

MOTIVE  
PILOT  
"Creeping Tom"

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**MOTIVE**  
**"Creeping Tom"**

**TEASER**

**FADE IN:**

**INT. THE LAMPLIGHTER - NIGHT**

A dimly lit tavern where every hour is happy hour. In ONE SHOT that will last the scene, we move down a mile-long bar filled with booze-happy REGULARS, through leatherette booths, and stop on a small karaoke stage. Everyone cheers as the immensely likable and slightly overweight MR. MARTIN, 30s, starts singing to the tune of The Archies' Sugar, Sugar.

MR. MARTIN

*Glucose -- ah, sugar sugar. You are my favorite fuel. From the blood-borne substrate pool.*

CAMERA ROAMS to the dance floor, where the crowd bumps and grinds. A lacy bra flies on stage, TAKING US back to Mr. Martin, clearly a favorite here. He gamely swivels his hips.

MR. MARTIN (cont'd)

*Glucose -- mono saccharide sugar. You're sweeter than a woman's kiss. 'Cause I need you for glycolysis.*

A sexy REDHEAD runs on stage and starts go-go dancing. Mr. Martin sings to her for all he's worth.

MR. MARTIN (cont'd)

*I just can't believe the way my muscles take you in. For you, they'll open the door. All it takes is a little bit of insulin. To up-regulate glute four.*

FREEZE FRAME on Mr. Martin, in all his small-time glory, and WHOOSH to his smiling face. The words appear under him:

The Victim

FLARE TO WHITE.

**EXT. HIGH SCHOOL FOOTBALL FIELD - NIGHT**

FADE FROM WHITE to a bank of STADIUM LIGHTS. In another ONE-SHOT scene, we SWOOP DOWN, SkyCam-style, over the action of a high school football game. The ball is snapped. Shoulder pads crunch. A hole opens. A RUNNING BACK bursts through the line, racing for a touchdown for the Waverly Tigers.

As the crowd roars, we VEER off the running back, GLIDE over a squad of impossibly buoyant cheerleaders, and into the stands past cheering students, parents and faculty, until we reach --

**THE MARCHING BAND**

playing a VICTORY SONG. We MOVE DOWN a row of the colorfully dressed band to the very end, to find a bored bass drummer named TOM, 17, wearing a headpiece with an ostrich feather.

TILT UP to two STONERS standing behind a rail.

STONER

You guys play any Foo Fighters?

BACK to Tom, used to this sort of abuse. He keeps playing, face expressionless, eyes front. One stoner leans over the rail and snaps Tom's feather in half, so it flops down.

STONER (cont'd)

Oops, I think you need a new feather.

They crack up, but Tom doesn't react. The other stoner leans over and dumps beer onto Tom's headpiece. The stoners laugh hysterically. Tom never even flinches. FREEZE and WHOOSH to the wet face of the unflappable drummer. The words appear:

The Killer

FADE TO BLACK.

**EXT. MARTIN HOUSE - NIGHT**

FADE FROM BLACK to a nighttime sky full of stars. TILT DOWN to a 1985 Camaro with mismatched body panels pulling up to a modest two-story house in the San Fernando Valley. Two patrol cars sit outside, light bars spinning a kaleidoscope of colors. NEIGHBORS mill on the sidewalk to see what's up.

The Camaro stops and a sexy woman, mid-30s, exits in stone-wash jeans. Her lipstick is a touch too red, her roots are

(CONTINUED)

**CONTINUED:**

showing, and her tight-fitting NASCAR T-shirt makes no secret of her flat chest. But she's proud of her look. It's the closest thing she has to heritage.

This is LAPD Detective ANGIE SNOW. She puts on a "LAPD Homicide" cap and pulls a business jacket over her shoulders.

**IN FRONT OF THE HOUSE**

Snow steps through the milling neighbors, some of whom are standing on the lawn. She pulls a DIGITAL CAMERA from her coat pocket and turns back to face the onlookers.

SNOW

Smile for the camera, please.

She snaps FLASH photos of the surprised crowd, then gets the attention of two UNIFORM OFFICERS, who are quietly talking.

SNOW (cont'd)

Hey guys. Keep 'em off the grass, okay?

UNIFORM OFFICER

Sorry, detective. Didn't know this was part of the crime scene.

SNOW

It's not. It's just nice grass.

As Snow heads up the walk, the officers move back the crowd.

**INT. MARTIN HOUSE - STAIRWAY/HALLWAY - NIGHT**

Snow walks upstairs with LAPD Detective OSCAR VEGA, 40s, Latino, a seasoned veteran who moonlights as an ordained minister. They pull on rubber gloves as they talk.

VEGA

Working on a great sermon for Sunday. You should come by, Angie. It'll be real interesting.

SNOW

No such thing as an interesting sermon.

VEGA

You've never heard me preach. There's no greater sin than making  
(MORE)

**(CONTINUED)**

**CONTINUED:**

VEGA (cont'd)  
the Gospel boring. This week I'm  
comparing the Fruits of the Spirit  
to actual fruit.

Snow gives him a look. You gotta be kidding.

SNOW  
Moving on, Oscar.

VEGA  
Right, white male. Thirty-two. Wife  
says he was attacked in bed.  
They're walking down the hallway  
now.

SNOW  
Who was the attacker?

VEGA  
We don't know, but he apparently  
calls himself "The Creeper." At  
least that's what was written on  
the refrigerator door.

SNOW  
Where was the wife during the  
attack?

VEGA  
Says she was sleeping in the spare  
room.

They reach the FIRST OFFICER, standing outside a closed  
door.

SNOW  
Victim in here?

FIRST OFFICER  
Yeah, but I'd wait. There's a dog  
inhibiting access to the body.

VEGA  
Anyone contact Animal Control?

FIRST OFFICER  
On their way.

VEGA  
(nods, accepting)  
I think I saw a Starbucks around  
the corner.

**(CONTINUED)**

**CONTINUED:**

FIRST OFFICER

If you're going, I'll take a mocha.

SNOW

Hey hey, time out. We got a murder scene growing cold in there, a killer running loose... every second's vital.

FIRST OFFICER

It's a big dog.

SNOW

I got a way with animals.

VEGA

I thought you had a way with men.

SNOW

Same principles apply. It's all about taking control. Snow opens the door and confidently steps inside.

**INT. MASTER BEDROOM - NIGHT**

On the queen bed, she sees the body of Mr. Martin on his back, head on a blood-soaked pillow, face beaten and bloodied. And then she sees the powerful PRESA CANARIO attack dog standing by the bed, growling menacingly. Snow speaks firmly.

SNOW

Sit!

(the growl intensifies)

I said... sit!

(the growl turns rabid)

If you don't sit, right now --

The dog charges. Shit. Snow barely has time to run out --

**INT. HALLWAY - NIGHT (CONTINUOUS)**

-- and slam the door. The dog BARKS relentlessly on the other side.

Snow looks at Vega.

**(CONTINUED)**

**CONTINUED:**

VEGA

Hardest Fruit of the Spirit to  
harvest is patience. It gets choked  
out by the weeds of pride.

Snow smiles weakly. As the dog barks, CAMERA RISES straight  
up, THROUGH the plaster of the ceiling, to reveal directly  
over their heads --

**INT. ATTIC CRAWLSPACE - NIGHT**

In a gabled attic, filtered moonlight through an air vent  
finds Tom curled up in a fetal position, frozen in terror.  
He wears bloody white band gloves. Beside him rests his  
backpack covered with skateboard patches.

Tom's world has just changed forever. As he closes his eyes  
tightly, willing the nightmare to go away, trying to shut  
out the MUFFLED BARKING below --

SMASH TO BLACK.

**END OF TEASER**

**ACT ONE****FADE IN:****EXT. MARTIN HOUSE - NIGHT**

An ANIMAL CONTROL OFFICER leads the muzzled Presa Canario down the front walk. The scene has expanded to include a coroner's truck, two more patrol cars, and a larger crowd of neighbors. None of them stand on the grass. PUSH INTO the upstairs bedroom window until we are --

**INT. MARTIN HOUSE - MASTER BEDROOM - NIGHT (CONTINUOUS)**

Snow takes photos of the body with her digital camera. Vega and the First Officer stand by the door drinking Starbucks.

FIRST OFFICER

What're we waiting for?

VEGA

Detective Snow likes to record the crime scene in its virgin state.

SNOW

(takes last photo)

Okay. Start the parade.

As Vega enters, followed by the First Officer, a crime scene PHOTOGRAPHER, and the CORONER, we FLOAT over to the bed until we're looking straight down on the battered Mr. Martin. PUSH INTO his face. Suddenly, Mr. Martin's injuries DISAPPEAR, he comes to life, and the bedsheets around him SWIRL INTO --

**INT. THE LAMPLIGHTER - NIGHT (FLASHBACK)**

Mr. Martin sits at the bar holding a beer. The Redhead who was go-go dancing on stage hangs all over him. HOUSE MUSIC plays in the background. A CHYRON appears on screen that says: Four Hours Earlier.

MR. MARTIN

...I try to turn all my lesson plans into songs. The kids seem to like it.

**(CONTINUED)**

**CONTINUED:**

REDHEAD  
(sloppy drunk)  
We need way more high school  
teachers like you. You're so...  
innovated.

MR. MARTIN  
Did you, uh, go to high school?

REDHEAD  
Oh yeah, for like... four years. I  
wish I had a teacher like you. If  
you got in shape, you'd be very  
sexy.

MR. MARTIN  
I am in shape. Round's a shape.

REDHEAD  
I mean, if you dieted.

MR. MARTIN  
Oh, I couldn't do that. I'd have to  
stop eating.

REDHEAD  
You are so funny. Creating joy in  
other people's heart... wow. It's  
such a gift. Will you take me home  
tonight?

He holds up his ring finger, which has a gold band.

MR. MARTIN  
Sorry, I'm a happily married man.

Off his tired smile --

**INT. MARTIN HOUSE - KITCHEN - NIGHT (FLASHBACK)**

BARB MARTIN, Mr. Martin's wife, folds laundry on the kitchen  
table. She's a plain woman, bored with life.

MRS. MARTIN  
For God's sake, Glenn. How long's  
it take to walk a dog?

Mr. Martin unleashes the Presa Canario, which trots off.

MR. MARTIN  
I stopped by The Lamplighter. Can  
we talk?

**(CONTINUED)**

**CONTINUED:**

MRS. MARTIN

You're drunk.

MR. MARTIN

A little. Doesn't mean we can't talk. Might even make it easier.

MRS. MARTIN

What do you want to talk about?

MR. MARTIN

Us.

MRS. MARTIN

I told you, everything's fine.

MR. MARTIN

It doesn't feel that way, Barb. You're so far away. All the time. What'd I do, baby? I can't figure it out. Just tell me and I'll make it right, okay?

Mrs. Martin stops folding and looks up. Seeing her husband so raw, she feels a touch of sympathy. Or maybe it's pity.

MRS. MARTIN

We'll talk in the morning, Glenn. I promise. Go upstairs and sleep it off.

She resumes folding. As Mr. Martin heavily trudges to the stairs, a DRUM CADENCE starts playing. The rhythm takes us --

**EXT. HIGH SCHOOL FOOTBALL FIELD - NIGHT (FLASHBACK)**

CLOSE on Tom, headpiece wet and feather dangling, banging his bass drum. The band marches out of the stadium after the game, 80 pairs of feet tapping the pavement in unison to the hypnotic beat. Behind them, football players shake hands on the field and the crowd files out.

**INT. BAND ROOM - NIGHT (FLASHBACK)**

The band members break ranks and flood into the band room, laughing and joking. FIND Tom putting down his drum. He removes his headpiece, sees the broken feather, holds it straight. It flops back down. Oh well. WILLIE, a long-haired skate rat, walks up and sees everyone changing.

**(CONTINUED)**

**CONTINUED:**

WILLIE

Nothing like the smell of sweaty polyester on a Friday night.

TOM

Sorry, I don't speak loser.

WILLIE

Let's go. How long you gonna be?

TOM

I just gotta change.

A big-bellied TUBA PLAYER struts by with no pants.

TUBA PLAYER

It's the new sensation sweeping the nation... the No Pants Dance!

He starts playing the tuba and dancing around in his band jacket and underwear. The trombonists join in the act with "headchops" -- rapidly bending and crossing over each other's heads with trombones. A pretty and petite girl named KRISTI calls out.

KRISTI

Wait wait, I wanna get a picture!

She holds a tiny camera over her eye to take a photo.

BAND MEMBER

Check it out, Kristi looks like a Borg!

WILLIE

Band geeks in their natural habitat. This would make a great Discovery Channel show.

TOM

They're just having fun.  
(nods toward Kristi)  
What do you think of her?

WILLIE

Kristi? She's all right. For a bandsy.

TOM

Kristi's not band, she's color guard.

**(CONTINUED)**

**CONTINUED:**

WILLIE

Right. Color guard. My mistake. Can we get out of here now? It's time for the Creepers.

TOM

(hushed)  
Shut. Up.

WILLIE

What? Nobody's paying attention.

TOM

And that's the way I like it. Now c'mon, I gotta stop by my house first.

**A TV SET**

A paramedic tries to resuscitate Patrick Swayze in the back of an ambulance. After a beat, the paramedic looks up at Demi Moore with a hopeless expression. REVEAL that we're --

CUT TO:

**INT. APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT (FLASHBACK)**

Tom's MOM and DAD sit on a well worn couch, zoning in front of the TV watching "Ghost." A lazy mixed-breed TERRIER lies with his head in Dad's lap. Tom enters the messy living room.

TOM

Hi, I'm home.

MOM

Hi honey.

But his parents are too engrossed in Patrick's death scene to look up. They remain glued to the TV, where the ghost of Patrick, also in the ambulance, yells at the paramedic --

PATRICK SWAYZE

Don't stop! I'm not dead!

TOM

Okay, I'm going to bed. G'night.

Tom heads to his room. His Dad waves goodnight, but keep his eyes on the TV, where Demi grabs the dead Patrick and begins to cry in long terrible sobs.

**INT. APARTMENT - TOM'S BEDROOM - NIGHT (FLASHBACK)**

Tom enters his room, shuts the door, and turns off the light. He opens his bedroom window and climbs out into the night.

**EXT. WOODBRIDGE PARK - NIGHT (FLASHBACK)**

A beater car, dented and mottled with a grey undercoat, pulls to a stop in front of the park. The rattling engine stops.

**INT. WILLIE'S CAR - NIGHT (FLASHBACK)**

Willie turns off the lights and looks at Tom.

WILLIE  
Woodbridge Park?

TOM  
Yeah.

WILLIE  
Wait, this is where you run your dog. I thought the first rule of Creeping was to avoid areas where people know you.

TOM  
Those were the beginner rules. You're an expert now. Cell phones off.

They take out their cell phones and turn them off.

WILLIE  
Wanna smoke some green first?

TOM  
I don't have any.

WILLIE  
Liar. I saw a fat blunt in your backpack. Where is your backpack?

TOM  
(impatient)  
Creeping isn't a game, Willie. If you wanna get stoned, go hang out with your stoner friends.

**(CONTINUED)**

**CONTINUED:**

WILLIE

Dude. Regain structural integrity.  
It was just a suggestion, okay?  
Relax...

SNOW

(V.O.)  
Relax...

**INT. MARTIN HOUSE - SPARE BEDROOM - NIGHT**

Snow stands with the startling image of Mrs. Martin in a sexy nightgown smeared with blood, along with her hands and arms.

SNOW

... relax. We're almost done.  
You're doing a great job, Mrs.  
Martin.

The crime scene photographer takes close-up shots of all the blood on Mrs. Martin. Vega, hovering silently, points to some blood on her leg. The photographer kneels down to shoot it. Snow tries to keep her calm.

SNOW (cont'd)

So what'd your husband do for a  
living?

MRS. MARTIN

Glenn taught high school. Science.  
He wrote these crazy songs for his  
kids. They just loved... everyone  
loved him. Why... why would...

She just can't make sense of it. She fights back tears. The photographer finishes. Snow nods and the two men quietly leave the room, shutting the door behind them.

SNOW

Mrs. Snow, we need to record your  
nightgown as evidence. It's just a  
formality.

MRS. MARTIN

I understand.

Mrs. Martin waits for the detective to leave but she doesn't.

**(CONTINUED)**

**CONTINUED:**

SNOW

I have to stay in the room. I'm  
sorry.

MRS. MARTIN

Oh.

Mrs. Martin, humiliated, awkwardly slips off her nightgown, trying her best to cover her body. Snow politely looks away. She spots a romance novel and batteries on the nightstand.

MRS. MARTIN (cont'd)

Here.

Snow turns to take the nightgown from the naked Mrs. Martin.

SNOW

You get dressed. We'll talk  
afterward.

Snow heads out with the nightgown. HOLD on the face of Mrs. Martin, bloody, shocked, distraught. Suddenly, the blood on her DISAPPEARS and the room around her SWIRLS INTO --

**INT. HALLWAY - NIGHT (FLASHBACK)**

Mrs. Martin, wearing what we saw her in earlier, clears the top of the stairs carrying the basket of now folded laundry.

**INT. MASTER BEDROOM - NIGHT (FLASHBACK)**

She enters to find Mr. Martin passed out in bed, with a loud chainsaw SNORE. He appears to have gotten halfway undressed before he crashed. Setting down the laundry basket, Mrs. Martin smiles at her husband and pulls the blanket over him.

**INT. HALLWAY - NIGHT (FLASHBACK)**

Mrs. Martin stands outside the bedroom door, eagerly hunched over the cordless phone. We still hear Mr. Martin snoring.

MRS. MARTIN

Arman. I can't stop thinking about  
you.

RUSSIAN VOICE

(Russian accent)  
My thoughts are full of you, too.

**(CONTINUED)**

**CONTINUED:**

MRS. MARTIN

Can you come over? Glenn passed out. If we go in the guest room he'll never hear us.

RUSSIAN VOICE

What about dog? I think dog hates me.

MRS. MARTIN

He won't bark. I'll take care of it.

**EXT. MARTIN HOUSE - BACKYARD - NIGHT (FLASHBACK)**

Mrs. Martin, who has now changed into her sexy nightgown, drags the unwilling Presa Canario into the backyard.

**EXT. MARTIN HOUSE - STREET - NIGHT (FLASHBACK)**

An old Chevy panel van, black and beat up, pulls to a stop in front of the Martin house. The van door opens, revealing red fur on the inside panel, and a 19-year-old Russian buck named ARMAN POZNER steps out.

He closes the van door with an eager smile. As he walks INTO CAMERA, his wildly oversized belt buckle gets bigger and bigger, until it finally fills the screen, and we SMASH TO --

**INT. MARTIN HOUSE - SPARE BEDROOM - NIGHT (FLASHBACK)**

Mrs. Martin yanks Arman into the spare bedroom, kissing him, mauling him, sliding her hands under his jeans to grab his firm young ass. Arman can't wipe the smile off his face.

ARMAN

This is crazy. Why I came to America.

Mrs. Martin starts to unbuckle the Russian's belt. CLOSE on her face, impetuous, naughty. Abruptly, we CUT TO --

**INT. MARTIN HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT**

CLOSE on Mrs. Martin's face, shaken. She sits across from Snow and Vega. She's dressed now in conservative clothes.

**(CONTINUED)**

CONTINUED:

VEGA

Who was your husband drinking with?

MRS. MARTIN

Everybody, knowing Glenn. He has a way of making friends.

SNOW

So he went to the bar alone?

MRS. MARTIN

He stops by The Lamplighter for a beer now and then, after he takes Skipper to the park. That's his dog.

VEGA

What time'd he get home?

MRS. MARTIN

I don't know, ten o'clock? Sometimes with Glenn, one beer turns into four. He was snoring the second his head hit the pillow. Usually happens when he has too much to drink.

SNOW

Me, too.

MRS. MARTIN

I went down to the guest room so I could get some sleep.

VEGA

What time'd you wake up?

MRS. MARTIN

I have no idea. I just woke up when I heard the shouting.

SNOW

Who was shouting?

MRS. MARTIN

Glenn, he was yelling at someone. I got out of bed as fast as I could, but by the time I made it upstairs... well, you saw what I found.

(CONTINUED)

**CONTINUED:**

VEGA

I couldn't help but notice the amount of blood on your hands and arms.

SNOW

(warning)

Oscar...

MRS. MARTIN

(confused)

Excuse me?

VEGA

I'm just trying to figure out how your husband's blood got all over you.

MRS. MARTIN

I don't know. I sat on the bed to make sure... I thought he might still be...

(then)

You think I did that in there?

Snow turns to Vega and speaks softly.

SNOW

Isn't compassion one of the Fruits of the Spirit, Oscar?

VEGA

Not technically.

MRS. MARTIN

(starts crying)

When I saw Glenn dead, I fell onto the bed... I held him. What was I supposed to do? He was my husband. I loved him.

Snow shoots Vega a look. He shrugs. Sorry. Off the sympathetic figure of Mrs. Martin in tears, CUT TO --

**INT. MARTIN HOUSE - NIGHT (FLASHBACK)**

Mrs. Martin, head arched back, crying a different kind of tears with Arman on top of her. As they knock it out, he talks low and dirty in Russian.

**(CONTINUED)**

**CONTINUED:**

ARMAN

Ti lyubeesh papeenu peesku sassate!  
Ti lyubeesh papeenu peesku sassate!

Mrs. Martin digs her fingers into Arman's back, biting her tongue to keep quiet.

**EXT. MARTIN HOUSE - NIGHT (FLASHBACK)**

Tom and Willie walk down the street. Up ahead, Willie sees the black van.

WILLIE

Yo, check out this ride. Stylish.  
Paneled.

(peers inside)  
Shag carpet. It's like the Mystery  
Machine of love.

But Tom isn't listening. He's staring at Mr. Martin's house.

TOM

This house looks good. We'll hit  
this one tonight.

As Tom grimly pulls on his white band gloves --

SMASH TO BLACK.

**END OF ACT ONE**

**ACT TWO****FADE IN:****INT. ATTIC CRAWLSPACE - NIGHT**

Tom sits up now, still afraid, but pulling himself together. From below, he hears the MUFFLED VOICES of police officers. Tom looks around his prison searching for an escape. His eyes stop on the gable vent pouring in filtered moonlight.

**CLOSE ON THE GABLE VENT**

Tom ENTERS FRAME and tries to pull the vent free. No luck. Screws hold it in place. Tom's fear is fast fading in favor of self preservation. He pulls a handful of coins from his pocket, finds a penny, and inserts it into the head of the screw. With some effort, the screw rotates a quarter turn.

As Tom sets to the arduous task of slowly unscrewing the vent, CAMERA LOWERS straight down, THROUGH the ceiling plaster, to pick up --

**INT. MARTIN HOUSE - STAIRS/KITCHEN - NIGHT**

Snow and Vega walk down the stairs together, passing various crime scene PERSONNEL on their way to the kitchen.

VEGA

The wife reported the body. They were all alone. And she's the spouse. You know the statistics.

SNOW

Mrs. Martin may be hiding something, but she didn't kill her husband.

VEGA

Let me guess. You can feel her pain?

SNOW

No. Okay, yes.

VEGA

I think I'll keep her on the suspect list just the same, if you don't mind.

**(CONTINUED)**

**CONTINUED:**

They stop to talk. At the kitchen counter, Detective Trainee BRIAN LUCAS -- late 20s, gentle nature -- sees them arrive.

SNOW

I'm not saying the marriage was great. From the look of the chick lit and double A batteries on the nightstand, I'm guessing she slept in that spare room a lot. But she loved him.

Lucas tentatively approaches.

LUCAS

Detective Vega? I examined all POE's like you requested. No signs of forced entry, upstairs or down. We dusted a couple unlocked windows for prints.

VEGA

Okay. Good job.  
(to Snow)  
Oh, meet Brian Lucas. Our new detective trainee. Use him, abuse him. Lucas, this is Angelica Snow.

SNOW

(apologetically)  
My mother wanted a beauty queen.

LUCAS

(gentlemanly)  
I see she got her heart's desire.

SNOW

Why thank you, Lucas. Call me Angie.

(to Vega)

Didn't you say the killer left a calling card in the kitchen?

Vega indicates the refrigerator. Snow walks over to see "The Creeper" scrawled in black ink on fridge door.

SNOW (cont'd)

And you still think it's the wife?

VEGA

I'm just saying she's a suspect.

**(CONTINUED)**

**CONTINUED:**

SNOW

Let me ask you something Lucas, can you feel a woman's pain?

LUCAS

Intensely.

Snow smiles at Vega.

SNOW

What else you got, Lucas?

LUCAS

Nothing of value seems to be missing. A beer bottle was knocked over on the counter. I bagged it for evidence. As far as I can tell, nothing else appears to be out of place...

As Lucas talks, we PAN across the house. During the pan, the lights FADE and crime personnel VANISH. When we reach the FRONT DOOR, the house is dark and empty. We are now --

**INT. MARTIN HOUSE - LIVING ROOM/KITCHEN - NIGHT  
(FLASHBACK)**

Back in the house before the crime. Tom, wearing white band gloves, holds a curtain back for Willie to crawl in through a window. Willie freezes when he hears MUFFLED SOUNDS of Mrs. Martin having sex with Arman. They speak in hushed voices --

WILLIE

Somebody's making the beast with two backs, dude. Let's find another house.

TOM

No. This one's perfect.

WILLIE

But they're still awake.

TOM

Yeah. Cool, huh?

WILLIE

Fine. Let's find a souvenir and go.

**(CONTINUED)**

**CONTINUED:**

Tom disappears into a different room to search. STAY with Willie, who walks to the kitchen. He takes out a pen and writes "The Creeper" on the refrigerator door.

IN THE LIVING ROOM Willie, swigging a beer bottle, finds Tom in the living room.

WILLIE (cont'd)  
There's some icy cold ones in there.

TOM  
Nothing for me.

Tom is desperately searching for something. It seems like he's searching for something specific. Willie is impatient.

WILLIE  
C'mon, grab something and let's go. That ceramic hula girl looks perfect.

TOM  
I don't want that.

WILLIE  
You shopping for something specific? 'Cause I can drive you to the mall.

Abruptly, they hear a DOOR OPEN and giggling.

ARMAN (O.S.)  
Thank you for phone call. I hope to see you soon.

Tom and Willie exchange a look of panic. Willie hurriedly sets down his beer but knocks it over as he and Tom race out the front door.

**EXT. WOODBRIDGE PARK - NIGHT (FLASHBACK)**

Tom and Willie run up to the car, out of breath. Willie is pumped, laughing, high with adrenaline.

WILLIE  
That was so close! Who was that guy doing the Governator?  
(imitates Russian accent)  
Thank you for phone call.

**(CONTINUED)**

**CONTINUED:**

But Tom, taking off his white gloves, seems disappointed.

WILLIE (cont'd)  
C'mon, let's get stoned now. I know  
a guy who sells the chronic.

TOM  
Not for me. That's a wrap.

Tom puts his hands in his pockets and starts walking away.

WILLIE  
What are you doing?

TOM  
My apartment's only a few blocks  
away.

WILLIE  
You're going home? Dude. For  
someone who likes to live on the  
edge, you can be a total buzzkill.

STAY with Tom walking off as Willie gets in his car and drives away. Tom turns around to make sure he's gone, then abruptly changes direction and heads back toward Mr. Martin's house.

CORONER (O.S.)  
We got blunt-force trauma to the  
head. Contusions around the neck...

**INT. MARTIN HOUSE - MASTER BEDROOM - NIGHT**

SMASH CUT TO:

The gruesome sight of Mr. Martin's bloodied and battered face. Vega watches the coroner examine the body. Mr. Martin's hands are now bagged to protect trace evidence.

CORONER  
No apparent defense wounds. Victim  
might have been asleep at the time  
of attack.

Behind them, Snow slowly circles the room, looking for anything out of place.

SNOW  
He wasn't sleeping. His wife heard  
him shouting.

**(CONTINUED)**

**CONTINUED:**

VEGA

Or so she says.  
(to the coroner)  
What about the time of death?

The coroner removes a meat thermometer inserted deeply into the area below Mr. Martin's rib cage and checks the reading.

CORONER

95.6 degrees. Based on liver temp,  
the victim's been dead two to three  
hours.

VEGA

(checks his watch)  
So somewhere around midnight.

Snow stands over a dresser.

SNOW

Hey, didn't Lucas say nothing of  
value was missing?

VEGA

That's right.

SNOW

Take a look at this.

Vega joins Snow to find a dusty dresser top full of bowling trophies. Snow points to one round area that's dust-free, suggesting a missing trophy.

VEGA

Wouldn't exactly classify a bowling  
trophy as an object of value.

SNOW

It is if it's our murder weapon.

Vega reacts to that possibility. The room grows DARK as we PAN from Vega to the dusty dresser, where the missing trophy now sits. We are --

**INT. MARTIN HOUSE - MASTER BEDROOM - NIGHT (FLASHBACK)**

Back in the room before the crime. From the bowling trophy, we PAN to find Mr. Martin snoring peacefully in bed. From there, we MOVE to the window and look out to see Tom walking nervously up to the house.

**INT. MARTIN HOUSE - FOYER - NIGHT (FLASHBACK)**

Tom slips into the house wearing his white gloves and closes the front door. He turns to see the Presa Canario, haunches up, growling menacingly. Oddly, he smiles.

TOM

Hey Skipper... come here, boy.

The dog stops growling. Tom drops to a knee and Skipper comes to him, tail wagging, and slathers his face with dog licks. Tom scratches behind his ear, just the way Skipper likes it.

In a SERIES OF CUTS, Tom searches the house... an office... a bathroom.... inside a closet... before opening the door to --

**INT. MARTIN HOUSE - MASTER BEDROOM - NIGHT (FLASHBACK)**

Tom sees Mr. Martin crashed in bed. And on the floor by the bed, Tom spots what he came for -- his backpack covered with skateboard patches.

Tom creeps over to retrieve it. He's almost there... when Mr. Martin stirs and opens his eyes. Seeing a figure in his room, he sits up with a start -- and recognizes the intruder.

MR. MARTIN

Tom? Is that you?

Tom is busted but he wants the backpack. Off his indecision --

**INT. MARTIN HOUSE - SPARE BEDROOM - NIGHT (FLASHBACK)**

Mrs. Martin, asleep in the spare room, wakes to the sound of DISTANT SHOUTING. She sits up. What's going on? The yelling suddenly stops. Mrs. Martin fumbles for the light. Turns it on. Finds her slippers.

**INT. MARTIN HOUSE - STAIRWAY - NIGHT (FLASHBACK)**

Mrs. Martin hurries up the stairs, calling out --

MRS. MARTIN

Glenn?

**INT. MARTIN HOUSE - MASTER BEDROOM - NIGHT (FLASHBACK)**

Mrs. Martin enters through the open door. She sees her husband lying motionless on the bed, covered in blood.

**INSIDE THE CLOSET**

Through the closet door that he holds ajar, Tom peeks out to see Mrs. Martin stumble to the bed, sink onto the mattress, and let out a guttural WAIL. Tom shuts the closet door.

**IN THE BEDROOM**

CLOSE ON Mrs. Martin, who collapses over her husband's body in tears. TILT UP to the face of Snow. The detective stands over the bed looking down. The LIGHTS brighten and the room MORPHS back into a crime scene. We are now --

**INT. MARTIN HOUSE - MASTER BEDROOM - NIGHT**

Back in the room after the crime. Snow stands over the now empty bed. The body has been removed and the coroner is gone. Vega and Lucas watch Snow act out movements as she speaks.

SNOW

Okay, so the killer stood over the bed, grabbed the statue, and whack -- right?

LUCAS

Right. Why?

SNOW

No idea. But before the lethal blow, the victim's wife heard her husband shouting from the spare room downstairs.

(to Oscar, jabbing him)

Or so she says.

(then, continuing)

When she heard the shouts, she hurried upstairs to check on her husband.

Lucas gets what she's going for.

**(CONTINUED)**

**CONTINUED:**

LUCAS

How'd the killer get away? Not down the stairs. He would've run into the wife.

SNOW

So where'd he go?

VEGA

I checked the windows in here. They were all locked. Painted shut, in fact.

The detectives look around. Snow spots the open closet door. She walks over and looks inside. Empty. She sees a foreign substance on the ground. Bends down. We GET LOW to see WHITE PARTICLES in the carpet. Snow brushes some into her hand.

VEGA (cont'd)

What is it?

SNOW

I don't know. Plaster maybe?

She looks up to see a 3x3-foot square cut into the ceiling plaster, outlining a removable attic door. Off Snow --

**EXT. MARTIN HOUSE - ROOFTOP - NIGHT**

A gable vent on the backside of the house pops out. Tom's head peers through. Seeing it's clear, he climbs out with his backpack and then sets the vent back into place.

Tom scuttles up the roof and peeks over to see the flashing lights of police and emergency vehicles. We FADE TO BLACK --

**INT. ATTIC CRAWLSPACE - NIGHT**

DARKNESS. The 3x3 plaster panel slides back and LIGHT floods the crawlspace from below. After a beat, a head pokes up with a flashlight. It's Snow. She makes a horrible face.

SNOW

Oh God, it stinks something fierce up here.

**INTERCUT:**

**INT. MASTER BEDROOM - NIGHT (CONTINUOUS)**

Vega and Lucas stare at the bottom half of Snow, who has climbed built-in shelves in the closet to check the attic.

VEGA  
What's it smell like?

SNOW  
Pee.

Snow shines her flashlight to reveal a glistening PUDDLE on the area of plywood where Tom was hiding.

LUCAS  
Cat pee?

Snow shines her flashlight higher to reveal dark red BLOOD STAINS on the beams that Tom was holding onto for support.

SNOW  
I don't think so.

She quickly swings her flashlight beam around the dark attic, searching for further signs of human presence.

SNOW (cont'd)  
Lucas, get outside, fast. Tell the blue suits to expand the perimeter, and lock it down. We might have a killer on the property.

Off her urgency --

SMASH TO BLACK.

**END OF ACT TWO**

**ACT THREE****FADE IN:****EXT. MARTIN HOUSE - ROOFTOP - NIGHT**

Tom scrambles down the roof toward the backyard. He stops and glances down, measuring his chances of a successful jump. There's grass to land on but he has to clear a concrete patio.

**EXT. MARTIN HOUSE - SIDE YARD - NIGHT (CONTINUOUS)**

The side door opens and Lucas steps out with the two uniform officers we established out front in the teaser.

LUCAS  
 ...look everywhere. Widen the  
 perimeter to include neighbors'  
 yards.

**EXT. MARTIN HOUSE - ROOFTOP - NIGHT (CONTINUOUS)**

Tom gathers his courage -- and leaps outward, barely clearing the pavers. He hits the grass, rolls, and runs into a dark hedge. After a beat, an officer enters the yard to search.

**EXT. MARTIN HOUSE - FRONT PORCH - NIGHT**

PICK UP Snow and Vega walking out the front door.

VEGA  
 The attic's clear, he's gone.  
 Escaped through a gable vent. I  
 sent a couple of SID guys up there  
 to gather evidence.

They stop on the porch when Lucas joins them from out front.

LUCAS  
 We conducted a thorough search of  
 the surrounding area. Nothing.

SNOW  
 We screwed up. The offender was in  
 the house while we were  
 investigating.

**(CONTINUED)**

**CONTINUED:**

VEGA

Not in the house, in the attic.  
Don't be so hard on yourself. He  
was probably trapped in the bedroom  
and climbed up there before we  
came.

SNOW

Why'd he wait so long to escape? He  
waited so long he couldn't hold his  
bladder.

LUCAS

He just took a human life. Maybe he  
was too scared to move.

Snow turns to scan the faces of the milling crowd, which has  
grown substantially.

CAMERA ROAMS to find brooding men, a group of stoned teens,  
Latino youth -- all possible suspects. She reaches into her  
jacket and takes out her digital camera.

**ON THE SIDEWALK**

FIND Tom in the middle of the onlookers, backpack over his  
shoulder, watching the police. As Snow raises her camera,  
Tom turns away in SLOW MOTION and fades into the night, as  
--

**ON THE PORCH**

Snow snaps a photo or two. She turns to Vega.

SNOW

When they're done in the attic, go  
ahead and release the crime scene.  
I have to stop by the house and  
check on my kid.

**INT. TOM'S BEDROOM - NIGHT**

The window slides open and Tom climbs back inside. He unzips  
his backpack and pulls out the bowling trophy caked with  
died blood, along with his bloody white gloves. Tom hears a  
CREAK and looks up to see --

His sister LULU, 8, standing at the bedroom door in her PJs.  
She looks at the trophy in his hands.

**(CONTINUED)**

**CONTINUED:**

LULU  
What'd you win?

TOM  
None of your business, Lulu. Go  
back to sleep.

But Lulu keeps staring at the trophy. The terrier slips into the room through the open door and jumps on Tom's bed.

LULU  
What's all over it?

Tom shoves the trophy and gloves into a pillowcase.

TOM  
Just dirt. Go to bed.

LULU  
If I'm tired for my piano lesson in  
the morning, I'm telling Mom and  
Dad you woke me up.

TOM  
You tell Mom and Dad anything,  
you're dead.

It's an ominous threat from Tom. Lulu makes a face at her big brother and shuts the door. Tom, riddled with anxiety, takes the trophy bundle and hides it on the top shelf of his closet.

**IN BED - LATER**

Tom lies in bed, staring at the ceiling, sweating and scared. He can't sleep. Tom gets up, startling the terrier sleeping at his feet, goes to the closet, and takes down the trophy.

Tom climbs back into bed and hugs the murder weapon close to his chest as his mind races, trying to figure out what to do.

**EXT. SAN FERNANDO VALLEY - NIGHT**

CITY IMAGES establish the Valley at night. An aerial shot of the 101 freeway. The period neon sign over Chris' & Pitt's Bar-B-Q on Victory Blvd. The giant Muffler Man towering over Expert Tune on Sherman Way. The colorful bail bond offices, vintage car lots, and Mexican shops lining Van Nuys Blvd.

**EXT. VALLEY HOUSE - NIGHT**

We LAND on a two-bedroom starter house in Panorama City. The poor part. Snow pulls into the driveway in her Camaro.

**INT. VALLEY HOUSE - NIGHT**

Snow enters the house carrying a bag from 7-11 and quietly moves through a dark house, filled with mostly secondhand furniture.

She hears a noise in the backyard.

Putting her hand on her gun, she yanks open the sliding glass door and turns on the porch light.

**EXT. VALLEY HOUSE - BACK PORCH - NIGHT (CONTINUOUS)**

Her son MANNY, 16, reclines on a tattered couch, feeling up a shirtless girl named CRYSTAL. He reacts with mild surprise.

MANNY

Hey Mom. Thought you were working.

SNOW

Clearly.

(to Crystal)

Crystal, put on your top.

As Crystal, who's wearing a bra, reaches for her top, Snow can't help but notice her rather ample breasts.

SNOW (cont'd)

Are those real?

CRYSTAL

(proudly)

Nope. Got 'em for my birthday. You wanna see?

SNOW

No. Maybe. How much did they cost?  
(before she can  
answer)

Never mind. Go inside and get dressed.

Crystal heads into the house. Snow pulls a LAPD-issue breathalyzer from her purse and hands it to Manny.

**(CONTINUED)**

CONTINUED:

SNOW (cont'd)

Blow.

MANNY

We weren't drinking, Mom.

SNOW

Blow.

MANNY

What're you doing home?

Unfazed, he takes the Breathalyzer and blows into it.

SNOW

I stopped by to make sure you had breakfast for the morning. Here.

She hands him the 7-11 bag. Manny gives the Breathalyzer back to Snow, who checks his blood-alcohol level. Manny pulls a box of powdered donuts from the bag.

SNOW (cont'd)

(satisfied)

What are you two doing outside?  
You're going to catch cold.

MANNY

The couch is outside. If you want us to make out inside, then put the couch in the house like normal people.

SNOW

This couch is ready for the dump.  
It's embarrassing.

MANNY

Not as embarrassing as the plastic lawn furniture in the living room.

SNOW

That's only temporary. I'm saving for a new sectional. Now let's go inside. You got practice in the morning.

MANNY

No I don't. I quit football.  
(off her look)  
It's not my thing, Mom.

(CONTINUED)

**CONTINUED:**

SNOW

(stern)  
Well, you need to find your thing,  
baby. And I'm not talking about  
that girl. I don't care what it is,  
long as it keeps you out of  
trouble.

Manny gets up off the couch. Snow puts her arm around him.

SNOW (cont'd)

Are you and Crystal having sex?

MANNY

No.

SNOW

You better not be lying, because  
I'll polygraph your ass.

And she means it. As they disappear into the house --

**EXT. LOS ANGELES - MORNING**

The sun rises over downtown.

**INT. APARTMENT - TOM'S BEDROOM - MORNING**

CLOSE on the blood-encrusted bowling trophy and bloody  
gloves inside the pillowcase. Tom checks them, ties off the  
top of the pillowcase, and shoves it into his backpack.

**INT. APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - MORNING**

Lulu practices piano with her Mom.

MOM

Watch your tempo, sweetie... you're  
rushing.

Nearby, Dad sits with a PARTY PLANNER, a 40-year-old woman  
with fading beauty, who's showing photos of herself dressed  
shamelessly in various fairy and princess costumes.

PARTY PLANNER

At Magic Princess Parties, we  
provide everything you'll need to  
make your little princess feel like  
a queen.

**(CONTINUED)**

**CONTINUED:**

DAD  
(flirting)  
Let's say we go for this party  
package, would you be the princess  
they send?

Tom enters the chaos, backpack over his shoulder. If anyone looked up, they'd see his exhaustion, but they're all busy.

TOM  
I'm going skating with Willie.

His Dad acknowledges his son again with a hand wave but keeps his focus on the princess, who smiles and winks.

PARTY PLANNER  
When you call our castle  
coordinators, tell 'em you want  
Little Bo Peep. That's my most  
popular character.

Tom heads out, past his Mom and sister on the piano.

TOM  
Bye.

MOM  
Bye, dear.  
(to Lulu)  
Wrists up, honey. Keep 'em up.

Tom disappears without ever being seen.

**EXT. ALLEY - DAY**

Tom skateboards down a grungy alley, lined with trash cans and dumpsters. Seeing what he's looking for, Tom hops off his board and picks it up.

Checking to make sure no one is watching, Tom steps behind a dumpster, unzips his backpack, and pulls out the pillowcase containing the murder weapon. He drops the bundle into the empty dumpster and closes the lid.

**EXT. NORTH HOLLYWOOD POLICE STATION - DAY**

Establish the modern cinder-block and steel building.

**INT. POLICE STATION - INTERVIEW ROOM - DAY**

A white room with a metal desk and a video camera high in the corner. Snow and Vega sit across from a tired Mrs. Martin.

SNOW

Thanks for dropping by, Barb. We need your help filling out a few details. Who's Arman Pozner?

MRS. MARTIN

How do you know about Arman?

VEGA

We checked your bank records. You wrote him a check two days ago for \$3,000.

MRS. MARTIN

I work with Arman at the 99 Cent Store. He needed a down payment for a van. He just moved here from Chechnya.

SNOW

A lot of money to give a co-worker. I'm guessing he's more than that.

MRS. MARTIN

(beat; reluctantly)  
I sleep with him.

VEGA

I suppose that accounts for the phone call to his house last night.

MRS. MARTIN

I invited Arman over when Glenn passed out, but he had nothing to do with this. He was long gone before I went to bed.

SNOW

You two had sex with your husband home?

(to Vega)  
Don't guys have some kind of fair play rule?

VEGA

Not really.

**(CONTINUED)**

**CONTINUED:**

MRS. MARTIN

You gotta understand something, I loved my husband. He just... wasn't doing it for me. No ambition, no fantasies.

VEGA

What about a life insurance policy?

MRS. MARTIN

Yeah. It came with his credit card. Guess what? I get a whopping thousand dollars. Now I gotta find a full-time job and probably sell the house, too. Some motive for murder, huh?

Snow and Vega exchange a look. So much for the wife.

**INT. POLICE STATION - DAY**

Detective BOYD BLOOM, 50s, looks over the Murder Book, filled with photos and reports. He sits behind a cluttered desk in a station that looks like an accountant's office -- metal desks, overflowing file cabinets, unflattering light.

Boyd, a paper pusher with an ass to match, supervises lower-grade detectives. His desk is his domain, plus the snack room, the only places he goes. He looks up at Snow and Vega.

BOYD

Where are my leads?

VEGA

We're working on that, Boyd.

BOYD

What about the Russian boyfriend?

SNOW

We're still checking into him, but it's looking like a dead end.

BOYD

Lucas! You get the analyzed evidence from SID?

Detective Trainee Lucas joins them with a forensics report.

LUCAS

Yesiree. No luck with a DNA profile from the urine. Did you know

(MORE)

**(CONTINUED)**

**CONTINUED:**

LUCAS (cont'd)  
healthy individuals don't emit  
epithelials in their urine? Now, if  
there were semen traces --

BOYD  
Move on, Lucas.

LUCAS  
Right. That's the bad news. The  
good news is --

BOYD  
No good news and bad news in  
homicide, Lucas. Just news.

LUCAS  
Okay. The "news" is that the  
partials we found on the beer  
bottle at the crime scene match  
prints from a recent series of hot  
prowls in the larger valley area.  
The intruder looks for unlocked  
doors, windows. And... he leaves a  
signature.

Lucas proudly hands a folder to Boyd. He opens it to see  
PHOTOS of "The Creeper" written on walls in black ink.

VEGA  
You talk to the guys in robbery?

LUCAS  
They don't have any leads. They  
believe this "Creeper" is breaking  
into houses for the thrill.  
Stealing tchotchkes.

SNOW  
(suddenly)  
We're looking for a teenager.

BOYD  
Clarify.

SNOW  
Teenagers are bored. Messy. They  
test authority. And the victim was  
a high school teacher.

Vega takes the folder and looks over the photos.

**(CONTINUED)**

**CONTINUED:**

VEGA

Why would a small-time thrill seeker like "The Creeper" commit murder?

LUCAS

Maybe he's moving on to bigger thrills.

BOYD

Get a list of the victim's students over the last three years, check for criminal records. Let's see who pops up.

**EXT. L.A. RIVER BASIN - DAY**

Tom and Willie carve walls and grind rails on their boards. Willie has fun, but Tom is tense, working out his aggression. Abruptly, Tom WIPES OUT, taking a bad fall. Willie walks up.

WILLIE

Dude. Loserific.

TOM

I'm okay. Thanks for asking.

Willie sits down next to him.

WILLIE

So what's the plan tonight?

TOM

Kristi's having a party on Mulholland.

WILLIE

A band geek party?

TOM

There's ass to be had.

WILLIE

Band geek ass. You should shoot higher, my friend. Margie's throwing a party, too. Head cheerleader, dude.

TOM

Willie, I'm a Waverly Marching Tiger. When's the last time a head  
(MORE)

**(CONTINUED)**

**CONTINUED:**

TOM (cont'd)  
cheerleader declared her love for  
the bass drummer after his  
halftime-stealing dance move?

WILLIE  
Point well taken. We'll party with  
the band, but we go Creeping  
afterward. We never hit any houses  
on Mulholland.

TOM  
I lost my gloves last night.

WILLIE  
I don't know if I ever told you  
this, but those gloves are so  
Michael Jackson.

TOM  
Better than leaving fingerprints.

WILLIE  
I don't care about fingerprints.  
We're minors. What're they going to  
do if they catch us?

As Tom ponders that very real question --

**EXT. MULHOLLAND PATIO - SUNSET**

A stunning patio overlooks the Valley below, with the sun  
fading in an orange sky. FIND Tom and Willie entering the  
crowded patio. Instead of partyers, they find clusters of  
tearful BAND MEMBERS, half of them wearing band jackets,  
talking quietly with hung heads, comforting each other.

WILLIE  
Very festive.

Tom turns to a nearby BAND MEMBER.

TOM  
What's going on?

BAND MEMBER  
You didn't hear? Mr. Martin's dead.  
He was killed last night.

Tom turns back to Willie.

WILLIE  
What'd he say? Who's dead?

**(CONTINUED)**

**CONTINUED:**

TOM

Mr. Martin.

WILLIE

The singing scientist? Tragic.

(looks around)

So where's the keg?

Willie splits off to find the keg. Tom looks around, dazed. Nearby, a girl sobs in the arms of another girl. For the first time, Tom sees the hole he left behind in taking a life.

He walks to a railing overlooking the city and stares out at the orange sky. Kristi, looking sexy, joins his side.

KRISTI

Hey Tom. I'm glad you came.

TOM

Hi Kristi.

KRISTI

Isn't it weird? About Mr. Martin?

TOM

Yeah. I can't believe what happened.

KRISTI

I heard his head was crushed.

Tom looks away to hide the guilt.

KRISTI (cont'd)

Did you know Mr. Martin sang in high school choir? Nobody gets it worse than the choir queers. He once told me he was the biggest queer of all. Not gay, just... different. I think that's why he became a teacher. Singing in class. Just to let everyone know it's okay.

It finally hits Tom. What he did. The life he ended. He starts to cry. Kristi mistakes his tears for grief.

KRISTI (cont'd)

Hey... it's okay.

She reaches out and puts her arms around him. Tom wraps his arms around her and they hold onto each other.

**(CONTINUED)**

**CONTINUED:**

TOM

I just want it all to go away... I  
want him to be alive.

Kristi's hands find Tom's face and bring it down to hers. She kisses his cheek. His lips. Emotions yield to hormones, and he kisses her back. As they start to make out in that hungry teenage way --

SMASH TO BLACK.

**END OF ACT THREE**

**ACT FOUR****FADE IN:****INT. MORGUE - NIGHT**

Snow stands against an ND background, observing something offscreen. Lucas enters and hands her a folder.

LUCAS

I found two possible suspects. Both had Martin for science. Both have juvenile records.

(looks around)

Where's Detective Vega?

SNOW

He's got a sermon in the morning.

(off Lucas' look)

Oscar's an ordained minister. Most of us moonlight. Best part of making detective. You get regular shifts.

LUCAS

Do you moonlight?

SNOW

Yeah. As a mom. So did you contact the suspects?

Lucas points to the top photo of a LATINO YOUTH in the folder.

LUCAS

I talked to Suarez there. His alibi doesn't kick in until after midnight. Do we have an official time of death?

SNOW

Moments away, right Betty?

REVEAL that they are in a morgue watching the oldest Medical Examiner in L.A. perform an autopsy. DR. BETTY MARION, 70s, stays current on all the latest technology, but she trusts her instincts foremost. She stands over the body of Mr. Martin, his skullcap removed and body split down the front.

DR. MARION

Don't rush me.

**(CONTINUED)**

**CONTINUED:**

She removes abdominal organs, with the help of an ASSISTANT. Lucas looks over and his face goes slack.

LUCAS  
I've never attended an autopsy  
before.

SNOW  
The first one's the hardest. If you  
need to leave...

But Lucas steps forward, fascinated. Dr. Marion removes the STOMACH and holds it over a container. Using scissors, she cuts open the wall and examines the contents.

DR. MARION  
Stomach's pretty much emptied out.  
(sniffs the organ)  
He was drinking beer. Probably a  
lager. Smell those hops?

She thrusts the stomach at Lucas, who eagerly takes a whiff.

LUCAS  
Bitter aroma... with a spicy  
bouquet.

DR. MARION  
How much did he have to drink?

SNOW  
Four beers. Bartender said he  
served the last one around ten.

DR. MARION  
(looking over the  
body)  
Based on his size? Time of  
consumption? Victim died at 1:15  
a.m. Give or take five minutes.

LUCAS  
Is that official?

SNOW  
Not till we've had the samples  
analyzed, but Betty's never been  
wrong. So Suarez here has an alibi  
after midnight. What about this  
guy? Where was he?

Snow takes a second photo from the folder. We can't see it.

**(CONTINUED)**

**CONTINUED:**

LUCAS

I don't know. I can't reach him.  
His parents said he's at a marching  
band party right now.

SNOW

You didn't happen to get an  
address?

As Lucas hands Snow a Post It with the address --

**EXT. MULHOLLAND PATO - NIGHT**

A miserable Willie sits near the keg with a beer in his  
hand, cornered by a PLAIN GIRL, who's all smiles and  
giggles.

PLAIN GIRL

You new in the band?

WILLIE

I'm not in the band.

PLAIN GIRL

Oh, you should join! It's so much  
fun. You play any instruments?

WILLIE

(pointedly)  
Electric guitar.

PLAIN GIRL

Omigod. Can you play "Mr. Roboto"?  
We totally jam on that song. I can  
play it on clarinet and French  
horn. You wanna know what that  
makes me? Bisectional.

She laughs like there's nothing funnier. Willie spots Tom  
filling two beers at the keg and hurries over to him.

WILLIE

Please rescue me from the seventh  
circle of hell.

TOM

Not now. I'm talking to Kristi. Did  
you know she's liked me since  
freshman year?

**(CONTINUED)**

**CONTINUED:**

WILLIE

Then she'll still like you  
tomorrow. Can we go Creeping now?

TOM

I can't believe it took me this  
long to talk to her. We're going  
out next weekend.

Tom eagerly walks off with two beers, leaving Willie hanging.

**ACROSS THE PATIO**

Snow and Lucas enter from the house and look around. The party is rocking now that alcohol is flowing. They pass two DRUNK GIRLS singing to the tune of "My Sharona" by The Knack, while the big-bellied tuba player accompanies them --

DRUNK GIRLS

*Ooh my little filaments, filaments.  
Actin and myosin form myofibrils!  
Proteins that are long and dense,  
long and dense. Making up the  
structure of the myofibrils!*

SNOW (TO LUCAS)

Mr. Martin tribute band?

LUCAS

Singing can be very cathartic.  
(turns to a BAND  
MEMBER)  
Whose party is this?

The band member points to Kristi sitting alone in a corner. Snow and Lucas watch Tom sit down and hand her a beer. The detectives walk over to the couple, who are talking quietly.

SNOW

Excuse me, is this your party?

KRISTI

That's right.

Snow shows her LAPD badge. HOLD on Tom's horrified reaction.

SNOW

Detective Snow, LAPD. This is  
Detective Lucas. We're  
investigating the death of Mr.  
Martin. We're looking for someone.

**(CONTINUED)**

**CONTINUED:**

Tom drops his head. Tries to hide his anxiety. Snow takes note of his behavior, while Lucas looks down at his notes.

LUCAS

Is there a James Anthony here?

KRISTI

Yeah. Right there.

She points to the beefy tuba player. Tom nearly faints in relief. Snow keeps her eye on him.

SNOW

You okay?

TOM

Huh? Yeah. I'm just, uh... I'm upset about Mr. Martin's death.

SNOW

Were you in his class?

TOM

No. I know him from the park. We ran our dogs together sometimes.

SNOW

You know anyone who'd want to hurt him?

TOM

No. Everybody loved Mr. Martin.

Snow senses something up with this kid.

SNOW

Well, we're conducting interviews on campus tomorrow. If you hear anything, stop by.

Tom nods his head. He will. Snow and Lucas walk away. Kristi slips her arm around Tom and nuzzles him, as Tom watches the detectives start questioning the tuba player.

**EXT. HIGH SCHOOL FOOTBALL FIELD - DAY**

The marching band practices on the field, with their DIRECTOR on a high ladder. Tom marches with the percussionists. The band is the picture of synchronicity.

**MOMENTS LATER**

Everyone splits apart for a break. As Tom removes his heavy drum, Kristi bounds up to him, cute and flirty.

KRISTI

Hey.

TOM

Hey.

KRISTI

I wish I could see you tonight.

TOM

Let's hook up.

KRISTI

I said I wish I could. My dad only lets me out on weekends. I can't wait.

She kisses him and sashays away. Tom watches her go. Damn, she's sexy. Tom hears his name from a distance. He looks over to the stands to see Willie frantically waving him over.

**THE STANDS - MOMENTS LATER**

CLOSE on a newspaper with a front-page PHOTO of the Martin house. The headline reads: SINGING SCIENTIST MURDERED IN BED.

Willie and Tom stand over the paper by the stands.

WILLIE

Look familiar? It's Martin's house. We were there the night he was killed! Remember that black van? The Russian guy? He was probably the killer!

TOM

This isn't the place to talk about this.

WILLIE

Why not? Everyone else is. The cops are here looking for witnesses. We could be, like, the key to the whole --

**(CONTINUED)**

**CONTINUED:**

Abruptly, Willie finds two hands on his chest, driving him under the shadows of the bleachers, where nobody can see.

TOM  
Residential burglary is a felony,  
Willie. You're not talking to them.

WILLIE  
Yeah, but we could catch a killer,  
dude.

Tom spins Willie to the ground, awkwardly falling on top of him. It's not like Tom knows how to fight, but he knows enough to put a knee on Willie's neck. Willie can't breathe. He clutches at Tom, panicking, flailing his arms.

TOM  
I will not go to jail for you. Do  
you understand me? Do you?

The fear in Willie's eyes says yes. Tom climbs off Willie, leaving him gasping for breath, and starts walking away.

WILLIE  
What's the matter with you? There's  
a psycho out there! There might  
even be a reward!

CLOSE on Tom walking away, realizing Willie is a wild card.

**INT. PRINCIPAL'S OFFICE - DAY**

Snow and Vega sit across from an ANGRY GIRL, dripping with teenage pain and angst, reading a poem she wrote.

ANGRY GIRL  
"...an original thinker in a world  
of foreboding. He saved us from our  
heads exploding. His spirit shall  
always be remembered. Whoever  
killed him should be dismembered."

SNOW  
Thank you, Pam. That was...  
heartfelt. Do you have anything for  
us that could actually help our  
investigation?

ANGRY GIRL  
No.

**(CONTINUED)**

**CONTINUED:**

VEGA

Have you ever heard of The Creeper?

ANGRY GIRL

No. He sounds hot.

The detectives nod appreciatively. She gets up and exits.

VEGA

Told you this was a wild goose chase. Like that tuba player at the party last night. These kids don't know anything.

SNOW

Give it a chance, Oscar.

There's a KNOCK, the door opens, and Willie walks in. He's a little stoned. Snow checks her sign-in list as he sits.

SNOW (cont'd)

Hello, Willie. Have a seat. Tell us what you know.

WILLIE

Yeah. Okay. I was at Woodbridge Park the night of the murder. Not far from Mr. Martin's house. I saw a black van. Very suspicious. This Russian dude behind the wheel.

VEGA

How could you tell he was Russian?

WILLIE

I don't know. He just looked Russian.

Vega and Snow exchange a look.

SNOW

Why were you at the park so late on a Friday night?

WILLIE

I was hanging out with a friend.

SNOW What were you and your friend doing?

WILLIE (cont'd)

What's it matter?

**(CONTINUED)**

**CONTINUED:**

SNOW

I'll let you know what it matters  
when you tell me what you were  
doing.

WILLIE

Hey, whoa, ease off the pedal. I'm  
here to be helpful.

Snow coolly downshifts and backs off.

SNOW

You sound a little parched there,  
Willie. Need some water?

There are plastic cups and a pitcher of water on the desk.  
She pours him a cup. Willie picks up the cup to drink.

WILLIE

So, do I get any money for this?

VEGA

Depends on how good your  
information is. You ever heard of  
The Creeper?

Willie freezes up. Unmistakable. Puts down the cup.

WILLIE

Look, that's all I got. I need to  
go now, before I miss my ride home.

VEGA

Keep in touch Willie.

Willie exits. When he's gone, Snow turns to Vega.

SNOW

Little liar. He was a lot closer  
than the park.

VEGA

I'll bag this for prints and run  
'em against the partials we found  
at the crime scene. Nice move.

As Vega picks up Willie's plastic cup with a paper napkin --

**EXT. ALLEY - DAY**

Tom stands in the now full dumpster, digging for the murder  
weapon. His terrier eats a food scrap he tosses out. After a

**CONTINUED:**

beat, Tom comes up with the pillowcase containing the trophy.

As he zips the trophy into his backpack, a STORE OWNER comes out a back door and starts yelling. Tom jumps onto his skateboard and takes off with his dog running behind.

**INT. APARTMENT - DAY**

Tom walks in the door with his dog and his backpack. He shuts the door and turns to see -- Snow and Vega on the couch with his Mom and Dad, eating birthday cake from paper plates. In the background, the party planner, dressed as Little Bo Peep, plays Duck Duck Goose with Lulu and her princess friends.

DAD

Hello, son. Have a seat. These detectives want to talk to you.

SNOW

Hi again.

Tom nervously smiles and sits, his backpack at his feet.

VEGA

Willie Schubert was at Woodbridge Park with a friend on the night Mr. Martin was killed. We asked around and found out you two are pretty tight.

DAD

Tom. Were you at the park with Willie?

TOM

I came straight home after the game.

MOM

I remember that. He went to his room.

SNOW

Willie's your best friend. Has he told you anything that might help us?

Tom looks down, fingering the zipper on his backpack, which holds the murder weapon.

**(CONTINUED)**

**CONTINUED:**

DAD

It's okay, son. If you know something, you need to tell the police.

SNOW

You can start by telling us why you panicked when we showed up at the party last night.

Tom, anguished, looks up at his parents.

TOM

Is it okay to tell the truth if it hurts a friend?

MOM

Oh, Tommy. You have to tell the truth.

Tom reluctantly turns to the detectives.

TOM

Willie was in Mr. Martin's house the night he was murdered. He was Creeping.

SNOW

What's Creeping?

TOM

It's like a game. Willie invented it. He breaks into houses while people are home. He tried to get me to try it, but I wouldn't...

(overcome by  
emotion)

I think Willie killed Mr. Martin.

Tom breaks down in tears. Whether real or not, we can't be sure, but it doesn't matter. The tears feel real enough to everyone in the room. Off Snow and Vega, closing in on the wrong guy --

SMASH TO BLACK.

**END OF ACT FOUR**

**ACT FIVE****FADE IN:****EXT. VALLEY HOUSE - NIGHT**

Snow's Camaro parked in the driveway.

**INT. VALLEY HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT**

Snow sits on plastic lawn furniture, reading over a YMCA brochure. Manny plays Grand Theft Auto on PlayStation 2.

**SNOW**

I have some time tomorrow to swing you by the Y. Listen to what they offer... soccer, tennis, swimming, aromatherapy -- ooh, I could make that class.

**MANNY**

I'm not doing that crap. It's boring.

**SNOW**

Well you need to find something that's not boring, Manny. Something that doesn't involve sex or substances. Or Creeping.

**MANNY**

What's Creeping?

The phone RINGS. Snow answers.

**SNOW**

Hello?

**INTERCUT:****INT. POLICE STATION - NIGHT**

Boyd sits at his desk, talking on the phone.

**BOYD**

It's Boyd. SID matched the prints from the kid's cup to the partials at the murder scene and the Creeper break-ins.

**(CONTINUED)**

**CONTINUED:**

SNOW  
Willie did 'em all?

BOYD  
He was there. And he had a class with the victim. Failed it. I don't know if it's cause for murder, but there you go.

SNOW  
We need a warrant to search his house.

BOYD  
You'll have it in the morning.

SNOW  
Thanks, Boyd.

She hangs up and turns to Manny.

SNOW (cont'd)  
So did you decide?

MANNY  
I told you, I'm not doing any of that crap. It's not me.

SNOW  
(frustrated)  
Well what is you?

Off her son, lost in his racing game --

**EXT. SAN FERNANDO VALLEY - NIGHT**

In a MUSICAL MONTAGE, an MTA Orange Line BUS cuts through the heart of the Valley. DIP TO BLACK.

**INT. MTA BUS - NIGHT**

Tom sits on the bus holding his backpack. A young GANGBANGER sits across from him, eyeing him. Tom looks down at his feet to avoid his stare. DIP TO BLACK.

**EXT. TOWNHOUSE - FRONT PORCH - NIGHT**

Tom, wearing white band gloves now, pulls out a hidden key on the front porch and quietly unlocks the door. DIP TO BLACK.

**INT. TOWNHOUSE - WILLIE'S BEDROOM - NIGHT**

CLOSE on Willie fast asleep in bed. RACK FOCUS to Tom, a dark shadow creeping into the room, bowling trophy in hand. Tom stops at the bed, staring down at his friend. DIP TO BLACK.

**EXT. TOWNHOUSE - FRONT PORCH - MORNING**

The front door opens. Willie's MOTHER answers. REVEAL Snow and Vega, with Lucas and two UNIFORM OFFICERS behind them. Snow presents the woman with a search warrant. DIP TO BLACK.

**INT. TOWNHOUSE - WILLIE'S BEDROOM - MORNING**

The detectives search Willie's room. Vega finds a piece of drawing paper in his desk and shows it to Snow -- it's a crude comic book image of The Creeper. DIP TO BLACK. Lucas pulls something from under the bed. As he holds up the bowling trophy, caked in blood --

FLARE TO WHITE.

**EXT. HIGH SCHOOL FOOTBALL FIELD - MORNING**

FADE FROM WHITE to Tom marching on field in formation. The band is practicing the Waverly High School VICTORY SONG. Up in the stands, Willie sits on a bleacher playing Gameboy.

From the field, Tom watches Snow and Vega approach Willie and say something. Tom can't hear what, but from his vantage point he sees two uniform officers closing in from the other side, forming a net around his increasingly agitated friend.

Suddenly, Willie makes a break for it. Tom watches the cops roughly take down Willie and handcuff him. As Willie is led away, Tom returns his eyes front, playing his victory song with the same impassive expression he had in the teaser.

**INT. POLICE STATION - INTERVIEW ROOM - DAY**

Willie, face red from crying, sits on one side of the desk next to a LAWYER. Vega sits on the other.

LAWYER

My client has nothing to say.

(CONTINUED)

**CONTINUED:**

VEGA

You sure? See, if Willie could clear up a few questions, he might be able to go home tonight. If not... he's looking at jail time, court dates, possible trial.

LAWYER

Trying to intimidate a minor? Nice, detective. I think we're done here.

Willie can't stand it. He starts tearing up again.

WILLIE

No we're not! I didn't do it!

**INT. POLICE STATION - DAY (CONTINUOUS)**

CLOSE on a TV MONITOR with the black-and-white video feed of the Interview Room, looking over Vega's shoulder at Willie.

WILLIE

You've got the wrong --

LAWYER

Willie, that's enough.

WILLIE

Why can't I tell 'em what happened?

REVEAL Boyd watching the monitor from his desk. Snow stands over him, along with Los Angeles County Assistant District Attorney DONNA RIVERS, 40s, a smart and fair woman.

SNOW

I'm not so sure this is our guy.

BOYD

What're you talking about? We got his prints and handwriting at the scene. The murder weapon under his bed. Best friend's testimony. All that's missing are the rainbow sprinkles on top.

SNOW

But look at him, Boyd. He wants to talk to us.

BOYD

Hell yeah. He's afraid of jail.

**(CONTINUED)**

**CONTINUED:**

RIVERS

I'm normally with you, Angie. But I can make a strong case with this evidence. Why not let the courts decide?

SNOW

He's a kid, Donna. I don't wanna put him through the system if we don't have to.

BOYD

I'll make this easy, detective. You're shift's over. Go home.

Off Snow, with no options --

**EXT. LOS ANGELES COUNTY RACEWAY - DAY**

A vertical light tree counts down. When it reaches green, a tricked out Acura and old-school Mustang GTO both PEEL OUT. A quick-cut SERIES OF RACING IMAGES establish a drag event taking place. Working-class FANS gather in bleachers at the weekly race, which pits novice drag racers against each other for a nominal entrance fee.

Manny, wearing a race-approved Snell helmet, sits inside his mom's Camaro, waiting for his turn. It's loud. Engines REV. Snow, dressed like a cool biker chick, leans into the window to give her son a pep talk.

SNOW

This is what we did for fun when I was your age. Better than a videogame, huh?

MANNY

Yeah.

SNOW

Of course, it wasn't sanctioned back then. Fact, this is how your dad got his first misdemeanor. After he wrapped his super-charged Nova around a light pole. But you're gonna do great! Have fun!

A RACE OFFICIAL waves for Manny to pull forward. Snow slaps the roof of the car and gives her son a holler.

**IN THE STANDS**

Snow moves down a bleacher, past some real REDNECK TYPES, until she finds Lucas eating popcorn. She excitedly sits.

SNOW

Manny's next!

LUCAS

Are you sure this is what you want your son to get involved with? I see a lot of questionable characters in this crowd.

SNOW

They just have a different sense of style. Don't be fooled by the window dressing.

Lucas glances at a huge HARLEY GUY next to him with a fuzzy beard and Hell's Angels jacket. Lucas turns back to Snow.

LUCAS

Okay.

SNOW

If you came to my house, you could judge me by what you saw, but you'd totally miss who I am.

LUCAS

Like a crime scene. Sometimes the best clues are the ones that aren't there.

SNOW

That's right...  
(sudden realization)  
Like a dog that didn't bark.

LUCAS

Excuse me?

Snow fervently turns to Lucas.

SNOW

Mrs. Martin said her husband's yelling woke her up -- why didn't the dog wake her? It was in the house. It barks at everyone.

They hear the REV OF ENGINES and turn to see Manny's Camaro at the line, next to a custom Civic, chopped down and beefed

**(CONTINUED)**

**CONTINUED:**

up. The Tree counts down. Snow and Lucas cheer from the stands.

At green, both cars LEAP FORWARD. The Civic gets the jump, but the American muscle of the Camaro kicks in and overtakes the rice burner to win the race.

In the stands, Snow jumps up and down, clapping and shouting with Lucas. Amid her wild celebration, Snow yells to Lucas  
--

SNOW (cont'd)  
Why didn't the dog bark at the  
killer?

**INT. KRISTI'S BEDROOM - NIGHT**

CLOSE on Kristi sleeping peacefully in a frilly bedroom. PAN OFF her to the window, covered by a lacy curtain. An ominous SHADOW moves outside. The figure slides open the window and pulls back the curtain to reveal Tom.

**BACK ON THE BED**

Tom ENTERS FRAME and sits on the edge of the bed. Tenderly, he reaches out and brushes back Kristi's hair. He bends down and kisses her cheek. Kristi awakes with a start. She sits up, scared, pulling the covers over her body.

KRISTI  
What's going on?

TOM  
Shhh... it's just me.

KRISTI  
Tom? Why are you in my bedroom?

TOM  
You said you wished you could see  
me before the weekend. Here I am.

KRISTI  
You snuck into my house? What's  
wrong with you?

TOM  
(frowns)  
Nothing's wrong with me.

**(CONTINUED)**

**CONTINUED:**

KRISTI  
(firmly)  
Get out of my room, Tom. Now. Go.

In that instant, Kristi recognizes Tom as a deeply disturbed person, and he knows it. Sadly, he turns to climb out the window. Off Kristi, more than a little freaked out --

**EXT. WOODBRIDGE PARK - DAY**

A terrier joyfully runs across a field. The dog chases a tennis ball, bounds back, and drops it by a pair of feet. TILT UP to a somber Tom. He throws the ball to his dog.

The terrier sprints away, but this time another dog joins the chase. It's bigger and faster -- the Presa Canario. It beats the smaller terrier and runs the ball back to Tom.

TOM  
Hey Skipper. How you been doing?

Tom scratches behind Skipper's ear, just like he likes.

SNOW (O.S.)  
That dog likes you.

Tom turns to see Snow and Vega walking up. Across the field, Mrs. Martin calls for Skipper. Snow gives her a wave to say thanks. Snow steps up to Tom. Vega hangs back.

SNOW  
I had a feeling. Just wanted to make sure. See, I was wondering why Skipper there didn't bark at the killer, then I remembered that you and Mr. Martin ran your dogs together.

She hands Tom a PHOTO. He looks at the crowd picture she took at the crime scene, blown up. It shows the back of Tom walking away from the murder, backpack over his shoulder.

SNOW (cont'd)  
I printed that up at home. Pretty good quality, huh? See how you can make out the skateboard patches on the backpack.

Tom looks down at his backpack by his feet. It's the same one in the photo. Tom looks up, across the field, and sees two UNIFORM OFFICERS spread out, just like they did for Willie.

**(CONTINUED)**

**CONTINUED:**

SNOW (cont'd)  
So you want to tell me how it  
happened, Tom? Why'd you kill Mr.  
Martin?

SLOWLY PUSH IN on Tom. The world closing in. Tighter and  
tighter. Tom's face appears beyond hope.

TOM  
He found my backpack.

The park behind Tom SWIRLS INTO a green chalkboard. We're --

**INT. MR. MARTIN'S CLASSROOM - DAY**

Tom stands in front of the chalkboard. PAN to Mr. Martin's  
desk. Mr. Martin leans against it holding Tom's backpack.

MR. MARTIN  
You left it in the park.

TOM  
How'd you know whose it was?

MR. MARTIN  
I checked inside for an ID. I found  
something we need to discuss.

TOM  
The marijuana isn't mine.

MR. MARTIN  
It's not the drugs I'm worried  
about.

The teacher pulls out a DIARY. Tom looks up, intensely  
violated and humiliated, and takes a threatening step  
forward. His body is coiled, ready to attack.

TOM  
That's my diary.

MR. MARTIN  
It reads more like a manifesto.  
You're holding a lot of hatred  
inside, Tom.

Mr. Martin flips through pages. We can't see them clearly.  
We're not meant to. But what we can make out is disturbing.  
Violent drawings. Pools of blood. Bodies being tortured,  
abused. It's a peek into a dark and dissociative world.

**(CONTINUED)**

**CONTINUED:**

TOM

I wouldn't do any of those things in there. They're just private thoughts.

MR. MARTIN

You know, you're not alone. Everyone feels different, Tom. When I was your age, I felt like an outsider, too.

TOM

Give me my diary.

MR. MARTIN

I'll make you a deal. You agree to show this diary to a counselor, I'll throw away the marijuana. If you don't, I'll turn them both over to the police.

Tom stares at him, rocking on his heels, silently seething.

MR. MARTIN (cont'd)

Not much we can do right before the weekend. I'll give you till Monday to think about it.

TOM (V.O.)

But I didn't need the weekend to think about it. I had to get my diary...

**INT. MARTIN HOUSE - MASTER BEDROOM - NIGHT (FLASHBACK)**

Mr. Martin stirs and opens his eyes. Seeing a figure in his room, he sits up with a start -- and recognizes the intruder

MR. MARTIN

Tom? Is that you?

Tom is so close to getting what he came for. He goes for it and snatches the pack, enabling Mr. Martin to grab his arm.

MR. MARTIN (cont'd)

What're you doing in my house?

TOM

Let go!

Tom tries to pull away, but the large teacher has him firmly.

**(CONTINUED)**

**CONTINUED:**

MR. MARTIN

No! This has gone too far, Tom! I'm calling the police!

As Mr. Martin reaches for the phone with his free hand, Tom looks around desperately and spots the bowling trophy on the dresser. Tom picks up the heavy object and SWINGS with all his might, clubbing Mr. Martin on the forehead.

Mr. Martin falls back on the pillow, stunned, woozy. For a surreal beat he just lies there. Rivulets of BLOOD cascade down his face. He stares up at Tom, confused.

Tom impulsively raises the bowling trophy and strikes the defenseless teacher AGAIN, and AGAIN, and AGAIN. He stops, looking down at what he did, breathing hard.

TOM (V.O.)

I didn't plan to kill him. I just wanted what was mine....

**INT. POLICE STATION - INTERVIEW ROOM - DAY**

As we pick up Tom's confession, we find that he's now telling his story to Snow and Vega in the station, with his tearful parents present, along with A.D.A. Rivers.

TOM

I couldn't let anyone else see it.

Snow looks at Rivers, who nods. She's got what she needs.

RIVERS

You're doing the right thing, Tom. The judge will go much easier on you with a signed confession.

SNOW

I need to know... why? Why end a man's life? When Mr. Martin woke up, the most you were guilty of was breaking and entering. They would've let you off.

TOM

But I wouldn't be invisible anymore. I like to be invisible.

As Tom signs his confession, DISSOLVE TO --

**INT. POLICE STATION - HALLWAY - DAY**

An officer leads Tom away from his parents in handcuffs. As his mother cries, and his father holds her, DISSOLVE TO --

**INT. JUVENILE DETENTION FACILITY - DAY**

Lucas releases Willie from juvenile detention and claps him on the back. Off Willie's smile of relief, DISSOLVE TO --

**INT. KRISTI'S BEDROOM - DAY**

Kristi, eyes red from tears, sits on the edge of her bed with a newspaper. The headline reads: TEEN ARRESTED FOR MURDER OF SINGING TEACHER. Off her sorrow, DISSOLVE TO --

**EXT. GRAVEYARD - DAY**

Mrs. Martin, with the Presa Canario, pays stoic respect at her husband's burial site. As she lays flowers on the grave marker, DISSOLVE TO --

**INT. JUVENILE DETENTION FACILITY - DAY**

Tom, wearing a jail-issue jumpsuit, walks in single file with other JUVENILE OFFENDERS. As they march ahead, DISSOLVE TO --

**EXT. HIGH SCHOOL FOOTBALL FIELD - DAY**

The Waverly Marching Tigers in full uniform. They practice on the expansive green field in perfect formation, executing sharp and precise turns. We start to SPIRAL UPWARD, higher and higher, until we're in an AERIAL SHOT of Los Angeles, an endless grid of humanity with eternal possibilities.

FADE TO BLACK.

**END OF SHOW**