

REKINDLED LOVE

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FADE IN:

INT. THE HALLWAY - AFTERNOON

Music being played by the band is heard through the hallway.

STUDENT POV

Looking down at the blood lacing their right shaking palm, whimpers are heard, followed with low laughter, gradually growing louder and turning maniacal.

INTERCUT WITH:

INT. AUDITORIUM - CONTINUOUS

The graduating students are standing on stage wearing their baby blue graduation caps and gowns.

The depressed brown skinned male In the back row with his head down, rubbing a diamond engagement ring on his right hand is TEENAGE BERNARD DRIVE.

The pretty boy Caucasian with ocean blue eyes and long blond hair standing next to him tapping his shoulder to get his attention is his best friend TEENAGE PHIL.

The band finishes up the song, and then walks off stage. We can hear indistinct talking coming from the family and friends sitting in the packed room.

TEENAGE PHIL

(Whispering)

"B" are you okay?

He doesn't respond, keeping his head down, rubbing the ring.

TEENAGE PHIL (CONT'D)

(Whispering)

Get over that shit. Nobody will believe it anyway.

TEENAGE BERNARD

(Somber tone, whispering)

...It was wrong. Maybe it's easy for you to brush it off, but---

TEENAGE PHIL

(Whispering)

People get what they deserve

TEENAGE BERNARD  
(Whispering)  
...And then?

The members from the band come back on stage lining up, along with the PRINCIPAL who walks to the center of the stage and stops.

PRINCIPAL  
Thank you all for coming to enjoy this glorious moment with the students who worked hard getting to this point in their lives. Give yourselves a round of applause for helping your children and family members reach this pivotal point.

A thunderous applause, whistling and random words of praise fill the room.

PRINCIPAL (CONT'D)  
Before we continue with the ceremony, our valedictorian would like to recite a poem she wrote for the graduating class.

Applauds are heard again.

FADE TO BLACK:

TITLE CARD:

SIXTEEN YEARS LATER

EXT. THE COURTHOUSE - AFTERNOON

Bernard comes out of the courthouse smiling savoring his victory, watching the reporters run up to him.

REPORTER  
How does it feel not only winning another case, but the biggest case of your career?

BERNARD  
When you're the best, how can you lose?

The reporters are silent as Bernard looks at them smiling. They begin asking questions again and he walks through them making his way to the sidewalk, walking down the street

towards his jet-black Mercedes.

As he approaches his car, he sees HOMELESS TIM standing by the driver side door.

Homeless Tim is an African-American male, holding a Styrofoam cup jingling the coins inside.

As Bernard approaches him, the reeking smell makes him step back from hurling.

BERNARD (CONT'D)

Can I help you?

He stops jingling the coins, looking at Bernard with a blank stare.

HOMELESS TIM

You don't remember me, do you?

BERNARD

I don't wanna know you now.

HOMELESS TIM

(Laughs)

That's cool. Don't worry about helping me. Worry about helping yourself.

BERNARD

Get your dusty ass away from my goddamn car. I don't have time for this shit, and I don't have any change.

Bernard tries moving him to the side, but Homeless Tim grabs him trying to pin him against the car, but Bernard spins him around, pinning him against the car.

Homeless Tim laughs, exposing the few rotted teeth left in his head.

BERNARD (CONT'D)

What the fuck is so funny?

HOMELESS TIM

You. If you were tough like this back in the day, maybe---

BERNARD

Maybe I should break---

HOMELESS TIM

She's not here to help you.

Bernard releases him ready to swing, and then he looks back seeing the reporters heading their way.

Bernard slings him to the side and then opens the door, getting in.

Homeless Tim throws a balled up paper bag into the car, and then grabs the door so Bernard can't close it.

HOMELESS TIM (CONT'D)

When I told you what I did is something you'll always remember, I was wrong. But I do know this is a case you won't win.

Homeless Tim moves his hand before getting it smashed by Bernard yanking the door.

He pulls off just as the reporters reach the car.

Driving a few blocks down, he pulls into an alley. He grabs the balled up paper bag and opens it.

BERNARD POV

Written sloppily in black marker it says "Vengeance is only sweet, when you make the person you love realize how sweet it is."

He scoffs, tossing the bag out. Reaching over opening the glove compartment, he grabs some hand sanitizer, squirting some in his hand rubbing it in real good.

Laughing, he turns the radio on and some classical music plays.

CUT TO:

INT. BERNARD BEDROOM - NIGHT

The all-black Gothic style bedroom has a touch of class with a mini bar off by the partially cracked door leading to the balcony.

Some opera music is heard playing. Bernard is sitting on the edge of the bed shirtless, holding a glass of cognac, staring at a picture of him and his mother when he was child hanging over the headboard.

BERNARD

(Takes a sip, laughs)

It's only sweet if you make the person  
you love realize how sweet it is.

He makes his way over to the mini bar and we see a long scar  
on his right side.

He places the glass down and picks up a bottle of cognac  
ready to pour, but instead he places the bottle down with a  
blank stare.

DISSOLVE TO:

BEGIN FLASHBACK:

INT. THE BEDROOM - NIGHT

The room has an 80's feel. The beautiful brown skinned woman  
in shambles is BERNARD'S MOTHER, sitting on the bed holding a  
picture of Bernard's father wearing his police uniform.

She sobs, placing the picture on the nightstand, continuing  
to stare at it.

BERNARD MOTHER

Why did you leave me? Why did you take  
the call?

She reaches down and picks up the bottle of liquor by her  
feet ready to take a sip, and out of the corner of her eye  
she sees eight-year-old YOUNG BERNARD in the doorway rubbing  
his eyes.

She puts the bottle down as he makes his way over to her.

YOUNG BERNARD

He's in a better place, mommy.

She exhales softly, wiping the tears from her eyes.

BERNARD MOTHER

I know he is, baby. I'm just sad he  
went to a restful before he could  
fully enjoy life with us.

YOUNG BERNARD

But if it's a better place, shouldn't  
you want him there?

She smiles tapping the bed so he can sit next to her. He gets

up on the bed and she wraps her arm around him.

BERNARD MOTHER

When you get older, you'll meet  
someone you love. The woman you'll  
love---

YOUNG BERNARD

I already love you.

BERNARD MOTHER

You'll meet a woman you'll love, just  
as much as mommy. And when you meet her, you'll never want  
her to leave.

YOUNG BERNARD

But the only woman I love is you.

BERNARD MOTHER

That's for now. When you meet the  
other woman and if she leaves you,  
it'll hurt for a long time.

He reaches for the bottle, and she grabs his hand.

YOUNG BERNARD

Why are you drinking?

BERNARD MOTHER

(Sighs)

You would think it helps ease the  
pain, but it makes you cling to it  
tighter.

YOUNG BERNARD

Why are you in pain?

BERNARD MOTHER

It's nothing, baby. Just know mommy  
loves you.

YOUNG BERNARD

I love you too, mommy.

She gives him a tight hug and kiss on the forehead.

END FLASHBACK:

INT. BERNARD BEDROOM - NIGHT (BACK TO PRESENT)

Bernard has a blank stare, waking up hitting his fist on the counter.

BERNARD

You were wrong. It does help ease the pain. You're the one who created the pain and this is my medicine to completely wipe you from my memory.

He pours another round and then leaves the room.

CUT TO:

INT. ABANDONED BUILDING - LATER

The fire burning in the oil drum illuminates the filthy area. WOMAN #1 is naked, tied to a pillar with barbed-wire whimpering as footsteps are heard approaching. Wearing black leather gloves, the killer reaches out caressing the right side of her face.

She tries to turn her head, but the killer grips her face tight.

Releasing her face, the whimpers calm down, until the killer holds up a pair of rusted garden shears.

Just as she gets ready to scream, the killer shoves the shears under her chin, up into her mouth, opening them. Snatching the shears out, the killer tosses them to the side, and then uses a surgical scalpel to remove a large portion of flesh from her right cheek.

INT. THE MESSAGE PARLOR - MORNING

A female client walks out of the room. Joey, the handsome Latino man in his early-thirties is standing against the wall irritated, pulling out his cellphone making a call.

CLAIRE (V.O.)

Hello?

JOEY

What are you doing?

SPLIT SCREEN:

The woman standing against the gym wall covered in sweat with a towel on her shoulder is CLAIRE, early-thirties.



Claire has a gritty, but alluring sex-appeal about her that oozes from her toned dark skin body.

CLAIRE

Just finished doing a couple of reps.

JOEY

(Laughs)

If I didn't know you, I would swear you're a man.

CLAIRE

You know you're a second from getting hung up on? The next words from your mouth better be good.

JOEY

(Laughs)

Goddamn, where's your sense of humor? Have you heard from Tom?

CLAIRE

You know I rarely call his conceited ass.

JOEY

I know the feeling. I was making sure everybody was coming to lunch.

CLAIRE

Oh, you know I'll be there. Missing a lunch date with Mr. Perfect is something you can't do.

JOEY

You're right about that. Find out what's up with Tom and get back to me.

CLAIRE

Not a problem.

JOEY

Cool. I'll let you get back to getting your grown man on.

(Laughs)

I mean, workout.

CLAIRE

Bye.

The screen goes back to Joey. Joey places his phone in his

pocket as an overweight man with a hairy body wearing a towel comes into the room.

JOEY

(Sighs)

It's about to be a long day.

CUT TO:

INT. TOM OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

A nice view of the city is seen through the picture window behind TOM.

The handsome Caucasian in his early-thirties with curly black hair and green eyes is sitting behind his desk.

He's staring at the wall with his left hand under the desk. His phone resting on the desk begins ringing and he looks down at it with his eyes, taking a few seconds before answering, placing it on speaker.

TOM

Hello?

CLAIRE (OVER THE SPEAKER)

What are you doing?

TOM

Waiting for the moment.

CLAIRE (OVER THE SPEAKER)

Are you at work?

TOM

I'm working towards the moment.

CLAIRE (OVER THE SPEAKER)

What moment? What the fuck---

TOM

The moment is---

He leans forward, releasing an orgasmic moan.

CLAIRE (OVER THE SPEAKER)

What the hell? Hello? Hello?

He regains his composure.

TOM  
(Panting)  
Okay...what were you saying?

CLAIRE (OVER THE SPEAKER)  
What the hell was that about?

TOM  
(Panting calmly)  
That was the moment.

CLAIRE (OVER THE SPEAKER)  
Are you joining us for lunch?

TOM  
Yeah, I'll be there.

CLAIRE (OVER THE SPEAKER)  
You enjoy that moment, whatever the hell it was.

TOM  
Believe you me, I did. I'll see you there.

He hangs up taking a deep breath, wiping his face, moving his chair back.

WOMAN #2 comes from under the desk licking her lips. He pulls out a roll of money wrapped with a rubber band, extending it to her.

She takes the money and places it between her breasts.

WOMAN #2  
Are we still going to dinner later?

TOM  
I'm afraid I'll be taking a rain check. You go treat yourself to something nice.

WOMAN #2  
I will.

She leans down trying to give him a kiss, and he puts a finger to her lips.

TOM  
Mouthwash.

She makes her way to the door.

TOM (CONT'D)

Don't leave with an attitude. I'll call you, and we can do it again.

She gives him the finger walking out the office. He laughs, turning to look out the window.

CUT TO:

INT. THE RESTAURANT - AFTERNOON

From the layout of the restaurant, you can tell the place is high class.

Bernard, Claire, Tom and Joey are sitting at the back of the restaurant by a big picture window.

CLAIRE

Do you wanna explain what that moment you were talking about?

TOM

Well---

BERNARD

Nine times outta ten, he was doing some freaky shit he probably paid for.

TOM

You're absolutely right. I'd rather pay for it, than sit with my dick in my hand.

While Claire and Joey laugh, Bernard takes a sip from his wine with a smirk.

BERNARD

Ha, ha, very funny.

CLAIRE

It's been some years now, hasn't it?

BERNARD

Oh, is this crack jokes on Bernard day?

JOEY

You've been dry for some years, and Mary is doing her best to get you wet.

Tom takes a sip from his wine, patting Bernard on the shoulder.

TOM

It's okay, buddy. You don't like getting wet unless you're in the shower.

BERNARD

Uh huh, keep it up.

CLAIRE

Okay, okay. Let's calm down before he gets in his mood.

BERNARD

I'm good.

JOEY

(Laughs)

That's what you always say before flipping the bipolar switch.

TOM

Okay, enough with the jokes. Congratulations on winning the case.

BERNARD

Should I really take that as a compliment?

JOEY

Oh, shit, there he goes.

CLAIRE

Will you stop it? I agree with Tom. Congratulations on your victory.

Bernard doesn't respond, taking a sip of wine.

JOEY

He's about to blow.

BERNARD

(Laughs)

I'm good to go. But if that's what you think, by all means leave.

TOM

Since you're in such a good mood, lunch is on you?

Bernard turns to look at him.

BERNARD

You're the cheapest, trickin' person I  
ever met.

TOM

But you love me.

Tom stands up walking over to him trying to give him a hug,  
and Bernard laughs pushing him back.

BERNARD

Get back.

Tom laughs taking his seat.

CLAIRE

Why haven't you talked to Mary?

BERNARD

No particular reason.

JOEY

Maybe it's because---

BERNARD

Don't you even think about speaking.  
We all question you.

JOEY

What?

BERNARD

Oh, yes. I speak for everybody when I  
say we never hear you talk about  
women.

CLAIRE

That's true.

JOEY

Hold up.

TOM

No need to hold up when the truth is  
right there.

JOEY

I happen to have a stable of women I  
can't bring around you heathens.

BERNARD

(Laughs)

Let's order this food. I think you had too much to drink, talking that bullshit.

The four sit laughing and talking.

CUT TO:

INT. THE LOBBY - LATER

The gorgeous Latino woman in her early-thirties sitting behind the reception desk staring at a picture of Bernard is MARY.

Bernard comes walking down the hall and she quickly puts the picture away, pretending like she's doing work.

Bernard walks up to the desk smiling and she looks up trying not to blush.

MARY

How was lunch?

BERNARD

It was cool.

MARY

When will I get my lunch date?

BERNARD

(Laugh)

You don't wanna have lunch with me.

MARY

Why would I mention it if I don't?

BERNARD

Yeah, okay. Did I get any messages?

MARY

A reporter wants to have an interview with you.

BERNARD

That's it?

MARY

Yes, sir.

BERNARD  
Thanks. I'll be in my office.

MARY  
Wait, before you go.

BERNARD  
What's up?

MARY  
Can I get the answer to my question?

BERNARD  
Oh, that. One day we can have a drink  
or two.

MARY  
One, I don't drink. And two, that  
doesn't answer my question.

BERNARD  
So feisty. I'll keep that in mind.

He winks at her before walking off. She sits smiling, pulling  
the picture out staring at it.

CUT TO:

INT. THE BEDROOM - NIGHT

The body of WOMAN #3 wearing a black laced bra and panty set  
lies dead.

Her throat has been slit down to the bone, and on the right  
side of her face, a large portion of flesh has been removed.  
The killer is walking out of the room remaining unseen,  
closing the door.

KILLER POV

Coming into the living room, The killer walks over to the  
telephone, picking it up, dialing 911.

OPERATOR (V.O.)  
911, what is your emergency?

The killer doesn't respond.

OPERATOR (V.O.) (CONT'D)  
Hello? Hello, is anyone there?



The killer drops the phone, and then walks towards the front door walking out into the darkness, leaving the door wide open.

CUT TO:

INT. THE BEDROOM - MOMENTS LATER

FORENSIC OFFICER #1, FORENSIC OFFICER #2 and other forensic officers are examining the room for clues, collecting evidence.

Standing up against the wall with his arms folded across his chest disgusted is CHARLIE.

The detective in his mid-forties has confusion running through his blue eyes, unable to grasp the true motive behind the random murders.

Forensic officer #1 is looking over Woman #3 shaking her head.

FORENSIC OFFICER #1  
Charlie, I think you should take a look at this.

He sighs deep, making his way over to the bed, kneeling down looking at the body, rubbing his chin.

CHARLIE  
Yeah, this is our guy. The same characteristics, but he used a different method of death.

FORENSIC OFFICER #1  
No signs of rape or willingly sexual penetration.

CHARLIE  
I figured that much. I wonder why he takes the flesh from their face.

FORENSIC OFFICER #2  
Maybe he collects it as a souvenir.

Charlie stands up sighing deeply.

CHARLIE  
That's a close possibility.

Charlie walks over to the wall and hits it, causing everyone

to turn their attention to him as he walks out the room. Forensic officers are downstairs looking for clues and evidence as Charlie heads outside.

People are standing around trying to see what's going on, while officers yellow tape the scene, while reporters are anxiously waiting to get an interview.

Charlie stands on the porch looking around, pulling out a pack of cigarettes, taking one out placing it in his mouth, lighting it, taking a hard pull looking up at the moon.

CHARLIE (CONT'D)

Where are you, you son of a bitch? Who are you? What's driving you to do the sick shit you're doing?

INT. BERNARD OFFICE - AFTERNOON

Bernard is sitting behind his desk reading over a file, when Mary comes into the room.

MARY

How are you today, Bernard?

BERNARD

(Continues reading)

I'm just fine.

She slides her fingers across the desk, walking over to the wall with his plaques.

MARY

Did you hear about the murder?

BERNARD

How did this one die?

MARY

Throat slit, down to the bone.

She rubs her fingers on the plaques in an orgasmic way before turning back around walking to the chair taking a seat.

MARY (CONT'D)

But as usual, there was no sign of rape.

BERNARD

Isn't he something? He kills women, but doesn't rape them.

MARY

I know, right? Usually when a woman is killed, she's either sexually assaulted before or after. I guess that's what makes this guy so eerie.

Bernard scoffs placing the file down, finally looking at her.

BERNARD

It's some sick people in the world.

He stands up walking over to her and she stands up trying not to smile.

BERNARD (CONT'D)

Thanks for everything you do around here.

MARY

Not a problem. You know I'm here if you need anything.

BERNARD

I'll see you tomorrow.

MARY

You sure will.

Bernard walks over to the door grabbing his coat, and then makes his way out the room.

Mary stands blushing, fanning herself.

INT. THE RESTAURANT - LATER

Tom has on sunglasses talking on the phone, while the usuals minus Bernard are sitting at their usual table.

CLAIRE

With all the murders going on, it makes you scared to be a woman living out here.

JOEY

Don't worry, Claire. A woman with your build should never worry about being attacked.

CLAIRE

Are you jealous because a woman has a build you can never have?

Tom hangs his phone up, sighing.

TOM

Will you two stop acting childish? I'm sure there's something else you can talk about.

CLAIRE

You're lucky we're friends, otherwise I'd do something to you.

Tom shakes his head, taking a sip of his wine.

TOM

Women today are so tough.

Claire cuts a cold glance at Tom taking a sip from her wine. Bernard makes his way into the restaurant heading towards the table.

TOM (CONT'D)

Honestly, I think the person behind these murders is truly sick.

Tom gets ready to take a sip from his wine, and Bernard places a hand on his shoulder.

BERNARD

You fuck any and everything, but you're calling someone else sick?

Bernard pats him on the shoulder before taking his seat, picking up his menu.

JOEY

(Extends his hand)

What took you so long, Mr. Perfect? Mary had you tied down?

Bernard lowers his menu to look at him, and then he returns back to the menu.

BERNARD

Joey, if I didn't know any better I would say you have no social life. Wait a minute...you don't have a social life.

Joey pulls his hand back. Tom lifts his sunglasses looking at Bernard.

TOM

One of these days that smartass mouth  
is gonna land you in a heap of shit?

BERNARD

(Continues reading)

One of these days one of those whores  
you fuck with will give you some shit  
you can't shake. Do you see me  
complaining?

CLAIRE

Bernard, what do you think about the  
murders?

BERNARD

(Continues reading)

Sounds like some shit Tom would do. We  
know his motto. If she's not giving it  
up, he'll do something to make her  
wish she did.

TOM

Are you fucking serious right now?!  
You're bringing up my past in this  
type of conversation?!

The MANAGER comes over to their table.

MANAGER

Is everything okay, Mr. Drive? If it's  
not, I'm afraid I'll have to ask you  
and your party to leave.

Bernard pulls out some money, flips through it and then  
places five hundred dollars on the table.

BERNARD

Everything is fine. My friend is just  
a little tipsy.

MANAGER

Are you sure?

BERNARD

I'm positive, everything is dandy.  
Right, Tom?

TOM

(Through his teeth)

Everything is peachy.

The manager takes the money from the table and places it in his pocket.

MANAGER

Okay. Just keep it down, please.

The Manager walks off. Tom takes a sip from his wine staring at Bernard.

BERNARD

I think the killer is disturbingly different, with a touch of class and dedication.

CLAIRE

Why do you think he's only killing women?

BERNARD

I don't know or care. When he starts killing men, I'll let you know.

Bernard raises his hand to signal a waiter.

JOEY

Does anything get under your skin?

BERNARD

The slow pace of these waiters.

Tom loosens his collar, taking one more sip from his wine.

TOM

I would love to stay and chat, but I have a date. So, excuse me.

Bernard looks at him.

BERNARD

Make sure when you're done with the lucky whore you cash her out like you do all the other ones.

Tom scoots his chair closer.

TOM

Your day is coming. When it does, I'll be the main one pissing all over your fucking parade.

Tom stands up shoving his chair under the table before making

his way out the restaurant.

CLAIRE

What's wrong with you? Why would you say something like that?

BERNARD

Because my status says I can.

Claire grabs her purse and reaches inside pulling out some money, dropping it on the table.

CLAIRE

I think you should eat by yourself. We wouldn't wanna ruin your image with our "low standards."

She signals for Joey to come with her before making her way out the restaurant. Bernard looks over at Joey.

BERNARD

You got something to say, too?

JOEY

What's wrong with you? I mean seriously, what's going on? You need to get it together.

BERNARD

My problem is the same one you're having. I'm trying to enhance my perfect lifestyle, while you're still trying to be noticed.

Joey pulls out some money and drops it on the table.

JOEY

Eat by yourself, you cold-hearted prick.

Joey stands up and makes his way out of the restaurant. Bernard collects the money and throws it on the floor.

BERNARD

I don't need this. I was paying for everybody with my black card.

He looks over at another table where a Latino man is sitting staring at him before lifting up a newspaper. The headline is about the killer.

BERNARD (CONT'D)  
 If they were smart, they would realize  
 the killer is far from completing his  
 masterpiece.

CUT TO:

INT. THE BAR - NIGHT

Tom is sitting at the bar with WOMAN #4.

TOM  
 (Drunk tone)  
 What are we doing when we leave?

She takes a cherry from the bowl using her tongue to play  
 with it seductively.

WOMAN #4  
 I should be asking you that.

TOM  
 I'm about to go to the bathroom. And  
 when I come back, we can head to my  
 house.

WOMAN #4  
 Maybe when we leave, I can treat you  
 like I did that cherry.

Tom takes one more shot before standing up fixing his clothes  
 before walking through the crowded floor to the bathroom,  
 walking in.

He walks over to one of the urinals

TOM  
 (Mocking Bernard)  
 Make sure when you're done with the  
 lucky one for the night you cash her  
 out like you do all the other ones.  
 (Scoffs)  
 The gall of that guy. At least I'm  
 getting pussy. He's hung up on a bitch  
 he's scared to approach.  
 (Laughs)  
 It's funny because I still love him.  
 Me and him---

GUY IN THE STALL (O.S.)  
 Goddamn, can you shut the fuck up?! A



man can't take a shit without some  
little girl coming in here crying!

Tom finishes and fixes his clothes before walking over to the  
stall, kickin/ it.

TOM

Fuck you! You need to worry about  
wiping your ass!

GUY IN THE STALL (O.S.)

You need to find your pad, pussy! Oh,  
I love him, and blah, blah, blah! Take  
that shit somewhere else!

TOM

Fuck you!

GUY IN THE STALL (O.S.)

Fuck yourself! It sounds like you're  
good at it!

Tom walks out of the bathroom. Tom gets halfway back to the  
bar and pauses, seeing Woman #4 talking to a muscular black  
man.

Tom takes a deep breath before making his way over to the  
two, forcing his way between them, grabbing a shot downing  
it, followed by wrapping his arm around Woman #4.

TOM

Sorry pal, this pussy is off limits.

The guy looks at him with no expression.

WOMAN #4

You're too funny. But listen, I want  
you to meet---

TOM

Maybe some other time when I'm in a  
sharing mood, sweetie. Let's get outta  
here.

He grabs her by the hand and walks off.

TOM (CONT'D)

Who was that guy?

WOMAN #4

I have no clue. He just came over and

started talking.

TOM  
You should've told him you already  
have plans.

WOMAN #4  
I didn't have too.

TOM  
What do you mean?

WOMAN #4  
He wanted to talk to you.

TOM  
What?

WOMAN #4  
(Laughs)  
He wanted to know what you were doing  
for the night.

Tom looks back and the guy is smiling, licking his lips.

TOM  
It's a goddamn shame I'm so sexy.

CUT TO:

INT. TOM BEDROOM - LATER

Tom opens the door clapping his hands, turning the lights and  
radio on.

Jazz music is heard. Tom takes a seat on the waterbed,  
placing his cellphone on the nightstand before putting his  
hands over his face.

Woman #4 walks over to the bed placing her purse on the floor  
before getting on the bed behind him on her knees massaging  
his shoulders.

WOMAN #4  
I'm having a blast.

Tom doesn't respond, sighing deeply.

WOMAN #4 (CONT'D)  
What's wrong?

TOM

I don't even know why I'm thinking about it.

WOMAN #4

You wanna talk about it?

He slowly pulls his hands down.

TOM

(Sighs)

Bernard Drive.

She jumps back grinning ear to ear.

WOMAN #4

The hot shot lawyer, Bernard Drive?

He turns around grabbing her by the wrist.

TOM

Goddamn it! Why do people lose their fucking mind whenever he's mentioned?!

She looks at him confused, snatching her arms away.

WOMAN #4

What the hell is wrong with you? Who doesn't get excited when they hear about him?

He turns around lowering his head.

TOM

It doesn't matter.

She grabs her purse, opening it, pulling out a baggie filled with heroin and a black case she extends over Tom's shoulder.

WOMAN #4

(Seductive tone)

I got what you need right here, baby.

He takes the case and opens it, rubbing his fingers across the syringe.

The doorbell rings. He looks confused placing the case down.

TOM

You get everything together. I'll go see who this is and be right back.

He walks out the room, closing the door behind him. Tom can barely keep his balance walking to the front door, opening it with his head down.

TOM (CONT'D)

Okay buddy---

KILLER POV

The killer grabs Tom and hits him upside the head with a blackjack, knocking him out, releasing him, letting his body hit the ground.

The killer drags Tom into the house, and then closes the door.

Heading towards the dim kitchen walking over to the sink, the killer grabs a glass from the rack.

Pulling out a sandwich bag filled with antifreeze, the killer pours it into the glass, and then walks back into the hallway.

The killer pauses when the music goes from Jazz to Blues. The bedroom is dark, but the light from the moon coming through the blinds gives a little light. The killer opens the bedroom door.

KILLER POV

Woman #4 sits up in the bed naked.

WOMAN #4

There you are? What took you so long?

The killer walks into the room taking a seat, back turned, extending the glass.

She gets on her hands and knees crawling over taking the glass.

WOMAN #4 (CONT'D)

Still drinking, huh?

She downs the glass and instantly starts hurling, falling back on the bed having complications breathing.

The Killer pulls a butcher knife out and then holds her down, placing the blade on her stomach.

Pressing the knife down, she releases a bloodcurdling scream

as the knife is pulled all the way across her stomach. The killer leaves the knife in her stomach, walking out of the room.

Coming down the hallway the killer grabs Tom by the ankles, and drags him back into the room.

Tom gets propped up against the nightstand before the killer grabs him by the throat.

Tom wakes up struggling to get free, but he can't overpower the killer.

The killer reaches on the nightstand and grabs the syringe. As Tom continues trying to get free, the killer plunges the syringe into his jugular, injecting the heroin.

Releasing him, Tom grabs at his throat spitting out blood. The killer stands watching until he dies.

Picking up Tom's cellphone, the killer dials 911 and puts it on speaker.

OPERATOR (V.O.)  
911, what is your emergency?

Before leaving the room, the killer drops the phone and a note on the floor behind the door.

CUT TO:

INT. TOM BEDROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Forensic officer #1, Forensic officer #2 and FORENSIC OFFICER #3 are examining the room for clues, and evidence. Charlie is standing against the wall. Forensic officer #3 turns the radio off.

FORENSIC OFFICER #3  
This guy is really sick.

Forensic officer #2 puts the knife into an evidence bag.

FORENSIC OFFICER #2  
Yeah, but he's getting sloppy.

Charlie gets off the wall shaking his head, sighing.

CHARLIE  
This isn't our guy.

FORENSIC OFFICER #2

What?

CHARLIE

Look at this. It's staged. You see the damage done to the man's head? Apparently, he got the shit knocked out of him and dragged back here where he was finally killed.

FORENSIC OFFICER #2

Charlie, there's only one serial

killer out here headlining the papers. Charlie laughs, placing his hands behind his back, walking over to Forensic Officer #2.

CHARLIE

Two key things you forgot about our guy. One, he takes a large portion of flesh from their face. And two, you'll really love this one. He only kills women!

He slaps him on the back of the head, moving him to the side. As Charlie paces back and forth rubbing his chin, he sees the note and phone behind the door.

He walks over and picks the note up.

FORENSIC OFFICER #3

What you got over there, Charlie?

CHARLIE

I don't know.

INSERT NOTE

The letters on the note are bloody newspaper clippings.

CHARLIE (CONT'D)

(Reads aloud)

The only way a person will love you is to force them. B.

Everyone is lost.

CHARLIE (CONT'D)

Does anybody have a clue what this means?

No one responds. Charlie walks over to Forensic officer #3 handing him the note.

CHARLIE (CONT'D)  
I want some results for this and the  
knife by the end of the night.

CUT TO:

INT. BERNARD BEDROOM - LATER

Bernard is sitting on the bed holding a glass of cognac listening to classical music.

BERNARD  
(Sad tone)  
It's my fault.

He downs the glass and places it on the nightstand before pulling out a cigarette, placing it in his mouth, lighting it, taking a pull looking down at the newspaper by his feet.

BERNARD (CONT'D)  
The mind of a killer is a masterpiece  
without colors.

He takes one more pull before putting it out, lying down on the bed staring at the ceiling.

BERNARD (CONT'D)  
Don't worry...we'll be together again.

Rolling over on his side, he opens the drawer on the nightstand, reaching inside pulling out a straight razor with dried up blood on it.

BERNARD (CONT'D)  
It's easy to take your own life.

He rubs his finger along the side of the blade before extending his left wrist where there's already a scar, indicating he's attempted suicide before. He places the blade on his wrist.

BERNARD (CONT'D)  
(Sniffling)  
If I do this now...we won't have to  
wait. ...I won't have to deal with this  
ugly ass world anymore.

His hand trembles as tears come down, throwing the blade to

the side.

BERNARD (CONT'D)

(Sobbing)

How could you leave me? How could you  
take away my meaning to live? You  
never loved me.

CUT TO:

INT. CHARLIE OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Charlie is sitting behind his desk smoking a cigarette  
looking over case files.

Forensic officer #2 comes into the room.

FORENSIC OFFICER #2

I got something you need to hear.

Charlie looks up from the files.

CHARLIE

(Exhales smoke)

If it doesn't involve the killer, I  
don't care to hear it.

FORENSIC OFFICER #2

I'll let you be the judge.

CHARLIE

Look, either it does or it doesn't! I  
don't have time for bullshit!

FORENSIC OFFICER #2

Calm down and listen. You were right  
about the scene being staged. Traces  
of his blood were found in the hallway  
and after examination was performed on  
the woman, traces of poison was found  
in her throat and stomach.

CHARLIE

I told you. This is the work of some  
other sick bastard trying---

FORENSIC OFFICER #2

You didn't let me get to the part  
about the blood on the letters.



CHARLIE

Go on.

FORENSIC OFFICER #2

The blood was a mixture of all the victims who were killed.

CHARLIE

What?

FORENSIC OFFICER #2

The letters were soaked in all of the victim's blood.

CHARLIE

What about fingerprints on the knife?

FORENSIC OFFICER #2

Not a single one. Our boy just switched the game up on us.

Forensic officer #2 walks out of the room. Charlie takes a hard pull, exhaling sharply.

CHARLIE

That son of a bitch is pissing in my face, and I can't do a thing about it.

CUT TO:

INT. THE MORGUE - LATER

We see various bodies laid out on slabs. OTIS is working on a black male who suffered multiple gunshot wounds, when Charlie comes into the room.

Otis looks up, taking his gloves off as Charlie approaches him, and the two shake hands.

OTIS

Charlie Sling? What brings you to the place where you, along with other people place bodies?

CHARLIE

It's been a long time, Otis. I came to ask about the two they brought in tonight.

Otis walks over to a slab covered with a bloody sheet and Charlie follows behind him.

Otis pulls the sheet back revealing Woman #4.

OTIS

I'm sure you know she would've died from ingesting poison?

CHARLIE

I was told. Exactly what kind of poison was it?

OTIS

Antifreeze. Most use it to kill animals because of the sweet taste. She would've died a slow death, but as you can see, the disembowelment sped up the process.

CHARLIE

What about the guy?

OTIS

The force of the syringe would've led to him bleeding out, but the heroin is what killed him.

CHARLIE

You've been keeping up with the murders?

OTIS

I have no choice in the matter, if you really look at it.

CHARLIE

You know what I mean.

OTIS

What are you getting at Charles?

CHARLIE

Do you think the killer changed his style?

OTIS

Do I know it?

CHARLIE

What makes you so sure?

OTIS

Look at it this way. What do people do

to make sure they don't get caught cheating?

CHARLIE

We have no real leads to work with.

OTIS

Really? Or are you so frustrated you're not looking at the clues in front of you?

Charlie turns to walk away.

OTIS (CONT'D)

The longer you avoid what's right in front of you, the body count will continue rising.

CHARLIE

What exactly is right in front of me?

OTIS

That's up to you to figure out before another person dies. I can't do your job for you. All I do is clean up after the mess.

CHARLIE

Thanks Otis.

Charlie walks away.

INT. BERNARD OFFICE - AFTERNOON

Bernard is sitting behind his desk reading over a file, when Mary enters.

MARY

Are you okay?

BERNARD

(Continues reading)  
Why wouldn't I be okay?

MARY

Wasn't that was your friend who was murdered last night?

He places the file down, sighing.

BERNARD

Playboy Tommy. Hard to believe he was  
into drugs.

Seeing he's vulnerable, she walks over to him and takes a  
seat on his lap.

MARY

Are you sure you're going to be okay?

BERNARD

I'll manage. It's just hard to  
believe.

MARY

Maybe he had a depression problem you  
didn't know about.

Bernard blanks out.

BEGIN FLASHBACK

INT. THE KITCHEN - MORNING

Bernard's mother is sitting at the table in her robe crying,  
taking a sip from the liquor bottle in her hand.

She hears footsteps coming, and quickly hides the bottle.  
Young Bernard comes into the room carrying his backpack,  
walking over to her.

YOUNG BERNARD

What's wrong, mommy?

BERNARD MOTHER

(Sniffling)

It's nothing, baby. Are you all set to  
go?

YOUNG BERNARD

Yes.

BERNARD MOTHER

No matter what, your mommy loves you.  
Remember that.

YOUNG BERNARD

Okay.

BERNARD MOTHER

(Gives him a kiss on the forehead)

Good. Now, get going before you're late.

He walks out the room. She watches him leave before picking up the bottle taking a deep swig.

Lifting up her leg, she retrieves the straight razor Bernard has in his drawer.

She sobs, extending her left arm, slowly pulling the blade down and across, alternating doing the other wrist. Her body gives way falling to the floor.

Young Bernard comes back into the room smiling, until he sees his mother on the floor bleeding out.

He drops his backpack running over to her, dropping to his knees, holding her in his arms.

YOUNG BERNARD

Mommy, why?!

END FLASHBACK:

INT. BERNARD OFFICE - AFTERNOON (BACK TO PRESENT)

Bernard has a blank stare as Mary shakes him.

MARY

Bernard, are you okay?

He comes from his trance looking around confused.

BERNARD

Huh? Oh, yeah. Depression could have played a big part in it. Can I ask you a question?

MARY

Sure.

BERNARD

Will you accompany me to lunch today?

MARY

The pleasure is mine. Let me go get my things, and I'll meet you in the lobby.

She gives him a kiss on the cheek, and then makes her way to the door.

Bernard looks terrified, standing up reaching out for her.

BERNARD  
Mary, please don't---

She turns around to look at him.

MARY  
Don't what?

He realizes what's going on, gaining his composure, sitting back down clearing his throat.

BERNARD  
I'm sorry. I'll see you in a minute.

She continues looking at him strangely, before walking out. Bernard has tears built up in his eyes, placing his head down.

DISSOLVE TO:

BEGIN FLASHBACK:

INT. PHIL PARENTS BASEMENT - AFTERNOON

The room is set up like a game room. Teenage Bernard is sitting at the bar drinking scotch from the bottle with blood leaking from his left wrist.

On the counter is the straight razor his mother used to kill herself.

TEENAGE BERNARD  
(Drunk tone)  
Mother, oh mother! I see why you were drinking so much! It makes it easier to kill yourself when you're drunk!

Teenage Phil comes into the room.

TEENAGE PHIL  
Bernard? What are you doing down here?

Teenage Bernard turns around with the bottle in his hand.

TEENAGE BERNARD  
Phil, my friend! Come on over and have

a drink with me!

Teenage Phil sees the blood leaking from his wrist and rushes over, grabbing the bottle from his hand, throwing it against the wall.

TEENAGE PHIL  
What the fuck are you doing?!

TEENAGE BERNARD  
I was...I was talking to mama.

TEENAGE PHIL  
Are you fucking crazy?!

Teenage Bernard pushes him back.

TEENAGE BERNARD  
Leave me the fuck alone!

Teenage Bernard grabs the blade, and Teenage Phil grabs him, slinging him to the floor.

The two wrestle for a moment, until Teenage Bernard is able to mount him and grab the blade, placing it on his throat.

TEENAGE BERNARD (CONT'D)  
Do you know what it's like having the person you love kill themselves in front of you?! Do you know how that shit feels?!

Teenage Phil tenses up, but he keeps a calm composure.

TEENAGE PHIL  
I don't know what you're going through, you're right. But I can tell you, you're my best friend, and I love you.

TEENAGE BERNARD  
That's the same shit she said! I love you baby, and I'll always be here for you! Bullshit! Where is she at now?!

TEENAGE PHIL  
It's not your fault "B". It's not.

TEENAGE BERNARD  
(Sobbing)  
She didn't love me. No one loves me.

He lowers the blade. Teenage Phil flips him over and gets on top of him, taking the blade from his hand.

TEENAGE BERNARD (CONT'D)  
Just kill me, Phil. End my useless ass  
life. I have nothing to live for.

TEENAGE PHIL  
You have a lot to live for. Gather  
your losses and use them to make you  
stronger. If no one else in the world  
loves you, I do. How do you think I'd  
feel if I lost you as a friend?

Teenage Phil gets off him and sits to the side, allowing him to sit up.

TEENAGE BERNARD  
Why did she leave me? Why did she do  
this to me?

Teenage Phil places the blade to the side and hugs him.

TEENAGE PHIL  
She didn't leave you. She's with us  
talking through me.

TEENAGE BERNARD  
...I don't wanna---

TEENAGE PHIL  
You wanna live, trust me. You're  
destined to do great things. Your  
mother and father would want you to  
live.

Teenage Phil stands up, and then helps him stand to his feet.

TEENAGE PHIL (CONT'D)  
Let's get your crazy ass cleaned up.

The two laugh, making their way upstairs.

END FLASHBACK:

INT. BERNARD OFFICE - AFTERNOON (BACK TO PRESENT)

Bernard is sitting at his desk smiling, wiping the tears getting himself together.

He stands up walking over to the door grabbing his coat,



walking out the room.

Bernard walks down the hallway to the staircase making his way downstairs.

He walks over to Mary opening the door for her so she can walk out, and he follows.

They walk from the building over to the parking lot where Bernard's Benz is parked.

He walks to the passenger door, opening it so she can get in, closing the door behind her before walking over to the driver side getting in.

He starts the car up and pulls off.

Some alternative music is playing faintly.

MARY

What made you decide to become a lawyer?

BERNARD

I loved debating when I was a kid. I get a rush out of breaking people down, proving my point.

MARY

(Laughs)  
You like having people like putty in your hands?

BERNARD

(Laughs)  
Of course.

MARY

Is it true what they say about you?

BERNARD

What's that?

She places her hand on his inner thigh.

MARY

To get close to Mr. Drive, you have to break him down.

He gently moves her hand.

BERNARD

Very true. But it can't be done.

MARY

How do you figure?

BERNARD

I'm just saying.

MARY

I love challenges. It makes the reward worth the effort.

He smiles reaching into the cigarette pack resting in the cup holder taking one out, placing it in his mouth.

BERNARD

Once you start there's no starting over.

He goes to reach for his lighter, and she grabs it, lighting his cigarette.

MARY

Why play if you don't believe the odds of you winning are in your favor?

BERNARD

(Laughs)

That's enough about me. Tell me why you don't have a man?

MARY

What makes you think I don't?

BERNARD

A woman who has a man wouldn't have asked me the questions you did, nor would you be riding in this car with me.

MARY

What does that mean? I could be a woman who wants her cake and eats it too.

BERNARD

Then I must be the cake you can't wait to eat, and your man is the napkin.

MARY  
(Laughs)  
Seriously?

BERNARD  
Come on now. I see the way you look at me every day. The goose bumps you get when I say hello. I'm not even getting on when I hug you.

MARY  
Look at you. You think---

BERNARD  
If this was a trial, it would've been over in less than five minutes.

MARY  
Okay, okay, you got me. I'm single.

BERNARD  
Why is that?

She sits silent for a moment.

BERNARD (CONT'D)  
Well?

MARY  
Let's just say, it takes a lot for me to like a man. The idea of a man drooling over me for my looks and body is so trifling.

BERNARD  
I don't drool over you.

MARY  
Not physically. But in that mind of yours, you do.

BERNARD  
(Laughs)  
I plead the fifth.

MARY  
We're not in court.

BERNARD  
Well, something gotta give.

MARY  
Something is going to give.

CUT TO:

INT. THE RESTAURANT - MOMENTS LATER

Joey and Claire are sitting at the usual table. Bernard and Mary walk into the restaurant, taking a seat at another table.

Joey sits watching the two with a look of hate.

BERNARD  
Thank you for coming with me today.

MARY  
Believe me, the pleasure is mine. I've always wanted to come here, but money wise, I can't afford it.

BERNARD  
Well, if you turn out liking it this can be our spot if we get serious.

Joey gets up making his way over to the two.

MARY  
Oh, really?

BERNARD  
That's what I said. But I wanted you to come with me today because I want to tell you something only a few people know.

MARY  
What would that be?

Joey places his hands on Mary's shoulders causing her to cringe.

JOEY  
Hey buddy. Why didn't you come sit with us? We're not good enough for you and your precious Mary?

BERNARD  
All jokes aside. I think you should take your hands off her.

Joey wraps his hands around her neck.

JOEY

What's wrong, Mr. Perfect? I'm I  
getting under your skin?

Mary moves Joey's hands from her neck, scooting her chair up.

MARY

Why don't you sit down, so you two can  
talk?

Joey grabs her by the shoulders, and slings her to the floor.

JOEY

Shut up bitch!

Bernard gets up from his seat rushing over to Joey shoving  
him.

Joey swings, and Bernard blocks the punch, grabbing him,  
taking him to the floor, getting on top of him. Claire rushes  
over, grabbing Bernard, pulling him off.

Joey gets up from the floor with blood coming from his mouth.

CLAIRE

What the hell is wrong with you two?!  
Did you forget our friend was murdered  
last night?!

Joey wipes the blood from his mouth, flinging it to the  
floor, pointing at Bernard.

JOEY

He's not my friend! Apparently, he  
never was!

Joey makes his way out of the restaurant. The Manager comes  
out looking just as stunned as the customers.

Claire turns looking at Bernard, and he shoves her lightly.

CLAIRE

What the hell has gotten into you?

BERNARD

The virgin came to save that sorry ass  
excuse of a man. How about, both of  
you stay the fuck out of my life? Why  
would I wanna be around people whose

standards are lower than mine?

He turns his back walking off. Mary gets up from the floor, and leans over into Claire's ear.

MARY

He's mine, now. You two can consider yourselves dead like the other one.

Claire pushes her back, following it with a slap, knocking her on the table.

CLAIRE

Bernard, don't throw a friendship away for this whore!

Bernard turns around walking back to the table helping Mary. Mary looks at Claire stunned, holding her red face.

BERNARD

Respect it when I say it again. Stay the fuck out of my life.

The two walk off. Claire watches with tears built up in her eyes.

CUT TO:

INT. BERNARD BEDROOM - NIGHT

Bernard is standing by the bar with a drink in his hand, while Mary sits on the bed looking at him.

BERNARD

Why is this happening again? Haven't I suffered enough?

MARY

Come over here and take a seat? You need to relax.

BERNARD

Maybe you're right. But when I saw you on the floor...

He shakes his head, mumbling something under his breath before taking a sip.

MARY

Just come over here, sit down, and tell me what you were about to say at

the restaurant.

He downs his glass and then grabs the bottle before walking over to the bed sitting next to her.

BERNARD

(Sighs)

The scene reminded me of my mother.  
When I was little, she killed herself.  
She didn't do it in front of me...but  
the way I found her, she should've.

She covers her mouth stunned.

MARY

Oh my God. Why did she do that?

BERNARD

Depression. When I was little, my  
father was killed trying to apprehend  
a suspect. He didn't know the dude had  
a partner, and he came up from behind  
blowing my father's brains out. The  
day we buried him, we buried her as  
well. She always kept talking about  
how she wanted to be with dad.

MARY

How did you deal with it?

BERNARD

While living with my friend and his  
parents, I kept my mind on school.

He walks back over to the bar with his head down. Mary stands up taking her clothes off, leaving nothing but her bra and panties on.

MARY

Does your friend have a name?

BERNARD

Good old Phil. We were tight up until  
we graduated. After that, he got deep  
into drugs and whatnot leading to him  
doing some time for domestic violence  
and rape cases.

DISSOLVE TO:

BEGIN FLASHBACK:

INT. THE HALLWAY - AFTERNOON

Six teenage boys block off the hallway as a healthier in shape Tim with a bald-head has Teenage Phil against the wall beating the shit out of him.

Teenage Bernard comes running up, and two of the boys grab him.

Tim tosses Teenage Phil to the side, and then walks over to Teenage Bernard cracking his blood coated knuckles.

TIM

What do you want?

TEENAGE BERNARD

You need to get the fuck up off my friend. That's what I want.

TIM

Unless you're about to pay what he owes, I suggest you get the fuck on.

Teenage Phil tries to stand on his feet, but he's dazed.

TEENAGE PHIL

"B" man, just...just go. I got this.

TEENAGE BERNARD

Phil, shut the fuck up.

(To Tim)

How about you let him go and we can work something out?

TIM

Work something out? Nigga, is you crazy?

TEENAGE BERNARD

Oh, your weak ass is real tough with your bitch ass boys around.

TIM

What did you say?

TEENAGE BERNARD

You heard what the fuck I said.

TEENAGE PHIL

Bernard man---



TIM  
 Shut the fuck up before I come back  
 there and beat on your ass some more!  
 Let this nigga go.

The two boys let Teenage Bernard go.

TEENAGE BERNARD  
 When I get to beating on that ass,  
 your little bitches are gonna jump me.

TIM  
 (Laughs)  
 I like you lil nigga. I can---

Teenage Bernard swings, hitting Tim in the face making his head turn.

A short sweet fight plays out, ending with Tim slinging him into the wall.

He hits it hard, sliding to the floor holding his head in pain.

He shakes the daze off ready to rush him, but Tim pulls out a switchblade.

Tim walks over to him and grabs him by the collar. Teenage Bernard smiles, licking the blood from his busted lip as Tim places the blade up to his throat.

TIM (CONT'D)  
 You got heart, I'll give you that. Too bad I have to kill you.

TEENAGE PHIL  
 Tim man---

TIM  
 Shut the fuck up because you're next!

TEENAGE BERNARD  
 (Laughs)  
 Then hurry up and get the shit out the way. I've been waiting to die for the longest. What better way to die than by a pussy ass nigga like you?

TIM  
 What?

TEENAGE BERNARD

What is absolutely right?! I'm trying to die!

BOY #1

Tim, come on man, let's go.

TEENAGE BERNARD

Yeah, Tim, let's go! All you have to do is push it in and drag it across, you pussy.

Teenage Bernard spits in his face. Tim laughs, taking the knife down.

TIM

Like I said, you got some heart.

TEENAGE BERNARD

And like I said, you---

Tim stabs him on his right side holding it there. Teenage Bernard releases a moan of pain.

TIM

If you live from this, you'll remember I did it to you.

TEENAGE BERNARD

(Moans in pain)

I'll remember what it feels like to be fucked by a pussy like you.

Tim pulls the knife up before pushing Teenage Bernard back into the wall.

Tim and the boys with him take off running. Teenage Bernard lies on the floor holding his bleeding side. Teenage Phil inches towards him.

TEENAGE PHIL

What the hell were you thinking?

TEENAGE BERNARD

(Moaning)

That's what friends are for. No matter the situation...if you love someone, you'll die for them.

TEENAGE PHIL

Help! Somebody help us!

END FLASHBACK.

INT. BERNARD BEDROOM - NIGHT (BACK TO PRESENT)

Bernard downs his drink, and then rubs his chin. Mary walks up behind him.

MARY

Do you know where he is now?

BERNARD

Last I heard he was in Ohio. He supposedly remarried and got his life back together.

He turns around, backing into the bar when he sees her.

BERNARD (CONT'D)

Whoa. What's this about?

MARY

The first time I saw you, I said to myself, I have to have you.

BERNARD

But...what if I lose you, too?

She places a finger to his lips, trailing it down to his belt.

MARY

The only way you'll lose me is through death.

She grabs him by the back of the head, giving him a deep passionate kiss.

A sensual sex scene plays out.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. BERNARD BEDROOM - LATER

Bernard and Mary are lying under the covers. She has her head on his chest, and he's playing in her hair.

MARY

I have something to tell you.

BERNARD  
(Sarcastic tone)  
You're pregnant already?

She lightly hits him on the chest.

MARY  
It's something more serious than that.

Bernard sits up, and she slides her head down into his lap.

BERNARD  
What is it?

MARY  
I wasn't always beautiful. I had surgery done to remove a gash that was on the right side of my face.

BERNARD  
What happened?

MARY  
You know you usually hear about the father abusing the daughter? Well in my case...it was the other way around.

DISSOLVE TO:

BEGIN FLASHBACK:

INT. MARY MOTHER KITCHEN - AFTERNOON

Dirty dishes rest in the old dish water, and on the counter. A plate of cocaine is on the table where MARY MOTHER is sitting taking a sip from a liquor bottle wearing a dirty wife beater and black leggings.

MARY MOTHER  
(Drunk tone)  
You good for nothing tramp!

The living room is just as filthy as the kitchen. Nine-year-old YOUNG MARY is sitting on the couch crying wearing something simple.

YOUNG MARY  
What did I do, mama?

Mary's mother comes staggering out the kitchen holding the liquor bottle, leaning up against the wall to keep her

balance.

She shatters the bottle against the wall, but she's still holding the neck end.

Young Mary stands up, slowly walking backwards keeping her eyes on her mother.

MARY MOTHER

Just like your father! You'll never be worth shit!

YOUNG MARY

Mama, please. I didn't do anything.

MARY MOTHER

I'll make sure you won't become a whore, Ms. Lady!

Young Mary attempts to run, but her mother is quick on her feet, grabbing her by the hair, slamming her to the floor. Young Mary screams in fear as her mother gets on top of her plunging the broken glass deep into the right side of her face.

Young Mary screams in agonizing pain as her mother twists the glass.

She gets up, throwing the glass to the side, while looking down at Young Mary crying.

Young Mary is holding her bleeding face, cutting her fingers and palm on the shards of glass.

MARY MOTHER (CONT'D)

There! Now I know you won't be out here doing anything foolish! Who would look at a disfigured whore like you?!

Mary's mother makes her way back into the kitchen. She walks over to the cabinet tossing cereal boxes out the way until she reaches the liquor bottle.

She grabs it and staggers back to the table taking a seat.

MARY MOTHER (CONT'D)

(Sorrow tone)

God, forgive me.

She tries to take a sip, but her head falls face first to the table, dropping the bottle shattering it.

Young Mary comes into the kitchen with a blank stare, and blood dripping from her face.

She walks over to the sink grabbing a butcher knife from the dirty water.

Walking over to her mother, she raises the knife high, bringing it down with force into her back.

Mary's mother screams in pain as Young Mary continues stabbing.

She still has the same blank stare as blood covers her face, and her mother's screams go mute.

END FLASHBACK:

INT. BERNARD BEDROOM - NIGHT (BACK TO PRESENT)

Bernard sits stunned.

MARY

They let me go with temporary insanity, instead of murder. I was under close observation at an asylum before they decided to repair my face and let me go.

BERNARD

That's deep.

MARY

From there on, I grew a deep hatred for women. Especially the ones who get drunk pretending they don't know what they're doing.

BERNARD

We have each other now, and I won't let anything come between that.

INT. BERNARD OFFICE - AFTERNOON

Bernard is sitting behind his desk doing a crossword puzzle with his headphones on.

Mary is placing files in the cabinet. She walks over to him taking a seat on his lap, giving him a kiss on the cheek.

He takes his headphones off.

MARY  
What are we doing today?

BERNARD  
I was thinking we could---

Charlie bursts into the room walking towards the desk stopping, picking up the nameplate sucking his teeth.

CHARLIE  
Mr. Drive?

BERNARD  
How may I help you?

Charlie places the plate back down, turning his back to walk away.

CHARLIE  
Get your shit, you're coming with me.

BERNARD  
May I ask why?

Charlie pauses.

CHARLIE  
Don't be a smartass, kid. Just get your shit, and let's go.

Charlie walks out the room.

MARY  
What was that about?

BERNARD  
I have no idea.

He gives her a kiss, and then taps her on the ass so she can stand up.

He gets up walking over to the hook grabbing his coat before walking out the room.

CUT TO:

INT. THE INTERROGATION ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Bernard is sitting at the table, while Charlie stands to the side smoking a cigarette.

BERNARD

You care to tell me why I'm down here?

CHARLIE

Your friends are Claire Nile, and Joey Mason?

BERNARD

They were my friends.

CHARLIE

(Takes a pull)

That really doesn't matter. What does matter is you were friends with Tom Rivers.

BERNARD

Your point?

Charlie pulls out the note, tossing it at Bernard.

BERNARD (CONT'D)

(Laughs)

You brought me down here to read your love letters?

CHARLIE

Just open the goddamn thing and read it.

Bernard opens the note, scans over it, and tosses it to the side.

BERNARD

Okay, now what?

CHARLIE

(Takes a pull)

Why do you think your initial is on it?

BERNARD

(Laughs)

Please tell me.

CHARLIE

I was hoping you could tell me, since it was found at the scene of your dead friend. I figure if you don't know who the killer is, you're next on the list.



BERNARD

Obviously you don't know who I am. Whatever they told you, don't take it with heed. And whatever he was involved in, it has nothing to do with me.

CHARLIE

I know who you are.

BERNARD

Good. Then you know keeping me here any longer can cost you your career. Thank you, and have a nice day.

Bernard stands up patting Charlie on the shoulder. Charlie drops his cigarette and grabs him by the arm.

CHARLIE

You do have a smartass mouth, just like your friends said. Tell me something, kid. Did you say a smartass remark like that when they found you with your dead mother?

Bernard snatches his arm away.

BERNARD

I told you they're not friends of mine. And if I were you, I'd tread softly. You never know if you might end up on someone's list.

Bernard walks out the room. Walking through the loud lobby, he makes his way outside. He walks to his car and gets in slamming the door, gripping the steering wheel tight.

DISSOLVE TO:

BEGIN FLASHBACK:

INT. THE KITCHEN - MORNING

Young Bernard is standing in the corner with a blank stare watching the coroners carry his mother out. There's a large bloodstain on the floor.

The straight razor she used to kill herself has been replaced with another one.

MALE OFFICER walks over to Young Bernard.

MALE OFFICER

I know this isn't the right time, but I have to ask you a question. Were you here when she did this?

Young Bernard doesn't respond.

MALE OFFICER (CONT'D)

I know this is difficult, but I need to know if---

YOUNG BERNARD

She's in a better place.

MALE OFFICER

Yes, she is. But---

YOUNG BERNARD

That's all that matters.

Young Bernard walks out the house. People are looking on, shaking their heads.

Young Bernard stands on the porch with the same blank stare watching them place his mother into the van.

He walks off the porch and makes his way down the street. Coming from the other end of the street is the neighborhood bully JUAN, the young Latino with a stocky build.

Juan stops in front of Young Bernard, and Young Bernard walks through him with a hard push.

Juan stands confused for a second before running up in front of Young Bernard placing a hand to his chest making him stop.

JUAN

Are you dumb today, shit-face? Where's the toll for walking down this street?

YOUNG BERNARD

I would advise you to carry on about your day.

Young Bernard places his hand in his pocket on the handle of the blade.

JUAN

You must be ready to collect this beating.

Just as Juan gets ready to swing, Young Bernard grabs him and pulls the straight blade out, placing it on his throat.

YOUNG BERNARD

Are you ready to go to a better place?  
My mommy was.

JUAN

(Begging)  
Please...please---

YOUNG BERNARD

Please what? Let you live?

Young Bernard looks back seeing some people making their way towards them.

He leans in Juan's ear.

YOUNG BERNARD (CONT'D)

(Whispering)

My father was murdered, and the only woman I loved killed herself today. Unless you wanna join them, I suggest you leave me the fuck alone. Do you understand me?

JUAN

Yes...yes, I understand.

Young Bernard lets him go and holds the blade down to his side as the people walk pass.

YOUNG BERNARD

Get your ass home.

Juan gets ready to walk off, but Young Bernard grabs his hand.

YOUNG BERNARD (CONT'D)

Oh, yeah. This is for all the tolls I had to pay.

Young Bernard slices Juan across the right side of his face making him release a scream.

The people who were walking stop and turn around looking at the two.

Juan is holding his face, while Young Bernard stands beside him smiling, with the blade pressed against Juan's back.

PERSON ON THE STREET  
Is everything okay?

YOUNG BERNARD  
(Laughs)  
He's okay. He got stung by a bee.

The people turn around walking off.

YOUNG BERNARD (CONT'D)  
If you ever mention a toll again,  
you'll pay with your life.

He walks off. Juan watches, taking a bandanna out placing it on his face trying to stop the bleeding.

END FLASHBACK:

INT. BERNARD CAR - AFTERNOON (BACK TO PRESENT)

Bernard is holding the wheel tight, smiling.

BERNARD  
Nope, I didn't say a smart remark. But the last person who asked me a stupid ass question knew not to ask me shit else.

He starts the car up driving off.

CUT TO:

INT. THE JAZZ BAR - NIGHT

Bernard is sitting at the bar with a half bottle of whiskey and a shot glass.

Sitting at the end of the bar is Juan's brother RICO, mid thirties.

He's wearing a wife beater and jeans with a twig in his mouth, staring down at Bernard.

The Bartender is standing behind the bar cleaning glasses looking at Bernard.

BERNARD  
(Drunk tone)  
The woman I love is a deranged murderer.

BARTENDER  
Are you okay, pal?

Bernard downs his shot, and then looks at the Bartender.

BERNARD  
Am I okay? Would you be okay if the  
woman you love is a psychopath?

Rico takes one more shot before making his way down to  
Bernard.

BARTENDER  
I think you need to go home. You've  
had enough.

BERNARD  
Who the hell are you to tell me I've  
had enough? Do you know---

Rico places a hand on Bernard's shoulder. Bernard pulls a  
cigarette out placing it in his mouth, lighting it, turning  
around.

RICO  
Ain't you that lawyer guy?

Bernard grabs the bottle from the counter taking a sip,  
placing it back.

BERNARD  
That would be me. If you have any  
problems, let me know.

RICO  
This is a problem that should've been  
solved a long time ago.

BERNARD  
Huh?

RICO  
You don't remember Juan Paso, do you  
shit-face?

BERNARD  
(Laughs)  
I haven't heard that name in years.  
Wait a minute. Are you the guy who  
used to bully me?

RICO

I wish he was here right now so he could beat your ass! But due to what you did to him, he killed himself!

Bernard laughs. The Bartender reaches down grabbing the handle of the shotgun he has under the counter.

BARTENDER

I'm not having any shit in here tonight.

RICO

You think it's funny?!

BERNARD

I guess the toll I told him really went to his head.

Rico gets ready to swing, and Bernard hits him upside the head with the bottle shattering it.

While Rico is holding his bleeding head, Bernard gets up and hits him with a hard right knocking him to the floor.

The Bartender pulls the shotgun out and fires a round in the air.

Everyone drops to the floor except for Bernard, who turns around looking at the Bartender smiling. The Bartender takes aim on Bernard.

BARTENDER

Get the fuck outta here! I told you, I wasn't having any shit in here today!

Bernard kicks Rico before walking backwards towards the door with hands in the air.

He gets to the door and puts his hands down. He goes in his pocket and pulls out some money, which he throws up in the air.

BERNARD

Everybody have a drink on me!

Everyone rushes trying to get the money causing a bar brawl. Bernard laughs making his way out the door.

CUT TO:

INT. BERNARD HOUSE - MOMENTS LATER

The crystal chandelier hangs above lighting up the room. Bernard staggers in closing the door behind him, leaning up against the wall with his head down, laughing.

Mary comes out of the bedroom upstairs walking over to the rail looking down at him.

MARY

What took you so long to get here?

He looks up, placing his hand over his eyes trying to focus.

BERNARD

(Drunk tone)

Mary? How did you get here?

MARY

The same way you did. Although, I find it hard to believe you made it here in your condition.

BERNARD

And you're mad because?

She comes downstairs making her way to him, shoving him.

MARY

What am I mad about?! I've been cooking all day trying to prepare a nice night for us, and you went and fucked it up! That's why I'm mad!

BERNARD

...What did you make?

MARY

You know what?

She rolls her eyes making her way back upstairs going into the bedroom, slamming the door behind her.

Bernard continues laughing, shrugging up his shoulders, staggering his way into the living room.

He staggers over to the couch falling face first, and then the doorbell is heard.

He hops up looking around confused.

BERNARD

No, no further questions.

The doorbell continues ringing. Bernard rolls off the couch onto the floor slowly crawling towards the wall.

BERNARD (CONT'D)

Alright, Goddamn it, I'm coming!

He stands up getting to the front door, and the ringing stops.

BERNARD (CONT'D)

I know damn well---

PHIL (O.S.)

Why stop now, when you can go all the way?

BERNARD

Because what you do now can predict who you'll be in the future!

Bernard swings the door open and there stands Phil. He's still a pretty boy, just with shorter hair.

The two hug and then Bernard lets him come in, closing the door behind him.

They walk into the living room.

PHIL

I see you achieved your goal.

BERNARD

What are you doing out here? Last I heard you were in Ohio.

PHIL

I've been here for the longest. The wife and I had a few issues, so we went our separate ways.

BERNARD

It wasn't for what I think, was it?

Phil walks over to the mini bar, grabs two glasses and a bottle of cognac, filling the glasses.

Picking the glasses up, he walks back over to Bernard handing him one.



PHIL

Nah, it wasn't for that. I learned my lesson from that shit.

BERNARD

That's good. What do you think about our celebrity serial killer?

PHIL

None of that shit bothers me. Besides, I had to come see how my best friend was doing.

MARY (O.S.)

What's going on down here?

They turn around seeing Mary standing wearing one of Bernard's robes, with her arms folded across her chest.

PHIL

Who is that?

BERNARD

Phil, this is my woman, Mary. Mary, this is my best friend Phil.

MARY

Oh, the rapist? I'm going back to bed.

She walks off.

PHIL

What's her problem?

BERNARD

Who gives a fuck? Where are you staying?

PHIL

This little motel that's not too far from where you live. Just a little something until I get back on my feet.

BERNARD

I think you meant to say, you're staying here.

PHIL

Come on, I can't do that "B".

BERNARD

You can and you will. You and your family did it for me when I needed it the most.

PHIL

(Laughs)

Same old Bernard. You never knew how to back down.

BERNARD

That's why I'm the best in the city.

They laugh toasting.

INT. THE GUEST ROOM - MORNING

The room has a layout like Bernard's room, minus the dark Gothic feel.

Phil is lying asleep on the bed under the covers. Mary is standing at the side of the bed wearing a black jogging suit, staring at him.

Phil slowly wakes up, and just as he gets ready to come from under the covers, he jumps back pulling the cover over himself when he notices Mary.

PHIL

Sorry, I didn't know you were standing there.

MARY

That's the least of your problems.

PHIL

What the fuck are you talking about?

MARY

I just wanna let you know, I know what you're doing. Just because you helped my man when he was little, don't think you can come back around taking him from me.

PHIL

Have you lost your fucking mind? It was his idea for me to stay here in the first place.

MARY

It's not about what he says! It's about what I say! If you're smart, which I know you're not!

(Points between her legs)

You should know he'll put this pussy before some bum ass, washed up ex rapist!

He gets ready to lunge at her, and she pulls a butcher knife out.

PHIL

You got the nerve to mention my past, and you're pulling a knife on me?! Bitch, are you crazy!

MARY

You goddamn right, I'm crazy! Now you listen. It's not hard for me to bruise myself up and file a report saying you beat me. I'm sure they would love to send your sweet ass back to jail.

She leans in, placing the tip of the knife in his face.

MARY (CONT'D)

You remember that, bitch.

She walks out the room. Phil sits on the bed breathing heavily.

CUT TO:

INT. BERNARD OFFICE - AFTERNOON

Bernard is sitting behind his desk looking at something on his laptop.

Mary comes in, stopping in front of the desk, folding her arms across her chest.

Bernard gets up walking over to her trying to give her a hug, and she pushes him back.

BERNARD

What's wrong with you?

MARY

What are you going to do about your friend?

BERNARD

Phil? What about him?

MARY

We had a conversation this morning---

Bernard hits himself upside the head.

BERNARD

That's right. We're supposed to have lunch today.

He prepares to walk off, and Mary grabs his hand.

MARY

Bernard? Is that all you have to say?

He turns around giving her a kiss, followed by rubbing her chin.

BERNARD

I love you, and I'll see you later tonight.

He walks out the room. Mary picks up the nameplate and throws it at the door.

CUT TO:

INT. BERNARD CAR - MOMENTS LATER

Bernard is sitting in front of his mini mansion further down from the other houses.

He's looking at the group message he sent to Joey and Claire waiting for Phil to come out.

INSERT THE PHONE SCREEN

If it's possible, can we meet for lunch at the sushi place? I'm sure you guys are still pissed from last time, but let's put that behind us. I hope to see you.

He sends the message. Phil comes out the house wearing some of Bernard's casual clothes making his way to the car getting in. Bernard pulls off.

Some rap music plays faintly.

PHIL

What's wrong with your girl?

Bernard turns the music down.

BERNARD

What about her?

PHIL

She didn't tell you what she did?

BERNARD

She told me y'all had a conversation,  
but that's about it.

PHIL

She came into the room on some other  
shit. She was talking about, she's not  
letting me take you away from her...and  
then the crazy bitch pulled a knife on  
me.

Bernard laughs, taking a cigarette from his pack, placing it  
in his mouth.

BERNARD

You're taking me away from her? Damn,  
I never knew.

PHIL

You sitting there laughing and shit,  
but I'm being dead ass serious.

BERNARD

Whoa, wait a minute. You said she  
pulled a knife on you?

PHIL

That's what I said.

Bernard takes a calm pull from his cigarette.

PHIL (CONT'D)

I know that's your girl and you love  
her, but the bitch is crazy.

BERNARD

I'll talk to her when we get back.

PHIL

Fuck a talk! You need to kick that  
bitch out!

BERNARD

I said I'll talk to her! Did I get on your head when I told you about that shit back in the day and you didn't listen?!

Phil sits silently, rubbing his chin.

BERNARD (CONT'D)

Thank you. Now I said I'll talk to her, and will. You're my boy. No pussy or money will ever come between that. I love you, and I'm glad we're back hanging.

PHIL

I love you, too. It's just---

BERNARD

Just drop it.

CUT TO:

INT. SUSHI BUFFET - MOMENTS LATER

The sound of rain is heard hitting against the windows. Joey has his back turned to the entrance, and Claire is sitting across from him.

Bernard and Phil come into the restaurant. Bernard tells Phil to wait by the door while he makes his way to Claire and Joey.

JOEY

Who does he think he is? What does the little lunch date supposed to mean?

CLAIRE

Just let it go. Everybody was in the wrong that day.

JOEY

That might be true. It still doesn't give him the right to do what he did. When he gets here---

Bernard extends his hand out in front of Joey.

BERNARD

You'll shake my hand accepting my apology, and say we're still friends.

CLAIRE

What's this lunch date about, Mr. Perfect?

JOEY

Yeah. I thought you wanted us to stay the fuck out of your life?

Bernard pulls his hand back.

BERNARD

That's all in the past. I'm a new person now, and all I want is my friends.

Claire stands up, and then steps over to him.

CLAIRE

My life without Mr. Perfect was getting hard to deal with.

She opens her arms for a hug, and they embrace.

BERNARD

Thanks. How about you, Joey?

Joey stands up staring in Bernard's eyes.

BERNARD (CONT'D)

Well?

JOEY

...As long as you give me a kiss.

The two laugh before giving each other a hug.

CLAIRE

Can you tell me what happened to Bernard?

BERNARD

I had an epiphany. I want you guys to meet someone.

Bernard signals for Phil to come over. Phil pauses in his tracks staring at Claire in awe.

BERNARD (CONT'D)

Claire and Joey, this is my good friend Phil. Phil, Claire and Joey.

Phil takes Claire's hand and kisses it.

PHIL

I'm charmed to meet your acquaintance.

She pulls her hand back, blushing.

CLAIRE

Where did you meet this well-mannered man?

BERNARD

This is my childhood friend.

CLAIRE

It's nice to meet you, Phil.

JOEY

Claire, calm down. I don't think he's into men.

Claire gets ready to speak, and Phil grabs her hand staring into her eyes.

PHIL

She's far from a man. She's the true meaning behind the word beauty.

JOEY

I think he's blind. What man in his right mind would say that about Claire?

BERNARD

(Laughs)

Let's stop with the jokes as Tom would say. Let's sit down, eat, drink and have a good time.

The four sit having a good time drinking and eating. Claire and Phil are keeping constant eye contact. No one notices Mary standing outside soaking wet.

CUT TO:

INT. BERNARD KITCHEN - LATER

Mary is sitting at the table in the same wet clothes, drinking vodka straight from the bottle.

In front of her is a picture of Bernard, and resting beside



it is a butcher knife.

She picks up the knife placing the tip on the picture beginning to scrape away.

When she realizes she's scraping the glass, she places the knife down.

She picks up the bottle taking another sip. Just as she gets ready to put her head down, she hears the front door open, followed by laughter coming from Bernard and Phil.

Bernard and Phil are standing by the bar.

PHIL

You got some crazy friends. And that Claire is something special.

BERNARD

I just bet she is, considering you never took your eyes off her. Not to mention, you got her number.

PHIL

It's something about her, what can I say? I doubt she would be interested in me. I don't even know why I got the number.

BERNARD

Are you crazy? The way you two were talking, there's no doubt something will jump off. You better put that number to use.

PHIL

Do you think so?

BERNARD

Hell yeah. There's no doubt in my mind---

MARY (O.S.)

(Drunk tone)

He's right! What woman would be interested in an ex rapist?!

They turn around seeing Mary leaning up against the wall holding the bottle.

Phil lowers his head in shame. Bernard walks over to her and

snatches the bottle from her hand.

BERNARD

What the fuck is wrong with you? Why would you say some shit like that?

PHIL

...I'll just come back later.

BERNARD

No, fuck that! This is my goddamn house and you don't have to go nowhere!

(To Mary)

I need to speak with you.

He grabs her by the arm, dragging her into the kitchen. He presses her up against the wall holding her by the shoulders.

BERNARD (CONT'D)

Why are you fuckin' with him? What did he do to you? And what's with the shit you pulled this morning, pulling a knife on my friend?

MARY

I'm not losing you to a rapist is what I'm saying! And what I said to him I meant! This isn't just your house anymore, it's ours! I need you to understand that!

BERNARD

Lose me? This is our house?

(Laughs)

Listen, I know you're drunk right now. I need you to go upstairs, and take a nap. When you wake up, we can talk about it.

She snatches his hands down, pushing him back.

MARY

You're not my daddy! I don't need you trying to tell me what to do!

She turns her back walking away.

BERNARD

I need to be your daddy! Somebody needs to put some discipline down on

your ass!

She turns back around, walking up to him getting in his face.

MARY

Oh, really? I don't think you would want to be my father, considering that bastard is a rapist too! That's the reason why I'm here!

She turns her back storming out the kitchen. Phil looks at Mary storming past him to the front door opening it, slamming the door behind her. Bernard comes walking out the kitchen.

PHIL

You okay, man? Your girl just stormed out.

BERNARD

Naw man, I'm pretty fucked up right now. Listen, I'll get up with you later.

Bernard makes his way to the stairs going up to his room.

PHIL

B. B.

Phil walks over to the bar and makes a drink.

CUT TO:

INT. BERNARD BEDROOM - LATER

Bernard is under the covers asleep. The killer creeps into the room from the balcony, walking over to the bed, placing the tip of a butcher knife on Bernard's leg, slowly trailing it up.

BERNARD

(Half woke)

Mary quit the bullshit.

The killer takes the tip of the blade and places it on Bernard's arm trailing it up.

BERNARD (CONT'D)

Mary, I told you---

The killer pounces on him, weighing him down, pulling out a flashlight turning it on in his eyes.

BERNARD (CONT'D)

What do you want?

The Killer places the dull part of the blade on the right side of Bernard's face, trailing it down to his heart.

BERNARD (CONT'D)

Charlie said this would happen. Go ahead and do it. Do it! Do it, Mary!

The killer quickly moves the knife, placing a deep gash in Bernard's side causing him to moan in pain.

BERNARD (CONT'D)

Is that the best you got... sweetheart?

The killer hits Bernard upside the head with the flashlight until he goes unconscious.

Before leaving the room, the killer drops a note on the bed.

CUT TO:

EXT. THE LAW OFFICE - LATER

Mary is standing in front of the building with her purse on her shoulder, holding a bottle of vodka teetering side to side.

MARY

(Drunk tone)

I can't believe that son of a bitch is putting a rapist before the woman who actually loves him!

(Takes a sip)

That's okay. I don't need his ass. Best lawyer in the city. Too bad his dick ain't the best in the city!

She goes to take another sip and the bottle slips from her hand.

She breaks down crying.

MARY (CONT'D)

(Sobbing)

My father is a rapist. My mother didn't give a fuck about me. Just when I thought I found love he pushes me to the side for everything my parents stand for.

She picks up a piece of glass digging it deep into her hand before wiping it all over her clothes.

MARY (CONT'D)

If he thinks he's leaving me, he has another thought coming. I'm starting to feel that urge again, when I killed that worthless bitch of a mother. This time...it won't be temporary insanity.

She staggers into the back of the building into the darkness.

CUT TO:

INT. EMERGENCY ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Bernard is on the bed getting stitched up. Charlie is standing to the side looking at him.

CHARLIE

This can't be the man who told me to tread carefully.

BERNARD

Fuck you very much. This ain't the time for sarcasm.

CHARLIE

You're right.

Charlie pulls out the note handing it to Bernard. Bernard takes the note and opens it.

BERNARD

(Reads aloud)

I'm cutting off all ties. The only thing standing between me and my goal is death.

CHARLIE

Do you know what it means?

BERNARD

She was plotting on me the whole time.

CHARLIE

Who?

BERNARD

My woman.

Charlie laughs and that causes the doctor to laugh and accidentally prick Bernard.

BERNARD (CONT'D)

Ouch!

DOCTOR  
(Snickering)

Sorry, sir.

CHARLIE

Let's say that's true. That explains why she killed your friend. Why did she kill the other women?

BERNARD

Her abusive mother fucked up the right side of her face. She ended up killing her, growing a deep hatred for drunk women.

CHARLIE

That explains why she takes the flesh. We need to get to her before she kills someone else.

CUT TO:

INT. THE BASEMENT - CONTINUOUS

Claire is on the bench cranking out, covered in sweat. She finishes one more rep, and then puts the weights down, breathing heavily, picking up her water bottle. While drinking her water, her phone starts ringing. She answers, placing it on speaker.

CLAIRE

Hello?

JOEY (V.O.)

Let me guess...you're working out.

CLAIRE

You would be right.

JOEY (V.O.)

I knew it. Hercules.

CLAIRE

Is there a reason for this phone call before I hang up?

JOEY (V.O.)

(Laughs)

Yes. What do you think really happened to good ole Mr. Perfect?

CLAIRE

I don't know. I know I want his friend.

JOEY (V.O.)

(Scoffs)

You're a dick chaser. Have you ever heard of the word game?

CLAIRE

Have you ever heard of the word hater? You're jealous because everybody has somebody except for you.

JOEY (V.O.)

I got mine sweetheart, please believe me.

CLAIRE

Sure you do.

Her line clicks.

CLAIRE (CONT'D)

Hold on.

She clicks over.

CLAIRE (CONT'D)

Hello?

PHIL (V.O.)

Hey Claire, how are you doing?

CLAIRE

Who is this?

PHIL (V.O.)

This is Phil. Bernard's friend.

CLAIRE

Oh, how are you doing?

PHIL (V.O.)

I'm fine.

CLAIRE

That's good. So, what's going on?

PHIL (V.O.)

Nothing really. I was wondering if  
would you like to grab something to  
eat? My treat.

CLAIRE

I would love to. Just give me a minute  
to get ready.

PHIL (V.O.)

Okay, cool. Call me when you're ready.

CLAIRE

Okay.

She clicks back over. Joey is singing, sounding horrible.

CLAIRE (CONT'D)

You know singing ain't for everybody?

JOEY (V.O.)

Girl, you know my singing makes you  
wet.

CLAIRE

Yeah, okay. Anyway, I have to let you  
go because I need to get ready.

JOEY (V.O.)

Where are you going?

CLAIRE

On a date with the person you said is  
running game on me.

JOEY (V.O.)

I would tell you to take some mace or  
something, but you don't need any of  
that.

CLAIRE

Fuck you and goodbye.

She hangs up smiling.

CUT TO:



INT. BERNARD OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Bernard and Charlie are standing in the room that's in shambles lit by the moon and building lights coming through the window.

CHARLIE

This place is a mess just like hers.

BERNARD

There's only one other place she could be.

Charlie picks up the picture of Bernard and his mother.

CHARLIE

How did you get over the thing with your mother?

BERNARD

I'm not over it. That's why I took the case with the woman on trial for killing her husband.

CHARLIE

Why did she kill him?

BERNARD

Because he was always cheating and beating on her.

CHARLIE

She killed him because of built up anger?

BERNARD

Depression finally took over after so many years. In the state she was in, I'm surprised she didn't kill him, the kids and herself.

(Sighs)

At some point you get to where you have to do something. That moment of clarity to help you get through the pain. I kept having flashbacks of my incident, and I used that to help strengthen me to win the case.

CHARLIE

So, winning the case helped you with your problem?

BERNARD

If I knew then, what I know now.

Charlie places the picture back on the desk, and then pats Bernard on the back.

CHARLIE

I'm sorry about the comment I made before.

BERNARD

Sometimes I need to hear those words.

CHARLIE

You did real good, kid. Let's get some justice for those innocent people murdered.

Charlie walks out the room. Bernard stands with tears in his eyes, sighing deeply before walking out the room.

Bernard comes out of the room, walking down the barely lit hallway with his head down, and that's when the killer hits him with a clothesline from one of the other rooms, knocking him to the floor.

Charlie is walking down the stairs, and then he stops when he notices Bernard isn't behind him.

He pulls his gun out, and slowly starts making his way back upstairs.

CHARLIE (CONT'D)

Come on kid, we need to get going!

Charlie gets to the top of the stairs, and he pauses when he sees the outline of the killer, thinking it's Bernard.

CHARLIE (CONT'D)

Kid?

The killer opens fire, and Charlie quickly takes cover returning fire.

The two have a short and sweet shootout because Charlie tries to get a clean shot, and gets shot in the shoulder, causing him fall backwards down the stairs.

Charlie tumbles down the stairs losing his gun, and the killer is right behind him. Charlie lands hard, lying in pain.

KILLER POV

The killer kneels down placing the gun in his face.

CHARLIE (CONT'D)

(In pain)

Kill me, you crazy bitch!

The killer pistol-whips Charlie until he goes unconscious, and then goes back upstairs to get Bernard.

CUT TO:

EXT. THE PARK - CONTINUOUS

Claire and Phil are holding hands walking along the path.

CLAIRE

So, you and Bernard are childhood friends.

PHIL

We started off as nothing more than neighbors. But after the incident with his mother, we became closer.

CLAIRE

What incident with his mother?

PHIL

You don't know? His mother killed herself when he was little. Sad to say, he was the one who found her.

CLAIRE

Oh my God.

PHIL

Yeah, it fucked him up real bad. He was always trying to kill himself. It got to the point I couldn't leave him alone.

CLAIRE

That's terrible. I didn't know that.

PHIL

He's a secretive person. He doesn't open up because he feels holding back pain makes him stronger. But back in the day, it was the complete opposite.

CLAIRE

So, you were his guardian angel?

PHIL

You can say that. He was mine too.

CLAIRE

What do you mean?

PHIL

Back then there was this gang that was about to kill me, and he took a knife for me. I thought he was about to die in my arms that day.

CLAIRE

Why would anyone want to hurt you? You're such a sweetheart.

PHIL

During that time, I was everything but a sweetheart. I did some dumb shit I knew I had no business doing.

CLAIRE

I know what you mean.

PHIL

So he saved me from that and I was like...why would he jump into something meant to come down on me? That made me realize he's a true friend would do.

CLAIRE

Everybody makes mistakes. If you can learn to forgive yourself, that's the first step in getting over it. Believe it or not, Bernard helped me out in a strange way.

PHIL

Really? How?

CLAIRE

(Laughs)

That's not important. What's important is why a fine, well distinguished man like yourself is single?

PHIL

Drugs, alcohol and trying to be

something I'm not placed a dent in my relationship.

CLAIRE

Oh, okay.

PHIL

That's why I don't bother approaching women. I figure when they find out about my past they wouldn't bother looking twice.

CLAIRE

But, you approached me.

PHIL

To tell you the truth, I was about to give up. But good old Bernard told me to keep pursuing and see what it gets me.

They stop walking.

CLAIRE

I'm glad you kept pursuing me. Maybe we need each other.

PHIL

You think---

She grabs him by the back of the head pulling him in for a kiss.

CLAIRE

How about after I go do a couple of things, you can come over to my house and we can finish this discussion?

PHIL

Sounds good to me.

CUT TO:

INT. THE LAW OFFICE - LATER

Charlie is slowly waking up moaning in pain. He takes his tie off and wraps it around the bullet wound tight to stop the bleeding.

CUT TO:

INT. BERNARD BEDROOM - LATER

KILLER POV

Bernard has ropes on his wrist and ankles, tied to the bed unconscious.

The killer gets ready to walk out the room, and we hear Phil coming into the house.

PHIL (O.S.)

B, you won't believe what happened to me tonight.

The Killer moves into a corner, listening to Phil approaching the door.

A knock at the door is heard.

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

You and Mary have to excuse me because you have to hear this.

He opens the door and when he sees Bernard, he rushes over to try and untie him.

The killer comes from behind the door with a butcher knife in hand, heading over to Phil.

The killer taps Phil on the shoulder, making him turn around. Before Phil can react, the Killer plunges the knife in Phil's right eye, twisting it, holding him steady for a few seconds before allowing his body to hit the floor.

SLOWLY FADE TO BLACK:

INT. BERNARD BEDROOM - LATER

Lit candles are around the room. Bernard is tossing and turning covered with sweat.

BERNARD

(Half woke)

Mommy. Mommy, get up.

DISTORTED VOICE (O.S.)

Mommy can't help you now.

BERNARD

(Half woke)

What am I supposed to do?

DISTORTED VOICE (O.S.)  
Wake up. I have a surprise for you.

Bernard slowly opens his eyes. When his vision adjusts, he turns to the side, and he gasps seeing Phil's dead body with the knife still in his head.

BERNARD  
Oh, shit! What the fuck...Phil.

He begins struggling to get free from the ropes. Mary is standing at the end of the bed staring at him with her cold eyes.

Bernard sees her and stops trying to free himself.

BERNARD (CONT'D)  
I knew it was you. Why didn't you kill me and get the shit out the way?

She doesn't respond.

BERNARD (CONT'D)  
What? You don't have shit to say?

JOEY (O.S.)  
Actually, I do.

BERNARD  
...Joey? What are you, her partner?

JOEY (O.S.)  
(Laughs)  
How can I be her partner? I killed her too?

BERNARD  
Huh?

Joey releases Mary's hair and shirt, allowing her to fall face first onto the bed.

The back of her skull has been crushed in and there's multiple stab wounds in her back.

Joey stands up from his chair wearing a bloody wife beater and jeans.

He walks over to Phil and snatches the knife from his head. Bernard lies shaking his head with tears falling down his face.

JOEY

Well, would you look at this? Mr. Perfect has a heart after all.

BERNARD

Go to hell, you son of a bitch.

Joey walks over to Bernard.

JOEY

The hell part, I can probably get with. But, the son part is way off.

BERNARD

What are you saying? You're a woman?

JOEY

(Sighs)

I was. Besides when I was a girl, you didn't care for me then, like you don't care now.

BERNARD

What are you talking about?

JOEY

Back in high school, I was the flat chest girl with shaggy hair, bum clothes and messed up teeth.

BERNARD

I think you got the wrong guy, freak.

JOEY

Allow me to refresh your memory. Graduation day, a girl asks if she can have that special place in your heart.

Bernard lies silent.

JOEY (CONT'D)

(Sighs)

I guess ugly people are hard to remember. I mean, how can you remember a hideous beast named Josephine?

Bernard's eyes get wide.

BERNARD

It can't be.



DISSOLVE TO:

BEGIN FLASHBACK

INT. THE HALLWAY - AFTERNOON

Teenage Bernard and Teenage Phil are standing by the lockers wearing their cap and gowns.

TEENAGE BERNARD

This is it. This is the day we've been waiting for.

TEENAGE PHIL

This is the day that starts the beginning of our lives.

TEENAGE BERNARD

Check out this ring.

Teenage Bernard holds up his right hand, showing off his mother's diamond engagement ring.

TEENAGE PHIL

That's cold. Where did you get it from?

TEENAGE BERNARD

It was my mama's engagement ring.

Josephine comes walking down the hall wearing her gown carrying her cap smiling, walking up behind Teenage Bernard tapping him on the shoulder.

JOSEPHINE

Can I talk to you for a minute?

He turns around and jumps back as if he saw something that scared him.

TEENAGE BERNARD

Goddamn it, Scooby. What do you want?

JOSEPHINE

Well it's the end of the year, and I was wondering---

TEENAGE PHIL

Just say what you have to say, so we can get the fuck on.

JOSEPHINE

I was wondering if we could exchange numbers, so we can keep in touch with each other.

Teenage Bernard and Teenage Phil look at each other, and then laugh.

Josephine stands embarrassed.

TEENAGE PHIL

Why the hell would he do that?

JOSEPHINE

I wasn't talking to you, now was I?

TEENAGE BERNARD

You two, cut it out.

Teenage Bernard takes Josephine's hand and kisses it, looking into her eyes.

TEENAGE BERNARD (CONT'D)

Josephine, I would love to.

JOSEPHINE

Would you, really?

Teenage Bernard laughs, letting her hand go.

TEENAGE BERNARD

Hell no! Get your ass outta here, Scooby.

Teenage Bernard and Teenage Phil walk off laughing. She runs up grabbing his shoulder, making him stop.

JOSEPHINE

Bernard, I can be the woman you need. You have to give me the chance.

He backhands her with his right hand, turning around looking at her.

TEENAGE BERNARD

What would I look like dating someone that looks like you?! I'd rather be dead than be seen with you!

She holds her bleeding face crying. He realizes what he's done, and he tries to comfort her, but she slaps him across

the face.

She stares at him with insanity in her eyes, and blood coming from the long gash.

JOSEPHINE

Get the hell away from me!

TEENAGE BERNARD

Josephine I'm---

JOSEPHINE

You mark my words, Bernard Drive! It may not be today, or tomorrow. But you're going to pay for what you did to me, physically and mentally.

She takes off running down the hall crying. Teenage Bernard gets ready to go after her, but Teenage Phil stops him.

TEENAGE PHIL

Just let her go, man. Besides, who'll believe what that ugly bitch has to say?

TEENAGE BERNARD

Maybe you're right.

He looks down, seeing a piece of flesh and blood on the ring that he rubs off.

END FLASHBACK:

INT. BERNARD BEDROOM - NIGHT (BACK TO PRESENT)

Joey is standing over Bernard wiping the tears falling from his eyes, while Bernard looks at him confused.

BERNARD

Wait a minute. You waited this long length of time to come back and do this crazy shit?

JOEY

Going through years of planning, therapy and surgery, yes, I did. Didn't you get my message from Tim?

BERNARD

Tim? The only Tim I know is from high school, and I haven't seen him since.

JOEY

Oh, you've seen him. He's not the terrifying threat who stabbed you back then, but you've seen him. "Vengeance is only sweet, when you make the person you love realize how sweet it is."

BERNARD

(Laughs)

That was him? I figured he would be dead.

JOEY

(Laughs)

You might as well say he is. I mean, look at him.

BERNARD

You murdered those innocent people leaving dumbass notes, just so you could get back at me? You're a fucking weirdo.

JOEY

But, it's okay baby. You can finally be with a real woman.

BERNARD

What the fuck are you talking about?

JOEY

I may look like a man...but I have the proper equipment to satisfy a man. And I'm a virgin.

BERNARD

You are truly out of your fuckin' mind.

Joey takes a seat on the bed, patting Bernard on the chest.

JOEY

I know this. Now you can be with the woman you needed for so long. Because unlike your mother who killed herself because your father was murdered.

(Scoffs)

What a pathetic woman. But unlike her, I'll never leave you.

Bernard spits on him.

BERNARD  
Fuck you, bitch!

Joey smiles, ripping Bernard's shirt open, placing the knife on his stitched up wound.

He slowly drags the knife across, reopening the wound as Bernard moans in pain.

JOEY  
It's okay, baby. We can grow to love each other.

BERNARD  
(Moaning in pain)  
I'd...I'd rather be dead.

JOEY  
I won't let you die, baby. We're going to be happy together. But since we're talking, let me tell you how I killed your precious Mary here.

Joey picks Mary's head up, and then slams it down on the bed.

JOEY (CONT'D)  
I'm actually glad I killed her. Not just because she slept with you, but by killing her, I was able to set this up.

CUT TO:

BEGIN FLASHBACK:

EXT. THE LAW OFFICE - NIGHT

JOEY POV

Mary is staggering along the side of the building. Joey is waiting in the shadows behind some trees watching her.

She gets to the back door, leaning up against the wall. She fumbles around in her purse for her key card, finally pulling it out.

Joey runs up grabbing her, covering her mouth, dragging her into the darkness behind the trees.

Mary struggles trying to get free, and Joey tosses her to the ground.

He turns her around and stands over her smiling.

MARY

What the hell are you---

He kicks her hard in the stomach.

JOEY

If you would've kept your hands off my man, you wouldn't be in this situation!

Mary kicks him in the crotch, and Joey laughs, kicking her again.

JOEY (CONT'D)

I got the same shit as you, bitch!

Joey pulls the butcher knife out and squats down prepared to stab her, and Mary swings with all her might hitting him in the face, knocking him over to the side.

She gets up running, but Joey is quickly back on his feet right behind her, tripping her. She falls flat on her face.

Joey places his foot on her back, so she can't move. As Mary screams out for help, Joey stomps her on the back of the neck.

While she's not moving, moaning in pain, Joey walks off retrieving a brick, coming back to her slamming the brick down with force on the back of her head, silencing her screams.

He sits on her back, picks up the brick and begins hitting her repeatedly, cracking her skull.

Not satisfied, he stands up and goes back to grab the butcher knife.

He comes back taking a seat on her back, and begins stabbing her.

JOEY (CONT'D)

You filthy bitch! He's not here to save you this time.

He stabs her one more time and leaves the knife in her back

walking off.

END OF FLASHBACK:

INT. BERNARD BEDROOM - NIGHT (BACK TO PRESENT)

Joey is sitting with the tip of the knife on his lip, smiling.

Bernard is devastated with tears falling from his eyes.

JOEY

The irony is after I killed her, I sabotaged your office and as I was coming out, that's when you and your cop friend showed up. I guess it was all a blessing in disguise.

BERNARD

And you really think we're about to be together?

Joey leans down in Bernard's face, placing the knife to his throat.

JOEY

I know we are.

INTERCUT WITH:

EXT. BERNARD HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

As Claire comes up the walkway, officers jump out from behind the trees and hedges.

Claire puts her hands up in fear. Charlie comes out from behind one of the trees walking up to her.

CHARLIE

What are you doing here?

CLAIRE

I came to see Bernard's friend. What's going on?

Charlie signals for the officers to fall back.

CHARLIE

Apparently that woman of his is the killer, and can possibly have him in there.

CLAIRE

What are y'all waiting on?

CHARLIE

We can't just rush in. She could end up killing him and escaping.

CLAIRE

That's my friend in there, and y'all are out here bullshitting? I'll go save him myself.

Claire gets ready to take off, and Charlie grabs her arm.

CHARLIE

What do you think you're doing?

CLAIRE

Listen. If you're trying to go in unnoticed, I know where he keeps the spare key to the back door. We're wasting time arguing.

CHARLIE

(Sighs)

Fine.

He prepares to inform the other officers, and Claire takes off running towards the back of the house.

He gets ready to go after her, and then we hear glass shattering, along with the alarm.

The other officers come out prepared to move in, and Charlie signals them to stop before he makes his way to the back of the house.

INTERCUT WITH:

INT. BERNARD BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

Joey places a gag in Bernard's mouth, and then gives him a kiss on the forehead.

JOEY

Sounds like we have some guests, dear. Let me go take care of them, and I'll be right back.

Joey walks off. Bernard begins muffling some words.



Joey turns around walking back over to him, taking the gag from his mouth.

JOEY (CONT'D)

Yes, dear?

BERNARD

(Laughs)

It's like I've been saying. I knew you had no social life.

Joey gets frustrated and slashes Bernard across the chest before placing the knife to his throat.

JOEY

Since you still wanna be a smartass, acting like you can't be with me. I might as well send you to your precious Mary.

He gets ready to slit his throat, and Claire bursts into the room.

Joey looks back at her confused.

CLAIRE

What the fuck is---

She covers her mouth from the gruesome scene.

JOEY

Goddamn it, Claire. Now I have to kill you, too.

CLAIRE

You were the killer?

JOEY

Claire. This...

(Points the knife down at Bernard.)

This has nothing to do with you.

Strong women like me and you need to stick together.

CLAIRE

Strong women like me and you? What fuckin' drugs are you on?

Joey walks over to Claire with a sadistic look.

BERNARD

He's a woman! He's a crazy bitch from my past, finally coming back to get me!

JOEY

Pay him no mind. Me and you---

Claire hits Joey, making his head turn, taking a step back.

CLAIRE

Why would I be a part of whatever this is you got going on?

Joey looks at Claire smiling, licking the blood from his busted lip.

JOEY

Fuck it. I see there's no winning.

He tries to stab her, but she grabs his arm and the two tussle out the door.

Just as Charlie makes his way upstairs, Claire and Joey trip over each other's feet, causing them to stumble forward down the steps, knocking Charlie down with them.

Joey loses the knife on the steps before the three hit the floor.

Claire and Charlie lie motionless. Joey gets up laughing, walking back over to the stairs getting the knife.

JOEY (CONT'D)

You see, Claire. Since I'm a strong woman, it allows me to endure anything.

He walks over to Claire grabbing her by the back of the head, pulling it back.

JOEY (CONT'D)

But unfortunately for you, this is the end of the story.

He gets ready to slit her throat, and a gunshot is heard. Joey releases Claire's head, and drops the knife looking at the bullet wound in his shoulder.

Charlie is sitting up with his aim on Joey.

JOEY (CONT'D)

I don't recall this happening in my story.

Charlie keeps his aim on him.

CHARLIE

That happens when you leave someone alive in the last scene. They always come back to bite you in the ass.

Joey picks up the knife.

JOEY

Not in my story.

CHARLIE

Look, I'm tired. Just put the knife down, and we can all walk out of here breathing.

JOEY

You're in the way of a beautiful picture.

Joey charges at Charlie, and Charlie lets off four shots hitting him in the chest. He falls back to the floor.

Charlie slowly stands to his feet in pain, walking over to Claire.

Claire sits up shaking the daze off.

CHARLIE

Are you okay?

CLAIRE

I had better days. Bernard's upstairs tied to the bed.

CHARLIE

Okay. Let's get up there and--ah!!!

Charlie drops to the floor, dropping his gun grabbing at his bleeding Achilles Joey slashed. Charlie continues moaning in pain.

Claire quickly grabs the gun, and then moves out of the way. Joey is inching towards Charlie with blood falling from his mouth and chest.

JOEY

He's mine! You can't---

Claire lets off one shot, hitting Joey in the head. Charlie continues holding his Achilles in pain, looking up at Claire.

CHARLIE

Goddamn.

CLAIRE

He wanted something he couldn't have.

CHARLIE

Go out there and get some officers in here. And make sure somebody turns off this annoying ass alarm.

CLAIRE

I'm on it.

Before she walks out the house, she places the gun under her shirt.

CUT TO:

EXT. BERNARD HOUSE - MOMENTS LATER

A coroner van, ambulance, reporter vans and police cars are resting in front of the house.

People are standing around looking stunned as reporters try getting to Bernard for an interview, but officers hold them back.

Medics are tending to Charlie lying down on a stretcher. Claire is standing beside Bernard lying on a stretcher.

BERNARD

Thanks Claire.

CLAIRE

Glad I could help. Can I ask you a question?

BERNARD

What would that be?

CLAIRE

Remember the pedophile they caught some years back?

BERNARD

I remember that sick bastard. I made sure he got life in jail, what about him?

CLAIRE

Along with giving him life, you took my unborn child's life due to the miscarriage I had.

BERNARD

Huh?

CLAIRE

He was my soon to be husband, and father of my child I lost.

She pulls the gun from under her shirt and places it to his head.

The medics take off running.

MEDIC

She's got a gun!

The officers on the scene draw their guns taking aim. The people and reporters scream, dropping to the ground. Charlie sits up on his stretcher, pulling his spare gun taking aim on Claire.

CLAIRE

A life for two lives. Sounds fair to me.

Bernard shakes his head, closing his eyes.

BERNARD

Do what you have to do.

CLAIRE

I hereby sentence you to death. No further questions.

A gunshot goes off, and blood sprays on Bernard's face. He opens his eyes just in time to see the hole in Claire's head before her body falls to the ground.

He looks over seeing Charlie lying back down on his stretcher.

CHARLIE  
You owe me one kid.

The medics come back over to Bernard ready to place him in the ambulance.

BERNARD  
All this time...I thought she was a virgin.

The medics place him in the ambulance, and then get in themselves.

The ambulance pulls off.

INTERCUT WITH:

INT. THE AMBULANCE - MOVING - CONTINUOUS

The rain hits hard against the ambulance as Bernard lies with a look of anguish.

BERNARD  
I'm all alone again.

MEDIC  
Excuse me, sir?

BERNARD  
Nothing...I was thinking aloud.

MEDIC  
Okay.

BERNARD  
I wanna go home.

MEDIC  
Sir, what are you talking about?

BERNARD  
I'm sorry, it was a tragic night. Can you loosen my straps, please? I feel a tad bit dizzy.

The medic loosens the straps.

BERNARD (CONT'D)  
Thank you. I'm going home now.

Bernard sits up shoving the medic to the side, and then he

kicks the door open, jumping out onto the street.

He tumbles to the ground, and when he stands up on his feet, he gets hit by a car, rolling up and over the top, landing on the ground dead.

The look on his face says he's happy with the outcome.

EXT. THE CEMETERY - MORNING

Charlie is standing in front of Bernard's tombstone wearing a black suit with his arm in a sling, holding a bouquet of blue roses.

CHARLIE

I guess this is the way it had to end,  
huh kid? I'll tell you one thing. You  
can finally rest in peace.

He places the roses down. Going in his pocket, he pulls out a cigarette and lighter. Placing the cigarette in his mouth, lighting it, he exhales slowly, nodding his head yes, before turning his back walking away.

SLOWLY FADE TO BLACK:

In loving memory and never will be forgotten Mary K. Lewis,  
Da'shawn R. McCloud, Richie, Sweetie Mae Peterson, Kenyon  
Reese and Lamar.

END CREDITS