

SERIAL TWINS

Screenplay by

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Story by

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INT. PRESCOTS' VILLA (SAWPIT/CO) - BASEMENT - DAY

JAKE PRESCOT, 49, balding, warm smile, and KAREN PRESCOT, 46, blond hair, angelic face, saunter down the metal stairs, making CHAIN LINK FENCES SHAKE and prisoners cry.

In shock, identical 4-year-old twins, MEGAN PRESCOT, black hair, hazel eyes, and KATHRYN PRESCOT (same) follow.

JAKE

It's time you two learn how to rid  
society of its lowlifes.

The basement has been turned into a slaughterhouse with human occupants -- feces and urine cake the inside of their cages.

The victims are young homeless men and women. They cower from the monsters.

The twins, hugging their teddy bears, watch as --

Karen sits at a meat grinder and turns the crank, human flesh noodles go into an empty dog food can labeled "JAKE'S CHOW."

A TABLE SAW RIPS TO LIFE, and the sound fills the basement.

Jake takes a black marker and draws four sections on a human leg. He cuts one black line at a time, equal portions.

Before Karen seals the dog food can, she spoons out a chunk of meat and offers it to a teenage girl wearing a ROSARY.

KAREN

(grinning)  
Hungry yet?

She shakes her head "no," starving.

KAREN (CONT'D)

You deserve what's coming because  
you're a dirty sinner.

EXT. AUSTIN ALLEY - NIGHT

SUPER: "NINETEEN YEARS LATER"

A HOMELESS MAN wrapped in grimy newspapers, sleeping, shivering, against a pile of garbage.

He awakens to wicked CACKLES, GLASS BOTTLES being KICKED, TRASH CANS KNOCKED OVER.

At his feet, four shadows go long in the alley as a group of punks approach the homeless man, surrounding him, towering around.

HOMELESS MAN  
Please don't hurt me.

The PUNK LEADER cranes his neck, mischievous.

PUNK LEADER  
We wouldn't do that. Right boys?

They all snicker.

HOMELESS MAN  
What do you want?

PUNK LEADER  
To help. Want some change?

The homeless man cowers his head, barely nods.

The punk leader digs in his pocket and counts some copper and silver.

He hurls it down the alley.

PUNK LEADER (CONT'D)  
You can have that old man. If, you  
can get to it.

The punks swarm the man with steel toe stomps and brass knuckle punches; he groans, they laugh.

In pain, he slithers out of the gauntlet. They giggle and point.

The man inches down the alley, gets kicked in the rib, clutches his side.

HOMELESS MAN  
Please... stop.

PUNK LEADER  
(leans over)  
What did you say?

FEMALE VOICE (O.S.)  
He said leave him alone.

PUNK LEADER  
Who the hell is that?!

A BOTTLE SHATTERS behind them; they react, spooked.

PUNK LEADER (CONT'D)  
So that's it?! You're not going to  
show us your face?! Scared?!

He spits at the ground. There is no response.

PUNK LEADER (CONT'D)  
Thought so. Not so tough now!

His voice bounces off the brick walls as the man lurches away  
to get his change.

PUNK LEADER (CONT'D)  
Where do you think you're going?

HOMELESS MAN  
It's gone.

The punk leader looks past him at the asphalt; the pennies  
and nickels are missing.

FEMALE VOICE (O.S.)  
You dropped your change.

From above, the change showers down, COINS SPINNING, and  
ROLLING to a STOP.

Their heads tilt up, nothing.

BAM! A fist hits the punk leader in the jaw. He's out cold.

The other three punks whip around to see shadows, nothing.

Slowly turning in circles, they're more frightened than the  
homeless man, scrappers ready to run.

The FEMALE leaps with a jump kick from the shadows, takes out  
another punk.

She turns to the remaining punks, black Ninja Gi, "gavel"  
sign print, and mask, threatening.

One of the punks sprints off into the main streets, leaving  
the alley and his buddies behind.

The remaining punk strikes at the female with haymakers. She  
dodges with ease.

Catching his fist, she twists his wrist, then delivers a  
right jab to his face, he drops.

The female rummages through each one of the punks' pockets,  
taking out wads of cash while the man watches, shocked and  
relieved.

She walks over to the man -- he shudders.

FEMALE

I'm not going to hurt you.

She extends some cash to him, his trembling hand accepts.

HOMELESS MAN

It's you, isn't it?

The female pulls out a can of BLACK SPRAY-PAINT from a holster strapped to her left leg.

She unsheathes a rolled-up STENCIL that has the word "Guilty" from behind her back.

Crouching over each punk, she presses the stencil on their foreheads.

SHAKES the CAN and sprays, leaving the verdict with the criminals.

HOMELESS MAN (CONT'D)

These bullies have been terrorizing us for months.

The female holsters her spray-paint can and rolls up her stencil. She walks toward the main street.

FEMALE

(over shoulder)

These guys aren't bullies... they're pussies.

The man smiles thinly.

EXT. MAIN STREET - NIGHT

The LAST PUNK walks briskly, collar up.

He's jumpy at every headlight that passes, any noise behind him --

A METAL BALL RATTLES back and forth.

He freezes, turns... to see the female vigilante.

Her eyes scowling through the mask, he's scared stiff.

FEMALE

Don't move.

She presses the stencil on his forehead and spray-paints "Guilty."

LAST PUNK

I'm sorry. I'll change, I swear.

FEMALE

Good.

She roundhouse kicks his cheek, and he hits the pavement, motionless. She removes his wallet. Takes out the cash.

Rummages, finds his cell, dials; "911. What's your emergency?... Hello?" (V.O.)

She drops the cell in a trash barrel.

FEMALE VOICE (O.S.)

We better go!

INT. APARTMENT - NIGHT

Tiny living space. Blank white walls.

A double bed with a couple of worn blankets, a couch, a TV with a hanger antenna, a table with two laptops, chargers, and a police scanner.

The twins disrobe their ninja Gi; pull their masks off, hair frizzy, unbuckle their belts, peel back the sweaty black fabric.

They have muscular toned physiques, cruel scars.

Kathryn, 23, black hair, reaches into her belt and removes her wad of cash.

Megan, 23, bleach blonde hair, hands her loot over to her sister.

MEGAN

I shower first.

KATHRYN

(impatient)

I had to run the farthest to catch the last punk.

MEGAN

I had to beat up three all by myself.

KATHRYN

Fine.

In sports bra and panties, Megan walks to the bathroom... the SHOWER RUNS.

Kathryn, same garbs, sits at the table, counts the crumpled bills, neatly stacks them, and sets to the side.

Kathryn's shoulders sag.

INT. APARTMENT - LATER

The twins, hair wrapped in towels and bowls of rice in their laps, watch the local news when they see a report on their crusade.

**NEWS HEADLINE: The Gavel, Friend or Foe?**

Male anchor, elderly, prominent mustache, RON HOONER:

HOONER

For months now, here in the great city of Austin, Texas, criminals have been found guilty by a vigilante dubbed "The Gavel." Suspected muggers, rapists, and thugs have been spray-painted with the word "Guilty" and left incapacitated by the unknown rescuer.

INSERT - NEWS HIGHLIGHTS: Various mugshots over the months of criminals arrested with the "Guilty" spray-paint.

HOONER (CONT'D)

It's believed that until recently The Gavel hadn't taken a single innocent life.

INSERT - PHOTO: Jameson Graham on the beach, smiling with family.

HOONER (CONT'D)

But this evening on the University of Texas college campus, a young student named Jameson Graham, twenty years old, was found strangled. He was studying criminal law, and his friends and classmates say he was a nice guy and always helpful to those in need.

(MORE)

HOONER (CONT'D)

He had plans to go into law enforcement after college. Our hearts and prayers go out to his family.

(beat)

So what do you think? Has The Gavel snapped and gone from judge to executioner? Courage or Cruelty? Tune in nightly to stay updated. Goodnight, and be safe, Austin.

MEGAN

What-the-fuck?

KATHRYN

You're surprised?

Megan gives her a disturbed look.

KATHRYN (CONT'D)

Sooner or later we're going to have to take an other li --

MEGAN

So let's catch the son of a bitch trying to ruin our name.

EXT. CAMPUS GROUNDS - DAY

SUPER: "UNIVERSITY OF TEXAS SCHOOL OF LAW, MARCH 1, 2011"

The spring season has brought the green back to life.

The campus's signature tower dominates the grounds from afar.

As the twins walk across the campus grounds, hundreds of students go about their studies.

The twins are dressed to impress, nothing too fancy.

Kathryn is casual with a backpack. While Megan is in tight top and Denim jeans, book bag over shoulder.

Megan instantly catches the attention of boys, catcalls and whistles; she smiles as their girlfriends glare at her.

KATHRYN

Show off.

MEGAN

Not my fault.



HOWARD, 20, nerdy, a handsome guy behind his glasses, walks by.

MEGAN (CONT'D)

Hey you!

Howard points to himself.

MEGAN (CONT'D)

Yeah you, where's the enrollment office?

HOWARD

(nervous)

It's, it's next to the cafeteria, in building B.

He eagerly walks toward them.

HOWARD (CONT'D)

I can show you.

KATHRYN

No. We got it from here, thanks.

The hope drains from his face.

INT. GYMNASIUM - DAY

Megan and Kathryn scan around at the activities: men and women running the treadmill, muscle heads lifting weights, yoga sessions straining limbs.

They take note of the yellow police tape blocking off the showers.

The twins sit on an adjacent bench and inconspicuously look for clues, details, anything.

KATHRYN

What do you think?

MEGAN

Maybe we could sneak in later?  
Snoop around.

KATHRYN

I'd rather we do it now. If we see an opportunity.

(searching)

Why would someone try to frame us?

MEGAN

They think we're bad guys too.  
Jealous we can do what they can't.

KATHRYN

Possible. Maybe they want to help?

MEGAN

They picked a dumb ass way to show  
it.

KATHRYN

We'll figure it out later. What  
time is it?

Megan sees Howard being taunted by a three crew of jocks next to a punching bag. He has his gym gear on, scrawny, no muscle.

MEGAN

Time for an opportunity.

KATHRYN

You need backup?

MEGAN

I got this.

INT. GYMNASIUM - PUNCHING BAG - DAY

Their leader, JOCK #1, approaches Howard.

JOCK #1

Come on superhero hit me!

His cronies chuckle. Howard swallows the lump in his throat, knees quivering.

JOCK #1 (CONT'D)

Ain't got Jameson here to protect  
you now. You shouldn't even be in  
here.

HOWARD

Sorry. I'll just leave.

Howard moves around jock #1 but is shoved into the punching bag. It swings back and smacks Howard.

The jocks jeer.

JOCK #1

Damn! You serious?! You're going to let that punching bag punk you?

MEGAN (O.S.)

Let me show you how it's done!

The jocks all turn and see Megan hustling over.

JOCK #1

What's up beautiful? You look like you workout. Squats?

Jock #1 moves to grope her butt, and Megan swiftly jabs him with her thumb in his ribs near his heart, four different places.

He gasps, his lungs are locked up by pressure points. His buddies fret, their masculinity shattered.

JOCK #2

(muttering)

Dude! You okay!

Megan winks at Howard. She's in control. He backs away from the confrontation.

She takes a boxing stance in front of the bag, focused.

MEGAN

He's not okay, dudes.

She works the bag. Thunderous strikes from a furious combination.

MEGAN (CONT'D)

I just hit four pressure points that have stopped his lungs from breathing...

Bouncing pleasantly from foot to foot, charged.

MEGAN (CONT'D)

Couple more minutes, he's going to die.

JOCK #3

What the hell!

She uppercuts the bag, it bends from the impact.

MEGAN

(to Howard)

Here. Now you try.

He's just as confused as the jocks.

MEGAN (CONT'D)

Go!

Howard, puts his fist up, throws a punch, and barely leaves an impression.

MEGAN (CONT'D)

Forget the punching bag. Hit him.

Jock #1 is helpless and beginning to turn blue, sweating, breathes getting shorter.

HOWARD

What?

MEGAN

Hit him!

The other jocks move to stop Howard. She shoots them a wild look. They fall back.

Their bout draws an audience.

Howard punches jock #1 -- he grabs his knuckles in pain.

WEIGHT LIFTER

(to spotter)

Did that nerd just punch that dude in the face?

INT. MEN'S SHOWER STALLS - SAME

Kathryn slips past the yellow tape and sneaks around the stalls, analyzes the tragedy.

She makes her way to the stall where Jameson was murdered.

Nothing unusual, this intrigues her.

INT. GYMNASIUM - PUNCHING BAG - DAY

Jock #1 has a bloody nose, gasps even lighter.

JOCK #2

We're sorry! Stop!

Megan sticks her thumb in jock #1's face.

MEGAN

At this point I can put my thumb  
wherever I want on your friend.

The jocks gag on their response.

She turns her thumb upside down. Then swiftly hits the  
pressure points again on jock #1.

The blood rushes back to his face and he collapses to his  
knees.

MEGAN (CONT'D)

No more messing with... what's your  
name?

HOWARD

Howard.

MEGAN

(a Grand Cru)

H-o-w-a-r-d... Now, don't you boys  
have a class to be at?

Jock #1 is yanked up, and they all stumble out the entrance,  
maimed.

A couple of supportive claps come from other gym rats.

HOWARD

(shy)

Thanks.

MEGAN

No problem. Those guys bother you  
much?

HOWARD

All the time.

MEGAN

Not anymore.

Howard looks at the clock on the wall.

HOWARD

Thanks. I got to go.

MEGAN

Aren't you going to finish your  
workout?

HOWARD

No. The only machine I know how to use is broken. And without Jameson monitoring me, it doesn't feel safe. Plus, I'm late for class.

MEGAN

Which class?

HOWARD

Criminology & Religion. That's where I met him.

MEGAN

Was he your friend?

Howard slings his backpack over his shoulder.

HOWARD

(sentimental)

Yeah, he was. He's the reason I'm here. He was into weightlifting and boxing; macho but nice. He took a shining to me. Probably because of my thin frame. So he showed me how to use some of the machines, and we had plans to hit the punching bag.

Megan is touched.

MEGAN

I could train you.

HOWARD

Sure. But can we hit punching bags instead of bullies?

She laughs. Howard checks the clock again.

MEGAN

I don't mean to be naive about the obvious but are there any seats in the class left?

HOWARD

A couple.

MEGAN

Is he cool?

HOWARD

Who?

MEGAN  
The teacher.

HOWARD  
Already seems a hardass.

MEGAN  
Where do we find this teacher?

HOWARD  
Not sure. Mr. Hamill Doesn't have  
an office 'cause he's an adjunct  
instructor, but his phone number is  
in the syllabus... Bye.

Howard dashes out the gymnasium with a big grin on his face.  
Megan looks on. He's cute.

Kathryn walks up behind her.

KATHRYN  
Staying out of trouble?

MEGAN  
Never. What did you find?

KATHRYN  
Nothing. But I did notice  
something. The stall he was  
murdered in looked normal. No signs  
of a struggle. No cameras either.  
Good place to kill someone. Which  
leads me to believe whoever killed  
Jameson... it was someone he knew.  
It wasn't a surprise.

MEGAN  
That makes sense. Word around the  
campfire here is he lifted weights.  
If attacked, he clearly could have  
handled himself.

KATHRYN  
Or was out-muscled? More than one  
guy maybe?

They ponder.

MEGAN  
No.

KATHRYN (CONT'D)  
No.

MEGAN (CONT'D)  
Someone he trusted.

A cute male GYM EMPLOYEE puts a "Do Not Use" sign on a weight lifting machine.

Megan acts quickly, Kathryn follows.

MEGAN (CONT'D)

Hey! I was going to use that machine, what happened?

GYM EMPLOYEE

Cable broke.

The employee walks away.

MEGAN

You have your fingerprint kit?

KATHRYN

Never leave home without it.

MEGAN

I'll go flirt with that stud muffin while you dust the machine for prints.

KATHRYN

Why?

MEGAN

I have a good lead from a new friend. Just do it.

Megan gingerly walks toward the employee.

He fixes his shirt, slicks his hair back, welcoming.

Kathryn slyly pulls out the brush and lead powder. She dusts the coated cable, and a fingerprint shows. She lifts it with tape and tucks it securely into the kit.

EXT. CAMPUS GROUNDS - DAY

Megan and Kathryn leisurely walk amongst the busy students, trafficking from classes, restless.

KATHRYN

What made you believe fingerprints were on the cable?



MEGAN

That guy who offered to show us the enrollment office was friends with Jameson in criminology class and was trained by him on that particular machine. Put two and two together. Strangulation? A cable? Small world, or just lucky?

KATHRYN

You and that nerd becoming something?

MEGAN

His name is Howard. And he could be a good lead. I think we should enroll in the criminology class, fast. I smell something really wretched in there.

KATHRYN

You do like him!

MEGAN

Shut Up!

INT. APARTMENT - NIGHT

Megan rotates the knob on the POLICE SCANNER till it CLICKS OFF.

Kathryn examines the fingerprint, holding it up to the light.

MEGAN

So what's the plan?

KATHRYN

We're not a police station with records. So, I thought we would lift fingerprints from the classroom and see where they match up.

MEGAN

(yawns)

How are we going to do that?

KATHRYN

Easy. Every student uses pencils or pens, right?

MEGAN

Right.

KATHRYN

Then, we're just going to have to  
borrow theirs during class long  
enough to pull a print.

INT. BUILDING B - CRIMINOLOGY & RELIGION CLASS - DAY

Large windows let the sunlight pour in as the twins file in  
with the rest of the students.

A photo of Jameson sits on an easel to one side.

The twins take a seat in the back, Megan, at the end of the  
row.

The class pulls out books, looks over homework.

Megan looks around for Howard, but doesn't see him.

MR. HAMILL, 45, enters. Stern, mustache, a ROSARY around his  
neck.

The class settles as he sets his briefcase on his desk.

MR. HAMILL

(without looking)

Cell phones off.

The lecture room is momentarily filled with CELLPHONES  
powering off with RINGTONES.

Mr. Hamill approaches a student in the first row and hands  
him a blank sheet of paper.

MR. HAMILL (CONT'D)

Somebody has been signing their  
absent friends into class. Let's  
not be doing that, okay?

Surprised faces all around.

Mr. Hamill gives a stern look to the class, then takes the  
photo of Jameson off the easel, handing it to the student at  
the opposite end of the first row.

MR. HAMILL (CONT'D)

I thought I'd pass this around and  
everyone could sign it for  
Jameson's family.

Mr. Hamill goes to the board and erases the remnants of the  
previous session. Then writes big and fast, underlined --

**"VIGILANTISM."**

Mr. Hamill turns to the class, looks them over, complete control. He sees Megan and Kathryn in the back, stares.

MR. HAMILL (CONT'D)

Hallo.

Every head turns.

MR. HAMILL (CONT'D)

Do I need my glasses checked? I'm almost seeing double.

The class snickers at his cuteness, the twins force a giggle.

MR. HAMILL (CONT'D)

Auditing?

MEGAN

(mildly belligerent)

Is that okay?

MR. HAMILL

Students usually get consent from the instructor before they sign up to audit a class. Clearly the Assistant Dean was swayed by a pair of pretty faces.

KATHRYN

That's sexist.

MR. HAMILL

Prove me wrong. Tell me what that word on the board means to you?

Mr. Hamill sits down behind the desk, leans back in the chair.

MEGAN

Who do you want to go first?

MR. HAMILL

Whoever was born first.

The class chuckles under their breath.

KATHRYN

A vigilante to me, means --

MEGAN  
(agitated)  
Someone who can do what the cops  
can't.

Mr. Hamill frowns, his attention riveted on Megan as he sits forward, then rises to his feet.

MR. HAMILL  
Care to explain, Ms...?

MEGAN  
Aileen.

MR. HAMILL  
Aileen. How can a vigilante do what  
law enforcement cannot?

Kathryn discreetly pulls out her notebook and does quick sketches of the classroom and its occupants.

No one notices.

MEGAN  
Easy. When a normal citizen takes  
the law into their own hands.  
Primarily because the law hasn't  
served justice.

MR. HAMILL  
That depends on that citizen's  
version of justice.

A student tries to hand the photo back to Kathryn. She shakes her head no. He hands it to the next person.

MEGAN  
There's only one version. Break the  
law, you get punished.

MR. HAMILL  
You're right, that is  
vigilantism... at its worst. Some  
idealistic idiot who thinks they  
can do what a police officer or  
detective trained for years can do.  
Only to come up short because their  
mind is too cluttered with  
vengeance and not real justice.  
It's personal. You know what that  
is? A criminal.

MEGAN  
What's real justice to you?

Mr. Hamill puts his hands in his pockets, stares at the floor for a moment, gathering his thoughts.

A student from the back row returns the photo of Jameson to the easel.

MR. HAMILL

You must watch the news.

(mocking)

The Gavel. Friend or Foe?

Megan shrugs.

MEGAN

Don't know, never met the guy.

MR. HAMILL

That's a cop out.

MEGAN

You think The Gavel is bending the laws just for fun?

MR. HAMILL

Bend? Try broken. Many laws. Including murder.

Mr. Hamill gestures to the signed photo of Jameson.

MEGAN

I don't believe that.

MR. HAMILL

(rubs forehead)

Tell me, Aileen. What are you and your quiet sister doing here? What do you expect to get out of this class?

MEGAN

I'm expecting less by the minute.

Megan shoves her notebook into her book bag.

Stunned silence throughout the room as everyone watches them leave, letting the DOOR SLAM SHUT behind.

INT. BUILDING B - HALLWAY - DAY

The twins walk slowly.

KATHRYN

Do you think you could have been a little more abrasive?

MEGAN

I didn't like him.

KATHRYN

Oh really. I didn't notice.

Kathryn waves a piece of paper in front of Megan's face.

KATHRYN (CONT'D)

Check it out!

Megan snatches the paper out of her hand and stares at the sign-in sheet.

MEGAN

How'd you get this?

KATHRYN

He was so focused on you, he didn't notice when I slipped it under my notebook.

MEGAN

Nice. Did you have time to sketch everyone?

KATHRYN

More or less. But now that we have the sign-in sheet, we can look up the names on the student HUB to match them to their faces.

Megan turns toward the classroom, lost in thought. She glances along the ceiling, her gaze pausing on the security cameras. They all point toward the exterior doors.

MEGAN

(sotto)

But we still need their fingerprints.

KATHRYN

We have them right here, on the sign-in sheet.

MEGAN

They'll show up a lot better on that glossy photo.

Megan kneels down and starts digging in her book bag, comes up with a lock-picking set.

MEGAN (CONT'D)

What time is the last class out,  
tonight?

Kathryn pulls a folder out of her backpack, flips through the information they received from the admission's office.

KATHRYN

Looks like the last class is  
Forensics, in room 112. Everyone is  
out of here by 9 p.m.

Megan tugs a pair of nitrile gloves out of her book bag and stuffs them in her bra.

MEGAN

Trade bags with me.

Megan stuffs Kathryn's books into the book bag, then slings the now empty backpack over her shoulder.

MEGAN (CONT'D)

I'll catch up with you at home.

KATHRYN

What are you thinking?

MEGAN

Every person in the room touched  
that photo of Jameson. I'm going to  
steal it.

INT. BUILDING B - SUPPLY CLOSET - NIGHT

Hidden behind a shelf, Megan shifts her position, stretching her legs. She pulls her glove back to check her watch: 20:40.

MEGAN

(sotto)  
Time to go...

She rises to her feet, cracks the door open slowly, peeks out. All clear.

Opening the door just enough, she slides out, then closes the door silently.

INT. BUILDING B - HALLWAY - NIGHT

She trots down the hall, pausing outside room 112 to listen. The instructor is still lecturing.

She continues down the hall past three more doors, then stops outside Mr. Hamill's classroom. She slowly tries the handle. Locked.

Like a seasoned burglar, she whips out her lock-picking kit and expertly picks the lock in seconds, then slips inside the room.

INT. BUILDING B - MR. HAMILL'S CLASSROOM - NIGHT

She pauses a moment, lets her eyes adjust to the darkness while listening for any sign of danger both inside and outside the room, before proceeding to the easel.

Careful to grab the photo by the corners, she slides it into the backpack and tugs the zipper closed. Then she returns to the door and cracks it open to peer out into the hall.

The minutes tick by like hours, then the Forensics classroom door starts to open, the chattering students file out.

Megan slips out of Mr. Hamill's room and silently closes the door.

INT. BUILDING B - HALLWAY - NIGHT

Then darts across the hall to join the crowd from behind. No one notices.

INT. APARTMENT - NIGHT

Kathryn sits at the table, the sign-in sheet and her sketches beside her laptop. Finger-print kit nearby.

Visible on the screen, the student HUB social media website, opened to a student's profile photo.

KATHRYN  
(mumbling)  
Copy... and paste!

She sifts through her sketches until she finds the one that matches the image on the screen. Then writes the student's name on the sketch before typing the name on the photo, then saves it in a folder labeled "SUSPECTS."



The apartment door opens, Kathryn flinches.

KATHRYN (CONT'D)

It's about time!

MEGAN

I took the long way home. You know,  
like Samuel taught us.

Megan tugs the photo out of the backpack and sets it on the table. She reaches for Kathryn's finger-print kit.

KATHRYN

I don't suppose you thought to grab something for dinner on your way home?

MEGAN

You know I don't have any money. We spent it all on those classes.

KATHRYN

Yeah well, it's wasted money if you're going to pick a fight with every instructor!

MEGAN

This is the life we wanted, remember?

KATHRYN

Bullshit! This is the life you want! I actually want an education. Do you ever consider that?

Megan is silent, angry.

KATHRYN (CONT'D)

We're not feral animals, Megan. Why can't you see that?

Megan spins toward her sister.

MEGAN

You know what I see? What I saw in that classroom today? Us in front of the whole orphanage again, humiliated, abused.

A nerve has been touched. Kathryn hangs her head, sick at heart.

Megan grabs her leather jacket, SLAMS the DOOR behind her.

Kathryn throws herself on the couch, curls up in a ball and buries her face in a pillow.

Through the wall next door, SPOUSES YELL. An object hits the wall. SMACK!

Silence lingers. Kathryn presses her ear to the wall... a little BOY CRIES.

Kathryn grabs a butterfly knife from a duffel bag, tucks it in her waistband and marches out into the hall and over to the neighbor's door.

EXT. APARTMENT COMPLEX - NEIGHBORS FRONT DOOR - NIGHT

She bangs on the deadlocked door. Paint falls off.

It CRACKS OPEN, a MOTHER with a bruised eye peers through.

MOTHER

Yes?

Kathryn looks at her with empathy.

KATHRYN

Are you okay?

MOTHER

I'm fine.

She tries to shut the door, but can't. Kathryn's foot is wedged in the frame.

MOTHER (CONT'D)

What are you doing?

Kathryn pushes her way in.

INT. NEIGHBORS APARTMENT - NIGHT

Flabbergasted --

MOTHER

Excuse me! You need to leave.

Kathryn doesn't hear a word she's saying, searching for the predator.

A SHOWER RUNS -- she bolts for the closed door.

INT. BATHROOM - NIGHT

Kathryn kicks the door in and whips out her butterfly knife, flipping it open to extend the blade.

She drags the blade across the shower curtain, it drops.

A naked HUSBAND stands dumbfounded, water in his eyes.

HUSBAND  
Who the hell are you?

CRACK!

Kathryn lays him out in one blow; he slumps in the bathtub.

MOTHER  
You can't do that!

KATHRYN  
And neither can he.

She gently caresses the Mother's bruised eye.

MOTHER  
I'm calling the police.

KATHRYN  
Good. Make sure they arrest him  
this time. That is if you're tired  
of protecting him?

The mother breaks down, sobbing.

Kathryn stops on her way out.

She turns to see the LITTLE BOY hiding under the kitchen table.

The wall behind the kitchen table has a splattered birthday cake running to the carpet.

KATHRYN (CONT'D)  
Sorry kid. Life isn't always like  
this.

FLASHBACK - INT. PRESCOTS' VILLA (SAWPIT/CO)- DINING ROOM - DAY

Red balloons hang in the air.

A YOUNG MEGAN and KATHRYN sit at a dinner table. Two birthday cakes with candles lit.

JAKE/KAREN  
 "HAPPY EIGHTH BIRTHDAY!"

The twins inhale deep,

BOOM!

The front door bursts open, and SWAT floods the party.

The twins get snatched up, and the parents slammed against the wall and cuffed.

Jake and Karen both mercifully smile to comfort their terrified daughters.

As the parents are escorted away in a squad car, the twins are placed inside a police van. The door slides shut.

EXT. ORPHANAGE - DAY

SUPER: "SIX MONTHS LATER"

A squad car pulls up to the aged former nunnery. It passes through a wrought iron gate.

Behind the orphanage, the Colorado Mountains sprawl.

Mother Superior, SISTER LINDSAY, 60, white-stringy hair, waits for her new orphans as the residential rascals goggle through the barbed windows, curious.

FATHER MILLER, 56, a thin weary priest, hovers nearby, a camera in hand.

A POLICE OFFICER with a cleft-palate turns them over. The twins restrain themselves, frightened.

POLICE OFFICER  
 (wearing a rosary)  
 Mam, here are the Prescott twins.  
 Take good care of them.

SISTER LINDSAY  
 It's the Lord's work sending us  
 these lost angels.

Sister Lindsay takes them by the hands and turns toward Father Miller, who holds up the camera.

SISTER LINDSAY (CONT'D)  
 Officer, why don't you join us in  
 the twins' arrival photo? It is a  
 special day, after all.

The police officer stands beside Sister Lindsay and they each grip the shoulders of a twin. Father Miller snaps the photo.

INT. SISTER LINDSAY'S CHAMBER - DAY

The twins sit across from Sister Lindsay, worried. She looks over her desk at them, ill intent.

SISTER LINDSAY  
I personally requested to rescue  
you girls. I look at all the kids  
here as my own children. I know  
what's best.

Her sinister grin fades. She holds her ROSARY tightly in her hand.

SISTER LINDSAY (CONT'D)  
(contorted face)  
You remind me of my daughter.

INT. ORPHANAGE - BOTTOM BUNK - NIGHT

The twins settle in for bedtime. A FEMALE BULLY, twice their age and size, stands at the foot of the bunk bed.

FEMALE BULLY  
(to Kathryn)  
I want your shoes.

KATHRYN  
No.

The female bully pushes Kathryn down on her bed, rips at her shoes.

Megan kicks her in the head from the top bunk. She falls back.

Megan jumps down, ready to scrap.

MEGAN  
Don't ever touch my sister!

All the girls gawk as the female bully walks away, defeated.

She barks over her shoulder --

FEMALE BULLY  
Just wait! Sister Lindsay is going  
to whip you like a horse!

The twins shrug off the threat, and the lights go out -- bedtime.

They climb under their covers. Their eyes glint in the night, wide awake.

EXT. ORPHANAGE - YARD - NIGHT

SUPER: "A WEEK LATER"

Torches illuminate the heinous ceremony taking place.

All the boys and girls are assembled in front of Sister Lindsay and her nuns.

SISTER LINDSAY

The sins your parents committed  
will haunt you children forever.  
Pain is the only way to release the  
demon. You will suffer for their  
incompetence.

The kids tremble in fear as a nun pulls out a whip from a trunk and hands it to Sister Lindsay.

She gazes into the terrified eyes and points at the twins in the back; the kids part in desperation.

Sister Lindsay curls her finger toward herself, delighted to see their shoulders sag walking to the front of the orphans' assembly.

They pull the back of their shirts up, and the nuns begin to deal out lashes with the whip; the kids flinch with every strike.

CRACK! CRACK! CRACK!

Kathryn cries, but Megan is stoned-faced.

Kathryn drops from the pain, and Megan picks her sister up.

They walk away from the torture as the next set of KIDS SCREAM (O.S.).

INT. ORPHANAGE - BOTTOM BUNK - NIGHT

Megan lifts her sister's shirt and cleans her open wounds; she winces with every dab from the wet cloth.

Kathryn sits up.

KATHRYN

Let me do you.

MEGAN

No. It can wait. Go to sleep.

Megan holds Kathryn under the covers, who drifts asleep as Megan watches the other orphans walk in -- tears and lashes.

She slips away from Kathryn and helps nurse the female bully's wounds.

FEMALE BULLY

I'm sorry.

EXT. DOWNTOWN AUSTIN - NIGHT (BACK TO PRESENT)

Megan strolls the festive streets, letting her anger subside, reflecting.

She walks fast but effortlessly, doesn't stop for the heavy flow of patrons, slides by everyone like a breeze.

She comes to a crosswalk, the light is red, she stops.

Intoxicated party crowds all around her, loud, obnoxious.

Cheers come from across the street, the second level of an outdoor bar.

EXT. DOWNTOWN AUSTIN - OUTDOOR BAR - BALCONY - SAME

A gathering of friends and family celebrate. A pair of red balloons float into the air.

EXT. DOWNTOWN AUSTIN - NIGHT

Megan can't take her eyes off of the balloons; they rise higher, higher... OOF!

Drunk bar hoppers shove past Megan; the light is green. She keeps moving in the shuffle of the crosswalk.

She comes across a FEMALE MOTORCYCLIST attempting to KICK START her KAWASAKI BIKE. No good.

MEGAN

Nice bike.

FEMALE MOTORCYCLIST

Thanks. Can't get the damn thing to start.

MEGAN

I know a trick.

The female motorcyclist steps away and lets Megan tweak and fiddle with the gears.

Revvng the throttle, she gives it a HARD KICK, and it ROARS TO LIFE.

Megan hands the bike over to her.

FEMALE MOTORCYCLIST

Thanks! You learn that from Harley-Davidson?

Megan continues on down the sidewalk.

MEGAN

Self-taught.

She throws a peace sign over her shoulder.

EXT. OUTSIDE CATHOLIC CHURCH - NIGHT

Midnight mass lets out. A nun and a priest wave farewell to the faithful.

EXT. BUS STOP ACROSS THE STREET - SAME

Megan rests, looks up at the treetops out front. She sees the red balloons from the bar, trapped in branches.

She trails off and ponders at the believers, and then her face turns grim.

FLASHBACK - INT. ORPHANAGE - CATHEDRAL - DAY

Megan and Kathryn, both 16-yr-old, sweep up in between the church pews.

The winter sun beams through the window panes, a reddish glow radiates the space.

Kathryn pulls out a piece of chocolate, cautious.



KATHRYN  
(under breath)  
Happy birthday sis.

MEGAN  
Sneaky devil.

They wolf the old candy down and get back to sweeping.

Through one of the window panes, Megan sees a smoke plume in the forest... she's curious.

INT. SISTER LINDSAY'S CHAMBER - DAY

The twins sit across from an older Sister Lindsay, decrepit, crazed.

She grips a ruler, eager to harm the twins.

SISTER LINDSAY  
Have you girls had your period yet?

They're squeamish from her perversion.

SISTER LINDSAY (CONT'D)  
Do I have to look for myself?

She raises the ruler -- the twins shake their heads.

SISTER LINDSAY (CONT'D)  
So you are bleeding?

They nod.

Sister Lindsay looks past the twins at the wooden door entrance.

SISTER LINDSAY (CONT'D)  
Father Miller!

The DOOR CREAKS OPEN and in walks Father Miller.

He puts his hands on their shoulders, chills crawl up their spines.

FATHER MILLER  
God has sent me to save you girls  
and your rotting souls.

His gentle grip begins to grope.

FATHER MILLER (CONT'D)  
 Are you ready to become angels in  
 the eyes of the Lord, girls?

Kathryn hangs her head, sniffing, Megan scowls.

SISTER LINDSAY  
 Happy birthday girls.

INT. FATHER MILLER'S QUARTERS - DAY

The twins sink on his bed as Father Miller takes off his collar, loosens some buttons.

He places a chair in front of them and sits.

He reaches in his breast pocket and pulls out a tiny Bible, hands it to Kathryn.

FATHER MILLER  
 Kathryn, you recite.

He pauses, turns to Megan.

FATHER MILLER (CONT'D)  
 No. Megan, you recite.

She opens up to the bookmark and reads a verse out loud.

FATHER MILLER (CONT'D)  
 Psalms 32:8 "I will instruct you  
 and teach you in the way you should  
 go; I will counsel you with my  
 loving eye on you."

Father Miller rubs Kathryn's inner thigh. A tear rolls down her cheek -- he licks it.

Megan, enraged, yanks his rosary off his neck. Beads spill...

FATHER MILLER (CONT'D)  
 You bitch!

She spikes the cross into his eye, without flinching. He screams. Kathryn hammers it deeper with the Bible. He falls backward, dead.

Sister Lindsay storms in, ruler whirling in the air. She sees Father Miller, his body twitches.

SISTER LINDSAY  
 Oh, dear Lord! What have you done  
 you filthy little whores?!

She whacks Kathryn across the face hard.

Megan charges Sister Lindsay but is strong-armed, twisting Megan's arm hard behind her back. Megan growls.

SISTER LINDSAY (CONT'D)  
Isaiah 48:22... (V.O.)

A FLASH of Karen offering a chunk of meat to a teenage girl wearing a ROSARY.

BACK TO SCENE

Sister Linndsay through clenched teeth:

SISTER LINDSAY  
"There is no peace for the  
daughters of the wicked," says the  
Lord.

Sister Lindsay withdraws a knife from her black robe, presses the blade under Megan's neck.

Kathryn springs up from behind her and wraps the remaining rosary wire around Sister Lindsay's throat.

Kathryn pulls tight, puts her weight into it, palms bleeding; Sister Lindsay's eyes go wide, then freeze, dead.

The rosary recoils from Kathryn's grip. She sobs.

Megan snaps her finger.

MEGAN  
Now's not the time. We're getting  
out of here. All of us.

She grabs Kathryn's hand, and they run out of the room.

INT HALLWAY - DAY

Footsteps echo down the hallway.

Megan pulls Kathryn to a stop beside the door to the kitchen, peeking into the room to confirm it's unoccupied.

INT - KITCHEN - DAY

Entering --

MEGAN

(whispers)

Let's grab a rucksack and some food, we're going to need it.

KATHRYN

What about getting some outdoor clothes from the storage room?

MEGAN

Yes, that too.

EXT. ORPHANAGE - DAY

The giant wooden doors swing open, and the orphans fan out, bundled in jackets, blankets, and with their belongings.

They push open the snow-covered gate wrapped in dead vines, fleeing, free.

The main bulk of the kids and teenagers race down the dirt pathway lined with spooky trees.

Elderly nuns on bicycles pedal after them, yelling.

Megan and Kathryn slip into the forest undetected, a sense of direction.

EXT. FOREST - DAY

They run through the snowy forest, jumping over huge branches, SPLASHING in CREEKS, clawing up a steep hill.

EXT. FOREST - MAGIC HOUR

The sun turns the sky red as it melts into the horizon.

The twins can see their breath, noses red, sweat beads.

MEGAN

We're going to stay here for the night.

KATHRYN

(exhausted)

Right here.

She rests her back against a tree trunk.

On a hill, Megan sees a pack of wolves silently stalking them, then attack.

The wolves race down the slope, gaining.

MEGAN

No, not here!

Megan hoists Kathryn on her feet, and they begin climbing the tree.

The GROWLS from the PACK closing in make Kathryn hurry up the trunk. She grabs a branch, and it breaks.

Snow cascades as she falls and catches the next branch, dangling -- the wolves frothing and chomping at her feet.

Megan extends her hand and pulls Kathryn up with all her strength.

They lean into the trunk and find a comfortable position to rest, catching their breath.

The wolves circle below, PANTING.

KATHRYN

What do we do now?

MEGAN

We wait.

KATHRYN

For what?

MEGAN

To follow the smoke.

Megan climbs higher into the treetops, hoping for the smoke plume to return to the sky.

She climbs back down to a sleeping Kathryn. As nightfall casts a shadow over the forest, she closes her eyes to rest.

INT. APARTMENT - DAY (BACK TO PRESENT)

The sun peeks through the blinds. Megan sips coffee, studying a whiteboard covered with Kathryn's sketches of all the students.

Her gaze drifts to the photo of Jameson, every surface dusted for prints and yet, not a single match to the print they'd lifted from the weight machine.

Rising, she tugs the sketches off the board one by one and drops them in the waste-basket.

She pauses at the sketch of Mr. Hamill, flips him the finger and makes a face, then crumples the sketch into a ball and throws it into the trash.

Kathryn comes around the corner, towel-drying her hair.

KATHRYN

Hey, I spent a lot of time on those.

Megan passes her cup of coffee to Kathryn, who takes a slug.

MEGAN

Any ideas?

KATHRYN

We could be dealing with a well-prepared outsider.

A FLASH of someone putting on fitness gloves, while Jameson talks reps O.S.

BACK TO MEGAN

MEGAN

Some real ideas?

KATHRYN

Maybe. We're lucky and unlucky that no prints match.

MEGAN

Meaning?

KATHRYN

Lucky. If one of the prints had been a match, we could have never pinned it down to one person without police records. And also, criminology wasn't the only class Jameson took. Now I think of it, someone who studies law... a murderer, and with a police record... Very unlikely... Un --

MEGAN

Yes, I get it. We're crappy detectives.

KATHRYN

Yes, but...

Kathryn reaches over to a printed piece of paper on the counter and spins it around. The class enrollment list for Criminology.

KATHRYN (CONT'D)

Two students were absent that day: Howard and Jenny.

MEGAN

Let's follow the smoke.

EXT. CAMPUS GROUNDS - DAY

The twins are on the prowl, stalkers in disguise.

Megan, cleavage and legs exposed, interrupts Howard at a lunch table, doing homework.

MEGAN

You need a break.

She closes his math book and whisks him away.

INT. CAMPUS GROUNDS - OLYMPIC SWIMMING POOL - DAY

JENNY, 19, a competitive bookworm, is on the SPRINGBOARD, bouncing and balancing, she leaps in the air and hangs for a moment... SPLASH!

Reading a book on the bleachers is Kathryn, glancing up, surveilling.

EXT. CAMPUS GROUNDS - GRASSY KNOLL - DAY

Megan and Howard bathe in the sun's warmth; she lies on her back with shades, he sits up squinting.

MEGAN

Why do you think The Gavel is killing all of a sudden?

HOWARD

That's not The Gavel.

MEGAN

How would you know?

HOWARD

All this time and not one murder. Why now? And not a criminal. Wreaks of a copycat.

Megan is impressed.

MEGAN

So you don't think murder is justice?

HOWARD

Not for The Gavel... but rumors are they learned about justice the hard way...

FLASHBACK - INT. CHILDREN'S ROOM - DAY

Sunlight gleams through the Venetian blinds on a crib sitting in the middle of a room with white walls and shiny wood floors, organized, clinical.

TWO INFANTS, stirring, jolly.

KAREN enters the room and sashays over to the crib in a stylish red dress.

She looks down at the infants, covered in droplets of blood DRIPPING from a BLACK STRAY CAT, dangling from the ceiling.

JAKE appears at her side, and they swoon to the toddlers.

KAREN

We are so blessed to have found you girls.

JAKE

We prayed to the stork to bring us some angels.

KAREN

And here you are.

EXT. REST STOP - DAY

SUPER: "ONE WEEK EARLIER"

Jake casually approach a Volkswagen with its windows rolled down, the twins buckled in their baby car seats.

EXT. REST STOP - WOMEN'S REST ROOM - DAY

The twins' biological mother is in the restroom.



EXT. REST STOP - DAY

Jake slips the babies out through the window. Karen pulls up in the getaway vehicle, they peel out into the highway, and we DISSOLVE back to

INT. CHILDREN'S ROOM - DAY

As the DEAD CAT DRIPS, the Prescotts eerily stare at the infants, who oddly, stare back.

KAREN  
 (baby talk)  
 No one has come looking for you girls yet.

JAKE  
 (baby talk)  
 Which means we get to keep you all to ourselves.

A DROPLET SPLATS on MEGAN'S NOSE, a TINY SNEEZE.

KAREN  
 (baby talk)  
 Oh my, Megan, let mommy get that for you.

The blood smears on her adorable face. Megan kicks and blows bubbles with her drool.

Karen caresses her head.

KAREN (CONT'D)  
 This blood will purify you from the scum of society. The blood of the lowlifes, the doomed.

EXT. CAMPUS GROUNDS - GRASSY KNOLL (BACK TO PRESENT)

Megan, nonchalant:

MEGAN  
 "The hard way?" Yeah, I heard of that justice bullshit too... Let's get something to eat. Help me up.

Howard grips her hands and pulls her up.

HOWARD  
 Holy smokes.

MEGAN

What?

HOWARD

Your hands are, so --

MEGAN

Rough?

Howard nods innocently.

HOWARD

I also camped a lot when I was younger.

INT. CAMPUS GROUNDS - LIBRARY - DAY

Jenny is scanning the thick books in the CRIMINOLOGY SECTION.

In the aisle behind her, Kathryn peers through the tight squeeze of the shelves.

Jenny takes a book titled "Vigilantes" to a table and reads. Three tables down, Kathryn takes a seat. Jenny looks up, Kathryn pretends to yawn.

Jenny closes her book and takes it to the front counter. Checks it out.

She leaves, book in hand, unaware Kathryn is steps away, right behind her.

EXT. CAMPUS GROUNDS - DORMS - DAY

Jenny walks into the dorms, and Kathryn finds a BENCH nearby, pulls out her cellphone, and texts...

INT. CAMPUS GROUNDS - CAFETERIA - DAY

Megan and Howard sit at a table eating a slice of pizza.

BUZZ!

Megan's cellphone lights up, and she checks the text from Kathryn.

KATHRYN: "So is he the killer?"

MEGAN: "I'm still alive."

Megan puts her cell down and returns to the conversation.

HOWARD

I don't think The Gavel is trying to take their jobs, but someone is putting their life on the line for a cause. That's inspiring.

MEGAN

How so?

HOWARD

It shows whoever The Gavel is... there's proof people are good at heart. Mask or not. Vigilante or not. Even if they go to the extreme to express it...

EXT. CAMPUS GROUNDS - DORMS - DAY

Kathryn sits on the bench, eyes still on her phone.

A WOMAN SCREAMS.

Kathryn whips around and runs toward the sound. She sees Jenny, lifeless on the pavement.

"Guilty" is stenciled on her forehead. Blood runs from the back of her head.

Students nearby cover their faces.

Kathryn looks up to the balcony and sees a man wearing a ball cap looking down, someone vaguely familiar.

He darts away and Kathryn missiles to the entrance of the dorm.

INT. DORMS - LOBBY - DAY

Kathryn's eyes race all across the vicinity.

She watches the elevator's floor display, both remain on "G." They're not going anywhere.

It's quiet. She listens closer: FOOTSTEPS, POUNDING STAIRS.

INT. DORMS - STAIRWELL - DAY

She opens the door and sticks her head over the railing, looking upwards.

The footsteps STOP, the pause is too long.

The man leans over the railing; the brim of his hat casts a shadow over his facial features.

Kathryn squints. He disappears back into the stairwell, BOUNDING UPWARDS.

Kathryn charges after, clearing three steps at a time, rounding the corners, launching from the railings.

She's one staircase away from nabbing the fleeing ball cap man, and the door to the fifth floor opens.

The ball cap man punctures his spray-paint can, puts a lighter to the spewing paint, a FLAMING GEYSER.

He tosses it down the stairwell before running down the hall.

Kathryn runs head-on into it, seconds to blow, she leaps over it and rolls.

BOOM!

The can's METAL BALL is embedded in the wall, inches from Kathryn's head.

INT. DORMS - FIFTH FLOOR HALLWAY - SAME

Female students shriek.

INT. DORMS - STAIRWELL - DAY

Kathryn gets to her feet, yanks the stairwell ENTRANCE DOOR open and --

INT. DORMS - FIFTH FLOOR HALLWAY - DAY

Girls peek out their DOORS, scared.

KATHRYN

Which way did he go?!

SCARED DORM GIRL

I don't know!

Around the corner, the fifth floor ELEVATOR DOOR DINGS!

Cops file out, shouting orders, stampeding.

As the cops move down the hallway, Kathryn ducks back into the STAIRWELL.

EXT. CAMPUS GROUNDS - DORMS - DAY

An ambulance and two squad cars contain the calamity.

Students watch from behind the yellow tape, snapping pictures with their cell phones and recording the unfolding chaos.

Kathryn tucks her chin into her chest, walking away as fast as she can, avoiding any suspicion.

A police officer zeros in on her. Kathryn's mind races, nervous.

POLICE OFFICER

You must get behind the yellow tape!

He takes her by the arm and escorts her to the tape; raising it, she goes under.

KATHRYN

Thank you officer.

She exhales, her breathing returning to normal.

EXT. CAMPUS GROUNDS - CAFETERIA - DAY

Megan and Howard eat bread sticks.

MEGAN

Sounds like you've really thought about this.

HOWARD

Well, I thought about Jameson's death and am sure it can't be The Gavel. So tell me about yourself. Enough of this guy.

MEGAN

Who said The Gavel was a "he"?

HOWARD

True. The way you handled those bullies it just might be you.

Megan laughs nervously.

MEGAN

Yeah, me, a superhero.

EXT. CAMPUS GROUNDS - DORMS - DAY

As the mob of spectators grows bigger, Kathryn scans the sea of heads for a ball cap.

Nothing. Nothing. A BALL CAP!

A man stands out in the confusion, recognizes Kathryn, turns away.

She's found her target and pursues. He looks back, briefly, his walk turns into a light jog.

Kathryn sprints in a heartbeat, gaining.

The ball cap man runs into the nearest building entrance to lose his pursuer.

INT. CAMPUS GROUNDS - OLYMPIC SWIMMING POOL - DAY

Kathryn, still in hot pursuit, is exhausted and alert.

The gigantic pool's underwater lights reflect the waves on to the ceiling; ripples illuminate the entire structure.

She treads lightly, not sure she is alone, taking in her surroundings.

The ripples of light cause shadows to move along the walls.

Kathryn reaches into her backpack and pulls out brass knuckles, and slides them onto her fingers.

She coasts along the edge of the pool, the shallow end, looking for her perpetrator.

She spots something floating in the deep end, she gets close to the edge to see... a ball cap.

A WAVE of WATER SPLASHES from the pool, a hand grips her ankle and drags her

UNDERWATER

Kathryn thrashes, bubbles rising all around her. She is weighted down by her backpack.

She slips it off and swims to the

SURFACE

Kathryn springs up for air, coughing, automatically looks for her perpetrator, nothing.

She spins in circles, the ball cap has vanished.

KATHRYN

Shit!

She punches the water.

EXT. OUTSIDE HOWARD'S DORM - DAY

Howard is about to walk in when he gives Megan an unexpected hug.

He gets embarrassed and opens the entrance door.

MEGAN

Wait!

She goes to kiss him. He leans in... RING!

Megan's face turns red, Howard's turns white.

HOWARD

I'll see you around.

He walks off. Megan stomps her foot and answers her cell.

MEGAN

WHAT?!

KATHRYN (V.O.)

(out of breath)

Jenny! The girl I was tailing is dead!

MEGAN

Go back to the apartment, now!

She ends the call.

INT. APARTMENT - DAY

Kathryn sits at the table with a sketch pad, a cup full of pencils and erasers.

Megan stands behind her watching the evolution of their perpetrator.

The sketch is a common identification of an unrecognizable assailant, a vague description.

A ball cap, the bill shadowing the eyes, the nose, except the mouth, a CLEFT PALATE.

MEGAN

Well, we have one distinct feature,  
a cleft palate.

KATHRYN

Should be easy to narrow him down.

MEGAN

Seems too easy. If I were the  
killer I wouldn't have something to  
distinguish me with?

KATHRYN

You don't think he would just walk  
around naturally like that?

MEGAN

If I wanted to hide my cleft  
palate, I would wear a mask or...

Megan paces the floor... digs in the trash. Finds the crumpled sketch of Mr. Hamill scolding Megan in class.

She flattens the sketch on the table... then pushes it in front of Kathryn.

MEGAN (CONT'D)

Erase the mustache on Mr. Hamill  
and draw a cleft palate.

Kathryn reacts precisely, scratching the rubber eraser, fine-tuning the composition with swift pencil strokes, possessed.

She's done, drops the pencil, it rolls off the table, and when it hits the ground --

SMASH CUT to the FLASHBACK SCENE with Sister Lindsay and the officer with a cleft palate, holding the twins in front of the orphanage.

KATHRYN

That's him. (V.O.)

BACK TO PRESENT

Kathryn sits back in her chair, baffled.



MEGAN

Do you think he recognized you in the stairwell?

KATHRYN

Possibly. Why?

MEGAN

We're going to make a bold move on that wannabe detective.

KATHRYN

What?

MEGAN

You're going to spend some quality time with Mr. Hamill.

Megan rifles through her outfits.

KATHRYN

Why can't you go?

MEGAN

Duh. He hates me.

She finds a matching blue tank top and skirt.

KATHRYN

But if he did recognize me from the chase he will say "no"... right?

MEGAN

I'm putting my money on he says "yes." Because his prey is coming to him.

INT. APARTMENT - MOMENTS LATER

Megan flips through the syllabus for the criminology class and finds Mr. Hamill's number in the back.

She dials it and hands the cell phone over to Kathryn.

INT. MR. HAMILL'S STUDY - SAME

Mr. Hamill sits in his leather recliner with a scrapbook on his lap.

Newspaper clipping headlines read:

"Serial Killers claim they were doing God's work!" and  
 "Prescot killers: God's vigilantes or Satan's villains?" and  
 "Judge lowers the gavel on the Prescot killers!"

A dim lamp on the table beside him accents a framed photo  
 from the day he delivered the twins to the orphanage.

RING. Mr. Hamill answers the phone.

MR. HAMILL

Hello?

INTERCUT -- PHONE CONVERSATION

KATHRYN

Mr. Hamill?

MR. HAMILL

(a beat)

Yes.

KATHRYN

This is Delphine Smith. I was  
 auditing your class.

MR. HAMILL

Oh. How can I help you?

KATHRYN

I just wanted to call and apologize  
 for my sister's behavior. She is  
 very rude sometimes... most of the  
 time.

Megan frowns at Kathryn.

MR. HAMILL

That's okay. At least someone in  
 your gene pool has grace and  
 humility. No need to make up for  
 her faults. The little sister  
 complex is one of taking the blame.  
 You did nothing wrong.

KATHRYN

I thought if I could talk to you  
 about the Gavel. It would help me  
 better understand all this madness.

MR. HAMILL

You think I have the answers?

KATHRYN

I believe you do.

MR. HAMILL

I'm flattered. Do you want to talk now?

KATHRYN

No. In person. If that's okay.

MR. HAMILL

Splendid. Where would you like to meet?

Kathryn feels the mocking intent in his voice.

KATHRYN

How about your place?

MR. HAMILL

That'll do. Say why don't you bring your sister too. We can make up, no hard feelings.

KATHRYN

She has plans already.

MR. HAMILL

Darn. Anyways. I live on the corner of Adams and Main Street, red house, can't miss it.

KATHRYN

Okay.

MR. HAMILL

I'll see you tomorrow evening, eight o'clock.

KATHRYN

Sounds great.

MR. HAMILL

See you then.

He hangs up the other line.

INT. APARTMENT - NIGHT

Kathryn stirs in her sleep in the double bed, head whipping from side to side, flailing her blanket, sweat on her brow.

Her eyes shoot open and she sits straight up. A nightmare. Heavy breathing.

Megan awakens and comes to her sister's side.

MEGAN

It's okay, it's just a dream.

KATHRYN

I dreamed of you and me killing people, like mom and dad.

MEGAN

We're not like them. Remember what Samuel said?

KATHRYN

Yes.

Kathryn drifts back to sleep.

Megan stays awake, her memories of the past won't rest.

FLASHBACK - EXT. FOREST - DAY

The twins sit in the snowy tree tops, tired and malnourished.

Empty canned goods litter the ground around the base of the tree.

The wolves haven't left, biding time.

KATHRYN

I'm thirsty.

MEGAN

Eat some snow.

Kathryn crunches a hand full of snow in her mouth.

ZIP! An arrow sticks a WOLF in the chest. It YELPS, then dies. The pack is startled and begins panicking.

ZIP! Another arrow tags a wolf, and it runs off into the wild. The pack follows.

The twins look around, searching for a hunter in the trees.

A comforting voice speaks, location unknown.

VOICE

You girls can climb down now.

They don't budge.

VOICE (CONT'D)

Up here.

The twins look up and find SAMUEL, 46, hidden in the branches nearby. Woodsman, elemental, he is only visible when he moves due to his camouflage hunting gear.

The twins remain silent.

Samuel drops from his perched position and lands gracefully with his bow in hand, crushing the empty cans under his feet.

He pulls his arrow out of the dead wolf and wipes the blood away, then slides it into the quiver behind his back.

SAMUEL

You're no longer in danger.

Samuel kneels beside the wolf and cuts its throat to the bone, then reaches for a hatchet on his belt and chops through the wolf's neck, separating the head.

The twins climb down the tree and come to stand nearby, but at a cautious distance. Their faces scrunch in disgust.

Samuel holds out a small knife, handle toward the twins.

SAMUEL (CONT'D)

You must help if you want to eat tonight.

The twins exchange glances. Megan steps forward and takes the knife.

SAMUEL (CONT'D)

Here, at the navel. Make an incision. Careful not to puncture into its guts.

Megan kneels down and does as instructed, hands shaking.

SAMUEL (CONT'D)

Good. Now slide it up toward the rib cage... take your time... you don't want to spoil the meat.

MEGAN

Like this?

The wolf's abdomen lays open, exposing its internal organs encased in a sack-like membrane.

SAMUEL

Nicely done. Now pull out its guts and put them aside.

Kathryn turns away, gagging.

MEGAN

Now what?

SAMUEL

Cut here, through the diaphragm. We have to remove the heart and lungs, too.

A foul smelling whoosh of air releases from the chest cavity, right into Megan's face. She dry heaves, lurches away on her knees.

Samuel chuckles. Then reaches in to pull out the organs.

Samuel cleans his knife and hatchet in the snow, then returns them to his belt and rises to his feet.

SAMUEL (CONT'D)

Bring the wolf.

He disappears into the trees.

The twins grab the wolf's hind feet and drag it, following Samuel's tracks. Blood stains the snow behind them.

EXT. COTTAGE - DAY

The fire pit that gave the smoke plumes is full of ashes and embers. Piles of chopped wood are stacked along the side of the cottage.

The snow surrounding the campsite has diminished from the heavy tread of Samuel's boots over time, dirt is visible and damp.

Samuel opens the wooden door and HINGES SQUEAK. He enters into darkness.

The twins are in tow, dragging the wolf, its fur frosted with snow, a small set of footprints behind them.

Samuel returns with a rope and a sharp skinning knife.

The twins pull the wolf through the dirt section and drop the carcass. Exhausted.

SAMUEL

My name is Samuel.

The twins are cagey.

SAMUEL (CONT'D)

Don't be afraid of me. If I wanted to, I could have left you there to fatten up the wolves for me.

The cruel joke concerns Kathryn, but Megan teases a smile.

MEGAN

I'm Megan.

SAMUEL

Nice to meet you, Megan.

KATHRYN

(stands behind Megan)

I'm Kathryn.

SAMUEL

Nice to meet you, Kathryn.

The twins relax when Samuel's warm smile peeks through his beard.

SAMUEL (CONT'D)

What brings you young ladies out here? Lost? Accidentally? On purpose?

The twins look away.

SAMUEL (CONT'D)

I guess you have your reasons, same as me.

He tosses the rope to Kathryn and throws the knife in front of Megan's feet. They're startled.

SAMUEL (CONT'D)

If you're going to stay, I'm not going to babysit you. Today, you grow up. Megan, pick up the knife. Kathryn, tie the wolf's feet together, then throw the rope over that branch.

The twins take to the orders quickly. Megan yanks the knife from the dirt, admires the blade.

Kathryn loops the wolf's ankles, then heaves the slack over the branch and picks up the other end.

KATHRYN

Now pull, right?

SAMUEL

Correct.

Kathryn pulls hard, Megan helps.

SAMUEL (CONT'D)

Secure the end to the tree trunk.

The twins walk in a circle around the base of the tree, looping it tight and tying a knot.

The wolf dangles upside down. Blood drips.

Samuel approaches the wolf, pulls another knife from his belt.

SAMUEL (CONT'D)

We should let it hang over-night,  
but I don't want those wolves to  
steal it during the night.

The twins glance around at the forest, nervous.

Samuel grabs the edge of the hide and lifts his knife, then looks back at the girls.

SAMUEL (CONT'D)

C'mon, don't be shy.

The girls approach, look over his shoulders.

SAMUEL (CONT'D)

See that fibrous tissue there? Make  
small slices, separating the skin  
from the muscle. Take your time,  
like this...

Samuel demonstrates, starting a small area on each side of the carcasses' neck. He hands the knife to Kathryn.

Nods to both girls.

SAMUEL (CONT'D)

Your turn. Work top to bottom.

The twins step up, mimicking Samuel's technique.

Samuel stands back, observing his eager students, his arms folded.

EXT. COTTAGE - NIGHT

SUPER: "FOUR MONTHS LATER"



A FLICKERING FIRE sends embers floating into the night sky, the stars twinkle.

A rabbit roasts over the dancing flames. Megan, Kathryn, and Samuel gorge on dinner.

Samuel can sense something on the twins minds.

SAMUEL

It's a beautiful night, girls.

They nod and chew.

MEGAN

Samuel, how did you get here?

He stares into the night, searching.

SAMUEL

I was once a young man, had aspirations, hopes, dreams of the future.

The twins stop eating.

KATHRYN

What happened? Do you not have that now?

He looks at the twins fondly.

SAMUEL

I do now.

(sets plate down)

What's not to like out here? No electricity to distract you. No money, bills, jobs. Almost everything I need is provided by the forest. I only need to ride my Harley into town occasionally to get staples, like coffee.

MEGAN

You were in a war. That's where you learned all your survival skills.

SAMUEL

Very good Megan.

KATHRYN

Are you Ronin now?

SAMUEL  
(laughs)  
Something like that.

MEGAN  
You fought in the Middle East.

SAMUEL  
Afghanistan. I was a Ranger.

MEGAN  
(proud)  
A soldier.

SAMUEL  
More like a barbarian.

The twins look confused.

SAMUEL (CONT'D)  
I was in a death squad. Our orders  
were to neutralize any hostiles.  
(a terrible thought)  
Sometimes, you get so scared,  
everyone becomes a hostile. It's  
not until you come back to home  
soil... you realize they were  
casualties.

MEGAN  
What happened to the rest of your  
squad?

SAMUEL  
Doesn't matter. I just hope they're  
happy... wherever they are.

KATHRYN  
We're your death squad now!

SAMUEL  
That's cute. You're training like a  
death squad member, but you have to  
take a life to truly be a full-  
fledged member.

KATHRYN  
We have. Look at all the animals we  
kill and eat.

SAMUEL  
I mean a human life.

MEGAN

(grim)

We have.

Samuel looks from one girl's face to the other, empathetic pain shining in his eyes. The regret of murder.

SAMUEL

Who was it?

Kathryn gets misty, doesn't want to remember.

MEGAN

My sister and I had a rough start in life. I mean look where we're at now. I remember it only in pieces. The cops raided our house and took our parents away... they weren't exactly... normal.

Kathryn comforts her sister with a tight hug. They sit closer.

MEGAN (CONT'D)

Then we went to a place for help, and it was everything but that.

(rage)

And I don't regret one bit what we did. We were as dead as that rodent on the fire if we had stayed.

Samuel can see the pain in their eyes, the wounds still fresh in their minds.

SAMUEL

I see now... not your fault. Do not make the same mistake I did in the war.

MEGAN

What?

SAMUEL

Believing true justice to be death. It is not.

MEGAN

Then how do we fight back?!

SAMUEL

By not becoming the monster lurking in the shadows. Believing that justice and harmony will prevail.

(MORE)

SAMUEL (CONT'D)  
Resisting the temptation to  
destroy.

KATHRYN  
You were fighting for your country.  
Isn't that justice.

SAMUEL  
No. Because now I'm broken and  
alone.

KATHRYN  
You have us.

SAMUEL  
I mean on the inside.

The twins exchange a glance, tears threatening. They move closer, tentatively hugging Samuel's shoulders.

SAMUEL (CONT'D)  
(gruffly)  
Let's call it a night, girls.

EXT. VAST LAKE - DAY

It sparkles in the sunlight, reflecting the enormous trees. The snow has melted away.

SUPER: "TWO WEEKS LATER"

At the edge of the lake, inbetween two motorcycles, stands Samuel, patient. Then he sees something blurry under the current, moving rapidly toward him.

WHOOSH! Megan pops out of the water, gasping for air. She has a bass in her hand.

SAMUEL  
Well done.

Moments later, WHOOSH! A wave of WATER SPLASHES up on the SHORE, and Kathryn has caught a bass too, larger.

She holds up her catch with pride.

SAMUEL (CONT'D)  
(smiling)  
There's always a bigger fish.

Megan rolls her eyes. Both girls are wearing long johns, dripping, shivering.

EXT. FOREST - DAY

A FOX is stealthy, SNIFFING, discovering a dead rabbit.

It takes the bait and a lasso squeezes around its ankle, and it's hoisted in the air, jerking.

Hidden by branches and leaves, Kathryn pulls the rope taut.

Megan comes running, unseen, a wild Indian. She bashes the fox with a death blow from a thick branch.

EXT. FOREST - DAY

Samuel fans a small fire, and the smoke slithers along the dirt.

The twins are blindfolded and crawling slowly underneath the smoke haze on the ground, prowling carefully, not budging the haze.

SAMUEL

Follow my voice. Trust what you  
hear. Not what you feel.

The twins converge into a single path snaking closer to Samuel's voice.

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

Let the sounds and smells wrap  
around you.

EXT. COTTAGE - DAY

The twins are crouched over a thick branch with a wedge carved, dead leaves in it. They look focused, waiting for the order.

Samuel stands in front of them, judging.

SAMUEL

Go!

The twins hastily jab a stick in the dead leaves and wedge.

They roll the sticks rapidly in between their palms, creating friction, blowing into a rising smoke.

They rub faster and faster, a flame catches.

Megan's pile of leaves burn, and she jumps up in victory.

Kathryn is jealous and sets her stick on fire using Megan's flame. Lights her pile.

MEGAN  
Hey, that's mine!

KATHRYN  
Fine, have it back.

She chucks her stick at the flaming pile. It crumples and dies out.

Enraged, Megan kicks Kathryn's fire out with dirt.

Kathryn tackles her sister, and they roll around, dusting up the campsite.

Samuel sees no skill in this brawl. He laughs at the hair pulling and scratching.

SAMUEL  
That's enough.

He breaks the twins up, holding them by the back of their necks.

SAMUEL (CONT'D)  
If you're going to fight... let's do this right.

He dusts the twins off, and rustles their tangled hair.

INT. APARTMENT - DAY (BACK TO PRESENT)

Megan has a cup of coffee. The morning glow from the sun shines in the living space, blinds opened.

The rays fall on Kathryn's face, the warmth and aroma of coffee awakens her.

KATHRYN  
What time is it?

MEGAN  
Time to get ready for a date.

KATHRYN  
Date... gross, and it's not until eight this evening.

MEGAN  
No. I need to borrow your outfit for my date this afternoon.

KATHRYN

A real date?

Megan shoots her a look.

KATHRYN (CONT'D)

You investigating Howard doesn't count. That was surveillance.

MEGAN

He's off the suspects list.

Kathryn sits up, stretching.

KATHRYN

Too bad I wasn't lesbian. I could have had Jenny.

MEGAN

That's gross.

KATHRYN

What? Lesbians?

MEGAN

No. Making jokes about dead people.

KATHRYN

You do it all the time.

MEGAN

... Yeah, you're right.

INT. APARTMENT - BATHROOM - DAY

Megan wears a red tank top and matching skirt, cute outfit, revealing but elegant.

She strikes a pose in the mirror as Kathryn walks in.

KATHRYN

You look gorgeous. He's going to be putty in your hands.

MEGAN

(dreadful)

Kathryn?

Kathryn senses the concern.

KATHRYN

What?

MEGAN

We've never done this before. And I want to learn.

KATHRYN

Going on a date?

MEGAN

That too.

KATHRYN

What?!

Megan opens the mirror and reaches in, pulling a red lipstick and black eyeliner off the shelf.

KATHRYN (CONT'D)

You want to wear makeup?

Megan nods.

KATHRYN (CONT'D)

I don't know how to use that stuff.

Megan quickly grabs her cellphone and holds it up, jolly.

MEGAN

YouTube tutorials!

EXT. CAMPUS GROUNDS - CAFE - DAY

Kids going about their studies.

Megan sits at a TABLE, drinks coffee, waiting, anxious...

HOWARD

Sorry I'm late.

Howard takes a seat.

MEGAN

I got you an iced coffee.

HOWARD

Thanks, but I'm not thirsty right now.

Megan detects a change in attitude.

MEGAN

Okay, so how are you today?



HOWARD  
Aileen, I... I know who you are!

MEGAN  
What do you mean?

Howard pulls out a piece of paper.

INSERT - PRINTED PAPER

"INFAMOUS PRESCOT KILLERS ARRESTED!"

A PHOTOGRAPH of the parents being led into a squad car shows the twins being carted off by policemen. Eight year old Megan can be seen scowling, sad.

BACK TO SCENE

Megan takes the paper, she's exposed, torn.

HOWARD  
You're one of the missing Prescott twins.

She hands the paper back.

MEGAN  
Now what?

HOWARD  
There's a lot going through my head right now.

MEGAN  
What does that mean?

HOWARD  
It means. With all this craziness with The Gavel and friends and classmates being murdered. And now this? College life is just getting to be too much for me right now.

MEGAN  
What does this have to do with me? Yes, that happened a long time ago. My sister and I changed our names to move on in life.

HOWARD  
Aileen. You and your sister are still legally missing.

Megan mulls over her thoughts.

MEGAN

We want to keep it that way Howard.

HOWARD

You have your reasons.

MEGAN

We do.

HOWARD

And I have mine. My parents bought me a ticket home. I leave in an hour.

MEGAN

I'm sorry I didn't tell you. I've... never had to...

HOWARD

I get why you're living in secrecy. I really do. I just can't live that way.

MEGAN

It can change.

HOWARD

Can it?

He looks at his watch, she composes herself.

HOWARD (CONT'D)

I have to go.

MEGAN

I know.

He stands and waits for her to give a farewell hug -- she sits, no eye contact.

HOWARD

Bye.

MEGAN

Howard... My name is Megan.

Howard turns his back on her, blends in with the crowd, gone.

Megan sits alone, dolled up for nothing, she swipes his ICED COFFEE off the table, it SPLASHES all over the floor.

WAITRESS

Excuse me!

Megan dumps some bills on the table.

MEGAN

(cold)

Clean it up.

She walks away from the cafe, patrons look on, awkward.

INT. APARTMENT - DAY

Megan walks in, slams the door behind her.

Kathryn doing laundry is startled, drops the basket of clothes.

KATHRYN

WHOA! What the hell?!

MEGAN

I...

She tears up, rage in her eyes.

KATHRYN

What happened?

MEGAN

I hate our parents!

She drops to her knees and sobs. Kathryn consoles her.

KATHRYN

What happened with Howard? Megan,  
are you okay?

MEGAN

He left. He knows our past. He...  
he's done.

(wiping tears)

I don't need him.

KATHRYN

What do you mean he knows our past?

MEGAN

He figured it out.

KATHRYN

Oh my god... Oh my god... Do we  
have to worry about him?

Megan shakes her head, pissed, pulls herself together.

MEGAN

No. He's harmless. If he does,  
we'll give him the slip. We'll  
disappear.

She gets to her feet, ripping off her tank top and skirt.

MEGAN (CONT'D)

It's my fault for letting him get  
close. Stupid!

KATHRYN

But you were just trying to be --

MEGAN

Normal.

Kathryn looks away.

MEGAN (CONT'D)

That's what I get.

She's in her bra and panties. Throws the clothes in the  
washer.

MEGAN (CONT'D)

He's irrelevant. We have to  
focus...

FLASHBACK - EXT. WILD RIVER - DAY

Megan and Kathryn have grown into young women, early 20's,  
stronger, faster, wiser.

They're in black ninja Gi, no masks, both waiting to perform  
hand-to-hand combat on a huge boulder marooned by the raging  
waters.

On the edge of the river, Samuel watches, letting nature fill  
the air with the BIRDS CHIRPING, WATER RUSHING.

The twins never lose eye contact, waiting for the command,  
any second now.

SAMUEL

Engage!

The twins volley into fists of fury. Swinging, punching,  
blocking, kicking, flawless.

The lost little girls are dead. These are warriors.

They juxtapose with their footwork, nearly stepping off the edge while attempting to leg sweep their opponent.

Samuel focuses in admiration. Something catches his eye, a butterfly glides past the martial arts.

SAMUEL (CONT'D)

Stop!

Kathryn pauses mid-punch, about to connect with Megan's face. Megan doesn't flinch.

They both heed their fighting stances and await their master's directions.

SAMUEL (CONT'D)

Blades!

They slide jagged, primitive, handmade flint knives from their sleeves.

Kathryn is calm and raises her knife to strike. Megan is eager, rolling the handle back and forth.

SAMUEL (CONT'D)

Engage!

Megan slices at Kathryn and she counters the blade. The girls spiral into chopping and swaying, BLADES SPARKING when they CLASH.

EXT. MOUNTAINSIDE - DAY

The forest trees are a blur as the twins race up the mountain.

Both bounding from footing to footing, swinging off of branches, sliding underneath downed logs, effortless.

They're both drawing arrows for their bows, pulling the strings tight, taking aim.

Megan releases her arrow and it ZIPS past trees and SPIKES into a TRUNK, just missing Kathryn's head.

Kathryn lines up her shot, not losing a step, she times it just right, releases the string. The arrow is destined for Megan.

SNATCH! Megan stops the arrow inches from impaling her face while running.

She snaps it in half with her thumb and smirks at Kathryn.

EXT. MOUNTAIN BLUFF - DAY

The twins discard their bow and arrows. A cliff drop reigns over them. Without hesitation, they both leap onto the rocky terrain, clinging.

They climb in a calculated pace. Stepping on the right rock, gaining footing, gripping the right ledge, pulling themselves up. ROCKS AVALANCHE in their wake.

A neck-and-neck race to the top.

Samuel is at the edge of the cliff, looking down at his warriors, the sweat, the spirit, he approves.

EXT. MOUNTAIN TOP - MAGIC HOUR

The twins pull themselves over the edge, rolling on their backs, heavy breathing.

SAMUEL

Up!

They spring from their backs into the air, landing on their feet, recharged.

Samuel uses his foot to throw them each a bow staff. As soon as they're caught, the combat continues.

The WOODEN STAFFS CLACK against the blows and strikes. Both twins dodging and jumping over bow sweeps.

Neither twin gives an inch in the battle as the sun melts away into the dizzy backdrop of the Rocky Mountains' never ending forest landscape.

INT. MR. HAMILL'S HOUSE - NIGHT (BACK TO PRESENT)

A KNOCK on the FRONT DOOR. Mr. Hamill opens it to see Kathryn; no makeup, hair undone.

MR. HAMILL

You shouldn't have.

She enters, and he closes the door behind her, bolted.

MR. HAMILL (CONT'D)

Right this way.

He leads the way to the --



KATHRYN

May I?

Reaches for a lobster.

MR. HAMILL

Please.

Kathryn puts a lobster on her plate. She grabs her fork and knife and angles a cut.

MR. HAMILL (CONT'D)

Your first lobster?

KATHRYN

Yes.

MR. HAMILL

You need to use your hands. You gotta crack it, like it's bone.

CRACK! The lobster mists juice.

KATHRYN

Like that.

MR. HAMILL

You've done that before.

KATHRYN

This is my first lobster.

MR. HAMILL

Impressive.

He gulps down his glass of wine. Pours another.

Kathryn eats the lobster and dabs her lips with her napkin.

KATHRYN

Listen. Mr. Hamill, I just want to apologize for my sister's behavior that day. She gets a little heated sometimes... When she's right.

Mr. Hamill is amused. He rises from his seat, casually walks over to the Venetian blinds, and shuts them.

EXT. MR. HAMILL'S HOUSE - SAME

Megan pulls the binoculars away from her eyes, nervous.



MEGAN

Shit.

INT. DINING ROOM - NIGHT

While Mr. Hamill sits down.

MR. HAMILL

No, no, no. You don't have to correct her mistakes. She's a big girl. I shouldn't have been so hard on her. That was my mistake.

Kathryn's gaze has locked on him.

MR. HAMILL (CONT'D)

I should have known from the second she started rambling about that nutcase The Gavel that she was there for a different reason.

That sinister twinkle comes back to his pupils.

KATHRYN

What other reason would we be there for? We want to learn about criminol --

MR. HAMILL

Try again Ms. Smith, if that is your real name.

KATHRYN

What do you mean?

Underneath the table, Kathryn texts Megan.

INSERT - TEXT: "In five minutes kick the door in!"

MR. HAMILL

Playing hard to get? Fascinating. Of course I didn't think you would show up this quick. And that close to my class. You must be a really great detective.

KATHRYN

(shrugs)  
You lost me.

MR. HAMILL

Oh, what's the matter, don't you remember me?

Mr. Hamill reaches over to an empty chair and grabs the ball cap.

He puts it on, playfully, his mustache covering his smile.

MR. HAMILL (CONT'D)

Oh, I forgot.

He peels off his mustache, and his cleft palate is exposed, the composite sketch in the flesh.

MR. HAMILL (CONT'D)

Now, do I look familiar? Because from this view, you look exactly like the girl chasing me through the dorm stairwell. Did you have a nice swim?

Kathryn is confident, no more playing dumb.

KATHRYN

Oh, wait, now I remember you. You're the guy that kills his students for disagreeing with his warped philosophies. Glad we walked out.

The atmosphere has changed. Both are up for the challenge.

Kathryn sits back in her chair.

MR. HAMILL

Don't think students with ideas of vigilantism will last long in my class.

KATHRYN

Tell that to Jenny.

The smirk melts from his face.

MR. HAMILL

Now look my rude friend. When you showed up in this law-abiding town taking matters into your own hands. You disgraced everything my profession is built on! I dedicated my life to molding cops... not little girls who show the world how dysfunctional the justice system is by relying on criminals.

KATHRYN

No, you just became one instead.

Mr. Hamill CRUSHES his WINE GLASS in his hand, it bleeds, his eyes, hollow.

MR. HAMILL  
You think you're smarter than me?

KATHRYN  
You betcha.

MR. HAMILL  
I suppose you're recording  
everything on your phone right now.  
Am I correct?

Kathryn sees double of Mr. Hamill, she's woozy, the room is tilting.

KATHRYN  
(slurring)  
Correct.

She stands to leave, her cell fumbles to the floor, she bends down to pick it up, falls.

Mr. Hamill gets out of his seat and saunters over to Kathryn, withering along the floor toward the front door.

Kathryn's cell has dialed 911. The OPERATOR answers... Mr. Hamill picks up the phone.

MR. HAMILL  
(distressed)  
Yes, I've had a break in... I'm not  
sure. I'm hiding in my bathroom...  
Please hurry!

Mr. Hamill walks alongside Kathryn as she crawls.

MR. HAMILL (CONT'D)  
Oh my god! Please, dear Lord! Oh  
No! It's, it's The Gavel!

He screams in bloody terror and SMASHES the PHONE to pieces on the floor. The scream turns into chilling laughter.

MR. HAMILL (CONT'D)  
That ought to do it. In no time the  
police will be here to help the  
poor teacher being menaced by The  
Gavel...  
(epiphany)  
Kind of true actually.

He turns Kathryn over on her back, she's drooling.

MR. HAMILL (CONT'D)  
 How was the glass of cola? You  
 thought the wine was drugged?  
 Cliche. First rule in  
 interrogation. Never accept  
 anything from the suspect. Any good  
 detective knows that.

Mr. Hamill grabs the broken wine glass stem.

MR. HAMILL (CONT'D)  
 And now to make the crime look  
 real. No more The Gavel, no more  
 games, back to good old fashioned  
 police work.

He stands over her, thrust the sharp stem above him, ready to  
 plunge it into Kathryn's chest.

CRASH! The living room WINDOW SHATTERS, standing there is  
 pure lethal rage --

THE GAVEL  
 Put it down!

Mr. Hamill looks puzzled.

MR. HAMILL  
 The plot thickens.

THE GAVEL  
 Don't make me hurt you.

MR. HAMILL  
 I'd like to see that.

Mr. Hamill takes a fighting stance.

The Gavel attacks. Kicks the wine stem out of Mr. Hamill's  
 hand. He recovers, blocks left and right punches, calculated.

He breaks the rhythm of hooks and uppercuts and wraps his  
 hands around the back of her neck, a knee to the face.

The Gavel blows back, vaulting into a series of flips.

The Gavel has a craving for violence, and empowered comes at  
 Mr. Hamill hard.

She ducks and dodges all his jabs, countering them with side  
 steps, kicking his ribs and legs.

He goes weak and drops; she gives him the knee in the face  
 back. CRACK!

Mr. Hamill is rolling around getting his bearings together.  
The Gavel checks on Kathryn, she is dazed, barely conscious.

MR. HAMILL (CONT'D)  
I gave her ketamine, special K, the good stuff. I confiscated it from a student. If she doesn't get her stomach pumped soon, she'll die. Right Megan?

Megan is steel faced.

MR. HAMILL (CONT'D)  
I wasn't sure until now. If Kathryn isn't The Gavel, then it would have to be the next best thing, her sister... who killed my mother.  
(holds rosary)  
God save her soul.

He holds up the framed picture.

MR. HAMILL (CONT'D)  
I thought you looked familiar when you showed up in my class. God brought my mother's killers right to me! How lucky it is, that you're the damn vigilantes, too. You made it easy for me to justify killing you...unless of course, you do as I say...

POLICE SIRENS can be heard racing to Mr. Hamill's residence.

MR. HAMILL (CONT'D)  
You hear that? That's the sound of true justice. The police.

He gets on his feet and dusts himself off.

MR. HAMILL (CONT'D)  
Here's what I have for you. If you confess to the murders of Jameson, Jenny, and if you don't act quick, Kathryn too...

Kathryn's eyes dilate, rolling into the back of her head.

MR. HAMILL (CONT'D)  
... I will stop the killings.

MEGAN  
What makes you think I trust you?

MR. HAMILL

You can't, but your options are shrinking by the second.

The POLICE CARS are SKIDDING around the corner.

Megan is thinking, sweat beads over the brow, calm exterior.

This irritates Mr. Hamill, boiling.

MR. HAMILL (CONT'D)

Let me give you a cheat sheet crime fighter! ONE! Those cops on the way are not going to believe a word from the very person they've been issued a warrant to arrest. TWO! After I explain in detail how Nancy Drew came to kill me, high on horse tranquilizer, and with all The Gavel tools they need for evidence and conviction...

Mr. Hamill hastens over to a dinner cabinet and pulls out a duffle bag. He dumps numerous black spray-paint cans and "Guilty" stencils on the table.

MR. HAMILL (CONT'D)

And THREE! Who are they going to believe is the real killer? A teacher? Or someone in a mask?

Megan says nothing.

MR. HAMILL (CONT'D)

Answer me!

A smile spreads underneath the mask.

The shattered glass crushes under Megan's feet as she scoops up her sister, heaves her over her shoulder.

Mr. Hamill watches with enjoyment as Megan hops out the broken window and into the night.

EXT. MR. HAMILL'S HOUSE - NIGHT

The POLICE CARS SCREECH to a halt in front of Mr. Hamill's house. The cherries strobe the whole neighborhood red and blue.

Mr. Hamill staggers out onto his porch, exaggerating. police men run to his aid.

MR. HAMILL  
 Help me. The Gavel, it was The  
 Gavel.

EXT. ALLEY - NIGHT

The Gavel is running with Kathryn, drained. She can't bear the weight anymore.

She sets Kathryn against a dumpster.

THE GAVEL  
 Look at me.

Kathryn's head wobbles, she tries to muster eye contact.

The Gavel jams her fingers down Kathryn's throat; she vomits on herself.

THE GAVEL (CONT'D)  
 (panicking)  
 We're not going to make it. Damn!

The Gavel pulls out a cell and presses the "save" button.

She dials 911,...

THE GAVEL (CONT'D)  
 I'm overdosing on drugs in an  
 alley. Send an ambulance.

The Gavel ends the call. She stuffs her cell in Kathryn's bra.

THE GAVEL (CONT'D)  
 They'll trace the call. The  
 ambulance is on the way. I can't  
 carry you any further.

KATHRYN  
 (mumbles)  
 Don't leave me.

The Gavel presses her forehead against Kathryn's.

THE GAVEL  
 I'll be back.  
 (grabs face)  
 Remember. You didn't see Mr. Hamill  
 at all tonight.

A police car rounds the corner gunning the gas; headlights beam down the alley.

POLICE CAR  
 (bullhorn)  
 Stop!

ROWS OF FENCES CONNECTING BACKYARDS.

The Gavel launches herself over a wooden fence.

The police car hits the brakes, kicking up dust next to Kathryn, incoherent.

Two cops hop out. SGT. WEECKS attends to Kathryn, checking her vitals.

SGT. HARDY looks over the fence into the backyard. The Gavel is already leaping another one.

His shoulder RADIO CRACKLES, he speaks into it.

SGT. HARDY  
 Suspect on foot! Wearing all black!  
 All units proceed to cut him off in  
 the alleyways! It's him, The Gavel!

An ambulance pulls up adjacent to the police car.

SGT. HARDY (CONT'D)  
 He's headed north in between 56th  
 and 54th street, jumping fences  
 through the neighborhood. Dispatch,  
 send a helicopter!

Paramedics hurry to Kathryn, one checks her eyes with his pocket flashlight.

PARAMEDIC  
 (to partner)  
 She's starting to convulse. Let's  
 get her to the hospital. We'll pump  
 her stomach on the way.

EXT. ALLEY #2 - NIGHT

The police car barrels down the alley at top speed, expecting The Gavel at any moment.

The Gavel lands in the path way like a panther. She doesn't lose a step and runs in the other direction.



INT. POLICE CAR - NIGHT

SGT. WEECKS  
(driving)  
We got him.

He punches the pedal to the floor and the police car gains.

The Gavel sprints as a SECOND POLICE CAR SKIDS around the opposite entrance of the alley, headlights blinding.

SGT. HARDY  
Shit!

EXT. ALLEY #2 - NIGHT

Both VEHICLES HIT their BRAKES too late.

The Gavel, a couple of feet away from collision, does a backflip, hangs in the air...

SMASH!

Both police cars are crunched, front end bumper to bumper, their windshields spiderweb... The Gavel lands on the hood of the second police car, smoke rises from both the hoods.

The officers are dazed momentarily, The Gavel somersaults off the hood and into

EXT. BACKYARD #1 - NIGHT

Runs for the next fence. She frightens a young teenage couple making out in small swimming pool.

THE GAVEL  
Excuse me.

Like an Olympian, she jumps over it with finesse.

EXT. BACKYARD #2 - NIGHT

The Gavel descends, a CHAIN JINGLES and a DOBERMAN PINSCHER GROWLS, it springs after her.

The chain's slack catches, then BREAKS, the Doberman lunges on top of her, biting into her arm, thrashing.

The Gavel grabs the dog's snout and pulls, no good.

She takes the remaining chain and wraps it around the Doberman's neck, pulling hard, it releases.

Pulls the chain over her shoulder and lobs the dog into the air, slamming it on the grass.

Ignoring the bloody bite, she climbs onto a cement block wall... ending the row of fences and the neighborhood.

EXT. CEMENT BLOCK WALL - NIGHT

She crouches and cranes her neck; the THUMPING of a POLICE HELICOPTER is minutes away in the distance, the spotlight scanning the neighborhood.

She runs on the width of the wall, like a balance beam, foot over foot with grace.

The police car with both Sergeants has caught up and drives along with her, SMASHING GARBAGE CANS in its path.

The BULLHORN SOUNDS OFF at her.

SGT. HARDY

Stop!

He rolls the window down, hangs his service revolver out.

SGT. HARDY (CONT'D)

Don't make me shoot!

The Gavel is seconds away from exiting the alley way and coming in on the main street, 54th Street.

She has the height advantage and can see a metro bus cruising toward the pursuit.

She times it just right as the cement block wall ends --

THE GAVEL

(to Sgt. Hardy)

Look out!

She jumps in the air, flying --

EXT. 54TH STREET - NIGHT

and slams into the roof of the metro bus as the police car shoots out the alley way, clipping the tail end of the bus.

She rolls around from the impact, almost falls off the roof. Looks behind her to see the police car swerving to gain control.

The Gavel uses a knife to jimmy open the emergency exit on the roof and slips in. Narrowly missing the police helicopter's spotlight.

INT. METRO BUS - NIGHT

The Gavel drops, and all the bus passengers scream, pushing their way to the front of the bus.

The bus driver hammers on the brakes, sending all the occupants forward, falling, TIRES SQUEALING.

The Gavel holds the overhead railing, bracing.

The bus doors swing open and everyone pours out, terrified.

EXT. 54TH STREET - NIGHT

The spotlight from above focuses on all the bus patrons, scrambling in all directions, probing for their suspect.

The Gavel discreetly exits the bus and rolls underneath it and out the other end.

HELICOPTER PILOT (O.S.)  
(loudspeaker)  
This is the Austin Police! Stop  
where you are! Do not move!

The passengers ignore the orders.

EXT. BIKER BAR - NIGHT

Drunk, leather clad bikers, all watch the chaos unfold from the parking lot out front -- laughing and pointing.

A biker is ripped from his Harley and thrown to the pavement.

The Gavel saddles herself in the seat and throttles the handlebars, the ENGINE ROARS.

The bikers turn to see a fellow member has been hijacked and reach for their pistols.

The Gavel rips back onto 54th Street, GUNFIRE EXPLODING around her.

The spotlight zeroes in on the biker's muzzle flashes.

HELICOPTER PILOT (O.S.)  
 (loudspeaker)  
 Put down your weapons!

EXT. 54TH STREET - NIGHT

The Gavel is weaving in and out of traffic, moving like a phantom.

Three police cars pursue the Harley, SIRENS BLARING.

She speeds past the ambulance rushing Kathryn to the hospital.

INT. AMBULANCE - SAME

Kathryn, lying on stretcher, stomach pumped, hooked to machines, oxygen mask over her mouth, hears the SIRENS and the Harley. She grins. It's her sister.

EXT. 54TH STREET - NIGHT

The Gavel approaches a crosswalk, the light is red.

She sights an elderly woman has stopped in her path, frozen.

THE GAVEL  
 Come on, move lady!

The elderly woman clutches her chest and drops to one knee.

THE GAVEL (CONT'D)  
 Damn it!

The Gavel checks the rearview mirrors, makes a decision, dangerously maneuvers, swerving by the elderly woman, almost hitting her; she makes an impossible 180-turn, circling the elderly woman, RUBBER BURNING.

She pops a wheelie, sending the Harley ghost riding at the three oncoming police cars.

They split in all directions, avoiding the crash, spinning and skidding.

The Gavel has bought some time but not much.

She aids the elderly woman. Dumps her purse out on the street. Finds her nitrate pills. Pops the lid off the bottle and shoves them down her throat.

The elderly woman's face turns from anguish to relief, her breathing returning to normal.

A POLICE HELICOPTER THUMPING overhead shoots the spotlight on The Gavel. She looks up, annoyed.

HELICOPTER PILOT (O.S.)  
(loudspeaker)  
You're under arrest!

The Gavel darts away, the spotlight follows.

She charges a tall BARB WIRED FENCE. Gets to the blades and grips them, cutting her palms through her gloves. Hoists herself over the fence, doing a handstand and drops.

EXT. JUNKYARD - NIGHT

Touches down on a compacted car and keeps running, searching for cover, the yard is littered with twisted metal, scrapped iron, and oily engine blocks.

The POLICE CARS SCREECH to the front gate, shouting, guns raised.

SGT. WEECKS  
Freeze!

SGT. HARDY  
No time. Shoot the locks!

BANG! BANG! Sparks fly off the fence.

A large TELEPHONE POLE stands in the middle of the yard, connecting wires and cables to the main office building, crisscrossing over the junkyard.

The spotlight is right on The Gavel's heels. She takes cover behind the telephone pole.

The helicopter splashes the spotlight down, singling out the telephone pole.

HELICOPTER PILOT  
(to co-pilot)  
Where is he?!

The Gavel stays hidden in the long thin shadow cast by the spotlight.

The helicopter circles the telephone pole and The Gavel rotates with it, becoming one with the shadow. She has vanished.

The spotlight trails off, looking in every corner of the junkyard, desperate.

The Sergeants and other officers uncoil the chain locking the gate and push it open.

They fan out, guns drawn, flashlights jerking in every direction. Combing scrapped cars, trucks, and piles of metal.

The Gavel sees her chance and makes a break for it.

Sprinting for the opposite barb wired fence, she leaps and bounds crushed vehicles stacked, getting higher.

She stands on top of the wreckage as high as the fence and looks over at a reservoir down below. Inhales and holds it, then dives, SPLASH!

EXT. RESERVOIR - NIGHT

The helicopter spotlight scours the murky waters to no avail.

UNDERWATER

The Gavel patiently waits for the spotlight to cease, holding her breath, calm.

It pulls away from the surface, and she swims away, a trail of blood and bubbles behind her.

EXT. RESERVOIR BRIDGE - NIGHT

The Gavel breaks the surface of the water and crawls up a beam that supports the bridge.

She climbs over the railing, dripping and exhausted. Looks back to the flurry of police activity still hunting for her.

Squad cars SIRENS RINGING, policemen shouting, their DOGS BARKING, the police helicopter's spotlight sweeping the junk yard.

The Gavel gives the authorities the slip, walking onto a quiet street, not a soul.

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - DAY

Kathryn's eyes crack open. She's ashen, looks like hell.

She grabs the cup of water next to her and gulps, liquid drizzling down her chin.

A light knock at the door. Megan enters the room and walks to Kathryn's bedside.

MEGAN

Don't drown.

Kathryn giggles and then spills into tears of joy.

Megan, wounds patched up, hand wraps, embraces her sister with a hug.

KATHRYN

I love you.

MEGAN

I love you too.

They let go.

MEGAN (CONT'D)

I have a gift for you.

Kathryn gets giddy. Megan pulls out her laptop and sets it on her food tray. She cozies up next to her.

KATHRYN

(confused)

You're giving me my old laptop back?

MEGAN

Open it.

Kathryn pulls the screen up.

INSERT - "DOUBLE JUSTICE: PRIVATE INVESTIGATORS."

Kathryn looks excited.

MEGAN (CONT'D)

I thought we'd do it like all the greats... And just chase our goals without the degree.

KATHRYN

Any clients yet?

MEGAN

Very soon. Actually, I thought you could put out the official open-for-business call.

Megan clicks on a web page; it cues up.

INSERT - "DOUBLE JUSTICE" YouTube CHANNEL

BACK TO MEGAN

MEGAN (CONT'D)

I started a YouTube channel. I thought it would be good promotion, especially the first video.

Megan drags the cursor over to a PLAY BUTTON and CLICKS.

POV FROM MEGAN'S HIDDEN CELL PHONE CAMERA.

INSERT - FOOTAGE CAREFULLY EDITED TO PROTECT THE TWINS

Mr. Hamill is confessing to the crimes he committed to The Gavel the night of the dinner.

MR. HAMILL

(recording)

Let me give you a cheat sheet crime fighter! ONE! Those cops on the way, are not going to believe a word from the very person they've been issued a warrant to arrest. TWO! After I explain in detail how Nancy Drew came to kill me, high on horse tranquilizer, and with all The Gavel tools they need for evidence and conviction...

Pulls out a duffle bag. He dumps numerous black spray-paint cans and "Guilty" stencils on the table.

MR. HAMILL (CONT'D)

And three. Who are they going to believe is the real killer? A teacher? Or someone in a mask?

BACK TO SCENE

Kathryn is impressed.

Megan drags the cursor over to the "share" button.



MEGAN

Would you like to do the honors?

Kathryn clicks the button; a progress bar uploads.

KATHRYN

I guess there's hope after all.

MEGAN

For what? Austin?

KATHRYN

Our crime fighting future.

INT. LIBRARY - DAY

Students gather around a monitor, amazed at the video playing called "Mr. Hamill's Opus."

The librarian is watching on cellphone, jaw hanging.

EXT. CAMPUS GROUNDS - DAY

The busy traffic of students shuttling from class to class has come to a slow crawl.

One out of every three students is watching the confession on a tablet or cellphone, mesmerized.

INT. BULLPEN - POLICE STATION - DAY

Sgt. Weecks taps the shoulder of Sgt. Hardy.

He turns to look at a computer monitor on a desk with the confession playing.

He doesn't take his eyes off the screen.

SGT. HARDY

Go get the car ready.

SGT. WEECKS

Yes sir.

A FEMALE SECRETARY stops Sgt. Hardy on his way out the front door. Hands him a folder.

FEMALE SECRETARY

This just came over from forensics.  
Thought you'd want it right away.

SGT. HARDY

Thanks.

EXT. POLICE STATION - DAY

Taped to the police department's official plaque out front, Jameson Graham's picture from criminology class.

INT. HOWARD'S BEDROOM - DAY

A room filled with posters of comic book heroes and airplane models is unkept; dirty laundry, pizza boxes everywhere.

Howard is watching the confession on his computer screen, he smiles.

He types a comment in the section below the video, next to the view count, one million and rising.

INSERT - COMMENT: "The Gavel is my hero!"

Clicks "post."

EXT. MR. HAMILL'S HOUSE - DAY

police cars barricade the street.

Both Sergeants are escorting Mr. Hamill, handcuffed, to their squad car, jostling with the officers.

MR. HAMILL

I know who The Gavel is! It's a female! There's two of them!

SGT. HARDY

You saying you're a woman? Like on the inside?

Sgt. Hardy snickers as he puts Mr. Hamill in the backseat.

Sgt. Weecks looks at the ground, picks something up.

SGT. WEECKS

(opens car door)  
You dropped this.

He tosses the fake mustache on his lap. Mr. Hamill has no response.

EXT. HOSPITAL ENTRANCE - DAY

The sliding door opens as Megan pushes Kathryn out in a wheelchair.

They're hounded by a mob of reporters, cameras, and microphones. Through a blinding blur of camera flashes, they break through the shouts.

HOONER

Ron Hooner, from Channel 10 news.  
Do you have anything to say to Mr.  
Hamill?

Kathryn is uncomfortable with the question.

MEGAN

(camera man pans)  
I do! He's lucky I didn't get to  
him before The Gavel did! School's  
out mother (bleep)!

HOONER

What about The Gavel? Any comment?!

KATHRYN

I believe The Gavel is a force for  
good. The justice system needs  
outside help from time to time.  
Thank You.

Megan gives her sister a gentle grip on the shoulder, pride in her eyes.

MEGAN

Okay! Out of the way!

She butts through the reporters while they SNAP away with their CAMERA'S.

HOONER

(into camera)  
There you have it folks. Straight  
from the victim's mouth. The Gavel,  
friend or foe... Looks like Austin  
has a friend.

INT. APARTMENT - NIGHT

The twins are suiting up, wrapping their ninja Gi tight, holster their spray-paint cans, stretching masks over their faces, rolling up their new stencils.

The police SCANNER STATICS with crimes in progress.

The Gavels shoot each other a look of danger.

INT. POLICE CAR - NIGHT

Sgt. Hardy and Sgt. Weecks are patrolling the quiet Austin streets, hot coffees at hand.

SGT. HARDY

That's quite the twist ain't it?

SGT. WEECKS

What?

SGT. HARDY

That teacher trying to smear The Gavel.

SGT. WEECKS

You never know.

SGT. HARDY

Man, that was some chase, wasn't it? Gave us the slip, ruined more than one squad car.

SGT. WEECKS

Got us a few collars with that biker gang. Those guys all had outstanding warrants.

SGT. HARDY

Yes he did. Big help.

SGT. WEECKS

Or she.

Sgt. Hardy shrugs.

SGT. WEECKS (CONT'D)

It's a shame we still have to arrest the vigilante.

SGT. HARDY

That's the weird part.

SGT. WEECKS

What?

SGT. HARDY  
The Gavel saved that elderly  
woman's life. Almost could have  
gotten caught.

SGT. WEECKS  
Not so bad after all.

SGT. HARDY  
One thing I do know.

They slow to a red light.

SGT. HARDY (CONT'D)  
Heroes don't always wear uniforms.

SGT. WEECKS  
Maybe... Hey, what was in that  
folder?

Sgt. Hardy yanks the folder out of the glove box where he'd  
stuffed it earlier. He scans the pages inside.

SGT. HARDY  
Huh.

He tosses the folder on the dash.

SGT. WEECKS  
What?!

SGT. HARDY  
Useless. The prints forensics  
pulled off that weight machine  
belonged to the victim: Jameson  
Graham.

EXT. PARKING LOT - NIGHT

A YOUNG WOMAN trembles at knife point next to her car.

She hands over her purse to the TWO JUNKIES. They snatch it  
from her and rifle through the bag.

YOUNG WOMAN  
Please. Don't hurt me. Take  
anything you want.

JUNKIE #1  
Anything?

Junkie #2 unzips his pants. The young woman cries.

YOUNG WOMAN  
Please don't.

They step closer to her. KONK!

Junkie #1 is kicked in the head. He's out cold.

Junkie #2 spins, drops the purse, he can't find the menace.

The young woman takes her chance and flees down the street.

She reaches in her coat pocket and pulls out a cell phone, a 911 operator is listening.

YOUNG WOMAN (CONT'D)  
HELP!

911 OPERATOR (V.O.)  
A unit is on its way.

Junkie #2 stopped spinning; appearing like a ghost feet away from him is The Gavel.

JUNKIE #2  
(startled)  
You!

The Gavel nods. CRACK! A chop to the neck.

He drops to the ground -- the 2nd Gavel stands behind him.

They both pull out their SPRAY-PAINT CANS and begin RATTLING them up. They crouch over the junkies, roll out the stencils.

Black SPRAY-PAINT HISSES and mist in the air.

EXT. PARKING LOT - MOMENTS LATER

Sgt. Hardy and Sgt. Weecks arrive first on the crime scene, headlights dazzling, SIRENS EARSPLITTING, ready for action.

The Sergeants get out and secure the area, looking for their suspect, flashlights shining underneath cars.

In between the young woman's parked car and another, the junkies are knocked out, black spray-paint on their faces.

SGT. WEECKS  
Better come look at this.

Sgt. Hardy sees "Gavel" stenciled on their foreheads.

It rains. He smiles at the droplets. The black paint runs.

SGT. WEECKS (CONT'D)

Heroes.

SGT. HARDY

All shapes and sizes.

FADE OUT.