

BUNDY

HONORS THESIS

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by

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## **ABSTRACT**

This is a horror screenplay adapted from the life of serial killer Ted Bundy. In college, Ted has a pivotal breakup with his girlfriend Stephanie, which leads him to choose to attack and murder young women who resemble her. His crimes catch up with him however, and Ted is arrested after one of his would-be victims escapes his clutches. Ted escapes prison, and attempts to hide out below the radar, but his insatiable urge to kill cannot be stopped.

BUNDY

Written by

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Based on, The life of Theodore Bundy

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FADE IN:

A BLACK SCREEN

A hubbub of the audio from several different news stations all talking over each other.

Several words and phrases stand out- these appear typed on the screen in flashes.

**The first nationally televised trial-**

**Love-bite killer-**

**The man known as the co-ed killer-**

**Suspected of the rape and murder of over thirty five women-**

**Escaped police custody-**

All the voices speak as one:

**Ted Bundy**

EXT. MIAMI COURTHOUSE - DAY

Superimposed on the view of the towering monolith of the DADXE COUNTY COURTHOUSE, several stories taller than any building in sight, are the words:

**June 25th, 1979- Miami Florida**

On the street below are thousands of SPECTATORS, all trying to shove their way to the front of the blue and white POLICE BARRIERS.

Policemen and women are shoving spectators aside, making room for an ARMORED POLICE CAR driving up to the front of the courthouse.

Some of the SPECTATORS are holding signs that say things like:

**"GIVE HIM THE CHAIR"**

**"JUSTICE FOR CHI OMEGA"**

The men and women holding these signs are furious, shouting and screaming at the policemen holding them back.

Another group of spectators, much smaller, is a shockingly attractive group of YOUNG WOMEN dressed in black.

These girls are holding signs saying:

**"FREE TEDDY"**

**"HE IS INNOCENT"**

**"WHATEVER HAPPENED TO INNOCENT UNTIL PROVEN GUILTY"**

The ARMORED POLICE CAR pulls up to the main doors of the courthouse.

Police have made a clearing in the WRITHING MASS OF PEOPLE from the roadside to the doors, holding them back with outstretched arms.

The back doors of the police vehicle SWING open and two armed policemen step out.

They check to see if the coast is clear, and then SIGNAL to their companions to come out.

TED BUNDY is a handsome but cookie-cutter thirty-something white man, in a clean well-tailored suit.

His dark curled hair is combed to one side, and he is clean shaven. His hands are HANDCUFFED in front of him, and he is held tightly at each arm by two grim-faced police officers.

Ted is grinning, excited by the attention.

The guards lead him up the stairs to the courthouse, with screaming spectators on either side.

Ted ignores the ones hurling curses and death wishes at him, but flashes a gleamingly white SMILE at a young PRETTY BRUNETTE holding a sign that says:

**"YOU CAN DO ANYTHING TO ME, TED"**

The pretty brunette squeals with delight and turns to her friend.

PRETTY BRUNETTE  
He smiled at me! Did you see?!

The two officers on either side of Ted JERK him up the stairs to the doorway roughly, unappreciative of this flirtation.

Ted tries to turn around and flash one more smile at the crowd, but the immense doors of the courthouse are SLAMMED before he can.

CUT TO:

INT. COFFEE SHOP- DAY

Ted Bundy and STEPHANIE BROOKS are sitting across from each other at a table in a busy coffee shop.

Text is superimposed over the view of the couple:

**January 1969- University of Washington**

Ted is in his early twenties. He is incredibly handsome, well dressed in preppy brooks brothers clothing.

He sits very still, eyes unblinking. His jaw is clenched tightly. He is angry, but is trying to control his temper in public. His hands are clasped firmly around his coffee cup, knuckles white.

Stephanie is an equally beautiful young woman in her early twenties. She has long brown hair, parted in the middle. She wears an expensive looking dress, diamond earrings and a string of pearls.

She could be a senator's daughter.

She is nervous, FIDGETING with the coffee mug in front of her, and avoiding eye contact with her lover, Ted.

STEPHANIE

I just don't see this going  
anywhere, Ted.

She meets his eyes. His expression does not change.

STEPHANIE (CONT'D)

You aren't husband material. You  
say you're ambitious, but what have  
you done to prove that? All you do  
is smoke dope and skip class.

She takes a sip of coffee, holding her mug daintily.

STEPHANIE (CONT'D)

And don't think I haven't noticed  
you flirting with other girls.

(MORE)

STEPHANIE (CONT'D)

You say you love me, and you say you're committed to me, but your actions speak otherwise. You just aren't husband material. I'm going places, Ted, and I don't think you're cut from the right cloth.

They sit in silence for a few moments.

Stephanie glances anxiously around the crowded coffee shop, while Ted continues to stare at her.

STEPHANIE (CONT'D)

(Impatient)

Well *christ* Ted! Aren't you even going to say anything?

A pregnant pause.

TED

I *am* husband material, Stephanie.

Stephanie gives Ted a disgusted sneer. She picks up her purse and starts throwing on her glamorous fur coat.

STEPHANIE

Goodbye, Ted. You can mail me the lift pass.

Stephanie briskly struts out of the coffee shop and out of view.

Ted calmly busses their mugs and slips on his parka- not anywhere near as nice as Stephanie's coat.

He leaves the coffee shop and turns into an alleyway behind it, winter snow falling all around him.

EXT. ALLEYWAY- DAY

Ted maintains his poised demeanor while observing his surroundings.

Sure that he is alone in the alleyway- he drops his facade and his FACE CHANGES.

The handsome, collected and dignified man we saw only moments ago has vanished. He is replaced by the face of animalistic rage.



Ted rages about, picking up a metal TRASH CAN and throwing it onto the side of the building with a loud CRASH!

He KICKS another black trash bag on the ground, and only grows more angry when it busts and GARBAGE SPILLS out of the bag and onto his polished oxfords.

A vein is popping high on his forehead.

TED

FUCK!!!

Ted grabs an empty glass bottle from the ground and THROWS it at a wall, watching it SHATTER into a thousand tiny pieces.

TED (CONT'D)

I'll show you, you fucking whore.

EXT. LARGE COLONIAL STYLE HOUSE - NIGHT

A large colonial style house sits on top of a hill in a beautiful well-to-do neighborhood. This particular home has been segmented into several apartments.

There is a light on in an upstairs window, and we can hear young voices talking.

INT. BASEMENT APARTMENT OF JONI LENZ - NIGHT

JONI LENZ is a strikingly beautiful young brunette woman.

She sits at a VANITY brushing her long brown hair, parted down the middle. Charlie Rich's song "The Most Beautiful Girl" is playing on a vinyl player in one corner of the room.

Joni's bedroom has posters of ABBA, Barbara Streisand and other popular musicians on the walls, alongside polaroid photos of Joni and her equally beautiful friends.

Joni's nightstand has a framed photo of her and three girlfriends, all smiling gaily at the camera.

This is a basement apartment, so there is only one small WINDOW, about a foot and a half tall by three feet wide, above Joni's bed.

EXT. LARGE COLONIAL STYLE HOUSE - NIGHT

Ted Bundy is strolling through the well-to-do neighborhood when he hears female voices laughing from the upstairs apartment of Joni's home.

He stops, and approaches the house.

He circles the home, searching for a point of entry to the upstairs apartment. He finds the backdoor and tries to PRY it open- but alas it is locked.

Disappointed, but not ready to give up, Ted continues his search.

He hears Charlie Rich's singing from the cracked basement window.

Ted's lips curl up in a nastily sly grin, revealing his perfect teeth.

He pulls a pair of nude pantyhose out of his pocket and slips them over his face, obscuring his handsome features into a squashed surreal mess.

Silent as a cat, Ted reaches down and slides the unlocked window down.

He gazes down into the basement room and hungrily stares at Joni's back, brushing her long chocolate-brown hair in the vanity mirror. The window is not visible in the reflection of the mirror, so Joni doesn't see the intruder.

Ted flattens himself on the ground, and slinks through the window and onto the bed feet first- agonizingly slow and silent.

INT. BASEMENT APARTMENT OF JONI LENZ - NIGHT

Charlie Rich's voice stops- the record is over.

Joni casually reaches over and flips the stereo system from the vinyl over to radio and the tribal chant of "OOGA CHAKA OOGA OOGA OOGA CHAKA" fills the room- Blue Swede's "Hooked on a Feelin'."

When Joni straightens herself back up to gaze into the mirror, Ted's figure STANDS MENACINGLY over her, grinning like a schoolboy.

Joni, shocked, opens her mouth to scream, but nothing comes out.

She raises the only thing she has in her hands to protect herself-- her hairbrush.

In one sudden motion, Ted SLAMS her head down on the vanity table with his left hand, breaking her nose with a sickening *crunch*, and snatches the hairbrush out of her grip with his right hand.

Joni tries to raise her head, allowing a rush of blood to flow from her broken nose onto the white lacquer finish of the vanity desk.

Ted *whacks* her across the crown with the paddle of the hairbrush.

Joni groans, a low gurgling sound. Ted scoops her up, one hand on her back, another under her knees, bridal style.

He twirls her around the room, dancing along to the music.

Joni's head lulls back, blood squirting from her nose onto the floor and flinging itself onto her posters as he spins her faster and faster around, and then dumps her unceremoniously on her bed.

#### JONI'S BED

Joni lays, lifeless as Princess Sleeping Beauty, on the mussed-up white bedding, blood from her nose beginning to flower on her pillow.

TED

(Singing to himself)

I can't stop this feelin', deep  
inside of me!

Ted leaves Joni on the bed momentarily in order to turn up the volume on the stereo, then turns again to face her.

Joni is lying on her back, long brown hair pooling under her, her face, neck and chest are all soaked in blood.

She groans feebly, but does not have the strength to lift herself.

Ted stands, legs wide apart, above her, facing her bed.

He unbuckles his belt and unzips his Levi's, revealing an erection.

TED (CONT'D)

(Singing)

Girl you just don't realize what  
you do to me.

Ted looks around the room for a weapon. He picks up a metal coat hanger, and twirls it around in his fingers, but then tosses it aside.

He crouches down and lifts the bedskirt to look under the bed, but sees nothing of use down there.

On his way back up from the floor, he is eye-level with the metal bars of the bed's footboard.

This will do.

Ted uses his boot to kick loose one of the bars on Joni's bed frame, then wiggles it out of place.

The metal on metal makes a terrible *screeching* sound, like nails on a chalkboard.

Once he has it loose, Ted climbs onto the bed and straddles Joni on his knees, one leg on each side of her.

Joni's feeble squirming picks up pace.

Ted grinds his hips in sync with her squirms.

Ted grabs his erection with his left hand and raises the bar overhead in his right.

TED (CONT'D)

Keep it up girl. Yeah you turn me on.

Joni's eyes stare up at the METAL BAR in Ted's hand overhead, two wet shiny circles in a sea of red, hauntingly alert.

Ted keeps it raised there for one beat...

**two...**

**three...**

It feels like forever.

Joni's eyes dart from the bar, to Ted's eyes.

Pleading.

**Please don't do this.**

At once- when it seems like it's been too long, it can't happen now- Ted hammers down the metal rod between Joni's eyes.

**Once!**

**Twice!**

**Thrice!**

BLOOD SPLATTERS across Joni's white bedsheets.

Then the red splatters across the smiling faces on Joni's ABBA poster.

Then across the FRAMED PHOTO of Joni and her girlfriends on her nightstand.

And then he gets off of her, standing up to observe his handiwork.

Joni's moans have stopped.

Blood has started to soak through the mattress and we can see it *drip... drip...* on the floor.

Joni's face, if you can call it a face, is unrecognizable.

The bone of her skull has cracked deep down her forehead, and we can see the shiny wetness of brain under the deep gouge.

Ted resumes his wide legged position standing over his victim, and drops the rod on the bed next to her.

He begins to masturbate while taking in the sight of Joni's once-beautiful face. The only thing recognizable about the gorgeous woman at the vanity is her long brown hair.

TED (CONT'D)

Fuck you, Stephanie. You think  
you're such hot shit. You think  
your daddy's connections make you  
better than me? Huh?

(MORE)

TED (CONT'D)

Well look at you now. You're not better than *anyone* now. You're *nothing*.

Ted stops masturbating and climbs back onto the bed.

He grabs one of Joni's LEGS by the ankle and *yanks* it to one side of the bed, then repeats the motion with the OTHER FOOT so that Joni is lying SPEAD EAGLED, her white (now mostly red) nightgown riding up to reveal her pink panties.

With a sudden flurry of motion Ted grabs the METAL ROD on the bed back up and **SHOVES** it with animalistic brutality inside of Joni, *ripping* the fabric of her underwear.

INT. TED'S SEATTLE APARTMENT - NIGHT

Ted casually unlocks his door and strolls into his apartment, humming the tune of "Hooked on a Feelin'" and holding his mail in one hand. He locks the door behind him, and hooks the chain.

Ted's studio apartment is modest, but well put together.

There are no paintings or posters on his walls, but he does have several framed photographs. Ted and Stephanie, Ted and a group of similarly aged friends (male and female,) Ted and an older woman who resembles him so closely she must be a relative.

There is a rotary telephone sitting on top of a phonebook on his counter, with an answering machine next to it. The light of the answering machine is blinking. Ted switches it on and we hear his messages.

TED'S MOTHER

(V.O.)

Hi Teddy, I was *hoping* to catch you at home for once, but I suppose you're out with one of your girlfriends. You really need to call home more.

Ted takes off his parka and hangs it on a coatrack by the door, sliding the framed nightstand photo of Joni Lenz and her girlfriends out of his front pocket.

He places it on the counter next to the telephone.

TED'S MOTHER (CONT'D)

(V.O.)

Your father isn't doing too well, I keep reminding him that Doctor Hessel told him not to drink so much, but you know how he is. He'll never listen to me. Oh! Also Louise told me to tell you she called, but didn't want to bog up your machine. Ha! And here I go, chit chatting away all to myself! I'll get off your tape. I love you Teddy, please call.

The answering machine ends Mrs. Bundy's message with a shrill *BEEEEEEP!* and moves on to the next message.

Ted is happy, calm.

He's smiling to himself as he sorts through his mail. There are several unpaid bills with FINAL NOTICE and URGENT stamped across them.

These he sorts straight into the garbage bin.

CAROLE

(V.O.)

Heya Ted, it's me, Carole. I was supposed to go see Dr. Strangelove with a girlfriend at the Ritz, but she canceled, so I thought I'd ask you!

There is blood on his shirt sleeve, and a drop drips down onto one of the letters he is sorting.

TED

Whoops!

Ted takes off his shirt and examines the bloodstain.

TED (CONT'D)

Fuck, that's never going to come out.

He tosses the soiled shirt into the dirty clothes hamper by his bed.

Ted falls onto his mattress, with one arm over his eyes, exhausted.

CAROLE

(V.O.)

Guess you're out with some other gal though, heh heh. Oh well, guess I should have been quicker next time. Call me?

*BEEEEEEEP!* Carole's message is over. The next voice Ted hears sends the hairs on his arms straight up, gooseflesh.

His relaxed body language turns suddenly as tense as he was in Joni's apartment.

STEPHANIE

(V.O.)

It's Stephanie. I can't imagine where you are right now. Probably getting your rocks off with some other unfortunate girl. Whatever, not that it's any of my business. I only called to remind you that I was serious when I said I wanted that lift pass back. So mail it or give it to Tony to give to me, or whatever. Just give it back to m--

Ted launches himself off the bed and YANKS the power cord of the answering machine out of the wall violently.

The vein in his forehead throbbing again, he BITES down hard on a closed fist to prevent himself from screaming.

Ted picks up JONI'S FRAMED PHOTO in both hands and clutches it so tightly his knuckles turn white.

His thumbs press onto the faces of Joni's friends so hard the glass cracks, cutting him.

TED

*Fuck.*

Ted pops his cut thumb into his mouth and picks up the receiver of his rotary phone with the other hand, dialing a number into the rotary.

The phone only rings once before the other end picks up.

TED'S MOTHER

(V.O.)

Hello?

Ted pops his thumb out of his mouth to answer.



TED

Hey, ma.

Ted holds the receiver a little bit away from his ear, the voice on the other end is loud with excitement.

TED (CONT'D)

Geez ma, calm down.

(beat)

What? Does a son need an excuse to call his mother?

(beat)

Sorry ma, I'm just a little bit on edge. I know I shouldn't take it out on you.

Ted rolls his eyes, already exasperated with the conversation.

TED (CONT'D)

Well the reason I was calling is that I'm gonna come down for a few days, spend some time at home.

Ted rubs his temples with his thumb and middle finger, trying to calm the angry vein in his forehead.

TED (CONT'D)

No ma, it's nothing like that. I just need some time at home, okay? Is that really so hard to believe?

(beat)

No, I'm sorry too.

(beat)

I love you too, ma. I'll see you tomorrow, okay?

(beat)

Goodbye, ma.

INT. TED'S WHITE VOLKSWAGEN BEETLE - DAY

Ted is listening to the radio while he drives.

A packed suitcase sits on the floor of the cabin where a passenger seat should be.

RADIO NEWSCASTER

Joni Lenz was found by friends in her Seattle apartment this morning, the victim of a brutal nocturnal attack.

This piques Ted's interest, and he turns up the VOLUME KNOB on his stereo.

RADIO NEWSCASTER (CONT'D)

She had severe trauma to the skull, face and groin, and was found sexually assaulted with a foreign object. If you have any information about this attack please call the police tip hotline at--

Ted switches the radio to another station.

EXT. TED'S WHITE VOLKSWAGEN BEETLE - DAY

Ted's VW bug passes a sign labeled "Now entering Burlington, Vermont!"

EXT. TED'S CHILDHOOD HOME - DAY

Ted's VW bug pulls into the driveway of a humble but clean single family home.

The screen door swings open and a female version of Ted-beautiful yet plain looking woman in her early thirties steps out.

This is LOUISE BUNDY. Ted's older sister.

Ted shuts off the engine and climbs out of the car, weekender bag in hand. He embraces his sister.

LOUISE

Hey there, stranger.

TED

Hey good looking, whatcha got cookin?

LOUISE

Didn't expect to see you back here anytime soon.

TED

Me either. But... shit happens.

LOUISE

Truer words have never been said. Come on in, I have a pot of coffee on.

(MORE)

LOUISE (CONT'D)  
Mom and Dad are still at the  
hospital, so it's just the two of  
us for now.

Ted is visibly relieved.

                  LOUISE (CONT'D)  
His drinking has been real bad, and  
the doc says his liver is shot to  
shit.

                  TED  
Sounds like dad.

INT. BASEMENT OF TED'S FAMILY HOME - DAY

A cluttered, dusty basement. Boxes labeled "Ted," "Louise,"  
"Thanksgiving," "XMAS," etc.

Ted pulls on the cord for the lone lightbulb dangling from  
the ceiling, and the room is bathed in scarce yellow light.

Ted rifles through a cardboard box marked "photos," and  
reminisces over his own baby/child pictures.

A fat handsome baby grins up at him. A happy boy in little  
league gear shows off his baseball. A smirking teenager poses  
in ski-gear.

Ted quickly grows bored of memory lane, and shoves this box  
aside.

He notices another box behind several others, stuffed in a  
corner, purposefully out-of-sight.

He pulls out this box, marked "SAMUEL-- KEEP OUT!!!" A happy  
wave of nostalgia washes over Ted's face.

He opens the cardboard flaps to see a spread eagled woman  
sultrily staring up at him.

FLASHBACK- TED'S CHILDHOOD BEDROOM

The same magazine, held in a young boy's hand.

The bed frame shakes.

Heavy breathing.

INT. BASEMENT OF TED'S FAMILY HOME- DAY

Adult Ted smiles and tucks the magazine under his arm.

TED  
Love ya, pop.

Ted continues to rifle through this box. Behind a substantial collection of 1950's porno magazines are stacks and stacks of official-looking documents.

Curious, Ted takes the box down from the shelf and examines these more closely.

Hospital discharge papers. A large stack of papers with a letterhead stating "Vermont Christian Home for Unwed Mothers." Medical records. Police records detailing domestic violence calls. A birth certificate.

Ted examines this more closely.

His own name looks back at him in bold, black typed letters. THEODORE ROBERT BUNDY. DOB 11/24/46. MOTHER: ELOISE BUNDY. FATHER: UNKNOWN.

**FATHER: UNKNOWN.**

**FATHER: UNKNOWN.**

Ted traces over these words with his fingers, unable to believe what he is seeing.

He rummages back through the box, porno magazines now scattered on the floor, forgotten. He finds what he is looking for: the big stack of papers with the "Vermont Christian Home for Unwed Mothers" letterhead.

Ted flips through these rapidly. Certain words and phrases stand out, such as:

**Eloise Bundy, aged thirteen...**

**Suspected sexual abuse.... Father Samuel Bundy was brought in by police for questioning... Released due to lack of evidence...**

**Mother plans to move back in with grandparents after birth...**

**Adopted by grandparents January 1947...**

Ted hears footsteps coming down the basement stairs, and looks up to see LOUISE, holding two cups of coffee.

Louise notices Ted's distress immediately. Her eyes go to the porno magazines on the floor, then to the open box in front of Ted... and then the birth certificate.

Louise DROPS the coffee mugs in her hands and they SHATTER on the basement steps, sending coffee dripping everywhere.

LOUISE

Oh God...

INT. BUNDY HOME BREAKFAST NOOK - DAY

Two new mugs of coffee sit in front of Ted and Louise, as well as a half empty bottle of whiskey.

Ted takes a long drink from his coffee, and then tops it off with a generous amount of whiskey. He then does the same for Louise's mug.

There is a long silence as both parties stare at their mugs. Ted is the one who breaks it first.

TED

Why didn't you tell me?

LOUISE

It was the forties Teddy... I was a child. My teachers and nurses told me it was the right thing to do, why would I question it?

Ted laughs bitterly.

LOUISE (CONT'D)

I thought it was the best thing I could do, in order to give you a normal life.

TED

Didn't you love me?

Louise takes Ted's hand, gently.

LOUISE

Of course I did! That's why I gave you to mom and dad. Because they could give you everything I couldn't. I wanted you to end up better than I did.

Ted snorts, full of contempt.

TED  
 (To himself)  
 Yeah, and here I am.

LOUISE  
 What do you mean, Teddy?

There is another beat. Ted is embarrassed. And angry. But most of all, hurt.

TED  
 Stephanie broke up with me.  
 (beat)  
 She said I'm not "husband material," whatever the fuck that means.  
 (beat)  
 She has everything. And I have nothing. I *am* nothing.

Ted looks away. He won't let Louise see him cry.

He takes another hearty swig of coffee, and the grimace he gives tells us it's more booze than coffee at this point.

LOUISE  
 Teddy how could you say that? She doesn't have your charm, your charisma.

Fire and venom are in Ted's voice now.

TED  
 She has a father, at least. I came from nothing. And when I'm dead, I'll return to nothing. I should just give up now. Jump off a fucking cliff and end it.

Now it's Louise's turn to spit venom.

LOUISE  
 Well fuck you too, Ted. You think it was easy to have you at *thirteen*?

Ted is surprised by this sudden vitriol.

LOUISE (CONT'D)  
 You think I didn't wish sometimes that I could just be a normal girl? I had you because I loved you, what a big 'screw you' to me now to say that it means nothing.

(MORE)

LOUISE (CONT'D)

You were always talking about how ambitious you are, how you were gonna be some big shot ski champion, or politician or whatever. But what have you done with that ambition since you've been at UW, huh?

Louise shoots up from the table and takes her coffee mug with her to the kitchen. Ted stares blankly at his own mug for a moment, and then follows her, whiskey bottle in hand.

INT. BUNDY HOME KITCHEN - DAY

Louise is sitting on the floor, hunched over. Silent tears stream down her cheeks. She looks more like the 13 year old child she was when she had Ted than the 33 year old woman she is.

She looks up at Ted with wet eyes.

LOUISE

Ted... I'm sorry. It's just... I love you, and I want to see you happy. You have so much potential.

Ted crouches down next to Louise, and puts his arm around her.

TED

I'm not angry Loui- mom. Thank you.

Louise returns Ted's embrace, and the two share a tender moment. Ted breaks away first.

TED (CONT'D)

You're right mom. I do have potential. I'm gonna be somebody. No- not just 'someone.' I'm gonna be someone exceptional.

LOUISE

I love you so much, Teddy.

TED

I love you too, mom.

EXT. TED'S CHILDHOOD HOME -DAY

Ted is packing up his VW bug. Louise comes out from the house in a bathrobe with two cups of coffee in her hand.

LOUISE  
You're leaving already?

                  TED  
Uh huh.

                  LOUISE  
You're not even gonna see mom and  
dad?

                  TED  
Nope.

Content with his packing, Ted slams the trunk shut.

                  TED (CONT'D)  
Got all I needed out of this visit.

Ted is itching to leave, but he gives his mother/sister one last hug goodbye.

                  TED (CONT'D)  
I love you, and I'm gonna make you  
proud. You'll see.

                  LOUISE  
Well, do you at least want some  
coffee for the road?  
                  (lowering her voice)  
I put a lil' snake bite in it, warm  
you up.

Ted takes the mug and kisses Louise on the forehead.

                  TED  
Thank you, mom.

                  LOUISE  
Goodbye Teddy. Drive safe, okay?

                  TED  
Okay.

Ted drives off, leaving Louise in the rear view mirror. She stands at the end of the driveway watching him leave until he turns a corner and she disappears from view.

INT. SUICIDE HOTLINE CENTER - NIGHT

Rows and rows of grey cubicles line the walls of a nondescript office building. Men and women (mostly college-aged) sit in the cubicles, their ears glued to telephones.



This is a suicide hotline center. A poster on the wall commends this staff on **"5000 lives saved in 1970!"**

We hear bits and pieces of these dozens of conversations.

"Is there anyone who can drive you to a hospital?"

"Ma'am I'm sorry, but I can't understand you. Why don't you catch your breath for a second?  
"No- that's not true! You have everything to live for!"

"You can't be worthless, I don't know you and even *I* know you aren't worthless."

Ted sits at one of these identical desks. He is speaking softly into a phone- the ultimate empath.

TED  
(into phone)  
Why do you feel that way Samantha?

We can't hear exactly what the woman on the other line is saying, only her hysterical sobs.

TED (CONT'D)  
Samantha, you aren't worthless because you were raped.

Under the desk, Ted adjusts his erection in his Levis.

TED (CONT'D)  
This happens to millions of women all over the world, and many of them go on to live fulfilled, confident lives.

"Samantha" sobs on the other end of the line.

Ted closes his eyes and listens to her sobs, as calmly as if he were listening to his favorite record.

TED'S IMAGINATION

Ted imagines his own hands wrapping around this woman's throat.

She is another Stephanie look-alike. Long brown hair parted down the middle, very pretty.

She struggles, trying to free herself of his grip.

She scrapes at Ted's arms with her fingernails, leaving deep red gashes.

He squeezes until the veins in his arms are pulsing, blood from the scratches running down his taut forearms and dripping onto the woman's white shirt.

The woman's face turns red...

then purple...

then finally black.

BACK TO REALITY- TED'S DESK AT THE HOTLINE CENTRE

Ted- unscathed, opens his eyes and snaps back to reality.

TED

I'm sorry Ste- Samantha. I couldn't understand that last part over. Will you please repeat yourself?

INT. SUICIDE HOTLINE CENTER - NIGHT

It is the end of Ted's shift. The clock above Ted's desk strikes midnight.

Ted dials a familiar number into the telephone. The other line picks up after several rings.

STEPHANIE

(O.S.)

Hello?

TED

Hey there sleeping beauty. Hope I didn't wake you up.

STEPHANIE

(O.S.)

Oh no, I'm staying up watching Days of our Lives, was kinda hoping you'd come over after you get off.

TED

Well my shift is over.

STEPHANIE

(O.S.)  
Oh, yeah?

TED

But I can't come over babe. I've got that College Republicans meeting early in the morning, remember?

STEPHANIE

(O.S.)  
Oh, yeah.

TED

I was just calling to say goodnight.

STEPHANIE

(O.S.)  
Well, goodnight then Ted. Love you.

TED

Love you too.

Ted hangs up the phone.

ANN RULE is Ted's coworker, sitting at the desk next to him.

She is a plain, overweight, short woman with mousy brown hair. She wears an unflattering navy corduroy dress.

She is definitely not Ted's "type."

She turns to address her handsome coworker.

ANN

Got any plans with Stephanie tonight?

Ted flashes her his signature stellar grin.

TED

Not tonight, just me and a glass of wine at home. What about you? Got a hot date?

ANN

Haha, oh lordy no. I'm just gonna go to bed.

Ted and Ann shrug their jackets on, Ann grabs her handbag.

TED  
Let me walk you to your car.

EXT. SUICIDE HOTLINE CENTER - NIGHT

Ted walks with his arm protectively around Ann in the deserted parking lot.

TED  
It's a dangerous time to be a woman.

ANN  
Huh?

TED  
All the disappearances.

ANN RULE  
Oh, right.

They reach Ann's car. Ann gets in the driver's seat, and Ted leans over with his arm on the roof.

TED  
Now Ann, when you get home lock all the doors and windows.  
(beat)  
I don't know what I would do if anything were to happen to you.

ANN RULE  
I will. Promise.

Ted doesn't move out of Ann's doorway just yet.

TED  
(beat)  
We saved lives today Ann.

Ted stands erect and shuts Ann's car door, then moves to let her drive past.

Ted watches as Ann drives away, then goes to his own VW bug.

EXT. UNIVERSITY OF WASHINGTON CAMPUS - NIGHT

Ted is anxious, fiddling with the radio. The clock reads 2:08 A.M.

There are several EMPTY BOTTLES of Mickey's Fine Malt Liquor on the floor where the passenger seat would be.

He is parked in an alleyway between two student apartment buildings, facing the entrance to the brightly lit library across the street.

Students periodically come and leave the library, one or two at a time.

A poster-board sign hangs on one of the library front windows:

**FINALS WEEK LIBRARY HOURS:**

M-T: 24hrs

F-Su: 6:00 A.M. to 3:00 A.M.

Ted opens his glovebox with a shaking hand and retrieves a small bottle of whiskey. He downs a few gulps like water.

A beautiful young coed walks down the library steps. She catches Ted's attention and he turns the radio off.

TED

Helloooooo gorgeous.

Ted is carefully quiet while getting out of the car. He holds a HAMMER, which he slips into his back pocket.

EXT. UW LIBRARY - NIGHT

DONNA MANSON is the beautiful coed. She is 5'0" tall and 100 lbs, wearing a pretty blue dress, with a matching peacoat and high heels, and carrying a LARGE STACK OF BOOKS AND PAPERS. She has dark auburn hair, parted down the middle.

Donna goes to a payphone on the side of the library building and balances the stack of books on one knee while she dials, then shifts the telephone to her shoulder to get a grip on the heavy stack of textbooks.

DONNA

(Into telephone)

Hey Kathy- it's Donna.

(beat)

Yeah I'm just leaving the library now.

(beat)

Ugh, I wish. But I'm really stressed about this chemistry exam on Monday.

(beat)

(MORE)

DONNA (CONT'D)  
Yeah I was at the library for like  
eight hours today.  
(beat)  
Okay, well I guess I'll see you in  
the morning then. Have fun tonight!  
(beat)  
Bye!

Donna struggles to balance her books in order to hang up the telephone.

Ted appears in the doorway of the phone booth.

TED  
Need a hand with that?

SURPRISED Donna almost drops her books. She gives a little oh-silly-me giggle. This man seems harmless, well dressed and clean shaven.

DONNA  
Yes, thank you!

Donna hands Ted the stack of books.

TED  
Where are we headed?

DONNA  
Maple Hall.

Ted is still standing in the doorway.

DONNA (CONT'D)  
Uh, I'll lead the way.

Ted scootches to make a small pathway for Donna. She can't help but rub up against him when she exits the phone booth.

Donna walks in front of Ted, leading him down the deserted street. She notices he is wobbling a bit.

DONNA (CONT'D)  
You been out tonight?

TED  
Nope.

DONNA  
Oh, uh, okay. Cool.

Walking behind her, Ted eyes Donna's backside. Donna can feel his eyes on her. She is beginning to feel uncomfortable.

TED

I like to stay in, most nights.

DONNA

Oh, I see.

TED

Just me and a glass of wine.

One of the street lamps is broken, and there is a ~50 sqft area of darkness underneath it. Donna and Ted make their way into this patch of darkness.

TED (CONT'D)

Oh, shit!

Ted fumbles and drops the stack of books. At least- that's what it sounds like is happening. The absence of light makes it very hard to make out Ted's crouched figure in the darkness.

Donna stands, uneasy. She looks over her shoulder at her dorm, and the rest of the lit street. Ted pulls something out of his back pocket.

TED (CONT'D)

Can you help me with this?

Donna hesitates.

TED (CONT'D)

(under his breath, but  
loud enough for Donna to  
hear)

Rude.

DONNA

Sorry.

Donna bends down to help Ted pick up the fallen books and papers. Ted brings his arm up and SLAMS THE HAMMER down onto the crown of Donna's head.

Donna slumps to the ground after a small grunt of pain.

Ted throws the woman over his shoulder, leaving the books on the ground where they have fallen. Donna is a petite woman, and Ted has no trouble carrying her back to his car.

INT./EXT. TED'S WHITE VOLKSWAGEN BEETLE, MOUNT TAYLOR WA-MORNING

Ted hums along to the radio as he drives up the windy mountain roads in the early morning sunlight.

There are no other cars on the road.

The view is breathtaking. The sun dances on patches of snow, like scattered diamonds. The sky is a clear blue. Birds are chirping and everything is beyond beautiful.

Donna Manson lays on the floor where a passenger seat would be, unconscious.

Her hands are handcuffed to the passenger door handle.

Empty bottles of Mickey's Malt Liquor surround her, clinking together.

INT./EXT. TED'S WHITE VOLKSWAGEN BEETLE - MORNING

Ted's VW bug parks at a campsite that has been abandoned for many years. Ted gets out of the car and goes around to open the passenger door.

The *slam* of Ted's door closing wakes Donna up.

She is drowsy and confused. A trickle of dried blood runs down her face from the wound on her scalp from Ted's hammer.

Ted opens the passenger door, yanking Donna's handcuffed arms.

TED

Morning, sleeping beauty.

DONNA

Where am I?

Ted unlocks the handcuffs momentarily, only to unchain Donna from the passenger door, immediately cuffing her wrists back together once that is done.

Ted grabs Donna under her arms and pulls her forcefully out of the car and onto the dirt.

EXT. TED'S MT. TAYLOR DUMPING GROUND- MORNING

Donna starts crying.



DONNA

Where am I? What are you doing to me?

Ted grabs a fistful of Donna's beautiful hair, now gleaming red in the early morning sunlight.

He forces her head back so she is looking up into his eyes.

TED

What the fuck do you think I'm going to do, you stupid bitch?

Donna averts her gaze and then out of the corner of her eye sees something that makes her SCREAM.

Ted keeps his grip tight on Donna's hair and drags her toward the horrible sight.

The head-wound opens up again and FRESH SCARLET BLOOD is dripping down onto the dirt and FRESHLY FALLEN SNOW beneath them.

Donna is kicking and screaming with all her might, her fingernails digging into the fresh on Ted's arm that has a fistful of her hair.

Blood is now gushing out of her head-wound.

Ted pulls her forward and releases his grip, Donna loses her balance and falls onto

A PILE OF DECOMPOSING FEMALE CORPSES

-the sight which prompted Donna's screams of terror.

Half a dozen dead women in varying degrees of decay lie in a pile partially covered in snow and dirt.

One or two of the corpses seem fairly fresh, still resembling the beautiful women they used to be. Others look more like mummies than humans. Some of the women are missing limbs. One corpse is decapitated, her head sitting a few feet away.

Donna holds her hands up in a feeble defense.

Ted grabs both of her petite wrists with his left hand and holds her arms overhead, almost effortlessly.

DONNA

Please don't do this. Please...

Ted answers with his signature dazzling smile.

TED  
Sorry baby, I have to.

SUNRISE OVER THE PACIFIC NORTHWEST MOUNTAINS

The view pans away from the couple and onto the stunning scenery, but we hear plenty of what is happening.

The *ziiiiip* of a zipper being undone.

The *riiip* of fabric being torn.

Donna's pleas for mercy...

And then her screams of agony.

The sun rises above the mountains of the Cascade Range, illuminating the thousands of fir, pine, spruce and maple trees on the mountainsides.

A doe and her fawns emerge from their slumber and drink from a babbling stream.

Cardinal birds sing to each other. Sparrows flit through the sun-streaked air.

THE PILE OF DECOMPOSING FEMALE CORPSES

Ted searches for his hammer.

One hand is wrapped around Donna's throat, the other is patting through leaves and other debris on the ground, searching.

TED  
Where the fuck did I put that  
thing? Goddamn it.

Ted lets go of Donna's throat. She inhales a quick but feeble gasp of air.

Ted stands up, still looking around for his hammer.

TED (CONT'D)  
Did I even get it out of the car?

Ted throws his hands up in exasperation.

TED (CONT'D)  
Fuck it. I'll be right back. You  
stay here.

EXT. TED'S WHITE VOLKSWAGEN BEETLE

Ted's hammer is sitting on the armrest.

TED

Ha! There you are, you sneaky  
little sonofabitch.

Ted retrieves it and heads back to Donna and the pile of  
corpses.

THE PILE OF DECOMPOSING FEMALE CORPSES

Donna is several feet away from where Ted left her. She is  
attempting to drag herself away to safety.

Ted catches up to her in a few quick strides, grabs a handful  
of hair again, and *whacks!* the hammer down on her crown once,  
twice, thrice.

Each time Ted raises the hammer overhead to prepare for  
another blow, a streak of blood splatters against the pure  
white snow.

EXT. TED'S MT. TAYLOR DUMPING GROUND - SUNSET

Ted is sitting on a fallen tree trunk, drinking a bottle of  
red wine which has stained his mouth purple.

Donna's decapitated head sits on the trunk next to him,  
gazing at the sunset through lifeless eyes.

TED

Isn't it beautiful?

Ted moves the head to and fro, mimicking a nod.

TED (CONT'D)

Ain't no place like it in the  
world. This-  
(hiccup)  
-this is God's country.

INT./EXT. TED'S WHITE VOLKSWAGEN BEETLE - NIGHT

Ted drives down the windy mountain road, swerving  
occasionally.

He takes a swig from the bottle of wine, then puts it back  
between his knees.

Ted takes a turn too wide and SCRAPES the side of his car on a GUARDRAIL.

TED  
God fuckin' dammit Ted.

Another swig of wine.

TED (CONT'D)  
Get your shit together, Teddy.

Ted's car continues to swerve on the treacherous climb down the mountain.

INT. TED'S SEATTLE APARTMENT - MORNING

Ted lays facedown on top of his covers, still wearing his clothes from the night before.

Half a dozen 40oz bottles of malt liquor lay around him like a nest.

Sunlight streams through the window shades and the clock reads 9:13 A.M.

Ted's phone RINGS. Ted groans and tosses a pillow across the room in frustration.

The PHONE RINGING doesn't let up, Ted gets out of bed and stumbles to the telephone. He rubs his temples- fighting back a vicious hangover.

TED  
(into telephone)  
Hello?

STEPHANIE  
(O.S.)  
Hey babe, it's me.

TED  
Hi Stephanie.

STEPHANIE  
(O.S.)  
Where were you yesterday? I tried calling you like five times. Steven says you missed your meeting?

TED

I was in bed all day, sick as a dog. I turned the ringer off so that I could get some sleep. I'm sorry babe, I should have told you.

STEPHANIE

(O.S.)

Oh you poor thing! What is it, the flu?

TED

Could be. Or maybe just a stomach bug. I still feel like crap today though, so I dunno.

STEPHANIE

(O.S.)

You've been overworking yourself Teddy. That job at the hotline center, volunteering with the missing persons bureau, and now that college republicans club. Babe I think you're gonna work yourself to exhaustion if you don't take some time off.

TED

Well I sure appreciate the concern dear, but as I recall you were the one who told me I needed to be more ambitious.

STEPHANIE

(O.S.)

(beat)

No, you're right. I'm sorry.

TED

Mmm hmmm.

STEPHANIE

(O.S.)

Do you want me to come over and take care of you? I'll make you tea and chicken noodle soup.

Ted looks around his disastrous apartment. Empty bottles and nudie magazines litter the floor.

TED

Ummmm I dunno babe. I wouldn't want you to get sick too.

STEPHANIE

(O.s.)

Oh nonsense! Don't worry about me. What kind of a girlfriend would I be if I didn't take care of my man when he's sick? I'll be there in 30.

Before Ted can protest, Stephanie hangs up the phone.

TED

Shit, shit, shit!

Ted races to the kitchen to find a trash bag and hastily starts throwing bottles into it.

One of the bottles still has a little bit of liquid in it, Ted takes a swig and immediately regrets it. He runs to the restroom to vomit.

EXT. TED'S SEATTLE APARTMENT - MORNING

Ted carries two trash bags of empty bottles to the dumpster. The clinking of glass bottles together is irritating his headache.

Ted walks past the recycle bin and to the dumpster, where he lays the bags down on the ground, even though there is plenty of room left inside of the dumpster.

As he walks back to his apartment Ted passes his car and sees the big scrape from the guardrail he hit last night.

Ted examines the scrape closer.

TED

Motherfucker!

Stephanie's BMW pulls in to the parking lot.

Ted's face instantly morphs from frustration to calm tranquility.

INT./EXT. STEPHANIE'S BMW - MORNING

He goes to Stephanie's car and opens the door for her.

TED

Well hey there princess.

Stephanie produces two thermoses from her purse.

STEPHANIE

I brought you some soup and tea.

Ted plants a kiss on her forehead.

INT. TED'S SEATTLE APARTMENT - MORNING

Stephanie sits on Ted's bed looking bewildered.

Ted stands in his kitchen fixing himself a bowl of the soup Stephanie brought him.

STEPHANIE

What do you mean you're moving?

TED

I mean just that, Stephanie. I applied to law school at BYU and I was accepted.

STEPHANIE

Why didn't you tell me?

TED

In case I didn't get in. I didn't want you to think of me as a failure.

This stings Stephanie.

STEPHANIE

Teddy, I'm sorry. I know I was a bitc-

TED

It's alright, you were right. You have nothing to apologize for.

Ted crosses over to Stephanie and kisses her.

TED (CONT'D)

I'm doing this for us, babe.

Ted reaches into his nightstand and pulls out something very small.

He takes Stephanie's face in his hand and kisses her again.

TED (CONT'D)  
I want to be able to take care of  
you, Steph. I love you.

STEPHANIE  
I love you too, Teddy.

Ted takes Stephanie's hand in his and slips something into her palm.

Stephanie opens her hand to reveal a stunning diamond engagement ring. She is shocked.

STEPHANIE (CONT'D)  
Ted I, oh my goodness. I don't know  
what to say.  
(beat)  
How did you afford this?

CUT TO:

FLASHBACK- TED'S BODY DUMP - DAY

Ted struggles to pull the ring off a dead woman's finger, but her joints have swollen. He can't pull it off, as hard as he tries.

Ted grabs his small hatchet and CHOPS off the RINGED FINGER.

There is a small trickle of old blood, it acts as a lubricant and Ted is able to pull the ring off finally.

TED  
Mother fuck, now I have to get it  
cleaned.

CUT TO:

INT. TED'S SEATTLE APARTMENT - MORNING

Ted smiles at Stephanie.

TED  
I started putting money away for it  
after our first date. I've always  
known you are the one.

This makes Stephanie's eyes tear up.



STEPHANIE

Oh Teddy.

TED

Say yes.

STEPHANIE

Yes.

Ted kisses Stephanie.

INT. BYU CLASSROOM - DAY

Several months have passed, it is springtime now. Instead of heavy sweaters and jackets students are wearing tee shirts and sundresses.

Ted sits at the back of the class. He is constantly glancing up and the clock on the wall.

He is pretending to take notes, doodling aimlessly in his notebook.

Some of his doodles include:

**A severed woman's head.**

**A vagina with a bottle of hairspray shoved into it.**

**A severed torso with a knife stabbed in one breast.**

PROFESSOR

That's enough for today I think.  
Review chapter ten over the weekend  
and expect a quiz on Monday.

At the back of the classroom, Ted is the first one out the door.

INT. TED'S SLC APARTMENT - DAY

Ted enters his studio apartment.

It is almost identical to his old studio in Seattle. Besides layout, the only difference is the Utah sun shining through the window instead of a view of snowy winter Seattle.

There is a note on the floor that was pushed through the crack of the door. Ted reads it.

**Ted,  
Phone call for you at the front  
desk. 3/17 2:06pm  
Patricia**

Ted is surprised, he wasn't expecting a phone call. He goes to his answering machine, but there are no new messages.

He grabs his keys and leaves the apartment.

INT. APARTMENT COMPLEX FRONT OFFICE - DAY

Ted enters the front office with a cheerful demeanor.

An older woman (60's) sits at the front desk, her name plaque reads PATRICIA.

TED  
Hello gorgeous, I got your love  
note.

Patricia blushes and giggles.

PATRICIA  
Oh you are just too much.

Patricia reaches into her desk to pull out a notecard which she hands to Ted. It has a phone number written on it.

PATRICIA (CONT'D)  
Here you are Ted. She didn't leave  
a name or a message, just said it  
was urgent you call back.

Ted recognizes the phone number. He turns to go back to his apartment, but thinks better of it.

TED  
Patricia darling, may I use your  
phone?

PATRICIA  
Sure thing.

Ted punches in the number by heart. The other end picks up on the first ring. It is Stephanie. She sounds frantic.

STEPHANIE  
(OS)  
Hello??

TED  
I'm returning a call I got from  
this number.

STEPHANIE  
(OS)  
Ted! Where are you?? Why didn't you  
return any of my calls or letters?  
I've been trying to reach you for  
months! You just vanished!

TED  
I informed you of my decision to  
relocate.

Stephanie starts to cry. Ted looks disgusted, and holds the  
phone farther from his ear.

STEPHANIE  
(OS)  
Yeah, when you *proposed* to me! What  
the fuck Ted?! How could you do  
that and just... disappear??

Ted doesn't reply to this. He continues to listen to  
Stephanie cry.

STEPHANIE (CONT'D)  
(OS)  
Well?? Don't you have anything to  
say for yourself??

A pregnant pause before Ted replies.

TED  
Stephanie, I have no idea what  
you're talking about.

Ted hangs up the phone. Patricia looks inquisitive.

PATRICIA  
Everything okay?

Ted smiles.

TED  
Wrong number.

Ted leaves the front office.

INT./EXT. TED'S WHITE VOLKSWAGEN BEETLE - NIGHT

Ted drives around the streets of Salt Lake City with a bottle of Mickey's between his legs.

He pulls into the parking lot of a high school. There are already ~50 cars parked. The lights are on in one wing of the school.

The sign outside SLC High reads:

**SLC HS players present Oklahoma!  
tonight 7:30pm**

Ted parks in the back of the parking lot and turns his engine and lights off. He takes generous gulps of the malt liquor.

EXT. SLC HIGH SCHOOL PARKING LOT - NIGHT

Students and parents start to filter out of the building and into their cars. The parking lot empties until Ted's is the only car left.

There is one girl left waiting at the front entrance of the school, looking worried.

This is SUE CURTIS. She is fifteen, and very pretty. Her long dark-brown hair is parted down the middle and hangs all the way to the small of her back.

INT./EXT. TED'S WHITE VOLKSWAGEN BEETLE - NIGHT

Ted is watching Sue. They are the only two people left in the parking lot. He takes a hammer and handcuffs out of his glovebox and puts them in his pocket, then exits the car.

EXT. SLC HIGH SCHOOL PARKING LOT - NIGHT

Ted struggles to walk without stumbling, he is piss drunk.

He lumbers up to Sue and startles her.

TED  
Your ride didn't show?

Sue jumps at the sound of his voice. Ted puts his hands up in a non-threatening gesture.

TED (CONT'D)  
Sorry- didn't mean to spook ya.

SUE

It's okay.

Sue tries to ignore this strange man. Ted asks her again.

TED

Your ride didn't show?

SUE

She's on her way.

TED

Is she? It's been half an hour since the show let out. Maybe she forgot about you.

SUE

She didn't. She's on her way.

TED

I could give you a ride.

Sue does NOT plan on going home with him.

SUE

No thank you.

Ted doesn't leave.

SUE (CONT'D)

Why are you still here anyway? Why didn't you go home after the show ended?

TED

I was supposed to take a friend home, but I guess she caught another ride and didn't give me a heads up. So now I have some extra space in my car. Thought I'd try and be a good samaritan and help a stranger out, but I guess my help isn't wanted.

Ted turns to leave. Sue looks at her watch and decides to take a chance.

SUE

Hey- I'm sorry if I was rude. I'm just frustrated with my friend for leaving me stranded here.

TED

It's alright.

SUE

Could I still take you up on that ride? It's getting late and my parents are gonna kill me if I'm not home soon.

Ted grins at this.

TED

Of course.

The two walk to Ted's car. Ted changes his pace so that Sue is in front of him.

INT./EXT. TED'S WHITE VOLKSWAGEN BEETLE - NIGHT

Ted reaches over and unlocks the passenger door for Sue.

Sue almost gets in- until she realizes there is no passenger seat.

The hairs on the back of her neck and arms rise up. She knows there is something VERY wrong here.

Ted pulls the hammer out of his back pocket.

SUE

Hey I think I'm actually gonna wait a few more minutes for my frien-

Ted *whacks!* the hammer down onto the crown of Sue's head and she FALLS FORWARD into the passenger seat.

Sue moans in pain, she isn't unconscious, but she's close.

TED

Uppity cunt.

Ted starts to handcuff Sue to the door handle.

He fumbles and drops the keys on the pavement.

TED (CONT'D)

Motherfucking sonnofabitch.

Sue tries to rise up but Ted shoves her back down.

He finishes handcuffing her- but has messed up.

Ted is too inebriated to realize it, but the cuffs are both fastened to only one arm.

TED (CONT'D)

There we are.

Ted SLAMS the car door shut. Sue struggles to upright herself- and realizes that she isn't fastened to the handle.

While Ted is walking around to the driver's side Sue tries the door handle.

It's unlocked.

In a moment of quick thinking Sue closes the door and puts her wrists around the handle.

Ted climbs in the car and starts the engine.

The VW bug pulls out of the deserted parking lot and onto the road.

INT./EXT. TED'S WHITE VOLKSWAGEN BEETLE - NIGHT

Ted swerves in and out of his lane, causing other cars to dangerously swerve aside in order to not get hit.

SUE

You know, if you let me out, I won't never tell nobody.

Ted laughs at this.

TED

Mmmm hmmm, I'm sure you won't darling.

SUE

I really mean it. I know this ain't what it looks like. This is just a prank. And it's really funny.

Sue tries to flash Ted a smile, but the tears streaming down her cheeks make it look anything but convincing.

TED

You know how I know you won't never tell nobody?

They are at a stoplight.

Ted turns to Sue and caresses her face, his thumb resting on her bottom lip.

Sue shakes her head, no.

TED (CONT'D)  
Because I'm gonna fucking kill you  
before you have the chance.

Sue CLAMPS her teeth on Ted's thumb, breaking the skin and drawing blood.

Ted SCREAMS in pain and *yanks* his hand away from her, cradling his bleeding thumb in his other arm.

In a split second- Sue *pulls* open the car door and SPRINTS down the street, screaming at the top of her lungs.

EXT. SALT LAKE CITY STREETS- NIGHT

Sue is hysterical, blood drips down her chin and runs in full gushes out of the wound on her head.

Behind her she leaves a trail of blood droplets, red against the white road markers.

Sue's arms pump by her sides, running at full speed. Her chest is heaving with heavy breath.

SUE  
Help me! Someone help me I've been  
kidnapped!

CUT TO:

INT. TED'S WHITE VOLKSWAGEN BEETLE - NIGHT

Ted sits in his car, staring at the running girl in disbelief.

He is frozen.

He looks to his REAR VIEW MIRROR and makes eye contact with the driver behind him.

The driver stares back at him, mouth open in shock.

The light has turned green, they are both sitting there.



TED  
Oh shit. Oh shit ohshitoSHIT!

Ted SLAMS his foot on the gas and peels out of the intersection, tires squealing, leaving skid marks on the road behind him.

INT./EXT. TED'S WHITE VOLKSWAGEN BEETLE - NIGHT

Ted is driving like a maniac.

He's going 60, 70, 80mph on residential streets.

The empty glass bottles on his floorboards smash together and break.

TED  
I've gotta get out of here. I've  
gotta get out of here.

Ted's car cuts off another driver and sends them crashing into a ditch.

Ted tries to reach for a bottle, but can't grasp one.

Tears of anger and frustration and fear are streaming down his face.

Red and blue lights flash in Ted's rearview mirror.

TED (CONT'D)  
Oh fuck.

Ted JERKS the steering wheel and cuts a sharp turn at the last second- hitting and knocking over a stop sign.

SIRENS whirr behind him, the police car is still on his tail.

TED (CONT'D)  
You stupid bitch. YOU FUCKING  
WHORE!

The odometer on Ted's dash keeps rising.

Out of nowhere, a second police car pulls out of an alleyway 20 yards in front of him.

Ted is about to T-bone the police car.

Both feet SLAM on the breaks.

Smoke billows from the tires.

Skid marks run hot and dark on the asphalt.

Ted's face hits the steering wheel and breaks his nose with a sickening CRUNCH.

He leans forward over the steering wheel, defeated.

EXT. TED'S WHITE VOLKSWAGEN BEETLE - NIGHT

The two police officers exit their vehicles with guns drawn and move towards Ted.

CUT TO:

INT. POLICE INTERROGATION ROOM - LATER THAT NIGHT

Ted has crusty dried blood around his nose.

His hands are handcuffed in front of him.

He is alone in the interrogation room, staring at his reflection in the one-way mirror.

TED'S IMAGINATION

Ted beats Sue with his tire iron.

He raises it over his head and SLAMS it down onto her soft body.

Again and again and again.

Her arms and legs are covered in blood and bruises.

She has several compound fractures.

With a scream of anger, Ted raises the weapon in both hands over his head once more and brings it down with a flurry of force onto Sue's skull.

The iron hits her right between the eyes, and her head bursts open like a watermelon.

Blood and brains and little pieces of skull and cartilage spray all over Ted's face.

CUT TO:

INT. POLICE INTERROGATION ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Two officers enter the interrogation room.

SLC OFFICER 1  
Get up.

TED  
Where are you taking me?

SLC OFFICER 2  
To line-up.

INT. LINEUP ROOM - NIGHT

Ted stands next to five other handsome, clean cut men, practically his doppelgangers.

Ted holds a card with a large number 4 printed on it in front of his chest.

He stares through his own reflection in the one-way mirror, trying to see Sue on the other side.

INT. ON THE OTHER SIDE OF THE GLASS - MOMENTS LATER

An officer escorts Sue into the room.

SLC OFFICER 1  
Alright miss. Now take all the time you need to look at these men. Do any of them bear a resemblance to your attacker?

Sue only needs a moment.

She points directly at Ted, eyes unwavering.

SUE  
That's him. Number four.

SLC OFFICER 1  
We want you to be completely sure miss. There is no pressure for you to make an identification quickly.

Sue gives a quick glance to the other candidates and shakes her head.

SUE

No, I'm positive that's him. He  
looked me in the eyes and said he  
was going to kill me.

The officer nods and speaks into the microphone to address  
the men in the line up.

SLC OFFICER 1

You are all excused, except number  
four.

INT. LINEUP ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Ted doesn't move, but stares into the mirror.

A vein is pulsing in his temple.

His knuckles are white, grasping the card in front of him.

INT. ON THE OTHER SIDE OF THE GLASS - MOMENTS LATER

Sue can feel his gaze through the one way mirror and recoils.

An officer puts his hand on her shoulder.

SLC OFFICER 2

I promise that he can't see you  
ma'am.

Sue shudders.

CUT TO:

INT. JAIL CELL - DAY

Ted sits in his cell writing a letter. We can see a glimpse  
of the heading over his shoulder:

*Dear Carole,  
I need you now like I have never  
needed anyone ever before.  
You are my most trusted friend and  
the only person I can turn to in my  
time of need.*

INT. MESS HALL - DAY

Ted sits in the prison mess hall, staring blankly ahead.

His meal is untouched- a glob of watery mashed potatoes and a questionable looking "sausage patty."

Ted sits next to a GOLIATH of a man, covered in tattoos and wolfing down his meal like a hog.

The man sitting next to Ted turns to him.

GOLIATH  
You gonna eat that?

Ted pushes his meal towards the other inmate.

TED  
Have at it.

INT. VISITOR'S HALL - DAY

Ted sits in a booth behind a thick dirty wall of plexiglass.

A plain yet pretty woman sits down on the other side of the plexiglass in front of Ted, she is CAROLE ANN BOONE.

She picks up the phone on her side and places her palm on the plexiglass between them.

Ted picks up the phone on his end, and places his palm across from hers.

CAROLE  
Oh Teddy...

TED  
I need you to do something for me  
Carole.

CAROLE  
You know I would do anything for  
you Ted.

TED  
I need some money.

CUT TO:

INT. CAROLE ANN BOONE'S APARTMENT- NIGHT

Carole rummages through her apartment.

She lives in a modest but respectable one bedroom. Framed photos of her and Ted line the walls.

She digs through her chest of drawers, pulling out anything remotely valuable:

-a gold watch

-a string of pearls

-a film camera

and putting them in a bag.

Carole pulls a lockbox out from under her bed and opens it.

On top sits the folded letter we saw Ted writing in his jail cell earlier.

*Dear Carole,  
I need you now like I have never  
needed anyone ever before.  
You are my most trusted friend and  
the only person I can turn to in my  
time of need.*

Carole clutches this letter to her chest.

She puts it in her pocket and empties the rest of the lockbox, a substantial stack of \$20 bills.

INT. MESS HALL - DAY

Ted sits next to the same inmate he gave his lunch to earlier.

Ted looks thinner than when he arrived, his prison jumpsuit is loose around his chest.

A bowl of grey gruel sits in front of him, untouched.

Goliath scarfs down his own meal.

Ted turns to the man.

TED  
You want this?

The other inmate greedily accepts and hurriedly finishes his portion before digging into Ted's.

Ted lowers his voice.

TED (CONT'D)  
Hey man, you know who I should talk  
to if I need to get something they  
don't have at commissary?

The other inmate doesn't look away from his meal.

GOLIATH  
Might be, yeah.

He puts the bowl to his mouth and scoops in the remainder of  
the gruel.

TED  
I'll trade you my lunch every day  
for that information.

The two men shake hands.

GOLIATH  
Deal.

CUT TO:

INT. VISITOR'S HALL - DAY

Carole sits down across from Ted at the visitor's booth.

Ted looks horrible- his face is gaunt.

His skin has lost it's color, grey and pale.

His eyes are hollow, sunken in their sockets.

His prison jumpsuit hangs limply off of his body.

His collarbones protrude from his chest.

CAROLE  
Ted... You look awful. What  
happened to you?

TED  
I just lost a bit of weight is all,  
prison food tastes like ass. Don't  
you worry about me baby.

Ted leans in closer to Carole.

TED (CONT'D)  
Did you get the money?

CAROLE

Yes, I did. I sold all my jewelry  
and camera and took out all my  
savings.

Ted heaves a sigh of relief and gives her a taste of his  
signature smile.

TED

Carole I love you. You've saved me.

Carole's face glows when she hears this.

CAROLE

You mean that Teddy? You really  
love me?

Ted puts his palm on the glass.

TED

Of course baby, you were the only  
one I knew I could turn to. I've  
never once doubted you.

Carole touches her palm to his through the plexiglass.

CAROLE

You know I'd do anything for you,  
Ted.

TED

I know you will.

CUT TO:

EXT. PRISON YARD - DAY

Ted and Goliath approach a group of men sitting/squatting in  
a circle throwing dice.

Ted is the only man without multiple visible tattoos.

No one acknowledges their arrival.

GOLIATH

Chuy, I've got you a new customer.

A squat bald man sitting crosslegged answers.

CHUY

I don't need any new customers.

Ted squats so that he is at the man's level.



TED

That's not what I've heard. I've heard you're the guy people go to around here when they need to get something.

Chuy's eyes stay focused on his dice, his body language nonchalant.

CHUY

What do you need so bad that you can't get at the prison commissary?

TED

A saw.

Chuy lets out a low whistle.

CHUY

You've got expensive taste pal.

Chuy tosses his dice and the group erupts in cheers and hisses.

Chuy laughs and claps Ted on the shoulder.

CHUY (CONT'D)

\$500 bucks, bigshot.

CUT TO:

INT. CHIEF JAILER'S OFFICE - DAY

Ted sits handcuffed at a large mahogany desk in front of a prissy-looking man in a clean pressed suit.

The CHIEF JAILER sits at his desk, examining a file of papers.

Ted observes the room around him. Taking careful note of the exit door, the window, the wardrobe in the corner.

We can glimpse over his shoulder bits and pieces of the file he's reading.

**Awaiting trial as of 07/24/76--**

**Arrested for reckless driving-**

**Accused of kidnapping Sue Curtis, aged 15-**

**No known altercations with other inmates-**

**Behavior: Exemplary-**

The chief jailer glances at Ted over his glasses.

CHIEF JAILER

It says here you've requested to be allowed to use the visitation table instead of the booth, is that correct Mr. Bundy?

Ted speaks with so much clam and charm that one can almost forget his hands are cuffed.

TED

Yes sir. I would very much like to speak to my loved ones face to face. You see, the telephone in the booths has a somewhat distorting affect.

The jailer has no response to this.

TED (CONT'D)

I would hope that my conduct these past three months would prove my responsibility and allow me such a privilege, sir.

The chief jailer takes his time shuffling the papers in Ted's file around for several moments before answering.

CHIEF JAILER

I think we can allow that Mr. Bundy.

Ted grins ear to ear.

TED

Thank you very much sir.

INT. VISITING ROOM - DAY

Families file in from the visitor's anteroom while guards escort inmates in through the barred doors.

Ted sits himself across from Carole in a corner of the room.

TED

Hey there pretty lady.

Carole looks worried, she looks at Ted's fragile thin body.

CAROLE  
Have you lost even more weight?

Ted puts his hand on Carole's reassuringly- all the bones in his hand are visible and his fingers are skeletal thin.

TED  
I'm fine Carole. Don't worry about that.

CAROLE  
Oh, Ted.

TED  
Thank you for coming Carole.  
(Ted lowers his voice to a hoarse whisper)  
Did you bring what I asked?

Carole nods.

Ted smiles at her.

TED (CONT'D)  
I'm getting out of here baby.

Carole looks around at the other inmates and visitors.

Wives chatting with their husbands.

Parents and grandparents visiting their children.

Children visiting their fathers.

INT. VISITING ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

A guard announces that the visiting time is up, and people start to disperse.

The inmates embrace their visitors before filing back into the block.

Ted stands up and embraces Carole, holding her around the waist and picking her up.

The two share a kiss, and Ted releases his grasp around her.

Carole slips a stack of money into Ted's hand in the blink of an eye.

CAROLE  
I love you Ted.

Ted smiles at his accomplice.

TED  
I love you too, Carole.

CUT TO:

EXT. PRISON YARD - DAY

Ted approaches Chuy, who is leaning against a wall observing an ongoing game of baseball.

Ted stands next to him and palms him the wad of cash.

Chuy slips it into the waistband of his pants.

TED  
How soon can you get it?

CHUY  
Give me a week.

CUT TO:

INT. PRISON BLOCK- EVENING

Ted carries a book under one arm as he walks through the hallway to his cell.

Chuy and another inmate exit Ted's cell and pass him.

Chuy nods to Ted as he walks past.

INT. JAIL CELL - EVENING

Ted enters his jail cell and puts his book on the shelf.

He checks behind him to make sure there is no one observing him, and then lifts his mattress several inches.

The gleam of a hacksaw winks at him in the light.

Ted quickly lets his mattress back down and lays in his bed, awaiting for lights out.

INT. JAIL CELL - NIGHT

Ted is standing on the rim of his toilet, arms overhead sawing diligently.

A ceiling tile lays on its side next to the bed.

Ted is sawing away at the wall overhead.

Dust and debris fall from the ceiling like snowflakes, illuminated in the moonlight streaming in from the barred window.

CUT TO:

INT. VISITING ROOM - DAY

The visitor's door to the visiting room is decorated with tinsel and pictures of santa claus.

Several visitors are wearing festive sweaters or santa hats.

Ted leans in close to Carole.

TED

(whispered)

I'm doing it over the holiday.  
While most of the guards are away  
and a good number of the inmates  
are on furlow with their families.

CAROLE

What do you need me to do.

Ted shakes his head.

TED

Baby you've already done more than  
enough, I can't let you risk any  
more trouble.

(beat)

Plus, you'd be the first person  
they'd suspect. Not exactly a  
foolproof plan.

Carole looks dejected.

CAROLE

How will I know that you're safe?

Ted grins at her.

TED

You kidding me girl? I'll be fine.  
Don't you worry about old Ted.

Carole looks like she is about to cry, her eyes water and her voice cracks.

CAROLE

Will I ever see you again?

TED

When the time is right, I'll find you. We just have to lay low until this all blows over. Then we can spend the rest of our lives together, far away.

A flash of hope gleams behind Carole's eyes.

She grips Ted's hand.

CAROLE

You promise?

TED

I promise.

A guard announces the end of visiting hour.

Ted and Carole embrace.

Carole whispers into Ted's ear before they let go.

CAROLE

Good luck.

INT. JAIL CELL - NIGHT

Ted lies in his cell, hands clasped over his concave belly, eyes staring at the ceiling.

A voice on the intercom calls out.

GUARD

Lights out!

The lights in the cell block shut off in stages.

The one in Ted's section of the block switches off and he is asked in darkness.

The moon is only a crescent sliver visible through the window, it adds no light.

Ted waits for several minutes, listening until he can't hear any of the other inmates talking.

Ted gets up from his bed, silent as a cat.

He slips off his shirt, revealing his emaciated body.

His stomach and chest are practically concave.

His skin clings tight to his skeleton, all of his ribs are prominent.

His spine sticks out of his back like a lizard's fin.

His arms are thin as sticks.

Ted takes his books out of his shelf and arranges them under his blanket.

Ted climbs onto the rim of his toilet and pushes up on the ceiling tile, letting it loose.

Ted gazes up into the narrow hole he has sawed into the ceiling.

Ted grasps the hole on either side, steps one foot onto the handle of the toilet, and HOISTS himself into the hole with all his might, biting his lip.

Ted's minuscule muscles are tense with exertion, and sweat runs down his brow.

He successfully pulls himself into the hole, and out of his cell.

INT. AIR VENTS - NIGHT

Ted crawls on his belly through the dusty air vents.

His teeth are gritted, and his breath is quick.

There is a fierce determination in his eyes.

INT. CHIEF JAILER'S OFFICE - NIGHT

The chief jailer's office is empty and silent.

Several holiday cards sit on the desk, adorned with smiling families and christmas trees.

A calendar on the desk reads December 25th, 1976.

Suddenly a ceiling tile BURSTS open in a flurry of dust and debris, a bare foot emerging from the hole.

Ted Bundy lowers himself from the hole in the ceiling onto the (now filthy) desk.

Ted gets down and straightens himself out.

Shirtless and covered in dust, Ted stands erect and proud.

His hands are clenched by his side, and he is smiling triumphantly.

Ted dusts himself off with his hands, then goes to the wardrobe in the corner.

He swings the heavy ornate wooden doors open and finds a clean suit and a pair of dress shoes inside.

TED

Yes! Oh thank you, yes!

Ted dumps his filthy prisoner's pants and adorns the chief jailer's suit and dress shoes.

He combs his hair with his fingers, fixes his tie and exits the office.

INT. HALLWAY - NIGHT

Ted walks through the administrative hallway, deserted on Christmas.

His dress shoes *clack* as he walks, echoing down the empty hallway.

INT./EXT. FRONT DOOR OF PENITENTIARY - NIGHT

Ted opens the front door and walks right out, a spring in his step as he walks down the front stairs, and disappears into the street.

EXT. SIDE OF THE STREET - NIGHT

Ted walks along the road with one thumb out.

A brown station wagon approaches and slows down for him.

The driver flashes his lights as he passes Ted, and pulls over.

Ted climbs into the passenger seat.



INT. STATION WAGON - NIGHT

A plain middle aged man greets Ted as he enters.

BOB  
Merry christmas to ya, name's Bob.

Bob extends a hand to Ted to shake.

Ted grasps Bob's hand in both of his own and shakes it enthusiastically.

TED  
Ted. You really are a life saver  
Bob.

Bob laughs at this and pulls the car back into gear and onto the road.

BOB  
Where ya headed Ted?

TED  
Depends where you're going.

BOB  
Chicago.

Ted leans back and clasps his hands behind his head.

TED  
Suppose I'm off to Chicago too  
then.

CUT TO:

EXT. GREYHOUND STATION - NIGHT

Bob and Ted pull up to the Greyhound station.

Ted exits the car and then leans into the window to say goodbye.

TED  
I can't thank you enough Bob.

Bob waves this off.

BOB  
Bah! What kind of a man would I be  
if I didn't help a stranger in need  
on Christmas?

Ted grins at this.

TED  
Well said Bob. Take care.

Ted pats the hood of the station wagon, and then Bob drives off.

Ted goes to look at the posted timetables next to the ticket booth.

Ted reads off the list of destinations to himself.

TED (CONT'D)  
Seattle... Portland... LA...  
Philadelphia... Dallas...  
Tallahassee...

Ted pauses at that last one.

CUT TO:

TED'S IMAGINATION

Ted sits back in a beach chair, drinking a beer and soaking in the sun.

CUT TO:

EXT. GREYHOUND STATION - NIGHT

TED  
Tallahassee it is.

CUT TO:

INT/EXT GREYHOUND BUS TERMINAL - DAY

Ted awakens when the bus pulls up to the terminal. He exits the bus amongst the small crowd of passengers. The other passengers are carrying backpacks, suitcases and duffel bags. Ted is empty handed.

EXT. SIDEWALK OUTSIDE THE GREYHOUND STATION - DAY

Ted exits the Greyhound terminal and observes his new surroundings.

A group of motorcyclists pass in front of him, engines revving.

Two motorists are arguing over a fender bender on the street corner. A deranged-looking man is shouting and ringing a bell. He wears a sign that says **REPENT! THE FINAL JUDGEMENT IS UPON US!**

APOCALYPSE MAN

When the Son of Man comes in his glory, and all the angels with him, then he will sit on his glorious throne! Before him will be gathered all the nations, and he will separate people one from another as a shepherd separates the sheep from the goats!

Ted watches the raving man with bemusement. The protestor turns, and his eyes lock on Ted. He raises an accusing finger at Ted.

APOCALYPSE MAN (CONT'D)

(to Ted)

And he will place the sheep on his right, but the goats on the left.  
Matthew 25:34!

Ted flashes him a grin and turns on his heel.

He walks past the two arguing motorists on the street corner, and without a second glance snatches up a purse sitting on the passenger seat of one of the cars.

EXT. ALLEYWAY - DAY

Ted dumps the confines of the purse onto the ground.

A women's wallet, a tube of lipstick, and several tampons clatter onto the dirty alley street.

TED

Ooh baby, now we're talking.

Ted opens the wallet to reveal several 20's, a woman's driver's license, and a credit card.

Ted examines the license.

Karen Easterling, 5'9", Brown eyes,  
Blonde hair, DOB 01/05/24.

As evidenced from her photo, Karen is an overweight, middle aged woman. Ted tosses her license to the floor with a faint look of disgust.

Ted counts the cash in her wallet, he now has \$80 to his name. He pockets this and Karen's credit card.

INT. FSU BOARDING HOUSE - NIGHT

Ted enters a single room in a boarding house. There is a film of cigarette tar on the walls and ceiling, giving the entire room a piss-colored tinge.

Ted sits down on the bed with a loud *creak* coming from the rusty bedsprings. A centipede crawls out from under the bed. Ted squishes it under his heel.

Ted lies back on his bed and lays the crook of his elbow over his eyes. Exhausted, he falls asleep.

INT. MOTEL - MORNING

Ted sits on the bed in his underwear. Slowly gaining back the weight he lost in prison, he still appears emaciated. His spine and ribs are prominent, and his stomach is hollow.

He has a legal pad and a pencil in his hands. He is writing a list of pros and cons.

The list is titled:

find legitimate employment and  
refrain from criminal activity  
until I die

Under *pros* he has listed:

- unlikely to be arrested for past transgressions
- reduce overall stress levels
- no need to plan another prison escape
- will remain a free man

Under *cons* he has written:

- resigned to being a wage slave for the rest of my foreseeable future
- unsure if i'll ever be able to get and maintain an erection again
- irresistable urges will still happen

(MORE)

TED (CONT'D)  
- cunts will talk back to me and  
there is nothing i can do about it

Ted bites his pencil and groans in frustration.

TED  
God fucking damn it.

After a moment of hesitation, Ted circles "will remain a free man." He has made his decision.

Ted gets up from the bed and dresses himself, thinking out loud as he does so.

TED (CONT'D)  
There was that construction crew  
over on Pensacola when I was  
walking by yesterday. I'll ask to  
speak to the foreman, tell him I'm  
new in town and need a job, boom,  
good to go.

INT. BATHROOM IN TED'S MOTEL ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Ted runs tap water through his hair, and practices his interactions in the bathroom mirror.

He flashes his reflection his winning Ted Bundy(TM) smile and extends his hand.

TED  
(to himself)  
Hello, my name is Ted- fuck.

His face immediately drops. He exhales, calming himself, and tries again.

We cut through several tries of Ted's practice introduction, as he tries out several false names.

TED (CONT'D)  
(to himself)  
Hello, my name is Tom Villareal.  
Could I have a moment of your time?

CUT TO:

TED (CONT'D)  
 Good morning sir. My name is Steve  
 Nutter-

CUT TO:

TED (CONT'D)  
 -Mirabeau Jones-

CUT TO:

TED (CONT'D)  
 -George Sanderson-

CUT TO:

TED (CONT'D)  
 - Chris Hagen. I was hoping I could  
 have a moment of your time?

Ted pantomimes a handshake.

TED (CONT'D)  
 Perfect. I'm Chris Hagen. A new  
 man.

Giddy and pleased with himself, Ted exits his motel room to  
 go find employment.

EXT. CONSTRUCTION SITE - DAY

Ted looks incredibly out of place in the midst of  
 construction.

Dirt and dust are flying up through the air, and Ted looks  
 ridiculous in the chief jailer's suit and dress shoes.

He stands around with his hands in his pockets, waiting for  
 someone to approach him. No one does.

Ted purses his lips, clearly frustrated.

He clears his throat. This isn't heard over the whirr of the  
 construction equipment.

Ted waits another moment... Then sighs with frustration and  
 approaches one of the men of the construction crew.

Ted taps the stranger on the shoulder, clearly aggravating  
 him.

CONSTRUCTION WORKER 1  
Hey pal, you're not supposed to be  
here. This is a hard hat zone.

Ted uncurls his lips into a charming smile.

TED  
My apologies. I was hoping to speak  
with whoever is in charge?

CONSTRUCTION WORKER 1  
Oh yeah, what for?

Ted's smile is unwavering. His voice is sickly sweet.

TED  
I'm afraid that's between your boss  
and I.

The construction worker rolls his eyes at Ted.

CONSTRUCTION WORKER 1  
I don't have time for this shit.

The construction worker yells towards a man inspecting  
equipment several yards away.

CONSTRUCTION WORKER 1 (CONT'D)  
Ay, Larry! Come deal with this!

TED  
Thank you, friend.

Larry approaches Ted as the first construction worker leaves.

LARRY  
Ay bud, you can't be in the work  
zone without a hard hat.

Ted reaches out his hand to shake and widens his grin.

TED  
My sincerest apologies. I was  
hoping we could fix that soon. You  
see, my name is Christopher Hagen-  
you can call me Chris.

Larry does not reach for Ted's hand.

TED (CONT'D)

I just moved to the area, and I'm in need of employment. I have an excellent work ethic and believe I would be an invaluable asset to your team.

Larry raises an eyebrow at this.

LARRY

Well, we aren't really in the market for another guy you see-

TED

I'll be the first one here in the mornings and the last one to leave in the evening. What do you say?

Larry turns and hocks a loogie on the dirt. Ted's jaw clenches at this.

LARRY

Well...

Ted is perturbed by Larry's hesitation.

TED

You could always use another set of hands Larry- can I call you Larry? One more man could mean the difference between finishing a project on time, and finishing early. Wouldn't that look impressive to your superiors Larry? Now when I join a team, I'm not satisfied with myself until I know that my presence as improved the project overall. I am nothing if not persistent Larry. I will be here every day inquiring for work if I have to.

Larry raises a hand up to shush Ted.

LARRY

Alright alright.

Larry pulls off a strip of paper and starts writing out an address.

LARRY (CONT'D)

Hows about this. You take your drivers license and social security card to Carrie at the office.



Ted's face drops at the mention of identification.

LARRY (CONT'D)

She'll make some copies and get your employment contract typed up. Get that done today and I can have you on site tomorrow morning. The crew shows up at six- but I'm going to hold you to what you said, so I expect you to already be here when I pull up at 5:45.

Larry holds out the address for Ted to take.

LARRY (CONT'D)

And get some real clothes. None of this prissy businessman shit.

Ted gingerly takes the address.

TED

I appreciate the vote of confidence Larry, I really do. But uh... You see, in my move to the great city of Tallahassee, I seemed to have misplaced my drivers license.

LARRY

That's fine, we won't have you on any of the bobcats yet anyway. In that case just bring Carrie your social security card and passport. That'll be good enough.

TED

I really hate to be such a bother Larry, I truly do. But I believe both of those documents have been misplaced.

LARRY

You've got no drivers license? No passport?

Ted shakes his head.

LARRY (CONT'D)

Social security? Birth certificate?

Ted shakes his head, no he doesn't.

Larry is frustrated by this response.

LARRY (CONT'D)  
No identification or nothing?

TED  
I'm afraid I do not sir. But for  
the inconvenience I promise I will  
make it up to you by being the  
hardest worker on your crew.

Larry spits on the dirt next to Ted's feet.

LARRY  
Get the fuck out of here. Thanks  
for wasting my time, asshole.

Furious and humiliated, Ted straightens his tie and leaves.

INT. PUBLIX GROCERY STORE - DAY

Ted walks through the aisles of the grocery store,  
nonchalantly tipping over boxes from the shelves.

A woman is examining the nutrition information on a box of  
cereal. As he passes her, Ted plucks her purse from her  
shopping cart and slips it inside his jacket.

On his way out of the store, Ted grabs a bottle of wine and  
waltzes out the front door.

INT. FSU BOARDING HOUSE - NIGHT

Ted gulps from the bottle of wine and examines the contents  
of the stolen purse.

A set of house keys, a coin purse, mascara, and a women's  
wallet.

Inside the wallet are two credit cards, a library card, and a  
handful of cash.

TED  
Not bad for your first day on the  
job Teddy.

Ted counts out the cash. Two tens, a five and four ones. He  
pulls out the cash from yesterday's robbery and adds them all  
together.

TED (CONT'D)  
Living large Ted, living large.  
\$109, oh boy!

Ted takes a hefty swig from the wine bottle- there is only a sip or two left.

Ted grins with wine-purple lips. He fiddles with the three credit cards in his possession.

TED (CONT'D)  
I think it's time for a little shopping spree, don't you?

INT. LIQUOR STORE - NIGHT

Ted fills his basket with several cases of bottom-shelf wine and proceeds to the check out counter.

The clerk begins to ring him up, wordlessly.

TED  
The missus and I are having a little soiree this evening. I hope this will be enough.

The clerk doesn't acknowledge this remark.

Ted rolls his eyes at the clerk's apparent rudeness.

CLERK  
Cash or card?

Ted smiles and hands him a stolen credit card.

TED  
Credit please.

CUT TO:

INT. MOTEL - NIGHT

Ted sits on the floor of the boarding house in his underwear.

He is outrageously drunk, five empty bottles of wine surround him like a nest. Red wine stains his tighty whities.

Ted holds the legal pad with his pro and cons list from the morning in front of him.

TED  
(slurring)  
Fucken bullshit it is.

Ted finishes the bottle of wine in his hand and adds the empty bottle to the pile.

TED (CONT'D)  
Thought I could make a life for myself eh? The goddamn motherfucking American dream I thought! Nope! It's all one big pile of bullshit.

Ted reads through his list, mocking himself.

TED (CONT'D)  
"find legitimate employment and refrain from criminal activity until I die" yeah well **good fucking luck Ted!**

A neighbor next door pounds on the wall. His voice is muffled.

NEIGHBOR  
(O.S.)  
Shut the fuck up!

Ted pounds on the wall behind him with a fist.

TED  
Fuck you!

Ted ceremoniously rips the list in halves. Then quarters.  
Then eights.

He tosses the ripped up pieces of paper onto the floor next  
to his discarded wine bottles.

TED (CONT'D)  
You know what I think about  
"legitimate employment?"

Ted spits, somewhat unsuccessfully. A red-tinged drop of  
spittle is caught on his chin.

TED (CONT'D)  
THAT is what I think of "legitimate  
employment."

Ted stands up and almost falls over. He steadies himself  
against the wall, banging hard against it.

The neighbor pounds through the wall again.

TED (CONT'D)  
I said fuck you, asshole!

Ted stumbles over to the bed, where his clothes lie in a  
pile. He digs through the pants pocket until he finds his  
stolen credit cards.

Ted reads off the names on the cards and gives each of the  
cards a sloppy kiss.

TED (CONT'D)  
Thank you Karen! Muah!

He tosses Karen Easterling's credit card aside.

TED (CONT'D)  
Thank you Lynette! Muah!

He tosses Lynette Hempstead's credit card aside.

TED (CONT'D)  
And a double thank you to Lynette!  
The woman of the hour, with not  
one, but TWO! Oh Lynette, you sweet  
angel.

Ted reaches to open another bottle of wine, but passes out on the bed.

CUT TO:

EXT. STREETS OF TALLAHASSEE - DAY

A disheveled Ted strolls through the streets of Tallahassee, checking out every woman that passes him.

He bumps directly into a woman walking past him, and slips his hand inside her jacket pocket during the confusion of the collision.

TED  
Oh my goodness ma'am, I am so  
sorry.

The woman is startled, and is eager to get away from him.

WOMAN 1  
No it's fine. Have a nice day.

Ted pats her on the back as she walks away, causing her to quicken her step.

CUT TO:

INT. MOVIE THEATRE - DAY

Ted sits in a crowded movie theatre.

The woman next to him gets up to use the bathroom during the feature.

CINEMA WOMAN  
(whispered)  
Excuse me.

Ted adjusts his legs so she can scoot past him. He watches her exit the theatre.

When he is sure she is gone, Ted reaches into the woman's purse she left behind, and grabs her wallet. He then exits the cinema.

CUT TO:

INT. GROCERY STORE - DAY

Two women are chatting in the aisles of a grocery store. One of them is holding a baby.

Ted pretends to mull over the selection of canned peas in the aisle, keeping the women in his peripheral vision.

GROCERY STORE WOMAN 1  
Oh my goodness is that baby Jack?  
He's gotten so big!

GROCERY STORE WOMAN 2  
Oh thank you! Would you like to  
hold him?

While the two women are ooh-ing and awe-ing over the infant, Ted briskly walks in between their carts and past them out of the aisle.

TED  
Excuse me please, ladies.

CUT TO:

INT. MOTEL - NIGHT

Ted counts his earnings from the four purses he stole today.

The purses lay discarded at the foot of the bed, his loot laid out in front of him.

Ted takes in his inventory:

- seven credit cards
- \$327 in cash
- three tubes of lipstick

Ted takes one of the tubes of lipstick and rolls it out. He turns to the wall next to his bed.

In another shade of red lipstick, Ted has written on the wall:

DAYS IN FL

With three tally marks underneath it. Ted uses his newest shade of lipstick and marks another tally.

TED  
Well Ted, you showed excellent initiative this week. When faced with adversity, you adapted and overcame. For this, I think you deserve a promotion. How about a drink for celebration?

Ted searches the motel room for an unopened bottle of wine. He is unsuccessful.

He checks the cases- empty.

He checks under the bed- nothing.

He checks the bathroom- only empty bottles.



TED (CONT'D)

Well what kind of promotion was  
ever celebrated at home anyway?  
Tell you what Ted, how's about I  
buy you a drink at that college bar  
down the road?

Ted buttons up his shirt and pulls on his shoes.

TED (CONT'D)

Who knows, we may even get lucky.

INT. BULLWINKLE'S SALOON- NIGHT

The bar is packed with coeds. A jukebox sits in the corner,  
with Bee Gees tunes blasting out of it at an absurd volume.

Scantly clad cocktail waitresses flit in and out of the  
crowd, balancing trays loaded with drinks.

Ted Bundy sits alone at the bar, looking very out of place  
amongst the college-aged clientele.

Three empty glasses sit in front of him.

He unsuccessfully tries to catch the BARTENDER'S attention.  
Frustrated, he chews the ice from his empty drink.

A gorgeous young woman sits next to him at the bar. She is  
LISA HALE, 19, tall, with long brown hair parted down the  
middle.

Lisa flags the bartender down.

LISA

What's a gal gotta do to get a  
drink in this joint?

The bartender eyes Lisa suspiciously. She looks like she  
could be fifteen.

BARTENDER

Yeah, how's about we see some ID first, sweetheart.

Lisa pulls her drivers license out from her bra and hands it over. The bartender glances at it, and then sets it down on the bar in front of her.

BARTENDER (CONT'D)

What'll it be?

LISA

Rum and coke.

Ted takes in Lisa's beauty. His eyes run all over her body.

From her red painted toes in their sandaled heels, up her long legs crossed at the thighs, to her short denim skirt, her flat tummy, her cleavage, her white throat, and her silky brown hair.

Lisa feels Ted's gaze on her and glances over to him, clearly uncomfortable.

Ted begins to greet her, but at that moment the bartender hands Lisa her drink.

She hops off the barstool and scurries back to her group of girlfriends.

A vein pops on Ted's forehead, and he clenches his jaw.

CUT TO:

TED'S IMAGINATION

Ted holds Lisa's decapitated head by the hair. Her mouth is agape, swollen tongue lolling over her lips.

Ted unbuckles his pants and pulls his erection out.

CUT TO:

INT. BULLWINKLE'S SALOON- MOMENTS LATER

Ted snaps out of his daydream and notices Lisa's ID, left on the bar. He nonchalantly glances around, making sure no one is paying attention to him, and then pockets it.

Ted then steps off the barstool and makes his way to the men's room.

INT. MEN'S RESTROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Ted locks himself in the filthy men's room and sits on the john (pants still on,) pulling the ID out of his pocket.

He studies Lisa's ID, his finger tracing over her photo.

Ted's lips move as he reads her address.

TED  
(silent- lips moving)  
128 College Ave. Apartment 4

Ted bites his lip and slips the ID into his back pocket.

He goes over to the sink and splashes some cold water on his face.

Ted gazes at his reflection.

TED (CONT'D)  
Easy there, Teddy.

He takes several deep breaths, and exits the restroom.

INT. BULLWINKLE'S SALOON- NIGHT

Ted glances around the bar, trying to find the table where Lisa is seated with her friends.

He locates the table, but in their place is a group of young men. Lisa and her friends have left.

Ted grabs the arm of a passing waitress.

TED  
Miss, you wouldn't know where  
College avenue is in relation to  
this establishment, would you?

The waitress *pops!* her bubblegum and answers.

WAITRESS

Yeah, take a left on Adams when you leave, it's about two blocks down.

Ted pats her on the butt.

TED

Thanks sugar.

Ted waltzes out of the bar with a spring in his step.

EXT. OUTSIDE OF LISA'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Ted crouches in the bushes under a window.

Inside, we see Lisa's bedroom. Lisa herself is sitting at a vanity, brushing out her long hair.

She nestles a phone between her ear and shoulder, chatting away. We do not hear her conversation through the closed window.

Ted watches Lisa intently as she runs the hairbrush through her beautiful hair.

Ted strokes his erection through his pants at the same pace of Lisa's brushing.

Lisa hangs up the phone, and gets up from her vanity. She vanishes into another room.

Ted takes this opportunity to try the window. He pushes up on the frame slowly, and the window proves to be unlocked.

Ted slips his fingers under the window frame- not moving it up any more.

His breath quickens, and fogs up the window glass.

He hears Lisa open her bedroom door, and retreats his hands back. Lisa does not notice him, or her ajar window.

Lisa undresses, and pulls on a nightgown. She crawls into bed and turns off her bedside lamp.

Ted waits, watching her for a few minutes, until he is sure she is asleep.

He stands up, and exits the bushes.

He leaves Lisa's apartment building and starts heading back to his motel.

INT. MOTEL - NIGHT

Ted opens the door of his motel room and enters, a shopping bag from a liquor store on his arm.

He tosses Lisa's ID on the bed and unpacks his shopping bag, three bottles of Mickey's fine malt liquor.

Ted pops the bottle cap off of one of the bottles.

He holds the bottle up to toast.

TED

To you Ted, tonight you proved  
yourself a changed man.

Ted drinks from the bottle heartily.

TED (CONT'D)

Not that it'll help you at all,  
what with the lack of employment  
and whatnot. What the hell though,  
still cause for celebration.

Ted sits down on the edge of the bed and takes another swig from his drink, it is about 2/3 empty at this point.

He picks up Lisa's ID and gazes at her photo longingly.

TED (CONT'D)

Damn fine piece of ass though.

Ted finishes his bottle and opens a new one, tossing the empty onto a pile of bottles on the floor.

After another swig, he continues to stare at the photo on Lisa's driver's license.

Ted closes his eyes and holds Lisa's ID close to his heart.

TED'S IMAGINATION

Ted is standing behind Lisa as she brushes her hair.

He puts his hands on Lisa's shoulders affectionately.

Lisa looks at Ted in the mirror, and smiles lovingly at him. Ted smiles back.

CUT TO:

INT. MOTEL - NIGHT

Ted finishes his drink and opens another. He kicks off his shoes, unbuckles his pants, and reclines down on the bed.

After another gulp, Ted puts the bottle of Mickey's on the bedside table and reaches his hand down between his legs.

As he stares at Lisa's DL photo, Ted begins to masturbate.

TED'S IMAGINATION

Ted runs his fingers through Lisa's hair, gently. Then- grabs a fistful at the back of her head.

Ted slams her head down on the vanity table with his left hand, breaking her nose with a sickening *crunch*, and snatches the hairbrush out of her grip with his right hand.

Lisa raises her head up, with a rush of blood pouring from her nose.

But-- it's not Lisa. The face of Joni Lenz, Ted's first victim, stares up in bewilderment at Ted, only for a second until he *whacks!* her over the crown with the paddle of her hairbrush.

The girl FALLS to the floor in a slump.

Ted GRABS her by the hair and drags her across the room.

A wound on her scalp opens up and FRESH SCARLET BLOOD is dripping down onto the SNOW-WHITE CARPET.

Ted stands over the girl, with one leg on either side of her body.

Under him, the girl turns and looks up at Ted with terrified eyes.

It's Stephanie. Ted puts one of his boots on her pale white THROAT and presses down.

Stephanie CLAWS at the boot on her throat with feeble fingers.

Her face turns red... then purple... then black...

CUT TO:

INT. MOTEL - NIGHT

Ted's eyes are shut tight in concentration.

His arm jerks faster and faster.

CUT TO:

TED'S IMAGINATION

Stephanie's face is black from struggle, and her EYES BULGE out of their sockets.

But she continues to CLAW at Ted's boot and SQUIRM and struggle under him.

Ted sits on Stephanie's chest and wraps both hands around her throat.

She scrapes at Ted's arms with her fingernails, leaving deep red gashes.

He squeezes until the veins in his arms are pulsing, blood from the scratches running down his taugth forearms and dripping onto Stephanie's white nightgown...

But she *just won't die*.

CUT TO:

INT. MOTEL - NIGHT

Ted groans in frustration and grabs the (now empty) bottle on the nightstand and TOSSES it across the motel room.

It hits the wall and SHATTERS with a *crash*.

Ted then knocks over the bedside lamp, the lightbulb SHATTERING on the floor.

Ted KICKS over the nightstand. He rampages throughout the motel room, breaking everything in sight.

He RIPS the pillows open and FEATHERS flutter through the air like snow.

TED  
FUCK, FUCK, FUCK!

Ted digs the heels of his hands into his eyes and lets out an agonizing cry of frustration, slumping into a fetal position on the dirty motel carpet.

Crying on the floor, Ted pulls himself up.

He looks around his room at the mess his rage made and is disgusted with himself.

Ted throws on his shoes and exits his room.

EXT. STREETS OF TALLAHASSEE - NIGHT

Ted stumbles drunk through the streets of Tallahassee, searching for a bar.

He puts his hands on his knees and retches up some of the malt liquor he drank in his motel.

EXT. BULLWINKLE'S SALOON - NIGHT

Ted stumbles back into the bar he "met" Lisa at.

There are only a few stragglers left, not the large co-ed crowd that was there earlier.

Ted takes a seat at the bar and stifles another retch.

BARTENDER  
Last call for alchy-hall.

Ted raises a hand to get the bartender's attention.

The bartender approaches him and is hit with a waft of Ted's stench, he wrinkles his nose in disgust.

Ted's eyes are bloodshot, he can't sit up straight, and his cheeks are ruddy. He is very obviously drunk.

TED  
(slurred)  
Give me a scotch.

The bartender shakes his head.

BARTENDER  
No way buddy, you've had enough.



TED  
                  (slurred)  
                  I'd like to think that's a matter  
                  of opinion. I don't think I've had  
                  nearly enough.

The bartender looks at the dried vomit on Ted's shirt.

                  BARTENDER  
                  You threw up on yourself.

Ted has not noticed this.

He looks down at the dried puke on his shirt, and then back  
to the bartender.

                  TED  
                  Wasn't me.

Another patron calls the bartender over on the other side of  
the bar.

                  BARTENDER  
                  Get the fuck outta here man, and  
                  clean yourself up for christsake.

Ted waits until the bartender goes to help the other patron  
and then reaches over the bar and grabs the closest bottle.

He slips it under his jacket and stumbles out of the closing  
bar.

EXT. FSU CAMPUS- NIGHT

Ted stumbles through campus, tripping over his own feet  
several times.

He passes towering academic buildings and busy dorm halls lit  
up from within.

Ted takes swigs from the stolen bottle of liquor  
periodically, dribbling plenty down the front of his stained  
shirt.

EXT. OUTSIDE DORM HALL - NIGHT

Ted sits down on the curb outside of a large dorm hall.

Many lights are on inside the building, and we can hear  
laughter and music from open windows inside.

Ted watches the people inside the windows with resentment and fury in his eyes.

Inside the dorm, one voice calls out above the others.

GIRL

I'm going for a beer run y'all,  
pony up!

Ted's interest is piqued at this. He pulls out Lisa's ID from his wallet.

TED

Sorry baby, I've got to catch up  
with my other girlfriend tonight.

Ted drinks long and hard from his bottle, grimacing.

He gets up from the curb and walks up the dorm stairs, posing himself behind the door.

Ted finishes what little liquid is left in the bottle, and then holds it overhead, ready to strike.

Waiting...

He hears the FOOTSTEPS of someone walking down the hallway inside...

Then the door SWINGS open-

Ted JERKS his arm DOWN, attempting to collide the liquor bottle with his prey's head.

But Ted is piss drunk, and he loses his balance, FALLING over and SPRAWLING on the concrete steps.

The girl who opened the door SCREAMS with terror and shock and PULLS the door closed behind her.

We hear her footsteps banging as she RUNS back up to her room.

On the ground, Ted MOANS in pain.

He pulls himself onto his hands and knees, and SPITS out blood on the concrete.

TED (CONT'D)  
(slurred)  
You fucking whore.

Ted pulls himself back onto his feet.

He looks back up to the windows and yells at the people inside.

TED (CONT'D)  
(slurred shouting)  
You fucking whore!

Ted wipes his bloody mouth with the back of his hand.

He turns around, looking for his dropped bottle.

He notices a large plantation-style sorority house across the street from the dorm.

Ted pulls on the door handle of the dorm's entrance, but it locked behind the girl he tried to attack.

Ted gives up on trying to enter the dorm, and turns to the sorority house across the dimly lit street.

EXT. CHI OMEGA SORORITY HOUSE - NIGHT

Ted walks right up to the front door of the sorority house, and attempts to open it.

Like the dorm he just tried, it is locked.

Ted isn't ready to give up just yet however, and takes several paces back, neck arched, looking up at the balcony on the second floor.

As he steps back, he trips over a branch on the ground.

He manages to catch himself before falling over, and picks up the branch that tripped him.

It is as thick as his forearm, and about two feet long.

Ted picks it up, and holds it like a baseball bat.

He takes a few practice SWINGS.

Satisfied with the weight of his weapon, Ted continues searching for an entrance.

EXT. BACK OF CHI OMEGA SORORITY HOUSE - NIGHT

Ted walks along the side of the house, looking for another entrance.

He sees a screen door at the back, and tests it.

The wooden door behind the screen has been left open.

Ted enters this door with his weapon, and shuts the door behind him carefully, making sure he doesn't let it *whack* behind him.

INT. DOWNSTAIRS OF CHI OMEGA SORORITY HOUSE - NIGHT

Ted walks through the silent home, slowly and careful not to make any noise.

His chest rises quickly, his breathing heavy.

He walks through a parlor room, past expensive furniture and trophies in glass cases.

He walks past a large composite photo of young women with beaming smiles.

He walks up the stairway- agonizingly slow.

One of the stairs *creaks!* when he puts his weight on it.

He stops- frozen.

In his hands the log is poised ready to strike.

Ted waits- and listens.

One one-thousand...

Two one-thousand...

Three one-thousand...

When he is sure no one has heard him, he continues climbing up the stairs, skipping the creaky step.

INT. UPSTAIRS HALLWAY - NIGHT

Ted enters a hallway lined with closed-door bedrooms.

Outside of each room, a woman's name is painted in gold cursive lettering.

The first door on Ted's right is marked *Lisa*.

Ted pulls out the ID of Lisa Hale, the coed he followed home from the bar several hours ago.

Ted kisses the picture on the ID.

TED

I knew I'd find you again, baby.

Ted turns the doorknob, and enters LISA'S bedroom.

INT. LISA LEVY'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

LISA LEVY is a short-haired blonde woman, sleeping on one side.

Her bedroom is decorated with FSU banners and Chi Omega sorority memorabilia.

On her nightstand sits a large bottle of hairspray, a hand mirror, and a teddy bear.

Lisa doesn't hear Ted enter her bedroom.

Ted closes the door behind him, and approaches the sleeping woman from behind.

He pulls the blanket off of her, exposing her pale legs under her nightgown.

Lisa's blonde hair glows in the moonlight streaming from her bedroom window, like a halo around her head.

Ted raises the branch above his head with both arms and waits...

One one-thousand...

He watches Lisa's chest rise and fall with breath...

Two one-thousand...

A drip of sweat falls from his brow and onto the bedsheet.

Three one-thousand...

Ted glares at the sleeping young woman with all the hatred and anger he can muster-- and then

**SLAMS** the tree branch down on Lisa's skull with a sickening *crack!*

Her pillowcase opens and feathers fly in the air.

Ted BLUDGEONS Lisa's head again, CRACKING the tree branch in two.

Blood SPLATTERS on Ted's forearms, Lisa's white nightgown, and her white sheets.

Ted tosses the broken branch to the floor and straddles Lisa.

She is unconscious, bleeding out quickly.

The only sound in the room is Ted's heavy panting, and Lisa's labored breaths.

Ted wraps his hands around Lisa's pale white throat and SQUEEZES with all his might.

The veins in Ted's forearms pop with exertion.

Ted grits his teeth and spit dribbles down his chin.

His eyes bulge out of his skull, hungry and furious.

Lisa's mouth bubbles with blood.

Her breath gurgles in her mouth...

And stops.

Ted releases his hands from her throat- leaving dark purple bruises where he clasped her neck.

Ted pushes her onto her back and *rips* open her nightgown, exposing her breasts.

Ted BITES down on Lisa's nipple, turns his head, and TEARS it from her breast.

Blood DRIPS down Lisa's front and onto the white sheets.

Ted SPITS out the dismembered nipple onto the carpet.

Ted pushes Lisa's lifeless body onto her stomach, and pulls up her nightgown, exposing her bottom.

Ted BITES down on Lisa's left butt cheek, GNASHING his teeth against her tender flesh like a wild animal.

When Ted releases his teeth from her skin, a red and purple BITE MARK is left in Lisa's flesh.

Ted PULLS Lisa's legs apart and gets up from the bed, leaving her SPREAD EAGLED on her stomach.

Ted snatches the hair spray bottle from Lisa's nightstand, and with one last act of brutality, SHOVES it between Lisa's legs, inside of her.

CUT TO:

INT. UPSTAIRS HALLWAY - NIGHT

Ted exits Lisa's bedroom, and gently shuts the door behind him.

He walks several paces down the hall, then puts his ear to a door marked "MARGARET."

He enters Margaret's room.

CUT TO:

INT. MARGARET'S BEDROOM- NIGHT

Ted straddles a young brown haired woman, one knee on either side of her chest.

Ted is STRANGLING her with a nude nylon stocking.

Her face is purple, her eyes bulge out of her head and her fingernails SCRAPE at Ted's hands.

CUT TO:

INT. KATHY'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Another girl's bedroom. This one is decorated with posters of jazz musicians and a saxophone and music stand in the corner.

Ted stands above the bed of a sleeping young red haired woman.

Ted gently slaps her on both cheeks, waking her up.

KATHY  
(half asleep)  
Knock it off, y'all.

Ted pats her cheek again.

Kathy opens her eyes and sees Ted.

She opens her mouth to scream and Ted DECKS her in the face with a closed fist.

Kathy FALLS to the ground.

Ted GRABS her by the hair and HOISTS her head back up, PUNCHING her again in the jaw.

CUT TO:

INT./EXT. KAREN'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Ted stands above another young woman curled on the ground.

She has black hair, two black eyes, and a bloody mouth missing several teeth.

A pool of blood and several teeth sits on the floor in between them.

Ted CRACKS his knuckles, and EXITS her bedroom.

CUT TO:

EXT. CHI OMEGA SORORITY HOUSE - NIGHT

Ted exits the sorority house through the screen door he entered in.

He walks briskly, hands clenched by his side.

His jaw quivers, and his brow is furrowed.

He looks over his shoulder every few moments, terrified.

EXT. STREETS OF TALLAHASSEE - NIGHT

Ted turns a sharp corner into an alleyway and then braces both hands on his knees and VOMITS.

After he empties his guts onto the alley street, he collapses to a squat.

He pulls at his hair in fistfuls and shakes with anxiety.

TED

Fuck, fuck FUCK!

Ted wraps his arms around himself.

TED (CONT'D)

I've gotta get out of here. I can't stay here now.



Ted shakes his head, cradling his legs to his chest.

TED (CONT'D)  
 C'mon get up. You've gotta go. Get  
 up get up get up get UP!

Having found the courage to move, Ted stands up and walks out of the alley, back to the street.

EXT. PARKING LOT - NIGHT

Ted enters a parking lot, empty except for a handful of cars, one of which is a Volkswagen Beetle.

Ted approaches the familiar car and tries the door handle.

No luck- it's locked.

Ted looks over both shoulders to make sure no one is looking.

Then, he picks up a rock off of the ground and SMASHES in the window with a SHATTER of glass.

CUT TO:

INT./EXT. STOLEN VW ON THE FLORIDA HIGHWAY - MORNING

With one arm resting on the open window, Ted drives down a flat highway in the Florida panhandle.

His eyes are hollow, with huge purple bags. He has been driving all night without sleep.

In his rearview mirror, Ted sees flashing blue and red lights.

TED  
 Stay calm Ted. He doesn't know. He  
 can't know.

Ted pulls the VW to the side of the road.

EXT. FLORIDA HIGHWAY - MORNING

Police officer DAVID LEE approaches the open driver's side window of the VW.

He leans down to address the driver.

OFFICER LEE

Do you know why I pulled you over,  
son?

Ted tries to flash the officer his signature Bundy(TM) grin, but with his bloodshot eyes and purple bags, this gesture is anything but ingratiating.

TED

Not a clue.

Officer Lee spits on the ground.

OFFICER LEE

Please exit the vehicle, sir.

Ted hesitates.

Officer Lee rests his hand on the butt of the pistol on his hip.

Ted exits the car.

OFFICER LEE (CONT'D)

Where ya headed?

Ted doesn't answer.

OFFICER LEE (CONT'D)

You are mighty close to the state line now. I ran a wants and warrants check this morning, and apparently there's a stolen VW Bug outta Tallahassee. You wouldn't know anything about that now, would ya?

Ted shakes his head, but doesn't answer.

Officer Lee looks at the open driver's side door, and sees the broken glass on the floor of the cabin.

OFFICER LEE (CONT'D)

What's your name son?

TED

Chris Hagen.

OFFICER LEE

Well Mr. Hagen, you're under arrest for vehicular theft.

Officer Lee goes to grab the handcuffs from the back of his belt.

In a swift flurry of motion, Ted KICKS the officer's legs out from under him.

Officer Lee FALLS to the ground with a *thud*.

Ted takes off RUNNING as fast as he can away from the car.

Officer Lee pulls himself to his feet, grabs his firearm, and points it straight above him in the air.

The *crack!* of a warning shot is FIRED above him.

This doesn't deter Ted.

Arms pumping by his side, legs rushing beneath him, Ted RUNS for his life.

Officer Lee gives chase to Ted, and fires another shot at him.

The bullet WHISTLES past Ted's ear.

Ted keeps RUNNING, breath panting heavily, tears streaming down both cheeks.

Officer Lee catches up to Ted and TACKLES him, pulling the smaller man to the ground.

Ted grabs wildly at Lee, and KICKS him in the chest.

Lee DROPS his gun.

Ted LUNGES for it.

Lee GRABS Ted's arm- holding him back from reaching the pistol.

Lee YANKS Ted's arm back, and we hear the *crack!* of bone breaking.

Ted HOWLS in pain, and clutches his broken arm.

Lee snatches up his gun, and holds it to Ted's temple.

OFFICER LEE (CONT'D)

Show me your hands you  
sonnofabitch!

Ted shows the officer both his hands, and Lee HANDCUFFS them together.

EXT. / INT. POLICE CAR - MORNING

Ted sits handcuffed in the back of Lee's police cruiser.

Lee is talking on the radio.

OFFICER LEE  
Heading back to the station,  
suspect is in custody.

Ted leans against the window and looks out at the rolling Florida Panhandle scenery.

TED  
I wish you'd just killed me.

CUT TO:

INT. MIAMI COURTHOUSE - DAY

Ted is brought, handcuffed and escorted on either side by police officers, into the courtroom.

Dozens of cameras FLASH.

Everyone in the room is arching their heads to get a look at the suited, handsome, smiling Ted Bundy.

Carole Ann Boone sits behind the defendants chair.

CAROLE  
I love you Ted!

Ted is brought to the defense table, and stands before the JUDGE.

The judge's gavel BANGS on the hard wood of his desk.

The bailiff cries out to the courtroom.

JUDGE  
Order! Order in the court!

The judge stares down at Ted imposingly.

Ted's lips curl into a wide smile.

FADE TO BLACK.

THE END.