

WHAT DOESN'T KILL YOU

By

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FADE IN:

EXT. ATCHAFALAYA RIVER DELTA - DAY

SUPER: LOUISIANA WETLANDS

A landscape of stagnant bayou wetlands and ancient, wide based trees draped with Spanish moss.

From afar, the sounds of excited BLOODHOUNDS.

On a patch of soil, freshly turned and hastily covered, the tip of a PINK SOCK juts upwards. A FLY sits atop.

A DOG'S NOSE interrupts the fly. At the end of the dog's leash is OFFICER MALORY, 48, big, but fit.

OFFICER MALORY

Lord almighty.

He kneels down, swats at the flies circling the little pink sock. He stands, waves his arms.

OFFICER MALORY (CONT)

(yells)

Right here...over here!

INT. LEESVILLE POLICE DEPARTMENT (L.P.D.) - DAY

POLICEMEN mill about this small town precinct. Detective CLIVE WASHINGTON, 45, black, goatee, peppered hair, hurries to pick up a ringing phone on his desk.

He tosses the morning newspaper on a stack of files.

On the front page, a newspaper caption - Embattled officer stays on. A small picture of Clive under the caption.

He answers the phone.

CLIVE

Yeah, they found all three. In the same area, that's right. How should I know. You won't let me get off the phone to go find out.

He hangs up. From across the room, storms CAPTAIN MARCUS, 55, black. Years of constant pressure under his eyes.

CAPTAIN MARCUS

Clive, what the hell are you still doing here? I got three little

CAPTAIN MARCUS
girls in the ground and the press
buried even deeper up my ass.

Clive grabs his coat from the back of his chair.

Captain Marcus drops the folder on his desk.

CLIVE
Wait'n on your file.

Clive grabs the file and heads out.

CAPTAIN MARCUS
Let's try to handle this a little
better than the situation with the
van. I don't want this any more of
a cluster fuck than it already is.

CLIVE
Yeah, I got it.

CAPTAIN MARCUS
Hey, welcome back. How you doing?

Clive keeps walking.

CLIVE
I'm doing.

INT. DEREK'S APARTMENT - DAY

A bachelor's hangout, front to back. In the corner of this cluttered room, a messy desk.

At the desk, DEREK SANDERS, 26, grungy, visits his favorite website. Pre-pubescent girls are displayed on the screen. Derek clicks on a picture of a ten year old girl in panties.

Suddenly - An abrupt BANG at the door, startles Derek.

DEREK (CONT)
Fuck.

He gets up quickly and throws on a robe.

DEREK (CONT)
Who the hell is it?

KING (O.S)
It's King, man. Open the door.

Derek opens the door. KING, 25, Mexican, typical long baggy shirt, bandana, comes in. The door slams behind him.

KING

Sup, homes?

A quick, slap handshake.

DEREK

Hanging, man. What up?

KING

Got some base coming in tonight.
You in?

Derek walks out of the room for a few seconds.

DEREK (O.S.)

Yeah, I'm down for twenty.

King notices the image on the screen.

KING

Still into that kiddy shit, huh?

Derek walks over to the monitor and turns it off. He slaps the money in King's hand.

DEREK

None of your business.

King counts it.

KING

Be at the shop around eight.
Hey, you hear they found those
three little girls today?

DEREK

Oh yeah?

KING

Dogs found 'em. Those dead sniffer
dogs. Maybe you like to jack off to
that, huh?

Derek sarcastically chuckles.

DEREK

Man, get the hell out.

EXT. ATCHAFALAYA RIVER DELTA - GRAVE SITE - DAY

Clive pulls up to a fleet of news vans and cameras. CAMERA MEN and REPORTERS mill about. Helicopters circle overhead.

The atmosphere, almost lighthearted. Another day on the job.

CLIVE

What in God's name is going on?

Clive shoves a couple of camera men and reporters.

CLIVE (CONT)

Get outta here. Now!

An OFFICER, 20's, fit, stands by taking notes.

CLIVE (CONT)

You!

The Officer looks up.

CLIVE (CONT)

Yeah you. What are these reporters doing here?

OFFICER

I don't...

CLIVE

I want tape around this site.
I want a tent over these little girls and I want to know why they're not up right now?

The Officer takes off. He turns to the news people.

CLIVE (CONT)

You have five seconds to get off my crime scene. And if I see one frame of this tonight, I'll see to it these holes get refilled with your sorry ass careers.

He looks up to the helicopters, then to a reporter.

CLIVE (CONT)

You Channel five?

REPORTER

Yes, but...

CLIVE

Can you talk to 'em up there?

REPORTER

You're live right now.

He hands Clive the microphone.

CLIVE
Can you hear me?

Clive waves his arm in the air.

CLIVE (CONT)
I'm gonna shoot you if you don't
leave right now. Acknowledge by
getting your ass outta here.

The helicopter tips and leaves.

CLIVE (CONT)
Same goes for you. Other side of
the street. And get that other
helicopter outta my sight.

Clive kicks the ground, shoves the Officer.

CLIVE (CONT)
And where the hell are my tents?

INT. PORN SHOP - NIGHT

Dimly lit and sleazy. King leans on the counter.
Derek thumbs through some porn while a PATRON checks out.

KING
Forty-three dollars.

The patron hands him cash.

KING (CONT)
Outta fifty.

A bell rings as the patron exits.

KING (CONT)
Whatcha got homes?

DEREK
Dnepropetrovsk maniacs.

KING
Let's see it?

Derek hands him a DVD. KING pops it in and stares at the
glow emanating from the monitor. He's impressed.

KING (CONT)
Is...this what I think it is?

DEREK

Couple of Ukrainian teenagers.
Killed her in a field with a claw
hammer and some box cutters.

KING

Didn't know you like to play in the
deep end. Whatcha want?

DEREK

Push pull on some rock.

King continues to eye the monitor.

KING

Sinister shit man. Twenty more plus
this. I'll go ya for an o.z.

DEREK

Done.

King disappears a minute, returns with a bag of crack
cocaine. He hands it to Derek and pulls it back quickly.

KING

That's twenty now, bitch.

Derek pulls out a twenty. King hands him back the crack.

KING (CONT)

Copies?

DEREK

Yours for a month. Then it goes
online to the gore sites.

King hands him the envelope.

KING

Cool. Now get out.

EXT. ATCHAFALAYA RIVER DELTA - GRAVE SITE - NIGHT

A tent now covers the grave site of one of the girls.
A handful of people surround the partially exposed body.

Industrial night lamps have replaced daylight.

PATHOLOGIST DAVIES, 58, stocky, examines one of the girls.

CLIVE

Alright Davies. Whata ya make?

Davies pulls the girls sock down to reveal restraint marks.

DAVIES

Can't say for sure, but it looks like our missing girls.

Clive kneels down next to Davies.

CLIVE

Less than two miles from where we found the van. Alright, let's have a look.

Davies slowly pulls the pink sock off to reveal:

CLIVE (CONT)

Sweet Jesus.

The middle toe is crudely chopped off. A LARGE NAIL is hammered into the ball of her heel.

DAVIES

It's barbed.

Clive flips his phone open and starts off.

CLIVE

Get her outta here. Call me when you have 'em at the morgue.

INT. L.P.D. - CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY

Clive sits across from Captain Marcus and DETECTIVE ALISON, 45, cute, if she'd ever look up from note taking.

CAPTAIN MARCUS

Clive, you understand you're about to give a deposition regarding the evening of April seventeenth?

CLIVE

I do.

Detective ALISON turns on a video camera.

DETECTIVE ALISON

Detective Washington. If you would, take us through that evening.

BEGIN FLASHBACK:

EXT. LEESVILLE HIGH SCHOOL STADIUM - NIGHT

SUPER: TWO MONTHS EARILER

Clive waits in line at the concession stand.

CLIVE (V.O)

I was at a football game.

His phone rings.

CLIVE

Yeah?

OFFICER BUSH (PHONE)

Hey Clive, we've got a van
abandoned on the side of the road.

CLIVE

Call a tow truck.

OFFICER BUSH (PHONE)

Clive, you might want to come out.
There's something here you should
have a look at.

EXT. ROAD SIDE - NIGHT

OFFICER BUSH, 35, escorts Clive to the side of the van.

OFFICER BUSH

I wouldn't bother you, but I
thought you should see this.

Officer Bush opens the side sliding door.

The flashlight beams move slowly around the cavity of the
van and stops on a pair of HANDCUFFS chained to the floor.

CLIVE

What is this?

OFFICER BUSH

Can't say. But the walls are padded
and I found three extra sets of
handcuffs in the glove box.

Clive sniffs the air.

CLIVE

Bleach. You run the tags?

OFFICER BUSH
Stolen out of New Orleans.

CLIVE
Get it to the station and have
forensics look at it...and notify
the owner.

OFFICE BUSH
Will do.

END FLASHBACK:

CONFERENCE ROOM

Clive takes a long drink of water.

CLIVE
That's when I saw 'em.

BEGIN FLASHBACK:

EXT. ROAD SIDE - NIGHT

Clive notices movement in the woods. A MYSTERIOUS MAN
shrouded by a hoodie stops dead in his tracks.

CLIVE
(yells)
Hey.

He bolts back into the woods.

CLIVE (CONT)
Head towards Franklin.

Officer Bush runs to his car, squeals off. Clive takes off
after the man in the woods.

EXT. WOODS - CONTINUOUS

The man dodges and cuts through the trees.

Not far behind, Clive runs as fast as he can. Past another
tree and over a stump until-

Clive's POV: A SHOVEL appears from nowhere.

BACK TO SCENE:

CRACK! The shovel pounds Clive right in the chest, taking him off his feet and flat on his back. The man continues to hit Clive with the shovel.

With one arm blocking the blows, Clive pulls his gun. They grapple for it while rolling in the thick brush. Shots ring out as Clive fights for control of the gun.

They struggle, but the assailant is able to turn the gun back on Clive. He pulls the trigger and squeezes off a round right into Clive's shoulder.

He forces the gun away from his hand and pistol whips him repeatedly in the face with it.

Officer Bush breaks through the woods onto the scene. The attacker takes aim and shoots, hitting officer Bush in the face. He goes down.

The murderer turns his attention back to Clive.

He cocks the hammer and slowly levels the barrel right into Clive's face.

The trigger finger squeezes...click. Out of rounds.

He rolls off of Clive and admires the gun.

MYSTERIOUS MAN

Nice piece. You mind?

And disappears into the woods.

END FLASHBACK:

CONFERENCE ROOM

Clive runs his hands through his hair, takes a deep breath.

DETECTIVE ALISON

Was there ever an attempt to call for backup?

CLIVE

I didn't think at the time...

She never looks up.

DETECTIVE ALISON

Thank you Detective. We'll contact you if we...

CLIVE

I'm not done.

Detective Alison glance to Captain Marcus, then to Clive.

She browses through some papers.

DETECTIVE ALISON

According to your written
statement, you...

CLIVE

This isn't on the written
statement.

She turns off the recorder.

DETECTIVE ALISON

Go on.

BEGIN FLASHBACK:

EXT. WOODS - NIGHT

Clive lies motionless. His eyes barely open as blood flows
from the bullet hole and the open wounds on his head.

The distant sound of sirens can be heard.

CLIVE (V.O)

I felt it coming over me. Like
threading water and then slipping
under.

Another short breath and his eyes go dead.

Clive's metaphysical body is pulled from his corpse.
He looks desperately around.

CLIVE (V.O)

And then there it was.

DETECTIVE ALISON (V.O)

There what was?

Instantly appearing behind him, A OLD HOUSE. Light glows
from one of the windows.

And the sound of a CHILD screaming.

CLIVE (V.O)

A window.

He rushes over to look in. Three little GIRLS are tied up. One to a mattress and two against the wall. A MASKED MAN raises a scalpel and lunges it into the girl on the bed.

INT. AMBULANCE - NIGHT

The MEDIC positions defib paddles on Clive's chest.

MEDIC

Clear!

Clive heaves and gasps for air.

MEDIC (CONT)

We got 'em back. Stay with us
buddy. We're almost there.

Clive is wild eyed, trying to grasp what's going on.

END FLASHBACK:

INT. CONFERENCE ROOM

Detective Alison stares dumbfounded at Clive.

DETECTIVE ALISON

So...you're saying you had...

She looks nervously to her papers once again.

Then back up to Clive.

DETECTIVE ALISON (CONT)

An out of body experience? Okay,
what did you see in that room?

Clive stands up and paces, almost embarrassed to continue.

CLIVE

I saw the three victims.

CAPTAIN MARCUS

What do you mean you saw 'em,
Clive?

CLIVE

The girls at the morgue. I saw 'em
in a room. There was a man. He wore
a mask. He had two of the girls...

DETECTIVE ALISON
I'm ordering a psych eval.

CLIVE
What?

CAPTAIN MARCUS
Clive'll remain on active duty.

DETECTIVE ALISON
He can remain active, but you
better show for that eval.

L.P.D. HALLWAY - MOMENTS LATER

Clive storms down the hallway. Captain Marcus comes up from behind.

CAPTAIN MARCUS
Hey!
Clive keeps walking.

CAPTAIN MARCUS (CONT)
Hey! I'm talking to you.
Clive spins around.

CAPTAIN MARCUS (CONT)
Next time you want to drag us all
into an episode of the fucking
Twilight Zone, you might want to
feel me in first. I don't like
looking like that in there.

CLIVE
Yeah! Psych eval...I got it.
Clive walks off.

CAPTAIN MARCUS
Clive!
Clive stops, turns around.

CAPTAIN MARCUS (CONT)
Did you really see that shit you
just said in there?

INT. CITY MORGUE - NIGHT

Davies examines one of the little girls. Her body's covered, her partially decomposed foot propped up and exposed.

DAVIES

The manner in which the toe was severed is consistent with a pair of pliers. The toe is snapped back to break the bone, then twisted to tear off the flesh. Decomp suggest they've been in the ground roughly two months.

CLIVE

And the nail?

Davies grabs a small radial saw.

DAVIES (CONT)

Won't budge.

He turns on the saw and cuts into the foot along the side and up the ankle. Davies taps a wedge into the open cut.

DAVIES (CONT)

That should do it.

Davies grabs a pair of pliers. With a firm grip, he pulls the landscaping nail from the heel bone, exposing large barbs filed into the sides of it.

DAVIES (CONT)

Filed barbs.

CLIVE

Why?

DAVIES

It's his way of keeping his prey. They can't walk on 'em and they can't pull them out. But I do have a gift.

Davies lifts up a small bag containing a strand of hair.

DAVIES (CONT)

Hair that doesn't match our girls.

CLIVE

And a DNA profile?

DAVIES

Already in the works. In fact, our killer screwed up a couple of times on this one.

CLIVE

How's that?

DAVIES

We've got a print. This little girl was a fighter. She was the second to die and went out swinging.

Davies holds up a small piece of plastic.

DAVIES (CONT)

Found it in her mouth. Seems while he was suffocating her, she bit off a piece of the plastic bag over her face. It has a partial thumb print on it.

The phone rings. Davies answers it.

DAVIES (CONT)

We got a match.

INT. DEREK'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Derek sits at his computer and hits a crack pipe.

BAM-BAM-BAM

CLIVE (O.S)

Police. We got a warrant.

The apartment door flies open. Derek jolts.

Derek doesn't have time to react. A sea of uniformed Officers along with Clive pour into the small room.

CLIVE (CONT)

Get down...get down now.

Clive, along with the Officers, take Derek down hard. They wrestle Derek's arms back and handcuff him.

DEREK

What the hell's going on?

CLIVE

Bet you're no stranger to handcuffs. Get up.

They bring him to his feet.

DEREK

If I go back in for drugs, they're gonna throw...

Clive gets in Derek's face.

CLIVE

What about that shit on your screen?

DEREK

They're models. It's totally legal.

CLIVE

Don't worry, you piece of shit. You're not going away for drugs. You're under arrest for the murder of Katlin, Rachel and Tina Ashworth.

Derek panics.

DEREK

What? Wait a minute. Look, you got this wrong, I don't even know who they...

Officer Malory reads Derek his rights.

OFFICER MALORY

You've got the right to remain silent.

Officer Malory continues with the Miranda.

CLIVE

Sit 'em down.

Derek has a seat. An OFFICER pulls out a lint roller.

CLIVE (CONT)

Start with his feet.

The Officer lint rolls Derek's shoes. He tears off a lint sheet. Clive grabs it, holds it up. Several long BLOND hairs are stuck to the lint sheet.

CLIVE (CONT)

So, you're fond of blondes?

Clive looks around. He notices the computer screen. It has a little girl in panties displayed.

CLIVE (CONT)
Somebody get that shit off there.
And where the hell's Mackie?

Officer Malory walks over to the computer. In comes a fat man in his twenties. It's MACKIE, the forensic hacker.

MACKIE
Don't touch it.

OFFICER MALORY
I was going to turn the...

MACKIE
Fail safes brother. Most kiddy flickers got 'em. Now, let's see what's in your neighborhood, hoss.

DEREK
That's invasion of privacy.

Mackie grins.

MACKIE
Then you appreciate the talent.

Mackie cracks his knuckles, then a flurry of keyboard strokes. Rows of code scroll down a black screen.

MACKIE (CONT)
Routes it out of China through a cloud proxy server. How cliché.

Mackie slows down on the keys and then stops.

MACKIE (CONT)
Whoa!

He turns to Derek.

MACKIE (CONT)
You network with some serious players my friend.

CLIVE
Yeah? Like who, Mack?

Derek struggles against the police.

DEREK
Get the fuck off my computer.

MACKIE

In the world of kiddy banging,
these guys are it. When earthquakes
hit, they're on the scene with
school buses, scooping 'em up like
minnows. Give me the pull out man.

DEREK

Why don't you kiss my dick.

CLIVE

What the hell's a pull out?

MACKIE

It's like a wave goodbye. You wave
the wrong goodbye, bad things tend
to happen.

He goes back to work on the keyboard.

MACKIE (CONT)

It looks to be in Australia,
bounced off a stealth...

DEREK

Where's your warrant for this?

Mackie's fingers are a blur as he works his magic.

MACKIE

I got a cell tower in...

The screen goes black.

DEREK

I want a lawyer...now.

Clive gets in Derek's face.

CLIVE

Shut the fuck up. What happened
Mackie? Where'd it go?

MACKIE

Wrong pull out sequence. It
triggers an automatic scramble
against the servers. You can't get
around it, boss.

Clive nods towards Derek.

CLIVE

What about the shit on him?

MACKIE

Oh no, I got that. I wanted more of
'em, but I got your little fish.

INT. L.P.D. - IDENTIFICATION ROOM - DAY

A small, stark room with a video monitor on a desk.
The door opens.

Captain Marcus escorts BRET ASHWORTH, 35, dark Italian
complexion and KANDACE ASHWORTH, 33, blonde, into the room.
The door closes.

Several DETECTIVES stand by, taking notes.

CAPTAIN MARCUS

In a moment, we're going to need
for you to verify, well...to I.D...

KANDACE

I can't do this.

She stumbles back away from the table, filled with terror.

KANDACE (CONT)

I can't do this. I can't see them.
I won't see them in there, like
that. It's not them. Bret, it's not
them, right?

Bret comforts her.

BRET

Honey, if it'll make you feel...

KANDACE

Don't you dare say it. Don't you
dare tell me how I should feel.

Kandace panics.

KANDACE (CONT)

I gotta get out of here. I can't
stay here. Get me out of here. Let
me outta here now.

She heads straight for the door, opens it and she's gone.

CAPTAIN MARCUS

Somebody stay with her.

A DETECTIVE leaves the room. The door closes.

CAPTAIN MARCUS (CONT)

Well?

BRET

Okay.

Bret takes a deep breath.

BRET (CONT.)

Let's do it.

Captain Marcus clicks the remote. The screen reveals the pale, cut up, lifeless faces of the THREE LITTLE GIRLS.

Bret recoils.

BRET (CONT.)

(gasps)

Oh God.

Bret vomits involuntarily. Captain Marcus quickly turns off the monitor.

CAPTAIN MARCUS

Get over here now.

A DETECTIVE moves in quickly to catch Bret, at the moment he collapses.

BRET

My babies. My little babies. Oh God
nooo...not my precious, sweet...

He heaves, vomits again and cries uncontrollably.

CAPTAIN MARCUS

Take a deep breath. Come on Bret,
breathe for me.

Bret gags and coughs hard as he tries to take some deep breaths. He starts to gain composure.

CAPTAIN MARCUS (CONT)

That's it. Steady deep breaths.
Nice and calm.

They help Bret to his feet. He gets himself together. Captain Marcus hands him a handkerchief.

BRET

I...I need to know.

VIEWING ROOM

Behind reflective glass, Cliff watches intently with a detective. Clive leans close to the glass to study Bret.

IDENTIFICATION ROOM

CAPTAIN MARCUS

This can wait. Besides the autopsy reports haven't even been...

BRET

I know you know. I don't want details. I just need to know how they-

CAPTAIN MARCUS

Go home. Right now you need to-

In a fury, Bret kicks the chair aside.

BRET

Don't you dare tell me what I need to do. Answer my question.

Bret's demeanor changes from anger to weeping.

BRET (CONT)

Tell me...please.

CAPTAIN MARCUS

Two of the girls, they...

He takes a deep breath.

CAPTAIN MARCUS (CONT)

Blunt force trauma.

BRET

Which two?

Captain Marcus' eyes well up.

CAPTAIN MARCUS

The two youngest.

BRET

And...and...and Katlin?

Captain Marcus glances away.

CAPTAIN MARCUS

Her throat was cut.

VIEWING ROOM

They watch through the glass as Bret furiously slams his fist on the table.

BRET
(through the speaker)
I want my children. I want 'em now!

CLIVE
See how his demeanor just changed?

DETECTIVE
Yeah, so?

CLIVE
Find out where he was that night.

INT. POLICE FIRING RANGE - DAY

Clive takes aim with a semiautomatic hand gun, fires off eight rounds. He drops the clip out and pops a new one in. Officer Malory works on his own side arm.

OFFICER MALORY
So what do ya think?

Clive takes aim again. Let's off eight more rounds. The target comes rolling up on a wire. It's a tight pattern.

CLIVE
I think I want my gun back.

CAPTAIN MARCUS (O.S)
Clive.

Clive turns around. Captain Marcus walks up.

CAPTAIN MARCUS (CONT)
Shrink called. Told him you'd be there in an hour.

INT. COURTROOM - DAY

Seated on the defense side, Derek and his state appointed counsel, ROGER, 50, off-the-rack-suit.

On the prosecution side, DAN SCARLATTI, 45, well dressed, sharp, accomplished.

The courtroom is packed. JUDGE MORRIS, 55, black, assertive, surveys the situation.

JUDGE MORRIS
Defense, how does your client
plead?

ROGER
Not guilty, your honor.

JUDGE MORRIS
Prosecution?

DAN
We ask that the defendant be
remanded without bail.

JUDGE MORRIS
Agreed. The defendant will remain
in custody without bail until such
a date is set forth for this case
to be heard. This hearing is
adjourned.

The Judge's gavel falls.

INT. L.P.D. - PSYCHOLOGIST OFFICE - DAY

Clean, stark office. Not for comfort.

Clive sits across from DR. TATUM, 55, distinguished.

DR. TATUM
That's an interesting story
Detective.

CLIVE
It's not a story. It's what I saw.

DR. TATUM
I'm not doubting that. Sometimes
these visions can seem as real as
you and I.

CLIVE
I was confirmed dead for three
minutes. Where I went was real.

DR. TATUM
Sometimes, our minds want to
believe something so bad, we can
hallucinate in order to make it
real.

Clive gets a little agitated.

CLIVE

So you're saying, you think I made it up?

DR. TATUM

I'm saying, you're under tremendous pressure. The van. The one you discovered the night of the attack. It was later found to be used by the killer, correct?

CLIVE

That's right.

DR. TATUM

And had you apprehended him that night, those little girl's killer would be behind bars. I think you want to find him so bad, your subconscious is willing to compensate and make you to believe you actually saw something you didn't.

INT. L.P.D. - VISITING CELL - DAY

Roger taps his pen uneasily on the table.

ROGER

The prosecution feels it has a strong enough case to go ahead and ask for the death penalty.

DEREK

Yeah, but you can plead it down though, right...right?

ROGER

They're not coming to the table with anything, Derek.

DEREK

Okay...and?

ROGER

They want executions for all three murders.

Derek smirks.

DEREK

They can only kill my ass once.

Roger stands up and steps away from Derek.

ROGER

Yeah, well...not exactly, Derek. Two years ago, a highly controversial law was passed regarding the punishment phase for multiple homicide cases where children are involved.

DEREK

So?

ROGER

The law allows for a convicted murderer to be executed and then, when pronounced legally dead, to be resuscitated...and executed again. They think they...

Derek slams against his shackles in an attempt to get up.

DEREK

Are you out of your fucking mind? Are you saying...are you saying they want to execute my ass more than once?

ROGER

The prosecution's going to be asking for your execution on each of the three murders of the Ashworth girls. Up until now, it's only been successfully tried once but they think...

DEREK

This can't be happening. I didn't even do it. You believe me don't you? You believe I didn't do this shit, right?

Roger composes himself.

ROGER

As your court appointed counsel, it's my job to defend you, regardless of what I believe.

INT. L.P.D. - FORENSICS LAB - DAY

Mackie has Derek's computer system wired up. Clive watches over his shoulder.

MACKIE

You know when they say beauty's in
the eye of the beholder?

Mackie clicks away at the keyboard.

INSERT COMPUTER SCREEN IMAGE: A picture of Katlin Ashworth. The face grows larger until just a pixelated eyeball shows on the screen.

BACK TO SCENE:

MACKIE (CONT.)

Katlin Ashworth. Found this on
Derek's computer. Just an eyeball,
right? Watch as I zero in.

COMPUTER SCREEN IMAGE: The eyeball blurs into a thousand pixels until just a few large pixel blocks remain. On the screen, one pixel pulses.

BACK TO SCENE:

MACKIE (CONT)

Found this using an embedded code
snooper. See the pulsing one?

CLIVE

Yeah, so?

MACKIE

Watch when I highlight and right
click on it.

COMPUTER SCREEN IMAGE: An information box reveals a series of numbers with punctuation marks.

BACK TO SCENE:

CLIVE

What is it?

MACKIE

It's not what it is, it's what they
want you to think it is. Shit, I
just sounded like Clinton.

CLIVE

What the hell is it, Mackie?

MACKIE

Up front, it looks like an I.P. address. You know what computers use to identify themselves online. But watch...

COMPUTER SCREEN IMAGE: Mackie double clicks on the number, it fades out, then back into view, but it changed.

BACK TO SCENE:

MACKIE

That's not an I.P. address, boss. Those are G.P.S. coordinates. I think they tag the child's location for sex trade purposes.

CLIVE

You're saying that this is where Katlin and her sisters were kept?

MACKIE

Providing this was their last location before they were killed. Yeah, that's what I think.

Clive bolts for the door.

CLIVE

Send it to my phone.

INT. CLIVE'S POLICE CAR - DAY

With his police siren on and lights flashing, Clive calls it in on his radio.

CLIVE

I want uniforms at six fourteen Portland Cross. Possible murder scene. I want forensics there in ten. I'll be there in two.

INT. ABANDONED OLD HOUSE - DAY

A loud slam at the door. It flies open, Clive stands in the doorway. He draws his gun.

The room is lit only by the cross-hatched light that seeps through boarded up windows.

Clive enters cautiously. The floor creaks under foot as he walks through the empty living room into the hallway.

HALLWAY

With his weapon out front, Clive continues down the hallway but stops dead in his tracks. He closes his eyes and takes a deep breath. He knows that smell.

Clive slowly cocks his hammer, takes another deep breath and slams through a door-

BEDROOM

Into a room of horror. A blood soaked mattress, covered with maggots, lays on the floor, torn clothing strewn around it.

Two sets of handcuffs shackled to the wall with a bloody baseball bat on the floor. Another set of handcuffs chained to the floor, blood splattered everywhere.

Huge balls of knotted, bloodied, blonde hair litter the room's floor.

Clive stumbles back against the wall behind him. He holsters his firearm.

CLIVE

I know this room.

He looks over at the window.

CLIVE (CONT)

I've seen it.

He notices something on the floor. He reaches down and picks it up to examine it carefully.

CLIVE

Teeth?!

The POLICE slam through the door, startling Clive.

CLIVE (CONT)

Crime scene. Back up, back it up.

The police hold fast at the door.

INT. L.P.D. - CLIVE'S DESK - DAY

Clive walks up quickly and throws some files on his desk. He leans over and types on his computer keyboard.

A few keystrokes and-

INSERT COMPUTER SCREEN IMAGE: A large bleeding skull and cross bones with the caption underneath - "DIABLO GORE".

BACK TO SCENE:

Captain Marcus walks up from behind.

CAPTAIN MARCUS
What the hell is this?

CLIVE
Diablo Gore. A website we just found on Derek's computer. Check out these categories.

Captain Marcus leans in.

CAPTAIN MARCUS
Suicide, torture, military, murder. Murder? Click on it.

Clive clicks on the murder tab.

COMPUTER SCREEN IMAGE: Thumbnail images appear on the screen. Beneath one image, the caption - "LOS ZETAS".

BACK TO SCENE:

The two look at each other. Clive clicks on it.

COMPUTER SCREEN IMAGE: Over black, the words - "Los Zetas mata a un comandante del cartel del gulfo".

BACK TO SCENE:

CLIVE
Malory, you speak some Spanish. Get over here.

Officer Malory hurries over.

OFFICER MALORY
What's this?

CAPTAIN MARCUS
You tell us. What's it say?

Officer reads it for a moment.

OFFICER MALORY

It says Los Zetas kills a commander
of the Gulf cartel. Where'd ya'll
get this?

COMPUTER SCREEN IMAGE: A badly beaten, shirtless MAN, lies
flat on his back. He's tapped on the forehead with a
machete. An unseen Zeta member questions him.

ZETA (O.S.)

Mato a muchos de nuestros hombres y
a hora pagara?

BEATEN MAN

Solo hice lo que me dijeron, como
tu.

BACK TO SCENE:

CLIVE

What's he saying, Malory?

OFFICER MALORY

Whoever it is off camera is saying
that the beaten guy is a known
killer, and now he'll pay.

CAPTAIN MARCUS

And?

OFFICER MALORY

The beaten guy basically said he
was just doing what he was told.

COMPUTER SCREEN IMAGE: The machete comes into view.

ZETA (O.S)

Open him up.

Someone in BLUE JEAN PANTS straddle over the man. In a
single swing, the machete slices across the man's bare
stomach. A thin red line appears, then the stomach folds
wide open.

He squirms in agony. A BOOT pins his neck, holds him still.

ZETA (O.S)

Pull 'em.

A MAN'S HAND reaches into the slash, pulls out a large piece
of intestine. The beaten man screams out. He drops the
intestine onto the stomach.

ZETA (O.S)

Let 'em go.

Two SAVAGE DOGS attack the beaten man and go straight for the intestines tearing at the man like a rag doll.

BACK TO SCENE:

All three Officers recoil.

CLIVE

Whoa...fuck.

CAPTAIN MARCUS

Are you kidding me?

OFFICER MALORY

That shit cannot be real.

CLIVE

Find me the owner of this web site.

INT. ASHWORTH HOME - BATHROOM - DAY

Bret rinses a razor in hot water. With the blade against his face, he freezes in his tracks. The razor shakes against Bret's cheek. He tries to move, but he's paralyzed.

BRET

(whispers)

Do it.

Tears stream from his swollen eyes, then disappear into the shaving foam. Pink foam now surrounds the razors edge.

TINA (V.O)

Daddy. Where were you?

He drops the razor in the sink. A thin red line where the blade had pressed. Blood, beads up, trickles from it.

BRET

Shhhhh...

He stares with the eyes of a beaten man back into the mirror. Bret puts a finger to his mouth.

BRET (CONT)

Shhhhh...baby, please.

A thin crack snakes its way slowly across the mirror. It expands and morphs to form an open hole in the ground.

DEREK (V.O)

You hated 'em. We both know it.

In a panic, Bret splashes running water on his face. He looks up to see a vision of Tina's lifeless body, face up in the hole.

Derek stands over her with a shovel in hand.

DEREK

So don't worry...I got her.

The shovel slams down on Tina's face, splattering blood all over Bret's face.

Bret stumbles backwards and slams against the wall as he tries to wipe the blood off his face.

BRET (CONT)

No...no...no, this isn't happening.

He fumbles for a towel, wipes his face, then abruptly stops. Bret slowly pulls it away, wide eyed and confused.

BRET (CONT)

Oh God. Tina?

Bret, buries his face in the towel, pulls back, his eyes closed. He opens his eyes to see the blood gone and the mirror now back to normal.

INT. L.P.D. - PSYCHOLOGIST OFFICE - DAY

Clive sets alone. The door opens, in comes Dr. Tatum.

DR. TATUM

Thanks for bearing with me. I wanted to double check something.

He has a seat.

DR. TATUM (CONT)

Let's go over again what it was you saw in your vision.

CLIVE

For the last time, it wasn't a vision. That room was the room I saw when I died. Not like it, not similar to it. That room was the same room I was in yesterday.

DR. TATUM

There have been no documented accounts of...

CLIVE

Put your pen down for a minute.

Dr. Tatum sits back in his chair.

DR. TATUM

I'm listening, Clive.

CLIVE

I keep having this dream.

DR. TATUM

Go on.

BEGIN DREAM SEQUENCE:

EXT. ROAD SIDE - NIGHT

OFFICER BUSH, 35, escorts Clive to the side of the van.

OFFICER BUSH

I wouldn't bother you, but I
thought you should see this.

Officer Bush opens the side sliding door.

The flashlight beams move slowly around the cavity of the van and stops on a LITTLE GIRL, sitting cross legged, head down, rocking back and forth.

CLIVE

Little girl, are you okay?

She keeps rocking back and forth.

CLIVE (CONT)

Are you...

She looks up. Her eyes are stiched closed, her mouth taped shut with duct tape. On the tape, a large X written with a marker.

She leans her head back to reveal an open slit in her throat. She speaks through the slit that moves like lips.

LITTLE GIRL

You left me. He got made me.
You Fucked me like he did.

END DREAM SEQUENCE:

INT. L.P.D. - PSYCHOLOGIST OFFICE - DAY

Dr. Tatum sits dumfounded. He quietly starts writing.

INT. L.P.D. - VISITATION CELL - DAY

King visits with Derek. King seems pretty concerned.

KING

They treating you okay man?

DEREK

Yeah. Did they talk to you?

King has a seat across from Derek.

KING

Hell yeah, man. They went up my ass deep. So, did ya do it, homes? You know, I know you like them kids and all, but fuck, did ya duce 'em? Cause if you did...

DEREK

No man. I didn't do it. But they got all kinds of shit on me.

KING

Also heard about them lookin to put your ass down three times. Fuck man! Whata you do with that?

Derek stares down at his fidgeting, handcuffed, hands.

DEREK

My own attorney thinks I did it. I don't know where to go from here.

KING

Look, I'm gonna just say this, okay? You and me, we got time in. You feel me? It don't look like your ass is coming out. I mean with all this and you got a bunch of shit they didn't take in your apartment. The landlord's bitchin about...

DEREK

Take it man. I got no use for it.

KING

Even the bed, cause that's a nice bed, but I might not want it after all this shit you might've been doing in it.

DEREK

Look, just take what you want. Are we done?

King gets up.

KING

Yeah man, we're cool. Look, what ever happens, bro...

DEREK

Just get out man. Have a nice life, enjoy my shit.

INT. L.P.D. - FORENSICS LAB - DAY

Mackie works on a computer. Clive stands over him.

MACKIE

The web site owner's name is Chris. He agreed to five minutes on Skype.

CLIVE

What are we waitin on?

A few strokes of the keypad and they're connected.

INSERT COMPUTER SCREEN IMAGE: A streaming video of CHRIS, 30's with a headset on.

CHRIS

What can I help you gentlemen with?

CLIVE (O.S)

You host a website called Diablo Gore, correct?

CHRIS

Along with twelve others. And before you go into it, I got some of the best attorneys backed by the ACLU you're gonna find.

BACK TO SCENE:

CLIVE
I'm not looking to come at ya.
I just got a couple questions.

COMPUTER SCREEN IMAGE:

CHRIS
Go on.

CLIVE (O.S)
How do you get around being able to
post these videos?

CHRIS
Freedom of information and the
Cayman Islands. I'm in the
U.S., but my servers aren't.
Next question.

BACK TO SCENE:

Clive leans closer over Mackie's shoulder.

CLIVE
Where do they come from?

COMPUTER SCREEN IMAGE:

CHRIS
At first they were tough to find.
Now, they come to me.

CLIVE (O.S)
So you pay for 'em?

CHRIS
No. Hell no. My ching comes from
banner ads and porn. Look, everyone
wants their fifteen minutes.
A decade ago, camera phones were a
novelty. Today, everyone's
recording. Last question.

BACK TO SCENE:

Clive and Mackie look at each other, then to Chris.

MACKIE
So, you're saying it's all just
random people sending you videos
they just happen to record?

COMPUTER SCREEN IMAGE:

Chris grins.

CHRIS

Now and then private stock gets released when the owner's gotten tired of it. Sometimes a message needs to get out, like with the cartels. Mexicans alone will keep me busy for years.

CLIVE (O.S)

You mean snuff?

CHRIS

I mean we're done.

BACK TO SCENE:

CLIVE

How the fuck you sleep at night?

COMPUTER SCREEN IMAGE:

CHRIS

I sleep rich.

The computer screen goes black.

BACK TO SCENE:

INT. COURTHOUSE - JUDGE CHAMBERS - DAY

Roger and Dan sit across from Judge Morris.

ROGER

I'm here to discuss the state asking for three counts of the death penalty. Your honor, isn't killing a man once enough of a punishment? The defense sites Mr. Angel Diaz.

Dan gets up, paces around the room.

DAN

Your honor, Angel Diaz's execution was botched by inept prison staff. That's one case in hundreds.

ROGER

It took Angel Diaz thirty four minutes to die of lethal injection,

ROGER
and it's reported that he was in
excruciating pain the entire time.

JUDGE MORRIS
Prosecution?

DAN
The execution of Angel was a
textbook example of how not to kill
a condemned man. But, let's not
forget that just six months ago,
Texas death row inmate, Evan Grant,
was the first man to be executed
twice under this law and it went
off without a hitch.

Dan slaps his hand on the desk right next to Roger.

ROGER
Without a hitch? Are you kidding
me? That man came back from the
first execution, half insane with
horrifying visions he witnessed
while he was legally dead.

DAN
An added bonus.

JUDGE MORRIS
Roger, they've got the authority to
ask for individual punishments to
be carried out. Bearing in mind,
however, each case has to stand on
its own merits.

Dan leans in close to Roger.

DAN
You, ah heard they found snuff
videos. Just yesterday on Derek's
computer? Animal and human.

ROGER
This is hardly the time...

DAN
Including a video of Luka Magnotta
chopping up a young Chinese student
and fucking the dismembered corpse
before he fed pieces of the body to
his adorable little puppy.

Roger slams his paperwork on the table.

ROGER

All of which was downloaded. His computer never uploaded a single...

Dan stands up as does Roger. They go face to face.

DAN

Katlin Ashworth's picture was uploaded, Roger. It was uploaded from Derek Sanders' computer. That was also discovered yesterday. Call it what you want. These sons of bitches are dealing in death, and they're profiting from it.

INT. CITY MORGUE - DAY

Clive hurries through the door into Davies' office.

DAVIES

Very interesting results on some samples found at the crime scene.

CLIVE

Yeah? Like what?

Out of the folder, Davies pulls a Ziploc bag with EVIDENCE stamped on it. In it, a couple strands of hair.

DAVIES

Like the other samples, these were found near one of the bodies. A perfect match to our man in custody.

CLIVE

More evidence putting him there.

DAVIES

Something more curious though.

From another folder, a Ziploc bag, also containing hair.

DAVIES (CONT)

These were found in another room. They don't belong to any of the deceased or the defendant.

CLIVE

Could've been someone who lived there earlier.

DAVIES

No. When we got back the results of this hair sample, we found something unusual.

Davies clicks on a computer keyboard. The flat screen on the wall displays a toxicology graph.

DAVIES (CONT)

Say hello to Hyper-Reactive Malarial Splenomegaly.

CLIVE

Malaria?

Davies looks astonished.

CLIVE (CONT)

I read books.

DAVIES

Well, you're mostly right, and for that, the first round's on me.

CLIVE

I'll hold you to it.

DAVIES

This particular version of the virus occurs after having gotten over malaria. It's a form of re-infection typically marked by a large spleen and damaged liver.

CLIVE

And Derek?

DAVIES

None of the above, I'm sorry to say. But here's the kicker. DNA shows the hair to be that of someone related to those girls.

CLIVE

What? Are you sure?

DAVIES

There's no doubt about it.

CLIVE

I take that back. First round's on me tonight, Doc.

Clive's phone rings.

CLIVE (CONT)

This is Clive. Yeah, I'll be there
in a minute.

INT. L.P.D. - CAPTAIN MARCUS' OFFICE - DAY

Clive walks through the door to find Kandace, Bret and Dan,
all talking with Captain Marcus.

CAPTAIN MARCUS

Have a seat.

CLIVE

I'll stand. What's this about?

CAPTAIN MARCUS

The Ashworth family wants to
discuss...

DAN

My clients are filing a lawsuit
against the Leesville Police
department and in particular...you.

CLIVE

For what?

DAN

Had you followed police protocol
and called in for back up, the
suspect might've been apprehended
the night you discovered the van.

CLIVE

I did my job.

Kandace tries to interject.

KANDACE

Detective, no one really wants to
see this...

DAN

An officer lost his life.

Bret stands up assertively.

CLIVE

You think I don't know that.

DAN

With your gun. That gun is still
out there.

CLIVE
I'm aware of that. Quick question
for you.

Clive gets in Bret's face.

CLIVE (CONT)
Ever had Malaria?

BRET
Yeah, a long time ago, but...wait a
minute, why do you ask?

CLIVE
Just curious.

Kandace makes eye contact with Clive and attempts to calm
the escalating situation.

KANDACE
This can all be resolved without...

Bret talks over her.

BRET
You son of a fuckin bitch. You want
to accuse me of something? Is that
what this is? Had you done your
job, my little girls would still be
alive.

CLIVE
You wanna come at me with a suit?
Bring it. Bring it and stay out of
my way and let me do my job.

INT. "O'CALLAHAN'S" BAR - NIGHT

A CHAMPAGNE CORK pops. Foaming champagne spews out and down
the bottles neck. Dan pours into several glasses.

DAN
Two hours. It's a record somewhere.
Three indictments, three
convictions.

They raise their glasses. Clive walks up.

CLIVE
Pass me one of those.

DAN

Then you heard? Bartender, another bottle and keep 'em coming.

CLIVE

Whole country's heard.

Dan sizes Clive up for a moment.

DAN

What's on your mind, Clive?

CLIVE

Well...

Clive takes another shot.

CLIVE (CONT)

It should be interesting.

DAN

What's that?

CLIVE

Puttin someone down. Bringin 'em back. Kinda smacks of playing God, don't ya think?

DAN

I suppose. But it is the law.

CLIVE

Yeah? Well, I wonder what he might see.

DAN

Might see where?

Clive runs his finger around the edge of the shot glass.

CLIVE

On the other side. You know, when he dies.

DAN

Come on. Don't tell me you believe in that kinda thing, Clive?

Clive lifts his shot glass to get the bartender's attention.

CLIVE

Me? Just saying, we might be tripping a fine line here. That inmate they killed six months ago,

CLIVE

Evan Grant? That poor bastard came back from his first execution saying he saw the kids he murdered. Just seems like we might be going too far.

INT. COURTROOM - DAY

Judge Morris jots some notes, looks up. The crowd waits.

JUDGE MORRIS

Mr. Sanders, please rise.

Derek stands to face judgement.

JUDGE MORRIS (CONT)

Both sides have made their arguments, ad nauseum about sentencing you to death. I find your acts of wanton cruelty and brutality, nothing less than inhuman. Throughout these entire proceedings, you've shown no remorse for your crimes, or the torment you've put this family through. Do you have anything to say before I sentence you?

Derek looks around the room, makes eye contact with Bret.

DEREK

I'm sorry for what happened to those little girls. Maybe this is some sort of cosmic justice for all the other shit I've done.

JUDGE MORRIS

Having been found guilty of the murders of Katlin, Rachel and Tina Ashworth. It's the order of this court that you be executed for each of the three murders. The first of which is to commence as scheduled.

The gavel falls. The crowd erupts. Derek's escorted quickly out of the courtroom.

INT. L.P.D. - CAPTAIN MARCUS' OFFICE - DAY

Clive sits across from Captain Marcus and Dan.

DAN

Nobody wants to see this dragged
out any longer than necessary.

CAPTAIN MARCUS

What are you proposing?

DAN

My clients agree to drop the
charges if Clive retires his badge.

CLIVE

Your clients? You mean Bret?

Captain Marcus waves Clive off.

CAPTAIN MARCUS

As Captain of this police
department, it's my official stance
that we'll use our full resources
to keep this officer on duty.
I'm sorry for Mr. and Mrs.
Ashworth's loss, but you're not
gonna find some whipping post to
tie this man to in order to satisfy
your clients' need for revenge.

Dan stands up, grabs his folders.

DAN

That's your position?

Captain Marcus stands up.

CAPTAIN MARCUS

That's my position.

INT. LOUISIANA STATE PRISON - VISITOR'S ROOM - DAY

SUPER: 11 MONTHS LATER

Derek sits across from Roger. Neither look happy.

ROGER

Your appeal's been denied.

DEREK

So where do we go from here?

ROGER
We've expended all efforts to try
and get an appeal motion from any
of your family members but...

DEREK
But?

ROGER
No one's offered to go through.

DEREK
So what are you saying? That's it?

ROGER
With no appeals, It looks like the
execution date stands.

Derek quickly becomes agitated.

DEREK
The execution date stands? The
execution date stands? That's it?
It sounds like you're ordering
mother fucking fries with that.

ROGER
Derek, we're both under a lot of...

Derek slams his shackled hands on the table in a fury.

DEREK
Yeah, but only one of us is staring
down the business end of a needle.

Roger gets up, looks away.

DEREK (CONT)
The way you defended me, you might
as well be dropping the plunger
yourself. I didn't do it, and you
never believed me.

ROGER
Guards?

DEREK
You sell out son of a bitch.

Derek loses control and tries to break free.

ROGER
Guards?

The guards bust in to escort Roger out and subdue Derek.

DEREK

You gonna be there for the show?

Derek struggles against the guards.

DEREK (CONT)

(screaming)

Hey. I asked, you gonna be there?
It's gonna be great...just great.

INT. LOUISIANA STATE PRISON - DEATH CHAMBER

SUPER: EXECUTION DAY

A room of lime green tile walls and a large viewing window with a closed blind.

This room is all business.

In the center, a gurney with crucifix like arm extensions and thick leather wrist belts. Medical equipment sits in the corner, not to save, but to verify the death of an inmate.

Officer MacIntire discusses the procedure.

OFFICER MACINTIRE

All right gentlemen. As you're aware, this'll be an execution new to all of us. I, for one, want this carried out with as few bumps as possible.

OFFICER JONES, 35, checks a piece of equipment.

OFFICER MACINTIRE (CONT)

At 6:00PM, we'll begin the first of three executions of inmate Derek Sanders. Officer Jones will be attaching the two I.V's and the defib paddles.

They walk around the corner into a small room.

INJECTION ROOM

A table top device with I.V. lines attached, leads through a wall to the execution chamber. He nods to OFFICER BLAKE, 28.

OFFICER MACINTIRE (CONT)
Officer Blake, you'll administer
the required dose of sodium
thiopental at exactly 6-PM.

They walk back into the death chamber.

DEATH CHAMBER

And convene around the injection gurney.

OFFICER MACINTIRE (CONT)
And that's when the clock starts.

He refers to the HEART MONITOR in the corner.

OFFICER MACINTIRE (CONT)
When the monitor confirms the
inmate's demise, we go exactly four
minutes and forty five seconds.
At which time, Officer Jones will
engage the heart defibrillator,
delivering an electrical charge
across the heart.

He motions to Officer Blake.

OFFICER MACINTIRE (CONT)
And Officer Blake will administer
the dose of adrenalin into the
second I.V. line. At five minutes,
thirty seconds, we should have him
back.

OFFICER BLAKE
And if we don't?

OFFICER MACINTIRE
Well...then I suppose he dies and
we all go home.

EXT. LOUISIANA STATE PRISON - FRONT GATE - DAY

A group of ROWDY PROTESTORS, along with the news media, are
gathered. A CAMERA MAN and REPORTER give an update.

REPORTER
With just minutes to go, no one's
expecting a delay in this...the
first of three executions of Derek
Sanders.

INT. LOUISIANA STATE PRISON - WITNESS ROOM - DAY

A small group of people, including Bret and Kandace, wait nervously to be ushered into the death chamber witness room. King is among them.

BRET

Let's just get this over with.

KANDACE

It'll happen sweetheart.

Bret looks over to King.

BRET

I don't remember seeing you at the trial. How do you know him?

KING

I just know 'em.

BRET

Like his friend? You his friend?

KANDACE

Honey, I don't think this is really the place...

BRET

What? I'm just asking.

KING

I told you. I just know 'em.
Now why don't you just leave it at that?

A GUARD walks in.

GUARD

If you'll please follow me.

The group follows the officer into-

INT. LOUISIANA STATE PRISON - DEATH CHAMBER - WITNESS ROOM

The witnesses come in quietly and have a seat. Bret and Kandace hold hands. Clive walks in with Captain Marcus.

BRET

What the hell are you doing here?

CAPTAIN MARCUS

As the Detective on this case, the state requires Detective Washington to attend.

BRET

As the father of three murdered children, I'm telling him to leave.

KANDACE

Could you please...

Bret points to Clive.

BRET

I saw you look at him. You're in it together, ain't you. What has he told you? Tell me. What has he said to you?

CAPTAIN MARCUS

I'll suggest you get under control.

Clive looks back with rage.

KANDACE

Bret, please just sit down. Please?
Bret!

Bret reluctantly has a seat.

The CLOCK on the wall shows 5:55PM.

The blinds separating the two rooms, open. A few people gasp at the site of Derek on the gurney.

DEATH CHAMBER

Derek is strapped down tight. I.V. lines run from the injection room into both of his arms.

As his chest heaves in sheer panic, Derek looks over to the window and faces the witnesses.

OFFICER MACINTIRE

Derek Sanders, before your sentence is carried out, do you have anything you'd like to say?

Derek takes a moment.

DEREK

You're killing the wrong man.
You hear me? You're killing the
wrong man. If I don't come back,
you can all go to hell with me.

The clock on the wall hits exactly six o'clock.

OFFICER MACINTIRE

In accordance with Louisiana state
law, you've been condemned to death
by lethal injection. Officer
Blake...proceed.

INJECTION ROOM

With two red buttons pushed simultaneously by Officer Blake,
a SMALL BUBBLE flows through the clear plastic I.V. line
from the injector bank and through the wall into-

DEATH CHAMBER

The bubble continues to snake through the clear plastic path
until it disappears into Derek's arm.

Derek suddenly gasps for air. His eyes close, then slowly
flutter open as he struggles to find something to focus on.

The ceiling swirls and changes colors resembling boiling
water mixed with smoke. Lightning strikes from its center.

He clenches his fist repeatedly and lurches from side to
side as he labors for air like a fish out of water.

WITNESS ROOM

Bret stares intently at the killing. Kandace looks away.

BRET

Come on. Die, you piece of shit.

DEATH CHAMBER

The heart monitor suddenly changes. The display looks like
someone dying from a heart attack.

A few more seconds-

And Derek's lower jaw involuntarily contracts, then slowly drops open. The straight line on the monitor tells it all.

OFFICER MACINTIRE
Officer Jones?

Officer Jones looks up.

OFFICER JONES
Time of death, eighteen hundred
hours, two minutes, twenty seconds.

OFFICER MACINTIRE
Validate the death certificate and
start the clock, please.

Officer Jones signs a document.

The digital clock on the wall starts counting down from five minutes.

Derek's metaphysical body separates from his physical body and he approaches the ceiling. He looks down to see the officers stand around his body.

His metaphysical body is translucent as he rises higher and higher. He floats to the ceiling, clings against it. He looks back down in terror where his dead body lies.

DEREK
What the hell's happening to me?

Like a trap door, the ceiling flips over. Derek finds himself now on the floor in another dimension.

INT. AFTERLIFE ROOM - CONTINUOUS

A low lit room. Derek lies on the floor.

Standing in the corner are Katlin, 11, Rachel, 9 and Tina, 7, Ashworth. Derek lifts his head and slowly looks around.

DEREK
Where am I?

He notices the girls.

KATLIN
Not where...when.

DEREK

It's you, isn't it? You're those
three girls I'm being killed over.
But it doesn't make any sense.
Why am I...

KATLIN

You're a horrible man. We know who
you are. You didn't kill us, but
you've destroyed thousands like us.

Derek slowly comes to his feet.

DEREK

But you know I didn't do it. You
know who did. Tell me. Tell me and
I can...I'll take it back.

KATLIN

We don't have much time. I was the
first to die.

Rachel and Tina step forward.

RACHEL / TINA

(in unison)

And we were forced to watch.

The room goes totally black, then light reappears.

Only now they are transported to-

INT. ABANDONED OLD HOUSE - BEDROOM - NIGHT

The room they were tortured and murdered in. The very room
Clive observed.

Katlin's strapped to the bed. The two other girls,
handcuffed to the wall, stand on their tip-toes. Their
mouths are duct taped.

The four of them stand in the corner like ghosts, as it
unfolds like a horror story before them.

BEDROOM

A MASKED MAN walks into the room twirling a scalpel.

KATLIN(O.S)

He raped me over and over in front
of my sisters. When he walked in, I
knew he was done with me. I knew I
was gonna die.

The masked man strolls over to Rachel and slowly strokes her
face with the surgical blade.

MASKED MAN (CONT)

You're next, sweetheart.

He walks up to Tina.

MASKED MAN (CONT)

Saving you for last, butter-cup.

The masked man walks over to the bed where Katlin is tied
up, turns on a video camera mounted to a tripod. A red light
blinks. He drops to his knees beside her.

The scalpel catches a flash of light as it drops.

MASKED MAN (CONT)

Mmm...oooh...Amooore...

CORNER OF ROOM

Derek drops to his knees.

DEREK

Oh God.

BEDROOM

The masked man stands up, bloody scalpel in hand. On his
forearm, a TATTOO OF AN EYE INSIDE A GOLDEN STAR.

The room goes black, then illuminates. They're back at-

INT. AFTERLIFE ROOM

Derek, in disbelief, paces the room.

DEREK

His arm. That tattoo. I saw a
tattoo. What else did you see?

KATLIN

The room was dark. He was the only one there.

INT. LOUISIANA STATE PRISON - DEATH CHAMBER - DAY

Officer Jones looks at the digital clock on the wall.

OFFICER JONES

Four minutes, forty-five seconds.

OFFICER MACINTIRE

Begin defibrillation.

Officer Jones flips a switch. Derek's chest contracts.

OFFICER MACINTIRE

Begin adrenalin injection.

INJECTION ROOM

Officer Blake pushes a single button. A plunger drops. As the adrenalin floods into Derek's second I.V. line-

INT. AFTERLIFE ROOM

Derek grabs his chest.

DEREK

What's happening?

KATLIN

You're going back. Remember this...
Remember us.

The floor flips once again and-

DEATH CHAMBER

Derek's clings to the ceiling and looks down into the death chamber. He slowly descends back into his body.

The heart monitor flutters with erratic lines.

Derek's chest heaves upwards. He gasps for air.

Then screams out-

DEREK

Katlin!

WITNESS ROOM

Bret stands straight up from his seat.

BRET

What did he say?

DEATH CHAMBER

Derek's body convulses from the toxic drugs. The heart monitor fluctuates wildly.

DEREK

Oh God! Katlin!

WITNESS ROOM

Bret runs towards the glass. Guards move in, pull him away.

BRET

What about Katlin? You son of a bitch. What about her?

DEATH CHAMBER

The heart monitor goes flat. A steady line, a constant beep.

Officer MacIntire looks up to the digital clock.

The digital clock now shows plus 30 seconds.

OFFICER MACINTIRE

Get 'em back, Officer Blake.

OFFICER BLAKE

Two hundred C.C.'s adrenaline.

Derek lies motionless.

Officer MacIntire gives a look of urgency to Officer Blake.

The digital clock on the wall goes to plus 45 seconds.

OFFICER MACINTIRE
Officer Blake, are we calling it?

The heart monitor sputters back to a rhythm. Derek gasps for air once again, his chest heaves.

OFFICER MACINTIRE (CONT)
Alright then.

WITNESS ROOM

witnessBret's forcefully pulled back across the room by Captain Marcus and Clive.

BRET
What about her? What about her?

Bret notices who's grabbing him.

BRET (CONT)
Get your fucking hands off me.

CLIVE
Man! Calm the hell down.

Bret forces himself away from Clive, falls backwards, stumbles over some chairs and lands on his back.

Clive notices a large scar on Bret's right arm.

BRET
If you ever touch me again, I swear, I'll kill you.

DEATH CHAMBER

Officer Blake quickly shuts the blinds.

OFFICER MACINTIRE
Unhook 'em. Get him to the infirmary. Lord have mercy.

Derek twitches uncontrollably.

WITNESS ROOM

Everyone composes themselves. Clive's phone rings.

CLIVE

Yeah? What? I'll be right there.

He flips his phone shut and heads for the door.

INT. CLIVE'S POLICE CAR - DAY

Clive flies down the highway, sirens and light going.

He's on the phone.

CLIVE

Put me through to Davies.

He quickly grows irritated.

CLIVE (CONT)

Come on...come on. Davies, get your stuff, meet me at the abandoned paper mill across from Vernon Parish bridge.

EXT. "RAYWALL" PAPER MILL - DAY

CLIVE'S KNEE, slams into dirt, right next to an exposed BLUE SOCK with a landscape nail embedded in the heel.

Clive leans in to take a closer look.

A BULLET CASING dangles over the end of the nail.

Several Officers secure the area with yellow tape.

CLIVE

(whispers in disbelief)

It's gotta be a copy cat.

Davies approaches the scene and stops dead in his tracks.

Clive stands up.

CLIVE (CONT)

It's gotta be a copy cat, right?

DAVIES

There was another hair at that house, Clive.

Officer Malory urgently arrives.

OFFICER MALORY
Two more girls just went missing.

CLIVE
Fuck! Get her to the morgue.
Find out what you can.

Clive storms off.

DAVIES
Where you going?

CLIVE
To visit a dead man.

INT. LOUISIANA STATE PRISON - INFIRMARY - DAY

Derek lies asleep. Clive stands beside his bed.

A DOCTOR, young, nerdy, walks in to check on him.

CLIVE
Is he gonna be okay?

DOCTOR
That depends? He just took a lethal
overdose, backed up with a double
shot of adrenaline. Not to mention
being kick-started like a car.
Yeah, he'll be fine.

Derek opens his eyes.

CLIVE
Derek, can you hear me?

Derek struggles to focus on Clive. He looks around the room.

DEREK
They're in there.

CLIVE
Who's in where, Derek?

Derek coughs and struggles to stay conscious.

CLIVE (CONT)
Who's in where, Derek? Derek?

Derek opens his eyes, forces the words out.

DEREK
Dead ones. Girls. They...they saw

Derek loses consciousness. Clive shakes him.

CLIVE

Saw, who, what? Derek...Derek?

Clive looks to the doctor.

CLIVE (CONT)

Is he dead?

DOCTOR

Sleeping. That's enough for now.
Let him rest.

CLIVE

You call me when he wakes up.

INT. ASHWORTH HOME - LIVING ROOM - DAY

Bret and Kandace walk through the front door into the living room. Bret's on the phone.

BRET

Yeah, I just heard. I'll have to
call you back.

He hangs up the phone, grabs the remote, turns on the T.V.

INSERT TELEVISION SCREEN IMAGE: A REPORTER addresses the camera from the opposite side of the Raywall paper plant.

REPORTER

Police are calling this a copy cat,
but with the evidence still being
gathered, it's too soon to tell.
But it has been confirmed that two
more girls have gone missing.

BACK TO SCENE:

Bret throws the remote against the wall, shattering it.

BRET

What is that? Huh? What is that? On
the same day we get to watch that
son of a bitch finally pay...this?
We get this?

Bret loses control. He sweeps the lamp off of the end table.
It barely misses Kandace, but she's had enough.

KANDACE

What's wrong with you? I'm not the enemy here. Why do you keep treating me like I am?

She grabs her things, heads for the front door.

KANDACE (CONT)

You need to calm down, and I need to get outta here for a little while.

BRET

That's it. Leave. Leave like you left our girls that day.

Kandace freezes in her tracks, turns around, looks at him.

KANDACE (CONT)

You...you blame me for that day?

She walks up to Bret and looks him in the eyes.

KANDACE (CONT)

(whispers)

Answer me.

Bret looks away, tears stream from his eyes.

KANDACE (CONT)

(screams)

Answer me.

He looks at her with eyes of contempt.

BRET

You were late getting them.

Kandace stares dumbfounded.

KANDACE

Is that what you really think? Because, if you really believe that, then you're going to lose me too. Is that what you want?

BRET

I don't know what I want. I just know that when I look at you, all I see is our little girls in your eyes and it's tearing me apart.

INT. CITY MORGUE - DAY

Clive bursts through the door.

DAVIES
Just in time.

CLIVE
For what?

DAVIES
We just took the nail out of our
little girl's heel.

CLIVE
Have you I.D'd her yet?

DAVIES
Just a Jane for now. But the nail
is very telling.

Davies holds the bloody landscape nail in the air.

DAVIES
It's the same nail, Clive.

CLIVE
Yeah, but that was in the news.

Davies points to the barbs cut into the nail.

DAVIES
But the fact that the nails were
barbed wasn't. There's something
else. That shell casing we found
hanging on this nail. It was used
on her.

CLIVE
What? Wait a minute. You saying she
was shot? But he didn't shoot the
Ashworth girls.

DAVIES
None the less. The bullet we
removed had a match. Clive, he's
using your gun.

INT. COURTHOUSE - JUDGE CHAMBERS - DAY

Roger and Judge Morris talk as Dan enters.

DAN

Anyone mind telling me what this is about?

ROGER

I just spoke with Derek. He claims he had an encounter with the murdered girls during the time he was pronounced dead.

JUDGE MORRIS

I'll be honest. I'm a bit confused as to why we're all here as well.

ROGER

He also claims he has information about the killer.

DAN

We prosecuted and convicted the killer, Roger. You mean to say, you called us here because this psycho had a dream while he was dead?

Roger gets up from his chair.

ROGER

I'm saying he came back with a firsthand account of the murder of one of the girls.

DAN

Of course, it's a first hand account. He was there when they were murdered. Maybe...just maybe, during this bastard's inevitable descension to hell, he's reliving the reality of what he did.

Dan points to Roger.

DAN (CONT)

Now that's justice.

JUDGE MORRIS

Gentlemen, court's over. I'm inclined to agree with Dan on this one. The man's been tried, convicted and has served one of three executions. He'll serve the remainder of the executions, Roger.

INT. L.P.D. - VISITING CELL - DAY

SUPER: TWO WEEKS LATER

Clive sits across from Roger and Derek. Derek looks bad. Dark bags under his eyes along with obvious weight loss.

His arms show veins, black from poisoned I.V. lines.

ROGER

You understand, this is on the record, Clive?

CLIVE

You're claiming you saw the Ashworth girls when you were dead? In the room they were murdered in? Is that right?

DEREK

Yeah, that's right.

Clive takes some notes.

CLIVE

Describe the room for me.

Derek studies Clive for a moment.

DEREK

Yeah, okay. Your typical busted up old room. A mattress on the floor. Two of the girls were...

CLIVE

Handcuffed to the wall?

Derek pauses long enough to try and size Clive up.

DEREK

What is this?

CLIVE

Did you upload the video you shot of them to any gore sites?

Derek leans in.

DEREK

You'll wanna pay attention.

Clive stares straight in Derek's eyes.

DEREK (CONT)

I didn't kill those little girls.
Don't know who did, but they do.
They saw things.

CLIVE

Your computer had videos and
pictures on it.

DEREK

Yeah, I had videos. I never had
those girls though. Don't know how
that shit got on my computer, okay?

Clive stops writing and looks up.

CLIVE

We found murder videos on your
computer. We found the websites.

Derek casually leans back in his chair.

DEREK

So, that's what this shit's about.
Okay. Look, what's out there ain't
nothin new.

CLIVE

And you're just alright with that?
You're okay with buying and selling
this trash? Two more girls just
went missing. Did you know that?

DEREK

Yeah, I heard. Look, I don't film
it, so don't you fuckin judge me.
I ain't the cause.

CLIVE

What does one have to do with...

Derek grows agitated at the questioning.

DEREK

You still haven't figured this out?

CLIVE

I get it. You're into snuff. What I
don't understand...

DEREK

A bloody death is sweeter than sex.
Just telling ya, the same shit that
went on back in the coliseums,
never really went away.

He leans in close to Clive and taps his finger on the table.

DEREK (CONT)

Only now, the coliseum's online.
Only now, it's called gore. Get it?

Derek leans back, chuckles.

CLIVE

What about that's so damn amusing?

DEREK

I didn't say I was amused, did I?
I said I enjoyed it. By the way,
those missing girls...

Derek grins.

DEREK

Can you get me some pictures?

CLIVE

You're a sick son of a bitch.
Who the hell are you getting off on
these kids?

Derek slams violently against his chains, screams in anger.

DEREK

Cause that's what I like to do,
mother fucker. You get that?
You came here. You're the one
asking all the questions. If you
don't like the answers, stop asking
and get the fuck out.

INT. L.P.D. - CAPTAIN MARCUS' OFFICE - DAY

Clive sits across from Captain Marcus.

CAPTAIN MARCUS

After looking at all the facts, the
internal investigation decided to
clear you of any wrongdoing, Clive.

CLIVE

And your take on it?

CAPTAIN MARCUS

An officer lost his life that
night. We almost lost you. I think
I would have done it the same way
you did. Put it to bed.

CLIVE

I'll put it to bed when we find the second man. Yesterday, Derek mentioned that the man he saw had a tattoo on his arm.

CAPTAIN MARCUS

You don't think he's not just making this shit up to have us chasing our tails?

CLIVE

Bret has a large scar on his right arm. Where you suppose he got it?

A tap at the door. Officer Malory sticks his head in.

OFFICER MALORY

Hey Clive, someone just called here and said you should check your email inbox.

CLIVE'S DESK

Clive opens his inbox and double clicks on a video tab attached to the email.

INSERT COMPUTER IMAGE: A LITTLE GIRL, bound and gagged in a chair.

In the background, another LITTLE GIRL, face down in a pool of blood.

A GLOVED HAND comes into view and moves matted hair from her face. Tears stream down her cheeks.

Clive's gun comes into view.

MASKED MAN

Look familiar?

He strokes her cheek with the gun.

MASKED MAN (CONT)

Isn't she sweet?

The barrel slowly presses against her eye for what seems like an eternity.

BACK TO SCENE:

Clive shakes with rage as the scene unfolds. A tear falls from his eye.

POW!

Clive lurches at the sound of the gun shot.

Followed by repeated shots - Over and over.

MASKED MAN (V.O)

You can find this trash in the
dumpster at the park.

CLIVE

You son of a bitch.

Clive picks the computer monitor up and throws it across the room and shatters it against a desk.

INT. LOUISIANA STATE PRISON - DEATH ROW - DAY

SUPER: DAY OF THE SECOND EXECUTION

Derek sits at the edge of his cot, head down, rubbing a rosary. His arms scarred from puncture wounds.

The rustle of GUARDS as they approach.

GUARD(O.S)

Derek Sanders.

Derek looks up. Deep black bags under his eyes and the overwhelmed look of a man about to die...again.

GUARD(O.S)

Let's go.

The rosary slips from his fingers to the floor.

INT. LOUISIANA STATE PRISON - DEATH CHAMBER - DAY

Derek lies on the gurney. The officers secure him. Officer Blake lines up an I.V. needle.

He glances up to Officer Blake.

DEREK

Good luck with that.

Officer Blake pauses.

DEREK (CONT)

They're hard as nails.

Officer Blake gets the I.V.'s in and gives the go ahead.

OFFICER MACINTIRE
Officer Jones?

Officer Jones looks from behind the wall where the injection bank is located.

OFFICER JONES
Injection bank's loaded.

OFFICER MACINTIRE
Two minutes.

The window blinds open.

WITNESS ROOM

Clive sits with Captain Marcus in the back corner.

Bret and Kandace sit in the front. He looks back at them.

BRET
I want you to know this isn't over.

KANDACE
Please...please Bret, can we just
get through this?

DEATH CHAMBER

Officer MacIntire keeps it moving.

OFFICER MACINTIRE
Does the prisoner have a last
statement?

Derek stares straight at Bret.

DEREK
You listening to me out there?

WITNESS ROOM

Bret stares back at Derek. Through the speaker, he listens to Derek's last words.

DEREK
(through the speaker)
I might've done my share of low
down, but I ain't a murderer. But
ya'll are. All of you. You hear me?

DEATH CHAMBER

Office MacIntire motions for the proceedings to begin.

OFFICER MACINTIRE
Derek Sanders, in accordance with
Louisiana state law, you're to be
put to death by lethal injection.
Officer Blake...proceed.

A few seconds of silence is shattered by Derek's shriek.

DEREK
No...no...no...no...

OFFICER MACINTIRE
Officer Jones, what's going on?

Officer Jones sticks his head around the corner.

OFFICER JONES
The injection's complete. I...I
don't know why he's not...

Derek violently convulses on the gurney, his hands clench,
his eyes wildly look around.

DEREK
I feel it. I can beat it, I can
beat it.

OFFICER MACINTIRE
Load that second cartridge. Now!

The heart monitor in the corner is off the charts.

WITNESS ROOM

The room erupts in pandemonium.

CLIVE
What the hell's going on in there?

DAN
Why isn't he dying?

DEATH CHAMBER

Derek, with a contorted look of rage on his face, looks down at his arms.

DEREK
Feel...iiiiittt...

Derek's arms morph into long grey trails of smoke. They're pulled upwards to the ceiling.

The heart monitor flat lines along with a steady buzz. Derek's metaphysical body stretches and then separates from his body.

His metaphysical body is pulled towards the return air vent in the ceiling, then is sucked through-

INT. ABANDONED OLD HOUSE - BEDROOM - NIGHT

And reappears in the middle of the room of horror. In the corner is the body of Katlin. Flies swarm around a blood soaked sheet that covers her decomposing body.

Rachel is bound on the bed, Tina on the floor beside her. The masked man walks into the room, tackle box in hand.

MASKED MAN
Miss me, candy cane?

With rubber gloves on, he opens the tackle box, pulls out some hair, scatters it around the room.

RACHEL(O.S)
I was the second to die.

Derek spins around to see the two remaining girls.

TINA
And he forced me to watch.

DEATH CHAMBER

With the chaos under control, the guards compose themselves, then continue with their duties.

OFFICER BLAKE
Death confirmed...eighteen hundred hours, three minutes and twenty eight seconds. Certificate validated and signed.

The officers make nervous eye contact acknowledging something went terribly wrong.

OFFICER MACINTIRE
Time to defib?

OFFICER BLAKE
Three minutes, twelve seconds.

OFFICER MACINTIRE
Officer Jones, you have that
adrenaline ready now.

OFFICER JONES
On board...standing by.

WITNESS ROOM

Clive leans forward in his chair.

CLIVE
Bring me something back.

Bret turns back and glares at Clive.

INT. ABANDONED OLD HOUSE - NIGHT - BEDROOM

The masked man leans down and peels back the tape covering Rachel's mouth. He reaches in and pulls out a small piece of plastic from the tackle box.

MASKED MAN
Little something for the po-peeps.

He shoves the plastic into Rachel's mouth. She bites his thumb, causing him to yell out.

MASKED MAN
You little bitch. I was gonna let
ya have me one more time but I
think I'm about done with you.

ABANDONED BEDROOM - CORNER

Derek puts his hands over his eyes but sees right through them. Nothing can block his view.

DEREK
God...please.

ABANDONED BEDROOM

The masked man grabs a baseball bat that leans against the wall and takes a couple practice swings as he approaches Rachel.

He slowly whistles "Take me out to the ball game" as he turns on the camera. The light blinks.

MASKED MAN

Any last words fore I crack you
into left field?

He stands over her.

MASKED MAN (CONT)

No?

He looks back to the camera.

MASKED MAN (CONT)

Since I know you like to watch
too...enjoy.

The SHADOW on the wall shows the bat fly down hard as a dull but loud THUD echoes throughout room.

Followed by another thud...and another...and another.

The masked man licks some of the blood from the bat.

MASKED MAN (CONT)

Mmmm...fuck that's good.

He throws the bat to the floor and grabs the camera. As he pulls it from the tripod, the MEMORY CARD pops out and drops into a crack on the floor.

DEATH CHAMBER

Close up: Derek's face. Closed eyes, SUDDENLY open wide.

Derek convulses. The heart monitor fluctuates wildly. Officer MacIntire looks up at the digital clock.

The digital clock shows - plus ten seconds.

OFFICER MACINTIRE

Kill the defib.

OFFICER JONES

Sir, I just started the injection.

OFFICER MACINTIRE
Then how in the hell did he come
back so quick?

The heart monitor steadies out. Derek looks around the room.

OFFICER BLAKE
Can you hear me?

He snaps his fingers. Derek nods, then seizes up stiff as a
board, his head swings side to side.

OFFICER MACINTIRE
Close the blinds.

They do as they're told.

OFFICER MACINTIRE (CONT)
Would anyone mind telling me what
the hell just happened?

They all look at each other for an answer.

OFFICER MACINTIRE (CONT)
Get 'em to the infirmary.

Officer Blake clamps the I.V. lines with hemostats and cuts
the lines. Derek's wheeled quickly out of the room.

Clive and Dan slams through the door.

CLIVE
What the hell was that?

OFFICER MACINTIRE
We're working on it right now.

CLIVE
The way he bowed up, hell, I
thought he was going to explode.

Officer Jones exits from the injection bank room.

OFFICER JONES
Sir, I gave him 178 percent more
than the required dosage in order
to complete the execution.

OFFICER MACINTIRE
And the adrenaline?

OFFICER JONES
Barely hit his arm before we got
'em back.

WITNESS ROOM

Bret gets up, paces the room.

BRET

I have to find out what he saw.

KANDACE

You need to stay away from him.

BRET

Why? Because of what he sees? If he saw 'em again, I've gotta know.

KANDACE

Sweetheart, you're torturing yourself. He doesn't see them. He's messing with your head and you're letting him.

INT. LOUISIANA STATE PRISON - INFIRMARY - DAY

Derek is wild eyed and rambling as they work to remove the I.V.'s from his arms.

DEREK

Time to tell, tell, tell.

He stares at his arms.

DEREK (CONT)

Pull from...trail...smoke.

CLIVE

What's he rambling about?

DOCTOR

His brain's misfiring.

Derek shakes his head, tries to get the words out.

DEREK

Flad...floor...crack.

CLIVE

A floor crack? What the hell is he talking about?

DAN

What about a floor, Derek?

Derek tries to raise his hand to his mouth.

DEREK
Middle girl...card...floor.

CLIVE
Rachel? You mean Rachel? A card on
the floor? In that room?

Derek sticks his thumb up.

DAN
There's something in the floor?
Is that what you're saying?

Derek blacks out.

CLIVE
Shit.

INT. ABANDONED OLD HOUSE - DAY

CLOSE UP: Tweezers slowly pull a memory card from a crack.

Clive holds it up to the light.

CLIVE
Son of a bitch.

INT. L.P.D. - FORENSICS LAB - DAY

A group watches as the horror plays out on the monitor.

MASKED MAN (V.O)
Turn away - I'll make you pay hard.

DAN
Jesus.

CLIVE
The voice ain't right.

Everyone reacts horrified as the scene unfolds.

MASKED MAN (V.O)
Since, I know you like to watch
too...enjoy.

As the sound of the slamming bat echoes through the room, a
couple of people exit the room.

CLIVE
Freeze it.

The video stops.

CLIVE (CONT)
Rewind it...stop...right there.

Clive leans in close to the screen.

INSERT TELEVISION SCREEN IMAGE: The image of a dark complected arm, holding a bat in the air. On the forearm, a tattoo of a star and eye.

BACK TO SCENE:

CLIVE
Can't say who it is, but I can sure
as hell tell you who it ain't.
It ain't Derek. I want to talk to
Bret. Get him down here.

INT. CITY MORGUE - DAY

Davies hands a sheet of paper to Clive.

DAVIES
Finger print from the chip was
identified as Santiago Dominguez.

CLIVE
Last known address?

DAVIES
Afraid not. A little more time and
we should have more information.

Clive walks off.

CLIVE
Time is one thing I don't have,
Davies. Email what you got to
Mackie.

DAVIES
On its way.

Clive gets on his cell phone.

CLIVE
Mack. I want a BOLO on Santiago
Dominguez and I want it before I
hang up this phone.

He hangs up his phone.

INT. ASHWORTH HOME - LIVING ROOM - DAY

The front door opens, Kandace walks in.

KANDACE

Bret?

She looks around the room, it's filthy. In another part of the house, she can hear Bret's voice.

BRET (O.S)

It looks good sweetheart. You did such a good job.

KANDACE

Bret? Hello? Captain Marcus called. They found some new evidence and want to talk to you.

Kandace walks up the stairs. Bret's voice grows closer.

BRET (O.S)

You colored that just right. You got out of the lines a little bit though sweetheart. No, of course I'm not mad...I love you too, baby.

HALLWAY

KANDACE

Bret, who you talking to?

Kandace approaches the girls' bedroom.

KANDACE (CONT)

Hello?

BRET (O.S)

Shhh. Someone's here. I know, let's play hide and seek, okay? I'll come find you, baby girl.

KANDACE

Bret, are you...

A loud GUN SHOT rings out.

KANDACE

(squeals)

Bret!

She slams through the door. From the hall, the view of Bret's blood spattered legs convulsing on the bed. The wooden stock of a shotgun, between his knees.

KANDACE(O.S)

Oh God no, Bret.

SLOW FADE TO BLACK:

FADE IN:

INT. COURTHOUSE - JUDGE CHAMBERS - DAY

Dan, Roger and Judge Morris discuss the new findings.

ROGER

We have no choice but to re-try him with the new evidence.

DAN

I don't know if you've noticed Roger, but we've already put this man down twice. What do you think'll happen if he's found not guilty? A pat on the back? A heart-felt sorry, we didn't mean to kill you?

JUDGE MORRIS

Everybody just take a step back. How do we know these two men weren't in the room together?

DAN

Exactly.

ROGER

My client saw the memory chip fall when he was dead. He watched it happen. The police even missed it.

DAN

And like I argued before, that's because he was in the room the first time and the evidence proved it beyond a doubt.

Roger stands up.

ROGER

Then why in the hell didn't he mention it sooner, Dan? He wasn't even in the video.

JUDGE MORRIS

Roger has a point. But let's look at this for what it is.

ROGER

Exactly what is that?

JUDGE MORRIS

A train we can't stop. Dan made a valid point, Roger. Where do we go from here? A re-trial? That would only serve to put the entire process in question and we would all be served up to every nut out there who wants to abolish capital punishment.

ROGER

Is that what this is about? Our careers? A man's life is at stake.

Dan stands up and gets in Roger's face.

DAN

He doesn't have a life anymore. He's legally dead. He's been found guilty and sentenced. We can't stop this now, Roger. Even if we wanted to. Use your head.

Judge Morris stands now.

JUDGE MORRIS

I'll remind you, we never had this conversation, gentlemen.

The three stare each other down for a moment.

JUDGE MORRIS (CONT)

But I'll stand with Dan on this one. I won't be re-opening the case. Not on a video that neither proves or disproves his guilt.

ROGER

You realize what you're doing? His blood will be on your hands. Don't you forget that. Either of you.

Roger slams the door on his way out.

DAN

What do you think he'll do?

JUDGE MORRIS

Let him calm down. He'll figure it out. At this point, we really don't have a choice.

EXT. ASHWORTH HOME - DRIVE WAY - DAY

Kandace sits in the back of Clive's car. The house is taped off as police officers mill about.

Two CORONERS wheel a gurney with the covered remains of Bret through the front door to an awaiting van.

INT. CLIVE'S POLICE CAR

Clive gets into the front seat, looks in the mirror.

CLIVE

Kandace, I don't know what to...

Kandace tries to compose herself.

KANDACE

Bret wasn't the same after seeing our girls that day in the station. You would've liked him before all this. He was a good man.

Clive continues to stare into the rear view mirror.

KANDACE (CONT)

I also know, you were only doing your job. I'm dropping the suit.

CLIVE

I'm here if there's anything I can help you with, Kandace.

INT. LOUISIANA STATE PRISON - VISITOR'S ROOM - DAY

King looks across the table to Derek.

KING

Man, you look like shit. Anything I can do for ya?

DEREK

I'm just ready to do this. Whata ya want?

KING

Just to say, it's been real, man.

DEREK

That's it? Okay man. What else you doing?

King perks up and leans in.

KING

What else am I doing? Let me tell ya. I got a new warehouse space. Over on Lotus, in the warehouse district. Gonna finish up on some business I started, then I'm moving on man.

DEREK

That's good on you bro. Look man...

King gets up, knowing he's overstayed his welcome.

KING

Na, it's cool, homes. I just wanted to give my peace. On out, you'll be alright...you know...wherever it is your ass ends up.

DEREK

Yeah. Okay.

King looks around briefly.

KING

So, ah...just puttin this out there...me to you.

He leans in to Derek.

KING (CONT)

You want it taped?

Derek glances up.

KING (CONT)

I'll make you go viral.

INT. L.P.D. - CLIVE'S DESK - DAY

Clive works at his computer. Captain Marcus walks up.

CAPTAIN MARCUS
Anything on those finger prints?

CLIVE
Belongs to Santiago Dominguez.
No last known address, but we're
tracking it now.

Captain Marcus sizes Clive up for a moment.

CAPTAIN MARCUS
But?

Clive tosses a file on his desk.

CLIVE
Derek wasn't in that room.

CAPTAIN MARCUS
Maybe he was behind the camera.

CLIVE
No. The killer turned it on. He
spoke like he was the only one
there. The plastic in her mouth was
supposed to be when she was
suffocated. She died of blunt
force. No other trace of plastic
was found.

CAPTAIN MARCUS
You think it was planted?

CLIVE
If it was, then everything putting
Derek or anyone else in that room
was.

CAPTAIN MARCUS
You realize what you're saying?

CLIVE
The D.A. and the defense have this
information too. So far, nobody's
moved on it.

INT. LOUISIANA STATE PRISON - DEATH ROW

SUPER: EXECUTION DAY - ONE HOUR BEFORE EXECUTION

Roger visits with Derek.

ROGER

We looked at all of the...

DEREK

You can stop there. I need you to tell me something though, Roger. Are you as big a piece of trash in life as you are in that courtroom?

ROGER

Look, Derek...I'm just here to...

DEREK

You guys found that chip, I know you did. But here I am...still gettin' the juice. That means you turned me out, mother fucker.

A guard walks up.

GUARD

Last meal and Chaplain call.

DEREK

Fuck 'em both. I want to talk to that cop.

Derek looks to Roger.

DEREK

You can leave.

Roger gets up, heads toward the cell door.

DEREK (CONT)

Hey.

Roger turns around to leave.

DEREK (CONT)

You remember what we just talked about, when they're puttin me down. You do that...okay?

INT. LOUISIANA STATE PRISON - DEATH CHAMBER

Office MacIntire completes the checklist.

OFFICER MACINTIRE

Alright gentlemen, he'll be here in five. I don't need to remind you that this needs to go cleanly. Officer Jones, we good?

OFFICER JONES
More than enough.

OFFICER MACINTIRE
Officer Blake, we good on your end?

OFFICER BLAKE
Hundred percent.

INT. LOUISIANA STATE PRISON - DEATH ROW

Clive walks up to Derek's cell.

CLIVE
You wanted to talk to me?

DEREK
Rumor has it, we got something in
common.

CLIVE
Appears so.

DEREK
Well, if you saw what I saw, then
you know where I'm going. I suppose
this is what I get. But why you?

CLIVE
I don't know. Doesn't make sense if
nothing can be changed.

INT. LOUISIANA STATE PRISON - WITNESS ROOM - DAY

The same group waits to be ushered in.

KING
Heard about your husband.

KANDACE
He was a good man.

KING
This shoulda been his day too.
Sorry for your pain.

KANDACE
Thank you.

A guard walks in.

GUARD
Would ya'll mind coming this way,
please?

INT. LOUISIANA STATE PRISON - DEATH CHAMBER

Derek's strapped on the gurney with I.V. lines attached.

OFFICER MACINTIRE
Do me a favor.

DEREK
What's that?

OFFICER MACINTIRE
Try not to be so damn hard to kill
this round. You scared the shit out
of those poor folks last time.

Derek understands the gesture for what it is.

DEREK
(a forced grin)
I'll do that.

OFFICER MACINTIRE
Alright then. Open the curtain.

The curtains open. Derek keeps his eyes closed.

WITNESS ROOM

Kandace stares down at the floor. King gazes at Kandace.

INT. LOUISIANA STATE PRISON - DEATH CHAMBER

Derek opens his eyes.

OFFICER MACINTIRE
Derek Sanders, before your sentence
is carried out, you have anything
you'd like to say?

DEREK
I hope...I hope this does
someone...

Derek looks around the room and makes eye contact with
Clive.

He sighs deeply.

DEREK

Just do it.

OFFICER MACINTIRE

In accordance with Louisiana state law, you've been condemned to death by lethal injection. Officer Jones...proceed.

INJECTION ROOM

The plungers drop a double dose into the I.V. lines.

OFFICER JONES

Bank engaged.

DEATH CHAMBER

Derek gasps hard and deep as he throws his head side to side, trying to focus.

He looks through the glass window into the witness room-

WITNESS ROOM

King turns on his phone video recorder and slides it into his shirt pocket that has a small hole in it.

With one arm around Kandace, King waves to Derek with his other hand.

On King's forearm, a TATTOO of a GOLDEN STAR with an EYEBALL in the center.

A sinister smile stretches across his face.

DEATH CHAMBER

Derek's eyes grow wide. The realization hits him as the poison takes him.

The ceiling light pulses with brilliant, multicolored light swirling from its center. From the center of the light pulse, a beam that pulls Derek from his body upwards.

DEREK
You son of a biiii...

OFFICER JONES
Two banks deposited.

OFFICER MACINTIRE
Officer Blake?

The heart monitor erratically flutters.

OFFICER BLAKE
Full cardiac arrest.

Derek's chest heaves, once more and then a solid white line appears on the monitor along with a steady buzz.

Derek's metaphysical body separates from his now deceased corpse, straight into-

INT. ABANDONED OLD HOUSE - NIGHT

Derek appears in the room of horror, right as the masked man enters with a shovel. The bloated, covered remains of Rachel and Katlin lay stacked in the corner.

Flies swarm around the bodies. Maggots cover the sheet.

TINA(O.S)
I was alone.

Derek spins around and rushes over to Tina in the corner.

TINA (CONT)
When he came back.

DEREK
No. This can't be where it ends.

He lunges at The masked man, only to pass through him.

DEREK (CONT)
No, you son of a bitch. No.

Derek swings desperately at the masked man.

MASKED MAN
It's been sweet, but I think it's time for some fresh candy.

He twirls the shovel in his hand. Tina looks up from the bed. She's tired, ready to die.

MASKED MAN (CONT)

But, since you're the last, I
really don't see the harm...

He pulls the mask off.

KING

In showing you, who's been givin
you so much pleasure.

DEATH CHAMBER

Derek lies motionless, a blank stare, mouth slightly open.

OFFICER MACINTIRE

Time of death?

OFFICER BLAKE

Eighteen hundred hours, three
minutes, eight seconds.

OFFICER MACINTIRE

Sign and validate the death
certificate. Mic on.

He turns to look at the group in the witness room.

OFFICER MACINTIRE (CONT)

In accordance with Louisiana state
law, Derek Sanders has been
pronounced dead by lethal
injection. Mic off.

The blinds close.

OFFICER MACINTIRE (CONT)

Get 'em to the prison morgue.

INT. ABANDONED OLD HOUSE - NIGHT

Wind swirls to form a TORNADO in the room. Images appear in
it's center.

MONTAGE:

INT. PORN SHOP - NIGHT

King hands Derek some crack, then takes it back.

KING

Twenty dollars right now bitch.

King drops the bag with Derek's print on the counter, then grabs another bag and hands it back to him.

INT. DEREK'S APARTMENT - DAY

King reaches into his pocket, pulls out some BLONDE HAIRS, sprinkles them on Derek's carpet. Derek reenters the room.

KING

Still into that kiddy shit huh?

END MONTAGE:

RETURN TO SCENE:

Derek points defiantly at King.

DEREK

You piece of shit. You destroyed those girls. You destroyed that family.

Wind blows wildly around the room as debris swirls everywhere. Derek throws his arms up defiantly.

DEREK (CONT)

It's not through. It can't end this way. It won't end this way.

King lifts the shovel high over Tina.

KING

If it makes you feel any better, sweetheart...you were the tastiest.

DEREK

No...no...no, you son of a bitch.

The shovel comes down.

INT. PRISON MORGUE

Derek lies motionless under the sheet.

Until-

Suddenly life surges back into him. He lunges violently.

DEREK

Tina, Nooo. Get off of her. Get off
of her. No...no...no.

Derek falls from the gurney to the floor, lashes about.

DEREK (CONT)

Get away from her.

Derek thrashes at the air as if to defend Tina.

DEREK (CONT)

Get...off...of.

Slowly, it dawns on Derek. He's alive. He looks around,
trying to understand his surroundings.

Derek struggles to come to his feet. He looks down at his
arms. Cut I.V. lines still penetrate them. Hemostat clamps
dangle on the ends.

He reaches down to take them off. Then, a noise from-

HALLWAY

Officer MacIntire and a guard approach the morgue.

OFFICER MACINTIRE

The funeral company's here to pick
him up. Have 'em come around back.

GUARD

Will do.

Officer MacIntire walks through the door-

PRISON MORGUE

To find Derek covered, on the gurney, just as he was left.
Officer MacIntire stares at the body for a moment.

OFFICER MACINTIRE

Sorry pal. It was nothing personal.

The funeral company EMPLOYEES bust through the door,
wheeling in a gurney. Two men grab the head and feet of
Derek and slide him onto their own company gurney.

EMPLOYEE

Sign here.

Officer MacIntire signs the release form. The funeral employees wheel Derek out.

INT. L.P.D. - BREAK AREA - DAY

Captain Marcus walks up to Clive at the coffee machine.

CAPTAIN MARCUS
We got a lead on Santiago.

CLIVE
Where?

Clive quickly caps his coffee cup.

CAPTAIN MARCUS
Apartment complex, two towns over.

INT. KING'S APARTMENT - DAY

With a loud slam, the door flies open. Police pour in, guns drawn and loud. Officer Malory comes out of the bedroom.

OFFICER MALORY
Looks like he left in a hurry.

Clive notices a picture on the wall and walks over to it.

It's King with a young woman.

CLIVE
Hey! I've seen this son of a bitch.
He was at the executions.

INT. ASHWORTH HOME - GARAGE - DAY

The garage door opens as Kandace's car backs out.

INT. KANDACE'S CAR

She looks into her rear view mirror to see King's reflection staring from the back seat.

A gun barrel butts against the back of her head.

KING
Drive, bitch.

INT. KING'S APARTMENT - DAY

Clive works through King's apartment. Mackie hustles in.

CLIVE
Find me something, Mackie.

MACKIE
You got it boss.

Mackie goes to work on King's computer.

MACKIE (CONT)
Let's start with his most recent
print jobs.

CLIVE
You can do that?

MACKIE
Experience the magic.

A final click on the keyboard and the printer comes to life.
Some pages slide onto the printer tray. Clive grabs them.

CLIVE
You gotta show me how you do that
shit. Here ya go. A Craig's listing
for a warehouse rental. Malory,
call this number.

Clive hands the print out to Officer Malory.

MACKIE
Hey, uh boss? You're gonna want to
see this.

Mackie taps on an ICON on King's computer screen.

CLIVE
What is it?

MACKIE
That's a Tight VNC icon.

CLIVE
In English.

MACKIE
VNC...It's a virtual network
control panel.

Mackie double clicks on the icon. It opens a control box.

MACKIE (CONT)

Oh hell no. See that I.P. address on the bottom? That's the remote computer this panel had control of from this computer.

CLIVE

Whata ya saying, Mack?

MACKIE

This is Derek's I.P. address. It looks like he had remote access to Derek's computer.

Mackie looks up to Clive.

MACKIE (CONT)

And I'll bet you the first round tonight that Derek never knew it.

CLIVE

Wait a minute. Hold on a minute. Wait. Everybody...shut the fuck up.

Everyone in the room freezes for a moment.

CLIVE (CONT)

This guy was able to be on Derek's computer and he never knew it? Is that what you're saying?

MACKIE

'Fraid so.

Officer Malory hangs up his cell phone.

OFFICER MALORY

Clive, the warehouse space was rented to Santiago Dominguez, two weeks ago.

INT. LEESVILLE FUNERAL HOME - EMBALMING ROOM - DAY

A MORTICIAN, 20's, nerdy, works on an embalming pump. On the gurney, Derek's foot sticks out of the sheet. A tag hangs from his big toe.

With a trocar in hand, he verifies the deceased name on the tag. Staring curiously at the foot for a second, he bends the toe down to examine it. Something's not right.

He sits the trocar down and puts his hand on the ankle. He touches the warm flesh, feels a pulse. His eyes grow wide.

Reaching up, he slowly pulls the sheet back. Derek opens his eyes and sits up. The two stare at each other.

DEREK
Say something.

MORTICIAN
I don't normally like to talk when
I'm taking a shit.

DEREK
Who else is here?

MORTICIAN
Couple people up front.

Derek looks at the I.V. lines in his arms.

MORTICIAN (CONT)
You want those out?

INT. KANDACE'S CAR

The two continue to drive.

KING
Up here. Turn left.

Her cell phone rings. She looks in the rear view mirror.

KANDACE
They're gonna be looking for me.

KING
Pull over. Behind this warehouse.

KANDACE
You're the one who killed my girls,
aren't you?

KING
Get out of the car.

Kandace slams the steering wheel.

KANDACE
I wanna know now. Did you...

King jams the guns into the side of her face.

KING

If you don't get out of this car right now, I'm gonna shoot you in that hole you dropped those little bitches out of. Get out.

EXT. KANDACE'S CAR

King shoves Kandace out of the car. He looks around to make sure no one's watching. He forces her through the abandoned warehouse door.

INT. LEESVILLE FUNERAL HOME - EMBALMING ROOM - DAY

The mortician applies the last bandage to Derek's arm.

DEREK

I gotta get outta here.

Derek opens a ziploc bag that contained his belongings.

He pulls out his rosary and tosses the rest aside.

MORTICIAN

Wait.

The two stare at each other for a moment.

MORTICIAN (CONT)

When this gets out, that toe tag can bring me five grand online.

Derek unties it. The mortician hands him a pen.

MORTICIAN (CONT)

Sign it.

He scribbles his name on the tag.

DEREK

Here's what's gonna happen. I'm gonna leave. Give me an hour, then do what you need to.

MORTICIAN

Yeah, okay.

Derek bolts out the back door. The mortician quickly picks up the phone.

MORTICIAN (CONT)

Five grand alive. Ten if you're dead.

911 OPERATOR (PHONE)

911, what's your emergency?

MORTICIAN

I have an emergency at the Leesville funeral home.

INT. LOUISIANA STATE PRISON - SECURITY ROOM - DAY

A wall of monitors covering every inch of the prison.

Clive, Officer Malory, and Mackie storm through the door.

Clive points to the controls.

CLIVE

Mackie, get over there. Do that shit you do.

MACKIE

Got it boss.

The guard stands up.

GUARD

What's this all about?

Clive points to a monitor. Mackie sits down.

CLIVE

Seems you got some walking dead around here. Camera twelve, Mack. Up in the corner. Dial it back.

Mackie goes to work on the controls.

CLIVE (CONT)

Right there. Right there.

The video shows Derek coming to life in the morgue. Derek gets back on the gurney, covers himself as Officer MacIntire walks in.

MACKIE

What'll it take to kill this guy?

CLIVE

Son of a bitch.

INT. COURTHOUSE - JUDGE CHAMBERS - DAY

Dan bursts through the door. Roger gets up quickly.

DAN

Tell me it's a mistake.

ROGER

Afraid not.

DAN

We gotta get him picked up, now.

ROGER

For what? With all due respect,
Derek paid his debt. He paid his
debt and he should go free.

DAN

Are you out of your mind, Roger?
He's a convicted pedophile and
murderer. He should die in prison.

JUDGE MORRIS

Correction, Dan. He's a convicted
murderer. You never went after him
on the child pornography charges.
He did serve his sentence based on
his convictions.

DAN

Yeah, but last time I checked,
being alive wasn't part of the
deal.

ROGER

Doesn't matter. You convicted this
man on three counts. He paid out
those convictions. He should walk.

JUDGE MORRIS

I'm gonna issue a bench warrant and
bring him in until we get this
figured out.

INT. TAXI - DAY

Derek slams the door closed. The TAXI DRIVER'S eyes stare
back in the rear view mirror.

TAXI DRIVER

Where to?

DEREK
"Hard Times" Porn shop.

The driver turns around, looks at Derek.

TAXI DRIVER
You sure you don't want me to take
you to a hospital?

DEREK
Just drive, man.

INT. WAREHOUSE - DAY

Muted light seeps through huge windows covered over with
black spray paint.

The high walls hold catwalks that criss cross throughout
this once productive facility.

In the corner, a tied up PIT BULL. She snarls and bears her
teeth as she slams against the line that holds her.

Kandace is forced to sit in a chair.

KING
Put your hands behind the chair.

KANDACE
Please...don't.

King wrenches her by the hair.

KING
Put your fucking hands back.

Kandace does what she's told as King ties her up.

KING (CONT)
I've been waitin for you.

He smells her hair.

KING (CONT)
You know about the apple not
falling far from the tree.

King comes around to face her and squats down.

KING (CONT)
I'm gonna enjoy seeing if you taste
as sweet as those little brats of
yours.

He slowly slides his hand up the inside of her thigh.

KANDACE

Get your fucking hands off of me.

Kandace spits in King's face. King stands up quickly and punches her across the face so hard, she slams sideways to the ground. He stomps on her over and over again.

KANDACE (CONT)

(terrified)

Please...stop...stop

KING

Scream all you want. No one can hear you. Not yet anyway. But I am gonna make you viral.

He walks over to a tripod and mounts a camera.

KING (CONT)

Your little girls made me a bundle.
'Cept that second bitch.

KANDACE

They found the video chip.
They know it was you.

King slowly turns around.

KING

What would you know about that?

He pulls out a pair of wire cutters.

KING (CONT)

I asked you a question. Who found my chip?

KANDACE

You wouldn't believe me. Forget I said it.

KING

You think?

King grabs Kandace's wedding finger and, with a crunching sound, chops it off. Kandace screams in agony.

He slides her wedding band off and admires it.

KING (CONT)

You hungry, girl?

King tosses the finger to the pit bull who devours it, and slides the ring in his pocket.

KING (CONT)

Now, who the fuck told you?

The pain overtakes her.

KANDACE

Derek...Derek...He claims he was in the room watching the murders.

KING

I was alone, bitch. You're lying.

He lifts Kandace back up by her hair. She screams again in agony. He grabs another finger.

KANDACE

No...no...no. Please wait...wait. When he was dead, when they killed him, he went somewhere, and he said he saw what you did. I swear.

King stops in his tracks.

KING

You're telling the fuckin truth, ain't you?

KANDACE

Oh God. The...the chip. It fell out. It landed in a crack in the floor. Derek saw it. The police. They found it. They know you're involved.

He stares at her dumbfounded for a moment, then accepts it.

KING

Guess that means we're gonna need to hurry this shit along.

INT. CLIVE'S POLICE CAR - DAY

Clive approaches the warehouse. He radios for backup.

CLIVE

412 Lotus. In the warehouse district. Come in quiet.

OFFICER MALORY (V.O.)

You got it, Clive.

INT. TAXI

The driver pulls the cab over to the curb.

DEREK

Wait here.

Derek gets out.

EXT. PORN SHOP

Derek tries the door. It's locked. He looks through the glass. No one home. He goes back to the cab.

INT. TAXI - DAY

Derek slams the door closed.

DEREK

Lotus street. In the warehouse district.

EXT. WAREHOUSE

Clive quietly pulls up alongside Kandace's car-

INT. CLIVE'S POLICE CAR

And reaches into his glove box and pulls out several gun clips. He opens the car door and takes off.

INT. WAREHOUSE - TORTURE AREA - DAY

King talks on his cell phone to someone.

KING

You got the money in my account?
Cool. Remember who I said I was
gonna get?

King walks over, and turns on the camera on the tripod.

KING (CONT)

Go online. I.P. address 192.13.156.

King types on a laptop positioned on a fold out chair.

He then turns the chair towards the camera.

KING (CONT)
That's right. It's that bitch mom
of those girls you requested.

King walks behind her, lurches her face up by her hair.

KING (CONT)
And tonight, she's all yours.
Dealers choice. As you can see, I
brought Sadie.

The pit bull furiously slams against it's chain.

KING (CONT)
That's what you want?...Done.

He hangs up the phone and leans into Kandace.

KING (CONT)
Looks like we get to see what your
insides are made of.

King rubs her stomach.

KING (CONT)
And Sadie's hungry.

He walks over and grabs a machete, comes back to Kandace.

KING (CONT)
Not before we have a little fun.

King cuts her shirt open, exposing her.

INT. TAXI

The driver grows impatient.

TAXI DRIVER
You got a street number?

DEREK
I'll know it when I see it.

Derek notices Clive and Kandace's car parked.

DEREK (CONT)
Right there. Over there. Pull up.

They pull up.

DEREK (CONT)
Wait for me. I'll be right back.

INT. WAREHOUSE - BACK DOOR

With his gun drawn, Clive slips quietly through the exit door. In the distance, screams can be heard.

WAREHOUSE - TORTURE AREA

King takes a long drag from a cigar.

With a satisfied grin, he lowers it down to Kandace's chest where several deep, open burns have already been inflicted.

The sizzle of burning flesh bleeds together with Kandace's squeal of agonizing pain.

KING
Your little girls smelled sweeter.

Kandace looks up with a defiant stare.

KANDACE
Why don't you go fuck yourself.

King slides his hand down and into her unbuttoned pants.

She winces from the invasion.

KING
I think I'd rather fuck you.

The laptop chimes. King slides his hand out from her pants. He walks over to the keyboard and types something.

A quick reply on the screen reads-

INSERT COMPUTER IMAGE: String her up.

BACK TO SCENE:

With a deviant smile, King looks back to Kandace.

KING (CONT)
You like to fly?

King walks over to a bag, pulls out a rope. He puts the noose around Kandace's neck and tightens it.

He looks up to the catwalk and throws the rope up to it.
It gets tangled. He attempts to get it untangled, but no go.

KING (CONT)

Fuck.

King looks around, finds the stairs to the upper deck.

KING (CONT)

Try anything stupid, and I'll make
you pay hard.

King heads for the stairs. The pit bull continues to slam
against its chain, barking furiously.

INT. WAREHOUSE - CORRIDOR

Derek cautiously rounds a corner to see Kandace tied up and
King heading up the catwalk stairs.

INT. WAREHOUSE - TORTURE AREA

Clive surveys the situation. Kandace notices him.

Understanding the gravity of the moment, Clive gestures for
her to be quiet and she complies.

Clive cautiously approaches Kandace.

Holstering his gun, Clive attempts to untie her.

The laptop chimes.

INSERT COMPUTER IMAGE: Someone's here.

BACK TO SCENE:

CLIVE

Shit.

CATWALK

King looks down, and notices Clive trying to untie Kandace.
He pulls his gun.

KING

(yells)

Hey.

WAREHOUSE - TORTURE AREA

Clive draws his gun and gets in front of Kandace.

BAM...BAM...BAM.

Round for round, they shoot it out. Bullets ricochet off the concrete floor around Clive as he returns fire.

Clive zeros in and squeezes off a round, hitting King and knocking him backwards.

CATWALK

King screams out as he shoots his gun wildly into the air. In a panic, he drops down out of sight to reload.

WAREHOUSE - TORTURE AREA

Clive grabs the chair Kandace is tied to and drags her to safety behind a nearby wall.

With a loud SNAP, the pit bull breaks free from its chain and goes straight for them.

Clive takes aim, but the savage dog overtakes him and attacks him. The two fall backwards to the ground, rolling as the beast rips relentlessly at Clive's arm.

Clive struggles against the dog as it viciously throws his head side to side. Clive finally gets a shot off, the dog lets out a loud wince and falls dead next to Clive.

CATWALK

While King attempts to reload, Derek comes out of nowhere to kick him square under the chin, forcing him on his back. The gun flies as the two commit to combat.

KING

What the fuck? I saw you die.

King gets up and rushes Derek. In a fight to the death, they both slam against the catwalk rail. King holds Derek over the edge. Derek fights back from King's attack and once again overtakes him.

DEREK

You did...and this ends now.

Derek shoves King back and punches him repeatedly in the face. King returns with a flurry of his own.

WAREHOUSE - TORTURE AREA

With Kandace untied, Clive follows the two on the catwalk with the edge of his barrel, looking to take a shot.

CATWALK

The two struggle for control high above the warehouse floor.

KING

You're gonna die again, homes.
You know that?

Derek punches King, then grabs his shirt.

DEREK

Go for broke, mother fucker.

Derek stares straight into King's eyes.

DEREK (CONT)

Only this time, you're coming with.

The two slam against the catwalk rail. Derek pulls them both over the side.

They plummet to the ground level and-

WAREHOUSE - TORTURE AREA

Slam hard on the concrete floor. Both lie motionless. A pool of blood flows from beneath Derek's body.

Clive runs up, gun drawn. He leans down to feel for a pulse on Derek. His eyes tell it all. Beside Derek, lies his rosary. Clive grabs it.

King groans. Kandace walks up beside Clive as he uses his boot to roll King over. The laptop chimes.

INSERT COMPUTER IMAGE: Finish him.

BACK TO SCENE:

Kandace notices King's gun lying between the two bodies. She reaches down and picks it up.

She takes aim at the laptop.

BAM...BAM.

The laptop sparks, smokes and fizzes out. The screen goes blank.

Kandace then levels the gun on King.

KANDACE

You've destroyed everything in my
life.

She cocks the hammer as tears stream down her face.

KANDACE (CONT)

You've gotta die.

Clive takes a good look at the gun in her hand.

CLIVE

My gun.

Her hands tremble as King looks up in terror.

Clive gently puts his hand on hers.

CLIVE (CONT)

Kandace.

Kandace stares, almost in a trance, at King.

CLIVE (CONT)

Kandace.

She glances up to Clive.

CLIVE (CONT)

You don't want this piece of shit's
blood on your hands.

King recognizes Clive. He struggles to say something.

KING

You're...you're that nigger I
cracked in half out in the woods,
ain't you?

Clive slowly lowers the gun and takes it from her hands.

King grins.

CLIVE

But I can live with it.

King's eyes go wide. Clive centers the barrel on his chest.

BAM...BAM...BAM.

King lurches violently as Clive unloads his gun into his chest. As life slips away, his eyes lose light and his mouth slips open as blood trickles from its corner.

All is quiet for a moment.

Clive wipes off the gun, leans down and places it in Derek's dead hand.

In the corner, on the tripod, they notice the camera pointed at them still has a red light blinking on top of it.

King's phone rings. Clive pulls it from his belt clip and answers it.

CLIVE

Yeah?

STRANGER (ON PHONE)

Your secret's safe with me. But you best just let it die here. Don't come looking for me. Understand?

Click.

The phone hangs up.

The blinking light on the camera turns off.

From afar, the sound of Officers as they burst through the doors. Officer Malory arrives, gun drawn.

OFFICER MALORY

Clive, you alright?

He takes off his jacket to cover Kandace.

OFFICER MALORY (CONT)

What the hell went on in here?

CLIVE

Call an ambulance.

Kandace breaks down as Clive tries to console her.

INT. L.P.D. - CLIVE'S DESK - DAY

SUPER: ONE MONTH LATER

Clive closes a thick folder marked, Derek Sanders.

The phone rings. It's Kandace.

BEGIN: Split screen phone conversation.

CLIVE

This is Clive.

KANDACE

Hello Clive. I wanted to call and see how you're doing.

Clive smiles.

CLIVE

I'm okay. How you holding up?

KANDACE

I'm getting on with my life. Everything that happened back there...I wanted to thank you. I'm alive because of you.

Clive picks up a folder marked - ACTIVE CASE - DIABLO GORE.

CLIVE

Well...I appreciate that. I really do. You're strong, Kandace. You'll do just fine.

KANDACE

You saved my life. I'll always remember you for that. I'm moving to Chicago. I've got family there. If you're ever in town, I'd like it if you looked me up.

CLIVE

I'll do that. Take care, Kandace.

END: SPLIT SCREEN PHONE CONVERSATION

Captain Marcus walks up as Clive hangs up.

CAPTAIN MARCUS

You get that finished up?

CLIVE

Yeah. Just need to file it.

Captain Marcus walks off, stops, turns around to Clive.

CAPTAIN MARCUS

You ever gonna tell me what really happened in that warehouse?

CLIVE

Went down just like I reported. The two struggled, gun shots went off and they both fell to their death.

Captain Marcus grins.

CAPTAIN MARCUS

Funny thing about that. Derek hanging on to that gun, even as he fell to his death.

CLIVE

Seeing King die, must've really been important to 'em. Probably the only decent thing he ever did.

CAPTAIN MARCUS

Mmm. I suppose. See you at O'Callahan's tonight.

Captain Marcus walks off.

EXT. ABANDONED OLD HOUSE - DAY

Clive watches, in the pouring rain, as a city BULLDOZER slowly slams into the front of the house of horror.

Clive opens his hand to show Derek's rosary.

He throws it into the rubble of the house just as the bulldozer rolls over it.

CLIVE

So long Derek. I hope you're in a better place than that room.

Clive's phone rings, he answers it as he walks off.

CLIVE (CONT)

This is Clive. I'm on my way.

FADE OUT.