

# SUMMER OF '84

Written by

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Gunpowder & Sky  
Brightlight Pictures

**OVER BLACK**

THE BUZZING OF INSECTS... BIRDS CHIRPING... WIND RUSTLING THROUGH TREES... The tranquility of summertime... Until --

THUD-THUD-THUD-THUD -- A SINGLE PAIR OF SHOES POUND THROUGH GRASS AT HIGH SPEED... PANICKED GASPS FOR BREATH as --

**EXT. WOODS - DAY**

A TEENAGE BOY (14), dressed in early-80s-era Adidas shorts and tee, sprints through the woods, slicing past trees, swiping aside branches, brush, eyes wide with terror. SOMEONE IS AFTER HIM! The boy looks back over his shoulder --

TRIPS! FALLS HARD! Quickly regains his footing and speeds ahead, life depending on it, holding his injured shoulder, SUCKING AIR! *Fuckfuckfuckfuckfuck* --

UP AHEAD, he spots an opening in the brush, whatever's beyond WASHED OUT BY THE GLARING SUNLIGHT. *Safety? Salvation?* He bursts through the opening and into --

SPLASH! Water! *Is it a lake? The ocean?* Shocked, the boy flails, fights back to land, stumbles to his feet, soaked. Scans the horizon -- WATER AS FAR AS THE EYE CAN SEE.

*Where the fuck am I?!*

HE HEARS SOMETHING IN THE WOODS BEHIND HIM! Bolts off along the shore, running for his life!

As he rounds the bend, HEART POUNDING, LUNGS STRUGGLING, HE SPOTS LAND! A quarter mile or so away. *Can I swim that distance? Will I make it? Is it* --

WHAM! SOMETHING BLUNT HITS THE BOY IN THE HEAD! A CONCUSSIVE, HIGH-PITCH RINGING SOUND OVERWHELMS OUR SENSES as we --

**SMASH TO BLACK**

**OVER BLACK**

THE RINGING SOUND BECOMES THE BUZZING OF INSECTS... BIRDS CHIRPING... WIND RUSTLING THROUGH TREES... A LAWN SPRINKLER SPITTING... KIDS PLAYING NEARBY...

**SUPER: SUMMER, 1984**

**DELAYED SUPER: IPSWICH, MASSACHUSETTS**

AN ALLURING, MELODIC '80s SYNTH BEAT FADES IN OVER --

DAVEY (V.O.)  
Even serial killers live next door to  
somebody.

THE DISTINCT SOUND OF A BMX BIKE, HUMMING ALONG...

**EXT. JUNIPER STREET - DAY**

Newspaper bag slung over his shoulder, DAVEY ARMSTRONG (15) cruises down the bucolic suburban street on his BMX. All you need to know about the bright-eyed Davey is plastered on his tee-shirt: "AREA 51 - I BELIEVE."

DAVEY (V.O.)  
Tough pill to swallow, I know, but  
it's true.

He watches his NEIGHBORS with curiosity. PEOPLE are out doing yard work. KIDS are playing in the street.

DAVEY (V.O.)  
Especially in the suburbs. Trust me,  
there's more going on here than meets  
the eye.

DAVEY PEELS UP TO A MAILBOX. Grabs a paper -- Accidentally DROPS IT on the pavement revealing the FRONT PAGE: A PICTURE OF THE TEENAGE BOY WE JUST WATCHED DIE, beneath the headline, "NEWBURYPORT BOY STILL MISSING."

DAVEY (V.O.)  
If I've learned anything, it's that  
people hardly ever let you know who  
they really are.

Davey's eyes gleam at the headline as he scoops up the paper, stuffs it into the mailbox. Speeds away...

DAVEY (V.O.)  
Just past the manicured lawns and  
friendly waves. Inside any house,  
even the one next door, less than  
fifty feet from where you sleep,  
anything could be happening and you'd  
never know.

A BALDING NEIGHBOR (40s) mows his lawn. Waves at Davey as Davey passes. Davey politely smiles, waves back. But as soon as the neighbor isn't looking, Davey's eyes turn skeptical...

DAVEY (V.O.)  
And that's the thing about this  
place.

(MORE)

DAVEY (V.O.) (CONT'D)  
 It all might seem normal and routine,  
 but the truth is, the suburbs is  
 where the craziest shit happens.

AROUND THE BEND, a shirtless YOUNG MAN (20) we'll come to know as KYLE washes his TRANS-AM. Sees Davey. Flips him off.

Davey pulls over to another mailbox at the foot of a long driveway that leads to a well-maintained two-story colonial. It reads "MACKEY."

DAVEY (V.O.)  
 You never know what might be coming  
 around the corner.

Davey opens the mailbox, stuffs a paper inside --

MAN'S VOICE (O.S.)  
 Davey! Hey, bud -- What's going on?

Davey looks up to find WAYNE MACKEY (40s) walking down the driveway toward him. He's your average suburban bachelor: a little tall, athletic shoulders, kind eyes. Type of guy who should have a family by now but doesn't seem in a rush.

DAVEY  
 Hey, Mr. Mackey...

Davey scans Mackey. Sees his clothes are covered in --

DAVEY  
 What's with all the dirt?

MACKEY  
 Oh -- Ha. Yeah. Been doing some  
 planting in the garden.

DAVEY  
 There was no cash in your mailbox  
 yesterday. For the paper.

MACKEY  
 Has it been a month already? Jeez...  
 Actually, I was gonna ask if you had  
 a sec to help me lift something  
 inside? I can grab the money too.  
 Kill two birds with one stone?

**INT. MACKEY'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - MOMENTS LATER**

Davey scans Mackey's FAMILY PHOTOS while Mackey goes through drawers in the kitchen.

FROM AN END TABLE, Davey picks up a FRAMED PHOTO of a smiling TEENAGE BOY and his PARENTS. Fixates on it for a moment, but then spots MACKEY'S GUN AND POLICE BADGE on the couch --

MACKEY (O.S.)  
Knew I had it. Here ya go...

Mackey comes up behind Davey. Hands him a \$5 bill.

DAVEY  
You've got a big family, huh?

Mackey scans all the pictures on the walls, tables...

MACKEY  
Yeah, just make sure you don't live too close to em or they'll always be in your business, am I right?

Mackey moves to a WOODEN BUREAU. Slaps a hand on its top.

MACKEY  
This is it. Bought some new furniture for upstairs. Need to get this hunka junk down into the basement. Think we can manage it?

**INT. MACKEY'S HOUSE - BASEMENT - MOMENTS LATER**

Mackey and Davey carry the bureau down the stairs. Davey struggles -- He's clearly bitten off the max he can chew.

MACKEY  
Watch your step...

As they level out on the concrete basement floor, pass a large furnace -- KACHUNK! It KICKS ON, scaring Davey --

WHAM! He drops the bureau --

MACKEY  
Whoa, whoa! You okay?

DAVEY  
Shit. Sorry.

MACKEY  
Long as you didn't get your foot, it's fine. We can rest a sec.

Davey appraises the UNFINISHED BASEMENT. Two dangling light bulbs throw stark shadows against the sheetrock walls that enclose THREE ROOMS. He spots a PADLOCK ON THE DOOR IN THE CORNER. *Odd.*

MACKEY

Really appreciate the help. Flip side of not living near family, no one's ever around to help out.

Davey points to a cracked door. BLOOD RED LIGHT EMANATES from behind it. *Kinda* creepy...

DAVEY

What's in there?

MACKEY

That's where we're going. Think you can make it the rest of the way?

Davey nods. They hoist the bureau again, Davey grimacing as he shuffles backwards into --

**INT. MACKEY'S HOUSE - BASEMENT DARK ROOM - MOMENTS LATER**

-- THUD! Davey and Mackey put down the bureau...

MACKEY

Heavy sonofabitch, huh...?

... leaving Davey HUFFING AND PUFFING. Mackey CHUCKLES. He looks oddly disturbing in the red glow. Everything does.

MACKEY

Putting the finishing touches on my dark room. Sort of an amateur photographer. Figured this beast would be good to store some equipment.

DAVEY

That's cool. I'm sort of an amateur videographer, so I get it...

MACKEY

Just like your old man. Boy, I remember your parents walking you around the block in a stroller. Now look at you. How old are ya anyway?

DAVEY

Fifteen.

MACKEY

Fifteen? Shit. Perfect age. Wish I could just freeze it for you.

DAVEY

Anyway, I gotta get home for dinner.

MACKEY

Of course. I can take it from here.  
Send your folks my best.

As Davey heads out, THE SOUND OF KIDS YELLING ECHOES OVER --

**EXT. JUNIPER STREET - CUL-DE-SAC - HIGH ABOVE - NIGHT**

A crystal clear New England summer night. Dense forest butts up against the backyards of FIVE HOUSES that line a cul-de-sac, each home separated by a sizeable yard.

NUMEROUS FLASHLIGHT BEAMS slice through the darkness. A commotion of some sort. *A search? No, it's --*

TEENAGED BOY (O.S.)

(echoing, from a distance)

Manhunt!! We're coming to get you  
shitheads!!

ON THE GROUND, we find Davey running through a neighbor's pitch black backyard, dressed in all dark clothes.

DAVEY

Go-go-go!

A few other KIDS (12-15), also dressed in dark clothing, scatter in all directions, looking for hiding spots.

WE STAY WITH DAVEY as he bolts into what we recognize as MACKEY'S BACKYARD. Ducks behind a thick bush up against Mackey's house. Giddy with excitement, senses heightened, he looks around. Doesn't see anyone --

FARRADAY (O.S.)

Move over!

DAVEY JUMPS, turns to find CURTIS FARRADAY (15), AKA "FARRADAY," his nerdy friend, squeezing in behind the bush. Farraday's the kid puberty left behind -- high-pitched voice, horn-rimmed glasses, and about a head shorter than Davey.

DAVEY

The hell, Farraday? Find your own spot! You're gonna get us caught!

FARRADAY

This is my spot!

DAVEY

Not right now -- Go!

Annoyed, Farraday slinks away. Davey listens. NO MOVEMENT. Then HE HEARS MUFFLED, INDISCERNIBLE VOICES coming from --

INSIDE MACKEY'S HOUSE. Davey peeks into the window to find --

MACKEY, PHONE at his ear, sitting across the dining room table from a TEENAGED KID (13). Scraggly red hair, acne, freckles, GREEN ATARI shirt. Davey doesn't recognize him.

Mackey shrugs apologetically: *No one answered*. Hangs up. The redhead nods. MACKEY SAYS SOMETHING that makes him LAUGH --

WOODY (O.S.)  
GOT YOU, DUDE!

Davey recoils as FLASHLIGHT BEAMS NAIL him. Squints past the light to find DALE WOODWORTH, AKA, "WOODY" (15) and TOMMY EATON, AKA, "EATS" (15) smiling down at him, victorious.

DAVEY  
Jesus, Woody!

Woody's a bear of a kid. The opposite of Farraday -- Puberty came fast and furious. Eats is the punk of the crew. Like a character out of *The Ramones*. A wise-ass through and through.

EATS  
Hiding in Farraday's spot, man? Lame. You're better than that.

WOODY  
Davey, treehouse in fifteen. After we catch this little bitch.

EATS  
He's close. I can practically smell the Noxzema on him.

As Woody and Eats dash into the night to continue the search, Davey anxiously peers back into Mackey's window. But Mackey and the redhead are gone. All's quiet.

**EXT. EATS' HOUSE - SIDE YARD - NIGHT**

A TREEHOUSE hangs in the limbs of a maple beside a classic colonial house. A light glows inside as --

FARRADAY (O.S.)  
I can't wait to get laid...

**INT. TREEHOUSE - CONTINUOUS**

Woody's got a PORNO MAG in hand, Davey and Farraday on either side of him. Woody and Farraday look particularly entranced by the pictures of beautiful, NAKED WOMEN.

Over their shoulders, Eats looks at it, bored.

EATS

Aren't you guys sick of looking at those same chicks?

DAVEY

Shit no, man.

FARRADAY

... or even just feel-up a chick.

EATS

Second base? That's it? I rounded third once. She was hot, too.

WOODY

Just so happens to be a girl none of us knows --

EATS

I was on vacation, dipshit.

WOODY

How convenient...

DAVEY

I'd be happy just to get on base with Nikki.

WOODY

In your dreams, Davey.

FARRADAY

Yeah, wet dreams... How is she so friggin hot?

EATS

Too bad she's into my brother.

DAVEY

Kyle?! No way! He's twenty and he works at the hardware store.

FARRADAY

When's he getting us more pornos? The pages on this one are wearing off.

EATS

I told you, he said we can go fuck ourselves.

FARRADAY

Tell him we're trying to, that's why we need the porno mags.

The guys all have a laugh.

EATS

Ya think Kyle's a dick? My asshole father wants to tear this thing down.

WOODY

Are you serious? No way!

DAVEY

Can't he wait til we go to college?

WOODY

Eats, I need this treehouse, man. Shit I'd live up here if I could...

DAVEY

Yeah, I dunno how safe that'd be. With those kids going missing --

EATS

Okay, here we go...

DAVEY

What.

EATS

Come on, we all know what you're gonna say. "It's a conspiracy. It's all connected. The disappearances aren't random, they're part of some vast governmental alien cover-up." Right?

Davey just stares at him a moment, not wanting to admit he's right, but --

DAVEY

So you don't think it's weird? Last summer, a kid goes missing in Hamilton. Now another kid disappears in Newburyport...?

Eats and Farraday LAUGH. Davey looks to Woody for support.

WOODY

Davey, I love ya man, but you do kinda sound like a schizoid.

FARRADAY

Remember when he connected a Lite Brite to his keyboard to try and communicate with extraterrestrials?

EATS

Or when he swore there was a demonic presence in his room cuz our houses were built on Indian burial grounds?

DAVEY

That was like... three years ago! And our houses were built on an Indian burial ground --

FARRADAY

There's literally no proof of that --

EATS

Okay, we done here? I gotta beat off before my parents get home and World War 3 breaks out...

FARRADAY

Good call. Time to make a withdrawal from the spank bank. I'm outta here.

DAVEY

You guys are animals...

As Davey follows Farraday down the ladder, Eats grabs at the porn mag in Woody's hand, but Woody won't let go.

WOODY

No way! Thought you were tired of looking at the same chicks.

EATS

I am. Why ya think I stopped bangin your mom?

WOODY

Oh, you're friggin dead!

Woody grabs Eats, they wrestle playfully as we --

**INT. DAVEY'S HOUSE - DAVEY'S ROOM - LATER**

The room is literally wallpapered with the front pages of various tabloids: "*Satanic Cult Abducting Children*," "*I was Bigfoot's Love Slave*," "*Back from the Dead -- For Two Years I was a Zombie*," "*Are UFOs Abducting Cows?*" etc...

Davey's in bed reading "*THE HARDY BOYS: THE SHORE ROAD MYSTERY*." His mother, SHEILA (40s), enters. She has the big hair and business suit of a career woman, but the gentle nature of a mom. She fixes his covers, takes the book away.

SHEILA

You know you shouldn't read this stuff before bedtime.

DAVEY

Mom, I'm fifteen. You don't need to tuck me in anymore.

SHEILA

Maybe you don't need me to. Doesn't mean I'm ready to give it up.

She kisses him on the forehead.

DAVEY

Think Dad's gonna be home soon?

SHEILA

I don't know, hon. You know how the news is. Always something going on that needs reporting. Sleep tight.

Sheila flicks off his bedroom light, closes his door. As soon as she's gone, Davey reaches under his bed, pulls out a GE ROBOT STARCODE WALKIE TALKIE. Speaks softly --

DAVEY (INTO WALKIE)

Guys, Roller Palace tomorrow?

Davey hops out of bed. Grabs the BINOCULARS from his nightstand and walks to the window ON THE OTHER SIDE OF HIS ROOM FACING THE HOUSE NEXT DOOR. Pulls aside the curtains.

BINOCULARS POV: A dimly-lit room. We can just barely make out familiar shapes. A BED. A NIGHTSTAND...

FARRADAY (O.S.)(OVER WALKIE)

Scope some cuties? I'm in.

EATS (O.S.)(OVER WALKIE)

Hope that chick from last week is there. She was all over me.

WOODY (O.S.)(OVER WALKIE)

You asked to touch her boobs and she threw you over the railing.

Davey scans the other windows, but the neighboring house is empty. No signs of life. He couldn't be more disappointed...

EATS (O.S.)(OVER WALKIE)

Bet I didn't look half as dumb as Davey every time he sees Nikki in the DJ booth and bites it.

Davey's disappointment suddenly turns to a devilish smile.

DAVEY (INTO WALKIE)  
 Know what doesn't bite? The fact that  
 I can see her right now... Naked...

FARRADAY (O.S.)(OVER WALKIE)  
 Bullshit...

WOODY (O.S.)(OVER WALKIE)  
 If you're serious, I hate you.

DAVEY (INTO WALKIE)  
 Holy shit, she's waving for me to  
 come over --

EATS (O.S.)(OVER WALKIE)  
 Okay, now I know you're full of it.  
 Eats, out.

FARRADAY (O.S.)(OVER WALKIE)  
 I'd trade both my nuts to have that  
 view. She's like your private dancer.  
 (singing)  
 "A dancer for money. Do what you want  
 her to doooooo."

WOODY (O.S.)(OVER WALKIE)  
 Tina Turner? I fuckin love her --

CLICK -- Davey turns off his walkie, rolls his eyes. Returns to bed and looks out the LARGE PICTURE WINDOW AT HIS BEDSIDE at the entire cul-de-sac. *The perfect view.* He grabs his --

BINOCULARS POV: Davey's magnified gaze scans the other homes in the cul-de-sac, finally landing on MACKKEY'S HOUSE DIRECTLY ACROSS THE STREET. No lights on. Nothing out of the ordinary.

Davey hops back in bed, pulls the covers over his head as --

**OVER BLACK**

We HEAR RUSTLING, then... A RING OF LIGHT becomes a FLOOD OF ILLUMINATION, revealing we're --

INSIDE A GARBAGE CAN, LOOKING UP AT DAVEY as he drops a LUMPY GARBAGE BAG down onto us --

**EXT. DAVEY'S HOUSE - BACKYARD - DAY**

Davey drops the lid back into place, covering his nose. REFUSE is strewn across the deck around THREE GARBAGE CANS, one of which is still knocked over. He looks over the extraordinary mess and SIGHS. Pulls on YELLOW RUBBER GLOVES.

DAVEY

Can you at least make Mom double-bag  
her meatloaf when she tosses it?  
Smells like werewolf crap.

Davey's father RANDALL (40s) supervises from the patio table  
where he cleans the detached lens from a professional grade  
BETAMAX CAMCORDER. CHANNEL SIX NEWS emblazoned on the side.

RANDALL

If you remembered to put the cinder  
blocks on those cans like I told you,  
we wouldn't have this mess.

DAVEY

I hate raccoons. You should do an  
exclusive. Get pest control in here.  
I could film it...

RANDALL

Nice try. You know the camcorder's  
off-limits. Station property.

DAVEY

How am I supposed to become the next  
Spielberg if I don't practice?

Randall gives an amused smirk. CLICKS the lens back in place  
and heads for the patio door.

RANDALL

Just make sure this patio's clean  
before you go anywhere, capiche?

**EXT. DOWNTOWN IPSWICH - DAY**

On their BMX bikes, clearly on a mission, bags of candy in  
hand, the boys zip through the picturesque seaside downtown,  
brushing past outraged PEDESTRIANS...

**EXT. ROLLER PALACE - ESTABLISHING - DUSK**

A rollerskating rink, parking lot filled. The SOUNDS of  
Bananarama's "CRUEL SUMMER" bleed into the night from inside  
as the guys roll up on their bikes...

**INT. ROLLER PALACE - A SHORT TIME LATER**

The MUSIC POUNDS THE AIR as round and round the rink goes the  
crowd of TEEN ROLLERSKATERS. Nearly in slow-motion, a  
GORGEOUS TEEN GIRL glides past as...

Davey, Eats, Farraday and Woody stare, slack-jawed. Eats  
nearly trips, almost takes Woody with him.

WOODY  
Control yourself, ya psycho!

EATS  
I can't -- I got needs, Woody!

They all LAUGH as Davey's gaze floats up to the DJ in the booth overlooking the floor.

NIKKI KASZUBA (18) bobs her head as she searches through a stack of VINYLS for a next song. Glaringly hot and aloof, she's the kinda girl guys throw their virginity at.

Davey stares up at her dreamily, slowing his roll. The guys track his gaze. And now they're all entranced.

FARRADAY  
Nikki Kaszuba. She's like,  
scientifically the perfect woman.

EATS  
If she was my sitter I'da been bangin  
her the second my balls dropped.

WOODY  
Was it hard not to pop a boner every  
time she gave you a bath?

DAVEY  
It was four years ago, not ten. Calm  
down. We just played games and shit.

EATS  
What kind of games? Naughty games?

DAVEY  
I hate you guys...

Davey skates off toward the --

**INT. ROLLER PALACE - BATHROOM HALLWAY - A SHORT TIME LATER**

Davey skates out of the bathroom drying his hands. But  
SOMEONE GRABS HIM, SLAMS HIM AGAINST THE WALL --

NIKKI  
Now you're spying on me here too?

Davey's eyes go wide -- It's Nikki! *And she knows!* But no  
words come out because HOLY SHIT IS THIS GIRL HOT!

NIKKI  
Yeah, I know you pervs spy on me.

Davey's heart is hammering in his chest.

NIKKI

Wow, really? Nothing to say without binoculars glued to your face?

DAVEY

No, I just -- I never watch when you're -- I mean, I don't mean to watch you, you're just --

NIKKI

I'm just what?

DAVEY

... perfect.

The anger on Nikki's face dissipates. She lets Davey go... Skates off. Davey watches after her, the weight of what just happened sinking in. *What did I just say?!*

**INT. ROLLER PALACE - RINK - CONTINUOUS**

Davey returns to the other guys, who are plainly staring at the asses of a GROUP OF OBLIVIOUS GIRLS skating a few feet ahead. He still looks like he's in shock.

FARRADAY

The hell happened to you?

DAVEY

Huh? Nothing...

EATS

You sure? We were worried maybe you got kidnapped or something.

DAVEY

You're such an asshole.

EATS

Coming from you, that's a compliment. Now, watch as I show you dicknoses how to score with the ladies...

Eats speeds toward the group of oblivious girls. The guys quicken their pace to catch up, but as Davey rounds the loop, past the DJ booth, he glances up to find NIKKI LOOKING BACK AT HIM. THE MOMENT LASTS AN ETERNITY. SHE SMIRKS! Then --

WHAM! Davey trips, takes a ridiculous spill, skin SCREECHING on the wood --

**INT. DAVEY'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT**

Davey's family sits around the TV eating dinner off TV TRAYS.

ON THE TV, a NEWS ANCHOR (40s) talks Summer Olympics...

NEWS ANCHOR (FROM TV)  
... now confirmed that 14 Eastern  
Bloc countries, including the Soviet  
Union, will boycott the Olympic Games  
in Los Angeles later this summer...

RANDALL  
Unbelievable. Cold War's never gonna  
end. Davey, your future's doomed.

Sheila hands a thick folder off the end table to Randall.

SHEILA  
John dropped these off today.

RANDALL  
Ah, great. Must be the fliers for the  
block party.

Randall opens it. Checks --

RANDALL  
Yup. Ugh, can you believe this --  
They got some crummy high school  
synth band playing this year.

DAVEY  
Nikki's not DJing like last year?  
She's amazing.

RANDALL  
With her parents getting divorced,  
that wasn't really in the cards.

Davey blanches as his heart drops.

DAVEY  
Nikki's parents are getting divorced?

SHEILA  
Where'd you hear that?

RANDALL  
Bob Burnquist bowls with Mike  
Kaszuba. Said it's pretty ugly.  
Supposedly, Mike's not even living in  
the house right now.

SHEILA

Let's not gossip, Randall...

(thinking about it)

But that's awful. I never would've thought they were having problems.

RANDALL

That's why they invented curtains, hon.

SHEILA

Well, enough about that. Least we have the block party to look forward to.

DAVEY

Yeah, but why's it always like the last weekend before school starts?

RANDALL

That's kinda the point, pal. Say goodbye to summer fun with a bang.

**INT. DAVEY'S HOUSE - DAVEY'S ROOM - A SHORT TIME LATER**

Mind still on Nikki, Davey grabs his binoculars. Goes to the SIDE WINDOW and cautiously looks out at --

BINOCULARS POV: Nikki's bedroom window. The lights are on, but no one's there. Davey focuses in on a FRAMED PHOTO on the nightstand beside her bed. It's of Nikki and her MOM and DAD.

Davey lowers the binoculars, saddened as --

BRRRING! The HOUSE PHONE SCREAMS. Davey hurries into the --

HALLWAY. Grabs the phone off the wall. Before he can answer, he hears VOICES ON THE LINE. He's about to hang up when --

MALE VOICE (O.S.)(OVER PHONE)

Randall, it's -- The Chronicle received a letter from some guy calling himself the "Cape Ann Killer." Claims he's killed thirteen teenaged boys over the last decade.

Davey's eyes go wide. A moment of silence passes on the line.

RANDALL (O.S.)(OVER PHONE)

Oh my god... Sure it's not a hoax?

MALE VOICE (O.S.)(OVER PHONE)

It's legit. Story's gonna break any second. We need ya in here, pronto.

BACK IN HIS ROOM, Davey grabs the walkie-talkie as the VOICES OF HIS PARENTS ECHO UP FROM DOWNSTAIRS. The front door SLAMS.

DAVEY (INTO WALKIE)  
Guys! Something big is going down!

EATS (O.S.)(OVER WALKIE)  
Someone's going down on who?

DAVEY (INTO WALKIE)  
I was right. Know those missing boys?  
It's a serial killer! My dad just got  
called in!

FARRADAY (O.S.)(OVER WALKIE)  
Holy shit, you're not kidding. It's  
on the news right now.

Davey drops the walkie-talkie and races back down to the --

**INT. DAVEY'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS**

Sheila's standing in front of the TV, remote control clutched firmly to her chest. Davey sees the LIVE PRESS CONFERENCE where DEPUTY SHERIFF LEWIS CALDWELL (50) addresses REPORTERS.

SHERIFF CALDWELL (FROM TV)  
This afternoon, the Cape Ann Chronicle  
received an anonymous letter from  
someone claiming responsibility for  
the deaths of thirteen teenaged boys.

Davey can't believe what he's hearing. He looks at Sheila. She watches in stunned silence.

SHERIFF CALDWELL (FROM TV)  
The author also provided a list of  
names, dates and pertinent details  
related to a number of open missing  
persons cases. We've confirmed the  
accuracy of these statements and can  
now officially label this person an  
active serial killer.

ON SCREEN, the feed cuts back to the IN-STUDIO NEWS ANCHOR.

NEWS ANCHOR (FROM TV)  
The Sheriff's office reports they're  
likely looking for a white male in  
his late-30s to 40s, living alone.  
Preferred targets appear to be males,  
aged 12 to 16 --

CLICK. Sheila turns off the TV. Knuckles white on the remote. Tense silence fills the void, until --

SHEILA

I just, I can't believe something --

**INT. DAVEY'S HOUSE - DAVEY'S ROOM - LATER**

CLOSE ON Davey's face, a familiar glimmer in his eye --

DAVEY

-- like this could happen here! It could be anybody! This is the coolest thing that's ever happened to us!

All four guys are here, though from their HUSHED VOICES, it's obvious they're not supposed to be.

WOODY

They said he hunts guys our age. Think maybe we should cool it with the late night Manhunt?

FARRADAY

Why? None of the missing kids are from Ipswich. And Cape Ann's wicked big --

DAVEY

It's not that big. How're you not freaking out that something's finally happening in this town?

EATS

Because there's no way it's gonna hit us or this neighborhood. Dude, look at this place...

The guys scan the room: an "Area 51" poster hangs on the wall beside a large framed still of the classic Patterson-Gimlin Big Foot video. Alien figurines and toys cover most surfaces. A large cross adorns a wall, garlic hanging from it.

EATS

You're desperate for crazy shit to happen. You hear a news story and suddenly every boogeyman in these magazines lives down the street.

Farraday grabs the BINOCULARS. Looks out the SIDE WINDOW --

DAVEY

You guys, there's a serial killer on the loose! What else could possibly be this exciting?

FARRADAY

Titties! 12 o'clock! Holy shit!

IN A FLASH, the guys crowd to the window to follow Farraday's gaze. *Could only be one thing.* Eats scrambles to grab the extra set of BINOCULARS Davey keeps near the window.

EATS

Move over, Woody! Fat ass!

Eats ducks down at Woody's knees, and as the four adolescent guys gaze out, WE SEE --

BINOCULARS POV: NIKKI, IN HER WINDOW. UNDRRESSING. Her back to our boys, she slips off her bra. Sunkissed skin, the graceful curves of her shoulders and bare neck achingly feminine.

FARRADAY

I bet her hair smells like Vidal Sassoon.

EATS

Definitely. If I was over there right now, she'd be pregnant.

DAVEY

Guys, show her a little respect. Her parents are getting divorced.

A moment of silence passes... Then --

FARRADAY

Statistically that means she's, like, 78 percent more likely to engage in pre-marital sex.

DAVEY

You guys are disgusting.

EATS

Whatever, dude, you were thinking it.

FARRADAY

Bank it and spank it.

Woody wrestles the binoculars from Farraday, SNEAKS A PEEK for himself. His jaw instantly drops.

WOODY

I feel like I just discovered the meaning of life...

Davey looks out at Nikki with a look of pure intoxication. It's not lust in his eyes, it's something more. Until --

NIKKI SPINS! REALIZES SHE'S BEING WATCHED!

EATS  
Shit-get-down!

The guys drop to the floor, BUT DAVEY'S FROZEN. He meets Nikki's gaze --

WOODY (O.S.)  
Dude...!

Woody yanks him to the floor and OUT OF FRAME. *Far too late.*

DAVEY (O.S.)  
I'm so fucked...

**INT. IPSWICH PUBLIC LIBRARY - MICROFICHE LAB - DAY**

Mere feet away from an oblivious OLD WOMAN (70s), Eats jokingly humps a bookcase. Woody's in stitches as nearby --

FARRADAY  
Guys, cut the shit! Unlike you, I actually come here to study, so don't get me kicked out.

Sitting at a MICROFICHE MACHINE, Davey and Farraday hover over a NEWSPAPER. THE HEADLINE READS --

DAVEY  
"The Cape Ann Killer. 15 confirmed victims and counting." So rad.

Davey runs his finger along a PHOTO OF THE KILLER'S LETTER. It includes a LIST OF NAMES. *THE VICTIMS*. Right there in black and white, next to the info hotline number.

DAVEY  
All these people. Now that we have their names, we should be able to find details of their disappearances.

FARRADAY  
I just don't get why the killer would write a letter after all this time. It doesn't make sense.

DAVEY  
He's been killing people and getting away with it for years. He's bored, so he's raising the stakes. It's like flipping off the cops.

FARRADAY

So he thinks he's smarter than them  
and won't get caught?

DAVEY

Yeah, but he wasn't counting on us.

Davey smirks as Farraday loads in a MICROFICHE SHEET.  
Meticulously maneuvers through pages of OLD ARTICLES.  
Impatient, Davey tries to keep cool. Finally can't take it --

DAVEY

Jesus, Farraday. It's not like you're  
gonna break it.

Davey takes the wheel and starts scanning fast and furious.  
Searching for the VICTIMS' NAMES. AS HE SCROLLS, WE SEE --

QUICK CUTS OF DISTURBING HEADLINES, LAST PHOTOGRAPHS OF  
SMILING VICTIMS --

A BLOND BOY .... A FAT BOY .... A SHAGGY BOY .... MORE BOYS,  
ALL TEENAGERS. And then a break in the pattern --

A FULL FAMILY (MOM, DAD, TWIN TEENAGED BOYS) AND A SHOT OF  
THEIR CRIME SCENE: A DINNER TABLE WITH BLOOD SPLOTCHES IN  
FRONT OF EVERY CHAIR.

TIME FLIES BY as one by one, Davey crosses names off the list.

FARRADAY

I can't look at this stuff anymore.

Farraday gets up and walks off. But Davey's eyes are wide  
with morbid fascination. HE'S HOOKED.

WE SEE MORE GROTESQUE SHOTS OF THE CAPE ANN KILLER'S WORK as  
Davey tracks the killer's activities across MONTHS, YEARS --

PLOP! A MAGAZINE SPREAD drops in front of his face. A PAIR OF  
BARE AFRICAN TRIBAL BREASTS close enough to motorboat.

EATS

BOOM! Afri-CANS... Get it?

DAVEY

You guys aren't gonna believe the  
shit I found --

Davey turns to find Eats and Woody. A stack of NATIONAL  
GEOGRAPHIC magazines in their hands, AKA the best source of  
porn a fifteen year old can easily get his hands on.

EATS

Forget what you found -- We snagged enough tribal muff to carpet your house. We're back in business.

Eats stuffs a pair of NatGeos down the front of his pants.

DAVEY

The hell are you doing?!

EATS

Free porn, bro.

**EXT. JUNIPER STREET - CUL-DE-SAC - HIGH ABOVE - DUSK**

A BIRD'S EYE VIEW of Davey and the guys. They're all dressed in black at the center island of the cul-de-sac with a crew of MANHUNT KIDS. As the last glimmer of the sun sets...

DAVEY (V.O.)

Okay, where the hell's Sammy? We need him or we don't have numbers.

NEIGHBORHOOD KID 1 (V.O.)

I dunno. We haven't heard from him in a few days.

NEIGHBORHOOD KID 2 (V.O.)

Their car's in the driveway. They must be home.

EATS (V.O.)

Let's go get the little shit. Woody, stay here, make sure none of these dickweeds leave.

From the sky, we follow Davey, Eats and Farraday as they walk toward Sammy's house, up his driveway and onto the porch...

**EXT. SAMMY HOFFMAN'S HOUSE - FRONT DOOR - DUSK**

KNOCK-KNOCK-KNOCK -- Davey, Eats and Farraday await a response... that doesn't come. Eats and Farraday peek into the windows beside the door...

EATS

No movement.

FARRADAY

Or lights. Oh well...

DAVEY

Oh well? You don't think this is a little weird? No one's seen Sammy in days. What if --

EATS

Don't even say it! They're probably up at the lake or some shit.

DAVEY

Then why's their car here?

Davey goes to the Hoffmans' nearby station wagon. Squints in the windows... Nothing out of the ordinary.

FARRADAY

Maybe they rented one...?

DAVEY

Why would they --

EATS

Who cares? The real issue is that we don't have numbers because of the little prick, so now I can't play Manhunt. Whatever, I'm out.

FARRADAY

Yeah. I got a book to finish anyway.

*Fun extinguished.* Eats and Farraday head off...

But Davey lingers. He approaches the front door, peers into the darkened windows, morbid curiosity boiling over. He casually TRIES THE FRONT DOOR KNOB, but it's locked. *Bummer.*

Davey turns around. Notices the view from the Hoffmans' porch -- Mackey's backyard. His garden. Unobstructed. *Hmm...*

**INT. DAVEY'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - DAY**

Davey puts the finishing touches on a PB&J. Grabs the jelly, reaches for the refrigerator door -- Sees a NOTE WRITTEN IN MARKER on the MAGNETIZED REFRIGERATOR WHITEBOARD:

*"DATE: 6/29 MESSAGE: Working late again. Get a pizza. Call one of the neighbors in case of an emergency."*

ON THE BOTTOM OF THE WHITEBOARD, a LIST OF NAMES AND PHONE NUMBERS: *"Farraday, Mackey, Woodworth, Eaton,"* etc...

Davey puts the jelly back in the fridge, grabs the milk. Pours himself a glass and places the CARTON on the counter. Takes a glorious bite of the PB&J. Swigs the milk --

NEARLY CHOKES at the BLACK AND WHITE PICTURE OF A FAMILIAR FACE ON THE BACK OF THE MILK CARTON --

*"DUSTIN 'DUSTY' DEWITT - MISSING SINCE 6/2/84"*

**INT. TREEHOUSE - NIGHT**

The flickering light of CANDLES on the table in the center of the space gives a slightly crazy gleam to the eyes of --

DAVEY

Mackey's the Cape Ann Killer!

He looks like a man possessed. A prolonged silence hangs between Eats, Farraday and Woody.

FARRADAY

I knew we shouldn't have taken you to the library. I blame myself.

EATS

I also blame Farraday.

DAVEY

I know it sounds kinda ridiculous --

EATS

Yeah, because it is. As soon as that news report came out, we all knew it was just a matter of time til you --

WHAM! Davey slaps the MILK CARTON onto the table.

EATS

Congrats, you're getting your calcium, so what?

DAVEY

No, man, look --

Davey points at the picture of DUSTY DEWITT. The guys grab the carton. Take a closer look at the PHOTO. Scan the DESCRIPTION: MALE, RED HAIR, BROWN EYES, FRECKLES...

FARRADAY

Who's the missing ginger?

DAVEY

That's the kid I saw in Mackey's dining room a few weeks ago! When we were playing Manhunt!

WOODY

How sure are you it's him?

DAVEY

Never been more sure of anything in my entire life.

EATS

That's a low bar. Plus, redheads all look the same.

FARRADAY

So true.

WOODY

Then let's go tell your parents.

DAVEY

No way! They'd never believe me, and they'd ground me. I need proof. Guys, I was only like ten feet away! I saw him clear as day! That's him!

Eats and Farraday study the carton, considering this insane possibility.

DAVEY

Plus, what about the Hoffmans? Their lakehouse is only a couple hours north, but their car's still here? Something's definitely off. And they have a perfect view of Mackey's yard.

EATS

So...?

DAVEY

So, what if one of the Hoffmans saw Mackey with Dusty in the yard --

WOODY

Who?

FARRADAY

The missing ginger.

DAVEY

-- Mackey found out somehow, and then killed them to get rid of the threat.

Silence. Everyone thinking over the details...

WOODY

Look, I'll admit this is all pretty weird, but that's kind of a stretch.

FARRADAY

Eats, tell him what Kyle said.

EATS

Farraday, what the fuck --

DAVEY

What'd Kyle say...? Does he know something...?

EATS

Goddammit. Fine. He said Mackey comes into the hardware store every week and buys like a hundred pounds of dirt. Says it's for his garden --

DAVEY

His garden?! Bullshit! Who uses a hundred pounds of dirt a week in a backyard garden? He's also got a room in his basement with a padlock on the door. He's single and he lives alone. Why would he need that?

Davey plops down the CAPE ANN CHRONICLE. Points at a section on the front page beneath the "CAPE ANN KILLER" headline --

DAVEY

Still not convinced?

(reading)

"Suspect is likely a white male, late-30s to 40s, lives alone..."

EATS

Dude, Mackey's a cop. With a sick reputation --

DAVEY

That's what's genius about it! He knows police tactics. He could plant evidence to throw them off, or destroy it if they ever found anything bad. Who would suspect a cop? It's the perfect cover.

A sense of dread spreads around the table. *He's got a point.*

DAVEY

Guys, if Mackey is what I think he is, we've gotta do something.

WOODY

Yeah, we gotta call the cops.

DAVEY

Have you not been listening? We report anything to the cops, Mackey will find out. Then he could just destroy the evidence.

EATS

Okay, Magnum, P.I. What's your plan?

DAVEY

We have to find out the truth. And be able to prove it. This is all circumstantial; we've gotta find real, hard evidence. Which means...

Mischief in his eyes, Davey smiles big. It's infectious as smiles wipe across every face around the table. Even Eats'.

FARRADAY

Stakeout?

DAVEY

Search and destroy. Who's with me?

WOODY

I'll bring the snacks. Davey, you get the gear.

EATS

This is batshit crazy. I'm in.

Exhilarated, Davey puts his hand out -- Woody's, Farraday's and Eats' quickly SLAP down on top of it.

DAVEY

Operation Mack Attack starts now!

### **STAKEOUT MONTAGE**

A SERIES OF SHOTS over an UPBEAT '80s SYNTH JAM -- OPERATION MACK ATTACK in full swing:

-- Mackey tosses a DUFFEL BAG into his immaculate 1980 JEEP WAGONEER, drives off. HIDING IN THE BUSHES, DAVEY lowers his binoculars, jots down the time...

DAVEY (V.O.)

He leaves his house every weekday at 8:24 with a gym bag. Contents unknown.

-- IN THE FADING AFTERNOON LIGHT, WOODY hunkers down INSIDE HIS MOM'S PARKED CAR as MACKKEY'S WAGONEER rolls past heading into his driveway. Woody jots down the time...

WOODY (V.O.)

He gets back at 6:25 with the bag.  
Goes in through the garage and closes  
it behind him. Always closes it!

-- ON HIS PAPER ROUTE, Davey chucks a NEWSPAPER. It lands on a perfectly manicured lawn. WE SEE THE 4TH OF JULY HEADLINE: "FEAR ACROSS CAPE ANN HITS FEVER PITCH FOR THE 4TH."

-- Mackey wipes sweat as he digs in his ailing GARDEN. HIGH ABOVE HIM, HIDING IN A TREE, FARRADAY jots down a note...

FARRADAY (V.O.)

His weekends are all over the place.  
No pattern. Except that he gardens. A  
lot. Acidity in the soil must be off  
though. Plants look like shit.

-- ON HIS PAPER ROUTE, Davey pulls a NEWSPAPER from his bag, looks at the headline: "FBI CONSULTED IN CAPE ANN KILLER INVESTIGATION."

-- DURING A MANHUNT GAME, EATS peeks in Mackey's windows. Finds Mackey eating dinner. Sensing something, Mackey looks out the window to find -- Nothing. Eats ducked just in time!

EATS (V.O.)

He has dinner alone every night at  
8:30... ish. Then probably wanks it  
and cries himself to sleep. Loser.

-- The guys are jammed into Davey's window, binoculars to their eyes, jaws dropped, staring across the way at Nikki. In her backyard. SUNBATHING. IN A BIKINI. HOLY. MOLY.

-- Mackey exits his house in Larry Bird short shorts, white tee and headband. Stretches, then jogs off down the street into the dark. Davey watches through binoculars from his bedside window. Considers.

DAVEY (V.O.)

Well, no, because most nights, he goes  
for a jog at 11:00. Not sure where he  
goes, but we should find out.

-- IN HIS ROOM, Davey adds NOTES to a LARGE WHITEBOARD with Woody. Their accumulated observations from the stakeout, laid out by day and time. They step back to take in a week in the life of Mackey. HIS ENTIRE SCHEDULE, in black and white.

WOODY

Now that we know his schedule, what  
do we do next?

DAVEY  
 (inspired)  
 Catch this fucker and become heroes.

**END MONTAGE**

**EXT. JUNIPER STREET - CUL-DE-SAC - ESTABLISHING - DUSK**

Gussied up for a night out, Davey's parents' hop into their CAR. Pull out of their driveway... As they hit the street --

DAVEY (O.S.)  
 Okay, they're gone. Mackey should be  
 back soon. Let's stay focused --

IN EATS' SIDE YARD, a small tent, glowing with lantern light from inside, makes the perfect stakeout spot. EXCEPT IT'S EMPTY. Because all the action's currently happening in the --

EATS (O.S.)  
 Farraday, they're fuckin teddy bears!  
 You think a buncha Teddy Ruxpins  
 could take down the Empire?

**INT. TREEHOUSE - CONTINUOUS**

DAVEY'S FULL WHITEBOARD now hangs next to a pinned up PLAYBOY page with a NAKED CHICK who looks an awful lot like Nikki.

The guys, decked out in black "Manhunt" clothes shoot the shit as they wait. Holding his binoculars by the window, Davey's gaze keeps returning to the pin-up girl --

FARRADAY  
 They're aliens, and highly  
 intelligent! Look how fast that one  
 learned to drive a speeder bike, then  
 ditch it without being spotted.

EATS  
 Whatever, dude. They're bears. Now if  
 it was Gremlins, I'd buy it. Maybe.

DAVEY  
 Gremlins? I still gotta see that. You  
 guys think Nikki would go with me?

FARRADAY  
 Then she can find out what happens if  
 she gets your Mogwai wet.

EATS

Davey, stick to shit that could happen. Like me fathering a new sibling for Woody.

WOODY

You're dead!

Woody jumps Eats as HEADLIGHTS sweep across the cul-de-sac --

DAVEY

Cut the shit -- He's back!

The guys instantly pile into the large treehouse window. Davey whips up his BINOCULARS to see --

BINOCULARS POV: Mackey's Wagoneer pulls into his driveway. Mackey gets out, looks around at the sleepy neighborhood. *Does he sense he's being watched?*

EATS

What the hell's he doing?

BINOCULARS POV: After a moment, Mackey walks toward his house -- but goes around the side of the garage to the backyard.

WOODY

Davey, where's he --

The SOUNDS OF HEAVY DRAGGING snap their attention back to --

BINOCULARS POV: Mackey emerges onto his driveway again, pulling his GARBAGE CANS behind him. He takes them to the curb. Heads back inside. The garage door closes behind him. A few of the lights in his house pop on.

IN THE TREEHOUSE, Davey lets out the breath he didn't realize he was holding. Woody and Eats lower their binoculars.

FARRADAY

Wait, was that it? Stakeout over?

EATS

Let's break into his garage.

WOODY

We can't do that -- He's a cop!

DAVEY

Guys, this is a stakeout. We know his patterns now. At 11, he's gonna go for a run, then we wait til he goes to sleep. Trust me, I got a plan.

BINOCULARS POV: Davey scans, lands on MACKEY'S GARBAGE CANS.

WOODY (O.S.)  
At least we got snacks...

**INT. TENT - EATS' SIDE YARD - LATER**

BAGS OF SNACKS, shredded, empty. NATIONAL GEOGRAPHIC magazines discarded like spent hookers. In the debris, Davey lies with his binoculars sticking out the flap of the tent, trained on Mackey's house. TOO BAD HE'S SOUND ASLEEP --

WOODY (O.S.)(OVER WALKIE)  
DAVEY!

Davey JOLTS awake.

DAVEY (INTO WALKIE)  
Fuck, Woody! What do you want?

WOODY (O.S.)(OVER WALKIE)  
Dude, Mackey went to bed like five minutes ago. What's this big plan of yours? We're bored off our asses.

Davey's eyes go wide. He checks Mackey's house. NO LIGHTS.

DAVEY  
Shit, let's go!

**EXT. MACKEY'S HOUSE - DRIVEWAY - MOMENTS LATER**

Under cover of darkness, Davey runs across the street, crouches behind the garbage cans. He watches Mackey's windows cautiously. No lights appear. The other guys catch up to him.

FARRADAY  
What the hell're we doing?!

Davey puts his hand on one of the garbage cans. Smirks.

EATS  
His fuckin trash? Are you kidding?

DAVEY  
There could be evidence in here.  
Fingers or bloody rags or something.  
We find anything, we got him.

FARRADAY  
Do you know me at all? I am not  
digging through trash.

WOODY

We're gonna get in trouble if we tear through this on the street.

DAVEY

I've had to clean our deck three times in the last two weeks because raccoons keep getting into ours. That's all anyone's gonna think.

The guys look at each other, disgusted. *But what the hell?*

EATS

If I find a used condom in here... I'm gonna be so jealous.

**LATER**

TRASH covers the base of the driveway. The guys' hands and clothes caked in grime, sludge and worse. Except for Farraday, who sits a safe distance back on the curb.

FARRADAY

How do you know you can't get AIDS from trash?

EATS

Only way you're ever gettin AIDS...

FARRADAY

Yeah, good one. Don't call me tomorrow when you're puking blood.

Davey tosses another EMPTY BAG onto the ground. Frustrated.

DAVEY

I can't believe it. Nothing. Maybe he doesn't do the killings here.

WOODY

He could have, like, a lair or something somewhere...?

EATS

A lair? He's Cobra Commander now?

Farraday, still off to the side, spots Mackey's MAILBOX. Opens it, looks inside to find --

FARRADAY

What about his mail? Can tell a lot about a man by the magazines he subscribes to. For instance...

Big smile on his face, he digs out a brand new PLAYBOY, still in its cellophane wrapper.

EATS

Ask and you shall receive!

Eats is all smiles as he snatches it, rips it open, tosses the cellophane into the garbage pile and pages through it.

DAVEY

Farraday's right. We can check his mail every day and he'll never suspect a thing. See what bills he gets, who's sending him stuff...

Eats tucks the Playboy into his waistband. Per the usual.

EATS

I'll handle that responsibility.

*Of course he will.* Davey checks his watch.

DAVEY

It's after midnight. We should get outta here before my parents come back. We can try again tomorrow.

FARRADAY

Night one, no luck.

EATS

Says you...

Eats pats the magazines tucked beneath his waistband, smiles. As he and Farraday peel off toward their respective homes --

WOODY

Hey Davey? Is it cool if I sleep over tonight? Kinda don't wanna be home.

DAVEY

Yeah, I was gonna ask you to anyway. I'll make popcorn and we can watch "Close Encounters."

WOODY

Awesome. I'll go grab my stuff. Be over in a bit.

**INT. WOODY'S HOUSE - NIGHT**

Woody sneaks in, heading for his room. Trying to be quiet. But as he passes the doorway to the kitchen, he sees --

BRENDA (mid-40s), his mother. Sitting at the table in her nurse's uniform. Head in her hands, in tears. Overwhelmed.

His eyes move to the table in front of her, littered with LITTLE WHITE PILLS beside a BOTTLE OF GIN.

Excitement extinguished at the sight of his mother so alone and helpless, too much pain to even process. He gives a futile look toward his room. Then moves to the table.

Brenda, only now realizing he's there, wipes away her tears. Embarrassed. Unable to stop crying.

He puts his arms around her. Both of them in over their heads. But at least they're in it together.

WOODY  
(caring)  
Come on...

She stumbles to her feet as Woody leads her into the --

LIVING ROOM. Empty cans and random refuse piled high on every surface. He helps her lie on the couch. Pulls a blanket over her, Brenda passes out instantly. He kisses her forehead.

WOODY  
Love you, Mom.

**INT. DAVEY'S HOUSE - DAVEY'S ROOM - NIGHT**

Davey's sitting at his window, Hardy Boys book in hand. But his gaze is fixed on Mackey's house. *What's happening in there? Is someone over there in the dark, crying, praying --*

DING-DONG! Davey JUMPS at the SOUND OF THE DOORBELL. *Fuck! He gives the clock an accusatory look. 12:27am. It's about time!*

**INT. DAVEY'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS**

Davey bolts down the stairs, grabs the front door and swings it open, revealing --

DAVEY  
Dude, what took you so long?

NIKKI. She doesn't wait for him to pick his jaw up off the floor as she breezes past him into the house wearing a sexy cut-off tee and short-shorts.

NIKKI  
Expecting somebody this late?

DAVEY

Huh? Oh, just Woody -- My friend, I mean. Not, uh -- Nevermind.

NIKKI

Wow, I haven't been over in awhile. Your mom moved everything.

DAVEY

Uh -- I guess. Like a year ago.

Nikki continues into the kitchen, grabs a soda from the fridge like she lives here.

NIKKI

Where'd your folks go all dressed up?

DAVEY

Date night.

Nikki smirks, CRACKS the soda and it sprays the air. She takes a long, luscious sip, her eyes never leaving Davey. She wipes her wet lips and gives him an amused look --

NIKKI

Good.

-- winks and walks confidently to the stairs. Heads up...

*HOLY. SHIT. Is this happening right now?!* He realizes he's just standing there alone. Bolts up after her --

**INT. DAVEY'S HOUSE - DAVEY'S ROOM - CONTINUOUS**

Davey flies into the room to find Nikki, already at his side window, binoculars up to her eyes.

NIKKI

Huh... Better view of my room than I thought.

DAVEY

I've never seen you naked!

Instantly mortified, Davey blushes. Grabs the binoculars.

NIKKI

Too bad. I've got a great body.

*What?!* Nikki smirks and walks away from the window.

Equal parts embarrassed and turned on, Davey starts straightening up, stashing toys and nerd paraphernalia under his bed, in the closet. Wherever he can.

But Nikki's focused elsewhere, her hands tracing along the peeling National Enquirer covers that wallpaper his room.

NIKKI

Wow... When I gave you that first Enquirer, I never thought it'd lead to this. What was that one again...? The cult that was, like, brainwashing Elvis' daughter for his money, right?

Davey points to the wall where the cover of that National Enquirer permanently rests above his bed. Nikki smiles.

NIKKI

We had so much fun. God, sucks how much things have changed.

DAVEY

Things have changed, but good things. Like, we're old enough to hang out together now.

Totally onto his clumsy attempt at being suave, she lets her finger gently touch his hand. Having fun making him squirm.

NIKKI

Too bad I'm leaving. Guess we better get it all in now.

Her big eyes lock onto his, gleaming with mischievous intent. Every gasket in Davey's brain about to blow, he remembers --

DAVEY

How, uh -- How're your parents?

NIKKI

Let's stick to yours. What time did you say they'd be home?

*Uhhhhh... Mind. Frozen.* She moves closer to Davey... CLOSER...! THEIR LIPS ABOUT TO MEET...! THIS IS IT --

THUD! They HEAR the DOOR OPEN AND CLOSE DOWNSTAIRS!

SHEILA (O.S.)

Davey...? We're back...!

DAVEY

Oh, fuck me.

Nikki LAUGHS OUT LOUD at his reaction -- Slaps a hand over her mouth. *Oh shit!* They share a look of excited amusement, then he rushes her to the window. She climbs out using the roof of the garage to get down to the ground safely.

Davey watches her go. Totally in love. Then leaps onto his bed, drapes his comforter over his lap as --

HIS DOOR OPENS AND HIS PARENTS COME IN!

SHEILA

Honey? I thought I heard --

She sees her son, lap covered, disheveled, eyes wide.

SHEILA

OH! Oh my God! Oh -- I -- I should have knocked --

DAVEY

Nonononono! It's not --

RANDALL

Jesus, Davey. The bathroom at least has a lock.

They retreat from his bedroom, shut the door --

DAVEY

(yelling out to them)  
I wasn't doing that!

He hurries to the window -- Down below, THERE'S NIKKI looking up at him. She smiles, BLOWS HIM A KISS, runs off... Then --

RANDALL (O.S.)(THROUGH DOOR)

Davey, I think it's time you and I had a little talk. When you're done.

Off Davey's mortified face we --

**EXT. SUBURBAN HOUSE - BEVERLY FARMS, MA - NIGHT**

A pall of fog hangs over the street as BOBBY COKER (15), a pimply teen, exits the front door of a single story ranch home. As the screen door closes, he looks back and waves --

BOBBY

Thanks again for everything, Mrs. S!

MOTHER (O.S.)

Anytime. Call when you get home so we know you're safe, okay?

BOBBY'S FRIEND (O.S.)

Mom, he lives like four blocks away.

BOBBY

It's cool. I will. See ya.

Bobby heads down the front steps and up the sidewalk, backpack slung over his shoulder...

As he walks through the fog, HE HEARS ANOTHER SET OF FOOTSTEPS somewhere behind him. He glances back to see --

A FIGURE, silhouetted in the swirling fog by the street light beyond him. It's impossible to make out any features.

Freaked out, Bobby quickens his pace... Hears the FOOTSTEPS BEHIND HIM SPEED UP. Fear rising, he glances back again --

The FIGURE is CLOSING THE DISTANCE!

*Fuck this!* As soon as Bobby turns the corner and is out of sight of the person following him, HE SPRINTS FOR HIS LIFE!

THE WORLD SHAKES as FOOTSTEPS POUND PAVEMENT. PANICKED BREATHING fills the cold night air. Once Bobby's made enough ground, he turns back to find...

THE FIGURE IS GONE. Bobby stops, drops his backpack on the ground, catching his breath. Shakes his head to himself -- *He's paranoid.* He turns to grab his backpack, but --

A HAND CLAMPS OVER HIS MOUTH BEFORE BOBBY CAN EVEN SCREAM!!

WE STAY ON THE BACKPACK as WE HEAR SNEAKERS DRAG OVER PAVEMENT, FIGHTING FOR PURCHASE -- THUD! THE SLAM OF A CAR TRUNK, followed by THE SOUNDS OF A CAR PULLING AWAY...

**EXT. JUNIPER STREET - CUL-DE-SAC - DAY**

IN HIS POLICE CRUISER, Mackey pulls onto the street, past --

DAVEY (O.S.)  
Eight A.M. Right on time.

A PARKED STATION WAGON. The guys are inside, ducked down, peeking through the windows. Woody, however, sits upright in the driver's seat, his troubled mind elsewhere --

FARRADAY (O.S.)  
Get down, shit-for-brains!

Woody ducks just in time as Mackey's car heads past, cruises down the street and out of sight...

DAVEY  
Woody, what're you doing? You're gonna lose him already --

WOODY

Guys, I'm freaking out right now, okay? I get caught driving my mom's car and I'm dead shit!

FARRADAY

You said she's sleeping off a 36-hour shift. She's gonna be out for hours --

EATS

And you look like you're thirty. It's gonna be fine, now drive!

**EXT. CAPE ANN HARDWARE STORE - DOWNTOWN IPSWICH - DAY**

Mackey, in uniform, strolls along the sidewalk -- Says "Hello" to a PASSERBY as he enters the hardware store.

ACROSS THE STREET, the guys pull up in the station wagon, ducked down but watching like hawks.

DAVEY

Woody, what happened to you last night? Thought you were coming over.

WOODY

Sorry. My mom... needed my help.

DAVEY

You'll never guess who showed up at my door instead. At midnight. Nikki.

WOODY

No way!

FARRADAY

Yeah, okay, Davey.

EATS

Lemme speak in your language: There isn't even a parallel universe with buttfucking Wookiees where Nikki came over to your house last night.

DAVEY

I'm serious! She was about to kiss me when my parents got home and --  
(eyes going wide)  
Guys, Mackey's coming out!

Davey points ACROSS THE STREET to where Mackey exits the hardware store...

EATS

We're picking up this convo later.

Eats' older brother Kyle (who we saw in the open) is behind Mackey pushing a cart stacked with FOUR LARGE BAGS OF SOIL.

FARRADAY

Holy shit, that is a lot of dirt.

DAVEY

Just like Kyle said. How many bodies you think that would bury?

Just then, another hardware store EMPLOYEE comes out pushing another cart. On it are six LARGE, RED-STRIPED BAGS of some sort of CHEMICAL, along with TWO SHOVELS and --

EATS

Is that a fuckin pick axe?

Yup. Kyle and the other employee pile the dirt and supplies into the backseat and trunk of the police cruiser.

DAVEY

We gotta keep following him.

**INT./EXT. STATION WAGON - DOWNTOWN IPSWICH - MOMENTS LATER**

Approaching a busy intersection, Woody and the guys have fallen a few cars behind Mackey.

EATS

You drive like my mom, dude! You're gonna lose him!

They're forced to stop at the red light and watch as Mackey turns right on red. But the cars between them aren't turning. They just stop, boxing the boys in. And Mackey's gone...

FARRADAY

Woody...! The hell, man?!

WOODY

All right, frig this! You guys are dicks! I'm never doing this again!

DAVEY

Guys! Relax! Let's just get home as fast as we can and hope that's where he's going too. We gotta find out what he's doing with that stuff.

**INT./EXT. STATION WAGON - MAIN ROAD - A SHORT TIME LATER**

As the guys cruise along in silence, bad vibes in the air --

BWOOP-BWOOP! Woody looks into his rearview to find --

POLICE LIGHTS FLASHING! The guys turn to see a POLICE CRUISER bearing down on them as Woody pulls his mom's station wagon to the side of the road.

WOODY

Oh shit! Fuck! I'm so screwed!

DAVEY

Is that Mackey?!

EATS

Woody, just be cool --

WOODY

I don't have a license, genius!

EATS

Tell him you forgot it at home.

DAVEY

What if it's fuckin Mackey?!

The COP gets out of his cruiser. As he approaches, the guys CAN'T SEE HIS FACE through the station wagon's dirty windows. GA-GLUNK -- GA-GLUNK -- DAVEY'S HEART POUNDS AS --

The cop TAPS on the window. Woody rolls it down revealing...

OFFICER COLE (40s), tall and serious, but definitely --

DAVEY

Not him... Thank God.

WOODY

Oh shit, Officer Cole...

OFFICER COLE

Goddammit, Dale. I thought that was you. Does your mother know you stole her car?

WOODY

I just borrowed it! We wanted snacks and my mom was asleep --

OFFICER COLE

What if it wasn't me that pulled ya over? You could be in real trouble.

WOODY

I know, and I'm wicked sorry. I'll never do it again --

OFFICER COLE  
 Got me in quite a bind here. Can't  
 just bust ya cuz then how am I gonna  
 look your mother in the eye at church?

Officer Cole considers a moment. Looks inside the car at each  
 of the guys, all of whom are terrified... Except Eats.

OFFICER COLE  
 Mr. Eaton. What a surprise.

EATS  
 Officer Cole. We meet again.

OFFICER COLE  
 Look, guys, I get it. I took my Ma's  
 car out for a joyride now and then  
 when I was your age. But times have  
 changed. Promise me you'll go straight  
 home and never do this again --

DAVEY  
 Excuse me, Officer?

Cole leans down, peers in at Davey to get a good look.

DAVEY  
 Do you know Officer Mackey?

The other boys shoot Davey a look of death: *Shut up, dude!*

OFFICER COLE  
 Town this small, everyone knows  
 everyone on the force. Why?

DAVEY  
 You like him? I mean, he a good guy?

OFFICER COLE  
 (lowers his voice)  
 Look... Another kid's gone missing.  
 Everyone up at Town Hall's panicked.  
 They're even canceling the block  
 party. It's gonna be on the news any  
 minute. Get your asses home. Where  
 it's safe. And stay there. Got it?

**INT. DAVEY'S HOUSE - DAVEY'S ROOM - NIGHT**

BINOCULARS POV: In Mackey's driveway, the brakelights of  
 Mackey's Wagoneer cast a creepy red glow over his yard.

Davey quickly scans the back of the Wagoneer where the bags  
 of soil should be... BUT THEY'RE NOT THERE.

DAVEY (INTO WALKIE)  
Guys, the dirt's not there.

FARRADAY (O.S.)(OVER WALKIE)  
Maybe it's still in his cruiser.

DAVEY (INTO WALKIE)  
Why would he leave it in there?

WOODY (O.S.)(OVER WALKIE)  
Or he stashed it someplace.

FARRADAY (O.S.)(OVER WALKIE)  
Shit this guy's good.

The brakelights fall dark. Mackey hops out. Enters his house.

DAVEY  
(whispers to himself)  
We're on to you, Mackey...

CLICK... CLACK... *What the...?* Davey turns to the side window as a PEBBLE RICOCHETS OFF. He goes over, looks out to find --

NIKKI. Gazing up at him. She waves for him to come out.

DAVEY  
Best summer ever...

**EXT. NIKKI'S HOUSE - ROOFTOP - NIGHT**

Pair of STOLEN BEERS between them, Davey sits next to Nikki, listening expectantly. The moonlight is magical, it's summer and Davey's in love, even though --

NIKKI  
I thought everything was fine. Then they just sat me down and told me they don't love each other anymore. Like "that's that." They didn't even seem upset. So fucked up...

DAVEY  
They still love you though. Nothing's gonna change that.

NIKKI  
It's like my life's just been one big lie. I feel like everyone's gonna judge me now. Like I can't even talk about it with anyone.

DAVEY  
What about your friends?

NIKKI

Epecially my friends. Their parents are all still happily married. Whatever that means.

DAVEY

You don't know that. Who knows what's really going on behind closed doors? People keep stuff like that private.

NIKKI

Are your parents happy?

DAVEY

I dunno... I guess...

NIKKI

Honestly, I can't wait to get out of this stupid town, away from them.

Davey tries to hide the fact that he's crushed. Until he sees tears forming in her eyes.

NIKKI

You must think I'm such a loser, bringing you out here for this.

DAVEY

No way. Never.

Nikki smiles through her tears. They hold each other's gaze for a long moment. Finally too much for Davey, he looks down.

DAVEY

Can I tell you my secret?

Nikki gives him an expectant look over a swig of her beer...

DAVEY

I think Mackey's the Cape Ann Killer.

Nikki nearly spits out her beer. Davey's words seem to just hang there in the air between them. But she sees he's serious.

NIKKI

Mr. Mackey? Davey, he's friends with my dad. They go fishing together --

DAVEY

That's what he wants you to think.

NIKKI

I know how your mind works. But you're wrong.

DAVEY

This is different. We've been spying on him and --

NIKKI

What?! Davey, he's a cop! If your mom and dad found out you're spying on him, they would flip their shit.

DAVEY

I know. That's why they're not gonna. Not until we have real evidence.

NIKKI

Davey, listen to me. You gotta stop. If you're wrong, you'll look like a freakshow and be in trouble forever. And if you're right...

DAVEY

I'm not gonna get caught.

NIKKI

Please, just let the police handle this. I don't want anything bad to happen to you... You might just be the only person left in this neighborhood I actually like.

**INT. TREEHOUSE - NIGHT**

The guys look through a few BRAND NEW PORN MAGs, all addressed to Mackey. *This is Heaven.*

WOODY

It's the friggin mother lode.

DAVEY

This is it? There's nothing else?

EATS

Just bills and junk mail. But who cares? Staking out Mackey was the best idea you've ever had, Davey.

FARRADAY

Had a pretty good idea, myself...

Farraday pulls out a BOTTLE OF JACK DANIELS.

FARRADAY

Snagged it from my dad's stash.

EATS

So you're using those brainpowers for good. About damn time. Give it --

They eagerly pass the bottle around and take swigs. One by one, they cringe in disgust and GROAN. Farraday COUGHS --

FARRADAY

Oh, it's bad. It's so bad.

DAVEY

Tastes like my mouth is bleeding.

EATS

Guess you dickheads aren't men yet.

Eats keeps the Jack, clearly forcing it down with each tiny sip as the other guys swish and spit sodas like mouthwash.

EATS

So let's hear it, what's up with you and Nikki?

DAVEY

We hung out again last night. We have, like, a connection.

EATS

Fuck you, a "connection." Only connection I want with her is vaginal. Oral if she's into it --

DAVEY

Don't talk about her like that!

The guys all blankly stare at him -- *Who are you?* Davey turns his attention back to Mackey's house, miffed.

DAVEY

We need to stay focused. He's still out there. We need something solid.

Davey grabs the binoculars --

BINOCULARS POV: Davey scans the neighborhood, panning from left to right...

FARRADAY

We've been on him for weeks. If he was gonna give us a clue, we'd have seen it by now, don't ya think?

... lands on THE HOFFMANS' HOUSE. The car in the driveway hasn't moved in all this time. Not a single light on in the house. Davey lowers the binoculars.

DAVEY

Not if we missed it the first time.

**EXT. SAMMY HOFFMAN'S HOUSE - NIGHT**

The guys approach the front door. Everything dark inside. Davey shines his DURABEAM FLASHLIGHT through the windows but can't make out anything. He tries the doorknob --

ERRRRRK -- AND IT OPENS! The front door slowly sways wide, revealing a pitch black house. Davey's eyes light up.

FARRADAY

What. Everyone keeps their door unlocked around here.

DAVEY

Yeah, but this was locked last time... We gotta go in. What if they're dead in there?

EATS

You said he kills kids, not adults.

DAVEY

That's not totally true. One of the articles at the library said he killed a whole family in Rockport. Police said something must've gone wrong. And if it's Mackey...

EATS

Fuck! That! You wanna go in there, be my guest. Dumbasses first.

But Davey's already on his way inside...

EATS

Davey, I was kidding! .... Davey!

As they hesitantly follow Davey inside...

WOODY

Guys, I got a bad feeling.

**INT. SAMMY HOFFMAN'S HOUSE - MOMENTS LATER**

Farraday and Woody hang onto each other as the guys creep into the dark entryway. Davey, flashlight leading the way, finds the closest light switch. Flips it: *nothing*.

THE BOYS SPEAK IN HUSHED TONES.

DAVEY  
Light's not working.

EATS  
You guys smell that?

WOODY  
Yeah. Smells like... roadkill.

FARRADAY  
If it's a bunch of dead bodies, I'm  
totally gonna shit my Calvins.

ENTERING THE LIVING ROOM, Davey directs the flashlight dead  
ahead revealing --

THE PLACE IS A MESS. An overturned chair; two open trash bags  
in the kitchen, flies swarming -- A CAT eating among the  
refuse; mail and other debris on the floor throughout. *It  
looks like some shit went down!*

DAVEY  
Still think I'm crazy?

BRRRING! The HOME PHONE RINGS, scaring the hell out of them!

FARRADAY  
Goddamit!

EATS  
Farraday, check your Calvins.

THE GUYS CHUCKLE -- Davey SHUSHES them. AS THE PHONE RINGS,  
Davey pushes ahead through the dark, nervous as hell. Step by  
painstaking step. Aims the flashlight into the kitchen...

DAVEY  
Woody, try the kitchen light.

WOODY  
Me?! Why me?!

DAVEY  
Just do it! I'll shine the light.

Woody falters, but forces himself toward the now-illuminated  
kitchen doorway, rounds it --

AND BUMPS INTO SOMEONE STANDING THERE HOLDING A KNIFE! Woody  
falls backward onto the floor --

ALL OUR GUYS

AHHHHHHH!

THE FIGURE FLIPS ON THE KITCHEN LIGHT revealing --

NIKKI

You guys scared the shit outta me!

IT'S NIKKI. And it's not a knife she's got, it's a SCREWDRIVER. *Thank Christ...*

WOODY

We scared you?!

EATS

What the fuck, fuckers! Nearly had a goddamn heart attack.

DAVEY

What are you even doing here? With the lights off?

NIKKI

A fuse blew while I was vacuuming this mess. Stupid cats.

FARRADAY

Why're you cleaning up after their cats? And where are the Hoffmans?

NIKKI

They rented an RV and went up to the lakehouse for the summer. They pay me to make sure Barnaby and Trixy don't die. Easy money. Usually...

The guys share a look of relief tinged with disappointment.

NIKKI

Wanna explain what the hell you guys are doing in here?

DAVEY

Sammy's been missing so we thought maybe... the Hoffmans were dead.

NIKKI

And that it might've been Mackey...? Seriously...?

Nikki CHUCKLES. Davey looks away, embarrassed.

EATS

Wait, you really are talking to her?!  
Okay, what's going on? You hookin up?

Davey gives him a piercing, horrified look. But Nikki smiles, totally seeing what's going on. She switches on the sexy.

NIKKI

Let's just say he's more of a man  
than you jerkoffs.

She winks at Davey and heads off into the kitchen.

Davey's eyes couldn't be wider. He's in shock. The other guys LAUGH and HOLLER, proudly clapping him on the back.

EATS

Holy fucking shit. You're my God.

JUST INSIDE THE KITCHEN, Nikki smiles wide, hearing it all...

**EXT. MACKEY'S HOUSE - FRONT PORCH - DAY**

Mackey sits in a rocking chair, finishing a beer, looking out over his neighborhood. He watches a group of YOUNGER NEIGHBORHOOD KIDS playing fungo baseball in the street as he opens the cooler beside him, reaches in and grabs --

A beer. Beside the beer, a rainbow of assorted FREEZE POPS on ice. Mackey stands, YELLS OUT --

MACKEY

Who wants some Freeze Pops? Nice and cold! Come and get em!

The kids drop everything and sprint over, surrounding the beaming Mackey. It's a feeding frenzy. But as Mackey watches on, the kids oblivious, the smile on his face fades...

**INT. DAVEY'S HOUSE - DAVEY'S ROOM - DAY**

Davey crashes into his room with a basket full of clothes --

SHEILA (O.S.)

... and don't forget to clean your room! I mean it --

DAVEY

I know, Mom. God...

Knocks a FRAMED PHOTO off of his nightstand. Picks it up -- It's a PHOTO of DAVEY (10) WITH HIS YOUNGER MOM AND DAD. He places it back on the nightstand as he dumps the clothes onto his bed. Looks around the room at the MESS. Ugh...

He opens his disaster of a closet, jams more junk inside. As he's about to close it, his eyes fall on --

TWO WORN GAMBLES G.I. JOE WALKIE-TALKIES atop a crate of old toys. Davey's wheels start spinning. He grabs his regular STARCODE WALKIE --

DAVEY (INTO WALKIE)  
Guys, what time're we playing Manhunt tonight? I've got an idea...

**EXT. MACKEY'S YARD - NIGHT**

Dressed in black, the guys sprint through backyards, under porches, over driveways, converging in the bushes along Mackey's house. They're all out of breath, but exhilarated.

DAVEY  
Arright, here's the plan...

Davey pulls out the pair of old school G.I. Joe walkies.

FARRADAY  
Holy shit, you still have those?

DAVEY  
While you guys are spying, I'm gonna plant one of these outside Mackey's window. Use the other one to listen.

FARRADAY  
Audio surveillance. Smart.

WOODY  
Let's just not get caught, okay?

DAVEY  
Mackey spots you, act like it's part of the game. We probably got five minutes til those little shits are up our asses with flashlights, so let's be quick. Farraday, Woody, you guys take ground level. Me and Eats are up top. Operation Manhunt starts now.

They break. Woody follows Davey, Eats follows Farraday...

-- Farraday runs into the bushes along the driveway. His head pops up to LOOK INTO THE KITCHEN WINDOW as --

-- Eats climbs a tree to get eyes on the UPSTAIRS BATHROOM. Looks down at Farraday. Thumbs up. Then flips him off.

-- Woody sneaks along the house to THE DINING ROOM WINDOW. Where Davey saw the missing boy weeks ago. Looks up at --

-- Davey scales the tree at the front corner of the house, over the driveway. Finds a VIEW INTO MACKEY'S BEDROOM.

Gazing into the window, Davey makes sure Mackey's not there. Whips out the G.I. Joe walkie, some duct tape. Wraps the tape around the walkie SO THAT THE TRANSMIT BUTTON IS PERMANENTLY PRESSED DOWN (i.e. ALWAYS LISTENING).

Davey slides himself out along a thick branch that reaches toward the bedroom window. Manages to PLACE IT ON THE WINDOWSILL just outside the bedroom. CLICKS IT ON --

YOUNG KID (O.S.)  
Found ya, ya big, bearded ball sack!

A BRIGHT LIGHT suddenly nails Woody below. He holds a hand to his eyes, looks into a YOUNG KID'S (9) flashlight.

WOODY  
Nuh-uh -- We got time out!

YOUNG KID  
No, ya don't -- I caught you!

WOODY  
Want me to beat the shit outta ya?  
Cuz I will, ya little --

AHHH! The kid runs off into the night, terrified. Just then --

EATS (O.S.)(OVER WALKIE)  
I got eyes on him!

IN THE TREE AROUND THE HOUSE, Eats hugs the branches to hide as THROUGH THE WINDOW, he sees --

MACKEY, YELLOW RUBBER GLOVES on both hands. He gathers CLEANING SUPPLIES into a BUCKET. He seems perturbed.

EATS (INTO WALKIE)  
He's wearing rubber gloves! And he's got a bucket of cleaning shit.

DAVEY (O.S.)(OVER WALKIE)  
Like, stuff to clean up blood?

Mackey heads out of the bathroom with his cleaning kit.

EATS (INTO WALKIE)  
Guys, I lost him. He's on the move.

IN THE BUSHES BELOW, Farraday sees Mackey enter the kitchen.

FARRADAY (INTO WALKIE)  
Got him! He just came downstairs.

DAVEY (O.S.)(OVER WALKIE)  
What's in the bucket?

FARRADAY (INTO WALKIE)  
Looks like bleach. And a scrubbing  
brush. Can't tell what the rest is.

*What the...?* Farraday spots a RED STAIN on Mackey's shirt --

FARRADAY (INTO WALKIE)  
Blood! He's got blood on him!

DAVEY (O.S.)(OVER WALKIE)  
Holy crap -- Are you sure?!

FARRADAY (INTO WALKIE)  
Well, maybe it's paint? I don't know.  
It's on his shirt -- Oh shit!

FARRADAY DROPS into the bushes as MACKEY WALKS RIGHT PAST the window. When Farraday sneaks a peek again... MACKEY'S GONE --

ON THE DRIVEWAY SIDE, Mackey comes into Woody's view --

WOODY (INTO WALKIE)  
I got him!

Woody watches, face as close to the glass as he can get without fogging it up as Mackey pauses at the BASEMENT DOOR. Checks his bucket. Pissed, he rushes down the steps...

WOODY (INTO WALKIE)  
He went into the basement!

Woody bolts to the nearest basement window. Crouches down to look in but IT'S BLACKED OUT. PAINTED ON THE INSIDE. He rushes to the next window. Same. Next window... Same. *Shit!*

WOODY (INTO WALKIE)  
Mackey's M.I.A. All his basement  
windows are painted over.

DAVEY DROPS TO THE GROUND, looks up at the bedroom window. THE WALKIE IS HIDDEN by the sill except the tip of the antenna. No way you'd see it unless you were looking for it.

Satisfied, Davey sneaks up to the nearest window. Raises himself up to look inside just as --

MACKEY POPS INTO THE WINDOW! Slides it open to get fresh air, not noticing Davey, until --

DAVEY PANICS. He sprints away, Woody right behind him!

From the far side of the house, Eats and Farraday sprint out from the shadows following Davey and Woody.

EATS

What the hell happened?! Davey!

Mackey stares out at them, concerned...

**INT. DAVEY'S HOUSE - DAVEY'S ROOM - NIGHT**

In bed but wide awake, Davey has the other G.I. JOE WALKIE on his chest. He shakes it a few times, but nothing changes. TOTAL RADIO SILENCE. He grabs his binoculars, looks out at --

BINOCULARS POV: Mackey's house. The tree beside it blocks Davey's view of the walkie on the bedroom windowsill. *Damn.*

DAVEY

The G.I. Joe walkie's not working.

He looks down at Woody who's lounging on the floor in his sleeping bag, reading a comic by flashlight.

WOODY

Did ya test em first?

DAVEY

Yeah, the batteries are brand new.

WOODY

No, the distance. Remember? Those things were junk, that's why we upgraded. They couldn't transmit far.

DAVEY

Shit -- I forgot.

Woody hops up onto Davey's bed, grabs the binoculars and gazes out toward Mackey's house.

WOODY

So what're ya gonna do? Just say frig it and leave it up there?

DAVEY

No way. Who knows what we could find out. I gotta make it work.

**EXT. JUNIPER STREET - CUL-DE-SAC - MORNING**

Davey wheels down the sidewalk on his bike, chucking newspapers onto porches. As he reaches Mackey's driveway, he slows to a stop. Waits -- No movement inside the house.

Coast seemingly clear, Davey drops his bike and newspaper bag, hurries up the driveway...

At the side of the house, he reaches down and SWITCHES ON THE G.I. JOE WALKIE clipped to his belt. NOTHING TRANSMITTING.

He goes to the tree below the window, gets ready to climb up when he looks in the backyard and sees --

MACKEY, covered in sweat, dumping a big bag of dirt OVER A HUMAN-SIZED MOUND IN THE GARDEN!

Davey freezes in disbelief as MACKEY LOOKS UP, SPOTS HIM!

MACKEY

Yo, Davey!

Davey strains to keep himself from bolting as Mackey claps dirt off his hands, walks up to the fence. Leans on it.

MACKEY

Gotta tell ya, you scared the shit outta me last night. Had no idea you were in my bushes. Great hiding spot.

DAVEY

Yeah. Your yard's full of em.

MACKEY

Guess you didn't see me coming either, huh?

Mackey LAUGHS. Davey fakes it. *Fuckfuckfuckfuckfuck...*

MACKEY

So what's up? Oh -- Lemme guess, I owe you money?

DAVEY

Uh, yeah.

MACKEY

Right. This time I'm ready for ya.

He pulls a \$5 bill from his wallet. Holds it out to Davey. Davey reluctantly walks toward him. AS HE NEARS THE HOUSE --

SCREECH! A HIGH-PITCHED SHRIEK fills the air -- WALKIE-TALKIE FEEDBACK! Horrified, Davey scrambles to turn off the screaming walkie on his belt. Finds the POWER SWITCH. Flicks it off. Immediately, the FEEDBACK STOPS.

DAVEY

Sorry. Must've left it on. From the game last night.

MACKEY

Mind if I have a look at it?

Davey hesitates, then cautiously hands the walkie over. Mackey gives it a quick once over. Hands it back.

MACKEY

You know, if you ever want some real walkies, I have a few retired ones from the force just collecting dust inside. Why don't ya come in and I'll show ya. They pick up everything --

DAVEY

I can't. Right now. Gotta get back to my route. But thanks for the payment.

Davey swipes the \$5 bill from Mackey's hand. Hurries back to his bike. As he loads up and pedals off, he looks back. Mackey hasn't moved. Gives Davey a parting wave.

**INT. DAVEY'S HOUSE - DAVEY'S ROOM - NIGHT**

Davey paces, glaring at the G.I. JOE WALKIE in his hand that nearly got him caught. He grabs his binoculars --

BINOCULARS POV: Mackey's house. The tree outside Mackey's bedroom window is still blocking the view of the sill. Davey PANS ACROSS the house. Finally lands on --

MACKEY!! STARING BACK THROUGH BINOCULARS OF HIS OWN FROM A DIFFERENT WINDOW!!

Davey dives out of sight, heart in his throat, shaking --

DAVEY

Shitshitshitshit...

Cautiously, he picks up the binoculars again, kneels at the window. Gathering his courage, he looks out to find --

BINOCULARS POV: MACKEY'S GONE! And then Davey sees it -- ON THE INSIDE SILL OF THE WINDOW WHERE MACKEY JUST STOOD...

THE OTHER G.I. JOE WALKIE, STILL WRAPPED IN DUCT TAPE!

*He knows!* Davey lowers the binoculars, hands shaking, face frozen in horror -- DEEP BREATH... DEEP BREATH...

*What the fuck do I do?!* Davey paces. Grabs his walkie --

DAVEY (INTO WALKIE)  
Guys! Guys! You copy? .... Come in!  
I'm freaking the fuck out!

FARRADAY/WOODY/EATS (O.S.)(OVER WALKIE)  
Yo!/What's up?/It's fucking late!

DAVEY (INTO WALKIE)  
Emergency meeting. Treehouse. Now.

**EXT. DOWNTOWN IPSWICH - NIGHT**

MACKEY. Dressed in his Larry Bird get-up. Jogging, breathing hard. His face comes in and out of shadow as streetlights pass by above. The king of the empty late night streets.

DAVEY (V.O.)  
The friggin walkie was sitting in his window. He wanted me to see it.

FARRADAY (V.O.)  
Oh my god. He's onto us. I should've just gone to Space Camp. I should've listened to my parents.

EATS (V.O.)  
Your parents? Who listens to their parents?

WOODY (V.O.)  
We should tell your parents!

DAVEY (V.O.)  
Shut up, Woody! There's no way he knows why we're spying on him, but even if he does, he's only onto me. Which is why I need you guys now.

As Mackey keeps jogging, in the distance behind him, TWO FIGURES on BMX BIKES pop out from behind bushes. Follow safely behind Mackey, sticking to the shadows.

DAVEY (V.O.)  
When Mackey heads out for his 11pm jog tonight, Farraday and Woody, you're gonna follow him.

Farraday and Woody duck behind trees and lampposts for cover. Keeping as quiet as possible as they track their quarry...

FARRADAY (V.O.)  
Where are you and Eats gonna be?

**INT. TREEHOUSE - EARLIER THAT NIGHT**

The guys are all in front of the whiteboard. A military strategy session led by --

DAVEY  
Yesterday on my route, I saw Mackey dumping dirt over something in his garden. Something the size of a body.

WOODY  
I don't like where this is going...

**EXT. MACKEY'S HOUSE - BACKYARD - NIGHT**

Davey and Eats rush up the driveway dressed in all black. SHOVELS in hand. Barely visible under the moonlight.

DAVEY (V.O.)  
While you two follow Mackey, we're gonna tear up his garden. See if we can find that body. Or bodies...

They toss the shovels over the fence, vault it. *Red rover, red rover...*

EATS (V.O.)  
What if Mackey catches us?

DAVEY (V.O.)  
Not gonna happen. That's why I had you grab Kyle's CBs. If Mackey starts heading back, Woody and Farraday will radio to let us know.

Davey plants a HANDHELD CB RADIO in the dirt. Turns it on, keeps the VOLUME LOW. He and Eats dig in with the shovels...

**INT. TREEHOUSE - EARLIER THAT NIGHT**

The guys seem a little hesitant.

FARRADAY  
Okay, but what about the garden? He's gonna notice it's all dug up.

DAVEY  
"Raccoons." Just like with the garbage in the street. We just wait for him to leave.  
(MORE)

DAVEY (CONT'D)

Stay in touch with our CBs the whole time. It's foolproof. We need that evidence.

Off Davey's determined gaze, we --

**EXT. SELF-STORAGE FACILITY - OUTSKIRTS OF IPSWICH - NIGHT**

Panting, the sweat-stained Mackey runs up to your typical outdoor self-storage facility. Rows and rows of units.

He takes a key out of his sock, opens the wide, metal, roll-up door. Enters and lowers the door ALMOST TO THE GROUND...

FROM AROUND THE CORNER, Farraday and Woody watch on. But from their perspective, they can't see inside the storage unit.

FARRADAY

We've gotta get closer.

WOODY

How the hell're we gonna do that without him seeing us?

Woody turns back to find FARRADAY IS ALREADY GONE!

WOODY

Farraday! Goddammit...

SNEAKING ALONG THE UNITS, Woody catches up to Farraday who's moving as silently and quickly as possible.

They finally get to the edge of Mackey's unit, hearts pounding. Farraday looks at Woody. Puts a finger to his lips: *Don't make a sound!* Woody snarls back: *No shit!*

Farraday points to Woody's eyes, then around the corner: *Take a look.* Woody angrily mouths, *Why me?* Farraday: *DO IT!*

Annoyed and terrified, Woody leans down, peeks inside the unit. HE CAN ONLY SEE ALONG THE GROUND. The roll up gate is blocking everything higher than a foot tall.

ON THE FLOOR OF THE UNIT are a shitload of BAGS OF SOIL, four or five SHOVELS, the PICKAX, and a stack of LARGE, STRIPED BAGS labeled "NaOH."

WOODY

(to himself)

"Noah"...?

Next to the bags is A CAR, only its tires visible --

SCREECH! MACKKEY PULLS UP THE UNIT DOOR --

The guys jump back into the shadows as Mackey hops into his YELLOW VOLKSWAGEN BUG. The car engine PUTTERS to a start...

Mackey PULLS THE CAR OUT OF THE UNIT. Hops back out, SINGING:

MACKEY

*"Every step you take... Every move  
you make..."*

Mackey closes the unit door after him. Locks it...

MACKEY

*"Every word you say... Every game you  
play, I'll be watching you..."*

... jumps back into his VW Bug and ZIPS AWAY...

WOODY

Was he talking to us?

FARRADAY

What? No dude, that was The Police.

WOODY

You heard the police?!

FARRADAY

I pray for you sometimes...

Farraday and Woody sprint back to their bikes. As they race away, Farraday YELLS into his HANDHELD CB RADIO --

**EXT. MACKEY'S BACKYARD - GARDEN - CONTINUOUS**

ON DAVEY'S CB RADIO, partially covered in dirt, VOLUME STILL LOW. FARRADAY'S WORDS ARE BARELY AUDIBLE.

FARRADAY (O.S.)(OVER CB RADIO)

Guys, we lost Mackey!! .... I repeat,  
we lost Mackey!! Do you copy?

TEN FEET AWAY, the oblivious Davey and Eats are still excavating, soaked in sweat.

EATS

Fuck, Davey... There's nothing here.

DAVEY

We're just not digging deep enough.

Their HEAVY BREATHING fills the air as --

EATS

You know Mackey had a shed back here?

Davey turns. Sure enough, deep in Mackey's backyard, naturally camouflaged by trees, IS A UTILITY SHED.

**EXT. MACKEY'S BACKYARD - UTILITY SHED - MOMENTS LATER**

Davey and Eats peek inside the windows with bulky DURABEAM FLASHLIGHTS, but the glare on the glass is blinding.

DAVEY  
Can't see anything.

On the shed door is a PADLOCK. Davey jiggles it. IT'S LOCKED.

EATS  
I got this...

Eats reaches into his pocket. Pulls out a keychain. On it is a PAPERCLIP. He unbends the paperclip, sticks it into the padlock. Works it around skillfully for a moment --

CLICK -- THE PADLOCK RELEASES. Eats nods arrogantly.

DAVEY  
How the hell'd you do that?

EATS  
I'm just good at working the hole.

Eats removes the lock. Opens the door.

DAVEY  
Dude, I'm serious.

EATS  
Honestly, just jiggle it a bunch, work it around and it'll pop open most of the time. Wicked easy.

**INT. UTILITY SHED - CONTINUOUS**

The guys check every nook and cranny with their Durabeams: TOOLS, a LAWN MOWER, a WORK BENCH... Usual shed stuff.

EATS  
Well this whole night's been a waste of time.

But something catches Davey's eyes. In the corner. He shines his light on it... and his eyes go wide!

DAVEY  
Until now.

Davey reaches out, grabs a SHREDDED GREEN TEE SHIRT that's fallen underneath a workbench. *Recognize the LOGO on it?*

EATS

It's a shitty Atari shirt, so what?

DAVEY

So, this is Dusty Dewitt's shirt!

EATS

Who...? .... Oh, the ginger.

Davey looks over the shirt, sees --

DAVEY

This is blood!

MALE VOICE (O.S.)

Hey, what are you doing in here?!

Davey and Eats nearly shit themselves as they spin to find --

FARRADAY AND WOODY, laughing their balls off.

EATS

You two got a death wish?!

FARRADAY

Us? We've been trying to call you on the CB for like twenty minutes.

DAVEY

Oh shit, we left it by the garden.

WOODY

We lost him. And we have no clue where he went. We need to go. Now.

FARRADAY

Davey, you're not gonna believe what we found.

DAVEY

Neither are you. Come on --

**INT. DAVEY'S HOUSE - DAVEY'S ROOM - MIDDLE OF THE NIGHT**

The guys huddle around the BLOODY, SHREDDED ATARI SHIRT laid out on the floor between them. They speak in WHISPERS, careful not to wake Davey's slumbering parents.

DAVEY

He keeps a car in a storage unit?!

WOODY

And like a million bags of dirt, too.

FARRADAY

Plus shovels and a pickax. Why would anybody need all that?

DAVEY

Same reason he's got Dusty Dewitt's shirt. He killed him and buried the body somewhere.

WOODY

He also had a buncha bags of... something else. They had chemical warning signs on em, looked hazardous as hell. "Noah," that's what it said.

EATS

"Noah"? What the hell's that?

WOODY

How the hell should I know? But it was spelled kinda weird.

Woody grabs a notepad and a pen. Jots down a few chemical symbols and writes "NoAH." Slides it over to Farraday --

FARRADAY

Classic Woody. This look right?

Farraday crosses out "NoAH." Writes down, "NaOH."

WOODY

Yeah. Same thing.

FARRADAY

No, what you wrote means nothing. What I wrote is the chemical formula for Sodium Hydroxide.

EATS

Congrats, Woody. You're retarded.

WOODY

Shove it, Eats!

DAVEY

What the hell's sodium hydroxide?

FARRADAY

I know it isn't useful in gardening. Pretty sure it'd be toxic to plants.

Davey darts over to his bookcase full of ENCYCLOPEDIA BRITANNICAS and scans them. Finds volume "Q-T." Pulls it out, flips through rapidly, pages peeling by until --

IN THE BOOK, Davey's finger traces down the page landing on "SODIUM HYDROXIDE." His eyes grow wider.

DAVEY

Holy shit, you guys --

As the guys gather around Davey, he reads aloud:

DAVEY

"Sodium Hydroxide breaks down the chemical bonds that keep flesh intact, turning organic tissue to liquid. It's frequently used to decompose roadkill dumped in landfills, as it prevents the growth of microorganisms, therefore neutralizing and immobilizing acidic components formed in the decomposition process. This will reduce the odor of decomposition."

Eats, Farraday and Woody listen in stunned silence.

DAVEY

This sicko's using this stuff to cover up the smell from the dead bodies he's dumping someplace!

"Holy shit" looks all around.

DAVEY

Got good news for ya, Woody. It's time to tell my parents.

**INT. DAVEY'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - DAY**

Out of breath, Davey and the guys unload on Davey's visibly distraught parents. Dusty Dewitt's frozen face stares back at them from the EMPTY MILK CARTON that sits atop the coffee table beside the shredded BLOODSTAINED ATARI TEE SHIRT.

RANDALL

Mackey?! He's a cop for Chrissakes! He's also been our neighbor since before you were born --

DAVEY

Every serial killer is somebody's neighbor, Dad --

RANDALL

A milk carton, a tee shirt and a storage unit don't prove anything!

SHEILA

How could you all go along with this?

EATS

We didn't want to, trust me.

FARRADAY

We wouldn't have if it didn't make so much sense.

WOODY

After we followed him to that storage unit and saw --

SHEILA

Jesus, you've been spying on him?!

DAVEY

We had to! And the more we watch, the more the details stack up. He goes jogging at eleven at night. He buys tons of dirt every week. He keeps a spare car in a storage unit. Why would he do that? There was nothing in his garden when we dug it up, but I'm positive that if --

RANDALL

You dug up his -- Goddammit, Davey!

Randall can't sit anymore. He gets up and paces. Nervous.

RANDALL

You are in deep, deep trouble! All of you! Vandalism, spying, stealing -- This is unacceptable!

DAVEY

We're trying to save people --

RANDALL

Well you're not! We're going over there right now and you're going to apologize for all of this!

Randall grabs the milk carton. Rams it against Davey's chest.

RANDALL

You better hope he doesn't press charges.

**EXT. MACKEY'S HOUSE - FRONT DOOR - CONTINUOUS**

Randall RINGS THE BELL. The guys all cower behind him, WHISPERING to one another.

EATS

Fuck, Davey -- You know how much shit we're all gonna be in now?

FARRADAY

What're we even gonna say to him?

WOODY

He's probably gonna kill us --

DAVEY

Shut up!

The DOOR OPENS -- Mackey freezes at the sight of them.

MACKEY

Randall. Guys. What's up?

RANDALL

Hey, Wayne -- Uh, listen, the boys have something they need to tell you, and I wanna apologize in advance. Just know that Sheila and I are as outraged as you're about to be...

MACKEY

Jesus... Well I'm sure whatever it is, we can make things right.

Randall and Mackey look back at Davey, waiting. Davey sweats under the pressure of being this close to Mackey. He can't find the words. Randall nudges him.

DAVEY

Uh, hey, Mr. Mackey -- We just wanted to say we're sorry. You probably thought it was raccoons, but we're the ones who ripped up your garden. And your garbage.

RANDALL

Tell him why.

Davey hands Mackey the MILK CARTON. Mackey looks at it, confused. Randall shakes his head, embarrassed.

DAVEY

A few weeks ago, I thought I saw that boy in your house.

(MORE)

DAVEY (CONT'D)

We were playing Manhunt and I was hiding in your bushes and...

Davey looks to his buddies for support, but their looks suggest he's fully on his own. *You got us into this...*

DAVEY

I had this idea that you were, maybe... the Cape Ann Killer.

Mackey stares at him a long, tense moment. The guys all ready to run like hell. But then... Mackey LAUGHS.

MACKEY

Me? Ha! The guys at the station are gonna roar when they hear this!

Randall smiles, relieved. The guys all CHUCKLE a bit, uncomfortable and unsure where this is going. Even Davey gives an embarrassed smile, though it doesn't reach his eyes.

DAVEY

So, who was the kid that was here?

MACKEY

That was my nephew, Jamie. He was helping me renovate my darkroom.

DAVEY

Thought ya didn't have family nearby? And we found this in your shed --

Davey hands the Atari shirt from his back pocket to Mackey --

RANDALL

David?!

MACKEY

You broke into my shed, too?

Randall's blood boils, utterly embarrassed, as Mackey inspects the shirt. Sees the blood immediately.

RANDALL

Wayne, I'm so sorry. You don't need to respond to that --

MACKEY

It's fine. We were hammering nails all day. He must've cut himself. Look, I can call him right now. Come on in, let's just settle this --

RANDALL

That's not necessary. We just wanted you to know what happened. The guys promise to fix anything they damaged, no matter how long it takes. Right...?

ALL THE GUYS

Yes, sir.

MACKEY

Well, I appreciate the apology. No hard feelings, honestly. I remember being a boy in the summer. Hard to turn down an adventure.

RANDALL

You're a better man than me, Wayne.

**EXT. JUNIPER STREET - CUL-DE-SAC - MOMENTS LATER**

The guys stand at the end of Mackey's walkway while Randall wraps up with Mackey.

DAVEY

This doesn't change anything --

EATS

Are you high? Your summer's fucked, but we may get outta this with just garden duty. I'm not risking what little of the good life I got left...

FARRADAY

Spying on him was cool, but this is way too heavy. I'm out...

Davey turns to Woody who looks away. The gang's over it.

Just then, Randall storms up -- The guys avert their eyes, avoiding his seething gaze.

RANDALL

All of you, go home. I'll be calling your parents and telling them what you've done. Go!

Woody, Eats and Farraday despondently peel away toward their respective homes as Randall refocuses on Davey. Before Davey can get a word out --

RANDALL

You're grounded. Until further notice.

(MORE)

RANDALL (CONT'D)  
 I'm so disappointed in you, David.  
 Now go to your room and don't come  
 out until I say so.

**INT. DAVEY'S HOUSE - DAVEY'S ROOM - NIGHT**

A PAPERCLIP jiggles in the keyhole of a PADLOCK. Davey bites his lip in concentration. Nothing. Jiggles some more. Then --

CLICK! The lock opens. Davey smiles as --

BRRRING! The house phone RINGS. Davey bolts off his bed, runs into the hallway and answers --

DAVEY  
 Hello...?

NIKKI (O.S.)(OVER PHONE)  
 Can you come over?

**INT. NIKKI'S HOUSE - NIKKI'S BEDROOM - NIGHT**

Davey looks around, enthralled. HE'S IN A GIRL'S BEDROOM! And not just any girl's -- NIKKI FUCKIN KASZUBA'S!

Half-packed CARDBOARD BOXES fill the room. And in the midst of it all, Nikki sits on her bed, sifting through OLD PHOTOS.

NIKKI  
 This is so surreal. Feels like I was  
just a kid, ya know? .... Oh my God,  
 check out this one.

Nikki hands him a WORN PHOTO of the two of them together, back when she had braces and he was still in grade school.

NIKKI  
 Definitely coming with me to UConn.

DAVEY  
 Really? Can't we just burn it?

NIKKI  
 What? No way. It's a classic.

Davey swells with pride as an overwhelmed Nikki drinks in her barely-recognizable room...

NIKKI  
 I didn't think I'd miss this place,  
 but now... I can't deal. Everyone  
 keeps talking to me like I'm already  
 gone and it's wiggling me out.

Out of his depth, Davey sinks down to the bed beside her.

NIKKI

It just feels like... the end. I don't know how to explain it. Like I'm just waiting for someone to say it's time to go, and the closer it gets, the more I feel... alone.

DAVEY

But... you're not.

He puts a supportive hand on her arm. There's a quiet confidence to him that's charming. Nikki can't help smiling.

DAVEY

After today, wish I could get outta this stupid neighborhood with you...

NIKKI

I'm sorry, you wanna leave...?

Nikki reads Davey's conflicted face like a National Enquirer.

NIKKI

Holy shit! You got caught, didn't you? Davey...!

DAVEY

My Dad made me admit the whole thing to Mackey --

WHAP! Nikki belts Davey with a pillow --

NIKKI

No he didn't! Oh my god...!

DAVEY

I'm so grounded. Like, I'm gonna be locked up til I leave for college.

Nikki can't help but laugh out of pity. Davey laughs too, embarrassed, but loving their connection. Wanting more.

NIKKI

Wait, if you're so grounded, how're you here right now?

DAVEY

My parents are downtown at some block party meeting. So I snuck out.

NIKKI

Just a rebel without a cause. At least you can't get in any more trouble. .... You're done now, right?

DAVEY

The guys bailed on me, so there's not much I can do. But I know I'm right about him. That's the shittiest part.

Nikki takes his hand. He meets her concerned gaze.

NIKKI

Just let it go. You only get the chance to be a kid once. Believe me, I know. Enjoy it while you can.

DAVEY

But if I'm right, who's gonna stop him?

**INT. DAVEY'S HOUSE - DAY**

ON THE FRONT DOOR -- KNOCK! KNOCK!

WE HEAR FOOTSTEPS DESCENDING THE STAIRS, revealing --

Davey. He fixes his hair in the mirror beside the door, clearly hoping it's Nikki. He opens the door to find --

MACKEY. In his police uniform. *Oh shit!* Davey immediately stands straighter. Glances at the GUN in Mackey's holster.

MACKEY

Hey, Davey. What's goin on?

DAVEY

What're you doing here?

MACKEY

I wanted to make sure we're good. I feel pretty bad about everything that happened yesterday.

Davey just stares back at him, unsettled.

MACKEY

Mind if I come in for a second so we can talk?

DAVEY

Now's not a good time.

MACKEY

Cool. I get that... You know we've got everyone out looking for this sicko, right?

DAVEY

Then why haven't you found him yet?

MACKEY

These things take time. Sometimes years. If ya want, I can stop by and give you updates.

DAVEY

You don't have to do that. I see the paper before anyone, remember?

MACKEY

You sure? It'd be my pleasure. I know this stuff interests you.

DAVEY

Was there anything else, Mr. Mackey?

MACKEY

Wow, you really got it in for me, huh? That bums me out, Davey. Last thing I want is for there to be bad blood between us.

His choice of words sobers Davey. Davey pauses... Softens...

DAVEY

Yeah, me too. It's just my summer's basically destroyed now because of the whole garden thing. And I'm pretty sure my parents hate me now.

MACKEY

Want me to talk to them? See if I can lighten the sentence? Happy to.

DAVEY

It's all right. Thanks though.

MACKEY

I just keep wondering what I did to make you so suspicious of me...

DAVEY

I dunno. My dad says I read too many mysteries. With the killer on the loose, I just got caught up in it.

MACKEY

Hey, I get it. That's why I became a cop. It's exciting what's going on, and you wanna help. That's awesome. I'll admit, the stuff you thought was proof looked pretty bad out of context. You've got the brain for this kinda work.

Davey smiles. Finally lets down his guard.

MACKEY

Anything I can do to smooth things over once and for all?

DAVEY

Yesterday you offered to call your nephew. Wanna maybe call him now?

MACKEY

Yeah, absolutely. Kinda gotta come in to do that though.

DAVEY

Actually, our cord's wicked long. Wait here a sec --

Davey hurries off into the --

KITCHEN. Back against the cupboards, Davey's freaking the fuck out. He slowly sneaks a peek around the corner to find --

Mackey's taken one step into the house. Standing there looking as awkward as anyone would in this scenario.

Davey leans back into the kitchen. Takes a few DEEP BREATHS. Spots the WOODBLOCK FULL OF KNIVES. Plucks out the BUTCHER KNIFE and slides it carefully down the back of his pants. Picks the kitchen phone off the jack, heads back into the --

LIVING ROOM. Hands Mackey the phone, tangled cord dangling off into the kitchen. Mackey points into the living room.

MACKEY

Place looks great. Haven't been here since -- Man, you were probably a toddler. I helped your dad haul a bunch of stuff into your attic.

DAVEY

Really? There's nothing up there now.

Mackey shrugs, DIALS. Puts the phone to his ear --

MACKEY

My sister lives in New Hampshire.  
 (checks his watch)  
 Hmm, not answering. Jamie's big into  
 baseball. Usually has practice around  
 now, I think.

He listens for a few more moments. Shakes his head. Holds out  
 the phone so Davey can hear the RINGING.

MACKEY

I can come back if you want? Try him  
 again later...?

DAVEY

No, it's fine -- I'm sorry for being  
 such an idiot. I promise we'll fix  
 your garden even better than it was.

Mackey hands the phone back. Offers his hand to Davey.

MACKEY

No hard feelings?

Davey's hand trembles slightly as he takes it.

MACKEY

Sorry again you're grounded. I'll see  
 what I can do about getting you out  
 of the house, all right?

Mackey heads off down Davey's driveway and Davey shuts the  
 door behind him. LOCKS IT. Peeks out to make sure Mackey's  
 leaving. He is. *Thank God.* Davey bolts --

BACK INTO THE KITCHEN. Rushes to the whiteboard on the  
 fridge. Grabs the MARKER and DIALS "0" on the PHONE.

OPERATOR (O.S.)(OVER PHONE)

Operator. How may I direct your call?

DAVEY (INTO PHONE)

Can you tell me the last number  
 dialed from my house?

OPERATOR (O.S.)(OVER PHONE)

The last number dialed from that  
 residence was 555-356-0425.

Davey writes the number on the whiteboard. HANGS UP, eyes  
 wide. He quickly scans the list of EMERGENCY NUMBERS beside  
 the whiteboard, finds what he's looking for -- A MATCH!

IT'S MACKEY'S PHONE NUMBER!!

**INT. DAVEY'S HOUSE - DAVEY'S ROOM - LATER**

The guys are all here. Davey looks between them for some kind of reaction, other than disinterest.

DAVEY

How are you not freaking out right now?! He called himself! There is no Jamie! He tried to throw me off and I caught him. This proves he's guilty! We gotta get into that house to find out what's in that basement --

FARRADAY

Are you crazy? Look how much trouble we're in just for digging up his garden!

SHEILA (O.S.)

Davey...! Get down here...!

DAVEY

Shit. Wait here. Don't make a sound.

He grabs his walkie. Clips it to his belt.

DAVEY

If I think my mom knows you're up here, I'll radio so you can climb out the window.

**INT. DAVEY'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS**

Davey jumps down the stairs to find his mother Sheila standing before the television once more.

SHEILA

I want you to see this.

ON THE TV is a LIVE PRESS CONFERENCE. Sheriff Caldwell is at a podium filled with microphones.

SHERIFF CALDWELL (FROM TV)

-- happy to report that we have the Cape Ann Killer in custody.

A MUGSHOT of an average WHITE GUY (40s) pops onto the screen. Beneath the photo: "JAMES RAY PETERSON - 'THE CAPE ANN KILLER'".

Davey's jaw drops in disbelief as the PHONE RINGS. Sheila goes to answer it in the kitchen as Davey subtly reaches for his walkie. Holds down the TRANSMIT BUTTON --

**INSERT**

The three guys are mid whisper argument when the WALKIE in Woody's hand SUDDENLY COMES TO LIFE. They shut up --

SHERIFF CALDWELL (O.S.)(OVER WALKIE)  
 Thanks to the fine effort of the  
 Ipswich Police Department, we  
 apprehended Mr. James Ray Peterson  
 earlier today. I'd like to bring up  
 the arresting officer, Wayne Mackey.

EATS  
 Holy fucking shit!

**BACK TO SCENE**

Davey watches on in stunned silence as Sheila talks on the phone, hidden from view in the kitchen.

<p>MACKEY (FROM TV)          I know this has been a trying          time for our community. But          we hope this announcement          will bring peace to those who          have been living in fear.</p>	<p>SHEILA (O.S.)          No, I think it's perfect!          .... In poor taste? No, this          is just what everyone needs          to help lift their spirits.          .... Ok, be there in a few.</p>
--------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------	----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------

Mackey looks at the camera, as though seeing Davey through the airwaves. Davey stares back, unflinching.

MACKEY (FROM TV)  
 Justice will be served. Thank you.

Mackey waves and steps down as the CROWD APPLAUDS and Sheila returns to stand at Davey's side.

SHEILA  
 The block party's back on. And all  
 because of Mr. Mackey. While the rest  
 of us are celebrating, I want you to  
 think about your actions. Because it  
 turns out the man across the street  
 isn't a killer, David, he's a hero.

**EXT. DAVEY'S HOUSE - DAVEY'S ROOM - CONTINUOUS**

A frustrated Davey stands before his incredulous buddies.

DAVEY  
 A hero?! Did you guys not hear that  
 broadcast? He's clearly guilty!

EATS

Are you retarded? He caught the killer! It can't be him!

DAVEY

Don't you think it's a little coincidental that the guy we just accused of being the killer just so happens to then catch the killer...?

EATS

Dude, you just sound desperate now. Just admit you were wrong --

DAVEY

I'm not wrong! And I know there's something behind that locked door in his basement! We have to find out what before more people die!

FARRADAY

Even if you get in and find something, what then? He'll know it's you if you take anything to prove it.

DAVEY

I don't have to. I'm gonna use my dad's camcorder, film it all. No need to steal evidence if I get it on tape. Tape doesn't lie.

(off their skeptical faces)

I know you guys think I'm crazy, but I'm gonna prove it to you. I'll take all the risk, I just need you guys to watch my back, and make sure Mackey doesn't come home while I'm inside.

EATS

No, I'm done with this shit. You're gonna get caught, either by Mackey or your dad or --

DAVEY

Everyone's gonna be at the block party. Eats, all I need you to do is set up at the bus shelter down the street. Just radio me if Mackey's car comes up. And Farraday --

FARRADAY

You know my parents make me go to the block party every year --

DAVEY

Which is why I need you to keep eyes on Mackey there. He leaves the party early, you give me the heads-up. And Woody, I need you to stand watch right outside Mackey's house. We'll have multiple layers of protection. No way I get caught. You guys with me?

The guys consider for a few moments. Then, finally --

EATS

Whatever, fine. But if I get caught, I'm pinning the whole thing on you.

FARRADAY

Yeah, this is your last shot, Davey.

Woody thinks long and hard. Shrugs --

WOODY

If you really think there's something down there... I guess I'm in.

Davey nods -- *Fair enough*. As his resolve builds...

DAVEY

Time to see what he's been hiding.

**EXT. JUNIPER STREET - CUL-DE-SAC - DAY**

NEIGHBORHOOD FAMILIES walk together toward the DISTANT DIN of the downtown summer block party.

Among them, Farraday strolls with his parents, HANDHELD CB RADIO clipped to his pants. He looks back at --

**INT. DAVEY'S HOUSE - ENTRYWAY - CONTINUOUS**

Looking totally bummed out, Davey's slumped in a chair by the TV as his parents open the front door to leave.

DAVEY

This is so not fair!

RANDALL

David, a punishment's a punishment. If you really gave a damn about going to the block party, you wouldn't have acted like a delinquent all summer --

DAVEY

Just lemme go and I'll be grounded again after --

RANDALL  
Not happening! End of story!

Randall heads out with Sheila. Once the door is shut --

Davey's all business. He sprints up to his room, over to the picture window. WATCHES the beehive of activity as his parents join the other neighbors heading to the block party.

FROM HIS DRIVEWAY, Mackey pulls out in his SQUAD CAR. Gives a friendly BWOOP-BWOOP and flashes the lights for the CHEERING NEIGHBORS as he rides past...

Davey grabs the HANDHELD CB RADIO off the shelf --

DAVEY (INTO CB)  
Guys, it's "go" time!

**EXT. DOWNTOWN IPSWICH - MAIN STRIP - A SHORT TIME LATER**

A BANNER hangs over the quaint downtown -- "75TH ANNUAL IPSWICH SUMMER BLOCK PARTY."

Below the banner, a bustling CROWD enjoys fried dough, strawberry shortcake and beer as a HIGH SCHOOL SYNTH BAND JAMS on a makeshift stage.

IN THE CROWD, Farraday hangs back from his PARENTS, eyes on --

MACKEY, dressed in his police uniform. He's beside a few other OFFICERS, laughing, greeting the swarming citizens who thank him for catching the killer. A bonafide local hero.

Farraday pulls out his CB radio --

FARRADAY (INTO CB)  
Got eyes on him. You're clear. Over.

DAVEY (O.S.)(OVER CB)  
Roger that. How you looking, Eats?

**EXT. EATS' HOUSE - FRONT DOOR - DUSK**

Backpack over his shoulder, massive Cârïole headphones around his neck, Eats hurries out of his house, wiping away tears. Closes the door behind him, but stops at the sound of --

SMASH! Something GLASS SHATTERS inside the house. Eats stares at the ARGUING SILHOUETTES in the front window...

KYLE (O.S.)  
What, can't take a little family time?

As the ARGUMENT CONTINUES, Eats turns to find his older brother, Kyle, leaning on his Trans Am, smoking a butt.

KYLE  
Where the hell you going?

EATS  
Fuck off, Kyle.

KYLE  
Guess it doesn't matter. Probably safer on the streets with a serial killer on the loose than home with them two lunatics.

The HANDHELD CB radio in Eats' hand suddenly SQUAWKS.

DAVEY (O.S.)(OVER CB)  
Eats! Eats! You in position?

Kyle stomps out his cigarette butt. Hops into his car.

KYLE  
Want a lift, limpdick?

EATS  
Why, you need an alibi?

Kyle flips him off, turns on the Trans-Am and SPEEDS AWAY...

**EXT. JUNIPER STREET - CUL-DE-SAC - CONTINUOUS**

In the fading light, Davey and Woody hurry to Randall's NEWS VAN. Davey slides the door open, grabs the BETAMAX CAMCORDER.

DAVEY  
Hold this.

He hands the camcorder to Woody, grabs a BATTERY PACK, an EXTRA TAPE. Stuffs them in his backpack. And they bolt toward Mackey's house, into his sideyard...

UNKNOWN POV: From across the street, we watch Davey and Woody race around the side of Mackey's house toward --

**EXT. MACKEY'S HOUSE - BACKYARD - MOMENTS LATER**

Woody holds the camcorder at his side while Davey removes a screen window. Places it on the ground.

DAVEY  
Gimme ten fingers.

*Sure.* Woody squats down, interlocking his fingers. Davey wedges his foot in Woody's hands for a boost up and into --

**INT. MACKEY'S HOUSE - DINING ROOM - CONTINUOUS**

Unexpectedly frozen with fear, Davey gets his bearings as Woody replaces the screen window from outside.

WOODY  
Kay, now open the door.

DAVEY  
What? What for?

WOODY  
You really think I'm gonna let my best friend go into a killer's house alone? Now let me in.

*Thank God!* Davey unlocks the back porch door for Woody.

DAVEY  
Thanks, Woody. I owe ya one.

WOODY  
Let's just get this over with.

Agreed. The guys scan the place in the near complete dark. There's an unnatural stillness to it. Undeniably creepy.

FEMALE VOICE (O.S.)  
He's definitely killed kids in here.

AHHHHHHHHH! Davey and Woody spin to find --

NIKKI. Standing in the back porch doorway.

WOODY  
What is it with you scaring us?!

DAVEY  
What're you doing here?

NIKKI  
After everything you've told me, I wanna see for myself.

DAVEY  
Thought you said I should let it go.

NIKKI  
Yeah, well, if you're right, who else is gonna stop him?

She gives him a knowing wink.

**EXT. DOWNTOWN IPSWICH - MAIN STRIP - CONTINUOUS**

Farraday chows some fried dough beside his MOM and DAD (40s) who are dancing like middle-aged white people to the AMATEUR SYNTH BAND. FLASHING LIGHTS CAPTURE HIS ATTENTION --

NEARBY, a CROWD has gathered, blocking whatever they're looking at from Farraday's view. The flashing lights are from cameras as REPORTERS capture the moment for the local papers.

Farraday moves closer to get a better view. As he splits through the crowd, he sees --

MACKEY and five other POLICE OFFICERS, SHOVELS IN HAND, camera-ready, gathered along a brand-new median strip. In the strip are beautiful flowers, COVERED IN FRESH SOIL. A PICKAX leans against the centerpiece of the strip, a TREE.

A SIGN sticking out of the dirt reads, "DOWNTOWN BEAUTIFICATION PROJECT - SPONSORED BY THE IPSWICH P.D."

Farraday nearly shits himself, face turning white as a ghost.

**INT. MACKEY'S HOUSE - BASEMENT STAIRS - CONTINUOUS**

At the basement door, Davey stares at the knob. Trying to build up his courage. Woody and Nikki wait behind him.

WOODY

We don't have to go down there...

CLICK -- Davey turns the doorknob, slowly opens the door.

DAVEY

I do.

Woody GULPS. TURNS ON THE CAMCORDER as Davey flicks the light switch. NOTHING HAPPENS. The stairs remain pitch black.

WOODY

Oh come on --

SQUAWK! The guys and Nikki nearly jump out of their skin --

FARRADAY (O.S.)(OVER CB)

Davey! Davey, you copy?!

DAVEY (INTO CB)

Is he on his way back?!

**INTERCUT WITH:**

**EXT. DOWNTOWN IPSWICH - MAIN STRIP - CONTINUOUS**

In an alley, away from the crowd, Farraday spies the beautification ceremony from afar, CB to his lips.

FARRADAY (INTO CB)

Way worse. You're wrong about everything. The dirt and shovels were for a project Mackey was doing with the police department. They planted a shitload of flowers down here.

DAVEY (INTO CB)

That doesn't prove anything.

FARRADAY (INTO CB)

Listen to me -- It's over. You've gotta learn when to walk away. I'm out, Davey. You're on your own.

DAVEY (INTO CB)

Farraday, wait --

CLICK. Farraday shuts off his CB, joins the fun.

WOODY

Maybe he's right. Maybe we should go.

NIKKI

We're already here. May as well take a look. If it's not him --

DAVEY

It's him. Eats is still in position, so we're safe. We have to look. We're about to find the proof. I know it.

Davey takes his first step down into the darkness...

**INT. JUNIPER STREET - SCHOOL BUS SHELTER - CONTINUOUS**

Headphones over his ears, Eats sits on the shelter bench, tears in his eyes, listening to a punk song --

HEADLIGHTS wash over him and he perks up, freaked out. Wipes his tears. *Is it Mackey?!* Grabs his CB RADIO...

... but the car rolls right on past. *Relief.*

**INT. MACKEY'S HOUSE - BASEMENT - CONTINUOUS**

As they make their way down the basement steps, scared shitless, the pitch blackness blends with a BLOOD RED GLOW.

NIKKI

Tell me you brought a flashlight.

DAVEY

The camcorder's got a light.

WOODY

This thing has a light and you're just telling me now?!

Davey reaches over, clicks the camcorder's light switch -- ITS BEAM PIERCES THROUGH THE CRIMSON DARK, bright, focused, but THE PERIPHERY IS ABSOLUTE BLACK. TUNNEL VISION.

Woody uses the light to scan the area. TO THEIR LEFT is Mackey's dark room, red light emanating from within. TO THEIR RIGHT, a washer and dryer. EVERY WINDOW IS PAINTED BLACK.

NIKKI

Creepiest basement ever --

WHACK! Woody hits his head on A DANGLING LIGHTBULB --

WOODY

Jesus, fuck!

DAVEY

It's just a light!

Davey reaches up, pulls the chain -- POP! They jump back as the bulb BURNS OUT, SHATTERING IN A BLINDING FLASH.

WOODY

I can't see! I can't see --

DAVEY

Calm down. Just follow me.

Woody puts his hand on Davey's shoulder as they move to...

THE PADLOCKED DOOR IN THE CORNER that captured Davey's attention from the moment he saw it --

KACHUNK! Woody SCREAMS, whips the camcorder around to find --

THE LARGE FURNACE, its metal GROANING as it kicks on.

NIKKI

Jesus, Woody! Take a chill pill!

Davey moves to the door. Pulls a PAPERCLIP out of his pocket.

DAVEY

Shine the light right on the lock.

Woody brings the light over. Davey straightens the paperclip. Sticks it into the keyhole. Jiggles it around --

WOODY

Seriously? Did Eats teach you that?  
Because it doesn't work --

CLICK! THE PADLOCK RELEASES. *Oh. Shit.*

**INT. JUNIPER STREET - SCHOOL BUS SHELTER - SAME**

Eats hasn't moved, still desolate, off in another world --

THUD! Eats' eyes burst wide -- *What the fuck was that?!* He RIPS OFF HIS HEADPHONES, looks around, listens intently. THE ONLY SOUND IS THE TINNY MUSIC COMING FROM HIS HEADPHONES.

A SUMMER BREEZE COURSES through the trees, QUESTIONABLE SOUNDS all around. And then --

MALE VOICE (O.S.)

VAGINA!

AHHH! Eats jumps back, petrified, to find --

EATS

Farraday, you friggin dick!

Farraday laughs his ass off, but Eats rushes him like he's gonna throw a punch -- Farraday flinches like a bitch.

EATS

Why are you even here? You're supposed to be watching Mackey.

FARRADAY

My mom and dad wanted to leave, so I ran ahead to mess with you. The whole thing's off. Mackey's clean. 100%.

EATS

Are you fucking kidding me? What the hell happened?

FARRADAY

Long story. But trust me, it's over. It's not him.

EATS

Fuck that. I gotta hear this. Maybe I can sleep over your place...?

FARRADAY  
 (reading between the lines)  
 Parents again? How bad's it this time?

Eats grabs the handheld CB. TURNS IT OFF --

EATS  
 Let's just say I don't wanna witness  
 a murder-suicide...

**INT. MACKEY'S HOUSE - MAKESHIFT BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS**

We finally get a good look at the place as Woody moves the light around. It's a bedroom. A teenage boys' room. Sports posters on the wall. A twin bed. Vintage radio on a dresser.

WOODY  
 What the hell is this place?

Davey touches the frayed ear of a stuffed bunny that sits in a heap of old stuffed animals on a rocking chair. He lifts the blanket on the bed. It's raggedy, worn. Pillowcase too.

NIKKI  
 You think he keeps his victims down  
 here or something?

Davey inspects the AUTOGRAPH on a RED SOX TEAM POSTER...

DAVEY  
 "To Wayne. Keep it up, Slugger."

He finds the year on the poster -- 1956. Davey looks around with new eyes, realizes why it all seems off. Everything's frayed and yellowed under a sheen of mold and dust. *It's old.*

DAVEY  
 Holy shit. This stuff's all his. Like  
 from when he was a kid or something.

NIKKI  
 But Mackey didn't grow up here. My  
 dad said he's from Maine.

DAVEY  
 Ya really think he told your dad the  
 truth if he's a serial killer?

WOODY  
 You said there was gonna be proof,  
 Davey. So where is it?

As the camcorder light moves around, SOMETHING CATCHES  
 DAVEY'S EYE ON THE WALL BEHIND THEM --

DAVEY

Wait! Shine it back over there!

Woody retraces his path. The light falls on --

A WALL OF PICTURES. They move closer to discover... THE PICTURES ARE OF THEM! SPYING! IN THEIR ROOMS, THE TREEHOUSE, THE TENT, THE BUSHES, GOING THROUGH MACKEY'S TRASH, ON WALKIES, USING BINOCULARS!!

DAVEY

This enough proof for you?

NIKKI

Suburbia's so fucked up.

THUD! Woody whips the light around as they all look at the far corner of the room. STRANGE NOISES come from behind a door they hadn't noticed. SHUFFLING... MUFFLED SOUNDS...

Davey slowly approaches the door, grabs the knob. Looks back at Woody and Nikki. *This is it.*

DAVEY

Make sure you're filming.

Woody nods, terrified. Davey yanks open the door revealing --

A BATHROOM. Woody shines the camcorder light around at eye-level. Mold stains the walls beneath peeling paint. Gross. The light finally finds a bathtub, its CURTAIN CLOSED.

FLIES BUZZ in the air -- Davey, Woody and Nikki swat at them as Davey inches toward the curtain, HEART POUNDING... Reaches out... GA-GLUNK... Grabs it... Then RIPS OPEN the curtain --

A BURGUNDY SLUDGE fills the tub, a couple UNIDENTIFIABLE BITS jutting slightly out of it.

WOODY

What the heck is that?

Davey grabs the plunger, pushes it into the sludge. Rotates whatever's in there, EXPOSING MORE OF IT.

DAVEY

Gimme some more light.

Woody focuses the camcorder's light on the bits jutting out of the sludge, and WE IMMEDIATELY RECOGNIZE --

THE PARTIALLY DECOMPOSED HAND AND FACE OF DUSTY DEWITT, THE MISSING REDHEADED BOY!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!

DAVEY  
That's Dusty Dewitt!

WOODY  
Oh god... oh my god...

AHHHHHH! NIKKI LETS OUT A BLOOD-CURDLING SCREAM! Woody follows her gaze, aiming the camcorder at the floor where --

A PAIR OF HANDS ARE WRAPPED AROUND NIKKI'S ANKLE! The light reveals DUCT-TAPED WRISTS... EMACIATED ARMS... THE BATTERED FACE OF BOBBY COKER! One ankle chained to a radiator!

NIKKI  
Get him off me! Get him off!

Davey drops to his knees, wrenching Bobby's hands from Nikki. But Bobby grabs Davey's collar, yanking Davey's face just inches from his own as he SCREAMS around the gag --

BOBBY  
(muffled)  
HELP ME!!

**INT. MACKEY'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - MOMENTS LATER**

Davey and Woody burst out of the basement, holding up Bobby between them. Nikki follows, camcorder on her shoulder filming it all. As they bolt through the living room --

CRASH! Davey knocks a PICTURE off an end table. He looks down at it, FACES VISIBLE IN THE MOONLIGHT. Something registers... Davey stops to pick it up, REALIZATION IN HIS EYES --

Woody struggles to hold up Bobby on his own --

WOODY  
Davey, let's go! .... Davey!

IN THE PICTURE, a smiling BLOND BOY (15) --

**FLASH!** MICROFICHE, FROM DAVEY'S TRIP TO THE LIBRARY. Front page of the newspaper. THE SAME BLOND BOY, SMILING. MISSING.

Frantic, Davey scans all the FRAMED PHOTOS on the end tables and hanging on the wall.

NIKKI  
Davey, we gotta get outta here!

A PHOTO OF A FAT BOY (13) --

**FLASH!** MICROFICHE OF THE FAT BOY, MISSING...

A PHOTO OF A SHAGGY BOY (14) in his class photo --

**FLASH!** MICROFICHE OF THE SHAGGY BOY, MISSING...

DAVEY

Holy shit.

A PHOTO OF A HAPPY FAMILY (MOM, DAD, TWIN TEENAGED BOYS) --

**FLASH!** MICROFICHE OF THAT FAMILY, MURDERED...

DAVEY

The people in these pictures aren't his family. They're his victims...

Davey looks across the room at all the frames. They COVER AN ENTIRE WALL. And then he sees --

A PHOTO OF DAVEY AND HIS FAMILY! THE ONE FROM HIS NIGHTSTAND!

DAVEY

And I'm next...

He gulps down the panic. PULLS THE PHOTO FROM THE WALL. Shows Woody and Nikki. PURE HORROR WASHES OVER THEIR FACES as we --

**MATCH CUT TO:**

**INT. IPSWICH POLICE STATION - LATER**

A handful of COPS have THE SAME LOOKS OF HORROR as they watch the Betamax tape in stunned silence. Standing among them, Brenda Woodworth, in her nurse's uniform, flanked by Randall and Sheila holding her hands in support.

THROUGH THE CONFERENCE ROOM WINDOWS, Davey watches Bobby Coker wrapped in a blanket, his PARENTS holding him and crying. A family reunited. *Because of him.*

As the tape ends, Sheriff Caldwell looks at Davey and Woody across the table.

SHERIFF CALDWELL

You found all this in his house?

WOODY

And there's pictures of dead people all over the fuckin walls!

Caldwell stands, addresses the gathering of cops.

SHERIFF CALDWELL

Somebody get out to Mackey's. And bring that sick son of a bitch to me.

(MORE)

SHERIFF CALDWELL (CONT'D)  
 (to the parents)  
 You folks mind sticking around to  
 give a report?

Randall and Sheila nod approval as the cops scatter in a  
 rush. Before heading out, Caldwell turns back.

SHERIFF CALDWELL  
 Must be proud. These boys are heroes.

**EXT. IPSWICH POLICE STATION - A SHORT TIME LATER**

Stepping outside, Davey takes a deep breath of fresh, cool  
 night air. He looks back through the glass doors to see all  
 the parents talking with Sheriff Caldwell.

From inside, Nikki sees him, breaks away from her parents and  
 jogs out to meet him.

NIKKI  
 Hey. You okay?

DAVEY  
 Is it me or does none of this feel  
 real?

NIKKI  
 You're telling me. I just saw my  
 parents hug each other for the first  
 time in... awhile. So yeah...

DAVEY  
 Wow, that's awesome.

NIKKI  
 Not gonna get my hopes up but... That  
 happened because of you. So, thanks.

DAVEY  
 I dunno about that. I mean --

Nikki seizes the moment -- AND KISSES HIM. Davey's eyes go  
 wide, then close. He's in Heaven. *Like, whoa.*

When Nikki pulls away, Davey's eyes stay closed.

NIKKI  
 See ya, Davey.

Heading back inside, Nikki passes Davey's parents who exit to  
 find Davey staring after her, still in a stupor.

**INT. RANDALL'S CAR - HOURS LATER**

The family drives in silence. Exhausted from giving a police report, and from the depth of depravity they're faced with.

Davey meets Randall's gaze IN THE REARVIEW MIRROR... And Randall dissolves to tears.

Sheila leans over on Randall, embracing him as he drives, tears in her eyes.

Davey lets it all wash over him -- The fear, the anger, the sorrow, the unadulterated reality of what's happened. Tears stream down his face as he looks back up to meet --

RANDALL'S RELIEVED EYES, in the REARVIEW once more.

RANDALL

I'm so sorry, Davey. I love you, pal.  
Proud of you. Real proud.

Sheila reaches back, squeezes Davey's hand as --

**INT. DAVEY'S HOUSE - DAVEY'S ROOM - LATER**

Davey's perched atop his bed, staring out the picture window. BLUE AND RED LIGHT flickering on his face from outside.

SHEILA (O.S.)

And Davey's got the sleeping bag all  
set up for ya --

Woody, Sheila and Randall enter the room.

SHEILA

-- when your mom gets off her shift  
in the morning, she'll pick you up.

WOODY

Thanks, Mr. and Mrs. Armstrong.

Randall and Woody join Davey at the window. Look out to see the surreal scene below --

POLICE CRUISERS crowd Mackey's driveway. OFFICERS move in and out of the house carrying BAGGED EVIDENCE. Another CRUISER sits parked at the end of Davey's driveway. NEIGHBORS gather around, watching, gossiping.

RANDALL

You're safe, guys. They'll keep an  
eye out, make sure nothing happens.

Davey LOCKS HIS WINDOW.

DAVEY  
Wonder where he is...

RANDALL  
The A.P.B.'s been out for hours. Just  
a matter of time now.

Davey climbs into bed as Woody settles in on the floor.

SHEILA  
We love you. You boys are gonna be  
the talk of the town. How's it feel?

DAVEY  
Like nothing's ever gonna be the same  
again...

Randall and Sheila kiss Davey on his head and exit. Once  
they're gone, Davey looks back out the window at the activity  
at Mackey's house. Woody joins him.

WOODY  
Think they'll catch him?

DAVEY  
There's nowhere left for him to hide.  
It's over. We got him.

The boys give each other a high-five, crawl back into bed.  
But as Davey lies down, he stares at the ceiling, worried...

#### **HOURS LATER**

The boys have finally fallen asleep. WE TRACK THROUGH the  
room, OUT INTO THE --

HALLWAY. MOVING THROUGH the darkened house until we TILT UP --

ERRRRK... THE ATTIC DOOR QUIETLY OPENS, seemingly on its  
own... The slide-down ladder extends toward the floor... A  
SHOE drops down, hits the first step. A COP'S SHOE.

#### **INT. DAVEY'S HOUSE - DAVEY'S ROOM - MOMENTS LATER**

Still asleep in his bed, Davey stirs a bit. Rolls over on his  
side, back to the doorway --

SENSING SOMETHING, HIS EYES OPEN AS --

A HAND, A CHLOROFORM RAG, COMING DOWN, SMOTHERING HIS MOUTH  
AND NOSE, MUFFLING HIS HYSTERICAL SCREAM!

DAVEY FIGHTS FOR A MOMENT... But his spirit is quickly sapped  
thanks to the chemical's handiwork.

Davey looks into MACKEY'S EMPTY EYES as his own flutter shut.

**FADE TO BLACK**

**OVER BLACK**

The CONSTANT SUMMERTIME DRONE OF KATYDIDS AND CRICKETS...

WAVES GENTLY WASHING ASHORE, not far away...

A TUGBOAT HORN, far off in the distance...

BWOOP-BWOOP! A POLICE SIREN SHOCKS US --

**FADE UP ON:**

BLINK-BLINK... BLINK... AS WE COME-TO, OUR VISION IS BLURRY. STROBING RED AND BLUE LIGHTS BLIND US. But AS OUR SIGHT CLEARS, we realize we're in --

**INT. POLICE CRUISER - NIGHT**

Davey sits up quickly, panicked. Looks around. *Where the fuck am I?* Realizes he's in the back of a cop car, WINDOWS FOGGED UP. He's bound at the wrists with rope and gagged. Beside him, Woody is out cold, bound and gagged as well.

DAVEY  
(muffled, through gag)  
Woody! .... Woody!

Davey leans into Woody, nudging him hard as he can -- WOODY COMES-TO. Looks around -- FREAKED THE FUCK OUT, he bolts back against the car door, BREATHING HARD.

Davey moves his jaw and neck, makes his way out of the gag.

DAVEY  
Turn around. I'll untie you.

Davey and Woody sit back-to-back. Davey struggles to loosen the rope around Woody's wrists. Finally unties it. Hands free, Woody removes his gag, unties Davey's wrists --

WOODY  
Davey, what the fuck is going on?! I don't even know how I got here --

DAVEY  
It's Mackey.

WOODY  
Where the hell are we?!

They wipe the fog off the windows. Scan the darkness outside, illuminated in bursts by the STROBING POLICE LIGHTS...

WOODY  
I can't see shit!

THUD! SOMETHING HEAVY HITS THE SIDE OF THE CAR -- The boys jump away from the windows, eyes darting every which way.

WOODY  
The fuck was that?!

DAVEY  
I don't see anything!

WHAM! A ROCK HITS, LODGES INTO THE FRONT WINDSHIELD, SPIDERWEBBING THE GLASS! THE BOYS SCREAM OUT! But...

A tense moment passes. Everything absolutely still. Then --

CRASH! ANOTHER ROCK SHATTERS THE WINDOW BESIDE WOODY, shards of glass cutting the side of his face! They bolt to the other side of the car, looking all around!

DAVEY  
We need to get outta here!

WOODY  
No way!

They listen intently, peering desperately into the woods through the fogged-up glass. Nothing in view. No movement --

THUD! The guys spin around to find --

MACKEY! HIS MANIACAL FACE just inches away! IN HIS HAND, HE HOLDS A HUGE SERRATED KNIFE AGAINST THE GLASS --

WOODY  
RUUUUN!

AHHHH! Woody opens the door opposite Mackey, bolts out, Davey hot on his heels! They sprint for the surrounding woods as --

A POWERFUL FLASHLIGHT SLICES INTO THE WOODS AFTER THEM, its beam fractured, cascading across the trees. The boys peel off into the darkness...

MACKEY (O.S.)  
(via cruiser loudspeaker)  
I know how much you guys like games.  
So I've got a surprise for you.

As they run, the SOUND OF THE POLICE SIREN ECHOES OUT!  
REMAINS ON! A SYMPHONY OF DEATH FOR MACKEY TO HUNT TO!

MACKEY (O.S.)  
(via cruiser loudspeaker)  
We're gonna play Manhunt, only now,  
we're gonna play for real!

Davey and Woody stop, both leaning against a tree, out of breath, utterly petrified. *Is this really happening?!* Davey notices a PISS STAIN down Woody's leg.

DAVEY  
Hey. He won't catch us if we keep  
moving. All right? Let's go.

SPRINTING THROUGH THE WOODS, the boys finally come to a clearing to find --

WATER! The dark, remote Ipswich Bay stares back at them! No other land in sight!

WOODY  
What the hell...?

Davey turns around to find MACKEY'S FLASHLIGHT BEAM IS GONE! He looks in all directions... NOTHING! The SHRILL DRONING OF THE POLICE SIREN just adds to the panic as --

DAVEY  
Where'd he go?! Come on!

Davey instinctively ducks back into the treeline, sprinting diagonally between the water and the police cruiser, its lights still flashing chaotically.

The dense forest zips past as they dash through, adrenaline pumping. They come to another clearing, revealing --

WATER! Again! Still no land in sight!

DAVEY  
Where the fuck did he take us?!

WOODY  
(realizing, desolate)  
A barrier island. Has to be.

DAVEY  
What? It can't be an island! He drove  
his car!

Woody crouches at the water line. Intently watches the movement of the water in the moonlight...

WOODY  
Tide's coming in.

DAVEY  
What's that got to do with anything?

WOODY  
I grew up clam digging with my Uncle around these islands. At low tide, there's a road onto them. At high tide, the road's covered by water.

DAVEY  
So what does that mean?

WOODY  
If we don't find the road off the island soon, we're gonna be stranded out here til the tide goes back out.

DAVEY  
We have to go back to the cruiser. Follow the tracks.

THE POLICE SIREN ABRUPTLY STOPS! KATYDIDS AND CRICKETS once again own the night. WAVES gently wrestle with the shore.

WOODY  
He's at the cruiser right now! We can't go back there!

DAVEY  
How deep is it? Can we swim?

WOODY  
The undertow and rip tides are insane. We'd be as good as dead. These islands aren't that big. If we just keep going around, eventually --

DAVEY  
We'll find the road.

MOMENTS LATER, the guys are in a mad dash along the edge of the island. The dense tree canopy blocks most of the light from the moon, just enough getting through to light the way --

Woody trips over SOMETHING, rolls his ankle, FALLS HARD. As Davey comes to help Woody up, they both lock eyes on --

THE BLISTERED, DECOMPOSING BODY OF A TEENAGE BOY!

WOODY  
AHHH --

DAVEY BLOCKS WOODY'S MOUTH as they both fall away from the body, terrified! But they quickly realize THEY'RE IN A PUDDLE OF SLUDGE FROM ANOTHER DECOMPOSING BODY!

They slip and slide to their feet, backing away quickly. They look around, speechless at the sight of --

BODIES, in varying stages of decomposition and burial. It's impossible to tell, but there could easily be twenty of them. Maybe more. IT'S MACKEY'S KILLING FIELD!

Woody spots something. A FAMILIAR, EMPTY, STRIPED BAG. He kneels down. Sees that it's --

WOODY

"Noah"...

Empty bags of the stuff litter the ground --

DAVEY

Get down!

MACKEY'S FLASHLIGHT PEEKS THROUGH THE TREE, not too far away. Davey and Woody try to be as silent as possible, watching as THE FLASHLIGHT MOVES NEARER...

MACKEY (O.S.)

I know you're close.

DAVEY

We gotta get to the cruiser.

Davey looks to Woody for a response. Finds him in tears.

WOODY

I don't wanna die out here, Davey. My Mom needs me.

DAVEY

You're not gonna die. I got you into this mess, I'm gonna get you out of it. We're gonna split up --

WOODY

Why you always wanna split up?

DAVEY

We have to. Because I'm gonna be your diversion. I'll get Mackey's attention so you can get to the cruiser. Find a way out.

WOODY

I'm not gonna let you --

But before Woody can protest, DAVEY BOLTS!

DAVEY  
Hey Wayne! Fuck you, you fuckin  
loser! Eat shit!

MACKEY SPOTS HIM! GIVES CHASE!

DAVEY RUNS LIKE HELL, FLASHLIGHT BEAM waving chaotically as Mackey sprints after Davey, frenzied!

Davey zig-zags through the brush! He's never run faster in his life, pure adrenaline coursing through his veins! Until --

DAVEY TRIPS OVER A FALLEN TREE! Quickly pulls himself into the nook beneath it, GASPING FOR AIR!

Quiets himself... SILENCE. *Where the fuck is he?! Is he gone?! Did I lose him?! Shit...*

Davey slowly, hesitantly peeks out from under the tree --

SLIT! DAVEY BUCKLES, BLOOD POURING OVER HIS SHOE, HIS ACHILLES SLICED IN HALF!

DAVEY  
AHHH!

AND THEN MACKEY'S THERE! IN DAVEY'S FACE! He tears Davey out from under the tree! THROWS HIM TO THE GROUND as he cleans the blood off of his MASSIVE KNIFE!

MACKEY  
Stay the fuck there.

Mackey takes off, disappearing into the night. Seriously injured and hobbled, tears form in Davey's eyes. He musters his strength, SCREAMS --

DAVEY  
WOODY! HE'S COMING! RUUUUUN!

#### **EXT. WOODS - NIGHT**

WOODY. Racing through the dense overgrowth. TERRIFIED. He breaks free of some low hanging branches and stops. Sees the SQUAD CAR about 50 yards ahead, LIGHTS still coloring the night. Makes a dash for it --

WHAM! A BODY careens out of the shadows, SLAMS INTO WOODY! They tumble over each other, whacking the ground hard.

Landing face first, Woody WHEEZES in pain, the wind knocked out of him. Before he can get up, a HAND GRABS HIS HAIR. YANKS HIS HEAD UP --

WOODY

DAVEEEEEY!

AND A KNIFE SLITS HIS THROAT!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!

Woody's WHEEZING abruptly turns to a SURPRISED GURGLE.

Still clutching Woody's hair, Mackey gets down low over him. Puts his head against Woody's, face drawn in an expression of ecstasy as he PANTS hard and relishes the struggle of WOODY'S FLAILING DEATH THROES. THE BOY'S FINAL, AGONIZING BREATHS.

When it's over, Mackey stands, soaked in his prey's blood. Eyes closed in rapture, chest heaving, he smiles wide. Alive.

**EXT. WOODS - CONTINUOUS**

On his feet, barely, Davey hobbles toward the RED AND BLUE LIGHTS. Leg gushing blood, it drags behind him, useless. Teeth gritted, he GROWLS through the pain and tears. Urging himself on. He finally sees the SQUAD CAR ahead. And then --

WOODY'S DEAD BODY! FACE DOWN IN THE DIRT!

Davey crumples to his knees, defeated, SOBBING, as --

MACKEY GRABS DAVEY!! Crouches and draws him close. Their faces just inches apart. Covered in blood except his big, bright eyes, Mackey looks truly terrifying. He whips the KNIFE to Davey's throat. Davey CRIES OUT in fear.

HATRED MAKES MACKEY'S VOICE QUIVER. He digs the knife into Davey's skin just a bit, DRAWS BLOOD -- Davey WHIMPERS.

MACKEY

You brought this on yourself! All you had to do was leave me alone! This is YOUR GODDAMNED FAULT!

DAVEY

I'm sorry. I'm so sorry! Please --

MACKEY

Sorry? You forced me out of my home! Stole my life! And you think you can get out of this by saying you're sorry?! All I want to do is kill you. I want you dead RIGHT FUCKING NOW!

Davey winces! But the killing blow doesn't come...

MACKEY

But that's not enough. Not for you.

Through the fear, Davey meets Mackey's gaze. Confused.

MACKEY

You've spent so much time thinking about me. I want you to keep thinking about me. Imagining what I'm going to do when I come back for you. And I will. After you've lived looking over your shoulder, seeing me in every dark corner, every nightmare. Live in the fear that every day might be the one I come back to claim what's mine. One day... you'll be right.

Mackey shoves Davey to the ground. STOMPS ON HIS SLASHED LEG. Davey SCREAMS in pain. Mackey smiles, turns back into the darkness --

Davey CRIES OUT in pain, unable to move. After a few moments, HE HEARS the squad car's driver side door OPEN -- SLAM SHUT. Davey struggles to sit up as the CAR'S ENGINE STARTS UP.

DAVEY

No --

Dirt and rocks kick up behind the car as it drives off into the night. THE RED AND BLUE LIGHTS FADING into the void --

DAVEY'S FACE, alternating red and blue in the lights, is swallowed whole by the night as we --

**FADE TO BLACK**

SLOWLY FADE UP on STROBING LIGHTS. Distant and numerous. WE SOON REALIZE WE'RE LOOKING STRAIGHT DOWN FROM --

**EXT. JUNIPER STREET - CUL-DE-SAC - HIGH ABOVE - NIGHT**

HALF A DOZEN POLICE CRUISERS, parked throughout the cul-de-sac, their LIGHTS bathing the lawns and houses in blood red and crime scene blue.

WE PAN OVER THE STREET, CROWDED WITH NEIGHBORS AND COPS, TO THE EQUALLY CROWDED BACKYARDS, TO THE WOODS behind the houses. FLASHLIGHTS scour the darkness in all directions --

THE VOICES OF TERRIFIED, DESPERATE PARENTS AND POLICE CALL OUT INTO THE NIGHT --

NEIGHBORHOOD PARENTS  
 (distant, echoing)  
 DAVEY! -- WOODY! -- DAVEY! --

IT'S ANOTHER MANHUNT. As the PAN MOVES over the woods, we --

**FADE TO BLACK**

**EXT. REMOTE ROAD - PRE-DAWN**

SLOWLY FADE UP as HEADLIGHTS cut the darkness, revealing a single, hobbling SILHOUETTE. It raises its arms, desperate for help. The headlights slow. Stop as the silhouette collapses. The driver's door opens and a FISHERMAN (male, 60s) jogs over.

**INT. PICKUP TRUCK - A SHORT TIME LATER**

Davey, exhausted, barely holding onto consciousness, lies against the passenger window. Wrapped in a blanket. Pale as shit. He might not make it to the hospital. All a blur as --

The fisherman is doing his best to reassure Davey and keep him awake. WE CAN'T HEAR WHAT HE'S SAYING, but his expression is one of panic, SPEEDING as fast as he can.

Davey stares out the window, in another world. The sun just starting to rise, the sky turning from black to indigo blue. He perks up a bit suddenly as the truck passes --

MACKEY'S SQUAD CAR. ABANDONED on the side of the road. AND ON FIRE, all its identifying marks scorching to oblivion.

Davey's head turns, watching it as they go by. Terror in his eyes. Mackey's long gone. Somewhere out there.

**INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - DAY**

Randall and Sheila hold Davey tight, the family all sitting on Davey's hospital bed. CRYING together. Relieved. Broken.

**EXT. DAVEY'S HOUSE - DAY**

Randall's CAR pulls into the driveway. NEWS REPORTERS and CAMERAMEN crowding the front porch rush to the car as --

Davey hobbles out, the BOTTOM HALF OF HIS LEG IN A CAST.

SEA OF REPORTERS  
 Davey!/David!/Can you tell us what  
 happened?/How'd you survive?

Randall helps Davey along, shielding the boy as they reach Sheila and head inside, leaving the news folk clamoring as --

**DISSOLVE TO:**

**EXT. JUNIPER STREET - CUL-DE-SAC - DAY**

BICYCLE TIRES spin quickly over the sidewalk. They slow to a stop and a familiar SHOE drops to the pavement, the other foot in a SUPPORTIVE BOOT.

Newspaper bag slung over his shoulder, Davey stands with his bike at the foot of Mackey's driveway.

CRIME SCENE TAPE blocks the way up to the house, more of it strung across the front door. But no police. The house was searched and cleaned out long ago.

DAVEY (V.O.)

You never know what might be coming around the corner.

He TOSSES A THICK SUNDAY NEWSPAPER on the asphalt at his feet. The headline reads: "CAPE ANN KILLER WAYNE MACKEY STILL ON THE LOOSE." Davey gazes at it a moment. Pedals on...

DAVEY (V.O.)

And that's the thing about this place. It all might seem normal and routine...

He makes his way down the street, tossing NEWSPAPERS onto front porches IN REVERSE OF THE ORDER AT THE OPEN.

DAVEY (V.O.)

... but the truth is, the suburbs is where the craziest shit happens.

The yards are empty. Doors closed, probably locked. Curtains drawn. No one watering their plants or playing games in the lawn. It's all gone quiet. A neighborhood haunted by ghosts.

DAVEY (V.O.)

Just past the manicured lawns and friendly waves. Inside any house, even the one next door, less than fifty feet from where you sleep...

Passing Eats' house, Davey looks into the side yard, sees Eats and Farraday with CROWBARS, DISMANTLING THE TREEHOUSE. Davey stops to watch, gutpunched by the sight. Sees Eats' and Farraday's solemn faces as Eats pulls another board free.

DAVEY (V.O.)  
 ...anything could be happening and  
 you'd never know.

The SOUNDS OF AN APPROACHING CAR make Davey stop. He turns to see NIKKI'S PARENTS' CAR, PACKED WITH NIKKI'S BELONGINGS --

IN THE BACKSEAT, Nikki looks out at Davey as the car passes. TIME SLOWS as they meet eyes.

DAVEY (V.O.)  
 If I've learned anything, it's that  
 people hardly ever let you know who  
 they really are.

The sad look on her face tells all. She presses her hand to the window, and Davey gives a forlorn wave to another bit of his childhood that's now gone. Nothing will ever be the same.

DAVEY (V.O.)  
 Especially in the suburbs. Trust me,  
 there's more going on here than meets  
 the eye.

DAVEY PASSES a "FORECLOSURE: HOUSE FOR SALE" sign. It dangles in front of Woody's house. The house looks abandoned.

**INT. DAVEY'S HOUSE - DAVEY'S ROOM - DAY**

Now devoid of all the childish toys and collectibles that once filled it.

DAVEY (V.O.)  
 Tough pill to swallow, I know...

Davey stares at his walls, still covered in National Enquirer pages. Tears in his eyes, in a fit of rage, he rakes his fingers down the wall and rips a bunch down.

DAVEY (V.O.)  
 ... but it's true.

**EXT. JUNIPER STREET - CUL-DE-SAC - NIGHT**

FRONT PORCH LIGHTS GLEAM on every house. Giving a sense of security. Everything seems quiet. Safe.

**SMASH TO BLACK**

DAVEY (V.O.)  
 Even serial killers live next door to  
 somebody.

**THE END**