner with men that I just met.

CHARLIE  
Lisa, I'm not asking you to marry me  
or have sex with me. Dinner and good  
conversation, that's all I'm asking.

LISA  
Where would you like to have dinner?

CHARLIE  
My place.

LISA  
Where exactly do you live?

CHARLIE  
The Rosenberg Apartments on The  
Country Club Plaza.

LISA  
Sounds quite fancy.

CHARLIE  
My place of residence is the most  
tranquil and civil in the city.

LISA  
(more relaxed)  
Come to think of it, you did pull  
over to offer me some help. That's  
the true quality of a gentleman.

CHARLIE  
There's no finer gentleman than  
myself.

LISA  
Charlie, you've got yourself a dinner  
date.

CHARLIE  
Great!

LISA  
I'll see you, let's say, seven  
o'clock.

CHARLIE

Seven it is.

CHARLIE and LISA get inside their cars and drive away from the huge IRS complex.

INT. ROSENBERG APARTMENTS - EVENING

LISA has come to visit with CHARLIE inside his apartment at The Rosenberg. She takes a seat at the middle of the sofa. She glances around at the walls and concentrates on the very large posters of Brush Creek.

LISA

Do you have a fascination with Brush Creek?

CHARLIE steps to the wall with the twenty-by-thirty posters.

CHARLIE

Brush Creek is the greatest engineering marvel in the world. It's like the Eighth Wonder of the World.

LISA shakes her head.

LISA

Your appeal for Brush Creek is not of this world. Never in my life have I met someone so enchanted with a place that's nothing but concrete and woods and animals and sewer water.

CHARLIE

My dear Lisa, Brush Creek is more than what you just mentioned.

LISA

What do you mean by that?

CHARLIE

Did you know that forty-eight percent of the total annual flow of sewage comes through Brush Creek?

LISA

No, I didn't.

CHARLIE

Brush Creek has been known as *Flush Creek*.

(MORE)

CHARLIE (CONT'D)

Raw sewage that runs through Brush Creek has been known to back up into people's basements and flood their yards. Despite all of that, Brush Creek is still the greatest work of masterpiece known to man.

CHARLIE takes a break from explaining to LISA about the greatness of Brush Creek. They bite into warm slices of meat lover's pizza. He wipes his mouth and moves closer to LISA. She looks over at the clock and the time says 9:45 p.m.

LISA

It's getting late and I have to be at work by six o'clock a.m.

CHARLIE

Can't you stay for at least another hour?

LISA quickly moves away from CHARLIE on the sofa.

LISA

Wish I could, but my job at the IRS requires me to be well-rested.

CHARLIE

(begs)

One hour, that's all I'm asking.

LISA

I can't, Charlie.

CHARLIE

You've turned into *Suzie Partypooper*.

LISA

Sorry if I've disappointed you.

LISA looks on the side of CHARLIE'S neck and notices the deep gash.

LISA (CONT'D)

How'd you get that nasty scar on your neck?

CHARLIE

Let's just say that I encountered a little opposition one night down in Brush Creek.

LISA springs up from the sofa with her coat hung over her arm.

CHARLIE pulls her back down on the sofa and plants a big kiss on her uninviting lips. She reacts by clawing CHARLIE into his midsection.

LISA  
You sonofabitch! How dare you kiss me without my consent.

CHARLIE  
You know you liked it, you trifling whore.

LISA wipes her mouth and brushes off her face.

LISA  
No other woman would've given you the time of day. Look at you, your face is covered with crater holes, your mouth is filled with rotted teeth, and you don't have any type of social skills.

CHARLIE  
(ragefully)  
Nobody makes fun of my skin and teeth!

CHARLIE lunges towards LISA, as she claws him again into his midsection.

LISA  
Oh Jesus! You don't have any private organs down there. What happened to your penis and scrotum?

LISA belts out a series of loud giggles. CHARLIE immediately slips into a daze and tragically reminisces about his days of being a soldier in Vietnam.

EXT. FLASHBACK - CU CHI, VIETNAM - DAY

CHARLIE and SOLDIERS from the 25th Infantry Division rush through the hot and sweaty jungles of Vietnam trying to avoid being hit by sniper fire. CHARLIE unexpectedly runs straight into hundreds of M-60 rounds, which mostly land into his lower midsection extremities. Severe damage is done to the area of his genitalia. CHARLIE falls to the jungle floor holding his midsection. His army fatigues are soaked with much blood. Unfortunately, he is suffering from instant genital mutilation.

CHARLIE  
(cries very loudly)  
I've been hit! I've been hit!

A fellow TROOPER from Operation Saratoga comes to CHARLIE'S rescue.

TROOPER  
Charlie, where'd you get hit?

CHARLIE  
(cries even louder)  
Between my goddamned legs! My little Charlie and his two friends might've gotten blown off!

TROOPER  
We've got to get you some medical help.

CHARLIE rolls around on the ground with both hands cupped at his midsection.

CHARLIE  
The Viet Cong are doubled up in this fucking jungle!

TROOPER  
Goddamned chinks! Betcha they're looking to take pow's bodies.

INT. CHARLIE'S APARTMENT (AGAIN) - NIGHT

CHARLIE comes back into the present. LISA continues giggling after learning that CHARLIE is without any genitalia. Immediately, the sweating, muscle aches, dizziness, and cold and clammy hands, show in his face and along his body. CHARLIE rushes over to LISA and pins her against the door.

LISA  
(fearfully)  
I apologize if I offended you.

CHARLIE  
We're way past apologies, bitch!

CHARLIE clamps both hands around LISA'S neck with beastly strength. Her face turns a purplish-red from severe hemorrhaging. LISA slumps to the ground after her oxygen is cut off. CHARLIE releases his hands from around her neck. His fingerprints are sunk deep into the skin around her throat. CHARLIE closes his eyes and breathes rather heavy.

CHARLIE (CONT'D)  
(clenched teeth)  
War has no beginning, and it has no ending!

He looks down on the dead body of LISA WALLACE and studies her for a moment. He goes into one of his walk-in closets and brings out a Full Tang Monster Machete, something that he brought home from Vietnam as a sort of wartime souvenir. CHARLIE holds the machete high in the air and arches his back. He springs forward and uses the machete to chop straight into the Deltoid muscles and Petoralis' of LISA'S arms and shoulders. Once again, he slips into a brief daze and reminisces about his tragic days in Vietnam.

EXT. FLASHBACK, VIETNAM JUNGLE - DAY

CHARLIE and several U.S. SOLDIERS chop their way through tall vegetation within the Mekong Delta's swamp jungles using Full Tang Monster Machetes. They chop away as they look for signs of enemy activity during a search and destroy operation.

INT. CHARLIE'S APARTMENT (AGAIN) - DAY

LISA'S blood forms a pool at least four feet wide. Her arms and legs are dismembered by CHARLIE executing more savagery chops with the Full Tang Monster Machete. The body's Quadriceps and Flexor muscles are ripped into bloody shreds. CHARLIE goes into the kitchen for three large, industrial strength trashbags. He places the torso inside one trashbag and the bloody limbs into the other two trashbags. He makes sure that any remaining blood is cleaned up from his hands and clothing. All three bags are lifted over his shoulders as he approaches the front door.

INT. FIRST FLOOR - NIGHT

CHARLIE has come to the front door with the three bags hung over his shoulders. DERRICK surprisingly steps out of his apartment. He gives CHARLIE the most uninviting stare.

DERRICK

Did you forget to take out your trash earlier?

CHARLIE

No.

DERRICK glances down at his watch.

DERRICK

Isn't it sort of late to be taking the trash out?

CHARLIE

I sometimes take my trash out during odd hours of the night.

DERRICK notices a small patch of blood near the opening of one of the trashbags.

DERRICK  
Did you cut yourself or something?

CHARLIE  
(hesitantly)  
Yes.....yes, I'm the man of a million injuries.

DERRICK  
You were up there making a lot of noise again. You woke me and Mitchell up.

CHARLIE  
I do apologize about that.

DERRICK  
Soon, there'll be enough complaints against you to be grounds to have you thrown out of The Rosenberg.

CHARLIE  
Well, if management and other residents want me out, then I'll be gone in due time.

DERRICK nods his head and turns to go back into his apartment.

DERRICK  
Good night, Charlie.

CHARLIE  
Good night, Derrick.

Once DERRICK closes his door, CHARLIE mumbles obscenities under his breath.

CHARLIE (CONT'D)  
(clenched teeth)  
Fucking black faggot should mind his own goddamned business!

EXT. BRUSH CREEK - NIGHT

CHARLIE has driven to the very east end of Brush Creek. His car is parked into the tall grassy area near the creek water. He looks around for potential witnesses and then pops the trunk. The trashbags are lifted out of the trunk and he steps over by the creek water. He tilts his head to the nighttime skies and makes an unusual, sacrificial pledge to Brush Creek.

CHARLIE  
Almighty Brush Creek, I come to you  
on this very night to make this  
(MORE)

CHARLIE (CONT'D)  
 offering to you. I send all of my  
 heart out to you. Please, all-powerful  
 Brush Creek, take this as my supreme  
 sacrifice to you.

CHARLIE slings all three bags into the calm sewage waters.  
 He stretches both arms to the sky.

CHARLIE (CONT'D)  
 War has no fucking beginning, and it  
 has no fucking ending!

INT. CHARLIE'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

CHARLIE returns to his apartment and decides to clean up the  
 bloody mess that he made earlier. He mops up the blood and  
 scrubs the hardwood floors with several cleaning products.  
 He sprays large cans of air freshener and disinfectant to  
 try and cover up the smell.

EXT. BRUSH CREEK - MORNING

An early morning jogger, SPENCER COCHRAN, runs along the  
 concrete trail near the The Country Club Plaza section of  
 Brush Creek. While he jogs close to the creek water, he looks  
 over and notices an arm sticking out of a mud-spotted  
 trashbag. He stops to reach for the bag and drag it into the  
 grassy area. SPENCER also discovers two more trashbags along  
 the concrete banks. He uses the sharp edge of a rock to  
 puncture the other two trashbags and makes a grisly discovery.  
 A badly decomposed torso and limbs are inside.

SPENCER  
 (jumps)  
 Jeez!

EXT. J.C. NICHOLS PARKWAY - MORNING

SPENCER stands on a busy street in the heart of the exclusive  
 Country Club Plaza. He dials 911 to report his discovery.

OPERATOR  
 (over cell phone)  
 Nine-one-one, what is your emergency?

SPENCER  
 (into cell phone)  
 I'd like to report a mutilated body  
 that I found in Brush Creek.

OPERATOR  
 (over cell phone)  
 Sir, what's the exact location?

SPENCER  
(into cell phone)  
Brush Creek, right at the vicinity  
of the old Volker Park.

OPERATOR  
(over cell phone)  
Sir, police will be dispatched to  
the scene.

EXT. BRUSH CREEK (45 MINUTES LATER) - MORNING

Crime scene tape sections off the direct area of Brush Creek where the body was discovered. KCPD squad cars, an ambulance, news vans, and the coroner's van are parked off the street. A veteran homicide detective, Lieutenant JERRY OVERSTREET, a tall, lean, and semi-handsome man of fifty-seven years of age, arrives at the gruesome scene with several of his COLLEAGUES. JERRY OVERSTREET approaches Sergeant DAVID ECKERMAN for possible answers.

JERRY  
Sarge, what do we have?

DAVID  
A mutilated body found in the creek  
waters early this morning.

JERRY  
Any positive identification?

DAVID  
Not yet, but the coroner's office is  
on the scene.

JERRY  
Who's the gentleman who made the  
discovery?

DAVID  
His name is Spencer Cochran. He  
usually gets up at five a.m. and  
goes out for a morning jog through  
Brush Creek.

JERRY  
Alright, sarge, if you and the other  
guys find anything substantial, make  
sure it gets to the crime lab. Make  
sure nothing's removed from the scene  
until the body's fingerprinted and  
loaded onto the wagon.

DAVID  
Will do, Lieutenant.

JERRY OVERSTREET scans the crime scene and notices DR. ANTHONY MCKINNIS, a renowned Jackson County Medical Examiner. DR. MCKINNIS is at the scene and ready to go to work with his top forensic kit.

JERRY

Doc, whaddaya have on the vic so far?

DR. MCKINNIS examines the butchered torso rather closely with a power zoom magnifying glass.

DR. MCKINNIS

First, we might have a sicko on our hands. Second, with this body not only being mutilated, the bloating and discoloration tells me that it's been floating in these Brush Creek waters for over two weeks.

JERRY

I'm sure some of these scavengers down here in Brush Creek have been feasting on the mutilated body parts.

DR. MCKINNIS

You're absolutely correct, lieutenant. The perp who dumped this body into the creek, they worked in a calculated and systematic way.

JERRY

Look, doc, I'll check missing persons records. Given the shape that the vic's in, the department is gonna try and make a positive identification, possibly even distribute photographs to TV and newspapers. We're hoping that you guys can help us identify clothing markings or labels.

DR. MCKINNIS

I'll examine the remains for tattoos, scars, or birth marks. If the need be, I'll make impressions of teeth for possible dental identification.

JERRY

Doc McKinnis, you're the best.

JERRY scours the entire crime scene in search of future clues.

## INT. SANDY AND CAROL'S HOME - EVENING

It is 7:00 o'clock p.m. and WOMEN from several racial and religious backgrounds pour into the home of SANDY BARNHOLTZ and CAROL WEXLER. The group of feminist WOMEN are eating and drinking snacks and fruit punch that were prepared by SANDY and CAROL. A large blue and white banner hangs near the ceiling in the living room where an important meeting is soon to take place. The large banner reads: *WE WELCOME YOU TO ANOTHER MEETING OF S.A.V.E.* The organization of S.A.V.E. is an acronym for Sisters Against Violent Encounters. Once the WOMEN find seats that were set out by CAROL, SANDY calls the meeting to order inside the spacious living room and the front room. She speaks into a loud microphone.

SANDY

Ladies! Ladies! Can I please have your attention? The organization of S.A.V.E. would like to thank you for coming out this evening to stand up once again for women's rights. Carol and I called this meeting because we believe that women are living in the most dangerous times in history. Now, we're going to turn the floor over to Carol.

SANDY hands CAROL the microphone.

CAROL

Ladies, we have a very special guest with us tonight. She's someone who wants to help prevent other women from being attacked and raped by the same man who nearly left her for dead. We, the Sisters Against Violent Encounters, are proud to introduce Mary Saladino.

MARY receives a warm welcome by way of heavy applause. CAROL hands her the microphone.

MARY

(timid)

The night that I was raped, it was the most horrible night of my life. I had gone downstairs to do laundry. The rapist, because that's what he really was, since real men don't rape, jumped from behind a row of washing machines. He split my head open with an iron tire rod.

MARY pauses to part her hair strands to show the WOMEN of S.A.V.E. the exact location in her scalp where she received

eighty stitches. The WOMEN either frown or chant heartfelt sentiments after observing the nasty scar.

MARY (CONT'D)

(more timid)

This savage beast jumped on top of me and raped me repeatedly. This rapist wasn't your typical rapist, since he wore surgical gloves to keep from leaving fingerprints behind. After he ejaculated inside of me, he poured bleach and dish washing liquid inside of me to contaminate any evidence of DNA from his semen. I could hear myself screaming as loud as possible. Hearing yourself screaming is the worst feeling possible, not knowing what he's going to do next. During the whole time that I was being raped, it felt like a man masturbating inside of me with sandpaper.

SANDY steps up and places her hand over the shoulder of MARY.

SANDY

You being raped in such a brutal way, how has it changed your life?

MARY

Every single day, I hope he's caught. I wasn't his first victim, and I'm sure I won't be his last. I hope that no one goes through what I went through, because it does change your life forever. In the hour and a half that he beat and raped me, I didn't know who I was, and didn't know what I was. Everything that I knew previously up to that point had been washed away.

CAROL steps up and pats MARY across the back.

CAROL

What is your life like now?

MARY

I was afraid to leave my house and quit my job after I was diagnosed with Post Traumatic Stress Disorder. It affected my relationship with my boyfriend and with my family. Months after the incident, I didn't have a peaceful night's sleep.

SANDY steps back over to pat MARY on the opposite shoulder.

SANDY

Didn't you use your frustration by taking action and getting some legislation passed?

MARY

Here in Missouri, I helped get Bill 388 passed, which prohibits rape victims from paying for forensic exams.

Big applauses come from every WOMAN present.

SANDY

We plan to go to the legislature here in Missouri and have Victim Notification laws passed, so that when these men who have assaulted and raped you get out of prison, you can know where they are living.

MARY

It is our right to know where these sexual deviant monsters are living. And just recently, I'd read about the jogger who found the mutilated body of a woman inside trashbags floating in the waters of Brush Creek.

MARY hands the microphone over to SANDY. She takes a seat and receives sincere applauses from the women of S.A.V.E. SANDY reaches for a recent copy of "The Kansas City Times" and flashes it before the audience. The front page caption reads: JOGGER FINDS MUTILATED BODY IN BRUSH CREEK.

SANDY

This is why we can never be too careful. Ladies, it wasn't too long ago that my dog Bolo and I went for a nightly walk through Brush Creek. From out of nowhere, there came a man with a badly-pitted face and black-rotted teeth. After listening to him talk, I could tell that he was some shell-shocked Vietnam veteran who was obsessed with Brush Creek. When I spotted him holding a sharp piece of glass, that's when I sicked Bolo on him. My canine protector was at a sole disadvantage since this psycho bastard knew how to kill everything from humans to animals.

(MORE)

SANDY (CONT'D)

He sliced Bolo up like a cow or pig in a slaughterhouse. When I kicked him, I realized that he didn't even have private parts between his legs. He admitted that he had lost his private parts while over in Vietnam.

MARY throws her arm in the air.

MARY

Did you notify the police about this maniac?

SANDY looks away in shame.

SANDY

No, I didn't.

MARY

Why not, Sandy? That sadistic maniac could be out there trying to assault more women.

SANDY

And you're absolutely right, Mary.

MARY

You should've notified the authorities right away. Who's to say that he didn't murder and mutilate the same woman who the jogger found in the trashbags down in Brush Creek.

SANDY

Not doing so makes me feel nothing but guilt and shame. I know that he's still out there trying to prey on unsuspecting women.

MARY

Well, it's still not too late.

SANDY

Thanks to women like you, Mary, women like me are motivated to take action. Ladies, we have to take every precaution available to prevent ourselves from being attacked and raped. Had it not been for martial arts training, I probably wouldn't be here speaking to any of you.

(MORE)

SANDY (CONT'D)

Carol and I would like to end this session by telling you to be careful, by watching yourselves inside and outside your homes, being very leary of strangers, and carrying some protection with you at all times. Carol and I appreciate your participation, and may God bless all of you.

CAROL escorts the WOMEN out of their home. SANDY places the newspaper with the article about the jogger finding the mutilated body in the trashbags up close to her face. She nods her head in absolute disgust.

INT. MORGUE - DAY

Lieutenant JERRY OVERSTREET visits the morgue at the Harry S. Truman Medical Center with renowned forensic medical examiner, DR. ANTHONY MCKINNIS, examining the mutilated torso and limbs of LISA WALLACE.

JERRY

Hey doc, whatcha find out?

DR. MCKINNIS is bent forward over the autopsy table.

DR. MCKINNIS

It's not pretty, lieutenant.

JERRY

Had the vic been in one piece and not badly decomposed, then it would've made our jobs a lot easier.

DR. MCKINNIS

Lieutenant, this vic suffered profound cyanosis. My diagnosis leads me to believe that a pair of very strong hands strangled her to death. The discoloration around her neck indicates that the deoxygenated blood cut off oxygen to her brains and lungs.

JERRY

Doc, any signs of a struggle?

DR. MCKINNIS moves the bright lamp closer to the torso and limbs.

DR. MCKINNIS

There were serious signs of a struggle. Bruises here on the upper chest and arms indicate that she tried to fight off her attacker.

JERRY

Any DNA from the perp?

DR. MCKINNIS

None, whatsoever, lieutenant.

JERRY

That's strange.

DR. MCKINNIS

The raw sewage and other pollutants in Brush Creek, not to mention the scavengers around the creek, would've washed away or contaminated any sufficient form of DNA.

JERRY

Any signs of rape, doc?

DR. MCKINNIS

Again, had there been any traces of semen or saliva left on the vic, the Brush Creek sewage water would've washed it away. Plus, I swabbed the vaginal area for possible traces of semen or pubic DNA from the perp. None of her genitalia area showed signs of sexual deviant intercourse.

JERRY

No bite or teeth marks on the victim?

DR. MCKINNIS

None.

DR. MCKINNIS moves the bright lamp closer to the skin on one of the mutilated arms.

DR. MCKINNIS (CONT'D)

If you'll observe rather closely, the blade which made contact with and ripped through the skin and bones, it belongs to that of a Full Tang Monster Machete.

JERRY

How do you know that it was that model of machete?

DR. MCKINNIS

The Full Tang Monster Machetes are rare models of machetes. I matched up the heat anodized stainless steel blade featured in manuals on machetes, with the exact blade used to dismember the victim.

JERRY

So, the cuts along the skin and into the bones tell the story.

DR. MCKINNIS

Full Tang Monster Machetes were used during the Vietnam War to chop through the mile high vegetation in the jungles of Saigon and the Viet Cong. The machete blade sliced right through the Deltoid muscles of her arms and the Quadriceps Femoris of her legs.

JERRY

But, who'd have access to that model of machete if they were used in Vietnam? That war's been over for more than forty years.

DR. MCKINNIS

Guessing is something that I'm lousy at, but maybe our perp is some shell-shocked Vietnam War veteran.

JERRY

Alright doc, thanks for all your hard work. Make sure the autopsy report reaches my desk by tomorrow. We've got to turn over our vic to her family for burial.

JERRY leaves the morgue with a leather binder in his hand.

INT. CHARLIE'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

It is approximately 11:30 p.m. on a Saturday night. CHARLIE sits on the sofa inside his semi-dark apartment with the front of his pants and underwear stretched out. He looks down and scrutinizes the same area between his legs where there are absolutely no form of genitalia. CHARLIE cries profusely as he rocks back and forth. It hurts him deeply that he has no sexual organs. Three large trashbags covered in small patches of blood are seen sitting by the front door. His Full Tang Monster Machete leans against the closet door also stained in blood. It is apparent that CHARLIE has murdered and mutilated another female VICTIM.

CHARLIE

War has no fucking beginning, and it  
has no fucking ending!

Once again, his mentally ill mind travels back to his tragic days as a soldier in Vietnam.

EXT. FLASHBACK - SWAMPY VIETNAM JUNGLES - DAY

CHARLIE and several of his fellow American SOLDIERS are trying to avoid ammunition rounds of M-60 being fired by their ENEMIES. CHARLIE runs about a 100 meters and dives into a deep trench, where there is the body of an American SOLDIER being devoured by thousands of hungry maggots. He sees that the corpse has been devoured all the way down to the skeleton.

CHARLIE

Oh my God! No way this could've  
happened to one of our own.

CHARLIE jumps out of the trench brushing off hundreds of squirming maggots.

EXT. BRUSH CREEK - EARLY MORNING

It is approximately 2:30 a.m. and CHARLIE has come to the very east end of Brush Creek. It is very dark around the creek, with only a full Moon providing some form of light. CHARLIE looks around to see if anyone is watching him. He stretches his arms to the sky with all three trashbags in his hands.

CHARLIE

Almighty Brush Creek, I make this  
supreme sacrifice to you. There were  
none before you, and there will be  
none after you. Please, please, accept  
my offering to you, everlasting Brush  
Creek.

CHARLIE dumps all three trashbags into the creek water. He quickly gets inside his car and drives away from Brush Creek.

INT. HOMICIDE DIVISION - DAY

Lieutenant JERRY OVERSTREET is inside his fifth floor office at KCPD headquarters in downtown Kansas City, shuffling through some important paperwork. A tall, lean, and handsome homicide detective, CAREY "CORKY" SCHROEDER, knocks and enters JERRY'S office.

JERRY

Whatcha got for me, Cork?

CAREY opens a brown folder with information on the victim.

CAREY

Victim's been identified as Lisa Wallace. She was a white female, fifty-two years of age, and a twenty-nine year employee with the Internal Revenue Service.

JERRY

How'd missing persons identify her?

CAREY

Dental records came back from the lab earlier this morning.

CAREY hands a set of photos over to JERRY.

CAREY (CONT'D)

We also ran her SSN through the database and found out that she was born and raised the first twenty years of her life in Saint Joseph, Missouri. Came to Kansas City to start her career with the IRS.

JERRY

I know her car was found abandoned about a mile east of where the jogger discovered her body. Her purse and car keys were found in the backseat of the car. The killer probably dumped the body and then drove her car to a location he felt comfortable with. Any word from the impound lot?

CAREY

No word about any evidence yet.

JERRY

The keys and purse were sent to the lab for fingerprinting. I'm going to pay the IRS a visit to see what I can find out about this Lisa Wallace.

CAREY

Hopefully, some of her co-workers can give some information so we can get some leads in this case.

JERRY grabs his suitjacket and snatches a folder off his desk.

INT. SECURITY TUNNEL - DAY

A SECURITY GUARD for the IRS hands JERRY a visitor's badge.

INT. SECOND FLOOR - DAY

Another SECURITY GUARD escorts JERRY down a long and wide hallway, past a group of huge picture windows which shows a breathtaking view of the downtown Kansas City buildings. Many IRS EMPLOYEES are seen walking from one office to another.

INT. DATA CONVERSION - DAY

JERRY sits inside the IRS office of CINDY MONTGOMERY, who is a top manager with the Data Conversion unit in the Submissions Processing Division of the IRS government complex. CINDY is a tall and well-proportioned woman with fire red hair that is pushed back into a ponytail. Both parties shake hands.

JERRY

How are you, ma'am?

CINDY

Pleased to meet you, Lieutenant Overstreet.

JERRY

Likewise, Cindy.

CINDY

Welcome to the IRS, lieutenant.

JERRY

Thank you very much.

JERRY opens a folder with vital information about LISA WALLACE.

JERRY (CONT'D)

Sources have told me that you and Lisa were pretty close friends.

CINDY

Yes, we were very close. We often hung out after work.

JERRY

Did she hang around anyone else here at the IRS?

CINDY

No one but me.

JERRY

How about anyone who didn't work here?

CINDY  
No one, lieutenant.

JERRY  
Her killer might've been someone she  
knew very well.

CINDY  
Lisa never seriously dated one  
particular guy.

JERRY  
Do you remember any of those guys's  
names?

CINDY  
No, because they were men from many  
years ago.

JERRY  
Do you think any old boyfriend  
could've wanted to do her harm?

CINDY  
I don't know for sure. But, what  
left all of us here at the IRS in  
absolute disarray, was that her killer  
chopped her up and then dumped her  
down in Brush Creek.

JERRY  
Her killer might've been someone  
that we've been trying to apprehend  
for a long time.

CINDY  
Lisa planned on retiring within the  
next year. She wanted to get her  
thirty year certificate and just end  
her career here at the IRS on a more  
quiet note.

JERRY  
Cindy, I can't thank you enough for  
all the information that you've given  
me. I'd like to possibly interview  
some more employees here at the IRS.  
I'll be in touch to let you and others  
here at the IRS know about any  
progress we've made.

CINDY  
Do you know enough at this point to  
hopefully find Lisa's killer?

JERRY

No, we don't.

CINDY

Keep us updated, lieutenant.

JERRY

Will do.

INT. GUARD'S TUNNEL - DAY

JERRY exits the guard's tunnel.

INT. ROSENBERG APARTMENTS - DAY

Two notorious crack dealers, MICHAEL JONES and LARRY NIMROD, who are both tall and bulky-built African American males, walk from the first floor of the Rosenberg Apartments to the second floor. LARRY knocks on the door to CHARLIE'S apartment.

INT. CHARLIE'S APARTMENT - DAY

CHARLIE creeps across the hard wooden floor and looks out the peephole. He produces a rather confused look since two BLACK MALES are standing on the other side of the door. CHARLIE opens the door and sort of intimidates both MEN with his frightening face and bad dental work.

INT. HALLWAY - DAY

CHARLIE

What can I do for you?

The taller of both men, LARRY NIMROD, steps up and boldly gets in CHARLIE'S face.

LARRY

We're here to see D-money.

CHARLIE

There's no D-money who lives here.

LARRY

He gave us this apartment number.

CHARLIE

Somebody's given you the wrong apartment number, buddy.

LARRY

D-money said that he lives here, and we ain't going nowhere until he comes to the door.

CHARLIE

What does he look like?

LARRY

He's a tall and skinny black dude.

CHARLIE

Okay, so he's the same black guy with the greasy hair and the greasy face, the one who's always twisting his mouth like it's some type of nervous condition.

LARRY

(snaps finger)

Yeah, that's him! Now, quit stalling before I knock all those crater holes off your fucking face. You understand, ugly ass white man?

LARRY pushes CHARLIE a few steps backwards. This really sets the time bomb off inside of CHARLIE. He angrily rushes into one of the closets to grab his Full Tang Monster Machete, and then into the kitchen for a large butcher knife. Before returning to the hallway, LARRY has forced CHARLIE into another one of his brutally episodic flashbacks of being in Vietnam.

EXT. FLASHBACK - SAIGON JUNGLE - DAY

CHARLIE wildly chops down tall vegetation through the hot and hostile jungles of Saigon with a sharp Full Tang Monster Machete.

INT. HALLWAY (AGAIN) - DAY

CHARLIE'S irritability of anger and hypervigilance has taken over him. He has the butcher knife and the machete pointed at the chests of LARRY and MICHAEL.

CHARLIE

You two black motherfuckers need to learn, that war has no fucking beginning, and it has no fucking ending! I'll take this machete and butcher knife and chop you up into a million pieces, giving the maggots more than enough to feast on.

CHARLIE swings the butcher knife and machete wildly at LARRY and MICHAEL.

CHARLIE (CONT'D)

Now, get the fuck away from in front of my apartment!

LARRY and MICHAEL rush down the flight of stairs leading to the first floor.

LARRY

Man, that white dude is one of them crazy war soldiers.

MICHAEL

We better get the fuck out of here before he really does chop us up.

EXT. INDEPENDENCE AVENUE - NIGHT

Several months have passed since CHARLIE has murdered and mutilated his first four FEMALE VICTIMS, then dumping their bodies down in Brush Creek. CHARLIE cruises Independence Avenue at the northeast section of Kansas City, Missouri, which is a very busy avenue which stretches several miles east and west. Towards the upper west end of Independence Avenue, a well-known prostitute who works the avenue regularly, aggressively looks for some action. She is KIMBERLY BARR, a petite white female with feathery brown hair and a curvy, medium build. CHARLIE drives into a convenience store and parks. KIM approaches him as he walks towards the store.

KIM

Hey honey, want a date tonight?

CHARLIE looks at KIM with eyes of great deceit.

CHARLIE

Sorta, I guess.

KIM

Where you coming from?

CHARLIE

Just cruising the avenue. What's your name, sweetie?

KIM

My name's Kim. What's your name?

CHARLIE

My name's Charlie.

KIM

Nice to meet you, Charlie.

CHARLIE

Hey, let's get the hell off Independence Avenue before the cops come asking questions.

KIM

That's cool.

KIM gets in on the passenger's side and CHARLIE drives off.

INT. CHARLIE'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

KIM circles the front room of CHARLIE'S apartment studying the framed photos of Brush Creek over the years.

KIM

Where'd you get all these pictures of Brush Creek?

CHARLIE

Collected them over the years.

KIM

Looks like you had them blown up and framed. You've got some fascination with Brush Creek?

CHARLIE

Yes I do. Brush Creek is an engineering extravaganza.

KIM looks at the south wall which has aerial views of the flood waters during the tragic 1977 flood in Kansas City.

KIM

My parents have told me stories about the big flood here in Kansas City back in 1977.

CHARLIE

Body-after-body was found floating up from the Brush Creek waters from the 1977 flood. Homes and businesses along Brush Creek suffered heavy flood damage, especially along The Plaza.

KIM

Speaking of bodies, have you been hearing about the women's mutilated bodies turning up in Brush Creek?

CHARLIE looks sideways with a sinister smirk on his face.

CHARLIE

Uh, I think I did hear about those poor women being dismembered and dumped in trashbags down in Brush Creek.

KIM fires up a cigarette. She gives CHARLIE her signature enticing stare.

KIM  
So, honey, what're looking to do tonight?

CHARLIE  
As far as?

KIM  
You wanna fuck? You want some head? You want some ass? I mean, why'd you pick me up?

CHARLIE  
Maybe I want all the above.

KIM motions for CHARLIE to sit next to her.

KIM  
Why don't you come over here and let me do some freaky things to you.

CHARLIE sits rather close to KIM, as she stares deeply at his pitted face and rotted teeth. The lights in the front room are turned down low. KIM erotically slides both hands down between CHARLIE'S legs. She quickly notices complete flatness down there. An airy strangeness is how she feels after discovering that CHARLIE has no genitals.

KIM (CONT'D)  
Did you have an accident down there?

CHARLIE jumps off the sofa and growls at KIM.

CHARLIE  
Wait just a second, bitch! How dare you ask me a fucking question like that!

KIM  
Charlie, I didn't mean any harm. I had no idea that you didn't have any private sexual parts down there.

CHARLIE  
Private or public parts, it's none of your goddamned business!

KIM  
If I got you in the mood, how were we gonna have sex? How would I give you some head?

CHARLIE

Is it a joke to you that I don't have neither a dick nor a pair of balls down there?

KIM

How'd it happen, Charlie? Did you suffer an accident or something?

CHARLIE

Motherfucking bitch, it happened when I was over in Vietnam! Yes, the goddamned chinks in the Vietcong blew my dick and balls clean off my body.

KIM

(giggles)

I had no idea that you were a soldier in the Vietnam War.

The time bomb inside of CHARLIE is set off. The unexpected rage takes him back, once again, to the exact period when Vietnamese SOLDIERS exchanged ammunition crossfire with him.

EXT. FLASHBACK - SAIGON JUNGLE - DAY

Many clusters of M-60 rounds crash into the mid-section of CHARLIE'S legs. He falls to the ground with both hands cupped between his legs.

CHARLIE

(painfully)

I've been hit! I've been hit!

INT. FRONT ROOM - NIGHT

CHARLIE comes back into the present. KIM stands at the middle of the floor giggling rather hard at him. He breathes aggressively from uncontrollable rage.

CHARLIE

It's funny to you, huh? You're laughing that I don't have the goods to bang a woman real good?

KIM

Actually, it's sorta funny that you don't have anything down there to please yourself nor a woman.

CHARLIE

You fucking whore-bitch-cunt-slut-tramp-twat!

KIM

Look, take me back to where you picked me up.

CHARLIE leans forward and snarls in KIM'S face.

CHARLIE

My dear, you're not going back to Independence Avenue. At least, not alive.

KIM

Like hell I'm not!

CHARLIE

You came here on my terms, you'll leave on my terms.

KIM notices the shaking, sweating, cold and clammy hands, dizziness, and menacing eye contact coming from CHARLIE. He has once again transformed into an evil monster. KIM rushes towards the front door and CHARLIE intercepts her. He tightly clamps both hands around her frail neck and chokes her with all his strength. KIM desperately gasps for air, as all of her supply of oxygen is cut off. A sheet of purplish blood covers her entire face, while she gradually slumps to the floor. CHARLIE snatches open the closet door and comes out with the Full Tang Monster Machete. He drags KIM'S lifeless body to the middle of the floor. The television is turned up extra loud to drown out any disturbing noises. CHARLIE uses the machete to rip through the tender flesh and brittle bones of KIM. Blood squirts every which direction, creating quite a mess.

INT. FIRST FLOOR - NIGHT

CHARLIE waits two hours before transporting the body of KIM in the three large trashbags. He comes to the first floor with the trashbags hanging over his shoulders. An elderly woman in her early seventies, MRS. HAZEL ROBINSON, steps out of her first floor apartment unexpectedly.

MRS. ROBINSON

Taking your trash out, Charlie?

CHARLIE

Yes, Mrs. Robinson. Taking it out for the trashmen to collect.

MRS. ROBINSON

This late at night?

CHARLIE

Better late than never.

MRS. ROBINSON

But the trashmen don't come until next week. Here it is Friday night.

CHARLIE

Mrs. Robinson, sometimes the bags stink up my apartment.

MRS. ROBINSON

Spray air freshener or burn incense.

CHARLIE

Sounds good.

MRS. ROBINSON leans her head sideways after noticing tiny splatters of blood near the opening of the trashbags.

MRS. ROBINSON

Did you cut yourself while bringing your trash downstairs?

CHARLIE

(smiles)

What makes you say that?

MRS. ROBINSON

It looks like tiny spots of blood on those bags.

CHARLIE turns opposite from the front door to avoid MRS. ROBINSON making any further detections.

CHARLIE

Good night, Mrs. Robinson.

MRS. ROBINSON

Good night, Charlie.

EXT. BRUSH CREEK - DAY

Near the vicinity of Brush Creek Boulevard and Blue Parkway down in Brush Creek, a MAINTENANCE CREW with the Department of Parks and Recreation, police the area for trash and tree brush. The supervisor of the CREW, MICHAEL SCOTT, notices two trashbags floating in the creek water with many insects crawling out of the openings. There appears to be a rattling noise coming from inside both bags.

MICHAEL

When will these lazy ass people stop dumping their trash down here in Brush Creek? I'll bet there's a bunch of filthy garbage inside those bags.

(MORE)

MICHAEL (CONT'D)

There's probably a big sewer rat or possum jumping around inside those bags.

MICHAEL uses a large tree branch to pull the trashbags closer to the banks. Another trashbag suddenly floats closer down the creek water. He uses a sharp pocket knife to cut a small opening into the middle of the three bags. MICHAEL and several of his WORKERS jump back after making the ghastly discovery. The horrible stench causes them to cover their noses.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)

(shrugs)

Shit! There's a chopped-up body in all three of these trashbags.

Four large sewer rats jump out of the three separate bags and swim across the creek water. Maggots numbering in the thousands crawl out of all three bags. MICHAEL pokes at one of the bags with the big tree branch. An even more gruesome discovery is made. A human skull with most of the flesh and brain matter eaten away sticks out of one of the trashbags.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)

Whoever cut up this body and dumped it down here in Brush Creek, has got to be the same sicko-maniac who dumped those other bodies in the trashbags down here.

MICHAEL reaches into his pocket and fishes out his cell phone.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)

I'm calling the police and let them know what we just found.

EXT. BRUSH CREEK (HOUR LATER) - DAY

JERRY OVERSTREET is seen with his usual pen and notepad while interviewing MICHAEL SCOTT. CAREY SCHROEDER is seen interviewing a WORKER with the Department of Parks and Recreation. DETECTIVES and POLICE OFFICERS with the KCPD scour the crime scene for any possible evidence.

INT. CHARLIE'S APARTMENT - DAY

CHARLIE rocks back and forth on the front room sofa, while cradling a 20 X 30 poster of a captivating aerial view of the late 1970s Brush Creek. It's apparent that his fascination with Brush Creek is extremely obsessive.

CHARLIE

(sentimental)

Brush Creek, I love you. Never will there be such a captivating engineering marvel as you. May the world come to respect you, Brush Creek.

INT. JERRY OVERSTREET'S OFFICE - DAY

Inside the fifth floor headquarters office of Lieutenant JERRY OVERSTREET, his lead homicide detective, CAREY SCHROEDER, stands on the other side of his desk with a brown folder flipped open.

CAREY

Our latest Brush Creek vic is Kimberly Deanna Barr. She had numerous records of prostitution. She mainly worked Independence Avenue and areas closeby.

JERRY takes the folder from CAREY and studies the photograph of the latest victim.

JERRY

How many cars do prostitutes get in and out of on a regular basis down there on Independence Avenue?

CAREY

Those women live nomadic, unscheduled lives.

JERRY

I see that she also had prior drug convictions. Kimberly didn't get into the car with the wrong psycho, but she got into the car with the right psycho.

CAREY

Jerry, the trail that we're picking up on, this sonofabitch will eventually turn into months old work. We've got a demonic creature on our hands.

JERRY

With five grizzly murders under his belt, we can only guess how this scumbag feels.

CAREY

Unstoppable, uncatchable, and invincible. Jerry, this bastard chopped these women up like meat in a slaughterhouse.

JERRY

This bloodthirsty madman, this nameless beast, he's got to be stopped.

CAREY

The paradox here is that it's insanely unconventional.

JERRY

Our perp knows how to change his mode of operation.

CAREY

He must know the patterns and repetitions that tip off cops.

JERRY

There's got to be an underlying psychological reason as to how and why he kills. He's got to be an intensely angry man. Choking these women to death and hacking up their bodies is how he vents his anger.

CAREY

He's real skilled at dismembering bodies. Transporting bodies is real easy for him.

JERRY

Doc McKinnis explained to me at the morgue that our killer could've been in the medical field or have had some type of surgical knowledge. The doc pointed out that the bodies were dismembered with a Full Tang Monster Machete.

CAREY

The kind used in the jungles over in Vietnam?

JERRY

Precisely.

CAREY

Could our perp possibly be a shell-shocked war veteran who's out to get revenge on American women?

JERRY

It's very possible. It's evident that he particularly targets younger or middle-aged white women.

CAREY

How many more women have to die before we catch this sicko?

JERRY

None of us can make that prediction. The entire structure of Brush Creek will be under tight surveillance from here on out.

CAREY

What's our next move, Jerry?

JERRY

For you to make a trip down on Independence Avenue. Talk to some of the locals in that area and see what you can find out. It's gotta be some streetwalkers down there who knew Kim.

CAREY

Right away, Jerry.

CAREY takes the folder back from JERRY and exits his office.

EXT. INDEPENDENCE AVENUE - DAY

CAREY SCHROEDER goes from one area RESIDENT to the other at the intersection of Prospect Avenue and Independence Avenue displaying an 8X10 photo of KIMBERLY BARR. Several of the local RESIDENTS shake their heads as though they're not familiar with KIMBERLY.

EXT. PASEO AVENUE - DAY

CAREY flashes the same photo before several RESIDENTS who live by or frequent the area of Paseo Avenue, one of the main streets close to Independence Avenue.

INT. MAIN TUNNEL - NIGHT

CHARLIE stands at the middle of a large tunnel in an almost complete daze. Boredom has brought him to Brush Creek during the young hours of the night. A pack of sewer rats are heard

squealing from both sides of the dark tunnel. Heavy water drips from the cracked ceiling and on top of his head. A mighty burst of light suddenly shoots into the tunnel. KCPD Officer, RICHARD DOLAN, a lean and semi-handsome man of medium height, has a powerful floodlight shining directly on CHARLIE. OFFICER DOLAN has his service revolver in the other hand pointed right at CHARLIE.

OFFICER DOLAN

Hey, what are you doing down here in  
Brush Creek this late at night?

CHARLIE takes a couple of deep breaths.

CHARLIE

Officer, I'm just going for a night  
stroll.

OFFICER DOLAN

Night stroll my ass. I'll bet you  
came to dump another mutilated body  
down here in Brush Creek. You're the  
Brush Creek killer, aren't you?

CHARLIE

Who me?

OFFICER DOLAN

Yes you, like the disease-infested  
sewer rats crawling around inside  
this tunnel.

CHARLIE

Officer, I'm innocent.

OFFICER DOLAN

Alright, I want you to interlock  
your fingers and place both hands at  
the top center of your head.

CHARLIE obeys the direct command of OFFICER DOLAN, and places both interlocked hands at the top center of his head.

OFFICER DOLAN (CONT'D)

Now, very slowly, I want you to turn  
away from facing me.

CHARLIE follows his instructions with precise detail.

OFFICER DOLAN (CONT'D)

Alright, I want you to bend down to  
your knees and cross your legs.

OFFICER DOLAN approaches CHARLIE with the gun pointed at the center of his back.

CHARLIE has his eyes fixed on a large chunk of loose concrete. Using phenomenal speed and military tactics, CHARLIE dives for the chunk of concrete and rolls to the other side of the tunnel. OFFICER DOLAN fires the first shot, and the bullet ricochets off the tunnel floor. CHARLIE pitches the large rock at OFFICER DOLAN before he can fire another shot.

His aim is perfect since the rock hits OFFICER DOLAN right between the eyes. The OFFICER drops his service revolver and the floodlight. Blood squirts heavily from the gash between his eyes. CHARLIE takes off running towards the south end of the tunnel. OFFICER DOLAN picks up the floodlight and shines it around the tunnel to see if CHARLIE is still inside. He presses hard against the wound to try and stop some of the bleeding. More giant sewer rats are seen jumping through the murky creek water. OFFICER DOLAN picks up his police radio to dispatch further help.

OFFICER DOLAN (CONT'D)  
(into police radio)  
912 to respond, 912 to respond.

DISPATCHER  
(over police radio)  
Go ahead.

OFFICER DOLAN  
(into police radio)  
This is Officer Richard Dolan. Are you clear?

DISPATCHER  
(over police radio)  
Yes, Officer Dolan, everything's clear.

OFFICER DOLAN  
(into police radio)  
Can I get a 'King One' canine unit down here in Brush Creek?

DISPATCHER  
(over police radio)  
What's your exact ten-twenty down there in Brush Creek?

OFFICER DOLAN  
(into police radio)  
I'm inside the main tunnel near the back end of Satchel Paige Stadium.

DISPATCHER  
(over police radio)  
Canine unit will be dispatched very soon.

OFFICER DOLAN  
(into police radio)  
Please alert units that this suspect  
is considered armed and dangerous.

DISPATCHER  
(over police radio)  
Stand-by.

OFFICER DOLAN  
(into police radio)  
Ten-four

EXT. MAIN TUNNEL (20 MINUTES LATER) - NIGHT

Master Patrol Officer, SETH JACOBSON, a tall, broad-shouldered, and conservatively handsome man with a thick brown mustache, responds to the urgency of OFFICER DOLAN by bringing a very large German Shepherd canine named BRUNO down to Brush Creek. The canine weighs 160 pounds and has a toned, muscularly build. OFFICER DOLAN briefs MPO JACOBSON before sending the dog further into the tunnel.

MPO JACOBSON  
Richie, what happened down here in  
Brush Creek?

OFFICER DOLAN  
Spotted some guy standing around  
inside the tunnel.

MPO JACOBSON  
A vagrant?

OFFICER DOLAN  
Possibly the suspect involved with  
those Brush Creek killings. He  
could've very well been the guy who's  
been dumping those dismembered bodies  
down here in trashbags.

MPO JACOBSON  
You get a good look at him?

OFFICER DOLAN  
The floodlight flashed right into  
his face.

MPO JACOBSON  
Well? Do you think you could help  
the department put together a  
composite sketch of him?

OFFICER DOLAN

Maybe, maybe not. He had a nightmare-of-a-face. It looked like those deep acne pits covered his whole face.

MPO JACOBSON looks closely at the face of OFFICER DOLAN.

MPO JACOBSON

Think you might need medical attention, Richie?

OFFICER DOLAN

Maybe the med techs can take a look at me a little later. Right now, I want this sonofabitch apprehended and booked.

MPO JACOBSON

I'm ready to send Bruno inside the tunnel.

OFFICER DOLAN

After he whacked me upside my face with the rock, he ran to the south end of the tunnel.

MPO JACOBSON

Towards Satchel Paige Stadium?

OFFICER DOLAN

Sure did. Hey, I think we should also get more officers and the air unit out here.

MPO JACOBSON

Wouldn't be a bad idea.

MPO JACOBSON snaps the lease from around the neck of the canine BRUNO, and turns him loose to go towards the south end of the long tunnel. The large German Shepherd races into the dark tunnel to apprehend the dangerous SUSPECT. MPO JACOBSON and OFFICER DOLAN shine their flashlights to sort of help the canine find his way through the first few yards of the tunnel. BRUNO picks up a human scent after being in the tunnel for just over a minute. CHARLIE stomps his way through ankle-high waters, just as the chase begins.

He is several yards away from exiting the tunnel. BRUNO builds up enough speed to jump into the air and tackle CHARLIE to the ground. The dog's upper and lower rows of sharp teeth sink into the flesh of CHARLIE'S left arm. Amazingly, CHARLIE makes no sounds of agony or pain from the vicious bites. BRUNO maintains a strong lock around his arm, while jerking his head back and forth. The skin on CHARLIE'S arm breaks open and blood squirts everywhere. CHARLIE uses brute strength

and military tactical training to wrap his right arm around the neck of BRUNO. The vertebrae along the dog's neck snaps, while his breathing is cut off from aggressive choking. BRUNO releases the lock from around CHARLIE'S left arm. The canine is dead from strangulation and a severed vertebrae.

INT. MIDDLE OF TUNNEL - NIGHT

OFFICER DOLAN and MPO JACOBSON fear that something drastic has gone wrong with BRUNO apprehending the SUSPECT. MPO JACOBSON steps a few more yards into the tunnel.

MPO JACOBSON

(yells)

Bruno! Are you alright, boy? If you're okay, then respond to me, Bruno.

OFFICER DOLAN moves several more yards into the tunnel.

OFFICER DOLAN

Seth, I think we better radio for backup. This sonofabitch is a lot more dangerous than we realize.

MPO JACOBSON

Good idea, Richie. I'd hate to think the worst, but something tells me that Bruno's been killed by that maniac. He would've come back to me by now.

OFFICER DOLAN

We both heard those death whines that canines make before they're killed. I'm getting on the radio and request backup and an air unit.

MPO JACOBSON

It's our only hope in catching him.

OFFICER DOLAN

Think that sonofabitch is still here inside the tunnel?

MPO JACOBSON

Either in here or over by Satchel Paige Stadium.

OFFICER DOLAN

Never in all my years on the force did I think I'd come upon a psychopath like this guy.

MPO JACOBSON

It's a part of our job, Richie.  
Always expect the unexpected.

OFFICER DOLAN

This Brush Creek tunnel is starting  
to give me the creeps.

INT. SOUTH END - NIGHT

OFFICER DOLAN and MPO JACOBSON have waited patiently for their backup after making their request with a DISPATCHER fifteen minutes earlier. The air unit is due to arrive, as the helicopter makes flight preparations. Two more POLICE OFFICERS from the Northern Patrol Division walk several feet behind OFFICER DOLAN and MPO JACOBSON. All four MEN shine their flashlights in every direction inside the tunnel, with their guns drawn and ready to fire. The flashlights of OFFICER DOLAN and MPO JACOBSON find the canine BRUNO lying dead on his side. It appears that the dog's abdomen was ripped wide open by some sharp object.

MPO JACOBSON

Oh dam, we got here way too late.  
It's Bruno, and I'll betcha that  
bastard killed him with his bare  
hands.

OFFICER DOLAN moves the head of the canine back and forth.

OFFICER DOLAN

Seth, I'm no expert veterinarian  
here, but he broke Bruno's collarbone  
like a popsicle.

MPO JACOBSON

Bruno sliced into that sonofabitch  
before he was killed.

OFFICER DOLAN

All the blood around his mouth is  
proof of that.

MPO JACOBSON shuts both eyes tightly, while he sheds a few tears for the murdered dog.

MPO JACOBSON

Why'd it have to be Bruno?

OFFICER DOLAN

Seth, we're gonna make him pay for  
what he did to Bruno.

MPO JACOBSON

Richie, Bruno was like a family member to me. I would've never sent him into this dark ass tunnel to go after that sicko, had I known it would've gotten him killed.

OFFICER DOLAN

Don't go blaming yourself.

MPO JACOBSON

But I was his teacher, his trainer, his friend, his mentor, and so much more.

OFFICER DOLAN shines his flashlight along the floor of the tunnel.

OFFICER DOLAN

Look Seth, there's a blood trail leading out of the tunnel and in the back of Satchel Paige Stadium.

MPO JACOBSON

You're right, Richie. There's lots of blood going towards the back of the stadium.

OFFICER DOLAN

Why didn't this jerk take the big lead he'd been given before you showed up with the canine unit?

MPO JACOBSON

He's playing a cat-and-mouse, catch me if you can game.

OFFICER DOLAN

And we're just the cats who are after a very dangerous mouse. He's using us as a part of his sick humor.

MPO JACOBSON

He could've escaped long before you and Bruno got down here to Brush Creek.

OFFICER DOLAN

You think he might be closeby?

MPO JACOBSON

It's a strong possibility.

OFFICER DOLAN

If he's somewhere in the area, then  
the air unit is going to be a big  
help to us.

OFFICER DOLAN shines his flashlight on the left wall of the  
tunnel.

OFFICER DOLAN (CONT'D)

Un-fucking-believable!

MPO JACOBSON

What's wrong, Richie?

OFFICER DOLAN

Put your flashlight over towards  
mines and follow me.

MPO JACOBSON mixes the light of his flashlight with the light  
of OFFICER DOLAN. Both move further towards the wall. They  
are stunned by the cryptic message written in blood towards  
the lower half of the wall.

MPO JACOBSON

(repeats message)

Who dare stop me?

The cryptic message written in blood: '*WHO DARE STOP ME?*',  
has the four of them absolutely stunned.

OFFICER DOLAN

Who's blood did he write this with?

MPO JACOBSON

It had to be the blood of Bruno.

OFFICER DOLAN

How can you be so sure?

MPO JACOBSON

That's why he split Bruno open.

OFFICER DOLAN

To send us a warning?

MPO JACOBSON

He's getting his rocks off by having  
us come after him.

OFFICER DOLAN

Seth, we're dealing with a monster.

MPO JACOBSON

Or worse. He's a psychotic animal.

Static noises come through the radio of OFFICER DOLAN.

OFFICER DOLAN  
(into police radio)  
Go ahead.

DISPATCHER  
(over police radio)  
An airborne unit is en-route.

OFFICER DOLAN  
(into police radio)  
Ten-four.

OFFICER DOLAN, MPO JACOBSON, and the two POLICE OFFICERS move further towards the south end of the tunnel. Every precaution is taken with the use of their weapons and flashlights. They step a few short feet of the tunnel exit, which is where the bloody trail ends. CHARLIE stands quietly on the solid concrete roof of the tunnel, looking down on the four OFFICERS with intense scrutiny. A makeshift tourniquet from part of his shirt is used to stop the bleeding from bites caused by the canine.

The OFFICERS below have no clue that they're being watched from above. CHARLIE leaps from the tunnel roof with a large, club-like tree branch in his hands. The four OFFICERS are leveled to the ground. Their guns and flashlights go flying through the air and onto the ground. Like a major league slugger swinging at fastball pitches, CHARLIE strikes powerful blows upside their heads, and up and down their bodies. He delivers brutal beatings to the four of them.

CHARLIE  
(yells)  
Nobody dares stop me!

CHARLIE drops the tree branch to the ground and takes off running the opposite direction.

EXT. SOUTH BRUSH CREEK - NIGHT

The KCPD Air Support Division requested by OFFICER DOLAN has arrived right after CHARLIE brutally beat the four OFFICERS. High above the nighttime skies of Brush Creek, Chief Tactical Flight Officer, BARRY LOCKHART, an expert with the air unit, uses the helicopter's SX-5, thirteen million candlepower searchlight. LOCKHART immediately spots CHARLIE running slightly past the back of Satchel Paige Stadium. He communicates with one of the main GROUND OFFICERS in their pursuit of apprehending CHARLIE. He uses the chopper's 800 Mhz Motorola radio.

LOCKHART  
(into Motorola radio)  
Suspect has jumped into a short  
stretch of water.

Since there is a small pool of water between separate concrete surfaces, CHARLIE swims through a pool of water that is about six foot deep and about ten yards long. Six GROUND OFFICERS refuse to swim through the water, with four of the GROUND OFFICERS running around Satchel Paige Stadium to pick up on their chase after CHARLIE. There is about forty yards between CHARLIE and the GROUND OFFICERS. One particular LEAD GROUND OFFICER thoroughly communicates with LOCKHART from up in the chopper.

LEAD GROUND OFFICER  
(into police radio)  
Barry, was the suspect armed when  
you spotted him?

LOCKHART  
(into Motorola radio)  
Not from what I could see from up  
here.

LEAD GROUND OFFICER  
(into police radio)  
This guy is considered very dangerous.

LOCKHART  
(into Motorola radio)  
Yeah, I heard what he did to Richie  
and Seth and the canine Bruno.

LEAD GROUND OFFICER  
(into police radio)  
We're dealing with a sadistic maniac.  
He's an animal in every sense of the  
word.

LOCKHART  
(into Motorola radio)  
Homicide tells me that he's probably  
the Brush Creek killer.

LEAD GROUND OFFICER  
(into police radio)  
Just keep your light shining on that  
monster.

LOCKHART  
(into Motorola radio)  
Will do.

The foot chase between CHARLIE and the GROUND OFFICERS is in full effect. CHARLIE runs past Deerbroom Apartments and through a more southern part of Brush Creek, where there is a short stretch of rocks and tree brush. He runs inside a tunnel about a city block long. The GROUND OFFICERS are less than thirty yards behind him. The foot chase becomes more intense. CHARLIE now runs through a long stretch of concrete and sewage water, and then into another tunnel that is also about a city block long. The GROUND OFFICERS are gaining on him, being less than twenty yards behind. LOCKHART sweeps across the dark skies shining the searchlight down on CHARLIE. The communication between LOCKHART and the LEAD GROUND OFFICER opens up once more.

LEAD GROUND OFFICER  
(into police radio)  
Barry, what's the exact location of  
the suspect?

LOCKHART  
(into Motorola radio)  
Suspect is headed further south  
towards the park, just past 55th  
Street.

LEAD GROUND OFFICER  
(into police radio)  
Does he appear armed?

LOCKHART  
(into Motorola radio)  
No, he doesn't.

LEAD GROUND OFFICER  
(into police radio)  
Keep us posted, Barry.

LOCKHART  
(into Motorola radio)  
Definitely.

CHARLIE comes to the end of the southern wooded area of Brush Creek. An area of nothing but tree and brush obstruction is up ahead. The GROUND OFFICERS are about ten yards away from apprehending CHARLIE. Their weapons are drawn and ready to fire. The LEAD GROUND OFFICER has his gun aimed right at CHARLIE.

LEAD GROUND OFFICER  
Stop, or we'll discharge our firearms!

CHARLIE disregards his warning and runs straight towards a tunnel surrounded by more loose rocks and creek water. The GROUND OFFICERS fire their weapons, with ammunition flying through the air and towards the ground. They were unsuccessful

at hitting their target. CHARLIE dives into a narrow tunnel that is surrounded by compacted dirt and grass. The height and width of the tunnel requires him to crawl on both knees and hands. The LEAD GROUND OFFICER shines his flashlight into the tunnel and there is no sign of the SUSPECT. LOCKHART remains high in the skies, shining the searchlight down on several acres of Brush Creek woods and creek areas. The LEAD GROUND OFFICER opens up communication once again with LOCKHART.

LEAD GROUND OFFICER (CONT'D)  
(into police radio)  
Barry, the perp ran into this dark narrow tunnel.

LOCKHART  
(into Motorola radio)  
The searchlight clearly shows where the tunnel begins, but we're not sure where it ends.

LEAD GROUND OFFICER  
(into police radio)  
Only the water department or city civil engineers know the diameter and the diagram of these Brush Creek tunnels.

LOCKHART  
(into Motorola radio)  
I can only cover what's outside the tunnels. I should've been given a chopper with infrared power.

LEAD GROUND OFFICER  
(into police radio)  
Barry, I'd radio for the canine unit to bring another dog out here, but this psycho has already killed one of our best canines.

LOCKHART  
(into Motorola radio)  
That brings us to a stand still.

INT. MIDDLE OF TUNNEL - NIGHT

CHARLIE has crawled his way into at least a mile of the tunnel space. He knows every square inch of Brush Creek, including all the tunnels and wooded areas and creek paths. His colostomy bag bursts open and urine spills over the tunnel's floor. CHARLIE hears a chorus of squealing sounds. A pack of large sewer rats surround him. Due to his severe paranoia illness, the voices of his murder VICTIMS suddenly haunt him deep within his psyche.

VICTIM #1  
(haunting voice-over)  
Charlie, why'd you have to kill me?

VICTIM #2  
(haunting voice-over)  
You're a cold-blooded murderer,  
Charlie!

VICTIM #3  
(haunting voice-over)  
You took my precious life, Charlie!

VICTIM #4  
(haunting voice-over)  
You'll burn in hell forever when you  
die, Charlie!

VICTIM #5  
(haunting voice-over)  
We're going to get you, Charlie!

CHARLIE pounds the walls of the tunnels.

CHARLIE  
Shut the fuck up and leave me alone!

The faces of all five of his VICTIMS flash before him inside the pitch black tunnel. The large sewer rats jump on his neck and arms and bite him repeatedly. Being already a sadistic man, he crushes the rats with his bare hands. During his rough journey through the tunnel, CHARLIE scratches up his knees and elbows to the point of mild bleeding. He comes to a section of the tunnel where he's able to pass through by standing on his feet. A pitch of light shines from about twenty yards up ahead. CHARLIE steps through ankle-high waste water and ends his journey through the long tunnel.

INT. MAIN TUNNEL - NIGHT

CRIME LAB WORKERS collect samples of the blood left behind after CHARLIE was attacked by the canine BRUNO. CRIME SCENE INVESTIGATORS take photos of the cryptic note left on the tunnel wall, while CRIME LAB WORKERS collect more samples of blood. KCPD homicide detectives JERRY OVERSTREET and CAREY SCHROEDER closely study the bloody cryptic note.

JERRY  
Either we get this psychotic animal  
off the streets, or the morgue's  
gonna continue to fill up down at  
Truman Medical Center.

CAREY

(reads note)

Who dare stop me? Sounds like he's  
up for a challenge.

JERRY

A challenge to fill up more bodybags.

CAREY

He made a clean getaway tonight.  
This tells us that he knows Brush  
Creek better than anyone in the city.

JERRY

Try and get a report on my desk as  
soon as possible.

CAREY

You've got it, Jerry.

INT. CHARLIE'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

CHARLIE has arrived home after the long and tedious journey through over two miles of dark tunnel space. He is in the bathroom standing in the total nude. The scrapes from the abrasive concrete has peeled away several layers of skin. The bites from the canine, the bites from the sewer rats, and the concrete burns, has marked up his body relatively bad. CHARLIE stands in front of the mirror pampering his wounds with cotton balls soaked with alcohol and hydrogen peroxide. He then uses smaller and larger bandages coated with Neosporin to help heal the wounds. There is complete silence in the bathroom. CHARLIE looks into the magnified mirror at the deep pits in his face. He opens his mouth and embarrassingly observes his badly-rotted teeth. Seconds later, he looks down between his legs and is reminded that he has no genitals.

CHARLIE

(grumbles)

War has no fucking beginning, and it  
has no fucking ending!

INT. SANDY AND CAROL'S HOME - DAY

SANDY BARNHOLTZ sits on a plush sofa nursing a cup of coffee while reading the morning edition of "The Kansas City Times". The front page headline reads: "POLICE CANINE KILLED IN THE LINE OF DUTY. SEVERAL OFFICERS ASSAULTED BY POSSIBLE BRUSH CREEK KILLER".

SANDY looks at CAROL with hysteria in her eyes.

SANDY

I just can't believe this.

CAROL  
Hey babe, whatcha reading?

SANDY  
The article says that a German  
Shepherd police dog was killed inside  
one of the tunnels down in Brush  
Creek.

CAROL jumps off the sofa with her mouth cupped.

CAROL  
How'd the dog die?

SANDY  
Says the suspect broke the dog's  
neck with his bare hands.

CAROL  
You've got to be kidding.

SANDY  
Left the poor dog with a severed  
collarbone and vertebrae.

CAROL  
Do you think it could be the same  
psycho who killed Bolo, and then  
tried to kill you?

SANDY  
It has to be.

CAROL  
What else does this article say?

SANDY  
Says that several police officers  
were ambushed and beaten by the  
suspect, after he jumped from the  
top of one of the tunnels. It mentions  
how he used a large tree branch to  
beat the officers, and then took off  
running in the back of Satchel Paige  
Stadium.

CAROL  
There's a definite monster on the  
loose.

SANDY glances further down the front page, where there is a  
photograph of the inside of the main Brush Creek tunnel.

SANDY  
Take a look at this, Carol.

CAROL

What?

SANDY holds the newspaper up for CAROL'S viewing purposes.

CAROL (CONT'D)

(repeats cryptic note)

Who dare stop me?

SANDY

It looks like it's written in blood.

CAROL

Looks like it's inside a dark tunnel.  
This creep acts like he's ready to  
take on any twisted challenge.

SANDY

It's the same tunnel that I stood  
across from when he killed Bolo and  
tried to kill me. This maniac knows  
and the ins and outs of Brush Creek  
like an architect knows a blueprint.

CAROL

He's gotta be the same one who  
murdered and mutilated those five  
women in the last ten months.

SANDY

Babe, a blanket of guilt comes over  
me everytime you mention me going to  
the police and telling them about  
what happened to me that night down  
in Brush Creek.

CAROL

Guilt is the last thing I'd try and  
make you feel. He's killed five times  
already, and he'll keep on killing  
until he's caught.

SANDY

This animal has no regard for human  
life. He's a diehard woman-hater  
who's somewhere plotting his next  
murder. Voices in my head keep telling  
me to go down to police headquarters  
and tell them what happened that  
night down in Brush Creek.

CAROL

So, why don't you do it?

SANDY

Carol, I really can't answer that question.

CAROL

Somebody's life depends on it.

SANDY flips over a few more pages for the continuation of the article. A complete sketch of the SUSPECT who killed the canine and assaulted the OFFICERS is at the top center of the page.

SANDY

Hey babe, take a look at this drawing.

CAROL moves in closer to get a glimpse of the composite drawing.

CAROL

Is this supposed to be a drawing of the sicko who killed the police dog and attacked the police officers?

SANDY

It sure is.

CAROL

Looking at it too long gives me the creeps.

SANDY

This drawing sort of reminds me of the bastard who killed Bolo.

CAROL

Really?

SANDY

The fine print says that one of the police officers had shined a floodlight on him inside the main tunnel. The officer said that he had a pock-marked face.

CAROL

Like those deep dark holes from having severe acne.

SANDY folds the paper in her lap and takes a deep breath.

SANDY

If it's the last thing on Earth that I do, I'm going to help the police catch this sonofabitch. He'd better hope that I don't catch him first.

CAROL

Hold up, Sandy. After your encounter with him that night, you're actually lucky to be alive.

SANDY

I want him dead, Carol. It might not be worth it, but I'm willing to kill the motherfucker who killed my precious Bolo and those innocent women.

CAROL

If I have my say, you won't do nothing of the sort.

EXT. BACKYARD - DAY

CHARLIE stands in the thickness of some bushes watching SANDY and CAROL move some boxes in a room facing their backyard. He somehow has found their place of residence and feels the need to stalk her. It is apparent that he is very angry, since he breathes heavy and has both fists balled up tightly.

CHARLIE

(clenched teeth)

You might've made your getaway that night down in Brush Creek, but the fun's just beginning, bitch!

CHARLIE disappears into the thickness of the bushes.

INT. CRIME SCENE LAB - DAY

Several days have passed since the tragedy of the OFFICERS and the canine down in Brush Creek. Homicide detectives JERRY OVERSTREET and CAREY SCHROEDER have come to the crime lab in south Kansas City, to receive DNA blood sample information from renowned DNA specialist DR. BARNEY PURVIS.

JERRY

Hey doc, what did you find out for us?

DR. PURVIS flashes microscopic photocopies of the DNA blood samples taken from inside the main Brush Creek tunnel.

DR. PURVIS

Detectives, large trace amounts of the contaminant Dioxin were found in the blood samples.

JERRY

Dioxin? Sounds familiar, doc, but doesn't quite register.

DR. PURVIS

Detectives, Dioxin is one of several carcinogenic or tertogenic heterocyclic hydrocarbons that are found as impurities in petroleum-derived herbicides.

CAREY looks closely at the DNA microscopic photocopy.

CAREY

Wasn't Dioxin considered to be the most toxic chemical known to man?

DR. PURVIS

Precisely, detective. It's an ingredient found in certain herbicides used widely throughout the world to help control plant growth. Because of its high level of toxicity, it's no longer produced in the United States.

JERRY

Are you telling us that our perp has Dioxin swimming around in his blood?

DR. PURVIS

Yes, my friend, and large amounts of it.

JERRY

With the large doses of Dioxin in the perp's blood, where's all this leading to, doc?

DR. PURVIS

Dioxin is the toxic contaminant found in Agent Orange.

JERRY

Agent Orange?

DR. PURVIS

Yes, the same chemical sprayed by U. S. military aircrafts on areas of Southeast Asia from 1965 to 1970 to kill concealing trees and shrubs.

JERRY

I see you're well-versed on Vietnam.

DR. PURVIS

Didn't serve military time there, but worked with many veterans that did.

JERRY

What else can you tell us about the DNA found in the blood?

DR. PURVIS displays a more sophisticated microscopic photocopy of a DNA blood sample.

DR. PURVIS

Agent Orange is a mixture of the N-Butyl esters of 2, 4-dichlorophenoxy acetic acid 2, 4-D and 2, 4, and 5 trichlorophenoxy acetic acid. These are the main components found in the sample that you're looking at.

JERRY

In other words, our perp has Agent Orange in his blood.

DR. PURVIS

Correct, detective.

JERRY

So, it's a strong possibility that the sicko we're looking for is a Vietnam War veteran.

DR. PURVIS

Very strong possibility.

JERRY

Something led me to believe that all along. Your information ties in with the information that Dr. McKinnis gave me about all five of the vics, them being dismembered with a Full Tang Monster Machete.

DR. PURVIS

But, it doesn't stop there, detectives.

CAREY

Whaddaya mean by that, Dr. Purvis?

DR. PURVIS produces even more forensic DNA to back up his conclusions.

DR. PURVIS

Pieces of skin were removed from the teeth of the canine that was killed by the perp.

CAREY shakes his head in amazement.

CAREY

The canine took some serious bites into this guy's flesh before his neck was snapped and body sliced wide open.

DR. PURVIS

Our perp suffers from a severe skin condition known as chloracne.

CAREY

Neither one of us are familiar with such a condition.

DR. PURVIS

Chloracne is a skin condition marked by large blackheads and pimples in people who are in contact with chemical compounds such as cutting oils, paints, varnishes, and Dioxin. This condition usually affects the face, arms, neck, and any other exposed areas. It's highly likely that the person you're going after has chloracne from the Dioxin in the Agent Orange.

JERRY

Also, I've spoken with Dr. McKinnis about all five victims whose mutilated body parts were found in trashbags down in Brush Creek. Dr. McKinnis is like yourself, Dr. Purvis. You guys are definitely two of the best in the business. After he showed me how those women were mutilated and stuffed inside trashbags, and then dumped down into Brush Creek, I knew that this scumbag was a professional killer. We determined that he operated both covertly and clandestinely, just like those highly-skilled military men do. He avoided being shot by one of our best officers. He ambushed and beat several more officers, and then crawled his way through the longest stretch of tunnel down in Brush Creek.

CAREY

Which was probably over two miles.

JERRY

Exactly.

CAREY

Dr. Purvis, this psycho knows how to put his military training into action.

JERRY

Dr. McKinnis explained to me in fine details how our perp used the Full Tang Monster Machete to dismember the limbs of those women's bodies.

CAREY

Which says, this guy is probably some sadistic, shell-shocked Vietnam War veteran. Jerry, sounds like we're narrowing things down. Question stands, does the easy work end and the hard work begins?

JERRY

But how do we narrow it down to catching this guy? How many Vietnam veterans do we have in K.C.? How many of those veterans are actually carrying Agent Orange around? Where will we track down this guy with the nightmare-of-a-face, the one who Officer Richie Dolan shined the floodlight on inside that tunnel over by Satchel Paige Stadium? The chloracne that Dr. Purvis talked about earlier probably explains his face being wrecked.

CAREY

Doc Purvis, is it a possibility that our suspect is sick and dying?

DR. PURVIS

Yes, it's very possible that the perp is a dying man.

CAREY

What type of damage can Agent Orange do over a period of time?

DR. PURVIS

Medically speaking, Agent Orange can cause gastrointestinal tumors, which can lead to stomach, colon, rectal, and pancreatic cancers, brain tumors, circulatory, respiratory, and immune disorders, along with motor and coordination dysfunction, and neuropsychiatric problems.

JERRY

So, it can affect the mind and the body?

DR. PURVIS

Absolutely.

CAREY

This guy's probably dying both mentally and physically.

DR. PURVIS

The illusions and hallucinations and flashback episodes from the war cause these guys to just lose it and engage in homicidal and suicidal escapades.

JERRY

Like become a serial killer?

DR. PURVIS

That and even worse.

JERRY

Like mutilation?

DR. PURVIS

Yes.

JERRY

We're dealing with a pro and a maniac at the same time.

CAREY

A pro and a maniac who's probably working on his next victim.

JERRY

Questions is, will we get to him before the Agent Orange does?

CAREY

It's probably been eating up his insides for quite some time.

JERRY

Carey, we're at the crossroads with catching this guy.

CAREY

Or, are we being outsmarted by someone who's not done killing?

EXT. COUNTRY CLUB PLAZA - DAY

WOMEN belonging to the activist group known as S.A.V.E., (Sisters Against Violent Encounters), and WOMEN from outside the activist group from various backgrounds, have come out in full force to show their support for the WOMEN murdered and mutilated, and then dumped in trashbags down in Brush Creek. Many WOMEN proudly wear their T-shirts which display S.A.V.E. across the middle. A large banner for the acronym S.A.V.E., in which it has been spelled out, stretches across a large fountain inside a popular park on the exclusive Country Club Plaza. SANDY BARNHOLTZ stands at a podium with a loud microphone before a crowd of frustrated and militant WOMEN.

SANDY

(into microphone)

Women, you don't have to be victims. Anyone with information about the Brush Creek killings should come forward. We're looking at an overall attack on the dignity of women.

CHARLIE stands unnoticed near a jogging trail within the same park area. He wears a KC baseball cap covering the top part of his head, along with dark sunglasses and a fake beard. SANDY continues with her dramatic, moving speech.

SANDY (CONT'D)

(into microphone)

Someone knows who killed and dismembered the women found floating in trashbags down in Brush Creek. The animal, the creep, the monster, they have no regard for human life. We, the women of S.A.V.E., we're not getting the proper assistance from local state or city officials. The killing has gotten so far out of hand, until our city's been the recent topic of national news coverage. We're having very little success getting people to talk. The KCPD have told us over and over again that the Brush Creek killer is calculated with his method of killing. Ladies, our lives have value.

The WOMEN erupt into thunderous applause. Several yards up on the jogging trail, CHARLIE tilts the dark sunglasses and produces the nastiest snarl.

CHARLIE

(voice-over)

None of those bitches' lives had  
value!

SANDY points out at the large crowd of WOMEN.

SANDY

(into microphone)

We've got to work with the police  
and with one another. We're not going  
to stand for another woman being  
raped, beaten, and killed. Either we  
stand together as one, or we'll die  
separately. Thank you for coming out  
to show your support for this rally.

SANDY steps away from the podium. She looks across the park  
and quickly recognizes CHARLIE, even with his disguise. She  
travels back into the not-so-distant past.

EXT. FLASHBACK - BRUSH CREEK - NIGHT

SANDY kicks CHARLIE between his legs and scratches him in  
the eyes.

EXT. PARK - DAY

SANDY rushes towards CHARLIE, as she squeezes CAROL around  
the arm.

SANDY

Carol, the guy standing over there  
in the baseball cap and the dark  
shades, he looks just like the  
sonofabitch who killed Bolo and tried  
to assault me.

CAROL looks straight ahead and studies the strange MAN.

CAROL

Are you sure it's him?

SANDY

Positive, Carol.

The crowd of WOMEN disperse after the rally. SANDY rushes  
closer towards CHARLIE. CAROL follows right behind her.

CAROL

How can you be so sure?

SANDY

I recognize those deep acne pits in  
his face.

CAROL

Like the same guy that you saw that night down in Brush Creek?

SANDY

Yes ma'am, sister dear.

The faster SANDY runs towards CHARLIE, the faster he runs towards a stretch of woods near Main Avenue. SANDY builds up enough bravery to try and catch him.

SANDY (CONT'D)

Hey Charlie, I know that's you.

SANDY chases him with desperate pursuit.

SANDY (CONT'D)

Charlie, you're the sonofabitch who killed my dog Bolo, and then tried to kill me. I know you're the same motherfucker!

Her voice carries at a distance, as the high-speed foot chase occurs. The foot chase shifts into an aggressive sprint.

SANDY (CONT'D)

Charlie, you're the filthbag who killed and chopped up those five women down in Brush Creek. Aren't you, you psychotic sonofabitch!

The chase mounts to heated levels. CHARLIE runs faster and faster, while his urine bag flops up and down under his shirt. Sweat moistens his face and he breathes in heavy spurts. SANDY accelerates her pace and comes within close range of CHARLIE.

SANDY (CONT'D)

Charlie, you can't keep running forever, you bastard! Give it up and turn yourself in.

CAROL comes within inches of SANDY and grabs her by the arm.

CAROL

Have you literally lost your mind?

SANDY

Carol, he's the scumbag who killed Bolo and those five women.

CAROL

You can't be one-hundred percent sure about that.

SANDY

Why are you stopping me from catching him, babe? Why?

CAROL

What I'm trying to do is keep myself from going to your funeral. Have you forgotten that you might be chasing the same sicko who made mince meat out of those five women, the ones that they found cut up in trashbags down in Brush Creek? What makes you think he won't do the same thing to you?

SANDY

Babe, at this point, I just don't give a flying fuck anymore.

CAROL

What if he had a pistol or knife on him?

SANDY

Still, at this point, I just don't give a good goddamned anymore!

CAROL

Sandy, don't let your ignorance put you six foot under.

SANDY

No, I'll be the one who puts him six foot under.

CAROL

Okay, what if you would've caught this creep and he wasn't the same person?

SANDY

Then, I would've called it a night.

CAROL

Besides, you still haven't gone to the police and told them what happened that night down in Brush Creek. You and I both know that it was part of your civic duty to march right into the police headquarters and tell them everything.

SANDY

Can you believe the nerves on this mentally-imbalanced maniac? He had the balls to show up at one of S.A.V.E.'s biggest rallies. I'm telling you, Carol, it was definitely him.

SANDY and CAROL approach their automobile parked on Main Avenue. They notice some strange writing on the hood. Both stand at the front of the automobile and see there is a cryptic note spray-painted in black paint across the hood.

SANDY (CONT'D)

(repeats note)

You dare stop me?

A WOMAN steps over by the car and looks at SANDY.

WOMAN

Would you like for me to call the police?

SANDY

(nods)

No, we're fine.

INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

CAROL nervously paces the floor, while SANDY sits impatiently on the sofa.

CAROL

Sandy, you've gotta do it. You've got to tell the police that that bastard spray-painted our car.

SANDY

Carol, I want to take care of that shitbag my own way.

CAROL

Oh, I see. You want to take him out, and then I'll be coming to visit you in prison.

SANDY

Not if it's in self-defense.

CAROL

When I leave town for training, who's gonna be here to protect you?

SANDY

I can protect myself.

CAROL

My job is sending me to Florida for four weeks. That's a whole month, Sandy. I just want you to be safe while I'm gone.

SANDY

Don't worry, I'll be safe.

CAROL

This animal must know where we live.

SANDY

After spray painting our car, he's been stalking us.

CAROL

Do you think he's still after you?

SANDY

Something tells me that he's following me.

CAROL

And not me?

SANDY

I don't think so.

CAROL

How will you protect yourself when I'm gone?

SANDY goes inside the kitchen and pulls open one of the drawers near the sink. She returns into the living room holding a silverish .357 Magnum with a black rubber grip in her left hand.

SANDY

This is how I'll protect myself.

CAROL

Where'd you get that from?

SANDY

A gun shop in North Kansas City.

CAROL

Wow! You're planning on taking down a bull elephant.

SANDY

No, a creep whose hatred for women runs deeper than all the oceans combined.

SANDY holds the .357 in the air and looks down the barrel.

EXT. BACKYARD - NIGHT

SANDY and CAROL aren't aware, but CHARLIE hides within the same bushes surrounding their backyard. With the shades halfway open, he sees into their home, right into the front room where SANDY still holds the .357 high in the air. CHARLIE heaves quite strongly from intense anger.

CHARLIE

(whispers)

Why did I let that bitch live? Why didn't I kill her that night down in Brush Creek? Don't worry, bitch, your day's coming real soon. Real soon, bitch!

CHARLIE disappears into the bushes.

INT. KCPD HEADQUARTERS - DAY

Inside a roll call and briefing room on the third floor of the downtown KCPD headquarters, an assembly of notable law enforcement heavy hitters are in attendance. The CHIEF OF POLICE, SHERIFFS, select POLICE OFFICERS, FBI AGENTS, HOMICIDE DETECTIVES, and a CRIMINAL ANALYST are all present. They are gathered around a large conference table with reports and stats and documentation during their meeting. A large digital screen and power zoom digital projector are set up for investigative purposes. All parties watch as veteran homicide detective, Lieutenant JERRY OVERSTREET, sits a sheet of paper on top of the projector.

JERRY

We've been working fourteen to sixteen hour days with this case. Pulling those victims from the creek waters have drawn the line for me. Finding answers have been tough.

CAREY SCHROEDER clears his throat and speaks in a nostalgic voice.

CAREY

Jerry, our perp is different from any other type of serial killer. We know for certain that the same person is responsible for all five murders.

JERRY

You're right, Cork. Doc McKinnis is the best medical examiner in all of Jackson County. He knows that our

(MORE)

JERRY (CONT'D)

suspect is definitely a shell-shocked, insane, yet psychotic Vietnam War veteran. We can't let him strike again.

CAREY

The increasing time for the murders have been over a series of months.

JERRY

Which is atypical for most serial killers.

CAREY

This disturbed psycho is leading the race.

JERRY

In the game of solving homicides, you win some, you lose some. As for the Brush Creek killings, that's where we turn to our FBI criminal analyst, Dr. Lynus Madrey. Dr. Madrey, this psychotic monster has puzzled us into a thousand migraines. What can you possibly tell us about him?

DR. MADREY, who is a fifty-something man with dark and thick brown hair, with a neatly trimmed beard and thin build, stands to take the front and center of the room.

DR. MADREY

Most serial killers just don't stop killing. Killing innocent people can be a mental health problem, moreso than the killer's morals failing him or severe disorders in his character. Anyone who goes around strangling women to death, and then mutilating their body parts, is considered to be barbarically anti-female.

JERRY throws up a hand signal to DR. MADREY.

JERRY

Could our Brush Creek killer be anti-female?

DR. MADREY

Yes, he could. His negativity towards women is strong enough to make him a recluse.

JERRY

Making him have little or no contact with family or friends.

DR. MADREY

Exactly, lieutenant. Strangling and dismembering women also categorizes him as having developed pathological killing appetites. Neurobiological imbalances could be the basis for his problems. The Brush Creek killer could also suffer from impaired sensory-emotional integration. Less activity in certain parts of his brain could regulate and control his emotions and behavior.

CAREY

Doc Madrey, why doesn't this maniac know how to put on the brakes when it comes to stop killing women?

DR. MADREY

Runaway aggressive behavior is what it's called. With violent and irrational criminals like the Brush Creek killer, the gray matter of his brain holds only about ten percent fewer neurons in the prefrontal cortex, than the brains of most of the general population.

JERRY

The bodies he's left behind in the trashbags along the creek banks, they've turned into sheer homicidal messes and confusing crime scenes. We posted up some of our best police officers, and look what he did to them. He ambushed and severely assaulted those officers, and then killed one of our best canine dogs. After he got his hands bloody, he crawled through the longest tunnel down in Brush Creek, then made the dirtiest getaway that I've ever seen. We're dealing with one of the sickest individuals ever born into mankind.

CAREY

Not to mention the cryptic note that he left behind inside the tunnel.

JERRY

A note which challenges us to catch him if we can.

CAREY

Trying to apprehend the Brush Creek killer is like trying to assemble a Christmas toy without directions. The complexities of solving the Brush Creek murders start with the victims themselves.

JERRY places a digitally-enhanced photo of the first victim on top of the large digital screen.

JERRY

Let's take a look at our first Brush Creek murder victim. Lisa Wallace, white female, fifty-one years of age, gainfully employed with the IRS for twenty-nine years. She lived alone, was never married or had children, and attended church regularly.

CAREY

So, what would be his motive to kill her?

DR. MADREY signals with his hand.

DR. MADREY

Lisa Wallace could've been an easy target for him. Upon first glance, he could've figured out that she was single and lived alone. Maybe he saw that she had strong tendencies of vulnerability.

JERRY

And you're absolutely right, Doc Madrey.

JERRY places another photo on the screen.

JERRY (CONT'D)

Men do pick up on women who are weak and vulnerable. Kimberly Deanna Barr is another victim of the Brush Creek killer. She was a white female, twenty-seven years of age at the time of her death, a known drug addict and prostitute who frequented the corridors of Independence Avenue and

(MORE)

JERRY (CONT'D)

Gladstone Avenue. Kimberly had several priors for prostitution and drug possession.

DR. MADREY

Kimberly had to be one of his easier targets. Prostitutes lead nomadic, unscheduled lives. Most don't check in regularly with friends and relatives.

CAREY

Think about it, guys. How many cars do prostitutes get in and out of on a regular basis?

JERRY

One thing's for sure, Independence Avenue became one of his hunting grounds. Doc Madrey, what's the story behind him going from working class women to street prostitutes? What's the story behind the Brush Creek killer dismembering these women and dumping their body parts in trashbags?

DR. MADREY

There's a strong possibility that he feels abandoned. The underlying psychological reason may be that this is a man whose mother or sister or aunt ran away from him. Maybe women rejected him throughout the duration of his life. To vent his anger, he promised himself that another woman would never run away again. He's someone who feels deserted.

JERRY

This psychotic monster has been using a Full Tang Monster Machete to dismember his victims, and that's according to Doc McKinnis over at Truman Medical Center. Could the killer have been in the medical field or had surgical knowledge?

CAREY

But why dismember his victims and then stuff them in large trashbags?

JERRY

Either making transporting the bodies easier or trying to make a statement.

CAREY

Why Brush Creek as a dumping ground? Why not public parks? Why not the woods? Why not the Missouri River like a lot of other victims from the past?

DR. MADREY

Brush Creek could be a place of tranquility for him. It could be his inner sanctum, a place that he marvels after.

JERRY

Doc McKinnis and Doc Purvis are convinced that our perp is definitely a Vietnam War veteran who could also be a dying man.

CAREY

He's sick in the mind and in the body.

JERRY

Him being a veteran of a foreign war, I might can convince a federal judge to sign a warrant that will allow us to subpoena medical records from the VA Hospital.

CAREY

We get that warrant, the composite sketch of our suspect will be a big help.

JERRY

To hopefully match up with that nightmare-of-a-face that Officer Dolan described.

CAREY

Time's running short, and we don't have much of it to waste, especially since other's lives are depending on us catching this guy.

JERRY

He's done stayed away from Brush Creek since the department almost apprehended him that night.

CAREY

We desperately need to know of his whereabouts.

JERRY

It's somewhere in this city. But the question remains, where in this city?

EXT. COUNTRY CLUB PLAZA - NIGHT

It is Thanksgiving night in Kansas City, Missouri. Thousands of local residents have come out for The Plaza Lighting Ceremony on The Country Club Plaza. The buildings are lit up with an array of Christmas lights. People are packed throughout the crowded streets after showing their support for the special ceremony. CHARLIE walks through the crowd wearing a thick wool coat and a black stocking cap. He comes out in search of another victim. A WOMAN standing a few yards away has locked eye contact with him. She smiles and projects a few inviting gestures towards him. Standing several feet away from this strange WOMAN is SANDY BARNHOLTZ. SANDY watches CHARLIE very closely, while he has his menacing eyes fixed on the WOMAN. CHARLIE turns to his right and discovers SANDY watching him. He immediately pushes his way through the thick crowd. Once again, a high-speed foot chase begins. Both of them bump and shove people in order to force their way through the crowd. SANDY throws a set of curved hands up to her mouth.

SANDY

(loudly)

Charlie, you can't run forever!

The faster CHARLIE runs, the faster SANDY runs after him. He runs until he reaches The Rosenberg Apartments, which is only minutes away from The Country Club Plaza. He shoves the key inside the front door and rushes inside. SANDY runs up the stairways leading to the front of the Rosenberg Apartments and bams on the door.

SANDY (CONT'D)

Charlie, you bastard! You won't make a clean getaway anymore!

SANDY continues to bam on the front door. Surprisingly, no one answers, which could be due to the fact that most residents are out for the holiday.

EXT. ROSENBERG APARTMENTS (NEXT DAY) - DAY

SANDY learns that CHARLIE is a resident of the Rosenberg Apartments. She decides to pay the Rosenberg a visit since one of the most notorious serial killers resides there.

After a few knocks on the front door, DERRICK THOMAS and MITCHELL MCNALLY, the interracial gay couple who live one floor below CHARLIE, leave their apartment to answer the door.

INT. HALLWAY - DAY

DERRICK and MITCHELL have allowed SANDY entry into the building. The trio stand at the center of the first floor hallway.

SANDY

I hate to bother you two nice gentlemen, but I'm looking for someone named Charlie who lives in this building.

DERRICK throws his head back and looks up the stairways.

DERRICK

There's only one Charlie who lives in this building.

SANDY

Medium height guy? Medium length, dark hair? Pock-marked face?

DERRICK

You've described Charlie perfectly.

SANDY

Where does he live?

DERRICK points up the stairways.

DERRICK

Up the stairs and to the right.

SANDY

So, he lives there, huh?

DERRICK

Yes, he does. It sounds like he's in some type of trouble.

SANDY takes her deepest breath and momentarily closes her eyes.

SANDY

I believe he's the Brush Creek killer.

DERRICK

(surprisingly)  
Say what! Charlie?

SANDY

Yes, Charlie.

DERRICK

What makes you say that?

SANDY

He killed my Labrador Retriever named Bolo down in Brush Creek one night. He then tried to attack and kill me.

DERRICK

How'd you know that he lives here at The Rosenberg?

SANDY

I saw him run in this building last night.

DERRICK

What, after The Plaza Lighting Ceremony?

SANDY

Yes, right during the time when people were starting to go home.

DERRICK

Sounds like you're telling us that we live one floor below a serial killer.

SANDY

Question. Have you ever seen him carrying out large trashbags pretty regularly?

DERRICK

Only when trash day comes around. Why'd you ask?

SANDY

Those trashbags might've had his victims body parts inside.

MITCHELL respectfully moves in front of DERRICK.

MITCHELL

Are you a police woman or a detective or something?

SANDY

No, just a concerned citizen.

MITCHELL

Charlie is a weird, peculiar type of guy. He keeps crazy hours all through the night. He's one of those deranged, shell-shocked Vietnam War veterans.

SANDY

Hours that he spends hunting down his next victim. He's already killed five women. He's probably working on victim number six.

MITCHELL

Would you like to go and knock on his door?

SANDY

Yes, but with extreme caution.

MITCHELL

Of course.

INT. SECOND FLOOR - DAY

SANDY has followed DERRICK and MITCHELL up to the second floor. DERRICK softly knocks on the door.

DERRICK

Charlie, it's me, Derrick Thomas from downstairs. I would like to have a word with you.

DERRICK pauses a few seconds and knocks again.

DERRICK (CONT'D)

There's someone out here who'd like to talk to you.

Still, no one answers CHARLIE'S door.

INT. FIRST FLOOR - DAY

DERRICK and MITCHELL have taken SANDY back downstairs and to the front door. SANDY reaches into her purse for important items.

SANDY

Here's my business card, guys. Could you please give me or the police a call whenever you see Charlie again?

DERRICK looks the business card over.

DERRICK  
(repeats card  
information)  
Sisters Against Violent Encounters?

SANDY  
Yes, my partner and I are the founders  
and directors of S.A.V.E.

DERRICK  
What exactly do you do?

SANDY  
We work with battered women's shelters  
and victims of domestic violence.  
We also provide support to the  
families of murdered domestic violent  
victims.

DERRICK  
Glad to see someone still cares.

SANDY  
We care when no one else cares.

DERRICK  
Cool, my wonderful Jewish sister.  
Look, if I see Charlie, I won't even  
tell him that I spoke with you.  
I'll just notify you and the police.

SANDY  
I'd appreciate it very much.

DERRICK  
Do you think Charlie could be on the  
run?

SANDY  
He's a dangerously wanted man.

DERRICK taps SANDY over the shoulder.

DERRICK  
I read in the newspaper about the  
cop who spotted a suspect inside the  
main tunnel down in Brush Creek.  
The cop said that the man had a  
severely pock-marked face. When I  
first read the article, I thought  
nothing of it. But now, I'm thinking  
that that very suspect could've been  
Charlie.

SANDY

Trust me, it was Charlie inside that tunnel.

DERRICK

Also, this suspect killed one of their top canine dogs inside the same tunnel. You telling me that he killed your dog, makes it all seem a hundred percent believable.

SANDY

This man is a sadistic monster. He must be stopped at all cost.

INT. SANDY AND CAROL'S HOME - DAY

SANDY'S lesbian lover, CAROL WEXLER, has left town for four weeks of training for her job. A couple of days have passed since SANDY visited with DERRICK and MITCHELL at the Rosenberg Apartments. She finally takes it upon herself to contact the Crime Stoppers Division at 474-TIPS. After dialing the number, she waits for a ring.

OPERATOR

(over phone)  
Crime Stoppers.

SANDY

(into phone)  
I'd like to give a tip about the Brush Creek killings.

OPERATOR

(over phone)  
I can take down the tip information and pass it on to one of the detectives.

SANDY

(into phone)  
I somewhat have a fear of reprisal and apathy. But, me coming forward could save some people's lives.

OPERATOR

(over phone)  
Go ahead with your information, ma'am.

SANDY

(into phone)  
Alright, here goes. The Brush Creek killer lives at the Rosenberg Apartments on The Country Club Plaza.  
(MORE)

SANDY (CONT'D)

His name is Charles Rastelli. He's the one who murdered and mutilated all five of the women found dumped in the trashbags down in Brush Creek.

OPERATOR

(over phone)

Ma'am, please take down this code number.

SANDY abruptly hangs up before the OPERATOR can give her the code number. She acts on strange impulses. She looks through an old issue of the newspaper and comes across the name of JERRY OVERSTREET, in which he is mentioned as the lead homicide detective in the Brush Creek murder cases.

SANDY

(repeats name)

Jerry Overstreet?

SANDY goes to her computer and researches information for the homicide unit of the KCPD. She finds a direct number for Lieutenant JERRY OVERSTREET, and then dials the number for his office. The phone rings several times and it goes straight to voicemail.

JERRY

(recorded voice message)

You have reached Lieutenant Jerry Overstreet with Kansas City, Missouri Police Department's Homicide Unit. I'm currently out of my office or out in the field. Please leave your name and number and I'll contact you at my earliest convenience.

SANDY leaves a brief message for JERRY.

SANDY

(speaks into voice recorder)

Lieutenant Overstreet, my name is Sandy Barnholtz. I've learned that you're the lead homicide detective in the Brush Creek murder cases. Well, the Brush Creek killer lives at the Rosenberg Apartments on The Country Club Plaza. His name is Charles Rastelli, some whacked-out Vietnam War veteran. I believe he's on the prowl right now to kill and dismember more women. I can't, and I will not, tell you where I live or

(MORE)

SANDY (CONT'D)

work. But, I will tell you this. If you and the police department don't stop this psychopath from killing innocent women, then I'll be the one who puts this psychotic sonofabitch out of his misery. I know that it's not wise to take the law into your own hands, but I'm going to do what I have to do. Goodbye, Lieutenant Overstreet.

INT. JERRY'S OFFICE - NIGHT

JERRY walks into his office inside the homicide unit of the KCPD headquarters, after a long day of being out collecting investigative materials. He takes a seat at his desk and plays back the first message, which is from SANDY. The message plays through and he is sort of stunned.

JERRY

(low voice)

This woman sounds angry and concerned at the same time.

INT. SANDY'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

SANDY has fallen asleep after a long and tiresome day. Her cell phone rings and she reaches over to see who might be calling her during the late hours. The number shows up as a blocked call on her cell phone. The blocked number peaks her curiosity, which causes her to answer.

SANDY

(into phone)

Hello.

Some STRANGER breathes quite heavy into the phone.

SANDY (CONT'D)

(into phone)

Who's this?

STRANGER

(over phone)

Who would you like it to be?

SANDY

(into phone)

Charlie, is this you?

STRANGER

(over phone)

I'll be whoever you want me to be.

SANDY

(into phone)

Look, you deranged sonofabitch! You come near me or Carol, I promise you, I'll kill you dead. Dead! Dead! Dead!

STRANGER

(over phone)

I see you came looking for me the other day. Shouldn't it be you that I come looking for?

SANDY

(into phone)

I saw you trying to move in on the woman after The Plaza Lighting Ceremony. You were going to make her another one of your victims. After you spray-painted my car, that's when I'd knew that you had gone too far. You better hope that the police catch you before I do.

STRANGER

(over phone)

There's no need to be going and getting upset. You and I, Sandy, will meet up again.

SANDY

(into phone)

And it won't be under pleasant circumstances.

SANDY hangs up and sits nervously at the edge of the bed. She reaches into the drawer next to the bed and pulls out her fully-loaded .357 Magnum.

EXT. BACKYARD - NIGHT

SANDY isn't aware, but CHARLIE hides in the bushes around her backyard with his cell phone. He closes up his flip phone and runs away.

INT. SHOW-ME SHOOTERS INDOOR RANGE - DAY

SANDY stands before the well-lit and ventilated electrical target firing away with her .357 Magnum. She allows nothing to distract her while wearing her headphones and safety glasses. The target slides closer and shows how SANDY is actually a very good shot.

INT. JACKSON COUNTY COURTHOUSE - DAY

JERRY and CAREY stand on opposite sides of a JUDGE inside his chambers. They observe as the JUDGE signs an arrest and search warrant after reviewing their affidavit and listening to the phone recording by SANDY.

INT. THE ROSENBERG APARTMENTS - DAY

JERRY now executes the arrest and search warrant signed and authorized by the JUDGE. A cadre of HOMICIDE DETECTIVES, POLICE OFFICERS, and FBI AGENTS, have come to the front of CHARLIE'S apartment door. JERRY stands at the front center of the door with his gun in one hand and the signed warrant in the other hand. The other law enforcement PERSONNEL also have their weapons drawn. They have learned that CHARLES RASTELLI is a very dangerous man, and to approach his apartment with extreme caution. JERRY bams loudly on the apartment door.

JERRY

Charles Rastelli, are you in there?

JERRY signals for the apartment MANAGER to open the door. Once the door is cracked, JERRY and the others rush inside pointing their weapons every direction.

JERRY (CONT'D)

(loudly)

Police! Charles, if you're in here,  
then come out with your hands up.

CAREY stands behind JERRY with his gun held high.

CAREY

KCPD, Charlie!

JERRY

Check all the rooms and all the  
closets.

CAREY

Look under the bed and behind any  
open spaces.

A thorough search begins around CHARLIE'S apartment. The group of law enforcement PERSONNEL slip on surgical gloves to keep from contaminating any crucial DNA evidence.

JERRY

Clear.

CAREY

Clear.

The others indicate that it's clear through the entire apartment.

INT. KITCHEN - DAY

DETECTIVES and POLICE OFFICERS search through cabinets and drawers inside the kitchen for evidence.

INT. FRONT ROOM - DAY

Some search under the sofa cushions and under a throw rug. JERRY and CAREY and others notice the many posters of Brush Creek over the years. JERRY moves closer to the poster which has the caption that reads: *SEARCHERS FIND 20TH BODY IN BRUSH CREEK AS AREA PICKS ITSELF UP.*

It is an article that was blown up to a 20X30 poster size, which explains the devastating flood of 1977 throughout the entire Brush Creek area.

JERRY

These Brush Creek posters tell a lot of the story. I remember the flood of 1977 like it was yesterday.

CAREY

Tells a story of obsession, like a sick fascination.

JERRY

This poster must be his most prized one of all.

CAREY

But why would a poster showing flood waters destroying property and dead bodies fascinate this guy?

JERRY

Question should be, why does Brush Creek fascinate him in general?

DR. ANTHONY MCKINNIS walks into the apartment carrying his DNA kit. DR. BARNEY PURVIS comes in seconds later with his crime kit.

JERRY (CONT'D)

Doctors, we're glad that you could come on such short notice.

DR. MCKINNIS

We started these investigations together, we're going to see it through together, lieutenant.

DR. PURVIS

Yes, through the good, the bad, and  
the ugly ones.

DR. MCKINNIS

We love our work, detective.

The dream team of law enforcement are hard at work.  
DETECTIVES and FBI AGENTS take photos throughout the  
apartment. One of the DETECTIVES calls from inside the  
bedroom.

INT. BEDROOM - DAY

DETECTIVE

Lieutenant Overstreet and Detective  
Schroeder, take a look at this.

The novice DETECTIVE holds up a couple of new urine bags not  
yet used by CHARLIE.

JERRY

Urine disposal bags?

DETECTIVE

A bunch of them not used came from  
those boxes.

JERRY

Why so many of them?

CAREY walks up and hands JERRY a set of papers that were  
given to him by one of the DETECTIVES.

CAREY

These were found stashed away in one  
of his boxes in the closet.

JERRY reads over the documents with fierce reading and  
comprehension skills.

JERRY

Maybe these DD 214 discharge papers  
will tell us the real reason why  
'Mister Charlie' left the Vietnam  
War. This detailed medical report  
explains the misfortune that Charlie  
has to carry around for the rest of  
his life. He got sent back to the  
U.S. when the military could no longer  
deal with him. He got a 273 for  
physical disability with entitlement  
to receive severance pay. Look at  
all these codes that he got before  
Uncle Sam brought him back home.

CAREY

What codes?

JERRY

Charlie got a 460 for emotional instability reaction, a 461 for inadequate personality, a 462 for mental deficiency, a 463 for paranoid personality, a 464 for unsuitability, and a 480 for personality disorder.

CAREY

Charlie Boy has a lot of mental and emotional problems.

JERRY moves the medical papers closer to his face. His eyes widen with amazement.

JERRY

Along with this severe wound that he suffered.

CAREY

What wound?

JERRY

Genital mutilation.

CAREY

Oh boy!

JERRY summons DR. MCKINNIS into the adjoining room.

JERRY

Doc McKinnis, how would you define genital mutilation?

DR. MCKINNIS slips on his reading glasses.

DR. MCKINNIS

Detective, I once did an autopsy on a Vietnam War veteran who was minus his privates due to a severe war wound. My knowledge of castration and genital mutilation is vast and researched.

JERRY

This military medical document, what can you tell me about it? How is it in relation to our perp?

DR. MCKINNIS

To begin, wounds of external genitalia are the most feared combat injuries, but not the most common. Soldiers just like our perp are known to place their helmets over their genitalia during static trench warfare. Wounds of the penis, scrotum, and testicles made up two to three percent of American casualties in Vietnam. More below-the-waist explosions from mines and crossfire happened during Vietnam combat. This medical report tells us that Charlie suffered severe injury to his corpora cavernosa, and the subcutaneous tissues around the scrotal-testicular area that were stitched together.

JERRY

Was he beyond surgery to save his privates?

DR. MCKINNIS

Yes. Orchiectomy or bilateral orchiectomy could not have saved him. The severity of the injury was way beyond the skill of a surgeon.

JERRY

The medical report explains how a powerful enemy crossfire stripped Charlie of ever making any little Charlies.

DR. MCKINNIS

Both of his testicles and penis were castrated by the powerful blast of enemy crossfire.

JERRY

Doc, him being minus his privates, that explains why he uses urine collection bags.

DR. MCKINNIS

A special surgical procedure was performed in order for him to discharge waste from his body.

JERRY

I'll bet the government picked up the tab for him to have that procedure done.

More evidence surfaces inside CHARLIE'S apartment. JERRY and CAREY are called into the front room.

INT. FRONT ROOM - DAY

Two DETECTIVES hold up a large white banner with big black letters which reads: *WAR HAS NO BEGINNING, AND IT HAS NO ENDING.*

The drawing of a machete with a shiny, thirsty blade dripping with blood, is sketched at the center of the banner.

CAREY

Is Charlie trying to send a message with this banner?

JERRY

It's a cry for help, Cork.

CAREY

(repeats)

War has no beginning, and it has no ending? What exactly is he trying to say?

JERRY

My interpretation of what Charlie is trying to say is that war will be here until the end of time. No matter how or where it starts, no matter where it ends, it'll always be with us.

CAREY

Charlie still deals with the psychological effects of Vietnam. But, why does he target innocent women?

JERRY

Same question was asked of nuts like Ted Bundy.

CAREY sorts through more boxes until he comes across a brief, handwritten letter folded inside a black leather organizer.

CAREY

Hey Jerry, check this out.

JERRY

What?

CAREY

Looks like a letter written by Charlie himself.

JERRY reads the letter and shakes his head.

JERRY

Charlie has a deep-rooted hatred for all women.

CAREY

Why you say that?

JERRY

He feels he's been mocked by women since childhood. Having a pock-marked face, and having suffered genital mutilation during the Vietnam War, only fueled the fire to his uncontrolled rage towards all women.

CAREY

Guess those are the key ingredients to severe outrage.

JERRY reads the letter before everyone present.

JERRY

(word-for-word)

The night was peaceful and mysterious. I, Charles Robert Rastelli, happened to run upon a hooker not long after I returned home from Vietnam. Even though I knew that I couldn't satisfy her nor myself, I took her to some cheap motel for sex. At first, I was shy, knowing that I had nothing to work with down there. I paid her twenty dollars and we began to talk about my combat mission in Vietnam. She told me that she could only spend an hour with me before she had to leave. Acting on stupidity and impulse, I pulled my pants and underwear down. This insensitive whore just laughed and laughed and laughed, and kept on laughing once she'd seen that I was minus a dick and a pair of balls. She pointed down to the area where there was nothing but a bunch of skin sewed together, an area where a colostomy tube released my urine. After that night, I was going to make sure that no other woman was going to laugh at me again. Every bitch! Every whore! Every cunt! Every slut! Every twat!

(MORE)

JERRY (CONT'D)

Every female parasite at the four corners of the Earth! They're going to pay for what that evil Jezebel did to make a mockery of my misfortune. I hate all women of the world, and every woman will be exterminated from the planet when I'm done.

Everyone is stunned after hearing the reading of the tragic letter.

JERRY (CONT'D)

This psychotic sonofabitch has got to be stopped!

CAREY

He wants every woman to pay for what one woman did to him.

JERRY

Charlie is beyond rational. He's beyond being reasonable.

CAREY

Sick he might be, but unintelligent he isn't.

The law enforcement PERSONNEL search through the apartment with the intentions of leaving no stones unturned or crucial evidence left behind.

INT. BATHROOM - DAY

JERRY and CAREY search through the medicine cabinet inside the bathroom.

JERRY

Xanax? Prozac? Zoloft?

CAREY

Lexapro? Pristiq? Cymbalta?

JERRY

Charlie has a lot in common with depression and anxiety.

CAREY

Before his rage detonates again, we've got to take him off the streets. These depression and anxiety medications have made him crazier by the day.

JERRY reaches into the cabinets and brings out more medication bottles.

JERRY

Jesus Lord! How many different types of medication is this guy on? Looks like he also takes medication for diabetes and heart problems.

DR. MCKINNIS walks into the bathroom with his DNA kit.

JERRY (CONT'D)

Doc, whaddaya make of all this medication that Charlie's on?

DR. MCKINNIS briefly studies the medication labels.

DR. MCKINNIS

Charlie is a suicide waiting to happen. Being prescribed all these anti-depressants can only increase his suicidal thoughts and behaviors.

JERRY

How about his homicidal actions and abnormal behaviors?

DR. MCKINNIS

Chances are, Charlie has life-threatening illnesses, which leads him to commit homicides of unspeakable horrors.

JERRY

Is his state of mental illnesses worsening by the day?

DR. MCKINNIS

I'd go as far as saying every hour of every day.

JERRY

Like a walking time bomb?

DR. MCKINNIS

Precisely, lieutenant.

JERRY

A sick mind and a sick body are an atrocious combination.

CAREY comes into the bathroom to show JERRY more vital information.

CAREY

I found this reminder letter for one of Charlie's appointments at the VA Hospital.

JERRY

(reads)

From a Dr. Peter Lindenthal at the Agent Orange clinic inside the VA.

CAREY

Letter states that this Dr. Lindenthal came from the Southern California Neurology and Psychiatric Association.

JERRY

I'll be making a visit to see this doctor, and then see if I can subpoena Charlie's medical records from there.

CAREY

Didn't Dr. McKinnis explain how he dismembered his victim's bodies with a Full Tang Monster Machete? We've turned this apartment upside down, and there's no machete nowhere in here.

JERRY

He probably took it with him when he left.

CAREY

Where do you think he went?

JERRY

Wish I knew, Cork. The man loves Brush Creek so much, until he could've went back into hiding down there.

CAREY

That'd be stupid of him.

JERRY

One thing's for sure, he won't be coming back here. There's something that concerns me.

CAREY

What?

JERRY

The woman in the recording, Sandy Barnholtz, she threatened to take  
(MORE)

JERRY (CONT'D)

Charlie out if we didn't get him off the streets.

CAREY

Think she'll deliver on her threats?

JERRY

Let's hope not. I'd like to pick away at his brains.

INT. VA HOSPITAL - DAY

JERRY sits in the office of DR. PETER LINDENTHAL, inside the VA Hospital complex near Linwood Boulevard. DR. LINDENTHAL is a man in his late fifties who stands at a lean six-foot-two. JERRY opens a folder with vital information.

JERRY

Well, doc, I see that you spent some time with Charles Robert Rastelli.

DR. LINDENTHAL

That I did, sir.

JERRY

You helped treat him and write his prescriptions?

DR. LINDENTHAL

Yes, I did.

JERRY

So, it's well understood that Charles has mental and physical problems?

DR. LINDENTHAL

Yes, he does.

JERRY

Doc, did you know that Charles is a dying man?

DR. LINDENTHAL

From my prognosis, his conditions remains stable.

JERRY

Between having Agent Orange and being on all those medications, I believe that he's dying by the day.

DR. LINDENTHAL

Charles hasn't been to the clinic in quite some time. When he was screened and tested for Agent Orange, he'd been diagnosed with great exposure to the chemical used in Vietnam. I noticed the swift onset and rapid progression of diseases that were peculiar to himself and Agent Orange.

JERRY

Doc, you are, of course, a board-certified neurologist and American board-certified psychiatrist. You're also certified with the Board of Clinical Neurophysiology.

DR. LINDENTHAL

I see that you've done your homework.

JERRY

A vicious killer is on the loose. We don't have a second to lose. Did you ever see Charles for any serious psychiatric problems?

DR. LINDENTHAL

Charles has severe mental and emotional problems. During several of our sessions, symptoms of Post Traumatic Stress Syndrome, which are common for most veterans of combat, had begun to surface.

JERRY

Symptoms of what nature?

DR. LINDENTHAL

Shakiness, muscle aches, sweating, dizziness, fatigue, racing heart, and dry mouth. Illusions and hallucinations and flashback episodes were common during our sessions together.

JERRY

Hallucinations and flashback episodes of what nature?

DR. LINDENTHAL

Irritability and outbursts of anger and hypervigilance.

JERRY

Give me an example of one of his outbursts.

DR. LINDENTHAL

One time, he jumped out of his seat with both fists balled up and clenched teeth, and then he shouted, *'War has no beginning, and it has no ending'*.

JERRY

Searching his apartment the other day, we found a banner with that exact statement written across it. There was the drawing of a machete stained with blood at the center of the banner. What does such a raged statement mean?

DR. LINDENTHAL

What he's trying to say is that war can start from nowhere, and it can end from nowhere. The memories are buried deep in his mind and will haunt him forever.

JERRY

Doc, did you know that Charles suffered genital mutilation during the Vietnam War?

DR. LINDENTHAL

I'm very aware of that.

JERRY

Psychologically, as well as physically, how does that affect him?

DR. LINDENTHAL

Not being able to enjoy sexual intercourse has its ramifications. Not being able to procreate has its grave disadvantages. Not being able to cultivate meaningful relationships with the opposite sex creates bitterness.

JERRY

Did Charles tell you these things?

DR. LINDENTHAL

Spread out over several sessions, he told me everything about living with the horrors of losing his genitalia.

JERRY unfolds two sheets of crinkly notebook paper and DR. LINDENTHAL quickly reads the letter.

DR. LINDENTHAL (CONT'D)

My God, he does have a deep-rooted hatred for all women. This letter explains the basis for his anger towards all women.

JERRY

This anger, this resentment towards all women, it might've triggered him to murder and mutilate all of the women found in trashbags down in Brush Creek.

DR. LINDENTHAL

I would've never suspected that Charles was responsible for those murders.

JERRY

Is it fair to say that the U.S. Army is responsible for creating the monster known as Charles Robert Rastelli?

DR. LINDENTHAL

A monster he has become, indeed. We're talking about a man who's got far too many demons to keep under control. Personally, as well as professionally, I believe the reason why he mutilates his victims, is because he himself was mutilated.

JERRY

War seems to create winners or losers, not heroes or villains.

DR. LINDENTHAL

Many veterans return home from combat suffering drug and alcohol addiction, promiscuity, mental incapacitation, powerless, withdrawal from society and many other problems. Many people believe that our United States Government is to blame for turning perfectly sane and sensitive people into insane and unmoralistic animals.

JERRY hands DR. LINDENTHAL some important documents.

JERRY

Doc, I'm going to need copies of Charles's medical and mental records.

DR. LINDENTHAL

I see that you have a subpoena signed by a court-appointed judge. I'll get them to you ASAP.

JERRY

Dr. Lindenthal, I thank you for your time.

DR. LINDENTHAL

My pleasure, Lieutenant Overstreet.

JERRY and DR. LINDENTHAL stand and shake hands.

EXT. DRIVEWAY - NIGHT

SANDY drives into the back of her home after doing some shopping at one of the local department stores. She parks her car and grabs a few bags from the backseat. As she approaches the backdoor, she notices a dog lying on the grass. She comes within close range of the dog and realizes that it is a black Labrador Retriever that has been killed. The dog's abdomen is split open. SANDY drops the bags to the ground and snatches her .357 out of the holster. She looks around to see if anyone lurks around her home. A cryptic note written in blood just below a row of windows says: *JUST LIKE OLD TIMES.*

SANDY

Oh my God! This psycho is sicker than I realize.

INT. FRONT ROOM - NIGHT

SANDY circles the front room with her weapon grasped between both hands.

INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT

She circles the bedroom, ready to fire her gun at a moment's notice. She looks under the bed and in the closet.

INT. KITCHEN - NIGHT

She moves from one end of the kitchen to the other.

INT. BASEMENT - NIGHT

SANDY looks behind the washer and dryer for a potential predator.

EXT. WOODS - NIGHT

CHARLIE hides off in a stretch of dark woods across the street from Brush Creek. He shakes profusely from having Post Traumatic Stress Disorder.

INT. BEDROOM - EARLY MORNING

SANDY took a couple of sleeping pills after being stirred up from the murdered dog and the cryptic note written in blood. She rests peacefully during the early morning hours. Her cell phone suddenly rings from over on the night table. SANDY jumps up with the gun in her hand. She reaches for the phone and looks down for a number. It is a blocked number on the screen. She answers with hesitation in a drowsy voice.

SANDY

(into phone)

Who's this?

CHARLIE

(over phone)

Good morning, Sandy.

SANDY

(into phone)

You sick sonofabitch! You killed that black Labrador to remind me of Bolo. You scribbled his blood on the back of my home like you did inside the tunnel down in Brush Creek.

CHARLIE

(over phone)

I just wanted it to be like old times. Sorta like the first time that we met that night down in Brush Creek.

SANDY

(into phone)

You've gone too far this time.

CHARLIE

(over phone)

How about we meet down in Brush Creek?

SANDY

(into phone)

I'm up for the challenge, you psychotic motherfucker! Are you up for it?

CHARLIE

(over phone)

Certainly, my dear.

SANDY  
(into phone)  
Name the place and the time.

CHARLIE  
(over phone)  
Brush Creek, the main tunnel, over  
by Satchel Paige Stadium. Let's make  
it about a half-hour.

SANDY  
(into phone)  
Just make sure you're there.

SANDY slams her cell phone shut. She gets dressed and rushes out the door with her gun secured into the holster.

INT. BRUSH CREEK - NIGHT

SANDY stands in the frosty grass near the concrete jogging and bicycle trail. She moves further down the trail and towards the murky creek waters. The brightness of the Moon projects her reflection off the water. It is the exact location where she first met CHARLIE the night he killed her dog and tried to attack her. In a dense patch of bushes and trees that are closeby, CHARLIE hides with his Full Tang Monster Machete gripped with both hands. Swiftly, he chops down one of the smaller trees with the machete, then runs to a nearby location. SANDY swings her coat to the side and pulls out her Smith and Wesson .357 with the black rubber grip. The tree falls across the trail, which indicates there is a STRANGER somewhere closeby. SANDY points the gun in that direction.

SANDY  
Charlie, is that you?

His voice responds from another dense patch of trees and bushes.

CHARLIE  
So glad that you could make it,  
darling. Too bad you won't be leaving  
here alive.

SANDY  
I wouldn't be so sure about that.

CHARLIE  
I hope that you brought some  
protection with you.

SANDY  
Don't worry, I brought a couple of  
friends with me.

CHARLIE

What friends?

SANDY

Smith and Wesson, baby. They're all the protection that I need.

CHARLIE chops down another smaller tree. SANDY quickly points her weapon in that direction. Cleverly, CHARLIE appears behind SANDY with his machete hung high over his shoulders.

CHARLIE

Hello Sandy.

SANDY turns around with the gun shaking in her hands.

SANDY

Well, Charlie, I see that we meet again.

CHARLIE

I slipped up the first night that I met you. But this time, my friend, there won't be no slip ups.

SANDY

You killed my precious dog Bolo that night down here in Brush Creek. You tried to attack and kill me, but you didn't get the job done. You murdered and mutilated those women like they were useless pieces of garbage.

CHARLIE

You'll be the next useless piece of garbage that I murder and mutilate.

SANDY holds the gun steady, while it is aimed right at the center of CHARLIE'S chest. CHARLIE swings the machete from side-to-side, trying to show his proficiency.

SANDY

You make one funny move, and I'll empty this .357 into you.

CHARLIE

Not before I take this machete and chop you up into confetti. Whaddaya know, that rhymes.

SANDY

I don't have time for rhymes or games. I've decided to deal with you in my own way.

CHARLIE

Well, here's your opportunity.

SANDY

Tell me something, Charlie.

CHARLIE

What?

SANDY

Who turned you into this sick,  
twisted, morbid, maniacal monster?  
Was it the Vietnam War that did it?  
Was it women's rejection of you that  
did it? I'd really like to know.

CHARLIE huffs and puffs and clenches his teeth. He growls and drives the machete deep into the dirt. SANDY keeps the gun pointed steady at his chest.

CHARLIE

(furiously)

Those sons-of-bitches sent me and thousands of others to the Vietnam War, so they said in the name of democracy. Thousands of us died on that foreign battlefield, then were sent back home filled with diseases. We came back here crazier than a sack of hammers. Then, all of a sudden, the government didn't give a damn about us anymore. I'm sick in the mind, and I'm sick in the body. You don't understand, bitch! War is not about freedom and democracy, but it's all about money and power. The motherfuckers use the poor to fight and die in these bleeding wars, for goddamned democracy that the poor don't even have. We're just pawns in a much bigger game. None of those bastards cared about my dick and balls being blown off during combat in Vietnam.

SANDY

Murdering and mutilating innocent women didn't solve any of your problems.

CHARLIE

Those bitches deserved to die.

SANDY

Only someone with no compassion for  
human life would talk like that.

SANDY intentionally detonates the rage inside of CHARLIE. He pulls the machete out of the dirt and charges straight for SANDY. She fires off the gun and the shot hits him on the side where the colostomy bag is. The bag bursts open and urine splashes all over the ground. CHARLIE is injured and runs away leaving a short trail of blood. He dives into the creek water and abruptly disappears. SANDY runs a few yards up the trail to see if he is drowning. Bubbles come to the surface, which indicates that he may still be alive under the water. CHARLIE emerges from the water and runs into the main tunnel.

INT. MAIN TUNNEL - EARLY MORNING

SANDY came prepared for the worst. She shines a miniature floodlight around the center of the main tunnel. There are no signs of CHARLIE inside the tunnel. A pack of sewer rats jump from one side of the tunnel to the other.

SANDY

Charlie, I know that you're in here.

She moves further towards the south end of the tunnel, with her gun in one hand and the floodlight in the other. She looks up and down, from side-to-side, and then from back-to-front. Still, there are no signs of CHARLIE. Several more yards and SANDY is almost at the end of the tunnel. Rocks and tree brush fall from the top. She gets to the end of the tunnel and looks up. CHARLIE leaps from the roof of the tunnel and she moves aside. He springs from the ground and charges at her with the machete high in the air. SANDY fires off the remaining four shots, with all four bullets crashing straight into his chest. He drops the machete and a wide pool of blood begins to form.

CHARLIE

(dying voice)

War has no beginning, and it has no  
ending!

SANDY looks down at the dying CHARLIE and kicks the machete to the side.

SANDY

Your killing of innocent women once  
began, but on this morning, it all  
comes to an end.

CHARLIE raises his head to look up at SANDY before he takes his last breath.

CHARLIE

(last words)

This is how I wanted it to end.  
Goodbye, Brush Creek.

SANDY walks up by Satchel Paige Memorial Stadium with her  
gun dangling down by her leg.

FADE OUT

