

PROLOGUE

By

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FADE INTO:

EXT. LAMP POST - EVENING

TITLE: FEBRUARY 23rd

The skies are painted black on a cold February evening as the harsh light from a lamp post shines down like the gates of heaven on two people sitting on the sidewalk. The sitting couple are shown to consist of a man caressing a young woman, still and lifeless. A maroon red is seen streaming down from her neck as the man is shown blubbering like a baby; tears trickling down his cheeks, whispering the name 'Charlotte' to himself repeatedly. As he does, he hears the faint murmur from the woman 'John... John..'

FADE TO BLACK:

FADE TO:

EXT. OUTSIDE HOUSE - SUNRISE

TITLE: PRESENT DAY

On the gloomiest day in many months, a car pulls up outside of a house. JOHN, the driver, removes from his pocket and unfolds a crinkled piece of paper which reads '27 Ferry Road, Dunstable, Bedfordshire, SP8 3JL'. Looking out the window, staring towards the house, he reads the door number to confirm he is at the right place. Scrunching up the ball of paper, he throws it by his feet with the accumulating mess. His phone echoes a ringing sound inside the glovebox which continues to scream out the ringtone as the little door is opened. It reads 'Call me when it's time. I'll be waiting' to which JOHN appears slightly annoyed by and simply replies with 'Will do' before he dumps it into his pocket.

He steps out of the car, brushes his suit as he approaches the door. A slight hesitation stops him from knocking before he slowly taps his knuckles against the surface. Taking a step back away from the door, he observes the front garden with distaste of the overflowing garbage bin and the flies circling around it as he waits for someone to answer.

The door swings open where a young teenage girl, LAURA, stood with a loose top and jeans. Chewing vigorously on a piece of gum, she looked at JOHN and asked with a stern disgruntled voice

LAURA
Can I help you?

(CONTINUED)

JOHN

Laura Stevens is your name,
correct?

LAURA

Yeah. What do you want?

JOHN

I would like to come in if that's
okay with you.

LAURA

What for? You're not one of those
reporters are you? I've had
enough of you lot for today!

JOHN

I'm not a reporter Miss Stevens.
But I would like to ask you some
questions about Emily King's
murder.

LAURA

And you are?

JOHN reaches into his pocket and shows his police badge
like a trophy to LAURA.

JOHN

Detective John Doe, Metropolitan
Police.

LAURA

Well Detective, what do you need
to know? If you want the basic
facts, you can read the local
newspaper.

JOHN

I don't want basic facts. I want
details. So.. Can I come in?

LAURA

Guess so. This better not take
long.

JOHN

Not at all.

LAURA steps aside to allow JOHN to enter the house where
the door is shut behind him.

CUT TO:

INT. LIVING ROOM - MORNING

JOHN surveys the room, casting his eyes on the television screen where a news reporter, smartly dressed and rather dull looking, sits in a studio discussing the murder of Emily King, whose picture is shown alongside the reporter.

JOHN
What a coincidence. Nice place by the way.

LAURA
Detective, sorry if i sound rude but I would like to get this over and done with if that's ok.

JOHN
Oh. Not a problem. In that case, how about you sit down?

LAURA
Fine. Do you want anything before we start? Coffee? Tea?

JOHN
Oh, no I'm good. Don't worry.

LAURA
Are you sure? I can get anything you want...

JOHN
Miss Stevens, i don't...

LAURA
Coffee, tea, i think i have some orange juice left over...

JOHN
Miss Stevens! I don't want anything!! If you want to get this over and done with then i suggest you sit down.

LAURA seems slightly uncomfortable following JOHN's aggressive response as she approaches the seat opposite JOHN, fingers interlocked with one another. Upon sitting down, she stares off into a distant corner as she twiddles her thumbs.

LAURA
I'm sorry. I.. i was just trying to.. be polite, that's all.

JOHN
It's fine Miss Stevens. I'm just not thirsty; i had a coffee before i came here.

(CONTINUED)

LAURA

You can call me Laura if you want.

JOHN

Sorry, but I prefer to address my witnesses by their surnames.

LAURA

Really? Were you raised that way?

JOHN

No, no! It's.. it's just i feel uncomfortable calling people by their first names.

LAURA

Why's that?

JOHN

I don't know. I guess it's because i've done THIS for so long, i've gotten so used to it.

LAURA

Okay then, is it alright that i call you John?

JOHN stares blankly at LAURA for a second as he thinks to himself.

JOHN

Umm, no. No, Miss Stevens. I want you to call me detective and nothing else. Sorry but..

LAURA

No, it's fine. It's fine. Detective.

LAURA sat back in her chair awaiting the interrogation.

JOHN

So, first things first. Why were you hired to babysit Emily?

LAURA

Mr and Mrs King were going out of town for the night for their anniversary or something like that.

JOHN

Do they know you well?

LAURA

They knew my mum well before she passed away.

JOHN

I'm sorry to hear that. I know how it feels to lose someone that close.

LAURA

She died only a couple of months ago in case you're wondering.

JOHN

Where's your father? Is he still around?

LAURA

They divorced when i was young. I have no idea where he is now.

JOHN wrote down on his notepad pieces of information previously stated such as 'King Family - Anniversary dinner' and 'Mother died recently'. Suddenly, his phone started ringing.

JOHN

Shit. Sorry about this.

He was annoyed to see who was calling. LAURA looked at JOHN impatiently as JOHN shook his head and hit the 'Decline' button'.

JOHN

I apologise. Where were we?

LAURA

My mother and father?

JOHN

Ah yes, that's right! Do you have any other family members? Or even friends?

LAURA

My boyfriend. He's really the only one i can turn to now. He's not the sweetest of boys but i get along with him. 2 months we've been going out now; still shocks me that we've gotten this far.

JOHN

What's his name?

LAURA

Is it important that you know?

JOHN

Maybe. Maybe not. I'm just collecting as much information as possible Miss Stevens.

LAURA

Callum Whittaker. He lives down the block from here.

JOHN

Thanks. Now, can you tell me what happened around the time of the murder?

LAURA

Right. I'm not entirely sure but...

JOHN

It's okay. Take your time.

LAURA

From what i remember, i went upstairs to get my handbag. I only spent a minute or two upstairs trying to find it. Emily was alone downstairs. But then, when i come down, i see..

JOHN

Take your time, Miss Stevens. Nice and slow.

LAURA

When i come down, i see... her. In a pool of blood. Still as a rock. I.. run over to her just hoping for the best. There was no point; she was dead already. I felt awful; they left me in charge of her and look what happened.

JOHN

It's okay Miss Stevens. It wasn't your fault. Is that all you remember?

LAURA

I think so. Yes.

JOHN

I need to get down to the bottom of this Miss Stevens. So i need

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

JOHN (cont'd)
you to tell me one more thing.
Try to remember. Were all of the
doors and windows locked?
Securely?

LAURA
Yeah, they should've been.

JOHN
Are you sure?

LAURA nodded gently. JOHN seemed puzzled by this news,
rushing back to his notepad.

LAURA
What's the problem?

JOHN
Nothing. It's just... are you
sure that ALL of the windows and
doors were locked?

LAURA
Yes, detective.

JOHN
Did you check them?

LAURA
I think so, yes. What's the
problem?!

JOHN
The case report said that there
was no damage to any of the
windows or doors. No signs of
forced entry or anything like
that.

LAURA
How is that...

JOHN
How did the killer get into the
house? You locked all windows and
doors, yes?

LAURA
Yes detective! For the 5th time,
yes!! Can you just please tell me
how the killer got into the
house?!

JOHN
You were there! You tell me!!

LAURA
I don't know!

JOHN
...Did.... did you hear anything?
At all?

LAURA
Wha..What?

JOHN
Did you hear anything? Did you
hear any noise whatsoever?

LAURA
...No.

JOHN was stumped with the puzzle laid out in front of him. He couldn't lay his finger on the final piece in order for it all to make sense.

JOHN
How?....

LAURA
How what?

JOHN
....How the fuck?

LAURA
What is it?

JOHN
You didn't hear a thing?

LAURA seemed concerned as she shook her head.

JOHN
Then, how did the killer get into
the house without you
knowing? How is that possible?!
....Well?

LAURA
Detective, i have no clue....

JOHN
How can you not have a clue?!
There's no way someone can break
into a house and kill someone
inside and do so as silent as a
fucking mouse! It doesn't make
sense Miss Stevens!! How could
you not hear anything?!

LAURA

I don't know!! I don't know,
okay!

JOHN, frustrated, stood up from his seat and squeezed his eyes together. He then makes his way towards the door leading to the stairs.

LAURA

I'm sorry, i don't know. Where
are you going?

JOHN

Upstairs.

LAURA

Why? What for?

JOHN

I'm... I'm going to search the
house for any evidence.

LAURA

I didn't kill her!

JOHN

I didn't say you did!!

There was an awkward silence between LAURA and JOHN which lasted for a few seconds, allowing the tension in the atmosphere to relax.

JOHN

Miss Stevens. I would like you to
stay where you are as i search
upstairs. It won't take long.
Just sit tight, alright?

LAURA's body language began to show off signs of anger, annoyance and worry all in one as JOHN made his way upstairs.

CUT TO:

INT. BEDROOM - LATE MORNING

JOHN rummaged through the bedside drawers looking for anything he can, not necessarily caring about leaving the place nice and tidy afterwards. Clothes and other accessories flooded the floor beside the bed as JOHN manically threw each useless item out of the drawer. His phone began to call out his ringtone in which he dumped back in his pocket after seeing that MR KING was calling. His search continued for a couple more seconds. Once again, his phone called out the familiar sound and MR KING was written across the screen once again. JOHN now felt inclined to answer, just to shut him up.

(CONTINUED)

JOHN

What?!

MR KING

Why aren't you answering my calls?

JOHN

Leave me alone Mister King. I'm in the middle of an investigation

MR KING

Have you caught the killer yet?

JOHN

No but i..

MR KING

Fuck! How much longer detective?! I want this guy off the streets now!

JOHN

I know Mister King. Just give me a bit more time.

MR KING

Jesus, i've told you this a hundred times; call me George! Fuck that 'Mister King' bullshit!!

JOHN

And i've told YOU a hundred times that i don't like calling people by their first names! Look, Mister King..

MR KING

George.

JOHN

... Mister King, just be patient and i will catch the person who killed your daughter.

MR KING

You fucking better! No one deserves what she went through.

JOHN

I know. Possibly a couple more days, maybe weeks. Hell, maybe a couple more months; i don't know! But i will get them. In fact, if you want me to find them even quicker then i suggest you stop

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

JOHN (cont'd)
calling me for now. I will call
you when i find them; i gurantee
you that.

MR KING
Fine! Bye detective.

JOHN
Bye Mister King.

After emptying out the drawers to no avail, his sight caught the wadrobe in the corner of the room. Hoping for the best, he headed over to the wadrobe, where boxes and random pieces of scrap were cluttered underneath the nicely hung up clothes. Swinging the t-shirts and trousers back and forth on the rack, he reached into the pockets of one pair of jeans. After feeling the outline of a small rectangle inside, he thinks he's hit the jackpot. But to his dissapointment, he extracts a box of Tic-Tacs. He shrugged his shoulders and finished the box before tossing it to the ground.

Continuing his search through the clothes on the rack, his foot catches onto a box in the bottom corner. Kneeling down, he opens the box and sitting on top of all the contents is a diary which, on the front, reads 'Laura Stevens' Diary' with a few scratches and crinkles to accompany the title. Flicking through, JOHN sees each page filled with messages written in bold black ink, spread across each page hap-hazardly. When he stops on a random page, he reads out a couple of the messages to himself. He reads out the messages 'Wednesday 17th September: I did a bad thing' and 'Thursday 18th September: They won't believe me. I'm scared'. He pocketed the diary for later.

He also found a bunch of screwed up pieces of paper in which one he slowly unfolded only to read out the message 'I'm Sorry'. What caught his attention however was the resedue he found on the back. He rubbed his fingers together in confusion. But looking at his fingertips, they were now slightly red. His eyes darted to the back of the scrap piece of paper where a thin stain was found. After seeing this, his eyes shot back to the box where he found a folded t-shirt. His hands dropped everything they were holding to hold up the t-shirt, where he saw that it was soaked in blood from top to bottom. Still slightly wet, he stared at the blood with shock and awe in his eyes. He gently laid it down on the floor as he dreaded what else he would find in the box.

He dug in to find a small knife coated with blood. He held the blade cautiously between his palms as the moment of relisation hit him like a train. As he stood up to head back downstairs, still with the blade in his palms, he finds LAURA stood behind the door like a shy schoolgirl as she holds her palm outward in front of her towards JOHN as she tried to explain.

LAURA

Ok look. I know. I know... it looks bad. But just let me explain and i swear to you, it isn't as bad as you think it is.

Mid-sentence, JOHN noticed that one of LAURA's arms was still hidden behind the door. His concern shot like a rocket as he cautiously took a step back, pointing towards the hidden hand.

LAURA

Trust me. This has nothing to do with the murder. And i have nothing to do wit...

JOHN

What's in your hand?

LAURA

..What?

JOHN

Your hand. What's in your hand? Show me!

LAURA

Wha.. what are you..

JOHN

What's in your hand?!

JOHN put the knife down on the bed as he walked towards LAURA, going for her hidden arm. But before he knew it, LAURA grabbed his collar and threw him towards the wall behind where JOHN caught a look at the knife in her hand.

She plunged the blade towards his stomach until JOHN clenched onto her forearm where they struggled back and forth until JOHN overpowered her and threw her towards the wall opposite. Still clenching onto her forearm, he attempted to grab the knife with his other arm, resulting in LAURA kneeling him in the stomach and tossing him back into the bedroom. Running towards him with the knife pointing directly at him, LAURA swung the knife towards JOHN where he maneuvered out of the way where he managed to hold her against the wall; her face squished against the surface unable to see JOHN or the knife. JOHN butted her hand against the wall, causing LAURA to let go where JOHN followed the fall of the blade.

He threw her down to the ground, and immediately retrieving the knife where he pointed it in her direction as she sat on the floor.

JOHN

Stay where you are! Don't move a fucking muscle! Stay!!

LAURA

Alright. You got me. You happy now? You've caught me. What now? Taking me in for questioning?

JOHN

I said don't move! Laura Stevens, you're under arrest for the murder...

LAURA

Look at that! You called me by my first name!

JOHN

Will you just shut the fuck up! Laura Stevens, you're under arrest for the murder of Emily King. You don't have to say anything as it may harm your defense for which you may later rely on in court. Anything you do say will be given in evidence. Do you understand?

LAURA

Yes, detective.

JOHN

Stand up. Slowly.

LAURA stood to her feet cautiously as she held her hands above her head as a sign of her surrender. She attempted to get close to JOHN but he immediately took a step backwards.

JOHN

Keep your distance! Get back now.

Following JOHN's instructions, she took a step back as she watched JOHN reach into his back pocket where he removed a pair of stainless steel handcuffs, still pointing the knife towards LAURA's direction.

LAURA

Are those necessary detective?

JOHN

It's procedure Miss Stevens. Now shut the fuck up. You have the right to remain silent and I suggest that you use that right.

(CONTINUED)

JOHN threw the cuffs into LAURA's direction who sloppily catches them.

JOHN
Put them on. Now!

She swings open one of the ratchets and slips her wrist inside and does the same with the other hand, all while JOHN continues to threaten her with the knife. Once done, LAURA continues to keep her hands raised at chest height. JOHN then clutches LAURA by the back of her neck in which she responds with a small squeal of pain. With the muscles in her neck scrunched up like a piece of paper and her wrists being dug into by the steel bracelets, LAURA struggles for comfort.

JOHN
Now, if you excuse me i'm going to pass on the news.

JOHN drops the knife beside him and opens his phone and begins to dial MR KING's phone number.

JOHN
Mister King.

MR KING
Detective?

JOHN
I promised to you that i would call you when i caught the killer.

MR KING
You... you haven't have you?!

JOHN
Indeed i have.

MR KING
Oh my god! Oh Jesus Christ, yes!!
Who's the son of the bitch?!

JOHN
Are you sure you want to know? I highly doubt you're going to be pleased.

MR KING
Who is it? Tell me!

JOHN
Very well. Your very own trusted babysitter; Laura Stevens.

MR KING

You're fucking with me? It's really her?

JOHN

The one and only! Here she is now!!

He presses the phone against LAURA's cheek to her annoyance.

LAURA

Fuck you.

JOHN

You believe me now, Mister King?

There's a slight hesitation from MR KING before he answers.

JOHN

Mister King?

MR KING

.... Th.. Thanks detective.

MR KING abruptly ended the conversation by hanging up his phone, leading to JOHN putting his phone back in his pocket. He collected the bloody knife and t-shirt and put them back in the box before taking the box with him still maintaining his grip on LAURA.

JOHN

Move.

He lead LAURA out of the bedroom back downstairs.

CUT TO:

EXT. OUTSIDE HOUSE - MIDDAY

Still clasping her by the neck, JOHN leads LAURA to his car where he guides her as she gets in.

JOHN

Watch your head.

He shuts the door on LAURA as he removes his phone once again to send a message to someone saying 'Meet me there in 30 minutes. I'll be waiting'. He threw the box in the back seat and walked to the drivers seat and sat himself down inside the car beside LAURA, who looked gloomy and angry.

JOHN

Why did you do it? Huh? You have so much ahead of you and you've

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

JOHN (cont'd)
done something that's gonna ruin
your life. Why?

LAURA sat in her seat, gazing out of the window quietly
refusing to make eye contact with JOHN.

JOHN
I mean, did you actually think
you wasn't going to get caught?

LAURA still sat silent.

JOHN
Miss Stevens, are you going to
answer me or what?!

LAURA
What happened to my right to
remain silent?

JOHN
Fine. Be that way. I'll make sure
that the judge will give two life
sentences instead of one.

LAURA
Alright! I..

JOHN
C'mon then!

LAURA
Well, you need to believe me on
this.

JOHN
I'm listening.

LAURA
.. I ... didn't .. do it

JOHN
BULL. FUCKING. SHIT!! I have a
box full of evidence saying
otherwise so you better start
speaking the truth right this
instant!

LAURA
I thought you were going to
listen! It wasn't me!! It was..

JOHN
Who? Who was it? If you want me
to believe you, then tell me. Who
was it?

LAURA
No, i can't say.

JOHN
Why can't you say? Now's the best
time to tell me. Who?!

LAURA resumed to sitting silently. JOHN released his frustration through slamming his fist against the steering wheel which startled LAURA. He inhaled deeply and exhaled slowly before driving away from the house.

FADE TO:

EXT. OPEN FIELD - MIDDAY

The car drove up into the middle of an open field, no one and nothing in sight; just a bunch of trees and bushes in the far distant background. The grass was very wear and tear; obviously hadn't been treated for a while. Mud patches were found within every two feet or so with the tracks of the car not helping the problem.

JOHN stepped out of the car and walked to LAURA's side of the car to let her out where he grabs her by her arm as she fidgets, trying to avoid being held viciously by JOHN once again. Despite her efforts, JOHN gets a hold of her arm with her hands still bound by the handcuffs. She's dragged only a few feet in front of the car. LAURA surveys the environment, confused about what's going on.

LAURA
Why have we stopped here?

JOHN
You'll see.

LAURA
What are you going to do?

JOHN
I said you'll see!

Another car drives up opposite where JOHN and LAURA stand in the field. LAURA began to worry about what was going to happen. From the car emerged a tall balding figure who looked like he was in his fortys.

JOHN
Don't worry; you're getting what
you deserve. Mister King. Good
morning.

MR KING
Is this her?

(CONTINUED)

JOHN

Sure is.

MR KING

Are you sure you've bagged the right one detective?

JOHN

I wouldn't be handing her over to you if i wasn't sure Mister King.

LAURA

What the fuck is going on?!

MR KING

You bitch! Did you enjoy killing my daughter?! Huh?! She was a child. A fucking child!

JOHN

Mister King, calm down.

MR KING

Why should i calm down? She took my little girl away! Why should i calm down detective?!

LAURA

What are you going to do?! John, please! You can't do this!

JOHN

Don't call me John!!

JOHN dug his knee into LAURA's stomach, causing her to topple to the ground like a box of bricks. She panicked as she squirmed around on the grass and mud.

JOHN

My wife used to call me that.
Now's the time Mister King!

MR KING went to his car boot where he removed a baseball bat, held loosely in his hand ready for swinging. JOHN placed his foot on top of LAURA like a triumphant war hero where LAURA just gazes upwards toward JOHN.

LAURA

Please! Why are you doing this?

JOHN

Because i too lost a loved one. My beautiful wife Charlotte. I was enjoying my life and someone had to take her away. Now i'm just full of anger that i need to release, but have no idea how. I

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(CONTINUED)

JOHN (cont'd)
wish i was in Mister King's
position right now; i wish i was
granted the opportunity to get
revenge on the man who killed my
wife. So i know how it feels. And
so i showed him sympathy.

JOHN's foot began to press hard against LAURA's body,
causing a great amount of pain.

JOHN
He wanted redemption. And i
understood him.

JOHN headed back over to his car as LAURA screamed
watching MR KING begin to swing the baseball bat with full
throttle into her jaw, cracking it open like a glass
bottle. As LAURA lied on the ground silently, MR KING
continued hammering down on the body with his bat like a
crazed lunatic, all while JOHN tried to ignore the loud
thuds and smacks against LAURA's skin. He shivered with
every hit. Sitting in the car once again, he watched
through the window MR KING throw up beside the body,
causing JOHN to quickly turn his head with disgust.

Waiting for MR KING to finish his business, he searched
his pockets to find the diary he found at the house. He
casually flicked through until he felt something on the
front cover. Something three dimensional. He turned the
book so it was facing upward where he peeled away a label
which said 'Laura Stevens' across it. Underneath it said
'Callum Whittaker's'. Accompanied by the crinkles and
scratches, the front cover fully read the title 'Callum
Whittaker's Diary'. Another moment of realisation hit JOHN
like a train; a moment he didn't want to experience right
now.

He darted to the box in the back seat and rummaged through
the contents rapidly pulling out the bloody shirt where he
read the collar 'Property of Callum Whittaker'. He tossed
the shirt aside and observed the scrunpled up piece of
paper which said in the bottom corner 'Callum W'. JOHN
started to question himself about what he's allowed to
happen. Questions began to run amock in his head.

MR KING runs up to and peers through JOHN's car window.

MR KING
Detective, thank you so much!
HAHA! She'll never kill again!
You cannot imagine what i'm
feeling right now; it's like this
inexplicable sensation. I feel
whole once again.

JOHN

Well, you can't imagine how i'm
fucking feeling right now.

MR KING

What?

JOHN

Hang on. Just stay here for a
little bit.

JOHN started the car and began to drive off, leaving MR
KING with LAURA's body.

MR KING

Hey! HEY!! DETECTIVE!! What about
the body?! Fuck!

CALLUM was on JOHN's agenda at the minute, not LAURA's
body. And so he began his journey to CALLUM's house.

CUT TO:

INT. CALLUM'S HOUSE - AFTERNOON

A loud banging was made on the door, which had awoken
CALLUM from his nap on his sofa. Thud after thud after
thud, he gradually got to his feet and made his way over
to the door.

CALLUM

Alright, alright! I'm coming!

CALLUM opened to see the face of JOHN, who is clearly hell
bent, with the box clenched tightly under his arm.

CALLUM

The fuck you want?

JOHN brushed CALLUM aside as he made his way into the
house and dumped out the contents of the box onto the
floor.

CALLUM

Whoa!! What do you think you're
doing mate?! This is my house,
get out!

JOHN

Callum Whittaker, correct?

CALLUM

Whoa hang on! Who the fuck are
you?!

(CONTINUED)

JOHN

Not important. Your name is
Callum Whittaker, correct?

CALLUM

Yeah, but what do you..

JOHN

Boyfriend of Laura Stevens,
correct?

CALLUM

Wha.. How do you know all of this
shit?

JOHN

Is that correct?!

CALLUM

Yes! Look mate either get out my
house or i'm calling the police!

JOHN

Is this your diary?

Suddenly, a heavy silence dropped as soon as CALLUM saw the little black book emerge from JOHN's pocket. CALLUM looked incredibly worried.

CALLUM

Where did you find that?

JOHN

SO, this is your diary, yes?!

CALLUM

...yes.

JOHN

And this is your t-shirt?

CALLUM stood silent with disbelief as JOHN displayed the t-shirt to him.

JOHN

You've got quite a bit of
explaining to do haven't you
Mister Whittaker?

Without thinking, CALLUM rushed towards the backdoor out of a state of panic only to be tackled to the ground by JOHN who managed to clutch onto one of his shins. CALLUM tried to wiggle free to no avail as JOHN's death grip grew tighter and tighter. A kick in the face managed to help him escape, leaving JOHN ragging on the floor like a snail. He watched as CALLUM ran towards the garden shed where he would soon follow behind.

EXT. CALLUM'S GARDEN - AFTERNOON

CALLUM attempted to climb the shed only to be brought down by JOHN, who throws him down to the ground below. He then holds him by the neck, pinning him down.

JOHN

It's over Mister Whittaker! Why did you kill her?!

CALLUM

Who?!

JOHN

Emily! Emily King! The 5 year old!

CALLUM

Look, i have a problem! I can't help it; when i'm angry, i get violent. I tried to stop myself but i was just getting angrier and angrier! Laura, my girlfriend, she said she would sort it out.

JOHN

Why? She's only known you for two months.

CALLUM

Christ, how do you know all of this?!

JOHN

Why did she cover up the murder?!

CALLUM

She wanted me to be safe. She said she loved me..

JOHN

Jesus fucking Christ..

CALLUM

Of all people she chose to help me. ME! A fucking killer!!

CALLUM let out a small wimpering cry as JOHN pressed his forearm deeper into his chest.

JOHN

How many people have you killed?!

CALLUM

I don't know. Four or five; i haven't been keeping count. I'm not fucking crazy!

(CONTINUED)

JOHN

Tell that to the judge. I've seen your diary. Saying sorry to yourself won't make it right.

CALLUM

But i am sorry! I didn't WANT those people to die.

Upon mentioning it, JOHN brings out the diary once again and waves it in front of CALLUM's face. He flicks through each page until stopping on a random page. 'February 23rd: What have i done? Sorry!'

JOHN

Did you kill someone on February 23rd?

CALLUM

Yes. My favorite author. She wouldn't sign my books and posters, and i got really mad. But i didn't want her dead.

JOHN feared for the worst.

JOHN

Who was the author?

CALLUM

Charlotte Doe.

JOHN's eyes widened, looking as if the eye balls were to drop out any minute. He now looked at CALLUM with a whole new light. He was no longer a suspect; he was the man who killed his wife on that cold February evening.

He pulled CALLUM by his shirt collar and dragged him into the living room once again.

INT. CALLUM'S HOUSE - AFTERNOON

JOHN dumps CALLUM onto the floor as he looks around the house for a weapon of some kind. Bingo! He finds the bloody knife in the box in which, while kneeling just above his head, he gripped viciously with both hands and hovered it over CALLUM's chest, who once again let out a pathetic cry.

CALLUM

Wha.. What are you doing?!

JOHN

This, Mister Whittaker, is redemption.

CALLUM

NO! NOO!

He sunk the knife into his chest as a mini tidal wave of blood hits his face. JOHN looks down at what he has done, only to be displeased with the result. He falls on his back as he tries to step away from the lifeless body where he lies down and rests. He now feels this inexplicable sensation. He feels whole once again.

CUT TO BLACK

THE END.