

CLARITY OF DECEPTION

By

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FADE IN:

INT. THE HIGH SCHOOL - THE BACK HALLWAY - AFTERNOON

The graduating class are dressed in their black and baby blue caps and gowns, waiting to come on stage.

The principal is faintly heard speaking.

BERNARD DRIVE, (17), has his head down, rubbing the diamond wedding ring on his right hand.

You can see guilt written on his brown face.

His best friend PHIL, (17) is standing beside him, trying to get his attention.

Phil is the school pretty boy, with blue eyes and an adorable smile.

TEENAGE PHIL  
(Whispering)  
You okay, "B"?

He doesn't respond.

TEENAGE PHIL CONT'D  
(Whispering)  
Get over that shit? Nobody will believe it.

TEENAGE BERNARD  
(Whispering)  
It was wrong.

TEENAGE PHIL  
(Whispering)  
People get what they deserve.

TEENAGE BERNARD  
(Whispering)  
...And then?

INT. THE BASEMENT - AFTERNOON

Talking is faintly heard upstairs.

Whimpers come from a student sitting on the steps dressed in the gown, covering their face.

The students light brown hair is matted down.

(CONTINUED)

Blood trails between the smooth milky skin fingers on their right hand.

The students face is never shown.

The student looks at the blood, and the whimpers stop.

There's silence for a moment, and then laughter, slowly growing louder, turning maniacal.

The student continues laughing, making their way out the basement.

FADE OUT:

**OPENING CREDITS**

**SIXTEEN YEARS LATER**

INT. THE COURTROOM - AFTERNOON

The room has a cold feel.

The defendant TRACEY HUN, (40) sits beside Bernard nervous.

Bernard looks over grabbing her hand, giving her a nod of confidence.

Even with his look of reassurance, she still has uncertainty in her green eyes.

The jury comes back into the room.

JUDGE

Will the defendant, please stand.

Bernard and Tracey stand up.

JUDGE CONT'D

On the charges of murder in the first degree. How do the people find Ms. Tracey Hun?

One of the jurors stands.

JUROR

On the charges of murder in the first degree. We find the defendant, Tracey Hun. Not guilty.

The judge slams the gavel, and the room fills with cheers and scoffs.

(CONTINUED)

Tracey drops to her knees crying.

Bernard places his papers into his briefcase prepared to leave, and she stands up grabbing him by the arm.

He turns around, and she embraces him with a hug.

TRACEY

(Crying)

Thank you. I thought I'd never see  
my children again.

BERNARD

Freedom is what you deserved. I  
made sure you got it.

He makes his way out the courtroom.

EXT. THE COURTHOUSE - AFTERNOON

It's a calm Summer day, with clear skies.

Bernard stands on the steps of the courthouse smiling,  
watching the reporters run up to him.

REPORTER

How does it feel, not only winning  
another case. But, the biggest case  
in the county?

BERNARD

(Cocky)

You can't lose when you have me,  
because I know what I'm doing.

The reporters are silent.

Bernard looks at them smiling, and they begin asking  
questions again.

He walks off, making his way to the sidewalk.

Approaching his jet-black Mercedes parked further down the  
street. He sees TIM, (39) standing by his driver side door  
holding a Styrofoam cup filled with coins.

He's dressed in clothes he found in someone's dumpster, and  
some oil would help his ashy brown skin.

Bernard looks as if he wants to throw up from the smell.

(CONTINUED)

BERNARD

Can I help you?

Tim gives him a blank stare.

TIM

You don't remember me, do you?

BERNARD

I don't wanna know you now.

TIM

That's cool. Don't worry about if  
you can help me. Worry about if can  
you help yourself.

BERNARD

Get yo dusty ass away from my car.

Bernard tries moving Tim to the side, but Tim drops his cup  
grabbing Bernard, trying to pin him against the car.

Bernard spins Tim around, pinning him against the car.

Tim laughs, showing his rotted teeth.

BERNARD CONT'D

What's so funny?

TIM

You are. Maybe---

BERNARD

Maybe I should---

TIM

She's not here to help you.

Bernard gets ready to swing, but he looks back seeing the  
reporters heading their way.

Bernard slings Tim to the side, opening the door getting in.

Tim throws a balled up paper bag into the car, before  
grabbing the car door.

TIM CONT'D

This is a case you won't win.

Bernard yanks the door, and Tim moves his hand before  
getting it smashed.

He pulls off, just as the reporters reach the car.

(CONTINUED)

Driving a few blocks down, he pulls into an alley turning the car off.

He grabs the balled up paper bag opening it, and written sloppy in black marker, it says "Vengeance is only sweet, when you make the person you love realize how sweet it is."

He scoffs, tossing the bag out.

Opening the glove compartment, he grabs some hand sanitizer, squirting some in his hand, rubbing it in real good.

He Laughs starting the car.

Turning the radio on, some classical music plays as he pulls out the alley.

INT. BERNARD'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

The room is well-organized, with a mini bar off to the side by the balcony.

Bernard sits on the edge of the bed in his black silk pajama pants, holding a empty Cognac glass.

He's looking at a picture of him and his mother when he was a child resting on the nightstand.

BERNARD

(Laughs)

It's only sweet if you make the  
person you love realize how sweet  
it is.

He stands up making his way over to the mini bar.

There's a long scar from when he was stabbed years ago, on the right side of his stomach.

He places the glass down, picking the bottle up ready to pour, and he pauses with a blank stare.

INT. BERNARD'S MOTHER BEDROOM - NIGHT (FLASHBACK)

The room is fairly kept up with.

BERNARD'S MOTHER, (29) sits on the bed holding a picture of Bernard's father dressed in his police uniform.

She sobs placing the picture on the nightstand, continuing to stare at it.

(CONTINUED)

BERNARD'S MOTHER

(Crying)

Why did you have to leave? Why did you take the call?

She picks up the bottle by her feet, ready to take a sip.

She sees out the corner of her eye Young Bernard, (9), in the doorway rubbing his eyes.

She puts the bottle down, as he makes his way over to her.

YOUNG BERNARD

He's in a better place.

BERNARD'S MOTHER

(Sobbing)

I know he is.

YOUNG BERNARD

So, why are you crying?

She smiles tapping the bed.

He sits next to her, and she wraps her arm around him.

BERNARD'S MOTHER

When you get older. You'll meet someone you love. When---

YOUNG BERNARD

I already love you.

BERNARD'S MOTHER

You'll meet a woman you'll love, just as much as mommy.

YOUNG BERNARD

The only woman I love is you.

BERNARD'S MOTHER

That's for now. When you meet the other woman. If she leaves you, it'll hurt.

YOUNG BERNARD

(Points at the bottle)

Why are you drinking?

BERNARD'S MOTHER

(Looks down at the bottle)

You would think it helps ease the pain.

(CONTINUED)

YOUNG BERNARD  
Why are you in pain?

BERNARD'S MOTHER  
It's nothing. Just know mommy loves  
you.

YOUNG BERNARD  
I love you, too.

She gives him a kiss on the forehead.

COME BACK TO:

INT. BERNARD'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Bernard has a blank stare, before waking up hitting his fist  
on the counter.

BERNARD  
(Angry)  
It does ease the pain.

INT. THE ABANDON BUILDING - NIGHT

The fire burning in the oil drum illuminates the filthy  
area.

Whimpers are coming from a woman (24) Caucasian, tied to a  
pillar.

Footsteps are heard drawing near.

Her eyes widen, as the footsteps come to a stop.

The killer's is never shown.

The killer is wearing black leather gloves, caressing the  
right side of her face.

She tries turning her head, but the killer holds her head  
still, holding up a pair of garden shears in the other hand.

Just as she gets ready to scream, the killer plunges the  
shears under her chin, up into her mouth, opening them.

The killer Snatches the shears out, tossing them to the  
side.

Turning her head to the right, the killer uses a scalpel  
removing a large portion of flesh.

(CONTINUED)



Placing the flesh in a pocket, the killer then plays in the hole in her face, before walking off.

INT. THE MASSAGE PARLOR - MORNING

A client walks out the room.

JOEY, (33) stands against the wall with irritation radiating from his blue eyes.

He takes a deep breath, placing his hands on his hips.

He pulls his phone out calling Claire, placing the phone to his ear.

CLAIRE (O.S.)

Hello?

JOEY

What are you doing?

**SPLIT SCREEN**

CLAIRE, (33). She's standing against a wall dressed in a sports bra and spandex shorts with sweat covering her brown skin.

CLAIRE

Just finished hitting the weights.

JOEY

I swear, I think you're a man.

CLAIRE

Get off my phone.

JOEY

(Laughs)

Where's your sense of humor? You heard from Tom?

CLAIRE

You know I barely call him.

JOEY

I know how you feel. I was making sure everybody was coming to lunch.

CLAIRE

You know I'll be there. I wouldn't miss a lunch date with Mr. Perfect. You know how he can get.

(CONTINUED)

JOEY

I know. Find out what's up with Tom, and get back to me.

CLAIRE

Not a problem.

JOEY

Cool. I'll let you get back to getting your grown man on.

CLAIRE

Bye.

The screen goes back to Joey.

Joey places his phone in his pocket.

A heavy set person walks into the room.

JOEY

(Sighs deep)

It's about to be a long day.

INT. THE PUBLISHING COMPANY - TOM'S OFFICE - MORNING

TOM, (33), sits behind his desk staring at the wall.

His phone resting on the desk begins ringing.

He looks down with his blue eyes, before answering.

TOM

Hello?

CLAIRE (O.S.)

What are you doing?

TOM

Nothing. Waiting for the moment.

CLAIRE (O.S.)

Are you at work?

TOM

I'm working on the moment.

CLAIRE (O.S.)

Can you---

(CONTINUED)

TOM  
(Orgasmic tone)  
The moment is---

He leans forward, releasing a moan of pleasure.

CLAIRE (O.S.)  
What the hell? Hello? Hello?

He regains his composure, placing the phone back to his ear.

TOM  
(Shallow breathing)  
Okay. What were you saying?

CLAIRE (O.S.)  
What the hell was that about?

TOM  
(Licks his lips)  
That was the moment.

CLAIRE (O.S.)  
Are you joining us for lunch?

TOM  
I'll be there.

CLAIRE (O.S.)  
You enjoy that moment.

TOM  
I did. I'll see you there.

He hangs up taking a deep breath wiping his face, moving his chair back.

A sexy Caucasian woman with blond hair comes from under the desk, licking her lips.

He pulls out a roll of money, handing it to her.

She takes the money, leaning down trying to give him a kiss, and he puts a finger to her lips.

TOM  
It's not Christmas baby. Keep the snowballing for someone else.

She sneers, before making her way to the door.

TOM CONT'D  
I'll call you, and we can do it  
again.

She gives him the finger.

He laughs stretching, turning to look out the window.

INT. THE RESTAURANT - AFTERNOON

From the layout of the restaurant, you can tell the place is  
high class.

Bernard, Claire, Tom and Joey sit at the back of the  
restaurant by a big picture window.

CLAIRE  
Do you wanna explain what that  
moment was?

TOM  
Well---

BERNARD  
Nine times outta ten, he was doing  
some freaky shit he paid for.

TOM  
(Proud)  
You're absolutely right. I'll pay  
for it, instead of sitting with my  
dick in my hand.

Claire and Joey break out laughing.

BERNARD  
(Takes a sip of wine)  
Ha, ha, very funny.

CLAIRE  
It's been some years now, hasn't  
it?

BERNARD  
Is this crack jokes on Bernard day?  
Claire, you're still a virgin.

CLAIRE  
(Laughs)  
So?

JOEY

Mary's been trying to get you wet  
for the longest.

Tom takes a sip from his wine, and then pats Bernard on the  
shoulder.

TOM

It's okay buddy. Say you don't like  
getting wet, unless you're in the  
shower.

BERNARD

Uh huh. Keep it up.

CLAIRE

Okay, okay. Let's calm down, before  
he gets in his mood.

BERNARD

I'm good.

JOEY

That's what you always say, before  
flipping the bipolar switch.

TOM

Okay, enough with the jokes.  
Congratulations on winning the  
case.

BERNARD

Should I really take that as a  
compliment?

JOEY

Oh shit.

CLAIRE

(To Joey)

Will you stop it? I agree with Tom.  
Congratulations.

Bernard doesn't respond, taking a sip of wine.

JOEY

I knew it. We better get moving.

BERNARD

I'm good.

(CONTINUED)

TOM  
Lunch on you?

BERNARD  
You're the cheapest, tricking  
person I ever met?

TOM  
You love me, right?

Tom tries giving him a hug, and Bernard laughs, pushing him  
back.

CLAIRE  
Why haven't you talked to Mary?

BERNARD  
No particular reason.

JOEY  
Maybe it's because---

BERNARD  
Why are you speaking? We all  
question your manhood.

JOEY  
(Shocked)  
What?

BERNARD  
We never hear you talk about women.

CLAIRE  
That's true.

JOEY  
Hold---

TOM  
No need to hold up, when the truth  
is right there.

JOEY  
(Cocky)  
I have a stable of women, I can't  
bring around you heathens.

BERNARD  
(Laughs)  
Let's order this food. I think you  
had too much to drink.

The four sit laughing and talking.

INT. THE LAW OFFICE - AFTERNOON

MARY, (25) sits behind her desk, staring at a picture of Bernard.

Bernard comes walking down the hall.

She quickly puts the picture back in her drawer, pretending she's doing work.

Bernard walks up to the desk smiling, and she looks up with her hazel eyes, with a rouge of blush on her Puerto Rican face.

MARY  
How was lunch?

BERNARD  
It was cool.

MARY  
I'm waiting on you to take me to lunch.

BERNARD  
You don't wanna have lunch with me.

MARY  
(Blushes)  
I wouldn't have mentioned it, if I didn't.

BERNARD  
Do I have any messages?

MARY  
A reporter wants a interview.

BERNARD  
That's it?

MARY  
Yes, sir.

BERNARD  
Thanks. I'll be in my office.

MARY  
Before you go.

BERNARD  
What's up?

(CONTINUED)

MARY

When are you taking me to lunch?

BERNARD

One day, we can have a drink or two.

MARY

One, I don't drink. And two, that doesn't answer my question.

BERNARD

(Laughs)

You're so feisty. I'll keep that in mind.

He smiles winking at her, before walking off.

She sits smiling, pulling the picture out staring at it.

INT. THE BEDROOM - NIGHT

A Caucasian woman, (35) dressed in a black negligee lies dead across the bed.

Her throat is slit to the bone, and a large portion of flesh is removed from the right side of her face.

Officers are examining the room for clues, collecting evidence.

CHARLIE, (44), stands against the wall with his arms folded across his chest disgusted, sucking his teeth.

The ice cold stare in his ocean blue eyes let's you know, he's ready to retire.

OFFICER ONE, Caucasian shakes her head looking over the body.

OFFICER ONE

(Talking to Charlie)

I think you should take a look at this.

He sighs deep, making his way over to the bed.

Kneeling down, he looks at the body rubbing his chin.

CHARLIE

This is our guy. Same characteristics, just a different method of death.

(CONTINUED)



OFFICER TWO, Caucasian male turns looking at him.

OFFICER TWO  
No signs of rape.

CHARLIE  
(Sighs)  
I figured that much.  
(Points to the missing flesh)  
I wonder why he takes the flesh  
from their face?

OFFICER TWO  
Maybe he collects it as a souvenir.

Charlie stands up sighing deeply, walking over to the wall hitting it.

Everyone watches him leave the room.

EXT. THE HOUSE - NIGHT - SAME NIGHT

People are standing around trying to see what's going on, while officers yellow tape the scene.

Reporters are anxiously waiting to get interviews.

Charlie walks on the porch looking around.

He pulls out a pack of cigarettes, pulling one out placing it in his mouth lighting it, looking up at the moon.

CHARLIE  
Where are you, you son of a bitch?

INT. BERNARD'S OFFICE - AFTERNOON

His plaques hang on the wall.

A picture of him and his mother when he was a child rests on his desk next to his nameplate.

Bernard sits behind his desk reading over a file.

Mary comes into the room carrying a stack of files, walking to his desk placing them down.

MARY  
How are you?

(CONTINUED)

BERNARD  
(Continues reading)  
Fine.

She slides her fingers across the desk, walking over to the wall with his plaques.

MARY  
Did you hear about the murder?

BERNARD  
(Continues reading)  
How did this one die?

MARY  
Throat slit to the bone.

She rubs her fingers on the plaques in an orgasmic way, before turning around walking to the chair taking a seat.

MARY CONT'D  
There was no sign of rape, as usual.

BERNARD  
(Continues reading)  
Isn't he something? Kills women, but has the common courtesy to not rape them.

MARY  
I know right? Usually when a woman is killed, she's either sexually assaulted before or after. I guess that's what makes this guy so eerie.

He scoffs putting the file down.

BERNARD  
It's some sick people in the world.

He stands up stretching, before walking over to Mary.

She stands up trying not to smile.

BERNARD CONT'D  
Thanks for everything you do around here.

MARY  
Not a problem. You know I'm here if you need anything.

(CONTINUED)

The two stare at each other, before hugging.

Bernard releases her stepping back, clearing his throat.

BERNARD

I'll see you tomorrow.

MARY

You sure will.

Bernard walks over to the door grabbing his leather coat, walking out the room.

Mary stands fanning herself blushing, before placing the files up she brought in.

IN. INT. THE RESTAURANT - NIGHT

Claire, Joey and Tom sit at the usual table.

Tom is talking on his phone with sunglasses on.

CLAIRE

It's getting worse being a woman,  
living out here.

JOEY

(Sarcastic)

Don't worry, Claire. A woman with  
your build should never worry about  
getting attacked.

Claire stands up outraged, balling up her fist.

CLAIRE

You're jealous because a woman has  
a build you can never have?!

Everyone looks back at their table.

Tom hangs his phone up sighing.

TOM

Will you two quit acting childish?  
I'm sure there's something else you  
can talk about.

Claire cuts a cold glance at Joey, taking her seat.

CLAIRE

You lucky we're friends.

Tom shakes his head, taking a sip of his wine.

(CONTINUED)

TOM

Women today try so hard to be tough.

Claire cuts a cold glance at Tom, taking a sip of her wine.

Bernard makes his way into the restaurant heading towards the table, walking behind Tom.

TOM

I think the person behind these murders is truly sick.

Tom gets ready to take a sip, and Bernard places a hand on his shoulder making him jump.

BERNARD

You fuck any and everything, but you're calling somebody else sick?

Bernard pats him on the shoulder, before taking his seat, picking up a menu.

Joey extends his hand.

JOEY

What took you so long, Mr. Perfect? Mary had you tied down?

Bernard lowers his menu looking at Joey, and then goes back to reading.

BERNARD

If I didn't know any better, I would say you have no social life. Wait a minute...you don't have a social life.

Joey clears his throat, pulling his hand back.

Tom lifts his sunglasses, looking at Bernard.

TOM

One of these days, your mouth is going to land you in a heap of shit.

Bernard continues reading.

BERNARD

One of these days, one of them whores will give you something you can't shake. You see me complaining?

(CONTINUED)

Claire notices the tension building, clearing her throat.

CLAIRE

Bernard, what do you think about  
the murders?

BERNARD

(Continues reading)

To be honest? I think Tom is behind  
it. We know his motto, right? If  
she's not giving it up, he'll do  
something to make her wish she did.

TOM

Are you fucking serious right now?

The MANAGER, Caucasian male comes over to the table.

MANAGER

Is everything okay, Mr. Drive?  
Because if not, I'm afraid I'll  
have to ask you and your party to  
leave.

Bernard pulls out a stack of money flipping through it,  
placing five hundred dollar bills on the table.

BERNARD

Everything is fine.

MANAGER

Are you sure?

BERNARD

Everything is fine.

(To Tom)

Isn't that right, Tom?

TOM

(Talks through his teeth)

Everything is peachy.

The manager takes the money from the table, placing it in  
his pocket.

MANAGER

Okay. Just keep it down over here,  
please.

The Manager walks off.

Tom takes a sip from his wine, staring at Bernard.

(CONTINUED)

BERNARD

I think the killer is disturbingly different, with a touch of class and dedication.

CLAIRE

Why do you think he's only killing women, and not men?

BERNARD

I don't know, or care. When he starts killing men, I'll let you know.

Bernard raises his hand to signal a waiter.

JOEY

(To Bernard)

Does anything get under your skin?

BERNARD

Calling a waiter over, and he doesn't hurry to take my order.

Tom loosens his collar, taking one more sip of his wine.

TOM

I would love to stay and chat, but I have a date.

Bernard lowers his hand, looking at Tom with a sinister smile.

BERNARD

Make sure when you're done with the lucky whore, you cash her out, like you do all the other ones.

Tom scoots his chair closer to Bernard, so they're looking eye to eye.

TOM

Your day is coming. And when it does, I'll be the main one pissing all over your fucking parade.

Tom stands up shoving his chair under the table, before making his way out the restaurant.

Claire and Joey look at Bernard confused.

(CONTINUED)

CLAIRE

Why would you say something like that?

BERNARD

(Arrogant)

My status says I can.

Claire grabs her purse pulling out two hundred dollars, dropping it on the table.

CLAIRE

I think you should eat by yourself. We wouldn't wanna ruin your image, with our how shall I say...low standards.

She nods her head at Joey signaling for him to come with her, before making her way out the restaurant.

BERNARD

You got something to say?

JOEY

What's wrong with you?

BERNARD

(Arrogant)

My problem is the same one you're having. I'm trying to enhance my perfect lifestyle, while you're trying to be noticed. You figure it out.

Joey pulls out some money, dropping it on the table.

JOEY

Eat by yourself, prick.

Joey makes his way out the restaurant.

Bernard collects the money throwing it on the floor.

BERNARD

I don't need this. I was paying for everybody with my black card.

He looks over at another table, and there's a man reading the newspaper.

The headline is about the killer.

(CONTINUED)

## BERNARD CONT'D

If they were smart. They would realize the killer is far from completing his masterpiece.

## INT. TOM'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

The lights are off.

The moon shines through the slits of the blinds.

Tom opens the door clapping his hands turning the lights on, along with some jazz music.

He staggers over to his water-bed taking a seat, placing his hands over his face.

TOM'S DATE, (34) Caucasian slim with blond hair staggers over to the bed placing her purse on the floor.

She gets on the bed behind him on her knees, massaging his shoulders.

## TOM'S DATE

I'm having a blast so far.

Tom doesn't respond, sighing deeply.

## TOM'S DATE CONT'D

What's wrong?

## TOM

I don't even know why I'm thinking about it.

## TOM'S DATE

You wanna talk about it?

## TOM

(Sighs)

Bernard Drive. He---

## TOM'S DATE

(Ecstatic)

The hot shot lawyer, Bernard Drive?

He turns around upset, grabbing her by the wrist.

## TOM

(Angry)

Goddamn! Why do people lose their fucking minds, whenever he's mentioned?!

(CONTINUED)



She looks at him confused snatching her arms away, rubbing her wrist.

TOM'S DATE

(Confused)

What the hell is wrong with you?  
Who doesn't get excited when they  
hear about him?

Tom turns back around lowering his head.

TOM

It doesn't matter.

She grabs her purse opening it, pulling out a sandwich bag filled with heroin, and a black case she extends over Tom's shoulder.

TOM'S DATE

(Seductively)

I got what you need right here,  
baby.

Tom takes the case opening it, rubbing his fingers across the syringe.

The doorbell rings.

He looks confused placing the case down.

TOM

You get everything together. I'll  
go see who this is, and be right  
back.

He walks out the room, closing the door behind him.

He's leaning up against the wall walking down the stairs, making his way to the front door.

When he gets to the front door, he swings it open with his head down.

TOM

(Drunk)

Okay buddy---

He gets hit upside the head with a flashlight, causing him to fall to the floor unconscious.

The killer walks in turning the lights off, dragging Tom further into the house, before closing the door.

The killer leaves Tom in the hallway, heading towards a room lit by floor lights.

You can tell from the pans hanging, this is the kitchen.

The killer walks over to the sink grabbing a glass from the rack, filling it half way with water.

Pulling out a sandwich bag filled with antifreeze, the killer pours some into the water.

Coming out the kitchen glass in hand walking over to Tom, some loud music is heard.

The killer heads upstairs to Tom's bedroom door listening, before slowly opening the door.

The room is dark again.

Tom's date sits up in the bed naked.

TOM'S DATE

(High)

There you are? What took you so long?

The killer walks into the room closing the door.

Walking over to the bed, the killer takes a seat on the edge of the bed back turned.

She leans forward towards the killer.

TOM'S DATE CONT'D

What's in the glass?

The killer extends the glass to her.

She takes the glass licking her lips.

TOM'S DATE CONT'D

Still drinking, huh?

(Downs the drink, seductive tone)

Let's get to---

She grabs at her throat, falling back on the bed having complications breathing.

The killer stands up walking to the nightstand where the syringe filled with heroin, and telephone rests.

The killer picks up the phone dialing 911, and then places the phone to her ear.

(CONTINUED)

OPERATOR (O.S.)  
911, what is your emergency?

She's having complications trying to speak.

TOM'S DATE  
(Wheezing)  
He's...he's trying...to kill me.

The Killer pulls a butcher knife out, placing the blade on her stomach.

OPERATOR (O.S.)  
Ma'am, calm down. Who's trying to  
kill you?

The killer presses the knife down causing not just blood to come forth, but a blood curdling scream, as the knife is pulled all the way across her stomach.

The killer leaves the knife in her stomach walking out the room, heading back downstairs.

The killer picks Tom up, carrying him back to the bedroom.

Placing Tom down on the floor by the nightstand, the killer places a knee on Tom's chest, pulling the flashlight out.

The killer turns the flashlight on in Tom's face, before slapping him.

Tom slowly wakes up.

TOM  
(Dazed)  
What...what's going on?

The killer takes the syringe from the nightstand, squirting some of the Heroin out.

Tom struggles to get free, but the killer makes sure he's not able to escape.

TOM CONT'D  
(Pleading)  
Please no. Don't---

The killer plunges the syringe deep into the jugular, while injecting the heroin.

Tom grabs at his throat, spitting out blood, as the killer stands watching until he dies.

Before leaving the room, the killer drops a note on the floor behind the bedroom door.

INT. TOM'S BEDROOM - NIGHT - SAME NIGHT

Officers examine the room for clues and evidence, as Charlie stands against the wall.

OFFICER THREE (27) Caucasian male, walks over to the radio turning it off.

OFFICER THREE  
This guy is really sick.

Officer one holds up the knife from the woman's stomach.

OFFICER ONE  
He's starting to get sloppy.

Everyone in the room applauds, except Charlie.

He gets off the wall shaking his head.

CHARLIE  
This isn't our guy.

OFFICER TWO  
What?

CHARLIE  
This was staged.

OFFICER THREE  
So? There's only one serial killer  
on the loose out here.

Charlie laughs placing his hands behind his back, walking over to Officer three.

CHARLIE  
Two key things you forgot about our  
guy. One, he takes a large portion  
of flesh from their face. And two.

(Low chuckle)  
You'll really love this one. He  
only kills, women!

He slaps him on the back of the head, moving him to the side.

He paces back and forth rubbing his chin, when he sees the note behind the door.

(CONTINUED)

He walks over to the note picking it up.

OFFICER TWO  
What's that?

CHARLIE  
(Opens the note)  
I don't know.

The letters on the note are bloody newspaper letters.

CHARLIE CONT'D  
(Reads aloud)  
Which would you prefer, desire or  
love? Wanting to be loved,  
eliminating everything, leaving the  
desire to destroy the love  
completely. By the time the answer  
is unfolded, it'll be too late. "B".

Everyone is speechless.

CHARLIE CONT'D  
Does anybody have a clue what this  
means?

No one responds.

Charlie walks over to Officer Three handing him the note.

CHARLIE CONT'D  
Take this, along with the knife,  
and have them ran for prints. Also,  
have the blood tested, and see what  
matches come up.

Charlie walks out the room.

INT. CHARLIE'S OFFICE - NIGHT

Charlie sits behind his desk smoking a cigarette, looking  
over case files.

Officer Three comes into the room.

OFFICER THREE  
I got something you need to hear.

CHARLIE  
If it doesn't involve the killer, I  
don't care.

(CONTINUED)

OFFICER THREE  
Maybe it does, maybe it doesn't.  
I'll let you be the judge.

Charlie stands up frustrated, throwing his cigarette to the floor.

CHARLIE  
(Angry)  
Either it does or it doesn't! I  
don't have time for the bullshit!

OFFICER THREE  
The scene was staged. There were  
traces of the man's blood  
downstairs.

CHARLIE  
I knew it. What about the woman?

OFFICER THREE  
After examination, there were  
traces of poison in her throat and  
stomach.

CHARLIE  
I told you. This is the work of---

OFFICER THREE  
You didn't let me get to the blood  
on the note.

Charlie looks on in interest, pulling a cigarette out,  
placing it in his mouth.

CHARLIE  
Go on.

OFFICER THREE  
The blood was a mixture of all the  
victims killed.

CHARLIE  
What?

OFFICER THREE  
It would seem, he soaked the  
letters in their blood. Dried them  
out, and used them.

CHARLIE  
Did they find any fingerprints?

OFFICER THREE

Nope. Our boy just switched the game on us.

Officer Three walks out the room.

Charlie lights his cigarette taking a hard pull, exhaling sharply.

CHARLIE

That son of a bitch is pissing in my face.

He takes one more pull from his cigarette, before shoving the files on the floor.

INT. THE MORGUE - NIGHT

Otis, (57) Caucasian dressed in a blood covered apron, is working on a black male that's suffered multiple gunshot wounds.

Charlie walks into the room.

Otis looks up taking his gloves off.

Charlie approaches him, and the two shake hands.

OTIS

What brings you here?

CHARLIE

Been a long time, Otis. I came to ask about the two they brought in tonight.

Otis walks over to a slab covered with a bloody sheet.

Charlie follows behind him.

Otis pulls the sheet back, revealing Tom's date disemboweled body.

OTIS

I'm sure you know she would have died from ingesting poison?

CHARLIE

I was told poison was found in her system. Exactly, what kind of poison was it?

(CONTINUED)

OTIS

Antifreeze. Most use it to kill animals, because of the taste. She would've died a slow death. But as you can see, the disembowelment sped up the process.

CHARLIE

You've been keeping up with the murders, right?

OTIS

I have no choice.

CHARLIE

You know what I mean.

OTIS

What are you getting at Charles?

CHARLIE

Do you think the killer changed his style?

OTIS

Do I think it? Or do I know it?

CHARLIE

What makes you say you know?

OTIS

You have to look at it this way. What do people do making sure they don't get caught, when their mate is close to finding out they're cheating?

CHARLIE

We have no real leads to work on.

OTIS

The same thing a person says who knows they've been cheated on, instead of looking at the evidence in front of them.

CHARLIE

I'll keep that in mind.

Charlie turns to walk away, and Otis grabs his shoulder making him stop, turning back around.

(CONTINUED)



OTIS

You're running out of time. The more time you spend ignoring the clues right in front of you...the killer will win, hands down.

CHARLIE

What exactly are these clue?

OTIS

They're right in front of you. That's all I can say.

CHARLIE

Thanks Otis. Maybe I'll see you around some time.

Charlie walks away.

INT. BERNARD'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Bernard holds a glass of cognac dressed in his silk blue pajama pants, listening to opera music.

BERNARD

It's my fault. If I knew then, what I know now.

He downs the glass, placing it on the nightstand.

He pulls out a cigarette placing it in his mouth lighting it, while looking down at the newspaper by his feet.

BERNARD CONT'D

The mind of a killer is a masterpiece without the colors. Soon...it'll be filled with colors of beauty.

He takes one more pull, before putting it out.

He lays on his back staring at the ceiling.

BERNARD CONT'D

Don't worry. We'll be together again.

He rolls on his side opening the drawer on the nightstand, reaching in pulling out a barber razor.

(CONTINUED)

BERNARD CONT'D  
It's easier to take your own life,  
compared to taking another.

He rubs his finger along the side of the blade, before  
extending his left wrist.

There's already a scar, indicating he's attempted suicide  
before.

He places the blade on his wrist, sniffing.

BERNARD CONT'D  
(Sobbing)  
If I do this now...we won't have to  
wait to be together.

His hand trembles, as tears come down, throwing the blade to  
the side.

BERNARD CONT'D  
(Crying)  
How could you leave me? You never  
loved me.

He places his hands over his face crying.

INT. BERNARD'S OFFICE - AFTERNOON

Bernard sits behind his desk reading over a file.

Mary walks in.

MARY  
(Concerned)  
Are you okay?

BERNARD  
(Continues reading)  
Okay about what?

MARY  
Wasn't that your friend who was  
murdered last night?

He places the file down, sighing.

BERNARD  
...Yeah. That was playboy Tommy.

She walks over to him, taking a seat on his lap.

(CONTINUED)

MARY

Are you sure you're going to be okay?

BERNARD

I'll manage. I just can't believe it.

MARY

You never know when you'll lose someone close to you.

Bernard blanks out.

INT. BERNARD'S MOTHER'S HOUSE - THE KITCHEN - MORNING  
(FLASHBACK)

Bernard's mother sits at the table in her robe crying, taking a sip from the liquor bottle in her hand.

She hears footsteps coming, and quickly hides the bottle, trying to straighten her face.

Young Bernard comes into the room carrying his backpack, walking over to her.

YOUNG BERNARD

What's wrong, mommy?

BERNARD'S MOTHER

It's nothing. You good to go?

YOUNG BERNARD

Yes.

BERNARD'S MOTHER

You know no matter what, mommy loves you?

YOUNG BERNARD

Yes.

BERNARD'S MOTHER

(Kisses his forehead)

Good. Get going, before you're late.

She watches him leave, picking up the bottle taking a deep swig, before placing it down.

She lifts her leg to retrieve the barber razor Bernard has in his drawer.

(CONTINUED)

She sobs extending her left arm, placing the razor on her wrist, slowly pulling the blade down and across, alternating, doing the other.

Her body gives way, falling to the floor.

Young Bernard comes back into the room smiling, until he sees his mother on the floor shaking.

He drops his backpack running over to her, dropping to his knees.

YOUNG BERNARD

Mommy!

COME BACK TO:

INT. BERNARD'S OFFICE - AFTERNOON

Bernard has a blank stare, as Mary shakes him.

MARY

Are you okay?

He comes from his trance looking around.

BERNARD

Huh? Oh yeah. Can I ask you a question?

MARY

Sure.

BERNARD

Would you join me for lunch today?

MARY

The pleasure is mine. Let me go get my things, and I'll meet you in the lobby.

She gives him a kiss on the cheek, and then makes her way to the door.

Bernard looks terrified, standing up reaching out for her.

BERNARD

(Scared)

Mary, don't---

She turns around looking at him.

(CONTINUED)

MARY

Don't what?

He realizes what's going on, gaining composure.

BERNARD

I'm sorry. I'll see you in a minute.

She continues looking at him strangely, before walking out.

Bernard has tears built up in his eyes.

INT. PHIL'S PARENTS HOUSE - THE BASEMENT - AFTERNOON  
(FLASHBACK)

The room is set up like a game room.

Teenage Bernard sits at the bar drinking scotch from the bottle.

On the counter is the razor his mother used to kill herself.

TEENAGE BERNARD

(Drunk)

Mother, oh mother! I see why you were drinking so much! It makes it easier to kill yourself when you're drunk!

He takes another sip from the bottle.

Teenage Phil comes walking down the steps.

TEENAGE PHIL

Bernard? What are you doing down here?

Teenage Bernard is slowly cutting his wrist.

TEENAGE BERNARD

Phil! Come have a drink with me!

Teenage Phil see's what he's doing, rushing over grabbing the blade, throwing it on the floor.

TEENAGE PHIL

What the fuck are you doing?!

TEENAGE BERNARD

(Drunk)

I was...I was talking to mama.

(CONTINUED)

TEENAGE PHIL

Do you see the shit you're doing?!

Teenage Phil tries to grab his arm, and Teenage Bernard pushes him back.

TEENAGE BERNARD

(Angry)

I'm trying to be with my mother!  
Leave me the fuck alone!

Teenage Phil grabs him, slinging him to the floor.

The two wrestle for a moment, until Teenage Bernard hits Teenage Phil knocking him to the side.

Teenage Bernard grabs the blade sitting on Teenage Phil's stomach, placing the blade on his throat.

TEENAGE BERNARD

(Angry)

Do you know what it's like having  
the person you love kill themselves  
in front of you, leaving you with  
nothing?! Do you know how that shit  
feels?!

He presses the blade down a little, causing blood to come forth.

Teenage Phil tenses up, but keeps a calm composure.

TEENAGE PHIL

I can tell you, you're my best  
friend, and I love you.

TEENAGE BERNARD

(Angry)

That's the same shit she said! I  
love you baby, and I'll always be  
here for you! Bullshit! Where her  
ass at now?!

TEENAGE PHIL

It's not your fault "B". It's not.

Teenage Bernard starts crying.

TEENAGE BERNARD

She didn't love me. No one loves  
me.

He lowers the blade.

(CONTINUED)

Teenage Phil sees his opportunity, flipping him over getting on top of him, taking the blade from his hand.

TEENAGE BERNARD CONT'D

(Sobbing)

Just kill me Phil. End my useless ass life. I have nothing to live for.

TEENAGE PHIL

You have a lot to live for. Gather your loses, and use them to make you stronger. If no one else in the world loves you, I do. How do you think I would feel, if I lost you as a friend?

Teenage Phil gets off him sitting to the side, allowing Teenage Bernard to sit up.

TEENAGE BERNARD

Why did she leave me? Why did she do this to me?

Teenage Phil places the blade to the side, holding Teenage Bernard.

TEENAGE PHIL

She didn't leave you. She's with us, talking through me.

TEENAGE BERNARD

...I don't wanna---

TEENAGE PHIL

You're destined to do great things. Your mother and father would want you to live.

Teenage Phil stands up, and then helps Teenage Bernard stand to his feet.

TEENAGE PHIL CONT'D

(Laughs)

Let's get your crazy ass cleaned up.

The two laugh, making their way upstairs.

COME BACK TO:

INT. BERNARD'S OFFICE - AFTERNOON

Bernard sits at his desk smiling, wiping the tears getting his self together, before walking over grabbing his coat, walking out the room.

Bernard walks down the hallway to the staircase making his way downstairs, as everyone praises him as if he's a God.

He pays them no mind making his way over to Mary standing by the door smiling, with her coat over her arm and purse in hand.

He opens the door for her so she can walk out, and he follows behind her.

They walk from the building over to the parking lot, where Bernard's Benz is parked.

Walking to the passenger door, he opens it so she can get in.

He closes the door, walking over to the driver side getting in.

He starts the car pulling off.

Some classical music plays faintly.

MARY

What made you decide to go into law?

BERNARD

I loved debating when I was a kid. I get a rush out of breaking people down, proving my point.

MARY

You like having people like putty in your hands, molding them into whatever you see fit?

BERNARD

Of course.

MARY

Is it true what they say about you?

BERNARD

What's that?

(CONTINUED)



MARY

(Places her hand on his inner thigh)

In order to get close to Mr. Drive, you have to break him down.

BERNARD

(Moves her hand)

It's very true. But how can you break down a glacier, with an ice pick?

MARY

Are you implying you're hard to climb?

BERNARD

I'm just saying. You never know when an avalanche might halter your trip.

MARY

Did you know I love snow?

He looks at her, and she's looking at him licking her lips seductively, winking her eye.

He smiles looking back at the road, reaching into the cigarette pack resting in the cup holder taking one out, placing it in his mouth.

BERNARD

You know once you start, there's no starting over?

He goes to reach for his lighter, and she grabs it, lighting his cigarette.

MARY

I don't play games, unless I know the odds of me winning are high.

BERNARD

That's enough of me for now. Tell me why you don't have a man?

MARY

What makes you think I don't?

BERNARD

If you have a man, you wouldn't have asked me those questions.

(CONTINUED)

MARY

What does that mean? I could be a woman who wants her cake and eat it too.

BERNARD

I must be the cake you can't wait to eat, and your man is the napkin.

MARY

(Laughs)

What makes you say that?

BERNARD

Let's be serious. I see the way you look at me every day. I won't even mention when I hug you.

MARY

Look at you. You think---

BERNARD

I don't think what I already know. If this was a trial, it would've been over in less than five minutes.

MARY

(Laughs)

Okay, okay, you got me. I don't have a man.

BERNARD

Why is that?

She sits silent for a moment.

BERNARD CONT'D

Well?

MARY

Let's just say, it takes a lot for me to like a man. I don't like the idea of a man drooling over me for my looks.

BERNARD

I don't drool over you.

MARY

Not physically. In that mind of yours, you do.

(CONTINUED)

BERNARD  
(Laughs)  
I plead the fifth.

MARY  
We're not in court.

BERNARD  
Well, something's gotta give.

MARY  
Something will give.

INT. THE RESTAURANT - AFTERNOON

Joey and Claire are sitting at the usual table.

Bernard and Mary walk into the restaurant, taking a seat at another table.

BERNARD  
Thank you for coming with me.

MARY  
Believe me, the pleasure is mine.  
I've always wanted to come here,  
but financially, I can't afford it.

BERNARD  
It's nothing special. If you turn  
out liking it, I'll keep it in mind  
if we get serious.

Joey gets up making his way over to the two.

MARY  
Really?

BERNARD  
That's what I said. But I wanted  
you to come with me, because I  
wanna tell you something only a few  
people know.

MARY  
What would that be?

Joey comes up behind Mary placing his hands on her shoulders, causing her to cringe.

(CONTINUED)

JOEY

Hey buddy? Why didn't you sit with us? We're not good enough for you and your precious Mary?

BERNARD

All jokes aside. I think you wanna take your hands off her.

Joey lightly wraps his hands around her neck.

JOEY

What's wrong, Mr. Perfect? Am I getting under your skin?

Mary moves Joey's hands from her neck, scooting her chair up.

MARY

Why don't you sit down, so you two can talk about it?

Joey grabs her by the shoulders slinging her to the floor causing a loud thud, making everyone look.

JOEY

(Angry)  
Shut up, bitch!

Bernard gets up rushing to Joey shoving him.

BERNARD

(Angry)  
You sorry ass excuse of a man!

Joey swings, and Bernard blocks the punch, grabbing Joey taking him to the floor, getting on top of him.

Bernard is working Joey out.

Mary continues sitting on the floor, looking shocked.

Claire rushes over to the two grabbing Bernard, pulling him off.

Claire stands in front of Bernard holding him back.

Joey gets up from the floor with blood coming from his mouth.

CLAIRE  
(Confused)

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CLAIRE (cont'd)  
What the hell is wrong with you  
two?! How can you act this way, and  
our friend just died?!

JOEY  
(Angry)  
He's not my friend!

Joey makes his way out the restaurant, wiping the blood from his mouth.

Claire turns looking at Bernard, and Bernard gives her a light shove.

CLAIRE  
What the hell has gotten into you?

BERNARD  
(Arrogant)  
The virgin came to save that sorry  
ass excuse of a man. I tell you  
what. How about, both of you stay  
the fuck outta my life?

He turns his back, walking off.

Mary gets up from the floor, leaning over into Claire's ear.

MARY  
(Whispering)  
I thought you guys were his  
friends. You all need to be dead,  
like other one.

Claire pushes her back, following it with a slap, knocking Mary on the table.

CLAIRE  
Bernard, don't throw a friendship  
away for this whore!

Bernard turns around, walking back to the table helping Mary.

Mary looks at Claire stunned, holding her face.

BERNARD  
I said my peace. Respect it when I  
say it again. Stay the fuck outta  
my life.

The two walk off.

Claire watches with tears built up in her eyes.

INT. BERNARD'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Bernard stands by the bar with a drink in his hand.

Mary sits on the bed looking at him.

BERNARD

(Sad)

Why is this happening again?  
Haven't I suffered enough?

MARY

Come over here and have a seat. You  
need to relax.

BERNARD

Maybe you're right. When I saw you  
on the floor.

He shakes his head mumbling under his breath, before taking  
a sip.

MARY

Just come over here and sit down.  
Tell me what you were about to say  
at the restaurant.

He downs his glass grabbing the bottle, walking over to the  
bed sitting next to her.

BERNARD

The scene reminded me of my mother.  
When I was little, she killed  
herself. She didn't do it in front  
of me.

(Sighs)

...The way I found her, she might  
as well.

She covers her mouth stunned.

MARY

Why did she do that?

BERNARD

Depression. When I was little, my  
father was killed trying to  
apprehend a suspect. He didn't know  
the dude had a partner, and he came  
up from behind, blowing my father's

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

BERNARD (cont'd)  
brains out. The day we buried him,  
we buried her. She always kept  
talking about how she wanted to be  
with dad.

MARY  
I'm sorry to hear that. How did you  
deal with it?

BERNARD  
I kept my mind on school. My friend  
parents let me live with them.

He walks back over to the bar with his head down.

Mary stands up taking her clothes off, leaving nothing but  
her bra and panty set on.

MARY  
Does your friend have a name?

BERNARD  
(Smiles)  
Good old Phil. We were tight in  
high school, until we graduated.  
After that, he got deep into drugs  
and whatnot, leading to him doing  
some time for domestic violence and  
a rape case.

INT. THE HIGH SCHOOL - THE BACK HALLWAY - AFTERNOON  
(FLASHBACK)

Six teenage AFRICAN-AMERICAN boy's block off the hallway, as  
TIM, (23), with a stocky build, holds Teenage Phil against  
the wall by the collar, beating the shit out of him.

Teenage Bernard comes running up, and two of the boy's grab  
him, holding him back.

Tim tosses Teenage Phil to the side, and then walks over to  
Teenage Bernard cracking his blood coated knuckles.

TIM  
What do you want?

TEENAGE BERNARD  
You need to get up off my friend.

(CONTINUED)

TIM

Unless you're about to pay what he owes. I suggest you get the fuck on.

Teenage Phil tries to stand to his feet, but he's dazed.

TEENAGE PHIL

"B" man, just...just go. I got this.

TEENAGE BERNARD

Phil, shut the fuck up. Let him go, and we can call it even?

TIM

(Laughs)

Call it even? Nigga, is you crazy?

TEENAGE BERNARD

You real tough, with ya bitch ass boys around.

TIM

What?

TEENAGE BERNARD

You heard what the fuck I said.

TEENAGE PHIL

Bernard man---

TIM

Shut the fuck up, before I come back there and beat on yo ass some more! Let this nigga go.

The two boy's let Teenage Bernard go.

TEENAGE BERNARD

What does this supposed to mean? When I get to beating on that ass, they'll jump in.

TIM

(Laughs)

I like you, lil nigga. I---

Teenage Bernard swings hitting Tim in the face, making his head turn.

He swings a few more times trying to drop him, but Tim blocks one of the punches, hitting him in the stomach, making him fold over in pain.

(CONTINUED)



Tim hits him a few more times, before slinging him into the wall.

He hits it hard, sliding to the floor, holding his head in pain.

He shakes the daze off ready to rush at Tim, but Tim pulls out a switchblade, haltering the process.

Tim walks over to him, grabbing him by the collar.

Teenage Bernard smiles, licking the blood from his busted lip, as Tim places the blade on his throat.

TIM

You got heart, I'll give you that.  
It's sad I have to kill you.

TEENAGE PHIL

Tim, man---

TIM

Shut the fuck up, because you're next!

TEENAGE BERNARD

(Laughs)

Hurry up, and get the shit out the way. What better way to die, than by a pussy ass nigga like you?

TIM

(Confused)

What?

TEENAGE BERNARD

I'm trying to die!

ONE OF THE BOY'S

Tim, come on man, let's go.

TEENAGE BERNARD

(Spits in Tim face)

Yeah Tim, let's go! All you have to do is push it in, pussy!

Tim laughs taking the knife down.

TIM

Like I said, you got some heart.

(CONTINUED)

TEENAGE BERNARD  
And like I said. You---

Tim stabs him on his right side, holding it there.

Teenage Bernard releases a moan of pain.

TIM  
If you live from this...you'll  
remember I did it.

TEENAGE BERNARD  
(Laughs)  
I'll remember what it feels like to  
be fucked, by a pussy like you.

Tim pulls the knife up, pushing Teenage Bernard back into  
the wall.

Tim and the boy's with him take off running.

Teenage Bernard lies on the floor holding his bleeding side,  
as Teenage Phil inches toward him.

TEENAGE PHIL  
What the hell were you thinking?

TEENAGE BERNARD  
That's what friends are for, right?  
No matter the situation. If you  
love someone, you'll die for them.

TEENAGE PHIL  
Help! Somebody help us!

COME BACK TO:

INT. BERNARD'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Bernard downs his drink.

Mary walks up to him.

MARY  
Do you know where he is now?

BERNARD  
Last I heard, he was in Ohio. He  
supposedly remarried and got his  
life back together.

He turns around backing into the bar, when he sees her  
standing there.

(CONTINUED)

BERNARD CONT'D

Whoa. What's this about?

MARY

The first time I saw you. I said to myself, I have to have you.

BERNARD

(Scared)

But...what if I lose you, too?

She steps into him placing a finger to his lips, trailing it down to his belt.

MARY

The only way you'll lose me, is through death.

She grabs him by the back of the head kissing him, jumping up, wrapping her legs around him, as they continue kissing.

He carries her over to the bed laying her down, kissing on her neck, making his way down.

Judging from her face and how she's grabbing at his head, she's enjoying what he's doing.

He comes back up kissing on her neck, and she flips him over getting on top, ripping his shirt open, kissing on his chest.

She sits up taking her bra off, and then goes back to kissing on his chest, while unfastening his pants, sliding them down.

He moans in pleasure smiling, feeling the warmth of her, as she straddles down beginning to ride him slow, as the screen fades to black.

INT. BERNARD'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Bernard and Mary are lying under the covers.

She has her head on his chest with one leg across his waist, while he has his arm around her, playing in her hair.

MARY

I have something to tell you.

BERNARD

(Laughs)

You're pregnant already?

(CONTINUED)

She lightly hits him on the chest.

MARY

It's more serious than that.

Bernard sits up, and she slides her head down into his lap.

BERNARD

What is it?

MARY

I wasn't always this beautiful. I had to have surgery, to get the right side of my face fixed.

BERNARD

(Curious)

What happened?

MARY

(Sighs)

You'll usually hear about the father abusing the daughter. In my case, it was the other way around.

INT. MARY'S MOTHER'S HOUSE - THE KITCHEN - AFTERNOON  
(FLASHBACK)

Dirty dishes rest in the old dish water, and on the counter.

A plate of cocaine is resting on the table.

MARY'S MOTHER, (38), sits at the table taking a sip from the liquor bottle, dressed in a dirty wife beater and black leggings.

MARY'S MOTHER

(High)

You good for nothing, tramp!

The living room is just as filthy as the kitchen.

Young Mary (9) sits on the couch crying.

Young MARY

(Crying)

What did I do, mama?

Mary's mother comes staggering out the kitchen holding the liquor bottle, leaning up against the wall to keep her balance.

She shatters the bottle against the wall, still holding the neck end.

(CONTINUED)

Young Mary stands up, slowly walking backwards, keeping her eyes on her mother.

MARY'S MOTHER

Just like your father! You'll never be shit!

YOUNG MARY

(Begging)

Mama, please. I didn't do anything.

MARY'S MOTHER

I'll make sure you won't become a whore, Ms. Lady!

Young Mary tries to run, but her mother catches her by the hair, slamming her to the floor.

Young Mary screams in fear, as her mother gets on top of her plunging the broken glass deep into the right side of her face.

Young Mary screams in agonizing pain, as her mother twists the glass deeper into her face.

Mary's mother gets up throwing the glass to the side, looking down at Young Mary crying, grabbing at her bleeding face, cutting her fingers on the shards of glass.

MARY'S MOTHER CONT'D

There! Now I know you won't be out here doing anything foolish! Who would look at a disfigured whore like you?!

Young Mary continues sitting on the floor crying, trying to stop the blood coming from her face.

Mary's mother staggers back to the kitchen, over to the cabinet tossing cereal boxes out the way, until she reaches the liquor bottle.

She grabs it, staggering back to the table taking a seat, opening the bottle.

MARY'S MOTHER CONT'D

(Sorrow)

Lord...forgive me.

She tries to take a sip, but her head falls face first to the table, dropping the bottle to the floor, shattering it.

Young Mary comes into the kitchen with a blank stare, and blood leaking from her wound.

(CONTINUED)

She walks over to the sink, grabbing a butcher knife from the dirty water.

Walking over to her mother, she raises the knife high, bringing it down with force into her mother's back.

Mary's mother screams in pain, while Young Mary continues stabbing.

She still has the blank stare, as blood covers her face, and her mother's screams go mute.

COME BACK TO:

INT. BERNARD'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Bernard sits stunned.

MARY

They let me go with temporary insanity, instead of murder. I was under close observation at the asylum, before they decided to repair my face and release me.

BERNARD

I don't know what to say.

MARY

It's okay. I grew a deep hate for women that day.

BERNARD

We have each other now. I won't let anything come between that.

INT. BERNARD'S OFFICE - AFTERNOON

Bernard sits behind his desk doing a crossword puzzle with his headphones on.

Mary is placing files in the file cabinet.

She closes the file cabinet walking over to him taking a seat on his lap, giving him a kiss.

He takes off his headphones.

MARY

What are we doing today?

(CONTINUED)

BERNARD

I was thinking we could---

Charlie bursts into the room.

He walks up to the desk picking up the nameplate, sucking his teeth.

BERNARD

How may I help you?

Charlie places the plate down, turning his back, walking away.

CHARLIE

Get your shit. You're coming with me.

BERNARD

May I ask why?

Charlie pauses.

CHARLIE

Don't be a smart-ass, kid. Just get your shit, and let's go.

Charlie walks out the room.

Bernard and Mary look on confused.

MARY

What was that about?

BERNARD

I have no idea. He better have a good goddamn reason, or a healthy pension to retire on.

He gives her a kiss, and then taps her on the ass so she can stand up.

He walks over to the hook grabbing his coat, walking out the room.

INT. THE INTERROGATION ROOM - AFTERNOON

Bernard sits at the table, while Charlie stands to the side smoking a cigarette.

(CONTINUED)

BERNARD  
Why am I down here?

CHARLIE  
Your friends are Claire Nile, and  
Joey Mason?

BERNARD  
Not anymore.

CHARLIE  
That really doesn't matter. What  
does matter, is you were friends  
with Tom Rivers.

BERNARD  
Your point?

Charlie pulls out the note, tossing it at Bernard.

Bernard picks up the note.

BERNARD  
(Laughs)  
You had me come down here to read  
your love letters?

CHARLIE  
Just read the goddamn thing.

Bernard opens the note, scans over it, and tosses it to the  
side.

BERNARD  
Okay. Now what?

CHARLIE  
Did you pay attention to your  
initial?

BERNARD  
(Laughs)  
What? You're saying say I made  
this?

CHARLIE  
I'm saying, if you don't know who  
the killer is. You're next on the  
list.

BERNARD  
It's obvious, you don't know who I  
am.

(CONTINUED)



CHARLIE

I know who you are.

BERNARD

Good. Then you know keeping me here any longer can cost you your career. Thank you, and have a nice day.

Bernard stands up patting Charlie on the shoulder, ready to walk off.

Charlie drops his cigarette, grabbing Bernard by the arm, making him turn around.

CHARLIE

You're a real smart-ass, just like your friends said. Did you say a smart-ass remark like that, when they found you with your dead mother?

Bernard snatches his arm away.

BERNARD

I told you, they're not friends of mine. If I were you, I'd tread softly. You never know if you might end up on someone's list.

Bernard walks out the room into the main lobby that's loud from the phones ringing, and people handcuffed talking trash.

He walks pass them, making his way outside.

He walks to his car getting in, gripping the steering wheel tight.

INT. BERNARD'S MOTHER'S HOUSE - THE KITCHEN - MORNING  
(FLASHBACK)

Young Bernard stands in the corner with a blank stare, watching the coroners carry his mother out.

There's a large bloodstain on the floor, and instead of the barber razor she used to kill herself, Young Bernard replaced it with another one.

MALE OFFICER (31) Caucasian, walks over to Young Bernard.

(CONTINUED)

MALE OFFICER

I know this isn't the right time,  
but I have to ask you a question.  
Were you here when she did this?

Young Bernard doesn't respond.

MALE OFFICER CONT'D

I know this is difficult. I need---

YOUNG BERNARD

She's in a better place.

MALE OFFICER

Yes, she is. But---

YOUNG BERNARD

That's all that matters.

Young Bernard walks to the front door, walking out.

People are standing around shaking their heads.

Police cars, an ambulance and the coroner van are in front  
of the house.

Young Bernard stands on the porch with the same blank stare,  
looking at the coroner van.

He walks off the porch, making his way down the street.

Coming from the other end of the street is the neighborhood  
bully BILLY, (14) with a stocky build, making his way  
towards Young Bernard.

Billy stops in front of Young Bernard, and Young Bernard  
walks through him with a hard push, continuing to walk.

Confusion is on Billy's face, and in his blue eyes, running  
up in front of Young Bernard placing a hand to his chest,  
making him stop.

BILLY

Hey, wheat-head? You know you have  
to pay a toll if you wanna walk  
down this street.

YOUNG BERNARD

(Serious)

I would advise you to carry on  
about your day.

Young Bernard places his hand in his pocket on the handle of  
the blade.

(CONTINUED)

BILLY

You ready to collect this beating?

Just as Billy gets ready to swing, Young Bernard grabs him, pulling the barber blade out, placing it to Billy's throat.

YOUNG BERNARD

Are you ready to go to a better place? My mommy was.

BILLY

(Scared)

Please. Please---

YOUNG BERNARD

Let you live?

Young Bernard looks back seeing people making their way towards them.

He leans in Billy's ear.

YOUNG BERNARD CONT'D

(Whispering)

I lost my mother and father. Unless you wanna join them. I suggest you leave me the fuck alone. Do you understand me?

BILLY

(Scared)

Yes.

Young Bernard lets him go, holding the blade down to his side.

The people walk pass.

YOUNG BERNARD

Get yo ass home.

Billy gets ready to walk off, and Young Bernard grabs his hand, making him stop.

YOUNG BERNARD CONT'D

Oh yeah. This is for all the tolls I had to pay.

Young Bernard slices Billy across the right side of his face.

Billy gets ready to scream, and Young Bernard places the blade to his throat.

(CONTINUED)

YOUNG BERNARD CONT'D  
If you ever mention a toll again.  
The price you'll pay, will be far  
worse than this.

He lets him go, and then walks off down the street.

Billy looks at Young Bernard walking off with a look of hate, taking a bandanna out, placing it on his face, trying to stop the bleeding.

COME BACK TO:

INT. BERNARD'S CAR - AFTERNOON

Bernard is smiling.

BERNARD  
I tell you this much. The last  
person who asked me a stupid  
question, knew not to ask me shit  
else.

He starts the car up driving off.

INT. THE BAR - NIGHT

The bar is barely full, as some jazz music plays.

Bernard sits at the bar with a bottle of whiskey, and a shot glass.

Sitting at the end of the bar is Billy's brother WILLIAM, (33) dressed in a wife beater and jeans, with a twig in his mouth, staring down at Bernard.

The BARTENDER, (42) stands behind the bar cleaning glasses, staring at Bernard.

BERNARD  
(Drunk)  
The woman I love is a deranged  
murderer.

BARTENDER  
Are you okay?

BERNARD  
(Downs a shot)  
Am I okay? Would you be okay if the  
woman you love is a psychopath?

(CONTINUED)

William takes one more shot, before making his way down to Bernard, standing behind him.

BARTENDER

I think you should go home. You had enough.

BERNARD

What? Do you---

William places a hand on Bernard's shoulder.

Bernard pulls a cigarette out placing it in his mouth lighting it, before turning around.

WILLIAM

Ain't you that lawyer?

Bernard grabs the bottle from the counter taking a sip, and then drops the bottle down to his side, holding it by the neck.

BERNARD

That would be me. If you have any problems, let me know.

WILLIAM

This is a problem that should've been solved a long time ago.

BERNARD

Huh?

WILLIAM

You don't remember Billy Moore, do you Wheat-head?

BERNARD

(Laughs)

I haven't heard that name in years. Wait a minute. Are you the bully from back in the day?

WILLIAM

(Angry)

I'm his brother! I wish he was here to beat your ass! But due to what you did to him, he killed himself!

Bernard bursts out laughing.

The Bartender reaches down grabbing the handle of the shotgun he has under the counter.

(CONTINUED)

BARTENDER

(Serious)

I'm not having any shit in here  
tonight.

Bernard continues laughing, gripping the bottle tighter.

WILLIAM

You think it's funny?!

BERNARD

(Laughs)

I guess the toll I told him, really  
went to his head.

William gets ready to swing, and Bernard hits him upside the  
head with the bottle, shattering it.

William falls to the floor, holding his bleeding head.

Bernard stands up prepared to stomp him, and the Bartender  
pulls up the shotgun.

Everyone drops to the floor, except for Bernard.

The Bartender takes aim at Bernard.

Bernard raises his hands smiling.

BARTENDER

(Angry)

Get the fuck outta here! I told  
you, I'm not having any shit in  
here!

Bernard kicks William, before walking backwards towards the  
door, with his hands still in the air.

He gets to the door putting his hands down, going in his  
pocket pulling out a wad of money, taking the rubber band  
off.

BERNARD

Everybody have a drink on me!

He throws the money up in the air, and everyone rushes  
trying to get the money, causing a bar brawl.

The bartender comes from behind the bar trying to break some  
of the people up from fighting, as Bernard laughs, making  
his way out the door.

INT. BERNARD'S HOUSE - THE MAIN HALLWAY - NIGHT

The crystal chandelier hanging above the room shines down onto the black marble floors.

Bernard comes staggering in, closing the door behind him.

He leans up against the wall with his head down laughing.

Mary comes out the bedroom upstairs dressed in a sheer black nightgown, walking over to the rail looking down at him.

MARY

(Upset)

What took you so long to get here?

He looks up placing his hand over his eyes, trying to focus.

BERNARD

(Confused)

Mary? How did you get here?

MARY

(Upset)

The same way you did. Although I find it hard to believe you made it here in your condition.

BERNARD

(Laughs)

And you're mad, because?

She comes downstairs making her way to him, shoving him, making him stagger back a few steps.

MARY

(Angry)

What am I mad about?! I've been cooking all day, preparing a nice night for us, and you went and fucked it up! That's why I'm mad!

BERNARD

(Laughs)

...What did you make?

MARY

You know what?

She rolls her eyes making her way back upstairs going in the bedroom, slamming the door behind her.

Bernard continues laughing, shrugging up his shoulders.

(CONTINUED)

He staggers into the living room over to the sofa falling face first, going straight to sleep.

The doorbell starts ringing, and he hops up looking around startled.

BERNARD

Huh? No. No further questions.

The doorbell continues ringing.

Bernard rolls off the sofa onto the floor, slowly crawling towards the wall.

BERNARD CONT'D

Okay, Goddamn it! I'm coming!

He stands up getting to the front door, and the ringing stops.

BERNARD CONT'D

(Angry)

What?! I know you didn't have me get up for no reason?!

PHIL (O.S.)

Why stop now, when you can go all the way?

BERNARD

Because what you do now, can predict who you'll be in the future!

Bernard swings the door open, and there stands Phil.

The two hug each other, and then Bernard lets him come in, closing the door behind him.

They walk into the living room.

PHIL

I see you made it.

BERNARD

What are you doing out here? Last I heard, you were in Ohio.

PHIL

I've been here for the longest. The wife and I had a few issues, so we went separate ways.

(CONTINUED)



BERNARD

It wasn't for what I think, was it?

Phil walks over to the mini bar grabbing two glasses and a bottle of cognac.

He fills the glasses, walking back over to Bernard, handing him one.

PHIL

Nah. I learned my lesson from that shit.

BERNARD

That's good. You like it out here in the county of murder and madness?

PHIL

None of that shit bothers me. I had to come see my best friend.

MARY

What's going on down here?

They turn around seeing Mary standing dressed in Bernard's robe, with her arms folded across her chest.

PHIL

Who is that?

BERNARD

Phil, this is my woman, Mary. Mary, this is my best friend, Phil.

MARY

The rapist? I'm going back to bed.

She walks off.

PHIL

What's her problem?

BERNARD

Who gives a fuck what her issue is? Where are you staying?

PHIL

This little motel, not far from where you live. Just a little something, until I get on my feet.

(CONTINUED)

BERNARD

I think you meant to say, you're staying here.

PHIL

I can't do that, "B".

BERNARD

You can and you will. Your family did it for me.

PHIL

(Smiles)

Same old Bernard. You never learned what defeat means.

BERNARD

(Smiles)

That's why I'm the best in the county.

They laugh toasting.

INT. THE GUEST ROOM - MORNING

Phil lies on the bed under the covers asleep, moving around.

Mary stands at the side of the bed, dressed in a black jogging suit, staring at Phil.

Phil slowly wakes up. Just as he gets ready to come from under the covers, he jumps back, pulling the cover over himself.

PHIL

Sorry. I didn't know you were in here.

MARY

That's the least of your problems.

PHIL

(Confused)

What the fuck are you talking about?

MARY

I just wanna let you know, I know what you're doing. Just because you helped my man when he was little. Don't think you can come back around taking him from me.

(CONTINUED)

PHIL

Have you lost your fucking mind? It was his idea for me to stay here in the first place.

MARY

It's not about what he says! It's about what I say! If you're smart, which I know you're not!

(Points between her legs)

You should know he'll put this pussy, before some bum ass, washed up ex rapist!

He gets ready to lunge at her, and she pulls a butcher knife out, making him jump back.

PHIL

(Upset)

You got the nerve to mention my past, and pull a knife on me?! Bitch, you crazy!

MARY

You goddamn right, I'm crazy! You take these words, and heed them. It's not hard for me to bruise myself up, and file a report saying you beat me. I'm sure they'll love sending your sweet ass back to jail.

(Puts the tip of the knife in his face)

You remember that, bitch.

She walks out the room.

Phil sits upset.

INT. BERNARD'S CAR - MORNING

Bernard sits in the driver seat smiling, looking over the group text he sent Claire and Joey.

The message reads.

If it's possible. Can we meet for lunch at the sushi place? I'm sure you guys are still pissed from last time, but let's put that behind us. I hope to see you guys there.

He sends the message, before getting out the car.

INT. BERNARD'S OFFICE -AFTERNOON

Mary stands in front of the desk with her arms folded across her chest.

Bernard walks in trying to give her a hug and kiss, and she pushes him back.

BERNARD  
What's wrong with you?

MARY  
What are you going to do about your friend?

BERNARD  
Phil? What about him?

MARY  
We had a conversation this morning---

BERNARD  
(Face palm)  
That's right.

He turns his back ready to walk away, and Mary grabs his hand making him stop.

MARY  
Bernard?

He turns around giving her a kiss, and then rubs her chin.

BERNARD  
I love you. I'll see you later.

He walks out the room.

She picks up the nameplate, throwing it at the door.

INT. BERNARD'S CAR - MOVING - AFTERNOON

There's some rap music playing.

Bernard is driving, while Phil sits in the passenger seat aggravated.

PHIL  
What's wrong with your girl?

Bernard turns the music down.

(CONTINUED)

BERNARD

What about her?

PHIL

She didn't tell you about the shit she did?

BERNARD

She told me y'all had a conversation.

PHIL

She came in the room on some other shit. Talking about, she's not letting me take you away from her. And then the crazy bitch pulled a knife on me.

Bernard laughs taking a cigarette from his pack, placing it in his mouth.

BERNARD

You're taking me away from her? I didn't know you were into men.

PHIL

You laughing and shit, and I'm serious.

BERNARD

Whoa, wait a minute. You said she pulled a knife on you?

PHIL

That's what I said.

Bernard lights his cigarette.

PHIL CONT'D

I know that's your girl, and you love her. But, the bitch is crazy.

BERNARD

I'll talk to her when we get back.

PHIL

(Angry)

Fuck a talk! You need to kick that bitch out!

BERNARD

I said I'll talk to her! Did I get on yo head when I told you about

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

BERNARD (cont'd)  
that shit back in the day, and you  
didn't listen?!

Phil sits silent.

BERNARD CONT'D  
Thank you. I said I'll talk to her,  
and I will. You're my boy. No pussy  
or money will ever come between  
that. I'm glad we're back hanging.

PHIL  
I'm glad, too. It's just---

BERNARD  
Just drop it.

INT. THE SUSHI PLACE - AFTERNOON

The hard rain hits against the windows.

Joey and Claire are sitting at a table at the back of the  
restaurant.

Joey has his back turned to the entrance.

Bernard and Phil come into the restaurant.

Bernard tells Phil to wait by the door, while he makes his  
way to Claire and Joey.

JOEY  
Who does he think he is? What does  
the little lunch date supposed to  
mean?

CLAIRE  
Just let it go. Everybody was in  
the wrong that day.

JOEY  
That might be true. It still  
doesn't give him the right to do  
what he did. When he gets here---

Bernard extends his hand out in front of Joey.

BERNARD  
You'll shake my hand accepting my  
apology, saying we're still  
friends.

(CONTINUED)

CLAIRE

What do we owe the honor of this lunch, Mr. Perfect?

JOEY

Yeah. I thought you wanted us to stay the fuck outta your life?

Bernard pulls his hand back, clearing his throat.

BERNARD

That's all in the past. I'm a new person now, and all I want is my friends.

Claire stands up, stepping over to him.

CLAIRE

I don't know. My life without Mr. Perfect. That might be hard to deal with.

She opens her arms for a hug, and they embrace.

BERNARD

Thanks Claire. How about you Joey? Do you accept my apology?

Joey stands up staring in Bernard's eyes.

BERNARD CONT'D

Well?

JOEY

(Smiles)

...As long as you give me a kiss.

The two laugh, before giving each other a hug.

Claire looks at Bernard confused.

CLAIRE

Can you tell me what happened to Bernard?

BERNARD

I had an epiphany. I want you guys to meet someone.

Bernard signals for Phil to come over.

Phil pauses in his tracks, staring at Claire in awe.

(CONTINUED)

BERNARD CONT'D

Claire and Joey, this is my good friend Phil. Phil, Joey and Claire.

Phil takes Claire hand kissing it.

PHIL

I'm charmed to meet your acquaintance.

She pulls her hand back blushing.

CLAIRE

Where did you meet this well-mannered man?

BERNARD

He's my friend from back in the day.

CLAIRE

I'm charmed to meet you, Phil.

JOEY

Calm down, Claire. I don't think he's into men.

Claire gets ready to speak, and Phil grabs her hand, staring into her eyes.

PHIL

She's far from a man. She's the true meaning behind the word beauty.

JOEY

I think he's blind. What man in his right mind would say that about Claire?

BERNARD

(Laughs)

Let's stop with the jokes, as Tom would say. Let's sit down and eat. Have a few drinks, and a good time.

The four sit having a good time, drinking and eating.

Claire and Phil keep constant eye contact with each other.



INT. BERNARD'S HOUSE - THE KITCHEN - NIGHT

Mary sits at the table soaking wet, drinking vodka straight from the bottle.

A picture of Bernard is in front her.

Resting beside it is a butcher's knife.

She picks up the knife placing the tip of the blade on the picture, beginning to scrape away.

She realizes she's scraping the glass, placing the knife down.

Tears pour down her face, picking up the bottle taking a sip.

Just as she gets ready to put her head down, she hears the front door open, followed by laughter from Bernard and Phil.

Bernard and Phil stand by the mini bar in the living room laughing.

PHIL

Your friends are crazy. And that Claire is something special.

BERNARD

I just bet she is. You never took your eyes off her, and got her number.

PHIL

It's something about her. I doubt she would be interested in me.

BERNARD

Are you crazy? You better put that number to use.

PHIL

You think so?

BERNARD

Hell yeah. There's no doubt in my mind---

MARY

(Drunk)

He's right! What woman would be interested in a rapist?!

(CONTINUED)

They turn seeing Mary leaning up against the wall holding the bottle.

Phil lowers his head in shame.

Bernard walks to her snatching the bottle.

BERNARD

(Upset)

What the fuck is wrong with you?

PHIL

...I'll just come back later.

BERNARD

(Upset)

Fuck that! This is my goddamn house! I need to speak with you.

He grabs her by the arm, dragging her into the kitchen.

He presses her up against the wall, holding her by the shoulders.

BERNARD

Why are you fucking with him? And what's with the shit you pulled this morning, pulling a knife on my friend?

MARY

(Angry)

I'm not losing you to a rapist, and I meant what I said! This is our house! I need you to understand that!

BERNARD

Lose me? This is our house?

(Laughs)

Listen. I know you're drunk right now. I need you to go upstairs and take a nap. When you wake up, we can talk about it.

She snatches his hands down, pushing him back.

MARY

You're not my daddy!

She turns her back.

BERNARD

I need to be your daddy! Somebody  
needs to discipline yo ass!

She turns around.

MARY

I don't think you would wanna be my  
father, considering that bastard is  
a rapist, too! That's the reason  
why I'm here!

She turns her back, storming out the kitchen.

Phil looks at Mary storming to the front door opening it,  
slamming the door behind her.

Bernard walks out the kitchen.

PHIL

You okay?

BERNARD

I'm pretty fucked up right now.  
I'll get up with you later.

Bernard makes his way to the stairs, heading to his room.

PHIL

Bernard?

Bernard goes into his room, closing the door behind him.

Phil walks over to the bar making a drink.

INT. BERNARD'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

The room is dark.

Bernard lies sleep.

The killer creeps into the room from the balcony, walking  
over to the bed, pulling a butcher knife out, placing the  
tip of the blade on Bernard's leg, slowly trailing it up.

BERNARD

(Half woke)

Mary, quit the bullshit.

The killer takes the blade placing it on Bernard's arm,  
trailing it up.

(CONTINUED)

BERNARD CONT'D  
Mary, I told you---

The killer pounces on him weighing him down, pulling out a flashlight, turning it on in Bernard's eyes.

BERNARD CONT'D  
(Calm)  
What do you want?

The Killer places the dull part of the blade on the right side of Bernard's face, trailing it down to his heart.

BERNARD CONT'D  
Charlie said this would happen. Do  
it! Do it, Mary!

The killer quickly moves the knife, placing a deep gash on Bernard's side, causing Bernard to moan in pain.

BERNARD CONT'D  
Is that the best you  
got...sweetheart?

The killer hits Bernard upside the head with the flashlight until he goes unconscious.

Before leaving the room, the killer drops a note on the bed.

INT. CLAIRE'S HOUSE - THE BASEMENT - NIGHT

Some rap music plays.

Claire is on the bench cranking out, covered in sweat.

She finishes one more rep, putting the weights down.

She sits up breathing heavy, reaching down grabbing her water bottle.

Her phone rings.

She finishes drinking her water, before answering her phone.

CLAIRE  
Hello?

JOEY (O.S.)  
What are you doing?

(CONTINUED)

CLAIRE  
Hitting the weights.

JOEY (O.S.)  
I should've known, Hercules.

CLAIRE  
Is there a reason for this phone  
call, before I hang up?

JOEY (O.S.)  
Yes. I think I like the new Mr.  
Perfect.

CLAIRE  
He's cool. I like his friend more.

JOEY (O.S.)  
You're a dick chaser. Have you ever  
heard of the word game?

CLAIRE  
Have you ever heard of the word  
hater? You're jealous because  
everybody has somebody all over  
them, except you.

JOEY (O.S.)  
I got mines, sweetheart. Believe  
me.

CLAIRE  
Sure you do.

Her line clicks.

CLAIRE CONT'D  
Hold on.

She clicks over.

CLAIRE CONT'D  
Hello?

PHIL (O.S.)  
Hey Claire.

CLAIRE  
Who is this?

PHIL (O.S.)  
Phil. Bernard's friend.

(CONTINUED)

CLAIRE  
How are you?

PHIL (O.S.)  
I'm fine.

CLAIRE  
What's going on?

PHIL (O.S.)  
Nothing much. Do you wanna go get  
some dinner?

CLAIRE  
Sure. Just give me a minute to get  
ready.

PHIL (O.S.)  
Okay, cool. I need some time to get  
ready myself. I'll call you, so I  
can tell you where we can meet.

CLAIRE  
I can't wait.

She clicks back over.

Joey is singing a song sounding horrible.

CLAIRE CONT'D  
You know singing ain't for  
everybody?

JOEY (O.S.)  
Girl, you know my singing turns you  
on.

CLAIRE  
Yeah, okay. Anyway, I have to let  
you go. I need to get ready.

JOEY (O.S.)  
Where you going?

CLAIRE  
On a date with the person you said  
is running game on me.

JOEY (O.S.)  
I would tell you to take some mace,  
but you don't need that.

(CONTINUED)

CLAIRE  
Fuck you. Good bye.

She hangs up smiling, getting up to go get ready.

INT. THE EMERGENCY ROOM - NIGHT

Bernard lies on the bed getting stitched up.

Charlie stands to the side looking at him.

CHARLIE  
This is the man who said he wasn't  
on the list?

BERNARD  
Fuck you very much. This isn't the  
time for sarcasm.

CHARLIE  
You're right.

Charlie pulls out the note, handing it to Bernard.

Bernard takes the note opening it.

The letters are made from dried human flesh.

BERNARD  
(Reads aloud)  
I'm cutting off all ties. The only  
thing standing between me and my  
goal is death. For the first  
time...Bernard was scared for his  
life.

CHARLIE  
Do you know what it means?

BERNARD  
She was plotting on me the whole  
time.

CHARLIE  
Who?

BERNARD  
My woman.

Charlie bursts out laughing, causing the doctor to laugh,  
accidentally pricking Bernard with the needle.

(CONTINUED)

BERNARD CONT'D

Ouch! That shit hurt.

DOCTOR

(Snickering)

Sorry, sir.

CHARLIE

Let's say that's true. That explains why she killed your friend. Why did she kill the other women?

BERNARD

She hates women, because her mother abused her as a child. She ended up killing her, because she left a gash on the right side of her face.

CHARLIE

That explains why she takes the flesh. We need to get to her, before she kills someone else.

BERNARD

We can stop by the office.

CHARLIE

Why would we stop by the office?

BERNARD

How else are we going to find out where she lives?

CHARLIE

Wait a minute. That's your woman, but you don't know where she lives?

BERNARD

I'm glad you find this shit amusing. Don't you think you need to get up off my ass with the jokes, and go find her?

CHARLIE

You're right. There's no time to waste.



EXT. THE LAW OFFICE - NIGHT

Mary stands in front of the building with her purse on her shoulder, holding a bottle of vodka, teetering side to side.

MARY

(Drunk)

I can't believe that son of a bitch! A rapist comes before the woman who actually loves him?!

(Takes a sip)

Best lawyer in the county. His dick ain't the best in the county!

She goes to take another sip, and the bottle slips from her hand.

MARY CONT'D

(Crying)

My father is a rapist, and my mother didn't give a fuck about me. Just when I thought I found love, he pushes me to the side for everything my parents stand for.

She picks up a piece of glass digging it into her hand, until it bleeds.

She wipes the blood all over her clothes.

MARY CONT'D

I'm starting to feel that urge again, when I killed that worthless bitch of a mother.

She staggers to the back of the building, into the darkness.

EXT. THE PARK - NIGHT

The streetlamps light up the park.

Claire and Phil hold hands walking along the path.

CLAIRE

How does it feel reuniting with your childhood friend?

PHIL

It's good. We started off as nothing more than neighbors. After the incident with his mother, we became closer.

(CONTINUED)

CLAIRE

What incident with his mother?

PHIL

You don't know? His mother killed herself when he was little. Sad to say, he was the one who found her.

CLAIRE

Oh my God.

PHIL

It fucked him up real bad. He was always trying to kill his self. It got to the point I couldn't leave him alone.

CLAIRE

That's terrible. I didn't know that.

PHIL

He's a secretive person. He doesn't open up, because he feels holding back pain makes him stronger. Back in the day, it was the complete opposite. Back then, he felt he had nothing to live for. I kept telling him he needs to live, because he's destined to be something special in life.

CLAIRE

You were his guardian angel?

PHIL

You can say that. He was mine, too.

CLAIRE

What do you mean?

PHIL

He took a knife for me. I thought he was about to die in my arms that day.

CLAIRE

Why would anyone want to hurt you? You're such a sweetheart.

PHIL

During that time, I was everything but a sweetheart. I did some dumb

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

PHIL (cont'd)  
shit, I knew I had no business  
doing.

CLAIRE  
I know what you mean.

PHIL  
That day showed he's a real friend.

CLAIRE  
Believe it or not. Bernard has a  
special place in my heart, I have  
to thank him for.

PHIL  
I'm listening.

CLAIRE  
It's not important right now.  
What's a fine, well-distinguished  
man doing single?

PHIL  
Drugs, alcohol and trying to be  
something I'm not.

CLAIRE  
Okay.

PHIL  
That's why I don't bother  
approaching women. I figure when  
they find out about my past, it's a  
wrap.

CLAIRE  
You approached me.

PHIL  
To tell you the truth, I was about  
to give up. Good old Bernard told  
me to keep pursuing.

They stop walking, and she turns looking at him.

CLAIRE  
I'm glad you kept pursuing me.  
Maybe we're what each other need,  
to wipe the others pain away.

PHIL

You think---

She grabs him by the back of the head, pulling him in for a deep passionate kiss.

They embrace for a moment, and then release.

CLAIRE

I need to get home and tend to a few things. How about when I'm done, I'll come over, and we can talk?

PHIL

Sounds good to me. I'll head to the house and freshen up.

CLAIRE

You do that.

She gives him one more kiss, before they walk back to their cars.

INT. BERNARD'S OFFICE - NIGHT

Bernard and Charlie stand in the room that's in shambles, lit by the moon and building lights coming through the window.

CHARLIE

It looks like we got here late.

BERNARD

We know where she's going.

Charlie picks up the picture Bernard had on his desk.

CHARLIE

How did you get over the thing with your mother?

BERNARD

I'm actually not over it. That's why I take cases reminding me of the incident. Like the case I just won, with the lady on trial for killing her husband.

CHARLIE

What about it?

(CONTINUED)

BERNARD

She killed him because he was  
always cheating, and beating her.

CHARLIE

She killed him out of rage?

BERNARD

She had a depression problem. In  
the state she was in, I'm surprised  
she didn't kill him, the kids and  
herself.

(Sighs)

You know when you get to the point  
where you have to do something?  
That moment of clarity to help you  
get through the pain. I kept having  
flashbacks of my incident, and I  
used that to help strengthen me win  
the case.

CHARLIE

So, winning the case helped you  
with your problem?

BERNARD

If I knew then, what I know now.

Charlie places the picture back on the desk, and pats  
Bernard on the back.

CHARLIE

I'm sorry about the comment I made  
before.

BERNARD

Sometimes I need to hear those  
words, so I can get through the  
rough times.

CHARLIE

You did good, kid. Let's go get the  
justice for those innocent people  
murdered.

Charlie walks out the room.

Bernard stands with tears in his eyes, sighing deeply,  
before walking out the room.

Bernard walks down the barely lit hallway with his head  
down, and the killer clothesline him across the throat from  
one of the other rooms, knocking him to the floor  
unconscious.

(CONTINUED)

Charlie is walking down the stairs, and then he stops when he notices Bernard isn't behind him.

He pulls his gun out, slowly making his way back upstairs.

CHARLIE

Come on kid, we need to get going!

Charlie gets to the top of the stairs pausing, seeing the outline of the killer.

CHARLIE CONT'D

Kid?

The killer opens fire, and Charlie quickly takes cover returning fire.

The two have a short and sweet shootout, because Charlie tries to get a clean shot, and gets shot in the shoulder, making him fall backwards down the stairs.

Charlie tumbles down the stairs losing his gun, and the killer is right behind him.

Charlie lands hard against the wall, sitting in pain with distorted vision.

The killer walks up kneeling down, placing the gun in his face.

CHARLIE

Kill me, you crazy bitch!

The killer pistol whips Charlie until he goes unconscious, and then goes back upstairs to get Bernard.

INT. BERNARD'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Bernard is tied to his bed with ropes on each wrist and his ankles, tied to the bed post, still unconscious.

The killer injects him with morphine.

As the killer gets ready to walk out the room, you can hear Phil coming in the house.

Phil is coming up the stairs.

PHIL (O.S.)

"B"! You won't believe what happened to me tonight.

He gets ready to go in the bedroom, and he pauses.

(CONTINUED)

PHIL CONT'D

You must be in there with Mary.  
Well, you have to excuse me,  
because you have to hear this.

He opens the door, and his mouth drops open seeing Bernard tied to the bed.

He rushes over trying to untie him.

The killer comes from behind the door, butcher knife in hand, walking behind Phil tapping him on the shoulder, making him turn around.

PHIL CONT'D

What the---

The Killer plunges the knife in Phil's right eye twisting it, and his body falls to the floor dead.

The killer picks Phil's dead body up, placing it on the bed next to Bernard, before walking out the room.

INT. THE STAIRS - NIGHT

Charlie is slowly waking up moaning in pain.

He takes his tie off wrapping it around the bullet wound tight, to stop the bleeding.

He stands to his feet still in pain, walking to get his gun, before leaving the building.

INT. BERNARD'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Candles are lit around the bed.

Bernard tosses and turns covered with sweat.

He's talking in his sleep.

BERNARD

Mommy! Get up mommy!

DISTORTED VOICE (O.S.)

Mommy can't help you.

BERNARD

What am I supposed to do, mommy?

(CONTINUED)

DISTORTED VOICE (O.S.)  
Wake up. I have a surprise for you.

Bernard slowly opens his eyes turning to the side, and he shrieks seeing Phil's dead body.

BERNARD  
What the fuck?!

Bernard struggles trying to get free from the ropes.

Mary stands at the head of the bed in the shadows, only allowing her face to be seen, with a cold stare in her eyes.

Bernard sees her, and stops trying to get free.

BERNARD CONT'D  
I knew it was you. Why didn't you  
kill me, and get the shit out the  
way?

She doesn't respond.

BERNARD CONT'D  
Say something!

JOEY (O.S.)  
I will.

BERNARD  
(Confused)  
Joey? What are you, her partner?

JOEY (O.S.)  
(laughs)  
How can I be her partner, and I  
killed her, too?

Joey lets Mary hair and shirt go, allowing her to fall face first onto the bed. The back of her skull is crushed in, with multiple stab wounds in her back.

Joey comes from the darkness dressed in a wife beater and jeans, walking over to Phil, snatching the knife from his face.

Bernard lies with tears falling from his eyes.

JOEY  
Would you look at this? Mr. Perfect  
has a heart after all.



BERNARD

You go to hell, you son of a bitch.

Joey walks over to Bernard.

JOEY

The hell part, I can probably get with. The son part is way off.

BERNARD

What are you saying? You're a woman?

JOEY

(Sighs)

I was. Besides. When I was a girl, you didn't care for me then, like you don't now.

BERNARD

What are you talking about?

JOEY

Back in high school, I was the flat chest girl with shaggy hair, bum clothes and messed up teeth.

BERNARD

I think you got the wrong guy, freak.

JOEY

Allow me to refresh your memory. Graduation day. A girl asks if she can have that special place in your heart.

Bernard lies silent, with his eyebrow raised.

JOEY CONT'D

I guess the ugly people are hard to remember. I mean, how can you remember a hideous beast named Josephine Shepard?

Bernard eyes widen.

BERNARD

It can't be.

INT. THE HIGH SCHOOL - THE HALLWAY - AFTERNOON (FLASHBACK)

Teenage Bernard and Teenage Phil are standing by the lockers dressed in their cap and gown.

TEENAGE BERNARD

This is it. This is the day we've been waiting for.

TEENAGE PHIL

This day starts the beginning of our lives.

TEENAGE BERNARD

Check out this ring.

Teenage Bernard holds out his right hand, showing off his mother's diamond wedding ring.

TEENAGE PHIL

That's cold. Where you get it from?

TEENAGE BERNARD

It was mama's wedding ring.

JOSEPHINE, (17) comes walking down the hall dressed in her gown, carrying her cap smiling.

She walks up behind Teenage Bernard tapping him on the shoulder.

JOSEPHINE

Can I talk to you for a minute?

He turns around and jumps back, as if he seen something that scared him.

TEENAGE BERNARD

Goddamn it, Scooby. What do you want?

JOSEPHINE

It's the end of the year. I was wondering---

TEENAGE PHIL

Just say what you have to say, so we can get the fuck on.

JOSEPHINE

I was wondering if we could exchange numbers, so we can keep in touch?

(CONTINUED)

Teenage Bernard and Teenage Phil look at each other, and break out laughing.

Josephine stands embarrassed.

TEENAGE PHIL  
Why the hell would he do that?

JOSEPHINE  
I wasn't talking to you, now was I?

TEENAGE BERNARD  
You two, cut it out.

Teenage Bernard takes Josephine hand kissing it, looking into her eyes.

TEENAGE BERNARD CONT'D  
Josephine, I would love to.

JOSEPHINE  
(Blushing)  
Would you, really?

He lets her hand go.

TEENAGE BERNARD  
Hell no! Get yo ass outta here,  
Scooby.

Teenage Bernard and Teenage Phil walk off laughing.

She runs up grabbing his shoulder, making him stop.

JOSEPHINE  
Bernard, I can be the woman you  
need. You have to give me the  
chance.

He backhands her with his right hand, turning around looking at her.

TEENAGE BERNARD  
What would I look like, dating  
something that looks like you?! I'd  
prefer death, than be seen with  
you!

She holds her bleeding face, crying.

He realizes what he's done, and tries comforting her, but she slaps him across the face.

She stares at him with insanity in her eyes, and blood coming from the long gash.

JOSEPHINE

Get the hell away from me!

TEENAGE BERNARD

I'm---

JOSEPHINE

You mark my words, Bernard Drive!  
It may not be today, or tomorrow!  
You're going to pay for what you  
did to me! Physically and mentally!

She takes off running down the hall crying.

Teenage Bernard gets ready to go after her, but Teenage Phil stops him.

TEENAGE PHIL

Just let her go. Who'll believe  
what that ugly bitch has to say?

TEENAGE BERNARD

...Maybe you're right.

He looks down seeing a piece of flesh and blood on the ring, rubbing it off.

COME BACK TO:

INT. BERNARD'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Joey stands over Bernard wiping the tear falling from his eye. Bernard is looking at him confused.

BERNARD

Wait a minute. You waited all these  
years to do this crazy shit?

JOEY

You would've taken forever too, if  
you had to plan, go through therapy  
and surgery. Didn't you get my  
message from Tim?

BERNARD

(Confused)

Tim? The only Tim I know is from  
high school, and I haven't seen him  
since.

(CONTINUED)

JOEY

You've seen him. He's not the terrifying threat who stabbed you, but you've seen him. Vengeance is only sweet, when you make the person you love realize how sweet it is.

BERNARD

(Laughs)

That was him? I thought he would be dead by now.

JOEY

(Laughs)

You might as well say he is.

BERNARD

You murdered those innocent people, just so you could get back at me? You're a fucking weirdo.

JOEY

It's okay, baby. You can finally be with a real woman.

BERNARD

What the fuck are you talking about?

JOEY

I may look like a man. But I still have my womanhood below, to satisfy a man. And, I'm still a virgin.

BERNARD

You're truly out of your fucking mind.

Joey takes a seat on the bed, patting Bernard on the chest.

JOEY

I know this. You finally get to be with a real woman. Because unlike your mother.

(Scoffs)

What a pathetic woman. But unlike her, I'll never leave you.

Bernard spits on him.

(CONTINUED)

BERNARD  
Fuck you, bitch!

Joey smiles ripping Bernard's shirt open, placing the knife on his stitched up wound, slowly dragging the knife across.

Bernard moans in pain.

JOEY  
We'll grow to love each other.

BERNARD  
...I'd prefer death.

JOEY  
I won't let you die, baby. We're going to be one big happy family. Since we're talking. Let me tell you how I killed your precious Mary here.  
(Picks her head up, and drops it)  
I'm actually glad I killed her. Not just because she slept with you. She was the key for me to set this up.

EXT. THE LAW OFFICE - NIGHT (FLASHBACK)

Mary staggers along the side of the building.

Joey waits in the shadows behind some trees watching her.

She gets to the back door leaning up against the wall, fumbling around in her purse for her key card, finally pulling the card out ready to use it.

Joey runs from the darkness grabbing her, covering her mouth, dragging her into the darkness behind the trees.

Mary struggles trying to get free.

Joey tosses her to the ground, turning her around, taking a seat on top of her.

MARY  
You---

He slaps her hard across the face.

(CONTINUED)

JOEY

Yes bitch, it's me. You should've kept your hands off my man, and you wouldn't have been on the list.

Joey pulls the butchers knife out, and Mary swings with all her might hitting him in the face, knocking him over to the side.

She gets up running, but Joey is quickly back on his feet right behind her, tripping her.

She falls face first to the ground.

Joey places his foot on her back so she can't move.

Mary screams out for help, as Joey leans down picking up a brick.

She continues screaming, as Joey cocks his arm back slinging the brick with full force to the back of her head, silencing her screams.

He sits on her back picking the brick up, hitting her in the head a few more times, cracking her skull open.

He goes to grab the butcher knife, walking back over to her dead body taking a seat on her back, stabbing her.

JOEY

You filthy bitch! He's not here to save you this time!

He stabs her one more time, leaving the knife in her back walking off.

COME BACK TO:

INT. BERNARD'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Joey sits with the tip of the knife on his lip smiling.

Bernard is devastated, with tears falling from his eyes.

JOEY

I went back to sabotage your office. And as I was coming out, you and your cop friend showed up. I guess it was a blessing in disguise.

(CONTINUED)

BERNARD

And you really think we're about to  
be together?

Joey leans down in Bernard's face, placing the knife to his  
throat.

JOEY

I don't think it, baby. I know.

EXT. BERNARD'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Bernard has a nice mini mansion.

Claire comes walking up the walkway.

She gets ready to ring the doorbell, and Charlie comes from  
behind one of the bushes aiming his gun at the back of her  
head, cocking the hammer back.

She puts her hands up in the air.

CHARLIE

(Whispering)

What are you doing here?

CLAIRE

(Nervous, whispering)

I came to see Bernard's friend.

Charlie lowers his gun.

Claire slowly turns around lowering her hands.

CHARLIE

That woman of his is the killer.  
I'm pretty sure she has him in  
there.

CLAIRE

Why are we standing here talking?

CHARLIE

This is some serious shit about to  
go down. I'm waiting for back up.

CLAIRE

My friend could possibly die, and  
you're standing here waiting for  
back up? I'm going in.

(CONTINUED)



CHARLIE

(Sighs)

No you're not. We're waiting for  
back up.

CLAIRE

You wait for back up. I'm helping  
my friend.

She gets ready to take off running, and he grabs her arm.

Sighing deep, he pulls a nine millimeter from his other  
holster, extending it to her. She pushes it away.

CLAIRE

I don't need that. I can handle  
myself.

CHARLIE

Okay. This---

She takes off running towards the back of the house.

The sound of breaking glass is heard, followed with the  
alarm blaring.

Charlie pulls his gun out, running towards the back of the  
house.

INT. BERNARD'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Joey places a gag in Bernard's mouth, and then gives him a  
kiss on the forehead.

JOEY

It sounds like we have guest, dear.  
Let me go take care of them, and  
I'll be right back.

Joey walks off.

Bernard starts mumbling, trying to say something.

Joey walks over to him, taking the gag from his mouth.

JOEY CONT'D

Yes, dear?

BERNARD

(Laughs)

I knew you had no social life.

(CONTINUED)

Joey gets frustrated, slashing Bernard across the chest, and then places the knife on his throat.

JOEY  
I might as well send you to your  
precious, Mary.

He gets ready to slit his throat, when Claire bursts into the room.

CLAIRE  
What the---

She covers her mouth from the gruesome scene.

JOEY  
Goddamn it, Claire.

CLAIRE  
You were the killer all this time?  
You killed Tom?

JOEY  
You act like it's a big loss.  
This...  
(Points at Bernard)  
This has nothing to do with you.  
Strong women like me and you need  
to stick together.

CLAIRE  
Strong women like me and you? What  
fucking drugs are you on?

Joey walks over to Claire with a sadistic look.

BERNARD  
He's a woman, Claire! She's a crazy  
bitch from my past, finally coming  
back to get me!

JOEY  
Pay him no mind. Me and you---

Claire hits Joey in the mouth making his head turn, taking a step back.

CLAIRE  
Why would I be a part of this?!

Joey looks at Claire smiling, licking the blood from his busted lip.

JOEY

Fuck it. I see there's no winning.

He tries to stab her, but she grabs his arm and the two tussle out the door.

Charlie has made his way upstairs ready to take aim.

They trip stumbling forward down the steps, knocking Charlie down with them.

Joey loses the knife on the steps, before the three hit the floor.

Claire and Charlie lie motionless.

Joey gets up laughing, walking back over to the stairs getting the knife.

JOEY

You see Claire. Since I'm a strong woman. It allows me to endure anything.

He walks over to Claire grabbing her by the back of the head, pulling it back.

JOEY CONT'D

Unfortunately, for you. This is the end of the story.

He gets ready to slit her throat, when a gunshot goes off.

Joey drops the knife, looking at the bullet hole in his shoulder.

Charlie is sitting up with his aim on Joey.

JOEY CONT'D

I don't recall this happening in my story.

CHARLIE

It happens when you leave someone alive in the last scene. They always come back to bite you in the ass.

Joey picks up the knife, smiling.

JOEY

Not in my story.

(CONTINUED)

CHARLIE

I'm tired. Just put the knife down,  
and we can all walk out breathing.

JOEY

You're in the way of a beautiful  
picture.

Joey charges at Charlie, and Charlie lets off four shots,  
making him fall back to the floor. Charlie slowly stands to  
his feet in pain, walking over to Claire.

Claire sits up, shaking the daze off.

CHARLIE

You okay over here?

CLAIRE

I had better days. Bernard is  
upstairs, tied to the bed.

CHARLIE

Okay. Let's get up there and---

Charlie drops to the floor dropping his gun, screaming in  
pain, grabbing at his bleeding ankle Joey slashed.

Joey has blood falling from his mouth and chest.

Claire picks up the gun taking aim.

JOEY

He's mine! You---

Claire lets off one shot hitting Joey in the head,  
splattering his brains on the floor.

Charlie continues holding his ankle in pain, looking up at  
Claire.

CHARLIE

Goddamn.

CLAIRE

It wanted something it couldn't  
have.

CHARLIE

Go outside and see if back up  
arrived. And find somebody to turn  
off this annoying ass alarm.

(CONTINUED)

CLAIRE

I'm on it.

She places the gun under her shirt.

EXT. BERNARD'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Coroner vans, ambulances, reporter vans and police cars are resting in front of the house. People are standing around looking stunned.

Reporters are trying to get to Bernard for interviews, but officers hold them back.

Medics are tending to Charlie on a stretcher.

Claire stands beside Bernard's stretcher.

BERNARD

Thanks Claire. A few more seconds,  
and my ass was done.

CLAIRE

I'm glad I could help. Can I ask  
you a question?

BERNARD

What?

CLAIRE

Do you remember the pedophile, they  
caught some years back?

BERNARD

I remember that sick bastard,  
because I got him life in jail.  
What about him?

CLAIRE

Along with giving him life. You  
took my unborn child's life, due to  
a miscarriage.

BERNARD

Huh?

CLAIRE

He was my soon to be husband, and  
father of my child I lost.

She pulls the gun from under her shirt, placing it to his head.

(CONTINUED)

The medics take off running.

MEDICS  
She's got a gun!

The officers on scene draw their guns taking aim.

The people and reporters scream, dropping to the ground.

Charlie sits up, taking aim.

CLAIRE  
A life for two lives. It sounds  
fair to me.

Bernard shakes his head, closing his eyes.

BERNARD  
You wanna kill me, Claire? Do what  
you have to do.

CLAIRE  
I hear by sentence you to death. No  
further questions.

A gunshot goes off, and blood sprays on Bernard's face.

He opens his eyes just in time to see the hole in Claire's head, before her body falls to the ground.

He sees Charlie, still with his aim focused towards him.

CHARLIE  
You owe me one, kid.

The medics come back over to Bernard, ready to place him in the ambulance.

BERNARD  
All this time...I thought she was a  
virgin.

The medics place him in the ambulance, and then get in themselves.

The ambulance pulls off.

The rain hits hard against the ambulance.

Bernard has a look of anguish on his face.

BERNARD  
I'm alone again.

MEDIC  
Excuse me, sir?

BERNARD  
Nothing. I was thinking aloud.

MEDIC  
Okay.

BERNARD  
I wanna go home.

MEDIC  
Sir?

BERNARD  
I'm sorry. This was an eventful evening. Can you loosen my straps, please? I feel a tad bit dizzy.

The medic loosens the straps.

BERNARD CONT'D  
Thank you. I'm going home now.

Bernard sits up shoving the medic to the side, kicking the door open, jumping out onto the street.

He tumbles to the ground, and when he stands to his feet, he gets hit by a car, rolling up and over the top, landing on the ground dead.

The look on his face says he's happy with the outcome.

EXT. THE CEMETERY - MORNING

It's a clear day.

Charlie stands in front of Bernard's tombstone dressed in a black suit with his arm in a sling, holding a bouquet of blue roses.

CHARLIE  
I guess this is the way it had to end, huh kid? I tell you one thing. You can finally rest in peace.

He places the roses down, pulling a cigarette out placing it in his mouth, lighting it.

(CONTINUED)

Exhaling slow and calm nodding his head yes, he turns his back walking away.

SLOWLY FADE TO BLACK:

"Depression leads to various outcomes, all of which are bad. Don't let the burden of what happened to you or someone you know bring you down. Life is to be enjoyed by the day. Live your life to the fullest, or you'll die old or young and miserable. And dying that way would be for what?".

Bernard Mersier

In loving memory, and will never be forgotten. Mary K. Lewis, Shawn P, Richie, Sweetie Mae Peterson, Kenyon Reese, Ken, Macc 3, Reese and Lamar.