

DEADEND CEMETERY  
"THE EXECUTION of DARLYN DRAKE"

an original screenplay by

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FADE IN:

EXT. GRATERFORD PRISON - NIGHT

Crowds have assembled in mass outside the illuminated Graterford Prison. Pro and Con advocates of the death penalty wave their banners and voice their opinions.

Every newspaper from up and down the Atlantic Seaboard are represented. Every network via's for the perfect spot to conduct their live broadcast.

Above all, a beautiful and vibrant blonde reporter is illuminated.

NEWS REPORTER (O.S.)

We are live, outside the famed Graterford Prison, awaiting the execution of Darlyn Drake. Drake convicted in 2002 for thirteen murders around the greater Philadelphia area. The killing spree known as the "Gift Box Murders" had the entire city living in fear for months. Gruesome details, of these murders were something straight out of Hollywood. Body parts from the victims sent to their families in gift wrapped boxes.

INT. LINCOLN - NIGHT

Three gentleman sit in the back of a Lincoln Limo.

Governor CHARLES GRADY, 68, A politician to the core. District Attorney BRANN, 54, self-assured and cocky, and Police Chief, DEXTER MANN, 53, way to much coffee.

GOVERNOR

What the hell is going on gentlemen? We are moments from a execution, that I signed! Now you boys aren't sure!

BRANN

It's cement Sir, no worries.

MANN

And the kid? Gonna ignore that?

BRANN

Only a child!

MANN

A child that turns this case upside down!

GOVENOR

If the media gets hold of this information we will be the ones upside down! You boys better be sure!

BRANN

Sir we haven't had a single "Gift Box" style murder since Drakes's arrest and conviction. We have our man.

MANN

Or so you say. Meanwhile the real killer uses a get out of jail free card. And we execute an innocent man.

INT. GRATERFORD PENITENTIARY - NIGHT

Three uniformed officers escort WARDEN AKERS, 57, an arrogant, and useless sort of man, through several security doors. Each door unlocked and locked as they pass.

They continue down Death Row, stopping at it's center.

INT. JAIL CELL - NIGHT

Inside a basically barren jail cell is DARLYN DRAKE, 34, thin, pale. Under different circumstances he could easily be mistaken for a Catholic Priest.

Darlyn nervously paces in his cell chewing his nails to their quick. A plate blanketed with a thick Porterhouse, and fresh Asparagus rests untouched on a small table.

He darts to the door as the four men arrive.

DARLYN

Warden please! I didn't do it! Let me speak to the Govenor! He has to listen!

WARDEN

Think the Govenor of this great state has time to talk to a murdering piece of monkey shit like yourself? Turn your ass around!

Darlyn turns so that the proper restraints can be clamped on. JACKSON REESE, 26, short but muscular. By far the youngest of the group, adroitly clamps the cuffs.

REESE

Please step away from the door sir.

Darlyn complies with their every command. The tallest guard, DWAYNE WRITE, 43, unclasps a large set of keys and opens the cell. The officers enter first followed by Akers.

The warden walks to the small table looking down at the food. He picks up a piece of asparagus.

WARDEN

You realize Drake, there is a reason this is called the last supper?

He bites the crisp vegetable.

WARDEN (CONT'D)

Hell, even Jesus Christ had a last supper. But if I were you boy, I wouldn't go getting any delusions of ever meeting him. In this life or the next.

DARLYN

Warden Akers please! I beg of you!

The third guard, OSCAR WHEELER, 34, not the eldest, but by far the most seasoned of three, unlocks the shackles.

WHEELER

Should we shackle him now, sir?

Akers looks at his watch. Smirking he looks back to Darlyn.

WARDEN

Give us a second alone boys.

WHEELER

Sir? I don't...

WARDEN

That was not a request gentlemen!

The three officers nod and leave the cell. Akers drops the remaining piece of asparagus back on the plate. He looks back to make sure the officers are out of hearing distance.

WARDEN (CONT'D)

(quietly)

Ever heard of the Deadend Cemetery Darlyn?

DARLYN

No sir.

The warden grabs him and pulls him to within inches of his face.

WARDEN

The Deadend is a place for assholes  
such as yourself. It eats your soul.  
Once buried there, you will be trapped  
with other assholes like yourself,  
forever.

DARLYN

(shaking)

I don't want to be buried there sir!  
I don't want to be buried at all!

The warden releases him. Reaching in his jacket pocket he  
pulls out a stack of photos. He drops them on top the plate.

WARDEN

Should have thought of that thirteen  
murders ago you piece of shit!

The warden leaves the cell. Darlyn looks down at the top  
photo.

INSERT - PHOTO OF BLOODIED AND BEATEN GIRL

BACK TO JAIL CELL

Darlyn breaks down into tears.

LATER

Guards clamping the shackles to Darlyn's wrists and ankles.  
The broken man continues sobbing.

DARLYN

Please! I'm innocent, I swear!

WHEELER

Sorry Drake. Were just doing our  
jobs.

Write on the floor securing the ankle shackles.

WRITE

(quietly)

And enjoying the hell out of it you  
sick fuck.

Only visible to the Write, Darlyn's face morphs into something  
devilish.

DARLYN

I'm gonna take a bite from your  
beating heart before I send it to  
that whore wife of yours!

Terrified, the guard falls backwards pushing away on the floor. Darlyn's face returning to normal, he continues sobbing.

REESE

Dwayne, you okay?

He looks around wildly.

WRITE

(gathering his thoughts)

Yeah, Yeah I'm fine. A little spooked I guess.

REESE

You? You've done this like a half dozen times.

WHEELER

Listen Darlyn, we will try to do whatever we can okay? Just try and cooperate.

DARLYN

Thank you Wheeler, your not like these other heartless bastards!

WHEELER

Come on boys, warden be back soon.

Write rolls his eyes wearily towards the convict. Darlyn returns the gesture with a smirking grin.

INT. WITNESS ROOM - DAY

Small room. Four rows of chairs, five deep. Vertical blinds hang in front.

Victims family, attorneys, officials, and sparse media, shake hands and talk quietly amongst themselves.

Govenor Grady, Brann, and Mann enter the room. Brief introductions, handshakes, and hugs from many of the female family members.

There is genuine excitement in the room. A victory of sorts, yet, there is the grim reminder of the events that has brought them all together.

An official looking middle aged woman takes the Govenor by the arm leading him to more intimate part of the room.

WOMAN

What are you doing here?

(MORE)

WOMAN (CONT'D)

Govenor you sent me here to handle this circus? Your lack of confidence in my abilities is disturbing.

GOVERNOR

Do you realize, this is probably one of the biggest events in this state's long history. I will not hide from it. I want the people to know that I stand by this decision One hundred percent!

WOMAN

A very controversial decision I might add.

GOVENOR

Liz, take a break. Get your self a cup of coffee. I can handle this.

He takes only a few steps before turning back to her.

GOVENOR (CONT'D)

Make it decaf. Better for the nerves.

INT. EXECUTION CHAMBER - NIGHT

The octangular room is a well illuminated, and self contained. Approximately eight feet in diameter. A cross shaped table is bolted too the floor at the core.

Two windows, front and behind the table. The large witness room window, And the smaller window behind the table is for viewing from the anteroom.

The rooms main door, opens. The guards are basically dragging Darlyn in.

DARLYN

No! Pleases! I don't want to die!

REESE

Most people don't.

They continue dragging him to the center of the room. Together they pick him up and lay him down on the table coordinating his arm's with the tables.

He continues to struggle while they strap him down.

DARLYN

Please I'm innocent! Don't you see!  
Your killing the wrong guy!

Write and Wheeler go into the Anteroom. Reese continues to secure the prisoner.

REESE  
(making fun)  
Please don't kill me. I'm innocent.  
Cut the shit Darlyn. Take it like a  
man. Grow some balls why don't you?

Darlyn's face turns monstrous again. In a flash, his right hand is free. He grabs Reese's crotch.

Reese's body locks immediately up. His eyes large and alarming, despite his efforts, he is unable to speak.

DARLYN  
Do not mock me you foolish pig. You  
speak of balls? I would protect  
mine at all cost if I were you!

He releases. Reese stumbles backwards doubling over.

REESE  
Write! Wheeler!

The two guards rush back into the chamber. Darlyn again strapped continuing to cry. They assist Reese in standing up

WRITE  
What the hell is wrong!

REESE  
Darlyn's hand is free!

The two officers check. He is strapped securely.

WHEELER  
Is this a joke? He's strapped down  
tight.

Reese checks the straps himself. They are secure. He looks to his colleagues confused.

REESE  
I tell you! He Was free!

Wheeler walks him to the far wall. He grabs his shoulders.

WHEELER  
Listen. You need to get your head  
in the game! This is the real! A  
man is about to die!

REESE

(calming)

Yeah, yeah okay. I'm alright. Sorry

WHEELER

Clocks ticking, let's get the medics  
in here and hook him up.

INT. WITNESS ROOM - NIGHT

Warden Akers and a older woman dressed in surgical greens,  
stand in front of the room trying to get everyone's attention.

WARDEN

Ladies and gentlemen please take a  
seat. Please. Family to the front,  
media in the back. The rest of us  
somewhere in between.

The people mill around until everyone has seated and all  
eyes on Warden Akers.

WARDEN (CONT'D)

Thank you. For those of you who do  
not know, I am Warden Akers. Now I  
know that this is a first for most  
of you, so I feel it would be best  
if we have our senior technician  
explain to you exactly what's about  
to happen. Sarah please? Sarah  
Morris.

SARAH

Evening ladies and gentlemen. What  
you are about to witness is a  
procedure that takes at most, seven  
minutes to complete. The inmate has  
already been hooked up to the proper  
I.V. and heart monitors. The  
procedure will be performed and  
monitored closely behind the inmate  
in the Anteroom.

GOVERNOR

How many medics are involved in this  
process?

SARAH

There will be three performing the  
execution. We will be using three  
chemicals. Doses are already prepared  
in the proper syringes.

(MORE)

SARAH (CONT'D)

At the warden's signal, 5.0 grams of sodium pentothal premixed with 20cc of diluent will be administered. This will cause unconsciousness. The line will then be flushed with normal saline. Next we will administer 50cc of pancuronium bromide. This a muscle relaxer, which paralyzes the lungs and diaphragm. Again a saline flush. The final step is 50cc of potassium chloride. This will cause cardiac arrest. A licensed physician is on hand to pronounce death.

REPRTER IN BACK

Mrs. Morris how often has this procedure been botched and the inmate die of a horrible and painful death?

The room stirs with whispers and repositioning in chairs.

SARAH

Despite what you may have read or heard sir, lethal injection is by far the most humane of all execution methods used today.

WARDEN

Okay. Sarah thank you. She nods and leaves the room. Execution will commence at the scheduled time of ten o'clock.

INT. EXECUTION CHAMBER - NIGHT

INSERT - CLOCK ON THE WALL:

9:55

The vertical blinds covering the main window open. From the raised execution table, Darlyn can see those in the adjacent room as well as they see him.

Warden Akers stands beside him holding the signed execution order.

WARDEN

(reading)

Darlyn Drake, a jury of your peers has found you guilty of the crimes of capital murder.

(MORE)

WARDEN (CONT'D)

Your sentence of death by lethal injection has been signed by the governor to be upheld on this day of June 4, 2012 at 10:00pm sharp. It has been bestowed upon me to carry out said order. Mr, Drake do you have any final words?

DARLYN

Please, I beg you all. I am innocent! I have not hurt any of your family! Please!

Warden Akers turns his back to the witness room window.

WARDEN

Darlyn, would you shut the fuck up! Why don't you just die! I am sick to death of listening to your whining!

Darlyn's face changing again to evil.

DARLYN

Ahhh.. Be careful warden, you talk too much. I could easily grow tired of this and pull off your fucking head!

The warden jumps back. Darlyn is again back to normal continuing his pleas of innocents.

Wheeler rushes to his side. He too keeps his back to the witness room.

WHEELER

Warden Akers you okay?

The warden nods yes, but he is definitely spooked.

WHEELER (CONT'D)

Sir you have to offer clergy.

WARDEN

(clearing throat)  
Darlyn Drake, would you like to pray for your salvation with clergy?

Eyes wide he accepts. Warden Akers waves the prison chaplain, Father Reardon over. He meets him half way

WARDEN (CONT'D)

(whispering)  
Make it fast.

The warden leaves the room. Father Reardon goes to Darlyn.

He is a solid man. His dark eyes and hair enhance his austere manner. He could easily be mistaken as being on the wrong side of his religion.

DARLYN

Father my hand please. Please take  
my hand.

The priest does as requests, He begins reciting "The Lords Prayer."

INT. WITNESS ROOM - NIGHT

Warden Akers enters the room. He walks to the red phone on the wall. The praying has ended. A more peaceful and serene Darlyn awaits his fate.

The clock strikes 10:00. Akers makes the call. Hanging up he sit's next to the Govenor. Govenor leans over close to his ear.

GOVENOR

What was all that about?

Warden Akers just shakes his head. The execution begins.

MOMENTS LATER

The physician runs his stethoscope over Darlyn's chest. Satisfied the execution was successful he nods to the warden and Govenor. The blinds pull closed.

EXT. GRATERFORD PRISON - DAY

Warden Akers arrives, parking his Cadillac XTS at the back entrance ot the prison. Guards Wheeler, Write, and Reese are waiting. All in street clothes.

The warden joins them, he is on the phone.

WARDEN

Ten minutes Juan. I want him ready  
in ten minutes. We'll meet you at  
the infirmary. Oh and Juan not a  
word you follow?

He hangs up the phone and joins the others.

WARDEN (CONT'D)

Thanks for coming.

WRITE

Um, Warden since this is a Sunday,  
and we did all work last night is  
today double pay?

WARDEN

(irritated)

Tell you what Dwayne. How about I  
guarantee you will still have a job  
Monday, after that? Who knows.

WHEELER

What are we doing here warden?

WARDEN

We have a job to finish.

REESE

Job? What kind of job.

Attempting to be illusive, The warden looks at his watch. .

REESE (CONT'D)

Well?

WARDEN

(softly)

Darlyn Drake.

WHEELER

Drake?

WRITE

Warden, as I recall, Drake is  
finished. We made sure of that about  
10:06 to be exact.

WARDEN

Look fellows, I have been around  
Drake for ten years. Ten long years.  
There was something odd about him  
last night. He was different.

(hesitating)

I saw something...

WHEELER

Something?

Reese looks away.

REESE

I saw something too.

WARDEN

What?

WRITE  
Shit. So did I.

They all look at each other surprised.

WHEELER  
What the hell did you guys see?

WARDEN  
I'm not sure. I am sure of one thing though, Drake needs to be put away forever. Father Reardon and I have long known this. Last night just reassured our suspicion.

WHEELER  
Put away? I don't follow.

REESE  
Can we do this.

Warden Akers spots Father Reardon's Cherokee.

WARDEN  
There he is now. Let's go.

WRITE  
Where the hell are we going?

INT. VAN - DAY

The white Ford Econoline travels down interstate seventy-six. Wheeler driving, Reese rides shotgun. Akers, Reardon and Write make up the back.

Wheeler looing in the rear view mirror.

WHEELER  
Father Reardon, you okay back there?  
Your looking a bit thin in the skin.

FATHER REARDON  
(rolling his dark  
eyes)  
Fine. I get a touch of the motion  
sickness at times.

Write sitting next to him slides closer to Warden Akers.

REESE  
So warden, you guys want to tell us  
where were going? We've been driving  
for hours.

WARDEN

Were nearly there, patience my boy.

REESE

Nearly where?

Warden Akers studies the landscape as it zips by. He is nearly in a hypnotic state.

WARDEN

Have you ever heard of the Deadend Cemetery?

REESE

Can't say that I have.

WRITE

Neither have I.

WARDEN

That's too bad. I am guessing Wheeler has.

WHEELER

(shaking his head)

Please don't tell me that's where were going.

REESE

Okay. What's the Deadend Cemetery

WARDEN

Deadend is a metaphysical cemetery that society has used for over a century, to bury those it wishes to truly be rid of forever.

WRITE

Are you serious? Metaphysical?

WHEELER

Campfire stories warden. Nothing more than campfire stories.

WARDEN

Campfire stories huh? Tell him Fa...

Father Reardon begins vomiting profusely in the truck.

EXT. REST AREA - DAY

Wheeler and Reese leaning against the van. Father Reardon and warden Akers have visited the men's room.

Write is stuck with the task of cleaning the van. He occasionally heaves as he cleans.

REESE

What the hell are they talking about?  
And what's up with Father Reardon?  
He looks about as dead as Darlyn.

WHEELER

Deadend is supposedly a graveyard  
that is used to bury the worst of  
the worst.

REESE

How do you mean like killers?

WHEELER

No, they have to be worse than just  
a murderer, they have to be evil in  
their actions, like Darlyn. Only  
the church can authorize placement  
there.

REESE

You can't be serious?

WHEELER

That's the story take it or leave  
it.

WRITE (O.S.)

Think I'm going to be sick.

REESE

I wouldn't do it in the van, you'll  
have twice the mess.

Warden Akers and Father Reardon return from the rest rooms.  
Reardon still looking sickly.

WARDEN

He done yet?

They shake their heads. Akers looks at his watch.

WARDEN (CONT'D)

Were losing valuable time.

WHEELER

Warden about this Deadend thing, You  
sure about this? I mean really sure?  
We all could get in major trouble.

WARDEN

If the world understood the truth as  
I do, they would thank us.

WHEELER

Yeah, well that's it. Whose gonna  
believe us?

INT. VAN - DAY

The van rolls along down a large drive, Oak trees line the  
sides. Once they clear, they see the remains of a once  
enormous posh plantation.

WARDEN

(pointing)  
Keep going that way.

REESE

Wow, whose house was that?

WARDEN

Dameon Kraven. A very rich and  
prosperous businessman. A witch  
also, in fact his entire family were  
witches.

WRITE

Get the hell out of here!

WARDEN

It's the truth. After a young boy  
was murdered by satanic ritual, they  
were all assassinated by a posse in  
the cemetery.

WHEELER

Ghost stories.

WARDEN

We'll see.

The van stops.

WARDEN (CONT'D)

Why are we stopping?

WHEELER

(pointing ahead)  
Out of road boss man.

WARDEN

Just keep going that way.

Wheeler drives through the overgrown grass and brush. They arrive at an opening in the tree line.

WARDEN (CONT'D)

Turn in here!

Turning, the van begins down a wide path in the heavy forest. The passage is lined with lanterns. As they pass, the lanterns ignite.

WRITE

Hey guys are you seeing what I'm seeing.

REESE

(nervously)

Shut up Write!

They continue inching along until they come to a large double wrought iron gate. Wheeler stops the van. They all stare quietly for several moments. Hesitantly they exit the van.

Reese walks over to the gate and rubs his fingers across a wooden sign.

REESE (CONT'D)

Check this out!

He yanks the sign from the gate, carrying it to the others.

REESE (CONT'D)

Look says "Deadend" right on it.

The sky begins to darken rapidly, the wind kicks up bringing a biting chill with it.

WHEELER

You might want to put that back.

Write pulls on the gates. A rusted chain and padlock hold them closed.

WRITE

Hope someone brought keys.

WARDEN

Run it down.

WHEELER

What?

WARDEN

Get in the van, start it, then run it down!

WHEELER

Your crazy!

The warden walks to the drivers side and climbs in pulling the door closed. The rest back away as he starts the van.

Slamming the gear shift into low, he mashes on the accelerator. Dirt and debris fly from the tires. The gates are no match. The chain snapping, links scatter about.

He continues in a ways before stopping.

REESE

Jesus your right he is nuts.

EXT. DEADEND - DAY

They all enter. The grounds are enormous. A large magnificently constructed temple on the right. Several smaller mausoleums and various headstones scattered about.

WHEELER

We shouldn't be here.

He looks to father Reardon. The priest looks healthy again.

WHEELER (CONT'D)

Welcome back Father, thought we lost you back there.

FATHER REARDON

Everything is fine, just fine.

The rest of the group has scattered about, looking at graveyard, studying the epitaphs on the headstones and crosses.

REESE

Look at some of these names, unreal.

Warden Akers is at the back of the van.

WARDEN

Write, Reese, get over here. Were not on a field trip.

The men join him at the van. He hands them both a shovel.

WARDEN (CONT'D)

Follow me.

He leads them to a small row of crosses. He surveys his location and studies the names on the crosses.

WARDEN (CONT'D)

This should suffice. Right here?

REESE

You want us you dig a grave by hand?

WARDEN

That's what your here for, now get on with it.

The two men exchange glances of annoyed disbelief before commencing their dig.

LATER

The weather continues to deteriorate.

The men have concluded their dig. Wheeler backing the van to the grave. He hops out.

WHEELER

Warden could I have a word please sir?

Warden Akers throws open the back doors.

WARDEN

It can wait Wheeler.

WHEELER

No sir it can't. I would like to have a word with you now! Sir.

Warden looks at the others. They all exchange glances. He joins Wheeler at the front of the van.

WARDEN

Very well, make it quick.

WHEELER

Warden what are we doing here? This is wrong on many levels. Look around at the others. They feel it to.

WARDEN

We are here to do a job. Now I know this may be difficult for you, but we are not leaving until were done. Father Reardon and I...

WHEELER

Father Reardon? In case you haven't noticed, he ain't exactly firing on all cylinders. I have no idea what his malfunction is.

WARDEN

Wheeler, you listen to me. I have not ask you to do a single thing today except drive. Now if you have some moral conflict with what were doing here keep it to yourself, and simply drive. Okay?

The warden returns to the back. Wheeler remains up front momentarily.

WARDEN (CONT'D)

Let's get him in the ground boys.

LATER

Reese and Write finish covering, the shallow grave. Leaning their shovels against the van they sit between the double doors.

Warden Akers retrieves a wooden cross and a three pound hammer from the van. Placing it at the head of the grave, he drives it into the ground.

WARDEN (CONT'D)

Father Reardon, the ritual please so we can get the hell out of here.

The men all gather around the grave. Wheeler joining them.

They bow their heads.

FATHER REARDON

Heavenly father, we are gathered here today to commit the soul of your departed son...

He hesitates.

FATHER REARDON (CONT'D)

To commit the soul...

The priest's head facing down. Steam forms from his sudden heavy breathing. Slowly raising his head, he begins a sinister chuckle.

His face, no longer that of Reardon's, but something straight from hell itself. His red glowing eyes stare at the men.

In a fraction of an eye blink, he is standing by Wheeler with one of the shovels in his hand. Wheeler now on the ground, his nose splattered across his bloodied face.

The men are too horrified to react.

FATHER REARDON (CONT'D)  
 (speaking in Darlyn's  
 voice)  
 You pathetic pricks! Did you really  
 think it would be so easy?  
 (he growls)  
 I have something very special in  
 mind for you!

Another flash move with the shovel, leaves Reese and Write holding their throats. Blood pouring from around their fingers. Only gurgles as they attempt to breathe.

The both fall to their knees, and then to their deaths.

Turning back to Warden Akers, Father Reardon tosses the shovel to the side. The warden is gone. He is making a mad dash for the gates.

Upon his approach, the gates swing closed. Grabbing the bars, he pulls wildly. They will not open. There is a drawn out growl. He does not turn.

FATHER REARDON (CONT'D)  
 Where are you going warden? We are  
 not quite finished here.

WARDEN  
 Please! This is not possible!

Father Reardon places his hands on both sides of the warden's head.

QUICK FLASHES - The EXECUTION

-- Darlyn strapped to the table. Father Reardon takes his hand.

-- Closer view of Father Reardon taking his hand.

-- Extreme close up of Father Reardon taking his hand

BACK TO SCENE

WARDEN (CONT'D)  
 No! Please! Please don't kill me!

FATHER REARDON  
 I should be thanking you warden.  
 With this body, I can carry on my  
 work much more expanded way.

WARDEN  
 Please!

FATHER REARDON

Ironic isn't it? They come too me  
for salvation, and I end their  
pathetic lives. Rather sick, wouldn't  
you say?

WARDEN

I'll do anything!

FATHER REARDON

(still grasping his  
head)

I told you to be careful. Remember  
what I said I would do?

EXT. TREE TOPS - DAY

A series of agonizing screams echoing through the forest.  
The birds nestled in the trees take flight.

EXT. DEADEND - DAY

Wheeler's eyes flicker open. The warm afternoon sun is  
beating down on his bloodied face. He reaches for his head  
wincing in pain.

Gingerly he manages to sit up. He is still by the van.  
Scouting out his surroundings he sees no one.

He manages to climb to his feet. Staggering to the van door.  
He removes a half empty bottle of water. He takes a hit  
then pours the rest over his face washing some blood away.

WHEELER

Reese! Write! Warden Akers! Anybody  
here!

Pulling his shirt off he wipes his face a little cleaner.

WHEELER (CONT'D)

Guys! Where the hell are you!

He makes his way back to the van. He spots the shovel on  
the ground. Starting towards it then freezing. Large puddles  
of blood saturate the ground.

WHEELER (CONT'D)

Jesus Christ! Warden! Reese! Father  
Reardon! Damn It! Somebody answer  
me!

He briskly backs and turns making his way to the driver's  
door. He jumps in and starts the van. Reaching in his pocket  
he fumbles to remove a cell phone. No signal.

WHEELER (CONT'D)

Shit!

He starts the van and races to the gates. Realizing they are now closed he slows.

His eyes fix on the blood that is smeared and dripping from

The bars, he hesitates only briefly before punching the accelerator ramming through the gate. The van rolls off.

EXT. DEADEND GATES - DAY

All is quiet. A man walks towards the gate. Long tailcoat, top hat and cane. He picks the sign up from the ground wiping it off gently. He reattaches it to the gate.

EXT. POSH NEIGHBORHOOD - NIGHT

The Fast Freight Delivery truck comes to a stop outside a well lit home. The driver exits the van and goes to the back. He pulls out a large square box.

Carrying the package, he whistles up the sidewalk. He rings the bell.

Mere moments pass before Evelyn Akers, 55, clearly of class and money opens the door.

DRIVER

Evening ma'am I apologize for the hour, but it seems a package was not delivered as scheduled.

EVELYN

Oh. Certainly you did not have to bring here at this hour?

DRIVER

Company policy ma'am. If you could please sign this.

He hands her a small clipboard and pen. She scribbles her name. He takes the clipboard and hands her the box.

DRIVER (CONT'D)

Have a nice evening ma'am

EVELYN

Thank you.

The driver turns down the sidewalk. This is the first chance we see his face. It is a slightly altered Father Reardon. He dons a sinister smile.

INT. AKERS HOME - NIGHT

Evelyn carries the package into the sitting room. A little girl seeing the package races to her.

LITTLE GIRL  
Can I see? Can I see?

Her grandmother smiles.

EVELYN  
Of course you can.

Placing the box on a table she uses a letter opener to cut the packing tape. She opens the package.

LITTLE GIRL  
What is it grandma?

The woman slowly pulls out a gift wrapped box.

LITTLE GIRL (CONT'D)  
It's a present! A present!

Puzzled at first, Evelyn's curiosity turns in to a smile.

EVELYN  
Your grandfather. This is his way  
of softening me up for coming home  
so late. Want to help me open it!

The little girl grows more excited.

LITTLE GIRL  
I do! I do!

They carry the package to the coffee table where the youngster has better access. She begins to rip open the paper. Lifting off the lid.

INSERT - WARDEN AKER'S HEAD

EXT. OUTSIDE - NIGHT

Blood curdling screams!

FADE OUT:

