

# **AM NEWS**

**EPISODE 1-04  
“ONE MORE BODY”**

**WRITTEN BY  
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EXT. AARON'S APARTMENT BUILDING - DAY

AARON's six storey apartment building stands on the corner of a moderately busy street.

A few pedestrians walk by on either side of the street.

We pan up to a window on the top floor.

INT. AARON'S APARTMENT BEDROOM - DAY

The sound of sizzling bacon crackles through the apartment and two plates clink.

AARON rustles around in the sheets a bit, then starts to wake up.

KENDRA comes down the hallway, dressed in sweats and a T-shirt.

KENDRA

Are you getting up? Are you going to make coffee? You make the best coffee.

She stops in the bedroom door and looks at him, then smirks and slightly blushes.

A tent in the sheets is pitched near his waist.

KENDRA

What's that?

AARON looks down at it and winks.

AARON

That's for you.

She giggles, then pops on the bed beside him, laying on her back.

AARON turns his head slightly above his sightline to the night table. 7:32am.

AARON

7-30? Jesus. People get up at this time?

She giggles.

(CONTINUED)

KENDRA

Maybe this will help you wake up...

She whips the sheets off him, then jumps up kneeling on the bed. She straddles across his legs, then leans down to give him a blow job.

AARON

Oh, god...

He pushes the back of his head into his pillow, groaning as his eyes roll into the back of his head.

INT. AARON'S APARTMENT KITCHEN - DAY

AARON walks into the kitchen wearing dress pants, a button up collared shirt, and a tie.

He adjusts his tie a bit, then kisses KENDRA.

AARON

That was a nice surprise...

KENDRA

It's just nice to actually sleep in our bed at the same time.

He grabs the tin of coffee and a paper filter.

KENDRA (CONT'D)

We get to have breakfast, too!

He puts the filter into the drip brewer, then fills it with a couple of scoops.

KENDRA opens the oven and pulls two plates of bacon and eggs out of it.

AARON

Alright! Bacon and eggs.

KENDRA

And hashbrowns!

AARON takes the coffee pot to the sink, rinses it out, and fills it with water.

AARON

My favourite. I love you!

He pours it in the coffee maker's water spout.

(CONTINUED)

He heads over to the table and kisses her before he sits down.

KENDRA

So, budget day... Why do they care so much?

AARON shrugs as he eats a strip of bacon.

AARON

I guess because of tax hikes, which pisses off a lot of people. Makes for good talk radio when they call in to bitch.

He inhales another strip of bacon.

AARON (CONT'D)

Wow, this bacon is good.

KENDRA

Why do they need you?

He shrugs again.

AARON

Are you off today?

She glances at the clock.

KENDRA

I'm going in for a few hours just to help them get caught up on some administrative stuff. I was going to swing by the grocery store to pick up dinner, anyway.

AARON

What're we having?

KENDRA

Check with me later. What time are you off?

AARON

I'm supposed to be done by five, but we'll see.

He looks up at the coffee maker and jumps up.

AARON

Coffee's ready!

He goes to the cupboard and pulls a couple of coffee mugs out.

EXT. WKKL RADIO STATION - DAY

The 60's style building, with its clean lines, looks tired and somewhat dirty under the blue sky and sunshine.

It's early morning, the sun shining, and moderate traffic on the street.

AARON pulls up in his car and exits it with two bags- his shoulder bag and his camera bag, placing the straps over his shoulder.

He locks the car door and heads inside.

INT. WKKL NEWSROOM - DAY

AARON slips in the front door. A receptionist, LYNN COTA, works the front counter.

Although he looks a bit tired, he smiles at her.

AARON  
Good morning, Lynn.

She just looks at him as he walks by.

He pops into the newsroom. All the dull fluorescent lights are turned on.

PATRICIA FELTS, the morning and daytime host, is visible through a pane looking into the talk studio. She's on air.

BLAINE WATSON and KEN MCKIM, sit at two of the desks. BLAINE looks up.

BLAINE  
Mader in the morning!

AARON  
Maybe I'll call my show that.

BLAINE  
You work overnights... And you don't have a show.

AARON  
Not yet. How are your ratings, again?

(CONTINUED)

BLAINE sips his coffee and winks an eyebrow.

BLAINE  
Pretty strong heading into sweeps.

AARON  
When is sweeps?

KEN turns around from his desk.

KEN  
Are you *boys* done yet? Sweeps is in  
three weeks.

AARON heads to the empty desk. He slides his bags off his  
shoulders and drops them on the floor by his feet.

BLAINE  
So, all hands for budget day?

AARON  
Apparently.

BLAINE  
No night shift?

AARON  
They traded me this for two night  
shifts.

BLAINE  
You get a bonus day off?

AARON looks smug.

AARON  
I don't have a show.

He sits back.

A young man, FELIX POMEROY, sits at another desk, and two  
females JESSICA HEARNE, and BROOKE DUBOSE sit at the other  
desks. They're all in their early 30's.

AARON  
We have our weekend crew reporting,  
too?

FELIX  
Yeah. We have assignments already.

AARON  
Why, did the budget get leaked?

KEN  
The mayor gave me a few exclusives.  
The other staff pound away on their keyboards.

AARON  
Such as...

KEN  
Restaurant license hikes of  
5-percent and funding for phase two  
of the derelict buildings  
demolition plan.

AARON  
So, what am I doing?

KEN  
You're working the desk and  
covering breaking news outside of  
city hall.

AARON  
Ugh, the desk? Really?

KEN looks around the room.

KEN  
Let's have a news meeting.

He grabs a stack of papers from his desk, as well as his  
coffee cup, and moves to the middle of the room.

The staff turn around in their chairs to face him.

KEN  
All right folks, it's budget day.  
Expecting a few surprises out of  
city hall besides what Mayor  
Hassler leaked me last night.

He flips through his papers.

KEN  
Aaron is on desk for the first part  
of the morning. We get him in the  
field after lunch to check out a  
few things going on- a daycare  
launch for one. Feed your script  
and clips to Aaron for the news

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

KEN (cont'd)

run. We have Blaine on-air noon to six, so all your content can go to him after Aaron leaves.

He flips through his papers again and sips some coffee.

KEN

Jessica- I'm sending you on the restaurant license hike chase. I want you talking to the restaurant association, health inspectors, restaurant owners, and customers. Stop by in-person, mingle. Real people stories. I want one-minute hits every hour at the top of the cast.

He takes a big gulp of coffee.

KEN

Brooke... You're going to Mt. Ephraim to talk to people about the derelict buildings being cleared. You're so good at streeters, do you think you could get me 12 good clips, 20 seconds each if you can?

BROOKE

It's kind of rough down there.

KEN

It's daytime, you're fine. Go meet the great people of Camden. I'd also like 30-second hits every hour during the half-past news cast.

She looks pissed.

KEN drinks some more coffee.

KEN

Felix, you're coming with me to city hall for the media briefing and lock down. We'll alternate doing one-minute hits every half hour. These will come after hits from Jessica and Brooke.

FELIX

How long are we in lock down?

(CONTINUED)



KEN

At least an hour, probably two,  
with no access to the outside  
world.

BROOKE taps her foot. AARON checks his phone.

KEN (CONT'D)

The media briefing is at 10, so  
don't expect any hits until the  
afternoon. I'd like you girls to  
head out right away.

He looks up from his papers.

KEN

Felix and I will take the cruiser  
and I'll buy each of you a tank of  
gas for using your own cars today.  
Any questions?

They all sit there, looking at him.

KEN

Any stories to pitch?

They keep sitting there.

KEN (CONT'D)

Alright, break!

AARON slips his cigarettes out of his shoulder bag and  
fishes his lighter out. He stands up and heads towards the  
front door.

EXT. WKKL RADIO STATION - DAY

AARON steps out into the daylight from the windowless room,  
pinching his eyes shut as they adjust to the sun.

He sparks his cigarette, and looks at the Benjamin Franklin  
Bridge crossing in front of Philadelphia's skyline.

He inhales his cigarette deeply and blows circles from his  
lips.

KEN and FELIX step out the front door, walking past him with  
a couple of large duffle bags of equipment.

KEN

I'm on my cell if anything comes  
up.

(CONTINUED)

AARON puffs and salutes him by raising his cigarette-holding hand as KEN and FELIX walks by.

They head to the WKKL news cruiser.

FADE INTO:

INT. WKKL NEWSROOM - DAY

AARON sits at his desk, his chair spun facing away from it.

He looks bored and surveys the room.

JESSICA and BROOKE's desk seats are empty, the ladies having left to their assignments.

He notices BLAINE pounding away on the keyboard and rapidly shifting between his browser, a word doc, and the newsroom software.

BLAINE stops and looks over.

BLAINE

Don't you have anything to do?

AARON stops spinning the chair and shrugs.

AARON

Ken and Felix are in lockdown. Jessica and Brooke haven't sent anything in. The phone isn't ringing, and I haven't received any emails.

BLAINE

You could update the web.

AARON

There's nothing local to post.

He spins around to his shoulder bag and slides his cigarette pack out.

BLAINE

Oh, yeah... Go for another smoke on the company dime.

AARON

What is your problem today?

BLAINE frowns and turns around.

(CONTINUED)

AARON  
OK, well, I'm going to rob the  
company of five minutes.

He checks the clock on the wall. 11:55am.

AARON (CONT'D)  
(sarcastically)  
Have a good show!

He flips the pack open and looks inside, then flips it shut and heads outside.

EXT. WKKL RADIO STATION - DAY

AARON exits the front door with his cigarette pack in his hand and walks around the corner on his left.

A small parking lot belonging to a restaurant next door sits between WKKL and the eatery.

An empty, wall-mounted payphone surround is mounted to the wall of the radio station.

A large, wooden telepost towers 50 ft. above the former payphone.

AARON looks up as he stands under it, in front of the payphone surround. He sees the bulb smashed in the socket.

He looks to the sky, and to Philadelphia's skyline.

He slips open his cigarette pack, bangs it twice on his wrist, and slides a joint out of it.

He places it between his lips and sparks it, taking a deep puff.

He leans against the brick wall and takes another deep puff.

A tough looking black man and woman, with a small girl walk by on the main street, the man glancing over as they disappear around the front of WKKL.

As he exhales, he turns around and looks at the payphone, with slit wires sticking out of the wall. He takes another puff.

He turns around and leans back against the wall, looking straight on, lost in thought.

INT. WKKL NEWSROOM - DAY

BLAINE is on-air in the talk studio, visible through the large glass pane between the studio and newsroom.

PATRICIA sits on top of a desk, blabbing away on the phone.

AARON walks in and slumps down at his desk.

PATRICIA slams the phone down and stands up.

She sniffs loudly.

PATRICIA  
What's that smell?

AARON looks over, half spinning around in his seat.

AARON  
(half-cheekily)  
What smell?

She sniffs again.

PATRICIA  
Smells pretty funky. Were you  
smoking pot?

She rubs her nose.

AARON  
I may have. I'm sorry.

She waves her hand.

PATRICIA  
Aw, babe. I don't care.

She snorts a couple times and rubs her nose again.

PATRICIA  
What're you doing here?

AARON  
I'm working the desk.

PATRICIA  
Looks like you're loving it.

AARON  
Yeah...

He slightly sighs and turns back to the computer.

(CONTINUED)

PATRICIA moves across the room and sits on AARON's desk.

PATRICIA  
When are we going to go for drinks?

AARON  
Some ryes?

He smiles.

AARON (CONT'D)  
I'm always working at night, and if  
I'm not, I like to spend it with  
Kendra.

PATRICIA nods.

AARON (CONT'D)  
We work opposite schedules.

She puts her hand on his shoulder for a moment.

PATRICIA  
Well, Felix and I are going out for  
drinks Friday night. Join us, and  
bring Kendra.

He looks disappointed.

AARON  
I work Friday night.

PATRICIA  
Join us anyway.

He hesitates.

PATRICIA  
Oh, c'mon. I've seen you drinking  
on the job with that B-TV slut.

AARON  
Carmen Dime?

PATRICIA  
Yeah, that bitch.

He chuckles.

AARON  
What did she do?

PATRICIA leans back. She grabs a cigarette from AARON's pack, and sparks it with a lighter from her pocket.

PATRICIA

We were M-C-ing an event together a few years back and we pissed each other off.

She takes a deep puff of the cigarette.

PATRICIA

Bitch scratched my face. I was an evening anchor. I couldn't hide it on-air, and two weeks later I was shown the door.

She ashes on the floor.

PATRICIA

Too old for TV, they said. Then I ended up on the morning show at this dump.

She puffs the cigarette again.

AARON

You were on B-TV? I thought you've been here forever.

She sighs, smoke billowing from her face.

PATRICIA

You sure know how to make a girl feel good...

She ashes again.

PATRICIA (CONT'D)

So, how do you know her?

AARON

We went to journalism school together...

PATRICIA

And?

She puffs her cigarette.

AARON

And we used to fool around.

PATRICIA

Are you sleeping together now?

AARON  
(sternly)  
No!

She puffs her cigarette.

PATRICIA  
So, it's one of those  
rub-your-crotch things?

He chuckles.

AARON  
No, no...

The computer sounds an email notification.

He focuses on the computer screen and clicks it open.

AARON  
There's a police newser at 1-30.  
Homicide investigation update.

He scrolls a bit.

AARON  
It's about a homicide by the low  
tracks on Pleasant.

PATRICIA  
When? Has there been an arrest?

AARON  
Last night. Doesn't say anything  
about an arrest...

He scrolls back up to the top.

The same police email comes in forwarded from KEN to AARON.

KEN (E-MAIL)  
Go to this please.

He leans back and looks at the clock.

PATRICIA  
How did we miss this?

AARON  
We didn't have an overnight  
reporter.

She drags the cigarette like it's better than sex.

(CONTINUED)

She throws the cigarette on the floor, then jumps up from the desk, squishing the butt with her high heel in the process.

She moves across the room to the grid of televisions.

PATRICIA  
Who else has a night crew?

AARON  
Just Channel 5.

PATRICIA  
(panicking)  
Pull up their website. Pull it up  
right now!

He clicks the Channel 5 bookmark in his Firefox web browser.

AARON  
Relax, Patricia.

He scrolls slowly down the page, power skimming it.

AARON (CONT'D)  
I don't see anything about a  
homicide.

She leans on the grid of televisions with her hands holding the top ledge. She stares intently at Channel 5.

After an intense moment...

PATRICIA  
I guess they didn't get it  
either...

She turns around and gives him a look over.

PATRICIA  
Better get going.

AARON watches as she grabs her purse and heads towards the washroom.

PATRICIA (CONT'D)  
Swing by the crime scene, too.

She enters into the washroom, somewhat slamming the door behind her.



INT. AARON'S CAR - DAY

AARON crosses the dirty town in his little, old, own sedan.

It looks like a war zone under the harshness of the sunlight.

Lots of people walk the street. Drug deals transpire openly.

He continues to drive through Camden when a smaller, sporty looking, black car zooms up beside him and sharply cuts him off.

AARON

Asshole.

He flips his middle finger to the other driver.

The black sports car stops on a dime.

AARON slams on his breaks and swerves slightly to avoid hitting him.

The car sprints away, almost like The Enterprise on Star Trek.

AARON straightens out the vehicle and begins driving again. He gets stuck at the next red light.

EXT. CAMDEN COUNTY POLICE HQ - DAY

AARON pulls up in front of the Camden County Police Headquarters. It is several stories tall and made of tired brick with thin slits for windows.

He parks his car across the street and slips out, pulling his shoulder bag and camera behind him.

He plugs the parking meter with a few quarters and heads inside.

INT. POLICE MEDIA ROOM - DAY

AARON enters the police media room.

BEN BRAZIEL (and his CAMERA GUY) and CARMEN DIME (and her CAMERAMAN) surround a board table. The reporters are sitting.

BEN's crutches lean against the wall by the door.

CARMEN lights up when she sees AARON, and waves him over.

(CONTINUED)

Her lips and nail polish glow in a bright red.

He sits down beside her.

AARON

I wasn't expecting to see all the night crews on this afternoon.

CARMEN

I don't know what it is about the budget that makes day side go so crazy.

AARON slips a notebook out of his shoulder bag, along with a digital recorder and an XLR-to-mini mic cable.

He stands up, moves to a pool sound box, and plugs the XLR side in to the output.

He slides the mini end into his digital recorder and sets it down.

He starts it rolling and goes to sit down beside CARMEN again.

They sit facing a podium with a microphone.

CARMEN

No one heard about this.

AARON

It nearly killed Patricia.

CARMEN

Good.

He looks at her. She scowls.

CARMEN (CONT'D)

Well, I hate that bitch. Don't bring her up.

AARON

Really? I didn't know that. What happened?

She just looks at him.

AARON (CONT'D)

C'mon, Carmen. You can't even talk about it?

CARMEN  
She slept with my boyfriend after  
you left.

AARON looks shocked.

AARON  
She what?

CARMEN  
I had gotten over you leaving for  
Wyoming, then I got this job and I  
met a sweet guy. It was all going  
so well. Then that cunt fucked him.

AARON  
Wow. How long were you guys dating?

CARMEN  
Seven months.

She sits back, stewing.

CARMEN (CONT'D)  
I got her back, though. I fucked  
with her face so she couldn't work  
on TV.

The two camera operators look at eachother shocked.

After a moment of tense silence, the POLICE CHIEF enters the  
room.

AARON sits back, a little stunned.

He places several news releases in the middle of the table  
and goes to sit behind the podium.

POLICE CHIEF  
Hello, folks.

He shuffles some papers in front of him, then looks up and  
around the room.

POLICE CHIEF (CONT'D)  
Are we all ready?

A couple of the media people nod. He looks around again and  
nods.

POLICE CHIEF  
Alright, we'll get started. Last  
night at approximately 11-30 P-M,  
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

POLICE CHIEF (cont'd)  
officers responded to a well-being call in the 27-hundred block of Pleasant Street. In short order, they located a woman in her mid-30s who had been stabbed with a sharp object. The victim's purse had been rummaged and her identification was missing. Autopsy results are pending, but we can say with certainty a serious sexual assault occurred before hand. We continue to investigate and anyone with information is asked to call police.

He looks up and around the room.

The journalists scribble feverishly in their notebooks.

POLICE CHIEF (CONT'D)  
This homicide follows two similar cases we're investigating. The first occurred several weeks ago. We are still not releasing information on that case but will acknowledge it. The second occurred last week at the Walter Rand Transportation Center. A woman had been raped and murdered in the parking garage. Today, we're officially announcing the Camden County Police Department is investigating a serial killer as these three cases appear to have been committed by one suspect. I'll take questions-

BEN cuts him off.

BEN  
Other outlets reported the victim at Walter Rand Transportation Center was a she-male. Are you saying this victim is a she-male?

POLICE CHIEF  
It appears all three woman were either in the process of completing, or had completed, sexual-reassignment surgery.

The reporters continue to jot down notes.

(CONTINUED)

BEN

Are they all prostitutes?

POLICE CHIEF

It appears all three of these woman  
were sex trade workers, yes.

CARMEN raises her hand in front of her. The POLICE CHIEF  
scans the room, sees her and nods.

POLICE CHIEF

Carmen?

CARMEN

Any suspects?

POLICE CHIEF

No, at this time we see a pattern  
suggesting one suspect, a man.  
Initial tests show spermicidal  
condoms were used in the sexual  
assault.

She eyes her CAMERAMAN briefly.

CARMEN

Any DNA?

POLICE CHIEF

You know Carmen, it's so early into  
the investigation, I can't really  
say what evidence we're working off  
of.

AARON looks at CARMEN briefly as he raises his hand.

POLICE CHIEF (CONT'D)

Aaron, yes?

AARON

What does the motive appear to be?  
I mean, we see these are all  
hookers. Crime of opportunity, or  
what's the motivation here?

POLICE CHIEF

I mean, that's something we're  
still working on and it will help  
us crack this case. I can say we  
certainly sympathize with the fact  
sex-trade workers are often forced  
into service from abusive or  
hostile situations.

(CONTINUED)

AARON nods along scribbling down notes.

POLICE CHIEF (CONT'D)  
It's no secret it's a high-risk occupation, as well. So, we see some opportunity in that aspect, but really, that's purely speculative-

CARMEN  
Going back to the suspect...  
There's spermicide on the victims.  
Safe to say this was a john?

The journalists finish scribbling down notes.

POLICE CHIEF  
That would be purely speculative as well. We work on a variety of angles. It could've been a customer and we'll touch base with other people working the street with her that night. It could just as easily be some other predator. We just can't say.

The chief looks around the room. The reporters look at each other.

POLICE CHIEF  
I'm afraid that's all we know. Any other questions?

He scans the room of reporters one more time.

POLICE CHIEF (CONT'D)  
Alright, have a good day, folks.

The camera operators begin to strike their equipment.

AARON shoves his things into his bag. He looks over to CARMEN.

AARON  
Gotta jet.

He slips out of the police media room as he grabs his digital recorder and mic cable.

INT. WKKL TALK STUDIO - DAY

BLAINE sits in front of the mic and clunky computer screen in the talk studio at WKKL.

A call comes in on the reporter line. He hits a button, putting the phone call across the studio monitor.

Commercials play underneath him.

BLAINE

Blaine.

He pauses.

BLAINE (CONT'D)

Hey Aaron. Yeah, I got the release.

He turns in his seat and looks through the large pane of glass separating him from PATRICIA in the newsroom.

She works feverishly on the antiquated computer.

BLAINE (CONT'D)

Patricia's cutting up the police audio for news. Can you give me a live hit?

He shifts in his seat, then pulls some stuff up in the newsroom software on the computer.

EXT. CAMDEN COUNTY POLICE HQ - DAY

AARON stands outside the police station on his phone.

AARON (CONT'D)

Yeah, then I'm going to swing by the crime scene for some pics. I'll send a couple of scripts and voicers in.

He pauses.

AARON (CONT'D)

OK. Standing by.

He pulls his cigarettes out of his pocket and sparks one.

He stares at the burning cherry and waits.

A couple of unis walk by him and into the station.

(CONTINUED)

AARON

Blaine, I'm at the Camden County Police headquarters where the chief of the force has just announced a serial homicide investigation is underway in Camden.

He flicks off the ash from his cigarette.

AARON (CONT'D)

One of the killings involved a she-male victim found in the Walter Rand Transportation Center early last week. Police now confirming two similar incidents have also occurred. Investigators are currently piecing together the latest homicide in the case, one that happened early this morning on Pleasant Street, the so-called Tranny Tracks.

He takes a deep drag of his cigarette.

AARON (CONT'D)

Reporting live from the Camden County Police Headquarters, Aaron Mader, WKKL News.

He exhales and hangs up the phone.

He slides it into the front, right pocket of his pants just as he gets to his car.

He looks up and he pulls his car keys from the other pocket.

There's no glass in the driver's door.

He looks bewildered, then steps closer.

Shards of glass litter the front seats, the bulk of which is in his driver's seat.

A tiny chip of porcelain tethered with fishing line sits among the chunks of debris.

AARON

Fuck off!

He twists slightly to view the police station, then turns back around and looks at the other cars parked up and down the block.

None of them have broken windows.



He turns around and walks towards the police station after a car passes by.

INT. POLICE CUSTOMER SERVICE DESK - DAY

An older lady in a police uniform sits on a tall bar stool behind a counter.

She wears 60's-shaped rhinestone glasses.

She types away on the computer and wears a telephone headset.

AARON walks up to the counter, and waits at the front of the queue line.

She turns to eye him up, then stops typing.

RECEPTIONIST

Yes?

AARON

I'd like to file a police report.

RECEPTIONIST

(deadpan)

We just call them reports, here.

AARON looks at her, not sure of what to do or say.

RECEPTIONIST

That was a joke. I like to play good cop, bad cop.

AARON still seems stunned.

RECEPTIONIST (CONT'D)

Well, come up here. Tell me what happened.

AARON approaches the counter, pushing the bags on his shoulders behind him so he can get closer to it.

AARON

I had a window smashed on my car.

He swallows somewhat nervously.

AARON (CONT'D)

Right outside.

She pushes her glasses down her nose a bit.

(CONTINUED)

RECEPTIONIST

Outside the station, here? When?

AARON

It had to have happened in the last  
20 minutes.

RECEPTIONIST

Can I see your driver's license and  
I'll punch this up.

She turns towards the monitor and begins typing.

RECEPTIONIST (CONT'D)

Anything stolen?

AARON

No.

He coughs into his elbow.

She looks over, then back at the computer, firing away on  
the keys.

She slides AARON's ID back to him.

RECEPTIONIST

Any idea who could've done this?

AARON

I don't know. Mine was the only  
busted window. I flipped a guy off  
earlier who cut me off and slammed  
on his breaks for no reason.

She gives him a look.

RECEPTIONIST

(deadpan)

You shouldn't do that, sir.

He taps the counter.

AARON

Sorry.

RECEPTIONIST

Any surveillance video or pictures  
of a suspect or suspects?

AARON

I don't know. Are there security  
cameras facing the street?

(CONTINUED)

RECEPTIONIST

I can't divulge that information,  
sir.

AARON

Then I'll say no.

She types away.

AARON hears a familiar voice call his name. He turns around  
to see his police officer friend JOHN SPEER.

JOHN

Aaron!

AARON steps away from the counter.

AARON

Hey, John!

They shake hands.

AARON (CONT'D)

Good to see you. What're you doing  
down here?

JOHN

Homicide invited JULIETTE and me to  
help with the Tranny Tracks serial  
killer. I assume you're here for  
the announcement?

AARON sighs.

AARON

Well, I was. But, someone smashed  
my driver's door window while I was  
in the news conference.

JOHN

Seriously? Where are you parked?

AARON

Right outside.

JOHN

Shit!

The RECEPTIONIST gives JOHN a look.

JOHN

Well, let me check our supply  
closet for some plastic. We'll get

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

JOHN (cont'd)  
it taped up. Wait here, I'll be  
right back.

JOHN jets off toward a stairwell, swiping his card on the  
keyless entry pad.

The RECEPTIONIST prints off the report and staples the two  
pages together.

RECEPTIONIST  
Just need you to sign this.

She slides the report towards the front of the counter and  
holds a pen up.

AARON walks back up to the counter and takes the pen from  
her.

He signs the document and puts the pen down.

The RECEPTIONIST pulls both towards herself.

RECEPTIONIST  
I'll make a copy for you.

She disappears.

AARON turns around and leans his back against the counter.

He scans the room. A few scummy looking civilians sit on  
chairs by a secure door just to his right.

JOHN comes back through the stairwell door carrying a clear  
garbage bag, a grocery bag, clear packing tape, and some  
latex gloves.

He walks over to AARON briskly.

JOHN  
Got everything we need!

AARON  
Where'd you find all that?

JOHN  
In the supply closet in Homicide.

The RECEPTIONIST re-appears from the back and staples the  
sheets she's holding.

RECEPTIONIST

Mr. Mader, here is your copy.

He turns around. She hands him the report.

AARON

Thank you.

He looks over at JOHN and raises his brow line.

AARON

And thank you for grabbing that stuff.

JOHN

C'mon, I'll help you get it all cleaned up.

AARON

You don't have to do that.

JOHN

Happy to help.

They head towards the front door and out of the station, disappearing into blinding sunlight from the dank, fluorescent slums within.

EXT. CAMDEN COUNTY POLICE HQ - DAY

JOHN and AARON walk up to AARON's car on the street in front of the police station.

JOHN sees the glassless window frame.

JOHN

Wow, they got the whole window.

AARON

Am I the only one shocked they got away with this outside the city's main police station?

JOHN looks down at the driver's seat and pulls the tiny procelain chip out. It dangles from the fishing line.

JOHN

Well, this would've made it quiet. These guys just have to gently swing this against the glass and it'll take the whole thing out.

(CONTINUED)

AARON  
What is it? Porcelain?

JOHN holds it up to his eye.

JOHN  
No, it's a tiny piece of ceramic  
from a spark plug.

He passes it to AARON.

JOHN (CONT'D)  
If you let it swing gently on this  
line, it'll quietly destroy the  
whole pane.

AARON examines it closely.

AARON  
Hmm...

JOHN reaches through the broken frame and unlocks the door.  
He pulls it open.

JOHN  
Do you want to tape it shut or  
clean the glass up?

AARON  
I'll clean the glass up.

JOHN passes him the grocery bag and latex gloves.

AARON  
Thanks.

JOHN  
I wish we had better work gloves  
you could use.

AARON  
This is more than enough. Thanks,  
John!

The men begin to clean up the mess.

AARON grabs tiny clumps of sharded glass and drops them in  
the grocery bag.

JOHN stands on the exterior-side of the wide-open door. He  
rips the clear garbage bag open and tears it to fit around  
the broken window.

JOHN  
What's your deductible?

AARON  
Five hundred bucks.

JOHN  
Ouch.

AARON  
Yeah. There goes eating for the  
next month.

AARON collects some pieces from the floor. He's not angry,  
no emotion, just numb to the experience.

AARON  
So, I see the Tranny Track killings  
are now a serial murder  
investigation.

JOHN  
And you didn't even leak it before  
hand.

AARON  
I promised I wouldn't.

He jumps into the driver's seat so he can clean up the  
shards from his passenger's seat.

AARON (CONT'D)  
As a journalist, my word is  
everything.

JOHN smirks a bit.

JOHN  
You have strong morals, don't you?

AARON ponders for a brief moment.

AARON  
I think it's more like I just try  
to do what's right. You only get  
one reputation and it's nearly  
impossible to fix it once you've  
ruined it.

He opens the centre console to see if anything was taken,  
but notices his bag of pot on top.

JOHN glances over.

(CONTINUED)

JOHN

Hey!

AARON quickly shuts it.

JOHN (CONT'D)

I saw that.

A moment of panic crosses AARON's face.

JOHN chuckles.

JOHN

Relax. I don't care about that.  
We're friends, right?

AARON looks at him for a moment.

AARON

I don't know...

He smirks.

AARON (CONT'D)

Anything else you can share on the  
tranny murders?

JOHN

I wish, but the chief told you  
everything we're working on.

AARON

Damn, I was going to say that would  
really seal the deal.

He looks around at the debris.

AARON (CONT'D)

I can't believe my one window made  
all this mess.

He pushes a lot of chunks together to form a neat pile he  
starts to scoop into the grocery bag.

JOHN finishes taping up the window.

JOHN

There we go.

He slides his phone out of his pocket.

(CONTINUED)



JOHN  
Let's stay in touch. Can I get your  
number?

AARON  
For sure. 555-0150.

JOHN punches it into his phone.

He hits send and slides the device into his pocket.

AARON's phone buzzes. A message from JOHN.

JOHN (TEXT)  
*Here's my number.*

AARON looks up at him.

AARON  
Thanks! We'll stay in touch for  
sure.

He places the bag of glass shards on the passenger seat  
floor.

His left leg steps out of the car.

JOHN  
I'll take that.

AARON looks at him, then reaches in for it, and hands JOHN  
the bag.

AARON  
Thanks for all the help.

JOHN  
Stop being so grateful. We're  
friends.

JOHN extends his right hand to AARON. They shake.

AARON  
Well, sorry, but I've gotta jet.  
The news never sleeps.

JOHN  
No rest for the wicked?

AARON  
Something like that.

He pulls the door shut.

INT. AARON'S CAR - DAY

AARON drives his car across the pothole-ridden roads.

His phone rings.

He grabs it, answers the call, and puts it to his ear.

AARON  
Aaron Mader.

BLAINE (O.C.)  
'the fuck are you?

AARON  
I just left the police station. My car window was busted out during the newser.

BLAINE (O.C.)  
I was expecting live hits from the crime scene.

AARON  
I'm headed there now.

BLAINE (O.C.)  
Fuck it. Change of plans. Patty just got wind of a code 4 well-being call at the Old Camden Cemetery.

AARON straightens his posture.

AARON  
In Whitman Park?

BLAINE (O.C.)  
That's the one.

He mulls.

AARON  
Great.

BLAINE (O.C.)  
You're in Whitman every other night. Should be a cake walk during the day.

AARON  
A cake walk?

He hangs up the phone.

It rings again. He answers.

INT. WKKL TALK STUDIO - DAY

BLAINE sits in the hot seat, wearing headphones and looking pissed.

BLAINE  
Get there fast because I want  
30-second hits every 10 minutes.

AARON (O.C.)  
Every 10 minutes?

BLAINE  
There's heavy police, fire, and  
ambulance on scene.

AARON (O.C.)  
Does that warrant live hits every  
10 minutes, though?

BLAINE  
The Coroner is there.

AARON (O.C.)  
OK, well, you could've just said  
that.

BLAINE  
It's also by some tracks.

AARON (O.C.)  
Alright, I'm on my way.

BLAINE  
Make it quick.

He cuts the call on the soundboard and sits back as commercials play.

INT. AARON'S CAR - DAY

AARON drops the phone back in the cupholder.

He continues to drive through Camden, making his way down Mt. Ephraim towards the Old Camden Cemetery.

His phone rings again. He answers it.

(CONTINUED)

AARON

WHAT?!

Dead silence.

He looks at the phone. Unknown caller.

AARON

Sorry. This is Aaron Mader speaking.

More silence.

AARON

Hello?

He hangs up and drops it back in the cupholder, intently watching the phone as it settles.

EXT. OLD CAMDEN CEMETERY - DAY

All the media outlets arrive almost simultaneously: WKKL, B-TV News, and Channel 5.

AARON emerges from his car, CARMEN and her CAMERAMAN from their van, and BEN and his CAMERA GUY from their van.

The entrances to the old cemetery are all sealed up with crime scene tape.

CARMEN screams at her CAMERAMAN as she runs to the gates.

CARMEN

Jesus fuck, hurry. We need shots.

He grabs his camera, tripod, and other gear from the back door.

BEN and his CAMERA GUY rush to get set up.

AARON runs towards the gates with CARMEN.

AARON

Why are you freaking out? What do you know?

She looks back at him as he approaches, her red lips made glowing by her dark eyeshadow.

CARMEN

It's a she-male. Dumped in the cemetery.

(CONTINUED)

AARON  
Shit, how'd you hear that?

She looks back through the gates.

CARMEN  
My girlfriend's a paramedic. She's  
in there right now.

AARON gets to the gate. He peers through, looking around.

The stones are old and weathered, the last one being erected  
a century ago.

He sees a bit of activity in the middle of the cemetery, but  
most of it is blocked from view because of mature  
evergreens.

BEN hobbles closer on his crutches, his weasly CAMERA GUY  
trailing behind.

BEN  
Hey guys, what do we know?

CARMEN cocks her head at him sharply.

CARMEN  
Fuck you, Braziel!

BEN  
Cunt!

He looks at AARON.

BEN  
What do we got?

AARON  
It's Carmen's scoop. I don't know.

BEN gets closer to the gate. He notices the activity behind  
the evergreens, the young officers moving excitedly.

CARMEN edges at him.

BEN  
Knock it off already.

She knocks one of his crutches to the ground.

BEN  
Wow, beating a crippled man. Nice.

CARMEN

The only crippling thing about you  
is your small dick.

CARMEN starts to move around the perimeter of the cemetery.

She heads up the long wall, AARON starting to follow.

CARMEN

We need a better view.

Her CAMERAMAN trails her and AARON.

BEN and his CAMERA GUY start to follow a moment later.

CARMEN senses them, and turns around from far up ahead.

CARMEN

Could you get a different shot than  
us for once?

BEN and his CAMERA GUY stop there. They start setting their  
gear up by the first gate.

AARON continues peering through the wroughtiron fence as he  
passes along, following CARMEN.

He sees multiple tent cards with numbers set up around the  
cemetery, 1 through 13.

AARON

It's OK that I'm following you,  
right?

CARMEN turns around, and reaches for him.

CARMEN

Of course, babe. You'll always be a  
close friend.

She links her arm around AARON's and they walk side by side,  
with him closer to the fence and CARMEN closer to the  
street.

CARMEN

See anything yet?

AARON

Just 13 tent cards marking  
evidence.

CARMEN

I need to get a view of inside  
those trees.

They come to the end of the block. The sidewalk wraps up to their left.

CARMEN looks upward to see if there's anywhere they can get a better view.

She sighs in disappointment.

CARMEN

Let's keep walking the perimeter.

An elderly black lady with a stupid, little pomeranian on a leash walks towards them.

In the distance behind her, two entrances to the cemetery are wrapped with crime scene tape.

ELDERLY LADY

Excuse me. You're the news?

AARON

Aaron Mader, WKKL.

He smiles. She goes "old lady wild."

ELDERLY LADY

Oh, my. I just love you!

CARMEN is itching to move on.

ELDERLY LADY (CONT'D)

Do you know what happened here?

AARON

We're still working on it, mam. Do you know anything?

ELEDERLY LADY

No, but if anyone can get the scoop, I know you can!

She beams and walks on with her dogs.

They continue walking towards the first of two gates on this side of the fence.

AARON

Oh, I love my fans.

(CONTINUED)

CARMEN

My fans are just fat, drunk pigs  
wanting some ass.

CAMERAMAN

No one gives a shit what I do.

They get to the first wroughtiron gate. It opens down the center and is wrapped tight with chain. A deadbolt secures it.

Crime tape surrounds it. Officers stand nearby inside.

CARMEN

How's that working out for ya?

CAMERAMAN

Well, I-

CARMEN

Yeah, I didn't really want to know.

AARON fumbles his smokes out of his shoulder bag.

He flips one out, slips it between his lips, and sparks it.

CARMEN slides her pack out of her purse.

AARON helps her light it.

AARON

Are you OK? You seem kind of...

CARMEN

What?

AARON

Bitchy, tonight.

She blows out her first puff in his face.

CARMEN

I'm on edge. I want a killer story.

AARON

This is a *killer* story.

CARMEN

I need *the* story on this.

She takes another long, deep puff and turns to her CAMERAMAN.

(CONTINUED)



CARMEN  
Can we go live if we need?

CAMERAGUY  
If we're near the van, yes.

She looks back into the cemetery through the gates.

AARON leans against the wall and takes a puff.

He slides his phone out of his pocket and unlocks it.

He opens his text message with JOHH.

AARON (TEXT)  
*What's going on at the cemetery. A source we trust says another tranny.*

After a few moments.

JOHN (TEXT)  
*Confirmed. Another she-male prostitute.*

AARON looks at CARMEN.

AARON  
My cop friend confirms what the paramedic told you.

His phone buzzes again.

JOHN (TEXT)  
*Are you here?*

AARON (TEXT)  
*Yeah, south gate.*

CARMEN gets anxious.

CARMEN  
What's he saying now?

AARON  
Nothing.

She eyes him up and down.

CARMEN  
Are you lying to me, Mader?

AARON  
You don't trust me?

She eyes him again.

CARMEN  
Of course I do.

She moves in closer to AARON and runs the side of her finger down his face, in front of his ear, onto his cheek.

CARMEN (CONT'D)  
We should keep moving.

AARON  
I have to call in a live hit.

He looks across the street to a nearby payphone.

AARON (CONT'D)  
You go on. I'll catch up.

She moves in and kisses his cheek softly. He pulls back ever so slightly.

CARMEN  
OK, babe. See you in a bit.

CARMEN and her CAMERAMAN forge ahead.

AARON stands up as the CAMERAMAN steps past him, who winks his brow as he moves on.

AARON flicks his cigarette butt. His phone buzzes.

JOHN (TEXT)  
*I'll meet you there in 10 minutes.*

AARON (TEXT)  
*See you then.*

AARON jogs across the street to the payphone.

EXT. STREET PAYPHONE - DAY

AARON gets to the payphone. He lifts the receiver and fishes change out of his pocket.

He slips it in and punches in the reporter line.

He turns around, leaning against the stand.

After a moment...

(CONTINUED)

AARON  
Hey, I'm calling a hit in from the  
cemetery.

He looks straight ahead at the battered storefront. Long  
abandoned.

AARON (CONT'D)  
I've confirmed it's another  
she-male. Just intro me with  
"WKKL's Aaron Mader is tracking the  
latest in a serial homicide  
investigation announced today by  
the chief of police. We now go live  
to the Old Camden Cemetery."

He pauses.

AARON (CONT'D)  
OK.

He waits for a moment.

He puts his cigarette pack from his pocket on the ledge of  
the payphone.

He places his lighter and other loose change on top.

He stays facing towards the gate, his back to the tired  
facade.

AARON  
Four victims now, Blaine. Police  
have secured the grave yard upon  
the discovery of a fourth victim.  
Just earlier today, police  
announcing downtown a serial  
homicide investigation ramping up.  
The coroner is on scene, along with  
dozens of paramedics and officers.  
Sources have confirmed with WKKL  
the body belongs to a sex trade  
worker.

JOHN walks up to the gate across the street, inside the  
cemetery.

AARON (CONT'D)  
It's early into this latest crime,  
the previous appearing to contain  
some trace of sexual assault. We're  
live at the Old Camden Cemetery  
covering this as it breaks. Aaron  
Mader, WKKL News.

(CONTINUED)

He slams the receiver down on the payphone. He grabs his cigarette pack.

He slides the change into his pocket and grabs a smoke.

He sparks it as he runs across the street back to JOHN, sliding his lighter and pack into his shoulder bag.

EXT. OLD CAMDEN CEMETERY - DAY

AARON gets back to the gate. JOHN looms inside the cemetery.

JOHN  
No camera?

AARON  
What?

He looks at his side. Just his shoulder bag dangles there.

AARON (CONT'D)  
Shit. I hope it's in the car.

JOHN lifts the camera bag up into view.

JOHN  
You left it in front of the  
reception desk.

AARON  
Thank god!

JOHN goes to gently toss the camera bag over the gate. He hangs on to the bag as it dangles on the other side.

AARON tippy-toes up to grab it.

AARON  
Thank you so much.

He slides it onto his shoulder with his note bag.

AARON (CONT'D)  
How'd you get here so quickly?

JOHN  
My department was packing up to  
rush up as I finished taping up  
your window.

AARON puffs his cigarette.

(CONTINUED)

AARON  
Anything you can share?

JOHN looks behind him.

JOHN  
This one was killed differently.  
You didn't hear it from me.

AARON  
How?

JOHN  
The killer hanged her from one of  
those trees, but her throat was  
also slit.

He looks behind him again.

JOHN (CONT'D)  
If you catch up with Carmen Dime,  
they've got a direct view. But not  
for long, we're going to cut her  
down soon.

AARON takes another deep puff.

AARON  
OK, I'm going to jet over there.  
Thanks again for finding my camera.

JOHN  
Can I get kills?

AARON  
You smoke?

JOHN  
Sometimes.

AARON passes him the butt.

AARON  
Catch up with you later.

JOHN nods as AARON hurries off.

EXT. OLD CAMDEN CEMETERY MAIN GATES - DAY

AARON catches up with CARMEN and her CAMERAMAN.

The CAMERAMAN keeps his face close to the camera, the viewfinder sitting on his right eye socket.

CAMERAMAN

They're not going to run this...

CARMEN

Doesn't mean we don't point and shoot.

AARON comes up between them.

AARON

Shit!

The she-male hangs from a large evergreen branch. Blood covers the front of her silver sequin dress.

CARMEN

Shh! You're ruining the nat sound on my b-roll.

AARON fumbles to get his camera out of his bag.

Two emergency crew members are up on two ladders, trying to slowly lower her to the ground.

He snaps dozens of shots.

He notices her purse contents dispersed all over the grass. Most of it is condom wrappers and make-up.

The she-male starts to lower to the ground when the rope snaps.

She collapses straight down to the ground, her left stilleto going deep in the soil. She flops to the ground hard in a laying down position, her head whiplashing.

Her left leg stays arched, but somewhat twisted looking.

AARON puts his camera down, looking shocked.

The emergency crews step down the ladder, the other people rushing to cover up the body and block the news view.

CARMEN jumps up and down. She looks at her CAMERAMAN.

(CONTINUED)

CARMEN

Please tell me you got clean  
footage of all that.

He raises his thumb. She squeals.

AARON puts the camera back to his face and snaps a few dozen  
more shots of everything he can see.

FADE INTO:

EXT. SUPERMARKET - DAY

A large 70's era supermarket sits on an equally sized  
parking lot.

The sun sets behind a shopping cart slowly rolling towards  
some random car.

INT. SUPERMARKET - DAY

KENDRA walks through the potato section in the produce area  
of the grocery store with an empty cart.

Her phone rings from her purse.

It's sitting in the child compartment of the shopping cart.

She stops and pulls it out.

AARON's calling. She answers.

KENDRA

Hey, babe.

AARON (O.C.)

What're you doing?

She continues slowly strolling through the potato selection.

KENDRA

Just at the store grabbing  
something for dinner and a few  
things we need.

AARON (O.C.)

What're we having?

She stops strolling.

(CONTINUED)

KENDRA

I was thinking chicken breast,  
roasted potatoes, and Caesar salad.

She picks up a little bag of baby potatoes and looks it over for rotten ones.

AARON (O.C.)

Mmm. Sounds delicious. How was your  
day?

KENDRA

Oh, Mrs. Peterson passed away.

She places the bag of potatoes in the cart.

She starts walking to the meat fridge towards the back of the produce area.

AARON (O.C.)

Oh, no. That was sudden.

KENDRA

Passed away in her sleep. As far as  
I'm concerned, that's the perfect  
death.

She browses different types of chicken as she looks for the lean, skinless cuts.

AARON (O.C.)

Yeah, for myself, but not for work.  
I has to bleed to lead.

KENDRA

Yeah, I know the cult motto. Are  
you off soon?

AARON (O.C.)

I just left. I'm sitting in my car.

She picks up the chicken breasts and puts the package in the cart.

KENDRA

OK, well, I'll see you at home  
soon. Love you.

AARON (O.C.)

Love you, too, babe.

She hangs up the phone and slides it back in her purse.



EXT. SUPERMARKET PARKING LOT - DAY

KENDRA walks up to her car with a few bags and a value pack of toilet paper.

Her car is white and much nicer than AARON's.

As she approaches, she notices a red rose pinned under the driver side wiper blade.

Shock, numb shock, crosses her face and posture.

She looks around the parking lot.

She immediately grabs her phone and dials AARON.

AARON (O.C.)  
Hey, babe.

KENDRA  
There's a fucking rose, a fucking red rose under my wiper.

AARON (O.C.)  
What?!

KENDRA  
Oh, jesus, Aaron. Is it a car bomb?

AARON chuckles a bit.

AARON (O.C.)  
I'm sure it's not a car bomb...

KENDRA  
What does it mean?

AARON (O.C.)  
You know what, that unknown caller rang me today. I guess our friend is back and reaching out in different ways since we secured the apartment.

KENDRA  
Great...

She goes to the trunk and pops it open. She puts the groceries inside.

AARON (O.C.)  
We'll call the police. Just brush the rose off and head home.

(CONTINUED)

KENDRA

OK. I'll see you in a bit. Love  
you.

She opens the driver's door and steps inside.

AARON (O.C.)

Love you.

She hangs up the phone, slams the door shut, and starts the  
car.

She pulls out of the parking spot and heads towards the exit  
of the parking lot.

FADE TO BLACK