

RoomMate
by
ChadO

Based on, characters by ChadO

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10% of all proceeds for Roommate will be donated to aid victims of sexual abuse and the families of lost and missing children.

INT/EXT. GERALD'S HOME - MORNING

A museum feel as each item, mostly antique and unique, seems to be in its perfect spot.

As we move through the home, nothing is out of place nor has a spec of dust on it.

All the pictures are perfectly horizontal and symmetrical to each other. No photos of family or friends. Rock memorabilia decorates the house. Nothing overdone and all in pristine condition.

INT. DINING ROOM - MORNING

GERALD MYOUSKY (MY-OWE-SKI), thirty four, sits at a four place table with his Macbook computer. He clicks away with a wireless mouse.

After a beat or two, Gerald walks to the sink, scrubs his hands under hot water with his own solution, and towel dries them with a crisp, clean towel next to the sink. Gerald takes the seat to the right of his computer where two fluffy homemade waffles await with a couple of bites already missing.

He cuts off a bite, lets the excess syrup drip off and takes the perfect bite. Immediately wipes his mouth and hands.

He does this for a couple of bites then stands, neatly pushes in his chair and walks to the sink where he scrubs away again. Gerald takes his seat in front of his computer and prints off a few sheets of paper from a printer/fax that rests on his counter.

Gerald clicks through only for a few beats then is up at the sink washing his hands then back to the table again.

As Gerald is back on his waffles, we see his computer is open to a web store. The page reads: GER'S HARD TO FIND AND RARE.

He repeats the process until the last bite is gone. He brings his dishes to the sink.

At the sink, Gerald uses a special solvent and a toothbrush to clean his utensils and dishes.

Everything has its place as Gerald meticulously scrubs each item down, towel dries then wraps the surface of every glass, plate and utensil in cellophane from an industrial role. He takes his seat at the table once more and finishes his work on the computer.

He goes to his totals and transfers almost three thousand dollars into his bank account.

Gerald closes his computer, grabs an antibacterial wipe from the container in the center of the table and wipes down his computer and mouse. He grabs another one and wipes off his hands, stands and opens his cabinet with the wipe and throws it inside a hospital grade garbage bag.

He then walks to the printer, grabs the four orders of shipping orders and flips through them.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. WAREHOUSE/OFFICE - LATER

Gerald sits behind a large antique desk in a patented leather chair.

Next to him on a file cabinet sit two monitors. Both have four different images of outside and inside the warehouse.

Next to the front door is a stack of four packages ready to go. He looks through a stack of old mail, mostly flyers and ads for estate sales and auctions. He neatly stacks them in a waste bin next to his desk.

Gerald sighs and looks up at the clock on the wall. The time is almost eleven O' five.

On the monitor, a postal truck pulls along the side of the warehouse. The driver casually gets out holding some mail.

He walks to the back of the truck and removes a two wheel dolly and a stack of collapsed boxes.

Before the guy can even get to the door, Gerald has jumped up and opened the door.

Gerald
You're late Jerry with a J.

JERRY the postman has not even made it all the way to the door. He wears shorts and a short sleeve shirt.

Jerry
I was tied up.

FLASH IMAGE OF BLOODY WOMAN'S HANDS TIED BEHIND A CHAIR.

Gerald closes his eyes. Jerry finally arrives at the door.

GERALD
Tied up?

Jerry
I'm sorry Gerry with a G, but
Misses Marks at the Sew n' Swap
wasn't quite re--

Gerald looks into Jerry's eyes.

GERALD
Next time, please visit Misses
Marks after you visit me. I must
keep to my schedule. Will you
please hold the door while I place
the packages outside, Jerry with a
J?

JERRY
I'll get 'em.

GERALD
You have to carry them to the
truck.

Jerry holds the door as Gerald grabs the flattened boxes and his mail.

Gerald takes the empty boxes and places them perfectly on the corner of his desk, then grabs the first package and sets it outside the door. He repeats this for each box.

Once finished, Gerald leans on the door to relieve Jerry the postman.

Jerry stacks the packages on the two wheel dolly.

JERRY

On Tuesdays and Thursdays I'll be
here at eleven.

Gerald raises his eyebrows.

JERRY (CONT'D)

On. The. Dot.

GERALD

That's all I ask.

With a smile, Jerry sticks his hand out to shake Gerald's.

JERRY

Postman's honor.

GERALD

I'll take your word for it.

Gerald smiles.

JERRY

Oh right.

He snatches his hand back and just waves.

GERALD

See you tomorrow.

Gerald gives a slight wave, closes and locks the door as Jerry picks up the packages.

Gerald looks at the clock and shakes his head as he rushes to his antibacterial wipes and uses ten or so wipes on every crevice of his hands.

FADE OUT.

INT. THERAPIST'S OFFICE - AFTERNOON

Gerald rests on the typical brown leather couch in this nothing-special office. A psychologist talks to him.

Psychologist

I appreciate you taking Doctor Hillard's recommendation and allowing me to visit with you.

GERALD

Hillard's a pretentious prick.

PSYCHOLOGIST

Uh-huh. The last few months have given me a lot to take in, Gerald.

GERALD

(sighs)

It's Gerry.

PSYCHOLOGIST

I apologize. I realize you didn't tell me all the facts about your childhood, and I appreciate that.

Gerald remains quiet and continues to stare straight up to the ceiling.

The Psychologist looks over his glasses at Gerald.

PSYCHOLOGIST (CONT'D)

It was quite a bit for me to take in all at once. Never have I had the privilege to listen to someone with a past such as yours.

Gerald remains quiet but listens as the Psychologist adjusts in his chair.

PSYCHOLOGIST (CONT'D)

I understand why you don't feel you need to see me every week, but I'm afraid you have some very deep issues that need to be mended before its too late.

Gerald puts his right hand up but continues to stare at the ceiling.

GERALD

Look. I may have my quarks, and yes, my past was really fucked up. But I will not be institutionalized again. Been there, done that, I will never go back.

Gerald puts his hand on his forehead.

GERALD (CONT'D)

I know what's going on in here. My mind is strong. I will fix what is wrong with me.

PSYCHOLOGIST

No one ever cures their own psychological issues, Gerald. I'm extremely concerned for you and...

The therapist's voice trails off and Gerald's MOTHER'S trails in.

Gerald just rests on the couch staring straight ahead.

GERALD'S MOM (V.O.)

So you're eleven now huh, Gerald?
Too big for a clown? Think you're a man? Well, come here my big man.

We hear the snaps on young Gerald's pants come undone and the zipper begins to come down.

GERALD'S MOM (V.O.) (CONT'D)

Look at that little pecker. You're not a man, just a boy. Let's see how big we can make it grow for your birthday.

We hear young Gerald rush to pull back up his pants.

YOUNG GERALD (V.O.)

No Momma, please, I just want to do my water colors.

SMACK! She lays one across young Gerald's face.

Gerald still rests emotionless on the couch, stares at the ceiling, while the Psychiatrist drones on soundless in the background.

GERALD'S MOM (V.O.)

Why? So you can get dirty? You're a dirty, dirty boy, Gerald. Get up here with me. Momma needs you to take care of her. Let me see your hand. Now keep it just like this, yes that's it. Now I'm going to take these off.

We hear young Gerald jump up and scramble to pull back up his pants.

YOUNG GERALD (V.O.)

Please, I just want to go.

GERALD'S MOM (V.O.)

God damn it Gerald, what's the matter with you? You gay? Are you a fagot like your limp dick father, Gerald?

YOUNG GERALD (V.O.)

Momma, please stop.

He begins to cry.

GERALD'S MOM (V.O.)

You are a fagot.

(yells)

Girls get in here.

YOUNG GERALD (V.O.)

Momma, please. I'm sorry, please
don't.

We hear the bedroom door open as Gerald's two sisters enter.

Sister 1 (V.O.)

Yes, Mother.

GERALD'S MOM (V.O.)

You're brother's acting like a fag
again. Go get him a pretty pink
dress and some frilly panties.

We hear the girls laugh, get excited and leave.

YOUNG GERALD (V.O.)

Please Momma, don't.

SMACK! She nails him again.

GERALD'S MOM (V.O.)

Its too late fagot, you need to
learn to fuck a woman or get used
to wearing a dress.

The girls enter.

SISTER 1 (V.O.)

Momma, this is all we could find.

GERALD'S MOM (V.O.)

It's good enough for the fagot.
Take his pants and underwear off.

The struggle ensues.

YOUNG GERALD (V.O.)

(cries)

Please stop, please...

SISTER 2 (V.O.)

Owe you scratched me, you queer.

GERALD'S MOM (V.O.)

Here, I've got his arms now, punch him, kick him in his little pecker, he doesn't know what to do with it anyhow.

PUNCH, PUNCH! We hear Gerald gasp and cry.

SISTER 1 (V.O.)

He won't stop kicking.

GERALD'S MOM (V.O.)

Kick him harder, in his nuts. He'll quit.

KICK, KICK! Over and over, punches and kicks to the eleven-year-old Gerald's genitals.

The young Gerald cries but struggles to catch his breath.

THE SISTERS (V.O.)

Fagot, queer, look at his bloody little dick. Put on the panties, fagot.

Once Young Gerald finally passes out from the pain and not being able to breathe through his cries and pleads, the sisters stop kicking him.

SISTER 1 (V.O.)

I think the queer passed out again, Momma.

GERALD'S MOM (V.O.)

I'll take care of him from here, go play outside.

We hear young Gerald get tossed on the bed, his short breaths struggle for oxygen.

GERALD'S MOM (v.o) (CONT'D)

(moaning)

Gerald, oh Gerald.

(breathing heavy)

Gerald, yes Gerald.

Momma's voice turns into the therapist's.

PSYCHOLOGIST

Gerald, Gerald.

Gerald still stares straight ahead.

GERALD

Doctor, Doctor. That's what you asked me to call you, right? Well then, Doctor, which one of us has the fucking mental problem? I have asked you repeatedly, every fucking week for three fucking months to call me fucking, Gerry.

The Psychologist jumps up and hides behind his chair.

PSYCHOLOGIST

Now stay calm, Gerry.

GERALD

You're the one who jumped up. Are we done?

The therapist regains his composure and takes his seat once more.

PSYCHOLOGIST

Will you at least come by and see me once a month?

GERALD

Fine.

Gerald sits up and we see a giant sheet of wax paper, like at the doctor's office.

He neatly gathers the paper and uses it to open the door on his way out.

As the door closes, he throws the paper in a waste bin and the door closes behind him.

EXT. GERALD'S HOME - AFTERNOON

Gerald drives a MERCEDES E Class sedan, as he pulls in front of his home he must wait.

The neighborhood ICE CREAM MAN's truck blocks Gerald's drive.

The side of the truck reads: DAN THE CANDY MAN...

Gerald waits for a second then gives a hasty--

BEEP, BEEP!

As we move around the truck we see four neighborhood kids, TWO BOYS and TWO GIRLS.

DAN the Ice Cream Man, a pepper-haired man in his fifties, hands the last child her soft serve cone. He wears white cotton gloves.

A little nine-year-old girl named SARAH MITCHELL chats with him.

DAN THE ICE CREAM MAN

Okay, I think the man needs to get into his driveway, sweetie.

Sarah

Thank you, Mister Dan.

DAN THE ICE CREAM MAN

See you kids tomorrow.

BEEP, BEEP, BEEP! Gerald's patience wears.

Dan roles his eyes at the kids.

DAN THE ICE CREAM MAN (CONT'D)

(funny voice)

Gee wiz Mister, I'm moving these
old bones just as fast as I can.
You kids be safe and watch out for
this yo-yo.

The kids laugh and wave.

Dan closes the window and climbs back into the driver's seat.

He gives Gerald a polite wave to say "sorry."

Gerald just cuts him a "hurry the fuck up" look and Dan
drives off playing his MUSICAL TUNE.

Gerald watches him drive away then pulls forward. Screech! He
quickly slams on his brakes as Sarah is now in front of him.

The little girl just stands there in front of Gerald's drive
and looks into Gerald's eyes.

Gerald roles down his window a little.

GERALD

(yelling)

Please move.

Sarah licks her ice cream cone and puts her hand on her hip.

SARAH

(yelling with sass)

You can't tell me what to do.

FLASH IMAGE OF YOUNG WOMAN'S THROAT SLASHED CLEAR ACROSS WITH
BLOOD FLOWING FROM THE WOUND.

By this time, all the kids watch the two.

Gerald rolls down his window all the way.

GERALD

I said move out of my fucking way
you spoiled little cunt.

Sarah gasps along with the rest of the children and drops her ice cream cone on the pavement. She begins to cry as she steps out of the way of Gerald.

As soon as she is out of the way Gerald slams on the gas and rushes into his driveway, running over the ice cream cone.

Sarah, extremely mad at this point, is grabbed by the hand by her older brother BOBBY MITCHELL. They walk across the street.

BOBBY

Come on, Sarah.

SARAH

That man's a jerk, Bobby.

Bobby shakes his head and drags her across the street.

BOBBY

Shhh, Sarah, he's crazy. He'll kill us.

SARAH

Na-uh, Momma will kill him.

Gerald gets out of his car and looks at the two as they walk across the street.

Sarah turns to Gerald and shoots him a "go to hell" look.

FLASH IMAGE OF A YOUNG WOMAN'S EYE, BEATEN, BLOODY AND SWOLLEN SHUT.

Sarah does not remove her eyes from Gerald's as she gets all the way across the street.

FLASH IMAGE OF FEMALE LEGS CHAINED TO A CHAIR.

Gerald closes his eyes and gently shakes away the image. When he opens his eyes, the kids are pretty much out of sight.

He turns to walk to his front door.

FLASH IMAGE OF A TWENTY-SOMETHING WOMAN'S BARE CHEST, A CUT BLEEDS IN BETWEEN HER BREASTS.

Gerald closes his eyes again, smiles and shakes his head once more.

GERALD

Time for therapy.

He pulls out his handkerchief and opens his door with his keys.

INT. KITCHEN -

Gerald opens a cabinet just to the right of his sink and pulls down a drinking glass.

He removes the cellophane from the rim and sets it down next to his laptop on the kitchen table.

Gerald walks over to the refrigerator. He takes out his handkerchief and begins to open it, as soon as he touches it--

GERALD'S MOM (V.O.)

No school today, Gerald. Momma needs you at home. Can you take care of Momma today?

Gerald drops to his knee and shakes his head again. Just before he stands, Gerald gives us an evil look--

GERALD

I'll take care of you, Momma.

He stands, opens the door and removes a bottled water, sets it next to his glass.

FLASH IMAGE OF A BLOODY BROKEN DRINKING GLASS WITH BLOND HAIR STUCK TO THE SHARP EDGES.

Gerald shakes it off and opens his ITUNES on his MacBook.

He plays TOOL'S 10,000 DAYS songs LOST KEYS which leads into ROSETTA STONED.

As Lost Keys begins to play its mellow and soothing sounds, Gerald walks to the cabinet just above his sink and removes an almost empty bottle of LYSERGIC ACID DIETHYLAMIDE (LSD) and takes his seat next to his computer with all his items in front of him. He removes the cap from his water and fills his glass about half way, takes his almost empty bottle, removes the dropper cap, turns the bottle on its side as the dropper sucks up the remaining substance.

Gerald drips five drops into his glass, looks at the dropper, shrugs his shoulders and squirts the rest of it into his water.

GERALD'S MOM (V.O.)

Gerald get your ass in here.

GERALD

(with a smirk)

Coming, Mother.

He drinks the entire glass then wipes his mouth and glass with a linen napkin.

Gerald sits back. By this time, the music is on its way to Rosetta Stoned. Just as the song plays, the walls begin to chip away and crumble into a full melt.

The music echoes and trails off as his computer and table melt into the floor.

As this happens, a giant white room is revealed.

INT. WHITE ROOM

The kitchen and all his surroundings, now completely gone, the only item left is the chair in which Gerald sits.

A completely smooth, shiny white room. No seams, no windows, no doors, just Gerald in his chair.

As we turn our attention away from Gerald, we see that exactly the table width away sits another Gerald 2. He sits just as a mirror image, they stare at each other.

Dressed exactly the same, the only difference, this Gerald wears a tie.

INSIDE THE ROOM, ALL VOICES ECHO.

GERALD 2

Gerry, our condition is worsening.

GERALD

No it is not. We were making progress, Gerry.

Gerald 2 smiles and cocks his head.

GERALD 2

Gerry, who the fuck are you trying to fool? It's me, fucker.

(beat)

Let me out.

GERALD'S MOM (V.O.)

Gerald, get in here. Your sisters told me what you've done.

The two of them turn and look behind Gerald 2.

GERALD

How the fuck am I supposed to cope with her? She won't ever leave me alone.

GERALD 2

Just as we've done in the past.
Just as we'll continue to do. The work is easy and the reward is not going back to the hospital... Let me out.

Gerald cringes when he hears the word "hospital" and begins to motion as if he must scrub germs off his body.

GERALD

We must not go back there. They only let us shower once a week. I'll go fucking crazy...

GERALD 2

Calm down, psycho.

Gerald straightens himself out and adjusts his tieless shirt.

GERALD 2 (CONT'D)

Then let us cope, Gerry. Let me
come out and play for a while.

Suddenly, we see that Gerald 2 holds a briefcase in his lap
that was not there before.

GERALD'S MOM (V.O.)

Gerald you are in so much trouble.
The longer you take, the more angry
I get.

They both look behind Gerald 2 again.

GERALD

(shaking his head
nervously)

I mustn't keep Momma waiting. It'll
be worse, you'll play nice, right?

GERALD 2

I'm always very, very nice.

He runs his hands along the edge of the case.

GERALD 2 (CONT'D)

Don't worry about the bitch. You
know how to take care of her. Just
let me take care of the rest of the
filthy whores in this world. We
will be cured.

Gerald 2 opens the briefcase. A silver glow illuminates both
their faces and the room.

Now the two Gerald's sit almost knee-to-knee but still in
their chairs and have not moved.

GERALD 2 (CONT'D)

Let me out and you go take care of
Momma.

Gerald puts his right hand in the briefcase for a moment then raises it to his face.

He turns into a YOUNG GERALD of about thirteen.

The devises on his fingers would make Freddy Kruger jealous.

All five fingers have a HAND-CRAFTED, STAINLESS STEEL,
RIVETED AND STERILE, FULL-SIZED FINGER RING.

Attached to the end of each ring is a different torture
devise.

The INDEX RING has a TWO INCH, EXACTO-LIKE BLADE. Razor
sharp, sturdy and comes to a very sharp point.

Attached to his MIDDLE FINGER is a more familiar POCKET KNIFE
type blade RAZOR SHARP with a few SERRATED TEETH close to the
tip of the finger.

His RING FINGER is a nasty little bitch. Attached to it is a
EIGHT-GAGE THICK, THREE INCH SHARP, NEEDLE.

His PINKY FINGER has FOUR, INCH AND A HALF BLADES THAT COME
TO A POINT, ALL BLADE SIDE OUT.

And lastly his THUMB, A ONE INCH DIAMETER, TEXTURED PLATE,
ATTACHED TO A HALF-INCH ROD.

The Young Gerald, looks at his demon hand for the moment,
then looks back at Gerald 2, who smiles and nods at him.

GERALD'S MOM (V.O.)

Gerald, you get in here right now,
god damn it.

GERALD

Coming, Mother.

He walks around Gerald 2 as a brass knob is now behind them.

Young Gerald walks up to the knob, takes out his handkerchief with his left hand and turns it.

A red light outlines the door as it begins to open. The light takes over the white room.

We see inside the room is a bedroom with sensual red lighting.

Chained to the bed and gagged is GERALD'S MOM.

Gerald's TWO SISTERS, fifteen and sixteen, are chained and gagged to two chairs at the foot of the bed.

When the young Gerald enters the room, he looks at his torturous fingers, smiles and closes the door behind him.

The door closes and Gerald 2 pulls an umbrella out of the briefcase.

GERALD'S MOM (V.O.)

Gerald, what took you so long? We have been waiting to talk to you. Look at you, you're so dirty. How did you get those pants so dirty? Take them off now. You're such a dirty, dirty boy, Gerald.

Gerald 2 closes the briefcase, sits it next to his chair and opens his umbrella.

GERALD'S MOM (V.O.) (CONT'D)

Gerald, what's that on your hand? You can't please us with those on your hand.

Gerald 2 looks directly at us.

GERALD 2

Oh, yes I can, Mother.

The sisters SCREAM!

GERALD'S MOM (V.O.)

Gerald listen to your Mother. Don't do this.

The sisters let out more muffled, blood-curdling screams.

From the ceiling of the brilliant white room, drops of BRIGHT RED BLOOD begin to form.

The more the three of them beg, plead and scream, the more blood begins to flow from the ceiling.

The heavy down pour crashes down on Gerald 2'S umbrella. He, the chair and briefcase stay dry while the screams of his abusive family echo through the white room as the blood rains from the ceiling.

Once the screams have subsided and the last echoes of breaths for air have stopped, the blood slows to a trickle and finally stops.

Gerald 2 smiles, shakes his umbrella clean, picks up his briefcase and walks on top of the bright red blood to the other side of the shimmering white room where the front door to Gerald's house has appeared.

He arrives at the door and pulls out his handkerchief to open it, looks down at his shiny black shoes in the bright red blood and sees a speck of blood on the top of his right shoe.

He reaches down and wipes the brilliant red speck off as it smears onto his white handkerchief, looks at it for a beat, and folds the blood under. He opens the door and exits.

As the door closes, Gerald 2 gives us an evil smile, fondling his briefcase.

FADE OUT.

INT. WAREHOUSE - AFTERNOON

The giant bay door electronically rolls up as Gerald's Mercedes pulls in and parks in between a black Range Rover and a blue B.M.W Sedan.

Gerald steps out of his car wearing a black dress suit with a nice blue shirt and red tie. He walks over to the light switch on the wall, pulls out his handkerchief and turns on the warehouse lights.

A giant warehouse filled with all sorts of antiques and rare items, everything from old watches, old cars and one or two brand new exotic sports cars.

Gerald walks through the huge warehouse. Some items have paper attached to them with store names and last names and the word HOLD, others have listed dates while some items are in the process of being un-crated.

Though there is a lot going on in the huge area, all is neatly organized and extremely clean.

Gerald walks by an opened BOX OF WHITE COTTON GLOVES. He grabs a pair and puts them on. Next to the gloves is a digital camera.

He picks up the camera and walks up to an old Rolex watch on top of a glass case.

Gerald puts the camera up to his eye and--

FLASH IMAGE OF A HALF-NAKED WOMAN, HANDCUFFED TO AN OLD DENTAL CHAIR, BLOODY AND SCARED.

Gerald backs his face away from the camera and regains his composure.

After a beat, he takes the picture with no problem, places the camera inside his suit coat pocket and continues to walk through the warehouse.

He comes across an antique walking stick.

GERALD

Oh yes, I remember you. You're coming with me today...

He twirls the cane between his fingers and continues to walk through the warehouse.

The next items that catch his eye are an overcoat and top hat.

He slips the coat on and rolls the top-hat onto his head. He walks up to a large mirror.

GERALD (CONT'D)

Looking like Doctor Jeckle, Mister
Hyde.

He sensually puts his gloved hands on the huge mirror and gets extremely close to his own reflection. Gerald breathes sensually on his reflection and is about to kiss himself--

KA-CLUNK! Gerald pushes on the mirror and it pops open. He slides his fingers into the newly created lip and pulls open the mirror.

The wall opens up to reveal--

INT. TORTURE ROOM

A single red light hangs from the ceiling to illuminate the fifteen-by-fifteen room.

The first thing we notice is the entire room is covered in egg crate foam like a recording studio.

Stainless steel surgical racks hug the walls, everything is neat and clean, all has its place.

A stand up shower with a frosted door is in the corner next to a stainless steel toilet. Steel bars are attached to both items.

Then we see it, "THE CHAIR," looks like it's from a late eighteenth century dentist office. The leather, though cracked, has been well preserved.

In the seat rests the briefcase from Gerald's acid trip.

FLASH FOUR QUICK IMAGES OF FOUR DIFFERENT YOUNG WOMEN, BOUND AND GAGGED, STRUGGLING TO ESCAPE FROM "THE CHAIR".

With a smile, Gerald walks up to "The Chair" and caresses it with his gloves.

He walks around the back of it, closes his eyes and slowly runs his fingers down the leather, bends down and smells the headrest.

GERALD

Tonight is going to be a messy one.
Tonight Gerry gets dirty... And you
will too, my old friend.

INT/EXT. BRANDY GIBSON'S HOUSE - LATER

Outside: A quaint three bedroom ranch style with a two car garage.

Inside: Dirty dishes in the sink, dust on everything, clothes thrown about.

The door opens and two attractive females walk in. They both carry and wear softball gear. They are BRANDY (brown hair) and JENNIFER (blond hair).

JENNIFER

Damn it, just dig in when they're
low and inside.

BRANDY

Alright, alright.

She throws her softball bag next to the door and locks it behind them.

JENNIFER

Jesus, Brandy.

BRANDY

What now?

JENNIFER
(looking around)
Do you ever clean?

BRANDY
(taking off her shoes)
Every weekend.

She throws her shoes and socks against another wall.

JENNIFER
Don't you have someone coming to
look at the room?

BRANDY
Fuck Jen, he won't be here for
another hour.

Jennifer walks over to the couch and makes room by pushing
over some clothes and magazines.

JENNIFER
I wouldn't rent a room from you.

Brandy comes into Jennifer's view with her shirt half over
her head revealing her sports bra.

BRANDY
The dude knows I'm a busy student.

She throws her shirt onto the pile of clothes and magazines,
then gathers the entire pile, brings it to a back room and
throws them in.

JENNIFER
Wait a minute, it's a guy?

BRANDY (O.S.)
Yeah, so?

JENNIFER
How'd you meet him?

BRANDY (O.S.)

Ad on Craig's list. We've talked
for over a week. What's the B.F.D?

Jennifer rolls her eyes and puts her foot on the coffee table
knocking some magazines and other items onto the floor.

JENNIFER

On the internet? What if he's some
psycho looking to wear your face,
or make a Brandy fuck-doll.

Brandy comes out wearing her bra and panties. She picks up
the stuff knocked on the floor, pushes Jennifer's foot off
and stacks it all back on the table.

BRANDY

Why the fuck would you say that?
You're such a whore, the guy's a
transfer student, here from Europe
or England or some shit like that.

JENNIFER

You're gonna fuck him, aren't you?

BRANDY

(straightening up)
Jennifer Woolly.

JENNIFER

I bet he's got a big dick.

BRANDY

(gasping)
Jennifer.

JENNIFER

What? Why else would you want a
MAN, Brandy, to live here?

Brandy pushes a bunch of stuff into a closet.

BRANDY

Uh, maybe because I need a car and have an extra room?

JENNIFER

You're gonna fuck him.

BRANDY

How dare you? I'm a professional business woman.

JENNIFER

Pfft, Keep walking around like that and he's gonna fuck you.

BRANDY

What ever.

JENNIFER

But, when he does, let me know if he's got a big dick.

BRANDY

You're such a slut.

Brandy walks by as Jennifer grabs a bunch of stuff off the couch to hand her.

Brandy continues on and Jennifer just throws it back on the couch.

JENNIFER

Get the bong, I need some antiinflammatory medication.

BRANDY

Slow down bitch, I need to take a shower, first.

JENNIFER

Give me the bong and go take your shower.

BRANDY

So you can smoke up all my weed?

Brandy goes to her bedroom and Jennifer rolls her eyes.

She looks at the mess as Brandy comes back out carrying a huge glass bong and a quarter sack of marijuana.

BRANDY (CONT'D)

Here bitch, smoke up, I'm getting
in the shower.

JENNIFER

Thanks. Do you want me to clean up
some?

Brandy walks down the hall taking off her sports bra.

BRANDY

Don't worry about it, just smoke
up, we got games to win.

She stops at the bathroom and turns to Jennifer.

BRANDY (CONT'D)

Wait, smoke in my room, don't want
to freak him out if he doesn't
smoke.

JENNIFER

Okay business woman.

BRANDY

What?

JENNIFER

Nothing, it's your house.
(looking around under
breath)
Even if it is a mess.

Jennifer gets up, takes the bong and weed back to Brandy's room as Brandy enters the shower.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. TORTURE ROOM

The coat and hat hang from hooks on the wall, on a stainless steel table just below that, is the rest of Gerald's clothes.

Neatly folded with his tie on top. Gerald scrubs away in the shower.

Steam fogs the mirror that reflects "The Chair" with Gerald's briefcase still in the seat.

Gerald WHISTLES an eerie tune as he scrubs up in preparation for the night.

INT. BRANDY GIBSON'S HOUSE - MOMENTS LATER

Brandy dressed in her evening clothes, silk shorts and an extra small tank top, carries some dirty dishes from a back bedroom to the sink.

The sink over flows and she stacks a few loose glasses next to it.

She looks over at the microwave clock; 4:19.

BRANDY

Shit, it's already four twenty.

(yelling)

Jennifer, there better be a fresh bowl ready.

JENNIFER (O.S.)

It is, I've been waiting for you, better hurry, it's four twenty.

She looks around at the mess...

BRANDY

Fuck it, he's not going to be here until five.

INT. BRANDY GIBSON'S BEDROOM

BRANDY

What the fuck?

Jennifer finishes a bowl.

JENNIFER

It was already toasted, come get a
fresh bowl.

Jennifer hands Brandy the giant bong. Brandy puts it between
her legs.

Jennifer breaks off a nice bud and loads it in Brandy's glass
bowl.

Brandy lights it, fills the tube, pulls the bowl and inhales
the giant fresh hit.

KA-CAUGH! She begins to hack from the massive hit, lays back
on her bed and finds her TV remote control under Jennifer.

JENNIFER (CONT'D)

You okay?

BRANDY

Fine, just move your fat ass,
Woolly.

Jennifer leans up to let Brandy grab it from under her.

Brandy flips through a few channels, finds nothing on, turns
down the volume.

BRANDY (CONT'D)

Turn on some music, TV sucks right
now.

Jennifer raises up and hits play on Brandy's CD player.

The head rush is gone so she goes back for another hit as she
rocks out.

The room begins to fill with smoke as Brandy and Jennifer
pass back to the bong to each other over and over.

They load more bowls and have a good time.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. BRANDY GIBSON'S HOUSE - AROUND 5:00 P.M.

BRANDY (FILTERED)

Shit, he's already here.

DING DONG! The door bell rings.

Brandy stumbles out of her room with a cloud of smoke that follows along with Jennifer.

They trip over stuff in the hall, laugh at each other as Jennifer closes the door behind them.

KNOCK, KNOCK, KNOCK!

BRANDY (CONT'D)

Coming.

(under her breath)

Damn.

Jennifer laughs.

JENNIFER

Okay, I'll see you tomorrow, just don't fuck him tonight. Have a little respect, Brandy.

Brandy takes a hair tie from between her teeth and ties her hair back.

BRANDY

You are such a slut, Jennifer.

Brandy flings open the door and there stands Gerald, full suit and tie, over-coat and top-hat, he leans on his cane.

BRANDY (CONT'D)

Mister Stevens?

GERALD

(English accent)

Call me Mitch, love. Mind if I enter?

BRANDY

(stunned by his charm)

Oh, yes, please come in.

(motions to Jennifer)

She's just leaving.

Jennifer squeezes by Gerald and Brandy.

Gerald walks with a limp on the cane as he enters Brandy's home.

Jennifer turns around and motions with her hands that Gerald has a (big dick).

Gerald turns to see what Brandy's looking at, as he does Brandy reaches around him and closes the door before he can see.

BRANDY (CONT'D)

Don't just stand there, this is
your home now.

He takes a step and stops in his tracks as he is stunned by the filth.

Brandy turns to face the house, puts out her left and right arms.

BRANDY (CONT'D)

So this is the living room and
that's the kitchen.

GERALD

(uncomfortable)

Nice, very quaint.

He pulls out his handkerchief and puts it over his face as he breathes through it.

Brandy does not notice as she walks down the hall and opens the BATHROOM door.

BRANDY

The bathroom. I like to take long
baths in the evening.

(giving him a sensual
smile)

Is that okay?

GERALD

I'm a morning shower person myself.

Gerald squeamishly looks in.

BRANDY

My room, junk room and your room.

She opens the door and reveals a bunch of her clothes, turns
and looks at him.

BRANDY (CONT'D)

You okay?

GERALD

(through the hankie)

Thought I had to sneeze, love.
Might be coming down with
something. You say, this is the
junk room?

He looks at her thongs and bras on the floor.

BRANDY

No, this is your room, sorry about
that, I was using it for dirty
clothes. I'll get these outta here
right after we're done.

She pushes some clothes back in with her foot and closes the
door.

BRANDY (CONT'D)

So, when will your stuff be here?

GERALD

Sometime next week. It's coming by ship and you never know with customs at the port.

BRANDY

Oh, yeah. I've heard that can be a bitch.

GERALD

(sly)

Yes it can.

They walk back into the living room.

Brandy turns to Gerald.

BRANDY

If you want, since your stuff won't be here for a while you can sleep--

She gets lost in Gerald's eyes.

Gerald lowers his handkerchief.

GERALD

On the couch, love?

BRANDY

Where ever you like.

GERALD

I'm sorry?

Brandy regains her composure.

BRANDY

(laughs and smiles)

Yes, on the couch, sorry I just had a great bowl.

He licks his lips a little and gives her a subtle sexual vibe.

GERALD

Hey it's college anything goes,
right?

BRANDY

Right.

(lets out a fluttering
breath)

I haven't filled out the lease yet,
my handwriting's terrible. I was
hoping you could fill it out.

GERALD

Not a problem.

He notices the bat bag.

GERALD (CONT'D)

So love, you knock any outta the
park, lately?

Brandy giggles and walks toward her bag.

BRANDY

A few, our team--

GERALD

Team?

BRANDY

I play softball for A.S.U. Anyways,
we're set to go to state in two
weeks if we win the next two games,
so that's a lot of pres--

WHACK! Brandy hits the floor, unsure of what just happened at first until she feels the blood rushing from the back of her head and sees Gerald holding his bloody cane over her.

Woozy for a moment, but slowly realizes where she is and reaches for her softball bag.

She struggles to pull the bag closer to her, but it only moves a little.

Brandy gets her hand on the zipper and opens it just enough for it to fit in.

She grabs an aluminum bat and just gets the handle out...

Brandy's arm goes limp...

FADE OUT.

SOUND of DUCT TAPE being stripped from the roll.

We hear as Gerald throws Brandy around and tapes her up.

SOUND of DOOR OPENING, then an ELECTRIC GARAGE DOOR OPENING, then the door closes.

We hear Brandy as she has to breathe through her nose as she begins to come to.

FADE IN:

BRANDY'S P.O.V. WE SEE THE KITCHEN FLOOR AND DOOR TO THE GARAGE.

FADE OUT.

SOUND of a CAR as it pulls into the garage, the car shuts off, trunk opens, car door opens and closes, and garage door closes.

FADE IN:

BRANDY'S P.O.V. WE SEE THE DOOR TO THE GARAGE OPEN AS GERALD WALKS IN WITH OUT HIS LIMP OR CANE. HE NOW WEARS A PAIR OF WHITE COTTON GLOVES.

HE GRABS BRANDY BY THE LEGS AND BEGINS TO DRAG HER TO THE GARAGE.

FADE OUT.

We hear Gerald DRAG Brandy to the garage.

GRUNT! Gerald lifts Brandy and drops her into the trunk.

FADE IN:

We look up at Gerald just as he closes the trunk.

FADE OUT.

CLICK-CLICK, BUZZ-BUZZ! The red light comes on and illuminates the--

INT. TORTURE ROOM

Brandy begins to awake. Each arm is handcuffed to an arm of "The Chair."

She slowly realizes what is going on, and panics when she can not move her legs because they are chained to the bottom of "The Chair."

BRANDY
(screaming)
Help!

From the shadows, Gerald emerges.

He walks to one of his cabinets, opens it and begins to remove the items he needs.

First he slips on a pair of surgical scrubs over his clothes.

BRANDY (O.C.) (CONT'D)
Why are you doing this, Mitch?

GERALD
(no accent)
It's Gerry, and you are a filthy, useless whore.

BRANDY
(scared)
What? Help!
(panic sets in)
Help me, please someone help me.

Gerald pulls on latex surgical gloves.

GERALD

Look, usually I'd prefer you to scream, it helps me. It really does. But my mother is giving me a fucking headache, so shut the fuck up or I'm going to tape your fucking mouth shut.

BRANDY

Why are you doing this?

He grabs a roll of duct tape and rips off a rectangle.

GERALD

To keep me from going back to the hospital.

Gerald walks over and gently runs his freed, latex gloved hand over her cheek.

Brandy jerks her face away, but Gerald grabs her as she struggles and slaps the tape over her mouth.

He takes the glove off his right hand, he puts it close to her face. Gerald wants to touch her so bad but just can't. She watches the craziness for a moment as her terror grows.

GERALD (CONT'D)

When I was only a boy of about thirteen, a gift of freedom was bestowed upon me.

He walks over to the table where his briefcase sits.

GERALD (CONT'D)

A gift to free myself from the pain.

Gerald pulls out his handkerchief and pops open the lock on his briefcase.

GERALD (CONT'D)

The only person to ever care for me gave me this gift of freedom.

(MORE)

GERALD (CONT'D)

And today I use them to free my
mind from the pain and this world
of useless whores.

He opens the case to reveal the FIVE TORTUROUS FINGER RINGS.

Brandy looks at them for a moment, then realizes what they
are and SCREAMS through the tape.

GERALD (CONT'D)

At first I didn't know what to do
with them, but I soon found out.

Gerald reaches out and grabs the first ring, the index finger
and puts it on.

GERALD (CONT'D)

I became so afraid of germs. I
couldn't touch anything I wasn't
forced to, but with these... I
could feel everything.

He puts the blade close to his lips, sticks out his tongue
and licks the razor sharp instrument.

Brandy struggles in fear.

GERALD (CONT'D)

Each one gives you and I both a
different sensation of pleasure.

He slips on the middle finger, flicks the two back and forth
as he reaches for the third.

He admires each devise as he puts them on, until he gets to
the thumb.

Gerald's evil smile overcomes his face as he puts the thumb-
plate on.

He turns his head to Brandy.

GERALD (CONT'D)

This is my favorite, you know?

He fixes it on, then conceals something in his left hand from the briefcase and walks over to Brandy.

GERALD (CONT'D)

Do you know why?

She turns away.

GERALD (CONT'D)

I suppose I'll have to give you a demonstration.

He raises up his left hand to reveal a small mini torch, ignites it. Brandy peaks through the corner of her eye.

She turns her head all the way around to see Gerald as he heats up the thumb plate.

The plate glows RED HOT as Brandy begins to panic.

Gerald puts his torturous right hand up to Brandy's left cheek, the thumb-plate glows only millimeters from her eye while the other devices rest on her cheek.

He climbs over her legs and straddles her.

Gerald takes his rubber gloved hand and gently rubs Brandy's exposed midsection.

He puts the cold steel rings on her face and gently slices the side of her face with his index finger.

Brandy SCREAMS through the tape and jerks her head almost ramming her eye into the hot plate.

When she realizes she almost cost herself an eye, Brandy calms down and controls her breathing.

Gerald runs his finger blades and needle down her neck and exposed part of her chest, just until he gets to the top of her tank top.

He sensually circles a spot on the top of her breast with each finger, leans in and breathes gently in her ear--

SIZZLE! Brandy screams through the tape.

Gerald whispers in her ear as she cries.

GERALD (CONT'D)

Now you're mine.

He rips his thumb-plate off her chest as the burnt skin stretches and rips, leaving a festering, bubbling, puss oozing circle at the top of her breast.

Gerald raises the thumb-plate to his eye, looks at the bubbling flesh.

He wants to taste it, but can't bring himself to it.

GERALD (CONT'D)

The useless flesh of a useless
whore.

He begins to circle to wound with his devices as he gets extremely close to her chest and breathes gently on her breast.

The sweat from Brandy's panic and her screams have loosened the tape, it peels down.

BRANDY

Please don't hurt me anymore, I
don't know what I did but I'm so,
so sorry.

A little compassion comes over Gerald's face. He backs the blades away from her chest and eases off her a little.

BRANDY (CONT'D)

What's the matter? Can't get the
little prick hard anymore, Gerald?

Gerald sits back down on her and looks at her a little puzzled.

Brandy raises up and whispers in Gerald's ear.

BRANDY (CONT'D)

Come on, big boy, fuck Momma hard.

Gerald jumps up and looks at Brandy with fear that turns to rage.

BRANDY (CONT'D)

(crying)

Please, I won't tell anyone, just
let me go. I just wanna go home.

Gerald sees Brandy parting her legs and licking her lips.

BRANDY (CONT'D)

You need to take care of Momma,
Gerald. Take out your little prick
and stick it in me.

Gerald looks down at his hand protecting his crotch. He sees the needle, raises it up and walks back over to Brandy.

GERALD

(smiling)

You want this, Mother?

Gerald sees Brandy moaning in ecstasy awaiting what is next.

We see Brandy struggling and screaming for help.

BRANDY

Please someone help me. I'm in
here, he's fucking crazy.

(he sees)

Are you man enough to give me the
whole pathetic thing, Gerald?

He runs his blades down her chest, over her bleeding, festering wound and slices the left strap to her tank top.

Brandy's top falls just above her nipple.

BRANDY (CONT'D)

Getting brave, big boy. Are you actually going to touch Momma this time?

Gerald nervously breathes down Brandy's neck, to her chest just above the cut tank top.

He takes his latex hand and lowers her top revealing Brandy's nipple.

BRANDY (CONT'D)

I've been such a bad Mommy, Gerald.
Can you punish Mommy? Touch it with your filthy hands, Gerald.

Gerald places Brandy's nipple between his burnt thumb-plate and his ring finger needle.

He twists her nipple between the two instruments. He looks up and watches Brandy in ecstasy.

We see Brandy freaking out trying everything to free her arms and legs.

She tries to buck Gerald off but just tires faster.

BRANDY (CONT'D)

Put your prick in me, Gerald.
Punish mommy.

Suddenly, Gerald, like a precise surgeon, threads Brandy's nipple with his ring finger needle.

Brandy screams in pain, Gerald sees her moan wanting more as he rips the needle from her nipple.

GERALD

How's that, Mother?

BRANDY

Please stop.
I can take more Gerald, if you can
handle it, you pathetic little
queer.

GERALD

I am not my father, Mother!

He slashes his middle finger across her chest, ripping open a nice sized gash that immediately begins to pour blood.

BRANDY

(moaning in ecstasy)
More big boy, prove to me you can
handle a woman. I want to feel you,
Gerald.

BLACK SCREEN:

IN SURROUND SOUND, OUR LEFT HALF HEARS BRANDY MOANING AND
BEGGING FOR MORE WHILE OUR RIGHT HALF HEARS HER BLOOD
CURDLING SCREAMS FOR HELP AND HORRIFYING STRUGGLE.

INT. TORTURE ROOM - LATER

Steam from the shower fogs the reflection of a mutilated
Brandy while Gerald washes away his sins in his extremely hot
shower.

INT. GERALD'S MERCEDES - 2:00 A.M

Gerald whistles his eerie tune.

As he gets close to his home Gerald notices a lot of police
and ambulance lights.

EXT. GERALD'S HOME

Two police officers hold back and attempt to console a
distraught MOTHER.

DETECTIVE RICHARD LASK talks to a few neighbors in front of
Gerald's driveway. He wears a leather jacket, blue jeans and
looks like he just woke up, A LITTLE TIPSY.

INT. GERALD'S MERCEDES

GERALD

What the fuck is this shit? We are
not going back to the hospital.

EXT. GERALD'S HOME

Lask points to Gerald's home and the neighbors point at
Gerald in the street.

INT. GERALD'S MERCEDES

GERALD

(to himself)

Fuck. Just leave me alone and get
out of the fucking way.

Gerald HONKS, the neighbors move and Lask approaches Gerald's
window.

LASK

Evening sir, Detective Richard Lask
with Phoenix Homicide. Do you mind
if I ask you a few questions?

Gerald scratches his head.

GERALD

It's awfully late.

LASK

It'll just take a minute.

GERALD

Do you mind if I park my vehicle
first, Dick?

Detective Lask looks shocked.

GERALD (CONT'D)

Or do you prefer, Richard?

LASK

You can call me, Detective Lask.

He looks down at Gerald, backs off the car as Gerald pulls into his driveway and parks.

Lask stands at the end of the driveway and waits for Gerald to join him.

He takes out a small leather bound notebook.

Gerald exits the car and walks directly to Lask.

Lask puts out his hand to shake Gerald's.

LASK (CONT'D)

Thanks for letting me have a few moments of your time.

Gerald reaches into his coat. Lask's eyes show a little concern.

Gerald pulls out a little silver case, opens it and hands Lask his business card. Lask takes the card instead of shaking Gerald's hand, he reads it.

"GER'S HARD TO FIND AND RARE."

LASK (CONT'D)

Ger, Gerald?

GERALD

My mother calls me Gerald. You may call me Gerry, Detective.

LASK

Fair enough. What were you doing out so late?

GERALD

I was at my warehouse cleaning up. Why do you ask?

LASK

You always clean so late?

GERALD

I'm always cleaning, Detective.

Lask hesitates for the rest of the sentence.

LASK

You always clean what?

GERALD

Everything, been that way since I was a child. What is this about?

LASK

Ahh, I see. And what is the address to your warehouse, Gerry?

GERALD

It's on the card... Detective.

Lask looks at the card again.

LASK

I see.

GERALD

Look Detective, I'm tired, are you going to let me know what's going on?

LASK

The body of nine-year-old Sarah Mitchell was discovered an hour or so ago, she and her brother have been missing since this afternoon. Have you ever met the victim or her brother?

FLASH IMAGE OF BRANDY GIBSON'S TORTURED, DEAD BODY IN "THE CHAIR".

Gerald gets lost in the image for a moment.

LASK (CONT'D)

Gerry?

GERALD

I'm thinking Detective, it has been
an extremely long day. You say
Mitchell?

Lask nods.

GERALD (CONT'D)

I wish I could be more help, but
I'm sure the neighbors will tell
you the same. I rarely stick my
nose in others' affairs and
appreciate the same respect.
Besides, I keep rather odd hours
and stay terribly busy.

FLASH IMAGE OF "THE CHAIR" JUST AN ABSOLUTE MESS.

Lask closes his notebook disappointed and puts it inside his
coat pocket along with Gerald's card.

LASK

If something develops, do you mind
if I come by?

GERALD

Anything to help, Detective.

Gerald turns and walks over to his car, reaches into his
pants pocket and pops his trunk.

In the trunk, Gerald takes out some dry-cleaning. When he
picks it up, we see Brandy Gibson's face and body wrapped in
shipping plastic.

He walks with his dry-cleaning to his front door, pulls out
his hankie and opens the door.

Lask watches him until he gets inside.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. DOCTOR HILLARD'S OFFICE - MORNING

This doctor's office is located inside a PSYCHIATRIC HOSPITAL.

DOCTOR HILLARD, an African American in his late fifties, opens the door and walks in.

Behind him, a few CRAZIES walk in circles and talk to themselves in the hall.

Hillard closes the door behind him, shaking his head, lost in his paper-work as he makes it over to his desk.

He sits down, puts the files down and gets his screen saver off his computer and is fixing to work when--

GERALD

Good morning, Doctor Hillard.

Hillard does not even look up.

DR. HILLARD

Gerry, it's been a while.

He turns in his chair to see Gerald. He sits in a leather chair in the corner of the office.

GERALD

I've been doing much, much better.

DR. HILLARD

But you're here, so you must need something?

GERALD

You're very right doctor. I have some medical waste in my car in need of disposal.

The doctor runs his hands through his hair and takes a deep breath through his nostrils.

DR. HILLARD

How was she?

GERALD

Very therapeutic.

DR. HILLARD

A hot little number?

GERALD

Very.

DR. HILLARD

I see you've got the tie on still,
where's the youngster?

GERALD

Still with Mother... I need a
refill.

The doctor shrugs and nods.

DR. HILLARD

I remember when you were going
through a bottle a week. This one
lasted you a whole month.

The doctor opens his drawer, pulls out a bottle of LSD and
sets it on corner of his desk.

DR. HILLARD (CONT'D)

How are you feeling?

GERALD

One or two more should last me
through the end of the year.

DR. HILLARD

Lets start with one but don't limit
your therapy, Gerry. With that
said, next time I see you, you
better be your young self. You've
gotta take it slow, Gerry.

GERALD

He'll be out as soon as I'm
through, Doctor. I'm not going to
spend another night here.

Hillard takes a deep breath and exhales.

DR. HILLARD

That's good. You know if you come
back, I won't be able to save you
this time, Gerry.

Gerald nervously shakes his head.

GERALD

I know, I know. I'm not coming back
here, Hillard. Trust me.

DR. HILLARD

You're lucky you're such a clean
boy. This therapy wouldn't work for
anyone else.

He reaches into his desk drawer and pulls out three pieces of
paper.

Gerald smiles eerily and stands.

DR. HILLARD (CONT'D)

All three of these know you're
interested in renting a room. But
this one would probably be the best
for you, though.

He places the PROFILE on top.

Gerald takes the LSD and places it in his jacket pocket.

Doctor Hillard hands Gerald the three females' profiles.

Gerald flips through them.

GERALD

(chuckles)

Cute.

DR. HILLARD

How are the tools holding up?

GERALD

Not a nick in them.

DR. HILLARD

(laughing)

Unlike the first time, huh?

GERALD

(laughing)

No, Mom really fucked 'em up, huh?

Gerald rubs his fingers together with his right hand.

GERALD (CONT'D)

They fit much better now, and I'm much more graceful. They are my fingers now, not these. I want to be able to touch them, but I just can't. With the tools... you have given me the ability to feel again.

DR. HILLARD

Ever since you came to me as a young ,scared little boy, I've always told you I would take care of you Gerry. I love you with all my heart and know you will be cured one day... Just keep up with our therapy and humor the state with their's.

Gerald folds the three papers and puts them in his pocket with the awaiting LSD.

GERALD

I am, I am, but they're all fucking moronic imbeciles.

DR. HILLARD

I know.

(beat)

(MORE)

DR. HILLARD (CONT'D)

Let's go get that waste. I can't wait to see the number you did on her.

Hillard stands as he and Gerald walk out into the hospital of crazies.

FADE OUT.

INT. DETECTIVE LASK'S OFFICE - AFTERNOON

Detective Lask walks into his office and closes the door behind him. He carries multiple thick files.

He throws the files on his desk next to a big 42 ounce fountain drink.

Lask takes his seat behind his desk, picks up his cup, swirls it around and takes a drink.

He opens the first file labeled SARAH MITCHELL.

FLASH FOUR IMAGES OF THE CRIME-SCENE PHOTOS. THE OPEN FIELD, THE BLOODY PAIR OF LITTLE LEGS, TIRE TRACKS WITH AN EVIDENCE MARKER NEXT TO THEM AND THE FINAL PHOTO IS OF A SMALL BLOODY SHEET COVERING THE LITTLE BODY.

Lask shakes his head and opens his drawer.

He pulls out a bottle of CROWN ROYAL, spins the top off, opens his big cup and pours in a good amount.

He picks up a picture of HIS LITTLE GIRL that is framed on his desk, takes a big drink, puts the picture back. He picks up the phone on his desk and dials a number.

LASK

Hey it's me, I... Please stop, can I... Please, shut the fuck up and let me talk to my daughter.

Lask shakes his head and takes another drink.

LASK (CONT'D)
(away from phone)
Fucking whore.

He closes the file while he talks on the phone.

LASK (CONT'D)
(into the phone)
Hey baby girl. How's the weather
there in Cali?
(laughing)
So, you're my little surfer girl
now, huh?

He chuckles and wipes a tear from his eye.

LASK (CONT'D)
I was just missin' you and wanted
to hear your sweet little voice.
How's Momma treating you? That's
good baby. How's Chris? Well, you
can call him Daddy if that's what
you want.

Lask takes a frustrated big drink.

LASK (CONT'D)
And your new step brother treating
you well? That's good, baby girl.
Okay I better get to work. I love
you with all my heart, Hailee. Be
good for Momma. Bye, baby girl.

He hangs up the phone, wipes another tear from his eye and
picks up the files, walks out his door with his drink.

INT. JAMES WATSON'S OFFICE - MOMENTS LATER

JAMES WATSON, a forty-three year old detective, sits behind
his desk smoking a cigarette. He flips through some paper
work and makes notes.

A KNOCK at the door.

JAMES

Come in.

Lask walks in and closes the door behind him.

James notices the cup as Lask sits down in front of him.

LASK

Hey Watson. Tell me, what's going on with the missing brother?

JAMES

I'm putting it all together, but I have the feeling it's coming your way anyhow.

LASK

Yeah, I got the same from the case...

He takes a drink.

JAMES

Little early, ain't it?

LASK

How many packs you go through this morning?

JAMES

I can drive and smoke. I can smell the Crown from here.

Lask rolls his eyes and takes another drink.

JAMES (CONT'D)

This case is showin' the same signs as all them others in the last two years. Males between the ages of nine and eleven.

LASK

I believe the sister just got in the way. He's got no interest in girls. How long do we have, Jim?

James flips through his notes.

JAMES

The longest... a week. Two were murdered the very next day. Was the girl sexually assaulted, too?

LASK

I don't think he likes girls. All the boys were strangled. Sarah was shot, I think she just got in the way of him and the brother.

Lask sips the last of his drink, shakes the ice and opens the lid.

JAMES

I think you're right. Empty?

LASK

Never.

He pulls out a can of COCA-COLA from his outside pocket of his leather jacket, opens it and pours it in his cup.

He sits the empty can on Watson's desk, reaches into his inside jacket pocket and pulls out a small shot of CROWN, opens the cap and pours it in.

JAMES

Always prepared...

LASK

I was a boy-scout before I was a detective.

Watson's phone rings as Lask puts on his lid.

Watson answers and Lask takes a drink.

JAMES

Watson. Yes, Sarge, sittin' here
with Lask goin' over some files.

(to Lask)

Sarge says don't get blitzed before
noon.

Lask flips him off.

JAMES (CONT'D)

(laughing)

He sends his love, Sarge. Yeah, I
can go check it out... by the
campus, I'll take Richard with me.
Don't you worry, I'm drivin'.

He hangs up the phone.

JAMES (CONT'D)

Bring the files, we'll find this
kid alive. We gotta go check out a
missin' college girl, now.

LASK

We're fucking busy, why didn't he
send Marks?

JAMES

You know, Marks is busy suckin' on
the sarge's dick, lookin' for the
desk cases. He never goes out in
the field anymore.

LASK

Fucking prick.

FADE OUT.

FADE IN:

EXT. BRANDY GIBSON'S HOUSE - AFTERNOON

A cop car drives off as Watson and Lask pull up in an
unmarked Crown Victoria.

On the porch, stands Jennifer and BRANDY'S MOM. Jennifer consoles Brandy's Mom while they wait for Lask and Watson to park and walk up.

JAMES

Hi, I'm Detective Watson and this
is Detective Lask with homicide.

As soon as the word "homicide" is mentioned, the mother becomes hysterical.

Jennifer turns Brandy's Mom into her shoulder and lets the mom go hysterical on her.

BRANDY'S MOM

(crying)

My baby, my precious little girl,
why, why, my baby...

JAMES

It'll be okay ma'am. We're gonna
find your little girl.

She doesn't acknowledge him.

JAMES (CONT'D)

Have you been inside yet?

JENNIFER

No, we don't have any keys but I
was here first. Brandy didn't show
up for class, so I came to pick her
up for practice I knocked and
knocked, but she never came to the
door.

(to the mom)

I'll be right back. I'm going to go
talk to the detectives for a
moment.

Jennifer helps her sit on the steps of the porch.

The three of them walk to the middle of the yard and whisper.

JENNIFER (CONT'D)

After I knocked for a bit, I looked through the windows to see if Brandy had passed out again... That's when I saw the blood.

LASK

Blood?

JENNIFER

It's right in front of the door. Last time I saw her, she was going to rent a room to some guy.

She gasps.

JENNIFER (CONT'D)

I told her not to rent it to a man, I told her. He seemed so nice.

Lask pulls out his leather notebook and writes this down.

LASK

You saw him?

JENNIFER

Yes, he was tall, had...

She shakes her head.

JENNIFER (CONT'D)

All I remember, is he had a big...

LASK

A big what?

JENNIFER

Accent.

LASK

(frustrated)
Was he black, white?

JENNIFER

Definitely white.

LASK

Australian, European, English, from
the south?

JENNIFER

Not from America, the sexy accent.

LASK

Anything else?

JENNIFER

He had a fake leg, or a bad leg, I
don't know I just want Brandy back.

She bursts out crying.

LASK

No keys, huh?

JENNIFER

(holding back sadness)

No.

LASK

Okay, go hold mom back, we'll get
in.

Jennifer walks up and talks to Brandy's mom for a moment then
the two of them step out into the yard.

Lask and Watson walk up to the front door.

Watson tries the door, the knob turns but it's locked by the
dead bolt.

JAMES

Locked from the inside, or by a
key.

Lask and Watson both draw their guns, Watson holds the glass
door back as Lask kicks in the hardwood front door.

The door explodes open as Lask and Watson use caution when
entering.

As soon as the two walk in, Mom turns and sees the blood in front of the door.

She immediately screams and fights to get inside as Jennifer holds her back.

But she breaks away and runs into the home as Lask and Watson finish checking the home.

BRANDY'S MOM

Brandy, Brandy. My God, where's my baby?

She grabs some clothes from the floor and smells them, immediately she breaks out in tears.

Lask runs out and holds her back from the scene.

LASK

Ma'am, I need you to stay back, you're gonna contaminate the scene. We're going to find your daughter as fast as we can, but you're gonna have to stay back.

JAMES

(to Jennifer)

Please take her out of here.

Jennifer comes in and practically drags the distraught mother away.

LASK

You got your camera?

JAMES

It's in the car, be right back.

FLASH THREE IMAGES; THE BLOOD ON THE FLOOR, THE BAT HANDLE STICKING OUT OF THE SOFTBALL BAG AND A SMEAR OF BLOOD BY THE GARAGE DOOR.

James puts his camera away.

JAMES (CONT'D)

I got feelin' this one is yours,
too.

LASK

Do you ever do any work?

JAMES

I can't help it if every missing
person in this fuckin' town winds
up dead.

BRANDY'S MOM (O.C.)

What? Brandy!

Lask smacks James in the back of the head.

LASK

Find me some fucking fingerprints.

JAMES

Want me to call in CSI?

LASK

What ever, I'm gonna get a drink.

FADE OUT.

INT. OFFICE - AFTERNOON

Gerald sits behind his desk in his warehouse's office. He looks at the clock 10:56. He's dressed in a new suit and tie, fresh for a new day.

He watches his monitors as Jerry the postman pulls up in his truck. Gerald sits and waits for him to walk all the way up and open the front door. He carries some more shipping supplies.

JERRY

Gerry with a G, how you doin'
today?

GERALD

Much better, Jerry with a J. I have those two and one huge one in back.

Gerald points to TWO SMALL PACKAGES neatly stacked next to the door.

JERRY

Okay, I'll meet you by the bay doors.

Jerry picks up the two packages and goes to his truck. Gerald eerily watches Jerry, locks the door, unlocks it and locks it again.

EXT. WAREHOUSE

Gerald waits with the bay door open. Jerry the postman backs up to the door.

Jerry gets out and walks around the truck.

JERRY

Do I need to lower the lift for this one?

GERALD

It is a big one, I've got a palet jack under it, but you'll definitely need the lift.

Jerry lowers the lift on the back of the truck and opens the back DOOR. Gerry disappears into the warehouse.

After he gets finished, Jerry walks in looking for Gerald in his warehouse.

INT. WAREHOUSE

Gerald stands next to a giant five foot crate, with a palet-jack underneath it.

JERRY

This it?

Gerald nods.

JERRY (CONT'D)

Damn. It's a big one.

Jerry grabs the palet-jack and begins to pull it out the giant doors to his truck.

JERRY (CONT'D)

Damn, Gerry. You got a body in here or somein'?

Gerald laughs.

GERALD

If I did, I wouldn't be shipping it through you.

Jerry joins his chuckle. They walk by the mirror, the two look at each other in the reflection on their way to the bay door and out the warehouse.

EXT. WAREHOUSE

Jerry the postman loads the huge crate into the back of the truck as Gerald takes the jack back inside the warehouse.

The two close their doors basically at the same time.

INT. WAREHOUSE

Gerald grabs a pair of his white cotton gloves from an open box on top of a crate.

He goes up to the mirror and opens it.

INT. TORTURE ROOM

Completely clean and ready to go for a new girl.

Gerald walks over to "The Chair" and runs his fingers over the freshly clean leather. He gets frustrated with the gloves, he wants to touch so bad but his obsession just will not let him.

He picks up his briefcase from the chair and sits down. He places the briefcase in his lap and runs his fingers over the locks, pops the locks and opens his case, the silver glow takes over the red room.

He reaches in and pulls out the three pieces of paper, each of them a different profile of a female looking to rent out a room through different internet mediums, MYSPACE, CRAIGSLIST, FACEBOOK, ETC.

As Gerald looks at the pictures of each girl, the picture begins to move and give sexual looks at Gerald.

Gerald gets a little chuckle, licks his lips and runs his fingers over each picture as it comes to life.

But one catches his eyes, a beautiful twenty-year-old JULIA CARSON. From the picture, she calls out to Gerald.

JULIA

Gerald, Gerald. Take me to your chair, teach me what you know. Show me all you can, that is unless you're still half a man.

GERALD

I will show you I am a man.

He pulls out a VIRGIN MOBILE PAY AS YOU GO PHONE. He reads the paper and dials her number.

GERALD (CONT'D)

(Australian accent)

Ey, Julia? Alright, Julie, 'is is David. I'll be in town tonight if the room is still available... Not a problem, ey? And it's alright with you that I'm a bloke? Naa, I've got plenty of sheila friends, just wanna be sure you're clear on the situation, ey? Sounds good, see you 'is evening.

Gerald closes the phone and puts in his pocket along with Julia's profile. He then closes the case with the other two profiles and his finger tools inside.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. SEEDY BEDROOM - DAY

The missing Bobby Mitchell is in his underwear on top of the covers of a mattress on the floor.

He eats a cupcake with pink frosting.

In walks a SHIRTLESS MAN, we don't see his face as we only watch him from behind.

Tucked in the back of his BLUE JEANS is a BIG FOLDING KNIFE and COTTON ROPE.

The door closes in our face.

FLASH FOUR CRIME SCENE PHOTOS. BOBBY'S FEET STICK OUT FROM UNDER A BLOOD-SOAKED SHEET IN A FIELD. EVIDENCE MARKER NEXT TO TIRE TRACKS. EVIDENCE MARKER NEXT TO BLOODY COTTON ROPE THAT STICKS OUT FROM THE SHEET AND A PAIR OF BLOODY, WHITE COTTON GLOVES NOT TOO FAR FROM THE BODY.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. FIELD - AFTERNOON

Lask and Watson take the last crime scene photo. Lask writes in his notebook as the CORONER takes the body away.

LASK

I didn't want to believe it, but
you were right.

JAMES

I know, man. I wanted to find this
one alive, too.

Lask backs up and stumbles, losing his balance almost falling flat on his back.

JAMES (CONT'D)

You really need to slow down on the drinkin', at least at work, buddy.

LASK

Fuck you, I tripped over some fucking rocks.

JAMES

I'm just tryin' to help.

Lask gets in his face and James turns away trying not to smell Lask's breath.

LASK

If you wanted to help, you'd find these fucking kids before I have to tell another mother they're never coming home again. Never again.

Watson pushes Lask in the chest.

JAMES

Stay the fuck outta my face. I'm doin' all I can.

Lask pulls out a shot of Crown Royale and shoots half of it.

LASK

I'm gonna find this sick mother fucker.

A uniformed POLICE OFFICER runs up to the two with a police radio.

OFFICER

Detective Watson, the Sargent wants to talk to you.

Watson takes the radio.

JAMES

I'm here, Sarge.

SARGENT (FILTERED)

Another boy has turned up missing
this afternoon from the same
neighborhood.

JAMES

Are you fuckin' kidding me?

LASK

This guy needs to be stopped now.

SARGENT (FILTERED)

That you, Lask?

LASK

Yes sir.

SARGENT (FILTERED)

I want you and Watson working full
time on this case. I'll have
Detective Mathis take all the other
case loads. We need to stop this
sick bastard now.

JAMES

Yes, sir.

Lask shoots the rest of the shot and throws his empty bottle
to the side.

The Uniformed Officer takes his radio back to his car.

James walks up to Lask's empty bottle, picks it up and puts
it in his pocket.

JAMES (CONT'D)

Looks like you're stuck with me.

LASK

Come on, let's go tell the grieving
mother you let her other child die.

Watson balls up his fist.

INT. TORTURE ROOM

COMPLETE DARKNESS. DEEP SCARED BREATHING. CHAINS JERK AND RATTLE.

JULIA

(whimpering scared)

Hello. Who's there? Hello. Please
let me go.

(screams)

LET ME OUTTA HERE.

KA-CLUNK! The white light from the warehouse shines around the hidden, soundproofed wall.

The light illuminates the torture room and shines across Julia's face.

Julia winces as her eyes adjust, to reveal Gerald's outline.

He stands there for a moment, then Julia begins to scream again.

GERALD

Now now, there's no need for all
that.

He flips on the red light illuminating his face as the wall closes behind him.

GERALD (CONT'D)

I know what you need, and I'm going
to be the one who gives it to you.

Julia struggles to get free as Gerald begins his prep work, removing his surgical scrubs and gloves from the cabinet.

EXT. WAREHOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Lask and Watson pull up in front of the building.

Inside the car Lask drinks half another SHOT OF CROWN, puts it back in his pocket, then pulls out a small bottle of mouthwash and swishes around a mouthful.

The two exit the car as Lask spits out the mouthwash onto the pavement and puts the bottle back into his coat.

JAMES

Ya ever get the two bottles mixed up?

LASK

I'm a professional.

The two walk up to the door and pull--

Locked.

They ring the BUZZER.

A FIRE-BELL rings outside until Lask removes his finger from the button.

INT. TORTURE ROOM

The red light flashes on and off.

Gerald, half prepared, hurries to remove and neatly fold his scrubs.

GERALD

What the fuck is this shit? I'm trying to work.

JULIA

Help me, I'm in here.

Gerald takes off his latex gloves and puts back on his cotton gloves.

INT. WAREHOUSE

Gerald opens the mirrored wall, as suddenly we hear Julia screaming loudly, until the wall closes--

Complete silence.

Gerald slyly smiles, adjusts his tie in the mirror and fixes an out of place hair.

A FIRE-BELL inside the warehouse rings.

Gerald shakes his head and walks through his warehouse into his office, closes the door behind him.

INT. OFFICE

He sees Lask and Watson as they peak through the windows.

Lask spots Gerald and pulls Watson away from the door.

Gerald walks up and unlocks the door, Lask reaches out to pull the door open when Gerald locks it back.

Lask gets a puzzled look on his face and Gerald unlocks it and locks it again. Gerald puts his hand up as to say "One Minute" and unlocks it once more.

This time Gerald puts his hip into the door and opens it for the detectives.

GERALD

Detective Lask, and to what do I owe this pleasure?

LASK

Mind if we step inside?

GERALD

Not at all. Please come in.

Gerald presents his office to the two, walks behind his desk and takes his seat as the two detective enter and sit in the chairs across the desk.

JAMES

What was that all about?

GERALD

Who are you?

Watson gets mad and begins to smart off--

LASK

This is Detective Watson, from missing persons. We're working a few cases together. What's with the gloves?

Gerald leans back in his chair.

GERALD

Well detectives, I'm extremely OCD, sorry about the locks. The gloves.

(puts his hands up)

I was working in the back. Can't touch anything, you know.

JAMES

Right.

Watson goes to touch something on his desk.

GERALD

Please don't.

Gerald grabs the item and straightens it from where he moved it.

JAMES

Sorry.

Watson sits back.

LASK

Well, Gerry, right?

Gerald nods.

LASK (CONT'D)

We found the missing brother.

GERALD

Dead?

LASK

He was strangled.

GERALD

How barbaric, go on.

LASK

Anyway, another child is now missing from your neighborhood.

GERALD

Really, I'm sorry. How does this concern me?

Lask takes the manila envelope from Watson.

LASK

We're going to be staking out the neighborhood. Watson's going to be in a home a block away from your home. I was hoping to stay with you.

Gerald chokes. He stands and rushes over to a water cooler in the corner, takes a paper cup from the dispenser and downs a cold cup quickly.

After he clears his throat--

GERALD

I'm sorry. I want to be of assistance to you, but there is just no fucking way.

Lask turns to face Gerald.

LASK

I understand your condition, Gerry. I swear to you, nothing will be outta place.

GERALD

Having you there is out of place, Detective. I don't think it would be possible, I'd go completely fucking insane.

Gerald walks back over to his chair and sits.

LASK

I'm sympathetic to your situation, Gerry, but your house is in the perfect spot, and there's not another house on the block with a single person living in a three bedroom alone.

Gerald shakes his head.

GERALD

How long do I have to decide this, Detective?

LASK

Until we get a judge to sign the court order. We can't let another kid die. Look at these, I'm sure they'll change your mind.

Lask pulls out the CRIME SCENE PHOTOS. The photo on top is the picture of the BLOODY, WHITE COTTON GLOVES.

He slides that picture back into the envelope and hands Gerald the rest.

Gerald shakes his head.

GERALD

Fucking rope.

LASK

What's that?

GERALD

Rope, I can't stand it.

LASK

Hmm?

GERALD

Can't stand the way it feels. What a horrible tool for killing someone.

LASK

Yeah.

Gerald hands the pictures back to Lask.

GERALD

I want to help you Detective, I do. I just don't think it's going to be possible. May I consult my physician first?

LASK

You can, or we can, but the longer you wait, the less time Jonathan Ivers has to live. Each boy has been sexually assaulted, then, when the bastard's had his fill, he strangles them.

GERALD

I understand but--

JAMES

Look, a judge isn't going to care about your fuckin' quarks. We can put you in a hotel and--

GERALD

No hotels, hotels are filthy.

LASK

You have until eight o'clock tonight.

GERALD

Can we please just begin this tomorrow morning? I have a lot of work I need to do here.

Lask puts the pictures back into the envelope.

LASK

Oh yeah? I'm kinda an antique buff myself. Mind if I help?

GERALD

(agitated)

No one can help me with my work. I thought you had a lot of work yourself, Detective?

LASK

Can we at least see what you've got going on back there?

Gerald throws himself back in his chair.

GERALD

Fine, detectives. But, do not touch a thing.

He looks at James.

GERALD (CONT'D)

Absolutely nothing.

JAMES

You've got got my word.

Lask nods with him.

The three stand as Gerald walks around the desk.

Gerald presents the door.

GERALD

After you, sirs.

Lask opens the door and Watson follows.

Lask gets captivated by the sight of the huge warehouse and all the items.

He lets the door go and it hits Gerald.

LASK

I'm sorry, Gerry.

GERALD

It's okay. Go ahead, look around.

The two walk into the giant place and are just in awe.

Gerald closes the door behind them and grabs his cane from next to the door.

He polishes the head with his WHITE COTTON GLOVES and gets a devious look upon his face.

JAMES

Holy shit, is that a fuckin'
Ferrari, F fifty five.

Watson and Lask rush over to the car as Gerald casually strolls up behind the two.

They check out the car as Gerald twirls his cane behind them.

GERALD

Please don't touch. This car
belongs to a Saudi Prince. He
adores antique, hand crafted
furniture, and I keep his car here
for when he visits.

LASK

Not a speck of dust on it.

GERALD

Like I said before, I never sleep.

Lask straightens up and looks at Gerald.

LASK

Better hope you never disappear. No
dust makes it hard to find
fingerprints.

GERALD

Are you threatening me, Detective?

LASK

Just stating the obvious.

Lask takes out his notebook and writes down the tag number.

He puts his ink-pen in his mouth and chews on it as he scopes the rest of the unique items.

JAMES

Uh, Richard?

LASK

What, Jim?

Watson motions for Lask to wipe his mouth as the pen has cracked open and leaks down his chin.

Lask puts his hand up to it, wipes and sees the ink.

LASK (CONT'D)

Shit.

He rushes over to the giant mirror and grabs a pair of the cotton gloves from the shelf next to it.

Gerald tries to tell him not to touch them but Lask is quicker.

Lask, at the huge mirror, wipes his mouth with one of the gloves vigorously.

He looks up at Gerald who just watches him closely and leans on his cane.

Watson walks around checking out the rest of the huge room.

As Lask scrubs his face to no avail, we see through the mirror as Julia screams at the top of her lungs.

Her wrists and ankles bleed from the cuffs and chains that bind her to "The Chair."

Julia struggles so hard to free herself and make as much noise as physically possible.

GERALD

I have some solvent up front that
will take that off.

Lask leans away from the mirror.

LASK

That's okay, I'll get it in the
car. We have a lot of work to do.
I'll see you tomorrow morning,
Gerry.

(to Watson)

Let's go.

They walk out of the warehouse.

INT. OFFICE

Gerald lets the two out then closes and locks the door behind
them in his own way.

EXT. WAREHOUSE

Lask and Watson get into their car.

JAMES

What a weird dude. I'm sure glad
you're stayin' with him and not me.

LASK

Look at this.

Lask opens the envelope and takes out the picture of the
bloody gloves and lays the clean glove on top of it.

JAMES

Looks the same. You think he's a
suspect?

Lask puts everything into the envelope.

LASK

Usually non psychopaths will turn away when they see a picture of a dead body, especially a tortured little boy. Let's find out who Gerry's doctor is and start there.

The two pull away and drive off.

INT. OFFICE

Gerald watches the two until they are out of sight.

He smiles as if he just got away with murder and walks into--

INT. WAREHOUSE

Gerald briefly inspects everything as he walks back up to his huge mirror.

He gets sensually close.

GERALD

I know you've been waiting for me.

He looks deep into his own eyes. We follow deep into Gerald's pupal.

INT. GERALD'S PUPAL

We see the thirteen-year-old Young Gerald. He stands in a pool of BRIGHT RED BLOOD. His finger rings drip into the pool.

Each drop echoes as does the young Gerald's voice.

YOUNG GERALD

Come on Gerry. It's time for me to come back. The cops are on to us.

INT. WAREHOUSE

GERALD

No, I'm having way too much fun.
These cops are too intoxicated to
walk a straight line. We'll
outsmart them together, Gerry.

He pushes on the mirror and it pops open. Suddenly, Julia's screams are heard loudly.

INT. TORTURE ROOM

JULIA

Please don't, you sick fu-- Come
fuck me Gerald. You've kept me in
suspense too long and now my
panties are so wet.

Gerald walks up to the struggling Julia. She panics then freezes as her fear sets in and Gerald rubs his cotton gloves over her face.

GERALD

Just give me a moment to get ready
and I'll be with you shortly,
Mother.

Julia spits in his face and Gerald freaks out.

He slaps her across the face.

GERALD (CONT'D)

You disgusting whore, how dare you
contaminate me.

He rushes over to the cabinet and pulls out several disinfecting wipes.

GERALD (CONT'D)

I'm going to punish you so bad!

He cleans himself thoroughly.

JULIA

I'm so sorry plea-- What are you going to do about it queer? You can't handle the way a woman tastes can you, fag?

Gerald roughly removes his tie and begins to unbutton his shirt.

GERALD

I'm going to show you what I can handle.

JULIA

Give it to me, faggot.

Gerald watches her with hate as he puts back on his scrubs.

INT. DETECTIVE LASK'S OFFICE

Lask and Watson burst through the door. Lask carries a giant fountain drink.

He gets to his desk as James takes a seat in front of him.

Lask opens his drawer and pulls out his half empty gallon of Crown Royal.

He removes and pours a lot into his giant drink.

Watson begins to say something.

LASK

Where the fuck is Billy with that fucking file?

BILLY (O.C.)

Right here.

Lask looks up as James turns in his seat to see a BILLY, a younger detective in a white button up shirt and tie.

He walks up to Lask and hands him a giant file.

BILLY (CONT'D)

Do you know what I had to do get
medical files that fast?

LASK

Share your cock-sucking stories
somewhere else. Watson and I have
work to do.

Billy hands him the file and storms off.

Lask shakes his head and points to the door.

LASK (CONT'D)

These fucking rookies, been on the
force five fucking years and think
they're a fucking detective.

Watson chuckles and shakes his head.

Lask takes a big drink and opens the file.

He flips through the first couple of pages and chokes.

Watson sits up.

JAMES

Richard, you okay?

Lask recomposes and takes another drink.

LASK

I'm fine, I don't think our buddy,
Gerald Myousky is though... It
seems that he's fucked in more than
just the head.

Watson takes interest.

JAMES

What do you mean?

LASK

At the age of eleven Gerald was turned over to the state hospital for evaluations. He showed signs of physical and sexual abuse. A doctor Hillard, recommended that he stay in the home but visited weekly.

JAMES

If it was as bad as you say, why didn't they remove him from the home?

LASK

His two sisters stated that Gerald was clumsy and inflicted wounds upon himself. According to some handwritten side notes his mom was VERY persuasive.

JAMES

Where the hell was his dad this whole time?

LASK

(remorseful)

He was sent to the loony bin on Gerald's sixth birthday.

He flips through a few more pages.

LASK (CONT'D)

My God...

He turns from the page, shivers and takes another big drink.

JAMES

What? What is it?

LASK

At the age of thirteen, Gerald got his revenge.

Lask holds up a page, on it are three copies of the CRIME SCENE PHOTOS.

Gerald's mother and two sisters, brutality tortured and murdered.

JAMES

Well, I guess we know why the one crime scene didn't make him squirm. The dude's got his own way of doing things. Good luck sleeping in that house.

LASK

Shut up Jim.

JAMES

Why's he free?

Lask flips through more pages.

LASK

He was immediately turned over to the state and placed under the care of that Hillard fellow.

Lask takes another drink and studies the papers hard.

LASK (CONT'D)

It was ruled as self defense and he passed all the "normal" tests. At the age of twenty one he was freed from the hospital.

JAMES

What the fuck's up with that?

LASK

The guy seems normal now.

JAMES

Are you fuckin' kiddin' me? I wouldn't be surprised if I end up investigatin' your disappearance.

LASK

Fuck, I'm screwed if that's the situation.

Lask smiles and takes a drink.

JAMES

Fuck you, Richard.

LASK

Fuck you, Jim.

INT. TORTURE ROOM

JULIA

Fuck me, Gerald.

Gerald's thumb-plate glows red hot as he straddles Julia.

JULIA (CONT'D)

Mark me, make me yours.

Gerald runs his torturous fingers across her chest and--

SIZZLE! He jams the thumb plate in Julia's chest.

JULIA (CONT'D)

(cries)

Please sir, stop.

(ecstasy)

Please Gerald, fuck Momma hard.

Gerald pulls the burnt flesh up to his face. He uses the middle finger knife to scrape the burnt flesh from the plate.

A small amount comes off onto the knife. Gerald raises the knife to his face. He smells the charred flesh.

Then he sticks his tongue out and lets the flesh fall onto it.

JULIA (CONT'D)

You like the way I taste Gerald,
you wanna eat me?

Gerald gets down in Julia's face.

GERALD

I just love the way you taste,--
Mother???

He begins to see her cry, then Julia moans and wants more.

JULIA

I want you all over me Gerald.
(cries)
Please let me go, please I want to
see my momma.

Gerald looks at her, puzzled for a second.

GERALD

Momma?

JULIA

Please let me go, my momma's gonna
miss me.

GERALD

Do you love your mother?

Julia cries and nods her head.

JULIA

I miss my momma.

Gerald puts his right hand on her face to comfort her, but his razor sharp blades slice her cheek.

Julia jerks her face away. Gerald shows concern for a moment, but then gets excited.

He holds the blades to his face, the blood runs down them, a DROP OF BLOOD forms and falls. Gerald catches it on his tongue.

GERALD

By your flesh, I am healed.

He jams his pinky finger into her chest.

Julia screams out and cries.

GERALD (CONT'D)

She's gone.

JULIA

Momma.

GERALD

Mother is gone.

JULIA

No please, no.

Gerald's face gets a sinister look as a spirt of blood hits him.

He is squeamish at first, but then rubs it off slowly.

Then he freaks out, jumps up and runs over to his cabinets retrieving several wipes.

Gerald looks over at Julia, he sees her in pain and can't wait to finish the job.

GERALD

Take it easy, Gerry. You're not quite cured yet.

He goes back to work on Julia, their shadows dance on the red walls and through the mirror we see.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. TORTURE ROOM

The mirror is now fogged as Gerald takes a shower. Julia's half naked body, motionless, drips blood onto the floor.

Gerald whistles an eerie tune as he scrubs.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. GERALD'S MERCEDES - NIGHT

Gerald whistles his same eerie tune as he pulls up to his home.

GERALD

What the fuck is this shit?

Gerald sees Lask. He sits on Gerald's step to his front door. He talks on his two way radio and drinks his giant fountain cocktail.

Gerald pulls into his driveway and Lask stands to greet him.

EXT. GERALD'S HOME

Gerald jumps outta his car.

GERALD

I thought we had agreed on tomorrow morning?

LASK

It is...

GERALD

This is bull-shit, Detective. I haven't been home since I seen you this afternoon.

Gerald pulls out his handkerchief and proceeds to unlock his door.

LASK

Got something to hide?

GERALD

I would just like to be prepared.

After Gerald goes through his ritual he enters the home.

LASK

This guy's targeting kids. He's going to be up early. I have to be ready as soon as he'd be.

Lask follows Gerald in.

INT. GERALD'S HOME

GERALD

How do you know he will even be out
tomorrow?

LASK

I don't.

Gerald gets flustered and walks into--

INT. KITCHEN

Gerald rushes to his refrigerator, rips his handkerchief from
his pocket and hastily retrieves a bottle of water from it.

He then hurries to the cabinet and grabs a glass.

LASK (O.S.)

(yelling)

You okay in there?

GERALD

(yelling hastily)

Just grabbing some medication to
help me relax.

He then runs over to his other cabinet, rips the cellophane
from his glass and retrieves the bottle of LSD.

Gerald quickly opens the bottle of water and pours it in his
glass.

He then hastily opens the LSD and gets a couple of drops into
his dropper and quickly squirts them in.

Gerald throws the lid back on puts the vile into his pocket,
brings the glass to his lips and turns around to see Lask
standing in the hallway.

Gerald quickly takes a drink.

LASK

I'm sorry to bother you. I can roll up my jacket to sleep on but could I trouble you for a blanket?

Gerald finishes the glass.

GERALD

I have a feeling, you are like me, Detective...

LASK

What do you mean?

GERALD

You won't sleep tonight, neither will I. We're two in the same detective.

LASK

I hardly doubt that. No offense.

GERALD

Some taken.

Gerald smiles.

GERALD (CONT'D)

I was going to make stir fry. Hungry, Detective?

LASK

S-s-sure, I could eat.

Lask takes a seat at Gerald's table.

Gerald puts on a pair of surgical gloves, removes a Wok and places it on his Gas stove.

He ignites the flame as he pours some peanut oil into the pan.

As the oil streams into the pan, it turns into BLOOD. The blood sizzles as it touches the pan.

Gerald chuckles to himself and shakes his head.

LASK (CONT'D)

Everything okay?

GERALD

Oh yes Detective, it's just late
and my meds are kicking in.

LASK

I totally understand.

He takes a big drink from his giant cocktail.

Gerald goes to his refrigerator and removes some fresh green beans, broccoli, onion, bell pepper and beef. He takes the fresh veggies to the sink, places them in a strainer and scrubs them under water with a vegetable brush.

He places the items on a wood cutting board next to a magnetic rack of big knives.

Gerald takes the green beans and removes a big knife from the rack. He places his knife to the green bean and begins to slice it down the center, as he does, the bean pours out BRIGHT RED BLOOD.

Gerald viciously cuts more and more beans, the blood just overflows over the cutting board and runs onto the floor.

Gerald plays it cool as Lask watches him. He knows it is only in his head.

He pours the freshly cut, blood-soaked green beans into the wok.

The new blood and beans splash in the already boiling blood.

LASK (CONT'D)

Mmmm, that already smells good.

GERALD

Just wait, Detective. This is a
very special recipe.

Gerald puts down the blood-soaked cutting board and grabs the stalk of fresh broccoli.

He cuts away the fresh tops. As they fall from the stalk, the broccoli tops turn into different colors of BLOODY EYEBALLS.

Gerald pours the eyeballs into the festering wok of blood.

LASK

What kind of meat you got wrapped
up there?

GERALD

Oh this?

Gerald grabs the cold butcher paper. He removes the tape and reveals a YOUNG WOMAN'S BREAST.

LASK

Nice, looks fresh and tender. What
is that, sirloin?

GERALD

(smiling at Lask)
Top cut.

Lask sees a thick cut of meat.

Gerald places the breast on his cutting board, thinly slicing it and adding it to his wok of gloom.

The steam from the cooking flesh rises into the air.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. KITCHEN - MOMENTS LATER

The steam rises off of Lask's plate of delicious looking stir-fry.

Gerald now wears a pair of his white cotton gloves.

Next to the plates are very nice chopsticks.

LASK

Looks delicious, Gerry.

GERALD

Thanks, Detective.

LASK

It's okay to call me Richard.

GERALD

Very well, thanks Richard. I do hope you enjoy.

Lask takes the final drink of his giant cocktail.

GERALD (CONT'D)

Would you care for something else to drink, Richard?

LASK

I'm not much of a water guy, Gerry.

GERALD

I have just the thing for you.

He goes to his antique china hutch behind the two of them and opens the bottom shelf.

Gerald removes a very clean, but very old bottle of scotch.

GERALD (CONT'D)

This came in the cabinet. I'm not much of a drinker.

He sets the bottle down in front of Lask.

Lask can not believe his eyes as he picks up the bottle and studies it.

Gerald grabs a snifter from his cabinet, removes the cellophane and hands it to Lask.

LASK

This scotch is from nineteen o' seven.

GERALD

It should still be good, right?

LASK

Oh, it is. This is worth at least a grand.

GERALD

Not to me, besides, this is a special occasion. You are the first guest to step inside my home.

(looking into Lask's eyes)

Richard.

LASK

(uncomfortable)

Well thanks, Gerry.

Lask breaks the seal, pours him a drink, swirls it in his snifter, smells it, then drinks a little.

When he takes his glass away, we see it is full of blood, that leaves Lask with a BLOODY MUSTACHE.

LASK (CONT'D)

Wow, extremely smooth.

Lask sits down his drink and picks up his chopsticks.

LASK (CONT'D)

This looks and smells so delicious.

GERALD

Enjoy.

Gerald looks down at Lask's plate. He sees it is full of BLOOD-SOAKED FINGERS, EYEBALLS, BREAST AND FLESH.

Lask swirls his chopsticks around the mess of human remains.

Gerald picks up his chopsticks and with profound skill, digs in to his body-part stir-fry.

The two enjoy the food and each others' company as Lask drinks more and more of the bloody scotch.

FADE OUT.

EXT. GERALD'S HOME - MORNING

Lask sits on the front step. He drinks a fresh forty two ounce drink.

Watson, dressed in street clothes, walks up to Lask.

JAMES

Well, made it through your first night alive. How was the psychopath?

LASK

Fuck you, Jim. How was your place?

JAMES

Had to sleep in some brat's race-car bed.

Lask chuckles to himself and takes another drink.

LASK

Did you get anything to eat?

JAMES

They were nice 'nough to make me a bologna sandwich.

LASK

(laughing)

Nice.

JAMES

What are you so high and mighty 'bout?

LASK

Well, that psychopath made me one hellacious dinner.

(MORE)

LASK (CONT'D)

He even followed it up with a
hundred-year-old bottle of scotch.

JAMES

He's tryin' to get you drunk so he
can fuck you. Too bad for him
you're an alcoholic.

Watson looks around, a LAWN-MOWER starts up. The two
detectives see a few GARDENERS working outside a house.

JAMES (CONT'D)

It's probably one of these fuckin'
border jumpin' rapists. We need to
project the borders.

LASK

Let's worry about this neighborhood
first.

JAMES

I'm just sayin', check out their
gloves.

Children's LAUGHTER is heard off screen.

LASK

You better get back to your post,
honcho.

INT. DOCTOR HILLARD'S CREMATORIUM

Julia's wrapped body lays on a metal slab.

The slab sits on a twelve foot roller conveyer leading to a
huge furnace.

Hillard and Gerald walk up to Julia's body dressed in full
surgical gear, including gloves, hats, and masks.

Hillard holds a scalpel. In between the two is a stainless
steel roller tray full of SURGICAL TOOLS. From scalpels of
all sizes to multiple CHEST SEPARATORS and CLAMPS.

On the second shelf are multiple medical coolers that read HUMAN ORGANS.

Hillard cuts away the plastic with the scalpel. Julia's clothes have been removed and stored at her feet.

Once the plastic is opened around Julia, Hillard immediately goes to work.

DR. HILLARD

Nice work, hot little number,
wasn't she?

Gerald shrugs and nods.

DR. HILLARD (CONT'D)

Hand me two clamps and a separator,
Gerry.

Gerald complies.

Hillard talks and works.

DR. HILLARD (CONT'D)

Every time you leave, I wonder if
you're actually going to carry
through with your therapy.

GERALD

Are you sure you are not just
troubled about the cash you are
going to make once I carry out my
therapy?

DR. HILLARD

(chuckling)

There's a lot to be made in don't-
ask, don't-tell parts, but we're
saving lives.

GERALD

We're saving mine.

DR. HILLARD

The most important of 'em all.

(looks at the open body)

She was a good girl, not too bad of a body at all... Okay, we're going to start with the lungs, then heart and move down to the liver.

Gerald begins to grab the appropriate coolers.

DR. HILLARD (CONT'D)

Did you know, I had to turn over your medical records to some detectives yesterday afternoon?

GERALD

Tell me about it. The cock-sucker's living with me. He moved in last night.

DR. HILLARD

What are you doing Gerald? You come back here and I won't be able to help you.

Hillard drops an organ in Gerald's awaiting cooler.

GERALD

Relax prick. Some sloppy ass-hole's raping and killing the neighborhood children. They need to use my house.

The Doctor shakes his head and wipes the sweat from his brow with his sleeve.

DR. HILLARD

How are you handling it?

GERALD

The best I know how...

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. DOCTOR HILLARD'S CREAMITORIUM - LATER

The coolers are stacked nice and neat on another ROLLER TRAY TABLE.

Hillard and Gerald's clothes are stacked on top of Julia's empty body. Gerald still has his surgical gloves on.

Gerald pushes a BUTTON on the furnace.

The furnace creates a monstrous roar as the FLAMES ignite.

Hillard and Gerald push the metal slab containing everything down the rollers and into the awaiting flames.

As the body goes in, the clothes burn and the plastic melts immediately.

Gerald throws in his pair of gloves as Hillard closes the door.

We see the flames through the window of the furnace door. They grow as the body begins to burn.

INT. GERALD'S HOME

Lask sits behind Gerald's front window. He peaks through the blinds with a pair of BINOCULARS.

Lask takes a drink of his huge cocktail.

He shivers and looks at the cup.

LASK

Just doesn't compare to that
scotch.

Lask picks up the binoculars and gives the outside a quick once over.

Not much going on, just a few kids running about.

He gets up and walks into.

INT. KITCHEN

Lask goes to the China cabinet and removes the bottle.

He then opens the cabinets for a glass and sees everything in cellophane.

LASK

(shaking head)

What a fucking freak.

Lask removes a snifter and takes the cellophane off. He leaves the cellophane on the counter and closes the cabinet.

He pours him a shot, takes it and the bottle, too.

INT. LIVING ROOM

Lask takes his seat back in front of the window. He shoots the snifter and begins to pour him another--

SCREAM! A kid's high pitch SQUEAL comes from outside.

Lask jumps up and peeks through the window. He sees a LITTLE GIRL AND BOY.

The children play with WATER GUNS. They scream and laugh as the cold water hits them.

Lask chuckles, takes his seat once more and pours himself another drink.

A car pulls up. Lask looks out the window to see Gerald.

LASK

Fuck, I don't wanna deal with this
freak all damn day.

He looks down at the scotch. Lask jumps up and runs to.

INT. KITCHEN

Lask opens the China cabinet in a hurry and quickly puts the bottle inside.

LOCK, UNLOCK, LOCK, UNLOCK, we hear Gerald enter the living room.

Lask rushes over to the sink and fills the glass with water.

INT. LIVING ROOM

Gerald looks at Lask's radio, chair, big cup and binoculars in front of his window.

He gets frustrated as he needs to put everything back in its place.

Gerald takes a deep calming breath, deals with it and walks to.

INT. KITCHEN

Gerald spots Lask next to the sink. Lask drinks down the water from the snifter.

GERALD

I have bottled water in the fridge.

Lask spins to see Gerald standing there.

LASK

It's okay, just had a little something caught in my throat.

Gerald walks right up to Lask's face, removes his handkerchief from his pocket, reaches around Lask and grabs the piece of cellophane.

GERALD

The receptacle is under here, Richard.

LASK

I thought you'd be working all day.

GERALD

Normally I would be, but it has been a rather good morning and I feel as if I can catch some sleep.

Gerald still uncomfortably close to Lask.

LASK

Oh, good for you.

(easing away)

I've gotta go watch the streets.

GERALD

Of course, I'm going to go lie
down.

Gerald uses his handkerchief and cellophane to open the cabinet under the sink and throws the cellophane in the bin.

LASK

Okay.

The two go their separate ways.

INT. GERALD'S BEDROOM

GERALD

Fucking alcoholic.

He removes his tie and shoes.

INT. LIVING ROOM

LASK

Fucking freak.

Lask takes his seat and continues to look out the blinds.

INT. GERALD'S BEDROOM

Gerald lays on top of the covers in his shirt, pants and socks.

His eyes are closed and his breathing gets deep.

INT. LIVING ROOM

Lask peeks through the window. A GARDENER walks in front of the house with a leaf blower. Lask uses his binoculars to get a close up of the Gardener's WHITE COTTON GLOVES.

He takes notes in his notebook as he watches the Gardener.

Lask drinks from his big drink. Kids outside CHEER at the same time Lask begins to hear the music of DAN THE ICE CREAM MAN.

The ice cream truck stops in front of Gerald's home just as it has done before. Lask watches from behind the blinds with his binoculars.

EXT. GERALD'S HOME

The Gardener continues down the street. He watches the kids until out of view.

Five or so kids gather around Dan's ice cream truck.

DAN THE ICE CREAM MAN

(funny voice)

And just what do you wacky wackhos
want today?

LITTLE BOY

Can I get a chocolate cone, Mister
Dan?

DAN THE ICE CREAM MAN

No problem buckaroo, it'll be right
up, for just a buck.

The little boy pulls out his money as Dan makes the cone.

The boy sets his money on the counter and Dan reaches out with the cone. When he does, we see his WHITE COTTON GLOVES.

The boy puts out his hands and takes the cone. As he does, Dan surrounds the boy's hands with a sensual touch as he goes to help the next child.

DAN THE ICE CREAM MAN (CONT'D)

How about you, cutie?

INT. GERALD'S HOME

Lask pulls his face from the binoculars, takes out his notebook and begins to write.

He goes from the notebook back to his binoculars and back to writing again in the notebook.

Lask picks up his radio and calls Watson.

LASK

Watson, you there?

JAMES (FILTERED)

(breaks in and out)

Lask, it's hard to hear you, what color is your battery light?

Lask looks at the back of the radio.

LASK

Orange.

JAMES (FILTERED)

(broken)

It needs to be green at all times. What's up?

LASK

I'll plug it up. Any suspects on your end?

JAMES (FILTERED)

(broken)

A few, the mailman fits the profile, a few gardeners.

LASK

What about this ice cream man?

JAMES (FILTERED)

(broken)

I heard the music, but couldn't see real good. Keep an eye out.

LASK

Will do.

He puts the radio down and we watch the battery light go out.

We make our way through Gerald's home and into.

INT. BEDROOM

Gerald asleep. His eyes twitch in REM mode.

INT. WHITE PADDED CELL

Gerald sits in the corner of the room, his hair a mess as his arms are strapped in a STRAIGHT JACKET.

WE LOOK DOWN TO SEE IT IS OUR ARMS IN THE JACKET AS WE SEE FROM GERALD'S P.O.V.

The bright white light hurts our eyes at first but they adjust to reveal the four corners of the nothingness of a room.

Far away from us is the padded door. We see through the small square window, Doctor, Hillard. He looks in at us and shakes his head.

We struggle to stand, but are sluggish as we can not move very fast.

Everything is sluggish and slow. Hillard walks away.

GERALD (FILTERED)

(slow and deep)

Hillard, wait. Please don't leave me.

GERALD FALLS AS WE STEP OUT OF HIS P.O.V.

GERALD (CONT'D)

Please don't leave me alone in here.

Suddenly we hear several girls' VOICES.

GIRLS' VOICES

Gerald, what's the matter? Can't
fuck us anymore.

GERALD

Stop it, go away.

GIRLS' VOICES

Come on Gerald, come get us.

GERALD

Leave me alone. You are all dead.
Dead, I killed you.

GIRLS VOICES

We're waiting for you, Gerald.

The voices begin to laugh and taunt Gerald.

As they do the white padded ceiling begins to form drops of
BRIGHT RED BLOOD.

GIRLS' VOICES

We're coming for you, Gerald.
(they moan in ecstasy)
You could always make us cum.

A DROP OF BLOOD lands on Gerald's face. He tries to bring his
hands up to clean it off, but can't.

He begins to freak out, wiping his head on the white walls,
smearing the blood.

The girls' voices begin to orgasm, as they do the BLOOD
begins to pour from the ceiling, freaking Gerald completely
out.

He jumps and flips all around the room, doing anything and
everything he can to escape from his straight jacket.

Gerald begins to work his way out from the blood-soaked
jacket, doing everything he can, he slips free.

The voices do not stop as Gerald runs around the room trying
to clean the blood from him when he sees it--

A stainless steel sink and mirror. Gerald rushes over to the sink.

He looks at the mirror, the blood flows from the ceiling covering his head.

Gerald quickly turns on the water, it flows clear as he puts his hands under it.

Suddenly, the faucet pours out blood covering Gerald's hands as he brings the blood up to his face.

SPLASH! He throws two giant hand fulls of blood into his face and attempts to scrub.

As he opens his eyes he sees himself covered in the innocent girls' blood.

Gerald freaks out and digs his fingers into his face. He begins to rip it to shreds when--

INT. GERALD'S BEDROOM

Gerald wakes up in a panic, immediately jumps up and looks in the mirror.

GERALD

Stop freaking out. We are not going back.

He calms down as he grabs a towel and wipes the sweat from his face.

Gerald shakes his head and looks at his sweat-soaked clothes.

He puts the towel back and begins to take off his shirt.

INT. LIVING ROOM

Lask sips the last of his giant drink. He looks at his watch and sighs.

Lask looks around the room.

LASK

No tv or radio? What does this guy
do to entertain himself?

SWOOSH, SWOOSH, SWOOSH! Lask looks back out the window. He sees the Gardener back. He pushes a broom extremely slow across from where the kids are playing.

The Gardener watches the kids not his work.

Lask picks up his radio.

LASK (CONT'D)

That creepy gardener's back. I'm
going to go check him out.

He puts the radio down, battery-light still out.

EXT. GERALD'S HOME

The Gardener stands on the sidewalk and watches some kids play in a sprinkler in a close by yard.

Lask comes out from Gerald's home and sits on the step with a newspaper. He looks over the edge of the paper at the Gardener.

The Gardener crosses the street with his broom and stands on the sidewalk directly in front of the kids. Lask walks to the edge of yard and pretends to check something out while watching the Gardener.

The Gardener wipes the sweat from his brow with the back of his white cotton glove. One of the girls playing in the sprinkler slips and scrapes her knee.

She begins to cry. The Gardener throws his broom down and runs for her.

Lask throws down his paper and runs after the Gardener.

The Gardener, with his back to us, picks up the LITTLE GIRL and reaches into his pocket. He pulls something out.

Lask to the other sidewalk sees the Gardener. He rubs the girl's leg and looks into her tear filled eyes.

LASK

Stop right there, sicko!

The kids scream and run as the Gardener puts the girl down and turns to see Lask in his street clothes.

Lask points his SMITH AND WESSON .45 CALIBER directly at the Gardener only feet from him.

GARDENER

WHOA! I don't speak good, you take.

He reaches into his back pocket.

LASK

Stop right there, freeze, don't move.

The Gardener pulls out his wallet.

GARDENER

(scared)

No monies. I have kids, please.

Lask walks up to him, takes the wallet and opens it. He sees a picture of the Gardener, HIS WIFE AND TWO YOUNG GIRLS.

LASK

These are your kids?

GARDENER

At home, Mexico, I work here, make monies, my girls become Americans.

The Gardener smiles nervously at Lask when he says "Americans."

Lask looks around as he has created quite a commotion in the neighborhood.

He sees the little girl has a bandage on here scraped knee.

She stands with her MOM and the other kids that were in the yard, huddled together in the doorway behind the mom.

Lask hands back the wallet and puts his gun back in his jacket.

He puts his hands up to apologize to all the watching neighbors.

LASK

I'm sorry, I'm sorry. It's okay,
I'm a...

(looks around)

Just keep your kids inside, please.
I'm sorry, everyone. Just go back
inside.

They slowly take their kids inside and turn away from the scene. The Gardener runs to the sidewalk, grabs his broom and runs over to their gardening truck.

He throws the broom in the back of the truck and sits in the cab immediately lighting up a cigarette.

Lask starts to go back to Gerry's house but doesn't want everyone to see him as a few people still watch him and talk to each other.

Lask continues to the end of the block and turns the corner out of sight.

LASK (CONT'D)

Fuck, I need a drink.

He peeks around the corner and sees a few neighbors still talking to each other, turns back around to see the little boy with the chocolate cone. The cone almost completely gone, he chomps on it as he walks down the side street.

Lask turns back, the neighbors have settled and gone back about their business. The Gardener, still shaken, works in the back of the truck smoking his cigarette.

Lask walks back around the corner and in front of Gerald's house. He bends down to pick up the newspaper.

As he gathers the paper, he sees an older white four door sedan stopped at the end of the street he just came from.

Lask then notices the piece of ice cream cone under the car as it speeds away.

It is hard to see through the tinted windows, but Lask is able to make out the white cotton gloves on the driver.

LASK (CONT'D)

Are you fucking kidding me?

Lask throws the paper back down, runs behind Gerald's house then we hear a MOTORCYCLE start.

INT. GERALD'S BATHROOM

Gerald gets dressed in new clothes in front of a steamed up mirror. The motorcycle startles him as he peeks out of his window to see Lask on a NINJA MOTORCYCLE.

He throws on his helmet and peels out.

GERALD

This fucking drunk is going to fuck up everything. We will kill every one of these mother-fuckers before we go back to that hospital.

EXT. GERALD'S HOME

Lask speeds around Gerald's car. He pulls down his face-shield on his helmet and swervingly speeds out onto the road, in the last direction of the car.

EXT. NEIGHBORHOOD STREETS

Lask speeds along, the car is not in sight.

Lask approaches a four way stop, slams on his rear-wheel brake and slides to a stop.

Lask raises the shield and looks all three ways.

He closes his eyes.

LASK

Come on, give me this one.

He opens his eyes and makes an extremely fast right hand turn.

Lask speeds past cars and several side streets when--

SCREECH! He comes up on his front wheel, whips the back of the back around just in time to see the second house on the right's garage as it closes over the white four door sedan.

Lask raises his shield once more and looks at the house.

LASK (CONT'D)

That's gotta be it. He's in there...

INT. GERALD'S HOME

Gerald in fresh clothes, ready for action with a BRIGHT RED TIE.

He comes up to Lask's pile of stuff, he gets frustrated, puts on his white cotton gloves and begins to straighten the items.

Each item is parallel and symmetrical to the other items.

As stacks the items he finds LASK'S notebook. He begins to read through it when he spots Watson, peering at him through the window.

Frozen, Gerald does not know what to do as James bursts through the front door, 9MM GLOC drawn and pointed at him.

JAMES

Where's Detective Lask?

GERALD

Uh, the, I mean he, uh--

JAMES

Where is he, psychopath?

GERALD

H-he just left.

JAMES

Bullshit, Lask doesn't drive.

GERALD

I swear to you. He had a motor bike
parked in the back.

Watson grabs Gerald by his tie.

GERALD (CONT'D)

Please don't touch me, sir.

JAMES

Turn around and place your hands
behind your back.

GERALD

I'm telling you, he just left on
his motor bike.

Lask grabs Gerry's shoulder and spins him around.

JAMES

I said put your hands behind your
back.

Gerald sees one of his vintage guitars. Watson, gun pointed
at Gerald, takes his hand from Gerald's shoulder and reaches
for his cuffs.

As soon as his eyes look down, Gerald grabs the guitar and--
SMACK! Lays it across Watson's face, knocking him out cold.

Gerald neatly places the guitar back in its spot.

He looks around his home, then at the detective out cold on
his floor.

GERALD

Well, it was a good run, now I must
be on my way.

He straightens his tie and heads out his front door.

EXT. 2ND HOUSE ON THE RIGHT

We see Lask's ninja motorcycle parked against the garage, out
of view.

Lask peeks through a window on the side of the house. A man
carrying rope walks by the window.

Lask ducks down and creeps through the gate to enter the
backyard and follow the direction of the man.

INT. GERALD'S MERCEDES

Gerald pulls away from his home and drives extremely angry.

GERALD

I can't believe these mother-
fuckers have fucked up everything.
I'm so fucking fucked.

He takes a deep breath.

GERALD (CONT'D)

Wait a minute we're smarter than
this. It's not over. This is far
from over. We can fix this. You
know how to fix this, Gerry.

He looks in the rearview mirror and sees his briefcase.

GERALD (CONT'D)

We can fix all of this. No one will
ever have to know. I hear European
women love Americans. We could
always continue our therapy
anywhere, Gerry.

Gerald takes his eyes from the briefcase back up and looks
into his own.

EXT. GERALD'S MERCEDES

Gerald is at the same four way stop and makes the immediate right hand turn.

INT. GERALD'S MERCEDES

He drives down the road, he keeps looking in his mirror at his briefcase as he gets further and further.

Gerald's reflection speaks to him.

GERALD'S REFLECTION

Just go back and finish the job,
Gerry.

GERALD

The cops aren't that stupid. They
know the pricks were at my house.

GERALD'S REFLECTION

Hillard will have 'em parted out
before dark. Come on, you can do
it...

Gerald looks at his reflection in the mirror, when--

SCREECH! He slams on his brakes. In the reflection is Lask's
ninja motorcycle at the second house on the right.

GERALD'S REFLECTION (CONT'D)

Come on Gerry. Let's finish this
thing. Just get rid of them all.

INT. 2ND HOUSE ON THE RIGHT

Lask quietly sneaks in the back door and closes it behind
him. Gun drawn, he pops his head in and out quickly around
corners and doors...

He clears the laundry room, bathroom and pokes his head into
the doorway of the living room. All appears to be clear, when
he hears the WHIMPER.

He turns to see where the noise was coming from.

As he cautiously looks around, we see Dan the Candy Man come through the kitchen into the living room, quietly spotting Lask.

From behind the kitchen entrance, the candy man quietly grabs a CATTLE PROD.

He brings it up as he steps cautiously toward Lask.

Lask hears the noise again and walks down the hall to investigate.

INT. BEDROOM

Lask bursts through the door with his gun strongly out in front of him.

The TWO BOYS scream through their gagged mouths. They are in their underwear. Their legs and arms are tied behind their backs with thick cotton ropes.

LASK

It's okay, it's okay. I'm here to help you.

He tucks his gun into his pants and runs over to untie the boys.

Lask grabs the ropes of the first young boy when--

ZAP! Dan sticks the cattle prod to the back of Lask's neck. He falls to the ground, out cold.

FADE OUT.

FADE IN:

INT. BEDROOM

Lask comes to. He is in his underwear, hands and feet tied behind his back, mouth gagged.

He looks around at the situation. The two boys are terrified as they cry through their gags.

Lask struggles to get free when he hears--

DAN THE ICE CREAM MAN (O.S.)

Here comes Dan the candy man, down
the streets, with delicious treats
for all to eat. Be careful not to
catch his eye, for at your end
you'll surely be tied, begging for
death, ready to die. Don't scream
and Mommy will survive, give him
what he needs, and he'll be sure
not to make you bleed, so be
careful when you hear that sound,
Dan the candy man has come to your
town.

Dan walks into the room after reciting his poem as he walks down the hall. Tucked in the back of his pants is more rope and his knife. In his hands, he holds his cattle prod and Lask's badge.

DAN THE ICE CREAM MAN (CONT'D)

Well, well, Detective Richard Lask,
homicide.

Dan lifts his eyebrows as he is impressed.

DAN THE ICE CREAM MAN (CONT'D)

You're a much quicker detective
than others I've dealt with in the
past. Oh well, same outcome, huh?

He chuckles and throws Lask's badge case at his head, nailing him right between the eyes.

DAN THE ICE CREAM MAN (CONT'D)

Would you care to watch me work,
Detective?

Dan gets down in Lask's face. Lask, extremely pissed, struggles to get free.

Dan reaches around his back and pulls out his knife. He opens it in Lask's face. The CLICK makes Lask flinch.

DAN THE ICE CREAM MAN (CONT'D)

(funny voice)

I hope your not too squeamish,
piggy.

Dan grabs one of the boys by the leg and yanks him closer.
Then he runs the blade of the knife up the young boy's leg.

KA-CLUNK! Dan stops and looks over at Lask.

DAN THE ICE CREAM MAN (CONT'D)

Did you call for more piggies to
join our party?

Lask looks at him and shakes his head vigorously.

DAN THE ICE CREAM MAN (CONT'D)

Ya know, I just can't trust a pig.
I'll just kill your buddies with
your fucking pig gun.

He goes over to the closet and takes out Lask's forty five.

Dan has his cattle prod in his left hand and Lask's gun in
his right. He goes out into the hall to check things out.

Lask and the boys struggle to get free as soon as Dan leaves.

INT. 2ND HOUSE ON THE RIGHT

Dan walks through the hall with Lask's gun stretched out in
front of him. He shakes as he is nervous to what might be
awaiting him.

Another SOUND, this time from the living room. Dan turns
quickly. He nervously shakes as he walks into--

INT. LIVING ROOM

Dan walks past his chair. Just as he passes by, GERALD'S
TORTUROUS HAND, pops out from the side and--

SLICE! Gerald rips his middle finger knife across Dan's
ACHILLES TENDON.

Dan screams out in pain. He drops his gun and prod. The gun goes only a few feet in front of him. The prod rolls over to Gerald's feet.

DAN THE ICE CREAM MAN

What the fuck is this? Who the hell are you?

He tries to pull himself to the gun.

Gerald bends down and picks up the cattle prod with his latex-gloved left hand.

GERALD

Oh, I think you know who I am. Turn around and look at my face.

Dan gets his fingers on the gun. Just as he does, Gerald puts the prod in Dan's open wound--

ZAP! Dan flips around so hard he pushes the gun further away from him as he screams out in pain.

DAN THE ICE CREAM MAN

What the fuck? I'm going to kill you.

GERALD

You already had your chance. Now turn and look at me.

Dan turns, he looks into Gerald's eyes.

DAN THE ICE CREAM MAN

Am I supposed to know you?

GERALD

You never forgot me.

Dan looks closer as he blocks out the pain.

DAN THE ICE CREAM MAN

Gerald?

GERALD

I go by Gerry now, Father.

DAN THE ICE CREAM MAN

(chuckling)

Look at you, all grown up. No hard feelings, right boy?

GERALD

Hard feelings?

Gerald places his right hand on Dan's leg.

GERALD (CONT'D)

Their were some pretty hard feelings from Mother when she caught us together, Father. You got to leave, I had to pay.

He slices Dan's leg, deep. Dan screams out.

GERALD (CONT'D)

I have so much to share with you. I knew it was you when I saw the rope, such a pathetic fucker. You never change.

DAN THE ICE CREAM MAN

I can change, please Gerald, let me go.

Gerald slices him again.

GERALD

It's Gerry, and I'm going to help you change, Father. Now, roll over.

Dan does not comply and Gerald shocks him again. Dan screams out in pain.

DAN THE ICE CREAM MAN

Okay, okay. I understand you're pissed, but it was your Mother, Gerry.

He rolls over.

GERALD

Don't try your psychology on me.
Mother got what was due to her,
just as you will.

DAN THE ICE CREAM MAN

Please, Son, you don't have to do
this.

GERALD

Oh, but I do, Father. Oh, but I do.

INT. BEDROOM

Lask and the boys can hear everything that is going on in the
next room.

Lask throws himself on the floor. He backs his hands up to
the bed frame and begins to rub them vigorously.

The two boys are scared stiff. They cry as they do not know
what is going on.

INT. LIVING ROOM

DAN THE ICE CREAM MAN

Please Gerry, I'm so sorry.

GERALD

I don't believe you, but I'm sure
you're going to be sorry.

Gerald stands from the chair.

GERALD (CONT'D)

Stand up and get in the chair.

DAN THE ICE CREAM MAN

I can't, you cut my tendon.

GERALD

Only one of them, you obese, lazy slob. Now, get in the fucking chair.

Gerald sticks the cattle prod between Dan's legs.

GERALD (CONT'D)

I said move it.

Gerald shocks him good.

Dan screams and scrambles to get in the chair.

Gerald keeps giving him little shocks until Dan is completely in the chair.

Dan puts his right finger in Gerald's face.

DAN THE ICE CREAM MAN

I brought you into this world, you little bastard.

Gerald rips all four torture devices across Dan's right bicep.

His right arm immediately falls limp.

GERALD

And I'm going to be the one who takes you out of it, Father.

Gerald then slices Dan's left bicep.

Dan looks down at his unmovable arms.

DAN THE ICE CREAM MAN

You ungrateful little prick. I should have killed you all those years ago.

GERALD

I wish you would have.

Gerald slices Dan across his chest.

Dan screams out in extreme pain.

Gerald puts down the cattle prod, reaches into his pocket and pulls out his mini torch.

DAN THE ICE CREAM MAN

What you gonna do with that, Son?

He ignites the flame inches from Dan's right eye.

INT. BEDROOM

Lask's ropes are almost completely frayed as he has not let up.

They come apart as we hear Dan SCREAM out in immense pain.

The boys look at the door as they all have no idea what is taking place in the next room.

Lask scrambles to remove the ropes from his feet. As soon as they are off, Lask immediately jumps up and starts to help the boys with their ropes.

INT. LIVING ROOM

Dan has a massive burn in the shape of Gerald's thumb-plate under his right eye.

DAN THE ICE CREAM MAN

Please just kill me, Gerald.

Gerald slices him across his chest.

DAN THE ICE CREAM MAN (CONT'D)

Gerry, I mean Gerry.

GERALD

How many of your innocent victims begged for their lives?

He jams his pinky knives into Dan's chest.

DAN THE ICE CREAM MAN
I'm sorry I made them suffer, but
you're not God, Gerry.

GERALD
Right now, I am your God.

An evil smile comes across Gerald's face and he goes to work.

INT. BEDROOM

Dan's screams echo throughout the house. The boys are
ungagged and almost completely freed.

LITTLE BOY
What's going on out there, mister?

LASK
Justice son, justice.

The boys get out of the rest of their ropes as Lask removes
all their clothes from the closet. He throws the kids'
clothes on the bed as he proceeds to get dressed.

Dan's screams get weaker as Gerald does not let up on his
payback.

The three of them get dressed. Lask looks around the room for
a weapon.

The only thing he can find is a baseball bat.

He grabs it and walks to the door. Dan lets out one more
blood curdling scream. Then silence.

LASK (CONT'D)
Stay here and don't come out until
I come back for you.

The two boys are terrified but nod their heads.

Lask cautiously exits the room. He holds the bat and looks
like he is ready to knock a few out of the park.

INT. LIVING ROOM

Gerald stands over his dead father. His finger rings drip blood into the giant pool on the floor.

Lask comes around the corner and stops in his tracks as he sees Dan's bloody, limp arm as it hangs from the chair.

LASK

Stop right there, Gerry.

GERALD

I'm sorry, Richard, but I'm going to have to leave.

LASK

You can't just kill someone and walk away.

GERALD

This prick had it coming.

LASK

I agree, but this isn't the way.

GERALD

Good bye, Richard.

Gerald turns to walk out, Lask comes after him.

Gerald gets to Lask's gun, bends down, picks it up in his left hand, turns and points it at Lask.

GERALD (CONT'D)

Careful, Richard, the dead prick might have shot you before I got here.

LASK

I get what you're saying.

Lask puts down the bat, kicks it over to Gerald and puts his hands up.

Gerald walks over to a coffee table where his briefcase sits.

Lask stays in the hallway. He looks at the work that Gerald did on Dan.

Covered in slashes and blood, a complete mess, but we see Dan's throat slit as it was the final wound.

Gerald opens his case and begins to take off his finger rings.

LASK (CONT'D)

Those are the nicest murder weapons
I've seen in all my time on the
force.

GERALD

They were created for therapy,
Richard.

LASK

Therapy?

GERALD

I'm finally free, Richard. I'm
finally free.

He places the final one in the case and closes it. He then picks up the gun.

LASK

I hope so, Gerry.

GERALD

Good luck Detective Richard Lask.

Gerald leaves the gun on the table, walks over to the door, reaches out with his bare hand and opens it, quark free.

Gerald nods at Lask as he returns the nod.

Gerald smiles, takes a deep cleansing breath, walks out of the door and closes it behind him.

CUT TO: BLACK
SCREEN