

88 MINUTES
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Lawrence Bender Productions

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FADE IN:

STUDIO APARTMENT... MANHATTAN... MORNING...

Articles of clothing, male and female, are scattered across the floor, intermixed with empty bottles of wine.

There's a GROAN from a naked body on the Murphy bed, JACK GRAMM, sexy and groggy-eyed... Jack slowly opens his eyes and spots the naked female beside him... soft skin... long legs... ample breasts...

He smiles through his hangover fog, then climbs on top the naked female, SARA POLLARD, mid-twenties, sexy and beautiful... Sara GROANS in her sleep and elbows him in the face...

...knocking him off the bed and onto the floor with a THUD...

JACK

Ow...

Now completely awake, Jack feels his hangover for the first time and grips his throbbing head... He MOANS in pain as he glances at the clock, but can't see it through foggy eyes... He squints, finally focusing - the clock reads 9:48 am...

CLOSE ON the clock as the time changes - 9:49 am... Jack darts straight up...

JACK

Shit...

He grabs a pair of underwear and forces his legs in, but falls face first back to the floor...

JACK

Shit!

Wrong underwear - they're hers, not his... Jack spots his under the bed and grabs them as Sara slowly wakes... She sits up with a MOAN, grasping her pounding head in both hands as if it were about to fall off...

JACK

(from the floor, hard)

Ibuprofen?

Sara hears the voice, but doesn't know where it's coming from. She slowly glances down at Jack, on his back on the floor, struggling with his underwear. She stares at him, trying to figure out who he is...

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Jack pulls on his underwear, jumps up and grabs his pants...

JACK
(quickly)
Ibuprofen? Do you have any?

Sara just continues to stare - Jack might as well be speaking another language...

JACK
(slowly, as if she were deaf)
Advil?... Motrin?... Do you have any?

Finally understanding, Sara mutters with difficulty...

SARA
Bath...room...

Jack hurries to the bathroom, tripping over a large wine bottle opener as he pulls on his pants...

INT. BATHROOM...

He grabs a bottle of Advil and quickly checks the milligrams, then tosses four tablets in his mouth and swallows. He grabs a bottle of mouthwash and GARGLES as he PEES...

INT. SARA'S APARTMENT...

Jack hurries back down the hall, tossing the bottle of Advil to Sara...

JACK
Take four if you wanna feel human again.

He grabs his shirt, quickly putting it on...

SARA
Where are you going?

JACK
I'm late...

He hurries to the refrigerator, grabs a bottle of water, and downs it as he glances out the window...

QUICKLY TO JACK'S POV OUT THE WINDOW - there's a man, GUY LaFORGE, across the street, staring up at him... From the distance and with his hangover fog, Jack can't quite make him out...

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A CELL PHONE suddenly RINGS...

JACK
Yours or mine?...

Sara mumbles "yours" as Jack fumbles for his cell...

JACK
(quickly into phone)
Yeah...

Jack glances back out the window - Guy LaForge is gone...

FEMALE VOICE (OVER CELL PHONE)
Jack, it's Shelly...
(concerned)
Are you okay? I tried you at home, you weren't there...

JACK
I'm okay...

SHELLY (OVER CELL PHONE)
I thought maybe since today's the day... you know, midnight tonight...

JACK
I'm okay, Shelly.

SHELLY (OVER CELL PHONE)
Okay...
(quickly to business)
Frank Pierce has been calling all morning... He needs to speak to you immediately...

JACK
Patch 'im through...

He unlocks the front door, then turns back to Sara, with a smile...

JACK
Thanks... I had fun...

SARA
Me too... Thanks for the wine tasting lesson, Dr. Gramm...

JACK
It's Jack...

He opens the door...

INT. HALLWAY...

...and hurries down the hall...

SHELLY (OVER CELL PHONE)
Jack, I've got Frank Pierce, go ahead.

FRANK (OVER CELL PHONE)
Jack, Frank... We got another one...

Jack stops in his tracks. His hangover fog is instantly lifted - he is now alert...

JACK
You sure it's the same?

FRANK (OVER CELL PHONE)
Every detail. Right down to the lateral lacerations...

JACK
(under his breath)
He's escalating...

FRANK (OVER CELL PHONE)
Only this time we found a tape. And you're gonna wanna hear it...

There's a long silent beat as Jack's face fills with dread. He's starting to sweat. Anxiety is setting in...

JACK
Where'd you find the tape?

FRANK (OVER CELL PHONE)
Three blocks from the victim, in an abandoned warehouse. We're pretty sure that's where he had his fun...

Jack takes a DEEP BREATH - he's fighting to control his anxiety...

FRANK (OVER CELL PHONE)
Jack, you still there?...

No answer...

FRANK (OVER CELL PHONE)
Jack?

JACK
Meet me in my office...

EXT. STREET OUTSIDE APARTMENT BUILDING...

Jack exits the building, moving cautiously into the MASS OF HUMANITY that is Manhattan... He scans the faces, suspiciously searching everyone of them. He dodges the many people rushing about and darts across the sidewalk, flagging down a passing cab...

JACK
(shouting)
TAXI!

As Jack climbs into the cab, WE PULL BACK TO A POV watching him from the top floor window of the building - it's Sara, the bed sheet wrapped around her naked body...

INT. CAB...

The Cabbie, CARLO A. MENDEZ, cell phone to his ear, glances in the rearview mirror at Jack...

CARLO
(into phone)
I gotta go...

He hangs up...

CARLO
(to Jack)
Where to?

JACK
1440 7th Ave.

Carlo cranks the radio, blasting Jack with the CAUSTIC MORNING DRIVE HOST...

MORNING DRIVE HOST (OVER RADIO)
...we're talking about convicted
killer Jon Forrester, who is scheduled
to die by midnight tonight...

Jack takes in the radio, listening intently...

MORNING DRIVE HOST (OVER RADIO)
Personally I think the murdering
sonofabitch oughta fry, but apparently
some of you morons out there think he
shouldn't...

As Carlo pulls the cab into traffic, he's CUT OFF BY A PASSING CAR.

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He SLAMS ON THE BRAKES, almost throwing Jack into the front seat... Exploding, Carlo SCREAMS out the window...

CARLO
YOU FUCKING PIECE OF SHIT!

Carlo's intense outburst causes Jack to slide closer to the rear door. He eyes the "R.I.P." tattoo on the back of Carlo's neck, a list of deceased gang members tattooed under it... Jack glances at the hack license on the dash, quickly making note of the name and number - CARLO A. MENDEZ, 9374201...

...but as he reaches for the door handle, Carlo STOMPS ON THE ACCELERATOR, SQUEALING into traffic...

INT. SARA'S APARTMENT...

Sheet still wrapped around her, Sara opens the door...

Guy LaForge enters. Sara closes the door behind him. LaForge quickly takes in the scene, opened Murphy bed, empty bottles of wine, clothes scattered about...

LAFORGE
Go take a shower, you smell like cheap wine and sex.

SARA
The wine wasn't cheap...

LaForge glances at the empty bottles of French wine...

SARA
(a coy smile)
And neither was the sex.

She turns and heads down the hall, dropping her sheet on the way... LaForge stares at her naked body - he knows when he's being teased, and doesn't like it...

LAFORGE
Bitch!

He reaches down and picks up the large wine bottle opener with his gloved hand...

CUT TO:

1440 7TH AVE...

The cab SQUEALS to a stop... Jack jumps out and hurries up the steps of the building, quickly pulling out his cell phone...

INT. LOBBY...

One of the doormen, J.T. RYCKER, opens the lobby door for Jack, who quickly takes in his face...

JACK
You're new.

RYCKER
First day.

Jack spots Rycker's tattoo covered hand, scanning the intricate artwork of prison language that flows up his arm...

JACK
How long you been out?

RYCKER
(trying to cover his tattoos)
A week...

JACK
How much time you do?

RYCKER
Seven of ten...

JACK
Where?

RYCKER
Franklin Correctional...

Jack shows no reaction either way, he just heads across the lobby... As he walks, he hits a preset number on his cell phone... We HEAR the RING on the other end as Jack steps into the elevator...

INT. ELEVATOR...

...and presses his floor button... The doors close...

SHELLY (OVER CELL PHONE)
Gramm Risk Management...

JACK
(quickly into phone)
Shelly, there's an ex-con at the front door of this building with Aryan Brotherhood tattoos up his arm!

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SHELLY (OVER CELL PHONE)
Jack, we can't get rid of every ex-con
who...

JACK
(cutting her off)
Do you know what he did to get those
tattoos, Shelly?

And she doesn't want to know...

SHELLY (OVER CELL PHONE)
I'll make sure he's gone by the end of
the day.

JACK
And run a check on a Carlo A. Mendez,
he's a driver for Yellow cab. His hack
license number is 9374201.

SHELLY (OVER CELL PHONE)
Am I looking for anything specific?

JACK
Yeah. Find out why the city gave a
hack license to a former gang member
with obvious sociopathic tendencies.

The elevator doors open and Jack steps off...

INT. GRAMM RISK MANAGEMENT...

...to find SHELLY BARR, his assistant and girl Friday,
phone headset on, notepad and cup of coffee in hand. She
hands Jack the cup of coffee...

SHELLY
Congratulations, Jack.

JACK
Premature. Anything could happen
before midnight... The FBI here yet?

SHELLY
I have them in the conference room.

They hurry across the busy room, passing ASSESSORS,
INVESTIGATORS, and SECURITY EXPERTS, all working cases.
Digital clocks display the U.S. Time Zones - Atlantic,
Eastern, Central, Mountain, Pacific, Yukon, Alaska-
Hawaii, and Bering...

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JACK
Yesterday's testimony?

SHELLY
Cued up and ready to go in your office. Personally, I thought you were brilliant.

JACK
Thanks, but I think I left myself open for cross. Any calls?

SHELLY
New York Times. Wall Street Journal. Newsweek, and Time. They all want a quote from you on Forrester's pending execution.

JACK
No quotes.

SHELLY
The Kay family is here.

JACK
(suddenly concerned)
Is everything okay?

SHELLY
Everything's okay.

Jack BREATHES a sigh of relief.

SHELLY
They just wanted to say thanks.

JACK
Not necessary.

SHELLY
They feel it is.

Jack spots MR. and MRS. KAY across the room. They see him and smile. Tears immediately fill Mrs. Kay's eyes. Mr. Kay chokes back his emotions. Jack swallows hard, fighting back his emotions as Mrs. Kay hurries to him, throwing her arms around him...

MRS. KAY
Thank you, Dr. Gramm.

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MR. KAY
(shaking Jack's hand)
Thank you so much.

Mr. Kay can't hold it in any long and the tears begin to flow...

JACK
You're very welcome. How's Janie?

MR. KAY
(a huge smile)
She's great.

MRS. KAY
The psychiatrist you referred us to is wonderful.

Jack smiles...

JACK
She's a good kid.

There's a beat... No one is quite sure what to say next, except Shelly...

SHELLY
Dr. Gramm has a busy morning.

MRS. KAY
Sorry, we won't take up any more of your time. We just wanted to thank you.

JACK
You're welcome.

Mr. Kay shakes Jack's hand again...

JACK
Tell Janie I said hello.

MR. KAY
We will.

Jack watches as the Kays head for the elevator...

SHELLY
You should be proud of yourself, Jack.
You did a good thing.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

JACK

Yeah, but not good enough to save the other four victims.

And with that, he's back to business... Jack hurries for his office, passing two young men, DARREN and LEWIS, standing perplexed at a huge map with crime scene photos of murder victims attached around the perimeter... Jack takes in their faces, then the board...

JACK

How long have you two been staring at the board?

Darren and Lewis turn to him with blood-shot eyes.

DARREN

Since you left for court yesterday morning.

JACK

And?

DARREN

(throwing his arms up in frustration)
And we're obviously idiots. I think you picked the wrong students to come to work for you, Dr. Gramm.

JACK

Since I'm never wrong, that would be an impossibility. And since you're not students anymore, call me Jack.

(quickly to business)

What's the single most significant characteristic of Thomas Dalton's personality?

DARREN

He's an insomniac...

JACK

He's not an insomniac. He's nocturnal. An insomniac can't sleep. A nocturnal hunts at night.

Darren and Lewis turn back to the map and photos as they suddenly realize...

DARREN

He'd get in his car and drive until he found a victim...

(CONTINUED)

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LEWIS

And everyone of his victims worked at the places he frequented at night.

Excited, they turn back to Jack, but he and Shelly have already disappeared into Jack's office...

INT. JACK'S OFFICE...

The walls are plastered with diplomas; M.D., Forensic Medicine, John Hopkins, Ph.D., Psychiatry, Harvard, two Ph.D.s, Health Sciences and Sociology, Columbia, as well as awards and citations from every major law enforcement agency in the U.S. - NYPD, LAPD, SFPD, FBI, ATF, Secret Service, Justice Department.

SHELLY

Your father called. He wants money again.

JACK

Send him what he needs.

SHELLY

You can't keep giving him money like this, Jack. He's drinking his life away...

Jack glances at the single personal item in his office, an old family photo - Jack as a child, with his father, mother, and little sister. His eyes lock on his little sister's smiling face - he stares for a long beat...

JACK

He's earned the right to drink his life away.

(back to Shelly)

Tell Frank I'll be with him in a minute.

Jack glances at the clock on the wall - it's 9:59...

JACK

And call Columbia. I'm going to be late. Have the students wait. I shouldn't be more than 20 minutes.

Shelly heads for the door. Jack hits the VCR control and the 32 inch Sony comes to life on Jack's frozen image... He's in court, on the witness stand, with the "Court TV" logo in the corner...

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JACK
Shelly?

SHELLY
(turning back)
Yes.

JACK
(suddenly serious)
Thank you.

SHELLY
For what?

JACK
Everything...

SHELLY
(cutting him off)
I hate it when you do this Jack...

JACK
(overlapping)
It's important to let people in your
life know how you feel about them.

SHELLY
(continuing)
... 'cause every time you do this I
think I'm gonna end up dead!

They stare at each other for a moment... Shelly finally
smiles...

SHELLY
You're welcome. And don't ask me to
marry you again.

JACK
But we're perfect for each other.

SHELLY
Except I'm gay and you're a commitment-
phobic.

JACK
(a smile)
That's why we're perfect for each
other.

Shelly hurries out the door before Jack can say anything
else. He hits the play button on the VCR...

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CONTINUED: (2)

CLOSE ON THE TV as Jack walks the court through his testimony. He is charming, and brilliant...

JACK (ON TV)

The person on the street might believe Douglas Anspot had to be insane to chop up twenty-one of his wife's relatives, cook them, then serve them to his wife as a gourmet six course meal. At issue is the question of whether Anspot had the capacity to conform his conduct to the requirements of law. The defence in the case claims temporary insanity. I say he was just really pissed off at his wife...

The PACKED COURTROOM LAUGHS... Jack smiles, he clearly enjoys an audience, and the limelight...

CLOSE ON Jack (in his office) as he shakes his head...

JACK

(highly critical)
Damn it, Jack, you shouldn't have smiled.

BACK TO THE TV as the DEFENSE ATTORNEY steps INTO VIEW...

DEFENSE ATTORNEY (ON TV)

No offense, Dr. Gramm, but aren't you nothing more than a "professional expert witness" brought in to bolster a weak prosecution case? And what qualifies you? You don't maintain a clinical practice. Nor are you in law enforcement!

JACK (ON TV)

Whether I practice or not is irrelevant to the victims. What is relevant is that Mr. Anspot was quite sane - and knew he was doing something wrong - when he pureed his mother-in-law in his wife's blender and turned her into soup for the first course.

DEFENSE ATTORNEY (ON TV)

Our "expert witness," who actually maintains a clinical practice, totally disagrees with you...

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CONTINUED: (3)

JACK (ON TV)
 (right back at him)
 Your "expert witness" should know from first year psychology that a truly insane man does not spend every afternoon for six months at the local butcher shop, learning the correct way to filet meat, so that he can serve the best cut of his sister-in-law to his wife. Douglas Anspot knew what he was doing! And he knew what he was doing was wrong. But he chose to do it anyway. That is free will! And free will is the *single legal distinction* between sanity and insanity.

The courtroom falls silent... The Defense Attorney doesn't know what to say...

Jack hits the stop button on the VCR control...

JACK
 Gotcha!

...then hurries out the office door...

INT. GRAMM RISK MANAGEMENT...

...and across the room to the large conference room.

INT. CONFERENCE ROOM...

Jack opens the door to find FBI Special Agent FRANK PIERCE, and two other men, WINGATE and MACTIRE, waiting in the well equipped, high-tech conference room...

JACK
 Sorry to keep you waiting, Frank.

Frank, fifties, gruff and leather-faced, tosses a pile of crime scene photos across the table. One look at this guy and you know he's seen it all...

FRANK
 This is Wingate and Mactire, they're Special Investigators assigned to the Task Force by the Attorney Generals office.

JACK
 Why is the Attorney Generals office assigning Special Investigators to a FBI Serial Killer Task Force?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

FRANK

You'll have to ask them.

Jack turns to Wingate and Mactire...

WINGATE

Just covering all bases...

Jack glances at Frank - what the fuck does that mean? Frank doesn't acknowledge the glance. Jack understands the lack of acknowledgement and turns to the gruesome photos, making an instant assessment...

JACK

It's definitely the same guy we've been following the last four months.

FRANK

You sure?

JACK

He's positioned the body in the same way. It's a staged scene.

WINGATE

Dr. Gramm, I know you're the "expert" here, but to me this looks exactly like the crime scenes attributed to Jon Forrester...

JACK

(cutting him off)
In outward appearances only.

WINGATE

And what does that mean?

JACK

He's staged it to copy Forrester, but he dehumanized the victim by turning her head to the side so he didn't have to look at her. Forrester's biggest thrill came from watching his victim's faces as he inflicted pain.

FRANK

(relieved)
Then we have a copycat?

JACK

Yes!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

WINGATE

What about the tape...

Wingate slides a plastic evidence bag with a cassette tape in it across the table...

FRANK

She was a Columbia student, Jack.

Jack glances back down at the photos, trying to identify the victim, but it's impossible.

JACK

One of mine?

WINGATE

Used to be. Gail Morris.

Jack recognizes the name...

WINGATE

You remember her?

JACK

Yeah...

Jack glances down at the crime scene photos - it's hard enough when you don't know the victim, but when you do, it's almost impossible to hold your emotions in check...

FRANK

You okay, Jack?

JACK

Yeah...

As he reaches for the evidence bag, his hand begins to shake uncontrollably... Wingate and Mactire exchange glances, noting Jack's sudden change in demeanor...

FRANK

You sure you're okay?

Jack doesn't even hear him - he's in the midst of an instantaneous anxiety attack...

JACK

(fighting his anxiety)

Tapes are made so the killer can play them back and relive the event.

WINGATE

Not this one. It was left for you.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

Jack looks at Frank for confirmation...

FRANK
(nodding)
Just like Forrester used to do.

Jack swallows hard, still fighting his anxiety...

JACK
This guy's an amateur compared to
Forrester.

WINGATE
Tell that to his victims!

His hand still shaking, Jack pulls the tape out of the plastic bag and fumbles to place it into the cassette player... His shaking finger slowly presses play.

A HORRIFYING SCREAM ECHOES through the room, sending chills down Jack's spine. The scream is followed by the FEMALE VICTIM'S TERRIFIED VOICE...

FEMALE VOICE (OVER TAPE)
(crying)
Please don't hurt me anymore...

Jack squirms as he recognizes the voice...

FEMALE VOICE (OVER TAPE)
(pleading)
I'll do whatever you say...
(sobbing)
Just don't hurt me anymore. Please...

The RUFFLING SOUND OF PAPER IS HEARD...

FEMALE VOICE (OVER TAPE)
This message is for Dr. Jack Gramm...

Her voice is strained, but she's trying her best to please her tormentor...

FEMALE VOICE (OVER TAPE)
You got the wrong man...

More RUFFLING PAPER IS HEARD...

FEMALE VOICE (OVER TAPE)
(not understanding)
That's it? That's the message?...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (4)

MACTIRE

Why go to all this trouble for a two line message?

JACK

She is the message!

FEMALE VOICE (OVER TAPE)

(getting her hopes up)

You're gonna let me go, right?... I did everything you asked me to...

Jack closes his eyes and cringes - he knows what is coming. There's a BLOODCURDLING SCREAM from the victim that doesn't stop... Frank hits the stop button on the cassette player - the scream echoes through the room...

FRANK

It goes on like that for two hours before she finally dies. If you listen carefully, you can hear him laughing in the background..

Jack opens his eyes and wipes the beads of sweat from his forehead - the tape has upset him to the point of tears.

JACK

(his voice cracking)

Who ever he is, he's in contact with Forrester.

WINGATE

And why would you think that?

JACK

The message is for me, and he chose a former student of mine as a victim...

Jack takes a DEEP BREATH, pulling himself together...

JACK

Only Forrester could provide him with enough details of the previous cases to copy them so closely. Our suspect's escalation shows perfection in his latest victims only. His earlier ones were disorganized. And that's one thing Forrester never was - he's the most organized killer I've ever seen.

Jack flips through the crime scene photos again...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (5)

JACK

This guy initiated contact with Forrester looking for approval. We're looking for a man in his late twenties. Probably joined the Army right out of high school. Served with little or no distinction. A killer like this always returns to the scene of the crime. The police have already questioned him. He volunteered information, and even appeared to be helpful.

(to Frank)

Does Forrester still have that legion of groupies who visit?

FRANK

Every chance they get. He has 'em all convinced he's innocent.

MACTIRE

Is it true Forrester knows as much about you as you do about him?

JACK

I wouldn't be alone with him.

MACTIRE

Why?

JACK

He'll find your weakness, then use it against you. His assessing skills are excellent. His manipulation skills even better.

MACTIRE

Is he as good at assessing as you?

JACK

Almost.

MACTIRE

Almost?

JACK

Yes, almost. He's on death row.

WINGATE

Convicted solely on your "expert" opinion.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (6)

JACK

He was convicted on the evidence! The specific manner in which he tortured and murdered his victims was exact in every detail as his victims three years before...

WINGATE

But he was never found guilty of the earlier murders.

JACK

He was never found "not guilty" of them either - the case was dismissed on a technicality!

(suddenly snapping)

Why are we even having this conversation?

WINGATE

Dr. Gramm, do you have a personal vendetta against Jon Forrester?

JACK

Jon Forrester is a highly intelligent manipulative monster, responsible for the torture and murders of at least 30 women that I can prove, and probably dozens more that I can't! I'd make a pact with the Devil if he'd guarantee I could be the one to inflict eternal torment on Jon Forrester. Now if you consider that a personal vendetta, then hell yes, I've got one!

Frank closes his eyes and shakes his head - fuck!

WINGATE

If you'll excuse us...

Wingate and Mactire head out the door...

JACK

Where are you going?

They don't stop. They just continue across the room to the elevator...

JACK

Frank, where are they going?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (7)

FRANK

(under his breath)
 Goddamn it, Jack, a lot of people are looking for any excuse to pull the plug on this execution.

JACK

(suddenly concerned)
 You're still with me on this, aren't you?

FRANK

Yes. But they've been snooping around for weeks, trying to find any reason for another stay.

JACK

(meaning the photos)
 This guy's a copycat, Frank. Forrester's manipulating him.

FRANK

If they find anything, Jack, Forrester won't just get another stay - he'll fucking walk!

Frank hurries after Wingate and Mactire... Jack follows him out the conference room door...

INT. GRAMM RISK MANAGEMENT...

...and watches as Frank darts into the elevator with Wingate and Mactire. Jack can't hear them, but their conversation is extremely animated...

SHELLY

Jack, this just arrived...
 (holding up a video)

It's the Forrester interview CNN is airing tonight. They want to know if you still have "no comment." They have a camera crew waiting in the lobby if you want to talk.

Jack grabs the tape and shoves it into the closest VCR. A CNN logo flashes on the TV, followed by JON FORRESTER, Bible in hand, sitting across from the interviewer WALLACE HAUSER. Charming, and handsome, Forrester appears nothing like the monster Jack described...

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FORRESTER (ON TV)

I don't know what motivates a man like Jack Gramm. Or why he has this personal vendetta against me.

WALLACE (ON TV)

Is that what you'd call it, a personal vendetta?

FORRESTER (ON TV)

What would you call it?

WALLACE (ON TV)

Dr. Gramm is a world renown expert.

FORRESTER (ON TV)

At what, mumbo-jumbo?

WALLACE (ON TV)

Forensic psychiatry.

FORRESTER (ON TV)

And what exactly does that even mean? Jack Gramm has been trying to get me for years. He failed the first time, then falsified evidence and lied under oath the second. Jack Gramm should be the one behind bars, not me.

JACK

(quickly to Shelly)

We need to find out everything we can about Gail Morris.

SHELLY

(overlapping)

She the latest victim?

WALLACE (ON TV)

(overlapping)

I understand you've become very religious. *

JACK

Yes... She was also in my class...

FORRESTER (ON TV)

I've always been religious. I can cite any verse in the Bible by heart. Go ahead, *
test me.

SHELLY

Jesus Jack, you didn't sleep with her, did you?

Jack looks at Shelly, but doesn't answer... ON THE TV, Wallace flips open Forrester's Bible and begins thumbing through the pages...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

WALLACE (ON TV)
Isaiah 66, verse 24...

JACK
Send our investigators to Gail Morris' apartment. The FBI and Police are probably there now...

SHELLY
(overlapping)
You have an address?

FORRESTER (ON TV)
(overlapping)
One of my favorite verses *

JACK
One-one-four 146th street. 3-B.

Shelly shakes her head - that answers her question - Jack slept with her...

FORRESTER (ON TV)
"And they shall go forth, and look upon the carcasses of the men that have transgressed against me;

JACK
(glancing back at Forrester)
How the hell would he know I'd been with her?

FORRESTER (ON TV)
...for their worm shall not die, neither shall their fire be quenched; and they shall be an abhorring unto all flesh...

JACK
(intense)
Pull our files on Forrester. I want everyone on this.

SHELLY
What are we looking for?

JACK
I don't know. He's up to something.

Shelly hits the pause button on the TV, freezing on a close up of Forrester's smiling face, then turns to Jack, trying to calm him...

SHELLY
Jack, he's on death row. There's nothing he can do.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

SHELLY (cont'd)
His stay of execution ends at 11:45
PM. The state says he has to be dead
by midnight.

Jack reaches out and grabs her hand, squeezing it tight.
He looks into her eyes, almost pleading...

JACK
Please just pull the files, Shelly.

She sees the desperation in his eyes, and nods that she
will... He smiles - thank you...

JACK
Have our investigators concentrate on
the last 24 hours of Gail Morris' life
- I need to know where she went, and
who she talked to.

He hurries for the elevator...

JACK
I'm going to class. One of my students
may have known her...

Shelly hits a button on her headset phone...

SHELLY
(into headset)
Have Dr. Gramm's car ready please...

As Jack steps into the elevator, she turns back to the TV
- Forrester's smiling face is still frozen on the screen.

INT. PARKING GARAGE...

The elevator doors open and Jack steps out to find his
blue Porsche waiting, door opened... The parking
attendant, SAL D'ORTO, stands beside the opened door...

SAL
Good morning, Dr. Gramm.

JACK
Morning Sal... How's the Harvard boy?

SAL
(a proud father)
All "A"s. One "B".

Jack climbs into the Porsche and Sal closes the door.

JACK
Tell him to keep up the good work.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SAL
I will. And thank you again for
helping him get in...

Jack nods "you're welcome" as he puts the car in gear,
pulls up the exit...

...and SPEEDS down the street...

EXT. STREET... UPPER WEST SIDE...

The blue Porsche shoots up Amsterdam...

INT. JACK'S PORSCHE... AMSTERDAM AND 116TH...

He turns down 116th and races through an intersection. He
makes a quick turn...

EXT. COLUMBIA UNIVERSITY...

...and pulls onto the Columbia campus, quickly heading to
the Staff Parking lot...

EXT. STAFF PARKING LOT...

Jack SQUEALS into his parking space... He sets his car
alarm, then jumps out and hurries across campus....

EXT. COLUMBIA UNIVERSITY CAMPUS...

...passing a student on a bench, reading a book. As Jack
passes, the student lowers the book - it's Guy LaForge,
cell phone to his ear...

EXT. LOW PLAZA...

Jack is almost all the way across the plaza when he is
intercepted by KIM KENT, a sexy twenty-something student.

KIM
(in his face)
A FUCKING "C"! You gave me a fucking
"C"?

Despite her sexy clothing, crude language, and bad-ass
attitude, Kim is highly intelligent...

JACK
Because I slept with you, you think
you deserve an "A"?

KIM
HELLO! Yes!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JACK

If I was grading your sexual performance you would have...

KIM

(a big smile)

Thank you...

JACK

But unfortunately for you I was grading your assessment.

Kim's smile drops...

JACK

Be happy with your "C," Kim, half your classmates failed.

KIM

You don't think much of our assessing skills, do you?

JACK

A false assessment could send a killer to a mental hospital who should be on death row. And if that killer goes into a mental hospital, he will eventually be released back into society, where he will kill again...

KIM

(cutting him off)

Because, "the best predictor of violent behavior is a past history of violent behavior."

JACK

Correct.

Kim looks him in the eyes...

KIM

You sleep with so many women because it's your only positive connection to the human race. The intense passion with which you make love is incredible considering your modus operandi is the one night stand. The reason you choose one night stands is because you're afraid if a woman you actually liked found out what you do for a living she would be repulsed.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

KIM (cont'd)

But worse than that, you're so fuckin' paranoid about people that if a woman you liked wasn't repulsed by it, you'd think there was something wrong with her.

(flashing her smile)

How's that for my assessing skills, Doc?

JACK

I've slept with you more than once.

KIM

Yes, but you only initiated the first time. I initiated all the others. Besides, I pose no threat either way, which makes us "fuck buddies." No strings attached... See you in class, Doc...

And with that, she scurries up the steps of the Health Sciences building. Jack slowly follows her. Kim reaches the top stair, then turns around with mock indignation...

KIM

ARE YOU STARING AT MY ASS, DR. GRAMM?

JACK

(caught off guard)

Ahhh...

KIM

(flashing her smile)

It's a great ass, isn't it?

She turns and enters the building as Jack's CELL PHONE RINGS...

JACK

(into phone)

Yeah...

The BLOODCURDLING DEATH SCREAM of the latest victim rips through the cell phone... Jack pulls the phone from his ear - what the fuck?... Instantaneous anxiety sets in...

The SCREAM STOPS and Jack slowly lifts the phone back to his ear, but doesn't hear anything...

JACK

Hello?

There's a beat, then a FRIGHTENING DISTORTED VOICE...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

VOICE (OVER PHONE)

Dr. Gramm?

JACK

Yes...

VOICE (OVER CELL PHONE)

You have 88 minutes to live...

CLICK! The phone goes dead... Jack quickly checks his watch - it's 10:17...

He scrolls through the incoming calls list on his cell phone. The last number is listed as "restricted"... He punches in *69...

RECORDED MESSAGE OVER PHONE

The last call is either out of the area, or marked private.

Jack glances around the plaza, taking in the hundreds of PEOPLE milling about - dozens are on cell phones, half a dozen more are at a phone bank against the wall, even more are in offices on phones. He hits the preset number on his phone...

SHELLY (OVER CELL PHONE)

Gramm Risk Management...

JACK

(quickly into phone)

Shelly, I need you to set up a trace on my cell.

SHELLY (OVER CELL PHONE)

What's going on?

JACK

Forrester's making his play.

SHELLY (OVER CELL PHONE)

Jack, Forrester's in prison...

JACK

It's his endgame...

SHELLY (OVER CELL PHONE)

If you really believe that, call the police...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (4)

JACK

I have to continue the day as planned.
Any deviation by me will tip Forrester
off.

SHELLY (OVER CELL PHONE)

Tip him off about what?

JACK

(cutting her off)
Call our wireless carrier. Find out
who made the last phone call to me.

SHELLY (OVER CELL PHONE)

Jack...

JACK

(hard)
I need this now, Shelly! Call me as
soon as you get it, I'll be in class.

He hangs up, takes one last paranoid look around the
plaza, then heads into the Health Sciences Building...

INT. HEALTH SCIENCES BUILDING...

Jack hurries down the corridor to a lecture hall...

INT. LARGE LECTURE HALL...

The large lecture hall is less than an eighth full. The
twenty or so MEDICAL STUDENTS are all waiting for Jack...

JACK

Sorry I'm late...

He steps up to the podium, spotting Kim in the middle of
the room... She smiles and waves, clearly flirting - the
girl is a tease!

JACK

I see our size has dwindled once
again.

MIKE STAMP, the smug know-it-all of the class, glances up
at Jack from his seat front and center...

MIKE

That could be because you keep booting
everyone.

Before Jack can reply, he finds himself surrounded by a
group of students. MATT WILSON, the leader, steps up...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MATT

Dr. Gramm, we don't think we should be booted because of one mistake this late in the game.

JACK

Mistake? You screw up an assessment in the real world people die.

A female in the group, LAURA DOUGLAS, steps forward...

LAURA

But we're not in the real world, we're in school. In school you make mistakes, that's how you learn, so you don't screw up in the real world.

Jack looks at her - long blond hair, pretty flower dress, virginal in appearance...

LAURA

At least give us a chance to redo our projects.

She smiles, a very seductive smile - the girl is working it...

JACK

Everyone of you knew coming in that over 90% of the students fail. This class is not a requirement, and no one here is being forced to take it.

LAURA

(batting her eyes)

Please...

There's more to her "please" than meets the eye...

JACK

(giving in)

Okay, but at this point, it'll take a lot to impress me.

MATT

We'll impress you. You can count on it.

The Students head back to their seats - except Laura - she slips Jack a piece of paper...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

LAURA
(a whisper)
My address. I'll be home all night...

She turns and hurries to a seat... Jack watches her, then glances down at her name and address. He puts the paper into his pocket...

...as Laura takes a seat, right next to Guy LaForge in the back row... Jack stares at him - he's seen him before, but isn't sure where...

JACK
The legal distinction between sanity and insanity rests upon what?... Who can tell me?...

Several students speak at once...

SEVERAL STUDENTS
Free will...

JACK
Yes, the concept of free will. And what is the most important thing to remember when you enter a courtroom?

KIM
That insanity is a legal concept, not a medical, or psychiatric term.

JACK
Correct. But, despite the fact that insanity is a legal concept, it doesn't mean that someone is not "sick." Of all the serial killers I've interviewed and studied, none has been legally insane... Of course none of them has been "normal" either...

Although not trying to be funny, Jack's remark causes most of the Male Students to LAUGH - the Females don't, except Kim, who LAUGHS HYSTERICALLY...

MIKE
(cocky)
Dr. Gramm, I could easily argue that they couldn't help themselves because of their mental disorders...

JACK
If you want to argue, the School of Law is across campus.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

The class LAUGHS, embarrassing Mike, who smolders...

JACK

(to the class)

Don't ever make the mistake of acting like, or thinking like an attorney. We deal with facts and facts alone. They deal with the manipulation of facts.

(to Mike)

And by the way, Mike, you would lose your argument. These aren't spur of the moment crimes of passion. They are well thought out crimes, by highly intelligent individuals - days, weeks, months, and even years in advance.

Jack's CELL PHONE RINGS...

JACK

Excuse me...

He quickly pulls it out...

JACK

(into phone)

Shelly?

VOICE (OVER CELL PHONE)

Tick-tock, Doc...

It's the same frightening distorted voice...

VOICE OVER TAPE (OVER CELL PHONE)

You have 83 minutes to live...

CLICK! The phone goes dead... Jack quickly turns to where Guy LaForge was sitting - but he's gone... Jack searches the room, no sign of LaForge anywhere...

JACK

(clearly distracted)

Where was I?

A petite female in the front row, LEEZA PEARSON, reads back her notes...

LEEZA

"These aren't spur of the moment crimes of passion. They are well thought out crimes, by highly intelligent individuals - days, weeks, months, and even years in advance."

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (4)

Jack takes in his own words...

JACK
Thank you...

LEEZA
(flirting)
You're welcome...

Leeza's flirtations are not lost on Kim...

KIM
(under her breath)
Bitch...

Jack's CELL PHONE suddenly RINGS again. This time Jack is in no hurry to answer it - he just watches it ring, which starts to make the students uncomfortable. Two in the back row, REGGIE and DON, panic...

REGGIE
(whispering)
What's he doing?

DON
(whispering back)
I hope it's not another one of his
"pop quizzes."

REGGIE
Didn't one of the case studies used to
phone their victims?

DON
How the hell do I know? I can't
remember half the shit he talks about,
and the other half gives me
nightmares. I just hope he doesn't
call on me...

LEEZA
(finally)
Dr. Gramm, your phone is ringing.

Jack looks at her, then slowly answers the phone, but doesn't speak - he just listens, which freaks his students out even more. There's a LONG SILENT BEAT...

SHELLY (OVER CELL PHONE)
Jack, are you there?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (5)

JACK
 (surprised it's her)
 Shelly?...

SHELLY (OVER CELL PHONE)
 Jack, the phone call was made from a
 cell phone. One of those ones you buy
 and pay for minutes as you need.
 There's no way to trace it.

JACK
 Who's the phone number registered to?

SHELLY (OVER CELL PHONE)
 You might wanna sit down...

JACK
 What's the name, Shelly?

SHELLY (OVER CELL PHONE)
 Kate Gramm.

That hits Jack like a ton of bricks...

SHELLY (OVER CELL PHONE)
 It's a common enough name, Jack. I'm
 sure it's just a coincidence.

JACK
 (unnerved)
 It's not a coincidence...

Sudden STATIC starts to break up the call...

SHELLY (OVER CELL PHONE)
 Jack, I'm losing you...

JACK
 Shelly, can you hear me?...

VOICE (OVER CELL PHONE)
 I can hear you fine...

It's the distorted voice again...

VOICE (OVER CELL PHONE)
 But you're obviously not hearing me.

JACK
 Who the fuck is this?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (6)

VOICE (OVER CELL PHONE)

You have found out who my phone is registered to, didn't you? After all these years it still causes you incredible distress... Your little sister was so young. Poor Kate, or was it Katie you liked to call her...

Jack doesn't reply, he just listens intently. VOICES are HEARD OVER THE PHONE in the background... As Jack strains to hear, he realizes that his Students have begun to WHISPER AMONGST THEMSELVES. Jack takes in the WHISPERING Students... It sounds like the same VOICES he is HEARING OVER HIS CELL PHONE... He suddenly realizes whoever is phoning, is in the room with him...

VOICE (OVER CELL PHONE)

Guilt is a strange thing, isn't it Dr. Gramm? What else do you feel guilty about? I mean besides Kate. Falsifying evidence perhaps? Lying under oath?

QUICKLY TO JACK'S POV as he takes in the faces - there's Leeza in the front row with Mike Stamp, still smoldering with embarrassment... Reggie and Don in the back, still panicking... Kim in the middle... Laura Douglas, and the rest of the students who approached Jack, including Matt Wilson...

VOICE (OVER CELL PHONE)

Tick-tock, Doc... You have 79 minutes to live...

Jack's eyes scan the rest of the room - at least three Students are toying with cell phones... Two more are playing with pagers... Three have laptops opened... And at least half a dozen palm pilots...

CLICK! Jack's phone goes dead as he zeros in on a smiling male, ALBERT JACKSON, with a cell phone, in the center of the room, only a few seats from Kim... Jack races up the stairs to Albert, much to the relief of Reggie and Don, still freaking out about a "pop quiz"...

JACK

(intense as hell)
You think that's funny?

ALBERT

Do I think what's funny?

JACK

Give me the phone...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (7)

ALBERT

I was just...

JACK

(losing it)

GIVE ME THE GODDAMN PHONE!

Albert hands over his phone... Jack quickly hits re-dial and MAJOR LEAGUE BASEBALL SCORES scroll across the cell phone screen...

ALBERT

I was just checking the Mets' score. Interleague play, and they're playing the Yankees...

JACK

(testing him)

What's the score?

ALBERT

What?

JACK

(hard)

WHAT'S THE SCORE?

ALBERT

(a little freaked by Jack's intensity)

Three, one, Mets, bottom on the sixth.

Jack glances down at Albert's cell phone screen - the Mets/Yankees score rolls by... Sure enough, it's three, one, Mets - bottom of the sixth... Jack's eyes move off the cell phone and onto Kim, who smiles at him. He hands the phone back to Albert...

...then quickly scans the room, looking for the other two Students with cell phones. He spots one, but the other is gone... The main door (behind him) suddenly SLAMS SHUT...

Jack races down the stairs and across the room as the Students continue WHISPERING AMONGST THEMSELVES... He reaches the main door and throws it open...

INT. HALLWAY...

...but the hallway is empty... Jack steps out and glances both directions - no sign of anyone. The FIRE ALARM above him abruptly BLASTS. Classroom doors fly open as STUDENTS exit. Startled, Jack steps back into his class...

INT. LARGE LECTURE HALL...

...as the students all stand and start for the exits...

JACK
Sit down...

LEEZA
But there's a fire alarm...

JACK
SIT DOWN!

The students quickly obey as Jack takes in their faces, memorizing everyone of them...

JACK
(slow and deliberate)
Gail Morris...

He takes in the faces again, measuring every twitch, blink, or minute movement... Nothing but blank faces...

JACK
She used to be in this class.

LAURA
A lot of people used to be in this class that aren't anymore.

MIKE
Wasn't she in the first group you booted?

JACK
You tell me.

MIKE
I don't know. I was asking you.

Jack stares at him for a paranoid moment, then takes in every face in the room again...

JACK
No one remembers her?

LAURA
Dr. Gramm, every seat in here used to be occupied by a student - it's kinda hard to keep track of all the ones who didn't make the cut.

Jack takes in the empty seats - there's over 200 of them.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JACK
(meaning the fire alarm)
Alright, you know the drill...

Jack watches the students as they hurry out the exits, still TALKING AMONGST THEMSELVES about Jack's strange behavior...

LEEZA
(as she exits)
You okay, Dr. Gramm?

JACK
Fine...

Leeza heads out the door as Reggie and Don do their best to avoid Jack, darting around behind him. Jack watches them, taking in their suspicious behavior... He turns to find Albert standing beside him...

ALBERT
Sorry about the phone thing, Dr. Gramm. I just hate the Yankees...

JACK
Why didn't you cut class and go to the game?

ALBERT
(shrugging)
Couldn't get a ticket.

Albert turns and exits... Jack starts for the door, but stops suddenly...

YOU HAVE 76 MINUTES TO LIVE

...is written in bold chalk across the chalkboard...

JACK
(spinning around)
Who wrote this?

But everyone is gone... Jack turns back to the board, taking in the handwriting. He steps up to the chalkboard, studying each and every letter - he's analyzing the handwriting, and there is something very familiar about it...

FEMALE VOICE (BEHIND HIM)
Dr. Gramm...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

He spins around to find CAROL ANN JOHNSON, Dean Of Health Sciences... Late-40's, good looking, great body, Carol works hard to keep herself in shape, and knows how to accentuate her best features...

CAROL

Someone just called in a bomb threat.

She glances up at the chalkboard... Jack grabs the eraser and quickly erases it...

JACK

Just a student playing a little joke.

CAROL

(suddenly alarmed)

A student? You of all people should know that every outbreak of school violence is preceded by a threat. You need to report this to Campus Security immediately.

JACK

I get a student every year who tries to test me.

CAROL

Your incredible arrogance just makes me wanna slap the shit out of you, Jack... Even though you are always right...

JACK

I wish you would have disclosed your true feelings before we made love.

CAROL

We didn't make love, we had sex!

That takes the wind out of Jack's sail.

CAROL

Don't look so hurt, Jack. Maybe you should stop hiding behind your assessments of other people, and assess yourself, because you need to get over your past and get on with your life. What you're living isn't one. And some things even you are never going to figure out.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

JACK

There's only one thing I need to figure out - and I will by midnight.

Carol has no idea what he is talking about. She just shakes her head and turns for the door...

CAROL

I'll call campus security and tell them you're on your way...

Jack watches her exit, then glances at the clock - it's 10:30... He heads out the door...

INT. HALLWAY...

...and into the hall, where STUDENTS are exiting the building... He hurries down the hall and out the door...

EXT. LOW PLAZA...

...heading across campus, passing more STUDENTS... Some stare - like Laura Douglas, Mike Stamp, and Guy LaForge... Others make it a point not to - like Reggie and Don, who duck behind the crowd to avoid Jack. Jack takes in their suspicious behavior once again... Guy LaForge?

Jack immediately turns back towards LaForge - but he is gone... It's just Laura Douglas and Mike Stamp, staring at him... Jack's CELL PHONE suddenly RINGS...

He stops and instinctively glances around the plaza - there are dozens of STUDENTS, FACULTY, and STAFF on cell phones... A MALE STUDENT whooshes by on rollerblades, cell phone to his ear...

Jack slowly answers his phone as he glances around the plaza, but he doesn't say anything, he just listens to the OFFICE SOUNDS over the phone... TYPING... VOICES... RINGING PHONES in the background... He glances up at the surrounding windows - PEOPLE are staring out...

As Jack continues to take in the OFFICE NOISES, he focuses on the administration building - SECRETARIES and ADMINISTRATORS are at every window, typing, filing, talking on phones... There's a MAN on a phone on the top floor, staring down at Jack...

SHELLY (OVER CELL PHONE)

Jack, can you hear me?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JACK
(into phone)
Shelly?...

SHELLY (OVER CELL PHONE)
Jack, the press got hold of the tape of the last victim. It's all over the news. Forrester's lawyers are going to the Supreme Court to try and get another stay.

JACK
When?

SHELLY (OVER CELL PHONE)
Right now. They're claiming he's innocent, and the real killer is still out there. They also claim that you have a personal vendetta against him. They've even gone so far as to say you falsified your testimony, and concealed evidence. The Attorney General's office is also considering petitioning the court for a stay they might have new evidence...

JACK
SONOFABITCH!

STUDENTS take in Jack's sudden emotional explosion - he looks nuts... There's STATIC over the phone as Jack spots CAMPUS SECURITY hurrying to the building he just exited, walkie-talkies BLARING...

JACK
(trying to calm himself)
What did our people find out about Gail Morris?

SHELLY (OVER CELL PHONE)
Disappeared some where between campus and her apartment two blocks away, after a late class last night. Campus security was supposed to walk her home, but she never showed up at the pick up point.

Jack glances back at the Campus Security Officers hurrying into the building...

JACK
Do we still have the handwriting analysis on Forrester?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

SHELLY (OVER CELL PHONE)
It's in the files I pulled. Jack, do you really think Forrester's behind this?

Something about the BACKGROUND NOISE over the phone causes Jack to stop speaking... A HORN HONKS over the phone... A split-second later, the same HORN is HEARD in the distance behind Jack. He spins toward the SOUND and quickly scans the streets - there are PEOPLE everywhere.

JACK
Shelly, where are you?

SHELLY (OVER CELL PHONE)
In the office. Why?

JACK
Because we're not alone on the phone.

Jack takes in the streets and buildings - his tormentor could be anywhere... There's a sudden CLICK over the phone, followed by another. It's not a disconnect sound, but something else... Jack listens hard as his cell phone suddenly begins to SMOKE...

JACK
What the...?

He drops the phone as it BURSTS INTO FLAMES... Jack spins around - there's got to be at least a THOUSAND PEOPLE in the plaza and DOZENS more looking out the windows of the surrounding buildings... Passing STUDENTS stare at the smoking phone in bewilderment...

PASSING STUDENT #1
And I thought my phone sucked.

PASSING STUDENT #2
(to Jack)
I'd change my calling plan if I were you...

Jack moves slowly towards the staff parking lot... He picks up his pace, but makes it a point not to run. If someone is watching him, he doesn't want them to think he's spooked...

EXT. STAFF PARKING LOT...

He reaches his car - *all four tires have been slashed and are flat...* Scratched violently into the paint is...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

YOU HAVE 72 MINUTES TO LIVE

Jack quickly takes in the parking lot and surrounding area - there are potential SUSPECTS everywhere... He glances at his watch - it's 10:33...

JACK
(coming unglued)
How could he have timed this?

He turns around and comes face-to-face with Mike Stamp, standing a little too close for comfort...

MIKE
I'm sorry, I didn't mean to frighten you, Dr. Gramm.

JACK
(suspicious)
What are you doing?

MIKE
I'd like to talk to you, if you have a minute.

JACK
Apparently I have 72 of them.

MIKE
(not understanding)
Excuse me?

Jack gauges his response.

JACK
I have 72 minutes.

MIKE
(right over his head)
I only need a couple. I had a question about Jon Forrester.

JACK
(now even more suspicious)
What about him?

MIKE
I've been looking through all the trial transcripts and case history...

JACK
(suddenly intense)
Why?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

MIKE
 (stepping back nervously)
 I was just curious... That's all...

Jack eases up slightly... But only slightly - he's on edge, and it shows...

JACK
 What did you want to know?

MIKE
 Is it possible he's innocent?

JACK
 Why the fuck would you think that?

MIKE
 Well, I was...

JACK
 (cutting him off)
 No, it's not possible!

MIKE
 You won't even entertain the possibility that you could be wrong?

JACK
 I'm never wrong!

MIKE
 That's pretty arrogant of you, don't you think?

JACK
 No. Not considering the amount of mutilated bodies I've seen with his "signature" on them.

MIKE
 I'm sorry, Dr. Gramm, but I think you may have inadvertently attributed too much weight to Forrester's childhood preoccupation, or fascination, with pornographic material, and fire starting. Every boy looked at Playboy when he was a kid, and played with matches...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

JACK

Yes, but every boy didn't look at Playboy and masturbate while setting their neighbor's pets on fire and burning them alive.

Jack waits for Mike to respond, but he doesn't...

JACK

Any other questions, Mike?

MIKE

No...

JACK

I didn't think so.

Mike hurries off, glancing back over his shoulder at Jack, alone in the middle of the parking lot.

Jack watches Mike disappear into a crowd - a crowd that includes Laura Douglas, who appears to be waiting for him... He watches them for a moment, then cuts across the parking lot...

EXT. CAMPUS...

...and into the middle of campus, darting between buildings... He picks up his pace, taking in the faces of everyone on a cell phone that he passes...

He hurries to "CAMPUS SECURITY"...

INT. CAMPUS SECURITY OFFICE...

...and enters the building, taking in the SECURITY OFFICERS manning the desks - a gung-ho cop wannabee, a retired old cop picking up extra cash, and two middle-aged women, obviously there to fill a quota...

JACK

My car's been vandalized. All four tires were slashed...

The gung-ho cop wannabee, JOHNNY D'FRANCO, late twenties, complete with military crewcut, motions Jack to his desk.

D'FRANCO

Name?

JACK

Jack Gramm?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Recognizing the name, D'Franco looks at Jack - it's a strange look of recognition, as if sizing him up...

D' FRANCO
(almost smiling)
Dr. Jack Gramm?

JACK
Yes.
(suspicious)
How did you know...?

At the mention of Jack's name, the retired old cop, SEAN MCBRIDE, steps over...

D' FRANCO
Dean Johnson phoned and said you'd be coming in. She said something about a threat, but didn't say anything about a car being vandalized.

Jack's eyes suddenly focus on McBride - the old cop is staring daggers at him...

JACK
Do I know you?

MCBRIDE
No... But I know you.

JACK
Then you have me at a disadvantage, because I have no idea who you are...
(taking in his name tag)
...Officer McBride...

MCBRIDE
You testified against a cop...

JACK
I testify against a lot of cops.

MCBRIDE
About a year ago, 6th precinct...

JACK
(right back at him)
Eleven months ago. Danny Fay. What about him?

MCBRIDE
He was a friend of mine.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

JACK

You should choose your friends more carefully.

MCBRIDE

It was a clean shoot.

JACK

Clean shoots don't necessitate unloading an entire clip into a suspect at point-blank range.

MCBRIDE

He wouldn't stop...

JACK

He was unarmed.

MCBRIDE

Danny Fay's a good cop...

JACK

Oh gimme a break, Danny Fay had a history of anti-gay violence, which was covered up by his fellow officers.

MCBRIDE

What are you, a fag-lover?

D' Franco LAUGHS HYSTERICALLY...

JACK

And if I am?

There's a tense beat, which McBride finally breaks...

MCBRIDE

I'll check out your car.

McBride grabs his clipboard...

JACK

Staff lot one. First row. Blue Porsche, you can't miss it.

Jack watches McBride hurry out the door, then turns back to D' Franco...

JACK

Can I use your phone?

D' FRANCO

Nine for an outside line.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

Jack sits down and punches in nine, followed by the number...

JACK

What'da they pay you, five, six bucks a hour?

D' FRANCO

This is just a job until I...

JACK

(finishing the sentence for him)

Pass your police entrance exams.

D' FRANCO

Yeah. How did you know?

Jack smiles at him as the phone on the other end of the line begins to RING. He quickly takes in D'Franco's left hand - no ring...

JACK

(as pleasant as can be)

How many times have you taken the exams, Officer D'Franco?

D' FRANCO

Call me Johnny.

JACK

Johnny it is.

He takes in D'Franco's desk - there are no photos of family, or friends... nothing personal at all, just a Bible and cell phone...

D' FRANCO

This'll be my fourth... I'm gonna pass this time, 'cause it's my last chance.

JACK

(encouraging him)

Good for you, Johnny, keep trying.

He takes in the U.S. Army Bulldog tattooed on the inside of D'Franco's forearm...

D' FRANCO

This job is just like bein' a cop. I even work double shifts, just like the boys in blue.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (4)

D' FRANCO (cont'd)

The police and FBI were even here a few minutes ago asking us about a student.

JACK

Really?

D' FRANCO

I guess she got killed, or something. Yeah, I'm definitely gonna pass this time...

D' Franco leans into Jack as if sharing a secret with a friend...

D' FRANCO

'Cause I ain't bein' a campus cop to a bunch of snot-nose rich kids. Especially these girls - they got no respect for nobody, not even themselves...

JACK

I know exactly what you mean...

D' FRANCO

You know the Bible says...

SHELLY (OVER PHONE)

Jack Gramm's office...

JACK

(to D' Franco)
Hold that thought, Johnny.
(quickly into phone)
Shelly, it's Jack...

SHELLY (OVER PHONE)

Jesus, Jack, where the hell have you been? I've been calling you for the last ten minutes...

Jack turns his back on D' Franco and lowers his voice...

JACK

(quickly to business)
Shelly, I need you to pull my Risk Assessment file. Anyone who rates 8, or above. Red flag the high IQs. Cross-reference them against Forrester - somebody on the outside is helping him. And I need the list and information like 20 minutes ago.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (5)

JACK (cont'd)

Then call Frank Pierce and find out if any of my students ever visited Forrester in prison - ask him specifically to check the names Mike Stamp and Laura Douglas. Also run a check on Sara Pollard...

SHELLY (OVER PHONE)

Who's she?

JACK

A woman I was with last night. She may have tampered with my phone. Fax the red flag list to my apartment, I'll call you from there... And one last thing, call Warden Eaton at Bayside and find out if there's a clock anywhere near Forrester. It'd have to be an old one that ticks loudly...

Laura Douglas suddenly enters...

LAURA

(sobbing)

I was robbed...

The Campus Security Officers all hurry to help, lead by D'Franco. For someone who doesn't like these "snot-nose rick kids," he's very attentive to Laura...

JACK

(into phone)

I'll call you when I get to my apartment.

He hangs up...

LAURA

(still sobbing)

He took everything...

Jack moves to Laura...

LAURA

I was robbed, Dr. Gramm.

JACK

Are you okay?

LAURA

I think so.

JACK

You sure?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (6)

As Laura shakes her head yes, Jack quickly takes in everything about her, tears, body language, eyes...

JACK
Is there someone I can call for you?

LAURA
No...

JACK
Do you need a doctor?

LAURA
I'm okay, I think.

JACK
Do you know who robbed you?

LAURA
No. They shoved me on the ground from behind, then took my bag.

Jack glances at Laura's scraped hands, arm, and knees. The scrapes are substantial... He quickly switches from interrogator mode, to risk assessment mode.

JACK
Were your keys in your bag?

LAURA
(crying)
Keys. Wallet, phone, checks, ID, everything.

JACK
Call a locksmith and have your locks changed. Cancel your credit cards. Report your phone stolen. Then call the bank and have them issue you a new account number... You live with roommates, or alone?

LAURA
Alone...

JACK
Then you'll want to give some serious thought to moving.

LAURA
To another apartment?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (7)

JACK

To another building, in a different part of the city.

D' FRANCO

(a flash of anger)

What the hell are you doing, trying to scare her?

Jack takes in D'Franco's rapid change in demeanor - there is something almost frightening about him.

JACK

(low-key, trying not to rile D'Franco)

If that's what it takes, yes.

He glances at D'Franco's desk, taking in the Bible and cell phone, then the Bulldog tattoo on the inside of his forearm - there's something not right here, but Jack's got his own problems... He turns back to Laura...

JACK

Laura, do not go back to your apartment by yourself until you have your locks changed.

(a plea)

Okay?

LAURA

But my cat...

JACK

Please, do not go back there by yourself!

McBride hurries in the door...

MCBRIDE

You sure you parked in staff lot one?

JACK

Of course I'm sure, that's my assigned lot.

MCBRIDE

There's no car with slashed tires in that lot. And there's no blue Porsche there either. As a matter of fact, there's no Porsche in that lot at all.

Jack takes in McBride's face - he's not sure if he's lying, or telling the truth.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (8)

His eyes drop down to McBride's waist, taking in the cell phone hanging from his belt...

Jack's not waiting around any longer - he heads out the door...

D' FRANCO
(calling after him)
You didn't finish filling out all the necessary forms, Dr. Gramm... Dr. Gramm?...

But Jack is long gone... D'Franco grabs the phone...

D' FRANCO
(into phone)
This is Officer D'Franco, Campus Security. Get me Dean Johnson...

D'Franco turns to Laura with a smile...

CUT TO:

EXT. COLUMBIA CAMPUS...

Jack cuts across the campus, heading for the line of cabs parked across the street, waiting for fares. He takes in the faces of every PERSON on a cell phone that he passes, and every look they give him... a smile here... a glance there... a noncommittal look of indifference... The whole gamut of human emotions are played out in the faces of the people he passes...

He stops and glances across the campus to the staff parking lot - his car's not there... Paranoia and anxiety have started to set in...

KIM (BEHIND HIM)
You okay, Dr. Gramm?

He turns around to find Kim Kent...

KIM
You're all pale and look kinda freaked out.

He eyes her suspiciously...

JACK
You have a cell phone?

KIM
Of course, doesn't everyone?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JACK

Let me have it.

KIM

You have a thing about other people's cell phones today, don't you?

JACK

Just give me your phone.

She opens her bag and begins digging through it...

KIM

What happened to yours? It was working in class...

QUICKLY TO JACK'S POV as he spots a HANDGUN in Kim's bag... and her hand is reaching for it... Jack grabs Kim's hand, stopping her from reaching the weapon...

KIM

What are you doing?

He yanks the entire bag away from her...

JACK

Why do you have a gun in your bag, Kim?

KIM

(a harsh whisper)

Jesus, why don't you just announce it to the whole fucking campus?

(pissed)

I don't think they heard you in the English Department...

Jack quickly pulls out Kim's cell phone, then scrolls through the screen, checking the numbers she called - none of them are his...

JACK

Why do you have a gun, Kim?

KIM

In case guys like you turn out to be psychos, which is apparently what's happening.

JACK

Maybe you shouldn't be sleeping with guys like me.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

KIM
I didn't hear you complaining.

JACK
Where'd you get the gun?

KIM
(annoyed)
I have a permit. Okay? My father's a cop. Remember?

JACK
Why do you need a gun?

KIM
I don't think I do, but my Dad does.

JACK
Why?

KIM
I have a crazy ex-boyfriend. Okay?

JACK
What'da you mean, "crazy?"

KIM
"Disturbed and mentally unbalanced."
He swore he'd kill me and anyone I
ever slept with.

JACK
How many guys have you slept with
since he told you this?

KIM
Just you.

JACK
Jesus...

KIM
If he threatens anybody, the judge
said he goes back to jail.

JACK
Back to jail?

KIM
Actually it was more like prison.

JACK
Kim, what prison was he in?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

KIM
Some place in New Jersey.

JACK
Bayside?

KIM
Yeah, I think. Why?

JACK
That's where Jon Forrester is.

KIM
Who?

JACK
Don't you pay attention in class?

KIM
(shrugging)
Sometimes...

JACK
Come on.

KIM
Where we going?

JACK
My place.

KIM
(a smile)
Excellent. Afternoon delight.

They hurry across campus, towards the line of cabs...

KIM
You know, Doc, I don't even keep the
gun loaded.

JACK
Well you should, it doesn't do you any
good if it's not loaded. Unless you
plan on throwing it at somebody.

Dean Carol Ann Johnson suddenly steps out from behind a
gathering of STUDENTS, blocking their path...

CAROL
Just what do you think you're doing?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (4)

JACK

Leaving.

Kim and Carol quickly size each other up in that way only women can as Jack continues on his way...

CAROL

(following him)

You're supposed to be reporting to Campus Security.

JACK

Already did.

CAROL

Officer D'Franco called and said you walked out without finishing the paper work.

JACK

Officer D'Franco should be fired!

CAROL

Why? Because he annoyed you?

Jack stops and turns back...

JACK

No, because when he fails his police exam for the last and final time - which he will - he will have lost everything important in his life. He feels inadequate with women to the point of loathing them. Once his dream of becoming a cop is gone, he will have nothing left to live for - except his need to be somebody, at any cost. He'll blame society and everything in it for his failure, then he'll lash out at it - if he hasn't already! Not exactly the kind of person you want on a university campus, is it?

Jack turns and continues on his way. Kim follows, as does Carol, who would like to defend D'Franco, but knows Jack is never wrong...

CAROL

What do you suggest?

JACK

Take him out of a setting where there are easy targets.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (5)

CAROL

And by "targets" you mean "students?"

Jack stops again - the wheels in his mind are spinning...

JACK

Yes, especially young women...

CAROL

Are you sure, Jack?

JACK

People pay me lots of money for the assessment I just gave you. This man is dangerous...

Jack stops in mid-sentence...

CAROL

What?

There's a beat as Jack analyzes everything he just said.

JACK

Sonofa...
(realizing)
He just handed him to me on a silver platter...

CAROL

What are you talking about?

Jack grabs Kim's cell phone and punches in a number.

CAROL

(concerned)
Jack, what's going on?

SHELLY (OVER PHONE)

Jack Gramm's office...

JACK

(into phone)
Shelly, patch me through to Frank Pierce - now!

There's a beat, then Frank's voice is heard...

FRANK (OVER PHONE)

Special Agent Frank Pierce.

JACK

Frank, it's Jack. I found our copycat.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (6)

CAROL
Copycat? Jack, what are you talking about?

Jack ignores her question - he's busy with Frank.

FRANK (OVER PHONE)
What?... Where?

JACK
Name's D'Franco. He's a Security Officer at Columbia. Forrester handed him to me on a silver platter.

FRANK (OVER PHONE)
Why the hell would he do that if he wants everyone to believe he's innocent and this copycat is the real killer?

JACK
That's why!

FRANK (OVER PHONE)
Sonofa...
(quickly moving on)
I checked those names you had Shelly give me. Mike Stamp visited Forrester four times in the last six weeks.

JACK
What about Laura Douglas?

FRANK (OVER PHONE)
No record of her.

JACK
What reason did Mike Stamp give for the visit?

FRANK (OVER PHONE)
Research. He had written permission from you.

JACK
I didn't give him written permission.

FRANK (OVER PHONE)
Then he's a expert forger, 'cause I looked at the signature personally.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (7)

JACK

Take D'Franco in for questioning, I'm sure you'll get a confession. He likes to talk.

(quickly checking his watch)

Get a warrant and search his place, you'll find souvenirs that belong to the victims. And hopefully letters from Forrester telling him what to do. Make sure you go in first, Frank. Don't let anyone touch anything. I need you to be my eyes...

FRANK

You got it.

JACK

(quickly to Kim)

What's your ex-boyfriend's name?

KIM

Guy LaForge...

JACK

Frank, run a check on a parolee named Guy LaForge. He served time with Forrester at Bayside. I'll call you from my apartment.

Jack hangs up...

CAROL

(very concerned)

What should I do?

JACK

The FBI'll take care of D'Franco. He'll be off the campus within 30 minutes, but you need to find Laura Douglas just in case something unexpected happens. I didn't like the way he was acting around her - I think he was sizing her up as his next victim.

CAROL

(freaking out)

Oh my God...

JACK

Don't arouse suspicion, just find her and hold her until D'Franco's taken into custody...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (8)

Carol just looks at him - she's almost catatonic...

JACK
Now, Carol!

She snaps out of it and hurries across campus...

JACK
(to Kim)
Come on...

Jack and Kim hurry towards the cabs on the street...

KIM
You screwed Dean Johnson, didn't you?
(shaking her head)
For a risk management expert you sure
take a lot of risks with women.

JACK
Meaning?

KIM
You can't be fuckin' with women's
emotions, Doc, it pisses them off.

Jack hurries across the street... Kim follows...

EXT. STREET...

A car suddenly SWERVES out of nowhere, SPEEDING straight
for them... It's headed right for Kim - she can't get out
of the way fast enough...

JACK
LOOK OUT...

Jack shoves Kim one way, then dives the other... The car
just misses them, SKIDDING AROUND THE CORNER...

Jack pulls himself up off the pavement and hurries back
to Kim, helping her up...

...as a CROWD starts to form on the sidewalk... Jack
takes in the faces - among them, familiar faces from
class, Albert Jackson and Leeza Pearson, and the two
panicked students, Reggie and Don...

JACK
(to Kim)
You okay?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

KIM

Not exactly my idea of fun, but on the other hand, it was somewhat exhilarating, in a really sick kinda way.

JACK

Was that your ex-boyfriend?

KIM

I didn't see the driver...

JACK

Me either.

One of the cab drivers from the line of cabs hurries over - it's Carlo A. Mendez, cell phone in hand...

CARLO

You okay?

Jack recognizes him, quickly taking in the cell phone...

CARLO

You need a ride to the hospital, or something?

JACK

We're fine...

KIM

I could use a ride...

JACK

We're fine!

CARLO

The lady said she could use a ride.

JACK

(hard)

I said, we're fine!

CARLO

(backing off)

Okay...

ALBERT

(from the crowd)

You okay, Dr. Gramm?

JACK

Yes...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

ALBERT
(holding up his cell phone)
You want me to call the police?

JACK
No...
(to Kim)
Come on.

He grabs her by the arm and they hurry down the sidewalk.

EXT. END OF STREET...

They dart around the corner...

EXT. STREET...

...hurrying down another street...

Once around the corner, Jack picks up the pace... They're almost running now, darting between PEOPLE on the street.

KIM
Why are we running?

Jack glances back over his shoulder as if someone were following... They round the corner at the end of the block...

...and hurry down a cross street...

EXT. CROSS STREET...

...finally reaching Jack's apartment building...

KIM
(out of breath)
You live here?

JACK
Yes...

KIM
(impressed)
Nice place...

Jack hurries Kim into the building...

INT. LOBBY... JACK'S APARTMENT BUILDING...

...past the old doorman, EARL FORD...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

EARL
Package for you, Dr. Gramm.

JACK
Package?,

Earl hands him a package...

JACK
(taking in the return
address)
I don't know this address. Who
delivered it?

EARL
Messenger. And there was a guy here at
the same time, looking for you..

Jack examines the size and shape of the package, trying
to figure out what's inside, but he's got no clue...

JACK
What was his name?

EARL
He wouldn't say. Said he wanted to
surprise you.

JACK
What'da he look like?

EARL
(shrugging)
A guy...

JACK
Short, or tall?

EARL
Medium, I guess...

JACK
Light, or dark?

EARL
He was a white guy, I think... I guess
he couldda been Hispanic, or Italian.

JACK
Basically you don't have a clue as to
what he looked like, do you?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

EARL

Nope, Sorry, Doc. He walked in right when the messenger came. I was busy signing for the package...

(suddenly remembering)

...but he said he'd come back...

JACK

When?

EARL

88 Minutes.

Jack's face can't hide the shock...

EARL

Yeah, I thought it was a strange number too.

JACK

What time did you sign for the package?

EARL

(glancing at his clipboard)
10:17 exactly.

JACK

Same time I got the first call.

Jack glances at the lobby clock - it's 10:58...

EARL

You want me to call and have them pull the surveillance tapes for you? Shouldn't take more than a hour to get someone up here with the keys.

JACK

I don't have a hour... If he shows up again, do not send him to my apartment. Call me, then have him wait in the lobby...

Earl nods his understanding... Jack grabs Kim and hurries to the elevator... Earl watches Kim as Jack hits the "up" button... Kim turns back and glances at Earl - but he keeps staring at her... Kim stares back, but Earl doesn't break his stare... Uncomfortable under his gaze, Kim turns away as the elevator doors open...

INT. ELEVATOR...

...and they step in... Kim glances back at Earl - he's still staring at her...

KIM
Take a picture, asshole, it'll last longer.

Jack hits his floor button and the doors close...

KIM
What'da creep...

As the elevator rises, Kim glances at Jack... A smile slowly creeps across her face...

KIM
(suggestive)
Ever done it in an elevator?

JACK
No...

KIM
(raising a brow)
Really? Now that surprises me...

The elevator stops...

KIM
All the times we slept together, you never brought me here once. Why is that, Doc?

JACK
I don't like people to know where I live.

KIM
You are so paranoid. Paranoid and kinky, I like that in a man.

The doors open...

INT. HALLWAY... JACK'S FLOOR...

...and they step out, coming face-to-face with MRS. ALICE LOWINSKY, Jack's 90 year old wrinkly neighbor...

JACK
(with a smile)
Good morning, Mrs. Lowinsky...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MRS. LOWINSKY
(smiling back)
Hello Jack...

She steps into the elevator and the doors close...

KIM
Please tell me you didn't sleep with
her too?

Jack just looks at her - no!

KIM
Good, 'cause that's just sick.

JACK
Actually I take her out to dinner once
a week. She has nobody since her
husband died.

KIM
That is so sweet. I wish someone would
take me out to dinner once a week.

They hurry down the hall... Jack pulls out his keys and
unlocks his locks, then opens his apartment door...

INT. JACK'S APARTMENT...

Kim takes in the spacious and well decorated apartment as
they step inside...

KIM
Nice place...

Jack quickly punches in his code to turn the alarm off...

...as Kim spots the massive wine collection covering an
entire wall...

KIM
I guess you like wine.

JACK
(re-locking the door)
I'm a master sommelier.

Jack puts the package down on the desk, then opens the
drawer as the CLOCK BEGINS CHIMING - it's 11:00...

JACK
I'm the only person in the United
States who has some of these wines.
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JACK (cont'd)
Well, nobody in the United States has
a couple of them, I drank them last
night...

He pulls a 9mm automatic out of the desk drawer with one
hand, the clip with the other...

KIM
I'm a beer person myself.

JACK
I know...

KIM
You think you know everything about
everybody, don't you?

JACK
Just about...

He shoves the clip into the 9mm. Kim looks at him, weapon
in hand...

JACK
(explaining)
If your father, who's a cop, thinks
you should be armed, then your ex-
boyfriend is obviously dangerous.

He quickly pulls out a hand-held detector and moves it
over the package.

KIM
What is that?

JACK
Chemical detector. Sniffs traces of
vapor. Customs Agents use them.

KIM
(nervous)
And?

JACK
It's not a bomb.

KIM
(relieved)
That's good.

Jack tears open the package, revealing an old cassette
tape inside...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

KIM
It's a tape...

As Jack slowly reaches for the cassette, his hand begins shaking uncontrollably - so much that he can't even grasp the tape. He pulls his hand back and takes a DEEP BREATH, trying to control his overwhelming anxiety attack...

KIM
You okay?

Jack tries again, but again his hand shakes so much that he can't grasp the tape... He gives up on the tape and turns to the fax machine, picking up the pages Shelly faxed...

KIM
Aren't you going to listen to the tape?

Jack doesn't answer, he's too busy with the pages... Kim glances over his shoulder, taking in the heading of the pages - "RISK ASSESSMENT, JACK GRAMM"

KIM
(amazed)
All these people have threatened you?

JACK
At one time or another...

KIM
I'd carry a gun all the time if I was you!

JACK
It comes with the territory.

KIM
How come you never mentioned this in class?

JACK
No reason to. Very few students actually end up in this field.

KIM
Especially with you booting all of them.

Jack grabs the phone and hits a preset number...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

KIM

Can I ask you a personal question,
Doc? How come you're not married?
You're good looking, great in bed...
(glancing around)
Obviously make a shit-load of money.

JACK

Don't want any emotional attachments.

KIM

Don't you want kids some day?

JACK

No way I'd bring a child into this
world...

KIM

You're not married and don't want kids
'cause of what "might" happen to them?

JACK

I know what could happen to them!

KIM

Not every child born is abducted and
murdered, Dr. Gramm.

WE HEAR the RING on the other end of the line... Shelly
answers...

SHELLY (OVER PHONE)

Jack?

JACK

(into phone)
Yeah, it's me.

SHELLY (OVER PHONE)

You better turn on CNN.

JACK

Why?

SHELLY (OVER PHONE)

Forrester found a Judge to grant his
live interview request.

Jack grabs his TiVo remote and hits the 'on' button. The
TV slowly comes to life...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (4)

JACK

Shelly, send a couple of the boys to my apartment. There might be a man waiting for me in the lobby when they get here.

SHELLY (OVER PHONE)

Who should they be looking for?

JACK

(as he flips the channels on the TV)

I don't know, but tell them if there is somebody waiting for me, he's probably armed and dangerous...

(glancing at the clock)

...and trying to kill me...

SHELLY (OVER PHONE)

You sure we shouldn't call the police?

JACK

I'm sure.

SHELLY (OVER PHONE)

I'll make sure they're armed, and have them proceed with extreme caution.

Jack finally hits CNN - it's a live broadcast from Death Row, with Jon Forrester and the interviewer, Wallace Hauser...

JACK

Did you get hold of the Warden at Bayside?

WALLACE (ON TV)

Jon, if you don't get another stay, are you prepared to die?

SHELLY (OVER PHONE)

There was a clock on death row. The Eicking drove Forrester nuts. He demanded that it be removed.

FORRESTER (ON TV)

(holding up his Bible)
Yes...

Jack steps closer to the TV screen, taking in Forrester's facial movements and body language...

FORRESTER (ON TV)

I mean as prepared to die as a man could be for something he didn't do.

JACK

Shelly, did you messenger a package to my apartment?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (5)

SHELLY (OVER PHONE)
No.

WALLACE (ON TV)
There are lots of people
out there who believe in
your innocence. *

JACK
Any idea who might have?

FORRESTER (ON TV)
And I thank them for that. *

SHELLY (OVER PHONE)
No, everything usually
comes through the office.

WALLACE (ON TV)
What are your thoughts at
this time? Unless you're
granted another stay, these
are the last 13 hours of
your life. *

Jack watches the TV screen - Forrester is thinking long
and hard about the question...

JACK
What did you find out about Sara
Pollard?

SHELLY (OVER PHONE)
You didn't actually pay her, did you,
Jack?

JACK
Pay her? For what?

SHELLY (OVER PHONE)
She works for an escort service!

JACK
Escort service?

SHELLY (OVER PHONE)
You didn't know?

On the TV, a painfully dramatic single tear rolls down
Forrester's cheek..

SHELLY (OVER PHONE)
What the hell were you doing last
night?

JACK
She told me she was a law student from
N.Y.U. She stopped me on my way out of
court yesterday to ask questions...

Jack thinks hard, trying to remember the drunken events
of the night before, as Forrester clear his throat on the
TV...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (6)

JACK
You have a phone number for
her?

FORRESTER (ON TV)
I'm sorry...

SHELLY (OVER PHONE)
Phone number and address.

WALLACE ON TV)
Take your time...

JACK
I know the address.

FORRESTER
That's one thing I don't
have a lot of.

SHELLY (OVER PHONE)
555-1352...

WALLACE (ON TV)
Sorry, bad choice of words.

Jack quickly writes down the number...

FORRESTER (ON TV)
To be honest, my only thoughts right
now are thoughts of forgiveness.

WALLACE (ON TV)
Your forgiveness?

FORRESTER (ON TV)
No, Jack Gramm's.

Jack glances back at the TV...

FORRESTER (ON TV)
I'm trying hard to forgive the man
responsible for my being here. The man
whose false testimony will probably
cause my death.

WALLACE (ON TV)
If he were with us now, what would you
say to him?

FORRESTER (ON TV)
(right at the camera)
Why would you do this to me, Dr.
Gramm?

KIM
Whoa, this is fuckin' freaky - it's
like he's lookin' right at you.

Jack moves closer to the TV screen, taking in Forrester's
every move...

FORRESTER (ON TV)
What are you hiding that causes you to
falsely accuse me?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (7)

JACK
(into phone)
Shelly, call CNN, tell 'em I wanna
talk to that sonofabitch!

SHELLY (OVER PHONE)
Jack, I don't think that's a good
idea...

JACK
Call me back as soon as you get a hold
of them.

Jack hangs up the phone as CNN goes to commercial. He quickly punches in the number Shelly gave him for Sara Pollard...

...as Kim spots a photo across the room - it's the same "family photo" that was in Jack's office...

KIM
You know, Doc, you never talk about
your sister, and yet everyone knows
that's why you do what you do.

Jack doesn't answer her. He gets a BUSY SIGNAL OVER THE PHONE and hangs up, then tries again...

KIM
I'd probably feel the same way if all
they ever found of my little sister
was a tape... Then my mother killed
herself...

That makes a dent in Jack's armor and it shows... Kim sees the hurt and reaches out, touching him...

KIM
I think I'm in love with you, Dr.
Gramm.

Jack just looks at her... There's a LONG SILENT BEAT...

KIM
Not quite the response I would have
liked...

JACK
(back away)
I really don't need this right now.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (8)

KIM
(holding back her tears)
I need to use your bathroom...

JACK
End of the hall, on the right...

Kim races down the hall, SLAMMING the bathroom door behind her... The PHONE RINGS... Jack grabs it...

JACK
(into phone)
Yeah...

FRANK (OVER PHONE)
Jack, Frank, D'Franco confessed the minute they walked through the door. I got the warrant. I'm on my way to his place now...

JACK
Did he say anything about Forrester?

FRANK (OVER PHONE)
No.

JACK
Damn it.

FRANK (OVER PHONE)
That parolee you asked me to check out...

JACK
Yeah?

FRANK (OVER PHONE)
There's a warrant out for his arrest. He hasn't checked in with his parole officer in six months. And he wasn't in Bayside.

JACK
He wasn't?

FRANK (OVER PHONE)
No. Served a year in New Jersey State.

Jack glances down the hall to the bathroom - Kim's still inside. He grabs her bag and opens it, quickly going through the contents - packets of condoms, make-up, sunglasses, certs... He pulls the handgun out...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (9)

JACK

88 minutes mean anything to you?

He quickly checks the gun - it is FULLY LOADED...

FRANK (OVER PHONE)

No. Should it?

Jack stares back down the hall to the bathroom - Kim told him the weapon wasn't loaded...

JACK

I got a call that said I have 88 minutes to live.

FRANK (OVER PHONE)

88? Why not 90? Or 85?

At the end of the hall, the bathroom door opens... Jack quickly unloads Kim's weapon, then puts it back in her bag... He dumps her bullets into his pocket and puts her bag back where it was...

...as an embarrassed and hurt Kim makes her way back into the room, forcing a smile...

JACK

This thing started at 10:17 AM. 88 minutes later puts us at 11:45 AM. A stay has to be granted by 11:45 PM tonight to stop the execution...

FRANK (OVER PHONE)

He's putting you on a death watch, just like his.

Jack's second PHONE LINE RINGS...

JACK

Frank, hold on.

He puts Frank on hold as he picks up the second line.

JACK

(into phone)

Shelly?

SHELLY (OVER PHONE)

I got CNN on the line, Jack, they'll patch you through to the prison. You sure you want to do this?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (10)

JACK
Put me through...

Jack hits the hold button, then the first line...

JACK
Frank, you still there?

FRANK (OVER PHONE)
Yeah.

JACK
Turn on CNN, Forrester's doing a live interview.

FRANK (OVER PHONE)
I'm in the car, Jack.

JACK
It's simulcast over 750 am. I'm phoning in...

FRANK (OVER PHONE)
Jesus, Jack, you think that's a good idea considering all the court action?

JACK
(cutting him off)
Just stay on the line...

He hits the hold button, then the second line...

JACK
Hello?

...as CNN comes back from commercial on the TV...

CNN PRODUCER (OVER PHONE)
Dr. Gramm?

JACK
Yes...

CNN PRODUCER (OVER PHONE)
I thought we lost you.

JACK
I'm here.

CNN PRODUCER (OVER PHONE)
We're on live now.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (11)

JACK

I can see...

CNN PRODUCER (OVER PHONE)

I'm putting you through...

WALLACE (ON TV)

I'm being told we have Dr. Jack Gramm joining us by phone. Dr. Gramm, are you there?

JACK

(into phone)

I'm here...

WALLACE (ON TV)

Have you been watching the interview?

JACK

Yes...

WALLACE (ON TV)

Then you must have something to say, or you wouldn't have called in.

JACK

You've been talking about forgiveness. I just wanted Forrester to know that none of his victims have forgiven him.

Forrester holds up his Bible and looks right at the camera - his face fills the TV screen, it's as if Jack and he are having a private conversation...

FORRESTER (ON TV)

But I've forgiven everyone, Dr. Gramm, including you.

JACK

Just like you to turn this whole thing around. Well this isn't about you, it's about your 30 plus victims. It's about the fact that you tortured and murdered them...

Forrester cuts him off...

FORRESTER (ON TV)

I was falsely convicted, and you know it!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (12)

JACK

Interesting that you never said you were innocent.

That catches Forrester by surprise...

FORRESTER (ON TV)

I am innocent!

JACK

You're guilty as hell, and you're getting what you deserve.

FORRESTER (ON TV)

We all get what we deserve, Dr. Gramm.

JACK

Meaning?

FORRESTER (ON TV)

Meaning we all get what we deserve - including you.

JACK

And what exactly do I deserve?

Forrester almost smiles...

FORRESTER (ON TV)

Pray with me, Dr. Gramm.

Forrester closes his eyes and holds his Bible up...

FORRESTER (ON TV)

Dear Lord, forgive us for our sins...

As Jack watches him pray, something hits him - he turns quickly to the bookshelf behind him, grabbing a Bible. He flips through the first three pages, counting verses...

He hits hold, then the other line as Forrester continues PRAYING ON THE TV...

JACK

(into phone)

Frank, you still there?

FRANK (OVER PHONE)

What the hell are you doing, sparring with him on national TV?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (13)

JACK

Frank, the 88th verse in the Bible is Genesis, chapter 4, verse 8. "And Cain talked with A'bel his brother: and it came to pass, when they were in the field, that Cain rose up against A'bel, and slew him."

FRANK (OVER PHONE)

Sorry, Jack, but I don't know what the hell you're talking about.

JACK

I need his juvenile records opened.

FRANK (OVER PHONE)

We've been over this a million times!

JACK

Pull some strings, Frank!

FRANK (OVER PHONE)

I'll see what I can do... I'm at D'Franco's, I gotta go...

JACK

Call me as soon as you find something.

He hangs up on Frank and hits the other line, but the PHONE ABRUPTLY GOES DEAD.

JACK

Hello?...

He turns back to the TV, suddenly spotting someone else in the background behind Forrester, just outside the cell in the shadows... Jack can't quite make the person out... He steps closer to the TV, then quickly hits the rewind button on his TiVo controller - the scene rewinds... He stops it and freezes - the person in the shadows is Mike Stamp... The TV returns to the live broadcast - Forrester is finishing his prayer...

FORRESTER (ON TV)

And may the Lord have mercy on our souls...

(he opens his eyes and looks directly at the camera)

Especially you, Dr. Gramm...

There's a sudden KNOCK ON THE DOOR as CNN freezes on the smiling face of Forrester, with their "LIVE FROM DEATH ROW" graphics...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (14)

Jack grabs his 9mm... There's another KNOCK ON THE DOOR.

KIM
(whispering)
It could be one of your neighbors.

JACK
(whispering back)
Mrs. Lowinsky is the only neighbor here during the day, and she just left.

KIM
Maybe she came back.

JACK
She hasn't missed her weekly hair appointment in five years.

Jack glances back at the TV - Forrester's smiling face is still on the screen...

9mm leading the way, Jack slowly moves to the door...

...and glances through the peephole.

QUICKLY TO HIS POV THROUGH THE PEEPHOLE - he is staring down the barrel of a silenced handgun... He dives to the floor...

JACK
(to Kim)
GET DOWN!

THUMP! THUMP!... Two SILENCED SLUGS RIP through the peephole, SHATTERING THE GLASS and part of the door...

Kim SCREAMS and ducks for cover... Jack instinctively FIRES BACK RIGHT THROUGH THE DOOR - BAM! BAM! BAM!...

There's a THUD - a body hitting the floor...

...then a long silent beat... Jack holds his aim...

KIM
Who was it?

JACK
I don't know...

KIM
You don't know who it was, and you shot 'em?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (15)

Jack slowly makes his way back to the door... He glances under it, looking for any shadows, or signs of anyone...

...but there isn't any... He peeks out the large hole in the door, spotting the lower half of a body on the floor - just the legs and shoes - he can't see a face... But on the floor is a shattered cell phone, a bullet hole right through it...

The seconds tick off... Jack slowly disarms his alarm system, then unlocks the door...

KIM
(freaking out)
What are you doing? Don't open the door...

Jack reaches for the doorknob... Truly frightened, Kim grabs her bag and frantically digs through it, searching for her handgun... She finds it and pulls it out. Hand shaking in fear, she takes aim...

...as Jack slowly pulls the door open...

INT. HALLWAY...

...to find the bullet-ridden bloody body on the floor, silenced weapon in hand - it's Guy LaForge, the shattered cell phone beside him...

JACK
Who the hell is this guy?

Her hand still shaking, and the weapon leading the way, Kim slowly makes her way up behind Jack... He turns around and sees the gun in her hand, pointing directly at him... There's an intense beat...

...then she lowers the weapon...

KIM
It's my ex-boyfriend...

JACK
That's your ex-boyfriend?

Kim nods that it is as tears fill her eyes...

KIM
My Dad always said he'd either end up killing someone, or someone would end up killing him...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JACK

(trying to put the pieces
together)

He was outside an apartment I was at
earlier... And he was in class this
morning...

KIM

(surprised)

In class? Oh my God...

JACK

(suspicious)

He didn't serve time at Bayside. He
was in New Jersey State.

KIM

So? He's been stalking me since I was
nineteen, you think I give a shit what
prison he was in!

Kim slowly backs up as Jack moves in on her, 9mm in hand.

INT. JACK'S APARTMENT...

She steps back into the apartment... Jack follows...

KIM

You're an expert on stalkers, Doc,
statistically sooner or later
something like this was bound to
happen.

JACK

Where's your gun permit, Kim?

KIM

What?

JACK

Your gun permit, where is it? You're
supposed to carry it at all times.

KIM

It's in my bag.

JACK

No it's not.

KIM

Yes it is.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JACK

I went through your bag. You have no ID in your bag at all.

KIM

(tears start flowing again)
You're starting to scare me, Dr. Gramm...

The FIRE ALARM abruptly BLASTS... Jack turns back to the door as the HALL SPRINKLERS GO OFF, SHOOTING WATER EVERYWHERE... More ALARMS SOUND...

KIM

(panicking)
The building's on fire...

Jack turns back to Kim, who stands at the window, staring at the smoke bellowing up the front of the building...

Earl's VOICE breaks OVER THE BUILDING INTERCOM SYSTEM...

EARL (OVER INTERCOM)

All residents, please evacuate the building. Do not use the elevators... Repeat, do not use the elevators...

Kim grabs her bag and starts for the door...

KIM

I'm outta here...

...but Jack stops her as the PHONE RINGS...

KIM

Dr. Gramm, the building's on fire!

JACK

(quickly answering the phone)
Yeah...

VOICE (OVER PHONE)

Did you listen to the tape, Dr. Gramm?

It's the distorted voice...

VOICE (OVER PHONE)

I think you should listen to the tape.

CLICK! The phone goes dead as smoke starts to enter the apartment... Jack glances at the clock - it's 11:20...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

KIM

Dr. Gramm, we have to evacuate the building.

She glances back out the window as Jack turns to the desk and reaches for the tape - but stops just short of touching it. He takes in the smoke slowly filling the room - he's running out of time. He suddenly grabs the tape and shoves it into the tape deck. He presses "play," then steps back in fear of what he's about to hear...

...but there is nothing... He moves closer as a FAINT VOICE is HEARD... Jack turns the volume up all the way as smoke slowly engulfs him and Kim... The FAINT VOICE is HEARD again - it's a little girl...

FAINT VOICE (OVER TAPE)

...Help me, Mommy... Daddy... Jack...

Jack instantly recognizes the voice...

JACK

Kate...

KIM

What?

From her position, Kim can't hear the voice... Tears fill Jack's eyes - he starts to lose it...

FAINT VOICE (OVER TAPE)

...please help me... I'm scared...

Jack breaks down completely, SOBBING uncontrollably...

KIM

Dr. Gramm?

She hurries to him, trying to help...

KIM

We have to get out of here, Dr. Gramm.

She helps him towards the door as the PHONE ABRUPTLY RINGS, snapping Jack back to reality... He grabs the RINGING PHONE...

JACK

(into phone, enraged)
You bastard...

SHELLY (OVER PHONE)

Jack? What the hell's going on?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

JACK

Shelly?

SHELLY (OVER PHONE)

The boys are stuck in traffic. Don't leave the apartment until they get there...

The PHONE GOES DEAD...

JACK

Shelly?... Shelly?

The room is almost completely covered in SMOKE... Jack shoves his 9mm into his belt, grabs the tape, shoving it into his pocket, then follows Kim out the door and into the hall...

INT. HALLWAY...

Instantly soaked by the sprinklers, Jack steps over Guy's body, taking in the shattered cell phone... He and Kim sprint to the fire escape stairwell and dart in...

INT. FIRE ESCAPE STAIRWELL...

They hurry down the stairs - but there are so many PEOPLE entering from the other floors, and so much smoke, that they can't make any headway. An OLD MAN stumbles... Jack catches him, helping him back to his feet...

JACK

You okay?

OLD MAN

I'm a little dizzy...

Jack helps the Old Man down the last flight of stairs... They and the others reach the bottom floor and hurry out the lobby doors, COUGHING...

INT. LOBBY...

Remembering that someone may be waiting for him, Jack reaches for his 9mm as he glances around, taking in the many FACES... He hurries Kim and the Old Man through the lobby, past the entering FIREMEN...

FIREMAN 1

(shouting to each other)

WE FOUND THE SOURCE. WE GOT AN INCENDIARY DEVICE WITH A TIMER.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

FIREMAN 2
GET THE BOMB SQUAD IN HERE IN CASE
THERE'S A SECOND ONE...

FIREMAN 3
WE NEED ARSON INVESTIGATORS TOO...

EXT. STREET OUTSIDE BUILDING...

Jack and Kim follow the fleeing apartment DWELLERS into the street, where a huge CROWD has gathered... He helps the Old Man to the curb so he can sit down...

Fire trucks line both sides of the street... A NEWS CREW arrives... Two POLICE OFFICERS try and maintain order, but most of the apartment dwellers are panicked...

They push their way past the News Crew, but the crowd shoves back, people are pushing each other, fighting to breakaway...

A HAND reaches for Jack. He feels it and spins around... A Woman spots the 9mm in his belt and SCREAMS...

WOMAN
HE'S GOT A GUN!

Jack spins around, frantically searching for whoever has the gun, thinking it's the person trying to kill him, and not realizing that it's him with the gun... The crowd PANICS, pushing and SCREAMING... Kim gets pushed one way, Jack another... they're suddenly separated in the sea of PANICKING people...

KIM
DR. GRAMM...

The two Police Officers are overwhelmed... People fall and are trampled... It is complete chaos...

Jack turns and comes face-to-face with Frank. Surprised to see him, he YELLS OVER the crowd...

JACK
FRANK? WHAT ARE YOU DOING HERE?

FRANK
(shouting back)
I FOUND SOUVENIRS IN D'FRANCO'S
APARTMENT JUST LIKE YOU SAID...

Frank pulls Jack to the side, out of the crowd...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JACK
I knew you would...

FRANK
They're from all Forrester's victims
too...

JACK
(shocked)
What?

FRANK
They're all marked, dated, and
categorized...

JACK
But that's not who D'Franco is, he's
not organized - he's disorganized.
Frank pulls out a handful of Polaroids...

FRANK
Believe me, he got organized...

JACK
(taking in the photos)
They're all laid out in a row, as if
he were expecting us...

FRANK
You got the wrong man, Jack.

JACK
No I didn't.

Frank just looks at him - he doesn't believe Jack
anymore...

JACK
Forrester's guilty as hell, Frank.
Can't you see what he's doing?

FRANK
No I can't see, and I don't know that
he's guilty! I always took your word
for it. You're the fuckin' expert!

JACK
He's guilty, Frank.

FRANK
The evidence says he's not.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

JACK
He manipulated the evidence!

FRANK
(right back at him)
So did you!

For the first time, Jack doubts himself, and Frank can see it...

FRANK
Goddamn it!

Now Jack doesn't know what to do - he's thinking hard, but it's brain overload...

FRANK
I'm calling the Attorney General's office. Maybe I can salvage what's left of my career. I'd suggest you do the same...

JACK
(dead serious)
He killed my sister.

FRANK
What?

JACK
(pulling out the tape)
He sent me this tape. It's of Kate...

FRANK
Please don't tell me that everything you did to Forrester was because you thought he killed your sister over a quarter of a century ago!

JACK
He's guilty of everything he's accused of, and more.

FRANK
How do you even know it was him who sent you the tape? And how do I know you're not just losing your fuckin' mind?

JACK
(checking his watch)
I need 20 minutes, Frank.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

FRANK
It's over, Jack...

JACK
Not for 20 minutes, it's not! 20
minutes, that's all I need...

Jack doesn't wait for an answer... He darts through an opening in the sea of humanity, racing after Kim, now halfway down the street, running...

FRANK
(screaming after him)
20 MINUTES, JACK, THAT'S ALL...

Free of the panicking crowd, Jack breaks into a run, charging down the street after Kim...

EXT. INTERSECTION... END OF BLOCK..

Dripping wet, panicked, paranoid, and still in the middle of the street, Jack darts around the corner after Kim...

EXT. STREET CORNER...

...as an AIR HORN BLASTS... It's a fire truck, headed straight for Jack... The HORN BLASTS again...

Jack dives out of the way...

The fire truck just misses Jack as he hits the pavement with a THUD, tearing his pants and shirt... Blood drips down his arm... His face is scraped and bruised...

QUICKLY TO JACK'S POV as he glances down the street - Kim has stopped and slowly turns back - she is trying to decide if she should help him... Jack looks at her... She looks at him...

There's a strange moment between them as she slowly makes her way back down the street...

Jack picks himself up as she approaches and they hurry to the sidewalk, darting behind a parked truck...

JACK
(curious)
Why'd you run?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

KIM

You mean besides the fact that I told you I love you and you could give a shit, that my ex-boyfriend just tried to kill us and you shot him, and that your building was on fire and you wanted to stay there, then freaked out?! I was scared.

JACK

(even more curious)
Why'd you come back?

KIM

I don't know...

He looks at her... She looks at him... There's almost a moment between them...

JACK

(taking her by the hand)
Come on.

KIM

Where we going?

JACK

To the apartment of the woman I was with last night.

KIM

Jesus, Jack, is there a woman in this city you haven't slept with?

JACK

(suddenly stopping)
Why did you just call me Jack?

KIM

Because that's your name.

JACK

You always call me Dr. Gramm, or Doc.

KIM

Enough with the paranoia, okay? I lied when I said I liked it in a man...

There's a beat as Jack looks at her - it's a huge moment as he finally decides to open up...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

JACK

Remember in my apartment when you asked me about my little sister?

KIM

Yeah.

JACK

It was my fault...

KIM

What was your fault?

JACK

I ran off and left her...

Kim realizes what he is saying and can hardly contain her own tears...

JACK

It was less than a block, but when I turned back, she was gone. I was just fooling around...

KIM

You were just a kid.

JACK

She was my responsibility. My mother told me not to let her out of my sight - and I did. And I did it on purpose.

KIM

My God, your mother blamed you, didn't she?

JACK

(nodding)
Yes...

AMBULANCES, POLICE CARS, and FIRE ENGINES race down the street...

KIM

We better go...

They hurry down the sidewalk, cutting down an alley...

EXT. ALLEY...

Jack and Kim dart down the alley, then round the corner...

EXT. STREET...

...into the street...

INT. INTERSECTION...

...cutting across the intersection...

EXT. ANOTHER STREET...

...where they find themselves in front of Sara's apartment building...

Jack hurries up the stoop, Kim following close behind...

EXT. SARA'S BROWNSTONE...

Jack presses the intercom buzzer on every floor, but Sara's... A WOMAN answers first, followed by another WOMAN, then a MAN...

1ST WOMAN (OVER INTERCOM)
Hello?

2ND WOMAN (OVER INTERCOM)
Yes?..

MAN (OVER INTERCOM)
Yeah?..

JACK
(into intercom)
It's me...

The buzzer BUZZES and the door UNLOCKS... Jack pushes it open and they enter...

INT. ENTRY WAY...

...hurrying up the stairs...

INT. STAIRCASE...

Jack and Kim move quickly past the 1st floor landing...

...then the 2nd floor...

...3rd... and finally the 4th - Sara's floor...

INT. HALLWAY OUTSIDE SARA'S APARTMENT...

They slowly make their way down the hall, Jack leading the way... As they get close to Sara's door, he pulls his 9mm...

KIM
(whispering)
What are you doing?

JACK
(whispering back)
This is the building I saw your ex-boyfriend outside. The woman inside works for an escort service, which means somebody paid her to be with me last night, and I'm going to find out who.

He reaches for the doorknob and slowly turns it...

INT. SARA'S APARTMENT...

...pushing the door open... The SHOWER is ON... Jack and Kim slowly enter...

Kim quickly takes in the opened Murphy bed, clothes scattered about, and empty bottles of French wine on the floor...

KIM
Looks like you had a good time.

Jack moves slowly down the hall towards the bathroom, following the SOUNDS OF THE RUNNING WATER... He reaches the bathroom and stops suddenly...

INT. BATHROOM...

Sara's naked body is sprawled on the floor in a puddle of blood.

JACK
Shit...

KIM (BEHIND HIM)
What is it?

Jack takes in Sara's body, the murder weapon beside it - the large wine bottle opener... He turns quickly back to the opened Murphy bed, her clothes still scattered about, the empty bottles of French wine still on the floor...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JACK
He's trying to frame me...

KIM
(suddenly spotting the body)
Oh my God... Oh my God...

As Kim freaks out, Jack spots something on the table beside the bed - a credit card receipt. He hurries back down the hall...

INT. SARA'S APARTMENT...

Jack picks up the credit card receipt - it's his credit card, with his signature...

JACK
Somebody forged my signature...

KIM
(completely freaking out)
Oh my God... Oh my God...

Kim starts for the door... Jack grabs her, spinning her back around...

KIM
You killed her...

JACK
I didn't kill her.

KIM
But she's dead...
(hyperventilating)
Oh my God... Oh my God...

She's hysterical... Jack slaps her face, trying to snap her out of it... She looks at him, wide-eyed...

JACK
I didn't kill her, Kim. Your ex-boyfriend did.

KIM
But you killed him...

JACK
Forrester figured it all out...

KIM
(still freaking out)
You killed them both...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Kim's CELL PHONE suddenly RINGS... Kim doesn't even hear it - she's near catatonic with fear...

KIM
Why did you killed her?

Jack pulls out the RINGING PHONE...

JACK
(answering it)
Yeah...

VOICE (OVER CELL PHONE)
Killers like this always return to the scene of the crime, don't they Dr. Gramm?

It's the distorted voice...

VOICE (OVER CELL PHONE)
Tick-tock, Doc... You have 14 minutes to live...

Jack turns back to Kim - she's gone! Her cell phone still in his hand, Jack races out the door...

INT. HALLWAY...

...and down the hall to the staircase...

INT. STAIRCASE...

Kim is halfway down the stairs, running frantically...

Jack charges after her...

...down to the 3rd floor landing...

...the 2nd floor...

...the 1st... and finally the ground floor...

INT. ENTRY WAY...

Kim is already out the front door and halfway across the street. Jack races out the front door after her...

EXT. STREET OUTSIDE BUILDING...

Kim jumps into a cab... Jack races down the stoop, charging after the cab as it PEELS OUT, SPEEDING down the street...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Jack sprints after it, running down the center of the street... Cars SWERVE... HORNS HONK... DRIVERS SCREAM out their windows... Jack ignores the SCREAMING Drivers and HONKING HORNS, and keeps running, but he's losing ground. The cab is pulling away from him...

A second cab suddenly rounds the corner... Jack flags it down... The cab stops in the middle of the street... Jack jumps in...

INT. SECOND CAB...

...and shouts to the CAB DRIVER...

JACK
FOLLOW THAT CAB!

The Cab Driver turns around...

CAB DRIVER
You're kiddin' me, right?

JACK
NO!

CAB DRIVER
Okay...

The Cab Driver steps on it, following Kim's cab...

EXT. STREETS OF MANHATTAN...

Half a block apart, the two cabs SPEED down 110th street. The first cab hits Broadway, SQUEALS right...

...and speeds uptown... Jack's cab follows...

INT. JACK'S CAB...

...closing the gap with each passing second...

JACK
She's headed back to Columbia...

Jack quickly punches a number into Kim's cell phone... The phone RINGS on the other end, but not fast enough for Jack...

JACK
Come on... Come on...

SHELLY (OVER CELL PHONE)
Jack Gramm's office.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JACK
(into phone)
Shelly, it's me.

SHELLY (OVER PHONE)
Jack? Thank God... The boys arrived at your place to find the building on fire. They found a bullet-ridden body outside your door... We thought it was you...

JACK
I shot him...

SHELLY (OVER PHONE)
What?

The Cab Driver glances in the rear view again - shot who?

SHELLY (OVER PHONE)
Jack, the phone number you're calling from just came up on the caller ID screen, it's not yours...

JACK
I know...

SHELLY (OVER PHONE)
It was reported stolen, Jack. The phone company's been trying to trace it...

JACK
Stolen? Whose phone is it?

SHELLY (OVER PHONE)
It belongs to a women named Laura Douglas.

JACK
Laura Douglas?

Jack thinks hard about the implications... He pulls out the piece of paper Laura gave him, glancing at the name and address. He hands it to Cab Driver...

JACK
This address. Where is it?

CAB DRIVER
The Hudson River.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

JACK

What?

CAB DRIVER

125th doesn't go that far west. Either you got one extra number here, or somebody gave you the wrong address.

JACK

You sure?

CAB DRIVER

I've lived in this city my whole life. Been a cab driver for ten years, of course I'm sure...

EXT. 116TH STREET...

Kim's cab takes the corner, turning down 116th... Jack's cab follows...

EXT. COLUMBIA UNIVERSITY...

Kim's cab SQUEALS TO A STOP at the outer edge of Low Plaza... Kim jumps out and races through the Plaza...

...as the Cab Driver SPEEDS off in the cab, disappearing down a side street... A moment later, Jack's cab SQUEALS to a stop... Jack jumps out and charges after Kim as the Driver adds up the fare...

CAB DRIVER

(turning around)
That'll be \$5.35...

But Jack is gone, racing after Kim...

CAB DRIVER

Hey!

The Cab Driver jumps out and gives chase, charging after Jack...

EXT. LOW PLAZA...

Kim races through the center of Low Plaza... Jack sprints after her, knocking STUDENTS out of the way...

STUDENT 1

Watch where you're going...

Behind Jack, the Cab Driver is SCREAMING HIS ASS OFF...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Kim SCREAMS as Jack closes in on her... He grabs her from behind...

JACK
(crazed)
What is going on?

KIM
It wasn't my idea.

JACK
What wasn't your idea?

KIM
We thought you'd be proud of us?

JACK
Who is "we?"

KIM
The class...

JACK
What are you talking about?

KIM
Mike Stamp came up with the idea - he said if we pulled it off you'd give us all "A's." Dean Johnson approved it. No one was supposed to get hurt...

JACK
This isn't your phone!

KIM
It's Laura's. She asked me to hold it for her.

JACK
Bullshit! Laura was mugged. She was slammed to the ground from behind and her phone stolen. She didn't see her attacker.

KIM
What are you saying?

JACK
You tell me!

The Cab Driver races up behind them...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

CAB DRIVER

What the hell do you think you're doin'?

Jack spins around with his 9mm...

JACK

BACK OFF!

CAB DRIVER

(holding up his hands)
Okay, okay... We're cool...

The Cab Driver backs off, and fast... Jack turns back to Kim - she's gone. He quickly scans the crowd, spotting Kim as she races up the steps of the Health Sciences building... He races after her...

CAB DRIVER

Sonofabitch...

EXT. HEALTH SCIENCES BUILDING...

Kim sprints up the last few steps, rushing into the building... Jack races after her... He hits the steps and takes them two at a time... He reaches the top stair and grabs the door, throwing it open...

INT. HALLWAY... HEALTH SCIENCES BUILDING...

The hallway is empty... Jack stops in his tracks... No sign of Kim...

He slowly enters, carefully making his way down the hall... There's a sudden BANGING NOISE... Jack turns towards it - it's coming from the women's bathroom, and it sounded like a STALL DOOR SLAMMING SHUT...

Jack makes his way to the bathroom and pushes the door open...

INT. WOMEN'S BATHROOM...

9mm leading the way, he enters cautiously - the stall at the end of the row is closed... Jack glances under the door - there aren't any feet showing... Kim must be standing on the toilet...

JACK

I know you're in here, Kim...

He moves down the line of stalls, 9mm leading the way...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JACK

I'm not going to hurt you, I just need to know exactly what Mike's plan was?

9mm still leading the way, Jack reaches the closed stall door and shoves it open - it's empty... He quickly spins around, making sure no one got behind him - he's alone...

The bathroom door suddenly flies open, SLAMMING AGAINST THE WALL... Jack spins around with the 9mm ready to fire it's Dean Carol Ann Johnson...

CAROL

Jesus, Jack, what the hell are you doing?

JACK

I'd like to ask you the same question.

CAROL

What are you talking about?

He steps towards her... She stakes in the 9mm...

CAROL

Calm down, Jack... It was just an innocent experiment, that's all.

JACK

Experiment? I shot a man, and a woman's been murdered.

CAROL

What are you talking about?

JACK

Call it off!

CAROL

Jack, what are you talking about? Who did you shoot? Who's been murdered?

JACK

(hard)
Call it off!

The CELL PHONE suddenly RINGS... Jack answers it...

JACK

(intense, into phone)
Now you listen, and you listen good...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

SHELLY (OVER PHONE)
Jack, it's Shelly.

Jack is surprised it's her...

SHELLY (OVER PHONE)
Somebody got Forrester's juvenile files opened - they just went public with 'em. Forrester killed his step-sister when he was 15.

JACK
His step-sister?

JACK
What was her name?

SHELLY (OVER PHONE)
Sally.

JACK
Her last name?

SHELLY (OVER PHONE)
Abell.

JACK
A'bel...
(realizing)
Cain betrayed A'bel, his sibling. Forrester betrayed his sibling. I betrayed Kate, my sibling. He's making a comparison. We all share the same guilt....

SHELLY (OVER PHONE)
That's not all, Jack. Forrester was sent to a mental hospital until he was 18, then released...

JACK
Where was the mental hospital?

SHELLY (OVER PHONE)
Maryland...

JACK
Where was he released?

SHELLY (OVER PHONE)
Rochester. Your home town, Jack.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

JACK
When?

SHELLY (OVER PHONE)
June 13th...

JACK
1977.

SHELLY (OVER PHONE)
How did you know?

JACK
The same day Kate disappeared.

SHELLY (OVER PHONE)
What does it mean, Jack?

Jack doesn't answer Shelly, or hang up the phone...

SHELLY (OVER PHONE)
Jack?... Jack?...

Jack turns quickly to Carol...

JACK
Where's Mike Stamp?

CAROL
In my office.

JACK
(motioning her with the 9mm)
Let's go.

CAROL
You don't need the gun, Jack.

JACK
Just move!

Carol slowly turns and heads out the bathroom door, Jack right behind her, the 9mm in the small of her back...

INT. HALLWAY... HEALTH SCIENCES BUILDING...

Carol makes her way towards her office, Jack behind her... STUDENTS start to fill the hallway. Carol and Jack move through them - Jack more paranoid than before...

He pushes Carol through the door...

INT. CAROL'S OFFICE...

...and into the office - it is empty...

JACK
There's nobody here.

CAROL
It's not 11:45 yet.

Jack glances at the clock - it's 11:41...

JACK
4 minutes...

CAROL
Calm down, Jack. No one was supposed to be here until 11:45 exactly. That's what they agreed on...

JACK
Why 11:45 exactly?

CAROL
That's the time I agreed to look at the results of their experiment.

Jack just looks at her - he doesn't believe her.

CAROL
No one is trying to hurt you, Jack. It was just an experiment...

JACK
We're just gonna wait here for the next 4 minutes.

He backs into a corner, pulling Carol with him... then places her in front of him like a shield... He glances up at the clock, watching it tick off seconds...

CAROL
(distraught)
Jack please, someone's going to get hurt. Your students were just trying to make a point...

JACK
And what point is that?

The door suddenly flies open - it's Kim...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

KIM
(out of breath)
I'm sorry, Dean Johnson, I was coming
to warn you...

JACK
Come on in...

KIM
Jack, I can explain...

JACK
There you go calling me Jack again.

CAROL
Listen to her, Jack.

JACK
I'm not listening to either one of you
two.

KIM
Please, Dr. Gramm.

Carol's PHONE suddenly RINGS... Jack looks at it, then up
at the ticking clock..

CAROL
I should answer that.

JACK
Why? Who is it?

CAROL
I don't know.

Jack glances up at the clock again - it's 11:42... The
PHONE CONTINUES TO RING..

JACK
What'll happen if we don't answer it?

Kim makes eye contact with Carol - they exchange quick
glances as Kim slowly reaches into her bag... Carol
realizes that Kim's up to something, but isn't sure
exactly what, but she readies herself as best she can...

The PHONE CONTINUES TO RING... Jack can't stand it any
longer and finally hits the speaker phone...

JACK
(into phone)
What?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

FORRESTER (OVER SPEAKER PHONE)
Hello, Jack...

The voice sounds the same, but this time it's not distorted...

JACK
(realizing)
Forrester...

FORRESTER (OVER SPEAKER PHONE)
I hope my wife's been treating you right.

Jack glances at Kim and Carol - he's not sure which one Forrester is talking about. He suddenly spots the ring on the index finger of Carol's left hand...

JACK
You?

Carol realizes what he's staring at and raises her hand.

CAROL
I wear it so students don't hit on me.

FORRESTER (OVER SPEAKER PHONE)
Now isn't this fun... Since I can't fuck her, I thought I'd let you...
(laughing)

I can hear by your increased rate of breathing that you don't know which one it is...

JACK
But I thought Mike Stamp...

FORRESTER (OVER SPEAKER PHONE)
Mike's just trying to make you proud by proving you wrong. Unfortunately for both of you, you both believed the bullshit I was feeding him.

JACK
You manipulated him into setting up this whole experiment.

FORRESTER (OVER SPEAKER PHONE)
Why does it sound like such a negative thing when you say it. We're running out of time, Jack.

Jack glances at the clock - it's 11:44...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

FORRESTER (OVER SPEAKER PHONE)
 Did you listen to the tape I sent you?
 You have to turn it way up to hear
 her. That's because I've listened to
 it so many times over the years that I
 must have worn it out. The first
 time's always the best. The rest are
 just chasing that high...

JACK
 You killed my sister...

FORRESTER (OVER SPEAKER PHONE)
 Of course I did, but then you always
 suspected it, didn't you? I mean isn't
 that what this has always been about
 all these years?

JACK
 (exploding)
 YOU SONOFABITCH!

FORRESTER (OVER SPEAKER PHONE)
 (a chuckle)
 But the really fun thing is, Jack, I
 set it up to look like you killed your
 sister. You have the tape in your
 pocket, don't you?

Jack reaches for his pocket - the tape's still there.

JACK
 You got no evidence, Forrester. How
 you going to frame me without a body?
 Her body's never been found...

FORRESTER (OVER SPEAKER PHONE)
 (gloating)
 There's a map to it in your apartment,
 Jack.

Jack smiles... Kim suddenly grabs his gun hand in hers.
 Her finger slips over his trigger finger and pulls the
 trigger... BAM! BAM! Carol is HIT and DROPS...

JACK
 (screaming)
 NO!

He fights for control of the weapon from Kim, who just
 smiles and lets go...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (4)

JACK
(realizing)
You're married to Forrester?

KIM
Not legally, but in the eyes of God...

Jack glances at the speaker phone - Forrester is LAUGHING HYSTERICALLY...

FORRESTER (OVER SPEAKER PHONE)
(laughing)
Isn't she good, Jack? And you just thought she was a good lay...

JACK
Your ex-boyfriend?

KIM
He's nuts. A total stalker freak.
(a smile)
But that doesn't mean he won't do what I ask him...

JACK
(realizing)
You set this whole thing up - Mike Stamp, the class, Dean Johnson...

FORRESTER (OVER SPEAKER PHONE)
(still laughing)
Tick-tock, Doc... Your life is over...

Jack glances up at the clock as it changes to 11:45...

The door bursts open... Students rush in headed by Mike Stamp and Laura Douglas, Reggie and Don, Leeza and Albert Jackson, Matt Wilson, Harry Dixon and the others... They take in Carol's bloody body as Kim turns to them as innocent as can be...

KIM
(tears in her eyes)
I tried to stop him...

Everyone looks at Jack, the smoking weapon in his hand...

Jack turns to Kim, searching her face with his eyes, and that's when he notices the latex glove covering her gun hand. She pulls it off and smiles as she holds up her left hand - she's wearing a wedding ring...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (5)

Frank and a DOZEN FBI AGENTS, Campus Security, and NYPD OFFICERS rush in with weapons drawn...

FBI AND POLICE
(screaming in unison)
DROP THE WEAPON... NOW!

Jack glances around the room, taking in every student's face, one-by-one - Kim is gone... He glances back to the speaker phone as the line suddenly goes dead...

FRANK
Drop the gun, Jack!

Jack slowly places the weapon and cell phone on the desk. As he does, WE HOLD ON the cell phone - it's still on - Jack never hung up...

SHELLY (OVER CELL PHONE)
Jack?... Jack, are you okay?...

SMASH CUT TO:

INT. EXECUTION CHAMBER... 11:45 PM...

WARDEN EATON turns to the condemned, Jon Forrester, strapped to the execution table...

WARDEN EATON
Jon, unless the phone rings in the next thirty second, this is it. Do you have any last words?

Forrester just smiles, then glances out the window of the chamber and into the witness room...

INT. WITNESS ROOM...

...where Kim sits smiling back at him... The phone in the execution chamber suddenly RINGS...

INT. EXECUTION CHAMBER...

WARDEN EATON
(quickly)
That's the Governor's office, hold everything....

Warden Eaton grabs the phone...

WARDEN EATON
(into phone)
Yes...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

He pulls the phone from his ear and turns to the still smiling Forrester, strapped to the execution table...

WARDEN EATON

It's for you...

Warden Eaton puts the phone to Forrester's ear... There's a beat... then a voice...

VOICE OVER PHONE

You have 0 minutes to live...

Forrester's eyes go wide as he glances out the window...

INT. WITNESS ROOM...

...where Jack stands staring back at him, a cell phone to his ear. Behind Jack, Frank and his Agents handcuff Kim.

JACK

(into phone)

Tick-tock, motherfucker... Tick-tock.

FORRESTER (OVER PHONE)

(screaming in horror)

NOOOOOOOOOO...

Jack hangs up his cell phone, cutting off Forrester's SCREAM... He turns his back to the window, taking in Shelly, beside the CNN interviewer, Wallace Hauser...

JACK

Thank you...

SHELLY

You left the phone line open...

JACK

But you knew what to do...

WALLACE

Forrester's voice was clear as a bell.

KIM

(a smile)

It was fun while it lasted, Doc.

Frank motions to his Agents, who quickly escort Kim out of the room...

FRANK

You got lucky, Jack...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JACK
(shaking his head 'no')
His enjoyment comes from the pain he
inflicts - he had to tell me.

FRANK
But what if he didn't?

JACK
He's a creature of habit...

FRANK
But what if you were wrong, Jack?

There's a long beat - for once Jack doesn't have an
answer... Frank just shakes his head, then exits the
room...

Jack slowly turns back to the execution chamber... Warden
Eaton nods to the EXECUTIONER... Forrester CRIES OUT in
anticipatory horror... And WE...

FADE TO BLACK...

THE END

to: anonymous@wnm.com
from: amgasst@wnm.com
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