

BLACK WATER

by

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BLACK WATER

TITLES:

EXT. BLACK WATER LAKE - DUSK

Watery impressions, the struggle of a child fighting for his life, succumbing to something dark and terrible. A murder.

The final image is the horrified face of the victim, a dead boy, DANIEL (11) vanishing into the blackness of the water.

DISSOLVE TO:

NOTEBOOKS

Volumes of composition books are stacked in piles around the walls. Page after page, handwritten, with pictures torn and pasted. We reveal the same words on a computer. A woman's anguished CRY tears the air and the screen is SMASHED.

INT. THE PIT - NIGHT

Notebooks fly as VERONICA (21) rages and sobs, throwing the books, files and photos until she collapses in tears.

Slowly, she gathers her belongings and steps out the door.

END TITLES.

THE LIBRARY

Veronica steps from "The Pit," an isolated study room off the University Library, into the much larger main collection.

She is being watched.

Sitting at a table in the darkness we see someone open a bottle of prescription medication and take a pill.

MARC

Hello, Veronica.

Veronica jumps at the sound of his voice and doesn't seem at all relieved when she sees who it is.

MARC EDWARDS (17) an odd, somewhat unsettling young man, scans Veronica carefully.

MARC (cont'd)
 Red face, puffy eyes, disheveled
 appearance... all the classic
 symptoms of radical frustration
 inherent of overwhelming pressure.

VERONICA
 Don't even start with all your
 psycho analytical bullshit. The
 Professor may be impressed but I
 still think you're just a creepy,
 little dweeb. Stay away from me.

She exits in a huff. Marc watches her impassively, then
 quickly gathers his things, and leaves.

EXT. UNIVERSITY CAMPUS - NIGHT

An ominous plaster bird glares down from atop the
 University's Psychology Building and watches Veronica leave
 the campus.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. UNIVERSITY COMMONS - DAY

The decorative, architectural birds that stare down from atop
 the Psychology Building don't seem nearly so frightening in
 the bright morning light. Today they gaze down upon an
 idyllic winter scene of bustling, college life.

CLOSE-UP ON -- NOTES - As they are meticulously written to
 the page of a lined composition book. Complex terminology
 describing a couples psychological interactions.

TILT UP to reveal the subjects being studied. A COLLEGE BOY
 and COLLEGE GIRL, sitting together, unaware their every move
 and motivation is being dissected and cataloged.

Finally REVEAL Marc Edwards, the author, watching life, as
 always, from a safe and comfortable distance.

Suddenly, his gaze is drawn to something.

MARC'S P.O.V. - CAMPUS COMMONS - DR. RAYMOND

DR. JUDI RAYMOND, mature, intelligent, dignified head of the
 Psychology Department, is walking urgently across campus.

RESUME MARC

Her swift pace catches his attention and he puts away his notebook to follow her.

EXT. PSYCHOLOGY DEPARTMENT BUILDING

Dr. Raymond walks quickly into the building as Mark follows. He notices a POLICE CAR parked nearby.

INT. PSYCHOLOGY DEPARTMENT BUILDING - HALLWAY

Halls, dark and brooding, speak of "old school." Dr. Raymond's footsteps echo in the hallowed halls as she makes her way to an office marked "Professor Keasley."

The door is open and two men, one UNIFORMED POLICE OFFICER, one plain clothed DETECTIVE SCHILLER stand inside.

DR. JUDI RAYMOND
Where is he?!

INT. PROFESSOR KEASLEY'S OFFICE

PROFESSOR KEASLEY
Be calm, Doctor, I'm right here.

The unusual PROFESSOR NORTON KEASLEY emerges from one of the many stacks of books that fill his office. A retired FBI man, Keasley is a leading expert in Criminal Psychology, frequently called to consult on major cases. He has a mature, bookish appearance but is otherwise nothing like the average college professor.

Keasley is spry, colorful, and positively eccentric. His piercing eyes reveal a keen intellect as he looks up at Raymond over his reading glasses.

Yet no matter how friendly he acts, there is always something mysteriously unsettling about him. You're never really sure what's actually going on inside that mind of his.

He hands Det. Schiller the file he has just retrieved.

PROFESSOR KEASLEY (cont'd)
She'd been on the project about three months. Seemed to be making good progress, until lately...

DET. SCHILLER
Lately...?

PROFESSOR KEASLEY
She hadn't exactly been herself.
She'd begun to exhibit signs of
paranoia; she got delusional,
started to develop some strange
ideas.

DET. SCHILLER
What kind of strange ideas?

DR. JUDI RAYMOND
She said she thought Jason Delmar
was trying to kill her.

The Police looks incredulously to Dr. Raymond.

PROFESSOR KEASLEY
Like I said, some strange ideas.

DET. SCHILLER
Did you consider pulling her off?

DR. JUDI RAYMOND
We did pull her off.

PROFESSOR KEASLEY
Yesterday afternoon. It was
obvious the fatigue was getting to
her. We told her to take a break.

DR. JUDI RAYMOND
It seems she went back on her own.

PROFESSOR KEASLEY
Did she leave a note or anything?

DET. SCHILLER
No. No note. Which is the odd
thing. It all seemed very sudden,
very spontaneous, which bugs the
hell out of me. But, otherwise,
very obvious and straight forward.
Of course, you know me.

PROFESSOR KEASLEY
Don't trust anything that's too
obvious and straight-forward. You
never know what's lurking out of
sight just around the corner.
(suddenly, in Latin)
(MORE)

PROFESSOR KEASLEY (cont'd)
 ["Enemies wait at the gate, friends
 may enter."]

The Police and Dr. Raymond look puzzled.

MARC (O. C.)
 (also, in Latin)
 ["Friends don't enter uninvited."]

PROFESSOR KEASLEY
 It's alright, you can come in, Marc.

Marc enters the room. Clearly, he's been listening outside.

DET. SCHILLER
 I'll be in touch.

PROFESSOR KEASLEY
 Of course you will.

The Officers start to leave. Det. Schiller pauses to eye Marc suspiciously. Marc notices the attention. Finally Schiller moves on leaving the Professor and Dr. Raymond with Marc.

Keasley is Marc's criminal psychology teacher and has been a fatherly mentor to Marc since the boy came to the University. He is the only person in the world that Marc trusts.

MARC
 He wasn't here for the Barclay
 case, was he?

PROFESSOR KEASLEY
 No, no, though, I'm still up to my
 levator palpebra on that one. Sit
 down, Marc, we need to talk.

Marc sits in "his" spot. The edge of the Professor's desk has the words "PROP JR PSYCHOLOGY DEPT" stencilled on it. Most of the desk is hidden behind piles of books and papers.

PROFESSOR KEASLEY (cont'd)
 Something's happened you need to
 know about.

DR. JUDI RAYMOND
 It concerns Veronica Stewart?

MARC
 She's was murdered?

DR. JUDI RAYMOND
 What makes you say that?

MARC

The lead detective from Homicide
just left your office.

Raymond sighs, Keasley smiles.

PROFESSOR KEASLEY

We don't think it's murder. She
died from an apparently self
inflicted gunshot wound to the
head, fired from a pistol she
purchased herself a week ago.
Still, you know the good detective.
Schiller's suspicious enough he
wanted to look into it, especially
considering the work she was doing.

MARC

The "Black River" journals.

PROFESSOR KEASLEY

(suddenly curious)

When was the last time you saw her?

MARC

Last night. When she left the
library.

DR. JUDI RAYMOND

Really? How did she seem?

MARC

Disturbed, exhibiting signs of
paranoia and emotional distress.
She'd been crying.

DR. JUDI RAYMOND

Did she say anything to you?

MARC

(hesitant)

Nothing important.

Keasley's senses there's something unsaid but lets it go.

PROFESSOR KEASLEY

Marc, Veronica's death puts us in a
difficult situation. We have a
grant to transcribe and analyze the
notebooks left by Jason Delmar.
Our grant requires that we complete
the transcription and analysis by
the end of this term.

MARC

Why? Delmar's dead, he shot himself when the police cornered him. What's it matter how long we take?

DR. JUDI RAYMOND

Other institutions applied for the grant, just as we did. It was quite competitive, but we won, in large part due to the reputation of Professor Keasley and our department. But if we can't complete our obligation on schedule, it would reflect very poorly on the University.

PROFESSOR KEASLEY

It could also have a negative effect on our funding and any future grants. We have to finish on time.

Marc says nothing. Keasley puts a hand on his shoulder.

PROFESSOR KEASLEY (cont'd)

I know we turned you down when you asked to do this before but circumstances have changed. I was hoping you might help us.

MARC

Dr. Raymond said you wanted someone more mature.

PROFESSOR KEASLEY

Maturity isn't always a measure of how many years you've lived. I admit, not everyone believes you're the right person for this job.

Keasley looks accusingly to Dr. Raymond, who seems exasperated about being fingered.

PROFESSOR KEASLEY (cont'd)

But I know you, Marc. I've read your papers. I believe you to be a very gifted young man with certain, unique talents that could give you an exceptional insight into these writings. So I'm asking you now, Marc... Will you do it?

Raymond watches nervously, anticipating the answer, as Marc finally looks up, meets Keasley's eyes.

MARC
Will I have to quit my job at Mag
Pies?

Keasley smiles, knowingly.

PROFESSOR KEASLEY
Immediately.

MARC
I'll do it.

Keasley smiles, turns for final approval.

PROFESSOR KEASLEY
(to Raymond)
Well Doctor?

DR. JUDI RAYMOND
(sighs; resigned)
Take him to "The Pit."

INT. THE PIT

Prof. Keasley leads Marc into the windowless room we saw
Veronica working in earlier. The smashed monitor, broken
glass and notebooks still on the floor; it looks like hell.

PROFESSOR KEASLEY
Here's where the magic happens.

Marc walks into the room, looks at the walls, filled floor to
ceiling with hand written composition books; hundreds of
them, perhaps even thousands.

PROFESSOR KEASLEY (cont'd)
Delmar was one of the most
successful serial killers ever.
For almost a decade he tortured,
molested and murdered women and
children, boys and girls, sometimes
even men... That lack of pattern
made him very difficult to profile.

MARC
But they got him, thanks to you.

PROFESSOR KEASLEY
They were getting close. They'd
have caught him soon, even without
my help. But as a reward for my
efforts, they let me have these.

Keasley indicates all the notebooks.

PROFESSOR KEASLEY (cont'd)
 Delmar's journals. The value of
 these from the standpoint of a
 forensic psychologist is
 immeasurable but going through
 them.. It's no small task and not
 for the faint of heart.

He turns to face Marc.

PROFESSOR KEASLEY (cont'd)
 Do you know why I wanted you for
 this project?

MARC
 Because I asked for it?

PROFESSOR KEASLEY
 Everybody asked for it. These
 books are legend. I can't tell you
 the number of requests I've had to
 read them. I wanted you because
 you have something in common with
 Jason Delmar. You know what that
 is, don't you Marc?

Marc moves to the shelves. The composition books are the
 same type as Marc writes in. He reaches out, touches one,
 much like an apostle would touch a holy shrine.

MARC
 Hypergraphia.

PROFESSOR KEASLEY
 "A compulsive tendency to write or
 draw." Van Gogh had it. Delmar
 had it. And you've got it. A
 shared affliction I'm hoping might
 give you some special insight into
 Delmar's writings.

Marc doesn't look happy.

PROFESSOR KEASLEY (cont'd)
 Upset you've got something in
 common with one of the most brutal
 serial killers in history? Don't
 be. That's a gift, an ability to
 think like them, to protect others.

Marc takes in the scale of this project. Keasley notices.

PROFESSOR KEASLEY (cont'd)
I know you want this, Marc, but
don't let enthusiasm push you into
something you're not ready for.

MARC
You've read my paper on Ted Bundy.

PROFESSOR KEASLEY
Oh, yes. "Psycho-sexual fantasies
and the Homicidal Mind." I read
it. Several times. Very impressive
for a sixteen year old.

MARC
I went through some pretty intense
police reports for that.

PROFESSOR KEASLEY
(scoffs)
Police reports. Cold, dead facts
about cold, dead people; culled and
distilled and sanitized for your
protection. These...
(indicates notebooks)
...are nothing like that.

He turns to Marc with a wicked glint in his eye.

PROFESSOR KEASLEY (cont'd)
Have you ever killed someone, Marc?

MARC
Why do you ask?

PROFESSOR KEASLEY
These books have a way of...
drawing you in. You've got to keep
your distance.

MARC
Is that what you did in the FBI?
Create profiles of killers by
keeping your distance?

PROFESSOR KEASLEY
What I did, was walk naked into hell
and let the fire burn my flesh.

MARC
Sounds easy.

PROFESSOR KEASLEY

It is. Sliding into hell is always easy. The trick is getting out.

(beat)

Marc, I think this could be the key to unlocking your real potential. But if for any reason, you have any problem, of any kind, you come to me. No one else. Just me. After all, I am a trained psychologist.

Professor Keasley smiles, rubs his hand through Marc's hair.

PROFESSOR KEASLEY (cont'd)

You can trust me like a priest.

EXT. MAG-PIES (A PIZZA PLACE) - NIGHT

The Pizza hangout for the University crowd.

INT. MAG-PIES

Marc busses a table and watches a young waitress just a few years older than him, JENNIFER.

JENNIFER

Large pepperoni Mag-Pie, half sausage, half onion, large fry, Diet Coke and a Dr. Pepper.

MAGGIE, the motherly owner of the place, takes the paper.

MAGGIE

Order up!

The way Marc watches Jennifer it's clear he fancies her, you can see how much he pines for her in his eyes.

That same look is mirrored on the face of BOB (19), another busboy. But he is watching Marc in the same way Marc watches Jennifer, with a painful longing.

MAGGIE (cont'd)

Marc! Clean up five, would ya'?

Marc snaps from his reverie and moves to clear the table. Maggie smiles. She's seen how Mark looks at Jennifer and knows he's got a thing for her.

AT THE COUNTER

Jennifer comes to the counter to leave off a pile of pizza trays. Another waitress, SARAH, leans towards her.

SARAH
Say good-bye to Mr. High
Maintenance.

JENNIFER
What do you mean?

SARAH
The weirdo from another planet gave
notice.

JENNIFER
Marc's leaving?

SARAH
Uh-huh, and I, for one, won't miss
him a bit.

JENNIFER
Sarah! You're so mean!

SARAH
Come on! The guy's a candle
without a wick.

As Sarah moves on Jennifer looks over to Marc, watching him
bussing the table. She moves over to help him

JENNIFER
I hear it's your last night?

Marc tenses when she talks to him, gets uptight, says
nothing, just nods, keeps working.

JENNIFER (cont'd)
You have another job?

He nods again.

JENNIFER (cont'd)
Well listen, if things don't work
out, I know Maggie thinks you do a
great job. I'm sure she'd let you
come back if you want.

Marc nods again.

JENNIFER (cont'd)
So, don't be a stranger. Okay?

Marc nods, then carries his dishes into the kitchen.

THE KITCHEN

Marc sets the tray down beside the sink and hangs his head.
He blew it, and he knows it. Bob comes up beside him

BOB
Not comfortable with girls?

Marc shakes his head.

BOB (cont'd)
I know the feeling. It's hard
tryin' to fit in when you know
you're different.

Marc looks perplexed.

BOB (cont'd)
Look, we all go through it. It's
hard when you start to realize
you're not the same as everyone
else. You're not alone. If you
ever need someone, I'm here.

Bob smiles, winks, moves off. Marc just shakes his head.

EXT. CITY STREET - NIGHT

The Bus pulls away, leaving Marc off.

EXT. MARC'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Marc walks up his apartment. LOUD MUSIC plays from within.
He unlocks the door and tries to enter, but it's bolted from
the inside. He sighs. Knocks. Then KNOCKS LOUDER.

Things finally get quiet, then someone opens the door a
crack, checks him out, then reports that...

BUSTER
It's your deviant, little roommate.

A moment later the door opens and Marc goes inside.

INT. MARC'S APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

BUSTER, a muscular party guy, barely lets him pass. Marc's roommate, FRED (19), a freshman several years older who clearly resents him, emerges from the small crowd.

FRED

Just avoid the little freak until
he shuts the door to his room and
CEASES TO EXIST.

BUSTER

No, he'll close the door and start
writing, *Dear Diary, today I met
the man of my dreams...*

All laugh. Marc slinks to his room

MARC'S ROOM

He takes a deep breath. Party music starts again.

The small room says a lot about Marc. A family photo of a much younger Marc with his brother and parents sits beside the bed. But the most noticeable thing is the wall. It looks very much like the wall in "The Pit," shelf after shelf covered with generic, marble composition books.

Marc looks over them. The spines are labeled with dates and other content information. We also notice VERY SUBTLE red pencil marks along the spines.

Marc pulls a specific book from the shelf. Inside are not only his writings, but drawings, sketches, newspaper clippings, photos stuck to the pages with tape and glue.

This is a book he has kept about the "Black River" murders. He examines several newspaper clippings from the period. He carefully looks at one article in particular.

A photo of Professor Keasley, taken when his office was much cleaner, shows him standing behind his desk with Det. Schiller. The headline reads: "Noted Criminal Psychologist Consulting on Black River Case."

Marc looks at the photo carefully, then scribbles some thoughts in his current notebook. He folds the corner, closes it, and puts it with his stuff.

EXT. UNIVERSITY CAMPUS - MORNING

A cold winter morning and the place is almost deserted as Marc makes his way across campus to the library.

INT. THE LIBRARY

Marc is the only one here as he lets himself in, locks the door behind him and moves past the reference desk.

INT. THE PIT

Marc steps into the dark room and turns on a light.

The room is clean, sterile and pristine. It's almost frightening how there is no trace of what happened.

He boots the computer, walks to the wall of notebooks.

As he looks them over Marc notices VERY SUBTLE red pencil marks along the spines. The same as the marks we saw on his. This seems to mean something to him

He takes down the first book, starts flipping through.

CUT TO:

VISION FLASHES

[NOTE: Things labeled as VISION are scenes from the books. They will be treated, visually, in a special way that gives them in a distinctive look, totally unlike normal footage. The look is one that is immediately unsettling, unreal and ultimately nightmarish.]

QUICK CUT MONTAGE FLASHES OF UNSETTLING IMAGES

With each TURN OF THE PAGE we cut quickly between the BOOKS, and IMAGES, seemingly random, pages from a killer's life, flashed MOMENTS, intercut with Marc reacting.

THE PIT

We resume the present, Marc's face, reacting to what he's read. It's as if he could actually see these things. There is an instant connection between Marc and the books.

Marc moves to the computer, sets a book on the copy stand, starts to transcribe.

RANDOM IMAGERY - BOOK MONTAGE

It starts as a mishmash, like a signal full of static from a distant station with flashes from other channels drifting in and out from moment to moment. At other times it is terribly, frighteningly lucid.

Delmar's writing is disconnected and so are the images which rip and tear across Marc's mind. But gradually, as he goes through several books, Marc becomes the filter by which these writings take coherent form. The cacophony of voices and images that sear the mind settle gradually into a background drone and through all the chaos and scatter, we begin to see and hear the story unfold.

EXT. SUBURBAN/RURAL ROAD - DAY - VISION

A SCHOOL BUS sits at a corner in the stillness of a dead calm morning. Everything is shockingly silent, save for the words of the "Black River Killer," as spoken by Marc.

MARC (V. O.)

Again he comes, again I see him,
dropped from a golden chariot the
beautiful prince exposes himself to
me day after day... Taunting me
with his beauty, begging I should
have my way with him.

A beautiful young BOY, elementary age, adorable child, a mother's pride, steps from the school bus. He is left alone at the bus stop and begins walking home by himself.

FLASH - A stylized Hawk swooping down and then..

From a car, stopped behind the bus, The Killer watches.

More random imagery, things speed forward and back, a hundred times in rapid succession the boy steps from the bus in all types of garb, warm weather turns to fall... the images flash and tear and rip and melt away before our eyes. Then...

MARC stands on the street, an innocent bystander, a phantom witness to what is unfolding.

As the boy steps from the bus yet again, Marc turns and looks to the car, stopped behind the bus.

A silhouette sits in the driver's seat, a dark shadow, a man without distinct features or form; the killer, watching. (The Killer is NEVER seen clearly for in these books he can never see himself.)

MARC (V. O.) (cont'd)
 They call him Daniel. Beautiful Daniel. Every day I watch him, every day, at the same time as I come from work, I am compelled by law to stop behind the golden chariot and forced to witness his naked beauty parade before me. I'm hungry for him, and I fear where this desire will take me. I begin talking to The Hawk.

FLASH - The Hawk SQUEALS

MARC (V. O.) (cont'd)
 The Hawk is wisdom. The Hawk guides me and tells me the truth. The Hawk says the boy wants it too, just like I do. The Hawk says the boy wants me to have my way with him. He looks like an angel on the outside, but there's a devil in there, luring me into sin. At night the boy enters my dreams and does things with me and I fall asleep thinking of the things we would do together, Daniel and I. And this pleases the Hawk.

CUT TO:

THE PIT

Marc stops typing, this is difficult stuff for him. As he pauses, he realizes something. He takes a moment to make notes in his private notebook.

Marc draws a circle with words at four points - Fantasy -- Control -- Disassociation -- Re-enactment. They form a loop, a cycle, oft repeated by serial killers. Marc has noticed the first step in this cycle. He puts a check beside Fantasy.

Marc resumes the task.

INTERCUT SHOTS OF MARC TYPING WITH...

VISION FLASHES

Things jig and jog, random flashes of odd, seemingly irrelevant images intrude from time to time in the insane ramblings, FLASHES OF THE HAWK.. but through it all we get an understanding of what has transpired.

EXT. SUBURBAN/RURAL ROAD - DAY - VISION

Marc sits in the passenger seat of the car beside the Killer. He looks over, stares directly at the Man, but can see nothing of him. He is just a dark shadow. As Marc watches the Silhouette picks up an Instant Camera and clicks a picture of the boy.

FLASH CUT TO:

THE KILLER'S HOUSE - VISION

FLASH to an apartment, or house, a room somewhere we don't know. The dark form of the Killer puts the photo of the boy up on the wall with all the others as Marc stands nearby, watching.

The wall is full of shots of the boy in all his various clothing, every type, taken over many months. The killer pastes some into his notebooks...

INT. THE PIT

Marc examines a photo of the boy that the killer pasted into these pages of his notebook. Lots of photos, with things scrawled on them, some very obscene and sexual.

Marc looks at one photo in particular. The boy DANIEL is about nine or ten years old, and similar to Marc as far as physical type goes.

CUT TO:

THE KILLER'S HOUSE - VISION

Close on the photo as the killer holds it in his left hand. It moves rhythmically and we hear the killer (OFF CAMERA) moaning sexually such that we know what he's doing. As the killer gratifies himself we tilt up from the picture to see Marc standing in the room, an unwilling voyeur. He is impassive; disgusted, but not shocked, by what is happening.

Anyone who has studied the crimes of child molesters knows this is to be expected. And worse.

A TOY STORE - VISION

The Killer finds a doll which resembles his victim

MARC (V. O.)

I found it at the store today. The perfect graven image of my beautiful little God Daniel. It's just like him. Now Daniel sleeps with me. But it's not enough. Not REAL enough. It just makes me want him more and the Hawk tells me to go after him

INT. THE PIT

Marc types...

MARC (V. O.)

I have to have him now. I need to set him free to be with me. I can wait no longer. I will make Daniel mine now and together we will both be so very happy.

EXT. BACKWOODS ROAD - VISION

He follows the boy home, over a period of days, figuring out where he lives. Marc rides in the car with him, spectator to a stalking. Because this is a rural area of North Carolina the killer has no problem finding a wooded portion of the road with no houses visible.

MARC (V. O.)

He is my heaven and hell, angel and devil. He will make me complete and destroy me as well. I want him to be my friend. My most intimate, secret friend. I want to taste him, to kiss and lick every part of his beautiful young body.

INT. THE PIT

Marc types irregularly as he becomes a bit disturbed by the sordid, first person details he is being forced to live.

MARC (V. O.)
 Our love is confirmed! Daniel
 waved to me today! He looked at
 me, he smiled at me, and he WAVED
 to me!

EXT. SUBURBAN/RURAL ROAD - DAY - VISION

KILLER'S POV - As Daniel passes the Killer's parked car for what must be the hundredth time, he looks over, smiles at the man inside, and waves.

We cut to the car Marc sits in the passenger seat like a ghost, visible to no one, but witness to everything.

MARC (V. O.)
 I know now the Hawk was right. He
 wants me too. I know what I must
 do and there is no need to wait any
 longer. Tomorrow I will break
 Daniel free, free from the prison
 of his parents and his school so
 that he may spend the rest of his
 life loving me. We will be
 friends. We will be lovers.
 Forever.

INTERCUTTING - THE ABDUCTION / THE PIT

We cut between frantic camera work of the abduction and equally frantic work of Marc transcribing, hands shaking as he types. He is caught up in what's happening, forcing himself to watch something he doesn't want to watch but he can't remove himself from the scene. He wants to intervene, but can't.

It is as if Marc is channeling these events supernaturally.

The killer abducts the boy. He takes the child by force, and it's brutal. He tries not to hurt him, but does what he must, constantly trying to calm the screaming boy as he grabs him and drags him into his vehicle. He keeps telling the screaming child that he won't hurt him, that he's here to rescue him, that everything will be alright.

It's hard to watch, but mercifully brief.

FLASHES of the screeching "Hawk" swooping down, bird of prey, snatching a young creature into the air, cuts with Marc's face, torn with emotion.

ABRUPTLY IT ALL STOPS!

BLACKNESS:

SLOW FADE UP:

INT. A LOFT OR WAREHOUSE SOMEWHERE - DAY

The boy sobs, terrified. As the Killer moves toward him

The Killer strokes him, caressing him. He runs his fingers through the boy's hair in exactly the same innocent way Keasley ran his fingers through Marc's.

MARC (V.O.)
Trauma; being born is trauma, and I
calm him with my voice and touch,
as "The Hawk" calms me.

We can ALMOST HEAR his words to the boy, what he's saying -- distant and soft.

MARC (V.O.) (cont'd)
I tell him I'm his friend, that I
love him, and I would never hurt
him. I give him a present.

We see him bring out the Doll, the one he purchased at the store, the one that looks like "Daniel."

The boy looks at it, uncertain. He reaches out slowly. Takes it. He starts to calm down.

Then, the Killer leans over, and kisses the boy.

Immediately the boy FREAKS OUT, he SCREAMS, he swings his fist and smacks the guy in the eye. In a rage, the killer swings back and with incredible strength slams the back of his hand across the boy's face, sending him flying.

MARC (V.O.) (cont'd)
The Devil he is. And now he
tortures me and brings out all that
is bad within me.

We hear him shouting -- faintly -- obscenities at the boy -- barely audible -- distant sounding.

MARC (V. O.) (cont'd)
 He OWES me! After what I've done
 for him, he OWES me what he's
 promised for so long, what he
 teased me with every time he walked
 past me. He OWES me for the
 freedom I have delivered to him,
 the ungrateful bastard!

And the Man pounces on the boy, and grabs him, begins tearing
 at his clothing as the boy screams.

WE FOCUS ON MARC - WATCHING!

Helpless, in agony, Marc stands in the room and we do not see
 what happens, only Marc's reaction to it -- and the horror on
 his face as he tries to look away, but cannot.

FLASH CUT TO - MARC'S NOTEBOOK

A Check Mark goes by the second word in the cycle - CONTROL!

INTERCUT WITH FRANTIC TYPING!

Things work to a frantic pitch -- we stop hearing the words
 spoken -- we don't need to, they are unspeakable,
 unprintable. But Marc reads them, and is witness to the
 tragic story they tell. Things get worse, more frantic,
 images COLLIDING AND SCREAMING AND CRYING TO A FEVER PITCH!

The Hawk SQUEALS.

THE PIT - EVERYTHING STOPS!

Marc sits motionless, as if in shock, for a moment, breathing
 heavily... He looks at the book. There is a photo taped to
 the page. A photo taken in the loft, a photo of the boy, of
 Daniel, lying on the mattress, covered in blood. There is
 blood on the page as well.

We hear the sudden sound of WAILING!

INT. A LOFT OR WAREHOUSE SOMEWHERE

The silhouetted form of the Killer CRIES OUT in agony, Daniel
 on the mattress behind him, alive, but motionless, save for
 breathing.

MARC (V. O.)

Look what he made me do! Look what he forced me into! Daniel was evil. He was a demon. He was something wicked sent from hell to tempt me and lure me into sin, and I fell, God help me how I fell into his trap. Because he made me love him, and there's nothing a man in love can do to control himself.

The Killer sits on the edge of the mattress and cries.

MARC (V. O.) (cont'd)

Once I had exorcised the lust from my body my mind grew clear. I had been so blind. How could I have thought he would love me the way I loved him? How could anyone? And I knew after what I had done... It could never be.

The Killer turns, weeping, strokes the boy's hair. The boy doesn't move, too weak to struggle at all anymore, broken.

MARC (V. O.) (cont'd)

What else could I do now. I couldn't keep him with me and I couldn't let him go, my life would be over. I didn't know what to do with him. I didn't know if he was an angel from Heaven or a demon from Hell, but God would know. So I gave him back to God.

He turns to the boy and the camera PANS OFF to Marc, standing, watching, helplessly WEeping, as the boy is killed.

INT. THE PIT

Tears run down Marc's face as he continues to type.

EXT. - A RIVER - DUSK

Silhouetted against the gloaming sky, the Killer floats the body of the Boy out into the river.

MARC (V. O.)

The Hawk is my only friend now, the
voice guiding me to where I must
go, what I must do, how I must say
good-bye to my beautiful Daniel.

For the killer this is like burying a lover. He cries as he ties the doll to the body before he sinks it, putting to rest both his fantasy and the thing he associated with this boy, the graven image of his youthful god. He attaches rocks to weigh the body down, then, sobbing over the death of his dream, he says good-bye to everything that is Daniel.

With wailing agony, he slowly sinks the body into the river.

The water comes up over the boy's face, and Daniel slips below, vanishing into the darkness.

INT. THE PIT

A check is put beside the third word - Disassociation.

Marc is crying, shaken and in tears. It is clear he has not merely read about, but has actually experienced the events described and it has disturbed him far more than expected.

As emotion wells up inside him he flings the notebook aside in a rage and flees from the room.

INT. LIBRARY - DAY

Marc flies through the library, passing the other students who turn and stare at him. Even the librarian is startled as he bursts through the doors.

EXT. CAMPUS - DAY

The ominous architectural birds stare down at him as he runs from the library and across the campus.

He runs, without relenting until he reaches...

EXT. PSYCHOLOGY DEPARTMENT BUILDING

Marc charges the steps, flings open the door and races down the corridors...

INT. PSYCHOLOGY DEPARTMENT BUILDING

...as Marc runs to Professor Keasley's door in tears. He tries to open it, but the door is locked. He pounds on it...

MARC
Professor!!!???

He tries the handle again, a bit desperate, but no one comes out. Winded, short of breath, he slumps against it down to the floor as if to wait when...

Across the hall Dr. Raymond steps from her office along with a young TROUBLED PERSON she was seeing.

DR. JUDI RAYMOND
Marc!? Is that you making all that noise? Are you all right?

It's clear he is NOT "all right," even as he tries to catch his breath and wipe the tears from his face.

DR. JUDI RAYMOND (cont'd)
(to her companion)
Next Thursday, same time.
(to Marc)
Marc... Come in, please.

The Troubled Person eyes Marc jealously as they leave.

INT. DR. RAYMOND'S OFFICE

Marc's hands shake violently as he tries to open his medication. In fact, he's shaking so badly he can't get the childproof cap off.

Dr. Raymond watches for a moment before finally...

DR. JUDI RAYMOND
Oh, for heaven's sake, here...

She takes the bottle from his hands and opens it easily as she crosses to a private bathroom in her office. We hear the sound of running water from a sink.

Marc fidgets, nervously looking about. The office is totally unlike Keasley's, though still in the same architectural style. It is larger, far, FAR neater, meticulously organized and although also full of books and dark wood, has a more tasteful, feminine quality. He scans the room, his eyes picking out several details of the place.

A moment later Dr. Raymond returns with pill in hand and a glass of water for him

Marc takes the pill and swallows it with the water, still shaking badly.

DR. JUDI RAYMOND (cont'd)
It's the notebooks, isn't it?

Marc says nothing. He doesn't need to.

DR. JUDI RAYMOND (cont'd)
I knew it. I warned Professor Keasley. I don't care what sort of material you've read before, those notebooks are not suitable for a child and like it or not you are still a child!

Marc looks clearly stung by this ultimate insult. She notices and softens her tone.

DR. JUDI RAYMOND (cont'd)
(compassionately)
I know you are an exceptional person, Marc. No one denies that. Intellectually you are more advanced for your age than anyone I've ever known. But in spite of the... "accelerated maturing" tragedy has had on your life, you are still just a child. And adults have a responsibility to protect children from disturbing things. I'm going to have someone else assigned to read those texts.

She moves to her desk to see to it immediately. Marc opens his mouth to protest, but...

DR. JUDI RAYMOND (cont'd)
Don't argue. I know Professor Keasley seemed to feel that your... condition... might give you some unique insight into the psyche of this particular subject. But I don't think there's anything you're going to tell us that we don't already...

MARC

He lived near the University. He bought his notebooks at the Big Value Discount store on Cedar. And... I think there was someone we never caught.

Dr. Raymond is caught off guard, but only for a moment.

DR. JUDI RAYMOND

You concluded all that from your first session?

Marc nods. Dr. Raymond looks disappointed.

DR. JUDI RAYMOND (cont'd)

Really, Marc? Everyone knows the notebooks were found in a house he lived in very near the University. That was in all the papers. The notebooks are a generic composition book sold throughout the country and at many area stores.

MARC

Yes. But HE bought them at the Big Value on Cedar.

DR. JUDI RAYMOND

And just how did you conclude that?

CUT TO:

INT. BIG VALUE DISCOUNT STORE - DAY - AN EARLIER TIME

Marc stands in the aisle, picking up some new composition books for himself. As he does, he looks up at the STOCK BOY who is putting out more. From his appearance it is evident the kid suffers from some type of mental handicap (Down's Syndrome). He also wears VERY THICK GLASSES and clearly suffers vision problems.

As Marc watches the Stock Boy counts the books in the box before putting them on the shelf, but he does it in a unique way, by running a red pencil along the edges, counting a book each time the pencil "thumps" from one cover to the next. As he does a tiny red pencil tick is left on each. The same we've seen on the notebooks in Marc's room and in The Pit.

Marc notices.

INT. DR. RAYMOND'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

MARC

It's also the cheapest place in town to buy them, which matters if you buy a lot.

Dr. Raymond smiles. She's impressed, but not enough.

DR. JUDI RAYMOND

Interesting trivia, but not revelatory. The police traced them to the store from receipts found in his apartment. You may have come across that in a police report.

MARC

But he wasn't alone.

DR. JUDI RAYMOND

In that, I'm afraid, you are mistaken.

PROFESSOR KEASLEY (O.S.)

Delmar was alone in ever sense of the word.

They turn to see Professor Keasley stepping in.

PROFESSOR KEASLEY (cont'd)

(to Marc, in Latin)

["Sorry friend, turnabout is fair"]

(to Dr. Raymond)

My apologies. Unlike some I didn't actually MEAN to eaves drop, I was just coming to see you.

(to Marc)

Delmar lived by his own way, killed by his own methods, and died by his own hand.

MARC

Someone encouraged him to kill.

DR. JUDI RAYMOND

You're speaking of the voices in his head?

PROFESSOR KEASLEY

A killer may often believe that someone, God... the Devil...

(MORE)

PROFESSOR KEASLEY (cont'd)
their dead Sainted Mother... is
telling them to do what they do.

DR. JUDI RAYMOND
It lets them feel both justified
and distanced from their actions,
like a soldier following orders.

PROFESSOR KEASLEY
Delmar felt he was an instrument in
the hands of a greater force. A
common form of disassociation.

MARC
But, an imaginary voice can't tell
you something you don't already
know. "The Hawk" told Delmar where
he would find a place to lose the
body of his first victim

DR. JUDI RAYMOND
You're suggesting an evil spirit
was aiding and abetting?

MARC
No. I don't believe in that.

He looks to Professor Keasley, who smiles,. There is an
obvious, unspoken history on this.

DR. JUDI RAYMOND
Then what do you believe?

MARC
I don't know. I need to read more.

DR. JUDI RAYMOND
Out of the question!

MARC
I know I...

DR. JUDI RAYMOND
If you think I'm going to...

PROFESSOR KEASLEY
Marc, would you excuse us, please.

The room goes silent as Dr. Raymond gives Keasley a harsh
look. Marc leaves them to deal with one another.

INT. PSYCHOLOGY DEPARTMENT BUILDING - HALLWAY - LATER

Marc sits alone in the stark halls. A couple of students, boy and girl, walk by arm-in-arm, laughing. Marc watches.

A moment later Professor Keasley exits Dr. Raymond's office.

Marc stands as Keasley lays a hand on his shoulder.

PROFESSOR KEASLEY
That could've gone better.

MARC
I'm sorry.

They begin walking down the hall way, speaking as they go.

PROFESSOR KEASLEY
This is exactly what I DIDN'T want to happen. I told you if you had any problems to come to me.

MARC
I tried, you weren't in your office.

PROFESSOR KEASLEY
So, what exactly happened?

MARC
I was reading... I just got...

PROFESSOR KEASLEY
Drawn in?

Marc nods. It's exactly the wording he used to warn him

PROFESSOR KEASLEY (cont'd)
It's hard to know what to expect, the first time. Until you've been there, it's difficult to understand the power those books can have.

They arrive at the Professor's office and stop at the door.

MARC
So... Am I through?

PROFESSOR KEASLEY
No. But I may be, if you have any more problems.

Marc lights up as he realizes he's still on the job.

PROFESSOR KEASLEY (cont'd)
Do you understand now what you've
gotten into? Can you handle it?

Marc is not so quick to answer this time, but...

MARC
Yes.

PROFESSOR KEASLEY
I'm willing to put my reputation
out there for you. But if you seem
like you're starting to lose it...

MARC
Like Veronica?

PROFESSOR KEASLEY
I won't let it go that far. Do you
understand that?

MARC
Intellego. [Latin: "I understand."]

PROFESSOR KEASLEY
Well then, valete! ["farewell"]

They share a smile, then Marc moves off down the hall.

EXT. UNIVERSITY CAMPUS - DUSK

The sun sets behind the Gothic buildings.

INT. LIBRARY

Marc stands staring at the door to The Pit. It takes him a
moment to get up the nerve to open it again.

INT. THE PIT

Marc enters the room again. He takes a breath, summoning
his courage to get back on the horse that threw him.

Bending down, he picks up the book he threw down earlier,
sets it up, and continues transcribing.

MARC (V. O.)

There is an emptiness in my life now. I have lost all purpose. I miss Daniel. I go to sleep thinking about my time with him and live those moments over and over. So brief, and yet they excite me. I need that again.

In MARC'S NOTEBOOK - A check goes beside - "Reenactment."

MONTAGE

In the notebooks there are newspaper clippings, cut and pasted in just like Marc's, about a the missing local boy.

We see the school photo of the boy "Daniel."

MARC (V. O.)

For the love I showed dear Daniel the press has labelled me a fag! Those idiot bastards! I am not some gay, queer, homosexual, faggot. "The Hawk" knows this and tells me so. Now I must show them, I will find a female and shower my love upon it as I did my dear boy Daniel. The Hawk tells me this will make me better and harder for the bastards to find.

We show time passing... Marc works on the books for several days and picks up on several recurring themes. During this period we keep returning to the image of "The Hawk" as a guiding force, urging him

INT. GYM - WORKOUT AREA

The Killer works out. Doing weights. Building up.

MARC (V. O.)

I stay low. I grow strong. "The Hawk" says patience. But I am no longer afraid or ashamed of who I am. I am the Lion. I am the hunter. The world - under my control - trembles at my name.

Newspaper headlines "Parents Fearful after Boy's Abduction."

The original imagery of "The Hawk" changes. What Marc originally saw as just a bird now becomes abstract glimpses of something more mythic, like an Egyptian deity; part human, part avian.

This demonic, winged creature communes with him and guides him. It's all very abstract, very surreal, not seen literally; Marc's interpretations of an insane mind.

But Marc seems tuned to it. He makes his own notes.

In this progression of snippets of moments of murder, we see Marc progress more and more into the role of the killer until the silhouetted figure is gone, and we see Marc actually standing in the killer's place, speaking (seemingly aloud) the words from the killer's journals.

The killer picks up a woman, has her in the car. As he situation becomes desperate she pushes money into his hand, trying to buy her life, but he strangles her to death, revelling in the sense of power.

And each time he comes out, we see it's a little more difficult for Marc.

Final part of montage... We return with him almost magically to the pit, transported back to reality.

Seeing the time he suddenly panics, packs his stuff up quickly and runs from the room

EXT. BUS STOP - NIGHT

The final bus of the night is just pulling away from the stop as Marc runs up behind it.

MARC
(shouting)
Wait... WAIT!!!

Just in the nick of too-late! The bus pulls away, leaving him standing alone in what appears to be a very cold, dark night. Marc looks around just as the lights turn off on the sign for MAG-PIES.

INT. /EXT. MAG-PIES - NIGHT

Maggie and the others are just closing up when there is a knock on the glass. Maggie turns to see Marc standing outside in the cold, shivering, pounding on the window. She moves to the glass door and opens it up.

MAGGIE

What are you doing standin' out
there without a jacket or nothin'!
Gonna catch yourself pneumonia.

MARC

I missed the bus.

MAGGIE

Oh, for heaven sake child. Ain't
you got no other way home?

Marc shakes his head.

MAGGIE (cont'd)

Whereabouts you live?

BOB

I could give you a lift.

Marc looks up as Bob steps forward, happy to offer a ride.
Marc hesitates, and in the moment before he can accept...

JENNIFER

You live off Waughtown, right?

Jennifer cuts between Bob and Marc. Marc nods.

JENNIFER (cont'd)

I go up Waughtown to go home
anyway, I could give you a lift.

MARC

(hesitant)

Are you sure?

BOB

Yeah, Jennifer. I could do it, I
mean, it wouldn't be any trouble
for me. I'm headed that way.

JENNIFER

Why would you be heading that way?
You live up University, right?

BOB

(hesitates)

I was dropping something... for a
friend. I was gonna see a friend.

Jennifer frowns.

JENNIFER

I'll do it.

(to Marc)

Just give me a minute to get my stuff.

Marc nods a grateful acceptance as Jennifer goes to the back room. An awkward silence follows as everyone stares at him, but no one talks. Sarah, the waitress who never liked him eyes him coldly, Bob, eyes him sadly, and Maggie looks at him with a somewhat worried expression, but worried for who?

No one says anything for an awkward time and the silence is broken only when Jennifer returns.

JENNIFER (cont'd)

(to Maggie and all)

I'll be in at five tomorrow.

(to Marc)

Come on, let's go.

And with great relief Marc follows her out the door.

EXT. MAG-PIES - NIGHT

Jennifer walks briskly to her car, turning up the collar of her coat against the cold night air as Marc follows.

JENNIFER

How'd you miss the bus?

MARC

I got caught up in work.

JENNIFER

What do they have you doing anyway?

MARC

Reading. Stuff.

JENNIFER

Does it pay well enough you can get a car?

MARC

I can't get a license.

They get into her car.

INT. /EXT. JENNIFER'S CAR - PARKED - NIGHT

As they settle in they continue to talk.

JENNIFER

I don't believe you can't get a license. I mean, you're smart enough to get into college, can't you pass a driver's test?

MARC

(reluctantly)

I've got a... disability.

JENNIFER

You look fine to me.

MARC

It's not one you can see, normally.

JENNIFER

What have you got?

MARC

Epilepsy. A type of epilepsy. I used to get seizures and had some other really weird symptoms. I mean, I'm okay. I've been okay for a long time now but... my doctors don't think I should drive.

JENNIFER

Sorry.

Marc just shrugs; it's okay.

Jennifer fires the engine and they drive off.

EXT. MAG-PIES - NIGHT

Jennifer drives away.

INT. /EXT. JENNIFER'S CAR - DRIVING - NIGHT

JENNIFER

So, we worked at Mag-Pies together for like what, two months? And before tonight I don't think you said a dozen words to me.

MARC

Five.

JENNIFER

What? No way, you didn't work there five months.

MARC

No, before tonight I... I only ever said five words to you.

INT. MAG-PIES - FLASHBACKS

We see three RAPID FLASHBACKS.

MAGGIE

Oh, Jennifer, this is Marc, he's gonna be startin' here today.

JENNIFER

Oh, hey, nice to meet you.

MARC

(shy)

Hi .

JENNIFER

(to Maggie)

I've got an order for a large mushroom and onion and one for a Carnivore Supreme, no swimmers.

FLASH

JENNIFER (cont'd)

(to Marc)

Can you clear seven, I've got a party waiting.

MARC

Okay.

FLASH

We repeat the last conversation they had at Mag-Pies.

JENNIFER

So, don't be a stranger. Okay?

MARC

(nervously)

'kay. Thanks. Bye.

He turns and carries the dishes back into the kitchen.

FLASH

RESUME CAR

JENNIFER

You remember all that?

MARC

I remember everything I've ever seen. Everything I've ever read. Everything that's ever happened to me.

JENNIFER

That's amazing.

Marc is less enthused. You get the impression there are some things he'd LIKE to forget.

JENNIFER (cont'd)

Were you always that way?

Marc shakes his head no.

MARC

Just since the accident. Before that I can't remember much of anything. Just moments.

JENNIFER

So... I know about... Every body knows... there was an accident, but... what happened?

MARC

It was a car accident. There were four-million, eight-hundred and thirty-two thousand that year. Forty-two thousand people died. It's was just one more. You should slow down.

(beat)

You're gonna make a left up here.

She slows down.

JENNIFER

It was your parents?

MARC

And my little brother. That's how I got the TLE.

(off her look)

The type of epilepsy I've got, it's called TLE; Temporal Lobe Epilepsy. I got it from head trauma in the accident. That's why I'm all messed up and had all those weird... Symptoms.

JENNIFER

What kind of symptoms?

MARC

Weird stuff. I used to imagine stuff, see things that weren't there, hear things inside my head.

JENNIFER

Like what?

MARC

Right after the accident, I used to hear voices. I thought they were angels telling me things. Then I thought God was talking to me.

JENNIFER

What did He say?

MARC

That my family was with him. That my parents had always loved me and always would. That I wasn't really alone. They'd watch over me from heaven and Angels would keep me safe. Later on when I studied psychology Professor Keasley helped me to understand that when we hear voices it's our subconscious telling us things we already know or that we want to hear. It's a psychological phenomena indicative of emotional stress. Sometimes it can be caused by physical damage or other chemical imbalances in the brain.

JENNIFER

Are you serious?

MARC

What?

JENNIFER

How do you know that? I mean REALLY know that? How do you know God wasn't really telling you things, things you needed to hear?

MARC

I don't believe in that stuff.

JENNIFER

Whether you believe it or not. How can you be sure it wasn't real?

MARC

I really don't think God would stop talking to me just because I changed my medication.

That seems to put an end to that topic.

JENNIFER

So, guess I should tell you about me now.

MARC

No.

JENNIFER

Sorry, didn't mean to bore you.

MARC

No... I'm sorry. I'm not good with people. I just mean, I already know all about you.

JENNIFER

Oh yeah? Like what?

MARC

You're from Philadelphia and this is your second year here in Winston. You have a brother who's mentally handicapped and you used to take care of him quite a bit. That's where you developed an interest in developmental medicine, and a soft spot for hardship cases.

(MORE)

MARC (cont' d)
You came here to be a doctor and took pre-med classes last year, but you realized you hated the idea of surgery, couldn't stand the sight of blood, and you totally freaked the first time you saw a cadaver. So instead you reapplied for the two year nursing program and that's what you're doing now.

Jennifer is aghast. He notices. Tries to be nice.

MARC (cont' d)
You'll make a good nurse. You've got that whole Florence Nightingale thing going.

JENNIFER
How did you know all that?

MARC
It's the way my head works. I can't help it. I pick up things about people and my brain puts them together and, suddenly I know everything about them just from a few details. That's why I want to go into criminal profiling. Seems like a place I could do some good.

JENNIFER
So the whole time you were working like a deaf mute at the Pizza Place you were memorizing every detail about everyone there?

MARC
Not about everyone.

Jennifer says nothing and they drive in silence for a moment.

MARC (cont' d)
I know Sarah thinks I'm creepy.

JENNIFER
Yeah. Go figure.

MARC
It's okay. Sometimes I creep myself out too.

EXT. JENNIFER'S CAR - DRIVING - NIGHT

Jennifer turns off Waughtown to Marc's apartment, parks.

INT./EXT. JENNIFER'S CAR - PARKED - NIGHT

JENNIFER
 Maybe you're right. Maybe I do
 have this Florence Nightengale
 thing but... I don't think you're
 creepy. I think you're okay,
 just... different.

Marc stares up through the windshield at something.

MARC'S POV - MARC'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

There is evidence of another party going on inside.

RESUME INT./EXT. JENNIFER'S CAR - PARKED - NIGHT

MARC
 My roommate doesn't think so.

JENNIFER
 I do.

She locks him with a look that says she really means it.

JENNIFER (cont'd)
 If you ever need a ride any
 place... CALL ME! I live just down
 the street. Here.

She writes her phone number and gives it to him. As she puts it in his hand her fingers wrap around his fist, closing it.

Marc reacts strangely to her touch and there is a VISIBLE FLASH of something. A flash of memory, of family, of being touched by a woman (his mother).

JENNIFER (cont'd)
 I mean it. Call me.

Then there is another FLASH - and for a moment, we see this moment in the nightmarish style of "The Pit" visions.

It is a repeat of the murder he read earlier, in the car, only it's Jennifer who is being strangled with his hands around her throat, for just an instant and then...

CUT TO:

EXT. MARC'S APARTMENT - PARKING LOT - NIGHT

Marc is standing blankly outside the car as Jennifer waves to him, smiling as she drives off. He is left standing on the curb, looking confused and uncertain how he got there.

Like someone waking from a dream, he looks down and sees the note in his hand, with her number. He didn't imagine it.

For the first time that we've ever seen, he SMILES. He becomes aware of the cold, walks up to his apartment.

INT. MARC'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Marc enters his apartment and stops at what he sees.

Fred, his roommate, is on the couch with some of his friends, laughing. Evidence of heavy drinking confirms they're drunk, but the cause of their laughter is what catches Marc's eye.

They are reading his JOURNALS! Each has one in their hand, flipping through them sloppily, laughing and quoting before tossing them to the floor where we see piles of others they've gone through spread about the living room

FRED

Oh man, listen to this... "I've cried myself to sleep so many times. If I could only forget that awful night."

MARC

What are you doing?

They look up, see Marc, but rather than being ashamed, they don't seem to care and hardly notice the pain on his face.

BUSTER

Whoa, check this out man, it's what he wrote about you?

FRED

What's it say?

Marc rushes to grab the book but Buster tackles him, easily pinning him down. He tosses Fred the book.

BUSTER

Go ahead, read it, man!

As Buster holds the struggling Marc, Fred reads.

FRED

"I've been assigned a freshman roommate named Fred Cosmoski. Fred is an aggressive type "A" personality with an nearly autonomic inclination toward situational dominance. His cerebral deficiencies prompt him toward physicalities, responding to intellectual challenges via aggression and hostility..." What the hell is that supposed to mean!? You sayin' I'm stupid!?"

Marc tries to get loose before Fred can continue, but can't get free, as Buster holds him more tightly.

FRED (cont'd)

(continuing to read)

"I anticipate a continued tendency to dominate all social, and eventually sexual, situations he encounters as his insecurity and need to control continues. Though I suspect his sexual activities have thus far been limited to autogenital stimulation..." whatever the hell that is... "I have no doubt in the future he will engage in aggressive and dominating heterosexual actions."

BUSTER

Sounds kinky.

FRED

"Though we have only just met I predict he will quickly demonstrate hostility toward me and exhibit strong territorial tendencies by marking our shared common area with posters and other personal effects much like a wolf urinating to mark it's turf."

A glance around shows posters of football teams, NASCAR and cheerleaders. Clearly, nothing of Marc's in this room

FRED (cont'd)
 (still reading)
 "I doubt he will have any respect
 for my privacy and must be careful
 to secure my space from his
 inevitable intrusions."

Fred stops reading, walks to Marc holding the book, angry.

FRED (cont'd)
 Is that what you think, with all
 your fancy words? That I'm an
 "aggressive, hostile" idiot who
 doesn't understand you and won't
 respect your privacy!?

Marc says nothing, and in spite of what Fred is saying, its
 obvious to everyone in the room how correct Marc was.

FRED (cont'd)
 You don't know shit about me you
 son-of-a-bitch.
 (to Buster)
 What say we break his fuckin' neck!

MARC
 I know what happened.

FRED
 What?

MARC
 When you were about seven or eight?
 That's when it happened.

FRED
 What bullshit are you makin' up?

But everyone in the room is locked on what Marc is saying.

MARC
 I won't tell anyone, Fred. No one
 has to know. Just let me go?

FRED
 You're so full'a shit.

MARC
 It was an older relative, male. An
 uncle maybe? No. It was your
 brother, wasn't it? He did it. He
 was maybe fifteen, sixteen, very
 big, very strong.
 (MORE)

MARC (cont'd)
 Much stronger than you were then.
 He's the one who did it, wasn't he?

Marc is totally guessing, but as he reads the look on Fred's face he knows he's onto something, follows his instinct.

FRED
 (to his friends)
 This is total bullshit. He's just
 lying and making shit up!

MARC
 You loved your brother. You looked
 up to him, so you did what he wanted.

FRED
 Shut the fuck up about my brother!

MARC
 You were just a kid. You couldn't
 help it. He had control. That's
 why you have to be in control of
 things now. But you couldn't back
 then. He had you and there was
 nothing you could do about it. You
 didn't have a choice. And then...

FRED
 (screaming)
 SHUT UP!!!

MARC
 (a deliberate pause)
 You want me to go on? You want me
 to say what happened? Or are you
 gonna let me go?

Fred can see everyone is listening, all his friends, eager to hear what Marc might say next, true or not.

FRED
 (seething)
 Let him up.

Buster lets go. Marc gets up. Everyone is silent. Marc picks up his notebooks from the floor, gathers them in his arms, turns and heads for his room.

The moment his back is turned Fred LUNGES, clobbering Marc from behind with a fist to the back of Marc's head. Marc flies forward, slams headfirst into his door, hits the floor.

Fred POUNCES like a tiger on fallen prey, pounding at him

FRED (cont'd)
I'm gonna kill you, you son-of-a-bitch.

Buster and the others GRAB Fred, pulling him off.

Marc looks up, bleeding, as Fred, in a teary eyed rage, is forcibly held back.

FRED (cont'd)
So help me I'm gonna kill you while you sleep.

But as Marc looks up, there is no fear in his eyes, just an unsettling, wicked *glint*.

It's a glint that could be trying to psych him out, or maybe it shows his satisfaction that he was right, that he won.

Or is he answering Fred's threat with one of his own that says in no uncertain terms; "Unless I kill you first?"

Marc picks himself up, takes his books, goes into his room and locks the door securely behind him.

EXT. UNIVERSITY CAMPUS - MORNING

The sun breaks over the campus, a new day begins.

INT. THE PIT

Marc is back at work, a bruise on his head.

He begins reading. Again, the oddly prosaic, highly chaotic style takes a moment to get through.

The killer knew something was wrong with him, he knew he shouldn't be the way he was. He cried out to the Hawk to help him find his way, for he no longer gets satisfaction from anything EXCEPT killing. It is the thrill he lives for, an addiction. He revels in how he walks about people and no one knows about him, what he has done.

He speaks of a recently discovered illness.

MARC (V.O.)
(reading journal)
The curse of genius, the affliction that destroyed Van Gogh prey's on me. How will it end?

The Hawk speaks with him, tells him what he must do.

In a montage we go through several killings, women, men and girls. But the killer is unsatisfied in all. There is the thrill of the moment, of being in control, and then. It's over. Even as he kills, he knows something is missing.

Marc says the words, and watches the actions until, at some point as we intercut between him typing and the mind of the killer. Marc is the killer now. It happens in such gradual cuts that at first we aren't aware of the fact he is now actually doing these things. We are close on him, as he says the words. He is in The Pit, he is in the Mind, and finally, we realize, he IS the killer, committing these unspeakable acts.

INT. THE KILLER'S LAIR

He describes, with utter detachment, how he took a young, female victim to an abandoned building where he hacks her to death as she attempts to crawl away.

We look up at Marc, from the victim's point of view, as he coldly recites the killer's own words from the journal while going through the motions.

MARC (V. O.)

The first time I swung I cut deeply into its side, but it kept crawling away, so I swung again. This time I got it in the head, but it kept moving! Finally I cut through its lower back and crippled it good. It stopped wriggling, but was still alive so I made it look at me. I am God's emissary come to remove it from the earth. I am the last thing it sees, an image burned on its dying retinas that it carries to God. And when He looks into those empty sockets He will see ME there, smiling back at Him, saying... "Here I am Lord. I have become thee."

With a smile he brings the axe straight down into the lens with a final crack that takes things to BLACKNESS.

EXT. ABANDONED BUILDING - DAWN

Marc (as the Killer) walks outside into the cold morning air and comments on the sound of the CHURCH BELL ringing. He looks to see the sun rising directly behind a *wiry steeple* in the distance. All at once, as the sun hits him, the expression on his face changes and we realize Marc "The Killer" has just turned abruptly back into the Marc we know. He stands in front of the building, suddenly cognizant, as if he'd just materialized there, a sudden look of realization on his face.

MARC

I know where this is.

MELT AWAY TO:

INT. THE PIT

Like magic, the world around Marc dissolves behind him and fades away until he is sitting in "The Pit."

He takes his hands from the keyboard, back in the real world.

MARC

I know where that is!

All at once he grabs up his stuff and rushes from the room.

EXT. JENNIFER'S HOUSE - DUSK

Marc and Jennifer are packing some things, flashlights, a video camera. They put them in the trunk of her car but they do this by pulling the back seat forward, rather than opening the trunk lid, which we can see is broken and tied shut.

JENNIFER

This couldn't wait till later?

MARC

No, we've gotta go now, before the sun sets.

JENNIFER

I don't understand. So the books you've been reading, this killer guy's notebooks, what's his name?

MARC

Jason Delmar.

Jennifer stops short as she recognizes that name.

JENNIFER
The Black River Killer?

MARC
Yeah.

JENNIFER
They've got you working on that?

Marc nods.

JENNIFER (cont'd)
That's pretty major. I mean, even
I know who HE is. But, isn't he
like, already dead?

MARC
Basically.

JENNIFER
So, what's the mystery? Isn't this
a solved case?

MARC
Not completely. At the time of the
murders Professor Keasley did a
profile for the police based on
crime scenes. It wasn't easy,
Delmar was very smart. He never
did things the same way twice, not
even the same types of victims.
But a killer can never change his
signature.

JENNIFER
What's a signature?

MARC
The reason he kills. I mean, I
could kill you in a lot of
different ways. I could shoot you
in the head, or choke you by
ligature strangulation with a power
cord, or blunt trauma to the head
using a poker or sever the carotid
artery, slicing your throat with...

JENNIFER
I got it.

MARC

I'm just giving examples. But HOW I kill you says something about WHY I kill you, and WHY I kill, the REASON I do it, almost never changes. A killer murders to satisfy some kind of need. Maybe I don't feel I have control in my life, so I kill others to get the rush that comes from that ultimate control, wielding the power of life and death. Maybe I kill you because I get some kind of sexual gratification out of it.

JENNIFER

What's sexually gratifying about murder.

MARC

You'd be surprised. Lust killing, the sexual excitement of murder and dismemberment, is one of the primary reasons serial killers kill. But whatever the reason, the way I kill you, the way I leave your body, says something about that. But whatever it is I do, no matter how much it may seem to change, the reason I kill won't change. There's some kind of thrill I get out of it, that's WHY I keep doing it. That's the signature.

JENNIFER

So what was Delmar's signature? Dolls?

MARC

No, that's different, and he only did that once, but the press picked up on it and the name stuck. He hated it. And the fact that the first victim was a young boy who'd been sexually molested, in the original press there was speculation he was a homosexual; that REALLY put him over the edge.

JENNIFER

He wasn't gay?

MARC

Not at all. Most serial killers who prey on young boys are actually straight, heterosexual men who'd never think of doing anything sexual with another guy, but for many different reasons they don't have satisfying relationships with women. Some end up identifying with young boys, like seeing a younger version of themselves.

JENNIFER

What about female serial killers?

MARC

There are no female serial killers. Not really.

JENNIFER

How come?

MARC

The motivations aren't the same, the drives, the strengths, the physical needs.

JENNIFER

Or maybe they're just smart enough not to get caught?

MARC

Delmar was smart. He was a very organized killer. That's the profiling term for his type. But one of the things that made the murders so hard to solve was there never seemed to be a consistent signature. It took a genius like Keasley to figure out how his mind worked.

JENNIFER

The mind of a psychopath.

MARC

Actually he was a sociopath. There's a difference. He was crazy, but he wasn't insane.

JENNIFER

Either way, he's nuts. So your mentor figured out what kind of nuts and they got him?

MARC

Sorta. Based on the conditions of the crime scene he was able to identify the type of person who committed the crime, what he'd be like, physically, emotionally, occupationally, gender, race, religion, sexual preference, even that he might have some kind of disability. That's the whole profiling, "mind hunting" stuff. Then police used the profile to narrow the field and that lead them to Delmar.

JENNIFER

Who killed himself. Case closed.

MARC

Not yet. When the police go to arrest him they found he'd already shot himself in the head, like he knew they were about to get him. He left all these notebooks, but no one could understand them. They read like gibberish to most people. You have to tune into them, put yourself fully into his mind to understand them at all, and that's not easy to do, believe me.

JENNIFER

That's what you've been doing?

MARC

I've been spending my days inside Delmar's head, living through all his killings.

JENNIFER

Whoa.

MARC

Very whoa. So, the police were never able to question him directly and the books were too vague to decipher, but at the time Delmar's killing there's at least a dozen other missing person cases. The Police always thought at least some of them might have been more murders, but they never found the bodies. So, one day your husband, wife or child never comes home, and you never know where they are, what happened to them. No one knew. Until now. I don't know what he did with the bodies, but I know where he did his killing.

They get into the car.

EXT. JENNIFER'S CAR - DRIVING - DUSK

Jennifer's car travels toward the city.

INT. /EXT. JENNIFER'S CAR - DRIVING - DUSK

JENNIFER

So, why don't you just call the police and tell them?

MARC

Because if I'm wrong I'll lose my job. The head of the Psychology Department wants to fire me. She thinks I'm too young to be doing this. If I call the police, and it's bogus, I'll be out.

JENNIFER

(worried voice)

And what if you're right?

It takes Marc a moment to realize what she means.

MARC

Don't worry. We're safe. Delmar's been dead a long time now. If I'm right, and we find something, we call the cops. If I'm wrong, and there's nothing, no one ever knows.

JENNIFER
How do you know where he did it?

MARC
Because I never forget anything.

CUT TO:

INT. /EXT. BUS - AFTERNOON - YEARS EARLIER

YOUNG MARC sits on a bus, riding past downtown.

MARC (V. O.)
Ever since the accident I've had to
take the bus. Delmar described a
sunrise behind a wiry church
steeple.

On the Bus, Young Marc looks out the window.

MARC'S P. O. V.

A "wiry" looking Church Steeple, made so by the rigging
that's on it as it's being painted and renovated.

MARC (V. O.)
It was years ago, about the time of
the murders. I was riding the bus
and I saw this church steeple. It
was undergoing some kind of
retrofitting or something and they
had all these cables running to it.
I remember thinking it looked
"wiry," and that's the same word
Delmar used to describe the one in
his journal. When I read it, I saw
this steeple in my head, like I was
there, like I was looking at it
again. I'm sure it's the one.

EXT. JENNIFER'S CAR - DRIVING - DUSK

Headlights on, they take the freeway that goes past Downtown,
affording a beautiful view of the city at sunset.

JENNIFER (V. O.)
Just because it's what you see in
your head doesn't mean it's what he
saw with his eyes.

MARC (V. O.)
Yes it does.

INT. /EXT. JENNIFER'S CAR - DRIVING

Jennifer eyes Marc as he looks out the window intently.

MARC
I can't explain it but, I'm seeing things the way he saw them. I'm sure. The way Delmar described the murder it was during winter, like now, which means the sun should be rising and setting about the same number of degrees south of true East-West that it was then. All we have to do is find the church steeple at sunset, follow the line from the church steeple to the sun until we find a building that looks like it could have been what he described in his journal.

JENNIFER
Then what?

MARC
We check it out.

The expression on Jennifer's face says it all.

JENNIFER
You are not what most girls would call a "fun date."

MARC
I didn't think you were most girls.

Jennifer smiles at that. Marc looks back out the window.

MARC (cont'd)
That's the steeple.

MARC'S POV - CITY SKYLINE - SUNSET

There is the Steeple, no longer looking "wiry" but definitely the same one. As we move the sun lines up behind it.

EXT. CITY STREET - NIGHT

Jennifer's car, on surface streets, cruises downtown.

INT./EXT. JENNIFER'S CAR DRIVING - NIGHT

A MONTAGE of City lights glint off the glass and streak across their faces as they search. They're not totally sure what they're looking for or exactly where it will be.

They cruise for some time before...

As Marc stares out the window they pass a building and as he looks at it we HEAR the sound of *WHISPERING VOICES*.

MARC

Stop the car.

Jennifer stops. Marc gets out, as if in a trance.

EXT. CITY STREET - URBAN AREA - NIGHT

The area looks different, things are not exactly the same. There is more here than he saw in his vision, but as he turns, he looks up at the STEEPLE, visible in the way he saw it in the journal. The *WHISPERING* grows LOUDER.

MARC

This is it. They're here.

EXT. OFFICE BUILDING - FIRE ESCAPE - NIGHT

Marc and Jennifer work their way up an old fire escape at the back of the building.

JENNIFER

Are you sure this is right?

MARC

Yes.

JENNIFER

This is not an abandoned building, this is a working office complex.

MARC

It's been renovated. During the murders it was vacant.

JENNIFER
If he'd buried a bunch of bodies
here don't you think someone would
have noticed them by now?

They keep climbing up landings, Marc looking in each floor.
Each looks like a pristine, clean, nice office inside.

JENNIFER (cont'd)
What exactly are you looking for?

MARC
I don't know.

He keeps looking. Finally, he reaches the top floor, and...

MARC (cont'd)
Here.

He pries at a couple windows, eventually finds one he can
open and crawls inside.

INT. OFFICE BUILDING - NIGHT

This floor has NOT been renovated. Big sections of the
ceiling have fallen out due to water damage. You know it's
gotta be moldy, smelly, nasty. The place looks dangerous,
in every way; structurally, atmospherically and dramatically.

Marc looks around with keen eyes. Again, there is WHISPERING
and this time Marc snaps his head around as if he heard it.

MARC
Did you hear that?

Jennifer coughs as she comes in through the window.

JENNIFER
Uhhh, it stinks in here.

MARC
Shhh?

He listens closely. We hear nothing, but he seems to.

MARC (cont'd)
You hear that?

JENNIFER
I don't hear anything.

MARC
Get the camera.

Jennifer takes out the small Sony DV Camera and turns on the "night-shot" feature. A GREEN rendition of the dark room shows up, "nigh-vision" style, on the side monitor.

Marc starts walking around the place. There are walls, half rotted away, a bathroom with exposed plumbing, dripping water... Other nasty, deteriorating stuff.

Every now and then there are more, louder *WHISPERS*. Each time Marc spins, startled, turning the flashlight in the direction they came from

MARC (cont'd)
You must have heard THAT!

JENNIFER
Marc, you're scaring me.

They keep walking, Jennifer following with the camera. At one point Marc touches a beam and...

JENNIFER (cont'd)
Lookout!

A whole CHUNK OF ROTTED CEILING falls out, nearly nailing Marc. He steps back and his foot goes through a rotter floorboard, get caught.

JENNIFER (cont'd)
You okay?

MARC
Yeah, my foot's caught. You?

JENNIFER
I'm fine. But I don't think this is a good idea. I don't think this floor is structurally sound.

Marc pulls his foot from the hole in the rotting floorboard.

MARC
You think?

And then MORE *WHISPERS*, this time so LOUD Marc JUMPS and spins the flashlight.

MARC (cont'd)
Who's there? Hello?

JENNIFER
What is it?

MARC
I keep hearing, like people's
voices. Whispering. Calling to
me. You don't hear them? It's
like... a beckoning.

JENNIFER
No.

MARC
I'm not imagining it.
(beat)
I can't be imagining it.

Marc visibly distressed about this.

JENNIFER
Marc, how long has been since you
had those... "weird symptoms" you
were telling me about?

MARC
Not since I changed my medicine.

JENNIFER
I think it's time for a refill on
that prescription.

He ignores her, they start walking again.

JENNIFER (cont'd)
Stress can a trigger relapses for a
lot of mental issues. If you've
been under a lot of stress...

MARC
(angry)
I'm not having a relapse!

More *WHISPERS*, Marc spins.

MARC (cont'd)
(softens, worried)
I hope.

He motions the flashlight toward a dark doorway. He walks up,
places his hand on it, turns back to her, creepy look...

MARC (cont'd)
In here. They're calling.

They move into the next room. Only the flashlight illuminates what they see. Marc scans the floor. There are dead rat carcasses on the floor.

JENNIFER

Uhhh, this place isn't fit for rats to live in.

MARC

They probably got into the lower offices and they put out poison for them. They came up here to die.

He turns the flashlight and we see, in the corner, where you can be sure no one has been for years... A bare mattress, soaked in blood.

JENNIFER

Oh my God.

Marc scans the room, there are all the things, all the horrible things, you'd expect to find in the lair of a killer.

MARC

This is it. This is where he killed them. It's just like I saw it in the journals.

He turns his light to a small table at the side with Polaroids on it. Shots of the victims, as he killed them.

JENNIFER

Oh God...

She reaches for the pictures, he stops her.

MARC

Don't touch those. Don't do anything to disturb the scene. The police will want it as pristine as we can leave it so they can...

Marc trails off, his flashlight illuminating a far wall. The WHISPERING GROWS LOUDER. Marc's eyes widen and he walks toward the wall.

There are large, circular stains of red on the wall, as if something wet had seeped through from the other side. But that's not all.

There are words written on the wall, apparently in blood.

Marc shines the light, steps closer to read:
 "Geschwind's Blow destroyed Van Gogh."

MARC (cont'd)
 "Geschwind's Blow..."

Before he finishes the floor under him cracks, his feet go through with a crash, the floor cracks, the WALL CRACKS, splits, rips open and falls forward.

DOZENS OF CORPSES FALL ONTO MARC!

We FLASH TO THE PIT VISION style!

Jennifer SCREAMS! MARC SCREAMS!

The bodies keep coming, the wall vomiting onto Marc the rotting, bloated corpses it can no longer hold.

As the BODIES FALL we FLASH TO:

- THE VICTIMS IN LIFE - screaming in their last moments in this room, mouths open wide in horror and match cutting to...
- THE CORPSES - MOUTHS OPEN WIDE AS IF STILL SCREAMING, as they tumble out, falling onto Marc.

THE SAME ROOM - DAY - ANOTHER TIME

Marc is tied to the blood soaked mattress. He is the victim, already missing some his limbs as he screams in pain. On the sound of his screaming...

The DARK SILHOUETTE of The Killer turns, as if Marc had just appeared in his room, his screaming making the killer aware of his presence. He is suddenly aware of Marc! With a deadly knife in hand he moves to silence the screaming youth.

Marc's eyes widen as the darkness moves over him, knife ready to take off another body part.

MARC SCREAMS, CRIES OUT as it's about to happen to him...

The Killer places his HAND over Marc's face, fingers spread wide and Marc screams louder as...

- IN THE DARKNESS OF THE PRESENT - The hand of a corpse rests on Marc's face, fingers spread, in the same way as The Killer.

- IN THE PAST - The Killer moves his knife toward Marc's ankle, he raises his knife to cut it off, slashes...

Marc screams and...

- IN THE DARK PRESENT, we see Marc's ankle caught in a binding pinch in the floor boards, holding him tightly, and in pain.

[Authors Note: Up until now we have seen Marc's mental identification with the killer, but a profiler also puts himself in the mind of the victim. He must have the ability to know what it was like for them, how they reacted to what was happening and what they experienced, however horrible. That's what's happening now. Marc's talent is carrying him into the experiences of these victims. This is not superfluous violence. We are seeing Marc connect with the victims. For the first time he experiences the murders from THEIR perspective, intercut with what's happening to him now. This will be a quick, very impressionistic, but devastatingly powerful sequence!]

TIGHT ON MARC'S FACE

SCREAMING - We pull back, slowly, straight upwards, spinning, as he finally stops and we reveal him on the floor below where he started, the collapse of the wall and floor having put him through to the next floor. He is surrounded and nearly covered by rotting corpses that have fallen from the wall.

It finally ends.

He stares up, eyes vacant and wide as Jennifer looks down at him

JENNIFER

Marc!? Are you all right?

Marc tries to get up, but his ankle is pinned and he can't get it out.

MARC

I can't move my leg.

JENNIFER

Hold on.

Jennifer finds a way to lower herself down into the opening, proving herself to be quite capable and physically fit.

The hard part, is moving past the blackened bodies and black liquid on the floor.

JENNIFER (cont'd)
I think I'm going to throw up.

MARC
Me first.

And he rolls to his side and... We assume.

JENNIFER
The smell...

MARC
The bodies have putrefied.

Jennifer gets to him, tries to get him up, but his foot is totally caught in the flooring and a beam is across him

JENNIFER
I don't think you're hurt too bad.
You don't seem to be bleeding or
anything. Can you feel your leg?

MARC
Yeah, and it hurts a lot.

She tries once more to get his leg free, but no go. And the smell is really starting to get to her.

JENNIFER
I think it's just pinned but I
can't move it. I'm going for help.

MARC
No!

He reaches out and grabs her, clinging to her desperately.

MARC (cont'd)
Please, don't. Stay.

JENNIFER
Marc... I can't. I've got to get
help.

Marc nods, he seems to understand intellectually but he can't stop this feeling he has to cling to her. Jennifer has to take his hand off of her.

MARC
I won't be long. I promise.

Jennifer rushes off to get some help.

Marc looks around. He is surrounded by corpses. He sees the faces on the bodies and each one FLASHES for an instant to their face as it was just as they had been killed, still looking very human, then to how they looked in life, smiling, playing. He can see them as both people and victims. Finally, he lays his head back and stares straight up as he tries to let his mind go blank.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. OFFICE BUILDING - LATER

Police cars surround the place, lights flashing in the darkness. There are detectives, medical examiners in full contamination type suits removing bodies, and parts of bodies, the press is there. It's a major crime scene now.

INT. /EXT. PARAMEDIC VEHICLE

Marc, on a stretcher, appears numb and he talks blankly.

MARC

I read a police report on the Dahlmer case in Chicago. When the police officer went into Dahlmer's kitchen and opened the freezer, he found the severed heads of Dahlmer's victims staring up at him. And that's when he said, he heard someone screaming. It wasn't until later that he realized, it was him. That's what it was like. I saw the bodies coming out at me, their mouths open, and I heard screaming. I thought it was them. But it wasn't. It was us. We were the ones screaming, weren't we?

Reveal Jennifer sitting beside him, Marc holding her hand.

JENNIFER

Yeah. That was definitely us.

MARC

You heard it too, didn't you? The screaming?

JENNIFER

Yeah, you didn't imagine that.

MARC
I didn't think so.

The back doors of the Paramedic unit are open, allowing Detective Schiller, to approach, along with Keasley.

DET. SCHILLER
So much for a pristine crime scene.
You're lucky the guy who did this
is already dead or they'd be
arresting me for killing you.

PROFESSOR KEASLEY
Don't you just love this guy's
bedside manner? Marc, you okay?

Marc nods weakly. Keasley looks to the paramedic.

PARAMEDIC
He's fine. Nothing physically
wrong. I'd worry more about...

The Paramedic, behind Marc, indicates the head in a way that suggests he's concerned about the psychological effects. Keasley nods, understanding. He turns a piercing gaze on Jennifer.

PROFESSOR KEASLEY
I don't believe I've had the
pleasure?

JENNIFER
Jennifer Dreiling. I work with
Marc down at Mag-Pies.

PROFESSOR KEASLEY
Really? I had no idea Marc had
such a lovely... girl... friend.

Keasley's eyes note the way Marc is clinging to her. Marc notices and selfconsciously lets go of Jennifer's hand.

PROFESSOR KEASLEY (cont'd)
You played a little part in this
investigative debacle?

DET. SCHILLER
What Junior Detective scheme
possessed you to go breaking and
entering at a potential crime
scene? If you had suspicions about
this place why didn't you call us?

Marc says nothing. Jennifer jumps in for him

JENNIFER

We didn't know it was this place.
We weren't sure what we were
looking for. He didn't want waste
your time if there was nothing.

Schiller doesn't look impressed, but Keasley is looking at Jennifer with quite keen, interested eyes that make her uncomfortable. She doesn't like him

MARC

It's not what we meant to happen.

DR. JUDI RAYMOND

So you admit there are some things
beyond your ability to predict?
Including, it seems, your own
behavior.

Dr. Raymond approaches, and she looks mad!

PROFESSOR KEASLEY

Doctor, I think, considering what
the boy's been through this evening
perhaps we should...

DR. JUDI RAYMOND

Oh stop sticking up for him. What
he's been through is his own fault.
So you will kindly explain to me
Marc, precisely what happened?

Det. Schiller also listens with interest.

MARC

I thought I recognized something I
saw in the journal.

DR. JUDI RAYMOND

A photograph you saw?

MARC

No. Something I read. But, I SAW it.

DET. SCHILLER

How's that?

PROFESSOR KEASLEY

(understanding)
You saw it in your head?

MARC

Yes. When I read the journals,
it's like I'm living them

PROFESSOR KEASLEY

Interesting.

DR. JUDI RAYMOND

That's why you didn't call the
police?

MARC

I wasn't sure I could find it.

PROFESSOR KEASLEY

So he took it upon himself to
investigate. I think that's
admirable initiative.

DR. JUDI RAYMOND

What are you? Defense attorney,
public relations, surrogate father
and pep squad all rolled into one?
You're supposed to be his mentor,
you're supposed to provide him with
guidance, not help him to make
excuses. This type of behavior is
NOT acceptable.

(to Marc)

Presuming you to be ambulatory I
expect to see you in my office
tomorrow morning at eight o'clock!
If you're not ambulatory then I'll
see you in a wheel chair, but you
will be there if you have any hope
of continuing in this program

She and Schiller walk off, leaving behind a serious
collection of concerned expressions and worried faces.

EXT. MAG-PIES - NIGHT - LATER

The lights are off as Jennifer comes out and walks to her
car. Gets inside.

INT./EXT. JENNIFER'S CAR - PARKED

Marc is sitting in the passenger seat, writing in his
notebook as Jennifer gets into the car.

JENNIFER

Well, it looks like I've still got a job, but I better not miss anymore work, even if I do find dead bodies.

MARC

I'm sorry.

JENNIFER

It's okay. I'll just pull a double shift next week.

Jennifer looks to Marc who eyes her with a wry smile.

JENNIFER (cont'd)

Maggie thinks you're a bad influence on me.

Marc looks down awkwardly. Jennifer reaches over to him, lifts his chin, looks him in the eye, smiling.

He takes hold of her hand in a very clingy way.

MARC

I really needed you tonight. Not just to drive.

They look at each other, then Jennifer takes the initiative, smiles, slowly leans in and kisses him. Just a friendly kiss. Jennifer pulls away smiling.

Marc's not smiling. He looks intoxicated. He leans into her for another.

They kiss again. This time more fully. Very romantic.

Jennifer pulls away, but Marc gently pulls her back and they kiss again.

When she eventually starts to pull away, Marc puts his hand on her neck, holds her in a lip lock. It's almost cute, for a moment.

But when Jennifer tries to pull away again Marc won't let go.

She starts to struggle.

JENNIFER

Marc!

She pulls, he grabs, getting very aggressive. She's not liking this anymore.

JENNIFER (cont'd)
 Marc, stop it!

He doesn't listen, he starts to grab her, grope her, pushes her back against the seat as he forces himself on her like a starving man who's had a taste of food. He won't stop.

Soon it's a near rape in progress as Jennifer fights and struggles against him.

JENNIFER (cont'd)
 (screaming)
 STOP IT, MARC! NOOOOO!!!

Marc won't let up as he puts his hands on her breasts and takes what he wants of her until...

Jennifer HITS HIM HARD! Even this almost doesn't stop him and she has to fight and struggle away from him. Finally she knees him in the stomach and as he recoils in pain she leaps from the car.

EXT. JENNIFER'S CAR - PARKED

Jennifer is furious and frightened by what just happened.

Marc stumbles out looking genuinely upset and totally ashamed of what he did. He is confused, frightened and as vulnerable looking as a kid caught with his hand in the cookie jar.

JENNIFER
 What the hell's wrong with you?
 Are you crazy? What were you doing
 in there?

MARC
 (confused)
 I don't know. I'm sorry. I
 didn't... I just... I'm so sorry,
 Jennifer, I don't know what I was
 doing.

She goes to the passenger side, rips his stuff from her car and throws it out on the ground. Marc is near tears.

MARC (cont'd)
 Jennifer, please don't. I'm really
 sorry it won't happen again, I
 promise, I swear it won't. I don't
 know what happened. I'm just...
 I'm not thinking right.

JENNIFER
That's for sure!

MARC
Please, Jennifer... I'm sorry!
Don't leave me, please, Jennifer,
don't leave me!

He moves toward her, she spins on him

JENNIFER
Keep away!

Marc stops, holds his hands out to his sides, backs off.

Jennifer calms a bit. She can see he means it, but still.

JENNIFER (cont'd)
If you hurry you can catch the last
bus. Call me later, I can't talk
about this tonight.

She gets in the car and speeds off, leaving Marc standing alone and desperate looking in a the cold parking lot.

Marc slowly gathers his stuff from the ground, including his notebooks. Pain, and confusion are obvious on his face as he fights back tears without success.

BOB (O. C.)
Are you okay?

Marc looks up to see Bob, just getting off work, looking at him. It's pretty obvious Marc is in a bad way.

Marc doesn't even speak to answer, just shakes his head as he fights the tears. Bob walks over to him, a sincere friend.

BOB (cont'd)
Hey... Marc... It's okay... It's
alright.

Bob moves to Marc and puts an arm around his shoulder, comfortingly. Marc can't help himself, sobbing all the more as he reacts to Bob's comforting embrace.

BOB (cont'd)
Don't worry. It's okay.

Bob holds him until Marc finally starts to settle, then looks him in the eye.

BOB (cont'd)
You need a lift a home?

Marc looks up at him, nods.

Bob smiles.

DREAM MONTAGE

No pretending it's something else. We're in Marc's dream, obviously.

Images, fantasies, moments mix together in his sleeping mind.

Among those things we see:

Images of "The Hawk"

Images of The Professor leering at Jennifer.

Flashes of Dr. Raymond

DR. JUDI RAYMOND
In my office -- eight a.m

Jennifer, naked, luring Marc like a siren to a bed, but when he stands over her she open he mouth and a forked, snake like tongue comes out, causing him to recoil in horror.

The accident! Marc's mother, her hand in Marcs, is ripped out of his grasp as the Car impacts.

Marc's roommate.

FRED
I'm gonna kill you while you sleep!

The BODIES, tumbling at him, a nightmare image.

Bob, shirtless, in a room, on a bed, smiling at him

The Black River Killer's victims screaming...

Fred, the roommate, leering at Marc like he's going to hurt him, opens his mouth and LOUD BUZZER SOUNDS.

Marc swings a fist directly at Fred's face and we...

CUT TO:

INT. MARC'S ROOM - MORNING

Marc's fist SMASHES his BUZZING ALARM CLOCK, sending it flying and smashing against the wall.

Marc sits in his bed, taking a moment for him to get his orientation. He doesn't look like someone who's had a good night's sleep.

He looks around... Something is wrong...

Voices are WHISPERING!

Marc spins. FRED is inside his room, watching him.

FRED

You forgot to lock your door last night. Careful. Wouldn't want anything to happen to you while you sleep.

He walks out, grinning.

INT. MARC'S APARTMENT - BATHROOM

Marc does his morning routine, but when he prepares to swallow his morning pill the VOICES grow much LOUDER.

Marc stops without taking the medicine. He holds the pill between his fingers and studies it intently, distrustfully.

Suddenly he throws the pill into the toilet, takes the rest of the bottle, dumps them all out, pouring ALL HIS MEDICINE down the commode. He flushes it, tossing the empty medicine bottle in the trash as he walks out.

EXT. UNIVERSITY CAMPUS - MORNING

Another beautiful day as the sun breaks over the shoulders of the ceramic birds on the buildings.

INT. DR. RAYMOND'S OFFICE

Marc looks like a surly drunk with a hangover as he sits waiting for Dr. Raymond to finish her phone call.

DR. JUDI RAYMOND

(on the phone)

Yes, sir, I understand that but I really feel we should...

(pause, she listens)

Yes, sir. I appreciate that, but our obligation...

(pause, again, she listens)

Marc eyes her desk. There is a copy of the morning paper, an article in the Metro section on the bodies found last night has a headline, "Police Credit University Student with New Lead in Unsolved Murders."

Marc smiles to himself. This won't be as bad as he feared.

DR. JUDI RAYMOND (cont'd)

(finishing phone call)

Very well, Sir. Thank you.

She hangs up, looks at Marc. He knows, she can tell.

DR. JUDI RAYMOND (cont'd)

That was the Chancellor. You're quite the jazz this morning.

She steps from behind her desk and motions Marc to the comfy couch. He moves over, she takes the chair across from him in a way more reminiscent of a psychiatrist meeting a patient than a student being disciplined.

DR. JUDI RAYMOND (cont'd)

Everyone is, of course, thrilled about the reputation of the University, how well this discovery reflects on our program. Even the police are gushing, at least publicly, about the wonderful bouquet of solutions you've handed them. Privately, I suspect Detective Schiller would still be quite pleased to see you clapped in irons, but for now, everyone's glowing with pride at our new Boy Wonder. Though no one seems very concerned about how all this is affecting him.

(beat)

Marc... Talk to me. What are you seeing when you read those journals? What are you feeling? How is all this affecting you?

MARC

You're worried about the school's liability if I kill myself like Valerie did?

DR. JUDI RAYMOND

(sighs, busted)

Partially, yes. But I'm also worried about you. I'm a doctor, I'm not inclined toward superstitions, but those journals are as close to evil as anything this world truly has to offer. I worry how such material may influence a young, possibly still impressionable young man such as yourself.

MARC

There's never been a proven clinical or statistical correlation between any form of media truly influencing developmental behavior. Watching violent movies won't make you a violent person.

DR. JUDI RAYMOND

True. But individuals with a predisposition toward violent behavior are often drawn to violent media. It whets their appetites when they can't yet get their hands on the real thing.

INSERT - A Silent and Subliminal FLASH:
Marc's Hands Around Jennifer's Throat.

Marc sits stoically, showing no visible emotion.

DR. JUDI RAYMOND (cont'd)

You *ASKED* to read those journals, Marc. You've come here with a medical record containing unusual psychological behavior, a history of violent death in your family, and a predisposed interest in criminal activity. I just want to make sure we're doing good by you and not fueling any kind of unhealthy interest.

MARC

So, you're profiling me?

DR. JUDI RAYMOND
I'm CONCERNED about you.

MARC
Before he left the FBI Norton Keasley was considered the world's most preeminent criminal profiler. The Professor knows me better than anyone. If I were the kind of person who'd murder don't you think he might have noticed?

DR. JUDI RAYMOND
I appreciate your respect for the Professor's skill, but may I remind you that he also approved your predecessor and we know how that went.

INSERT - A Silent and Subliminal FLASH:
Veronica Stewart's Dead Body lying as the police found it.

Raymond's comment deflates Marc's confidence a bit.

DR. JUDI RAYMOND (cont'd)
He's not a mind reader. None of us are. Criminal profiling, like any other form of psychology, is not an exact science. Some would say it's more of an art. And as illustrious as his career was, there's a reason Keasley left the FBI.

MARC
I know.

DR. JUDI RAYMOND
All I'm asking, Marc, is that you talk with me, and not just about the facts you discover. I want to know what's going on inside your head, what you're feeling, what you're thinking, how these journals are affecting you. That's all I ask. That, and if you would please refrain from any more unscheduled "field trips" based on your own hunches and suppositions. I care about you, Marc.
(MORE)

DR. JUDI RAYMOND (cont'd)
 And the Chancellor's wishes
 notwithstanding if I feel you are
 placing yourself in any sort of
 danger, psychological or otherwise,
 I WILL remove you from this
 project. I will not have a repeat
 of what happened with Miss Veronica
 Stewart. Do I make myself clear?

Marc seems to recognize her sincerity and nods his agreement.

INT. THE PIT - LATER

Marc stands, motionless, looking at the shelves. The Pit itself feels different, things seem darker, more ominous than when we first came here.

There is the sound of WHISPERING again. Voices.

Marc walks slowly along the shelves, letting his fingers touch the books. The WHISPERING changes to include short snippets from each journal he touches as he walks. Momentary audio snippets, the killer's words, the victim's screams, the tears, the anguished cries, the pleading for their lives. Touching each book he's read he catches a moment of it again.

Then, the sounds ABRUPTLY STOP. Silence.

This is as far as he has read.

Marc takes the next book from the shelf, carries it to a soft chair with a lamp, gets comfortable and begins to read. He is not at the computer. He is not working or transcribing. Just reading, as if for the sheer pleasure of it.

Marc lets himself slip into another murder.

VISION FLASHES

INT. ABANDONED BUILDING

Marc sees the murders of all those bodies he found, and descriptions of how the corpses were mutilated and mauled.

The Killer "disposes" of the bodies into the wall, fearing carrying them out will lead to discovery. He periodically sprinkles lyme into the opening to reduce the odor of decomposition and "sanitize" them.

EXT. CITY STREET - URBAN AREA

He stalks victims, going after the type the Hawk has encouraged him to pursue, but he is somehow unsatisfied.

The nature and brutality of the killing escalate and it's clear the killer needs more and more intense, visceral experiences to keep him satisfied.

He grows restless. Describes seeing and hearing things.

INTERCUT - THE PIT

Marc comes across another reference to "Geschwind" that makes him stop. Again, the killer writes in a very prosaic way, describing in anguish that thanks to the Hawk he has come to realize what his problem is, "a problem of true genius, a problem like that of Van Gogh, and no doubt the same end awaits as the hammer of Geschwind descends to crush me on the anvil of fate."

We cut from a tight shot of the Killer writing the word "Geschwind" in his journal to Marc, writing the word into his own.

Marc, still in the chair, has been making notes in his own journal. His curiosity aroused, he decides to check it out.

INT. LIBRARY - DAY

Marc steps from the Pit into the bright world of the living, the library.

Things seem nice here, not spooky, very friendly.

Marc wanders the aisles, finds a terminal, looks up Geschwind on the computer. He finds an interesting book listed under neurology and copies the information to his notes.

INSERT - MARC'S JOURNAL - WRITING

Marc writes, "Cerebral Lateralization: Biological Mechanisms, Associations, and Pathology, by Norman Geschwind" along with the alphanumeric ID to look up the book on the shelf.

INT. LIBRARY - SHELEVS

Marc follows the numbers on the edge of the shelves toward the section he needs. Suddenly, something goes "squish" under his foot, and his eyes drop lower.

There are wet spots on the carpet.

Looking, Marc can see they appear to be soggy footprints that lead down the row he's in.

He follows and finds they turn into the aisle that matches the book he's going after.

He turns and looks down the aisle and freezes.

IN THE AISLE

A soaking wet child sits shivering on the floor sobbing, his back to Marc.

Even Marc seems to know, on some level, this can't be real.

Marc walks forward, as if needing to convince himself.

MARC
Are you okay?

The boy continues to sob.

BOY
I want my mommy. I wanna go home!

MARC
It's okay, I'll take you home.

BOY
I can't go home. I'm dead!

The boy turns and looks up, it's DANIEL!

Marc takes a step back, startled, then catches his breath. He knows this can't be real, but how does that help him?

MARC
It's okay. I'm gonna help you.

Marc gets down to the boy's level, kneeling beside the child.

MARC (cont'd)
 We're gonna find you. We're going
 to get you home to your mother.

The boy leans his head on Marc's shoulder, seems to settle as Marc tries to comfort him.

MARC (cont'd)
 It's gonna be okay, I promise.
 We're gonna get the people who did
 this to you.

The boy leans close, kisses Marc on the cheek. Marc embraces the child, holding him close, comforting him lovingly.

The boy leans up to Marc's ear and whispers...

DANIEL
 You want me just like HE did, don't
 you?

MARC
 (appalled)
 No! God no! I wanna help. I'm
 gonna help you.

DANIEL
 How? You can't help yourself.

Daniel raises his hand to caress Marc's face, but the hand that touches Marc is the cold, decomposing hand of a corpse.

MARC SCREAMS!

WIDE SHOT - We reveal Marc, alone, on the floor, on his hands and knees, sobbing, eyes closed tightly.

MARC
 I want to help him I have to help
 him

Marc tries to compose himself, gets a grip. He sits with his back against the shelf, closes his eyes for a moment, recovering.

When he opens his eyes, he finds himself staring at a book, on the very bottom shelf directly by where the boy was sitting. It's the book he was looking for.

He takes it from the shelf, starts to flip through it.

INTERCUT - The Book and Marc looking

This is a serious, heavy, neurological text. Marc finds a section defining the key symptoms and traits associated with some forms of Temporal Lobe Epilepsy -- Geschwind's Syndrome.

He flips the page and stops short at what he sees.

Written on the page, in the handwriting of the killer, in identical script to that in the journals, is a note.

"Help me God, this is me!"

Marc reads it, and the text beside it, and grows visibly upset. He looks ready to scream, and finally he THROWS THE BOOK across the room, stands up and storms from the library.

INT. AUDITORIUM

Professor Keasley stands at the podium giving a lecture. A PowerPoint presentation is on the screen. It lists the seven steps of the profiling process, as defined by the FBI's Investigative Crime Division.

SLIDE

1. Evaluation of the Criminal Act itself.
2. Comprehensive evaluation of the specifics of the crime scene or scenes.
3. Comprehensive analysis of the victim or victims.
4. Evaluation of preliminary police reports.
5. Evaluation of the Medical Examiner's autopsy protocol.
6. Development of a profile with critical offender characteristics.
7. Investigative suggestions predicated on construction of the profile.

PROFESSOR KEASLEY

We work on the assumption that behavior reflects personality. That what a person does, tells us a great deal about who they are. For years profiling was regarded as roughly akin to voodoo and witchcraft. The field of Behavioral Science was largely known by it's initials, BS. But for several decades now we've known better. The work of the profiler can lead to vital discoveries in a case, often providing pivotal clues leading to the arrest and conviction of the UNSUB.

(MORE)

PROFESSOR KEASLEY (cont'd)
But the development of the actual
profile, item number six on our
list, is only one part of the
process we do. Before that we must
carefully...

Keasley stops speaking as a SHADOW BLOCKS THE SLIDE.
Everyone turns to look up at the projector.

A shadowy figure stands threateningly silhouetted in the
backlight of the projector. Keasley squints at it.

PROFESSOR KEASLEY (cont'd)
Marc?

MARC
I need to talk to you, Professor.
It's very important.

There is a tone of desperation in Marc's voice.

PROFESSOR KEASLEY
Class dismissed.
(to Marc)
In my office.

INT. PROFESSOR KEASLEY'S OFFICE

Keasley walks in with Marc storming behind him. The moment
the door is closed, Marc launches into it!

MARC
What do you know about Geschwind's
Syndrome.

Keasley seems to have a dawn of understanding.

PROFESSOR KEASLEY
Why are you asking me that, Marc?

MARC
The killer was here, on this
campus, in our library. I found
his handwriting in a book.

Professor seems to acknowledge this without a great deal of
surprise. He sits down behind his desk.

PROFESSOR KEASLEY
Interesting.

MARC

Tell me what you know about
Geschwind's Syndrome.

PROFESSOR KEASLEY

Norman Geschwind was a neurologist
who defined an interictal
personality disorder associated
with a certain type of epilepsy.

MARC

Temporal Lobe Epilepsy.

PROFESSOR KEASLEY

Yes.

MARC

Interictal being the behavior
exhibited by the subject between
seizures, in their everyday life.
You know the five symptoms?

PROFESSOR KEASLEY

Of course.

Marc itemizes them anyway, counting them off on his fingers.

MARC

"*Hyperreligiosity*," a tendency
toward strong religious feelings
sometimes with a belief that God is
talking to you; "*stickiness*," the
clinical term for a tendency to be
very clingy to people; "*altered
sexuality*," tending toward
inconsistent sexual orientation; an
increased tendency toward
uncontrollable *aggressive behavior*
and...

Marc just holds his fifth finger and waits for Keasley.

PROFESSOR KEASLEY

"*Hypergraphia*."

MARC

The killer had TLE. He exhibited
all five symptoms.

PROFESSOR KEASLEY

That's not so unusual. TLE is the
most common form of epilepsy among
adults.

(MORE)

PROFESSOR KEASLEY (cont'd)

There's evidence that many religious and artistic figures in history had it. Edgar Allan Poe, Gustave Flaubert, Alfred Lord Tennyson, Walker Percy, Lewis Carroll, Muhammad, Joan of Arc, Moses, maybe even Saint Paul. They all showed signs of Geschwind's.

MARC

You forgot Van Gogh.

PROFESSOR KEASLEY

He's the classic case.

MARC

How do we know that?

PROFESSOR KEASLEY

Psychobiography, sort of, historical medical profiling. He was diagnosed with epilepsy in his lifetime and had all the symptoms of Geschwind's.

MARC

Hypergraphia?

PROFESSOR KEASLEY

He left behind two hundred letters totaling over 1,500 pages, the shortest one, six pages long. That after painting for sixteen hours a day and creating hundreds of paintings in a short lifetime.

MARC

Hyperreligiosity?

PROFESSOR KEASLEY

They kicked him out of seminary as a teenager due to an "excess of zeal bordering on the scandalous."

MARC

Sexuality?

PROFESSOR KEASLEY

He loved women, but had a relationship with Paul Gauguin that was "more than a friendship." In his letters about Van Gogh, Gauguin described his tendency to argue aggressively, but then to be very clingy afterward. One day van Gogh heard a voice telling him to kill Gauguin. He went after him with a razor but caught himself in time. Because it had been a voice that had told him to do it, he went religiously with the old testament edict, "if they eye offends thee pluck it out." He cut off his ear.

Marc sort of takes this all in, putting it in perspective.

MARC

Someone's out there we didn't catch. Someone who helped Delmar with the murders.

PROFESSOR KEASLEY

What makes you say that?

MARC

He knew he had Geschwind's and the reason he knew is because the Hawk told him so. That's not something you learn from a imaginary voice.

PROFESSOR KEASLEY

Maybe he read it in your book, then imagined a voice telling him?

MARC

I don't think so. The more I read, the more I'm sure. Delmar did the murders, but someone else was encouraging him, giving him information on how to change his signature and avoid being caught.
(beat)
Why didn't you ever tell me about Geschwind's?

PROFESSOR KEASLEY

Why would I?

MARC

It wasn't just the hypergraphia.
You knew he had TLE, just like me.

PROFESSOR KEASLEY

I suspected the epilepsy. That part of the profile we didn't make public but he was never diagnosed, never got treatment, so it didn't help us catch him. And of course, I knew you had TLE. But aside from the hypergraphia, you've never shown any symptoms of Geschwind's, have you?

Marc doesn't say anything. Keasley takes notice, sits up.

PROFESSOR KEASLEY (cont'd)

Marc...? Are you having other symptoms?

Marc nods, very upset.

PROFESSOR KEASLEY (cont'd)

I'm taking you off the books.

MARC

NO!

PROFESSOR KEASLEY

Marc, it doesn't take a genius to see something's wrong with you. You're on the verge of a breakdown, and I know what that's like.

MARC

You can't take me off. I'm so close.

PROFESSOR KEASLEY

Close to what!? Losing your mind?

MARC

No! Close to figuring it out. Let me keep reading, I know it's in there, he needs me to find it.

PROFESSOR KEASLEY

Who needs you to find it?

Marc stops short. What's he going to say? The Dead Kid?

PROFESSOR KEASLEY (cont'd)

You need a Doctor, Marc.

MARC
(enraged)
I don't need a doctor!

PROFESSOR KEASLEY
Look at you? Look at how you're acting. I've known you for almost eight years Marc and I've never seen you like this, this argumentative, aggressive attitude.

MARC
You wanna see aggressive?

Marc suddenly swipes all the stacks off Keasley's desk, then spins and kicks aside the stacks of books in front of it!

MARC (cont'd)
You wanna see what I'm like when I get *really* aggressive!?

Marc throws thing around in a tantrum

Keasley calmly watches as he rages. Marc tears at everything he can until finally, exhausted, he collapses in tears.

Keasley stands, walks around his desk to Marc, puts his arms around him like a father, and just holds him tightly, comforting him like a son.

Marc clings to him, hugging back and crying.

PROFESSOR KEASLEY
It's alright, Marc. It's okay. Everything's going to be fine. Look, it's not like there's anything dangerous about Geschwind's syndrome. It's not fatal.

MARC
Van Gogh had it?

PROFESSOR KEASLEY
Yes.

MARC
And Jason Delmar?

PROFESSOR KEASLEY
And that's ALL they had in common.

MARC
 No. That's not all.
 (beat)
 They both shot themselves. So did
 Veronica.

PROFESSOR KEASLEY
 Marc, you're not going to kill
 anyone.

MARC
 (pleading, desperate)
 Let me keep reading.

PROFESSOR KEASLEY
 I'm sorry, Marc. I can't.

MARC
 I'm so close. There's something
 there, I just, I can't think
 straight. It's all jumbled and...

As Marc looks back to Keasley's desk he stops in mid
 sentence, eyes staring. He pulls away from Keasley.

MARC'S P. O. V. - THE FRONT OF KEASLEY'S DESK

Where Marc knocked aside the books he revealed the front of
 the desk for the first time. The wood there is carved
 ornately with an intricate design of a bird, it's wings
 spread, talons extended. It's a familiar bird. It's a Hawk.

PROFESSOR KEASLEY
 What is it, Marc?

Marc's gaze sweeps from the Bird, to Keasley, who looks at
 Marc with a concerned expression.

PROFESSOR KEASLEY (cont'd)
 What?

RESUME MARC - as he stares, very confused, his mind racing.

Marc steps away from Keasley, trying not to reveal anything
 but looking more unsettled than when he came in.

Keasley glances to what Marc was staring at, sees the bird,
 and looks back to Marc knowing what he saw.

Too stunned to speak, Marc leaves abruptly without a word.

INT. MAG-PIES - DAY

Marc sits at a booth. He is scribbling frantically in his notebook and also writing on a collection of little crumbled slips of paper. He looks more disheveled than ever.

MARC

What if I'm wrong? I can't tell him, he'd never trust me again, never let me finish the books. I'm almost there, I can feel it, I'm so close, but I gotta be sure. It's falling into place, I can feel it, so close. I don't want him to think I'm crazy.

FRIEND (O.S.)

They both probably already think your nuts.

MARC

I think they know I'm gonna figure this out. They'll try and stop me. I can't let them.

FRIEND

Do what you've gotta do, Marc. Don't let anyone get in your way. It's too important.

MARC

I know it is.

Jennifer steps up to the table, looks at Marc.

JENNIFER

Marc? Who are you talking to?

We WIDEN to REVEAL that Marc is sitting alone at the table talking to no one but himself. Marc looks around, surprised he's alone, but somehow accepting it. He's getting used to seeing people who aren't there.

Jennifer looks really worried.

JENNIFER (cont'd)

Are you okay?

MARC

Aaaa, no, not really, no.

He knows things are not right with him but he keeps frantically writing on scrapes, hardly notices Jennifer.

JENNIFER

Look, Marc. About the other night.

MARC

s'okay... my fault.. I shoulda called first.

Jennifer looks perplexed.

JENNIFER

What are you talking about?

Marc looks up, confused.

MARC

What are you talking about?

JENNIFER

I'm talking about what happened here the other night. You and me. In the parking lot.

Marc looks at her blankly.

JENNIFER (cont'd)

When I pushed you out of the car?
When I hit you?

Marc still stares, no idea what she's talking about.

JENNIFER (cont'd)

When I LEFT YOU HERE?

MARC

(hurt)

You left me here?

(beat, thinks, then
suddenly)

Yeah! Why did you do that?

Jennifer can see he's not kidding, he really doesn't remember it at all, she sits down across from him

JENNIFER

Marc, what happened after I left?

MARC

(embarrassed)

I don't remember.

It's unclear if he truly doesn't remember, or if he remembers and doesn't want to say.

JENNIFER

You're the guy who doesn't forget anything and you can't remember that!? Marc, I'm really getting worried about you.

MARC

Yeah, I'm sorry. I'm having kind of a hard time and I haven't really been myself lately.

JENNIFER

Have you been taking your medicine?

MARC

Oh no, I had to stop.

JENNIFER

You stopped? Why?

MARC

Well, they'd tampered with it. The pills weren't working anymore. They must have done something to them, I don't know what but I had to quit taking them. What if they were trying to poison me?

JENNIFER

You're off your medication? Oh, this explains a lot. Marc, you NEED those pills. Without your medicine you could start having seizures and relapses and who knows what else.

MARC

Boy, you're telling me!? I mean since I stopped taking them the paranoia alone is kicking my butt big time! I can hardly think straight and with all the mood swings, whew, I'm a wreck.

Jennifer reaches out to touch him and he recoils suddenly, pulling his notes close to him and covering them so she can't see what he's been writing. He stares with that sort of wide-eyed, feral gleam; nature's way of saying "don't touch."

She's had enough. Jennifer starts to go but Marc grabs her.

MARC (cont'd)
I'm sorry Jennifer. I'm so sorry.

JENNIFER
I've had enough, Marc. Deal with it
yourself. Florence Nightingale's
shift just ended.

He looks at her, and you can see him, for a moment, totally
back as the Marc we know; calm, in control, quite sane.

MARC
Jennifer, listen to me, this is
important. I need you very badly.
But right now, it would be best, if
you stayed away.
(beat)
The Marc that's sitting here with
you now, he would never hurt you.
But the other Marc, he might try.

JENNIFER
Now you're scaring me.

MARC
Don't be afraid. No matter what I
have to do, no matter what it
takes, I will NEVER LET HIM HURT
YOU! I know that sounds really
crazy, but it's true.

JENNIFER
I'll tell you what sounds really
crazy. That I believe you.

ACROSS THE ROOM

Maggie and Sarah are each doing their thing as Bob comes from
the kitchen, starts clearing tables. He looks up and sees
Marc, holding hands with Jennifer. As he watches the two of
them lean across the table and kiss.

Bob looks hurt, betrayed.

BACK AT THE TABLE

Marc breaks off the kiss, smiling. There's still some sense
left in him. He starts gathering his things.

MARC
I think this'll be over soon, I'm
getting close.
(MORE)

MARC (cont'd)
 Everything'll be okay. Trust me.
 (stops, thinks, smiles)
 Isn't that the funniest thing... I
 just remembered something my mom
 told me when I was a kid. Never
 trust anyone who says, "Trust me."

Marc is more than a little edgy as he starts to leave.
 Crossing the room, Bob steps behind him, whispers in his ear.

BOB
 When are you finally going to tell
 her you're gay?

In a flash, Marc goes ballistic! He spins, grabs Bob by the
 throat, throws him across a set of tables and smashes him
 into the cart containing the dirty dishes and silverware.

It all tumbles over, plates and glasses break, Bob falls
 bleeding into the pile of broken dishes and utensils.

Marc leaps on top of him, grabs a knife from the floor and
 puts it to his throat. Patrons scream and scatter. Maggie
 sees what's going on in shock. Sarah screams.

MARC
 (to Bob)
 Come near me again and I'll slice
 you open and strangle you with your
 own intestines. You got that, Bob!?

Marc raises the knife... the terror in Bob's eyes...
 Jennifer runs toward them

JENNIFER
 Marc, NO!!!

She grabs Marc's arm to hold it as he spins on her, knife in
 hand. There is a killing look in his eyes. Then, as his
 gaze meets hers, he freezes and the look melts. He realizes
 what he's doing and is appalled by his action.

Everyone is watching him, Maggie, Bob, Jennifer, Sarah and
 everyone in the restaurant.

He steps back, drops the knife, looks about confused and
 shocked. All eyes are on him. He grabs his stuff and, in a
 panic, turns and runs from the restaurant.

EXT. UNIVERSITY CAMPUS - DAY

Marc runs across the campus under the eyes of those nasty
 looking gargoyle birds that stare down.

He runs to the library.

INT. LIBRARY

Marc runs through the nearly empty library until he reaches the door to the Pit. He pulls out his key... It still works.

INT. THE PIT

Marc shuts the door behind him, hunts for the next book.

MARC
(ad lib; muttering to
himself)
Gotta find it... gotta find it... I
know it's here... needs me... find
it for Daniel...

He flips randomly for through different notebooks, tossing aside some, until he finds one he wants.

MARC (cont'd)
(reading)
"Before the Hawk, there was Daniel.
I saw the ghost of Daniel today."

Marc takes the book to the computer, sits down, starts to transcribe, as if doing his job, only he's very shakey.

VISION - LAKE

A beautiful sunrise across the water made sterile and cold, colorless and gray, as the Killer recalls it.

The Killer (Marc in silhouette) stands by the lake.

MARC (V.O.)
I leave behind the trail of men for
my private place with Daniel.

FLASHES AND JUMBLED IMAGES - as the Killer, in his writing of this moment describes standing there and remembering Daniel. There is Daniel in life, with a distorted view of the time he spent with the boy in which he recalls Daniel as being happy to be with him (something which never really occurred).

And then, the killing.

MARC (V. O.) (cont'd)
 I miss his face, his hair, his
 eyes. I miss the way he felt, the
 soft feel of his skin against my
 own, and the beautiful way his face
 looked as I sent him to God.

Flashes of the body being immersed in the water and a
 subliminal flash of his face as he was being strangled.

NOTE: We establish that in visiting the grave site the killer
 is not remorseful in the normal sense. He misses Daniel only
 because he can't continue to molest and kill him, something
 which brought him great joy and which he now recalls with
 pleasure. He has no REGRET of the murder and in visiting the
 grave he is actually pleasantly reliving the memory.

MARC (V. O.) (cont'd)
 For all that have come since none
 have brought me joy like Daniel.
 The Hawk has changed me. I no
 longer do what I do just for me,
 but to please my master.

EXT. LAKE BUS STOP - MORNING

The Killer gets on the Bus.

MARC (V. O.)
 The Hawk guides me and helps me to
 survive; tells me how to stay ahead
 of those who would try to stop me.
 When I visit Daniel, I do not take
 my own vehicle, in case someone
 recognizes it. The Hawk has warned
 me that they do this, that they may
 be watching, so I take the bus for
 my visit with Daniel and my return
 to the Hawk.

INT. BUS - MORNING

The Killer (Marc) sits forlornly at the back of the bus. He
 takes out a notebook and begins to write in his journal.

MARC (V. O.)
 The emptiness I feel inside won't
 go away. For all I do, I remain
 unsatisfied, hungry and thirsty.
 (MORE)

MARC (V. O.) (cont' d)
 My visit with Daniel has only made
 it worse, the taste of something
 delicious I have not known since.

Marc now begins speaking aloud on the bus, although no one
 hears him, he is just saying the words of the journals.

MARC (cont' d)
 Why have you forsaken me God? Have
 I not done all that you asked?
 Have I not been your faithful
 servant carrying out your work? Is
 there to be no reward for me?

The Killer (Marc) looks straight forward.

MARC (cont' d)
 That's when I saw the reward God
 had put before me.

THE KILLER'S P. O. V. - A BOY ON THE BUS

Viewed from behind we see a blond haired boy, around 12 years
 old, sitting a few seats up with his back to the killer.

MARC (cont' d)
 God sent the Spirit of Daniel back
 to me, so that I could have my
 pleasure with him once again.

RESUME THE KILLER (Marc)

The gleam in his eye, the joy on his face... He puts away his
 journal and stands, and moving toward the Boy.

MARC (cont' d)
 He was even more beautiful in his
 new life than before. God had
 returned him to me in such glory.
 The feelings that grew inside me as
 I saw him sitting there, totally
 alone, waiting for me to come and
 set him free, caused me to tremble
 with excitement.

He walks toward him

INTERCUT - MARC - IN THE PIT

His eyes widen in fear for the child...

MARC (cont' d)
 (whispering)
 Please God no...

INTERCUT THE KILLER (Marc) AND HIS P. O. V. OF THE BOY

The seat behind the boy is empty. As he comes up behind him we can see the boy has something in his lap he is working on.

INTERCUT - MARC - IN THE PIT

Beginning to suspect the awful truth...

INTERCUT THE KILLER (Marc) AND HIS P. O. V. OF THE BOY

As the Killer stands over the boy we see what he's doing. He is writing in a journal of his own.

INTERCUT - MARC - IN THE PIT

Shock on his face as puts it together...

MARC (cont'd)
Oh my God... no...

His hands shake as he types

On the screen frequent typos

Pan across the killer's handwritten words in the journal...

ON THE BUS

The Killer sits behind the boy. A moment later the boy raises his head and looks out the window, and we recognize the boy is Young Marc.

MARC (cont'd)
Instantly I knew I had found a
kindred spirit. I saw in his eyes
the same affliction, and in his
compulsive writing, the same curse.
God had sent me what I was seeking
and I WOULD know the joy again that
I knew with Daniel.

Young Marc looks out the window, then turns back to his writing, totally unaware of the man's fixation on him

The Killer (present day Marc) leans closer, and closes his eyes as inhales, clearly trying to smell the boy's hair.

Young Marc has no idea.

IN THE PIT - Marc has a frightened look on his face.

ON THE BUS - The Killer reaches out and puts his hand near to the nape of Young Marc's neck, touching the hair so lightly Young Marc doesn't know he's being touched.

IN THE PIT - Marc involuntarily moves his hand to brush away what he's "feeling" on the back of his neck.

ON THE BUS - Young Marc does the same.

MARC (V. O.) (cont'd)
My mind is racing, how can I get us
alone. God has given me an
opportunity, I mustn't waste it.
And then, God provides.

The Bus stops, Young Marc looks up, gets off the bus, the Killer follows.

MARC (V. O.) (cont'd)
Providence smiles on me again as we
have the same destination.

IN THE PIT - Marc looks up, remembering.

MARC (cont'd)
The University!

EXT. UNIVERSITY BUS STOP - DAY

The front of the bus says "University" and Young Marc, The Killer (present day Marc) and many others get off here.

As Young Marc walks away the Killer watches him, eyeing the boy the way a normal Man might watch a girl at the beach.

The Killer follows Young Marc.

EXT. UNIVERSITY CAMPUS - DAY

Young Marc makes his way across campus.

MARC (V. O.)
I know now it is no accident that I
have been shown this boy as we walk
to the same destination. I wonder
if he too has business with the
Hawk.

We reveal they are walking to the Psychology building.

MARC (V. O.) (cont'd)
Perhaps this is the Hawk's gift to
me for all my good work. Perhaps
the Hawk has arranged for us both
to come here at this time so he can
give me this boy as my reward.

INT. PSYCHOLOGY DEPARTMENT BUILDING

Marc approaches Keasley's office. Speaks with STACY, the
Department Secretary, who knows him

STACY
Hello, Marc, how are you today?

YOUNG MARC
I'm good.

The Killer (Marc) watches from a distance.

STACY
Professor is in a meeting but if
you can wait a bit he'll see you in
a few minutes.

YOUNG MARC
Thanks, Stacy.

Young Marc takes a seat on the bench, pulls out his journal,
starts writing again. The Killer watches from across the
way, out of sight, but breathing heavily in his excitement.
He takes a seat, watches and waits patiently.

Young Marc writes in his own journal for a few minutes, then
gets up, moves down the hallway to the restroom

The Killer seizes his opportunity, follows the boy.

INT. RESTROOM

Young Marc uses the urinal.

The Killer steps in to the room, very casually locks the door
behind him

The Killer steps into the stall.

INTERCUT - THE PIT

Marc's eyes are wide in terror, his hands shaking...

MARC
No. please no.

THE RESTROOM

Marc finishes, steps to the sink, to wash his hands. As he does the Killer opens the door of the stall behind him

Young Marc looks up, sees the Killer in the mirror just as he lunges forward and grabs him

INTERCUT - THE PIT

Marc, present day, terrified. .

MARC (cont' d)
(frightened)
I don't remember this.

Marc doesn't know what's about to happen either, he doesn't recall this, but he knows how it ends -- that he does know!

THE RESTROOM

Young Marc tries to scream but the Killer covers his mouth, then shoves a roll of toilet paper in to muffle his screams.

MARC (cont' d)
No... Don't scream, I'm not going
to hurt you.

He keeps repeating this even as he nuzzles and kisses the boy and begins to pull up Young Marc's shirt.

Young Marc fights him, kicking and wrenching to get free.

The Killer is so much more powerful, he holds the boy easily and starts to undo his belt and the snap on his pants.

Young Marc fights.

IN THE PIT - Marc is horrified as he types, but he is shaking more and more violently, typing more and more incoherently.

THE RESTROOM

Suddenly Young Marc starts to shake violently. This is not the struggle anymore, he is having a Grand Mal Seizure!

The Killer tries to hold on to him, continuing to have his way with the boy for a few moments before he realizes what's happening.

In a panic, he let's go.

Young Marc falls to the floor, convulsing.

The toilet paper roll in his mouth is probably keeping him from swallowing his tongue at this point.

INTERCUT THREE P. O. V. 's

The Killer looking down at Young Marc convulsing.

Young Marc looking up, eyes wide, sees the dark, somewhat faceless form of the killer leaning over him, coming closer.

Marc, in the Pit, looking at the words, the notes, the journals and remembering what he saw that day as he starts to shake violently. Looking at his own hands, he lifts them from the keys.

Marc can't stop shaking...

MARC (cont'd)
Oh no.... No.....

IN THE PIT - Present Day Marc begins to have a seizure.

CUT BETWEEN

Young Marc on the Floor of the restroom, the Killer looming over him

Marc on the floor of the pit, experiencing a Grand Mal Seizure in the present.

The Killer - steps away from Marc, walks out of the restroom leaving the boy convulsing on the floor behind him

INT. PSYCHOLOGY DEPARTMENT BUILDING - HALLWAYS

The Killer quietly makes his way away from the restroom and out the door of the building without being noticed. A pair of MALE STUDENTS pass him. They go into the restroom

INT. RESTROOM

The two boys enter to find Young Marc on the floor in a full on seizure.

COLLEGE BOY #1
Shit!

One boy drops to help Marc as the other runs down the hall for help.

FRENZIED INTERCUTTING OF LOCATIONS AND EVENTS

We move rapidly from Marc on the floor of the pit, looking up at the light on the ceiling, helplessly convulsing...

Marc on the floor of the restroom. The boy over him but unable to function.

The Hallways - As Professor Keasley comes running from his office.

KEASLEY
(to Stacy)
Call an ambulance!

THE RESTROOM

He runs into the restroom, bends over Marc, does what a trained professional does in this situation.

Young Marc looks up - Sees the face of Keasley bending over him. When Keasley speaks his voice sounds removed, distant.

KEASLEY
Marc...? Marc can you hear me?
Marc?

Things start to go out of focus from Young Marc's P.O.V.

FADE OUT.

FADE IN:

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - NIGHT

Keasley gradually comes into focus over us.

KEASLEY
Hey, Marc. How are you feeling?

Marc (present day) looks around. He is in a hospital bed, in a hospital gown, IV tube into his arm, monitors hooked up.

MARC
What happened?

KEASLEY

I was sort of hoping you could tell us. Some students found you outside on the campus, passed out on the ground. They thought maybe you had gotten drunk or something. Any idea how you got there?

Marc tries to recall. Shakes his head.

MARC

I was reading, in the Pit. I had a seizure.

Keasley looks very concerned.

KEASLEY

Try hard, Marc. Is there anything you remember specifically. Do you remember leaving the Pit, going out of the library? Anything.

Marc shakes his head. Nothing. Keasley looks upset.

KEASLEY (cont'd)

Listen, Marc. Detective Schiller is outside. He'd like to have a few words with you.

MARC

Why?

KEASLEY

I think you know a young man named Robert Wentworth?

MARC

Bob?

KEASLEY

I understand you had a bit of an altercation with him yesterday afternoon. A lot of people saw it.

MARC

Yeah.

KEASLEY

Well, he's dead. Police found him murdered. His body was cut up and mutilated in ceremonial way very similar to the Black River killings.

A horrible, pained expression comes over Marc's face.

MARC

...no...

KEASLEY

The Police would like to talk to you about it.

Marc turns his face away, fighting back tears.

KEASLEY (cont'd)

I'm not an attorney, but you may want to consider your next course of action very carefully. It might be best if you don't say anything at this point. For your own protection.

Marc looks hurt, stung.

MARC

You think I did it?

KEASLEY

Can you swear to me you know for a fact you didn't?

Marc can't answer that.

KEASLEY (cont'd)

Like I said, consider your next action very carefully. I'll try to keep the wolves at bay for a bit.

HOSPITAL CORRIDOR

Keasley steps out of Marc's room. Detective Schiller is there, along with two uniformed officers.

DET. SCHILLER

So, what's the story?

KEASLEY

He doesn't remember anything.

DET. SCHILLER

Oh, that's awfully convenient. I thought you told me this kid never forgot anything?

KEASLEY

He suffers from blackouts when he has seizures. This has happened before. Five years ago some students found him half naked on the floor of the bathroom with a roll of toilet paper in his mouth. Looked like he had a seizure on the John but when we asked him about it he couldn't remember anything.

Dr. Raymond is just arriving with a bottle of medicine.

KEASLEY (cont'd)

(to Raymond)

Did you find his pills.

DR. JUDI RAYMOND

No. I checked his room and couldn't find anything, I had the pharmacy fill a new prescription.

She hands the pills to Keasley.

KEASLEY

Good, he needs these. No telling how long he's been off his meds?

DET. SCHILLER

Look, the bottom line is I have a restaurant full of witnesses that saw this kid threaten to disembowel the busboy who, coincidentally, shows up dead and ceremonially mutilated a few hours later in a way reminiscent of the Black River killings which, it just so happens, your boy has spent the last month studying in detail. I can probably get a judge to swear out a warrant for his arrest in twenty minutes. Right now, all I want to do is question him

Keasley pulls out a paper.

KEASLEY

Marc is a ward of the state and I happen to have power of attorney to act on his behalf. You're not questioning him without a lawyer.

DET. SCHILLER
You gotta be kidding me.

KEASLEY
I'm dead serious.

DET. SCHILLER
(begrudgingly)
Alright. No questions until you
get your lawyer. But as he is the
prime suspect in a homicide I have
the right, and legal obligation, to
post some officers in there to
watch him.

KEASLEY
Fair enough, as long as they don't
ask him any questions. Or I'll
challenge the legality of any thing
you try to use in court.

DET. SCHILLER
What's with you, man? Before your
breakdown all you cared about was
getting at the truth. Now you just
want to get in the way?

Dr. Raymond also turns a suspicious look at Keasley, as if
she too were unclear what his motivation is.

KEASLEY
I'm just looking out for the best
interests of my boy. No questions.

Schiller nod to his men. It's agreed. They open the door.

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM

The bed is empty, the window open, bed sheets tied and
leading out. Marc is gone.

DET. SCHILLER
Son-of-bitch!

The police move into action rapidly.

DET. SCHILLER (cont'd)
(to Keasley; accusingly)
If I didn't know better, I'd swear
you stalled me on purpose just now.

Keasley looks almost smug as Schiller exits.

DR. JUDI RAYMOND
What exactly are you playing at
here, Professor?

KEASLEY
I'm not playing. This is Marc's
game.

INT. /EXT. BUS - NIGHT

The BUS DRIVER sits chewing gum as he opens the door, eyes
the person getting in, who we don't see.

A hand puts a token in the machine then moves back. The Bus
driver just stares.

BUS DRIVER'S P.O.V.

Marc, still in his hospital gown which hangs open at the
back, shuffles to the rear of the bus like an escaped mental
patient.

RESUME DRIVER - Shakes his head. He sees all kinds on this
run. He closes the door, pulls away.

Marc takes a seat. He looks dopey, seemingly oblivious to
everything. He stares out the window at the lights of the
city as they move past.

Marc's eyes sharpen as he thinks. Despite his seeming
obliviousness to everything around him you can see the gears
turning in his mind, but what he's thinking, only he knows.

INT. MAG-PIES - KITCHEN - NIGHT

SARAH
Psycho boy escaped the asylum

JENNIFER
What?

SARAH
Your boyfriend just cut and ran
from the hospital, I heard the
police telling Maggie. If I were
you I wouldn't go home tonight.

MAGGIE
Sarah!

Maggie has a stern look on her face.

MAGGIE (cont'd)
Best tend to your tables, girl.

Sarah goes out, leaving Maggie and Jennifer alone.

MAGGIE (cont'd)
She told ya'?

Jennifer nods, clearly shook up.

JENNIFER
It hardly seems real, what he did
to Bob. I mean, granted, he never
was like a totally normal person
but... I had him in the car with
me! Alone. That night he started
coming on to me. It could've been
me instead of Bob.

Maggie is very sweet and motherly, gives her a hug.

MAGGIE
Look, baby I love him too, but
right now that boy ain't in his
proper head. If he ever was.

JENNIFER
He said he'd never hurt me.

MAGGIE
Sweetie, right now, I don't think
you can count on that.

EXT. MAG-PIES - NIGHT

The lights are off, Jennifer comes out and goes to her car.
The parking lot is ominously quiet. She unlocks her door
puts her bag in when...

KEASLEY
Jennifer, isn't it?

Jennifer jumps, startled as he approaches her.

JENNIFER
You scared me.

KEASLEY
I have that effect on people.
You're not planning to go home
tonight, are you?

JENNIFER

I'm was gonna stay out at my
sister's place in Lewisville. Why?

KEASLEY

Does anyone else know that? The
police? Anyone?

JENNIFER

No.

KEASLEY

Good. Keep it between us.

JENNIFER

Why?

KEASLEY

Marc is a very clever boy. The
less people know where you're
going, the less chance Marc can
find you.

JENNIFER

Do you really think he'd kill me?

Keasley weighs his answer very carefully.

KEASLEY

I've spent my life predicting the
actions of serial killers. Twenty-
four hours ago I would have said
there was no way Marc could commit
the kind of crime I saw this
afternoon. But Marc's not himself.
He doesn't even know if he did it.
If he did, then he's far more
disturbed than I realized, and all
bets are off.

He steps closer to her.

KEASLEY (cont'd)

Do you have gun?

JENNIFER

No!

KEASLEY

Can you get one?

JENNIFER

You want me to shoot Marc?

KEASLEY

Let me tell you something, and this is coming from an expert on human behavior; Marc loves you. He WILL try to contact you. Normally, he'd never do anything to hurt you, but right now he's taken a little mental swim to the outer banks. He's suffering from paranoia and delusions brought on by physiological, neurological and psychological conditions. Now eventually, with treatment, he may be fine again; someday. But by then the damage will be done. You'll be dead, and he'll spend the rest of his life in an institution regretting it. Don't let that happen. Right now he can't help himself, but you can. If you love him, you'll kill him, before he kills you.

Jennifer is very solemn.

JENNIFER

Before I can do that, I need you to look me in the eye and tell me without a doubt, that Marc committed the murder you saw today? Can you tell me for sure, that he's really the killer?

Keasley steps closer, right in her face, looks her directly in the eye, dead serious. Opens his mouth to speak, but can't.

After a moment a slow smile breaks out on his face and he laughs lightly to himself, realizing he can't say it.

KEASLEY

No. I can't tell you that.

JENNIFER

You don't think he did it?

KEASLEY

I could be wrong.

JENNIFER

But what if you're right.

KEASLEY

You don't understand. I was wrong about something like this once before. Things turned out very badly. Neither of us can afford to take that chance.

JENNIFER

You know, Marc thinks you're the most wonderful and amazing man in the world. He told me your a genius and how you knew everything. I wonder what he'd think if he knew you were telling me to kill him?

KEASLEY

He's a smart kid. He'd probably tell you it was good advice.

JENNIFER

I may not have your credentials in human behavior but I know people. I trust Marc. And I definitely DON'T trust you!

Jennifer gets into her car. Keasley steps up to the window.

KEASLEY

Do you know what they found at Marc's apartment?

JENNIFER

No.

KEASLEY

He went there after the hospital. Something was missing.

JENNIFER

What?

KEASLEY

His roommate.

Keasley lets that hang for a moment as he steps away.

KEASLEY (cont'd)

Drive carefully.

INT. /EXT. JENNIFER'S CAR - DRIVING

She checks the rearview mirror, watching Keasley recede into the distance as she drives off.

EXT. JUNCTION I-40 AND HIGHWAY 421

Jennifer peels off onto the less travelled Highway 421 toward Lewisville.

INT. /EXT. JENNIFER'S CAR - DRIVING

As she drives she is unaware of the back seat folding down, the back seat that leads to the trunk where they stored the video camera before, using the seat because of the trunk lid being broken. Someone now enters the car using that method.

A dark form rises behind her.

It is a moment later before she looks in the rearview mirror and sees the eye staring at her.

Jennifer SCREAMS.

Marc grabs her.

MARC
Keep driving!

There is a struggle in which the car almost goes out of control off the road.

Marc puts a knife to Jennifer's throat.

MARC (cont'd)
I said keep driving!

The knife to her throat focuses her mind. Jennifer recovers her wits enough to keep a grip on things, keep driving. He takes the knife away.

After a moment, terrified, she confronts him.

JENNIFER
What are you doing, Marc?

MARC
Take exit two-forty-four. Turn right, then first left.

JENNIFER
Marc... You're not well.

MARC
I know. Do what I said.

EXT. JENNIFER'S CAR - DRIVING- VARIOUS

She takes EXIT 244, does as he says.

Soon they stop at a dark house in a secluded area.

INT. /EXT. JENNIFER'S CAR - PARKED

MARC
Get out.

JENNIFER
Marc, please. You're really
scaring me.

MARC
I said get out!

EXT. OLD EDWARD'S PLACE - NIGHT

They step from Jennifer's car. Marc has the knife and a flashlight. She turns and looks at him for the first time. He has bruises on his face. She notices what he's wearing, not his normal clothing, and it's got some red stains.

JENNIFER
Where did you get those clothes?

MARC
My roommate.

JENNIFER
Is that blood?

MARC
Yeah.

JENNIFER
His?

MARC
Uh-huh. Inside.

He motions toward the house with the knife. They walk.

JENNIFER
Where is he?

MARC
In the shed.

JENNIFER
Let me see him

MARC
You don't wanna see him He's not
very pretty.

They reach the house, the door is unlocked. They go inside.

INT. OLD EDWARD'S PLACE

Once, a family lived here. Nothing has changed. Nothing has been moved. The furniture is covered, but no one has lived here for a very long time.

Jennifer looks around. There is no electricity.

JENNIFER
Who's place is this?

MARC
Mine.

They step further in, Marc seems lost in the place. Voices come back into his head, haunting him VOICES from the past.

JENNIFER
What do you mean, your place?

MARC
I grew up here. My parents owned it. After the accident it was left to me and put in trust. I told them not to sell it. It's all I've got left of them

He points with knife and flashlight where he wants her to go. They move up stairs, down the hallway and into a bedroom

INT. OLD EDWARD'S PLACE - BOY'S ROOM - NIGHT

The beds are covered by sheets. Marc steps to the first one.

MARC
This was mine. Jimmy slept there.

Marc looks around, lost in thought, voices from the past come back like ghosts into his mind now.

Jennifer looks around, trying to find a way to escape, but Marc is between her and the door. She looks for something she can use as a weapon if she has to.

JENNIFER

Marc, what happened to Bob?

Marc closes his eyes, trying to push the voices out so he can think straight and remember.

MARC

I don't know.

JENNIFER

Did you kill him?

Marc shakes his head in uncertainty.

MARC

I don't know.

JENNIFER

Marc, you're not well. You need...

MARC

I should have known, the Hawk was after me all along. It was all me, about getting me. The whole thing.

JENNIFER

What are you talking about?

MARC

Details. Little details. I notice all the little details. The Hawk made it so I couldn't think straight. I didn't want to believe it was someone so close, someone I trusted. Then it was so obvious. I was so stupid!

He looks to her with a fire in his eyes.

MARC (cont'd)

The voices are back. They're telling what I need to do to you, Jennifer.

Jennifer backs away. She doesn't like the sound of that.

JENNIFER
Is God talking to you again?

Marc leers at her with a terrifying grin, shakes his head.

MARC
(dangerously)
Not God.

Jennifer breaks to run, tries to get past him but Marc grabs her, throws her down onto the bed, gets on top of her.

They struggle and Marc forces himself on her. The strength of madness is in him and he begins to force himself on her. It's clear his intention is to rape her.

JENNIFER
Marc, please, no!

She cries out to him, pleading tones in her voice.

We watch as Mark fights his own demons, we can see him wrestling with himself as he pulls his brain together. You can see the internal struggle, the battle between lust and control, desire and decency.

With visible effort Marc pulls away, physically hits himself, shouts and takes control of himself, stepping back but still standing between her and the door.

Jennifer lays there, doesn't move, breathing hard.

MARC
I'm sorry. I can't control it.
The Hawk did this to me, made it so
hard to think.

JENNIFER
You need your medicine, Marc.
Please, just let me go. We'll get
you the help you need.

Marc shakes his head.

MARC
No. We can't let 'em get away
again. We gotta tell someone, warn
'em, make 'em pay. Make 'em sorry
they did this. And you're the key.

INT. DARK BEDROOM - NIGHT

A phone rings beside the bed. In silhouette a hand gropes for it. Picks it up.

DR. JUDI RAYMOND
Hello?

JENNIFER (V. O.)
(filtered)
Is this Doctor Raymond?

DR. JUDI RAYMOND
Yes.

JENNIFER (V. O.)
(filtered)
My name is Jennifer Dreiling. I'm
a friend of Marc Edward's.

Dr. Raymond sits up, turns on a light, checks the time.

DR. JUDI RAYMOND
Yes dear, I know who you are.

Jennifer's voice sounds a bit nervous, like someone may be holding a knife to her throat as she says these things.

JENNIFER
Marc needs to talk with you. He
says there's something you have
to know.

DR. JUDI RAYMOND
Is he with you? Are you alright?

Jennifer's voice is cracking.

JENNIFER
He says it's very important that
you not tell anyone about this.
Not the police and especially not
Professor Keasley.

DR. JUDI RAYMOND
You know he's not well, don't you
dear? Has he hurt you? I have
medicine for him.

JENNIFER

He says he's going to do something really bad if you don't show up soon. Don't take too long. I... I don't think he can help himself.

DR. JUDI RAYMOND

Where does he want to meet?

CUT TO:

INT. OLD EDWARD'S PLACE - A SHORT TIME LATER

Jennifer hangs up the cell phone after finishing the conversation. Marc stands over her with the knife and Jennifer looks up nervously, frightened.

JENNIFER

She's coming. Now what?

Marc looks at her. Nothing about him looks right. He looks very unhappy about the next part. The voices in his head grow louder as he looks at her until he can hear nothing else. He closes his eyes, trying to think.

MARC

I'm sorry, Jennifer... I'm so sorry. I've gotta do this.

He grabs her by the blouse, pulls her toward him, raises the knife, brings it down fast and hard.

Jennifer screams.

EXT. OLD EDWARD'S PLACE

Doctor Raymond arrives. She looks around the place. She keeps her purse close to her as she moves toward the house.

The door is open, she calls inside.

DR. JUDI RAYMOND

Hello? Miss Dreiling? Marc?

There is no answer. She moves into the house.

INT. OLD EDWARD'S PLACE

Dr. Raymond steps inside. No one is visible. She looks around, keeps her purse close -- you know she must have something in there.

DR. JUDI RAYMOND

Jennifer? Marc? I've done what
you've said. I'm here. I'm alone.

There is no answer, she moves up the stairs.

UPSTAIRS HALLWAY

She walks slowly, looking around carefully, until she passes the door to the Bedroom, looks inside and SCREAMS.

BOY'S ROOM

Jennifer's blood covered body is tied, spread eagle on the bed. Her clothing has been cut open, ripped and torn, exposing her. A ligature about her neck shows strangulation as the cause of death.

HALLWAY

Dr. Raymond recoils from the room in horror.

MARC (O. C.)

Hello, Doctor Raymond.

Raymond spins to find Marc approaching from the end of the hallway, covered in blood, knife in hand, a murderous glint in the eye.

He has cut off her path to the stairs.

DR. JUDI RAYMOND

Marc?

MARC

I'm glad you came. I'm not feeling
very well.

DR. JUDI RAYMOND

Oh God, Marc.

MARC

I needed to tell you something. I wanted you to know, that I think it was a terrible, terrible thing you did.

DR. JUDI RAYMOND

What are you talking about, Marc?

MARC

What you did to me and Professor Keasley. That was a terrible thing to do.

Dr. Raymond shakes her head.

DR. JUDI RAYMOND

Marc, I have no idea what you think has happened, but I assure you...

MARC

In the journals, Delmar kept talking about the Hawk. The Hawk told him to do it, the Hawk told him to kill, the Hawk told him how to avoid getting caught. It wasn't a voice in his head. The Hawk was real. The Hawk was someone at the University. The Hawk was someone he came to for help.

He looks at her, pain in his eyes as he tells her.

MARC (cont'd)

You're the Hawk.

DR. JUDI RAYMOND

Marc, you're not well.

MARC

No... I'm not. That's what made it so hard to think.

She lifts her purse...

DR. JUDI RAYMOND

I have some medicine for you.

Marc laughs.

MARC

That's how I knew it was you. You switched my pills.

CUT TO:

INT. DR. RAYMOND'S OFFICE - THE PAST

When Marc was there after his first reading in the Pit.

[NOTE: All FLASHBACKS are done in the style of the Vision Sequences, as if from the Journals, so we're not sure if these are real or distorted or imagined recollections.]

Marc's hands shake as he tries to open his medicine.

DR. JUDI RAYMOND

Oh, for heaven's sake, here...

She takes the bottle from his hands and opens it easily as she crosses to a private bathroom in her office. Only this time we FOLLOW HER into the bathroom

She turns on the water, then takes the bottle of pills and dumps the contents. She quickly replaces the same number of an almost identical looking set of pills into the bottle, but it's different medicine. She keeps out one pill in her hand.

We follow behind her as she returns to Marc and gives him the new pill and the water in the way we saw before.

CUT TO:

HALLWAY - THE PRESENT

Marc is stepping closer to Dr. Raymond, still holding the knife threateningly.

MARC

That's when I started hearing voices again. I didn't know I was off my medicine.

DR. JUDI RAYMOND

(sympathetic, motherly)
You're imagining things.

MARC

After that the journals really started to affect me.

DR. JUDI RAYMOND
I did everything in my power to
keep you OFF those journals!

MARC
But you approved every request made
to keep me reading.

DR. JUDI RAYMOND
In my office, I tried to warn you
about the dangers, make you stop.

AUDIO ONLY FLASHBACK - We hear her words from that scene like
an echo over the present, like a voice in Marc's head.

DR. JUDI RAYMOND (V. O.) (cont'd)
(filtered; distant)
*"you can't tell us anything we
don't already know... adults have a
responsibility to protect children
from disturbing things."*

MARC
You knew how to push my buttons.

DR. JUDI RAYMOND (V. O.)
(filtered; distant)
*"Not suitable for a child and like
it or not you are still a child!"*

MARC
You knew my weak point; my pride.
You said exactly the right thing to
make me determined to keep reading
and prove you wrong... Like any
expert in psychology would. That's
why Delmar came to you. You're the
only licensed Psychiatrist in the
department. The only one actually
practicing.

FLASH CUT - FROM EARLIER

Dr. Raymond steps from her office along with a young TROUBLED
PERSON she was seeing. We now recognize He is a patient.

MARC (cont'd)
Delmar had already murdered when he
came to you. He wanted help. But
you just encouraged him. Told him
how to kill more and better and not
get caught. You manipulated him,
just like you did me.
(MORE)

MARC (cont' d)
 It was the whole "Hawk" thing that
 threw me off. When I saw it on the
 Professor's desk...

FLASH BACK - The moment Marc sees the Hawk on the professor's desk, the shot of the bird, so clear, the look on Marc's face at that moment.

MARC (V. O.) (cont' d)
 I was confused, it didn't make any
 sense. It couldn't be the
 Professor, that'd be so stupid and
 obvious, and he's not stupid. And
 I remembered, back when the killer
 was active, the professor didn't
 even have that desk.

FLASH BACK - The newspaper article in Marc's journal showing the Professor behind his desk with Detective Schiller during the original investigation. The front of the desk is clearly visible, and there is NO HAWK! It's a different desk!

MARC (V. O.) (cont' d)
 So, if the killer got the idea to
 call his advisor the Hawk from the
 desk, then who had that desk?

RESUME PRESENT

Marc eyes Raymond intensely, coming closer, knife raised.

MARC
 You had it. It even still says so,
 right on the side. It's got your
 initials stencilled on it.

FLASH BACK - The first time in the Professor's office - Marc sits in "his" spot. The edge of the Professor's desk has the words "PROP JR PSYCHOLOGY DEPT" stencilled on it.

MARC (V. O.) (cont' d)
 "Property, J. R.," -- Judi Raymond --
 "Psychology Department."

RESUME PRESENT

Marc stands by Raymond.

MARC

Jason Delmar had already killed when you met him, but you were the one who really made him into what he became. You're guidance camouflaged his signature and created one of the most successful serial killers in history. Why did you do that?

At first it seems she's going to continue to deny it, then pride takes over.

DR. JUDI RAYMOND

If you study molds and funguses you breed them in the lab. But if you study serial killers, how do you learn about the factors that create them? All we ever see is the results of their work and we spend all our time reconstructing how they must have arrived there after the fact. But when Delmar came to me, I realized I had a unique opportunity to study a working model almost from the very beginning. It seemed a once in a lifetime opportunity. And I wondered, if a killer could be made aware of what the police look for, how long could he go without being caught. Jason was a poor subject, actually. I realized, if I could've gotten to him sooner, before his first murder, I could've done a much better job of creating him. That's why I decided it might be worthwhile to try again, with an equally promising subject.

MARC

Me.

Dr. Raymond smiles like a proud mother. In fact, as she reaches out, and touches his face sweetly, there is a definite pride in her boy.

DR. JUDI RAYMOND

Why do you think I approved your entrance to the University at such a young age?

(MORE)

DR. JUDI RAYMOND (cont' d)

You had so much in common with Jason, the early childhood trauma, the TLE and the Geschwind's. I thought, exposed early to the proper conditioning material, and deprived of any corrective medication, I could truly see if these factors might be fully nurtured into the same sort of killer, only better, smarter, even MORE successful. With your intelligence, and my guidance, your career could extend for decades to become the greatest serial killer in human history.

MARC

What happened to Veronica?

DR. JUDI RAYMOND

It seems women don't make good serial killers. Exposed to the same stimulation and abuse in youth the makes men into murderers, women tend to turn their destructive tendencies on themselves. Veronica succeeded only in killing herself.

MARC

Did I kill Bob?

DR. JUDI RAYMOND

That would have been nice. But sadly, no. I took care of that with the help of one of my patients. You see, you aren't my only research project. But I wanted you to believe you'd done it. So, after learning of your very public altercation I had Bob taken care of when you had your seizure in the Pit. After all, even after you've dug the well sometimes you must still prime the pump.

She touches him in a loving, motherly way.

DR. JUDI RAYMOND (cont' d)

And in the end, you did not disappoint me. After all, you did kill Jennifer.

Marc shakes his head.

MARC
Not exactly.

GREEN "NIGHT-SHOT" IMAGE

Dr. Raymond turns and looks into the Bedroom, directly at us.

RESUME SCENE

Jennifer is very much alive. Under her arm is the "Night-Shot" camera she and Marc used earlier. She has recorded the entire exchange between them. She sits up, blouse closed, and smiles at Doctor Raymond.

Dr. Raymond rushes toward her, tries to grab the camera but Jennifer slips out the window.

EXT. OLD EDWARD'S PLACE

Jennifer moves down a ladder placed there previously, then pulls it away and onto the ground, preventing anyone from following her as she runs for her car with the camera.

Dr. Raymond watches her go, then turns back inside.

INT. OLD EDWARD'S PLACE - BOY'S ROOM

Marc smiles, though he still looks rather dazed and creepy. She walks up to him, a frustrated smile on her face.

DR. JUDI RAYMOND
You must be feeling very pleased
with yourself. Don't be. For in
the end, you may just as well have
killed her yourself.

There is a CRACKLING SOUND, Marc winces in pain, then crashes to the floor.

Dr. Raymond has taken from her purse a hand held TASER of the type women carry for self-protection.

He's down, but she kneels beside him and puts it to his head, hitting a few more discharges directly into his brain.

The repeated shocks soon trigger a seizure in Marc.

DR. JUDI RAYMOND (cont'd)
Once your seizure is over I doubt
you'll remember any of this, but in
any case, we'll make certain that
when they find Jennifer's body
you'll get full credit for her
murder as well as her kidnapping.
One way or another, Marc, I will
have made a killer out of you.

She pulls out her cell phone and makes a call as she walks
out of the house, leaving Marc powerless on the floor in the
throws of his most intense seizure ever.

Left staring at the ceiling, Marc has flashes of things, all
the stuff he's read in the journals, experiences from his
life, everything is flashing past in the Vision style of the
journals. Even his surroundings takes on the unreal quality,
blending together with his fantasies and recollections into
one dream like state.

EXT. OLD EDWARD'S PLACE

Jennifer runs to her car, her clothing covered with blood
(real or fake). She tries to start the engine, but it won't
start. She cranks it repeatedly and can't believe this.

JENNIFER
No way. Nooo way! Dammit.

She pulls the cell phone Marc gave her, dials 911.

JENNIFER (cont'd)
(ad lib, panicked call)
Help me, please! My name is
Jennifer Dreiling, I'm with Marc
Edwards at, I don't know the
address, it was his parents house.
I need a police car right away.

INT. OLD EDWARDS PLACE

Marc continues to have flashes and impressions. He struggles
to regain himself, but can't get control of his own brain.

EXT. OLD EDWARD'S PLACE

Jennifer sees a car approaching down the road. She runs for
it, flags it down.

JENNIFER

Please, you've gotta help me, you
have to get me to the police.

We see the man driving the car. Although Jennifer has never see him before, we have. He is the same DISTURBED MAN we saw outside of Dr. Raymond's office.

DISTURBED MAN

Get in.

Jennifer jumps into the car, but before she realizes what's happening, he pulls a garotte and slips it around her throat.

Jennifer kicks and screams and struggles as he strangles her with the wire.

INT. OLD EDWARD'S PLACE

Marc fights to his feet, staggered and basically sleep walking. We take the VIEW IN HIS HEAD!

It is as if in a dream. All the world is now a VISION to him. There are things there that are not there at all. Horrible things, bodies, Daniel. Voices and ghost beckon to him, memories of his life in this house blend with the nightmare of the present as he wanders through the house.

DANIEL

You better do something before it's
too late! You've got to hurry, you
don't have much time! Hurry!

Marc stares at little Dead Daniel and has this gnawing sense that he's right... There's something he's supposed to be doing.

Although not really here Marc fights his way down the stairs, not knowing what he's doing or where he's going but possessed with the knowledge he's got to do something.

EXT. OLD EDWARD'S PLACE

In the car with the killer -- Jennifer fights better and harder than he expected. With the engine still running, she knocks the car into gear and he has to momentarily release her to gain control.

[NOTE: Details of the fight will be worked out on location with the stunt coordinator and actors to best utilize all available resources. This is merely a summation.]

Jennifer breaks and runs, but leaves the video camera behind.

He chases her in the car. Jennifer runs behind the house.

He gets out of the car, chases on foot.

Raymond gets the camera from the car.

Jennifer reaches the shed discovers the bound and gagged and bloody and nearly naked roommate FRED struggling in there as she hunts for a weapon. She ungags him, sets him loose.

FRED

Fuckin' psycho boy beat the shit
out of me and took my clothes. I'm
gonna kill the son of a bitch.

JENNIFER

He's not the problem, he's the good
guy.

FRED

FUCK THAT! SHIT!

Fred moves just as DISTURBED MAN attacks.

Jennifer fights viciously for her life against a man we know
is the same sick, twisted person who really murdered Bob.

Fred, terrified, hands still tied behind him, runs away in a
panic, tearing down the street in just his underwear.

Jennifer struggles with the Disturbed Man. She uses a large
axe she gets from the wall of the shed. She takes him out,
but he's not dead.

She gets past him and runs, hanging onto the axe.

IN FRONT OF THE HOUSE

Jennifer rounds the corner and runs straight into Dr. Raymond
who ZAPS her with the TASER.

Jennifer tumbles to the ground, struggles to get up, Dr.
Raymond TASER's her again to keep her down.

Marc stumbles out the front door like a zombie, watches
what's going on, Jennifer being repeatedly shocked, but in
his dream like state he sees it the same way he saw things
when reading the journals.

Everything looks unreal to him and he just stands at the side, a bystander, watching Jennifer being killed in the same detached way he watched people being murdered in the journals. It's not real to him

JENNIFER

Marc! Help! Please, Marc!?

But even she can see something is wrong with him. He has this vacant look on his face.

RAYMOND

I'm afraid he's not in right now.
Lost in the effects of a major,
Temporal Lobe Seizure which I was
only too happy to provide. I
wouldn't expect to see him back in
his right mind again for several
hours at least, if ever.

The Disturbed Man comes from around the house, he's bleeding badly, and very angry at Jennifer.

DR. JUDI RAYMOND

Finish the job. Have your way her.

As he grabs Jennifer, smacks her around, prepares to have his way with her, about to rape her as Marc watches helplessly from the side.

Sudden there is a NASTY CRACK as an AXE chops into the back of his skull and he falls off of Jennifer.

It's Marc, wielding the axe in the mind set of the Killer from the journal. He thinks he's in a journal entry.

He spins and takes a hack at Dr. Raymond, who falls to the ground, tries to escape as Marc comes over her with the axe.

MARC

The first time I swung I cut deeply
into its side, but it kept crawling
away, so I swung again.

Marc takes another swing of the axe at Raymond.

MARC (cont'd)

This time I got it in the head, but
it kept moving!

He is totally lost in the journal entry he read, living through it exactly as it happened before, only this time, Dr. Raymond is the victim, though Marc, in his view, seems totally unaware of this in any conscious way.

DR. JUDI RAYMOND
 Marc! Stop! You don't know what
 you're doing! STOP!!!

He doesn't seem to hear her at all as he swings again.

MARC
 Finally I cut through it's lower
 back and crippled it good. It
 stopped wriggling, but was still
 alive so I made it look at me.

SEVERAL POLICE CARS ARRIVE!

As Jennifer struggles to get to her feet, headlights and
 search lights and POLICE ARRIVE.

They see Marc attacking Dr. Raymond with an axe.

MARC (cont'd)
 I am God's emissary come to remove
 it from the earth.

A Police Office leaps from the CAR and levels his gun at
 Marc. More cars are pulling in.

POLICE
 Police Officer, drop your weapon
 and raise you hands!

Fred gets out of the car!

FRED
 Shoot him already, damn it!

JENNIFER
 NOOOO!

Jennifer gets to her feet, gets between the officer and Marc.

Dr. Raymond looks up at Marc, horror on her face as he raises
 the axe over her for the final kill.

DR. JUDI RAYMOND
 Marc, NO!

MARC
 I am the last thing it sees, an
 image burned on its dying retinas
 that it carries to God.

More Cars arrive, Det. Schiller and Keasley get out.

POLICE

Lady, move aside, I WILL SHOOT!

JENNIFER

NO!!! DON'T SHOOT! He doesn't know
what he's doing!

Keasley runs for Marc.

MARC

And when He looks into those empty
sockets He will see ME there,
smiling back at Him, saying...
"Here I am Lord. I have become
thee."

Keasley charges, Marc swings the axe. It hits Raymond
solidly in the head.

The Police officer gets a clean shot - fires.

Keasley dives at Marc, takes him down to the ground.

DET. SCHILLER

Hold your fire! That's an order!

Keasley looks into Marc's vacant eyes, tries to establish
something.

PROFESSOR KEASLEY

Marc!? Marc can you hear me?
Marc!?

Marc just stares up blankly, still totally out of it.

He rolls his head to the side, finds himself face to face
with the dead, bloody body of Dr. Raymond, staring into his
eyes.

Marc stares back and then, abruptly, something seems to click
on inside his head and the shock of the image hits him

Jennifer comes over to him. Marc looks up, terrified, at
both her and Professor Keasley, unable to speak but tears in
his eyes over what he's done.

JENNIFER

(to Keasley)

She wanted to make a killer.

PROFESSOR KEASLEY

And she did.

Jennifer kisses him, Keasley looks about, trying to determine what happened here.

As the police move in, take control of the situation and try to figure out what's happened, we slowly...

DISSOLVE TO:

BLACK WATER LAKE - LATE AFTERNOON - MONTHS LATER

Marc stand by the water in the exact same spot the killer did, but when he turns to where the body of Daniel was left he sees not a placid surface of calm water, but an active police recovery operation at work.

Keasley joins him and they both watch as the body bag containing the remains of Daniel is placed in the boat and brought to shore.

KEASLEY

They found him exactly where you said he'd be.

As they watch a police officer points a woman toward them and she walks over to Marc and Professor Keasley.

WOMAN

They tell me you're the ones who found Daniel for me.

KEASLEY

I can't take any credit, ma'am. This is Marc Edwards. He found your boy.

Perhaps she too is struck by the similarity between Daniel and Marc, as if looking at him she can imagine her own son grown up to this age. She reaches out to Marc and spontaneously hugs him, holding him tightly. Marc, never a social animal, stands awkwardly for a moment, then hugs back.

WOMAN

Thank you for bringing him home.

Marc smiles uncomfortably. No one says anything more and after a moment, she moves away.

Marc, as always, is uncomfortable. Keasley smiles, puts an arm around him and both gaze out at the calm Black Water.

FADE OUT.

THE END