

119472

**The Voices**

Written by  
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January 28, 2009

EXT. VEEDERSBURG - DAY

A mockingbird flies over idyllic Veedersburg, Ohio, a small town with cute little houses and neatly mowed lawns; as it flies further, the bird crosses into the bad part of town -- shuttered factories surrounded by fields of weeds. It lands in a scrawny tree growing near a boarded-up bowling alley.

EXT. VFED RSBURG BOWL NG LAN S -- DAY

The old sign that once read "Veedersburg Bowling Lanes" has been vandalized, rendering it as "VFED RSBURG BOWL NG LAN S". The only vehicle in the lot is a four-year-old pickup truck.

A CAT leaps from the bed of the truck, swaggers to the edge of the parking lot, then freezes in his tracks, when he sees--

THE MOCKINGBIRD singing happily in the tree.

THE CAT is electrified, every muscle alive with predatory intensity as he stalks toward his prey.

THE BIRD senses something amiss and stops singing; he looks left, then right, but sees nothing, and nervously resumes his aria. Below him, the grass rustles, ominously.

THE CAT emerges from the grass like a ninja, grabbing hold of the edge of the tree, approaching his quarry from behind as he methodically climbs toward the branch where --

THE BIRD sings, blissfully unaware that death is in the air. The cat freezes, inches away, staring at the bird with love and hate, savoring the pending kill, until the bird senses something amiss, slowly turns, and sees his executioner.

But he's too late. The cat strikes mercilessly. As he lays waste to the songbird, we move closer and closer into the cat's ferocious yellow feline eyes, aroused with the ecstasy of the kill. The name of this deadly beast: MISTER WHISKERS.

INT. VEEDERSBURG FIXTURE & FAUCET -- DAY

The massive bathroom fixture factory is abuzz with productivity, a nineteenth-century structure built of rough-hewn timbers within which resides a twenty-first century computer-controlled assembly line. In a haunting SERIES OF SHOTS we see raw ingredients become a high-end bath tub:

First, red-hot molten steel poured into a sand mold transforms itself into the shell of a tub;

Next, the glowing-red tub is dusted with powdered porcelain;

Then, the tub is offered like a sacrifice to a massive, fiery kiln. Soon, it emerges, shiny, exquisite: a new bath tub.

After cooling, workers fit the tub with fixtures; then two muscular men lower it into a packing crate, which they staple shut. Next, they quickly and efficiently strap the sealed crate onto a shipping pallet loaded with other crates.

We focus on the younger of the two packers. His name is JERRY HICKFANG, twenty-nine years old, above-average intelligence, jeans, a clean Dickies work shirt, and heavy, well-worn gloves. Jerry takes pride in a job well done.

A BUZZER signals break time. DENNIS KOWALSKI from Personnel, 38, crosses to Jerry as he loads his final tub before break.

DENNIS

Hey, Jerry.

JERRY

Hey, Mr. Kowalski.

DENNIS

Call me Dennis, it's okay. Just wanted to say, we're very pleased. You're doing a great job.

JERRY

Thank you Mr. Kowalski.

DENNIS

That's what I told that woman from the courts, "a great job" I said. She's your lawyer?

JERRY

Court-appointed psychiatrist. Thanks, Dennis, for saying that.

Jerry beams. Dennis puts a friendly hand on his shoulder.

DENNIS

No problem. So, Jerry, the thing is, is Veedersburg every year has this company picnic.

JERRY

Okay.

DENNIS

And, we get one representative from each department to help put it on, usually the new guy. And the new guy in shipping, is you.

JERRY

You want me to help plan a picnic?

DENNIS

It's voluntary -- off the clock.  
There will be others, too, someone  
from Sales, a guy from Design, that  
new girl Katie from Accounting --  
the cute one! You want to do it?

JERRY

Oh yeah, of course. Yes.

DENNIS

Cool. The first meeting is  
tomorrow night at five, in the  
sales conference room. The company  
buys pizza and beer. It'll be fun.

Jerry nods. He's into it. Highlight of his week.

EXT. VFED RSBURG BOWL NG LAN S -- NIGHT

The shuttered bowling alley is dark. A rickety outdoor  
stairway leads to an attic door. A light comes on behind the  
door. This is Jerry's home.

INT. JERRY'S APARTMENT / LIVING ROOM - EVENING

Jerry's apartment in the bowling alley attic contains the  
typical accoutrements of a bachelor's home -- television,  
stereo, couch, coffee table, pizza boxes, etc. It isn't  
dirty and it isn't clean; it isn't bright and it isn't dark,  
but there's something slightly artificial about how the place  
looks, something screwy. As Jerry enters, his friendly mutt,  
BOSCO, greets him with a tail-wagging dance.

JERRY

Oh yeah, hey Bosco, oh yes, oh  
Bosco, who's a good boy? Who's a  
good boy?!!

His sneering, pissed-off cat MR. WHISKERS watches the dog-  
human display of affection with disdain from a perch on the  
back of the couch, where he sharpens his claws on the fabric.

Jerry heads into his bedroom. Bosco follows him.

## INT. JERRY'S BEDROOM - DAY

A bachelor's bedroom, again with all the typical stuff -- bed, dresser, a couple rock posters, a pretty girl poster, trinkets from State Fairs and tourist attractions. The bedroom seems idealized, yet lacking in detail -- but nothing you can point to. Just -- simplified. Not quite right.

Jerry pulls several shirts out of his closet, holding them up and checking them out in the mirror one by one. His ROOMMATE yells from off-screen; his snarky tone is heavy with sarcasm.

ROOMMATE (O.S.)

What are you doing, Jerry?

JERRY

Something for work.

ROOMMATE (O.S.)

What, those assholes give you homework now?

JERRY

No, I'm picking a shirt! For tomorrow. They got a thing they want me to do.

ROOMMATE (O.S.)

Let me guess: they said jump and you said "how high."

JERRY

Shut up!

ROOMMATE (O.S.)

You act like they're doing you a favor to let you work there, like they should be able to fuck you in the ass whenever they want. Some big privilege, letting you work "for free!" on their picnic.

JERRY

How'd you know about the picnic?

ROOMMATE (O.S.)

I'm not blind, Jerry.

JERRY

Shut up, pussy!

Jerry grabs a shoe, throws it out the door of his bedroom into the living room. We follow the shoe, into --

## INT. JERRY'S APARTMENT / LIVING ROOM - EVENING

-- where the shoe flies through the air, narrowly missing MR. WHISKERS. Jerry enters and we see that the acerbic roommate is, in fact, the cat. Just like in "Babe" or "Beverly Hills Chihuahua", except that Mr. Whiskers is a son of a bitch. The cat picks away at the couch as he berates Jerry:

## MR. WHISKERS

They know about you at the company,  
they know you're a pervert and a  
weakling and a cry-baby.

(pick, pick, pick)

They're laughing at you, Jerry, all  
the time. The reason they keep you  
around is you're so appallingly  
pathetic you amuse them.

Jerry's eyes fill with tears of rage. Mr. Whiskers wheezes a vicious laugh and chokes up a hairball. Jerry lashes out to hit the cat but the cat easily jumps out of the way. Bosco, the dog, pads over to console Jerry, who scratches his ears.

## JERRY

Oh, Bosco.

## BOSCO

Don't listen to the cat. You'll  
have fun working on the picnic,  
Jerr. That doctor said it was good  
to reach out, become part of the  
society of workers. Scratch a  
little lower, right...there, oh  
yeah! A job is only incidentally  
about making money. The workplace  
is a nexus for the creation of  
meaningful relationships with other  
human beings. Rub my stomach now  
okay? Special spot?

Bosco rolls over and Jerry rubs his stomach. Mr. Whiskers takes one last disgusted look at the pair of them and then exits through the cat door.

## INT. VEEDERSBURG SALES CONFERENCE ROOM - EVENING

The picnic planning meeting. In addition to Jerry and Dennis, there are eight others, among them KATIE from accounting, a pretty, perky 29-year-old; JOHN from Industrial Design; angry 30-year-old stoner DAVE from fixtures; and CHERYL, a blissfully new-agey 25-year-old lesbian from Direct Sales. Half-empty pizza boxes are scattered along the long conference table. Dennis leads; the meeting is ending.

DENNIS

Before we break up here, I want to go over the assignments.

Jerry raises his hand.

DENNIS (CONT'D)

We'll just go around the table, okay? Can your comment wait?

JERRY

I was just going to say that the workplace is, um, a good place to create meaningful relationships with other human beings. And stuff.

DENNIS

Duly noted, Jerry. We all want to get out of here, so: John you'll be setting up the tent. Dave's bringing food and drinks. Cheryl's doing decorations and Katie's doing music. Any questions?

KATIE

I got another idea, just while I was sitting here ... maybe at some point during the picnic, we could teach everyone the macarena.

DENNIS

The macarena?

KATIE

It's fun, you can learn it quickly, kids like it: yeah, the macarena.

DAVE

I don't macarena.

CHERYL

Men are afraid to dance. The male ego is too fragile.

JERRY

I'm a man. I'm not afraid to macarena.

KATIE

Right on, Jerry.

JOHN

I'm not afraid either. It's not the coolest thing in the world, but it is a picnic for a toilet factory we're talking about here.

DENNIS

Settled, we'll try the macarena. See how it goes. Moving on. Jerry?

JERRY

I'm testing the P.A. system tomorrow, if everything works, I'm good to go. I thank you all for inviting me to be a part of this experience. My extension in shipping is 5-1865 if I can be of further service.

DAVE

Are you running for office now Jerry?

CHERYL

Dave -- go smoke a joint.

DENNIS

Cheryl! Dave! Come on. We're done here. We'll see you all at the picnic. Anyone who wants the leftover pizza, please take it.

Dennis stands; the others start to get up, some taking pizza, others not. Jerry throws a few cold slices in a box and heads for the door. Katie intercepts him.

KATIE

Jerry?

JERRY

Hey, Katie. What's up?

KATIE

Can we hook an iPod up to your sound system?

JERRY

I think so. I'm setting it up tomorrow, in the break area, around five. You could come by, and we can try it out.



KATIE  
That sounds great. See you  
tomorrow, Jerry.

Jerry watches Katie leave, takes one more slice of pizza, and then leaves himself, as happy as he's ever been.

INT. BREAK ROOM - THE NEXT DAY

A big bland room with a couple of snack machines, OSHA posters, a few tables and a refrigerator. Jerry, alone in the room, connects the final cable in a P.A. system that consists of a big amp, and a CD player wired to two large, industrial speakers on metal tripods. "PROPERTY OF VEEDERSBURG FIXTURES" is stenciled on everything.

Jerry hits "Play" and a speed metal song blasts out. The sound is loud and excellent, and Jerry plays some air guitar.

Katie leans in the door; Jerry has his back to her and thus doesn't notice her enter. She checks the clock -- 5:25 -- and then scoots around until she's in Jerry's field of view.

Jerry abruptly stops playing air guitar then walks over and turns off the stereo. He laughs; Katie holds an imaginary lighter over her head.

KATIE  
Rock on!

JERRY  
Thank you! Goodnight, Veedersburg!

KATIE  
Well, it's loud.

JERRY  
We are going to rrrock this picnic!

Jerry jabs a fist into the air. Jerry thinks he's cool. Katie thinks he's an amusing dork. She holds up her iPod.

KATIE  
You think you can play from this?

JERRY  
Let's try.

Jerry takes the iPod and studies it for a moment. He pulls a small plastic case from his pocket and rifles through it until he finds a connector. He puts one end into the iPod; then attaches the other end to his sound system. He hands the iPod (now tethered to the P.A. system) to Katie.

JERRY (CONT'D)  
Play a song.

KATIE  
Any song?

JERRY  
Anything. Just to see if it works.

She hits "PLAY"; *The Macarena* blasts out of the speakers, so loud it distorts. Jerry mouths the words "TURN IT DOWN" and wheels his finger around. The volume comes down and the distortion goes away. He flashes a thumbs-up to Katie. She sways to the song; so does Jerry for a few moments; then he draws his finger across his throat; she turns it off.

KATIE  
Sounds pretty good, wow.

JERRY  
What does that mean, the lyrics?

KATIE  
I don't know -- *um, buh buh um, buh buh un, aiii, macarena!* It's a love song, maybe. About a girl named Macarena?

JERRY  
Or else it's a delicious dessert.

KATIE  
Could be... Maybe it's, "buy this song, buy this song, buy it buy it buy it, aiii, macarena"

JERRY  
Hahahaha. Probably.

KATIE  
Thanks for setting everything up.

JERRY  
No problem! Thanks for bringing over your iPod. How many gigabytes is it?

KATIE  
I think, fifteen? I don't know. It was a gift from my mom.

JERRY  
Wow. Sounds like you got a real nice mom.

KATIE  
Oh yeah, oh yeah, she's real nice.

JERRY  
Mine's dead. My mom I mean. She died.

KATIE  
I'm so sorry.

JERRY  
It was a long time ago. I'm okay now. I processed all the relevant issues.

There's an awkward pause; they've finished everything they set out to do. Katie bounces on her feet; Jerry disconnects her iPod and hands it to her.

KATIE  
Okay, then, see you at the picnic.

JERRY  
Maybe I'll see you at work, too.

KATIE  
Maybe. I'm in accounting.

Katie leaves. Jerry starts to take apart the sound system.

EXT. VFED RSEBURG BOWL NG LAN S -- EVENING

Jerry enters the door atop the outdoor staircase over the bowling alley. His mood is excellent.

INT. JERRY'S APARTMENT / LIVING ROOM - EVENING

Jerry pauses as he enters to do a little dance of pure joy, just stomping his feet, like Snoopy's dance in Peanuts.

Bosco bounds over, super-excited to see his owner after a long day, and Jerry scratches his ears while Bosco wags his tail. Jerry gets down and lets Bosco lick his face.

BOSCO  
Smells good, Jerry, smells real good. Girl! Mmm hmmm. What's her name?

JERRY

Katie. She's in accounting. I met her yesterday, and she was real nice to me today. She has an iPod.

Mr. Whiskers watches from his perch on the couch.

BOSCO

That's awesome. I'm real happy for you Jerry. Wow. That is the greatest. I love you Jerry I love love love you! But you're late getting home and I have to take a dump, pronto, bwoooof, now.

JERRY

Okay, boy, take a walk. Walk? Walk?

Jerry hooks up Bosco's leash. As they head out --

MR. WHISKERS

Don't make friends with the chick. Just fuck her, and split. That's my advice.

JERRY

Shut up, cat!

BOSCO

Yeah, shut up, cat!

Jerry and Bosco leave, slamming the door behind them. Mr. Whiskers hisses.

INT. PSYCHIATRIST'S OFFICE - DAY

A small, linoleum-floored room with a government-issued desk and fluorescent lights, this ain't no Park Avenue shrink, this is government work. However, there is a couch, there is a comfy if threadworn chair, and the same nondescript paintings found in any psychiatric office. DR. HEATHER WEST, in her thirties, is cowgirl-hot in tight denim and Navajo jewelry. Jerry sits on the couch.

DR. WEST

How are you doing, Jerry?

JERRY

Very well, thank you. Excellent.

DR. WEST

Do tell.

JERRY  
Well...they like me at work.

DR. WEST  
You're a likeable man.

JERRY  
They're having a picnic. And they asked me to help out on it. And I was afraid to say yes -- but I said yes anyway and now I'm going to put up the sound system.

DR. WEST  
That's wonderful news. You're becoming a part of something.

JERRY  
And I'm really getting into the work, too -- it's relaxing to focus the mind on a task.

DR. WEST  
Good. Any side effects from the meds?

JERRY  
I don't know.

DR. WEST  
Are you taking them?

JERRY  
I don't know.

DR. WEST  
You have to take them.

JERRY  
Okay.

DR. WEST  
Any thoughts of suicide?

JERRY  
No. None.

DR. WEST  
Do you ever hear voices?

JERRY  
Voices? No. Never. Only when someone is talking to me.

DR. WEST  
You hesitated a little bit there --

JERRY  
It just reminded me of my mother.  
She told us the angels were talking  
to her, then the social workers  
took her out to that place "to help  
her." She hated it there. She was  
never the same after that -- well  
you know what happened. By  
Christmas she was gone.

DR. WEST  
Angels was what she called her  
voices.

JERRY  
Yeah. Crazy shit, isn't it?  
Angels.

DR. WEST  
Her angels were a coping strategy.  
The voices were real to her; angels  
were a reasonable attempt to craft  
a logical explanation.

JERRY  
I know, we've been over all that,  
"She was the best mother she knew  
how to be. The things she did to  
me, it was her disease, not her."  
Etc.

DR. WEST  
Right. Exactly. Do you have any  
questions for me, Jerry?

JERRY  
Yes. I do. Kind of a big one.

DR. WEST  
Okay.

JERRY  
There's a girl. I like her. She  
kind of likes me. Okay? And I  
don't know how much to tell her,  
you know, about you, and this, and  
my mom and stuff.

DR. WEST  
What do you think, Jerry?

JERRY

I don't want to scare her away but  
I don't want to lie to her either.  
I'm thinking if the subject comes  
up I'll say something but if it  
doesn't, I'll leave it be.

DR. WEST

You answered your own question,  
Jerry. See you next week.

Dr. West is aglow with fondness for her star patient Jerry.  
And Jerry likes his doctor: a mutual admiration society.

EXT. MAYWOOD PARK - DAY

A glorious day. In a series of shots we see the preparations  
for the Veedersburg Fixtures picnic: Cheryl lovingly places  
ribbons and decorations with the help of her girlfriend; John  
and his hippie date put up the tent; Dave and his pissed-off  
wife angrily put out the kegs, food and soda; and Jerry works  
on the sound system while Katie watches.

KATIE

I made a playlist. The music  
changes with the mood of the party.

JERRY

How's that work?

KATIE

The first half-hour is laid back  
jazz while people mingle; then  
kids' songs about food while we eat  
-- and then bam! I hit them with  
Pink -- *Get this Party Started!*  
And after that it's some Old Skool,  
some disco, and then the Macarena.

JERRY

Katie, that's so cool, you put a  
lot of thought into this.

KATIE

I went to a party-planning web  
site. You know what else they said?

JERRY

What?

KATIE

Dance as if no one were watching,  
sing as if no one were listening,  
and live every day as if it were  
your last.

JERRY

Live every day as if it were your  
last? Wow. Right on, let's fire  
this up! Can I have your iPod?

She hands him her iPod, and he hooks it up and hits PLAY.

EXT. MAYWOOD PARK - DAY (MONTAGE)

The party. All-American factory workers at play. A perfect day, fluffy white clouds, a lovely park, a couple hundred people of all ages enjoying sandwiches, fried chicken, beer, soda. Grandparents, parents, kids, teens. People play Frisbee, croquet, softball.

ANGLE ON THE SOUND SYSTEM

"Hey Good Looking, What You Got Cookin?" plays. Katie and Jerry hover around the sound system, eating fried chicken and corn on the cob. It's later in the afternoon.

JERRY

The music is great.

KATIE

It's going to get even better in a  
minute. You're not going to  
chicken out on me, are you Jerry?  
You'll dance, right?

JERRY

"As if no one were watching."

KATIE

Hell yes. Microphone, please?

Jerry cheerfully fetches the microphone for Katie. She takes Jerry's hand and drags him onto the large cement tennis court that today serves as a dance floor; then Katie makes her announcement through the P.A. system.

KATIE (CONT'D)

Welcome, Veedersburg Fixtures!  
Everyone having a good time?



EVERYONE  
(half-hearted)  
Yeah. Sure. Whoo.

KATIE  
Everybody out on the dance floor.  
I'm serious, party people.

About a third of the picnickers wander onto the dance floor; the adults are mostly drunk, the children forced to participate by their parents. They watch Katie.

KATIE (CONT'D)  
We're going to do the Macarena.

EVERYONE  
Oh Christ. Not that. Crap.

JERRY  
Yay! Macarena! All right!

KATIE  
Thank you, Jerry. Okay. The dance is easy. And it goes like this: right arm, palm down -- like this. Then left arm, same thing. Turn your hands over.

The Veedersburg revelers unenthusiastically follow along.

KATIE (CONT'D)  
Now: put your right hand on your left shoulder, and your left hand on your right shoulder. Jerry -- music please?

Jerry hits the iPod, and *The Macarena* plays.

CUT TO:

Halfway through the song. The tennis court is nearly full, moms dancing with their kids, old married couples laughing it up, groups of girls and women dancing together, and even a few young couples dancing ironically. It's a great party.

DANCE SEQUENCE: Katie and Jerry and the Macarena:

Katie and Jerry face each other, and start doing the moves. What happens next is a subjective dance sequence, as the camera isolates Jerry and Katie, macarena-ing their hearts out, and all sound except the song drops out. It is a moment of beauty and happiness and flow, a man and a woman and a song and nothing else. Jerry is ecstatic; Katie is having a good time. It seems to go on forever. It is heaven.

INT. JERRY'S APARTMENT / LIVING ROOM - EVENING

Jerry bursts in the door, spinning.

JERRY

(muttering happily)

Macarena macarena macarena macarena  
macarena macarena macarena macarena  
macarena macarena.

Bosco trots over and Jerry rubs his ears.

BOSCO

Hi, Jerry, you smell great buddy.  
A girl! Mmmm, sniff, mmmm. Smells  
like a good girl! Is she? A good  
girl?

JERRY

Oh, yeah, Bosco, she sure is, oh  
boy, what a day, what a day.

BOSCO

What a girl, huh, Jerry? You are  
one happy guy and I like it when  
you are happy. Macarena ruff ruff  
ruff.

MR. WHISKERS (O.S.)

Did you fuck her?

Jerry pays no heed to the cat and continues to scratch  
Bosco's ears. Mr. Whiskers makes quite a show of walking  
straight into his field of vision, then turns to face him.

MR. WHISKERS (CONT'D)

I said, did you fuck her?

JERRY

I'm not listening to you.

MR. WHISKERS

So she didn't put out. Cocktease!

JERRY

Shut up!

BOSCO

How about we go for a walk?

MR. WHISKERS

She's never going to let you fuck  
her, either. You're not her type.  
She's already forgotten you.

(MORE)

MR. WHISKERS (CONT'D)  
Probably off blowing some football  
team somewhere.

JERRY  
Shut up!

BOSCO  
I'm thinking, this is a real good  
time for a walk, Jerr, hey, how  
about we go?

JERRY  
Okay, okay! We'll go for a walk.

Jerry fastens the leash to Bosco. As they leave --

MR. WHISKERS  
You know I'm right so you have to  
run away, chickenshits.

BOSCO  
You're a real piece of work, Mr.  
Whiskers!

MR. WHISKERS  
Cat hater.

BOSCO  
I don't hate all cats. Only all  
the ones I've met.

Bosco and Mr. Whiskers growl and hiss at each other until  
Jerry yanks Bosco out the door.

INT. VEEDERSBURG FIXTURES - FACTORY FLOOR - DAY

Jerry and his hungover coworker Dave load a bath tub into a  
carton. Jerry's on a manic high. He wears an MP3 player and  
hum-sings as he works, while half-doing the Macarena moves--

JERRY  
Macarena macarena macarena macarena  
macarena macarena macarena macarena  
macarena macarena macarena macarena  
aiiii macarena. Macarena macarena  
macarena macarena macarena macarena  
macarena macarena macarena macarena  
macarena macarena aiiiii macarena

DAVE  
Jerry -- give me a break here.

JERRY

Okay, okay, I'll tone it down.

After a short pause he turns his back on Dave and continues, barely moving his lips. The buzzer rings.

JERRY (CONT'D)

Mackamackamackamacka aiiiii  
mackamackamackamacka

DAVE

Jerr - shift's over.

Jerry nods; still humming his song, he heads into the locker room, a few steps behind Dave.

INT. LOCKER ROOM / VEEDERSBURG FIXTURES - DAY

Jerry tapes snapshots from the picnic into his locker. Dave stares, amused. Jerry removes his headphones.

He studies his face in a mirror on the door of his locker, then slicks back his hair, spritzes with cologne, then pulls on a nice white shirt with a collar, the kind of thing you'd wear to church. He leaves with purpose in his stride.

INT. ACCOUNTING - END OF DAY

Katie is dolled up; and ready to leave her office, with four other female coworkers when Jerry comes in. The group has a Sex-And-The-City vibe -- women getting ready to party.

KATIE

Jerry?

JERRY

Hi, Katie. You said I should come up to accounting some time.

KATIE

I did?

JERRY

Yes. When we were getting ready for the picnic.

KATIE

I don't remember saying that.

Katie's not that into having Jerry join them but Jerry's oblivious to her slight. LISA, cute and flirty, the office bohemian, intervenes.

LISA

Jerry -- hey. Hi there. I'm Lisa.  
Accounts Receivable.

JERRY

Hi Lisa. I'm Jerry -- packing and  
shipping.

LISA

The Accounting chicks are going to  
have a few drinks over at Friday's,  
maybe you want to pack and ship out  
with us.

JERRY

I'd love to.

LISA

Well let's get going then.

Katie glares at Lisa, and Lisa ignores her.

INT. VEEDERSBURG T.G.I. FRIDAY'S - EVENING

The four drunk office ladies and Jerry share a table with a  
couple dozen empty drink glasses, many of them decorated with  
straws and umbrellas. Katie is drunk.

KATIE

-- so there I am, in the Ohio  
Stadium parking lot -- on game day!  
and my Toyota is a total loss --  
and the parking guy goes, if you  
don't move the car we're going to  
tow it right now and so I go --  
it's all yours! What the hell am I  
going to do with it?

Katie's friends roar with laughter. Jerry does too. There's  
a pause. It's that time of night, time to leave. Lisa puts  
a hand on Jerry's back.

LISA

Hey, Jer, thanks for coming out  
with us. You want to finish the  
Chimichurri Sliders?

JERRY

Yeah, sure.

Jerry eats the greasy remnants of the copyrighted food.

LISA

You think you could give me a ride  
to the plant? Or maybe home?

Katie shoots Lisa a look -- as if to say "are you crazy?"  
Lisa misinterprets it to mean Katie's interested in Jerry.

LISA (CONT'D)

Never mind, I forgot you're giving  
a ride to Katie.

KATIE

No, no, no that's okay.

JERRY

I don't mind. I'd love to give you  
a ride, Katie. Let's go.

Katie stares darts at Lisa. Lisa doesn't care; she's getting  
back at Katie for cockblocking her.

INT. JERRY'S TRUCK / VEEDERSBURG FIXTURES PARKING LOT - NIGHT

Jerry's got a nicely maintained crew-cab F-150. The engine  
is running. Katie, still drunk, sits at his side.

JERRY

This weekend is the Ohio State  
Fair.

KATIE

Oh yeah, I used to love the fair.

JERRY

I love it too. Especially the baby  
pig races.

KATIE

Oh yeah, the pigs!

JERRY

They get an Oreo when they win.

KATIE

Oh my god that's right they get an  
Oreo that is the craziest thing.

JERRY

You want to go?

KATIE

Maybe, I'm pretty busy. When?

JERRY  
What about Friday? K.C. and the  
Sunshine Band are playing Friday.

KATIE  
I guess.

JERRY  
What time should I pick you up?

KATIE  
Maybe we can just meet there.

JERRY  
Okay. At the pig races?

KATIE  
Okay. K.C. and the pig races. Bye.

She opens the door and runs/staggers toward her car.

INT. JERRY'S APARTMENT - DAY

Jerry walks in, giddy.

BOSCO  
Hey, buddy, smell like smoke!  
Sniff! Cigarette smoke! Mmm.  
Like your mom! Mmm. How'd it go?

JERRY  
Awesome.

BOSCO  
I knew you could do it. You're a  
good guy. You're a great guy.

MR. WHISKERS  
What happened?

JERRY  
I have a date. With Katie. On  
Friday. To go to the fair.

MR. WHISKERS  
Well, fuck me! I'm an asshole. I  
apologize, man, you were right.  
Cat food's in the kitchen, Jer, and  
I can't open the can.

Mr. Whiskers head toward the kitchen. Jerry follows.

INT. ACCOUNTING - DAY

Jerry walks through the Accounting Department holding an advertisement he's clipped out of the newspaper. He's wearing the same white shirt. The bookkeepers track him the way NORAD tracks missiles. Lisa spots him, waves him over.

LISA

Hey, Jerry.

JERRY

Hi, Lisa.

LISA

What's up?

JERRY

Do you know which desk is Katie's?

LISA

Right there. Got something for her?

JERRY

Uh huh. Pig race schedule.

LISA

Give it to me, I'll make sure she gets it.

Jerry gives the schedule to Lisa, then glances across Katie's work space, which has the usual work knick-knacks and a few photos of her vacation in the Ozarks. One of them shows her in a bathing suit, water skiing. He stares. Lisa notices.

LISA (CONT'D)

I'll make sure she gets it.

JERRY

Okay, thanks Lisa. They happen at 15 and 45 minutes past the hour. The pig races.

LISA

I'll make sure she gets it.

Jerry leaves Accounting. Moments later Katie emerges from the back of the room.

KATIE

Is he gone?



LISA

He's gone. What's up with the pig races?

KATIE

He's going to the fair, I told him I might meet him over there.

LISA

You're not going to the fair! Tonight's karaoke.

KATIE

I forgot.

LISA

Just call the guy and tell him you can't make it.

KATIE

I'll call him after the office closes. Leave it on his voice mail.

LISA

You're a real sweetheart, Katie.

Lisa glares at Katie.

# EXT. OHIO STATE FAIR / PIG RACES - NIGHT

Half a dozen baby pigs race around a miniature track. The winner snarfs down an Oreo. All around the track are couples on dates holding hands, snuggling, feeding each other cotton candy. Enjoying the Fair. And Jerry, all alone.

# EXT. OHIO STATE FAIR / BANDSTAND - NIGHT

Jerry, still alone, is surrounded by couples waving their hands in the air to "Shake Shake Shake, Shake Your Bootie".

# EXT. OHIO STATE FAIR / PARKING LOT - NIGHT

It's starting to rain. Jerry sits in his truck, all alone, in the emptying parking lot, until a parking guard walks over and directs him to leave.

## INT. KARAOKE TAVERN - NIGHT

A country bar with sawdust on the floor. It's packed. Katie is singing -- badly.

KATIE  
*And I-ee-I--ee-I, will always love  
 you-ee-ou, ou ou, will always love  
 YOU, oh oh.*

The Accounting Ladies are eating it up.

## EXT. MAYWOOD PARK - NIGHT

Rain's coming down harder. Jerry sits at a picnic table, his iPod-like device blasting the Macarena.

## INT. FRIDAY'S - NIGHT

Jerry sits alone at the same table where he drank with Accounting, staring down a plate of chimichurri sliders and four empty umbrella drinks. He's working on a fifth.

## INT. JERRY'S TRUCK / OHIO ROADS - NIGHT

Jerry swerves down a rainy road.

## EXT. KARAOKE TAVERN - NIGHT

The Accounting Ladies plus a few hangers-on hover in the doorway looking out at the rain-soaked parking lot.

KATIE  
 My car is back at the plant. I was  
 going to walk -- but --

LISA  
 I'll give you a ride.

KATIE  
 You're the best, Lisa.

Katie gives her a drunken hug and they stagger out.

## EXT. VEEDERSBURG FIXTURES PARKING LOT - NIGHT

Rain. The factory is dark. The huge parking lot is almost entirely empty. Lisa's Celica pulls next to Katie's four-year-old Mustang. The door opens.

They exchange "goodbyes" and Katie races from one car to the other, quickly opening and then closing the door of her Mustang.

INT. KATIE'S MUSTANG / PARKING LOT - NIGHT

Pouring rain. Lisa drives away. Katie, alone in the Mustang, puts a key in the ignition. Tries to start it. It makes a sick whirring sound but does not start.

KATIE

Oh, come on! Crap. Thank you  
Ford.

Katie leans down and unlatches the hood. Grabs a newspaper from the back seat and uses it to cover her head as she gets out.

EXT. VEEDERSBURG FIXTURES PARKING LOT - NIGHT

Pouring rain. Katie checks the battery connection. It's connected tight. She tugs on the leads to make sure they're okay. Lightning, then thunder, startle Katie. She closes the hood and gets back into the car.

INT. KATIE'S MUSTANG / PARKING LOT - NIGHT

Katie tosses the wet paper on the floor. Pulls a cell phone from her purse; it's dripping wet. When she flips it open the screen is black -- destroyed by water.

KATIE

Of course.

Katie bangs the steering wheel a couple of times, then puts her head in her hands and then just sits there, listening to the downpour.

INT. JERRY'S TRUCK - NIGHT

Jerry navigates a back road while a sad country song plays on his radio. He passes the gate to the Veedersburg Fixtures factory, jams on the brakes, does a U-Turn, and drives into the parking lot.

INT. KATIE'S MUSTANG / PARKING LOT - NIGHT

Katie sees the truck pull into the parking lot. She opens her door (the electric windows won't come down) and yells.

KATIE

Hey! Hey! I'm over her! Hello!

She gets no response.

INT. JERRY'S TRUCK - NIGHT

As he has done much of the night, Jerry sits there, staring straight ahead, listening to music. The song ends. He turns off the radio. Then, to the tune of Macarena:

JERRY

Katie Katie Katie Katie Katie Katie  
Katie Katie, aiii, Katie Katie.

Through his drivers' window WE SEE Katie herself crossing the parking lot, approaching his truck. He doesn't notice her until she's pounding on the glass. Startled, he jumps -- then Jerry sees who is at his glass. An answered prayer. An angel from heaven. A sign that their love was meant to be. Astonished and delighted he rolls down the window --

JERRY (CONT'D)

Katie. It's pouring! Get in!

Katie races around to the passenger door. Jerry reaches over and pushes it open. Katie climbs up into the passenger seat and then slams the door.

KATIE

Wow. Thanks.

JERRY

You're welcome.

KATIE

What are you doing out here?

JERRY

Listening to music. I went to the fair. I didn't see you there.

KATIE

I forgot, the pig races, you didn't get my message?

JERRY

No.

KATIE

I am so sorry.

JERRY

You want to go get a cup of coffee  
or something?

KATIE

Okay, I guess But I'm soaked and  
freezing my ass off.

JERRY

Here, I have a blanket.

Jerry pulls a blanket from the back seat and hands it to  
Katie. She takes off her soaking-wet jacket and starts to  
unbutton her soaking-wet shirt. Jerry stares.

KATIE

Don't stare, Jerry.

Jerry is embarrassed hides his head in his hands.

JERRY

Oh, sorry, oh my God, sorry.

KATIE

It's not the end of the world.

She turns her back to Jerry and slips off her shirt and then  
wraps herself in the blanket. Jerry tries to fight the  
overwhelming and conflicting emotions of lust, embarrassment  
and rage.

KATIE (CONT'D)

So where should we go, Jerry?

JERRY

I don't know, Doran's Diner?

KATIE

Oh yeah, they have that chili-  
cheeseburger pizza, it is so  
disgusting and delicious we must  
eat one immediately!

JERRY

Or two!

KATIE

Or nine! To Doran's!

They high-five. Jerry drives out of the parking lot.

The road is narrow and winding. The rain continues with  
occasional lightning strikes and pockets of blinding fog.

KATIE (CONT'D)

They say a lot of things about you  
up in Accounting.

JERRY

Like what?

KATIE

That arty chick Lisa kind of thinks  
you're hot. But everyone wonders  
where you come from.

JERRY

Lived in Veedersburg all my life.

A LIGHTNING STRIKE illuminates Katie and for a moment she  
switches from half-drunk office worker to a terrifying Angel  
from Heaven, complete with wings and an otherworldly glow.  
Then she changes back to a drunk office worker.

KATIE

I only moved here a couple of years  
ago.

JERRY

Why'd you come?

KATIE

Why? If you find out, please tell  
me. Oh, that came out wrong.

Another lightning strike and she momentarily becomes the  
angel, then becomes herself again. Jerry's coming unwound --  
but fighting to hold it together.

JERRY

You don't like Veedersburg?

KATIE

It's fine, the people are friendly,  
pretty pretty place... No. I'm  
kind of bored. Insanely bored.

JERRY

So you liked heaven better?

KATIE

Heaven? What?

JERRY

Heaven -- where you came from?

KATIE

I came from Gary, Indiana. I think Gary's a lot closer to hell.

JERRY

Hell? Of course. Hell. That reminds me of a trivia question. A game. Want to play?

KATIE

Okay. I suppose.

They drive through a packet of fog; Jerry waits until they clear and are back onto the dark, rainy road before asking.

JERRY

Okay. There are lots of angels in the Bible, but only four have names. Three are Gabriel, Michael and Raphael. What's the fourth?

KATIE

Angels? Gabriel, Michael, and Raphael. And there's one more?

JERRY

Yes. What's his name?

KATIE

I have no idea.

JERRY

The reason everyone forgets his name isn't because they don't know who he is -- but because they forget he's an angel --

- but before Jerry can finish, a deer leaps into their headlights. Jerry jams on the brakes ... and skids.

Jerry tries to make an evasive move but only succeeds in slipping and sliding into a violent 360 on the wet, winding road -- and then his truck careens straight into the deer anyway.

The five-point buck flips into the air and plunges headfirst through the windshield, sending shards of safety glass, fur and blood splattering across the truck cabin.

Jerry's truck finally comes to rest, half in the ditch. The bleeding buck thrashes and makes an uncanny, horrific dying whine; its antlers and wounded face are inches from Katie, who SCREAMS in terror, now covered with fragments of windshield and the red spray from the deer's wound.

Jerry kills the engine. Katie stops screaming. And for a moment all is silent except for the rain ... and then the buck begins thrashing anew, his antlers narrowing missing Katie's face with each jerky motion. Scabby snot bubbles accumulate on his nose, and his brown eyes betray bewilderment and pain. He turns to face Jerry.

DEER

Kill me, Jerry. Take your knife  
and cut my throat. I want to die.

Then the deer goes back to being an ordinary dying animal.

KATIE

Oh my God. Oh my God.

JERRY

Careful! Hold still, Katie.

Katie fights the door; it's dented and difficult to move. Jerry turns around, opens a large tool box behind the driver's seat and pulls out a huge buck knife. The deer is thrashing even more violently now --

KATIE

No! No! Jerry! Don't!

JERRY

I gotta do it -- hold still --

Jerry plunges the knife into the deer's throat, which only makes it accelerate its thrashing. He pulls the blade down, and across, with great effort; when he pulls the blade out a great torrent of blood drenches Katie, who screams louder than she's ever screamed before. The deer twitches a few more times, then goes limp, its face in Katie's lap.

JERRY (CONT'D)

The fourth angel is Lucifer.

Katie is in shock.

KATIE

What?

JERRY

Don't you get it? Lucifer was an  
angel! A fallen angel!

KATIE

Oh my God.



Katie slumps down, then summons all her strength to push open the passenger door. She jumps out and runs into the dark thick rainy woods.

JERRY

Katie!

Jerry jumps out of his truck, into the rain.

EXT. WOODS - RAIN - NIGHT

Katie runs through the dense forest, as fast as a woman in night club shoes who is blitzed and half in shock can run. She's scared out of her fucking mind and drenched in blood.

Jerry bolts off of the road and into the woods. He's got Vibram-soled work boots, and a rain coat, and makes good time. He's trying to be friendly and helpful. Then again, he's still got that knife in his hand.

JERRY

Katie? Katie! Katie, don't run!

Katie comes to a steep, wet, leaf-covered ravine, and stumbles, sliding face-first into a sharp bush, losing the blanket and scratching her arm to shreds. When she stands one of her shoes comes off and drops down the ravine; she leaves it behind and continues to run.

Jerry lumbers forward, unflappable.

JERRY (CONT'D)

Katie? Come on. You'll get lost!

He pushes branches out of his way and when he gets to a clearing, there, sobbing, face to the ground, is Katie. He walks over to her and kneels by her side.

JERRY (CONT'D)

Katie, Katie, come on, you're upset, it was just an accident. It's cold out here.

Katie pulls herself to her knees and stares at Jerry, almost uncomprehending; her eyes are bloodshot and glazed. She tries to stand, and slips; she grabs onto Jerry's arm and stands and then hits him, out of control, just throwing punch after punch, kicking, screaming, out of her mind.

JERRY (CONT'D)

Katie, Katie! Stop!

He draws her close; she CRIES IN PAIN and pulls away, staring aghast at a deep new PUNCTURE WOUND which has opened up in her lung. She staggers backwards a few steps, then looks up.

Jerry holds the bloody knife. He is as surprised as Katie.

JERRY (CONT'D)  
I don't know how that happened,  
Katie, I'm sorry, I hurt you --

KATIE  
... argrgggrrgle ... urrggille ...

Katie's efforts to speak are impaired by the blood filling her trachea; her screams are muffled, as if underwater.

JERRY  
You're in pain.  
(she nods)  
You're suffering. Katie. Katie.

He pulls her close with one arm; holds her tight. He caresses her soaking wet hair. She is helpless to resist.

JERRY (CONT'D)  
I love you.

He plunges the knife deep into her heart. Her complexion grows pale from blood loss; her breathing stops; Katie looks at Jerry with unsurpassed dread -- and then dies.

Jerry drops her onto the ground; then falls to his knees and lets out a deep, primal scream before walking off into the woods alone, disappearing into the rain.

EXT. VFED RSBURG BOWL NG LAN S -- NIGHT

Punishing rain, lightning and thunder transform the decrepit abandoned bowling alley into a sinister and dangerous place.

INT. JERRY'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

The door opens, and Jerry enters.

He's soaking wet and covered in blood.

Bosco pads out.

BOSCO  
Hey, Jerr!

JERRY  
Not now, boy.

Bosco backs away and walks into another room. Mr. Whiskers awakens from a slumber atop the couch, and throws a withering glance Jerry's way.

MR. WHISKERS  
What the hell have you been doing?

JERRY  
Shut the fuck up, Mr. Whiskers!

Jerry heads for the bathroom.

INT. BATHROOM - NIGHT

Jerry peels off his clothing and shoes and throws them into a trash bag, then climbs in the shower and scrubs himself from head to toe with a stiff wire brush. Blood and gore wash down the drain.

A LITTLE LATER

Jerry dries off, wraps a towel around his ass and sits on the (lid down) toilet seat, deep in thought. A clawing/scratching sound alerts him to open the bathroom door. Mr. Whiskers walks in, without saying a word, and takes a shit in the litter box.

Bosco nudges his head in, to see if the coast is clear.

JERRY  
It's okay, Bosco.

Bosco comes in.

BOSCO  
Pretty bad situation, buddy.

JERRY  
I know.

BOSCO  
What are you gonna do?

JERRY  
It was an accident.

BOSCO  
Right. Maybe the thing to do is to go to the cops, explain everything, right away.

JERRY

Tonight?

BOSCO

You could wait until tomorrow.  
Just don't wait too long.

JERRY

I have no idea what to say.

BOSCO

Just tell them what happened. It might be hard but you'll get it off your chest, and if you wait -- it'll be a million times worse.

JERRY

I think you're right. I think that's what I'm going to do.

Mr. Whiskers buries his load in sand and then snorts a laugh.

MR. WHISKERS

You are both so fucking naive. You go to the cops and say, hey man, I "accidentally" stabbed a pretty young girl? You think they're going to nod and understand the way your stupid dog does?

JERRY

I don't know.

MR. WHISKERS

Well, I do know: they're going to throw your ass in jail where tattooed meth addicts are going to buttfuck you every day for fifteen years to life.

BOSCO

You're a good man who made a mistake. If you come clean they'll be fair. If you cover it up it will look like you meant to do it.

MR. WHISKERS

But he did mean to do it.

JERRY

No!

MR. WHISKERS

Not the deer. That was an accident. I'm talking about the girl. You wanted to kill her.

JERRY

Never!

MR. WHISKERS

And you enjoyed stalking her through the woods, the entire time knowing what you wanted to do.

JERRY

No I didn't!

MR. WHISKERS

Why take the knife, then?

JERRY

Oh my God. I'am evil.

MR. WHISKERS

No, you're not. I've killed things. On purpose. Just for the sake of killing. There's no shame in it. It's instinct. Fight it and you become your own jailer. Indulge in it, and be free. The only time I ever feel truly alive -- is when I'm killing.

Jerry thinks about it for a moment.

JERRY

The only time I ever felt truly alive.

MR. WHISKERS

See? It's okay. Today you are a man. Today, you killed.

Jerry is repelled by the thought and hyperventilates.

BOSCO

You're not like that, Jerry!  
You're a good boy! Tell the police what you did. Be honest.

MR. WHISKERS

And join the legion of the suckers who didn't have the nerve to become what they were meant to be.

JERRY

I don't know, I don't know, I don't know.

A MOTH flies into the bathroom and flutters around. Mr. Whiskers is instantly transfixed, forgetting Jerry, forgetting Bosco, forgetting everything except the moth.

Mr. Whiskers jumps up to the toilet tank, leaps across to the sink, and tenses for what seems like an eternity, waiting for the moth to move within his grasp. It finally does; he lashes out and bats it into the sink, where he slaps it back and forth, watching the injured creature hobble hopelessly.

Jerry gets up from the toilet and stands at the sink, staring at the dying moth. He lets the towel drop and stares at his naked reflection in the mirror, the cat on one side, the dog on the other, a moth fluttering itself to death in the sink.

He looks at the cat, then at the dog, then stares at the moth until it dies, at which point Jerry washes it down the drain. He waits for an emotional reaction; it doesn't come. Then he leaves the bathroom. His dog and cat follow him.

INT. VEEDERSBURG POLICE STATION - DAY

A small but modern police station. Jerry walks in the front door and crosses to the duty desk where a young DUTY OFFICER looks up from his paperwork.

DUTY OFFICER

May I help you?

JERRY

I need to talk to Detective Weinbacher.

The Duty officer nods.

EXT. VEEDERSBURG POLICE STATION - DAY

DETECTIVE WEINBACHER, fifties, a kind face, finishes shaking hands with Jerry; they clearly know each other.

DETECTIVE WEINBACHER

What's up?

JERRY

I screwed up. I want to know what to do.

The two men walk toward the road. Detective Weinbacher sees something and his face goes pale.

DETECTIVE WEINBACHER  
You did that?

Jerry nods. They reach Jerry's truck: the front end is smashed in, hood is accorioned, and the windshield is shattered where the deer went through. Blood and fur everywhere. The bed of the truck is covered with a tarp.

JERRY  
I want to show you something.

Jerry pulls the blood-stained tarp off the truck bed. Weinbacher peers into the truck bed; so does Jerry.

INSIDE is a dead deer. And nothing else.

DETECTIVE WEINBACHER  
That's a beaut.

JERRY  
What am I supposed to do?

DETECTIVE WEINBACHER  
If it was me? I'd gut it, clean it, and put it in the freezer. That's good meat.

JERRY  
I'm serious.

DETECTIVE WEINBACHER  
It was an accident. I'm not going to write you up for hunting out of season. If you don't like cleaning venison I know plenty of guys who'd take it in a heartbeat. You want me to make a couple calls?

JERRY  
No. I can do it. Thanks, Detective Weinbacher.

DETECTIVE WEINBACHER  
No problem, Jerry. Get that window fixed. Okay?

JERRY  
I'll do it this afternoon.

DETECTIVE WEINBACHER  
Cool. Drive safely, Jerry.

Jerry shakes hands with the detective for a few moments too long and then they go their separate ways.

EXT. VFED RSBURG BOWL NG LAN S -- DAY

The rain has stopped, and the sun peeks through the clouds. Jerry's truck window has been repaired. He parks beneath the broken bowling lane sign, gets out, and drags the deer carcass toward the stairway going up to his apartment.

INT. JERRY'S APARTMENT / KITCHEN - DAY

Severed deer parts are spread out across Jerry's tiny kitchen. He saws away low on the neck, finally separating the head from the body. He's no taxidermist and whatever prize this deer once was, it's now just a messed-up hunk of rotting meat.

Bosco keeps his distance; Mr. Whiskers walks across the kitchen counter, tracking bloody pawprints everywhere.

MR. WHISKERS

What about the girl?

JERRY

What about the girl?

MR. WHISKERS

What'd you do with her body?

JERRY

Nothing.

MR. WHISKERS

You've seen enough detective shows to know what's going to happen next: some hikers are going to stumble across her body. And then it's CSI: Veedersburg, and guess whose hair and fiber and DNA and spit and blood are everywhere -- yours, Jerry. And soon enough --

JERRY

-- soon enough what?

MR. WHISKERS

Some hairy felon is gonna be your prom date every year. And everyone will know that you really like killing people.



JERRY  
But I don't.

MR. WHISKERS  
Oh but you do.

BOSCO  
Don't listen to the cat, Jerry.

Jerry considers their opinions, then gets back to the messy business of peeling flesh off of the bones of a dead deer.

INT. VEEDERSBURG FIXTURES FACTORY - DAY

The whistle blows. Jerry finishes packing one last tub then heads for the exit. Dennis Kowalski approaches.

DENNIS  
Hey, Jerry.

JERRY  
Hey Mr. Kowalski.

DENNIS  
I saw you on Friday.

This sends a shock through Jerry.

JERRY  
You saw me?

DENNIS  
Yeah I saw you. You didn't see me?

JERRY  
No. I didn't see you at all.

DENNIS  
Well then who was it gave you half  
a bag of cotton candy?

JERRY  
At the fair! Oh yeah, the pig  
races, oh, that was fun, yeah,  
thank you thank you very much for  
the cotton candy, it was delicious.  
Fantastic.

DENNIS  
It was just cotton candy.

JERRY

I know, I mean, just .. Thanks. It was good seeing you, too, with uh, that person, the person who you were with --

DENNIS

My wife. Janet. You okay Jerry?

JERRY

I'm fine.

DENNIS

If you say so. See you, Jerry.

(beat)

Oh -- one more thing -- have you seen Katie?

JERRY

Katie?

DENNIS

Accounting Katie. Picnic Katie. The cute one.

JERRY

I haven't. What's up?

DENNIS

It's the end of the quarter and we're trying to close the books and she's not answering her phone.

JERRY

That's very sad. People are going to miss her a lot. Sorry, I can't help you.

Jerry scurries away. Dennis watches him.

INT. JERRY'S APARTMENT - DAY

Jerry stands; Bosco paces; Mr. Whiskers picks at the couch.

MR. WHISKERS

He knows. Or at least suspects.

JERRY

Shit.

MR. WHISKERS

Got to get rid of the body.

Jerry is overcome with sadness.

JERRY  
This is it, isn't it?

BOSCO  
It's what?

JERRY  
It's over for me. There's an invisible line that separates decent people from everyone else. Once you cross it, you can never go back. You're a monster forever.

BOSCO  
You're not a monster, Jerry.

MR. WHISKERS  
Doesn't matter what you are -- killing her -- that was horrible. Leaving her body in the woods -- that's just stupid.

BOSCO  
I hate to say it but the cat is right.

Off Jerry --

EXT. WOODS - TWILIGHT

Long shadows and a light rain makes the woods look radically different from the last time Jerry was here. He carefully makes his way down the edge of the ravine, and then stumbles on something. He looks down.

Katie's hand sticks out from under a pile of leaves. It's discolored and swollen except her manicure, which is perfect.

He brushes leaves off of her; she's been outside nearly three days and is swollen, gooey and stinky. Further, some woods animal has started eating her stomach, none too neatly. Jerry tries to lift up her body but gets slimed with bowel oozing, is repulsed, and drops her.

INT. HOME DEPOT - EVENING

At the self-serve checkout Jerry buys two giant rolls of plastic sheeting, gloves, and a painter's tarp.

EXT. WOODS - EVENING

Jerry rolls the body up in plastic sheeting. His cell phone rings. His ring tone plays the Macarena. He lets it ring a couple of times, then answers.

JERRY

Hello?

DR. WEST

Jerry? It's Dr. West.

JERRY

Oh, boy. I forgot. My appointment is right now, isn't it?

DR. WEST

Yes, Jerry. Do you think you can make it for at least the last half-hour?

JERRY

I'll come right over.

DR. WEST

Okay. I'll see you when I see you.

Jerry hoists the plastic-wrapped cadaver over his shoulder and marches through the woods toward the road.

INT. DR. WEST'S PSYCHIATRIC PRACTICE OFFICE - NIGHT

Jerry sits in a chair across a desk from Dr. West. She's going through a checklist; Jerry's shaking his head "no" at every symptom she enumerates.

DR. WEST

Headaches? Trouble sleeping?  
Suicidal impulses? Do you hear voices?

JERRY

I hear your voice, now.

DR. WEST

Disembodied voices. Voices that come from nowhere.

JERRY

Not really.

DR. WEST  
And you're still taking the  
medication?

JERRY  
Usually.

DR. WEST  
You have to take it every day  
without fail.

JERRY  
I know. I know, but --

DR. WEST  
But what?

JERRY  
The drugs smooth things out, you  
know, that's okay I guess, but even  
though there were bad moments --

DR. WEST  
-- very bad moments --

JERRY  
(speeding up)  
Very bad. But there are also  
moments of inspiration and beauty,  
when all the world makes sense and  
the elegant secret mechanics of man  
and God are revealed in their many  
dimensions, and the universe is  
laid out before mine eyes and it is  
a blessed place.

DR. WEST  
You totally stopped taking the  
pills, didn't you?

JERRY  
Yeah.

DR. WEST  
Thank you for that honesty. Our  
relationship depends on the  
cooperation of the Ohio Department  
of Corrections. If you become  
noncompliant, I have to report  
that.

JERRY  
And they'll put me away?

DR. WEST  
Let's not find out. Let's make you  
compliant. Take the pills. Okay?

JERRY  
Okay.

Then Jerry and Dr. West just sit there, staring at each other.

EXT. MEDICAL OFFICE BUILDING - NIGHT

Jerry's truck is parked in front of this typical Midwestern medical building. In the truck bed is Katie's corpse, wrapped in plastic. Jerry walks out of the medical building, happy, then sees his truck and becomes glum. He looks into the truck bed -- the body is still there -- before getting in the truck and driving off.

INT. JERRY'S APARTMENT / KITCHEN - NIGHT

Jerry cuts up Katie's body. On the counter next to the body parts is a big PILL BOTTLE, which commands Jerry's attention and awe more than the pieces of dead Katie.

Bosco and Mr. Whiskers watch in curious silence. Jerry carefully saws off her head, looks at it, then puts it in the fridge. He continues working on the rest of her body, then he suddenly is overcome with tears.

BOSCO  
What's the matter buddy?

JERRY  
I really liked her.

BOSCO  
I know you did, buddy. She was a  
good kid. I bet you miss her a  
lot.

Mr. Whiskers hops up on the counter and rubs his head against Jerry and, uncharacteristically, purrs. Warmly.

JERRY  
I love you guys.

Then Jerry gets back to cutting Katie up: messy, hard work. He sets down the cleaver, picks up the pill bottle, and screws off the lid. Mr. Whiskers whines, agitated, then --

MR. WHISKERS

Don't take those, unless you want  
to say goodbye to your old friends.

JERRY

I'm not sure it's a good idea to be  
talking to your cat, anyway.

BOSCO

Yeah!

JERRY

Or your dog, either.

Bosco sighs.

MR. WHISKERS

Take those drugs and you will enter  
a bleak and lonely world, Jerry.

Jerry replaces the safety cap on the pill bottle without  
taking one. He opens the fridge to put the pills away.  
KATIE'S SEVERED HEAD, now fully alive and lovely, looks at  
Jerry disapprovingly.

KATIE'S SEVERED HEAD

Jerry, Jerry, Jerry.

JERRY

Hi, Katie.

KATIE'S SEVERED HEAD

Look what you did to me.

JERRY

I'm sorry.

KATIE'S SEVERED HEAD

That helps me a whole hell of a  
lot. On Friday I was an accountant  
at a large Midwestern manufacturer,  
the office hottie, and today I'm a  
severed head in a fridge. Fucking  
sucks to be me, Jerry!

JERRY

But what can I do now?

KATIE'S SEVERED HEAD

Take the meds. Take them. TAKE  
THEM.

Jerry pops out two pills, throws them back, then washes them  
down with milk straight from the carton. Katie winks.

KATIE'S SEVERED HEAD (CONT'D)  
See? That wasn't so hard.

Jerry slams the fridge. Mr. Whiskers and Bosco stare at him with big sad eyes, then walk away, silent.

INT. JERRY'S APARTMENT - MORNING

Jerry dresses for work. The apartment is dimmer than before. He is in transition, as the drugs kick in. Mr. Whiskers tries to talk but only succeeds in saying "meow" in a human voice, then mews like a regular old cat. Same with Bosco.

MR. WHISKERS  
Meow. Meow. Meow. mew. mew. mew.

BOSCO  
Bark. Bark. woof. woof. woof.

Jerry spooked by what's going on and quickly leaves.

INT. FACTORY - DAY

Jerry packs tubs into boxes. As he works, the color drains out of the picture until we're in a dull, desaturated brown and yellow world; the wide screen narrows to a small square; the soundtrack diminishes in bandwidth until everything sounds tinny, as over a bad phone connection. CLOSE ON JERRY, without his spark, moving slowly and mechanically.

COWORKER  
Jerry, let's speed it up.

JERRY  
Okay. Speed it up.

Without joy or verve, Jerry packs another tub into a crate.

INT. JERRY'S APARTMENT - REALISTIC VIEW - NIGHT

Jerry walks in to his apartment after a long day at work.

For the first time, we get an objective view of Jerry's apartment, and it is grim. Filthy doesn't begin to describe the condition of his place, which is covered in cat hair, Styrofoam containers filled with forgotten rotting fast food, fleas and flying insects, piss-stained carpet, etc. You can smell the stench just by looking.



In objective-reality Mr. Whiskers is a scrawny, disgusting, ill-cared for cat; Bosco's mange is out of control and a string of yellowy schmutz oozes from one of his eyes.

INT. JERRY'S KITCHEN - REALISTIC VIEW - NIGHT

Blood stains everywhere; two hefty bags of rotting human and deer body parts. Rancid food, cat shit, you name it -- the nightmare kitchen of all time.

Jerry opens the fridge. Katie's severed head is gray and lifeless. Jerry pushes her out of the way to get an uncooked hot dog, which he sniffs, and then eats raw. Then he pulls out a gallon jug of Gallo Hearty Burgundy. He closes the fridge, guzzles a huge amount of wine, then catches his breath, and guzzles some more.

EXT. VFED RSBURG BOWL NG LAN S -- DAY

A steel-gray sun rises over a nearly colorless landscape.

INT. JERRY'S BATHROOM - REALISTIC VIEW - DAY

As disgusting as the living room and kitchen are, the bathroom is ten times worse. Mildewed everything, moldy everything else, a litter box that hasn't been cleaned -- ever -- yellowy-brown porcelain that used to be white, with rusty fixtures.

Jerry, gray and lifeless himself, opens the pill bottle, takes one, sips water straight from the tap and washes it down. When he stands he catches his reflection in the mirror. For one split second we see undrugged MIRROR JERRY in the reflection, occupying a sparkling bright world on the other side of the bathroom mirror.

MIRROR JERRY

Get rid of that shit.

And then Mirror Jerry disappears and real Jerry replaces him in the reflection, seconds before puking his guts out into the sink, a super big heave, purple from last night's wine. He turns on the tap, rinses out his mouth, and then spews forth an even bigger hurl.

Mirror Jerry appears, then nods -- as if to say, "do it."

Real Jerry grabs the pill bottle and dumps all of the pills down the toilet, then flushes.

## EXT. ROADS OF VEEDERSBURG - DAY

Jerry drives toward work. The square gray world with tinny mono sound brightens up a little as the drugs wear off.

## INT. VEEDERSBURG FIXTURES FACTORY - DAY

Jerry packs tubs. As he works, the gray, oppressive factory floor begins to brighten, and the narrow screen widens, and the dissonant metal-on-metal grinding of the machinery becomes beautiful music, and the factory turns into the most amazing place in the world. Jerry smiles. Psychosis has its upside, sometimes.

## EXT. WOODS - DAY

Five Sierra club birders push deep into the woods. A BIRD CALL makes them freeze in their tracks, tense --

SIERRA CLUB LEADER

Shhh. The song of the Yellow

Bellied Sapsucker --

The five birders, excited over this rare-bird sighting, kneel, and heft giant binoculars to their eyes. A WOMAN BIRDER tries to stabilize herself on the steep, slick terrain, and her hand hits something odd. She looks down --

-- and finds a woman's purse, with a hand-shaped bloodstain. And next to that, part of an intestine. The birder screams.

## EXT. WOODS - THREE HOURS LATER - DAY

Yellow crime-scene tape blocks off a portion of the woods. A dozen red numbered flags indicate where evidence has been found. A few crime scene techs take photographs, samples, and measurements. Eight beat cops talk to the birders. Beneath a pop-up shelter command post, Detective Weinbacher talks to a young, pretty, cop, OFFICER DONNA APPLETON.

OFFICER APPLETON

Hunting accident?

DETECTIVE WEINBACHER

No. That's not the shoe you wear to hike deep into the woods. That's not the purse you take hunting.

OFFICER APPLETON

A murder?

DETECTIVE WEINBACHER  
My guess is a murder, hastily  
committed, haphazardly covered up.  
An impulsive act.

Appleton and Weinbacher exchange a glance -- this is a  
gruesome tragedy, and a cool puzzle at the same time. Action  
News reporter SARAH HAMMER, standing nearby with a cameraman,  
crosses to Detective Weinbacher.

SARAH HAMMER  
Sarah Hammer, Action Seven News.  
Detective Weinbacher, I overheard --  
you think this is a murder?

He nods.

SARAH HAMMER (CONT'D)  
And the murderer is still at large?

He nods again.

SARAH HAMMER (CONT'D)  
Could this person kill again?

DETECTIVE WEINBACHER  
That's what I'm afraid of.

Hammer, Weinbacher and Appleton consider the grave  
implications of what may have occurred.

INT. JERRY'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Jerry, Mr. Whiskers and Bosco watch television. The  
television is Animal Planet -- as filtered through the mind  
of a psychotic murderer: all kill shots. Tigers kill zebras,  
polar bears kill seals, sharks kill whales, crocodiles kill  
horses, one after the other with no context or narration.

BOSCO  
This is the best.

JERRY  
Oh yeah.

MR. WHISKERS  
I "heart" Animal Planet.

JERRY  
This is some educational shit, man.

They watch for a minute, enthralled, then --

MR. WHISKERS

Jerry is BACK! Yeah! Fuck those pills, man! That headshrinker doesn't care if you're happy. She just wants you to be obedient.

JERRY

She's not a bad person.

MR. WHISKERS

Not if you want to be slave to drugs. Just say "no"!!

(re: television)

Check it out! Crocodile killed a motherfucking zebra!

JERRY

God damn!

MR. WHISKERS

Are you gonna kill someone else?

JERRY

Me? No. Of course not.

BOSCO

Of course he isn't. Sick fucking cat.

MR. WHISKERS

Why not, Jerr? The connection you share with someone you kill is profound. You create a sacred moment. You become a God in their life, the last thing they will ever know, and they become part of your soul. Plus: you want to.

JERRY

No!

MR. WHISKERS

You killed by accident and you liked it. It felt good. Now do it on purpose, Jerry. Just once. Just to see what is inside you.

JERRY

Shut up! I don't have to listen to you. You're just a cat.

MR. WHISKERS

A cat that can talk and reason is a miracle for the ages --

JERRY

Yeah? So?

MR. WHISKERS

-- but a guy who talks to his cat is just pathetic. Find another woman, a pretty one, and then kill her. And you will discover what it feels like to be truly alive.

JERRY

By killing?

Jerry listens intently; what Mr. Whiskers is about to say is forbidden knowledge from deep in Jerry's tortured soul:

MR. WHISKERS

Yes. Yes. Yes! Today I squeezed the life out of a mockingbird. He was singing a gorgeous song, this lovely creature with his carefree melodic voice ... I slipped right behind him, I could feel the fluttering of his tailfeathers, I could see him twitch with every heartbeat. And then, BAM! I had him in my claws. A beautiful thing, and I killed it. Me. Mr. Whiskers. I looked in his eyes as the life drained away. Shook him until he was motionless, until he was a messy ball of feathers and gore. It's better than sex. I am Shiva-Kitty, God of Death.

Jerry is distraught, yet attracted; Mr. Whiskers alluring description pushes all of Jerry's buttons.

BOSCO

You are out of your mind, cat.

MR. WHISKERS

Watch out, here comes the Dog Lecturer.

BOSCO

Eat shit cat. I'm willing to kill if necessary to defend myself or my human, but to go out and kill a bird, just to watch it die? That is fucked up.

MR. WHISKERS

Without hunting, I have no purpose,  
no reason to exist.

BOSCO

That is exactly the problem with  
cats my friend.

MR. WHISKERS

Cats rule. Dogs suck.

BOSCO

Cats suck, dogs rule. My bond with  
Jerry is profound, me and him, him  
and me, buddies forever. That bond  
is what separates dogs from wolves.  
And from you, cat.

Bosco says "cat" like profanity. Jerry scratches Bosco's  
ears.

JERRY

That's a good boy.

BOSCO

Did you hear that? I earned the  
right to be called a good boy. I  
came up from the pound, see? I saw  
dogs there who wanted to kill,  
ugly, scarred mongrels. Nobody  
adopted them. Those evil dogs get  
hauled away, and word on the street  
is it does not end well. That's  
what happens to pets who kill.

MR. WHISKERS

Asshole dog. Hisssssss.

Mr. Whiskers hisses angrily at Bosco, ears pinned, back  
raised, fur up; Bosco growls at him through snarled teeth;  
and Jerry pulls them apart. They go back to watching Animal  
Planet, a particularly gnarly sequence involving a great  
white shark and a seal. Jerry stares, enchanted, thinking,  
thinking, thinking...

EXT. VFED RSBURG BOWL NG LAN S -- DAY

A bright day, as surreally sunny as a raisin commercial.

## INT. JERRY'S APARTMENT / KITCHEN - MORNING

His kitchen is shiny and happy and bright and so is Jerry. Mr. Whiskers and Bosco cheerfully chow down at their respective bowls. Jerry pours cereal into a bowl and sets it down on the kitchen table and then opens the fridge.

Inside, next to the carton of milk, Katie's head is awake, mellow, happy, nice makeup, good hair. She smiles a warm smile, the smile you save for your very very favorite people.

KATIE'S SEVERED HEAD

Good morning, Jerry!

JERRY

Good morning, Katie!

KATIE'S SEVERED HEAD

Beautiful day.

JERRY

Oh yes it is. Oh you bet it is.  
I'm making cereal. Honey Bunches  
of Oats with Almonds. And two  
percent milk.

KATIE'S SEVERED HEAD

Yay!

He hefts her head out and puts it on the dining table, facing himself, then sits down and pours milk on his cereal.

KATIE'S SEVERED HEAD (CONT'D)

Hi, Jerry.

JERRY

Hi, Katie.

KATIE'S SEVERED HEAD

How's the cereal, Jerry?

JERRY

Super delicious. Thanks for  
asking.

KATIE'S SEVERED HEAD

Yummy yummy yummy.

Jerry just eats for a moment.

KATIE'S SEVERED HEAD (CONT'D)

Hey Jerry?

JERRY

Umm hum?

KATIE'S SEVERED HEAD

Hey, Jerry, can you get me a friend?

JERRY

A friend?

KATIE'S SEVERED HEAD

Someone to play with. Someone like me.

JERRY

Kill someone? On purpose?

KATIE'S SEVERED HEAD

Yes!

JERRY

I don't know.

KATIE'S SEVERED HEAD

Please, Jerry? It would mean everything. Pleeeeeeeeeeeeeeease?

Jerry locks eyes with her, and in his best "daddy's got a secret" face, he smiles and nods his consent.

KATIE'S SEVERED HEAD (CONT'D)

Oh thank you thank you thank you  
thank you I love you Jerry.

Jerry winks at Katie's severed head, then goes back to eating his cereal. On the floor Bosco and Mr. Whiskers exchange a glance: the Old Jerry is back! After a couple bites, he asks a question with his mouth full:

JERRY

You're not just a hallucination? A product of my mental illness?

KATIE'S SEVERED HEAD

Does it matter, if you're happy?

Jerry shrugs. He's got his suspicions about his sanity; but more than that he's happy to be happy. And he's got a plan.



## INT. ACCOUNTING - DAY

Lisa, the sexy bohemian of Veedersburg Accounts Receivable, is in her cubicle, working intensely on a spreadsheet, when she sees the reflection of a man in the computer screen. First, she primps a little -- her manicured hands checking her hair, a quick check of the quality of her breath in her hand, and then she turns around and pretends to be startled when she sees Jerry.

LISA

Hi, Jerry.

JERRY

Hi, Lisa.

Jerry is trying to look sharp, the best he knows how, hair slicked back, T-shirt tucked in, and the way he leans on the cubicle is a studied James Dean slouch.

LISA

What's up big guy?

JERRY

I just happened to be over here, I thought I'd see what you're up to.

LISA

Same as always, figuring out how I can get out of here early tonight.

JERRY

Early? It's past five.

LISA

Oh! Want to grab a drink?

JERRY

Yeah. Want to go to Friday's?

LISA

Friday's kind of sucks on Tuesday. You ever been to Grover's Tavern?

JERRY

No.

LISA

You're going to love it.

## INT. GROVER'S TAVERN - NIGHT

A dark red-brick tavern with one pool table and a few booths; other than a couple drinkers at the bar and one table of telephone linemen Jerry and Lisa are the only customers. They sit at a booth in the back, separated by baskets half-full with fried things, and a few empty beer bottles and shot glasses.

LISA

-- and the divorce was final. He got the house and the car and I got the cat, and it was the best deal I ever made in my life.

JERRY

What kind of cat?

LISA

Part Siamese, part Tabby. From a rescue. Are you good with cats?

JERRY

The real question is: are cats good with me? Because they pretty much own us and not the other way around.

LISA

Oh, my God you've got that right. My cat -- if I don't do everything he wants me to do -- watch out! I tried dry cat food on him -- and he tore up my couch! Serves me right.

JERRY

They're very demanding.

LISA

Oh, yeah! What's your cat's name?

JERRY

Mr. Whiskers. And he is a son of a bitch. How about you?

Lisa laughs! Jerry's a funny guy -- and he likes cat!

LISA

My cat's a son of a bitch, too! Pig Head is his name, and Pig Head is what he is, hah hah!

JERRY

Pig Head!

LISA

Yeah. Oh yeah. You want to meet him? He's probably tearing up my apartment right now .. He's such a pighead.

JERRY

Okay.

LISA

Will you drive?

Jerry nods. He looks worried. Afraid.

INT. JERRY'S CAR - NIGHT

Winding rural Ohio roads. Jerry drives. Lisa babbles.

LISA

I don't really have any food in the apartment --

JERRY

Cat food.

LISA

Cat food, I got, but for you, if you're hungry -- I mean, I don't usually, I'm not in the habit of going home after one date, but, every so often you have to say, what the hell, right?

JERRY

Yeah. You have to cut loose.

LISA

Hey, that's my road. We should have turned.

JERRY

Oh. I want to go somewhere else.

LISA

Where?

JERRY

It's a surprise.

Lisa scoots over next to Jerry and puts a hand on his leg.

## EXT. ROAD - NIGHT

Jerry stops his truck next to an abandoned rural farmhouse, in a field overgrown with weeds. In the moonlight the farmhouse is equal parts romantic and terrifying.

Jerry and Lisa get out of the truck. It's cold enough to see their breath. Lisa shivers and puts her arm around Jerry. As they move closer together, we see that he holds in his hand a massive hunting knife, the same one he used to gut Katie. He sticks it into the pocket of his jacket on the opposite side from Lisa. She suspects nothing.

LISA  
You're so warm.

JERRY  
Uh huh.

LISA  
Where are we?

JERRY  
This is where I grew up.

LISA  
It's beautiful.

JERRY  
You think so?

LISA  
So romantic. What did you guys grow?

JERRY  
My grandfather used to grow corn but after he died we didn't grow anything. Mom just got disability checks.

LISA  
Can we go inside?

JERRY  
Do you want to?

LISA  
Oh yeah.

Lisa takes Jerry's hand and pulls him toward the front door.

## INT. JERRY'S CHILDHOOD HOME / LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

The front door creaks open and Jerry and Lisa go inside. It's a dusty home that's been abandoned for years. Jerry turns on a flashlight; its beam flits past a giant spider web and illuminates the living room, which still has a ratty old couch, and cast-iron coffee table, covered with dust and yellowed newspapers.

LISA  
Ooohhhhhhhh. This was your home?

JERRY  
Yep.

Jerry stares into the living room.

## INT. LIVING ROOM - FIFTEEN YEARS EARLIER - DAY

The same room, in good repair and daylight. WWF Wrestling plays on the television. JERRY'S MOTHER DENISE, 40's, prematurely gray, rail-thin, intense, stands in the doorway to the kitchen, arms folded. She winces at a CRACKING sound. Across from her TEENAGE JERRY'S wrists are lashed to the CAST-IRON COFFEE TABLE, and he is bent over at the waist, pants down. The CRACK comes from a wire hanger smashing into his bare bruised ass.

The wielder of the hanger is JERRY'S STEPFATHER, MACK, thirties, buff, an aluminum siding salesman and a man of great moral certainty and violence.

MACK  
Bunny Monkey is not real.

TEENAGE JERRY  
Bunny Monkey is my friend!

Mack lays into Teenage Jerry's ass with the hanger once again, drawing blood.

MACK  
You got to learn reality from  
fantasy, Jerry, you got to! It's  
just a sock.

Teenage Jerry grits his teeth and stares straight ahead: a sock monkey with rabbit ears gives him encouragement.

BUNNY MONKEY  
Be brave, Jerry!

TEENAGE JERRY  
I love you bunny monkey!

Mack lashes out again and again, bloodying Teenage Jerry's ass. Then Mack grabs the sock monkey and rips it apart.

MACK  
It's a sock, Jerry. A fucking sock!

But Jerry sees it differently: as Bunny Monkey is torn asunder by Mack, the brave little sock monkey whistles a defiant tune until he is only a pile of rags. Teen Jerry weeps as his fantasy friend is destroyed by his stepfather.

INT. JERRY'S CHILDHOOD HOME / LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Lisa holds tight to Jerry.

LISA  
A lot of memories, huh Jerry?

JERRY  
Yeah, a lot of memories.

LISA  
Not all good?

JERRY  
Nope.

She puts her hand around his waist.

LISA  
Can we look upstairs?

JERRY  
Okay.

They go up the stairs.

INT. JERRY'S CHILDHOOD HOME / UPSTAIRS HALLWAY - NIGHT

The floor is rickety and someone has graffitied the walls. Beer cans and cigarette butts litter the floor. Holding each other tight, Jerry and Lisa creep down the hall.

They come to a door that has been kicked in; Jerry freezes in place and looks through the door.

INT. JERRY'S MOTHER'S ROOM - FIFTEEN YEARS EARLIER - DAY

Teenage Jerry sits on the side of the bed where his mother rests.

JERRY'S MOTHER  
They're coming for me Jerry.

TEENAGE JERRY  
I'll stop them.

JERRY'S MOTHER  
It's too late. They already know.  
I told them.

TEENAGE JERRY  
What'd you tell them?

JERRY'S MOTHER  
I told them that sometimes I can  
hear the secret conversations of  
the world, things no one else  
hears, the animals and the angels  
talking to me.

TEENAGE JERRY  
Sometimes I hear them too, mom.

JERRY'S MOTHER  
I know you do, Jerry. Never tell  
anyone. I told them and they won't  
let me alone. Promise me you'll  
never tell. Promise!

TEENAGE JERRY  
I promise.

JERRY'S MOTHER  
Never! They don't understand.  
They can't understand. What's that  
sound?

She hears something, and points toward the window. Teenage Jerry walks to the window. Three cars slowly work their way up the gravel driveway: a sheriff's black and white; a white sedan marked with a County logo; and an ambulance.

JERRY  
It's them.

JERRY'S MOTHER  
I can't go back. I can't go back.  
I can't go back. I can't go back.

She puts out her arms; Jerry leans over the bed and hugs her. Jerry's mother pulls away. She pushes Jerry back. Then she grabs a drinking glass from her bedside table, smashes it, and jabs the glass into the side of her neck. However, she doesn't quite hit the artery. Her neck slowly oozes blood as she writhes in incredible pain.

JERRY'S MOTHER (CONT'D)

Finish it, Jerry. Free me. Free me. Before they get here. Do it.

JERRY

I love you, mommy!

Jerry takes the water glass and jabs it again and again into his mother's neck; blood gushes from her artery and her face turns ashen gray and her lips try to form words but she makes no sound, and then she crumples to the side and is still.

The door is kicked in. Two sheriff's deputies rush into the room, followed by a social worker and two EMT's.

Jerry stands by his mother's bed, covered in blood, broken glass in hand, seemingly guilty as sin. The cops taser him and he twitches violently before falling to the ground.

INT. JERRY'S CHILDHOOD HOME / UPSTAIRS HALLWAY - NIGHT

Jerry and Lisa stare into the empty room.

LISA

Oh, Jerry, what is it?

JERRY

My momma died in that room.

Lisa turns quite tender, running her hands through Jerry's hair. Tears form in her eyes.

LISA

I never told anyone what I'm going to tell you. I had an abusive father with all that entails.

(quiet)

Every kind of abuse. My mother was addicted to methadone and I was passed from family to family like an unwanted pet. Things happened.

JERRY

I'm sorry, Lisa.



LISA  
Bad things.

JERRY  
Oh, oh, oh no. That's so sad.

LISA  
Yes. But I also think that  
sometimes the worst circumstances  
make the best people. You come  
back from the brink, and the whole  
world is beautiful.

A long, pregnant pause. And then they kiss. Tentative at first, and then a real kiss, filled with tenderness and desire and the bond that only survivors share.

LISA (CONT'D)  
Take me home.

Lisa takes Jerry by the hand and leads him toward the stairs. BEHIND HIM, unseen by Lisa, Jerry drops his hunting knife, and the two walk down the rickety stairs, entwined.

INT. LISA'S BEDROOM AREA / STUDIO APARTMENT - NIGHT

Jerry and Lisa make love. He's inexperienced. She's okay with that and is gentle and patient. It's awkward but heartfelt.

INT. LISA'S BEDROOM AREA / STUDIO APARTMENT - DAWN

Pighead the cat awakens Lisa, who slips out of bed. The apartment is one giant room, with some room dividers. Jerry cracks open his eyes and watches her, naked in the morning sun, messy hair, self-assured, as she hugs her cat to herself; then walks to the kitchen area and puts cat food into a bowl. She feeds Pighead, then returns to the bed, climbing onto Jerry.

LISA  
That was a wonderful night, Jerry.

JERRY  
I think so too.

LISA  
I'm glad you asked me out.

Jerry hugs her.

LISA (CONT'D)  
 You're so mysterious. The first  
 time you came up to accounting I  
 could tell there was something deep  
 about you.

JERRY  
 Hmm.

LISA  
 You seem a million miles away.  
 What's on your mind?

JERRY  
 Our night turned out a lot  
 different than I had expected.

LISA  
 Different, good?

JERRY  
 Definitely. I don't feel alone.

LISA  
 Me neither.

She kisses him.

LISA (CONT'D)  
 We have to get going.

JERRY  
 Work!

LISA  
 I know it seems like the last thing  
 on earth I want to think about.

JERRY  
 I have to feed my cat and my dog.  
 They're going to be furious.

LISA  
 You have to take me to my car.

JERRY  
 Okay.

EXT. PARKING LOT - LISA'S APARTMENT - DAY

Lisa walks with Jerry toward his truck. She sees the dent in  
 his bumper.

LISA  
What happened there?

JERRY  
Deer. You should have seen it. It  
broke the windshield too. I got  
that fixed first.

LISA  
I didn't notice last night.

JERRY  
It was dark.

They get into his truck.

EXT. BAR PARKING LOT / GROVER'S TAVERN - DAY

Jerry and Lisa kiss goodbye.

LISA  
Come up to accounting, maybe this  
afternoon, okay?

JERRY  
I'll try.

LISA  
Do it. Pretend like you're  
delivering something. We can make  
out in the copy room.

JERRY  
I'll try.

She walks to her car. Jerry drives away.

INT. JERRY'S APARTMENT - DAY

Jerry enters. Bosco races over and leaps on Jerry, tail  
wagging, giving him a big slobbery kiss.

BOSCO  
You're home, you're home, the man  
is back, the man is back and he got  
laid! Bring her home, I want to  
smell her crotch. Smells  
deeeelicious.

Mr. Whiskers is more stand-offish, staring at Jerry from a  
perch atop the couch. He's hungry and angry.

MR. WHISKERS

Where the fuck's my fucking food,  
fuck face?

Jerry ignores Mr. Whiskers, and scratches Bosco's ears.

JERRY

That's a good boy, good boy, good  
boy.

Mr. Whiskers plops down off the couch and stands stock-still  
on the ground, staring at the disgusting human-canine public  
display of affection, until Jerry catches his eye.

MR. WHISKERS

Food!

JERRY

Hey Mr. Whiskers.

MR. WHISKERS

Food! Now!

Jerry starts walking toward the kitchen.

MR. WHISKERS (CONT'D)

I left you a gift on the sofa, a  
little reminder of why you can't  
leave us alone without FOOD God  
damn it.

Right in the middle of the couch in a big hairy cat turd.

INT. JERRY'S KITCHEN - DAY

Jerry happily hums to himself, no particular tune, just love  
coming through, he feeds Mr. Whiskers, he feeds Bosco, it's a  
beautiful morning. And then he opens the fridge: inside is  
Katie's severed head.

KATIE'S SEVERED HEAD

Hi Jerry.

He slams the fridge door. Stops humming.

BOSCO

What's the matter buddy?

JERRY

What am I supposed to do?

BOSCO

I don't know.

MR. WHISKERS  
Same as always: pretend like  
everything's fine.

JERRY  
Really?

MR. WHISKERS  
It got you this far, didn't it?

Jerry nods slowly, the weight of the world on his shoulders.

INT. VEEDERSBURG FIXTURES - FACTORY FLOOR - DAY

Lost in thought, Jerry loads tubs. Dennis Kowalski walks over.

DENNIS  
Hey, Jerry?

JERRY  
What?

DENNIS  
They need you up in accounting.  
Some problem with payroll or  
something.

Jerry skulks off the factory floor.

INT. ACCOUNTING - DAY

Jerry walks over to Lisa's cubicle. She's fluffed her hair, and her silk camisole peeks out from her unbuttoned blouse.

LISA  
(superhot come on)  
I found some irregularities in your  
records and we need to do an audit.

JERRY  
You did?

LISA  
Come with me.

INT. COPY ROOM - DAY

Jerry and Lisa make out like bandits in the cluttered copy room, not much bigger than a closet. She takes his hand and sticks it under her skirt and grinds against him.

There's a knock at the door. They both straighten out the best they can.

LISA

Come in!

It's her coworker, ALISON, 33. It's perfectly clear what's going on but no one wants to acknowledge it.

LISA (CONT'D)

Thank you Jerry for uh for foxing  
the kippier, I mean fuxing the  
clappier --

ALISON

I can make a copy later.

LISA

No that's okay.

Lisa and Jerry laugh, then --

JERRY

I gotta go.

And with that Jerry leaves. Alison pulls the door shut.

ALISON

He is so cute! Lisa! You dog!

LISA

Woof, woof. Are you still doing  
payroll?

ALISON

Yeah, I'm a payroll lifer, why?

LISA

I want Jerry's address. I'm going  
to take him a little gift. A  
whoopee cake or something.

ALISON

You could just ask him.

LISA

I want it to be a surprise.

ALISON

Okay. But if he has a brother I  
get first dibs.

LISA

Deal.

They leave the photocopy room just as a male supervisor is passing by, who shoots them a dirty look.

INT. JERRY'S APARTMENT - EVENING

Jerry's eating a Budget Gourmet TV dinner while watching television news with Bosco and Mr. Whiskers.

ON THE TELEVISION:

INT. NEWS SET - DAY

Two preternaturally polished Action News Reporters -- NED and TINA -- chuckle about a cutesy story.

NED

That's a lot of cheese sandwiches  
to eat in one sitting! Forty-one!

TINA

That tiny Sonya Thomas always wins!  
(long dramatic pause)  
And now a grimmer story. A missing  
Veedersburg woman -- murdered.

NED

So sad!

TINA

A beautiful and beloved member of  
the community cut down in her  
prime. Correspondent Sarah Hammer  
has an Action News Exclusive -- the  
woman may have been the victim of a  
Serial Killer!

INT. JERRY'S APARTMENT - CONTINUOUS - EVENING

Jerry puts down his food and watches the television intently.  
Mr. Whiskers and Bosco lean forward, too.

SARAH HAMMER (O.S.)

Katherine Pollard was beautiful.  
Single. Hard-working. Pillar of  
the community. And murdered by an  
unidentified assailant that  
Veedersburg Detective Weinbacher  
believes may be a serial killer.

MR. WHISKERS  
Holy fucking shit! Jerry, you're  
a serial killer!

BOSCO  
No he isn't.

JERRY  
Shhhh!

ON THE TELEVISION:

INT. POLICE STATION - DAY / INTERCUT

A news interview in Detective Weinbacher's manly office.

DETECTIVE WEINBACHER  
With the aid of the FBI we have  
developed a profile of the unknown  
killer. Male, late twenties or  
early thirties, white, lower or  
middle class. Trouble fitting in.

MR. WHISKERS  
That's you, Jerry!

SARAH HAMMER  
Will he kill again?

DETECTIVE WEINBACHER  
If he's not stopped soon there's  
every indication he will kill  
again.

ANGLE ON JERRY, MR. WHISKERS AND BOSCO

JERRY  
No! No! Oh my God.

ANGLE TO INCLUDE TELEVISION

We're now in Jerry's point of view, and Detective Weinbacher  
directly addresses him, staring straight out of the T.V.

DETECTIVE WEINBACHER  
You hear that, punk? You're a  
killer. A serial killer.

JERRY  
I don't want to be a killer.



DETECTIVE WEINBACHER  
Too late shitbag. No turning  
back. You're a stone-cold  
murdering maniac.

Jerry turns off the television.

MR. WHISKERS  
Told you so.

JERRY  
Told me so what?

MR. WHISKERS  
I told you you like killing. And  
now the cops say the same thing.

Jerry hangs his head in shame.

KATIE (O.S.)  
Jerry! Jerry! Jerry! Jerry!

He stands, walks to the kitchen, and opens the fridge. Katie  
winks at him.

KATIE'S SEVERED HEAD  
What're they saying about you baby?

JERRY  
I'm a killer.

KATIE'S SEVERED HEAD  
Take me out. Let's talk about it.

He grabs her head and carries it to the coffee table in front  
of the couch; Bosco and Mr. Whiskers sit on the floor on  
either side of her. Jerry sinks into the couch.

JERRY  
What if I am?

KATIE'S SEVERED HEAD  
A serial killer?

JERRY  
Yes.

KATIE'S SEVERED HEAD  
Is it something you are -- like  
having brown eyes, or being right-  
handed -- or is it something you  
choose, like being an accountant?

JERRY  
I wish I knew.

BOSCO  
You can still make the choice,  
Jerry, you're still a good man.

JERRY  
I try to be a good man. I want to  
be a good man. But then there's  
the cat --

MR. WHISKERS  
Fuck you, blaming it on me.

JERRY  
No! Hear me out. I know what is  
good. I want to lead a righteous  
and just life and be an upstanding  
member of the community. But then  
Mr. Whiskers makes me do bad  
things.

KATIE'S SEVERED HEAD  
The cat was nowhere near when you  
killed me.

MR. WHISKERS  
See? See?? Thank you, lady-head.

JERRY  
I know right from wrong. I try to  
be good. But when I do certain  
horrible things, I am filled with  
terror and dread, standing outside  
myself. Even though I know what  
I've done I also feel like -- it  
wasn't me.

BOSCO  
Wow, Buddy. Pretty complicated  
inside the human mind, huh?

KATIE'S SEVERED HEAD  
You killed me. You.

JERRY  
I know, but I want to be good! In  
some sense it wasn't me at all! It  
was --

MR. WHISKERS  
You going to say it was me?

JERRY  
I don't know!

MR. WHISKERS  
Let's say it was me, just for  
purposes of argument. But you know  
that I'm not a talking cat.  
There's no such thing. Everything  
I say -- is really you.

JERRY  
What?

MR. WHISKERS  
Come on. You know that.

BOSCO  
Me too. Dogs can't talk.

KATIE'S SEVERED HEAD  
Me too. Ever since you killed me,  
everything I say -- is you. A  
severed head can't talk, silly man!

JERRY  
I kind of suspected. But if  
there's me, regular me, me who is  
talking now, and I want to be  
good... and then there's you and  
you and you, trying to make me do  
something else, am I good?

KATIE'S SEVERED HEAD  
No. You're bad.

BOSCO  
She's wrong. You're a good boy.

MR. WHISKERS  
They're both wrong: you are what  
you are.

Jerry takes Mr. Whiskers onto his lap.

JERRY  
I remember now why I keep you, Mr.  
Whiskers. That's it. I am what I  
am.

The DOORBELL rings. Bosco barks. Mr. Whiskers jumps on the  
couch.

BOSCO  
Intruder! Someone's here!  
Intruder! Intruder! I got your  
back Jerry!

JERRY  
Quiet! Quiet Bosco!

BOSCO  
Doing my job, protecting the  
homefront. Intruder! Intruder!  
Arf! Intruder!

JERRY  
Shhh! Quiet!

Jerry checks the peephole.

JERRY'S P.O.V.

Through the fisheye lens he sees Lisa, on the landing of the  
outdoor stairs, holding a cake box.

INSIDE

Jerry whispers "shit!" And grabs Bosco by the collar.

JERRY (CONT'D)  
Just a minute -- just a minute -- I  
have to put my dog away --

BOSCO  
That's her! I can smell her! I have  
to smell her butt, Jerrrrry,  
please!

JERRY  
No! Bad Bosco! Go. Go!

Jerry shoves Bosco and Mr. Whiskers into the bedroom and  
slams the door. He runs his fingers through his hair,  
approaches the door, and then at the last second his eye  
catches Katie's severed head --

KATIE'S SEVERED HEAD  
Hi Jerry!

JERRY  
Damn it!

He tosses a windbreaker over Katie's head, then opens the  
front door a crack, and sees Lisa standing outside. She's  
dressed provocatively, and holds a cake.

LISA  
Hey, Jerry.

JERRY  
Hey, Lisa.

Jerry steps out onto the landing.

EXT. VFED RSBURG BOWL NG LAN S -- NIGHT

The door closes behind Jerry. His landing is atop a set of stairs above the bowling alley; Jerry and Lisa are framed by the decrepit sign and a graffiti-covered, nonfunctional neon bowling ball and pin. Lisa kisses Jerry hello. His hair is a mess; she runs her fingers through it.

LISA  
I didn't mean to surprise you --

JERRY  
I'm glad you stopped by.

LISA  
I'm imposing. I can tell.

JERRY  
You look beautiful.

LISA  
Thank you. You look -- delicious.

JERRY  
I am so happy I met you.

LISA  
Oh, Jerry.

JERRY  
I'm serious. I feel like the luckiest guy in Veedersburg.

He means it. Lisa can tell. She blushes.

LISA  
I brought you a cake.

JERRY  
You are so amazing, Lisa.

LISA  
Do you have company? Am I interrupting?

JERRY  
No, it's just ... what you heard  
is, I talk to my pets sometimes. A  
lot of the time. All the time.

LISA  
Me too.

JERRY  
And they talk to me.

LISA  
I totally know what you mean.

JERRY  
Thank you for the cake.

He tries the doorknob. It's locked.

LISA  
Are you locked out?

JERRY  
It's okay. I'll get in somehow.  
You don't have to wait for me.

LISA  
Okay. I thought --

JERRY  
I should invite you in. I want to,  
but it's a disaster in there.

LISA  
Okay.

JERRY  
Plus I'm locked out.

LISA  
Do you want me to wait while you  
try to get back in?

JERRY  
No, that's okay.

LISA  
I don't mind. Really. It's not  
like I have a life -- ha ha. How  
are you planning to get in?

JERRY  
There's a skylight. I can just  
climb up there.

LISA  
I'm pretty good a getting into  
places because I always forget my  
keys.

JERRY  
No! I'll go through the skylight.

Jerry stands on the railing to the stairs; then he pulls  
himself up to the roof.

EXT. BOWLING ALLEY ROOF - NIGHT

A big industrial roof, covered with tar paper; a few vents  
stick out, and there's some trash and bottles around, the  
random crap that accumulates on a roof. Jerry crosses to an  
ancient skylight, that's corroded right into the frame in  
which it sits. He sees down into his bedroom; Mr. Whiskers  
and Bosco look back up at him. He plunks down next to the  
skylight and tries to pry it open. It doesn't budge.

EXT. VFED RSBURG BOWL NG LAN S -- NIGHT

Lisa hears Jerry lumbering around on the roof.

LISA  
Jerry? You okay?

JERRY (O.S.)  
Yes! Fine. Fine!

She reaches into her purse and pulls out a credit card. She  
slips it between the door and the jamb and slips it around,  
up and down, back and forth. It opens the latch.

LISA  
Jerry? Hey, Jerry!

EXT. BOWLING ALLEY ROOF - NIGHT

Jerry pounds on the skylight, growing angrier and more  
frustrated by the second. He doesn't hear Lisa.

EXT. VFED RSBURG BOWL NG LAN S -- NIGHT

Lisa pushes the door open an inch.

LISA  
Jerry! I got it open!!

She peers in.

INT. JERRY'S APARTMENT - LISA'S P.O.V.

Just a messy apartment. Nothing horrific on first glance. And then -- the bedroom door pops open -- and Bosco bolts straight at the door.

BACK TO SCENE / EXT. VFED RSBURG BOWL NG LAN S - NIGHT

Bosco jumps on the door with both paws -- forces it open -- runs onto the porch and charges straight at Lisa's crotch, jamming his nose right in to her pudendum for a long, deep whiff. He's not talking -- he's just a dog now. Lisa drops her purse and grabs Bosco's collar.

LISA

Jerry!

EXT. BOWLING ALLEY ROOF - NIGHT

Jerry's intensely focused on trying to pry open the skylight and still doesn't hear Lisa calling him.

EXT. VFED RSBURG BOWL NG LAN S -- NIGHT

Bosco tries to escape. Lisa hangs on tight to his collar.

LISA

Come on boy, don't run away, come on, let's put you back in.

Lisa, focused on handling the dog and not on her surroundings, drags Bosco into the apartment.

INT. JERRY'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Lisa drags the rambunctious Bosco through the apartment toward the bedroom. The apartment, now seen objectively, is a bleak, horrific mess. Blood is smeared in the least-expected places. Clothes and rotting food are everywhere. Lisa notices none of this -- she's staring at Bosco --

LISA

Come on. Let's go. Boy -- come on -- going to put you back where you were -- let's go --

With her foot she pushes open the bedroom door, and then enters.



## INT. JERRY'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Lisa pulls Bosco into the bedroom. She gags on the foul odor. Then she looks up. Jerry is staring straight back at her from the skylight. He looks ... different. Scarier.

## EXT. BOWLING ALLEY ROOF - NIGHT

Jerry sees Lisa in his bedroom and immediately stops trying to open the skylight, and instead bolts for the edge of the roof.

## INT. JERRY'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Lisa finally pauses long enough to see Jerry's bedroom as it objectively is, a filthy, freaky mess, Forty Year Old Virgin meets Texas Chainsaw Massacre. She is appalled. It takes her breath away. She lets go of Bosco, who immediately jams his nose back into her crotch.

LISA

Get away! Get away!

Lisa backs out of the bedroom into --

## INT. JERRY'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

And now, she sees. The blood. The mess. The stains. The cat shit. The dog shit. The rotting food. The filth. The windbreaker covering Katie's severed head -- Lisa's eyes go wide with fear -- in spite of the size, the shape, the darkening oily bloodstain, Lisa does not let herself believe what she sees.

And then, behind her, Jerry enters. She slowly turns to face him. Jerry is pained that she saw him at his worst.

JERRY

Lisa, I can explain.

LISA

Jerry, Jerry, no. I'm going to leave. I shouldn't have come in --

JERRY

This is not me. I mean this is not what I'm really like.

LISA

I apologize.

She starts for the door. Jerry, embarrassed and overwhelmed, cuts off her progress.

JERRY

No. No. Lisa -- I -- I -- give me  
a chance to explain --

Lisa backs into the apartment, as Jerry walks toward her.

JERRY (CONT'D)

I'm basically a good person. I try  
to do the right thing. I'm not a  
bad guy. And, Lisa, I think I love  
you.

LISA

Oh, Jerry --

And then Lisa backs right into the coffee table, and knocks Katie's severed head over backwards, and the windbreaker falls off. Katie's not talking, she's not even a "she", it's a thing, a nine-day-old severed human head, as gray as a beef roast past its fresh date, eyes caved in, cheeks sunk, mouth flapping open to reveal blackening gums and molars.

Lisa SCREAMS.

JERRY

Noooooo!

Jerry's eyes are filled with the shock of seeing one's secrets splattered open for all the world to see, a deep and epic humiliation beyond anything he's yet experienced, as in one instant the woman who moments ago believed he was a big sweet guy now knows for certain he's a psychotic killer.

Lisa SCREAMS again.

Jerry hyperventilates. Mr. Whiskers jumps up on the couch and begins yelling at him --

MR. WHISKERS

Kill her! Kill her Jerry! Fucking  
bitch never liked you anyway!

JERRY

No, I can't, I can't!

Lisa runs out the door.

MR. WHISKERS

If she gets away the whole world  
will know, the whole world, Jerry!

(MORE)

MR. WHISKERS (CONT'D)  
Everyone will know you're a crazy  
perv killer!

Jerry runs out the door.

EXT. VFED RSBURG BOWL NG LAN S -- NIGHT

Lisa runs down the stairs. Jerry chases her.

Lisa gets to her car -- no purse, no keys. She looks up -- her purse is on the landing. There is no traffic. No people. She is all alone with Jerry, and he's coming after her like a freight train. Lisa races into the field next to the parking lot, running for her life.

EXT. FIELD - NIGHT

Lisa runs at top speed. Jerry lumbers after her. She gets to the end of the field. Looks both ways. To her right is a ravine. To her left is a thicket of trees. She races toward the ravine.

EXT. RAVINE - NIGHT

Lisa skillfully darts down the ravine. Jerry's right behind her. Low-hanging branches scrape across her face and scratch up her skin but she's tough and keeps at it. Jerry is right behind her. He stumbles. Jerry crashes down the steep ravine, falling onto Lisa.

It's a hard landing.

JERRY  
Oh my God. Oh my God. Oh my God.

Jerry pulls himself up. He's a fucked-up mess. He looks at Lisa. She's got a compound fracture to her left femur, bone sticking out, blood everywhere, and is going into shock.

LISA  
Jerry. Help me. Please.

He stares at her for a long, uncomfortable time. Tears stream down Jerry's face as he leans over Lisa's broken body. He kisses her on each cheek. She's terrified.

JERRY  
Lisa -- I love you.

And then, Jerry strangles Lisa. It takes a long time. And after she's dead, he lies down next to her body and weeps.

EXT. FIELD - NIGHT

Jerry drags Lisa's body across the field back to his apartment.

EXT. VFIELD RSBURG BOWL NG LAN S -- NIGHT

Jerry drags Lisa's body up the external staircase, leaving a huge blood smear behind him.

INT. JERRY'S KITCHEN - NIGHT

Jerry listlessly cuts up Lisa's body. Puts her head in the fridge. Puts Katie's head in the fridge next to it. They don't talk to him. Then Jerry gets back to the joyless work of cutting her up and putting the parts into a trash bag. He's almost overcome with a sobbing fit but keeps it together and continues his macabre work.

INT. JERRY'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Jerry, covered in blood and torn up from his death race through the woods, swigs generic vodka straight from a 1.5 liter bottle. Mr. Whiskers and Bosco hop up on the bed next to him, and they are drunk off their asses, too.

MR. WHISKERS

Shit, did whatcha hadda do man,  
figure it out in the morning, meow  
meow it's all come out in the wash,  
purrurr, purrrrr.

BOSCO

Errryone's still gonna love you  
Jerry anybody woulda done uh same  
thing, yurra same guy you wurr  
afore, itsonna be okay.

Jerry passes out.

INT. ACCOUNTING - AFTERNOON

Alison from payroll peers into Lisa's cubicle. No one is there. She leans into Dana from Personnel's cubicle.

ALISON

Hey Dana --

DANA

Yeah?

ALISON  
You seen Lisa today?

DANA  
Nope.

ALISON  
She's not answering her phone,  
either.

DANA  
She went out with that guy Jerry  
from shipping.

ALISON  
I know.

DANA  
How much do you know?

ALISON  
They were seeing each other.

DANA  
About him I mean.

ALISON  
What's there to know?

DANA  
Go to the Veedersburg News web  
site. July 9th, 1997. Front page.

He hands her a Post-it.

INT. ALISON'S CUBICLE - DAY

Alison's computer screen shows the *Veedersburg News* headline,  
"Local Man Charged in Murder of Mother", next to a picture of  
Jerry. She's appalled.

EXT. VFED RSBURG BOWL NG LAN S PARKING LOT - TWILIGHT

Alison drives into the bowling alley parking lot and parks  
her Subaru next to Lisa's car. She gets out. Walks to  
Lisa's car. It's locked. She peers inside. She heads  
toward the outdoor stairway that leads to Jerry's apartment.

## INT. JERRY'S KITCHEN - TWILIGHT

Jerry is hung over, hair askew, shirt stained, ten-o'clock shadow. He dumps some dry dog food into the dog bowl, then dumps out a can of cat food into the cat bowl. As his pets eat he opens the fridge and pulls out a carton of milk, stopping briefly to stare at the two severed heads on his top shelf before swigging milk straight from the carton.

He closes the fridge, opens a can of tuna, and starts eating right from the can. Bosco abruptly stops eating --

BOSCO

Danger! Danger! Danger!

Bosco races into the living room. Jerry puts down his tuna and follows Bosco; Mr. Whiskers pretends to be indifferent, but then can't help himself and races after them.

## INT. JERRY'S LIVING ROOM - TWILIGHT

Bosco's freaking out; even Mr. Whiskers is a little excited.

BOSCO

Intruder! Intruder! Human in the parking lot!

MR. WHISKERS

Have some dignity, dog breath,  
don't pee yourself.

(to Jerry)

What is it, Jerr?

JERRY

I don't know.

Jerry peers through the peephole in the door.

## JERRY'S P.O.V. THROUGH PEEPHOLE - TWILIGHT

A fish-eye view of the parking lot. Alison walks around Lisa's car, staring in the windows, concerned.

## BACK TO SCENE - JERRY'S LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS - TWILIGHT

Jerry pulls away from the door and walks in worried circles in his living room.

JERRY (CONT'D)

A woman from work.

BOSCO

This could be it, buddy.

JERRY  
You think?

BOSCO  
She knows. She'll tell. And  
that'll be that.

JERRY  
Oh, crap.

BOSCO  
You could turn yourself in.

MR. WHISKERS  
What the fuck?

BOSCO  
Sure. Cops are people, too.  
They'll be reasonable.

MR. WHISKERS  
Okay, now it's official: the dog is  
retarded.

JERRY  
What do you think I should do?

MR. WHISKERS  
Talk to her. Make her go away.

BOSCO  
He can't talk his way out of this.

MR. WHISKERS  
Muzzle yourself, Dog-Tard.

JERRY  
Seriously, what if she doesn't  
believe me?

MR. WHISKERS  
You'll think of something.

Mr. Whiskers has an evil gleam in his eye. Off Jerry --

EXT. VFED RSBURG BOWL NG LAN S - TWO MINUTES LATER - TWILIGHT

Alison stares in the rear window of Lisa's car when she hears a door SLAM. She looks up: walking down the outside stairway is Jerry, trying his best to act casual. Tucked in his rear pocket is a big, bloody knife, with a chunk of dried scalp on it. (Alison doesn't see it, yet.) Alison is nervous, vexed - verging on scared.

JERRY

Hi.

ALISON

Oh, hi.

JERRY

Bowling alley's closed.

ALISON

I know. Uh, my name's Alison? I work with Lisa? At Veedersburg Fixtures? In accounting.

JERRY

I know. I work there too. Jerry. Packing and Shipping.

ALISON

Um, Jerry? Lisa didn't come to work -- I saw her car and I wondered if maybe you knew where she was?

JERRY

Sure I do. She's upstairs. In my apartment.

Alison is relieved.

ALISON

Really?

JERRY

Yes. We had a date.

ALISON

Lisa had a date -- with you?

JERRY

Yes.

ALISON

And she's really just upstairs in your apartment?

JERRY

Yes. Right up those stairs.

Alison sighs.

ALISON

Can I talk to her?



JERRY  
She's kind of indisposed. It might  
be -- embarrassing.

ALISON  
I'm such a dork. You and Lisa are --

JERRY  
Yes, we are. Exactly.

ALISON  
My bad. I'm very happy for both of  
you. I apologize for prying.

Even as Alison apologizes, she harbors some doubt.

JERRY  
No problem. We're okay?

ALISON  
Sure. We're okay.

Alison walks toward her own car. Jerry starts toward the stairs. Alison looks over her shoulder one last time --

-- and sees the knife in Jerry's back pocket. Alison SCREAMS. She suspected -- she feared -- now she knows.

Jerry turns, locks eyes with Alison, and in that instant realizes Alison now views him with contempt and hatred.

Jerry charges toward Alison; she runs into the field. Jerry follows. He pulls the knife out of his pocket and flicks off a bit of scalp, then lumbers into the field after Alison. He's not angry; he's just a man with a job to do.

CUT TO:

INT. JERRY'S APARTMENT / KITCHEN - DAY

Jerry saws off Alison's head. While he's hacking away, Mr. Whiskers and Bosco stand and watch. He finally cuts all the way through her neck; then lifts her head by the hair and carries it toward the refrigerator.

Bosco stands between Jerry and the fridge.

BOSCO  
Hey, Jerry.

JERRY  
What?

BOSCO

Remember last week, you were having kind of a tough day, after killing that first girl? You said there's an invisible line that separates good from evil, and you thought you'd crossed it. And I said, "no! you're a good boy!" Remember?

JERRY

Yes, I remember. So what?

BOSCO

I've changed my opinion.

JERRY

Now you think I'm evil, Bosco?

BOSCO

I'm certain of it.

Bosco walks away, leaving Jerry to consider this judgment against him from his dog. He is, after all, still holding Alison's severed head. Mr. Whiskers pads across to Jerry--

MR. WHISKERS

Welcome to my world, Jerry!

JERRY

I'm not sure I want to go there.

MR. WHISKERS

You're already there. Fuck the dog.  
Become what you're meant to become.

Jerry thinks about this, then puts Alison's head into his refrigerator, on the shelf below Katie and Lisa's heads. Jerry stands back admires the heads. For a long time they are perfectly immobile, old gray meat on the refrigerator shelf. Then, Katie opens her eyes, followed by Lisa, then Alison; color returns to their cheeks; they wake up.

Katie's severed head winks at Jerry.

JERRY

What do you think I should do,  
Katie?

KATIE'S SEVERED HEAD

You can't go back to work, but you can't stay here, either. Maybe now's a good time to see if the cat knows what he's talking about.

MR. WHISKERS  
Me-ow to that!

JERRY  
You think I should just go kill  
people for no reason?

MR. WHISKERS  
For the pleasure it brings.

Jerry thinks about it. Closes the fridge. Looks at Bosco's big sad eyes. Then at the cat, who is happier than ever.

EXT. VFED RSBURG BOWL NG LAN S PARKING LOT - DAY

Jerry chains Alison's car to the bumper of his F-150. Lisa's car is parked next to it.

EXT. RIVER BANK - A FEW HOURS LATER - DAY

Jerry's F-150 is parked at the river. He unchains Lisa's car from the bumper. Nearby, Alison's car is parked on the muddy river bank. Jerry walks to the rear of Alison's car and tries to push it into the river. It rolls forward a few feet then sinks.

INT. JERRY'S TRUCK / RIVER BANK - FIVE MINUTES LATER - DAY

Jerry revs his truck's engine, then engages the transmission, shoving Lisa's car into the river. He watches it sink.

EXT. VFED RSBURG BOWL NG LAN S -- DAY

Pouring rain. A handsome Mini pulls into the parking lot and stops. Alison's coworker DANA gets out; he's wearing full rain gear and carries an umbrella. He's terrified. Slowly Dana walks up the stairway toward Jerry's door. He knocks and is answered with FURIOUS BARKING and SHRILL MEWING.

DANA  
Alison?

No answer, except for animal noises. He tries the door. It's unlocked. He opens the door part way; Bosco immediately RACES OUT, growling. Dana backs against the porch railing and drops his umbrella. Dana's getting soaked.

Mangy Bosco is too weak to attack. He humps it down the stairs, then into the field. Bosco's followed shortly by sickly Mr. Whiskers, who runs right past Dana.

Dana leans in the door; the stench is overpowering. He gets one glance inside and sees enough. He staggers back down the stairway, and throws up.

EXT. PARKING LOT - LISA'S APARTMENT - DAY - RAIN

Jerry sits on top of the cab of his truck as he is pelted with hail, staring toward Lisa's apartment. When he's had enough, he slides down to the hood, jumps down and gets back into the cab.

INT. JERRY'S TRUCK / PARKING LOT - DAY

Jerry sits inside his truck, staring at Lisa's apartment building and dripping. His phone RINGS and he jumps, startled by the shrill Macarena ring tone. He answers.

JERRY

Hello?

DR. WEST

(telephone)

Jerry? It's Dr. West. Are you coming in today?

JERRY

Yeah yeah yeah, I forgot, I'm sorry, I hate to miss our session, I'm coming right over.

Jerry straightens his hair in the truck's rear-view mirror -- as if neat hair will somehow make up for the bloodshot eyes and the soaked-to-the-bone clothes. Then he drives away.

INT. DR. WEST'S PSYCHIATRIC PRACTICE OFFICE - DAY

Dr. West sits at her desk filing government paperwork when the BUZZER sounds. She looks out the window and sees Jerry standing in the rain by the door. She hits a button.

DR. WEST

Jerry -- I'm buzzing you in!

Some CLUNKING and then the door opens and Jerry enters. His boots are muddy and his jacket sopping wet and his eyes are wild -- but his hair is neat.

JERRY

Hi.

DR. WEST  
You're soaking wet. Is this a good time for our session?

JERRY  
Yes. I have a lot of stuff I have to deal with right now.

DR. WEST  
What's going on, Jerry?

JERRY  
I stopped taking the drugs.

DR. WEST  
What? Why?

JERRY  
My cat made me.

DR. WEST  
Your cat made you.

JERRY  
Urrrr, no. Kind of. Mr. Whiskers did the talking -- but it was really me. See? I'm making progress. It's not the cat! I know that now.

DR. WEST  
Jerry. We had an agreement.

JERRY  
I'm sorry Dr. West! Forgive me! I'm bad. I'm an asshole.

DR. WEST  
Don't be so hard on yourself. I appreciate the honesty. I'm disappointed -- but it's not like you killed someone --

JERRY  
Uh --

DR. WEST  
Jerry?

JERRY  
Uh, it is. Kind of like that. Kind of like that, times three.

DR. WEST  
What are you saying, Jerry?

JERRY  
Three people, um, who aren't alive  
any more. Because of me.

DR. WEST  
Oh my God.

On sensing the danger, Dr. West becomes very calm; aware she's with a killer, she doesn't want to set him off. But underneath, she's terrified and looking for escape.

JERRY  
But I feel terrible about it. I  
need to tell someone.

DR. WEST  
Tell me. Jerry? I'm listening.

JERRY  
I have to start at the beginning.  
Do you know the macarena?

DR. WEST  
The dance? Sure. I know the  
macarena. Keep talking.

As she listens, Dr. West reaches below her desk and -- out of sight of Jerry -- pulls a cell phone out of her purse.

JERRY  
So I danced the macarena with this  
girl, you know? And then we were  
supposed to go to the pig races?  
And then -- Dr. West. What are you  
doing? Dr. West!

Jerry stands, and sees that Dr. West has her cell phone in her hands. Jerry pulls it away from her --

911 OPERATOR (O.S.)  
Nine one one what is the nature of  
your emergency?

JERRY  
Sorry. Wrong number.

DR. WEST  
Help me! I'm being held  
hostage.

911 OPERATOR (O.S.) (CONT'D)  
What's the matter ma'am?

Jerry takes her phone and smashes it under his boot. Then he yanks the land line out of the wall. He puts Dr. West in a headlock and lifts her up to her feet.

JERRY

It was an accident! I liked all of them and wish they were all alive. Do you have any packing tape?

DR. WEST

What? Why?

Jerry keeps Dr. West in a tight grip as he rummages through her desk, pulling out drawer after drawer until he finds some wide packing tape.

JERRY

I can't let you go. But I still need a lot of therapy.

CUT TO:

EXT. JERRY'S CHILDHOOD HOME - DAY - STORM

Jerry parks his truck at the edge of the fallow cornfield with a view of the farmhouse where he was raised. In the storm, the weeds, the decrepit home and Jerry's truck take on an ethereal beauty.

INT. JERRY'S TRUCK / CHILDHOOD HOME - DAY - STORM

Jerry sits in the driver's seat, talking to Dr. West, who is bound and gagged with packing tape in the passenger seat.

JERRY

We don't have much time so we have to get into the big issues.

Dr. West nods.

JERRY (CONT'D)

Do you believe in God?

Dr. West nods.

JERRY (CONT'D)

So do I. But I think He has it out for me. He cuts everyone else slack and then He shit all over me. And I want to know why.

Dr. West shakes her head, like she disagrees.

JERRY (CONT'D)  
 Why would God put a little boy in a home with a father like that? And make my mother lose herself so completely she wanted to die?

Dr. West shrugs.

JERRY (CONT'D)  
 I don't know either. But if He is all-powerful, God must be okay with me killing people.

Dr. West shakes her head in violent disagreement.

JERRY (CONT'D)  
 Ha! A shrink who wants to talk.

She smiles weakly and nods.

JERRY (CONT'D)  
 I'll untape you but only if we get the fast-track to mental health.

She nods. Jerry reaches into the back of the truck. Pulls out a Swiss Army Knife. Opens the scissor tool and carefully cuts through the tape binding Dr. West's mouth.

JERRY (CONT'D)  
 Start doing the silent shrink thing and I can't predict what I'll do.

She nods her consent. He gently pulls off the tape.

JERRY (CONT'D)  
 Let's get into it. Question one: God. And why he made me, me.

It is the psychotherapeutic command performance of all time, and West gives it her all:

DR. WEST  
 Okay. God. I think, the world and everything in it and the way things turn out -- is God's will. A God so large we can only understand him indirectly. We can comprehend his intentions only in hindsight.

JERRY  
 The fatalistic hopeless God.



DR. WEST

No, not really. See, God realized that people needed someone to lead by example, to walk the walk.

JERRY

You're talking about Jesus?

DR. WEST

Yes. Jesus is God-like perfection, but on a scale humans can understand.

JERRY

Like -- bowling a perfect game?

DR. WEST

Possibly. Sure. Like that.

JERRY

That kind of works for me. God -- perfection. Jesus -- same thing, but on a scale we can understand.

DR. WEST

Yes.

JERRY

We did God in forty-five seconds. Now: why do I hear voices?

DR. WEST

A lot of people hear voices. Or thoughts they can't stop.

JERRY

A lot of people?

DR. WEST

Yes. It might be a voice telling them that they're worthless or stupid. It could tell them to indulge every desire -- drink that drink, take that drug, follow every sexual impulse. Or it might be a cynical voice that says nothing matters, telling them that their efforts are insignificant.

JERRY

Do you hear things like that?

DR. WEST

I have thoughts. Not exactly the same as you, but close enough. When I'm afraid or insecure, I have thoughts telling me I'm fat, that psychotherapy isn't a worthwhile endeavor, that it's not "real". These voices tell me I should have aimed higher than a government job, that my potential was squandered ... and that I'm unworthy of love.

JERRY

But none of that is true. What do you do about it?

DR. WEST

I can't shut it off entirely -- nor would I want to -- but I can argue against it. Just because you have thoughts, doesn't mean you have to act on them.

JERRY

*I don't have to act on them ...*  
That's it. This is like ten years of therapy in ten minutes.

Jerry starts up the truck.

DR. WEST

Where are we going?

JERRY

Home. Feed my pets. I think I can handle them now. Aslong as I don't obey then.

DR. WEST

What are you going to do with me?

JERRY

I don't know.

A tear rolls down Dr. West's cheek.

INT. VEEDERSBURG TOWNSHIP POLICE DEPARTMENT - NIGHT

Dana BUZZES a buzzer at the bullet-proof window. A rookie DESK CLERK crosses to the window.

DANA

I'd like to report an emergency.

CLERK  
What kind of emergency?

DANA  
Murder? Maybe two or three.

The Clerk stares at Dana as if he's kidding. He's not.

EXT. VFED RSBURG BOWL NG LAN S -- NIGHT

Jerry carries Dr. West, fireman style, over his shoulder up the stairs to his apartment. The door is flapping open.

INT. JERRY'S APARTMENT / LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Jerry puts Dr. West -- hands and feet bound -- on the couch. She SCREAMS.

DR. WEST  
Jerry oh my God what have you done--

JERRY  
Shut up --

DR. WEST  
Let me go for God's sake -- what  
are you going to do -- what are you  
going to do?

JERRY  
I told you I don't know what I'm  
going to do.  
(yelling)  
Mr. Whiskers! Bosco! Bosco! Mr.  
Whiskers!  
(panicked)  
Wait here. My pets need me.

Jerry grabs a roll of electrical tape and seals up Dr. West's mouth once again; then leaves.

EXT. WOODS - RAIN - NIGHT

Jerry wanders the woods, yelling:

JERRY  
Mr. Whiskers! Bosco! Mr.  
Whiskers! Bosco! Mr. Whiskers!  
Bosco! Bosco! Mr. Whiskers!  
Bosco! Bosco! Boscooooo! Mr.  
Whiskers! Bosco! Boscooooo!

As Jerry clears a tree, he's nearly knocked down by Bosco, bounding happily toward him.

JERRY (CONT'D)  
Bosco! Thatta boy!

Jerry kneels down in the mud and lets Bosco lick the rain off of his face.

BOSCO  
I love you I love you I love you I  
love you Jerry I love you.

JERRY  
I love you too Bosco. Come on boy.

Jerry grabs Bosco's collar and tows him out of the woods.

EXT. VFED RSBURG BOWL NG LAN S -- NIGHT

Jerry hauls Bosco across the parking lot.

JERRY  
Mr. Whiskers! Mr. Whiskers! Mr.  
Whiskers! Mr. Whiskers!

No response.

BOSCO  
I'm cold I'm wet I'm hungry.

JERRY  
I know you are boy.

Jerry hauls Bosco up the stairs and into the apartment.

INT. JERRY'S APARTMENT / LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Mr. Whiskers is standing on top of the fully restrained Dr. West, staring into her terrified eyes, when Bosco and Jerry walk in the door. Mr. Whiskers looks at them --

MR. WHISKERS  
Hey losers.

Bosco walks to Dr. West and jabs his nose right in her crotch, backs up and shakes himself dry on her, and then licks her face.

MR. WHISKERS (CONT'D)  
Is this the bitch you've been  
fucking?

JERRY  
No! No! No! Mr. Whiskers! That  
is my psychotherapist!

MR. WHISKERS  
A great job she's doing, too.  
Short list for Shrink of the Year  
seeing as you're Mr. Mental Health.

JERRY  
Don't insult her!

MR. WHISKERS  
What's the difference? Knowing  
your track record, I give it,  
maybe, an hour until you kill her.

JERRY  
I'm not going to kill her.

MR. WHISKERS  
Why'd you tape her up? Why'd you  
bring her home?

CLOSE ON DR. WEST'S FACE staring up --

INT. JERRY'S APARTMENT - REALISTIC VIEW - NIGHT

We enter Dr. West's realistic point-of-view, where the  
apartment is filthy and the animals can't talk (and are  
disgusting). But Jerry's still speaking in English.

JERRY  
You're the sickest cat in the  
world, saying shit like that.

The cat just MEWS; it's a real cat.

JERRY (CONT'D)  
I am not going to cut her throat.  
I will not kill Dr. West.

The cat MEWS again.

JERRY (CONT'D)  
I hear you. And I'm going to  
ignore you, Mister Whiskers.

Dr. West is straining to say something. Jerry walks into the  
kitchen and returns with a large knife. There's still a  
little blood on it. He holds it up to Dr. West's throat --  
and cuts the tape around her mouth so she can talk.

DR. WEST  
Oh my God.

JERRY  
You're welcome.

CLOSE ON JERRY'S FACE --

INT. JERRY'S APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM

And now we're back in Jerry's point of view, the skewed universe we've been seeing for most of the movie.

DR. WEST  
Jerry, I'm scared.

MR. WHISKERS  
She wasn't scared last week when she threatened to send you back to the slam!

JERRY  
What do you want?

DR. WEST  
I want to make a call.

MR. WHISKERS  
She'll call the cops.

JERRY  
You'll call the cops.

DR. WEST  
No! I just don't want to be alone.

JERRY  
Okay, I got an idea.

Jerry walks to the kitchen, followed by Bosco and Mr. Whiskers. Opens the fridge.

KATIE'S SEVERED HEAD  
Hi, Jerry.

Jerry picks up Katie's head by the hair and carries her out to the living room. Dr. West is apoplectic; nearly in shock as Jerry sets the talking severed head on the coffee table so it faces Dr. West. We still see what Jerry sees.

Dr. West faces the severed head and SCREEEEEEAAAMS.

Katie's severed head SCREAMS back.

Mr. Whiskers and Bosco SCREAM right along with them.

JERRY

Bosco! Mr. Whiskers! Dr. West!

Katie! Cut it out! SHUT! UP!

One by one, they quiet down. Just then, Jerry sees BLUE AND RED lights flashing across his window -- just for an instant. Then it stops. Mr. Whiskers bounds over to the window; so does Bosco.

BOSCO

Something weird Jerry.

MR. WHISKERS

I got a bad feeling about this Jer.

Jerry crosses to the window and looks out --

EXT. VFED RSBURG BOWL NG LAN S -- NIGHT -- JERRY'S P.O.V.

Half a dozen black and white cop cars are arrayed along the perimeter of the bowling lane parking lot; several more are rolling in behind them, lights off.

INT. JERRY'S APARTMENT / LIVING ROOM - NIGHT (CONTINUOUS)

Jerry freezes in place. His cat, his dog, his psychotherapist and the severed head of his first victim look at him with worried anticipation.

JERRY

It's the cops.

Mr. Whiskers, Bosco, Dr. West and Katie all nod.

BOSCO

Cops. Cops everywhere. Grrrrr.

JERRY

I have a plan.

(to Dr. West)

You did the best you could. It's not your fault.

DR. WEST

What are you going to do to me?

JERRY

Nothing.

He picks up Mr. Whiskers and holds him tight, then heads for the bathroom. Bosco follows behind him.

MR. WHISKERS

Put me down put me down I'll claw  
your eyes out God damn it put me  
down you fucking psycho.

Jerry ignores him. They go into the bathroom. Jerry slams the door behind him. Dr. West is left alone on the couch, still taped up.

INT. JERRY'S BATHROOM - NIGHT

Jerry sets down Mr. Whiskers, who climbs onto the sink; Bosco sits next to the toilet. Jerry stands in the bath tub. At the end of the tub is an access panel, which he opens. Inside, the building infrastructure is revealed: pipes, framing, and electrical conduit.

Mr. Whiskers races past Jerry and bolts into the crawl space, disappearing into the dark.

BOSCO

This is your whole plan? To go  
into the bowling alley?

JERRY

It's the best I've got.

BOSCO

Okay, buddy.

Jerry picks up Bosco and shoves him through the access panel. Bosco's none too happy about it --

BOSCO (CONT'D)

Easy, Jerry! I can't go in there!  
Help. This is awful. Jerrrrry!

And then Bosco's gone. Jerry ducks into the cramped crawlspace after Bosco, and jams himself in.

INT. CRAWLSPACE - NIGHT

The crawlspace expands into an attic; one side is used for storage; on the other, twenty-six mute pin setting machines wait in vain for bowlers. Bosco is nervously walking around sniffing things; Mr. Whiskers is nowhere to be seen.

JERRY

Come on, boy.



Jerry leads Bosco to the door at the end of the crawlspace. They go through.

INT. JERRY'S APARTMENT - REALISTIC VIEW - NIGHT

Dr. West, hands and feet bound, looks around in disgust at the apartment, and especially at the rotting severed head that's across from her on the coffee table. She swallows her disgust and rolls off the couch onto the floor, inadvertently knocking into the coffee table. The head falls off.

Dr. West keeps her shit together and crawls toward the telephone across the wretched, foul floor.

With difficulty, she reaches the telephone.

She knocks the receiver off of the cradle.

With her nose Dr. West presses 9. Then 1. Then ... 4.

She exhales in frustration. Presses down the "flash" button with her nose. Gets a new dial tone.

Then, more carefully, presses 9, 1, and is reaching for the final 1 when all hell breaks loose.

The DOOR explodes open --

FLASH BANGS fill the room with explosive noise --

A CYLINDER is hurled in and fills the room with tear gas.

A dozen body-armor clad S.W.A.T. COPS in full riot gear and gas masks storm the room and take up positions, ready for a full-on confrontation.

Dr. West, terrified, tears streaming down her face, yells --

DR. WEST

I'm here! Don't hurt me! I'm here!

A FEMALE S.W.A.T. cop, looking every bit like an alien in her gas mask and body armor, kneels next to Dr. West and puts a Kevlar-wrapped hand on her shoulder, then speaks through the gas mask --

FEMALE S.W.A.T. COP

It's going to be okay.

Dr. West just stares.

INT. VFED RSBURG BOWL NG LAN S -- NIGHT

While Bosco and Mr. Whiskers watch, Jerry finds the light panel and flips a few switches. Most of the old fluorescent tubes flicker eerily but provide little useful light. Many of the lanes have been used for storage, of furniture, clothes, boxes -- junk. Jerry keeps flipping switches, and many of the ancient pin-setting machines grind to life.

Then, a brilliant light shines down on Lane 11. A bowler, obscured by junk, throws a strike. The ball comes back to him, and Jerry is drawn to Lane 11 as if by a tractor beam.

There, a man dressed head to toe in white robes, with long dark hair and a beard, winds up to throw the ball again --

JERRY

Jesus?

It is indeed Jesus. And He doesn't want to be interrupted; He puts a finger to His lips, for Jerry to be quiet. Jerry looks at the automated scorekeeper and realizes: the savior of all mankind is one strike away from a perfect game.

Jesus winds up again. Releases the ball. Jerry, Bosco and Mr. Whiskers watch transfixed as the ball rolls down the lane and -- it's a strike. Jesus throws a celebratory fist in the air -- 300! Bosco and Mr. Whiskers stare in awe.

JERRY (CONT'D)

That's a perfect game. So You really are Jesus?

(Jesus nods)

Wow, You're a good bowler.

JESUS

Thanks, Jerry.

JERRY

I feel better now that You're here. We have something in common.

JESUS

Not that much in common. I'm the Son of God, and you're a multiple murderer.

JERRY

I only killed three people. Three and a half if you include my mom.

JESUS

Do you want to be forgiven?

JERRY

Sure -- what do I have to do?

JESUS

You have to be willing. Can you forgive yourself?

JERRY

I think so.

JESUS

Then it's done. Can you forgive others? Like your stepfather?

JERRY

No. Not him.

JESUS

If you can't extend forgiveness to the man who tried to raise you -- however imperfectly -- how can you expect it from people you killed?

JERRY

I hadn't thought of that.

JESUS

It's important. He's right there.

Jesus points to the hard plastic seats at the end of the alley, where Mack sits, nursing a beer.

Jerry walks towards his stepfather, and takes the seat next to him. Mack bristles.

JERRY

Mack?

MACK

I always worried you'd wind up like this, Jerry. I wasted my life. I didn't want you to waste yours. But -- here you are. A worthless piece of shit just like me.

JERRY

Jesus! He's still a dick.

JESUS

He is who he is. His life wasn't any picnic -- and he never killed anyone. If you want peace you have to forgive him.

Jerry turns to Mack and stares him straight in the eye.

JERRY

You did the best you could.

MACK

Yeah, I guess so. Thanks, psycho.

Mack wanders off into the darkest part of the bowling alley; as soon as he disappears, Mr. Whiskers bounds out, and jumps on Jerry's lap. Jerry pets his cat while Jesus watches.

JERRY

Why did you put me through this?  
This life of hell on earth?

JESUS

It's part of the bigger picture  
that you cannot understand. Trust  
Me, there are no mistakes.

JERRY

How is it possible that a guy who  
hears voices and kills women is not  
a mistake?

JESUS

Incomprehensibility is its own  
virtue. The mystery of life  
enshronds man at all times and must  
be accepted on its own terms. Your  
deeds shed light on the world,  
because they are senseless.

JERRY

I don't follow you.

JESUS

You'll never fully understand --  
that's My point!

JERRY

Okay. One more thing: am I going  
to survive this night?

Jesus shrugs. Jerry knows what that means.

EXT. VFED RSBURG BOWL NG LAN S -- NIGHT

The parking lot is filled with police cars, an ambulance, a tank-like battering ram, and lots of body-armored cops.

INT. AMBULANCE - NIGHT

Dr. West, freed of her bonds, a blanket around her shoulders, debriefs Detective Weinbacher.

DETECTIVE WEINBACHER  
We believe he's in the bowling alley. Do you think he's armed?

DR. WEST  
I don't know.

DETECTIVE WEINBACHER  
Then have to assume he is. We'll be entering with maximum force.

DR. WEST  
Please don't hurt him. He's ill.

DETECTIVE WEINBACHER  
Our first priority is our own safety.

Off Dr. West --

EXT. VFED RSBURG BOWL NG LAN S -- NIGHT

Twenty-five armor-suited S.W.A.T. guys stand near a battering ram. Detective Weinbacher gives final directions:

DETECTIVE WEINBACHER  
On my count, the battering ram will breach the east wall and insert pepper spray and explosive distraction devices. Do not enter until the building is fully secured. Is that clear?

His S.W.A.T. guys all nod their consent.

EXT. VFED RSBURG BOWL NG LAN S -- MINUTES LATER -- NIGHT

The monstrous phallic battering ram GRINDS forward at increasing speed until it PUNCHES THROUGH the bowling alley wall. Then, HISSING GAS is followed by an EXPLOSION. And a SECONDARY EXPLOSION.

Weinbacher keeps his hand up -- don't go in --

FEMALE S.W.A.T. COP  
It's on fire, sir.

DETECTIVE WEINBACHER

Wait. Let him come out.

Dr. West and the S.W.A.T. cops and the ambulance attendants and half a dozen onlookers watch helplessly as flames spread within the bowling alley. Through the filthy windows they can see the fire quickly ignite everything that can burn.

DR. WEST

My God, do something!

DETECTIVE WEINBACHER

Fire department's on the way.

Jerry controls the situation. He can exit the building at any time.

The entire downstairs of the bowling alley burns brightly. A WINDOW abruptly blasts out, propelled by a torrent of flame. The pillar of fire recedes as quickly as it appeared, followed by a backdraft which turbocharges and intensifies the horrific conflagration.

INT. VFED RSBURG BOWL NG LAN S -- NIGHT

Flames burn bright. Jerry's down on the ground, choking on the thick black smoke. Mr. Whiskers races back and forth frenetically, like a balloon that's deflating; Bosco runs in worried circles.

A secondary explosion sends fireworks of spark and flames through the alley.

Jerry's breathing is increasingly labored as the toxic smoke fills his lungs.

Then, he stops breathing. His eyes remain fixed in place. He's motionless.

The camera moves toward Jerry, getting closer and closer until his face fills the screen: it's utterly immobile and gray. Hold for an uncomfortably long time on him, so long you may think the movie is over. And then hold some more. Because it's not. As we stay on Jerry's face, music begins to play: the intro to the Macarena.

The light changes, and there's more color in Jerry's face; and then his eyes POP open. And we pull out. And everything has changed.

## INT. VEEDERSBURG LANES - JERRY'S FINAL REVERIE - NIGHT

The bowling alley is as good as new -- better than new. For the bright flashing lights and shined floors are hyper-real, as glossy as the set from an MGM musical.

The thick black smoke is now tasteful fog. And racing in through the front door are twenty S.W.A.T. team members; but not the brutes who stood outside. No, these are the finest Vegas dancers, ten men and ten women in sequined, Italian-cut S.W.A.T.-like outfits that render them awesomely fabulous. When they throw off their gas masks, their hair and make-up are overstated beyond all belief, and spectacular.

Jerry leaps to his feet. He's got a great new haircut; and he's wearing an astonishing sequined MGM Musical version of the clothes he had on before. Behind the S.W.A.T. dancers are Mack, Jerry's mother, Lisa, Katie and Alison, lively and healthier than they ever looked when they were alive.

JERRY

Mom! Dad!

JERRY'S MOTHER

Hi, Jerry.

MACK

Creep.

JERRY (CONT'D)

Hey -- Lisa! Katie!

KATIE

Hi, Jerry! Welcome!

LISA

Hey, Jerry!

JERRY

Alison?

ALISON

Oh yeah!

JERRY

Sorry I killed you guys!

LISA

Let's not bring up all the bad things! Let's just be happy.

## EXT. VFED RSBURG BOWL NG LAN S - NIGHT

A firetruck rolls into the parking lot but it's too late; the building is fully engulfed in flames, the heat so intense it drives the cops and witnesses back into the road.

INT. VEEDERSBURG LANES - JERRY'S FINAL REVERIE - NIGHT

The smoke in the bowling lanes is the same kind used at a Madonna concert ... it makes everything look better. Jerry smiles at his parents, and Katie, Lisa and Alison, and the S.W.A.T. team. Then, out of the mist, Jesus appears, and He throws another strike.

JERRY  
Hey, Jesus!

JESUS  
Hi, Jerry!

JERRY  
Thanks for coming.

JESUS  
Wouldn't miss it for the world.

JERRY  
Are my pets going to be okay?

Bosco and Mr. Whiskers, like everyone else, idealized to the highest standards of beauty that a dog and cat can be, step forward.

JESUS  
You betcha!

JERRY  
Hey there, Mr. Whiskers! Hey there, Bosco!

BOSCO  
Hi, Jerry! You're a good boy!

MR. WHISKERS  
Let's do this thing: one, two, one two three four!

Jerry and his parents, Mr. Whiskers and Bosco, Lisa and Katie and Alison, Jesus, and the S.W.A.T. unit line up, and they macarena together, the best macarena that anyone has ever seen, a precision team in Jerry's insane oxygen-deprived mind, fantastically good at this simple little dance.

FADE OUT:

THE END