

Gingerbread

Revision 1

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Original Concept

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1 EXT. HAITI BEACH - NIGHT 1

CARD: HAITI 1910

Under a full moon, a clan of MUSCULAR HAITIANS (30's), jog in formation, carrying a long wooden stake on their shoulders. On the stake are four White American Hostages, MALE HOSTAGES #1, #2 & #3 (20's) and a FEMALE HOSTAGE (30's), naked with their wrists and ankles tied hog style.

Their faces and bodies are painted with dried blood from inflicted cuts in the shape of voodoo symbols.

Their lips are stitched shut, crying and mumbling, trying to plead for their lives. The Haitians disappear into the woods. The faint drumming of a hypnotic beat and tongue chanting echoes in the background.

2 EXT. FOREST CLEARING - NIGHT 2

HAITIANS DRUMMERS (30's), sweat as they beat faster with power in each stroke. Trees around them are saturated in black sap that runs across the bark freely.

HAITIAN FOLLOWERS (ages vary), worship decapitated head pieces, praying, speaking in native tongue, possessed, showing the whites of their eyes, shaking and twitching in an outbreak of convolutions.

A pit, filled with blood. A large tree close by, drips black sap from its thorns into the pit.

The Haitians tie MALE HOSTAGES #1 & #2 and the FEMALE HOSTAGE to the trees dripping in black sap. They look at the pit, horrified.

The Haitians lift MALE HOSTAGE #3 above their heads.

The Drummer's beat shifts into a head banging drum roll.

Hostage #3 gasps his last breath, ripping through his sewed bleeding lips, then is thrown head first into the pit.

The drumming stops; everyone is silent.

In a state of shock, the Hostages are unable to blink, trembling from head to toe as the blood in the pit moves in ripples as if something is preparing to rise from it.

NANA crawls out the pit, tall, nude, curvaceous young body, wearing a head piece of a Queen Cobra. It's mouth is closed and her face hidden beneath it.

Without hesitation, the Haitian followers pray, whispering in a fast chant.

Nana stands up, the mouth on the snake head piece opens by itself, exposing her face, a beautiful Haitian woman (30's). She walks up to Male Hostage #1 and playfully scratches her long nails down his chest, burning his flesh, growling.

NANA

Are you here to bring back what was
stolen from me, white boy?

Nana seductively leans in, sliding her hands down his chest, making him jerk unexpectedly.

NANA (CONT'D)

Did you?

The sound of flesh ripping, a violent jerk reaction. The eyes of Male Hostage #1 burst, splattering Nana with BLOOD.

Nana pulls back her bloody hand, gripping his heart. Nana turns to her followers, holding up her closed hand, igniting into flames.

The Haitians howl, rejoicing. The drums play a haunting beat.

Nana takes off the head piece, passing it to a Haitian standing by. Her long hair falls down covering her breasts.

She walks up to MALE HOSTAGE #2, covering his mouth with her bloody hand.

NANA (CONT'D)

Revenge is sweet but leaves a
bitter taste in the belly of
infidels.

Male Hostage #2 tries to break free, in pain, suffocating as Nana manifests a serpent from the palm of her hand and into his mouth, stretching out his cheeks, gagging. It slides down his throat, flexing the muscles in his neck.

Nana pulls her hand back and stares down at the Female Hostage, holding a replica voodoo doll of her.

NANA (CONT'D)

Good, you're scared, child. But
this is nothing, nothing compared
to the place I'm going to take you.

Smoke rises from the doll. The Female Hostage grits her teeth as she feels the same burn.

NANA (CONT'D)

I will retrieve what was stolen
from my people. Something that does
not belong to you white devils!

Female Hostage's body is engulfed in a raging inferno. She screams as the flames absorb her body to ash.

NANA (V.O.)

You take that message back to the
master devil. A warning sent by
Goth!

Nana holds the burning doll in her hand, admiring the flames.

NANA

Your time will come, I know - Nana
always knows.

3 EXT. BROTHEL HOUSE - NIGHT 3

TITLECARD: COVINGTON, GA. OCTOBER 31st, 1997 - 5 AM

The strong autumn wind howls outside the large rundown Brothel House.

4 EXT. BROTHEL HOUSE, BEDROOM WINDOW - NIGHT 4

A brown cardboard cut-out of a Gingerbread man with a demonic snarling face colored in red marker is taped against the window from inside.

5 INT. BROTHEL HOUSE, HALLWAY - NIGHT 5

The Autumn breeze whistles through the cracked walls in one direction leading up to a closed bedroom door.

6 INT. BROTHEL HOUSE, BEDROOM - NIGHT 6

The room is sparsely furnished, rundown with badly chipped and cracked walls. A twin size bed is positioned in the middle of the room. The outline of TYRONE's body quivers in a fetal position underneath the blanket.

TYRONE

(crying)

Why? You promised me. You said I
don't ever have to do it again!
Why?

Suddenly, Tyrone wrestles wildly in a tense struggle for control. After a few seconds, the struggle stops. Tyrone sits straight up, quilt covering his body like a ghost. He gets out of bed.

NANA (V.O.)

You pathetic weakling! How dare you lie in bed like a baby with your balls tucked between your legs like a coward! You have a lot to learn, Gingerbread!

(raised voice)

YOU WILL TAKE THOSE DEVILS TO THE LEARNING TREE! TEACH THEM THAT THEIR CRIES WON'T BE ANSWERED BY GOD AND THEIR SCREAMS WILL ECHO IN HELL!

7 EXT. BROTHEL HOUSE - NIGHT 7

The blustery winds intensifies, picking up the loose red clay and grit from the ground. The dust cloud rotates in a circular motion around the house forming a funnel of dirt.

8 INT. BROTHEL HOUSE, BEDROOM - NIGHT 8

The quilt blanket falls to the floor. Tyrone (15) black male, tall, slender build with bizarre facial twitches stands motionless in a deep cold euphoric expression. His eyes roll to the back of his head displaying a demonic stare.

9 INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - DAY - FLASHBACK 9

Tyrone's grandmother NANA (very old) bedridden, with matted corn rolls appears frail and weaken.

She can barely open her eyes turning her head at Tyrone who's at her bed side in tears, holding her hand in comfort. She replies with a smile, squeezing his hand tight.

NANA

Tyrone?

TYRONE

(crying)

I told you to call me Gingerbread.

NANA

Gingerbread?

Nana licks her finger and scribbles a heart symbol on his cheek.

NANA (CONT'D)

You'll always be Tyrone Henry to me!

TYRONE

Mom says you're dying.

Nana looks away, her mind drifts in thought.

TYRONE (CONT'D)

I don't want you to leave me, Nana.

NANA

Death opens doors for us to exist in the after life.

Nana looks back at Tyrone.

NANA (CONT'D)

You'll never be alone, my grandson.
(soothing)
If you open the door, I'll come inside.

10 EXT. CEMETERY - DAY

10

A large crowd of FAMILIES and FRIENDS are gathered at the burial site of Nana. With a blank look on his face, Tyrone stares at the coffin looking sick, feeling lost. The PRIEST continues reading from the bible.

PRIEST

Our father in heaven, hallowed be your name. Your kingdom come, your will be done, on Earth, as it is in heaven...

(close on Tyrone)

...but deliver us from evil.

Bitterly, Tyrone stares at the Priest.

11 INT. ATTORNEYS OFFICE - DAY

11

Seated at a conference table is Nana's ATTORNEY. He gives Tyrone an unique well crafted gingerbread house.

ATTORNEY

I promised Nana to give this to you. She said you have a sweet tooth for Gingerbread.

Fascinated, Tyrone stares at the front door.

TYRONE
It's Nana's house.

NANA (V.O.)
If you open the door, I'll come
inside.

Tyrone looks up from the gingerbread house with a slight grin.

12 INT. BROTHEL HOUSE, BEDROOM - NIGHT 12

In the dark, sitting on the bed in his underwear, Tyrone stares at the gingerbread house on the floor. The door cracks open.

NANA (V.O.)
If you open the door, I'll come
inside.

Tyrone's eyes roll to the back of his head. He leaps off the bed, landing on the gingerbread house and smashing it.

Like a deranged maniac he shoves hand-fulls of smashed gingerbread pieces into his mouth, gagging and chewing the awful taste, black cream oozing from the gingerbread, blackening his mouth and lips.

In agony, clutching his throat with both hands, Tyrone spits up black saliva, drooling on his hands, struggling to breathe.

He collapses on the floor. A stream of smoke rises from his mouth as if a spirit is escaping from him. Suddenly, Tyrone's eyes snap open.

13 INT. BROTHEL HOUSE, HALLWAY - NIGHT 13

The PROSTITUTES (20's to 30's) are standing outside their bedrooms staring at Tonya's closed door, listening to C.J. losing his temper on Tonya.

C.J. (OS)
I want my money, bitch! You think
I'm playing? You better think
again, bitch!

C.J. slapping Tonya is heard through the door.

14

INT. BROTHEL HOUSE, C.J.'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

14

Crying, a bruised and bloody Tonya crawls up, leaning against the wall. C.J. picks up her purse, going through her items.

C.J.

I don't give a damn about your punk
ass son being sick! You work for
me, not him!

Frustrated, he throws the purse down, walks to her dresser and pulls out drawers, throwing her clothes out. Shaken, Tonya stands up. He reaches inside the drawer looking for something.

Tonya leans against the wall looking like a complete mess with mascara running down her face. She wipes away the blood from her mouth with her sleeve, pleading to C.J.

TONYA

Just let me go! Please C.J.,
there's something wrong with me,
something ain't right! I've been
having these fucking headaches, I
feel dizzy all the time, and I
can't remember anything from
yesterday!

C.J. pulls out a taped envelope flashing it at Tonya.

TONYA (CONT'D)

I'm begging you to let me go!

C.J. walks over to Tonya, dropping the money on the bed and pulling out a loaded syringe from his coat pocket.

C.J.

You wanna go somewhere? You looking
to take a little trip sweetie? I
got that for you.

Out of fear, Tonya moves away from C.J., sliding back against the wall.

TONYA

No! I don't want it!

C.J. lunges over at Tonya who tries to fight back but is over powered. He injects the drug into her neck, easing Tonya down to the floor in a sitting position with her head down.

C.J.

Look at me - Look at me!

Tonya stares at C.J., looking and feeling rejuvenated and healed, a twinkle in her eye. C.J. strokes her cheek.

C.J. (CONT'D)

Now, I want you to get up, go back to the club, and shake your money making ass I own till the wheels fall off. Got it?

Tonya nods mechanically.

C.J. (CONT'D)

Go make that money, baby girl.

Tonya gets up, exiting the room.

15 INT. BROTHEL HOUSE, HALLWAY - NIGHT 15

Tonya walks past the Prostitutes who look on quietly.

C.J. (V.O.)

(yelling to prostitutes)
Get back to work!

The Prostitutes rush to their rooms terrified.

16 INT. BROTHEL HOUSE, BEDROOM - NIGHT 16

C.J. stands up hearing a faint whisper in his ear.

NANA (V.O)

The devil will cry.

C.J. jerks around checking the room. He stares at the bed pushing it aside. A gingerbread cookie resembling C.J. stares at him.

17 INT. BROTHEL HOUSE, BEDROOM - MORNING 17

Sunrise

From a window, a ray of sunlight shines from the hallway. Tyrone exits the bedroom closing the door behind him.

18 INT. BROTHEL HOUSE, HALLWAY - DAY 18

Tyrone looks to the left side of the hallway at the row of closed bedroom doors.

He hears the pleasures of moans coming from various WOMEN having sex. The sound of bed springs squeaking out of rhythm. The sound of horny MEN grunting in satisfaction.

NANA (V.O.)

Whores Gingerbread, just like your mother. The devil has poisoned their souls with lust. Listen to them fornicate like filthy animals.

19 INT. BROTHEL HOUSE, DINING ROOM - DAY 19

Tyrone grabs his book bag and jacket from the table, which is strewn with empty alcohol bottles and drug paraphernalia.

20 INT. BROTHEL HOUSE, LIVING ROOM - DAY 20

Tyrone walks towards the front door. His mother, TONYA HENRY - (32), lies on the floor in front of the couch. She is beautiful, tall slender build with long black hair. She is unconscious and wearing a housecoat with nothing underneath, exposing parts of her nude body.

Tyrone kneels down at her side, brushing her hair back gently.

Tyrone pulls the throw off the couch, covering Tonya.

TYRONE

She's still my mother, Nana.

Tyrone licks his finger drawing a symbol on her cheek, gets up, walks out the front door.

21 EXT. BUS STOP - DAY 21

Tyrone sits on a wooden fence in front of an abandoned house.

In the distance, a School Bus approaches.

The Bus stops in front of Tyrone. The doors open.

22 INT. BUS - DAY 22

Slowly, Tyrone walks onto the Bus.

THE BUS DRIVER greets Tyrone with a smirk.

BUS DRIVER

Let's move it, I ain't got all morning.

Tyrone takes a seat behind the Driver. He unzips the pocket of his book bag, removing a clear plastic bag of frosted gingerbread cookies. He takes a cookie out and eats it, staring out the window in silence.

STUDENTS seated directly behind and across from Tyrone, quietly move to the back of the bus.

The Bus is completely silent as it sets off.

23 EXT. RURAL ROAD - DAY 23

The School Bus drives along the road.

24 INT. SCHOOL BUS - DAY 24

MIDDLE SECTION

MICHAEL CLARK (15) leans over and catches the ears of ANDREW THOMAS (15) and PAUL WRIGHT (15) who sit in front of him.

MICHAEL

(California accent)

Hey Andrew, what's with the black kid up front?

Andrew and Paul glance at each other turning back towards Michael.

ANDREW

Look, just keep your distance from him. Don't talk to him. Don't look at him.

PAUL

Trust us, you don't want to fuck with that crazy motherfucker.

MICHAEL

What's his name?

ANDREW

They call him the Gingerbread Man.

Michael laughs out loud.

MICHAEL

The Gingerbread Man? What kind of name is that?

PAUL

Shut up! Geez man, do you want him to hear you?

ANDREW

Seriously, don't mess with him.

Michael stares at him, a grin of curiosity in his face. Staring out the window, Tyrone talks to himself as he eats the cookies. Quickly, Andrew grabs Michael by his shirt collar pulling him close to his face.

ANDREW (CONT'D)

Look asshole! If you want to die, be my guest, but don't fuck with him around us!

Andrew releases his hold on Michael turning back, facing the front of the bus. Michael waits for a second, leaning back into Paul's ear.

MICHAEL

So he's like sick or something? I mean, shouldn't he be locked in a nut house, wearing a straight jacket or some type of shock therapy?

Paul turns to Michael.

PAUL

He's a serial killer.

With a look of disbelief, Michael continues to smirk.

MICHAEL

Bullshit, prove it?

PAUL

(to Andrew)

Tell him...

ANDREW

Ok...

25 EXT. JARVIS DEALERSHIP, LOT - NIGHT - FLASHBACK 25

Driven by anger, Tyrone swings a crowbar busting out the headlights and windows of expensive luxury cars, he pours gasoline in the front seats.

ANDREW (V.O.)

I can't say for sure what started
it, but one thing is for sure,
Gingerbread was out for revenge!

Using a burning rag on a stick, Tyrone ignites the fires and then runs across the street to his parked bike leaning against the side dumpster of a corner store. Like a bomb, the cars detonate into exploding fireballs, shooting out flying debris in a chain reaction

Smiling, Tyrone admires his work, takes off riding his bike away from the scene.

26 EXT. DIRT ROAD - NIGHT 26

Casually, Tyrone is riding his bike eating gingerbread cookies while humming "Sweet Gingerbread Man."

27 EXT. MATRIX LABORATORIES - NIGHT 27

Deep within the woods and surrounded by an electrical chain link fence a foot high, is the ranch style compound sitting on several acres of land. A slow moving SECURITY PATROL CAR circles the compound.

28 INT. SECURITY CAR - NIGHT 28

The SECURITY GUARD, overweight is smoking a joint, drinking a beer, and listening to country music, not paying attention.

29 EXT. MATRIX LABORATORY, FRONT ENTRANCE - NIGHT 29

Tyrone runs behind the patrol car up to the security key pad entering a pass code, entering the facility.

30 INT. MATRIX LABORATORY, STORE ROOM - NIGHT 30

Tyrone steals vials of experimental serum out the storage containers in a refrigerator, filling his back pack, zips it shut, and throws it on across his shoulders. He runs between various work stations, turning on the Bunsen burners and releasing gases.

31 EXT. MATRIX LABORATORY, WINDOW - NIGHT

31

Tyrone climbs out of the lab window, leaning back against the side of the building. He takes out a Molotov Cocktail from his back pack lighting the cloth with a lighter.

SECURITY GUARD (V.O.)

Hey!

At the end of the building the Security Guard shines a flashlight and takes chase after Tyrone.

Quickly, Tyrone steps back like a quarterback throwing the lit bottle through the window. He pulls his bike from behind the bush riding off in a burst of speed.

The Security Guard pulls his fire arm, shooting at Tyrone as he penetrates the fence through a man made slit, disappearing in the woods. The lab blows up in a powerful explosion knocking the security guard off his feet.

Stunned, the Security Guard makes an emergency call on his radio.

SECURITY GUARD

203 to Dispatch! There's been an explosion <BEAT> I need fire & rescue sent to West Wing...

The lab explodes again.

32 INT. MAYOR'S MANSION, OFFICE - NIGHT

32

Wearing his reading glasses, Mayor JARVIS JORDAN (40's) is signing paper work, answering the telephone on the second ring.

JARVIS

Yes - what?

Jarvis stops writing, taking off his glasses, looking very alarmed.

JARVIS (CONT'D)

When? What the hell happened? What the fuck am I paying you for? Where's O'Brien? You tell that useless fuck be there in fifteen minutes!

Jarvis slams the phone, running out the office.

33 EXT. MATRIX LABORATORIES - NIGHT

33

The remains of west wing of the ranch is burned down to the ground, surrounded by DEPUTY SHERIFFS and local FIRE FIGHTERS.

The FIRE MARSHALL (40's) gives O'BRIEN a dirty plastic bag taking a look inside.

O'BRIEN
That son of a bitch!

Driving up in a sports car and getting out, Jarvis runs up to O'Brien and deputies demanding answers.

JARVIS
(screaming)
I want the motherfucker who's
responsible for this buried 12 feet
deep! I want names O'Brien! Who's
trying to fuck me!

O'Brien opens the bag showing Jarvis the contents inside.

JARVIS (CONT'D)
I want that cookie eating bastard
dealt with! He's gotta be working
with that trailer trash reporter
Tina Rush! Deal with it!

Jarvis jams a folded envelope into O'Brien's chest, taking it, as Jarvis storms off to look at the damages. He unfolds the envelope marked "Classified," on the back is well drawn picture of Mayor Jarvis in the form of a bleeding gingerbread.

34 EXT. WOODS - NIGHT

34

Deep in the woods, an unconscious Tyrone is viciously beaten, tortured, and tied to a large tree branch by his hands above his head hanging off the ground in his underwear.

Two local HUNTERS (60's) stand speechless staring at the body.

ANDREW (V.O.)
Mayor Jarvis figured the best way
to deal with the threat was to make
Gingerbread's death look like a
hate crime.

35 INT. HOSPITAL ICU - DAY 35

Attending MEDICAL PHYSICIAN (50's) and NURSES (30's) revives an unconscious Tyrone using a defibrillator.

DOCTOR

Clear!

The Nurses step back. Tyrone's body jerks in response of the electric shock. The EKG monitor registers a pulse.

ANDREW (V.O.)

He died and came back to life three times.

36 EXT. CONVIENENT STORE - DAY 36

Local town thugs GAGE O'BRIEN (17) and his CREW (16 to 17) are hanging out, smoking cigarettes, and drinking soda pop in front of a store trying to impress a group of GIRLS (16 to 17) in a parked convertible.

ANDREW (V.O.)

The town rumor is that the sheriff's son Gage, and his butt fucking buddies did this. Believe it or not but that's how black people are treated in the dirty south. I don't agree with it, but that's the way it is.

37 EXT. INDUSTRIAL DISTRICT - DAY 37

Dressed in black, Tyrone, wearing a matching back pack rides up to the doors, sliding to a complete stop. He unzips his pack filled with tools, taking out a crow bar, breaking off the padlock, entering inside.

38 INT. GARAGE HOUSE, 2ND FLOOR - DAY 38

In a fit of rage, Tyrone turns over storage shelves, flammable storage lockers, and barrel drums filled with fluids, spilling through the crated floor down to the first floor.

39 INT. GARAGE HOUSE - 1ST FLOOR - DAY 39

Tyrone is standing in the middle of the floor with his hand on fire, admiring the flames running through his fingers.

NANA (V.O.)

We're going to burn all the rats in one hole!

40 EXT. INDUSTRIAL DISTRICT - NIGHT

40

Tyrone is riding between abandoned steel refinery buildings, being chased by Gage's crew in hot pursuit.

Out of nowhere, Tyrone is blindsided and tackled to the ground by Gage, slightly overweight with curly hair jumping to his feet kicking him in the stomach.

GAGE

Come on you black piece of shit!
Get up!

The crew of bullies catches up, jump off their bikes, grabbing Tyrone by his arms picking him up.

GAGE (CONT'D)

Hold him!

One of the bigger bullies, BULLY #1 (17) applies a vice grip full nelson on Tyrone. Gage delivers several hard blows to his mid section making him cough hard.

BULLY #1

You better mind your master boy!

BULLY #2 & #3 laugh in amusement. Anxiously, Gage rubs his fist ready to rumble.

GAGE

Check his pockets.

Bullies #2 & #3 check Tyrone's pockets. Bully #2 pulls out a plastic zip bag of weed from his jacket.

BULLY #2

Oh shit! Jackpot!

BULLY #3

Well hello, Mary Jane!

TYRONE

Give it back, you fucking devils!

Gage kicks Tyrone in the groin making him fall to the ground holding his crotch in pain. Gage takes the bag of weed, examining it.

GAGE

Since I'm the sheriff's son, that gives me the right to confiscate this illegal substance and put it to use, bitch!

Gage and his crew kick Tyrone several more times, riding off behind the building.

41 INT. STORAGE GARAGE - NIGHT 41

The room is surrounded by old wooden crates and drum barrels. The floor is soaked and gritty. Gage is ready to light the joint placing it between his lips.

GAGE
Give me a light.

Bully #1 gives gage a book of matches.

BULLY #1
There's a couple left.

Bully #2 is looking around the warehouse.

BULLY #2
Aye, are you sure it's okay to smoke in here.

BULLY #3
Stop being a pussy, it's cool.

42 EXT. STORAGE GARAGE - NIGHT 42

Tyrone secures the sliding doors with a chain and lock. He runs, getting inside an old tow truck facing the garage.

43 INT. STORAGE GARAGE - NIGHT 43

Gage lights the joint, throwing the lit match to the ground.

44 INT. TOW TRUCK - NIGHT 44

Waiting in anticipation, Tyrone is eating gingerbread cookies. Suddenly, the entire garage blows up in a powerful fireball explosion.

In the driver seat is a gingerbread cookie resembling Gage.

ANDREW (V.O.)
There were no witnesses, and the only piece of evidence at the scene was a gingerbread cookie.

END OF FLASHBACK

45

EXT. WASHINGTON HIGH SCHOOL, CLASSROOM - DAY

45

MRS. JUDY WILKINS, a conservative teacher (36) along with BECKY RICE (25) an attractive assistant, pass out copies of the school play to the STUDENTS, who talk amongst each other with excitement.

Tyrone sits in the back of the class, fiddling with his fingers obsessively and with an evil look in his eyes. Mrs. Wilkins stands at the front of the class.

MRS. WILKINS

Settle down, settle down class.
Please open to the first page to
the cast of characters - you'll
find your names assigned to the
parts you'll be playing.

The Students turn to the first page. NICHOLAS GRANT (15) athletic build, pumps his fist in approval after finding his name.

NICHOLAS

Thank you stage gods, I'm playing
the prince again!

Sitting across from Nicholas is young JESSICA PIERCE (15), a curly red head with freckles, stares at him playfully. She leans over to Nicholas.

YOUNG JESSICA

They got it both right this time.

Nicholas blushes with a smile.

NICHOLAS

The part I'm going to like is the
ending.

YOUNG JESSICA

You mean when we kiss.

TUCKER JONES (15), a chunky teen with acne issues, sits behind Nicholas. He yells out.

TUCKER

Mrs. Wilkins, you might wanna tell
Romeo and Juliet that we're doing a
G-rated play and not a porn flick.

The STUDENTS laugh.

YOUNG JESSICA

You're just mad that no one wants
to kiss your crater face - it looks
like the back of your mothers fat
ass!

The Students burst out laughing even louder. Mrs. Wilkins
claps her hands to gain control of the class.

MRS. WILKINS

Alright, alright that's enough from
both of you.

Jessica glares at Tucker, flipping him the middle finger.

MRS. WILKINS (CONT'D)

I'm expecting everyone to act like
respectable ladies and gentlemen.
Remember, Mayor Jordan will be in
attendance, so I expect all of you
to be on your best behavior.

Abruptly, Tyrone slams a book on top of the desk. Everyone
turns gasping at him.

TYRONE

Why am I not in the devils play?

Mrs. Wilkins gulps. The class turns to her.

TYRONE (CONT'D)

Why can't I be the prince who
kisses Jessica in front of
everyone?

The classroom remains completely silent. Young Jessica turns
to the front scared.

Mrs. Wilkins looks frightened, nervous, rubbing her hands
together.

MRS. WILKINS

Well, um, that's because um, you'll
be playing a special part.

Mrs. Wilkins turns to Mrs. Rice as she steps up to the
class.

MRS. RICE

That's right, you're going to be
playing the role of the - the
Gingerbread Man!

The Student body gasps at Mrs. Wilkins. Even Mrs. Wilkins looks aghast.

YOUNG JESSICA

I cannot believe Mrs. Rice just suggested that.

Tyrone narrows his eyes and grins devilishly.

46

EXT. TRACK FIELD - DAY

46

A group of students stretching out on the grassy lawn; RYAN CLARK (16), CRYSTAL SUMMERS (16), BRIE ANDERSON (15), CHRISTOPHER THOMAS (16), TOM BOHEMIAN (16), ROBERT MILLS (16), and BILLY RICE (15).

Billy looks up seeing Tyrone along the fence line on the far end of the field. He turns tapping Ryan on the shoulder stretching next to him.

BILLY

Hey, didn't you tell me the next time you saw that black spook, you were going to kick his ass?

Billy points to Tyrone walking down field. Everyone looks in the same direction. Ryan stands up.

RYAN

Hell yeah, his ass is mine!

Everyone stands. Tom steps in front of Ryan.

TOM

Wait a minute! Are you sure you want to do that?

BRIE

Remember what happened to Gage and his crew.

ROBERT

Burned crispy critters beyond recognition.

CRYSTAL

And he got away with it.

Ryan stares at everyone, raising his voice in anger.

RYAN

Are you telling me you're more afraid of him than me? You're all a bunch of pussies.

Ryan step into Christopher's face.

RYAN (CONT'D)
What about you?

Christopher looks unsure of himself.

CHRISTOPHER
Yeah. I'm - I'm with you Ryan.

47 EXT. FOOTBALL FIELD - DAY

47

Brie, Billy, Crystal, Robert, Tom, Christopher and Ryan walk in the direction of Tyrone.

Brie elbows Billy in the shoulder.

BRIE
Why did you have to open your pie hole?

Billy shrugs his shoulders with guilt.

BILLY
I didn't think he would actually go through it.

Everyone stops near the fence line.

Ryan pushes Christopher forward.

Christopher hesitates for a second looking back at Ryan who squints his eyes, squeezes his lips tightly and flashes his fist in a threatening manner.

Christopher takes a deep breath as he walks up to Tyrone from behind.

CHRISTOPHER
Hey, nigger!

Tyrone ignores Christopher but his eyes tell a different story. Christopher turns back to the group.

CHRISTOPHER (CONT'D)
Now what?

RYAN
(yelling out))
Go kick his black ass!

Christopher moves closer, grabbing Tyrone by the back of his jacket, turning him around.

Out of nowhere, Tyrone throws a large RODENT with its jaws fully extended into Christopher's face.

Christopher screams with his arms flying outwards. The head of the rodent enters inside his mouth, biting down on his tongue. Squirting blood runs down his chin.

BRIE

Oh my god.

BILLY

What's he doing?

Everyone jumps back in horror.

In a fit of panic, Christopher screams at the top of his voice, the rodent clawing his face, gagging, choking on his blood.

With all of his might, Christopher pulls the rodent out tearing off a piece of his tongue in the process. Out of shock, he falls to his knees vomiting a combination of blood and digested lunch.

The rodent, with part of Christopher's tongue in mouth, runs off into the tree-line of the woods.

Christopher rolls on the ground in agonizing pain with his hands over his mouth. The heavy flow of blood leaks between his fingers. Crystal vomits.

Billy passes out falling to the ground. Brie hyperventilates, desperately gasping for air.

Ryan, Robert, and Tom take off running in separate directions.

Tyrone leans back against the fence, laughing.

48

EXT. HIGH SCHOOL, FRONT ENTRANCE - DAY

48

FEMALE PARAMEDIC & MALE PARAMEDIC wheel Christopher on the stretcher moaning in discomfort and crying. His mouth is filled with a blood-soaked gauze held by a metal clamp.

Christopher is loaded into the ambulance. Paramedic #1 jumps in with Christopher. Paramedic #2 slams shut the back doors.

49

INT. HIGH SCHOOL, PRINCIPAL'S OFFICE - DAY

49

Principal JOHN BRADLEY (50's), stands in front of the window watching the ambulance driving off with the siren blaring.

School psychiatrist, DR. JANICE BARNES and head security officer BENNY GORDON are seated in front of the principal's desk.

Upset, Principal Bradley shakes his head in disgust pacing behind his desk with his hands in his pockets.

PRINCIPAL BRADLEY

For Christ sakes, please explain what the hell that kid was thinking of? He used a fucking rat as a weapon to chew out a student's tongue!

DR. BARNES

I've evaluated Tyrone. Without question he has severe psychotic disorders.

BENNY

More like demonic possession if you ask me.

Principal Bradley stops with a scowl look.

PRINCIPAL BRADLEY

Psychotic disorders! Demonic possession! You mean to tell me this lunatic has been running loose in my school and no one knew anything about his mental health?

DR. BARNES

I'm afraid not. I will say that Tyrone has been dealing with this from a very young age.

Frustrated, Principal Bradley sits down behind the desk, rubbing his hands over his face.

PRINCIPAL BRADLEY

Did you get a hold of his mother?

DR. BARNES

No, their phone is disconnected.

PRINCIPAL BRADLEY

What about her place of employment?

BENNY

I've heard several students mention that Tyrone's mother works at the strip club "Dixie Chicks" during the day.

PRINCIPAL BRADLEY

Wonderful. Where's Tyrone?

BENNY

Roger is watching him in detention. I hate to say it, but that kid gives me the creeps.

Principal Bradley picks up the phone dialing out a number.

PRINCIPAL BRADLEY

You and I both - hey it's John - um listen, I need you to come by the school as soon as possible, we have a serious situation involving Tyrone Henry.

50 INT. HIGH SCHOOL, DETENTION CLASSROOM - DAY 50

Small classroom with no windows. Security officer ROGER (50's), is asleep behind the desk with his legs up.

At the back of the room, Tyrone slowly gets up from his seat, walking quietly up to the desk with his hand behind his back. He grips a large pair of scissors, looking at the closed door and then back at Roger.

51 INT. HIGH SCHOOL, OUTSIDE DETENTION ROOM - DAY 51

The detention door opens. Tyrone stands in the doorway with his face and clothes covered in blood. He exits the room turning down the hallway.

52 INT. HIGH SCHOOL, DETENTION ROOM - DAY 52

Roger lies on the floor behind the desk in a massive pool of blood with the scissors pierced through both sides of his neck.

53 INT. HIGH SCHOOL, CORRIDOR - DAY 53
Unnoticed, Tyrone runs full sprint.

54 INT. HIGH SCHOOL, STAIRWAY - DAY 54
In a mad dash, Tyrone runs down the stairs.

55 INT. HIGH SCHOOL, BASEMENT - DAY 55
Tyrone leaps from the steps down to the basement floor,
running through the corridor.

56 INT. HIGH SCHOOL, MAINTENANCE OFFICE - DAY 56
Tyrone stands outside the door, turning the door knob
slowly, the door opens. He walks up to the railing of the
stairway looking down.

BOTTOM SECTION - WORK SPACE

Ryan stands in the middle of the work shop smoking a JOINT,
staring out the window.

Outside, the JANITORS are cutting the lawn.

From behind, Tyrone picks up a coil of rope off the floor,
wrapping the ends around his hands.

Ryan continues staring out the window taking a long deep
drag from the joint.

Without warning, Tyrone jumps on Ryan's back looping the
rope around his neck, wrapping his legs around his waist,
pulling back with a sick psychotic look of desperation.

NANA (V.O.)

Kill him Gingerbread! Kill the
Devil!

Ryan is choking, grabbing the ends of the rope, struggling
to breathe.

Viciously, Tyrone bites down on Ryan's ear ripping off a
piece of cartilage. Blood gushes down the side of his neck.

They both fall backward against the storage shelves
collapsing on top of them. Several miscellaneous items,
including a metal mallet falls to the floor.

Ryan flips Tyrone over his shoulders down to the concrete
floor. He dives for the mallet grabbing it.

In a blind rage, Tyrone jumps on Ryan, grabbing a hand full of hair, repeatedly slamming his face into the cement floor.

Ryan's bloody front teeth fly out from his mouth. He screams, twisting his body, swinging the mallet striking Tyrone across the head, knocking him backwards to the ground bleeding from a head wound. Ryan staggers to his feet screaming.

RYAN

You're dead, nigger!

Aggressively, Ryan charges Tyrone with his back turned holding the mallet high above his head with both hands.

At the last second, Tyrone spins around, slicing Ryan's face with a knife.

In excruciating pain, Ryan drops the mallet covering his face with both hands. Blood spews from Ryan's face. Blindly, he screams, trying to feel his way stumbling in a circle lost.

RYAN (CONT'D)

Ah! My fucking face! I can't see!
Help me! Someone fucking help me!

Tyrone picks up the mallet from the floor, moving around Ryan in circles.

NANA (V.O.)

Kill the fucking devil! The devil
needs to die! Kill the fucking
devil!

(Shouting)

THE DEVIL NEEDS TO DIE!

Repeatedly, Tyrone strikes Ryan across the head. He stumbles backwards into the work station next to a mounted table vice.

Tyrone grabs a dazed Ryan by the hair, turning his body face first inside the teeth of the table vice.

Firmly, he presses his weight on top of Ryan's back side turning the knob on the steering wheel, closing the large clamps tightly against Ryan's skull.

RYAN

STOP IT! STOP IT!

*** Reaching across the table, Tyrone picks up a plugged in power drill with a long drilling bit. ***

*** With a sadistic smile on his face, Tyrone presses the drill bit against the back of Ryan's neck. ***

*** The buzzing sound of the drill twists grinding through Ryan's skull. All we see is Tyrone's face being splattered with blood. Ryan screams in a high pitch squeal for a several heart pounding seconds. The sound of his throat vomits in a mixture of blood and saliva in a gurgling manner. ***

57 INT. BROTHEL HOUSE, LIVING ROOM - DAY

57

Tonya paces nervously, smoking a cigarette to calm her nerves.

TONYA

I can't believe you pulled this shit again, Tyrone. The entire town is probably out looking to kill you - and there's nothing I can do to protect you anymore. I can't handle this anymore - I'm sorry.

Tonya grabs her coat from a chair.

Tonya walks over to the couch, grabbing her packed duffel bag.

Suddenly, the front door flies open. Startled, Tonya jumps back dropping her bag.

Tyrone stands in the doorway breathing hard.

TONYA

Tyrone, what the fuck!

Tyrone walks inside the living room, slamming the front door shut.

NANA (V.O.)

Going somewhere, Coco?

Tonya's face turns white as a ghost in fear, unable to comprehend what she just heard.

TONYA

Oh my God. The only person... Nana?

With a devilish grin, Tyrone walks up to Tonya.

NANA (V.O.)

That's right, Coco. This past year I've been with my grandson, guiding

NANA (V.O.)
and protecting my Gingerbread from
those white devils. And now,
everyone is going to pay for what
they did to him.

Tonya thinks out loud.

TONYA
(to Tyrone))
It was you -- you've turned my son
into a killer!

With rage in her eyes Tonya walks up to Tyrone.

TONYA (CONT'D)
You've got the entire town looking
for my son! Do you realize they're
going to kill him. How could you do
this to my son, you evil bitch!?

NANA (V.O.)
You should be thanking me for
giving a weak boy the back bone he
needs against those devils.

Tonya grabs hold of Tyrone's arms.

TONYA
I want my son back god damn it!
GIVE HIM BACK TO ME!

Tyrone laughs at Tonya.

NANA (V.O.)
Give my grandson back to a filthy,
dried up whore? No, Gingerbread
doesn't need a junkie whore in his
life. I will take care of him.

Unexpectedly, the front door flies open. C.J. walks into the
living room towards Tyrone.

C.J.
There's the fuckin' psycho... You
don't have to worry about spending
the rest of your life in prison.
They're going to hang your
black-ass from the same tree where
they left you to die, nigga.

Tonya steps in front of C.J., pleading for her son's life.

TONYA

C.J. listen to me. I know this is going to sound crazy but Tyrone didn't do this by himself. You got to believe me.

C.J.

Bitch! Get the fuck outta my face with that bullshit, I ain't fallen for that!

TONYA

I - I know it sounds fucked up but its the truth! She spoke to me! If you only give me a chance to...

C.J. viciously back hand slaps Tonya across the face. She falls on top of the coffee table shattering the glass and breaking the frame into pieces.

C.J. pulls out a pistol from the waist band of his pants pointing the weapon at Tyrone staring back unafraid.

Unnoticed, Tonya grabs a broken table leg with a number of nail exposed on the end.

C.J.

(to Tyrone)

Don't worry Tonya, your son and I are going to finish the ass-whipping I started days ago. Today, you were short on my money. So I'm gonna tap dance on your punk ass son just like a slave master - just like the last time.

In a flash, Tonya grunts, hammering C.J.'s foot with the table leg, piercing the long nails through his shoe. C.J. screams in pain. He accidentally fires a single round from the pistol shattering a table-top vase into pieces.

TONYA

(shouting))

RUN TYRONE!

Without hesitation, Tyrone takes off running into the hallway. C.J., off balance from his injured foot, fires several shots at Tyrone.

C.J.

Mothafucka!

58 INT. BROTHEL HOUSE, BEDROOM - DAY 58

Telepathically, the bed slides across the floor, Tyrone hops over it, blocking the door. Tyrone removes a loose floor board in the center of the room taking out rolls of money, cassette tapes, and vial capsules into his book bag.

59 INT. BROTHEL HOUSE, LIVING ROOM - DAY 59

Tonya charges at C.J., swinging the table leg at his head. C.J. ducks under the attack, comes up pistol whipping Tonya in the face with a back handed blow.

Tonya is knocked down to the floor. Her cheek bone is cut, bleeding, and badly swollen. A pissed off C.J., grabs Tonya by her hair dragging her body across the floor pressing the barrel of the pistol against her temple.

C.J.

I'm gonna splatter your fucking
brains all over this floor if you
don't call him back bitch!

Suddenly, the front door is kicked in. MAYOR JARVIS JORDAN (40's) slick black hair combed back with a deep southern accent walks inside the living room. He's followed by four of his HENCHMEN (20's) armed with shot guns.

JARVIS

Now that's no way to treat my
prized possession.

C.J. let's Tonya go glaring at Jarvis.

TONYA

Fuck you!

An amused Jarvis turns back to his men laughing.

JARVIS

Fuck me? Yeah, been there done
that...

(to Tonya)

I had to brag to my boys on how
talented you are. Maybe if you
cooperate, I'll let them sample a
piece.

Jarvis walks around the living room.

JARVIS (CONT'D)

But right now, I'm here about
business. Something that your son

JARVIS (CONT'D)

continues to stick his nose into.
Your boy has something that belongs
to me and I'm gonna get it back,
one way or another.

60 INT. HIGH SCHOOL, MAINTENANCE OFFICE - DAY 60

The School janitor GUS RICHARDS (50's), leads Sheriff O'BRIEN (30's), Sheriff Deputies DANIEL PATRICK (20's), MARCUS RUSSELL (20's), SAM WALKER (20's), and LISA JONES (20's), down the metal stairs through the maintenance work shop to the back restricted area.

61 INT. HIGH SCHOOL, STORAGE ROOM - DAY 61

A large puddle of BLOOD sits underneath the closed double doors.

O'BRIEN

(to Gus)

Has anyone else been down here?

Nervously, Gus fumbles his hat between his fingers.

GUS

No sheriff, the building is
completely empty.

O'Brien draws his service weapon. The deputies follow his lead with anticipation. He opens the unlocked doors.

Flashlights shine on the blood trail leading to a slump nude body of Ryan, tied in barbed wire to a chair. The body is badly tortured and covered in blood.

DEPUTY RUSSELL

(gasping)

Jesus H. Christ.

Disgusted, Deputy Jones turns her head away.

DEPUTY WALKER

I think I'm going to be sick.

O'Brien and Patrick glance at each other speechless.

Slowly, the deputies walk up to the body.

BODY

Ryan's head is tilted back against the chair. Blood flows from the mouth down to the chest. The jagged word "GINGERBREAD" is carved across the stomach. There are multiple puncture wounds on the arms, legs, and feet bloody, swollen and discolored.

Patrick shines the light on Ryan's badly beaten face. His forehead bulges from several drilled holes. Patrick grabs Ryan's hair, lifting the head up for everyone to see. His eyelids are closed.

PATRICK

Do you recognize him?

O'Brien leans into the victim's face.

O'BRIEN

(gasping))

It's Ryan Clark.

Ryan's eyelids flick open. The eye balls are missing, blood runs out from the eye sockets.

Everyone jumps back startled.

O'BRIEN

What in God's name...

O'Brien storms out of the maintenance room, Patrick runs up from behind.

PATRICK

Wait a second, Steve!

O'BRIEN

Back off Daniel! This is personal!

Patrick grabs O'Brien arm, pulling him face to face.

PATRICK

This is not the way to handle this. You're still an officer of the law. If you go after Tyrone Henry like this, not only will you destroy your career, but you'll spend the rest of your life behind bars. Is that what you want?

O'BRIEN

Did you see what happened to Ryan Clark? Do not preach to me about consequences! I'm not going to let that bastard get away with murder again!

PATRICK

I know your family is still
grieving over the death of your son
Gage, but...

O'BRIEN

You're damn right we're still
grieving! I'm going to take care of
the son of a bitch the way it
should have been done - the way my
father would have handled things.
Burn them all to hell!

Abruptly, O'Brien walks away with a look of retribution in
his eyes.

62 EXT. COUNTY ROAD - NIGHT 62

9 p.m. A lone squad car drives down the dark abandoned wet
road at high speed.

63 INT. SQUAD CAR - NIGHT 63

O'Brien drinks from a bottle of Jack Daniels, removing his
badge and throwing it out the window. He turns off the CB
radio.

O'BRIEN

I'll show 'em!

Drunk, O'Brien blows the car horn yelling out the window.

O'BRIEN

I'M GOING TO BURN SOME DARK MEAT
TONIGHT!

64 EXT. DIRT ROAD - NIGHT 64

Slowly, the squad car drives down hill with the headlights
off.

65 EXT. BROTHEL HOUSE - NIGHT 65

The squad car pulls up and stops in front of the wooden
porch.

O'Brien exits the squad car leaving the engine running. He
carries a loaded shotgun.

O'Brien looks through the front window. It is dark inside.
He walks to the front door.

66 INT. BROTHEL HOUSE, LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

66

The front door is kicked in. O'Brien moves in waving his shotgun across the ransacked living room.

O'BRIEN
Sheriff's department! Come out with
your hands up!

O'Brien spots the nude body of Tonya Henry underneath an overturned cabinet.

Her bloody face is badly beaten. He checks for a pulse on her neck, Tonya is dead.

O'BRIEN
You got off easy, bitch.

Suddenly, the silence is interrupted by an overturned table coming from the kitchen.

Quickly, O'Brien stands, aiming the shotgun in the direction of the noise. He notices the trail of blood on the floor and slowly follows it.

67 INT. BROTHEL HOUSE, KITCHEN - NIGHT

67

C.J. leans against the side of the kitchen table, bleeding from a gunshot wound to the stomach.

O'Brien walks up to him, his gun poised at him.

C.J.'s beaten face looks up at the barrel of the shotgun, coughing up a mouth full of blood. He struggles breathing through his bloody nostrils from a broken nose, clutching the side of his stomach in extreme pain.

C.J.
(weak voice)
Help me - I'm dying.

O'BRIEN
(smiling)
Well, it looks like somebody beat
me to the punch, boy.

Painfully, C.J. gasps for air.

C.J.
Fuck you, pig.

O'Brien shoves the double barrel shotgun against C.J.'s chin.

O'BRIEN
Where's the boy?

C.J. coughs.

C.J.
Ask your boss. His men did this to
me. They raped Tonya - left me to
die.

O'BRIEN
And you're telling me this
because...?

Immediately, O'Brien leaves the kitchen in search of Tyrone.

C.J. drags his body across the kitchen floor into the living
room.

68 INT. BROTHEL HOUSE, LIVING ROOM - NIGHT 68

O'Brien exits the hallway, back into the living room. C.J.
extends his bloody hand out for help.

C.J.
Sheriff.

O'Brien stops, turning to face C.J. with a smile on his
face.

O'BRIEN
I didn't hear the magic word, boy.

C.J. snarls with a look of resentment.

C.J.
Suck my dick.

69 EXT. BROTHEL HOUSE, FRONT PORCH - NIGHT 69

The front door is wide open. The cold intense flash from the
shotgun lights the path of the doorway. The loud blast
echoes in the background.

Quickly, O'Brien exits the house running to the rear of the
squad car. He opens the trunk, removing two gasoline
canisters. He runs back inside the house with them.

- 70 INT. BROTHEL HOUSE, LIVING ROOM - NIGHT 70
O'Brien pours gasoline on C.J. and Tonya's bodies, the overturned furniture, and floor.
- 71 INT. BROTHEL HOUSE, HALLWAY - NIGHT 71
O'Brien splashes gasoline on the walls and floor, throwing the one gas can.
- 72 INT. BROTHEL HOUSE, KITCHEN - NIGHT 72
O'Brien moves the stove out from the wall, yanking out the gas line. The sound of gas seeps out from the exposed end.
- 73 EXT. BROTHEL HOUSE, FRONT PORCH - NIGHT 73
O'Brien exits, pouring the rest of the 2nd gas can down the front steps.
- 74 I/E. SQUAD CAR - NIGHT 74
O'Brien lights the gas with a lighter, a trail of flames crawls up into the front door.
Immediately, the front room catches fire.
O'Brien jumps back into the squad car, shifting it into gear and spins away aggressively.
- 75 EXT. DIRT ROAD - NIGHT 75
The speeding squad car drives up the trail.
- 76 EXT. BROTHEL HOUSE - NIGHT 76
The house explodes into huge fireballs, lighting up the night.
- 77 EXT. COUNTY ROAD - NIGHT 77
The squad car spins off the dirt trail, accelerating down the isolated road fading away into the darkness.
- 78 EXT. WILKINS RESIDENCE - STREET SIDE - NIGHT 78
TITLE CARD: 20 YEARS LATER
A pizza delivery car pulls up and parks across the street.
The PIZZA MAN (20's) exits the vehicle carrying an order of pizzas, walking across the street, up the steps to the front door, and rings the door bell.

PIZZA MAN

Why these people are ordering pizza
is beyond...

From behind, Tyrone, now known as GINGERBREAD (35), dressed in all black fatigues wearing a skull cap, stands up behind the pizza man shocking him with a cattle prod to the back of the neck as he falls to the porch.

He pulls the pizza man off to the side and picks up the boxes as the hallway light from the inside is turned on.

79

INT. WILKINS RESIDENCE, LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

79

On the vanity, an unrolled sleeve of medical instruments are covered in blood with fragments of tissue and bone.

Gingerbread walks down the line of deceased senior members of the WILKINS FAMILY (50's to 60's) tied to their chairs.

Judy Wilkins' HUSBAND (50's) eyes are extracted from its eye sockets, leaving streaks of blood running down his face, dripping off his chin.

Her SISTER (50's) ears have been sawed off with a foot long needle piercing through the ear canal.

Her BROTHER (60's) nose is cut completely off exposing the nasal cavity, still bleeding.

Her youngest BROTHER (50's) entire bottom jaws is ripped off hanging to the side like a chin strap covered in blood.

Gingerbread stands in front of Judy, her mouth and lips is glued shut, quivering and crying in fear. He slides his hands under her dress between her legs.

Out of fear Judy flinches at his touch, he leans into her ear.

GINGERBREAD

You wanted me to play The
Gingerbread Man? Fine, I'll do it.
It will be a performance that
everyone will talk about for the
rest of their lives... ending with
yours.

Gingerbread removes his hand pulling Judy's head back by the hair, shoving and squirting drops of super glue in each nostril pinched together.

In a state of panic, Judy struggles, shaking and rocking her body trying to breathe, her hands balled tightly, her eyes roll the back of her head, her body jerking, suffocates and dies.

80 EXT. FOOTBALL GAME, PARK, VA - DAY 80

The huddle breaks with a hand clap for motivation.

F.B.I Agent JESSICA PIERCE now in her (30's), long red hair, slender build, and freckle free is a gorgeous woman with a tom boy's demeanor.

Jessica lines up at the lines of scrimmage with her teammates of FEDERAL AGENTS (20's to 30's), taking their positions across from the MARINE OFFICERS (20's to 30's), for the final play.

Jessica is glaring at MARINE #1 on defense.

MARINE #1

Maybe you should sit this one out on the sidelines. I wouldn't want anything to happen to your pretty face or that sexy body.

JESSICA

I was going to say the same thing, but I see that you're lacking those qualities yourself.

Marine #1 frowns at Jessica.

MARINE #1

We'll see about that!

Jessica looking at Agent STEVEN THRONE (30's), as the quarterback slot.

JESSICA

Tell me how you feel after this play tough guy.

81 EXT. PARK TABLES, SIDELINE - DAY 81

A few SPECTATORS and FAMILIES are watching by the trees. A near by PHOTOGRAPER (male) is taking pictures.

82 EXT. FOOTBALL SIDELINE - DAY 82
F.B.I team yell in encouragement.

83 EXT. FIELD OF PLAY - DAY 83
The REFEREES take their position.
Agent Thorne CALLS OUT a play behind center.

AGENT THRONE
Blue thirty - two! Blue thirty -
two! Hut! Hut! Hike!

The football is snapped, the play begins, offense and defense are jockeying for position.

Jessica runs a ten yard up field, cuts inside on a slant route.

Marine #1 follows her route tightly.

Agent Thorne scrambles outside the collapsing pocket on a bootleg run.

Marine Officers #2, #3, and #4 blitz through the offensive line in pursuit for the quarterback sack.

Jessica runs across mid field.

Agent Thorne sees an open window, steps into pass play, throwing a last second tight spiral pass.

The Marine officers #2, #3, and #4 tackle Agent Throne hard to the ground.

84 EXT. FOOTBALL FIELD, MID FIELD - DAY 84
Jessica catches the football, turning up field, stiff-arms Marine #1 in the face, taking off his feet.

85 EXT. FOOTBALL FIELD, SIDELINE - DAY 85
F.B.I agents screaming from the side line.

86 EXT. FOOTBALL FIELD - DAY 86
Quickly, Jessica out-maneuvers the defense, spinning around Marine #5; hurdling over Marine #6 missing the tackle; shaking Marine #7 with quick stutter steps; executing several moves around Marines #7 & #8 falling to their faces.

Jessica runs full speed down the middle of the field. MARINE #9 (a female in her 20's) chases Jessica down, grabbing her around the neck.

Jessica turns, stiff-arms Marine #9 underneath her chin breaking the hold.

Jessica dives into the end zone and scores the winning touchdown.

From behind, the referees blow their whistles, signaling touch down.

87 EXT. FOOTBALL FIELD, STANDS - DAY 87

The AGENTS celebrate.

88 EXT. FOOTBALL FIELD, END ZONE - DAY 88

The photographer is taking pictures.

The F.B.I Agents celebrate with Jessica.

89 EXT. FOOTBALL FIELD, END ZONE - DAY 89

Head Referee#1 blows his whistle and signals game over.

90 EXT. FOOTBALL FIELD, END ZONE - DAY 90

Pissed off, the Marines charge up to Jessica, breaking up the celebration.

Marine #1, bleeding from his nose, angrily marches up to Jessica and stands in her face.

MARINE #1

You broke my fucking nose!

Jessica grips the football in her hand and leans into the face of Marine #1, shaking her head in doubt.

JESSICA

Nah, it doesn't look broken to me.

MARINE OFFICER

Take a closer look Bitch!

Maliciously, Jessica throws the football directly at his nose splattering blood in all directions from his nostrils.

Marine #1 quickly bends over in pain, covering his face with the bottom of his tee shirt.

In a flash, Jessica turns, smacking Marine #2 in the mouth.

The Marines attack Jessica - the F.B.I Agents retaliate in an all out brawl.

91 EXT. J EDGAR HOOVER BUILDING BUILDING - DAY 91

Subtitle: CLARKSBURG, VA - OCTOBER 30TH - 9 A.M

92 INT. DEPUTY DIRECTOR'S OFFICE - DAY 92

Deputy Director DAMIEN LEBRE (50's), is sitting behind a desk writing report info in a case file. He looks at the closed doors anticipating someone to knock.

There's a knock at the door.

LEBRE

Come in.

Assistant Director MORGAN KRUSE (early 40's), well dressed walks in first, Jessica follows behind closing the doors.

They stand in front Lebre's desk.

LEBRE (CONT'D)

Take a seat.

Jessica and Kruse sit down.

Lebre slides an assault report to Jessica.

LEBRE (CONT'D)

Let me start by saying, I have serious problems with the negative publicity this bureau has been subject to because of your actions Agent Pierce.

(leaning back)

And now your latest stunt has the Marine Corps wanting your head on a platter. You're lucky criminal charges won't be filed against you - again.

KRUSE

Sir, if I may...

LEBRE

(to Kruse)

Save it.

(to Jessica)

It's pointless to make an argument on behalf of an agent who continues to disregard the policies and regulations of this agency.

Lebre opens the desk drawer, taking out Jessica's identification and weapon and placing them on top of a case file on his desk.

KRUSE

So you're reinstating Agent Pierce?

LEBRE

Believe me, if the decision was up to me, Agent Pierce would be shoveling horse shit from here all the way back to Georgia...<BEAT> Which is where you're headed to.

With a curious reaction, Jessica and Kruse glance at each other.

Lebre slides the items to Jessica.

JESSICA

I'm going back to Georgia, why?

LEBRE

Gingerbread.

KRUSE (V.O.)

But why come back after 20 twenty years when he's presumed dead?

LEBRE

Revenge.

Lebre turns the monitor towards the agents as a recorded video feed plays back.

93

INT. STAIRWAY BASEMENT - NIGHT (VIDEO FEED)

93

POV CAMERA: The camera's light is on. Slowly Gingerbread walks down the long flight of steps.

The aggressive gnawing and screeching sound of rats in the background growing closer.

GINGERBREAD

Nana always told me to keep my friends close.

He stops, placing a large rat on the steps running down into the darkness.

GINGERBREAD (CONT'D)

But to keep the devils closer.

Gingerbread walks down shinning the camera light on the nude body of former classmate CHRISTOPHER THOMAS (30's) heavy set, his stapled face against the basement door with blood streaming from his deep penetrating wounds on his arms, legs. The jagged font "GINGERBREAD" is branded down his spine.

On the floor chewing on his bloody feet and toes are a pack of hungry rats soiled in his blood.

Visibly shaken Jessica tremble in deep thought staring off into the distance.

94

EXT. TIDAL BASIN, WASHINGTON D.C. - DAY

94

A senior black ops agent code name OZ (50'S) well dressed in a business suite and trench coat, sits on the park bench over- looking the Potomac River.

Walking up from behind, an associate code name RAZOR-X (40's), well dressed in a black suite, tie and dark shades take a seat next to Oz.

RAZOR-X

I understand an urgent matter has
arose. I thought it was made clear
from our last meeting that you had
everything under control.

Oz feeds the pigeons around his feet.

OZ

Until now. That's why I need you on
this.

Oz pulls out a medium size envelope from his coat pocket, giving it to Razor-X with the word "Gingerbread" scribbled in blood.

RAZOR-X

When did you get this?

OZ

It was delivered to me this morning
by mail courier to my home.

Razor-X tears open the envelope pulling out the contents of a gold compact disk, small strips of film, and a small medical vial capsule filled with fluids. He stares at vial capsule.

OZ (CONT'D)

Yes, he has everything that can expose our entire operation in its final stage. It seems like my direct orders to shut down operations in Covington were ignored.

RAZOR-X

I'll take care of the problem. Maybe the next time you'll.

Razor-X puts the contents inside the breast pocket of his over coat.

OZ

There's also a local news reporter he's been in contact with. The same reporter that worked with his father twenty years ago. We can't afford the press leaking this out to the world. She must be dealt with and anyone else he's been in contact with! <BEAT> He cannot get his hands on the book! Are we clear!?

RAZOR-X

Crystal - Like I said, the matter will be taken care of, immediately. I'll keep you posted.

Razor-X gets up walking away.

In the palm of his hand, Oz holds up a small vial filled with a black serum.

95

INT. SWIMMING POOL - DAY - FLASHBACK

95

Through the large bay windows, the sun shines on the back side of Young Jessica diving off the high platform, executing a twisting dive into the deep end of the pool.

Mysteriously, the steel shutter closes over the bay windows blocking out the sun.

Suddenly the ceiling lights are turned off. Young Jessica rises up to the surface, looking around the pool area with a sense of urgency in the dark, looking up at the announcer's booth waving her hands.

YOUNG JESSICA
 (calling out)
 Hey, Someone is still in the pool!
 Coach Petersen!

The pool-lights turn off, the pool area is completely dark.

NANA (V.O.)
 (echoing whisper)
 Jessica!

Suddenly, a loud splash crashes in the water from behind.

Frantically, Young Jessica swims to the edge of the pool pulling herself out.

At the last moment, Tyrone grabs Young Jessica's ankle pulling her underwater in a struggle, bubbles of air pops at the surface.

96 INT. POOL SIDE - DAY 96

By her hands, Tyrone drags a semi conscious Young Jessica into the women's locker room.

97 INT. LOCKER ROOM - DAY 97

By her ankles, Tyrone drags Young Jessica face down on the floor into the showers.

98 INT. SHOWERS - DAY 98

On her back, Young Jessica is inside the outline of a gingerbread figure, surrounded by burning aroma candles.

Tyrone hovers over her, shaking loose bones in his hands, rolling the loose fossils on her stomach.

NANA (V.O.)
 (to Young Jessica)
 Nana has something to show you.

99 EXT. EXIT DOORS - DAY 99

Through the pane window, the corridor's lights are out except for the exit light above the doors.

Scared beyond reasoning, Young Jessica's voice screeches at a high pitch running towards the exit.

She slams into the door, vigorously shaking the handle in a panic, the door flies opens,

The RATS cover Young Jessica's body like a fur coat with a tail from head to toe, squirming on top of each other, scratching, clawing, growling, and biting.

YOUNG JESSICA
(screeching repeatedly)
Get them off of me!

100 EXT. DRIVERS ED COURSE - DAY 100

Young Jessica is screaming, runs out between the parked cars and into the course lane.

Suddenly, the car brakes squeal hitting Young Jessica, causing her head to slam on the car hood knocking the rats off, she falls backwards slamming the back of her head into the pavement.

The rodents run into the wood-line. Young Jessica is bleeding from her eyes and mouth, her body covered in rat bites.

101 INT. OPERATING ROOM - NIGHT 101

Young Jessica is heavily sedated as DOCTORS (40's to 50's) perform brain surgery to relieve pressure.

102 INT. ICU - NIGHT 102

Young Jessica is in an induced coma with her head wrapped heavily in bandages, connected to a breathing tube and lines running to various machines and IV's in her arm.

END OF FLASHBACK

103 INT. TWIN ENGINE JET - DAY 103

Jessica snaps out of her nightmare.

104 EXT. MUNICIPAL AIRPORT, COVINGTON, GA - DAY 104

6 p.m.

A small twin engine jet wheels up on the damp runway. The passengers exit.

Jessica exits last, carrying a black duffel bag on her shoulder. The Sheriff of Covington, DANIEL PATRICK, (50's) walks with Special Agent JASON STARKS (30's). They greet Jessica with a hand shake.

PATRICK

Welcome home Agent Pierce. I wish this reunion was under better circumstances.

JESSICA

We'll have time to catch up after Tyrone Henry is caught.

PATRICK

Alright then, let's make it happen. Now if you and Agent Starks are ready...

JESSICA

I'm sorry Agent who?

Jessica stares down Starks from head to toe.

STARKS

I'm Agent Jason Starks, I've been assigned to be your partner on this manhunt.

Jessica walks up to Starks playfully patting him on his shoulder.

JESSICA

I'm terribly sorry for the misunderstanding but your services won't be required at this time. Thanks, but no thanks.

Rudely, Jessica walks by Starks glancing back at Patrick for an explanation.

Patrick shrugs his shoulders confused. From behind, Starks runs up to Jessica.

STARKS

Agent Pierce!

Jessica stops, turning back with a smirk on her face.

STARKS

Wait a second! Maybe you didn't hear me right...

JESSICA

No, I heard you loud and clear. Look, the last thing I need is for a rookie to get in my way when shit hits the fan. Trust me, it will. I

JESSICA

don't want to be responsible for you getting shot in the process, so don't take it the wrong way. I shoot first and then ask questions when I'm in the mood to hear the bullshit.

STARKS

I didn't request to be your fucking baby sitter or chaperon. You have your orders and I have mine. So like it or not you're stuck with me until Tyrone Henry is either locked up or dead. Are we clear?

Shaking her head, Jessica gives in.

JESSICA

Fine, its your funeral.

From behind. Patrick almost out of breath runs up to Jessica and Starks.

PATRICK

(excited)

I just got a call from HQ! There's been another murder!

(to Jessica)

Its Judy Wilkins!

105 EXT. WILKINS RESIDENCE - EVENING

105

SUNSET - 8PM

The large three story colonial home is sitting on the corner acre of land surrounded by large trees. The exterior structure is currently being remodeled. The front lawn is clutter with pallets of building materials, power tools, ladders, scaffolds, and various work tables.

The squad car, containing Patrick, Jessica, and Starks, pulls up parking across the street behind another patrol car.

Curiously, the residents of this quiet community stand in their doorways and front lawns watching.

Immediately Patrick, Jessica, and Starks run across the street.

Deputies TOM BRYANT (20's), VERONICA MILLER (30's), RODNEY MITCHELL (30's), approach anxiously from the properties front lawn.

DEPUTY BRYANT

Sheriff! What in the hell is going on? The entire neighborhood is asking more questions than I got answers.

DEPUTY MILLER

Apparently everyone has received an anonymous phone call that Judy Wilkins is dead. Is it true?

Frustrated, Patrick glances at his deputies hesitating to answer at first, but finally responds.

PATRICK

(sighing)

Its Tyrone Henry, he's back in town.

The deputies keeping their emotions in check, gasping under their breaths in terror.

DEPUTY MITCHELL

Did he murder Christopher Thomas?

JESSICA

Yes and there will be more if we don't stop him.

PATRICK

(to deputies)

Agents Pierce and Starks are from the F.B.I, leading this manhunt to capture Tyrone Henry. We don't have a lot of details to go on but --

Out of nowhere a speeding news van with the logo of channel 5 news pulls up to a screeching halt in the middle of the street.

The camera man COREY GREEN (20's), chubby, and news reporter TINA RUSH (40's), attractive, jump out running to the back of the van.

Corey opens the cargo door, grabbing his camera and placing it on his shoulder.

Tina picks up the microphone.

PATRICK

(to agents)

Damn it! That's the last thing we need. We better get inside before

PATRICK
the whole world knows what's going
on.

(to deputies)
No one is to come on this property.
This is an official crime scene,
absolutely no one!

The Deputies move to the edge of the lawn, standing guard.

Jessica, Starks, and Patrick rush up the hill towards the house. Suddenly, Jessica stops, looking down at the soaked lawn covering her boots.

JESSICA
(pointing down)
Wait a second! Look!

Starks and Patrick look at where Jessica is pointing. The flood waters run down hill past their feet.

STARKS
It's coming from the house.

Patrick turns to his deputies.

PATRICK
(to deputies)
Get on the radio and get the fire
department down here! And keep
everyone back!

Jessica, Starks and Patrick run up to the front doors, entering inside.

106 EXT. STREET SIDE - NIGHT

106

Curious, the neighborhood residents move in closer. Tina and Corey run up to the deputies.

TINA
Deputy Bryant! I received an
anonymous tip that members of the
Wilkins family were murdered. Can
you verify that?

Immediately the crowd mumbles in fear.

DEPUTY BRYANT
This is neither the time nor place
for this Mrs. Rush! I need you to
stay back and let us do our job!

TINA

Is it true that Tyrone Henry faked
his death and is now back after
twenty years?

The crowd's fear intensifies.

DEPUTY MILLER

(shouting)

Get back or you'll be arrested for
trespassing!

POV CAMERA: Deputy Miller's hand covers the camera lens
shoving the camera down to the ground.

The camera blacks out.

107

INT. WILKINS RESIDENCE, HALLWAY - NIGHT

107

The power is out.

Patrick leads the way, shining the high beam flashlight
through the cold mist filtering the hall.

Jessica and Starks follow behind.

FRENCH DOORS

The doors slide open. Patrick shines the light on the bone
chilling word "WELCOME" spelled in blood on the floor.

PATRICK

He's been here.

Jessica smells a strange but familiar odor.

JESSICA

(to Starks)

I smell gasoline.

STARKS

I smell it to. It could be a trap.

Patrick shines the light down the steps, following a trail
of blood down at the bottom of the landing.

A second word "HOME" is scribbled in blood. Inside the
letter "O" is a gingerbread cookie.

Terrified, Patrick takes a deep breath shaking.

JESSICA
(to Starks)
I think we can take it from here.
(to Patrick)
Why don't you wait outside?

Patrick holds out his hand, regaining his composure.

PATRICK
No - I'm the Sheriff of this town.
I have a job to do.
(to Jessica)
I want to get that son of a bitch
and end this nightmare!

Slowly, Jessica, Starks, and Patrick walk down the stairs with their weapons drawn. They stop at the bottom of the steps.

Jessica pulls out a small hand held flashlight from her coat pocket and turns it on.

108 INT. WILKINS RESIDENCE, LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

108

The flash light shines on flipped over couches and chairs with multiple slashes in the fabric and cushions.

The broken remains of coffee tables, end-tables, book shelves, cabinets, picture frames, wall decorations, and various antiques are scattered across the floor.

The walls are heavily damaged with large puncture holes.

The nude, full figure body of JUDY WILKINS with a rope tied to her neck is pulled out from underneath an over turned couch. The rope line extends into the back room.

The flashlight shines on the large carving of the word "FEAR" across the victim's thigh.

Jessica shines her light on the victim's face.

JESSICA
Its Judy Wilkins!

Slowly, the rope drags the body across the floor.

PATRICK
He's inside the house.
(mumbles)
I'm going to kill you - do you hear me?
(yelling out)

PATRICK
I'M GOING TO KILL YOU,
MOTHERFUCKER!

Patrick chases after the body like a madman.

JESSICA
Sheriff no!

109 INT. WILKINS RESIDENCE, BACK ROOM - NIGHT 109

The body is pulled hard and fast from the living room into the empty back room.

Patrick runs through the room. From behind, Jessica and Starks follow in pursuit.

110 INT. WILKINS RESIDENCE, KITCHEN - NIGHT 110

The body is dragged across the floor.

111 INT. WILKINS RESIDENCE, BASEMENT - NIGHT 111

The body is pulled through the open door way.

Patrick runs through, tripping on a rig cord on the steps, losing his balance, falling forward.

At the last second, Jessica reaches out grabbing Patrick by the collar of his jacket, pulling him back inside the door way.

Starks shines the light into the basement.

The body floats face down in the flood waters filled with broken glass. The victim's hair floats away from the back of the neck; a digital timer inserted inside the body ticks down to three minutes.

Suddenly, a female voice cries out for help.

FEMALE VOICE (O.S)
Somebody help me! I'm trapped
underneath!

With a sense of urgency, Jessica, Starks and Patrick glance at each other.

JESSICA
We got less than three minutes to
get her out.

Immediately, Jessica holsters her weapon taking off her jacket. Starks shines the light between the steps.

STARKS

I can't see where she is.

(calling out)

F.B.I. Agents, can you hear me? Are you hurt?

Patrick radios through the static transmission on his receiver attached to his shoulder.

PATRICK

Come in Bryant! I need you to move everyone back! Contact bomb squad and the paramedics! We have a live victim trapped in the basement!

Jessica carefully steps down into the flood waters surrounded by sharp glass fragments.

FEMALE VOICE (O.S)

I'm tied to the support beam underneath the floor! Please hurry!

Jessica braces her hand carefully against the basement wall, taking another step down. The water level is up to her breast.

JESSICA

(calling out)

I need to know where you are! Can you make some noise?

FEMALE VOICE (O.S)

Will this work?

Without warning the staircase collapses, Jessica falls underneath disappearing.

STARKS

(yelling)

Pierce!

Pieces of the damaged stairs rises up to the surface. Immediately, Starks jumps into the flood waters.

112 INT. WILKINS RESIDENCE, KITCHEN - NIGHT

112

Patrick stands in the doorway shining the flashlight into the flooded waters.

PATRICK

(calling out)

Agent Pierce! Agent Starks!

Suddenly, the two way receiver on Patrick's shoulder whistles out a loud frequency pitch startling him.

PATRICK

Shit!

DEPUTY BRYANT (O.S)

Sheriff Patrick come in!

Patrick turns away from the doorway to get a better reception to radio back to his deputy.

PATRICK

Come in Bryant!

From behind, Gingerbread, dressed in a black hooded Klansman robe, rises up from the doorway armed with a large bowie knife. Quietly, he walks up to Patrick, reaching back with the tip of the blade pointed downwards ready to strike.

PATRICK

(calling out)

You're breaking up! Repeat that!

At the last second, a frustrated Patrick turns back around. Gingerbread lunges forward with an over hand strike.

Patrick blocks the long blade with his flashlight, being forced back against the large kitchen table.

In the struggle, he knees Gingerbread in the mid-section, pulling out his firearm.

In a flash, Gingerbread slashes Patrick through the sleeve of his jacket, cutting through his wrist and drawing blood.

Patrick drops his weapon crying out in pain.

Gingerbread connects with a sweeping right hook across Patrick's jaw. He falls back on top of the table semi conscious, bleeding from his mouth.

Gingerbread jumps on top of Patrick, choking with one hand, reaching back with the knife in the opposite hand above his head.

GINGERBREAD (O.S)

Our souls will drown in the lake of tears!

Suddenly, Gingerbread is shot in the back, falls down to the floor, disappearing behind the table.

Patrick falls to his knees coughing.

Exhausted, Starks staggers into the kitchen from the doorway, holding Jessica by her waist and laying her down to the floor.

Jessica crawls up to Patrick picking up his firearm whispering into his ear.

JESSICA

Stay down.

Cautiously, Starks circles around the kitchen table with his firearm searching for Gingerbread.

Out of nowhere, Gingerbread jumps out from behind the refrigerator stabbing Starks in the shoulder.

Starks falls against the kitchen chairs grunting in pain.

Jessica jumps up shooting five rounds into Gingerbread's chest. He falls backwards through the back kitchen window.

A lighter falls to the floor, lit.

In seconds, the kitchen burst into flames spreading across the kitchen floor, appliances, walls and ceiling.

113 INT. WILKINS RESIDENCE, BASEMENT - NIGHT 113

The body of Judy Wilkins floats up to the surface. The timer ticks down to thirty seconds.

JESSICA

(shouting)

WE GOTTA GET THE HELL OUT!

Jessica lifts Starks across her shoulder. Patrick wraps his arm around his waist exiting the burning kitchen engulfed in flames.

The walls buckle inward. The ceiling collapses behind them.

114 INT. WILKINS RESIDENCE, LIVING ROOM - NIGHT 114

Sheriff Deputies Bryant and Miller run down the stairs with their flashlights, surround by heavy smoke.

DEPUTY BRYANT

(calling out)

SHERIFF PATRICK!

Jessica, Starks, and Patrick run up to the sheriff deputies.

PATRICK
GET OUTTA HERE! THIS PLACE IS GOING
TO BLOW!

115 EXT. WILKINS RESIDENCE - NIGHT 115

STREET SIDE

Sheriff Deputies and local firefighters push the large crowd of spectators back.

FRONT ENTRANCE

Jessica, Starks, Patrick, and deputies Bryant and Miller exit the premises running down hill across the lawn.

JESSICA
(yelling)
GET DOWN!

Immediately, the large crowd of spectators move back with excitement.

COLONIAL HOUSE

The three story home detonates into a massive fireball explosion shooting burning debris in all directions throwing Jessica, Starks, Patrick, and deputies across the lawn.

Firefighters from various fire departments run uphill armed with fire hoses to extinguish the blaze.

116 EXT. HOSPITAL - NIGHT 116

Dusk - 8 p.m.

117 INT. HOSPITAL, EXAMINATION ROOM - NIGHT 117

Starks is sitting on the examine table. DR. BRENDA WILSON (40's) inserts staples into his shoulder.

Jessica enters the room holding a gift bag standing by the open doorway.

Dr. Wilson applies several strips of medical tape over Starks' wound.

DR. WILSON
I think that should do it. Now,
you're going to be in some pain and
discomfort over the next week or
two, so I'll write you a
prescription for pain medication -
that should help.

Jessica walks around the examining table standing next to Starks.

JESSICA
(joking)
So this means he's going to live
after all?

Starks turns to Jessica with a grin.

STARKS
Sorry to disappoint you.

Dr. Wilson writes out a prescription.

DR. WILSON
(to Jessica)
Actually, it could have been a lot
worse. The blade came pretty close
to severing the nerves in his
shoulder. It's a good thing your
partner is in good shape.

Dr. Wilson gives the prescription to Starks.

DR. WILSON (CONT'D)
Try not to get yourself killed
catching your man, Agent Starks.

STARKS
I'll keep that in mind.

Dr. Wilson exits the examining room.

JESSICA
Consider this a peace offering.

Jessica gives Starks the gift bag taking out a brand new dress shirt. Starks carefully puts on the shirt.

STARKS
I appreciate that. Look, I'm sorry
if my presence here set you off the
wrong way. I mean, I would have
reacted the same way if I felt
someone stepping on my toes.

JESSICA
No, I'm the one who came off like a
bitch earlier. You saved my life,
thank you.

Urgently, Patrick runs inside the exam room.

PATRICK

There's been another murder!

Without hesitation, Jessica and Starks exit the examining room behind Patrick.

118 EXT. FISCHER RESIDENCE - NIGHT 118

9 p.m. The line of Muscle cars, pickup trucks, and Harley Davidson motorcycles fills the driveway and front yard.

"SANITARIUM" (METALLICA)

119 INT. FISCHER RESIDENCE, PARTY BASEMENT - NIGHT 119

The visibility is low due to haze of heavy smoke drowning out the glow of florescent blue lights in the ceiling.

A confederate flag hangs on the center wall behind a custom made oak bar.

TABITHA COLSON (30's) slams down a triple shot of Tequila.

She's drunk, having a good time with friends and her boyfriend MITCH WARNER (30's), standing close behind with his arm wrapped around her waist. Together they all raise their glasses of beer in a toasted celebration.

The party guests of MEN (20's to 30's) and WOMEN (20's to 30's) socializing by means of heavy drinking, marijuana, loud metal music.

120 EXT. FISCHER RESIDENCE, BACK YARD - NIGHT 120

Standing on the patio is JOSIE CLARK (20'S), BRENDA CARTER (30's), and FOSTER JONES (30) sharing a blunt.

Josie takes the blunt from Foster, takes a big hit holding her breath for a few seconds, then blowing it out. Brenda, drunk as hell, staggers into Fosters' arms dropping her cup of beer.

Foster laughs holding Brenda up, squeezing on her ass.

FOSTER

(to Josie)

I told you her drunk ass can't run with the big boys.

BRENDA

(disoriented)

Fuck you.

Brenda takes another hit from the blunt facing the tree line.

121

EXT. WOODS - NIGHT

121

The dark outline of Gingerbread's body walks between several trees armed with a shoulder strap automatic assault weapon with a laser sighting.

JOSIE

(pointing)

Who - who the fuck is that?

CLEARING

Dressed in all black military fatigues and ski mask, Gingerbread walks towards the patio.

FOSTER

This asshole is taking this
Halloween shit too far? I'll handle
this prick.

Foster walks up to Gingerbread, flexing his muscles.

FOSTER (CONT'D)

Hey motherfucker! You're a day
early on this Halloween bullshit?

Gingerbread clicks the fire selector from semi to automatic, aiming the infra red beam center mass at Fosters' chest, squeezing the trigger. A five round burst of ammunition spits out in silencer mode.

Violently, Foster's body jerks wildly from the impact of hollow point rounds, spattering blood in all directions. His body collapses face down on the grass.

JOSIE

(Screams)

OH MY GOD! OH MY GOD! BRENDA! WHAT
THE FUCK! FOSTER!

In a mad dash, Josie and Brenda run up to the back door. Josie shoves Brenda down to the ground grabbing the doorknob.

The barrel of the weapon fires a three round burst.

122 INT. FISCHER RESIDENCE, BACK DOOR - NIGHT 122

Josie clinches her body tightly up against the glass door.

Her intense eyes are locked wide open staring directly into the back hallway. Slowly, her eyes roll to the back of her head, smearing a trail of blood from her mouth down the glass door sliding to the ground.

123 EXT. FISCHER RESIDENCE, PATIO - NIGHT 123

Gingerbread stands in Brenda's face with her back against the side of the house crying.

BRENDA

(sobering)

Please, just let me go! I won't say anything! I swear to God I won't!

Gingerbread presses his index finger against Brenda's crying lips.

GINGERBREAD (O.S)

Shh - convince me whore devil.

With shaky hands, Brenda takes off her jacket and tee shirt exposing her large breast with her hands down at her sides. With a smile, Gingerbread takes a step back admiring the view.

BRENDA

Do you like what you see? I'm - I'm a dancer at Dixie Chicks.

GINGERBREAD (O.S)

So was Tonya Henry twenty years ago.

BRENDA

I - I can make you feel real good. I know what men like you want. I'll do anything for you.

GINGERBREAD (O.S)

You swear on your life?

BRENDA

I swear on my life! Anything!

GINGERBREAD (O.S)

(smiling)

I believe you.

Gingerbread fires a single bullet between Brenda's eyes falling backwards against the house splattering blood, brain matter, and skull fragments, staining the exterior structure while standing.

124 INT. FISCHER RESIDENCE, BACK STAIRWAY - NIGHT 124

The music is playing louder.

Gingerbread walks up the stairs.

Suddenly, the back door to the kitchen opens slightly.

Immediately, Gingerbread quietly swoops back down the steps ducking behind the wall leading down into the dark basement.

REBECCA WALTON (30'S), attractive, drunk, staggers into the hallway grabbing hold of the stair rail with both hands. She leans her body against the wall, clumsily, walking down the stairs.

REBECCA

(Shouting)

Josie! Hey bitch, what the fuck are you doing out there? You guys better not be fucking without me!

Rebecca takes the next step, losing her balance and falling down to the bottom of the stairs.

REBECCA (CONT'D)

(laughing)

Shit! I've cracked my ass and I can't get up.

Gingerbread, armed with a large bowie knife runs out from behind the wall.

Overwhelm with terror, Rebecca backs up against the steps waving her arms in front of her face.

REBECCA (CONT'D)

WHAT THE FUCK!

Gingerbread lunges on Rebecca piercing the large blade into her arm, Rebecca screaming at the top of her lungs.

He yanks out the knife, thrusting the blade deep into Rebecca's chest with repeated over hand strikes soiling her shirt in blood. In a final gasp, Rebecca's body goes limp dying on the steps.

Gingerbread grabs Rebecca by the hair dragging her body up the steps next to the back door.

125 INT. FISCHER RESIDENCE, KITCHEN - NIGHT 125

Slowly, the back door opens. Gingerbread walks inside the dark kitchen.

"WAIT AND BLEED" (SLIPKNOT)

126 INT. FISCHER RESIDENCE, LIVING ROOM - NIGHT 126

A party of ADULTS (20's to 40's) sit comfortably on the suede living room set. A black glass tray of cocaine is being passed around.

A scruffy REDNECK BIKER (30's), takes the tray of coke snorting lines through the rolled end of one hundred dollar bill. The Biker leans back looking up at the ceiling wiping his nostrils with his fingertips.

BIKER

Oh yeah, I feel it. That's some good shit, straight from Columbia!

The Biker stretches his arms out feeling relaxed.

BIKER (CONT'D)

Man, I feel so invincible I could stop a bullet like Superman.

Out of nowhere, the Biker is shot in the chest in a rapid five round burst falling face first into the coffee table.

The party guests quickly jump up, screaming in a state of panic.

Gingerbread steps up firing his assault weapon with the muzzle flashing in silence. Blood splattering in mid air, bodies stumble awkwardly against the walls, bookcases, cabinets, and furniture. The facial expressions of death are frozen.

A young FEMALE (20's) is shot in the back, loses her balance, and falls on the jagged edge of a broken glass table.

A wounded victim, MALE (30's), bleeding through the legs of his leather pants drags his body across the hardwood floor in a trail of blood to the top of the stair way leading to the party room.

Gingerbread walks over to the wounded man ejecting the clip from his weapon. The glove fingers pulls out a new magazine from the cargo side pocket, slapping it in, locked and loaded. He fires three round burst in the back of the wounded man's head shattering fragments of his skull covered in blood.

Gingerbread slides on a custom made gas mask with a detachable night vision lens over his mask face.

127 INT. FISCHER RESIDENCE, STAIRS - NIGHT 127

Two grenades bouncing down the hardwood steps side by side.

128 INT. FISCHER RESIDENCE, PARTY ROOM - NIGHT 128

The flash grenade detonates in a thunderous boom releasing an intense flash of light. The party crowd scrambling blindly in a state of chaos screaming. The smoke grenades explodes into a thick gaseous cloud swallowing the entire room.

Standing at the bottom of the stairway, Gingerbread activates the infra-red beam, the assault weapon fires, the barrel flickers like firecrackers through a thick cloud of smoke.

Voices scream, bodies running throughout the blood shed of violence.

129 EXT. HAMPTON RESIDENCE - NIGHT 129

DEPUTY PAUL MITCHELL (20's), nerd, exits the house in a hurry with his hand covering his mouth. He bends over the front banister vomiting into the bushes.

Deputies Miller and Bryant exit the house in silence with mix emotions of remorse, shock, and anger.

Deputy Miller walks to the opposite side of the porch wiping her tears from her eyes. Deputy Bryant stands in place taking several deep breaths with his hands on his hips, looking down in deep sorrow.

Patrick exits the house. Slowly, he walks down the steps with his head down in shame. He looks up, seeing the faces of the neighborhood residents staring back from their front windows and doors in silence.

Jessica and Starks exit the house joining Patrick.

JESSICA
Sheriff, you need to call in every
available off duty officer.

Patrick checks the time on his watch.

PATRICK
I - I have seven more deputies
coming on duty in a few hours.
(to Jessica)
I don't think I have enough man
power to end this.

Jessica takes out her cell phone.

JESSICA
I'll contact the F.B.I field office
to dispatch more agents.

STARKS
That won't be necessary Agent
Pierce.

Jessica and Patrick turns to Starks.

PATRICK
Have you lost your fucking mind!?
We need all the manpower to catch
this bastard running loose on my
streets!

JESSICA
Too many people have died because
he's bent on getting revenge. I'm
not going to allow Tyrone Henry the
satisfaction in thinking he's going
to win this.

STARKS
You need to understand we're
fighting against a man on his home
turf. I guarantee if you bring in
more agents the body count will
increase. I don't think you want
that kind of blood shed on your
hands Agent Pierce.

JESSICA
Its what we get paid to do even if
it comes to that Agent Starks!

STARKS

This man isn't your average everyday serial killer, he's motivated, highly trained and skilled in tactical and combat warfare. We must stay one step ahead of him. We must remain focused.

130 EXT. STREET SIDE - NIGHT

130

Out of nowhere the news van pulls up across the street.

STARKS

I think its time we use the media to our advantage.

Immediately, Tina and Corey exit the van. Tina has her microphone in hand, glancing back at Corey excitedly.

TINA

Roll the camera!

Corey places the camera on his shoulder turning on the camera light and adjusting the lens.

COREY

We're good baby! Go!

Tina starts her report turning back to the camera.

TINA

(excited)

This is Tina Rush with Channel 5 Eye Witness News reporting live from a possible fourth crime scene that may be linked to the serial killer, Tyrone Henry.

Jessica, Starks, Patrick, and sheriff Deputies run into the street to confront Tina and Corey.

An angry Patrick points his finger in Tina's face.

PATRICK

You got three seconds to turn that damn camera off and get the hell out of here before I arrest both your narrow asses!

Tina shoves the microphone in Patrick's face.

TINA

The people want to know sheriff!
Why did Tyrone Henry target the
Hampton family? Why did he skin
their bodies hanging them upside
down from ceiling fans, spinning
and bleeding out to their deaths?
Why did he cut out their eyes,
tongue, and ears?

Patrick's angry eyes are locked on Tina.

PATRICK

YOU DON'T KNOW A FUCKING THING
BITCH! YOU'RE A SECOND RATE
REPORTER WITH A NASTY HABIT OF
STICKING YOUR FUCKING NOSE IN
BUSINESS...

Sarcastically, Tina smiles.

TINA

(interrupting)

It's called doing your fucking job
sheriff, something you know nothing
about! Or do you care to share with
the world the real reason why
Tyrone Henry is back in town.

Curiously, the neighborhood residents stand on their front
lawns, stare at Patrick who looks back speechless.

TINA (CONT'D)

Come on Sheriff, I want you to air
the towns dirty laundry about the
cover up involving Mayor Jordon's
secret operation, Project Devil's
Breath.

Out of character Patrick loses his temper and lunges at
Tina, choking her with both hands.

Quickly, Jessica and the sheriff deputies jump in pulling
Patrick off of Tina screaming at the top of her lungs. Corey
records the commotion

TINA (CONT'D)

GET THE FUCK OFF OF ME!

PATRICK

(yelling)

YOU DON'T KNOW WHAT THE FUCK YOUR
TALKING ABOUT YOU STUPID WHORE! ALL

PATRICK
YOU'RE DOING IS MAKING THE
SITUATION WORSE FOR EVERYONE,
SPREADING LIES ON TOP OF LIES -
ARREST HER ASS! ARREST BOTH OF
THEM!

131 EXT. STREET SIDE - NIGHT

131

From the opposite end of the street three black Chevy pickup trucks racing up the block. The vehicles abruptly stop with the car doors flying open.

Men exit out of the trucks armed with shotguns. The sheriff officers quickly draw their weapons aiming at the armed men in defense.

RANDOLPH TUCKER (60'S) chubby, steps out in front of the truck walking towards the house determined.

Immediately, Patrick cuts him off.

RANDOLPH
Don't try to stop me Sheriff!
Where's my Amy?
(calling out)
Amy! I'm here baby!

Immediately, Patrick holsters his weapon. He grabs hold of Randolph's shotgun, holding him back.

PATRICK
I can't let you go in there!

RANDOLPH
Amy! Can you hear me!
(to Patrick)
Get the hell outta my way Dan!

PATRICK
Randolph! Listen to me!

An emotional Randolph tries to break free.

PATRICK
No Randolph, you don't want to go
in there. She's gone.

Randolph stops fighting, his pale face stares away with pain in his eyes shaking his head, breathing heavily.

RANDOLPH
I don't believe you! I want to see
for myself!

Tina and Corey walk up to Randolph.

TINA
Your daughter was murdered by
Tyrone Henry.

In shock, Randolph's men glance at each other mumbling under
their breath.

RANDOLPH
(to Patrick)
Is it true? Answer me damn it!

PATRICK
Listen to me Randolph! I swear to
God we will catch him! He will pay
for everything he's done.

Randolph pushes Patrick aside.

RANDOLPH
And then what!? Watch him get away
with murder like 20 years ago? Not
this time Dan! Not this fucking
time!

Randolph snatches the shotgun out of Patrick's grip.

RANDOLPH (CONT'D)
Stay the hell outa my way! We'll
handle this!

Patrick stands helpless. Quickly, Randolph's men re-enter
the pick-up trucks.

Randolph walks up to the driver side door.

132 EXT. SIDE WALK - NIGHT

132

Across the street, a BLACK MUSTANG slowly creeps between the
parked SUV's and pick up trucks along the curb.

Randolph squints his eyes at the muscle car stopping
directly across from him.

133 I/E. MUSCLE CAR / STREET - NIGHT

133

The tinted window on the driver's side rolls down; Gingerbread leans out armed with an AK-47 aiming between the parked vehicles.

RANDOLPH

Who the hell is that?

Without warning, a single round is fired from the assault weapon.

Immediately, the neighborhood residents dive to the ground screaming.

Jessica, Starks, Patrick and the deputies duck for cover behind the pickup trucks. Randolph is shot in the head blasting off a large portion of his forehead splattering blood and skull fragment in all directions. His body falls back against the truck.

Jessica, Starks, Patrick and Deputies fire back at the Mustang damaging the parked vehicles.

The large back tires burn rubber in a cloud of smoke, accelerating down the sidewalk at top speed.

Jessica and Starks run down the street, shooting at the Mustang.

From behind, a 4X4 PICKUP TRUCK shifts into reverse, peeling backwards up to Jessica and Starks facing the rear end.

FRANK ELLIOT (50's), jumps out the driver side.

FRANK

Here! Take my truck!

Jessica jumps in behind the wheel. Starks gets in the passenger side. The pickup truck takes off in reverse down the street high speed.

134 EXT. JUNCTION, STOP SIGN - NIGHT

134

At the end of the next block, the mustang stops at the corner.

- 135 EXT. INTERSECTION - NIGHT 135
A block behind, the pick-up truck spins into forward drive accelerating down the next block.
- 136 INT. MUSTANG - NIGHT 136
Gingerbread adjusts the rear view mirror seeing the pickup truck closing in from behind. The sound of the Mustang's tires squeal with power.
- 137 I/E. PICK-UP TRUCK - NIGHT 137
Jessica and Starks fire their weapons outside the driver and passenger windows.
- 138 EXT. MUSTANG REAR END - NIGHT 138
Piercing rounds completely shatters the back window with bullet holes. The Mustang speeds away.
- 139 EXT. NEXT BLOCK - NIGHT 139
The Mustang veers onto the sidewalk. The pickup truck jumps on the curb closing in on the chase.
- 140 EXT. NEXT BLOCK 2 - NIGHT 140
The Mustang makes a sharp turn jumping back on the street side, fishtailing around the corner, accelerates down the street.
The pick-up truck rams the uphill lawn of the corner house, bouncing against the parked SUV's on the opposite side of the curb.
- 141 EXT. ALLEY - NIGHT 141
The muscle car slides to a stop. Gingerbread exits out moving to the rear of the car aiming the AK-47 assault rifle.
The pick-up truck stops several feet back.
- 142 INT. PICK UP TRUCK - NIGHT 142
JESSICA
(yelling)
Get down!
Jessica and Starks crouch down behind the dashboard.

Gingerbread unloads a full clip of ammo into the truck's front end. The body suffers heavy damage covered with bullet holes shattering the front windshield. The front tires are blown out. The hood flies open as the engine explodes into a cloud of black smoke.

Jessica and Starks exit the truck using the doors as shields firing back.

Gingerbread takes off running through a back yard, followed by Jessica on foot.

MONTAGE

The chase leads through the various backyards of residential homes.

143 EXT. FISCHER RESIDENCE, BACK YARD - NIGHT 143

Gingerbread climbs over a chain-link fence running between the trees through the backyard. Jessica runs up to the fence seeing Gingerbread entering the house through the back door.

Immediately, Jessica climbs over landing on her feet. She takes out her weapon maneuvering around the trees and across the clearing of grass.

144 EXT. FISCHER RESIDENCE, PATIO - NIGHT 144

Jessica cautiously runs up to the three bodies lying on the ground in a massive pool of blood. She stares at the words on the concrete written in blood, "IN THE NAME OF GOTH."

Realizing they're dead, Jessica moves along the side of the house up to the back-door. She shines the flashlight inside seeing the heavy bloodstains on the stairs and walls.

The upstairs back door is wide open.

145 INT. FISCHER RESIDENCE, KITCHEN - NIGHT 145

Jessica walks through the opened doorway holding her weapon and flashlight sweeping through the dark kitchen.

Unnoticed, the back door closes in silence.

Suddenly, Jessica stops, hearing a dripping noise from behind, she spins aiming her weapon and flashlight at the door gasping in horror.

Rebecca's body hangs lifeless above the pool of blood. The handle from the large Bowie knife extends out from between her crossed eyes covered in blood. Above her head is the disturbing imagery of her severed fingers stapled to the door forming the word "Gingerbread."

Jessica backs away taking a deep breath, keeping her composure in check, she remains determined.

146 INT. FISCHER RESIDENCE, STAIRS - NIGHT 146

Cautiously, Jessica walks down to the party room surrounded by the cloud of smoke thinning out.

147 INT. FISCHER RESIDENCE, PARTY ROOM - NIGHT 147

Jessica stares at the massacre of dead bodies scattered across the floor soaked in blood.

JESSICA
(whispering)
Oh Jesus.

Out of nowhere, blood drips down on the side of Jessica's face. She wipes her cheek, shining the light up on the ceiling.

The body of SARAH WILLIS (30's) bleeding from a deep laceration wound on the side of her skull. Her eyes are extracted out from her eye sockets. Her extremities have puncture wounds on her wrists and ankles, nailed to the ceiling crucified.

Above Sarah's body in blood reads: "The twisted rule the wicked."

148 INT. SHERIFF'S STATION, OFFICE FLOOR - NIGHT 148

11 p.m.

Jessica is sitting on the desk with her head hung low rubbing her temples with her fingertips. Her eyes are closed tight showing the signs of stress on her face.

Starks walks up giving Jessica a cup of coffee.

STARKS
Here...

Smiling gingerly, Jessica takes the cup.

JESSICA

Any whiskey?

Starks smiles back, sitting on the desk across from Jessica.

STARKS

Sorry, just cream and sugar.

Suddenly, the Sheriff's office door flies open. Immediately, Deputy Officers depart from the office exiting the floor.

Eagerly, Patrick exits the office walking up to the agents.

PATRICK

We got a serious problem. The Mustang Tyrone Henry was driving belongs to Monica.

Suddenly, all the phones on the office floor ring at same time.

Suspiciously, Jessica, Starks, and Patrick stare at the phones. After a few seconds, the phones stop ringing except for the one in front of Patrick.

DESK

The phone continues ringing, Patrick hesitates for a second, picking up the receiver, listening to the caller.

NANA (V.O.)

I want you to know that I'm going to fuck you up with extreme prejudice pig.

Out of fear, Patrick's eyes flare open turning to the agents. He motions his finger at the receiver pressing the speaker button on the phone, setting the receiver down on the desk.

NANA (V.O.)

But before you die, I want the Agents to know that I'm gonna kill more people in the most brutal way imaginable.

JESSICA

And then what? Disappear for another twenty years? I'm sorry to disappoint you Tyrone but that's not going to happen. It ends tonight, dead or alive, it's your choice.

Gingerbread breathes heavily through the speaker phone.

NANA (V.O.)

No princess, it just the beginning for you. You see a lot has change over the span of two decades. I've changed for the better, something you'll learn to appreciate. Back then you white devils treated me like a sexually transmitted disease, an outcast. Now who's laughing Jessica? Your turn will come in a painful lesson about the meaning of true love.

JESSICA

You will lose Tyrone. I guarantee it.

NANA (V.O.)

(laughs)

Can you guarantee the life of a woman who's flesh is going to melt from her bones like hot butter?

A hysterical young woman's voice screams in the background.

NANA (V.O.)

Remember princess, every beginning has a tragic ending, that much I can guarantee!

The phone call is disconnected.

149 EXT. MAYOR'S MANSION - NIGHT

149

Gingerbread carries a body inside a body bag over his shoulders walking along the front entrance of the estate, passing the ground flood lights.

FRONT DOORS

Gingerbread enters the security code on the mounted key pad unlocking the doors, enters inside, closing the doors behind him.

150 EXT. MAYOR'S MANSION, DRIVE WAY - NIGHT

150

A Black Cadillac Expedition drives through the security gates, parks in front of the main entrance turning off the engine and head lights.

JARVIS JORDAN now in his (60's), exits the driver side of the vehicle with his wife EMILY JORDAN (40's). Jarvis walks to the passenger side of the SUV next to Emily wrapping his arms around her waist.

JARVIS
(to Emily)
You see, there's nothing to worry
about. Everything is taken care of,
trust me.

Jarvis kisses Emily on the lips, she leans against his chest wrapping her arms around his waist walking up to the front doors.

FRONT DOORS

Jarvis enters the security code on the key pad unlocking the doors. The couple enters inside closing the doors behind them.

151 INT. MAYOR'S MANSION, LIVING ROOM - NIGHT 151

The lights are on. After a few moments, Emily screams hysterically.

152 EXT. COUNTY ROAD - NIGHT 152

The patrol car's emergency lights flash on the dark abandoned road. The cruiser speeds down the rain soaked street.

153 INT. PATROL CAR - NIGHT 153

Patrick is driving. Jessica is in the front passenger seat. Starks is in the back seat between them. He leans into Patrick's ear.

STARKS
I think its time for you to tell me
what I need to know sheriff. Tyrone
Henry didn't come back just to kill
a few more people. These murders
were nothing but a diversion. You
know what he's after. Take me to it
before he finds it and disappears
again.

Patrick glances at Starks through the rear view mirror.

PATRICK
I don't know what the hell your
taking about!

Starks shoves the barrel of his weapon in the back of Patrick's neck.

STARKS

Let's try this one more time
sheriff.

JESSICA

(to Starks)
What the hell you're doing?

STARKS

(to Jessica)
You have your orders Agent Pierce,
I have mine.
(to Patrick)
I'm not going to ask again.

Saddened, Patrick looks at Jessica.

PATRICK

I'm sorry Jessica. I didn't turn
out to be the man you once knew.

154 INT. STOCK ROOM - DAY - FLASHBACK

154

Taking inventory in the cooler, ROLLINS HENRY (30's), good looking, clean cut and wearing glasses is doing a beer count.

PATRICK (V.O.)

Twenty year ago, Rollins Clark
worked for Jarvis as club manager
at Dixie Chicks. After earning his
trust, Jarvis promoted Rollins to
handle some of his more
confidential affairs.

Mayor Jarvis, greeting Rollins with a firm hand shake and a smile, giving Rollins a government file marked "CLASSIFIED."

JARVIS

Now, I'm trusting you'll keep this
on the down low between us right?
It's best we keep town business to
ourselves.

From the breast pocket of his blazer, he gives Rollins a smaller envelope. Rollins examines the currency of ten thousand dollars in one hundred dollar bills. At first, Rollins appears reluctant in accepting the money.

ROLLINS

I - I don't know about this Mayor. What you're asking me to do sounds illegal. I mean, I don't want any problem with the feds.

JARVIS

You have nothing to worry about. I just need you to be at the lab making sure those chemical containers are disposed of properly. I need you to make sure that happens.

Rollins shakes Jarvis' hand again.

155 EXT. MATRIX LABORATORIES - DAY 155

Jarvis is given a certified check in the amount of fifty million dollars by a BUSINESS MAN (50's) carrying a black brief case.

PATRICK (V.O.)

Matrix laboratories, a contracted pharmaceutical company receives federal funding to develop a series of test drugs that would be used to fight against terrorism.

156 INT. LABORATORY - DAY 156

A group of SCIENTISTS (40's to 50's) are running tests, ejecting drugs into rodents.

157 INT. SECURITY WINDOW - DAY 157

Rollins, an armed security guard scans the ID badges of scientists and lab personnel entering the facility.

He signs for the delivery of various equipment and supplies.

PATRICK (V.O.)

Rollins was in charge of security and certain daily operations.

158 INT. STRIP CLUB - DAY 158

Jarvis gives C.J. a small box of experimental serum with a cash envelope.

JARVIS

Make sure you get this to the pharmacist, just in time to be

JARVIS
administered as the flu vaccination
that starts tomorrow morning.

C.J. opens the box examining the bottled drug labeled
"DEVILS BREATH."

PATRICK (V.O.)
It was a perfect operation until
Jarvis started using the drug for
his own personal gain.

159 EXT. FREEWAY - DAY 159

A mindless RESIDENT (40's) walks in the middle lane of
oncoming traffic, nearly being hit by swerving vehicles
blowing their horns causing multiple accidents.

160 EXT. STREET, DEAD END - DAY 160

A speeding vehicles drives through the guard rail and jumps
the cliff, crashing at the bottom of the rocks, bursting in
flames.

161 INT. LIVING ROOM - DAY 161

With a blank expression, an ELDERLY MAN (70's) sits on his
recliner chair staring at the wall.

PATRICK (V.O.)
The early stages of the drug wasn't
safe to be used on people. The side
effects gave people permanent
memory loss. Jarvis was using the
drug to control the people of
Covington. That's how he remained
mayor for years.

162 INT. LIVING ROOM - DAY 162

News reporter TINA RUSH interviews several VICTIMS (30's to
40's) who claim to have been ejected with the drug showing
their needle tracks in their arms that became infected.

PATRICK (V.O.)
Tina rush got involved when she
received phone calls of people
suffering from memory loss she knew
was injected with the drug.

- 163 INT. NEWS VAN - DAY 163
- Tina tapes a wired microphone to Rollins chest and gives him a hand held camera.
- PATRICK (V.O.)
She convinced Rollins to go
undercover to get dirt on Jarvis.
- 164 INT. LABORATORY - NIGHT 164
- Dressed in all black, Rollins steals various drug vials, takes pictures of top secret files, steals floppy disks from computer terminals, and confiscates surveillance tapes.
- 165 INT. LABORATORY CLOSET - NIGHT 165
- Rollins secretly records a top secret meeting of SCIENTISTS (40's to 50's) and GOVERNMENT OFFICIALS (40's to 50's)
- 166 INT. BROTHEL HOUSE, BEDROOM - NIGHT 166
- Tied down to the bed C.J. injects a resisting Tonya with the drug.
- A group of paying CUSTOMERS (30's) enters the room closing the door
- PATRICK (V.O.)
That's when Rollins made the worst
mistake of his life.
- 167 INT. MAYOR'S MANSION, OFFICE - NIGHT 167
- With a smirk on his face, Jarvis tosses the incriminating photos back at Rollins. Immediately, Rollins leaves. Jarvis makes a phone call.
- PATRICK (V.O.)
Rollins threatened to black mail
Jarvis after he found out what
happened to Tonya. He threatened to
go public if Jarvis didn't pay him
five million dollars.
- 168 EXT. MOTEL - NIGHT 168
- Rollins carrying a suite case leads Tonya and Gingerbread to a room outside of town. In an unmarked vehicle, Patrick, dressed in plain clothes spies on the family with a pair of binoculars.

PATRICK (V.O.)

I was paid extra to keep tabs on the family.

Patrick radios Jarvis on their whereabouts.

PATRICK (V.O.)

They were planning on leaving town.

169 EXT. BARN HOUSE - NIGHT 169

A sedan pulls up parking next to Jarvis' sports car. Rollins gets out, entering inside the barn.

170 EXT. BARN HOUSE - DAY 170

Multiple squad cars are parked out front with the barn doors open.

171 INT. BARN HOUSE - DAY 171

Rollins' nude burned body hangs from a noose wrapped around his neck.

172 INT. MOTEL ROOM - NIGHT 172

SHERIFF DEPUTIES search the hotel room with Jarvis standing in the door way looking on.

JARVIS

I don't give a damn if you tear this room apart! I want that evidence found!

173 INT. MAYOR'S MANSION, OFFICE - DAY 173

Jarvis looks through his mail when he sees a disturbing envelope marked "GINGERBREAD'S REVENGE" in blood with an empty drug vial taped to it.

PATRICK (V.O.)

That was the first of many death threat aimed at Jarvis that could expose his involvement but more important, Project Devil's Breath.

174 EXT. MATRIX LABORATORIES - DAY 174

A crew of hired MOVERS (20's) are loading various sized equipment on flat bed trucks with equipment

175 EXT. RIVER FRONT - NIGHT 175
 WORK CREWS (30's) are dumping barrels of hazard chemicals.

176 EXT. MATRIX TECHNOLOGIES - NIGHT 176
 The ranch compound is set on fire.

177 EXT. FREEWAY - DAY 177
 A fleet of semi-trucks drive out of town.

PATRICK (V.O.)
 The project was shut down and moved
 to a undisclosed location.

END OF FLASHBACK

178 EXT. THE MAYOR'S MANSION, DRIVE WAY - NIGHT 178
 The flashing lights of the patrol car parks behind the SUV.
 Immediately, Sheriff Deputies MARCUS YOUNG (30's) and MONA
 CARLSON (30's) exit the squad car running up to the front
 entrance of the estate.

The front doors fly open. A scared Jarvis and Emily exit.
 Emily is a crying mess.

EMILY
 (to Jarvis)
 Oh my God, Louise! What kind of
 monster would do this to her!?
 There's blood everywhere, Jarvis!
 What the hell is going on?

Jarvis turns to his wife grabbing her arms with both hands.

JARVIS
 Just get in the fucking car and
 shut up!
 (to Deputy Young)
 Take her!

Deputy Young escorts Emily away. An angry Jarvis steps into
 Deputy Carlson's face, grabbing his uniform shirt.

JARVIS (CONT'D)
 Where in the hell is Sheriff
 Patrick!? He left me a fucking
 message that Tyrone Henry is dead.
 <BEAT> I come home to find my
 house-keeper dead in my living
 room!

DEPUTY CARLSON

Sheriff Patrick instructed me to
take you and your wife to a safe
house until your daughter is found.

Overwhelmed with fear, Jarvis's face turns pale.

JARVIS

Monica? He's got my baby girl!?

Jarvis's cell phone rings in his hand answering the call.
His eyes blink with a sense of urgency.

THUNDER ECHOES.

JARVIS (CONT'D)

Oh God, he's inside! That sick
mother fucker is inside my house!

DRIVE WAY

From behind, a dark blue muscle car with tinted windows
turns into the driveway parking next to the patrol car. The
doors open, two male HENCHMEN (30'S) wearing all black exit
the vehicle and run over to Mayor Jordan.

HENCHMAN #1

We got your message.

JARVIS

That bastard is inside and he's
kidnapped Monica. Make the
motherfucker talk, what ever it
takes until she's found. Then burn
his black ass to ashes!

HENCHMAN #2

We'll take care of it.

JARVIS

(to Carlson)

We gotta find my daughter now!

Jarvis and Deputy Carlson run to the patrol car and get in.

Henchman #1 and #2 pull out their firearms, run up to the
front entrance of the estate, and enter.

The patrol car backs out of the driveway and drives away.

The Sheriff's patrol car pulls into the driveway parking
behind the SUV.

179 INT. PATROL CRUISER - NIGHT 179

PATRICK

Oh Jesus no! Jarvis! What the hell
are you doing here!?

Jessica, Starks, and Patrick exit the squad car with their
weapons drawn, running up to the opened doors of the estate.

JESSICA

Talk to me, sheriff!

PATRICK

Something went wrong, damn it!
Jarvis wasn't supposed to come out
of hiding until I made contact with
him.

STARKS

Tyrone wanted us to come here.

180 INT. MAYOR'S MANSION, FOYER - NIGHT 180

The flashlights shine on the gruesome nude body of the
HOUSEKEEPER (50's). Her dissolved body is liquified from the
face, torso, and upper extremities saturated in a pool of
sulfuric acid and blood across the floor.

181 INT. MAYOR'S MANSION, CORRIDOR - NIGHT 181

The bodies of the Henchman #1 and #2 are face down in a
massive pool of blood.

Jessica shines the light down on a blood trail leading down
the corridor.

182 INT. MAYOR'S MANSION, LIBRARY - NIGHT 182

The blood trail stops at the closed double doors. Jessica,
Starks, and Patrick stand a few feet back. Smoke is
filtering out from underneath the doors.

JESSICA

There's something burning inside!

Starks and Patrick run up to each side of the doors,
grabbing the doorknobs.

Jessica takes position, aiming her weapon at the door,
nodding she's ready.

Patrick and Starks kick the doors open.

183 INT. MAYOR'S MANSION, LIBRARY - NIGHT

183

The nude body of the Mayor's Daughter, MONICA JORDAN, unrecognizable, engulfed in flames, hanging helplessly from a long chain wrapped around her neck like a chandelier. The flesh burns off into flakes of fire falling to the floor forming the word "SHERIFF."

A younger picture of Patrick burns on the floor in the center of the flames.

Horrified, Patrick stumbles backward, falls down to the ground, staring at his burning picture speechless.

Jessica and Starks enter the library with a long curtain. They wrap it around Monica's scorched body, smothering the flames.

Jessica looks at Monica's badly burned face, noticing an eyebrow ring piercing above the right eye. She reaches inside her coat pocket, pulling out a pair of tweezers and removing the jewelry from her face.

Shining the light to examine the jewelry, Jessica recognizes the end piece of the piercing shaped like the head of a penis.

JESSICA

Oh my God!

Jessica looks at the burned face for a few seconds, turning to Patrick.

JESSICA (CONT'D)

It's the Mayor's daughter, Monica Jordan.

STARKS

Shit. He's got Jarvis and his wife.

184 INT. MAYOR'S MANSION, LIBRARY FOYER - NIGHT

184

Urgently, Patrick walks in a fast pace through the foyer.

Starks runs up to Patrick from behind.

STARKS

Where in the hell do you think your going?

Starks grabs Patrick's arm, turning him around. Unexpectedly, Patrick points his weapon in Stark's face.

Jessica runs up to Starks from behind, reaching for her sidearm, but stops short.

PATRICK

Do it Jessica and I'll put a hole
in your partner's face!

Patrick steps back, aiming his weapon at both agents.
Jessica moves her hand away from the side holster.

PATRICK

Now get the fuck back!

Jessica reacts calmly.

JESSICA

Dan, this isn't helping us. We
still have a killer running loose.

Patrick points his weapon back to Jessica, grinding his teeth together.

PATRICK

No shit Sherlock! Did you happen to
see the name that was burning in
flames? IT WAS MINE!

Slowly, Jessica approaches Patrick.

JESSICA

It's only a matter of time before
we catch him, Dan. We need to stick
together on this.

Emotionally, Patrick breaks down crying.

PATRICK

I'm through with all of this!
Everything! I can't do this shit
anymore!

STARKS

Everything like what?

Patrick aims his weapon back at Starks.

PATRICK

Jarvis knew Tyrone was coming back!
He knew Tyrone was coming to kill
us and expose the project! Twenty
year ago, after the murder charges
against Tyrone were dropped, the
government ordered Jarvis to

PATRICK
 destroy everything relating to
 Devil's Breath. But Jarvis
 continued making the drug and
 selling it on the black market. He
 was going to make billions of
 dollars selling it to our foreign
 enemies.

STARKS
 Where does he keep the drug?

PATRICK
 Inside a safe in the library.
 Everything regarding the project is
 in there, including the book.

STARKS
 Just give me the combination and we
 can end this.

PATRICK
 I suggest you find Jarvis before
 Tyrone does, because I don't have
 it!

(to Jessica)
 Like I said, I'm not the man you
 thought I was.

185 EXT. COUNTY ROAD - NIGHT 185

1 a.m.

Thunderous rain showers pound the dark abandoned road.

A lone patrol car is speeding with urgency.

186 INT. PATROL CAR - NIGHT 186

Jarvis and Emily are in the back seat. Deputy Young, is
 driving. DEPUTY CARLSON is in the front passenger seat.

Nervously, Jarvis - using his cell phone - rocks back and
 forth. Emily is crying.

JARVIS
 Come on Monica, pick up the damn
 phone! Please Jesus, don't let
 anything happen to my princess. I
 swear, that motherfucker is going
 to pay if he touches her.

Furiously, Emily turns to Jarvis.

EMILY

If anything has happened to my baby, I'm holding you responsible, you son of a bitch! This is all your fault trying to play God with peoples lives! You're going to get our daughter killed you bastard!

Without thinking, Jarvis slaps Emily across the face hard.

JARVIS

SHUT THE FUCK UP!

Emily moves away from Jarvis, covering her face with her hands, crying out loud.

Deputy Young glares at Jarvis through the rear view mirror.

DEPUTY YOUNG

I guess that makes you feel like a real man, huh?

With a fierce look, Deputy Carlson points her finger in Deputy Young's face.

DEPUTY CARLSON

You secure your mouth, deputy!

With a smirk on his face, Jarvis raises his eye brows, leaning his face up to the safety grill.

Deputy Carlson turns back to Jarvis.

DEPUTY CARLSON (CONT'D)

Mayor, I apologize...

Jarvis motions his hand at Deputy Carlson to remain quiet.

JARVIS

You're damn lucky I don't make you pull over so I can slap the black off your ass, boy! So do yourself a favor and shut the fuck up before I take off my belt, pull down your britches, and have a flash back of the good o' days with a nigger cop!

Jarvis gives off a cocky smile.

Deputy Young grips the steering wheel, turning off the police siren and emergency lights.

DEPUTY CARLSON

What the hell do you think you're doing?

(to Jarvis)

Your honor, I will personally see to it that Deputy Young faces disciplinary actions for his behavior.

Without hesitation Deputy Young pulls out his firearm from his side holster and shoots Deputy Carlson in the head through the temple. The bullet exits out the passenger window, shattering it on impact. The blood, brain matter, and skull fragments splatter across the front seat, windshield, & dashboard.

Hysterically, Emily screams, grabbing Jarvis's arm and shaking uncontrollably.

Jarvis braces his body against the backseat, tightly trembling in horror.

The lifeless body of Deputy Carlson's body hangs, leaning against the cross strap of the seat belt motionless. The flow of blood exits from the bullet wound with her eyes open.

Jarvis is in shock.

JARVIS

Oh my God! You're working with Tyrone Henry! STOP THE CAR! STOP THE FUCKING CAR!

Desperately, Jarvis tries opening the locked window and door.

EMILY

(to Jarvis)

OPEN THE FUCKING DOOR!

Jarvis pounds his fists on the window. Emily stops crying, staring away in a catatonic state, her body trembling in shock.

Deputy Young accelerates the squad car over 100 mph on the speedometer.

DEPUTY YOUNG

(shouting)

You pimped Tonya Henry out to every swing dick in Covington! You made her your personal whore you

DEPUTY YOUNG
murderous bastard! I was in love
with her before Rollins came into
the picture! I was suppose to marry
her and you took that away from me!
Now its your turn to pay you racist
piece of shit!

187 EXT. INTERSECTION - NIGHT 187

Deputy Young's Patrol Car runs a stop sign.

Out of nowhere, a black armored truck with tinted windows ploughs into the driver side of the squad car, flipping it over multiple times across the road until it slides to a full stop upside down.

188 INT. PATROL CAR - NIGHT 188

Jarvis and Emily are unconscious with various cuts and bruises on their faces.

A bullet is fired through the driver side window shooting Deputy Young in the head.

Aggressively, the black armored truck pulls up alongside the wrecked patrol car.

Gingerbread exits, pissed off. He walks up to the back passenger door, kicking out the window.

189 EXT. PATRICK RESIDENCE, TRAILER LOT - NIGHT 189

2 a.m.

190 INT. PATRICK RESIDENCE, LIVING ROOM - NIGHT 190

BECKY (40'S), sits on a recliner drinking Jack and Coke from a glass. She's intoxicated, watching TV with her legs crossed, shaking impatiently, flipping through the channels with the remote in hand.

191 EXT. PATRICK RESIDENCE, DRIVEWAY - NIGHT 191

Patrick's patrol car skids into the driveway stopping abruptly.

Quickly, he exits the squad car and runs up to the side door of the house, entering inside.

192 INT. PATRICK RESIDENCE, LIVING ROOM - NIGHT 192

In a hurry, Patrick walks through the living room up to the front closet, opening the door, grabbing a military duffel bag off the floor.

Pissed off, Becky jumps up from the recliner walking up to Patrick from behind with her drink in her hand.

BECKY

Where the fuck you've been? It's two o'clock in the fucking morning and you're now just waltzing your sorry ass in here like you own the fucking place! Who the fuck do you think you are?

Patrick turns, pointing his finger in her face.

PATRICK

Back the fuck off BITCH!

193 INT. PATRICK RESIDENCE, BEDROOM - NIGHT 193

Abruptly, Patrick enters the bedroom. Becky charges after Patrick from behind, antagonizing him even more.

BECKY

Who is she, Dan? Who's the bitch that's got all your attention?

Patrick pulls open the dresser drawers, taking out his clothes and shoving them inside the duffel bag.

BECKY (CONT'D)

Answer me when I'm talking to you, you sorry ass! What's the name of the bitch you're fucking?

Patrick moves past Becky ignoring her.

194 INT. PATRICK RESIDENCE, BATHROOM - NIGHT 194

Patrick enters the bathroom, carrying his duffel bag over his shoulder.

Becky stands in the doorway, taking a sip from her glass.

BECKY

Is it somebody I know? Yeah, it is. You're a worthless piece of shit motherfucker! Go run to your whore! I don't need you!

Patrick loads his bag with person hygiene items.

BECKY (CONT'D)

Yeah that's right! Pack your shit
and get the fuck out! I don't need
a sorry ass man with no fucking
backbone in my life! GET THE FUCK
OUT!

Becky takes a sip from her glass drink.

Patrick exits the bathroom.

195 INT. PATRICK RESIDENCE, BEDROOM - NIGHT

195

Becky spits in Patrick's face. She laughs out loud.

Without warning, Patrick turns around, aiming his fire arm
in Becky's face. She stops laughing.

BECKY

You ain't got the balls,
motherfucker.

Patrick pulls the trigger of his revolver.

FLOOR

The glass falls down shattering on the hardwood floor.

The bullet splits a large hole through Becky's chin. She
falls on the bed, bouncing off, down to the floor on her
back bleeding to death.

Patrick stands over Becky's body, shooting her in the head
for good measure. Becky dies staring directly into his eyes.

Patrick grabs the duffel bag, exiting the bedroom. Suddenly,

BLACK

A loud THUD, a body falls to the floor.

The telephone is ringing, the answering machine picks up.

BECKY (V.O.) (CONT'D)

Hi, Becky and Dan aren't home at
the moment, so you know what to do.

The answering machine beeps. Gingerbread is breathing
through the speaker phone laughing.

NANA (V.O.)

You're a lucky woman Becky. I was going to make you taste your own blood rising up through your throat.

Gingerbread's yelling out.

NANA (V.O.)

I WANTED YOU TO SCREAM LIKE THE LOST SOULS IN HELL! SQUEAL LIKE A FILTHY PIG BEGGING TO BE SPARED! THEN SLAUGHTER YOU LIKE MINDLESS CATTLE WITH NO FUCKING CLUE!

Gingerbread is silent for a second speaking in a calmer tone.

NANA (V.O.)

But that's fine, Becky. Consider yourself lucky. As for Dan, the suffering will be ten fold!

Gingerbread disconnects the call. In the background, the front door opens slamming shut from behind.

196 EXT. BACK WOODS - NIGHT 196

DIRT ROAD

The Cadillac SUV bounces the narrow dirt trail in high pursuit.

197 INT. SUV - NIGHT 197

Jessica is driving. Starks sits beside her.

JESSICA

There's an old barn house down the road close to where Sheriff Patrick lives. Tyrone said something about the beginning will lead to the end.

STARKS

So it begins where Tyrone's father was murdered twenty years ago.

JESSICA

It would also be the one place I would hide out to avoid being seen by anyone.

Out of nowhere the high beams of an oncoming black Hummer blinds Jessica. She shields her eyes.

JESSICA (CONT'D)

Hold on!

The Hummer zooms by splashing mud on the SUV's windshield. Jessica struggles, swerving off road and down into a murky ditch.

198 EXT. BACK WOODS - NIGHT 198

Immediately, Jessica jumps out, running up the muddy embankment, aiming her weapon at the back of the moving Hummer disappearing in the dark.

Starks stands next Jessica.

JESSICA

Son of a bitch! It was him!

Starks shines his flashlight in the opposite direction seeing the outline of an old barn house behind some trees at the end of the road.

199 I/E. SUV - NIGHT 199

Jessica shifts gears between reverse and forward.

200 EXT. SUV - NIGHT 200

Aggressively, the tires spin in the muddy waters struggling to climb out of the ditch.

201 EXT. BARN HOUSE - NIGHT 201

Starks walks up to the barn house, shining his flashlight around the premises, drawing his weapon. He squeezes his body between the opening gap of the large wooden doors closed.

202 INT. BARN - NIGHT 202

Starks moves along, shining the light around. The musty atmosphere is saturated by a thick mist of mildew dimming the light radius.

He covers his nose from the unusual strong odor with his sleeve. The cool night air whistles through the multiple holes in the walls. Rain drops fall on top of old farming equipment and machinery from the damaged ceiling. The ground is gritty, saturated from the rain soaking the old strands of hay.

Starks stops next to a closed door with a light glaring out from the bottom. Cautiously, he grabs the doorknob turning it slowly.

The door is whipped open slamming back against the wall.

203

INT. BARN, ROOM - NIGHT

203

Starks walks past the portable floor lamp over to a wooden table consisting of high tech surveillance equipment: digital camera, night vision binocular and goggles, GPS vehicle tracker, phone scanners, voice changer and a portable battery generator.

He picks up the cell phone, paging through the call log. The name of "Tina Rush" shows as the last call entry. He pockets the cell phone. Jessica enters the room with her weapon drawn.

STARKS

Like I said, calculating and very organized.

Jessica examines the equipment.

JESSICA

This explains how Tyrone has been one step ahead of us.

Starks picks up a group of photos from a second table viewing them.

STARKS

Make that two steps, look.

Starks hands the photos to Jessica staring at the top photo of herself running with the football in a game.

STARKS

When was this taken?

Jessica looks at Starks.

JESSICA

The other day at a charity football game.

Jessica thumbs through the various game photos of herself.

JESSICA (CONT'D)

He's been watching me the entire time.

Starks unzips Gingerbread's military duffel bag, dumping out the contents of canned foods, water, and medical supplies on the camouflage cot. He picks up a folded piece of construction paper, opening it.

He turns to Jessica holding out the piece of paper.

STARKS

Does this mean anything?

Jessica takes the paper examining it.

The title page is "The Gingerbread Massacre". Under the title is a well drawn theater stage surrounded by flames. The high school head shot of Nicholas Grant is attached to a stick figure body tied to a chair in the center of the flames. At the bottom of the page are two stick figures of a boy and girl surrounded by black hearts.

With an alarmed look on her face, Jessica realizes what the message means.

JESSICA

Shit! He's going to kill my ex
boyfriend Nicholas Grant.

(to Agent Starks)

He's going to set him on fire!

204 EXT. BARN - NIGHT 204

Jessica and Starks jump in the SUV parked outside, driving off in a hurry.

205 EXT. WASHINGTON HIGH SCHOOL - NIGHT 205

3 a.m.

206 INT. HIGH SCHOOL, MAINTENANCE SHOP - NIGHT 206

Patrick semi-consciously moves his head slow and groggy. His eyes blink, painfully staring directly into the blinding light of the high-power floor lamp positioned in front of him.

He's stripped down to his underwear struggling to breath from his bloody nose. His wrists, stomach, and ankles are heavily taped to the chair. His lips are glued together.

Gingerbread walks into view standing behind the floor lamp. He grabs a mallet from the work table gripping the handle tightly. He bends down on his knees in front of Patrick's feet.

Patrick mumbles with his eyes closed tight, preparing for the worst in a tense posture back against the chair.

NANA (V.O.)

Let me know if this hurts.

Maliciously, Gingerbread repeatedly pounds Patrick's toes with a violent swing of the iron mallet.

Patrick screams from the physical torture of his toes being broken, digging his fingers deep into the hand rest of the chair.

Gingerbread stops, standing over Patrick who weeps in excruciating pain. He throws the mallet back on the table grabbing a hand held torch, turning it on, adjusting the neon blue flame.

Covered in sweat, Patrick stares helplessly at the torch, mumbling at Gingerbread.

Gingerbread holds the torch against Patrick's nipple, burning his skin like melting butter.

In a high pitch mumble, Patrick screams in torturous pain, his flesh sizzles under the extreme heat, his legs quiver in agony of the worst pain ever felt.

Gingerbread applies the intense flame on the opposite nipple making Patrick screams again in a high pitch growl.

His discolored chest swells into a large discolored blister.

Gingerbread turns the torch off, grabbing the back of Patrick's hair and shoves the hot nozzle against his glued lips.

Patrick shivers from the contact.

Gingerbread throws the torch down to the floor. Armed with a box cutter, he cuts an opening slit between his lips, bleeding from the incision.

Shaking wildly, Patrick cries out.

PATRICK

FUCK YOU, MOTHERFUCKER! YOU SON OF
A BITCH! I SWEAR TO GOD YOU BETTER
MAKE SURE I'M DEAD CAUSE I'M GONNA
CUT YOUR BLACK ASS INTO PIECES!

Suddenly, Patrick is spun around in the chair facing the brick wall. The floor lamp is positioned behind his head casting an over sized shadow of his body.

Gingerbread's shadow stands over Patrick, holding a cordless power drill, squeezing the trigger. The eerie sound of the drill spins freely.

Patrick cries out for the last time.

PATRICK

Listen to me, Tyrone! You need me!
I can take you to Jarvis! He
murdered your mother and father! I
had nothing to do with it! I swear
to you, I never wanted any part of
this! You got to believe me! Please
Tyrone don't kill me!

The shadow of Gingerbread points the long drill bit down on top of Patrick's head, grabbing him by the back of hair with his opposite hand in a tight grip.

PATRICK

GOD...! HELP ... ARGH...!

The shadow of Gingerbread leans against the drill, spinning the long drill bit through Patrick's skull all the way down to the drill's chuck.

The shadow pattern of blood shoots out from the wound onto the wall and shadows.

207 EXT. WASHINGTON HIGH SCHOOL - NIGHT 207

4 a.m. The Black SUV jumps the side walk slamming its brakes in front of the school's main entrance.

Immediately, Jessica and Starks exit the vehicle running up the stairs entering inside the school.

208 INT. HIGH SCHOOL, AUDITORIUM - NIGHT 208

The agents running up the open entrance with their weapons drawn. The blood on the floor that reads "The Prince of Death."

They share a confirming glance. Cautiously, the agents walk along the far opposite sides of the walk way, shining their flashlights on the empty seats and aisles.

Gingerbread's voice speaks through the PA speakers.

GINGERBREAD (O.S)

That's far enough agents.

The agents stop. The flashlights shines up on the stage.

GINGERBREAD (O.S) (CONT'D)
Agent Pierce, please step up to the
microphone standing in the center
aisle.

Jessica glances at Starks. He shrugs, then nods in
agreement.

Jessica walks across the aisle up to the standing
microphone.

JESSICA
Where's Nicholas?

NANA (V.O.)
He's getting ready for his grand
finale. But don't worry Jessica, I
plan on giving you a curtain call
that will last forever, until death
do you part. But the time has
expired on your knight in shining
armor.

JESSICA
Take me as your hostage and let
Nicholas go.

NANA (V.O.)
In due time darling but first...

In the background, an organ plays an opera type theme.

NANA (V.O.)
Welcome to my theater of pain. The
Mayor and his wife are getting
ready for the their final scene.
It's the calm before the storm.
Take a seat, sit back, and enjoy
the show.

Suddenly, the curtain rises. The spotlight shines on the
body of a NICHOLAS GRANT (30's) tied to a chair,
unconscious. His face is badly beaten, bloody, and swollen,
stripped down to his underwear with a twenty dollar bill
taped to his chest. At his feet is a pile of one dollar
bills.

JESSICA
Jesus...
(yelling)
NICHOLAS!

BACKSTAGE

In a flash, the floor is set on fire, burning a trail across the floor to the stage.

Jessica jumps up, pulling herself up on the ledge. At the last second, Starks runs up from behind tackling Jessica down to the ground.

Quickly, the trail of fire spreads out into wide flames, shooting up into a burning inferno. The entire stage is engulfed in fire. Instantly, Nicholas is swallowed by the blaze.

The flames shoot out spreading to the curtains burning out of control upwards on the walls and ceiling. Black smoke fills the auditorium.

209 INT. HIGH SCHOOL, HALLWAY - NIGHT 209

Jessica and Starks stagger against the wall coughing repeatedly from smoke filtering out into the hallway.

Jessica pulls the fire alarm. It echoes throughout the building.

210 EXT. WASHINGTON HIGH SCHOOL - NIGHT 210

Jessica and Starks race down the stairs up to the SUV. The sound of multiple emergency sirens are approaching.

JESSICA

I know where he's got Jarvis and his wife!

STARKS

Where?

JESSICA

The strip club. Dixie Chicks!

Immediately, the agents jump inside the SUV, driving off accelerating down the street.

211 INT. RESTAURANT, DINING ROOM - NIGHT 211

5 AM

Tina and Corey sit at a booth next to a window. Tina's face cringes at Corey eating a plate of fish and grits like a pig using his fingers to scoop up the fish and grit into his mouth.

TINA
Seriously, do you have to eat like
that in public?

Corey looks up confused.

COREY
Like what?

Tina's cell phone rings, she picks up.

TINA
Tina Rush.

Tina's expression changes. Sitting up with urgency, she
stares at Corey who stops eating with a concerned look.

TINA (CONT'D)
Yes. Yes. I know where it is,
but...

The call is disconnected. Tina ends the call with
excitement.

TINA (CONT'D)
Holy shit, that was him again!

Worried, Corey drops his fish on the plate.

COREY
That was who?

Tina stands reaching inside her purse.

TINA
Who do you think? Tyrone Henry, we
gotta go!

Corey hesitates for a moment, wiping his hands on a napkin.

COREY
Look, I got a bad feeling about
this. I mean, how do we know he's
not setting us up to be killed
next.

Tina rolls her eyes taking out some money from her purse.

TINA
Look, this is your one and only
chance to ride the express elevator
to the top. Are you in or out?

Corey thinks for a moment lowering his head in doubt. He's not sure if he wants to go. Tina leans in his face.

TINA (CONT'D)

If it makes it any easier, the last time I checked you have a wife, four kids and a fifth one on the way.

TINA (CONT'D)

If that's not enough motivation to convince you, tell me how many black camera men do you see in Georgia?

Tina slaps money down on the table, walking out of the restaurant.

Corey watches her leave, frustrated. He looks over at the news camera sitting next to him. He picks up the camera walking out the restaurant.

212

EXT. STRIP CLUB, PARKING LOT - NIGHT

212

Dixie Tricks Strip Club

The Black SUV pulls up in the lot parking in the back of the strip club. Jessica and Starks exit the vehicle with their weapons out.

Suddenly, the NEWS VAN pulls up behind them.

Immediately, Tina and Corey exit the van, running up to the agents.

Corey turns the camera on. Jessica shoves the camera back.

JESSICA

Get the fuck out of here!

TINA

(to Starks)

Look, if you let us stay out here, I swear we won't try to interfere in any way. I promise. Please!

JESSICA

Have you lost your fucking mind? You're going to get yourself killed!

STARKS

No, let them stay. This works out better this way.

JESSICA

(to Starks)

What?

Starks runs around to the front entrance of the building. Jessica follows behind.

213 EXT. STRIP CLUB, FRONT ENTRANCE - NIGHT 213

The front door is wide open.

STARKS

(to Jessica)

Ready?

JESSICA

Yep...

Jessica and Starks enter inside.

214 INT. STRIP CLUB, THE GOLD MINE AREA - NIGHT 214

The main floor lighting is dimmed. Cautiously, Jessica and Starks walk past several individual dancing stages.

They split up, moving in different directions. Jessica walks up stairs.

215 INT. V.I.P LOUNGE - NIGHT 215

Jessica walks beside the bar looking in all directions.

In plain view, the bodies of Jarvis and Emily are chained to the strip poles screaming at Jessica through tied mouth gags. Jessica aims her weapon at the stage.

JESSICA

F.B.I.!

Jessica runs up to the stage, pointing her weapon. She unties the gag around Jarvis's mouth.

JARVIS

There's a bomb strapped to the pole behind my wife! You gotta hurry up and get us out!

From behind, the trap door opens. Gingerbread climbs out unnoticed.

Jessica grabs the pad lock behind Jarvis's back.

JESSICA

I'll get you and your wife out! I
have to shoot the lock off first!
Hold still!

Jessica stands, ready to shoot.

From behind, Gingerbread wraps his arm around Jessica's neck, injecting the loaded syringe of a black serum behind her ear.

Jessica screams in a struggle, firing a single round into the ceiling. Gingerbread grabs hold of her wrist.

Immediately, the drug takes effect. Jessica drops her weapon on the platform stage. Disoriented, she collapses to the floor in front of Jarvis rolling on her back.

A speechless Jarvis stares in shock.

Jessica's speech is impaired calling out.

JESSICA (CONT'D)

Starks! Agent... dow...

Gingerbread bends down, leaning over Jessica's body. He strikes Jessica several times across the face wearing a pair of brass knuckles. The entire side of Jessica's face is slashed, bruised, and swollen.

Gingerbread picks up Jessica's gun.

NANA (V.O.)

Remember when I said I'll love you
till death do us part?

Gingerbread fires a shot into Jessica's thigh bone, crying out in pain, rolling on her side.

Emily screams through her mouth gag.

Gingerbread circles around Jessica's body.

NANA (V.O.)

I wasn't lying about that, but
sometimes love hurts, and I need to
show you how much pain I felt over
the years, princess.

Out of anger, Gingerbread viciously kicks a helpless Jessica several times across the face bleeding from a broken jaw and nose. He continues kicking her in the ribs.

Painfully, Jessica deeply gasps for air drooling out a stream line of blood from her mouth.

NANA (V.O.)

Love comes with a painful price.

Gingerbread fires a second round into Jessica's shoulder, grunting from the bullet wound, she passes out cold.

JARVIS

(crying)

Tyrone please! You made your point!
She's suffered enough. Just let her
be!

Gingerbread aims the gun at Jarvis.

NANA (V.O.)

(to Jarvis)

That's part of the game white
devil! You should know this better
than anyone. Don't tell me you
didn't feel the same way when you
beat and raped Tonya Henry to her
death.

Jarvis is overwhelmed with guilt, crying.

NANA (V.O.)

(to Jessica)

If its meant to be, princess, I'll
be there to comfort you through the
nightmares that will torment your
dreams for years to come.

Gingerbread exits the V.I.P lounge through the back emergency door.

216 INT. STRIP CLUB, STAIRWAY - NIGHT

216

An injured Starks stumbles up the stairs in a daze, bleeding from a nasty wound on the side of his head. He calls out.

STARKS

Agent Pierce!

With urgency, Jarvis shouts.

JARVIS

GET YOUR ASS OVER HERE! WE DON'T
HAVE MUCH TIME!

Starks sees Jessica's body on the dance stage. He runs over to her checking for a pulse.

JARVIS (CONT'D)
FUCK HER SHE'S DEAD! GET US OUT
BEFORE THE BOMB DETONATES! AGENT
STARKS

STARKS
I'm sorry, Jessica.

Starks stands behind Jarvis, shooting the lock off and freeing Jarvis.

Immediately, Jarvis moves next to Emily, turning back to Starks.

JARVIS
WHAT ARE YOU WAITING FOR!? HELP ME
FREE MY WIFE!

Starks strikes Jarvis across his forehead with the butt of his firearm, knocking him out cold.

STARKS
You and I have unfinished business
to conclude.

217 EXT. STRIP CLUB, REAR ENTRANCE - NIGHT

217

The back door swings open. In handcuffs, Jarvis is pushed outside, bleeding from a nasty head wound.

Starks follows from behind with his weapon aimed at him. Sitting on a crate, Tina jumps up, turning to Corey, placing the camera on his shoulder ready to roll.

TINA
Let's go!

Corey follows Tina's lead running up to Starks with microphone in hand.

TINA (CONT'D)
Agent Starks, can you tell us what
happened inside?

Starks walks up to Corey, shooting him in the head. His body and camera fall to the ground.

Frantically, Tina drops her microphone in shock, Corey's blood on her face.

Jarvis stands motionless, visibly shaken. Starks fire a second round into Corey's heart.

TINA (CONT'D)
Oh Jesus, COREY! COREY!

Tina turns running away.

Starks steps up, shooting Tina in the back of her head, falling face first into a large puddle of mud.

Starks grabs Jarvis by the back of his neck, dragging him over to the SUV.

Jarvis's face is numb and still.

Starks shoves Jarvis inside the back seat of the SUV, slamming the door shut. He picks up the camera, gets back inside the SUV, driving off and running over Tina's body down the dirt road.

218 INT. STRIP CLUB, VIP LOUNGE - NIGHT 218

With tears in her eyes, Emily Jordan leans back against the dance pole with a blank expression.

BOMB

The timer ticks down to two seconds.

219 EXT. STRIP CLUB, SECOND STORY WINDOW - NIGHT 219

In the last seconds, Jessica leaps through the office window, shattering glass in mid air.

The building detonates in a powerful explosion throwing Jessica across the parking lot landing on the ground surrounded by burning debris.

220 INT. MAYOR'S MANSION, LIBRARY - MORNING 220

SUNRISE

Starks shoves Jarvis behind his desk, pointing his weapon with a silencer attachment at Jarvis.

STARKS

Open it!

SAFE

Jarvis kneels down, entering a digital three number combination. He turns the steel handle pulling the door open.

Inside is a large amount of money, stocks, and bonds. A large tan envelope with several rolls of film, CD disks, and a container consisting of 24 serum vials on top of a large old book.

JARVIS

Please let me explain! I was planning to destroy everything.

Starks shoots Jarvis in a three round burst to the heart, bleeding out. His body collapses to the floor, dying with his eyes open.

Starks moves to the safe, pulling out a folded black bag from his coat pocket. He kneels down emptying out the safe. His cell phone rings as he takes out a large but old book made out of human skin with voodoo designs on the cover, placing the contents inside the bag.

Starks stands, zips up the bag, and pulls out his cell phone from his coat pocket answering the call.

STARKS

Yes sir. <BEAT> I have everything.
 <BEAT> That problem has been removed. Agent Pierce is dead.
 <BEAT> Yes I have the book. <BEAT>
 No sir, Tyrone Henry is still at large. Do you want me to intercept?
 <BEAT> Understood, I'll be at the airport within the next hour.

Starks checks the time on his watch.

STARKS

Will do.

Starks ends the call exiting the library.

221 EXT. COVINGTON GENERAL HOSPITAL - DAY 221

TITLE CARD: OCTOBER 31ST

222 INT. ICU - DAY 222

Slowly, Jessica opens her good eye, blinking a few times adjusting to the room lights. Her head is heavily bandaged with gauze taped over her damaged eye. Her jaw is wired shut surrounded by the swelling on her face, dried blood stains her lips. Her shoulder sits in a sling, her leg is heavily bandaged, elevated on top of pillows.

Kruse stands by her bedside. Jessica looks at him mumbling through her wired jaw.

JESSICA

Where am I?

KRUSE

You're at Covington General
Hospital.

JESSICA

How did I get here? What happened?

Kruse takes a seat next to Jessica.

KRUSE

What's the last thing you remember?

Jessica tries to think.

JESSICA

I - I don't know. I mean -
everything seems blank or missing -
I don't...

KRUSE

Do you remember anything about the
case you were on?

JESSICA

I - can't think - don't - know...

Jessica falls under from the medication.

223

INT. HOSPITAL, LOBBY - DAY

223

Kruse exits the room. Two uniformed POST GUARD officers
stand outside the room.

Deputy Director Lebre walks up to Kruse.

LEBRE

Well?

Kruse shakes his head in disappointment.

KRUSE

She doesn't remember anything.

LEBRE

And she probably never will. Lab
test shows that she's been injected
with a heavy drug called
Scopolamine.

KRUSE
Scopolamine?

Lebre and Kruse walk away from the room.

LEBRE
Project Devil's Breath is an experimental drug designed to permanently erase memories. Agent Pierce was injected with a heavy dose that should of killed her. She's lucky to be alive.

KRUSE
What the hell happened in Georgia? Mayor Jarvis was found dead in his mansion. His wife was killed in a bomb explosion at a strip club where Agent Pierce was left for dead.

LEBRE
And Tyrone Henry is still at large. I know, we have nothing. The investigation is officially closed.

Kruse is upset.

KRUSE
You can't be serious! After what Jessica has been through, you're willing to dismiss it as if nothing happen! Hell no!...

LEBRE
Deal with it Kruse because that's exactly what we're going to do!

Kruse sighs - amazed at Lebre.

LEBRE
Look at it this way, when Agent Pierce recovers, we'll reassign her to a different field office and pretend this never happened.
<BEAT> It's not my decision but I have my orders to follow, so do you.

KRUSE
And you're okay with that?

LEBRE

GO HOME KRUSE, there's nothing more
you can do.

Lebre walks away with Kruse looking back. Kruse walks away.

Razor-X disguised as a doctor walks up to police officers showing his I.D badge. He clears protocol and enters the room.

224 INT. ICU ROOM - DAY 224

Jessica is sleeping.

Razor-X walks up to the bed, laying a medical chart down next to Jessica. He takes out a syringe from her pocket laying it next to the chart, disconnecting the I.V line connected to Jessica's arm.

Razor-X injects the drug into the line. Seconds pass.

He pulls out the syringe placing the plastic end piece in his mouth, reconnecting the I.V line, placing the syringe back into her pocket.

RAZOR-X

I'll see you soon.

Razor-X walks up to the door turning off the lights, exits the room.

Suddenly, Jessica's eye snaps open.

225 EXT. HENRY COUNTY ROAD, MORGAN, GEORGIA - DAY 225

SUBTITLE: OCTOBER 31st, 5 p.m.

Torrential rain showers fall late afternoon. A yellow cab sits on the side of the road.

226 INT. CAB - DAY 226

Gingerbread is sitting behind the steering wheel, wearing the previous gear and ski mask from earlier, covered in blood.

NANA (V.O.)

You've done well Gingerbread! I can hear the devils screaming in the lake of fire. Their spirits are being tortured by the children of the lost souls. You know what needs to be done to embrace closure. Kill

NANA (V.O.)

the devil of all devils! Kill him,
Gingerbread, and his soul becomes
mine! This will connect the life
line of my essence through your
mind, body, and soul.

Suddenly, Gingerbread grips the steering wheel grunting in
excruciating pain.

227

EXT. CAB - DAY

227

The driver door opens. Gingerbread staggers out falling down
to his knees crawling away from the cab, stopping in the
middle of the road.

The heavy rain storm soaks his entire body.

SUDDENLY, he vomits out a pool of black ooze coming out of
his nose and mouth, gagging.

The ski mask is pulled off. Long black silky hair hangs down
covering her face.

From behind, Nana stands up. Her long wet hair whipped back
looking up towards the sky.

Nana, tall, curvaceous young body, takes in a deep breath

Slowly, she walks back to the cab, taking off the top layers
of clothing down to her white tee shirt soaked by the rain
water exposing her large breasts.

Nana re-enters the cab driving away.

228

EXT. GAS STATION - NIGHT

228

HENRY COUNTY ROAD - 10 PM

Heavy rain showers continues to pour.

229

INT. PHONE BOOTH - NIGHT

229

O'BRIEN, now (60's) with grayish black shoulder length hair,
a bit overweight, shivers from the cold and wet. He rubs his
hands together for warmth.

230 EXT. ROADWAY - NIGHT

230

The headlights of an oncoming vehicle approaching.

O'BRIEN

Thank God!

Steve exits the phone booth, running across the street waving his arms frantically.

The vehicle drives past, splashing a large puddle of rain water in his face. Steve throws up the middle finger.

O'BRIEN

Fuck you, motherfucker!

From behind, the high beams of a second cab stops. Steve turns around shielding his eyes from the glare. The car horn blows.

The driver side window rolls down slightly, a sexy female voice yells out.

NANA (O.S.)

Are you going to stand there all night?

Steve runs to the back door getting in. The cab drives off.

231 INT. CAB - NIGHT

231

Excited, Steve wipes rain water from his face and hair with his fingers, sneezing on his arm from a bad cold.

O'BRIEN

I don't know who you are honey, but thank you! Thank you! Thank you!
I'm giving you a fat tip for this!

Nana, wearing a black hooded sweat shirt with a baseball cap covering her head is armed with a loaded .380 revolver with a silencer attachment in her lap. She speaks in a sexy voice.

NANA

Consider yourself lucky. I don't think anyone else would be crazy enough to be out in this mess.

Steve laughs.

O'BRIEN

Well, guess what sweetheart? I am!

Steve takes out a cigarette and lighter. Nana adjusts the rear view mirror.

NANA

I'm sorry, but this is a smoke free cab.

Steve sniffs through his stuffy nose.

O'BRIEN

(chuckling)

No problem, baby girl, I can wait until you drop me off.

NANA

So where to on a Halloween night?

O'BRIEN

Well, since I'm a free man with twenty million dollars to spend, take me to the first bar you see. I want to get drunk and fucked by the first woman I see tonight. And if it's not too much to ask, some fucking breakfast in the morning before I leave her ass.

Steve laughs out loud.

NANA

What about your wife?

SUDDENLY, Steve stops laughing, his facial expression quickly changes to a puzzled look of confusion.

O'BRIEN

My wife? Oh you mean my ex! Fuck that bitch! I'll buy a new one! She was supposed to pick me up from prison today but never showed.

Nana stares into the rear view mirror with a look of cruel intentions in mind.

NANA

That's because Veronica is dead. Someone chopped her fat fucking head off.

Steve leans back, speechless, staring at Nana.

END CREDITS.

END CREDITS MONTAGE.

232 INT. CAB - NIGHT 232
Nana drives faster.

O'BRIEN
Motherfucker!

233 EXT. ROAD SIDE - NIGHT 233
DOLLY OUT
Nana walks back to the open car door, raising the back window shut, smashing the Molotov Cocktail against the dash board.
Flames quickly spreads from the front to the end of the cab. Frantically, Steve screams with his body is on fire. The combination of burnt flesh and blood from his hand smears across the window.

234 EXT. ROAD SIDE - NIGHT 234
DOLLY OUT: PHOTO
A burning family picture of Rollins and Tonya Henry with Tyrone at birth.

235 EXT. HUMMER - NIGHT 235
DOLLY OUT
The hummer drives off into the night.

236 EXT. ROAD SIDE - NIGHT 236
DOLLY OUT
In a flash, the cab explodes into a large ball of fire. A partially eaten gingerbread cookie with a smile on its face lands on the ground smoking from the explosion.

237 EXT. HOSPITAL - DAY 237
DOLLY OUT
Kruse leaves hospital.

- 238 EXT. TIDAL BASIN, WASHINGTON D.C. - DAY 238
DOLLY OUT
Oz & Razor-X sit on a bench, Oz feeding the pigeons around his feet. They are joined by Starks.
- 239 EXT. MATRIX LABORATORIES - NIGHT 239
DOLLY OUT
A crew of hired Movers load various sized equipment on flat bed trucks with equipment
- 240 EXT. RIVER FRONT - NIGHT 240
DOLLY OUT
Work Crews dump barrels of chemicals.
- 241 EXT. WILKINS RESIDENCE - STREET SIDE - NIGHT 241
DOLLY OUT
Police surround the residence, flashing police lights glimmer on the yellow police line surrounding the property.
- 242 EXT. FISCHER RESIDENCE - NIGHT 242
DOLLY OUT
Police surround the residence, flashing police lights glimmer on the yellow police line surrounding the property.
- 243 INT. MATRIX LABORATORIES - DAY 243
Kruse looks on while a small FBI team investigates the empty lab.
- 244 INT. ICU - DAY 244
DOLLY OUT
From an empty hospital bed to an open window leading out to the parking lot.

END