THE EMPTY GRAVE

Ву

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FADE IN:

EXT. MOUNTAIN CABIN - NIGHT

A full moon hangs ominously in the stormy sky, rain hammers down on a decrepit, battered shack.

AMY FITZROY, 10, bunny slippers, teddy in one hand, stands on a ridge, overlooking certain death.

The teddy drops from her hand, ricochets off the jagged limestone, and descends into darkness.

Blood drips from her neck, cascades down her princess nightwear, as she sways in the light breeze, enough to send her over the edge.

INT. AMY'S ROOM - NIGHT

Stuffed toys line the flowery walls, wind breezes in, via the open window, causing the curtains to billow.

A princess alarm clock reads: "1:13am".

INT. AMY'S ROOM - DAY

Birds caw from outside, the curtains remain stationary, sun spills through the window net.

The door creaks open. ROSE FITZROY, 36, delicate, clad in summer-wear, steps through and looks around.

ROSE

Amy?

Rose checks under the bed, in the wardrobe, behind the door, and exits the room.

INT. FITZROY HOUSE - UPSTAIRS - DAY

A laundry basket sits on a stool, a CAT hops up onto it, purrs, as it nestles.

Rose picks up strewn clothes, plops them on the banister, and knocks on the bathroom door.

Pop music blares from inside, along with running water.

ROSE Kelly, have you seen, Amy?

KELLY (O.S)

What?!

ROSE (raised voice) Have you seen your sister?!

KELLY (O.S) She said something about going to school with, Luke!

Rose pulls out her phone, scrolls through a list of contacts, and calls "Amy".

A phone rings, close by. Rose approaches the basket, the cat leaps off, Rose rummages through the clothes.

She pulls Amy's glittery phone from the pile, and ends the call.

The bathroom door opens. KELLY FITZROY, 17, bath towel wrapped around her waist and hair, steps out of the steam.

Rose looks at the phone, a worried glint in her eye.

KELLY Hangover or argument?

ROSE Not the time, Kelly.

Rose hurriedly storms down the stairs. Kelly heads off, into her bedroom, slamming her door, which has a "keep out" sign on it.

INT. FITZROY HOUSE - KITCHEN - DAY

Tiled floors, steel worktops, a fancy refrigerator, with an ice dispenser, and patio doors at the back.

GERRY FITZROY, 37, five o'clock shadow and tired eyes, in an electrician's garb, makes a thermos.

Rose enters, taps her thumb against her teeth, sits down at the table.

Gerry chucks a spoon into the sink, caps the thermos, and wipes his hands on a towel.

GERRY What's wrong?

ROSE Amy left her phone here. It's not like her.

GERRY Didn't she have to go in early? Something about a school play with, Luke?

Rose, concerned, does not respond. Gerry heads over, thermos in hand, plants a kiss on her forehead.

GERRY I'm sure she's fine.

EXT. MOUNTAIN ROAD - DAY

Police cars everywhere, ambulance on hand, COPS have set up a barricade.

A BLACK CAR pulls up across the road, it sits there for a moment.

INT. EDWARD'S CAR - DAY

Extremely clean, not a scratch on the leather seats.

EDWARD MCMILLAN, 40, a disheveled man, long black coat, with a shaky hand, pops a prescription bottle and downs two pills.

He looks out of the window, at the crime scene, takes a moment to compose himself, then steps out.

EXT. MOUNTAIN ROAD - DAY

Edward walks over, hands in his pockets, a COP, 20s, stops him from entering. Edward whips out his badge.

EDWARD (English accent) D.I. Edward McMillan. I got a call from, Adrian Wells.

DETECTIVE WILLIAMS, 35, a burly man, with a shirt way too tight, and buckles, swaggers over.

WILLIAMS It's okay, lad. He's clear.

Edward pockets his badge, ducks under the blockade, and follows Williams into the misty woodland.

EXT. MOUNTAIN WOODLAND - DAY

Edward and Williams crunch leaves.

EDWARD Any idea who the victim is?

WILLIAMS Body's a wreck, features are too badly damaged to identify. Small town like this, someone'll know.

They pass a few FORENSIC GUYS, as they make their way down an embankment, toward the scene of the crime, swarmed by COPS and ANALYSIS EXPERTS.

Edward ducks police tape, joins up with a FORENSIC, 30s, who labels a bunny slipper #5.

Williams goes over to a COP, talks with her quietly.

Edward steps across the crime scene carefully, avoiding each labeled piece of evidence, he stops and looks:

Amy's body, face-down in the dirt, mangled, a tree branch through her hip, hair across her mauled face.

Edward rubs his brow, his pocketed hand trembles, as he tries to divert his eyes.

EDWARD How long has she been out here?

FORENSIC If I were to make a guess, five, maybe six hours.

EDWARD Who found her? EXT. MOUNTAIN ROAD - DAY

COLIN NASH, 42, red-eyed, tear-streams down his face, sits on the ambulance step, blanket around his shoulders. A COP, 20s, questions him.

Edward ducks the barricade, and flashes his badge to the Cop, who scampers off.

EDWARD Colin Nash?

COTTH NUBIL.

Nash, wearily, looks up.

NASH

Yes.

EDWARD Detective Inspector, Edward McMillan. I need to ask you a few questions about the girl.

Nash winces, rubs his eyes. Edward hands him a handkerchief.

NASH

Thank you.

Nash wipes his eyes, sniffles.

NASH How can I help?

EDWARD Why were you out here so early, Mr. Nash?

NASH I was walking my dog, Rudy. He found her, I found him.

EDWARD Do you have any idea who the victim is?

Nash shakes his head, cries some more, wipes the tears away and sniffs.

EDWARD

Mr. Nash-

NASH If I knew, I would tell you. Edward studies Nash's emotions, sticks his hand in his pocket, pulls out his card.

EDWARD If you recall anything.

Nash takes the card, looks at it longingly.

A NEWS VAN chugs along the road, comes to a screeching halt across the gravel, tires let off trails of smoke.

ANGELA ORTON, 28, stunning, clad in reporter clothes, steps out and approaches the scene. Cops keep her back.

Williams signs a document, hands it to a cop, spots the reporters trying to get in.

WILLIAMS Who tipped them off?

Angela's CAMERAMAN, 20s, emerges from the back of the truck, camera perched on his skinny shoulder.

WILLIAMS Get her out of here!

ANGELA

Detective-

WILLIAMS This isn't a goddamn peep show! Get that damn camera out of here, now!

Angela and her Cameraman, defeated, back off, recede into their van, and drive away.

Edward walks over to Williams, who lights a cigarette, seems like he's been smoking years, coughs after every puff.

WILLIAMS Goddamn vultures. No respect.

INT. FITZROY HOUSE - LOUNGE - DAY

Magazines clutter the table, the TV is set on the news channel, which shows the latest sports statistics.

Rose vacuums, left then right, up then down, pulls the hose off and hoovers the couch. The cat perches on an armchair, meows.

Rose turns off the vacuum, looks at the news, and picks up the cat.

INT. FITZROY HOUSE - KITCHEN - DAY

Rose drops kitty feed into the bowl, placing the sack in a cupboard, filled with gardening equipment.

The cat nibbles on the feed. Rose looks out of the patio door, at the untended rose garden, and sighs.

EXT. MOUNTAIN ROAD - DAY

A Valley Hill Police Department (VHPD) car pulls up by the side of the road, behind a DOG UNIT vehicle.

EMMA SORENSON, 33, a pretty, tough looking chick, steps out, gun holstered by her side, eyes trained on the scene.

Williams jots down a few notes, pauses, and greets Emma with a swift handshake.

EMMA

What have we got?

Williams pockets the notepad, and the two head off down the narrow trail. A DOG UNIT passes them by.

WILLIAMS Young girl, about ten years old, found three hours ago by, Colin Nash.

EMMA I know him, has a dog, right?

WILLIAMS

Right.

EXT. MOUNTAIN WOODLAND - DAY

Edward kneels beside Amy's body, checks her features, examines her injuries.

Williams and Emma approach, stop dead in their tracks, she looks at Williams.

EMMA

That him?

WILLIAMS

Yeah.

Emma walks over, pats Edward on the shoulder, he looks up at her, darkness in his tired eyes.

EMMA Emma Sorenson, VHPD.

She extends her hand, he ignores the gesture, focuses on the body and the surrounding evidence.

Emma inspects Amy with her eyes, her face falls into shock.

EMMA

No.

EDWARD

You know her?

Emma covers her mouth, turns away, tears building in her eyes.

EDWARD Who is she?

INT. ELECTRICIAN'S VAN - DAY

Gerry flips through a newspaper, compares his betting sheet to the football scores, sighs.

GERRY

Crap.

The driver's door opens, a tray of takeaway coffees and two wrapped bagels slides across the seat. Gerry picks it up.

RICK STEVENS, 30, a slender man in blue overalls, enters the van, texting on his phone.

Gerry takes his coffee and bagel, sits the tray on the dashboard, continues to browse the paper.

Rick pockets his phone, grabs a coffee, takes a swig, and glances over at Gerry.

RICK You OK, pal? Look a little wired.

GERRY I fell short again, lost sixty bucks.

RICK Ouch. How you gonna explain that one? GERRY Not sure yet.

Gerry folds the paper, sticks it in the door pocket. Rick sets his coffee down in a holder, turns on the engine.

RICK Rose is gonna grill you.

Rick chuckles, straps his seat belt on. Gerry does the same, minus the chuckle.

GERRY Keep it between us, yeah?

RICK I'm not a whistle blower, secret's safe with me, man.

EXT. VALLEY HILL - MAIN STREET - DAY

A small, charming community, rows of businesses on either side of the street, a post office, a bank and a cafe.

CASS DANIELS, 44, small and tubby, sweeps the pathway and watches the electrician's van drive off.

LUKE WATSON, 11, backpack barely on his shoulder, walks along the sidewalk, playing a game on his phone.

The electrician's van hurtles down the street. Luke crosses, doesn't notice the van, which slams on the brakes.

Luke drops his phone, and gasps. The van comes to a stop a few feet from him. Gerry bursts out the side.

GERRY

Luke!

LUKE (shaken) Mr. Fitzroy.

Luke picks up his phone, pockets it. Gerry walks over, checks on the kid.

GERRY You need to be more careful, kiddo.

LUKE Sorry, just - GERRY

I thought you were meant to be at school early with, Amy?

LUKE We were, but she never showed up.

GERRY What do you mean, she never showed? She wasn't at home.

LUKE

I haven't seen her since yesterday.

Fear falls across Gerry's face, as he rushes back to the van. Luke watches the van, drive down the street.

EXT. MOUNTAIN WOODLAND - DAY

Emma sits on a stump, smoking, an increasingly worried expression across her face. Edward hands Emma a coffee, sits down next to her.

> EDWARD I know it's ha-

EMMA

Do you really?

Edward diverts his eyes to the body. Emma takes a sip of coffee, and a stressful drag from her cigarette.

EDWARD Yeah, maybe I don't. But I need a name, Emma. Who was she?

EXT. SUBURBAN STREET - DAY

Fields sit behind several houses, cobblestone roadways lead in multiple directions.

PAUL THOMASON, 31, a suave individual, waters his plants, across the street from the Fitzroy residence.

The electrician's van arrives, tires screech across the road, and the door opens hastily.

Paul watches, as Gerry explodes out of the van, and runs up to his house, entering swiftly. Rick steps out of the van a moment later.

PAUL Everything, OK?

RICK I'm not sure.

INT. FITZROY HOUSE - LOUNGE - DAY

Gerry rushes inside, spooking the cat. He pokes his head in the dining room, heads back through the door.

GERRY

Rose?!

EXT. FITZROY GARDEN - DAY

Rose plucks weeds from the flowerbed, clips a few branches with sheers. Gerry ducks out of the patio door.

GERRY

Rose-

ROSE

Gerry?

INT. FITZROY HOUSE - KITCHEN - DAY

Rose leans on the worktop, worried to death, tears in her eyes, heavy breaths resonate from her heaving chest. Gerry's on the phone.

GERRY She didn't come in? Where the hell is she then?!

Gerry sighs, wipes his mouth, eyes are both fearful and angry.

GERRY Check the register again!

ROSE Where is she? If she's not at school - where's my baby girl?

GERRY What about the bus? Did she get on the bus? (beat) Then check! ROSE

Gerry-

Gerry acknowledges her fear, paces back and forth.

GERRY OK, OK, thanks.

He hangs up, throws the phone against the wall, shattering it into a million pieces. He pounds the wall with his fist, the wall spits plaster.

GERRY

Goddamn it!

ROSE

Gerry-

Gerry puts his hands on his hips, and bows his head. Rose, unable to find her bearings, barely finds her seat.

Rick creeps in, notices the expressions, walks in anyway.

RICK Hey, is everything alright? I heard shouting.

No response from either, then -

ROSE Amy's missing.

Rose looks like a ghost, pale, weathered and emotionless. Rick whips out his phone, dials a number.

EXT. MOUNTAIN WOODLAND - DAY

Two CORONERS lift up a gurney, equipped with Amy's body, and wheel up towards an embankment.

Another CORONER signs a police form, hands it to Williams.

Edward sits with Emma, they haven't moved from the tree stump. Emma looks at a contact on her phone, hovers her thumb over the call button.

> EDWARD I can do it if you can't.

EMMA

No. It's best they hear it from me. They don't know you.

Edward nods, sets course for Williams. Emma dials, puts the phone to her ear, fights back tears.

INT. FITZROY HOUSE - KITCHEN - DAY

Rick is having a heated debate on the phone, and heads out into the backyard.

Gerry places his hand on Rose's shoulder, she winces, terrified.

Rose's mobile rings, she looks down at the caller ID: "Emma". She answers.

ROSE

Emma?

Rose's eyes go wide, the phone slips from her hand and slams against the floor.

INT. MORTUARY - RECEPTION - DAY

Edward and Emma stand over by the counter, both with grim expressions. Williams next to them, talks on his phone.

Rose, Gerry and Rick burst in. Rose makes a beeline for the swinging doors, tears streaming from her eyes.

Edward takes off after her and a pissed off Gerry. Rick hangs back, shaking his head, as Emma walks to him.

INT. MORTUARY - MORGUE - DAY

A MORTICIAN, 40s, masked, uncovers Amy's body, on a cold steel slab.

INT. MORTUARY - HALLWAY - DAY

Rose barges through two MORTICIANS, pummels the ground with heavy, fast footsteps, weaves past another MORTICIAN.

Two COPS guard the door. Rose approaches, tries to get through, the Cops hold her back valiantly, as she SCREAMS at them to let her in. ROSE (uncontrollably) I have to see her!

MORTICIAN COP Ma'am, I can't let you-

ROSE Let me in! I have to go in!

Gerry arrives, tries to restrain Rose, whilst fighting back his own emotions. Rose pounds his chest with heavy blows, as he wrestles her back.

Edward watches the scene, by the swinging doors, rubs his forehead with his hand.

Rose collapses, limp, in Gerry's arms. He comforts her, holding her close to his chest, she WAILS in a fit of despair.

INT. HIGH SCHOOL - CLASSROOM - DAY

Kelly sits in the back row, jotting down an essay, next to a few FRIENDS. Her TEACHER, 40s, walks down the row, checking the essays with brief glances.

A knock at the door alerts the Teacher, some of the Students look over, along with Kelly.

The Teacher opens the door, two DETECTIVES stand outside, flash their badges.

INT. MORTUARY - VISITOR'S ROOM - DAY

Rose, comforted by Gerry, sniffles into a handkerchief, under the eye of Williams, whom guards the door.

A knock on the door gains their attention, as Kelly wanders in, tears in her eyes and an unbalanced stance.

Kelly goes to her parents, both of whom comfort her, as she cries into her father's chest.

EXT. MORTUARY - DAY

Lots of REPORTERS around, Angela and her Cameraman included.

Edward stands by his car, hands in his pockets, eyes locked on the flashing cameras, he hangs his head, gets into his car. INT. EDWARD'S CAR - DAY

Edward pops two pills, swallows them dry, glares at the empty bottle in his shaky hand, and discards it.

Edward places both hands on the wheel, the left twitchier than the right, and grips it tightly.

INT. MORTUARY - MORGUE - NIGHT

Rose sits next to the slab, tears in her eyes, watching Amy like a guardian, unable to move or emote.

Emma enters, gently closes the door behind her, and sits a hand on Rose's shoulder.

EMMA

Rose-

Rose shrugs her off. Emma takes it as a sign, and leaves the grieving mother alone to her thoughts.

EXT. VALLEY HILL - MAIN STREET - NIGHT

Cass scoops up a shop sign, and takes it into his convenience store.

Colin Nash walks his dog, not quite right in his expression, shoves a letter in the postbox.

Edward parks up by the curb, steps out of his car, looking worse for wear, as he enters the convenience store.

INT. CONVENIENCE STORE - NIGHT

Edward browses the medicine aisle, eyes shifting through the pills and aspirin. He grabs a pack of aspirin, and a bottle of sleeping pills, heads over to the counter.

Cass runs up the cost on the register, shoots the detective a concerned look.

CASS

You good?

EDWARD

How much?

CASS Fourteen sixty three.

Edward opens his wallet, which is almost bare, a picture of DANIEL, 6, a dashing young lad, stares back at him.

CASS

Sir?

Edward pulls out a \$20, hands it over, grabs the stuff and pockets the wallet.

Cass hands him the change, Edward sticks it in the charity box, and leaves.

EXT. VALLEY HILL - MAIN STREET - NIGHT

Edward places both hands on the hood of the car, strain in his eyes, pain on his face.

He pops two aspirin, swallows them, and squints in agony, gripping his temple.

INT. EMMA'S APARTMENT - LOUNGE - NIGHT

Emma sits huddled on the couch, in front of the TV, with Rick. Both have grim expressions.

INT. FITZROY HOUSE - LOUNGE - NIGHT

Gerry sits on the couch, twiddling his thumbs, unable to find any emotion apart from rage.

INT. FITZROY HOUSE - MAIN BEDROOM - NIGHT

Rose sits on the edge of the bed, a photo of her family in hand, as she runs a finger down Amy's photo.

INT. FITZROY HOUSE - KELLY'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Clothes litter the floor, the computer sits on Facebook, but Kelly sits on her bed, staring blindly at the wall. INT. BED AND BREAKFAST - EDWARD'S ROOM - NIGHT

Files are strewn across a cluttered table top, Edward sits in the chair, going through them like a man possessed.

He pours himself a brandy, takes a heavy swig, emptying the glass, pours another.

Edward sits on the bed, runs his hand through his hair, continues to read files.

Edward throws a file across the room, pours another brandy, finishes it, opens another file.

Edward throws the brandy glass against the wall, it shatters into a million pieces.

He sits on the bed, polishes off the brandy, and drops the bottle onto the floor.

BEGIN FLASHBACK

EXT. ALLEYWAY - NIGHT

Overflowing dumpsters line the walls, steam drifts from outcropping pipes.

Edward, 32, clean-shaven, gives chase, squeezes past a dumpster, and scales a chain-link fence.

TOMMY FURLONG, 26, a very delusional looking man, with a hoodie, grabs a 2x4 and grips it tightly.

Edward draws his gun, aims through the mist. Furlong emerges from the shadows, throttles Edward in the back of the leg.

Edward drops to his knees. Tommy kicks the gun from his hand, and whacks him in the face with the wood.

END FLASHBACK

EXT. VALLEY HILL - POLICE DEPARTMENT - DAY

Reporters flock like sheep outside, all poised with microphones and cameras.

Williams exits the station, proceeds to a pedestal, outfitted with microphones. He sits both hands on the pedestal, puts on his glasses. WILLIAMS

By now I am sure you're all aware of the tragedy that struck this town yesterday. A young girl was found dead just off route seven, at approximately 5:30am.

ANGELA

Detective Williams, Angela Orton, Valley Hill Observer, who was the victim?

Williams glares daggers at Angela.

WILLIAMS We are not, at this time, releasing information on the victim.

Reporters voice their opinions on the matter, lots of chatter.

INT. VHPD - EVIDENCE LOCKER - DAY

Edward, looking like he's been up all night, goes through the evidence, from the bunny slipper to a necklace.

Emma enters, looking rushed and tired, sits her bag down on the table, and hands him a coffee.

EDWARD You look like hell.

EMMA

So do you.

Edward sits the coffee on a filing cabinet, pulls up an evidence bag, inspects the contents.

Emma sighs, as she picks up the slipper bag, a small tear trickles down her cheek.

EDWARD Are you up for this, detective?

She shoots him a weary look.

EMMA It's my job, Inspector. I know how to separate my personal life from my work. EDWARD You sure about that?

She puts the bag down, swigs her coffee, and takes a seat, plucking a file from the pile.

EDWARD You can take a back seat if you need to.

EMMA (snappy) Just let me do my job.

Edward, unconvinced, nods, and returns to examining evidence bags. Emma opens a report, carefully reads it.

EXT. VALLEY HILL - POLICE DEPARTMENT - DAY

Williams removes his glasses, sits them in his breast pocket.

WILLIAMS This is a hard time for the people of this town, especially for the family and friends of the deceased. So, I implore you all, for the time being, to remain respectful and shy away from following your own leads. That is all.

Williams turns away from the podium.

ANGELA

Detective!

Williams sighs, turns back.

ANGELA One more question. Do you think this was an accident, or a homicide?

Williams furrows his brow, steps to the microphones.

WILLIAMS We're not ruling out foul play, but we're not pinning this on anyone at the current time. ANGELA But as you said, things like this do not happen here. Is it a possibility that the victim was murdered?

Angela holds the microphone close, Williams comprises himself.

WILLIAMS

No more questions.

Williams heads inside, to the sound of chaotic babbling, from the dozens of reporters.

INT. VHPD - LOBBY - DAY

ADRIAN WELLS, 56, a slender man, very tall, buckles over a plaid shirt, confronts Williams.

WELLS How'd they take it?

WILLIAMS Like vultures, squabbling over the refuge.

Wells and Williams walk together.

WILLIAMS About, Edward, is he good?

WELLS What do you mean?

WILLIAMS He seems on edge.

WELLS McMillan has a history with this sort of thing.

WILLIAMS

I read his file, he was a homicide detective in Cornwall, you think this was murder?

WELLS

Can't rule it out. Young girl like her wouldn't off herself. McMillan knows what he's doing, if there was foul play, he'll piece it together. Edward reads a report, weight of the world in his reddened eyes, he yawns, picks up the coffee mug, empty.

Emma opens a filing cabinet, drags out several files, plops them on the desk, and goes through them.

Edward sits the file on the desk, looks at his shaky hand, which gains Emma's gaze.

EMMA

Inspector?

Edward hides his shaky hand, grabs his coat.

EDWARD You want a coffee?

EMMA Are you okay?

EDWARD

Yes or no?

Emma nods, and Edward leaves. Emma wonders, watches him go by the frosted glass.

EXT. VALLEY HILL - MAIN STREET - DAY

Cass grabs a bundle of newspapers, hoists them into his store, as a few KIDS roll by on skateboards.

MICHAEL STONE, 29, a handsome man, cautious eyes, reads a newspaper outside the cafe, at a table.

Edward passes him on the way in, Stone notices him, folds the paper.

INT. CAFE - DAY

A few PATRONS occupy various booths, eating, drinking, and chatting.

Edward walks to the counter, looks at the display of food and drinks, notices the price of coffee, pulls out his wallet.

MILLIE, 20, pretty, sits a coffee pot down on the counter, and moseys on over to Edward.

Morning.

EDWARD Two coffees, one black, three sugars.

MILLIE Anything else?

EDWARD

No.

Millie heads over to the coffee machine, grabs two takeaway cups from the shelf.

Edward looks down at some pamphlets on the counter, for the SUMMER FETE, gazes around the diner, some of the Patrons stare at him.

Millie returns to the counter, slaps two lids on the coffees, and sets them down in a takeaway tray.

MILLIE Six fifty, please.

Edward hands over a \$10, grabs the tray. Millie opens the register, sticks the \$10 in a slot, and wrangles up the change.

EDWARD When does the fete start?

Millie hands him the change, looks down at the pamphlet.

MILLIE This weekend, why, interested in going?

Edward pulls up one of the pamphlets, pockets it.

EDWARD Thanks for the coffee.

EXT. VALLEY HILL - MAIN STREET - DAY

Stone is gone, a half eaten breakfast sits on the table, alongside a full cup of coffee.

Edward heads toward his car, whips out his keys, but drops them in the gutter. He puts the tray on the car's hood, and reaches down for the keys. Edward pulls up the keys, as he does, his eyes meet a church, up the hill, flanked by large pine trees.

EXT. CHURCH - DAY

Edward's car comes to a stop, he steps out, looks around the lonely graveyard, and closes the car door.

Edward heads up the spiral pathway, opting for the shortcut across the grass, between headstones.

INT. CHURCH - DAY

Large murals sit on the walls, of the Lord and his followers, one of the Last Supper takes up a large wall.

Edward heads down the aisle, candles burn at the far end, on the altar. He picks up a small leaflet, browses.

REVEREND KEITH FIELD, 43, a clean individual, steps out of the back room, in priest gear.

REVEREND FIELD Can I help you?

Edward shows Field his badge.

REVEREND FIELD What can I help you with, Detective Inspector?

EDWARD Have you had many people in lately?

REVEREND FIELD No more than the usual.

EDWARD

Let me rephrase. Have you had anyone in that hasn't been in before?

Field tries to think.

EDWARD Anyone that seemed off?

REVEREND FIELD May I ask what this is for? EDWARD Sorry I wasted your time.

Edward heads off.

REVEREND FIELD There was, Mr. Nash.

Edward stops in his tracks, turns back.

EDWARD Colin Nash?

REVEREND FIELD Yes. He seemed deeply troubled.

EDWARD

When?

INT. FITZROY HOUSE - LOUNGE - DAY

Gerry is motionless on the couch, unable to tear himself away from a photograph of his family.

Kelly, tangled hair and bed gown, walks through, not even noticing her father.

INT. FITZROY HOUSE - KITCHEN - DAY

Rose smokes a cigarette, at the table, wearing bags under her eyes.

Kelly opens the fridge, grabs a can of soda, slams the door shut.

Rose takes a drag, completely unaware of the world around her, in a trance. She looks at the cigarette cherry, as it crackles.

Kelly leaves the kitchen, the door slams behind her.

EXT. SUBURBAN STREET - DAY

Edward emerges from his car, near an old, beat up house, surrounded by untended bushes, a rusty PICKUP sits in the battered driveway.

Edward unlatches the gate, which holds on by one hinge, and knocks on the front door.

A beat.

Paul steps out of his house, in a rather fancy Chinese robe, and picks up the newspaper on the doorstep.

Edward leans over the bush.

EDWARD Excuse me.

PAUL Something you need?

Edward shows his badge.

EDWARD I need to talk to, Mr. Nash.

PAUL He's not in.

EDWARD Do you know where he is?

PAUL Do I look like his personal assistant?

Paul walks into his house, slamming the door behind him. Defeated, Edward backs off.

EXT. NASH RESIDENCE - BACKYARD - DAY

Edward walks around the side, observes pitchforks, shovels and rakes stacked against the side of a dilapidated old garden shed.

Edward checks the back door, locked, he follows a rose bush, laden with prickles, to an open window.

INT. NASH RESIDENCE - STUDY - DAY

Cluttered, books litter the table, floor and rigid bookshelves, a globe sits on a messy desk.

Edward clambers through the window, sets himself right, and proceeds further inside. He covers his nose, to mask the smell.

Mr. Nash?

INT. NASH RESIDENCE - LOUNGE - DAY

More clutter, empty boxes sit stacked against the wall, on the verge of tipping over.

Edward examines the room, no family photos, hardly any furnishings, apart from an old stained armchair.

Edward peers out of the window, then looks up at the stained ceiling.

INT. NASH RESIDENCE - BEDROOM - DAY

Neat, far too tidy compared to the rest of the house, single bed against the wall, mostly bare of furnishings.

Edward enters, looks around, approaches the window, and finds a perfect line of sight to the Fitzroy house's second floor window, across the street.

Edward looks down at a 1940s style dresser, opens the top drawer, inside rests underwear, still in its casing, and a pair of binoculars.

He scoops the binoculars out, uses them to scope out the room across the street, lowers them.

EDWARD Son of a bitch.

EXT. SUBURBAN STREET - DAY

Edward knocks on the Fitzroy's front door, scans around the area, no one about.

Gerry opens the door, greets Edward with a weary stare. Edward flashes his badge, Gerry gives passage.

INT. FITZROY HOUSE - LOUNGE - DAY

A few empty beer bottles nestle firmly against the couch, on the floor.

Edward walks in, notices the family photos and well-kept home, as Gerry sits on the couch, scooping up a beer.

Edward, hands in pockets, evaluates the family pictures, eyeballs Amy, on her father's shoulders at the beach, all smiles.

> EDWARD She was a pretty girl.

> > GERRY

<u>Is</u>.

Edward acknowledges the adjustment, and takes a seat. Gerry guzzles beer, seems distracted.

EDWARD Mr. Fitzroy, do you know if anyone would want to cause harm to, Amy?

Gerry sits the beer on the table, shoots daggers at Edward.

GERRY What are you saying?

EDWARD

(cautiously) I think someone may have been involved in her death.

Gerry's eyes grow furious, he clenches a fist, tenses his facial muscles.

EDWARD It's just speculation at this point. When did you last see her?

GERRY

Why?

EDWARD I'm trying to establish a time frame. Every detail helps.

Gerry takes a breath, looks down at the family photo.

GERRY Eight o'clock.

Edward whips out his notepad, jots it down.

EDWARD Did, Amy say anything? GERRY

She said -

Gerry rubs his brow, composes himself.

GERRY

She said, Daddy, I love you.

A tear falls from Gerry's eye. Edward jots the notes down, pockets the pad and pen.

EDWARD

I'm sorry.

Edward heads over to the door.

GERRY Do you really think someone would hurt her? My beautiful girl?

EDWARD

I don't know.

Edward leaves, the door closes. Gerry cries, holds his head in his hands.

EXT. SUBURBAN STREET - DAY

Edward latches the gate, walks to his car. He opens the door, and looks back at the house, spotting Kelly, by the window, on the second floor.

Kelly looks down at him, emotions flood her face, as she closes the curtains. Edward gets into his car.

INT. EDWARD'S CAR - DAY

Edward pops two pills, swallows them, and turns on the ignition, contemplating, hand hovering over the gearstick.

EXT. MOUNTAIN WOODLAND - DAY

Police tape hangs around the area, rustling in the breeze.

Edward looks down at the crime scene, eyes focused on the soft mud outline, he looks up at the mountain.

EXT. MOUNTAIN CABIN - DAY

Edward inspects the area, a rusty old bike gains his interest, he steps to the edge, and looks down.

Edward kneels, presses his hand against the rock, closes his eyes.

FLASHBACK

EXT. MOUNTAIN CABIN - NIGHT

Amy teeters on the edge, drops the teddy, and falls.

END FLASHBACK

EXT. MOUNTAIN CABIN - DAY

Edward dips two fingers on dried blood, against the edge of the peak, furrows his brow in concentration.

INT. VHPD - EVIDENCE LOCKER - DAY

Emma tiredly goes through the stash, checks out the bloodstained bunny slipper.

Emma goes through a filing cabinet, flicks through half a dozen folders, pulls one out.

Emma, at the table, reads the file. She lights a cigarette, takes a swig of coffee.

INT. VHPD - EVIDENCE LOCKER - LATER

Emma, slumped in a chair, hand against her cheek, stares blankly at the wall.

Edward saunters in, hangs up his coat, and sits a rock on the table in front of her.

Emma takes interest, picks up the rock, examines the dried blood.

EMMA What is this? EDWARD Foul play.

30.

Edward snatches the rock, sits it on top of a filing cabinet, and rips the map off the wall.

Emma watches him closely, as he grabs a red marker and circles the mountain reservation, and the peek.

EMMA She was murdered?

Edward looks up, nods.

EMMA

God.

Emma puts her hand to her mouth, turns away, an exhausted expression on her face.

EDWARD At least, that's how it looks. Blood work will confirm it.

Emma grabs her coat, fits it on.

EMMA I'll take it to, Dr. Sampson.

She picks up the rock, bags it, and heads for the door.

EDWARD

Emma -

She looks at him.

EDWARD After you've taken it down there, go home, get some sleep.

EMMA

I'm fine.

EDWARD That's an order, detective.

Emma snarls, and takes off in a hurry. Edward surveys the map, circles the village, and draws a line to the mountain. Edward takes a step back, and continues his research.

INT. AMY'S ROOM - NIGHT

Kelly walks in, everything is exactly the same, she walks across the room, admiring the stuffed animals.

Kelly picks up a framed photo of herself and Amy, on Amy's 10th birthday, in front of a candlelit cake.

Kelly sits on a chair, framed photo in hand, a tear trickles from her eye, she cries.

INT. FITZROY HOUSE - MAIN BEDROOM - NIGHT

Rose sits by the window, looking out across the vast field, the moon obscured by storm clouds.

Rain tinkles against the window, from outside.

Gerry creeps in, hesitates, and turns away.

ROSE I miss her, Gerry.

Gerry turns back, gently closes the door, and walks over to her, pressing his hand on her shoulder.

ROSE

Why her?

Rose cracks up, cries erratically, he consoles her, hugging her tightly, as he bottles up his emotions.

INT. VHPD - EVIDENCE LOCKER - NIGHT

A stack of files sits on the desk.

Edward, pen clutched between his teeth, goes through a file, reads closely, removes the pen from his mouth.

Edward grabs a file from the middle of the stack, the rest topples over.

Edward compares both files, his eyes tell the whole story, as he darts out of the room.

EXT. SUBURBAN STREET - NIGHT

A light is on upstairs at the Fitzroy residence.

A blue car with tinted windows, no number plate, sits across the street, mounting the curb.

INT. BLUE CAR - NIGHT

Stone sits in the driver's seat, racing gloves perched on the steering wheel, baseball cap on his head.

The radio gives the latest traffic report.

Stone eyeballs the house, grips the wheel tightly, and watches the area like a hawk.

EXT. SUBURBAN STREET - NIGHT

The second floor light goes out. The blue car drives off down the street, taking a right, zooming past a red light.

INT. VHPD - CUBICLES - NIGHT

Empty booths encase computers, all with screen-savers, shifting across the screens.

Edward sits in a booth, taps away at keys, shifts his gaze from file to screen constantly.

INSERT MONITOR: Newspaper Articles, dating back to 2006, headlines read "Predator strikes again".

Edward moves the mouse, strikes the left key, scrolls with the wheel, stops and stares.

Edward slams his finger on the button, the printer across the desk chugs to life, slowly prints out a sheet.

Edward rips the sheet from the printer, stares at it, hastily abandons the booth.

EXT. BRIDGE - NIGHT

Edward drives across a lonely steel giant, flanked either side by a large river, reflecting the lonely moon.

INT. EDWARD'S CAR - NIGHT

Edward rubs his eyes, a tired look on his face, the clock on the radio reads: "1:15am".

Edward reaches into his pocket, pulls out the aspirin, pops two.

EXT. TRAILER PARK - DAY

A few PEOPLE mingle around the gypsy estate, chatting away in their middle-class wares.

Edward parks his flashy car across from a dingy mobile home, emerges, sticks out like a gleaming pylon amongst rubble.

He gains some suspicious looks from the residents, as he approaches the rusted trailer.

Edward knocks on the front door, looks around, many people disperse.

GLENDA SHAW, 51, frail looking, wiry hair frames wrinkled skin, opens the door and looks down at the detective, cigarette in her hand.

GLENDA You a salesman?

Edward shows her his badge, her demeanor changes.

EDWARD

Mrs. Shaw?

GLENDA

Yes.

EDWARD I need to ask you some questions, about your daughter, Emily.

Glenda scowls, if looks could kill.

INT. GLENDA'S TRAILER - LOUNGE - DAY

A complete and utter tip, a tube TV sits on a propped up cabinet, books litter the floor, stacked up to the windowsill.

Glenda stubs her cigarette out, lights another one.

Edward takes a seat on an old armchair, looks across at a mangy MONGREL, chomping on a rawhide bone.

GLENDA

What exactly do you want from me? You want me to tell you how she died? How much pain I'm in?

EDWARD

I'm working a case in a small town east of here, young girl was found dead, and the only lead I have-

GLENDA Is the sick bastard that took away the only good thing I had left.

EDWARD

How did you-

GLENDA Why else would you be here, detective?

Edward notices the tone, agrees, and takes a breath.

EDWARD What can you tell me about, Emily?

Glenda takes a drag, composes herself.

GLENDA She was an angel. The most beautiful daughter any mother could ask for. Kind, caring, polite.

EDWARD When did you last see her?

GLENDA

It's all in the report I filed. I'd rather not do this twice. It still hurts, deep, in here.

Glenda grips her chest, right on the heart, anguish on her face.

Edward nods, gracefully takes his leave.

GLENDA Is that why you came? To bring back the hurtful memories?

EDWARD

I came here to bring justice to a man who wronged you, ma'am.

GLENDA

Justice? Justice?! My daughter is dead, detective. She's in the ground, and he's out there, walking around, alive. The only justice you can give me, is his head on a pike.

She cracks, spills years worth of tears and despair in a few seconds.

Edward returns, places his hand on her shoulder, she grips his hand, looks up at him.

GLENDA I'm sorry, I shouldn't have-

EDWARD You have every right to.

EXT. COUNTRY ROAD - NIGHT

Rain heaves down on Edward's car, as it zooms across the gravel, crunching shingle beneath its tires.

A signpost reads: "Now Entering Valley Hill".

INT. EDWARD'S CAR - NIGHT

The radio statics, crinkles.

Edward fiddles with the dial, then grips the wheel and turns it left, feet slam on the brakes.

The car narrowly avoids hitting RUDY, Nash's dog, whom scampers off with a whimper.

EXT. COUNTRY ROAD - NIGHT

Edward emerges from the car, hand on his gun. Rudy plops down on the cold mud, whimpers lightly.

Edward pulls out his phone, no signal, he pockets it and moseys on over, petting Rudy up.

EDWARD Hey, pal. What you doing all the way out here, eh?

Edward grabs the collar, and leads Rudy to the car, opening up the backdoor, allowing the dog entry.

Edward slams the door, and the front door, heads around back, pops the trunk open, grabs the flashlight.

EDWARD Just sit tight, pal. I'll be back in a jiffy.

EXT. MOUNTAIN WOODLAND - NIGHT

Mist covers the way, nothing visible ten feet in front.

Edward crumples leaves and snaps branches, as he proceeds down a steep bank, weaving through a few slim trees.

The flashlight plays along the trees, the mist gently drifts like smoke through the air.

Edward passes a stream, splashes in the water, whilst he crosses, deeper into the trees.

He comes to a small outcropping of rocks, laden with fresh blood. He draws his gun, trains his focus.

LATER

Edward grabs hold of a tree branch, slowly proceeds down a very steep hillside, slips and tumbles to the ground.

His gun slides across the leafy ground.

Edward pushes up, surveys his surroundings, and slowly gets up. He checks his arm, scuffed, blood drips through a deep laceration on his wrist.

Edward picks up his gun, moves further into the forest, taking each step lightly.

More blood, on a tree trunk, splashed upon the leafy ground.

Edward examines the blood, looks around, no signs of life, he pushes on.

Mr. Nash?

Edward moves in on something large, hanging from a tree, he stops a few feet, moves his flashlight up the figure.

It's Nash, strung up like a pinata by his neck, dangling from a tree branch, shirtless, bearing an engraved cut across his chest, which reads: "Child Killer".

Edward rushes over, scales the tree, and checks Nash's pulse, no heart beat.

LATER

COPS swarm the scene like vultures over a carcass. Two CORONERS load Nash's body onto a gurney, seal the body bag shut.

Edward sits on a tree stump, rubbing his brow, as Williams makes his approach, looking exceptionally tired.

WILLIAMS Detective Inspector.

Edward stands.

EDWARD

Sir.

WILLIAMS (acknowledging Nash) Seems it was a false trail?

EDWARD This is more than that, sir.

WILLIAMS What do you know?

Edward sighs, pulls a notepad from his pocket, hands it to Williams, whom browses through.

EDWARD Nash was in witness protection.

WILLIAMS

He was?

Williams sighs.

WILLIAMS

Why was he under protection?

EDWARD

About a decade ago, a young girl, Emily Shaw, turned up dead on a marshland. According to the mother, Nash, then Jarvis Hall, witnessed the whole thing. Refused to testify against the suspect, so they moved him out here.

Williams puts his hand to his chin, rubs a moment, then shoots Edward a scaly look.

WILLIAMS

I'll see what, Wells has to say. In the meantime, we need to keep the volume low and the press out of this.

EDWARD Sir, there's more to this.

Williams furrows his brow in wonder.

EDWARD Someone knew about him, someone killed him.

WILLIAMS This was class A, suicide.

EDWARD

And I suppose he carved <u>child</u> <u>killer</u> into his chest too? This was a red herring, to throw us off the scent.

WILLIAMS Are you insisting the killer is still out there?

EDWARD It'd be foolish to close the case on a hunch, detective.

Williams hands the notepad back, takes a breath, considering the option.

EDWARD I need to conduct interviews, blow this thing wide open. WILLIAMS What part of <u>keep the volume low</u> do you not understand?

EDWARD We're beyond that now. We got two bodies, my only lead is dead and that family needs answers. Give me what I ask for, please.

Williams sticks his hands in his pockets, watches the Coroner's wheel the gurney up the hill, then turns back to Edward.

> WILLIAMS When can you start?

EDWARD Now is good.

WILLIAMS Give me till noon.

Edward nods, Williams heads off. Edward looks around at the cops, something dark in his eye, as he sizes up every single person in view.

INT. VHPD - EVIDENCE LOCKER - DAY

Edward tends to the clogged desk, throws two takeaway cups in the trash, and cleans the files.

A knock, from outside, gains his attention. Emma steps in, seems more enthusiastic, rosier cheeks.

EDWARD Hey, you look good.

EMMA

I feel it.

She walks in, clocks the files on the desk, and the overflowing garbage can.

EMMA Where were you?

EDWARD Outta down, following a lead.

40.

EMMA I heard you found, Mr. Nash.

Edward nods, stacks a few files.

EMMA Must've been horrible.

EDWARD I've seen worse.

EMMA

Really?

EDWARD

Yeah.

Emma hangs up her coat, and holster, sits down at the table, eyeballing the files.

Edward stacks another few files, cleans the table right up, leaving only a few on the deck.

EMMA What happened to you to make you so stony?

EDWARD Why so interested?

EMMA Just wanna know how you live, knowing your next job concerns a dead body.

Edward turns on the coffee maker, places both hands on the counter, and glares at his haggard reflection in the glass.

EMMA

Well?

Edward turns to her, opens his mouth - Wells walks in, just before Edward can speak.

WELLS Everyone's ready.

EMMA

For?

WELLS (at Edward) Him. Emma looks over, as Edward walks past Wells. A door slams a moment later, and Emma exchanges looks with Wells.

EXT. VALLEY HILL - POLICE DEPARTMENT - DAY

Reporters flock around a podium, Williams stands in the background with other cops, Angela lurks in the crowd, microphone poised.

Edward steps out, camera flashes welcome him, as he steps up to the podium, setting both hands on the edge.

EDWARD My name is, Edward McMillan, I'm the lead investigator on the-(beat, surveys the crowd) Three days ago the body of a young girl was discovered in the forest, a few miles from town. I can now state, that the girl's name was, Amy Fitzroy.

Chatter amongst the crowd, cameras flash like crazy, Reporters extend their microphones.

Emma and Wells step from the station, fall in with Williams down by the wall.

EDWARD At this time, I would announce, that starting today, here, we will be conducting interviews with the citizens.

INT. FITZROY HOUSE - LOUNGE - DAY

Gerry watches the news, leaning forward on the couch, both hands interlocked, eyes focused.

Kelly sits on a plush, watching with an anxious stare, as Rose leans on the door frame, arms folded.

> EDWARD (via TV) This is going to be a hard time for this town, and its people. But, if you have anything that can help this investigation, I implore you to come forward immediately.

ANGELA (O.S) (via TV) Excuse me.

EDWARD

Ma′am?

ANGELA (0.S) Angela Orton, Valley Hill Observer. Is this a murder investigation?

Kelly looks at both parents, tears build in her eyes, fury builds in Gerry's expression, Rose is emotionless.

EDWARD We believe foul play was involved in the incident, yes.

Gerry runs both hands through his hair, grits his teeth in sheer anger.

EXT. VALLEY HILL - POLICE DEPARTMENT - DAY

Edward notices his left hand shaking, and he stuffs it in his pocket, away from view.

EDWARD In the meantime, I have but one thing to say. (to the killer) I will not stop until I find the one responsible. So if they're watching, or they're here, amongst you. Know, that I will find you, that is a promise.

Edward turns away from the podium, and Angela steps up.

ANGELA

Detective!

Edward turns back, sizes her up.

EDWARD Seems we got a volunteer. Inside, now.

ANGELA What? You can't beEDWARD You're first on the list. Do I need to have you escorted?

Angela reluctantly hands the microphone to her cameraman, and follows the rough detective into the precinct.

Emma, Wells and Williams try to calm the raging reporters.

INT. FITZROY HOUSE - LOUNGE - DAY

Gerry grabs his coat off the rack and storms out of the front door, Kelly grabs the banister and runs up the stairs.

Rose remains in the doorway, unable to emote.

INT. VHPD - INTERVIEW ROOM - DAY

A compact, concrete enveloped hole, occupied by a single steel desk and two chairs either side.

Angela sits one side, Edward sits the other, he reaches over to the recorder, and taps "record".

> EDWARD Case #2114, August 18th, 2014, 9:15am. Interview with, Angela Orton, reporter for the Valley Hill Observer. Interview commencing.

Edward opens a file, turns it so Angela can see the contents, a picture of Amy's body in the mud.

EDWARD Where were you the night of August 14th?

ANGELA I was at the office.

EDWARD

All night?

ANGELA Until about 1am, then I went back to the hotel.

EDWARD What hotel do you stay at? Edward jots that down.

EDWARD So, someone can vouch for you? You have an alibi?

ANGELA Of course - I would never-

EDWARD I ask the questions, you answer, nothing more. Understood?

ANGELA

Yeah - sorry.

Edward shoots a look at Angela, taps the pen on the notepad.

EDWARD You seemed to arrive awfully quick to the crime scene on August 15th, Ms. Orton. How did you know there was something to find?

Angela looks down.

EDWARD Up here, Ms. Orton.

Angela sighs.

ANGELA I got a tip, okay?

EDWARD Who was your source?

She remains tight-lipped.

EDWARD I'll ask again, who was your source?

ANGELA A cop, Tim Collins.

Edward writes that down.

EDWARD Do you often bribe cops to give you an exclusive, Ms. Orton?

ANGELA It wasn't a bribe, detective.

EDWARD How much are you paying him for the scoop?

ANGELA I didn't bribe him.

Edward leans forward in his chair, glares daggers at Angela, whom recoils.

EDWARD I'm the last person you want to lie to, Ms. Orton.

INT. VHPD - HALLWAY - DAY

Angela storms off, a terrified look in her eye, passing Emma along the way. Emma closes on the door, presses down on the handle.

INT. VHPD - INTERVIEW ROOM - DAY

Edward remains at the desk, writing down on his pad, filling up a page with info.

Emma enters, gently closes the door, and sits down opposite him.

EMMA Anything good?

EDWARD I need you to check up on a, Tim Collins.

Edward flips the notepad page, continues writing.

EDWARD Anytime you can.

EMMA

Now?

Edward nods to the door, Emma rights herself and leaves. He focuses on the pad, looks across the table.

Angela storms toward the entrance, just as Gerry barges through the door, on a beeline for the side hall.

Williams, Wells and a CSI GUY stand over by the water cooler, Wells signs a document, sends CSI on his way.

WELLS

I fully expect this town to grow more popular over the next few days.

WILLIAMS

So much for the peace and quiet. Did I ever tell you I thought your boy was a loose cannon?

Wells smiles, pats Williams on the shoulder, and makes his way down a corridor. Williams pours himself a cup of water, spots Emma on course for the doors.

> WILLIAMS Hey, Sorenson - a minute?

EMMA I'm a tad busy, chief.

WILLIAMS I'm sure it can wait ten seconds.

Williams heads down a corridor, a reluctant Emma follows.

INT. VHPD - HALLWAY - DAY

Gerry closes in on the interview room, just as the door opens, and Edward steps out, file in hand.

Gerry clenches a fist, Edward notices him, and Edward crashes his fist into Edward's cheek, causing the detective to stagger into the wall.

Gerry balls up his fist again, Edward halts him.

GERRY You told the world without my consent, you son of a bitch!

EDWARD Just calm down.

GERRY Screw you! She was - is my daughter. You don't have the right to go to the damn press without my permission. Edward rights his jaw, scores Gerry's angry stance, and balled up fist. EDWARD I'm sorry. GERRY Sorry? You're not the one who lost his daughter. Gerry turns his back on Edward. EDWARD Since you're here -Gerry looks over his shoulder, a look of "I cannot believe this" on his face. GERRY You - you think I - I would never hurt my own kid. Ever! How could you even think that? Edward opens the interview room door, looks at Gerry. GERRY You're a real piece of work. Gerry walks down the corridor. EDWARD You got something to hide? Gerry turns back, storms toward the detective and raises a

Gerry turns back, storms toward the detective and raises a fist, punches, but Edward counters and slams Gerry face first into the wall, wrenching the father's arm.

EDWARD How about you calm the hell down?

GERRY

Let me go.

EDWARD How about we have a nice discussion in confidence? Hm? Gerry struggles, Edward increases his grip, slams his forearm into Gerry's neck.

EDWARD What do you say, Mr. Fitzroy?

INT. WILLIAMS' OFFICE - DAY

Clean and tidy, a nice desk sits before the far wall, which hosts the American flag and several Certifications.

Emma takes a seat before the desk, Williams pours himself a brandy, sits down, adjusts his pencil pot.

WILLIAMS What do you make of, McMillan?

EMMA

He's a good detective.

WILLIAMS

Too good.

Williams takes a drink, opens a desk drawer, and whips out a file.

WILLIAMS I pulled his file.

Williams slides the file across to Emma, she takes a glance at it, then looks back at him.

EMMA

Point?

WILLIAMS He's got a lot of baggage. Guy like him, safe to say he's seen his fair share of homicides.

EMMA And your point?

WILLIAMS Open the file.

Emma sighs, opens the file, looks for a second, and a look of shock comes across her. Williams leans back in his seat.

WILLIAMS Interesting, wouldn't you say? INT. VHPD - INTERVIEW ROOM - DAY

Gerry nurses his wrist, as Edward takes a seat, handing him a coffee in the process.

EDWARD How's the wrist?

GERRY

Fine.

Edward takes a sip of his coffee, and reaches for the recorder.

GERRY

I thought this was confidential?

Edward looks Gerry over, and presses "record".

EDWARD

Interview two, Gerry Fitzroy, father of the deceased, commencing at 10:04am, August 18th 2014.

Edward flips a page on the notepad, clicks the pen, looks across at a distraught and barely focused Gerry.

EDWARD Mr. Fitzroy, where were you the night of August 14th?

GERRY I was at home.

EDWARD Your wife can vouch for that?

GERRY

Yeah.

Edward jots that down.

EDWARD When was the last time you saw your daughter?

GERRY About nine o'clock, the night she went missing.

Edward writes, but stops, and looks across at Gerry.

EDWARD Nine? You sure about that?

GERRY

Yes.

Edward holds his tongue, writes on the notepad.

EDWARD Mr. Fitzroy, how was your relationship with your daughter?

GERRY Uh - fine, I guess.

EDWARD Shouldn't you know?

Gerry frowns, clenches a fist.

EDWARD One more question. How well did you know, Colin Nash?

GERRY He was quiet, a recluse, never really saw him much, why?

EDWARD Because he turned up dead, the words <u>child killer</u> carved into his chest.

Gerry's shocked.

EDWARD Did he and your daughter ever meet?

Gerry strains, as he tries to collect his thoughts.

EDWARD

Mr. Fitzroy?

GERRY

I don't know - maybe - yeah - I think she went with him to take his dog for a walk once.

Edward scribbles that down, closes the notepad, sits the pen on top, and clasps his hands.

EDWARD

You can go.

Gerry leaves, without saying goodbye. Edward remains at the table, eyes trained on the wall.

BEGIN FLASHBACK

INT. FITZROY HOUSE - LOUNGE - DAY

Gerry sits on the couch, Edward on the chair.

EDWARD When did you last see her?

GERRY

Why?

EDWARD I'm trying to establish a time frame. Every detail helps.

Gerry takes a breath, looks down at the family photo.

GERRY Eight o'clock.

GERRY (V.O) About nine o'clock.

END FLASHBACK

INT. VHPD - INTERVIEW ROOM - DAY

Edward sits there, as if in a trance, thinking.

GERRY (V.O) Eight o'clock. About nine o'clock. Eight. Nine.

EXT. VALLEY HILL - MAIN STREET - DAY

Michael Stone sits at the same booth, outside the cafe, watching the press down the street, at the station.

Millie saunters over, order pad in hand.

MILLIE

Hey.

Stone looks up, smiles.

MILLIE Can I take your order?

STONE A coffee, black, two sugars -

Stone browses the menu.

STONE

And some of that strawberry pie.

Millie jots down the order, flashes him a smile.

MILLIE

Coming right up.

Millie walks into the cafe. Stone gets comfortable, pulls up the local newspaper, reads the headline "Girl found dead in local Woodland, police investigating".

INT. FITZROY HOUSE - KELLY'S BEDROOM - DAY

Kelly opens her closet, sifts through hung clothing, as she does, a small shoebox plummets to the ground.

Kelly pulls the box up, lifts the lid, and smiles warmly at the contents.

A door slams from OS.

INT. FITZROY HOUSE - LOUNGE - DAY

Gerry heads in, and takes a seat. He seems exceptionally riled up, on the verge of exploding.

Rose walks in, surveys his emotive state, and takes a seat next to him.

ROSE Where did you go?

GERRY

I spoke to that cop. That, McMillan guy. He could have asked us before showcasing her death to the world.

Gerry looks up at the TV, local news, at the station. He grabs the remote, shuts the TV off.

GERRY He had the gall to put me on his little list, can you believe that?

ROSE List? Wha-what list?

GERRY He thinks I had something to do with her death. I loved her, she meant more to me than-

Gerry cries, tries to cover his eyes with his hand. Rose grips his other hand, he rubs her hand with his.

> ROSE I miss her too, Gerry. So, very much.

Gerry nods, leans in and hugs her, the embrace last for quite a while.

Kelly enters, shoebox in hand, sees her parents, and allows them time alone.

EXT. CHURCH - DAY

Cass makes his way through the cemetery, flowers in hand. He narrows on a headstone, angels perched on it.

Cass looks at the grave: "Aisha Daniels: 1997 - 2009". A tear drips from his eye, as he kneels down to place the flowers.

Reverend Field makes his rounds, spots Cass across the way, and approaches.

Cass says a silent prayer, kissing a St. Michael cross, in the process, and stands up.

REVEREND FIELD

Cass.

Cass greets Field with a nod.

REVEREND FIELD I have not seen you in church lately.

CASS Haven't had the time, been busy. REVEREND FIELD I'm sure you have. A shop cannot run itself, after all.

CASS Yeah, that.

ican, chac.

Cass turns to leave.

REVEREND FIELD Is there anything you want to talk about, Cass?

Cass leaves, Field looks on, a worried look etched on his face.

INT. VHPD - INTERVIEW ROOM - DAY

Edward sits across from Rick Stevens, who seems wildly disoriented by his surroundings. Edward hits record.

EDWARD Interview three, Rick Stevens, commencing at 11:00am, August 18th 2014.

Rick twiddles his thumbs.

EDWARD Where were you the night of August 14th, Rick?

RICK I was - I was uh - home.

EDWARD You don't seem too sure about that.

RICK Look, I have this thing - it makes me - twitchy.

Edward looks at the walls.

EDWARD You're claustrophobic?

RICK Something like that.

Edward jots that down, Rick adamantly watches, unable to take his eyes off the pen.

EDWARD So, you were at home - what time would you say you were there?

RICK From six until about five.

EDWARD Why did you get up so early?

RICK I always get up early, go for a run across town.

EDWARD You exercise a lot, Mr. Stevens?

RICK No more than the usual, I suppose.

Edward studies Rick's expression, tries to make heads or tails of it.

EDWARD How well did you know the deceased? I hear you work with her father, Mr. Fitzroy. Is that correct?

RICK I work with him, yes.

EDWARD

And the former?

RICK Amy and me were close. She was like a niece to me. Gerry and Rose made me her -

Rick stops, looks down at the table, an emotional look on his face.

RICK They made me her godfather.

Edward writes on the pad, looks over at the electrician.

EDWARD Mr. Stevens, as a close friend of the family, I suppose you know, Gerry quite well? You do spend all day with him, what's he like? RICK What does that have to-

EDWARD Just answer the question.

Rick takes a moment.

RICK

He's a good guy, a great father. Hasn't got a bad word to say about anyone.

EDWARD He packs a mean right hook.

RICK He used to box, just the occasional sparring session down at the gym.

EDWARD Where is that?

RICK

Avalon Cove.

Edward jots the address down, flashes Rick a look.

EDWARD Would you say, Gerry and Amy were close?

RICK Yeah, she was his daughter and he loved her.

Edward nods, hits "stop" on the recorder, flips the cover over the notepad.

EDWARD That's all for now.

INT. VHPD - REST ROOM - DAY

Vending machines line the walls, a counter hosts a variety of kitchen accessories, such as a blender and toaster.

Edward sticks a few coins into a coffee machine, taps the "black, two sugars" switch, and sticks his hands in his pockets.

Edward furrows his brow, and pulls out the fete pamphlet, studies the visuals.

The door opens, Wells heads in, joins Edward over by the vending machines.

WELLS How's the case going?

EDWARD A lot of nothing, at the moment.

WELLS

Any leads?

EDWARD

One.

The coffee machine finishes, Edward scoops his cup up, takes a seat on the couch.

WELLS

Well?

EDWARD Tell me, did you know about, Colin Nash's troubled past?

Wells leans against the wall, thinks to himself.

WELLS

I might, why?

EDWARD

He witnessed a murder, wouldn't give a testimony in court, then got moved out to the sticks, given a new name and a new life, only to get tangled up in another murder investigation.

Edward takes a sip of coffee, Wells takes a breath.

WELLS You still think he had something to do with it?

EDWARD

Taking into account everything I know about murderers, which is a lot, by the way, I'd say he saw something - and paid the price. But he was too scared to come forward, deja vu?

Wells considers this.

EDWARD Just putting it out there. And I bet, Rudy would know who it was.

WELLS The dog? You think the dog is a witness?

EDWARD Dogs are smart, Adrian. If, Nash saw the killer, chances are, Rudy did too.

Wells heads for the door.

WELLS I'll bring the dog up here and you can interview the thing.

Edward does not find the humor in that.

WELLS That was a joke, detective.

EDWARD Hardly the time, Commissioner.

Wells bolts, Edward sips on his coffee, and reads the fete pamphlet a little more.

EXT. COVE STREET - DAY

A small, rundown house sits alone in an empty street, woodland all around it, a pickup in the driveway.

Emma steps out of her car, and approaches the gate, she examines the front of the house.

Emma opens the rusty gate, pounds on the front door. She waits a moment, then --

TIM COLLINS, 35, t-shirt and boxers, appears on the other side of the see-through door.

TIM

Em?

EMMA Put on some clothes, Tim. We need you down at the station. INT. AMY'S ROOM - DAY

Rose opens the wardrobe, browses through the clothes, pulls out a cute bunny shirt, smiles warmly.

Rose picks up a stuffed toy, holds it close to her chest, and curls up on the bed with it, between her arms.

EXT. VALLEY HILL - POLICE DEPARTMENT - DAY

Edward steps outside, the plethora of reporters nowhere in sight. Edward hangs a left, down into the alleyway.

Edward leans back against the wall, pops two pills, and swallows them without hesitation. He looks around a moment later, paranoid.

On his way down the street, Edward clocks Cass' store, closed for business. Field plods down the street, collar on.

EDWARD Reverend Field?!

Field posts mail, and looks across the street. Edward waves him over. Field looks both ways, crosses the road.

REVEREND FIELD Detective McMillan?

EDWARD

You busy?

REVEREND FIELD Not particularly, why do you ask?

Edward opens the station doors, ushers Field inside.

INT. VHPD - INTERVIEW ROOM - DAY

Field sits across the table, watches Edward, as the detective hits "record".

EDWARD

Interview four, Reverend Keith Field, 11:38am, August 18th 2014.

Edward flips his notepad open, clicks the pen, writes something down.

EDWARD

Reverend, you must see a lot of people in your profession. So, do you know the, Fitzroy family?

REVEREND FIELD Quite well, yes. They often come to church on Sundays to pray, with most of the townsfolk.

EDWARD

What would you say the relationship between Amy and the people was like? Who was she closest to?

REVEREND FIELD

Her mother, Rose Fitzroy. They were almost inseparable. From the moment the young one was born, her mother and herself were as one.

EDWARD What about her father?

REVEREND FIELD Kind, loving, cared for his daughter quite a lot. Often came to confessional, once to atone to his sin of not buying her that pony she so desperately craved.

Field manages a smile. Edward writes on the pad, looks across at the priest.

EDWARD

Furthermore, where were you the night of August 14th?

REVEREND FIELD I was at home.

EDWARD And home would be...?

REVEREND FIELD The church, of course.

EDWARD The church is close to the woodland, correct? How far would you say?

Field shruqs.

REVEREND FIELD Half a mile, perhaps.

EDWARD Close enough for a clean getaway, especially for a pillar of the community, such as yourself.

Field is flabbergasted.

REVEREND FIELD You dare accuse me of such malice?

Edward studies Field, as the man stands up, heated.

REVEREND FIELD I am a servant of the lord, I am not his shepherd and I do not find your accusation just-worthy.

EDWARD

I wasn't accusing you, Reverend, I was merely pointing out that you were the closest to the crime scene.

Field rights his collar, goes to sit down. Edward taps "stop" and closes the notepad.

EDWARD That is all, Reverend.

INT. EMMA'S CAR - DAY

Emma drives, Tim sits shotgun, looking out at the wilderness, with focused eyes.

TIM What is this about, Emma?

EMMA

Detective McMillan has some questions relating to the case.

Rain begins to tinkle against the windows, gray clouds loom overhead. Emma rolls up her window, trains her eyes on the road.

TIM I heard he's a real piece of work. That he killed a man.

Emma looks over at the lonely cop.

EMMA I read his file, Tim. I know just what he's capable of.

TIM Doubtful, guy like him, sure has his own stack of problems piling up in the corner.

INT. VHPD - LOBBY - DAY

Emma escorts Tim into the precinct, a few COPS stand around the place, Reverend Field storms past the two cops, and out of the doors.

Edward walks around the corner, spots Tim. Tim extends his hand, and Edward decks him with a right hook.

Williams rushes over to check on the fallen officer, Emma looks at Edward in shock. Tim grabs at his jaw, pain on his face.

> WILLIAMS What the hell was that, McMillan?

EDWARD That was for telling the press, you no good snake.

Tim shrugs Williams off, and staggers to his feet.

TIM I needed the cash, alright?

EDWARD She said you didn't get paid. Are you bullshitting me, Collins?

TIM

No, why would I lie? I got bills to pay, a sick mother in the hospital, I needed the cash, detective.

Edward fumes, rubs his brow, kicks the wall.

EDWARD (at Emma) Get, Angela Orton back here, right now.

Edward storms off, Emma and Williams exchange looks, Tim adjusts himself, and heads outside.

Angela casually sits on one side of the desk, alone, a concerned look in her eye.

Edward explodes through the door, and confronts her wildly.

EDWARD You lied to me.

ANGELA Everyone needs their secrets, detective.

EDWARD

Not when it involves a dead girl and a homicide investigation! I warned you, not to get on my bad side, and now you are. That puts you in a very difficult position.

Edward whacks the desk with his hand, turning away from the trembling reporter.

EDWARD You paid him, but there's more to this, isn't there?

ANGELA Look, I paid him for the scoop, that's all, I swear.

EDWARD Bullshit. What else are you not telling me?

ANGELA

Nothing, I-

Edward turns to her, eyes on the verge of popping, and gets real close to her.

EDWARD Don't lie to me.

Angela looks away, fear in her eyes and posture. Edward sits across the table, glances at the recorder, but trains his eyes on her.

EDWARD How about you tell me what I want to know? Edward leans back against the wall, rain pummels the asphalt around him.

Emma steps outside, pulls out an umbrella and stands by Edward.

EMMA Did she tell you anything?

EDWARD

Yeah.

EMMA

What?

EDWARD Nothing that needs concern you.

Emma shakes her head.

EMMA We are partners, if you know something-

EDWARD She paid Tim for the scoop, and my file.

Edward looks around, rubs his scruffy stubble. Emma studies his expression, noticing despair somewhere amongst the anger.

EMMA I read your file.

Edward looks down at her.

EMMA Why'd you do it?

EDWARD Does it matter?

EMMA You had to have a reason.

Edward sighs.

EDWARD I had to make a choice. Edward nods.

EMMA Eats away at you, huh?

EDWARD In more ways than one.

Edward looks at the younger detective.

EDWARD Your boyfriend, Rick, what time does he go for a run?

EMMA Uh - four, I think. Why are you so interested?

EDWARD No reason.

Edward scores Cass walking down the sidewalk.

EDWARD

Hey!

Cass looks over.

EDWARD

You're next.

Cass stuffs his hands in his pockets, and walks over without hesitation.

INT. VHPD - INTERVIEW ROOM - DAY

Edward sits down, pulls up Cass' file, shoots the shopkeeper a look, then presses "record".

EDWARD Interview five, Cass Daniels, 13:25pm, August 18th 2014.

Edward clicks the pen, ready for action.

EDWARD Cass, mind telling me where you were the night of August 14th? CASS I was at the store, taking inventory.

EDWARD

Alone?

CASS

Yes.

EDWARD How well did you know the departed?

CASS

She came in for pick and mix every day before school. Other than that I never saw her much.

EDWARD

Cass, according to your file you had a daughter, died in a car accident several years ago. How much would you say, that affected you mentally?

Cass bows his head.

EDWARD

Well?

CASS What do you want me to say?

Cass looks agitated.

CASS What the fuck does my daughter have to do with any of this?!

Cass stands, kicks the chair into the wall. Edward watches him, as the bereaved father fumes.

CASS Bringing my daughter into this, why? What gives you the right?!

EDWARD I needed an answer. I got it.

CASS Who do you think you are to ask me about my daughter?

67.

EDWARD

Calm down.

CASS Piss off, you asshole.

Cass storms out. Edward jots his behavior down, and taps "stop" on the recorder.

INT. VHPD - LOBBY - DAY

Cass closes on the doors, bumps into Emma, she clocks his angry face and clenched fist.

EMMA Are you OK?

-

Cass barges past her, and abandons the station. Edward walks around the corner, passes Emma.

EMMA What did you do?

EDWARD I didn't do anything, he lost his cool.

Edward pushes through the doors, Emma gives chase.

EXT. VALLEY HILL - MAIN STREET - DAY

Cass walks down the street, yanks his keys from his pocket. Edward chases after him, grabs the shop owner's shoulder.

> EDWARD You can't just walk-

Cass turns and winds Edward with a punch, the detective keels over, hand to gut.

Cass opens up his store, and walks inside. Emma checks on the fallen detective.

EMMA Jesus, what the hell was that all about?

Edward shrugs her off, looks at the storefront.

A few townsfolk, Williams, Millie, Field and Stone, watch on, amongst other unnamed people.

Cass emerges from his store, baseball bat locked in a firm grip.

CASS I'm not hiding anything, you fuck!

EDWARD Put the bat down.

CASS You think you can just call me over, grill me about my daughter? You think I had something to do with, Amy? Huh?!

Emma backs off slowly.

EDWARD Why won't you answer the questions then? What are you hiding?

Cass grits his teeth, swings the bat. Edward dodges, disarms Cass and slams him face first into the shop window.

CASS

Let me go!

EDWARD Emma, grab the bat.

Emma scoops up the bat. Cass struggles, as he attempts to squirm free.

EDWARD Now, how about we go back to the station, and talk this over?

CASS I haven't got anything to say to you.

EDWARD

Okay -

Edward releases Cass, walks to the center of the street, gaining the eyesight of everyone around.

EDWARD How about we do it out here?

WILLIAMS

McMillan-

EDWARD No, he doesn't want to go back inside, so let's do it here? Did you kill, Amy Fitzroy?

Williams sighs, rubs his brow. Field hurries over, Edward holds the priest back.

EDWARD You stay outta this, I still got you on the list.

FIELD This man is greatly troubled, detective.

EDWARD I don't give a shit if he's got problems, a girl is dead.

Edward turns to the townsfolk.

EDWARD Anyone here got anything to say to me?

WILLIAMS McMillan, get back to the station.

Edward glares daggers at Williams.

WILLIAMS That is an order, detective.

Field checks on Cass, ushers him into the store. Edward looks around at the people, storms back to the station.

INT. WILLIAMS' OFFICE - DAY

Williams slams the door behind him. Edward leans on the windowsill, looking outside at the dreary landscape.

WILLIAMS What in the hell do you think you're doing? EDWARD

My job.

WILLIAMS You scalded that man in public, put him on a pedestal for the whole world to see. Why?

EDWARD Do you want me to apologize?

WILLIAMS That'd be a start.

Edward smirks, shakes his head.

WILLIAMS What's so funny?

EDWARD You people.

Edward turns to the cop.

EDWARD A girl is dead, and you're all worried about some guy's feelings. What if he killed her?

WILLIAMS

Then we get to the bottom of it properly. We don't lose our mind and grill some grieving father out in the middle of the goddamn street.

Edward, pissed off, walks to the door.

WILLIAMS Where are you going?! I'm not done with you yet.

EDWARD Go to hell.

EXT. VALLEY HILL - MAIN STREET - DAY

Edward heads off down the street, a few townsfolk remain outside, talking, and spot the detective, as he climbs into his car.

Edward drives off, out of view, leaving the townsfolk to their conversations.

INT. EDWARD'S CAR - DAY

Edward wipes his forehead, focuses on the road ahead. He turns on the radio, and the sound to full blast.

INT. FITZROY HOUSE - UPSTAIRS - DAY

Music plays from Kelly's room, Rose knocks on the door. Kelly opens up, greets her mother with a look.

KELLY

Hey.

ROSE Are you okay? You haven't said much the last few days.

KELLY

Fine.

ROSE Okay, well, I love you.

KELLY I love you too, mom.

Rose walks down the stairs, Kelly closes the door.

INT. FITZROY HOUSE - KELLY'S BEDROOM - DAY

Kelly sits at her computer, types on the keyboard to some guy called "KILL_SWITCH_209", smiles at the response "We should meet up, tonight, up for it?".

Kelly smiles, types "Definitely".

INT. MOTEL ROOM - DAY

Pizza boxes litter the floor and cupboards.

Michael Stone sits at his laptop, on the screen is Kelly's facebook page, with all her information.

A message appears on the laptop screen "Definitely", Stone grins and types "Pick you up at 7", closes the laptop.

Emma stands alone, looking up at X-Rays of Amy's body, noticing all of the fractures.

The MORTICIAN, 40, tall and pale, enters, holding onto a report file.

MORTICIAN

Detective.

EMMA

What've you got?

MORTICIAN

The blood on the rock matches the victim, as well as two sets of fingerprints.

Mortician pins the analysis of the rock to the X-Ray wall.

MORTICIAN The prints belong to you, and, Edward McMillan.

EMMA Of course, we handled the rock.

MORTICIAN

There's more. There was a second splash of blood on the rock, we're running tests at the moment, to see if we can ID the owner.

EMMA Okay, well, let me know when you make a breakthrough.

MORTICIAN

Will do.

EXT. MORTUARY - NIGHT

Emma exits the ominous building, and lights a cigarette, she looks around the small village, no one about.

Emma's phone rings, she whips it out, answers.

EMMA

Hey, Rick.

INTERCUT WITH: Emma and Rick

Rick makes dinner, plops a sachet of rice into a saucepan and boils it.

RICK When will you be home?

EMMA About half hour.

Emma takes a drag, walks over to her car.

RICK I heard about what happened in town, is that guy for real?

Emma sticks her keys in the lock, twists.

EMMA The investigation is probably taking its toll on him. He's got a history, and not a good one.

Emma takes a final drag, discards the cigarette, and opens the door.

RICK Listen, he questioned me today, thinks I had something to do with, Amy.

EMMA I know, he told me.

INT. FITZROY HOUSE - KELLY'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Kelly picks an outfit, opts for a nice skirt and blouse, puts the clothes on.

INT. FITZROY HOUSE - LOUNGE - NIGHT

Gerry and Rose are on the couch, the latter snuggled up in her husband's arms.

Kelly creeps past the doorway, wearing a jacket and wielding a handbag, she slowly approaches the door, and exits. EXT. SUBURBAN STREET - NIGHT

Kelly enters Stone's car, and they drive off down the street, in quite a hurry.

Paul Thomason watches from his porch like a hawk, as he smokes a cigar, and clutches a cigar clipper.

INT. BLUE CAR - NIGHT

Stone drives, Kelly rides shotgun, straps herself in firmly, and aims a smile in the driver's direction.

STONE How you holding up?

KELLY Can we not talk about that?

STONE If that's what you want.

Stone pulls the gearstick.

KELLY So, where are we going?

Kelly reaches for the cigarettes, pulls one out, offers Stone one.

STONE You're too young for that.

KELLY I'm 18 next month.

Kelly lights her cigarette, then Stone's. She puts the cigarettes back on the dash, and rolls down the window, taking a drag in the process.

STONE Listen, I think we should stop doing this.

Kelly looks across at him.

KELLY

Why?

STONE 'Cause, cops sniffing around town, I could get slammed for adultery. STONE For how long? It'll get out sooner or later, Kel.

Kelly looks out of the window, sadness in her eyes. Stone drags on the cigarette, turns the wheel right.

EXT. WOODLAND - NIGHT

The car's headlights cut through the mist, as the vehicle comes to a stop by a small campsite.

Kelly and Stone emerge from the car, approach the camp, sit on a small bench.

Stone hugs his arm around Kelly, and they stargaze.

KELLY I don't want us to finish.

STONE I don't want it to end, either. But if the cops find out, if your parents-

KELLY Then I'll tell them. We haven't done anything wrong, Michael. It's not like we've gone past second base.

STONE They won't see it that way, babe.

Kelly slots her fingers between his, and they interlink hands.

KELLY

I need you.

Stone looks down at the beauty, lays a kiss on her forehead.

STONE I can't imagine how hard it is.

Kelly's eyes drift.

STONE She was - beautiful. I hope they catch whoever did it.

KELLY It won't matter. They'll go to jail, they'll be alive, and she won't.

Kelly sets her head on his chest.

KELLY All I want is right now.

INT. EDWARD'S CAR - NIGHT

Edward sleeps on the backseat, sweats like a runner, violently swings an arm.

BEGIN FLASHBACK

EXT. ALLEYWAY - NIGHT

Furlong grabs Edward's gun, Edward grabs Furlong by the arm, and the two wrestle to the ground, Furlong on top.

The gun goes off, a bullet CLANGS against a dumpster.

Furlong knees Edward in the groin, and points the gun down at the detective.

Edward kicks the gun from Furlong's hand, stands, and rams the assailant into the wall.

Furlong rains down heavy elbow shots to Edward's back, knees the detective in the gut and throws him to the ground.

Furlong wipes blood from his fist, walks over to the gun.

Edward coughs blood, pushes up off the ground, to the sound of a gun click.

Furlong points the gun at the cop, the hammer back, finger on the trigger, eyes trained.

EDWARD You've already killed me.

FURLONG

Not yet.

Furlong pulls the trigger-

INT. EDWARD'S CAR - DAY

Edward wakes up, to the sound of birds and nature, he looks around the car, troubled.

EXT. MOUNTAIN ROAD - DAY

Edward's car sits parked up on the side of the road. The troubled detective steps out, stretches his pins.

Edward closes the door, cautiously looks around, and heads deep into the woods.

EXT. MOUNTAIN WOODLAND - DAY

Edward approaches the crime scene, the tape flaps in the wicked breeze. He destroys the tape, and walks over to where Amy's body was found.

Edward stands, as wind rushes by him, his coat swaying from side to side.

EDWARD We always come back to our roots.

INT. FITZROY HOUSE - LOUNGE - DAY

Gerry hands Rose a cup of tea, just as Kelly walks in through the front door, and plods up the stairs.

GERRY

Hey.

Kelly stops halfway up.

GERRY Where have you been?

KELLY

Out.

GERRY

Where?

KELLY Does it matter?

Kelly continues up the stairs, Gerry turns to his wife.

ROSE Let her be, she needs time, like us.

The door handle thumps against the wood several hard times. Gerry heads over to answer it.

Edward shoves his way past Gerry, and confronts the bereaved mother, whom is equally shocked to see him as Gerry is that he shoved his way in.

> EDWARD I need to talk to you.

GERRY I didn't invite you in.

Edward points a finger at Gerry.

EDWARD Do you want me to find Amy's killer or not?

Gerry keeps himself calm, looks at Rose, whom nods. Gerry leaves the two alone.

EDWARD When did you last see, Amy?

ROSE

What-

EDWARD Answer the question.

ROSE The day before she was found.

EDWARD Did you do anything to her?

Rose is stunned, so she stands, hot tea in hand, anger in her dilated eyes.

ROSE

Get out of my house.

Edward forcefully grips her shoulders, shaking her.

EDWARD Answer the damn question. ROSE

Please-

Edward shoves Rose onto the couch in anger, Rose spills hot tea all over herself, Edward takes a moment to notice what he's done.

EDWARD

I-

Rose breaks down in tears.

EDWARD I'm so sorry - I didn't mean -

Gerry walks in, spots the kerfuffle, instantly checks on his shaken wife.

GERRY

Rose?

ROSE Get him out.

Gerry looks at Edward.

GERRY You heard her. Out.

Edward sighs, and leaves. Gerry consoles a trembling Rose, hugs her tightly against him.

EXT. SUBURBAN STREET - DAY

Edward slams the gate shut and leans on the roof of his car, he bashes the top with the base of his fist.

Paul picks up his newspaper, notices the detective, same result for Edward.

EDWARD Down the station in ten minutes, or I'll be back.

PAUL

Sure.

Edward gets in his car, and drives down the street. Paul collects his thoughts, and walks into his house.

Emma heads up the Fitzroy path, knocks on the door a couple of times. Gerry comes to it.

EMMA

Hey.

GERRY You with him?

EMMA

Him?

GERRY

McMillan.

Emma looks around, shakes her head. Gerry invites her in.

INT. FITZROY HOUSE - LOUNGE - DAY

Emma checks on Rose, at the couch. Kelly leans on the doorway. Gerry paces, as he waits for the phone to be answered.

EMMA He just barged in and attacked her?

GERRY He put his hands on my wife, that guy is severely unhinged. He should be behind bars.

ROSE It wasn't his fault.

GERRY And I suppose it was yours? Goddamn phone, pick up.

Emma rubs Rose's back.

EMMA Are you okay?

ROSE He hardly touched me.

EMMA

That's not what I meant, Rose.

Rose and Emma meet eyes.

ROSE Have you found them yet? EMMA No, but I'm looking.

ROSE You will find them?

EMMA

I promise.

Gerry throws the phone against the wall, causing Kelly to jump a little.

GERRY You wait till I see that bastard again, I'll throttle him.

ROSE

Gerry-

GERRY No one puts their hands on you and gets away with it.

Emma leaves Rose with Kelly, attends to an infuriated Gerry.

EMMA I'll find him, talk to him, you stay here and keep her safe, okay?

GERRY If I see him again-

EMMA I'll take care of it, Gerry.

Emma walks to the door.

EMMA Take care of your mom, Kel.

Kelly gives the detective a faint smile. Gerry sits next to Rose, grips her hand.

INT. VHPD - INTERVIEW ROOM - DAY

Paul occupies one seat, as Edward barges in through the door, looking worse than ever.

EDWARD Enough of the small talk, let's get down to brass tacks, eh? Did you kill, Amy Fitzroy?

PAUL Are you fucking nuts?

Edward grabs Paul by the collar, pins him to the wall.

EDWARD Answer the fucking question.

PAUL No. No - No I didn't - please -

Edward increases his grip, shoves Paul down into the table, scattering some paperwork.

EDWARD Don't lie to me.

PAUL I'm not lyi-

Edward rams the back of Paul's head into the table.

EDWARD Your mouth says one thing but your eyes say another. You saw something, didn't you?! Tell me what you saw!

Paul trembles in fear.

EDWARD

TELL ME!

Edward grabs the recorder, raises it, about to strike. Emma and Williams arrive in the nick of time, and contain the unhinged detective.

Williams yells for another office, whom helps restrain Edward, and wrestle him from the room.

Emma checks up on Paul, whom adjusts his collar.

EMMA Mind telling me what that was about, Paul?

PAUL Hell if I know - that guy is a fucking psychopath. INT. VHPD - HALLWAY - DAY

Cops watch as Williams and the Restraining Cop wrestle Edward through the cubicles.

Edward shoves RC into a cubicle, and decks Williams with a wicked right hook.

EDWARD Keep your hands off me!

Edward turns away, and bolts out of the doors. Emma rushes in, checks on the downfallen duo, and pursues Edward.

EXT. VALLEY HILL - MAIN STREET - DAY

Edward's tires screech across the gravel, as his car zooms down the street at high speed.

Emma gives chase, getting into her car, and driving after the detective.

EXT. MOUNTAIN ROAD - DAY

Emma's car pursues Edward, in a high speed chase between the trees, in the shadow of the mountain.

Emma comes alongside Edward, rolls down her window.

EMMA

McMillan.

Edward doesn't hear, focuses on the road.

EMMA

McMillan!

Edward looks over, turns back to the door, and swerves to avoid a deer, tumbling down the bank into a tree.

Emma slams on the brakes, reverses, and steps out. She rushes down the hill, and checks on the mangled car wreck.

Emma opens the driver's door, glass spills out. Edward, slumped over the dashboard, blood gushing from his head, slowly comes to.

EMMA

Hey, hey - look at me.

Emma checks on him.

EMMA Jesus - we need to get you to a hospital.

Emma whips out her phone. Edward steps out, staggers a moment, and falls to the ground, into the glass.

Emma dials 911, puts the phone to her ear. Edward tries to focus, shakes the cobwebs.

EMMA

Shit.

Emma looks at her phone, no service, she pockets the phone, and helps Edward to his feet.

EMMA Come on, we'll use my car.

Edward jams a piece of glass in her neck, blood spurts, and she gargles. Edward uses her as a surfboard, and rides her to the ground, twisting the glass.

EDWARD

No, we won't.

BEGIN FLASHBACK

EXT. ALLEYWAY - NIGHT

The positions are the same, but the roles are reversed. Furlong lies on the ground, Edward holds the gun.

> FURLONG You gonna kill me too?

EDWARD Thinking about it.

FURLONG Like my son? You're supposed to be one of the good guys.

EDWARD

I still am.

Edward pulls the hammer back.

FURLONG Then pull the trigger, you've already killed me.

EDWARD

Not yet.

Edward shoots Furlong in the knee, the fallen reacts with a painful cry. Edward shoots him in the gut, then hovers the barrel over his head.

EDWARD Say hi to, Danny.

FURLONG

Fuck you!

Edward smirks, and pulls the trigger. Furlong's brains splatter all over the gravel.

LATER

Edward cuts himself with a jagged garbage can lid, shoots himself in the leg, and plays dead, as distant sirens grow closer.

END FLASHBACK

EXT. MOUNTAIN ROAD - DAY

Edward looks into Emma's teary, scared eyes.

EDWARD

Goodnight.

Edward rams the glass deeper, and Emma dies. Blood drizzles down her neck, her eyes remain wide open. Edward sits down next to her, wipes blood from his head and laughs.

> EDWARD I could get used to this.

EXT. MOUNTAIN WOODLAND - DAY

Edward drags Emma's body toward a stream, starts digging out a grave with a shovel.

NIGHT

Edward rolls Emma's carcass into the hole, and pulls out a bottle of pills. He takes a last look at them, before chucking them in with the deceased.

Edward shovels dirt on top of Emma.

LATER

Edward rolls Emma's car down into a ditch, it careens off the mountain, and bounces off the jagged rocks into the abyss.

Edward puts on a serious face, whips out his phone, and dials 911, as he walks back to the roadside.

EXT. MOUNTAIN ROAD - DAY

The sun begins to set over the mountain.

An ambulance is on scene, along with a few police cars, a PARAMEDIC tends to Edward's wounds.

Williams steps out of his car, clocks the wreck down the hill, and walks over to the detective.

WILLIAMS You still kicking?

EDWARD

Just about.

The Paramedic washes the cut, Edward hisses in pain, waves the Paramedic off, and grabs his coat.

WILLIAMS Where's, Sorenson?

EDWARD She not back in town?

WILLIAMS No, she bolted after you.

EDWARD

I haven't seen her.

Edward walks away.

WILLIAMS

You sure?

EDWARD Yeah, I'm sure. If I had, I'd tell you. Can I get a ride back into town?

WILLIAMS

Jump in.

INT. WILLIAMS' CAR - NIGHT

The forest grows darker as the car speeds along, Edward rides shotgun, looking exceptionally bored.

Williams lowers the radio volume, examines the troubled detective's expression.

WILLIAMS Something on your mind?

EDWARD Yeah, sorry about earlier.

WILLIAMS

I get it, plays on you, I did read your file, you know. I know what you've been through, having to kill that guy for drawing a gun on you, I can't imagine what that does to you.

EDWARD Killing him wasn't the problem.

Williams looks over.

EDWARD

The kid was.

WILLIAMS Danny, right?

EDWARD

Yeah.

WILLIAMS It wasn't your fault.

EDWARD

No, it was my fault. I've been in denial for so long, but you know, what's the point in denying something you're good at?

Williams takes a moment, comes to and looks over at Edward, whom jams a glass shard through Williams' eye, the latter lets out a deafening yell. Williams rips the wheel left, Edward grabs hold of it and cleans the drive.

Williams reaches for his gun, Edward wrestles it from his grip, and shoots Williams through the throat with it. Blood splashes across the dash, windshield and roof.

Edward uses Williams' limp leg to slam on the brakes, and the car comes to a halt at the side of the road.

Edward wipes blood from his face, with a handkerchief, and gets out.

EXT. ROADSIDE - NIGHT

Edward drags Williams' body down an embankment, to a stream. Edward plops Williams' carcass in the stream, and watches it disappear down into the lake.

Edward returns to the car, wipes the blood off the inside windows, and gets in.

INT. BED AND BREAKFAST - EDWARD'S ROOM - NIGHT

Edward, shirtless, puts on a new t-shirt and a pair of black gloves. He grabs a razor and shaving foam, heads into the --

INT. BATHROOM - NIGHT

Edward dips the razor into the water, looks at his reflection, and shaves.

BEGIN FLASHBACK

EXT. MOUNTAIN CABIN - NIGHT

Edward leads Amy to the edge, she clutches the teddy bear tightly.

AMY Where are we going?

EDWARD

You'll see.

Edward unveils a knife, away from her eyes, leads her closer to the edge of the mountain. EDWARD Look, down there.

Edward points to a small family of deer, nuzzling in the grass below them.

AMY Wow, they're pretty.

EDWARD Do you want a closer look?

AMY

Really?

EDWARD Yeah, just another step.

Amy steps forward. Edward slits her throat, she gargles, as blood cascades down her neck, drips from her fingers.

The teddy falls, bounces off the edge of the rocks, as it plummets into darkness.

Edward pushes Amy slightly, and she falls from the tip, slamming against a rock on the way down into the abyss.

EXT. MOUNTAIN WOODLAND - NIGHT

Edward stands over Amy's body, holding the teddy bear in hand. Blood pools around Amy's carcass, as the detective looks down with an icy glare in his eyes.

END FLASHBACK

INT. BATHROOM - NIGHT

Edward stares at his clean-shaven appearance, wipes the remaining foam away, and exits.

INT. BED AND BREAKFAST - EDWARD'S ROOM - NIGHT

Edward opens a small locked box, inside sits the knife, used on Amy, he takes it out and inspects the blade.

Edward sticks the knife in his boot, and gazes down at the teddy bear, nestled next to a pillow.

EXT. VALLEY HILL - MAIN STREET - NIGHT

Streetlights illuminate the tranquil landscape.

Cass sways down the street, drunk, and pulls his keys out, drops them and moans.

Cass scoops the keys off the ground, fits them into the lock, and twists.

INT. CONVENIENCE STORE - NIGHT

Cass walks across the aisle, to the private door, grabs the handle, and a light comes on.

Cass looks around, as the strips of light on the ceiling come on, one after the other.

CASS

Hello?

Cass heads down an aisle, toward the switches. He reaches them, scans around, and goes to turn them off.

Edward rams the knife up through Cass' back, piercing the shopkeeper's lung, muffling his screams.

EDWARD

You should've owned up to it.

Cass grabs a shelf, reaches for a wrench, but Edward pulls him back and launches him head first into a display cabinet.

The cabinet topples, taking Cass with it, groceries spill out all over the floor.

Cass crawls for the front door. Edward picks a large wrench from the display, and cracks Cass across the back.

Cass groans in agony, barely able to make any noise. Edward rolls Cass over, whacks the shopkeeper's knee with the wrench.

Edward picks up the knife, kneels over Cass and jams the blade through his neck.

Edward yanks the blade out, wipes it on Cass' pants, turns the lights out and exits the store.

Edward wastes no time going across to the station.

EXT. VALLEY HILL - POLICE DEPARTMENT - NIGHT

Edward cuts the communication line around back, closes the panel and abandons the site.

EXT. SUBURBAN STREET - NIGHT

Paul sits on his step, smoking a cigar. He watches the upstairs bedroom intently, Kelly gets undressed.

Paul scratches his balls, smiles as he watches her.

EDWARD (O.S) What the hell are you doing?

Paul snaps out of the trance, discards the cigar, and looks at Edward, by the fence.

PAUL Nothing. I wasn't doing anything.

EDWARD Didn't look like that to me.

PAUL I was just - watching.

EDWARD Watching a 17 year old girl, get undressed, and stroking your balls? You a pedophile?

PAUL

What? No.

EDWARD

Shame.

Edward unlatches the gate, walks into Paul's property. Paul stands up, backs into his door.

EDWARD At least after I killed you, they'd reward me for ridding you.

PAUL

What?

Edward unveils the blade, and swiftly jams it into Paul's throat, twisting it as the two go down to the ground.

Edward drags Paul's body behind a bush, wipes the blade off, and removes his gloves.

Edward crosses the street, to the Fitzroy house, evil intentions on his face diminish, and an apologetic look drowns his features.

Edward sneaks around the side, opens up the telecommunication box and snips the wires. He closes the panel, and walks back around front.

Edward knocks on the door, patiently waits. Gerry opens up, surveys the detective.

GERRY What the hell do you want?!

Gerry emerges, baseball bat in hand.

EDWARD I found her killer.

GERRY You - you found them?

EDWARD

Yeah.

Rose appears.

ROSE What did you say?

EDWARD

I found the person that killed your daughter, Mrs. Fitzroy. You won't like who it is.

ROSE

Who is it?

Rose steps to Gerry's side, clutching his hand.

EDWARD (playing along, sadly) Emma. Rose tears up, buries her head in Gerry's chest, just as he drops the bat in disbelief.

EDWARD I'm so sorry. I can't imagine how hard this must be for you.

GERRY

Are you sure?

EDWARD Before, Amy fell she managed to scratch her killer.

Edward drops the knife from his sleeve slightly, holds his hand behind his back.

EDWARD Skin was found under, Amy's fingernails, and her killer wore a scratch -

Edward pulls down his collar, revealing a scratch on his neck.

EDWARD

Right here.

Gerry's eyes intensify, he goes for the bat. Edward stabs the father in the chest, Rose screams, runs inside.

Edward rushes after Rose, leaving Gerry, hardly able to move, on the step, as blood pools around him.

INT. FITZROY HOUSE - LOUNGE - NIGHT

Rose runs in, Edward grabs her by the hair, and throws her through the coffee table.

Edward grabs Rose, yanks her head back ferociously, she grunts, as he rams her head first into the wall.

Kelly rushes down the steps, spots the scene, panics.

KELLY

Mom!

Edward snaps his gaze on the daughter, smirks. Blood gushes from Rose's nose and mouth.

ROSE Kelly, run!

Kelly runs back upstairs. Edward turns Rose to him, squeezes her cheeks and gets close to her face.

EDWARD

Before you die, I want you to know that, Kelly is gonna suffer. Just like, Amy did.

Edward chuckles, stabs Rose in the chest. Rose gasps, grabs a handful of his clothes, pain on her face.

EDWARD

Sshh, sshh.

INT. FITZROY HOUSE - KELLY'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Kelly barricades herself in the room, and scrambles for her mobile, she dials 911. The error tone sounds.

Kelly sighs, panicking, she dials "STONE", the phone rings.

KELLY Pick up, pick up.

INT. MOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

Stone's phone rings on the side cupboard, as the owner exits the bathroom, wrapped in a towel, to answer it.

STONE Hey, babe-

KELLY (O.S) Michael, you have to come to my house.

STONE Hey, what's going on?

INT. FITZROY HOUSE - KELLY'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Edward rams the door from outside. Kelly recoils, crying, as she opens the window.

KELLY The detective's gonna kill me. Kelly climbs out of the window, just as Edward breaks through one of the panels, in time to see her go out of sight.

EXT. SUBURBAN STREET - NIGHT

Kelly runs down the street, as fast as her bare feet can take her.

Edward leaps the fence, gives chase to the girl.

KELLY Michael, hurry!

Kelly ditches the phone, and runs toward the forest. Edward is hot on her tail.

EXT. MOUNTAIN ROAD - NIGHT

Stone's car hurtles across the barren site, as he grips the wheel and focuses on the darkness ahead.

EXT. MOUNTAIN WOODLAND - NIGHT

Kelly runs down a steep bank, splashes in a small stream, and fights her way through the trees.

Edward is right on her, not far behind. Kelly cuts left through the tree maze, Edward follows her, weaving in and out of the sticks.

Kelly heads further into the trees, Edward tackles her to the ground, she SCREAMS.

EXT. SUBURBAN STREET - NIGHT

Stone comes to a screeching halt outside of the Fitzroy house, explodes out of the car and runs up the path.

STONE

Kelly?!

He stops at Gerry's dead body, grabs the side of his head in shock. Rose crawls forward, into his view.

Stone rushes in, checks on the mother.

STONE Mrs. Fitzroy -

ROSE He's going to kill her -

STONE Where did they go?

EXT. MOUNTAIN WOODLAND - NIGHT

Kelly kicks Edward in the face, breaking his nose, she scrambles to her feet and rushes ahead.

Edward's nose gushes blood, but he continues the pursuit, like a maniac, as he laughs.

Kelly tumbles down an embankment, splashes face first into a shallow stream, scraping her face across the rocks.

Edward stands atop, looking down at his prey with a sadistic and twisted grin on his face.

EDWARD I expected more from you.

Kelly grabs a rock, as he walks down the hill.

EDWARD More of a fight against the man that killed your sister.

Kelly whacks Edward in the side of the head, the rock splits on impact, and she rushes into the darkness.

Edward, dazed, slowly pushes up, water overlaps his hands, as he regains his composure and scans for movement.

EXT. SUBURBAN STREET - NIGHT

Stone finds Kelly's phone, looks at the daunting dark forest ahead, and bolts into it without hesitation.

EXT. MOUNTAIN WOODLAND - NIGHT

Kelly hides behind a tree.

Edward crunches leaves and twigs, as he presses forward, weaving in and out of trees, whistling a creepy melody.

EDWARD

Marco -

Kelly slithers around the tree, as Edward passes.

EDWARD

Marco -

Edward pokes his head around the trunk, Kelly is gone. He smirks, and returns to the hunt.

EDWARD Come out, come out wherever you are.

Edward wraps his fist tighter around the knife.

EDWARD

Marco -

KELLY

Polo.

Edward turns around, Kelly smashes him in the face with a tree branch. The detective falls to the ground.

Kelly runs, he grabs her leg, she falls, he stabs her through the leg with the knife and she SCREAMS.

CLICKS AWAY

The scream carries through the forest, right to Stone's ears, he heads toward the sound as fast as he can.

BACK TO EDWARD AND KELLY

Kelly writhes in pain, as the crazed detective stands, twisting the knife in her leg.

> EDWARD You should have kept running.

_ _ _ _

Edward kneels beside her, she spits in his face, he licks the saliva and laughs, tapping the knife's hilt.

EDWARD The look on your face: Priceless.

Edward rips the knife from her leg, blood spits. He licks her blood off the blade, and holds it over her throat.

EDWARD There's just one question left. Will you squeal like your sister did?

KELLY Fuck you, asshole!

EDWARD Necrophilia isn't my thing, but for you -

Edward cuts her top open, revealing her cleavage.

EDWARD I might make an exception.

Edward sticks the knife to her throat, steel grates flesh like cheese.

EDWARD Goodnight, sleep tight, don't let the termites bite.

Stone tackles Edward and the knife slides across the leaves. Edward scrambles to his feet, Stone hits him with a wicked left, right and knee.

Edward catches Stone's knee, head butts him in the face, and rams him face first into a tree trunk.

EDWARD You must be the hero.

Kelly scurries for the knife.

EDWARD Heroes die in the real world, kid.

Stone reverses the hold, gets free, and elbows Edward in the face, kicks him in the knee.

Kelly rushes over, Edward pulls a gun, shoots the knife from her hand. She takes cover behind a tree.

Stone kicks the gun from the detective's hand, Edward low blows Stone, then uppercuts him. The force sends Stone to the ground.

Stone pushes up, Edward punts him in the gut, forcing him onto his back. Edward stomps on Stone's chest repeatedly.

Kelly leaps onto the detective's back, claws at his eyes. Edward grabs her hair, throws her to the ground. Edward picks up the gun, cocks it, pulls the hammer back and smiles widely, manic in his steely eyes.

EDWARD

As I said.

Edward shoots Stone in the shoulder.

EDWARD

Heroes.

Edward shoots Stone in the knee.

EDWARD

Die.

Edward shoots Stone in the gut.

EDWARD In the real world.

Edward hovers the gun over Stone's head, glances at Kelly, and pulls the trigger, click, empty.

Edward chuckles, as Stone writhes in pain. The detective discards the gun and goes for the knife. Kelly checks on Stone.

STONE

Run!

Kelly tries to flee, but Edward grabs her by the hair, yanks back firmly, ripping out a few locks.

EDWARD You're a slippery bitch, ain't you?

Stone grabs Edward's ankle. Edward stomps on Stone's wrist, snapping the bone, Stone YELPS.

EDWARD Come with me, I want to show you something.

Edward drags Kelly off into the night. Stone tries to get up, but his bad shoulder and broken wrist keep him grounded.

STONE Someone HELP!

AMY'S DEATH SITE

Edward shoves Kelly to the exact spot Amy fell, he methodically paces around the scared teen.

EDWARD She fell right there.

He points to where she is.

EDWARD

On the way down she screamed, had her tiny life flash before her eyes and when she hit, boy did she slam.

KELLY

Just kill me.

EDWARD Slowly - the night is young. I want you to imagine how she felt.

Kelly attacks him. He punches her in the face, slams her down into the ground.

EDWARD Look up at the moon.

Edward grabs her hair, aims her gaze to the mountain peak, where the moon shines through clouds.

EDWARD Imagine her pain.

KELLY Why did you kill her?

EDWARD Why? Do I need a reason? OK, you want a reason. I killed her because it was fun. Just like I killed, Emma, Williams, Cass and your parents. Just like I'm gonna kill you and your boyfriend.

KELLY Why the facade? Why not leave, you already took her, why stay?

EDWARD I needed someone to take the fall and now I have the perfect suspect. A sister who killed her own flesh (MORE) EDWARD (cont'd) and blood because her parents didn't love her so, then she killed her parents, because they just didn't care.

Edward grips her throat, squeezes.

EDWARD How's that sound, Kel?

KELLY

Then kill me.

Edward kisses Kelly with force, shoves her down into the dirt, and reveals a secondary knife.

EDWARD

My pleasure.

Edward plunges the knife, but it flies out of his hand and clangs against a tree trunk.

Edward slowly turns his head, and locks eyes with Amy's ghost, a pale, bloody reflection of her living self, horrific to behold.

KELLY

Amy?

Amy furrows her brow in anger, as Edward stands, paces around a bit, and chuckles.

EDWARD

You're not real.

Edward stomps over to the ghost, punches it, and it disappears. Amy reappears a few yards away, both hands clenched, dripping blood.

EDWARD This isn't real. You're not here. I killed you. You're dead!

Kelly scoops up the knife.

EDWARD YOU'RE NOT REAL!

Edward fumes, stomps back and forth like a madman, eyeballs the ghost.

EDWARD I killed you!

KELLY

Yeah!

Edward turns, Kelly stabs him through the chest, rides him to the ground, twisting the blade in the process, blood drizzles down his shirt.

> KELLY Now I killed you, you son of a bitch!

Kelly pulls the knife out, Edward gargles blood, she plunges the knife through his neck, and watches his life ebb away.

Edward dies. Kelly backs off, slumps down on her butt, and stares at Amy's ghost.

No words shared, but the looks speak volumes. A tear trickles down Kelly's cheek, as light envelops Amy, and then the younger sibling disappears.

STONE

Kelly falls to her knees beside Stone, cradles him in her arms, as distant sirens wail.

Stone's eyes slowly open, he smiles at Kelly, and wears pain on his face.

STONE Hey, babe.

KELLY Hey, how you feeling?

STONE Like I just got shot - three times - hurts like hell.

Kelly giggles slightly, as Stone groans in pain.

STONE Did I ever tell you - how much I hate - this town?

KELLY You might've said something, yeah.

Stone looks around, sees the red and blue lights on the horizon.

STONE Where is - dicktective?

KELLY

Gone.

STONE Oh - that's uh - good?

Kelly nods.

STONE Good - great - no more shooting.

Wells and a few COPS, with DOGS, surround the two lovebirds. Wells checks on Kelly.

> WELLS Kid, you two okay?

KELLY How did you find us?

WELLS We got a call from the, Reverend, he heard gunfire.

STONE Thank, God.

WELLS I wouldn't thank him just yet, kid.

Wells pulls his radio out.

WELLS (into radio) This is, Commissioner Wells, Valley Hill Police Department, I need an ambulance -

AMY'S DEATH SITE

Cops surround Edward's body, each of them wear grim looks and disgust on their faces.

EXT. SUBURBAN STREET - NIGHT

PARAMEDICS wheel Gerry into an ambulance with Rose. Two CORONERS wheel Paul's body into a black van.

EXT. MOUNTAIN ROAD - NIGHT

PARAMEDICS lift Stone into an ambulance. Kelly climbs in after him, as Wells leads a team into the woods.

Kelly takes a final look around, as a Paramedic closes the doors, and the Ambulance drives off.

EXT. CHURCH - DAY

SUPER: One Week Later...

MOURNERS pay their respects to 4 graves. Amy, Emma, Cass and Williams, all next to one another.

Rose lays flowers on Amy's grave, says a silent prayer. Wells leaves tributes on the graves of Emma and Williams.

Gerry, arm in a sling, hugs his good arm around Rose, as they pay their respects to their daughter.

Stone shakes Gerry's hand, and hugs his arm around Kelly, as the family heads off with the other townsfolk.

Far across the cemetery, in a corner overrun by thorn bushes and vines, sits a grave labeled "McMillan", no tributes, no date of birth, nothing to remind anyone of who he was.

Mourners leave the graveyard, get into their cars. The Fitzroy family takes one last look back at the grave.

ROSE Do you think she's safe?

GERRY I'd like to think so.

Kelly smiles, looks skyward.

ROSE Let's go home.

Amy's grave reads: "Amy Fitzroy, December 10 2004 - August 15th 2014, A Beautiful Soul, Never Forgotten".

FADE TO BLACK: