

# SUMMER OF '84

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## **OVER BLACK**

WE HEAR the distinct sound of a BMX bike, humming along.  
BIRDS CHIRPING, a LAWN SPRINKLER, KIDS PLAYING nearby...

**SUPER: SUMMER, 1984**

**DELAYED SUPER: IPSWICH, MASSACHUSETTS**

AN ALLURING, MELODIC '80s SYNTH BEAT FADES IN OVER --

DAVEY (V.O.)

It's easy to think of the suburbs as  
a dead end. A weird Bermuda triangle  
where the American dream strangles  
all the excitement outta life. But  
looks can be deceiving...

**EXT. JUNIPER STREET - DAY**

Newspaper bag slung over his shoulder, DAVEY ARMSTRONG (14)  
cruises down the bucolic suburban street on his BMX. All you  
need to know about the bright-eyed Davey is plastered on his  
tee-shirt: "AREA 51 - I BELIEVE."

DAVEY (V.O.)

Just past the manicured lawns and  
friendly waves, go inside any house.  
Less than fifty feet from where you  
sleep, entirely different lives are  
playing out.

He watches his NEIGHBORS with curiosity. PEOPLE are out doing  
yard work. KIDS are playing in the street.

DAVEY PEELS UP TO A MAILBOX. Grabs a paper -- Accidentally  
DROPS IT revealing THE FRONT PAGE. A PICTURE OF A BOY (13)  
beneath the headline, "NEWBURYPORT BOY STILL MISSING."

DAVEY (V.O.)

Behind the freshly painted walls next  
door, anything could be happening and  
you'd never know.

Davey's eyes gleam at the headline as he scoops up the paper,  
stuffs it into the mailbox. Speeds away...

AS HE PEDALS ALONG, Davey surveys the NEIGHBORS he passes...

DAVEY (V.O.)

Even serial killers live next door to  
somebody...

A BALDING NEIGHBOR (40s) mows his lawn. Waves at Davey as Davey passes. Davey politely smiles, waves back. But as soon as the neighbor isn't looking, Davey's eyes turn skeptical...

A YOUNG COUPLE argues with one another -- Stop at the sight of Davey zipping past. Smile as he goes by. A *facade*.

AROUND THE BEND, a shirtless YOUNG MAN (20) we'll come to know as KYLE washes his TRANS-AM. Sees Davey. Flips him off.

DAVEY (V.O.)

But that's what I love about it. It  
always keeps you on your toes.

Davey pulls over to another mailbox at the foot of a long driveway that leads to a well-maintained two-story colonial. It reads "MACKEY."

DAVEY (V.O.)

When something you never saw coming  
breaks the routine... that's when  
things get really interesting.

Davey opens the mailbox, stuffs a paper inside --

MAN'S VOICE (O.S.)

Davey! Hey, bud -- What's going on?

Davey looks up to find WAYNE MACKEY (40s) walking down the driveway toward him. He's your average suburban bachelor: a little tall, athletic shoulders, kind eyes. Type of guy who should have a family by now but doesn't seem in a rush.

DAVEY

Hey, Mr. Mackey...

Davey scans Mackey. Sees his clothes are covered in --

DAVEY

What's with all the dirt?

MACKEY

Oh -- Ha. Yeah. Been doing some  
planting in the garden.

DAVEY

There was no cash in your mailbox  
yesterday. For the paper.

MACKEY

Has it been a month already? Jeez...  
Actually, I was gonna ask if you had  
a sec to help me lift something  
inside?

(MORE)

MACKEY (CONT'D)  
I can grab the money too. Kill two  
birds with one stone?

**INT. MACKEY'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - MOMENTS LATER**

Davey scans Mackey's FAMILY PHOTOS while Mackey goes through  
drawers in the kitchen.

FROM AN END TABLE, Davey picks up a FRAMED PHOTO of a smiling  
TEENAGE BOY and his PARENTS.

Mackey comes up behind Davey. Hands him a \$5 bill.

MACKEY  
Knew I had it. Here ya go...

DAVEY  
You've got a big family, huh?

Mackey scans all the pictures on the walls, tables...

MACKEY  
Yeah, just make sure you don't live  
too close to em or they'll always be  
in your business, am I right?

Mackey moves to a WOODEN BUREAU. Slaps a hand on its top.

MACKEY  
This is it. Bought some new furniture  
for upstairs. Need to get this hunka  
junk down into the basement. Think we  
can manage it?

**INT. MACKEY'S HOUSE - BASEMENT - MOMENTS LATER**

Mackey and Davey carry the bureau down the stairs. Davey  
struggles -- He's clearly bitten off the max he can chew.

MACKEY  
Watch your step...

As they level out on the concrete basement floor, pass a  
large furnace -- KACHUNK! -- It KICKS ON, scaring Davey --

WHAM! He drops the bureau --

MACKEY  
Whoa, whoa! You okay?

DAVEY  
Shit. Sorry.

MACKEY

Long as you didn't get your foot,  
it's fine. We can rest a sec.

Davey appraises the UNFINISHED BASEMENT. Two dangling light bulbs throw stark shadows against the sheetrock walls that enclose THREE ROOMS.

MACKEY

Really appreciate the help. Flip side  
of not living near family -- no one's  
ever around to help out.

Davey points to a cracked door. BLOOD RED LIGHT EMANATES from behind it. *Kinda* creepy...

DAVEY

What's in there?

MACKEY

That's where we're going. Think you  
can make it the rest of the way?

Davey nods. They hoist the bureau again. He spots a PADLOCK ON THE DOOR IN THE CORNER. *Odd*. Then they're moving --

**INT. MACKEY'S HOUSE - BASEMENT DARK ROOM - MOMENTS LATER**

-- THUD! Davey and Mackey put down the bureau...

MACKEY

Heavy sonofabitch, huh...?

... leaving Davey HUFFING AND PUFFING. Mackey CHUCKLES. He looks oddly disturbing in the red glow. Everything does.

MACKEY

So, whattaya think? Putting the  
finishing touches on my dark room.  
Sort of an amateur photographer.  
Figured this beast would be good to  
store some equipment.

DAVEY

That's cool. I'm sort of an amateur  
videographer, so I get it...

MACKEY

Just like your old man. Boy, I  
remember your parents walking you  
around the block in a stroller. Now  
look at you. How old are ya anyway?

DAVEY

Fourteen.

MACKEY

Fourteen? Shit. Perfect age. Wish I could just freeze it for you.

DAVEY

Anyway, I gotta get home for dinner.

MACKEY

Of course. I can take it from here.  
Send your folks my best.

Davey nods, heads back up the basement stairs as THE SOUND OF KIDS YELLING OUT ECHOES OVER --

**EXT. JUNIPER STREET - CUL-DE-SAC - HIGH ABOVE - NIGHT**

A crystal clear New England summer night. Dense forest butts up against the backyards of FIVE HOUSES that line a cul-de-sac, each home separated by a sizeable yard.

NUMEROUS FLASHLIGHT BEAMS slice through the darkness. A commotion of some sort. A search? No, it's --

TEENAGED BOY (O.S.)

(echoing, from a distance)

Manhunt! We're coming to get you  
shitheads!

AS WE SWOOP DOWN, we find Davey running through a neighbor's pitch black backyard, dressed in all dark clothes.

DAVEY

Go-go-go!

A few other KIDS (12-15), also dressed in dark clothing, scatter in all directions, looking for hiding spots.

WE STAY WITH DAVEY as he bolts into what we recognize as MACKEY'S BACKYARD. Ducks behind a thick bush up against Mackey's house. Looks around. Doesn't see anyone --

FARRADAY (O.S.)

Move over!

DAVEY JUMPS, turns to find CURTIS FARRADAY (14), AKA "FARRADAY," his nerdy friend, squeezing in behind the bush. Farraday's the kid puberty left behind -- high-pitched voice, and about a head shorter than Davey with horn-rimmed glasses.

DAVEY

The hell, Farraday? Find your own spot! You're gonna get us caught!

FARRADAY

This is my spot!

DAVEY

Not right now -- Go!

Annoyed, Farraday slinks away. Davey listens. No movement. Then HE HEARS MUFFLED, INDISCERNIBLE VOICES coming from --

INSIDE MACKEY'S HOUSE. Davey peeks into the window to find --

MACKEY, PHONE at his ear, sitting across the dining room table from a TEENAGED KID (13). Scraggly red hair, acne, freckles, GREEN ATARI shirt. Davey doesn't recognize him.

Mackey shrugs apologetically, hangs up. No one answered. The redhead nods, and Mackey says something that makes him LAUGH. They head into another room and out of Davey's sight...

WOODY (O.S.)

GOT YOU, DUDE!

Davey recoils as FLASHLIGHT BEAMS NAIL him. Squints past the light to find DALE WOODWORTH, AKA, "WOODY" (14) and TOMMY EATON, AKA, "EATS" (14) smiling down at him, victorious.

DAVEY

Jesus, Woody!

Woody's a bear of a kid. The opposite of Farraday -- Puberty came fast and furious. Eats is the punk of the group. Like a character out of The Ramones. A wise-ass through and through.

WOODY

Hiding in Farraday's spot, man? Lane. You're better than that.

EATS

Davey, treehouse in fifteen. After we catch this little bitch.

WOODY

He's close. I can practically smell the Noxzema on him.

As Woody and Eats dash into the night to continue the search, Davey peers back into Mackey's window. All's quiet.

**EXT. EATS' HOUSE - SIDE YARD - NIGHT**

A TREEHOUSE hangs in the limbs of a maple beside a classic colonial house. A light glows inside as --

FARRADAY (O.S.)  
I can't wait to get laid...

**INT. TREEHOUSE - CONTINUOUS**

Woody's got a PORNO MAG in hand, Davey and Farraday on either side of him. Woody and Farraday look particularly intoxicated by the pictures of beautiful, NAKED WOMEN.

EATS  
Aren't you guys sick of looking at those same chicks?

Sitting across from them, Eats sips from a flask.

DAVEY  
Shit no, man.

FARRADAY  
... or even just feel-up a chick.

EATS  
Second base? That's it? I rounded third once. She was hot, too.

WOODY  
Just so happens to be a girl none of us knows --

EATS  
I was on vacation, dipshit.

WOODY  
How convenient...

DAVEY  
I'd be happy just to get on base with Nikki.

FARRADAY  
Oh, man. How is she so friggin hot?

EATS  
Too bad she's into my brother.

DAVEY  
Kyle!? No way! He's twenty and he works at the hardware store.

FARRADAY

When's he getting us more pornos? The pages on this one are wearing off --

EATS

I told you, he said we can go fuck ourselves.

FARRADAY

Tell him we're trying to. That's why we need the porno mags.

The guys all have a LAUGH as Eats passes the flask to Woody. Woody takes a sip -- COUGHS, GAGS --

WOODY

Thank God for this treehouse. Wish I could just live up here instead of with my mom...

DAVEY

I dunno how safe that'd be. With those kids going missing --

EATS

Okay, here we go...

DAVEY

What.

EATS

Come on, we all know what you're gonna say. "It's a conspiracy. It's all connected. The disappearances aren't random, they're part of some vast governmental alien cover-up." Right?

Davey just stares at him a moment, not wanting to admit he's right, but --

DAVEY

So you don't think it's weird? Last summer, a kid goes missing in Hamilton. Now another kid disappears in Newburyport...?

Eats and Farraday LAUGH. Davey looks to Woody for support.

WOODY

Davey, you're my best friend, but you sound like a nutjob.

FARRADAY

Remember when he connected a Lite  
Brite to his keyboard to try and  
communicate with extraterrestrials?

EATS

Or when he swore there was a demonic  
presence in his room cuz our houses  
were built on Indian burial grounds?

DAVEY

That was like... three years ago! And  
our houses were built on an Indian  
burial ground --

FARRADAY

There's literally no proof of that --

EATS

All right, are we done here? I gotta  
beat off before my parents get home.

FARRADAY

Oh shit, good call. I'm outta here.

DAVEY

You guys are animals...

As Davey follows Farraday down the ladder, Eats grabs at the  
porn mag in Woody's hand, but Woody won't let go.

WOODY

No way! Thought you were tired of  
looking at these same chicks.

EATS

I am. Why ya think I stopped bangin  
your mom?

WOODY

You're dead!

Woody grabs Eats, they wrestle playfully as we --

# **INT. DAVEY'S HOUSE - DAVEY'S ROOM - LATER**

The room is literally wallpapered with the front pages of  
various tabloids: "Satanic Cult Abducting Children," "I was  
Bigfoot's Love Slave," "Back from the Dead -- For Two Years I  
was a Zombie," "Are UFOs Abducting Cows?" etc...

Davey's in bed reading "THE HARDY BOYS: THE SHORE ROAD  
MYSTERY." His mother, SHEILA (40s), enters.

She has the big hair and business suit of a career woman, but the gentle nature of a mom. She fixes his covers, takes the book away.

SHEILA

You know you shouldn't read this stuff before bedtime. Scary dreams.

DAVEY

Mom, I'm fourteen. You don't need to tuck me in anymore.

SHEILA

Maybe you don't need me to. Doesn't mean I'm ready to give it up.

She kisses him on the forehead.

DAVEY

Think Dad's gonna be home soon?

SHEILA

I don't know, hon. You know how the news is. Always something going on that needs reporting. Sleep tight.

Sheila flicks off his bedroom light, closes his door. As soon as she's gone, Davey reaches under his bed, pulls out a GE ROBOT STARCODE WALKIE TALKIE. Speaks softly --

DAVEY (INTO WALKIE)

Guys, Roller Palace tomorrow?

Davey hops out of bed. Grabs the BINOCULARS from his nightstand and walks to the window ON THE OTHER SIDE OF HIS ROOM. Pulls aside the curtains THAT FACE THE HOUSE NEXT DOOR.

BINOCULARS POV: A dimly-lit room. We can just barely make out the shape of a bed, a nightstand...

FARRADAY (O.S.)(OVER WALKIE)

Scope some cuties? I'm in.

EATS (O.S.)(OVER WALKIE)

Hope that chick from last week is there. She was all over me.

WOODY (O.S.)(OVER WALKIE)

You asked to touch her boobs and she threw you over the railing.

Davey scans the other windows, but the neighboring house is empty. No signs of life. He couldn't be more disappointed...

EATS (O.S.)(OVER WALKIE)  
 Bet I didn't look half as dumb as  
 Davey every time he sees Nikki in the  
 DJ booth and bites it.

Davey's disappointment suddenly turns to a devilish smile --

DAVEY (INTO WALKIE)  
 Know what doesn't bite? The fact that  
 I can see her right now... Naked...

FARRADAY (O.S.)(OVER WALKIE)  
 Bullshit...

WOODY (O.S.)(OVER WALKIE)  
 If you're serious, I hate you.

DAVEY (INTO WALKIE)  
 Holy shit, she's waving for me to  
 come over --

EATS (O.S.)(OVER WALKIE)  
 Okay, now I know you're full of it.  
 Eats, out.

FARRADAY (O.S.)(OVER WALKIE)  
 I'd trade both my nuts to have that  
 view. She's like your private dancer.  
 (singing)  
 "A dancer for money. Do what you want  
 her to dooooo."

WOODY (O.S.)(OVER WALKIE)  
 Tina Turner? I fuckin love her!

FARRADAY (O.S.)(OVER WALKIE)  
 Dude, me too! I mean, I know we're  
 technically not her demographic but --

CLICK! Davey turns off his walkie, rolls his eyes. Returns to  
 bed and looks out the LARGE PICTURE WINDOW AT HIS BEDSIDE at  
 the entire cul-de-sac. *The perfect view.* He grabs his --

BINOCULARS POV: Davey's magnified gaze scans the other homes  
 in the cul-de-sac, finally landing on MACKEY'S HOUSE DIRECTLY  
 ACROSS THE STREET. No lights on. Nothing out of the ordinary.

Davey hops back in bed, pulls the covers over his head as --

**OVER BLACK**

We HEAR RUSTLING, then... A RING OF LIGHT becomes a FLOOD OF  
 ILLUMINATION, revealing we're --

INSIDE A GARBAGE CAN, LOOKING UP AT DAVEY as he drops a LUMPY GARBAGE BAG down onto us --

**EXT. DAVEY'S HOUSE - BACKYARD - DAY**

Davey drops the lid back into place, covering his nose. REFUSE is strewn across the deck around three garbage cans, one of which is still knocked over. He looks over the extraordinary mess and SIGHS. Pulls on YELLOW RUBBER GLOVES.

DAVEY

Can you at least make Mom double-bag  
her meatloaf when she tosses it?  
Smells like werewolf crap.

Davey's father RANDALL (40s) supervises from the patio table where he cleans the detached lens from a professional grade BETAMAX CAMCORDER. CHANNEL SIX NEWS emblazoned on the side.

RANDALL

If you remembered to put the cinder  
blocks on those bins like I told you,  
we wouldn't have this mess.

DAVEY

I hate raccoons. You should do an  
exclusive. Get pest control in here.  
I could film it...

RANDALL

Yeah, nice try. Camcorder's off-  
limits. It's --

DAVEY

-- expensive, I know. How am I  
supposed to become the next Spielberg  
if I don't practice?

Randall gives an amused smirk. CLICKS the lens back in place and heads for the patio door.

RANDALL

Just make sure this patio's clean  
before you go anywhere, capiche?

**EXT. DOWNTOWN IPSWICH - DAY**

On their BMX bikes, clearly on a mission, bags of candy in hand, the boys zip through the picturesque seaside downtown, brushing past outraged PEDESTRIANS...

**EXT. ROLLER PALACE - ESTABLISHING - DUSK**

A roller skating rink, parking lot filled. The SOUNDS of Bananarama's "CRUEL SUMMER" bleed into the night from inside as the guys roll up on their bikes...

**INT. ROLLER PALACE - A SHORT TIME LATER**

The MUSIC POUNDS THE AIR as round and round the rink goes the crowd of TEEN ROLLERSKATERS. Nearly in slow-motion, a GORGEOUS TEEN GIRL glides past as...

Davey, Eats, Farraday and Woody stare, slack-jawed. Eats nearly trips, almost takes Woody with him.

WOODY

Control yourself, ya psycho!

EATS

I can't -- I got needs, Woody!

They all LAUGH as Davey's gaze floats up to the DJ in the booth overlooking the floor.

NIKKI KASZUBA (17) bobs her head as she searches through a stack of VINYLs for a next song. Glaringly hot and aloof, she's the kind of girl guys throw their virginity at.

Davey stares up at her dreamily, slowing his roll. The guys track his gaze. And now they're all entranced.

FARRADAY

Nikki Kaszuba. She's like, scientifically the perfect woman.

EATS

If she was my sitter I'da been bangin her the second my balls dropped.

WOODY

Was it hard not to pop a boner every time she gave you a bath?

DAVEY

It was four years ago, not ten. Calm down. We just played games and shit.

EATS

What kind of games? Naughty games?

DAVEY

I hate you guys...

Davey skates off toward the --

**INT. ROLLER PALACE - BATHROOM HALLWAY - A SHORT TIME LATER**

Davey skates out of the bathroom drying his hands. But SOMEONE GRABS HIM, SLAMS HIM AGAINST THE WALL --

NIKKI

Now you're spying on me here too?

Davey's eyes go wide -- It's Nikki! *And she knows!* But no words come out because HOLY SHIT IS THIS GIRL HOT!

NIKKI

Yeah, I know you pervs spy on me.

Davey's heart is hammering in his chest.

NIKKI

Nothing to say? Really?

DAVEY

No, I just -- I never watch when you're -- I mean, I don't mean to watch you, you're just --

NIKKI

I'm just what?

DAVEY

... perfect.

The anger on Nikki's face dissipates. She lets Davey go, skates off. Davey watches after her, the weight of what just happened sinking in. *What did I just say!?*

**INT. ROLLER PALACE - RINK - CONTINUOUS**

Davey rolls up on the other guys, who are plainly staring at the asses of a GROUP OF OBLIVIOUS GIRLS a few feet ahead. He still looks like he's in shock.

FARRADAY

The hell happened to you?

DAVEY

Huh? Nothing...

EATS

You sure? We were worried maybe you got kidnapped or something.

DAVEY

You're such an asshole.

EATS

Coming from you, that's a compliment.  
Now, watch as I show you dicknoses  
how to score with the ladies...

Eats speeds toward the group of oblivious girls. The guys quicken their pace to catch up, but as Davey rounds the loop, past the DJ booth, he glances up to find NIKKI LOOKING BACK AT HIM. THE MOMENT LASTS AN ETERNITY. SHE SMIRKS! Then --

WHAM! Davey trips, takes a ridiculous spill, skin SCREECHING on the wood. A few SKATERS trip over him, causing a pile-up.

IN THE DJ BOOTH, Nikki plays the famous sound bite from The Surfaris' "WIPE OUT." LAUGHTER fills the air as we --

**INT. DAVEY'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT**

Davey's family sits around the TV eating dinner off TV TRAYS.

ON THE TV, a NEWS ANCHOR (40s) talks Summer Olympics...

NEWS ANCHOR (FROM TV)

... now confirmed that 14 Eastern  
Bloc countries, including the Soviet  
Union, will boycott the Olympic Games  
in Los Angeles later this summer...

RANDALL

Unbelievable. Cold War's never gonna  
end. Davey, your future's doomed.

Sheila hands a thick folder off the end table to Randall.

SHEILA

John dropped these off today.

RANDALL

Ah, great. Must be the fliers for the  
block party.

Randall opens it.

RANDALL

Yup. They got a Beatles cover band to  
play this year. Pretty neato.

DAVEY

Nikki's not DJing like last year?  
She's amazing.

RANDALL

Probably not in the cards, what with  
her parents getting a divorce.

Davey blanches as his heart drops.

DAVEY  
Nikki's parents are getting divorced?

SHEILA  
Where'd you hear that?

RANDALL  
Bob Burnquist bowls with Mike  
Kaszuba. Said it's pretty ugly.  
Supposedly, Mike's not even living in  
the house right now.

SHEILA  
Let's not gossip, Randall...  
(thinking about it)  
But that's awful. I never would've  
thought they were having problems.

RANDALL  
That's why they invented curtains,  
hon.

SHEILA  
Well, enough about that. At least the  
block party sounds like it'll be fun.

DAVEY  
Yeah, but why's it always like the  
last weekend before school starts?

RANDALL  
That's kinda the point, pal. Say  
goodbye to summer fun with a bang.

**INT. DAVEY'S HOUSE - DAVEY'S ROOM - A SHORT TIME LATER**

Mind still on Nikki, Davey grabs his binoculars. Goes to the  
side window and cautiously looks out at --

BINOCULARS POV: Nikki's bedroom window. The lights are on,  
but no one's there. Davey focuses in on a FRAMED PHOTO on her  
bedside table. It's of Nikki and her MOM and DAD.

Davey lowers the binoculars, saddened as --

BRRRING! The HOUSE PHONE RINGS. Davey hurries into the --

HALLWAY. Grabs the phone off the wall. Before he can answer,  
he hears VOICES ON THE LINE. He's about to hang up when --

RANDALL (O.S.)(OVER PHONE)  
 Wanna tell me what's so urgent I  
 can't just come in tomorrow?

The UNKNOWN CALLER SIGHS, unsure how to say that --

MALE VOICE (O.S.)(OVER PHONE)  
 Randall, it's -- The Chronicle  
 received a letter from some guy  
 calling himself the "Cape Ann  
 Killer." Claims he's killed thirteen  
 teenaged boys over the last decade.

Davey's eyes go wide. A moment of silence passes on the line.

MALE VOICE (O.S.)(OVER PHONE)  
 It's legit. Story's gonna break any  
 second. We need ya in here, pronto.

BACK IN HIS ROOM. Davey grabs the walkie-talkie as the VOICES  
 OF HIS PARENTS ECHO UP FROM DOWNSTAIRS. The front door SLAMS.

DAVEY (INTO WALKIE)  
 Guys! Something big is going down!

EATS (O.S.)(OVER WALKIE)  
 Someone's going down on who?

DAVEY (INTO WALKIE)  
 I was right. Know those missing boys?  
 It's a serial killer! My dad just got  
 called in!

FARRADAY (O.S.)(OVER WALKIE)  
 Holy shit, you're not kidding. It's  
 on the news right now.

Davey drops the walkie-talkie and races back down to the --

# **INT. DAVEY'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS**

Sheila's standing in front of the TV, remote control clutched  
 firmly to her chest. Davey sees the LIVE PRESS CONFERENCE  
 where DEPUTY SHERIFF LEWIS CALDWELL (50) addresses REPORTERS.

SHERIFF CALDWELL (FROM TV)  
 This afternoon, the Cape Ann Chronicle  
 received an anonymous letter from  
 someone claiming responsibility for  
 the deaths of thirteen teenaged boys.

Davey can't believe what he's hearing. He looks at Sheila.  
 She watches in stunned silence.

SHERIFF CALDWELL (FROM TV)  
The author also provided a list of names, dates and pertinent details related to a number of open missing persons cases. We've confirmed the accuracy of these statements and can now officially label this person an active serial killer.

ON SCREEN, the feed cuts back to the IN-STUDIO NEWS ANCHOR.

NEWS ANCHOR (FROM TV)  
Sheriff's office reports they're likely looking for a white male in his late-30s to 40s, living alone. Preferred targets appear to be males, aged 12 to 16 --

CLICK. Sheila turns off the TV. Knuckles white on the remote. Tense silence fills the void, until --

SHEILA  
I just, I can't believe something --

**INT. DAVEY'S HOUSE - DAVEY'S ROOM - LATER**

CLOSE ON Davey's face, a familiar glimmer in his eye --

DAVEY  
-- like this could happen here! It could be anybody! This is the coolest thing that's ever happened to us!

All four guys are here, though from their HUSHED VOICES, it's obvious they're not supposed to be.

WOODY  
They said he hunts guys our age. Think maybe we should cool it with the late night Manhunts?

FARRADAY  
Why? None of the missing kids are from Ipswich. And Cape Ann's wicked big --

DAVEY  
It's not that big. How're you not freaking out that something's finally happening in this town?

EATS  
Because there's no way it's gonna hit us or this neighborhood. We love you, man, but look at this place.

The guys scan the room: an "Area 51" poster hangs on the wall beside a large framed still of the classic Patterson-Gimlin Big Foot video. Alien figurines and toys cover most surfaces. A large cross adorns a wall, garlic hanging from it.

EATS

You're desperate for crazy shit to happen. You hear a news story and suddenly every boogeyman in these magazines lives down the street.

Farraday grabs the BINOCULARS. Looks out the SIDE WINDOW --

DAVEY

Excuse me for being the only one to hear there's a serial killer on the loose in Cape Ann and get a --

FARRADAY (O.S.)

Boner! Holy shit!

All the guys crowd to the window to follow Farraday's gaze. *Could only be one thing.* Eats scrambles to grab the extra set of BINOCULARS Davey keeps near the window.

EATS

Move over, Woody! Fat ass!

Eats ducks down at Woody's knees, and as the four adolescent guys gaze out, WE SEE --

BINOCULARS POV: NIKKI, IN HER WINDOW. Undressing. Her back to our boys, she slips off her bra. Sunkissed skin, the graceful curves of her shoulders and bare neck achingly feminine.

FARRADAY

I bet her hair smells like Vidal Sassoon.

EATS

Definitely. If I was over there right now, she'd be pregnant.

DAVEY

Guys, show her a little respect. Her parents are getting divorced.

A moment of silence passes... Then --

FARRADAY

Statistically that means she's, like, 78 percent more likely to engage in pre-marital sex.

DAVEY  
You guys are disgusting.

EATS  
Whatever, dude, you were thinking it.

FARRADAY  
Bank it and spank it.

Woody wrestles the binoculars from Farraday, SNEAKS A PEEK for himself. His jaw instantly drops.

WOODY  
I feel like I just discovered the meaning of life. Davey, you gotta get with her, man.

Davey looks out at Nikki with a look of pure intoxication. It's not lust in his eyes, it's something more. Until --

NIKKI SPINS -- REALIZES SHE'S BEING WATCHED!

EATS  
Shit-get-down!

The guys drop to the floor, BUT DAVEY'S FROZEN. He meets Nikki's gaze --

WOODY (O.S.)  
Dude...!

Woody yanks him to the floor and OUT OF FRAME. *Far too late.*

DAVEY (O.S.)  
I'm so fucked...

**EXT. FARRADAY'S HOUSE - ESTABLISHING - DAY**

Another upper-middle-class, two-story colonial on the cul-de-sac. We can see Davey's house a couple driveways over.

**INT. FARRADAY'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS**

Stuffing sandwiches in their faces, Farraday and Davey hover over a newspaper. The headline reads, "THE CAPE ANN KILLER - 15 CONFIRMED VICTIMS AND COUNTING."

DAVEY  
The Cape Ann Killer. So rad. Dude, look at this --

Davey runs his finger along a PHOTO of the killer's letter. It includes a LIST OF NAMES. The victims. Right there in black and white, next to the info hotline number.

DAVEY

Now that we have their names, I bet  
we can find details of their  
disappearances at the library --

FRANCINE

Absolutely not!

FRANCINE FARRADAY (40s), sets a bowl of Doritos between the  
boys. Just looking at her, you can see the conservative,  
razor-sharp intellect of a clinical psychiatrist.

FRANCINE

And if I find out you did, I'm  
calling your mother, David. Besides,  
Curtis has homework.

FARRADAY

So stupid. Everyone else gets to hang  
out all summer. I hate the academy --

FRANCINE

My son is not going to be the first  
Farraday without a Ph.D. from an Ivy  
League school. Period.

CURTIS FARRADAY, SR. joins the boys at the table with a  
salad. He stabs a finger onto the paper.

CURTIS SR.

Makes me sick. The media supporting  
the name this psychopath gave himself  
like he's in the damn World Wrestling  
Federation. Whoever he is, he's  
clearly deranged and beyond help.

FRANCINE

All serial killers are beyond help.  
That's why they're serial killers.  
They can't stop themselves.

DAVEY

Why do they call em serial killers?

FRANCINE

"Serial" just means "many." So it's  
someone who's driven to murder  
multiple people over many years.

CURTIS SR.

We've both done some research into  
the subject. Francine more than me.

DAVEY

Can you tell us about some of em?

FRANCINE

Oh, I don't think it's appropriate.

CURTIS SR.

If they don't hear it from us, Dear, you can be sure they'll learn about it from the G.D. news...

Francine considers. Nods agreement.

FRANCINE

Well, this country's seen its fair share. H.H. Holmes was the first one documented. Built a hotel in Chicago. Called it his "Murder Castle."

CURTIS SR.

No one knows how many people he killed there. Probably hundreds.

Davey and Farraday's eyes light up like the fourth of July.

CURTIS SR.

Then there's Ed Kemper, "The Co-Ed Killer." John Wayne Gacy, "The Killer Clown." Guy actually dressed up like a clown for the kids in his neighborhood. Never trust a clown.

FRANCINE

Ted Bundy, "The Lady Killer." My favorite.

FARRADAY

Mom...! Gross!

FRANCINE

Meaning he's fascinating. He confessed to murdering thirty women. Used his good looks to seduce, kidnap and kill his victims. Some serials even keep items from their victims, which we call "trophies." These are deeply disturbed individuals.

CURTIS SR.

The list goes on and on. All with sensational names to sell newspapers and gain ratings. The news media disgusts me. No offense to your father, Davey.

DAVEY

But why would the Killer write this letter after all this time?

FRANCINE

To raise the stakes. Make it more of a thrill, and show how confident he is that he won't be caught. He thinks he's smarter than the police, and he's trying to prove it.

Francine scoops the newspaper off of the counter. Peers down at it, shaking her head in disgust as she walks over...

FRANCINE

We thought this town was insulated from all the madness out there. But even Ipswich isn't safe anymore...

... and drops it into the trash bin --

# **INT. IPSWICH PUBLIC LIBRARY - MICROFICHE LAB - DAY**

Mere feet away from an oblivious OLD WOMAN (70s), Eats jokingly humps a bookcase. *Ipswich isn't safe anymore indeed.* He's got Woody in stitches as nearby --

FARRADAY

Guys, cut the shit! Unlike you, I actually come here to study so don't get me kicked out.

NEWSPAPER from Farraday's house on his lap, Davey sits at a MICROFICHE MACHINE. Farraday loads in a SHEET. Maneuvers through pages of OLD NEWSPAPER ARTICLES.

FARRADAY

Just use these knobs to scroll, find the articles you want. Easy...

Davey takes the wheel. Uses the current paper as reference. Starts searching for VICTIMS' NAMES. AS HE SCROLLS, WE SEE --

QUICK CUTS OF DISTURBING HEADLINES, LAST PHOTOGRAPHS OF SMILING VICTIMS --

A BLOND BOY .... A FAT BOY .... A SHAGGY BOY .... MORE BOYS, ALL TEENAGERS. And then a break in the pattern --

A FULL FAMILY (MOM, DAD, TWIN TEENAGED BOYS) AND A SHOT OF THEIR CRIME SCENE: A DINNER TABLE WITH BLOOD SPLOTCHES IN FRONT OF EVERY CHAIR.

TIME FLIES BY as one by one, he crosses names off the list.

FARRADAY

I can't look at this stuff anymore.

Farraday gets up and walks off. But Davey's eyes are wide with morbid fascination. HE'S HOOKED.

WE SEE MORE GROTESQUE SHOTS OF THE CAPE ANN KILLER'S WORK as Davey tracks the killer's activities across MONTHS, YEARS --

PLOP! A MAGAZINE SPREAD drops in front of his face. A PAIR OF BARE AFRICAN TRIBAL BREASTS close enough to motorboat.

EATS

BOOM! Afri-CANS... Get it?

DAVEY

You guys aren't gonna believe the shit I found --

Davey turns to find Eats and Woody. A stack of NATIONAL GEOGRAPHIC magazines in their hands, AKA the best source of porn a fourteen year old can easily get his hands on.

EATS

Forget what you found -- We snagged enough tribal muff to carpet your house. We're back in business.

Eats stuffs a pair of NatGeos down the front of his pants.

DAVEY

The hell are you doing!?

EATS

Free porn, bro.

# **EXT. JUNIPER STREET - CUL-DE-SAC - NIGHT**

Dressed in black, Davey and the guys shoot the shit with the usual crew of MANHUNT KIDS as the last of the sun sets --

DAVEY

Okay, where the hell's Sammy? We need him or we don't have numbers.

NEIGHBORHOOD KID 1

I dunno. We haven't heard from him in a few days.

By the look on everyone's faces, that's not normal.

DAVEY

Are they home?

NEIGHBORHOOD KID 2  
Car's in the driveway. They must be.

EATS  
Let's go get the little shit. Woody,  
stay here, make sure none of these  
dickweeds leave.

**EXT. THE HOFFMAN HOUSE - FRONT DOOR - NIGHT**

KNOCK-KNOCK-KNOCK -- Davey, Eats and Farraday await a  
response... that doesn't come. Eats and Farraday peek into  
the windows beside the door...

FARRADAY  
No movement.

EATS  
Or lights. Oh well...

DAVEY  
Oh well? You don't think this is a  
little weird? No one's seen Sammy in  
days. What if --

EATS  
Don't even say it! They're probably  
up at the lake or some shit.

DAVEY  
Then why's their car here?

Davey goes to the Hoffmans' nearby station wagon. Squints in  
the windows... Nothing out of the ordinary.

FARRADAY  
Maybe they rented one...?

DAVEY  
Why would they --

EATS  
Who cares? The real issue is that we  
don't have numbers because of the  
little prick, so now I can't play  
Manhunt. Whatever, I'm out.

FARRADAY  
I'm gonna go catch up on my summer  
reading. Fuckin homework. Later.

*Fun extinguished. Eats and Farraday head off...*

But Davey lingers. He approaches the front door, peers into the darkened windows, morbid curiosity boiling over. He casually TRIES THE FRONT DOOR KNOB, but it's locked. *Bummer.*

Davey turns around. Takes in the view from the Hoffmans' -- An unobstructed view of Mackey's backyard. *Hmm...*

**INT. DAVEY'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - DAY**

Davey puts the finishing touches on a PB&J. Grabs the jelly, reaches for the refrigerator door -- Sees a NOTE WRITTEN IN MARKER on the MAGNETIZED REFRIGERATOR WHITEBOARD:

*"DATE: 6/29 MESSAGE: Working late again. Get a pizza. Call one of the neighbors in case of an emergency."*

ON THE BOTTOM OF THE WHITEBOARD, a LIST of NAMES and PHONE NUMBERS: *"Farraday, Mackey, Woodworth, Eaton,"* etc...

Davey puts the jelly back in the fridge, grabs the milk. Pours himself a glass and places the CARTON on the counter. Takes a glorious bite of the PB&J. Swigs the milk --

NEARLY CHOKES at the PICTURE ON THE BACK OF THE MILK CARTON --

*"DUSTIN 'DUSTY' DEWITT - MISSING SINCE 6/2/84"*

IT'S THE RED-HEADED KID HE SAW AT MACKEY'S HOUSE! *HOLY! SHIT!*

**INT. TREEHOUSE - A SHORT TIME LATER**

The flickering light of CANDLES on the table in the center of the space gives a slightly crazy gleam to the eyes of --

DAVEY

Mackey's the Cape Ann Killer!

He looks like a man possessed. A prolonged silence hangs between Eats, Farraday and Woody.

FARRADAY

I knew we shouldn't have taken you to the library. I blame myself.

EATS

I also blame Farraday.

DAVEY

I know it sounds kinda ridiculous --

EATS

Yeah, because it is. As soon as that news report came out, we all knew it was just a matter of time til you --

WHAM! Davey slaps the MILK CARTON onto the table.

EATS  
Congrats, you're getting your  
calcium, so what?

DAVEY  
No, man, look --

Davey points at the picture of DUSTY DEWITT. The guys grab the carton. Take a closer look at the picture.

FARRADAY  
Who's the missing ginger?

DAVEY  
That's the kid I saw in Mackey's  
dining room a few weeks ago! When we  
were playing Manhunt!

WOODY  
How sure are you it's him?

DAVEY  
Never been more sure of anything in  
my entire life.

EATS  
That's a low bar. Plus, redheads all  
look the same.

FARRADAY  
So true.

WOODY  
Did you tell your parents?

DAVEY  
No way! They'd never believe me, and  
they'd ground me. I need proof. Guys,  
I was only like ten feet away! I saw  
him clear as day! That's him!

Eats and Farraday study the carton, considering this insane possibility.

DAVEY  
Plus, what about the Hoffmans? Their  
lakehouse is only a couple hours  
north, but their car's still here?  
Something's definitely off. And they  
have a perfect view of Mackey's yard.

EATS

So...?

DAVEY

So, what if one of the Hoffmans saw Mackey with Dusty in the yard --

WOODY

Who?

FARRADAY

The missing ginger.

DAVEY

-- Mackey found out somehow, and then killed them to get rid of the threat.

Silence. Everyone thinking over the details...

WOODY

Look, I'll admit this is all pretty weird, but that's kind of a stretch.

FARRADAY

Eats, tell him what Kyle said.

EATS

Farraday, what the fuck --

DAVEY

What'd Kyle say? Does he know something?

EATS

Goddammit. Fine. He said Mackey comes into the hardware store every week and buys like fifty pounds of dirt. Says it's for his garden --

DAVEY

His garden!? Bullshit! Who uses fifty pounds of dirt a week in a backyard garden? He's also got a room in his basement with a padlock on the door. He's single and he lives alone. Why would he need that?

Davey plops down the CAPE ANN CHRONICLE. Points at a section on the front page beneath the "CAPE ANN KILLER" headline --

DAVEY

Still not convinced?

(reading)

(MORE)

DAVEY (CONT'D)

"Suspect is likely a white male,  
late-30s to 40s, lives alone..."

EATS

Dude, Mackey's a cop. With a sick  
reputation --

DAVEY

That's what's genius about it! He  
knows police tactics. He could plant  
evidence to throw them off, or  
destroy it if they ever found  
anything bad. Who would suspect a  
cop? It's the perfect cover.

A sense of dread spreads around the table. *He's got a point.*

DAVEY

Guys, if Mackey is what I think he  
is, we've gotta do something.

WOODY

Yeah, we gotta call the cops.

DAVEY

Have you not been listening? We  
report anything to the cops, Mackey  
will find out. Then he could just  
destroy the evidence. Or walk over  
and silence us. Permanently.

EATS

Okay, Magnum, P.I. What's your plan?

DAVEY

We have to find out the truth -- And  
be able to prove it. This is all  
circumstantial; we've gotta find  
real, hard evidence. Which means...

Mischief in his eyes, Davey smiles big. It's infectious as  
smiles wipe across every face around the table. Even Eats'.

FARRADAY

Stakeout?

DAVEY

Search and destroy. Who's with me?

WOODY

I'll bring the snacks. Davey, you get  
the gear.

EATS

This is batshit crazy. I'm in.

Exhilarated, Davey puts his hand out -- Woody's, Farraday's and Eats' quickly SLAP down on top of it.

DAVEY

Operation Mack Attack starts now!

### STAKEOUT MONTAGE

A SERIES OF SHOTS over an UPBEAT '80s SYNTH JAM -- OPERATION MACK ATTACK in full swing:

-- Mackey tosses a DUFFEL BAG into his immaculate 1980 JEEP WAGONEER, drives off. HIDING IN THE BUSHES, DAVEY lowers his binoculars, jots down the time...

-- AT DUSK, Farraday hunkers down INSIDE HIS PARENTS' PARKED CAR as MACKEY'S WAGONEER rolls past heading into his driveway. Farraday jots down the time...

-- IN HIS ROOM, Davey adds NOTES to a LARGE WHITEBOARD. Their accumulated observations, laid out by day and time. It's starting to fill up...

-- ON HIS PAPER ROUTE, Davey chucks a NEWSPAPER. It lands on a perfectly manicured lawn. WE SEE THE HEADLINE: "*FEAR ACROSS CAPE ANN REACHES FEVER PITCH.*"

-- DURING A MANHUNT GAME, Davey peeks in Mackey's windows. Finds Mackey doing laundry. Sensing something, Mackey looks out the window to find -- Nothing. Davey ducked just in time.

-- FROM HIS TREEHOUSE, Eats looks up from a porno mag to spot Mackey eating dinner. *Boooooorrrring*. Eats jots down the time, goes back to his magazine, unfurling a centerfold. *Yowza...*

-- ON THE WHITEBOARD in his room, Davey adds MORE NOTES to each day. Most days and times are filled in...

-- ON HIS PAPER ROUTE, Davey pulls a NEWSPAPER from his bag, looks at the news headline: "*FBI CONSULTED IN CAPE ANN KILLER INVESTIGATION.*"

-- Mackey wipes sweat as he digs in his GARDEN. ABOVE HIM, HIDING IN A TREE, WOODY jots down a note...

-- FROM HIS BEDROOM WINDOW, Davey watches Mackey drive off. He turns his binoculars to check THE HOFFMAN HOUSE. Still no one home. Davey jots down notes...

-- Davey finishes adding a note to the WHITEBOARD and steps back. It's full of notes from the stakeout. A week in the life of Mackey, HIS ENTIRE SCHEDULE, in black and white.

**END MONTAGE**

**EXT. BEACH - ONE WEEK LATER - DAY**

FOURTH OF JULY BANNERS strung from lifeguard towers float on the wind above the crowded beach. Families play and swim in the sand and surf beneath the golden sun.

ON A LARGE BEACH BLANKET, Davey, Eats, Farraday and Woody are huddled around a NOTEBOOK --

DAVEY

Okay, run down. He leaves his house every day at 8:24 with the same duffel bag. Contents unknown. Grabs the last day's mail on the way out.

FARRADAY

Returns home with the bag around 6:25. Goes into the house through the garage door and closes it behind him. Always closes it!

WOODY

He gardens. A lot. Like, five days a week. Veggies. Probably.

EATS

He has dinner alone every night at 7:00... ish. Then probably wanks it and cries himself to sleep. Loser.

BEEP! BEEP! BEEP! Eats' CASIO CALCULATOR WATCH goes off.

EATS

Bikini break! One minute!

The guys turn as one to look across the sand and gawk at --

NIKKI, in a DNA-stirring bikini, tosses a football with a couple other GIRLFRIENDS and a few ripped SENIOR GUYS. *Dicks.*

EATS

God I wish I was that bikini.

FARRADAY

I should've worn baggier trunks...

Davey watches Nikki. Longing. Smiles to himself.

DAVEY  
So amazing how, like, everyone loves  
her, ya know?

The guys shoot Davey a disgusted look --

FARRADAY  
What the fuck are you saying...?

DAVEY  
No, I just mean she's got a lot to  
offer the world...

BEEP! BEEP! BEEP! The Casio alarm shatters their daydreaming.

EATS  
If you're done being a bitch, can we  
get back to work, please?

But DAVEY'S GAZE REMAINS ON NIKKI as she bounces to and fro  
with the football. It's pure heaven.

WOODY (O.S.)  
Well, we know his schedule now, so  
what do we do next?

Nikki, as if sensing she's being watched, looks over at  
Davey. She smiles. *We melt.*

DAVEY  
(inspired)  
Catch this fucker and become heroes.

**EXT. JUNIPER STREET - CUL-DE-SAC - NIGHT**

BINOCULARS POV: Davey's parents pull out of the driveway,  
gussied up for a night out. As they drive off...

DAVEY (O.S.)  
We're clear...

The binoculars scan... Find MACKEY'S HOUSE. NO LIGHTS ON.

DAVEY (O.S.)  
... on all fronts.

**EXT. EATS' HOUSE - SIDE YARD - CONTINUOUS**

A small tent, walls glowing with lantern light from inside,  
makes the perfect stakeout spot. EXCEPT IT'S EMPTY. Because  
all the action's currently happening up in the --

EATS (O.S.)  
 ... come on, no way. How can you say  
 that? They're fuckin teddy bears! You  
 think a buncha Teddy Ruxpins could  
 take down the Empire?

**INT. TREEHOUSE - CONTINUOUS**

DAVEY'S FULL WHITEBOARD now hangs next to a pinned up PLAYBOY page with a NAKED CHICK who looks an awful lot like Nikki.

Davey, decked out in his black "Manhunt" clothes, lowers his binoculars as his parents' car disappears. He turns to find the rest of the gang, also dressed in black --

FARRADAY  
 They're aliens, and highly  
 intelligent! Look how fast that one  
 learned to drive a speeder bike, then  
 ditch it without being spotted.

EATS  
 Whatever, dude. They're bears. Now if  
 it was Gremlins, I'd buy it. Maybe.

DAVEY  
 I gotta get my parents to take me to  
 see that. Maybe go with Nikki.

EATS  
 Sure, then she can find out what  
 happens if she gets your Mogwai wet.

The guys all LAUGH as HEADLIGHTS sweep across the cul-de-sac. They instantly pile into the large treehouse window. Davey whips his binoculars up to watch as --

BINOCULARS POV: Mackey's Wagoneer pulls into his driveway. Mackey gets out, looks around at the sleepy neighborhood. *Does he sense he's being watched?*

EATS  
 What the hell's he doing?

BINOCULARS POV: After a moment, Mackey walks toward his house -- but goes around the side of the garage to the backyard.

WOODY  
 Davey, where's he --

The SOUNDS OF HEAVY DRAGGING snap their attention back to --

BINOCULARS POV: Mackey emerges onto his driveway again, pulling his GARBAGE CANS behind him.

He takes them to the curb. Heads back inside. The garage door closes behind him. A few of the lights in his house pop on.

IN THE TREEHOUSE, Davey lets out the breath he didn't realize he was holding. Woody and Eats lower their binoculars.

FARRADAY

Wait, was that it? Stakeout over?

EATS

Let's break into his garage.

WOODY

We can't do that. He's a cop.

DAVEY

Guys, this is a stakeout. We know his patterns now. So we just sit back, watch and wait to see if anything strange happens.

Davey brings the binoculars back to his eyes --

BINOCULARS POV: Davey scans, lands on MACKEY'S GARBAGE CANS.

DAVEY

Or if an opportunity presents itself.

WOODY

At least we got snacks...

#### **INT. TREEHOUSE - LATER**

Every bag of snacks is shredded, empty. NATIONAL GEOGRAPHIC magazines discarded like spent hookers. Farraday, alone, rolls a twenty-sided die on the floor. Consults a D&D Dungeon Master Guide. A few HEAVY THUMPS draw his gaze to the ROOF --

FARRADAY (INTO WALKIE)

Woody, you rolled a sixteen. Your elf is trapped in a teleportation maze. You coming back soon or what?

#### **EXT. TREEHOUSE ROOF - CONTINUOUS**

SQUAWKING walkie at his feet, Woody struggles under the weight of Eats on his shoulders.

EATS

We're trying to scope Nikki's tatas and you're talking about an elf?

WOODY

Can you see her or not?

Eats raises his binoculars. Now WE SEE he's trying to peep over Davey's roof to Nikki's window. He needs to go --

EATS  
Higher, ya bearded freak of nature.

WOODY  
You're so much fatter than you look!

DAVEY (O.S.)(OVER WALKIE)  
Guys! I can hear you down here!

**INT. TENT - SIDE YARD - CONTINUOUS**

Davey, the only one still focused, lies with his binoculars sticking out the flap of the tent. Trained on Mackey's house.

FARRADAY (O.S.)(OVER WALKIE)  
Davey, man. Maybe we should call it.  
What're you even hoping to see?

Suddenly, finally, THE LIGHTS IN MACKEY'S HOUSE GO OFF.

DAVEY  
That.

**EXT. MACKEY'S HOUSE - DRIVEWAY - MOMENTS LATER**

Under cover of darkness, Davey runs across the street, crouches behind the garbage cans. He watches Mackey's windows cautiously. No lights appear. The other guys catch up to him.

FARRADAY  
What the hell're we doing!?

Davey puts his hand on one of the garbage cans. Smirks.

EATS  
His fuckin trash? Are you kidding?

DAVEY  
There could be evidence in here.  
Fingers or bloody rags or something.  
We find anything, we got him.

FARRADAY  
Do you guys know me at all? I am not digging through trash.

WOODY  
We're gonna get in trouble if we tear up his trash on the street.

DAVEY

I've had to clean our deck three times in the last two weeks because raccoons keep getting into ours. That's all anyone's gonna think.

The guys look at each other, disgusted. *But what the hell?*

EATS

If I find a used condom in here...  
I'm gonna be so jealous.

**LATER**

TRASH covers the base of the driveway. The guys' hands and clothes caked in grime, sludge and worse. Except for Farraday, who sits a safe distance back on the curb.

FARRADAY

How do you know you can't get AIDS from trash?

EATS

Only way you're ever gettin AIDS...

FARRADAY

Yeah, good one. Don't call me tomorrow when you're puking blood.

Davey tosses another EMPTY BAG onto the ground. Frustrated.

DAVEY

I can't believe it. Nothing. Maybe he doesn't do the killings here?

WOODY

He could have, like, a lair or something somewhere...?

EATS

A lair? He's Cobra Commander now?

Farraday, still off to the side, spots Mackey's MAILBOX. Opens it, looks inside to find --

FARRADAY

What about his mail? Can tell a lot about someone by the magazines they're subscribed to...

Big smile on his face, he digs out a brand new PLAYBOY, still in its cellophane wrapper.

EATS

Ask and you shall receive!

Eats is all smiles as he snatches it, rips it open, tosses the cellophane into the garbage pile and pages through it.

DAVEY

Farraday's right. We can check his mail every day and he'll never suspect a thing. See what bills he gets, who's sending him stuff...

Eats tucks the Playboy into his waistband. Per the usual.

EATS

I'll handle that responsibility.

*Of course he will.* Davey checks his watch.

DAVEY

It's 10:30. We should get outta here before my parents come back and see us. We can try again tomorrow.

FARRADAY

Night one, no luck.

EATS

Well, a little bit of luck --

Eats pats the magazines tucked beneath his waistband, smiles. As he and Farraday peel off toward their respective homes --

WOODY

Hey Davey? Is it cool if I sleep over tonight? Kinda don't wanna be home.

DAVEY

Yeah, I was gonna ask you to anyway. I'll make popcorn and we can watch "Close Encounters."

WOODY

Awesome. I'll go grab my stuff. Be over in a bit.

**INT. DAVEY'S HOUSE - DAVEY'S ROOM - NIGHT**

Davey's sitting at his window, Hardy Boys book in hand. But his gaze is fixed on Mackey's house. *What's happening in there?* Is someone over there in the dark, crying, praying --

DING-DONG! Davey JUMPS at the SOUND OF THE DOORBELL. *Fuck!* He gives the clock an accusatory look. 11:47pm. *It's about time!*

**INT. DAVEY'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS**

Davey bolts down the stairs, grabs the front door and swings it open, revealing --

DAVEY

Dude, what took you so long?

NIKKI. She doesn't wait for him to pick his jaw up off the floor as she breezes past him into the house wearing a sexy cut-off tee and short-shorts.

NIKKI

Expecting somebody this late?

DAVEY

Huh? Oh, just Woody -- My friend, I mean. Not, uh -- Nevermind.

NIKKI

Wow, I haven't been over in awhile. Your mom moved everything.

DAVEY

Uh -- I guess. Like a year ago.

Nikki continues into the kitchen, grabs a soda from the fridge like she lives here.

NIKKI

Your folks aren't home?

DAVEY

Nah, date night.

Nikki smirks, CRACKS the soda and it sprays the air. She takes a long, luscious sip, her eyes never leaving Davey. She wipes her wet lips and gives him an amused look --

NIKKI

Good.

-- winks and walks confidently to the stairs. Heads up...

*HOLY. SHIT. Is this happening right now?* He realizes he's just standing there alone. Bolts after her --

**INT. DAVEY'S HOUSE - DAVEY'S ROOM - CONTINUOUS**

Davey flies into the room to find Nikki, already at his side window, binoculars up to her eyes.

NIKKI

Huh... Better view of my room than I thought.

DAVEY

I've never seen you naked!

Instantly mortified, Davey blushes. Grabs the binoculars.

NIKKI

Too bad. I've got a great body.

What!? Nikki smirks and walks away from the window.

Equal parts embarrassed and turned on, Davey starts straightening up, stashing toys and nerd paraphernalia under his bed, in the closet. Wherever he can.

But Nikki's focused elsewhere, her hands tracing along the peeling National Enquirer covers that wallpaper his room.

NIKKI

Wow... When I gave you that first National Enquirer, I never thought it'd lead to this. What was that one again...? The cult that was, like, brainwashing Elvis' daughter for his money, right?

Davey points to the wall where the cover of that National Enquirer permanently rests above his bed. Nikki smiles.

NIKKI

We had so much fun. God, sucks how much things have changed.

DAVEY

Things have changed, but good things. Like, we're old enough to hang out together now.

Totally onto his clumsy attempt at being suave, she lets her finger gently touch his hand. Clearly having fun making him squirm.

NIKKI

Too bad I'm leaving. Guess we better get it all in now.

Her big eyes lock onto his, gleaming with mischievous intent. Every gasket in Davey's brain about to blow, he remembers --

DAVEY

How, uh -- how're your parents?

NIKKI

Let's stick to yours. What time did you say they'd be home?

*Uhhhhh... Mind. Frozen.* She moves closer to Davey...  
CLOSER... THEIR LIPS ABOUT TO MEET... THIS IS IT --

THUD! They HEAR the DOOR OPEN AND CLOSE DOWNSTAIRS!

SHEILA (O.S.)

Davey! We're back!

DAVEY

Oh, fuck me.

Nikki LAUGHS OUT LOUD at his reaction, slaps a hand over her mouth. They share a look of excited amusement, then she rushes to the window. Climbs out using the roof of the garage to get down to the ground safely.

Davey watches her go. Totally in love. Then leaps onto his bed, drapes his comforter over his lap as --

HIS DOOR OPENS and his parents come in.

SHEILA

Honey? I thought I heard --

She sees her son, lap covered, disheveled, eyes wide.

SHEILA

OH! Oh my God. Oh -- I -- I should have knocked --

DAVEY

Nonononono! It's not --

RANDALL

Jesus, Davey. The bathroom at least has a lock.

They retreat from his bedroom, shut the door --

DAVEY

(yelling out to them)  
I wasn't doing that!

He hurries to the window -- Down below, THERE'S NIKKI looking up at him. She smiles, BLOWS HIM A KISS, heads off...

RANDALL (O.S.)(THROUGH DOOR)

Davey, I think it's time you and I had a little talk. When you're done.

Off Davey's mortified face we --

**EXT. SUBURBAN HOUSE - BEVERLY FARMS, MA - NIGHT**

A pall of fog hangs over the street as BOBBY COKER (15), a pimply teen, exits the front door of a single story ranch home. As the screen door closes, he looks back and waves --

BOBBY

Thanks again for everything, Mrs. S!

MOTHER (O.S.)

Anytime. Call when you get home so we know you're safe, okay?

BOBBY'S FRIEND (O.S.)

Mom, he lives like four blocks away.

BOBBY

It's cool. I will. See ya.

Bobby heads down the front steps and down the sidewalk. As he turns the corner and out of sight --

BOBBY'S FRIEND (O.S.)

Oh crap, he forgot his bag.

The screen door on the ranch home bursts back open and BOBBY'S FRIEND (15) flies out, hustles to catch up. He hurries around the corner to find --

BOBBY'S FRIEND

Bobby, you forgot your --

AN EMPTY SIDEWALK. Through the fog, he can just make out a set of brake lights far down the block, as they turn and disappear into the void...

**INT. WOODY'S HOUSE - MORNING**

The flicker of the TV illuminates the room, glinting off empty cans and random refuse piled high on every surface. It's the home of a boy without parents. Unless you count --

BRENDA WOODWORTH (50s) lies passed out on the couch, still in her nurse's uniform. Makeup smeared across her face. Hair a mess. The coffee table in front of her dotted with LITTLE WHITE PILLS carelessly poured out beside a BOTTLE OF GIN.

Woody stands in the doorway looking at his parent. His security. And he knows he's on his own.

He walks over, not needing to be stealthy. Digs a hand in her purse. Comes out with her CAR KEYS. Gives Brenda one last troubled look. Pulls a blanket over her, kisses her forehead.

WOODY  
Love you, mom...

Then heads out. Brenda doesn't even stir.

**EXT. JUNIPER STREET - CUL-DE-SAC - DAY**

Mackey, driving his POLICE CRUISER, rolls down the driveway. Turns onto the street, passing --

DAVEY (O.S.)  
Eight A.M. Right on time.

A PARKED STATION WAGON. The guys are inside, ducked down, peeking through the windows. Woody, however, sits upright in the driver's seat, his troubled mind elsewhere --

FARRADAY (O.S.)  
Get down, shit-for-brains!

Woody ducks just in time as Mackey's car heads past, cruises down the street and out of sight...

DAVEY  
Woody, what're you doing? You're gonna lose him already --

WOODY  
Guys, I'm freaking out right now, okay? I get caught driving my mom's car and I'm dead shit!

FARRADAY  
You said she's sleeping off a 36-hour shift. She's gonna be out for hours --

EATS  
And you look like you're thirty. It's gonna be fine, now drive!

**EXT. CAPE ANN HARDWARE STORE - DOWNTOWN IPSWICH - DAY**

Mackey, in uniform, strolls along the sidewalk -- Says "Hello" to a PASSERBY as he enters the hardware store.

ACROSS THE STREET, the guys pull up in the station wagon, ducked down but watching like hawks.

DAVEY

Woody, what happened to you last night? Thought you were coming over.

WOODY

Sorry. My mom... needed my help.

DAVEY

You'll never guess who showed up at my door instead. At midnight. Nikki.

WOODY

No way! Really!?

FARRADAY

Yeah, okay, Davey.

EATS

Lemme speak in your language: There isn't even a parallel universe with buttfucking Wookiees where Nikki came over to your house last night.

DAVEY

I'm serious! She was about to kiss me when my parents got home and --  
(eyes going wide)  
Guys, Mackey's coming out!

Davey points ACROSS THE STREET to where Mackey exits the hardware store...

EATS

We're picking up this convo later.

Eats' brother Kyle is behind Mackey pushing a cart stacked high with LARGE BAGS OF SOIL.

FARRADAY

Holy shit, that is a lot of dirt.

DAVEY

Just like Kyle said. How many bodies you think that would bury?

Just then, another hardware store EMPLOYEE comes out pushing another cart. On it are six LARGE, RED-STRIPED BAGS of some sort of CHEMICAL, along with TWO SHOVELS and --

EATS

Is that a fuckin pick axe?

Yup. Kyle and the other employee pile the dirt and supplies into the backseat and trunk of the police cruiser.

DAVEY

We gotta keep following him, find out  
what he's doing with that stuff.

**INT./EXT. STATION WAGON - DOWNTOWN IPSWICH - MOMENTS LATER**

Approaching a busy intersection, Woody and the guys have  
fallen a few cars behind Mackey.

EATS

You drive like my mom, dude -- You're  
gonna lose him!

They're forced to stop at the red light and watch as Mackey  
turns right on red. But the cars between them aren't turning.  
They just stop, boxing the boys in. Mackey's gone...

FARRADAY

Woody...! The hell, man!?

WOODY

All right, frig this! You guys are  
dicks! I'm never doing this again!

DAVEY

Guys! Relax! Let's just get home as  
fast as we can and hope that's where  
he's going too.

**INT./EXT. STATION WAGON - MAIN ROAD - A SHORT TIME LATER**

As the guys cruise along in silence, bad vibes in the air --

BWOOP-BWOOP! Woody looks into his rearview to find --

POLICE LIGHTS FLASHING! The guys turn to see a POLICE CRUISER  
bearing down on them as Woody pulls his mom's station wagon  
to the side of the road.

WOODY

Oh shit! Fuck! I'm so screwed!

DAVEY

Is that Mackey!?

EATS

Woody, just be cool --

WOODY

I don't have a license, genius!

EATS

Tell him you forgot it at home.

DAVEY

What if it's fuckin Mackey!?

The COP gets out of his cruiser. As he approaches, the guys CAN'T SEE HIS FACE through the station wagon's dirty windows. GA-GLUNK -- GA-GLUNK -- DAVEY'S HEART POUNDS AS --

The cop TAPS on the window. Woody rolls it down revealing...

OFFICER COLE (40s), tall and serious, but definitely --

DAVEY

Not him... Thank God.

WOODY

Oh shit, Officer Cole...

OFFICER COLE

Goddammit, Dale. I thought that was you. Does your mother know you stole her car?

WOODY

I just borrowed it! We wanted snacks and my mom was asleep --

OFFICER COLE

What if it wasn't me that pulled ya over? You could be in real trouble.

WOODY

I know, and I'm wicked sorry. I'll never do it again --

OFFICER COLE

Got me in a real bind here. Can't just bust ya cuz then how am I gonna look your mother in the eye at church on Sunday?

Officer Cole considers a moment. Looks inside the car at each of the guys, all of whom are terrified... Except Eats.

OFFICER COLE

Mr. Eaton. What a surprise.

EATS

Officer Cole. We meet again.

OFFICER COLE

Look, guys, I get it. I took my Ma's car out for a joyride now and then when I was your age. But times have changed.

(MORE)

OFFICER COLE (CONT'D)  
Promise me you'll go straight home  
and never do this again --

DAVEY  
Excuse me, Officer?

Cole leans down, peers in at Davey to get a good look.

DAVEY  
Do you know Officer Mackey?

The other boys shoot Davey a look of death: *Shut up, dude!*

OFFICER COLE  
Town this small, everyone knows  
everyone on the force. Why?

DAVEY  
You like him? I mean, he a good guy?

OFFICER COLE  
What's this, twenty questions? Just  
go home. Where it's safe.  
(lowers his voice)  
Another kid's gone missing. Everyone  
up at Town Hall's panicked. They're  
even canceling the block party. It's  
gonna be on the news any minute.

DAVEY  
What!?

OFFICER COLE  
Get your asses home. And stay there.

**INT. DAVEY'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT**

ON THE TV, Sheriff Caldwell speaks at an emergency press  
conference, addressing a crowd of REPORTERS. Behind Caldwell,  
a LARGE PICTURE of a smiling BOBBY COKER sits on an easel.

SHERIFF CALDWELL (FROM TV)  
The first 48 hours are vital. If  
anyone has any information, please  
call the hotline.

Both on the edges of their seats, Davey watches next to his  
father as his WALKIE TALKIE SCREECHES TO LIFE --

RANDALL  
Still can't believe this. Ya know  
they canceled block party, too? It's  
never been canceled before. What the  
hell is happening to this town?

FARRADAY (O.S.)(OVER WALKIE)  
The eagle has landed! I repeat, the  
eagle has landed!

Davey bolts up, sprints for the stairs and up into his --

RANDALL  
Hey, clean your room while you're up  
there...! Ya hear me...?

**INT. DAVEY'S HOUSE - DAVEY'S ROOM - CONTINUOUS**

Davey shuts the door, grabs his binoculars and peers out the  
picture window --

BINOCULARS POV: In Mackey's driveway, the brakelights of  
Mackey's Wagoneer cast a creepy red glow over his yard.

Davey quickly scans the back of the Wagoneer where the bags  
of soil should be... BUT THEY'RE NOT THERE.

DAVEY (INTO WALKIE)  
Guys, the dirt's not there.

FARRADAY (O.S.)(OVER WALKIE)  
Maybe it's still in his cruiser.

DAVEY (INTO WALKIE)  
Why would he leave it in there?

WOODY (O.S.)(OVER WALKIE)  
Or he stashes it someplace.

FARRADAY (O.S.)(OVER WALKIE)  
Shit this guy's good.

The brakelights fall dark. Mackey hops out. Enters his house.  
Davey considers... WHISPERS to himself --

DAVEY  
We're on to you, Mackey...

CLICK... CLACK... *What the...?* Davey turns to the side window  
as a PEBBLE RICOCHETS OFF. He goes over, looks out to find --

NIKKI. Gazing up at him. She waves for him to come out.

DAVEY  
Best summer ever...

**EXT. NIKKI'S HOUSE - ROOFTOP - NIGHT**

Pair of stolen beers between them, Davey sits next to Nikki, listening expectantly. The moonlight is magical, it's summer and Davey's in love, even though --

NIKKI

I thought everything was fine. Then they just sat me down and told me they don't love each other anymore. Like "that's that." They didn't even seem upset. So fucked up...

DAVEY

They still love you though. Nothing's gonna change that.

NIKKI

It's like my life's just been one big lie. I feel like everyone's gonna judge me now. Like I can't even talk about it with anyone.

DAVEY

What about your friends?

NIKKI

Especially my friends. Their parents are all still happily married. Whatever that means.

Davey nods, unsure what to say in the face of such tragedy.

NIKKI

Honestly, I can't wait to get out of this stupid town, away from them.

Davey tries to hide the fact that he's crushed. Until he sees tears forming in her eyes.

NIKKI

Are your parents happy?

DAVEY

I dunno... I guess...

NIKKI

You must think I'm a loser, bringing you out here for this.

DAVEY

No way. I love hanging out with you -  
- I mean, ya know, as friends.

Nikki looks at him. Realizing for the first time --

NIKKI  
You really care about me, don't you?

DAVEY  
Well, yeah. I always have.

They hold each other's gaze for a long moment. Then --

DAVEY  
Can I tell you a secret...?

Nikki gives him an expectant look over her beer as she takes a swig. He musters his courage...

DAVEY  
I think Mackey's the Cape Ann Killer.

Nikki nearly spits out her beer. Davey's words seem to just hang there in the air between them. Then Nikki CHUCKLES.

DAVEY  
I'm not kidding.

NIKKI  
Mr. Mackey? Davey, he's friends with my dad. He's totally harmless.

DAVEY  
That's what he wants you to think.

NIKKI  
I know how your mind works. But you're wrong.

DAVEY  
This is different. We've been spying on him and --

NIKKI  
He's a cop! If your mom and dad found out you're spying on him, they would flip their shit.

DAVEY  
I know. That's why they're not gonna. Not until we have real evidence to show them.

NIKKI  
Davey, listen to me. You gotta stop.

DAVEY  
You're just like everyone else...

NIKKI  
No, look -- If you're wrong, you'll look like a lunatic and be in trouble forever. And if you're right... he might catch you, or come after you.

DAVEY  
I'm not gonna get caught.

NIKKI  
Please, just let the police handle the killer. I don't want anything bad to happen to you... You might just be the only person left in this neighborhood I actually care about.

**INT. TREEHOUSE - NIGHT**

The guys look through a few brand new porn mags, all addressed to Mackey. *This is Heaven.*

WOODY  
It's the freakin mother lode.

EATS  
Staking out Mackey was the best idea you've ever had, Davey.

FARRADAY  
Had a pretty good idea, myself --  
Farraday pulls out a BOTTLE OF JACK DANIELS.

FARRADAY  
Snagged it from my dad's stash.

EATS  
So you're using those brainpowers for good. About damn time. Gimme some --

They eagerly pass the bottle around and take swigs. One by one, they cringe in disgust and GROAN. Farraday COUGHS --

FARRADAY  
Oh, it's bad. It's so bad.

DAVEY  
Tastes like my mouth is bleeding.

EATS  
Guess you dickheads aren't men yet.

Eats keeps the Jack, clearly forcing it down with each tiny sip as the other guys spit and swish sodas like mouthwash.

EATS

So let's hear it, what's up with you and Nikki?

DAVEY

We hung out again last night. She says she likes talking to me. We have, like, a connection.

EATS

Fuck you, a "connection." Only connection I want with her is vaginal. Oral if she's into it --

DAVEY

Don't talk about her like that!

The guys all blankly stare at him -- *Who are you?* Davey refocuses on Mackey's house, miffed.

WOODY

Ya think she douches?

FARRADAY

Eww, Jesus, Woody!

WOODY

What? My mom does --

DAVEY

Guys, we need to stay focused. Mackey's still out there. We need something solid.

Davey grabs the binoculars --

BINOCULARS POV: Davey scans the neighborhood, panning from left to right...

FARRADAY

We've been on him for weeks. If he was gonna give us a clue, we'd have seen it by now, don't ya think?

... lands on THE HOFFMANS' HOUSE. Lowers the binoculars.

DAVEY

Not if we missed it the first time. Grab the flashlight.

**EXT. THE HOFFMAN HOUSE - NIGHT**

The guys approach the front door. Everything dark inside. Davey shines his DURABEAM FLASHLIGHT through the windows but can't make out anything. He tries the doorknob --

ERRRRRK -- AND IT OPENS! The front door slowly sways wide, revealing a pitch black house. Davey's eyes light up.

FARRADAY

What. Everyone keeps their door unlocked around here.

DAVEY

Yeah, but this was locked last time... We gotta go in. What if they're dead in there?

EATS

You said the killer kills kids, not adults.

DAVEY

That's not totally true. One of the articles at the library said he killed a whole family in Rockport. Police said something must've gone wrong. And if it's Mackey...

EATS

Fuck! That! You wanna go in there, be my guest. Dumbasses first.

But Davey's already on his way inside...

EATS

Davey, I was kidding! .... Davey!

As they hesitantly follow Davey inside --

WOODY

Guys, I got a bad feeling.

**INT. THE HOFFMAN HOUSE - FOYER - MOMENTS LATER**

Farraday and Woody hang onto each other as the guys creep into the dark front room. Davey, flashlight leading the way, finds the closest light switch. Flips it: *nothing*.

DAVEY

Light's not working.

EATS

You guys smell that?

WOODY

Yeah. Smells like... roadkill.

FARRADAY

If it's a bunch of dead bodies, I'm  
totally gonna shit my Calvin Kleins.

Davey redirects the flashlight toward the room revealing --

THE PLACE IS A MESS. An overturned chair in the living room;  
two open trash bags in the kitchen, flies swarming -- A CAT  
eating among the refuse; mail and other debris on the floor  
throughout. *It looks like some shit went down!*

DAVEY

Still think I'm crazy?

BRRRING -- The HOME TELEPHONE RINGS, scaring the hell out of  
the boys.

FARRADAY

Goddamit!

EATS

Farraday, check your Calvins.

AS THE PHONE CONTINUES TO RING, Davey pushes ahead, moving  
through the dark, nervous as hell, the boys huddled behind  
him. Step by painstaking step...

Davey aims the flashlight into the kitchen.

DAVEY

Woody, try the kitchen light. It's  
around the corner.

WOODY

Me!? Why me!?

DAVEY

Just do it! I'll shine the light.

Woody falters, but forces himself toward the now-illuminated  
kitchen doorway, rounds it --

AND BUMPS INTO SOMEONE STANDING THERE HOLDING A KNIFE! Woody  
falls backward onto the floor --

WOODY

AHHHH!

ALL OUR GUYS

AHHHHHHH!

THE FIGURE FLIPS ON THE KITCHEN LIGHT revealing --  
IT'S NIKKI. And it's not a knife she's got, it's a  
SCREWDRIVER. *Thank Christ...*

EATS

What the fuck, fuckers! Nearly had a  
goddamn heart attack.

NIKKI

You guys scared the shit outta me!

WOODY

We scared you!?

DAVEY

What are you even doing here? With  
the lights off?

NIKKI

A fuse blew while I was vacuuming  
this mess. Stupid cats.

FARRADAY

Why're you cleaning up after the  
Hoffmans' cats? And where're the  
Hoffmans?

NIKKI

They're at the lakehouse for the  
summer. They pay me to make sure  
Barnaby and Trixy don't die. Easy  
money. Usually...

The guys share a look of relief tinged with disappointment.

NIKKI

Wanna explain what the hell you guys  
are doing in here?

DAVEY

Sammy's been missing so we thought  
maybe... the Hoffmans were dead.

NIKKI

And that it might've been Mackey...?  
Seriously...?

Nikki CHUCKLES. Davey looks away, embarrassed.

EATS

You told her? Okay, what is going on  
with you two? You hookin up?

Davey gives him a piercing, horrified look. But Nikki smiles, totally seeing what's going on. She switches on the sexy.

NIKKI

Let's just say he's more of a man  
than you jerkoffs.

She winks at Davey and heads off into the kitchen.

Davey's eyes couldn't be wider. He's in shock. The other guys LAUGH and HOLLER, proudly clapping him on the back.

EATS

Holy fucking shit. You're my God.

JUST INSIDE THE KITCHEN, Nikki smiles wide, hearing it all...

**INT. DAVEY'S HOUSE - DAVEY'S ROOM - DAY**

Davey crashes into his room with a basket full of clothes --

SHEILA (O.S.)

... and don't forget to clean your  
room! I mean it --

DAVEY

I know, Mom. God...

Knocks a FRAMED PHOTO off of his nightstand. Picks it up -- It's a PHOTO of DAVEY (10) WITH HIS YOUNGER MOM AND DAD. He places it back on the nightstand as he dumps the clothes onto his bed. Looks around the room at the MESS. *Ugh...*

He opens his disaster of a closet, jams more junk inside. As he's about to close it, his eyes fall on --

TWO WORN GAMBLES G.I. JOE WALKIE-TALKIES atop a crate of old toys. Davey's wheels start spinning. He grabs his regular STARCODE WALKIE --

DAVEY (INTO WALKIE)

Guys, what time're we playing Manhunt  
tonight? I've got an idea...

**EXT. MACKEY'S YARD - NIGHT**

Dressed in black, the guys sprint through backyards, under porches, over driveways, converging in the bushes along Mackey's house. They're all out of breath, but exhilarated.

DAVEY

Arrright, here's the plan --

Davey pulls out the pair of old school G.I. Joe walkies.

FARRADAY

Holy shit, you still have those?

DAVEY

While you guys are spying, I'm gonna plant one of these outside Mackey's window. Use the other one to listen.

FARRADAY

Audio surveillance. Smart.

WOODY

Let's just not get caught, okay?

DAVEY

Mackey spots you, act like it's part of the game. We probably got five minutes til those little shits are up our asses with flashlights, so let's be quick. Farraday, Woody, you guys take ground level. Me and Eats are up top. Operation Manhunt starts now.

They break. Eats follows Farraday. Woody follows Davey...

-- Farraday runs into the bushes along the driveway. His head pops up to LOOK INTO THE KITCHEN WINDOW as --

-- Eats climbs a tree to get eyes on the UPSTAIRS BATHROOM. Looks down at Farraday. Thumbs up. Then flips him off.

-- Woody sneaks along the house to THE DINING ROOM WINDOW. Where Davey saw the missing boy weeks ago. Looks up at --

-- Davey scales the tree at the front corner of the house, over the driveway. Finds a VIEW INTO MACKEY'S BEDROOM.

Gazing into the window, Davey makes sure Mackey's not there. Whips out the G.I. Joe walkie, some duct tape. Wraps the tape around the walkie SO THAT THE TRANSMIT BUTTON IS PERMANENTLY PRESSED DOWN (i.e. ALWAYS LISTENING).

Davey slides himself out along a thick branch that reaches toward the bedroom window. Manages to PLACE IT ON THE WINDOWSILL just outside the bedroom. CLICKS IT ON --

TOMMY (O.S.)

Found ya, ya big, bearded ball sack!

A BRIGHT LIGHT suddenly nails Woody below. He holds a hand to his eyes, looks into TOMMY WARRENS' (9) flashlight.

WOODY

Fuck off, Tommy! We got time out!

TOMMY

No, ya don't -- I caught you!

WOODY

Want me to beat the shit outta ya?  
Cuz I will, ya little --

AHHH! Tommy runs off into the night, terrified. Just then --

EATS (O.S.)(OVER WALKIE)

I got eyes on him!

IN THE TREE AROUND THE HOUSE, Eats hugs the branches to hide  
as THROUGH THE WINDOW, he sees --

MACKEY, YELLOW RUBBER GLOVES on both hands. He gathers  
CLEANING SUPPLIES into a BUCKET. He seems perturbed.

EATS (INTO WALKIE)

He's wearing rubber gloves! And he's  
got a bucket of cleaning shit.

DAVEY (O.S.)(OVER WALKIE)

Like, stuff to clean up blood?

Mackey heads out of the bathroom with his cleaning kit.

EATS (INTO WALKIE)

Guys, I lost him. He's on the move.

IN THE BUSHES BELOW, Farraday sees Mackey enter the kitchen.

FARRADAY (INTO WALKIE)

Got him! He just came downstairs.

DAVEY (O.S.)(OVER WALKIE)

What's in the bucket?

FARRADAY (INTO WALKIE)

Looks like bleach. And a scrubbing  
brush. Can't tell what the rest is.

What the...? Farraday spots a RED STAIN on Mackey's shirt --

FARRADAY (INTO WALKIE)

Blood! He's got blood on him!

DAVEY (O.S.)(OVER WALKIE)

Holy crap -- Are you sure?

FARRADAY (INTO WALKIE)

Well, maybe it's paint? I don't know.  
It's on his shirt -- Oh shit!

FARRADAY DROPS into the bushes as MACKEY WALKS RIGHT PAST the window. When Farraday sneaks a peek again... MACKEY'S GONE --

ON THE DRIVEWAY SIDE, Mackey comes into Woody's view --

WOODY (INTO WALKIE)

I got him!

Woody watches, face as close to the glass as he can get without fogging it up as Mackey pauses at the BASEMENT DOOR. Checks his bucket. Pissed, he rushes down the steps...

WOODY (INTO WALKIE)

He went into the basement!

Woody bolts to the nearest basement window. Crouches down to look in but IT'S BLACKED OUT. PAINTED ON THE INSIDE. He rushes to the next window. Same. Next window... Same. *Shit.*

WOODY (INTO WALKIE)

Mackey's M.I.A. All his basement windows are painted over.

DAVEY DROPS TO THE GROUND, looks up at the bedroom window. THE WALKIE IS HIDDEN by the sill except the tip of the antenna. No way you'd see it. Unless you were looking for it.

Satisfied, Davey sneaks up to the nearest window. Raises himself up to look inside just as --

MACKEY POPS INTO THE WINDOW! Slides it open to get fresh air, not noticing Davey, until --

DAVEY PANICS! SCREAMS, sprints away, Woody right behind him!

From the far side of the house, Eats and Farraday sprint out from the shadows following Davey and Woody.

Mackey stares out at them, concerned...

#### **INT. DAVEY'S HOUSE - DAVEY'S ROOM - NIGHT**

In bed but wide awake, Davey has the other G.I. JOE WALKIE on his chest. He shakes it a few times, but nothing changes. Total radio silence. He grabs his binoculars, looks out at --

BINOCULARS POV: Mackey's house. The tree beside it blocks Davey's view of the G.I. Joe walkie on the bedroom windowsill. *Damn.*

DAVEY

The G.I. Joe walkie's not working.

He looks back at Woody who's lounging on the floor in his sleeping bag, reading a comic by flashlight.

WOODY  
Did ya test em first?

DAVEY  
Yeah, the batteries are brand new.

WOODY  
No, the distance. Remember? Those things were junk, that's why we upgraded. They couldn't transmit far.

DAVEY  
Shit -- I forgot.

Woody hops up onto Davey's bed, grabs the binoculars and gazes out toward Mackey's house.

WOODY  
So what're ya gonna do? Just say frig it and leave it up there?

DAVEY  
No way. Who knows what we could find out. I gotta make it work.

**EXT. JUNIPER STREET - CUL-DE-SAC - MORNING**

Davey wheels down the sidewalk on his bike, chucking newspapers onto porches. As he reaches Mackey's driveway, he slows to a stop. Waits -- No movement inside the house.

Coast seemingly clear, Davey drops his bike and newspaper bag, hurries up the driveway...

At the side of the house, he reaches down and SWITCHES ON THE G.I. JOE WALKIE clipped to his belt. NOTHING TRANSMITTING.

He goes to the tree below the window, gets ready to climb up when he looks in the backyard and sees --

MACKEY, covered in sweat, dumping a big bag of dirt OVER A HUMAN-SIZED MOUND IN THE GARDEN.

Davey freezes in disbelief as MACKEY LOOKS UP, SPOTS HIM --

MACKEY  
Yo, Davey!

Davey strains to keep himself from bolting as Mackey claps dirt off his hands, walks up to the fence. Leans on it.

MACKEY

Hey, bud -- Gotta tell ya, you scared the shit outta me last night. Had no idea you were in my bushes. Great hiding spot.

DAVEY

Yeah. Your yard's full of em.

MACKEY

Guess you didn't see me coming either, huh? One hell of a scream.

Mackey LAUGHS. Davey fakes it. *Fuckfuckfuckfuckfuck...*

MACKEY

So what's up? Oh -- Lemme guess, I owe you money?

DAVEY

Uh, yeah.

MACKEY

Right. This time I'm ready for ya.

He pulls a \$5 bill from his wallet. Holds it out to Davey. Davey reluctantly walks toward him. AS HE NEARS THE HOUSE --

SCREECH! A HIGH-PITCHED SHRIEK fills the air -- WALKIE-TALKIE FEEDBACK! Horrified, Davey scrambles to turn off the screaming walkie on his belt. Finds the POWER SWITCH. Flicks it off. Immediately, the FEEDBACK STOPS.

DAVEY

Sorry. Must've left it on. From the game last night.

MACKEY

Mind if I have a look at it?

Davey cautiously hands the walkie over. Mackey gives it a quick once over. Hands it back.

MACKEY

You know, if you ever want some real walkies, I have a few retired ones from the force just collecting dust inside. Why don't ya come in and I'll show ya. They pick up everything --

DAVEY

I can't. Right now. Gotta get back to my route. But thanks for the payment.

Davey swipes the \$5 bill from Mackey's hand. Hurries back to his bike. As he loads up and pedals off, he looks back. Mackey hasn't moved. Gives Davey a parting wave.

**INT. DAVEY'S HOUSE - DAVEY'S ROOM - NIGHT**

Davey tries to read his Hardy Boys book, but it's impossible. He grabs the G.I. JOE WALKIE, paces with it, glaring at the object that nearly got him caught. Unable to resist the urge anymore, he grabs his binoculars --

BINOCULARS POV: Mackey's house. The tree outside Mackey's bedroom window is still blocking the view of the sill. Davey PANS ACROSS the house. Finally lands on --

MACKEY! STARING BACK THROUGH BINOCULARS OF HIS OWN FROM A DIFFERENT WINDOW!

Davey dives out of sight, heart in his throat, shaking --

DAVEY  
Shitshitshitshit...

Cautiously, he picks up the binoculars again, kneels at the window. Gathering his courage, he looks out to find --

BINOCULARS POV: MACKEY'S GONE! And then Davey sees it -- ON THE INSIDE SILL OF THE WINDOW WHERE MACKEY JUST STOOD...

THE OTHER G.I. JOE WALKIE, STILL WRAPPED IN DUCT TAPE!

*He knows!* Davey lowers the binoculars, hands shaking, face frozen in horror -- DEEP BREATH... DEEP BREATH...

*What the fuck do I do!?* Davey paces. Grabs his walkie --

DAVEY (INTO WALKIE)  
Guys! Guys! You copy? .... Come in!  
(radio silence)  
I'm freaking out! Woody, you there!?

Dead air. Davey chucks the walkie onto his bed. His eyes canvas the room with purpose, landing on --

THE LOUISVILLE SLUGGER BASEBALL BAT leaning in the corner. He grabs it. Pulls a chair to the window. Loops the binoculars around his neck and props himself up on his elbows to keep an overnight watch on Mackey's house. EYES WIDE, vigilant --

**INT. DAVEY'S HOUSE - DAVEY'S ROOM - MORNING**

BLINK... BLINK... Davey wakes. Still in the chair, still holding the baseball bat. Realizes it's morning. Jolts up. Wipes his eyes quickly, scanning the room. *He's alive.*

Purpose in his eyes, he checks his watch: 9:33am. Bolts to his nightstand, grabs his walkie. Pulls his notebook out of the top drawer. Flips through pages until he lands on --

"MACKEY'S DAILY SCHEDULE" Eyes pouring over the details, Davey hones in on one line -- "11PM: GOES FOR A JOG."

DAVEY (INTO WALKIE)  
Guys, we gotta talk. Treehouse in twenty.

# **EXT. DOWNTOWN IPSWICH - NIGHT**

MACKEY. Dressed in Larry Bird short-shorts, high socks, sweatshirt and headband. Jogging, breathing hard. His face coming in and out of shadow as streetlights pass by above. He's all alone, king of the abandoned late night streets.

DAVEY (V.O.)  
The friggin walkie was sitting in his window. He wanted me to see it.

FARRADAY (V.O.)  
Oh my god. He's onto us. I should've listened to my parents.

EATS (V.O.)  
Your parents? Who listens to their parents?

DAVEY (V.O.)  
There's no way he knows why we're spying on him, but even if he does, he's not onto you, he's onto me. Which is why I need you guys now more than ever.

As Mackey keeps jogging, in the distance behind him, TWO FIGURES on BMX BIKES pop out from behind bushes. Follow safely behind Mackey, sticking to the shadows.

DAVEY (V.O.)  
Mackey goes for a jog every night at eleven. Farraday and Woody, you're gonna follow him tonight.

Farraday and Woody duck behind trees and lampposts for cover. Keeping as quiet as possible as they track their quarry...

FARRADAY (V.O.)  
Where are you and Eats gonna be?

**INT. TREEHOUSE - EARLIER THAT AFTERNOON**

The guys are all in front of the whiteboard. A military strategy session led by --

DAVEY

Yesterday on my route, I saw Mackey dumping dirt over something in his garden. Something the size of a body.

WOODY

I don't like where this is going...

**EXT. MACKEY'S HOUSE - BACKYARD - NIGHT**

Davey and Eats rush up the driveway dressed in all black. SHOVELS in hand. Barely visible under the moonlight.

DAVEY (V.O.)

While you two follow Mackey, we're gonna tear up his garden. See if we can find that body. Or bodies...

They toss the shovels over the fence, vault it. *Red rover, red rover...*

EATS (V.O.)

What if Mackey catches us?

DAVEY (V.O.)

Not gonna happen. If he starts heading back, Woody and Farraday will radio to let us know.

Davey plants a HANDHELD CB RADIO in the dirt. Turns it on, keeps the VOLUME LOW. He and Eats dig in with the shovels...

**INT. TREEHOUSE - EARLIER THAT AFTERNOON**

The guys seem a little hesitant.

FARRADAY

Okay, but what about the garden? He's gonna notice it's all dug up.

DAVEY

Raccoons. Just like with the garbage in the street. They're trying to get food. What's in a garden?

WOODY

Food!

Eats punches his shoulder. *Idiot.*

DAVEY

We just wait for him to leave. Stay  
in touch with our CBs the whole time.  
It's foolproof. Let's pin the tail on  
this donkey.

Off Davey's grin, we --

**EXT. SELF-STORAGE FACILITY - OUTSKIRTS OF IPSWICH - NIGHT**

Panting, the sweat-stained Mackey runs up to your typical outdoor self-storage facility. Rows and rows of units.

He takes a key out of his sock, opens the wide metal roll-up door. Enters and lowers the door ALMOST TO THE GROUND...

FROM AROUND THE CORNER, Farraday and Woody watch on, their bikes on the ground. But from their perspective, they can't see inside the storage unit.

FARRADAY

We've gotta get closer.

WOODY

How the hell're we gonna do that  
without him seeing us?

Woody turns back to find FARRADAY IS ALREADY GONE!

WOODY

Farraday! Goddammit...

SNEAKING ALONG THE UNITS, Woody catches up to Farraday who's moving as silently and quickly as possible.

They finally get to the edge of Mackey's unit, hearts pounding. Farraday looks at Woody. Puts a finger to his lips: *Don't make a sound!* Woody snarls back: *No shit!*

Farraday points to Woody's eyes, then around the corner: *Take a look.* Woody angrily mouths, *Why me?* Farraday: *DO IT!*

Annoyed and terrified, Woody leans down, peeks inside the unit. HE CAN ONLY SEE ALONG THE GROUND. The roll up gate is blocking everything higher than a foot tall.

ON THE FLOOR OF THE UNIT are a shitload of BAGS OF SOIL, four or five SHOVELS, the PICKAX, and a stack of LARGE, STRIPED BAGS labeled "NaOH."

WOODY

(to himself)

"Noah"...?

Next to the bags is A CAR, only its tires visible --

SCREECH! MACKEY PULLS UP THE UNIT DOOR --

The guys jump back into the shadows as Mackey hops into his YELLOW VOLKSWAGEN BUG. The car engine PUTTERS to a start...

Mackey PULLS THE CAR OUT OF THE UNIT. Hops back out, SINGING:

MACKEY

*"Every step you take... Every move  
you make..."*

Mackey closes the unit door after him. Locks it...

MACKEY

*"Every word you say... Every game you  
play, I'll be watching you..."*

... jumps back into his VW Bug and ZIPS AWAY...

WOODY

Was he talking to us?

FARRADAY

What? No dude, that was The Police.

WOODY

You heard the police!?

FARRADAY

I pray for you sometimes...

Farraday and Woody sprint back to their bikes. As they race away, Farraday YELLS into his HANDHELD CB RADIO --

FARRADAY (INTO CB RADIO)

Guys, Mackey just got into a yellow  
Volkswagen Bug. We lost him.

# **EXT. MACKEY'S BACKYARD - GARDEN - CONTINUOUS**

ON DAVEY'S CB RADIO, partially covered in dirt, VOLUME STILL LOW. FARRADAY'S WORDS ARE BARELY AUDIBLE.

FARRADAY (O.S.)(OVER CB RADIO)

I repeat, we lost him. Do you copy?

TEN FEET AWAY, the oblivious Davey and Eats are still excavating, soaked in sweat.

EATS

This is a lost cause. There's nothing  
here.

DAVEY

We're just not digging deep enough.

Their heavy breathing fills the air...

EATS

You know Mackey had a shed back here?

Davey turns. Sure enough, deep in Mackey's backyard, naturally camouflaged by trees, IS A UTILITY SHED.

**EXT. MACKEY'S BACKYARD - UTILITY SHED - MOMENTS LATER**

Davey and Eats peek inside the windows with bulky Durabeam flashlights, but the glare on the glass is blinding.

DAVEY

Can't see anything.

On the shed door is a PADLOCK. Davey jiggles it. IT'S LOCKED.

EATS

I got this...

Eats reaches into his pocket. Pulls out a keychain. On it is a PAPERCLIP. He unbends the paperclip, sticks it into the padlock. Works it around skillfully for a moment --

CLICK -- The padlock releases. Eats nods arrogantly.

DAVEY

How the hell'd you do that?

EATS

I'm just good at working the hole.

Eats removes the lock. Opens the door.

DAVEY

Dude, I'm serious.

EATS

Honestly, just jiggle it a bunch, work it around and it'll pop open most of the time. Wicked easy.

**INT. UTILITY SHED - CONTINUOUS**

The guys check every nook and cranny with their Durabeams: tools, a lawn mower, a work bench... Usual shed stuff.

EATS

Well this whole night's been a waste of time.

But something catches Davey's eyes. In the corner. He shines his light on it... and his eyes go wide!

DAVEY

Until now.

Davey reaches out, grabs a SHREDDED GREEN TEE SHIRT that's fallen underneath a workbench. *Recognize the LOGO on it?*

EATS

It's a shitty Atari shirt, so what?

DAVEY

So, this is Dusty Dewitt's shirt!

EATS

Who...? .... Oh, the ginger.

Davey looks over the shirt, sees --

DAVEY

This is blood!

EATS

Fuck, dude. Heinous --

MALE VOICE (O.S.)

Hey, what are you doing in here!?

Davey and Eats nearly shit themselves as they spin to find --

FARRADAY AND WOODY, laughing their balls off.

EATS

You two got a death wish!?

FARRADAY

Us? What about you? We've been trying to call you on the CB for like twenty minutes.

DAVEY

Oh shit, we left it by the garden.

WOODY

Mackey has a storage unit outside town. And he keeps a VW Bug in it. He drove off and we lost him --

FARRADAY

We have no clue where he's going.

DAVEY

Then we better get the hell outta here. Check out what we found...

As Davey shows the guys the bloodied Atari shirt, we --

**INT. FARRADAY'S HOUSE - A SHORT TIME LATER**

Eats picks through Farraday's refrigerator while the other guys chow down on PB&J sandwiches.

WOODY

Why's he got all those bags of dirt in the storage unit?

FARRADAY

Plus shovels and a pickax...?

DAVEY

Same reason he's got Dusty Dewitt's shirt. He killed him and buried the body somewhere.

Davey tosses the bloody, shredded shirt onto the counter.

FARRADAY

Dude...! My mom makes my mac n' cheese right there...

Farraday grabs a pair of TONGS out of a drawer, picks up the nasty shirt and rests it atop the trash.

WOODY

He also had a bunch of bags of... something. They had chemical warning signs on em, looked hazardous as hell. "Noah," that's what it said.

EATS

"Noah"? What the hell's that?

WOODY

How the hell should I know? But it was spelled kinda weird.

Woody grabs a notepad and a pen. Jots down a few chemical symbols and writes "NoAH." Slides it over to Farraday --

FARRADAY

Classic Woody. This look right?

Farraday crosses out "NoAH." Writes down, "NoOH."

WOODY  
Yeah. Same thing.

FARRADAY  
No, what you wrote means nothing.  
What I wrote is the chemical formula  
for Sodium Hydroxide.

EATS  
Congrats, Woody -- You're retarded.

WOODY  
Shove it, Eats.

DAVEY  
What the hell's sodium hydroxide?

FARRADAY  
I know it isn't useful in gardening.  
Pretty sure it'd be toxic to plants.

Davey hurries to the bookcase full of *ENCYCLOPEDIA*  
*BRITANNICAS* and scans them. Finds volume "Q-T." Pulls it out,  
flips through rapidly --

IN THE BOOK, Davey's finger traces down the page landing on  
"*SODIUM HYDROXIDE*." His eyes grow wider.

DAVEY  
Holy shit, you guys!

As the guys gather around Davey, he reads aloud:

DAVEY  
"Sodium Hydroxide breaks down the  
chemical bonds that keep flesh  
intact, turning organic tissue to  
liquid. It's frequently used to  
decompose roadkill dumped in  
landfills, as it prevents the growth  
of microorganisms, therefore  
neutralizing and immobilizing acidic  
components formed in the  
decomposition process. This will  
reduce the odor of decomposition."

Eats, Farraday and Woody listen in stunned silence.

DAVEY  
This sicko's using this stuff to  
cover up the smell from the dead  
bodies he's dumping someplace!

"Holy shit" looks all around.

DAVEY  
Got good news for ya, Woody. It's  
time to tell my parents.

**INT. DAVEY'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - DAY**

Out of breath, Davey and the guys unload on Davey's visibly distraught parents. Dusty Dewitt's frozen face stares back at them from the EMPTY MILK CARTON that sits atop the coffee table beside the shredded BLOODSTAINED ATARI TEE SHIRT.

DAVEY  
Mackey's the Cape Ann Killer!

SHEILA  
David Aaron Armstrong! Lower your  
voice. People outside might hear.

RANDALL  
Mackey's a cop for Chrissakes! He's  
also been our neighbor since before  
you were born --

DAVEY  
Every serial killer is somebody's  
neighbor, Dad --

RANDALL  
Regardless, a milk carton, a tee  
shirt and a storage unit don't prove  
a goddamn thing!

SHEILA  
How could you all go along with this?

EATS  
We didn't want to, trust me.

FARRADAY  
We wouldn't have if it didn't make so  
much sense.

WOODY  
After we followed him to that storage  
unit and saw --

SHEILA  
Jesus, you've been spying on him!?

DAVEY  
We had to! And the more we watch, the  
more the details stack up. He goes  
jogging at eleven at night. He buys  
tons of dirt every week.

(MORE)

DAVEY (CONT'D)

He keeps a spare car in a storage unit. Why would he do that? There was nothing in his garden when we dug it up, but I'm positive that if --

RANDALL

You dug up his -- Goddammit, Davey!

Randall can't sit anymore. He gets up and paces. Nervous.

RANDALL

You are in deep, deep trouble! All of you! Vandalism, spying, stealing -- This is unacceptable!

DAVEY

We're trying to save people.

RANDALL

Worry about yourselves! We're going over there right now and you're going to apologize for all of this.

Randall grabs the milk carton. Rams it against Davey's chest.

RANDALL

I'm putting an end to this nonsense right now. You better hope he doesn't press charges.

**EXT. JUNIPER STREET - CUL-DE-SAC - DAY**

Randall marches across the cul-de-sac, the boys following like dead men walking. WHISPERING to each other.

EATS

Fuck, Davey! You know how much shit we're all gonna be in now?

FARRADAY

What're we even gonna say to him?

WOODY

He's probably gonna kill us --

DAVEY

Shut up!

Davey inconspicuously tucks the bloody shirt into his back pocket as they reach --

**EXT. MACKEY'S HOUSE - FRONT DOOR - CONTINUOUS**

Randall RINGS THE BELL. The guys all cower behind him as the DOOR OPENS. Mackey freezes.

MACKEY

Randall. Guys. What's up?

RANDALL

Hey, Wayne -- Uh, listen, the boys have something they need to tell you, and I wanna apologize in advance. Just know that Sheila and I are as outraged as you're about to be...

MACKEY

Jesus... Well I'm sure whatever it is, we can make things right.

Randall and Mackey look back at Davey, waiting. Davey sweats under the pressure of being this close to Mackey. He can't find the words. Randall nudges him.

DAVEY

Uh, hey, Mr. Mackey -- We just wanted to say we're sorry. We're the ones who ripped up your garden. And your garbage.

MACKEY

Oh man, I just assumed it was raccoons. Why'd you do that?

Davey hands Mackey the MILK CARTON. Mackey looks at it, confused. Randall shakes his head, embarrassed.

DAVEY

A few weeks ago, I thought I saw that boy in your house. We were playing Manhunt and I was hiding in your bushes and...

RANDALL

And...? Come on, out with it.

Davey looks to his buddies for support, but their looks suggest he's on his own. You got us into this...

DAVEY

I had this idea that you were, maybe... the Cape Ann Killer.

Mackey stares at him a long, tense moment. The guys all ready to run like hell. But then... Mackey LAUGHS.

MACKEY

The guys at the station are gonna  
roar when they hear this!

Randall smiles, relieved. The guys all chuckle a bit,  
uncomfortable and unsure where this is going. Even Davey  
gives an embarrassed smile, though it doesn't reach his eyes.

DAVEY

So, who was the kid that was here?

MACKEY

That was my nephew, Jamie. He was  
helping me renovate my darkroom.

DAVEY

Thought ya didn't have family nearby?  
And we found this in your shed --

Davey hands the Atari shirt from his back pocket to Mackey --

RANDALL

David!?

MACKEY

You broke into my shed, too?

Randall's blood boils, utterly embarrassed, as Mackey  
inspects the shirt. Sees the blood immediately.

RANDALL

Wayne, I'm so sorry. You don't need  
to respond to that --

MACKEY

It's fine. We were hammering nails  
all day. He must've cut himself.  
Look, I can call him right now. Come  
on in, let's just settle this --

RANDALL

No, no. That's not necessary. We just  
wanted you to know what happened and  
that the guys promise to fix anything  
they damaged, no matter how long it  
takes. Right?

THE GUYS

Yes, sir.

MACKEY

Well, I appreciate the apology. No  
hard feelings, honestly.

(MORE)

MACKEY (CONT'D)

I remember being a boy in the summer.  
Hard to turn down an adventure.

RANDALL

You're a better man than me, Wayne.

Randall grabs Davey and pulls him away. The guys follow...

**EXT. DAVEY'S HOUSE - FRONT PORCH - CONTINUOUS**

The guys try to avoid Randall's seething gaze as he opens the front door...

RANDALL

Tell your friends goodbye, then get  
in your room and don't come out. The  
rest of you, go home. We'll be  
calling your parents.

... and heads inside -- WHAM! -- SLAMS the door.

EATS

Well, that was a fucking disaster.

DAVEY

This doesn't change anything.

FARRADAY

Seriously? Davey, come on. I mean, is  
it possible he's the killer? Maybe.  
But odds are still that it's not him.

EATS

Your summer's fucked, but we may get  
outta this with just garden duty. I'm  
not risking what little of the good  
life I got left...

WOODY

Spying on him was cool, but let's  
just move on already.

DAVEY

You guys, we just need a couple more  
pieces of real evidence --

EATS

Give it up, dude! I'm outta here.  
Call me when you get a life...

Eats crosses to his own yard without looking back. Davey  
looks imploringly at Farraday.

FARRADAY

I wanted to believe it too. But what's more likely? That we got caught up in the moment, or that a cop we've known all our lives is a serial killer?

Farraday claps Davey on the shoulder, heads home.

WOODY

Sorry, Davey. I'll radio you tonight.

Woody walks off, leaving Davey alone on the porch. Davey glares across the street to Mackey's, enraged.

**INT. DAVEY'S HOUSE - DAVEY'S ROOM - NIGHT**

A PAPERCLIP jiggles in the keyhole of a PADLOCK. Davey bites his lip in concentration. Nothing. Jiggles some more. Then --

CLICK! The lock opens. Davey smiles as --

DAVEY

Holy shit, it worked...

BRRRING! The house phone RINGS. Davey bolts off his bed, runs into the hallway and answers --

DAVEY

Hello...?

NIKKI (O.S.)(OVER PHONE)

Can you come over?

**INT. NIKKI'S HOUSE - NIKKI'S BEDROOM - NIGHT**

Davey looks around, enthralled. HE'S IN A GIRL'S BEDROOM! And not just any girl's room -- NIKKI FUCKIN KASZUBA'S!

Half-packed CARDBOARD BOXES fill the room. It's a mess. Nikki sits on the bed in the eye of the storm as Davey takes it in.

NIKKI

Did I get you in trouble for calling so late? I was hoping your mom wouldn't pick up.

DAVEY

Nah, they're downtown at a meeting about how to handle the block party situation. Looks like you're the one who could use some help, though.

Nikki hands him something --

NIKKI

Hey, check out what I found...

Hands him a WORN PHOTO of the two of them together, back when she had braces and he was still in grade school.

NIKKI

It's coming with me.

DAVEY

To UConn? Really?

NIKKI

Yeah... It's going up on my wall.

Davey swells with pride as an overwhelmed Nikki drinks in her barely-recognizable room...

NIKKI

God, feels like I'm packing up my whole life. I didn't think I'd miss this place, but now... I can't deal.

Out of his depth, Davey sinks down to the bed beside her.

DAVEY

Seriously? Aren't you the one who says this town's lame?

NIKKI

I don't know what I feel anymore. Everyone keeps talking to me like I'm already gone and it's wiggling me out.

DAVEY

It's probably just cuz everyone's gonna miss you. I know I will.

NIKKI

Wish my parents felt that way. They're so wrapped up in the divorce, they don't even care that I'm gonna be gone. I just feel so... alone.

DAVEY

You're not alone.

He puts a supportive hand on her arm. There's a smooth confidence to him that's charming. Nikki can't help smiling.

NIKKI

You're sweet. Hope the students at UConn like me half as much as you.

DAVEY

They will. You're destined for way more than living in this stupid neighborhood forever. I'd give anything to get outta here with you.

Nikki reads Davey's conflicted face like a National Enquirer.

NIKKI

Okay, spill.

(Davey feigns ignorance)

I remember that look. Used to see it all the time. You're in trouble, huh?

Davey considers... Finally comes out with it --

DAVEY

I'm grounded, big time. My parents are pissed. My Dad made me admit the whole thing to Mackey --

NIKKI

What!? No he didn't!

DAVEY

The guys bailed on me. Worst part is I know I'm right about him. Just don't know what else I can do.

Nikki takes his hand. He meets her concerned gaze.

NIKKI

Let it go. You only get the chance to be a kid once. Enjoy your life while you can. Trust me.

DAVEY

If I'm right, who's gonna stop him?

**INT. DAVEY'S HOUSE - DAY**

ON THE FRONT DOOR -- KNOCK! KNOCK!

WE HEAR FOOTSTEPS DESCENDING THE STAIRS, revealing --

Davey. He fixes his hair in the mirror beside the door, clearly hoping it's Nikki. He opens the door to find --

MACKEY. In his police uniform. *Oh shit!* Davey immediately stands straighter. Glances at the GUN in Mackey's holster.

MACKEY

Hey, Davey. What's goin on?

DAVEY  
What're you doing here?

MACKEY  
I wanted to make sure we're good. I  
feel pretty bad about everything that  
happened yesterday.

Davey just stares back at him, unsettled.

MACKEY  
Mind if I come in for a second so we  
can talk?

DAVEY  
Now's not a good time.

MACKEY  
Cool. I get that... You know we've  
got everyone out looking for this  
sicko, right?

DAVEY  
Then why haven't you found him yet?

MACKEY  
These things take time. Sometimes  
years. If ya want, I can stop by and  
give you updates.

DAVEY  
You don't have to do that. I see the  
paper before anyone, remember?

MACKEY  
You sure? It'd be my pleasure. I know  
this stuff interests you.

DAVEY  
Was there anything else, Mr. Mackey?

MACKEY  
Wow, you really don't like me, huh?  
That really bums me out, Davey. Last  
thing I want is for there to be bad  
blood between us.

His choice of words sober Davey. He pauses... Softens...

DAVEY  
Yeah, me too. It's just my summer's  
basically destroyed now because of  
the whole garden thing. Pretty sure  
my parents hate me.

MACKEY

Want me to talk to them? See if I can lighten the sentence? Happy to.

DAVEY

It's all right. Thanks though.

MACKEY

I just keep wondering what I did that made you so suspicious of me...

DAVEY

I dunno. My dad says I read too many mysteries. With the Killer on the loose, I just got caught up in it.

MACKEY

Hey, I get it. That's why I became a cop. It's exciting what's going on, and you wanna help. That's awesome. I'll admit, the stuff you thought was proof looked pretty bad out of context. You've got the brain for this kinda work.

Davey smiles. Finally lets down his guard.

MACKEY

Anything I can do to smooth things over once and for all?

DAVEY

Yesterday you offered to call your nephew. Wanna maybe call him now?

MACKEY

Yeah, absolutely. Kinda gotta come in to do that though.

DAVEY

Actually, our cord's wicked long. Wait here a sec --

Davey hurries off into the --

KITCHEN. Back against the cupboards, Davey's freaking the fuck out. He slowly sneaks a peek around the corner to find --

Mackey's taken one step into the house. Standing there looking as awkward as anyone would in this scenario.

Davey leans back into the kitchen. Takes a few DEEP BREATHS. Spots the WOODBLOCK FULL OF KNIVES.

Plucks out the BUTCHER KNIFE and slides it carefully down the back of his pants. Picks the kitchen phone off the jack, heads back into the --

LIVING ROOM. Hands Mackey the phone, cord dangling off into the kitchen. Mackey points into the living room.

MACKEY

Place looks great. Haven't been here since -- Man, you were probably a toddler. I helped your dad haul a bunch of stuff into your attic.

DAVEY

Weird how times change, huh?

Mackey DIALS. Puts the phone to his ear --

MACKEY

My sister lives in New Hampshire.  
(checks his watch)  
Hmm, they might not be home. Jamie's big into baseball. Usually has practice around now, I think.

He listens for a few more moments. Shakes his head. Holds out the phone so Davey can hear the RINGING.

MACKEY

I can come back if you want? Try him again later...?

DAVEY

No, it's fine -- I'm sorry for being such an idiot. I promise we'll fix your garden even better than it was.

Mackey hands the phone back. Offers his hand to Davey.

MACKEY

No hard feelings?

Davey's hand trembles slightly as he takes it.

MACKEY

Sorry again you're grounded. I'll see what I can do about getting you out of the house, all right?

Mackey heads off down Davey's driveway and Davey shuts the door behind him. LOCKS IT. Peeks out to make sure Mackey's leaving. Bolts --

BACK INTO THE KITCHEN. Rushes to the whiteboard on the fridge. Grabs the MARKER and DIALS "0" on the PHONE.

OPERATOR (O.S.)(OVER PHONE)  
Operator. How may I direct your call?

DAVEY (INTO PHONE)  
Can you tell me the last number  
dialed from my house?

OPERATOR (O.S.)(OVER PHONE)  
The last number dialed from that  
residence was 508-356-0742.

Davey writes the number on the whiteboard. HANGS UP, eyes wide. He quickly scans the list of EMERGENCY NUMBERS beside the whiteboard, finds what he's looking for --

IT'S MACKEY'S PHONE NUMBER!

**INT. DAVEY'S HOUSE - DAVEY'S ROOM - LATER**

The guys are all here. Davey looks between them for some kind of reaction, other than disinterest.

DAVEY  
How are you not freaking out right now!? He called himself! There is no Jamie! He tried to throw me off and I caught him. This proves he's guilty! We gotta get into that house to find out what's in that basement --

FARRADAY  
Are you crazy? Look how much trouble you're in just for digging up his garden --

SHEILA (O.S.)  
Davey! Get down here!

DAVEY  
Shit. Wait here. Don't make a sound.

He grabs his walkie. Clips it to his belt.

DAVEY  
If I think my mom knows you're up here, I'll radio so you can climb out the window.

**INT. DAVEY'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS**

Davey jumps down the stairs to find his mother Sheila standing before the television once more.

SHEILA

I want you to see this.

ON THE TV is a LIVE PRESS CONFERENCE. Sheriff Caldwell is at a podium filled with microphones.

SHERIFF CALDWELL (FROM TV)

-- happy to report that we have the  
Cape Ann Killer in custody.

A MUGSHOT of an average WHITE GUY (40s) pops onto the screen. Beneath the photo: "JAMES VIGNERON - 'THE CAPE ANN KILLER'".

Davey's jaw drops in disbelief as the PHONE RINGS. Sheila goes to answer it in the kitchen as Davey subtly reaches for his walkie. Holds down the TRANSMIT BUTTON --

**INSERT**

The three guys are mid whisper argument when the WALKIE in Woody's hand suddenly comes to life. They shut up --

SHERIFF CALDWELL (O.S.)(OVER WALKIE)

Thanks to the fine effort of the  
Ipswich Police Department, we  
apprehended Mr. Vigneron earlier  
today. I'd like to bring up the  
arresting officer, Wayne Mackey.

EATS

Holy fucking shit!

**BACK TO SCENE**

Davey watches on in stunned silence as Sheila talks on the phone, hidden from view in the kitchen.

MACKEY (FROM TV)

I know this has been a trying  
time for our community. But  
we hope this announcement  
will bring peace to those who  
have been living in fear.

SHEILA (O.S.)

No, I think it's perfect!  
.... In poor taste? No, this  
is just what everyone needs  
to help lift their spirits.  
.... Ok, be there in a few.

Mackey looks at the camera, as though seeing Davey through the airwaves. Davey stares back, unflinching.

MACKEY (FROM TV)

Justice will be served. Thank you.

Mackey waves and steps down as the CROWD APPLAUDS and Sheila returns to stand at Davey's side.

SHEILA

The block party's back on. And all because of Mr. Mackey. While the rest of us are celebrating, I want you to think about your actions. Because it turns out the man across the street isn't a killer, David, he's a hero.

**EXT. DAVEY'S HOUSE - DAVEY'S ROOM - CONTINUOUS**

A frustrated Davey stands before his incredulous buddies.

DAVEY

He's not a hero! Did you guys not just hear that broadcast? Now we know he's guilty!

EATS

Are you retarded? He caught the killer! It can't be him!

DAVEY

Don't you think it's a little coincidental that the guy we just accused of being the killer just so happens to then catch the killer? Farraday, you said it yourself -- Cape Ann's wicked big, right?

Farraday shrugs: *Yeah, I guess...*

DAVEY

This is exactly what we talked about -- He's a cop, it's the perfect cover. He can plant evidence to make someone else look guilty! If Mackey's got these bodies, all he'd have to do is plant one in someone's yard. Boom -- They've got a suspect.

EATS

Dude, you just sound desperate now. Just admit you were wrong and --

DAVEY

I'm not wrong! I know there's something behind that locked door! We have to find out what before some innocent guy takes the rap for Mackey and more people die!

FARRADAY

Even if you got in, how are you gonna get any evidence out? Can't just drag a body out of a basement.

DAVEY

I don't have to. I'm gonna use my dad's camcorder, film it all. No need to steal evidence if I get it on tape. Tape doesn't lie.

Davey can see clearly the doubt etched on their faces.

DAVEY

I just need you guys to keep watch, and make sure Mackey doesn't come home while I'm in there.

EATS

No, I'm done with this shit. You're gonna get caught, either by Mackey or your dad --

DAVEY

Everyone's gonna be at the block party. All I need you to do is set up at the bus shelter down the street. Bring booze and pornos, whatever. Just radio me if Mackey's car comes up. And Farraday --

FARRADAY

You know my parents make me go to the block party every year --

DAVEY

I'm counting on it. You can keep eyes on Mackey there. He leaves early, you give me the heads-up. We'll have multiple layers of protection. No way we get caught.

WOODY

"We"?

DAVEY

You're coming with me. I'll owe you.

The guys consider for a few moments. Then, finally --

WOODY

If it means we're gonna finish this... I guess I'm in.

FARRADAY

Yeah... me too. One last shot.

EATS

Whatever, fine. But if anyone asks,  
I'm pinning the whole thing on you.

Davey smiles.

DAVEY

Mackey's crazy if he thinks he can do  
this shit on our block and get away  
with it. Time to make him pay.

**EXT. JUNIPER STREET - CUL-DE-SAC - DUSK**

In the fading light, NEIGHBORHOOD FAMILIES walk together  
toward the DISTANT DIN of the downtown summer block party.

Among them, Farraday strolls with his parents, HANDHELD CB  
RADIO clipped to his pants. He looks back at --

**INT. DAVEY'S HOUSE - ENTRYWAY - CONTINUOUS**

Looking totally bummed out, Davey's slumped in a chair by the  
TV as his parents open the front door to leave.

DAVEY

This is so not fair!

RANDALL

David, a punishment's a punishment.  
If you really gave a damn about going  
to the block party, you wouldn't have  
acted like a lunatic all summer --

DAVEY

Just lemme go and I'll be grounded  
again after --

RANDALL

Not happening! End of story!

Randall heads out with Sheila. Once the door is shut --

Davey's all business. He sprints up to his room, over to the  
picture window. WATCHES the beehive of activity as his  
parents join the other neighbors heading to the block party.

FROM HIS DRIVEWAY, Mackey pulls out in his SQUAD CAR. Gives a  
friendly BWOOP-BWOOP and flashes the lights for the CHEERING  
NEIGHBORS as he rides past...

Davey grabs the HANDHELD CB RADIO off the shelf --

DAVEY (INTO CB)  
Guys, it's "go" time!

**EXT. DOWNTOWN IPSWICH - MAIN STRIP - DUSK**

A BANNER hangs over the quaint downtown -- "75TH ANNUAL IPSWICH SUMMER BLOCK PARTY."

Below the banner, a bustling CROWD enjoys fried dough, strawberry shortcake and beer as a BEATLES COVER BAND plays "MAXWELL SILVER HAMMER" from a makeshift stage.

IN THE CROWD, Farraday hangs back from his parents, eyes on --

MACKEY, dressed in his police uniform. He's beside a few other OFFICERS, laughing, greeting the swarming citizens who thank him for catching the killer. A bonafide local hero.

Farraday pulls out his CB radio --

FARRADAY (INTO CB)  
Got eyes on Mackey. You guys are good to go. Over...

DAVEY (O.S.)(OVER CB)  
Roger that. We're moving.

**INT. EATS' HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS**

Lounging on his couch, Eats watches WHEEL OF FORTUNE with Kyle as ON TV, PAT SAJAK describes the usual prize package --

CRASH! Glass SHATTERS against a wall in another room --

MALE VOICE (O.S.)  
You goddamn bitch!

FEMALE VOICE (O.S.)  
Fuck you, Mark -- Asshole!

MALE VOICE (O.S.)  
Janice! Hey! I'm talking to you!

From the kitchen, their mother, JANICE (40s), darts into the living room, seething hatred on her face. She grabs her car keys off the coffee table --

Eats watches on, clearly upset. Kyle on the other hand keeps watching TV, like he's seen this a million times.

Janice heads for the front door, exits, as their father, MARK (40s), bolts out after her --

MARK  
Where the hell you think you're  
going? Janice! Get back here --

WHAM! The front door slams after them, Pat Sajak's nasally  
voice filling the uncomfortable silence.

PAT SAJAK (FROM TV)  
R, S, T, L, N, E --

DAVEY (O.S.)(OVER CB)  
Eats! Eats! You in position?

Eats grabs his HANDHELD CB off the couch beside him --

KYLE  
Shut the fuck up. Wheel is on.

Eats sullenly hops off the couch, grabs his backpack and  
heads out the back door.

EATS (INTO CB)  
Hey Dickholes, chill. I'm going now.

**EXT. JUNIPER STREET - CUL-DE-SAC - NIGHT**

Under cover of dark, Davey and Woody hurry to Randall's NEWS  
VAN. Davey opens the trunk, pulls out the BETAMAX CAMCORDER --

DAVEY  
Hold this.

He hands the camcorder to Woody, grabs a BATTERY PACK, an  
EXTRA TAPE. Stuffs them in his backpack. And they bolt toward  
Mackey's house, into his sideyard...

UNKNOWN POV: From across the street, we watch Davey and Woody  
race around the side of Mackey's house toward --

**EXT. MACKEY'S HOUSE - BACKYARD - MOMENTS LATER**

In the pitch black, Davey holds the camcorder at his side  
while Woody removes a screen window. Places it on the ground.

WOODY  
I'll give ya ten fingers.

Woody squats down, interlocking his fingers. Davey wedges his  
foot in Woody's hands for a boost up and into --

**INT. MACKEY'S HOUSE - DINING ROOM - CONTINUOUS**

Feet on the floor, Davey gets his bearings as Woody replaces  
the screen window from outside.

WOODY  
Kay, now let me in.

Davey unlocks the back porch door. Woody enters, camcorder in hand. The guys check out the place. There's an unnatural stillness to it. Undeniably creepy.

DAVEY  
He's definitely killed kids in here.

WOODY  
Why would you say that right now?

Davey spots the basement door down the hall.

DAVEY  
Cuz it's true.

UNKNOWN VOICE (O.S.)  
Let's find out.

AHHHHHHHHH! Davey and Woody spin to find --

NIKKI. Standing in the back porch doorway.

WOODY  
What is it with you scaring us!?

DAVEY  
What're you doing here?

NIKKI  
After everything you've told me, I  
wanna see for myself.

DAVEY  
Thought you said I should let it go.

NIKKI  
Yeah, well, if you're right, who else  
is gonna stop him?

She gives him a knowing wink.

# **EXT. DOWNTOWN IPSWICH - MAIN STRIP - CONTINUOUS**

Farraday chows some fried dough beside his mom and dad who're inexplicably enthralled by the cheesy Beatles cover band as FLASHING LIGHTS CAPTURE HIS ATTENTION --

NEARBY, a CROWD has gathered, blocking whatever they're looking at from Farraday's view. The flashing lights are from cameras as REPORTERS capture the moment for the local papers.

Farraday moves closer to get a better view. As he splits through the crowd, he sees --

MACKEY and five other POLICE OFFICERS, SHOVELS IN HAND, camera-ready, gathered along a brand-new median strip. In the strip are beautiful flowers, COVERED IN FRESH SOIL. A PICKAX leans against the centerpiece of the strip, a TREE.

A SIGN sticking out of the dirt reads, "DOWNTOWN BEAUTIFICATION PROJECT - SPONSORED BY THE IPSWICH P.D."

Farraday nearly shits himself, face turning white as a ghost.

**INT. MACKEY'S HOUSE - BASEMENT STAIRS - CONTINUOUS**

At the basement door, Davey stares at the knob. Trying to build up his courage. Woody and Nikki wait behind him.

WOODY

We don't have to go down there...

CLICK -- Davey turns the doorknob, slowly opens the door.

DAVEY

I do.

Woody GULPS. TURNS ON THE CAMCORDER as Davey flicks the light switch. NOTHING HAPPENS. The stairs remain pitch black.

WOODY

Oh come on --

SQUAWK! The guys and Nikki nearly jump out of their skin --

FARRADAY (O.S.)(OVER CB)

Davey! Davey, you copy!?

Realize it's just the CB.

DAVEY (INTO CB)

Is he on his way back!?

**INTERCUT WITH:**

**EXT. DOWNTOWN IPSWICH - MAIN STRIP - CONTINUOUS**

In an alley, away from the crowd, Farraday spies the beautification ceremony from afar, CB to his lips.

FARRADAY (INTO CB)

Way worse. You're wrong about everything. The dirt and shovels were for a project Mackey was doing with the police department.

(MORE)

FARRADAY (INTO CB) (CONT'D)  
They planted a shitload of flowers  
down here.

DAVEY (INTO CB)  
That doesn't prove anything.

FARRADAY (INTO CB)  
Listen to me -- It's over. You've  
gotta learn when to walk away. School  
starts in a week and I only made it  
through half of what I was supposed  
to. My parents are up my ass. I gotta  
focus. I'm out, Davey.

DAVEY (INTO CB)  
Farraday, wait --

CLICK. Farraday shuts off his CB, joins the fun.

WOODY  
Maybe he's right. Maybe we should  
just go. This is crazy. We just broke  
into a friggin cop's house!

NIKKI  
We're already here. May as well take  
a look. If it's not him --

DAVEY  
It's him. And we're about to find the  
proof.

Davey takes his first step down into the darkness --

**INT. JUNIPER STREET - SCHOOL BUS SHELTER - CONTINUOUS**

Massive Cârïole headphones over his ears, Eats sits on the  
shelter bench, tears in his eyes, listening to a punk song --

HEADLIGHTS wash over him and he perks up, freaked out. Wipes  
his tears. *Is it Mackey!?* Grabs his CB RADIO...

... but the car rolls past. *Relief.*

**INT. MACKEY'S HOUSE - BASEMENT - CONTINUOUS**

As they make their way down the basement steps, scared  
shitless, the pitch blackness blends with a BLOOD RED GLOW.

NIKKI  
Tell me you brought a flashlight.

DAVEY  
The camcorder's got a light.

WOODY  
This thing has a light and you're  
just telling me now!?

Davey reaches over, clicks the camcorder's light switch --  
ITS BEAM PIERCES THROUGH THE CRIMSON DARK, bright, focused,  
but THE PERIPHERY IS ABSOLUTE BLACK. TUNNEL VISION.

Woody uses the light to scan the area. TO THEIR LEFT is  
Mackey's dark room, red light emanating from within. TO THEIR  
RIGHT, a washer and dryer. EVERY WINDOW IS PAINTED BLACK.

NIKKI  
Creepiest basement ever --

WHACK! Woody hits his head on A DANGLING LIGHTBULB --

WOODY  
Jesus, fuck!

DAVEY  
It's just a light!

Davey reaches up, pulls the chain -- POP! They jump back as  
the bulb BURNS OUT, SHATTERING IN A BLINDING FLASH.

WOODY  
I can't see! I can't see --

DAVEY  
Calm down. Just follow me.

Woody puts his hand on Davey's shoulder as they move to --

THE PADLOCKED DOOR in the corner that captured Davey's  
attention from the moment he saw it --

KACHUNK! Woody SCREAMS, whips the camcorder around to find --  
THE LARGE FURNACE, its metal GROANING.

NIKKI  
Woody! Chill out, you girl!

WOODY  
I'm not built for this shit.

Davey moves to the door. Pulls a PAPERCLIP out of his pocket.

DAVEY  
Shine the light right on the lock.

Woody brings the light over. Davey straightens the paperclip.  
Sticks it into the keyhole. Jiggles it around --

WOODY  
 Seriously? Did Eats teach you that?  
 Because it doesn't work --

CLICK! THE PADLOCK RELEASES.

**INT. JUNIPER STREET - SCHOOL BUS SHELTER - SAME**

Eats hasn't moved, still desolate, off in another world --

SCREECH! Eats' eyes burst open -- *What the fuck was that!?* He  
 RIPS OFF HIS HEADPHONES, looks around, listens intently...

THE ONLY SOUND IS THE TINNY MUSIC COMING FROM HIS HEADPHONES.

A SUMMER BREEZE COURSES through the trees, questionable  
 sounds all around. And then --

DEAFENING SILENCE envelops the area. Until --

MALE VOICE (O.S.)  
 VAGINA!

AHHH! Eats jumps back, petrified, to find --

FARRADAY, laughing his ass off.

EATS  
 You're such a friggin dick!

Eats gets up to pummel Farraday. Puts him in a headlock as --

EATS  
 Why're you even here? You're supposed  
 to be watching Mackey.

FARRADAY  
 My mom and dad wanted to leave. I ran  
 ahead to fuck with you. I'm sorry.  
 You can go home. Whole thing's off.

EATS  
 What do you mean? Davey's still in  
 Mackey's house --

MR. AND MRS. FARRADAY approach -- *EH-EHM!*

CURTIS SR.  
 Thomas. What on Earth are you doing  
 at the school bus shelter this late?

Eats releases his death grip. Straightens Farraday's clothes.

EATS

Oh, I was just showing Curtis here a few Karate Kid moves I've been practicing. Wax on, wax off...

They don't get the reference. Academic types. *Awkward.*

EATS

Hey, mind if I sleep over tonight? My parents are fighting again.

FRANCINE

Of course. Poor thing. They have no idea the damage they're doing to you.

CURTIS SR.

But Curtis, no fun until your reading's done. Understood?

Farraday nods, annoyed, as his parents head off...

FARRADAY

How bad is it this time?

EATS

Let's just say I don't wanna witness a murder-suicide...

Eats grabs the handheld CB. TURNS IT OFF --

**INT. MACKEY'S HOUSE - MAKESHIFT BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS**

We finally get a good look at the place as Woody moves the light around. It's a bedroom. A teenage boys' room. Sports posters on the wall. A twin bed. Vintage radio on a dresser.

NIKKI

What is this place?

Davey touches the frayed ear of a stuffed bunny that sits in a heap of old stuffed animals on a rocking chair. He lifts the blanket on the bed. It's raggedy, worn. Pillowcase too.

WOODY

You think he keeps his victims down here or something?

Davey inspects the AUTOGRAPH on a RED SOX TEAM POSTER...

DAVEY

"To Wayne. Keep it up, Slugger."

He finds the year on the poster -- 1956. Davey looks around with new eyes, realizes why it all seems off. Everything's frayed and yellowed under a sheen of mold and dust. *It's old.*

DAVEY

Holy shit. This stuff's all his. Like from when he was a kid or something.

NIKKI

But Mackey didn't grow up here. My dad said he's from Maine.

DAVEY

He must've brought it all here.

WOODY

You said there was gonna be proof, Davey -- Where is it?

As the camcorder light moves around, SOMETHING CATCHES DAVEY'S EYE ON THE WALL BEHIND THEM --

DAVEY

Wait, shine it back over there!

Woody retraces his path. The light falls on --

A WALL OF PICTURES. They move closer to discover... THE PICTURES ARE OF THEM! SPYING! IN THEIR ROOMS, THE TREEHOUSE, THE TENT, THE BUSHES, GOING THROUGH MACKEY'S TRASH, ON WALKIES, USING BINOCULARS!

DAVEY

This enough proof for you?

WOODY

He was watching us the whole time!?

NIKKI

Suburbia's so fucked up.

THUD! Woody whips the light around as they all look at the far corner of the room. STRANGE NOISES come from behind a door they hadn't noticed. SHUFFLING... MUFFLED SOUNDS...

Davey slowly approaches the door, grabs the knob. Looks back at Woody and Nikki. *This is it.*

DAVEY

Make sure you're filming.

Woody nods, terrified. Davey yanks open the door revealing --

A BATHROOM. Woody shines the camcorder light around at eye-level. Mold stains the walls beneath peeling paint. Gross. The light finally finds a bathtub, its CURTAIN CLOSED.

FLIES BUZZ in the air -- Davey, Woody and Nikki swat at them as Davey inches toward the curtain, HEART POUNDING... Reaches out... GA-GLUNK... Grabs it... Then RIPS OPEN the curtain --

A BURGUNDY SLUDGE fills the tub, a couple UNIDENTIFIABLE BITS jutting slightly out of it.

WOODY

What the heck is that?

Davey grabs the plunger, pushes it into the sludge. Rotates whatever's in there, EXPOSING MORE OF IT.

DAVEY

Gimme some more light.

Woody focuses the camcorder's light on the bits jutting out of the sludge, and WE IMMEDIATELY RECOGNIZE --

THE PARTIALLY DECOMPOSED HAND AND FACE OF DUSTY DEWITT, THE MISSING REDHEADED BOY!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!

DAVEY

It's fuckin Dusty Dewitt!

WOODY

Oh god... oh my god...

AHHHHHH! NIKKI LETS OUT A BLOOD-CURDLING SCREAM! Woody follows her gaze, aiming the camcorder at the floor where --

A PAIR OF HANDS ARE WRAPPED AROUND NIKKI'S ANKLE! The light reveals duct-taped wrists, moves up the emaciated arms to find the battered face of BOBBY COKER! One ankle chained to a radiator.

NIKKI

Get him off me! Get him off!

Davey drops to his knees, wrenching Bobby's hands from Nikki. But Bobby grabs Davey's collar, yanking Davey's face just inches from his own as he SCREAMS around the gag --

BOBBY

(muffled)

HELP ME!!!

**INT. MACKEY'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - MOMENTS LATER**

Davey and Woody burst out of the basement, holding up Bobby between them. Nikki follows, camcorder on her shoulder filming it all. As they bolt through the living room --

CRASH! Davey knocks a PICTURE off an end table. He looks down at it, FACES VISIBLE IN THE MOONLIGHT. Something registers... Davey stops to pick it up, realization in his eyes --

Woody struggles to hold up Bobby on his own --

WOODY

Davey, let's go! .... Davey!

IN THE PICTURE, a smiling BLOND BOY (15) --

**FLASH!** MICROFICHE, FROM DAVEY'S TRIP TO THE LIBRARY. Front page of the newspaper. THE SAME BLOND BOY, SMILING. MISSING.

Frantic, Davey scans all the FRAMED PHOTOS on the end tables and hanging on the wall.

NIKKI

Davey, we gotta get outta here!

A PHOTO OF A FAT BOY (13) --

**FLASH!** MICROFICHE OF THE FAT BOY, MISSING...

A PHOTO OF A SHAGGY BOY (14) in his class photo --

**FLASH!** MICROFICHE OF THE SHAGGY BOY, MISSING...

DAVEY

These are his trophies...

A PHOTO OF A HAPPY FAMILY (MOM, DAD, TWIN TEENAGED BOYS) --

**FLASH!** MICROFICHE OF THAT FAMILY, MURDERED...

DAVEY

The people in these pictures aren't his family. They're his victims...

Davey looks across the room at all the frames. They COVER AN ENTIRE WALL. And then he sees --

A PHOTO OF DAVEY AND HIS FAMILY! THE ONE FROM HIS NIGHTSTAND!

DAVEY

And I'm next...

He gulps down the panic. Pulls the photo from the wall. Shows Woody and Nikki -- Pure horror washes over their faces.

**MATCH CUT TO:**

**INT. IPSWICH POLICE STATION - LATER**

A handful of COPS have the same looks of horror as they watch the Betamax tape in stunned silence. Standing among them, Brenda Woodworth, in her nurse's uniform, flanked by Randall and Sheila holding her hands in support.

THROUGH THE CONFERENCE ROOM WINDOWS, Davey watches Bobby Coker wrapped in a blanket, his PARENTS holding him and crying. A family reunited. *Because of him.*

As the tape ends, Sheriff Caldwell looks at Davey and Woody across the table.

SHERIFF CALDWELL

You found all this in his house?

WOODY

And there's pictures of dead people  
all over the fuckin walls!

Caldwell stands, addresses the gathering of cops.

SHERIFF CALDWELL

Somebody get out to Mackey's. And  
bring that sick son of a bitch to me.

(to the parents)

You folks mind sticking around to  
give a report? Only take a while.

Randall and Sheila nod approval as the cops scatter in a rush. Before heading out, Caldwell turns back.

SHERIFF CALDWELL

You two must be proud. These boys are  
heroes.

**EXT. IPSWICH POLICE STATION - A SHORT TIME LATER**

Stepping outside, Davey takes a deep breath of fresh, cool night air. He looks back through the glass doors to see all the parents talking with Sheriff Caldwell.

From inside, Nikki sees him, breaks away from her parents and jogs out to meet him.

NIKKI

Hey. You okay?

DAVEY

Is it me or does none of this feel  
real?

NIKKI

You're telling me. I just saw my  
parents hug each other for the first  
time in... awhile. So yeah...

DAVEY

Wow, that's awesome.

NIKKI

Not gonna get my hopes up but... That  
happened because of you. So thanks.

DAVEY

I dunno about that. I mean --

Nikki seizes the moment -- AND KISSES HIM. Davey's eyes go  
wide, then close. He's in Heaven. *Like, whoa.*

When Nikki pulls away, Davey's eyes stay closed.

NIKKI

See ya, Davey.

Heading back inside, Nikki passes Davey's parents who exit to  
find Davey staring after her, still in a stupor.

#### **INT. RANDALL'S CAR - HOURS LATER**

The family drives in silence. Exhausted from giving a police  
report, and from the depth of depravity they're faced with.

Davey meets Randall's gaze IN THE REARVIEW MIRROR... And  
Randall dissolves to tears.

Sheila leans over on Randall, embracing him as he drives,  
tears in her eyes.

Davey lets it all wash over him -- The fear, the anger, the  
sorrow, the unadulterated reality of what's happened. Tears  
stream down his face as he looks back up to meet --

RANDALL'S RELIEVED EYES, in the REARVIEW once more.

RANDALL

I'm so sorry, Davey. I love you, pal.  
Proud of you. Real proud.

Sheila reaches back, squeezes Davey's hand as --

**INT. DAVEY'S HOUSE - DAVEY'S ROOM - LATER**

Davey's perched atop his bed, staring out the picture window. BLUE AND RED LIGHT flickering on his face from outside.

SHEILA (O.S.)

And Davey's got the sleeping bag all  
set up for ya --

Woody, Sheila and Randall enter the room.

SHEILA

-- when your mom gets off her shift  
in the morning, she'll pick you up.

WOODY

Thanks, Mr. and Mrs. Armstrong.

Randall and Woody join Davey at the window. Look out to see the beehive of activity below --

POLICE CRUISERS crowd Mackey's driveway. OFFICERS move in and out of the house carrying BAGGED EVIDENCE. Another CRUISER sits parked at the end of Davey's driveway. NEIGHBORS crowd around, watching, gossiping.

RANDALL

You're safe, guys. They'll keep an  
eye out, make sure nothing happens.

Davey LOCKS HIS WINDOW.

DAVEY

Wonder where he is...

RANDALL

The A.P.B.'s been out for hours. Just  
a matter of time now.

Davey climbs into bed as Woody settles in on the floor.

SHEILA

We love you. You boys are gonna be  
the talk of the town. How's it feel?

DAVEY

Like nothing's ever gonna be the same  
again...

Randall and Sheila kiss Davey on his head and exit. Once they're gone, Davey looks back out the window at the activity at Mackey's house. Woody joins him.

WOODY  
Think they'll catch him?

DAVEY  
There's nowhere left for him to hide.  
It's over. We got him.

The boys give each other a high-five, crawl back into bed.  
But as Davey lies down, he stares at the ceiling, worried...

**HOURS LATER**

The boys have finally fallen asleep. WE TRACK THROUGH the  
room, OUT INTO THE --

HALLWAY. MOVING THROUGH the darkened house until we TILT UP --

ERRRRK... THE ATTIC DOOR QUIETLY OPENS, seemingly on its  
own... The slide-down ladder extends toward the floor... A  
SHOE drops down, hits the first step. A COP'S SHOE.

**INT. DAVEY'S HOUSE - DAVEY'S ROOM - MOMENTS LATER**

Still asleep in his bed, Davey stirs a bit. Rolls over on his  
side, back to the doorway --

SENSING SOMETHING, HIS EYES OPEN AS --

A HAND, A CHLOROFORM RAG, COMING DOWN, SMOTHERING HIS MOUTH  
AND NOSE, MUFFLING HIS HYSTERICAL SCREAM!

DAVEY FIGHTS FOR A MOMENT... But his spirit is quickly sapped  
thanks to the chemical's handiwork.

Davey looks into MACKEY'S EMPTY EYES as his own flutter shut.

**FADE TO BLACK**

**OVER BLACK**

The CONSTANT SUMMERTIME DRONE OF KATYDIDS AND CRICKETS...

WAVES GENTLY WASHING ASHORE, not far away...

A TUGBOAT HORN, far off in the distance...

FLASHING LIGHTS, BLUE AND RED, through closed eyelids...

BWOOP-BWOOP! A POLICE SIREN SHOCKS US --

**FADE UP ON:**

BLINK-BLINK... BLINK... AS WE COME-TO, OUR VISION IS BLURRY. STROBING RED AND BLUE LIGHTS BLIND US. But AS OUR SIGHT CLEARS, we realize we're in --

**INT. POLICE CRUISER - NIGHT**

Davey sits up quickly, panicked. Looks around. *Where the fuck am I?* Realizes he's in the back of a cop car, WINDOWS FOGGED UP. He's bound at the wrists with rope and gagged. Beside him, Woody is out cold, bound and gagged as well.

DAVEY  
(muffled, through gag)  
Woody! .... Woody!

Davey leans into Woody, nudging him hard as he can -- WOODY COMES-TO. Looks around -- FREAKED THE FUCK OUT, he bolts back against the car door, BREATHING HARD.

Davey moves his jaw and neck, makes his way out of the gag.

DAVEY  
Turn around. I'll untie you.

Davey and Woody sit back-to-back. Davey struggles to loosen the rope around Woody's wrists. Finally unties it. Hands free, Woody removes his gag, unties Davey's wrists --

WOODY  
Davey, what the fuck is going on!? I don't even know how I got here --

DAVEY  
It's Mackey.

WOODY  
Where the hell are we!?

They wipe the fog off the windows. Scan the darkness outside, illuminated in bursts by the STROBING POLICE LIGHTS...

WOODY  
I can't see shit!

THUD! SOMETHING HEAVY HITS THE SIDE OF THE CAR -- The boys jump away from the windows, eyes darting every which way.

WOODY  
The fuck was that!?

DAVEY  
I don't see anything!

WHAM! A ROCK HITS, LODGES INTO THE FRONT WINDSHIELD,  
SPIDERWEBBING THE GLASS --

DAVEY/WOODY  
AHHHHHH!

SILENCE AGAIN. No signs of life. Just absolute stillness --

CRASH! A ROCK SHATTERS THE WINDOW BESIDE WOODY, shards of  
glass cutting the side of his face! They bolt to the other  
side of the car, looking all around!

DAVEY  
We need to get outta here!

WOODY  
No way!

They listen intently, peering desperately into the woods  
through the fogged-up glass. Nothing in view. No movement.  
The painful anticipation is shattered as --

THUD! The guys spin around to find --

MACKEY! HIS MANIACAL FACE just inches away! IN HIS HAND, HE  
HOLDS A HUGE SERRATED KNIFE AGAINST THE GLASS --

WOODY  
RUUUUN!

AHHHH! Woody opens the door opposite Mackey, bolts out, Davey  
hot on his heels! They sprint for the surrounding woods as --

A POWERFUL FLASHLIGHT SLICES INTO THE WOODS AFTER THEM, its  
beam fractured, cascading across the trees. The boys peel off  
into the darkness...

MACKEY (O.S.)  
(via cruiser loudspeaker)  
I know how much you guys like games.  
So I've got a surprise for you.

As they run, the SOUND OF THE POLICE SIREN ECHOES OUT!  
REMAINS ON! A SYMPHONY OF DEATH FOR MACKEY TO HUNT TO!

MACKEY (O.S.)  
(via cruiser loudspeaker)  
We're gonna play Manhunt, only now,  
we're gonna play for real!

Davey and Woody stop, both leaning against a tree, out of  
breath, utterly petrified. *Is this really happening!?* Davey  
notices a PISS STAIN down Woody's leg.

DAVEY

Hey. He won't catch us if we keep moving. All right? Let's go.

SPRINTING THROUGH THE WOODS, the boys finally come to a clearing to find --

WATER! The dark, remote Ipswich Bay stares back at them! No other land in sight!

WOODY

What the hell...?

Davey turns around to find MACKEY'S FLASHLIGHT BEAM IS GONE! He looks in all directions... Nothing! The SHRILL SCREAM OF THE POLICE SIREN just adds to the panic as --

DAVEY

Where'd he go!? Come on!

Davey instinctively ducks back into the treeline, sprinting diagonally between the water and the police cruiser, its lights still flashing chaotically.

The dense forest zips past as they dash through, adrenaline pumping. They come to another clearing, revealing --

WATER! Again! Still no land in sight!

DAVEY

Where the fuck did he take us!?

WOODY

(realizing, desolate)  
A barrier island. He knows no one comes out here.

DAVEY

What? It can't be an island! He drove his car!

Woody crouches at the water line. Watches the movement of the water in the moonlight...

WOODY

Tide's coming in.

DAVEY

What's that got to do with anything?

WOODY

I grew up clam digging with my Uncle around these islands. At low tide, there's a road onto them.

(MORE)

WOODY (CONT'D)

At high tide, the road's covered by water.

DAVEY

So what does that mean?

WOODY

If we don't find the road off the island soon, we're gonna be stranded out here til the tide goes back out.

DAVEY

We have to go back to the cruiser. Follow the tracks.

THE POLICE SIREN ABRUPTLY STOPS! KATYDIDS AND CRICKETS once again own the night. Waves gently wrestle with the shore.

WOODY

He's at the cruiser right now! We can't go back there!

DAVEY

How deep is it? Can we swim?

WOODY

The undertow and rip tides are insane. We'd be as good as dead. These islands aren't that big. If we just keep going around, eventually --

DAVEY

We'll find the road.

MOMENTS LATER, the guys are in a mad dash along the edge of the island. The dense tree canopy blocks most of the light from the moon, just enough getting through to light the way --

Woody trips over SOMETHING, rolls his ankle, FALLS HARD. As Davey comes to help Woody up, they both lock eyes on --

THE BLISTERED, DECOMPOSING BODY OF A TEENAGE BOY!

WOODY

AHHH --

DAVEY BLOCKS WOODY'S MOUTH as they both fall away from the body, terrified! But they quickly realize THEY'RE IN A PUDDLE OF SLUDGE FROM ANOTHER DECOMPOSING BODY!

They slip and slide to their feet, backing away quickly. They look around, speechless at the sight of --

BODIES, in varying stages of decomposition and burial. It's impossible to tell, but there could easily be twenty of them. Maybe more. IT'S MACKEY'S KILLING FIELD!

Woody spots something. A FAMILIAR, EMPTY, STRIPED BAG. He kneels down. Sees that it's --

WOODY

"Noah"...

Empty bags of the stuff litter the ground --

DAVEY

Get down!

MACKEY'S FLASHLIGHT PEEKS THROUGH THE TREE, not too far away. Davey and Woody try to be as silent as possible, watching as THE FLASHLIGHT MOVES CLOSER...

MACKEY (O.S.)

I know you're close.

DAVEY

We gotta get to the cruiser.

Woody nods agreement, but suddenly dissolves into tears.

WOODY

I don't wanna die out here, Davey. My Mom needs me.

DAVEY

You're not gonna die. I got you into this mess, I'm gonna get you out of it. We're gonna split up --

WOODY

Why you always wanna split up?

DAVEY

We have to. Because I'm gonna be your diversion. I'll get Mackey's attention so you can get to the cruiser. Find a way out.

WOODY

I'm not gonna let you --

But before Woody can protest, DAVEY BOLTS --

DAVEY

Hey Wayne! Fuck you, you fuckin loser! Eat shit!

MACKEY SPOTS HIM! GIVES CHASE!

DAVEY RUNS LIKE HELL, FLASHLIGHT BEAM waving chaotically as Mackey sprints after Davey, frenzied!

Davey zig-zags through the brush! He's never run faster in his life, pure adrenaline coursing through his veins! Until --

DAVEY TRIPS OVER A FALLEN TREE! Quickly pulls himself into the nook beneath it, GASPING FOR AIR!

Quiets himself... SILENCE. *Where the fuck is he!? Is he gone!? Did I lose him!? Shit...*

Davey slowly, hesitantly peeks out from under the tree --

SLIT! DAVEY BUCKLES, BLOOD POURING OVER HIS SHOE, HIS ACHILLES SLICED IN HALF!

DAVEY

AHHH!

AND THEN MACKEY'S THERE! IN DAVEY'S FACE! He tears Davey out from under the tree! THROWS HIM TO THE GROUND as he cleans the blood off of his MASSIVE KNIFE!

MACKEY

Stay the fuck there.

Mackey takes off, disappearing into the night. Seriously injured and hobbled, tears form in Davey's eyes. He musters his strength, SCREAMS --

DAVEY

WOODY! HE'S COMING! RUUUUUN!

#### **EXT. WOODS - NIGHT**

WOODY. Racing through the dense overgrowth. TERRIFIED.

He breaks free of some low hanging branches and stops. Sees the SQUAD CAR about 50 yards ahead, LIGHTS still coloring the night. Makes a dash for it --

WHAM! A BODY careens out of the shadows, SLAMS INTO WOODY! They tumble over each other, whacking the ground hard.

WOODY

No! Please! Let me go!

Landing face first, Woody WHEEZES in pain, the wind knocked out of him. Before he can get up, a HAND GRABS HIS HAIR. YANKS HIS HEAD UP --

WOODY  
DAVEEEEEY!

AND A KNIFE SLITS HIS THROAT!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!

Woody's WHEEZING abruptly turns to a SURPRISED GURGLE.

Still clutching Woody's hair, Mackey gets down low over him. Puts his head against Woody's, face drawn in an expression of ecstasy as he PANTS hard and relishes the struggle of WOODY'S FLAILING DEATH THROES. THE BOY'S FINAL, AGONIZING BREATHS.

When it's over, Mackey stands, soaked in his prey's blood. Eyes closed in rapture, chest heaving, he smiles wide. Alive.

**EXT. WOODS - CONTINUOUS**

On his feet, barely, Davey hobbles toward the RED AND BLUE LIGHTS. Leg gushing blood, it drags behind him, useless. Teeth gritted, he GROWLS through the pain and tears. Urging himself on. He finally sees the SQUAD CAR ahead --

THE BLINDING LIGHT OF A FLASHLIGHT CATCHES HIM. Coming closer... CLOSER...

He crumples to his knees, SOBBING.

MACKEY GRABS DAVEY. Crouches and draws him close. Their faces just inches apart. Covered in blood except his big, bright eyes, Mackey looks truly terrifying. He whips the KNIFE to Davey's throat. Davey CRIES OUT in fear.

HATRED MAKES MACKEY'S VOICE QUIVER. He digs the knife into Davey's skin just a bit, DRAWS BLOOD -- Davey WHIMPERS.

MACKEY  
You brought this on yourself! All you  
had to do was leave me alone! This is  
YOUR GODDAMNED FAULT!

DAVEY  
(pleading)  
I'm sorry. I'm so sorry!

MACKEY  
Sorry? You forced me out of my home!  
Stole my life! And you think you can  
get out of this by saying you're  
sorry!? All I want to do is kill you.  
I want you dead RIGHT FUCKING NOW!

Davey winces! But the killing blow doesn't come...

MACKEY

But that's not enough. Not for you.

Through the fear, Davey meets Mackey's gaze. Confused.

MACKEY

You've spent so much time thinking about me. I want you to keep thinking about me and imagining what I'm going to do when I come back for you. And I will. After you've lived looking over your shoulder, seeing me in every dark corner, every nightmare. Live in the fear that every day might be the one I come back to claim what's mine. One day... you'll be right.

Mackey shoves Davey to the ground. STOMPS ON DAVEY'S SLASHED LEG. Davey SCREAMS in pain. Mackey smiles and turns back into the darkness --

Davey CRIES OUT in pain, unable to move. After a few moments, HE HEARS the squad car's driver side door OPEN -- SLAM SHUT. Davey struggles to sit up as the CAR'S ENGINE STARTS UP.

DAVEY

No --

Dirt and rocks kick up behind the car as it drives off into the night. THE RED AND BLUE LIGHTS FADING into the void --

DAVEY'S FACE, alternating red and blue in the lights, is swallowed whole by the night as we --

**FADE TO BLACK**

SLOWLY FADE UP on STROBING LIGHTS. Distant and numerous. WE SOON REALIZE WE'RE LOOKING STRAIGHT DOWN FROM --

**EXT. JUNIPER STREET - CUL-DE-SAC - HIGH ABOVE - NIGHT**

HALF A DOZEN POLICE CRUISERS, parked throughout the cul-de-sac, their LIGHTS bathing the lawns and houses in blood red and crime scene blue.

WE PAN OVER THE STREET, CROWDED WITH NEIGHBORS AND COPS, TO THE EQUALLY CROWDED BACKYARDS, TO THE WOODS behind the houses. FLASHLIGHTS scour the darkness in all directions --

THE VOICES OF TERRIFIED, DESPERATE PARENTS AND POLICE CALL OUT INTO THE NIGHT --

NEIGHBORHOOD PARENTS  
(distant, echoing)  
DAVEY! -- WOODY! -- DAVEY! --

It's another Manhunt. As the PAN MOVES over the woods, we --

**FADE TO BLACK**

SLOWLY FADE UP as HEADLIGHTS cut the darkness, revealing a single, hobbling SILHOUETTE. It raises its arms, desperate for help. The headlights slow. Stop as the silhouette collapses. The driver's door opens and a FISHERMAN (male, 60s) jogs over.

**INT. PICKUP TRUCK - EARLY MORNING**

Davey, exhausted, barely holding onto consciousness, lies against the passenger window. Wrapped in a blanket. Pale as shit. He might not make it to the hospital.

The fisherman is doing his best to reassure Davey and keep him awake. WE CAN'T HEAR WHAT HE'S SAYING, but his expression is one of panic, SPEEDING as fast as he can.

Davey stares out the window, in another world. The sun just starting to rise, the sky turning from black to indigo blue. He perks up a bit suddenly as the truck passes --

MACKEY'S SQUAD CAR. ABANDONED on the side of the road. AND ON FIRE, all its identifying marks scorching to oblivion.

Davey's head turns, watching it as they go by. Terror in his eyes. Mackey's long gone. Somewhere out there. Waiting...

**INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - DAY**

Randall and Sheila hold Davey tight, the family all sitting on Davey's hospital bed. CRYING together. Relieved. Broken.

**EXT. DAVEY'S HOUSE - DAY**

Randall's CAR pulls into the driveway. NEWS REPORTERS and CAMERAMEN crowding the front porch rush to the car as --

Davey hobbles out, LEG IN A CAST.

SEA OF REPORTERS  
Davey!/David!/Can you tell us what  
happened?/How'd you survive?

Randall helps Davey along, shielding the boy as they reach Sheila and head inside, leaving the news folk clamoring as --

**DISSOLVE TO:**

**EXT. JUNIPER STREET - CUL-DE-SAC - DAY**

BICYCLE TIRES spin quickly over the sidewalk. They slow to a stop and a familiar SHOE drops to the pavement, the other foot in a SUPPORTIVE BOOT.

Newspaper bag slung over his shoulder, Davey stands with his bike at the foot of Mackey's driveway.

CRIME SCENE TAPE blocks the way up to the house, more of it strung across the front door. But no police. The house was searched and cleaned out long ago.

He TOSSES A THICK SUNDAY NEWSPAPER on the asphalt at his feet. The headline reads: "CAPE ANN KILLER WAYNE MACKEY STILL ON THE LOOSE." Davey gazes at it a moment. Pedals on...

He makes his way around the street, tossing NEWSPAPERS onto front porches IN REVERSE OF THE ORDER AT THE OPEN.

The yards are empty. Doors closed, probably locked. Curtains drawn. No one watering their plants or playing games in the lawn. It's all gone quiet. A neighborhood haunted by ghosts.

DAVEY (V.O.)

When something you never saw coming  
breaks the routine... that's when  
things get really interesting.

The SOUNDS OF AN APPROACHING CAR make Davey stop. He looks to see it's Nikki's parents' car. PACKED TO THE BRIM WITH NIKKI'S BELONGINGS. A UConn sticker on the fender.

IN THE BACKSEAT WINDOW, Nikki looks out at Davey as the car passes. Davey gives her a solemn WAVE. She presses a hand to the glass. The sad look on her face tells all. They hold each other's gaze until the car disappears from view...

DAVEY (V.O.)

But that's what I love about this  
place. It always keeps you on your  
toes.

Davey pedals on... As he throws a paper to Farraday's porch, Davey spots Farraday looking out from his bedroom window. Farraday holds Davey's gaze for a moment, remorse on his face. Then Francine comes to the window, closes the blinds.

DAVEY (V.O.)

Behind the freshly painted walls next  
door, anything could be happening and  
you'd never know.

Passing Eats' house, Davey looks into the side yard, sees Eats, Kyle and their father with CROWBARS. DISMANTLING THE TREEHOUSE. Davey stops to watch, gutpunched by the sight. Sees Eats' solemn face as Eats pulls another board free.

DAVEY (V.O.)

Just past the manicured lawns and friendly waves, go inside any house. Less than fifty feet from where you sleep, entirely different lives are playing out.

**INT. DAVEY'S HOUSE - DAVEY'S ROOM - DAY**

Now devoid of all the childish toys and collectibles that once filled it. Davey stares at his walls, still covered in National Enquirer pages. Tears in his eyes, in a fit of rage, he rakes his fingers down the wall and rips them all down.

DAVEY (V.O.)

It's easy to think of the suburbs as a deadend. A weird Bermuda triangle where the American dream strangles all the excitement out of life. But looks can be deceiving...

**EXT. JUNIPER STREET - CUL-DE-SAC - NIGHT**

FRONT PORCH LIGHTS GLEAM on every house. Giving a sense of security. Everything seems quiet. Safe.

DAVEY (V.O.)

Even serial killers live next door to somebody...

**FADE OUT**