

The Family

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EXT. FLASHBACK 1 - HOUSE

AARON's voice pierces through the darkness.

AARON

We all have our secrets.

Cut to neighborhood. Night. Wide shot of victims' house and side of the street. Police cars, lights flashing, sirens blaring pull up in front of the house. The camera begins to slowly move towards the house, following the police as they rush out of their cars. They reach the a-jar door, guns out, and cautiously step inside. The music reaches its peak as the camera follows the police inside the door and into the darkness.

INT. SCENE 1 - DETECTIVES' OFFICE

Cut directly into DETECTIVE 2 dropping a thick folder on DETECTIVE 1's desk. He opens it. Aaron's picture is clipped inside.

DETECTIVE 2

His name is Aaron Parker. He has six prior arrests, zero convictions.

INT. FLASHBACK 2 - HOUSE

Three cops enter the house, guns out. It's dark. The only light that can be seen is a dim light flickering from the back porch. The camera follows behind the three men as they take out flashlights to look around. They move slowly, making sure to check every inch of the house. OFFICER 1 covers his nose with his arm.

OFFICER 1

Ugh, what is that smell?

SGT. ANDREWS

This is the police! ...If anyone can hear me, come out, slowly, with your hands above your head!

No response. SGT. ANDREWS motions to the other two and directs one to check upstairs. The other he directs to help him search the rest of the ground floor. They nod in response and move forward. The camera follows SGT. ANDREWS as he makes his way down the dark, narrow hallway leading to the back of the house from the front door. He checks each room he passes. As he starts to reach the end of the hall his radio crackles and OFFICER 1's voice comes through. He sounds like he's about to be sick, and he's struggling to find the words.

OFFICER 1

Sarg...

SGT. ANDREWS picks up his pace. He reaches the end of the hall and looks left into the kitchen. Nothing. He looks right and finds OFFICER 1, visibly shaken, standing just outside of the living room. His left hand is over his mouth and his eyes are locked just ahead of him on a spot on the ground. He lifts his right arm and points his gun to the other side of the couch. SGT. ANDREWS moves around the couch to look. He stops and lowers his gun.

SGT. ANDREWS

Jes-

INT. SCENE 2 - DETECTIVES' OFFICE(cont.)

DETECTIVE 1

-sus Christ.

He makes a face of disgust at something in the folder. We don't see what it is. He continues to flip through it. Detective 2 messes with whatever his hands can find on the desk.

AARON

The secrets may seem strange at first, but, in time, society will accept them.

DETECTIVE 1

How the hell is this guy still walking around?

AARON

Unfortunately...

DETECTIVE 2

Lack of evidence.

DETECTIVE 1 looks up from the folder.

DETECTIVE 1

You've gotta be kidding me.

AARON

There are some secrets that will never be understood.

DETECTIVE 1

I'd understand once, maybe even twice, but six? No way. Someone has to be helping him.

DETECTIVE 2 tosses a stress ball between his hands as he looks out of the glass office. He watches a woman in the distance speaking with a young, clearly flustered, male front desk attendant.

Detective 2

Probably. Doesn't matter now though, right? He's not getting out of it this time.

DETECTIVE 1 takes out a larger photograph out of folder.

DETECTIVE 2

Those are the last two.

DETECTIVE 1 is in disbelief.

DETECTIVE 1

How can this guy...they were so young.

AARON

And once those secrets have gotten out...

Detective 1 closes the folder and tosses it on the desk.

DETECTIVE 2

Some of the guys are calling this one lucky number seven.

AARON

There's no getting them back in.

DETECTIVE 1 crosses his arms, and shakes his head.

DETECTIVE 1

He's been cleared six times already. What makes you think he can't do it a seventh?

DETECTIVE 2

I don't know-

The desk attendant from the previous cut pokes his head into the office through the doorway.

DESK ATTENDANT

She's ready for you, Captain.

DETECTIVE 1 gets out of his desk, leaves the office, and goes over to meet the woman at the front desk.

AARON

But just because *they* will not accept you.

The camera remains in the office. We see her face, her smile. She's wearing thin black gloves, custom fit to her hands. The two shaking hands. They speak briefly, their words barely audible.

DR. DOLAN

Hannah.

DETECTIVE 1

Donald. A pleasure to meet you.

DR. DOLAN

The pleasure is mine, detective.

AARON

Doesn't mean that others won't.

DETECTIVE 1 smiles.

DETECTIVE

He's this way.

DETECTIVE 1 places his hand gently on her back and leads her away down a nearby hall. DETECTIVE 2 and DETECTIVE 3 watch them go from the doorway of the office.

INT. SCENE 3 - HALLWAY

DR. DOLAN and DETECTIVE 1 walk down the hall and stop just outside of AARON's room.

AARON

And just because you feel alone.

DETECTIVE 1

Remember, I'll be right outside the door if anything happens.

DR. DOLAN

Relax, detective. I've worked with these types so many times I practically am one.

DETECTIVE 1 laughs awkwardly.

AARON

Doesn't mean you are.

DETECTIVE 1

For all our sakes, let's hope not.

DETECTIVE 1 takes out his keys to unlock the door.

INT. Scene 4 - INTERROGATION ROOM

Cut to Aaron in interrogation room. He's leaning his head back onto a metallic chair, eyes closed, a permanent smirk on his face. His wrists and ankles are handcuffed. His wrists are chained to the table in front of him, his ankles to the floor.

AARON

How do I know this?

AARON can hear voices just outside the door.

AARON

Because they are the ones who found me.

The voices stop.

AARON

Because they accepted me for what I am.

A loud *thump* is heard from the hall.

AARON

Because they were *like* me.

Close up on Aaron's face. The door lock clicks.

AARON

After all...

AARON's eyes open.

AARON

We all have our secrets.

DR. DOLAN walks in alone as the door closes. She sits across from AARON. The sound of her heels and the door closing are

almost drowned out by music. They both smile at one another across the table.

AARON & DR. DOLAN

Ours just happen to be more...

INT. FLASHBACK 3 - VICTIM'S HOUSE

SGT. ANDREWS is sweating profusely. His gun is out and his muscles are tense. His eyes dart around the house as he moves toward the sound of AARON'S voice. All of AARON'S dialogue has been to the police in the house. All of the light is almost gone. SGT. ANDREWS stops. Holding his breathe. The voice is gone. Everything is silent. Shot from the front of SGT. ANDREWS. His heart is pounding as he scans the darkness before him. AARON comes out of the darkness behind him, and whispers in SGT. ANDREW'S ear.

AARON

Unique!

SGT. tries to turn, but AARON, with a smile, quickly draws a knife across his throat pulling back shots of the office showing DETECTIVE 1, 2, and 3 dead, their throats slit. An older gentleman in a fine, grey suit stands at the reception desk cleaning a bloodied blade. He slides the cleaned blade back into the top of his cane as a freed AARON and amused DR. DOLAN meet him in the entrance to the office.

DR. DOLAN

Come. Your Family is waiting.

The three hold hands, and walk into the night. Cut to title.

FADE OUT.