

S.K. ANONYMOUS

written by

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FADE IN:

EXT. BROWNSTONE - NIGHT

A quiet street in Brooklyn crowded with brownstones makes one feel they're in a romantic comedy. A man on a mission quickly shatters that fantasy.

TRENT (38), a quiet man with careful steps, plastered hair, and large spectacles stops in front of a brownstone. He consults a notepad and ascends the steps.

Trent's driving gloves don't interfere with his lock picking skills. He's in as fast as if he used a frequent house key.

INT. BROWNSTONE

The house is dark and silent except for the hum of kitchen appliances.

Trent pockets his tool kit, removes a 9mm from one pocket, and a silencer from another.

He attaches the silencer and glides through the main floor as if he were browsing aisles.

His arms remain at his side as he takes the stairs. Each step obeys without a single creak.

UPSTAIRS

Snoring is audible enough for Trent to select the right room.

The door is ajar and not as friendly-looking as the stairs. Trent grips the gun, squeezes in, and positions himself at the center-end of the bed.

He doesn't linger. The elderly couple each receives a pointblank shot.

Trent retires the gun to his coat pocket and kneels to all fours beside the bed.

TRENT
Here, kitty.

An orange cat lounging under the bed ignores him.

TRENT (CONT'D)
Please?
(beat)
How about a treat?

Trent removes a couple treats from his pocket and places them between him and the cat.

The cat's nose twitches. It goes for the treats. The cat swallows the last treat and Trent gently grabs it.

TRENT (CONT'D)
There's a good kitty.

The cat purrs as Trent positions it inside his coat. He checks the cat's collar.

TRENT (CONT'D)
Toenails?
(beat)
I guess we'll see what that's about
later, huh?

Trent descends the stairs with Toenails.

INT. SID'S BAR & GRILL - DAY

The restaurant is dim and casual with few customers during this time.

RED (55), a guarded man with a hardened face, intelligent eyes, and questionable motives that would calculate the risk before saving a loved one, eats a slice of pie at the corner bar.

MILO COLE (34), a man you might see hiking with a permanent look of remembering something he forgot, scans the room with agility. He joins Red at the bar.

A WAITRESS (25), uninterested in work or life, approaches with a pad and paper.

WAITRESS
Wanna try the special?

MILO
No thanks. Just an order of loaded
fries... and a water.

The Waitress nods and takes the order to the kitchen.

RED
The stamp gave it away.

MILO
What stamp?

RED

The powdery letter you tried to poison me with.

MILO

How so?

RED

A company would've used a pre-paid envelope, not a four-years-old crooked Liberty Bell stamp.

MILO

You save those?

RED

I'm just saying.

The Waitress serves Milo fries and a cup of water and returns to her station.

MILO

I might be a little late tomorrow. I've gotta dump the trash.

RED

You millennials are supposed to have learned from our mistakes. But I can't say I've ever been dumb enough to accumulate a bucket of evidence.

MILO

It's fine. It's only been a week.

RED

It only takes a minute.

MILO

I know.

RED

Trent certainly doesn't.

MILO

He didn't wanna leave the collar.

RED

He should've left the cat. I don't know how he can stand all those felines anyway.

MILO

Everyone has their thing.

(beat)

RED
Ivan's girlfriend turned him in
this morning.

MILO
Figures. Is that going to be a
problem?

RED
Not at all. He knows the
consequences.

FLASHBACK TO:

INT. COLE HOUSE - NIGHT (1999)

A small arm hangs limp from the tub.

Outside the bathroom, EVELYN COLE (32) slides to the floor
from FRANK COLE's (38) embrace. Evelyn wails.

Milo (13) is furthest from the room watching with labored
breathing.

SUPER: 21 YEARS AGO

EVELYN
MY BABY! No God, please no! My
baby!

Frank picks up his wife by her waist and tries to help her
stand. Evelyn runs from him to Milo.

EVELYN (CONT'D)
YOU!

Evelyn shakes Milo violently.

EVELYN (CONT'D)
How could you take our baby? How
could you do that to your sister?
Why dammit? TELL ME WHY!

Milo falls clutching his neck. Frank pulls Evelyn off him.

FRANK
Evelyn! Stop it!

Evelyn collapses to the floor in hysterics.

BACK TO PRESENT DAY

INT. GO-GO COFFEE - DAY

It's crowded with busy espresso machines, baristas shouting, conversations with occasional laughter, and general coming and going of people in a city that never sleeps.

Milo types on his laptop with earphones in at a table for two in the back.

SARA JOHANSSON (34) a woman who remembers birthdays without the help of Facebook and doesn't mind the rain, spots a table for two occupied by one. She has the same expression Olympic racers show just before the gun goes off.

SARA

Excuse me.

Sara waits for the man to acknowledge her. He doesn't seem to notice. She knocks on the table.

Milo takes one earbud out.

SARA (CONT'D)

Sorry to bother you, but do you mind if I sit here?

MILO

Uh... no. That's fine.

SARA

Thank you. It's always so crowded.

MILO

Yeah.

SARA

Sara.

MILO

Sorry?

SARA

I'm Sara.

MILO

Oh, hi. I'm Milo.

SARA

Nice to meet you.

Milo nods.

SARA (CONT'D)
Writer or designer?

MILO
Writer. Am I that obvious?

SARA
You're engrossed in your laptop in a busy coffee shop. Have to be some kind of creative.

MILO
(amused)
What are you? A profiler?

SARA
Just a government employee.

MILO
Sounds like CIA.

SARA
If I were CIA you'd never know.

MILO
Unless you're using reverse psychology to throw me off.

SARA
Oh, you're good.

MILO
That's not an answer.

SARA
Not the one you want, but still an answer.

Milo stares at Sara and smiles.

Sara's phone vibrates. She checks it and gets up to leave.

SARA (CONT'D)
Gotta run. Nice meeting you.

MILO
You too. Keep our country safe.

Sara laughs.

Milo watches her leave before turning back to his laptop. He replaces his earphones and continues typing.

EXT. EMPTY HOUSE - NIGHT

Milo takes long strides along the sidewalk and up the steps. His head is down but he's alert.

He passes three guys crowded around the front porch.

GRIM (32), a scrawny snake-like man with dark greasy hair and ripped layers, stomps his feet and rubs his hands together.

GRIM
Come on, I'm freezin' here!

Milo ignores him and unlocks the door.

INT. EMPTY HOUSE

The interior remains in a permanent state of recently-moved-out. Several folded chairs, a fireplace tool set, and wood keep the bare living room company. The large fireplace is filled with Anna.

The three men each grab a folded chair and align them in a circle.

BLAKE (43), a charming college-educated man in a navy suit and tie, crosses his legs.

BLAKE
(to Milo)
If you're going to be late, you
should at least give someone a key.

Milo sets up the remaining chairs.

MILO
It was five minutes.

Blake checks his watch.

BLAKE
Seven and a half, actually.

Milo takes a seat and runs his hands through his hair.

Trent rests on the edge of his seat with his hands in his trench coat pockets, staring at the floor.

Two men ENTER.

EDDIE (23), energetic with spiked hair and a leather jacket, and WEBBER (45), a large balding man with a full red beard, nearly trips as he makes his way in.

EDDIE
Man I'm tellin' you, it was
definitely her.

WEBBER
Yeah, whatever.

EDDIE
I'm serious! It was Jodie fucking
Foster.

GRIM
That blonde chick from Silence of
the Lambs?

EDDIE
What? No, Jodie Foster from Soul
Surfer. Twenty-eleven film.

GRIM
She wasn't in that. You're thinkin'
of a whatshername.

EDDIE
She was in it. She played the mom.

GRIM
That's -- no. Man, you're too young
to know Jodie Foster anyway.

EDDIE
Oh yeah? Is that why I remember her
in Soul Surfer?

GRIM
She wasn't in Soul Surfer!

EDDIE
Who do you think it was, then?

GRIM
Gimme a second. Nobody ever
remembers her name. Helen
something.

TRENT
Hunt.

GRIM
What?

TRENT
Hunt. Helen Hunt was in Soul
Surfer.

GRIM
Yeah! Helen Hunt! That's the chick.

EDDIE
Who the fuck is Helen Hunt?

Red strolls in and takes the last seat.

EDDIE (CONT'D)
Where's Ivan?

GRIM
That bitch turned him in.

EDDIE
His girlfriend?

WEBBER
No, his last kill.

EVERYONE BUT EDDIE
Same bitch.

EDDIE
I'm confused.

RED
Don't worry about it.

The room goes quiet until Webber clears his throat.

MILO
(to Webber)
You started last time.

WEBBER
So what?

BLAKE
All you do is brag, Webber.

Grim sniggers.

WEBBER
Fuck off, Blake. Nobody wants to
hear your shit either.

GRIM
I'll start, then.

After no objections, Grim straightens.

GRIM (CONT'D)
So, there she was...

FLASHBACK TO:

INT. NYC SUBWAY - NIGHT

It's late and the subway is empty. Not even a train passes.

Grim watches from behind a column an ATTRACTIVE WOMAN (35), in a short dress conforming to her figure, on the phone.

GRIM (V.O.)
She was chatting like some big shot.

The Attractive Woman turns her back and Grim moves with stealth.

He slips up behind her, knocks the phone out of her hand, covers her mouth, and drags her to the side of the stairs against the rail.

GRIM (V.O.)
She kept trying to scream.

Grim grabs a fist-full of her hair and bangs her head hard into the rail several times. The Attractive Woman goes still.

Grim raises up her dress, RIPS off her underwear, and unzips his pants.

BACK TO PRESENT DAY

INT. EMPTY HOUSE - NIGHT

EDDIE
--Wait.

GRIM
For fuck's sake Eddie!

EDDIE
No, really. I have a question.

GRIM
What?

EDDIE
You fucked her while she was unconscious?

GRIM

No! Not exactly. She wasn't fighting me anymore but it's not like I flipped her 'round to check! I just figured she was in to it.

(LAUGHTER)

EDDIE

So, you're a necrophiliac?

GRIM

She wasn't dead yet!

INT. CHANNEL 5 NEWS/MAIN FLOOR - DAY

(ELEVATOR DING)

Milo steps off the elevator sipping a coffee. Conversations and phones ringing fill the floor. Milo navigates to his cubicle with earphones in, though no music is playing.

SERIOUS REPORTER (30) who takes herself way too seriously comes up and places a hand on the divider.

SERIOUS REPORTER

Chris wants to see you.

Serious Reporter leaves as quickly as she appeared.

INT. CHANNEL 5 NEWS/CHRIS'S OFFICE - DAY

CHRIS LUTZ (41), a charming and athletic man with mostly luck fueling his position, challenges an oversized window overlooking the city behind him. On bookshelves along the side, biographies and other non-fiction are mixed in with framed photos of Chris shirtless in exotic places.

Milo knocks on the open door. Chris splits his attention from his laptop.

MILO

You wanted to see me?

CHRIS

Milo! Yes, yes come in.

Milo takes a seat across from Chris.

CHRIS (CONT'D)

How's it going?

MILO

Good.

CHRIS

That's great! Always good to hear.

Chris's attention is stolen by an email notification.

Milo clears his throat. Chris doesn't look up.

CHRIS (CONT'D)

Oh, Rick's going to take over the
rec center story.

MILO

But I just finished it.

CHRIS

Yeah, but Rick was requested by the
woman running it, so... you know.

MILO

No, I don't know.

CHRIS

Any notes you could lend him would
be great.

MILO

But--

Chris's cell phone rings and he picks it up.

CHRIS

Hey, man! How's it hanging?

Milo clenches his jaw and returns to his cubicle.

He grabs his bag and heads out.

INT. GO-GO COFFEE - LATER

To outsiders, the coffee shop is a chaotic scene they'd steer
clear of, but it's a typical day to the locals.

Sara squeezes through the waiting crowd with her coffee and
scans for an available seat.

She sees a familiar face and makes her way over.

Milo TYPES at his laptop with his earphones in. He stops when
he feels a vibration on the table.

Milo removes both earbuds at the sight of Sara.

SARA
Hi again. May I sit?

MILO
Of course.
(beat)
I see your mission was a success.

SARA
Oh?

MILO
Yes. The country is still standing.

SARA
Indeed it is.

Sara takes a sip of her coffee and sets it down on the corner.

SARA (CONT'D)
So--

In a matter of seconds, BUSY WOMAN (40) nearby jumps out of the path of BUSY MAN (30) running out with his cell phone glued to his ear. Busy Woman bumps into the table of Sara and Milo, causing Sara's coffee to spill all over the table.

Milo saves his laptop before the coffee spills over, but he isn't fast enough to save his pants.

SARA (CONT'D)
Shit!

With all the commotion, Busy Woman doesn't even notice the accident and moves on to order her coffee.

Milo rises to wipe the coffee from his pants unsuccessfully.

SARA (CONT'D)
Shit. I'm so sorry.

MILO
That's okay. It wasn't your fault.

Sara sees Milo is holding his laptop.

SARA
Wow, you have fast reflexes.

Milo pats his pants.

MILO
Not fast enough.

SARA
I'll get some napkins.

MILO
No worries. What are you drinking?

SARA
Sorry?

MILO
Your coffee. What kind was it?

SARA
Em... regular with two creamers.

MILO
Be right back.

Milo rushes off before Sara can respond.

Sara grabs napkins from a nearby distracted table and tries to wipe up the spilled coffee. There's more liquid than the napkins can hold. Sara gives up.

Milo returns with a new coffee in hand.

MILO (CONT'D)
Here you go.

SARA
What-oh wow. Thank you. Hang on.

Sara reaches in her purse for her wallet.

MILO
It's on me.

SARA
No, let me--

MILO
--I insist.

The two stare at each other for a moment as the coffee shop carries on around them.

SARA
Thank you.

MILO
You're welcome.

Milo motions to the exit.

MILO (CONT'D)
After you.

SARA
Weren't you working?

MILO
Sort of. I was going to head back
to the office anyway.

EXT. GO-GO COFFEE - CONTINUOUS

SARA
Office? I thought you were a
writer?

MILO
Journalist actually.

SARA
Oh. Like for a newspaper?

MILO
News station.

SARA
Interesting.

MILO
Sometimes.

Sara nods.

SARA AND MILO
(simultaneously)
Well--

Sara and Milo CHUCKLE.

SARA
I'll see you around?

MILO
Definitely.

The two linger a moment longer before heading off in
different directions.

INT. EMPTY HOUSE - NIGHT

Milo and the six members are in their usual setting.

WEBBER

How come we never have any snacks?

BLAKE

A bag of chips is the last thing
you need.

WEBBER

Fuck you. Come over and I'll make
you a bag of chips.

BLAKE

Is that the best you've got?

MILO

Both of you shut it. Now, who's
next?

EDDIE

I got somethin'.

The room quiets.

EXT. TRAVEL INN - NIGHT (FLASHBACK)

Distant sirens echo around the run-down motel. The neon
"Vacancy" sign buzzes. A couple argues in a nearby room until
shattering glass mutes them.

Eddie squats next to a car and watches a barefoot MOTEL WOMAN
(20), with short cut-offs and a tight see-through tank, exit
her room carrying an ice bucket.

Motel Woman returns with a full ice bucket and opens the door
with a key card.

INT. TRAVEL INN/ROOM

Eddie pounces and SHOVES her in. She falls into the room,
dropping the ice bucket.

INT. EMPTY HOUSE (PRESENT)

WEBBER

How hard did she fall?

EDDIE
Not that hard, you creep.

INT. TRAVEL INN/ROOM (FLASHBACK)

Eddie slams the door and jumps on top of her back.

(V.O. REPETITIVE SQUEAKING)

INT. EMPTY HOUSE (PRESENT)

Everyone follows Eddie's gaze. Grim's eyes are closed as he makes small pelvic THRUSTS in his seat. Grim stops and opens his eyes.

GRIM
Then what?

EDDIE
(to Milo)
I can't with him like that.

GRIM
What? Why are you all lookin' at me
like that? You know you felt it.

MILO
Take a breather or knock it off.
(to Eddie)
Go on.

INT. TRAVEL INN/ROOM (FLASHBACK)

Eddie shoves a couple pills from his pocket into Motel Woman's mouth.

INT. EMPTY HOUSE (PRESENT)

BLAKE
What pills?

EDDIE
You know, pills.

BLAKE
Ecstasy? Rohypnol? What?

EDDIE
What does it matter?

BLAKE

You go into details about her clothes, yet you skip on how you subdued her?

EDDIE

It was my own blend.

INT. TRAVEL INN/ROOM (FLASHBACK)

Eddie holds Motel Woman down until she stops kicking. He checks to see if she's still conscious. She's out.

Eddies runs a bath and browses as he waits. He checks her purse and finds her out-of-state ID.

He stops the water and returns to Motel Woman. She's still out.

He drags her into the bathroom.

WEBBER (V.O.)

There a reason you couldn't carry her? Was she fat or somethin'?

Eddie undresses her.

GRIM (V.O.)

All the way?

EDDIE (V.O.)

Yes all the way! She was goin' in the tub!

Once nude, Eddie drops Motel Woman in the tub with a splash. Motel Woman wakes up thrashing.

BLAKE (V.O.)

Definitely not Rohypnol.

Eddie grabs her throat with both hands and holds her down. She tries to pull his hands off but he's too strong. Her eyes plead with him.

She stops struggling and he releases his grip. Her eyes remain open.

INT. EMPTY HOUSE - NIGHT - BACK TO PRESENT DAY

EDDIE

Then I took my finger.

GRIM
You have to ruin it with your
disgusting finger fetish?

EDDIE
I didn't say HOW I removed it.

GRIM
That's just sick.

INT. MILO'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Milo enters his apartment and tosses his keys on the counter.

He undresses as he makes his way to the bathroom. He reaches around the shower curtain and turns on the water.

He plugs his cell phone in the charger next to his bed and returns to the bathroom.

Milo pulls back the curtain and raises his foot. He comes to an unbalanced halt over an eager bear trap.

MILO
FUCK!

Milo loses his balance and falls backward, pulling the curtain down with him. His bare butt lands hard on the tile. The curtain rod knocks him in the head as the curtain falls to his side.

MILO (CONT'D)
Ow! Fucking hell.

Milo leans over the tub. White paint washes from the trap down the drain.

MILO (CONT'D)
Fucking Red. Goddammit.

INT. CHANNEL 5 NEWS/MAIN FLOOR - DAY

Milo winces as he lowers into his seat.

The voicemail light on his phone blinks. He picks up the receiver and shifts it to the other side of his head that isn't bruised.

SARA (V.O.)
Hi, Milo. It's Sara... from the
coffee shop. I know this is
weird...
(MORE)

SARA (V.O.) (CONT'D)
 but I was just wondering if you
 wanted to try an evening drink some
 time.

Milo redials.

SARA (O.S.)
 Hello?

MILO
 There's a bar over on Christopher
 in West Village. How's eight pm?

INT. COMMON CHEERS BAR - NIGHT

The bar isn't too crowded with a good blend of characters
 mingling underneath string lights surrounded by brick walls.

Milo cradles a beer at the bar. He glances around for Sara,
 at his watch, then up at the TV.

NEWSCASTER
 A woman was found murdered
 yesterday at the Travel Inn on
 Berry Road. Police are looking for
 suspect Jack Consuelos, the
 victim's boyfriend, for
 questioning.

Milo chuckles.

SARA
 What's so funny?

Milo turns to see Sara taking a seat next to him.

MILO
 Oh I was just watching the news.
 They ought to name that place
 Murder Inn for all the action it
 gets.

Sara glances at the TV.

SARA
 Oh.

The BARTENDER (25), a handsome man you'd normally see running
 a tattoo parlor, makes his way over to Sara.

SARA (CONT'D)
 Negroni on the rocks.

MILO
(to Bartender)
Put it on my tab.

The Bartender nods and mixes the cocktail.

SARA
You're such a gentleman.

MILO
I try.
(beat)
It didn't take you long to look me
up. So, what does the CIA have on
me?

The Bartender hands Sara her drink. She stirs it smiling and considers Milo.

SARA
Not much. No priors. Just an
upstanding citizen in the
journalism community.

MILO
Sounds about right.

SARA
How was your day?

MILO
Not as good as it is right now.

Sara laughs.

SARA
Smooth.

Milo makes a bowing gesture.

MILO
Thank you.

The two stare at each for a long moment.

INT. SARA'S APARTMENT/BEDROOM - NIGHT

A lamp barely lights the dim room.

Milo and Sara collapse on the bed with Milo on top. They make out passionately.

Milo removes his shirt over his head, then Sara's top and bra with ferocity. Sara unbuttons Milo's pants with the same energy.

They barely come up for air as they glide into one another. Milo grinds into Sara underneath the sheets.

Sara drops her hand to the side. Milo grabs it and interlocks their fingers as they continue.

LATER

Sara sleeps on her side as Milo lies awake staring at the ceiling. He has an amused expression.

Milo relieves his arm from behind his head and bumps it into an unstable nightstand. Milo winces and peeks at Sara, still asleep.

He leans over to close the nightstand drawer and notices the shape of a gun inside. Curious, Milo opens the drawer completely and sees a holstered gun next to a police detective badge.

INT. SID'S BAR & GRILL - DAY

Red and Milo lounge in a booth.

Red enjoys a slice of pie and watches Milo pick at his loaded fries.

RED
What's on your mind?

MILO
Nothing. Just tired.

Red stares at Milo for a long time.

MILO (CONT'D)
Honestly.

RED
If it's a problem that could
jeopardize--

MILO
--It's not going to jeopardize the
group.

RED
So it is a problem.

MILO
I'm handling it.

EXT. CENTRAL PARK - DAY

Leaves rustle on trees and occasionally interfere with passersby. Peace fills the air of the park.

Milo and Sara stroll side-by-side slowly along the wide trail. Milo's hands are covered partially in his pockets.

SARA
Tell me more about yourself.

Milo tenses.

MILO
Like what?

SARA
I don't know. Where did you grow up?

MILO
Here.

Sara playfully shoves Milo.

SARA
Come on. Manhattan? Brooklyn?
Queens?

MILO
Brooklyn.

SARA
What's your family like?

MILO
Tell me about you.

Sara considers him.

SARA
I'm from a small town in Virginia.
Only child.

MILO
What brought you to New York?

SARA
A job in law enforcement.

MILO
So, you're a cop.

SARA
Detective now.

Milo nods.

SARA (CONT'D)
You don't seem surprised.

MILO
I'm... processing.

SARA
Process this.

She kisses him.

MONTAGE - MILO AND SARA GROW CLOSER

-- Sara exits down the police station steps and sees Milo waiting at the bottom holding a bouquet of flowers.

-- They stop at a street food vendor for hot dogs. Sara points at something for Milo to look away at while she takes a bite of his hot dog.

-- They play a friendly and seductive game of one-on-one basketball in an isolated gym.

-- They arrive at Milo's place. He starts the shower and they begin to undress. Sara hops up and straddles Milo, kissing him. He carries her into the bathroom and shuts the door.

-- They visit a wine making place and mace grapes in a large bucket with their bare feet together. Milo falls and Sara laughs. Milo pulls her down with him.

END MONTAGE

INT. MILO'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Milo's cell phone rings as he enters.

MILO
Yeah.

RED (O.S.)
Is that how you handle problems?

MILO
What are you talking you about?

RED (O.S.)
You can't be this careless. She's a
cop.

Milo peaks through the windows.

MILO
How -- I know.

RED (O.S.)
Then end it or I will.

(CLICK)

Milo throws his cell phone on the couch.

FADE OUT.

ACT II

INT. CHANNEL 5 NEWS/CHRIS'S OFFICE - NIGHT

A naked TRISH (21) drops to her back on top of Chris Lutz's desk giggling.

Chris kisses her neck. She moans.

He lifts her legs and fucks her.

TRISH
Oh, fuck yeah!

CHRIS
You like that baby?

TRISH
Oh fuck yes. Fuck me!

Chris grunts and complies.

INT. CHANNEL 5 NEWS/PARKING GARAGE - LATER

Chris jingles his keys and whistles across the empty garage to his car.

He drops his keys and leans down to pick them up.

An electrical cord fastens around his neck. He chokes trying to grasp air. The figure in all black behind him pulls tightly with controlled strength.

Chris's body goes limp.

The figure releases him and Chris falls to the floor.

The figure unlocks Chris's car and places him inside. He attaches the cord to the head rest and tightly around Chris's neck.

He unzips Chris's fly and stages his hand around his dick.

The figure inserts the keys in the ignition, locks and shuts the door.

The figure gets into his own car and drives off.

Milo removes his ski-mask and gloves. He grins.

EXT. SMALL PARK - DAY

Milo holds two cases of beer while Sara places her purse in her trunk.

SARA
Ready?

MILO
Maybe.

SARA
Don't stress. It's not like you're
a serial killer.

Milo gives a nervous LAUGH.

Milo and Sara join the small group of off-duty cops barbecuing.

OREN
Hey Jo! You made it.

SARA
Hey Oren.

Sara hugs OREN (38), a short and buff man with a crew cut and a warm smile.

SARA (CONT'D)
Good to see you.

Milo waits awkwardly with the beer.

SARA (CONT'D)
This is Milo.

OREN
Oh, here man, let me help you with
that.

Oren grabs a case.

OREN (CONT'D)
(to crowd)
We got beer!

(CHEERS)

Oren carries the beer to the drinks station.

MILO
Jo?

SARA
Easier than Johansson.

MILO
Ah.

Milo follows Oren with the second case.

OREN
Anywhere's good.

Milo places the case on top of the other one.

Oren motions to Sara laughing and chatting with a young man.

OREN (CONT'D)
How long you two been together?

MILO
Not that long. But it feels like
years.

Oren nods.

OREN
Yeah, she's got that effect on
people.

MILO
How do you--

COP #1
--Hey, Oren!

Oren turns to the sound of his name.

OREN
Willis! Where ya been?
(to Milo)
Nice meeting you. Enjoy the food.

Oren pats Milo's back and joins Cop #1 across the lawn.

Sara escorts the young man to Milo.

SARA
Milo, I want you to meet my
partner, Peter Conroy.

MILO
Partner? Wow.

SARA
I know! Doesn't he look sixteen?

Peter (22), a man with a pure heart and determination, rolls his eyes.

Milo laughs.

MILO
Yeah, actually.

PETER
I'm twenty-two.

SARA
We're trying to convince our captain to start a 21 Jump Street program.

Sara wraps her arm around Peter's neck playfully.

SARA (CONT'D)
We've got a perfect candidate.

LATER

Peter, Sara, Oren, and Milo share a picnic table.

Oren imitates a caveman tearing into his plate of ribs. Milo can't help but stare.

SARA (CONT'D)
You'll have to excuse him. He was raised by wolves.

Oren beams proudly with barbecue sauce around his mouth.

PETER
So, Milo. What do you do for work?

MILO
I'm a journalist.

OREN
Like those guys with tape recorders loitering in front of the station?

SARA
Oren...

MILO
No, I leave the harassing to my colleagues.

INT. EMPTY HOUSE - NIGHT

Six chairs are arranged in a circle. Five members stare at the empty chair.

EDDIE
Did anyone try calling him?

WEBBER
You have his number?

RED
Grim was arrested yesterday.

Milo matches Red's accusing stare.

EDDIE
How the fuck?

BLAKE
It's not like he was the brightest.
Rather sloppy actually.

EDDIE
He was more of a brother than
you'll ever be.

MILO
Enough. Let's get on with the
meeting.
(beat)
Webber, you're up.

Webber clears his throat.

WEBBER
Okay then.

FLASHBACK TO:

EXT. MALL - NIGHT

The secluded loading dock welcomes teenagers looking for privacy.

TEENAGE BOY #1 (14) and TEENAGE BOY #2 (15) share a cigarette on a ledge.

WEBBER (V.O.)
These were easy.

Webber grabs the boys by the back of their shirts and pulls up, lifting them in the air.

TEENAGE BOY #1
What the fuck?!

TEENAGE BOY #2
(overlapping)
Ow! Let go you fucking pervert!

Webber carries them over to his open van and throws them inside.

TEENAGE BOY #1 AND #2
Ow!

Webber slides the door shut.

TRENT (V.O.)
You didn't worry about the noise?

WEBBER (V.O.)
I soundproofed it.

EDDIE (V.O.)
Nice.

Webber hops in and drives off.

INT. WEBBER'S HOUSE/EMPTY ROOM - NIGHT

Webber tosses both boys in and shuts the door. He latches and seals it with a padlock.

TEENAGE BOY #2
You think you can take me pervert?
I'm on the wrestling team!

Webber picks up an aluminum bat by the door.

TEENAGE BOY #1
Mason, please shut up.

TEENAGE BOY #2
(to Teenage Boy #1)
You shut up. I'm not gonna be this fat ass's bitch.
(to Webber)
You want this pervert?

Teenage Boy #2 grabs his junk.

TEENAGE BOY #2 (CONT'D)
Come and--

Webber swings and makes contact with a satisfying crack. Teenage Boy #2 goes down clutching his jaw, now severely separated from his face.

TEENAGE BOY #1

Mason!

Tears crowd Teenage Boy #2's eyes but he can't speak.

EDDIE (V.O.)

Damn. So there's muscle under all that fat?

Teenage Boy #1 backs into a corner.

TEENAGE BOY #1

Please. Please, no. Please, I'll do anything!

Webber gives an evil grin and swings again. Teenage Boy #1's eyeball flies across the room. He goes down screaming.

BLAKE (V.O.)

God, I hate these stories.

Webber turns back to Teenage Boy #2 still on the ground clutching his jaw.

Teenage Boy #2 tries to scoot away. Webber kicks him in the ribs and he stops scooting.

Webber spreads Teenage Boy #2's legs and swings with all his might.

EDDIE AND TRENT (V.O.)

OOOH!

Teenage Boy #2 is still.

BACK TO PRESENT DAY

INT. EMPTY HOUSE - NIGHT

BLAKE

Okay, I think we get the idea.

EDDIE

What'd you do with the bodies?

WEBBER

I run a slaughter business. What do you think?

BLAKE

Ugh.

EXT. EMPTY HOUSE - NIGHT

A shadowed figure sneaks around the back. The figure, wearing a ski mask, jams a crowbar in between the back door and frame and gives it a shove.

INT. EMPTY HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

The group, laughing, stops abruptly at the sound of splitting wood in the back.

EDDIE

Did you guys hear that?

BLAKE

No, we're all just randomly looking at the back door.

WEBBER

You've gotta be kiddin' me.

MILO

Shh!

Trent straightens and grips something in his coat pocket. Red watches as Milo creeps to the back. Blake, Webber, and Eddie follow.

EXT. EMPTY HOUSE - NIGHT

The BURGLAR grunts and maneuvers the crowbar back and forth. The door gives and he steps in.

INT. EMPTY HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

The four men stand on either side of the back entryway with a grin. The Burglar jumps in surprise and tries to turn and run, but Webber grabs his shirt and drags him inside.

The four men each take a limb and carry the struggling Burglar into the living room. They shove him in one of the chairs and hold him down.

MILO

Eddie, get some rope.

EDDIE
From where?

Red gets up and exits out the front door.

BLAKE
You don't keep rope in your car?

EDDIE
I wasn't planning anything tonight.

BLAKE
Oh my God.
(to Milo)
How did he make it in this group?

Red returns carrying a bundle of long electrical cords. Trent jumps up and untangles one.

MILO
Just shut up and grab a cord.

The group works together fastening the Burglar to the chair. Red removes the ski mask.

The Burglar (18), a paranoid and confused junkie, squirms in terror.

BURGLAR
What the -- please, please don't hurt me! I'm sorry I didn't know anybody was home.

WEBBER
Don't be sorry. We actually wanna thank you for being tonight's entertainment.

BURGLAR
Wha...

EDDIE
Dibs on the hands.

BLAKE
Are we really--

WEBBER
--Dibs on the head.

BLAKE
Wait a second!

TRENT
I'll take the feet.

BURGLAR
What's going on?

Milo turns to Blake.

MILO
Take your pick.

BLAKE
I want the head.

WEBBER
I already called dibs on the head.

BLAKE
You can't just say "dibs" and get the head!

MILO
Blake, pick something else or you get nothing.

BLAKE
This is bullshit.

Blake glances at the Burglar and sighs.

BLAKE (CONT'D)
I guess I'll take the knees.

MILO
Alright. Then I'll take the pelvis.

Milo opens a closet door and grabs a bundled plastic sheet.

RED
You guys grab your kits while Milo and I set up.

EDDIE
But I don't--

RED
--Leave.

The four men head out. The Burglar hyperventilates.

BURGLAR
Please. W-What's going on? Just let me go and I-I can get you whatever you want.

Red helps Milo spread out the plastic sheet.

MILO
Whatever you have to say, just say
it.

RED
We're a family. Nobody else
understands us.

MILO
She had nothing to do with Grim.

RED
Even if she didn't, she's a cop.
Where's your head?

MILO
You think I'm stupid enough to tell
her about us?

BURGLAR
Please! Somebody help!

Red grabs a roll of duct tape from the closet and removes a
strip.

BURGLAR (CONT'D)
No! Please! I wo--

Red fastens the strip to the Burglar's mouth and pats his
face.

RED
(to Milo)
You're jeopardizing the group's
safety. I warned you.

MILO
You better not touch her.

RED
All you have to do is break up with
her.

MILO
I mean it. Stay away from her.

Blake, Webber, and Trent each return with a bag. Eddie
follows with his hands in his pockets.

MILO (CONT'D)
Eddie, do you have anything to keep
him conscious?

Eddie puts his head down.

EDDIE

No.

BLAKE

Of course he doesn't.

WEBBER

Knock it off Blake. He's still young.

BLAKE

Youth is no excuse for stupidity. Even after two kills, he should know to always be prepared.

MILO

We'll probably only get one hit each before he passes out. Knees should be a good start.

Blake smiles and retrieves a hammer from his bag.

Urine trickles to the floor from the Burglar's pant leg. He shakes his head and mumbles through the duct tape as Blake approaches with his hammer.

BLAKE

Right or left?

The Burglar shakes his head vigorously.

Webber checks the sharpness of a pair of hairstyling scissors. Eddie reaches into Webber's bag. His hand is smacked away.

BLAKE (CONT'D)

Fine. I'll choose.

Blake positions himself off-center to the Burglar's right. He swings quickly and makes contact with a satisfying CRACK directly to the kneecap. The Burglar's muffled screams elevate.

Blake moves to the left knee. He swings and CRACKS the kneecap just off the corner. The Burglar goes still.

EDDIE

Oh come on!

Blake considers the passed out Burglar.

BLAKE

What a pussy. They don't make them
like they used to.

INT. CHANNEL 5 NEWS/MAIN FLOOR - DAY

Milo steps off the elevator.

People fill the floor in chaos. It's like 1995 again during
the OJ Simpson trial.

Milo grabs DORKY EDITOR (39) rushing past.

MILO

Hey, what's going on?

DORKY EDITOR

Chris was found dead in the parking
garage this morning. Some freak sex
accident.

Dorky Editor speeds off.

MILO

(to himself)

Took that long?

Milo sidesteps frantic people nearly running him over. He
sets his bag down at his desk.

The EDITOR-IN-CHIEF (51), a man both proud and worthy of a
thick mustache, places his hands on his hips in the middle of
the floor.

EDITOR-IN-CHIEF

Can I have your attention?!

Only a few notice.

Editor-in-chief produces an ear-splitting whistle with his
mouth. Everyone stops.

EDITOR-IN-CHIEF (CONT'D)

I'm sure you're all aware of Chris
Lutz's... sudden passing. But one
man doesn't run a news station.
There will be a new managing editor
by the end of the week. Counseling
is available for anyone that needs
it. If you have any questions, come
see me. Now get back to work.

Editor-in-chief heads into his office. The floor returns to normal with whispers.

Two women pass by Milo consoling a distraught Trish.

TRISH

I-I just don't understand. Was it n-
not enough for him?

CONSOLING WOMAN

Oh honey. He had a problem.

INT. SARA'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Sara and Milo dine on Chinese takeout. The chopsticks are an extension of Sara's hand, freeing her mind for distraction.

MILO

What's on your mind?

SARA

Just work stuff.

MILO

Wanna talk about it?

SARA

I can't really go into details.

MILO

Ongoing investigation?

SARA

Yeah.

(beat)

It's just... something happened to
one of the people I work with.

Milo pauses mid-bite.

MILO

Oh... I'm sorry.

INT. SID'S BAR & GRILL - DAY

Milo storms in and joins Red at a booth. Red eats a slice of pie with a smug expression.

MILO

What did you do?

RED
I'm giving you another chance.

MILO
You call ki--

Milo sees they're in public. He leans in and lowers his voice.

MILO (CONT'D)
You call 'removing one of her colleagues' giving me another chance?

RED
I needn't remind you how much worse it could be.

Milo tenses.

FLASHBACK TO:

INT. NYC SUBWAY - NIGHT (2005)

A few people wait for the last train to arrive.

SUPER: 16 YEARS AGO

Milo (18) lingers parallel to MEAN PUNK (20), a man more attuned to the music playing in his ears than paying attention to his surroundings. His shirt says "FUCK YOU".

The train can be heard in the distance.

Milo casually inches closer to Mean Punk. His eyes are unrelenting.

Red (39), leaning on a column, eyes Milo with curiosity.

The station starts to vibrate. A light appears in the tunnel.

People gravitate closer to the platform.

The front car of the train penetrates into view.

Milo moves up and bumps into Mean Punk with a half-shove. He falls down onto the tracks just as the first car passes.

A loud crunching sounds reverberates in the subway. A WOMAN screams.

Milo jumps back.

MILO
Oh my God!

The train stops and people scramble.

Milo turns and heads up the stairs. Red follows him.

EXT. SIDEWALK - CONTINUOUS

Milo relaxes to a casual stroll. Red keeps up behind him.

RED
Business or personal?

Milo turns around.

MILO
What?

RED
Back there. The punk.

MILO
What are you talking about?

RED
I saw you.

MILO
You're mistaken.

RED
Not at all. I'm usually business...
per se.

MILO
I don't follow.

RED
I do strangers. Families actually.

Milo searches Red's face.

MILO
Personal.

Red sticks out his hand.

RED
I'm Red.

Milo hesitates before shaking Red's hand.

MILO
Milo. What kind of name is Red?

RED
It's an acronym the media gave me.

MILO
The media? What are you, a serial killer or something?

RED
Precisely.

MILO
What do you want?

RED
I'm forming a... educational group.
It's more of an experiment
actually.

BACK TO PRESENT DAY

INT. SID'S BAR & GRILL - DAY

MILO
Don't do this. I have everything
under control.

RED
Detectives are like ants. They
don't stop.

Red stands and tosses a ten on the table.

MILO
Don't. Do this.

RED
You've got a week.

EXT. CENTRAL PARK - DAY

Milo comforts Sara on a bench. Her tears have soaked Milo's shoulder.

SARA
We dated very briefly when I first
started. We stayed friends.
(beat)
It just doesn't make any sense.
Oren didn't have any enemies.

MILO
What makes you think it wasn't
random?

Sara sits up. Her puffy eyes aren't taking any prisoners.

SARA
You think having his eyes gouged
and stuffed in his mouth is
random?!

MILO
I'm so--

SARA
--In his own home?!

MILO
I didn't know.

Sara relaxes.

SARA
I'm sorry. Of course you didn't
know. It's just... it reminds me of
a cold case I experienced as a kid.
I've only ever told Peter about it.

FLASHBACK TO:

EXT. WILCOX HOUSE - NIGHT (1994)

A bungalow caked in darkness feels unusually unwelcome.

Sara (7) cautiously steps onto the porch.

SARA (V.O.)
I lived next door to my best
friend. I couldn't sleep that night
and heard a noise.

SUPER: 26 YEARS AGO

Sara turns the front door knob slowly and peeks in.

SARA
Hello? Josy?

Sara steps inside the dark house. A light shines from the
dining room.

Sara sees a stream of blood trail around the corner. Her eyes
widen but she continues.

SARA (CONT'D)
Mr. and Mrs. Wilcox?

Sara turns the corner and screams.

JOSY WILCOX (7) and her parents are tied up on the floor, dead. MR. and MRS. WILCOX's eyes have been gouged and fed into their mouths. Dark stains are over their hearts.

Duct tape covers Josy's mouth and blood oozes from her neck. Her eyes flutter open.

Sara can't control her tears.

SARA (CONT'D)
J-Josy?

Sara slowly kneels down and pulls off the tape as gently as possible.

Josy tries to speak but blood clogs her throat.

JOSY
Sar--

Josy gags and goes silent. Her eyes stare at Sara.

Sara runs sobbing back to her house.

INT. JOHANSSON HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

SARA
MOM! DAAAD!

Sara rushes back home into her parents room.

LARRY
Sara? What time- W-what is it?

NANCY JOHANSSON (30) turns the light on and screams at the sight of Sara.

NANCY
OH MY GOD SARA! What happened?

LARRY JOHANSSON (32) jumps out of bed and runs to Sara. He examines her bloody hands and knees.

SARA
(sobbing)
Dad. Y-You have to help her.

LARRY
Help who honey? What on earth? Are
you hurt?

NANCY
For God's sake Larry of course
she's hurt! She's bleeding!

SARA
No.

Nancy runs to the bathroom and grabs the first aid kit.

SARA (CONT'D)
Dad, come help Josy. She's hurt.

Sara pulls her father's hand and leads him to the Wilcox house.

INT. WILCOX HOUSE

Sara leads Larry into the dining room.

LARRY
Oh my God.

SARA (V.O.)
I didn't understand at the time. I
didn't know what 'dead' really
meant.

EXT. WILCOX FRONTYARD - LATER

Sara cries in her mother's arms. Nancy tries to soothe her as police officers walk around them.

SARA (V.O.)
I thought if I closed my eyes
really tight, it would all go away.

A detective gets Larry's statement.

SARA (V.O.)
But it didn't.

BACK TO PRESENT DAY

EXT. CENTRAL PARK

Milo stares straight ahead, tense.

SARA
You're not saying anything.

MILO
I'm just... in shock. Do you...
know who did it?

SARA
The media linked it to this serial
killer terrorizing the country.
They called him this corny name.
The Red-Eye Dispatcher.

Milo rubs his hands on his knees.

MILO
Did they ever catch him?

SARA
No. It's one of thirteen cold
cases.

INT. COMPUTER STORE - DAY

Milo waits second in line at the sales counter.

The COMPUTER STORE WOMAN in front has been suckered into
buying an expensive USB fan by QUINN (27), a sales clerk born
with a permanent smirk who rubs non-existent smudges from his
car.

COMPUTER STORE WOMAN
Thank you so much!

QUINN
Anytiime.

Computer Store Woman steps around Milo and exits as CLERK'S
FRIEND (28), a macho surfer dude, enters.

Milo steps up to the counter.

QUINN (CONT'D)
(to friend)
Hey dude! What's up?

Clerk's Friend steps in front of Milo to greet Quinn with a
complicated handshake.

CLERK'S FRIEND
All good, man. I need a laptop
power cord. Mine busted.

QUINN
No probs, man. I gotcha.

Quinn turns and grabs a package from the wall.

QUINN (CONT'D)
Alright, with my discount that's
fifteen bucks.

CLERK'S FRIEND
Sweet!

Store Clerk's Friend slaps two bills on the counter.

Quinn makes the sale and hands over the power cord.

CLERK'S FRIEND (CONT'D)
Thanks bro. Catch ya latesss.

Store Clerk's Friend cruises out the door.

Milo stares at Quinn.

QUINN
Can I help you?

MILO
I need to buy a laptop power cord.

QUINN
Ah, sorry but we're sold out.

MILO
You just sold one to that guy who
cut in front of me.

QUINN
Yeah that was the last one.

Milo glares at Quinn.

QUINN (CONT'D)
There somethin' else you want?

MILO
No.

Milo turns and leaves.

EXT. COMPUTER STORE - NIGHT

The partially lit parking lot is empty.

Quinn locks the store and heads around the back to his car.

He glides his hand over the sideview mirror, gets in, and starts his car.

His door opens and he's yanked out by his shirt collar.

QUINN

Hey, what the hell?

Milo, dressed head to toe in black, leans over and presses the hood release button.

QUINN (CONT'D)

Hey man, just take it.

Milo grabs Quinn and drags him over to the front of the car.

QUINN (CONT'D)

Please man, you can have the car.

Milo lifts the car's hood, lifts Quinn up, and shoves his face down on the spinning belt.

Quinn screams and squirms but Milo holds him down. Skin and muscle splatter to the side.

Quinn stops moving.

Milo lets go, hooks Quinn's shirt collar onto a part near the car's belt, and slams the hood down.

INT. CHANNEL 5 NEWS/VICTORIA'S OFFICE - DAY

Milo watches VICTORIA MORGAN (37), an attractive woman with searching eyes and hair always in her way, from his chair across.

Victoria has stacks of files, papers, and books crowding her desk. She sorts through it.

VICTORIA

I'm sorry. I haven't had time to settle in.

MILO

That's okay.

VICTORIA

You are... Milo?

MILO

Yes.

VICTORIA

Well, it's nice to meet you Milo. I hate to start off like this but unfortunately Chris had several... close acquaintances that couldn't handle his passing. We're short staffed, so I'm going to need you to cover three times as many stories during the week until we can hire more people.

MILO

Oh.

VICTORIA

You won't be the only one and it won't be forever.

MILO

But it'll be a long while. Otherwise you wouldn't have said 'it won't be forever'.

VICTORIA

I -- I'm sorry.

MILO

I understand. Thank you for taking the time to talk with me about it. Chris never did that.

VICTORIA

(surprised)

Of course.

Milo gets up and heads towards the door.

VICTORIA (CONT'D)

Milo?

Milo turns around.

VICTORIA (CONT'D)

Thank you for understanding. The last person I talked to... didn't.

MAIN FLOOR

Milo slumps into his chair with a sigh and stares at the ceiling.

INT. SARA'S APARTMENT/BEDROOM - NIGHT

Milo and Sara cuddle in bed.

SARA
You have any traumatic experiences
as a kid?

MILO
Not... really.

SARA
That was convincing.

MILO
I don't know. I had kind of a weird
childhood.

SARA
(playfully)
Tell me.

MILO
I had two parents and a sister but
she died and then I was home
schooled. That's about it.

SARA
Whoa. Slow down. Your sister died?

MILO
Yeah.

SARA
Oh my God! I'm sorry... How old
were you?

MILO
Thirteen I think.

SARA
How... how did it happen?

MILO
She drowned.

SARA
Your poor parents.

FLASHBACK TO:

INT. COLLEGE DORM - NIGHT (2004)

Milo (18) sleeps peacefully in a twin bed. His ROOMMATE (18), a computer nerd finally free of his parents, snores half on the floor, half on his bed clutching a bong. Empty beer bottles cover the nightstand.

SUPER: 16 YEARS AGO

(PHONE RINGING)

ROOMMATE
(asleep)
Wasn't me!

Milo wakes slowly and sees his roommate.

(PHONE RINGING)

Milo reaches over and picks up the receiver.

MILO
H'lo?

FRANK (O.S.)
(crying)
Milo... oh God Milo.

MILO
Dad? W-what time is it?

FRANK (O.S.)
I don't know. I -- Your mother...

MILO
(sleepy)
What's going on?

FRANK (O.S.)
Your mother... she... she's...

MILO
She's what?

FRANK (O.S.)
I-I didn't see the signs. I-I
should have known. Should have--

Milo sits up rubbing his eyes. The alarm clock reads
"3:17AM".

MILO
Dad what happened?

FRANK (O.S.)
Oh God Milo she's dead! Your
mother, s-she's dead! She fucking
hung herself!

Milo stares straight ahead.

FRANK (O.S.) (CONT'D)
Milo? Are you there?

MILO
I'm here.

FRANK (O.S.)
Did you hear what I said?

MILO
Do you remember the day you and Mom
took Ava to the doctor for a
toothache?

FRANK (O.S.)
What?

MILO
I had a soccer game.

FRANK (O.S.)
What in the he--

MILO
I was thirteen. Mom flipped out
when Ava complained of a toothache
and you guys took her to the ER.
You missed my first game. You
didn't even remember to pick me up.
I had to walk home.

FRANK (O.S.)
Milo...

MILO
I never told you because you never
asked, but I scored the winning
goal that day.

FRANK (O.S.)
Son...

MILO
I guess it's just us now.

FRANK (O.S.)
I -- I'm going to call you
tomorrow.

BACK TO PRESENT DAY

INT. SARA'S APARTMENT/BEDROOM

Milo caresses Sara's shoulder in a daze.

MILO
They didn't take it so well.

Sara snuggles tighter with Milo.

INT. EMPTY HOUSE - NIGHT

Six chairs make up a circle. The five occupants stare at the empty sixth.

Webber shifts in his seat. Trent's eyes search the chair for meaning. Blake retains his usual posture and smug expression. Red and Milo share a silent conversation.

WEBBER
Something's happening.

TRENT
We must've been compromised.

WEBBER
How? Our entry murders were
witnessed.

TRENT
Double agent.

WEBBER
(to Trent)
You need to lay off the spy movies.
(to Blake)
You look more smug than usual. Care
to share?

BLAKE
I'd love to. But I'm not the
snitch.

WEBBER
That's what a snitch would say.

BLAKE

You should lay off the cop shows.

Milo stands, grabs the empty chair, tosses it across the room, and returns to his seat.

BLAKE (CONT'D)

Want to talk about it?

MILO

I suggest you get on with your story.

INT. UNIVERSITY/DEAN'S OFFICE - DAY (FLASHBACK)

The office functions as a community space for office-related tasks. A small receptionist desk creates an obstacle in front of a door labeled "DEAN".

JEANETTE's (21) heels click past Blake, checking his mailbox. She makes copies while Blake eyes her skirt.

BLAKE (V.O.)

God, I love interns.

Blake grabs a stack of files off a random desk and approaches Jeanette from the side.

JEANETTE

Hi, Professor Edwards.

BLAKE

Hi... Jeanette?

JEANETTE

Yes.

BLAKE

The dean wanted me to give these to you. He said for you to drop them off in the outside office after five.

JEANETTE

Outside office?

BLAKE

You know where it is, right?

JEANETTE

Em, no?

BLAKE

He does this all the time without realizing you guys are still learning the campus! It's a little complicated and I'm pressed for time, but I can show you later if you want.

JEANETTE

Oh. I'm sure I can find it, but thank you.

BLAKE

You sure? It's kind of hidden from view and for some reason they don't tell everyone how to get there.

JEANETTE

Well... okay.

INT. EMPTY HOUSE (PRESENT)

WEBBER

The stick makes sense now.

BLAKE

What stick?

WEBBER

The one up your ass. It's 'cause you're a professor.

BLAKE

How original. You should consider an education.

INT. BLAKE'S CAR - EVENING (FLASHBACK)

Blake drives around the university at a regular speed.
Jeanette holds the stack of files in the passenger seat.

JEANETTE

I can't thank you enough Professor Edwards. The dean already yelled at me twice this week.

BLAKE

Oh it's no problem at all.

Blake drives to the edge of the campus and parks in the empty lot behind the maintenance building.

JEANETTE
This is the outside office?

BLAKE
It's a nickname. For some reason,
'maintenance' is an offensive word
for the prestigious.

Jeanette unbuckles her seatbelt.

JEANETTE
Oh. Thanks again.

Jeanette tries the door handle.

JEANETTE (CONT'D)
Oh, I think it's stuck.

BLAKE
No, just locked.

JEANETTE
Wha--

Blake grabs Jeanette and throws her in the back seat. She screams and tries the back door unsuccessfully.

Blake joins her in the back.

Jeanette beats at the windows. Blake lowers his pants.

LATER

Blake stops the car at the top of the hillside road, opens the passenger door from the inside, and shoves Jeanette's nude and lifeless body out.

It rolls down the steep hill, stopping at the base of a thick tree.

INT. EMPTY HOUSE - BACK TO PRESENT DAY

WEBBER
I can't believe nobody at the
college has caught on.

BLAKE
It's a university. And nobody would
ever suspect friendly Professor
Edwards.

Blake sticks out his chest for effect.

WEBBER

And somebody married you?

LATER

Milo folds the chairs against the wall as the group disperses.

TRENT

Are we still going to continue?

Milo considers the question.

MILO

Of course. I'm gonna get to the bottom of this. Don't worry.

Milo searches for Red but only Trent remains.

INT. CHANNEL 5 NEWS/MAIN FLOOR - DAY

Milo stretches in his cubicle. Victoria, passing by, stops behind him.

VICTORIA

How's it going?

Milo turns, almost startled.

MILO

It's going. Almost done with the edits.

VICTORIA

That's great. You strike me as a guy that can handle a lot.

Milo shrugs.

VICTORIA (CONT'D)

My goal is not to take advantage of you though.

Victoria leans in.

VICTORIA (CONT'D)

Will you let me know if it seems like I'm piling everything on you?

MILO

Em... sure.

VICTORIA
You're a trooper.

Victoria winks and moves on. Milo watches her leave, puzzled.
He pulls out his cell phone and selects "SARA" on the screen.
(PHONE DIALING)

SARA (O.S.)
Hello?

MILO
Hey.

SARA (O.S.)
Hi.

MILO
Wanna grab lunch?

SARA (O.S.)
I can't right now.

MILO
Everything okay?

SARA (O.S.)
Peter's missing. I'm sorry, I've
gotta go.

(CLICK)

Milo tenses and glares at nothing in particular.

EXT. MILO'S CAR - NIGHT

Milo's car sits at the beginning of a long road. Only two
houses share the street.

INT. MILO'S CAR

Milo slips on motorcycle gloves, staring straight ahead.

He grabs a hunter's knife resting on the passenger seat and
exits.

EXT. RED'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Milo's robotic movements go unnoticed along the quiet street.

He moves up to the front door and stops. The only door closed is the one deterring insects. The house matches the night.

Milo proceeds cautiously without a sound. He readies his knife and steps in.

INT. RED'S HOUSE

Milo creeps to the bedroom immediately to the left and peeks in. Red sleeps soundly on his back in a sleigh bed.

Milo steps to Red's side and places the hunting knife against his neck. Red's eyes remain closed.

RED

Hello Milo.

Red opens his eyes.

MILO

You may've been expecting me but I can still kill you.

RED

But don't you wanna know where Peter is?

MILO

I'll find him.

RED

Mmm I don't think so.

Milo considers Red for a beat before releasing the knife from Red's neck.

MILO

Tell me.

Red sits up.

RED

Call the detective and break up with her.

MILO

That's not going to happen.

RED

Then Peter's death will be on your hands.

MILO
Dammit Red, don't do this!

RED
You've left me no choice.

MILO
You have a choice. You can admit
you're jealous and stop this
charade.

RED
Sorry to burst your bubble but
you're not my type.

MILO
It was never really about the
group's safety was it? It was about
you wanting my undivided attention.

RED
Is that so? Is that why three
members are in jail right now?
Because your girlfriend had nothing
to do with it?

MILO
I -- She would've mentioned it.

RED
You sure about that?

MILO
This isn't her. This is you.

RED
Why would I turn in members of a
group I started?

MILO
I don't know Red, you tell me.

Milo and Red each wait for the other to make a move. Nothing happens.

MILO (CONT'D)
I don't wanna hurt you. You've
twenty-four hours to release Peter
or I make a real move.

Red snorts.

MILO (CONT'D)
Don't test me Red.

Milo leaves Red with his thoughts.

INT. MILO'S APARTMENT - DAY

(KNOCKING)

Milo answers the door. Sara runs into his arms.

MILO

Sara, what's wrong?

Milo guides Sara to the couch. She wipes her face but it's too wet to make a difference. Her body shakes with each sob.

SARA

Peter... Oh God. He--

Milo grabs a box of tissues and hands them to Sara.

SARA (CONT'D)

He was working on the case. The cold case.

MILO

Your cold case?

SARA

He didn't want to get my hopes up in case it didn't pan out. I had no idea.

MILO

Did he... find something?

SARA

I don't know. He wasn't answering his phone so I went over to his place. Someone had broken in. He was...

Sara buries her face in her hands and sobs. Milo caresses her hair.

Milo's cell phone buzzes. He checks it discreetly. A text from Red reads: "CONSIDER HIM 'RELEASED'."

SARA (CONT'D)

He was found just like Mike. I haven't even told his family.

MILO

I'm so sorry. How do you know he was working on the case?

SARA

There were files spread out around his body. It was the Red-Eye Dispatcher. I just don't know how or why. It's been twenty-six years since his last murder spree.

MILO

So you guys know his identity?

Sara pulls away from Milo and stares at him.

SARA

Why do you ask?

MILO

I -- You said it was him that did this. I just assumed--

Sara stands up.

SARA

You didn't seem surprised when I told you about Mike or Peter.

MILO

I'm a journalist. I've seen a lot.

SARA

What aren't you telling me?

MILO

I -- Nothing. Why do you--

SARA

--Don't fucking lie to me Milo.

MILO

I'm not! Just -- Please sit.

Sara cautiously complies at the far end of the couch.

MILO (CONT'D)

I'll admit, I haven't been completely honest with you... but I swear I had nothing to do with the murders.

Milo scoots closer to Sara.

MILO (CONT'D)

Please, you have to know how much I care about you. I... I love you, Sara.

Sara's eyes drip and stay on Milo.

SARA
Please don't be a psycho.

FLASHBACK TO:

INT. COLE HOUSE - NIGHT (2000)

Muffled voices lure Milo (14) down the hallway towards the kitchen.

SUPER: 20 YEARS AGO

KITCHEN

Frank (39) sorts through a stack of mail as Evelyn (33) rests in the bay window with a long gaze. Tears roll down her face.

EVELYN
What are we going to do Frank?

FRANK
(compassionate tone)
I'll call the psychiatrist first thing tomorrow and schedule an appointment.

EVELYN
Okay. I just...

FRANK
I know, honey. I know.

Frank sets the stack of bills down on the counter and goes to comfort his wife.

EVELYN
I can still hear her sweet voice asking for strawberry pancakes... her favorite.

Frank's eyes water.

FRANK
Oh, Ev. I miss her too... I miss her too.

EVELYN
I don't know what to feel. I-I love Milo b-but after what he did to Ava sometimes I-I...

Frank holds his wife, trying to calm her.

FRANK

I know. It's a difficult situation.

Evelyn pulls away from her husband.

EVELYN

Difficult situation?! He's a psychopath! He murdered her! H-he--

FRANK

--He's still our son.

Evelyn sobs into her husband's shoulder. Frank cries silently.

BACK TO PRESENT

INT. MILO'S APARTMENT - DAY

Milo's face softens.

MILO

I love you.

SARA

You said that.

MILO

It's important you know that.

Sara waits for him to continue. Milo sighs.

MILO (CONT'D)

I... moderate a group for serial killers. We meet once a week and--

(PHONE RINGING)

Milo's cell phone reads: "TRENT CALLING"

MILO (CONT'D)

Fuck.

Sara stiffens.

SARA

Is that one of them?

MILO

I'm sorry. I have to take this. He never calls.

INT. HOSPITAL - SAME

Trent waits in a seat across from the nurse's station. A long gMace down the side of his face oozes with blood and pus and drips onto the chair.

The nurse glares at him.

INTERCUT - TELEPHONE CONVERSATION

MILO

Hello?

TRENT

Hey, I'll be out for the next couple weeks.

MILO

Why? What's happened?

TRENT

I have to get a tetanus shot... and stitches.

MILO

What happened?

TRENT

This lady had feral cats and--

MILO

Oh for Christ's sake. Fine, just keep me posted and be careful.

EXT. BLAKE'S HOUSE - DAY

Red strolls up in a neat sweater vest and khakis to an old Tudor home and rings the doorbell. He hums as he waits.

MRS. EDWARDS (41), a blonde woman with European features and a housewife disapproval, answers the door.

MRS. EDWARDS

Can I help you?

RED

Good evening ma'am. I was hoping your husband was in?

Mrs. Edwards frowns.

RED (CONT'D)
I'm a colleague of Blake's. Dr.
Raider. Psychology department.

Red extends his hand. Mrs. Edwards' face lights up with practiced recognition. She shakes his hand.

MRS. EDWARDS
Oh! Do come in. I'll get Blake.

Red politely steps in.

INT. BLAKE'S HOUSE

Dark wood floors and Victorian furniture present a prestigious feel.

Mrs. Edwards steps ever-so-gently to the beginning of split-stairs and peers up.

MRS. EDWARDS
Blake, dear! Your colleague is here
to see you!

Red admires a set of family photos. He stops at the last photo featuring Blake and Mrs. Edwards behind a young boy and girl. The family poses in their finest attire for the portrait.

Blake comes down the stairs puzzled.

BLAKE
What colleague?

Mrs. Edwards gestures to Red, smiling with hands leisurely behind his back.

Blake follows her gesture. His eyes widen at the sight of Red. He doesn't break his gaze.

BLAKE (CONT'D)
(to Mrs. Edwards)
Honey, why don't you make us some
tea.

MRS. EDWARDS
Sure!

The two men wait for the kitchen door to close behind Mrs. Edwards.

RED
Hello Blake.

BLAKE
(whispering)
What the hell are you doing here?

RED
We have some things to discuss.
Shall we?

Red gestures to the front door. Blake nervously glances at the kitchen door.

BLAKE
Fine.

EXT. BLAKE'S HOUSE

Blake watches Red from a distance.

BLAKE
How do you know where I live?

RED
If you look hard enough, anyone can be found. Even you, Ted Bundy.

BLAKE
You need--

RED
--You have a lovely house... and an even lovelier wife.

Blake takes a threatening step towards Red.

RED (CONT'D)
Careful. We wouldn't want your perfect family to find out how imperfect you are, would we?

BLAKE
What do you want?

RED
Need is my first priority. You need to stop turning in group members to settle your insecure ego.

BLAKE
I--

RED
--You also need to keep your mouth shut about this whole chat.

BLAKE
I'm not the rat.

Red steps up to Blake.

RED
Oh, but you are. Your cell phone
GPS places you at the scene of Grim
and Eddie's crimes the day after
our meetings, and both were
convicted from evidence submitted
anonymously.

BLAKE
How--

RED
--Your biggest mistake was
underestimating me Blake.

BLAKE
I don't know what you're talking
about.

RED
(sarcastically)
Really?

Red grabs Blake's right hand and shoves it against the brick.
He uses his body to pin Blake in place.

BLAKE
What are you doing? Let go of me!

Red takes a pocket knife and runs it across Blake's fingers,
severing each one. Blake screams.

Red releases Blake.

RED
A little something to remember in
case you get any ideas.

Red turns to go and stops. Blake is kneeling and clutching
his finger-less hand.

RED (CONT'D)
Oh, and tell your wife it was
lovely to meet her.

Red flashes a creepy grin and leaves.

Blake grimaces and tries to stand.

BLAKE
MELANIE! CALL NINE ONE ONE!

INT. MILO'S APARTMENT - DAY

Sara stands, cradling her arms.

MILO
Sara...

SARA
How...

MILO
I didn't start the group. But the
man who did... was my mentor.

SARA
A serial killer.

MILO
His name... is Red.

SARA
Is that a nickname or something?

MILO
It's an acronym.

Sara's face slowly changes in recognition.

SARA
No.

MILO
You have to understand--

SARA
--NO.

MILO
Sara, please. I--

SARA
--How could you do this to me?!

Milo moves to comfort her. Sara jumps up.

MILO
Sara, I--

SARA
--Stay the fuck away from me!

MILO
Just let me explain!

SARA
Are you a -- Have you killed
anyone?

MILO
Well...

SARA
Wow.

MILO
I'm not like them! I don't kill for
fun.

SARA
(sarcastically)
So you're a good serial killer.

MILO
I tried to get him to stop. He's
upset that we're dating.

SARA
HE KNOWS ABOUT ME? What all have
you told the sicko that killed my
best friend?

MILO
Nothing! I told him nothing. He...
finds out things.

SARA
So you're the reason Peter's dead.

MILO
Sara, I have to ask... are you
going to...

SARA
Turn you in? If I say yes does that
mean you'll kill me too?

MILO
No of course not! I told you I love
you. I would never hurt you.

SARA
Right now I need to get away from
you. I need time to think.

MILO

But--

SARA

--Don't.

MILO

This is bigger than us. That's why I ask.

SARA

There is no 'us'. I'm only taking time to consider turning you and your killer friends in or not.

MILO

Well, you've actually got a few of them already. I think we have a mole.

SARA

You say that like it's my problem.

MILO

No, I just--

SARA

--Burn in hell, Milo.

Sara slams the door on her way out. Milo stares at the door defeated.

(PHONE RINGING)

Milo's screen reads: "Red Calling".

MILO

What the fuck do you want now?

RED (O.S.)

Manners would be nice. Let's meet.

MILO

No.

RED (O.S.)

I think you're forgetting--

(CLICK)

Milo grabs his keys and storms out.

EXT. STREET - DAY

Milo storms down the sidewalk. He doesn't notice people moving about him.

(PHONE RINGING)

Milo answers without checking the screen.

MILO

WHAT?

VICTORIA (O.S.)

I'm guessing this isn't a good time?

Milo stops in his tracks and checks his phone.

MILO

Victoria. I'm sorry. Yeah, I'm... in the middle of something. What's up?

VICTORIA (O.S.)

We just got a tip that a third police officer has been killed in a month. I was hoping maybe you could take the lead on this one.

MILO

Fuck.

VICTORIA (O.S.)

What?

MILO

I mean... yeah, can I call you back?

VICTORIA (O.S.)

Sure. Is everything okay?

MILO

No. I mean, yes. Thank you.

Milo hangs up and takes off running.

ACT III

INT. SID'S BAR & GRILL - DAY

Milo storms inside. He shivers from the air condition hitting his clammy skin. He glances around but Red is absent.

Milo grits his teeth and selects a booth in the back.

A PIMPLY TEENAGER (16) steps up to Milo's booth with too much enthusiasm. He sets a menu down on the table.

PIMPLY TEENAGER
Hello! How are you today?

MILO
No thanks.

PIMPLY TEENAGER
Would you like to try our--

MILO
--Fuck off.

The Pimply Teenager quickly retrieves the menu and scurries back to the front.

Milo tries to calm himself. His hands won't stop shaking.

His phone buzzes and he jumps. The screen reads: "SARA CALLING".

MILO (CONT'D)
Is everything--

SARA (O.S.)
--MY FUCKING CAPTAIN? ARE YOU
FUCKING KIDDING ME?

MILO
Sara, just calm--

SARA (O.S.)
--Don't tell me to calm down! Where
is he? I swear to God I'll fucking
kill him!

Red walks in and makes his way over to Milo.

MILO
I'm sorry, I've gotta go. I'll call
you back.

SARA (O.S.)
DON'T YOU FUCKING HANG--

Red slides into the booth as Milo pockets his phone.

RED
You don't look so good.

MILO
You being alive is affecting my health.

RED
Oh come on now. There's no need for hostility.

MILO
Why the captain?

Red tilts his head in curiosity.

MILO (CONT'D)
Don't even try. I honestly don't know how you find the time and energy to do all this. I mean, it's not like your twenty-five anymore.

RED
(smiling)
I can assure you, I'm just as strong as I was back then.

MILO
So you've come out of retirement?

RED
I don't know anything about a captain, but I brought some things to help with your decision.

Red reaches into his jacket's inside breast pocket. Milo tenses.

MILO
What decision?

Red places a thick envelope on the table.

RED
Getting rid of her.

MILO
How many times do I--

RED
--Just open it.

Milo grabs the envelope and pulls a folded stack of papers out. A couple candid photographs fall out.

INSERT - CANDID PHOTOS:

Sara shakes hands with a business man.

Sara has coffee at a vendor stand next to the business man.

BACK TO SCENE

MILO
What is this?

RED
That, is your girlfriend meeting
with Alex Bedford, an editor at Sam
& Sawyer Publishing.

Milo unfolds the papers.

INSERT - VARIOUS DOCUMENTS:

Contract from Sam & Sawyer Publishing.

Police archive retrieval request for Red-Eye Dispatcher
files.

Inquiry letter to the psychology department at NYU for an
"expert opinion".

All signed "SARA JOHANSSON".

BACK TO SCENE

Milo picks up the photos again.

MILO
Where did you -- I don't
understand.

RED
Do I have to spell it out for you?
She's writing a book about me.

Milo struggles to speak.

EXT. SID'S BAR & GRILL - DAY

Milo leans against the building to get his bearings. He pulls out his phone.

SARA (O.S.)
How dare you hang up on me.

MILO
Sara, listen. I need to know... how did your captain... die?

SARA (O.S.)
You're unbelievable.

MILO
Please.

SARA (O.S.)
Your bestie didn't tell you he threw him down the stairs?

MILO
Oh, thank God.

SARA (O.S.)
EXCUSE ME?

MILO
Sorry, I just mean Red didn't do it.

SARA (O.S.)
I'm so glad my captain's death is a relief--

MILO
--No, I--

SARA (O.S.)
--But tell me, how do you know he didn't do it?

Milo winces.

SARA (O.S.) (CONT'D)
WELL?

MILO
Stairs aren't his MO even in revenge killings. It's... too quick a death.

Beat.

MILO (CONT'D)
You still there?

SARA (O.S.)
How about you give me his real name
and I decide for myself?

MILO
Sara...

SARA (O.S.)
Honestly Milo! After all he's done,
you're still defending him?!

MILO
It's... complicated.

SARA (O.S.)
I suggest you UN-complicate it
before your freedom gets
complicated.

MILO
Sar--

Milo wipes his eyes and stares at his phone.

INT. HOSPITAL - DAY

Trent exits the lobby carefully touching the fresh stitches on his face. He winces and shifts the prescription bag to his other hand.

Blake and his wife slowly enter at the far end. They don't notice Trent.

EXT. HOSPITAL/PARKING LOT - DAY

Trent heads to his car while reaching for his phone.

MILO (O.S.)
Hello?

TRENT
I just wanted to update you. The
doctor said these antibiotics have
serious drowsy side effects, but
otherwise I'll make a full
recovery.

MILO (O.S.)
Oh, that's fine. Just take care of
yourself.

TRENT
Will do. I don't think Blake will
make it either.

MILO (O.S.)
What do you mean?

TRENT
I just saw him and his wife walk
in. His hand was bundled up and she
was carrying a bloody Ziploc bag.

MILO (O.S.)
Son of a bitch.

TRENT
What?

MILO (O.S.)
Nothing. Get better.

INT. HOSPITAL - DAY

Milo strides in with purpose.

The phone rings unanswered at the nurse's desk as she helps
an elderly man to his seat.

Milo makes a left down the hall. He moves with robotic
tendencies, passing rows of drawn curtains to less-urgent
patients.

One curtain rolls aside and a young woman steps out,
clutching a bandage to her temple. Her boyfriend follows and
reaches to put his arm around her shoulder, but she slaps him
away.

Milo makes a right at the end of the hall. Windowed doors
line the next hallway for in-house patients.

A YOUNG DOCTOR steps out of one room. An UNSEEN PATIENT yells
from inside.

UNSEEN PATIENT
Doc I swear it's under my skin!

The Young Doctor rolls his eyes and passes Milo.

Milo checks through the window of another door. An elderly woman sleeps soundly, hooked up to a machine.

The next room holds a man with casts on both legs.

Mrs. Edwards quietly shuts a door farther down on her way out. She dabs her eyes with a tissue. Milo passes her quickly and steps into the room she just left.

INT. HOSPITAL/ROOM - DAY

Blake rests in bed with his arm suspended. Stitches and pins consume his hand.

Blake picks up his head at the sound of the door. His eyes widen.

BLAKE

Milo! How did -- what a surprise!

Milo smiles at Blake and moves around the room casually.

MILO

What happened?

BLAKE

Oh, uh... my wife. She... dropped her ring down the garbage disposal and I... you know.

Blake motions to his hand. Milo nods.

MILO

Ouch.

Milo opens cabinets and drawers.

MILO (CONT'D)

It's interesting. An intelligent man like yourself... willingly placing his hand down a garbage disposal.

BLAKE

I... thought I had it. Didn't want to risk a plumber bill.

Milo moves over to Blake's hand.

MILO

Looks like a clean slice across the fingers. Usually a garbage disposal isn't so neat.

BLAKE
I... I don't know.

MILO
Professor Blake Edwards at a loss
for words? Now I've seen it all.

Blake licks his lips and tries to sit up.

MILO (CONT'D)
That was nice of Red to let you
live.

BLAKE
I don't know what you're talking
about.

MILO
Don't you?
(beat)
We both know you're not the type
for freak or stupid accidents, and
Red certainly isn't the type to re-
act without a damn-good reason.

Blake reaches for the nurse call remote. Milo swipes it off
the bed.

BLAKE
Look Milo. I don't--

MILO
--What was the point of turning
them all in? Did we not love you
enough?

BLAKE
No. I -- We can work something out,
okay?

MILO
Okay.

Milo grabs Blake's head and chin and quickly pulls to the
side. Blake's neck snaps.

Milo picks Blake up by his torso and shoves him to the floor
by the counter.

He grabs a water cup and arranges it just out of reach of
Blake's extended good hand. He places Blake's elbow on the
remote button that lifts the bed, and turns the bed on its
side.

Milo wipes his brow and drags the upturned bed so that the wheel and bar rest on Blake's neck.

He checks the window on the door and leaves quietly towards the opposite end of the hall.

INT. MILO'S CAR - DAY

Milo selects Sara's name in his phone and drives out of the hospital parking lot.

SARA (O.S.)
What's his name?

MILO
Let's meet at your place. I'll tell
you everything.

SARA (O.S.)
Fine. Try anything and I'll shoot
you.

EXT. MILO'S CAR - NIGHT

Milo shoves a roll of duct tape in his coat pocket and reaches back inside for a bottle of chloroform.

He pours the bottle over a small towel. Excess liquid splatters to the ground. He pockets the towel and shuts the door.

EXT. SARA'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Milo heads up the stairs slowly with his hands in his coat pockets.

He reaches Sara's door and knocks softly. She opens the door within seconds.

SARA
It's about ti--

INT. SARA'S APARTMENT - CONTINUOUS

Milo whips out the soaked towel and shoves it over Sara's face as he steps in. She falls backward into the wall and tries to reach her gun on the side table to her right.

Milo maintains his grip over the towel and steadies her fall with his other hand. He pushes the front door closed with his foot.

Sara struggles but Milo uses his full weight to keep her down. Her eyes dagger his as she reluctantly takes a needed breath.

MILO

You said you loved me. I get the
feeling you don't feel the same any
more.

Her eyes flutter closed and she goes limp. Milo pockets the towel, locks the front door, and releases the magazine from Sara's gun.

He grabs a dining chair and sets it in the center of the living room. He carefully picks Sara up and lowers her into the chair. He pulls the duct tape from his pocket and secures each limb to the chair.

Milo grabs another dining chair and places it across from Sara. He settles in and waits.

LATER

Milo stares at an image on his phone with a melancholy expression.

INSERT - IMAGE OF MILO AND SARA:

Milo kisses Sara's cheek while she laughs.

BACK TO SCENE

Sara stirs awake. Milo pockets his phone and straightens.

MILO (CONT'D)

Hey...

Sara squirms, testing her restrictions.

SARA

This is where I draw the line.
We're officially over.

MILO

I just want to talk.

SARA

You needed to tie me up to talk?

MILO

I had to make sure you wouldn't run off.

SARA

(nodding)

Psychopaths do like to be in control.

Milo scoots his chair closer.

MILO

Look. Nothing about me has changed. I'm the same guy you met at the coffee shop.

SARA

Same psychopath. Got it.

Milo sighs.

MILO

Have you... been writing a book?

SARA

Is that what this is about?

MILO

Is it about Red?

SARA

Wouldn't you like to know.

MILO

It's imperative that I do.

SARA

What's his real name?

MILO

I need you to cancel your book deal and burn the material you have.

SARA

Why on earth would I do that?

MILO

Because your life depends on it.

Sara glances at her gun across the room. Milo follows her gaze.

MILO (CONT'D)

I don't wanna have to kill you, so
I need you to understand that you
can't write that book.

SARA

You said you'd never hurt me.

Milo stands and paces around her chair.

MILO

Then don't make me. I'm giving you
time to change your mind. You can't
pursue Red.

SARA

Or what? You'll kill me?

MILO

Yes.

SARA

Why are you protecting him?

MILO

He was there for me when my family
wasn't. He practically raised me.

SARA

You're choosing him over me?

MILO

He understands me in ways no one
else ever could. He has my best
interests at heart. Well... he did.

Milo turns to Sara.

MILO (CONT'D)

He threatened your life and your
friends lives. I tried to reason
with him but it was no use. He gave
me a choice. Break up with you or
he'd kill you. I tried to make it
work. I tried to tell him you
weren't a threat. And then he
showed me photos of you with a
publisher.

SARA

So... you'd kill someone you love
to protect someone else you love?

MILO

Love, hate, security... it's all the same. I know he killed your best friend, but you have to understand--

SARA

--He killed my best friend and her family. They were innocent. I will never stop hunting him. I will never stop upholding the law. I swore an oath. You and your psycho family don't fit around that.

Milo collapses back into his chair.

MILO

You'd risk your life to close a cold case?

SARA

This cold case, yes.

Milo slowly nods at the floor.

MILO

I love you.

SARA

You need help.

MILO

You don't have to write that book.

SARA

Tell me his name and I'll reconsider.

MILO

What purpose would the book serve for you besides letting the world know about Red?

SARA

It's a starting point to catching him. Maybe someone will read it and remember something.

MILO

And you won't settle for anything else?

SARA

If you're asking if I want you to murder him, the answer is no. That's not justice.

MILO

Your book would also put my life in jeopardy. Eventually his capture would lead to me.

SARA

One less psychopath. Yes, it's a win-win.

Milo matches Sara's eyes. Only hate remains. Milo turns away.

MILO

You weren't this narrow-minded when we met.

SARA

What part of you being a serial killer is positive?

MILO

I don't actively seek out people to murder. Sometimes it's just the best solution for bad people.

SARA

Okay, Dexter.

MILO

I tried so hard to save you. But you've made it impossible.

Milo takes a step towards Sara.

SARA

Milo please, you don't have to do this.

Tears flood Sara's face.

SARA (CONT'D)

You really think I don't have a backup plan?

MILO

I know you don't. Deep down, you're just as hurt as me. You're hoping I'll do the right thing, just as I was hoping you would.

SARA

Was?

MILO

I will always love you.

Milo reaches for Sara's head.

SARA

Milo... wait.

Milo's tears drip onto his shirt.

SARA (CONT'D)

Mi--

Milo looks away and snaps her neck. Sara lies motionless. He closes her eyes and stares at her for a long moment.

Milo snaps out of it and spreads out papers from Sara's research around the dining table. He selects a couple photos from an album and arranges them alongside the papers.

INSERT - DOCUMENTS FOR BOOK RESEARCH & PHOTOGRAPHS:

Letters from professors in the psychology department at NYU.

Cold case file from Red's 1994 murder.

Photo of seven-year-old Sara and Josy grinning at the camera, each with a missing tooth.

Photo of six-year-old Sara and Josy laughing and lying on their stomachs on a picnic blanket.

BACK TO SCENE

Milo removes the strap from Sara's purse, extends it, and tosses one end over the ceiling fan. He grabs the other end, makes a noose, and pulls with his full weight. The ceiling cracks slightly but the fan holds.

He unstraps Sara's body from the chair and drags both underneath the ceiling fan. He lifts her up, places her head through the noose, and tightens it. The ceiling cracks again but Sara stays suspended.

Milo kicks the chair to its side, under the body. He returns the magazine to the gun on the side table and gives the room a once over. Milo has no expression leaving the apartment for the last time.

EXT. MILO'S CAR - DAY

Milo parks behind a large tree and shrubbery at the beginning of a long road.

He gets out, stuffs a sheathed knife in his back pocket, and treks across the grass to one of two houses along the road.

EXT. RED'S HOUSE - DAY

Milo stops at the sound of his phone vibrating. He pulls his phone from his pocket. The screen reads: "VICTORIA CALLING".

MILO

Hello?

VICTORIA (O.S.)

Hey there, I just wanted to tell you what a great job you did on the captain's murder.

MILO

Uh, sorry?

VICTORIA (O.S.)

The piece you submitted?

MILO

Oh yes! Of course. Thank you. I really appreciate that.

VICTORIA (O.S.)

I just can't believe his own brother threw him down the stairs over a poker game.

MILO

Yeah, it's crazy.

VICTORIA

I mean, if you're going to kill somebody, at least do it for a good reason.

Milo tilts his head to the side. A small smile emerges. Victoria clears her throat.

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

Anytime you wanna talk about the crazy world or whatever, you should call me. We could catch a drink some time.

MILO

Actually, I have some friends I'd
like you to meet. They... have
killer instincts.

Milo ends the call and continues to the house.

INT. RED'S HOUSE/BEDROOM - NIGHT

Milo lounges in a chair by the bed. A knife spins on his
knee. It comes to a stop. He spins it again. It comes to a
stop again. Milo sighs and checks his watch.

Headlights illuminate the window. A car comes to a stop.

Milo stands and saunters to the

LIVING ROOM

Milo places his back to the wall, to the side of the front
door. He grips his knife.

The lock on the front door turns and the door opens. Red
steps through the door at the same time Milo takes a step and
slices through the air.

Red ducks and grabs Milo's wrist. He pulls and Milo falls
into the wall.

Milo recovers and goes for the side of Red's head with the
knife. Red ducks again. He grabs Milo's arm with both hands
and forces the knife out of his hand.

Milo releases his grip and the knife falls to the ground. Red
kicks it away. Milo punches a distracted Red in the face
several times.

Red staggers backwards and shakes his head. His nose bleeds
onto his shirt.

Milo continues the beating with a kick to Red's chest,
knocking him down.

Red stays on the ground, breathing hard. Milo lifts his shoe,
hovering over Red's face. He slowly retracts it and gives his
hand.

Red hesitates. A bloody grin creeps across his face. He takes
Milo's hand. Milo pulls him up and lets go.

Red takes a seat on the couch and wipes his nose on his
sleeve.

RED

You good?

Milo grabs his knife from across the room and sheathes it.

MILO

Yeah.

A GOTH WOMAN (20) dressed in black from head to toe, stares from the doorway.

YOUNG WOMAN

Holy shit. That was awesome.

Milo jumps at Goth Woman's voice.

MILO

Who the fuck are you?

YOUNG WOMAN

Anna. Parent Killer. Or Parent Ender. I haven't decided.

MILO

Oh for fuck's sake.

(to Red)

Really?

Red shrugs. Anna steps in.

ANNA

Is this a part of the test?

RED

Go get him.

ANNA

By myself? He's heavy!

Milo joins Red on the couch.

MILO

That better not be another cop.

RED

(to Anna)

We'll be out in a second.

Anna rolls her eyes and heads back out.

RED (CONT'D)

You were sloppy at the hospital.

Milo looks at Red surprised.

MILO
You were sloppy at Blake's house.

RED
The other issue has been handled I
presume?

Milo nods.

Red stands slowly and winces. Milo does the same and heads
towards the door.

MILO
Come on old man. Walk it off.

EXT. RED'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Red's trunk pops open. Red, Milo, and Anna look at the body
stuffed in.

Blake's face remains in a permanent state of shock. Red limps
around the side of the car towards the house.

RED
I'll get the tools.

Milo reaches under Blake's arms.

MILO
Grab the legs.

Anna complies.

ANNA
We're not gonna chop him up are we?
I'm not so good with body parts.

Milo stares at Anna as they carry the body around to the

BACKYARD

MILO
What's your specialty?

ANNA
Poison.

MILO
And you just leave afterwards?

ANNA
No. I stage the scene, then I
leave.

Milo considers Anna and smiles.

ANNA (CONT'D)
What about you?

MILO
Whatever is fitting.

ANNA
The fuck does that mean?

MILO
It means I only kill when I have to. I don't have a specialty that pleases me.

ANNA
What's the point of that?

MILO
You have a lot to learn.

ANNA
Yes, I know. How are you gonna teach me if you don't enjoy killing?

MILO
I didn't say I don't enjoy it.

ANNA
So why'd you kill him then?

MILO
You ask too many questions.

Anna considers Milo.

ANNA
How much farther? This dude is heavy.

Milo and Anna stop at an electric lantern perched on a small boulder just before the woods.

MILO
Here.

Anna drops her part of Blake. Milo does the same.

Red meets them carrying two shovels. He tosses them to the ground.

ANNA
There's only two.

Red grabs the lantern and lowers himself on the boulder.

RED
Technically, this one isn't mine.

Milo sighs.

ANNA
Can't we just dump him in a lake or something?

MILO
That never works out.

Milo grabs a shovel and breaks ground. Anna groans and grabs the other shovel.

LATER

The electric lantern casts shadows of Milo and Anna. They stand slightly apart in a large hole, shoveling dirt into piles. Blake's body lies where they dropped him.

Anna pauses, out of breath.

ANNA
I... think... this is good.

Milo continues to shovel. Red rests on the boulder massaging his nose.

RED
Keep digging.

ANNA
But this's gotta be more than six feet already.

MILO
It is. We're digging eight.

ANNA
Why eight feet?

RED
Because it makes me feel better.

Anna sighs and continues shoveling.

FADE OUT.