

Shattered

written by

Scott Sawitz

SJSawitz@yahoo.com

FADE IN:

EXT. FRANK'S HOME - NIGHT

Brownstones as far as the eye can see.

Luxury cars are parked all over.

TELEVISION ANNOUNCER (V.O. PRE-LAP)
Police have officially classified
the killing of a local sex worker
as the nineteenth victim of the Red
Light Ripper.

INT. FRANK'S LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Everything is old but well-maintained and immaculately clean.

Framed photos of several FRANK JACKSON (80s) and CELEBRITIES
from the last fifty-plus years are on a wall.

Frank is tall, slightly built with a white beard and a
receding hairline.

Large TV mounted on a wall over old wallpaper.

The mugshot of sex worker JULIA SWEET (40s, rough-looking) is
on top of a Chyron reading "Ripper Victim #19?"

Frank sits on a couch, a script in his hands.

It's labeled "Fun Time with Frank, Series Finale"

In front of him is a mostly empty glass of Scotch and a very
expensive bottle that's halfway full.

TELEVISION ANNOUNCER (V.O.)
It has been estimated that the Red
Light Killer may have three to five
times that amount.

Frank smiles.

FRANK
Alexa, turn the TV off.

The TV turns off.

He fills up his glass.

His eyes focus on the script.

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - NIGHT

An older tube TV has the same news program on mute.

HILLARY DRAKE (20s) watches it, remote in hand.

She's short and slender with horn-rimmed glasses.

Her rainbow colored hair has the hint of blonde roots.

AMANDA DRAKE (O.S.)
That's depressing, dear.

Hillary turns to her mother, AMANDA DRAKE (50s).

Amanda is frail.

A handful of medical devices are attached to her.

An untouched meal is near her.

HILLARY
You need to eat, mom.

AMANDA DRAKE
The Lord keeps me plenty strong.

HILLARY
I'd give the doctor more credit
than your man in the sky.

AMANDA DRAKE
Do you have to do that?

HILLARY
Ten years of Catholic school beat
the belief right out of me.

Amanda closes her eyes and falls asleep.

Hillary pulls Amanda's covers over her.

Out of the corner of her eye, she sees Amanda's purse.

An envelope hangs out of it.

She grabs it and opens it up.

It's a foreclosure notice.

Hillary puts it back.

She takes her phone out and pulls up her bank account.

She has fifty dollars in her checking account.

Hillary pulls up a video-streaming app.

Her hands take out a pair of earbuds and put them in.

Her fingers quickly pull up a show about serial killers.

This episode is about "The Red Light Ripper."

The screen is bombarded with crime scene photos of middle-aged, rough-looking hookers.

All have slashed throats.

The wounds are crisp, almost surgical.

An email notification comes up.

She pulls it up.

It's an overdue notice for her rent.

She composes an email to "Producer Zack."

Hillary types "Zack, what's happening? I haven't gotten my deposit yet, and we're supposed to start pre-production next week per my calendar."

She sends it.

Her eyes focus on it.

She clicks refresh. Nothing.

Her eyes look to see a NURSE walk in.

NURSE

Can you get her to eat?

HILLARY

I'm trying.

The Nurse checks Amanda's vitals.

Hillary pulls up the streaming service.

She pulls up older episodes of "Fun Time with Frank."

A smile comes over her lips.

Hillary presses play.

INT. LIZ'S OFFICE - NIGHT

A dusty sign on the wall has "Reporters trade in pain. It sells papers" embossed on it.

On one wall a dozen awards for excellence in investigative journalism surround a bachelor's degree in Journalism.

LIZ RODRIGUEZ (40s) furiously types on a laptop.

She has dark hair and piercing eyes.

An air of professionalism surrounds her.

A whiteboard is in the corner.

"Red Light Ripper Feature" is written on top.

Sixty crime scene photos of women just like Julia are on it.

Julia's mug shot is newly taped in the center.

Liz's boss GREG WILLIAMS (60s, Southern) walks in.

He's tall with an unkempt beard.

A folder is in his hands.

LIZ RODRIGUEZ

No.

GREG WILLIAMS

How do you always know?

LIZ RODRIGUEZ

You hire bloggers and then expect them to turn in work like mine.

GREG WILLIAMS

I've got a feature for the weekend edition about Frank Jackson ready and Sue gave me a fluff piece. Two god-damn hours with the guy and it's just the drizzling shits.

LIZ RODRIGUEZ

"TV Legend walks away." Done.

GREG WILLIAMS

I've got a source at the studio that says otherwise.

Liz stops and looks up.

LIZ RODRIGUEZ
So what do you need me for?

GREG WILLIAMS
This guy is walking away from forty
damn years of television and I want
a piece that reflects the sort of
gravity of the moment.

LIZ RODRIGUEZ
There's not much to him.

GREG WILLIAMS
There's something about this guy I
can't let go. I want some fresh
eyes to see if I'm right.

She points to the whiteboard.

LIZ RODRIGUEZ
Ross said that's what he wants me
working on, full-stop.

GREG WILLIAMS
Clay is out because his wife is
very expecting. Gina was on the day
shift and the two bodies I was
supposed to get aren't here yet.

LIZ RODRIGUEZ
Do I have a choice?

GREG WILLIAMS
No.
(looks at whiteboard)
This guy's been busy.

LIZ RODRIGUEZ
These are just the ones we think
are connected to him. God knows how
many more are out there.

GREG WILLIAMS
I've never understood why guys like
the Red Light Ripper do all this.

LIZ RODRIGUEZ
Most of these guys are born broken.

GREG WILLIAMS
I was hoping for something better,
maybe more cinematic.

LIZ RODRIGUEZ
When I find a better answer you
will be the first to know.

GREG WILLIAMS
I need you to do that--
(points to whiteboard)
--on Frank Jackson.

LIZ RODRIGUEZ
How much time do I have?

GREG WILLIAMS
Two hours ago.

LIZ RODRIGUEZ
That's five years of work.

GREG WILLIAMS
Everyone who ever held a clacker is
going to want to talk about this
guy. It won't be that hard.

LIZ RODRIGUEZ
No one wants to shit on his parade.

GREG WILLIAMS
I'm not asking you to shit on it
but find me an angle that's at
least interesting.

LIZ RODRIGUEZ
If Ross asks--

GREG WILLIAMS
I'll take the heat.

He leaves.

Liz pulls up a search engine and types in "Frank Jackson."

A litany of results comes up.

"Frank Jackson: TV's Last Good Man" comes up.

She groans.

Her cursor clicks the next page.

More articles like that come up.

She clicks again.

More of the same.

INT. HILLARY'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Vintage movie posters are all over the walls.

In the middle of them is a framed poster of "Fun Time with Frank" from over a decade ago.

It's been signed.

A photo of Frank and a younger Hillary is inside it.

Hillary eats Chinese takeout off an old table.

"Past Due" bills from her and her mother are all over it.

Her phone rings with a call from Zack.

HILLARY

I was just about to call you.

INT. OFFICE - NIGHT

ZACK JAMES (40s, producer) looks out the window.

ZACK JAMES

How are you doing, Hillary?

INTERCUT BETWEEN ZACK AND HILLARY

HILLARY

I haven't gotten my deposit.

ZACK JAMES

One of our investors pulled out.

HILLARY

I'm not working for exposure.

ZACK JAMES

This isn't exposure, more like a little bit of deferment.

HILLARY

My landlord doesn't take a little bit of deferment for rent.

ZACK JAMES

When we get into Sundance this will all be a temporary blip.

HILLARY

What if it doesn't?

He looks around.

ZACK JAMES
This could change your life.

HILLARY
I can't.

ZACK JAMES
You know what this means.

HILLARY
I've got bills and I need a paying
gig, Zack.

ZACK JAMES
I'll let Henry know we need a new
director of photography.

INT. HILLARY'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Hillary hangs up.

She pulls up a job search engine for entertainment
professionals on her phone.

She searches for "all open jobs."

A long list comes up.

She clicks on the first job.

Her eyes focus on pay.

"Deferred comp."

She goes back and selects the next job.

"Food and IMDB credit."

She goes back and selects the next job.

"Paid in experience, good times."

Hillary groans loudly.

Her hands pull up Zack on her phone.

Her finger hovers over "Dial" for a long moment.

She puts the phone down and picks up her food.

INT. TELEVISION SET - NIGHT

Themed like a 1960s-style children's Western TV show.

A full CAST and CREW stare at:

Frank stands in front of a fake log cabin.

An older cowboy costume is custom-fit for him.

FRANK

That's all we have for today,
folks. I hope you enjoyed it.

Beat.

DIRECTOR

And cut!

Everyone stops.

All eyes turn to Frank.

FRANK

So that's it, huh?

DIRECTOR

"Fun Time with Frank" is officially
wrapped, everybody.

Frank looks at the Director.

FRANK

Would you mind if I addressed my
crew one final time?

DIRECTOR

Whatever you want, Mister Jackson.

Frank looks around.

FRANK

I know everyone is upset right now
but please don't be sad about this.
It's not about these final moments,
it's about the journey we've taken
to get here. I've been blessed to
be here, with you all, and I would
not change a thing about it. Thank
you all and God bless.

There isn't a dry eye in the house.

INT. LIZ'S OFFICE - NIGHT

Liz's eyes focus on a Word file called "Frank Jackson Piece."

Nothing's been written.

She randomly clicks on a random news article.

"Pimp Beaten To Death, No Clues" comes up.

Liz skims it.

Comments are active as of an hour ago.

Her eyes spot one.

It has a link to an old message board.

She clicks on it.

"Frank Jackson killed this guy" is the title.

Her eyes focus on it.

Commentators debate whether Frank did it.

LIZ RODRIGUEZ

Let's see where this goes.

Liz prints it out.

She pulls up an internet search engine.

She searches for the date and "Frank Jackson."

An article on his daughter's death comes up.

Liz prints it out.

She walks over to her whiteboard and flips it over.

It's blank.

Her hand grabs a marker and writes "Frank Jackson" up top.

Liz's hand quickly writes "Pimp Killer?"

Her lungs take a deep breath.

She writes a timeline from the date of the crime to today.

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - NIGHT

Amanda sleeps.

Hillary stares at her phone.

A Facebook group for film professionals is up on it.

All of the listings are listed as "Zero budget."

She closes it.

A hand rubs her shoulder.

She's comfortable for a moment.

She looks up to see ROBERT MAJORS (20s) sitting next to her.

An anime-themed t-shirt hangs off of him.

ROBERT
How's she doing?

HILLARY
Not good.

They look at each other for a long moment.

She sees some flowers on an end table.

ROBERT
She was always good to me.
(beat)
I need your help.

HILLARY
I'm not going to do you any favors.

ROBERT
I'm interviewing Frank Jackson
tomorrow night for the mag and I
need another pair of hands.

HILLARY
No.

ROBERT
Are you going to turn down two
grand because of us?

She looks at Amanda's purse.

Hillary turns to Robert and nods.

INT. FRANK'S GREEN ROOM - NIGHT

Forty seasons of framed "Fun Time with Frank" posters cover up fading paint.

Photos of charitable galas over the same time frame are underneath them.

It was "Frank's Family" up until five years ago, when it became "Frank's Fam."

Frank relaxes in his chair.

Hillary sets up two cameras facing him.

Robert sets up a boom microphone.

FRANK

So it's this, and then we go back to my place for the tour, right?

ROBERT

That's what your assistant told me.

FRANK

Oh, good. They let her go a couple of days ago, so I wasn't sure.

(looks at cameras)

Is this going to be put on the internet or how does this work?

ROBERT

My magazine's YouTube channel will have it up the week of the finale.

FRANK

How many people will watch it?

Hillary stares at a handful of the posters.

ROBERT

Forty thousand people subscribe to the channel, which isn't much but--

FRANK

Forty thousand of anything is never a small anything, young man.

Frank looks over and sees Hillary.

ROBERT

My friend is going to be the one interviewing you.

FRANK
You look familiar.

Hillary presses the record button on one camera.

ROBERT
It's the hair, I think.

She laughs.

HILLARY
How does it feel to be walking away
from your show?

FRANK
It feels good. I've done everything
I wanted to and more. If I had a
regret about this show, it died of
loneliness a long time ago.

Robert puts the microphone on Frank's lapel.

HILLARY
The trade papers have reported that
this decision wasn't mutual.

Hillary presses the record button on the other camera.

FRANK
That's just someone stirring the
pot up for drama.

HILLARY
It was unexpected.

FRANK
I didn't want it to be a big deal.

HILLARY
There's a lot of history here.

Frank's eyes glance at his "Frank's Fam" photo.

He spots a younger version of Hillary in it.

FRANK
I didn't realize I met you much
earlier in our lives, Hillary.

HILLARY
I didn't want to make it weird.

FRANK
Heavens no. People like you are why
I started my foundation.

HILLARY
My mother appreciated it when you
called her. You helped a lot.

FRANK
How is she doing?

HILLARY
She's in the middle of radiation.

FRANK
I'll pray for her.

HILLARY
Thank you.

Frank looks at the photos.

FRANK
You've never come back for the
annual fundraiser.

HILLARY
I don't want to be in the spotlight
for being a sick kid.

FRANK
Nonsense! You're a part of Frank's
Fam, after all.

Robert nods to her.

She turns to him

HILLARY
What's in your Netflix Queue?

FRANK
I'm between shows right now. What
would you recommend?

Robert walks behind the cameras.

HILLARY
I'm working on the new season of
"Serial Killers of America."

ROBERT
It's excellent.

HILLARY
I just finished both episodes of
the Red Light Ripper.

Robert adjusts one of them.

ROBERT
(gives Hillary a thumbs up)
The episode on the Missouri
Strangler is much better.

FRANK
I don't have the stomach for that.

Hillary sits down in a chair facing Frank.

HILLARY
Thanks for taking the time to do
this with us, Frank.
(mouths "we're live")
I love that chair. Is it special?

FRANK
It's from the time I played King
Lear during Summer Stock. We had
this and a disco ball. We turned it
into a disco king's fall.
(thinks)
It feels like yesterday but that
was 1978. Half the people on that
cast aren't with us, either.

HILLARY
Did you record it?

FRANK
I didn't think so but someone did
back then. I saw footage of it on
YouTube the other day.

HILLARY
What did you think of it?

FRANK
I cried.

HILLARY
Was it that meaningful to you?

Frank looks around and laughs to himself.

FRANK
I had a full head of hair back.

INT. LIZ'S OFFICE - NIGHT

Liz stares at the whiteboard.

Three categories are listed on top: "Pimp's death," "Frank's daughter" and "Fugue state."

News articles and red question marks are all over it.

Greg walks in and takes a look.

His eyes connect with Liz's for a moment.

He nods and leaves.

EXT. STUDIO - NIGHT

Frank walks outside.

He takes a deep breath and looks around.

His eyes spot a dumpster.

Frank walks over and looks inside.

Most of the set has been torn apart and thrown in there.

EXT. PARKING LOT - NIGHT

Hillary and Robert walk to their cars.

HILLARY

Can you handle the rest of this?

ROBERT

We're getting amazing stuff!

HILLARY

I hate how this feels.

ROBERT

Because it reminds you of being a kid? That's a good thing.

HILLARY

I see you and then I see *her*.

Frank walks out and sees them.

ROBERT

It was just that once.

HILLARY
She told me everything.

Frank walks up to them.

A tense beat.

FRANK
We've got a tour of my home and the
basement full of memorabilia, per
the schedule.

HILLARY
Robert can handle that with you.

FRANK
You can't leave without seeing my
basement, Hillary!

She looks around her.

Her eyes focus on Robert.

He nods vigorously.

ROBERT
It's great stuff so far.

FRANK
Are either of you two hungry?

Her stomach rumbles.

FRANK (CONT'D)
Now you have to come with me. I can
not let a member of the family go
hungry for a night.

INT. LIZ'S OFFICE - NIGHT

Liz puts a photo of Bishop Joker Juice on the board.

Six crime scene photos of dead sex workers are underneath.

All but one are marked "Bishop's Girls."

Liz writes "Red Light Ripper" on one.

Her eyes focus on the pimp.

She writes "Frank Jackson??" on it.

INT. FRANK'S CAR - NIGHT (DRIVING)

A poor neighborhood as far as the eye can see.

Frank is behind the wheel.

Hillary is in the passenger seat.

She aims a camera at him.

Robert is in the backseat.

He points a digital recorder at Frank.

FRANK

My mother and I had a one-bedroom
in the old Metropolitan Heights.

HILLARY

They tore that down when I was in
high school.

FRANK

Public housing used to be for those
who needed a hand. Then it became
just slums paid for by the city.

HILLARY

You said you and your mother.

FRANK

My father's only contribution to my
life was on my birth certificate.

HILLARY

Did you ever meet him?

FRANK

I met him twice in my life.
(looks around)
The first time was during the third
season of the show. He showed up,
drunk, and hassled my production
assistants for money. I gave him
fifty dollars and that was it.

ROBERT

You said two times.

Hillary glares at Robert.

Robert motions for her to continue,

FRANK

The second time was his funeral.

She turns back to Frank.

HILLARY

What did your mother say about him?

FRANK

He wasn't ready to be a father. She wasn't, either.

HILLARY

One thing I've always been curious about was Giancarlo Fuller. He was listed as a special thank you in your biography.

FRANK

He was my agent for a long time.

HILLARY

It sounds like you two were close.

FRANK

If I had to say someone was like a father to me, it was him.

Robert goes to say something.

Hillary motions for him not to.

HILLARY

Why'd you become an actor?

FRANK

Purely by accident.

HILLARY

That has to be a good story.

Frank takes a large multi-tool off his belt and hands it to Hillary. It's older and well-maintained.

FRANK

I took wood shop because kids from the Heights didn't go to college.

HILLARY

We didn't have that in high school.

FRANK

Mister Takoba offered me \$20 to help the drama club build a set.

Hillary hands the multi-tool to Robert.

He pops a knife out.

It's large and incredibly sharp.

ROBERT

And they thought you could act?

FRANK

I was fixing a set piece when one of the actors fell off-stage and broke his leg. It was an hour before the show, too, and they asked me to fill in. I was the only other guy there so it was either I do it or the show doesn't go on.

HILLARY

And you were amazing, right?

FRANK

Legendarily bad.

Robert hands the tool back to him.

FRANK (CONT'D)

(puts multi-tool on belt)

I walked out there I was thinking it would be a funny story I told my grandkids. Two steps on stage and it felt right, like this was what I was supposed to do. Everything else is history.

HILLARY

How does it feel for it to be over?

FRANK

I'm happy to have had the--

HILLARY

(from memory)

Opportunity to be on this show for as long as I have been.

FRANK

I've said that a lot, haven't I?

HILLARY

It sounds like something a PR flack told you to say so.

Frank reaches over and turns Hillary's camera off.

FRANK

This has to stay between us.

HILLARY

I'll keep it off the record if that is what you want.

FRANK

It is.

She nods to him.

Frank turns to Robert.

Robert turns the digital recorder off.

FRANK (CONT'D)

A PR flack did tell me to say that.
(beat)

They told me to say and do a lot of things over the years I hated.

HILLARY

What did you hate the most?

Frank takes a deep breath.

FRANK

I could get in a lot of trouble if this comes out.

HILLARY

Who's going to believe us?

She turns to Robert.

He nods.

FRANK

Two years ago a millennial changed "Frank's Kids" to "Frank's Fam" to make it more hip. I sound like a goddamn idiot any time I say it.

HILLARY

They forced you out, didn't they?

Frank looks around.

ROBERT

None of this is being recorded.

Frank takes a deep breath.

FRANK

It didn't happen quite like that.

HILLARY

So how did it happen?

FRANK

You're good at this.

She smiles.

HILLARY

This is a great story I'll tell my grandkids many years from now.

FRANK

It's still... not good.

HILLARY

It'll be when I'm your age and you will be long gone.

Frank looks into the distance and nods.

FRANK

My contract was up and they said they wanted to move into a new direction for a new audience.

(beat)

Those pricks demanded I get the same ratings I did twenty years ago despite spending next to nothing to market the show. They slashed my budget, their notes were stupid, and everything they did just made it worse.

HILLARY

How bad were they?

FRANK

The first note was that they wanted to change the setting from the Wild West to a Russian Space Station.

(beat)

A year later they wanted to give me a sidekick named Buddy.

(beat)

And then, after that, they wanted a talking horse.

INT. LIZ'S OFFICE - NIGHT

Liz stares at her laptop.

Her cell phone is on her desk.

"PD Source 2" is on the Caller ID.

Her speaker phone is on.

POLICE SECRETARY (V.O.)
I don't have access to it.

LIZ RODRIGUEZ
Who does?

POLICE SECRETARY (V.O.)
Your brother.

LIZ RODRIGUEZ
He's not picking up.

POLICE SECRETARY (V.O.)
It's a busy night and I have to go.

Liz hangs up.

She does a web search on "Frank Jackson racist."

Nothing.

Her fingers type in "Frank Jackson addiction."

Nothing.

She does a web search on "Frank Jackson murder."

A news story from 40 years ago comes up.

Photos of a teenage Frank at the funeral of LINDA (teenager).

Her eyes quickly scan it.

Linda was stabbed to death by an unknown assailant.

Liz searches for "Linda Rolfe."

Several websites come up.

A Red Light Ripper conspiracy board comes up with a list of over a hundred victim names.

Linda is the first.

INT. FRANK'S CAR - NIGHT (DRIVING)

A hot dog stand and a liquor store are in the distance.

FRANK

At one point they wanted to make
the show animated because it'd be
cheaper. The nerve of them.

Hillary's hands are tight on the camera.

Frank thinks for a moment.

He smiles.

FRANK (CONT'D)

I've got forty years of stress I
want to unload and I want you two
to record it for me.

ROBERT

This exposes us to a lot of
potential liability.

FRANK

You're a journalist and that gets
you a lot of protections.

Frank looks to the side.

His eyes land on CHERRY (40s, sex worker) walking towards the
liquor store.

Her eyes are bloodshot, her face ragged and weary.

The handle of a small pistol pokes out of her purse.

HILLARY

What if they sue you?

FRANK

A lawsuit like that will take years
that I don't have left in me. The
jackass handling my estate can deal
with it after I'm gone.

Hillary pauses the camera and turns to Robert. He shrugs.

FRANK (CONT'D)

(points to hot dog stand)
I've learned you never do anything
of significance on a full bladder
or an empty stomach.

INT. LIZ'S OFFICE - NIGHT

Liz stares at the conspiracy board.

115 victims are listed.

She opens another browser and types in "Frank Jackson, Mom."

The first hit is a story about her funeral at a church.

A picture of Frank giving her eulogy is prominent.

Several articles are underneath it.

Pictures of FATHER TED DOUGAL (90s) are all over it.

She pulls up the address of his church.

INT. SHAKE'S HOT DOG STAND - NIGHT

Black and white photos of old celebrities are on the wall.

A prominent one of a much younger Frank is in the middle.

Hillary, Robert, and Frank have a half dozen wrappers of Chicago-style hot dogs in front of them.

Fries and drinks are next to them.

Hillary's camera is on a table next to them, filming.

ROBERT

That was fantastic.

FRANK

I lent Chris the money to open this place up thirty years ago. His wife Trudy and my Ethel were friends.

(beat)

They're both gone now, too.

CHRIS (70s), the owner of the stand, walks up to Frank.

CHRIS

Hey Frank.

FRANK

How are you?

CHRIS

Another week of living the dream.

They shake hands.

FRANK

(to Chris)

This is Hillary and Robert. They're doing a documentary on me.

(to Robert and Hillary)

This is Chris, the owner of this fine establishment.

CHRIS

Can I get a minute?

Frank nods.

He and Chris walk over to another table.

OTHER TABLE

Frank sits down.

Chris sits across from him.

FRANK

How's everything?

CHRIS

We've got a new stand uptown and I'd like you there for the ribbon-cutting ceremony in June.

FRANK

That's terrific. I like that you finally decided to expand.

CHRIS

I'm closing this down.

Frank glares at him.

FRANK

This is the last piece of the old neighborhood.

CHRIS

The only tradition this place has now getting robbed.

Frank's eyes peer out the window.

His nerves go on edge.

FRANK

Then hire a security.

CHRIS
That'd be the rest of what I make
in a year for armed security.

FRANK
I remember when this place opened.

CHRIS
That was forty years ago.

FRANK
It couldn't have been that long.

CHRIS
Reagan was running for re-election.

Frank thinks for a moment.

FRANK
We're old, huh?

CHRIS
Yeah.

FRANK
I always forget how big your large
sodas are. If you'll excuse me.

Chris nods.

Frank walks to the bathroom.

The rear entrance is next to it.

INT. SHAKE'S BATHROOM - NIGHT

Frank urgently looks underneath the bathroom stalls.

A thin bead of sweat comes down his brow.

He turns a sink on and splashes water on his face.

Frank rolls up his sleeves.

An expensive Rolex is on his wrist.

His eyes stare into the mirror.

The sweat stops.

The life disappears from his eyes.

He looks into the mirror. **Frank isn't in control anymore.**

INT. SHAKE'S HOT DOG STAND - NIGHT

Frank exits through the rear entrance.

Hillary plays a game on her phone.

Robert sees Frank leave.

His eyes follow Frank.

Hillary looks up and follows Robert's eyes.

They watch Frank walk into the liquor store.

ROBERT

I thought I saw a sex worker go in there. You think Frank--

She turns back to her phone.

ROBERT (CONT'D)

I got an eight on "Worcester Sauce and Whiskey" from the Blacklist.

HILLARY

Congratulations.

ROBERT

I want you to help me make it.

HILLARY

This was a paid gig, not an invitation for us to restart--

ROBERT

You felt the energy, right?

HILLARY

Find an investor and leave me out of it, Robert.

ROBERT

This is my shot and if he's doing what I think he is, that's my ticket to ride.

HILLARY

Let the man--

He grabs her camera and sprints out.

Hillary chases after him.

EXT. ALLEY BEHIND LIQUOR STORE - NIGHT

Frank and Cherry walk into the alleyway.

FRANK
By the dumpster.

She nods and walks over to it.

INT. LIQUOR STORE - NIGHT

Robert walks in and looks around.

He spots the rear exit and sprints towards it.

Hillary runs in and chases after him.

EXT. ALLEY BEHIND LIQUOR STORE - NIGHT

The back door opens slightly.

Robert sees Frank and aims the camera at him.

Frank walks up to Cherry and places his hand on her shoulder.

He grips it tightly.

Hillary walks up behind Robert.

CHERRY
Not too hard, baby. I've got a bad
arm, you feel me?

SLICE!

Blood sprays onto the dumpster as Cherry grabs her throat.

She goes to speak but can't.

Frank steps back, carefully holding the bloody knife.

Cherry hits the ground with a thud.

She rolls onto her back, gasping for air.

Her eyes connect with Frank's.

Frank smiles.

Cherry dies.

Frank looks down and spots her purse.

He grabs the pistol and kicks the purse away from him.

Hillary drops her phone.

It rattles off the ground.

Frank turns and sees Robert.

He points the gun at him.

His finger moves to the trigger.

Frank spots Hillary.

His finger moves away from the trigger.

Both are stunned.

FRANK

Back to the car, now.

They stare at him and then the body.

Frank points the gun at Robert.

FRANK (CONT'D)

I said now.

Robert snaps out of it.

He nods and grabs Hillary's arm.

HILLARY

What the--

ROBERT

Let's go!

Frank motions to the pistol.

FRANK

I'm not going to ask twice.

They all walk briskly towards the street.

The LIQUOR STORE CLERK sticks his head out and looks around.

He spots Cherry's body and screams.

Frank's sedan starts in the distance and takes off.

INT. CATHOLIC CHURCH - NIGHT.

Father Ted sits in the pews, praying.

Liz walks in and sits behind him.

She waits for a moment.

Father Ted does the signs of the cross and turns to her.

FATHER TED
Can I help you miss?

LIZ RODRIGUEZ
I'm looking for Father Ted.

FATHER TED
That's me, dear.

LIZ RODRIGUEZ
Do you have a couple of minutes to
talk about something?

FATHER TED
Confession is on Sundays.

LIZ RODRIGUEZ
I have several questions about
Irene Jackson.

She hands Father Ted her business card.

He looks at it for a moment and nods.

FATHER TED
What do you want to know about
Frank Jackson's mother?

LIZ RODRIGUEZ
She had a long arrest history.

FATHER TED
You shouldn't speak ill of the
dead, my dear.

LIZ RODRIGUEZ
You shouldn't glorify them, either.

FATHER TED
This is a man's dearly departed
mother you are asking about.

LIZ RODRIGUEZ

He doesn't talk about his parents,
ever. He refused to speak about his
mother to one of my colleagues.

FATHER TED

A man can have a lot of reasons not
to discuss his parents.

LIZ RODRIGUEZ

What about his father?

FATHER TED

Marcus Jackson was not involved in
his son's life.

LIZ RODRIGUEZ

His funeral was here.

FATHER TED

Frank gave his father one final
dignity. I always assumed it was
out of some obligation.

LIZ RODRIGUEZ

His obligations are interesting.

FATHER TED

Frank's silence is complicated.

LIZ RODRIGUEZ

Explain it to me, then.

INT. FRANK'S CAR - NIGHT (DRIVING)

Frank pulls over to the side.

He turns and looks at Hillary.

A cold sweat comes down her face.

Her eyes are open wide, her mouth shaking in fear.

Hillary's camera is in her lap.

Robert spots his digital recorder.

He presses record.

His eyes scour the car for a moment.

They settle on Frank's gun.

ROBERT
Where's the camera?

FRANK
Excuse me?

Hillary snaps out of it.

ROBERT
I totally should've seen it. You
walk across the street and make
sure we see you. You have the right
actress on the street to stick in
the back of my mind. The C-grade
movie effects of her dying.
(smiles)
It's a great prank, you got us.

Frank puts the gun to Robert's head.

Robert pushes the gun away and looks at it.

ROBERT (CONT'D)
The person who painted that did a
good job making it look real. That
is professional work, not just a
couple of coats of spray paint.
(to Hillary)
We used the same AirSoft gun in my
short for Directing Two. Mike
couldn't get the color right, so we
went with all-black instead.

Frank ejects a round from the gun and hands it to Robert.

Robert's eyes look at it.

The bullet's real.

Robert gulps and drops it.

FRANK
Your phones, now.

Robert hands Frank his phone.

Frank places it in his pocket.

Hillary reaches into her purse.

It's not there.

She touches her pockets and looks around.

HILLARY
I don't know where it is.

Frank puts the gun to Robert's head.

ROBERT
What the hell?

FRANK
(to Hillary)
Find that phone or else.

Hillary frantically looks around in the same places again.

ROBERT
She just dropped it.

FRANK
(to Robert)
Shut up.
(to Hillary)
You've got five seconds.

Hillary opens the glove box.

A box of zip ties is in there.

HILLARY
It's not here.

FRANK
Five.

She searches under the seat.

Nothing.

HILLARY
I must've dropped it.

FRANK
Four.

She searches her pockets. Nothing.

HILLARY
It's not here, I swear.

FRANK
Three.

She dumps the contents of her purse onto the floor.

Nothing.

HILLARY
You have to believe me.

FRANK
Two.

She searches all over her seat.

Nothing.

HILLARY
I swear to God I don't have it.

FRANK
One.

Robert closes his eyes.

Hillary looks Frank deep in the eyes.

HILLARY
Please don't kill him, Frank. Kill
me instead if you don't trust me.

Frank goes to pull the trigger but stops.

He looks Hillary in the eyes.

FRANK
I believe you... for now.

Frank puts the car into gear and drives.

INT. CHURCH - NIGHT

Father Ted takes a deep breath.

FATHER TED
Irene was a troubled young woman.
If Marcus had his act together back
then it would've been better for
Frank, but they were the wrong kind
of people to have children.

(beat)
The Lord works in mysterious ways
sometimes, I suppose.

LIZ RODRIGUEZ
What was she like?

FATHER TED
Irene was troubled.

LIZ RODRIGUEZ
What was Frank like back then?

FATHER TED
I am not comfortable talking about
a member of my flock.

LIZ RODRIGUEZ
You have no qualms with her.

FATHER TED
She made it very clear that she was
not a woman of faith when I met
her. Irene made Frank go to Church
because she wanted him to be better
than her and Marcus.

LIZ RODRIGUEZ
I'm impressed he still comes here.

FATHER TED
Frank goes to confession every time
he's here. He takes his faith as
seriously now as he did then.

LIZ RODRIGUEZ
I'm surprised he has things to
confess to you about.

FATHER TED
We all have our sins, dear.

LIZ RODRIGUEZ
What are they?

FATHER TED
I hope you know I can't talk about
them, my child.

LIZ RODRIGUEZ
Give me a clue, at least.

Father Ted shakes his head.

LIZ RODRIGUEZ (CONT'D)
There are lots of things I could
file, you know.

FATHER TED
How do you think it would look if I
called your editor and said you
were harassing an old man?

INT. FRANK'S CAR - NIGHT (DRIVING)

Hillary slyly takes out the video card in her camera.

It's yellow.

She replaces it with a red video card.

Frank doesn't see her do it.

HILLARY

I don't want to die tonight.

FRANK

I want every single piece of
equipment that you used today.

Hillary places the yellow video card into her pocket.

HILLARY

This camera cost me five thousand
dollars. It's my life.

FRANK

Do you think you're in a position
to negotiate, Hillary?

Hillary takes out the red video card from her camera.

She places it on the dashboard.

HILLARY

That's all the footage we shot from
the time we left the studio to
about ten minutes ago.

FRANK

What about the interview?

HILLARY

That's in my gear bag. I put it in
the trunk before we left.

Frank grabs the video card and snaps it in half.

He opens the window and tosses the pieces out.

Frank puts his hand back.

Robert hands him the digital recorder.

Frank erases everything on it.

EXT. CHURCH - NIGHT

Liz walks out of the church.

Greg calls her on her cell phone.

GREG WILLIAMS (V.O.)
I'm impressed.

LIZ RODRIGUEZ
You said to add some gravity and
I'm about to drop a planet onto
your piece, Greg.

INT. LIZ'S OFFICE - NIGHT

Greg looks at her whiteboard, his cell phone in his hand.

GREG WILLIAMS
I need you to cover something.

INTERCUT BETWEEN GREG AND LIZ

LIZ RODRIGUEZ
I have a real story here and--

GREG WILLIAMS
And I'm down a beat reporter.

Beat.

LIZ RODRIGUEZ
This Frank Jackson story could be
my ticket to a Pulitzer.

GREG WILLIAMS
And this is a simple in and out.

LIZ RODRIGUEZ
This guy has skeletons, Greg, and
I'm going to find them.

GREG WILLIAMS
Carnival Liquors on Fourth and
Anderson. A hooker got her throat
slit and I need--

LIZ RODRIGUEZ
I'll be there in ten.

INT. FRANK'S CAR - NIGHT (DRIVING)

A small gas station is in the distance.

FRANK

I'm thirsty. Are either of you in
need of something to drink?

Hillary and Robert motion no.

Frank pulls into the gas station.

He motions to the glove box.

Hillary opens it up.

FRANK (CONT'D)

Tie yourself up.

HILLARY

We'll stay right here, Frank.

Frank motions to it.

Hillary puts her hands on either side of the steering wheel.

Frank puts the zip ties on and pulls them close.

He motions to Robert.

Robert places his hands on either side of the steering wheel.

Frank puts the zip ties on Robert and pulls them close.

He exits the car and walks to the gas station.

Robert and Hillary stare at Frank.

ROBERT

(looks at her shoes)
Can you run in those?
(motions right)
We can lose him in the buildings.

They see Frank taking a selfie with the cashier.

HILLARY

We need to get out of this first.

ROBERT

With enough force, we can pull the
steering wheel off.

HILLARY
And then what?

ROBERT
I'll figure that out later.

Robert braces himself and pulls on the steering wheel.

It doesn't move.

He pulls again and stops.

ROBERT (CONT'D)
It's going to take both of us to
get this off.

HILLARY
Why didn't he kill us back there?

ROBERT
Who cares? We need to get out of
here and find the police.

HILLARY
There's a bigger story here.

ROBERT
Bigger than Frank Jackson killing a
sex worker behind a liquor store?

HILLARY
Do you think the cops care about
her? They'll look at us, look at
him and go "No way he did it" while
they pursue other leads.

ROBERT
And you handed him the video of it.

Hillary motions to her pocket.

His eyes follow.

HILLARY
I can swap out the video card on my
camera blindfolded.

ROBERT
So let's use that and get the fuck
out of here!

HILLARY
What if he's the Red Light Ripper?

He's thrown off guard.

ROBERT

Let the cops figure that out.

HILLARY

Frank killed that woman like it was something he practiced. We get him on tape, confessing his sins, and we call our shot forever.

ROBERT

Or we could wind up dead in some alley somewhere!

HILLARY

Frank would've shot us back there if he wanted us dead. He left us alive for a reason.

ROBERT

This is insane.

HILLARY

Insane is the amount of money the tabloids will pay us for Frank Jackson's confessions.

ROBERT

I thought that was beneath you.

HILLARY

An old man getting an alleyway blow job is. An old man revealed to be a notorious serial killer? The juice is worth the squeeze on that.

Robert looks outside.

Frank approaches the car.

ROBERT

We get it and we're out of here.

Hillary nods.

Frank takes out his multi-tool and cuts off their zip ties.

Robert and Hillary move back into their seats.

Robert looks into the rearview mirror and then at Frank.

His eyes measure the distance between them.

EXT. ALLEY BEHIND LIQUOR STORE - NIGHT

Yellow Police tape cordons off the scene.

A MEDICAL EXAMINER works on Cherry's corpse.

Detective BRAD RODRIGUEZ (40s), surveys the scene.

He's tall, dark, and handsome.

His suit is clean, crisp, and hangs onto him tightly.

This is Liz's brother.

Brad takes out a pair of medical exam gloves.

His eyes spot Hillary's phone.

He picks it up and looks at it.

There are vintage movies on the cover.

Brad bags it.

BRAD RODRIGUEZ
I want to know who owns this phone.

MEDICAL EXAMINER
(points to corpse)
It's probably hers.

BRAD RODRIGUEZ
Run it anyway. Maybe we got lucky
and the killer dropped it.

A handful of LOCALS and NIGHT CRAWLERS look on as uniformed police officers keep them behind the police tape.

LIZ RODRIGUEZ (O.S.)
Detective Rodriguez!

Brad groans and looks over.

Liz pushes her way to the front of the line.

BRAD RODRIGUEZ
Tell Drake this is a priority.

Brad motions to Liz.

She nods her head.

EXT. STREET OUTSIDE LIQUOR STORE - NIGHT (MOMENTS LATER)

Liz and Brad walk far from the crime scene.

They stop.

Brad looks in one direction.

Liz looks in the other direction and takes out her notepad.

They turn to one another.

BRAD RODRIGUEZ
I'll deny telling you anything if
my name gets attached to it.

LIZ RODRIGUEZ
We're off the record.

BRAD RODRIGUEZ
Still no.

LIZ RODRIGUEZ
I'll call Mom.

Brad curses under his breath.

He looks in both directions again.

BRAD RODRIGUEZ
The Clerk saw a woman with weird
hair and an average-looking man run
through and to the back. They
didn't come back inside, either.

LIZ RODRIGUEZ
That's it?

BRAD RODRIGUEZ
The victim must've walked in and
through while he was on the john.

LIZ RODRIGUEZ
Does she have a name?

BRAD RODRIGUEZ
She didn't have ID on her. We're
working on it but it'll take a bit.

LIZ RODRIGUEZ
What about the camera?

BRAD RODRIGUEZ
They found the only liquor store in
this area that doesn't have it.

LIZ RODRIGUEZ
That's strange.

BRAD RODRIGUEZ
It's a total shit show.

LIZ RODRIGUEZ
What can you tell me on the record?

BRAD RODRIGUEZ
The usual bullshit about how this
is an active investigation.

LIZ RODRIGUEZ
Call me if you get anything else.
(beat)
Stay safe out there.

BRAD RODRIGUEZ
You too.

Brad walks away.

INT. FRANK'S CAR - NIGHT (DRIVING)

Frank looks into the distance.

Hillary looks at Robert and gestures.

Robert shakes his head.

HILLARY
Do you trust me, Frank?

FRANK
So far.

HILLARY
Can I ask you some more questions?

FRANK
No.

HILLARY
You said you wanted to tell the
truth. Get it all on tape.

FRANK
Not like this.

HILLARY
We'll go to our graves with this.

FRANK
(motions to gun)
Be careful what you promise.

She reaches into her back pocket.

Hillary holds up a green video card to Frank.

Frank's eyes are focused on the road.

Hillary puts the yellow card in.

Frank doesn't notice.

ROBERT
How many of those do you have?

HILLARY
I always carry an extra one, just
in case something happens.
(to Frank)
You can have it when you're done.

FRANK
And you'll never say a word?

HILLARY
Not a single one.

Frank turns to Robert.

He nods as well.

Hillary presses record.

Frank doesn't notice.

FRANK
I feel a little uncomfortable
talking about this.

HILLARY
Let's talk about the show, then.

FRANK
What do you want to know?

HILLARY
Jack Steel was your producer for
the first ten years. He walked away
and hasn't worked since. Why?

FRANK
He stole money from my charity.

HILLARY
How come you didn't turn him?

Frank thinks for a long moment.

FRANK
My lawyers said the scandal was big enough to ruin the foundation so I let him walk away after he paid everything back.

HILLARY
You couldn't do that now, huh?

FRANK
I did a telethon to raise money for the mayor's favorite charity in exchange for Jack walking away.

ROBERT
Now he'd go to jail and the whole world would know. That's a good thing, Frank.

FRANK
And a lot of families would be punished for it.

ROBERT
It's honest and--

FRANK
How many kids would have to suffer for you to feel good about it?

Beat.

HILLARY
Why did you kill her?

FRANK
The answer will take you to a place you don't want to go.

HILLARY
What if I do?

Robert gulps.

EXT. STREET OUTSIDE LIQUOR STORE - NIGHT

Liz walks around, looking at the stores.

Her eyes wander until she spots a pawn shop.

A camera is on the roof, aimed towards the street.

LIZ RODRIGUEZ

Jackpot!

She sprints towards it.

INT. FRANK'S CAR - NIGHT (DRIVING)

Frank stares into the distance.

HILLARY

What was the first time like?

FRANK

Are you sure you want to know?

HILLARY

You said yourself you've got years of things to get off your chest. No better time than right here, right now, and no one ever finds out.

FRANK

You wouldn't understand why I do the things that I've done.

HILLARY

The only evidence out there you've done anything wrong is somewhere on Forty-Ninth Street.

FRANK

And what's in your camera.

HILLARY

It's yours to do with what you want when this is over.

FRANK

You could tell someone as soon as this is over.

Frank sees the camera is on.

His hand moves to his pistol

Robert takes a deep breath.

FRANK (CONT'D)
That's a cute trick.

ROBERT
It wasn't a trick, Frank.

Frank's hand grips the pistol.

HILLARY
It's something we use when we make
a documentary. You get the subject
talking and then you say you're
recording. That way it feels more
natural on camera.

Frank moves his hand away.

HILLARY (CONT'D)
Maybe letting go of everything will
be good for your soul?

Frank looks at her and nods.

FRANK
Where do you want me to start?

HILLARY
Was she your first?

FRANK
The last documentary pegged it at
around a hundred and that's light.

Hillary takes a deep breath.

HILLARY
Are you.... *him*?

Beat.

FRANK
I hate the name, for the record.

HILLARY
How come?

FRANK
The Missouri Butcher is a great
name. The Choke-and-Stroke Killer
just rolls off the tongue.

HILLARY

What would you have preferred?

FRANK

Something better than that.

HILLARY

How have you managed to not get caught for all these years?

FRANK

It's like preparing for a role. You learn your lines, you think of the blocking, and after a while it just becomes second nature. The first time I was nervous and sweaty. I got blood all over me. That rush after... it was like nothing I'd ever felt before. Every time since then I've been trying to get that feeling again. It's like a drug.

(beat)

If you'd just stayed in the hot dog stand none of this would've happened. The clerk wasn't there and I left nothing behind. You've ruined *everything*.

HILLARY

Did you know her?

FRANK

Does it matter what her name was? Or any of them?

HILLARY

What was it like?

FRANK

You don't want to know.

HILLARY

I think I do.

ROBERT

I don't.

Hillary glares at Robert.

Robert looks around.

Hillary turns to Frank.

FRANK

A wave comes over me like you wouldn't believe. It is better than an orgasm when you watch the light go out in someone's eyes. You don't know what happiness is until you've seen that.

Hillary and Robert share the same face: *What the fuck?*

HILLARY

Why do you do it?

FRANK

It's just like breathing. It comes over me and then I have to do it.

HILLARY

And then what?

FRANK

Then I go home and wait until the next one walks into my path.

HILLARY

Have you thought of a final one?

FRANK

There won't be one until I'm dead.

Hillary's body tenses up.

She takes a deep breath.

Robert vigorously shakes his head.

HILLARY

Why her?

FRANK

It's never about them.

HILLARY

Is there a way you pick or--

FRANK

Once *he* takes over, I'm just a passenger until it's done.

HILLARY

Is it another personality or--

FRANK

The book Dexter Dreaming Darkly got it right. It's like there's a Dark Passenger who takes over.

HILLARY

Does it feel like you don't do it or is it--

FRANK

Oh no, I fucking do it. It's just like I'm on auto-pilot, you know?

Beat.

HILLARY

Why sex workers?

FRANK

Killing a hooker is like hitting a stray dog with your car. Society just washes it off and moves on.

Hillary recoils.

HILLARY

They're still people.

FRANK

Barely.

HILLARY

What about getting caught?

FRANK

Two of the extras were watching the same series you were. One of them said he thought people like me are just a myth the police make up because they don't care to solve the crime. It's a cliché but there isn't a television show about a cop trying to solve the murders of dead hookers for a reason.

(beat)

When one hand is looking one way and the other hand isn't looking at all... it's easy to stay hidden.

Robert's body tenses up.

He looks at Frank's gun.

It's pointed at Hillary.

EXT. PAWN SHOP - NIGHT

The lights are on inside.

Liz walks up to the door and pulls on it.

It's locked.

She knocks on the door.

A PAWN SHOP OWNER walks up to it and opens it up.

PAWN SHOP OWNER
Can I help you?

LIZ RODRIGUEZ
Do those cameras work?

INT. FRANK'S CAR - NIGHT

The car is stopped at a red light.

The engine dies.

Frank smacks the steering wheel.

FRANK
Dang spark plugs.

Robert looks at Hillary and nods.

She shakes her head no.

ROBERT
Let me help you with that.

FRANK
Do you know engines?

Frank pops the hood of the car.

ROBERT
My dad was a mechanic.

Frank and Robert exit.

Robert motions to Hillary behind his back.

Frank doesn't notice.

Hillary takes the yellow card out of the camera.

EXT. STREET BY NEARBY ALLEYWAY - NIGHT

Frank raises the hood.

His hand expertly puts it in place with the hood prop.

He spots the spark plugs and tightens them up.

FRANK

Do you see anything else?

ROBERT

I think I see something but I need
a light. Would you mind?

FRANK

I can see it just fine.

ROBERT

We can argue about this all night
or we can quickly look.

Frank hands Robert his cell phone.

Robert turns the flashlight on.

He aims it towards the back of the engine bay.

FRANK

It looks fine.

ROBERT

Take a closer look.

Frank leans in.

Robert grabs his head and slams it off the engine.

He hits the hood prop out of place.

The hood lands on Frank with a thud.

ROBERT (CONT'D)

RUN!

Robert sprints off into the darkness.

Hillary gets out of the car and sprints after him.

Frank lifts the hood off him and runs after them.

EXT. NEARBY ALLEYWAY - NIGHT

Robert looks to the end of the alley.

A 12-foot fence is on it.

Hillary and Robert sprint towards it.

Hillary trips and falls.

Robert turns to see Frank sprinting towards them.

Frank has the gun in his hand.

He turns back to the fence and climbs it.

Robert's hands reach the top.

Frank points the gun at Hillary.

FRANK

Don't move another inch, son, or
she never sees you again.

Robert stops and turns back.

Frank's gun is at her head.

Robert climbs down.

Frank points the pistol at Robert.

ROBERT

I swear I won't say a word, Frank.

Hillary stares at the gun, frozen.

FRANK

You've left me no choice.

ROBERT

I was scared, OK?

HILLARY

Shoot me instead!

Frank looks at her.

FRANK

(to Hillary)
You didn't attack me.
(to Robert)
He did.

Frank pulls the hammer back on the pistol.

Robert's eyes focus on the gun.

Frank aims it at Robert's chest.

ROBERT

I swear I won't do anything if we
just go back to the car. I--

BANG!

Hillary screams.

Smoke comes out of Frank's gun.

Frank's eyes turn to Robert.

Robert's body is on the ground.

Robert has a hole in his chest.

Blood spurts out.

Frank walks up to Robert.

He carefully aims the gun at Robert's face.

Their eyes connect.

Nothing is behind Frank's eyes.

BANG!

Hillary screams.

Frank points the gun at her.

Blood spatter is over his face.

He turns to her.

FRANK

I can leave two bodies here or you
can go home tonight. Your choice.

Hillary looks at Robert.

Her hand touches her pocket and then she nods.

She gets to her feet.

Both walk out of the alley.

EXT. STREET BY NEARBY ALLEYWAY - NIGHT

Hillary and then Frank exit.

Hillary walks to the car.

Frank has Robert's phone in his hand.

SNAP!

He throws both pieces into a storm drain.

Hillary takes a deep breath.

Both get into the car.

INT. CORONER'S OFFICE - NIGHT

Julia's corpse is on an examining table.

Cherry's corpse is on another.

Both are mostly covered up by white sheets.

The Coroner, DAN (50s), stares at Cherry's neck wound.

He's well over six feet tall and gangly.

A box marked "Personal effects" is on the floor.

Brad walks in.

DAN

I haven't even begun, detective.

BRAD RODRIGUEZ

How many bodies do you have?

Dan turns to Brad.

DAN

You'd be surprised.

BRAD RODRIGUEZ

You just made me an offer in
fantasy. I assumed you were slow.

DAN

I can do two things at once.

Brad looks at both corpses.

BRAD RODRIGUEZ
I'm the primary on both of these.

DAN
They didn't put that on the newer
one's paperwork.

BRAD RODRIGUEZ
Liz showed up and he probably
quarter-assed it afterwards. The
lab geeks never get it right unless
you're there with them.

Brad takes out a notepad and a pen.

DAN
Are you ready?

BRAD RODRIGUEZ
The floor is yours.

Drake leans up and points to both corpses.

DAN
The same guy did both of them, I
think. Probably *him*.

BRAD RODRIGUEZ
How sure are you?

Dan nods.

Brad points to the bodies.

DAN
(points to neck wounds on
both bodies)
Same angle and probably the same
knife. This is clean work, too.
(focuses on Julia's body)
Stabbing someone is usually a crime
of passion. This is clinical.
Right through the throat in one
clean motion. No hesitation.
(points to collar bone)
Bruising in the shape of a rough
grip from behind. It happened
before she died, too, like two
dozen other bodies this office has
processed in the last decade alone.

BRAD RODRIGUEZ
Just don't write that name on it
until I tell you to, OK?

INT. PAWN SHOP - NIGHT

The remains of broken dreams and empty promises are all over.

A small monitor is behind the counter.

Liz's eyes are glued to it.

PAWN SHOP OWNER

That's as good as it gets.

The Owner presses play.

The monitor shows the rear of Frank's car.

Most of it is cut off due to the angle.

The back of Robert's head is visible.

LIZ RODRIGUEZ

Is there a better angle?

PAWN SHOP OWNER

This is the only camera I have.

Liz writes down the partial license plate number.

LIZ RODRIGUEZ

Don't touch that footage, OK?

PAWN SHOP OWNER

What if someone offers money--

LIZ RODRIGUEZ

Then I'll call my brother, the homicide detective, and he can go through everything in here and figure out what was stolen.

PAWN SHOP OWNER

You wouldn't.

LIZ RODRIGUEZ

Try me.

Liz walks out.

EXT. PAWN SHOP - CONTINUOUS

Liz walks out and calls Brad.

BRAD RODRIGUEZ (V.O.)

I don't have anything.

INT. POLICE BULLPEN - NIGHT

Brad sits at his desk.

A report on Cherry's murder is on his laptop.

It's mostly filled out.

A handful of boxes marked 'Red Light Ripper' are behind him.

LIZ RODRIGUEZ (V.O.)

I need you to run a plate for me.

INTERCUT BETWEEN BRAD AND LIZ

BRAD RODRIGUEZ

I'm not your personal DMV. It's also illegal to do unless it's for police business, Liz.

LIZ RODRIGUEZ

The pawn shop three doors down from the liquor store had a camera. It caught a car that was there. Guess who got inside?

BRAD RODRIGUEZ

A girl with weird colored hair and an average-looking guy?

LIZ RODRIGUEZ

The guy. It's not his face but I have a partial.

BRAD RODRIGUEZ

I'll have some uniforms go back there and get it.

LIZ RODRIGUEZ

Can I get first dibs when you give them a perp walk?

Brad pulls up a license plate database.

LIZ RODRIGUEZ (CONT'D)

It was a sedan. The footage was black and white, so I don't know the color. Make was domestic.

BRAD RODRIGUEZ

Anything more?

LIZ RODRIGUEZ
It looked like the car Dad taught
us to drive on. The plate began
with X, four, J, eight.

Brad types it in.

He presses search.

Several dozen pages of results come up.

BRAD RODRIGUEZ
It's a lot of results.

LIZ RODRIGUEZ
Then narrow it down!

BRAD RODRIGUEZ
Based on what?

LIZ RODRIGUEZ
I'll stop by in twenty.

INT. FRANK'S CAR - NIGHT (DRIVING)

Frank pulls up to a red light.

FRANK
Are you OK?

Frank looks into the mirror.

His eyes notice the blood.

He wipes his face off with his shirt.

The light turns green and he drives on.

Hillary's eyes look all over and settle on the fuel gauge.

The car is running low on gas.

Her eyes look into the back seat.

She spots Robert's equipment.

Her lungs fill up, slowly.

Hillary exhales.

She picks up the camera and points it at Frank.

HILLARY
Are you religious, Frank?

FRANK
I grew up Catholic.

HILLARY
Do you still go to church?

FRANK
Same one since I was a kid.

Hillary looks and sees Frank's gun.

He grips it loosely.

HILLARY
That's surprising.

FRANK
It was that or the gangs and my mom
didn't want that life for me.

HILLARY
Did the priests--

FRANK
God no! They were good, honorable
men of the cloth.

HILLARY
Do you still believe in God?

Beat

FRANK
It's complicated.

HILLARY
How do you rectify what you've done
with your faith?

FRANK
I've done enough good things to
balance the scales.

HILLARY
So you think everything you've done
absolves you of your sins?

Her eyes measure the distance between the gun and her.

He looks off into the distance contemplatively.

INT. POLICE BULLPEN - NIGHT

Several pages of VINs are on Brad's desk.

Liz walks up to Brad's desk.

She has two cups of premium coffee and a pastry.

She sits down.

Brad looks up and grabs the pastry.

He takes a bite.

BRAD RODRIGUEZ
You must need a huge favor.

LIZ RODRIGUEZ
I got the extra nitro shot in the
coffee, too.

Brad laughs.

BRAD RODRIGUEZ
You're the reason I'm never going
to become Sergeant.

A DETECTIVE gives Liz a dirty look.

She notices.

LIZ RODRIGUEZ
I don't pick my stories.

Brad motions to the VINs.

Her eyes focus on it.

BRAD RODRIGUEZ
Guess who's on it?

LIZ RODRIGUEZ
Is it some pro athlete or--

BRAD RODRIGUEZ
Fun Time Frank.

Liz looks at the sheet.

LIZ RODRIGUEZ
Frank Jackson?

BRAD RODRIGUEZ
It hasn't been reported stolen.

LIZ RODRIGUEZ
You need to question him.

BRAD RODRIGUEZ
On Fun Time fucking Frank? Yeah,
that's going to get me chewed out.

LIZ RODRIGUEZ
Just because he's famous doesn't
mean you treat him differently.

BRAD RODRIGUEZ
I wish that was the case.

Liz pulls up her notebook.

LIZ RODRIGUEZ
You were the primary on Bishop
Joker Juice a while back.

Brad looks away.

BRAD RODRIGUEZ
Doesn't ring a bell.

Liz scowls.

LIZ RODRIGUEZ
I'll call--

BRAD RODRIGUEZ
You can't threaten Mom twice in one
night, Liz.

LIZ RODRIGUEZ
I'll give you my friend Amber's
phone number. For some reason, she
thinks you're cute AND she just
became single.

Brad thinks for a long moment.

BRAD RODRIGUEZ
I do remember him but my notes are
in my storage locker. Give me a
couple of minutes.

Liz pulls up Amber's info on her phone and sends it to him.

Brad leaves.

INT. FRANK'S CAR - NIGHT (DRIVING)

Frank looks into the distance.

Hillary's eyes look around.

The camera records him.

She measures the distance between her hand and the gun.

Hillary takes a deep breath and looks around.

HILLARY

I'd like to think God doesn't look
at your life as quality versus
quantity when it comes down to it.

FRANK

He should.

HILLARY

So a child molester should be
allowed into the same Heaven as his
victims if he just asks for some
redemption at the end?

FRANK

If he's truthful and honest he
should get it, right?

Her hands clench the camera tight.

HILLARY

So technically Saint Peter should
let you in because you did a bunch
of good deeds through the years?

FRANK

I'll ask for forgiveness before I
die, certainly.

HILLARY

That doesn't sound right. Or fair.

She looks at it and then his face.

FRANK

If it's true that we're made in his
image then it's technically not my
fault for everything I've done.

HILLARY

Please don't justify murder with divine providence, Frank. You're better than that.

FRANK

Do you think I like doing this?

Her eyes focus on the gun again.

She takes a deep breath.

HILLARY

It doesn't look like you hate it.

FRANK

If I could, I would.

HILLARY

Have you tried?

FRANK

Several times.

HILLARY

And what happened?

She moves the camera, her leg moving with it.

The strap of the camera is underneath her foot.

FRANK

As soon as they see my face they don't think of me as a patient but as a celebrity.

Hillary looks and sees Frank's hands grip the gun tightly.

HILLARY

Plenty of famous people get help.

FRANK

I spent a lifetime trying to keep this hidden for some curious secretary to ruin it all.

An alarm goes off on Hillary's watch.

HILLARY

Crap.

FRANK

Do you need to take a pill or something, Hillary?

HILLARY

I visit my mother every night and that's a reminder to pick her up some coffee.

FRANK

That's not good for someone who's diagnosed with cancer.

HILLARY

It helps her eat and it's better than soda.

FRANK

I think we should go visit her.

HILLARY

You aren't visiting my mother.

FRANK

That's not your decision.

HILLARY

It should be.

FRANK

I can visit her by myself, too, if you would like.

He motions to the gun.

She groans.

HILLARY

Where's the nearest Starbucks?

INT. POLICE BULLPEN - NIGHT

Liz's feet tap on the ground anxiously.

Brad walks up with a large box.

He places it on his desk and opens it up.

Liz's eyes spot an older file marked "Bishop JJ."

BRAD RODRIGUEZ

This was my first case after I made detective.

LIZ RODRIGUEZ

No one was ever charged.

Brad hands her the file.

She opens it up.

BRAD RODRIGUEZ
The bishop didn't garner much in
the form of goodwill.

Liz looks at the crime scene photos.

LIZ RODRIGUEZ
He didn't die well.

BRAD RODRIGUEZ
That's putting it mildly.

Liz looks around and spots the boxes.

They look at each other.

She nods knowingly.

LIZ RODRIGUEZ
I'm doing a big piece on him.

BRAD RODRIGUEZ
I'd love to be the guy that slaps
the bracelets on him.

LIZ RODRIGUEZ
Why can't you catch him?

BRAD RODRIGUEZ
When he picks the wrong target,
then maybe we'll have a shot.

LIZ RODRIGUEZ
Is he picking the right ones?

BRAD RODRIGUEZ
Do you still watch those Lifetime
movies where the woman solves the
murder of her kid or whatever?

She nods.

BRAD RODRIGUEZ (CONT'D)
This guy is like a sex worker in
that there's no one screaming for
justice for days, months, and years
after they're gone.

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - NIGHT

Amanda sleeps.

Hillary and Frank walk in.

Frank looks at her for a long moment.

FRANK
Is she doing alright?

HILLARY
Why would you care?

She places the coffee on her table.

FRANK
I'm still a human being, after all.

HILLARY
Barely.

Hillary's eyes focus on the door.

FRANK
We can leave if you'd like.

HILLARY
I'd love to.

Amanda wakes up.

AMANDA DRAKE
Hey honey.

HILLARY
Hey mom.

Amanda looks over and sees Frank.

Her eyes open wide.

AMANDA DRAKE
I must be getting chemo fever.

FRANK
It's not chemo fever, ma'am.

He sits down next to her and grabs her hand.

Amanda's eyes light up as she squeezes it.

AMANDA DRAKE

I can't believe Frank Jackson took the time to visit me here.

Hillary looks away.

FRANK

Your daughter is following me around for the show. She mentioned you were a big fan.

AMANDA DRAKE

Me? She's been your number-one fan since she was a child.

FRANK

I remember we talked about her back then. You were very concerned.

AMANDA DRAKE

I remember we talked for--

FRANK

Two hours.

Tears stream down Amanda's face.

Frank reaches into his pocket and pulls out a handkerchief.

He hands it to her.

Amanda wipes the tears away.

FRANK (CONT'D)

It had to have been a nightmare to have a sick child and handle it all on your own.

AMANDA DRAKE

He called me the other day.

HILLARY

You didn't tell me!

AMANDA DRAKE

He just wanted money, like he always does.

FRANK

I had a parent who did the same thing. I understand how hard it has to be in that situation.

Amanda squeezes his hand.

INT. POLICE BULLPEN - NIGHT

Brad pulls out a dusty notepad.

He opens it up and looks inside it.

BRAD RODRIGUEZ
My notes are pretty light.

Her eyes focus on it.

Several pages have been ripped out.

LIZ RODRIGUEZ
Did you get any suspects?

Brad closes his notepad.

She looks at him and nods.

BRAD RODRIGUEZ
This is off the record.
(looks around)
We got a partial from one of his
girls. It wound up going nowhere.

LIZ RODRIGUEZ
Do you have her name?

BRAD RODRIGUEZ
The Ripper got her.

Brad looks around.

No one is looking at them.

LIZ RODRIGUEZ
How about the partial?

She looks him in the eyes.

He nods.

BRAD RODRIGUEZ
I can't. It's technically an active
investigation, still.

He opens his notepad to a page.

LIZ RODRIGUEZ
Please?

BRAD RODRIGUEZ
You know I can't.

His fingers slowly point to a part of the page.

Her eyes follow it.

The letter FQZ stands out.

LIZ RODRIGUEZ
This could be a big news story.

BRAD RODRIGUEZ
And it's an active case.
(closes the notepad)
I hope you understand.

Liz nods.

LIZ RODRIGUEZ
(hushed)
Thanks.

She exits.

EXT. POLICE STATION - NIGHT (MOMENTS LATER)

Liz walks over to her car.

She pops the trunk open and takes out her notes.

Liz goes back a page.

Her eyes land on "Frank Jackson - X4J8 FQZ" for a moment.

She goes up a page.

Her eyes land on "FQZ."

She goes back a page.

"Frank Jackson - X4J8 FQZ"

Liz smiles.

LIZ RODRIGUEZ
Mother fucker.

Her hands take out her phone.

She pulls up Greg on her speed dial.

Liz texts him: "I got something massive. Call me."

She rushes into her car and starts the engine.

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - NIGHT

Amanda smiles.

Hillary looks at the door.

She takes a step away from Frank.

Her eyes measure the distance to it.

AMANDA DRAKE

Hillary is such a big fan of yours.
This has to be her childhood dream
come true.

FRANK

Absolutely.

HILLARY

I'm thrilled.

Hillary backs up a step towards the door.

FRANK

It was lovely meeting you, Miss
Drake. Your daughter has said many
wonderful things about you.

AMANDA DRAKE

That doesn't sound like her.

FRANK

Want to know a secret? She didn't
want to stop by tonight on a part
of working with me.

AMANDA DRAKE

She hates hospitals.

FRANK

Do you want to know what I told
her?

(beat)

When you're sick in the hospital,
the one thing that keeps you going
is having people visit. Bad things
only happen when you're alone.

Hillary and Frank look at one another for a long moment.

She takes a step closer to him.

HILLARY

Right.

EXT. STREET OUTSIDE FRANK'S HOME - NIGHT

A sedan parks.

Liz exits the car and walks toward a small ranch home.

Greg calls her.

LIZ RODRIGUEZ
Hey boss.

GREG WILLIAMS (V.O.)
Who's got two thumbs and zero
stories from you right now?

A NEIGHBOR notices her.

LIZ RODRIGUEZ
I've got something huge!

EXT. FRANK'S HOME - NIGHT

Liz walks up to the front door and knocks.

Nothing.

She looks around.

Her eyes spot a rock that doesn't quite match up.

She picks it up.

GREG WILLIAMS (V.O.)
I needed this--

LIZ RODRIGUEZ
This could win me a Pulitzer.

Her fingers touch a false bottom.

She opens it up, revealing a house key.

GREG WILLIAMS (V.O.)
What are you doing?

Liz unlocks the door and walks inside.

LIZ RODRIGUEZ
Following a lead.

She shuts the door behind her quietly.

Frank's car parks down the street.

INT. FRANK'S CAR - NIGHT

Frank stares at his house.

A cell phone light is barely visible through the windows.

FRANK

You know what happens if you don't
stay here, right?

Hillary nods.

Frank exits the car.

Hillary watches him walk towards his house.

She aims her camera at him as he walks inside.

Her eyes wander around.

The streets are empty.

Hillary's hand reaches for the door handle.

FRANK (V.O.)

Bad things only happen when you're
alone.

Hillary stops.

Her hands take out the video card from her camera.

She places it in her pocket.

INT. FRANK'S LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Liz looks around.

Her camera is set up in flashlight mode.

LIZ RODRIGUEZ

If I find something, I'll call
Brad, and he can come out here.

GREG WILLIAMS (V.O.)

You're a journalist. You can't
break the law!

She hangs up and wanders into the kitchen.

INT. FRANK'S KITCHEN - NIGHT

Liz walks in and looks around. Her eyes spot a pantry door.
The front door opens. She doesn't hear it.
She walks into the pantry door.

INT. FRANK'S TROPHY ROOM - NIGHT

Liz walks in and looks around.
She spots an ornate box in a corner.
A bottle of rubbing alcohol and a box of rags are next to it.
Newspaper clippings of dozens of stories of murdered women
are taped to the walls. One highlighting Julia's death is
newly tacked to the wall.
"Red Light Ripper" is highlighted on many of them.
Liz opens the box.
Several ornate knives are in it.
Her eyes look up and see the articles.

LIZ RODRIGUEZ
(hushed)
Holy shit.

She takes her phone out and takes pictures of everything.

FRANK
There's no need to stay quiet.

She turns and sees Frank.

LIZ RODRIGUEZ
You're... you're *him*.

FRANK
You broke into my home.

LIZ RODRIGUEZ
What will happen when--

FRANK
I'll deal with that later.

Frank stabs her with the knife on his multi-tool.

INT. FRANK'S CAR - NIGHT

A scream is barely heard.

Hillary looks around.

One of the houses near her has a light on.

One hand grabs her purse. The other moves to the door handle.

The purse opens up, revealing a photo of Hillary and Amanda.

Her eyes focus on it.

Frank exits the house and walks towards the car.

She freezes up.

A deep breath later and her hand moves to the door handle.

Her body tenses up.

The glint of the gun handle catches her eye.

She stops.

Her hand instinctively goes on top of the video card.

Frank gets into the car.

He starts it and drives off.

INT. BRAD'S CAR - NIGHT (DRIVING)

Brad is behind the wheel.

He yawns.

RADIO OPERATOR (V.O.)
Car forty-two, over.

BRAD RODRIGUEZ
This is car forty-two.

RADIO OPERATOR (V.O.)
We've got a 1-8-7 with a 4-13.

BRAD RODRIGUEZ
En route.

Brad places a police light on her car and guns it.

EXT. FRANK'S HOME - NIGHT

Uniformed Police Officers man yellow police tape.

MEDIA and NEIGHBORS are behind it, looking at the scene.

An Ambulance is parked in the driveway.

SERGEANT REYNOLDS (50s) watches the crowd from the porch.

He's tall, very overweight, and has an epic mustache.

Brad fights his way through the crowd and to the other side.

Sergeant Reynolds walks down to him.

BRAD RODRIGUEZ

What's going on?

A PARAMEDIC on either side of a stretcher wheels Liz out.

She has been beaten badly and bleeding profusely.

They push past Reynolds and Brad and towards the ambulance.

Brad goes after them.

Reynolds restrains him.

BRAD RODRIGUEZ (CONT'D)

Where is he?

SERGEANT REYNOLDS

You can't work this one.

BRAD RODRIGUEZ

She had a story on him and--

SERGEANT REYNOLDS

I've called her boss.

BRAD RODRIGUEZ

Let me go in and search the place.
I need to do something.

SERGEANT REYNOLDS

We'll be doing this by the book,
detective. That means you can't be
anywhere near this.

Brad turns around and walks to his car.

EXT. GAS STATION - NIGHT

Frank's sedan is parked in front of a gas pump.

Frank fills it up.

Hillary looks into the distance.

Her eyes look at a handful of stores.

She looks over and sees Frank.

One of his hands is near his gun.

FRANK

I said the same thing to every
parent, in case you're wondering.

HILLARY

I assumed so.

FRANK

When your kid is sick, and you
can't make them better, you need to
hear that it's going to be OK.

Hillary takes a deep breath.

HILLARY

How come you haven't killed me?

Frank looks into the distance.

FRANK

You ask good questions.

HILLARY

That can't be it.

FRANK

You remind me of my daughter.

HILLARY

Do I look like her?

FRANK

Sadie would've been 26 next month.
(beat)
I wish it'd have been me, not her.

HILLARY

What was she like?

FRANK

She would've been a great artist.

HILLARY

How did you handle it?

FRANK

I found a pimp who had young girls and beat him to death. I told them that if I ever saw any of them on the streets again I'd kill them.

HILLARY

Did they catch you?

FRANK

A detective pulled me over once. He saw my face and just said to drive home safe, that's all.

HILLARY

How come you didn't just do that?

FRANK

I can't control my urges like that.

CLICK!

The car finishes fueling.

Frank puts the pump back.

FRANK (CONT'D)

Let's get something to drink.

HILLARY

I'm not thirsty.

He motions to his pistol.

She nods.

FRANK

Stay within ten feet of me.

Both of them walk inside.

An old, rusty van pulls up.

A pair of ex-con losers with ten teeth between them, VANCE and NATE (both 30s), exit with clown masks and guns.

INT. GAS STATION - NIGHT

A camera is on the roof behind the counter.

It's focused on a half-asleep GAS STATION CLERK.

Frank looks at the soda section of a cooler.

Hillary is behind him, looking around.

She spots a bottle of motor oil near her.

Her hands grab it and hold it behind her.

Note: This conversation is hushed.

HILLARY

If you let me go right now you'll
never see or hear from me again.

Frank turns to her.

FRANK

Excuse me?

HILLARY

I can leave through the back door
and no one will ever see me again.

The Gas Station Clerk looks up.

His eyes focus on them.

FRANK

You'll know who I am.

HILLARY

All the evidence is in your car.

Hillary unscrews the cap of the motor oil bottle.

FRANK

You'll always be in the wind.

HILLARY

You can drive to the airport right
now and by tomorrow you can be in
Belize. They speak English there
and extradition is a nightmare.

FRANK

How do I know you wouldn't say a
word ten minutes after you leave?

She places the cap in her pocket.

HILLARY
You haven't killed me. That means
something, right?

FRANK
I could just be waiting to kill you
once we're done here.

HILLARY
You could be on the beach,
tomorrow, if you wanted to be.

The Clerk looks at a shotgun underneath the counter.

FRANK
If they found out they'd move
heaven and Earth to get me, even in
Belize. What I've done is something
no country will overlook.

HILLARY
If you said you had cancer and went
there for experimental treatment no
one would question it.

Hillary grips the bottle tightly.

FRANK
You'd know the truth.

Hillary tenses up.

HILLARY
The only people who'd believe me
can't do anything but talk about
it. You'd have all the proof and
I'd just have my word. You're Frank
fucking Jackson, right?

Frank looks at her.

NATE (O.S.)
This is a fucking robbery!

Nate and Vance burst into the gas station.

The masks are on and the pistols are aimed at the clerk.

The Gas Station Clerk activates the silent alarm.

Frank and Hillary freeze in their tracks.

NATE (CONT'D)
(points gun at the Gas
Station Clerk)
Put your hands up!

The Gas Station Clerk puts his hands up.

Vance looks around.

He spots Hillary and Frank.

VANCE
Don't fucking move.

Vance points his gun at Hillary.

Hillary drops the can.

It hits the ground with a thud.

Motor oil spills out everywhere.

Frank looks over and sees it.

FRANK
Just let you go, huh?

VANCE
Quiet!

Frank and Hillary raise their hands.

Vance turns to the counter.

NATE
Empty the register and the safe.

GAS STATION CLERK
I don't have access to the safe.

Nate pulls the hammer back.

NATE
How about now?

FRANK
You don't need to do this, guys.

Nate looks back and spots Frank.

NATE
No fucking way!

VANCE
He's an old guy, so what?

Frank smiles.

His hand slowly moves back to his pistol.

NATE
You don't recognize him?
(singing)
Welcome to the Fun Time Frank hour!

FRANK
(singing)
I hope you like it.

NATE
(singing)
I hope you do!

Hillary's eyes are wide, pure terror in them.

NATE (CONT'D)
I'd tell my kid, but you know.

FRANK
We all do bad things, young man.
You can walk away from this and no
one will know it.

NATE
Once we get the money we'll be on
our way, Mister Jackson.
(turns to gas station
clerk)
Move it.

The Gas Station Clerk opens the drawer.

He quickly places the cash on the counter.

Both robbers point their guns at the floor.

Hillary shoves Frank and runs to the front door.

Her foot catches on the oil.

She crashes into a display stand with a thud.

The Gas Station Clerk grabs a shotgun and pulls it up.

BOOM!

Nate takes it in the chest, bleeding out on the floor.

BANG!

Vance puts a round in the Gas Station Clerk's head.

BANG!

Frank puts a round in Vance's head.

Hillary gets up and sloppily runs out of the gas station.

EXT. GAS STATION - NIGHT

Hillary runs towards the car.

Frank sprints out of the gas station after her.

She looks back and sees him getting close.

Frank tackles her to the ground and quickly pins her down.

He places the gun to her head.

She stops moving.

FRANK
Move and you die.

She looks at him and nods.

Frank stands up and walks over to the trunk.

He opens it up.

FRANK (CONT'D)
Now.

Hillary gets in.

Frank slams the trunk shut.

Police sirens wail in the distance.

Frank sprints into the car and starts it up.

The car roars to life!

Frank's sedan drives away.

BRAD RODRIGUEZ (PRE-LAP)
Radio, this is car forty-two. I'm
clocking off for the night.

INT. BRAD'S CAR - NIGHT (DRIVING)

Brad stares into the distance.

PATROLMAN (V.O.)
Radio, please confirm the plate on
that last APB, over.

RADIO OPERATOR (V.O.)
X, four, J, eight, F, Q, Z. Over.

Brad's ears perk up.

PATROLMAN (V.O.)
I think I just saw him go left on
Clay and Ninth.

RADIO OPERATOR (V.O.)
Can you confirm?

PATROLMAN (V.O.)
It looks like he's heading to the
Docks. If anyone's nearby, they can
probably confirm.

Brad takes out a police light and places it on the roof.

He grabs the radio with a tight grip.

BRAD RODRIGUEZ
Radio, this is car forty-two.
Heading that way, over.

RADIO OPERATOR (V.O.)
You just clocked out, forty-two.

BRAD RODRIGUEZ
I'm two blocks from it, I can
confirm it. Over.

INT. TRUNK - NIGHT (DRIVING)

Hillary feels around.

Her hand grabs something hard.

She pulls it close.

It's a tire iron.

EXT. THE DOCKS - NIGHT

Frank's car parks.

Frank gets out of the car, his gun in his lower back.

He walks over to the trunk and opens it up.

WHACK!

Hillary cracks Frank in the face with a tire iron.

Frank hits the ground hard.

He spits out blood and teeth.

Hillary sprints off into the darkness.

Frank gets up and sprints after her.

INT. BRAD'S CAR - NIGHT (DRIVING)

Brad spots Frank's car and pulls up nearby

EXT. THE DOCKS - NIGHT

Brad gets out of the car and looks around.

He spots a trail of blood leading into the distance.

His hands reach into her car and grab the radio.

BRAD RODRIGUEZ
Radio, this is car forty-two.
Pursuing suspect at the Docks.

EXT. BACK OF WAREHOUSE - NIGHT

Hillary runs around, sheer terror on her face.

Footsteps come after her in the distance.

Her eyes look around.

She sees a burned-out dumpster near a wall.

Hillary sprints behind it.

She puts her hand over her mouth.

Frank walks in front of the dumpster.

He looks around.

FRANK

No one is going to save you, dear.

He looks around angrily.

Her eyes are filled with fear and panic.

BANG!

She yelps.

Frank smiles.

Smoke comes off the barrel of the gun.

Footsteps approach in the distance.

FRANK (CONT'D)

You can't hide forever.

Frank looks around and aims the gun at the building.

BANG!

YELP!

Hillary looks around.

She reaches into her pocket.

Nothing.

Frank's eyes focus on the dumpster.

He takes a deep breath and focuses on it.

BANG!

Hillary yells in terror.

She looks up.

A fresh bullet hole is several feet from her head.

FRANK (CONT'D)

Please don't make this difficult.

He stares at the dumpster.

Hillary is frozen in fear.

BANG!

The bullet is closer.

FRANK (CONT'D)
I was hoping you'd want some
dignity when your life ended.

HILLARY
You don't have to do this.

FRANK
What do you expect me to do?

HILLARY
Let me go and turn yourself in.

Frank laughs.

HILLARY (CONT'D)
You said you trusted me.

FRANK
I was going to and you decided to
attack me. Twice.

HILLARY
What about your immortal soul?

FRANK
I don't see God letting me into the
same Heaven as you, Hillary.

HILLARY
What about Saint Peter? What about
the sum of your life's work being
greater than your sins?

FRANK
Years from now, after I die in
peace on a beach in Belize, I'll
see what he thinks of me.

HILLARY
They'll figure out the truth.

FRANK
Maybe they will. Maybe they won't.

BRAD RODRIGUEZ (O.S.)
Freeze!

Frank turns and sees Brad. Their eyes connect.

BANG! BANG! BANG!

Hillary screams.

Two bodies hit the ground.

Police sirens wail in the background.

Hillary gets out from behind the dumpster.

Her eyes see Brad on the ground.

Multiple gunshots in him. Her eyes dart around.

Frank is across from Brad.

A bullet hole is in his chest.

He reaches for his gun but can't get it.

Hillary's hand touches her pocket. She feels the video card.

POLICE OFFICER (O.S.)

Freeze!

A handful of POLICE OFFICERS sprint over to her.

She raises her hands and closes her eyes.

A Police Officer places handcuffs on her and takes her away.

EMT PERSONNEL emerges from the darkness.

INT. PODCAST STUDIO - DAY

Super: One Year Later

A large red sign indicates they're not recording.

Hillary sits across from podcast host EZEKIEL MORRIS (30s).

He has a bushy beard.

Hillary's hair is blonde now.

An ENGINEER watches them from a booth.

Ezekiel motions to the Engineer.

They're now recording.

FRANK (V.O.)

When one hand is looking one way
and the other hand isn't looking at
all... it's easy to stay hidden.

EZEKIEL MORRIS
That gives me the chills.

HILLARY
You and me both.

EZEKIEL MORRIS
Thank you for taking the time to listen to our sponsors on this week's version of "The Killer Inside Him." As always I'm your host, Ezekiel Morris, and today we are continuing our five-part series on the "Red Light Ripper." Joining me is the woman who documented Frank Jackson's crimes, filmmaker Hillary Drake. Thanks for coming on the show, Hillary.

HILLARY
Thanks for having me, Ezekiel.

EZEKIEL MORRIS
I watched the unedited video you posted online. I didn't sleep for a couple of nights because of it.

HILLARY
I haven't slept without Xanax ever since this happened. I'd complain but it's cheaper than Vodka.

EZEKIEL MORRIS
That's not good.

HILLARY
It's a bad joke.

EZEKIEL MORRIS
What was it like to have your childhood hero exposed like that?

HILLARY
I used to laugh whenever some incel screamed about how some change to a movie ruined their childhood.

EZEKIEL MORRIS
The one thing I'm curious about is that you went straight to the internet with this.

HILLARY

I tried the traditional route. They wanted to make some changes to it so that the conspiracy crowd would be pacified by it.

EZEKIEL MORRIS

That sort of sounds like you'd be neutering it.

HILLARY

More than sounds like.

EZEKIEL MORRIS

I thought the footage would speak for itself.

HILLARY

I put up the unedited footage, instead of the documentary I turned it into, just so people could see everything that happened.

EZEKIEL MORRIS

There's a growing amount of people who call themselves the "Real Frank's Fam" online who claim this is all a conspiracy to frame an innocent man.

HILLARY

If he's so innocent why did he flee the country?

EZEKIEL MORRIS

They claim the footage was doctored and that you framed him.

HILLARY

So the sex worker he killed was what, then?

EZEKIEL MORRIS

They claim you and Robert Majors killed her. There's a whole "second stabber" theory about it, too.

(beat)

The one thing they pointed out at the trial was that Robert's prints were on the multi-tool.

HILLARY

And yet none of the blood.

EZEKIEL MORRIS

I wish it was a joke.

HILLARY

The video shows him doing it. I had the footage verified by an independent lab from the card it was recorded on.

EZEKIEL MORRIS

I'm always amazed people could hear Liz Rodriguez's testimony and think she was lying.

HILLARY

They couldn't use it at trial and a lot of people didn't dig beyond it.

EZEKIEL MORRIS

I still don't understand that.

HILLARY

She committed a crime to get in and that was that.

EZEKIEL MORRIS

Do you think that's why the jury found him not guilty?

HILLARY

That was always my guess but I wasn't in that courtroom, either.

EZEKIEL MORRIS

I watched the trial and it seemed pretty cut and dry.

HILLARY

The jury must've not listened to the part where Frank talks about killing people.

EZEKIEL MORRIS

He said on Twitter that you guys were making a guerrilla-style feature about what it would be like to be a serial killer.

HILLARY

Are we sure it's his account?

EZEKIEL MORRIS

His lawyers would neither confirm nor deny it.

HILLARY

I tend to think that means it probably is him.

EZEKIEL MORRIS

There was a stunning photo of you on the cover of the New York Times after Frank was acquitted.

HILLARY

The foreman was a conspiracy nut. At least one of the other jurors is under financial investigation, too.

EZEKIEL MORRIS

I was expecting it to be a hung jury with one guy but not guilty just stunned me.

HILLARY

That's what you get from twelve people who couldn't get out of jury duty, I suppose.

EZEKIEL MORRIS

I noticed that you don't have any social media accounts.

HILLARY

I deleted them all before the trial.

EZEKIEL MORRIS

If you could say anything to Frank right now, what would it be?

HILLARY

I'd tell him to turn himself in and confess his sins.

EZEKIEL MORRIS

Where do you think he is?

HILLARY

I don't know. I wish I did.

EZEKIEL MORRIS

He's spotted a lot on Twitter.

HILLARY

But it's never him, right?

Ezekiel looks over to his Engineer and nods.

EZEKIEL MORRIS
We'll continue this conversation in
a moment. But first a word from
this week's sponsor Rouge Exercise
Equipment out of Des Moines, Iowa.

Ezekiel waves to the Engineer. The "On Air" sign turns off.

HILLARY
Can I get a glass of water?

The Engineer walks in with two bottles of water.

EZEKIEL MORRIS
Have you spoken to Robert's family
since this all happened?

HILLARY
His family asked me not to attend
his funeral. That hurt.

EZEKIEL MORRIS
I've got some questions about him
when you're ready.

HILLARY
I'd rather not.

Ezekiel nods.

INT. HILLARY'S APARTMENT - DAY

The Fun Time with Frank poster has been replaced by one of an
obscure foreign film.

Hillary walks in.

AMANDA DRAKE (O.S.)
You have nothing to eat in here!

Amanda emerges from the kitchen with an apron on.

She looks healthy.

HILLARY
I've been working a lot, sorry.

AMANDA DRAKE
I'm not leaving until we have a
proper meal. We need to celebrate!

HILLARY
What happened?

AMANDA DRAKE

I was getting ready and this lawyer showed up at the house.

HILLARY

Tell me you didn't sign anything.

AMANDA DRAKE

He represented your father's cousin David, from Canada. He passed and left a significant sum of money to your father.

HILLARY

Dad had a Canadian cousin?

AMANDA DRAKE

We get the money because we're his next of kin.

HILLARY

Dad's from Pittsburgh.

AMANDA DRAKE

His mother had a sister your father never told me about.

HILLARY

Grandma was an only child.

AMANDA DRAKE

The check was just too big to question it. Someone wanted to do something good for us and I could not say no.

HILLARY

How much did you get?

AMANDA DRAKE

Enough to pay off the house, my medical bills, and most of your student loans.

HILLARY

Holy shit.

AMANDA DRAKE

I got some pasta so we could celebrate this!

HILLARY

Did you cash it?

AMANDA DRAKE
This is the Lord's way of making
everything right, dear.

HILLARY
I doubt that.

AMANDA DRAKE
Can't you just be happy about this?

Hillary sits at the table.

Amanda walks into the kitchen.

Hillary goes through her mail.

She spots a postcard of a beach in Belize.

She flips it over.

HILLARY
(reading)
Dear Hillary. Belize is beautiful.
I'm enjoying the beaches and the
lack of an extradition treaty, just
like you thought I could. Tell your
mother she's welcome. I always take
care of my kids. Signed, Frank.

MATCH CUT TO:

EXT. BEACH - DAY

Super: Belize

The same beach as the postcard.

Lots of TOURISTS and LOCALS are all over.

Frank sits in a lounge chair far away from them.

He has a beard and a deep tan.

A fruity drink in his hands.

A HOOKER (40s) at the edge of the beach catches his eyes.

Frank stands up and walks over to her.

A knife is in his back pocket.

FADE OUT.