

**HELTER SKETCHER**

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FADE IN:

INT. POLICE STATION - INTERROGATION ROOM - DAY

An icy-blue-eyed blonde -- JAN, a fashionably-dressed police sketch artist sits with PILLAR -- 25, split-lip, black eye and abrasions on her cheeks.

She works with her head down, engrossed in her drawing on her SKETCH PAD; an oval shape, touches up the hairline.

PILLAR

Not just that -- he just kept saying it. Hi Ho, Hi Ho. I went to a strippers' show. I paid two bits to see two tits. Hi Ho, Hi Ho.

Jan's cell phone *chirps*. She kills the call.

JAN

Pillar, is it?

(off her nod)

Anything you can recall about your attacker, you tell me.

PILLAR

Thirty-ish, five-ten or so --

JAN

Let's start with the face.

PILLAR

Oh. Chiseled. Sharper on the jaw.

JAN

Like this?

(off her nod)

You mentioned to the detectives you thought he might be a boxer. His nose -- was it crooked?

Pillar nods, looks over the shoulder of Jan. A face of the man takes shape, his identity coming into focus.

PILLAR

His eyes are more...playful.

She gives Pillar a look, erases, revises her composite.

PILLAR

I told the police officers I didn't want to press charges.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JAN

Your neighbors found you dazed and naked, ligature marks on your neck.

PILLAR

I'm into S&M, ok, it's not a crime. He wasn't responding to --

JAN

You and Mary weren't the only ones this sicko tried to kill.

With Pillar, torn, but determined to do the right thing.

Pillar opens a box, studies the donuts.

PILLAR

No Boston cream? Come on.

After a lengthy pause, Jan's eyebrows shoot up.

Finally swivels her pad around - eyes trained on Pillar.

Pillar eyes the sketch. *Bingo.*

Jan nurses a take-out cup of coffee, shaky, makes a poor attempt at normality.

INT. HOME - LIVING ROOM - DAY

The place looks lived-in and comfortable -- a Van Gogh painting adorns the wall.

Jan barges in, looks like she's going to blow a gasket.

INT. HOME - KITCHEN/DINING ROOM - NIGHT

A tequila bottle is half empty. Jan knocks back a shot.

Grabs a spatula, sautés vegetables in a sizzling pan.

She chops scallions angrily-- ACCIDENTALLY SLICES HER HAND. Jan grimaces, wraps her fingers in a dishrag.

RYAN of about 30 walking in. He's square-jawed hot... who we recognize as the man from the composite sketch.

RYAN

God, you're bleeding.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Ryan rummages through a drawer and pulls out Band-Aids.  
Jan resists an urge to strangle him.

Takes a few breaths. Pulls her shit together. *Be normal.*

JAN  
I'm worried about you.

RYAN  
Elaborate on "I'm worried."

JAN  
You're a suspect.

RYAN  
Suspect? What the hell are you  
talking about?

Jan lays her .45 on the table next to a police shield.

Tosses her sketch book at him; an accordion of xerox  
copied sketches of Ryan spill on the floor.

JAN  
I'm gonna give you a warning: If  
you lie to me...I'll toast you  
faster than a fuckin' pop tart.  
Got it?

Ryan grabs a glass of water, tries to settle his nerves.

RYAN  
I owe you an explanation.

JAN  
I'll say.

RYAN  
She's a flirt. She likes to  
torture guys. She must have  
issues with her father. He  
probably didn't spank her enough.

Then, almost sheepish:

RYAN  
I was going to tell you.

JAN  
When the cops show up.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

RYAN

I didn't think she'd go to the police. God, Jan, I am so sorry.

Nose to nose. Mounting tension. Ryan swallows hard.

RYAN

If I go down then we go down together.

JAN

Don't --

Ryan lunges for her .45. Jan snatches Ryan's wrist and puts a fork through his hand. He howls.

She goes dark - eyes killer-cold. As quick as lightning, takes a hypodermic, jams the syringe into Ryan's neck.

He's fucked. Can't move. And getting woozier. His body collapses. There's blood visible under her bandaged hand.

INT. TOOL SHED - NIGHT

Jan slides a cabinet away from the wall to expose a door. Taking out keys, unlocks the padlock and pushes it open.

Ryan bound psycho-style with duct tape. Eyes wide with fear. His SCREAMS muffled.

JAN

Well isn't that just...tidy.  
Almost think it should have a pretty pink bow on it.

EXT. HOME - BACKYARD - NIGHT

Under a curtain of dark clouds, she drags him across the wet and shiny grounds. Ryan's features grim. Preparing himself for something onerous.

JAN

Don't worry. We're almost there. Six feet to go.

Jan's mag light beam, crazily lights up a deep-dug hole; a woman's naked limbs poke through the soil. Presumably Pillar's. She rips away duct tape.

Ryan dry-retchers - Jan grins, more scythe than smile.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JAN

How did she know your name?  
Speak. Or face the wrath of the  
bottomless pit.

Jan's fingers - tighten around the shovel in her hand.

JAN

You were seeing her. Right?

RYAN

Look, you fell for the one girl.

JAN

No. She fell for me. Twenty-three  
stories.

Ryan takes a hard look at Jan, searching her face for any  
compassion. There is none.

Jan's expression goes abruptly homicidal.

With that, takes the shovel and bludgeons Ryan to death,  
cracking his skull. Blood splatters the screen.

EXT. HOME - BACKYARD - DAY

The clouds climb up magnificently into the blue sky, one  
side shining brilliantly in the afternoon sun.

Jan tends to a well-kept garden bed - sprays chemicals as  
she murmurs under her breath:

JAN

*Mary, Mary, quite contrary, how  
does your garden grow? "Pretty  
good since I buried my husband,  
spraying pesticides and herbicides  
all down the row?"*

She smiles sweetly, even bats her eyes.

FADE OUT.