

GINGERBREAD

Written by

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Address  
Phone Number

FADE IN

EXT. BEACH - NIGHT

CARD: HAITI 1910

Under a full moon, a clan of MUSCULAR HAITIANS (30's), jog in formation, carrying a long wooden stake on their shoulders. On the stake are four white American Hostages, MALE HOSTAGES #1, #2 & #3 (20's) and a FEMALE HOSTAGE (30's), naked with their wrists and ankles tied hog style.

Their faces and bodies are painted with dried blood from inflicted cuts in the shape of voodoo symbols.

Their lips are stitched shut, crying and mumbling, trying to plead for their lives.

The Haitians disappear into the woods. The faint drumming of a hypnotic beat and tongue chanting echoes in the background.

EXT. FOREST, CLEARING - NIGHT

HAITIANS DRUMMERS (30's), sweat as they beat faster with power in each stroke. Trees around them are saturated in black sap that runs across the bark freely.

HAITIAN FOLLOWERS (ages vary), worship decapitated head pieces, praying, speaking in native tongue, possessed, showing the whites of their eyes, shaking and twitching in an outbreak of convolutions.

A pit, filled with blood. A large tree close by, drips black sap from its thorns into the pit.

The Haitians tie MALE HOSTAGES #1 & #2 and the FEMALE HOSTAGE to the trees dripping in black sap. They look at the pit, horrified.

The Haitians lift MALE HOSTAGE #3 above their heads.

The Drummer's beat shifts into a head banging drum roll.

Hostage #3 gasps his last breath, ripping through his sewed bleeding lips, then is thrown head first into the pit.

The drumming stops; everyone is silent.

In a state of shock, the Hostages are unable to blink, trembling from head to toe as the blood in the pit moves in ripples as if something is preparing to rise from it.

NANA crawls out the pit, tall, nude, curvaceous young body, wearing a head piece of a Queen Cobra. It's mouth is closed and her face hidden beneath it.

Without hesitation, the Haitian followers pray, whispering in a fast chant.

Nana stands up; the mouth on the snake head piece opens by itself, exposing her face, a beautiful Haitian woman (30's). She walks up to Male Hostage #1 and playfully scratches her long nails down his chest, burning his flesh, growling.

NANA

Are you here to bring me a present,  
white boy?

Nana seductively leans in, sliding her hands down his chest, making him jerk unexpectedly.

NANA (CONT'D)

Did you?

The sound of flesh ripping, a violent jerk reaction. The eyes of Male Hostage #1 burst outwards, hanging outside the eye sockets by the nerves, bleeding.

Nana pulls back her bloody hand, gripping the entire male anatomy.

Nana turns to her followers, holding up her closed hand, igniting into flames.

The Haitians howl, rejoicing. The drums play a haunting beat.

Nana takes off the head piece, passing it to a Haitian standing by. Her long hair falls down covering her breasts.

She walks up to HOSTAGE #2, covering his mouth with her bloody hand.

NANA (CONT'D)

Revenge is sweet but leaves a  
bitter taste in the belly of  
infidels.

Hostage #2 tries to break free, in pain, suffocating as Nana magics a serpent from the palm of her hand and into his mouth, stretching out his cheeks, gagging. It slides down his throat, flexing the muscles in his neck.

Nana pulls her hand back and stares down at the Female Hostage, holding a replica voodoo doll of her.

NANA (CONT'D)  
Good, you're scared, child. But  
this is nothing, nothing compared  
to the place I'm going to take you.

Smoke rises from the doll. The Female Hostage grits her teeth  
as she feels the same burn.

NANA (CONT'D)  
I will retrieve what was stolen  
from my people. Something that does  
not belong to you white devils!

Female Hostage's body is engulfed in a raging inferno. She  
screams as the flames absorb her body to ash.

NANA (V.O.)  
You take that message back to the  
master devil. A warning sent by  
Goth!

Nana holds the burning doll in her hand, admiring the flames.

NANA  
Your time will come, I know - Nana  
always knows.

EXT. BROTHEL HOUSE - NIGHT

SUBTITLE: COVINGTON, GA. OCTOBER 31st, 1972 - 5 AM

The strong autumn wind howls outside the large rundown  
Brothel House.

EXT. BROTHEL HOUSE, BEDROOM WINDOW - NIGHT

A brown cardboard cut-out of a Gingerbread man with a demonic  
snarling face colored in red marker is taped against the  
window from inside.

INT. BROTHEL HOUSE, HALLWAY - NIGHT

The Autumn breeze whistles through the cracked walls in one  
direction leading up to a closed bedroom door.

INT. BROTHEL HOUSE, BEDROOM - NIGHT

The room is sparsely furnished, rundown with badly chipped  
and cracked walls.

A twin size bed is positioned in the middle of the room. The outline of GINGERBREAD's body quivers in a fetal position underneath the blanket.

GINGERBREAD

(crying)

Why? You promised me. You said I don't ever have to do it again!  
Why?

Suddenly, Gingerbread wrestles wildly in a tense struggle for control. After a few seconds, the struggle stops. Gingerbread sits straight up, quilt covering his body like a ghost. He gets out of bed.

NANA (V.O.)

You pathetic weakling! How dare you lie in bed like a baby with your balls tucked between your legs like a coward! You have a lot to learn, Gingerbread!

(raised voice)

YOU WILL TAKE THOSE DEVILS TO THE LEARNING TREE! TEACH THEM THAT THEIR CRIES WON'T BE ANSWERED BY GOD AND THEIR SCREAMS WILL ECHO IN HELL!

EXT. BROTHEL HOUSE, PERIMETER - NIGHT

The blustery winds intensifies, picking up the loose red clay and grit from the ground. The dust cloud rotates in a circular motion around the house forming a funnel of dirt.

Suddenly, the imprint face of an elderly black woman forms from the loose debris. A wicked eerie voice screams.

INT. BROTHEL HOUSE, BEDROOM - NIGHT

The quilt blanket falls to the floor.

Gingerbread (15) black male, tall, slender build with bizarre facial twitches stands motionless in a deep cold euphoric expression. His eyes roll to the back of his head displaying a demonic stare.

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - DAY - FLASHBACK

Gingerbread's grandmother NANA (very old) bedridden, with matted corn rolls appears frail and weaken.

She can barely open her eyes turning her head at Gingerbread who's at her bed side in tears, holding her hand in comfort. She replies with a smile, squeezing his hand tight.

NANA

Tyrone?

GINGERBREAD

(crying)

I told you to call me, Gingerbread.

NANA

Gingerbread?

Nana licks her finger and scribbles a heart symbol on his cheek.

NANA (CONT'D)

You'll always be Tyrone Henry to me!

GINGERBREAD

Mom says you're dying.

Nana looks away, her mind drifts in thought.

GINGERBREAD (CONT'D)

I don't want you to leave me, Nana.

NANA

Death opens doors for us to exist in the after life.

Nana looks back at Gingerbread.

NANA (CONT'D)

You'll never be alone, my grandson.

(soothing)

If you open the door, I'll come inside.

EXT. CEMETERY - DAY

A large crowd of FAMILIES and FRIENDS are gathered at the burial site of Nana.

With a blank look on his face, Gingerbread stares at the coffin looking sick, feeling lost.

The PRIEST continues reading from the bible.

PRIEST

Our father in heaven, hallowed be  
your name. Your kingdom come, your  
will be done, on Earth, as it is in  
heaven. Gives us this day our daily  
bread, and forgive us our debts, as  
we also have forgiven our debtors.  
And lead us not into temptation...

(to Gingerbread)

...but deliver us from evil.

Bitterly, Gingerbread stares at the Priest.

INT. ATTORNEYS OFFICE - DAY

Seated at a conference table is Nana's ATTORNEY. He  
gives Gingerbread an unique well crafted gingerbread house.

ATTORNEY

I promised Nana to give this to  
you. She said you have a sweet  
tooth for Gingerbread.

Fascinated, Gingerbread stares at the front door.

GINGERBREAD

It's Nana's house.

NANA (V.O.)

If you open the door, I'll come  
inside.

INT. BROTHEL HOUSE, BEDROOM - NIGHT

In the dark, sitting on the bed in his underwear, Gingerbread  
stares at the gingerbread house on the floor. The door cracks  
open.

NANA (V.O.)

If you open the door, I'll come  
inside.

Gingerbread's eyes roll to the back of his head. He leaps off  
the bed, landing on the gingerbread house and smashing it.

Like a deranged maniac he shoves hand fulls of smashed  
gingerbread pieces into his mouth, gagging and chewing the  
awful taste, black cream oozing from the gingerbread,  
blackening his mouth and lips.

In agony, clutching his throat with both hands, Gingerbread spits up black saliva, drooling on his hands, struggling to breathe.

He collapses on the floor. A stream of smoke rises from his mouth as if a spirit is escaping from him.

Suddenly, Gingerbread's eyes snap open.

INT. BROTHEL HOUSE, BEDROOM - DAY

Sunrise - 7 AM

From a window, a ray of sunlight shines from the hallway. Gingerbread exits the bedroom closing the door behind him.

INT. BROTHEL HOUSE, HALLWAY - DAY

Gingerbread looks to the left side of the hallway at the row of closed bedroom doors.

He hears the pleasures of moans coming from various WOMEN having sex. The sound of bed springs squeaking out of rhythm. The sound of horny MEN grunting in satisfaction.

NANA (V.O.)

Whores Gingerbread, just like your mother. The devil has poisoned their souls with lust. Listen to them fornicate like filthy animals.

INT. BROTHEL HOUSE, DINING ROOM - DAY

Gingerbread grabs his book bag and jacket from the table, which is strewn with empty alcohol bottles and drug paraphernalia.

INT. BROTHEL HOUSE, LIVING ROOM - DAY

Gingerbread walks towards the front door. The body of his mother, TONYA HENRY - (32), lies on the floor in front of the couch. She is beautiful, tall slender build with long black hair. She is unconscious and wearing a housecoat with nothing underneath, exposing parts of her nude body.

Gingerbread kneels down at her side, brushing her hair back gently.



INT. BROTHEL HOUSE, HALLWAY - NIGHT - FLASHBACK

The PROSTITUTES (20's to 30's) are standing outside their bedrooms staring at Tonya's closed door, listening to C.J losing his temper on Tonya.

C.J

I want my money, bitch! You think I'm playing about? You better think again, mothafucka!

C.J slapping Tonya is heard through the door.

CUT TO:

INT. BROTHEL HOUSE, BEDROOM - NIGHT

Crying, a bruised and bloody Tonya crawls up, leaning against the wall.

C.J picks up her purse, going through her items.

C.J

I don't give a damn about your punk ass son being sick! You work for me, not him!

Frustrated, he throws the purse down, walks to her dresser and pulls out drawers, throwing her clothes out.

Shaken Tonya stands up.

He reaches inside the drawer looking for something.

Tonya leans against the wall looking like a complete mess with mascara running down her face.

She wipes away the blood from her mouth with her sleeve, pleading to C.J.

TONYA

Just let me go! Please C.J, there's something wrong with me, something ain't right! I've been having these fucking migraine headaches that won't go away, I'm feeling dizzy all the time, and I can't remember anything from yesterday!

C.J pulls out a taped envelope flashing it at Tonya.

TONYA (CONT'D)

I'm begging you to let me go!

CJ walks over to Tonya, dropping the money on the bed and pulling out a loaded syringe from his coat pocket.

C.J  
You wanna go somewhere? You're  
looking to take a little trip? I  
got the answer for your problems.

Out of fear, Tonya moves away from C.J, sliding back against the wall.

TONYA  
No! Keep that away from me!

C.J lunges over at Tonya who tries to fight back but is overpowered. He injects the drug into her neck, easing Tonya down to the floor in a sitting position with her head down.

C.J  
Look at me - Look at me!

Tonya stares at C.J, looking and feeling rejuvenated and healed, a twinkle in her eye.

C.J strokes her cheek.

C.J (CONT'D)  
Now, I want you to get up, go back  
to the club, and shake that money  
making ass I own till the wheels  
fall off. You dig?

Tonya nods mechanically.

C.J (CONT'D)  
Go make that paper, baby girl.

Tonya gets up, exiting the room.

INT. BROTHEL HOUSE, HALLWAY - NIGHT

Tonya walks past the Prostitutes who look on quietly.

C.J (V.O.)  
(yelling out to  
prostitutes)  
Get in your rooms.

The Prostitutes filter into their rooms terrified.

INT. BROTHEL HOUSE, BEDROOM - NIGHT

C.J stands up hearing a faint whisper in his ear.

NANA (V.O)  
The devil will cry.

C.J stares at the bed pushing it aside.

A gingerbread cookie resembling C.J stares at him.

END OF FLASHBACK

INT. BROTHEL HOUSE, LIVING ROOM - DAY

Gingerbread pulls the throw off the couch, covering Tonya.

GINGERBREAD  
She's still my mother, Nana.

Gingerbread licks his finger drawing a symbol on her cheek,  
gets up, walks out the front door.

EXT. BUS STOP - DAY

Gingerbread sits on a wooden fence in front of an abandoned house.

In the distance, a School Bus approaches.

The Bus stops in front of Gingerbread. The doors open.

INT. BUS - DAY

Slowly, Gingerbread walks onto the Bus.

THE BUS DRIVER greets Gingerbread with a smirk.

BUS DRIVER  
Let move it, I ain't got all morning.

Gingerbread pays the Bus Driver and takes a seat behind him. He unzips the pocket of his book bag, removing a clear plastic bag of frosted gingerbread cookies. He takes a cookie out and eats it, staring out the window in silence.

STUDENTS seated directly behind and across from Gingerbread, quietly move to the back of the Bus.

The Bus is completely silent as it sets off.

EXT. RURAL ROAD - DAY

The School Bus drives along the road.

INT. SCHOOL BUS - DAY

MIDDLE SECTION

MICHAEL CLARK (15) leans over and catches the ears of ANDREW THOMAS (15) and PAUL WRIGHT (15) who sit in front of him.

MICHAEL  
(California accent)  
Hey Andrew, what's with the black  
kid up front?

Andrew and Paul glance at each other turning back towards Michael.

ANDREW  
Look, just keep your distance from  
him. Don't talk to him. Don't look  
at him.

PAUL  
Trust us; you don't want to fuck  
with that crazy motherfucker.

MICHAEL  
What's his name?

ANDREW  
They call him the Gingerbread Man.

Michael laughs out loud.

MICHAEL  
The Gingerbread Man? What kind of  
name is that?

PAUL  
Shush, geez man, do you want him to  
hear you?

ANDREW  
Seriously, don't mess with him.

Michael stares at him, a grin of curiosity in his face.

Staring out the window, Gingerbread talks to himself as he eats the cookies.

Quickly, Andrew grabs Michael by his shirt collar pulling him close to his face.

ANDREW (CONT'D)

Look asshole! If you want to sign your death warrant, be my guest, but don't get curious about him around us!

Andrew releases his hold on Michael turning back, facing the front of the bus.

Michael waits for a second, leaning back into Paul's ear.

MICHAEL

So he's like sick or something? I mean, shouldn't he be locked in a nut house, wearing a straight jacket or some type of shock therapy?

Paul turns to Michael.

PAUL

He's a serial killer.

With a look of disbelief, Michael continues to smirk.

MICHAEL

Bullshit, prove it?

PAUL

(to Andrew)  
He wants to hear it.

ANDREW

Whatever.

EXT. JARVIS DEALERSHIP, LOT - NIGHT - FLASHBACK

Driven by anger, Gingerbread swings a crowbar busting out the headlights and windows of expensive luxury cars, he pours gasoline in the front seats.

PAUL (V.O.)

Well - I can't say for sure what started it, but one thing is for sure, Gingerbread was out for revenge!

Using a burning rag on a stick, Gingerbread ignites the fires and then runs across the street to his parked bike leaning against the side dumpster of a corner store.

Like a bomb, the cars detonate into exploding fireballs, shooting out flying debris in a chain reaction

Smiling, Gingerbread admires his work, takes off riding his bike away from the scene.

CUT TO:

EXT. DIRT ROAD - NIGHT

Casually, Gingerbread is riding his bike eating gingerbread cookies while humming "Sweet Gingerbread Man."

CUT TO:

EXT. MATRIX LABORATORIES - NIGHT

Deep within the woods and surrounded by an electrical chain link fence a foot high, is the ranch style compound sitting on several acres of land.

A slow moving SECURITY PATROL CAR circles the compound.

CUT TO:

INT. SECURITY CAR - NIGHT

The SECURITY GUARD, overweight is smoking a joint, drinking a beer, and listening to country music, not paying attention.

CUT TO:

EXT. MATRIX LABORATORY, FRONT ENTRANCE - NIGHT

Gingerbread runs behind the patrol car up to the security keypad entering a pass code, entering inside the facility.

INT. MATRIX LABORATORY, STORE ROOM - NIGHT

Gingerbread steals vials of experimental serum out the storage containers in a refrigerator, filling his back pack, zips it shut, and throws it on across his shoulders.

He runs between various work stations, turning on the Bunsen burners and releasing gases.

CUT TO:

EXT. MATRIX LABORATORY, WINDOW - NIGHT

Gingerbread climbs out of the lab window, leaning back against the side of the building. He takes out a Molotov Cocktail from his back pack lighting the cloth with Harley Davidson cigarette lighter.

SECURITY GUARD (V.O.)  
Hey you over there!

At the end of the building the Security Guard shines a flashlight and takes chase after Gingerbread.

Quickly, Gingerbread steps back like a quarterback throwing the lit bottle through the window. He pulls his bike from behind the bush riding off in a burst of speed.

The Security Guard pulls his fire arm, shooting at Gingerbread as he penetrates the fence through a man made slit, disappearing in the woods.

The lab blows up in a powerful explosion knocking the security guard off his feet.

Stunned, the Security Guard makes an emergency call on his CB radio.

SECURITY GUARD  
Dispatch! There's been an explosion  
- a big one. The whole place is up.  
I need the fire department over at  
Matrix Technologies.

The lab explodes again.

INT. MAYOR'S MANSION, OFFICE - NIGHT

Wearing his reading glasses, Mayor JARVIS is signing paper work, answering the telephone on the second ring.

JARVIS  
Yes - what?

Jarvis stops writing, taking off his glasses, looking very alarmed.

JARVIS (CONT'D)  
When? What the hell happened? What  
the fuck am I paying you for?  
Where's O'Brien? You tell that son  
of a bitch to be there in fifteen  
minutes!

Jarvis drops the phone, running out the office.

EXT. MATRIX LABORATORIES - NIGHT

The remains of west wing of the ranch is burned down to the ground, surrounded by DEPUTY SHERIFFS and local FIRE FIGHTERS.

The FIRE MARSHALL (40's) gives Sheriff O'BRIEN a dirty plastic bag taking a look inside.

O'BRIEN  
That son of a bitch!

Driving up in a sports car and getting out, Jarvis runs up to Sheriff O'Brien and deputies demanding answers.

JARVIS  
(screaming)  
I want the motherfucker who's  
responsible for this buried twelve  
feet under! I want names O'Brien!  
Who's trying to fuck with me!

O'Brien opens the bag showing Jarvis the contents inside.

JARVIS (CONT'D)  
I want that cookie eating bastard  
dealt with! He's gotta be working  
with that trailer trash reporter  
Tina Rush! Deal with it!

Jarvis jams a folded envelope into O'Brien's chest taking it as Jarvis storms off to look at the damages. He unfolds the envelope marked "Classified," on the back is well drawn picture of Mayor Jarvis in the form of a bleeding gingerbread.

EXT. WOODS - NIGHT

Deep in the woods, an unconscious Gingerbread is viciously beaten, tortured, and tied to a large tree branch by his hands above his head hanging off the ground in his underwear.

Two local HUNTERS (60's) stand speechless staring at the body.

ANDREW (V.O.)  
Mayor Jarvis figured the best way  
to deal with the threat was to make  
Gingerbread's death look like a  
hate crime.



INT. HOSPITAL ICU - DAY

Attending MEDICAL PHYSICIAN (50's) and NURSES (30's) revives an unconscious Gingerbread using a defibrillator.

DOCTOR  
Everyone! Clear!

The Nurses step back. Gingerbread's body jerks in response of the electric shock.

The EKG monitor registers a pulse.

ANDREW (V.O.)  
He died and came back to life three times.

EXT. STREET CORNER - DAY

Local town thugs GAGE O'BRIEN (17) and his CREW (16 to 17) are hanging out, smoking cigarettes, and drinking soda pop in front of a hang out joint trying to impress a group of GIRLS (16 to 17) in a park convertible.

ANDREW (V.O.)  
The town rumor is that the sheriff's son Gage, and his butt fucking buddies did this. Believe it or not but that's how color people are treated in the dirty south. I don't agree with it, but that's the way it is.

EXT. INDUSTRIAL DISTRICT - DAY

Dressed in black, Gingerbread, wearing a matching back pack rides up to the doors, sliding to a complete stop. He unzips his pack filled with tools, taking out a crow bar, breaking off the padlock, entering inside.

INT. GARAGE HOUSE, 2ND FLOOR - DAY

In a fit of rage, Gingerbread turns over storage shelves, flammable storage lockers, and barrel drums filled with fluids, spilling through the crated floor down to the first floor.

INT. GARAGE HOUSE - 1ST FLOOR - DAY

Gingerbread is standing in the middle of the floor with his hand on fire, admiring the flames running through his fingers.

NANA (V.O.)  
We're going to burn all the rats in  
one hole!

EXT. INDUSTRIAL DISTRICT - NIGHT

Gingerbread is riding between abandoned steel refinery buildings, being chased by a group of BULLIES (16 TO 18) in hot pursuit.

Out of nowhere, Gingerbread is blindsided and tackled to the ground by the sheriff's son GAGE (17), slightly overweight with curly hair jumping to his feet kicking him in the stomach.

GAGE  
Come on you black piece of shit!  
Get up!

The crew of bullies catches up, jumps off their bikes, grabbing Gingerbread by his arms picking him up.

GAGE (CONT'D)  
Hold him!

One of the bigger bullies, BULLY #1 (17) applies a vice grip full nelson on Gingerbread.

Gage delivers several hard blows to his mid section making him cough hard.

BULLY #1  
You better mind your master boy!

BULLY #2 & #3 laugh in amusement.

Anxiously, Gage rubs his fist ready to rumble.

GAGE  
Check his pockets.

Bullies #2 & #3 check Gingerbread's pockets.

Bully #2 pulls out a plastic zip bag of weed from his jacket.

BULLY #2  
Oh shit! Jackpot!

BULLY #3  
Well hello, Mary Jane!

GINGERBREAD  
Give it back, you fucking devils!

Gage kicks Gingerbread in the groin making him fall to the ground holding his crutch in pain.

Gage takes the bag of weed, examining it.

GAGE  
Since I'm the sheriff's son, that gives me the right to confiscate this illegal substance and put it to use, bitch!

Gage and his crew kick Gingerbread several more times, riding off behind the building.

INT. STORAGE GARAGE - NIGHT

The room is surrounded by old wooden crates and drum barrels. The floor is soaked and gritty.

Gage is ready to light the joint placing it between his lips.

GAGE  
Give me a light.

Bully #1 gives gage a book of matches.

BULLY #1  
There's a couple left.

Bully #2 is looking around the warehouse.

BULLY #2  
Aye, are you sure it's okay to smoke in here.

BULLY #3  
Stop being a pussy, everything is cool.

EXT. STORAGE GARAGE - NIGHT

Gingerbread secures the sliding doors with a chain and lock. He runs, getting inside an old tow truck facing the garage.

INT. STORAGE GARAGE - NIGHT

Gage lights the joint, throwing the lit match to the ground.

INT. TOW TRUCK - NIGHT

Waiting in anticipation, Gingerbread is eating gingerbread cookies.

Suddenly, the entire garage blows up in the a powerful fireball explosion.

Gingerbread exits the vehicle getting on his bike riding away.

INT. TOW TRUCK - NIGHT

In the driver seat is a gingerbread cookie resembling Gage.

ANDREW (V.O.)

There were no witnesses, and the only piece of evidence at the scene was gingerbread cookie.

END OF FLASHBACK

EXT. WASHINGTON HIGH SCHOOL, CLASSROOM - DAY

MRS. JUDY WILKINS, a conservative teacher (36) along with BECKY RICE (25) an attractive assistant, pass out copies of the school play to the STUDENTS, who talk amongst each other with excitement.

Gingerbread sits in the back of the class, fiddling with his fingers obsessively and with an evil look in his eyes.

Mrs. Wilkins stands at the front of the class.

MRS. WILKINS

Settle down, settle down class. Please open to the first page to the cast of characters - you'll find your names assigned to the parts you'll be playing.

The Students turn to the first page.

NICHOLAS GRANT (15) athletic build, pumps his fist in approval after finding his name.

NICHOLAS

Thank you stage gods, I'm playing  
the prince again!

Sitting across from Michael, JESSICA PIERCE (15) a curly red head with freckles, stares at him playfully. She leans over to Michael.

JESSICA

They got it both right this time.

Nicholas blushes with a smile.

NICHOLAS

The part I'm going to like is the  
ending.

JESSICA

You mean when we kiss each other.

TUCKER JONES (15) a chunky teen with acne issues, sits behind Michael. He yells out.

TUCKER

Mrs. Wilkins, you might wanna tell  
Romeo and Juliet that we're doing a  
G-rated play and not a porn flick.

The STUDENTS laugh.

JESSICA

You're just mad that no one wants  
to kiss your crater face - it looks  
like the back of your mothers fat  
ass!

The Students burst out laughing even louder.

Mrs. Wilkins claps her hands to gain control of the class.

MRS. WILKINS

Alright, alright that's enough from  
both of you!

Jessica glares at Tucker, flipping him the middle finger.

MRS. WILKINS (CONT'D)

I'm expecting everyone to act like  
respectable ladies and gentlemen.  
Remember, Mayor Jordan will be in  
attendance, so I expect all of you  
to be on your best behavior.

Abruptly, Gingerbread slams a book on top of the desk.

Everyone turns gasping at him.

GINGERBREAD

Why am I not in the devils play?

Mrs. Wilkins gulps. The class turn to her.

GINGERBREAD (CONT'D)

Why can't I be the prince who  
kisses Jessica in front of  
everyone?

The classroom remains completely silent. Jessica turns to the front scared.

Mrs. Wilkins looks frightened, nervous, rubbing her hands together.

MRS. WILKINS

Well, um, that's because um, you'll  
be playing a special part.

Mrs. Wilkins turns to Mrs. Rice as she steps up to the class.

MRS. RICE

That's right, you're going to be  
playing the role of the - the  
Gingerbread Man.

The Student body gasps at Mrs. Wilkins. Even Mrs. Wilkins looks aghast.

JESSICA

I cannot believe Mrs. Rice just  
suggested that.

Gingerbread narrows his eyes and grins devilishly.

EXT. TRACK FIELD - DAY

A group of students stretching out on the grassy lawn; RYAN CLARK (16), CRYSTAL SUMMERS (16), BRIE ANDERSON (15),

CHRISTOPHER THOMAS (16), TOM BOHEMIAN (16), AND ROBERT MILLS (15).

Billy looks up seeing Gingerbread along the fence line on the far end of the field. He turns tapping Ryan on the shoulder stretching next to him.

BILLY

Hey, didn't you tell me the next time you saw that black spook, you were going to kick his ass?

Billy points to Gingerbread walking down field. Everyone looks in the same direction. Ryan stands up.

RYAN

Hell yeah, his ass is mine!

Everyone stands. Tom steps in front of Ryan.

TOM

Wait a minute! Are you sure you want to do that?

BRIE

Remember what happened to Gage and his crew.

ROBERT

Burned crispy critters beyond recognition.

CRYSTAL

And he got away with it.

Ryan stares at everyone, raising his voice in anger.

RYAN

Are you telling me you're more afraid of him than me? You're all a bunch of pussies.

Ryan step into Christopher's face.

RYAN (CONT'D)

What about you?

Christopher looks unsure of himself.

CHRISTOPHER

Yeah. I'm - I'm with you Ryan.

EXT. FOOTBALL FIELD - DAY

Brie, Billy, Crystal, Robert, Tom, Christopher and Ryan walk in the direction of Gingerbread.

Brie elbows Billy in the shoulder.

BRIE

Why did you have to open your pie  
hole?

Billy shrugs his shoulders with guilt.

BILLY

I didn't think he would actually go  
through it.

Everyone stops near the fence line.

Ryan pushes Christopher forward.

Christopher hesitates for a second looking back at Ryan who  
squints his eyes, squeezes his lips tightly and flashes his  
fist in a threatening manner.

Christopher takes a deep breath as he walks up to Gingerbread  
from behind.

CHRISTOPHER

Hey, nigger!

Gingerbread ignores Christopher but his eyes tell a different  
story.

Christopher turns back to the group.

CHRISTOPHER (CONT'D)

Now what?

RYAN

(yelling out) )  
Go kick his black ass!

Christopher moves closer, grabbing Gingerbread by the back of  
his jacket, turning him around.

Out of nowhere, Gingerbread throws a large RODENT with its  
jaws fully extended into Christopher's face.

Christopher screams with his arms flying outwards. The head  
of the rodent enters inside his mouth, biting down on his  
tongue. Squirting blood runs down his chin.

BRIE

Oh my god.

BILLY

What's he doing?

Everyone jumps back in horror.



In a fit of panic, Christopher screams at the top of his voice, the rodent clawing his face, gagging, choking on his blood.

With all of his might, Christopher pulls the rodent out tearing off a piece his tongue in the process. Out of shock, he falls to his knees vomiting a combination of blood and digested lunch.

The rodent, with part of Christopher's tongue in mouth, runs off into the trees line of the woods.

Christopher rolls on the ground in agonizing pain with his hands over his mouth. The heavy flow of blood leaks between his fingers.

Crystal vomits.

Billy passes out falling to the ground.

Brie hyperventilates, desperately gasping for air.

Ryan, Robert, and Tom take off running in separate directions.

Gingerbread leans back against the fence, laughing.

EXT. HIGH SCHOOL, FRONT ENTRANCE - DAY

PARAMEDIC #1 - female and PARAMEDIC #2 - male, wheel Christopher onto the stretcher moaning in discomfort and crying. His mouth is filled with a blood-soaked gauze held by a metal clamp.

Christopher is loaded into the ambulance. Paramedic #1 jumps in with Christopher. Paramedic #2 slams shut the back doors.

INT. HIGH SCHOOL, PRINCIPAL'S OFFICE - DAY

Principal JOHN BRADLEY (50's), stands in front of the window watching the ambulance driving off with the siren blaring.

School psychiatrist, DR. JANICE BARNES and head security officer BENNY GORDON are seated in front of the principal's desk.

Upset, Principal Bradley shakes his head in disgust pacing behind his desk with his hands in his pockets.

PRINCIPAL BRADLEY

For Christ sakes, please explain what the hell that kid was thinking of? He used a fucking rat as a weapon to chew out a student's tongue!

DR. BARNES

I've evaluated, Tyrone. Without question he has severe psychotic disorders.

BENNY

More like demonic possession if you ask me.

Principal Bradley stops with a scowl look.

PRINCIPAL BRADLEY

Psychotic disorders! Demonic possession! You mean to tell me this lunatic has been running loose in my school and no one knew anything about his mental health?

DR. BARNES

I'm afraid not. I will say that Tyrone has been dealing with this from a very young age.

Frustrated, Principal Bradley sits down behind the desk, rubbing his hands over his face.

PRINCIPAL BRADLEY

Did you get a hold of his mother?

DR. BARNES

No, their phone is disconnected.

PRINCIPAL BRADLEY

What about her place of employment?

BENNY

I've heard several students mention that Tyrone's mother works at the strip club "Dixie Chicks" during the day.

PRINCIPAL BRADLEY

Wonderful. Where's Tyrone?

BENNY

Roger is watching him in detention.  
I hate to say it, but that kid  
gives me the creeps.

Principal Bradley picks up the phone dialing out a number.

PRINCIPAL BRADLEY

You and I both - hey it's John - um  
listen, I need you to come by the  
school as soon as possible, we have  
a serious situation involving  
Tyrone Henry.

INT. HIGH SCHOOL, DETENTION CLASSROOM - DAY

Small classroom with no windows. Security officer ROGER SMITH  
(50's), is asleep behind the desk with his legs up.

At the back of the room, Gingerbread slowly gets up from his  
seat, walking quietly up to the desk with his hand behind his  
back. He grips a large pair of scissors, looking at the  
closed door and then back at Roger.

INT. HIGH SCHOOL, OUTSIDE DETENTION ROOM - DAY

The detention door opens. Gingerbread stands in the doorway  
with his face and clothes covered in blood. He exits the room  
turning down the hallway.

INT. HIGH SCHOOL, DETENTION ROOM - DAY

Roger lies on the floor behind the desk in a massive pool of  
blood with the scissors pierced through both sides of his  
neck.

INT. HIGH SCHOOL, CORRIDOR - DAY

Unnoticed, Gingerbread runs full sprint.

INT. HIGH SCHOOL, STAIRWAY - DAY

In a mad rush, Gingerbread runs down the stairs.

INT. HIGH SCHOOL, BASEMENT - DAY

Gingerbread leaps from the steps down to the basement floor,  
running through the corridor.

INT. HIGH SCHOOL, MAINTENANCE OFFICE - DAY

Gingerbread stands outside the door, turning the door knob slowly, the door opens. He walks up to the railing of the stairway looking down.

BOTTOM SECTION - WORK SPACE

Ryan stands in the middle of the work shop smoking a JOINT, staring out the window.

Outside, the JANITORS are cutting the lawn.

From behind, Gingerbread picks up a coil of rope off the floor, wrapping the ends around his hands.

Ryan continues staring out the window taking a long deep drag from the joint.

Without warning, Gingerbread jumps on Ryan's back looping the rope around his neck, wrapping his legs around his waist, pulling back with a sick psychotic look of desperation.

NANA (V.O.)

Kill him Gingerbread! Kill the Devil!

Ryan is choking, grabbing the ends of the rope, struggling to breathe.

Viciously, Gingerbread bites down on Ryan's ear ripping off a piece of cartilage. Blood gushes down the side of his neck.

They both fall backward against the storage shelves collapsing on top of them. Several miscellaneous items, including a metal mallet falls to the floor.

Ryan flips Gingerbread over his shoulders down to the concrete floor. He dives for the mallet grabbing it with his finger tips.

In a blind rage, Gingerbread jumps on Ryan, grabbing a hand full of hair, repeatedly slamming his face into the cement floor.

Ryan's bloody front teeth fly out from his mouth. He screams, twisting his body, swinging the mallet striking Gingerbread across the head, knocking him backwards to the ground bleeding from a head wound.

Ryan staggers to his feet screaming.

RYAN

You're dead, nigger!

Aggressively, Ryan charges Gingerbread with his back turned holding the mallet high above his head with both hands.

At the last second, Gingerbread turns, throwing a clear liquid (acid) substance from a jar into Ryan's face.

In excruciating pain, Ryan drops the mallet covering his face with both hands. The chemical vapors rise from Ryan's blistered face. Blindly, he screams, trying to feel his way stumbling in a circle lost.

RYAN (CONT'D)

Ah! My fucking face! I can't see!  
Help me! Someone fucking help me!

Gingerbread picks up the mallet from the floor, moving around Ryan in circles.

NANA (V.O.)

Kill the fucking devil! The devil  
needs to die! Kill the fucking  
devil!

(Shouting)

THE DEVIL NEEDS TO DIE!

Repeatedly, Gingerbread strikes Ryan across the head. He stumbles backwards into the work station next to a mounted table vice.

Gingerbread grabs a dazed Ryan by the hair, turning his body face first inside the teeth of the table vice. Firmly, he presses his weight on top of Ryan's back side turning the knob on the steering wheel, closing the large clamps tightly against Ryan's skull.

RYAN

STOP IT! STOP IT!

Reaching across the table, Gingerbread picks up a plugged in power drill with a long drilling bit.

With a sadistic smile on his face, Gingerbread presses the drill bit against the back of Ryan's neck.

The buzzing sound of the drill twists grinding through Ryan's skull. All we see is Gingerbread's face being splattered with blood. Ryan screams in a high pitch squeal for a several heart pounding seconds. The sound of his throat vomits in a mixture of blood and saliva in a gurgling manner.

EXT. BROTHEL HOUSE, DINING ROOM - DAY

Tonya paces nervously, smoking a cigarette to calm her nerves.

TONYA

I can't believe you pulled this shit again, Tyrone. The entire town is probably out looking to kill you - and there's nothing I can do to protect you anymore. I can't handle this anymore - I'm sorry.

Tonya grabs her coat from around the dining room chair.

INT. BROTHEL HOUSE, LIVING ROOM - DAY

Tonya walks over to the couch, grabbing her packed duffel bag.

Suddenly, the front door flies open. Startled, Tonya jumps back dropping her bag.

Gingerbread stands in the doorway breathing hard.

TONYA

Tyrone, what the fuck!

Gingerbread walks inside the living room, slamming the front door shut.

NANA (V.O.)

Going somewhere, Coco?

Tonya's face turns white as a ghost in fear, unable to comprehend what she just heard.

TONYA

Oh my God. The only person to ever call me by that name is, Nana.

With a devilish grin, Gingerbread walks up to Tonya.

NANA (V.O.)

That's right, Coco. The past year I've been reunited with my grandson, guiding and protecting my Gingerbread from those white devils. And now is the time to see that everyone pays for what they did to him.

Tonya thinks out loud.

TONYA

(to Gingerbread) )

It was you -- you've turned my son into a killer. You're responsible for what happened in school today!

With rage in her eyes Tonya walks up to Gingerbread.

TONYA (CONT'D)

You've got the entire town looking for my son! Do you realize they're going to kill him. How could you do this to my son, you evil bitch!?

NANA (V.O.)

You should be thanking me for giving a weak boy the back bone he needs to deal with those devils.

Tonya grabs hold of Gingerbread's arms.

TONYA

The only devil I see is you. I want my son back damn it! GIVE HIM BACK TO ME!

Gingerbread laughs at Tonya.

NANA (V.O.)

Give my grandson back to a filthy, dried up whore? No, Gingerbread doesn't need a junkie in his life anymore. I will take care of him.

Unexpectedly, the front flies opened. C.J. walks into the living room towards Gingerbread.

C.J.

There's the mothafuckin psychopath, you sick bastard. You don't have to worry about spending the rest of your life in prison. They're going to hang your black-ass from the same tree where they left you to die, nigga.

Tonya steps in front of C.J., pleading for her son's life.

TONYA

C.J. listen to me. I know this is going to sound crazy but Tyrone didn't do this by himself. You got to believe me.

(MORE)

TONYA (CONT'D)

Some how my Nana is behind this,  
she's behind everything.

C.J.

Bitch! Get the fuck outta my face  
with that bullshit, I ain't fallen  
for that! He's got everyone in this  
town believing that he's possessed  
by his dead grandmother.

TONYA

I - I know it sounds fucked up but  
its the truth! She spoke to me! If  
you only give me a chance to...

C.J viciously back hand slaps Tonya across the face. She  
falls on top of the coffee table shattering the glass and  
breaking the frame into pieces.

C.J. pulls out a pistol from the waist band of his pants  
pointing the weapon at Gingerbread staring back unafraid.

Unnoticed, Tonya grabs a broken table leg with a number of  
nail exposed on the end.

C.J.

(to Gingerbread) )

Don't worry Tonya, your son and I  
are going to finish the whipping  
game I started days ago. Today, you  
were short on my money. So I'm  
gonna tap dance on your punk ass  
son just like a slave master - just  
like the last time.

In a flash, Tonya grunts, hammering C.J.'s foot with the  
table leg, piercing the long nails through his shoe.

C.J. screams in pain. He accidentally fires a single round  
from the pistol shattering a table-top vase into pieces.

TONYA

(shouting) )

RUN TYRONE!

Without hesitation, Gingerbread takes off running into the  
hallway.

C.J., off balance from his injured foot, fires several shots  
at Gingerbread.

C.J.

Damn it!



INT. BROTHEL HOUSE, EDROOM - DAY

Telepathically, the bed slides across the floor blocking the door.

Gingerbread removes a loose floor board in the center of the room taking out rolls of money, cassette tapes, and vial capsules into his book bag.

INT. BROTHEL HOUSE, LIVING ROOM - DAY

Tonya charges at C.J., swinging the table leg at his head.

C.J. ducks under the attack, comes up pistol whipping Tonya in the face with a back handed blow.

Tonya is knocked down to the floor. Her cheek bone is cut, bleeding, and badly swollen.

A pissed off C.J., grabs Tonya by her hair dragging her body across the floor pressing the barrel of the pistol against her temple.

C.J.

I'm gonna splatter your fucking  
brains all over this floor if you  
don't call him back bitch!

Suddenly, the front door is kicked in.

MAYOR JARVIS JORDAN (40's) slick black hair combed back with a deep southern accent walks inside the living room. He's followed by four of his HENCHMEN (20's) armed with shot guns.

JARVIS

Now that's no way to treat my  
prized possession.

C.J. let's Tonya go glaring at Jarvis.

TONYA

Fuck you!

An amused Jarvis turns back to his men laughing.

JARVIS

Fuck me? We did that last night  
remember?

(to Tonya) )

I had to brag to my boys on how  
talented you are. Maybe if you  
cooperate, I'll let them sample a  
little something.

Jarvis walks around the living room.

JARVIS (CONT'D)

But right now, I'm here about business. Something that your son continues to stick his nose into. Your boy has something that belongs to me and I'm gonna get it back, one way or another.

INT. HIGH SCHOOL, MAINTENANCE OFFICE - DAY

The School janitor GUS RICHARDS (50's), leads Sheriff STEVE O'BRIEN (30's), Sheriff Deputies: DANIEL PATRICK (20's), MARCUS RUSSELL (20's), SAM WALKER (20's), and LISA JONES (20's), down the metal stairs through the maintenance work shop to the back restricted area.

EXT. HIGH SCHOOL, STORAGE ROOM - DAY

A large puddle of BLOOD sits underneath the closed double doors.

SHERIFF O'BRIEN

(to Gus) )

Has anyone else been down here?

Nervously, Gus fumbles his hat between his fingers.

GUS

No sheriff, the building is completely empty.

Sheriff O'Brien draws his service weapon. The deputies follow his lead with anticipation. He opens the unlocked doors.

INT. STORAGE ROOM, OPPOSITE WALL - DAY

Flashlights shine on the blood trail leading to a slump nude body of Ryan, tied in barbed wire to a chair. The body is badly tortured and covered in blood.

DEPUTY RUSSELL

(gasping)

Jesus H. Christ.

Disgusted, Deputy Jones turns her head away.

DEPUTY WALKER

I think I'm going to be sick.

Sheriff O'Brien and Deputy Patrick glance at each other speechless. Slowly, the deputies walk up to the body.

BODY

Ryan's head is tilted back against the chair. Blood flows from the mouth down to the chest. The jagged word "GINGERBREAD" is carved across the stomach. There are multiple puncture wounds on the arms, legs, and feet bloody, swollen and discolored.

Deputy Patrick shines the light on Ryan's badly beaten face. His forehead bulges from several drilled holes. Deputy Patrick grabs Ryan's hair, lifting the head up for everyone to see. His eyelids are closed.

DEPUTY PATRICK

Do you recognize him?

Sheriff O'Brien leans into the victim's face.

SHERIFF O'BRIEN

(gasping) )  
It's Ryan Clark.

Ryan's eyelids flick open. The eye balls are missing, blood runs out from the eye sockets.

Everyone jumps back startled.

SHERIFF O'BRIEN (CONT'D)

What in God's name...

Without warning, Ryan's body shakes in convulsion, snapping the bottom jaw open. A pool of blood in the form of vomit SPRAYS Sheriff O'Brien's face, screaming in madness.

INT. HIGH SCHOOL, BASEMENT CORRIDOR - DAY

Loading his revolver, Sheriff O'Brien storms out of the maintenance office covered in blood.

Deputy Patrick runs up from behind.

DEPUTY PATRICK

Wait a second, Steve!

SHERIFF O'BRIEN

Back off Daniel! This is personal!

Deputy Patrick grabs Sheriff O'Brien arm, pulling him face to face.

DEPUTY PATRICK

This is not the way to handle this. You're still an officer of the law. If you go after Tyrone Henry like this, not only will you destroy your career, but you'll spend the rest of your life behind bars. Is that what you want?

SHERIFF O'BRIEN

Did you see what happened to Ryan Clark? Do not preach to me about consequences! I'm not going to let that bastard get away with murder again!

DEPUTY PATRICK

I know your family is still grieving over the death of your son Gage, but...

Out of anger, Sheriff O'Brien strikes the wall with a closed fist staring deeply into Deputy Patrick's face.

SHERIFF O'BRIEN

You're damn right we're still grieving! I'm going to take care of the son of a bitch the way it should have been done - the way my father would have handled things. Burn them all to hell!

Abruptly, Sheriff O'Brien walks away with a look of retribution in his eyes.

EXT. COUNTY ROAD - NIGHT

9 p.m.

A lone squad car drives down the dark abandoned wet road at high speed.

INT. SQUAD CAR - DAY

Sheriff O'Brien drinks from a bottle of Jack Daniels, removing his badge and throwing it out the window. He turns off the CB radio.

SHERIFF O'BRIEN

Tonight is not about justice! Its about revenge and hatred! I'm going to show those filthy bastards the true meaning of discrimination!

Drunk, Sheriff O' Brian blows the car horn yelling out the window.

SHERIFF O'BRIEN (CONT'D)

DO YOU HEAR ME GOD? I'M GOING TO BURN SOME DARK MEAT TONIGHT!

EXT. DIRT ROAD - NIGHT

Slowly, the squad car drives down hill with the headlights off.

EXT. BROTHEL HOUSE - NIGHT

The squad car pulls up and stops in front of the wooden porch.

Sheriff O'Brien exits the squad car leaving the engine running. He carries a loaded shotgun.

Sheriff O'Brien looks through the front window. It is dark inside. He walks to the front door.

INT. BROTHEL HOUSE, LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

The front door is kicked in. Sheriff O'Brien moves in waving his shotgun across the ransacked living room.

SHERIFF O'BRIEN

Sheriff's department! Come out with your hands up!

Sheriff O'Brien spots the nude body of Tonya Henry underneath an overturned cabinet.

Her bloody face is badly beaten. He checks for a pulse on her neck, Tonya is dead.

SHERIFF O'BRIEN (CONT'D)

You got off easy, bitch.

Suddenly, the silence is interrupted by an overturned table coming from the kitchen.

Quickly, Sheriff O'Brien stands, aiming the shotgun in the direction of the noise. He notices the trail of blood on the floor and slowly follows it.

INT. BROTHEL HOUSE, KITCHEN - NIGHT

C.J. leans against the side of the kitchen table, bleeding from a gunshot wound to the stomach.

Sheriff O'Brien walks up to him, his gun poised at him.

C.J.'s beaten face looks up at the barrel of the shotgun, coughing up a mouth full of blood. He struggles breathing through his bloody nostrils from a broken nose, clutching the side of his stomach in extreme pain.

C.J.  
(weak voice) )  
Help me - I'm dying.

SHERIFF O'BRIEN  
(smiling) )  
Well, it looks like somebody beat  
me to the punch, boy.

Painfully, C.J. gasps for air.

C.J.  
Fuck you, pig.

Sheriff O'Brien shoves the double barrel shotgun against C.J.'s chin.

SHERIFF O'BRIEN  
Where's the boy?

C.J. coughs.

C.J.  
Ask your boss. His men did this to  
me. They raped Tonya - left me to  
die.

SHERIFF O'BRIEN  
And you're telling me this  
because...?

Immediately, Sheriff O'Brien leaves the kitchen in search of Tyrone.

C.J. drags his body across the kitchen floor into the living room.

INT. BROTHEL HOUSE, LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Sheriff O'Brien exits the hallway, back into the living room.

C.J. extends his bloody hand out for help.

C.J.

Sheriff.

O'Brien stops, turning to face C.J. with a smile on his face.

SHERIFF O'BRIEN

I didn't hear the magic word, boy.

C.J. snarls with a look of resentment.

C.J.

Suck my dick.

EXT. BROTHEL HOUSE, FRONT PORCH - NIGHT

The front door is wide open. The cold intense flash from the shotgun lights the path of the doorway. The loud blast echoes in the background.

Quickly, Sheriff O'Brien exits the house running to the rear of the squad car. He opens the trunk, removing two gasoline canisters. He runs back inside the house with them.

INT. BROTHEL HOUSE, LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Sheriff O'Brien pours gasoline on C.J. and Tonya's bodies, the overturned furniture, and floor.

C.J.

Bastard.

SHERIFF O'BRIEN

Only what you all deserve.

INT. BROTHEL HOUSE, HALLWAY - NIGHT

Sheriff O'Brien splashes gasoline on the walls and floor.

INT. BROTHEL HOUSE, KITCHEN - NIGHT

Sheriff O'Brien moves the stove out from the wall, yanking out the gas line. The sound of gas seeps out from the exposed end.

EXT. BROTHEL HOUSE, FRONT PORCH - NIGHT

Sheriff O'Brien exits with the gas containers, throwing them into the trunk of the squad car and slams it shut.

INT. SQUAD CAR - NIGHT

Sheriff O'Brien gets behind the wheel, grabbing the bottle of Jack Daniels from the dashboard and placing it between his legs.

He rips off the sleeve of his uniform shirt above the peace officer's patch, shoving the fabric inside the bottle.

Sheriff O'Brien steps out of the patrol car. He pulls out a lighter from his pocket and ignites the cloth in the bottle.

He runs at the house and throws the bottle through the doorway into the living room.

Immediately, the front room catches fire.

O'Brien jumps back into the squad car, shifting it into gear and spins away aggressively.

EXT. DIRT ROAD - NIGHT

The speeding squad car drives up the trail.

EXT. BROTHEL HOUSE - NIGHT

The house explodes into huge fireballs, lighting up the night.

EXT. COUNTY ROAD - NIGHT

The squad car spins off the dirt trail, accelerating down the isolated road fading away into the darkness.

EXT. WILKINS RESIDENCE - STREET SIDE - NIGHT

Subtitle: TWENTY YEARS LATER

A pizza delivery car pulls up and parks across the street.

The PIZZA MAN (20's) exits the vehicle carrying an order of pizzas, walking across the street, up the steps to the front door, and rings the door bell.



From behind, Gingerbread dressed in all black ops fatigues wearing a skull cap stands behind the pizza man shocking him with a cattle prod to the back of the neck as he falls to the porch.

He pulls the pizza man off to the side and picks up the boxes as the hallway light from the inside is turned on.

INT. WILKINS RESIDENCE, LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

On the vanity, an unrolled sleeve of medical instruments are covered in blood with fragments of tissue and bone.

Gingerbread walks down the line of deceased senior members of the WILKINS FAMILY (50's to 60's) tied to their chairs.

Judy Wilkins' HUSBAND (50's) eyes are extracted from its eye sockets, leaving streaks of blood running down his face, dripping off his chin.

Her SISTER (50's) ears have been sawed off with a foot long needle piercing through the ear canal.

Her BROTHER (60's) nose is cut completely off exposing the nasal cavity stuffed with brain fragments, still bleeding.

Her youngest BROTHER (50's) entire bottom jaws is ripped off hanging to the side like a chin strap covered in blood.

Gingerbread stands in front of Judy, her mouth and lips is glued shut, quivering and crying in fear. He slides his hands under her dress between her legs.

Out of fear Judy flinches at his touch, he leans into her ear.

GINGERBREAD

You wanted me to play The  
Gingerbread Man? Fine, I'll do it.  
It will be a performance that  
everyone will talk about for the  
rest of their lives... ending with  
yours.

Gingerbread removes his hand pulling Judy's head back by the hair, shoving and squirting drops of super glue in each nostril pinched together.

In a state of panic, Judy struggles, shaking and rocking her body trying to breathe as her hands are ball tightly, her eyes roll the back of her head, she suffocates and dies.

EXT. FOOTBALL FIELD, QUANTICO, VA - DAY

F.B.I Agent JESSICA PIERCE now in her (30's), long red hair, slender build, and freckle free is a gorgeous woman with a tom boy's demeanor.

Jessica lines up at the lines of scrimmage with her teammates of FEDERAL AGENTS (20's to 30's), taking their positions across from the MARINE OFFICERS (20's to 30's), on defense at a charity co-ed flag football game.

Jessica is glaring at MARINE #1 on defense.

MARINE #1

Maybe you should sit this one out on the sidelines. I wouldn't want anything to happen to your pretty face or that sexy body.

JESSICA

I was going to say the same thing, but I see that you're lacking those qualities you've just mentioned.

Marine #1 frowns at Jessica.

MARINE #1

We'll see about!

Jessica looking at Agent STEVEN THRONE (30's), in the quarterback slot.

JESSICA

Tell me how you feel after this play tough guy.

EXT. FOOTBALL FIELD, STANDS - DAY

The sold out crowd screams in an enthusiastic manner.

EXT. FOOTBALL FIELD SIDELINE - DAY

The F.B.I team yell in encouragement.

EXT. FOOTBALL FIELD - DAY

The REFEREES take their positions.

EXT. FOOTBALL FIELD, OFFENSIVE LINE - DAY

Agent Thorne calls out a play behind center.

AGENT THRONE

Blue thirty - two! Blue thirty -  
two! Hut! Hut! Hike!

The football is snapped, the play begins, offense and defense are jockeying for position.

Jessica runs a ten yard up field, cuts inside on a slant route.

Marine #1 follows her route tightly.

EXT. FOOTBALL FIELD, LINE OF SCRIMMAGE - DAY

Agent Thorne scrambles outside the collapsing pocket on a bootleg run.

Marine Officers blitz through the offensive line in pursuit for the quarterback sack.

Jessica runs across mid field.

Agent Thorne sees an open window, steps into pass play, throwing a last second tight spiral pass.

The Marine officers tackle Agent Throne hard to the ground.

EXT. FOOTBALL FIELD, MID FIELD - DAY

Jessica catches the football, turning up field, stiff-arms Marine #1 in the face, taking off his feet.

EXT. FOOTBALL FIELD, SIDELINE - DAY

F.B.I agents screaming from the side line.

EXT. FOOTBALL FIELD, MID FIELD - DAY

Quickly, Jessica out-maneuvers the defense, spinning around the first defender; hurdling over the second defender missing the tackle; shaking the third defender with quick stutter steps; executing several junk moves around the fourth and fifth defenders falling to their faces.

Jessica runs full speed down the middle of the field.

MARINE #2 (a female in her 20's) chases Jessica down, grabbing her around the neck.

Jessica turns, stiff-arms Marine #2 underneath her chin breaking the hold.

END ZONE

Jessica dives into the end zone and scores the winning touchdown.

From behind, the referees blow their whistles, signaling touchdown.

ANNOUNCER (V.O)

Touch down! By number twenty-three  
of the F.B.I.

Jessica celebrates the winning score by doing the C-Walk dance.

EXT. FOOTBALL FIELD, STANDS - DAY

The CROWD celebrates.

EXT. FOOTBALL FIELD, END ZONE - DAY

The F.B.I Agents celebrate with Jessica.

EXT. FOOTBALL FIELD, SCORE BOARD - DAY

The digital game clock is at triple zeros, final score; F.B.I 27, Marines 24.

EXT. FOOTBALL FIELD, END ZONE - DAY

Pissed off, the Marines charge up to Jessica, breaking up the celebration.

Marine #1, bleeding from his nose, angrily marches up to Jessica and stands in her face.

MARINE #1

You broke my fucking nose!

Jessica grips the football in her hand and leans into the face of Marine #1, shaking her head in doubt.

JESSICA

Nah, it doesn't look broken to me.

MARINE OFFICER  
Take a closer look!

Maliciously, Jessica throws the football directly at the nose of Marine #1, splattering blood in all directions from his nostrils.

Marine #1 quickly bends over in pain, covering his face with the bottom of his tee shirt.

In a flash, Jessica turns, smacking Marine #2 in the mouth with a closed fist.

The Marines attack Jessica - the F.B.I Agents retaliate in an all out brawl.

MILITARY POLICE OFFICERS (20's to 30's), jump in the middle of the brawl, breaking up the scuffle.

EXT. J EDGAR HOOVER BUILDING DEPUTY DIRECTOR'S OFFICE - DAY  
Subtitle: CLARKSBURG, VA - OCTOBER 30TH - 9 A.M

Deputy Director NATHAN DANIELS (50's), is sitting behind a desk writing report info in a case file.

He looks at the closed doors anticipating someone to knock.  
There's a knock at the door.

DANIELS  
Come in.

Assistant Director MORGAN KRUSE (early 40's), well dressed walks in first, Jessica follows behind closing the doors.

They stand in front of Daniel's desk.

DANIELS (CONT'D)  
Take a seat.

Jessica and Assistant Kruse sit down.

Daniels slides an assault report to Jessica.

DANIELS (CONT'D)  
Let me start by saying that I have serious problems with the negative publicity this bureau has been receiving because of your actions Agent Pierce.  
(leaning back)  
(MORE)

DANIELS (CONT'D)

And now your latest stunt has the Marine Corps wanting your head on a silver platter. You're lucky criminal charges won't be filed against you - again.

ASSISTANT KRUSE

Sir, if I may...

DEPUTY DANIELS

(to Kruse) )

No, you may not.

(to Jessica) )

It's pointless to make an argument on behalf of an agent who continues to disregard the policies and regulations of this agency.

Daniels opens the desk drawer, taking out Jessica's identification and weapon and placing them on top of a case file on his desk.

KRUSE

So you're reinstating Agent Pierce?

DANIELS

Believe me, if the decision was up to me, Agent Pierce would be shoveling horse shit from here all the way back to Georgia, which is where you're headed to.

With a curious reaction, Jessica and Kruse glance at each other.

Daniels slides the items to Jessica.

JESSICA

I'm going back to Georgia, why?

DANIELS

Does the name Gingerbread brings back any bad memories?

Visibly shaken Jessica tremble in deep thought staring off into the distance.

INT. SWIMMING POOL - DAY - FLASHBACK

Through the large bay windows, the sun shines on the back side of Jessica diving off the high platform, executing a twisting dive into the deep end of the pool.

Mysteriously, the steel shutter closes over the bay windows blocking out the sun.

Suddenly the ceiling lights are turned off. Jessica rises up to the surface, looking around the pool area with a sense of urgency in the dark, looking up at the announcer's booth waving her hands.

JESSICA  
 (calling out)  
 Hey, Someone is still in the pool!  
 Coach Petersen!

The lights inside pool are turned off, The pool area is completely pitched dark.

NANA (V.O.)  
 (echoing whisper)  
 Jessica!

Suddenly, a loud splash crashes in the water from behind.

Frantically, Jessica swims to the edge of the pool pulling herself out.

At the last moment, Gingerbread grabs Jessica's ankle pulling her underwater in a struggle, bubbles of air pops at the surface.

INT. POOL SIDE - NIGHT

By her hands, Gingerbread drags a semi conscious Jessica into the women locker room.

INT. LOCKER ROOM - NIGHT

By her ankles, Gingerbread drags Jessica face down on the floor into the showers.

INT. SHOWERS - NIGHT

Lying her back, Jessica is inside the outline of a gingerbread figure, surrounded by burning aroma candles.

Gingerbread hovers over her, shaking loose bones in his hands, rolling the loose fossils on her stomach.

NANA (V.O.)  
 (to Jessica)  
 Nana has something to show you.

EXT. EXIT DOORS - DAY

Through the pane window, the corridor's lights are out except for the exit light above the doors.

Scared beyond reasoning, Jessica's voice screeches at a high pitch running towards the exit.

She slams into the door, vigorously shaking the handle in a panic, the door flies opens,

The RATS covers Jessica's body like a fur coat with a tail from head to toe, squirming on top of each other, scratching, clawing, growling, and biting.

JESSICA  
(screeching repeatedly)  
Get them off of me!

EXT. DRIVERS ED COURSE - DAY

Jessica is screaming, runs out between the parked cars and into the course lane.

Suddenly, the car brakes squeal hitting Jessica, causing her head to slam on the car hood knocking the rats off, she falls backwards slamming the back of her head into the pavement.

The rodents run into the wood lines.

Jessica is bleeding from her eyes and mouth, her body covered in rat bites.

INT. OPERATING ROOM - NIGHT

Jessica is heavily sedated as DOCTORS (40's to 50's) performs brain surgery to relieve pressure.

INT. ICU - NIGHT

Jessica's is in a induce coma with her head wrapped heavily in bandages, connected to a breathing tube and lines running to various machines and IV's in her arm.

KRUSE (V.O.)  
But why come back after 20 twenty  
years when he's presumed dead?

END OF FLASHBACK



INT. DEPUTY DIRECTOR OFFICE - DAY

DANIELS

Revenge.

Daniels turns the monitor towards the agents as a recorded video feed plays back.

INT. STAIRWAY BASEMENT - NIGHT

POV CAMERA: The camera's light is turn on. Slowly Gingerbread walks down the long flight of steps.

The gnawing and screeching sounds of rats is heard in the background growing closer.

GINGERBREAD

Nana always told me the keep to  
keep my friends close.

He stops, placing a large rat on the steps running down into the darkness.

GINGERBREAD

(CONT'D)

But to keep the devils closer.

Gingerbread walks down shinning the camera light on the nude body of former classmate CHRISTOPHER THOMAS (30's) heavy set, stapled face fist against the basement door with blood streaming from his deep penetrating entrance wounds on his arms, legs, and buttocks. The jagged font "GINGERBREAD" is brained down his spin.

On the floor chewing on his bloody feet and toes are a pack of hungry rats soiled in his blood.

EXT. TIDAL BASIN, WASHINGTON D.C. - DAY

A senior black ops agent code name OZ (50'S) well dressed in a business suite and trench coat, sits on the park bench overlooking the Potomac River.

Walking up from behind, an associate code name RAZOR-X (40's) takes a seat next to Oz.

RAZOR-X

I understand an urgent matter has  
arose. I thought it was clear from  
our last meeting that I have  
everything under control.

Oz feeds the pigeons around his feet.

OZ  
Until now.

Oz pulls out a medium size envelope from his coat pocket, giving it to Razor-X with the word "Gingerbread" scribbled in blood.

RAZOR-X  
(to Oz) )  
When did you get this?

OZ  
It was delivered to me this morning  
by mail courier.

Razor-X tears open the envelope pulling out the contents of a gold compact disk, small strips of film, and a small emptied vial capsule. He stares at vial capsule.

OZ (CONT'D)  
(to Razor-X) )  
Yes, he has everything that can  
expose our entire operation in its  
final stage. It seems like my  
direct orders to shut down  
operations in Covington were  
ignored.

RAZOR-X  
I'll take care of the problem.

Razor-X puts the contents inside the breast pocket of his over coat.

OZ  
There's also a local new reporter  
he's been in contact with. The same  
reporter that worked with his  
father twenty years ago. We can't  
afford the press leaking this out  
to the world. She must be dealt as  
well as anyone he's been in contact  
with.  
(to Razor-X)  
That means everyone.

Oz stares at Razor-X with a serious look.

RAZOR-X

(to Oz)

Like I said, the matter will be taken care of, immediately. I'll keep you posted.

Razor-X gets up walking away.

In the palm of his hand, Oz holds up a small vial containing a black serum.

EXT. MUNICIPAL AIRPORT, COVINGTON, GA - DAY

6 p.m.

A small twin engine jet lands on the damp runway.

The passengers exit.

Jessica exits last, carrying a black duffel bag on her shoulder.

The Sheriff of Covington, DANIEL PATRICK, in his (50's) walks with Special Agent JASON STARKS (30's). They greet Jessica with a hand shake.

SHERIFF PATRICK

Welcome home Agent Pierce. I wish this reunion was under better circumstances.

JESSICA

We'll have time to catch up after Tyrone Henry is put where he belongs sheriff.

SHERIFF PATRICK

Alright then, let's make it happen. Now if you and Agent Stark are ready...

JESSICA

I'm sorry Agent who?

Jessica stares down Agent Starks from head to toe.

AGENT STARKS

I'm Agent Jason Starks, I've been assign to be your partner on this manhunt.

Jessica walks up to Agent Starts playfully patting him on his shoulder.

JESSICA

I'm terribly sorry for the misunderstanding but your services won't be required at this time. Thanks, but no thanks.

Rudely, Jessica walks by Agent Starks glancing back at Sheriff Patrick for an explanation.

Sheriff Patrick shrugs his shoulders confused.

From behind, Agent Starks runs up to Jessica.

AGENT STARKS

Agent Pierce!

Jessica stops, turning back with a smirk on her face.

AGENT STARKS (CONT'D)

Wait a second! Maybe you didn't hear me right...

JESSICA

No, I heard you loud and clear. Look, the last thing I need is for a rookie to get in my way when shit hits the fan. Trust me, it will. I don't want to be responsible for you getting shot in the process, so don't take it the wrong way. I shoot first and ask questions when I'm in the mood to hear the bullshit.

AGENT STARKS

I didn't request to be your fucking baby sitter or chaperon. You have your orders and I have mine. So like it or not you're stuck with me until Tyrone Henry is either locked up or dead. Are we clear?

Shaking her head, Jessica gives in.

JESSICA

Fine, its your funeral.

From behind. Sheriff Patrick almost out of breath runs up to Jessica and Agent Starks.

SHERIFF PATRICK

(excited) )

I've just got call from headquarters!

(MORE)

SHERIFF PATRICK (CONT'D)  
 There's been another murder!  
 (to Jessica) )  
 Its Judy Wilkins!

EXT. WILKINS RESIDENCE - NIGHT

SUNSET - 7PM

The large three story colonial home is sitting on the corner acre of land surrounded by large trees. The exterior structure is currently being remodeled. The front lawn is clutter with pallets of building materials, power tools, ladders, scaffolds, and various of work tables.

The squad car, containing Sheriff Patrick, Jessica, and Agents Starks, pulls up parking across the street behind another patrol car.

Curiously, the residents of this quiet community stand in their doorways and front lawns watching.

Immediately Sheriff Patrick, Jessica, and Agents Starks run across the street.

Deputies TOM BRYANT (20's), VERONICA MILLER (30's), RODNEY MITCHELL (30's), approach anxiously from the properties front lawn.

DEPUTY BRYANT  
 Sheriff! What in the hell is going on? The entire neighborhood is asking more questions than I have answers to give.

DEPUTY MILLER  
 Apparently everyone has received an anonymous phone call that Judy Wilkins is dead. Is it true?

Frustrated, Sheriff Patrick glances at his deputies hesitating to answer at first, but finally responds.

SHERIFF PATRICK  
 (sighing) )  
 Its Tyrone Henry, he back in town.

The deputies keeping their emotions in check, gasping under their breaths in terror.

DEPUTY MITCHELL  
 Did he murder Christopher Thomas?

JESSICA

Yes and there will be more deaths  
on our hands if we don't stop him.

SHERIFF PATRICK

(to deputies)

Agents Pierce and Stark are from  
the F.B.I, leading this manhunt to  
capture Tyrone Henry. We don't have  
a lot of details to go on but --

Out of nowhere a speeding news van with the logo of channel 5  
news pulls up to a screeching halt in the middle of the  
street.

The camera man COREY GREEN (20's) chubby, and news reporter  
TINA RUSH (mid 40's) attractive exits out running to the back  
of the van.

Corey opens the cargo door, grabbing his camera and placing  
it on this shoulder.

Tina picks up the microphone.

SHERIFF PATRICK (CONT'D)

(to agents) )

Damn it! That's the last thing we  
need. We better get inside before  
the whole world knows what's going  
on.

(to deputies) )

No one is to come on this property.  
This is an official crime scene,  
absolutely no one!

The Deputies move to the edge of the lawn, standing guard.

Jessica, Agent Starks, and Sheriff Patrick run up hill  
towards the house. Suddenly, Jessica stops, looking down at  
the soaked lawn covering her boots.

JESSICA

(pointing down)

Wait a second! Look!

Agent Starks and Sheriff Patrick look at where Jessica is  
pointing. The flood waters run down hill past their feet.

AGENT STARKS

It's coming from the house.

Sheriff Patrick turns to his deputies.

SHERIFF PATRICK  
(to deputies) )  
Get on the radio and get the fire  
department down here! And keep  
everyone back!

Jessica, Starks and Sheriff Patrick runs up to the front  
doors, entering inside.

EXT. STREET SIDE - DAY

Curious, the neighborhood residents move in closer.

Tina and Corey run up to the deputies.

TINA  
Deputy Bryant! I received an  
anonymous tip that members of the  
Wilkins family were murdered. Can  
you verify that?

Immediately the crowd mumbles in fear.

DEPUTY BRYANT  
This is neither the time or place  
to verify anything Mrs. Rush! I  
need you to stay back and let us do  
our job!

TINA  
Is it true that Tyrone Henry faked  
his death and now is back after  
twenty years?

The crowds fear intensifies.

DEPUTY MILLER  
(shouting)  
Get back or you'll be arrested for  
trespassing!

POV CAMERA: Deputy Miller hand covers the camera lens shoving  
the camera down to the ground.

The camera blacks out.

INT. WILKINS RESIDENCE, HALLWAY - DAY

The power is out.

Sheriff Patrick leads the way, shining the high beam  
flashlight through the cold mist filtering the area.

Jessica and Agents Starks follow behind.

FRENCH DOORS: The doors slide open. Sheriff Patrick shines the light on the bone chilling word "WELCOME" spelled in blood on the floor.

SHERIFF PATRICK  
Oh Jesus, he's been here.

Jessica smells a strange but familiar odor.

JESSICA  
(to Starks) )  
I smell gasoline.

AGENT STARKS  
I smell it to. It could be a trap.

Sheriff Patrick shines the light down the steps, following a trail of blood down at the bottom of the landing.

A second word "HOME" is scribbled in blood. Inside the letter "O" is a gingerbread cookie.

Terrified, Sheriff Patrick takes a deep breath shaking.

JESSICA  
(to Starks) )  
I think we can take it from here.  
(to Patrick) )  
Why don't you wait outside?

Sheriff Patrick holds out his hand, regaining his composure.

SHERIFF PATRICK  
No - I'm the Sheriff of this town.  
I have a job to do.  
(to Jessica) )  
I want to get that son of a bitch  
and end this nightmare!

Slowly, Jessica, Agent Starks, and Sheriff Patrick walk down the stairs with their weapons drawn. They stop at the bottom of the steps.

Jessica pulls out a small hand held flashlight from her coat pocket and turns it on.

INT. WILKINS RESIDENCE, LIVING ROOM - DAY

The flash light shines on the flipped over couches and chairs with multiple slashes in the fabric and cushions.



The broken remains of coffee and end tables, book shelves and cabinets, picture frames, wall decorations, and various antiques are scattered across the floor.

The walls are heavily damaged with large puncture holes.

The nude, full figure body of JUDY WILKINS with a rope tied to her neck is pulled out from underneath an over turned couch. The rope line extends into the back room.

The flashlight shines on the large carving of the word "FEAR" across the victim's thigh.

Jessica shines her light on the victim's face.

JESSICA

Oh my God its Judy Wilkins!

Slowly, the rope drags the body across the floor.

SHERIFF PATRICK

He's inside the house.

(mumbles)

I'm going to kill you - do you hear me?

(yelling out)

I'M GOING TO KILL YOU,  
MOTHERFUCKER!

Sheriff Patrick chases after the body like a madman.

JESSICA

Sheriff no!

INT. WILKINS RESIDENCE, BACK ROOM - NIGHT

The body is pulled hard and fast from the living room into the back empty back room.

Sheriff Patrick runs through the room. From behind, Jessica and Agent Starks follow in pursuit.

INT. WILKINS RESIDENCE, KITCHEN - NIGHT

The body is dragged across the floor.

INT. WILKINS RESIDENCE, BASEMENT - NIGHT

The body is pulled through the open door way.

Sheriff Patrick runs through, tripping on a rig cord on the steps, losing his balance, falling forward.

At the last second, Jessica reaches out grabbing Sheriff Patrick by the collar of his jacket, pulling him back inside the door way.

Agent Starks shines the light into the basement.

The body floats face down in the flood waters filled with broken glass. The victim's hair floats away from the back of the neck; a digital timer inserted inside the body ticks down to three minutes.

Suddenly, a female voice cries out for help.

FEMALE VOICE (O.S)  
Somebody help me! I'm trapped  
underneath!

With a sense of urgency, Jessica, Agent Starks and Sheriff Patrick glance at each other.

JESSICA  
We got less than three minutes to  
get her out.

Immediately, Jessica holsters her weapon taking off her jacket. Agent Starks shines the light between the steps.

AGENT STARKS  
I can't see where she is.  
(calling out) )  
F.B.I. Agents, can you hear me? Are  
you hurt?

Sheriff Patrick radios through the static transmission on his receiver attached to his shoulder.

PATRICK  
Come in Bryant! I need you to move  
everyone back! Contact bomb squad  
and the paramedics! We have a live  
victim trapped in the basement!

Jessica carefully steps down into the flood waters surrounded by sharp glass fragments.

FEMALE VOICE (O.S)  
I'm tied to the support beam  
underneath the floor! Please hurry!

Jessica braces her hand carefully against the basement wall, taking another step down. The water level is up to her breast.

JESSICA  
(calling out)  
I need to know where you are! Can  
you make some noise?

FEMALE VOICE (O.S)  
Will this work?

Without warning the staircase collapses, Jessica falls underneath disappearing.

AGENT STARKS  
  
(yelling)  
Pierce!

Pieces of the damaged stairs rises up to the surface.  
Immediately, Agent Starks jumps into the flood waters.

INT. WILKINS RESIDENCE, BASEMENT, UNDERWATER

Agent Starks swims through the dark and murky basement in search for Jessica.

Out of nowhere, the body of a NUDE FEMALE floats up in his face.

Agent Starks lifts the head shining the light into the disturbing carved out face of the unknown victim.

He's startled, swimming away frantically finding himself surrounded by the horrifying NUDE BODIES of MEN and WOMEN (20's to 60's) with their eyes, noses, and mouths hollowed out.

INT. WILKINS RESIDENCE, KITCHEN - NIGHT

Sheriff Patrick stands in the doorway shining the flashlight into the flooded waters.

SHERIFF PATRICK  
(calling out)  
Agent Pierce! Agent Starks!

Suddenly, the two way receiver on Sheriff Patrick's shoulder whistles out a loud frequency pitch startling him.

SHERIFF PATRICK (CONT'D)

Shit!

DEPUTY BRYANT (O.S)

Sheriff Patrick come in!

Sheriff Patrick turns away from the doorway to get a better reception to radio back to his deputy.

SHERIFF PATRICK

Come in Bryant!

From behind, Gingerbread, full grown and dressed in a black hooded Klansman robe, rises up from the doorway armed with a large bowie knife. Quietly, he walks up to Sheriff Patrick, reaching back with the tip of the blade pointed downwards ready to strike.

SHERIFF PATRICK (CONT'D)

(calling out) )

You're breaking up! Repeat that!

At the last second, a frustrated Sheriff Patrick turns back around. Gingerbread lunges forward with an over hand strike.

Sheriff Patrick blocks the long blade with his flashlight, being forced back against the large kitchen table.

In the struggle, he knees Gingerbread in the mid-section, pulling out his firearm.

In a flash, Gingerbread slashes Sheriff Patrick through the sleeve of his jacket, cutting through his wrist and drawing blood.

Sheriff Patrick drops his weapon crying out in pain.

Gingerbread connects with a sweeping right hook across Sheriff Patrick's jaw. He falls back on top of the table semi conscious, bleeding from his mouth.

Gingerbread jumps on top of Sheriff Patrick, choking with one hand, reaching back with the knife in the opposite hand above his head.

GINGERBREAD (O.S)

Our souls will drown in the lake of tears!

Suddenly, Gingerbread is shot in the back, falls down to the floor, disappearing behind the table.

Sheriff Patrick falls to his knees coughing.

Exhausted, Agent Starks staggers into the kitchen from the doorway, holding Jessica by her waist and laying her down to the floor.

Jessica crawls up to Sheriff Patrick picking up his firearm whispering into his ear.

JESSICA

Stay down.

Cautiously, Agent Starks circles around the kitchen table with his firearm searching for Gingerbread.

Out of nowhere, Gingerbread jumps out from behind the refrigerator stabbing Agent Starks in the shoulder blade.

Agent Starks falls against the kitchen chairs grunting in pain.

Jessica jumps up shooting five rounds into Gingerbread's chest. He falls backwards through the back kitchen window.

A light falls to the floor, lit.

In seconds, the kitchen burst into flames spreading across the kitchen floor, appliances, walls and ceiling.

INT. WILKINS RESIDENCE, BASEMENT - NIGHT

The body of Judy Wilkins floats up to the surface. The timer ticks down to thirty seconds.

JESSICA

(shouting) )

WE GOTTA GET THE HELL OUT!

Jessica lifts Agent Starks across her shoulder. Sheriff Patrick wraps his arm around his waist exiting the burning kitchen engulfed in flames.

The walls buckle inward. The ceiling collapses behind them.

INT. WILKINS RESIDENCE, LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Sheriff Deputies Bryant and Miller run down the stairs with their flashlights, surround by heavy smoke.

BRYANT

(calling out) )

SHERIFF PATRICK!

Jessica, Agent Starks, and Sheriff Patrick run up to the sheriff deputies.

SHERIFF PATRICK  
GET OUTTA HERE! THIS PLACE IS GOING  
TO EXPLODE!

EXT. WILKINS RESIDENCE - NIGHT

STREET SIDE

Sheriff Deputies and local firefighters push the large crowd of spectators back.

FRONT ENTRANCE

Jessica, Agent Starks, Sheriff Patrick, and deputies Bryant and Miller exits the premises running down hill across the lawn.

JESSICA  
(yelling)  
GET DOWN!

Immediately, the large crowd of spectators move back with excitement.

COLONIAL HOUSE

The three story home detonates into a massive fireball explosion shooting burning debris in all directions throwing Jessica, Agent Starks, Sheriff Patrick, and deputies across the lawn.

Firefighters from various fire departments run uphill armed with fire hoses to extinguish the blaze.

EXT. HOSPITAL - NIGHT

Dusk - 8 p.m.

INT. HOSPITAL, EXAMINATION ROOM - NIGHT

Agent Starks is sitting on the examine table.

DR. BRENDA WILSON (40's) inserts staples into his shoulder blade.

Jessica enters the room holding a gift bag standing by the open doorway.

Dr. Wilson applies several strips of medical tape over Agent Starks' wound.

DR. WILSON

I think that should do it. Now, you're going to be in some pain and discomfort over the next week or two, so I'll write you a prescription for pain medication - that should help.

Jessica walks around the examining table standing next to Agent Starks.

JESSICA

(joking)

So this means he's going to live after all?

Agent Starks turns to Jessica with a grin.

AGENT STARKS

Sorry to disappoint you.

Dr. Wilson writes out a prescription.

DR. WILSON

(to Jessica)

Actually, it could have been a lot worse. The blade came pretty close to severing the nerves in his shoulder. It's a good thing your partner is in good physical condition.

Dr. Wilson gives the prescription to Agent Starks.

DR. WILSON (CONT'D)

Try not to get yourself killed catching your man, Agent Starks.

AGENTS STARKS

I'll keep that in mind.

Dr. Wilson exits the examining room.

JESSICA

Consider this a peace offering.

Jessica gives Agent Starks the gift bag taking out a brand new dress shirt.

Agent Starks carefully puts on the shirt.

AGENT STARKS

I appreciate that. Look, I'm sorry if my presence here set you off the wrong way. I mean, I would have reacted the same way if I felt someone stepping on my toes.

JESSICA

No, I'm the one who came off like a bitch earlier. You saved my life, thank you.

Urgently, Sheriff Patrick runs inside the exam room.

SHERIFF PATRICK

There's been another murder!

Without hesitation, Jessica and Agent Starks exit the examining room behind Sheriff Patrick.

EXT. FISCHER RESIDENCE - NIGHT

9 p.m.

The line of Muscle cars, pickup trucks, and Harley Davidson motorcycles fills the driveway and front yard. The melodic metal of music "Sanitarium" by (Metallica) plays in the background.

INT. FISCHER RESIDENCE, PARTY ROOM, BASEMENT - NIGHT

The visibility is low due to haze of heavy smoke drowning out the glow of florescent blue lights in the ceiling.

A confederate flag hangs on the center wall behind a custom made oak bar.

TABITHA COLSON (30's) slams down a triple shot of Tequila.

She's drunk, having a good time with friends and her boyfriend MITCH WARNER (30's), standing close from behind with his arm wrapped around her waist. Together they all raise their glasses of beer in a toasted celebration.

The party guests of MEN (20's to 30's) and WOMEN (20's to 30's) socializing by means of heavy drinking, marijuana usage, and loud metal music.



EXT. FISCHER RESIDENCE, BACK YARD - NIGHT

Standing on the patio are JOSIE CLARK (20'S), BRENDA CARTER (30's), and FOSTER JONES (30) sharing a blunt.

Josie takes the blunt from Foster, takes a big hit holding her breath for a few seconds, then blowing it out. Brenda, drunk as hell, staggers into Fosters' arms dropping her cup of beer.

Foster laughs holding Brenda up, squeezing on her ass.

FOSTER  
(to Josie) )  
I told you her drunk ass can't run  
with the big boys.

BRENDA  
(disoriented) )  
Fuck you.

Brenda takes another hit from the blunt facing the tree line.

EXT. WOODS - NIGHT

The dark outline of Gingerbread's body walks between several trees armed with a shoulder strap automatic assault weapon with a laser sighting.

JOSIE  
(pointing)  
Who - who the fuck is that?

CLEARING

Dressed in all black military fatigues and ski mask, Gingerbread walks towards the patio.

FOSTER  
This asshole is taking this  
Halloween bit a little too far?  
I'll handle this prick.

Foster walks up to Gingerbread, flexing his muscles.

FOSTER (CONT'D)  
Hey motherfucker! You're a day  
early on this Halloween business?

Gingerbread clicks the fire selector from semi to automatic, aiming the infra red beam center mass at Fosters' chest, squeezing the trigger. A five round burst of ammunition spits out in silencer mode.

Violently, Foster's body jerks wildly from the impact of hollow point rounds, spattering blood in all directions. His body collapses face down on the grass.

JOSIE  
(Screams) )  
OH MY GOD! OH MY GOD!

BRENDA  
WHAT THE FUCK! FOSTER!

In a mad dash, Josie and Brenda run up to the back door. Josie shoves Brenda down to the ground grabbing the doorknob.

The barrel of the weapon fires a three round burst.

INT. FISCHER RESIDENCE, BACK DOOR - NIGHT

Josie clinches her body tightly up against the glass door.

Her intense eyes are locked wide open staring directly into the back hallway. Slowly, her eyes roll to the back of her head, smearing a trail of blood from her mouth down the glass door sliding to the ground.

EXT. FISCHER RESIDENCE, PATIO - NIGHT

Gingerbread stands in Brenda's face with her back against the side of the house crying.

BRENDA  
(sobering)  
Please, just let me go! I won't say anything! I swear to God I won't!

Gingerbread presses his index finger against Brenda's crying lips.

GINGERBREAD (O.S)  
Shh - convince me whore devil.

With shaky hands, Brenda takes off her jacket and tee shirt exposing her large breast with her hands down at her sides. With a smile, Gingerbread takes a step back admiring the view.

BRENDA  
Do you like what you see? I'm - I'm a dancer at Dixie Chicks.

GINGERBREAD (O.S)

So was Tonya Henry twenty years ago.

BRENDA

I - I can make you feel real good. I know what men like you want. I'll do anything for you.

GINGERBREAD (O.S)

You swear on your life?

BRENDA

I swear on my life! Anything!

GINGERBREAD (O.S)

(smiling) )

I believe you.

Gingerbread fires a single bullet between Brenda's eyes falling backwards against the house splattering blood, brain matter, and skull fragments, staining the exterior structure while standing.

INT. FISCHER RESIDENCE, BACK STAIRWAY - MINUTES LATER

The music is playing louder.

Gingerbread walks up the stairs.

Suddenly, the back door to the kitchen opens slightly.

Immediately, Gingerbread quietly goes back down the steps ducking behind the wall leading down into the dark basement.

A "hot", drunk, REBECCA WALTON (30'S) staggers into the hallway grabbing hold of the stair rail with both hands. She leans her body against the wall, clumsily, walking down the stairs.

REBECCA

(Shouting) )

Josie! Hey bitch, what the fuck are you doing out there? You guys better not be getting your freak on without me!

Rebecca takes the next step, losing her balance and falling down to the bottom of the stairs.

REBECCA (CONT'D)  
(laughing) )  
Shit! I've cracked my ass and I  
can't get up.

Gingerbread, armed with a large bowie knife runs out from behind the wall.

Overwhelm with terror, Rebecca backs up against the steps waving her arms in front of her face.

REBECCA (CONT'D)  
WHAT THE FUCK! NO! WAIT A SECOND!

Gingerbread lunges on Rebecca piercing the large blade into her arm, Rebecca screaming at the top of her lungs.

He yanks out the knife, thrusting the blade deep into Rebecca's chest with repeated over hand strikes soiling her shirt in blood. In a final gasp, Rebecca's body goes limp dying on the steps.

Gingerbread grabs Rebecca by the hair dragging her body up the steps next to the back door.

INT. FISCHER RESIDENCE, KITCHEN - NIGHT

Slowly, the back door opens. Gingerbread walks inside the dark kitchen to the metal song "Wait and Bleed" by (Slipknot) blasting through the surround sound in the background.

INT. FISCHER RESIDENCE, LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

A party of ADULTS (20's to 40's) sit comfortably on the suede living room set. A black glass tray of cocaine is being passed around.

A scruffy REDNECK BIKER (30's), takes the tray of coke snorting lines through the rolled end of one hundred dollar bill. The Biker leans back looking up at the ceiling wiping his nostrils with his fingertips.

BIKER  
Oh yeah, I feel it. That's some  
good shit, straight from Columbia!

The Biker stretches his arms out feeling relaxed.

BIKER (CONT'D)  
Man, I feel so invincible I could  
stop a bullet like superman.

Out of nowhere, the Biker is shot in the chest in a rapid five round burst falling face first into the coffee table.

The party guests quickly jump up, screaming in a state of panic.

Gingerbread steps up firing his assault weapon with the muzzle flashing in silence. Blood splattering in mid air, bodies stumble awkwardly against the walls, bookcases, cabinets, and furniture. The facial expressions of death are frozen.

A young FEMALE (20's) is shot in the back, loses her balance, and falls on the jagged edge of a broken glass table decapitating her head.

A wounded victim, MALE (30's), bleeding through the legs of his leather pants drags his body across the hardwood floor in a trail of blood to the top of the stair way leading to the party room.

Gingerbread walks over to the wounded man ejecting the clip from his weapon. The glove fingers pulls out a new magazine from the cargo side pocket, slapping it in, locked and loaded. He fires three round burst in the back of the wounded man's head shattering fragments of his skull covered in blood.

Gingerbread slides on a custom made gas mask with a detachable night vision lens over his mask face.

INT. FISCHER RESIDENCE, STAIRS - NIGHT

Two grenades bouncing down the hardwood steps side by side.

INT. FISCHER RESIDENCE, PARTY ROOM - NIGHT

The flash grenade denotes in a thunderous boom releasing an intense flash of light. The party crowd scrambling blindly in a state of chaos screaming. The smoke grenades explodes into a thick gaseous cloud swallowing the entire room.

Standing at the bottom of the stairway, Gingerbread activates the infra-red beam, the assault weapon fires, the barrel flickers like firecrackers through a thick cloud of smoke.

Voices scream, bodies running throughout the blood shed of violence.

EXT. HAMPTON RESIDENCE - NIGHT

HOUR LATER - 10 PM

DEPUTY PAUL MITCHELL (20's) nerd looking exits the house in a hurry with his hand covering his mouth. He bends over the front banister vomiting into the bushes.

Deputies Miller and Bryant exits the house in silence with mix emotions of remorse, shock, and anger.

Deputy Miller walks to the opposite side of the porch wiping her tears from her eyes. Deputy Bryant stands in place taking several deep breaths with his hands on his hips, looking down in deep sorrow.

Sheriff Patrick exits the house. Slowly, he walks down the steps with his head down in shame. He looks up, seeing the faces of the neighborhood residents staring back from their front windows and doors in silence.

Jessica and Agent Stark exit the house joining Sheriff Patrick.

JESSICA

Sheriff, you need to call in every available off duty officer.

Sheriff Patrick checks the time on his watch.

SHERIFF PATRICK

I - I have seven more deputies coming on duty in a few hours.

(to Jessica)

I don't think I have enough man power to end this.

Jessica takes out her cell phone.

JESSICA

I'll contact the F.B.I field office to dispatch more agents.

AGENT STARKS

That won't be necessary Agent Pierce.

Jessica and Sheriff Patrick turns to Agent Starks.

SHERIFF PATRICK

Have you lost your mind!? We need all the manpower to catch this bastard running loose on my streets!

JESSICA

Too many people have died because he's bent on getting revenge. I'm not going to allow Tyrone Henry the satisfaction in thinking he's going to win this.

AGENT STARK

You need to understand we're fighting against a man on his home turf. I guarantee if you bring in more agents the body count will increase. I don't think you want that kind of blood shed on your hands Agent Pierce.

JESSICA

Its what we get paid to do even if it comes to that Agent Starks!

AGENT STARKS

This man isn't your average everyday serial killer, he's motivated, highly trained and skilled in tactical and combat warfare. We must stay one step ahead of him. We must remain focus.

EXT. STREET SIDE - NIGHT

Out of nowhere the news van pulls up across the street.

AGENT STARKS

I think its time we use the media to our advantage.

Immediately, Tina and Corey exits the van. Tina has her microphone in hand, glancing back at Corey excitedly.

TINA

Roll the camera!

Corey places the camera on his shoulder turning on the camera light and adjusting the lens.

COREY

We're good baby! Go!

Tina starts her report turning back to the camera.

TINA

(excited)

This is Tina Rush with Channel 5.

(MORE)

TINA (CONT'D)

Eye Witness News reporting live  
from a possible fourth crime scene  
that may be linked to the serial  
killer, Tyrone Henry.

Jessica, Agent Starks, Sheriff Patrick, and sheriff Deputies  
run into the street to confront Tina and Corey.

An angry Sheriff Patrick points his finger in Tina's face.

SHERIFF PATRICK

You got three seconds to turn that  
damn camera off and get the hell  
out of here before I arrest both  
your narrow asses!

Tina shoves the microphone in Sheriff Patrick's face.

TINA

The people want to know sheriff!  
Why did Tyrone Henry target the  
Hampton family? Why did he skin  
their bodies hanging them upside  
down from ceiling fans, spinning  
and bleeding out to their deaths?  
Why did he cut out their eyes,  
tongue, and ears?

Sheriff Patrick's angry eyes are locked on Tina.

SHERIFF PATRICK

YOU DON'T KNOW A FUCKING THING  
BITCH! YOU'RE A SECOND RATE  
REPORTER WITH A NASTY HABIT OF  
STICKING YOUR FUCKING NOSE IN  
BUSINESS THAT'S NONE OF YOURS!

Sarcastically, Tina smiles.

TINA

It's called doing your fucking job  
sheriff, something you know nothing  
about! Or do you care to share with  
the world the real reason why  
Tyrone Henry is back in town.

Curiously, the neighborhood residents stand on their front  
lawns, stare at Sheriff Patrick who looks back speechless.



TINA (CONT'D)

Come on Sheriff, I want you to air the towns dirty laundry about the cover up involving Mayor Jordon secret operation, Project Devil's Breath.

Out of character Sheriff Patrick loses his temper lunges at Tina, choking her with both hands.

Quickly, Jessica and the sheriff deputies jumps in pulling Sheriff Patrick off of Tina screaming at the top of her lungs. Corey records the commotion

TINA (CONT'D)

GET THE FUCK OFF OF ME!

SHERIFF PATRICK

(yelling)

YOU DON'T KNOW WHAT THE FUCK YOUR TALKING ABOUT YOU STUPID WHORE! ALL YOU'RE DOING IS MAKING THE SITUATION WORSE FOR EVERYONE, SPREADING LIES ON TOP OF LIES - ARREST HER ASS! ARREST BOTH OF THEM!

EXT. STREET SIDE - NIGHT

From the opposite end of the street three black Chevy pickup trucks racing up the block. The vehicles abruptly stop with the car doors flying open.

The men exits out of the trucks armed with shotguns.

The sheriff officers quickly draw their weapons aiming at the armed men in defense.

RANDOLPH TUCKER (60'S) chubby, steps out in front of the truck walking towards the house with a determine look on his face.

Immediately, Sheriff Patrick cuts him off.

RANDOLPH

Don't try to stop me sheriff!

Where's my Amy?

(calling out)

Amy! I'm here baby!

Immediately, Sheriff Patrick holsters his weapon. He grabs hold of Randolph's shotgun, holding him back.

SHERIFF PATRICK  
I can't let you go in there!

RANDOLPH  
Amy! Can you hear me!  
(to Sheriff Patrick)  
Get the hell outta my way Dan!

SHERIFF PATRICK  
Randolph! Listen to me Randolph!

An emotional Randolph tries to break free.

SHERIFF PATRICK (CONT'D)  
No Randolph, you don't want to go  
in there. She's gone.

Randolph stops fighting, his pale face stares away with pain in his eyes shaking his head "no" repeatedly. Randolph is crying, breathing heavily.

RANDOLPH  
I don't believe you! I want to see  
for myself!

Tina and Corey walk up to Randolph.

TINA  
Your daughter was murdered by  
Tyrone Henry.

In shock, town's men glancing at each other mumbling under their breaths.

RANDOLPH  
(to Sheriff Patrick)  
Is it true? Answer me damn it!

SHERIFF PATRICK  
Listen to me Randolph! I swear to  
God we will catch him! He will pay  
for everything he's done.

Randolph pushes Patrick aside.

RANDOLPH  
And then what!? Watch him get away  
with murder like 20 years ago? Not  
this time Dan! Not this fucking  
time!

Randolph snatches the shotgun out of Sheriff Patrick's grip.

RANDOLPH (CONT'D)  
Stay the hell outa my way! We'll  
handle this!

Sheriff Patrick stands helpless.

Quickly, the town's men re-enter the pick-up trucks.

Randolph walks up to the driver side door.

EXT. SIDE WALK - NIGHT

Across the street, a BLACK MUSTANG slowly creeps between the parked SUV's and pick up trucks along the curb.

Randolph squints his eyes at the muscle car stopping directly across from him.

EXT. MUSCLE CAR - NIGHT

The tinted window on the driver's side rolls down;  
Gingerbread leans out armed with an AK-47 aiming between the parked vehicles.

RANDOLPH  
Who the hell is that?

Without warning, a single round is fired from the assault weapon.

Immediately, the neighborhood residents dive to the ground screaming.

Jessica, Agent Starks, Sheriff Patrick and the deputies duck for cover behind the pickup trucks. Randolph's is shot in the head blasting off a large portion of his forehead splattering blood and skull fragment in all directions. His body falls back against the truck.

Jessica, Agent Starks, Sheriff Patrick and deputies retaliates shooting at the Mustang damaging the parked vehicles.

EXT. MUSCLE CAR - NIGHT

The large back tires burn rubber in a cloud of smoke, accelerating down the sidewalk at top speed.

Jessica and Agent Starks runs down the street, shooting at the Mustang.

From behind, a 4X4 PICKUP TRUCK shifts into reverse, peeling backwards up to Jessica and Starks facing the rear end.

BILL ELLIOT (50's), jumps out the driver side.

BILL

Here! Take my truck!

Jessica jumps in behind the wheel. Starks gets in the passenger side. The pickup truck takes off in reverse down the street at a high rate of speed.

EXT. JUNCTION, STOP SIGN - NIGHT

At the end of the next block, the mustang stops at the corner.

EXT. INTERSECTION - NIGHT

A block behind, the pick-up truck executes a three-sixty spin into forward drive accelerating down the next block.

INT. MUSTANG - NIGHT

Gingerbread adjusting the rear view mirror seeing the pickup truck closes in from behind. The sound of the Mustang's tires squeal with power.

EXT. PICK-UP TRUCK - NIGHT

Jessica and Agent Starks fire their weapons outside the driver and passenger windows.

EXT. MUSTANG REAR END - NIGHT

Piercing rounds completely shatters the back window with bullet holes. The Mustang speeds away.

EXT. NEXT BLOCK - NIGHT

The Mustang veers onto the sidewalk. The pickup truck jumps on the curb closing in on the chase.

EXT. NEXT BLOCK - NIGHT

The Mustang makes a sharp turn jumping back on the street side, fishtailing around the corner, accelerates down the street.

The pick-up truck ramps the uphill lawn of the corner house soaring in mid-air over parked vehicles. It lands bouncing against the parked SUV's on the opposite side of the curb.

EXT. ALLEY - NIGHT

The muscle car slides to a stop. Gingerbread exits out moving to the rear of the car aiming the AK-47 assault rifle.

The pick-up truck stops several feet back.

INT. PICK UP TRUCK - NIGHT

JESSICA  
(yelling)  
Get down!

Jessica and Agent Starks crouch down behind the dashboard.

Gingerbread unloads a full clip of ammo into the truck's front end. The body suffers heavy damage covered with bullet holes shattering the front windshield. The front tires are blown out. The hood flies open as the engine explodes into a cloud of black smoke.

Jessica and Agent Starks exit the truck using the doors as a shield firing back in a shoot out.

Gingerbread takes off running through a back yard. From behind Jessica chasing him in a foot pursuit.

MONTAGE

The chase leads through the various backyards of residential homes.

EXT. FISCHER RESIDENCE, BACK YARD - NIGHT

Gingerbread climbs over a chain-link fence running between the trees through the backyard. Jessica runs up to the fence seeing Gingerbread entering the house through the back door.

Immediately, Jessica climbs over landing on her feet. She takes out her weapon maneuvering around the trees and across the clearing of grass.

EXT. FISCHER RESIDENCE, PATIO - NIGHT

Jessica cautiously runs up to the three bodies lying on the ground in a massive pool of blood. She stares at the words on the concrete written in blood, "IN THE NAME OF GOTH."

Realizing their dead, Jessica moves along the side of the house up to the back-door. She shines the flashlight inside seeing the heavy bloodstains on the stairs and walls.

The upstairs back door is wide open.

INT. FISCHER RESIDENCE, KITCHEN - NIGHT

Jessica walks through the opened doorway holding her weapon and flashlight in a police cross position in both hands sweeping through the dark kitchen.

Unnoticed, the back door closes in silence.

Suddenly, Jessica stops, hearing a dripping noise from behind, she spins aiming her weapon and flashlight at the door gasping in horror.

Rebecca's body hangs lifeless above the pool of blood. The handle from the large Bowie knife extends out from between her crossed eyes covered in blood. Above her head is the disturbing imagery of her severed fingers stabled to the door forming the word "Gingerbread."

Jessica backs away taking a deep breath, keeping her composure in check, she maintains a determined look.

INT. FISCHER RESIDENCE, STAIRS - DAY

Cautiously, Jessica walks down to the party room surrounded by the cloud of smoke thinning out.

INT. FISCHER RESIDENCE, PARTY ROOM - DAY

Jessica stares at the massacre of dead bodies scattered across the floor soaked in blood.

JESSICA  
(whispering)  
Oh Jesus.

Out of nowhere, blood drips down on the side of Jessica's face. She wipes her cheek with her fingertips and examines the wet fluid. She looks up shinning the light on the ceiling.

The body of SARAH WILLIS (30's) bleeding from a deep laceration wound on the side of her skull. Her eyes are extracted out from her eye sockets. Her extremities have puncture wounds on her wrists and ankles, nailed to the ceiling in crucifix pose.

Above Sarah's body in blood reads: "The twisted rule the wicked."

EXT. SHERIFF'S STATION, OFFICE FLOOR - NIGHT

11 p.m.

Jessica is sitting on the desk with her head hung low rubbing her temples with her fingertips. Her eyes are closed tight showing the signs of stress on her face.

Agent Starks walks up giving Jessica a cup of coffee.

AGENT STARKS

Here, try some.

Smiling gingerly, Jessica takes the cup.

JESSICA

You got any whiskey?

Agent Starks smiles back, sitting on the desk across from Jessica.

AGENT STARKS

Sorry, just cream and sugar.

EXT. SHERIFF'S OFFICE - NIGHT

Suddenly, the sheriff's office door flies open. Immediately, deputy officers depart from the office exiting the department floor.

Eagerly, Sheriff Patrick exits the office walking up to the agents.

SHERIFF PATRICK

We got a serious problem. The Mustang Tyrone Henry was driving belongs to Monica.

Suddenly, all the phones on the office floor ring at same time.

Suspiciously, Jessica, Agent Starks, and Sheriff Patrick stare at the phones. After a few seconds, the phones stop ringing except for the one in front of Sheriff Patrick.

DESK

The phone continues ringing, Sheriff Patrick hesitates for a second, picking up the receiver, listening to the caller.

NANA (V.O.)

I want you to know that I'm going to fuck you up with extreme prejudice pig.

Out of fear, Sheriff Patrick's eyes flares open turning to the agents. He motions his finger at the receiver pressing the speaker button on the phone, setting the receiver down on the desk.

NANA (V.O.)

But before you die, I want the Agents to know that I'm gonna kill more people in the most brutal way imaginable.

JESSICA

And then what? Disappear for another twenty years? I'm sorry to disappoint you Tyrone but that's not going to happen. It ends tonight dead or alive it's your choice.

Gingerbread breathes heavily through the speaker phone.

NANA (V.O.)

No princess, it just the beginning for you. You see a lot has change over the span of two decades. I've change for the better, something you'll learn to appreciate. Back then you white devils treated me like a sexually transmitted disease, an outcast. Now who's laughing Jessica? Your turn will come in a painfully lesson about the meaning of true love.



JESSICA

You will lose Tyrone. I guarantee it.

NANA (V.O.)

(laughs)

Can you guarantee the life of a woman who's flesh is going to melt from her bones like hot butter?

A hysterical woman's voice screams in the background.

NANA (V.O.)

Remember princess, every beginning has a tragic ending, that much I can guarantee!

The phone call is disconnected.

EXT. MAYOR'S MANSION - NIGHT

Gingerbread carries a body inside a body bag over his shoulders walking along the front entrance of the estate, passing the ground flood lights.

FRONT DOORS

Gingerbread enters the security code on the mounted key pad unlocking the doors, enters inside, closing the doors behind him.

EXT. MAYOR'S MANSION, DRIVE WAY - NIGHT

A Black Cadillac Expedition driving through the security gates, parks in front of the main entrance turning off the engine and head lights.

JARVIS JORDAN now in his (60's), exits the driver side of the vehicle with his wife EMILY JORDAN (40's). Jarvis walks to the passenger side of the SUV next to Emily wrapping his arms around her waist.

JARVIS

(to Emily)

You see, there's nothing to worry about. Everything is taken care of, trust me.

Jordan kisses Emily on the lips, she leans against his chest wrapping her arms around his waist walking up to the front doors.

## FRONT DOORS

Jarvis enters the security code on the key pad unlocking the doors. The couple enters inside closing the doors behind them.

## LIVING ROOM

The lights are on. After a few moments, Emily screams hysterically.

## EXT. COUNTY ROAD - NIGHT

The patrol car's emergency lights flash on the dark abandoned road. The cruiser speeds down the rain soaked street.

## INT. PATROL CAR - NIGHT

Sheriff Patrick is driving. Jessica is in the front passenger seat. Agent Starks is in the back seat between them. He leans into Sheriff Patrick's ear.

## AGENT STARKS

I think its time for you to tell me what I need to know sheriff. Tyrone Henry didn't come back just to kill a few more people. These murders were nothing but a diversion. You know what he's after. Take me to it before he finds it and disappears again.

Sheriff Patrick glances Agent Starks through the rear view mirror.

## SHERIFF PATRICK

I don't know what the hell your taking about!

Agent Starks shoves the barrel of his weapon in the back of Sheriff Patrick's neck.

## AGENT STARKS

Let's try this one more time sheriff.

## JESSICA

(to Starks)  
What the hell you're doing?

AGENT STARKS

(to Jessica)

You have your orders Agent Pierce,  
I have mine.

(to Patrick)

I'm not going to ask again.

With a sad face, Sheriff Patrick looks at Jessica.

PATRICK

I'm sorry Jessica. I didn't turn  
out to be the man you once knew.

INT. STOCK ROOM - DAY - FLASHBACK

Taking inventory in the cooler, ROLLINS HENRY (30's), good  
looking, clean cut and wearing glasses is doing a beer count.

PATRICK (V.O.)

Twenty year ago, Rollins Clark  
worked for Jarvis as club manager  
at Dixie Chicks. After a earning  
his trust, Jarvis promoted Rollins  
to handle some of his more of  
confidential affairs.

Mayor Jarvis, greeting Rollins with a firm hand shake and a  
smile, giving Rollins an government file marked "CLASSIFIED."

JARVIS

Now, I'm trusting you'll to keep  
this on the down low between us  
right? It's best we keep town  
business to ourselves.

From the breast pocket of his blazer, he gives Rollins a  
smaller envelope. Rollins examines the currency of ten  
thousand dollars in one hundred dollar bills.

At first, Rollins appears reluctant in accepting the money.

ROLLINS

I - I don't know about this Mayor.  
What you're asking me to do sounds  
illegal. I mean, I don't want any  
problem with the feds.

JARVIS

You have nothing to worry about. I  
just need you to be at the lab  
making sure those chemical  
containers are disposed properly. I  
need you to make sure that happens.

Rollins shakes Jarvis' hand again.

EXT. MATRIX LABORATORIES - DAY

Jarvis is given a certified check in the amount of fifty million dollar by a BUSINESS MAN (50's) carrying a black brief case.

PATRICK (V.O.)  
Matrix laboratories, a contracted pharmaceutical company receives federal funding to develop a series of test drugs that would be use to fight against terrorism.

INT. LABORATORY - SAME DAY

A group of SCIENTISTS (40's to 50's) are running tests, ejecting drugs into rodents.

INT. SECURITY WINDOW - SAME DAY

Rollins, an armed security guard scans the ID badges of scientists and lab personal entering the facility.

He signs for the delivery of various equipment and supplies.

PATRICK (V.O.)  
Rollins was in charge of security and certain daily operations.

INT. STRIP CLUB - DAY

Jarvis gives C.J a small box of experimental serum with a cash envelope.

JARVIS  
Make sure you get this to the pharmacist, just in time to be administered as the flu vaccination that starts tomorrow morning.

C.J opens the box examining the bottled drug labeled "DEVILS BREATH."

PATRICK (V.O.)  
It was a perfect operation until Jarvis started using the drug for his own personal gain.

EXT. FREEWAY - DAY

A mindless RESIDENT (40's) walks in the middle lane of oncoming traffic, nearly being hit by swerving vehicles blowing their horns causing multiple accidents.

EXT. STREET, DEAD END - DAY

A speeding vehicles drives through the guard rail and jumps the cliff, crashing at the bottom of the rocks, bursting in flames.

INT. LIVING ROOM - DAY

With a blank expression, an ELDERLY MAN (70's) sits on his recliner chair staring at the wall.

PATRICK (V.O.)

The early stages of the drug wasn't safe to be used on people. The side effects gave people permanent memory loss. Jarvis was using the drug to control the people of Covington. That's how he remain mayor for years.

INT. LIVING ROOM - DAY

News reporter TINA RUSH (40's) attractive and sophisticated, interviews several VICTIMS (30's to 40's) who claim to been ejected with the drug showing their needle tracks in their arms that became infected.

PATRICK (V.O.)

Tina rush got involved when she receive phone calls of people suffering from memory lost she knew was ejected with the drug.

INT. NEWS VAN - DAY

Tina tapes a wired microphone to Rollins chest and gives hit a hand held camera.

PATRICK (V.O.)

She convince Rollins to go undercover to get dirt on Jarvis.

INT. LABORATORY - NIGHT

Dressed in all black, Rollins steals various drug vials, takes pictures of top secret files, steals floppy disks from computer terminals, and confiscates surveillance tapes.

INT. LABORATORY CLOSET - NIGHT

Rollins secretly records a top secret meeting of SCIENTIST (40's to 50's) and GOVERNMENT OFFICIALS (40's to 50's)

INT. BROTHEL HOUSE, BEDROOM - NIGHT

Tied down to the bed C.J injects a resisting Tonya with the drug.

A group of paying CUSTOMERS (30's) enters the room closing the door

PATRICK (V.O.)  
That's when Rollins made the worst  
mistake of his life.

INT. MAYOR'S MANSION - OFFICE

With a smirk on his face, Jarvis tosses the incriminating photos back at Rollins. Immediately, Rollins leaves. Jarvis makes a phone call.

PATRICK (V.O.)  
Rollins threaten to black mail  
Jarvis after he found out what  
happened to Tonya. He threaten to  
go public if Jarvis didn't pay him  
five million dollars.

EXT. MOTEL - NIGHT

Rollins carrying a suite case leads Tonya and Gingerbread to a room outside of town.

In an unmarked vehicle, Sheriff Patrick, dressed in plain clothes spies on the family with a pair of binoculars.

PATRICK (V.O.)  
I was paid extra to keep taps on  
the family.

Sheriff Patrick radio Jarvis on their whereabouts.

PATRICK (V.O.)  
They were planning on leaving town.

EXT. BARN HOUSE - NIGHT

A sedan pulls up parking next to Jarvis' sports car.  
Rollins gets out, entering inside the barn.

EXT. BARN HOUSE - DAY

Multiple squad cars are parked out front with the barn doors open.

INT. BARN HOUSE - DAY

Rollins nude burned body hangs from a noose wrapped around his neck.

INT. MOTEL ROOM

SHERIFF DEPUTIES search the hotel room with Jarvis standing in the door way looking on.

JARVIS  
I don't give a damn if you tear  
this room apart! I want that  
evidence found!

INT. MAYOR'S MANSION - OFFICE -DAY

Jarvis looks through his mail when he sees a disturbing envelope marked "GINGERBREAD'S REVENGE" in blood with an empty drug vial taped to it.

PATRICK (V.O.)  
That was the first of many death  
threat aimed at Jarvis that could  
expose his involvement but more  
important, Project Devil's Breath.

EXT. MATRIX LABORATORIES - DAY

A crew of hired MOVERS (20's) are loading various sized equipment on flat bed trucks with equipment

EXT. RIVER FRONT

WORK CREWS (30's) are dumping barrels of hazard chemicals.

EXT. MATRIX TECHNOLOGIES - SAME DAY

The ranch compound is set on fire.

EXT. FREEWAY - DAY

A fleet of semi truck drives out of town.

PATRICK (V.O.)

The project was shut down and moved  
to a undisclosed location.

END OF FLASHBACK

EXT. THE MAYOR'S MANSION, DRIVE WAY - DAY

The flashing lights of the patrol car parks behind the SUV. Immediately, Sheriff Deputies MARCUS YOUNG (30's) and MONA CARLSON (30's) exits the squad car running up to the front entrance of the estate.

The front doors fly open. A scared Jarvis and Emily exit. Emily is a crying mess.

EMILY

(to Jarvis)

Oh my God, Louise! What kind of  
monster would do this to her!?  
There's blood everywhere, Jarvis!  
What the hell is going on?

Jarvis turns to his wife grabbing her arms with both hands.

JARVIS

Just get in the fucking car and  
shut up!

(to Deputy Young)

Take her!

Deputy Young escorts Emily away. An angry Jarvis steps into Deputy Carlson's face, grabbing his uniform shirt.

JARVIS (CONT'D)

Where in the hell is Sheriff  
Patrick!? He left me a fucking  
message that Tyrone Henry is dead.

(MORE)



JARVIS (CONT'D)  
I come home to find my house-keeper  
dead in my living room!

DEPUTY CARLSON  
Sheriff Patrick instructed me to  
take you and your wife to a safe  
house until your daughter is found.

Overwhelmed with fear, Jarvis's face turns pale.

JARVIS  
Monica? He's got my baby girl!?

Jarvis's cell phone rings in his hand answering the call. His eyes blink with a sense of urgency facing the estate with his mouth wide opened.

Thunder echoes in the backdrop.

JARVIS (CONT'D)  
Oh God, he's inside! That sick  
mother fucker is inside my house!

DRIVE WAY

From behind, a dark blue muscle car with tinted windows turns into the driveway parking next to the patrol car. The doors open, two male HENCHMEN(30'S) wearing all black exiting the vehicle and run over to Mayor Jordan.

HENCHMAN #1  
We got your message.

JARVIS  
That bastard is inside and he's  
kidnapped Monica. Make the  
motherfucker talk, what ever it  
takes until she's found. Then burn  
his black ass into ashes!

HENCHMAN #2  
We'll take care of it.

JARVIS  
(to Carlson)  
We gotta find my daughter now!

Jarvis and Deputy Carlson run to the patrol car and get in.

Henchman #1 and #2 pull out their firearms, running up to the front entrance of the estate. They enter inside.

The patrol car backs out of the driveway and drives away.

The Sheriff's patrol car pulls into the driveway parking behind the SUV.

INT. PATROL CRUISER - DAY

SHERIFF PATRICK

Oh Jesus no! Jarvis! What the hell are you doing here!?

Jessica, Agent Starks, and Sheriff Patrick exit the squad car with their weapons drawn, running up to the opened doors of the estate.

JESSICA

Talk to me, sheriff!

SHERIFF PATRICK

Something went wrong, damn it! Jarvis wasn't supposed to come out of hiding until I made contact with him.

AGENT STARKS

Tyrone wanted us to come here.

INT. MAYOR'S MANSION, FOYER - DAY

The flashlights shine on the gruesome nude body of the HOUSEKEEPER (50's). Her dissolved body is liquidized from the face, torso, and upper extremities saturated in a pool of sulfuric acid and blood across the floor.

INT. MAYOR'S MANSION, CORRIDOR - DAY

The bodies of the Henchman #1 and #2 are face down in a massive pool of blood.

Jessica shines the light down on a blood trail leading down the corridor.

INT. MAYOR'S MANSION, OUTSIDE THE LIBRARY - DAY

The blood trail stops at the closed double doors. Jessica, Agent Starks, and Sheriff Patrick stand a few feet back.

Smoke is filtering out from underneath the doors.

JESSICA

There's something burning inside!

Agent Starks and Sheriff Patrick run up to each side the doors, grabbing hold of the doorknobs.

Jessica takes position, aiming her weapon at the door, nodding her head acknowledging she's ready.

Patrick and Starks kick the doors open.

INT. MAYOR'S MANSION LIBRARY - DAY

The nude body of the MAYOR'S DAUGHTER, Monica Jordon. She isn't recognizable, engulfed in flames, hanging helplessly from a long chain wrapped around the victim's neck like a chandelier. The flesh burns off into flakes of fire falling to the floor forming the word "SHERIFF."

A younger picture of Sheriff Patrick burns on the floor in the center of the flames.

In a horrifying stare, Sheriff Patrick stumbling backwards, falls down to the ground, staring at his burning picture speechless.

Jessica and Agent Starks enter the library with a long curtain. They wrap it around Mayor's Daughter's scorched body, smothering the flames.

Jessica looks at the Monica's badly burned face, noticing an eyebrow ring piercing above the right eye. She reaches inside her coat pocket, pulling out a pair of tweezers and removing the jewelry from her face.

Shining the light to examine the jewelry, Jessica recognizes the end piece of the piercing shaped like the head of a penis.

JESSICA

Oh my God!

Jessica looks at the burned face for a few seconds, turning to Sheriff Patrick.

JESSICA (CONT'D)

It's the Mayor's daughter, Monica Jordon.

AGENT STARKS

Shit. He's got Jarvis and his wife.

INT. MAYOR'S MANSION, LIBRARY FOYER - DAY

Urgently, Sheriff Patrick walks in a fast pace through the foyer.

Agent Starks runs up to Patrick from behind.

AGENT STARKS

Where in the hell do you think your going?

Starks grabs Patrick's arm, turning him around.

Unexpectedly, Sheriff Patrick points his weapon in Stark's face.

Jessica runs up to Starks from behind, reaching for her sidearm, but stops short.

SHERIFF PATRICK

Do it Jessica and I'll put a hole in your partner's grill!

Sheriff Patrick steps back, aiming his weapon at both agents.

Jessica moves her hand away from the side holster.

SHERIFF PATRICK (CONT'D)

Now get the fuck back!

Jessica reacts calmly.

JESSICA

Dan, this isn't helping us. We still have a killer running loose.

Sheriff Patrick points his weapon back to Jessica, grinding his teeth together.

SHERIFF PATRICK

No shit Sherlock! Did you happen to see the name that was burning in flames? IT WAS MINE!

Slowly, Jessica approaches Sheriff Patrick.

JESSICA

It's only a matter of time before we catch him, Dan. We need to stick together on this.

Emotionally, Sheriff Patrick breaks down crying.

SHERIFF PATRICK  
I'm through with all of this!  
Everything! I can't handle this  
shit anymore!

AGENT STARKS  
Everything like what?

Sheriff Patrick aims his weapon back at Agent Starks.

SHERIFF PATRICK  
Jarvis knew Tyrone was coming back!  
He knew Tyrone was coming to kill  
us and expose the project! Twenty  
year ago, after the murder charges  
against Tyrone were dropped, the  
government ordered Jarvis to  
destroy everything relating to  
Devil's Breath. But Jarvis  
continued making the drug and  
selling it on the black market. He  
was going to make billions of  
dollars selling it to our foreign  
enemies.

AGENT STARKS  
Where does he keep the drug?

SHERIFF PATRICK  
Inside a safe in the library.  
Everything regarding the project is  
in there.

AGENT STARKS  
Just give me the combination and we  
can end this.

SHERIFF PATRICK  
I suggest you find Jarvis before  
Tyrone does, because I don't have  
it!

(to Jessica)  
Like I said, I'm not the man you  
thought I was.

EXT. COUNTY ROAD - NIGHT

1 a.m.

Thunderous rain showers pound the dark abandoned road.

A lone patrol car is speeding with urgency.

INT. PATROL CAR - DAY

Jarvis and Emily are in the back seat. Deputy Young, is driving. DEPUTY CARLSON is in the front passenger seat.

Nervously, Jarvis - using his cell phone - rocks back and forth. Emily is crying.

JARVIS

Come on Monica, pick up the damn phone! Please Jesus, don't let anything happen to my princess. I swear, that motherfucker is going to pay if he touches her.

Furiously, Emily turns to Jarvis.

EMILY

If anything has happened to my baby, I'm holding you responsible, you son of a bitch! This is all your fault trying to play God with peoples lives! You're going to get our daughter killed you bastard!

Without thinking, Jarvis slaps Emily across the face hard.

JARVIS

YOU SHUT THE FUCK UP!

Emily moves away from Jarvis, covering her face with her hands, crying out loud.

Gingerbread glares at Jarvis through the rear view mirror.

DEPUTY YOUNG

I guess that makes you feel like a real man, huh?

With a fierce look, Deputy Carlson points her finger in Gingerbread's face.

DEPUTY CARLSON

You're out of line, deputy!

With a smirk on his face, Jarvis raises his eye brows, leaning his face up to the safety grill.

Deputy Carlson turns back to Jarvis.

DEPUTY CARLSON (CONT'D)

Mayor, I apologize...

Jarvis motions his hand at Deputy Carlson to remain quiet.

JARVIS

You're damn lucky I don't make you pull over so I can slap the black off your ass, boy! So do yourself a favor and shut the fuck up before I take off my belt, pull down your britches, and have a flash back of the good o' days with a nigger cop!

Jarvis gives off a cocky smile.

Gingerbread grips the steering wheel, turning off the police siren and emergency lights.

DEPUTY CARLSON

What the hell do you think you're doing?

(to Jarvis)

Your honor, I will personally see to it that Deputy Young faces disciplinary actions for his behavior.

Without hesitation, Gingerbread pulls out his firearm from his side holster and shoots Deputy Carlson in the head through the temple. The bullet exits out the passenger window, shattering it on impact. The blood, brain matter, and skull fragments splatter across the front seat, windshield, dashboard, and safety grill.

Hysterically, Emily screams, grabbing Jarvis's arm and shaking uncontrollably.

Jarvis braces his body against the backseat, tightly trembling from his mouth in horror.

The lifeless body of Deputy Carlson's body hangs, leaning against the cross strap of the seat belt motionless. The flow of blood exits from the bullet wound with her eyes open.

Jarvis is in shock.

JARVIS

Oh my God! You're Tyrone Henry!  
STOP THE CAR! STOP THE FUCKING CAR!

Desperately, Jarvis tries opening the locked window and door.

EMILY

(to Jarvis)

OPEN THE FUCKING DOOR!

Repeatedly, Jarvis pounding his fists on the window. Emily stops crying, staring away in a catatonic state, her body trembling in shock.

Deputy Young accelerates the squad car over 100 mph on the speedometer.

DEPUTY YOUNG

(shouting)

You pimped Tonya Henry out to every swing dick in Covington! You made her your personal whore you murderous bastard! I was in love with her before Rollins came into the picture! I was suppose to marry her and you took that away from me! Now its your turn to pay you racist piece of shit!

EXT. INTERSECTION - DAY

Gingerbread's Patrol Car runs a stop sign.

Out of nowhere, a black armored truck with tinted windows ploughs into the driver side of the squad car, flipping it over multiple times across the road until it slides to a full stop upside down.

INT. PATROL CAR - DAY

Jarvis and Emily moan in pain with various cuts and bruises on their faces.

Aggressively, the black armored truck pulls up alongside the wrecked patrol car.

Gingerbread exits, bruised, cut and pissed off. He walks up to the back passenger door, kicking out the window.

EXT. PATRICK RESIDENCE, TRAILER LOT - NIGHT

2 a.m.

INT. PATRICK RESIDENCE, LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

BECKY (40'S), sits on a Lazy Boy Recliner drinking Jack and Coke from a glass. She's intoxicated, watching TV with her legs crossed, shaking impatiently, flipping through the channels with the remote in hand.



EXT. PATRICK RESIDENCE, DRIVEWAY - NIGHT

Sheriff Patrick's patrol car skids into the driveway stopping abruptly.

INT. PATROL CAR - NIGHT

Sheriff Patrick shifts the patrol car in park with the engine running. Quickly, he exits the squad car.

EXT. PATRICK RESIDENCE - NIGHT

Sheriff Patrick runs up to the side door of the house, entering inside.

INT. PATRICK RESIDENCE, LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

In a hurry, Sheriff Patrick walks through the living room up to the front closet, opening the door, grabbing a military duffel bag off the floor.

Pissed off, Becky jumps up from the recliner walking up to Sheriff Patrick from behind with her drink in her hand.

BECKY

Where the fuck you've been? It's two o'clock in the fucking morning and you're now just waltzing your sorry ass in here like you own the fucking place! Who the fuck do you think you are?

Patrick turns, pointing his finger in her face.

SHERIFF PATRICK

Back the fuck off!

INT. PATRICK RESIDENCE, BEDROOM - NIGHT

Abruptly, Patrick enters the bedroom.

Becky charges after Patrick from behind, antagonizing him even more.

BECKY

Who is she, Dan? Who's the bitch that's got your attention?

Patrick pulls open the dresser drawers, taking out his clothes and shoving them inside the duffel bag.

BECKY (CONT'D)  
Answer me when I'm talking to you,  
sorry ass! What's the name of the  
bitch you're fucking?

Patrick moves past Becky ignoring her.

INT. PATRICK RESIDENCE, BATHROOM - NIGHT

Sheriff Patrick enters the bathroom, carrying his duffel bag over his shoulder.

Becky stands in the doorway, taking a sip from her glass.

BECKY  
Is it somebody I know? Yeah, it is.  
You're a worthless piece of shit  
motherfucker! Go run to your whore!  
I don't need you!

Sheriff Patrick loads his bag with person hygiene items.

BECKY (CONT'D)  
Yeah that's right! Pack your shit  
and get the fuck out! I don't need  
a sorry ass man with no fucking  
backbone in my life! GET THE FUCK  
OUT!

Becky takes a sip from her glass drink.

Sheriff Patrick exits the bathroom.

INT. PATRICK RESIDENCE, BEDROOM - NIGHT

Becky spits in Sheriff Patrick's face. She laughs out loud.

Without warning, Sheriff Patrick turns around, aiming his fire arm in Becky's face. She stops laughing.

BECKY  
You ain't got the balls,  
motherfucker.

Sheriff Patrick pulls the trigger of his revolver.

FLOOR

The glass falls down shattering on the hardwood floor.

The bullet splits a large hole through Becky's chin. She falls on the bed, bouncing off, down to the floor on her back bleeding to death.

Sheriff Patrick stands over Becky's body, shooting her in the head for good measure. Becky dies staring directly into his eyes.

Patrick grabs the duffel bag, exiting the bedroom.

Suddenly, a loud thud attack is heard. The sound of a body falls to the floor.

The telephone is ringing; the answering machine is activated.

BECKY (V.O.) (CONT'D)  
Hi, Becky and Dan aren't home at  
the moment, so you know what to do.

The answering machine beeps.

Gingerbread is breathing through the speaker phone laughing.

NANA (V.O.)  
You're a lucky woman Becky. I was  
going to make you taste your own  
blood rising up through your  
throat.

Gingerbread's yelling out.

NANA (V.O.)  
I WANTED YOU TO SCREAM LIKE THE  
LOST SOULS IN HELL! SQUEAL LIKE A  
FILTHY PIG BEGGING TO BE SPARED!  
THEN SLAUGHTER YOU LIKE MINDLESS  
CATTLE WITH NO FUCKING CLUE!

Gingerbread is silent for a second speaking in a calmer tone.

NANA (V.O.)  
But that's fine, Becky. Consider  
yourself lucky. As for Dan, the  
suffering will be ten fold!

Gingerbread disconnects the call. In the background, the front door opens slamming shut from behind.

EXT. BACK WOODS - NIGHT

DIRT ROAD

The Cadillac SUV bounces down the narrow dirt trail in high pursuit.

INT. SUV - NIGHT

Jessica is driving. Agent Starks sits beside her.

JESSICA

There's an old barn house down the road close to where Sheriff Patrick lives. Tyrone said something about the beginning will lead to the end.

AGENT STARKS

So it begins where Tyrone's father was murdered twenty years ago.

JESSICA

It would also be the one place I would hide out to avoid being seen by anyone.

Out of nowhere the high beams of an oncoming black Hummer blinds Jessica. She shields her eyes.

JESSICA (CONT'D)

Hold on!

The Hummer zooms by splashing mud on the SUV's windshield. Jessica pulls up the car, swerving off road and down into a murky ditch.

EXT. BACK WOODS - NIGHT

Immediately, Jessica jumps out, running up the muddy embankment, aiming her weapon at the back of moving Hummer disappearing in the dark.

Agent Starks stands next Jessica.

JESSICA

Fuck! It was him!

Agent Starks shines his flashlight in the opposite direction seeing the outline of an old barn house behind some trees at the end of the road.

INT. SUV - NIGHT

Jessica shifts gears between reverse and forward.

EXT. SUV - NIGHT

Aggressively, the tires spin in the muddy waters struggling to climb out of the ditch.

EXT. BARN HOUSE - NIGHT

Agent Starks walks up to the barn house, shining his flashlight around the premises, drawing his weapon. He squeezes his body between the opening gap of the large wooden doors closed.

INT. BARN - NIGHT

Agent Starks moves along, shining the light around. The musty atmosphere is saturated by a thick mist of mildew dimming the light radius.

He covers his nose from the unusual strong odor with his sleeve. The cool night air whistles through the multiple holes in the walls. Rain drops fall on top of old farming equipment and machinery from the damaged ceiling. The ground is gritty, saturated from the rain soaking the old strands of hay.

Agent Starks stops next to a closed door with a light glaring out from the bottom. Cautiously, he grabs the doorknob turning it slowly.

The door is whipped open slamming back against the wall.

INT. BARN, ROOM - NIGHT

Agent Starks walks past the portable floor lamp over to a wooden table consisting of high tech surveillance equipment: digital camera, night vision binocular and goggles, GPS vehicle tracker, phone scanners, voice changer and a portable battery generator.

He picks up the cell phone, paging through the call log. The name of "Tina Rush" shows as the last call entry. He pockets the cell phone.

Jessica enters the room with her weapon drawn.

AGENT STARKS

Like I said, he's calculating and very organized.

Jessica examines the equipment.

JESSICA

This explains how Tyrone has been  
one step ahead of us.

Agent Starks picks up a group of photos from a second table  
viewing them.

AGENT STARKS

Make that two steps, look.

Agent Starks hands the photos to Jessica staring at the top  
photo of herself running with the football in a game.

AGENT STARKS (CONT'D)

When was this taken?

Jessica looks at Agent Starks.

JESSICA

The other day at a charity football  
game.

Jessica thumbs through the various game photos of herself.

JESSICA (CONT'D)

He's been watching me the entire  
time.

Agent Starks unzips Gingerbread's military duffel bag,  
dumping out the contents of canned foods, water, and medical  
supplies on the camouflage cot. He picks up a folded piece of  
construction paper, opening it.

He turns to Jessica holding out the piece of paper.

AGENT STARKS

Does this mean anything?

Jessica takes the paper examining it.

The title page is called "**The Gingerbread Massacre**". Under  
the title is a well drawn theater stage surrounded by flames.  
The high school head shot of Nicholas Grant is attached to a  
stick figure body tied to a chair in the center of the  
flames. At the bottom of the page are two stick figures of a  
boy and girl surrounded by black hearts.

With an alarmed look on her face, Jessica realizes what the  
message means.

JESSICA

Shit! He's going to kill my ex  
boyfriend Nicholas Grant.

(to Agent Starks)

(MORE)

## JESSICA (CONT'D)

He plans on burning him alive if we don't get to the high school in time.

## EXT. BARN - NIGHT

Jessica and Agent Starks jump inside the SUV parked outside, driving off in a hurry.

## EXT. WASHINGTON HIGH SCHOOL - NIGHT

3 a.m.

## INT. WASHINGTON HIGH SCHOOL, MAINTENANCE WORK SHOP - NIGHT

Sheriff Patrick consciously moving his head in a slow and groggy motion. His eyes blink, painfully staring directly into the blinding light of the high-power floor lamp position in front him.

He's stripped down to his underwear struggling to breath freely from his bloody nose. His wrists, stomach, and ankles are heavily taped to the chair. His lips are glued together. Gingerbread walks into view standing behind the floor lamp. He grabs a mallet from the work table gripping the handle tightly. He bends down on his knees in front of Sheriff Patrick's feet.

Sheriff Patrick mumbles with his eyes closed tight, preparing for the worst in a tense posture back against the chair.

## NANA (V.O.)

Let me know if this hurts.

Maliciously, Gingerbread repeatedly pounds Sheriff Patrick's toes with a violent swing of the iron mallet.

Sheriff Patrick screams from the physical torture of his toes being broken, digging his fingers deep into the hand rest of the chair.

Gingerbread stops, standing over Sheriff Patrick who weeps in excruciating pain. He throws the mallet back on the table grabbing a hand held torch, turning it on, adjusting the neon blue flame.

Covered in sweat, Sheriff Patrick stares helplessly at the torch, mumbling at Gingerbread.

Gingerbread holds the torch against Sheriff Patrick's nipple, burning his skin like melting butter.

In a high pitch mumble, Sheriff Patrick screams in torturous pain, his flesh sizzles under the extreme heat, his legs quiver in agony of the worst pain ever felt.

Gingerbread applies the intense flame on the opposite nipple making Sheriff Patrick screams again in a high pitch growl.

His discolored chest swells into a large discolored blister.

Gingerbread turns the torch off, grabbing the back of Sheriff Patrick's hair and shoves the hot nozzle against his glued lips.

Sheriff Patrick shivers from the contact.

Gingerbread throws the torch down to the floor. Armed with a box cutter, he cuts an opening slit between his lips, bleeding from the incision.

Shaking wildly, Sheriff Patrick cries out.

SHERIFF PATRICK  
FUCK YOU, MOTHERFUCKER! YOU SON OF  
A BITCH! I SWEAR TO GOD YOU BETTER  
MAKE SURE I'M DEAD CAUSE I'M GONNA  
CUT YOUR BLACK ASS INTO PIECES!

Suddenly, Sheriff Patrick is spun around in the chair facing the brick wall. The floor lamp is positioned behind his head casting an over sized shadow of his body.

Gingerbread's shadow stands over Sheriff Patrick, holding a cordless power drill, squeezing the trigger. The eerie sound of the drill spins freely.

Sheriff Patrick cries out for the last time.

SHERIFF PATRICK (CONT'D)  
Listen to me, Tyrone! You need me!  
I can take you to Jarvis! He  
murdered your mother and father! I  
had nothing to do with it! I swear  
to you, I never wanted any part of  
this! You got to believe me! Please  
Tyrone don't kill me!

The shadow of Gingerbread points the long drill bit down on top of Sheriff Patrick's head, grabbing him by the back of hair with his opposite hand in a tight grip.

SHERIFF PATRICK (CONT'D)  
(shouting)  
OH GOD! OH GOD, NO!  
(MORE)



SHERIFF PATRICK (CONT'D)  
(screaming)  
HELP ME! ARGH!

The shadow of Gingerbread leans against the drill, spinning the long drill bit through Sheriff Patrick's skull all the way down to the drill's chuck.

The shadow pattern of blood shoots out from the wound onto the wall and shadows.

EXT. WASHINGTON HIGH SCHOOL - NIGHT

4 a.m.

The Black SUV jumps the side walk slamming its brakes in front of the school's main entrance.

Immediately, Jessica and Agent Starks exit the vehicle running up the stairs entering inside the school.

CUT TO:

EXT. WASHINGTON HIGH SCHOOL, AUDITORIUM - NIGHT

The agents running up the open entrance with their weapons drawn. The blood on the floor that reads "The Prince of Death."

JESSICA  
He's inside!

Cautiously, the agents walk along the far opposite sides of the walk way, shining their flashlights on the empty seats and aisles.

Gingerbread's voice speaks through the PA speakers.

GINGERBREAD (O.S)  
That's far enough agents.

The agents stop. The flashlights shines up on the stage.

GINGERBREAD (O.S) (CONT'D)  
Agent Pierce, please step up to the microphone standing in the center aisle.

Jessica glances at Agent Starks. He nods his head in agreement.

Jessica walks across the aisle up to the standing microphone.

JESSICA  
Where's Nicholas?

NANA (V.O.)  
He's getting ready for his grand finale. But don't worry Jessica, I plan on giving you a curtain call that will last forever, until death do you part. But the time has expired on your knight in shining armor.

JESSICA  
Take me as your hostage and let Nicholas go.

NANA (V.O.)  
In due time darling but first...

In the background, an organ plays an opera type theme.

NANA (V.O.)  
Welcome to my theater of pain. The Mayor and his wife are getting ready for the their final scene. It's the calm before the storm. Take a seat, sit back, and enjoy the show.

Suddenly, the curtain rises. The spotlight shines on the body of a NICHOLAS GRANT (30's) tied to a chair, unconscious. His face is badly beaten, bloody, and swollen, stripped down to his underwear with a twenty dollar bill taped to his chest. At his feet is a pile of one dollar bills.

JESSICA  
Oh God...  
(screaming)  
NICHOLAS!

BACKSTAGE:

In a flash, the floor is set on fire, burning a continuous trail across the floor to the stage.

Jessica jumps up, pulling herself up on the ledge. At the last second, Agent Starks runs up from behind tackling Jessica down to the ground.

Quickly, the trail of fire spreads out into wide flames, shooting up into a burning inferno. The entire stage is engulfed in fire. Instantly, Nicholas is swallowed by the blaze.

The flames shoot out spreading to the curtains burning out of control upwards on the walls and ceiling. Black smoke fills the auditorium.

INT. WASHINGTON HIGH SCHOOL, HALLWAY - NIGHT

Jessica and Agent Starks stagger against the wall coughing repeatedly from smoke filtering out into the hallway.

Jessica pulls the fire alarm. It echoes throughout the building.

EXT. WASHINGTON HIGH SCHOOL - NIGHT

Jessica and Agent Starks race down the stairs up to the SUV. The sound of multiple emergency sirens are approaching.

JESSICA

I know where he's got Jarvis and his wife!

AGENT STARKS

Where?

JESSICA

The strip club. Dixie Chicks!

Immediately, the agents jump inside the SUV, driving off accelerating down the street.

EXT. RESTAURANT, DINING ROOM - NIGHT

5 AM

Tina and Corey sit at a booth next to a window. Tina's face cringes at Corey eating a plate of fish and grits like a pig using his fingers to scoop up the fish and grit into his mouth.

TINA

Seriously, do you have to eat like that in public?

Corey looks up confused.

COREY

Like what?

Tina's cell phone rings. She picks the phone up from the table answering the call.

TINA

Tina Rush.

Tina's expression changes. Sitting up with urgency, she stares at Corey who stops eating with a concerned look.

TINA (CONT'D)

Yes. Yes. I know where it is,  
but...

The call is disconnected. Tina closes her phone with excitement.

TINA (CONT'D)

Holy shit, that was him again!

Worried, Corey drops his fish on the plate.

COREY

That was who?

Tina stands reaching inside her purse.

TINA

Who do you think? Tyrone Henry, we  
gotta go!

Corey hesitates for a moment, wiping his hands on a napkin.

COREY

Look, I got a bad feeling about  
this. I mean, how do we know he's  
not setting us up to be killed  
next.

Tina rolls her eyes taking out some money from her purse.

TINA

Look, this is your one and only  
chance to ride the express elevator  
to the top. Are you in or not?

Corey thinks for a moment lowering his head in doubt. He's not sure if he wants to go through it.

Tina leans in his face.

TINA (CONT'D)

If it makes it any easier, the last  
time I checked you have a wife,  
four kids and a fifth one on the  
way.

(MORE)

TINA (CONT'D)

If that's not enough motivation to convince you, tell me how many black camera men do you see in Georgia?

Tina slaps money down on the table, walking out of the restaurant.

Corey lowers his head into his hands in frustration. He looks over at the news camera sitting next to him. He picks up the camera walking out the restaurant.

EXT. STRIP CLUB, PARKING LOT - NIGHT

Dixie Tricks Strip Club.

The Black SUV pulls up in the lot parking in the back the strip club. Jessica and Starks exit the vehicle with their weapons out.

Suddenly, the NEWS VAN pulls up behind them.

Immediately, Tina and Corey exit the van, running up to the agents.

Corey turns the camera on. Jessica shoves the camera back.

JESSICA

Get the fuck out of here!

TINA

(to Agent Starks)

Look, if you let us stay out here, I swear we won't try to interfere in any way. I promise. Please!

JESSICA

Have you lost your fucking mind? You're going to get yourself killed!

AGENT STARKS

No, let them stay. This works out better this way.

JESSICA

(to Agent Starks)

What?

Agent Starks runs around to the front entrance of the building. Jessica follows behind.

EXT. STRIP CLUB, FRONT ENTRANCE - NIGHT

The front door is wide open.

AGENT STARKS  
(to Jessica)  
Ready?

JESSICA  
Let's do it.

Jessica and Staks enter inside.

INT. STRIP CLUB, THE GOLD MINE AREA - NIGHT

The main floor lighting is dimmed.

Cautiously, Jessica and Agent Starks walk past several individual dancing stages.

They split up, moving in different directions.

Jessica walks up stairs.

INT. V.I.P LOUNGE - DAY

Jessica walks beside the bar looking in all directions.

In plain view, the bodies of Jarvis and Emily are chained to the strip poles screaming at Jessica through tied mouth gags.

Jessica aims her weapon at the stage.

JESSICA  
F.B.I Agent!

Jessica runs up to the stage, pointing her weapon. She unties the gag around Jarvis's mouth.

JARVIS  
There's a bomb strapped to the pole  
behind my wife! You gotta hurry up  
and get us out!

From behind, the trap door opens. Gingerbread climbs out unnoticed.

Jessica grabs the pad lock behind Jarvis's back.

JESSICA

I'll get you and your wife out! I  
have to shoot the lock off first!  
Hold still!

Jessica stands, ready to shoot.

From behind, Gingerbread wraps his arm around Jessica's neck, injecting the loaded syringe of a black serum behind her ear.

Jessica screams in a struggle, firing a single round into the ceiling. Gingerbread grabs hold of her wrist.

Immediately, the drug takes effect. Jessica drops her weapon on the platform stage. Disoriented, she collapses to the floor in front of Jarvis rolling on her back.

A speechless Jarvis stares in shock.

Jessica's speech is in paired calling out.

JESSICA (CONT'D)

Starks!

Gingerbread bends down, leaning over Jessica's body. He strikes Jessica several times across the face wearing a pair of brass knuckles. The entire side of Jessica's face is bruised and swollen.

Gingerbread picks up Jessica's gun.

NANA (V.O.)

Remember when I said I'll love you  
till death do us part?

Gingerbread fires a shots into Jessica's thigh bone, crying out in pain, rolling on her side.

Emily screams through her mouth gag.

Gingerbread circles around Jessica's body.

NANA (V.O.)

I wasn't lying about that, but  
sometimes love hurts, and I need to  
show you how much pain I felt over  
the years, princess.

Out of anger, Gingerbread viciously kicks a helpless Jessica several times across the face bleeding from a broken jaw and nose. He continues the assault kicking her in the ribs.

Painfully, Jessica deeply gasps for air drooling out a stream line of blood from her mouth.

NANA (V.O.)  
Love comes with a painful price.

Gingerbread fires a second round into Jessica's shoulder, grunting from the bullet wound, she passes out cold.

JARVIS  
(crying)  
Tyrone please! You made your point!  
She's suffered enough. Just let her  
be!

Gingerbread aims the gun at Jarvis.

NANA (V.O.)  
(to Jarvis)  
That's part of the game white  
devil! You should know this better  
than anyone. Don't tell me you  
didn't feel the same way when you  
beat and raped Tonya Henry to her  
death.

Jarvis is overwhelmed with guilt, crying.

NANA (V.O.)  
(to Jessica)  
If its meant to be, princess, I'll  
be there to comfort you through the  
nightmares that will torment your  
dreams for years to come.

Gingerbread exits the V.I.P lounge through the back emergency door.

INT. STRIP CLUB, STAIRWAY - DAY

An injured Agent Starks stumbles up the stairs in a daze, bleeding from a nasty wound on the side of his head. He calls out.

AGENT STARKS  
Agent Pierce!

With urgency, Jarvis shouts.

JARVIS  
GET YOUR ASS OVER HERE! WE DON'T  
HAVE MUCH TIME!

Agent Starks sees Jessica's body on the dance stage. He runs over to her checking for a pulse.



JARVIS (CONT'D)  
FUCK HER SHE'S DEAD! GET US OUT  
BEFORE THE BOMB DETONATES!

AGENT STARKS  
I'm sorry, Jessica.

Agent Starks stands behind Jarvis, shooting the lock off and freeing Jarvis.

Immediately, Jarvis moves next to Emily, turning back to Agent Starks.

JARVIS  
WHAT ARE YOU WAITING FOR!? HELP ME  
FREE MY WIFE!

Agent Starks strikes Jarvis across his forehead with the butt of his firearm, knocking him out cold.

AGENT STARKS  
You and I have unfinished business  
to conclude.

EXT. STRIP CLUB, REAR ENTRANCE - DAY

The back door swings open. In handcuffs, Jarvis is pushed outside, bleeding from a nasty head wound.

Agent Starks follows from behind with his weapon aimed at him. Sitting on a crate, Tina jumps up, turning to Corey, placing the camera on his shoulder ready to roll.

TINA  
Let's go!

Corey follows Tina's lead running up to Agent Starks with microphone in hand.

TINA (CONT'D)  
Agent Starks, can you tell us what  
happened inside?

Agent Starks walks up to Corey, shooting him in the head. His body and camera fall to the ground.

Frantically, Tina drops her microphone in shock, Starks's blood on her face.

Jarvis stands motionless, visibly shaken.

Agent Starks fire a second round into the Corey's heart.

TINA (CONT'D)  
Oh Jesus, COREY! COREY!

Tina turns running in the opposite direction.

Agent Starks steps up, shooting Tina in the back of her head, falling face first into a large puddle of mud.

Agent Starks grabs Jarvis by the back of his neck, dragging him over to the SUV.

Jarvis's face is sad, numb, and motionless.

Agent Starks shoves Jarvis inside the back seat of the SUV, slamming the door shut. He picks up the camera, gets back inside the SUV, driving off and running over Tina's body down the dirt road.

INT. STRIP CLUB, VIP LOUNGE - DAY

With tears in her eyes, Emily Jordan leans back against the dance pole with a blank expression.

BOMB

The timer ticks down to two seconds.

EXT. STRIP CLUB, SECOND STORY WINDOW - DAY

In the last seconds, Jessica leaps through the office window, shattering glass around her body in mid air.

The building detonates in a powerful explosion throwing Jessica across the parking lot landing on the ground surrounded by burning debris.

INT. MAYOR'S MANSION, LIBRARY - DAY

SUNRISE

Agent Starks shoves Jarvis behind his desk, pointing his weapon with a silencer attachment at Jarvis.

STARKS  
Open it!

SAFE

Jarvis kneels down, entering a digital three number combination. He turns the steel handle pulling the door open.

Inside is a large amount of money, stocks, and bonds. A large tan envelope with several rolls of film, computer disks, and a container consisting of twenty - four serum vials.

JARVIS

Please let me explain! I was planing to destroy everything.

Agent Starks shoots Jarvis in a three round burst to the heart, bleeding out. His body collapses to the floor, dying with his eyes open.

Agent Starks moves to the safe, pulling out a folded black bag from his coat pocket. He kneels down emptying out the safe. His cell phone rings.

Agent Starks stands, zips up the bag, and pulls out his cell from his coat pocket answering the call.

STARKS

Yes sir. I have everything. That problem has been removed. Agent Pierce is dead. No sir - Tyrone Henry is still at large. Do you want me to intercept? Understood, I'll be at the airport within the next hour.

Agent Starks checks the time on his watch.

AGENT STARKS

Will do.

Agent Starks ends the call exiting the library.

EXT. COVINGTON GENERAL HOSPITAL - DAY

OCTOBER 31ST

INT. ICU - DAY

Slowly, Jessica opens her good eye, blinking a few times adjusting to the room lights. Her head is heavily bandaged with gauze taped over her damage eye. Her jaw is wired shut surrounded by the swelling on her face, dried blood stains her lips. Her shoulder sits in a sling, her leg is heavily bandaged, elevated on top of pillows.

Assistant Director Kruse stands by her bedside, holding her hand in concern.

Jessica looks at him mumbling through her wired jaw.

JESSICA

Where am I?

DIRECTOR KRUSE

You're at Covington General  
Hospital.

JESSICA

How did I get here? What happened?

Assistant Director Kruse takes a seat next to Jessica.

DIRECTOR KRUSE

What's the last thing you remember?

Jessica tries to think.

JESSICA

I - I don't know. I mean -  
everything seems blank or missing -  
I don't.

DIRECTOR KRUSE

Do you remember anything about the  
case you were on?

JESSICA

I - can't think - don't - know.

Jessica falls under from the medication.

EXT. HOSPITAL, LOBBY - DAY

Assistant Director Kruse exits the room. Two uniformed POST  
GUARD officers stand outside the room.

Deputy Nathan Daniels walks up to Assistant Director Kruse.

DANIELS

Well?

Kruse shakes his head in disappointment.

KRUSE

She doesn't remember anything.

DANIELS

And she probably never will. Lab  
test shows that she's been injected  
with a heavy drug called  
Scopolamine.

KRUSE  
Scopolamine?

Deputy Daniels and Assistant Director Kruse walk away from the room.

DANIELS  
Does the project name, Devil's Breath, rings a bell? Scopolamine, is an experimental drug design to permanently erase memories. Agent Pierce was injected with a heavy dose that should of killed her. She's lucky to be alive.

KRUSE  
(to Daniels)  
What the hell happened in Georgia? Mayor Jordan was found dead in his mansion. His wife was killed in a bomb explosion at a strip club where Agent Pierce was left for dead.

DANIELS  
And Tyrone Henry is still at large. I know, we have nothing. The investigation is officially closed.

Kruse is upset.

KRUSE  
You can't be serious! After what Jessica has been through, you're willing to dismiss it as if nothing happen! Hell no, unacceptable in my book!

DANIELS  
Deal with it Assistant Director because that's exactly what were going to do!

Kruse sighs - amazed at Daniels.

KRUSE  
Look at it this way, when Agent Pierce recovers, we'll reassign her to a different field office and pretend this never happened.

KRUSE (CONT'D)  
Just like that?

DANIELS

It's not my decision but I have my orders to follow, so do you.

KRUSE

And you're okay with that?

DANIELS

Go home Morgan, there's nothing more you can do.

Daniels walks away with Kruse looking back.

Assistant Director Kruse walks away.

A young attractive NURSE (20's) walks up to police officers showing her I.D badge. She clears proceedings and enters the room.

INT. ICU ROOM - DAY

Jessica is sleeping.

The Nurse walks up to the bed, laying a medical chart down next to Jessica. She takes out a syringe from her pocket laying it next to the chart, disconnecting the I.V line connected to Jessica's arm.

The Nurse injects the drug into the line.

Seconds pass.

She pulls out the syringe placing the plastic end piece in her mouth, reconnecting the I.V line, placing the syringe back into her pocket.

The Nurse walks up to the door turning off the lights, exits the room.

Suddenly, Jessica's eye snaps open.

EXT. HENRY COUNTY ROAD, MORGAN, GEORGIA - DAY

SUBTITLE: OCTOBER 31st, 5 p.m.

Torrential rain showers fall late afternoon.

A yellow cab sits on the side of the road.

INT. CAB - DAY

Gingerbread is sitting behind the steering wheel wearing the same gear and ski mask from last night, covered in blood.

NANA (V.O.)

You've done well Gingerbread! I can hear the devils screaming in the lake of fire. Their spirits are being tortured by the children of the lost souls. You know what needs to be done to embrace closure. Kill the devil of all devils! Kill him, Gingerbread, and his soul becomes mine! This will connect the life line of my essence through you mind, body, and soul.

Suddenly, Gingerbread grips the steering wheel grunting in excruciating pain.

EXT. CAB - DAY

The driver door opens. Gingerbread staggers out falling down to his knees crawling away from the cab, stopping in the middle of the road.

The heavy rain storm soaks his entire body.

Out of nowhere, he vomits out a pool of black ooze coming out of his nose and mouth gagging.

The ski mask is pulled off. The long black silky hair hangs down covering the face.

From behind, Gingerbread stands up. The long wet hair is whipped back looking up towards the sky, his appearance has drastically changed.

Gingerbread is now an attractive black woman.

Slowly, she walks back to the cab, taking off the top layers of clothing down to her white tee shirt soaked by the rain water exposing her large breasts.

Gingerbread re-enters the cab driving away.

EXT. GAS STATION - DAY

HENRY COUNTY ROAD - 10 PM

Heavy rain showers continues to pour.

INT. PHONE BOOTH - DAY

STEVE O'BRIEN, now (60's) with grayish black shoulder length hair, a bit overweight, shivers from the cold and wet. He rubs his hands together for warmth.

EXT. ROADWAY - DAY

The headlights of an oncoming vehicle approaching.

STEVE

Thank God!

Steve exits the phone booth, running across the street waving his arms frantically.

The vehicle drives past, splashing a large puddle of rain water in his face. Steve throws up the middle finger.

STEVE (CONT'D)

Fuck you, motherfucker!

From behind, the high beams of a second cab stops. Steve turns around shielding his eyes from the glare.

The car horn blows.

The driver side window rolls down slightly, a sexy female voice yells out.

FEMALE GINGERBREAD (O.S.)

Are you going to stand there all night?

Steve runs to the back door getting in.

The cab drives off.

INT. CAB - DAY

Excited, Steve wipes rain water from his face and hair with his fingers, sneezing on his arm from a bad cold.

STEVE

I don't know who you are honey, but thank you! Thank you! Thank you! I'm giving you a fat tip for this!

Female Gingerbread, wearing a black hooded sweat shirt with a baseball cap covering her head is armed with a loaded three - eighty revolver with a silencer attachment in her lap. She speaks in a sexy voice.



FEMALE GINGERBREAD  
Consider yourself lucky. I don't  
think anyone else would be crazy  
enough to be out in this mess.

Steve laughs.

STEVE  
Well, guess what sweetheart? I am!

Steve takes out a cigarette and lighter.

Female Gingerbread adjusts the rear view mirror.

FEMALE GINGERBREAD  
I'm sorry, but this is a smoke free  
cab.

Steve sniffs through his stuffy nose.

STEVE  
(chuckling)  
No problem, baby girl, I can wait  
until you drop me off.

FEMALE GINGERBREAD  
So where to on a Halloween night?

STEVE  
Well, since I'm a free man with  
twenty million dollars to spend,  
take me to the first bar you see. I  
want to get drunk and fucked by the  
first woman I see tonight. And if  
it's not too much to ask, some  
fucking breakfast in the morning  
before I leave her ass.

Steve laughs out loud.

FEMALE GINGERBREAD  
What about your wife?

Suddenly, Steve stops laughing, his facial expression quickly  
changes to a puzzled look of confusion.

STEVE  
My wife? Oh you mean my ex! Fuck  
that bitch! I'll buy a new one! She  
was supposed to pick me up from  
prison this afternoon but never  
showed up.

Female Gingerbread stares into the rear view mirror with a look of cruel intentions in mind.

FEMALE GINGERBREAD

That's because Veronica is dead.  
Someone chopped her fat head off  
this morning.

Steve leans back, speechless, staring at Female Gingerbread.

STEVE

What the fuck did you just say to  
me? Who the hell are you? How the  
fuck do you know about me?

Female Gingerbread drives faster.

STEVE (CONT'D)

Hey! Stop this cab, motherfucker!

Steve strikes the security glass with his fist.

STEVE (CONT'D)

(yelling)

I SAID STOP THE FUCKING CAB, BITCH!

Steve moves from door to door, trying to open the locked doors and windows. Suddenly, he notices a strange odor rubbing his hand against the back seat smelling his fingers.

STEVE (CONT'D)

What the fuck is this?

EXT. ROAD SIDE - DAY

The cab pulls over, parking in neutral with the engine running. The back window is lowered slightly.

Female Gingerbread exits the cab with the door open, holding a bottle of jack Daniels containing a mixture of gasoline and diesel fuel. A piece of cloth hangs out from the bottle.

She walks to the back door taping a photo against the window for Steve to see.

PHOTO

A family picture of Rollins and Tonya Henry with Tyrone at birth.

Stunned, Steve stares at the photo.

STEVE  
(astonished)  
Its you. But how?

Female Gingerbread holds up a Black Harley Davidson lighter, igniting the cloth.

FEMALE GINGERBREAD  
I want to demonstrate what your  
soul is going to feel when it's  
burning in the lake of tears.

Steve's mouth drops open in terror. He bangs on the window.

Female Gingerbread walks back to the open car door, raising the back window shut, smashing the bottle against the dash board.

Flames quickly spreads from the front to the end of the cab. Frantically, Steve screams with his body is on fire. The combination of burnt flesh and blood from his hand smears across the window.

Female Gingerbread walks across the street taking out a gingerbread cookie from the pocket of her hooded sweatshirt. She takes a bite with a smile on her face.

EXT. HUMMER - DAY

Female Gingerbread jumps inside and starts the engine, rolling down the window, hanging her arm out. She tosses the cookie down to the ground.

The hummer drives off into the night.

EXT. ROAD SIDE - DAY

In a flash, the cab explodes into a large ball of fire.

A partially eaten gingerbread cookie with a smile on its face lands on the ground smoking from the explosion.

FADE OUT