

SIMON (cont'd)  
Fuck you! You fuck! You fuck!

Santa Arlin slides the butcher knife in all the way to the hilt.

Simon gags and coughs. Blood foams from his mouth. He shudders in agony then lies still. His lifeless eyes reflect the flashing, multicolored lights.

EXT. VFW PARKING LOT- NIGHT

A POLICE CAR SQUEALS into the parking lot on two wheels. People jump clear from its path.

The CRUISER slides to a SCREECHING HALT in front of the VFW's main entrance. Officers Shockley and Stinson jump out of the car with their guns drawn. They rush and take positions on either side of the doors.

Very carefully, Officer Shockley spies through the glass to inside. He nods to his partner.

Officer Stinson backs up for ample room and kicks. The sole of his boot smacks onto the doors, but the doors don't budge.

OFFICER STINSON  
Ow! Dammit!

Stinson holds his knee and limps to walk off the pain.

Officer Shockley *pulls* a door open.

Stinson winces as he hobbles inside. He nods to Shockley.

OFFICER STINSON (cont'd)  
Thanks.

OFFICER SHOCKLEY  
You're welcome.

INT. VFW - NIGHT

MUSIC PLAYS: "HAVE YOURSELF A MERRY A LITTLE CHRISTMAS"

Bright holiday lights fade in and out on the dance floor and bar area.

With their guns leading the way, Shockley and Stinson ease around the corner. They, alternately, swing left, right, and turn circles to scan the shadows and dark corners.

OFFICER SHOCKLEY

This is the police-

Colorful holiday lights gradually come up on a winter wonderland display on the other side of the dance floor. Happy spotlights shine on Christmas trees, snowmen, elves, children, reindeer and a jolly Santa Claus frozen in the throes of laughter.

The mannequin Santa's large toy bag sits at his side. It is stuffed full with Stewart-- whose feet stick up beside his head. His eyes have been replaced with glass Christmas tree ornaments.

Simon is twisted like a pretzel in a large gift box beside the toy bag. A pine cone is wedged into his mouth; his intestines hang around his neck, tied into a bow.

OFFICER STINSON

Holy moly shit-

Stinson doubles over and pukes. In the middle of a gut-wrenching heave, he accidentally DISCHARGES HIS GUN--

BAM!

Shockley scurries toward the exit, away from the shooting.

Stinson drops his smoking gun and trips onto a table.

OFFICER SHOCKLEY

The fuck, dude!

OFFICER STINSON

Sorry.

INT. SHIRLEY BRUCE'S OFFICE - DAY

At her desk, Shirley watches the big screen television mounted on the wall. Her face is tense, barely able to mask her anger, but she manages to remain calm.

Pace Anson, who is clearly nervous, hugs herself, unable to stand still as she sees the horror on the television.

Detective Rivas leans against a wall with folded arms.

ON THE TELEVISION: NEWS REPORT

Blazed across the television screen, in letters of dripping blood, is: HOLIDAY PARTY MASSACRE

The bloody letters vanish to a studio shot of the anchorwoman.

ANCHORWOMAN

(on the television)

The top story this morning out of Butler Falls is the tragic slaying of two local celebrated figures. Simon and Stewart Pochella, owners of the popular Unique Boutique, were murdered last night at a holiday party. The two men, according to multiple eyewitness statements, were targeted and slain by a man in a Santa Claus costume. An unidentified source close to the case revealed it may be linked to the death of Norman Kimball. Kimball, along with the Pochellas, were members of the Butler Falls Christmas Coalition-

Shirley mutes the television.

PACE

This is unbelievable.

SHIRLEY

I know. It makes me sick. Why can't they call it a Christmas party? What's all this 'holiday' crap? Holiday this, holiday that. It was a goddamn *Christmas* party.

PACE

That's your takeaway?

Shirley swivels in her chair to Rivas.

SHIRLEY

Why is this on the news?

DETECTIVE RIVAS

It made the papers, too.

Shirley bites her lips to keep her temper in check.

SHIRLEY

Why is it being reported on at all? Norman's even being dredged up, *again*.

DETECTIVE RIVAS  
A public double homicide is a  
difficult thing to keep quiet, Mrs.  
Bruce.

SHIRLEY  
But not impossible.

Rivas GRUNTS a laugh.

DETECTIVE RIVAS  
Who would want to target the  
Christmas Coalition?

PACE  
(low)  
Oh, shit-

She slumps in a chair, stunned, shocked.

PACE (cont'd)  
We're targets. It's one thing to  
think it, but when you say it out  
loud-

SHIRLEY  
(to Pace)  
We are not targets.  
(to Rivas)  
Quit this nonsense-

PACE  
How can we not be targets? Face  
facts, you heartless cunt-

SHIRLEY  
You're overreacting!  
(to Rivas)  
You are all overreacting.

DETECTIVE RIVAS  
No, I'm pretty sure you've all been  
targeted. You're on a list somewhere  
and whoever penciled your names in,  
they want you dead.

PACE  
Fuckin' A.

DETECTIVE RIVAS  
(to Shirley)  
Now who would write *your* name on that  
list?

PACE

Who wouldn't write her name?

SHIRLEY

(to Pace)

Excuse me?

PACE

If I were making a list, you'd be first.

SHIRLEY

You insolent-

PACE

(to Rivas)

If you taze her I'll testify it was justified.

DETECTIVE RIVAS

Ladies! Please!

Shirley and Pace hush, yet they still steam.

DETECTIVE RIVAS (cont'd)

The only person I know who would want you all dead is Arlin Kingsley. But he's dead, and someone very real and very alive is on a rampage.

PACE

I don't know who it could be. I can't think of anyone who'd want *me* dead.

SHIRLEY

Well, aren't you Little Miss Perfect-

PACE

It's true!

(to Rivas)

People like me.

DETECTIVE RIVAS

I believe you.

Pace and the detective turn their eyes on Shirley.

After a tense moment, Shirley nods.

SHIRLEY

Okay...so...it could be anyone. I admit people don't like me as much as they like Pace...or everyone else.

(MORE)

SHIRLEY (cont'd)

I may rub people the wrong way, sometimes. I may not always be the most...caring person.

DETECTIVE RIVAS

I believe you.

(beat)

I want to place both of you under police protection. You should go home and stay there. They'll be parked right outside your homes.

SHIRLEY

I'm not going to be on house arrest, I've got things to do. This is our busiest time of the year-

PACE

(to Rivas)

I don't want to be carved like a *Christmas* goose. I agree to it, my husband will, also.

SHIRLEY

This is ridiculous. I don't need protecting, Detective Rivas. Not by you or the rest of the police force, or anyone for that matter. I think I can manage well enough on my own.

DETECTIVE RIVAS

Really? Have you looked around outside? You have, what, near a thousand or more men in Santa Claus suits on the streets of Butler Falls? They all look alike. They pretty much all sound alike. Tell me, how do you know which one is waiting to kill you? How do you know which one walking toward you or following behind you is not the one who's going to slice you open and tie your guts into a bow around your neck?

Shirley doesn't have an answer for these questions.

PACE

(to Shirley)

I bet right now you wish you'd taken my suggestion.

(to Rivas)

I wanted all the Santas to be people of color.

(MORE)

PACE (cont'd)

(to Shirley)

But nooo. It would've made it a helluva lot easier to see the crazy white one coming to slice us up. Ain't hindsight a bitch.

(to Rivas)

Let her get sliced. I have no objections.

DETECTIVE RIVAS

Duly noted.

A moment while Shirley considers everything behind a face a stone.

SHIRLEY

(to Rivas)

They will not be in my house will they?

DETECTIVE RIVAS

No, ma'am. We're simply going to maintain a constant presence outside your home until we solve this.

Rivas opens the office door to leave.

SHIRLEY

How long do you think that will take, Detective? Solving this?

DETECTIVE RIVAS

I don't know.

SHIRLEY

What are you doing to apprehend the killer?

DETECTIVE RIVAS

My job.

Rivas leaves the office. She slams the door, a little harder than necessary, behind her.

EXT. EUGENIA LUSTY'S HOUSE - DAY

Eugenia Lusty, Arlin's elderly neighbor from across the road, sweeps stray snow off her front porch. She stops to straighten her Christmas decorations.

A CAR CRUNCHES SNOW into her driveway.

Eugenia shields her eyes from the sun and the glare.

Detective Rivas exits the car. She waves and tromps across the snowy yard.

DETECTIVE RIVAS  
Good morning, Mrs. Lusty.

EUGENIA LUSTY  
Miss. I been a widow woman for over twenty years now. Plus, when you call me 'miss', it makes me feel a little younger.

Rivas, on the steps, extends her hand to shake.

DETECTIVE RIVAS  
Good morning, Miss Lusty. I'm Detective Rivas.

She holds up her badge on the lanyard around her neck.

EUGENIA LUSTY  
Yeah, I thought you looked familiar. You were here about Arlin's dying.

DETECTIVE RIVAS  
Yes, ma'am, I was.

EUGENIA LUSTY  
To what do I owe the pleasure?

DETECTIVE RIVAS  
I have a few more questions, if you have the time.

EUGENIA LUSTY  
I got the time. Nothing but time. I didn't know a man hanging himself involved so much police work.

DETECTIVE RIVAS  
It's a case by case basis.

EUGENIA LUSTY  
Good to know you're dedicated.

Eugenia leans on her broom.

EUGENIA LUSTY (cont'd)  
What do you want to know?

DETECTIVE RIVAS  
Well-



Rivas pulls a small notepad from her coat pocket. She removes a small pencil from its spiral coils and flips through the pages.

DETECTIVE RIVAS (cont'd)  
You discovered Mr. Kingsley...you were there to look for a costume?

EUGENIA LUSTY  
That's right, yes. My Mrs. Claus costume. He kept all the costumes in the attic, in an old wardrobe.

Eugenia sits in a rocking chair. Rivas advances up the steps. The detective clears a spot on the porch railing to sit.

DETECTIVE RIVAS  
You had a key to Arlin's house?

EUGENIA LUSTY  
Oh, yes. He had a key to my house, too. I visit my sister sometimes. Arlin would check on the place for me. Bring the mail in and such.

DETECTIVE RIVAS  
And you did the same? In your statement, you said you weren't expecting him home.

EUGENIA LUSTY  
I thought he was still out of town. I was gettin' the Mrs. Claus costume to surprise him when he came back.

DETECTIVE RIVAS  
To surprise him?

EUGENIA LUSTY  
Arlin enjoyed what they call 'role playing'. I'd never heard of such a thing until he introduced me to it. My dead husband, Desmond, God rest his soul, he was the kind of man who liked to get in, get the job done and then call it a night, all before seven o'clock.

Rivas slides the pencil back into the coils. She slides the notepad back into her coat pocket.

EUGENIA LUSTY (cont'd)

But Arlin, now he liked some variety. Yes, he did. I'm not ashamed to admit I liked it, too, once I got me a taste of it. Arlin, you know, he liked to dress up as Santa Claus and he liked for me to, you know, be his Mrs. Claus.

DETECTIVE RIVAS

(trying to appear unfazed)

Okay. Wha-, uh, where did you think-

EUGENIA LUSTY

That Arlin was something else. He could be gentle as a kitten or wild as a grizzly bear. Sweet or just untamed. It was always an adventure-

DETECTIVE RIVAS

Alright-

EUGENIA LUSTY

Kept it interesting, you know. Kept it exciting-

DETECTIVE RIVAS

(politely stern)

Where did you think Arlin had gone?

EUGENIA LUSTY

What?

DETECTIVE RIVAS

You said you weren't expecting Mr. Kingsley to be home. Where did you think he was?

EUGENIA LUSTY

Oh,uh...well, he'd go to this spa, a resort or something, over in Oakdale, every so often. He'd spend a couple of days there, sometimes a week or two, and come back all refreshed. After all this hubbub of the Christmas Village deal, I thought he'd gone, again. He loved that spa. He'd come home rejuvenated, full of pent up energy. He'd sure be ready to-

DETECTIVE RIVAS

(urgent)

Do you know the name of the spa?

EUGENIA LUSTY

Dilcourt...Delcort...something like that, I think.

DETECTIVE RIVAS

In Oakdale? You're positive?

EUGENIA LUSTY

Oh, yes. He'd been so depressed about everything. I figured he'd went there. I was really looking forward to him coming back-

DETECTIVE RIVAS

Thank you, Miss Lusty.

Rivas, as quickly as safety allows, jogs down the steps for her car.

EUGENIA LUSTY

(waving)

Any time, Detective.

EXT. CHAMBER OF COMMERCE - LATE DAY

A female uniformed officer, OFFICER GILES (30s), waits by the door. She watches the street, nods and smiles to passers-by.

Shirley exits through the doors. She fastens her coat and eyes the policewoman.

SHIRLEY

I guess you're my babysitter.

OFFICER GILES

I'm to safeguard you, ma'am.

Shirley huffs. Her plume of breath is reminiscent of a dragon.

SHIRLEY

Try not to annoy me.

She walks to her car at the curb.

OFFICER GILES

Here's to not killing you.

Officer Giles heads to her cruiser, parked behind Shirley's vehicle.

EXT. GROCERY STORE - LATE DAY

Officer Shockley tries to feed a crinkled dollar bill into a soda machine. Every time he puts the bill in, the machine spits it out.

Pace exits the grocery store, a brown bag of groceries cradled in one arm.

Shockley flattens the dollar bill on his leg, inserts it in the machine.

PACE  
(to Shockley)  
You ready?

The soda machine takes the dollar.

OFFICER SHOCKLEY  
Uh, well-

PACE  
Get your soda.

She waits patiently.

The soda machine returns the crumpled bill.

OFFICER SHOCKLEY  
Come on.

He feeds the dollar back into the machine.

Pace turns.

A MAN IN A SANTA SUIT walks by, carrying his own bag of groceries.

MAN IN SANTA SUIT  
(to Pace)  
Merry Christmas-

PACE  
Fuck you!

Pace elbows the man in the face. His NOSE CRUNCHES. She karate chops him in the throat.

The Santa gags and drops his groceries, clutches his throat.

Shockley whips around, draws his sidearm.

People exiting the grocery store run back inside when they see what's happening on the sidewalk in front of the store.

Pace headbutts the Santa. (She never loses her groceries)

The Man In A Santa Suit drops to the sidewalk. He gasps for air.

Pace and Officer Shockley stare down at the Santa as he flops like a fish on dry land.

People stare through the windows of the grocery store in disbelief.

Shockley squints at the Santa. The man's nose is gushing blood.

OFFICER SHOCKLEY  
I don't think it's him.

PACE  
Me neither.

Officer Shockley returns his gun to its holster.

OFFICER SHOCKLEY  
(to the Santa)  
Sorry, sir. Do you need some help or anything?

The Santa, eyes teary, nose flooding blood, shakes his head 'no'.

Pace nudges the Santa with the tip of her shoe.

PACE  
You need to be careful who wish Merry Christmas.

MAN IN SANTA SUIT  
(gasping)  
Yeah!

Pace carries her groceries to her car.

OFFICER SHOCKLEY  
(to the Santa)  
You have a nice evening, sir.

The Man In A Santa Suit coughs and waves at the leaving police officer and Pace.

EXT. OAKDALE - EVENING

Detective Rivas's car cruises along the streets of Oakdale. The town is more metropolitan than the small town of Butler Falls.

INT. RIVAS'S CAR - CONTINUOUS

Detective Rivas glances at her cell phone mounted on the dashboard. A GPS map displays the route.

GPS VOICE

(phone)

In twenty-five feet your destination  
will be on the right.

Rivas watches her destination loom ahead.

EXT. OAKDALE - CONTINUOUS

Rivas's car turns right. The headlights shine on a sign:  
"Dealcourt Mental Health Facility."

INT. DEALCOURT MENTAL HEALTH FACILITY/OFFICE - NIGHT

Detective Rivas sits in a chair in the office of DR. RAYBURN (60s, but looks older). His white hair is wispy thin and he wears glasses with very thick lenses. Rayburn keeps a tobacco pipe, unlit, in his mouth.

Files and papers are stacked on Rayburn's desk and every available space in the office. Bookshelves overflow, boxes are piled in corners. The office looks more like a storeroom than a professional's office.

DR. RAYBURN

I was very saddened to learn of  
Arlin's death. I liked him a lot. He  
was a decent human being. A caring  
individual.

DETECTIVE RIVAS

How often did Arlin visit here?

DR. RAYBURN

Two, three times a year. Running his  
holiday place, it took a heavy toll  
on him.

The doctor puffs on his unlit pipe.

Rivas keeps her composure.

DR. RAYBURN (cont'd)  
He was prone to anxiety, depression.  
Delusional at times. Arlin would come  
here to get back on track. Some  
counseling would usually get him  
straightened out. His condition was  
such he never needed medication.

Rayburn puffs on his unlit pipe some more.

DETECTIVE RIVAS  
Had Arlin had suicidal ideations  
before?

DR. RAYBURN  
I'd like to say no. He had expressed  
once before, years before, the  
opinion that sometimes life would be  
better if he were dead. Just the one  
time, though, he never...I was  
surprised to learn he had killed  
himself.

DETECTIVE RIVAS  
But it wasn't outside the realm of  
possibility?

DR. RAYBURN  
It never is. For any of us.

DETECTIVE RIVAS  
On the subject of outside the realm  
of possibilities...if Arlin were  
alive...somehow...if his mental grasp  
had snapped...somehow...would he be a  
danger to himself or others?

DR. RAYBURN  
'If' all that...Detective Rivas, the  
mind is a fragile thing. Anything is  
possible. But if Arlin were alive, if  
he didn't kill himself...sure, if  
there were a mental change. But Arlin  
was not a violent man.

DETECTIVE RIVAS  
Still, selling his business, feeling  
cheated-

DR. RAYBURN  
Again, it's possible. Anybody could  
have a psychotic episode, even me.

(MORE)

DR. RAYBURN (cont'd)  
Such a snap can drive people to  
murder, even suicide. Arlin would be  
no exception.

Rivas scribbles in her notepad. Rayburn puffs on his empty  
pipe.

DR. RAYBURN (cont'd)  
Arlin Kingsley was a gentle soul.  
Nothing at all like his brother.

Rivas stops writing.

DETECTIVE RIVAS  
He had a brother?

DR. RAYBURN  
Oh, yes. *Harlin* Kingsley. Now Harlin,  
completely crazy.  
(beat)  
He was nuts.

DETECTIVE RIVAS  
Where is Harlin now?

INT. RIVAS'S CAR - NIGHT

Rivas SPEEDS out of Oakdale, her red and blue lights  
flashing and SIREN BLARING. She's on the radio with the  
Butler Falls Police Department.

DETECTIVE RIVAS  
(into the CB mic)  
Get a patrol car to Arlin Kingsley's  
house, *now!* They do not move until I  
get there! I want an APB out for  
*Harlin* Kingsley. Consider him armed  
and dangerous.

DISPATCHER  
(on the radio)  
What's the description of the  
subject?

DETECTIVE RIVAS  
(into the CB mic)  
He's Arlin's identical twin. They  
lived together.



EXT. ARLIN'S HOUSE - NIGHT

The lights are off in the house. No Christmas decorations blaze, the front lawn is undisturbed. Snow drifts roll like sand dunes against the house and across the yard. The place is deep in shadows when-

Headlights sweep over the property. A police cruiser parks in the driveway.

INT. POLICE CRUISER - NIGHT

Officer Stinson drums his fingers on the steering wheel. He looks through the snow-specked windshield at the old, dark house and the giant, skeletal trees which loom over the car.

The RADIO SQUELCHES. Stinson jumps.

DISPATCHER  
(on the radio)  
Car 69, do you copy? Over.

Stinson grabs the CB mic.

OFFICER STINSON  
(into the CB mic)  
This is Stinson, over.

DISPATCHER  
(on the radio)  
Report, over.

OFFICER STINSON  
(into the CB mic)  
I'm at the Kingsley house. All's quiet.  
(beat)  
Not a creature is stirring. Over.

DISPATCHER  
(on the radio)  
Rivas said to wait for her. Do not do anything stupid. Do you copy?

OFFICER STINSON  
(into the CB mic)  
I copy, Delilah. Don't worry.

DISPATCHER  
(on the radio)  
Over and out.

OFFICER STINSON  
(into the CB mic)  
Over and out.

Stinson hangs up the CB mic.

OFFICER STINSON (cont'd)  
(middle finger to the  
radio)  
Copy this.

Stinson settles in. He tugs at his seat belt, shifts himself side to side.

He looks out the fogging windows.

The wind blows outside. A LOW HOWL WHISTLES through the night.

Officer Stinson eases his gun from his holster. He checks the mirrors. He cranes his head to peer out the passenger side window.

A figure stands outside the driver's window. It knocks on the glass.

FIGURE  
Cocoa?

Stinson whirls jerks.

OFFICER STINSON  
(startled)  
Shit!

In his frightened reflex, he FIRES his GUN.

The WINDOW SHATTERS. Glass flies everywhere.

Stinson shrieks.

The figure is propelled backwards.

Officer Stinson flings his door open and lunges. The seat belt catches him.

OFFICER STINSON (cont'd)  
Mother of hell!

He unlatches the seat belt and tumbles into the snow, his gun glued in the grip of his fist. He uses the door as a crutch to stand. Glass shards are embedded in his face.

The body splayed on the ground is Eugenia Lusty. A mug is grasped in her hand. Spilled cocoa soils the snow. The left side of her forehead is blasted off. She is clearly dead.

OFFICER STINSON (cont'd)  
(distracted)  
Oh, fuck a duck. Fuck a duck! I've really done it now.

Stinson drops his weapon. He falls to his knees beside Eugenia's body.

OFFICER STINSON (cont'd)  
M-m-ma'am...I'm really sorry.

He sees the mug in her hand.

OFFICER STINSON (cont'd)  
And you had cocoa...fuck a duck.

Officer Stinson pukes. It rains down on Eugenia's corpse.

OFFICER STINSON (cont'd)  
Oh, man, oh, God-- I'm sorry!

He wretches, but nothing comes up.

Behind Stinson stands SANTA HARLIN. He has an ax.

Harlin raises the ax and brings it down on Stinson's head.

CRACK

The ax blade splits the officer's cranium.

Santa Harlin braces his boot on Stinson's back. He pulls the ax free.

Officer Stinson falls forward on top of Eugenia.

INT. SHIRLEY'S HOUSE - DEN - NIGHT

Shirley stands over her husband, Darryl, who is seated in a chair.

Shirley is doing her best to remain calm and not become enraged.

SHIRLEY  
One more time, please.

DARRYL  
(deeply, quite good)  
Ho, ho, ho! Merry Christmas!

Shirley nods, smiles.

SHIRLEY  
Darryl, the Chamber of Commerce  
Christmas party is tomorrow night.  
How can the party commence when this  
year's designated Santa Claus sounds  
like a complete and utter bucket of  
fuck?

DARRYL  
I don't know, dear.

SHIRLEY  
You're a failure. I want you to know  
that. You are a waste of oxygen.

DARRYL  
I'm sorry, dear-

SHIRLEY  
Don't interrupt me when I'm berating  
you.

DARRYL  
Yes, dear.

Shirley seethes. Air whistles through her teeth.

SHIRLEY  
I'm going to bed. You sit here and  
think about what you've done. And how  
you're going to fix it.  
(sneers at him)  
Pathetic. Hang your head in shame.

He does.

She leaves the room.

Darryl keeps his head down and eyes to the floor until he  
hears her going up the stairs.

INT. PACE'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Pace checks to make sure all the doors and windows are  
locked. Her husband, Geoff, follows with a shotgun. He peers  
through every window to ensure nothing is amiss outside.

PACE

See anything?

Geoff peeks between curtains. A police car's at the curb.

GEOFF

Just the cops.

Pace and Geoff walk down the hallway to their bedroom.

Through the curtains, a large shadow, that wears a Santa hat, passes outside the window.

INT. RIVAS'S CAR - NIGHT

The detective's car rides uneven on the snow as she steers it into the driveway of Arlin's old house.

Officer Stinson's cruiser sits in the darkness, the driver's door wide open.

In the headlights, Rivas can see two bodies on the ground. She can see blood splattered on the snow.

Rivas grabs the CB mic.

DETECTIVE RIVAS

(into the CB mic)

Delilah, come in, this is Rivas.

SQUELCH

DISPATCHER

(on the radio)

Copy. This is dispatch. Did Stinson do something stupid? Over.

DETECTIVE RIVAS

(into the CB mic)

Send a unit and paramedics to the Kingsley house. Officer down. And a civilian. Tell the surveillance teams to be on high alert. Over.

DISPATCHER

(on the radio)

Copy that. Over and out.

Rivas replaces the CB mic. She gets out of the car.

EXT. ARLIN'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Outside her car, Rivas draws her sidearm. She approaches the bodies of Officer Stinson and Eugenia Lusty. The detective is very cautious, she stays keenly aware of everything around her.

A dusting of snow has sprinkled the corpses.

Rivas scans her surroundings.

The house is dark. Only car headlights shine any light on the night.

All is quiet.

INT. SHIRLEY'S HOUSE - BEDROOM - NIGHT

Soft light shines in the window from outside. Shirley Bruce is in bed, alone. She wears a sleep mask and is deep in slumber.

INT. SHIRLEY'S HOUSE - DOWNSTAIRS - SAME MOMENT

Darryl checks the front door-- it's locked. He peeks out the window.

A police car is parked in the street, the officer inside faintly discernible.

Darryl walks through the house.

IN THE KITCHEN

Darryl checks the back door. Locked.

Something moves in the darkness outside. It's enough for Darryl to notice.

Darryl's finger hesitates at the light switch. He flips it.

Light shines on Santa Harlin. He stares at Darryl.

Darryl is frozen, his eyes big as saucers.

Santa Harlin holds a butcher knife at his side. It is thick with blood.