

MY SERIAL KILLER BABYSITTER

Written by

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Based on a True Story
(Most of the names have been changed to preserve privacy)

EXT. LAKE SHASTA, CA - NIGHT

SUPER: August 13, 1978

Car lights approach John's Bridge. Disco music blares as a car screeches to a stop. A DARK FIGURE jumps out. He rushes to the trunk and pulls out a TWEEN GIRL. He heaves her limp, bloody body over his shoulder.

YOUNG GIRL
I won't tell. I promise.

She struggles to speak.

DARK FIGURE
Shut the fuck up.

His breath quickens. He moves to the edge of the bridge. The black water below twinkles in the moonlight.

YOUNG GIRL
Why are you doing this? I thought
we were friends.

Words dissolve into hard crying.

DARK FIGURE
I said SHUT THE FUCK UP!

He lifts her high over his head.

YOUNG GIRL
Please no. I don't want to die.

She SCREAMS. He hurls her over the side of the 90-foot bridge to the shallow water below. SPLASH.

His breathing calms. He walks back to his car and drives away.

INT. BAKER CAR IN RICH FAMILY DAYCARE DRIVEWAY - DAY

SUPER: June 15, 1970 - 8 Years Earlier

RENEÉ BAKER (5) SCREAMS as her mother JOANNE SMITH (32) attempts to coax her out of the car. Reneé wears shorts and a white blonde page cut. Her mother JOANNE SMITH (32) is dressed in navy high heels, tan nylons, and a navy business suit.

JOANNE
Come on, Reneé.

RENEÉ

I'm scared. I don't want to go.

JOANNE

I'll be back at the end of the day.
We can stop and get candy at Gas
Point Store.

RENEÉ

Promise?

Joanne nods. Reneé settles on the food bribe. They get out
and walk to the door.

EXT. RICH FAMILY DAYCARE FRONT DOOR - DAY

A brick-covered stoop is lined with bright flowers. Reneé
hides behind Joanne. Joanne knocks on the door.

INT. DAYCARE ENTRY WAY - DAY

MAMA LIL (40) opens the door. Tiny but fierce, she's dressed
in a mu-mu decorated with oversized, colorful flowers. Bright
red lipstick frames her crooked, stained teeth.

MAMA LIL

Well hello, Sweetheart. You must be
Reneé.

Reneé peeks out.

JOANNE

Thank you so much for getting us
in. I'm late for work. Is 5:30 pick
up okay?

Joanne does a quick Ninja maneuver to move Reneé in front.
Reneé grips her skirt.

MAMA LIL

Honey, do you want to go out and
play in the water with my son?

DARRELL RICH (15) appears in the doorway. He's a tan John
Travolta look-alike. He smiles at Reneé and bends down to her
level.

DARRELL

Hi Reneé. I'm Darrell. Do you like
dogs?

Darrell reaches out his hand. Reneé nods and grabs it. He stands up.

RENEÉ
How old is your dog?

DARRELL
She's five. How old are you?

RENEÉ
Same.

Reneé looks at her small hand in his.

RENEÉ (CONT'D)
You got strong hands.

DARRELL
You got small hands.

They pass through the house to the backyard. Reneé doesn't look back.

EXT. DAYCARE BACK FIELD - DAY

An open irrigation ditch borders the property and floods acres of tall green grass, perfect for summer sledding.

Darrell and Reneé sit next to a tractor in the field while he puts together a summer sled. Horses watch.

PENNY, a small, short-haired copper colored mutt, sits near Reneé. Reneé pets her.

DARRELL
She likes you.

RENEÉ
I like her, too.

DARRELL
You looked pretty scared out front.

RENEÉ
I am. Still.

DARRELL
You don't need to be afraid.

RENEÉ
Okay. But maybe I still am?

DARRELL
Do you have a dog?

RENEÉ
I did. He just got killed.

DARRELL
Killed?

Reneé's voice gets quiet.

RENEÉ
Sparky drowned him when Sherry and
I were at the creek having a
picnic.

DARRELL
That's horrible.

RENEÉ
And then my dad moved out. And then
I got a new one.

DARRELL
Dog?

RENEÉ
No. Dad.

DARRELL
Do you like him?

Reneé shakes her head.

RENEÉ
I want my old one back.

Darrell stops and looks at Reneé's sad eyes. Pain sees pain.

DARRELL
It's hard to lose things you love.

RENEÉ
Did that happen to you?

DARRELL
Yes.

RENEÉ
Was it a dog?

DARRELL
No. A girl.

RENEÉ
Was she pretty?

DARRELL
She was beautiful. She had long
blonde hair. But she's gone now.

Darrell makes the final ties on his sled.

DARRELL (CONT'D)
Enough of that. We need some fun.

Darrell motions to an orange disc snow sled, ropes connecting
on each side. Reneé hops up.

RENEÉ
How do I hold on?

DARRELL
You'll hold the handles here and
I'll pull you. You go like this for
faster.

He shows Reneé thumbs up. Reneé practices.

DARRELL (CONT'D)
Good. And this for slow.

He puts his thumb down.

Darrell pulls her like a plough horse, slowly at first.

Reneé signals thumbs up. Darrell runs through the flooded
field pulling Reneé. Penny chases and barks as they speed up.
Water sprays everywhere.

Faster! Faster!

Darrell runs faster. He zigzags around the field.

Reneé watches Darrell laugh as his wet hair whips across his
high cheekbones and dimpled chin. She's enchanted.

A rope SNAPS and Reneé loses her grip. She SCREAMS. The disc
flips. She goes flying across the flooded field and SPLASHES
into the irrigation ditch. She floats in the quick cold
current and flails her arms and legs.

Darrell leaps across the field, jumps into the irrigation
ditch, and pulls Reneé out. She's choking and coughing.

DARRELL (CONT'D)
Are you okay, Ray?

She stops to think then nods. Darrell picks a piece of moss off her face.

RENEÉ
Thanks for saving me.

DARRELL
You're welcome. Were you scared?

RENEÉ
Not too bad.

She gives Darrell a hug. He picks her up. With the other hand, he carries the sled back to the tractor.

DARRELL
What do you like for snacks?

RENEÉ
Cookies!

DARRELL
Then let's go find some cookies.

He puts her down. They walk hand in hand toward the kitchen.

INT. DAYCARE KITCHEN - DAY

SUPER: Valentine's Day, 1971 - Eight Months Later

A plate of heart-shaped cookies sit on the table. Heart decorations mixed with birthday messages. Mama Lil holds a heart cake with 16 candles burning. SEVEN DAYCARE KIDS sing in unison.

Reneé stands next to Darrell. They hold hands.

DAYCARE KIDS
Happy Birthday to you, You live in
a zoo, You smell like a monkey,
PEEEE UUUUU.

They plug their noses, making monkey motions. Reneé tugs on Darrell's hand.

RENEÉ
Make a wish!

Darrell blows out the candles just as DADDY DEAN (42) stomps through the door in dirty work clothes and a scowl. He's pulling off his belt.

MAMA LIL
You're late.

DADDY DEAN
Don't start, Lillian.

He walks into the kitchen and stares at Darrell.

DADDY DEAN (CONT'D)
I'm sick of this shit, Darrell.
What did I tell you about leaving
my welding tools out?

MAMA LIL
Dean! Language! And, for God Sakes,
it's his birthday.

DADDY DEAN
You coddle that boy, Lillian. He
ain't ever gonna 'mount to nothing
if you keep at it.

He directs his attention back to Darrell, jaw tight. The
veins on his face bulge.

DADDY DEAN (CONT'D)
Darrell! My room, NOW!

YOUNG DARRELL
On my birthday?

Reneé feels Darrell's hand squeezing hers just before he lets
go. She sees his eyes well up with tears.

DADDY DEAN
I said NOW! And if I have to come
drag you in here, it's going to be
a thousand times worse.

A hush falls over the celebration. Darrell walks to the room
and the door slams.

SCREAMS then CRIES sound from behind the closed door mix with
the SNAPS of the leather belt.

Reneé buries her face in Mama Lil's apron and whimpers.

RENEÉ
Why is he always so mean to
Darrell?

MAMA LIL
'Cause his daddy was mean to *him*.

Mama Lil walks to the kitchen counter and begins cleaning dishes.

FLASH TO:

INT. DAYCARE KITCHEN - DAY

SUPER: April, 1971 - Two months later

Mama Lil stands at the kitchen counter ladling Lipton Noodle Soup into 8 small bowls. René runs in from outside.

RENÉE

He's hurting him.

MAMA LIL

Who's hurting who, Sweetheart?

René grabs her hand and takes her out to the side of the house.

RENÉE

Daddy Dean. He's hurting Darrell.

EXT. DADDY DEAN'S BLACKSMITH SHOP FENCE - DAY

SEVEN CHILDREN ranging from 6 to 10 years old are lined up on a black, wrought iron fence looking into Daddy Dean's dirt lot in front of his welding shop.

DAYCARE KIDS

FIGHT! FIGHT! FIGHT!

Daddy Dean and Darrell roll around in the dirt. Daddy Dean punches Darrell over and over in the head.

DADDY DEAN

You're never going to amount to nothin', you son of a bitch.

DARRELL

Get your hands off me!

Darrell grabs for something to fight back. He throws dirt in his dad's eyes to blind him. He grabs Daddy Dean's thinning hair.

DADDY DEAN

You don't tell me what to do.

He manages to get on top of Darrell and holds him down with one hand, punching with the other.

DARRELL
Fucking asshole.

Mama Lil sees them and gasps.

MAMA LIL
(To the Daycare Kids)
GET BACK INSIDE!

She shoos them back in like a mother hen corralling her chicks. She turns back to Darrell and Dean. René stays.

MAMA LIL (CONT'D)
Y'all stop it NOW or I'm gonna call
the police.

They ignore Mama Lil and continue fighting. Dust flies.

René panics. She runs through the gate, jumps on Daddy Dean's back, and puts her arms around his neck. She bites him on the ear.

DADDY DEAN
Fucking brat!

Daddy Dean lets go of Darrell with one hand and reaches around to pull René off.

MAMA LIL
Dean, let her go!

Daddy Dean throws René across the dirt. She lands in the dirt, her white dress now brown. Darrell hops on his feet. He grabs René and moves her out of harm's way. He comes at his dad with new vigor.

DARRELL
You son of a bitch!

He overpowers his dad and begins punching him repeatedly.

DARRELL (CONT'D)
Don't you ever touch her or me
again.

Mama Lil takes off her apron and starts swinging it at them like a matador attracting a bull.

MAMA LIL
I SAID STOP!!

Daddy Dean's careless punch, meant for Darrell, hits Mama Lil on the side of head knocking her down in the dirt, her red apron now rust.

The shock makes Darrell and Dean stop. They look like two cartoon bulls facing off. Darrell rushes to help her up.

DARRELL
Sorry, Mama.

DADDY DEAN
(To Darrell)
Tell me no again and I'll kill you.

DARRELL
Hit me again, Mother Fucker, and see what happens.

DADDY DEAN
If you don't start acting like you have a brain, you'll never survive.

Daddy Dean pounds a nearby work table with his fist. BAM.

EXT. OLD HIGHWAY 99 - DAY

SUPER: June, 1971 - Two months later

BAM! Darrell hides behind a line of barrels. He aims a rifle and shoots at random cars as they speed by. He sees a cop car. He shoots twice.

The cop car turns on its lights and whips around. He runs. OFFICER JOHN BRADLEY (30, former Marine) chases, catches, and cuffs him. They're old friends which is how it goes in this small town.

OFFICER BRADLEY
What the hell, Darrell? Hunting season on cops?

DARRELL
I didn't know it was you. Or that you're a cop now. I was actually hoping you'd shoot back.

OFFICER BRADLEY
Really?

DARRELL
Really.

Officer Bradley puts him in the backseat.