

TALES OF THE DAMNED:
Episode 9 - "Redemption"
by
Christine Gillam

FINAL DRAFT
AUGUST, 2005

"REDEMPTION"

TEASER

FADE IN:

EXT. DAY SMALL MIDWESTERN TOWN, USA, CIRCA 1965

FEMALE (V.O.)

I remember it like it was
yesterday, even though it was over
10 years ago. It was Saturday and
it started out like any other that
summer.

The scene opens with a young girl, about 12 years old,
walking down a narrow road. She is dressed in jeans, t-shirt
and sneakers. On her head is a baseball cap. She has a
stick in her hand and she is dragging it in the dirt beside
the road as she walks.

MANDRAKE (V.O.)

Damned: Some souls are lost
forever, but some long for
redemption.

People are passing her in the street and she waves at all of
them, smiling. An gold Cadillac slows down as it passes.
She slows to look at it. She doesn't recognize the car. She
looks at the driver, who is wearing a fedora. He tips his
head, smiles at her, then speeds away. She starts to walk
again, still dragging the stick. She soon arrives at her
destination, a tire store that also doubles as an auto repair
garage. The front of the store is one big window and you can
see 4 men inside the store laughing and talking as she
enters.

CUT TO:

INT. TIRE STORE - DAY

MAN #2 and MAN #3 are sitting on the couch beside the window
in the front of the store. The parking lot can be seen
through this window. Two men stand around the counter: MAN
#1 is standing in front of the counter. You can read the name
"CHARLIE" on the man's shirt that is standing behind the
counter.

GIRL

Good morning!

CHARLIE

Mornin' Lissa! What you up to today?

LISSA

Just stoppin' in for a drink before goin' down to the river to meet the gang. Billy's bringing the fishin' gear and Susan's bringin' the sandwiches.

MAN #2

Don't y'all catch 'em all now, ya hear? Joe and I are going down there this afternoon.

The all laugh and Lissa begins to dig in her pockets for change for the machine, which is located near the doorway to the bay area. She has her back to the men, who continue to speak to each other.

MAN #1

Hey, Joe! D'you catch that ball game last night?

JOE

Sure did! It was a close 'un. That ump needed glasses thicker'n yourn!

The men all laugh heartily at the joke, some shaking their heads. A silver car pulls up outside. Inside the car is an AFRICAN-AMERICAN GIRL about the same age as LISSA. An AFRICAN-AMERICAN MAN, about 30 years old, gets out of the driver's side of the car.

CHARLIE

Anybody know who that is?

They all turn to look out the window as the man walks towards the door of the shop.

MAN #2

Naw. They're not from around these parts. Those're outta state plates.

AFRICAN-AMERICAN MAN has made it to the door and opens it. He is very tall, about 6 feet, wearing a button down shirt, jeans and loafers. He is wearing glasses. He opens the door and looks straight into the eyes of CARLISSA, who stares a minute before looking away. You can see her shiver as she looks away. AFRICAN-AMERICAN MAN walks into the service bay, and returns with a tire iron. He walks out the door.

MAN #2 (CONT'D)

Hey, Charlie! That fella just took
your tire iron? Ain' you gone do
nuttin' 'bout that?

CHARLIE

He's probably just borrowin' it.
He'll be back.

They all just stare out the window at AFRICAN-AMERICAN MAN,
who walks over to the passenger side and pulls out the
AFRICAN-AMERICAN GIRL. You can see her struggling to stay in
the car, holding onto anything she can grab, right down to
the window frame. The man is bigger and stronger and he
pulls her out anyway. AFRICAN-AMERICAN GIRL is crying.

LISSA (V.O.)

We all stood there and watched him
as he began to beat her with the
tire iron, over and over again.
Blood flying everywhere. We
watched as if it was a moving
picture show or something on
television. We could hear her
screams and still we stood there.
Doing nothing. Just watching.

As she speaks, you can see the action in the parking lot.
LISSA is the only one who moves. She runs towards the
service bays.

CUT TO:

INT. SERVICE BAYS

Tools and parts lay everywhere. You can hear AFRICAN-AMERICAN
GIRL outside screaming and crying. There is a phone on the
wall as you enter. LISSA picks up the phone. There is
someone speaking on the other end, even before she dials the
phone.

VOICE ON PHONE (O.S.)

Hello? Hello? Charlie? Is that
you?

LISSA

No, Mrs. Parsons. It's me.
Carlissa. I need to use the phone.

MRS. PARSONS (O.S.)
I'm not hanging up this phone until
I talk to Charlie about those tires
he sold me last week.

LISSA
Please, Mrs. Parsons!

MRS. PARSONS
Those tires are cheap! I had one
go flat already, and all I did was
run over a bottle.

LISSA
Please, Mrs. Parsons! I'll get him
to call you back! It's an
emergency!

MRS. PARSONS (O.S.)

Humpf. It's always an emergency
with you young'uns. You mind me
now, and go get Charlie.

LISSA hangs up the phone, then picks it up again. There is
no dial tone. She runs to the bay doors, which are open, and
leans out until she can see the scene outside.

CUT TO:

EXT. TIRE STORE PARKING LOT

AFRICAN-AMERICAN MAN continues to beat AFRICAN-AMERICAN GIRL
with the tire iron. She is SCREAMING, but her screams are
getting softer now. She holds up her arms to ward off the
blows. One of her arms BREAKS, and you can hear the bone
crack and see it fall away in an awkward position. He
continues to hit her until she stops moving or making a
sound.

AFRICAN-AMERICAN MAN wipes the tire iron off on his shirt,
leaving a bloody stain. He pulls a handkerchief out of his
back pocket and wipes the blood and sweat from his face.
Then he turns back towards the store.

Carlissa runs towards AFRICAN-AMERICAN GIRL, careful to stay
out of AFRICAN-AMERICAN MAN's view.

LISSA (V.O.)
I knew she was dead the moment I
reached her. Blood was everywhere.

LISSA(CONT'D)

I could see bone where skin used to be. She was unrecognizable.

As she speaks, you see AFRICAN-AMERICAN GIRL. LISSA reaches down to feel for a pulse. Finding none, she looks down at her hand, which is now blood stained. She wipes it on her jeans. A tear rolls down her cheek.

CUT TO:

INT. TIRE STORE

AFRICAN-AMERICAN MAN walks into the tire store and lays the tire iron on the counter in front of CHARLIE and MAN #2. The men inside the store do not speak, they just stare at the tire iron. Blood still clings to it in spots.

AFRICAN-AMERICAN MAN
Thank you kindly sir, for the use
of your tire iron.

AFRICAN-AMERICAN MAN turns away and walks back out the door. The men watch him as he walks out. Their eyes follow him all the way back to the car.

CUT TO:

EXT. TIRE STORE PARKING LOT

Carlissa hears him approaching and hides behind a barrel near the car. Then, all is quiet and she sits there a minute, hearing nothing.

LISSA (V.O.)
I looked around from behind the barrel straight into the eyes of her killer. I don't know how long we stayed there, looking at each other, but then he tipped his head as if he were passing me on the street, smiled as if nothing had happened, and got into the car.

CUT TO:

INT. TIRE STORE

LISSA (V.O.)
After he had gone, I ran back into the store. The tire iron lay on the counter in front of Charlie.

LISSA(CONT'D)

We all just stood there. Looking at the tire iron. The newspaper was under it and there was blood there.

CUT TO:

INT. TIRE STORE

The MEN and LISSA were staring at the tire iron, none of them speaking.

MAN #2

I guess we should call the sheriff.

LISSA

(startled)

Charlie picked up the phone and dialed. After a moment he speaks into the receiver.

CHARLIE

This is Charlie Johnson. You'd better get the Sheriff over here. There's been a dead girl in front of my store.

MAIN TITLE

FADE OUT.

END OF TEASER

ACT ONE

FADE IN:

INT. PSYCHIATRIST'S OFFICE, 10 YEARS LATER

A YOUNG WOMAN, ABOUT 22 YEARS OLD IS SITTING ON A COUCH IN THE OFFICE. THE PSYCHIATRIST IS SITTING BEHIND HIS DESK WRITING. HE IS IN HIS LATE 30'S. GLASSES SIT ON THE END OF HIS NOSE. A NAME PLATE ON THE DESK READS "DR. SEARS". THE WOMAN IS TALKING, TEARS ROLLING DOWN HER FACE, BUT SHE IS NOT SOBBING.

LISSA

We all just stood there and watched while he beat that girl to death. And nothing happened to us. Nothing!

DR. SEARS

What could you have done? You were only 12 years old.

LISSA

I should have done something.

DR. SEARS

You tried to call someone. You went out to the car.

LISSA

I know that! I should have done more.

DR. SEARS

There were four other people there. Adults. Surely, you hold them somewhat responsible?

LISSA

They were old men. What could they do?

DR. SEARS sighs and puts down his pen.

DR. SEARS

Carlissa. The things that happen to us in our lifetimes mold us into what we will someday become. Look at what you've done with your life since then.

LISSA

Yes, but....

DR. SEARS

You went through college and became a therapist. You were instrumental in opening that shelter for battered women. In which, I must add, you are also a volunteer.

LISSA

I know what I've done, Doctor. It's what I didn't do that tortures me.

DR. SEARS

You finished at the top of your class in college. You could have done anything with your education. Instead you chose to work for little or nothing at a treatment facility for abused and neglected children.

LISSA

It's not enough! It's never enough!

DR. SEARS

Please think about this, Carlissa, before our next therapy session. We'll discuss it more.

LISSA

Our time is up, then.

She gets up and walks towards the door. She opens it, then turns back to face DR. SEARS

LISSA (CONT'D)

You know, I never even knew her name.

She exits the office, closing the door behind her.

CUT TO:

EXT. SIDEWALK - EVENING

Carlissa is walking down the street. We follow her until she gets to a bar called "JACK'S". She stops and looks in the front window before entering the bar.

Jack's is dark and smoky. Country and Western music is playing over the speakers. The place is crowded with people enjoying happy hour. Hors d'oeuvres are spread out on a table near the back of the bar. Carlissa sits down at the bar. The BARTENDER, about 50 years old walks up to her.

BARTENDER

Hey, Lissa! What'll be tonight?
The usual?

LISSA

I think I need something a little
stronger tonight, Jack. How about
a rum and coke?

JACK

Sure thing.

He walks away and returns shortly with a glass in his hand.

JACK (CONT'D)

Rough one, today?

LISSA

One of the worst, Jack.

She ducks her head and begins to reach into her purse, pulling out a pack of cigarettes. Jack goes to wait on someone else. She lights a cigarette and takes a deep drag from it. She sips her rum and coke, then places it back on the napkin. Soon, JACK returns and brings her another drink.

LISSA (CONT'D)

It hasn't been *that* bad a day!

JACK

It's from the gentleman by the
door.

LISSA looks around towards the entrance of the bar. Standing there is a man in a fedora and trenchcoat. His hat is slightly over his face. Just then the door opens. LISSA's eyes move towards the door. Immediately, her eyes grow wide and frightened. She begins to tremble and almost drops the cigarette.

LISSA

Oh my God!
(whispers)
It can't be!

JACK

Is something wrong, Lissa?

LISSA
No. No, Jack. It's nothing.

LISSA is pale and her hands are shaking.

JACK
Are you okay, Darlin'?

LISSA
I'm fine. Just need to go to the
little girl's room.

She gets up slowly, glancing back towards the door. She bumps her glass with her hand and spills some of it on the counter. She hurries toward the room marked "Cowgirls", bumping into A LADY as she passes through the door.

LADY
Hey! Watch it sister!

LISSA
(mumbles)
Sorry.

She enters the rest room.

CUT TO:

INT. RESTROOM

LISSA hurries to the sink and pulls out a few paper towels from the dispenser. She turns on the cold water and puts the towels under the faucet. She then wrings the towels out and puts them to her forehead.

LISSA
(whispers)
It can't be him, it just can't be.
What's he doing here? How did he
find me?
(pause)
It's not possible.

She leans against the wall and lights another cigarette, inhaling deeply upon it. Someone comes in and LISSA walks towards the door. She opens the door cautiously, looking out before exiting the restroom.

CUT TO:

INT. JACK'S BAR, NIGHT.

LISSA exits the bathroom and walks back to the bar on unsteady legs. She gets to the bar, picks up her glass and finishes her drink in one swallow. She lays the money down on the bar to pay for her drink, looking around as she does so.

JACK walks up to where she is standing. She jumps as he speaks to her.

JACK
Thanks, Lissa! See ya later.

LISSA says nothing, smiles distractedly and walks away. JACK looks puzzled, then turns away and walks towards another customer. LISSA walks to the door and EXITS.

CUT TO:

EXT. JACK'S BAR, NIGHT.

LISSA shuts the door behind her and leans against the brick exterior of the bar, eyes closed. After a moment, she begins to walk down the sidewalk. She constantly is glancing around, looking for HIM. Her car is parked near an alleyway and as she reaches it, she glances down the alley and sees a car parked under a dim lamp at the end of the alley. She starts down the alley towards the car. As she gets closer, she sees that the car is silver and there is a figure sitting inside. She backs away, slowly at first, then a little faster. As she gets to the end of the alley, she turns and runs towards her car. She digs in her purse for her keys. When she finds them she fumbles with them nervously until finding the key to unlock the door, her progress slowed by the fact that she is continuously glancing behind her. She opens the door and gets in, still glancing around behind her. She drives off, spinning tires as she does so.

CUT TO:

INT. - PARKING GARAGE - NIGHT

LISSA walks briskly through the parking garage. She sees someone walking towards her and slows down a little.

GARAGE ATTENDANT
Hey, Ms. James. You're out late tonight.

LISSA
Oh! Hello, Garth. You startled
me.

GARTH
Sorry about that, ma'am. You want
me to walk you to the elevator?

LISSA
No thanks, Garth. I'll be okay.
I'm just a little jumpy tonight.

She keeps walking towards the elevator. GARTH continues to
make his rounds, disappearing around the corner.

As she gets closer to the elevators, something shiny catches
her eyes. She looks over to see a car coming towards her and
she starts to run towards the elevator. She pushes the
button repeatedly and the doors open. She goes inside and you
see her reach for the button to her floor. As the doors
close, you see reflected in them a silver old model car.

CUT TO:

INT. - LISSA'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

THE APARTMENT IS SMALL. ONLY ONE ROOM IS VISABLE. THIS ROOM
IS DIVIDED INTO A SMALL KITCHENETTE. THERE IS A COUNTER WITH
ONE BAR STOOL BESIDE IT. NO DINING TABLE. A HOT PLATE, A
SMALL REFRIGERATOR, A COUCH, AN END TABLE, A TABLE WITH TV ON
IT IS ALL THAT IS VISIBLE IN THIS ROOM. HER APARTMENT IS
BARE BONES, LITTLE DECORATION, BARELY FURNISHED. THERE ARE A
COUPLE OF PICTURES, BUT NONE OF HER. A DYING PLANT IS
SITTING ON THE COUNTER. ONE DOOR (LEADING TO A BEDROOM AND
BATHROOM) IS ON THE WALL OPPOSITE THE KITCHENETTE.

LISSA is sitting on the couch, tears creeping down her
cheeks. Beside the couch is an end table with a large
drawer. A bottle of gin and a glass sits on the end table.
LISSA picks up the bottle, pours gin in the glass and drinks
it down. She then opens the drawer and pulls out an old,
worn, medium sized, rectangular box. She places the box on
the couch beside her and opens the lid, and pulls out a pair
of small blue jeans and lays them across her lap. She begins
to rub her hands across them, her eyes are closed. You can
still see the blood stains on the jeans, though they are
darkened with age. She puts her head in her hands and sobs
uncontrollably.

FADE OUT.

END ACT ONEACT TWO

FADE IN:

INT. - LISSA'S APARTMENT - MORNING

LISSA comes out of the door leading from the bedroom and moves towards the kitchenette. She is in her robe, her hair uncombed. Dark circles lay under her eyes, indicating lack of sleep. She yawns and runs her fingers through her hair, then turns on the coffeemaker. As she reaches up and opens the door to one of the cabinets, pulling out a coffee cup. Just as she gets it out, the phone rings. She jumps and drops the cup, breaking it.

LISSA

Damn!

The phone rings again and she looks at the phone, which is on the counter near her, for a moment as if it didn't belong here. It rings again. She leans over and picks it up.

LISSA (CONT'D)

Hello?

VOICE ON PHONE (O.S.)

Ms. James? Now, don't you worry none. The insurance'll pay for the damages.

LISSA

Garth? Is that you?

(pause)

Damages? What damages?

GARTH

Now, it's not so bad. No one's been murdered or anything.

LISSA

Garth, I'm not quite awake yet. Please stop with the riddles and tell me what you're talking about.

GARTH
Someone took a tire iron to your
car last night.

LISSA
(gasps)

The camera moves in to LISSA'S face, which is obviously
terrified. Her hand is over her mouth.

GARTH
You'd better come on down here.

CUT TO:

INT. - PARKING GARAGE

GARTH AND LISSA ARE STANDING BY WHAT IS NOW BARELY
RECOGNIZABLE AS A SMALL RED STATION WAGON. THE WINDOWS AND
ALL THE LIGHTS ARE BROKEN, LARGE DENTS HAVE BEEN PUT IN EVERY
PART OF THE CAR. A TIRE IRON LIES ON THE GROUND BETWEEN THEM
AND THE CAR.

GARTH
Police have already been here.
They don't have much hope of
catchin' who did it.

LISSA
Oh my God! I can't believe this
was once my car.

GARTH
Whoever did it broke the cameras
first. Didn't get the first
picture of them.
(pause)
Police said they couldn't get no
prints off the tire iron either.
They'll be calling you to come and
make a statement. I gave 'em your
number.

Carlissa just stands there, staring at the car. Saying
nothing.

GARTH (CONT'D)
They took pictures of it and
everything.

LISSA is obviously in a daze, ignoring GARTH as he speaks to her.

LISSA
(whispers)
Why did he do this?

She bends down and picks up the tire iron. It is rusty in spots, but it could be old blood stains. As she holds the tire iron, images flash through her mind. They alternate between AFRICAN-AMERICAN MAN beating the girl and AFRICAN-AMERICAN MAN demolishing her car.

GARTH
What'd you say? Are you gonna be alright, Ms. James?

LISSA
What? Oh, yes. I'm fine. Thanks, Garth. Let me know about the insurance, will you?

She turns and walks back towards the elevator, pushes the button and the doors open, then close behind her.

CUT TO:

INT. - LISSA'S APARTMENT

LISSA is sitting on the couch with the tire iron across her lap, still in her pajamas. She stares down at the tire iron. After a moment she gets up, the tire iron in her hand. She slowly walks over to the coat rack beside the door and places the tire iron in an oversized handbag hanging there. She then walks into the bedroom and closes the door behind her.

FADE OUT.

FADE IN: CUT TO:

INT. DR. SEARS' OFFICE - AFTERNOON

ONCE AGAIN, LISSA IS SITTING IN A CHAIR NEAR DR. SEARS' DESK. THE OVERSIZED HANDBAG IS IN HER LAP. DR. SEARS SITS BEHIND HIS DESK, WRITING ON A NOTEPAD.

LISSA
He destroyed my car last night.

DR. SEARS

He?

LISSA

The man who killed that girl. He destroyed my car with a tire iron.

DR. SEARS

So, you think he's found you?

LISSA

I don't think it. I know.

DR. SEARS

Carlissa, it's been 10 years. You say you didn't know her name? Well, he doesn't know yours either. How could he have found you?

(pause)

Why would he want to?

LISSA

I don't know. But he has. How else could you explain this?

LISSA pulls the tire iron out of her bag.

LISSA (CONT'D)

How?

DR. SEARS

It's just a coincidence, Carlissa. Almost everyone owns one of those. They come standard with most car jacks. You have to let this go. This is misplaced guilt you're feeling.

LISSA

(loudly)

Don't you think I know that? I don't know how to let it go. That's why I'm here.

DR. SEARS

I can only help you so much. You have to help yourself, too.

LISSA gets up and puts the tire iron back in her bag.

DR. SEARS (CONT'D)

Our time is not up.

LISSA
 Yes. I think it is. I'm done
 wasting your time, Doctor.

She walks towards the door.

DR. SEARS
 Holding onto that tire iron is not
 going to help you. Just like those
 jeans you have from 10 years ago
 don't help you.

LISSA doesn't stop or acknowledge his statement. She
 continues out the door. DR. SEARS watches it close behind
 her and then begins writing in his notes.

CUT TO:

EXT. - SIDEWALK - NIGHT

LISSA walks down the sidewalk towards JACK'S BAR, still
 carrying the handbag. This time she doesn't stop at the bar,
 but keeps walking towards the alleyway where she saw the car
 last night. When she gets there, she looks into the alley.
 The car is there. She places her hand inside the handbag and
 walks towards the car.

CUT TO:

EXT. - ALLEYWAY - NIGHT

THE ALLEY IS DARK, SAVE FOR THE ONE LAMP, WHICH IS DIM. SHE
 SEES A FIGURE LEANING AGAINST THE CAR. AS SHE GETS CLOSER,
 SHE SEES IT IS HIM. HE IS SMOKING A CIGAR.

AFRICAN-AMERICAN MAN
 He told me you would be here.

He pulls on the cigar, then slowly lets the smoke out.

AFRICAN-AMERICAN MAN (CONT'D)
 I've been waiting for you a long
 time.

LISSA
 He? Who is he?

AFRICAN-AMERICAN MAN
 Just a friend, of sorts. He told
 me to come here. He talks to me a
 lot.

LISSA
 Stop playing games with me. Why
 did you demolish my car?

AFRICAN-AMERICAN MAN
 I had to get your attention. Let
 you know I was here.
 (pauses)
 You do remember me don't you?

LISSA stares at him a moment before speaking, her eyes never
 leaving his.

LISSA
 Who was she?

AFRICAN-AMERICAN MAN
 Anybody. Nobody. Just one of
 many. Names are not really
 important, are they?
 (smirks)
 Not in my line of work.

LISSA
 What line of work is that?

AFRICAN-AMERICAN MAN
 You have to ask?

He laughs softly and pulls at his cigar.

AFRICAN-AMERICAN MAN (CONT'D)
 I prey on the innocent. The
 helpless. I seduce them with the
 things they desire - money, toys,
 attention, friendship. Whatever
 they need, I give them. They, in
 turn, give to me. I keep them
 awhile, and when I get tired of
 them, I dispose of them.

He takes another drag off his cigar and moves his face close
 to LISSA's. He releases the smoke into her face.

AFRICAN-AMERICAN MAN (CONT'D)
 I use people, then I kill them.
 It's my (pause) hobby.

He laughs at her as she backs away from him. He leans back against the car.

AFRICAN-AMERICAN MAN (CONT'D)

You do remember, don't you?
(grins)

LISSA

Yes. I do remember.

She moves a little closer to him this time.

LISSA (CONT'D)

For the last 10 years I have watched you kill that girl over and over in my mind. I see her lying there with her blood spilling out onto the pavement. Her arms broken, trying to defend herself. Her screams haunt me.

She continues to move in on him

LISSA (CONT'D)

I remember that I did nothing to stop you. For years people have been telling me her death is not my fault.

She begins to pull something out of her handbag.

LISSA (CONT'D)

Now, I'm the only one left alive who knows who you are. What you did.

She pulls out the tire iron. He looks at it and laughs.

AFRICAN-AMERICAN MAN

Well, what are you waiting for?

She swings the tire iron, hitting him in the head. You hear the sound of his skull cracking with the first blow. He slides down the side of the car, still smiling.

AFRICAN-AMERICAN MAN (CONT'D)

He told me you would be here.

LISSA continues to beat him. As she strikes blow after blow the scene alternates between the one 10 years ago of him beating the girl and LISSA beating him. When she is done, she wipes the tire iron on her shirt and drops it on the ground beside him.

She turns and walks out of camera range, the camera stays on the dead man lying beside the silver car. You can see the tire iron, with blood still clinging to it, lying on the ground beside him. His blood spills out onto the pavement. A smile is on his face.

FADE OUT.

FADE IN:

EXT. - SIDEWALK - DAY

THE SUN IS SHINING BRIGHTLY, BIRDS ARE CHIRPING, PEOPLE TALKING AND LAUGHING. THE SIDEWALK IS CROWDED AND THERE ARE A LOT OF CARS ON THE STREET.

LISSA walks down the sidewalk, smiling, nodding at passersby. She walks towards JACK'S BAR. As we come closer to the bar you can see the door with the CLOSED sign on it, but there is someone sitting at the table by the window. LISSA pauses beside the window and looks in. Looking out at her is a man whose face is partially hidden by a fedora. He has a glass in his hand. He appears to be wearing a trenchcoat. He tilts his head, holding up the glass in a kind of salute. He is smiling. LISSA's smile falters a little, she shivers and moves on. You can hear her saying good morning to someone.

CUT TO:

INT./EXT. JACK'S BAR, DAY

Through the window towards the back of the bar you can see a television set. It is on the local news channel. The camera moves "through" the window, past MANDRAKE and closes in on the television.

NEWSCASTER

This just in. The body of the man believed to be the Southside Slayer was found dead earlier today. It appears he was beaten to death. The Slayer is believed to be responsible for the abduction and death of over 20 young girls across the United States. A full confession and list of cities he visited was found in his car.

NEWSCASTER (CONT'D)

There are no suspects in the case
nor have any leads been found at
this time. We will release more
details as they become available.

FADE OUT.

END ACT TWO

THE END