

Elusive Delusions

Written by
Kenneth Quinnell

Story by
Jocelyn Sevier
and
Kenneth Quinnell

KaoticKlone Productions
kaotickloneproductions@gmail.com
www.kaotickloneproductions.com

OPEN ON:

Black screen. Crickets are croaking. Something is being dragged across a gravel driveway.

FADE IN.

EXT. LODGE'S FARM - NIGHT

It's a hot summer night. Open on a large farmhouse and a barn that are far from any home. The moon provides the only light.

The dragging noise continues. Movement flashes in front of the barn.

ZOOM IN:

A hulking beast of a man, CARNAGE, drags a screaming woman, FELICIA, 25, into a darkened barn. He wears a mask.

As he pulls her into the darkness, Felicia's leg is clear in the moonlight for a brief moment. The skin is bloody and torn, nearly falling off the bone. Her screams are of both fear and agony.

He shuts the door behind him.

A massive thud emanates from within.

Felicia screams, but it's muffled.

Another massive thud.

The screaming stops.

INT. LARSON HOUSE - DAY

DEBORAH LARSON, 40, dusts her immaculate home. Everything is already clean, but she wants to make sure. The house is decorated like it's straight out of a 1950s sitcom like "I Love Lucy." Deborah dresses like the stereotypical 50s housewife. Even when she's cleaning, she wears pearls.

After she finishes dusting, she walks into the kitchen. The perfect kitchen.

She pulls a casserole out of the refrigerator and puts it in the oven. She turns it on and sits down at the table.

She looks around and sighs.

From nowhere we hear the voice of Deborah's deceased mother, JANEANE.

JANEANE (O.S.)
So we're pre-making casseroles
these days?

Deborah doesn't answer.

JANEANE (O.S.) (CONT'D)
At least the house is relatively
clean. You're going to need to get
someone to clean those gutters or
you're going to have an accident.

Deborah stands up and pours herself a glass of wine.

JANEANE (O.S.) (CONT'D)
I guess I wasn't tough enough on
you. This is my fault.

Deborah slams the glass of wine.

DEBORAH LARSON
Shut up, mother!

Deborah looks around at her empty home.

INT. CARNAGE'S MAZE - NIGHT

Carnage is no longer dragging Felicia. She's nowhere to be seen.

He stalks through a poorly-lit passage that was literally hand dug out over many years. The only lighting is a small strand of dim yellow Christmas lights.

The passages he walks through are a maze. Literally. Carnage hand dug out his own maze. And it's massive. Except in the passages, which are only about 7 foot tall and about one person wide.

He turns right down another passage.

Left down another.

He stops at an intersection, the yellow light glinting off his eyes through the mask.

He looks down towards the ground to the left tunnel. Then the right. He sees bloodstains on the ground. They aren't the only ones, but they are the fresh ones.

He goes right.

A scuffling sound can be heard farther along the passage.

He walks faster.

FELICIA (O.S.)

N-n-no!

From Carnage's point of view, Felicia crawls slowly away from him holding up her hand.

He shambles towards her and grabs her by her ruined leg.

When Carnage speaks, he speaks in an unearthly voice.

CARNAGE

This place does not belong to those
like you. It belongs to me.

He pulls her toward him and lets go of her leg.

She turns to face him, laying on her back.

Carnage raises up a large, heavy hammer and crashes it down on Felicia's legs.

She stops moving.

Carnage lifts the hammer again and crushes her pelvis.

Blood spurts from her mouth.

Carnage lifts the hammer again and crushes her stomach.

He lifts the hammer again and crushes her chest.

He drops the hammer.

INT. BARN - MOMENTS LATER

A thin beam of moonlight comes in through the upper window in the barn.

In the dim light, all the standard things you'd see in a barn are around: pitchforks, saws, chainsaws, etc. All are rusty and unused.

From the middle of the floor, a trap door opens and Carnage emerges. He shuts it and covers it up with hay again so that it can't be seen.

INT. POLICE STATION - DAY

The police station is nice. Out of date and a little shabby, but nice.

The entire force is in the office, consisting of nine officers and CAPTAIN JACKIE ANDERSON, 40s, who leads the morning briefing.

Sitting in the front row are DETECTIVE JASON SMITH, DETECTIVE CHRIS JACOBS and DETECTIVE ANN BAILEY.

Detective Smith is late 20s, muscular, but not too much so. He is dressed immaculately.

Detective Jacobs is 30, average height and build. His face is unshaven and his clothes are sloppy.

Detective Bailey is 25, an African-American woman in uniform.

The various officers are talking in side conversations, making the room chaotic as Anderson tries to get things going.

ANDERSON

Okay everybody, calm down, calm down. We need to get going. This isn't going to be fun.

The officers calm down and start paying attention.

ANDERSON (CONT'D)

We have yet another new murder victim. This one's name is Robert "Bob" Andrews.

JACOBS

Wow, how many is that now?

SMITH

That's got to be at least 10.

ANDERSON

Andrews is the 12th disappearance in the last six months.

JACOBS

That we know of.

BAILEY

Is this normal?

ANDERSON

No. In the decade before this, we had a dozen murders.

JACOBS

And now we have at least that many again?

ANDERSON

Not yet, we haven't found any bodies.

SMITH

Then how do we know they're dead?

ANDERSON

Technically, we don't.

SMITH

But we're going to approach it as if they are?

ANDERSON

Yes. While leaving the possibility that some or all of them might still be alive.

JACOBS

Is that likely?

ANDERSON

Not based on what we know so far.

Murmurs among the officers.

ANDERSON (CONT'D)

Now, like I said, this Mr. Andrews. He is the 12th missing person we've got on our hands. The most recent one before that was Felicia Jones on July 1.

BAILEY

Jesus. What is going on?

JACOBS

I knew it was a lot, but a dozen? That's fucking insane.

ANDERSON

Andrews was last seen on July 14. Smith and Jacobs, this one's yours, too.

JACOBS
(sarcastically)
Of course.

SMITH
Alright, give us the details and we
will get started.

INT. POLICE STATION - MOMENTS LATER

Anderson walks down the hallway out of the briefing room.
Bailey catches up to her.

BAILEY
Captain... Captain... I would like
to be assigned to the Andrews case.

ANDERSON
I have already made the assignment.

Bailey takes a deep breath.

BAILEY
I've been here three years.

ANDERSON
It doesn't matter. You just aren't
ready yet. Soon. Ugh... um...
well... you know what I mean.

BAILEY
(hiding her sarcasm)
Yes, ma'am.

Anderson starts to walk away. She stops and turns back to
Bailey.

ANDERSON
Everybody is busy chasing down
leads on these cases. We're getting
a backlog of... less serious
crimes.

Bailey looks down at the floor.

ANDERSON (CONT'D)
Any chance you want to tackle that
stack of cases?

Bailey looks back up at Anderson.

BAILEY
Yes. I can get right on those.

Bailey smiles at Anderson and walks away. Anderson watches her walk away.

INT. LARSON HOUSE - NIGHT

Deborah stands just inside the front door, waiting.

Jamison walks in.

DEBORAH
Honey, you're home!

He walks in and gives her a pretty solid smooch.

JAMISON
Heeeeey, baby!

DEBORAH
Dinner is ready! I made your favorite!

She walks towards the kitchen. He puts his fedora and blazer on a table by the door and follows.

JAMISON
Again? Nice.

INT. LARSON HOUSE - LATER

Deborah pours herself a glass of wine. She and Jamison are sitting at the dinner table, the carcass of a great meal scattered across it.

JAMISON
As always, honey, that was smacktacular!

DEBORAH
That is definitely NOT a word.

JAMISON
It is now. The "Beast Within" decrees it so!

They laugh. Honestly.

DEBORAH
I can clean this stuff up, or we can just skip ahead to dessert?

JAMISON
I... uh... I have to go....

DEBORAH

Where?

JAMISON

It's a... uhhh... a work thing.
Yeah.

DEBORAH

When will you be back?

JAMISON

Umm... late....

He leans in and kisses her on the cheek. She squeezes her lips so tightly she almost bleeds.

Jamison grabs his hat and blazer and leaves.

Deborah slams her glass of wine, grabs her car keys and walks out the door.

DEBORAH

Fuck that.

EXT. LARSON HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

After waiting to make sure Jamison has driven off far enough, she slowly pulls out of the driveway in her own car and follows him.

EXT. BAR - LATER

Deborah parks her car a block away from a bar. She watches Jamison walk inside.

She gets out of the car and creeps over to the window of the bar.

She peeks in and sees Jamison at the bar standing very close to a BLONDE WOMAN, 30.

The blonde woman takes a sip of her drink and Deborah sees her wedding ring.

Jamison lifts his hand up to take the blonde woman's now-empty glass.

JANEANE (O.S.)

You know what he's doing.

As Jamison takes the glass, his hand appears to mildly caress the woman's finger.

JANEANE (O.S.) (CONT'D)
 You know what you have to do.

DEBORAH
 (under her breath)
 No.

JANEANE (O.S.)
 He's going to screw you. Or someone
 else. You have to screw him first.

DEBORAH
 (yelling)
 NO!

Everyone inside the bar, including Jamison and the Blonde Woman, hear her and turn to look.

Deborah drops to the ground and nobody really sees her and turns away.

She crawls out of the way of the window and stands up.

She runs back to her car holding her hand over her mouth and crying.

JANEANE (O.S.)
 You'll learn. I had to learn in my
 day. And you'll learn. Soon.

EXT. LARSON HOUSE - MOMENTS LATER

Deborah abruptly stops her car and parks in front of her house. She sprints inside.

INT. LARSON HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Deborah walks into the house and immediately goes to the door to the basement.

She turns on the light as she runs down the stairs.

She goes to a bookcase in the back of the room.

Deborah reaches up to a copy of Betty Friedan's "The Feminine Mystique" and pulls on it. The bookcase rotates and she walks in to the secret room.

She grabs an apron from the wall and walks over to a freezer and opens it. Inside are dozens of small finger-sized boxes, each wrapped with a single red silk bow.

She picks up a half dozen of the boxes and takes them to a fridge on the other side of the room. She puts them in the fridge alongside several of the boxes already chilled.

She grabs one of the boxes and takes it to a small cafe-style table across the room.

Deborah sets down the box. She carefully unwraps the ribbon and opens the box.

Inside is the ring finger of a white man, with the ring still attached.

She takes the finger out and pulls the ring off. She tosses it into a metal tin where dozens of similar rings sit.

She takes a bite of the finger, making sure to avoid the bone.

JANEANE (O.S.)

That is more like it. Now you're thinking straight.

Deborah takes another bite.

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

A good snack always cheered you up.

Deborah is about halfway through with eating the finger.

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

I see that you're still using my old recipe. I wish you'd use the one after I got rid of your father.

DEBORAH

I'm thinking you may be right.

JANEANE (O.S.)

I always am.

DEBORAH

No, you aren't. You're always wrong. Except maybe this time.

JANEANE (O.S.)

So what are you going to do?

DEBORAH

I'm going to find out the truth. And if you are right, then he'll go the same way daddy did.

JANEANE (O.S.)
Like mother, like daughter.

DEBORAH
God, I fucking hope not.

EXT. LARSON HOUSE - DAY

It's the next morning. Jamison drives away. Once again, Deborah follows.

EXT. THE BEAST WITHIN OFFICES - LATER

Jamison pulls into the parking lot of a small production studio with a big sign that says "The Beast Within. Now on Amazon Prime!"

Jamison parks and goes inside.

INT. THE BEAST WITHIN OFFICES - MOMENTS LATER

The entire 12-person staff of "The Beast Within" sits around the table, with Jamison seated at the head of the table.

JAMISON
Okay, let's hear some ideas for the upcoming season. Last year was great, but let's bump things up a bit and get some more travel on the schedule.

Jamison holds a small squishy ball while he talks.

JAMISON (CONT'D)
Who is up first?

Hands go up around the room. Jamison looks at a woman, SHERRY, 20s, who has her hand up. He tosses her the squishy ball.

JAMISON (CONT'D)
Sherry!

She catches the ball.

SHERRY
Thanks! I think it's about time to do a mountain downhill again.

JAMISON
Those are always fun. What
mountain?

SHERRY
Which one did we do last time?

PETER, 40, chimes in.

PETER
It was in Vermont, right?

JAMISON
Highland Mountain?

SHERRY
No, that's in New Hampshire?

PETER
Mount Snow?

JAMISON
That's the one!

SHERRY
We should definitely do something
in the West.

JAMISON
That would be cheaper.

JANET, 45, also speaks up.

JANET
What about Trestle Park?

PETER
Yes! I've done that one before,
it's great.

JAMISON
Where is it?

JANET
Colorado. Winter Park. Near Denver.

JAMISON
That seems doable? Sherry?

SHERRY
Yes. That works.

She starts writing notes down on a legal pad sitting before
her.

EXT. THE BEAST WITHIN OFFICES - LATER

Deborah sits in the car staring at the building.

She's absent-mindedly tunes the radio and stares out the window at the office building.

She sighs.

INT. THE BEAST WITHIN OFFICES - LATER

Peter now has the squishy ball.

PETER

I've brought this up before and I'll bring it up again.

SHERRY

Ugh.

PETER

I think it would be great to do an entire series over the Appalachian Trail.

SHERRY

And I'm still opposed. It's so done.

JAMISON

Put it on the list, we'll consider it.

PETER

Sweet!

Sherry writes it down, but she's unhappy doing it.

JAMISON

Alright, let's keep this going, who's next?

EXT. DEBORAH'S CAR - CONTINUOUS

Deborah looks at the clock. It reads 9:13.

EXT. DEBORAH'S CAR - LATER

Deborah wakes up with a snort.

Deborah looks at the clock. It reads 10:45. Jamison still hasn't appeared.

DEBORAH
This was a waste of time.

JANEANE (O.S.)
No! Be patient.

Deborah starts the car and drives off.

INT. POLICE CAR - DAY

Smith is driving and Jacobs rides along.

JACOBS
I'm so glad you transferred here.
So glad.

SMITH
You've already told me that 10
times. It's been a week.

JACOBS
You just have no idea how much I
hate driving in the morning.

Jacobs wears sunglasses and isn't particularly well shaven.
Maybe he has shaven this week, maybe last.

SMITH
How late did you stay last night?

JACOBS
Till closing. That was my partner
for the last seven years. I'm
definitely gonna miss Carter, but
he couldn't drive. Didn't even have
a license.

SMITH
How does one get to be a cop
without a license?

JACOBS
Live in a small town. With a low
crime rate.

Smith turns and looks at Jacobs with bemusement.

SMITH
I guess I'm about to find out.

JACOBS
Where'd you end up landing a place?

SMITH
Out by the...
(use air quotes)
...airport.

JACOBS
Oh, you mean that grass field near
the vineyard?

They laugh.

SMITH
It's nice enough. For now.

JACOBS
Where'd you say you were from? I
was a little, shall we say,
occupied?

SMITH
Do you actually know all of those
women?

JACOBS
One way or another.

SMITH
I'm from Boston originally. Worked
on the force in New Haven.

JACOBS
Connecticut?

SMITH
That's the one. I was doing fine in
Boston, but I wanted to break out.
Both my father and my brother are a
big deal in Boston. I wanted to do
my own thing. You?

JACOBS
Been here for 15, homicide for the
last half of it. You married?

SMITH
No, I'm pretty focused on my
career. I just don't have time for
that yet.

JACOBS
Never met the right woman? Person?

SMITH
Woman. I met her.

Jacobs waits for him to respond.

JACOBS
Yeah, I met mine, too. Married her.
Drove her away. Now I bury myself
in replacements.

SMITH
I... uh....

They drive along in silence.

INT. JAMISON'S OFFICE - LATER

As Deborah is driving out of the parking lot, Jamison sees her from his office window. She doesn't notice. A police car is parked at the front of the parking lot.

Jamison reaches in his pocket and starts to call Deborah when he gets a knock on the door.

MELODY
Jamison? There are...
(whispers)
...two police officers...
(normal voice)
...um... here to see you.

Jamison hangs up the phone.

JAMISON
Coming.

He opens the door and Jacobs and Smith are standing there, Jacobs still wears his sunglasses.

SMITH
Mr. Larson.

JAMISON
Officer...?

SMITH
Detective Smith.

He reaches out and shakes Jamison's hand.

JACOBS
Jacobs.

Jamison and Jacobs shake hands.

JAMISON
Come in and have a seat, gentlemen.

Smith walks straight to one of the chairs in front of Jamison's desk and sits down. Jacobs lingers, checking out the various framed pictures on the wall. They show various shots of Jamison in action in the wilderness. Climbing mountains. Playing with wild animals (but he is NOT a trophy hunter, so all these animals are alive). A few with celebrities that are outdoorsy, like Steve Irwin.

Jacobs sits down.

JAMISON (CONT'D)
To what do I owe the honor of your visit today, detectives?

Smith opens up a notepad.

SMITH
Today, we're just here to ask you a few questions.

JACOBS
Let's just say "we're interested."

Smith looks over at him with disapproval.

JAMISON
I'm an open book. Shoot.

Jamison chuckles.

JAMISON (CONT'D)
Get it?

JACOBS
Oh, we get it.

SMITH
Mr. Larson...

JAMISON
Call me Jamison.

SMITH
Okay, Jamison, where were you...

JAMISON
My assistant, Melody, has my schedule. I travel quite a bit for the show.

JACOBS
What kind of show?

JAMISON
You haven't seen it yet?

JACOBS
I don't watch a lot of TV.

JAMISON
It's not on TV, it's on the web.

SMITH
We're pretty busy these days.

JACOBS
What with all the murders and such.

Jamison walks over to a bookshelf and gets them a pamphlet about the show. He gives it to Smith.

SMITH
"The Beast Within?"

Smith hands the pamphlet to Jacobs.

JACOBS
This some kind of outdoorsy show?

JAMISON
Mountain biking. I ride in extreme circumstances and it's filmed.

JACOBS
And that's a real job?

JAMISON
It is now.

SMITH
How long have you been doing this show?

JAMISON
We're about to start our fourth year.

JACOBS
How about that?

Smith stands up. The others follow.

SMITH

Well, if your assistant gives us the details on your schedule, that's all we need for now.

JACOBS

But don't leave town or anything.

Jamison is annoyed.

JAMISON

I just told you I have to travel for the show.

JACOBS

Got you!

SMITH

He was just kidding. We'll be in touch if we have anything else.

JAMISON

Thank you.

He ushers them out and shuts the door behind them.

Jamison walks to the window and stares out at where Deborah's car was earlier.

JAMISON (CONT'D)

What could you have been doing here, Deborah? What indeed?

INT. DEBORAH'S CAR - LATER

Deborah drives around distractedly. She's going slow and fiddles with her iPod.

She almost swerves into the oncoming traffic lane as other cars come by. She settles on loud aggressive rap.

JANEANE (O.S.)

What the hell is that noise?

Deborah turns it up.

She picks up a real estate magazine and looks at the address for a realtor that she had previously circled. The name on the ad is "Bruce Lodge Real Estate."

DEBORAH

Don't worry, Mother, I'll feed you soon.

She parks and goes inside.

INT. LODGE REAL ESTATE - MOMENTS LATER

A SECRETARY, 28, walks out of Bruce Lodge's office, leaving the door open.

SECRETARY

Ms. Larson, Mr. Lodge will see you now.

Deborah walks into the office and the secretary shuts the door behind her.

INT. LODGE'S OFFICE - MOMENTS LATER

Deborah sits across from BRUCE LODGE, 50. Lodge is a rather large man. He is very well dressed and the office is both very neat and really too nice. Conspicuously grand. He wants people to know that Lodge Real Estate makes money.

LODGE

What can I do for you, Ms...?

DEBORAH

Larson. Deborah Larson.

LODGE

Ms. Larson. Deborah?

She nods.

DEBORAH

Well, I came in here because I was interested in looking at a new property...

LODGE

(smiling)

Those are the words I like to hear.

DEBORAH

But I think I'm on to something new and shiny.

His smile switches to an exaggerated frown.

LODGE

Oooh, denied!

DEBORAH

Not exactly.

LODGE
You have my attention.

DEBORAH
I... I think I want to work here.

LODGE
(laughing)
Well, that's a pretty big leap. I assume you have real estate experience?

DEBORAH
Not exactly. I've done my coursework, but I haven't obtained my license yet.

LODGE
Well, that might be a little problem.

DEBORAH
Oh, I know I need to get it before I can make a sale.

LODGE
So, you've done some homework.

DEBORAH
I'm not ready, but I will be soon.

LODGE
And what are you asking me?

DEBORAH
Give me a chance? See if I have what it takes?

Lodge waves his arms around the fancy office.

LODGE
Why would I do that? I'm doing quite well as you can see.

DEBORAH
Sure, you're living well, but good could be better.

LODGE
I do like that attitude.

DEBORAH
Not only do I have a good attitude, I'm also tenacious...

LODGE
I can see that.

DEBORAH
And I am a quick learner.

LODGE
Okay, tell me something you've
learned since you've been here
today?

Deborah looks around the room panicked. Lodge smiles.

She looks down at her hands for a second and then composes herself.

DEBORAH
Well, I already knew that Lodge
Real Estate is the most profitable
firm in the tri-county area.

LODGE
You've done a LOT of homework.

DEBORAH
And that means, if I want to get
good at this job and make money
from it, there's nobody better to
learn from than you.

LODGE
Well, well... Deborah, I do believe
that you are trying to flatter me.

Deborah looks uncertain, as if she's made a miscalculation.

LODGE (CONT'D)
Don't worry. Flattery will get you
everywhere.

Deborah looks relieved.

EXT. GROCERY STORE - NIGHT

Carnage sits in his van outside a grocery store that is popular enough to still be busy in the early evening. It is at the end of a street where several active sorority houses sit.

Carnage stares at the front door of the grocery store.

He watches as several customers walk out of the grocery store. He also sees several people go in and out of a bar next to the grocery store.

Jacobs drunkenly walks out of the bar and leans up against the building, barely staying upright. Carnage sees him, but doesn't recognize him and doesn't see him as a threat.

Carnage looks down at a picture of JENNIFER TRAILS, 22.

He looks up and sees Trails coming out of the store. She is very, very pregnant. She walks past Jacobs, who wobbles as he stares after her.

Carnage pulls his van towards the direction that Jennifer is headed.

EXT. GROCERY STORE - CONTINUOUS

Jacobs pulls a flask out of his pocket and takes a drink. He speaks in the general direction that Jennifer went.

JACOBS

There are bad people in the world
and then there is Detective Jacobs!

He slurs as he speaks and stumbles vaguely in her direction.

JACOBS (CONT'D)

Yup! Here I am! The dopest
motherfucker around!

He tries to stand up proudly as he makes his proclamation, but fails and falls to the ground. He groans and grunts as he falls.

Meanwhile, Carnage has pulled around toward Jennifer.

He stops the van quickly right in front of her.

She is startled.

The van door opens.

Carnage hops out and grabs Jennifer.

He puts a chloroformed rag to her face.

As she falls unconscious, Carnage pulls her into the van.

Jacobs raises his head to look toward the van and raises his hand.

JACOBS (CONT'D)
Hey... don't...

He falls back to the ground, unconscious.

Carnage walks over to Jacobs and lifts his head up off the ground and studies his face.

He drops Jacobs, gets in the van and drives off.

EXT. GROCERY STORE - LATER

MANNY, 25, walks along and finds Jacobs on the ground.

Manny walks over to Jacobs and lifts his head up off the ground.

MANNY
Shit... Jacobs.

Jacobs stirs a bit.

JACOBS
Where'd she go?

Manny recoils.

MANNY
Jesus, man, what the fuck have you
been drinking.

JACOBS
(giggles)
Fucking EVERYthing.

Manny looks around, impatiently.

MANNY
Man, I can't leave you out here.

He reaches down to help Jacobs up.

JACOBS
Was she in a van?

MANNY
(looking around)
Who?

Jacobs vomits.

MANNY (CONT'D)
Dammit, man!

Let's get you a cab.

JACOBS

Yeah...

He vomits a bit more.

JACOBS (CONT'D)

I gotta get to work.

INT. POLICE STATION - DAY

Smith waits outside Anderson's office, looking around impatiently.

Jacobs arrives. Clearly hung over and wearing yesterday's clothes.

SMITH

Maybe next time, you could be only
15 minutes late?

JACOBS

Getting a little bold for a rookie,
eh?

SMITH

Rookie?

Crosstalk.

SMITH (CONT'D)

I've been a cop for a decade...

JACOBS

You're a rookie to me. Here in...

SMITH

I've been in Homicide for two
years...

JACOBS

Yeah, but you've never been a
cop...

SMITH

I was FIRST in my class, not
second, not honorable mention...

JACOBS

In such a burgeoning metropolis.

They look at each other and burst into laughter.

The door to Anderson's office opens and out walk SENATOR JEFF TRAILS, 60, and DOCTOR MEGAN TRAILS, 50. Both are visibly upset.

After they are gone, Capt. Anderson comes out.

ANDERSON

What the hell are you clowns
giggling about? You LATE clowns.

JACOBS

I just read a really choice Family
Circus strip.

ANDERSON

Get in here.

She waves them into her office.

SMITH

It was one of the ones where Billy
takes the longest route home from
the bus stop and they follow him
with one of those dotted lines.

JACOBS

It's a certifiable hoot.

Anderson scowls at them and they finally walk in.

INT. ANDERSON'S OFFICE - MOMENTS LATER

Anderson sits behind her desk. The office is meticulously well-kept. The bookshelves behind her desk have standard police manuals and textbooks. Several shelves hold framed pictures of her extended family.

Jacobs and Smith walk in and sit down.

JACOBS

Who was that?

ANDERSON

That was Sen. and Dr. Trails.

SMITH

Here about the daughter?

ANDERSON

Here about how this department
isn't doing enough to find the
daughter.

JACOBS
I'd like to talk to him about child
visitation rights.

SMITH
Was he upset?

ANDERSON
They both were. And now I am. I
don't like getting pressure from
politicos. Makes me itchy.

She scratches her arms and back a little bit.

Smith flips through the case file for Jones. He stops on a
particular page.

SMITH
This is accurate?

He waves the file in Anderson's general direction.

ANDERSON
What do you think?

JACOBS
Good enough for government work,
right?

SMITH
Something here doesn't make sense.

JACOBS
What?

SMITH
Well, if this is accurate, we...

Anderson sits up and pays even closer attention.

SMITH (CONT'D)
Well, all the murders are done with
different MOs, different victim
profiles. No consistency.

ANDERSON
So, you think they were done by
different people?

JACOBS
(crosstalk)
Probably.

SMITH

Not yet.

ANDERSON

What the hell do you mean?

SMITH

I mean to say that...

JACOBS

We're close.

Smith turns and looks at Jacobs with disdain and then back at Anderson.

SMITH

No, we're not close, but we're...

JACOBS

Getting closer.

ANDERSON

Well, we aren't close enough yet.
And now we have eyes on us that
weren't there before.

JACOBS

Shit.

ANDERSON

Shit is right.

INT. LARSON HOUSE - DAY

Deborah refills her wine glass and watches the news.

ANCHOR

Sources inside the police
department have confirmed that the
woman, Felicia Jones, was last seen
on Sorority Row, leaving Blarney's,
a local pub, on her way back to the
Delta Delta Delta sorority house.

Deborah drains her wine and pours another.

ANCHOR (CONT'D)

Police Captain Jackie Anderson
confirmed that the murder rate in
the county is up significantly over
last year. All officers are working
overtime for the foreseeable
future.

Deborah turns the TV off.

JANEANE (O.S.)
You know what he's doing.

She finishes the rest of the wine bottle.

JANEANE (O.S.) (CONT'D)
He's just like your father.

Deborah rubs her forehead and sighs.

DEBORAH
You're probably right.

JANEANE (O.S.)
You have to find out for sure.

DEBORAH
I don't want to.

JANEANE (O.S.)
But you have to.

DEBORAH
No. I don't. I love him. And if I
keep following him, I'm going to
get caught. And then that'll be the
end of it. And that's the last
thing I want.

JANEANE (O.S.)
And that's how I felt about your
father. At first.

DEBORAH
Shut up! I have to go to work.

JANEANE
Work? Since when do you work?
You're a housewife.

Deborah walks out the house and slams the door behind her.

INT. LODGE REAL ESTATE - LATER

The entire firm sits around a expensive table. Like Jay-Z
expensive. This is the morning meeting.

Bruce Lodge sits at the head of the table.

LODGE

Okay, let's get started. Let's start with our new superstar, Deborah, I hear you have some good news for us?

DEBORAH

Thank you, Mr. Lodge.

LODGE

Bruce.

DEBORAH

Thank you, Bruce.

She stands and straightens her tasteful and modest skirt before addressing the room.

As Deborah stands up, everyone is watching her, but Lodge seems to be paying extra attention, cocking his head a bit at an angle to fully take her in.

DEBORAH (CONT'D)

First off, I'd like to thank Mr... Bruce, for giving me the opportunity. I'm quite new to this, so I wasn't sure I could do it.

She opens a planner in front of her on the table.

DEBORAH (CONT'D)

I've never really done any kind of sales before. And so when I got this job, I thought, if I'm going to do this well, I need to be original. Come up with new ideas.

Lodge smiles. It's not a fully happy smile, though.

DEBORAH (CONT'D)

And since I've yet to obtain my license, so Mr. Lodge...

LODGE

Bruce.

DEBORAH

So, Bruce had to formalize the sale, but...

She looks around the room and then at Lodge.

DEBORAH (CONT'D)

We have landed the Collins account.

Around the table, Deborah's new co-workers react with surprise.

LODGE

We've been trying to get that account for more than a year.

DEBORAH

It's simply a matter of understanding people's motives and acting upon that understanding.

Lodge takes another look at her, clearly impressed.

LODGE

We're definitely going to have to keep an eye on you, Deborah, aren't we?

EXT. LODGE REAL ESTATE - LATER

Deborah drives out of the Lodge Real Estate parking lot. She drives several blocks before she pulls into a gas station.

She gets out to pump her gas.

As Deborah closes her car door, an OLD WOMAN, 70, approaches her.

Deborah puts the pump into the gas tank.

OLD WOMAN

It's wrong.

Deborah glances in the old woman's direction and then turns back to the gas pump.

OLD WOMAN (CONT'D)

It's wrong!

Deborah looks up again.

DEBORAH

Are you talking to me?

OLD WOMAN

Your aura!

DEBORAH

What?

OLD WOMAN

It's wrong!

DEBORAH
What are you...

OLD WOMAN
You need help.

The woman is now close enough to touch Deborah.

DEBORAH
No thank you, I'm fine.

Deborah tries to turn away from the old woman.

The woman reaches out and grasps Deborah's wrist.

Deborah jumps in reaction.

OLD WOMAN
Mark my words...

Deborah tries to pull her arm away.

OLD WOMAN (CONT'D)
...if you want to survive...

The old woman reaches out to Deborah and puts a scrap of paper in Deborah's other hand.

OLD WOMAN (CONT'D)
...find this man.

Deborah pulls away from the old woman, who begins to walk away.

DEBORAH
Who are you? What...

OLD WOMAN
Who I am doesn't matter.

DEBORAH
It matters to....

The gas pump stops. Deborah jumps again and then looks at the pump.

She looks down at the piece of paper in her hand. It reads "Awge Wedo."

Deborah looks back up, but the old woman is gone.

Janeane screams in her ear and she forgets about the piece of paper, putting it in her pocket.

INT. CARNAGE'S MAZE - NIGHT

Carnage walks into a chamber connected to his underground maze.

Jennifer Trails is alive and tied to a chair in the room with the Murder Board.

Tied up next to her is a large, athletic white man, CHUCK WEBB, 28.

Carnage walks across the room to a big wall-sized board filled with descriptions of various types of people with separate squares for different types of people, like "Straight white man," "Pregnant woman and baby," "Bus driver," "Ship captain," etc.

Quite a few of the squares have pictures in them, no two pictures look alike.

At the top of the murder board is a slot beneath the words "current target."

In that spot, he takes down the picture of Felicia and puts up a picture of Chuck.

Carnage places Felicia's picture over "Born in Atlanta."

Jennifer screams behind her gag.

INT. LARSON HOUSE - NIGHT

As usual, Deborah is at home alone drinking wine while watching the news.

ANCHOR

More details have emerged concerning the disappearance of Bob Andrews. Channel 4 has learned that he first went missing on the night of July 14. His absence was not reported for two more days after.

Deborah looks at the TV quizzically.

JANEANE (O.S.)

Yes. That's it.

Deborah ignores Janeane. She picks up the remote and rewinds the live show with her TiVo.

ANCHOR

He first went missing on the night
of July 14.

Deborah stops the TV.

She gets up and walks over and grabs her planner off of the
dining room table.

JANEANE (O.S.)

You already know.

Deborah opens up the planner. As she's flipping through the
pages, she sees several times where it says "Jamison out of
town." Each lists a destination. Colorado. Michigan. Tahoe.

When she gets to the page for July 14 it says "Jamison out of
town. Destination TBA."

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

See. It has to be him.

Deborah shuts the planner.

DEBORAH

You're right.

Deborah stands up.

JANEANE (O.S.)

It's about time you listened to
your mother.

She goes back into the kitchen and puts on her apron.

The table has a large pan filled with severed fingers. Near
it sit dozens of boxes and she begins putting the fingers
into the boxes and wrapping them with the ribbons.

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

I always knew that man was a
killer.

DEBORAH

Of course you did.

JANEANE (O.S.)

You know what you have to do.

Deborah takes a bite of one of the fingers then sets it down
and starts wrapping another.

DEBORAH

I do.

JANEANE (O.S.)
How are you going to do it?

DEBORAH
Don't worry about that.

JANEANE (O.S.)
It's his fault your home is empty.

DEBORAH
No, the doctor said it was mine.

She picks up the finger and bites it again.

JANEANE (O.S.)
A good husband...

DEBORAH
Shut up.

She pulls the ribbon tight on another box.

INT. CARNAGE'S MAZE - NIGHT

Chuck, bleeds from his forehead and stumbles through the maze.

He looks behind him to see if Carnage is following him.

Chuck comes to an intersection and pauses. He wipes his hand on his forehead and it's covered in blood. He wipes in on the wall a few feet down the left tunnel, leaving a handprint.

Chuck backtracks and runs down the right tunnel.

When he hits a corner and turns right, afraid Carnage will be there, but nothing.

A little while later, he turns another tunnel to the left.

Carnage stands in front of him.

Chuck backs away from Carnage and trips, falling backwards against the tunnel wall.

Carnage raises up the hammer.

Chuck holds up his hands and turns his head away from Carnage and against the wall.

Carnage swings the hammer like a baseball bat and smashes into Chuck's chest, crushing it and indenting into the wall behind him.

Blood spurts from Chuck's mouth as he dies.

INT. CARNAGE'S MAZE - MOMENTS LATER

Carnage returns to the chamber where Jennifer is tied up.

She is awake and watching him nervously. She whimpers any time he gets closer to her.

He stops and looks at her for a second.

He walks across the room with the Murder Board.

He reaches up and takes the picture of Chuck from the target spot and placing it on the Murder Board in the spot that says "Tough Mudder."

He then places Jennifer's picture in the target slot.

Jennifer tries to scream through her gag as Carnage stares at her.

He shambles in her direction.

INT. LODGE REAL ESTATE - DAY

The next morning, Deborah sits in Lodge's office.

LODGE

You've been doing very well here.
Are you enjoying it?

DEBORAH

Thank you for giving me the
opportunity. My experience level
isn't quite up to the standards of
your other employees.

LODGE

Don't worry about that at all.
Experience can be gained.
Personality can't.

DEBORAH

And what would you like me to
tackle next?

Lodge reaches his hand down towards his desk to pick up a folder.

Deborah looks at his hands and notices that the fingers on both hands have significant amounts of dirt under the fingers. She can't contain the look of revulsion that creeps onto her face.

LODGE
I would like you...

He stops as he notices the look of revulsion.

She looks up at his face. For a second she thinks he's going to say something about the fingers.

LODGE (CONT'D)
...to take a look at these rental properties...

He hands her the folder. She forces her face back to a more neutral look.

LODGE (CONT'D)
...and make sure that all the signs are still up, that there are enough fliers, that there isn't any new damage, etc.

She hesitates at first but reaches out her hand to take the folder.

DEBORAH
Certainly, I can get that done.

LODGE
Right away?

DEBORAH
Right away.

She stands up and walks out of the office.

Lodge stares at her as she goes, absent mindedly picking the dirt out of his fingernails.

EXT. AWGE'S SHOP - DAY

Deborah stands on the street corner in a run-down part of town.

From around the corner of the block comes VICKI, 35-ish, Deborah's sister.

The sisters wave at each other, then hug.

DEBORAH
Thanks for coming. I didn't want to
do this alone.

VICKI
It's weird. But, weird is a
relative concept.

DEBORAH
I still don't know why I'm here.

JANEANE (O.S.)
You shouldn't be.

DEBORAH
Did you hear that?

VICKI
Hear what?

DEBORAH
Nevermind.

They start walking towards the door of Awge's shop.

JANEANE (O.S.)
Stop!

Deborah almost falls in reaction to the pain in her head.

Vicki puts her hand on Deborah's shoulder.

VICKI
Are you okay?

JANEANE (O.S.)
You won't be if you go in there.

Deborah smacks her head with both hands several times.

DEBORAH
(softly)
Go away.

VICKI
What?

Deborah holds her head for a second, shakes it and opens her
eyes.

She pauses for a second.

DEBORAH
Nothing.

She walks towards the shop and puts her hand on the door.

Janeane screams so loud that it knocks Deborah unconscious. Vicki even feels the force of the scream and flinches.

Deborah rolls around on the ground screaming and smacking herself in the head.

VICKI
Stop it! Stop it!

She jumps down and grabs Deborah's hands and wrestles with her until Deborah is no longer harming herself.

Once Deborah calms down, Vicki grabs her by the hand and they walk away from Awge's shop.

INT. RESTAURANT - LATER

Deborah has already finished her first glass of wine and the WAITRESS, early 20s, refills it.

VICKI
Do you want to talk about it?

DEBORAH
There's nothing to talk about.

VICKI
You sure?

DEBORAH
No.

VICKI
Whatever you need.

Deborah takes a sip of her wine.

DEBORAH
Thanks.

VICKI
Any time.

Vicki eats her food, but Deborah just picks at hers, eating nothing.

DEBORAH
I'm hungry.

Vicki gestures at Deborah's plate.

VICKI

Then eat.

Deborah pushes the plate away.

DEBORAH

No... I'm HUNGRY.

VICKI

Wha... oh.

DEBORAH

Yeah.

VICKI

I didn't know you still...

DEBORAH

I never stopped.

VICKI

Jesus!

(softens her voice)

Deborah!

DEBORAH

Are you saying you did?

VICKI

Of course I did. Mom was crazy.

DEBORAH

But she took care of us.

VICKI

Listen. Do you still like the
finger thing?

DEBORAH

(lustfully)

Yes.

VICKI

You shouldn't.

DEBORAH

I... I know.

VICKI

And that's mom's fault.

DEBORAH

I know.

VICKI
But you can't stop?

DEBORAH
No.

Deborah isn't eating, but the wine flows.

VICKI
I understand.

DEBORAH
Do you?

VICKI
Yes. I was there, too. I did it
too.

DEBORAH
But you stopped?

VICKI
It was a crazy thing to do.

DEBORAH
But you did it too?

VICKI
I didn't know any better.

Vicki puts her hand on Deborah's.

VICKI (CONT'D)
You didn't know any better.

DEBORAH
I didn't. You didn't.

VICKI
Mom did.

DEBORAH
I know. But I'm not like her.

VICKI
I hope not.

They both gulp down more wine.

VICKI (CONT'D)
Do you still go by the code?

DEBORAH
Of course! Just because mother
didn't... I'm not like her!

VICKI
Okay, okay, don't get your drawers
in a bunch!

Deborah finishes her wine.

DEBORAH
I have to go.

VICKI
I know.

Deborah puts her napkin on the plate of uneaten food.

Vicki pulls a fry off of the plate and takes a bite.

DEBORAH
I miss you.

VICKI
Be careful.

DEBORAH
I always am.

EXT. BAR - LATER

Deborah walks into the same bar she previously spied on
Jamison at.

INT. BAR - CONTINUOUS

Deborah walks up to the bar and orders a glass of wine from
the bartender, JOANIE, who is in her 50s.

A white man in a relatively expensive suit, MARTIN, late 40s,
sits down next to her.

MARTIN
Joanie, put that one on my tab.

Deborah looks at his wedding ring.

DEBORAH
(smiling)
Well, thank you, sir. And what
trouble are you getting into
tonight?

EXT. EMPTY HOUSE #1 - LATER

Deborah pulls up in her car in front of a house with a for sale sign out front (but NOT Lodge's realty). She turns off the lights.

She pauses to look around and make sure that no one is around, especially nosy neighbors.

Seeing no one, Deborah gets out of the car and goes around to her trunk.

She opens it to reveal Martin is inside, unconscious.

Deborah pulls her apron from the truck and puts it on.

Then she reaches into the car and grabs a thick blanket. She throws it on the ground and pulls Martin onto it roughly. She grabs the blanket and starts dragging him towards the house.

INT. EMPTY HOUSE #1 - CONTINUOUS

The house is unfurnished with hardwood floors.

In the dining room, Deborah has set up plastic sheeting around the entire room, including the table in the middle that she straps Martin to.

She makes sure to splay his arms out and, in particular, that his hands are very clearly visible.

Deborah pulls out a military bone saw. Dirty and oft-used.

She takes the saw and cuts off the thumb on the hand closest to her. Blood begins to flow.

Martin wakes up screaming and struggles against the restraints.

It causes Deborah to make a jagged cut on the next finger

DEBORAH

Dammit, that one is totally ruined!
Stay still!

He begins to scream as she continues to cut fingers.

Martin stops screaming.

Martin stops moving.

Deborah keeps cutting.

INT. LARSON HOUSE - LATER

Deborah walks in the door. Jamison waits for her, pacing back and forth.

JAMISON

What...

She walks past him.

DEBORAH

Don't.

JAMISON

What do you mean don't? Do you know how...

DEBORAH

"...worried you've been?"

She moves toward the kitchen.

JAMISON

What's that supposed to mean?

DEBORAH

It means that I'm so lonely that I've been talking to my dead mother.

JAMISON

Again?

She stops for a second, but doesn't turn to face him.

DEBORAH

(softly)

What did you say?

JAMISON

I... I... I was joking.

DEBORAH

Don't quit your day job.

JAMISON

What is that supposed to...

DEBORAH

I was joking.

JAMISON

Oh. You were serious.

DEBORAH
Are you done?

JAMISON
Am I?

DEBORAH
I'm clearly not in the mood for
this.

JAMISON
Are you ever?

DEBORAH
Maybe I never will be again.

JAMISON
I can't believe that you...

Deborah walks out of the room.

JAMISON (CONT'D)
Come back here! I wasn't done.

He waits.

She doesn't come back and doesn't say anything.

He walks out the door.

EXT. LARSON HOUSE - DAY

Deborah gets in her car.

DEBORAH
Let's try this again.

She drives off.

EXT. THE BEAST WITHIN OFFICES - DAY

She pulls into the parking lot at Jamison's office and pulls into a spot.

Deborah pulls the keys out of the ignition and prepares to get out of her car.

She sees a cop car pulls into the parking lot.

Deborah shuts the car door softly before it even opens.

She watches the cops go inside.

INT. JAMISON'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Smith and Jacobs stand before Jamison's personal assistant's desk, looking a bit annoyed.

SMITH

Do you know when he'll be back?

PERSONAL ASSISTANT

No, I do not. Mr. Jamison is on location filming. He very often is out of the office as he is the star of the show.

JACOBS

And where's he at now?

PERSONAL ASSISTANT

Do you have a warrant?

SMITH

It's not that kind of visit.

JACOBS

Yet.

PERSONAL ASSISTANT

Well no matter what kind of visit it is, Mr. Larson isn't here and I do not know when he will be back.

SMITH

Thank you for your time.

He hands her a business card with his contact info.

JACOBS

Yeah, thanks a lot.

INT. DEBORAH'S CAR - CONTINUOUS

Seconds after the police officers walk inside, Deborah sees Jamison leave out the back door of the building and jump into a car she's never seen before.

JANEANE (O.S.)

Maybe it belongs to that floozy?

DEBORAH

What the fuck is a floozy?

Deborah follows him.

DEBORAH (CONT'D)
It had better not be.

She pulls out onto the road.

JANEANE (O.S.)
Or what?

DEBORAH
Or I'll do what I need to do.

JANEANE (O.S.)
It's about time.

Deborah continues to follow him for a few more blocks.

DEBORAH
Wait a minute... I know exactly
where he's going.

She quickly turns right down a side street.

Seconds later, Jamison turns right down another side street.

EXT. STORAGE CENTER - MOMENTS LATER

Deborah is parked in front of a storage center, watching the front entrance.

She sees Jamison park and go inside.

Although she has never seen him wear one before, Jamison wears a cowboy hat.

Seconds later, he comes back out and opens the trunk of his car.

Jamison gets a body out of the trunk and carries it inside.

DEBORAH
That is definitely too big to be
that blonde whore.

After Jamison has been inside for a few moments, Deborah quietly gets out of her car and follows.

INT. STORAGE CENTER - CONTINUOUS

The Larson storage unit is in the back of the climate-controlled building, far from the entrance.

Deborah tip toes down the hall and slowly approaches the Larson storage unit.

Jamison left the door to the storage unit slightly cracked. Deborah peers in.

Deborah goes up and peeks inside through the carelessly left cracked door.

She sees Jamison towering over a man, BRUCE, 40, who is strapped to a chair.

Jamison brandishes a machete and Bruce squirms.

Jamison walks right up to Bruce and holds the machete up at Bruce's head. He pulls the gag out of Bruce's mouth.

BRUCE

C'mon man, don't do this! I was kidding! I would never do that to my wife!

Jamison continues to bring the machete closer and closer to Bruce's mouth.

BRUCE (CONT'D)

What are you doing? What are you gonna...

Jamison pushes the machete into Bruce's mouth. Bruce starts to scream.

Jamison continues to push it in and the machete begins to cut the side of Bruce's mouth open. He screams.

Jamison pushes harder and harder and Bruce starts to gurgle and blood starts coming out of his mouth much faster.

He screams one last time and his eyes roll up into his head as Jamison pushes the machete in and up into Bruce's brain until he hits skull.

Deborah backs away and stops, her back against the wall around the corner where Jamison can't see her.

She smiles and puts her hand on her chest as she takes several deep breaths.

She leaves.

EXT. STORAGE CENTER - CONTINUOUS

Deborah runs out of the storage center, a big smile on her face.

She jumps in the car and drives off.

INT. LARSON HOUSE - NIGHT

Deborah is now wearing her sexiest, but still tasteful, lingerie. She sits at the dining room table with two of the finger boxes in front of her.

She hears Jamison's key slip into the lock and he walks in. He puts down his fedora and blazer.

DEBORAH
Jay? C'mere.

He walks into the dining room

JAMISON
Oh, honey, wow. Look....

She puts her finger to her lips to quiet him.

DEBORAH
Shhhhh... sit down.

She slides one of the finger boxes over to him.

DEBORAH (CONT'D)
Go ahead. Open it.

He picks up the box and opens it. He looks at the finger inside and then looks at her.

JAMISON
What is this?

DEBORAH
What does it look like?

She opens up her box and takes out the finger.

Deborah smiles at Jamison. Then she takes a bite of the finger.

The look of shock on Jamison's face slowly curls into a smile.

He's in love with her all over again.

Jamison picks up the finger and takes a bite.

Deborah rushes over to Jamison and they start making out, blood running down their faces.

They start ripping each others' clothes off.

Jamison bumps the table and spills his drink onto the carpet. The two of them break up in laughter.

JAMISON
I'll clean that up later.

DEBORAH
(smiling)
Sure you will.

He grabs her and pulls her in close for a kiss.

JAMISON
Sure I will.

They walk into the bedroom, leaving the stain.

INT. LARSON HOUSE - LATER

The Larsons lay in bed, cuddling. They are naked under the sheet.

Deborah rolls over onto her stomach.

DEBORAH
How long have you been in the game?

JAMISON
"The game," is that what you call it?

DEBORAH
Well, you gotta call it something, right?

JAMISON
I guess so.

DEBORAH
So how long?

JAMISON
Oh, maybe 10 years?

DEBORAH
Haha, rookie!

JAMISON
What, you've been doing it longer?

DEBORAH
Born and raised.

JAMISON
You were raised to kill people?

DEBORAH
Not just kill them. Kill them and
eat them.

She picks up one of her finger boxes off of the night stand,
opens it and takes out the finger.

JAMISON
I guess that wasn't your idea?

DEBORAH
Family tradition.

JAMISON
Not my family.

She rolls on top of him and kisses him.

DEBORAH
Well, maybe you have a new family
now!

He rolls her back over and is on top of her now.

JAMISON
I think I can handle that.

He kisses her. Then he jumps out of bed.

JAMISON (CONT'D)
I'll clean up the wine.

DEBORAH
(giggling)
You'd better!

She smacks him on the ass as he leaves the room.

EXT. LODGE REAL ESTATE - DAY

As Deborah arrives at the office, she can see that everyone
is gathered outside in the parking lot.

Bruce Lodge shows off his new Lexus. Everyone oohs and aahs over the luxuriousness.

Deborah parks her car and joins them.

Lodge looks up and sees Deborah headed towards the office building.

LODGE

Deborah! Deborah! Come on over!
You've got to see this!

She heads over towards the group, just as someone screams from behind Lodge.

Everyone turns around to see what happened.

A man, REX, 50s, has tripped over the parking block and hurt his ankle.

Deborah rushes over and kneels down to help.

DEBORAH

Wow, Rex, you really went FUBAR on that one, didn't you.

Lodge stares at her, cocking his head as she says FUBAR.

Deborah twists Rex's ankle slightly. He winces.

DEBORAH (CONT'D)

Let me take a look at that.

She carefully pulls up his pants leg.

DEBORAH (CONT'D)

At least you have clean socks. That always helps.

She moves it a little more. He winces again.

Lodge continues to stare at her, his suspicions raised.

She doesn't notice.

DEBORAH (CONT'D)

You're going to need to go to the ER. I wouldn't want to move this thing without you getting x-rayed first.

(laughing)

Anybody got any Motrin...?

Lodge smiles. It's not a friendly smile.

INT. LODGE REAL ESTATE - LATER

Lodge sits at his desk contemplating things. He opens a drawer on his desk and pulls out several Marine combat medals.

He rubs his fingers across their surface.

DEBORAH (O.S.)
Hey, that was wild this morning?

Lodge turns to look at her.

DEBORAH (CONT'D)
With Rex?

Lodge nods as he closes the drawer with the medals in it. He speaks with no emotion.

LODGE
Yes. Yes it was.

DEBORAH
Anyway, everyone else is gone. I'll lock up on my way out.

LODGE
Thank you. Good job out there.

DEBORAH
Oh, no problem, just something I... picked up in my old job.

LODGE
I didn't know you had an old job.

DEBORAH
I wasn't always just a housewife.

LODGE
No, indeed.

She looks down at her watch.

DEBORAH
Speaking of being a housewife, I have to get home.

LODGE
See you tomorrow. Thanks again.

She waves as she walks out.

Lodge sits still until he hears her lock the door.

He gets up and walks across the room and unlocks a safe.

He pulls out the Carnage mask and puts it on.

INT. LARSON HOUSE - NIGHT

That night, Deborah and Jamison are lying in bed together. She reads "Lean In," by Sheryl Sandberg. He reads the day's newspaper.

DEBORAH

Okay, I've got it set up. They're going to take my car before work and they'll give me a ride home.

Jamison looks up from his paper.

JAMISON

You definitely don't need a ride?

DEBORAH

No, it's fine.

JAMISON

Better that way. It might be Saturday, but I'll still be working.

DEBORAH

(smiling)

Yes, you'll be hard at work mountain biking.

JAMISON

It's harder than I make it look.

DEBORAH

I've heard that one before.

They break up into laughter and then they kiss.

INT. CARNAGE'S MAZE - NIGHT

Carnage walks into the room and Jennifer Trails is still tied to the chair, but she is unconscious.

Carnage unties her from the chair and moves her into another room. In the new room, an operating table with stirrups is set up.

Carnage puts her on the operating table, puts her legs in the stirrups and straps her to the table.

He pulls a IV setup over to her and carefully hooks her up to it. The name on the IV bag is misoprostol.

Carnage walks out of the room.

INT. CARNAGE'S MAZE - LATER

Carnage comes back in the room. Trails is awake now and she is very clearly in labor. She screams and cries.

Carnage walks over and sits on a stool between the stirrups.

Jennifer screams louder and more frantically than ever.

Carnage delivers the baby.

INT. CARNAGE'S MAZE - LATER

Carnage stands up and walks out of the room with the baby. Jennifer screams and screams, but he doesn't flinch.

INT. CARNAGE'S MAZE - LATER

Carnage walks back into the room. Jennifer lays on her back in the stirrups.

JENNIFER

Where is he? Where is my baby?

Carnage walks over toward the Murder Board.

JENNIFER (CONT'D)

Who are you? What do you want?

Carnage stops and looks at the Murder Board.

CARNAGE

Do you know what I call it?

Jennifer looks at him, shaking in disbelief.

JENNIFER

C-call what? What... what are you talking about? WHERE'S MY BABY!

CARNAGE

I call it the Murder Board.

Carnage reaches behind the Murder Board.

JENNIFER

You monster! Where is he!

He pulls out a massive sledge hammer.

CARNAGE

And me? They call me Carnage.

JENNIFER

What is that? What are you doing?

CARNAGE

This world? This world is broken.
It's not supposed to be like this.

Carnage walks towards her, hefting the hammer.

JENNIFER

W-what're you...

Jennifer screams.

He brings the hammer down upon her stomach. As it smashes through her body, her spine cracks loudly.

Jennifer stops screaming.

EXT. LARSON HOUSE - DAY

It's a quiet Saturday morning. Carnage drives his van past the Larson house and sees no cars in the driveway. He parks his van on the street and walks around to the back side of the house.

He tries the back door and finds it unlocked.

Carnage slips inside and shuts the door.

INT. LARSON HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Carnage stands still for a moment, listening for any sound.

Hearing none, he softly wanders through the house looking around.

He picks up a photograph of Deborah and Vicki and stares at it.

He walks into the kitchen. Carnage grabs several postcards from the fridge and looks at them, front and back.

He finds one that was addressed to Deborah from Vicki. Vicki's address is on the postcard. He takes the postcard and sticks it in his pocket.

Carnage continues to walk around and after a bit, he goes down into the basement.

He searches through the basement and notices that Deborah has left the door to her secret room open. He walks in.

Carnage looks around the room and sees the empty bloody bucket that held the fingers. And then he finds the bone saw, still bloody.

He lifts his mask up and looks closely at the bone saw.

He licks the blood off of it.

DEBORAH (O.S.)
Who... who are you?

He quickly pulls the mask down and turns around.

DEBORAH (CONT'D)
What are you doing in here?

He turns the bone saw on.

CARNAGE
I am Carnage!

She turns and runs back up the stairs, slamming the door behind her.

She escapes out the back door and grabs a heavy rake from the back yard.

She waits.

No one comes.

She waits some more.

When no one comes, she walks back inside, still carrying the rake.

As she walks through the house, she sees the front door open. She shuts it and locks it.

She turns and goes back to the basement door and looks in.

The lights are out.

She turns the light on and walks down the stairs, weapon ready.

Deborah walks down carefully, checking around the room as she goes, but no one is there.

She relaxes and sets the rake down.

She starts walking up the stairs.

JAMISON (O.S.)

Deborah!

She misses the step and falls sideways onto the floor.

She isn't hurt, but she's in shock.

Jamison appears in the stairwell.

JAMISON (CONT'D)

Oh my god, are you okay!

She leans forward to get up. He rushes to help her.

DEBORAH

He was here.

JAMISON

Who? Who was here?

DEBORAH

He calls himself... Carnage.

INT. CARNAGE'S MAZE - LATER

Carnage walks up to the Murder Board.

He takes Trails picture down from the target position and puts it over a square that says "pregnant woman and baby."

He puts a new picture in the target position. It is a picture of Jamison and Deborah.

INT. LARSON HOUSE - LATER

Jamison and Deborah sit on the couch. Deborah is still shaken from her encounter with Carnage and Jamison has his arm around her shoulders.

JAMISON

How are you doing?

DEBORAH
(breathing deeply)
I've been better.

She opens up her laptop.

JAMISON
Any idea who that guy was?

DEBORAH
No idea. Never seen or heard that
man before. But I'm about to find
out.

She opens an icon on the desktop that says "Security Cams."

JAMISON
And he just appeared in the house?

DEBORAH
I didn't hear him come in. I was
napping.

She starts fast-forwarding the security video.

JAMISON
And you're definitely not hurt?

DEBORAH
Not seriously.

JAMISON
Were you afraid?

She stops fast-forwarding the video.

DEBORAH
I still am. Here we are.

JAMISON
You found him?

DEBORAH
Look.

The video shows a clear view of Carnage's mask. He's staring
directly into the camera.

JAMISON
Jesus Christ.

DEBORAH
Probably not. But I wasn't really
that scared of him.

JAMISON

How could that be? He'd scare the
shit out of me.

She zooms in on the mask.

DEBORAH

He seemed... familiar. I was
afraid, but not of the man standing
before me.

JAMISON

So there was a bigger fear?

DEBORAH

The biggest.

She gets up and goes and pours herself a glass of wine.

JAMISON

I'll tell you mine if you tell me
yours?

DEBORAH

I don't know if I can.

JAMISON

I can go first.

DEBORAH

(she smiles)

No, I can do it.

Deborah drains half her glass of wine.

DEBORAH (CONT'D)

When I was young and my father
wasn't around, my mother not only
took care of us, she disciplined
us.

Jamison walks to get the bottle of wine.

DEBORAH (CONT'D)

When I was... bad...

She drinks the rest of her wine.

DEBORAH (CONT'D)

She sent me to the basement. And
our basement had no lights.

Jamison refills her wine glass.

DEBORAH (CONT'D)
I was alone. Many days. Many
nights.

JAMISON
That sounds horrible.

She drinks more wine.

DEBORAH
I didn't even get to the rats.

She drinks the rest of her wine.

JAMISON
You don't need to. I get it.

DEBORAH
I don't think anyone can ever get
it.

JAMISON
I didn't mean it that way.

DEBORAH
I know. I...

Jamison puts his hand on top of hers.

DEBORAH (CONT'D)
I just can't go back there.

She stands up and takes the bottle from Jamison. She takes a
drink directly from the bottle.

DEBORAH (CONT'D)
What about you?

JAMISON
My biggest fear?

DEBORAH
Yeah.

JAMISON
It would be to lose you.

She pauses for a moment. Then kisses him. They linger.

EXT. VICKI'S HOUSE - LATER

Carnage sneaks into the backyard of Vicki's house.

Through the window, he peers in and sees Vicki washing and putting away dishes.

Unseen by Carnage, a young girl, MAGGIE, 10, walks a small dog on the street.

She sees Carnage and can clearly see his mask.

INT. VICKI'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Vicki turns off the kitchen light and goes into the bathroom.

EXT. VICKI'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Carnage tries the kitchen door, but it's locked.

He takes his fist and punches through the glass in the window door. He reaches through to unlock and open the door.

As Carnage walks into the house, he hears the toilet flush. He walks towards the bathroom.

Vicki opens the bathroom door and sees Carnage standing in front of her.

EXT. VICKI'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Maggie walks closer to the house. She looks through the window and can see movement inside.

INT. VICKI'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Vicki screams.

Carnage shoves her backwards and she trips, bringing the shower curtain with her as she falls.

He carries his giant sledge hammer.

He moves forward, straddling over her.

EXT. VICKI'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Maggie turns and runs, her dog trailing behind.

INT. VICKI'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Carnage raises the hammer up above Vicki's head as she puts her arms up in defense.

VICKI

No! No!

He drops the heavy hammer and it lands on her head, crushing it flat to the bathroom floor, which cracks underneath.

INT. LARSON HOUSE - NIGHT

Deborah and Jamison lay in bed in post-coital bliss.

JAMISON

We should do that more often.

DEBORAH

You aren't waiting on me.

JAMISON

What other fun projects can we work on together?

DEBORAH

So I'm a "project."

JAMISON

The best kind.

DEBORAH

I think we should work on your vocabulary.

JAMISON

Maybe later.

DEBORAH

I do have an idea.

She is bursting with anticipation.

JAMISON

Okay, well go ahead and tell me.

DEBORAH

We should kill someone together!

Jamison looks at her with a mix of awe and lust. He leans in and kisses her.

EXT. MANNY'S HOUSE - LATER

Maggie runs up to the house, her dog keeping pace.

She knocks on the door three times, stops, and knocks one more time.

LEON, 18, opens the door and lets her in.

Manny sits on the couch.

Maggie runs up to him, letting the dog go. She's scared.

MANNY

Yo, what's wrong, sugar bunny?

MAGGIE

I saw something.

MANNY

What was it?

She sits on the couch.

MAGGIE

I... I don't know.

INT. BAR - LATER

Jamison and Deborah are driving around looking for a bar.

DEBORAH

Where should we find someone?

JAMISON

My usual haunt?

DEBORAH

It's probably a good idea to spread it around a bit.

JAMISON

What did you have in mind?

DEBORAH

Not getting caught.

JAMISON

Sure, I can get on board with that.

DEBORAH

Wait, isn't there a lounge at the motel near the airport.

JAMISON
I do believe so.

Deborah stares out the window and passing buildings and billboards.

DEBORAH
Done. Okay, now who are we going to kill?

JAMISON
Well...

DEBORAH
I mean, I just don't kill anyone.

JAMISON
Me, neither.

DEBORAH
I have a code.

JAMISON
A code? You been watching Dexter?

DEBORAH
Sure. My favorite show.

He looks over at her as they pull up to a stoplight.

JAMISON
You find yourself a routine?

DEBORAH
I kill men who betray their wives.

She stares at him for a moment, then giggles.

JAMISON
Okay, I can deal with that.

DEBORAH
What about you? Do you have a code?

JAMISON
Not exactly.

DEBORAH
Your latest was a man?

JAMISON
They have all been men.

DEBORAH

Same.

JAMISON

I wouldn't exactly call it a code,
but I only kill men who harm women
and children.

Deborah looks at him with admiration and humor.

DEBORAH

Good job. Dexter.

JAMISON

(smiling)
It's a good show.

EXT. EMPTY HOUSE #2 - CONTINUOUS

Outside another empty house that is for sale, Jamison's car is parked. A dim light can be seen coming through the curtains of the house.

INT. EMPTY HOUSE #2 - LATER

The living room is covered with plastic sheeting, as is a table, to which a MAN, 50s, is strapped down.

Deborah wears her apron. Jamison wears his cowboy hat.

Deborah walks towards the table, a long, sharp kitchen knife in one hand and a meat cleaver in the other. Jamison stands near the table.

DEBORAH

Pick your poison.

Jamison doesn't need any time. He takes the cleaver from her.

DEBORAH (CONT'D)

Okay, if you have the cleaver,
you're on finger duty.

JAMISON

Finger duty?

DEBORAH

Finger duty. They have to be
severed properly.

JAMISON

Because it makes them taste better?

DEBORAH
(laughing)
You'd be surprised.

JAMISON
How do you usually do this?

DEBORAH
I don't really think about it other
than the fingers. I'm all about the
fingers.

JAMISON
Not me, I'm usually all about the
stabbing. I really like stabbing
people.

She offers the knife to him.

DEBORAH
You want to do the stabbing?

JAMISON
No, I want to try something new.

She smiles at him.

She turns and stabs the man.

Jamison grabs the man's hand and chops off a finger.

INT. EMPTY HOUSE #2 - LATER

Jamison folds up the last piece of plastic sheeting. The room
has already been cleaned up and the body of the dead man is
gone. Deborah walks into the room.

A small white card lays on the floor in the corner.

DEBORAH
Is that the last of it?

JAMISON
I think so.

DEBORAH
Good. This was fun.

JAMISON
Best time I've had in a while.

They walk out of the room.

The camera moves forward and zooms in on the card.

The card is one of Jamison's business cards.

EXT. EMPTY HOUSE #2 - CONTINUOUS

Jamison puts the last of the plastic sheeting into the trunk, next to the bagged up parts of the dead man's body.

From across the street, hidden in the bushes, Carnage watches them.

After they drive away, Carnage goes into the house.

INT. EMPTY HOUSE #2 - MOMENTS LATER

Carnage holds Jamison's business card, examining it.

He puts it in his pocket.

EXT. MANNY'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Smith and Jacobs arrive outside a run-down house in a run-down neighborhood. The lights are on, but the curtains are pulled very tightly closed.

Smith turns off the car and reaches to open the door. Jacobs stops him.

JACOBS
Hey, man, listen...

He lets go of the door.

JACOBS (CONT'D)
I gotta go in here alone.

SMITH
Alone? That doesn't sound legit.

JACOBS
No, no, no... I have a C.I. in there. I'm the only point of contact.

SMITH
And that's why we're in an unmarked car?

JACOBS
Right.

Smith puts the key back in the ignition.

SMITH
I'll be right here.

JACOBS
Seriously, why don't you take a trip around the block. I'll text you when I'm out.

SMITH
You sure? It's safe?

Jacobs shuts the door behind him.

JACOBS
Safe as anything else in my life.

INT. MANNY'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Inside the house, Manny holds court with his crew. He talks shit while his boys bagging up some new product.

MANNY
Y'all all about done with that?

Various mumbles of assent. Manny's right hand, CHANG, 22, closes up a bag and puts it in a duffle bag.

CHANG
So how good is this new shit?

MANNY
Best we've ever had.

CHANG
Breaking Bad kinda shit?

MANNY
That's what Julio said.

There's a knock at the door.

Everyone except Manny reaches for their gun.

Leon looks through the peephole.

LEON
Yo, it's that cop.

Everyone puts their guns away.

MANNY

He alone?

FREDDIE, 19, peeks through the blinds.

FREDDIE

Yeah.

CHANG

You sure?

Freddie looks back at him.

FREDDIE

I said yeah, damn.

MANNY

Let him in.

Leon opens the door and lets Jacobs in.

MANNY (CONT'D)

Yo, man, how's that hangover?

The entire room breaks out into laughter. Jacobs isn't amused.

MANNY (CONT'D)

Chan, get this man his envelope.

Jacobs walks closer into the room.

MANNY (CONT'D)

Check this out, I got another gift for you.

JACOBS

That the reason you messaged me?

MANNY

Yeah, you gonna love this. Leon, go get Maggie.

Jacobs frowns. Chang walks over and hands him an envelope filled with cash.

JACOBS

Maggie?

Jacobs puts the cash inside his coat pocket.

MANNY

My little sister.

Leon walks back in with Maggie.

MANNY (CONT'D)
Yo, Maggie, tell this man what you
saw.

Maggie is shy.

MANNY (CONT'D)
It's okay, this guy is down.

MAGGIE
Is he a cop?

Jacobs smiles.

MANNY
Yeah, but he's our cop.

She looks up at him.

JACOBS
(smiling hesitantly)
Hi, Maggie.

MAGGIE
Hi. I was out walking Shuri.

JACOBS
Shuri?

MAGGIE
Shuri's my dog.

FREDDIE
Yo, she loves that Black Panther
shit!

Manny frowns at him and he backs away.

Jacobs nods his head.

JACOBS
Go on.

MAGGIE
I was walking over near that house
where that lady was killed.

JACOBS
The one from the news?

Maggie nods her head.

MAGGIE
I saw it.

JACOBS
Saw what?

Maggie doesn't say anything.

MANNY
It's okay, Maggie. Tell him what
you told us.

MAGGIE
I saw that man kill her.

JACOBS
What man?

MAGGIE
The man in the scary mask.

Manny lights up a joint.

MAGGIE (CONT'D)
He saw me.

Jacobs' mouth drops open.

MAGGIE (CONT'D)
He talked to me.

Jacobs is speechless.

MAGGIE (CONT'D)
He said: "My name is Carnage." And
then he patted me on the head and
he left.

MANNY
What the fuck about that shit?

He takes a big hit of the joint.

INT. LARSON HOUSE - NIGHT

The Larsons are asleep in bed.

Deborah's phone rings.

She slowly wakes and picks it up. Jamison doesn't wake.

Deborah stumbles to hit the answer button.

DEBORAH

H-hello?

She listens.

DEBORAH (CONT'D)

Wait, what? No, no, no...

Deborah grabs Jamison's arm. He stirs.

She hangs up the phone. She doesn't cry.

Jamison sits up.

JAMISON

W-what is it?

DEBORAH

Vicki is dead.

JAMISON

What?

She looks down at the bed.

DEBORAH

They didn't give me any details yet.

JAMISON

That's awful.

Jamison and Deborah hug.

JANEANE (O.S.)

This is your fault.

Deborah shakes her head.

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

You had to get her involved.

DEBORAH

(muttering)

No... no... no...

JANEANE (O.S.)

And it's going to happen again, isn't it?

Deborah clinches her fists.

DEBORAH

NO!

Jamison jumps back and then stares at her with concern.

INT. LARSON HOUSE - DAY

The doorbell rings. Deborah walks toward the door.

DEBORAH
You expecting someone?

Jamison sits on the couch reading a newspaper.

JAMISON
No. You?

DEBORAH
Not today.

She opens the door. Standing outside the door are Smith and Jacobs.

JACOBS
Did you miss us?

DEBORAH
I can't begin to express a big
enough "no."

SMITH
May we come in?

DEBORAH
Certainly.

Jamison stands up as they walk into the living room.

SMITH
Mr. Larson, it's you we are here to
see.

JAMISON
Me? Why?

JACOBS
Let's jump straight to the point,
no need for pleasantries.

SMITH
Where were you the night of July 1?

JAMISON
Wait here.

Jamison walks out of the room.

SMITH
Where's he going?

DEBORAH
(exasperated)
I don't know.

JACOBS
Where were you that night?

DEBORAH
I... I don't know off the top of my
head. I was probably here.

SMITH
Could you confirm that?

DEBORAH
I believe so, if needed to. What's
this about?

Jamison walks back into the room.

JAMISON
Here's your answer gentleman.

Jamison holds up a flash drive.

JACOBS
What's that?

Jamison hands it to Smith.

JAMISON
That is the complete footage...

He points up to security cameras in various places around the room. It's clear that the entire house is covered with cameras.

JAMISON (CONT'D)
...of this house for the night in
question. You'll find both Deborah
and I here the entire evening.

SMITH
The entire 24 hours?

JAMISON
Probably more like 36. I gave you
the day before and the day after,
too.

JACOBS
We'll be the judge of that.

JAMISON
(smiling)
I'm sure you will.

INT. POLICE STATION - DAY

Anderson sits at her desk, her office door closed. Seated across from him are Senator Jeff Trails and Doctor Megan Trails.

They have been talking for a while.

JEFF
I just can't believe that this is
the best you can do, Cap. Anderson.

ANDERSON
I'm sorry you feel that way, we've
been...

MEGAN
You're sorry? My daughter is
pregnant.

ANDERSON
Yes... I...

MEGAN
You sure have a lot of...

Jeff puts his hand on Megan's arm. She stops.

JEFF
I don't think we need...

ANDERSON
You know what. Hold on a minute.
Let me talk.

JEFF
You don't really...

She looks at him with a face that tells him shut up or else.

ANDERSON
I understand what you are going
through. My heart breaks for you
and your family. And for the 12
other families that are also
dealing with this.

She clears her throat.

ANDERSON (CONT'D)
Since before your family was targeted, I've lived every day with this. I've studied every detail of every victim and every murder. I've memorized the names and faces of every victim. Twelve of them... Thirteen of them. I'm doing everything humanly possible.

Jeff leans forward in his chair to interrupt.

JEFF
Well, that's...

ANDERSON
No, I'm not done.

Jeff sits back.

ANDERSON (CONT'D)
I've been on the force for six years. Rose up quickly after graduating first in my class. I also have a degree, a university degree, in criminology. Before that, I was a Marine. For 10 years. I was a staff sergeant before I tore my ACL and got an honorable discharge. Since I've been in charge of this department, for 18 months, we've had a 97% rate at clearing murder cases. And that number is still too low. It embarrasses me.

Megan puts her hand on Jeff's arm and he relaxes.

ANDERSON (CONT'D)
Now. When I promise you that I'm doing everything I can and I promise you that we're going to solve this case, I mean it.

MEGAN
We believe you, Capt. Anderson.

The senator and doctor get up and leave.

INT. POLICE STATION - MOMENTS LATER

Megan consoles Jeff as they leave Capt. Anderson's office.

Smith and Jacobs walk in.

JACOBS
The doctor and Senator Trails.

SMITH
The parents again?

ANDERSON
Yeah. I'm glad you're here.

JACOBS
What's up?

Anderson gestures after the senator.

ANDERSON
As you can guess, the pressure is starting to get pretty heavy around here.

SMITH
We're doing the best we can.

ANDERSON
I need you to do better.

JACOBS
And how do you expect we can do that?

Anderson pauses for a second.

ANDERSON
You're going to have to get creative.

SMITH
Creative?

JACOBS
(smiling)
Creative?

ANDERSON
We need results. You don't need to tell me all the details of how you get them.

Jacobs slams his hand down on his chair.

JACOBS
Hot dammit!

SMITH
Are you saying...?

JACOBS
It's about damn time.

ANDERSON
I'm saying "get results."

JACOBS
(giddy)
Understood.

SMITH
Yes, captain.

Jacobs walks out without even saying goodbye.

Smith follows.

Jacobs is almost out of the building before Smith can catch up.

SMITH (CONT'D)
Wait up! Wait up!

Smith grabs Jacobs by the shoulder just as Jacobs opens the door to leave.

JACOBS
Let me go.

SMITH
What is it?

JACOBS
I know who did it.

SMITH
Do you?

JACOBS
Yes. And you do, too.

Smith lets go of him. They walk out the door.

SMITH
Dammit.

EXT. LARSON HOUSE - DAY

Jacobs jimmys the back door lock at the Larson house.

Smith looks on, worried.

SMITH

There is NO way this is legal.

JACOBS

You care more about the books? Or about catching these sick fucks?

SMITH

I want to catch them, dammit.

JACOBS

The shut the fuck up and let's go.

From the trees behind the house, Carnage stares at Jacobs and Smith as they go into the house.

Once they shut the door, he follows.

INT. LARSON HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Jacobs stands in the kitchen leafing through the flyers, coupons and pictures on the fridge.

Smith looks at various bookshelves, pulling things out and looking at them briefly.

Jacobs opens the fridge and looks inside. He finds a beer and pulls it out.

Smith walks over to a desk with mail and other papers on it.

Jacobs opens the beer.

Smith picks up a piece of paper and reads it.

SMITH

What's an Awge Wedo?

Jacobs walks towards him.

JACOBS

What?

Smith hands the paper to Jacobs.

Jacobs looks up as he speaks.

JACOBS (CONT'D)
I don't know what...

SMITH
What?

Carnage stands behind Smith. His hammer is already in full swing as it crashes into Smith's head, crushing it and knocking his body into the wall.

Jacobs tries to run, but Carnage steps in his path.

CARNAGE
Leaving so soon? I don't think so.

JACOBS
What the fuck are you?

CARNAGE
I am the bringer of blood.

Smith tries to escape again, but Carnage blocks any path he can see.

CARNAGE (CONT'D)
Where are they?

JACOBS
Who?

CARNAGE
Those who live here. Deborah and Jamison.

JACOBS
I have... I have no fucking idea?

CARNAGE
Those who are false, perish.

JACOBS
I'm not lying! That's why we came here! We came to find them!

JAMISON (O.S.)
Well it seems you've found us.

Carnage turns around and the Larsons stand before them. Jamison wears his cowboy hat and carries the meat cleaver. Deborah wears her apron and has the kitchen knife.

Jamison lunges at Carnage, and knocks him off balance. Jamison drops his hammer.

Deborah leaps at Jacobs, landing the knife in his shoulder. He screams.

JACOBS
Don't... stop!

She pulls the knife back.

DEBORAH
Not today.

She jams the knife into the side of his neck and he makes a gurgling sound before slumping to the ground.

She turns to face Carnage.

Neither Jamison nor Carnage are still there.

The cleaver lays on the floor.

EXT. LARSON HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Deborah runs out the front door and sees no one.

They are gone.

EXT. POLICE HEROES CEMETERY - DAY

A police funeral is held for Jacobs and Smith.

Anderson is stoic. Bailey cries.

The funeral is packed.

INT. ANDERSON'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Anderson sits at her desk, a half-filled glass of whiskey next to a half-filled bottle of the same.

She pours through the case files for all of the murders.

Anderson writes the names of each of the victims in her notebook.

She looks through some more files. She finds a photo of Deborah in military fatigues in Iraq.

Anderson stands up and walks across the room to another stack of folders. She pulls out the Deborah Larson file.

Anderson opens it to the summary page. Next to the line that says military service, it says "none."

She looks at the photo again. She picks up her phone.

ANDERSON
Bailey? It's me, Anderson.

BAILEY
(groggy)
Yeah?

ANDERSON
I think we might have been looking
at the wrong Larson.

BAILEY
I'm up.

INT. LARSON HOUSE - NIGHT

Deborah has her apron on and carries a tray filled with finger boxes down to her secret room. She walks back out and closes the secret door.

The cops are gone and only a blood stain and police tape show they were there. Deborah walks to the desk and looks around to see if anything is missing.

She finds the piece of paper with Awge's name on it.

She crumples it up and walks out the door.

EXT. AWGE'S SHOP - DAY

Deborah walks up to Awge's shop and stops at the same place her mother attacked her before.

She stops and steadies herself for the fight with her mother.

Just when she thinks her mother won't come back...

JANEANE (O.S.)
What have I told you about this
place?

DEBORAH
You haven't told me anything.

JANEANE (O.S.)

All you need to know is that it is
a bad place and you shouldn't be
here.

DEBORAH

If you are telling me it's a bad
place, then I have to go in.

A couple walks by and looks at Deborah like she's crazy for
talking to herself.

JANEANE (O.S.)

No. I forbid it.

DEBORAH

Try and stop me.

Janeane tries. She starts screaming a variety of obscenities
and yells "no" repeatedly. Deborah is so hit by the volume
that she drops down to one knee.

Deborah takes a deep breath, closes her eyes and
concentrates.

JANEANE (O.S.)

That won't work.

Deborah doesn't answer. She tries to stand up.

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

NO!

Deborah falters again, but staggers forward and into the
building.

INT. AWGE'S SHOP - CONTINUOUS

Deborah is sweaty and exhausted. She walks up to the clerk.
There are no other customers in the shop.

AWGE

I've been waiting for you.

Deborah is startled to hear his voice.

DEBORAH

Me?

AWGE

You don't think I can hear you and
your mama arguing outside my shop
every time you come here?

Deborah shakes her head incredulously.

DEBORAH
Then you know why I'm here?

AWGE
Of course. Same reason people like
you always come here.

DEBORAH
And why is that?

AWGE
You've made the wrong... *person*
angry.

DEBORAH
Maybe.

AWGE
I know why you are here.

DEBORAH
Then maybe you can tell me. I don't
know.

AWGE
You found one of them.

DEBORAH
One of what?

Awge walks over to a bookshelf behind the counter and pulls
out a ancient tome.

AWGE
They go by many names. And there
are many of them. I could tell you
the old names, but you probably
could neither understand nor repeat
them.

DEBORAH
Thanks?

AWGE
So I will just tell you to call
them "chaos agents."

He points to a drawing of a shimmering, ghastly figure.

DEBORAH
Obviously, you are teasing me.

AWGE

I promise you I am not.

DEBORAH

You're just trying to trick me,
then.

AWGE

No, I wish to help you.

DEBORAH

Why would you do that?

AWGE

I... know this chaos agent.

DEBORAH

You...

AWGE

We've... met.

DEBORAH

And?

AWGE

Let's just say I'm glad it doesn't
know where I am.

DEBORAH

What is it?

AWGE

It's a thing from another time. A
leftover from when the Earth was
very different.

He sips from a glass of tea.

AWGE (CONT'D)

It has only one purpose, to kill.

Deborah crosses her arms as if she's cold.

AWGE (CONT'D)

It serves chaos and killing is how
it creates that chaos.

DEBORAH

So it's not really a man?

AWGE

The man is not the chaos agent. You
cannot see a chaos agent.

DEBORAH

What?

AWGE

It takes over the man. Or woman.
From the inside. They become like a
puppet.

He sips some more tea.

DEBORAH

Are those it inhabits still alive?

AWGE

They are still aware, but to
separate the body from the chaos
agent kills them. They are as good
as dead.

DEBORAH

So, it can be killed.

AWGE

Maybe. If it is between hosts and
you can find it. You could kill it.

DEBORAH

Definitely?

AWGE

Don't know. Never killed one.

DEBORAH

But you said...?

AWGE

The host died. It did not.

He pours himself some more tea.

AWGE (CONT'D)

Some of them are transient. Some
pass through. Others are connected
to a place. Or a family.

DEBORAH

Why are you telling me this.

AWGE

Like I said, they can be connected
to families. They know your lies
and use...

JANEANE (O.S.)
 NOOOOO!!! GET OUT OF HERE!!! YOU
 CAN'T!!!

Deborah is hit so hard by her mother's voice that she falls to the ground. Even Awge is knocked back by the force.

AWGE
 What was...? Nevermind. One last
 thing...

JANEANE (O.S.)
 NOOOOOOOOO!!!!

Items in the store start flying around, a small leather case flies across the room and smashes into Awge's head.

Deborah tries to scramble to her feet, but can't.

Awge cries out as he falls to the floor.

JANEANE (O.S.) (CONT'D)
 GET OUT OR I WILL KILL HIM!

Deborah holds her head and starts making her way out the door.

Janeane continues to scream.

AWGE
 Wait! Don't go!

DEBORAH
 I have to!

She's almost out the door.

AWGE
 They can only be killed by...

Deborah screams so loud that Awge is cut off. Deborah stumbles out the door into the night.

As she runs away from the building, she noticeably feels less pain.

INT. POLICE CAR - DAY

Anderson and Bailey are driving in a marked police unit.

BAILEY
 I can't wrap my head around all
 this, captain.

ANDERSON

I've never seen anything like it.

BAILEY

I've never even heard of anything like it.

ANDERSON

I have. But not here.

BAILEY

I thought overseas was the worst I was gonna see.

Anderson looks over at her.

ANDERSON

You served in the Army, if I remember correctly?

BAILEY

Left with a honorable discharge. Saw a little bit of action.

ANDERSON

And you were from New York originally?

BAILEY

Yes ma'am. Saw some tough things in Shaolin Land, as they call it.

ANDERSON

This definitely seems like some comic book shit.

BAILEY

I've never worked with anyone who was killed in the line of duty here at home. Obviously you hear stories, but...

ANDERSON

I... I have.

BAILEY

What happened?

Anderson doesn't respond at first.

ANDERSON

Nah, no reason to spook you with even more stories, especially second-hand stories. Sometimes this job just sucks.

EXT. LODGE REAL ESTATE - DAY

Deborah unlocks the front door of Lodge Real Estate and goes in.

INT. LODGE REAL ESTATE - DAY

She walks to Bruce's office door and finds it unlocked. She goes in and walks over to the filing cabinets.

Deborah opens the top drawer and flips through, finding nothing.

About midway through the second drawer, she finds a folder that catches her eye.

DEBORAH

What do we have here?

She takes the file and walks out to her desk. She turns on the desk lamp.

Someone knocks on the front door.

She shuts the file as she looks up. She can Anderson and Bailey at the front door.

Deborah gets up and walks over to the door and opens it.

She sees Capt. Anderson and Det. Bailey.

ANDERSON

(surprised)

Ms. Larson? What are you doing here?

DEBORAH

I work here.

BAILEY

On the weekend?

DEBORAH

Clearly.

ANDERSON
But the place isn't open...

DEBORAH
Why are you here, officers?

ANDERSON
Following up on all the leads.

BAILEY
Crossing the T's and dotting the
I's.

DEBORAH
Well, I assume all of my affairs
are in order?

ANDERSON
We would like to hope so.

BAILEY
We're going to find out.

DEBORAH
I'm sure they are.

BAILEY
They are what?

DEBORAH
In order.

Deborah shifts anxiously from foot to foot while talking to them. Anderson notices.

ANDERSON
I don't suppose you could tell us
where you were on the nights of
July 1 and July 14.

DEBORAH
You work with Smith and Jacobs?

Anderson stiffens at the mention of their names.

ANDERSON
Yes.

DEBORAH
Then you already know where I was.

BAILEY
How do we...?

ANDERSON

Tapes.

BAILEY

What?

DEBORAH

My husband and I previously gave officers...

ANDERSON

Detectives.

DEBORAH

Detectives Smith and Jacobs video surveillance footage that gave us an alibi for one of those dates. I'll see that you get the other date.

BAILEY

We have several dates to...

DEBORAH

I'll give you footage for ALL of the dates.

ANDERSON

And you seem confident that you have an alibi for all the dates in question. Your husband, too?

DEBORAH

What do you think?

The officers start to leave.

BAILEY

We'll be in touch if we have any further questions.

DEBORAH

I'll be anxiously holding my breath.

ANDERSON

Don't forget to get us that footage.

DEBORAH

I won't.

She shuts and locks the door behind them.

DEBORAH (CONT'D)
The papers.

She walks back towards the desk.

The phone rings. She answers.

CARNAGE
Hello, Deborah, it's me again!

DEBORAH
Fuck you!

CARNAGE
I have Jamison.

DEBORAH
Fuck you!

CARNAGE
(laughing)
I'm going to kill him in about an
hour, so you'd better find me.

DEBORAH
Fuck. You.

CARNAGE
That's not a very good attitude.
For your sweet little Jamison.

DEBORAH
How the fuck am I supposed to find
you?

CARNAGE
Oh, I think you can figure it out.

He hangs up the phone.

DEBORAH
Fuck!

JANEANE (O.S.)
Since when does any daughter of
mine use such nasty language!

Deborah smacks her own head.

DEBORAH
Get fucked!

JANEANE (O.S.)
You're getting so vulgar in your
old age. What did I tell you?

DEBORAH
Shut the fuck up!

JANEANE (O.S.)
You never would've talked to me
that way if I were still alive.

Deborah walks out of the room and into Lodge's office.

JANEANE (O.S.) (CONT'D)
Now what are you doing, you aren't
supposed to be in there.

Deborah goes to Lodge's desk and opens the top drawer. In it
she finds a flask. She opens it and takes a swig.

JANEANE (O.S.) (CONT'D)
You're going to get caught and
you're going to lose the...

Deborah opens the bottom drawer.

Inside is Lodge's gun.

She pulls it out.

JANEANE (O.S.) (CONT'D)
It's actually a good idea that you
never...

DEBORAH
SHUT UP!!!

She puts the gun up to the side of her head.

DEBORAH (CONT'D)
You aren't here! You aren't real!
You're dead! Carnage killed you!

JANEANE (O.S.)
Well, I never...

Deborah cocks the hammer of the gun.

Silence.

DEBORAH
I am going to save my husband and
there's nothing you can do to stop
me.

Nothing.

Deborah puts the gun down.

She picks up the papers again.

DEBORAH (CONT'D)
Property. This office. His home.
Three lots downtown. Wait...

She looks down at the layout of a farmhouse and a barn. The blueprint has an address at the bottom.

Deborah rights the address on a scrap of paper and runs out of the office.

EXT. LODGE'S FARM - DAY

Deborah drives up to the farm house, which appears to be abandoned. She parks close to the house.

She steps out and stares at the barn. Then she goes inside the house.

INT. LODGE'S FARM HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

She does a cursory search around the house, as if something is itching at her and she wants to get out.

She looks in each of the rooms real quickly and, finding nothing, goes back outside.

EXT. LODGE'S FARM HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Once she sets foot outside, Deborah stares at the barn.

She walks over to it.

INT. LODGE'S FARM BARN - CONTINUOUS

From the interior, we see Deborah open the barn door and walk in, leaving it ajar.

She takes a few steps forward, right on top of the trap door.

The trap door opens and Deborah screams as she falls into Carnage's maze.

INT. CARNAGE'S MAZE - CONTINUOUS

Deborah walks through the maze. She comes to an intersection. She looks warily either way.

She sees a bloody handprint on the wall to the left and hurries that way.

Deborah comes upon a large open area at the end of one of the passages. She looks behind her before proceeding.

She enters the room to find that the walls are covered, from ceiling to floor, with human skulls. Thousands of them line the room. No other bones are visible and the skulls are stacked with some precision. Off to the side can be seen a baby skull.

As she slowly walks into the room, Deborah stops when she sees a break in the skull wall.

It is Carnage's mask.

Deborah moves closer and closer to the mask.

She reaches out her hand to touch the mask.

Behind the mask, Carnage's eyes open.

Deborah screams and starts to run.

Carnage smashes through the wall of skulls, wearing his mask, and gives chase.

He swings his sledge hammer, but it catches on the skulls and misses her.

She turns to run again, but Carnage grabs her arm and spins her around.

He swings the hammer and smashes it into her shoulder, knocking her to the ground.

His momentum carries him over onto the ground as well.

She scrambles away and manages to get to her feet before he can.

She runs out of the room down a new passage she hasn't been down before.

Carnage slowly gets up and follows.

She runs down the passage. Turns left. Then right. She zig zags as much as she can to try to throw him off.

She turns around a corner and falls directly into a pit, landing with a crunch.

The same cheap Christmas lights light this pit, which is filled with the headless corpses of Carnage's past victims, in varying stages of decay.

Deborah catches her breath.

She immediately vomits.

As she vomits again, something moves under the corpses on the other end of the room.

She stands up and clings close to the wall.

The bones move again, more perceptible this time.

She pushes closer to the wall.

The bodies really start to move and something is coming at her.

Deborah screams and then digs her hands into the somewhat soft clay of the walls.

She manages to start climbing, but progress is slow.

Something roars beneath her.

She moves herself as fast as she can up the wall.

Skittering and scattering grows louder beneath her, but she keeps moving.

She screams as she gets to the top and pulls herself up over the edge with all her might.

She hears another roar from behind her and then whatever was chasing her fall back into the pit, crushing the bodies beneath it.

She flops on her back and closes her eyes as the thing roars again.

She opens her eyes.

Carnage stands above her.

CARNAGE

Your mother's rotting soul says
hello from hell.

He smashes the hammer down, taking her pinky finger off.

She screams.

He picks the hammer up to attack her again.

Carnage speaks in Janeane's voice.

CARNAGE (CONT'D)
I wore your mother's flesh when I
ate your father.

He raises the hammer above his head.

Deborah rears back her leg and smashes it into Carnage's knee cap, breaking it. The heaviness of the hammer pulls him forward and he falls onto the ground.

Deborah reaches up and grabs the mask from his face, revealing Bruce Lodge.

As the mask comes off, the manic energy seems to drain from his eyes.

She falls onto her back, yanking Lodge by his clothes and tosses him over her head and into the pit.

He lands with a thud.

The monster roars and bones begin to crunch.

Carnage screams and his voice changes as he screams, first sounding like Lodge. Then like Janeane.

CARNAGE (CONT'D)
Help me! I'm your mother! You
can't....

Carnage's voice is cut off with a crunch and the sound of gurgling blood.

Deborah runs.

INT. CARNAGE'S MAZE - MOMENTS LATER

Jamison is tied up in the room with the Murder Board. Deborah bursts into the room.

DEBORAH
Jamison!

She rushes over to his chair and pulls the gag out of his mouth.

JAMISON
Oh my god, you found me!

DEBORAH
Come on! Let's get out of here!

She unties him.

JAMISON
Where is he? Where is Carnage?

Deborah looks down the passage.

DEBORAH
I-I think he's gone.

JAMISON
Are you sure?

Laughing as she kisses him.

DEBORAH
Hell no!

JAMISON
Let's get the fuck out of here.

Deborah grabs his hand and leads him out.

EXT. LODGE'S FARM - CONTINUOUS

As Deborah and Jamison come out of the barn, Anderson and Bailey arrive. Numerous other police cars can be heard in the distance.

Anderson and Bailey jump out of the car and immediately draw their weapons and point them at the Larsons.

ANDERSON
Stop! Don't make me have to use
this.

Deborah and Jamison put their hands up. Neither looks to be in very good shape, they've clearly been through something.

DEBORAH
It's Lodge! My boss at the real
estate office!

ANDERSON
Who?

DEBORAH
Fucking Lodge! Bruce Fucking Lodge!

BAILEY
He owns a real estate firm.

JAMISON
He's the one! He's the killer!

ANDERSON
Where is he?

JAMISON
Inside! He's got a fucking maze
underground.

BAILEY
A maze?

JAMISON
We got him, but only barely...

She shudders and begins to sob. Jamison comforts her.

DEBORAH
He killed them all...

Bailey starts walking towards the house as the other police cars arrive. Ambulances and fire trucks can be seen in the distance.

INT. LARSON HOUSE - LATER

The Larsons are home once again.

Deborah sits on the couch, a laptop open and surfing Internet dating sites. She munches on fingers.

DEBORAH
Come join me, honey?

Jamison walks into the room carrying two glasses and a bottle of red wine.

A bowl of human fingers sits on the table.

DEBORAH (CONT'D)
I think I've got it.

Jamison opens the wine and pours glasses for each of them.

DEBORAH (CONT'D)
See, if we sign up for both Tinder
and Grinder, we can catch ALL the
cheating husbands...

JAMISON
Perfect. Those guys always use fake
profiles.

DEBORAH
Oh, and how do you know that?

JAMISON
So I've heard, so I've heard.

Deborah chases after him laughing and trying to tickle him.

SUPER: And they lived happily ever after?

FADE OUT.

CREDITS.

Special script consulting: Barrett Rayan, Sean Bunker and
Carlin Quinnell

In memory of Drew Moore.

INT. CARNAGE'S MAZE - DAY

Back in Carnage's maze, various law enforcement officers and
crime scene investigators mill about gathering evidence and
taking pictures.

Anderson is in the room with the Murder Board.

She stares at the board for a bit.

She walks up to the board and puts on latex gloves. She lifts
some of the pictures off the wall to see the descriptors
behind them.

She pulls out a notepad and opens it to a list of the
victims. She goes across the Murder Board and crosses off
names as she matches them to the faces.

When she has finished crossing names off the list, she looks
down and one name remains.

Bob Andrews.

Bailey walks into the chamber.

BAILEY
You ready to go, captain?

ANDERSON
I'm not sure.

BAILEY
What's going on?

Anderson looks down at her notebook and shows him the list.

ANDERSON
I don't know. I just compared the
pictures on this trophy wall and
they're all accounted for except
for one?

BAILEY
Who?

ANDERSON
Bob Andrews.

BAILEY
What does it mean?

ANDERSON
It means Carnage didn't kill Bob
Andrews.

FADE OUT.