

**EXT. OVER LAS VEGAS, NEVADA 2006 - NIGHT**

Bright lights glisten in the desert with new casinos shaking off the old "Sin City". The Bellagio with colorful fountains that erupt emits glamour and flare. Wynn Las Vegas jets high into the sky over what used to be the Desert Inn. The Stardust is set to be demolished for some other family friendly monstrosity.

Downtown Las Vegas still has some seedy casinos and dark alleyways hidden from the glitz of what's becoming the new Las Vegas.

**INT. CASINO, SLOT FLOOR - NIGHT**

It's an older Las Vegas Casino that looks like it's gotten lost somewhere in the 80's. It still has coin slot machines that have no idea what a bonus spin means.

Smoke fills the air with a cloudy haze.

Ashes fall between the slot machines burning the carpet below.

A lonely old woman holds a cigarette nearly burned to her fingers. She tosses in three coins from a bucket with a ding ding ding.

A pull of the slot lever sends the wheels whizzing then stops with a thunk thunk thunk. Nothing. She repeats.

TRACY (35), disheveled and sloppy in his security uniform because of a thin and unmuscular frame, scans the casino floor.

He dangles a set of keys around his finger then focuses his scowl.

TRACY (V.O.)  
Apathy is a stench cooked in  
cigarette smoke and stirred by  
lonely pulls of a slot machine.

**INT. CASINO, SPORTS BOOK - NIGHT**

It has a few televisions, a couple of chairs to watch a game, and a bar empty of guests.

KAREN (23), a spunky beautiful cocktail waitress, rushes to the bar to pick up a drink order. She's tiny, all of 5'2" and 105 pounds soaking wet in a parka. Yet, she's hard to miss.

The Bartender (50's) with a bald head and old school mustache greets her with a smile.

BARTENDER

There are better places to work.

KAREN

Yeah, I know. But this is more my speed. I kind of like the old school vibe.

BARTENDER

Don't make me feel too old.

Tracy finds a place to spy on the bar. He watches her.

TRACY (V.O.)

Most people know what they want. I couldn't seem to understand what I needed.

**EXT. CASINO, PARKING STRUCTURE - NIGHT**

It's a four tier concrete structure that has cracks in the old concrete and oils stains in each spot. It's dark, gritty, with a hint of what the fuck is that on the walls.

Tracy strides to his old rusted El Camino while keys still dangle in his fingers.

The driver of another car impatiently honks to get his attention with the headlights creating a dark figure of Tracy.

TRACY

Hold up!

Tracy jumps in and revs the engine thunderously. He pulls out in a fury and nearly smashes into the other car.

**EXT/INT. THE LAS VEGAS STRIP - NIGHT**

The Las Vegas Strip shines as the streets bustles with tourists.

Tracy stops at a light in his El Camino with a distain for all the excitement.

A traffic light finally turns green and Tracy peels out nearly smacking a pedestrian trying to cross with the exhaust fresh in their face.

PEDESTRIAN

ASSHOLE!

The pedestrian coughs and flips Tracy off in the distance.

**EXT. A QUIET STREET - EARLY MORNING**

The street is lined with apartment buildings down to a dead end.

The emptiness of street lamps barely makes the road visible.

Tracy relaxes in his car and listens to the radio in the darkness. The light of a watch flickers on his face as he checks the time.

Headlights illuminate the street.

Tracy ducks below the window to avoid it.

Karen parks and quickly races to her apartment.

Tracy watches the lights pop on.

TRACY (V.O.)  
I felt comfortable watching.

**INT. TRACY'S BEDROOM - MORNING**

A wall with magazine clippings pasted everywhere like a collage almost smiles in shades of light and dark. In the center, a high school diploma and a few photos of Tracy in the military show him at his highest.

Tracy tears down a few items. He pulls out a few pictures of Karen to fill the darkness.

CUT TO:

**EXT. DILAPIDATED OLD HOUSE - NIGHT (FLASH FORWARD)**

For years this old house has sat almost destitute at the far edge of Las Vegas now trying to consume it with new housing and schools. The large lot, outlined by a red brick wall, shelters it to make it seem even further away.

Loud gunshots ring out into the night sky.

Tracy lays, like a lump, staring into the sky.

TRACY (V.O.)  
Three weeks ago my life seemed  
surreal and I'd felt myself  
floating through it like some kind  
of ghost.

A smoking gun sits emptied in the dirt.

TRACY (V.O.)

I would have told you that no one searches for meaning. NO ONE ever reaches their true potential. But, greatness is defined by actions. A piece of art made of the mundane that make us better. We only break ourselves free of the mediocrity when we realize that nothing is given to us.

A tear slides down Tracy's face and falls into the dirt.

TRACY (V.O.)

We idolize men because we see no flaws and demonize others because they reveal too many.

He gasps for air.

TRACY (V.O.)

How will my life be judged? Would God embrace the Devil if he felt compassion for the souls of men?

BACK TO:

**INT. CASINO, EMPLOYEE LOUNGE - NIGHT**

It's stark and plain with a couple of sofas with a few old tables to eat a lunch.

A few coworkers relax and pass the time.

Tracy pretends to read a paper but peers over the edge.

Karen, just in view across the room, highlights passages in a textbook.

JAMES (54), a burly security lead with a stomach bigger than his waist and suspenders to hold up his pants, strolls in. He doles out assignments for the night.

JAMES

Tracy.

Tracy engrossed in his view ignores him.

James flicks the paper.

TRACY

Yeah, what's up?

JAMES

I'm going to need you in the lot tonight.

TRACY

Sure, whatever.

**EXT. CASINO, PARKING STRUCTURE - NIGHT**

Tracy patrols in a golf cart as a white car with "BROWN PRIDE" written on the back window speeds past. He catches a glimpse of a chubby Mexican man with a tear drop tattoo.

The wheels of the car screech the concrete like nails on a chalkboard.

Tracy turns his attention and finds a woman on the floor lit up by the one light above.

TRACY

What's that?

The woman's blood spills onto the concrete from a large gash across her throat.

A pool of blood flows like water down a hill.

Tracy breathes it in like a flower in springtime.

Life drains from her body as she lightly twitches still alive.

He dips his finger in the blood then studies it when it rolls down his fingertip.

TRACY (V.O.)

She was a prostitute. Perhaps a pretty woman at one time, but that was a long time ago.

Tracy presses the button to speak into the microphone of his radio.

TRACY

Hey, James? Come in. Over.

**(INTERCUT) INT. SECURITY OFFICE - CONTINUOUS**

James relaxes with a soda pop and old video surveillance equipment in front of him.

JAMES  
Yeah, Tracy. What's up?

TRACY  
I've got a situation down here.  
Over.

JAMES  
What is it?

TRACY  
I think we need to call the police.  
Over.

JAMES  
Is it something we can handle?

TRACY  
No. There's a dead girl here. Over.

JAMES  
What the FUCK! Is she really dead?

The woman sheds a tear then moves her lips to speak but can't.

The woman's pupils dilate and turn black. The body goes still and silent.

TRACY  
Yeah, she is. I'm on level three on  
the north side. Over.

JAMES  
I'm on my way.

TRACY  
We need real police. Over...  
Dumbass.

JAMES  
No problem. I'll see you in a few  
minutes.

Tracy relaxes into his golf cart and places his feet onto a rail.

TRACY (V.O.)  
Ready for some popcorn and a soda?

**EXT. CASINO, PARKING STRUCTURE - NIGHT**

YELLOW CRIME SCENE tape weaves around several parked cars and spectators line it for a peek.

TRACY (V.O.)  
Don't you think it's funny how  
people can be horrified by murder  
but always indulge a morbid  
curiosity?

James sits next to Tracy in the golf cart.

JAMES  
What the fuck happened?

TRACY  
Some girl got her throat cut.

JAMES  
No shit. Did you see anything?

TRACY  
Just found it. That's all.

Tracy curiously looks over.

TRACY (CONT'D)  
Why does it matter if I saw  
anything?

JAMES  
Someone killed her. That takes  
balls.

TRACY  
No, it doesn't.

Tracy giggles.

JAMES  
This isn't funny.

TRACY  
Why not?

JAMES  
Don't fucking joke about this. This  
is some serious shit.

TRACY  
I'm not joking. I just don't really  
care.

Tracy turns away from James and stares blankly into the  
parking lot then finds himself lost in thought.

**EXT. URBAN BATTLEFIELD - DAY (FLASHBACK)**

IRAQI ARABIC street signs mark a small road with houses of brick and mortar with pock marks of bullets and other shrapnel still lodged in places.

Civilians barricade themselves in their homes to avoid dying in the cross fire.

Insurgents hide to make it difficult to tell the difference.

Tracy, younger and heavier, adjusts his uniform packed to the gills with ammo. His last name "Meyers" is printed in bold on his chest.

Tracy peers around a wall.

The squad consists of: its leader CORPORAL LANCE MANNING, an ex high school football star trying to make it as a full time military man. PVT. ROBERT THOMAS, or RT for short, small for a soldier but tenacious. PVT. MICHAEL BLACK with the color and attitude to boot. Plus, a few other members that blend in.

Gunfire rings out from what seems like every direction.

The squad dodges for cover.

LANCE  
Where's it coming from?

RT  
I think from the East!

LANCE  
Where?

BLACK  
NO! It's coming from in front of us  
you idiot!

Tracy focuses on the gunfire as the sound reverberates off the walls.

TRACY  
Shut the fuck up for a sec! Hold  
your fire!

The insurgent's gunfire rattles close and he locates their position.

TRACY  
Northeast corner.



Tracy steps up and fires toward them.

Lance runs to get into a better position to assess.

Tracy drops behind some cover.

Lance motions to Black to fire on the insurgents.

Tracy and RT push up a wall.

RT fires when Black steps back behind his cover to reload.

Lance pushes even closer to the insurgent's position.

RT  
I'm almost out.

RT drops behind a wall and Tracy jumps to fire.

Tracy closes his eyes as the bullets whiz past.

Exposed to the onslaught of bullets, he lowers his weapon.

EYES OPEN, Tracy steps out and runs toward the insurgents. Their bullets continue to miss.

Lance throws a grenade into their window. The large explosion rocks Tracy to his back.

Tracy picks himself up and races into the building.

LANCE  
WAIT!!

**INT. BATTLEFIELD BUILDING SECOND FLOOR - CONTINUOUS**

Tracy charges through the door with a barrage of bullets.

He kicks at a couple insurgents to make sure they're dead. An insurgent in the corner holds his hands up.

TRACY  
Hello there.

INSURGENT  
I...sorry... I..no fight.. yust...

Tracy snaps quickly to cover his mouth.

TRACY  
I'd be quiet if I were you.

LANCE (O.S.)  
Meyers!!! Meyers!!!!

Tracy pulls the insurgent up then places him against a wall.

INSURGENT

I.....seapeeaka...Eng..leash.

TRACY

I don't care.

Tracy pulls a blade and pounds it into the insurgents chest.

The insurgent screams in pain and dies quickly as the blade punctures his heart. His blood gushes down like a waterfall all over Tracy's gloves before he falls to the floor.

Tracy stares into the man's eyes the whole time. He removes a glove to touch the blood.

Lance runs into the room. RT and Black follow just afterwards to see the carnage.

TRACY

I got him.

LANCE

You fuckin' scared the shit out of me.

Tracy studies the blood still warm in his hand.

LANCE

We need to get back out there.

Tracy kneels next to the dead man looking him over like a butcher.

LANCE (CONT'D)

What are you doing?

Tracy grabs the dead man's head then severs an ear for a keepsake.

RT vomits while Black turns his head away.

Lance pulls Tracy from the dead man to stop the carnage.

LANCE

What are you fuckin thinking?!

TRACY

I'm taking this.

Tracy drops the ear and looks back ready to fight when he is pulled back.

He cleans the blood from his knife and hands onto his pant legs.

LANCE  
You aren't taking shit.

TRACY  
Watch me.

Tracy picks up the ear and deposits it into a shirt pocket.

LANCE  
That's an order Meyers.

TRACY  
Fuck, your order.

Tracy readies his knife to attack.

Lance pulls a pistol from his side.

TRACY (CONT'D)  
Go ahead. Pull it.

Tracy sheathes the knife into its sleeve then holds his arms out.

Lance's finger trembles on the trigger. He can't pull it.

LANCE  
Don't make me do this.

Tracy paces closer and closer.

Black pushes the gun away from Lance.

RT pulls Tracy by his arms.

Lance reaches into Tracy's pocket, pulls out the ear, and throws it at the dead man. He nearly vomits.

**INT. MILITARY BARRACKS - DAY**

Tracy packs the contents of his footlocker into a duffle bag. Tears lightly fall down his cheek.

RT plops on the bunk next to him.

RT  
Buddy, I don't know what the fuck  
you were thinking out there.

Tracy throws his duffle bag into the wall then pounds on RT relentlessly.

RT, caught off guard, can only defend the onslaught of Tracy's rage as he gets pulled to the ground.

TRACY

You will never know what I was thinking out there!

RT's eye turns bloodshot.

Tracy pulls the knife and places the blade close to RT's eye ready to take it.

RT

Please don't.

Tracy, pulled back to reality, pauses to look at the knife. He pulls the knife away and cuts RT's cheek.

RT

Let me go.

Tracy releases RT, holsters his knife, and collects his belongings.

RT

What the fuck is wrong with you?

Tracy stares down onto RT stoic.

**EXT. CASINO, PARKING STRUCTURE - NIGHT**

Tracy watches from his vantage point. He sizes up one of the detectives.

AARON (26), with a sharply defined look and an unparalleled ego, exudes confidence like he's never been picked last for anything in his life.

He runs a latex-gloved hand along the wall searching for splatter. He looks down at the pool of blood to notice an impression.

AARON

Marcus. Did you see this?

MARCUS (37), with a much more polished and fastidious look, uses a flashlight to search for blood droplets under a parked car. He supports himself in a one armed push up to not dirty his shirt.

AARON

Show off.

MARCUS

See what?

AARON

There's some kind of impression in the blood.

Aaron bends to get closer.

AARON

It looks like ..... a fingertip?

MARCUS

What?

AARON

Yeah, see this? The blood had already pooled and covered a lot of the initial splatter then someone sticks their finger in it. Drip. Drip.

Aaron wipes his forehead with his sleeve and catches Tracy stare.

Tracy turns away disinterested.

AARON

Come, take a look at this.

Marcus stands then carefully places his flashlight on top of the car. He leans over to look.

MARCUS

I see what you mean.

AARON

What do you think? The killer's?

MARCUS

Possibly. But..There's too much blood here and not a lot of transfer. This guy didn't stick around.

AARON

Who was here before us?

MARCUS

Casino security.

AARON

Did they touch this?

MARCUS  
I don't think so.

Aaron again catches Tracy watching them.

AARON  
What's his deal?

MARCUS  
Who?

AARON  
The guard.

Marcus carefully looks in the car's side mirror to notice.

MARCUS  
He's the one that called it in.

AARON  
Did we question him?

MARCUS  
I did. He didn't see anything.

AARON  
Would you mind if I ask him a few?

MARCUS  
Why?

AARON  
What's his name?

MARCUS  
He has a girl's name. Like....  
Tracy or some shit.

Aaron looks down at the dead girl pondering.

AARON  
Look, he's getting a kick out of  
watching us clean up this mess.

MARCUS  
Maybe.

AARON  
I'm going to ask him a few  
questions.

MARCUS

What else does he have to do? Just because he's watching doesn't make him our guy.

AARON

I know. But, shouldn't we rule it out first?

MARCUS

I've already done that.

AARON

Come on. Really?

MARCUS

I'm just saying.

AARON

I would feel better.

Marcus thinks but gives in to Aaron's request.

MARCUS

Alright, just make it quick.

AARON

Promise.

Aaron, slowly and precisely, steps out of the crime scene then under the yellow tape surrounding it. He removes his rubber gloves and foot covers then gently places them into a small plastic bag.

Tracy shuffles with nervousness as Aaron approaches.

AARON

What's up? Got a minute?

TRACY

Yeah.

AARON

Give me a lift to my car.

TRACY

Hop in.

Aaron lowers his tie and unbuttons the top button of his shirt then settles into the golf cart.

AARON

Fuck it's hot out here.

TRACY

Where to?

AARON

Not far. My car is out front.

Tracy pulls away.

Aaron evaluates Tracy scanning for signs that might make him a suspect. At quick glance, he only notices Tracy's uniform.

AARON

You should get that fitted.

TRACY

Excuse me?

AARON

Your uniform. You should get it fitted.

TRACY

Why do you care?

AARON

I'm just saying.

They share silence while Aaron finds the right moment to ask a question.

AARON

I hear you're the one that found her.

TRACY

Yeah so, what of it?

AARON

Mind if I ask you a couple questions?

TRACY

I guess.

AARON

You really didn't see anything?

TRACY

Not really. All I did was find her.

AARON

You didn't notice anything out of the ordinary?



TRACY

No. I was just patrolling in the cart like I always do then saw the blood when I turned the corner onto level three.

AARON

Did it freak you out?

TRACY

No. Why?

Aaron, interested in his response, snaps back.

AARON

Why not?

TRACY

Doesn't scare me.

AARON

It scares most people.

TRACY

I'm not most people. I've seen a lot of it anyway.

AARON

How so?

TRACY

I just have.

AARON

I'm curious. Why do you say you've seen a lot of it?

TRACY

I was in Iraq. I don't really want to get into it.

AARON

Iraq?

TRACY

What.

AARON

I can only imagine what you saw out there.

TRACY

What do you know about it?

AARON  
Only what I saw on the TV.

TRACY  
So, nothing.

Tracy snarls in disgust.

TRACY (CONT'D)  
Figures.

AARON  
What's your deal? Why are you so interested in watching us investigate? Do you get off on this?

Tracy, offended by the comment, snarls at him again

TRACY  
No deal. I just think it's funny.

AARON  
Funny? Do you think this is some kind of comedy show?

TRACY  
I just think we make such a big deal out of nothing.

AARON  
Nothing? We have to make it a big deal. It's called justice. Do you think it's ok to kill people?

TRACY  
Certainly would solve getting rid of a lot of dipshits. Besides, people die every day. This isn't anything new.

AARON  
Maybe not. But, it was to that dead girl. It was extremely personal to her and someone has to avenge for it. Don't they?

TRACY  
Are you her superhero?

AARON  
What? You wouldn't know anything about it. That just makes you sound stupid.

TRACY

And you think you're so frickin'  
humble cause you give a shit?

AARON

Yeah, I am.

Tracy turns the wheels of the cart very quickly as he makes a turn.

Aaron holds onto the rail to keep from falling out. He catches a glimpse of Tracy's fingernail to notice a small trace of blood.

Aaron moves to be on the offensive.

AARON

Did you fuckin' touch the crime  
scene?

TRACY

No.

AARON

Don't fuckin' lie to me.

TRACY

I'm not. I just called it in.  
That's all.

AARON

Did you tamper with the scene in  
any way?

TRACY

Look, I'm not dumb.

AARON

Stop the cart.

TRACY

What?

AARON

Stop the fuckin cart!

The cart screeches to a halt and Aaron rushes in front of it.

AARON

Did you fuckin' move her?

TRACY

No. I didn't move her. And no. I  
didn't kill her.

AARON

Then what the fuck is that blood on your finger?

Tracy notices the blood on his fingertip.

TRACY

I don't know.

AARON

I swear to God. If you fucked up any part of our investigation, I'm going to kick your ass.

TRACY

I didn't. For a cop, you're pretty frickin' stupid.

Tracy jumps out ready to fight.

Aaron, obviously much bigger and stronger, focuses to keep his cool.

AARON

Don't test me. Where were you before the murder?

TRACY

I was taking a leak. You can even check the cameras in the casino. We have cameras all over this place. You dumbass.

AARON

You don't want to go down this path. I'll make you look stupid.

TRACY

You don't scare me.

AARON

Don't test me.

TRACY

Screw you. I didn't have anything to do with this. Go mess with someone else.

Aaron confronts Tracy finger pointed inches from his face.

AARON

I'm going to do what I think is important.

(MORE)

AARON (CONT'D)

I need information from you and you're being a little fuckin' bastard. You're lucky I haven't bitched slapped you yet.

TRACY

You don't know me. Go ahead and try.

Aaron boils with anger but breathes in deep to focus.

AARON

I'm going to do what I please. I'm not here for your fuckin' entertainment. I have a job to do. Fucking with our crime scene you might have hurt our chances of convicting who actually did it.

TRACY

Wow, that was enlightening.

Aaron clinches his fist.

Tracy baits Aaron into a fight.

TRACY

Come on.

Aaron scans for a camera and doesn't see any.

AARON

Do you see this?

Aaron points to the ceiling.

TRACY

What?

AARON

No cameras here.

He punches Tracy square in the chest.

Tracy curls into a ball and falls to the floor in pain.

AARON

That's for putting your finger in the blood.

TRACY

You son of a bitch. I'm going to kill you!

AARON

I dare you to prove anything. I'm a decorated police detective. One of the youngest on the force. You're just a security guard who contaminated a crime scene. Who are they really going to believe?

TRACY

Fuck you.

Tracy avoids more confrontation and races to the golf cart to speed away. Their eyes connect. He seethes with anger.

Aaron reaches into his pant pocket to retrieve a cell phone, dials a number, and walks to the closest casino entrance.

**INT. CASINO, MEN'S LOCKER ROOM - NIGHT**

Old dingy lockers that have been here since the casino opened line the walls. A small card table sits quiet in the corner with all the days' postings above it.

Tracy storms into the room like a hurricane tossing trash cans and kicking anything that isn't heavy.

TRACY

Mother fucker! I'm going to kill that fucker!

James follows Tracy into the room and extends his hands out as if approaching a rabid dog.

JAMES

What the hell man.

TRACY

I hate fuckin' cops.

JAMES

Calm down.

TRACY

Fuck off.

James purposely stands in front of Tracy to stop him from pacing like a panther.

JAMES

Calm the fuck down.

Tracy bumps James with a shoulder.

JAMES

Do you want to get into it with me?  
Do you want to start some shit?  
Come on.

TRACY

Fuck you James. This isn't about you. This is about them fuckin' arrogant prick cops out there that think they're better than me.

JAMES

You aren't helping them any. Now, sit down.

Tracy angrily sits at the break table.

James places a few of the trash cans back into place. He crosses his arms and is sure to keep Tracy in view.

TRACY

So, what? What am I supposed to do James? Jump through a hoop like a trained dog?

JAMES

No. But you need to follow some instructions. I don't like getting calls regarding my people not cooperating with police.

TRACY

The guy is a fuckin' idiot. He thinks I fucked with the crime scene.

JAMES

Well, did you touch anything?

TRACY

No!!! I didn't.

JAMES

Well, the detective thinks you did and now they've gotta test it.

TRACY

Fuck this!! I don't have to do shit.

JAMES

No. You do. If you didn't touch it, then there isn't anything to worry about.

TRACY

I'm not doing shit for that asshole.

JAMES

You don't have a choice.

TRACY

Fuck you both then.

Tracy avoids any eye contact with James and focuses his anger towards the wall.

JAMES

Look at me.

Tracy remains focused on the wall.

JAMES (CONT'D)

You're beginning to piss me off.

TRACY

Are you going to can me?

JAMES

If you don't cooperate with the police.

TRACY

You can't fire me. I did nothing wrong.

JAMES

You're doing everything wrong!

Tracy jumps from his chair but James, prepared for the fight, waits for Tracy to make a move.

James stares directly into Tracy's eyes and all Tracy can do is back down from the confrontation.

JAMES (CONT'D)

I didn't think so.

Tracy envisions choking James in a daydream but says nothing then returns to stare at the wall.

JAMES (CONT'D)

Here's what you're going to do. You're going to go down there and let 'em check your fingers. Then, you're going take a couple of days off to get your head together. I'll call you in a couple of days.



Tracy seethes with anger.

JAMES (CONT'D)  
I'll take that as a "YES".

James steps back keeping Tracy in view before he leaves.

Tracy notices a slight hint of blood on his fingers and pants.

TRACY  
FUCK!!!!

Tracy races to the lockers and punches them as hard as he can until his hand bleeds. The blood splatters. Tracy covers his fingertip in blood and wipes a little onto his pants over the first.

**INT. CASINO, SLOT FLOOR - NIGHT**

Tracy, hand bandaged, notices Aaron walk through the casino.

Aaron acknowledges Tracy with a wink.

Distracted, Tracy turns into another aisle without looking, he doesn't see Karen in front of him.

Tracy blasts Karen easily to the ground spilling her tip jar across the floor.

Aaron races over to help.

KAREN  
Watch where you're going.

Tracy lowers his hand as if he wants to touch her while she recovers her tips from the ground. He focuses on Karen's curves and petite figure then watches her hair glide over her shoulder down to her chin.

She looks up at him.

AARON  
What's up sunshine?

Aaron notices the bandages on Tracy's hand.

AARON (CONT'D)  
What happened to you?

Tracy appears to be lost in thought until those words. He looks back at Aaron as if he's done something wrong.

KAREN

Well, aren't you going to say anything?

Tracy races away without saying a word.

KAREN

What a prick.

AARON

Are you okay?

KAREN

I'm fine. This happens every now and again.

Aaron picks up a few items that have scattered and places them onto Karen's serving tray.

KAREN

Thank you by the way.

Aaron extends his hand for Karen to lift herself from the floor.

Karen helps herself up.

Aaron notices a bruise form on Karen's arm.

AARON

Are you sure you're going to be okay?

KAREN

Yeah, I'm sure. I've had worse happen. Believe me.

Karen massages the muscle.

Tracy races to a familiar spot in the sport's book to stare back at them without being noticed. He slowly feels his body that were touched by his collision.

He watches Karen intently as she massages her arm.

AARON

Are you hurt anywhere else?

KAREN

No. Really, I'm fine.

Their eyes meet and they smile softly at each other.

KAREN  
Can I get you anything?

AARON  
I'm good.

Karen lingers a moment before breaking the silence.

KAREN  
I've got to get back to work.

AARON  
Aren't you just the trooper. Get  
knocked down and bounce right back  
to work.

KAREN  
Four brothers. It kind of toughens  
you up.

AARON  
I guess so.

KAREN  
We'll see you around?

AARON  
Maybe.

Karen picks up her serving tray and walks toward the bar. She looks back at Aaron and smiles. He smiles back.

Tracy watches like he's watched a million times before. He knows exactly where to place himself to not be seen.

Tracy puts his good hand into his pants pocket and rubs.

**INT. LINDY'S COFFEE SHOP - EARLY MORNING**

In the back of the casino, Lindy's Coffee Shop is a clean cafe with a pie and cake display that brightens the hostess counter. The specials are neatly written on a white board as you enter.

Aaron, alone at a booth, sips water and finishes a huge breakfast. He plays a tape recorder with a single ear piece to listen. Aaron writes notes onto a pad of paper.

Karen notices he's alone. She comes into the coffee shop.

KAREN  
Hey. You're still here.

AARON  
How are you?

KAREN  
Would you like some company?

AARON  
Umm..sure.

Aaron hides the notes from her and places all his belongings into a backpack.

AARON  
Hungry?

KAREN  
I'm okay.

Aaron's eyes droop with fatigue.

KAREN (CONT'D)  
Are you okay?

AARON  
Forgive me. I've had a long night.

KAREN  
Gambling?

AARON  
I'm not much of a gambler.

KAREN  
Are you a guest?

Aaron smiles at her.

AARON  
I live Vegas.

KAREN  
Right? You're probably one of those professional gamblers.

AARON  
Trust me. I'm not.

Aaron deflects.

AARON (CONT'D)  
Do you always work this late?

KAREN  
You need seniority to get the  
better shifts.

AARON  
That sucks.

KAREN  
What about you? Do you always visit  
casinos in the middle of the night?

AARON  
Not by choice.

KAREN  
What does that mean?

AARON  
I'm a detective.

Aaron removes his badge from a pant pocket to show her.

KAREN  
You're not showing me a fake one.  
Are you?

AARON  
I assure you. It's real.

The waitress comes to take Karen's order.

WAITRESS  
Are you ready to order?

KAREN  
Can I just get some water?

AARON  
On a diet?

KAREN  
I hate eating this late.

WAITRESS  
More coffee?

AARON  
Please.

KAREN  
How is your job?

AARON  
I like it. But, let's just say, I  
see a lot of shit.

KAREN  
Yeah?

AARON  
I like convicting people though.

KAREN  
It lets you know that hard work  
pays off.

AARON  
Definitely.

The waitress places a straw and water on the table in front  
of Karen.

KAREN  
Why tonight?

AARON  
You didn't hear about it?

KAREN  
Hear about what?

AARON  
I guess not. There was a.....  
commotion in the parking lot.

KAREN  
We get really sheltered in the  
casino. I never know what goes on  
in this place.

AARON  
Do you really want to know what  
happened?

KAREN  
I wouldn't have asked if I didn't.  
But, why be cautious?

AARON  
Because, I don't want to scare you.

KAREN  
What kind of detective are you?

Aaron turns his head away to focus on the customers in the  
coffee shop reluctant to answer.

AARON  
Homicide.

KAREN  
Excuse me?

AARON  
I work homicide.

Karen sits back and becomes really quiet.

AARON (CONT'D)  
See. I told you.

KAREN  
I thought you were going to say something else. Like... catching a cheater or something. Can I ask what happened?

AARON  
Are you really sure you want to know?

KAREN  
I'm curious.

AARON  
I'll spare you the details.

KAREN  
Did anyone see it?

AARON  
No. But, there was this security guard that I thought had more to say but.. He's just an idiot.

KAREN  
They aren't too bright. Are they?

AARON  
No.

KAREN  
Do they know who she is yet?

AARON  
How do you know it was a she?

KAREN  
I just guessed.

AARON

We'll have her fingerprint results soon.

KAREN

I guess it does kind of scare me.

AARON

I understand. It should. It's not like it happens every day.

KAREN

I know. But, it happened so close.

AARON

And tomorrow you won't know it was there.

KAREN

I see why you don't sleep much.

AARON

Especially the very first night when everything is so fresh in your head.

KAREN

Don't they have people you can talk to about it?

AARON

Yeah, but nobody wants to admit about going to a shrink.

KAREN

I hope you catch this guy.

AARON

I will.

The waitress arrives with the bill. She places it gently onto the table.

WAITRESS

Can I get you anything else?

AARON

No, we're good. Thanks.

WAITRESS

You're welcome.

AARON

Look, don't be scared.



KAREN

Oh no it's okay. I'm not really that scared. I can take care of myself. It's just that it seems so random.

AARON

True. But, you can't live your life worrying about it. If it happens, it happens.

They share a moment of silence.

AARON (CONT'D)

Would you like to go out sometime?

KAREN

I don't know.

AARON

It would really mean a lot.

KAREN

We'll see.

AARON

I'll give you my number. Just in case.

Aaron notices the bruise on her arm again.

AARON

Do you know that security guard that nearly ran you over?

KAREN

No. But, he's kind of creepy if you ask me. Why do you ask?

AARON

I don't know. There's something about him.

KAREN

How so?

AARON

Well, he took a lot of interest in our investigation. I thought it was weird.

KAREN

See, I told you he was creepy.

AARON

He tried to get all into my face  
when I confronted him about it.

KAREN

Why is that?

AARON

He thought it was funny.

KAREN

Should I be watching out for him?

AARON

I don't know. Maybe.

**EXT. A QUIET STREET - MORNING**

Tracy watches from his El Camino and listens to the radio. He looks at his watch.

TRACY

Where the fuck is she?

The unrest becomes unbearable, Tracy rushes out to get a closer look at Karen's apartment.

**INT. KAREN'S APARTMENT - CONTINUOUS**

A dingy sofa, two different lamps, and other mismatched furniture like it's been pieced together at Goodwill fills the room.

Tracy enters the apartment from the unlocked sliding glass door then walks over to the open bedroom.

The bedroom, with a black metal frame, highlights the room.

On a dresser, two masks representing Greek comedy and tragedy, smile and frown at Tracy in judgement.

Tracy pushes the door back into position with his foot. He examines the masks then pulls the bandages to cover his fingertips.

He lifts the Greek Comedy Mask to his face and focuses into the mirror.

TRACY (V.O.)

Is that me?

Karen enters the apartment and closes the door.

Tracy, startled by the noise, quickly sets the mask down. He crawls to the other side of the room and hides under the bed. It's just big enough for him to fit underneath and not be seen.

Karen enters the room then changes out of her work clothes.

KAREN

That feels better now.

Karen throws all of her dirty clothes into a laundry basket then opens her closet to search for a long T-shirt. She walks to the bathroom.

Tracy pulls himself from under the bed. He walks to the bathroom door to listen to Karen wash her face.

He considers stepping in but pulls away and out of the room before she finishes.

Tracy quietly exits the room.

Karen enters then wipes her face with a towel. The bedroom door moves and she nervously stops.

KAREN

Hello?

She slowly walks into the living room but doesn't see anything. Karen brushes off her momentary nervousness then closes the bedroom door behind her.

Tracy stands from a hiding spot then steps to the bedroom door. He can hear Karen jump into bed and set her alarm.

**INT. KAREN'S APARTMENT, BEDROOM - EARLY MORNING**

Karen, asleep, clutches onto a body pillow.

Tracy menaces over her then clinches his fist ready to slam it into Karen.

Tracy's fist rages down but stops before striking her. He moves his fingers around her face without touching it.

TRACY (V.O.)

I've never wanted anything more  
than this.

Karen turns in her bed but isn't awakened.

Tracy steps over and reaches for Greek comedy mask with his bandaged hand. He secures it into his shirt.

TRACY

Don't make me do this again.

Tracy exits the room then the apartment.

Karen finally wakes when she hears the door close then nervously pulls herself out of bed to investigate.

**INT. POLICE STATION, DETECTIVE BULLPEN - DAY**

A few desks are separated by cheap cushioned wall dividers that many of the detectives treat like a corkboard.

Aaron sifts through evidence photos of the crime scene. He yawns and rubs his eyes.

MARCUS

You okay?

AARON

I'm good.

MARCUS

How's the case coming?

AARON

We got the prints back on the girl.  
Her name is Sarah Evans. Age 43.

Aaron hands the file over to Marcus.

AARON

She has a few priors for solicitation. I called the number for her known address and got no answer. According to DMV records, she's not the only one using that address.

MARCUS

Boyfriend?

AARON

Probably. His name is Richard Martinez. He drives a white 1994 Monte Carlo.

MARCUS

Hold on a sec. A white Monte Carlo?

Marcus checks his notes from a witness interview.

AARON

What is it?

MARCUS

A witness reported a white car  
leaving the parking lot at 11:15pm.

AARON

I would say that's our guy.

MARCUS

Did that security guard tell you  
about that car at all?

AARON

Of course not.

MARCUS

I'll bring Martinez in.

AARON

Well, be careful. He may not want  
to come down willingly.

MARCUS

Why don't you go find that security  
guard and see if you can jog his  
memory a little. He had to have  
seen this car.

AARON

I'll see what I can do.

MARCUS

Cool. We'll see you back here in a  
couple of hours?

AARON

Yeah.

**INT. CASINO, SLOT FLOOR - DAY**

Aaron searches for security office but is lost in the maze of  
slot machines.

Karen comes over.

KAREN

Are you lost?

AARON

Hey, how are you doing?

KAREN

I'm good. I'm just here picking up  
my check then off to school. How  
about you? Feeling okay?

AARON  
Yeah, I'm fine. Just a little tired  
still. Do you know where the  
security office is?

KAREN  
Follow me.

Karen leads him toward the casino offices.

AARON  
I'm still wondering if I can see  
you sometime.

KAREN  
I know.

They reach the offices and Karen opens the door for him.

AARON  
Please, can I see you again?

Karen thinks about it then smiles.

KAREN  
Do you have a pin?

Aaron pulls out a pin.

Karen pulls a piece of paper out a small backpack and writes  
a phone number on it. She hands it to Aaron.

KAREN  
Give me a call sometime.

**EXT. UNLV CAMPUS, PARKING LOT - DAY**

Karen parks her car and finds her way to a class not far from  
it.

A few moments later Tracy pulls up in his El Camino and parks  
a few stalls behind.

Tracy gets out and walks around the building to spy into the  
classroom.

Tracy peers into the classroom from the window. He sees Karen  
talk to a friend. He can't get too close without being seen,  
he leaves.

**EXT. DILAPIDATED OLD HOUSE, FRONT LAWN - AFTERNOON**

Aaron pulls into the driveway to see the old house. He lowers  
his sunglasses for a better look.

**INT. DILAPIDATED OLD HOUSE, LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS**

Just like the outside, the inside isn't much better. Clothes are strung across the sofa, old cups sit on the coffee table, and dirty plates are piled high in the kitchen.

Only once place is kept immaculate. It's a living room wall that holds several old DEATH MASKS. Tracy keeps it like a shrine much like the wall in his room.

Tracy relaxes on the sofa and examines the Greek Comedy mask in his hand.

Loud knocks on the door.

Tracy slowly stands from the sofa without making a noise. He sets the mask on a coffee table.

Louder knocks.

AARON

I know you're in there. Open up.

Tracy peers through the window.

AARON

I know you're home.

Tracy unlocks the top latch then opens the door.

AARON

What's up sunshine?

TRACY

What do you want?

AARON

Don't play dumb. You know exactly what I want.

Tracy looks over to the mask in plain view and blocks the door from Aaron entering.

Aaron peeks inside to see.

AARON

Was that a mask?

TRACY

What of it?

AARON

What kind is it?

TRACY

I didn't do anything wrong.

AARON

What's that supposed to mean? Did you do something I should know about?

TRACY

No. I just don't-

AARON

Look. I need your cooperation. Remember? Or did you not get that message.

TRACY

You can't make me.

AARON

Why are you so defensive?

Aaron puts on his best movie star smile and steps away from the door.

AARON (CONT'D)

We both were on edge last night. No hard feelings?

Tracy stares deep into Aaron's eyes. His charm doesn't make a difference. Tracy steps closer to Aaron.

TRACY

Why are you here?

Aaron looks over the front porch and places his hand on a splintered railing careful to not hurt himself.

AARON

Doing my job. Since, I couldn't find you at yours. I heard you got into a fight with a locker.

Aaron curiously looks at Tracy's bandaged hand.

Tracy crosses his arms to cover it.

TRACY

How did you find out where I lived?

AARON

Your boss. This is a shit hole. Is it all yours?



TRACY

Do you want to harass me some more?  
You can't do shit here. This is my  
house.

AARON

Well, that does answer my first  
question.

Tracy snarls angry with Aaron's presence. He steps back into the house and closes the door.

Aaron step towards the door to stops it from closing. He calmly pushes it back open.

TRACY

What the fuck do you want with me?

AARON

Information. I believe you haven't  
told us everything about the other  
night.

TRACY

I answered all your god damn  
questions and took your little  
test.

AARON

I know. It was inconclusive. Must  
have hurt.

TRACY

Save me the bullshit.

Aaron steps in closer to Tracy's door to confront him.

AARON

Look, I don't have time for this.

TRACY

What do you expect?

AARON

I expect you not to pick a fight  
with me. Because, you will lose.

TRACY

Is that so?

Tracy clinches his fist and swings wildly at Aaron but misses.

Aaron punches Tracy square in the chest. It knocks Tracy to the floor.

AARON  
Alright sunshine. Enough playing.  
Let's go.

Tracy stands, winces in pain, just before Aaron pushes him into the wall to handcuff him.

Aaron pushes Tracy down the porch toward the car.

**INT. INTERROGATION ROOM - DAY**

It's a plain white room with two chairs and a table in the center. A camera in the corner catches all the action and there is a small window in the door for people to look in.

Tracy, handcuffed to a chair, stewes in his anger. He pulls at the handcuffs to see if he can break them free.

Aaron enters and quickly sits in front of Tracy.

AARON  
So, what's up sunshine? Are you  
feeling better?

TRACY  
Fuck you.

AARON  
I think it might be a good idea for  
you to expand your vocabulary to  
more than two words.

A loud knock on the door breaks the tension.

Aaron pushes his chair back to open it.

Marcus waits disappointed.

MARCUS  
We need to talk.

Aaron winks at Tracy before he stands to exit.

**INT. POLICE STATION, HALLWAY - DAY**

Marcus adjusts his tie and leans against a wall.

Aaron prepares himself for some kind of lecture.

MARCUS  
What the hell is this all about?

AARON

He took a swing at me when I went to ask him about the white car.

MARCUS

So you arrested the guy?

AARON

He's here isn't he?

MARCUS

God Dammit! Don't give me that shit. We need more information about our case but this isn't the way to do it.

AARON

I didn't have a choice.

MARCUS

You do have a choice. This isn't like you to jeopardize a case like this. You're lucky this guy hasn't gone to a lawyer or else you'd really be screwed.

AARON

Does a guy like that really have a lawyer? Come on Marcus. He's the only chance we have.

MARCUS

That isn't for us to decide. It's for the evidence to decide. Which we can't get unless he saw something.

AARON

I know. But, really, I didn't have a choice.

MARCUS

Come over here.

Marcus leads Aaron down the hallway to another door then taps on the window.

MARCUS (CONT'D)

Take a look.

Aaron peers inside the window to see a Chubby Mexican man with a goatee and a lot of tattoos as he sips from a soda can. Aaron notices of a specific tattoo of a tear drop under the left eye.

AARON  
Is that Martinez?

MARCUS  
We've got him. But, we have the facts that we believe lead to him. But, Tattoo boy isn't going to say he was near the casino that night. We have no way to prove he was there unless your boy can remember seeing him.

AARON  
He isn't my boy.

MARCUS  
We can't get a warrant to search anything. So, instead of fucking with Tracy, we need his help.

Aaron runs his fingers through his hair, holds the back of his head with his hands, and exhales exasperated

AARON  
I know.

MARCUS  
Would you want Tattoo boy on the street?

AARON  
No. So, how do you want to play this?

MARCUS  
First, we're taking your boy out of the box.

AARON  
What?!

MARCUS  
We need to make some peace with him. Do you really think he's going to tell us anything handcuffed to a fuckin' chair.

AARON  
We'll see about that?

Aaron races back to interrogation room.

MARCUS  
AARON!!

Marcus chases him down the hall and stands in Aaron's way

MARCUS

You need to focus. We need to follow rules. Procedure. Follow me?

AARON

Yes.

MARCUS

You can't make a mess of things just because some dumbass gets under your skin.

AARON

Right.

MARCUS

Look, we are going to let your boy out of the box. And, I don't fuckin' care if you like it or not. YOU are going to go back in there and apologize. YOU are going to ask him nicely to come out and look at a photo line up that I've already got set up.

AARON

Come on Marcus. I just know this guy is an accident waiting to happen. I just know it.

MARCUS

Aaron, I feel for you. The guy might be a little off and he "MIGHT" have some issues. But, that isn't our case. We're here to solve the murder of Sarah Evans. Do you feel me?

AARON

Yeah, I got it.

**INT. INTERROGATION ROOM - CONTINUOUS**

Tracy fiddles with the handcuffs to break them free from the chair.

Aaron enters and gives his best movie star smile.

Tracy kicks the table onto its side.

AARON

Good to see you too.

Aaron picks up the table and places it neatly back into position. He sits into the other chair and calmly faces Tracy.

AARON

I think we might need to do something about that temper of yours.

TRACY

Eat shit.

AARON

No thanks.

TRACY

Then die you fucking asshole.

AARON

I'd prefer not to.

TRACY

Fuck you.

AARON

Again, with the vocabulary. Shall I get you a dictionary? Look, I don't like you much either.

Aaron does his best to defuse this situation.

AARON (CONT'D)

But.....here's the deal. I need to ask some more questions about the other night. So, can we come to some arrangement?

Aaron reaches into a pocket and removes the handcuff keys. He dangles them like a carrot in front of a rabbit then places them on the table.

AARON (CONT'D)

Can we come to some kind of truce?

Tracy says nothing and continues to stare.

Aaron sits in silence with Tracy.

AARON

Well?

Tracy finally looks away and sits deeper into his chair.

Aaron clinches his fist then stands ready to punch Tracy like a boxer closing in for a knockout.

AARON (CONT'D)  
You little-

MARCUS  
Aaron!

Aaron stops inches from hitting Tracy. Much to Aaron's surprise, Tracy doesn't flinch and stares back. Aaron takes a deep breath to calm himself then pauses a moment.

MARCUS (CONT'D)  
Let me handle this.

Aaron stares back into Tracy's eyes.

AARON  
Fine. He's yours.

Aaron makes a quick exit.

MARCUS  
You have to forgive my partner.  
He's a little on edge.

Marcus neatly adjusts his shirt reaches for the keys and takes off Tracy's handcuffs.

TRACY  
On edge? I would say he's an  
asshole.

MARCUS  
Well, he can be.

TRACY  
He reminds me of a school bully.

MARCUS  
I wouldn't doubt he was.

TRACY  
Can I go?

MARCUS  
Yes. But, can you answer one  
question for me?

TRACY  
Why?

MARCUS  
I'm only asking for one man.

**INT. POLICE STATION, DETECTIVE BULLPEN - DAY**

Tracy looks at all of the temporary office walls like a mouse trying to figure his way out.

Marcus lays out the photo line up in front of Tracy. One of them is the chubby Mexican with the tear drop tattoo.

MARCUS  
Have a seat.

Tracy relaxes into a chair.

MARCUS  
Do you remember seeing any of these men last night?

Tracy carefully looks at each picture. When he spots the chubby Mexican, Tracy gets a quick flash of the white car.

TRACY  
You know, I do remember seeing this guy.

Tracy points the photo and pushes it to Marcus.

MARCUS  
What do you remember about him?

TRACY  
He was driving this car, a big white one; it said something like "Brown Pride" on the back window.

MARCUS  
Do you remember what time you saw him?

TRACY  
Just before I found the girl now that I think about it. I really didn't think much of him at the time.

MARCUS  
Did you notice anything unusual about him?

TRACY  
Like what?



MARCUS

Was he in a hurry or anything?

TRACY

Not really. He just drove past like everyone else does.

MARCUS

How long was it after you saw him that you found the girl?

TRACY

This has been more than one question.

MARCUS

I know. But, I need to ask them to get some things straight. Do you mind?

Excitement builds in Tracy's voice.

TRACY

Did he kill that girl?

Marcus doesn't answer the question.

MARCUS

How long was it?

TRACY

It couldn't have been more than two to three minutes. I found the girl on the next level when I made the turn.

MARCUS

If you needed to testify about this, would you?

Tracy smiles with the chance he might be able to testify.

TRACY

I would. But, you have to do something to that other cop.

MARCUS

Don't worry about him. You can deal directly with me.

TRACY

Just keep him away from me.

MARCUS  
I'll make sure of it.

TRACY  
Do you need me for anything else?

MARCUS  
Can you wait here a sec?

TRACY  
Okay, I guess.

Tracy realizes that he's at Aaron's desk. He sees the evidence photos and sifts through them with this bandaged hand. Tracy grins with excitement. He carefully looks through the drawers and finds an old article placed inside a plastic cover between two whiskey bottles. It reads.

TRACY (V.O.)  
Young boy finds mother murdered.

Tracy looks to see if anyone is coming then checks the date of the article.

TRACY  
December 1st, 1993.

Tracy gently places the article neatly back into the drawer. He again sifts through the photos and finds one that captures the moment he remembers then carefully stows it away.

Marcus returns.

MARCUS  
Let's get you outta here.

**INT. POLICE STATION, HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS**

Aaron paces like a caged leopard anxious to talk to Marcus when the two men enter the hallway. Aaron rushes toward them.

Marcus stands between Aaron and Tracy.

MARCUS  
Aaron, it's cool. We got it.

Tracy winks at Aaron which makes him furious.

Aaron pushes his way through Marcus to get to Tracy.

Marcus holds Aaron back.

MARCUS  
Calm down!

AARON  
We can't just let him go.

MARCUS  
That is exactly what we are doing  
and we aren't going to mention  
anything about him taking a swing  
at you.

Aaron punches the wall then races down the hallway.

TRACY  
That guy is out of control.

MARCUS  
He's fine.

TRACY  
He needs some help.

MARCUS  
Again, I'm sorry about my partner.

TRACY  
Put him on a leash or just find him  
a good bone to chew on.

**INT. POLICE STATION, DETECTIVE BULLPEN - CONTINUOUS**

Aaron sits at his desk holding the article.

Marcus adjusts his shirt and tie then sits down at his desk.

MARCUS  
What the hell where you thinking?

AARON  
We got the job done. Didn't we?

MARCUS  
I got it done.

AARON  
What's that supposed to mean?

MARCUS  
You know exactly what it means. I  
covered your ass.

AARON  
Whatever.

MARCUS

What the fuck is up with you? What is it about this guy?

AARON

I don't know. There is just something about him that I don't like. I can't really say what it is yet. He's just..... off.

MARCUS

Well, you'd better get over that pretty quick.

AARON

I can't.

MARCUS

This is the job. We sometimes run into people that don't make our jobs easy. But, we have to keep our focus and NOT go off on every idiot that pisses us off.

AARON

Marcus, I know. But, did you see his hand?

MARCUS

Yeah.

AARON

This guy punched a locker till he squirted blood everywhere. His boss had to put him on leave.

MARCUS

How many times have you punched a wall?

AARON

A few. But, not till it bled out of frustration. I know that he's the one that left the impression at our crime scene. He made his hand bleed to cover it up.

MARCUS

Really?

AARON

Yeah.

MARCUS

If it's that important to you,  
we'll look into it. But, I can't  
arrest a guy for what he MIGHT do.

AARON

I know. Let's finish this Martinez  
deal and get it off the books.

MARCUS

Now you're talking.

Aaron slowly stands and walks toward the interrogation rooms.

Marcus follows close behind.

**INT. TRACY'S BEDROOM - DAY**

Tracy searches the computer for the article on the Las Vegas  
Review Journal website. When he finds the article, he prints  
it then reads it.

TRACY

How did that make you feel Aaron?

Tracy cuts out the article with scissors to make a space for  
it on his wall. He grabs the glue stick and pastes it. Tracy  
looks at the crime scene photo.

TRACY

You need a better place.

Tracy rummages through the room and finds a three ring binder  
with plastic sleeves in it. He places the photo into one of  
the sleeves.

TRACY (V.O.)

I wished for more than just a  
photo.

Tracy grabs the Greek Comedy mask from the bed. He covers his  
face then stares into a mirror.

**EXT. KAREN'S APARTMENT, OUTSIDE - NIGHT**

It's slightly before night and we can see the sunset behind  
the apartment complex.

Tracy watches from a distance to see Karen moving inside the  
apartment.

**INT. KAREN'S APARTMENT - NIGHT**

Karen wears some work out apparel after returning from the gym. She relaxes on the sofa and watches TV.

The phone rings.

She's answers.

KAREN

Hello?

**(INTERCUT) INT. POLICE STATION, DETECTIVE BULLPEN - CONTINUOUS**

AARON

Hey. It's Aaron.

KAREN

Hey, how are you?

AARON

I'm good. I'll be able to sleep tonight.

KAREN

You caught the guy?

AARON

Yeah, just about a half an hour ago. Hey, look. I don't really want to talk about it. But, would you have dinner with me? I need to see a friendly face.

Karen thinks then smiles.

KAREN

Sure. Where at?

AARON

How about this Mexican place I know off Desert Inn and Eastern?

KAREN

What's it called?

AARON

Lindo Michocan.

KAREN

I know that place.

AARON  
Cool. What time?

KAREN  
How does eight o'clock sound?

AARON  
Sounds pretty good.

KAREN  
Let me get ready.

**EXT. KAREN'S APARTMENT, OUTSIDE - NIGHT**

Tracy watches intently from his car as Karen moves from room to room.

A car comes down the street and Tracy ducks below the window.

Aaron parks and makes his way to Karen's apartment.

Tracy pops back up to see Aaron knock on Karen's door.

TRACY  
NO. NO. No no no no.

Karen answers and shows Aaron inside.

TRACY  
Fuck!!!!

Tracy pounds the car vigorously in frustration.

Tracy revs the engine and drives away like a complete madman.

**INT. TRACY'S BEDROOM - NIGHT**

Tracy storms into the room. He shreds everything from the wall. Not done, he busts lamps and tosses over the bed.

**INT. DILAPIDATED OLD HOUSE, LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS**

Tracy races out to the wall of death masks and just before tearing at them, he stops. He glides his fingers on a death mask then turns to the Greek Comedy mask still on the sofa.

TRACY (V.O.)  
I finally knew what I wanted.

Tracy slowly walks over and picks up the mask. He gently glides his fingers over its features then closes his eyes.

**INT. LINDO MICHOCAN RESTAURANT - NIGHT**

It's a traditional Mexican restaurant with Spanish tiles and Mexican artwork.

A young lady makes flour tortillas fresh in a little booth.

A waiter makes fresh guacamole at a table

AARON

The guacamole is the best.

KAREN

I know.

AARON

I love this place.

KAREN

Me too. Congrats by the way.

AARON

Maybe you should tell that to my partner.

KAREN

Why?

AARON

I don't know. I did some things today that are not normally me.

KAREN

How so?

AARON

That security guard that works at the casino.

KAREN

The creepy one?

AARON

Yeah, I almost lost my job over him.

KAREN

How?

AARON

I almost knocked him silly in the interrogation room.



KAREN

Why?

AARON

I let him get under my skin. I think he's a time bomb waiting to explode and I just can't pinpoint it yet. There are reason I do what I do?

KAREN

What do you mean?

AARON

I promise to leave out the gory details. But, I hold on pretty tightly to things. Maybe, a little too tightly. When I was twelve, my mother was murdered by an intruder and I found her.

KAREN

Oh my god. I'm so sorry.

AARON

It's okay. That was a long time ago. It's just now.... those memories are boiling to the surface. This guy was just so.... impersonal about finding this girl. I guess I took it a lot more personal than I should have. I punched him and almost did it again with people watching.

KAREN

Maybe he had it coming.

AARON

He did. But, I'm the one who should be under control. I'm the one that should know better.

KAREN

Well, they can't fault you for it.

AARON

Yes. They can.

KAREN

What are they going to do?

AARON

Well, they gave me a warning.

KAREN

It could have been worse. Right?

Karen reaches across the table to hold Aaron's hand.

**EXT./INT. OUTSIDE KAREN'S APARTMENT - NIGHT**

Aaron and Karen arrive and he walks her to the door. She gives him a kiss on the cheek and says her good-byes while Tracy watches.

Aaron goes back to his car and waits a moment before leaving.

TRACY

Just leave you fuckin' turd.

Tracy sweats with nervousness. He pulls out some rubber gloves from a back pack and puts one on his good hand then brings the bandages over his other.

Karen's bedroom light illuminates through the window but Tracy can't see her through the curtains.

Tracy steps out of his car and crosses the street to watch closer. He steps to within a few inches of the window to peer inside. Tracy looks over his shoulder to make sure he can't be seen by witnesses.

Karen searches through the closet looking for a long t-shirt.

Tracy slips on a rock and it makes a noticeable sound.

Karen cautiously walks to the window.

KAREN

Who's there?

Karen places a hand through the curtains and moves them to peek.

Tracy stands completely still to the left of the window as Karen becomes visible.

Karen studies the pathway but sees nothing. She closes the curtains tighter.

Tracy steps in front of the window. He listens closer pulling his ear next to the glass without touching it.

**INT. KAREN'S APARTMENT, BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS**

Karen backs away from the window. She glances toward the dresser and notices the missing mask. A moment of panic comes over her and she rushes to get dressed.

**EXT. KAREN'S APARTMENT, OUTSIDE - CONTINUOUS**

Tracy, with his ear almost pressed against the window, can hear Karen become frantic opening closet doors and quickly slamming them.

TRACY

The mask.

Tracy hurries around the building to Karen's front door.

**INT. KAREN'S APARTMENT - CONTINUOUS**

Karen grabs her car keys and opens the front door.

Tracy jumps into the apartment and tackles Karen. She tries to scream but he covers her mouth with his bandaged hand to muffle the sound.

Karen fights to get away from Tracy but can't. His weight is leveraged on top of her to restrict her movements.

Tracy kicks the door closed.

Karen gives up the fight and whimpers.

TRACY

Get up. Slowly.

Tracy keeps Karen's mouth covered as they stand. He grabs her wrist with his other hand and pushes it behind her back.

They slowly make their way to Karen's bedroom.

TRACY

Open it.

Tracy pushes her inside.

**INT. KAREN'S APARTMENT, BEDROOM - MOMENTS LATER**

Tracy ties Karen with various socks and stockings to the bedpost. He gags her mouth with a ripped stocking to prevent her from screaming.

Karen sobs and her breathing becomes erratic from fright.

Tracy steps off the bed to watch from the edge. He's expressionless and calm despite the bondage inflicted on her.

TRACY

I like your mask.

Tracy pulls out the Greek Comedy mask from a little backpack.

TRACY

I've come for another one.

A phone rings and startles Tracy as though it's a sound he needs to extinguish. He realizes it's just the phone then searches for the noise.

TRACY

Where's the answering machine?

Karen looks over to her night stand next to the bed.

Tracy steps over to the night stand to stare at the answering machine. He lets the phone ring until the answering machine picks up.

KAREN (V.O.)

This is Karen. Leave me a message  
and I'll get back to you later.

The answering machine beeps.

AARON (V.O.)

I just wanted to thank you for  
tonight. I had a really good time.  
Just give me a call when you get  
this.

TRACY

Too late.

Karen cries harder hoping that Aaron can save her.

Tracy crawls onto the bed and places himself next to Karen. He wipes away the tears with a brush of his finger.

Tracy places himself over Karen to choke her. His hands reach gently around her neck.

Karen fights with all her energy to break free.

Tracy closes his eyes to squeeze tighter and tighter.

Karen fights with all her energy but it's killing her. Her eyes become bloodshot almost literally turning black.

Tracy feels orgasmic. He feels Karen's fight become weaker and weaker as she dies.

There is nothing Karen can do and she passes out.

Tracy whispers in her ear.

TRACY

Not yet.

Tracy feels her body go limp.

TRACY (V.O.)

I don't think I've ever felt so  
alive.

Tracy caresses Karen's face and brushes her eyebrow with his thumb.

Tracy unties Karen from the bed then undresses her. He touches every part of her warm body with joy in every movement until she's completely naked.

Tracy lies on top of Karen and removes himself to be inside of her.

**INT. KAREN'S APARTMENT, BEDROOM - EARLY MORNING**

Tracy sleeps next to Karen on top of the covers.

TRACY (V.O.)

I'd never slept so well.

Tracy steps off the bed then stares back at Karen. She's still passed out.

TRACY

Now, it's time.

Tracy stares over Karen's body then pulls the blanket covering her. He ties her to the bedposts again.

Karen finally wakes vulnerable. She uses every ounce to break free but can't.

Tracy removes the bandages from his hand. He pulls out the another rubber glove and puts it on. It's painful but Tracy grins and bears it.

Karen fights even harder to break free.

Tracy grabs the Greek Comedy mask and places it over his face then ties it around his head. He pulls a knife from his backpack and raises it to slam into her.

The knife speeds down into her body chest and her blood spills out. She sees Tracy play with her blood letting it roll down his fingers. Tracy's eyes meets Karen's as they close forever.

INT. POLICE STATION, DETECTIVE BULLPEN - DAY

Aaron, distracted from his work, shuffles evidence photos.

AARON  
Do you have one of the photos?

MARCUS  
What?

AARON  
One of the photos is missing.

MARCUS  
It's got to be there. We're the only ones that have had the file.

AARON  
Well, one's missing.

MARCUS  
It'll turn up.

Aaron pushes the photos away and turns his chair toward the window.

MARCUS  
What's up with you?

AARON  
Huh?

MARCUS  
What's up? You seem out of it.

AARON  
Sorry. I just have something on my mind.

MARCUS  
Something? Or someone?

AARON  
Someone.

Aaron half smiles.

MARCUS  
The security guard?

AARON  
Do you think he'd make me smile?

MARCUS  
Who is she?

AARON  
Just this girl I met the other  
night.

MARCUS  
Nice. By the way, I did some  
looking. There's nothing on your  
boy.

AARON  
Nothing?

MARCUS  
It's like he's a ghost. No priors.  
No shady bank accounts. He was  
discharged from the Army but...  
they wouldn't tell me why. There's  
nothing to worry about.

AARON  
Probably why we should be.

MARCUS  
Well, tell you what. I'll keep  
digging. Why don't you take off and  
see that girl you like. I have  
things covered.

AARON  
Are you sure?

MARCUS  
Yeah, I got it.

AARON  
Thanks. I owe you one.

MARCUS  
More like a thousand.

AARON  
You know I love you too bro.

MARCUS  
I know. Now git.

Aaron arranges the evidence photos into a folder then places  
them into his desk. He rushes out of the building.

**INT. KAREN'S APARTMENT, BEDROOM - DAY**

Tracy, still masked, applies make-up to Karen's face as she lies on the bed her body wrapped a blanket. It seems weird but he has a really good touch for applying make-up as though he has done it before.

TRACY

I haven't applied makeup in a long time. Why? My parents used a run a mortuary. They showed me how to make death masks, embalm, apply final makeup...

Tracy rubs his hand on her cheek and brushes her eye brow with his thumb.

TRACY

But, I'm going to take your mask.

Tracy makes his way over to the dresser and picks up the Greek Tragedy mask.

TRACY

You can wear this one in its place.

Tracy pulls out the knife then pushes the blade into her throat till the edge is all the way through the skin.

From underneath the bed, Tracy steps onto the ground. The edge of what used to be Karen's hair slowly bushes the edge of the bed.

TRACY

Come find her.

Tracy steps to the bathroom to package his souvenir, washes the blood off, and bandages his hand again.

TRACY (V.O.)

I'd never felt alive until this moment. I've spent my life as someone you passed down the hall and never gave a second glance. Whose name you wouldn't have known had it not been printed on my name badge. People say that we wear masks to hide who we really are. I wear a mask to show you who I really am.



**EXT. KAREN'S APARTMENT, OUTSIDE - DAY**

Aaron knocks on the front door. He waits a few seconds then knocks harder since there's no answer.

Aaron examines the apartment. He walks to his car until he notices the sliding glass door open and the shades moving back and forth as though they've just been moved.

AARON

Karen?

Aaron returns to the front door and reaches for the doorknob. He turns the knob to check if it's lock but the door opens.

AARON

Karen? You home?

**INT. KAREN'S APARTMENT - CONTINUOUS**

Aaron enters the apartment and his eyes move around the room. He scans the room and sees car keys on the ground. He traces the scene. Aaron quickly pulls his gun when he sees blood droplets leading to the kitchen.

AARON

Please. No.

Aaron paces toward the bedroom door and cautiously checks the corners. He sights his gun down the edge of the open bedroom door. Aaron pushes the door open with his gun and slowly checks his corners and under the bed.

There is a sudden white flash and Aaron falls to the floor dazed with his eyes fluttering from an impact to his head. Blood flows down his temple.

Tracy, fully masked, stands over Aaron after striking him with a small bat. The kitchen light darkens his shadow.

Aaron vomits onto the floor.

Tracy picks up his souvenir which has been placed into a dark trash bag. He exits closing the door behind him with his bandaged hand to not make a fingerprint.

Aaron's eyes flutter and then close.

**INT. KAREN'S APARTMENT - NIGHT**

Marcus leads a group of officers into the apartment. He holds his gun firmly scanning the room down the barrel. Marcus points his finger toward Aaron laying in a doorway into the bedroom.

MARCUS

Move!

Marcus points at an officer and directs him to the patio then another to the kitchen.

Officer One rushes to the patio door and pulls the shades opens and points his gun through the open door.

Officer Two rushes to the kitchen without turning his back to Aaron on the floor. He keeps his gun drawn and focused on Aaron till he turns the corner to see the kitchen.

OFFICER ONE

Clear!

OFFICER TWO

Clear!

Marcus moves toward the bedroom. He releases one hand from the gun and checks for a pulse on Aaron's leg. Marcus gives a thumb's up to signal that he's alive. Marcus motions as though he's going to pull Aaron from the door so other officers can enter.

The officers gather close to the door before making entry into the bedroom.

Marcus grips onto Aaron's ankle then keeps his eyes focused completely on the open door. He holds his gun with one hand as he sets a knee on the ground to gain leverage.

MARCUS

One, two, three.

Marcus quickly pulls Aaron away from the door and the officers make a quick entry into the bedroom.

The officers secure the room opening and slamming doors.

OFFICER TWO (O.C.)

Clear!

OFFICER THREE (O.C.)

Clear!

OFFICER FOUR (O.C.)

What the fuck!

Officer four runs out of the bedroom and rushes out the door to vomit.

Officer three slowly returns from the room as white as a ghost ready to cry.

OFFICER THREE

Marcus. You'd better take a look at this.

Marcus stands, secures his gun, takes a deep breath, and enters the room. He stands close to the door looking into the bedroom. Marcus turns his head and covers his mouth with his hand to stop from vomiting.

MARCUS

Get your men out.

OFFICER THREE

Excuse me sir?

MARCUS

Now!

OFFICER THREE

Everyone out!

Marcus literally pushes the officers out of the apartment. He returns to the dining room and sits next to Aaron. Marcus cries silently as he gently places his hand on Aaron's back as if trying to console him.

**EXT. KAREN'S APARTMENT, OUTSIDE - LATER**

A crowd of people line the yellow tape marking off the crime scene trying to get a glimpse of the carnage.

An ambulance idles silently with the lights flashing as they bring Aaron out on a gurney. He wears a neck brace and is secured tightly. Aaron's eyes flutter barely conscious.

AARON

Is she alright?

The paramedics say nothing and continue to monitor his vital signs.

AARON (CONT'D)

Please tell me.

Aaron glimpses the crime scene investigators scouring the scene for evidence.

Aaron cries unable to wipe the tears from his face.

Marcus adjusts his tie while waiting for Aaron at the ambulance.

AARON

Is she alright?

Marcus looks away unable to face Aaron to tell him the truth.

MARCUS

We'll talk about this later.

Aaron's tears fade to a blank expression as though he's gone into shock.

The paramedics lower the gurney to be lifted into the ambulance.

MARCUS

Take care of him.

The paramedics lift the gurney into the ambulance and close the doors behind it. The siren chirps as they drive away.

**INT. CASINO, SLOT FLOOR - DAY**

Tracy smiles like a school kid. His uniform is clean, pressed, and fits him well. It's as if he's become "HANDSOME" almost overnight. Tracy scans the floor to notice several cocktail waitresses huddled together. He can hear them sob as he passes them into the locker room.

**INT. CASINO, MEN'S LOCKER ROOM - DAY**

Tracy enters and rushes over to his locker. He rubs the dent left in it.

James sits on a bench and looks up at Tracy as though he has something terrible to say but can't find the words.

JAMES

Hey, Trace. Welcome back.

TRACY

Thanks. I needed the time off.

JAMES

There is something I need to tell you about.

TRACY

What is it?

JAMES

Do you remember that cute cocktail waitress?

TRACY

You mean the cute little one.

JAMES

Yeah.

TRACY

What about her?

JAMES

She was murdered.

TRACY

Really?

Tracy turns away.

JAMES

They've ask me to have you see a counselor before you start working.

TRACY

Why?

JAMES

The owners want to make sure you're fit to work.

TRACY

I'm fine.

JAMES

It's just a formality. She is talking to everyone. So, if there is anything you want to share with her, get it out.

TRACY

I'll keep that in mind.

JAMES

Well, it's good to have you back.

James stands then turns to Tracy. Tracy looks back weepy.

JAMES (CONT'D)

Why does this one affect you and not the girl from the parking lot?

TRACY

It's more personal.

James puts his head down and concentrates on the floor. He kicks at an imaginary pebble.

JAMES

We'll see you later.

TRACY

Yeah, no prob.

Tracy opens his locker and smirks with contentment when James is out of view.

**EXT. KAREN'S APARTMENT, OUTSIDE - DAY**

Aaron stands outside of the apartment then stares at the police tape lining it. He rubs his neck. The bandage, still visible, makes Aaron appear humbled and more disheveled wearing jeans and an old T-shirt. Aaron places his hands in his pockets and walks back to his car with his head down.

**INT. CASINO, SLOTS FLOOR - DAY**

Tracy guards a large cart used to transfer lock boxes to a counting room. He scans the casino to notice anyone who might be watching.

Security officers remove lock-boxes from the gaming tables and replace them with empty ones from inside the cart.

Tracy enjoys himself and is very relaxed.

TRACY (V.O.)

This is the person I've always  
wanted to be.

Tracy looks at the bar and sees a prostitute alone smoking a cigarette.

The prostitute lowers a strap on her blouse to dangle off her shoulder then makes eye contact with every man that passes. When the prostitute sees Tracy watch her, she raises her blouse strap back into position and turns away to blend in.

TRACY (V.O.)

So many people need to free  
themselves. I don't know if I can  
help them all.

Tracy surveys the casino to see many patrons looking at him and the lock boxes. He steps closer to the cart suspecting someone might try to steal a lock-box.

The security officers finish then pull the cart away from Tracy.

SECURITY OFFICER ONE

We've got it from here bud.

TRACY

I have a name.

SECURITY OFFICER ONE

Do I care?

SECURITY OFFICER TWO

You heard him. Go back to your little golf cart and watch the parking lot again.

Tracy stares at the security officer with a slight scowl. But, unlike before, he lets the moment pass and doesn't let it affect him. Tracy turns away to go back to his post when a suspicious man passes him.

The man wears a long coat and athletic shoes. He hurries toward the security officers pushing the cart.

Tracy turns to follow the man and reaches for his two-way radio.

TRACY

Hey, James. Come in, over.

JAMES (V.O.)

What's up Trace?

TRACY

Are you looking at the cameras right now? Over.

JAMES (V.O.)

Yes, whatcha got?

TRACY

I need you to pick up on a guy in a long coat heading toward the East slots. Over.

Tracy continues to follow the man through the slot machines.

JAMES (V.O.)

Are you on him?

TRACY

Yeah, I'm about twenty feet behind him. Over.

JAMES (V.O.)

I got him.

The man reaches the security officers unaware he's behind them and pulls out a gun from his belt.

SUSPICIOUS MAN

Give me a box.

SECURITY OFFICER ONE

What?

SUSPICIOUS MAN

Give me a fucking box!

SECURITY OFFICER TWO

Are you sure you want to do that?

The man holds out his gun further but it shakes in his hand with nervousness.

From out of nowhere Tracy tackles the man and knocks the gun free.

The second security officer jumps in to help subdue the man and kicks the gun away.

The first security officer picks up the gun carefully and places it in his pocket.

SECURITY OFFICER ONE

Let's not make a big scene of this and take it off the floor.

Tracy and the second security officer lift the man off the floor holding each wrist. They push him toward the security offices.

SECURITY OFFICER TWO

Fuckin A man. Thanks.

TRACY

Don't mention it.

SECURITY OFFICER TWO

Naw man. Really. What's your name?

Tracy smiles with contentment.

**INT. POLICE STATION, DETECTIVE BULLPEN - DAY**

Aaron sits at his desk to stare at the article.

MARCUS

What the hell are you doing here?

AARON

I know who do it.

MARCUS

Don't tell me you think the security guard did this.



AARON

He has the other mask you're looking for. I know it.

MARCUS

You're driving me crazy with this guy.

AARON

He killed her. I know he did.

MARCUS

Did he tell you he did it? Did a little birdie come down and tell you everything?

AARON

Don't do that.

MARCUS

Do you know what that guy is going to do?

AARON

What?

MARCUS

If I go knocking on his door, he going to sue the department for harassment. And, if we find the mask you say is there, who's to say you didn't put it there?

AARON

You know that isn't the truth.

MARCUS

You want to know the truth. I have video of you hitting a witness at a crime scene. I have video of you almost hitting a witness in an interrogation room. And, I have your blood on the floor of a brutal crime scene. Whose to say you aren't trying to frame this guy?

AARON

That's bullshit and you know it. Like I smacked myself in the head and bled all over the carpet.

MARCUS

The only reason you aren't in a holding cell right now is because you're good cop. Or at least was a good cop.

AARON

I still am a good cop.

MARCUS

You're on leave. I suggest you go home.

**INT. EMPLOYEE LOCKER ROOM - LATER**

Tracy unbuttons his shirt as relaxed as ever.

James comes in to congratulate Tracy.

JAMES

I knew the time off would do you well.

TRACY

It helped.

JAMES

"It helped." Don't give me that shit. What the fuck has gotten into you?

TRACY

I don't know. I just feel better.

JAMES

Well, keep it up.

TRACY

I'll try.

JAMES

Really. You are the man.

TRACY

Thanks.

Tracy sits alone in the locker room to reflect on the experience.

**INT. CASINO, SLOT FLOOR - AFTERNOON**

Tracy walks through the casino. He dangles a set of keys around his finger.

Aaron slowly peers around a corner waiting for Tracy then follows him out of the casino.

**INT. THRIFT STORE - AFTERNOON**

Tracy walks through an aisle to find a proper display for his trophy. He comes across a blank mannequin head used to display sunglasses. Tracy sizes it up.

TRACY

Maybe?

Tracy checks for a price tag and sees Aaron peer in the window just outside the store.

**INT. LEATHER SHOP - AFTERNOON**

This place is a cowboy paradise. Anything you can think of that can be made with cowhide is for sale.

Tracy searches for some leather conditioner.

ATTENDANT

Can I help you?

TRACY

Yeah, do you have any leather conditioner or tanning solution?

ATTENDANT

I have some in back.

TRACY

Thanks.

Tracy looks out into the parking lot and can see Aaron in his car.

**EXT. LEATHER SHOP, PARKING LOT - AFTERNOON**

Tracy walks to his car with a plastic bag for his purchase and then places it in his car. He walks over to Aaron.

Aaron shuffles with nervousness as Tracy approaches. He reaches into the glove box to grab a back up service piece.

Tracy taps on the window.

TRACY

Are you going to follow me all day?

Aaron lowers the window and points the gun at Tracy.

AARON  
Don't come any closer.

TRACY  
Are you going to shoot me? Right here?

AARON  
If I have too.

TRACY  
Right.

AARON  
You don't believe me?

TRACY  
No.

Aaron cocks the gun.

Tracy pulls his head closer to the window to make a bigger target.

TRACY  
What do you think you know?

AARON  
I know you killed her.

TRACY  
Who?

AARON  
Don't play games with me.

TRACY  
Oh really? And you know this how?

AARON  
The mask.

TRACY  
So says the imagination of an emotionally repressed cop.

AARON  
I don't care about proof anymore. I just care about justice.

TRACY  
Justice? Do you think that gun has a secret justice bullet in it?

(MORE)

TRACY (CONT'D)

Do you think it's going make you  
feel better all of a sudden?

AARON

Maybe.

TRACY

You can splatter my brains across  
this parking lot. But, it's never  
going to change one thing. You  
couldn't save her. You're a garbage  
boy cleaning up the mess trying to  
put together the pieces.

Aaron steps out of the car and points the gun at Tracy.

AARON

Shut up.

TRACY

In all your years as a detective,  
have you ever saved one?

AARON

By killing you I will.

TRACY

Maybe. But, you don't know for  
sure. I think the only justice you  
understand lives inside a bottle of  
whiskey drowning away the years you  
never got to spend with your mom.  
That's justice.

Tracy steps toward the gun.

Witnesses gawk at the two men while coming out of the store.  
They run to take cover when they see Aaron's gun.

The gun shakes in Aaron's hand as he notices all the people  
watching.

Tracy turns away and walks back to his car.

TRACY

We'll see you around.

Aaron races back to his car, starts the engine, and speeds  
away as fast as he can.

**INT. CASINO, BAR - NIGHT**

Aaron sits at the bar intoxicated out of his mind. He can't  
sit straight or focus on the beer mug in front of him.

The bartender walks over to Aaron and looks straight into his eyes. He shakes his head in disappointment.

BARTENDER  
I'm cutting you off.

AARON  
What? Are you going to call the  
police on me?

BARTENDER  
If I have to.

AARON  
I am the police.

BARTENDER  
Sure you are.

Aaron stands from his seat and moves toward the bartender.

Tracy, in plain clothes, watches from a slot machine behind Aaron.

AARON  
Don't mock me. I'll arrest you.

The bartender picks up the phone to make a call.

BARTENDER  
Would you prefer security or a cab?

AARON  
Bring it on.

Aaron sits back into his seat and Tracy is gone.

BARTENDER  
Yeah, I have a guy here making a  
scene. Can you come get him for me?

It doesn't take but a few seconds for security to come to the bartender's aid.

AARON  
Friends of yours?

A suited security officer taps Aaron on the shoulder.

AARON (CONT'D)  
Don't touch me.

Aaron shakes his shoulder and throws his hand up to back the security officer.

SECURITY OFFICER THREE  
Sir, I'm going to have to ask you  
to leave.

AARON  
Why? We're having a good time. Me  
and my pal here.

SECURITY OFFICER THREE  
Sir, can you walk this way please?

The security officer holds out his hand toward the exit.

Aaron counts the number of security guards and officers  
around him. He stands and nearly trips over his feet.

AARON  
The floor is slippery.

SECURITY OFFICER THREE  
It's not the floor sir.

Aaron stumbles toward the exit then rights himself by leaning  
against a slot machine. He reaches into his pants pocket and  
removes his car keys.

The Security officers follow behind Aaron to make sure he  
reaches the exit.

AARON  
I'm parked on the other side.

SECURITY OFFICER THREE  
Sir, we have a cab waiting outside  
that will take you anywhere you  
need. I suggest you use one.

A security officer opens the door for Aaron.

Aaron stumbles outside.

**EXT. CASINO, ENTRYWAY - CONTINUOUS**

Aaron stumbles out of the casino then sits on a bench. His  
eyes flutter almost ready to pass out as his head droops. He  
quickly snaps it back into position.

A security officer follows Aaron outside and waves to a taxi  
cab waiting down the entryway.

The taxi cab pulls up and the driver opens the door to  
accommodate Aaron.

The security officer tries to pull Aaron up and assist him into the cab.

AARON

I said "Don't touch me!"

Aaron stands disoriented. He pushes the security officer away from him.

SECURITY OFFICER THREE

He's your problem now.

TAXI DRIVER

No way.

Tracy steps from behind the officer to see Aaron causing trouble.

TRACY

He's a friend of mine. I'll take care of him.

Tracy keeps his back to the security officer while placing Aaron's arm over his shoulder.

TRACY (CONT'D)

Come on buddy. I got you.

Aaron's eyes are droopy and he doesn't realize that it's Tracy.

Tracy walks Aaron away into the darkness.

**INT. OLD HOUSE, BOMB SHELTER - MORNING**

The shelter is divided into two sides by a curtain that runs the length of the room. On one side sits a toilet and cot that give the appearance of a prison cell. The other side is for storage and living space. The only entry to this shelter is a door on the storage side. The door opens to a hallway that leads to stairs and exits into the backyard.

Aaron sleeps comfortably in the darkness then suddenly Tracy turns on the light.

Tracy pulls back the curtain in the middle of the room then takes a chair and places it to talk. He relaxes into the chair and smiles.

TRACY

Wakee wakee. Eggs and bakee.



Aaron wakes and shuffles in the cot. He opens his eyes but doesn't recognize his surroundings then quickly sits up from the cot. Aaron stretches his arms and legs because of hang-over.

TRACY

Do you want some water?

Aaron quickly snaps toward Tracy.

AARON

Where am I?

TRACY

You had a rough night and since I don't have the privilege of knowing where you live. I brought you here.

Aaron surveys the room and sees concrete all around.

AARON

What is this place?

TRACY

It's a bomb shelter.

AARON

It looks like a prison.

Tracy looks around.

Aaron cautiously surveys the situation and sees he'll have to get through Tracy to get to the door.

TRACY

You know, I've never seen it that way. I used to play down here all the time when I was little. I used it for many things but never a prison.

AARON

Where's my shit?

TRACY

You don't want to stay and chat a bit?

AARON

I don't trust you.

TRACY

That hurts.

AARON

I just want to get my shit and go.

TRACY

Well, you're still in most of it.  
You threw up on your shirt so I had  
to wash it.

Aaron lifts the covers to see that he is in his clothes from the night before.

AARON

What happened last night?

TRACY

You don't remember?

AARON

Would I ask if I did?

TRACY

Well, first, you got kicked out of  
a casino for being intoxicated.  
Then, you vomited all over your  
shirt in my car. I nearly had to  
carry you to get you down here.  
Believe me. You smelled like shit.

Aaron cautiously stands from the cot not knowing what to expect from Tracy.

AARON

Why did you bring me here?

TRACY

I told you. I don't know where you  
live.

AARON

Don't give me that shit. How did  
you know where to find me?

TRACY

I just happened to be meeting a  
friend and saw you harassing the  
bartender.

Aaron clinches his fist ready to knock Tracy's grin off his face.

Tracy remains calmly seated in the chair as Aaron stands over him.

AARON

I don't want to play games with you. What's with the dungeon?

TRACY

I've decided that it's going to be your home for a while.

Tracy sits calmly in his chair and waits for Aaron to make a move.

AARON

Oh really?

TRACY

Really. I've become a different person since we met and I wanted to show you.

AARON

You look like the same piece of shit to me.

Aaron lunges at Tracy.

Tracy pulls out a Tazor gun and fires at Aaron point blank.

The electrodes pierce through Aaron's clothing and he falls to the ground shaking in pain.

TRACY

That hurts doesn't it?

Tracy stands over Aaron and kicks him repeatedly.

Aaron shakes in pain from the shock. He sees Tracy standing massively over him shadowed by a light above.

Tracy repeatedly kicks Aaron over and over until he is subdued.

AARON

I'm going to kill you.

TRACY

Not if I kill you first.

Tracy fires the Tazor gun again making Aaron convulse in more pain. He reaches for some rope then ties Aaron to the cot by his feet and arms. Tracy calmly returns to the chair.

TRACY

By the way, how does the bump on your head feel?

Aaron anger reaches a boiling point and he cracks. Tears stream down Aaron's face as he wildly tries to break free.

TRACY (CONT'D)

Don't be sad. She's was great.

AARON

You fucking bastard!

TRACY

I know she made me different.

AARON

So what. Kill me! Come on! Take it already!

TRACY

Do you give it freely?

Aaron becomes so enraged that he nearly breaks his wrists to escape. He again wildly tries to break himself free.

Tracy steps on Aaron's wrist before he can break them free.

TRACY (CONT'D)

You're not ready yet. You have too much pride to let yourself die and not enough desire to let yourself live. You're weak and pathetic. I'm going teach you one of two lessons. The first is to rid yourself of pride and let me set you free. Or, the second is for you to find the desire to live and I will let you go.

Tracy releases his foot from Aaron's wrists.

Aaron shakes on his ropes but they remain tight.

TRACY (CONT'D)

I don't know how long it's going to take. This is going to be a first for me. But, I brought a gift. Call it motivation.

Tracy stands and removes what looks like a mannequin head from the shelves. Tracy sets it in front of Aaron.

Aaron slumps onto the floor ready to give in.

AARON

No.

Tracy with all his power kicks Aaron in the head and knocks him unconscious.

**INT. OLD HOUSE, BOMB SHELTER - UNKNOWN**

Aaron sits in the corner of the shelter tied together by his wrists and ankles. His left eye is nearly completely swollen. Next to him sits a bag of ice and a wrapped sandwich.

Tracy has emptied the shelter and all that is left is a pillow and the toilet on the other end. He leans against the wall watching.

Aaron opens his eyes in pain. Bruises are all over his body. Aaron pulls at the ropes testing their limitations.

TRACY

I brought you ice and some food.

Tracy sits down on the floor on the other side of the shelter.

TRACY (CONT'D)

Don't worry. The floor is clean.

Aaron looks down at the ice and sandwich. He tests the limits of his ropes again to see if he can reach the ice without too much resistance.

AARON

Where did you learn to tie knots?

TRACY

The Marines.

Aaron picks up the ice and places it to his face. Since his wrists are tied together, he holds the ice with both hands.

AARON

Figures.

TRACY

It would probably be easier if you just lay down on the ice like a pillow.

AARON

Don't tell me what to do.

TRACY

It's just a suggestion.

The weight of the ice becomes too much for him to handle. Aaron places the ice back on the floor and with his elbow moves it into position to place his face into it.

TRACY (O.S.)  
See. Isn't that easier?

AARON  
Big fucking deal.

They sit in silence for a few moments not knowing what to say.

AARON  
You're a sick bastard.

TRACY  
Why?

AARON  
Don't play coy with me. We're well beyond games.

TRACY  
What you call sick. I call magical.

AARON  
Magical? Fuck you.

TRACY  
You have no idea what this means. I've found purpose and evolved while you're still living in fear.

AARON  
This isn't fear. This is hatred.

TRACY  
Hatred is fear. You hate me so bad you're afraid of me. So bad you have to belittle me.

AARON  
I'm not afraid of you. Just take these ropes off and we'll see who's afraid.

TRACY  
In time. You must first learn-

AARON  
Fuck you and your wanna be Cain in Kung Fu lesson. Let me just kill you and get it over with.

TRACY

Do you really think you can kill me?

AARON

I know I can.

TRACY

Don't be too sure of yourself. It takes a lot of will to kill someone. It's a power I don't think you possess.

AARON

Power my ass!

Tracy races over ready to kick Aaron but doesn't.

Aaron flinches and covers his face with Tracy's approach.

Tracy stands over Aaron but is sure to not stand to close.

TRACY

This is what I mean. I know I can take your life and I don't fear you breaking your bonds and killing me. As for you, you know I can kill you. You fear when I'm going to take it. I have all the power over you and until you can become my equal, you will never understand.

AARON

Fuck you.

Aaron makes an attempt to catch Tracy's feet with the rope but can't.

TRACY

I think it might be a good idea for you to expand your vocabulary to more than two words.

Aaron stares directly into Tracy's eyes. He looks away disgusted by Tracy.

TRACY (CONT'D)

Enjoy the sandwich.

Tracy kicks the sandwich closer to Aaron and walks toward the exit.

**INT. OLD HOUSE, TRACY'S BEDROOM - NIGHT**

Tracy lies on a bed throwing a tennis ball in the air. He has a blank expression and concentrates solely on the ball. The room is now clean and neat. The walls are freshly painted and all the death masks have been moved into it.

There is a knock on the front door.

Tracy quickly rises from the bed and leaves the room.

**INT. OLD HOUSE, LIVING ROOM - MOMENTS LATER**

Tracy's P.O.V.: Tracy cautiously walks to the window to look out. He sees an unmarked police car sitting in the driveway behind his El Camino. Tracy notices Marcus adjusting his shirt then his belt.

TRACY

Hold on.

Tracy reaches for a clean shirt to wear. He quickly throws on the shirt and pushes some of the clothes over to the edge of the sofa to make an area to sit. Tracy pulls the Greek Comedy mask from the wall and quickly sets it underneath some clothes.

Marcus patiently waits for Tracy to answer.

Tracy opens the door.

TRACY

Marcus right?

Tracy extends his hand to greet Marcus.

Marcus returns the greeting and shakes Tracy's hand.

TRACY (CONT'D)

What can I do for you detective?

MARCUS

May I come in?

TRACY

Sure, come on in.

Tracy opens the door wider for Marcus to enter.

Marcus inspects the room. He scans the room to notice all the little piles of clothes.

TRACY

Have a seat.



Marcus notices the space made available for him to sit. He sees magazines covering the coffee table and more clothes spread out throughout the room in different stages of dirty or clean.

TRACY

Sorry about the mess. Washer is broken.

Tracy removes more clothes from the sofa, specifically Aaron's shirt. He takes the clothes to the laundry room located through the kitchen.

Marcus makes himself comfortable on the sofa.

TRACY (O.C.)

I thought you'd call me if you needed anything.

MARCUS

I know. But, I'm here for a different reason.

Tracy returns to the kitchen then notices a knife in the sink. He stops and turns on the water as if he was going to wash a dish.

TRACY

How so?

MARCUS

Look, I'm just going to come out and say it. Have you seen my partner anytime in the last week?

TRACY

You mean psycho?

MARCUS

Have you?

TRACY

No. Not since he took me to the station. Why do you ask?

MARCUS

I know you guys didn't get along and I was afraid he would snap.

TRACY

Would snap? I still think he needs to be on a leash.

Tracy plays with the dishes in the sink and turns off the water. He grabs a small towel from the counter to dry his hands. Tracy carefully places a steak knife up his sleeve.

TRACY (CONT'D)

What makes you think he'd snap? And second, what makes you think he'd come here?

Tracy walks back in the living room and takes a seat in a lounge chair across from Marcus. He puts down his hand to make sure the mask is still in place.

MARCUS

Honesty, I don't know why I came here.

TRACY

Did you think he'd try to go off on me again?

MARCUS

I really don't know.

TRACY

But, you still thought he'd come here.

MARCUS

He's under a lot of stress.

TRACY

He shouldn't be working if that's the case.

MARCUS

He isn't.

TRACY

Well, that's a relief. Do you want something to drink?

MARCUS

No. I'm good. Thanks though.

TRACY

So, what about the case?

MARCUS

What case?

TRACY

The dead girl from the parking lot. The Mexican guy?

MARCUS

Oh, don't worry about it. The guy confessed.

TRACY

Oh really?

MARCUS

Thanks for your help.

TRACY

No problem.

They sit in silence for a moment. They stare at each other. Marcus looks away and seems to become lost in his thoughts.

TRACY (CONT'D)

Is there anything else I can do for you?

Marcus looks back at Tracy then surveys the room again.

MARCUS

Did you know her?

TRACY

Know who? The girl from the parking lot?

MARCUS

No, the cocktail waitress. I know you must have heard about her.

TRACY

Just rumors. Nothing I'd really believe.

MARCUS

What have you heard?

TRACY

Just stories. But, what do I know? I didn't really know her.

Tracy leans as Marcus pays closer attention.

TRACY

Are you working the case?

MARCUS

No. It was assigned to someone else.

TRACY

Why?

MARCUS

I can't discuss it. It's an ongoing investigation.

TRACY

Any suspects?

MARCUS

No. Do you know anyone we should be talking to?

Marcus carefully reaches down to unlatch his gun from the holster and places his hand back down.

TRACY

Not that I know.

Tracy reaches for the mask under the clothes.

Marcus notices Tracy reaching for something under the clothes.

MARCUS

Where were you that night?

TRACY

You don't think I did it?

MARCUS

I don't know what to think.

Marcus realizes that Aaron could be right and stands to leave.

MARCUS (CONT'D)

I'm sorry for wasting your time.

TRACY

It's no problem.

Tracy stands and follows Marcus to the door.

Marcus turns to open the door and glances into the door's window and sees Tracy putting on the mask. He has a quick flash of Karen in the mask.

Marcus turns and moves for his gun.

Tracy stabs Marcus in the heart. He turns the blade inside to make Marcus more subdued with pain.

Marcus breathes faster in fear he is going to die. He grabs Tracy's arm but can do no more than hold on to it for strength.

They stare at each other face to face as Marcus stops breathing and dies.

TRACY

This is who I really am. Just  
thought you should see.

Tracy lets Marcus's body fall to the ground.

Blood slowly spills its way onto the hardwood floor.

Tracy walks into the kitchen to gather some trash bags from under the sink. He unrolls the bags to place them next to Marcus. Tracy grabs a towel that is sitting close by and rolls Marcus's body onto the trash bags. He wipes the blood off the floor with the towel.

**INT. OLD HOUSE, BOMB SHELTER - UNKNOWN**

Aaron sleeps on the floor with several empty sandwich wrappers surrounding him.

Tracy enters the room and takes a seat on the floor across from Aaron.

Aaron wakes up immediately.

AARON

What do you want?

TRACY

I want to learn about you.

AARON

Like you fucking care.

TRACY

Actually, I do.

AARON

Bite me.

TRACY

You still don't understand.

AARON

Understand what?

TRACY

I'm not heartless. I really do care about things.

AARON

Like you cared about Karen when you killed her and cut her up.

TRACY

I did. I took a lot of care with her. It was a very tender moment. I've never been more caring and compassionate.

AARON

Murder is murder. There is nothing tender or compassionate about it.

TRACY

You don't see how beautiful it was.

AARON

How can I? You took the woman's face!

TRACY

I had to.

AARON

Kiss my mother fuckin ass!

TRACY

This is the thanks I get?

Tracy pulls Marcus's detective badge from his pocket.

AARON

Fuck your bullshit.

TRACY

You're learning that pride is not a virtue. You're pride isn't keeping you alive. It's keeping you from being free.

Aaron pushes himself from the floor to sit closer to Tracy.

AARON

Alright, "MR. KUNG FU", how is my pride keeping me from being free?

TRACY

It drives you to react not think. It makes you act selfishly.

(MORE)

TRACY (CONT'D)

How many times was it you not Marcus trying to be the hero? I remember seeing YOU draw your gun. I remember you telling me that YOU had to avenge for that girl's murder. I ask "Why you?" What makes you so special that you have to appoint yourself "HERO"?

AARON

Because people like you don't.

TRACY

You didn't ask me.

AARON

I got how comical you thought we all were.

TRACY

It was. No one is so great that we need to amplify the details of their death. People die every day and not one costs more than the other. It's pride that makes me sick. It's pride that tells society to be selfish. To pull the slot machine for greed. To desecrate their body to be attractive. That makes you appoint yourself "hero".

AARON

So you're saying that you don't have any pride? Well, that makes a lot of sense. But, I remember someone punching a locker till his hand bled. Were you mad that I had gotten the best of you?

TRACY

I was. But, that was before.

AARON

So I can belittle you all I want and it won't make you mad?

TRACY

It doesn't change anything. You'll still be tied up unable to change your situation. And, as long as you feel the need to try and make me feel weaker than you, you'll continue to be unable to change.

AARON

You little wanna be, rat bastard, momma don't love me, poppa fucked me in the ass little piece of shit. You're the fly on the ass of a wet elephant. You're nothing. You killed Karen because it gave you one thing you've never had. Power. If that isn't pride and selfishness at its finest, I don't know what is.

TRACY

It's not going to work. I'm not going to be bated into your little game.

AARON

Fuck off. You're just as weak and pathetic as you think I am.

Tracy tosses Marcus's detective badge close to Aaron.

TRACY

Tell that to Marcus.

Aaron picks up the badge and examines it.

AARON

Where did you get this?

TRACY

Where do you think I got it? He's lying dead in my living room as we speak. Do you want to say good bye?

Aaron cries as he looks back at Tracy.

AARON

You son of a bitch. I'm going to fuckin' kill you. I'm going to fucking kill you.

Aaron tries to stand but can't maintain his balance and falls back to the ground. He pulls Marcus's badge close.

TRACY

Well, I need to clean up the mess. I guess I'll see you later.

Tracy stands, smiles at Aaron, and then exits.

Aaron positions himself close to the wall to not be seen immediately going to work to free himself.



He opens Marcus's badge and rips out the metal star emblem. It takes Aaron a few seconds to get it out. He grinds it on the floor to make it sharp enough to cut the ropes.

AARON

I'll show you my pride. You mother  
fucker.

**INT. OLD HOUSE, LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS**

Tracy wraps Marcus's body with more trash bags. He peeks outside before tying the end of the trash bags with ropes. He picks up Marcus's body and places it over his shoulder.

**EXT. OLD HOUSE, FRONT LAWN - MOMENTS LATER**

Tracy carefully walks outside carrying Marcus's body. He makes it to the unmarked police car, opens the back passenger door, and places Marcus's body inside. Tracy looks up and down the street to see if anyone was watching but sees no one.

**INT. OLD HOUSE, BOMB SHELTER - CONTINUOUS**

Aaron finishes filing down the edge of the badge. He starts frantically cutting at the ropes hoping the edge is sharp enough to cut them.

AARON

Come on.

Aaron fights to keep the badge steady enough to cut.

AARON

Fuck. Come on.

**INT. OLD HOUSE, LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS**

Tracy mops the blood from the floor. He doesn't rush and calmly makes sure that every spot is clean. Tracy looks at the door and sees more blood stains.

TRACY

Awww, crap.

Tracy walks back into the kitchen to grab rubber gloves, a Brillo pad, and Windex to clean the door. He carefully sprays and scrubs the door.

**INT. OLD HOUSE, BOMB SHELTER - CONTINUOUS**

Aaron races against a clock looking back at the door. He finally has success and breaks through the ropes. Aaron frees himself.

**INT. OLD HOUSE, LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS**

Tracy sits at the kitchen counter with Marcus's gun and car keys. He spins the loop of the key holder around his finger. Tracy stops and puts the keys in his pocket. He grabs the mask and puts it on.

**INT. OLD HOUSE, BOMB SHELTER - CONTINUOUS**

Aaron breaks free from the ropes and quickly runs to the door.

The door opens in front of him.

Aaron slams the door closed and quickly ducks to the side.

Tracy fires four shots from Marcus's gun that leave holes in the door. He kicks the door hoping to catch Aaron off guard.

Aaron lunges at the gun to push it away. He forces Tracy against the wall dropping the gun.

Tracy throws his knee hard into Aaron's midsection knocking him to the ground. He jumps for the gun on the floor.

Aaron kicks the gun to the other side of the room. He grabs some rope from the ground and jumps on top of Tracy's back. Aaron fights to choke Tracy with the rope.

Tracy stands with Aaron on his back and fights the rope from around his neck.

TRACY

Now, that's the spirit!

Tracy back pedals as fast as he can to slam Aaron against the wall.

Aaron's head hits hard against the wall breaking Tracy free from the rope. Aaron falls to the ground with his head ringing from the contact.

Tracy quickly turns around to see Aaron has landed on top of the gun. Tracy takes a couple of steps back into the center of the room.

Aaron finds the gun sitting under him.

Tracy runs for the exit turning the light off behind him.

Aaron hears Tracy race outside slamming more doors behind him.

AARON

Fuck, I feel like Ricky Ticky.

Aaron picks up the gun and slowly stands. He takes a few deep breaths and holds the gun firmly with both hands. He takes one hand and feels along the wall looking for the door.

**EXT. OLD HOUSE, BACKYARD - MOMENTS LATER**

Tracy runs out of the bomb shelter and makes his way into the house. He takes a frantic push around the house turning off lights and searches for any object he can use as a weapon.

Aaron slowly emerges from the shelter. He sees a tree about ten yards in front of him and makes a break to get behind it to face the house.

TRACY'S P.O.V.: Tracy sees Aaron run to take cover behind the tree.

Aaron surveys the backyard first to left then to the right. The backyard is too big for him to make a break for it. Aaron fires a shot in the air to get the neighbors attention.

TRACY (O.S.)

It's not going to work.

Aaron points the gun in the direction of the voice.

AARON

Why not?

TRACY (O.S.)

The kids around here are always lighting M80's.

Aaron still can't see very well. His vision blurs from being knocked against the wall.

AARON

Come out where I can see you?

TRACY (O.S.)

Yeah, right! I'm going to fall for that one!

Tracy leans tightly against the left side of house. He picks up a shovel leaning against the wall.

Aaron stands up taller against the tree to check if Tracy is inside the house.

Tracy picks up a rock and throws it at Aaron.

The rock hits close and Aaron points his gun toward the sound of Tracy's voice.

AARON

Fuck it.

Aaron runs to the other side of the house away from Tracy.

Tracy doesn't give chase. Instead he decides to meet Aaron in front of the house.

**EXT. OLD HOUSE, FRONT LAWN - MOMENTS LATER**

Tracy makes his way quietly through the brush of the front yard along the house. He carries the shovel with the flat end up like a baseball bat.

Aaron slowly walks along the other side of the house with his back to the wall. He holds the gun tight with both his hands swiveling his head each direction to make sure Tracy isn't sneaking up on him.

The sharp rocks cut into Aaron's bare feet and it slows his progress. He reaches the edge of the house and can see Tracy's El Camino in the driveway. Aaron looks around the edge and doesn't see Tracy.

Tracy's P.O.V.: Tracy crouches behind the wheel well of the El Camino.

Aaron steps out around the edge and walks along the garage. He shakes with nervousness. Aaron slowly side steps with his back to the garage door.

Tracy's P.O.V.: Aaron slowly comes into view against the garage.

Tracy takes another small rock and tosses it into the front yard.

Aaron hears the sound of the rock hitting the ground and points the gun in that direction.

Tracy charges Aaron with the shovel.

Aaron points the gun back at Tracy and wildly fires a shot that misses.

Tracy swings the shovel and knocks the gun free into the front yard.

Aaron charges Tracy before he can swing the shovel again.

The two men fall to the ground and wrestle for the shovel.

AARON  
You afraid now!!

Aaron punches and scratches at Tracy to break the shovel free.

Tracy turns to his back trying to break the shovel free but Aaron ends up on top of him pushing the shovel down to his throat. Tracy holds the shovel with both hands. He slowly works his foot to Aaron's midsection.

Aaron holds onto the shovel tighter knowing that he won't be able to stop Tracy from pushing him off.

Tracy quickly pushes with his foot and all his force goes into Aaron. Tracy can't maintain control of the shovel and Aaron falls to the ground with it.

Aaron quickly stands and swings the shovel at Tracy charging.

The blow lands square on Tracy's cheek with the flat end of the shovel breaking the mask. He spins and falls to the ground onto his stomach. Tracy tries to stand but can't. He lies on top of his arms.

Aaron looks down at Tracy struggling to get up. He takes the flat end of the shovel and slams it into Tracy's back.

AARON  
That hurts doesn't it?

Tracy crawls a few feet into the yard.

Aaron again slams the flat end of the shovel into Tracy's back.

AARON  
I got you. I got you!

Tracy crawls a few more feet.

Aaron spits at Tracy. He raises the shovel again into the air.

TRACY (V.O.)  
It takes a lot of will to kill  
someone. It's a power I don't think  
you possess.

Aaron turns the blade of the shovel.

AARON  
Fuck you. I've got it.

Tracy quickly turns his body on the ground and fires two shots from the gun into Aaron's chest.

Aaron drops the shovel then falls to his knees. He raises his hands to his wounds and sees the blood. Aaron breathes slower. He sees the light from the Luxor shine into the night then savors a last few breathes. Aaron falls next to Tracy with a thud onto the rocks and dirt.

Tracy looks into Aaron's eyes as he quietly dies.

TRACY

You're free.

Tracy weeps with happiness but is unable to stand because of the pain. He removes the broken mask and wipes the tears from his face. Tracy relaxes his arms like he was laying in the park almost motionless.

TRACY (V.O.)

It's so rare for anyone to reach this type of self awareness. But, don't measure it by how great or terrible this might be. But, by how great it has changed me.

Tracy stares into the night sky.

We HOVER up and back out over the City of Las Vegas.

**THE END**