

MANIAC COP

by
Missy Cordell

(Based on, If Any)

Name (of company, if applicable)
Address
Phone Number

FADE IN:

EXT. ARIEAL VIEW - NIGHT

SOARING over a dark forest below, we pick up the headlight of a MOTORCYCLE COP racing up a desolate road that winds its way towards a secluded area...

EXT. 'LOVERS LANE' - NIGHT

A ghostly moon shines through a wisp of cloud.

Off the beaten path. It's dark. SECLUDED.

INT. LAMBO - NIGHT

EDDIE and LINDY, 22 and 24, respectively, dressed in costumes, clearly returning from a HALLOWEEN party... and passionately entwined, at the point of having hot sex...

EDDIE

Baby. If we re gonna try again, I don't want it to be some fifteen minute grope-go. I want it to be full of all the love I have for you.

DEMI

Ya know, you spew the most amazingly romantic bullshit.

EXT. LOVERS' LANE - NIGHT

THE WOODS. THE DEEP, DARK, FOREBODING WOODS.

BOOM. Right then, a violent CLAP of thunder.

The fog parts, something DARK, BURLY, SINISTER, moving fast, with a purpose. The fog shifts back in, OBSCURING whomever from view.

Something otherworldly about them.

INT. LAMBO - NIGHT

Lindy, is getting smashed by Eddie in a Lambo. Don't ask US how, but apparently it's possible. She's all passion, hunger, a greedy lover.

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LINDY

Fuck me. Harder...harder...

Eddie pulls up, sucking wind...

EDDIE

Fuck you harder? I'm fucking trying, trust me. I haven't put this much effort into anything, probably ever. If you want this to last longer than three minutes you're going to have to let me be in charge of the pace.

At this point, through the back windshield and out of focus, appear the DARK FIGURE, approaching at a clip...

There is an unearthly GROWL. Demi nearly jumps out of her skin, turns to see our figure staring back, menacingly.

DEMI

Oh my god, there's somebody watching us.

As Eddie's gaze comes around to face the silhouette against the moonlight... his eyes surging with panic.

EDDIE

WHO THE FUCK IS THAT?!

Then A GROWL -- the scariest voice imaginable says "COOOOEEEE... AAAAAANNNNDDD... SEEEEEEEEEEE....."

Full blown fear washes over them. That sound was most definitely HEARD.

Rocked to the core, it's a mad scramble to get dressed, there's nothing funny about this, their scared shit-less.

DEMI

Is that who I think it is?

EDDIE

Care to let me in on the fucking secret.

DEMI

That maniac cop!

EDDIE

What?! Matt Cordell?! He's dead.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

DEMI

No, Matthea Cordell. His daughter he had with some hooker he was secretly seeing. Yea, we use to date. She didn't take it to well.

EDDIE

YOU THINK!

No sooner than he gets the words out of his mouth --

The driver's side window EXPLODES in a hailstorm of glass. SCREAMS.

GLOVED HANDS reaches in, grabs Eddie, and in one powerful swift motion, YANKS him out the shattered window.

Demi's expression, a mixture of horror and sudden shock.

He's getting the shit beat out of him with a NIGHTSTICK. She hears Eddie's blood-curling screams...

and there are a few instances where a mortified Demi catch a glimpse of it on shiny surfaces....

A half-naked Demi grabs her panties. Looks to the rest of her clothes. No time. Leave them behind.

She bolts into the driver's seat. Fumbles with her keys. Hands shaking. *C'mon, Lindy*. She manages to get the key into the ignition. Turns it...

Nothing. The car's dead. No. She tries again. Click. And again. Click. *Nothing*.

She starts pounding at the steering wheel... No no no NO.

Now what?

And WHAM! Eddie's body SLAMS INTO THE WINDSHIELD - broken glass mixed with blood.

His battered face unrecognizable - dying but not quite dead - His eyes POP OPEN in terror, breathing heavily, in pain.

Demi claps her hands over her mouth to stifle her scream. *Oh god NO*.

EDDIE

Ahhhhh... help me...

Hold it together, Demi.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

DEMI

I only have one ass. And I'm saving it.

As soon as the words leave her mouth, the left side of his HEAD EXPLODES in a spray of BLOOD AND GRAY BRAIN MATTER, his lifeless body rolls off the car.

Get moving, Lindy.

She sees the figure, smoking gun in hand, standing in front of the car with her MALIGNANT STARE.

DEMI

FUCK. OFF.

Demi with shaking hands fits the keys into the ignition. Take a breath. Please. She turns the key. It STARTS.

And for a fraction of a second, the HEADLIGHTS ILLUMIATE from Demi's POV;

WE BEHOLD MATTHEA "Matt" CORDELL FOR THE FIRST TIME IN ALL HER TERRIFYING GLORY; THE BODY OF A FEMALE WRESTLER, Officers cap, button-down shirt, necktie, a leather jacket.

Matthea slaps and twirls her bloody BATION menacingly.

Demi stomps on the gas pedal, driving forward.

A sickening THUMP as Matthea goes under the car. Another thump, the back tires. Demi slams on the brakes.

Engine idling. Fan belt flapping. Demi, still breathing hard, staring off as she absorbs what happened.

A long pause. Finally Demi grips the steering so tight, her knuckles turn white - looks in the rearview mirror;

IN THE MIRROR: Matthea lies like a rag doll.

The engine groans, sputters, shuts off for good.

Demi's heart falls. Panic takes hold once again. *Not right now, Demi.* Demi gets out, sees if she's dead...

Our first good look at Matthea; a MODERN FRANKENSTEIN. A badly scarred face. Shoe laces for stitches. Tim-Burton-eat-your-heart-out.

A sliver of moonlight GLINTS off a nameplate; M. CORDELL. BADGE NUMBER-- like a TICKING TIME BOMB, is 4321...

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CONTINUED: (4)

A glimmer of recognition registers in the pit of Demi's eye. She turns to get back in the car...

A LARGE SHADOW SLOWLY RISES UP BEHIND HER!!!!

In one swift motion MATTHEA suddenly springs up... cracks her neck, and aims her 45 Magnum directly at Demi.

Demi spins - shrieks. Weighs options, of which she has none. Demi's voice grows panicked.

DEMI

What the hell -- I'm sorry. What do you want from me?

Matthea says nothing, staring at Demi. Can't decide whether to kill her or what -- determines no, turns to walk calmly away into the darkness...

DEMI

Fine, go ahead walk away... I'll tell them who you are...

Suddenly... Matthea FREEZES... images rushing back to her.

FLASHBACK - HOUSE - ROOM - DAY

We PAN around a tiny furnished room.

A lit candle illuminates a SHRINE. The walls are covered with taped-up OLD NEWSPAPERS and MAGAZINE ARTICLES, GRISLEY MURDER PICTURES dedicated to the life and death of OFFICER MATT CORDELL;

A few covers of books written on him... several naked photos of a woman.

The remains of dinner, a plate of food on a table where we FIND, MATTHEA CORDELL (11), engrossed in some articles.

WOMAN

I've kept a few of his things.

Her mother LAURA, 30s, sets down a keepshakes box. Like a kid in a candy store, Matthea dig through its contents; a police uniform, helmet, jacket, cuff, ect...

Matthea lifts a badge, traces of blood.

MATTHEA

Why didn't you two get married?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

LAURA

It was either me or Sally, he chose the latter. He gave me the best gift of all -- you.

MATTHEA

Why didn't he come see me?

LAURA

He never got the change. They seen to that. He had to clear his name.

MATTHEA

Does he know about me?

LAURA

(lying)

Yes... **MATTHEA "Matt" CORDELL.**

There is a long silence while Matthea listens.

LAURA

Don't believe the rumors. In fact, at one time he was one of the more ethical men on the police force. Sure, violent and somewhat brutal with little regard for police protocols. But he was respected. He'd want you to wear'em.

Matthea blinks, her eyes filling with tears.

LAURA

Almost there now... just a few more years... you can carry on his legacy... Always finish the job!

DEMI

What?! Cat got you tongue?! I'm going to the poli--

RESUME SCENE

Matthea WHIPS around -- pistol drawn. A 45 MAGNUM.

She SHOOTS Demi in her mouth, blowing off her lower jaw.

Demi stands there for a beat, stunned. She tries to adjust what's left of the bottom half of her face.

As warm blood cascades over her hand, she turns away from Matthea and starts to runaway.

Matthea FIRES again.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

Demi FLOPS into a messy jangle on the ground. Blood
spilling INTO CAMERA, splashing the lens --

MANIC COP RETURNS

A SHARP INTAKE OF BREATH PRE-LAPS into --

LAURA (O.S.)

And so it *BEGINS...*