

Killer Trails

written by

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FADE IN:

INT. KATHY'S LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Pictures of Kathy, both alone and with her parents, are abundant throughout the tidy room.

KATHY HARRIS (18), agitated, paces the floor. She runs fingers through her long hair.

KATHY

I can't believe you did this to me.

She comes to a sudden stop. Speaks to someone unseen.

KATHY

I trusted you. How could you stab me in the back by sleeping with someone I love? Just go.

She tosses a leather jacket to the person.

KATHY

I never want to see either of you again.

She waits. Nothing.

KATHY

Did you hear me? Out.

O.S. Soft FOOTSTEPS sound. The main door OPENS and CLOSES.

Kathy grabs a pack of cigarettes from the coffee table. She flicks out one, lights it with a match. Puffs with intensity to calm her nerves.

EXT. KATHY'S HOUSE - NIGHT

A small ranch in a middle-class neighborhood. Things are quiet underneath a starry sky.

INT. KATHY'S BEDROOM - NIGHT - SAME

Kathy sleeps. A moonbeam filters inside through a window, illuminating the area.

O.S. The bedroom door CREAKS open.

A shadow crosses Kathy, comes to a stop on top of her.

A dark FIGURE in a cap and the leather jacket looms over Kathy. A gloved hand rises into the air. It holds a butcher knife. Moonlight gleams off of sharp metal.

Kathy's eyes snap open. They enlarge upon seeing the knife. Before she can utter a scream...

The knife plunges downward into flesh. Kathy moans. Blood splatters onto the headboard. Kathy struggles, but again and again, the knife stabs its victim. Kathy goes limp in the blood-soaked bed, eyes wide open in terror.

The figure places the knife handle into Kathy's limp hand and squeezes the fingers closed. He exits, closes the door behind him.

EXT. KATHY'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Police swarm the area. Yellow crime scene tape seals off the front yard. Many curious ONLOOKERS in pajamas and robes watch the late night activities as OFFICERS and a FORENSICS' TEAM come and go.

Officers console Kathy's distraught MOM and DAD, who are in the midst of hysterics.

KATHY'S MOM

My baby!

Her husband pulls her close.

DETECTIVE BRET MILLER (37), a somewhat carefree while efficient man, passes by on his way to the porch. His remorseful stare goes to the troubled couple. He jogs up the front steps and into the house.

INT. KATHY'S BEDROOM - NIGHT - SAME

Kathy lies in the same spot - cold, dead eyes still looking upward.

Officers search for evidence. A PHOTOGRAPHER snaps pictures of the victim.

Bret enters, flashes his badge to a fellow DETECTIVE.

BRET

I'm Detective Miller. I was sent over from Hayden to lend you guys a hand. What have we got?

DETECTIVE

Stabbing, probable time of death  
around 3 AM. The victim is Kathy  
Harris, 18.

Bret stoops beside the bed for a better look. Kathy's eyes  
bother Bret so he closes them gently with his fingers. His  
gaze goes to the knife in her hand.

BRET

What's with the knife?

DETECTIVE

Maybe we're supposed to believe she  
stabbed herself to death.

BRET

(stands)

A warped sense of humor. Just what  
I like to see in a killer. Bag the  
knife.

DETECTIVE #2, who wears gloves, grabs the knife and attempts  
to pull it out of Kathy's hand. It's stuck, locked tight in  
a death grip. Detective #2 pries it free. He drops it into  
a clear plastic bag and exits the room.

BRET

I assume that's her parents outside.

DETECTIVE

Yeah. They were out of town on a  
weekend trip when it happened.

BRET

Alibi?

DETECTIVE

Airtight. You don't think the parents  
had anything to do with this.

Bret tours the room, examines every object he passes.

BRET

Not likely, but you never know.

He looks back to the victim, a hand on his hip. This troubles  
him greatly.

DETECTIVE

That's one torn up lady.

BRET

(dryly)  
The victim or her mom?

DETECTIVE

I was talking about her mom.

BRET

I know that. Of course she's torn up. It's her daughter.

DETECTIVE

Can't relate. I don't have kids.

Bret shifts him a look.

BRET

Think about how your parents would feel if they found you like this.

He walks past the detective on his way from the room. The detective's troubled eyes follow after him.

INT. BRET'S KITCHEN - DAY

RACHAEL MILLER (16), an adorable goody-goody type, fixes a waffle at the counter. She wears earphones connected to an MP3 player on her belt. Moves to music as she drenches her food in syrup.

Rachael picks up her waffle with a fork and takes a bite on her way to the table.

Bret enters, dressed in the same suit. He looks sleep deprived.

Rachael plops down into a kitchen chair.

BRET

Good morning, Honey.

Rachael fails to acknowledge him.

Bret pulls the earphones out of her ears.

BRET

I said good morning.

Rachael is momentarily startled.

RACHAEL  
Sorry, Dad. I was jamming to some  
Heavy Metal.

BRET  
Heavy Metal?

RACHAEL  
Yeah. Listen.

She pops up with the earphones held out, ready to place them into her father's ears. HEAVY METAL blares.

Bret pulls back before she can reach him.

BRET  
That's all right. I feel like hearing  
today.

RACHAEL  
Suit yourself.

Rachael sits. She starts to put in the earphones.

BRET  
Think we can actually talk during  
breakfast for once?

Rachael frowns, but sets down the earphones anyway. She switches off the MP3 player.

Bret pours a cup of coffee and sits across from her.

RACHAEL  
Busy night?

BRET  
Yeah. Had to check out a murder  
over in Spartan.

RACHAEL  
Cool.

Bret stares. Rachael immediately realizes her slip-up and grins.

RACHAEL  
I didn't mean... it's just that  
nothing exciting ever happens around  
here.

Bret nods in complete agreement.