

T-ROW - THE KILLING

EXT. WOODS - DAY

DET. BENSON and DET. LUCAS stand by a body.

DET. BENSON

It's him.

DET. LUCAS

It's not him.

DET. BENSON

Of course it is. The abrasions are the same as the ones on every other victim- wrists and ankles, dragged into the woods.

DET. LUCAS

Exactly. Dragged into the woods. Each of our previous victims were dropped. They were laid out in a pattern, meticulous. Concise. There was a method. It was calculated.

DET. BENSON

Maybe he's just getting lazy.

DET. LUCAS

Nothing about him is lazy. Trust me- he doesn't want to get caught.

DET. BENSON

Every killer wants to get caught. They have fun, they fuck us all up with the chase- then when we close in, they're ready for the finale.

DET. LUCAS

Not true. He doesn't want us to catch him, not when he's having so much fun laughing at us while we run around like chickens with our heads caught off. (looks at body)  
Pun intended.

DET. BENSON

(points a gun) I said it was him. You need to start agreeing with me.

DET. LUCAS

Benson. What the fuck? Is this how you want it to go down?

DET. BENSON

I'm not interested in another dead body in the woods. This. Was. Him- and this conversation between you and me- it's over.