

ZWITT ME

Screenplay by

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INT. PARKING GARAGE - NIGHT

Dim fluorescent lights flicker on and off as a BLOND (late teens) struts towards a red convertible. She jabbars into a bedazzled cell phone.

BLOND
(into cell)
No way! She's going out with
Alicia? That girl is hot.

She pulls out her keys, but they slip from her fingers.

BLOND (CONT'D)
Shit.

The Blond retrieves her keys and yelps. Drops the phone.

Standing next to her is ZWITT (early 20's), a gangly man wearing a jacket and ball cap. A scar runs down his left cheek and a switchblade is in his hand.

The blade POPS out.

She screams.

He grapples the Blond in a choke hold, blade at her throat.

She struggles, tears in her eyes. Her lips quiver.

BLOND (CONT'D)
Oh God, please don't rape me.
Please. I'll do anything!

ZWITT
What? No, that's disgusting.

BLOND
(relieved)
Thank God.

He grits his teeth, and shifts.

Exhales.

Adjusts his grip on the knife.

Stares.

A car ZOOMS past on the far end of the parking garage.

He shifts again, adjusts.

Another car passes.

Zwitt's head drops in defeat. He can't do it.

ZWITT
Goddamnit.

CRUNCH!

Zwitt staggers to his knees, grabs his crotch and moans.

ZWITT (CONT'D)
Fuuuucking bitch.

The blond pulls out a bottle of pepper spray.

BLOND
Take this you sick bastard.

ZWITT
(fast)
No, no, no, no, no.

She douses him in the eyes.

A high shrill scream and he drops to the ground.

ZWITT (CONT'D)
Why would you do that?!

BLOND
You keep your filthy prick to
yourself.

She kicks him in the gut, retrieves her phone and climbs into her car.

The tires SCREECH as she peels out of sight.

Zwitt writhes on the cold concrete.

BLACK SCREEN

ZWITT (V.O.)
I may be an aspiring killer, and
yes, I had my ass handed to me by
lesbian Barbie, but I'm no pervert.
Really. And it all came rushing
back while I hobbled home that
night.

INT. SCHOOL CAFETERIA - FLASHBACK

Tables are cluttered with various grade school clicks, with a slow-moving procession of adolescents in the food line.

A younger Zwitt (8) stands at the end of that line, oversized glasses nestled on a freckled face.

ZWITT (V.O.)

It was a rough time for a kid like me, and my name didn't help. Mom and dad couldn't decide between Zachary or Whitmore, so they compromised. And with a name like Zwitt, you tend to get the shitty end of the deal.

BOY (O.S.)

Hey, zit!

A flying glob of mashed potatoes.

SPLAT!

Zwitt wipes the goulash from his face and shuffles to the what's left of the food.

Rows of under-cooked and bland peas. He grabs one.

An overweight LUNCH LADY slops smelly re-fried beans on his plate.

She cackles as he moves down the line.

INT. SCHOOL HALL -

INT. OFFICE - DAY

Zwitt (mid teens) sits across from a BALDING BUSINESS MAN.

BALDING BUSINESS MAN

The credentials look good, son. But I'm afraid you're not a proper fit for our company.

ZWITT

I don't understand. I come highly recommended. I've got the experience, the education.

BALDING BUSINESS MAN

You heard me Zit. Why don't you get back to the end of the line where you belong.

Zwitt's brow wrinkles.

ZWITT
How did you...?

Realization dawns as the business man breaks into laughter.
Zwitt stands, drops his resume on the floor and exits.

INT. ELEVATOR - CONTINUOUS

Zwitt stands in an elevator, crammed in like a sardine.
His cell rings.

He digs deep and struggles to put the phone to his ear.

ZWITT
(into cell)
Right now's not a good time, dad.

Shock washes over his face. He drops the phone and leans his head against the door.

The surrounding chatter fades into a blur of mixed voices.

Zwitt glances down at the paper in hand; an article covering a murder trial is plastered all over page one.

ZWITT (V.O.)
That's when it hit me. The world
could take mom, they could take my
dignity, my pride, but I'd be the
one name they'd never forget.

DING

People shuffle out, the sounds still a muffled blur.

The doors shut and Zwitt closes his eyes tight.

Another chime and the doors open.

Zwitt steps off the elevator.

ZWITT (V.O.)
There's always been one little
problem.

Two DOCTORS zip past with a bleeding patient on a gurney.

Zwitt looks up just as they pass.

His eyes roll back.

His body crumples to the floor.

BACK TO PRESENT

INT. ZWITT'S APARTMENT - MORNING

It's a small studio apartment with a flat screen, lounge chair, and game system in one corner.

A rattling of keys.

CLICK

The door opens and Zwitt steps through, tosses the keys aside. Shuffles

INTO HIS BEDROOM

It's small, the walls littered with magazine articles and marked maps. A mounted collage chronicles the exploits of various serial killers: Bundy, Manson, Zodiac and others.

He moves to one area of the collage, the largest section.

An article headline reads: "Another Dead; Proof Strangler is Still at Large."

ZWITT

One day, Strangler. One day I'll be up there.

BRAD (O.S.)

You're not staring at the goddamn wall again, are you?

Zwitt turns to face BRAD (late 30's), an overweight man wearing a Target employee name tag and tie.

ZWITT

What if I am?

BRAD

My ass gets fried. You know she hates it when I'm late.

Zwitt moves

OUT OF HIS BEDROOM

Towards the front door, with Brad close behind.

ZWITT

Don't you ever knock?

BRAD

The door was open. What the hell happened to you anyway?

ZWITT

Long story.

He opens the door and locks it.

ZWITT (CONT'D)

You ever consider moving out of your mom's place? Getting your own car?

BRAD

Why?

ZWITT

(scoffs)

You are such a douche.

EXT. ZWITT FAMILY HOME - EVENING

It's a two-story Victorian home, complete with white picket fence, two-car garage and a pair of pink flamingos on the lawn.

A beaten-up and faded '79 Sedan pulls into the driveway.

BANG!

A puff of smoke from the tailpipe and the car dies.

Zwitt emerges from the driver's-side.

He glances at the front door. Exhales.

ZWITT

(under breath)

Goddamn reunions.

INT. ZWITT FAMILY HOME - SAME

Inside the home is a bustle of activity, with a stampede of GRANDCHILDREN charging through the halls. It's an open floor plan that connects living room, foyer and main hall. And from the kitchen, the open floor connects to the kitchen.

UNCLE PAT (32) sits on the sofa with his beer belly and oversized glasses. AUNT GERTRUDE (35), his wife - a much thinner brunette with a 70's haircut - sits next to him.

The grandchildren charge past Pat and Gertrude, through

THE KITCHEN

KLONDIKE (47), a large-nosed man with receding hairline and wearing an old WWII uniform, stands behind the kitchen island.

BABYMAY (17), a budding girl dressed in Goth and smacking gum, leans against the fridge and flips through the latest issue of *Cosmo*.

KLONDIKE

Now I told him that moving to
Hollywood was no good, didn't I?

BabyMay lets out a sigh.

BABYMAY

We all know you did.

DING, DONG

Klondike rushes to

THE FRONT DOOR

He peeks through the peephole.

KLONDIKE

Looks like Zwitt's here.

IN THE KITCHEN

BabyMay rolls her eyes and flips to the next page.

BABYMAY

(sarcastic)

Yay us! God, we do this every damn
year.

AT THE FRONT DOOR

Klondike throws it open to reveal Zwitt standing on the other side.

KLONDIKE

Come on in son. We were starting
to worry.

ZWITT

You know me.

Zwitt enters and gives a nod to uncle Pat and aunt Gertrude in the living room.

UNCLE PAT

It's about time you got here. I was beginning to waste away.

AUNT GERTRUDE

Don't listen to him Zwitty. He's just a little cranky since the diet.

UNCLE PAT

Why'd you have to go talking about that Gertrude? You know how health conscientious I am.

AUNT GERTRUDE

I'm sorry baby.

She rubs Pat's belly.

Their eyes lock in a lustful gaze.

KLONDIKE

Isn't your friend joining us?

ZWITT

He had work today.

KLONDIKE

That's a real shame. I was hoping to meet this friend of yours.

Gertrude's finger traces the belly button peeking out from the undersized T-shirt Pat's wearing.

She jumps him in a flash.

Zwitt shields his eyes and marches into

THE KITCHEN

ZWITT

(to Klondike)

I need a drink. Where's the Scotch you keep locked away?

BABYMAY

Top right cabinet, very back.

Klondike shoots BabyMay a steely glance as he joins them.

She merely shrugs back and returns to the magazine she's flipping through.

The moaning from Pat and Gertrude gets louder.

Their shirts are off.

Klondike marches out of the kitchen.

KLONDIKE

Pat, get your ass upstairs if
you're going to do that with your
cousin.

Zwitt extracts a tall bottle of gin from the overhead
cupboards, followed by a shot glass.

He pours a shot and downs it.

He closes his eyes and slowly exhales.

BABYMAY

(to Zwitt)

Why the hell did you show up? I
didn't have a choice.

ZWITT

You haven't moved out yet?

BABYMAY

I got fired for punching my boss
last week.

Zwitt chuckles as he downs another shot. Refills.

BABYMAY (CONT'D)

What? He was being a dick.

The moaning has subsided and Klondike strolls back into the
kitchen.

KLONDIKE

I'm so sorry about that kids. But
you know what they say about young
love?

BABYMAY

It's revolting.

ZWITT

It's scars you for life.

KLONDIKE

Awe, BabyMay, there's no need to
get angry with your brother.

BabyMay's eyes narrow and she slams the magazine on the
kitchen island.

BABYMAY

Stop calling me that! It's fucking
May dad, just May!

She storms out of the kitchen, out of sight.

Zwitt downs another shot of gin. Pours again.

KLONDIKE

It feels like she's slipping away
and I don't know what to do about
it.

Zwitt's speech is slurred, his eyes glazed over.

ZWITT

Well, you could go to hell.

KLONDIKE

Are you drunk?

ZWITT

Maybe. But I feel a whooooole hell
of a lot better than I have in
ages. Got any more of this stuff?

KLONDIKE

I think you've had enough, son.

ZWITT

No, I haven't had enough.

Zwitt reaches for the bottle.

He stumbles and crashes onto the kitchen floor.

ZWITT (O.S.) (CONT'D)

Okay, maybe you're right.

Klondike helps Zwitt to his feet and slings an arm over his
shoulder.

KLONDIKE

Let's get you to the guest bedroom.
You can sleep it off.

ZWITT (CONT'D)
 (into cell, loud whisper)
 Hey, Brad, listen. I can't talk
 now.

BRAD (V.O.)
 That's bullshit, man.

ZWITT
 I think there's someone in my
 apartment.

Zwitt tip-toes to his bedroom, where he sees the STRANGLER
 (early 40's), a tall, fit African American wearing a trench
 coat with a letter "S" on the back and ski mask.

ZWITT (CONT'D)
 It's him. It's really him.

BRAD (V.O.)
 Who?

ZWITT
 (with excitement)
 The Strangler's in my apartment.
 How cool is that?!

The Strangler turns to face Zwitt, like a deer caught in the
 headlights.

ZWITT (CONT'D)
 Gotta go.

He pockets the phone as the Strangler advances.

Strangler's fingers wrap around Zwitt's throat with an iron
 grip. He squeezes.

A wild, blood-thirsty look in the killer's eyes.

STRANGLER
 Where is it?

Zwitt forces a choked response from his blue lips.

ZWITT
 I don't know.

Strangler releases his grip and backhands Zwitt, knocks him
 to the ground.

STRANGLER
 Don't play games with me kid.
 Where's my trophy box?!

Zwitt stands and massages his bruised neck.

ZWITT

I threw out everything when I moved in.

STRANGLER

You what?!

His eyes light up.

ZWITT

Holy shit! This was your apartment.

The Strangler pulls out a garrote and charges.

He grapples Zwitt. Snarls in rage.

Drags him across the floor to the open window, and onto

THE TERRACE

Zwitt beams with excitement, teary eyed.

ZWITT (CONT'D)

You have no idea how much this means to me; to have my life ended by the greatest man who ever lived.

Strangler pauses, looks at the man confused.

Zwitt pulls out his phone. Flips it open.

ZWITT (CONT'D)

(horse, broken voice)

If you could just do me one favor and record this?

Strangler drops Zwitt and backs away from the window, befuddled.

ZWITT (CONT'D)

Aren't you going to finish?

STRANGLER

You're more fucked up than I am.

ZWITT

I'm not normal.

STRANGLER

No shit.

Strangler marches to the front door.

Zwitt stands and fidgets, desperation on his face.

ZWITT
Teach me.

STRANGLER
What?

ZWITT
Teach me how to kill.

STRANGLER
What wrong with you? You're not
talking about some damn internship.
I. Am. A killer.

ZWITT
Give me a chance!

Strangler marches up to Zwitt, pulls off his ski mask.

Their eyes lock in a heated stare.

STRANGLER
You want me to push you over the
edge? You think you can kill; feel
someone's life slip away in your
bloody hands?

ZWITT
Bloody?

STRANGLER
You don't have it in you.

The Strangler puts the mask back on, marches out of the room
and slams the door shut.

Zwitt slumps onto the couch in defeat.

INT. RETAIL STORE - NIGHT

It's a smaller flow of patrons this time, as Brad meanders
through the store. He has a tissue in hand, his eyes red.

Zwitt come up from behind.

ZWITT
Brad.

Brad jumps.

Relief washes over his face as his eyes make contact with Zwitt.

He bear hugs Zwitt.

BRAD
My God, you're alive!

ZWITT
Were you crying?

Brad pulls away.

He quickly wipes away tears.

BRAD
No. How the hell are you still
alive?

ZWITT
I told him I was his biggest fan.

BRAD
No, really.

ZWITT
I hid while he ransacked the place.

Brad scoffs.

BRAD
Pussy. Oh, this came for you
yesterday.

ZWITT
You're going through my mail now?

BRAD
We've gotta look out for each other
man.

He hands Zwitt a rent notice and looks over his shoulder.

ZWITT
Shit. Damn landlord's bugging me
about the rent.

BRAD
(triumphant)
And that's why I live at home.

INT. ZWITT'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

The door handle rattles.

CLICK

Zwitt enters, with a box tucked under one arm. It's the original packaging for the sex doll, complete with how-to stick figure pictures and catchy slogans.

He flips the light switch on, tosses the box onto the couch.

ZWITT

Today couldn't get any worse.

He moves into

THE KITCHEN

Grabs a cold beer.

Goes to

THE BATHROOM

Opens the door.

BabyMay looks up from between a WOMAN's naked thighs.

The woman screams.

Zwitt shields his eyes and backs out of the bathroom, slamming the door.

BABYMAY (O.S.)

Jesus Christ, knock next time.

ZWITT

It's my bathroom.

BABYMAY (O.S.)

I don't fucking care.

Zwitt shuffles back to

THE LIVING ROOM

Slumps onto the couch and exhales.

He glances at the wall clock. It reads 10:31 p.m.

Zwitt takes a swig and leans back.

Closes his eyes.

He hears mumbled conversations going on in the bathroom, and moaning.

He puts two pillows to his ears.

INT. ZWITT'S APARTMENT - LATER

The clock reads 11:12 p.m.

The woman and BabyMay exit the bathroom.

WOMAN

It was fun. Do it again sometime?

Zwitt rolls his eyes and silently curses.

BABYMAY

You bet.

They give each other a long passionate kiss and then the woman exits. BabyMay gives Zwitt a cold stare.

He drops the pillows.

BABYMAY (CONT'D)

What the hell was that?

ZWITT

My apartment May, so get used to it.

BabyMay slumps onto the couch next to Zwitt.

BABYMAY

Well, knock next time.

ZWITT

Again, my apartment. And why aren't you home? Dad's gotta be worried sick about you.

BABYMAY

You know what it's like over there.

ZWITT

And how'd you get in anyway?

BABYMAY

YouTubed lock picking.

Zwitt gives her a disapproving look.

BABYMAY (CONT'D)
 Hey, at least I'm not the one
 fucking a doll.

Zwitt tosses the box over the back of the couch, out of sight.

ZWITT
 It's not what you think. I'm just
 borrowing it from a friend.

BABYMAY
 I could give you some tips.

Zwitt shoots up from the couch.

ZWITT
 I'm not having this conversation.
 And I'm calling dad.

BABYMAY
 Oh, come on Zwitt. Don't do this
 to me. Give me one night away from
 that hell hole.

Zwitt pauses, then turns back around to face BabyMay.

ZWITT
 Fine, but anymore bathroom shit and
 I send you packing.

BABYMAY
 Deal.

BabyMay grabs the remote and flips channels.

ZWITT
 May? Could you ever see me, I
 don't know, killing someone?

BabyMay looks at Zwitt.

The wall clock TICKS.

She bursts out laughing.

ZWITT (CONT'D)
 Calling dad.

BabyMay fights back some of the laughter.

BABYMAY
 No, no, wait. Just give me a
 second.

She stares again, but another roll of laughter escapes.

ZWITT
I'm going to bed.

He marches into his

BEDROOM

And slams the door shut. He can still hear BabyMay's laughter echo through the apartment.

INT. ZWITT'S APARTMENT - MORNING

Zwitt emerges from his bedroom fully dressed and with a backpack slung over one shoulder.

He moves to the kitchen, grabs a beer and marches into the living room.

He stops, the sex doll's box is open. Zwitt inches to the couch.

BabyMay lays naked under a blanket, spooning with the doll.

ZWITT
What the hell May?!

BabyMay yelps as she rolls off the couch and crashes to the floor.

BABYMAY
Jesus! Are you trying to give me a heart attack?

ZWITT
I said no fucking.

BABYMAY
No.

BabyMay stands, holds the blanket around her chest with one hand.

She marches up to Zwitt.

BABYMAY (CONT'D)
You said no bathroom fucking. Last night, I did it on the couch.

ZWITT
New rules: no fucking anywhere in this apartment.

BABYMAY
You're no fun.

Zwitt moves towards the door.

BABYMAY (CONT'D)
Where you going anyway?

ZWITT
Out.

BABYMAY
Let me come with you.

ZWITT
Not a chance in hell.

BabyMay positions herself between Zwitt and the apartment door.

BABYMAY
This is my one chance to live a little.

ZWITT
This isn't a joyride. I'm trying to find someone who doesn't want to be found, and it could get ugly.

BABYMAY
Don't push me Zwitt.

ZWITT
What are you going to do about--

BabyMay drops the blanket.

Zwitt turns away and shrieks.

ZWITT (CONT'D)
Christ May! I didn't need to see that.

BABYMAY
I can do this all day.

ZWITT
Alright, alright. Just put some damn clothes on. God.

She hugs Zwitt, who cringes in response.

BABYMAY
You are so much cooler than dad.

ZWITT
Naked, naked.

BabyMay pulls away, dashes past Zwitt.

INT. ZWITT'S CAR - DAY

Zwitt pulls out a map with several penned "x" markings, and examines it over the steering wheel.

BabyMay lights up a cigar.

BABYMAY
So who are we tracking?

ZWITT
The Strangler.

She gags on the cigar fumes.

BABYMAY
Are you out of your mind?

ZWITT
(sarcastic)
Yeah, that's it. I'm out of my
fucking mind.

BABYMAY
Then why?

ZWITT
You remember when I asked you that
questions last night? I can't keep
being a nobody with this name and I
need a little "how-to" guidance.

She stares back, her hand slightly shaking. Takes another puff.

ZWITT (CONT'D)
I need to know how you're handling
this.

She lets out a long, slow exhale.

BABYMAY
It's not everyday you find out your
brother's a killer.

ZWITT
Aspiring killer.

BABYMAY
 Whatever. This is big.
 (pause)
 Just drive.

EXT. STREET - CONTINUOUS

Zwitt's Sedan pulls onto the road and merges with traffic.

EXT. GAS STATION - NIGHT

The Sedan is parked in front of pump three with Zwitt leaning against the trunk.

He glances at his watch, and then back at the rapidly climbing digital numbers on the pump.

BabyMay emerges from the gas station, distracted. Strolls up to Zwitt.

BABYMAY
 Let's do this.

ZWITT
 You sure?

BABYMAY
 Yeah. It's actually kind of hot.

She leans in close.

ZWITT
 What the hell are you doing?

BabyMay reels back, embarrassed.

BABYMAY
 God, living at home's really fucked me up. We better get going.

She circles back around to the front passenger side.

BABYMAY (CONT'D)
 How do you plan on finding this guy?

He reaches into the car and retrieves the map, tosses it to her. It bears the same lines-and-dot "W" shape that was on the map in his room. A point is circled just below the letter and labeled "Wymont."

BABYMAY (CONT'D)
 What's Wymont?

CLICK

Zwitt pulls the nozzle from his car with a victory smile.

EXT. FREEWAY - NIGHT

Zwitt's Sedan races down a long stretch of forgotten highway.
 The moonlight overhead illuminates patches of pavement.

INT. ZWITT'S CAR - CONTINUOUS

Hard rock plays in the background as BabyMay puffs on her cigar.

She flips to another page in her magazine.

BABYMAY
 So, you really think your plan's
 going to work?

ZWITT
 All those abnormal psychology
 courses I took in college talked
 about it. Killers like him are
 practically addicted to their
 trophies.

BABYMAY
 You're forgetting one thing.

ZWITT
 What's that?

BABYMAY
 You've never been good at poker.

ZWITT
 I have to try.

Zwitt's grip on the steering wheel tightens as he gazes at
 the black night ahead.

BabyMay looks at her brother for a minute, and then turns
 down the radio.

BABYMAY
 Why?

ZWITT

Why what?

He glances in her direction. She lifts an eyebrow in expectation.

ZWITT (CONT'D)

You know why.

BABYMAY

Yeah, heard your bullshit story this morning. I want the truth.

Zwitt exhales. Fidgets.

ZWITT

I hate 'em, May. I hate them all. The rich-ass CEO to the bum on the street who looked at me funny.

Lights from oncoming traffic the next lane over, followed by raindrops on the window.

BABYMAY

I get it: you're mad. Just be careful.

He nods and she spots the switchblade nestled in the empty ashtray. She picks it up and smiles.

BABYMAY (CONT'D)

I didn't know you still had this. Mom gave this to you like, what, sixteen years ago? God, seems like forever ago.

ZWITT

Put it down.

BABYMAY

Oh, come on, I'm just looking at it.

ZWITT

Drop the fucking knife!

BABYMAY

Okay, okay!

She sets the knife pack in the ash tray.

BABYMAY (CONT'D)

Jesus, you don't have to get all bitchy about it.

BabyMay leans her head against the window, turned away from Zwitt in defeat.

ZWITT

Sorry May. I just don't have the same fond memories you do.

EXT. WYMONT ESTATE - MORNING

BabyMay and Zwitt stroll up to the front steps of a faded, boarded up and run-down three-story house.

Both have beads of perspiration running down their foreheads.

BABYMAY

(between breaths)

Remind me again why we dumped the car?

ZWITT

We can't chance Strangler spotting us until we're ready. You brought the camera?

She nods and bends down, takes a breath.

ZWITT (CONT'D)

Just look at it?

BABYMAY

Yeah, I am and it's a piece of shit.

ZWITT

It's beautiful. Here the most prolific serial killer of the 21st century drew first blood.

Zwitt wipes away a fresh tear.

ZWITT (CONT'D)

This is holy ground.

She rolls her eyes and follows Zwitt up the steps.

He turns the knob. It doesn't budge.

He tries again, muscling it as much as possible.

Nothing.

BabyMay kicks the door open.

Horror on Zwitt's face. His skin pale white.

ZWITT (CONT'D)
Oh my God, May! Why the fuck did
you do that?! Why?!!

BabyMay rolls her eyes.

BABYMAY
You really want to piss and moan
about this all day? The he could
show up any minute.

ZWITT
(mumbles in shock)
But, how could you? Why would you?

BABYMAY
Jesus Christ. You really are a
pussy.

She marches in.

Zwitt swallows. His trembling legs carry him up the steps
and inside.

INT. WYMONT ESTATE - NIGHT

Streams of moonlight cascading through grime-covered windows
illuminate the scuffed wooden floors, cobwebs and abandoned
furniture.

BabyMay sits on one of the couches, camera in hand. She
slams the data cartridge in the bottom and pulls out a rag.

Zwitt, now with his color back, paces behind the couch.

She wipes down the lens. He stops.

ZWITT
Well I'll be damned.

BABYMAY
What?

Zwitt moves to a faded white line on the floor to the left.

He brushes the dust. More white line is visible.

ZWITT
It's still here.

Zwitt finishes cleaning the dust, grins from ear to ear.

A faded chalk outline of two corpses.

BabyMay glances over the arm of the couch, shrugs and goes back to wiping down the camera.

ZWITT (CONT'D)
I still remember reading the
article. The precision. The
sheer brutality.

A pair of headlights on the far end of the thirty yard driveway.

BABYMAY
Zwitt?

ZWITT
The old couple never had a chance.

Twenty yards.

BABYMAY
Zwitt.

He scowls at his sister.

ZWITT
What?!

BABYMAY
I think we're out of time.

Zwitt moves to the window.

The headlights are less than ten yards away.

BABYMAY AND ZWITT
(together)
Shit.

They scramble inside a coat closet facing the living room, leaving the door open a slight crack.

EXT. WYMONT ESTATE - NIGHT

The car comes to a sliding halt in front of the steps.

The Strangler exits the vehicle and moves to the trunk.

He yanks it open revealing an OLD WOMAN with viscous, beady eyes and duct tape on her mouth.

She struggles to fight, but he throws her over his shoulders like a sack of potatoes.

STRANGLER
Keep bitching and I'll make it worse for you.

INT. WYMONT ESTATE - CONTINUOUS

The Strangler throws the old woman on the floor.

INSIDE COAT CLOSET

BabyMay rips open a bag of Twizzlers.

BABYMAY
This oughtta be good.

Zwitt pulls out a pad of paper and pen.

IN LIVING ROOM

Strangler rips the duct tape of his victim's face.

OLD WOMAN
How dare you treat me like a this, you brown devil child.

She kicks him in the knee.

He snarls back in rage, back-hands her.

STRANGLER
(under his breath)
You try to be nice.

The Strangler wraps his hands around the woman's throat and squeezes.

Her skin shifts from wrinkled pink to blue. Her legs rapidly flail up and down. The flailing weakens.

INSIDE COAT CLOSET

ZWITT
(in loud whisper)
Take it now. Now May!

BABYMAY
What? Sorry, I was a little distracted.

She pulls out the camera and aims.

CLICK

Followed by a flash.

IN LIVING ROOM

The Strangler glares at the closet.

BabyMay and Zwitt's heated whispers can be heard outside the closet.

BABYMAY (O.S.) (CONT'D)
Shit.

ZWITT (O.S.)
I told you not to have the flash
on.

The killer drops the woman.

She gasps for breath as the Strangler marches towards the closet.

INSIDE COAT CLOSET

ZWITT (CONT'D)
Ah, fuck. Hide the memory card.
Hurry!

BabyMay pops open the memory slot, and drops the card down the front of her shirt.

The closet door swings open.

BabyMay gives an awkward wave.

BABYMAY
Hi.

Strangler spots Zwitt, his eyes go wide.

STRANGLER
You!

ZWITT
Now, just here me out.

The Strangler grabs Zwitt.

IN LIVING ROOM

He throws him across the room, over the couch.

Zwitt scrambles to his feet.

Strangler closes in, BabyMay steps out of the closet.

The old woman grabs her arm as she tries to sit up.

OLD WOMAN
Damn heart attacks.

The Strangler circles Zwitt like a hawk.

The old woman gasps and cringes.

STRANGLER
This isn't an internship. I warned
you.

The woman falls back on the floor, inert and not breathing.

Zwitt swallows hard, stays put.

ZWITT
I lied.

STRANGLER
What are you talking about?

ZWITT
I've got them all tucked away in a
box, safe and sound. You want to
see them again? Then you'll take
me on as your protege.

STRANGLER
And what if I beat it out of ya?

ZWITT
Then May speed dials 911.

BabyMay's eyes go wide.

BABYMAY
What the fuck Zwitt? Why are you
bringing me into this?

ZWITT
The second you kill me, you'll have
cops on your ass faster than you
can say "holy shit."

STRANGLER
(taunts)
Holy shit.

ZWITT

I'm serious! If you ever want to see them again, you'll do it.

The CHIRPING of crickets outside as Strangler stares with a look that could kill.

BabyMay bites her lip, nervous.

STRANGLER

Fine, tit...

ZWITT

It's Zwitt.

STRANGLER

Or whatever the hell your name is, you've got yourself a trainer. But if you can't convince me you're a killer by the end of the month, deals off.

Zwitt swallows hard.

Strangler turns and sees the old lady's body on the floor. He checks for a pulse, snarls in rage.

STRANGLER (CONT'D)

That was my kill, goddamnit! My kill!!

He turns and charges Zwitt.

Zwitt rapidly back up.

ZWITT

Do it May.

May pulls out her phone.

STRANGLER

Wait!

The Strangler stops, seething. He glances at both.

STRANGLER (CONT'D)

I'll behave, you little shits. But sleep with one eye open, both of you.

He turns and marches over to the corpse.

Grumbling under his breath, he drags the body out of the house.

INT. WYMONT ESTATE - MORNING

Zwitt lays on the couch, poker in hand and drooling on the cushions.

The Strangler tip-toes up from behind the couch and pulls out a garrote.

A battle cry breaks the silence.

CRUNCH!

Strangler crumples to the floor face up.

BabyMay stands over the killer holding a dented and cracked waffle-maker.

STRANGLER

What's wrong with you?! Crazy bitch.

BABYMAY

Don't touch my brother.
(to Zwitt)
Zwitt.

Zwitt snores louder.

She grabs the poker from his hands and swats her brother hard.

He cries in pain and rolls off the couch.

BABYMAY (CONT'D)

You alright?

ZWITT

No, I'm not alright! I think you broke something.

Zwitt staggers to his feet, rubs his arm.

He spots Strangler on the floor.

ZWITT (CONT'D)

Why's he on the floor?

BABYMAY

Strangler here tried taking you out.

ZWITT

And you stopped him?

BABYMAY

Jesus Zwitt. You're trying to be a world-class killer, remember?

ZWITT

Yeah, but May, but it's the Strangler.

BABYMAY

It's kill or be killed. You can't have it both ways.

Zwitt sighs.

ZWITT

Sadly, you've got a point...
(to Strangler)
When do we start?

INT. STRANGLER'S VAN - LATER

Strangler sits behind the wheel with BabyMay on the passenger side in a low-cut tank top.

Zwitt is hunched in the back, head poking out from between the two front seats.

Visible through the windshield is an abandoned parking lot nestled next to a small park. The park's equally vacant, with the exception of MR. GRUMPUS, an elderly gentleman with horn-rimmed glasses and holding a brown paper bag.

ZWITT

What are we doing here?

STRANGLER

It's an assessment, tit. I want to see you in action.

ZWITT

It's Zwitt!

STRANGLER

You giving me lip, smart-ass?
'Cause if you are, I swear to God I will crash this fucking van and kill us all.

ZWITT

It's just...

STRANGLER

Just what?!

ZWITT

Fuck it. Who's the target?

The Strangler points to Mr. Grampus.

As the pigeons feed on bread crumbs, Mr. Grampus shifts his glasses and pulls a polished pebble from the bag.

With a bloodthirsty glint in his eye, he hurls the pebble.

It strikes one of the birds in the head.

The pigeon wobbles away from the bread crumbs in pain and disoriented.

Grampus throws another one, cackling as the pebble strikes.

The bird falls to the ground dead.

Zwitt nods and exhales.

ZWITT (CONT'D)

I can do this.

He opens the van's sliding door.

BabyMay swats his ass.

BABYMAY

Go kill some peeps.

He hops out and slides the door shut.

EXT. PARK - CONTINUOUS

Grampus continues bludgeoning the birds.

MR. GRUMPUS

Die my pretties, die.

Zwitt moves in from behind, each step drawn out and calculated.

INT. STRANGLER'S VAN - SAME

BABYMAY

Come on Zwitt, move your ass.

STRANGLER

Is he trying to get caught?

Strangler groans and rests his head on the wheel.

EXT. PARK - CONTINUOUS

Zwitt's switchblade POPS open.

Grampus pulls out a jagged, off-colored pebble from his bag.

The old man scowls.

Zwitt closes in.

Grampus viscously chucks the pebble over his shoulder.

SMACK!

Zwitt drops the knife and lets out a shriek. He covers his left eye.

ZWITT
Son of a bitch!

INT. STRANGLER'S VAN - SAME

BabyMay cringes.

BABYMAY
That's gotta hurt.

STRANGLER
What?

The Strangler looks up.

STRANGLER (CONT'D)
Idiot.

EXT. PARK - CONTINUOUS

Zwitt turns to pick up his knife.

The old man stands and does a full wind-up with his bag.

ZWITT
What the hell did I ever do to you?

WHACK!

The bag makes contact with Zwitt's face, and splits.

The remaining pigeons scatter as they're pelted by a storm of pebbles.

Zwitt falls to the ground, landing on his knife.

It impales his thigh and he howls in pain.

MR. GRUMPUS
Take that you good-for-nothing
transient.

He spits in Zwitt's one good eye and kicks him in the gut.

Zwitt rolls to his side as the cackling of the departing Mr. Grumpus rings in his ears.

INT. STRANGLER'S VAN - CONTINUOUS

BabyMay watches with disappointment. Zwitt struggles to stand.

STRANGLER
I'm out. There is no fucking way I
can teach this kid anything, not in
a million damn years.

Zwitt continues walking back with a dejected poise.

He wipes a tear from his one good eye.

STRANGLER (CONT'D)
Burn the trophies for all I care.
I'm not wasting my time on your
brother. Nuns are better killers.

Zwitt approaches the van.

BabyMay grabs the Strangler's crotch and squeezes.

He lets out a high-pitched scream.

His back is pressed against the seat, his knuckles clenched white and his teeth bare.

BABYMAY
You're not going to fuck this up
for him. You hear me?

STRANGLER
He's doing that all by himself.

She twists, hard.

His eyes water.

STRANGLER (CONT'D)
Jesus Christ! Fine. Anything!

The van door slides open.

She lets go and the Strangler crumples forward.

Zwitt slams the door shut behind him and lays on the back seat, his back facing BabyMay and Strangler.

BABYMAY
(to Zwitt)
Better luck next time, right?

Strangler laughs.

STRANGLER
Yeah, when hell freezes over. A geezer kicked his white ass.

BabyMay glares at Strangler, slowly pumping her hands in a squeezing motion.

He immediately stops laughing. Clears his throat.

STRANGLER (CONT'D)
I think we'll call it a night.

ZWITT
Just go.

Strangler starts the van.

He briefly glances at BabyMay's exposed cleavage with a smile.

EXT. ZWITT FAMILY HOME - NIGHT

Strangler's van pulls up to the curb.

The side door slides open and BabyMay moves to the back.

A look of empathy on Strangler's face as he listens.

BABYMAY
So you lost another one; big deal.
It doesn't mean I'm not proud of
you. Always have been.

She hops out of the van and slides the door closed.

UNCLE PAT (O.S.)
BabyMay! BabyMay!

Uncle Pat comes running down the walkway with the speed of a tortoise, all the while breaking a sweat.

Aunt Gertrude emerges from the house.

AUNT GERTRUDE
Thank the Lord.

She also breaks into a run, passes Uncle Pat.

BABYMAY
(under her breath)
Damn it!

The Strangler's van pulls away from the house and onto the street.

Gertrude smothers BabyMay with a hug.

AUNT GERTRUDE
We thought you'd been taken from us.

BABYMAY
Calm down for God's sake. I'm fine.

Uncle Pat finally makes it to BabyMay, out of breath and with sweaty armpits.

He swallows hard and points a finger at the departing van.

UNCLE PAT
Did that man rape you?

BABYMAY
What?! No.

UNCLE PAT
Because if he did, I will kick him in the ass. In. The. Ass.

Klondike joins the three.

KLONDIKE
There's no need for cussing, especially on the Sabbath...
(to Pat and Gertrude)
Supper's on the table.

Pat and Gertrude head back into the house.

KLONDIKE (CONT'D)
Where were you young lady and who was that man?

BABYMAY

I was with Zwitt. And the guy in the van was nobody. God, would you please not put me on trial every time I live a little?

KLONDIKE

I can't do that BabyMay. I'm your father and I need to know you're okay.

BABYMAY

I'm fine.

She moves towards the house.

KLONDIKE

I found lascivious magazines and devil's music under your bed. You know how I feel...

BABYMAY

You went in my room?! Alright dad, you wanna know what your little girl's been doing? I'll tell you.

She marches up to Klondike, a fierceness in her stare.

BABYMAY (CONT'D)

He's my boyfriend and we fucked all night long, every goddamn night without a condom. Happy now? Just stay out of my life!

She turns back towards the house and marches even faster.

KLONDIKE

Where are you going?

BABYMAY

To bed!

KLONDIKE

You better be going alone!

BabyMay enters the house and slams the door behind.

Klondike exhales in frustration, and stares up at the star-filled sky.

INT. ZWITT'S APARTMENT - MORNING

Zwitt sits on the couch with gauze taped over his wounded eye and watching "Nightmare on Elm Street."

On the floor is the sex doll, deflated with his switchblade in the its forehead.

DING, DONG

He turns up the volume.

CRASH!

The door comes flying in, Zwitt jumps.

The Strangler steps through with an annoyed scowl.

STRANGLER

It's time you quit pissing in the corner and we start training.

ZWITT

Yeah, train me? You saw what happened.

Strangler moves up to Zwitt, inches from the man's face.

STRANGLER

You're the one who approached me, remember? You and that hot sister of yours cornered me and now after wasting my time, you're just going to walk away? The hell you are tit! I'm going to make you into a killer, the likes of which this fucking world has never seen.

ZWITT

You think my sister's hot?

He slaps Zwitt upside the head.

ZWITT (CONT'D)

Goddammit, that hurt.

STRANGLER

Focus!

LANDLORD (O.S.)

My apartment!

They both turn and see LANDLORD, a wrinkled-faced old woman wearing a hair net standing under the door frame.

ZWITT

This isn't as bad as it looks.

She carefully scales the broken door until she's next to Zwitt.

LANDLORD

Your check bounced for the third time. Where's my money! And who's going to pay for that?!

She points to the busted door.

ZWITT

(to Strangler)

Give me just a minute.

STRANGLER

Fine. I'll be downstairs. You've got five minutes until I start butchering Main Street wholesale style.

He stomps out of the apartment.

ZWITT

You can take it out of my deposit. And I'll get the check to you by the end of the week.

LANDLORD

No checks! Cash.

She notices the deflated doll and her lips curl in disgust.

LANDLORD (CONT'D)

What is it with you teenagers, huh? You people can't have sex like a normal person?

ZWITT

It isn't what you think.

She grabs him by the ear and pulls.

Zwitt squeals in pain.

Her eyes are inches from his, nose to nose.

LANDLORD

Listen to me good. I'll have that money by the end of the week, and you'll have no more of your orgies, crack parties, or whatever you good-for-nothing kids do nowadays. Got it?

Zwitt nods.

She releases and storms out.

EXT. WOODS - DAY

Zwitt's dressed in sweats, with a bandanna around his head. He jogs in place and pumps his arms Rocky style, while the Strangler watches from a stump a few feet away.

STRANGLER

Who the hell are you trying to be? Goddamn Ali? This is killer training, not boxing.

ZWITT

Sorry, I just thought...

STRANGLER

You know what your problem is, tit? You've got shit for brains. Stop it!

Zwitt reluctantly desists.

ZWITT

What's first?

STRANGLER

First, we're going to get you in shape.

Strangler pulls out a cattle-prod.

Zwitt's eye go wide as electricity CRACKLES at the prod's end.

ZWITT

What's that for?

STRANGLER

You'll run in a circle around the edge of this clearing, until I say stop. And if you slow down...

He jabs Zwitt in the ass with the cattle prod.

Zwitt yelps in pain.

ZWITT
Jesus Christ, man!

STRANGLER
Now, get your mama's boy ass
moving.

Zwitt jogs.

MONTAGE - ZWIIT'S PHYSICAL TRAINING

-- Zwitt makes his first lap around the clearing.

-- He struggles to perform a push-up, with Strangler screaming in his ear.

-- Another lap, but this time with sweaty armpits and struggling to continue.

-- Zwitt slowly performs a pull-up on a tree branch. Strangler jabs him in the side with the cattle prod and he falls.

-- Zwitt slows down on his lap. Strangler brandishes the cattle prod and Zwitt picks up speed.

INT. WYMONT ESTATE - EVENING

Strangler sits on the couch, reading an issue of *Time Magazine*.

He's surrounded by four BODIES, all elderly, and all strangled.

The sound of a shower down the hall.

STRANGLER
When's your sister coming with that
food? I'm starving.

ZWITT (V.O.)
She's only been here a couple of
times. Give her a few minutes.

A car can be heard pulling up outside, followed by the driver's-side door slamming shut.

CLICK

BabyMay enters, carrying a bag of groceries.

Her eyes light up as she sees the bodies scattered across the living room floor.

BABYMAY
Please tell me this was him.

STRANGLER
Nope. Yours truly.

His eyes wander to her breasts.

BABYMAY
Are you staring at my breasts?

Strangler scoffs and goes back to his magazine.

STRANGLER
I wouldn't think twice about them
tiny nobs.

BABYMAY
Good.

The shower shuts off.

She turns and moves back to the kitchen with a smile on her face.

Zwitt emerges from the hall; a changed man in a towel.

He's no Schwarzenegger, but he's now toned, with inches of firmed muscle and a four pack.

BABYMAY (CONT'D)
I don't know if anyone wants
spaghetti, but...

BabyMay comes to a halt.

Her eyes wide, glued to her brother's naked chest. She reaches out and touches his pecks.

BABYMAY (CONT'D)
Oh my God, look at you! You've got
muscle and you look amazing. It's
enough to make a girl...

She bites her lip as she traces his pecks with her finger.

Zwitt pulls away.

ZWITT
A little weird sis.

She briskly walks away.

Zwitt steps around the bodies frozen in odd movie-watching poses by the rigor mortis.

ZWITT (CONT'D)
What's next?

STRANGLER
Combat maneuvers.

ZWITT
I got that shit down.

STRANGLER
Really Einstein? Do you remember what happened on that test run?

ZWITT
That was just bad luck.

The Strangler tosses the magazine aside and stands.

STRANGLER
Come at me.

ZWITT
What?

STRANGLER
I said take that little-ass knife of yours and come at me.

ZWITT
No way, man. I'm not killing my hero.

STRANGLER
Believe me, you ain't killing me, white boy. I've got gold fish that can kill better than you.

Zwitt's brow furrows.

ZWITT
You've made your point.

STRANGLER
You really woke up this morning thinking you were any fucking different?

(MORE)

STRANGLER (CONT'D)

You're the same sorry shit you see
in the mirror every morning.

Zwitt howls in rage and charges, knife at the ready.

He slashes.

Strangler dodges.

Another wild slash.

He counters with a gut punch.

Follows with a haymaker and knocks Zwitt to the floor.

His switchblade slides out of reach.

STRANGLER (CONT'D)

Get up!

Zwitt struggles to his hands and knees.

ZWITT

I am.

STRANGLER

Do you want this?

ZWITT

Yes.

STRANGLER

Really? 'Cause from where I'm
standing, your month's up and you
haven't convinced me of shit.

ZWITT

I've changed.

STRANGLER

Then get off the damn floor and
fight!

Zwitt locks eyes with Strangler.

A flash of frustration, anger. Zwitt shouts and charges.
Swings.

Strangler blocks, grips Zwitt's clenched fist in his own.

Zwitt throws his free hand forward, fingers ready to claw.

Strangler's own free hand snatches the attacking wrist and
twists.

Zwitt's teeth clench in pain.

STRANGLER (CONT'D)

I hope you've got something better
than this lame-ass excuse for an
attack.

Zwitt head-butts.

Strangler releases, stunned.

Zwitt stumbles back on the floor.

ZWITT

Shit, that hurt!

Strangler wipes a small line of blood away from his forehead.

BabyMay jogs out of the kitchen.

BABYMAY

What the hell's going? I'm trying
to cook.

ZWITT

(to Strangler)

Is that all you got? give me
something that's a challenge.

The Strangler wipes another line of blood from the small cut
on his forehead.

He stares, then gives a scheming smile. Chuckles.

ZWITT (CONT'D)

What's so funny?

Zwitt struggles onto the couch, grimaces in pain.

STRANGLER

You. I never would have guessed
it, but Zwitt's got some teeth
after all. Maybe there's something
I can do with you after all.

BabyMay beams with pride.

Zwitt looks confused.

ZWITT

What did you call me?

STRANGLER

Zwitt. That is your name, isn't it?

Strangler tosses aside one of the corpses and takes a seat next to Zwitt.

BabyMay jogs back into

THE KITCHEN

She rummages through the cabinets and finds a dusty bottle of wine. Grabs it and heads back to

THE LIVING ROOM

ZWITT

So, you do think I'm ready?

STRANGLER

There's just one thing left to do.

ZWITT

Buy a shit load of weapons?

STRANGLER

What? No.

ZWITT

Build my own basement torture chamber?

STRANGLER

What does that have to do with...?

ZWITT

Get a new set of killer clothes.

STRANGLER

Zwitt! You're starting to piss me off again. Would you just shut the fuck up and let me talk?

ZWITT

Sorry. I guess I got a little excited.

BabyMay walks back into the living room with three flutes and the bottle of wine open.

STRANGLER

What's this?

BABYMAY
I figured this calls for a little
celebration.

ZWITT
(looks at bottle)
Uh, May?

She sets the flutes on the dust laced coffee table and pours
until the flutes are full.

BABYMAY
Relax. It was already here.

She hands the Strangler his flute, their hands briefly brush
as the glass is passed.

Their eyes lock for a split second.

She tosses the other corpse aside and takes a seat on the
couch, wine-filled flute in hand.

ZWITT
(to Strangler)
What's the last thing I need to do?

STRANGLER
(to Zwitt)
You have to realize who it is you
want to be killing and how.

ZWITT
How'd you decide?

STRANGLER
That's inspiration only you can
find, Zwitt. Sleep on it.

Zwitt downs the wine and stands.

ZWITT
I'm heading off to bed. 'Night.

BABYMAY
'Night.

He moves around the couch and disappears down the hall.

Strangler finishes his wine and pours another glass.

BabyMay slides over closer.

BABYMAY (CONT'D)
So, what was your inspiration?

He lifts an eyebrow.

EXT. WYMONT ESTATE - NIGHT

Zwitt straddles a window seal of an open bedroom window on the second floor of the rotted building.

He leans against the frame and stares at the star-filled sky.

ZWITT (V.O.)
I didn't get a lot of sleep that night. I pictured every person who'd ever pissed me off, but not a single spark of inspiration. So I broke down and prayed.

SNAP!

The rotted wood beneath Zwitt snaps and he plummets to the ground.

Zwitt slowly stands and hobbles back towards the front door of the house.

ZWITT (V.O.)
Yep, God gave me the cosmic "Fuck You." Little dipshit.

INT. WYMONT ESTATE - CONTINUOUS

The front door CREAKS open.

Zwitt hobbles over the threshold and moves towards the hallway.

Stops, looks back at the fireplace.

A sliver of moonlight that breaks through the grime covered windows, reflects off a metal object buried in the soot.

Zwitt grimaces and kneels.

Digs up a tarnished locket. Opens it. A young Ms. Wymont.

ZWITT (V.O.)
That's when my inspiration came, when I knew I was destined to kill every stuck up, well-to-do, Barbie wanna be.

He snaps the locket closed, smile of victory on his face.

INT. WYMONT ESTATE - MORNING

Zwitt emerges from his bedroom and shuffles into

THE KITCHEN

HE wears boxers and has frizzed hair. He yawns and opens the fridge.

BabyMay strolls into the kitchen with a bounce in her step and a smile on her face. She's wearing only a T-shirt that comes down to her mid-thighs.

BABYMAY

Take the shirt off.

ZWITT

Considering last night, hell no.

BABYMAY

Come on, Zwitt. Don't be such an ass. I need to test something.

The Strangler walks in wearing just a robe.

He gives BabyMay a wink and moves to the fridge. Zwitt's mouth drops.

ZWITT

God, you didn't May.

STRANGLER

I tell ya, she's an erotic spitfire in bed.

ZWITT

Stop! I don't want to hear about it, ever.

He retrieves a beer from the fridge and moves to the kitchen table. The Strangler follows suit.

BabyMay glares at Zwitt, arms folded and clearly agitated.

BABYMAY

(to Zwitt)

Take it off.

ZWITT

In a sec...

(to Strangler)

I was up all night, but I think I've found that inspiration.

Zwitt pulls the locket out of a boxer pocket and hands it to Strangler.

The killer flips it open and whistles.

STRANGLER

Old Mrs. Wymont sure was a fox back
in the day.

ZWITT

And I know just the bitch to kill
first.

The Strangler stands with a smile and takes a swig.

STRANGLER

In that case, we better get
started.

He gives BabyMay a kiss and goes back into the bedroom.

Zwitt takes a swig.

BabyMay still glares.

ZWITT

Alright, alright. Christ, you're
pushy.

He stands and removes his shirt.

Her smile slowly fades.

BABYMAY

Goddammit!

She marches out of the kitchen.

EXT. RESTAURANT ALLEY - AFTERNOON

The Blond, the same tall girl Zwitt attacked in the parking garage, jabbars on the phone in Hooters attire, cigarette in hand.

ACROSS THE STREET

Strangler sits on a bench, faces the alley.

Zwitt strolls

IN THE ALLEY

Blond takes another puff and exhales.

BLOND
 (into cell)
 Yeah, I know. Bad pedicures are a
 social injustice.

Zwitt ducks into the alley.

He approaches, poorly using trash bins and passed out
 drunkards as cover.

Blond takes another puff, smile on her face.

BLOND (CONT'D)
 O.M.G. You're shitting me. There
 is no way Alexis is straight.
 Trust me, I would know.

Her smile fades, spots Zwitt.

BLOND (CONT'D)
 (into cell)
 I've gotta go...
 (hangs up)
 You?

Zwitt casually emerges from behind a trash bin.

ZWITT
 You remember me.

BLOND
 You're the pervert who's ass I
 kicked.

ZWITT
 That's not quite what happened.
 And I'm not a pervert. Get it
 through your aerosol filled brain!

ACROSS THE STREET

Strangler grumbles.

STRANGLER
 What'S he waiting for?

IN THE ALLEY

BLOND
 (to Zwitt)
 Whatever.

She flicks the cigarette in Zwitt's face.

BLOND (CONT'D)
Break's over.

The Blond laughs and turns.

ZWITT
(under his breath)
You're not walking away.

Zwitt lunges forward, draws his switchblade.

The Blond whips around and grabs a bag of garbage.

Swings.

He dodges and knocks the bag from her hand.

Blond responds with a brutal right-hook.

She runs.

Zwitt tackles the woman to the ground.

She screams for help.

Passing pedestrians continue to walk.

Others pause for a second, glance at the alley, shrug their shoulders.

He pins her in a headlock and POPS the knife's blade open.

ACROSS THE STREET

Strangler is on the edge of his seat.

STRANGLER
You got the bitch now.

IN THE ALLEY

Zwitt moves the blade to her neck as she struggles against his vice-like grapple.

Zwitt shifts, and glances at the knife.

He bites his lip and glances back at the Blond.

ACROSS THE STREET

The Strangler's on his feet, shouting at the top of his lungs, sportsman-like.

STRANGLER (CONT'D)

Awe, c'mon! What are you waiting for? Slit the bitch's throat!

IN THE ALLEY

Zwitt shifts, adjusts his hold on the knife. Exhales.

The blade slices skin.

Draws blood.

Zwitt's eyes roll back and he crumples to the ground.

INT. WYMONT ESTATE - EVENING

Zwitt lies on the couch as Strangler paces next to him.

BabyMay emerges from the kitchen, glass of water in hand.

BABYMAY

You need to let him rest.

STRANGLER

He ain't resting until get some damn answers.

She hands the glass to Strangler.

He splashes it on Zwitt's face.

Zwitt bolts upright.

ZWITT

Sweet Jesus! I'm up, I'm up.

STRANGLER

What the hell was that?

ZWITT

What was what?

STRANGLER

You had the bitch where you wanted her, you had the advantage. Why did you fucking hesitate?!

ZWITT

I'll do better next time.

STRANGLER

Next time doesn't cut it. I want a answer and I want it now!

Zwitt shifts, glances away from the Strangler for a moment.

ZWITT
I'm afraid of blood.

STRANGLER
You're what?!

ZWITT
You heard me the first time! I
faint at the sight of it; have for
years.

The Strangler gives an ironic chuckle.

STRANGLER
And you didn't think it was
important to let me in on this
fact?

ZWITT
I thought...

The Strangler grabs Zwitt, throws him to the floor.

BabyMay moves forward.

Strangler raises a hand and motions for her to stay put.

Zwitt struggles to his knees, but killer viscously kicked to
the ground just as quick.

BABYMAY
That's enough Strangler! He gets
it.

STRANGLER
You didn't think Zwitt! You blind-
sided me and wasted my goddamn
time.

ZWITT
(coughs up a response)
I'm sorry.

He kicks Zwitt again, cracks a lip and draws blood.

Strangler picks him up and pins him against the wall.

Zwitt groans in pain, his eyes teary.

STRANGLER
You going to cry?!

ZWITT

No.

STRANGLER

Listen up, and listen real fucking good. All the training in the world can't save your sorry ass Zwitt. Where's my damn trophies?

Strangler punches Zwitt hard in the gut.

STRANGLER (CONT'D)

Where?!

Zwitt coughs up blood as he struggles to respond.

ZWITT

(between pained breaths)
I lied.

STRANGLER

You told me already.

ZWITT

No, I mean, I lied. I threw it out with the trash.

Strangler's eye wild with rage and he punches Zwitt again.

Zwitt crumples to the floor.

Strangler moves in for a killing blow.

BABYMAY (O.S.)

Stop!

The killer stares at BabyMay, who has her phone out and button hovers over the keypad.

BABYMAY (CONT'D)

I swear, one more strike motherfucker, and I will speed dial your ass to prison. Now back off!

STRANGLER

Fine, stick with this loser if you want.

He pulls out the previously hidden memory card, snaps it in half and tosses the broken pieces next to Zwitt's writhing body. Storms out of the house.

BabyMay rushes over to Zwitt, who's curled up in the fetal position and sobbing.

She drops to her knees.

ZWITT
I wanted it so bad, May, but I
fucked it up.

The sound of a car peeling away from the house.

A crack of lightning.

BABYMAY
I know.

BLACK SCREEN

INT. APARTMENT COMPLEX CORRIDOR - DAY

Zwitt shuffles along the faded carpet floor, bloody lip
matched with a black eye.

He makes it to his apartment and stops.

A pink slip is taped to a new door.

ZWITT
What the hell?

He rips it off and reads the eviction notice.

Zwitt crumples the paper, kicks the door in rage.

EXT. WYMONT ESTATE - DAY

The entire premise is a bustle of police activity with yellow
tape barriers, flashing squad car lights and uniformed search
teams with dogs.

Another squad car pulls up and DETECTIVE POOLE (late 50's), a
silver-haired, mustached man steps out.

He exhales and slams the door shut.

The detective spits a wad of chewed tobacco onto the grass
and shuffles over to a lankier policeman by the name of
LIEUTENANT DICKY (30).

LIEUTENANT DICKY
Poole.

DETECTIVE POOLE
Dicky.

Poole pops another wad of tobacco in his mouth.

DETECTIVE POOLE (CONT'D)
Why drag me out here in the middle
of the night?

LIEUTENANT DICKY
We got a call from neighbors who
said they saw lights on the past
few weeks. Even a few cars coming
in and out of the driveway. They
figured it was frat parties or
transients.

DETECTIVE POOLE
Figured?

Dicky reaches into his jacket pocket and tosses Poole a
plastic bag holding a severed hand.

Poole grimaces as he turns it over.

LIEUTENANT DICKY
One of their dogs came home with
that.

DETECTIVE POOLE
Jesus, how long have you had this
in your pocket?

Dicky shrugs, motions for Poole to toss the bag over.

Dogs go wild and BARK at the base of a tree.

FEMALE OFFICER (O.S.)
We've got something!

Poole tosses the bagged hand to Dicky and dashes past the
yellow tape, up the lawn.

He finally reaches the tree, out of breath.

Officers furiously dig while others hold the dogs back.

Finally, they uncover the face of an elderly gentleman; one
of Strangler's victims.

EXT. WYMONT ESTATE - LATER

Several body bags are lined in a row across the front of the
house.

Dicky watches as Poole briefly examines the final corpse.

Poole's hand brushes strangulation marks.

LIEUTENANT DICKY
You know what this means, right?

DETECTIVE POOLE
Yeah, the son of a bitch's
escalated. Either that, or we're
dealing with a copycat.

LIEUTENANT DICKY
Well, shit.

Poole stands and marches towards his car.

DETECTIVE POOLE
Get the autopsies done stat. I
want the reports available by
morning.

LIEUTENANT DICKY
Where you going?

DETECTIVE POOLE
I'm hungry.

INT. ZWITT FAMILY HOME - NIGHT

BabyMay watches a Metallica concert while two GRANDCHILDREN
play on the floor.

IN THE KITCHEN

Aunt Gertrude and Uncle Pat sit at a table, locked in heated
discussion.

Gertrude knits a one-armed sweater.

Pat struggles to connect two Legos, eyebrows furrowed. The
packaging reads, "Millennium Falcon."

AUNT GERTRUDE
Pat, you're doing it all wrong.
Where's those instructions?

UNCLE PAT
I already done told you Gerty, a
man don't use no damn instructions.

AUNT GERTRUDE
(disappointed)
You said the same thing on our
weddin' night.

SNAP

Half of the broken Lego piece jettisons across the room and into the sink.

His cheeks flush.

AUNT GERTRUDE (CONT'D)
I seen Star Wars but twice, and I don't think Mr. Solo would appreciate you wrecking his spaceship.

UNCLE PAT
Lordy, I'm havin' heart palpitations.

AUNT GERTRUDE
I told you to go on that show.

UNCLE PAT
I ain't goin' on no "World's Biggest Loser."

AUNT GERTRUDE
I love you Pat.

UNCLE PAT
But nothin', Gerty. We ain't talkin' about this no more, ya hear? Now where'd that frisbee piece go?

He digs through the assorted pieces until he finds the Falcon's dish.

Gertrude's eye get teary. Her lips tremble.

UNCLE PAT (CONT'D)
Oh, now love muffin, don't go cryin' on me.

She gushes tears.

UNCLE PAT (CONT'D)
Alright, alright. I'll go on that damn show. Just dry them tears.

Klondike strolls in, concern on his face.

KLONDIKE
Why'd you have to go and do that?
She only wants what's best for you.

UNCLE PAT
Foolish pride I guess.

KLONDIKE
The Lord gives to each his vices.
How's BabyMay?

AUNT GERTRUDE
I'm concerned for her. She refuses
to talk about what happened. Poor
thing.

UNCLE PAT
For twenty five thousand dollars,
we can hire a sniper to find that
man and shoot him dead.
(beams with pride)
I Googled that.

BABYMAY (O.S.)
I can hear you!

Klondike nods to Pat and Gertrude who then make a quick exit.

BabyMay storms in.

BABYMAY (CONT'D)
When are you going to get it
through your heads: I wasn't raped.
He's my boyfriend and we had a
fucking good time.

KLONDIKE
Fine. If you say you weren't
violated, I'll believe you.

BABYMAY
(stunned)
Are you serious?

KLONDIKE
Yes. No more questions, no third
degree. As hard as it may be, I'll
back off.

She gives Klondike a heart-felt hug.

KLONDIKE (CONT'D)
Just one question though: what's
your boyfriend's name?

BabyMay pulls away, awkward.

BABYMAY

S. T. Rangler.

KLONDIKE

Rangler, huh? Name sounds familiar.

BABYMAY

I wouldn't worry about it. He'll be out of town for awhile.

DING, DONG

KLONDIKE

Oh, that's the door. I'll get it.

Klondike exits and she exhales in relief.

AT FRONT DOOR

He opens the front door.

Zwitt stands on the other side, backpack and sleeping bag slung over one shoulder. He looks like shit.

KLONDIKE (CONT'D)

Dear Lord, what happened to you?

ZWITT

I really hate to ask, but can I crash here for a while?

KLONDIKE

Of course.

He ushers his son in and greets him with a hug. Klondike's eyes water.

KLONDIKE (CONT'D)

Welcome home, son. Welcome home.

INT. ZWITT FAMILY HOME - LATER

Zwitt sits on the faded, threadbare couch with his father on the recliner to his right.

He cradles an open beer, head thrown back.

One of the grandchildren, age three, sits on Zwitt's lap reaching for the beer.

ZWITT

Needless to say, I've lost
everything. I've got no future.

KLONDIKE

Did I ever tell you the story of
when I...

ZWITT

Every goddamn year. Please, for
the love of all that's holy, don't.

KLONDIKE

Hiked Potifer's Hill? Now there
was a challenge son. There was the
pinnacle of tribulation.

ZWITT

Here we go again.

KLONDIKE

For days I went without the
luxuries of food and water, and
I've never been so ready to quit.
I was ready to die.

The grandchild's fingers wrap around the bottle and he gives
a victory squeal.

Klondike stares off into space, trance-like.

KLONDIKE (CONT'D)

I still remember the sensation as I
fell to my frost-bitten knees and
prayed for deliverance. And then
the answer came, like Moses and the
burning bush. The voice said,
"Look to the slopes, Klondike.
Look to the slopes."

The child takes a swig.

KLONDIKE (CONT'D)

And there on a glittering ledge was
my way home. Rode it all the way
to the village.

Klondike's tone shifts and he looks at Zwitt.

KLONDIKE (CONT'D)

Of course, if squatters hadn't seen
me frozen and shitting my pants at
the bottom, I may not be here
today. What I'm trying to say...

Klondike retrieves the half empty bottle from the child.

The child smiles, burps and falls back onto the floor.

KLONDIKE (CONT'D)

Is that the good Lord has His ways
and things will work out in the
end. Trust me.

BabyMay strolls in.

BABYMAY

Hey dad, could I borrow Zwitt for a
second?

KLONDIKE

Sure thing.
(to Zwitt)
Good talk.

BabyMay pulls Zwitt into

THE LIVING ROOM

BABYMAY

You've got a problem.

ZWITT

Tell me something I don't know,
May. My whole goddamn life's a
problem.

She turns Zwitt's head to face the television.

A REPORTER is on the screen, standing at the taped off
grounds of Wymont estate. A SHERIFF stands next to the
reporter, speaking at the camera.

ZWITT (CONT'D)

Shit.

SHERIFF (V.O.)

It's unknown at this time what
prompted the escalation of
violence, or even if it was indeed
the Strangler. We expect more
information to be released when
autopsy reports come in tomorrow
morning.

BabyMay shuts off the television.

Zwitt paces. Fidgets.

BABYMAY
What are you going to do?

ZWITT
Me?

BABYMAY
Well, yeah. You were the one who wanted to recruit Strangler in the first place.

ZWITT
It could have worked.

BabyMay is inches from his face.

BABYMAY
Wake up, Zwitt! He was going to kill you for pissing him off.

ZWITT
So I should thank you for ruining my life? I may be a screw up, but at least I'm not an annoying queer!

BabyMay stares back dismayed, hurt.

BABYMAY
Is that right?

ZWITT
You heard me.

BABYMAY
God, you're a real asshole...
(voice cracks)
You know what? Fuck you.

She marches out of the kitchen.

Zwitt slams his fist against the wall.

EXT. ZWITT FAMILY HOME - CONTINUOUS

Zwitt bursts from the front door and kicks one of the flamingos.

His foot gets caught in the plastic body.

The man curses as he repeatedly yanks, trying to free his foot.

SNAP!

The flamingo legs break at the knees, leaving the body impaled on Zwitt's foot.

KLONDIKE (O.S.)

Son?

Zwitt turns around, embarrassed. His eyes are watery.

ZWITT

What the hell is it dad?

KLONDIKE

I couldn't help but notice your unmitigated attack on Bessy. You want to talk about it?

ZWITT

Would I have a flamingo stuck on my foot if I did?

KLONDIKE

Just thought I'd ask.

Zwitt viscously dislodges Bessy, throws it.

Zwitt climbs into his car and peels out of the driveway.

EXT. HIGHWAY - NIGHT

Zwitt's car speeds past mile post after mile post.

Screeches around tight bends.

His windows are rolled down, punk rock music blares from his car stereo.

INT. ZWITT'S CAR - CONTINUOUS

Zwitt pulls a bottle of scotch from the glove compartment, pops the cork and takes a swig.

He jerks the wheel hard right.

EXT. HIGHWAY - CONTINUOUS

Zwitt's car skids along the shoulder of a freeway climb.

The car's door kisses the railing. Sparks fly.

It veers onto a shoulder and rams into a tree. Totals the front end.

INT. ZWITT'S CAR - SAME

Air bags deploy.

BLACK SCREEN

The sounds of a SPUTTERING engine and HISSING steam.

SYLVIA (V.O.)
Zwitty, it's mamma. Wake up.

EXT. WHITE VOID - CONTINUOUS

Zwitt's eyes flutter open.

He lays on his back on a therapist recliner.

To his right, sitting in a gaudy chair is SYLVIA, a beautiful red-head in low-cut black dress and smoking.

SYLVIA
Thatta boy.

Zwitt sits up.

ZWITT
Mom? How?

SYLVIA
That's not important. I'm here.

ZWITT
A little late. Twenty goddamn years too late.

SYLVIA
I know you're angry with me.

ZWITT
Angry doesn't cover it. You know how many nights I cried myself to sleep because of another broken promise?

She takes a puff and tosses the cigarette aside. It vanishes in the white ether.

SYLVIA
Here's the deal Zwitt. I know in life, I didn't meet all the criteria for "Mom of the Year." But, I did what I thought was best.
(MORE)

SYLVIA (CONT'D)

How was I supposed to know that you were one of those needy, zero self-esteem children?

ZWITT

I've got just one question for you mom: what's it like in hell?

SYLVIA

Still cracking jokes I see.

SLAP!

Zwitt touches his red cheek, annoyed.

ZWITT

Ow.

SYLVIA

I'm breaking a lot of rules doing this, you know. So I'll say this once: man up, kick some ass and let go.

ZWITT

That's your advise? Your words of wisdom from the grave? Jesus Christ, mom.

A CRACK of lightning.

Zwitt jumps, stares at the ether in fear.

SYLVIA

What were you expecting? Fucking McBeth? Well, I've gotta go.

ZWITT

Wait, wait, wait. How am I supposed to get home?

SYLVIA

You're a big boy Zwitt. Walk.

She ruffles his hair and gives him a kiss on the cheek.

EXT. FREEWAY - NIGHT

Zwitt's eye pop open.

Part of his face is burned from the impact of the air bag, along with a bleeding gash across his forehead.

He pulls himself out of the wreckage and crumples to the floor.

Zwitt gropes his legs. Groans in pain.

EXT. HIGHWAY - LATER

Zwitt hobbles along the highway on two dried branches, one under each arm.

A car zips by as he makes his way back to the city.

ZWITT (V.O.)
Did I really see mom that night?
Or was it the booze and crash
talking? I never quite figured it
out. If it was a vision, then my
mom was now the angel from hell and
according to her, screwing God.

Another one zips by, hits a puddle. Mud splatters Zwitt's left side and he stops. Wipes the mud away from his face, dejected.

Continues.

A coyote howls in the night.

Zwitt's eyes frantically dart in every direction.

Two glowing pair of reflecting orbs off in the distance.

ZWITT
Shit!

Zwitt frantically starts sprinting via the makeshift crutches.

ZWITT (V.O.)
And just when I thought it couldn't
get any worse.

He bolts across a stretch of highway.

A pack of COYOTES rush after a second later.

Zwitt's high pitched scream, clothes tearing and growling coyotes.

INT. SQUAD CAR - MORNING

Detective Poole and a BLACK COP listen to the local morning radio talk show.

The desert highway scenery flies past the car's grimy windows as they travel down the highway.

RADIO HOST (V.O.)

Now, I am ever fearful of the Western bastardization of Christian morals. Just last week, Senator Wickims done voted to let gays in our community.

CO-HOST (V.O.)

It breaks the heart. It really does.

Poole scoffs as he pools out a wad of tobacco, pops it in his mouth and turns off the radio.

BLACK COP

Don't much care for the Good Word?

DETECTIVE POOLE

I care to think for myself, sergeant. To hell what others say.

Poole rolls down the window.

EXT. HIGHWAY - MORNING

The squad car zips past.

SCREECH!

The car stops and pulls a full reverse. Parks.

Pool steps out, followed by the cop.

DETECTIVE POOLE

What in God's name? Dispatch 911.

The cop radios dispatch.

Poole rushes forward to Zwitt's sunburned, de-hydrated, broken, bruised and bitten body.

The coytes that had chased him are now corpses, impaled by broken pieces of branches and his switchblade.

Poole taps Zwitt with his foot.

Zwitt groans.

DETECTIVE POOLE (CONT'D)

(to cop)

Tell them to hurry. I think the son of a bitch is still alive.

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - AFTERNOON

Zwitt lies in a gurney, bandaged and connected to IV's and a heart monitor.

Sitting in a chair to the side of the gurney is Klondike. His eyes are bloodshot and he cradles a cold cup of coffee.

Pat and Gertrude enter.

AUNT GERTRUDE

How is he?

KLONDIKE

Nothing's broken. The doctors say that with enough liquids and rest, he'll pull through.

UNCLE PAT

I'm so sorry Pa. If I hadn't been focused on them Legos, I might have seen this coming.

Klondike stands, downs the cold coffee.

KLONDIKE

No. It wasn't your doing. Zwitt's always taken your mother's death hard. Perhaps he blames himself for her passing. I don't know.

KNOCK, KNOCK

Brad enters.

UNCLE PAT

Who the hell are you to be coming in here, disruptin' our grievin'?!

KLONDIKE

Easy Pat. Let the boy explain himself.

BRAD

I'm a friend. I heard and wanted to pay my respects.

AUNT GERTRUDE
We're touched.

KLONDIKE
Come have pie with us in the
cafeteria young man.

BRAD
Do they have cherry?

They shuffle out of the room.

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - LATER

Zwitt's no longer plugged into monitoring devices or IV's.

He channels surfs with little interest when BabyMay strolls
in.

BABYMAY
Hey.

ZWITT
(surprised)
I didn't know you were coming down.

BABYMAY
I almost didn't.

ZWITT
Listen, about what I said last
time; I'm sorry. I didn't mean it.

BABYMAY
Yeah, you did. Both of us, but
we're family. And I had the time
of my life because of you. We're
going to finish this thing
together.

ZWITT
Sounds great May, but once they
find my fingerprints, a hair, I'm
fucked.

BABYMAY
If they find something.

He sets the remote aside and leans in closer to BabyMay.

ZWITT
You have a plan.

BABYMAY

An idea.

EXT. MORTUARY - NIGHT

Klondike's truck rests on the shoulder of a dirt road. It runs past a mortuary surrounded by a chain-link fence.

BabyMay and Zwitt are completely garbed in black.

ZWITT

This is a really bad idea.

BABYMAY

Do you want to go to jail, or not?
If we're lucky, they'll have a
computer with all the files. Once
you're in and you've located the
bodies, text me.

ZWITT

Check.

He pulls a black ski mask over his face and scales the fence.

Once on the other side, he darts across the empty parking lot to the rear loading doors, crowbar in hand.

AT THE TRUCK

BabyMay climbs into the driver's seat.

She taps the steering wheel, bites her lip.

BABYMAY

Please don't fuck this up.

AT THE LOADING DOORS

Zwitt inserts the metal bar between the door and chain wrapped around the handle.

A few muscled pulls and the chain SNAPS.

It falls to the ground and Zwitt tiptoes inside.

INT. MORTUARY - CONTINUOUS

Zwitt slowly moves deeper into the bowels of the small town, brick-and-mortar building.

He sneaks past the foyer, chapel area, and into the

BACK ROOM

A sterile, rectangular room lined with cold chambers.
Zwitt locates a desk in the corner and stacks of files.
Pulls out a paper, and rummages through them.

EXT. MORTUARY - LATER

BabyMay glances at her watch, exhales.

INT. MORTUARY - CONTINUOUS

Zwitt snarls and tosses another file aside.
He's halfway through the piles.

ZWITT
Damn hicks!

EXT. MORTUARY - SAME

A truck pulls up behind BabyMay.

BABYMAY
You've got to be shitting me.

A tall man with a square jaw and wearing overalls, by the name of FARMER JOE, strolls up to the driver's side.

He taps the window.

She rolls it down with a forced smile.

BABYMAY (CONT'D)
Hi there.

FARMER JOE
Waiting for someone?

BABYMAY
Yeah, this is pretty embarrassing.
My car broke down and he left like
an hour ago to get help.

He scrutinizes her with a glare.

She bats her eyes and pouts her lips.

BABYMAY (CONT'D)
Could you take a look for me?

His stern glare fades.

FARMER JOE
Just pop the hood, ma'am.

He circles to the front of the vehicle.

BabyMay hits the hood release and Joe props the hood.

INT. MORTUARY - SAME

Zwitt's eyes light up as he skims the contents of a file.

ZWITT
(victorious)
Who's the man?

He pulls out his phone.

INT. KLONDIKE'S TRUCK - CONTINUOUS

"Too Sexy For My Shirt" breaks the silence.

BabyMay pulls out her phone, reads the text.

BABYMAY
Shit.

FARMER JOE (O.S.)
I can't find anything wrong with
your engine.

BabyMay shifts to Drive and looks through the truck's rear-window.

She hits the gas.

THUD!

The truck bounces as Joe cries in pain.

BabyMay's frantic.

BABYMAY
Oh God, oh God. Don't be dead.

Her trembling hands shift the car into Reverse. Backs up.
She gasps, shocked.

BABYMAY (CONT'D)

No.

Farmer Joe's visible through the windshield. He lies on his back, with a crushed leg and a pool of blood under.

She slams on the gas.

EXT. MORTUARY - SAME

The truck kicks up dirt as it races towards the chain-link fence.

INT. KLONDIKE'S TRUCK - CONTINUOUS

Her hands tremble.

She picks up her phone and dials.

INT. MORTUARY - SAME

Zwitt picks up.

ZWITT
(into cell)
Where are you?

BABYMAY (V.O.)
Uh, we have a problem.

ZWITT
I really hate it when you tell me that.

INT. KLONDIKE'S TRUCK - CONTINUOUS

BABYMAY
I think I killed a guy.

ZWITT (V.O.)
You what?! Why would you screw me like that? You know how much this means to me.

She grits her teeth and braces.

EXT. MORTUARY - SAME

Klondike's truck punches through the gate and launches.

Sparks fly as it lands, races towards the loading area.

INT. MORTUARY - SAME

NIGHT GUARD (O.S.)
Hands up, sunny.

Zwitt turns around, phone still to his ear.

Standing, gun drawn and extremely shaky is a withered old NIGHT GUARD (80) in a uniform. He's got coke-bottle glasses and dentures.

ZWITT
It's all cool, gramps. Just put
the gun down.

He takes a step forward.

The guard cocks the gun.

Zwitt stops.

NIGHT GUARD (O.S.)
Don't let my age fool ya.

BANG!

The bullet ricochets off the back wall.

Night guard sighs.

NIGHT GUARD (CONT'D)
Need a new prescription, looks
like.

He cocks again.

NIGHT GUARD (CONT'D)
Now sit still so that I can blow
your damn head off.

The wall next to the guard explodes.

Klondike's truck slams into the old man and knocks him across the room.

He hits the wall and crumples to the floor.

BabyMay jumps out of the driver's side.

Squad car sirens echo in the distance.

ZWITT
What took you so long?

BABYMAY
Don't start with me. Just load.

Zwitt and BabyMay rush to unload the Strangler's corpses from the cold chambers to the bed of the truck.

Blaring squad cars close in through the broken fence.

They load the final body.

Zwitt climbs into the driver's side.

BabyMay in the passenger side.

BABYMAY (CONT'D)
Move, move, move!

ZWITT
(thinking out loud)
Is it too much to ask that things
go right for a change?

EXT. MORTUARY - CONTINUOUS

Klondike's truck backs out of he mortuary, and surges forward.

The squad cars hang a hard right and pursue.

The truck rips through another stretch of chain-link fence and peels onto a stretch of freeway.

INSIDE KLONDIKE'S TRUCK

The speedometer jumps to eighty. Ninety. A hundred.

EXT. FREEWAY - CONTINUOUS

The squad cars try to close the gap.

INT. KLONDIKE'S TRUCK - CONTINUOUS

ZWITT
Let's see if the bastards can off-
road.

Zwitt jerks the wheel to the left.

EXT. OFF-ROAD STRETCH - CONTINUOUS

The truck pulls a sharp ninety degree turn onto a rugged piece of wilderness.

Two of the squad cars make the turn and follow.

The others slide into a ditch, or collide.

EXT. HOSPITAL PARKING LOT - SAME

Klondike and the other Zwitt family members laugh as they strolls towards an empty stall.

KLONDIKE

I tell you, I sure did like that boy. He's a fine, upstanding young man.

Klondike stops.

KLONDIKE (CONT'D)

Where'd my truck go?

INT. KLONDIKE'S TRUCK - CONTINUOUS

BabyMay digs through the glove compartment.

ZWITT

What the hell are you doing?

BABYMAY

Dad keeps one in here for emergencies.

She pulls out a .44 Magnum.

BabyMay opens the chamber. Full. She spins it, locks it closed. Then cocks.

ZWITT

Make it count.

BABYMAY

Always do.

She turns around in the seat and leans out the window.

EXT. OFF-ROAD STRETCH - CONTINUOUS

BsbyMay takes aim.

BANG!

The lead squad car's tire explodes.

It swerves.

The second car tries to go around.

BANG!

A hole in the second car's grill. It loses control and slams into the first one.

Launches.

Crashes nose first. Rolls.

The first one skids and crashes into the overturned squad car.

Klondike's truck screeches to a halt.

Zwitt and BabyMay hop out and stare at the steaming debris in shock.

EXT. WOODS - NIGHT

A bonfire arches into the star-filled sky, billowing smoke.

BabyMay and Zwitt toss the final corpse into the flame.

ZWITT
(distracted)
Mom was right.

BabyMay's fingers interlock with Zwitt's and she rests her head against his shoulder.

BABYMAY
I always knew deep down you're a
bad ass. Wait, what do you mean
was right?

ZWITT
Nothing.

She glances at the truck and frowns.

BABYMAY
The morgue had cameras, right?

ZWITT
Probably. What's the big deal?

Zwitt turns to look at the truck.

The truck's license plates are clearly visible.

ZWITT (CONT'D)
Well, this isn't good.

EXT. ZWITT FAMILY HOME - MORNING

Poole marches up the front steps.

Knocks on the door.

Klondike, dressed in another pressed, vintage WWII uniform, answers.

KLONDIKE
Yes? Can I help you?

DETECTIVE POOLE
Klondike?

KLONDIKE
That's me.

DETECTIVE POOLE
Detective Poole. You mind if we
talk; it's about your daughter.

INT. ZWITT FAMILY HOME - LATER

Klondike sits in his recliner, brow furrowed.

Poole sits to his left, surrounded by equally pristine WWII memorabilia and photos. It's practically a museum.

Still photos of Zwitt's truck in the mortuary are laid out on the coffee table.

It's a snap shot of Zwitt and May loading the bodies into the truck. Zwitt's still masked, BabyMay not.

The wall clock TICKS.

DETECTIVE POOLE
I know this can't be easy, but we
need your help.

KLONDIKE
No.

DETECTIVE POOLE
Say that again, and I could charge
you with obstructing justice.

Klondike stands and moves to the mantle. His fingers brush
an old family photo - one where the children are younger and
his wife still alive.

Poole clears his throat.

Klondike faces the detective.

KLONDIKE
I say no because despite my best
efforts, I lost track of BabyMay
years ago.

DETECTIVE POOLE
I thought you said...

KLONDIKE
Just because you share a roof with
somebody, doesn't mean you know
them. My daughter shut me out
years ago.

His voice cracks.

KLONDIKE (CONT'D)
I won't stand in your way
detective. You do what you have
to. But, I won't help ya.

DETECTIVE POOLE
Several men are in the hospital.
If she's in league with the
Strangler...

KLONDIKE
You heard me. Now get off my
property before I throw you off.

Another TICK of the clock.

Poole exhales and stands.

DETECTIVE POOLE
You can keep the pictures. I got
plenty back at the station.

The detective exits.

AUNT GERTRUDE (O.S.)
Is it true Klondike?

Klondike slowly turns to face Pat and Gertrude, both huddled on the other side of the room.

He nods and slumps onto the couch, dejected.

AUNT GERTRUDE (CONT'D)
Our BabyMay's a criminal.

UNCLE PAT
I done told you there was something wrong with that Rangler feller, didn't I? I said he'd lead her into all kinds of sin.

KLONDIKE
Ease up Pat. We don't know why your sister's done what she's done. And it's not her I'm worried about anyway.

AUNT GERTRUDE
Then who?

Klondike takes one of the photos and hands it to Pat.

KLONDIKE
Recognize the mask?

Pat stares at the photo. Strokes his chin.

Another TICK of the clock.

He opens his mouth, about to speak, but stops.

Strokes his chin again.

UNCLE PAT
I'll get this, pa. I swear to God I will. I may need a few hours.

KLONDIKE
Christ's sake, it's Zwitt. You sowed that insult into his mask without him knowing.

Pat's eyes squint.

Sure enough, sown into the back of the mask is "bed-wetter."

UNCLE PAT
Oh, Lordy. I got thens heart palpitations again.

AUNT GERTRUDE

What do we do?

KLONDIKE

There's nothing we can do. They've got to find their own way in this world. We all do.

He stands and moves back to the fireplace.

Takes the old family picture in his hands.

KLONDIKE (CONT'D)

I just pray that the Lord keeps them safe, wherever they are.

EXT. DIRT ROAD - MORNING

A deer saunters across a dirt road.

Stops to tug at a lone bush to the side.

Klondike's truck zips past.

INT. KLONDIKE'S TRUCK - CONTINUOUS

Zwitt drums on the steering wheel while BabyMay bites her nails in the passenger-side.

They exchange nervous glances.

ZWITT

You want to talk about it?

BABYMAY

What's there to talk about?

ZWITT

May, you know...

BABYMAY

Pull over.

ZWITT

We've got to keep moving.

BABYMAY

Pull the damn truck over, now!

EXT. DIRT ROAD - CONTINUOUS

The truck comes to a halt.

BabyMay hops out. Sprints to the side of the road and pukes. Heaves several times.

Finished, she wipes her mouth and leans against the bed of the truck.

ZWITT

You okay?

BABYMAY

Sure. I've gone to murderer in like twenty four hours. I'm perfect.

ZWITT

You're on the road with one. Well, almost.

BABYMAY

And that's great for you, but that's your dream, not mine. This...

(voice cracks)

This wasn't supposed to happen. I'm done.

ZWITT

What the hell are you saying?

BABYMAY

I love you, but I can't be in your corner anymore.

ZWITT

You said we'd finish together. You practically begged me to be a part of this.

BABYMAY

This isn't a fucking video game! And I didn't want this.

Her eyes get teary.

BABYMAY (CONT'D)

I never wanted to be a killer.

ZWITT

Well, that's great. Real fucking great.

He climbs back into the truck. Slams the door closed.

BabyMay wipes a tear.

ZWITT (CONT'D)

Let's move.

INT. BREAK ROOM - EVENING

A few officers mingle in scattered groups, surrounded by cheap tables, a busted microwave and poorly stocked vending machine.

Poole strolls in.

He moves to the coffee maker and starts a cup of coffee.

Wipes his face while the decaf pours.

Dicky races in.

LIEUTENANT DICKY

Boss, boss, boss.

Poole retrieves the fresh cup of Folger's. He blows on it and takes a sip.

DETECTIVE POOLE

If it's another UFO sighting, or mermaid video, not interested.

LIEUTENANT DICKY

No man. We got a call from a Mr. Needlmire. Says that girl's gassing up right now.

Poole downs the coffee.

DETECTIVE POOLE

Which means the Strangler's there too.

They both march out of the break room onto the

MAIN FLOOR

DETECTIVE POOLE (CONT'D)

Call him back. Tell him to stall as long as possible.

LIEUTENANT DICKY

What if he can't?

DETECTIVE POOLE

There's no way I'm letting that son of a bitch get away now. I want roadblocks on every highway and freeway in this state. Get me on the line with every sheriff from here to the border.

LIEUTENANT DICKY

Sure thing, boss.

DETECTIVE POOLE

Oh, and Dicky.

LIEUTENANT DICKY

Yeah?

DETECTIVE POOLE

Good work.

EXT. GAS STATION - EVENING

Klondike's truck sits in a stall, the old paneled numbers ticking away as Zwitt pumps gas.

BabyMay emerges from the gas station.

BABYMAY

You still mad at me?

ZWITT

Nah. Killing's not for everyone. And if all your support up 'til now has taught me anything, it's taught me that...

MR. NEEDLMIRE (O.S.)

Excuse me, young man. Excuse me.

MR. NEEDLMIRE, a freckled man in his sixties wearing suspenders approaches.

Zwitt's greets the man with a forced smile.

ZWITT

Problem?

MR. NEEDLMIRE

Oh no, nothing to do with you sunny. I was noticin' an issue with my cooler. Was hoping you could help.

ZWITT

I don't know much about appliances.
Sorry.

Dismay on Needlmire's face.

MR. NEEDLMIRE

Oh, you don't, huh? Well, how
about cash registers?

ZWITT

I'm not a technician.

MR. NEEDLMIRE

Goddammit. Oh, oh how about my
sody pop machine?

BabyMay glances over her shoulder.

A spec approaches off in the distance.

The pump CLICKS.

ZWITT

Why do I get the feeling you're
trying to keep me here?

MR. NEEDLMIRE

Why would you say a crazy thing
like that? I'm just a humble
business owner who's in need of a
little help. You know anything
about cars?

Zwitt detaches the nozzle from Klondike's truck and sets it
back in the pump.

ZWITT

Well, I know a little.

MR. NEEDLMIRE

Oh, I do thank you boy.

The spec gets closer.

BabyMay shields her eyes from the sun and moves closer to the
road.

Still too far to make out any details.

MR. NEEDLMIRE (CONT'D)

She's right in the back.

Zwitt and Mr. Needlmire stroll towards the side of the gas station.

She squints.

Three cars approach, with one in the lead.

Red and blue sirens flash on.

BABYMAY
Oh, fuck! Zwitt! We've got
company.

Mr. Needlmire pulls out a taser and slams Zwitt in the gut with it.

Zwitt falls to the floor.

BabyMay runs up to Mr. Needlmire, knocks him out cold with a punch.

She drops next to Zwitt's side, repeatedly slaps him on the face.

BABYMAY (CONT'D)
Zwitt! Can you hear me? Zwitt!

ZWITT
What did the bastard do to me? I
can't move.

BABYMAY
We've gotta get you inside.

She helps her brother to her feet, slinging one of his arms over her shoulder.

They rush inside the gas station, just as the squad cars close in.

INT. GAS STATION - CONTINUOUS

BabyMay's eyes dart from one corner of the station to the next.

The BLARE of police sirens.

BABYMAY
Come on, come on. There's gotta
be...

She spots a freezer.

EXT. GAS STATION - SAME

The squad cars screech to a halt in front of the gas station entrance, picking up clouds of dust in the humid air.

Poole steps out from the driver's side of the lead car.

He draws his gun, uses the open car door as cover.

One of the officers moves to Klondike's truck, and peeks inside.

FEMALE OFFICER

All clear here.

DETECTIVE POOLE

(thinks out loud)

Means he's gotta be inside.

(shouts)

We've got you surrounded Strangler;
you and your girlfriend! Come out
with your hands up.

BABYMAY (O.S.)

I'm coming out, unarmed.

BabyMay steps out of the gas station, hands in the air.

DETECTIVE POOLE

Now walk over here reaaaal slow.

She carefully steps over to the nearest cop, who quickly pats her down.

MALE OFFICER

Where's Strangler?

She fakes tears of relief, throws an arm around Detective Poole.

He glances back at the others, awkward and surprised.

BABYMAY

I tried to stop him, but he said
he'd kill me if I didn't help him.
He left when he saw you coming.
Thank God for you!

She breaks into sobs.

His hardened expression shifts.

DETECTIVE POOLE
(to female cop)
Go check it out. I'll cover you.
(to BabyMay)
There, there, miss.

He nods to the male officer who escorts her to the backseat of Poole's car.

The detective wipes a bead of sweat with his hairy palm.

Female officer goes in.

A crow CAWS over head as Poole wipes another bead of sweat from his pudgy face.

Female officer reemerges.

FEMALE OFFICER
No sign of him.

BabyMay briefly beams.

Poole re-holsters his gun.

DETECTIVE POOLE
I'm sorry for what you've gone through little lady, but we'll have to hold you until we can sort things out. Keys.

BABYMAY
Right pocket.

Poole gets the keys and tosses them to the female officer.

DETECTIVE POOLE
Take it back to the station for evidence. We'll leave your car here overnight.

He helps Babymay climb into the backseat of his car.

Soon the squad cars and truck pull away from the gas station.

EXT. GAS STATION - NIGHT

The lights are all of. Crickets BUZZ.

A closed sign hangs from the handle of the inside of a glass door.

INT. GAS STATION - NIGHT

A fly hovers over the counter and lands on an ash tray.

Rubs it's legs.

Takes off again, lands on the freezer.

Its door flies open.

Zwitt, shivering and blue, climbs out of the appliance and crashes to the tiled floor.

He groans in pain, teeth chattering.

Zwitt stands and uses the wall for support, moves to the front door.

The squad car's still parked out front.

He smiles and flips the latch on the door. Opens it.

An alarm goes off.

EXT. GAS STATION - CONTINUOUS

He grabs a nearby rock, and shatters the driver-side window.

Zwitt hops in.

Rips open the underside paneling below the steering wheel.

Still trembling, he jump-starts the car and hits the gas.

The car peels out of the parking lot.

INT. JAIL CELL - NIGHT

BabyMay lays on the lower bunk behind bars. She flips through a magazine.

A FEMALE INMATE stares from above.

BABYMAY

It's never going to happen, ugly.
I've seen road kill more attractive
than you.

KLONDIKE (O.S.)

BabyMay.

BabyMay sets the magazine aside. Her eyes meet Klondike's.

INT. ZWITT FAMILY HOME - LATER

Gertrude sows a pair of five-toed socks while two grandchildren play on the floor.

Pat joins them in the living room with a large box of Legos.

AUNT GERTRUDE
Now what you doing, Pat?

UNCLE PAT
I can't live with myself knowing
that these either killed or
corrupted my brother and sister.

AUNT GERTRUDE
They're just toys.

UNCLE PAT
No they ain't! They were the
devil's tools.

He sets the box down in front of the crackling fireplace.

CLICK

The front door opens and BabyMay shuffles in, followed by Klondike.

GRANDCHILDREN
(together)
Aunt May!

The grandchildren tackle her with hugs.

AUNT GERTRUDE
Well? What do you have to say for
yourself young lady?

KLONDIKE
Hold your peace, Gerty. There's no
need attacking her.

AUNT GERTRUDE
We deserve an answer, Klondike.
What with all this thievin' and
sinnin', she's upset Pat something
awful.

KLONDIKE
I just want some time alone with my
daughter.

Gertrude looks offended.

AUNT GERTRUDE

Fine. But I'll be prayin' hard to keep her evil influence out of this house. C'mon Pat.

They shuffle out of the living room with the grandchildren.

BabyMay bites her lips. Klondike paces.

BABYMAY

Look, dad, I'm sorry.

KLONDIKE

I raised you better than this.

BABYMAY

I know.

KLONDIKE

I said I wouldn't ask, but I have to.

BABYMAY

Well, it's hard to explain, really.

KLONDIKE

Try.

BABYMAY

I felt so damn stifled in this house and I wanted out. I wanted to live a little. And being with Zwitt gave me that. I never wanted to kill anybody

She wipes a tear from her face.

KLONDIKE

You didn't.

BABYMAY

What?

KLONDIKE

They're beat up pretty bad and in the hospital, but you didn't kill nobody.

She smiles with relief, quickly wiped away by her father's stern gaze.

KLONDIKE (CONT'D)

Now you're just lucky that the there hasn't been any charges.

BABYMAY

Either way, I'm in major trouble,
aren't I?

KLONDIKE

Grounded until you move out and
twice the chores.

BABYMAY

I figured.

Klondike turns to leave.

BABYMAY (CONT'D)

If I had...you know, killed...

KLONDIKE

No, May. I wouldn't love you any
less. Get some rest.

BabyMay shuffles to her

BEDROOM

Closes the door and plops on the bed.

The Strangler steps out of the corner shadows.

She jumps.

BABYMAY

Jesus, don't scare a girl like
that.

(smiles)

I thought I wouldn't see you again.

Strangler grabs her throat and squeezes.

She chokes, struggles against his iron grip.

STRANGLER

Sorry baby, but you and I are going
to have a little rendezvous with
Zwitt. Make a peep before then,
and I'll kill ya. Got it?

She nods.

INT. SQUAD CAR - NIGHT

Zwitt's complexion is near normal again with the heater on
full blast.

He drums away on the steering wheel to some hard rock.

BUZZ, BUZZ

Zwitt puts the phone to his ear.

ZWITT
 (into cell)
 Hello?

GREEN BAY STRANGLER (V.O.)
 You don't write, you don't call.

Zwitt's foot slams on the break.

EXT. DIRT ROAD - CONTINUOUS

The car skids to a halt.

Zwitt steps out of the car.

ZWITT
 Strangler?

STRANGLER (V.O.)
 That's right Zwitty boy. I heard
 you've been generating a lot of
 buzz about me.

ZWITT
 How did you get this number?

STRANGLER (V.O.)
 Focus, dumb-ass! This isn't a
 social call.

Realization on his face.

ZWITT
 What have you done to May?

STRANGLER (V.O.)
 Nothing, yet.

Strangler laughs maniacally on the other end.

CRUNCH!

Strangler groans in pain. The sound of him dropping to the floor.

STRANGLER (V.O.)
 (to May)
 Good God, that hurt!

BABYMAY (V.O.)
 Get near me again, and I'll rip it
 off.

The sounds of a struggle.

ZWITT
 May!

STRANGLER (V.O.)
 I'm at the abandoned warehouse on
 Exiter and 43rd. And if I so much
 as smell a cop, I'll kill her.

ZWITT
 Why are you doing this?

STRANGLER (V.O.)
 We have unfinished business you and
 I.

The connection goes dead.

ZWITT
 Strangler? May? Hello?

He chucks the phone in rage. Paces. His breathing rapid.

Zwitt leans against the car for support.

Cars approach off in the distance.

ZWITT (CONT'D)
 Fine. Two can play that game,
 Strangler.

He hops back in the car and races down the road, a dust trail
 left in his wake.

INT. POOLE'S OFFICE - MORNING

Pool snores away, his feet kicked up on the desk and leaning
 back in his seat.

Strangler articles, diagramed maps and registration records
 litter the top of his desk.

Dicky knocks on his open office door.

He merely shifts.

Dicky strolls in and finds a phone book.

Drops it on the desk.

Poole sits up.

DETECTIVE POOLE
I'm awake, I swear.

LIEUTENANT DICKY
We've got a lead.

DETECTIVE POOLE
(confused)
What lead?

LIEUTENANT DICKY
Our missing squad car, the one left
over at Needlmire's was spotted
heading West along Exiter.

Poole's groggy eyes light up.

DETECTIVE POOLE
How long ago?

LIEUTENANT DICKY
Half an hour.

Poole bolts up and grabs his coat.

Dicky follows.

DETECTIVE POOLE
I want every goddamn officer and
squad car we got. Stat!

EXT. ABANDONED WAREHOUSE - MORNING

The stolen squad car pulls up to a battered chain-link fence
that surrounds a weathered, boarded-up warehouse.

Zwitt steps out of the vehicle.

He exhales. Slams the door shut.

ZWITT
Hear we go.

Zwitt scales the fence. Hops over to the other side.

He sneaks to the side of the warehouse and looks for a way in.

The frightened cry of BabyMay breaks the silence.

He goes faster.

Zwitt moves around back, finds a boarded up door. Tugs at the planks of wood.

Nothing.

ZWITT (CONT'D)

Just great.

Zwitt spots a stack of crates leading up to a cracked window.

He carefully climbs the stack of crates and reaches the window. Wipes the smudged window clean and peers inside.

He can see BabyMay tied to a chair on the edge of a second-floor railing.

A chain strung from the metal rafters is wrapped around her neck. Weights are tied to the chair legs.

Strangler paces next to her, cell phone to ear.

He pulls it away and scowls.

ZWITT (CONT'D)

That's right dumb-ass. I threw it away.

CREAK

The crates slide out from under his feet.

His hands flail. Grabs hold of the jagged edge of the window.

ZWITT (CONT'D)

Shit!

Zwitt struggles to pull himself up.

Strangler's turned the other way.

INT. ABANDONED WAREHOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Zwitt squeezes through the window and onto a second level platform.

He ducks behind a few crates just as Strangler turns around.

STRANGLER

Is that you Zwitt? Zwitt!
Motherfucker, I'm talking to you.

BabyMay let's out a muffled scream, her mouth gagged.

STRANGLER (CONT'D)

(to BabyMay)
Shut it, bitch!
(to Zwitt)
I know what you're trying to do,
and I ain't falling for it. Don't
make me come over there.

Nothing.

The Strangler mumbles curses and marches up to a stack of crates. He knocks them off the second floor.

No Zwitt.

STRANGLER (CONT'D)

Sneaky bastard.

Zwitt shouts a war cry.

Tackles Strangler from behind.

He attempts to lock his target in a choke hold.

Strangler head butts Zwitt.

Zwitt rolls to the side.

Strangler punches his opponent in the gut.

Zwitt crumples to the floor.

The killer laughs as he stands. Wipes a stream of blood from a broken lip.

STRANGLER (CONT'D)

I'll give you an "A" for effort,
and a "B" for execution. Now, if
you're done playing the hero, can
we get down to business?

Zwitt struggles to his knees. Spits a wad of spittle mixed with blood.

STRANGLER (CONT'D)
Oh, one other thing before I
forget.

Strangler backhands Zwitt, cracks a lip.

ZWITT
What the hell was that for?

STRANGLER
I don't like having cops on my ass
and thanks to your shit, I have to
live like a goddamn nun. Stand up
when I'm talking to you.

ZWITT
Why bring me here?

Zwitt slowly stands. Strangler points to BabyMay.

STRANGLER
It's graduation day and this is
your final exam.

BabyMay's eye go wide.

ZWITT
Hell no.

GREEN BAY STRANGLER
Excuse me? Did you just say no.
That bitch dies tonight, whether I
do it, or you do it. Make your
choice.

Zwitt pulls out his switchblade. POPS the blade.

Tears run down BabyMay's face. She shakes her head, mumbles.

Zwitt moves closer.

ZWITT
Why her?

GREEN BAY STRANGLER
If you're ever going to get over
that blood thing, if you're ever
going to become the killer you
crave deep inside, then you need to
kill someone you love.

Zwitt presses the blade against BabyMay's throat.

His own eyes get teary. Lips tremble.

ZWITT

I'm sorry.

The blade slices skin, presses deeper

He stops.

His head shakes.

ZWITT (CONT'D)

I can't. I won't.

Zwitt turns to face Strangler.

ZWITT (CONT'D)

I don't want to be a killer, not if
it means being this heartless.

Strangler snarls.

STRANGLER

What do you think it means to be a
killer?! This is the last time you
piss me off, tit.

The Strangler pulls out a garrote.

He lunges.

Zwitt back-steps and counters.

SLASH

Strangler howls in pain.

Blood drips from a fresh cut across his cheek.

He comes at Zwitt again.

Zwitt swings.

Strangler catches the arm. Brings it hard over his knee.

Zwitt cries in pain.

The knife slips from his injured hand.

It CLANGS onto the platform and slides to the edge.

Strangler leg sweeps his opponent.

Zwitt falls prone. The killer's on him in a flash.

Garrote around Zwitt's neck.

The Strangler pulls.

Zwitt gags, grasps at the weapon.

GREEN BAY STRANGLER

You know tit, it's moments like
these that I remember why I kill.
It's to eliminate wastes of space
like yourself.

Zwitt's finger reach for his knife.

They clasp the handle.

He drives the blade into Strangler's leg.

Strangler howls in pain.

Zwitt twists the blade and rips it out.

The killer's grip loosens.

Zwitt coughs and breaths in air.

A brutal uppercut that breaks skin, and the Strangler's down.

Both combatants struggle to their feet. Their breathing
heavy.

GREEN BAY STRANGLER (CONT'D)

I thought you fainted at the sight
of blood?

ZWITT

I got over it.

Zwitt charges, blade at the ready.

Strangler rolls to the side and drives his elbow into the
small of Zwitt's back.

He crumples onto the platform. The knife slips from his hand
and plummets to the floor below.

Strangler grabs Zwitt by the hair and slams his face into the
platform.

Strangler circles triumphant. His breathing heavy.

Zwitt struggles to get on his hands and knees, his limbs
shaking and blood pooling from a busted nose.

He sprints forward away from Strangler.

STRANGLER

You little prick. Get over here.

The Strangler charges after.

Zwitt navigates through overhanging chains.

Swings them at the killer while he runs.

Strangler snarls and throws them aside.

One hits him in the face.

Draws blood.

He closes the gap between him and Zwitt.

Zwitt trips.

Knocks Strangler off balance.

The killer plummets to the concrete first floor.

Zwitt slowly stands and limps over to the edge.

Strangler lays silent, in a pool of blood.

A muffled plea from BabyMay.

Zwitt races over to his sister and pulls the gag from her mouth.

BECKY

Holy shit, you just killed him.

ZWITT

I know.

The sounds of police sirens blare.

ZWITT (CONT'D)

We've gotta get out of here.

He gets her neck out of the chain noose and unties the ropes that bind her to the chair.

She throws her arms around Zwitt and passionately kisses him.

After a second, he pulls away.

ZWITT (CONT'D)

You gotta stop with that, sis.
Seriously.

DETECTIVE POOLE (V.O.)
Come out with your hands up
Strangler. I mean it!

EXT. ABANDONED WAREHOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Poole and his men surround the building, backed up by a SWAT team to his left.

A RATTLING of chains and the front door slowly slides open.

BabyMay and Zwitt stroll out, hand in hand.

ZWITT (V.O.)
So there you have it. The story of
BabyMay's capture and resulting
rescue by yours truly, spread.
Before I knew it, I was the town's
local hero.

INT. ZWITT FAMILY HOME - 3 MONTHS LATER

Gertrude, Patty, the grandchildren, Klondike, BabyMay and Zwitt sit around the dinner table.

A Thanksgiving spread lays in the middle.

They're laughing and enjoying the meal.

ZWITT (V.O.)
So it turns out life's pretty good
after all. Granted, we're not
living the lap of luxury, but I
actually enjoy spending time with
the family. Go figure.

An urn sits on the mantle next to a new family photo.

ZWITT (V.O.)
As a hero's wish, they allowed me
to have Strangler's body cremated
and his remains placed on our
mantle.

BabyMay's eyes move from the family to the urn.

Her laughing fades, replaced by a look of longing.

ZWITT (V.O.)
She misses the guy.

Zwitt's eyes follow BabyMay's. His laughing fades, but instead of sad, he smiles and raises a glass.

ZWITT (V.O.)
And I do too, but in a Luke
Skywalker loses Ben Kenobi kind of
way. The man changed my life. All
of ours, really.

Zwitt leans in and comments.

She looks back and laughs.

FADE OUT.