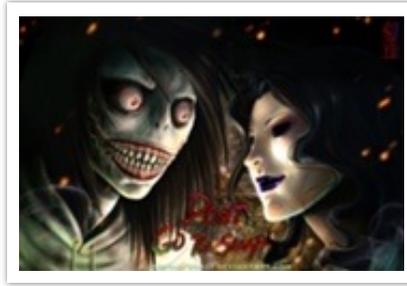


Jeff the Killer vs Jane the Killer (Audio Play)



<http://guardian-beast.deviantart.com/art/Creepypasta-Jeff-the-Killer-vs-Jane-the-Killer-315313755> Jeff The Killer versus Jane the Killer

Written by LogoMausoleum

Adapted to Audio by Mr. Creepy Pasta

Scene: 1 Prologue (Creeper music. Not moving into a JEFF theme yet.

NARRATOR speaks)

NARRATOR

The county morgue can be a pretty grim and depressing place, especially on a slow, boring day. Even the simplest thing as a routine autopsy can produce results so shocking, that a seasoned mortician can have their lunch jump back into their throats. Before the mortician, lay an average height, lanky, pale man. The skin of his face is pulled impossibly tight from scarring. His eyes stared blankly at the ceiling, never able to close. His mouth is permanently ripped into a smile across his face. This is JEFF. Also known as JEFF the Killer. And you're wondering, why is JEFF dead? It could be argued that his killing sprees had finally brought an end to him. The police finally closed a case of the most twisted mass murder that the world had seen. Maybe karma stepped in and sealed his fate. All are true.

CORONER

Homicide plain and simple. Cause of death severe blood loss due to disembowelment.

CORONER 2

No man can die in a burning building and not get burned Frank.

CORONER

Well.... look at the guy's face Elli... Does he look like a man anymore to you?

MUSIC: Fade out of piano music. Fade up to Sweet Dreams.

(Title Card)

Scene: 2 Monday

(Fade up to sweet dreams.)

SOUND: EKG

PATIENT

Hey... hey man are you awake?

JEFF (PATIENT)

Yeah I am... What?

PATIENT

Can't sleep... I never could in a hospital bed like this.

JEFF (PATIENT)

Uh....

PATIENT

Yeah sorry. Well hey what happened to you anyway? I mean why the bandages all over your face?

JEFF (PATIENT)

I was.... burned....

PATIENT

Jesus man! That has to fucking suck! How?

JEFF (PATIENT)

Doesn't matter anymore. You know? ... What about you?

PATIENT

Oh man I don't have any burns but you probably can't see that huh? I was had a bit of a car wreck. Got my leg caught and broke it so I'm wired up to this bed. I say I'm fine but the doctors want to keep me in o-

JEFF (PATIENT)

So you can't move at all?

PATIENT

What? No I'm kind of stuck to the lifting thing and the Heart monitor. Why?

JEFF (PATIENT)

Good.

PATIENT

Dude. What are you doing? Should you be getting up?! You're a burn victim man!

JEFF (PATIENT)

Have you ever seen a burn wound before on someone's face?

PATIENT

Holy fuck what are you doing!?! NURSE! NURSE!

JEFF (PATIENT)

Why does everyone scream at my face? Doesn't anyone find it beautiful anymore?

PATIENT

Are you crazy!?! You can't do that to an IV! You're going to kill me! YOU'LL KILL ME!

JEFF (PATIENT)

Did you ever have that little feeling that you know you really shouldn't do something but...? (Laugh) You really just can't HELP yourself (blowing)

PATIENT

NO! NO! HEL- (muffled)

JEFF

Shh Go to Sleep...

SOUND: the dying Muffled moan of a male PATIENT.

NARRATOR

Doctors and nurses found the PATIENT with a piece of duct tape over his mouth to prevent him from screaming or calling for help. The poor man's stomach had been ripped open by, what the CORONER's report would later reflect, someone's bare hands. Finger-painted above his bed in red. I'll be waiting. Go to sleep.

SOUND: fading out sweet dreams

NARRATOR

JEFF walked down the empty street on the outskirts of this town that he had not visited in years. His home town. Memories began to conflict with the feeling that constantly dominated his mind. JEFF had come to love the feeling. It was a subtle pulling now; a small tugging at the back of his mind reminding him that he had something to focus on. That soon he would need to spill more blood. He walked along the sidewalk past the bus stop. This was the same bus stop that he had a fragmented memory of. A sound of wheels on concrete. A bully. Knives. The feeling. The feeling was growing stronger, but the fragmented memories were coming together. JEFF remembered Randy. More accurately, JEFF remembered the hatred that he had for the boy. Randy had destroyed his family, his face. Randy had broken him. Randy was to blame. JEFF would have killed him again if it were possible. JEFF stopped. He was home.

He noticed a condemned sign posted by the city on the door. The house looked vacant and derelict from the outside, but JEFF picked up the key they always kept under the rug, which was now covered in a blanket of dirt and dust. JEFF entered the house. If JEFF was the first one to get home before his parents or brother did, he always let himself in with the spare house key his folks got for

him, which came in handy for him. He looked around the house. Everything seemed preserved as if he had just left the house the day before. Not a single thing had been move or taken down. JEFF fought back the urge to call out to his parents. He knew that he would not be getting a response; he saw to that all those many years ago.

The moonlight from outside beamed in through JEFF's kitchen and faintly illuminated the counter and living room. The TV and furniture remained undisturbed, even the plastic plants, which added a civilized touch to the museum that was JEFF's past life. JEFF expected the power to be out in the entire house, but to his astonishment, the digital alarm clock in LIU's old bedroom glowed an eerie blue, showing the correct time and current date.

JEFF

(Flash back with echo)

Shh... Just go to sleep...

NARRATOR

Was what JEFF heard in his mind, echoing, becoming faint as he remembered everything that happened. A part of him just wanted to cry over the loss of his brother, but another part of him, the feeling, felt no remorse. As JEFF was about to explore the rest of the house, he came across his dad's liquor cabinet and pulled out a bottle of whiskey, a stubby glass and began drinking. Who would go through all this trouble to not have the power shut off? Doesn't the city order a house which is condemned to have its power cut off and its water discontinued? JEFF thought. JEFF's mind could register that something didn't seem right, but twitching and shaking to put the pieces together, the feeling held any deep cognition at bay. Already, it was 3:50 AM. As JEFF sat in the dark, in total silence...

MARGARET

Jeffrey? Is that you, honey?

NARRATOR

JEFF recognized that voice. It was soothing and gentle... All too familiar. The glass shattered to the ground. In a flash JEFF had his knife withdrawn from his

pocket pointing it at the woman who was the first person to startle him since he was a teenager. His gaze remained fixed on her face. He knew what he was seeing was impossible. He remembered all be it in pieces, what had happened 11 years ago. He remembered murdering his parents and yet this woman's warm and smiling face beamed back at him.

It was JEFF's mom, MARGARET.

JEFF

M-Mommy?

NARRATOR

JEFF spoke, as though he were a frightened child who just got out of a nightmare and sought comfort from his MOTHER.

MARGARET

Yes, baby. It's me...

NARRATOR

Her words burrowed through JEFF's black heart. He seemed to remember.

JEFF

I-I-I thought you were... you...

MARGARET

Shh... It's okay, my sweetie... You were just having a bad dream. Mommy's just fine. See?

JEFF

(Now crying)

I didn't mean to do anything to you or dad. I'm sorry, mommy! I'M SORRY!

MARGARET

JEFF, JEFF. Your FATHER and I know you too well. We know you would never do anything to hurt us. The only thing you ever killed us with is your kindness

NARRATOR

JEFF, tears falling from his eyes which had long remained dry and near lifeless, looked over his MOTHER's face.

JEFF

Really?

MARGARET

Really

I'm gonna go check on your brother, and I'll come tuck you in. You just finish your drink and go lay down on the couch, son. You had a long night.

NARRATOR

MARGARET kissed her son's forehead. She gently covered JEFF with a quilt as he watched her intently.

MARGARET

Go to sleep.

JEFF

Wait... what did you say?

NARRATOR

She smiled once more at him one last time before vanishing just as quickly as had appeared leaving JEFF with that last loving image and so many questions. Was it some kind of ghost? A dream? Was it the feeling playing trick with his mind? JEFF didn't move.

PETER

GO TO SLEEP

NARRATOR

His FATHER PETER came in, brandishing a large metal pipe, his guts still dangling out where his son had disemboweled him.

SOUND: wet crack

JEFF

(SCREAM and heavy breathing)

NARRATOR

JEFF woke up screaming, gasping. He was alright, but he was still in his house, and everything was still in place. He rolled off the couch, wiped the sweat from his face.

SOUND: silence and the sound of night

NARRATOR

It was obvious that JEFF was going insane. As he was about to head out at the crack of dawn, the phone rang.

SOUND: phone ring

JEFF

Who the fuck could that be?

NARRATOR

The caller I.D. displayed the name:

JEFF

LIU...

SOUND: Receiver click from the phone being picked up

JEFF

Hello? Hello!?LIU?

SOUND: click Dial tone.

SOUND: The phone is hung back up

SOUND: Another ring of the phone

SOUND: Receiver click from being picked up. Pause

JEFF

... Hello?

JANE

(Whispered)

I'm coming for you, JEFF...

JEFF

Who the fuck?

SOUND: click and change to busy tone.

(Fade music out with fading busy signal)

SCENE: 3 Tuesday

(Fade in with bar noise and music)

NARRATOR

JEFF sat in the darkest corner of a dimly lit biker bar. Hood over his head, he scans the small crowd that has gathered over the night. The BARTENDER makes note of the night being slower than usual to one of the patrons at the bar. He throws a glance towards JEFF. JEFF, lost in his thoughts continues to survey the crowd. The larger man goes over to where JEFF is sitting.

BARTENDER

What can I get'cha, son?

JEFF

A pitcher of Bass, and a bottle of Jim Beam..... Please.

BARTENDER

On the rocks or just with a shot glass?

SOUND: glass hitting the table. Sip

JEFF

(Inner thought)

Fuckers... all of them. Not a single one of the spit they're drinking... It's so simple.... It would be so quick

NARRATOR

JEFF's fingers ran across the edge of knife in the pocket of his hoodie. A thin cut formed on his finger, the blood reminding him for his lust for the sweet sight.

SOUND: phone ring

BARTENDER

(Distant)

Uh-huh... Who? Hold on, I'll see if he's in.... Phone call for JEFF. I'm looking for a JEFF. (Closer) Here don't take forever. We need this phone.

JEFF

Well, who is it? HEY! H-Hell loo? Hello? ...Hello? Hello...?

NARRATOR

No response. However, JEFF did find out who was calling him. At the far end of the building, a beautiful woman who was wearing blind man's sunglasses, and dressed in all black looked over at JEFF, grinning maliciously, taunting him, her iPhone glowing in her hand. She waved at him with a teasing smirk across her face. She left a few dollar bills on the bar counter and walked off with her phone. By the end of the evening, JEFF was in no shape to go back to his hellish home, so he stumbled out of the tavern and checked into a ratty motel for the night. Once inside, a beautiful woman in a red dress leaving very little to imagination approached JEFF.

JANE (prostitute)

Hey there, sweetie. Looking for something? I think I can help you find it.

JEFF

...Really?

JANE (PROSTITUTE)

Maybe I could if you have \$50 on you.

NARRATOR

JEFF withdrew his hands from his hoodie which had been using to keep them warm from the chilled night air. He placed his finger in his mouth, his teeth pulling the cut he had made earlier wider open. The blood on his tongue reminded him that the previous dark-haired woman had distracted him from choosing a target at the bar. Reminding him that blood of this woman might just do for revenge. JEFF tossed the hooker a Benjamin and they both went to his room.

SOUND: Door closing. With slight moan noise from free sound.

MUSIC: fade out music to close of sequence.

NARRATOR

3 Am. The noise from the late night drivers zooming past in their cars masked the final sounds of empty passion from JEFF's hotel room. The woman moved herself to the edge of the bed to stand and get dressed. JEFF sat up as well, watching her from behind her back. His hoodie lay open on the covers beside him. JEFF eyed the knife and the pale skin of the woman as she retrieved her clothing from the floor. His mind went from fantasy to fantasy. The knife could easily slice her throat and he could watch her fearfully choke to death on her own blood. Or perhaps he could simply slide the knife between the ribs in her back and watch as her breathing slowed to death from her own internal bleeding.

JEFF

(Whispered) go to sleep

JANE (PROSTITUTE)

What?

NARRATOR

The woman turned about to match eyes with the killer. They looked intently at one another. Neither breaking the lock on each other's eyes.

JEFF

Go.....go to....

NARRATOR

Something was wrong. JEFF was ... distracted.

JANE (PROSTITUTE)

Yes lover. Go to sleep.

NARRATOR

The woman, pulling on the last of her clothing, laid a kiss on JEFF's scared mouth. JEFF's world began to swim and the things began to fade.

JANE (PROSTITUTE)

Thanks

NARRATOR

Black.

SCENE: 4 WEDNESDAY MORNING

(Music choice. Promise reprise)

LIU

'Go to sleep' huh?

NARRATOR

JEFF sat up with a start. He grabbed at his jacket till he realized that it was no longer on the covers next to him. He was also no longer on the covers. JEFF glanced about in all directions. He was again fully clothed, but in the kitchen of his old home. From as far as JEFF could gather, he must have been brought here again. Or the feeling was really getting to him. Was all of the other day a dream? Was he really in this house the whole time? JEFF searched for the voice that had spoken to him, exacting to see his MOTHER again or his decomposing FATHER. But the voice came from a younger man, bottle in hand and covered in rags.

The young man glanced up at JEFF. It was... LIU?

JEFF

LIU...? I-I can't believe it.

LIU

Believe it, bro. Ha-ha. Man, my side still hurts like a MOTHERfucker after you stabbed me. But there's one thing you forgot. If you were going to stab anyone... L-Let alone your own flesh and blood, do it in a vital area, not a non-vital, DUMB-ASS! (Laugh)

NARRATOR

JEFF was almost at a loss for words. This was impossible. Of everyone that JEFF had killed over the years he could remember LIU. LIU looked at him in the eyes when he died. JEFF remembered sliding the knife between LIU's ribs He remembered the blood on the walls from his hands as he ran out of the house. LIU didn't scream or cry. LIU just watched JEFF as he died, as if he was expecting this to happen. JEFF remembered the feeling left him completely for the last time at that point. He remembered the feeling of regret.

JEFF

LIU... I'm... I'm sorry I tried to kill you. But how did you...?

LIU

How did I stop myself from bleeding you ask?

NARRATOR

He got up, still staggering from the tequila he was drinking, lifted up his shirt, and showed his brother the place on his side.

LIU

Well... while mom and dad were asleep, I went to our kitchen, turned on one of the gas burners, and cauterized it. A little something you learn from watching a few episodes of 'E.R.', 'HOUSE', and some of those other medical shows you come across. It hurt like hell, but I'm... I'm alright.

JEFF

I'm... I... I didn't mea--

LIU

JEFF, JEFF. It's alright. I knew you were just fucking' with me. Remember when you kicked those guys' asses for me, bro? That's when to kill, not to kill your own brother. But it was an accident; you didn't mean to stab me. Don't worry about it!

JEFF

So, you forgive me?

LIU

Duuuude! Of course I do! Stop worrying for God's sake. There is nothing in the world that would stop loving my brother. Love ya, buddy.

JEFF

I... I love you too LIU

LIU

Hey. Well I've got things to do. I'll see you soon.

JEFF

... Yeah.... of course... soon....

NARRATOR

With that, lost in what he could have said, or what he could have done. JEFF stood. He met eyes with his brother again. Thoughts filled his head thousands at a time. Had his mind not broken so many years ago at Billy's party, he might have been able to make sense of them. He might have been able to ask the questions that were still burning inside him. He might have been able to feel something more than the memories of what his emotions should be, but he couldn't. JEFF simply nodded, turned his back, and began the walk out of the house and onto the next location. LIU saw JEFF depart into the night until his white hoodie faded from view.

LIU

But you sure as hell aren't going to love what's in store for you, you son of a bitch...

SCENE: 5 Wednesday

()

NARRATOR

As dawn was approaching, JEFF made his way to a sleepy little house in a richer part of town. The neighbors were still sleeping, those who were getting ready to go to work at this time of the morning barely noticed JEFF, nor did they pay any attention to him. They thought he was just a regular visitor or random neighbor. JEFF hopped the fence of the house he had been laying eyes on, and made his way into the basement from outside. In this neighborhood, you could expect a very low crime rate, and everyone who lived there were honest and trusted everyone. But from JEFF's point of view, this was the perfect chance to satisfy the feeling. 322 Wilshire Boulevard

The owners of the house, a young couple, were looking for a babysitter at the last moment to watch their 4-month-old baby. Luckily enough, they did find someone at such short notice. The babysitter was a sweet, 14-year-old girl, VICTORIA. Cheerful, friendly, and kind. The baby boy was sleeping like a rock, after a bath, fresh diaper change, and changed into his baby clothes. The infant's head hit the pillow immediately thereafter. Several minutes later, VICTORIA receives a call on the house phone. Wearily, she answers.

SOUND: phone ringing. Receiver pick up

VICTORIA

(Sleepily) Hello? huh?... Hey, when are you guys coming home?

MOTHER

We'll be back around 10:00 tomorrow morning. I hope our son wasn't too much trouble

VICTORIA

No trouble at all. You never told me she was such an angel. (Yawning)

MOTHER

Told ya. Honey, you sound tired, why don't you take a nap?

VICTORIA

That's a good idea. I could really use one about now.

MOTHER

If you need us, we'll be at the Econo Lodge. You have our number.

VICTORIA

Thanks.

MOTHER

Have a good night's rest, sweetheart.

VICTORIA

Night

NARRATOR

VICTORIA casually beeps the phone to end the call and tosses it onto the floor. She rests her body on the nicely cushioned, leather couch that is set in the baby's room and falls asleep.

Several hours into her peaceful slumber, VICTORIA is awoken by noise below in the basement. Thinking it was just an animal, possibly the couple's dog, she falls back asleep. But the noise becomes louder... VICTORIA gets slightly more unnerved. She pulls her tired body from the couch and poke her head out of the doorway. Silence. She returned to the couch and laid slowly back down. Listening intently, she calmed herself down.

SOUND: CRASH

VICTORIA retrieved the phone from the floor and dials 911.

JANE

911 Emergencies.

VICTORIA

Yes hello? I think- ... I think someone is in the house!

JANE

Ma'am, you're going to have to calm down, I can't understand you.

VICTORIA

Someone is in the house... Someone broke in! (Whisper)

JANE

Where are you at, sweetheart?

VICTORIA

I'm at 322 Wilshire Boulevard... I'm babysitting tonight... I just... I don't know.

JANE

We're sending police up there immediately. Now here's what I want you to do. Are you listening?

VICTORIA

Uh-huh...

NARRATOR

Tears silently falling down her face.

JANE

Go and find a place in the house, like the closet or pantry. Grab yourself something to protect and defend yourself with.

NARRATOR

VICTORIA, trembling in fear, crept from the baby's room. And down the stairs of the house. So far there was no one that she could see, but the noise had come from the basement hadn't it? She made her way into the kitchen and pulled the

largest knife should could find form the drawer.

SOUND: door getting kicked in.

NARRATOR

VICTORIA, in a panic ran to the pantry and closed the door behind her as swiftly as possible she huddled in the farthest corner that she could physically get to.

VICTORIA

God I heard him. He came out of the basement! I heard the good! Help me please. God, I'm so scared...I've got a meat cleaver... I'm in the pantry...

JANE

Don't be scared, dear, I will stay with you on the line until police arrive, in the meantime, you just hide. Who's all there with you?

VICTORIA

The baby... Oh god I forgot (on the verge of crying now)

JANE

Did you lock the baby's room, honey?

NARRATOR

She could sense the fear and suffering in VICTORIA's voice as she was being the only source of comfort the girl needed as far as this home invasion was concerned. This would probably be the last thing the poor babysitter would hear...

VICTORIA

Y-Y-Yes...

SOUND: footsteps.

JANE

The baby will be alright. You just stay on the line with me, police will be arriving shortly.

VICTORIA

Oh God... I see him...

JANE

Give me the description of the assailant, dear.

VICTORIA

I can't talk any louder... He'll hear me... I hope he doesn't hurt the baby...

JANE

You'll be fine. What is the description of the assailant? (More urgent)

VICTORIA

I'm too scared! I can't! I can't!

JANE

Is that where he went!? Tell me! What does he look like!?

VICTORIA

He's wearing... black... pants... and a... white jacket or something... I don't know!
Just please help me!

SOUND: creaking door. Change music to music box.

NARRATOR

JEFF entered the baby's room... Toys littered the floor of the darkened room. A single beam of light crept through the slit between the curtains, cutting the room into two, separating JEFF between the infant. JEFF continued into the darkness and peered into the crib. JEFF eyed the child, silently. Despite have a smile permanently carved into his cheeks he seemed to be frowning. The infant began to cry at the horrific sight of the killer looming over him. JEFF placed the flat of his knife against the baby's face and watched as the reflection of his own grotesque features mockingly smiled back.

JEFF

Go to Sleep for now kid. When you see a bit more of the world, I'll be back to save you from it.

NARRATOR

JEFF picked up a stuffed bear from the floor around the crib to pacify the baby.

The baby's hands gripped at the soft fabric as JEFF turned his back and walked out of the room. At the Drury Inn in town, the married couple sat back to each other both breathless and exhausted. They had been fighting since the moment that the poor child's MOTHER had put down the phone. The in town vacation was supposed to help. It didn't.

MOTHER

Maybe we should just go home then?

FATHER

At this hour? ... We still have the room for the rest of the night.

MOTHER

I want to see my baby, Marco.... Or would you prefer to just sleep in the car?

NARRATOR

The FATHER stood. He'd heard all that he cared to. He gruffly grabbed his keys off the night stand, and opened the door to the small hotel room to wait for his wife. She stepped through the opening and out to the car without a word.

It was 5:15 when they left. And they were rushing home as quickly as they could. In the house, JEFF saw an approaching police light beacon and thought that it was all over. He stepped behind the curtain of the open front window and waited for the police OFFICER to make his move...

A knock at the door.

OFFICER 1

Police. Can you open the door please?

NARRATOR

JEFF inched through the shadows. Closer and closer to the door. Another knock at the door.

OFFICER 1

Hello? Is anyone home? If I do not get a response I will have to break the door down. Hello!?

NARRATOR

JEFF's fingers went back to the sharpened edge of his knife. Finally. It'd been far too long since he'd been able to take a life. Far too long since he was able to taste blood. A creak from the closet door upstairs as the babysitter watched the scene unfold in front of her. Her trembling body drew cold as the realization that she would not be saved from this by police like she so hoped.

VICTORIA

(To the phone)

Oh god. The police are here. I think they're going to be killed.

SOUND: telephone click to busy signal

VICTORIA

Hello? Are you still there!?!... God no....

OFFICER 1

This is your last warning!

SOUND: pause

VICTORIA

Help me I'm in here!

SOUND: door crash

NARRATOR

JEFF heard the scream but the blood of the police OFFICERS was calling him. He had to satisfy the feeling. The first OFFICER's weapon entered through the door to sweep the room. A bullet to the head or a tackle to the ground, a short drive to

prison and the gas chamber, but JEFF had been doing this for years since he carved his mark into his family. JEFF slid his knife into the wrist of the first OFFICER and used the tool to pull him into the house.

The OFFICER's hands twitched and spasmed forcing the gun to fire off two shots. The noises waking the baby upstairs and turning the babysitter's hysterical cries into screams of pure terror. JEFF stepped into the doorway, withdrawing his blade from the OFFICER's wrists and pushing it into his neck. His partner's wild, panicked eyes could only see the black rings around JEFF's and the gurgling, choking of dying friend. The OFFICER, horrified by the sight, and now with blurred vision fired his gun directly in front of him. Missing their mark, the rounds only succeeded in putting his partner out of his pain. JEFF dropped the dead body and with a quick motion of his left hand, grabbed the side of the OFFICER's pistol pushing off aim. The OFFICER still pulled the trigger as many times as he was able. It didn't matter the burns from the discharge against JEFF's hand only fueled his crazed frenzy. The knife found its mark in the middle of this OFFICER's chest and sliced its way up to his chin.

JEFF

(Deep breath)

Ah. Too long.

SOUND: screams from the VICTORIA. Baby crying faded back.

JEFF

That's right.

SOUND: the sound of the closet door opening and the screams grow louder

VICTORIA

Please don't hurt me! Please! I won't tell anyone! Just take the money or baby and not me!

JEFF

Shh

NARRATOR

JEFF pulled The VICTORIA to her feet by her hair. The poor girl's cries grew louder as JEFF put the point of the knife between her eyes... and pressed in... Slowly.

JEFF

Just go to sleep...

SOUND: squirts of blood and crushing of bone until with one final crunch her screams stop. The Baby cries.

JEFF

(Getting further away)

Quiet down little guy..... Or am I going to have to make you quiet?

NARRATOR

Outside the house, the car pulls to a stop. The MOTHER and FATHER rush from the vehicle to the door. Frenzied, the couple has forgotten any issues that may have arisen over the past few days between them and all they can see now are the red and blue flashing lights and hear the cry of their baby. They rushed their way up the steps and into the baby's room. Immediately, out of maternal instinct, the MOTHER picked the child up to comfort it and to assure herself that he was OK. However, despite her efforts the baby continued to cry. The family collapsed to the floor together in an embrace.

SOUND: Sirens fade up to full volume. Cut off by recorder click.

AGENT EAST

Hmm? Oh this? No no. I'm just keeping an audio log miss.....

MOTHER

Oh. You mean so you can turn that one in or is it like notes?

AGENT EAST

Yes, yes. It's kind of way that I take notes so that I can type up my report later....

MOTHER

Oh. That's just a bit... odd all the other police OFFICERs just had a pen and pad.

AGENT EAST

(Laugh) yeah I'm a bit too lazy for the pen and pad. And besides miss I'm not the police. Agent Marcus East, FBI remember?

MOTHER

Yes, so much more well-mannered than the police too.

AGENT EAST

Well thank you, miss. I appreciate that. But I'm afraid we need to be getting to the darker part of this conversation.

MOTHER

Of course.

AGENT EAST

I'll try to make this quick but for my recording and to confirm with you, I'm just going to go over the police reports here.

SOUND: papers flipping

AGENT EAST

Break in at 322 Wilshire Boulevard, but it seems that all valuables are accounted for? No missing electronics, jewelry...was that right?

MOTHER

That's right but... there was a small amount of cash taken from the drawer in our bedrooms. \$80 I think.

AGENT EAST

Right. And of course. I'm sorry to bring this up again but I have to confirm. We have 3 victims. Homicide. 2 are OFFICERs from the local police department responding to the 911 call that was placed by the third victim VICTORIA Brant who was babysitting for you on that night.

MOTHER

Y-yes. She would baby sit for us when we would go out of town on weekends or to our sessions... (Beginning to sob)

AGENT EAST

Thank you miss. I'm so sorry we'll move on. Your son thankfully completely unharmed thank god. Was that right?

MOTHER

Yes... yes he's fine.

AGENT EAST

And the only thing they found was a note with Miss Brant. JEFF, if you are reading this, know that no matter how many innocent victims you claim or how much innocent blood you shed, I'm still coming for you in the end. All of the men and women you so viciously slaughtered and disemboweled. I never did like you, you greasy-headed, grinning, smug, ignorant son of a bitch. My black eyes may look like I'm void of vision, but I'm not stupid. Just remember, the night that you creep into a poor girl's bedroom, you're gonna fall head over heels down the fucking stairs with your guts caught on the broken glass of the window that I smashed you into. Tonight, when I reach you, evil will battle evil, winner kills all, and the only one who will not get out alive is you. I'm coming for you. Signed, JANE the Killer Miss do you know a JEFF? Is that a friend? Someone you've seen around the neighborhood? A name from somewhere in this town? Miss Brant's boyfriend perhaps?

MOTHER

Not at all... I don't know a JANE either...

AGENT EAST

Of course of course. But I'm sure that the previous OFFICERs got any information about JANE. Have you seen anyone that might have been JEFF leaving the house? Heard from a neighbor where the man might be headed?

MOTHER

No... AGENT EAST shouldn't you be more concerned with who wrote the note than who it was for?

AGENT EAST

(Small laugh)

Right you are. Right. You see we've been tracking a son of a bitch named JEFF. Almost had him too but like an idiot I thought to let him wander a bit too far. And then something like this happens. If there wasn't anything else miss, maybe I

should b-

MOTHER

AGENT EAST please! You have to find these people. This person! This murderer! 3 people died in my home and god knows what he did to my baby!

SOUND: baby crying

AGENT EAST

Ma'am please. I assure you. I've been following JEFF for a while now. I'm going to find the son of a bitch.

MOTHER

I'm sorry. He's been crying so often since.... last night.

AGENT EAST

May I? (Singing) Hush little baby don't say a word. Mama's going to buy you a mocking-bird. (Voice drifts back and forth between JANE and AGENT EAST) and if that mockingbird wont sing, Mama's gonna buy you a diamond ring (humming)

MOTHER

What... how did?

SOUND: the baby quiets down

AGENT EAST

That should be everything I need Miss. and don't go to sleep.

JANE

You might not wake up.

SOUND: tape player clicks to a stop.

SCENE: 6 THURSDAY

(Wind)

NARRATOR

A light rain began to fall as the nighttime was quickly approaching. The wind and splashing from passing cars helped to clean off the now, once again stained hoodie. The caked blood leaked off his clothing with the rain as it grew heavier and formed a small river of red behind him. The feeling that had begun so long ago was gone for now, but he knew it would be back soon. He could only think clearly for a short while. Long enough for the pieces to start falling into place. This woman from the bar that knew his name, the hooker from the hotel that knocked him out, the odd note that he found in the baby's room. Who could be following him, and if they really hated him so much, why didn't they kill him already?

JEFF

Fuck fuck! Who the fuck is JANE?

NARRATOR

The feeling was inching back into his mind. More violence. More blood. He wouldn't be able to think soon. His hands returned to his pockets. The edge of the knife that he had already cleaned and sharpened to a razor's edge. The feeling will be too much soon. He needed help, and maybe now there was finally someone who could help him. JEFF needed to return back home. The light rain had picked up to a thunderstorm by the time JEFF reached his old house at the edge of town. A crack of thunder, and a shatter of glass. JEFF was in the house. The sound of rain outside echoed through the broken window and into the house.

LIU

Hey, JEFF. Ha! I should have known you'd have come back if I waited. I almost thought you'd stopped caring.

NARRATOR

JEFF turned around, and before he could say anything, LIU took a trophy off the shelf and a wet crack rang through JEFF's ears.

SOUND: wet crack

LIU

NARRATOR

JEFF's world went black. JEFF woke up in a living room full of industrial tools and assorted drills knives and hammers. The room seemed to have been built like a class for anyone who wanted to go into carpentry.

JEFF

Where the hell am I...?

JANE

I've been waiting a long time for this, JEFF.

NARRATOR

LIU responded, but it wasn't in his male voice, it was a female voice. JEFF, saw as LIU's features evaporated from his face, peeling off of him in a thick cloud of smoke. The young male's skinny frame transformed into the luscious curves of a woman in a tight black dress with oddly only solid black orbs for eyes. Pouted lips smirked at him with a familiar teasing smile.

JEFF

YOU'RE THE BITCH FROM THE BAR!

NARRATOR

JANE turned on a utility light, gripped it and turned it towards herself. Her skin was pale like a corpse and contrasted by the curled raven hair that fell to her mid-back. In a way she was a beautiful woman, but the air about her seemed to be as ugly and dark as the aura that surrounded JEFF.

JANE

I told you I would be coming for you in the end... Oh, and did I mentioned, your

brother fit me like a glove... so did

MARGARET

You're MOTHER...

PETER

You're FATHER...

JANE

The paperboy... but your features. I'll be glad to peel the skin off your face Jeffery. Finally bring your little rampage to an end. (Evil chuckle)

JEFF

Really now... and why would yo-

JANE

Why? ...WHY?! I'LL TELL YOU WHY, YOU LITTLE PIECE OF SHIT! A little town called Bellevue, Illinois. Remember it? Oh right. You're a psychotic FUCK. I guess you don't so let me remind you. 11 years. I've been searching for you for 11 fucking years. Since I was 10. Since you told my parents to go to sleep. Since you over looked my room. Since I mopped up the fucking blood.

JEFF

(Laughing)

JANE

Sick Psychotic fuck

JEFF

You're right.... I don't remember a single second of it. (Laugh)

JANE

You're going to regret everything that you've done to me.

SOUND: knife cut. Knife cut. JEFF continues to laugh.

JEFF

You missed my throat. MY face has plenty of holes in it as is. Poor JANE the murderer. Her parents are dead and she's going to bitch and whine with her little knife.

JANE

Fuck you! Where do you get off calling me a-

JEFF

Please. Black eyes. That little smoke and mirrors trick. You don't do what I do without seeing some shit, lady. Demons, monsters, tall MOTHERfuckers in the woods, it comes with the territory. Pathetic little teenager makes a deal with the devil and that kind of deal doesn't come cheap. You need blood. A lot of blood.
(Laughs)

NARRATOR

The blood leaking out of JEFF's mouth dripped onto his chest and arms granting him just enough wiggle room to split his hands out of his restraints and vaulted his foot into JANE's stomach knocking the woman the ground. Before she could move to pick herself up, JEFF continued the brutal assault by throwing the wooden chair itself at her, breaking it over her back; an act that would have crippled a lesser woman.

JEFF

I like your play pen JANE.

SOUND: JANE screaming and the sounds of scrambling as she's dragged.

NARRATOR

Taking a fist full of JANE's hair, JEFF began dragging her to a wooden table at the edge of the room. In her daze, her only thoughts were that this didn't go as she had envisioned it for so many years. Her only thought was to panic.

JEFF

Really you couldn't have caught me at a better time. I've been so hungry for this and your blood... since I Saw you in the bar...

NARRATOR

As he forced her arm in place, JEFF couldn't help be marvel at how her arm seemed to be made for the metal vice. It fit perfectly almost like it was made for this from the start.

SOUND: crunch of bones and a scream.

NARRATOR

The sound of snapping bones and torn muscles from woman's wrist echoed through the home. JANE frantically griped in all directions reaching for a tool of some kind, anything she can use to escape the unbearable pain. The first handle that she can fine, she camps her hand on and swings with all her strength at JEFF's legs

SOUND: CRUNCH

NARRATOR

JEFF fell to the ground from his shattered bone. Bewildered, JANE inspects the hammer that she now has clamped tightly with her left hand. Wonder quickly gave way to pain and she was snapped back to reality. JANE desperately clawed at the vice, untwisting it as quickly as she could to free her mangled hand. She stared at the now useless appendage. The device had applied so much pressure that it split the skin and crushed every bone leaving her wrist looking like a broken balloon full of jello.

JEFF

(Laugh; cough)

Fucking bitch...

SOUND: drill noise. Wet blood. JEFF's scream

JANE

Die you bastard! DIE!

JEFF

I'm going to rip your fucking heart out and ram it right down your throat, YOU

DIRTY WHORE.

SOUND: wind picking up. Thunder. Fire. Change to music something's wrong

NARRATOR

Blood leaked from the walls. More than should have been possible to be in JEFF's body. The thunderstorm outside the walls of the house churned the skies above. The clouds forming an opening. These were no longer two people. These were demons at war with one another. A stray bolt of lightning ignited the attic of the old home. The walls transformed from dripping blood to a putrid smelling inferno. JANE stepped back from JEFF's twitching body leaving him broken in a pool.

JANE

Don't go to sleep, JEFF. I need you awake for this.

NARRATOR

JEFF picked himself shaking off the ground. Putting pressure on his leg caused a sickening crack. The pain from it was blinding but not as blinding as the feeling was at this point. Fuck the tools. The power tools, the saw, the hammers, nothing would satisfy JEFF like this would. He withdrew the knife from his pocket.

JEFF

...oh I'm not going anywhere....

JANE

You took my life JEFF... You took it away from me and this moment is all that I could think about for the past 11 years.

JEFF

I haven't taken it yet. Give me another minute.

NARRATOR

JEFF limped slowly towards JANE. He had been crippled by the hammer and his blood loss has turned his vision into a blur. JANE rose her arms from her sides and the room around them seemed to be shifting, darkening. The whole house

was becoming JEFF's personal hell. His MOTHER and FATHER stood beside JANE, just as he remembered them. Guttled. Bloody. Dead.

PETER

Why did you do this to us, son?

MARGARET

We didn't lie to you, we never did. We were just trying to protect you, honey.

LIU

You could've been with us, JEFF. We're happy and safe where we're at, bro. But sadly, you'll be cleaning toilets in hell.

NARRATOR

Cut after cut from his own family. They surround him chanting cutting him deeply with saws and screw drivers from the carpentry house of horror. JANE laughed in JEFF's face.

PETER

MARGARET

LIU

(Slow chanting)

Go to sleep

JANE

Do you see the pain? Everything you've lost? What you've done to yourself? Do you feel what I've felt JEFF? This is what you've done to everyone else! This monster that you've let your insanity become! This is-

SOUND: Stab. All other chanting and music is cut. Only the sound of blood and the burning house.

JEFF

You give me way too much credit, JANE. I don't give a shit.

JANE

You....you....

JEFF

Shhhhhhh.... Go to sleep...

NARRATOR

The house burned.

Scene: 7 Friday

(Begin sweet dreams performed by Chris craft)

NARRATOR

On The cold metal slab of the morgue, before the mortician lay an average height, lanky, pale man. The skin of his face is pulled impossibly tight from scarring. His eyes stared blankly at the ceiling, never able to close. His mouth is permanently ripped into a smile across his face. This is JEFF. Also known as JEFF the Killer.

CORONER

Homicide plain and simple. Cause of death severe blood loss due to disembowelment.

CORONER 2

Frank. You can't be serious. You heard they pulled this guy from a fire right?

CORONER

I read the police report yeah, but there is not a single burn mark on the guy. Do you see charring because I sure don't?

CORONER 2

So you're suggesting that someone burned his clothes and then dressed him in them and dumped his body in the house after the fire?

CORONER

I'm suggesting this guy was in one hell of a knife fight before dying of blood loss in that house

CORONER 2

No man can die in a burning building and not get burned Frank.

CORONER

Well.... look at the guy's face Elli... Does he look like a man anymore to you?

NARRATOR

JEFF's eyes refocused on the Doctor's face.

(Credit roll for video during sweet dreams.)

NARRATOR

9 months later. Again in the cold, lifeless morgue with two of the most criminally insane humans ever to walk the earth. In front of the CORONER lay a beautiful, young, black-eyed woman. Dead. When the police found her body, she was lying on a table hands and feet chained to it with a message scrawled on the wall.

JEFF

GO TO SLEEP, I WILL BE WAITING.

NARRATOR

Cause Of Death: Child birth



[Go To Sleep - "Jeff the Killer vs Jane the Killer"\(54:58\)](#)

1,230 views

[Start a Discussion](#) Discussions about **Jeff the Killer vs Jane the Killer**
(Audio Play)

You can find discussions about everything related to this wiki on [Creepypasta Wiki Forum!](#)

Read more