



Exclusively Distributed By
MCA DISTRIBUTING CORP.



IVE.

6313

...give you a ride?

THRILLER

A REAL HIGHWAY TO HELL!

Meet Tommy, he's a good kid with a fast car. But he's got a little secret... he's the son of the most infamous serial killer that ever lived: Richard Reinhold, THE INTERSTATE RIPPER.™

Tommy's met a girl, her name is Crystal and Richard killed her mother. They're on Richard's trail, looking for answers and some sort of closure. But Richard isn't that easy to find.

The Ripper has other ideas... a master of the dark arts, he's on mission for Satan himself to deliver the souls of 666 women and he isn't about to stop...



©COPYRIGHT 1986

INTERSTATE 5



INTERSTATE 5

VHS
hi-fi
STEREO
62619

Take a ride...with the Ripper...ride to Hell!

INTERSTATE 5

BY: SETH M SHERWOOD

WGA REGISTERED

CONTACT:

Kailey Marsh . STATION 3
O: 323-848-4334 . C: 323-470-3795
Kailey@stationthree.com

FADE IN:

EXT. WOODS - NIGHT

This story begins like so many of its type do: a WOMAN (20s, BLONDE), half naked, bloody, running through the woods.

Calmly stalking her, walking, and yet keeping up, is a BRUTE of a man. His body misshapen, clothing tattered.

GIRL
Somebody help me!

The Brute follows, machete in his hand, a rotting Mexican wrestler mask pulled over an obviously deformed face.

She trips, of course. The machete is raised...

CUT TO:

INT. MOVIE THEATER - NIGHT

We REVERSE to reveal a MOVIE AUDIENCE that JUMPS and SCREAMS as the woman's SHRIEKS are cut off by the SOUND OF FLYING VISCERA. The action above is just a bad horror movie.

GIRL (O.S.)
(gurgling)
Somebody help me!

The audience JUMPS again... except for one guy.

He's sitting in the back row, bored by what's on the screen. This is TOMMY (late 20s).

He has haunted eyes that haven't slept and pale skin that hasn't seen the sun. That said, he's good looking, in a from-the-other-side-of-the-tracks sort of way. Leather jacket, studded here and there, dark hair, cut short.

He feels like a cross between one of Kiefer's crew from *The Lost Boys* and a *Sid and Nancy* era Gary Oldman.

VOICE (O.S.)
(from the movie)
It's him! He killed all of them!

Tommy checks his watch and leaves the theater.

EXT. SEATTLE - CAPITOL HILL - NIGHT

Tommy walks in the rain, leaving the theater behind. The marquee reads: THE INTERSTATE RIPPER THREE: RIPPER'S REVENGE.

Beyond is a view of the Seattle skyline circa the mid 80s.

A TITLE CARD confirms it: "SEATTLE, WA. - 1985"

Tommy pulls his leather collar up against the weather and cuts into an alley behind a warehouse. He leans against a dumpster and waits.

INT. WAREHOUSE - SAME

Inside it's dark and cobwebby. A single light from a corner office reveals the entire space is full of cars, each covered with a white sheet.

NEAR THE OFFICE, a young woman stares at the extensive collection. CRYSTAL (20s) has a natural beauty hidden under a few layers of street grime.

She wears black pants, a *Samhain (Danzig)* t-shirt and a dirty jean jacket. Days' worth of black liner cakes her eyes.

CRYSTAL

This one red? I love red cars.

She bends over to look under a sheet at a car, her ass pointed at a SLEAZE IN A SUIT. She turns as he approaches.

LIAM (40s) is classic 80s yuppie scum. Hair slicked to a ponytail, double-breasted suit, capped teeth. If he's not a coke-dealer he works in banking.

Despite the obvious class difference, he GRABS her ass.

LIAM

That's a seventy-three Lotus. From Belgium. Imported, driven twice.

CRYSTAL

Is it fast?

LIAM

Yeah, it's fucking fast.

INT. WAREHOUSE OFFICE - MOMENTS LATER

Liam does a line like it's 1985. NEW WAVE music blares. He offers her his rolled twenty.

LIAM
Bump?

CRYSTAL
On the clock.

LIAM
Good girl.

He sits back, undoes his fly.

LIAM (CONT'D)
Make me forget my wife.

Crystal starts to undress.

CRYSTAL
How many cars you got out there?

LIAM
Twenty-eight. Number twenty-nine is
on the way though. DeLorean.

CRYSTAL
Like in that movie?

LIAM
Yup.

Crystal reaches into her dingy red backpack to produce a set
of handcuffs.

LIAM (CONT'D)
Yeaaaahhhh.

She cuffs him to his chair. He's thrilled.

She loosens his skinny-tie. He's still into it.

She GAGS him with it, and he LAUGHS around the fabric,
nodding enthusiastically.

Her expression changes. Crystal isn't here for this.

Her shirt goes back on. Liam OBJECTS through the tie.

CRYSTAL
Shut up.

She leaves the office, Liam isn't going anywhere.

INT. WAREHOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Crystal flips the latch on a side door and shoves it open.
Tommy is just outside.

TOMMY

We good?

CRYSTAL

The Cocaine Casanova is occupied.

Tommy throws the cover off the nearest car. A VW Beetle.

TOMMY

Holy shit, this is Ted Bundy's car.

Crystal PUNCHES him in the arm.

CRYSTAL

Slug bug.

TOMMY

Ow.

They get to work, each taking a different row of cars. The sheets are pulled aside, the cars revealed, each of them special for some reason unknown to us.

Then, Crystal pulls the cover from a 1969 RS/SS Camaro. Black, hardtop, rally stripes in white. Mint condition.

CRYSTAL

Tommy!

Tommy comes running, almost trips when he sees the car. They stare at it for several moments.

Tommy nods, and a set of keys come out of his pocket. He slides one into the door-- a perfect fit.

CRYSTAL (CONT'D)

(smiling)

Holy fuck.

TOMMY

Get the door.

INT. WAREHOUSE OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Liam struggles with his bonds and gets pretty much nowhere. He FREEZES when the LOW RUMBLE of the Camaro's ignition growls to life.

He shakes his head furiously, YELLING against his gag. *Any car but that one!*

INT. WAREHOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Crystal opens a wide garage door that leads outside. Behind her, the Camaro rolls into view.

She turns slowly, like a deer caught in its round headlights. The suspension is low in the front, giving it a predatory stance, as if it could eat anything in its path.

The engine ROARS as Tommy revs it. Crystal's trance breaks, and she moves to the passenger side.

CUT TO:

EXT. INTERSTATE 5 - DOWNTOWN SEATTLE - NIGHT

The beast is free. The Camaro cuts between cars easily, leaving them in its wake. The freeway cuts underground, and the eerie green lights in the tunnel reflect off the gleaming hood as the Camaro accelerates.

INSIDE: Tommy and Crystal SCREAM as though it's the time of their lives.

CUT TO:

INT. MOTEL ROOM - LATER

The room is well-used. Lots of clothing strewn about. Tommy and Crystal enter, still heady from the grand theft auto. Uneasy laughter, almost drunken body language.

He grabs her around the waist and pulls her close. They hug. They linger, lips a few inches apart. They want to kiss, but something isn't quite right.

He releases her.

TOMMY

Nice job.

CRYSTAL

He was putty in my hands.

TOMMY

He was coke in the wind.

CRYSTAL
Yeah, that too.

He peels off his leather jacket and sits on one of the beds.
She sits on the other. Are these two together, or not?

CRYSTAL (CONT'D)
You want to take off the plates?

TOMMY
That would look more suspicious
than it does now.

CRYSTAL
Just saying. Patrol could come by.
Not like it's hard to miss.

TOMMY
We'll find some plates to swipe in
the morning. Switch 'em up. Not
like your boyfriend is going to
report a stolen car re-stolen.

She sits on the second bed, removes her coat and pointy
boots. Kicks back, lights a cigarette.

TOMMY (CONT'D)
Hungry?

CRYSTAL
Nah.

TOMMY
Thirsty?

CRYSTAL
Always.

Tommy finds a bottle of Jack somewhere in the mess. He takes
a swig, and tosses her the bottle. She holds it at her side,
ashtray between her breasts. Inhale, exhale. She sits up just
enough to take a swig.

CRYSTAL (CONT'D)
How was the movie?

TOMMY
Terrible. He's immortal now. Walks
through a hail of bullets and just
keeps slashing.

CRYSTAL
I can't believe they'd release it.

TOMMY
Hollywood has its own rules.

CRYSTAL
You ever been? To L.A. I mean.

Tommy checks his rain-mussed hair. He looks good with the short mod cut.

TOMMY
Driven through it. When I was a kid
I think we went to Disneyland or
something. I didn't like it. Too
hot and dirty. You?

CRYSTAL
Yup. Went there after high school.
I came from the farm. I thought I
could make it big. But I only got
bit parts in porn.

TOMMY
Seriously?

CRYSTAL
No.

They laugh.

CRYSTAL (CONT'D)
Dad moved us there after Mom
vanished. I go back and visit
sometimes. Well, I used to anyway.

TOMMY
Daddy not into your new lifestyle
of pills, heavy metal and grand
theft auto?

CRYSTAL
He's cool with the pills. And the
stealing. It's mostly the metal he
takes issue with.

TOMMY
I'm gonna shower.

Tommy hits the bathroom, and closes the door behind him.

TOMMY (O.C.) (CONT'D)
You didn't have to let him get all
grabby did you?

CRYSTAL

My dad?

TOMMY (O.C.)

No-- our mark.

She flips on the TV for noise.

CRYSTAL

Ha! No. Just 'cause I told him I was a hooker doesn't mean I acted like one. I didn't even do the line he offered. I'm very pure.

TOMMY (O.C.)

Obviously!

INT. MOTEL - BATHROOM - CONTINUOUS

Tommy turns on the shower and pulls off his shirt. His arms are SCARRED heavily. He rummages into a ziplock bag on the counter, pulls out a bottle of pills.

Whatever they are, he takes SIX of them.

A MOMENT LATER he's in the shower, riding out something he's holding inside. He's trembling. Veins throb on his forehead.

INT. MOTEL ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Crystal zones out, but clears as something on the TV gets her attention.

NEWS ANCHOR

(on TV)

--looking at four years in prison for his participation in the robbery. A spokesman from-- I'm sorry, I'm getting breaking news--

The anchor touches his earpiece for dramatic effect.

NEWS ANCHOR (CONT'D)

Our sister station in Portland reports that the body of a young woman has been found with wounds matching the signature style of Richard Reinhold.

CRYSTAL

Tommy! Get out here!

NEWS ANCHOR

If confirmed, this brings the total number of victims to eight since his return from nearly a decade of silence after his escape from police custody.

Tommy emerges, towel around his waist.

TOMMY

What--

CRYSTAL

Shh!

NEWS ANCHOR

Standing by is KATU's Jack Holmes who's on scene.

TOMMY

Where?

CRYSTAL

Portland.

Tommy tightens his towel, and moves to the room's safe.

JACK

(on TV)

I'm standing here on North Union Avenue, and as you can see a mile or so behind me, police have surrounded an abandoned car. We're being told that in that car, is the body of a woman.

Tommy pops the safe open and removes a LEATHER BOUND JOURNAL. He holds it as if were priceless.

JACK (CONT'D)

This section of Union is just off Interstate 5 and happens to be nearly the same location where a woman was found in 1974.

Tommy flips through the journal, it's a scrapbook of sorts: notes, receipts, bank slips, etc.

CRYSTAL

1974, North Portland. That's...

(thinking)

Madelyn Brown. October.

Tommy flips pages.

TOMMY

Here.

He points out an entry.

TOMMY (CONT'D)

Union Inn. 405 Columbia Drive.
October 14th.

JACK

Local witnesses say the car has
been sitting there for at least a
week, if not longer.

Crystal finds a Thomas Guide on the table and pages through
it. She smiles and pokes a finger, marking a spot.

CRYSTAL

That's the corner of Union and
Columbia. It's right there.

With some silent agreement, they start packing.

CUT TO:

EXT. CHEAP MOTEL - NIGHT

Tommy slinks through the parking lot and squats behind an
ugly 80s Honda. Using a SWITCHBLADE he pries away its plate.

Unfortunately the owner of the Honda (40s, gruff) catches
him. He's burly, dressed in flannel.

MR. HONDA

Hey! What the fuck you doing?

He goes to grab Tommy, but the switchblade comes up.

TOMMY

Mind your business.

MR. HONDA

That's my car--my business, you
little shit.

Honda doesn't seem to put off the by the switchblade, but
then Tommy stands and meets his eye. THAT scares Honda. He
takes a step back as Tommy glares at him.

TOMMY

Take a walk, man.

Honda turns tail and books from the lot. Tommy mutters under his breath and puts the blade away. He looks at the plate he popped on the ground, useless now.

For a moment he's consumed with rage and he KICKS the plate across the lot... then all seems cool again.

INT. CHEAP MOTEL - CONTINUOUS

Crystal slings her bag over her shoulder and gives the room a look, making sure nothing is left behind.

She exits, leaving the TV on.

JACK
--for now details remain unclear.

NEWS ANCHOR
We'll check back with you soon,
Jack. Now, our Emmy-winning expose
on Richard Reinhold.

CUT TO:

EXT. INTERSTATE 5 - DAY - (NEWS PIECE)

Jack Holmes stands next to a mile marker alongside the highway. He's dressed like Carl Sagan. The piece has the bad tint of old video.

JACK
It was here, mile marker 87, on the
California South stretch of
Interstate 5 that it began.

Jack squats down, as if to inspect the ground.

JACK (CONT'D)
The first victim was found by a
road crew in Northern California.
What they unearthed ushered in
nearly a decade of fear.

INSERT: A photo of a man, RICHARD REINHOLD, he's in his 30s, but the photo looks vintage, maybe from the 70s. He's average looking. Sideburns, shag hair. Not smiling.

JACK (CONT'D)
A decade when the long stretch of
the Interstate 5 corridor belonged
to one man...
(MORE)

JACK (CONT'D)
Richard Reinhold, who then was only
known as the Interstate Ripper.

INSERT: a still photo of the Camaro.

JACK (CONT'D)
Working as an auto parts salesman,
Reinhold traveled up and down the
west coast in his custom Chevy
Camaro on a mission...

BACK TO JACK, now on a set, lit like a old horror film, red
lights behind him.

JACK (CONT'D)
A mission, in his own words, given
to him by Satan.

TITLE: THE INTERSTATE RIPPER emblazoned over a pentagram.

CUT TO:

EXT. INTERSTATE 5 - NIGHT (REAL)

The Camaro, Reinhold's Camaro, roars down the highway. It's
late, traffic is light. The car pushes over 80 miles an hour.

INT. CAMARO - CONTINUOUS

Tommy looks over his shoulder as he changes lanes.

CRYSTAL
Can I see it?

TOMMY
Just be careful.

She reaches into the back and comes up with the journal. She
sets it on her lap. Her hands tremble.

CRYSTAL
I hope he has the missing pages.

She fingers the rough edges of where pages have been torn
from the book. The intact page before is a very long list of
women's names.

CRYSTAL (CONT'D)
Do you ever think what we'll do if
we find him?

TOMMY

We will. That FBI guy said killers like this are creatures of habit and ritual. That book is a record of everywhere he went. We just got to figure out how to know where he'll revisit next.

CRYSTAL

Yeah--but what if? What if we actually meet him?

TOMMY

Then we get answers.

CRYSTAL

You don't think he'll find me asking about my missing mother a little off? You're not afraid of him, not like the rest of us.

TOMMY

I guess not.

CRYSTAL

Why not?

TOMMY

Because he won't hurt me.

CUT TO:

EXT. INTERSTATE BRIDGE - NIGHT

The Camaro rolls over the behemoth iron and steel Interstate bridge, and into Oregon.

TITLE: PORTLAND, OR.

CUT TO:

EXT. NORTH PORTLAND - NIGHT

THE CRIME SCENE: cops continue to scour the landscape for clues, clearly avoiding the car itself. We catch a hint of what's inside-- a woman's arm cocked at an unnatural angle, blood splashed against the windows.

DOWN THE ROAD: a media circus. News vans splayed open, remote video stand-ups at the ready. On one side of the news crews is the police line.

On the other, a CROWD made up of looky-loos, worried mothers with missing daughters, and RIPPER FANS.

Dressed in black, somewhere between punk rock and heavy metal, most of them are in their teens. Their pale make-up stands out. They are disruptive and rude and occasionally CHANT Richard's name, or RIP-PER, RIP-PER, RIP-PER.

Jack Holmes, standing at the police line, is cued by his CAMERAMAN.

JACK

As you can see, we're still waiting for news. We do know that Special Agent Andrew Goodson, the Ripper Task force leader, has just arrived at PDX and is en route.

He pauses as the anchor at the other end of the feed asks him a question.

JACK (CONT'D)

That's very true. And as you can see here to my left, self-described Ripper fans.

Jack leans close to the crowd, focusing on a TEEN FAN with heavy eyeliner, wearing leather and a pentagram necklace.

JACK (CONT'D)

Tell me, how do you think the mothers of Reinhold's victims feel about your celebration of what he's done?

FAN

Who cares?

Not the answer Jack wanted. He moves on to another.

JACK

What about you?

FEMALE FAN

I want him to take me. Take me to Hell with you, Ripper!

She waggles her tongue and the crowd CHEERS. Jack wants more, but quickly realizes he isn't going to get it.

ANOTHER FAN (O.S.)

The mothers *should* be grieving.

Jack turns. ANOTHER FAN (20s, male) pushes to the front row. Behind him, Tommy and Crystal are in the middle of the pack.

JACK
Why's that?

ANOTHER FAN
It's their fault. Richard is sending sinners to Hell. He's collecting souls. Maybe if their mothers had raised them right they wouldn't be in his cross-hairs.

Jack turns back to the camera.

JACK
There you have it. From the mouths of self-proclaimed experts.

CAMERMAN
We're clear.

The light goes out, Jack lowers his mic.

JACK
Thanks, kid.

The fan shrugs and vanishes into the crowd. Jack notices Tommy and Crystal...something is different about them. He can sense it.

JACK (CONT'D)
You two--

CRYSTAL
You going to run that?

JACK
It was live.

Tommy pulls at Crystal's sleeve.

TOMMY
Come on.

JACK
You got anything to add?

TOMMY
Camera isn't running.

EXT. MOTOR LODGE - MOMENTS LATER

Just past the crowd is the motor lodge Tommy and Crystal came to find. The Camaro is already in the lot.

Jack has followed them. He notices the Camaro.

JACK

Well, that's dedication. A car just like his.

TOMMY

What do you want?

JACK

An interview. You don't strike me as the usual Ripper-fans.

TOMMY

Piss off.

JACK

I'm serious. Most of you kids don't remember what it was like the first time. Before he was caught.

CRYSTAL

I remember it fine. The body count. His arrest. His escape. I also remember you harassing those mothers you seem worried about. I also remember your face showing up in the first movie.

JACK

What's your name?

TOMMY

Her name is get the fuck out of here.

Jack focuses on Tommy and narrows his eyes.

JACK

I know you.

TOMMY

You don't.

JACK

Holy shit, it's you.

Crystal watches Tommy, both of them tensing.

JACK (CONT'D)
You're a lot older than the last
time I saw you, Thomas.

TOMMY
You mean the time you drove my
mother to a nervous breakdown on
live television?

Tommy takes a step toward Jack, and it isn't friendly.
Crystal holds him back. He turns on her, eyes ablaze, but
relents when he meets her gaze.

They walk away from Jack.

JACK
Hang on! People will be dying to
hear from you. They'll PAY for it!

They keep walking.

JACK (CONT'D)
Thomas! The world is dying to
know... what's the son of the
world's most infamous serial killer
think of his father's return?

That's right-- Tommy is Reinhold's son. He turns back.

TOMMY
I think you and he have a lot in
common.

CAMERMAN (O.S.)
Jack! It's Goodson!

Coming down the sidewalk behind Crystal and Tommy, flanked by
COPS and AGENTS is ANDREW GOODSON (50s), head of the FBI's
Ripper Task Force. He's exhausted, but a pro.

Jack's cameraman has already firing up his camera.

JACK
Agent Goodson! If--

GOODSON
No comment.

Crystal turns and sees Goodson behind her. She shrinks in his
presence. They lock eyes, his disdain for her clear.

JACK

This makes eight victims after ten years of quiet from Reinhold after his escape. Do you think he's been killing the whole time, just more careful? And if so--

GOODSON

I'll repeat to you the one statement I've already given; I caught him once, I'll catch him again. You want more, wait for my press conference. Move.

Goodson pushes by them and his entourage moves on. Jack pivots around, Tommy and Crystal are gone as well.

He eyes the Camaro good and hard.

EXT. PARKING LOT - MOMENTS LATER

Nearby, hidden behind a large RV, Tommy and Crystal lay low. He's breathing hard and fast, pacing like an animal.

TOMMY

We gotta switch the plates. Now.

CRYSTAL

Let them move down the block.

TOMMY

I can't be put under the microscope. Not again.

CRYSTAL

We won't let them. We're ahead of the press. We're ahead of the cops.

TOMMY

That asshole orphaned me, you know that? He ruined my mother, insisting she had to have known what my dad was doing.

CRYSTAL

He's just a reporter. Not even a good one. We got shit to do, and we'll be gone and he'll never see us again, right?

She stops his pacing.

CRYSTAL (CONT'D)

Right?

INT/EXT. MOTOR LODGE - MOMENTS LATER

The NIGHT CLERK (30s) has had a rough night, what with a dead body a mile away. But now things are looking up-- Crystal is bent over the counter in the lobby, her ass pointed in his direction. Her signature move, it seems.

NIGHT CLERK

Can, uh, can I help you?

CRYSTAL

(standing)

Oh! Hi. I was wondering if you had any rooms.

NIGHT CLERK

We have several.

OUTSIDE

Tommy slyly removes the plates from a family station wagon. He watches as Crystal leads the clerk out of the office and up the stairs to the upper rooms.

Tommy glides into the lobby, hops the counter and dives into the ledger. He flips, he traces a finger, he strikes gold. He smiles and shuts the ledger.

Back outside he watches for Crystal. She emerges from a room shaking her head.

CRYSTAL

Sorry I'm so picky. I just plan on having company.

NIGHT CLERK

Sure, sure.

She and Tommy lock eyes. He flashes his hands at her: 10. Then three fingers, for 13.

CRYSTAL

Maybe something on the ground floor? Closer to the lobby?

INT. MOTOR LODGE - ROOM 13 - LATER

Tommy and Crystal enter and toss their luggage aside. Tommy searches the room, looking for any signs of Reinhold.

TOMMY

Dicky Ridge stayed here two weeks ago. Two weeks.

CRYSTAL

Have you gotten this close before?

TOMMY

No.

CRYSTAL

Two weeks ago I was hitchhiking through Oregon. It could have been me. Don't you think?

TOMMY

No. Of course not. He wouldn't have hurt you.

CRYSTAL

How do you know?

TOMMY

Cause you're not like the others.

CRYSTAL

If you took the journal to the cops you'd be a hero.

Tommy stops searching the room.

TOMMY

I can't. You know that.
(she nods)
Now help me look.

CRYSTAL

The Columbia River is a mile from here. Wouldn't he have just tossed whatever in there instead of hiding it here?

TOMMY

Just look, okay?

They search the room. Time passes. Everything is turned out, and they find nothing.

CUT TO:

INT. DINER - NIGHT

It's the middle of the night. These two don't sleep much. We see them in a diner, eating burgers in silence. Tommy takes his last bite and pops more pills.

Crystal watches him, equal parts attraction and repulsion.

CRYSTAL

You make me nervous, taking those
then driving.

TOMMY

I'm fine.

CRYSTAL

It's our two week anniversary.
Let's celebrate with you telling me
why you take them.

TOMMY

I'm hooked. What you think?

CRYSTAL

Lies.

He smiles, begrudgingly.

TOMMY

I can't sleep.

CRYSTAL

Then lay off the speed genius.

TOMMY

No-- what I mean is, if I get to
sleep, like hard-time REM sleep I
have nightmares. Little dozing here
and there, the pills, I'm golden.

CRYSTAL

What kind of nightmares? Like--
Ripper nightmares?

TOMMY

You don't even know.

CRYSTAL

Sure I do. For years after my mom
went missing. I woke up screaming
every night. I'd see him coming
through my window.

TOMMY

Yeah...

CRYSTAL

What do you see?

Tommy looks at the tab, clearly not wanting to answer. She reaches for his hand, and he JUMPS when she makes contact. He's not used to being touched.

CRYSTAL (CONT'D)

Tommy, what do you see?

TOMMY

I see it from the other side. I'm coming through your window. Not YOURS specifically-- but you know.

CRYSTAL

You dream like you're him?

TOMMY

Sometimes that. Sometimes worse.

CRYSTAL

Worse how?

TOMMY

Make it to three weeks and I'll tell you.

He's up and walking the bill to the cashier. She watches him go, feeling more than a little sorry for him.

EXT./INT. CAMARO - LATER

The clock in the dash reads 4:30 AM. They cruise down Union Avenue. To the south is downtown Portland, to the north, the truck yards and murder site.

Scantily clad women dot the sidewalks, sexy and repulsive at the same time. Tommy takes in each one as they pass.

TOMMY

He would have grabbed her from here. Look at them.

CRYSTAL

Why are they still out?

Tommy shrugs and eyes one of the working girls. She's different. She's bloody.

A ZOMBIE HOOKER from the looks of it; walking in heels, making sure her ass is accentuated. Her throat slashed, her front covered in blood.

She passes other prostitutes, and they ignore her. Her milky white eyes stare blankly ahead. Tommy is transfixed.

CRYSTAL (CONT'D)

Tommy!

He snaps to, looks back at the road and the car he's about to rear-end. The tires SQUEAL, the Camaro stops short of being damaged. Something CLUNKS in the dashboard in front of Crystal and she recoils.

CRYSTAL (CONT'D)

Ow!

Danny looks back. The cut-up hooker has vanished into thin air... if she was ever actually there.

TOMMY

You okay?

CRYSTAL

Something hit my--

She JUMPS, drawing her feet up onto the seat and hugging them close. Tommy looks at the floor board: a straight-edge razor, folded up, heavy, black, ominous.

CRYSTAL (CONT'D)

It fell out of the dash.

CUT TO:

INT. MOTOR LODGE - ROOM 13 - NIGHT

The razor is on the table. Tommy and Crystal stare at it. A tiny pentagram is engraved in its side.

CRYSTAL

Is it his?

TOMMY

Had to be. The car was in lock up after his arrest and then stolen before forensics went over it.

CRYSTAL

It scares me.

Tommy picks it up, and SNAPS open the blade. It's in perfect condition, save for a line of rust... or is that dried blood?

TOMMY

You trust me?

CRYSTAL

What do you mean?

TOMMY

Get the maps.

She digs out their Thomas guide. Two pens are clipped to the cover. We can see now that there are DOTS made on the map. Blue and Red. There are a lot of red. There are seven blue.

Crystal adds a blue dot.

CRYSTAL

That's the latest. I'm still not seeing a pattern between the old kills and the new ones. He's not going in the same order by location or date.

Tommy rolls back his sleeve.

TOMMY

Lay them out.

She does so. Tommy gets the journal, already secured in the room's safe like their last dive. He flips to the back, to pages filled with arcane symbols and pictograms. It goes on the table, and the razor is lowered toward his arm.

CRYSTAL

Wait-- what are you doing?

TOMMY

Asking for directions.

CRYSTAL

You said you didn't buy into the black magic satanic bullshit.

TOMMY

I don't. But he does. I've done this before.

CRYSTAL

And it didn't work, otherwise you'd have found him.

TOMMY

It's different. We have the car.
The razor. He was in this room.

CRYSTAL

I don't like this.

Tommy begins to CHANT, very quietly, something that sounds like Latin, but isn't quite.

CRYSTAL (CONT'D)

How do you know all this?

He doesn't reply, but the chanting becomes louder. Crystal is unnerved by it... it seems like it is starting to come from all around, not just Tommy's voice. From the radiator. From the pipes. From the traffic outside. It's a chorus of white noise chanting.

She winces as Tommy nicks his arm with the razor, deep enough to bleed, shallow enough it won't hurt him too much.

Did the lights just flicker? Did somebody just whisper her name? Are Tommy's eyes rolling back in his head?

He FLICKS the razor at the map and the light bulb overhead EXPLODES, sending them into darkness. Crystal YELPS.

A moment passes, then Tommy lights up the room with his Zippo. Crystal tries another light switch, nothing.

CRYSTAL (CONT'D)

Power out?

He checks the window.

TOMMY

Looks like. Did you... did you hear that? Those voices?

Tommy doesn't reply. He's looking at the map. A drop of his blood has landed square on GRANT'S PASS Oregon.

TOMMY (CONT'D)

We can be there in two hours.

Tommy heads into the bathroom to tend to his cut.

TOMMY (CONT'D)

Go through the book, find anything related to Grant's Pass.

She takes one look at the arcane writing and flips it shut.

EXT. INTERSTATE 5 - DAWN

Somewhere in Oregon, the sun rises and the Camaro presses on. It hugs the road like an animal. Never wavering, speed constant and smooth.

INT. CAMARO - CONTINUOUS

Tommy's eyes are bloodshot, but driven. He grips the wheel like a vice. The speedometer stays at a steady 85.

CRYSTAL

Here--

She's flipping through the journal, careful to avoid the pages in back. She's pointing at a receipt taped to a page.

CRYSTAL (CONT'D)

Only thing I can find. He rented a storage unit in 1975.

TOMMY

That it? It'll be long gone.

CRYSTAL

He paid them an advance.

TOMMY

How much?

CRYSTAL

Ten grand.

Tommy grins. The car moves up to 90.

CRYSTAL (CONT'D)

Can you slow down?

TOMMY

We're close, Crys. I can feel him.

CRYSTAL

How did you know how to read that... whatever it was. A spell?

TOMMY

Invocation.

CRYSTAL

Whatever.

TOMMY

I couldn't read it. Well, not all of it. But I've heard it spoken. And before you ask, I can't say where.

CRYSTAL

(grinning)

Where?

TOMMY

I-- when I was a kid. Seriously, I don't want to talk about it.

CRYSTAL

Sorry.

Tommy thinks for a moment.

TOMMY

So I was thinking--

CRYSTAL

Uh-oh.

TOMMY

I feel bad for freaking you out. I can give you money for a bus ticket or--

CRYSTAL

What?

TOMMY

I understand. Trust me. I've had so many people walk away from me. I get it. This probably isn't what you were expecting it to be.

CRYSTAL

Stop. I'm over it.

TOMMY

Seriously?

Crystal leans over and kisses Tommy lightly on the cheek.

TOMMY (CONT'D)

But you don't even know me.

CRYSTAL

If there's one person who understands what you're going through it's me. You know that.

EXT. GRANT'S PASS - BLACKWELL RD. - CONTINUOUS

A random rural road outside of a small town. Home to freight yards, warehouses and derelict buildings. The Camaro slows and comes to a stop. The reverse lights illuminate and the car slowly backs up.

TITLE: GRANT'S PASS, OR.

ON DRIVER'S SIDE as Tommy rolls the window down.

He spots a weed-covered drive that hasn't been used in years. Beyond a broken fence is run-down defunct public storage unit facility.

CRYSTAL

That's it.

EXT. STORAGE FACILITY - MOMENTS LATER

The Camaro rolls through a narrow roadway, flanked on either side by a corridor of endless roll-up doors.

The sun goes behind a cloud and the warm yellow light goes cold and blue.

A PAIR OF FEET: Both legs are unnaturally pale. They step out of a deep shadow cast by brush and plant life that has gone unchecked.

In the cold blue light, a nearly COLORLESS GIRL walks from the shadows. Her long dirty blonde hair is plastered to her face with filth and grime. Her miniskirt and white shirt are also covered with dirt, mud and grime.

Long strands of ivy and thorned vines cling to her body, and slowly unwind as she walks away from the underbrush. We don't see her face.

She walks in front of the advancing Camaro.

INT. CAMARO - CONTINUOUS

Crystal is scanning out the side window, looking for a unit number. Tommy is transfixed as the girl passes in front of them.

The Camaro's engine STALLS and the electrics wink off. The car is suddenly dead.

He jams the brakes and clenches the wheel.

CRYSTAL
Whoa-- what?

TOMMY
You see her?

CRYSTAL
What, who?

Tommy leaps out of the car, running through the narrow space between storage units on the tail of the girl.

CRYSTAL (CONT'D)
Tommy!

She pops out as well and follows.

EXT. STORAGE FACILITY - CONTINUOUS

The girl's hands trace the walls of the narrow space between the buildings.

FOG is building. The sky is getting darker.

TOMMY
Hey! Are you okay!?

Tommy rushes to keep up with her.

ELSEWHERE, Crystal realizes she's getting turned around. The close packed grey cement units, the thickening fog-- it's a blinding maze.

CRYSTAL
Tommy?

She stops. She knows she's about to lose her way.

Tommy goes deeper. A WHISPER in the fog makes him spin around, the girl is advancing on a storage unit, its door rolled up.

TOMMY
Wait! Are you all right? Are you--

Tommy stops talking when the girl turns to face him.

Her skin is dead white, her eyes deep-set and black. Her throat is lacerated into shreds, but there is no blood. Blue veins are visible through her paper like skin. Her mud covered clothes almost ooze.

Her lips are cut open ear to ear in a horrible grin. Tommy is speechless. She turns and walks into the storage unit.

He gets closer and sees what's inside: blood. Body parts. An altar made of bones, antlers and stone. Candles burn in effigy. She goes deeper, closer to the altar.

TOMMY (CONT'D)

Wait--

She vanishes into the shadows and in her place a different figure steps out: RICHARD REINHOLD, bathed in blood.

He smiles at Tommy, puts his fingers to his lips. Tommy can't speak. He's paralyzed, surrounded by WHISPERS in the fog.

TOMMY (CONT'D)

Crystal!

AT THE CAMARO, Crystal has found her way back. She hears Tommy's call, panic in his voice. She pulls the door open, and finds her backpack. She tears through it, then finds her prize: a gun.

She flips off the safety and holds it out in front of her, running back into the fog.

CRYSTAL

Where are you!?

SOMEWHERE NEARBY, Tommy turns back to the sound of her voice. When he does, the storage unit door SLAMS down and Richard walks away into the fog.

TOMMY

No-- wait!

Tommy runs after him, but the fog is thick, it is impossible to see. The WHISPERS are louder, almost sounding like STEAM. A LOW RUMBLE is building.

Tommy presses on.

TOMMY (CONT'D)

Dad!

The RUMBLE BUILDS, flooding all his senses.

Tommy suddenly stumbles free of the fog bank and realizes he is about to stumble into the path of a FREIGHT TRAIN.

Its horn BLARES and he slaps his hands over his ears.

The train rockets by, and the sun emerges out from behind a cloud. The fog lifts.

Tommy looks up to see Reinhold standing at the door of one of the freight cars, zipping away at top speed. Tommy runs after the train.

TOMMY (CONT'D)
Don't go! Come back!

The train is becoming more and more distant.

BACK AT THE CAR, Crystal continues to pivot in circles, pointing her gun at everything. The fog is gone, the sun is out. But she hears FOOTSTEPS.

She aims her gun in their direction, narrows her eyes. Tommy emerges from between two units. She SIGHS in relief and lowers the gun.

CRYSTAL
Where the hell did you go?

TOMMY
I found him. But he left without me. Why would he do that?

He stumbles toward her, his exhaustion now hitting him. He stumbles into her arms and she does her best to comfort him.

TOMMY (CONT'D)
The girl!

CRYSTAL
What?

CUT TO:

EXT/INT. RICHARD'S UNIT - MOMENTS LATER

Tommy and Crystal sprint to Richard's unit and tug at the door. It's locked with a heavy deadbolt.

Tommy BANGS on the door.

TOMMY
Hey! Can you hear me?
(to Crystal)
She walked right in there.

CRYSTAL
Key ring!

TOMMY

What?

CRYSTAL

The car keys-- check the ring.

He digs into his pocket and finds the Camaro's keys. Indeed, there are other keys attached to it.

He flips through them, trying them in the lock. Finally-- one CLICKS home and the door unlocks.

He takes a breath and ROLLS UP the door...

...and it's not what he saw before.

Gone is the altar, the candles, the blood, the girl. The inside of the unit looks like a garage. A few boxes, a tool board, cans of oil, tires.

It's well organized, but covered in dust. He enters, turns a circle, there's nowhere the girl could have gone.

TOMMY

She was in here. And there was a, I don't know, an altar or something.

CRYSTAL

You sure it was this unit?

TOMMY

The key fit, didn't it?

CRYSTAL

There's no one here.

TOMMY

Obviously! Look, I saw what I fucking saw, okay?

CRYSTAL

Okay. I believe you.

TOMMY

The voices--whispers. Did you hear them too?

She looks at him sadly, shakes her head.

TOMMY (CONT'D)

I'm not crazy.

CRYSTAL

I know.

Crystal moves to the workbench and pulls a drawer open: duct tape, zip ties, twine.

She frowns, opens another drawer: cleaning supplies.

Drawer three: another razor, a police badge, sunglasses.

CRYSTAL (CONT'D)
Tools of the trade. Tommy, you
haven't slept in days. Maybe your
eyes are playing--

She turns and sees he isn't listening to her. He's staring at the wall. Specifically, a drawing on the wall.

It's two stick figures, with huge smiles, hugging over what appears to be several dead fish.

Tommy takes it off the wall.

CRYSTAL (CONT'D)
What's that?.... Tommy?

CUT TO:

EXT. LAKESIDE - DAY (FLASHBACK)

Mt. Shasta dominates the picturesque background which includes a huge blue lake.

Standing at the lakeshore, Richard Reinhold holds a fishing pole, and calmly reels in his lure.

RICHARD
Okay, watch me. Release the
catch... Tilt back... Release and
throw.

Richard goes through these motions and casts.

RICHARD (CONT'D)
Got it?

Next to him, a YOUNG BOY struggles with his own fishing pole.

RICHARD (CONT'D)
It's easy, Tommy. Just don't over
think it.

YOUNG TOMMY (8, freckled and energetic) attempts to cast, but bungles it. Richard tries not to laugh.

TOMMY

This is my technique. I came up
with it on my own.

Richard LAUGHS deeply.

RICHARD

Here.

Richard trades poles with Tommy.

TOMMY

Thanks.

They sit on small fold-up chairs.

RICHARD

Want to grab me a beer?

Tommy reaches into a cooler and pulls out a bottle. He holds the fishing pole between his legs and clumsily uses a bottle opener on the cap. He steals a sideways glance at Richard, who is looking down the shore.

Tommy takes a pull off the beer and his face instantly pinches in bitterness. He holds out the bottle to Richard and struggles with the beer in his mouth.

Richard smirks and takes the bottle.

RICHARD (CONT'D)

Smooth, huh?

Tommy COUGHS and SNORTS the beer out over his shirt. Richard laughs again.

TOMMY

That's gross, Dad.

RICHARD

Acquired taste.

TOMMY

What does acquired mean?

RICHARD

It means I've gotten used to it.
Better not tell your mom about
taking that swig.

TOMMY

Pals don't tell on each other.

RICHARD
That's right... Pal.

BEAT.

RICHARD (CONT'D)
How is your mom?

TOMMY
She's okay. She's not happy with my grades.

RICHARD
Well, do your best. Maybe you'll be better with your hands, like me.

TOMMY
She's not happy with my hands either. She says I never wash them.

RICHARD
I think you got a bite.

Richard nods out to the water. The plastic red and white JIG connected to Tommy's lure BOBS several times.

Tommy scrambles to get a better grip on his pole and starts to reel in like a maniac.

RICHARD (CONT'D)
Not too hard! You'll lose him!

Tommy slows down and Richard drops his own pole to help. He stands behind Tommy, hands on his shoulders.

RICHARD (CONT'D)
Keep a steady rate, eeeasy.

Tommy suddenly YANKS back on the pole and a huge TROUT flops into the edge of the water.

TOMMY
Ahh!! Net, net!!!

Tommy drops his rod and scrambles for a hand net, leaving Richard to wrestle with the loose line and fish. Richard laughs again as the fish flops wildly on the line he holds.

TOMMY (CONT'D)
Okay! Drop him in!

Richard lowers the fish into the net Tommy holds and it promptly jumps out and begins flopping back toward the water.

TOMMY (CONT'D)
Get him! Get him!!

Tommy and Richard scramble after the fish.

EXT. LAKESIDE PARK - LATER

Tommy sits at a picnic table drawing the image of the fishing stick figures. He's drawing in Richard's journal. The now-dead fish is next to him.

Richard passes, carrying the folded chairs and poles to the Camaro's waiting trunk.

TOMMY
(looking at fish)
We going to eat him?

RICHARD
Sure. But you got to clean him first.

TOMMY
Gross.

RICHARD
It's just fish guts.

Richard packs the trunk.

TOMMY
Hey, Dad?

RICHARD
Yeah?

TOMMY
I was wondering. Since it's summer, maybe I could ride along with you on your deliveries?

RICHARD
I don't know, Tommy. I keep long hours and I'm on the road a lot.

TOMMY
That sounds fun.

RICHARD
It's pretty boring, actually.

Tommy looks disappointed.

RICHARD (CONT'D)

Let's ask your mom when we take you home tomorrow and see what she says. If she's okay with it we'll see what we can do.

Tommy smiles. He tears the drawing from the journal and hands it to his father. Richard smiles, but it fades when he sees where the drawing was just ripped from.

CUT TO:

INT. RICHARD'S UNIT - PRESENT

Crystal puts a hand on Tommy's shoulder, snapping him out of his memory.

TOMMY

(off drawing)

I made this for him.

Crystal starts to comfort him, but notices something. She takes the drawing from him and turns it over:

On the reverse side: names, numbers, check marks... a very detailed list.

Crystal scans the names.

CRYSTAL

Tommy-- it's from the journal.

TOMMY

What?

CRYSTAL

Oh God, she's here.

Tommy takes the paper back from her and reads it for himself.

TOMMY

Georgiana Wynne?

CRYSTAL

My mother.

TOMMY

(looking at list)

All these names, just like her.
Women he claimed to have killed,
but whose bodies were never found.
At least one of us will get some
closure, I guess.

CRYSTAL

What were you expecting from him?
To tell you why he does it?

He flips the paper to show her the drawing again.

TOMMY

This. I wanted to know how this
could happen. For as long as I
could remember he was just... my
dad. Not a monster, not a killer.

CRYSTAL

You couldn't have known.

TOMMY

When I was twelve the entire world
labelled my father the most inhuman
killer since Hitler. I couldn't
just flip that switch.

CRYSTAL

Even when he admitted it?

TOMMY

I can't reconcile it. I can't make
my dad and the monster fit
together.

CRYSTAL

Of course you can't. Who could?
People like your father are broken.

TOMMY

I know. But it's more than that.
Sometimes I think... shit. There's
a piece of him inside of me. And
I'm scared that means I'll be like
him someday.

CRYSTAL

Did you go to Sunday school and
have that "sins of the father are
revisited on the son" bullshit? You
are your own person.

He rolls back his sleeves, presenting his scars.

TOMMY

I don't know where these all came
from. Some of them are me, trying
to find him. Like we did in
Portland.

CRYSTAL

Tommy--

TOMMY

But the rest? I don't remember.
What if there is a reason I don't
remember the monster?

CRYSTAL

That's bullshit. There's no black
magic, satanic spell to--

TOMMY

Then how did we get here? How did I
get to see him face to face?

CRYSTAL

Did you? Then where's the girl you
saw? All we've found is his shit
that's been sitting here for years.
That receipt was in the journal all
along. Just because you can't
explain it, doesn't make it magic.

TOMMY

You're right.

CRYSTAL

Promise me we're done with spells.

CUT TO:

EXT. INTERSTATE 5 - DAY

The Sierras, Mt. Shasta looms. Sunny skies and forested
hills. The Camaro crosses the Oregon/California state line.

INT. CAMARO - CONTINUOUS

Tommy pops a couple pills as he drives. Crystal compares
their newfound list to her Thomas Guide.

Tommy is struggling to find something to talk about.

TOMMY

Where the hell did you get a gun?

CRYSTAL

I stole it. Duh.

TOMMY

Yeah, but from where?

CRYSTAL
The Cocaine Casanova. Where else?

TOMMY
Nice.

CRYSTAL
You never told me where you got the journal. Or the car keys.

TOMMY
My mother hid them. When the police first came to search our house. Before she accepted he was guilty.

CRYSTAL
She hid them?

TOMMY
She thought they were desperate to pin the crimes on somebody, and she knew his job made him a suspect. She figured if they had his travel records they'd be able to contrive something.

CRYSTAL
So she didn't see he made a list of every girl he killed?

TOMMY
She never looked at it. She just popped them under the floorboards until the search was over. Then she sent it along with the car keys to his brother in Mexico. By the time Richard told the cops about it the car had gone missing and he'd already confessed. I found my uncle a few years ago, he'd forgotten about them and had them in a box in his basement.

CRYSTAL
Why didn't you turn them over then?

TOMMY
Cause it was all I had left of him. And the case was long dead. He was assumed dead after his prison escape. It wasn't until he started up again that I started this. Plus if I'd turned them in I'd have to start answering questions.

Tommy checks the rearview mirror as he changes lanes. He's pretty sure they are being followed by a large white sedan.

TOMMY (CONT'D)
And I kinda value my privacy.

CUT TO:

EXT. REST AREA - YREKA - DAY

The Camaro rumbles into the forested rest stop and glides to rest in a parking spot.

Crystal pops out first, in a hurry for the bathroom.

CRYSTAL
Give me a couple.

TOMMY
Take your time.

Tommy eyes the sedan as it parks several spots away. Trying to act casual, Jack Holmes pops out of the car and stretches. His cameraman is behind the wheel.

Jack heads to one of the rest rooms.

CUT TO:

OUTSIDE THE RESTROOM

Tommy picks up an orange folding floor sign that reads CLOSED and displays a pictogram of a mopping stick figure.

He puts the sign in front of the door before entering.

INT. RESTROOM - CONTINUOUS

Tommy closes and locks the door behind him. He stoops low, and peers under the stalls: only one set of legs.

When Jack comes out a moment later, Tommy is waiting for him.

JACK
Oh! Startled me.

He starts washing his hands.

JACK (CONT'D)
Where you headed, Thomas?

TOMMY

Cut the shit. You've been following me for an hour. Probably more.

JACK

I guess we're just headed in the same direction. It's a highway.

Tommy is on Jack in an instant, SHOVING him back against the wall. Jack raises his arms in defense.

JACK (CONT'D)

All right! I give. I'm following you. Have been since Salem. I knew you were headed south. Like I said, just one highway.

TOMMY

What do you want?

JACK

That's not a car like your dad's, that IS his car. Here I got myself the son of a serial killer, driving daddy's car, on daddy's route, picking up the exact same kind of girl his daddy liked to poke holes in. You have to ask?

Tommy's expression clouds.

JACK (CONT'D)

How about the key to that storage unit? Give me that and I'll have something else to do.

TOMMY

There's something you need to know. All that time, since you interviewed my mom... I spent most of it being ridiculed and teased because of who my father was. It starts to take a toll on a kid, you know? At some point I just sort of snapped. I nearly beat a kid to death when I was 15.

He steps to Jack, and it's intense.

TOMMY (CONT'D)

So they tried to teach me to be an adult, right? To turn the other cheek. To talk my problems out. And I know that's the right way.

(MORE)

TOMMY (CONT'D)

I really do. But sometimes I just have to hit things until they go away. I'm not telling you this to threaten or scare you. I'm not trying to be big or spooky. I'm just telling you how I'm wired.

Tommy turns away headed for the door.

TOMMY (CONT'D)

So this stops, now.

Tommy leaves and Jack breathes a sigh of relief. He realizes his hands are still wet and he's started to sweat.

He splashes cold water on his face and the door opens again behind him.

Jack wipes the water from his eyes just in time to see Richard Reinhold behind him.

RICHARD

Think it's time you kept to yourself.

Before Jack can react, Richard grabs the back of his head. He SLAMS Jack's face into the mirror, once...twice...then again.

Jack is on the ground and Richard's work boots stomp down.

EXT. REST AREA - CONCESSION - CONTINUOUS

Crystal receives a dour look from the LION'S CLUB VOLUNTEER (old, female) who pours her a cup of terrible free coffee.

CRYSTAL

(smarmy)

Thank you.

She turns, sips, and grimaces. It is REALLY shitty coffee. She notices A SMALL CROWD gathered around a TV mounted above the vending machines.

NEWS ANCHOR

(on TV)

--after confirming the latest victim in Portland was killed in a nearly identical location to Theresa Banks in 1971.

The news cuts to a press conference. Agent Goodson is at a podium, a MASS OF REPORTERS wave their hands in his face.

GOODSON

(on TV)

We're doing our best with local law enforcement up and down the west coast to stake out previous locations where bodies were found. But I'd like to remind the public to remain watchful and vigilant. We're talking about countless places. We need everyone traveling on Interstate 5 or living in the cities on the highway to be aware of their surroundings. This time we know who we are looking for.

REPORTER

Are you checking with known associates, family members?

GOODSON

Let's remember he's been in hiding for nearly a decade. That's a long time to establish a new life, a new identity. But yes, we are exploring those leads as well.

The anchor returns, and the crowd immediately starts buzzing amongst itself, namely pointing fingers at a TEENAGER wearing a RIPPER RULES t-shirt.

It's swag from the movie, but the crowd doesn't like it. There's a lot of HEY KID and WHO YOU THINK YOU ARE bullying.

Tommy appears at Crystal's side, pulls her to the car.

TOMMY

We have to go. Now.

CRYSTAL

What is it?

TOMMY

That reporter from Portland is following us.

CUT TO:

EXT. INTERSTATE 5 - DUSK

Still in the mountains and forest. The sun sets, clouds are rolling in. Humidity is on the rise, fog banks are forming.

The Camaro's headlights SNAP ON, leading the way.

INT. CAMARO - NIGHT

They drive in silence, Tommy splitting his attention between the treacherous road and the rearview mirror.

He's low on pills.

He sees something, and pulls to the right-most lane, aiming for an innocuous exit that leads to pretty much nowhere.

CRYSTAL

What's up?

Tommy pulls over, and kills the engine.

TOMMY

Map?

She hands him the Thomas Guide. He looks at it, and TAPS his finger on a grid square.

CRYSTAL

Tommy--

TOMMY

She's here.

CRYSTAL

I can't.

She's scared. She meets his eye and sees he is too.

CRYSTAL (CONT'D)

Let's just take the book to the police. Let them recover the bodies. I think it's time we walk away, Tommy.

TOMMY

Crystal, I don't really have any... Jesus. This sounds so lame. I don't have any friends.

He takes her hand, something Tommy just doesn't do.

TOMMY (CONT'D)

My whole life, when people find out who I am, they run from me. Some literally. Others, I get the fade. The "oh, I've been busy" and "I'll call you next week!" But they don't. My entire life.

CRYSTAL

I'm sorry.

TOMMY

My own grandmother pretended I didn't exist. Teachers let me get beat up at school. Colleges wouldn't take me.

CRYSTAL

Tommy, stop.

TOMMY

Neighbors lie to get me evicted. The only company I can get is from reporters or writers wanting a scoop. What's it like to be the son of a serial killer?

CRYSTAL

I'm sorry for that. It's not fair.

TOMMY

But you aren't running. You get it. You've been in his shadow too. You... you get me.

Tommy is shaking.

TOMMY (CONT'D)

No one ever gets me.

CRYSTAL

I do. But we're reaching the end of how deep I'm willing to go. I don't want to walk away from you, I want us to walk away from him.

TOMMY

Together?

CRYSTAL

Yes.

TOMMY

Then let one of us get closure on this. I want to help you put this behind you. And you can tell me what the hell that might feel like.

CRYSTAL

But... the map grid covers a square mile. We wouldn't even know where to start.

TOMMY
I'll know.

CRYSTAL
How?

TOMMY
I told you. He's in me.

CRYSTAL
He's not.

Tommy pops out of the car. Crystal REALLY doesn't want to do this, but she follows.

EXT. CAMARO - CONTINUOUS

Tommy pops the trunk. It's fairly empty, but there is a flashlight and a shovel.

CRYSTAL
You put those there?

TOMMY
Nope.

CRYSTAL
So they're his.

TOMMY
Guess so.

EXT. FOREST - NIGHT

It's dark. It's really fucking dark. It's foggy. It's cold. The flashlight is a razor of light in a void, its beam casting disturbing shadows against the trees.

Crystal is not happy.

CRYSTAL
We can't cover all this in the dark. We can do this, let's just do it in the morning.

TOMMY
You been to any of the cluster sites? Where he left them?

CRYSTAL
No.

TOMMY

He recorded the Thomas Guide grid numbers and nothing more specific because he planned to hit them as center as possible.

CRYSTAL

How do you know where that would be? This is--

TOMMY

I'm counting footsteps. I know the length of my stride. And I know he'd find an even grade with not a lot of roots.

CRYSTAL

More than a decade ago. The landscape is totally different.

Tommy mumbles under his breath. She's about to ask him to repeat himself, when she realizes he's chanting again.

CRYSTAL (CONT'D)

Please don't.

His chanting stops. And the flashlight goes out.

Crystal's breath picks up. She can barely see a thing.

TOMMY

Take my hand.

He leads her through the darkness. The fog swirls around them. The flashlight flickers back to life, then dies again.

CRYSTAL

Tommy. I can't--

TOMMY

Here. This is it.

The flashlight POPS back on, startling them both.

TOMMY (CONT'D)

Point it at the ground.

He starts to dig.

CRYSTAL

Okay.

Crystal's hand shakes as she holds the light.

TIME PASSES

The wind is picking up, making branches creak and leaves whisper. Tommy keeps digging, and the hole is getting bigger.

Crystal is on her knees next to the hole. Her face looks haunted and eerie in the glow of the flashlight.

CRYSTAL (CONT'D)

Tommy, this is crazy. Stop digging.

TOMMY

She's here.

CRYSTAL

Stop saying that.

TOMMY

I thought of something earlier.
About my dad. And why he hasn't
been caught or seen in a decade.

CRYSTAL

(not wanting to hear it)
Yeah?

TOMMY

Those spells. The cult he says he
belonged to--

CRYSTAL

We agreed, no more black magic.

TOMMY

What if he's dead? What if it's not
really him killing those girls?
What if it's his ghost?

CRYSTAL

Don't.

The flashlight goes out.

TOMMY

Hey--

CRYSTAL

Sorry. Batteries again.

She SLAPS at the flashlight.

CRYSTAL (CONT'D)

Just a second.

She slaps more, breathing faster and faster as the darkness gets to her.

CRYSTAL (CONT'D)
Tommy, we need to leave.

Tommy peers over the edge of the hole. In the darkness it's hard to make out details. But it sure looks like a woman, in a tattered dress is reaching out with a crooked hand for Crystal. He opens his mouth, but nothing comes out.

AIR WHEEZES through bloodless slits in the woman's throat. She gets closer to Crystal.

CRYSTAL (CONT'D)
Tommy?

The flashlight POPS ON. The woman is gone. Tommy GULPS for air. Crystal points the light into the hole.

CRYSTAL (CONT'D)
What?

He shakes his head.

CRYSTAL (CONT'D)
Please say something.

He doesn't move.

TOMMY
Did you see her? Hear her?

CRYSTAL
You're freaking me the fuck out.

TOMMY
She was right behind you.

Crystal looks nervously over her shoulder, nothing is there.

LIGHTNING AND THUNDER explode above them, and rain begins to dump, turning the edges of the hole to mud.

CRYSTAL
Come on!

His breath is deep, but steady. He pulls his shaking hand into the light and finds himself holding what is clearly half of a HUMAN SKULL. He drops it back into the hole. He and Crystal both let out a small SCREAM.

CRYSTAL (CONT'D)
Ohmygod. Ohmygod.

The flashlight is dropped and casts a cone of light over the hole. Lightning flashes. Between the trees, in the fog are dozens of women. Eyes blank, clothes torn and stained. Throats slit, torsos eviscerated. Another FLASH of lightning and they are gone.

Crystal runs back the way they came at top speed.

TOMMY
Crystal! Wait!

BACK AT THE CAMARO

Crystal stumbles out of the woods and avoids the Camaro like the plague. She's manic-- breath ragged and body soaked from the pouring rain.

She stumbles out into the road and is illuminated by the headlights of a passing RV. She waves her arms.

CRYSTAL
Hey! Stop!

The RV BLARES its horn and streaks by. Tommy pulls Crystal to the shoulder. SHE SCREAMS.

TOMMY
Hey! Calm down!

She fights him for a second, but he holds her tight.

TOMMY (CONT'D)
It's okay! I didn't mean it. There are no ghosts. There are no ghosts, okay? I imagined it.

She calms and looks up at him. Fueled by pills, no sleep, and terror, they cling to each other.

His lips find hers and he kisses her like it's his last chance before the end of the world.

CUT TO:

INT. CAMARO - CONTINUOUS

The rain is deafening inside the car as it pounds down on the metal roof. Tommy and Crystal climb in, soaked and muddy. They move to the rear seat, stripping off their clothes.

They're rough with each other, lips are nipped, hair is pulled. They have to have this one moment of time where they aren't surrounded by death.

He suddenly stops and she realizes he's expecting her to shut his advances down.

CRYSTAL

It's okay.

TOMMY

You sure?

She kisses him, pulls him close.

Breathing deep, with her teeth on his shoulder, Tommy gazes through the windshield beyond. The rain flows over the glass, blurring the dark landscape outside.

But for a moment, it looks though somebody is crouching on the hood looking in at them.

He shuts her eyes, not wanting another vision to ruin the moment. He can't let it.

Her breathing increases to an apex.

Thunder. Lightning. And the rain subsides.

CUT TO:

EXT. INTERSTATE 5 - NIGHT

Rain is gone, fog is thicker than ever. The Camaro's headlights illuminate the blacktop. The yellow lane divider is a dashed blur. The car drifts in its lane.

INT. CAMARO - CONTINUOUS

Crystal, now driving, clenches the wheel tightly. Her face is strained and she leans forward in the seat. She seems to fight the wheel.

In the back, Tommy is asleep, but not soundly. He TWITCHES and jerks frequently. She looks at him sadly, then trains her eyes back to the road.

The engine GUNS and Crystal is thrown back slightly as the car accelerates for a brief moment.

CRYSTAL

Jesus--

Tommy comes to.

TOMMY

Hmm?

CRYSTAL

This car has a mind of its own. I
don't feel in control at ALL.

He nods off again.

Crystal squints her eyes, grits her teeth.

The fog suddenly clears, and the Camaro is rapidly
approaching a sharp turn. At the crux of the bend, a white
truck has fallen into the ditch at the edge of the shoulder.
Its hazard lights blink.

CRYSTAL (CONT'D)

Shit!

Crystal's face turns into a grimace as she pulls the wheel to
the left. It vibrates in her hands.

EXT. INTERSTATE 5 - CONTINUOUS

The Camaro makes the turn, skidding slightly onto the
shoulder.

INT. CAMARO - CONTINUOUS

Crystal eyes the rearview mirror. Tommy stirs.

TOMMY

What's up?

CRYSTAL

Fog. I almost wiped out.

TOMMY

Why are you driving?

CRYSTAL

Because you were sleeping for the
first time in days.

Crystal is relieved as the lights of a sizeable town appear
in the distance.

EXT. INTERSTATE 5 - CONTINUOUS

Along the side of the highway, a backward walking pair of
feet are illuminated by the Camaro.

Little by little, more is exposed of the pale legs. Then the waist, then a female torso. Then a slashed throat. Lastly, a pale face. The PALE HITCHHIKER (late teens, early 20s) calmly walks with her thumb outstretched.

The blood that runs down her front looks fresh from a gash on her throat. She is blinding white as the car approaches, then bathed in red as it passes.

INT. CAMARO - CONTINUOUS

If either of them saw the girl, they don't mention it.

CRYSTAL

I don't think I can control this thing much longer.

TOMMY

Let's get off the road. I feel like I could sleep for a day.

EXT. REDDING - NIGHT

The Camaro pulls off at the first exit of the medium sized town. It delivers them directly onto a traveler's row: gas stations, cheap motels, truck stops, fast food joints.

Even at this late hour it's alive with people.

TITLE: REDDING, CA

The Camaro rolls up in front of a motel. Tommy and Crystal emerge, the engine left running.

TOMMY

I'm going to grab us food. You handle the room?

CRYSTAL

You bet.

She grabs her backpack and heads for the lobby.

We stay with Tommy and the Camaro as it pulls an illegal U-turn into the gas station across the street.

MOMENTS LATER

Tommy pumps gas into the car. From his vantage he has a perfect view of A POLICE CAR rolling into the motel lot.

TOMMY

Oh shit...

Crystal leaves from the lobby in a hurry, and the cops come out of their cruiser, guns drawn. Tommy can't hear what they are saying, but Jack's cameraman leaves the lobby next, gesticulating wildly.

TOMMY (CONT'D)

Oh, no no no...

Crystal is being cuffed and fed into the back of the cruiser.

Tommy SLAMS his fist against the Camaro's fender, denting it. The cherry condition of the car is marred for the first time.

The pump DINGS its last ding. The tank is full.

The cruiser pulls out from the hotel, SIREN blaring. It SPEEDS away. Crystal is gone.

The cameraman is giving a statement to the remaining officer.

Tommy weighs his options, not that he has many. Then something occurs to him.

INT. CAMARO - CONTINUOUS

Tommy throws open the door and tears through the interior, checks the glovebox, under the seat.

TOMMY

Where is it?

Whatever he's looking for isn't here, and it sends him into a fury. He PUNCHES the seat in anger and goes back to thinking.

He spares one more glance toward the hotel, then guns the engine to life.

EXT. REDDING - NIGHT

The Camaro pulls away from the gas station, headed deeper into town.

No police follow. Dumb luck perhaps.

CUT TO:

INT. REDDING POLICE STATION - LOBBY - LATER

Crystal is parked on a bench. A DEPUTY hovers nearby. She is not cuffed. Her backpack is at her feet. She is pissed.

She looks up as the front door opens: Agent Goodson.

She stands in his path.

CRYSTAL
Why the hell am I here?

GOODSON
Sit down!

She complies. He stares at her a long time, taking it all in.

GOODSON (CONT'D)
My boss is ten minutes behind me.
Go scrape all that shit off your
face and make yourself presentable.

He starts to walk away, then turns back.

GOODSON (CONT'D)
Tell me you have it.

Crystal goes into her pack and comes out holding Richard's journal. Goodson takes it, smiling.

GOODSON (CONT'D)
Good job. Now go get cleaned up.

CRYSTAL
Yes, sir.

CUT TO:

EXT./INT. CAMARO - REDDING - NIGHT

Traveller's row is alive with road-weary cruisers. TEENS looking for a party. DRUNKS looking for more booze. TRUCKERS cruising for company.

And Tommy in the Camaro, looking for who knows what.

His eyes are bloodshot. He goes to pop some pills, but he's out. His eyelids are VERY HEAVY.

Light bends around the dent Tommy made in the fender with his fist. A shadow passes over the car, and on the other side of it, the dent is gone. The car is cherry again.

HOOKERS are out, traipsing about the truck stops, scantily clad and waving their arms for attention.

They catch Tommy's, but he keeps driving.

He's so damn tired... it's a struggle to keep his eyes open.

RICHARD (O.S.)
Get some sleep, kiddo. You're beat.

CUT TO:

EXT./INT. CAMARO - REDDING - FLASHBACK - NIGHT

The shift is subtle. Cars a little older, hair a little longer. Music worse.

Tommy is a kid again, laying in the back seat of the Camaro. Richard is behind the wheel. He tosses his coat to Tommy to use as a blanket.

The kid sacks out almost instantly.

RICHARD
Tommy?

He's out. SNORING.

Business time.

Richard scans the streets, specifically the working girls.

The Camaro pulls up to the curb where a redhead in a short raincoat struts her stuff. She's barely 20. This is--

TRIXIE
(leaning into car)
Hey. I'm Trixie.

RICHARD
How do, Trix.

TRIXIE
Looking for a party?

RICHARD
I am.

TRIXIE
Cop?

RICHARD
No.

TRIXIE
Worse?

RICHARD
(jerking thumb to Tommy)
I got a kid with me, how bad could
I be?

TRIXIE
Well. That's fucking weird.

RICHARD
We're going camping. Won't be a
thing. Promise.

TRIXIE
Let's see it.

Richard flashes the contents of his wallet, there's several
crisp Benjamins. That's all Trixie needs.

CUT TO:

EXT. SCENIC VIEWPOINT - NIGHT

At the edge of the Sierras, a turnout loop extends from the
Interstate, winding up to a picturesque viewpoint with a view
of the wide desert south of the mountains.

At night, the only view is of distant Redding's lights and a
heavy moon hanging low over the horizon.

The Camaro is the lone car in the lot. Trixie sits on the
hood, drinking a beer.

At the edge of the lot is an orange tent on a patch of grass.
Richard tucks Tommy into a sleeping bag and zips the tent
flaps up.

He walks back to Trixie. She tosses him a beer.

TRIXIE
Your kid is cute.

RICHARD
Don't know where he gets it.

TRIXIE
What if he wakes up?

RICHARD
He'd sleep through an air raid.

Trixie leans back and her raincoat splays open. She's topless, wearing only a corset, garter belt and nylons.

She slides back, reclining against the windshield. The clasps on her garters SCRAPE the hood as she moves.

RICHARD (CONT'D)
Hey--watch the paint.

She gestures: *come here*.

He crawls up the hood, his friendly face devolving to stony determination. He kisses her neck and makes his way down.

She either likes it, or is good at faking.

He rolls off the car and extends a hand to help her down. Like a gentleman, he opens the car door and flips the seat to access the back.

She leaves the raincoat on the hood and takes his hand as he guides her inside.

Richard glances at the tent in the distance, then up to the moon. His razor FLICKS open in his hand.

Richard climbs in and the door closes.

CUT TO:

INT. REDDING POLICE STATION - MEETING ROOM - PRESENT - NIGHT

Crystal sits alone at a long conference table. We almost don't recognize her. The ratted hair is pulled back into a ponytail. The goth raccoon mask is gone, revealing eyes that are a little older than we realized.

She's wearing loaner clothes from the police station, sweatpants and an oversized REDDING POLICE SOFTBALL T-shirt.

She STANDS quickly when the door opens.

Goodson enters holding the journal. He's followed by two men: DIRECTOR SIMMS (50s) and DOCTOR BRYCE (60s). One tall and well-dressed, the other short and balding.

GOODSON
Director Simms, this is Officer Eva
Brooke, LAPD Vice.

Crystal, aka Eva, nods. We'll just keep calling her Crystal so as not to confuse the breakdown.

SIMMS

(off Bryce)

This is Doctor Emil Bryce. He's been our go-to occult expert in Washington for years.

BRYCE

Hi.

Simms takes the journal from Goodson and thrusts it into Bryce's hands as they sit.

SIMMS

Make sense of that.

(to Goodson)

Why didn't I know about her?

GOODSON

Standard undercover procedure. Only essential personnel knew.

SIMMS

Bullshit. I'm not essential?

GOODSON

I didn't say that.

SIMMS

I think you're trying too hard to be a hero again. I see you call another press conference on national TV, I'm going to lodge my foot so far up your ass you'll have a hard time sitting down for another interview on 20/20.

(to Crystal)

Officer Eva Brooke. Start at the top, but make it quick.

CRYSTAL

I met Agent Goodson at the Ripper scene in L.A. three weeks ago. I work undercover prostitution. The victim was one of my C.I.s.

GOODSON

She fit the profile perfectly. We don't have anyone on staff who can do what she does so I borrowed her from LAPD.

SIMMS

And you put her on the son.

GOODSON

Predicting Reinhold's location is next to impossible. But we considered that he may be in contact with his son.

SIMMS

Why not pick him up?

GOODSON

Last time he and his mother were uncooperative. The fallout drove her to a breakdown. He's been unreceptive to talking to anyone since. So we gave him somebody who would understand.

CRYSTAL

Crystal Wynne is in protective custody in L.A. Her mother was a victim sixteen years ago, but the body was never recovered.

GOODSON

We figured with a background connecting them, Thomas would latch on. Additionally, she fits the profile for attracting Reinhold.

CRYSTAL

Tommy and I hitchhiked together for a week before he started revealing things to me.

SIMMS

The journal?

CRYSTAL

Yes. And the location of where the Camaro ended up.

SIMMS

The information in this book. That alone wasn't enough to bring him in and have us examine it for leads?

GOODSON

The book only contains information to old cases. Not the new ones.

CRYSTAL

And it wasn't until today I was able to even touch it.

SIMMS

You two better be right.

CRYSTAL

Tommy is banking on his father being a creature of habit. The book lays out everywhere Richard ate and slept for years.

SIMMS

Exactly my point.

CRYSTAL

Earlier today Tommy claims to have seen his father at a storage unit in Grant's Pass. The receipt is on page 23. He says he hopped a train.

GOODSON

We checked the trains. Nothing.

CRYSTAL

I'm not sure Reinhold was actually there. Since we stole the car-

SIMMS

Let's not even get to the FBI being complicit to grand theft auto.

CRYSTAL

He hasn't slept. He's taking pills to stay awake. Some of the things in that book, the memories of his father-- it's all weighing down on him. He's going to snap. I think he hallucinated his father. Women too-- maybe imagined ghosts of victims. Just playing along, I've felt repeatedly like we're being watched. It's unsettling.

Goodson and Simms take a good look at her. They weren't expecting that.

GOODSON

Just how much are you "playing along", Eva?

CRYSTAL

I haven't slept much. I'm not saying I think these ghosts are real, but you can still be haunted by the notion of them.

SIMMS

That's not what he's asking. How's your objectivity? Have you two gotten close?

CRYSTAL

Well-- yes.

GOODSON

How close?

CRYSTAL

I can do my job. He's alone. He needs a friend. He needs some compassion.

GOODSON

Your job isn't to be compassionate, it's to--

BRYCE

If I could interject, some of the satanic documentation in this book is stuff we've seen before. But some of this is beyond me.

SIMMS

All right. Take that book apart, page by page. Pick the kid up. His possession of it is probable cause to search his joint in San Diego. Give Officer Brooke a commendation and send her back to L.A.

Simms is up and out the door before she can protest. Goodson pats her on the shoulder and tries to lead her out.

CRYSTAL

You arrest him, he won't help.

GOODSON

We'll deal with it.

CRYSTAL

Let me bring him in. I know his route, I know where he'll be stopping. Get me back in the car, and I'll calm him down and get him to turn himself over to you. He won't help you otherwise.

GOODSON

Tell me you don't have a thing for this guy.

CRYSTAL
Just let me finish.

Goodson considers it.

GOODSON
All right. But I'm putting a detail
on you. I don't need you popping
off the radar again and digging up
bodies in the middle of the night.

CRYSTAL
You tell Crystal we found her
mother?

GOODSON
Not yet.

CUT TO:

INT. REDDING POLICE STATION - CONTINUOUS

Crystal sees Bryce in the hall, wrapped up in the journal.

CRYSTAL
Hey, let me ask you something.
After all your time researching
this stuff do you there's an ounce
of truth to it?

BRYCE
No. Well... no.

CRYSTAL
What?

BRYCE
Like you said, sometimes it's not
the rhetoric that has power, but a
person's belief in it.

CUT TO:

EXT. SCENIC VIEWPOINT - DAWN

Tommy wakes up. He's been sleeping on the very patch of grass
his father pitched a tent on decades previous. It's dewy, his
clothes are damp and he GROANS as he sits up.

He looks at the rising sun as if it were an enemy.

He staggers to his feet and heads for the Camaro on the far side of the lot. He draws near, and notices something on the hood: a balled up raincoat.

Wait. A raincoat?

The windows are covered in condensation. Somebody has written in it with their finger: PAL, LEAVE IT. GO HOME. -DAD

Tommy glares at the message for several beats, then SWIPES it with his hand. When he does, he reveals the inside... and the eviscerated corpse in the back seat.

TOMMY

Fuck!

He staggers away from the car and catches his breath. He gathers his courage, and slowly opens the door.

The girl is a dead ringer for Trixie. Maybe it is Trixie. We can't be sure anymore. Clearly, she is very dead.

Tommy is coming undone.

CUT TO:

EXT. TRUCK STOP - DAY

A white panel van rolls into the back lot of a truck stop. Big rigs come and go. It's the top of the desert, a long way before any more ports of supply.

TITLE: RED BLUFF, CA

The side door of the van rolls back and Crystal hops out, back in her guise. She heads for a distant self-wash set-up.

In the last stall, Tommy hoses down the Camaro with a power-sprayer. He's so into it he doesn't notice Crystal approaching.

CRYSTAL

How about a lift, Mister?

Tommy DROPS the sprayer and whirls around. His eyes are wild and panicked and she notices.

CRYSTAL (CONT'D)

Jesus-- Tommy, what's wrong?

TOMMY

Cops?

CRYSTAL

They let me go. I hitched here. I'm really fucking glad to find you.

She hugs him, and he relaxes for a moment.

CRYSTAL (CONT'D)

They took your father's book. They're going to want to talk to you.

TOMMY

I have to get home, Crystal.

CRYSTAL

Okay then. Let's go home.

She goes to the passenger door and pulls it open. Tommy gauges her reaction carefully.

The backseat has been cleaned. There is no body.

TOMMY

Yeah.

He replaces the sprayer on its rack and checks the slightly ajar trunk lid. Inside, the body of the redhead is wrapped in a blue tarp. Tommy slams the trunk shut.

CUT TO:

EXT. INTERSTATE 5 - DESERT - DAY

Central California is a desert, hot, dry and windy. Crab grass, brambles, weeds and rocks--but no cactus.

The Camaro weaves in and out of traffic, almost recklessly. Its engine GUNNING and ROARING as it overtakes car after car.

The white panel van has difficulty keeping up and remaining innocuous.

INT. CAMARO - CONTINUOUS

Crystal braces herself, unnerved by their speed. She spares a glance at Tommy. The cracks are showing.

CRYSTAL

Baby, you got to slow down. You're going to get us pulled over.

TOMMY
We're being followed again.

She turns around.

TOMMY (CONT'D)
A white van.

She spots it, trying to keep up. Swears under her breath.

CRYSTAL
The cops said you beat up that news
guy. Jack Holmes.

TOMMY
Bullshit. I just told him off.
Obviously it didn't work.

CRYSTAL
No--they said he was in the
hospital, in a coma.

TOMMY
Huh. Wasn't me, but I can't say I'm
shocked somebody gave him a
beating. He's scum.

CRYSTAL
Right. So--he can't be following us
then, can he?

TOMMY
Somebody is.

He SLAMS the gas down.

EXT./INT. CAMARO - CONTINUOUS

The Camaro lurches ahead, cutting off a station wagon as it
leaps into another lane. Horns BLARE, but Tommy doesn't care.

The highway narrows to two lanes just ahead, and one semi is
passing another, clusterfucking the traffic behind them. Cars
are slowing, but Tommy lays on more speed.

CRYSTAL
Jesus, slow down!

Two lanes, two eighteen wheelers, and the Camaro is gaining
speed. Like a knife, it plunges between the trucks, centered
over the lane divider.

With literally inches to spare, the Camaro ROARS ahead of the trucks, and lays on even more speed.

The speedometer hovers at almost 100, but the engine is still steady and smooth, nowhere near red-lining.

It rockets through the desert, miles from traffic.

CUT TO:

EXT. INTERSTATE 5 - AVENAL EXIT - LATER

The sun hangs low, and heat ripples above the cement. A dead dog festers off to the side of the exit lane.

The Camaro eases off the highway, veering onto a small state road headed deeper into the desert.

TITLE: AVENAL, CA

INT. CAMARO - CONTINUOUS

Crystal has fallen asleep, or possibly fainted from the excessive speed. She wakes as Tommy stops long enough to make a turn. She sits up with a start.

CRYSTAL

Where are we?

TOMMY

Desert shithole.

Crystal takes in the surroundings. They are idling through a one horse town, easing down its main drag.

More than one storefront has been boarded up. Automated oil derricks dot the surrounding hills, churning away.

Shirtless children cross the street in their wake.

CRYSTAL

We need gas?

TOMMY

No, we're good.

Tommy pulls over and eases out of the car.

EXT. AVENAL - MAIN STREET - CONTINUOUS

They've stopped at the end of the drag. The road ahead winds into the desert. To the left and right, the town runs several blocks deep.

Tommy turns circles, trying to get his bearings.

CRYSTAL
What are we doing here?

TOMMY
Told you-- I want to go home.

CRYSTAL
You live in San Diego.

Tommy stares down the left facing street and nods to himself.

EXT. AVENAL - THIRD STREET - CONTINUOUS

They pull up in front of a dumpy one story block house. It's nothing special, the yard a wasteland of rocks and weed. The paint is peeling and high tension power lines cross over head.

Tommy rolls out, and Crystal follows him up the drive.

TOMMY
This is it.

CRYSTAL
(realizing)
This was his place?

TOMMY
Our place. Before the divorce. When we were still a family.

She hugs him, but he doesn't seem to notice. He continues up the walk.

CRYSTAL
We should go. Somebody else lives here now.

Tommy KNOCKS on the door.

CRYSTAL (CONT'D)
(under breath)
Shit.

Tommy knocks again, no answer.

CRYSTAL (CONT'D)
(grabbing his arm)
Let's go.

He shakes loose. It's dawning on her that he's possibly past the point of reason.

CRYSTAL (CONT'D)
Tommy--

Tommy KICKS the door as hard as he can. BAM! It flies open.

CRYSTAL (CONT'D)
What the fuck are you doing!?

He slips out of her grip and strides into the house.

CRYSTAL (CONT'D)
Get out of there!

TOMMY
A little breaking and entering is
the least of my worries.

He vanishes deeper into the house.

CRYSTAL
Fuck.

INT. OLD HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Crystal crosses the threshold and closes the door behind her. She spots a phone and bolts to it.

She picks it up-- no dial tone. She rattles the carriage, but nothing. She SLAMS it down.

CRYSTAL
Tommy?

She breezes through the house, room to room. The place looks to have been abandoned for some time.

A BEDROOM stacked with newspapers, floor to ceiling.

A CHILD'S ROOM with creepy broken toys scattered everywhere.

A KITCHEN with ransacked cupboards.

CRYSTAL (CONT'D)
Tommy, God damn it, answer me!

She stops short in the DINING ROOM. No table. No fine china. Just some very old tape outlines of three bodies on the floor, and ancient bloodstains on the carpet.

She doesn't notice that somebody is standing behind her in the doorway...

IN THE BASEMENT Tommy navigates a maze of boxes. He reaches a wall and looks confused. He pushes boxes aside, making room. The only light is what bits of the sun creep through the slim basement windows.

BACK IN THE DINING ROOM Crystal suddenly feels the presence of someone. She SPINS around.

AN OLD WOMAN (70s) stares through her. Her skin like leather, weathered from years of desert living.

OLD WOMAN
You shouldn't be in here.

CRYSTAL
I know. I'm sorry. You live here?

OLD WOMAN
Across the street.

CRYSTAL
Do you have a phone?

OLD WOMAN
Yes.

CRYSTAL
I need you to call--

OLD WOMAN
Don't work though. You really shouldn't be here.

She points at the outlines on the floor.

OLD WOMAN (CONT'D)
Killed his wife and kids with an axe, he did.

CRYSTAL
Who?

OLD WOMAN
Mr. Smith.

The woman starts shuffling back to the front door.

CRYSTAL
Is this Mr. Smith's house?

OLD WOMAN
It was. Lots of people lived here.
None of them lasted.

CRYSTAL
What do you mean?

OLD WOMAN
Before the Smiths, it was the
Browns. They left in their PJs in
the middle of the night. Screamin'.
Never came back. Before the Browns
was the Clements. Mrs. Clement cut
off her own hand and cooked it for
Mr. Clement's dinner.

CRYSTAL
Jesus...

OLD WOMAN
Before the Clements was the
Reinholds. I don't know what
happened to them. You really
shouldn't be here.

Crystal follows her to the front door.

CRYSTAL
Do you have any way of calling the
police?

OLD WOMAN
Police don't come out this far.

The old woman is back out in the brutal desert sun. She
pauses, noticing the Camaro for the first time.

OLD WOMAN (CONT'D)
That car. I know that car. It used
to rumble up and down the street at
all hours.

CRYSTAL
Please? A phone? Anywhere?

The old woman looks back at her then moves as quickly as she
can toward her house across the street.

CRYSTAL (CONT'D)
Everyone is fucking crazy. Tommy!?

IN THE BASEMENT Tommy looks up, hearing her.

TOMMY
Downstairs!

He continues to shove boxes aside until Crystal joins him.

TOMMY (CONT'D)
This wall isn't supposed to be
here. It's not right.

CRYSTAL
What?

TOMMY
I need a crowbar or--

CRYSTAL
Fucking hell-- Stop it!

She SHAKES him.

CRYSTAL (CONT'D)
We have to leave. You are out of
your skull right now. You need
sleep. You need food. You need to
talk to somebody about all this. We
are in too fucking deep, do you
understand me?

He nods, and sees something over her shoulder.

TOMMY
No. You're right. Just--

He moves past her.

TOMMY (CONT'D)
Let me see this real quick.

He reaches between two boxes and produces a SLEDGE HAMMER. He
turns to face her, gripping it tightly.

He takes a step. Her hand snakes behind her back, to her
waistband where she's hidden her gun.

TOMMY (CONT'D)
Move.

She takes a step to the side and Tommy SLAMS the hammer
against the basement wall.

CRYSTAL
Did you hear a thing I just said?

He hits the wall again... and again. Crystal is losing her patience. He raises the hammer again, and she tries to stop him. He fights her.

TOMMY

Fuck off, I know what I'm doing.

CRYSTAL

Put it down!

TOMMY

Let go--

CRYSTAL

Now!

He freezes, and relents. Lowering the hammer. He starts to cry, sinking to his knees.

CRYSTAL (CONT'D)

We have to go, Tommy.

TOMMY

You wanted to know--

CRYSTAL

What?

TOMMY

How I knew those words.

He begins CHANTING and she lets go of him.

CRYSTAL

Stop. You promised.

She backs away, unnerved as he chants faster and faster. Behind her, at the top of the stairs, the basement door SLAMS. She looks up at it, then back at Tommy. He's standing. Hammer in hand.

He turns and slams it against the wall one last time... and a large hole CAVES IN.

The chanting stops. He drops the hammer.

CRYSTAL (CONT'D)

What is that?

Tommy clears away chunks of thin cement. It crumbles easily, revealing a doorway. They look into the next room, letting their eyes adjust.

Tommy FLICKS his lighter and death stares back at them.

They both YELP at the sight of a large skull grinning at them in the darkness.

Nothing happens, and they catch their breaths.

Tommy goes in and finds a candle to light.

As the light rises, we see this is the altar-room Tommy saw inside of the storage unit. The bones, the candle, the dried blood.

Only here, there is a low table, a pentagram carved on its surface.

Crystal enters slowly.

TOMMY

I remember my dad's workshop being here. He'd come down here and tinker with shit. I don't remember this... But I do.

He stares at the table.

CRYSTAL

Maybe you blocked it out. Repressed the memory?

He knocks his fist on the table.

TOMMY

I was laying here. And they were chanting around me.

CRYSTAL

They?

TOMMY

They had black hoods on. Cloaks.

CRYSTAL

You're sure?

Something else has caught his attention.

TOMMY

Look.

She follows his gaze. There's another door. Bolted. Tommy goes to it, and tries the lock. It's rusted tight.

CRYSTAL

Want the hammer?

TOMMY
(straining)
Got it--

The bolt SNAPS loose, and the door unlocks.

CRYSTAL
Oh my God.

The chamber beyond is small. Just big enough for the mummified female body that lays on the floor, her neck chained to the wall. The floor beyond her hand carved with gouges, manic scratching from panicked fingernails.

Tommy reaches for the chain, and the body CRUMBLES TO DUST.

TOMMY
He left her here. When we moved out. He just... left her. I used to hear voices from the vents when we lived here. It was her.

Crystal puts her hands on his shoulders.

CRYSTAL
Jesus, Tommy. This is too much to for anyone to take. We have to go. You have to... God, what was he doing to her?

TOMMY
Maybe she was the first. Before he settled on his methods.

CRYSTAL
Please. Let's go.

IN THE BASEMENT - MOMENTS LATER they head for the stairs. Tommy trails his lit lighter against the boxes. They ignite.

UPSTAIRS as they pass the room of newspapers, he again uses the lighter to start flames.

CRYSTAL (CONT'D)
What are you doing?

TOMMY
Making sure no one else ever lives here again.

CUT TO:

INT. CAMARO - MOMENTS LATER

Crystal spares one last glance at the house before slamming her door. Smoke is already billowing out of the windows. She looks across the street. The old woman watches as Tommy climbs in and guns the car to life.

CUT TO:

INT./EXT. INTERSTATE 5 - DESERT MONTAGE

On and on we go south.

The Camaro zips along, dodging the CHP as if by magic. Passing semis on the far side to avoid cruisers, flying by as a cop looks down to find a dropped donut, it's as if the universe doesn't want the car to be noticed.

Inside, Crystal and Tommy ride in silence. Him strung out, her unsure how to proceed. She pretends to sleep, watching for police with a half open eye.

She spots a CHP motorcycle cop and then frowns as he doesn't seem to notice them.

At dusk, the desert ends, leading up into another mountain pass. The black car will be even harder to make out once the sun goes down.

TITLE: GRAPEVINE, CA

INT. CAMARO - DUSK

Crystal pretends to wake up. She stretches. Tommy is a zombie behind the wheel, barely human.

CRYSTAL
Where are we?

TOMMY
Wherever.

She notes to a passing mileage sign.

CRYSTAL
Almost to L.A. Let's pull off there.

TOMMY
Why?

CRYSTAL

Cause we're fried. We can crash,
get some rest. Sort out our next
move.

TOMMY

Crash where? Only a few hours from
my place. Wait... Cops will be
there, don't you think?

CRYSTAL

Maybe it's time to talk to them.

TOMMY

No. Where in L.A. could we go?

Crystal thinks up a good lie.

CRYSTAL

My sister's place. I have a key.

Tommy zones out on the road.

CRYSTAL (CONT'D)

Please. This has to stop. You need
to be somewhere where Richard can't
haunt you.

Tommy starts laughing.

TOMMY

Haunt me? We don't believe in
ghosts, remember?

CRYSTAL

You know what I mean.

TOMMY

It doesn't matter.

She puts her hand on his.

CRYSTAL

It matters to me. I'm getting you
away from this. You wanted to give
me closure on my mother-- let me do
the same for you.

She kisses his cheek.

CRYSTAL (CONT'D)

Please, let me.

CUT TO:

EXT. LOS ANGELES - NIGHT

...where the heavy metal chicks lurk outside the Rainbow Room, waiting for a chance to touch Nikki Sixx... where the New Wave kids strut with their purple hair and red Michael Jackson leather jackets... where the cops are staked out on every corner, waiting for a yuppie to come down out of the hills on a coke binge and roll his Ferrari 308-- like the kind Magnum P.I. drives.

DOWNTOWN in the 80s is not a loft-laden hipster haven. It's a cesspool of "massage" parlors, dive bars and peep shows. The Camaro seems right at home.

It ventures deeper into the city, to Koreatown. The Camaro finds parking in front of a tall brick apartment building that was a hotel during Hollywood's golden age. One of several on the block.

INT. APARTMENT - MOMENTS LATER

Crystal opens the door to the small apartment and ushers Tommy in. She flips on a light or two and tries to act as if she isn't at home.

Tommy pokes around a bit, flops down on the couch. Crystal spots a picture of herself, in uniform, shaking hands with some local city bigwig. She flips it over.

CRYSTAL
You want a drink?

TOMMY
Look who you're talking to. Where's your sister?

IN THE KITCHEN Crystal enters and finds two glasses.

CRYSTAL
She works nights.

TOMMY
Doing what?

CRYSTAL
I don't remember. Nothing interesting.

She makes two drinks. One with a splash of Jack, and a lot of water. The other all Jack. She checks a cupboard and finds SLEEPING PILLS. She MASHES TWO of them and slides the powder into the full Jack glass.

IN THE LIVING ROOM Tommy notices a STACK OF MAIL on the coffee table. Looks like "sister" hasn't gone through it in weeks. He grabs the top envelope.

TOMMY

Eva?

CRYSTAL (O.S.)

What? What did you say?

TOMMY

Your sister's name is Eva?

IN THE KITCHEN Crystal shuts her eyes, hating herself.

CRYSTAL

Yup.

She returns to him with the drinks. He takes his and knocks it back in a single slug.

CRYSTAL (CONT'D)

Cheers.

She sips hers.

CUT TO:

BACK IN THE KITCHEN - MOMENTS LATER

Crystal is pouring another shot. She spots another photo of her in uniform magneted to the fridge. She flips it.

She returns with another round, but Tommy is passed out. SNORING deeply.

She SIGHS in relief, sets aside the liquor and wraps him in a blanket. She touches his hair, kisses his cheek.

She stands and finds her phone. Walking with its long cable she heads into the bathroom. She fires up the shower for extra cover, then dials.

IN THE LIVING ROOM Tommy TWITCHES in his sleep.

EXT. CONVALESCENCE HOME - NIGHT

Somewhere, Agent Goodson pulls up in front of a rather depressing infirm facility.

INT. FBI CRUISER - CONTINUOUS

Goodson kills the engine, looks out at the bland structure.

DISPATCHER
(filtered, over CB)
Agent Goodson, respond.

He grabs the squawk box.

GOODSON
I'm here.

DISPATCHER
Sir, we have Officer Brooke on the
line for you.

GOODSON
Patch her through.

INTERCUT WITH:

INT. BROOKE APARTMENT - BATHROOM - NIGHT

Crystal sits on the floor, the SHOWER RUNNING for noise,
phone in hand.

GOODSON
Eva? Where are you?

CRYSTAL
At my apartment. In Los Angeles.
Tommy is with me.

GOODSON
We lost you. Again. I was worried.

CRYSTAL
I know, sorry. This is the first
chance I've had to call.

GOODSON
What's your status?

CRYSTAL
It's over I think. Tommy exorcized
his ghosts. He's sleeping now. When
he wakes up I'll bring him in.

GOODSON
Look, I know you feel for the guy,
just... you know how to do your
job. So do it.

CRYSTAL

I will.

GOODSON

You did good. Look, so I don't worry let's send a couple local units to sit outside.

CRYSTAL

I've already called them.

GOODSON

You're a good cop, Eva.

CRYSTAL

Thank you, sir. Can I ask the status on your end?

GOODSON

Warrant came through to search Tommy's place in San Diego.

CRYSTAL

You there now?

GOODSON

No. Director Simms is punishing me. He's handling that one and I'm chasing down a random lead from the journal. A nurse Richard used to pay off for medical help when he wanted to avoid hospitals. Found the guy at a hospice care facility in fucking Modesto.

CRYSTAL

Good luck?

GOODSON

Ha. Thanks. Talk soon.

INT. BROOK APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Crystal emerges, having run water through her hair just in case Tommy is awake-- which he is surprisingly. He's pacing like a caged animal.

TOMMY

Shower help?

CRYSTAL

Feel like a million bucks. You want to take one?

TOMMY

No. I have to go.

CRYSTAL

Where?

TOMMY

You said the cops are asking about me. Mexico sounds good.

CRYSTAL

I thought we talked about you turning yourself in. To tell them what you know.

TOMMY

They won't understand. They'll twist it. Like everyone else has.

CRYSTAL

Understand what?

TOMMY

You coming with me?

CRYSTAL

Please stay. There's stuff I need to talk to you about.

TOMMY

Yeah, I figured. Get a taste of home safe home and you're done. Like the rest.

He's headed out the door, easy as you please.

CRYSTAL

Wha-- Tommy, hang on!

EXT. KOREATOWN - CONTINUOUS

Tommy heads for the Camaro, keys jingling in his hand. Crystal runs after him.

CRYSTAL

Wait!

TOMMY

No time, baby.

He climbs in, guns the engine to life.

TOMMY (CONT'D)
Last chance.

She gets in the car.

CUT TO:

INT. CONVALESCENCE HOME - SAME

PERRY HILL (60s, weathered) is a portly seasoned nurse, huffing and puffing his way through stuffing soiled linens into a canvas bag.

He works at the end of a tiled hall. Behind him, near the entrance, Goodson enters and speaks to the DESK CLERK. His badge is shown, he asks a question.

The clerk points at Perry. Goodson closes in.

GOODSON
Perry Hill?

PERRY
Yeah?

He flashes the badge.

GOODSON
Special Agent Goodson, FBI. Do you
have a moment to--

Perry drop the laundry. His face flushes.

PERRY
I didn't do anything!

He staggers back, and Goodson's hand goes into his coat.

GOODSON
Take it easy.

PERRY
It's not me. I swear.

GOODSON
What's not you?

PERRY
I didn't kill anyone.

GOODSON
Okay, Perry. You're going to have
to explain that one.

PERRY

I didn't okay. And he hasn't either.

GOODSON

Who hasn't?

Perry raises a shaking hand, pointing into the open door to his left. Goodson tracks this, slowly edges into the room.

PERRY

He's had four strokes. He's vegetative. He couldn't have done it. He hasn't left the bed in a year.

Goodson's eyes go wide... it can't be...

He moves in, closing on the figure in the bed, shrouded in blankets, hooked to monitoring gear and staring blankly at the ceiling is a very frail RICHARD REINHOLD.

GOODSON

Reinhold...

CUT TO:

EXT. GAS STATION - NIGHT

Tommy gasses up the Camaro. The pills seem to have had the reverse effect. He's zippy, bobbing his head. Scanning the traffic. Leering at women passing on the sidewalk.

Not at all timid.

CRYSTAL

I'm going to call my sister, tell her we aren't staying after all.

Tommy shrugs.

Crystal hits a phonebooth on the side of the building. She drops a coin and dials.

CRYSTAL (CONT'D)

Agent Goodson, please. This is Officer Eva Brooke.

INTERCUT WITH:

EXT. CONVALESCENCE HOME - CONTINUOUS

The home is now surrounded by police units and FBI cruisers. A JUNIOR AGENT waves the squawk-box from his car at Goodson who is directing the chaos from the steps.

AGENT
Officer Brooke is calling in.

GOODSON
Thank Christ.

He takes the radio , pulling its spiral cord to the max.

GOODSON (CONT'D)
Eva? Where are you? LAPD says your place was empty.

CRYSTAL
Tommy is panicking. I'm trying to calm him down-- we're in the O.C. I can--

GOODSON
You have to get away from him, right now.

CRYSTAL
What? He's just--

GOODSON
Where the fuck are you?

CRYSTAL
76 station. Harbor and Ball. Right by Disneyland.?

GOODSON
Dispatch, you on?

DISPATCHER (O.S.)
Yes, sir.

GOODSON
Direct two local Special Agents to Officer Brooke's location and have LAPD back them up.

CRYSTAL
What's happened?

GOODSON
My lead panned out. Richard is here. The nurse was hiding him.

CRYSTAL
That's--that's great!

GOODSON
No, it isn't. He's a vegetable. He
hasn't left this building in years.

CRYSTAL
A copycat killer? You think Tommy--

GOODSON
Simms found things in Tommy's
place, Eva.

CRYSTAL
Things?

GOODSON
Trophies.

CRYSTAL
Tell me.

GOODSON
A woman's head. In the freezer.

CRYSTAL
That's insane.

GOODSON
You think I'm lying?

CRYSTAL
I think you're jumping the gun.
I've been with him constantly and
the only person he's remotely hurt
is himself.

GOODSON
Three weeks. You've been with him
for three god damn weeks. He's
simply between urges.

CRYSTAL
I'm telling you, you're wrong. You
haven't seen him. He's not a
killer, he's just been beat down.

GOODSON
A human head, are you hearing me? A
fucking head, intact, in the
freezer. Detective on scenes says
there's semen in it's mouth. Do you
understand me?

CRYSTAL
He's a good person.

GOODSON
Is this Florence Nightengale or
Stockholm Syndrome? I'm telling you
he has a head in his freezer he's
fucking in his spare time and
you're arguing with me that--

CRYSTAL
He's being set-up. If not by
Richard then by a copycat that
knows you'd target him.

GOODSON
Jesus-- I'm not having this
discussion. Walk away from him now.
Hide. Dispatch-- how long?

DISPATCHER (O.S.)
Nearest unit is two minutes away.

GOODSON
Leave him now before ou get hurt.

Eva doesn't reply. She looks between the reciver and Tommy as
he closes up the gas tank.

GOODSON (CONT'D)
Eva?

EVA
I'll bring him in.

She hangs up.

CUT TO:

EXT. INTERSTATE 5 - COAST - NIGHT

The Camaro blazes along the coast. A full moon hangs above
the Pacific Ocean.

TITLE: OCEANSIDE, CA

INT. CAMARO - CONTINUOUS

Crystal watches him carefully, planning her words as
carefully as possible. He only has eyes for the road.

CRYSTAL

If the police search your place,
are they going to find anything
that will cause trouble?

TOMMY

What place?

CRYSTAL

In San Diego.

TOMMY

Oh. Huh-- maybe. Lot of shit there.

CRYSTAL

Anything else of his?

TOMMY

Who?

CRYSTAL

Your father.

Tommy gives her a sideways glance.

TOMMY

Why?

CRYSTAL

I'm just scared for you. People
might think the wrong thing.

TOMMY

Cause they don't get me like you
do, right?

She's taken aback, he's not being sweet. He reaches for her
chin, caresses it.

CRYSTAL

Right. I do get you. There's things
about me that I need--

TOMMY

Kiss me.

His grip shifts to the nape of her neck, he pulls her close.
They kiss. For a moment everything is right... then it starts
going horribly wrong.

CRYSTAL

Ow!

She pulls back, her lip bleeding.

TOMMY

Oops.

CRYSTAL

You need to get a grip. You're coming undone. Don't turn into--

TOMMY

Into what? A monster?

She doesn't reply.

TOMMY (CONT'D)

Like daddy?

His eyes go wide, his tongue lags from his mouth.

TOMMY (CONT'D)

Boo.

CRYSTAL

Stop it.

TOMMY

Shut up.

He turns back to the road.

CRYSTAL

Tommy--

He doesn't respond. She looks at him intently. He smirks.

CRYSTAL (CONT'D)

We have to come back to reality and--

TOMMY

Jesus, when the fuck did you turn into a shrink?

CRYSTAL

What?

TOMMY

Tell you a few secrets, show you some scars, fuck you in the rain and now you know best?

Crystal decides to stop talking. We know she's starting to think about what Goodson said.

INT. CONVALESCENCE HOME - SAME

Goodson is back in Richard's room. We see now that unlike the visions we've seen this Richard is older, hair grey, body twisted by palsy.

Goodson stares into his blank eyes.

GOODSON

Can you hear me in there, fucker? I found you again. I found you.

The junior agent comes to the room, looking nervous.

GOODSON (CONT'D)

What?

AGENT

LAPD arrived at Brooke's location. She was gone.

Goodson closes his eyes and pinches the bridge of his nose.

AGENT (CONT'D)

LAPD and CHP put out an all-points. Nothing yet.

A WHEEZE. Reinhold.

Goodson looks up. Richard is meeting his eye. Frozen in all other ways, but his eyes say it all-- he's laughing at Goodson.

CUT TO:

INT. CAMARO - CONTINUOUS

Tommy slyly smiles in the glow of the dash lights. Crystal attempts to speak again, wary of the landmines between them.

CRYSTAL

You told me the thing that scared you most, was that your father was in you. Right now-- you're acting like him.

TOMMY

How the fuck would you know?

CRYSTAL

Tommy--

TOMMY

You're in this car cause you think
you can save me. But you're decades
too late for that.

Crystal eyes him. Something isn't right.

CRYSTAL

The cops told me you were
dangerous.

TOMMY

I bet.

CRYSTAL

I told them they were wrong.

TOMMY

Whoopsie.

CRYSTAL

I said, no way he's like daddy.

TOMMY

Apples gotta fall somewhere.

CRYSTAL

Are you dangerous, Tommy? Were they
right?

TOMMY

Tommy is a kitten. You don't got to
worry about him.

Then it dawns on her-- Tommy isn't here anymore.

CRYSTAL

(sotto)

Richard.

Tommy only grins.

Then-- the interior is suddenly flooded with RED LIGHT and a
SIREN begins to whine. Crystal does her best to hide the look
of relief on her face.

TOMMY

Fuck.

EXT. INTERSTATE 5 - CONTINUOUS

The Camaro pulls over, a motorcycle cop comes to a stop behind it. The cop dismounts and moves toward Tommy's window, which he is rolling down.

INT. CAMARO - CONTINUOUS

Crystal wipes sweat from her upper lip.

TOMMY

Be cool or you're fucking dead.

CRYSTAL

What?

The COP (30s) leans down to look in.

TOMMY

(shifting demeanor)

Hi.

COP

Ever heard of the speed limit?

Crystal's expression transforms back to fear. Just a traffic stop, they aren't looking for her.

TOMMY

Sorry-- guess it got away from me.

He examines the cop's badge.

TOMMY (CONT'D)

Oceanside's finest. Aren't you out of your jurisdiction here? This is CHP-land.

COP

License.

Tommy starts to dig for his wallet. Crystal is frozen.

COP (CONT'D)

Eva? Eva Brooke?

Crystal turns, stunned.

COP (CONT'D)

It's me. Corey Walters. We were in the academy together.

CRYSTAL

Who?

She tries to shake her head, but the cop is oblivious.

COP

I heard you made Vice. That's great. I had to come back down here to work county.

The cop REACTS to his radio SQUAWKING on the bike.

COP (CONT'D)

Crap, I need to see what that is.
(to Tommy)
You guys have a good night. I'll call you, Eva.

The cop moves away and Tommy eases up his window. They sit in silence for a moment as the motorcycle rides away.

TOMMY

Eva.

CRYSTAL

I can--

TOMMY

Looks like we're both lying about who we are.

Crystal shoots her hand into her bag... and finds nothing.

Tommy smiles, lifts her gun into view.

TOMMY (CONT'D)

I went in your bags to find some panties to sniff. Found this instead.

He SLAMS the gun against the side of her head, and the world goes black.

CUT TO:

INT. CONVALESCENCE HOME - RICHARD'S ROOM - NIGHT

Somebody has found a phone for Goodson. He sits waiting not so patiently for something, anything, to happen. The phone barely gets off half of a RING and he snatches it up.

GOODSON

Goodson.

DISPATCHER (O.C.)
(over phone)
I have CHP Captain Mars on the
line. Stand by.

MARS
(over phone)
Agent Goodson?

GOODSON
Yes, go ahead.

MARS
This is Captain Mars with--

GOODSON
What have you got Captain?

MARS
I got a local county motorcycle
unit in Oceanside that saw your
girl, with your suspect, in the
car.

GOODSON
How the hell did they get to
Oceanside!? How many units you have
on the 5 between here and there?

MARS
A lot.

GOODSON
Where are they now?

MARS
That's the problem. Local unit
didn't get the APB. He pulled them
over for speeding then cut them
loose cause he recognized your
girl. Academy chums.

GOODSON
Yokel hayseed fuck-- she was
undercover! Did he call her by
name? Did he blow her cover?

MARS
I don't--

GOODSON
Find out! And for fuck's sake find
that car. Roadblock the highway if
you have to.

Goodson SLAMS the phone down.

JUNIOR AGENT
(from door)
You want me to charter a plane to
San Diego?

GOODSON
No. It'll be over before we can get
there. We have to wait.

The agent nods and makes himself scarce. Goodson sets the phone aside.

He looks Richard in the eye again.

GOODSON (CONT'D)
Chip off the old block, eh? Your
Tommy, picking up right where you
left off.

Richard's eyes watch him as he shuts the door.

GOODSON (CONT'D)
He did it so well we thought it was
you. We thought he was confused.

Goodson locks the door.

GOODSON (CONT'D)
Amazing how many lives you continue
to ruin without even lifting a
finger.

Goodson yanks a pillow out from under Richard's head. They lock eyes one more time, then Goodson forces the pillow over Richard's face, suffocating him.

After a moment, Richard begins to convulse, his EKG beeps erratically.

Somebody KNOCKS on the door, then starts POUNDING.

Goodson doesn't relent. The EKG spikes, BLEEPING a frenzy to match the pounding on the door, the SHOUTING on the otherside.

The EKG goes flatline, Richard tumbles out of the bed, slapping onto the tile floor, dead. Bodies tumble through the door, knocking it down, and Goodson is tackled.

On the floor he looks into Richard's eyes again, satisfied that this time, there's no life looking back.

CUT TO:

INT/EXT. CAMARO/INTERSTATE 5 - SAN DIEGO - NIGHT

The Camaro glides through downtown San Diego, weaving lanes, as if the driver were drunk. And its luck has just run out.

It passes a CHP cruiser, laughing in its face. The siren and lights come on, the pursuit begins.

The Camaro SPEEDS up, almost unnaturally. The cruiser struggles to keep up.

Tommy's eyes track between the rearview mirror and the road ahead. Richard's eyes reflect back in the mirror.

He smiles. Pulls the wheel, and CLIPS a car in the next lane.

It FISHTAILS, losing control, smashes into other cars. The cruiser is lost in a multi-car collision that builds in the Camaro's wake.

INT. CAMARO - TRUNK - CONTINUOUS

Crystal COUGHS, the exhaust choking her awake. Her thick eyeliner runs down her cheeks. The ROAR of the road and engine is deafening.

She SCREAMS and begin to panic.

The red head's body tumbles from it;s tarp and rolls over Crystal. She SCREAMS again.

She's VIOLENTLY JARRED as the Camaro HITS something.

INT/EXT. CAMARO/INTERSTATE 5 - NIGHT

Tommy slams another car, swings wide, then another. A fleet of CHP cruisers, lights flashing, sirens WAILING have caught up with him. They scatter, dodging the cars Tommy has knocked into spins.

Crystal SCREAMS again from the trunk and he smiles.

The Camaro's headlights have been knocked out. The fenders dented, fluids leak from the grill, a wicked gouge is carved along the passenger side.

But it goes even faster.

In the distance, the Mexican border, and a CHP roadblock of patrol cars.

Tommy sinks in his seat, and pushes the gas to the floor.

A single cruiser has almost reached the Camaro. It tries to pit-out its prey, but only succeeds in rear-ending it.

Tommy fights the wheel, keeps control.

INT. CAMARO - TRUNK - CONTINUOUS

The impact has popped the trunk. Crystal sits up, gulping for air, and sees the asphalt just below her, screaming by.

The CHP unit is inches away, the two OFFICERS inside as shocked to see her as she is to see them.

The unit lays on a burst of speed, its nose inches from the Camaro's tail.

Without hesitation or thought, Crystal tucks her legs under her body and LEAPS out of the trunk.

She lands squarely on the hood of the cruiser and CLINGS for dear life.

The cruiser falls back, slowing as safely as it can.

Crystal watches as the Camaro moves away, faster and faster.

It bears down on the roadblock, speed still increasing.

The cops at the roadblock are starting to sweat... he's not going to stop.

Tommy LAUGHS and lays on the horn and SLAMS into the roadblock.

Patrol cars are SCATTERED, tossed aside, and the Camaro flips again and again, sliding over the pavement with a horrible screech.

Crystal's ride comes to a stop and she watches as the roadblock is scattered. A fuel tank ruptures and EXPLODES.

The Camaro is lost in the fray.

She slips off the hood and runs toward the carnage.

OFFICER

Hey! Wait!

Crystal sprints along the shoulder, moving around bodies and auto-debris. The remaining units behind her emerge from their cars and try to catch up.

She climbs over the wreckage of a cruiser and takes in the scene: bodies, shredded cars, fire. She passes the body of a CHP OFFICER and grabs his gun.

EXT. INTERSTATE 5 - MEXICAN BORDER - NIGHT

The Camaro is a twisted mess, laying on its roof. An INJURED COP with a shotgun staggers to the car.

INJURED COP

Stay where you--

His body is flung like a rag, shot by Tommy with Crystal's stolen gun.

He should be dead. He LOOKS dead. Yet he limps ahead.

CRYSTAL

Richard!

Tommy stops and turns. Crystal advances on him, gun pointed at his head. He grins at her, raises his hands in faux surrender.

TOMMY

So arrest me.

CRYSTAL

Why am I alive? Why aren't you killing me?

TOMMY

That what you want?

CRYSTAL

Tell me.

Tears well in her eyes, but her aim does not waver.

TOMMY

I remember her you know. The mother of the girl you're pretending to be. I remember all of them, but she was good. You tell the real Crystal that. I knew she was married, but daddy wasn't hitting the spot.

(MORE)

TOMMY (CONT'D)

She worked at a diner I like. One night, her car wasn't working. She needed a ride home.

He turns away from the border and starts walking to her.

TOMMY (CONT'D)

Her car didn't work because I pulled the distributor cap. Once we're on the road, I take my cock out. And she was on it. Cause that's how she was.

Tommy/Richard and Crystal/Eva are face to face.

TOMMY (CONT'D)

I pulled over. Fucked her good. And when I came, I slit her throat.

CRYSTAL

No. You didn't. That was your father. You're not him, you just think you are. You don't scare me.

TOMMY

Sure as fuck I do. I can smell it. Fear smells like a sad lonely pussy, you know that? I can smell your lonely pussy. If Goodson knew how sad and lonely you were he'd have never put you under my nose.

He's gotten to her, she's about to break.

TOMMY (CONT'D)

(smiling)

You're alive cause we like you. I was hoping we'd get more time. Guess not. Next time around.

He turns his back to her, intent on the border again.

CRYSTAL

Next time?

TOMMY

So long, Eva.

Though it pains her-- she pulls the trigger: One shot, and Tommy goes down, the bullet leaving through his chest.

He crumples to the ground, and she runs to him, already regretting it. She rolls him over. Somehow he's alive, and himself.

TOMMY (CONT'D)
What's happening?

CRYSTAL
Tommy, stay still.

TOMMY
Did I fall asleep, did we wreck?

CRYSTAL
Yeah-- we--

TOMMY
I'm sorry. Oh God, I'm so sorry.

CRYSTAL
You didn't know.

TOMMY
But what I did--

CUT TO:

QUICK MONTAGE:

We review moments of Richard's evil at work, only to see Tommy in his place: beating Jack in the restroom, picking up Trixie, murdering her, filling the car with gas as Crystal talks on the phone.

CUT TO:

EXT. INTERSTATE 5 - MEXICAN BORDER - CONTINUOUS

Crystal holds Tommy as his body begins to CONVULSE.

TOMMY
Sorry...

CRYSTAL
It wasn't you, Tommy. It was him.

Tommy goes suddenly still.

CRYSTAL (CONT'D)
It was always him.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. FBI CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY

TITLE: SIX MONTHS LATER

The room is bright and austere. Crystal, now fully back to being Eva, faces Simms, Bryce and a PANEL OF FBI DIRECTORS.

EVA

I'm sorry, could you say that again?

SIMMS

I asked if you valued your future in law enforcement.

EVA

I heard the question, sir, I'm just not sure what you mean by it.

Simms SIGHS.

SIMMS

It was the decision of the FBI, and its appointed experts, that Thomas Reinhold had a psychotic break. He suffered from multiple personality disorder, one of those personalities being that of his father. You dispute that claim.

EVA

That's right. I know it sounds far fetched, but Richard himself was in Tommy's body.

SIMMS

Are you hearing yourself?

EVA

Goodson's experience with--

SIMMS

Goodson was excused for killing Reinhold. The actual Reinhold.

EVA

Dr. Bryce-- the invocation in the journal. Didn't you determine it was a spell to prep a body to receive the soul of another.

BRYCE

Well, yes. But they are just words.

SIMMS

You need to face facts-- you fell in love with a murderer. You refuse to accept this and instead transfer all the guilt and blame to him being possessed. You said in your own report that Thomas saw and heard ghosts of both his father and of what he perceived to be victims, visions he had in your company that you did not see, surely you see this is not the mind of a stable person. Thomas was a mess.

EVA

Ask your MPD experts. I find it hard to believe that a split personality could commit crimes to the degree he did.

SIMMS

What's harder to believe, Officer Brooke-- that a man you fell for while undercover had a split personality influenced by his serial killer father, or that his father actually had powers granted to him by Satan that allowed him to project his soul from his invalid body, to that of his son?

EVA

I don't--

SIMMS

And before you answer, I ask again, do you value your future in law enforcement?

Eva shuts her mouth and considers this. She nods once, defeated.

SIMMS (CONT'D)

All right then.

He tosses a pad of paper in her direction.

SIMMS (CONT'D)

Start at the beginning. I'll be down the hall.

One by one the board files out of the room until only Eva and Bryce remain.

EVA
Have you seen Goodson?

BRYCE
Once. Can I ask a question?

EVA
Sure.

BRYCE
Everything that happened vis a vis this magic can be explained. The spell used to find the storage facility was Thomas getting a hint from his own subconscious. The hidden room in his childhood home a repressed memory--

EVA
And the description of Georgia Wynne's death?

BRYCE
Pure fiction. You're a good cop, why do buy into the occult angle?

EVA
Because of what he said to me before I shot him. He knew he wasn't getting away, but he said he'd see me again. That it would happen again.

She stares at the pad of paper, upset with herself. She scoots back from the table and stands.

Her belly is full and round. Eva is pregnant.

EVA (CONT'D)
(off belly)
He knew. I know you believe me.

BRYCE
Part of me does. But the rest of me is scared to think these things I research may be true.

Bryce nods once and exits, leaving Eva alone to stare at her herself and wonder what will happen next...

THE END



RCA

INTERSTATE 5

Side 1
 DEAD CRUISER · I'M NOT SCARED · NIBIRU · TEENAGE COLOR · WAYFARER
 RECORDS FOR THE RIGHTEOUS · MY SECRET ROMANCE · SHINING VIOLENCE

Side 2
 GATE NUMBER 5 · GRAND CANYON · END OF THE LINE · THEY GAVE YOU A HEART, THEY GAVE YOU A NAME
 FEELING WITHOUT TOUCHING · SISTER · RUNNING UP THAT HILL · IRREVERSIBLE

This tape is mastered to Dolby B standards for noise reduction. Decrease treble response when playing on non-Dolby tuned equipment.
 RCA Limited Records Division, England.

RCA

INTERSTATE 5

STEREO
PRICE CODE XX

INTERSTATE 5

DOLBY SYSTEM

PK 12030

Side 1

1. DEAD CRUISER
Kavinsky
2. I'M NOT SCARED
LadyTron
3. NIBIRU
Chateau Marmont
4. TEENAGE COLOR
College
5. WAYFARER
Kavinsky
6. RECORDS FOR THE RIGHTEOUS
Eon
7. MY SECRET ROMANCE
College
8. SHINING VIOLENCE (LOVE THEME FROM INTERSTATE 5)
Chromatics

Side 2

1. GATE NUMBER 5
College
2. GRAND CANYON
Kavinsky
3. END OF THE LINE
Daft Punk
4. THEY GAVE YOU A HEART, THEY GAVE YOU A NAME
LadyTron
5. FEELING WITHOUT TOUCHING
Glass Candy
6. SISTER
She Wants Revenge
7. RUNNING UP THAT HILL
Chromatics
8. IRREVERSIBLE
Thomas Bangalter

ALL SONGS AVAILABLE ON ITUNES

playlist.