

INT. HOME OFFICE - NIGHT

ROGER; a man in his early 40's surfs the web nervously. His hands shake in eager nervousness, he keeps peeking around the edge of the screen to keep an eye on the hallway. He can see the glow of the living room TV from down the hall and hear it's programming.

The website on his computer screen is an online matchmaking service for people who want to cheat on their spouses. He's checking his email when a message shows up from a very attractive woman. It reads. "Hey sexy, all set for tonight? See you soon, can't wait."

Roger quickly erases his browsing history and shuts the computer down. He stands up, dressed for the gym with a racket in slip case. He moves down the hall and into the entry way of his front door where his wife and children casually watch him.

ROGER

Well I'm off. I shouldn't be too long, just a couple of hours. I don't think Ken can keep up like he used to.

JENNY

Go easy on him, the last thing he needs is to throw his back out again before his vacation starts.

ROGER

Ok. Bye kids.

KIDS (IN UNISON)

Bye dad.

EXT. STREET - CONTINUOUS

Roger closes the door and walks out to his car, putting his racket in the trunk and pulling out a duffle bag in the process. He gets into the driver seat and fumbles around as he changes in the front seat of his car from his gym clothes to a stylish collared shirt and jeans. His car starts and pulls away, headed for it's destination.

EXT. DIFFERENT HOUSE FRONT - CONTINUOUS

Roger pulls up to the house. The porch light is on. He checks his breath and straightens his hair in the mirror. He turns the car off, gets out of the vehicle and heads toward the front door. He's about 7 steps from the door when the unmistakable sound of a stun gun being fired explodes from the darkness. Roger loses all control of his muscles and hits the ground violently twitching and shaking. Before he has time to comprehend what's going on he gets clubbed in the back of the head and is knocked unconscious.

INT. STORAGE UNIT - NIGHT

Roger awakens with a splitting headache and a spell of dizziness. When his eyes adjust he takes stock of his situation. His hands are completely wrapped in duct tape and he is also fully duct taped to a steel chair that is bolted to the floor. There is a strip of duct tape across his mouth. He's in an 8 foot by 24 foot storage area. A car is parked inside and there's a work table against the wall with a laptop on it. The laptop has superhero stickers on the back in a specific pattern. A person dressed in a large black PVC apron, with gloves and sporting a black street hockey mask with yellow streaks across it painted to look like a bear claw scratch with the mouth cut out suddenly appears out of nowhere, startling Roger.

KILLER

Boo! Heeheeheeheehehe. Ok Roger, welcome to a little game of live or die. The process is really quite simple so pay very close attention because I don't enjoy repeating myself and if you make me do that, well . . .

The killer pulls out a large intimidating hunting knife that nearly sends Roger into hysterics.

KILLER

Ok settle down Roger. You have nothing to worry about yet. If you play by the rules, then you will live. If you don't, I'm going to cut you up into tiny pieces and they will never find the body. I'm going to ask you a series of questions and how you answer those questions is going to decide your fate. I'm going to check your answers while you're sitting here and if I find out you lied to me on any particular point, I'm going to cut your nutsack off and show it to you, do you read me?

Roger nods frantically.

KILLER

Perfect. Let's start with an easy one. What's your Cheating Hearts password?

ROGER

mmmpphhhpmhhh.

The killer is still looking at his laptop screen.

KILLER

Sorry what? I didn't quite catch that?

The killer looks back at Roger realizing the tape still covers

his mouth.

KILLER  
Oh, right. Sorry.

The Killer moves back over to Roger and grips the edge of the duct tape, pauses and leans in to him.

KILLER  
I realize this goes without saying but I don't want any misunderstandings. If you scream I'm going to cut your windpipe out which will cause an awfully huge mess and leave you unable to answer any more questions so I'd recommend you restrain yourself.

The killer rips the tape off Rogers mouth and wheels his chair back over to the desk.

KILLER  
Password.

ROGER  
sixtyniner.

The killer stops, looks at him through the mask and then back at the screen. He sighs and starts typing.

KILLER  
Very original dipshit.

The killer goes about deleting any messages from the fake female account he obviously created to lure Roger in and speaks at the same time.

KILLER  
Roger you've chosen to cheat on your wife. You chose to betray the mother of your children by attempting to sleep around with some slut you've never even met. That's going to cost you. Email password please.

ROGER  
golfwizard.

KILLER  
My god you're a pussy.

Killer keeps going as he deletes all evidence from the victims email account.

KILLER  
You could have contracted an STD or if your wife found out regardless you'd

lose your house and half of your income for a very long time. But you chose to ignore the consequences and now I'm going to give you some. What's your wifes email address?

ROGER

jadeprincess at seamail dot com.

KILLER

I'm going to take you for whatever will come out of your bank account tonight and then let you re-enter your pathetic little life. Once you do, if you call the police or try to have me investigated I will make sure that your two children suffer in ways you couldn't possibly imagine before they die slowly and painfully at my own hand. And if you're thinking you'll call the cops incognito and under the radar, without the press being notified, don't bother. I work for the police, I'll know about it. You're also going to let karma takes its course. If you warn the other men on that site or anyone else for that matter about me and what I do, I'm going to shoot two completely random school children during their afternoon recess and leave a note from you taking credit for it. I already have your prints on the murder weapon.

Killer holds up the gun in a ziplock.

KILLER

Got em off you before I taped up your hands. So . . . we have a Visa and a debit card. What's the debit pin number?

ROGER

two zero seven six.

KILLER

Ok, you realize I'm going to test this in an ATM before I let you go right? Care to change your answer?

ROGER

Nope, that's it.

KILLER

Good boy. You already made it farther

than my last visitor.

Killer nods to a jar on a shelf where Roger sees a severed ear.

KILLER

What's the available balance on the Visa?

ROGER

Two thousand even.

The killer gets up and walks over to Roger and starts covering Rogers mouth and eyes with more duct tape.

KILLER

Ok Roger we're almost at the home stretch here. I'm going to take a very short trip to confirm these details. These doors lock from the outside and this whole building is sound proofed.

Killer now takes his mask off and begins to pack up his laptop and other items into a bag.

KILLER

If you try to escape and fail, I'll kill you when I get back. If by some insane miracle you're not here at all, your children die tonight. Do we understand one another?

Roger nods quickly.

KILLER

Excellent. I will see you shortly.

The killer leaves and the padlock is heard closing behind him. A car starts and slowly drifts away. A cross fade shows time passage and the sound of a car pulling up is heard. The padlock is undone and the killer returns. He puts his mask back on and then takes the tape off Rogers eyes and mouth.

KILLER

Hi Roger, how are you?

Roger stares at him in disbelief.

KILLER

Listen I have good news and bad news. Which do you want first?

ROGER

Good.

KILLER

The good news is, everything went off

without a hitch, you played by the rules, which leads me to the bad news.

beat.

KILLER

I thought it over and it turns out I can't let you live after all.

Roger starts blubbering and begging for his life.

KILLER

Nope, no I'm sorry but it has to be this way. It just occurred to me I can't use framing you for murder as a reliable threat to keep my secret. After all a typed note and some prints on a weapon you didn't register are nothing against a rock solid alibi with witnesses from work or home and that's going to eventually unravel the truth about me one way or another. If you just disappear things will be a lot easier.

Killer moves to the wall where he takes down an exquisite folded steel samurai sword.

KILLER

My profile and emails don't exist in your world anymore. They'll just assume you ran off with one of your hussies and decided not to come back, especially when your wife finds an email from your email account confessing everything and telling her your plans. It happens every day. But you know what Roger, it's better this way. Your wife won't have to live with a liar and a cheat for a husband and your kids will remember you as a good guy.

Roger twists and rocks in futility shaking his head and whining.

KILLER

Do you know what this is Roger? This is a work of art. Samurai swords have a history of taking out the trash my friend. They were once used to defend and regain honor from a place of dishonor. This is a perfectly tempered folded steel weapon, built for one purpose. Now they sit on the walls of collectors, but all they collect is

dust. They're left to rot in some  
douchebags den while he plays video  
games at the end of a long hard day of  
licking his bosses ass and jerking off  
to some dirty magazines. But not this  
guy Roger. This one gets to fulfill  
it's purpose.

The killer winds up and decapitates Roger in one smooth motion.  
The head slumps to the floor and as the neck spurts blood, the  
killer casually cleans the blade and puts it back into the  
scabbard, replacing it on the wall. He then picks up a power saw  
and goes to town on dismembering the body off screen. When we  
come back to seeing the killer he's carefully packing the pieces  
into hefty bags and placing them in his trunk.

INT. HOME LIBRARY - DAY

A writer leans back from staring intensely at his laptop screen  
and puts his hands behind his head taking a deep sigh in relief  
that he's just finished something solid. He closes microsoft  
word and a website showing the inside workings of a female  
profile on a cheaters dating site is the last thing to shut  
down. He closes the laptop and the shell displays superhero  
stickers on it in a distinctive pattern. He puts it into his  
carrying case and leans over to close a duffel bag containing  
gloves, a stun gun and a black mouthless hockey mask with yellow  
streaks on it.

He moves to his living room and kisses his wife goodbye.

WIFE

Off to the gym honey?

WRITER

You bet, gotta relieve some tension  
from sitting so long.

WIFE

How's the story coming along?

WRITER

Really well sweetie. It's true when  
they say the best way to succeed is to  
write what you know.

She smiles and he walks out the door. Fade to black.