

RESPONDER
by Steve Jacques
WGA: 1906669

Steve Jacques
310 966 7929
responderscript@gmail.com

BLACKNESS

TITLE CARD MATCHES V. O.:

FEMALE (V.O.)

(phone)

911 What is your emergency?

MALE (V.O.)

(phone)

Uh ... apparently there's been a shooting up here at the High School.

SMASH CUT TO:

DARKNESS

One closed eye SNAPS open, darts wildly.

SMASH CUT TO:

INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT

Silhouette figure bolts up in bed STARTLED awake. Sits on the edge of the bed naked. A glint of light from the .45 in one hand, he pounds on his forehead with the other.

Collapses on his back down to the mattress.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. ANYTOWN USA - SLONE HOME - BILLY'S ROOM - DAY

SUPER: "1998"

Athletic, tousled-hair BILLY SLONE, 17, WRITES CODE on a modified 1988 Macintosh IIx. Computer parts are arranged in schematic groups all at NINETY DEGREE ANGLES to the walls of the room.

BEATRICE SLONE, 13, Billy's little sister, "BEA", interrupts

PLOPS on Billy's bed.

BILLY

Go away.

BEA

I need help with math again ...

BILLY

(crossing his eyes)

How did you end up so dumb?

She laughs, tosses a pillow at him. It hits the computer parts, SCATTERS them all over. He freezes, restraining anger.

She stares mouth open with delight.

She bursts out laughing, hand over her mouth. They jump and run out of the room through the

HOUSE

Down the stairs laughing they pass a PHOTOGRAPH of Billy's SENIOR PORTRAIT on the wall. Bea's FRESHMAN PICTURE is next to it.

They run out the backdoor.

CUT TO:

EXT. SLONE HOME - BACKYARD - CONTINUOUS

Bea stops.

BEA
(laughing)
Stay away from me dork ...

BILLY
Oh I got you now!!

Billy picks her up. Airplane spins her.

BEA
(half crying / half
laughing)
STOP!!! BILLY!!!! STOP!!!!!!

Billy stops spinning. They both COLLAPSE on the grass.

BILLY
(out of breath)
Now go get me something to eat.

Bea stumbles into the house. She returns with two P.B. & J sandwich triangles. Billy eats half of the sandwich. She eats the other half.

BEA
Why did you take that apart anyway?
Mom and Dad are gonna be mad --

BILLY
(overlaps)
I'm writing code, you wouldn't understand.

In the distance their MOTHER, late 40s, pleasant disposition and attractive appears in the backdoor of their home.

MOTHER SLONE
 (calls out)
 Billy. Bea. Dinner in an hour.

They push the sandwiches all the way in their mouths.

MOTHER SLONE (CONT'D)
 Billy, you left whatever that is in
 your room on.

BILLY/BEA
 (in stuffed mouth
 unison)
 OK mom --

CUT TO:

EXT. HIGH SCHOOL - FRONT STEPS - DAY

Hundreds of STUDENTS in dozens of conversations climb up and down the stairs.

Bea, runs half way up the stairs and sits next to Billy. Cheerleader-pretty HALEY JANSEN, 16, runs up and joins them.

In the f.g. TWO FIGURES in BLACK TRENCH COATS WALK to the b.g. and up the stairs.

TODD, 17, team quarterback, sprints past and up the stairs. Billy and Todd wear their BLUE & GOLD PRACTICE JERSEYS.

BILLY
 (looks only at Haley)
 Hey Todd.

TODD
 Hey guys.

In b.g. the TWO FIGURES turn and stare at Billy and Todd for a brief moment and are gone. Billy leans against the rail. Haley takes his hand.

BILLY
 (to Bea)
 Where's mine?

She digs through the contents of her brown paper bag.

BEA
 I'm looking. I'm looking.

HALEY
 (to Billy)
 How'd you do on your computer test?

BILLY
 Soooo easy. I know way more about
 programming than THAT teacher.

Bea holds the sandwich up for her brother.

BEA
 Here.

HALEY
 (grinning)
 Good, then you can come over later
 and help me with MY homework.

Billy leans in and kisses Haley.

BEA
 (playfully)
 Ewwwww. Gross.

They giggle.

BEA (CONT'D)
 Billy.

Bea shakes the sandwich at Billy and Haley still kissing.

BEA (CONT'D)
 (throws it)
 Billy!

Billy catches the sandwich without looking up.

BILLY
 Touchdown.

CUT TO:

EXT. HIGH SCHOOL - FOOTBALL STADIUM - NIGHT

QUARTERBACK THROWS deep pass to streaking wide receiver.
 TOUCHDOWN! A galaxy of cameras flash continuously. Billy's
 team mobs him in the end zone.

HUGE SMILES of Mom, Dad and Bea CHEERING.

SMASH CUT TO:

EXT. SAME STADIUM - PARKING LOT - LATER

Billy jogs through the parking lot still in uniform, helmet
 in hand. Haley JUMPS on Billy and KISSES him.

Other teammates high-five Billy in parking lot. Crack open
 beers. Jump into cars.

TODD
 (hanging out open
 passenger window)
 Billy! You gonna meet us after?

BILLY
 Yeah maybe later man.

Car speeds off with Todd STILL DANGLING.

TODD
 (yelling to driver)
 GO LONG BABY!

CUT TO:

INT. HALEY'S HOUSE - TV/VHS - DEN - NIGHT

The couple watch FRANCO ZEFFIRELLI'S ROMEO AND JULIET. They hold and look at each other.

BILLY
 Ju li et.

Beat.

HALEY
 Ro me o.
 (beat)
 You look like him.
 (giggles)
 Wherefore art thou, Billy?

They make out as...

HALEY'S MOM (O.S.)
 Billy! Go home. Tell Billy to go
 home, Haley.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. SLONE FRONT DOOR - MORNING

Billy pulls on his BLUE & GOLD JERSEY as he heads down the street towards school. He stops, smiles and changes direction.

CUT TO:

EXT. DOWNTOWN STREET - DAY

Billy walks in front of a FLOWER SHOP, he pauses, looks in the window at the flower arrangements then keeps walking on through town. Sees a JEWELRY STORE. He Looks at RINGS in the window then smiles and walks inside.

CUT TO:

INT. SCHOOL HALLWAY - LOCKERS - LATER

Billy approaches Haley waiting for him at his locker.

HALEY
Where have you been?

BILLY
I have something for you.

Haley squeaks in adolescent anticipation.

HALEY
What?

BILLY
Close your eyes.

She does.

BILLY (CONT'D)
Open ...

Haley opens her eyes. Billy is holding a single RED ROSE.
She BEAMS and HUGS him.

CUT TO:

INT. SCHOOL LIBRARY - MOMENTS LATER

Bea studies, eats and drinks covertly. Billy and Haley walk in. Billy playfully smacks Bea in the back of the head as he saunters past her. She looks up annoyed.

Billy smiles and holds his pointer finger in front of his lips.

BILLY
(to Bea)
Sshhhhhhhh ...

Bea SMIRKS back and flips him the bird.

Billy and Haley vanish behind a row of book cases to make-out.

Beat.

STRANGE SOUNDS. Distant, muffled POPPING, then FAINT SCREAMING.

Bea looks up.

Billy and Haley emerge from the bookcases.

Students in the library exchange CONCERNED LOOKS. Some are getting up from their tables to investigate just as

TWO MALE STUDENTS in BLACK TRENCH COATS appear.

They are walking ARSENALS:
9mm HANDGUNS, semi-automatic RIFLES, sawed-off SHOTGUNS.

BAM BAM BAM!
They OPEN FIRE.
BOOM! BOOM! They pick off the STUDENTS as they PANIC.
BAM BAM BAM BAM BAM BAM!
TRAMPLE one another.
BAM BAM BAM BAM BAM BAM!
SCRAMBLE to STAY ALIVE.
BOOM! BOOM!
STUDENTS SCREAM, CRY and CRASH OVER TABLES.

They pick out Todd and SHOOT him in the chest.
Haley sees one of the killers POINT A SHOTGUN at Billy
She JUMPS ON BILLY.
BOOM!

Billy and Haley DROP to the floor.
He SEES that Haley is SHOT THROUGH THE CHEST.
BILLY HOLDS HALEY IN HIS ARMS.

BILLY (CONT'D)
Haleyhaleyhaleyhaley --

HALEY
(overlap)
I love you forever.

BILLY
I love you ... I LOVE YOU ...

Billy SOBS as Haley DIES in his arms.
Bea STANDS IN THE DOORWAY.

BEA
BILLY!

RACES to them.

BILLY
NO BEA! GET DOWN!

BAM BAM BAM BAM BAM BAM!

BEA IS SHOT IN THE HEAD.
A bullet TEARS INTO BILLY'S LEG.
The killers EMPTY THEIR WEAPONS.
Toss a PIPE BOMB and leave.

BOOM!

Billy SCREAMS, trying to lift Bea. He struggles to his feet and starts for the door. He sobs and COLLAPSES with her.

He tries to stand with her. Blood erupts from his leg wound. He passes out.

SLAM CUT TO:

EXT. CATHEDRAL CEMETERY - DAY

Mountains of WHITE ROSES & LAVENDER cascade OVER A SINGLE WHITE CASKET that waits to be lowered into a fresh dug grave. An OLD GOTHIC CATHEDRAL stands just beyond. Cathedral bells toll.

MOURNERS stand around. FATHER DONATUS BARTOLI Ph.D., 45, in raiments oversees and comforts. Twenty five SEATED MOURNERS in black listen as their priest prays.

BARTOLI

Father in heaven ... this ...

In SHOCK in the front row, Mother Slone sits next to her husband, MR. SLONE, 50s, who looks and acts like his wife.

BARTOLI (CONT'D)

(fades)

... this dear child ...

The seat on mother's other side is EMPTY.

ON A HILLTOP UNDER A TREE IN THE DISTANCE

STANDS BILLY dressed in a black suit. STONE-FACED he watches over the proceedings.

MR. SLONE

(barely heard in the distance)

Where is he?

MOTHER SLONE

Up there.

She sees A NEWS CREW approach Billy. Billy SHOVES the camera out of his face. The news crew backs off. Billy limps away.

MOTHER SLONE (CONT'D)

(still in shock)

My God.

(beat)

He has to go through all this again tomorrow ...

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. CATHEDRAL GRAVEYARD - AFTERNOON

SUPER: "Present Day"

Billy/SLONE late 30s, clean cut, muscular, determined. Dressed in a black T-shirt, faded jeans and dark glasses his sharp features cast strong shadows on his expressionless face.

HE VISITS TWO GRAVESTONES

He is silent.

CUT TO:

E/I. BLACK VEHICLE (PARKED) - DAY

Slone throws two duffel bags and a case of 4 oz. size jars of SKIPPY PEANUT BUTTER on the back seat. Slone jumps in and sets GPS. A route map appears on the vehicles computer monitor.

CAR VOICE
(plain female voice)
Destination is, fifty-two point seven
miles away.

Slone drives away.

INT. SLONE'S VEHICLE (MOVING)

Slone drives onto the highway. His face shows no expression.

CAR VOICE
Estimated driving time is one hour,
seventeen minutes ...

Slone pulls out a WHITE PLASTIC SPOON from his shirt pocket and opens a jar of SKIPPY.

He pushes a button on the console and the computer voice changes to a

CAR VOICE (CONT'D)
(pretty voice)
In one mile, your exit on the right.

Slone puts a spoonful of SKIPPY in his mouth holding it between his teeth like a pipe.

CAR VOICE (CONT'D)
Nine miles ahead on the route, slow
traffic ...

Slone gives the console a look.

On the passenger seat lies WIRED MAGAZINE opened to a small article that reads:

"WILLIAM B. SLONE RECEIVES PATENT ON ALGORITHM SOFTWARE PLATFORM"

CAR VOICE (CONT'D)

Next exit, on the ri --

Slone TURNS OFF the voice. A look of determination sets in his eyes. He drives on.

CUT TO:

EXT. CITY - BRIDGE - TWILIGHT

Slone drives into the city.

CUT TO:

INT. WAREHOUSE DISTRICT - SLONE'S LOFT

The front door swings open. Slone steps in, drops his things.

All stainless steel, polished concrete and glass, sparsely furnished. Slone walks to a bank of windows. Stares out at the bridge in the distance.

CUT TO:

INT. SLONE'S LOFT - BEDROOM - BEFORE DAWN

Alarm clock reads 5:57 a.m.

Slone studies the red digits.
Motionless.

5:58 a.m.

He watches the "seconds" display tick away.

5:59 a.m.

He hits the "ALARM OFF" button precisely at 5:59:59.

Slone stands naked. He reaches under the pillow and pulls out a GLOCK 23 compact .40 pistol with a mounted TACTICAL LIGHT. He drops the magazine and racks the slide ejecting the round in the chamber. He examines the Glock like a surgeon then dry fires it

CLICK.

He SNAPS the ejected hollow-point round back into the magazine, SLAPS the mag back into the handle and RACKS the slide.

Crouching on "all fours" he points the pistol under the bed sweeping the light beam left and right looking for ...

Nothing.

He glimpses his prostrate reflection in the mirrored wall looking back at him.

Beat.

Then shame.

He rises and walks into his

DARK, STARK STEEL & GLASS BATHROOM

BANKS OF LIGHTS TURN ON when he enters. A single white bath towel hangs on a steel rack. He unwraps a brand new white bar of soap.

Slone examines himself in the

MIRRORED WALL

He rubs the SCAR TISSUE on his right leg and pulls an iPad from the top drawer. He types something on the iPad then moves to the

TOILET

Pushes a button on the iPad.

Starts piss.

Finishes piss.

Pushes a button on the iPad.

He flushes. He opens a cabinet door. A stainless steel toilet brush swings out. Slone waits for the bowl to completely fill then swishes the brush spasmodically in the toilet and flushes again.

He reaches into the drawer under the sink and removes a small Smith and Wesson STAINLESS .38 REVOLVER. He opens the cylinder and SPINS the 5 rounds, flips the cylinder closed with a snap of the wrist.

Slone stands in the

SHOWER

Hot water steams up the room. Slone places the .38 on a shower rack out of the spray.

SLONE

(prays in a whisper)

Father, wash me of my iniquities and
cleanse me from my sin.

DISSOLVE TO:

SAME

Slone finishes showering, towels off, dabs moisture off the weapon. He puts it next to him on the sink and shaves with a similar ritual.

A stainless steel trash can lid raises. Slone tosses in TOWEL, BRUSHES, SOAP, RAZOR. Lid SLAMS SHUT.

Puts .38 BACK in drawer.

CUT TO:

SLONE'S BEDROOM - MOMENTS LATER

The mirrored closet, stainless steel drawers and cabinets all nearly barren except for a few pairs of jeans, some black T-shirts, black boots, a single leather jacket and black socks.

Slone dresses then: wallet goes into RIGHT FRONT JEANS POCKET, cell phone goes into LEFT FRONT JEANS POCKET.

He tucks an elegant-JAMES BOND-esque WALTHER PPKS .380 PISTOL INTO HIS WAISTBAND-Thursday's weapon.

He walks down the hallway side-stepping an OLD, OUT-OF-PLACE HOTPOINT REFRIGERATOR that takes up most of the width of the hallway.

CUT TO:

STEEL & STONE KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

Opens NEW fridge

Everything is labeled, dated and arranged by shape.

STONE COUNTER

He cracks 2 eggs into a plain glass mixing bowl, separates 2 others from their yokes and places SPARE YOKES into a mason jar at the back of the fridge.

Minutes later...

Slone sits on a single stool and STARES out the window as he eats.

The dishwasher hums in the background.

CUT TO:

E/I. ANYTOWN - WILLOW BEND ELEMENTARY SCHOOL - MORNING

BROOKS DAVIS, late 20's, athletic, beautiful, some sort of posh British accent, walks through the school hallway.

FIRST GRADERS MOB her as she enters her class room. She has hugs for them all.

BROOKS
(beaming)
Good morning my loves!

Twenty tiny voices respond in unison. The colorful room feels nurturing, inviting, SAFE.

BROOKS (CONT'D)
Ok everyone take your seats ...

They SCRAMBLE obediently. Brooks GUSHES, in love with the moment.

BROOKS (CONT'D)
... OKAYYY! VERY nice.

She waits until everyone is settled.

BROOKS (CONT'D)
(makes an exaggerated
"thinking" expression)
HMMMM ... I can't remember. What
special day is coming up soon?

STUDENTS
(scream in unison)
CHRISTMAS!!!

BROOKS
(playfully)
Not Easter?

STUDENTS
NOOOO!!!

BROOKS
Ok good ...

She opens a cabinet and takes out a cardboard box filled with homemade CHRISTMAS STOCKINGS.

BROOKS (CONT'D)
... otherwise I would have made these
for nothing!!

Gasps of EXCITEMENT.

Brooks hands out a personalized stocking filled with treats to each child.

BROOKS (CONT'D)

(putting on a Santa
hat)

When I was your age living in England,
the stockings were my very FAVORITE
part of Christmas.

Gleeful children plunge little hands into the stockings.
"OOOS" and "AHHHS" fill the room.

A tiny hand is raised.

It's Brooks' favorite, EMMA, 6 years old, a little TOE-HEAD
with purple ribbons in her hair.

BROOKS (CONT'D)

(sweetly)

Yes Emma?

EMMA

Did you have Easter too?

BROOKS

Why yes we DID!

ANOTHER HAND goes up in the front row.

BROOKS (CONT'D)

Nathan?

NATHAN

(loudly)

Uhhhhh did you have forf of July?!

Brooks is bemused, catches herself mid-giggle. She clears
her throat then grins widely at all the tiny faces regarding
her curiously.

BROOKS

(treading lightly)

Well ...

(bending down to his
eye level)

Why don't we talk about THAT one
another time.

CUT TO:

EXT. CITY - PIER 96 - NIGHT

CONNER, 17, Bully-ish and DYLAN, 16, Frail, pull up in a
shiny, black SUV.

POCKMARKED, 40s, criminal, opens the back of his unwashed
dark colored van.

POCKMARKED

OK. The money. Where's the money?

Conner hands over a stack of bills and lunges enthusiastically at wooden crates. Pockmarked GRABS Conner.

POCKMARKED (CONT'D)

Hold it.
(counts)
First.

Conner flashes a PHONY-TOUGH GRIN. Dylan bounces nervously, looks around.

POCKMARKED (CONT'D)

OK.

They re-grab and load boxes.

CUT TO:

INT. HOSPITAL - DAY

Slone sits at the bedside of DEREK RADLIFF, 17, paralyzed from the neck down.

Tubes and wires stick out from his chest. The beeping from the heart monitor mixes with the whoosh and click of artificial breathing.

Slone reads to him from The Bible. Derek is unable to speak.

SLONE

(reads aloud)

"But he was pierced for our transgressions, he was crushed for our sins; the punishment that bought us peace was on Him,

(beat/looks up at

Derek)

and by Him we are healed."

Slone closes the bible.

FEMALE VOICE (O.S.)

(from behind him)

Isaiah 53, verse 5 ...

Slone looks back to see MRS. RADLIFF, 30's, exhausted, the look of a woman resigned to her fate.

MRS. RADLIFF

... I almost know them all by heart now.

She pulls another chair next to Slone and stares at her son.
She slurs as she speaks.

MRS. RADLIFF (CONT'D)
Truth is the Lord won't fix what
that bullet did to my son.
(angrier)
THE LORD hasn't helped us find whoever
did this.
(beat)
Maybe he can't ...

She takes Slone's hand.

MRS. RADLIFF (CONT'D)
What are you doing here again? Why
do this to yourself week after week?

Slone fidgets, uneasy with the physical contact.

MRS. RADLIFF (CONT'D)
You were just some stranger... you
come in here to read to my son ...
(looking around the
room)
... you pay for all this ...

She SQUEEZES TIGHTLY.

Beat.

MRS. RADLIFF (CONT'D)
... five months ... now you're almost
like family.
(beat)
You come here more than summa them.

Silence.

MRS. RADLIFF (CONT'D)
Why?

Beat.

SLONE
Because I know --

MRS. RADLIFF
(overlapping)
-- You DON'T know what we're going
through!
(then)
But I'm grateful anyways.

She kisses Slone's hand then lets it go to take her son's.

MRS. RADLIFF (CONT'D)
Now please, let me be alone with my
son.

CUT TO:

EXT. CITY - DAY

SERIES OF SHOTS:

STEEP HILLED STREETS - Slone runs
HARBOR - Runs
DOCKS - Runs toward the

WAREHOUSE DISTRICT

Slone notices FOUR TEENAGE BOYS on the sidewalk.

ONE OF THEM hangs back as he passes an OLD CHINESE MAN, 60s.
The TEENAGE BOY PUNCHES the Old Chinese Man in the FACE and
KNOCKS HIM DOWN.

Slone SPRINTS over, PUNCHES the teenage boy and lays him
OUT.

Beat.

Slone stops to help the Old Chinese Man.

OLD CHINESE MAN
(lifts up, bellows at
Slone)
Go to hell!

The rest of the boys scatter.

CUT TO:

INT. SLONE'S KITCHEN - DAY

Slone takes WALLET out of RIGHT FRONT JEANS POCKET
Takes CELL PHONE out of LEFT FRONT JEANS POCKET
Arranges them on the counter in a PERFECT TRIANGLE with his
keys at the apex.

CUT TO:

INT. SLONE'S LOFT - COMPUTER ROOM - DAY

Dark converted STORE ROOM with NO WINDOWS. A dozen MONITORS
bolted to steel framework cast a dull blue glow. Lower
shelves hold dozens of SMART PHONES of various types.

From the single chair in the room Slone GOOGLES:

"Speech patterns and psychosis"

The search wheel spins briefly. The results list out. Slone leans in to read:

"GHOSTYTHERO.ORG/2011/10/19/RESEARCHERS-CAN-RECOGNIZE-PSYCHOPATHS-THROUGH-SPEECH-PATTERNS"

He clicks on it.

CUT TO:

INT. ANYWHERE USA - MARTIAL ARTS GYM - DAY

FREDERICK LOUDERMAN, "DEAD FRED", DF for short, 18, wiry, angelic choir-boy face, wears headgear. DF has Asperger Syndrome.

GYM RAT, 19, a bit more mass on him, JABS DF's FACE. The gym is filled with ATHLETES' SHOUTS and YELLS.

DF
(to self, mainly)
Dead Fred. Dead Fred. Dead Fred.

DF is PUNCHED a lot in the face, he smiles. Shows his BLOODY MOUTH GUARD.

GYM RAT
C'mon man. Defend yourself man.

DF tries. Gym Rat continues to land blows. DF DROPS his arms.

DF
Um, c'mon man. Uh, defend yourself
DF, um, um --

GYM RAT
(stops)
That's it.

Gym Rat throws down his gloves.

GYM RAT (CONT'D)
What the hell is the matter with
you?. Fight BACK!

DF just stares. Gym Rat quits and steps out of the ring.

GYM RAT (CONT'D)
I ain't gonna fight somebody that
WON'T fight back!!

Gym Rat heads to the lockers.

DF
Uh, I ain't gonna fight somebody,
um, that won't fight back.

DF stands in the middle of the ring BLOODY.

RANDOM KID (O.S.)
(yells)
You're a friggin' freak Louderman!

CAT CALLS RING throughout the gym.

CUT TO:

INT. COMPUTER ROOM - MONITOR

SLONE'S EYES READ as he SCROLLS:

"The researchers interviewed 52 convicted murderers, 14 of them ranked as psychopaths according to the Psychopathy Checklist-Revised, a 20-item assessment, and asked them to describe their crimes in detail ..."

He scrolls, scrolls, scrolls and
Stops.

"... factors in a series of algorithms to categorize possible psychopaths from those who are non-violent criminals ..."

LEANS IN as the text comes into view

SLONE
(aloud)
... by analyzing words and speech
patterns, researchers can examine
the emotional content of the subject's
speech ...

Slone registers an "Ah-ha" moment on his FACE.

LATER

Slone sits and swivels to work on several keyboards, tablets, smart phones. He scribbles notes on a yellow pad.

Social media website pages and texting screens light up the room.

LATER

At the center work station Slone WRITES CODE, checks off various tasks on a yellow pad and works on various computers at once.

LATER

Slone pulls the AUDIO TRACKS from pre-qualified candidates.

A GRAPHIC of an audio track SCROLLS and PULSES in neon green on a black monitor in an audio software program.

PSYCHO CANDIDATE AUDIO (O.S.)
... I was thinking, ummm ... that
there would be more blood ... Ya
know?

CUT TO:

INT. LOUDERMAN HOUSE - MORNING

DF stands in the hallway STARING at a photograph on the wall. Tiny faces smile out at him from his THIRD GRADE class photo.

DF tilts his head slightly. SCOWLS. He FLICKS all of the tiny faces with his finger row by row pausing on the bottom row.

Beat.

He MASHES his thumb into his OWN IMAGE looking out at him from the bottom row.

DF
(to himself)
Frederick Louderman.

CUT TO:

INT. DF'S BEDROOM - DAY

Posters: World of Warcraft, Halo, Smith and Wesson Pistols, Bruce Lee, Ghost Skull from Call of Duty 3 cover the walls.

DF does a crude ritual of Martial Arts exercises. Shipping boxes are stacked against a padlocked door. DF stops, peers out into

HALLWAY

All clear.

Beat.

Back to

BEDROOM

He shuts his bedroom door, jumps to the other door with combination lock, spins it open and slides the shipping boxes along his bedroom carpet into

WALK-IN CLOSET

Dylan BLASTS AIR HORN:

HHHHHHHHHHHOOOOOOOOOOOOOOONNNNNNNNNNNNNNNNNNNKKKKKKKKKKKKK!!!!!!!

OLD MAN (CONT'D)
(cries out)
Horrible.

His window LIGHTS BACK UP.

OLD MAN (CONT'D)
Horrible bastard!

They laugh, shout and SPEED off.

CUT TO:

INT. CLASSROOM - NIGHT

Brooks has the school all to herself. She hangs Christmas Decorations in her classroom. Meditation music plays on her cell phone.

LATER

She GLOWS as she reads the letters her students gave her to mail to Santa. She walks to each little desk as she reads caressing them with her hands.

A door creaks in the distance.

Beat.

Brooks hair stands up-the sudden realization that she is alone.

CUT TO:

INT. SLONE COMPUTER ROOM - LATER

Slone works.

RICKY, 21, appealing big mouth, appears LIVE STREAMING on a monitor. He is on a Facebook page, A HIPSTER CAFE behind him.

RICKY (On Monitor)
Like uh, shooting them man ...

Slone PERKS UP at the word "shooting", and shifts to focus on

RICKY (On Monitor) (CONT'D)
... as soon as they come out ... a
"run-by" shooting haha ...

Slone leans in. A sign on the Cafe reads:

"DAILY GRIND"

Slone GOOGLES for a location.

RICKY (On Monitor) (CONT'D)

BAM! Right as they come out ...

Slone's eyes focus on the video.

THE BUTT END OF A WEAPON APPEARS AT THE BOTTOM OF THE FRAME.
The software creates a "Ricky" file.

RICKY (On Monitor) (CONT'D)

... splattering all over the place,
uh, yeah ...

Slone is instantly SWITCHED ON.

RICKY (On Monitor) (CONT'D)

... they'll never know what hit 'em
dude ...

Slone pulls the information into his smart phone. He grabs his WEAPONS and races out the door. The live streaming continues.

MATCH DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. HIPSTER CAFE - MOMENTS LATER

Ricky's unseen VIDEOGRAPHER takes a step back.

VIDEOGRAPHER (O.S.)

Dude ...

(a hand waves Ricky
off in the edge of
the frame)

... step back. Step back, man.

Ricky steps back to reveal a

PAINT-BALL GUN.

RICKY

Watch this!

Ricky blasts blue, yellow, red, and green paint-balls that burst all over a SHARPLY DRESSED GAY COUPLE.

They freeze in SHOCK

Then RELIEF

Then ANGER.

RICKY (CONT'D)

(laughs)

Oh. It's just my art --

Ricky whips out a big black sharpie and signs Man 1's red and green splattered shirt.

MAN 1
 (screams overlap)
 -- Help! Help! Help!

MAN 1 shoves him away.

MAN 1 (CONT'D)
 Son of a bitch!

MAN 2
 Rot in hell bastar --

RICKY
 (overlaps)
 -- No no see I'm Ricky Picasso ...

Ricky tries to sign their shirts.

RICKY (CONT'D)
 See, I'm famous. See?

Ricky takes out his CELL PHONE.

RICKY (CONT'D)
 MY LAST VIDEO GOT OVER A MILLION
 HITS!! SEE?!

The men SLAP Ricky Picasso.

VIDEOGRAPHER (O.S.)
 This is so cool man. Keep 'em
 talkin'!!

MAN 2
 (overlaps)
 Mother FUCKER ... this shirt cost
 more than YOUR LIFE! --

MAN 1
 (overlaps)
 -- Where are the cops? This is a
 HATE CRIME!!!
 (to Ricky)
 YOU OWE ME A NEW JACKET BITCH!!

MAN 2
 (flustered)
 I'll find someone ...

RICKY
 WAIT! Here.

Ricky pulls out a WAD OF CASH. He hands some to Man 1 who

calms at the sight of the money. He motions with his hand "more".

MAN 2
Fuck, just LOOK at me. I'M A MESS!!

Man 1 GRABS the whole wad.

RICKY
Here I'll sign it ...

Ricky signs their shirts. They continue to shove him off.

The back of SLONE APPEARS.

RICKY (CONT'D)
... gonna be worth millions some
day. TRUST ME!

Slone SEES the paint ball gun, the splattered shirts and the camera. He takes his hand off of his HIDDEN PISTOL, adrenaline still pumping.

Slone CHARGES and GRABS Ricky by the collar.

SLONE
(snarling in Ricky's
face)
What the HELL is wrong with you?!

RICKY
(hands up in surrender)
Whoa! Take it easy man! You a cop?!

SLONE
(to the men)
Anyone hurt?

The men regroup and study Slone. The don't say anything.

SLONE (CONT'D)
(beat)
It's just paint right?

Man 1 and Man 2 look Slone up and down.

MAN 1
(showing his jacket
to Slone)
Just?!

SLONE
(more stern)
You're not hurt right?

MAN 1
 Yeah. No one's hurt ...
 (glares at Ricky)
 ... not YET anyway!

Ricky pulls away from Slone and motions the Videographer to join him. A crowd starts to gather.

Man 1 waves the wad and points at Ricky.

MAN 1 (CONT'D)
 You're lucky, asshole.

MAN 2
 (to Man 1)
 C'mon baby let's call it a night.

They nod to Slone and leave. Slone nods back, still breathing heavily.

SLONE
 (to Ricky)
 Stay there.

Ricky STAYS. Slone motions to the hopper of the paint-ball gun.

SLONE (CONT'D)
 Fill it.

Ricky fills the chute with paint-balls. Videographer RUNS OFF.

SLONE (CONT'D)
 Hand it to me.
 (motions)
 Stand over there.

POP POP POP POP POP POP POP.

RICKY
 Shit! That stings!

Slone blasts Ricky with red and blue paint balls. Ricky is coated in a purple mixture. Crowd hoots and hollers.

SLONE
 I know how to find you. I'm watching you, Picasso.

Ricky looks down at his own PAINT-BLASTED clothes.

RICKY
 Wow! This is cool. Can I keep this?
 I'm keeping this.

Slone walks off shaking his head.

RICKY (CONT'D)
 (yelling after slone)
 HEY! Subscribe to my CHANNEL!
 (beat)
 TRUST ME! I'LL MAKE YOU FAMOUS!!

Ricky wipes purple spatter from his face. He watches Slone walk away.

CUT TO:

INT. SUBURBAN HOUSE - AFTERNOON

Conner and Dylan play FIRST PERSON SHOOTER GAMES in a tricked out bedroom. They talk without taking their eyes off of the screen.

CONNER
 (playing game)
 This is NOT what it's really like ya know ...

DYLAN
 What ...

CONNER
 When you kill someone, it's not like this at ALL. It's a RUSH.

DYLAN
 Huh. Like YOU know.

Conner stops playing and stares menacingly at Dylan.

DYLAN (CONT'D)
 What?

CONNER
 I know more than YOU. YOU never killed anything in your life.

DYLAN
 (eyes back to the game)
 Like you HAVE.

Conner gets up from the game fakes a punch at Dylan and walks out of the room.

DYLAN (CONT'D)
 (flinching)
 What'd I say?

CUT TO:

INT. COMPUTER ROOM - AFTERNOON

DYLAN

Wadda you doin' man? You're scaring
him.

Hamster DARTS back and forth in the cage. Conner takes out
his phone and tosses it to Dylan.

CONNER

Here. Facebook Live this.

DYLAN

Dude what are you DOING?

CONNER

(lunges aggressively)
Shut the FUCK UP DYLAN!

Dylan COWERS.

DYLAN

(false apathy)

Whatever man ... your sister is gonna
freak.

(then)

Where's the camera on this?

Conner jumps in the black SUV, starts engine, lowers the
driver side window and leans out.

CONNER

Ready man?

Dylan's hands shake as he aims phone and nods.

Conner SLAMS SUV in gear and lurches toward HAMSTER CAGE
with FRONT WHEEL.

Dylan's face shows horror then revulsion at the sound of SUV
wheel CRUSHING hamster.

CUT TO:

INT. APARTMENT COMPLEX - DAY

Brooks is in her living room, arts and crafts supplies
scattered on the floor and couch. Her cat paws at loose
ribbons and papers.

Relaxing music plays as she dutifully writes responses to
all the Santa letters herself.

She goes to the closet to get more supplies, sees an old
manilla envelope on top of a shoe box. She hesitates for a
moment then relents.

She clears a place on her coffee table. The envelope is
stuffed with old pictures, cards, memories.

She looks through some of the pictures: Family, Brooks' birthday, wine with friends.

A black and white photo FREEZES her gaze. Her eyes start to moisten as she looks at the SONOGRAM dated 5 years ago. The words: "12 weeks" and "Can't wait to meet you mommy :)" typed over the image in computer font.

Brooks starts to let go. Her cell phone BUZZES. She quickly stuffs the emotions back down and wipes her eyes.

BROOKS
(into cell phone)
Hi Gran ...

CUT TO:

INT. SLONE'S KITCHEN - MORNING

Propped up on a book stand is In Buddha's Kitchen: Cooking, Being Cooked, and Other Adventures in a Meditation Center.

Slone performs his breakfast routine. Places two more separated yokes in MASON JAR and marks two more lines on the lid.

SLONE
(to himself)
That's fifty.

TOSSES THE ENTIRE JAR OF FIFTY YOKES IN THE STEEL TRASH CAN.
SLAM!

Slone methodically cleans the breakfast dishes then opens a cabinet. It contains 40, four oz. jars of SKIPPY peanut butter facing front. 20 smooth, 20 crunchy.

He grabs a jar of smooth and an individually wrapped WHITE PLASTIC SPOON from a bin.

Dismantles the PERFECT TRIANGLE
Wallet into RIGHT FRONT JEANS POCKET
Cell Phone into LEFT FRONT JEANS POCKET
Keys untouched.

CUT TO:

INT. COMPUTER ROOM - EMPTY

Monitors and smartphone screens suddenly FLASH AUTOMATICALLY. Hundreds of YouTube and Facebook pages pop up and disappear in a continuous light show.

One of the smaller monitors plays a video of someone wearing a DEVIL MASK in a rant.

DEVIL (On Monitor)
 All this bullshit, man. All these
 dregs who poison my soul ...

The voice is young but purposefully raspy. The image on the screen FLIES to the large "All POSSIBLE CANDIDATES" monitor.

DEVIL (On Monitor) (CONT'D)
 ... all, um, all their, debaucheries
 weren't enough ...

WEB PAGES, PHOTOS, VIDEO CLIPS of the DEVIL MASK appear on ALL other screens.

A snake of media files twists and turns and uploads into a newly created MASTER FILE.

DEVIL (On Monitor) (CONT'D)
 ... They had to spill my blood ...

The Devil's hand moves to the web-cam. The image swings and refocuses on the Devil's ARSENAL: AR-15, SHOTGUNS, PISTOLS, PIPE BOMBS, AMMO, KEVLAR VEST, KATANA SWORD.

DEVIL (On Monitor) (CONT'D)
 ... someone must inspire generations
 of the weak with their deeds ...

The image FREEZES

SUPER:

"YOUNG ADULT MALE PSYCHOTIC: 92% PROBABILITY"

Slone enters and sees the words on the main monitor. His face GLOWS BLUE as he excitedly watches EVERY SCREEN in the room align to focus on the same DEVIL MASK threat; the first time the algorithm has ever done anything so drastic.

SLONE
 (loud whisper)
 You got somethin'! Whadda you got?!

HOURS LATER

Slone is transfixed. There are DOZENS of VIDEOS and BLOGS and VIOLENT threats.

BUT NO PICTURES of the FACE behind that mask. No address or email or server information. NOTHING TRACEABLE.

JUST A SINGLE MONIKER that touches every file connected to the DEVIL MASK.

Slone reads the name.

SLONE (CONT'D)
 (to self)
 "9mmSAVYUR"

Slone shakes his head.

SLONE (CONT'D)
 Catchy.
 (beat)
 Where are you hiding you sick fuck?

CUT TO:

INT. DF'S BEDROOM - BRIGHTLY LIT - MOMENTS LATER

DF does martial arts exercises. Tries to focus. The demons in the closet are too strong to resist.

He unlocks the door

He stands admiring his stash of weapons.

DF
 (whispers)
 Yeeeahhhhhhhh ...

KNOCK KNOCK KNOCK

On his bedroom door. DF SLAMS the closet door closed. Leaps to his bed just as

NANCI LOUDERMAN, forty-ish, high strung, pleasant, sit-com type, SLIDES a BULKY AMAZON SHIPPING BOX along the wall into her son's room where there are other packages.

ISABELLA LOUDERMAN (IZZY), 4, DF's adorable, tiny sister plays in the hall.

DF jumps down. Grabs the Amazon box and sits with it in his lap at his computer. DF's face is angelic.

NANCI
 (to the back of her
 son's head)
 Another package for you? Did you
 spend ALL the money I gave you
 already?

DF
 (overlaps singing Lou
 Reed's Walk on the
 Wild Side throughout)
 ... dut dut dut du to dut dut dut
 dut ...

Nanci strokes her son's hair. He doesn't turn to face her.

NANCI
 (gently)
 Havin' a rough day today, Hun?
 (beat)
 I'm heading out for a while. I'm
 Christmas shopping.
 (beat)
 Can you watch Izzy?

DF
 ... dut dut dut ... NO!

Izzy STARTLES.

DF (CONT'D)
 ... Du to dut dut dut dut ...

NANCI
 Do you need anything, Hun?

DF
 ... Du to dut ...

Izzy RUNS to mommy. GRABS mommy's legs.
 DF'S face contorts DEMONIC.

DF (CONT'D)
 No.

Beat.

He FINALLY TURNS and smiles at Nanci.

NANCI
 (smiles back)
 Ok, Hun.

CUT TO:

INT. SLONE COMPUTER ROOM - LATER

Slone looks at the photo of Haley, Bea and himself. He
 studies it.

Beat.

Slone inputs more lines of code. The algorithm sends an
 open chat invitation across all platforms to any machine or
 user connected with the "9mmSAVYUR" name.

He waits for HOURS, no response.

Boredom.

He analyzes a screen shot of the DEVIL MASK. It's frightening, but immature and overly gory, like something from "FANGORIA".

He frowns at the blinking chat invitation mocking him.

SLONE
Hell with this ...

Slone strips off his shirt and heads up a flight of stairs to his

STEEL & BLACK RUBBER HEAVY BAG AREA

Illuminated by a SINGLE PLASMA ARC LIGHT he POUNDS the bag and sweats. The anger on his face grows. His BARE KNUCKLES BLEED.

SMASH CUT TO:

EXT. CITY - SAME OLD MAN'S STREET - NIGHT

Conner and Dylan same M.O.

THE TIME ON THE PHONE SCREEN:

"7:32 p.m."

Loud music as the SUV IDLES across the street from OLD MAN'S building.

CONNER
Turn that down.

Dylan lowers the radio.

DYLAN
(nervously)
This is a bad idea man ...

CONNER
You fuckin' pussying-out on me?
Huh?

DYLAN
No man it's just ... he's just an
old man --

CONNER
(overlapping)
Just fuckin' get ready.

They pull SKI MASKS on. The OLD MAN appears at the front door holding a trash bag.

CONNER (CONT'D)
 (excited)
 Fuck. There he is. C'MON!

They BURST from the SUV. The predators POUNCE on the OLD MAN.

Conner PUNCHES the OLD MAN in face knocking him to the ground. He KICKS him over and over again. Dylan stands frozen. Conner STOPS.

CONNER (CONT'D)
 What the FUCK Dylan! FILM THIS!

Dylan starts filming. Conner goes through garbage bag WHISKY BOTTLE.

CONNER (CONT'D)
 YESSSS!

He raises the bottle up to SMASH the OLD MAN.

Beat.

CONNER (CONT'D)
 (to camera)
 Am I in focus?

MATCH DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. SLONE'S STREET - NIGHT

SCREAMS and YELLS come from the loft nonstop but muffled in the distance.

LATER - PREDAWN

Dogs bark. Trucks rumble by.

Slone stands at the counter staring at the TRIANGLE...

Beat.

SLONE
 (to himself)
 ...Fuck it.

GRABS CELL PHONE: JAMS into RIGHT front pocket
 GRABS WALLET: STUFFS into LEFT front pocket

Beat.

Breathes deeply and

Walks to the front door

YOGA INSTRUCTOR (O.S.)
Change positions. Breathe.

YOGA GIRL 1
(overlaps, glances
toward Slone)
Yes or no?

Yoga Girl 1 looks at Brooks.

BROOKS
Yes or no what? --

YOGA INSTRUCTOR (O.S.)
(shouts)
Quiet!

YOGA GIRL 2
(stares across the
gym at Slone)
You gotta get out more hun. For me
I say "yes" ... looks a little rough,
just my type.

Yoga Girl 2 stares at Brooks.

YOGA INSTRUCTOR (O.S.)
Breathe. Breathe. Breathe.

WEIGHT AREA

Skinny Kid nervously eyes Slone. Skinny Kid moves in as
Slone rests and drips.

SKINNY KID
Hey man, what do you do to get your
arms so big?

Slone looks up and STARES; says nothing.
Skinny kid's face drains-puzzled white. He SWALLOWS and
walks away.

CUT TO:

24 HOUR GYM - JUICE BAR - LATER

Brooks walks in and sits.
SAM, 19, juice-ista, juices smoothies and shakes.

SAM
(flirts)
Hey.

BROOKS
 Hey Sam, I'll have the blueberry
 with lavender honey, please.

Sam ogles Brooks.
 Slone walks in, sits next to her.

SLONE
 (shyly)
 Uh ... can I ... buy you that shake?

Sam watches.

BROOKS
 Smoothie, Billy.
 (smiles)
 Sounds healthier than "shake".

Sam retreats.

SLONE
 Oh. Yeah. Gotcha.

BROOKS
 And yes. Thank you, Billy.

SLONE
 (smiling)
 Your welcome, Teacher.

RANDOM people order, come and go.

RANDOM GIRL
 Hey Brooks. Merry Christmas.

BROOKS
 Happy Christmas. Hey Kathy.

The WHIRL and HUM of drinks being made.
 Slone taps anxiously at the countertop.

Beat.

SLONE
 (timid)
 Do you say "Happy" instead of "Merry"? --
 I mean ... is that how it's said in
 England?

BROOKS
 Some people do. Why? Do I sound
 foreign when I say "Happy Christmas."

Brooks grins at him, the straw clamped between her white
 teeth.

SLONE
 (apologetic)
 Oh no. Not at all.

She places her hand over his.

BROOKS
 It's ok, someday I'll learn this God-
 awful language.

She WINKS. He BLUSHES.

Beat.

BROOKS (CONT'D)
 You're very sweet. Thank you for
 the smoothie.

SKINNY KID walks past and makes nervous EYE CONTACT with
 Slone. Slone GLARES back.

Slone rises, pays and indicates "keep the change".
 It's a lot of change.

SAM
 Yeah? Thanks man!

Slone gazes at Brooks, starts to speak, then just smiles.
 Brooks smiles back.

BROOKS
 (coyly)
 William.

SLONE
 Teacher.

Slone leaves. BEMUSEMENT registers on Brooks' face.

CUT TO:

EXT. 24 HOUR GYM - PARKING LOT - CONTINUOUS

Slone PURSUES Skinny Kid.

SLONE
 (to Skinny Kid)
 Hey ...

Skinny Kid looks up TERRIFIED. He freezes. Slone's expression
 is dour. Slone STRIDES purposefully and stops SIX INCHES in
 front of Skinny Kid.

Beat.

Slone cracks a tiny, disarming GRIN. Taps his own biceps
 and then Skinny Kid on the shoulder.

SLONE (CONT'D)

Next time I see you in here I'll
show you a couple things that'll
help you out.

Skinny Kid's face BLOOMS INTO A SMILE.

SKINNY KID

THANKS!

SLONE

(already walking away)
You bet.

CUT TO:

EXT. BRIDGE - SLONE'S VEHICLE (MOVING) - TWILIGHT

Slone drives into the city.

CAR VOICE (V.O.)

(pretty female voice)
... four point fiv --

Slone changes the voice ...

CAR VOICE (V.O.) (CONT'D)

(English accent)
... miles to your destination ...

CUT TO:

INT. SLONE COMPUTER ROOM - NIGHT

Slone studies, scans all monitors and smartphone screens.
His EYES LOCK on an open chat invite from:

"9mmSAVYUR"

Slone feels a RUSH. His senses sharpen as he moves around
the computer room without taking his eyes off of the name.

9MMSAVYUR (Text on Monitor)

(cursor texts in jerks
one letter at a time)
"They're forcing me into a corner. I
see the way things really are. What
needs to be done -- "

SLONE (Text on Monitor)

"What?"

9MMSAVYUR (Text)
 "All these holier-than-thou kids,
 these deceitful charlatans."

SLONE (Text)
 "?"

9MMSAVYUR (Text)
 "... Tearing at me since I was young,
 should have stopped them then. All
 the lives they are allowed to
 spoil!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!! ..."

Slone's cursor BLINKS.

9MMSAVYUR (Text) (CONT'D)
 "... Someone needs to be a hero, a
 hero for the weak ..."

SLONE (Text)
 "?"

9MMSAVYUR (Text)
 "Fuck You! Do you know what it's
 like to be spit in your face? To
 have trash shoved down your throat?"

Slone leans in.

Beat.

SLONE (Text)
 "You talk tough. Let's see who's
 behind that mask."

Slone waits. The cursor BLINKS seductively at him. He
 nervously chews the inside of his cheek.

The chat ENDS. The 9mmSAVYUR chat window GRAYS OUT. Slone
 feels the ADRENALINE LEAVE his body. Hollowness replaces
 it.

CUT TO:

BATHROOM - LATER

Slone opens sink drawer, takes out .38, checks cylinder,
 puts gun back. Takes out iPad:

STARTS TIMER.
 PISSES
 STOPS TIMER.
 RECORDS PISS TIME ON iPad.

He flushes then cleans toilet with brush.

Ipap DINGS.

Beat.

Slone picks it up and reads something
Eyes BUG
RUNS TO

LIVING ROOM

Switches on the news.

Video of BLOOD SOAKED people limp in groups of twos and threes. EMTs work, hustle across the front of a movie theater.

TV REPORTER (On TV)
... a massacre shooting, this time
in a movie theater at a midnight
showing ... Many are killed, many
more are wounded ...

Video of heavily armed SWAT teams stand like statues outside the theater clutching unused weapons. ANGER BURNS from Slone's face.

Images shift to a still photo of the suspected shooter. Another WILD-EYED PSYCHOPATH with a SICKENING GRIN on his face. Slone stares back then SNAPS.

He GRABS a LAZYBOY chair
HOISTS IT HIGH OVER HIS HEAD
SMASHES
It SHATTERS on the floor.

His shirt RIPS.
He repeats this over and over until he SWINGS only the FRAME in the air.

He KICKS over a glass-top table
BROKEN SHARDS FLY everywhere
Slone's shirt SHREDS.

Slone RIPS a leg from the table.
AX-like he DESTROYS the room.
He BITES his lip

He BLEEDS.
Debris FLIES
Slone CUTS his HANDS
His ARMS

BLOOD covers him
He DESTROYS
He THROWS his TABLE-LEG-AX.

SLONE
(breaths very heavy)
I wipe these psychopaths from the
face of my fucking planet!

Beat.

Slone sees his BLOODY REFLECTION in a broken mirror.
He starts to calm down, exhausted. He breaths deeply and
dabs at his wounds with his ripped shirt.

He drops heavily onto his now broken sofa. The GRINNING
FACE of the shooter again on the TV screen. Slone reaches
under the sofa and grabs a REMINGTON 870, 12 GAUGE and
positions it behind a SOFA CUSHION SILENCER

Boom!
SHOOTS out the TV
Boom!
Boom!
Boom!

He empties the gun. Collapses in a heap on the remains of
the sofa and passes out in a blizzard of feathers.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. MEADOW - DAY

SUNSHINE

Slone walks through tall grass. Sound of CHILDREN LAUGHING
in the distance.

Beat.

Something isn't quite right. Slone becomes uneasy. He walks
faster towards laughter. LAUGHING TURNS TO SCREAMING.

SOUND OF GUNFIRE.

Slone RACES emerging from grass standing in a silent
playground. EMPTY. Then

A LIBRARY

Contorted bodies bloody and twitching. Bea, half her head
missing is laughing hysterically.

A FACELESS FIGURE sits on a bookshelf HOLDING A RIFLE.

Slone TERRIFIED AIMS .45 at him.
LAUGHTER behind Slone.

Slone SPINS and sees HALEY standing in a BLOOD-SOAKED cheerleader uniform inches from him

They stare face to face.

HALEY
(grinning)
Too late, Romeo ...

END DREAM:

ON THE SOFA OUT OF BREATH

SLONE
(gasps)
GOD!!!!!!!!!!

Slone BOLTS UPRIGHT. Breathes in. Breathes out.

SMASH CUT TO:

E/I. CITY SKYLINE - SLONE'S VEHICLE (MOVING) - NIGHT

Slone SPEEDS out of town.

CAR VOICE (V.O.)
(pretty female voice
posh accent)
Thirty three point four miles to
your destination.

Slone pulls out his spoon.

CAR VOICE (V.O.) (CONT'D)
Traffic is light.

Opens a jar and fills his mouth with SKIPPY.

CAR VOICE (V.O.) (CONT'D)
Weather is clear.

Beat.

CAR VOICE (V.O.) (CONT'D)
Please do not text while driving.

Slone squints at the console. Turns off the voice. It starts to rain.

CUT TO:

EXT. ANYTOWN - OLD CATHEDRAL - NIGHT

Slone bounds up the steps in the DRIVING RAIN and enters the

CATHEDRAL.

Water drips from the ceiling.

In b.g. a NUN, 50s, sets out buckets to capture the drips, they peal with loud CLANGS. Slone walks down the main aisle and slips into the

CONFESSIONAL.

Slone stands. Smoke billows behind the mesh divider.

SLONE

Ok. I'm here.

Father Bartoli, now 63, exhales a huge cloud of smoke. Coughs.

Slone knocks on the screen. It slides open.

BARTOLI

(gravelly voice)

You don't have anything you need to confess --

Beat.

BARTOLI (CONT'D)

Oh it's you.

Downs a shot.

BARTOLI (CONT'D)

I have to piss. Smitties in nine minutes -- this is Chinese water torture -- I need a new roof, God dammit. If I can shit, twenty.

CUT TO:

INT. SMITTIES - LATER

A deserted dive with a couple of drunks at the bar. Bartoli sits at a table. He looks like the worn out ex-military wise guy that he is. Slone walks in. In b.g. a SERVER, plain, 30s brings drinks. Ambient music drones on.

BARTOLI

You don't ever let anyone see you limp huh, Billy?

Slone sits across the table from Bartoli.

SLONE

So. Doc.

Bartoli belts a shot. Server pours a sudsy beer.
The Johnnie Walker bottle sits there next to the mug.

SLONE (CONT'D)

So.

BARTOLI

Bill. Fuck --
(to Server)
Oh thanks --

SLONE

Wha-do-you-want?

Bartoli smokes like a chimney at Slone. Slone STARES back.

BARTOLI

What's going on, Billy?

Bartoli pours another shot.

SLONE

Doc. You're killing yourself.

BARTOLI

So.
(beat)
We better stop.

Slone studies Bartoli's face.

Beat.

Bartoli studies Slone's face.

Beat.

BARTOLI (CONT'D)

This ...
(searching for words)
... calling of yours.

Slone gives a puzzled look.

BARTOLI (CONT'D)

Bill, this is getting way out of
hand. Think about what you are doing --

SLONE

(overlap)
-- I don't have time for this crap
Doc --

He starts to stand

BARTOLI

(overlap)

-- You need to listen to me. What you're becoming ...

SLONE

Yeah?

Bartoli takes a long frustrated breath.

BARTOLI

You appreciate ... irony???

Slone rolls his eyes.

BARTOLI (CONT'D)

Jesus Christ Bill, you were so fuckin' distraught afterwards ... after what you did. I never saw anything like it, so afraid that God would punish you for it. I was so sure you wouldn't want to ...

(beat)

Now ... I'm afraid.

(leans in)

Stop. While you still can.

Bartoli exhales a long stream of smoke. Slone sits again, leans in, ANGER building.

SLONE

(accusingly)

But YOU absolved me, remember? From my sins?

BARTOLI

(cautiously)

Yes. You were protecting His flock. But I'm afraid now. I was wrong -- I am wrong -- Fuck.

SLONE

You're NOT wrong Doc.

(beat)

You just got old.

BARTOLI

I am afraid for you, Bill. And OF you --

(coughing)

-- and FUCK yes I'm old ... Jesus --

SLONE

(overlap)

-- Afraid? Of what Doc?

(MORE)

SLONE (CONT'D)
 Just shoot back! Pick up a gun and
 SAVE YOURSELF!

Bartoli looks away, disturbed.

SLONE (CONT'D)
 So WHAT then? Become a statistic?
 Blissfully unaware at the movies?
 (chokes up)
 Or in the library? Hope the cops
 show up before your sister has her
 BRAINS BLOWN OUT!?

Bartoli sinks.

SLONE (CONT'D)
 More love and understanding right?
 That'll stop all this! HOLD HANDS AT
 ANOTHER FUCKING CANDLELIGHT VIGIL!?

Bartoli nervously scans the room.

BARTOLI
 You need help, God. God. He won't be
 with you anymore.
 (loud whisper)
 You are losing your mi-
 (catches himself)
 I mean ...

Slone eyes him, waiting for the rest.

BARTOLI (CONT'D)
 (gently)
 ... you're could lose your soul.

SLONE
 (composing himself)
 I gotta do this so people will
 understand it's up to them.

BARTOLI
 An example for the masses eh, Billy?
 An eye for an eye is THAT it?!

SLONE
 PREVENTATIVE MEDICINE, DOC! You
 wanna stay alive you gotta count on
 yourself.

BARTOLI
 (directly)
 Bill, listen to me --

SLONE

(overlap)

-- How many people died in that theater tonight? How many NEVER saw it coming?

Bartoli retreats slightly.

SLONE (CONT'D)

(points at Bartoli)

Exactly! Until THAT changes I'm gonna do whatever I can.

Beat.

Beat.

Bartoli DRINKS.

BARTOLI

And what about Derek Radliff?

Slone SNAPS UPRIGHT.

BARTOLI (CONT'D)

And what has THAT done to you? To his family? Over what? A hunch?!

SLONE

(looking down)

That won't happen again.

BARTOLI

You can't play God, son. You can't know the future like that --

SLONE

(overlapping)

-- The new software's got it figured out --

BARTOLI

(overlapping)

-- You can't kill someone for something they MIGHT do! No matter WHAT your ones and zeros tell you!

Slone STARES. Bartoli looks around.

SLONE

"A sin in thought is the same as one in deed". That's in that fuckin' book of yours isn't it?! --

BARTOLI

(overlapping)

-- Dammit, Bill --

SLONE
(overlapping)
-- that piece of shit in the theater,
if he'd been local my algorithm would
have peg him, and I woulda got that
mother-fucker BEFORE he walked into
that theater and THERE WOULD BE
SEVENTEEN PEOPLE ALIVE THAT ARE DEAD
NOW!

Beat.

BARTOLI
And if you had, then YOU would be
the murderer, Bill.

SLONE
(unflinching)
I'll take that!

Beat.

BARTOLI
(gently)
No, Bill.

Slone looks away.

Beat.

Beat.

Slone's shoulders drop, he sinks into his chair as if his
body just shut itself down. His right knee BOUNCES nervously
under the table.

SLONE
(softening)
Ya know ... I don't sleep so well
these days, Father ...

Bartoli starts to tear up. He pats the back of Slone's head.

BARTOLI
Bill, you have to give this up now,
nevermind your damn soul.
(beat)
Don't you want a normal life?

Slone's knee STOPS BOUNCING, his body STIFFENS, he STANDS.
Bartoli looks up at him. Slone GLARES down menacingly.

Beat.

Bartoli's eyes show timidity.

Slone stoops to one knee and bows his head.

SLONE
 (grinding his teeth)
 Bless me Father, for I have sinned.

BARTOLI
 Bill --

SLONE
 (overlapping)
 -- Father, my normal life ended
 sixteen years ago.
 (softer)
 I can't.

BARTOLI
 (making the sign of
 the cross over Slone)
 You're becoming too much even for
 me, Billy.

Slone blesses himself, stands, then vanishes out the front door. Bartoli takes a shot of bourbon.

BARTOLI (CONT'D)
 (to himself)
 Go in peace.

CUT TO:

INT. SAME TOWN - SHOOTING RANGE - DAY

From the BACK, in lane #8

A slight, thin figure dressed head to boot in urban camo, a VIRTUAL REALITY HEADSET instead of safety glasses, bounces and SHOTS

BAM BAM BAM BAM BAM BAM BAM BAM!

He gyrates wildly and MANIACAL with each shot from a Stag Arms .223 assault rifle. He fires at unseen enemies until the mag is EMPTY.

Smoke escapes from the barrel. He puts the rifle down and REMOVES the virtual reality headset. He looks around with childlike wonder.

It's DF.

DF
 (to no one)
 That was nuts!

CUT TO:

E/I. SHOOTING RANGE - ENTRANCE - MOMENTS LATER

Slone takes the spoon out of his mouth and TUCKS IT IN SHIRT POCKET as he enters.

He carries a small black duffel bag to the

FRONT COUNTER

Perched on her high stool in front of the register is MISTY, early 30s, TOMBOY SEXY, hair in braids, a tight white t-shirt with "Got Ammo?" written on it. She looks up from texting. Grins coyly at Slone.

In b.g. ELMER, 30s, scraggly, wearing an unbuttoned flannel, heads toward the toilet. Chunky SIG 9MM that needs cleaning dangles on his hip. His black T-shirt has a white INVERTED PEACE SYMBOL on it.

Elmer sees Slone enter.
JEALOUSY.

ELMER
(loudly to Misty)
Your boyfriend's hereeee ...

Elmer shuts bathroom door. Misty turns red.

Jesse, 50s, Michael Moore-fat, rougher, perches on his stool. Nods at Slone.

JESSE
Back again huh?

Slone hands over his membership card and places a metal ammo box on the counter.

JESSE (CONT'D)
Well you should have the place pretty
much to yourself today.

Jesse quickly inspects the ammo in the cans.
Misty steals glances at Slone.

JESSE
Just a hundred of each today huh?
(gestures behind the
glass)
OK looks good. I'm gonna put you in
number six.

SLONE
I don't like the number six.

JESSE

Shit that's right. I forgot you're the superstitious type.

(beat)

Well you should have your own lane for as much time as you spend here. How aboouuuut ... (looking at the monitors)... four?

SLONE

Seven.

JESSE

There's somebody in EIGHT ... you don't mind somebody right next to you?

Jesse searches Slone's face

JESSE (CONT'D)

Seven it is. Ring it up, Mist.

(she smirks)

You good on targets?

Slone nods and puts on eye and ear protection. He exchanges awkward glances with Misty while she rings him up. He heads to the firing lanes.

Slone runs into Elmer coming out of the bathroom. He BLOCKS Slone's path - a stupid redneck grin on his face. Slone STARES UNBLINKING.

SLONE

You're in my way ... friend.

Elmer turns sideways to let Slone pass.

ELMER

(wise-ass smile)

Sure thing Rambo, after you.

Elmer BUMPS Slone as he walks past. Slone STOPS, turns to face him.

Elmer rests his HAND ON THE SIG 9mm. A CHIHUAHUA threatening a PIT BULL.

ELMER (CONT'D)

Yeah?

Slone doesn't flinch.

Elmer starts to SWEAT.

Jesse just watches.

Misty's eyes DART between Jesse and the confrontation.

MISTY
 (whispers to Al)
 You gonna do something?

JESSE
 Elmer FUDD, get your ass over here!

ELMER
 (voice shaky at Slone)
 I ain't scared a you ...

Slone LEANS IN CLOSE, GRINS.

SLONE
 Your fly's down, Fudd.

Misty giggles. Elmer TURNS to glare at her.
 IN A FLASH Slone reaches over and SNATCHES Elmer's 9mm out
 of its holster and POINTS it at him.

Elmer BACKS UP stuttering, hands out in front of him. Jesse
 IN A PANIC DRAWS his weapon and points at Slone.

JESSE
 WHOOAAAA!!! WHOOAA DUDE!!!!

Beat.

SLONE
 Here,
 (tossing Elmer's gun
 to Misty)
 Teach him how to use this thing.

Slone STROLLS back into the firing lanes. Misty bites her
 lip as she watches him.

A crimson faced Elmer musters what's left of his dignity and
 goes to Misty. She holds the gun out butt-first to him, a
 big "told you so" smile on her face.

ELMER
 What are YOU smiling at?
 (then to self)
 Trailer park whore.

Jesse RIPS Elmer around by the arm to face him.

JESSE
 (growling in Elmer's
 face)
 Next time I let the mother-fucker
 KILL you.

(MORE)

JESSE (CONT'D)
 (takes Elmer's gun
 from Misty)
 This stays with me. Go sweep the
 empty lanes, dip-shit.

CUT TO:

FIRING LANE #7 - MOMENTS LATER

Slone loads four magazines: 9mm and .40-two of each.
 He tacks up a HEAD AND TORSO SILHOUETTE TARGET and flips a
 switch. The target flies to the extreme FAR END of the range.

BACK TO:

FRONT COUNTER

Jesse straightens and restocks the glass counters. Misty
 continues to smirk as she texts. Elmer works angrily.

ELMER
 Fuckin' guy's got "shootin' spree"
 written all over him ...

BACK TO:

LANE #7

Slone grabs the polymer-framed Glock 23, slaps in
 a mag of .40 ball ammo and drops the slide. Then without
 effort or aim

BAMBAM BAMBAM BAMBAM BAMBAM BAMBAM!

Puts all ten rounds DEAD CENTER with five double-taps.

BACK TO:

COUNTER

Jesse slurps a big gulp. Misty texts.

JESSE
 Yeah well just as long as it isn't
 here. Shit!

Big gulp SPILLS.

JESSE (CONT'D)
 Quit poutin', Fudd. Wipe that up.

Jesse tosses a roll of paper towels at Elmer which hits him in the head and UNFURLS.

JESSE (CONT'D)

And don't kid yourself. He'd blast that stupid look off your face before you'd get that gun out of that queer looking holster of yours.

MISTY

(under breath)

God. Idiots.

BACK TO:

LANE #7

Slone works with a CZ75S, a sleek stainless steel 9mm.

He reloads the mags and places the pistols on the aiming bench. He squeezes his eyes TIGHT SHUT.

Beat.

Eyes flash open.

He grabs a pistol, fires a single shot

BAM!

Puts it down.

Closes eyes

Opens eyes

Picks it up

BAM!

Repeats the sequence several times.

He picks up the Glock, points it down range, shut his eyes and fires.

He shoots all ten rounds with his EYES CLOSED.

He opens his eyes and toggles the switch bringing the target back. It stops inches from him, swaying back and forth on the cable. THE CENTER is completely shot out, everything else is untouched.

VOICE (O.S.)

THAT'S NUTS!!

Slone startled, turns to see DF standing NEXT TO HIM in the lane, uncomfortably close.

Slone steps back, regarding the baby-faced intruder with a mixture of anger and curiosity.

DF

Whoa!!!

(grabs at the target)

Can I watch you? I'll stand back.

Slone, uneasy with DF's TWITCHY MOVEMENTS, gently pushes his hand away. Something seems familiar.

SLONE

(perturbed)

I don't trust people behind me.

Especially here.

DF looks embarrassed, almost wounded.

Beat.

He SNAPS BACK at Slone.

DF

FINE!

DF STORMS back to his own lane. Slone peers around the dividing wall incognito and watches DF pout and mumble to himself as he packs up his gear. His mannerisms and his affect trigger alarm bells in Slone.

Slone notices a small REVOLVER accidentally left on the aiming bench in lane #8. DF carries his duffel and walks towards the exit.

DF stops before he gets to the door, turns around, drops his duffel and walks back toward the bench.

Slone watches in silence.

DF picks up his forgotten revolver, SEES Slone watching him. DF puts the REVOLVER to his own temple and

PULLS THE TRIGGER

CLICK.

DF (CONT'D)

(sick grin to Slone)

Yeahhhhh ...

Lowers the revolver, then walks off. Slone watches him disappear through the door and starts to follow ...

ELMER

(over range intercom)

Hey #7!

Slone stops, peers through the sound-glass at Elmer.

ELMER (CONT'D)
 (over range intercom)
 Yeah you, Charles Bronson, finish up
 we close in ten minutes.

Slone squints his eyes, smirks, then tacks up a clean silhouette target to the holder and sends it sailing to the FAR END OF THE LANE.

He winks at Elmer still watching through the glass. Loads a hot mag into the CZ75.

BAM BAM BAM BAM BAM BAM BAM BAM BAM!

Loads another mag.

BACK TO:

COUNTER

Elmer watches slone through glass

bam bam bam bam bam bam bam bam bam.

Slone finishes, packs up, grins at Elmer while pointing to his target still dancing at the end of the lane.

SLONE
 (muffled through glass)
 That's for you, Fudd.

Elmer grins back sarcastically. Watches Slone leave out the back door.

ELMER
 (under his breath)
 Asshole.

BACK TO:

FIRING LANES

The door to the lanes opens and Elmer walks through. Heads to lane #7. He flips the switch and brings the TARGET BACK.

ELMER
 (whisper)
 What th -- Holy Christ.

The target is completely untouched except for the center of the chest. The bullet holes have punched out a matching INVERTED PEACE SYMBOL.

MATCH DISSOLVE TO:

ELMER'S INVERTED PEACE SYMBOL T-SHIRT.

SLAM CUT TO:

INT. MISTY'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

It's nothing special. Like a motel room with a few personal touches.

A knock at the door.
Misty opens it to reveal Slone.

MISTY
(giggles)
C'mon in, Rambo ...

LATER

They watch TV on the couch. Navigate through awkward conversation. Misty drinks beer and playfully relives the confrontation with Elmer.

Beat.

They KISS.

Misty rubs her hand aggressively on Slone's crotch. She crawls on top of him. Kneels on his SCARRED LEG.

SLONE
(winces)
Ow!

She backs away.

MISTY
What?!

SLONE
It's nothing, an old scar.

MISTY
(reaching for his
pant leg)
Lemme see ...

SLONE
(blocks her hand)
It's nothing.

She grows annoyed.

MISTY
Don't be a baby let me see!

Slone glares.

MISTY (CONT'D)

Fine. I'm getting another beer.

Misty heads to fridge. Slone stands and sighs with frustration.

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

Sure you don't want one?

SLONE

No, I should probably get going ...

Misty peers from the open fridge. Disbelief.

MISTY

Seriously?

(beat)

Fine. You can let yourself out.

Front door is already closing.

CUT TO:

INT. SLONE'S KITCHEN - NIGHT

Slone stares out at the lights of the city. Thinks of Brooks. His CELL PHONE BUZZES. He looks at the number, surprised.

SLONE

Hello?

(beat)

I understand...

He ends the call and places the cell phone back in the TRIANGLE.

CUT TO:

INT. CONFESSIONAL - LATER

Slone kneels in the dark confessional booth. The cover to the dividing screen SLIDES OPEN. BRIGHT LIGHT pops through the openings in the tin mesh. The stink of BOURBON and CIGARETTE SMOKE waft in.

Beat.

SLONE

I got a phone call ... Mrs.Radliff
... her son ... died an hour ago,
Doc.

Silence.

SLONE (CONT'D)
 (whispering throughout)
 I guess that makes me the same ...
 as them now ...

Creaking sound from the other side of the divider, then a SHADOW over the light.

BARTOLI (V.O.)
 Do you wish to make a confession?

SLONE
 Confession.
 (beat)
 No.

Slone begins to systematically trace the patterns in the mesh divider with his fingertips.

SLONE (CONT'D)
 No. I came to ask for strength.

BARTOLI (V.O.)
 Strength?

SLONE
 (whisper)
 To finish.
 (exasperated)
 I don't think I can do any of this
 anymore.

Beat.

The sound of a FLASK CAP unscrewing.

BARTOLI (V.O.)
 Bill, I'm a priest, which means I'm
 driven by faith.
 (beat/slurping sound)
 I don't know the reason why that
 awful day happened sixteen years
 ago. I can't help you with *that*.
 But I DO believe that if you put
 your faith in God, after everything
 you've been through, he will show
 you the path that he has for you.
 (beat)
 And give you the strength to walk
 it.

Beat.

Beat.

SLONE

(sighs)

What the hell kind of priest drinks
from a flask?

BARTOLI (V.O.)

A drunk one.

SLAM CUT TO:

EXT. HIGHWAY BETWEEN TOWN & CITY - NIGHT

It is a beautiful full moonlit drive. Light traffic whizzes
by on a ROAD SURFACE that's SLICK with drizzle.

INT. SLONE'S VEHICLE (MOVING)

Slone drives. Lit intermittently by each arch light that
passes. He stares straight ahead.

CAR VOICE

(posh accent)

Ten miles ahead on the route, slow
traffic.

Slone looks at the speaker in the console.

He stops at a traffic light. Reaches into LEFT FRONT JEANS
POCKET. Takes out CELL PHONE, looks at BROOKS NUMBER, thinks
about dialing.

Beat.

The light turns green. Slone still stares at number.

CUT TO:

EXT. ROAD STOPLIGHT - CONTINUOUS

Volkswagon behind Slone HONKS

BACK TO:

INT. SLONE'S VEHICLE - CONTINUOUS

Slone snaps back to reality, hurriedly puts cell phone

IN SHIRT POCKET

Gives the WV driver a glare through rear-view then drives
on.

CUT TO:

EXT. HIGHWAY - SLONE'S VEHICLE (MOVING)

A LOWRIDER, BLACK & FLAME, EL'DORADO rockets up behind Slone. It flashes it's lights then attempts to pass SIDESWIPING him. Slone SLAMS on the brakes and goes into a spin.

BACK TO:

CAR INTERIOR

Slone SPINS the wheel to the right

SLONE

SSSSSHIT ...

To the left.

SLONE'S VEHICLE (MOVING)

Slone SKIDS to a stop narrowly missing a parked car. He jumps out and watches the Lowrider El'Dorado speed out of sight.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. 10 MILES DOWN THE HIGHWAY - KING FU'S LIQUOR & DINER

Dilapidated. On a bad stretch of the highway. No windows at the front. Just a PAINTED OUT GLASS DOOR with METAL SECURITY BARS. Some of the glass has been broken out and duct taped with plywood and cardboard.

The black and flame El Dorado screeches and hops into the store's parking lot with FIVE GANG BANGERS, teens - 20s. RAP BLARES.

Four gang bangers jump out.
STRUT to the front door.
Driver stays with the Lowrider.
Keeps the ENGINE RUNNING and IN GEAR.

CUT TO:

INT. KING FU'S LIQUOR & DINER - CONTINUOUS

Dirty, poorly lit, SEVERAL CUSTOMERS at tight crowded tables and chairs in the front and shop in isles of booze behind that. A chime over the door jingles as the four gang bangers saunter in and filter down different isles.

A TODDLER, 17 months, sits on the counter. The OLD STORE OWNER, 60s, fidgets behind the counter. He eyeballs the four gang bangers in straight billed hats, basketball shorts and sneakers.

GANG BANGER 1

(shouts)

Listen up! It's goin' down!!

EVERYONE FREEZES.

GANG BANGER 1 (CONT'D)
Give me everything you got!

POP!
He FIRES over their heads.
They cry out.

GANG BANGER 1 (CONT'D)
NOW!

The GANG BANGERS ROB the customers in the back.

SAME

A LONE CUSTOMER in a beanie and flannel shirt appears at the counter with his back to the robbery.
The shaking Old Store Owner STARES at him.
The LONE CUSTOMER cranes to listen to whispers and footfalls of the robbery.

He turns
It's SLONE.
He eyes the situation
CALCULATES.

GANG BANGER 1
Stop eat 'n'!

Victims cry.

GANG BANGER 1 (CONT'D)
SHUT the fuck up!

Two GIRLS, 16, are SEXUALLY ASSAULTED AND BEATEN in the back of the store.

GANG BANGER 1 (CONT'D)
(to others)
No time bro.

Slone SEES the FRONT of the Lowrider El'Dorado through a TINY SLIT between the cardboard covering the glass front door.

DRIVER IS OBSCURED.

GANG BANGER 1
(walks slowly to Slone)
Yo' -- whatchu lookin' at foo?'

Slone just stares.

Beat.

Slone looks up and CLOSES HIS EYES. He mouths something.

GANG BANGER 1 (CONT'D)

YO!!!!

Slone's eyes SNAP OPEN.

SLONE

You like Coco Puffs?
 (sniffs, turns to
 Gang Banger 1)
 I'm cuckoo for 'em.

GANG BANGER 1

What the fuck?
 (to GANG BANGER 2)
 You hear what this crazy-ass
 muthafucka say? Axin' me if I like
 cereal or some shit.

GANG BANGER 2

Fuck it, blast him and lets do this
 shit!

Slone nods to the parking lot.

SLONE

That your ride, asshole?

Gang Banger 1's EYES FLASH
 Register PANIC for a split second
 Slone draws a RUGER SP101 .357 MAGNUM REVOLVER
 Drops the hammer

POW!

FIRES through the broken glass front door.
 The bullet bores through the CARDBOARD BETWEEN TWO BARS and

Takes the top of the El Dorado Driver's HEAD OFF.
 The body SLUMPS.
 The lowrider lurches and hops out of sight.

GANG BANGER 1

MUTHAFUCKA!

Gang Banger 1 draws a small .25 automatic
 POINTS at Slone

Slone PUSHES the Toddler OUT OF THE LINE OF FIRE and OFF THE
 COUNTER into the Old Store Owner's arms.

Slone LOSES GRIP on .357, it DROPS behind counter.
 Slone reaches for his BACKUP
 Glock 23 .40 tucked in his waistband

Gang Banger 1 backs up FIRING WILDLY

POP POP POP POP POP POP POP POP!
 Slone TWISTS completely sideways SQUATING INTO A SPLIT
 BECOMES A SMALL TARGET.

Every shot MISSES.
 Slone waits.

POP POP!
 CLICK CLICK CLICK.

Gang Banger 1 drops the EMPTY gun
 RUNS for the door

BAM!

Slone SHOOTS GANG BANGER 1 in the head with ONE SHOT
 drops him in a heap at the foot of the door
 a POOL OF BLOOD FLOODS the floor.

The remaining three Gang Bangers take cover in the isles.
 The victims FREEZE.
 Slone slowly stands.

One of the girl victims TAKES A PHOTO WITH HER PHONE.

Slone listens to panicked gang banger whispers.

GANG BANGER 2
 (breathes hard)
 Hey T! T you awright man?!?

CUT TO:

EXT. KING FU'S PARKING LOT - CONTINUOUS

The lowrider with the DEAD DRIVER HOPS
 LUNGES
 HOPS
 LUNGES into a TELEPHONE POLE.

It buckles
 Wires snap
 The transformer EXPLODES in a SHOWER OF SPARKS
 Entire block goes DARK.

INT. SAME

TOTAL BLACKNESS.
 Audible gasps.

A LASER-LIKE MOONBEAM SHINES THROUGH THE SINGLE BULLET HOLE
 IN THE DOOR.

Beat.

GANG BANGER 3

(panics)

Fuck ... FUCK! Shit I SAID THIS WAS
FUCKED UP MAN!

GANG BANGER 2

Shhh ... shut up muthafucka --

GANG BANGER 3

(whisper overlaps)

-- Where is he?

(beat)

Where the fuck is he?!?!

(beat)

Fuck ... Craig is that you???

Gang Banger 4 quits and RACES for the door
Steps on Gang Banger 1's body
PULLS at the door mad with FEAR
It won't budge, BLOCKED BY DEAD BODY.

For a split second an inch wide sliver of GANG BANGER 4's
HEAD is illuminated by the MOONBEAM.

It disappears
It REAPPEARS

BAM!

A microsecond muzzle FLASH.
BLOOD and BRAINS SPRAY.

GANG BANGER 4 DIES on top of GANG BANGER 1's corpse.

GANG BANGER 2

(incensed)

FUCK YOU MUTHAFUCKA! I FUCKIN' KILL
YOU MAN!

GANG BANGER 3

(cries, very young
voice)

I just want outta here man ...

(sobs)

... I wanna go home.

GANG BANGER 2

FUCKIN' KILL YOUUUU!!!

Gang Banger 2 runs through the DARKNESS
FIRES BLINDLY.

POP POP POP POP POP!
Bottles EXPLODE

GANG BANGER 2 (CONT'D)
 AAAAAAAHHHHHHH!!! MUTHAFUCKA!!!

POP POP POP POP POP!

Gang Banger 2 SPRINTS to the door.
 Spots the MOONBEAM
 SLIPS in the BLOOD POOL
 SAILS HEADFIRST into the DOOR

CRASHES
 CRACKS
 Into the IRON BARS.
 Slumps against the door.

GANG BANGER 2 (CONT'D)
 (groans)
 Jesus Christ man.

GANG BANGER 3
 (weeps)
 Craig ... Craig ... don't leave me
 here man!

Gang Banger 2 moans
 STUNNED
 Reaches out for the DOOR
 His HAND touches the moonbeam

BAM!

A bullet TEARS HIS HAND OFF.

GANG BANGER 2
 (yelps uncontrollably)
 AHHHHAHHHHHAA!!!!

GANG BANGER 3
 Craig?
 (panic)
 Craiiigg??? You aight??!?!?

Gang Banger 2 GRIPS HIS STUMP
 SHRIEKS PATHETICALLY.
 HIS EYE BRIEFLY HOVERS IN THE MOONBEAM.

BAM!

BLASTS through the EYE of GANG BANGER 2
 TEARS MOST OF the FACE AWAY
 His body CONVULSES in SPASMS.

The FACELESS HEAD rolls
 into the MOONBEAM.
 Gang Banger 3 STARTLES at DEAD Gang Banger 2's
 ONE EYE STARING BACK.

GANG BANGER 3 (CONT'D)
 (breathless)
 Oh god! Oh god! Oh god! Oh god!

SLONE
 I'm psycho for psychopaths
 (beat)
 And then there was one.

Gang Banger 3 slowly stands.
 SHOUTS in the darkness.

GANG BANGER 3
 (sniffs, slurps)
 Hey man! I ain't with them!
 (beat)
 I just came in for a lottery ticket
 yo'!
 (hyperventilates)
 I ain't got no gun!

HIS CHEST CAVITY THUMPS LOUD AND FURIOUS
 BEAT! BEAT! BEAT! BEAT! BEAT! BEAT!
 GANG BANGER 3 CRANES TO HEAR OVER HIS OWN HEARTBEAT.

GANG BANGER 3
 (false bravado)
 I'm cool man!
 (beat)
 Just wanna get on up outta here?!
 (beat)
 I swear I ain't got no gun. I ain't
 even with that crew!

BEAT! BEAT! BEAT! BEAT! BEAT! BEAT!

GANG BANGER 3 (CONT'D)
 (cries)
 Yo'! ... YO'!!!

FLICK-
 A CIGARETTE LIGHTER
 SHINES on Slone's FACE
 Three feet in front of Gang Banger 3.
 Slone's face appears DEMONIC.

GANG BANGER 3 (CONT'D)
 (startles)
 Uughhh!!!! Oh God!

Slone moves the flame around.
 Light glints from Gang Banger 3's hand.

SLONE
 What's that knife for?

Beat.

Slone blows

GANG BANGER 3
(lunges)
To fuck you up motherfucker!

SLONE
Pooofff.

OUT the flame.

GANG BANGER 3 STABS desperately at the darkness.

COUNTER

The OLD STORE OWNER cradles the TODDLER behind the counter.
He holds Slone's dropped MAGNUM in his SHAKY HAND.
He hears the sounds of the two men fighting in the dark.

UNKNOWN VOICE
(screams)
OH GOD!

Beat.

Then

DELIBERATE STEPS MOVE THROUGH THE BLACK.

Old Store Owner PEEKS UP over the counter.
Something moves passed the moonbeam.
Old Store Owner FIRES the magnum at it

POW! POW! POW!
The muzzle flashes BLIND him
Reports DEAFEN him.

Beat.

He waits, breaths coming in gasps

BAM!

Another MUZZLE FLASH, this one from out of the moonbeam as
A BULLET STRIKES the Old Store Owner sending him against the
back wall.
He KNOCKS over the liquor shelves.

Bottles CRASH around him.

BLACK DEMON FIGURE POINTING A GUN moves towards wounded Old
Store Owner
STOPS.

Beat.

Beat.

One of the GIRLS walks into frame with the News Reporter.

NEWS REPORTER (CONT'D)
I have a young girl here --

GIRL
(overlaps)
-- He was the only one.

NEWS REPORTER
Can you repeat that?

GIRL
He responded. He was the only one
that responded. That man. That
left.

NEWS REPORTER
What man?

CUT TO:

INT. SUBURBS - NICE NEIGHBORHOOD - GIRL'S ROOM - DAY

She sits on her bed typing on her laptop. On the screen there are several blog entries and camera phone photos of the liquor store and all the images of that night.

THERE'S 1 BLURRY PHOTO OF A MAN SHOOTING A GUN FROM THE BACK.

SHE TYPES:

"This is the only photo I got last night of the man that saved my life and the rest of us in that store. He responded when everyone else froze in fear. The police showed up WAY late. We would have been dead if it hadn't been for ... "

She hits the publish button.
The header for the home page jumps up.
It reads in BIG BOLD LETTERS:

"THE RESPONDER"

CUT TO:

INT. SLONE'S LOFT - COMPUTER ROOM - EVENING

Monitors and smart-phone screens flash. A video clip of Conner plays.

CONNER (O.S.)
Oh, man. I'm doin' it ...

CUT TO:

EXT. FREEWAY OVER PASS - NIGHT

SUV exits freeway. Loops around and parks under the overpass.
Homeless living in TENTS line the sidewalk under the bridge.
SUV idles.

E/I. PUNK'S SUV - CONTINUOUS

Conner stares over the wheel.

CONNER
Bunch a fuckin' scumbags man ...
(beat)
... this is gonna be goooood.

He reaches in the back seat grabs a WINCHESTER 1300 PUMP
ACTION SHOTGUN. He pulls on a ski mask.

CONNER (CONT'D)
Get your phone ready. Lets go!

Dylan doesn't move.

CONNER (CONT'D)
C'mon pussy LET'S GO!
(beat)
What are ya SCARED?!? POOR BABY!?

Dylan turns slowly to him.
Dylan's eyes BURN into him.

Beat.

DYLAN
(calmly)
Shut the fuck up.

Dylan doesn't blink. He is SOMEONE ELSE now.
Conner SWALLOWS hard, frozen.

Dylan RIPS the shotgun out of his hand.

DYLAN (CONT'D)
You're so FUCKIN' STUPID ya know
that? Posting all this dumb little
shit.
(leans in)
A fuckin' HAMSTER? You're gonna get
us caught before we even get a chance
to do what we planned. WHAT I
PLANNED!

CONNER
 (stammering)
 C'mon ... Dylan ... its --

DYLAN
 (overlapping)
 -- Shut up. Take YOUR phone out!

Conner does as he is told.

DYLAN (CONT'D)
 YOU record ME now.
 (into camera)
 Helloooo Central Valley High. After
 tomorrow you will ALL remember me.
 It didn't have to come to this ...

Conner starts to sweat.

DYLAN (CONT'D)
 ... But you made your choices, and
 come tomorrow you will have to deal
 with the consequences.
 (looks past the camera
 to Conner)
 Right, asshole?

Conner forces and uneasy grin.

CONNER
 Ri --

BOOM!

Dylan KILLS Conner with a single SHOTGUN BLAST.
 Phone bounces on SUV floor. Dylan picks it up. Waves smoke
 away from his face

PHONE PICTURE - CONTINUOUS

DYLAN
 (coughing/grinning)
 Am I in focus?

Beat.

A KNOCKING on the passenger window.
 Phone image dances as Dylan drops the phone onto the seat
 STILL RECORDING.

BACK TO:

E/I. SUV - CONTINUOUS

Dylan faces a BEARDED HOMELESS MAN. Wild eyes stare at him
 through the glass.

HOMELESS MAN

(muffled)

Hey man, any spare change? Check
the cup holders ...

Dylan reaches over and opens the SUV door. Kicks out Conner's
body.

BODY FALLS at Homeless Man's feet.

DYLAN

Ask HIM.

Homeless Man is horrified.

Dylan LOWERS SHOTGUN BARREL at him just as

Slone's gloved hand GRABS barrel and SHOVES it upwards.
BOOM!

Fires OVER Homeless Man's head.

Slone YANKS shotgun away.

PUMPS the action

POINTS at Dylan

CLICK-Empty.

Beat.

Dylan reaches into back seat

Grabs PISTOL

Slone DIVES on him as they wrestle for the pistol.

BAM!

Bullet flies OVER Slone's head.

Slone OVERPOWERS

PUNCHES Dylan in the face

MASHES Dylan against passenger door.

Pistol DROPS into back seat

Slone opens passenger door

Dylan FALLS out onto the PAVEMENT.

Slone puts SUV in gear.

SUV backs up

Dylan stumbles in STREET

SPEEDS forward

Dylan ILLUMINATED in headlights through windshield

SMASH!

SUV POUNDS into Dylan

FRONT WHEEL ROLLS OVER Dylan

Slone BOUNCES in the driver seat

Rear wheel CRUSHES Dylan's body

SUV SCREECHES to a stop.
Slone gets out stands over the body.

Homeless Man eyes him.

Beat.

Slone reaches into pocket and pulls out a wad of CASH.

SLONE

Here ...
(tosses the wad)
... five hundred and a new car. You
didn't see anything.

HOMELESS MAN

Blind as a bat my brutha.

CUT TO:

INT. SLONE'S LOFT - MONITOR IN KITCHEN - MORNING

Slone fixes one of his meticulous meals.

Fuzzy IMAGES OF SLONE are broadcast in a news bulletin.

NEWS REPORTER (On Monitor)

... there is no further progress on
the two teenagers, Conner Browne,
17, and Dylan Thomas McGough, 16,
both from Mill Valley. No witnesses
have come forward. There is a
\$150,000.00 reward for any information
leading to the arrest of ...

He counts out the number of peas to eat like a pharmacist
counts pills. Lines them up in a row.

COUNTER TOP

New cell phone, wallet and keys arranged in a STRAIGHT LINE.

CUT TO:

E/I. DOWNTOWN - POLICE CENTRAL STATION - LATER

A dozen officers standing in macho poses watch the news
broadcast with the DARK FUZZY IMAGES.

CUT TO:

E/I. CITY STREETS - SLONE'S VEHICLE (MOVING) - LATER

Slone drives and fiddles with the console. It is very foggy and drizzly.

CUT TO:

INT. SLONE'S COMPUTER ROOM - NIGHT

The room is EMPTY and dark but the algorithm continues to work. Monitors blink to life with the NEWS BROADCAST IMAGES of SLONE. The algorithm grabs the images and creates a NEW SLONE FILE.

It reads:

"ADULT MALE PSYCHOTIC: 97% PROBABILITY"

SLAM CUT TO:

EXT. SLONE'S LOFT - FRONT DOOR - CONTINUOUS

A figure steps up through the fog. The figure pauses, then ties something to the door handle.

CUT TO:

E/I. SLONE'S LOFT - LATER

Slone enters and pulls off the package tied to the door with a purple cord. He opens the attached card.
IT READS:

"Bee sweet.
Live like a human being.
Happy Christmas, Teacher."

He unwraps the purple paper. It's a jar of LAVENDER HONEY with a HONEY BEE design on the lid. Slone STARES, touches the BEE DESIGN ...

His phone buzzes.

CUT TO:

EXT. DOWNTOWN - FARMERS MARKET - NEXT DAY

Brooks and Slone walk side by side.

BROOKS

...they definitely keep me on my toes. I love what I do. Make's me feel like I'm doing something worth while. You know?

SLONE

Yeah,

(MORE)

SLONE (CONT'D)
 (turns to her)
 I do.

She smiles at him then turns away coyly.

BROOKS
 So what is it for you? What gets
 you up in the morning?

Beat.

Beat.

Slone takes Brooks' hand.

CUT TO:

EXT. DIFFERENT STREET - LATER

The couple strolls, they look at each other from time to time. Cautious anticipation.

BROOKS
 My granny lives just over that hill
 there.
 (beat)
 I moved here because of her I guess.

Slone cracks a smile.

BROOKS (CONT'D)
 What?

Slone grins in silence.

BROOKS (CONT'D)
 (poking him playfully)
 Whhaaat?

SLONE
 Nothing. Just the way you say
 "granny". I haven't heard anyone
 say that before.

BROOKS
 (perfect American
 accent)
 Grand-MAAA. Grand-MOTHERRRR ...

Slone BEAMS. He puts his arm around her. She rests her head on his shoulder.

Beat.

She looks up at him with a GOOFY GRIN.

BROOKS (CONT'D)
(in rough cockney)
Wanna meet GRANNY then?

CUT TO:

EXT. DIFFERENT STREET - LATER

In the distance, downtown is decked out for Christmas. Street fair with trees, families and faint Christmas music.

SLONE
I know a place.

CUT TO:

EXT. ROOFTOP - SUNSET

They look out over the city.

SLONE
You can see it all from up here,
even Granny's place.

Brooks laughs and leans on Slone.

BROOKS
Here. Hold me.

She hops up on the roof ledge INCHES from STEPPING OFF. Holding tight to Slone's hand she LEANS OUT over the street ELEVEN STORIES BELOW.

SLONE
(unamused)
Hey ...

BROOKS
Don't drop me Billy!
(squeals playfully)
WOOOOOOOOOOO!

SLONE
(more stern)
Ok that's enough.

He gently pulls her back onto the roof. She falls into his arms.

BROOKS
(giggles)
I trust you.

Slone smirks and shakes his head.

CUT TO:

INT. SLONE'S LOFT - LATER

Brooks strolls the cold, empty spaces of the loft. She watches her own reflection in the large windows, catches Slone's reflection observing her.

BROOKS
 Why is it when I look at you ...
 (she searches)
 ... I don't know where you are?

He glances away.

Beat.

SLONE
 I'm just happy that you're here.

She notices the OLD, OUT-OF-PLACE FRIDGE peeking at her from down the hall. She looks at Slone curiously.

SLONE (CONT'D)
 Yeah ... I know ... I just can't
 part with it.

She smiles.

DISSOLVE TO:

LOFT KITCHEN - LATER

Slone uncaps a jar of SKIPPY. Places the jar on the stone counter and turns it so the label perfectly aligns with the edge of the counter. He wipes the inside of the lid with a paper towel and then rests it upside down on top of the jar.

Brooks WATCHES him repeat the same ritual with the jar of honey.

Beat.

She looks for bread and finds it in the pantry next to a LARGE BLACK PISTOL. She gasps. Turns to see Slone watching. His face masks shame.

Slone takes a deep breath.

SLONE
 Before you --

Brooks takes the peanut butter and honey.

BROOKS
 (overlaps)
 -- Let me.

SLONE

Sixteen years ago I was that Billy
Slone.

(beat)

Now I don't know what I am ...

She goes to him and takes his hand.

CUT TO:

EXT. STREET IN FRONT OF LOFT - BROOKS' CAR (PARKED)

Slone opens the car door for her. She gets in.

SLONE

I guess this will count as one of
your more ... INTERESTING evenings.

BROOKS

It's OK Billy, I don't think any
different of you.

They hold each other's gaze.

BROOKS (CONT'D)

(makes a face)

Except your taste in sandwiches,
ugh.

Slone LAUGHS, his first in a long time.

Beat.

She touches his right leg.

BROOKS (CONT'D)

Does it hurt?

Beat.

SLONE

I have something I have to do, Brooks.

BROOKS

And that is?

He doesn't answer.

BROOKS (CONT'D)

Well at least you called me by my
name.

She smiles and starts the car.

BROOKS (CONT'D)

Merry Christmas, Billy.

SLONE
Happy Christmas, Teacher.

He starts to walk away then stops and turns back to her.

SLONE (CONT'D)
Yes ... It does hurt ...

Beat.

BROOKS
(motions with her
finger)
Come here.

Brooks holds Slone's face in both of her hands and kisses him.

Slone searches for words, but they don't come.

Brooks drives away.
Slone watches her car disappear over a hill.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. LOFT - BEDROOM - DAWN

A BOOK ENTITLED:

Living Jainism an Ethical Science lies on the nightstand.

Slone reads the King James Version of the Holy Bible in bed.
Next to him on a legal pad is written his last will and
testament.

CUT TO:

LOFT - COMPUTER ROOM - LATER

Slone scans for a familiar face in all the high probability
algorithm files. He is looking for the face from the SHOOTING
RANGE; the FACE OF DF.

It's slow going and the files are yielding nothing

Then

The COMPUTER MONITORS suddenly display various pictures and
videos from the DEVIL MASK. A chat window opens up on the
main monitor.

CUT TO:

INT. DEVIL'S BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

DEVIL
 (whispers as he texts)
 "Thinking bout what went down n that theater, incredible."

SLONE (AS TEXT)
 "Yeah? What's so incredible about it?"

DEVIL
 "Giving them back everything I've gotten ten fold!!"

BACK TO:

LOFT - COMPUTER ROOM

Slone sucks a peanut butter filled spoon.

TEXTS:

SLONE
 "u r NOTHING like that. u talk tough but u hide n your room behind that mask. U don't even have the guts to put a face to all your tough talk."

DEVIL
 "I will become death. I'll spill more blood than can fill a river."

SLONE
 "No one knows U R ALIVE!!"

DEVIL
 "But YOU do. Don't you!"

SLONE
 "But I don't give a shit!"

Slone finishes the peanut butter. Stashes the spoon in his

PANTS POCKET

DEVIL
 "Of course you do :-). Why else would you watch me? Try to track me? Try to stop me?"

Slone's neck hair tingles. He hurriedly checks his firewall and other security settings. He sees no sign of a breach. He racks his brain to review the algorithm in his head ...

Beat.

Could it be traced back? How would he...

DEVIL

"Don't you just wish you finished me off when you had the chance? Don't you just wish you killed me?"

Slone is growing more desperate.

SLONE

"What are you afraid of?! You've seen my face?? Let me see yours."

DEVIL

"As the time approached, I wished for a last minute miracle and discard this mission they've given me. Heaven knows I wouldn't hurt a single leaf of a flower. But when the time came, I did it. I had to. What other choices did they give me? All this time. You never know what a human being is capable of doing until you fuck him to the edge. When you're raped of everything, you got nothing to lose."

Slone rages. Picks up his chair and SMASHES in into the main monitor.

SLONE

(out loud)

SICK FUCK!

Slone stands flexed BREATHING HEAVILY. From the remaining monitors a VIDEO FILE comes in and begins to play.

DEVIL (On Monitors)

(sings)

"Hey babe, take a walk on the wild side, dut ta dut ta dut ..."

The image pans around the room revealing a STASH OF WEAPONS lined up on a bed and HUNDREDS OF ROUNDS OF AMMO.

DEVIL (On monitor)

"... and the colored girls sing, dut ta dut ta dut ..."

The image settles back to Devil and pans out.

SLONE

(desperate whisper)

Show me your face show me your face
show me your face ...

Devil holds a sign with "9mmSAVYUR" scribbled on it. He FLIPS a BIRD with the other hand.

Slone's eyes dart all over the video absorbing as much info as possible. He sees

SHIPPING BOXES

Slone FRANTICALLY ZOOMS the touch screen into the ADDRESS LABEL on the SHIPPING BOX
HE FREEZES the IMAGE

HE CAPTURES THE ADDRESS!

SLONE (CONT'D)
I GOT YOU NOW YOU SONOFABITCH!!

CUT TO:

INT. DEVIL - BEDROOM - MORNING

DEVIL loads his ARSENAL. Packs the WEAPONS and AMMO in a black bag. Puts on a KEVLAR vest. He looks at himself in the mirror, his breath coming in snarls under the mask.

He takes his KATANA SWORD and sheath and slings it over his shoulder.

Devil takes one last look around his bedroom. He exits into the

HALLWAY

He hears the sound of his family during breakfast as he heads down the stairs to the kitchen. He pauses in the hallway.

STARES AT HIS SCHOOL PICTURE

KITCHEN

Devil enters, stands in the kitchen doorway
Family noises STOP
SILENCE except for sizzling of bacon.

Beat.

He draws the sword from his backpack.

SMASH CUT TO:

EXT. HIGHWAY SLONE VEHICLE (RACES) - CONTINUOUS

Slone RACES "French Connection"
ROCKETS PAST all the other vehicles.

CAR VOICE (V.O.)
One mile ahead on the route, slow traffic.

He turns off the voice.

SMASH CUT TO:

EXT. OUTSKIRTS OF TOWN - SLONE (RACES)

Traffic slows for RED & BLUE FLASHING LIGHTS up ahead.

SMASH CUT TO:

E/I. FREEWAY - VEHICLE (RACES)

Slone approaches a BRIDGE.
IN THE DISTANCE A SIGN READS:

"ROAD CONSTRUCTION"

The freeway is blocked.
He makes a U-turn
A right turn.

Slone drives into the median ...
Horns BLARE ANGRILY
... up and over to the other side of the FREEWAY BRIDGE.

CUT TO:

INT. DEVIL GARAGE - MOMENTS LATER

Devil throws black bag of weapons in family SUV and backs it out of garage.

SMASH CUT TO:

EXT. HIGHWAY - SLONE VEHICLE (RACES)

TRAFFIC PILES UP.
RUNS off the highway into a DITCH
STOPS
SLONE is STUCK in the MUD.

SPINS WHEELS
Mud FLIES
Switches to 4-WHEEL DRIVE
DIGS FREE.

SMASH CUT TO:

EXT. TOWN - STREET - FAMILY SUV (CAREENS)

Devil MISSES a CAR
SWERVES
MISSES another CAR

SWERVES.

BACK TO:

EXT. NEIGHBORHOOD - MOMENTS LATER

Slone's vehicle stealthily slips through a back alley towards the address pulled from the shipping label. He finds the DEVIL'S LAIR, and scales the garden wall.

BACK TO:

INT. FAMILY SUV (RACES)

Devil SHAKES WILD-EYED through the mask
SPEEDS RECKLESSLY
Opens the bag with WEAPONS and 100's of ROUNDS OF AMMO.

BACK TO:

EXT. DEVIL GARAGE - UTILITY DOOR

Slone tries it.
BEEPING
An ALARM counts down.

SMASH CUT TO:

EXT. TOWN - CROSSWALK

5 CHILDREN START across.
TOE-HEAD EMMA, is SNATCHED UP by CROSSING GUARD just as
Devil's SUV BARRELS through
MISSES Emma.

SHAKEN CROSSING GUARD and children, 4 to 8 years-old watch
the SUV SPEED out of site.

A LITTLE BOY, 5, tugs at the guard.

CROSSING GUARD
Get the number! Get the number. I
didn't get --

LITTLE BOY
(overlaps)
-- It's Christmas not Halloween --

CROSSING GUARD
(overlaps)
-- Did any of you children get the
number?

SMASH CUT TO:

EXT. UTILITY DOOR

BEEP
BEEP
BEEP

Slone SEARCHES
Finds A CROWBAR.

BEEPING gets much faster.

BREAKS IN

The alarm SOUNDS.
Slone enters the

HALLWAY

He sees SMOKE coming from the KITCHEN
He RACES up the

SPIRAL STAIRCASE
Opens all the doors
Enters

DEVIL'S BEDROOM

Slone SCANS the familiar room.
He TOSSES THE SHIPPING BOXES and CLOSET.
All the WEAPONS are GONE.
At an angle a monitor PLAYS a video that shows

Devil MURDERING HIS FAMILY.

Slone BOLTS
RACES, GUN DRAWN, downstairs into the

SMOKY KITCHEN

BLOOD STREAKS the WALLS and FLOORS LIKE A HORROR MOVIE.
Bodies STARE BACK in grotesque contortions.

Thick SMOKE RISES from BURNT MEAT on an indoor grill island.
The smell mixes with the coppery odor of BLOOD.

Slone turns his face away RETCHING.

Smoke Alarm BEEPS.

He notices the PHOTOS on the WALL.
MOVES CLOSER.

A KNIFE sticks though the middle of CLASSROOM PHOTO, there
is a SMILEY FACE drawn in BLOOD.

He leans in to read the caption:

DEVIL (CONT'D)
 (whispers to self)
 I'm ready ...

He STARTS the SUV

CUT TO:

EXT. WILLOW BEND ELEMENTARY SCHOOL - GLASS FRONT ENTRANCE

Brooks and Santa disappear into the school with the last of the children.

Devil DRIVES SLOWLY to the front of the school. Parks and gets out.

Walks to front of school.
 Tries front door
 LOCKED
 AIMS AR-15

BAM BAM!

SHOOTS OUT GLASS and steps through.

CUT TO:

INT. ELEMENTARY SCHOOL - HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

BAM BAM BAM BAM BAM BAM!

SPRAYS the hall with GUNFIRE.

In only JOCKEY SHORTS and BODY ARMOR, Devil caked from head to toe WITH DRIED FAMILY BLOOD, carries a Stag Arms AR-15.

He slings the bloody bag of WEAPONS over his shoulder.

He STOMPS through the halls
 SCANS all the
 Rooms that are eerily
 EMPTY.

SILENCE.

He PLODS slowly down the hall
 Approaches a room on the right
 Peers in

Empty.

He lifts up the DEVIL MASK to reveal his mouth and spits.
 He moves to a room on the left
 Empty.

He PULLS the MASK BACK DOWN and steps into an

EMPTY CLASSROOM

Colorful childrens' paintings and decorations bedeck the walls, ceiling and windows. Huge banners read:

"First Grade is Fun!"

and

"Merry Christmas"

Devil SNAPS

DEVIL

AAAAAAAAAAAAAHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!!!!!!!

BAMBAMBAMBAM!

BULLETS DESTROY colorful paintings.

BAMBAMBAMBAM!

DESTROY decorations.

BAMBAMBAMBAM!

BULLETS DESTROY tiny chairs.

BAMBAMBAMBAM!

DEVIL (CONT'D)

C'MON OUT YOU LITTLE FUCKERS!!!

DON'T HIDE FROM ME!!!

Arrogant fucks.

BAMBAMBAMBAM!

He EJECTS empty mag
SLAMS in a new one
Listens.
Silence.

CUT TO:

INT. STOREROOM - CONTINUOUS

Brooks and twenty TERRIFIED, 5 & 6 YEAR-OLDS FREEZE INTO STATUES. Their EYES DART and SEARCH the direction of the gunfire.

Brooks on her cell phone. Her body is shaking, she tries to keep her voice steady reassuring the children

BROOKS

(whispers into cell
phone)

We can hear him shooting!! HURRY!!!

POLICE DISPATCHER (V.O.)
 Units are on the way, ma'am. Can
 you see him? What is he doing, where
 is he now?

BACK TO:

CLASSROOM

Devil listens.

Beat.

Beat.

Beat.

A muffled SOUND
 He LISTENS
 Soft CRYING
 Devil STOMPS back to the

HALLWAY

Devil SPINS around
 PAUSES
 CRIES come from the far end
 Devil tightly GRIPS his ASSAULT RIFLE
 RUN-MARCHES towards the CRYING

DOOR

BURSTS OPEN
 Devil STARTLES
 FREEZES

BAM! BAM!

TWO ROUNDS
 Hit Devil's VEST
 Devil is STUNNED
 The force of rounds KNOCKS him backwards

He DROPS his rifle
 DEVIL
 (dazed)
 Uuuuuhhhhhh ...

SLONE

Steps into hallway
 Stands over Devil
 Points his .45.

Beat.

A GASP from EMMA behind Slone further down the hall.

SLONE
 (turns to her)
 Go back with the others!

Devil SPRINGS UP
 GRABS the KATANA SWORD from behind his back
 LUNGES and ATTACKS Slone
 KNOCKS him down.

DEVIL
 AAAAAAAAAAAAAaaAAAAAAAAAAAAaaaa!!!!!!!!!!!!

Devil SWINGS the KATANA from his knees in an arc.

DEVIL (CONT'D)
 Drawn and quartered dude!

Slone DODGES
 The blade KNOCKS the COLT .45 out of Slone's hand
 The .45 SKIDS down the GLASSY HALL FLOOR to

EMMA.

Devil SWINGS
 MISSES

Slone DIVE-TACKLES Devil
 PINS him to the floor
 Slone PUNCHES Devil twice in his masked-face.

BLOOD FLOWS through the mask's eye and mouth slits.

Devil JABS Slone in the throat with his fingertips
 Slone losses his grip
 Devil SWINGS the SWORD at Slone's head
 Slone GRABS a COAT RACK

BLOCKS the blow
 Devil puts his boot on Slone's chest
 GRABS Slone's collar
 Devil FLIPS Slone over his head
 Slone LANDS/SPRAWLS on his back STUNNED

Devil JUMPS UP OVER SLONE
 Devil SWINGS the sword LIKE AN AX
 Slone reflexes his leg up to SHIELD his face
 His BOOT BLOCKS the blow

THE KATANA BLADE STICKS IN THE SOLE
 Slone KICKS the SWORD OUT WITH HIS OTHER BOOT
 The SWORD SOARS AIRBORNE then RATTLE-SKIDS down the HALL
 Devil RACES to capture it

Slone TRIPS Devil
Devil CRUMBLES
SLIDES in his own puddle of FACE-BLOOD
Slone JUMPS UP

Devil SPIES the SWORD
Devil SPIES the AR-15
DIVES for the AR-15
Slone PINS Devil to the wall

Their BLOODY noses are a quarter inch apart
Four hands DEATH GRIP the AR-15
Slone releases one hand
Delivers an ELBOW STRIKE to Devil's JAW

Devil BUCKLES
LOOSENS his GRIP
Slone DRIVES his right knee into Devil's ribs
Devil LOSES his RIFLE

The AR-15 CRASHES to the BLOODY floor
They DEATH-WRESTLE
Devil breaks free
Makes a GRAB for the weapon

Slone grabs Devil's vest
Slone KICKS the AR-15
The rifle SKIDS

Devil turns
PUNCHES Slone with a
STRAIGHT RIGHT HAND

Devil PUNCHES with a LEFT CROSS
Slone is CUT
HE BLEEDS

Devil RAINS BLOWS DOWN with his FISTS
Slone BLOCKS them
Slone's FISTS unleash a HAILSTORM on Devil
Slone HURLS a SIDE-KICK to Devil's chest

Devil CRASHES into the opposite BLOOD SPLATTERED wall
Slone moves in

Devil THROWS a FRONT KICK with his right leg
Slone catches it in the solar plexus
Doubles over
Devil SPINS Slone into the wall

BLOOD FLIES
Devil THROWS a roundhouse kick
CATCHES Slone in the face
SPINS Slone

SLONE

AHHHHHH!

Slone uses the SPIN
STRIKES Devil's JAW with a BACKFIST
Devil STAGGERS backward.
LIFTS MASK exposing MOUTH

SPITS BLOODY BROKEN TEETH.

SLONE (CONT'D)

AAHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!!!!

Slone SLAMS into Devil
Picks him up
CARRY-DRIVES him into a wall of GLASS
CRASH

GLASS SHATTERS
WOOD SPLINTERS
They FALL onto several TINY DESKS

Slone picks Devil up by the VEST
PUNCHES the Devil MASK
PUNCHES again
Slone TOSSES Devil LIKE A DUMMY to the other side of the
room

Devil lands on his WEAPONS BAG
Devil pulls out the INTRATEC DC-9 AUTOPISTOL
He FIRES WILDLY at Slone
BAMBAMBAMBAM!

Slone is HIT in the SCARRED LEG
Slone COLLAPSES behind desks
BAMBAMBAMBAM BAMBAMBAMBAM BAMBAMBAMBAM BAMBAMBAMBAM!
CLICK CLICK CLICK - EMPTY

Devil struggles to his feet
RELOADS

Slone SCRAMBLES along floor BLEEDING FROM HIS LEG
Devil staggers over to Slone with the TEC-9 and slams the
bolt forward

Slone has NO MORE ROOM
TRAPPED

Devil POINTS TEC-9 AT SLONE

BAM!

BLOOD FLIES as a round TEARS INTO DEVIL'S SHOULDER

DEVIL

UUUUGGHHHH!!!! OOW!!! OWWWWW!!!

The TEC-9 DROPS to the floor

EMMA, WIDE-EYED HOLDS SLONE'S COLT .45 WITH BOTH HANDS
SMOKE STREAMS from the BARREL

Devil GOES DOWN in his pool of blood
Brooks appears
TERROR shows on BROOKS' FACE
EMMA'S FACE is expressionless

Beat.
Beat.

The EYES behind the Devil mask FLUTTER then OPEN WIDE-WILD

Brooks PULLS Emma away
She DROPS the pistol
Devil RISES UP IN A FRESH COAT OF BLOOD
Picks up the TEC-9

Brooks RUNS with Emma to STORAGE ROOM

SLAMS THE DOOR
STRUGGLES to BOLT it
THE PSYCHO TRAILS BLOOD
STAGGERS to the storage room

Devil in a SPLIT-SECOND GRABS the HANDLE
Brooks INSTANTLY BOLTS the DOOR
HE JIMMIES the HANDLE
POUNDS the DOOR

DEVIL
(snarls)
Bitch!

HE POINTS the TEC 9 at the storeroom

BAMBAMBAMBAM BAMBAMBAMBAM BAMBAMBAMBAM BAMBAMBAMBAM!

Bullets FIRE and RICOCHET WILDLY
Hit off all the walls and ceilings
HE EMPTIES THE TEC-9
PICKS UP THE AR-15

DEVIL (CONT'D)
(snarls)
Fuck yeah.

POUNDS on the STOREROOM DOOR

DEVIL (CONT'D)
Open the FUCKING DOOR YOU BITCH!!

POUNDS

POUNDS
DOOR WEAKENS

DEVIL (CONT'D)
OOOPPPPEEENNNN!!!!

KICKS DOOR
OPEN

BROOKS CRYING STANDS DEFIANT
SHIELDING THE CHILDREN
Devil AIMS AT HER

Beat.

FROM BEHIND HIM

SLONE (O.S.)
Hey Frederick!!!

Devil TURNS as

THOCK!

The SWORD BLADE EMBEDS INTO THE TOP OF Devil's SKULL
His knees TREMBLE
He SLUMPS PROSTRATE
BLOOD SPLATTERS the door.

Slone breathes HEAVILY as he STANDS OVER Devil.
SIRENS WAIL in the distance.

Brooks herds the CRYING CHILDREN TO SAFETY.

Beat.

Slone rolls Devil over
TEARS OFF the MASK.

The mask pulls and STICKS AROUND THE STUCK SWORD.
Slone YANKS the MASK OFF.
SWORD comes free.
The GAUNT SHATTERED FACE IS REVEALED

Deep vacant eye sockets
Sharp protruding cheekbones.
Slone realizes he is looking at

RICKY PICASSO.

Beat.

Beat.

Slone becomes numb.

He TURNS

A POLICE MOTORCYCLE PULLS IN BEHIND THEM.
COP 3 and COP 4 sit in Squad Car 2 writing on clipboards.

SLAM CUT TO:

INT. POLICE HEADQUARTERS - RECEIVING - CONTINUOUS

MOTORCYCLE COP in a bulky jacket, boots and helmet
Pulls two IGLOO COOLERS out of the saddles and walks through
THE SWINGING DOUBLE DOORS ahead of everyone.
Slone, Cop 1 and Cop 2 walk toward the

DOUBLE DOORS

They swing open and two
SMALL CANISTERS ROLL TOWARDS THEM.

Slone INHALES DEEPLY
DROPS to the floor
SHUTS HIS EYES.

BOOM!
BOOM!

SHOCK WAVES
BLINDING FLASH

FLASH-BANG GRENADES DETONATE
STUN the Cops
BLIND them.

Motorcycle cop BURSTS in wearing an
OXYGEN MASK.

Carries a BAG.
Motorcycle Cop pulls out TEAR GAS CANISTER
Pulls the pin
BOWLS IT towards the threesome.

TEAR GAS CANISTER RELEASES CLOUD OF SMOKE
ACTIVATE SPRINKLERS
DRENCHES everything and everybody.

Cop 1 and 2 CRUMBLE to the floor
COUGH
GASP
SHAKE OFF WATER.

Motorcycle Cop slaps GAS MASK onto Slone's face
UNLOCKS SLONE'S HANDCUFFS
Cop 2 recovers
DRAWS his BERETTA 9MM.

Motorcycle cop occupied doesn't see Cop 2.
Slone grabs Motorcycle Cop's SMITH AND WESSON from the
holster.

BAM!

SHOOTS THE GUN out of Cop 2's hand.
Cop 2 grabs hand.

COP 2

(moans)

AHHH!

(coughs)

Son of a ...

SUCCUMBS to tear gas.

Cop 4 BURSTS IN and PULLS HIS GLOCK 22
SHOOTS MOTORCYCLE COP in the chest.

Cop 4 grabs his RADIO.

COP 4

Officers down! Officers down!

SLONE

(mask muffled shout)

Drop it! Drop it!

Cop 4 DROPS IT.
Slone RIPS OFF the gas mask
Throws it TO COP 4
He puts it on.

COP 4

Who are --

(coughs)

-- you?!

SLONE

We are on the same side!

COP 4

Same side. Same side.
(holds his hands in
the air)

Got it.

Motorcycle Cop staggers to his feet.
FALLS.

COP 4 (CONT'D)

(to shoulder radio)

Officer --

BAM!

Slone SHOOTS THE RADIO out of his hand.

SLONE

Stop!

Cop 4 put HANDS in the air.

SLONE (CONT'D)

Kick the gun over here!

Cop 4 KICKS the gun.

SLONE (CONT'D)

On the floor!

Cop 4 lays on floor.

Motorcycle Cop GRABS Slone's shoulder
STUMBLES.

Slone DRAGS him out to parking lot
PUTS HIM ON THE MOTORCYCLE.

MOTORCYCLE COP

You can't drive. Swing that leg
over, gimpy.

SLONE

Shut up.

Slone SHAKES OFF WATER
JUMPS in front
WINCES from leg.

SLONE (CONT'D)

Dammit ...

Pushes Motorcycle Cop to bitch.
ROCKETS outta there.

NEW OFFICERS pour into HALLWAY.
They STOP DEAD in their tracks by the full force of the
SPRINKLERS and clouds of TEAR GAS.

Cops COUGH.
CONFUSED.
CRY OUT.

SLAM CUT TO:

EXT. A ROAD OUT OF TOWN - MOMENTS LATER

MOTORCYCLE disappears over a hill, reappears, then
disappears over a another hill.

SLAM CUT TO:

EXT. POLICE HEADQUARTERS - PARKING LOT - CONTINUOUS

Officers jump into
BLACK & WHITES, MOTORCYCLES, VANS, TRUCKS and PERSONAL
VEHICLES.

All SCRAMBLE in pursuit.

CUT TO:

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - LATER

A PA sutures a deep gash in Brooks' arm. Several UNIFORMED
OFFICERS come and go.

POLICE DETECTIVE, 60's, salt and pepper mustache, questions
Brooks.

DETECTIVE

Look, Miss Davis, despite what you
think, this man is dangerous.

(beat)

I need you to tell me everything you
know about this William Slone, and I
mean *everything*.

Brooks GLARES defiantly.

BROOKS

What I KNOW about this William Slone
is that HE was there when we needed
him.

Detective backs away

Beat.

BROOKS (CONT'D)

(exaggerated expression)

And YOU were WHERE exactly?

SLAM CUT TO:

EXT. SLONE'S LOFT - DUSK

BLACK & WHITES, VANS, ARMORED VEHICLES, BOMB DISPOSAL UNITS,
K9 UNITS FILL the STREET.

SWAT team members BATTER-RAM the front door down. More SWAT
with MP-5's DRAWN

SWARM in, up and throughout the

LOFT

SWAT OFFICERS

(bark)

William Slone, this is the POLICE!
William Slone, POLICE! William Slone!
William Slone!

Slone's Kitchen is TOSSED. Five HIDDEN WEAPONS found.

SWAT OFFICERS (CONT'D)

(shout)

CLEAR! ALL CLEAR!

All bedrooms, dressing room, RANSACKED.
Slone's gym, bathrooms and shower room all TOSSED.
HIDDEN WEAPONS EVERYWHERE.

SMASH CUT TO:

E/I. FREEWAY - BAKERY TRUCK - (MOVING)

A HOODED MONK slowly drives.
He sneezes.

NUN (O.S.)

God Bless you.

SET UP IN THE BACK

A NUN tends to Slone's wounds in a makeshift infirmary.
Bartoli next to her, removes his KEVLAR VEST with .45 SLUG
imbedded.

SMASH CUT TO:

EXT. BAKERY TRUCK - (MOVING)

Paintings of a monastery and loafs of fruitcake on the sides
and back with signs that read:

"BENEDICTINE MONASTERY OF ST. FRANCES
THE ORIGINAL MONKS FRUITCAKE"

BACK TO:

LOFT

SWAT team members, LASER BEAMS slicing and crisscrossing,
head down the HALLWAY and stop at

OLD, OUT-OF-PLACE HOTPOINT REFRIGERATOR.

SWAT 2 starts to OPEN

SWAT 1

WAIT!!!

(beat)

Get the dogs in here ...

Dogs SNIFF.
No reaction.

SWAT 1 (CONT'D)

(satisfied)

Ok.

SWAT 1 NODS to the others.
They POINT WEAPONS at fridge.
SWAT 2 OPENS fridge.

BACK TO:

BAKERY TRUCK

Nun examines Slone's leg.

NUN

(matter-of-fact)

Bullet's gotta come out. Otherwise
I can't stop the bleeding ...

She looks at Bartoli.

NUN (CONT'D)

... I don't have any morphine.

Beat.
Beat.

SLONE

(takes a deep breath)
Do it.

BARTOLI

(hands bourbon bottle
to Slone)
Better take some.

Slone shakes his head.

SLONE

'Never touch the stuff.

Nun and Bartoli look at each other. Bartoli indicates "Go ahead".

NUN

(to Bartoli)
Hold him.

HUSBAND PHIL 40's, irritated, takes the paper and starts to read, Izzy helps mommy set the table.

Nanci cooks at a marble island in the center of the OPULENT KITCHEN.

DF enters.

Sits and STARES straight ahead.

PHIL
Interviews start next week, Freddie.

DF is sullen and eerily quiet.

PHIL (CONT'D)
Freddie?
(folding up the
newspaper)
You better start taking this seriously
if you want to get into a good school.
You wanna be ready don't you?

NANCI
Oh he'll be ready. Right?
(giggles)
Ready Freddie?

Phil shoots her a look then shakes his head.

DF's blank stare melts into a SICK GRIN.

DF
(singing softly)
"Hey babe, take a walk on the wild
side, dut ta dut ta dut ..."

CUT TO:

INT. DF'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

DF's sits in front of his computer. His face glows blue. On the bed behind him sits his stock pile of WEAPONS all lined up as if for inspection.

He clicks open his BOOKMARKS and goes to his "FAVORITES" tab. The first link is for the dark web, the DEVIL'S CHAT ROOM. He clicks the link and gets the error message:

"WEB PAGE NOT FOUND"

He clicks it again. Same.

DF's eyes dart back and forth, his breath becomes shallow.

DF
 (whispering)
 Where are you? Where the fuck ARE
 YOU!!

An image starts to form on his computer screen, it sharpens into focus. It's the still image of Devil holding up the "9mmSAVYUR" sign and flipping the bird.

A BRIGHT RED CIRCLE AND SLASH forms around the figure. The image lingers briefly then the COMPUTER SCREEN GOES BLACK.

DF's eyes BUG. He wraps at the side of the screen. He checks his computer

NO POWER.

From behind him

CLICK

The sound of a hammer being cocked.

VOICE (O.S.)
 Freddie.

DF SPINS
 DEVIL SLAMS into him
 PINS him on the bed
 ROLLS him over and GAGS him with duct tape.

DEVIL
 Shhhhhhhh ...

Devil ZIP-TIES DF's hands. DF whimpers and struggles pitifully. Devil has his knee in DF's back. He leans down to whisper in DF's ear.

DEVIL (CONT'D)
 You ready, Freddie?
 (show's DF the revolver)
 This time it's for real.

Devil leans back
 PRESSES the REVOLVER to the back of DF's HEAD
 DF SOBS behind the tape
 Devil BREATHES GUTTURAL SOUNDS, FINGER ON THE TRIGGER

Beat.
 Beat.
 Beat.
 Beat.

Devil PULLS THE TRIGGER

CLICK

DF SCREAMS

Beat.

Devil snickers and pulls the barrel away from the sobbing DF's head. Tosses the revolver into a duffel bag. Collects all of DF's weapons and ammo and bags them.

DF stays face down on the bed crying.
Devil leans down next to his face.

DEVIL (CONT'D)
I'll be watching you, Freddie.

Devil slings the bag of weapons over his shoulder pauses at the OPEN BEDROOM WINDOW

TAKES OFF DEVIL MASK.

SLONE, THE RESPONDER, CLIMBS OUT THE WINDOW AND IS: GONE ...

DISSOLVE TO:

BLACKNESS

SUPER: "ONE YEAR LATER"

FADE IN:

INT. ELEMENTARY SCHOOL - EARLY MORNING

Brooks walks down an empty hallway towards classroom. She passes the janitor. They are alone in the school.

JANITOR
(to Brooks)
Early again?

BROOKS
(politely)
Always.

Brooks opens her classroom door. She sees a RED ENVELOPE on the floor.

Beat.

She places her purse on the desk with a METALLIC CLUNK. She picks up the envelope, glances over her shoulder then opens it.

Inside there is a card with a picture of a Christmas wreath on the front. She opens the card.

"HAPPY Christmas Teacher" written inside in ink.

Beat.

She examines the ENVELOPE. Turns it over

NO RETURN ADDRESS.
Sad smile.

Then

From behind her

VOICE (O.S.)
Teacher?

She SPINS, CAUGHT OFF GUARD to face

A 6 YEAR OLD BOY with an anxious expression.

Beat.

BROOKS
(resetting)
Did your mum drop you off early again,
sweetie?

He nods.
She motions for him to come.
She kneels down to his level.
She hugs and talks sweetly to him ...

END

FADE OUT: