

CONVICTION

Written by

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FADE IN:

EXT. CITY ALLEY - NIGHT

Heavy rain assaults the asphalt, THUNDER erupts overhead. Flood lights illuminate a battered, bloody dumpster, one of its doors propped open from a purplish colored human leg. POLICE keep ONLOOKERS away from the scene.

HANNAH LINDKIRK, 40, in a pant suit and black raincoat, smoking a cigarette, holds an umbrella. She walks towards her partner THOMAS GREENBILL, 50, well groomed, wearing jeans, a long dark overcoat, no umbrella.

LINDKIRK  
Is it another one?

GREENBILL  
Not sure yet.

Greenbill puts on surgical gloves. Lindkirk studies the leg.

LINDKIRK  
Shit.

Lindkirk tosses her cigarette.

GREENBILL  
If you don't want to be here for  
this--

LINDKIRK  
Let's just get this over with.

Greenbill slowly opens the door of the dumpster as he and Lindkirk both peer inside.

LINDKIRK (CONT'D)  
Jesus.

Lindkirk turns and looks away.

GREENBILL  
Fuck me.

Greenbill slowly closes the dumpster lid, then removes his gloves.

LINDKIRK  
Who called this in?

Greenbill motions to a PATROL MAN nearby.

GREENBILL  
(to patrol man)  
Hey, who made the call?

PATROL MAN  
Anonymous.

GREENBILL  
No name?

PATROL MAN  
That's what anonymous means.

GREENBILL  
Funny, you come up with that on  
your own?

Greenbill eyes the dumpster, then looks at Lindkirk who is lighting another cigarette.

GREENBILL (CONT'D)  
Those things will kill ya.

Lindkirk takes a long drag from her cigarette, looks at Greenbill, then flicks the cigarette.

GREENBILL (CONT'D)  
Look, we've been at this case for months now. I understand if you can't--

LINDKIRK  
Can't what? You think I'm just going to walk away?

GREENBILL  
That's not what I meant.

Greenbill notices a SUSPICIOUS PERSON in the crowd, age and gender unknown, wearing a hat, a bandana covers the face. The Suspicious Person is snapping pictures with a cell phone.

GREENBILL (CONT'D)  
(to Suspicious Person)  
Hey, you.

The Suspicious Person puts the phone down and begins to back away.

GREENBILL (CONT'D)  
Hey, come here for a minute.

Lindkirk begins following Greenbill. Greenbill motions to a FAT PATROL MAN to stop the Suspicious Person.

GREENBILL (CONT'D)  
I just want to ask you a few  
questions.

The Suspicious Person turns and begins to run. The Fat Patrol Man starts to give chase, but quickly gives up. Greenbill runs past the Fat Patrol Man.

GREENBILL (CONT'D)  
(to Fat Patrol Man)  
Move.

EXT. CITY SIDEWALK - NIGHT

Still raining hard, streetlights are few, carving night from the pavement below. Lightning flashes pierce the night sky. THUNDER crackles and growls.

Greenbill chases after the Suspicious Person with Lindkirk in tow. Lindkirk passes the Fat Patrol Man who is out of breath.

LINDKIRK  
(to Fat Patrol Man)  
Call it in.

Greenbill is running ahead of Lindkirk, who is struggling to keep up.

GREENBILL  
(to Suspicious Person)  
Stop, police.

The Suspicious Person turns a corner and enters an abandoned building through a broken piece of wood that was covering a window on the first floor.

Greenbill turns the corner and sees the board moving. Lindkirk is about two blocks behind. Greenbill slowly edges towards the window, pushes the board aside, peaks in, then enters.

INT. ABANDONED WAREHOUSE - HALLWAY - NIGHT

Heavy rain PINGS off of the metal roof. THUNDER crashes hard. Lightning flashes through the windows as it electrifies the night air.

Greenbill pulls out a flashlight and wipes his face. He powers the flashlight to reveal a long, dirty, cob web laden hallway, papers strewn about, wet footprints lead toward the other end. He removes a police radio from his pocket.

GREENBILL  
(into radio)  
Adam eleven, code eight.

The radio is nothing but STATIC.

GREENBILL (CONT'D)  
Adam eleven, code eight.

Still STATIC on the radio.

GREENBILL (CONT'D)  
Fuck, fuck it.

Greenbill draws his gun and slowly starts down the hallway. Rain drips from his brow. His gun and flashlight are covered in a sheen of water from the rain.

EXT. ABANDONED WAREHOUSE - NIGHT

Lindkirk rounds the corner and pauses, not seeing Greenbill or the Suspicious Person. She pulls out her police radio.

LINDKIRK  
(into radio)  
Adam Twelve.

DISPATCHER (V.O.)  
Adam Twelve, go ahead.

LINDKIRK  
Central, code eight, corner of  
Lambert and Third.

DISPATCHER (V.O.)  
Adam Twelve, copy code eight,  
corner of Lambert and Third.

Lindkirk puts the radio away and notices the board pushed aside on the warehouse window. She pulls out her flashlight and looks inside.

LINDKIRK  
Greenbill?

Lindkirk moves the board out of the way. She turns on the flashlight, but it flickers, she hits it with her hand and it corrects itself. She points it inside.

Lindkirk's flashlight throws light down the same dark hallway that Greenbill entered. She sees a set of wet footsteps that have washed away parts of the dirty floor. She enters.

## INT. ABANDONED WAREHOUSE - HALLWAY - NIGHT

Lindkirk, stands in a dirty hallway, a rat runs by. She draws a handgun from her hip and points it forward. Walking slowly, she inspects each room briefly until she comes to a turn in the hallway.

Lindkirk is wet from the rain. Her gun and flashlight drip water as her hand trembles. Lindkirk's flashlight flickers.

LINDKIRK  
(to herself)  
Shit, shit.

Lindkirk smacks the flashlight and the flickering stops. She begins to hear the faint noise of a muffled voice. As she makes her way around the turn in the hallway the muffled VOICE gets louder.

LINDKIRK (CONT'D)  
Greenbill, that you? Greenbill?

Lindkirk stumbles into an old cigarette trash bin, causing it to fall with a loud CRASH. Lindkirk freezes, the muffled voice stops.

LINDKIRK (CONT'D)  
Shit.

Lindkirk's flashlight flickers, the muffled voice begins again. She smacks the flashlight, but this time it goes out. The air is black and thick.

Lindkirk places her hand on the wall and uses it to guide her toward the muffled voice. She comes to a small room and inches forward as the floor CREAKS.

## INT. ABANDONED WAREHOUSE - OFFICE - NIGHT

A figure of a person, on their knees, is barely visible. Lindkirk smacks her flashlight again, no light. She slowly enters the room, checking her angles with her weapon.

LINDKIRK  
Greenbill? Greenbill?

Lindkirk proceeds towards the figure. A loud CLICK sound fills the room as a flashlight is pointed right in Lindkirk's eyes.

SUSPICIOUS PERSON  
Drop the fucking weapon.

The Suspicious Person speaks as if trying to hide their true identity. It is not clear if this is the voice of a male or a female.

LINDKIRK  
Police, you--

SUSPICIOUS PERSON  
Drop the fucking weapon or I put  
one right in his fucking head.

The Suspicious Person points the flashlight at a kneeling Greenbill, who has his mouth and hands taped. Lindkirk can now see that this is the same Suspicious Person they were chasing. The Suspicious Person rams a gun into Greenbill's head.

SUSPICIOUS PERSON (CONT'D)  
OK, he dies--

LINDKIRK  
Wait. OK, OK. Shit.

Lindkirk lowers her weapon.

SUSPICIOUS PERSON  
Good, now empty the chamber, remove  
the clip, and throw it on the  
floor.

Greenbill is shaking his head in disagreement. The Suspicious Person smacks him with the gun.

SUSPICIOUS PERSON (CONT'D)  
Shut the fuck up.

Lindkirk complies, empties the chamber, removes the clip, and throws her gun to the floor.

LINDKIRK  
What do you want?

SUSPICIOUS PERSON  
You think you are so clever? You  
think you know who the fuck you are  
dealing with?

LINDKIRK  
I don't understand--

The Suspicious Person starts thrusting his hips into the back of Greenbill's head. He then starts rubbing the pistol through Greenbill's bloodied hair.

LINDKIRK (CONT'D)  
Let's talk about this--

SUSPICIOUS PERSON  
Talk? Talk is for procrastination.

The Suspicious Person smacks Greenbill again with the gun, then points it towards Lindkirk. THUNDER rattles the metal roof. The rain still heavy.

SUSPICIOUS PERSON (CONT'D)  
(to Lindkirk)  
Get on your knees.

Lindkirk, drops to her knees, she looks at Greenbill who is now visibly bleeding from the head. The Suspicious Person walks around behind Lindkirk, bends down, and presses his lips upon her ear.

SUSPICIOUS PERSON (CONT'D)  
I am the resurrection and the life.  
The one who believes in me will  
live, even though they die; and  
whoever lives by believing in me  
will never die. Do you believe  
this?

LINDKIRK  
Wait, what? I don't understand--

SUSPICIOUS PERSON  
Do you believe this? Yes or no?

LINDKIRK  
Yes, yes, OK I believe, I believe--

SUSPICIOUS PERSON  
Wrong answer, everyone dies.

The Suspicious Person aims the gun at Greenbill, cocks the trigger.

SUSPICIOUS PERSON (CONT'D)  
Say good night.

LINDKIRK  
Wait, you--

The Suspicious Person shoots Greenbill right between the eyes. Greenbill goes limp and falls face first to the floor. Blood rushes from his head, pushing the dirt on the floor aside.

Lindkirk tries to wipe her face with her hand. She smears the splattered blood across her cheek.

LINDKIRK (CONT'D)

No, why--

SUSPICIOUS PERSON

How powerful the words of a wrong answer.

Lindkirk slumps over, tears stream down her dirtied and bloodied face.

LINDKIRK

I will kill you. I will kill you.

The Suspicious Person turns towards Lindkirk, points their gun, cocks the trigger. Lindkirk, looks up, stares down the barrel.

SUSPICIOUS PERSON

No, no, it's not your time just yet. Fools give full vent to their rage, but the wise bring calm in the end.

SIRENS sound outside as blue and red lights flash through the windows. The sound of a dog BARKING overpowers the rain pelting the metal roof.

SUSPICIOUS PERSON (CONT'D)

For now, it's not goodbye, but nap time. Sweet dreams.

The Suspicious Person smacks Lindkirk on the back of the head with their pistol. Lindkirk, out cold, falls face first to the floor, the blood from Greenbill pools around her face.

EXT. COUNTRY ROAD - DAY

A mid-1990s pickup truck travels down a dirt road. The truck turns into a tree lined driveway, which links to an old farmhouse.

SUPER: "Two years later"

EXT. LINDKIRK HOUSE - DRIVEWAY - DAY

The truck, dirty, rattling, parks next to the old farmhouse, then chokes to a stop. Lindkirk exits. She appears less rough than before, carrying groceries, she walks towards the front door.

The front door swings open violently, out walks IAN HUMES, 50, well dressed, carries books under one arm, a briefcase in the other.

IAN  
I'm late.

Lindkirk leans in, gives him a kiss.

LINDKIRK  
Love you.

Ian runs towards the driveway, jumps in an SUV, and speeds away. Lindkirk waves him off.

INT. LINDKIRK HOUSE - FOYER - DAY

Lindkirk enters the front door to a tidy, modern interior. Area rugs line the hallway toward the kitchen. Lindkirk makes her way down the hallway.

INT. LINDKIRK HOUSE - KITCHEN - DAY

Lindkirk plops the bag of groceries on the counter, a few dirty dishes sit in the sink. A ceiling fan churns overhead, cutting through the thick, warm, dusty air. Lindkirk pulls the curtains open over the sink, allowing the golden yellow sunlight to spill into the room.

She begins to wash the dishes. Her cellphone rings. She answers.

LINDKIRK  
Lindkirk.

She listens for a bit, then starts pacing.

LINDKIRK (CONT'D)  
Are you sure?

She pulls out a box of cigarettes from a drawer, removes a cigarette, her hands shaking, she lights it. She draws a long drag from the filter.

LINDKIRK (CONT'D)  
I'm on my way.

She hangs up the phone and takes another long drag from her cigarette, hands still shaking, she nibbles on her nail.

## EXT. POLICE STATION - DAY

Lindkirk pulls into the parking lot of a small, old police station, situated in the middle of a typical small American town. Her truck screeches to a stop in a parking spot.

Lindkirk, still smoking, exits the truck, and drops her cigarette. She walks towards the police station, her eyes focused, she ignores everything around her.

## INT. POLICE STATION - DAY

The inside of the police station is larger than it appears from outside. It's a busy station for a small town. The decor is drab, and somewhat dirty, and appears to have not been updated since the '70s.

Lindkirk enters the building, heads towards a security keypad on a wall next to a steel door, enters her pin. The door unlocks with a CLANK. She enters, the door CLANKS again behind her.

## INT. POLICE STATION - CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY

Assistant district attorney AMANDA BOWEN, 35, pant suit, looks out of place, sits at one end of a long, worn, conference table. Detective TOM FENNER, 55, fat, dressed in a last decades suit, sits next to her.

Detective ARNIE POTTS, 60, hillbilly-ish, thin, chewing on a half smoked cigar, sits across from Fenner and is doodling on a legal pad.

The CHIEF, a broad man, late 60s, rough looking like he has been around the block, stands at one end, hands resting on a podium.

There is a yellowish screen setup behind the Chief. Lindkirk enters, everyone stops talking.

CHIEF  
Lindkirk, sit down, please.

BOWEN  
(to Lindkirk)  
Hey.

LINDKIRK  
Hey.  
(to Chief)  
Was there a message left?

CHIEF  
We'll get to that.

The Chief motions to Fenner to kill the lights in the conference room and shut the door. The Chief turns on an overhead projector, the light illuminates part of his face. The fan of the project Hisses through the silence.

CHIEF (CONT'D)  
I don't think I need to remind anyone in here that this does not leave this room.

The Chief walks to the conference room windows, and pulls the blinds.

CHIEF (CONT'D)  
Last thing we need is a fucking panic in this town.

The Chief smacks a key on the laptop, and the projector throws an image of a JOHN DOE 1 onto the screen. Bloodied, semi-covered in leaves, hands bound to feet. He looks to be a young boy in his early teens.

CHIEF (CONT'D)  
Found by a jogger this morning--

LINDKIRK  
Why wasn't I called right away? I--

The conference room door swings open, in walks KEVIN MACMURRAY, mid-40s, confident, handsome in a rough way, wearing jeans, and a sports coat over a tee-shirt.

MACMURRAY  
Sorry I'm late.

Macmurray sits across from Lindkirk. He puts his briefcase down on the table and snaps it open. He pulls out a notepad and begins writing.

CHIEF  
Everyone this is special agent Macmurray.  
(to Macmurray)  
This is everyone else.

Macmurray nods. Lindkirk eyes him, suspicious.

CHIEF (CONT'D)  
Macmurray is on loan to us from the F.B.I., and will be leading this investigation.  
(MORE)

CHIEF (CONT'D)  
Lindkirk, meet your new partner. He  
was at the scene this morning--

LINDKIRK  
(to Chief)  
Chief, if I could just--

CHIEF  
I know what you are going to say,  
the answer is no.

LINDKIRK  
Chief, you know I'm the most  
qualified here for this case--

POTTS  
Christ, you just started here not  
two months ago. What makes you so  
special?

Macmurray pauses writing in his notepad and looks up.

MACMURRAY  
(to Lindkirk)  
Any reason you think I'm not  
qualified?

CHIEF  
Look, we are all on the same team  
here.

The Chief starts walking towards the door of the conference room. All eyes on him.

CHIEF (CONT'D)  
Macmurray, my office, now.

Lindkirk stands.

CHIEF (CONT'D)  
Sit down Lindkirk.

INT. POLICE STATION - CHIEF'S OFFICE - DAY

The Chief's office is dimly lit, his desk is in disarray. Plaques and certifications hang on the wall in no discernible order. Dust particles are illuminated by the sunlight peeking in from small slits in the blinds.

The Chief sits in his chair behind his desk. Macmurray takes up position on the other side, he crosses his arms, as if growing impatient.

CHIEF

Let's get this out of the way,  
shall we?

MACMURRAY

I was assured there wouldn't be any  
issues when I agreed to take this  
case.

The Chief stares at Macmurray, takes a semi-smoked cigar from an ashtray on the desk, places it in his mouth.

CHIEF

Do you mind?

Before Macmurray can respond, the Chief lights the cigar with a match, then puffs a few times.

CHIEF (CONT'D)

Two years ago, a young boy was  
found in a city dumpster, around  
the same age as our John Doe--

MACMURRAY

This is not new news--

CHIEF

A note was also found with that  
victim.

MACMURRAY

Go on.

CHIEF

Lindkirk was the lead investigator  
on the case. All in all, fifteen  
kids were murdered, all boys. At  
each crime scene a note was left.

MACMURRAY

Well, maybe she should be leading  
this--

CHIEF

She started to take the case  
personally, some say she was on the  
edge of requesting reassignment--

MACMURRAY

Can't say I blame her.

CHIEF

Her partner was murdered at the last scene, shot, right in front of her. She left the department soon after.

Macmurray gets up from the chair, paces a bit in deep thought, and sits back down.

CHIEF (CONT'D)

She moved away from the city, away from all of that, eventually making her way to this department, after taking some time off of course. I was skeptical at first about taking her on, so I called a friend of mine downtown.

MACMURRAY

And she--

CHIEF

She has never tried to hide this. I had asked for her side of the story before she was hired, and it all checked out.

MACMURRAY

So, the suspect knows her?

CHIEF

I hope you bring more than that Macmurray.

INT. POLICE STATION - CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY

Lindkirk is in a trance, staring at the image on the projector. She notices what appears to be long, thin wounds on the back of John Doe 1. Fenner and Potts are conversing among themselves.

LINDKIRK

(to Fenner and Potts)

Hey, Laurel and Hardy, what do you make of these?

Fenner and Potts look at each other, then at Lindkirk. Lindkirk gets up, places her hand on the projector screen, her fingers trace the wounds.

FENNER

Could be knife wounds?

LINDKIRK

No blood.

POTTS

Maybe he was thrown--

The Chief and Macmurray enter. The Chief makes his way back towards the podium. Macmurray stops at the end of the table.

MACMURRAY

(to Lindkirk)

You notice too?

LINDKIRK

Do you know what these are?

MACMURRAY

I'm not sure yet. Waiting on the medical examiner--

LINDKIRK

They look like wounds caused from a whip--

BOWEN

That's sick.

POTTS

But, no blood.

LINDKIRK

These are not antemortem wounds.

CHIEF

OK, now now, let's not get ahead of ourselves.

Macmurray looks back at the image on screen, cocks his head. He walks towards the projector screen.

MACMURRAY

My god.

INT. MEDICAL EXAMINER'S OFFICE - EXAMINATION ROOM - DAY

Lindkirk and Macmurray stand by a gurney, a sheet covers a small figure. The room is dated and dark, except for an overhead surgical light which is BUZZING. The floor is freshly wet.

In walks DR. ELVERSON, mid-70s, hunched in stature, wearing a bow tie, carrying a chart.

DR. ELVERSON  
Welcome detectives--

MACMURRAY  
(to Dr. Elverson)  
Special agent.

Dr. Elverson looks at Macmurray briefly, then looks down at his chart.

DR. ELVERSON  
Let's see, male, age approximately 12 years. We should have dental records done tomorrow, and can hopefully give this poor boy a name. Cause of death appears to be from dehydration.

MACMURRAY  
Dehydration?

Lindkirk spots wounds on the boys hands, just below his palms.

LINDKIRK  
And these?

DR. ELVERSON  
Puncture wounds maybe, but there is also tearing through the hands and feet.

MACMURRAY  
From?

DR. ELVERSON  
Hard to say, but it's not from a knife.

LINDKIRK  
A stake?

DR. ELVERSON  
Possibly. Oh, and there are others here.

Dr. Elverson removes the sheet, and lifts up the leg of John Doe 1. He points to a wound just below the knee.

DR. ELVERSON (CONT'D)  
Same puncture wounds and tearing of the flesh on both legs.

LINDKIRK

What about the wounds on the back?

Dr. Elverson lifts the shoulder of John Doe 1 off of the table, exposing the strange marks.

DR. ELVERSON

Yes, these are postmortem, some sort of blunt object--

LINDKIRK

A whip?

DR. ELVERSON

Yes. Yes. That could certainly cause this.

MACMURRAY

But postmortem?

DR. ELVERSON

Definitely. Your John Doe was dead for over ten hours before he received these wounds.

INT. MACMURRAY'S CAR - DAY

Lindkirk stares out of the passenger window, biting her nail. Cow pastures and horse farms stream by. Macmurray adjusts the rearview mirror.

LINDKIRK

Mind if I smoke?

MACMURRAY

No, but those things will kill you.

Lindkirk lights a cigarette, then takes a long drag.

MACMURRAY (CONT'D)

So, you really think it's a whip?

LINDKIRK

Just a guess.

MACMURRAY

Maybe we should review the previous cases?

LINDKIRK

I guess you heard.

MACMURRAY

Look, I'm not here to judge.  
Whoever did this is sick, and I  
want this bastard just as much as  
you do. To kill a kid is beyond  
evil.

Lindkirk looks at Macmurray, then turns back to look out of the car window.

INT. POLICE STATION - LINDKIRK DESK - NIGHT

Lindkirk sits at her desk, a coffee cup sits in front of a picture of Lindkirk and Ian. There is a box on the floor beside her, filled with folders.

Macmurray slides a chair over next to Lindkirk's desk.

MACMURRAY

These all of them?

LINDKIRK

That's all of them apparently.

MACMURRAY

I thought there would be more.

LINDKIRK

The killings stopped after I quit.  
Today was the first one since I  
left the city.

Lindkirk sorts through the folders in the box. She removes a few and place them on the desk. She opens one to reveal a set of crime scene photos.

LINDKIRK (CONT'D)

This one. This is from the last  
scene I was at.

Macmurray moves his chair next to Lindkirk, he gets close. They both examine a picture of a naked boy in a dumpster, head first, mixed in with the trash, his leg hangs out of the top, purplish in color.

MACMURRAY

What's this?

Macmurray points to a note situated in the dumpster, next to the boy.

LINDKIRK

The signature note, they were left  
at all of the scenes.

Macmurray grabs a magnifying glass from the desk. He begins to read the note out loud.

MACMURRAY

But if the wicked will turn from  
all his sins that he hath  
committed, and keep all my  
statutes, and do that which is  
lawful and right, he shall surely  
live, he shall not die.

LINDKIRK

Ezekiel chapter eighteen--

MACMURRAY

Verse twenty one.

Lindkirk looks at Macmurray, he smiles at her, she smiles back, then looks back down at the picture. Macmurray keeps looking at her, catches himself, then notices the picture on Lindkirk's desk behind the coffee cup.

MACMURRAY (CONT'D)

Who's the lucky guy?

Lindkirk smiles.

LINDKIRK

My husband Ian.

MACMURRAY

Lucky man.

LINDKIRK

He would probably argue otherwise.

Macmurray looks back through the magnifying glass at the photo.

MACMURRAY

So, any idea on the meaning of the  
notes? Motive?

LINDKIRK

Nothing we could pinpoint.  
Greenbill always believed that the  
kids themselves were the clue.

MACMURRAY

And you thought?

LINDKIRK  
I didn't know what to think.

Macmurray picks up another picture from the desk and examines it.

MACMURRAY  
So fifteen previous victims?

LINDKIRK  
Fifteen, right.

MACMURRAY  
All had notes?

LINDKIRK  
Every one.

MACMURRAY  
Oldest victim?

LINDKIRK  
Sixteen.

MACMURRAY  
Youngest?

Lindkirk grabs her pack of cigarettes, smacks it on the side causing a single cigarette to slide out. She strikes a match and lights it, taking a drag.

LINDKIRK  
Eight.

Macmurray rubs his face.

MACMURRAY  
What could drive someone to murder  
a child?

LINDKIRK  
All leads ran dry, no fingerprints,  
or fibers at the scenes or on the  
victims. Total forensic strike out.  
It's like the suspect knew about  
our procedures.

MACMURRAY  
Were they all--

LINDKIRK  
Whipped? No, this is something new.  
Same with the puncture wounds.  
(MORE)

LINDKIRK (CONT'D)

The only thing the others had in common were the cause of death, asphyxiation.

Macmurray continues flipping through crime scene photos.

MACMURRAY

Give me ten minutes with this lunatic. Jail might be too lenient a sentence.

Lindkirk smashes her cigarette in an ash tray, she leans over towards Macmurray.

LINDKIRK

You know, our suspect said something to me that night, something that stuck with me all this time.

Macmurray calms himself a bit, and looks towards Lindkirk.

LINDKIRK (CONT'D)

Fools give full vent to their rage, but the wise bring calm in the end.

MACMURRAY

Meaning?

LINDKIRK

I'm not totally sure, but maybe if Greenbill would have followed that advice, he might still be alive today.

INT. LINDKIRK HOUSE - BEDROOM - NIGHT

Lindkirk slides into bed, greeting Ian who is woken by her presence. Ian rolls over in bed and they face each other.

IAN

Late night, huh? Everything good?

LINDKIRK

I don't understand why this is--

Ian sits up in bed and turns the light on.

IAN

What is it? Are you OK?

Ian begins rubbing Lindkirk's arm.

LINDKIRK

I just can't believe this is  
happening again.

Lindkirk begins to break down, Ian holds her.

LINDKIRK (CONT'D)

I thought I could run away, and  
move away to leave that all behind.

IAN

We can always pack up right now and  
head down the road, sell the house,  
and plant ourselves in a new town.

Lindkirk wipes the tears from her face.

LINDKIRK

I don't know what to do. I don't  
know if I can go through this  
again, but I can't keep running  
away.

IAN

It's not your fault, whatever you  
need, I'm here.

Ian leans in, kisses Lindkirk on the forehead, reaches over  
and turns off the light.

INT. LINDKIRK HOUSE - BEDROOM - NIGHT

The wind is whipping outside as rain pelts the bedroom  
window. Lindkirk's cell phone is sitting on the night stand  
as it begins to vibrate, then rings.

Lindkirk, still half asleep, struggles to answer the phone.

LINDKIRK

Lindkirk.

Lindkirk instantly comes out of her groggy state, and sits  
straight up in bed. THUNDER crashes, lightning glows through  
the bedroom window.

LINDKIRK (CONT'D)

I'm on my way.

She hangs up the phone and jumps out of bed.

EXT. OLD BARN - NIGHT

The rain is still steady. Lindkirk arrives to find the scene abuzz with POLICE. Light from the barn reflects on top of the puddles outside.

INT. OLD BARN - NIGHT

Flashes and camera CLICKS fill the air. Potts and Fenner talk amongst themselves as Lindkirk brushes by. Macmurray is kneeling, but Lindkirk can't see what he is inspecting.

LINDKIRK  
Macmurray?

MACMURRAY  
Got another one.

Macmurray stands up revealing JOHN DOE 2, a semi-naked BOY, covered in hay. Same postmortem wounds appear on the boy's back. Lindkirk moves closer to the boy's body for a better look. She kneels down as she puts on rubber gloves.

LINDKIRK  
Same wounds as we've seen on our  
John Doe 1.

MACMURRAY  
Appears to be. Though we don't know  
for sure yet.

LINDKIRK  
Either you are too stupid to see,  
or you just don't want to see it.  
These wounds are the same.

MACMURRAY  
Look, we are on the same side here.

Lindkirk notices something glistening in the hay near the boy's body. She reaches down with a pen and pushes some of the hay aside.

MACMURRAY (CONT'D)  
What is it.

LINDKIRK  
Not sure.

Lindkirk uses her pen to lift up what appears to be a gold chain. As she lifts it from the hay, a cross emerges. There is a small note taped to the cross.

Lindkirk looks over at Macmurray.

MACMURRAY  
Can you read it?

Macmurray CLICKS on his flashlight and shines it towards the cross on the chain. Lindkirk begins to read from the note.

LINDKIRK  
Affliction will slay the wicked,  
and those who hate the righteous  
will be condemned.

MACMURRAY  
Any ideas?

LINDKIRK  
Only that the killings appear to be linked, the marks on the bodies appear to be the same. The notes religious in nature. These are linked.

MACMURRAY  
So you are suggesting a serial killer? Is that coming from your gut, or from your judgement as a detective?

Lindkirk stands up, removes her gloves.

LINDKIRK  
You have only seen two of these.  
I'm at seventeen now. When you get that high you let me know about keeping feelings out of it.

Lindkirk pushes her rubber gloves in Macmurray's chest as she walks away.

MACMURRAY  
Where are you going?

LINDKIRK  
Home. You appear to have this one under control.

Lindkirk makes her way back towards Potts and Fenner. Potts reaches out and grabs her arm.

POTTS  
So, you see the marks?

LINDKIRK

I thought you were smarter than  
that Potts.

FENNER

Look, we might not be big city  
detectives, but we've been around  
long enough to know a thing or two.

LINDKIRK

Yes, I saw them.

POTTS

You still think they are whip  
marks? You think our suspect is  
whipping his victims after he kills  
them?

LINDKIRK

Do I think they are whip marks?  
Yes. I guess that answers your  
second question.

FENNER

What kind of sick fuck?

Fenner walks away from Potts and Lindkirk.

POTTS

(to Lindkirk)

Let me know if you need anything.

EXT. POLICE STATION - DAY

Lindkirk pulls up to the station in her truck. News vans line  
the street, REPORTERS are swarming outside of the station.  
The reporters notice Lindkirk and rush over as she steps out  
of her truck.

REPORTER 1

Can you tell us any details about  
the victims?

LINDKIRK

No comment.

REPORTER 2

Any suspects?

LINDKIRK

No comment.

REPORTER 3

Are the victims actually being  
whipped after they are killed.

Lindkirk stops, and stares at the reporter who asked the question. She then pushes her way through the crowd and into the police station.

INT. POLICE STATION - CHIEF'S OFFICE - DAY

Lindkirk and Macmurray sit in front of the Chief's desk. The Chief is looking through photos of the crime scene from the barn.

CHIEF

Any word on our John Doe 1?

MACMURRAY

No word yet from the M.E.

CHIEF

Keep on them.

(to Lindkirk)

You still of the belief that these  
boys were whipped?

LINDKIRK

I am. Funny though, the media asked  
me the same thing today.

The Chief looks over at Macmurray. Macmurray peers up from his notebook.

LINDKIRK (CONT'D)

I only told Fenner and Potts, and  
Ian, but--

MACMURRAY

I didn't speak to anyone about it.

The Chief leans back in his chair, opens a desk drawer, pulls out a cigar, and lights it.

CHIEF

You know, with all of this rain  
lately, I found out that I need a  
new roof on my house.

MACMURRAY

What's that got to do with this.

CHIEF

It leaks, and you know, the one  
thing I can't stand is a leak, it  
ruins everything.

The Chief leans forward in his chair and slams the folder shut. A loud THUMP fills the room. He places his cigar in the ash tray and folds his hands together.

CHIEF (CONT'D)

From now on, I want all information  
kept between the three of us. Is  
that clear?

MACMURRAY

Clear chief.

LINDKIRK

Clear.

The Chief gets up from his chair and walks over to the office door, opening it.

CHIEF

Now get out there and find this son  
of a bitch.

INT. POLICE STATION - LINDKIRK DESK - DAY

Lindkirk is sifting through a few documents as her desk phone rings. She picks it up, hugs it with her chin and shoulder.

LINDKIRK

Lindkirk.

Lindkirk quickly flips the phone to her other ear and grabs a pen and paper. She begins writing furiously.

LINDKIRK (CONT'D)

Where? What's the cross street?

Lindkirk hangs up the phone and quickly jumps up.

MACMURRAY

What is it.

LINDKIRK

We got something. Let's go.

EXT. CORN FIELD - DAY

Lindkirk and Macmurray pull up to an intersection. Each corner has corn planted as far as the eye can see. A lone patrol car sits parked on the side of the road.

A HICK POLICE OFFICER, mid-40s, pudgy, wad of tobacco in his mouth, steps out of his patrol car to meet them.

LINDKIRK

Anyone else know about this?

HICK POLICE OFFICER

Chief's orders were to only tell  
you two 'bout this stuff.

The Hick Police Officer spits to the side.

HICK POLICE OFFICER (CONT'D)

Shit, I don't know what it is, but  
after radioing the Chief, he said  
to call you. Pretty darn fucked up  
in there.

MACMURRAY

Which way?

HICK POLICE MAN

Right there.

The Hick Police Officer points towards what appears to be a path through the corn rows. Lindkirk enters with Macmurray behind. They come to a flattened section of corn stalks, in a circular pattern.

Blood marks stain the green stalks, an old, weathered, wooden table with a jug of what appears to be water sits on one side. Facing the table, a cross made from wood, blood stains mark where hands and feet would be placed.

MACMURRAY

Our first John Doe, the marks on--

LINDKIRK

His hands and feet.

Lindkirk carefully walks around the outside perimeter of the table and the cross. The corn stalks CRACK beneath her feet. Macmurray is fixated on the table.

MACMURRAY

Dehydration.

LINDKIRK

Yet the water only feet away.

MACMURRAY

What do you do? You are pinned to  
the cross, exposed to the sun,  
thirsty, bleeding.

LINDKIRK

The pain in that decision is  
frightening.

MACMURRAY

Imagine, alone, scared. Your choice  
to either die of thirst, or, rip  
through your own flesh. Temptation  
in the face of death.

LINDKIRK

I, I--

Lindkirk drops to her knees. The sound around her goes mute.  
She looks at her hands, traces of blood on her fingers. She  
passes out.

EXT. CORN FIELD - DAY

An ambulance, lights still flashing, sits parked on the  
corner. The back doors are open, revealing someone on the  
stretcher.

INT. AMBULANCE - DAY

Lindkirk is laying on the stretcher, the Chief is sitting by  
her side. Lindkirk slowly comes to, and notices the Chief.

LINDKIRK

(to Chief)

I'm sorry, I don't know what  
happened in there.

Lindkirk starts to push herself up.

CHIEF

Now just a minute. You need to  
rest.

LINDKIRK

Where is Macmurray?

CHIEF

Working the scene.

LINDKIRK

I need to help--

CHIEF

Maybe you should sit this one out.

Lindkirk rips a piece of medical tape from her arm, and sits up.

LINDKIRK

I am not about to sit on the sidelines and hope that this ends.

CHIEF

Maybe you just need a little time off--

LINDKIRK

So that more kids can die?

CHIEF

Macmurray has access to Potts and Fenner. Whether you believe it or not, they are capable, in their own way.

Lindkirk slides her legs off of the side of the stretcher and stares at the Chief.

LINDKIRK

Potts and Fenner are, no doubt, good cops, but they don't have the experience to run this down, and you know that.

CHIEF

They do certainly lack something you do have.

LINDKIRK

That is?

CHIEF

An emotional connection.

LINDKIRK

Give it time.

The Chief pulls a cigar from his front pocket, puts it in his mouth, and begins to chew on it.

CHIEF

Their emotions won't cloud their judgement.

Lindkirk stands up, slightly hunched over. She gets close to the Chief.

LINDKIRK  
And neither will mine from now on.

Lindkirk jumps out of the ambulance.

EXT. CORN FIELD - DAY

Lindkirk walks back down the path of corn rows to the crime scene. Macmurray is kneeling down at the base of the cross, peering down in deep thought.

Lindkirk walks towards Macmurray, sidestepping the many evidence markers that dot the ground. Macmurray peers over his shoulder and stands up.

MACMURRAY  
How are you feeling?

LINDKIRK  
Just fine. What do we know.

MACMURRAY  
We gathered a few different blood samples. Some were taken from the cross, the table, and the stalks. Those are going to be cross checked with our John Does.

LINDKIRK  
And the water?

MACMURRAY  
What about it?

LINDKIRK  
Did you check it?

MACMURRAY  
For?

LINDKIRK  
Not for. Did you check to see if it is actually water?

Macmurray looks at Lindkirk, then towards the jug of water on the table. Macmurray puts on a pair of surgical gloves and walks towards the table.

He gets close to the table, his eyes cut across the surface of the jug. He examines the lid.

MACMURRAY

Let's open it and find out.

He slowly twists the lid of the jug causing a HISSING sound. Macmurray leans in and places his nostrils close to the mouth of the jug. He takes in a deep sniff.

He staggers back a bit, and begins to cough violently.

MACMURRAY (CONT'D)

Fuck.

LINDKIRK

You OK?

Macmurray wipes his face.

MACMURRAY

I'm OK. I'm OK. That's not water.

Lindkirk leans over and takes a light sniff. She coughs a bit.

LINDKIRK

I know that smell. It's, it's. Shit what is it?

MACMURRAY

Whatever it is, it must be toxic.

LINDKIRK

I know what it is. We have a pool and we use this. It smells like muriatic acid.

Macmurray is still a little unbalanced, he wipes his nose.

MACMURRAY

So you nail a small boy to a cross, let him bake in the sun all day, put a bottle of what appears to be water a few feet away on the table, only it isn't water.

LINDKIRK

Ripping yourself off of that cross in the hopes of quenching your thirst, only to burn your insides.

MACMURRAY

We are dealing with a real psycho.

LINDKIRK

They seem to be getting worse. If this is in fact the same killer.

MACMURRAY

Worse?

LINDKIRK

In the beginning, the killings were run of the mill. Stabbings, shootings, strangulations. They have progressed since the boy at the dumpster that night.

MACMURRAY

Progressed?

LINDKIRK

They are becoming more sophisticated, more violent.

MACMURRAY

Assuming it is the same killer.

LINDKIRK

That's what we need to find out.

Macmurray sees Fenner and waves him over to the table. Fenner slowly wanders over, and Macmurray points to the jug of fluid.

MACMURRAY

(to Fenner)

Let's get a sample of this and have it analyzed.

FENNER

You want water analyzed?

Lindkirk and Macmurray look at each other.

LINDKIRK

(to Fenner)

Just don't drink any of it.

The Chief comes hurriedly walking towards Lindkirk and Macmurray. He is out of breath, but seems animated.

CHIEF

(to Lindkirk and  
Macmurray)

We got something. A hit on our first John Doe. The M.E. has an identification.

MACMURRAY

Name?

CHIEF

The doc will fill you in.

LINDKIRK

Let's go.

CHIEF

(to Fenner and Potts)

Your scene now boys, treat her well.

Fenner and Potts look at each other in amazement, and then look back towards the Chief.

POTTS

Will do Chief.

INT. MEDICAL EXAMINER'S OFFICE - OFFICE - DAY

Dr. Elverson is seated at his desk. The Chief, Macmurray and Lindkirk walk in. The Chief and Lindkirk sit, Macmurray stands behind the Chief.

DR. ELVERSON

(to Lindkirk and  
Macmurray)

So I'm sure the Chief has filled  
you in.

LINDKIRK

Everything except a name.

DR. ELVERSON

Yes. Yes. Of course. Let's see,  
John Doe 1. We matched dental  
records since we couldn't get a  
good print.

Dr. Elverson slides a folder across the desk towards Lindkirk. On the front it reads "TIMMY WASKIRK."

DR. ELVERSON (CONT'D)

Name is Timmy Waskirk, 12 years of  
age. Parents had filed a missing  
persons report.

MACMURRAY

Have they been notified?

CHIEF

Yes, as soon as we found out.

LINDKIRK

We should pull all the recent missing persons reports from the area to see if we can identify our second victim.

The Chief looks at Lindkirk and nods.

Lindkirk's phone rings. She answers.

LINDKIRK (CONT'D)

(to Macmurray, Chief and Dr. Elverson)

Excuse me.

Lindkirk gets up and leaves the room.

MACMURRAY

Residence is where?

The Chief pulls a cigar from his front pocket, snips the end off, and puts it in his mouth.

DR. ELVERSON

You can't smoke in here.

The Chief glares at Dr. Elverson, takes a lighter from his pocket, and lights the cigar. Dr. Elverson shakes his head.

CHIEF

Next town over, he goes to Middle Creek Elementary.

The Chief pulls a drag from the cigar.

MACMURRAY

I'll head over to the school and see if I can dig around.

Lindkirk enters the room. The Chief takes the cigar out of his mouth, and holds it between his fingers.

LINDKIRK

Sorry about that.

CHIEF

Anything pressing?

LINDKIRK

No, Ian checking in.

The Chief points at Lindkirk with his cigar.

CHIEF

Head over to Waskirk's home and speak to his parents. Macmurray is going to track down another lead at the school.

The Chief presses the cigar to his lips, and puffs a few times.

LINDKIRK

I didn't think you were allowed to smoke in here?

DR. ELVERSON

You're not.

MACMURRAY

(to Lindkirk)

You good on your own.

LINDKIRK

I'm good.

The Chief pulls his cigar from his lips, looks at Lindkirk and Macmurray, and leans forward.

CHIEF

The last thing this town needs is another boy in a bag. Let's wrap this up, shall we?

EXT. MIDDLE CREEK ELEMENTARY - DAY

Macmurray pulls up to the school, parks in visitor parking. He exits his vehicle, looks around, tucks in his shirt, and heads for the main entrance.

INT. MIDDLE CREEK ELEMENTARY - OFFICE - DAY

Macmurray walks into the office. A SECRETARY, in her 60s, wearing a sweater and thick glasses, stands behind the counter.

SECRETARY

Can I help you?

Macmurray pulls out his badge and slings it forward.

MACMURRAY

Special agent Macmurray, F.B.I.

SECRETARY

I assume you are here about Timmy?

MACMURRAY

Yes, did you know him?

SECRETARY

Knew of him, there are a lot of  
kids in this school. Can't keep up  
with them all.

MACMURRAY

Anyone I can speak to who knew him?

SECRETARY

Kid or adult?

MACMURRAY

Adult, preferably.

SECRETARY

His history teacher used to drive  
him home from school sometimes. You  
may want to talk to him. He is in  
room 302.

MACMURRAY

Thanks.

Macmurray turns and begins leaving the office.

SECRETARY

Hang on a second special agent. You  
have to sign in first.

MACMURRAY

Sorry, I didn't mean to--

The Secretary TAPS a sign in book on the counter.

SECRETARY

Sign here, then take this badge.

Macmurray signs the book, takes the badge, and pins it to his  
sports coat.

MACMURRAY

(to Secretary)

Ma'am.

Macmurray turns and leaves the office.

## INT. MIDDLE CREEK ELEMENTARY - HALLWAY - DAY

Macmurray turns the corner of the hallway and looks at the room number. A small plaque on the wall reads "301." He turns across the hall and sees another classroom which has a plaque that reads "302."

Macmurray peers inside the window of the door to notice DAVID VENERAL, 40s, big and burly, like a lumberjack, wearing jeans and a plaid shirt covered slightly by a dark jacket.

Macmurray reaches for the door handle and grabs it. Veneral notices Macmurray and runs towards the door, opening it.

Veneral slips his head through the opening of the door.

VENERAL  
Can I help you.

MACMURRAY  
I'm special agent Macmurray with  
the F.B.I. I have a few questions  
about Timmy Waskirk.

Macmurray begins to pull out his identification.

VENERAL  
That's not necessary. Hold on.

Veneral closes the door.

VENERAL (O.S.) (CONT'D)  
Listen up, complete exercise twenty  
on why the Civil War was fought.  
I'll be right back. No conversing.

Veneral opens the door and steps into the hallway.

MACMURRAY  
Is there somewhere we can talk?

VENERAL  
This way.

## INT. MIDDLE CREEK ELEMENTARY - TEACHERS LOUNGE - DAY

Macmurray and Lindkirk enter the teachers lounge. The room is a throwback to the '80s. A tube television is suspended from one wall, an old microwave sits on the counter. An ashtray rests on the coffee table.

Macmurray and Veneral sit opposite each other in old lounge chairs. Veneral's chair GROANS as he relaxes back. Macmurray pulls out a pen and a small pad of paper.

VENERAL  
You mind if I smoke?

MACMURRAY  
They let you do that in here?

Veneral packs his cigarettes, smacks one out with his palm, and throws it to his lips. He struggles somewhat pulling a lighter from his jacket pocket. He flicks the lighter a few times until it ignites, then lights his cigarette.

VENERAL  
Well, it is against policy, but so many of us smoke, that it becomes a no tell policy, know what I mean?

Veneral takes a hard drag of his cigarette.

VENERAL (CONT'D)  
Ah.

MACMURRAY  
Anyway, about Timmy--

VENERAL  
Shame what happened to the boy. He was a good boy, smart, did well in class.

MACMURRAY  
You knew him well?

VENERAL  
Well, I wouldn't say that--

MACMURRAY  
The Secretary told me that you used to drive him home from time to time.

Veneral adjusts himself in his chair, he puffs a deep drag from his cigarette. A long ash hangs from the end. He sneers at Macmurray.

VENERAL  
Look, I drove the boy home a few times. His parents weren't exactly the responsible type. If you know what I mean.

MACMURRAY  
Elaborate.

Macmurray opens a small notepad and begins writing.

VENERAL  
They weren't always around. They  
may have been into drugs, or  
drinking, I felt sorry for the boy.

Macmurray, still writing.

MACMURRAY  
So his parents were degenerates?

VENERAL  
Now look. I can't say for sure. I'm  
just telling you that there were  
times he was left without a way  
home. I just gave him a lift a few  
times.

Veneral takes another long drag from his cigarette.

VENERAL (CONT'D)  
I don't want to get into a he said,  
she said type of situation.  
Especially with grieving parents.  
Could get ugly, and I need this  
job.

Macmurray looks up.

MACMURRAY  
Mr. Veneral, are you able to  
provide me with your agenda and  
locations last week? Can you  
account for, and have someone  
verify, where you were and what you  
were doing?

VENERAL  
Am I a suspect. Is driving someone  
home now a crime?

Macmurray leans forward in his chair towards Veneral.  
Veneral, looking a bit nervous, takes another drag from his  
cigarette.

MACMURRAY  
Not currently. However, are you  
saying you can't account for your  
time?

VENERAL

I mean, who the fuck can keep track  
of what they were doing last week?

Macmurray begins scribbling in his pad again. His pen moving  
with a purpose.

Veneral flicks off the ash from his cigarette into the  
ashtray.

VENERAL (CONT'D)

I can barely remember what I had  
for breakfast yesterday. I'm sure  
most people don't remember if they  
shit in the morning.

Macmurray still looking down, still writing.

MACMURRAY

You'd probably be surprised.

Veneral draws another long puff from his cigarette. He mashes  
the butt in the ashtray, pushing aside the other old filters.

VENERAL

Are we done?

Macmurray stops writing, closes his small pad, and stands up.

MACMURRAY

Don't leave town Mr. Veneral.

Macmurray turns and walks towards the door. Veneral puts his  
head in his hands.

VENERAL

(to Macmurray)

Agent Macmurray?

Macmurray turns around. Veneral looks up.

MACMURRAY

Mr. Veneral?

VENERAL

You may think I am some kind of  
monster, but I was all that boy had  
for a time. Don't paint me as the  
bad guy. I didn't kill anyone.

MACMURRAY

Who said anything about killing?

Macmurray turns back towards the door.

MACMURRAY (CONT'D)  
We will keep in touch Mr. Veneral.  
Have a good evening.

Macmurray opens the door and pauses for a moment.

MACMURRAY (CONT'D)  
(to Veneral)  
Pancakes.

VENERAL  
Excuse me?

Macmurray looks back and stares at Veneral.

MACMURRAY  
Pancakes. It's what I had for  
breakfast yesterday.

Macmurray turns and exists the room. Veneral leans back in his chair and watches as the door closes behind Macmurray.

INT. MIDDLE CREEK ELEMENTARY - HALLWAY - DAY

Macmurray leaves the hallway and starts to write something in his notepad. He glances up and is surprised to notice Ian Humes, who is walking down the hallway and holding hands with a young girl, VIOLET RENSTAD, 11, light blonde hair in pony tails, wearing a sun dress and black shoes.

Macmurray starts towards Ian.

MACMURRAY  
(to Ian)  
Ian?

IAN  
Can I help you?

MACMURRAY  
I'm special agent Macmurray, F.B.I.  
I work with Lindkirk. I'm sorry, I  
mean Hannah.

IAN  
Oh, special agent Macmurray. Yes, I  
have heard all about you. I assume  
you are here about Timmy?

MACMURRAY  
Please, call me Kevin. Yes,  
unfortunately. Such a shame. I'm  
sure it's not easy on Hannah.

IAN

It has been difficult for us both.

MACMURRAY

I didn't know you worked here. Did you happen to know Timmy?

IAN

Oh, Timmy, no. I just found out recently. Didn't even know he was missing.

MACMURRAY

Oh, you knew that he was missing.

IAN

No, I said I didn't know he was missing.

MACMURRAY

Huh. OK, well if you hear anything, you can let me know.

Macmurray hands Ian his card.

MACMURRAY (CONT'D)

You know, in case you want to keep Hannah out of it.

IAN

I appreciate it. Might be easier this way.

MACMURRAY

OK, nice meeting you Ian.

VIOLET

I knew Timmy.

Macmurray looks down, then proceeds to get down on one knee and looks Violet in the eyes.

MACMURRAY

And what's your name?

VIOLET

My name is Violet.

MACMURRAY

OK Violet, nice to meet you. What did you say about Timmy?

VIOLET

Timmy was mean.

MACMURRAY

Mean? How was Timmy mean?

VIOLET

He used to push me around. He was a  
big meanie.

MACMURRAY

Did Timmy push other kids around?

Violet shakes her head as if to say yes, then hides her head  
behind Ian.

MACMURRAY (CONT'D)

(to Ian)

Was Timmy troubled?

IAN

Like I said, I didn't know him.  
However, it is not unusual for a  
little bit of pushing and shoving  
at these ages. Just kids being  
kids.

MACMURRAY

Understood.

(to Violet)

Thank you Violet.

Macmurray shakes hands with Ian and begins to turn and walk  
away.

IAN

Hey, Macmurray, I mean, Kevin.

MACMURRAY

Yes?

IAN

Might be best to keep this between  
you and I, you know, for Hannah?

MACMURRAY

I understand. Let me know if you  
hear anything.

Ian nods his head as Macmurray heads the other way. Ian  
watches him round the corner out of sight.

EXT. WASKIRK HOUSE - DAY

Lindkirk pulls up in her truck to a run down bungalow in a rough neighborhood. There is a car on blocks in the driveway. The house is slowly being consumed by overgrown shrubs.

She parks on the street and walks to the front door. She opens the screen door and knocks twice. There is no answer.

She knocks harder now, three times, and closes the screen door. There is a loud CREAK as the door opens to reveal MRS. WASKIRK, late 40s, rough and dirty looking, cigarette hanging from her mouth, she appears emotionally upset.

LINDKIRK

Mrs. Waskirk?

MRS. WASKIRK

Who's asking?

Lindkirk begins pulling her badge out and shows it to Mrs. Waskirk.

LINDKIRK

Mrs. Waskirk, I am detective  
Lindkirk. I am here to see if I can  
ask you a few questions about  
Timmy? Is now a good time?

MRS. WASKIRK

Good a time as any.

Mrs. Waskirk slings open the screen door and begins to walk back inside.

MRS. WASKIRK (CONT'D)

Come on in.

Lindkirk grabs the screen door as it begins to close, and enters.

INT. WASKIRK HOUSE - DAY

Lindkirk enters through the front door. The house is dirty, the sun fires beams of light that penetrate the cigarette smoke in the house.

Lindkirk makes her way down a hallway as the floor beneath her MOANS. Mrs. Waskirk appears suddenly from a doorway.

MRS. WASKIRK

In here.

INT. WASKIRK HOUSE - FAMILY ROOM - DAY

Lindkirk sits down on an old brown couch, which displays wounds from cigarette burns. The coffee table in front of the couch is littered with the remnants of meals past.

Mrs. Waskirk sits across from Lindkirk on an old recliner, an ash tray rests on one of the arms, a box of tissues on the other. Mrs. Waskirk puts her cigarette out in the ash tray and grabs a tissue to wipe the tears from her face.

LINDKIRK

Mrs. Waskirk, let me first say how sorry I am about Timmy, and that we are doing everything we can to bring whoever did this to justice.

MRS. WASKIRK

I appreciate that.

Mrs. Waskirk picks up a glass from the floor and proceeds to take a big gulp of the liquid inside.

MRS. WASKIRK (CONT'D)  
Helps me forget.

LINDKIRK

Mrs. Waskirk, do you have any idea who might want to do this to Timmy? Anyone from the neighborhood or at school? Any suspicious people you may have noticed lately?

MRS. WASKIRK

Can't say I have. The only person who I thought was weird was that one teacher that used to drive Timmy around.

LINDKIRK

Teacher? What was the name of this teacher?

MRS. WASKIRK

I can't remember, Venball or something, used to bring Timmy home for no reason. Blamed it on us parents. My husband had words with him once, not sure what was said.

Lindkirk opens up a notepad and begins writing furiously.

LINDKIRK

And where is your husband now?

MRS. WASKIRK  
His usual place of business.

LINDKIRK  
Oh, his work, where is that?

MRS. WASKIRK  
Not his work honey, he's at the  
bar.

Lindkirk looks up from writing in her notepad.

LINDKIRK  
Does your husband frequent the bar  
Mrs. Waskirk?

MRS. WASKIRK  
Frequent would be an  
understatement.

Lindkirk writes in her notepad.

LINDKIRK  
Would you say your husband is an  
alcoholic Mrs. Waskirk?

MRS. WASKIRK  
What are you asking?

LINDKIRK  
I'm just trying to get the most  
information I can in order to help  
Timmy.

MRS. WASKIRK  
Are we suspects in our sons murder  
detective Lindkirk?

LINDKIRK  
Not as of this time.

Lindkirk looks up, adjusts herself on the couch, and crosses  
her legs.

LINDKIRK (CONT'D)  
Can you tell me anything more about  
this teacher? Can you tell me  
anything about the conversation  
your husband had with this teacher?

MRS. WASKIRK  
No.

Lindkirk continues writing in her notepad.

LINDKIRK

Mrs. Waskirk, can you tell me where you were and what you were doing over the past week or so.

MRS. WASKIRK

My schedule is work at the local market each day, then home by dinner. I don't leave the house otherwise.

LINDKIRK

And your husband?

MRS. WASKIRK

He works down at the mill, other than that, I don't know where he is half the time.

LINDKIRK

Mrs. Waskirk, can your husband vouch for your whereabouts, and can you vouch for his.

MRS. WASKIRK

I just told you honey, he ain't really around much. It would be hard to say.

Lindkirk pauses her writing, she taps her pen on her notepad.

MRS. WASKIRK (CONT'D)

We didn't murder our own son.

LINDKIRK

I didn't say you had. A few more questions Mrs. Waskirk.

Lindkirk looks back through a few pages of her notepad, then begins to write again.

LINDKIRK (CONT'D)

Why was Timmy getting a ride home from this teacher?

MRS. WASKIRK

Couldn't say. It was normally my husbands job to see Timmy got home.

LINDKIRK

Why would Timmy not just take the bus home? Did Timmy have any trouble at school Mrs. Waskirk?

MRS. WASKIRK

Not anything that I can think of  
that would be out of the ordinary  
for a boy his age. I don't know why  
he didn't take the bus, never  
asked.

Lindkirk looks up and studies Mrs. Waskirk for a moment. Mrs. Waskirk looks back at Lindkirk, their eyes meet, then she adjusts herself in her seat.

Mrs. Waskirk pulls a bottle of alcohol from behind the recliner, POPS the top off, and pours a glass full. She lights another cigarette, takes a long draw, and then finishes with a gulp out of the cup.

LINDKIRK

Well, that's all I have for now  
Mrs. Waskirk. I will keep you up to  
speed on the investigation.

Lindkirk stands up as the eyes of Mrs. Waskirk follow her. Mrs. Waskirk takes another drink from her cup and points at Lindkirk with her cigarette.

MRS. WASKIRK

Timmy was all I had left, you find  
that son of a bitch who did this to  
him. You find him.

LINDKIRK

We will do our best Mrs. Waskirk.

Lindkirk pulls a card from her pocket and hands it to Mrs. Waskirk.

LINDKIRK (CONT'D)

If you think of anything else, give  
us a call. Also, please have your  
husband get in touch with me as  
soon as possible.

MRS. WASKIRK

Is he a suspect?

LINDKIRK

Just tell him to give me a call. I  
can see myself out.

INT. POLICE STATION - CONFERENCE ROOM - NIGHT

Macmurray and the Chief are sitting at the conference table. The room is dark, the glow from the projector illuminates a small part of the room.

Lindkirk enters the conference room, the Chief and Macmurray look up.

CHIEF  
Sit down Lindkirk.

Lindkirk takes a seat across from Macmurray and pulls out her notepad.

MACMURRAY  
Blood results came back from the corn field scene. They match Timmy Waskirk. We also just got a match on a missing persons report from the next county of a boy, age 10, missing since last week.

LINDKIRK  
Name?

Macmurray slides a folder over to Lindkirk. Lindkirk opens the folder to a crime sheet detailing a missing person with the name "BOBBY FILCHER" written on it.

LINDKIRK (CONT'D)  
No photo?

CHIEF  
The mother is in the process of getting an up to date photograph of her son.

LINDKIRK  
Who doesn't have a picture of their son?

The Chief opens a desk drawer, and retrieves a bottle of scotch. He opens another desk drawer, pulls out a glass, and fills it half way.

CHIEF  
(to Lindkirk)  
How did it go at the Waskirk residence?

The Chief leans back, swirling the scotch in his glass.

LINDKIRK

Both parents appear to be drinkers,  
the father maybe more so than the  
mother, according to what she said.

Lindkirk starts looking through her notepad. The Chief takes a sip of his drink.

LINDKIRK (CONT'D)

She said that Timmy was usually the responsibility of her husband after school, but that some teacher that she thought was named Venball would sometimes bring him home.

MACMURRAY

Veneral.

LINDKIRK

Veneral?

MACMURRAY

The teacher who used to give Timmy a ride home. I spoke with him today.

CHIEF

And?

MACMURRAY

Not sure, he seemed a bit off. He suggested that Timmy didn't have the best parents.

LINDKIRK

I can see why. Did he mention anything about getting in an argument with Timmy's father?

MACMURRAY

Argument? No. He didn't mention that.

The Chief leans forward and puts his glass on the desk.

CHIEF

Where is Timmy's father?

LINDKIRK

Mrs. Waskirk mentioned he was at the bar, but she didn't mention which one.

CHIEF

Let's bring him in.

Fenner opens the door to the conference room and pops his head in.

FENNER

Just got word, the pic of our John Doe 2 is coming in.

The Chief finishes his drink, then slams the glass down on the desk. Lindkirk, Macmurray and the Chief all jump up from their chairs and head towards the door.

INT. POLICE STATION - OFFICES - NIGHT

Lindkirk, Macmurray and the Chief are all standing over a printer. Lindkirk is biting her nails, the Chief is chewing on his cigar. Macmurray has both hands on his waist, his fingers dance on his belt.

The printer starts PRINTING as a picture of a young boy is slowly painted to the paper.

MACMURRAY

That appears to be our John Doe 2.

The Chief rips the paper from the printer.

CHIEF

My office, now.

INT. POLICE STATION - CHIEF'S OFFICE - NIGHT

Lindkirk and Macmurray are seated across the desk from the Chief. The room has a slight glow from the light on the Chief's desk.

CHIEF

So, tell me what we have.

The Chief, still chewing his cigar, pulls a lighter from his pocket. He CLICKS the lighter a few times, then lights his cigar. The tuck glows a bright red.

MACMURRAY

I'd be interested in looking deeper at Veneral. Maybe I can get him to come in for further questioning.

LINDKIRK

I'm not sure I believed Mrs. Waskirk. I'd at least like to speak with her husband, and possibly her again as well.

The Chief leans back in his chair, he puffs his cigar. He leans forward, exhaling a cloud of smoke.

CHIEF

You know, when I was a boy, I once lost my dog. I loved that dog.

The Chief pulls the bottle of scotch from his desk again, cigar still hanging from his mouth. He pours another glass full.

CHIEF (CONT'D)

I knocked on every door in the neighborhood until my knuckles bled.

The Chief puts his cigar in the ash tray. He grabs the glass, leans back in his chair again.

CHIEF (CONT'D)

I swore to myself I would find that dog.

The Chief swirls the scotch in his glass, and takes a small sip. He leans back and rests the glass on the desk.

CHIEF (CONT'D)

As that last door opened, I saw my dog, sitting next to a nice elderly woman. She had been trying to find the dog's owner.

The Chief downs the rest of his drink. He looks at his empty glass.

CHIEF (CONT'D)

I miss that dog.

Lindkirk and Macmurray look over at one another.

The Chief grabs the smoldering cigar from the ash tray and brings it back to life with a few long, hard puffs.

A phone on the Chief's desk begins to ring. The Chief looks at Lindkirk and Macmurray and then picks up the phone.

CHIEF (CONT'D)

Yeah?

The Chief listens for a bit, then looks at Lindkirk. He slams the phone down.

CHIEF (CONT'D)  
(to Lindkirk)  
Mrs. Waskirk's husband just came in. Get on it.

LINDKIRK  
I'll see what I can get out of him.

CHIEF  
(to Macmurray)  
See if you can get Mr. Veneral in here. If we can get him in while Timmy's father is here, maybe we can play them against each other.

LINDKIRK  
Let me know if he comes in before I finish.

CHIEF  
(to Lindkirk and Macmurray)  
Find my dog.

INT. POLICE STATION - INTERROGATION ROOM ONE - NIGHT

Interrogation room one is dimly lit, the walls a dark gray. There is a light hanging over a table, which is situated in the center of the room. A water cooler with a jug sits in the corner. A two way mirror is on the back wall.

In the interrogation room, at a table, sits MR. WASKIRK, early 50s, looks like he has been hit by a train, unshaven and homely.

A CLANK and Lindkirk opens the doors. The door then closes behind her with another CLANK. Lindkirk sits down at the table across from Mr. Waskirk.

LINDKIRK  
Mr. Waskirk, I am detective Lindkirk, thanks for coming in. I know this is most likely a difficult time.

MR. WASKIRK  
Just what's this all 'bout?

LINDKIRK

Mr. Waskirk, I have a few questions about your son, and maybe you can provide us any information that you have that would help us find out who did this to Timmy.

MR. WASKIRK

Go on.

Lindkirk pulls out a notepad and begins writing.

LINDKIRK

Mr. Waskirk, your wife told me you were the one responsible for getting Timmy home after school.

MR. WASKIRK

I was.

LINDKIRK

Every day?

MR. WASKIRK

Each one.

Mr. Waskirk coughs a bit, then burps. Lindkirk glances up.

MR. WASKIRK (CONT'D)

'Scuse me.

LINDKIRK

Would you like some water Mr. Waskirk?

MR. WASKIRK

No.

LINDKIRK

Mr. Waskirk, why was Timmy not taking the bus home from school?

Mr. Waskirk shifts in his chair a bit, rubs his chin and looks down.

MR. WASKIRK

Well, that there boy, he got in a bit of trouble down in the schoolyard, heck, even on that damn bus.

Lindkirk is writing in her notepad. Her pen dances across the paper feverishly.

LINDKIRK  
What kind of trouble?

MR. WASKIRK  
They say my boy was hurtin' people.

LINDKIRK  
Hurtin'? What do you mean?

MR. WASKIRK  
I think it was just kids bein'  
kids. I used to scuffle a bit in my  
day. No harm no foul, right?

Lindkirk peers up from her notepad, her eyes inspecting Mr. Waskirk.

LINDKIRK  
Mr. Waskirk, are you saying that  
Timmy was no longer allowed to ride  
the bus?

MR. WASKIRK  
Right, right, that is what I am  
sayin'.

LINDKIRK  
So you were supposed to pick Timmy  
up each day.

MR. WASKIRK  
Like I said already, yeah.

LINDKIRK  
Mr. Waskirk, do you know Mr.  
Veneral?

Mr. Waskirk raises his head, SLAMS his fist on the desk.

MR. WASKIRK  
That no good son of a bitch. Yeah I  
know the bastard.

Lindkirk continues writing.

LINDKIRK  
Did Timmy ask Mr. Veneral to give  
him rides home from school?

MR. WASKIRK  
He sure as hell didn't.

LINDKIRK

So, Mr. Veneral took it upon  
himself to give Timmy a ride home?

MR. WASKIRK

He sure did.

There is a KNOCK at the interrogation room door. Through the tiny window in the door, Lindkirk can see Macmurray. He is motioning for her to come out.

LINDKIRK

Excuse me for one moment, Mr.  
Waskirk.

Mr. Waskirk nods his head. Lindkirk then exits the interrogation room. The door CLANKS open and closed.

INT. POLICE STATION - HALLWAY - NIGHT

Macmurray is leaning against the wall, propping himself up with his arm.

LINDKIRK

What's up?

MACMURRAY

Veneral is here. Have you got anything yet?

LINDKIRK

I'm just getting to the argument they had, nothing yet.

MACMURRAY

OK, maybe we can let each of them know the other is here. That might light a fire under one of them.

Lindkirk grabs the handle to the door of interrogation room one.

LINDKIRK

It's worth a shot.

Lindkirk opens the door to interrogation room one, and enters. The door CLANKS open and closed.

INT. POLICE STATION - INTERROGATION ROOM ONE - NIGHT

Lindkirk sits back down at the table across from Mr. Waskirk. Mr. Waskirk appears to be half asleep as he rests his head in his hands.

MR. WASKIRK

How much longer this gonna take?

LINDKIRK

Hopefully not too much longer Mr. Waskirk.

Lindkirk steadies her pen against her notepad.

LINDKIRK (CONT'D)

Mr. Waskirk, is it true that you and Mr. Veneral had an argument?

MR. WASKIRK

Sure, we mixed some words once or twice. He was bringin' my boy home before I could get there.

LINDKIRK

I just want to let you know that we have Mr. Veneral in for questioning as well, so if there is anything you need to tell me--

MR. WASKIRK

Look lady, I don't know who you think I am. I don't care what that no good fucker says in there. He took my boy. Fer all I know he killed Timmy.

INT. POLICE STATION - INTERROGATION ROOM TWO - NIGHT

Interrogation room two looks identical to interrogation room one. The table in the center of this interrogation room has an ash tray.

Macmurray and Mr. Veneral sit across from each other at the table. Macmurray has a legal pad open and is writing a few things down.

MACMURRAY

Thanks for coming in tonight on such short notice.

VENERAL

Sure thing. Anything I can do for  
that boy, I will.

MACMURRAY

That's good to know. So, your alibi  
for the week Timmy went missing?

Veneral leans sideways and struggles to shimmy a pack of cigarettes from his pocket.

VENERAL

You mind?

MACMURRAY

Those things will kill you.

VENERAL

We all have to die someday.

Veneral pulls out a lighter from his pocket, and lights the cigarette. He takes a long inhale, and blows the smoke in the air.

VENERAL (CONT'D)

Look, I told you before, I don't remember.

MACMURRAY

That's not going to cut it.

VENERAL

I was at school. I was at home. I don't usually go anywhere else.

MACMURRAY

We have Mr. Waskirk in the next room. I've heard he is cooperating.

Veneral sits back as his chair GROANS. He takes another hit of his cigarette, holds it in for a bit, then exhales right into Macmurray's face.

VENERAL

That kid had a tough life, his parents liked to have a few drinks. I brought the kid home a few times when his parents never showed. Maybe next time I will think twice about being the nice guy.

MACMURRAY

Why was Timmy not on the bus going home?

Macmurray begins writing in his legal pad. The pen can be heard SCRAPING across the surface of the paper.

Veneral leans forward, stares at the table, smashes his cigarette into the ash tray a few times, and looks up.

VENERAL

Some might say he was a bully.

Macmurray stops writing and looks up.

MACMURRAY

Sorry, did you say a bully?

VENERAL

Some might say.

MACMURRAY

Well was he or was he not? Would you say?

VENERAL

Not sure, I wasn't around for any of the incidents. I only heard after the fact. He roughed up a few kids.

MACMURRAY

Getting into a fist fight at school does not necessarily define a bully.

VENERAL

It happened a few times, to a few different students.

MACMURRAY

And you didn't tell me this the other day at school because?

VENERAL

Look, the kid had a tough life. He didn't have many friends. His upbringing caused his behavior. I didn't want to paint a bad picture of a boy who was just killed.

Macmurray starts writing again in his legal pad.

MACMURRAY

Did you and Mr. Waskirk have some sort of argument?

VENERAL

Sure, we had a few.

MACMURRAY

About?

VENERAL

About his son.

MACMURRAY

About his son, in which way?

VENERAL

About me bringing his son home when  
Mr. Waskirk didn't show up.

MACMURRAY

Anything you want to share?

VENERAL

It was very heated. At the same  
time, Mr. Waskirk was almost always  
drunk and incoherent. He was upset  
I was bringing his boy home.

MACMURRAY

And that's all?

VENERAL

For the most part. I also mentioned  
he should seek help for his  
drinking, he didn't like that  
either.

Macmurray pauses from writing, rubs his cheek, and looks at Veneral.

MACMURRAY

Do you think Mr. Waskirk was  
physically abusive?

VENERAL

To Timmy?

MACMURRAY

Yes.

VENERAL

I never saw evidence of that.  
Doesn't mean I would put it past  
him.

Veneral smacks another cigarette from the pack and throws it in his mouth.

INT. POLICE STATION - INTERROGATION ROOM ONE - NIGHT

Lindkirk and Mr. Waskirk are still sitting at the table. Lindkirk gets up, fills a paper cup full of water from a water jug in the corner.

She hands the cup to Mr. Waskirk, and sits back down.

LINDKIRK

Mr. Waskirk, would you consider yourself a heavy drinker?

MR. WASKIRK

I guess.

LINDKIRK

Would you consider yourself an alcoholic?

Lindkirk begins scribbling in her notepad again. The pen races across the surface. Mr. Waskirk adjust himself in his chair.

MR. WASKIRK

I don' see what that has to do with anything.

LINDKIRK

Mr. Waskirk, do you actually remember the arguments you had with Timmy's teacher?

MR. WASKIRK

For the most part.

LINDKIRK

What were the arguments about?

MR. WASKIRK

How many times we gonna go over this? I told you, he was bringin' my boy home. I didn' like it. We had words. I told him to stop.

LINDKIRK

Or else?

MR. WASKIRK

Or else? Or else what?

LINDKIRK

You tell me.

Mr. Waskirk takes the cup from the table. His hands tremble as he raises the cup to his lips. He takes a big gulp, and sets the cup down.

MR. WASKIRK

There is no or else. I might have been on the drink quite a bit, but I always knew where Timmy was, always.

LINDKIRK

Outside of school?

MR. WASKIRK

Always.

LINDKIRK

Can you tell me who he hung out with?

Lindkirk looks down at her notepad again and starts writing.

MR. WASKIRK

Well, nobody from his school, you know, he wasn't well liked. He hung around with this other boy from another school?

Lindkirk, still writing, still looking down.

LINDKIRK

I know you probably won't be able to tell me, but do you know his name?

MR. WASKIRK

Whose name?

LINDKIRK

The boy Timmy hung around.

MR. WASKIRK

Sure, little Bobby Filcher.

Lindkirk stops writing, pauses for a second, and looks up.

LINDKIRK

Sorry, what did you say?

MR. WASKIRK

Bobby Filcher, the boy who hung with Timmy.

Lindkirk stands quickly as her chair slides back away from her. She quickly makes her way to the door.

LINDKIRK  
(to Mr. Waskirk)  
Give me a second.

Mr. Waskirk takes the cup again, presses it to his lips, and takes another sip of water.

INT. POLICE STATION - INTERROGATION ROOM TWO - NIGHT

Macmurray and Veneral are still seated at the table. A couple of loud, fast paced, BANGS at the door to interrogation room two.

Macmurray looks up to see a very animated Lindkirk motioning.

MACMURRAY  
Hang tight.

Macmurray gets up and opens the door to interrogation room two. The door CLANKS open and closed.

INT. POLICE STATION - HALLWAY - NIGHT

Lindkirk is pacing back and forth. Macmurray grabs her.

MACMURRAY  
Hey, calm down. What happened.

LINDKIRK  
They knew each other. They knew each other.

Lindkirk pulls away and begins pacing again. She puts her hand on her head.

MACMURRAY  
Knew each other? Who knew each other?

Lindkirk stops, looks directly at Macmurray.

LINDKIRK  
Waskirk and Filcher. Timmy and Bobby. Bobby and Timmy. They knew each other.

MACMURRAY  
Wait, what?

LINDKIRK

Mr. Waskirk said they hung out  
together.

MACMURRAY

No shit.

LINDKIRK

We might have something here.

MACMURRAY

Let me get back in there, see if I  
can stir the hornets nest.

Macmurray turns towards the door, pauses, then turns back  
towards Lindkirk.

MACMURRAY (CONT'D)

One more thing. Did Mr. Waskirk  
mention anything about Timmy's  
behavior?

LINDKIRK

Just that he got into some trouble  
at school, and that he thought the  
kids there didn't really like  
Timmy. Why?

MACMURRAY

I was told he was a bully.

LINDKIRK

A bully?

MACMURRAY

See what else you can find out.

Macmurray turns and heads back into interrogation room two.

INT. POLICE STATION - INTERROGATION ROOM TWO - NIGHT

Macmurray hurries back to the table, he sits down and begins  
writing in his legal pad. Veneral leans in, trying to get a  
look at what Macmurray is writing.

MACMURRAY

If I want you to know I will tell  
you.

Veneral sits back and crosses his arms.

MACMURRAY (CONT'D)

OK, so, Bobby Filcher, tell me  
about him.

VENERAL

Bobby who?

MACMURRAY

Bobby Filcher, Timmy's buddy.

VENERAL

Never heard of him.

MACMURRAY

Timmy never mentioned him?

VENERAL

Never.

Veneral pulls another cigarette from the pack, lights it, takes a hit, and looks at the cigarette. He exhales which causes the cherry on his cigarette to glow brighter.

VENERAL (CONT'D)

What are you getting at detective?

MACMURRAY

It's special agent.

Veneral takes another long draw from his cigarette.

VENERAL

What are you getting at special  
agent?

MACMURRAY

Not sure yet.

Macmurray stops writing and leans back in his seat.

MACMURRAY (CONT'D)

You know, I never asked you.

VENERAL

Asked me what.

MACMURRAY

What you did before you were a  
teacher at Middle Creek.

VENERAL

I was teaching at another school in  
the city.

Macmurray cocks his head, then sits forward in his chair.

MACMURRAY  
Really? What subject?

VENERAL  
Theology, was a private school.

Macmurray, intrigued, gets up from his seat, and starts to pace back and forth.

MACMURRAY  
But if the wicked will turn from  
all his sins that he hath  
committed, and keep all my  
statutes, and do that which is  
lawful and right, he shall surely  
live, he shall not die.

Macmurray pauses, and looks at Veneral. Then begins to pace again.

MACMURRAY (CONT'D)  
Ezekiel chapter eighteen--

VENERAL  
Verse twenty one.

Macmurray stops in his tracks, his eyes focus on Veneral.

MACMURRAY  
Interesting you would know that.

VENERAL  
As I said, I taught the subject.

MACMURRAY  
So you'd consider yourself a  
subject matter expert?

VENERAL  
You could say that.

MACMURRAY  
Interpret the verse for me.

VENERAL  
Interpret?

MACMURRAY  
What do you think it means?

Veneral leans back in his chair and takes a long drag of his cigarette. He stares at Macmurray.

VENERAL  
It could mean various things to  
various people.

Veneral shifts in his chair.

VENERAL (CONT'D)  
Can I have a drink?

Macmurray heads towards the water cooler in the corner. He grabs a paper cup from the stack and fills it, GULP sounds emanate from the jug as the cup fills.

Macmurray walks back over and hands the cup to Veneral

MACMURRAY  
What does it mean to you?

Veneral looks at Macmurray, then pulls the cup to his lips. He takes a sip, and puts the cup down on the table.

VENERAL  
I want a lawyer.

MACMURRAY  
Excuse me?

VENERAL  
I want a lawyer. I'm done talking.

MACMURRAY  
You sure that's how you want to  
play this?

Veneral takes another drag from his cigarette and pushes it into the ash tray.

VENERAL  
Get me a lawyer.

Macmurray pauses, stares at Veneral, then leaves the room. The door CLANKS open and closed.

INT. POLICE STATION - INTERROGATION ROOM ONE - NIGHT

Mr. Waskirk, sitting at the table, plays with his cup. Lindkirk is pacing in circles around the table. Mr. Waskirk follows her with his eyes.

LINDKIRK  
Tell me more about Timmy and Bobby.

MR. WASKIRK

They hung out together, they were  
buddies.

LINDKIRK

Did Bobby have other friends?

Mr. Waskirk looks down at his cup.

MR. WASKIRK

Can't say for sure.

Lindkirk, still pacing around the table, pauses by her chair.

LINDKIRK

Mr. Waskirk, was Timmy a bully?

Mr. Waskirk stops playing with his cup and looks up.

MR. WASKIRK

A bully?

LINDKIRK

Yes, a bully.

MR. WASKIRK

Look miss, my boy was no bully.  
He's just a kid, a boy, doing  
normal things that boys do.

Mr. Waskirk takes another sip from his cup.

MR. WASKIRK (CONT'D)

I don't have anything more to say.  
Maybe I should be askin' for one of  
them lawyer people.

LINDKIRK

Do you think you need a lawyer Mr.  
Waskirk?

MR. WASKIRK

I don't know. Do I?

Lindkirk pauses, then stares at Mr. Waskirk for a moment.

LINDKIRK

You are free to leave Mr. Waskirk.  
Let me know if you can think of  
anything else.

Lindkirk closes her notepad, and pushed her chair in.

LINDKIRK (CONT'D)  
You won't need a lawyer, at least,  
not yet.

Mr. Waskirk stands, looks at Lindkirk, then heads to the door. Lindkirk taps on the two way mirror.

LINDKIRK (CONT'D)  
Let him go.

INT. POLICE STATION - CHIEF'S OFFICE - NIGHT

Macmurray and the Chief sit at the Chief's desk. The room glows from the single lamp perched atop his desk. In walks Lindkirk.

CHIEF  
Have a seat Lindkirk.

Lindkirk walks in and sits down in the chair next to Macmurray.

LINDKIRK  
I don't think Timmy's father had anything to do with it. He is a drunk, but I don't see him as a suspect.

CHIEF  
And Timmy's relationship with Bobby?

LINDKIRK  
They hung out together, Bobby and Timmy. I'm not sure of the connection yet, and I didn't get much help from Mr. Waskirk.

MACMURRAY  
Other than Timmy might have been a bully.

LINDKIRK  
He didn't think so.

CHIEF  
(to Macmurray)  
What do you want to do with Mr. Veneral?

MACMURRAY  
I want to charge him.

Lindkirk looks over at Macmurray.

LINDKIRK  
Charge him?

MACMURRAY  
He knew about one of the notes at  
the crime scene. Well, he knew the  
verse. He was a theology teacher in  
the city previous to his current  
position.

LINDKIRK  
He knew the verse?

CHIEF  
(to Macmurray)  
Well, hot damn.

MACMURRAY  
I also want to get his car  
searched.

The Chief pulls a half-smoked cigar from the ash tray on his desk and throws it in his mouth,

CHIEF  
Lindkirk, start the warrant for his  
home and car.

Macmurray stands up.

MACMURRAY  
(to Chief)  
You might not have to miss your dog  
for much longer.

INT. POLICE STATION - INTERROGATION ROOM TWO - NIGHT

Veneral sits at the table alone, leaning back in his chair, a cigarette hangs from his mouth. In walks Macmurray, accompanied by TWO UNIFORMED POLICE OFFICERS. The door CLANKS open and closed.

VENERAL  
You have my lawyer?'

Macmurray is holding a card, he looks down and begins to read.

MACMURRAY  
Mr. Veneral, you have the right to  
remain silent.  
(MORE)

MACMURRAY (CONT'D)

Anything you say can and will be used against you in a court of law. You have the right to an attorney. If you cannot afford an attorney, one will be provided for you. Do you understand the rights I have just read to you?

Veneral leans forward in his chair and smashes his cigarette in the ash tray.

VENERAL

Just what's this about?

MACMURRAY

Do you understand these rights?

VENERAL

Yeah, I understand. What am I being charged with?

MACMURRAY

You are being charged with the murders of Timmy Waskirk and Bobby Filcher. Do you wish to speak to me further without an attorney present?

VENERAL

This is bullshit, all I did was help that boy get home. I want a lawyer.

MACMURRAY

(to the two uniformed police officers)

Take him.

The two uniformed police officers lift Veneral from his chair, and place a set of cuffs on his wrists. The two uniformed police officers escort Veneral out of the room. The door CLANKS open and closed.

EXT. POLICE STATION - DAY

A podium, teeming with microphones, sits in front of the police station. Lindkirk and Macmurray flank the Chief, who is standing behind the podium. A group of REPORTERS stand in front of them SNAPPING photos.

The Chief steps forward, his hands grab both sides of the podium. Lindkirk and Macmurray give each other a quick glance. The Chief stares over the vast sea of reporters.

CHIEF

Good morning everyone. Last night we issued an arrest warrant for David Veneral, charging him with the murders of both Timmy Waskirk and Bobby Filcher. I cannot discuss the specifics of the arrest as this is an ongoing investigation. I can say however that we are confident in our decision to detain Mr. Veneral. That's all I have to say at this moment. I will now field any further questions.

The reporters start talking over each other, trying to throw out their questions. The Chief points to the first reporter he sees.

REPORTER 4

Has bond been set?

CHIEF

Not yet. However we consider Mr. Veneral a flight risk and will be seeking a full cash bond.

The chief points to another reporter.

CHIEF (CONT'D)

Go ahead.

REPORTER 5

Is it true that this man you have in custody, David Veneral, was in fact a school teacher?

CHIEF

That is correct.

REPORTER 6

Did Bobby and Timmy know each other?

CHIEF

No comment.

REPORTER 6

Do you think drugs or alcohol played a part in any of this?

CHIEF

It's not what we believe that is material, it is what we can prove that matters.

The Chief points to another reporter

REPORTER 7

Chief, do you think there may be  
more victims?

CHIEF

I can't comment on that as this is  
still an ongoing investigation.  
I'll take one more question.

REPORTER 8

Chief, can you confirm whether or  
not the boys were whipped after  
they had already been killed?

The Chief steps back from the podium and glances at Lindkirk.

CHIEF

Thank you everyone, we have no  
further comments.

The reporters continue to shout out questions as the Chief turns away from the podium and walks inside the police station. Lindkirk and Macmurray follow.

INT. POLICE STATION - CHIEF'S OFFICE - DAY

The Chief's office is dark for it being the middle of the day. The blinds are all drawn, beams of light seep through the small slits illuminating tiny dust particles in the room.

Lindkirk and Macmurray are once again seated at the Chief's desk. They are joined this time by district attorney Bowen. The Chief sitting, strikes a match, lights his cigar.

CHIEF

I've asked Mrs. Bowen to join us  
today.

The Chief leans back in his chair and puffs on his cigar.

BOWEN

At this point, this is not a strong  
case. It's purely circumstantial.

Bowen flips through a folder she is holding.

BOWEN (CONT'D)

I'd be hesitant to even bring a  
case if we can't find some form of  
physical evidence.

Bowen looks up and stares at the Chief.

BOWEN (CONT'D)  
Mr. Veneral's lawyer will probably argue for lenient bond terms, and he will probably post--

MACMURRAY  
All signs point to him. His car has been impounded, and we should know later today if any evidence is found. I'm going to head to Veneral's house to see what I can find.

LINDKIRK  
(to Macmurray)  
I'm going with you.

BOWEN  
Let's hope you bring back more than just circumstantial evidence this time.

Bowen gets up, and storms out of the room.

MACMURRAY  
What's up her ass?

The Chief leans forward and puts his cigar in the ash tray on his desk.

CHIEF  
She's not happy we didn't talk to her before we charged your guy.

The Chief picks up his cigar and plants it on his lips.

CHIEF (CONT'D)  
I'll handle her, you two just keep knocking on doors.

EXT. DAVID VENERAL HOUSE - DAY

Lindkirk and Macmurray pull up to the house of David Veneral. The house is quaint, and well kept. Nicely trimmed shrubs line the front of the house, and the yard is surrounded by a small fence.

A small group of UNIFORMED POLICE are in the front yard, acting as guards. Lindkirk and Macmurray make their way towards the front porch. Potts and Fenner are waiting for them.

MACMURRAY

(to Potts)

Anything yet?

POTTS

Nothing yet, we just started  
really.

MACMURRAY

Let's get to work then. The Chief  
doesn't want us to leave here  
without some form of physical  
evidence.

INT. DAVID VENERAL HOUSE - DAY

Macmurray enters the front door, followed by Lindkirk, Potts and Fenner. The house is very clean, almost too clean. It is eerily quiet, with only the sound of Wind chimes TINKLING on the front porch.

MACMURRAY

Potts, Fenner, you two start down  
here. Lindkirk, you are with me  
upstairs.

Potts and Fenner head off down a hallway as Lindkirk and Macmurray head up the stairs to the second floor.

EXT. DAVID VENERAL HOUSE - NIGHT

Potts and Fenner exit the front door onto the porch followed closely behind by Lindkirk and Macmurray. Lindkirk pulls a pack of cigarettes from her pocket, smacks out a cigarette with her palm, and pushes it into her lips.

Potts pulls out a match stick, strikes it, and lights the cigarette for Lindkirk.

LINDKIRK

(to Fenner)

Thanks.

MACMURRAY

I can't believe we came up dry.  
There has to be something we are  
missing.

LINDKIRK

Are you still so sure we have the  
right guy?

MACMURRAY

Maybe we should go back in, I just  
keep feeling we missed something.

POTTS

Look, we've been at this for hours,  
We tore this guy's house apart,  
looked under all the beds, emptied  
every drawer, there is nothing in  
there.

Lindkirk takes a long drag from her cigarette. A muted  
ringing of a cell phone can be heard.

LINDKIRK

Who is that.

Lindkirk, Macmurray, Potts and Fenner begin searching their  
pockets for a cell phone.

MACMURRAY

It's me. It's the Chief.

FENNER

Good luck.

MACMURRAY

(to phone)

Yeah Chief?

Macmurray walks down the steps of the porch, and begins  
pacing in the front yard. He raises his fist in the air.  
Lindkirk, Fenner and Potts look at each other.

MACMURRAY (CONT'D)

I knew it. Thanks Chief, talk soon.

Macmurray hurriedly hops back up to the porch.

MACMURRAY (CONT'D)

We got him. We got him.

LINDKIRK

What do you mean.

MACMURRAY

They found hairs, different types,  
in Veneral's car. They think these  
belong to our victims.

Macmurray pops his phone back in his pocket.

MACMURRAY (CONT'D)

We will know for certain tomorrow morning, but the initial guess is that these are matching the hairs of both of our victims.

FENNER

Well holy shit.

LINDKIRK

Assuming of course that the hairs are from our victims, and that the hair is not from the rides home that we already knew he was giving to Timmy.

Potts pulls a half smoked cigar from his front jacket pocket, slides it in his mouth, and begins to chew on it.

POTTS

Yeah, we already know Timmy was in the car.

MACMURRAY

We do, but why would Bobby's hair be in the car, if it is Bobby's hair?

LINDKIRK

I guess we can ask that tomorrow when we talk to Bobby's parents.

MACMURRAY

Let's wrap it up tonight and hit the ground running tomorrow. Potts, Fenner, lock it up.

EXT. FILCHER HOUSE - DAY

Macmurray and Lindkirk pull up in an unmarked police car to the house of Bobby Filcher. The house is quite similar in appearance to the home of Timmy Waskirk. It is situated in a poor neighborhood, the house shows signs of disrepair.

Macmurray and Lindkirk exit the vehicle and walk to the front porch. The porch GROANS as they walk towards the front door. The screen door CREAKS as Macmurray pulls it back, he knocks four times.

Someone behind the door begins playing with the locks, it is forcefully opened. Standing in the doorway is BILLY BOB FILCHER, grease stains on a torn shirt, looks like he just got done rolling in a puddle of motor oil.

BILLY BOB  
Can I help ya?

MACMURRAY  
Are you Bobby's father?

BILLY BOB  
Who are ya?

MACMURRAY  
I'm special agent Macmurray, F.B.I.  
This is detective Lindkirk. We'd  
like to ask you a few questions  
about your son.

BILLY BOB  
Well, youse can come on in. Watch  
yer step.

INT. FILCHER HOUSE - DAY

The inside of the Filcher house is dark, and unkept. The pictures on the wall are crooked, floors are filthy, dust is visible floating in the air. Beams of light from the front door pierce through the darkness inside.

Lindkirk and Macmurray enter as Billy Bob holds the door. Billy Bob then closes and locks the door behind them. Lindkirk and Macmurray peer over at one another.

BILLY BOB  
This way.

INT. FILCHER HOUSE - FAMILY ROOM - DAY

Doilies lay on top of dirty end tables, surrounded by a couch with stains on it. A recliner with many rips in it sits facing the television. The television is tuned to static.

A cooler sits next to the recliner on the floor. Billy Bob grabs the recliner and turns it to face the couch.

BILLY BOB  
Go on and make yerselves at home.

MACMURRAY  
I'm fine to stand, we sit all day.

LINDKIRK  
Same.

BILLY BOB  
Fine by me.

MACMURRAY  
(to Billy Bob)  
Is your wife home?

BILLY BOB  
Wife's dead. Been dead going on  
five years now.

LINDKIRK  
I'm sorry to hear that.

Billy bob reaches in the cooler and pulls out a beer can. He SNAPS back the tab as beer foam oozes out the top.

BILLY BOB  
Sorry, drinkin' away the sorrows.

LINDKIRK  
We understand Mr. Filcher.

BILLY BOB  
Call me Bobby.

Billy Bob takes a swig of beer.

BILLY BOB (CONT'D)  
Yeah, she'd been drinkin' at the  
local waterin' hole, got in her  
car, and damn if she didn't hit a  
cow on the way home.

Billy Bob leans back in the recliner, and takes a long gulp  
of the beer.

BILLY BOB (CONT'D)  
Sure, the cow lived, she flattened  
herself like a pancake against the  
steering wheel though.

Lindkirk and Macmurray glance at each other. Macmurray pulls  
out a small legal pad and a pen from his coat pocket. Billy  
Bob takes another gulp of the beer, then crushes the can with  
his hand and throws the empty into the corner.

BILLY BOB (CONT'D)  
Things ain't so clean around here  
since.

MACMURRAY  
Did you know Timmy Waskirk?

BILLY BOB

I knew that boy. He come 'round  
here playin' wit' Bobby. Them two  
got in lots of trouble.

LINDKIRK

What do you mean, trouble?

Billy Bob reaches in the cooler and CRACKS open another beer.  
Macmurray is writing in his legal pad.

BILLY BOB

Boy trouble, the typical boy stuff,  
you know.

MACMURRAY

Did you, or did Bobby, know a man  
by the name of David Veneral?

BILLY BOB

Name don' ring a bell. Should It?

Billy Bob starts taking another long sip of his beer.

LINDKIRK

Was Bobby a bully?

Macmurray pauses his writing to look over at Lindkirk. Billy Bob, can still pressed against his lips, pauses his drinking. He slowly pulls the beer can from his face.

BILLY BOB

Now look here, my boy might not  
have been well liked, but a bully  
he ain't.

MACMURRAY

What I think detective Lindkirk is  
trying to ask is if Bobby was  
getting in to trouble at all at  
school.

BILLY BOB

Sure, but so did I, and I turned  
good.

LINDKIRK

Billy, did Bobby and Timmy ever  
mention anything about anyone who  
would want to hurt either of them?

BILLY BOB

Can't say they did.

MACMURRAY

And you are sure you don't know a  
David Veneral?

BILLY BOB

I said before I didn'. You callin'  
me some kinda liar?

LINDKIRK

No, we are not. We just want to  
know everything we can to try and  
find out who did this to Bobby and  
Timmy.

BILLY BOB

Well, you best hope I don' find  
that fucker first. I'll nail him to  
a tree and take the skin right off  
that man, let him bleed out in the  
sun.

MACMURRAY

OK, I think we are done here. Thank  
you Billy.

Billy Bob begins to try and get himself up from the chair.

MACMURRAY (CONT'D)

(to Billy Bob)

Don't worry, we know where the  
front door is.

Billy Bob sits back in the recliner and tips his beer towards Macmurray and Lindkirk.

EXT. FILCHER HOUSE - DAY

Lindkirk and Macmurray leave the front porch, and walk towards the car. Macmurray's cell phone begins to ring. He pulls the cell phone from his inner jacket pocket and places it to his ear.

MACMURRAY

Macmurray.

Macmurray swaps the phone to his other ear. He paces a bit more across the lawn.

MACMURRAY (CONT'D)

Thanks, we'll be right down.

(to Lindkirk)

We got a match.

(MORE)

MACMURRAY (CONT'D)  
The results on those hairs just  
came back. One was a match for  
Timmy, the other for--

LINDKIRK  
Bobby Filcher.

MACMURRAY  
You got it. Let's go.

INT. POLICE STATION - CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY

The Chief and Bowen sit opposite each other at the conference table. Pieces of paper and photos are strewn across the table. In walks Macmurray, Lindkirk, Fenner and Potts.

The Chief is chewing on a cigar.

Macmurray, Lindkirk, Fenner and Potts all take seats at the conference table.

MACMURRAY  
OK, so the matching hairs from the  
car is what we have so far.

BOWEN  
That doesn't really prove anything.  
Any competent lawyer could argue  
those hairs were on Timmy and were  
transferred to the car when he got  
a ride home.

LINDKIRK  
We haven't had any more murders  
since we have had Mr. Veneral in  
custody.

FENNER  
Could be too early to say, we  
haven't had him for long.

MACMURRAY  
We should talk to him again.

The Chief lights his cigar and takes a few long puffs.

CHIEF  
We all know he won't speak to us  
without his attorney.

Macmurray gets up from the conference table.

MACMURRAY  
Then tell him he is invited too.

INT. POLICE STATION - INTERROGATION ROOM THREE - DAY

Interrogation room three is similar to the other two interrogation rooms, except it is much larger. In the room, on one side of the table sits Lindkirk, Macmurray, and Bowen.

The other side is occupied by Veneral, wearing orange prison garbs, and his lawyer, BUDDY CHARLETON, mid-60s, gray hair, dressed well, but wearing old clothing. Charleton has a pad of paper and a pen in front of him. A small briefcase sits open next to the pad of paper.

TWO UNIFORMED POLICE officers are standing by the door.

BOWEN  
We have a few other questions for  
Mr. Veneral.

CHARLETON  
We will answer what we can. For the record I want it known that Mr. Veneral will do whatever he can to further along this investigation, but he is an innocent man.

MACMURRAY  
(to Veneral)  
I asked you before, and I will ask you again, did you know Bobby Filcher.

VENERAL  
And as I told you before, I do not know that boy.

LINDKIRK  
How do you explain Bobby Filcher's hair in your car?

CHARLETON  
No comment, other than to reiterate the answer that Mr. Veneral did not, and does not know Bobby Filcher, nor has Mr. Veneral had any contact with Bobby Filcher.

BOWEN  
So no explanation for the hair in Mr. Veneral's car then?

CHARLETON

You know that won't hold in court.  
It is now known that Bobby and  
Timmy were friends. That hair could  
have been attached to Timmy and  
left behind in the car.

MACMURRAY

That's a bullshit answer.

(to Veneral)

You can't account for your  
whereabouts during the time that  
these two boys were murdered. We  
found evidence in your own vehicle  
linking you to both of these boys.  
Do you expect us to sit here and  
believe you had no involvement?

Charleton places the pad of paper into the briefcase, then  
SLAMS it shut.

CHARLETON

We have nothing further. See you in  
court.

Charleton gets up. The two uniformed police officers help  
Veneral to stand, revealing he is shackled at both the hands  
and feet.

Lindkirk, Macmurray and Bowen make their way to the door.

VENERAL

Toast.

Charleton glances over at Veneral. Lindkirk, Macmurray and  
Bowen pause in their tracks, they look back towards Veneral

MACMURRAY

Excuse me?

VENERAL

(to Macmurray)

Toast, it's what I ate for  
breakfast yesterday.

Macmurray turns and leaves the room, Lindkirk and Bowen look  
at each other, then follow Macmurray.

INT. POLICE STATION - CHIEF'S OFFICE - DAY

The shades still drawn in the Chief's office let small beams  
of daylight through. A smoldering cigar sits in an ashtray on  
the Chief's desk.

Lindkirk, Macmurray, and Bowen sit opposite the Chief at his desk.

BOWEN

We really don't have much.  
Everything we have is  
circumstantial. We don't have a  
murder weapon. We didn't find any  
blood at all in Mr. Veneral's car.  
I'm thinking we should drop the  
charges at this point.

The Chief picks the cigar from the ash tray and rests it on his lips.

CHIEF

(to Lindkirk and  
Macmurray)

We might have to let this dog run,  
he might not be ours.

MACMURRAY

Let's hold him for another day or  
two. I'd like to go through his  
house one more time.

The Chief pulls in one long puff from his cigar. He exhales a large plume of smoke.

CHIEF

(to Bowen)

Any objections to that?

BOWEN

No, but he will probably post bail.  
I can't imagine the judge will set  
the bail in any exorbitant amount,  
considering what we have.

CHIEF

(to Macmurray)

You have two days, two days to run  
this down.

The Chief puts the smoldering cigar back in the ash tray.

MACMURRAY

I have some other research I need  
to do on all of the victims.

(to Lindkirk)

Including some of the previous  
cases. I want to see if there is  
any way to link all of the victims  
in some way?

LINDKIRK

Link? Like how?

MACMURRAY

I'm not sure yet, it's just a hunch.

LINDKIRK

I need to stop home. God knows Ian hasn't seen me at all lately. I'm not exactly playing the part of a good wife.

CHIEF

Keep your cell on, just in case.

INT. LINDKIRK HOUSE - KITCHEN - NIGHT

Lindkirk and Ian are eating at the table. Thunder CRACKLES outside. Lightning flashes through the window. Rain pellets SMACK the kitchen window.

The light over the kitchen table flickers. Thunder CRASHES again. The lights go out. Ian and Lindkirk get up at the same time.

IAN

Let me get the candles.

Lindkirk sits back at the table. She squirms in her chair as if something on her side is bothering her. She reaches down, pulls her gun out, and places it on the kitchen table.

Ian heads for a cabinet by the sink, pulls out two candles, already in holders. He opens a drawer, grabs a box of matches and returns to the table.

Placing the candles on the table, he opens the box of matches, strikes one, then lights the two candles. The room glows a burnt orange.

LINDKIRK

How romantic.

Lindkirk takes a bite of food from her fork, then sips a glass of wine. Thunder CRACKLES outside. Lightning quickly illuminates the kitchen.

IAN

It's really coming down out there.

LINDKIRK

Hopefully I won't get called in  
tonight.

IAN

How's that going? I heard the news.  
You have a suspect?

Ian cuts a piece of food on his plate, picks it up with his fork, and pushes it into his mouth.

LINDKIRK

We do, but, we might not for long.

Ian finishes chewing, takes a sip of wine. He wipes his mouth with a napkin.

IAN

Oh really?

LINDKIRK

Just a lot of circumstantial  
evidence. I'm not so sure he's our  
guy. Macmurray thinks otherwise.

Ian puts his silverware down, they CLANK on his plate.

IAN

Any other suspects.

Lindkirk takes another sip of wine. She leans back in her chair.

LINDKIRK

Now you know I can't tell you that.

IAN

No harm in asking right?

Ian takes another piece of his food with his fork, and maneuvers it into his mouth.

IAN (CONT'D)

So these notes left at the scene--

LINDKIRK

What about them?

Thunder CRASHES outside. Lighting flashes. Rain continues to SMACK the kitchen window. Lindkirk pulls out her cigarettes, takes one from the pack, puts it in her mouth, and lights it with the candle.

She takes a quick drag, and leans forward.

IAN  
Religious in nature?

Lindkirk leans back in her chair again and takes another drag. Her eyes steady on Ian.

IAN (CONT'D)  
Look, I'm just trying to see if I can help. That's all.

Lindkirk, eyes still locked on Ian, takes another long drag from her cigarette. Ian cuts another piece of food and puts it in his mouth.

IAN (CONT'D)  
I'm pretty good with religion, so if it did happen to be a religious undertone, maybe I can help you out.

LINDKIRK  
I didn't know you had knowledge of theology. Maybe we could use--

Lindkirk is interrupted by the sound of her cell phone VIBRATING on the kitchen counter. Ian looks over towards the phone.

LINDKIRK (CONT'D)  
Shit.

Lindkirk pushes her cigarette into the ash tray, it continues to smolder. She gets up and grabs her phone.

LINDKIRK (CONT'D)  
(to phone)  
Lindkirk.

MACMURRAY (V.O.)  
Hey, I don't know how to say this, but we got another one.

LINDKIRK  
Wait. What?

MACMURRAY (V.O.)  
Just got called in. Another victim, found on the side of the road.

LINDKIRK  
Well, how, how do we know they are--

MACMURRAY (V.O.)

Another note was left with the body. This time taped to the chest.

LINDKIRK

I'm coming down.

MACMURRAY

Wait, I have more. Are you alone?

LINDKIRK

Alone, no, Why?

Ian looks up from eating his dinner. He takes a sip of wine as he is drawn into the conversation Lindkirk is having.

LINDKIRK (CONT'D)

One second.

(to Ian)

Be right back, I need to take this.

INT. LINDKIRK HOUSE - FAMILY ROOM - NIGHT

The room is dark, it is briefly illuminates by lightning casting shadows onto the wall. A coffee table sits in the middle, flanked on each side by a couch.

Lindkirk sits on one of the couches, throws a pack of cigarettes down, opens a drawer in the coffee table, pulls out a candle and some matches. She places the candle on the coffee table, lights the match, and burns the wick of the candle.

A subtle glow fills the room as the candle flickers. Lindkirk still has her cell phone to her ear.

LINDKIRK

I'm alone. What's up.

MACMURRAY (V.O.)

So you remember I said I was going to do some digging on the victims to see if there was a missing piece, something that would link them all together?

LINDKIRK

Yeah.

MACMURRAY (V.O.)

Well I started making some calls. I spoke with family members and friends of some of the previous victims.

LINDKIRK

And?

MACMURRAY (V.O.)

And there was one commonality between them.

LINDKIRK

Which is what?

MACMURRAY (V.O.)

They were all bullies, each one had problems in school. Even though I had to pry this out of most people, the theme was common. Troubled kids, troubled families.

LINDKIRK

So, we have a bully killer?

MACMURRAY (V.O.)

I can't say for sure, but we have the wrong man in custody.

LINDKIRK

I'm gonna get changed and head down there.

MACMURRAY (V.O.)

Hang on a second, there's more.

LINDKIRK

More?

Ian peeks his head into the family room. One side of his face painted orange from the glow of the candle. Rain PELTS the window in the family room.

IAN

Everything OK?

LINDKIRK

(to Ian)

Yeah, I'm almost done.

IAN

OK, I'll be in the kitchen. Love you.

Ian waits a second, then slowly disappears around the corner.

LINDKIRK  
(to phone)  
OK, what more is there?

MACMURRAY (V.O.)  
Timmy and the latest victim both  
went to Middle Creek?

Lindkirk falls back into the couch. Her hand presses against her forehead.

LINDKIRK  
That's where Ian teaches. No one told me. That's where Mr. Veneral is from?

MACMURRAY (V.O.)  
Yes. I am sorry, but I promised Ian I wouldn't say anything. Now, I think that may have been a mistake.

LINDKIRK  
You promised Ian?

Lindkirk leans forward, grabs her cigarettes, and SMACKS one out of the pack. She quickly presses it to her lips, then lights it with the candle.

LINDKIRK (CONT'D)  
I can't believe you held this from me.

MACMURRAY (V.O.)  
There's one other thing.

LINDKIRK  
Oh great, more secrets.

MACMURRAY (V.O.)  
Not secrets, maybe something you were unaware of. How long have you known Ian?

LINDKIRK  
Ian? About 5 years. I met him just before the killings started. Why?

MACMURRAY (V.O.)  
I ran a background check on Ian.

LINDKIRK  
You did what?

MACMURRAY (V.O.)  
Did he ever tell you what he did  
before you guys met?

LINDKIRK  
He was a teacher.

MACMURRAY (V.O.)  
Ian grew up in a foster home.  
Apparently he was abused by his  
older brother. After he was old  
enough, he moved out and finished  
college. He went on to teach, his  
first job was teaching theology.  
This would have been before he met  
you.

Lindkirk pauses, sits forward, puts her cigarette in the ash tray.

LINDKIRK  
He never mentioned any of that to  
me. Are you sure?

MACMURRAY (V.O.)  
Not only a theology teacher, he  
worked with troubled kids.

LINDKIRK  
Troubled kids?

Thunder BOOMS outside. Multiple lightning flashes fill the room. Lindkirk's cell phone starts making a beeping noise. She looks to see it's low on battery.

Lindkirk bites on her nail, she picks up her cigarette from the ash tray, takes a small hit, and smashes it back into the ash tray.

LINDKIRK (CONT'D)  
What are you trying to say  
Macmurray?

MACMURRAY (V.O.)  
I'm on--

Lindkirk's phone goes dead. Thunder CRASHES, lightning fills the room with a blueish hue. Lindkirk reaches down to her side, and realizes she is without her service weapon.

IAN (O.S.)  
You OK?

Lindkirk is startled by Ian. Ian is now standing by the doorway to the family room. He has a towel, and is drying a plate.

LINDKIRK

Um, yeah, I'm, I'm good. Just talking with Macmurray.

IAN

And what did agent Macmurray want?

LINDKIRK

Nothing. Nothing much. Just that everything is going well so far.

Ian pauses drying the plate.

IAN

You'd tell me if something was wrong?

LINDKIRK

Yes, sure, yes, of course I would.

Lindkirk stands up and wipes her hands down the front of her pants.

LINDKIRK (CONT'D)

I'm going to help you clean up.

Ian starts drying the dish in his hand again, and walks around the corner out of view. Lindkirk quickly searches the area looking for a weapon. She sees nothing.

INT. LINDKIRK HOUSE - KITCHEN - NIGHT

The candles color the kitchen orange as the light dances across the walls. Lindkirk glances down at the kitchen table to notice her weapon is missing.

Ian sits down at the table and grabs his wine glass.

IAN

Let's have a toast.

Lindkirk is a little reluctant in her gait towards the kitchen chair. A glass of wine sits in front of her spot at the table.

LINDKIRK

OK. What are we toasting?

Lindkirk sits at the table and looks over at Ian who already has his glass in the air.

IAN

A toast to us, and to you hopefully finding an end to this case.

Lindkirk reaches hesitantly for her wine, lifts it, and holds it up. Ian leans forward in his chair and DINGS his glass against hers.

Ian takes a sip, Lindkirk puts her glass on the table.

IAN (CONT'D)

I hope you found the answers you needed on the phone.

LINDKIRK

Answers? I didn't find any answers.

Ian takes another sip from his wine. He puts the glass on the table and gives Lindkirk a malevolent look.

IAN

How powerful the words of a wrong answer.

Lindkirk promptly stands, her chair falls over backwards.

LINDKIRK

You.

Ian stands up, picks up his chair, and throws it against the wall. He heads towards Lindkirk.

IAN

They were bad, all of them, bullies. They pick on the weak. They have sinned and thus must be punished.

Lindkirk is backing away from Ian. Thunder CRASHES. Lightning illuminates the kitchen, overpowering the glow of the candles. Rain continues to dance off of the kitchen window.

LINDKIRK

My god Ian. They were just boys.

Ian still walking towards Lindkirk.

IAN

For I take no pleasure in the death of anyone, declares the sovereign lord. Repent and live.

(MORE)

IAN (CONT'D)  
But they did not repent. They  
continued their sinful ways.  
Bullying those children, just as I  
was once bullied.

Lindkirk walks back, but is stopped by the kitchen counter.  
She reaches behind her, her hands search the counter for a  
weapon.

LINDKIRK  
That doesn't give you the right to  
kill those poor boys. They may have  
repented for their sins later. You  
took that opportunity away from  
them.

Ian is now right on top of Lindkirk.

IAN  
They will be judged by the lord  
now.

LINDKIRK  
As will you.

IAN  
I am following the plan of the  
lord.

Ian takes Lindkirk by the back of the head, and pulls her in  
close. They are face to face.

IAN (CONT'D)  
From there Elisha went up to  
Bethel. While he was on his way,  
some small boys came out of the  
city and jeered at him. Go up bald  
head, they shouted, go up bald  
head. The prophet turned and saw  
them, and he cursed them in the  
name of the lord. Then two she-  
bears came out of the woods and  
tore forty two of the children to  
pieces.

Lindkirk is pressed against the kitchen counter. Her hands  
find a sugar dish, She grabs tight.

LINDKIRK  
I'm not a bully though Ian. What  
are you going to do with me? What  
justification will you have for  
anything you do to me?

Ian grabs Lindkirk's hair, turns her head, presses his lips against her ear.

IAN

You will pursue your enemies, and they will fall by the sword before you.

Lindkirk pushes Ian back, rears up, and SMACKS him across the head with the sugar dish. Ian stumbles back, Lindkirk makes a break for the front door.

INT. LINDKIRK HOUSE - FOYER - NIGHT

The foyer is dark. Lightning randomly throws light into the room. Lindkirk races to the front door. She fumbles with the dead bolt, she can't get it to turn. Thunder BOOMS.

Lindkirk juggles the lock, it opens free. She reaches for the doorknob. Ian grabs her, throws her back. Lindkirk falls backwards against the steps, her fall breaks a few spindles.

Ian turns towards the door, locks the dead bolt, and turns back around as Lindkirk runs up the stairs to the second floor.

INT. LINDKIRK HOUSE - UPSTAIRS HALLWAY - NIGHT

Lindkirk hurries down the hallway to the bedroom door. Ian is close behind. She enters the bedroom, and slams the door, just in time, into Ian.

Ian rubs his face.

IAN

You bitch.

INT. LINDKIRK HOUSE - BEDROOM - NIGHT

Lindkirk pulls a dresser down in front of the door, hurries to her night stand, opens the drawer, and searches through papers looking for a weapon.

Ian is POUNDING on the bedroom door. A foot BREAKS through the door. Lindkirk runs back, tries to push Ian's leg back through.

Ian forces her back with his leg, she falls back. Ian kicks the door in.

IAN

Let's have some fun now, shall we?

Lindkirk is visibly upset.

LINDKIRK

How could you? Those poor boys. You hung one on a cross? Made him drink muriatic acid? You sick fuck.

Lindkirk spits in Ian's face. Ian slowly wipes the spit off with the back of his hand, then SLAPS Lindkirk across her face.

Lindkirk's head jerks to the left, she looks back, nose and lip bleeding.

IAN

You know, my brother used to whip me. I needed to show those boys what that was like.

LINDKIRK

They were already dead.

IAN

Doesn't matter now does it?

LINDKIRK

Why kill Greenbill?

IAN

If I recall, you killed him. I asked you a question. You gave me a wrong answer, so he died.

LINDKIRK

No, you murdered him, just like you murdered all of those boys.

EXT. LINDKIRK HOUSE - NIGHT

A car quickly pulls up the driveway. Thunder CRASHES, lightning pierces through the black night. The car door opens, car still running, headlights on.

Macmurray gets out, heads towards the front door.

MACMURRAY

Lindkirk? Lindkirk?

Macmurray gets to the front door and proceeds to bang on it.

INT. LINDKIRK HOUSE - BEDROOM - NIGHT

A loud BANG is heard coming from the front door. Ian looks back down the hallway, Lindkirk peers over his shoulder.

IAN  
Looks like we have company.

Ian grabs Lindkirk and swings her around. He puts his hand over her mouth. Lindkirk can only muster a few moans.

EXT. LINDKIRK HOUSE - NIGHT

Macmurray rears back and kicks the door, it pushes him back. He rears up and kicks the door again, the door doesn't budge.

Macmurray pulls out a hand gun, shoots the lock, and kicks the door in.

INT. LINDKIRK HOUSE - FOYER - NIGHT

The house is dark, and eerily quiet. Thunder CRACKLES outside. The rain PINGS off of the windows. Macmurray pulls out a small flashlight, he leads with his gun forward.

Water falls off of Macmurray and onto the floor of the foyer.

MACMURRAY  
Lindkirk?

Macmurray surveys the room with his flashlight as it pierces through the blackness. The beam of light stops on the broken spindles. He shines the flash light up the stairs.

INT. LINDKIRK HOUSE - UPSTAIRS HALLWAY - NIGHT

A beam of light grows brighter coming from downstairs. Macmurray soon gets to the top of the staircase, he pauses, and searches with his flashlight.

A slight moan is heard from the direction of the bedroom. Macmurray puts his back against the wall and aims his gun down the hallway. He proceeds towards the moan with his gun drawn.

INT. LINDKIRK HOUSE - BEDROOM - NIGHT

A beam of light illuminates the bedroom from the hall. Macmurray cautiously enters. A moan emanates from the right of Macmurray, he quickly turns.

Macmurray's flashlight reveals Lindkirk on her knees. Ian has a gun to her head. Lindkirk's hands and feet are tied.

MACMURRAY  
(to Lindkirk)  
You OK?

IAN  
Drop the weapon, or I put one right  
in her head.

LINDKIRK  
No don't--

IAN  
Shut up.

Macmurray surveys the situation. He slowly lowers his weapon.

IAN (CONT'D)  
Good, now throw it over there.

Macmurray reluctantly throws his weapon towards the floor, it bounces and slides underneath the bed.

MACMURRAY  
So you like to kill kids?

IAN  
No, no, not kids. Satan's workers.  
Those boys were bullies. I was  
vindicating their victims.

MACMURRAY  
Christ, they are just kids. There  
are better ways--

IAN  
Better ways? I know what the other  
end of the bully stick feels like.  
There are no better ways. They must  
pay.

MACMURRAY  
So you play judge, jury and  
executioner?

IAN  
Not judge, that's for the lord. I  
just sped the process up.

MACMURRAY

So you too will be judged. For in  
the same way you judge others, you  
will be judged, and with the  
measure you use, it will be  
measured to you.

Ian seems surprised, he cocks his head.

IAN

You are a bible study? Matthew I  
believe.

MACMURRAY

Matthew chapter seven.

IAN

Yes, yes, however, you have it  
wrong detective.

MACMURRAY

Special agent.

IAN

I am ridding the world of evil,  
something I think the lord would  
look kindly upon.

MACMURRAY

So what now?

Lindkirk struggles a bit, Ian smacks her lightly with the  
butt of his gun. Macmurray inches forward.

IAN

Now now, let's not do anything  
rash.

LINDKIRK

Fuck you.

(to Macmurray)

You should have just shot him.

IAN

Enough. Let's get down to business.

(to Macmurray)

I have question for you detective,  
I mean, special agent.

MACMURRAY

A question?

IAN

I am the resurrection and the life.  
The one who believes in me will  
live, even though they die; and  
whoever lives by believing in me  
will never die. Do you believe  
this?

MACMURRAY

Does the answer really matter?

IAN

You have three seconds to answer or  
else she gets one right in the  
head.

Ian pushes the end of his gun hard on the back on Lindkirk's head.

IAN (CONT'D)

Three, Two--

MACMURRAY

Whatever I say will be the wrong  
answer Ian.

Ian looks up at Macmurray and smiles.

IAN

Wrong answer special agent.  
Everyone dies.

Ian cocks the trigger on his gun, still pressed against  
Lindkirk's head.

Macmurray looks at Lindkirk. Lindkirk quickly turns and  
smacks the gun away. The gun FIRES. Macmurray rushes Ian,  
tackles him to the ground.

Lindkirk falls over, she starts to wiggle towards the bed.

Ian and Macmurray struggle, Macmurray focuses on Ian's hand  
which is holding the gun.

The gun FIRES again, the bullet impacts the floor right next  
to Lindkirk. She looks back towards Ian and Macmurray.

Lindkirk sitting on the floor, leans against the bed, she  
struggles to free herself.

Ian rears up and punches Macmurray in the face. Macmurray,  
stunned, swings back and hits Ian in the stomach. Ian leans  
over, then throws another punch to Macmurray's face.

Macmurray stumbles back and falls to the floor. Ian, clothes disheveled, bleeding, staggers, wipes his face, and spits on the floor.

IAN (CONT'D)  
Time to be judged.

Ian raises the gun. Macmurray holds his hand up. The POP of a gun shot fills the room. Ian's arm slowly drops revealing a growing blood stain on his shirt.

Lindkirk, holding a smoldering pistol, sits on the floor against the bed. She is shaking. Ian drops to one knee, then collapses onto the floor. Blood pools around him.

Macmurray looks over at Lindkirk, gets up quickly and walks over to her.

MACMURRAY  
It's OK. It's OK.

Lindkirk still has the gun raised, she is still shaking and visibly upset.

MACMURRAY (CONT'D)  
Give me the gun. It's over. It's over.

Macmurray slowly takes the gun from Lindkirk. She collapses into Macmurray's arms.

EXT. LINDKIRK HOUSE - NIGHT

Blue and red lights fill the night sky, the rain has stopped. Police cars and ambulances are parked in Lindkirk's driveway.

INT. AMBULANCE - NIGHT

Lindkirk sits up in a stretcher, bandages cover her face. Macmurray sits next to her. The Chief enters the ambulance.

MACMURRAY  
Chief.

CHIEF  
(to Lindkirk)  
You did good.

LINDKIRK  
Those poor boys.

Lindkirk looks over at Macmurray.

LINDKIRK (CONT'D)

Thank you for coming over to check  
on me. I might not have made it--

MACMURRAY

I should be thanking you, you saved  
my life.

Fenner and Potts peak into the ambulance.

FENNER

Hey, everyone OK?

LINDKIRK

Everyone is OK.

POTTS

(to Chief)

This our scene?

The Chief looks at Lindkirk and Macmurray, they both nod.

CHIEF

Your scene.

Fenner and Potts wonder off.

CHIEF (CONT'D)

Well, we saved a few more lives  
tonight, that's what matters.

Lindkirk looks over at Macmurray.

LINDKIRK

We saved each other too.

CHIEF

Thanks for finding my dog.

Macmurray leans over and hugs Lindkirk. The Chief looks on,  
smiles, and exits the ambulance.

FADE OUT.