



MILLENNIUM

"DEAD LETTERS"

Episode 2 (#4C02)

Joel Hornstock

Millennium

"Dead Letters"

Written by

Glen Morgan & James Wong

Directed by

Thomas Wright

Episode #4C02

Story No.4602

July 25, 1996 (White)

August 1, 1996 (Blue-Full)

©
or

August 1, 1996

"Dead Letters"

CAST LIST

Frank Black
Catherine Black
Jordan Black
Killer / Delivery Man
Lewis
Jim Penseyres
Jim Horn
T.C.
Cindy Horn
Marjorie Holden
Guard
CST Member
Detective Jenkins
Patient
Janice Sterling
Officer Sarah Stevens

(X)

August 1, 1996

"Dead Letters"

SET LIST

EXTERIORS:

BLACK RESIDENCE
 /BACKYARD
PORTLAND SKYLINE
DINER
POST OFFICE WAREHOUSE
PORTLAND HOSPITAL
 /UNDERGROUND PARKING LOT (EXT/INT) (X)
 /SHUTTLE BENCH
SPECTACLES
 /STOREFRONT
 /REAR PARKING LOT
 /GARBAGE DISPOSAL ALLEY
STREET
BACK STREET

INTERIORS:

KILLER'S ROOM
BLACK RESIDENCE
 /DINING ROOM
 /STAIRWELL
 /FRANK & CATHERINE'S BEDROOM
 /JORDAN'S BEDROOM
 /LIVING ROOM
ANIMAL SHELTER
 /HALLWAY
 /EUTHANIZATION AREA
DINER
JIM HORN'S OFFICE
POST OFFICE WAREHOUSE
 /HALLWAY/CARGO ELEVATOR
VW VAN
 /DRIVER'S SEAT
 /REAR
JIM HORN'S CAR
SPECTACLE'S
 /OFFICE

TEASER

OVER BLACK; a hellish SILENCE. Yet, contained within the darkness are the soft CLINKS of precision tools. Precise. Patient.

A VERY SLOW FADE IN:

1 INT. A ROOM - NIGHT

1

A lone draftsman's lamp dimly pools upon a figure, a MAN, FRAMED IN THE LOWER LEFT CORNER, working over a table across the room. His craft is obscured. His features are hidden and unseen.

It is meant for others to discover.

A VERY SLOW FADE OUT:

CUT TO:

2 EXT. BLACK RESIDENCE - DAY

2

JORDAN BLACK is having a party. All her friends are there. The children are dressed in costume, ballet dancers, Power Rangers.

Yet, something is off; unsettling.

Suddenly, the children are playing musical chairs. CATHERINE leads the game, laughing along with the children. In the deep b.g., stands a man in a CLOWN costume. His make up does not round out pleasantly over his features, but is rather sharp and disturbing.

As the MUSIC stops, all the kids sit. Jordan is left out. She looks to her mother who suddenly appears very upset and scared, looking about, unable to see her daughter...

CATHERINE

Where's Jordan? Where's Jordan?!

Frightened, Jordan cannot answer or move. Catherine runs off toward the house. AS CAMERA SWINGS BACK AROUND to Jordan, all her friends and the clown have disappeared. She is left alone.

CUT TO:

3 INT. DINING ROOM - BLACK RESIDENCE - NIGHT

3

As in dreams, Jordan suddenly is walking in the middle of the dining room. It is now night outside. Her increasing fear is the only continuity from the previous scene. Yet, she is drawn into the room; searching for the origin of a mysterious O.S. frantic CLACKING against the hardwood floors

CAMERA PUSHES IN QUICKLY as she turns...

JORDAN
Daddy?! DADDY?!

JORDAN'S POV - STAIRWELL - HIGH ANGLE - (CGI)

Frank Black does not hear his daughter's CALLS as he descends into an eternal void on a wrought iron spiral staircase.

JORDAN (O.S.)
Daddy! daddy!

JORDAN

grows terrified that her father does not answer. SUDDENLY, the off rhythm clacking grows LOUDER. She turns.

CAMERA QUICKLY ARCS around the girl to REVEAL, on the floor, against the wall, the arms and shoulders of the clown as if bloodlessly severed from the body. The head sits UPSIDE DOWN and low on the shoulders, with a horrified expression, wide eyes, gaping mouth. The arms extend crab-like from the shoulders. The CLACKING SOUND comes from the clown's fingernails on claw formed hands frantically, desperately, BANGING against the dining room floor.

As the little girl releases a blood curdling SCREAM...

CUT TO:

4 INT. BEDROOM - BLACK RESIDENCE - NIGHT

4

Frank's eyes flash open, sensing a presence. We aren't quite (X)
sure if the previous nightmare had been his, or Jordan's. He (X)
quickly assesses the danger and sees Jordan standing on his side (X)
of the bed, scared but not crying. (X)

JORDAN
I had a bad dream

(CONTINUED)

4 CONTINUED:

4

Being too familiar with bad dreams, the father sympathetically feels for his little girl. He opens his arms which his daughter quickly crawls into. Frank holds Jordan close, reassuring in the darkness.

FRANK

It's alright. Go back to sleep,
baby. Everybody has a bad dream.

After a beat...

JORDAN

Why?

A powerful question. Before Frank can attempt to answer, however, an eerie odd RUMBLING tears the silence. Frank rolls over toward...

THE NIGHTSTAND

in the f.g., a pager VIBRATES on the wooden furniture. Frank reaches over and picks up the beeper, holding it above him.

FRANK'S POV - PAGER

in the dim yellow light of the pager, a simple message..."2000."

FRANK AND JORDAN

Holding his daughter, Frank reacts to the pager. He's about to have a bad dream.

CUT TO:

5 EXT. PORTLAND SKYLINE - NIGHT - ESTABLISHING

5

A thunderstorm shrouds the urban skyline of Portland, Oregon. A legend appears: "Portland, Oregon. 3:42 a.m."

6 INT. ANIMAL SHELTER - NIGHT - CLOSE - BARKING DOG

6

SNAPS and GROWLS behind a chain linked fence.

Frank

CAMERA LEADS him through a maze of cages, animals HOWLING AND BARKING, as if macabrely trying to inform him of the night's events. ANOTHER LEGEND APPEARS: "MULTNOMAH/CLACKAMAS COUNTY ANIMAL CENTER #4."

(CONTINUED)

6 CONTINUED:

6

CRIME SCENE TEAMS and CORONER PERSONNEL pass as Frank continues through the shelter.

A CAGED POSSUM

HISSES, baring its ratlike teeth.

FRANK

pauses.

6A INT. FRANK'S POV - INTERNAL

6A

FILLING THE FRAME, STROBING, is an eerily scrawled letter, recognizable only as a letter, unspecific. It could be a "Y", it could be an "I."

6B INT. ANIMAL SHELTER - NIGHT - (CONTINUED)

6B

Frank

his expression reflects the intense focus of his inner sight as he continues walking, oblivious to the chaos created by the surrounding animals.

6C INT. FRANK'S POV - INTERNAL

6C

Again, FLASHING, two letters close together, HUGE...maybe an "I" and an "R."

FRANK

considers the images but for now must store it as he walks INTO CLOSE-UP, his eyes taking in the crime scene. On the FLASH of a forensic camera...

6D INT. ANIMAL EUTHANIZATION AREA - DAY

6D

Amongst the green tile with a center drain, two halves of a nude female body are placed on the floor, covered. The torso is upright while the hips and legs lie several feet away. Only a small fraction of blood encircles the severed parts.

Reverse

Three Crime Scene Team personnel sketch the area, take measurements and dust for prints. One, LEWIS looks to Frank's credentials hanging in a plastic envelope around his neck. Lewis immediately assumes a respectful tone.

(CONTINUED)

MILLENNIUM "Dead Letters" 4C02 (Blue) 8/1/96 5(X).

6D CONTINUED:

6D

LEWIS
Everything's been left as we
found it. We covered the victim,
but the perpetrator covered his
own fecal remains. (X)

Lewis steps back as Frank moves toward the torso and lifts the
cover REVEALING...

THE VICTIM'S FACE

only the face, has been completely covered by shiny gray duct
tape.

FRANK

considers this evidence. Then...

6E INT. FRANK'S POV - INTERNAL

6E

In quick cuts - A roll of gray duct tape TEARS LOUD ACROSS
FRAME. A scrawled letter FILLS THE FRAME.

6F INT. ANIMAL EUTHANIZATION CENTER - DAY (CONTINUED)

6F

FRANK

keeps his eyes on the victim.

LEWIS (O.S.)
Hair and fiber are going to be
a mess. There's tons of animal
fur around. But we started
dusting already, hoping to get
a jump...

FRANK
Did you find a message? (X)

WIDER - THE CRIME SCENE TEAM

each look to one another, surprised. None that they are aware.

FRANK (CONT'D)
On the body, or cut into the
skin.

CAMERA SLOWLY PUSHES INTO FRANK, just as the officers remove the
covering off the two halves of the body. Frank watches...waits...

Crime scene personnel

(CONTINUED)

MILLENNIUM "Dead Letters" 4C02 (Blue) 8/1/96 6.

6F CONTINUED:

6F

Two members comb the victim's legs, O.S. They look up to Frank and shake their heads, "no."

FRANK

turns to Lewis.

LEWIS

completes an examination of the rear torso. He looks to Frank and also shakes his head, "nothing."

FRANK

CAMERA CREEPS IN ON HIM, puzzled. Suddenly...

6G FRANK'S POV - INTERNAL

6G

Like GUNSHOTS, the letters FLASH ACROSS FRAME...

FRANK

CAMERA COMPLETES THE PUSH IN CLOSE finding Frank doubting the very thing of which he is most certain...

FADE OUT:

END OF TEASER

ACT ONE

7 EXT. DINER - MORNING - ESTABLISHING (X)7

An urban diner, with character, has somehow survived amongst the faceless downtown office buildings. A LEGEND APPEARS: "SEATTLE, WASHINGTON. 7:00 A.M." (X)

8 INT. DINER - MORNING (X)8

Being still early, the joint is empty and quiet. A couple of people sit at the yellowing counter drinking coffee. Across the black and white tiled floor, at a wooden booth in the corner, sits Frank Black before a plate of eggs and pancakes. (X)

CLOSE - PAPER NAPKIN

Frank has repeatedly scribbled on the napkin "Y", "I" and "R" are the primary hunches, as well as the possibilities. "Rightly." "Righteously." "Ritually." "Risky." "Irrevocably." "Irreparably." "Irrefutably"...

WIDER

JIM PENSEYRES enters the diner, spots Frank, and moves to sit across from him in the booth. A manila case folder is tossed on the table. (X)

PENSEYRES

There are those in the group who believe we shouldn't take the case in Portland.

Frank looks up, incredulous. Penseyres explains. (X)

PENSEYRES (CONT'D)

Some are unconvinced the subject will kill again.

After a beat to swallow some food...

FRANK

He will.

(CONTINUED)

8 CONTINUED:

8

PENSEYRES

Others think we should wait.
Applying the Holmes criteria
defining a serial killer as
involving three victims with a
time period between murders of
at least thirty days.

FRANK

He won't wait. He'll kill again.
Ten days. A week, maybe.

Frank returns to his dinner. Penseyres looks to his, considers...

PENSEYRES

Frank...with the hundreds of
cases we're being asked to
consult on and all the smaller
law enforcement agencies that
need our help... why should the
group send you down there?

(X)

(X)

Frank pauses, looking to the paper napkin.

FRANK

He left a message. I'm certain
of it.

(X)

(X)

Penseyres checks the manila case folder.

PENSEYRES

There was no report of any
message.

FRANK

It's there...I just haven't
found it.

Frank stares, frustrated, into the napkin. Penseyres studies
him, sensing his confidence and respecting his unique ability.

PENSEYRES

Okay... Portland detectives
called us in on this...but...for
their crime stats, they'll want
to get the credit.

Frank nods. That's not why he's involved.

PENSEYRES (CONT'D)

There's a man down there that's
worked with Portland P.D.
(more)

(X)

(X)

(CONTINUED)

MILLENNIUM "Dead Letters" 4C02 (Blue) 8/1/96 9 (X) .

8 CONTINUED: (2)

8

PENSEYRES (CONT'D)

Jim Horn. We're considering him
for the group.

(X)
(X)

Frank nods as Penseyres reaches for a dossier in the manila folder.

PENSEYRES (CONT'D)

He's had extensive training in
behavioral science. His work was
directly responsible for finding
the Highway 8 Killer down in San
Diego.

(X)
(X)

(beat)

A real good guy. Works out of an
office in downtown Portland...

But as Penseyres hands Frank the paperwork on Horn, Penseyres realizes Frank is lost in his own paperwork. CAMERA PUSHES IN ON FRANK, writing on the napkin. CAMERA CONTINUES TO PUSH IN CLOSE to the paper as Frank writes... "Y"... "R"... "I"...

CUT TO:

9 INT. JIM HORN'S OFFICE - DAY - CLOSE - PUSH BUTTON PHONE

9

A hand completes the dialing of a phone number
"7" (R), "7" (R), "9" (Y), "4" (I).

JIM HORN

early 40's. He's bearded, handsome, focused and seems to, generally, have his shit together. At the moment, however, as he holds the phone to his ear... Jim is impatient and stressed.

On the phone is a recorded PHONE OPERATOR, delivering a "so polite its rude" tone. Trying to be so human, it's dehumanizing.

OPERATOR (V.O.)

(filtered)

We're sorry. The number you have
entered...

(even more mechanical)

5-0-3-5-5-5-7-7-9-4...

(previous tone)

is incorrect. Please check the...

Jim tenses, greatly frustrated and angry.

(CONTINUED)

9 CONTINUED:

9

JIM
What the hell do you mean
"incorrect?" It's my phone
number!

OPERATOR (V.O.)
(filtered)
...or if you'd like to speak
with a service representative,
enter "1", now.

There is a knock at the door. As Jim presses "1", he calls out...

JIM
Yeah.

The door opens, Frank Black pokes his head inside. Jim remains focused on the phone as Frank enters the room, having a look at the framed commendations and plaques. Photographs of Jim posed, without the beard and in a suit, with law officials.

OPERATOR (V.O.)
(filtered)
All our representatives are
busy. If you wish to hold, your
call will be answered in the
order it was received. The
current waiting period is...
(more mechanical)
For-ty-five- minutes.

Jim SLAMS the phone down.

JIM
That's how long I've been
dealing with you, you
mechanical...

Jim is very angry and intense. Unable to shake it off as he looks to Frank who studies the man behind the desk.

FRANK
Jim Horn? Frank Black.

Jim stands, trying to assume a professional and welcoming tone as he shakes Frank's hand.

JIM
Welcome to Portland, Frank.
Heard a lot of great things
about you from Steve Choleski at
ISU.

(CONTINUED)

9 CONTINUED: (2)

9

Frank smiles, nods. Good to hear it. As Jim moves aside, Frank subtly checks his hand and the cold sweat left by Jim. Frank's eyes turn up to Jim as he moves to a small coffee pot.

JIM
Coffee?

FRANK
Thanks.

JIM
I don't want to come off like a jerk, but I go by "James" now.

Jim turns and hands Frank the coffee.

FRANK
Okay, James.

JIM
Thanks. It's no big thing.

As Frank takes the cup, Jim feels the presence of Frank's scrutiny. Jim pauses. The two men eye each other. Frank reacts non threatening, "what?"

JIM (CONT'D)
You profiling me? You got that look like you're profiling me right now.

FRANK
No, James... just wondering what's wrong.

And with that Jim realizes his stress is showing. Frank's question helps Jim to relax. He smiles and laughs.

JIM
Sorry... me and my wife are going through a separation and I...I had to disconnect my fax line out at the house and the phone company...man, they can make you feel like a worthless ass.

(X)

Frank smiles, understands.

FRANK
Sorry about you and your wife. I see you have a kid. Me too.

(CONTINUED)

9 CONTINUED: (3)

9

Frank points to a photo of Jim and a two year old boy. Clearly from his tone, Jim's son means the world to him.

JIM
That's my boy T.C. Just turned two.

Both fathers look at the photo.

FRANK
I've never been separated, but I know it's tough...

Jim won't admit how much it effects him.

JIM
Ah...this work...
(an explanation)
makes it hard on things...

He gestures around the room at the plaques. Frank looks, nods.

FRANK
I've been there.

Jim looks to Frank, thankful for the admission. It's comforting. Now much more relaxed and together, Jim moves to his desk and opens a case folder.

JIM
Jim Penseyres sent down all the stuff last night. Hope you don't mind, but I sketched out a rough profile.

FRANK
I'm very interested.

JIM
Jim told me you felt there was a triggering stressor. I completely agree. Divorce, maybe...

FRANK
The guy's never been married. Never had sex.

Jim checks the folder.

(CONTINUED)

9 CONTINUED: (4)

9

JIM

You get that from there being no sexual mutilation or intercourse with the victim?

FRANK

It appears the murder created a charged psychological release in the killer, but the only physiological release he could perform was defecation.

(X)

JIM

I read those remains as a signature of his hatred for women.

Out of respect, Frank considers, then shakes his head. Disagrees.

FRANK

The defecation was covered. He was embarrassed by it.

Jim agrees/disagrees, but moves ahead.

JIM

They haven't determined the victim's identity, but I believe he knew her.

Frank clearly has another opinion but sincerely wants to hear Jim's.

FRANK

Why's that?

JIM

The duct tape. He objectified her, but, he took the care to do just the face and not the entire head. He wanted as much of this obsession visible as possible, but he couldn't have her looking at him. Couldn't hear her fear. That's an indication of remorse. It's rare to have remorse for total strangers. I'd expect him to visit the victim's grave site, to tell her... how bad he feels.

(CONTINUED)

9 CONTINUED: (5)

9

FRANK

No doubt he objectified her, but I get a sense the victim's a stranger... but it's just a sense. At the moment.

Clearly the two men have reached different conclusions, but there is no tone of competition or ire. (X)

JIM

What do you think may be the stressor? (X)
(X)

FRANK

With that much overcontrolled anger, my guess is being fired from a long time job. That makes him to be in his mid to late thirties. (X)
(X)
(X)
(X)
(X)

(beat)

A uniform job, but not a uniform that commands respect. Delivery. Utility employee. The "respect" he feels he deserves will come from the reporting in the press, which he'll follow with great interest. (X)
(X)
(X)
(X)
(X)
(X)

JIM

(nods)

Uniform... Animal control? (X)

FRANK

If he was that familiar with the shelter, he wouldn't have needed forced entry.

JIM

I'll admit I can't get a fix on why the staging of the body in the animal shelter. Could be a hundred reasons.

It troubles Frank also. He pauses, considers.

FRANK

That will be answered by his message.

Jim hesitates, uncomfortable.

(CONTINUED)

9 CONTINUED: (6)

9

JIM

You mean a message in the way he posed the victim? Cutting the body in two?

FRANK

(shakes his head)

He takes something from the victim and leaves something of himself behind.

JIM

Like what?

FRANK

He left a written message.

Jim looks to Frank and appears to be opting for a tactful track.

JIM

There was no written message at the crime scene or on the victim.

FRANK

We'll go back and find it.

Jim hesitates again. Frank searches his partner's awkwardness.

JIM

You're certain about this?

(X)

FRANK

I am.

(X)

Jim pauses, takes a deep sigh, wanting so much to be respectful to Frank.

JIM

Frank, I'm going to be right up front about this.

(beat)

I've heard alot about you. Alot.

(beat)

And...I know I've had strong feelings on cases, gut feelings, but...and don't get me wrong. I have total respect for your work... but I'm gonna tell you...I'm doubtful about some things I've heard about you.

Frank appreciates the honesty and nods. With complete sincerity...

(CONTINUED)

MILLENNIUM "Dead Letters" 4C02 (Blue) 8/1/96 16.

9 CONTINUED: (7)

9

FRANK
It's alright, James...I've been
there before, too.

Jim looks at Frank and nods. Enough said.

CUT TO BLACK:

OVER BLACK...the terrifying silence returns. A precision metal
tool CLINKS, whispering on a table. A DIAL is patiently turned.

A slow fade in:

10 INT. A ROOM - DAY - EXTREMELY CLOSE - TABLE

10

A dim light throws hard elongated shadows across the table.
Latex covered fingers gently...patiently...places a scalpel INTO
FRAME. After a beat, a pair of surgical tweezers are placed
beside the cutting tool. After a further tense beat, a bottle of
deep black ink is slid across the table INTO FRAME.

WIDER

the same IMAGE which opened the episode. A human figure works in
the dark cellar. Preparing. Nearly ready.

A VERY SLOW FADE OUT:

CUT TO:

11 INT. ANIMAL SHELTER - NIGHT - CLOSE - BARKING DOG

11

A devilish rottweiler SNAPS viciously at something he sees, O.S.

ANIMAL EUTHANIZATION AREA

CAMERA IS MOVING, SLOWLY, emphasizing the two men's intense
search for the killer's identity by becoming killer and victim
at the crime scene.

FRANK ENTERS FRAME IN CLOSE. Both men are more than just
detectives at a crime scene.

JIM (O.S.)
The girl was Karen Anderson, 21.

FRANK MOVES OFF as the CAMERA ADJUSTS to a CLOSE UP of JIM HORN.

(CONTINUED)

11 CONTINUED:

11

JIM (CONT'D)
Parking enforcement officer.
Moved up from Northern
California. No boyfriend.

From the folder Jim studies a photograph of the girl alive. She's pretty with a wonderful smile, even in the meter maid uniform.

JIM (CONT'D)
Attractive. Everyone says real
friendly.

Jim waits for a response from Frank who, in latex gloves, opens a door to a cabinet and combs the inside.

JIM (CONT'D)
Her uniform was found at a
sanitation transfer station down
in Oregon City. Blood stains and
fabric tearing confirms he
dismembered her while she was
still wearing the uniform.

FRANK

the audience notes Frank's hesitation as he processes this information while his search intensifies.

JIM

pauses, a tad annoyed that, to him, Frank is not listening.

JIM (CONT'D)
That's how he may have had prior
contact with her. Simple as she
gave him a ticket.

WIDER

Frank pulls back a cabinet and searches the back, the wall...

JIM (CONT'D)
We can go over the parking
tickets she issued in the last
week, see if any of the
violations fit the subject.

Jim awaits Frank's reaction which is to place a pair of magnifying goggles over his eyes to meticulously comb the area on the hidden wall.

(CONTINUED)

11 CONTINUED: (2)

11

JIM (CONT'D)
C'mon, Frank, work with me... we
got evidence here that is...
"here." In hand.

Frank continues to search.

JIM (CONT'D)
If you're so focused on looking
for some specific "message" that
ain't there, you're going to
overlook the obvious
signatures...

Frank removes his glasses. This is not from a bruised ego, but something he'd like to tell Jim. The two men lock eyes. Jim stiffens, prepared for a building confrontation.

JIM (CONT'D)
Go on, Frank. You got a problem
with me, let's hear it.

But the only SOUND emitting from the scene is the combined TONES from both men's PAGERS. They each look to their hips.

And as they look up, all indications of friction are gone. The expressions display tension and concern that the killer has taken another victim.

CUT TO:

12 INT. POST OFFICE - NIGHT - CLOSE - MAIL SORTER

12

Envelopes. Names. Numbers. STREAKING PAST FRAME. CAMERA TILTS UP to REVEAL Frank and Jim Horn moving through a mail sorting warehouse.

In the b.g., DETECTIVES question uniformed POSTAL WORKERS, who are rattled and scared.

Others, waiting to be questioned, watch Frank and Jim move through the building. CAMERA LEADS the two Millennium members as they head toward the specific crime scene. CAMERA QUICKLY, DIZZY, PUSHES INTO FRANK...he sees something O.S.

FRANK'S POV - A SIGN

Indicating the direction, they are in fact heading. Toward the "Dead Letter Office."

(CONTINUED)

12 CONTINUED: 12

FRANK

upon noting this...

12A FRANK'S POV - INTERNAL 12A

A roughly scrawled letter FLASHES, POUNDING INTO FRAME.

FRANK

hesitates. Sensing more...

FRANK'S POV - INTERNAL

More letters, maybe an "M", maybe a "W."

12B INT. POST OFFICE - NIGHT (CONTINUED) 12B

FRANK

another message has registered. He pauses and looks to Jim.

FRANK

James...

Jim stops in mid stride, turning to Frank questioningly. Frank, however, remains silent.

JIM

Down this way.

Frank nods, following Jim OUT OF FRAME...

CUT TO:

13 INT. HALLWAY/CARGO ELEVATOR - POST OFFICE - NIGHT 13

From the police ribbons, uniformed officers and coroner staff it is clear Frank and Jim are nearing the crime scene as they round a corner. CAMERA PUSHES INTO them as they approach.

FRANK AND JIM'S POV - CARGO ELEVATOR - CORRESPONDING PUSH IN

strong portable work lights spill out of an isolated open cargo elevator, casting macabre shadows on the hallway walls.

FRANK AND JIM

continue down the hall. Jim is growing uncomfortable, perspiring. Frank is focused as they arrive at the elevator.

(CONTINUED)

13 CONTINUED:

13

FRANK AND JIM'S POV - CARGO ELEVATOR - CONTINUING THE PUSH IN

a quick flash REVEALING the victim, a woman, severed into four pieces. The separate parts have been covered. They lay on the ground like pieces of a puzzle. (X)
(X)

FRANK AND JIM

stand in the doorway, side by side, sickened. CAMERA QUICKLY PUSHES INTO JIM, CLOSE.

JIM'S POV - VICTIM - (A FLASH)

One half of the head lies with the skull cavity flush against the floor. The face covered in gray duct tape.

JIM

is obviously quite shaken, forehead beaded with cold sweat.

JIM'S POV - VICTIM - (A FLASH)

A detective places an identifying tag "EEH-1" on a toe, as if this was nothing more than a part of a machine. (X)
(X)

FRANK AND JIM

This act causes Jim to turn and walk away. Because of his intense focus, Frank isn't even aware Jim has left. CAMERA now PUSHES IN QUICKLY TO FRANK...

13A FRANK'S POV - INTERNAL

13A

The letters rush to him, FAST and INTENSE...

13B INT. POST OFFICE - NIGHT (CONTINUED)

13B

FRANK

is drawn into the elevator, kneeling over one half of the victim's head and torso. Sensing exactly where to look. CAMERA PUSHES IN ON HIM, OVER the victim as he looks closely. With his eyes locked on what he has found, Frank moves to a forensic kit. (X)

FRANK
(to officer)

(X)

May I?

(X)

The Officer opens the kit. Frank removes a magnifying glass and tweezers. (X)
(X)

(CONTINUED)

13B CONTINUED:

13

Frank moves in with the tweezers.

FRANK'S POV - VICTIM'S FACE

Amongst the torn threads on the gray duct tape. Frank picks up a single strand of grayish hair. On it, appears small markings of black.

FRANK

Places a magnifying glass over the hair.

FRANK'S POV - HAIR - MAGNIFIED

In the same style as the scrawled lettering Frank has been seeing internally, he has found a message actually written on the hair. "...GONE TOMORROW."

FRANK

Camera pushes into him... (intercut w/next)

13C FRANK'S POV - INTERNAL

13C

Now, the letters become clear, making sense..."H"... "I"... "R"... "T"... "Y"... (INTERCUT W/PREVIOUS)

13D INT. POST OFFICE - NIGHT (CONTINUED)

13D

FRANK

realizes...and not appreciating the sick effort at humor.

FRANK

"Hair... today."

(beat)

"Hair today... gone tomorrow."

Frank lowers the magnifying lens and hair before turning his attention to the murder victim. Feeling the overwhelming sense of degradation.

CUT TO:

14 EXT. POST OFFICE - NIGHT - CLOSE - JIM HORN

14

his expression nearly matches Frank's, however Jim is covered in cold sweat, standing alone in the post office parking lot. His hand trembles as he brings a cigarette to his lips. Unaware that within an open doorway...

MILLENNIUM "Dead Letters" 4C02 (Blue) 8/1/96 22.

15 INT/EXT. HALLWAY - POST OFFICE - NIGHT

15

In the darkness of the doorway, Frank looks outside at Jim as if he is looking back in time, at himself. And the memories are painful. Dangerous.

As Frank simply studies Jim...

FADE OUT:

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

16 INT. JIM HORN'S OFFICE - DAY - CLOSE - 8X10 PHOTO 16

in black and white, two separate hairs, magnified; the scrawl on one reads "Hair today" while the other reads "Gone tomorrow."

JIM (O.S.)

The "messages" are a big "up
yours" to the police. (X)
(X)

FRANK

sits in a chair in Jim Horn's office with a somewhat sad and concerned expression as he watches Jim pacing; increasingly stressed and amped. It is apparent Frank has a confident profile on the subject, however realizes it is a time to let Jim Horn vent until the moment arrives in which Jim will indeed hear and understand Frank.

JIM (CONT'D)

He dared us to find it. Thought we'd be too stupid. The guy definitely knew we'd search for hair and fiber. A police freak. Feels superior to us. Might even be an ex-cop.

Frank doesn't believe so, but does not respond. He looks to Jim, pacing before the walls covered with grim crime scene photographs and case information.

JIM (CONT'D)

Older. The hairs are gray. But if this guy's that smart, he's getting the hair from another individual.

Frank's sympathy increases as his eyes follow Jim around the room, now rambling, thinking out loud.

JIM (CONT'D)

Maybe that person's connected to the two victims. Maybe that's how he had prior contact with the women...

Frank knows they are not, he watches as Jim moves close to the photos, CAMERA PUSHES IN CLOSE on JIM, rocked and disturbed by the pictures of the victims.

(CONTINUED)

16 CONTINUED:

16

JIM (CONT'D)

I... I can't shake the feeling
he had prior contact. Something
in my head... in my subconscious
is telling me...

Frank looks up to Jim, curiously, as if Jim may be on the verge
of a breakthrough, until...Jim's intensity trails off and a tone
of fear filters into his words.

JIM (CONT'D)

When I look at the victims...
(hesitation)
Frank, when I look at the
victims...when I look at their
faces all I can see...

Suddenly, the office door bursts open. T.C. HORN, just two years
old races into the room on awkward young legs. CINDY HORN, 35,
holds the door opens for her son.

T.C.

Daddy!!

Jim whips quickly around, his eyes dart to his little boy, then
quickly to the board where the forensic photos are displayed.

JIM'S POV - CRIME SCENE PHOTO (A FLASH)

The black and white duct taped face of the victim seems to
scream out.

16A JIM'S POV - T.C. HORN (A FLASH)

16A

In the quick cut, his son's innocent face appears to be
superimposed onto the forensic photograph.

16B INT. JIM HORN'S OFFICE - DAY (CONTINUED)

16B

JIM

Get out! T.C. Get out of here!!

(X)

The young boy recoils, hurt by his father's outburst and seeming
rejection. As is the recent habit, Cindy snaps back at Jim...

CINDY

Jim, stop it! he couldn't wait
all week to see you and...

She freezes in mid sentence, reacting appalled to the crime
scene photos. She angrily averts her eyes and picks up her boy.

(CONTINUED)

16B CONTINUED:

16F

CINDY (CONT'D)

(X)

Damn it, you know how I feel
about him ever seeing those.

Cindy and T.C. leave the room. Jim storms out after her. The door SLAMS behind him, leaving Frank alone in the room. CAMERA PUSHES IN ON FRANK as he seems all too familiar with the situation. O.S., MUFFLED, the Horns' argument can be HEARD.

JIM (O.S.)

That's why I yelled at him to
get out!

(X)

CINDY (O.S.)

You knew I was dropping him off!
you should have taken them down!

(X)

JIM (O.S.)

You said four o'clock!

CINDY (O.S.)

He wanted to surprise you!

Frank stands, calmly moving to the crime scene photos and begins removing the clear push pins, collecting the photographs.

CINDY (O.S.)

(continuing)

Look, if you're working and not
going to spend time with him....

JIM (O.S.)

Don't start...of course, I want
him. Come here, buddy.

The fighting outside subsides. Frank removes the remaining photographs, pausing to look at the face of the first victim, yet without searching for clues to the crime, but with compassion.

The office door opens again. Jim returns carrying T.C., straddling his father's chest. Jim gently holds his son's head to his shoulder, shielding from the violent photos.

Frank turns. Jim realizes Frank has removed the pictures and silently thanks him. Frank nods, "it's okay."

FRANK

I'm going to need your focus on
this, James.

(X)

(X)

(CONTINUED)

16B CONTINUED: (2)

16i

JIM

(X)

(nods)

(X)

Of course... look... it's my
weekend with T.C... but I
understand there are lives on
the line.

(X)

(X)

(X)

(X)

FRANK

Maybe if you got away from here,
James? Maybe a step back would
help you take a step forward.

(X)

James looks at Frank, hearing the intended "you" and not "we."
And yet, James takes no offense but understands.

As he holds his boy...

CUT TO:

17 EXT. BACK YARD - BLACK RESIDENCE - DAY

17

It is, hopefully, a sunny Saturday afternoon. Jordan and T.C.
are playing in the backyard, laughing. The children are so
wonderfully unaware of the events weighing upon Frank and Jim.

FRANK AND JIM

Frank flips burgers on a three legged grill. Catherine and Jim
sit nearby in a lawn chair with a bottle of beer. Jim's total
focus is lost on the children. Frank eyes Catherine, who in turn
looks to Jim. Frank allows Jim a moment to watch his boy. Then...

CATHERINE

How do you like your hamburger,
James? Rare? Medium?

Smiling absently, Jim continues to watch T.C.

FRANK

James?

JIM

Huh? Oh. Medium's good, thanks.

CATHERINE

They play well together.

(X)

(CONTINUED)

17 CONTINUED:

17

JIM

Yeah.

(beat)

It's great to watch 'em, huh?
They have no idea...of the
things we see. Things we know
are out there.

Both fathers look up and watch their innocent children.

JIM (CONT'D)

Hope I'm not screwin' him up.

Frank flips a burger, looks to Jim then to Catherine, who sympathetically shakes her head, "no, you're not."

JIM (CONT'D)

You remember the day your
daughter was born?

Frank doesn't need much time to recall. He smiles, nods. Catherine laughs.

CATHERINE

We weren't suppose to be able to
have kids. So, when Jordan
appeared...

(a miraculous pause)

Remember, Frank her right hand
was like this...

Catherine places a curled finger on her chin, imitates a newborn's face.

FRANK

Like she was considering
whether or not to come out.

All three adults laugh. Jim looks back at the children. He sighs, down. Jim remains focused on his boy.

(X)

JIM

I never...ever...thought, at
that perfect moment, that my
time with him would be regulated
by petitions. Attorney
retainers. Orders of the court.

(beat)

That mother, father and son are
now nothing but a case number.

Frank studies Jim as the burgers SIZZLE. Jim looks out at his boy.

(CONTINUED)

17 CONTINUED: (2)

17

JIM (CONT'D)

That as a father...I risk adding
nothing to his life. I could
become nothing but...

(a blurted
realization)

a face covered in gray tape.

Frank and Catherine exchange a look. She knows they're about to (X)
get into their work. Without making anything of it, she moves (X)
away to join the children. Frank considers, opens a beer and as (X)
he keeps an eye on the burgers. Without a specific connection to
Jim's feelings, but very much because of them...

FRANK

When I read Dostoevsky, there
was a passage...something like,
there is nothing more sad than
a life that ends and no one
knows...or cares.

He turns to Jim, who looks up from his beer.

FRANK (CONT'D)

"Hair today. Gone tomorrow." The
subject is angry his life will
go unnoticed. That he will have
left nothing. The hatred of
himself is directed toward the
world, which has held him back
because it objectified
him...reduced him...reduced all
of us, to Universal Bar Codes.

Jim listens to Frank, fully attentive.

FRANK (CONT'D)

He...we...have become animals in
a caged shelter. Controlled by
dog catchers. The gray tape
makes the victims look like how
he feels. Faceless. A dead
letter, lost at the post office.
Dismembered into "parts" others
believe us, or want us, to be. (X)
We've lost the ability, become
too impatient to see individual
fine details. Details he's
painstakingly left behind. And
so our lives, our messages, are
lost in the chaos. In the horror.

(CONTINUED)

17 CONTINUED: (3)

17

Frank checks to see that Jim is following. Jim looks to his beer, peeling the wrapper, but indeed listening...feeling...the profile.

FRANK (CONT'D)

He's killed before. When he was young. Most likely a female prostitute. After an early setback, a girlfriend, a job, he sought a woman that wouldn't turn him away. The solicitation increased his feelings of nothingness and he killed her before sex. My guess... he was never caught. He got away with it.

(X)

(beat)

After the murder he moved away. Changed his appearance. Changed his name. As they do, as people do, after a catastrophic event in their lives.

Frank eyes Jim, now James, bearded, unlike during his marriage. The allusion, not accusation, goes unnoticed by James.

FRANK (CONT'D)

The subject has felt guilt ever since. He's angered at a world that should have punished him...but didn't. The murder, however, was the only significant event in his life.

(beat)

Feeling unjustly fired from his job, setback again, he's returned. To this place. To the event.

With a building intensity, troubled, Jim looks off at his son.

FRANK (CONT'D)

He wants nothing more than to be stopped. But he'll do everything in his control to remain... significant.

Frank removes the cover from the grill, the smoke billows into the backyard...INTO CAMERA, WHITING OUT THE FRAME...

CUT TO:

18 INT. A ROOM - DAY - BENEATH A MICROSCOPE

18

The FRAME IS BRIGHT WHITE. HOLD...until a single magnified strand of human hair, held by tweezers is placed beneath the magnifying glass and held in place.

CLOSE - TABLE

in the spill light from the magnifying glass, awaits a bottle of ink. Another single strand of hair, held by a latex covered hand, is dipped into the ink.

THE LENS

As the eye approaches the eyepiece, in his intense concentration, WE can almost HEAR the blood pulsing in his veins. His heartbeat.

MACRO SHOT - HAIR UNDER MICROSCOPE

In between heartbeats, during the lull when the body becomes still, the hair moves, ever so slightly, acting as a paint brush, completing a word... "NOTHING."

CUT TO:

19 INT. JORDAN'S ROOM - BLACK RESIDENCE - NIGHT

19

Jordan is in her bed while T.C. lies in a made up bed/sleeping bag on the floor. Both are listening to Frank as he finishes a bedtime story "Caps For Sale."

FRANK

The Peddler was so mad he shook his finger at the monkeys and said, "You monkeys, you. You give me back my caps." But the monkeys only shook their fingers back at him and said, "Tsz tsz tsz."

JORDAN

Daddy, can I sleep in your bed?

Frank looks up from the book.

FRANK

Oh, but you're having a pajama party with T.C.

JORDAN

The monkeys will get me.

Frank looks at the book. He checks T.C. who looks at Jordan.

(CONTINUED)

19 CONTINUED:

19

FRANK

These monkeys? Nah uh.

JORDAN

Yuh huh. If I have a bad dream.

FRANK

(considers)

Well, see, if you worry too much about bad dreams, then you'll have one, so try to think about good dreams and you'll have a good dream. Right, T.C.?

The little boy nods, mostly just because Frank addressed him. Frank smiles and flashes him a wink.

JORDAN

You know all about bad dreams?

He moves to his daughters bed and kisses her on the forehead.

FRANK

No, not all about them. Just what I need to try and keep from you.

He looks to the little boy on the floor.

FRANK (CONT'D)

And your daddy too, T.C.

T.C. looks at Frank with total faith. Frank looks at his daughter as he turns out the light.

FRANK (CONT'D)

If you have a bad dream, honey...then you can come in bed with me and mommy.

(beat)

Now, did you say your prayers?

Jordan folds her hands over her chest. CAMERA PUSHES IN ON FRANK as he looks at the children...

JORDAN

Now I lay me down to sleep. I pray the Lord my soul to keep.

FRANK

(to himself;
continuing)

Your daddies need them.

(CONTINUED)

19 CONTINUED: (2)

19

JORDAN
If I should die before I wake,
I pray the Lord my soul to take.

CUT TO:

20 INT. LIVING ROOM - BLACK RESIDENCE - NIGHT

20

Catherine sits curled up on the couch, by the lone light, while Jim sits in the darkness, finishing off a scotch. Jim is stressed and a little buzzed, but it doesn't appear that he's losing it.

CAMERA PUSHES SLOWLY...SLOWLY IN ON HIM, with a corresponding MOVE IN ON CATHERINE.

JIM
I don't know, Catherine...I don't know...maybe it's because T.C. has been taken out of my everyday life, or he's two now and he's becoming a person, you know, he's got likes and dislikes and he has thoughts of his own, sort of...but...I...I can't...

(pauses, struggles)
These murderers... before, they were a fascinating psychological, societal, puzzle. Most I could even feel sympathy for because of their horrible lives.

Catherine is completely attentive, listening.

JIM (CONT'D)
But now... now whenever I walk into a crime scene... I can't... all I see is my little boy's face superimposed on the victim.

(beat)
And... and these killers can't be simply cases or psychological anomalies anymore. They're just monsters.

He finishes his drink and looks into the bottom of the glass. To himself...

JIM (CONT'D)
Just monsters.

(CONTINUED)

20 CONTINUED:

20

THE PUSH IN ON CATHERINE stops, as she understands Jim's emotion. She's felt it before.

CUT TO:

21 INT. BEDROOM - BLACK RESIDENCE - NIGHT

21

Frank is being a real man. Lying under the covers, he channel surfs at a ridiculous speed. He's not searching for anything, really. Just images passing by while he thinks.

Catherine finishes preparing for the night. She sits on the bed, then, as if blurted...

CATHERINE

I know you see it in him, Frank.

Frank stops flipping through channels, eyes remaining ahead.

CATHERINE (CONT'D)

James could go at anytime.

Frank turns off the television. A silent pause. He nods.

FRANK

From day one his conclusions,
interpretations of evidence...

He shakes his head as if "they've been out to lunch."

FRANK (CONT'D)

But I can see, I can feel, that,
when focused... and removed...
he's actually a very good asset.
And a good man...too.

Catherine crawls into bed.

CATHERINE

Why don't you tell him?

FRANK

Where he is right now, he'll
never hear me.

Catherine pauses as she pulls Frank to her, his head on her shoulder.

CATHERINE

You're different people, Frank.
At different places and times.
(more)

(CONTINUED)

21 CONTINUED:

21

CATHERINE

(beat)

Just because you didn't hear me
back then, doesn't mean he won't
hear you now.

Frank closes his eyes placing an arm around his wife, his friend. As he holds her tightly, recalling a period better left in the dark...

CUT TO:

22 INT. HOSPITAL - UNDERGROUND LOT - NIGHT - CLOSE - PARKING PLACES (X)22

It is late. And quiet.

Stenciled upon the cement parking divides are the names of those allowed to park in the space. CAMERA MOVES CREEPS ALONG the pavement of empty spaces... "Portland General Hospital. DR. HOWARD GRIGSBY"... "Portland General Hospital. DR. CLEAR HADDEN." "Portland General Hospital. Dr. HERB ADELMAN."

ENTERING FRAME are a pair of white nurse shoes. CAMERA CREEPS UP the nurse's uniform as MARJORIE HOLDEN, late 20's, pleasant and no need to be attractive, heads for her car in the cavernous underground lot. Some of the overhead lights are out, creating pockets of light and dark. (X)
(X)
(X)

As she moves to her car, a Volkswagen Van appears and pulls up to a nearby delivery entrance. On one of the tinted windows is one of those signs reading "Human Blood Supply. Driver carries NO cash." (X)

But before this really reads, and should be forgotten, FOOTSTEPS CRUNCH behind her. Marjorie turns back, startled.

MARJORIE'S POV - A UNIFORMED SECURITY GUARD

is really just a figure obscured by a flashlight beam. A badge glints, however, on the man's chest. A radio quietly SQUELCHES as he takes a step forward.

GUARD

You gonna be alright?

MARJORIE

shields her eyes a bit from the light.

(CONTINUED)

MILLENNIUM "Dead Letters" 4C02 (Blue) 8/1/96 35(X).

22 CONTINUED:

22

MARJORIE

Yeah, my car is just over there.
Good night.

(X)

THE GUARD

remains faceless as he holds, nods. His RADIO calls him away,
leaving her alone in the night.

23 INT. UNDERGROUND PARKING LOT - NIGHT

(X)23

The encounter with the guard sends a chill up her spine.
Marjorie moves a little quicker to her car. As she inserts her
keys into the driver's side door...

(X)

(X)

(X)

A MAN (O.S.)

(not so desperate)

Oh no! Help!

Marjorie hesitates. That dreaded moment we all sometimes face as
we hear a call for help but just want to go home. She sighs,
looks out into the darkness.

24 INT. UNDERGROUND PARKING LOT - NIGHT - MARJORIE'S POV - VW
VAN

(X)24

A chubby, bit nebbish DELIVERY MAN, early 30's, struggles to
hold two Coleman ice chests. He wears a short sleeved blue
delivery company uniformed shirt. He blindly, helplessly is
searching the ground near his van, the rear door of which is
open.

MARJORIE

The nurse half-heartedly asks...

MARJORIE

You okay, over there?

DELIVERY MAN

half in shadows, squints searching for the voice and talks out
into the parking lot...

MAN

Oh...yeah...just...my glasses
fell off when I tried to shut
the door with my arms full...I
can't...don't worry, I'll find
them. Thank you.

(CONTINUED)

24 CONTINUED:

24

MARJORIE

A fateful PUSH IN as she... decides. She moves away from her car, walking into the darkness toward the man. (X)
(X)

THE VW VAN

The delivery man continues to hold the coolers, searching the ground. Marjorie hustles INTO FRAME. Embarrassed, the man smiles as she approaches.

MAN (CONT'D)

Thank you so much. I...they should be near the door...I didn't feel them really fly too far off...

He forces a laugh. He moves away from the car while she, as subtly directed, searches around ground near the open door.

MARJORIE

Here they are.

She reaches down...

GLASSES

on the ground...placed...a touch under the side running board. Marjorie's hand ENTERS FRAME and picks them up.

25 INT/EXT. VW VAN - NIGHT - CAMERA IN THE VAN LOOKING OUT

25

Before Marjorie can stand fully upright, the delivery man quickly, violently, brings the coolers down upon her skull. Dazed, she is easily shoved into the van.

THE DELIVERY MAN - LOW MENACING ANGLE

CAMERA SWEEPS INTO him as he PULLS a strip of gray duct tape from its roll.

MARJORIE

softly moaning, unconscious...as the strip is taped across her eyes.

MILLENNIUM "Dead Letters" 4C02 (Blue) 8/1/96 37(X).

26 INT. UNDERGROUND PARKING LOT - NIGHT - WIDER - CLOSE - VW BUMPER (X)26

A bumper sticker on the van urges citizens to "Support the Police." CAMERA PULLS BACK to include the van window's tinted. O.S. the sick rhythm of tape being PULLED AND TORN. (X)

MARJORIE'S CAR (X)

The keys dangle in the door, awaiting her return. She never will. (X)
(X)

A VERY SLOW FADE OUT:

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE

27 INT. UNDERGROUND PARKING LOT - MORNING (X)27

Onlookers and press gather behind police ribbons. CAMERA PANS with a woman wearing a black windbreaker marked "CORONER. She's met by Jim who lowers his tone...

JIM

Make certain the body parts are identified and kept separate. (X)

The woman nods and moves off, HOLD ON Jim who looks toward...

FRANK

squatting over the pavement, away from where the van was parked and the crowd of onlookers. Jim moves toward Frank.

FRANK

He's feeling more confident.

JIM

How do you know?

FRANK

He killed this woman at the same location he disposed of the body.

JIM

No. Security Guard reported nothing out of the ordinary. Crime Scene Team has found no evidence the murder occurred here. (X)
(X)

With no need to sell his point, merely informing his partner, Frank indicates to the ground, away from the crime scene.

PAVEMENT

barely visible drops of blood dot the pavement.

RETURN

FRANK

Blood spatter patterns are going away from the scene, not arriving at it.

Frank continues to comb the area, while CAMERA QUICKLY PUSHES IN ON JIM, eyes locked on the blood. Insides spinning. Furious.

(CONTINUED)

27 CONTINUED:

27

Frank

looking to the pavement...

FRANK

A mobile slaughterhouse. He
would need room...to work.

JIM

Probably a van.

(X)

Frank kneels down. CAMERA PUSHES INTO HIM as with latex covered hands, he picks up a piece of an eyeglass lens, dotted slightly with blood and smudged with a partial print.

(X)

Frank holds it up to his eye finally, actually, seeing through the killer's "eyes." He turns to Jim, who hustles over.

JIM (CONT'D)

Left lens. Partial print. My
guess it's from the victim. We
can check the prescription.
Notify optometrists in the city.

(X)

(X)

(X)

FRANK

He's too smart. He'd go to one
of those one hour places,
outside of town. A place where
he can...

(realizing the irony)

go unnoticed.

A CST MEMBER approaches the two men with a glass vial.

CST MEMBER

Mr. Black...

He hands Frank the vial and a magnifying lens.

VIAL

inside is a hair with the message... "Nothing Ventured Nothing Gained."

RETURN

Frank is immediately thinking, but seemingly about something other than the hair or message. Jim looks at the hair, then steps away, his anger building.

(CONTINUED)

27 CONTINUED: (2)

27

JIM

Is that it? This son of a bitch
too bored with our progress?
Thinks we're not ENOUGH OF A
CHALLENGE?

Frank shoots Jim a disapproving glare. He gestures subtly toward
the press and onlookers.

FRANK

James... you show your
frustration in front of them...
and he's going to know.

This seems to cement the idea Frank was considering.

FRANK (CONT'D)

It does us no good now to get
mad about what he thinks or what
he wants. We can only use it to
find him.

Jim knows he's right, works hard at keeping it together.

FRANK (CONT'D)

He wants a challenge...let's
give him one.

Frank looks off toward the onlookers, the press corp, in
particular. As a FLASHBULB goes off... (X)

CUT TO:

28 INT. A ROOM - DAY - A TABLE

28

The Portland Herald is placed carefully INTO FRAME under the
killer's dim light. The headlines announce the killer's recent
success. Inset beside a picture of the crime scene is a
photograph of Marjorie Holden in her nurse's uniform. (X)

A NAME TAG

sits on the table, MARJORIE HOLDEN, RRN. It is placed next to a
parking enforcement ticket book and a postal workers patch.
O.S., the patient SOUND of scissors cutting into paper.

PHOTO ALBUM

neat and tidy, is opened REVEALING an organized history of the
killer via media clippings. The killer pauses on a clean page.

(CONTINUED)

28 CONTINUED:

28

NEWSPAPER PHOTO OF MARJORIE

is turned over. A brush carefully applies rubber cement as latex covered hands place the new addition into the collection. (X)

THE NEWSPAPER

is flipped open to the continued page from the headlines. After a beat, as the unseen killer reads...

CLOSER - AMONGST THE ARTICLE

"...noting the word "Ventured" was misspelled "ventered"..."

LOW ANGLE - THE KILLER

although his eyes are blocked by a reflection of the draftsman's lamp, he is stoically mortified. His breaths become short, angry.

CLOSE - THE ARTICLE

"...officials believe the murderer to be of lower intelligence."

LOW ANGLE - THE KILLER

slightly trembles with rage, glaring at the paper.

A DICTIONARY

POUNDS INTO FRAME. The pages are hurriedly, flipped through until arriving at "V". The killer's finger finds "ventured."

WIDER

The killer furiously throws the dictionary against the wall. He returns to the table, steaming. After a beat, the killer retrieves the book and meticulously returns it to a book shelf.

KILLER

rereading the article, head spinning with controlled anger. Suddenly he pauses, noting something in the article.

CLOSE - NEWSPAPER

"...a candlelight vigil will be held at the sight of the murder..."

(CONTINUED)

28 CONTINUED: (2)

28

KILLER

CAMERA PUSHES in as his entire demeanor transforms from anger to twisted challenge, near arousal...

CUT TO:

29 EXT. HOSPITAL - NIGHT

(X)29

A circle of small orange candles, beautiful, and yet macabre, line the still present police ribbon. The lights providing an eerie accent to the yellow tape. Several dozen people are present. Many of those assembled are nurses in uniform, priests, orderlies, patients and friends.

A ceremonial altar is surrounded by flowers, highlighted by a tasteful flood light. A crucifix and an 8x10 color photograph of Marjorie, stand beside placed candles. A small wooden lip extends from the frame of the photograph. (X)

Those attending move somberly to pay their respects and have their thoughts with Marjorie at the makeshift altar. A Priest, after a moment of prayer and reflection, genuflects and moves off. (X)

In tears, a NURSE approaches the altar. She collects herself before removing a small crucifix pin off of her uniform.

LIP OF MARJORIE'S PICTURE FRAME

The nurse leaves the pin on the lip of the frame.

RETURN

The nurse moves off. A SECOND NURSE is next in line. The Second Nurse repeats the act, removing her pin and placing it on the frame. She moves off as a PAIR of NURSES approach together, one holding the other, comforting. As they remove their pins...

LIP OF MARJORIE'S PICTURE FRAME

Two more crosses are added to the tribute.

CUT TO:

30 EXT. HOSPITAL - NIGHT - LATER

(X)30

The candle flames have all died out. The area is dark and quiet. The altar, the flowers, photograph and crucifix pins remain after everyone has gone home. (X)

(CONTINUED)

30 CONTINUED:

30

A lone POLICE GUARD remains. He appears to be the only one watching the sight. But there are others.

ACROSS THE PARKING LOT

the darkness hides the occupants of a car.

31 INT. JIM'S CAR - NIGHT

31

Frank, shotgun, and Jim sit low in a Ford Taurus. A Portland Detective, JENKINS, sits in the back with a walkie talkie. Frank looks about the area, then checks his watch, concerned. Jim, however, is outright fidgety having peeled apart a couple of styrofoam coffee cups.

JIM

I can't believe he didn't bite.

(X)

FRANK

Still might.

JENKINS

Be light in an hour.

JIM

He'll never do it then. I say we give him his opportunity now.

Frank agrees. Jenkins talks into the walkie talkie.

JENKINS

"All units, this is C-1...

32 EXT. HOSPITAL - NIGHT

(X)32

The Policeman walks as he listens to Frank in an earpiece.

JENKINS (CONT'D)

(over radio)

Okay...we're goin' to "Drain the Weasel". Whenever you're ready, Alpha One.

(X)

The officer eyes his watch, looks around as if checking to see if anyone is watching, then moves off. He disappears inside the building, seemingly leaving the area unwatched.

- 33 INT. JIM'S CAR - NIGHT 33
Frank and Jim ready, moving up a bit in their seats. Looking for any sign of movement.
- 34 EXT. HOSPITAL - NIGHT - FRANK'S POV (X) 34
The area is quiet. Motionless.
- 35 INT. JIM'S CAR - NIGHT 35
Frank checks behind them, while Jim looks ahead. Jim's expression registers something, O.S. He eases a hand onto Frank's shoulder. Frank turns eyes forward.
- 36 EXT. HOSPITAL - NIGHT - FRANK & JIM'S POV (X) 36
A male figure quickly, suspiciously, approaches from out of the darkness, moving toward the altar. He wears an overcoat and appears as if trying to disguise himself. (X)
- 37 INT. JIM'S CAR - NIGHT 37
Jenkins speaks into the walkie talkie, never taking his eyes off the subject.
- JENKINS
All units, suspect approaching.
Wait for it...
- 38 EXT. HOSPITAL - NIGHT (X) 38
The figure arrives at the altar. As he bends down on one knee... (X)
- 39 INT. JIM'S CAR - NIGHT 39
JENKINS
Take him!
- Frank, Jim and Jenkins hop out of the car. Jim uses his pent up anger, needing to be the first to get there.
- 40 EXT. HOSPITAL - NIGHT (X) 40
Police officers swarm the area. Siren lights FLASH! The man at the altar panics. Starting off in one direction, he is cut off by a patrol car. He cuts in the opposite direction and is face (X)

(CONTINUED)

40 CONTINUED:

40

to face with patrol men on foot. The man darts ahead toward open (X) ground.

THE MAN

as he runs, Jim Horn ENTERS FRAME and hits him like Junior Seau, driving the man onto the hood of a patrol car. Then, grabbing the back of the man's head, Jim bounces his face off of the hood.

FRANK

hustles up to the scene just as Jim drives a knee into the suspect's side. Frank recoils, surprised by Jim's actions. Then, Frank seems to notice something...

FRANK'S POV - SUSPECT'S WRIST

beneath the overcoat is a hospital patient I.D. bracelet.

WIDER

Frank quickly moves in, struggling to pull Jim off of the suspect. Finally, Frank is in a position between them. Some uniformed officers hold Jim back.

Frank looks at the bracelet. He pulls open the man's overcoat to reveal a patient gown over a pair of pants. With a firm tone...

FRANK

You're a patient here?

PATIENT

If I knew they were this strict,
I wouldn't have left.

FRANK

What the hell are you doing?

PATIENT

(scared to death)

Majorie was my nurse. I wanted
to pay my respects...but my
doctor wouldn't let me. It took
me this long to sneak out.

Frank looks hard at the man and knows this is the bizarre truth. Frank releases him, realizing the entire operation has now been a complete bust. Frank turns to a uniformed officer.

FRANK

Take him back to his room.

(CONTINUED)

40 CONTINUED: (2)

40

The officers move the man away. As the others reel from the false alarm and begin wrapping up the operation, Frank grabs Jim by the coat and pulls him away, toward the altar and crime scene (X) where no other officers are around.

Frank's hard expression toward Jim sends him on the defensive before Frank even speaks. Frank is intense, but doesn't yell.

JIM

I thought it was the guy. We all did.

FRANK

What if it was, James? Is bouncing the subject's head off the hood going to do a damn thing to stop all the other murders that'll occur today? (X)

JIM

C'mon, Frank what if a guy had cut up your wife or kid into eight different pieces? You'd just stand there and read him his rights?

Frank backs off.

FRANK

He hasn't killed our wives or families. And he's not going to. If you make everyone of these personal...you'll go insane.

(beat)

And that's from having been there, James.

Jim eases, but remains wound tight, confused, angry...

JIM

But I get so far into the heads of the killers and the victims...

FRANK

You haven't gotten there at all.

JIM

Don't tell me where I am!

FRANK

You've put them in your head.

(CONTINUED)

40 CONTINUED: (3)

40

JIM

I re-live what it's like to be
cut in half or four or eight...

FRANK

It's not about you, James. This
whole thing, what's going on out
here... is about us. Me. You...

As Frank reaches the photograph, studying the altar and the crosses... (X)

FRANK (CONT'D)

Killers and victims.

Jim feels what Frank is saying, but because of where he is in his life, is incapable of understanding. He paces about trying to put it all together, however, his anger gets in the way. Transferring his anger from a general to specific situation...

JIM

I can't help but take this
personal. Another person is
going to die, horribly, because
I...we... screwed up. I...we...
did all this for nothing.

CAMERA PUSHES INTO FRANK, CLOSE as he reacts to something he sees on the altar. (X)

FRANK

No, we didn't.

WIDER

Jim moves to the altar, curious, anxious. Frank points to the collection of crucifix pins on the lip of the picture frames. (X)

FRANK

We handed out thirty crucifix
pins from the hospital charity
to be placed here... (X)

(beat)

There's thirty one.

Jim and Frank move in close over the pins. Frank pulls out and quickly snaps on a single latex glove. He picks up one of the crucifix pins, holding it into the light, he looks closely.

FRANK

We wanted one taken, but one was
left. (X)

(more) (X)

(CONTINUED)

MILLENNIUM "Dead Letters" 4C02 (Blue) 8/1/96 48(X).

40 CONTINUED: (4)

40

FRANK
(beat) (X)
He was here. (X)

Jim moves into look at the discovered crucifix pin...

CLOSE - CRUCIFIX PIN

held between Frank's fingers. Although not magnified, small letters upon the cross read "VENTURED."

As the word taunts us...

FADE OUT:

END OF ACT THREE

ACT FOUR

41 INT. JIM HORN'S OFFICE - DAY - VIDEO MONITOR

41

Grainy black and white surveillance video, with all the pertinent information, date, hour and time code plays on the monitor. Also included is the word "ENHANCED."

The image is a CLOSE UP, enlarged from a WIDER ANGLE of people approaching the altar at Marjorie Holden's memorial service.

HOLD AS THE IMAGE develops like a polaroid...

FRANK

sits across the monitor with a remote control. He attempts to sense the suspect as well as discover hard evidence. He sighs, frustrated. O.S., the door opens.

WIDER

Jim hustles into the room carrying an official police notification with five suspects from the memorial and tacks it to the wall with the other crime scene photos.

JIM

The flyers with the suspects fitting our profile from the memorial have been dispatched to optometrists and eyeglass labs around the area.

Frank nods, "good." He gets up and moves to the board where five 8x10s of the suspects are pinned together on the wall.

JIM

Plus a resident four blocks from the hospital saw an orange van driving around the area...

(X)

The phone RINGS. As Jim moves to answer...

JIM (CONT'D)

...the night of the memorial.

(into the phone)

Yeah.

Jim immediately begins to scribble on a legal pad. Frank keeps his eyes on the photos.

(CONTINUED)

41 CONTINUED:

41

FIVE SUSPECT PHOTOS

CAMERA MOVES EERILY ACROSS the photos. The killer is indeed among them, with no glasses, in a suit and tie.

RETURN

Jim hangs up the phone and moves to Frank.

JIM

A counter person at one of those cheapie eyeglass places down in Woodburn recalls one of the suspects from the flyer.

FRANK

(at the photos)

Which one did she recall?

CUT TO:

42 INT. OFFICE - SPECTACLES - DAY - CLOSE - FLYER

42

A female finger lands on the photograph of the killer.

JANICE (O.S.)

This guy.

WIDER

JANICE STERLING, early 20's, wears a white lab coat and tie, the uniform of "Spectacles", a Lenscrafters type service. She sits as Frank and Jim, standing, question her. In the b.g., behind the office window, the store and its patrons can be seen.

JIM

Are you positive?

JANICE

Yeah, I remember. He was a total ass.

(X)

FRANK

In what way?

JANICE

Just, you know, a real attitude. Even had a problem taking a number like everybody else.

Jim eyes Frank who checks the service slip.

(CONTINUED)

42 CONTINUED:

42

FRANK

He needed one lens replaced? The left lens?

JANICE

I guess, I really don't remember that. I just remember he got all weirded out.

JIM

"Weirded" how?

JANICE

Well, we're here mainly to sell frames so his glasses got a little lost in the shuffle. I asked for his service slip number and he gets all sweaty and his eyes real weird. So then I went asking if any of the technicians had seen'em and I guess they had been in a tray right behind me, and the trays are marked with the customers name, and he starts goin' "I have a name! I have a name!"

Camera pushes in quickly on Frank...

42A FRANK'S POV - INTERNAL - (A FLASH)

42A

Janice sits in the chair, still, her face covered in duct tape.

42B WIDER

(X) 42B

Frank tenses. He motions, cutting off Janice.

FRANK

Pardon me, Janice. Can you wait here for a moment? James and I will be right back.

Jim is puzzled, but follows as Frank indicates for him to follow out of the office. Janice takes a sip of water on the desk.

43 EXT. SPECTACLES - DAY

43

Frank and Jim walk out onto the sidewalk in front of the store for total privacy. Behind them, traffic and pedestrians pass.

(CONTINUED)

43 CONTINUED:

43

FRANK

You were right, James. He does
have prior contact with the
victims.

(beat)

She's next.

Jim eyes Frank, but is now more willing to accept what he knows
to be one of Frank's visions. Jim nods accepting. Frank holds
out the Spectacles service slip.

FRANK (CONT'D)

This name and address are false
and he paid cash. But we should
look for the orange van. I'll
devise a proactive strategy with
Portland P.D.

Frank starts to head inside, Jim remains in the cool air, a bit
bewildered by the events and Frank's ability. Frank hesitates,
noting Jim's state of mind. Frank takes Jim by the arm.

FRANK (CONT'D)

Hang on there, James.
(RE: the killer)
We're close.

Frank disappears inside the building. CAMERA SLOWLY CREEPS IN on
JIM staring at the photograph of the killer. Jim looks up from
the photograph, across the street...

JIM'S POV - ACROSS THE STREET

The killer appears to be walking along the opposite side of the
street. (This should be the actor playing the killer.)

JIM

reacts, steps through some pedestrians for a better look...

JIM'S POV - ACROSS THE STREET

The man stops at an intersection to cross, but as he turns, it
is clearly not the killer (a different actor completes the
killer's action across the street.)

JIM

reacts, amped, adrenaline pumping, but knows it's not the
killer. A flash of orange passes FRAME. Jim looks down the
street.

(CONTINUED)

43 CONTINUED: (2)

43

JIM'S POV - DOWN THE STREET

An orange VW proceeds down the street...

JIM

with eyes on the van, takes out a pen to record the license.

JIM'S POV - DOWN THE STREET

the VW makes a right turn and disappears, however another orange VW van ENTERS FRAME and makes a left turn toward Jim.

JIM

CAMERA PUSHES IN ON HIM, frozen, perspiring...

JIM'S POV - DOWN THE STREET

Every vehicle on the street is an orange VW van. Clearly this is Jim's internal POINT OF VIEW.

JIM

CAMERA COMPLETES ITS PUSH IN, HOLDING on Jim his eyes locked down the street, continuing to slip...

CUT TO:

44 EXT. PORTLAND SKYLINE - NIGHT

44

Darkness falls upon the city.

45 INT. SPECTACLES - NIGHT

45

The sting preparation is low key, in case the subject is out there...watching the building. Detective JENKINS is present. Jim and TECHNICAL OFFICER WILKINS, armed, assist a police woman, OFFICER SARAH STEVENS, dressed in a Spectacles suit and tie, hair fixed to appear like Janice Sterling, who sits in the office, stressed.

The technical officer attaches a wire to Officer Stevens, while she conceals a small handgun. Frank is talking to Wilkins.

FRANK

Given his previous behavior, the subject will attempt the abduction in the back parking lot, after office hours.

(CONTINUED)

45 CONTINUED:

45

JIM

CAMERA CREEPS IN ON HIM, his attention appears to be focused on the preparing police woman, but it is clear, to the audience, he is listening intently to Frank, taking mental notes.

FRANK (O.S.)
(continuing)
Most likely entering the lot via
the garbage disposal and pick up
alley...

JENKINS (CONT'D)
Got that entrance blocked off.

Jenkins picks up a walkie talkie. Jim appears tense, trying to control increasing adrenaline.

WIDER

JENKINS (CONT'D)
Are all the unmarked vehicles in
position at the lot's other
points of entry?

RADIO (V.O.)
Affirmative.

JENKINS (CONT'D)
Okay, Ms. Sterling usually
leaves the building around nine
fifteen. So we got
approximately twenty minutes.

Frank checks the status of Officer Stevens, before moving to Janice Sterling.

FRANK
You alright, Janice?

The girl nods, tense.

FRANK (CONT'D)
You'll be perfectly safe in
here. Officer Wilkins, Mr. Horn
and myself are going to stay
with you and there's about
twenty officers hiding outside.

Frank gives her a reassuring smile.

FRANK (CONT'D)
Should be over in the next hour.

(CONTINUED)

45 CONTINUED: (2)

45

Frank moves toward Jim, gauging his condition.

JIM

Frank...I'm...I'm not sure it's
such a good idea for me to be
around...

Frank takes this as a tough confession and in that case,
probably a wise move. Frank checks his watch.

FRANK

Why don't you blow out of here?
Go home. I'll let you know how
it went. Just grab a pair of
glasses and leave out the front.
Look like a customer.

Jim holds a second, perspiring. He looks to Frank and nods,
"thanks." Frank watches as Jim CLEARS FRAME.

46 INT. JIM'S CAR - NIGHT

46

Parked away from Spectacles, Jim gets into his car. He pauses a
moment, before starting the engine and driving OUT OF FRAME.

47 EXT. SPECTACLES STOREFRONT - NIGHT

47

Janice Sterling appears at the door and flips the "Open" sign to
"Closed." She moves off in the back. The store's lights turn out.

48 INT. OFFICE - SPECTACLES - NIGHT

48

Janice returns to the office, freaked out by performing her
role. Officer Wilkins guides her to a seat, reassuring.

Frank eyes Officer Stevens, who takes a breath then flashes a
confident nod to Frank. He, in turn, nods, giving the go ahead.

CUT TO:

49 EXT. A STREET - NIGHT - A RED LIGHT

49

CAMERA PANS, ADJUSTS, to Jim sitting behind the wheel, eyes
turned downward, lost in intense angry frustrated thought. The
red light reflecting on his Being. The glow of an approaching
vehicle backlights him. Beat. Another..

(CONTINUED)

49 CONTINUED:

49

The traffic light reflection turns green, but Jim is too lost to be aware. Behind him, the vehicle flashes its lights. Jim looks into his side mirror.

JIM'S POV - SIDE MIRROR

Through the glow of dim headlights, an orange VW van waits impatiently.

JIM

reacts, tears out of his car...

WIDER

At this ANGLE and actual POV, it is clear the van is actually a blue EXPLORER with a MOTHER and KIDS inside. The mother panics, pulls out and tears off down the street from the danger.

Jim is left standing in the street by his car. CAMERA PUSHES IN ON HIM as his frustration and anxiety races. After seeming to have reached some decision, he hops back in the car and tears OUT OF FRAME.

50 EXT. SPECTACLES REAR PARKING LOT - NIGHT

50

A lone Toyota waits in the dark and silent parking lot. The "EMPLOYEE ONLY" door opens. Officer Stevens, dressed as Janice Sterling exits the door, closes it and makes certain it's locked.

51 INT. OFFICE - SPECTACLES - NIGHT

51

Frank waits anxiously by the walkie talkie on the desk.

52 EXT. SPECTACLES REAR PARKING LOT - NIGHT

52

Officer Stevens makes her way toward the Toyota.

53 EXT. BACK STREET - NIGHT

53

CAMERA IS MOVING SLOWLY along a back urban street. An orange VW van ENTERS FRAME, cruising. Reaching the entrance to an adjoining back alley, the killer cuts off his lights and turns into the alley.

54 EXT. SPECTACLES REAR PARKING LOT - NIGHT

54

Stevens arrives at the Toyota. She whispers, unlocking the car.

(CONTINUED)

54 CONTINUED: 54

STEVENS
Nothing out here.

55 INT. OFFICE - SPECTACLES - NIGHT 55

Frank takes the walkie talkie.

FRANK
Act like you forgot something
and return inside.

56 EXT. SPECTACLES REAR PARKING LOT - NIGHT 56

Stevens sighs, checks her purse, then returns to the building.

57 EXT. GARBAGE DISPOSAL ALLEY - NIGHT 57

The Killer's VW van completes the turn into the alley REVEALING
a Ford Taurus blocking the alley, rear end facing the killer.
The rear driver's side tire is flat. A Man kneels at the tire.

58 INT. VW VAN - NIGHT 58

The killer subtly panics, checks his watch. He calls without
sticking his head out of the window.

KILLER
I need to get by.

59 EXT. GARBAGE DISPOSAL ALLEY - NIGHT 59

Jim Horn stands up from the wheel well.

JIM
Got a flat. Can you help me?

As Jim approaches the van...

60 EXT. SPECTACLES REAR PARKING LOT - NIGHT 60

Officer Stevens returns from the building, heading with one last
chance toward the Toyota.

61 INT. OFFICE - SPECTACLES - NIGHT 61

Frank listens, puzzled at the killer's failure to appear.

(CONTINUED)

MILLENNIUM "Dead Letters" 4C02 (Blue) 8/1/96 58(X).

61 CONTINUED:

61

STEVENS (V.O.)
(over the radio)
Nothing.

Jenkins picks up another walkie talkie.

JENKINS
Unit Seven, anything up in the
alley?

62 INT. VW VAN - NIGHT

62

The killer does not want anyone to get a good look at him, but panics as the disabled motorist, Jim Horn, approaches the van.

JIM
I need a jack. You got one?

Jim moves toward the van's rear door. The Killer panics, opens the driver's side door and hops out of his vehicle.

63 INT. OFFICE - SPECTACLES - NIGHT

63

Frank awaits Unit Seven's reply.

UNIT SEVEN (V.O.)
This is Unit Seven, we got a car
with a flat blocking an orange
van. (X)

Frank REACTS as CAMERA PUSHES IN ON HIM, REALIZING...

FRANK
Is it a blue Taurus? (X)

JENKINS
(into radio)
Blue Taurus? (X)

UNIT SEVEN (V.O.)
Uh... affirmative.

Frank bolts up from the chair and out of the office.

64 EXT. GARBAGE DISPOSAL ALLEY - NIGHT

64

The Killer reaches to physically prevent Jim from opening the rear door. Jim continues the act.

(CONTINUED)

64 CONTINUED: 64

JIM

No. No. I can get it. Just a
jack and I can be out of the way
in five minutes.

Jim grabs the rear door handle. As he opens it...

65 EXT. SPECTACLES REAR PARKING LOT - NIGHT 65

The "Employee Only" door burst open. Frank Black tears out of
the building and toward the alley.

66 EXT. GARBAGE DISPOSAL ALLEY - NIGHT 66

Jim completes the opening of the VW door. A roll of gray duct
tape falls out of the car. Jim looks up.

67 INT. VW VAN - NIGHT - JIM'S POV - REAR 67

A quick flash of indeed a mobile slaughterhouse. Drips of dried
blood line the walls. The carpet is stained red. Tools of
torture are kept in a box.

68 EXT. GARBAGE DISPOSAL ALLEY - NIGHT 68

The Killer grabs Jim from behind, driving him into the rear of
the van, blood flies from Jim's nose.

69 EXT. FURTHER DOWN THE ALLEY - NIGHT 69

Frank Black races down the alley toward the vehicles.

FRANK

Jim! No! No!

Unmarked vehicles, portable siren lights flashing, appear behind
Frank, heading toward the Taurus and VW.

70 INT. REAR OF VW VAN - NIGHT 70

The Killer displays his hidden power with vicious force and
speed. Jim, however, manages to wrap an arm around the Killer's
neck and twist him off the superior position.

(CONTINUED)

70 CONTINUED:

70

Once accomplished, Jim releases all his frustration and anger with a violent POUNDING. Fierce and Vicious. The killer tries to escape into the front seat, but Jim pulls back into the van. Beating him severely.

71 EXT. GARBAGE DISPOSAL ALLEY - NIGHT

71

An unmarked police vehicle SCREECHES across the alley entrance, blocking escape. Frank runs full speed up to the van.

He moves inside, angrily trying to tearing Jim away from the killer.

72 INT. REAR OF VW VAN - NIGHT

72

An intense struggle. Although the suspect is now unconscious, Jim is in another place, continuing to pummel the Killer.

FRANK

Jim! Stop! Stop!

Frank manages to pull Jim away. Exhausted, Jim collapses onto the floor of the van. Chest heaving. BREATHS deep.

73 EXT. GARBAGE DISPOSAL ALLEY - NIGHT

73

Frank's breaths are equally pained as he looks into the rear of the van. Behind him is a flurry of police activity, however, his total focus is on the two men in the van.

74 INT. REAR OF VW VAN - NIGHT

74

The Killer lies in his van, unconscious as many of his victims must have. Jim, his face and shirt stained with blood, appears as if he could be a victim... or killer.

75 EXT. GARBAGE DISPOSAL ALLEY - NIGHT

75

Frank must avert his eyes from the image. He moves away, with no relief or satisfaction that it is over. As DETECTIVES rush toward the inside of the van...

CUT TO:

76 INT. JIM HORN'S OFFICE - DAY - CLOSE - AN 8X10 PHOTO

76

of the killer at Marjorie Holden's memorial service. It is removed from the wall.

JIM HORN

face bruised, beard shaved. He looks at the photograph for a beat before his eyes move to the only remaining photograph...that of his son. Jim looks away from the photo, ashamed. O.S., a KNOCK at the door.

JIM
(quietly)

Yeah.

Frank enters, noting the office is almost barren. Frank's posture with Jim is more professionally distant.

FRANK
I'm back to Seattle. Just checking in.

Jim nods. If he were Frank, he'd distance himself also.

JIM
Everything in the van is going to be inadmissible.

Frank nods.

FRANK
The victim's possessions were found in the suspect's house. Hair and fiber. DNA samples. District Attorney feels it's enough that he won't get away.

There's an uncomfortable silence as the two men study one another. Finally... (X)
(X)

JIM
I wanted to work with the group, (X)
and I know... because of my (X)
actions... that's over. But I (X)
need you to tell me... (X)

Jim closes his eyes, in tremendous spiritual pain. He can't look at Frank.

JIM (CONT'D)
Help me, Frank. How can you do this?

CAMERA PUSHES IN ON FRANK as Jim continues the question...

(CONTINUED)

MILLENNIUM "Dead Letters" 4C02 (Blue) 8/1/96 62(X).

76 CONTINUED:

76

JIM (CONT'D)
Why do you do this?

Frank is moved, he looks away from Jim, considering. Yet before he can answer the question...

CUT TO:

77 INT. BEDROOM - BLACK RESIDENCE - NIGHT

(X)77

An empty FRAME. Beat, before Jordan ENTERS INTO A CLOSE UP. She (X)
moves to Frank, in bed, who carries the same expression he had (X)
in Jim Horn's office, as if he never stops asking himself Jim's (X)
question.

Without permission, Jordan crawls up and into her father's arms. (X)
Frank doesn't say a word. He tightly holds the innocent life. As
much for his own needs as his daughter's.

With Jim's question now answered...

A VERY SLOW FADE OUT:

THE END