

**PSYCHO  
KILLER**

written by  
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09/25/07  
**FIRST DRAFT**



**WARNING:**

This screenplay contains **ADULT MATERIAL**, portraying scenes of an extremely graphic, disturbing nature, and featuring mature language and lurid themes. It should not be possessed or read by anyone under the age of 18.

**FADE IN:**

**POINT-OF-VIEW:**

We are seated in a far corner BOOTH, LOOKING around this well lit, clean TRUCK STOP DINER. Our eyes seem slightly sensitive to bright light, especially bare bulbs, which GLARE and leave brief light-trails. (This POV will always be accompanied by the faint RINGING of TINNITUS in our ears.)

WE WATCH a tired-looking MIDDLE-AGED COUPLE, at another booth, as they gather their things to leave. They bicker.

WE WATCH the THREE TRUCK DRIVERS at the COUNTER, laughing and smoking, talking to a WAITRESS in an obvious WIG.

WE WATCH the sad, BALDING MAN behind the REGISTER at the end of the counter as he reads a dog-eared PAPERBACK. He yawns.

WE WATCH as the waitress walks over, COFFEE POT in hand.

**INT. TRUCK STOP DINER -- CONTINUOUS -- NIGHT**

DINER WAITRESS

Can I get you anything else?

She pours coffee into the COFFEE CUP before us, aloof. "We" are a white male, broad-shouldered, with long, greying brown hair, but throughout this entire story, "We" will mostly be shot from behind, or from the neck down, because our FACE WILL NEVER BE FULLY REVEALED. "We" are PSYCHO KILLER.

PSYCHO KILLER

Nothing else.

Psycho Killer is maybe in his late-30's, judging by his voice, a low monotone. He wears a dark WORK SHIRT with slightly frayed cuffs. The waitress puts down the CHECK.

DINER WAITRESS

What'd you say your name was again?

PSYCHO KILLER

I didn't. Why do you ask?

DINER WAITRESS

Boredom.

PSYCHO KILLER

(pause)

Name's Richard. Susan.

The waitress glances down at "SUSAN" on her NAMETAG, unimpressed. She walks, taking her coffee pot with her.

DINER WAITRESS

Yeah, well, goodnight, Richard.  
Drive safe.

**PSYCHO KILLER'S POV:**

PK WATCHES Susan the waitress rejoin the Truck Drivers. They're glad to have her back in their number.

**IN PK'S BOOTH**

Psycho Killer's large hands pick up the check. His fingernails are ragged, with filth deep under them. He wears a large BANDAGE on the back of his left hand.

PK takes out and leaves a few crumpled DOLLARS and PENNIES and DIMES. His hands clench into fists, knuckles CRACKING.

Psycho Killer pulls out a prescription PILL BOTTLE. He empties the contents into his palm, EIGHT different, colorful PILLS, which he drops into the hot coffee.

The coffee curdles, pills dissolving, fizzing. PK lifts the cup OUT OF FRAME, heard GULPING. Remember, daunting though the challenge may seem, PSYCHO KILLER'S FACE WILL NEVER BE SEEN. He slams down the empty cup.

**MOMENTS LATER**

FOLLOW as PK exits. No one gives him a second glance.

**EXT. TRUCK STOP DINER, PARKING LOT -- NIGHT**

Psycho Killer passes a NEWSPAPER BOX displaying the "Denver Times" with an "INTERSTATE MURDER SPREE" headline.

Psycho Killer crosses the parking lot, in baggy WORK PANTS of thick khaki, his heavy WORK BOOT clad feet trudging on. The empty PILL BOTTLE bounces on the asphalt as he drops it, crushing it under foot.

**PSYCHO KILLER'S POV:**

WATCHING some DRIVERS milling about over by their village of idling BIG RIGS parked shoulder-to-shoulder for the night.

WATCHING a STATION WAGON passing on its way to the DINER, with MOTHER and FATHER in front, TWO CHILDREN asleep in back.

WATCHING a tinted-window SUV drop off a few PROSTITUTES.

**AT PSYCHO KILLER'S CAR**

Psycho Killer grabs a short, black TRENCH COAT off the front seat, puts it on. He gets in the car, STARTS the ENGINE.

**IN THE REARVIEW MIRROR**

We glimpse Psycho Killer's flinty EYES peering from deep-set brow, until he dons mirrored, aviator SUNGLASSES.

**IN THE TRUCK STOP PARKING LOT**

Psycho Killer's car, a sizable, old LUXURY SEDAN, drives off.

**CUT TO:**

**EXT. HIGHWAY -- NIGHT**

Psycho Killer's sedan merges onto the deserted, main road.

**IN PSYCHO KILLER'S CAR -- IN MOTION**

ON THE DASHBOARD, the SPEEDOMETER NEEDLE rises to 55.

Psycho Killer thumbs a button on the steering wheel.

ON THE DASHBOARD, the "CRUISE CONTROL" light comes on.  
The SPEEDOMETER locks in steady at just below 55 mph.

**ON THE HIGHWAY**

Psycho Killer's headlights briefly illuminate a "Speed Limit 55" SIGN. No other cars in sight on this lonely stretch of road bounded by dense forest.

**IN PSYCHO KILLER'S CAR -- IN MOTION**

The headlight lit roadway is REFLECTED in PK's sunglasses.

**CUT TO:**

**EXT. HIGHWAY -- FURTHER ON -- NIGHT**

Psycho Killer's brake lights FLASH, the sedan slowing.  
There's a spartan REST AREA ahead, off to the right.

**PSYCHO KILLER'S POV:**

THRU THE WINDSHIELD, Psycho Killer's interested in a CAR parked in the rest area, a couple hundred feet from the road. Under FLICKERING LIGHT from a faltering SODIUM-VAPOR STREET LAMP, a MAN is bent at the left front wheel-well, changing a flat. He looks over as PK ACCELERATES, moving on.

**ON THE ROADWAY**

Just past the rest area, hidden by forest's edge, Psycho Killer's sedan pulls to the median. Stops. LIGHTS OUT.

**IN PSYCHO KILLER'S CAR**

Psycho Killer tosses his sunglasses onto the front dash.

He sits there, breathing deeply, steadily. On the road to the left, another VEHICLE zooms by... its red tail lights growing quickly smaller as it's going, going, gone.

CONTINUED

Psycho Killer buttons his trench coat up to his neck.

He reaches under the front passenger seat, taking out a hefty, pliable RUBBER OBJECT we can't quite make out.

WE ARE BEHIND Psycho Killer as he pulls on this thick MASK of vulcanized, OLIVE-DRAB RUBBER; fully encasing his head. PK's hands reach back to yank two ribbed, rubber STRAPS further through their BUCKLES, cinching the mask tight.

**ON THE ROADSIDE -- MOMENTS LATER**

WE ARE BEHIND PSYCHO KILLER as he opens the sedan's trunk. We HEAR him rooting through heavy METAL TOOLS. He chooses SOMETHING, slams the trunk.

**CUT TO:**

**IN THE REST AREA**

The unfortunate, 20-something MOTORIST struggles to loosen a lug nut with his TIRE IRON, grunting.

MOTORIST

God DAMN it!

As he rises, we now see his young WIFE through the open car window, lying on the front seat, arm draped over her eyes.

MOTORIST'S WIFE

Are you okay?

MOTORIST

Yeah, I'm fine, babe. It's just... they tweak these bolts on so tight. They use a ratchet gun.

Motorist wipes sweat from his forehead, squinting up at the ERRATIC LIGHT. We can HEAR the SOUND of FOOTSTEPS growing closer, LOUDER. Motorist notices, turns...

Psycho Killer walks straight at Motorist. Here is PK seen in full; a horrific, black-clad vision -- in his freakish, sensory-depriving MASK with GOGGLE-LIKE, YELLOW LENSED EYEPIECES and a wide, vertically-notched MUZZLE/GAG serving as vicious maw -- like some fearsome, gothic monstrosity.

**PSYCHO KILLER'S POV:**

With PK's BREATHING HEARD and his vision filtered THROUGH THE MASK'S ROUND LENSES: the terrified Motorist backs away...

**IN THE REST AREA**

Psycho Killer advances, bringing a SLEDGEHAMMER pendulum-like from behind his back.

CONTINUED

MOTORIST

No... NO...!

The Motorist backs against the car, TOPPLING the jack...

**IN THE CAR**

The car LURCHES violently. Motorist's Wife sits upright.

MOTORIST'S WIFE

Charlie?!

**OUTSIDE THE CAR**

Psycho Killer's hefting the sledgehammer in both hands, SWINGING it up in a wide arch...

The sledgehammer destroys MOTORIST'S HEAD in a sickening, Savini-esque EXPLOSION of BLOOD, BRAIN and SKULL FRAGMENTS!

The piercing SCREAM of Motorist's wife fills the air.

Psycho Killer looks to her.

On the other side of the car, Motorist's Wife shoves the passenger door open, falling to the ground... She scrambles up, hysterical, fleeing.

**ACROSS THE REST AREA**

Motorist's Wife runs along the tree line, crying out, heading back towards the highway, glancing over her shoulder.

Psycho Killer strides after.

Motorist's Wife runs headlong, stumbles... She falls to the ground, TUMBLING.

Psycho Killer advances, bloody sledgehammer held.

Motorist's Wife struggles to her feet... Running, tears streaming down her face.

**ON THE ROADWAY**

Motorist's Wife makes it to the highway's median, running back towards HEADLIGHTS coming this way! She sees salvation, begins waving.

MOTORIST'S WIFE

Help... help me... !!

Psycho Killer follows, undaunted, deliberate.

It's a big rig TRUCK coming fast. Motorist's Wife waves her arms frantically, running into the roadway.

CONTINUED

MOTORIST'S WIFE  
 Help, please!!

**PSYCHO KILLER'S POV:**

Psycho Killer loses sight of Motorist's Wife as the truck HEADLIGHTS BLOW OUT his vision, but only momentarily.

**ON THE ROADWAY**

Motorist's Wife is in the vehicle's headlights now. The rumbling truck HONKS its HORN, which ECHOES across the night.

Motorist's Wife gives a hopeful sob, moving to the shoulder, out of the truck's path.

Behind, Psycho Killer brings the sledgehammer back and THROWS it forward into the air with of all his might...

Ahead, the rumbling 18-wheeler's HIGH BEAMS come on as the TRUCK DRIVER'S peering out in confusion at Motorist's Wife.

Psycho Killer stops.

The sledgehammer's SPINNING in a high arch...

Motorist's Wife still runs.

MOTORIST'S WIFE  
 Oh God, please, stop... !

The sledgehammer EMBEDS in the truck's WINDSHIELD -- SHATTERING the SAFETY GLASS instantly!

The SHRIEK of BRAKES is deafening as...  
 The swerving big rig JACK-KNIFES, tires belching smoke while the driver's cab twists one way and the huge GASOLINE TANKER it's hauling goes side-skidding sharply onto the shoulder...

The thundering GAS TANKER is TOPPLING OVER now as...  
 Motorist's Wife is CRUSHED beneath!

Psycho Killer is merely backing away mid-road as the terrible, cacophonous wreck unfolds before him; as if he were unconcerned that it ever could have reached him.

The tanker truck SMASHES TREES in its path as it goes CRASHING into the woods, seemingly unstoppable, till...  
 The TANKER EXPLODES! A massive FIREBALL rises!

On the road, Psycho Killer stands SILHOUETTED by the FLAMES.

**INSERT TITLE against BLACK:**

**"PSYCHO  
 KILLER"**

**CUT TO:**

**EXT. REST AREA -- NIGHT****INSIDE MOTORIST'S CAR**

Psycho Killer throws open the glove compartment. He rifles through, scavenging. He takes a POCKET KNIFE.

**BESIDE THE CAR**

Psycho Killer pulls open a SUITCASE, dumping the contents, mostly CLOTHING, which he quickly kicks through.

On the other side of the car, Psycho Killer rolls Motorist's corpse over so it is face down. PK kneels, taking the man's WALLET. Then, Psycho Killer fingers pooled BLOOD.

On the side of the car, PK finger-paints the oval shape of an EYE, adding an upsidedown PENTAGRAM as the IRIS.

CUT TO:

**EXT. MOTEL -- NIGHT**

On a quiet, small town avenue, Psycho Killer's sedan slows as it passes a small MOTEL with neon "VACANCY" SIGN lit.

**ON A NEARBY STREET**

Psycho Killer's car turns a corner. It parallel parks halfway down the block on this dark street. CRICKETS CHIRP.

Psycho Killer gets out, no longer masked nor in trench coat. He looks around. He gets a SUITCASE from the back seat.

CUT TO:

**EXT. MOTEL -- NIGHT**

Psycho Killer carries his suitcase to the MOTEL he drove by.

**INT. MOTEL, FRONT DESK -- NIGHT**

Psycho Killer signs the motel's REGISTER while the drowsy, elderly OWNER in Hawaiian shirt counts \$50 in cash.

CUT TO:

**EXT. MOTEL -- NIGHT**

ROOM "9," on the end, has its "DO NOT DISTURB" SIGN on.

**INT. PSYCHO KILLER'S MOTEL ROOM -- NIGHT**

TV's ON in this cheap MOTEL ROOM, showing an earnest, Cable News ANCHORMAN.

CONTINUED

(As it will be with all NEWS throughout, a TICKER spews endless info-bites while big, block-lettered SEGMENT TITLES alternate between "MURDER IN THE HEARTLAND," "INTERSTATE KILLER," "BODY COUNT: 15," etc.)

ANCHORMAN (V.O.)  
(from TELEVISION)

It is day five of a wave of terror  
and sudden and unexpected violence  
that literally has a stranglehold on  
the American public.

**IN THE ROOM'S BATHROOM**

Psycho Killer, in mask, stares IN THE BATHROOM MIRROR.

ANCHORMAN (O.S., V.O.)  
Across six states, at least 15  
victims have met their fate at the  
hands of the blood-thirsty killer  
many are calling the Satanic Slasher.

**PSYCHO KILLER'S POV:**

LOOKING UPON himself, in his disturbing mask.  
We HEAR his BREATHING and the SOUND of RINGING in his ears.

ANCHORMAN (O.S., V.O.)  
California, Nevada, Utah and Arizona,  
as well as New Mexico and Colorado,  
have seen a trail of bodies...  
dismemberments, decapitations and  
mutilations.

**IN THE BATHROOM**

Psycho Killer rears back and SLAMS his head into the  
mirror -- SPLINTERING the glass!

ANCHORMAN (V.O.)  
Police now confirm that satanic  
symbols and graphic slurs were left  
at the scenes of the murders, often  
written in the victims' blood.

Psycho Killer reaches to tear the bandage off the back of  
his left hand, revealing words TATTOOED: "NO MERCY."

**IN THE MOTEL ROOM**

ANCHORMAN (V.O.)  
In the next hour, we will take you  
inside the killer's mind as we speak  
with several experts on the  
psychology of mass murderers...

CONTINUED

Masked Psycho Killer crosses to the WINDOW, opening the closed curtains just a sliver, peering out. (NEWS continues droning, HEARD in the B.G. of these next few scenes.)

**AT THE ROOM'S DESK -- LATER NIGHT**

Psycho Killer's hands open Motorist's WALLET. PK takes out CREDIT CARDS and the DRIVER'S LICENSE, setting them aside. He takes out some MONEY. He fingers through a few RECEIPTS and a DRY-CLEANING TICKET.

He pulls out a clear PHOTO HOLDER, fanning through it; studying BUSINESS CARDS and some PHOTOGRAPHS...

CLOSE ON: PHOTOS of Motorist... of Motorist and Wife posed on some tropical beach... PHOTOS of them with family and friends; smiling and alive, frozen in time. (Linger on the humanity of these two who we've so callously slain.)

**ON THE BED**

Psycho Killer throws open his SUITCASE, tosses the wallet in. He takes two tomes of THE ENCYCLOPEDIA BRITANNICA out of the suitcase, placing them on the bed. VOLUMES "N" and "T."

PK takes out a snub-nosed, nickel-plated REVOLVER and sawed-off SHOTGUN (with leather SHOULDER STRAP), puts them beside the books. He takes out a ZIP-LOCK BAGGIE of a few CREDIT CARDS, CREDIT SLIPS and some CASH, tosses it on the bed.

He takes out a ZIP-LOCK of a dozen or so colorful PILLS.

Psycho Killer yanks down his mask's thick, saliva-slick GAG so he may gobble down these last few of his menagerie of PILLS, chewing them, gnashing, swallowing them dry.

**CUT TO:**

**IN THE MOTEL ROOM -- LATER NIGHT**

Psycho Killer, masked, is back at the front window, peeking out for a long moment. He shuts the curtain. He crosses, picking up his sawed-off shotgun from the bed.

Psycho Killer enters the room's CLOSET.

**IN THE CLOSET**

Psycho Killer pulls the string to turn ON the bare BULB above, then shuts the door. He proceeds to kneel down on the floor of this, not surprisingly, cramped space.

PK lays down, curling fetal, shotgun held, to await slumber.

**CUT TO:**

**EXT. MOTEL -- MORNING**

BIRDS SING. A few CARS and PEDESTRIANS pass. A bright, peaceful day burgeons outside the motel PK chose, while...

**IN THE MOTEL ROOM CLOSET**

A tempest rises in Psycho Killer's subconscious mind as he lays writhing spasmodically in his sleep; perchance to...

**DREAM / PSYCHO KILLER'S VISION OF HADES**

Mad TRUMPETS BLARE over a vast, Hieronymus Bosch-like vision of HELL where hundreds of bestial DEMONS inhabit a surreal, nightmare landscape under BLACK CLOUDS.

A frenzied bacchanalia seethes across the barren, blackened ground and beneath and amongst the bare, gnarled limbs of giant BLACK TREES. At every turn, gruesome DEMON hordes of half-man/half-beast creatures torture and molest naked, prostrate MORTALS. A RIVER of molten MAGMA divides the landscape. FIRES raze the mountainous, volcanic horizon.

A THUNDER CLAP draws the attention of many of the squealing, shrieking Hell-beasts, who turn and look to the "heavens."

IN THE BLACK SKIES ABOVE: a great, MOLTEN ORANGE GLOW appears from within the roiling clouds. CLOUDS PART as...

PSYCHO KILLER descends slowly (in MASK and TRENCH COAT), arms outstretched with SLEDGEHAMMER and PICKAX in his hands. He is held aloft as if by force of divinity.

Following the levitating Psycho Killer, burning HUMAN BEINGS begin to fall from the clouds -- WOMEN, MEN and CHILDREN, clothed but aflame -- wailing and flailing helplessly... To be consumed by the raging LAVA RIVER below.

First a few of these newly DAMNED HUMANS tumble in from the hole in hell's sky, then DOZENS... then HUNDREDS, while there rises up a great, inhuman CHEER from the minions below.

Levitating Psycho Killer bows his head to acknowledge their lauding. Flashes of CRIMSON LIGHTNING lance the sky.

**CUT TO:**

**EXT./INT. HARDWARE MEGA-STORE -- DAY**

MUZAK is HEARD as we FOLLOW Psycho Killer, pushing a SHOPPING CART, into a busy WAREHOUSE-STYLE HARDWARE STORE.

**PSYCHO KILLER'S POV:**

Psycho Killer STUDIES the SHOPPERS around him. They are oblivious to his attentions. WORKERS and DAY-LABORERS pass. An attractive YOUNG COUPLE carries CANS of PAINT.

CONTINUED

A stooped, ELDERLY MAN shuffles along, squinting at his LIST. A FATHER walks with his five-year-old SON, holding the boy's hand. The boy turns his head to stare at Psycho Killer...

**IN THE HARDWARE STORE**

The kid keeps staring back as Father, unaware, leads him away. Psycho Killer goes, pushing his cart.

**CUT TO:**

**IN THE TOOL AISLE -- MOMENTS LATER**

FOLLOW as Psycho Killer guides the cart down this aisle. All manner of TOOLS hang displayed.

**PSYCHO KILLER'S POV:**

LOOKING OVER the captivating choices; HAMMERS, SAWS, PICKAXES, SHOVELS and big PRUNING SHEARS. In this context, through *these* eyes, all appear sinister. Lethal.

**IN THE TOOL AISLE**

Psycho Killer's hands choose a large MACHETE, unsheathing it. PK grunts, puts it back. He takes down a SLEDGEHAMMER, testing its balance, then places it in the shopping cart.

**CUT TO:**

**IN THE PLUMBING AISLE**

Psycho Killer pulls a 3-foot length of COPPER PIPE from a shelf, feeling its solidity. Places it into his cart.

**CUT TO:**

**AT THE SELF-SERVE CHECK-OUT**

The sledgehammer and pipe lie on the "bagging area" of the SELF-SERVE CHECK-OUT, along with an AX and large HANDSAW. Psycho Killer presses "CREDIT CARD" on the check-out console TOUCH SCREEN. He takes one of a few CREDIT CARDS held in his meaty palm, SLIDING it through the CREDIT CARD READER.

The reader's SCREEN reads "AUTHORIZING," then... "DECLINED."

Psycho Killer switches to the next CREDIT CARD... SLIDES this one through, waits. "APPROVED."

**EXT. HARDWARE MEGA-STORE -- DAY**

Psycho Killer carries his purchases in one arm as he leaves the store behind. As he's passing a TRASH CANISTER... He discards the TWO CREDIT CARDS he used.

**EXT. HARDWARE MEGA-STORE PARKING LOT -- MOMENTS LATER**

Psycho Killer arrives at his sedan, which is parked in a far corner of the LOT, away from other vehicles. He uses a key to open the trunk...

INSIDE THE TRUNK: a wide-eyed WOMAN'S FACE greets us with a silent scream; a rotting, plastic-wrapped, SEVERED HEAD. FLIES BUZZ. The head lies amongst PK's already plentiful collection of HARDWARE IMPLEMENTS of death, some bloodied.

Psycho Killer tosses in what he just bought, shuts the trunk.

**CUT TO:**

**INT. PSYCHO KILLER'S SEDAN -- IN MOTION -- DAY****PSYCHO KILLER'S POV:**

LOOKING THRU THE WINDSHIELD, Psycho Killer PARKS in front of a chain DRUG STORE. He gets out, walks to the entrance... WATCHING a MOTHER with her BABY in a STROLLER as they exit the store's automatic doors. Psycho Killer enters...

**IN THE DRUG STORE -- POV CONTINUES:**

Psycho Killer LOOKS AROUND as he moves through, past the FRONT REGISTERS where impatient CUSTOMERS wait in line.

PK LOOKS up each aisle towards the back of the store where the "PHARMACY" is located. He starts up one aisle of over-the-counter MEDICINES, PEERING AHEAD to see...

THROUGH THE PHARMACY WINDOW, a grey-at-the-temples, MALE PHARMACIST shoulders the PHONE, scribbling a prescription.

**CUT TO:**

**INT. PSYCHO KILLER'S CAR -- IN MOTION**

Psycho Killer stops for a RED LIGHT in a commercial area. Across the INTERSECTION, a POLICE CAR stops.

**PSYCHO KILLER'S POV:**

PK WATCHES the police car as the traffic light turns green. The TWO MALE OFFICERS look over as they drive past.

Psycho Killer LOOKS to his DRIVER'S SIDE MIRROR: eyeing the squad car, till it's gone amongst other traffic.

**CUT TO:**

**EXT. SHOPPING CENTER PARKING LOT -- DAY**

Psycho Killer's sedan cruises through, choosing a parking space across from a "PHAR-MART" DRUG STORE in this MINI-MALL.

**INT. PHAR-MART PHARMACY -- DAY**

FOLLOW Psycho Killer as he walks towards the back of the store. He slows, looking ahead to where...

In the "APOTHECARY" area, an attractive, middle-aged female PHARMACIST kindly explains a BOTTLE of PILLS to an OLD WOMAN across the pharmacy COUNTER. Behind Pharmacist, a burly, aproned, MALE CO-WORKER fills prescriptions.

**CUT TO:**

**EXT. PHARMACY, PARKING LOT -- DAY**

Psycho Killer climbs into his car, starts it. He drives, heading around the far end of the mall.

**BEHIND THE MALL**

PK's car passes the mall stores' REAR ENTRANCES and overflowing DUMPSTERS to his left, and a handful of PARKED CARS to the right. He slows as he passes...

A DOOR with "PHAR-MART" stenciled across it.

**FURTHER ON**

Psycho Killer chooses a parking spot away from other cars, pulling forward and BACKING IN.

**THRU THE WINDSHIELD -- PSYCHO KILLER'S POV:**

From this distance, Psycho Killer can observe the "Phar-Mart" backdoor, as well as cars parked adjacent from it.

PK's POV looks down to...

The CLOCK on the car's dashboard. "3:34 pm."

**BEHIND THE MALL**

We can make out Psycho Killer's form, obscured by reflections on the car windows, as he slumps low, watching.

**DISSOLVE TO:**

**THRU WINDSHIELD -- PSYCHO KILLER'S POV:**

RADIO'S ON. PK WATCHES Phar-Mart's backdoor. The attractive Pharmacist comes out. She lights a cigarette, crossing to get into her nearby CAR, an older 4-DOOR.

RADIO REPORTER (V.O.)  
(from RADIO)  
...forest fire north of Kit Carson,  
Colorado, yesterday morning.  
(more)

CONTINUED

RADIO REPORTER (CONT.; V.O.)  
 Colorado State Police discovered the bodies of Charles and Paula Wilson, of Denver, along with the remains of the driver of the gasoline tanker truck, whose identity has not yet been released.

Psycho Killer WATCHES as Pharmacist drives off.  
 Dashboard CLOCK reads, "4:59 pm."

RADIO REPORTER (V.O.)  
 This brings the number of known victims of the Interstate Killer to at least 20. Monday's National Mega-Jackpot numbers are 9, 11, 53...

DISSOLVE TO:

THRU WINDSHIELD -- PSYCHO KILLER'S POV:

PK WATCHES as Pharmacist's CAR returns, coming around from the other end of the strip mall. She drives right past Psycho Killer's car, but she does not look this direction.

ANGRY MAN (V.O.)  
 (from RADIO)  
 ...haven't caught this guy already?  
 He's out there running around! Use more cops... call out the National Guard, whatever they've got to do!

PK LOOKS down at the time again; "5:03 pm." Then...  
 Near the pharmacy's backdoor, Pharmacist returns her car to a parking space. She gets out, smoking, COFFEE in hand.

TALK RADIO HOST (V.O.)  
 Yeah, genius? And put up roadblocks all on the major highways? Start randomly searching cars? It's a big country out there, in case you hadn't noticed. Look at the D.C. Sniper. Those shootings went on for three weeks. That was in one city. These are random killings across eight states and counting. This guy, the Slasher, if it even is just one guy...

Pharmacist uses KEYS to open the "Phar-Mart" door, takes one last drag, tosses her cigarette and disappears inside.

TALK RADIO HOST (V.O.)  
 He's like a natural disaster, and God have mercy on anyone in his path.

CUT TO:

**INT. WHITE ROOM -- DAY**

Psycho Killer's MASKED face slams WHITE LINOLEUM FLOOR, spewing blood-flecked spittle, his gag hanging loose. A TRUNCHEON swings down -- BASHING Psycho Killer's head!

In this cell-like room of WHITE CONCRETE WALLS, Psycho Killer lies STRAIGHTJACKETED while TWO Kafka-esque GUARDS, in Haz-Mat UNIFORMS and weird GAS-MASKS, are beating him repeatedly with heavy, black BATONS. The guards relish the task.

Psycho Killer curls into a ball. They start KICKING him.

Psycho Killer manages to get to his knees, still bowed. They're KICKING him over and over again.

One steel-toed KICK CRACKS the LENSES of PK's MASK.

PK rears up, head back, SCREAMING! His scream GROWS LOUDER, SHRILLER, becoming the SOUND of the TRUMPETS of HADES! The guards back away fearfully as the very room TREMBLES! CRACKS form and quickly widen across the concrete walls!

Suddenly, many sinewy DEMONIC ARMS thrust out from the cracks in the walls -- RED-SKINNED ARMS, and BLACK and GREEN SCALED ARMS, even FEATHERED ARMS -- taloned fingers grasping.

Both guards are grabbed from behind and pulled back against the walls! They struggle, in vain, as the monstrous hands CLAW at them, beginning to TEAR them apart!

**CUT TO:**

**BEHIND THE STRIP MALL -- NIGHT****IN PSYCHO KILLER'S CAR**

PK awakens from dreaming, in DARKNESS, sits forward. He holds his head, runs his fingers through his greasy hair.

FEMALE RADIO HOST (V.O.)  
(from RADIO)  
...how some people say that this  
world is going to Hell in a hand  
basket? We're all doomed. It's a  
familiar refrain, am I right?

Dashboard CLOCK says it's "8:41 pm."

**THRU WINDSHIELD -- PSYCHO KILLER'S POV:**

No activity under the LIGHTS of the REAR LOT. FEWER CARS. More importantly, Pharmacist's car is still there.

CONTINUED

FEMALE RADIO HOST (V.O.)  
 You know what... they're wrong. Dead  
 wrong. Because we are already there,  
 ladies and gentlemen. If this world  
 we're living in isn't Hell, then you  
 tell me what is. We've got war and  
 famine and genocide over there...

**IN PSYCHO KILLER'S CAR**

BENEATH THE FRONT PASSENGER SEAT, Psycho Killer's hand  
 reaches around, feeling for his MASK hidden here.

FEMALE RADIO HOST (V.O.)  
 ...we've got murder and rape over  
 here. Polluted water... polluted  
 air... polluted minds. We are in  
 serious trouble, people.

**BEHIND THE MALL**

Psycho Killer gets out, looks around, mask held.

He goes to open the trunk, takes out a CROWBAR. He closes  
 the trunk, starts walking towards Pharmacist's car, watchful.

**AT PHARMACIST'S CAR**

Psycho Killer tries the doors on the driver's side, finding  
 them locked. He moves around to the passenger side.

PK SHOVES the crowbar's narrow, cloven end into the back  
 passenger door's rear seam. TWISTING and WRENCHING the  
 crowbar, PK widens the seam, seeking the inner latch.

**FROM ACROSS THE LOT**

We are the only witnesses as Psycho Killer slips into the  
 backseat of Pharmacist's car, pulling the door shut.

**DISSOLVE TO:**

**IN PHARMACIST'S CAR -- PSYCHO KILLER'S POV:**

PEERING from his hiding place in the back of the woman's  
 car, filtered THRU HIS MASK'S LENSES: PK WATCHES the Phar-  
 Mart door. A few MALE and FEMALE EMPLOYEES exit.

Psycho Killer OBSERVES as they say goodbyes. They joke and  
 share a laugh, going their separate ways.

**DISSOLVE TO:**

**IN PHARMACIST'S CAR -- PSYCHO KILLER'S POV:**

LOOKING OUT still, at that backdoor. Finally, the door  
 opens and Pharmacist comes out.

CONTINUED

She's accompanied by the burly, male CO-WORKER we saw her with before. Pharmacist carries a DEPOSIT BAG, uses her keys to LOCK UP.

Ducking to keep from being seen, Psycho Killer WATCHES as Co-Worker walks Pharmacist to her car. They're so near; just on the other side of the window now. They chat a moment, then Co-Worker at last says goodnight, walking away.

**IN THE FRONT SEAT**

Pharmacist gets in, placing the bank deposit bag beside her. She puts her keys in the ignition, looking up at Co-Worker, who is now driving off in his own car. Pharmacist waves.

Pharmacist lets out a tired sigh. She digs her CIGARETTES from her PURSE, places one between her lips.

Pharmacist's finger presses the car's LIGHTER.

Pharmacist puts her head back against her headrest, waiting for the lighter. She is completely oblivious as... Very slowly, silently, Psycho Killer's masked visage rises behind her; just over her right shoulder. PK's yellow-goggled eyes look upon her.

**CUT TO:**

**INT. PHAR-MART PHARMACY -- NIGHT**

Backdoor opens. Masked Psycho Killer enters, Pharmacist's keys in one hand and crowbar in the other.

**SECURITY CAMERA POV:**

FUZZY VIDEO: captures Psycho Killer as he passes. A twittering ALARM is HEARD beginning to SOUND.

**IN THE PHARMACY SECTION -- MOMENTS LATER**

ALARM continues. Psycho Killer SMASHES a glass DRUG CABINET.

He grabs and overturns a WASTEBASKET.

He begins throwing PRESCRIPTION BOTTLES and PLASTIC BAGS full of all kinds of PILLS into the wastebasket.

**BEHIND THE PHARMACY COUNTER**

Psycho Killer crowbars open a large, padlocked DRAWER. He begins gathering the bagged PRESCRIPTIONS from within. Above, on the wall, there is a PHOTOGRAPH...

A framed PHOTO of the smiling, middle-aged PHARMACIST; "BARBARA, Your Friendly and Professional Druggist."

**EXT. BEHIND THE MINI-MALL -- NIGHT****IN THE PHARMACIST'S CAR**

Barbara the pharmacist lies sprawled across the backseat, her head twisted at an unnatural angle. Eyes open. A bloody, upside-down PENTAGRAM is carved into her forehead.

**DISSOLVE TO:**

**INT. MOTOR COURT ROOM -- NIGHT**

CLOSE-ON: a bright, candy-colored assortment of PILLS.

HUNDREDS of PILLS and DOZENS of PILL BOTTLES are sorted on the BED. PK's closed SUITCASE is near, with Pharmacist's purse and the deposit bag on top, their contents, including CASH and CREDIT CARD SLIPS, spilled out. TV is ON.

FEMALE REPORTER (V.O.)  
 (from O.S. TELEVISION)  
 There are ways for you to protect  
 yourself from becoming The Satanic  
 Slasher's next victim. For example...

Psycho Killer's at the curtained WINDOW, peeking out. He is, as is his custom when alone, masked.

FEMALE REPORTER (V.O.)  
 When you're out, especially at night,  
 always remain aware of your  
 surroundings. Look around.

**PSYCHO KILLER'S POV:**

LOOKING OUT through a 2ND FLOOR BALCONY railing, to this dilapidated MOTOR COURT MOTEL'S PARKING LOT below. A drunk COUPLE crosses. A rusty VAN is parking.

FEMALE REPORTER (V.O.)  
 And when you're home at night, lock  
 your doors. Leave the lights on.  
 And call the police if you see any  
 suspicious activity.

**IN THE MOTOR COURT ROOM**

Psycho Killer backs from the window, crosses the room. The TV shows a bosomy FEMALE REPORTER in low cut blouse.

FEMALE REPORTER (V.O.)  
 What kind of activity?  
 (more)

CONTINUED

FEMALE REPORTER (CONT.; V.O.)

If you see someone lurking in a neighbor's yard, for example; especially if they're wearing a mask or carrying any sort of weapon or farm implement.

CUT TO:

**IN THE BATHROOM -- LATER NIGHT**

Psycho Killer's on the other side of the translucent glass of the SHOWER DOORS, standing under the spray of hot water.

**IN THE SHOWER**

Psycho Killer just stands under the shower's flow, head bowed, long hair hiding his features. His nakedness affords us our first view of the myriad TATTOOS covering his upper body: strange, archaic SYMBOLS, WORDS in LATIN, UPSIDE-DOWN CROSSES on both forearms and UPSIDE-DOWN PENTAGRAMS on his shoulders. (He wears long sleeve shirts for the same reason he covers "No Mercy" on his left hand with a bandage.)

Across his back, BAPHOMET, the frightening Sabbatic Goat, or Goat of Mendes, is depicted with all the detail of an Old World etching. The winged, half-humanoid/half-goat, with a burning torch jutting up from between two huge horns on its goat head, sits cross-legged, arms posed as if conjuring.

Many raw, ulcerous SORES and CUTS cover Psycho Killer's upper body and legs. As he slowly turns, keeping his head bowed, putting his back to the water, we can now see...

A large version of the "Evil Eye;" the EYE with it UPSIDE-DOWN PENTAGRAM PUPIL, is tattooed across his chest.

"SOLVE" is tattooed the length of his right, inner-forearm. "COAGULA" runs down his left, inner-forearm. The bend of each of his inner arms is extensively bruised and marked by an incredible number of old NEEDLE SCARS and more recent, scabrous TRACK-MARKS festering along the prominent veins.

**INT. MOTOR COURT ROOM -- LATER NIGHT**

Shirtless, but masked, Psycho Killer sits in the room's DESK CHAIR at the foot of the BED, using a large METAL FILE on the 3-foot length COPPER PIPE he acquired. TV is ON.

TV NEWS REPORTER (V.O.)

(from TELEVISION)

...Manson and "the Family," as the Cult members called themselves, killed 7 people in the infamous Tate-LaBianca murders of 1969.

(more)

CONTINUED

TV NEWS REPORTER (CONT.; V.O.)  
 Messages were left written on the  
 walls in blood. To this day, Charles  
 Manson is held in a California prison.

PK's filing one end of the pipe, sharpening it at an angle,  
 like the pointed tip of a hypodermic needle, enlarged.

TV NEWS REPORTER (V.O.)  
 Devil worship was also a motive 15  
 years ago, when Richard Leonard  
 Reeves committed the grisly killings  
 at Christ's Cross Church in  
 Harrisburg, Pennsylvania. Reeves  
 murdered thirteen hostages inside the  
 church, including a priest, while  
 performing what authorities described  
 as a ritualistic Black Mass.

Psycho Killer looks up a moment, bathed in cathode-ray tube  
 LIGHT, the TV doubly reflected in the lenses of his mask.

TV NEWS REPORTER (V.O.)  
 After nearly a decade on Death Row at  
 the Federal Detention Center in  
 Philadelphia, Reeves was killed  
 during an escape attempt 5 years ago.  
 It was in the mid-seventies that self-  
 proclaimed satanist, David Berkowitz,  
 calling himself "The Son of Sam,"  
 terrorized all of New York City...

**CUT TO:**

**INT. MOTOR COURT ROOM -- NIGHT**

Psycho Killer's back at the window, peering out.

**INT. MOTOR COURT ROOM -- LATER NIGHT**

Psycho Killer's bent over the DESK, studying a worn ROAD MAP.

The "N" BOOK of the ENCYCLOPEDIA is open, face-down, nearby.

CLOSE-UP ON: PK's jagged-nailed finger follows one ROADWAY  
 on the MAP from "COLORADO" into... "KANSAS."

**CUT TO:**

**INT. MOTOR COURT ROOM -- LATER NIGHT**

Everything's put away. There's just PK's closed suitcase on  
 the bed. TV's ON, MUTED, its LIGHT the only illumination...  
 Except LIGHT leaking from the closed CLOSET.

INSIDE THE SMALL CLOSET

Psycho Killer is asleep, seated on the floor with his back to the wall, knees pulled up against his chest and his masked head resting on his crossed arms.

DREAM / INT. CHURCH -- DAYYOUNG BOY'S POV:

WE SEE through the eyes of a BOY, about 12, judging by where our sightline is in relation to the 20-ish YOUNG CLERIC ahead who's leading us down the center aisle of this large, GOTHIC CHURCH. Our FOOTFALLS are the only SOUND.

WE MOVE past empty PEWS. Ahead, the impressive ALTER is lit by STAINED-GLASS filtered sunlight, while from above... The realistic STATUE of JESUS on the CROSS, wearing his bloody crown of thorns, seems to gaze mournfully at us.

LOOKING ahead: Young Cleric moves through a DOORWAY to the right of the altar, glancing grimly back at us.

YOUNG CLERIC

Come along.

FOLLOW Young Cleric down a short HALLWAY. He opens the DOOR to a RECTORY OFFICE ahead, waiting as we enter. WE WATCH as the cleric exits, his eyes averted, closing the door. The office is wood-paneled, dark, except for STAINED GLASS WINDOW light. Many BOOKS line the SHELVES.

MAN'S VOICE (O.S.)

Hello there.

WE TURN to see a grizzled, AGED PRIEST at a big, wooden DESK. He rises, seeming very tall as he approaches.

AGED PRIEST

You're the foster child, aren't you?  
Poor boy. What tribulation your life  
has been already.

He studies us, smiling a fatherly smile.

AGED PRIEST

"Why died I not from the womb?" asked  
Job. "Why did I not give up the  
ghost when I came out of the belly?"

WE STARE forward at the room's FIREPLACE and sitting area as Aged Priest moves from view, crossing behind us.

AGED PRIEST (O.S.)

Such a handsome boy.

Aged Priest comes back into view to our other side.

CONTINUED

AGED PRIEST  
 You mustn't be afraid. I am your  
 friend. I won't harm you. No.  
 Quite the contrary.

WE WATCH Aged Priest cross to the stained-glass WINDOW,  
 where he pulls the dusty, velvet CURTAINS CLOSED, leaving us  
 in DARKNESS. From that PITCH BLACKNESS, we HEAR...

AGED PRIEST (O.S.)  
 I wouldn't harm a hair on your  
 precious, little head.

**FROM BLACK...**

A thunderous RUMBLING is HEARD as MASSIVE STONE DOORS open...

**DREAM / INNER SANCTUM OF HIS INFERNAL MAJESTY -- CONTINUOUS**

Masked Psycho Killer, dwarfed by the doors, enters a giant,  
 fiery THRONE ROOM of awesome dimension. He carries his  
 sledgehammer and pickax. Whirling pillars of FLAME rise and  
 fall alongside the path he treads. HELLISH WINDS howl.

A sizable gathering of grotesque DEMONS, Satan's supplicants  
 all, parts to make way for Psycho Killer.

Psycho Killer climbs STAIRS hewn into the ancient black  
 stone of this place. At the top of these stairs, he is now  
 alone, stepping forward into...

The center of vast PENTAGRAM, which GLOWS a blood-red,  
 ETHEREAL GLOW and contains elaborate, occult symbols.  
 Psycho Killer stands before a towering WALL of FLAMES  
 stories high. He throws his tools forward...

The BLOOD DRENCHED sledgehammer and pickax hit the ground.

Psycho Killer bows low, in humility, speaking with an  
 eloquence he does not possess in real life.

PSYCHO KILLER  
 All that I did... all was done in  
 your name, almighty Diabolus. Angel  
 of the Bottomless Pit. Let me sit at  
 your left hand. Let me serve you...  
 till beyond the end of eternity.

He lifts his head, FLAMES REFLECTED in his MASK'S "EYES."

ABOVE, the CURTAIN of FIRE lessens enough so that a COLOSSUS  
 can be seen within, terrifying to behold; His Infernal  
 Majesty, a red-fleshed monstrosity SILHOUETTED in hell fire,  
 his piercingly EMBERIOUS EYES peering out from beneath an  
 almost beautiful, multi-tiered collection of HORNS curling  
 outward and upward from his hoary head.

CONTINUED

BELOW, Psycho Killer stands. He looks down to see his hands are now the clawed, inhuman HANDS of a DEMON.

Psycho Killer reaches up to TEAR OFF his MASK... He's become a monstrous DEMON -- scaly-skinned, with bestial eyes and small HORNS protruding from his forehead. He throws his head back, FANGS bared, giving a triumphant ROAR!

**CUT TO:**

**EXT. FREEWAY -- DAY**

Amongst OTHER TRAFFIC, Psycho Killer's car passes a "Welcome to KANSAS" SIGN featuring a large SUNFLOWER.

**EXT. KANSAS ROADWAY -- DAY**

Not far from a small GAS STATION in the middle of flat, desolate, roadside nowhere, under boundless blue sky, Psycho Killer's in a PHONE BOOTH which is very tiny IN THE FRAME.

PSYCHO KILLER  
 (into PHONE)  
 This is The New York Times? I want  
 to put in a classified ad.  
 (listens)  
 Sunday. How much is it for Sunday?  
 A national ad.

**IN THE PHONE BOOTH**

PK, with his back to us, is on the PHONE. TRAFFIC passes.

PSYCHO KILLER  
 Five hundred and forty dollars. Will  
 you take a credit card number?

Psycho Killer holds a wrinkled CREDIT SLIP.

PSYCHO KILLER  
 The first line is, "M N O."

PK's SUNGLASSES REFLECT the road and distant vanishing point.

PSYCHO KILLER  
 Capital M, space, capital N, space,  
 capital O. Under that... "To those  
 who also share faith. Seeking our  
 mutual friend."  
 (pause)  
 "Need help. Please reply." That's  
 it. That's what it needs to say.

**CUT TO:**

**EXT. KANSAS ROADWAY -- LATE DAY**

With the sun blazing low in the sky, Psycho Killer's sedan drives a stretch of FOUR-LANE BLACKTOP through the plains.

**IN PSYCHO KILLER'S CAR -- IN MOTION**

FROM BEHIND, we're looking over Psycho Killer's shoulder as he drives. We can see his SUNGLASSES in the REARVIEW MIRROR.

Far ahead, a HIGHWAY PATROL CAR turns onto an ON-RAMP. It speeds up, traveling roughly parallel until...

**ON THE ROADWAY**

The Highway Patrol Crown Victoria merges, behind PK's sedan.

**PSYCHO KILLER'S POV:**

IN THE REARVIEW MIRROR: the Kansas Highway Patrol car matches Psycho Killer's speed, a few car lengths back. A PATROLMAN's at the wheel.

**ON THE ROADWAY**

Psycho Killer drives for the longest time (obscured by the sedan's windows), not looking back. The Crown Vic remains right behind, keeping pace.

**IN PSYCHO KILLER'S CAR -- IN MOTION**

ON THE DASHBOARD, the "CRUISE CONTROL" is lit. The speedometer needle's locked in just under "65."

IN THE REARVIEW MIRROR: the stoic Patrolman.

Psycho Killer's left hand comes off the steering wheel, flicking the TURN INDICATOR up.

ON THE DASH, the RIGHT TURN ARROW BLINKS, ticking.

**ON THE ROADWAY**

Psycho Killer's car eases over onto the shoulder.

**IN PSYCHO KILLER'S CAR**

Psycho Killer stops the sedan, watching as Patrolman passes to the left, driving into the distance, but then...

The Crown Vic's BRAKE LIGHTS BRIGHTEN. Patrolman U-turns.

Psycho Killer reaches into his pocket, takes out his REVOLVER. He conceals it just under his right thigh.

The Crown Vic passes in the opposite direction.

**PSYCHO KILLER'S POV:**

IN THE MIRROR: Patrolman negotiates another U-turn...  
Coming around to park behind PK's sedan, LIGHTS FLASHING.

**ON THE ROADWAY**

The square-jawed HIGHWAY PATROLMAN, 35, gets out of his car. He looks imposing in his immaculate UNIFORM. He takes off his SUNGLASSES, adjusting his trooper HAT as he approaches.

He presses his right hand to the rear, driver's side panel, staying close to the car, bends to look in...

THRU THE WINDOWS: PK's SUITCASE is on the back seat amongst many fast food BAGS, WRAPPERS and empty SODA CUPS. There's CLOTHING on the floor, spilling from plastic GROCERY BAGS.

Patrolman lets the heel of his left hand rest on his gun as he arrives at the driver's window, which PK rolls down.

PATROLMAN

Afternoon, sir. What exactly seems to be the problem?

PSYCHO KILLER

Problem?

PATROLMAN

You pulled over just then, when I was behind you. Maybe you're having engine trouble, is that it?

PSYCHO KILLER

No.

**PSYCHO KILLER'S POV:**

THRU WINDSHIELD: there's another CAR coming the opposite way.

PSYCHO KILLER

I'm tired. Thought I should... rest.

**ON THE ROADSIDE**

PATROLMAN

What brings you to Colby?

PSYCHO KILLER

Passing through.

PATROLMAN

Sure. Okay. I'd like to take a look at your license and registration.

PSYCHO KILLER

I'll...have to find them.

CONTINUED

PATROLMAN  
I'll be right here. Make it quick.

Patrolman looks up to see the approaching car...  
Another HIGHWAY PATROL CAR, stopping across the roadway.  
Another OFFICER, in HAT and SUNGLASSES, is at the wheel.

Patrolman smiles. He walks to the rear of Psycho Killer's sedan, keeping an eye on PK. He keys the RADIO MIC on his shoulder, turning a knob on the WALKIE TALKIE on his hip.

PATROLMAN  
(into UNIFORM MIC)  
Where you going, lady?

#### IN THE 2ND PATROL CAR

Patrolwoman, JANE THORNE, 30, weary, pretty even in her mannish uniform (including NECKTIE), speaks into her RADIO MIC. Their back and forth is somewhat clipped, businesslike.

JANE  
(into RADIO MIC)  
Home. What about you?

PATROLMAN (V.O.)  
(from POLICE RADIO)  
Well, my mother always said I shouldn't judge a book by its cover...

#### ON THE ROADSIDE

Patrolman watches the sedan.

PATROLMAN  
(into UNIFORM MIC)  
But I'm guessing I'll be running this gentleman in on drug charges in all of about three minutes.

JANE (V.O.)  
(from WALKIE TALKIE)  
I know your mom wouldn't have told you that, since you can't read and she wouldn't like to hurt your feelings. Need me to stick around?

A CAR and TRUCK zoom by between him and Jane.

PATROLMAN  
No. I've got it.

#### IN JANE'S PATROL CAR

Jane takes off sunglasses, looking over at the sedan. All she can really see of the driver of the sedan is a DARK FIGURE since he's turned away and bent forward.

CONTINUED

JANE  
We all know what's going on out there.

PATROLMAN (V.O.)  
Go home, Jane. Make me a pot roast,  
what do you say?

JANE  
Um, sorry, honey, I'll be sleeping by  
the time you get in. Tell you what  
though, I'll leave you a pizza coupon  
by the phone. What are the plates?

PATROLMAN (V.O.)  
(of the sedan)  
Utah.

JANE  
Run 'em yet?

PATROLMAN (V.O.)  
About to, if you let me go do my job.  
Oh, and by the way... I can read.

JANE  
And with practice you'll get better  
and better. See you. Love you.

PATROLMAN (V.O.)  
Love you too.

Jane smiles, waves, putting the car in gear and DRIVING.  
She accelerates, looking in the SIDE MIRROR.

IN THE MIRROR: Patrolman walks back to the sedan.

Jane looks ahead, driving. She's uncertain, ill at ease.

**ON THE ROADWAY**

Jane's Crown Vic BRAKES onto the shoulder.

**IN JANE'S PATROL CAR**

Looking in her rearview mirror, Jane considers.

**ON THE ROADWAY**

Jane makes a U-turn, driving back...

**IN JANE'S PATROL CAR**

She pulls to the shoulder behind Patrolman's vehicle.  
THRU THE WINDSHIELD: Patrolman speaks to the sedan's driver.

Jane TYPES on the KEYBOARD of her dash-mounted LAPTOP with  
one hand, picks up her RADIO MIC with the other.

CONTINUED

JANE  
 (into RADIO MIC)  
 Dispatch, this is car 15.

DISPATCHER (V.O.)  
 (from POLICE RADIO)  
 Go ahead, 15.

JANE  
 I'm with car 48 on that 10-81. Can  
 you help me bring up the latest  
 bulletin on the interstate homicides?  
 Didn't Denver forward a list of  
 stolen vehicle plates from -- ?

THRU THE WINDSHIELD: Patrolman's suddenly pulled down  
 against the sedan's open window, struggling, trying to draw  
 his gun. A loud POP! POP! is HEARD! Patrolman jerks  
 backwards, staggered to his knees.

JANE  
 NO!!

#### ON THE ROADWAY

Jane throws her door open, jumping out as...  
 The sedan ROARS into REVERSE -- SLAMMING Patrolman's car!

Jane's drawing her .357 Magnum REVOLVER when Patrolman's car  
 is sent CRASHING backwards into her car, BLOWS her AIRBAG...

Jane's open door SLAMS her to the ground!

Ahead, the sedan's tires throw smoke as it's PEELING OUT...

Jane rises, raising her weapon and FIRING -- BLAM! BLAM!

#### IN PSYCHO KILLER'S CAR -- IN MOTION

Jane's BULLETS BLOW HOLES in Psycho Killer's windows --  
 MISSING BY INCHES! Psycho Killer ducks, speeding off...

#### ON THE ROADWAY

Jane strides forward, SHOOTING till her gun's empty!  
 The sedan's gone. Psycho Killer's made his escape.

Jane rushes to Patrolman as he collapses back onto the  
 roadway, clutching his BLOODY throat.

JANE  
 Oh, God... Mike...!

Jane falls to her knees beside her husband, trying  
 desperately to help stem the flow of BLOOD from the gunshot  
 wounds in his neck, placing both her hands over his...

CONTINUED

JANE  
 Keep... keep pressure on it!  
 (into UNIFORM MIC)  
 10-49! 10-49! Shots fired...  
 Trooper is down! Shooter is  
 eastbound... eastbound on 28! Mile  
 marker 79! We need that ambulance,  
 please! It's Michael!

Patrolman's eyes are wide, his bloody mouth making only gurgling sounds. Jane keeps her hands pressed over his.

JANE  
 I'm here, honey. It's me... it's  
 Jane. Just...just hang on... don't  
 try to talk. They're coming.  
 They're on their way. Please, just  
 hang on... you hear me...?!

Jane's eyes are filling with tears.  
 From both directions, CARS and TRUCKS are halting.  
 PEOPLE are looking... getting out from their vehicles.

JANE  
 Mike, please! Don't leave me...

Her husband's fading, closing his eyes, while the puddle of BLOOD beneath him and Jane slowly widens across the asphalt.

**FADE TO BLACK**

**INT. HOSPITAL, EMERGENCY ROOM WAITING AREA -- NIGHT**

In the WAITING ROOM, Jane's seated in one corner, still in uniform, hat on the table beside her. She's bowed with her head in her hands, which are bloodied to the wrists.

An OLDER MAN comes to place a hand on Jane's shoulder. Jane looks up with eyes red from crying. The man, JANE'S FATHER, grey-haired, salt-of-the-earth guy, sits beside her.

JANE  
 Dad. Dad... he's... he's gone.

Jane's father takes her in his arms.  
 Jane buries her face against him, crying.  
 She wraps her arms around her dad, balling her blood-stained hands into fists as her body is wracked by sobs.

**CUT TO:**

**EXT. KANSAS FREEWAY -- DAWN**

Three PATROL CARS, LIGHTS FLASHING, zoom along a far off roadway, against the horizon's glimmering promise of morning.

**INT. JANE'S HOUSE, MASTER BEDROOM -- MORNING**

Jane gasps awake in BED, as if from a nightmare, sweaty. She sits up, looking around this room of her modest home. Morning light streams in through the half-shut blinds. VOICES can be HEARD. Jane gets up, in T-SHIRT and JEANS.

**INT. JANE'S HOUSE, LIVING ROOM -- MORNING**

Jane arrives from the hallway to see Father speaking with a STATE TROOPER standing in the open front SCREEN DOOR. There's another TROOPER outside on the PORCH. Father and the Trooper stop talking when the Trooper sees Jane.

Jane gives a questioning look.

The Trooper solemnly shakes his head.

STATE TROOPER  
He headed south, towards Dodge City.  
Abandoned the sedan. He...  
(miserable pause)  
We found another victim. A woman.  
He took her ID, everything. No way  
to identify her yet, so... we don't  
know what he's driving now.

Jane leans back against the hallway wall, despairing.

**CUT TO:**

**EXT. CHURCH -- DAY**

Outside a CHURCH in downtown (small-town) Colby, Kansas, many HIGHWAY PATROL and POLICE VEHICLES are tandem parked.

**INT. CHURCH -- DAY**

The CHURCH is packed; many uniformed TROOPERS and POLICE OFFICERS. Jane, in UNIFORM, is at the altar LECTERN.

JANE  
You do this job because you've  
dedicated yourself to helping people.  
Protecting people... sometimes from  
themselves.

Behind her, a large PHOTO of JANE'S HUSBAND, MIKE, is displayed amongst FLOWERS, near the closed COFFIN.

JANE  
That was my husband. He'd have given  
you his last dollar and the shirt off  
his back.

(more)

CONTINUED

JANE (CONT.)

He couldn't possibly have been the best friend to as many guys as those who thought he was their best friend. We met in Cadet School, 8 years ago. He picked me as his training partner before anyone else had a chance to. I was the only woman in the program that year. I asked him about it later. He told me a bunch of the other cadets said they were after me as their partner, since compared to a woman, they were bound to look good. Mike said if they were all that stupid, he didn't want anything to do with any of them.

A LAUGH from the assembled. Jane nods at the remembrance. She refuses to cry, will not allow herself to.

JANE

He didn't treat me any differently from anyone else; didn't go out of his way trying to treat me like just one of the guys. We've been cadets together, partners, friends, husband and wife. I...I just don't...

(pause)

I don't exactly know what I'm supposed to do without him.

CUT TO:

**EXT. CEMETERY -- DAY**

The FUNERAL GATHERING has assembled grave-side, surrounding the GRAVE over which the COFFIN waits to be lowered. A PRIEST presides, reading from a BIBLE.

PRIEST

"... his truth shall be thy shield and buckler. Thou shall not be afraid for the terror by night; Nor for the arrow that flieth by day..."

Amongst the gathering, Jane watches, stoic, flanked by Father, MOTHER, SISTER, and other FAMILY MEMBERS.

PRIEST

"Nor for the pestilence that walketh in darkness; nor for the destruction that wasteth at noonday. A thousand shall fall at thy side, and ten thousand at thy right hand..."

CUT TO:

**INT. JANE'S HOUSE, LIVING ROOM -- DAY**

Some FAMILY MEMBERS and FRIENDS are gathered post-funeral, eating and drinking, coming and going from the kitchen. Jane's Mother and Father receive condolences.

Jane, still in uniform, stands with a BEER in hand, looking at a dusty collection of a half-dozen or so TROPHIES which occupy a BOOKSHELF, along with a few "First Place" RIBBONS. They are awards for marksmanship, each trophy topped by a small, GOLD-PLATED MAN, in aiming stance, pointing a handgun.

Jane considers, then puts her beer down, takes two of the trophies in hand, studies them. She turns, THROWS one...

The trophy SMASHES into the nearby, red-brick FIREPLACE.

Jane throws the second trophy after the first. She proceeds to empty the shelf -- angrily HURLING each one of the awards into the fireplace to join the others -- venting frustration with each FRAGMENTING TROPHY.

All eyes are on Jane, concerned. Father steps up.

JANE'S FATHER

Jane...

Jane, regaining composure, takes her beer, crosses to exit.

**ON THE FRONT PORCH**

Jane comes out to sit on the STEPS, puts down the beer. She pulls off her uniform's TIE, throws it. She starts unbuttoning the shirt, trying impatiently to yank it off over her head, tearing it, wearing a white T-SHIRT beneath.

She finally gets the uniform top off, tossing it aside. She picks up her beer, drinks, miserable. Behind, Father stands looking out through the SCREEN DOOR, likewise.

**CUT TO:**

**INT. PSYCHIATRIST'S OFFICE -- MORNING**

A small, clinical OFFICE. Jane is seated across from an older, male PSYCHIATRIST, legs crossed, who holds a pencil.

PSYCHIATRIST

There's a potential, emotional undercurrent here that we haven't touched upon yet... and that is, Survivor's Guilt. I believe it's important you're aware of it. As a woman in a predominantly male field... a field where overt masculinity...

(more)

CONTINUED

## PSYCHIATRIST (CONT.)

An intimidating physical presence and even aggressive demeanor, can be considered virtues, you may have already been experiencing occasional feelings of inadequacy. Whether you recognize them as such or not.

Jane stares unhappily up at a CLOCK on the wall.

## PSYCHIATRIST

Which could add further weight to the emotional baggage you take away from having been a witness to the death of your husband. A death for which you seem, wrongly, to be blaming yourself, at least in part.

The CLOCK TICKS. Psychiatrist taps the pencil on his knee.

## PSYCHIATRIST

The reality of the situation... what I hope to help you come to grips with, is... no matter how many times you replay what happened back in your mind, the outcome is inescapable. You must find a way to begin accepting that. Additionally, maybe even more importantly, your chance at... revenge, for lack of a better word, is gone. Vengeance is not a healthy fantasy in which to indulge, no matter how unavoidably it may occupy your thoughts. Which is to say, that thing you most desire is something you can never attain, so, again... the sooner you begin to accept --

## JANE

Are we done?

(stands)

We are, aren't we? Because it's been an hour.

## PSYCHIATRIST

Officer Thorne...

## JANE

I'm here because this was mandatory. I told you. But, the hour's over...

## PSYCHIATRIST

An hour is barely a beginning. Though, I can inform you right now, I will be recommending you continue therapy.

CONTINUED

JANE  
 Fine. If they say I've got to.  
 Otherwise... well, thanks. Goodbye.

**CUT TO:**

**EXT. HIGHWAY PATROL HQ, FIRING RANGE -- DAY**

In one target-practice STALL, Jane, in "THE PRETENDERS" CONCERT T-SHIRT and JEANS, wearing GOGGLES and EAR PROTECTION, fires her .357 Magnum -- BLAM! BLAM! BLAM!

Jane lowers the revolver, opens it, quickly and expertly reloading with a SPEED LOADER. She raises the gun, SHOOTS...

Far down the range, where THREE paper FIGURE-TARGETS hang side by side, the center target (its chest already shredded) receives a dead center HEAD SHOT.

In the stall, Jane aims left -- BLAM!

The left target receives a perfect HEAD SHOT.

Jane aims right -- BLAM!

The right target likewise takes a SKULL SHOT, followed by... THREE HOLES down its chest in a ruler-straight line; like the buttons of a suit. Dead solid perfect shots.

**CUT TO:**

**INT. HIGHWAY PATROL HQ, LIEUTENANT'S OFFICE -- DAY**

Inside an OFFICE with WINDOWED WALLS looking out into the relatively orderly HIGHWAY PATROL SQUAD ROOM, Jane, in civilian clothes, sits waiting. She's across from thick-necked, sunburned and buzz-cut LIEUTENANT BUCKLEY, 50, in uniform, on the PHONE, seated at his immaculate DESK.

LT. BUCKLEY  
 (into PHONE)  
 Show him the documentation. If he still has a problem, call me back. Barring that, this is the last I want to hear about it.

Buckley hangs up, fills out PAPERWORK with a BALLPOINT PEN.

LT. BUCKLEY  
 (WRITING, not looking up)  
 What can I do for you, Thorne?

Jane clears her throat, searching for the words.

JANE  
 I'm... I'm going to have to be gone.  
 For a while.

CONTINUED

Buckley looks up, regarding her for a moment.

LT. BUCKLEY  
When would you be back?

JANE  
I'm not sure.

Buckley clicks the pen shut with his thumb, sits back.

LT. BUCKLEY  
You'll never find him.

JANE  
Probably not.

LT. BUCKLEY  
No. Not probably. Probably being a derivative of probability, which in this instance there is zero. It would be like looking for a needle in a haystack in a field of a thousand haystacks.

JANE  
I don't have to find him. Sooner or later his luck'll run out... he'll get boxed in. Whenever that happens, wherever... all I want is a chance to be in the hunting party.

Buckley pushes back his chair, stands, opens a FILE CABINET.

LT. BUCKLEY  
We'll put you on provisional leave. Keep your badge on you at all times. You won't have any authority, obviously, but at least you can show you're not some P.I. dicking around.

Buckley finds the FORM he sought, shuts the drawer, sits.

LT. BUCKLEY  
Let's say two weeks. After that, don't come back thinking you're still one of us.

JANE  
Thank you, Lieutenant.

LT. BUCKLEY  
Thank me? I wasn't under the impression you were asking my permission.

Buckley clicks his pen, starts filling out the form.

CONTINUED

LT. BUCKLEY  
 I can only imagine what you're going through. I'm not about to sit here trying to convince you that chasing after this lunatic is pointless. If I were you... I believe I'd also need to find that out for myself.

CUT TO:

**EXT. JANE'S HOUSE -- NIGHT**

BLINKING FIREFLIES flutter. There's an old, red, Chevy PICKUP with hard-top CAMPER SHELL on the driveway.

**INT. JANE'S HOUSE, BEDROOM -- NIGHT**

Jane's MAGNUM PISTOL and neatly folded TROOPER UNIFORM are on the bed beside a small SUITCASE. Jane comes to lay down a long range RIFLE (w/ SCOPE) and a SHOTGUN.

FATHER (O.S.)  
 Whenever you put that uniform on...  
 you might as well be another person.

Father's seated, aggravated. Jane begins packing CLOTHING. TV plays in the B.G., MUTED, showing "SATANIC SLASHER" news.

FATHER  
 A big piece of your... your heart and soul belongs to the K.H.P. That's who you are, Jane. Who you've always been...

JANE  
 Look who's talking.

FATHER  
 Yeah, well, then you know I'm speaking from experience. There is such a thing as disappearing into that uniform. Or thinking it's some kind of a suit of armor, which is isn't.

JANE  
 I'll be back soon, I promise. A few weeks at most.

FATHER  
 Mike's dying wasn't your fault.

Jane keeps packing.

CONTINUED

FATHER

There's nothing you could have done  
that would have changed anything.  
Nothing you could have done  
differently would have saved him.

JANE

I know.

FATHER

So, what then? I mean, this is...  
crazy. You do realize it's crazy?

JANE

He's not the one I'm trying to save.  
Alright? I mean, since...since four  
days ago... four days that have felt  
like a lifetime, I've thought about  
one thing. That shot. The shot I  
had, and what I wouldn't give to have  
it back. Because you're right...  
nothing'll bring Mike back. So  
what's left? Another shot. Another  
chance. Just one bullet... could  
save however many lives; and Mike  
rests in peace; and maybe... maybe I  
get to sleep at night.

FATHER

Jane, listen...

JANE

No, dad. I'm sorry, but I'm done  
talking. You know me. Tell me again  
not to go. Think that'll stop me?

Father stands, holds his tongue, walking to exit.  
Jane is regretful, but she keeps packing.

**CUT TO:**

**EXT. JANE'S HOUSE -- DAWN**

Jane (in civilian clothes, as she will always be unless  
otherwise noted) packs items in the front passenger side of  
the old, red, Chevy PICKUP with camper shell.

She walks around to get behind the wheel. Drives off.

**IN JANE'S CAR -- IN MOTION**

Jane drives, pensive. She decides to pull over.  
She leans forward, rests her forehead on the steering wheel.

CONTINUED

JANE  
 (very quietly)  
 Our Father, who art in Heaven,  
 hallowed be thy name. Thy kingdom  
 come, thy will be done... on earth as  
 it is in Heaven. Give us this day  
 our daily bread, and forgive us our  
 trespasses...

**EXT. NEIGHBORHOOD STREET -- DAWN**

A moment, then Jane's truck drives on.

CUT TO:

**EXT. KANSAS INTERSTATE -- DAY**

Jane's pickup changes lanes on the busy FREEWAY.  
 Distant OIL WELLS dot the boundless plains.

**IN JANE'S PICKUP -- IN MOTION**

Jane's on her CELL PHONE. A POLICE SCANNER and GPS DEVICE  
 are mounted on the dash. Her LAPTOP COMPUTER is open on the  
 passenger seat, along with rubber band wrapped FILES.

JANE  
 (into CELL PHONE)  
 I have our case files from Topeka,  
 yes, but I thought, in the spirit of  
 cooperation, you might let me take a  
 look at what you've got on the  
 murders in Kit Carson. I...  
 (listen)  
 Yes, well, I was hoping, as a  
 professional courtesy...  
 (listens)  
 Is there someone else I can speak to?

**EXT. GAS STATION -- DAY -- MONTAGE**

Jane talks on her phone while watching FREEWAY TRAFFIC pass.  
 Her pickup is at the GAS PUMPS behind her. From the look of  
 discouragement on her face, she's having no luck.

**EXT. ROADSIDE REST AREA -- DAY -- MONTAGE**

FAMILIES lunch at PICNIC TABLES. Jane's at one table, on  
 her cell phone, with FAST FOOD and LAPTOP before her. The  
 LAPTOP SCREEN shows SATANIC SLASHER HEADLINES. Again,  
 judging by her reaction, she's receiving no cooperation.

**LATER...**

Different FAMILIES at other tables. A MAN walks his DOG.

CONTINUED

Jane's at her same table, still on her phone, making a notation in a spiral-bound NOTEBOOK, her frustration growing. She hangs up, disgusted.

**INT. JANE'S PICKUP -- IN MOTION -- LATE DAY -- MONTAGE**

Late day. Jane drives, wearily still working the phone.

JANE  
 (into CELL PHONE)  
 ...anything would be helpful. Any information at all on the Slasher killings in Las Vegas, or...  
 (listens, dispirited)  
 The Kansas Highway Patrol, correct. To be honest, I'm looking into it on my own, but if you'll just...  
 (listens)  
 Let me leave my number, in case you change your mind. It's 785-555-1322. Yeah, thanks. Thanks for nothing.

Jane shuts the phone, throws it aside.

JANE  
 (to PHONE)  
 I hate you all.

**ON THE FREEWAY -- END MONTAGE**

Jane's pickup roars past a large SIGN which announces:  
*"Welcome to MISSOURI, The Show Me State."*

**DISSOLVE TO:**

**INT. JANE'S MOTEL ROOM - NIGHT**

The BED is covered in the Psycho Killer related contents of Jane's FILES: PHOTOCOPIED pages from K.H.P. CASE FILES, many NEWSPAPER CLIPPINGS from different states, and a US ROAD MAP marked with DOTS, MEASUREMENTS and NOTATIONS.

CABLE NEWS ANCHOR (O.S., V.O.)  
 (from TELEVISION)  
 ... dismembered bodies discovered 100 miles east of Kansas City. In the three days since then, seven people have been killed in the state of Illinois alone.

Jane is seated in a CHAIR, facing the arrayed information, using the bed as a desk. She types on on her laptop.

CONTINUED

CABLE NEWS ANCHOR (V.O.)  
 Having eluded the massive man-hunt  
 which followed the death of Kansas  
 State Trooper, Michael Thorne, it's  
 believed the Slasher is now heading  
 north to the Canadian border.

Jane looks up at the TV NEWSCAST.  
 ON TV: PHOTOS of the latest SEVEN VICTIMS, mostly women,  
 above the TITLE: "BODY COUNT: 32," in blood-mottled font.

CABLE NEWS ANCHOR (V.O.)  
 Authorities are cautioning those  
 living in the Northern Midwest that  
 the Slasher may have already crossed  
 into Wisconsin or Michigan.

Jane returns to consulting her laptop and files.

CABLE NEWS ANCHOR (V.O.)  
 Now... here's Missy with the latest  
 on the National Mega-Jackpot Lottery.

**CUT TO:**

**EXT. HIGHWAY -- MORNING**

Jane's truck journeys on, past the majestic ST. LOUIS ARCH.

**EXT. F.B.I., SPRINGFIELD OFFICE -- DAY**

Jane drives into a PARKING LOT, passing a SIGN for the  
 "Federal Bureau of Investigation; Springfield, Illinois."  
 An innocuous, 4-story OFFICE BUILDING lies ahead.

**INT. F.B.I. BUILDING, 4TH FLOOR HALLWAY -- DAY**

FBI AGENT RAMIREZ, so cool, handsome and well-dressed that  
 he'd star in of someone else's version of this story, exits  
 his office. THREE SUBORDINATE AGENTS trail.

RAMIREZ  
 ...let the Chicago office know. So  
 long as they're kept in the loop,  
 maybe they'll stay out of our hair.

Ramirez leads the way, walking as fast as he's talking.  
 Jane comes hurrying from down the hallway to catch them.

RAMIREZ  
 D.C. gets CC'd on everything. Those  
 S.O.B.'s. Right now, I need two,  
 equally important things brought to  
 me within the next 15 minutes...  
 (more)

CONTINUED

RAMIREZ (CONT.)  
 (holds up LEFT hand)  
 The entire forensics work-up on the  
 Slasher...  
 (holds up RIGHT hand)  
 And a chicken salad sandwich.

JANE  
 Um, excuse me! Agent Ramirez...?

Ramirez and subordinates stop, waiting for Jane.

JANE  
 Sorry... I've been looking for you.

RAMIREZ  
 And you are?

JANE  
 Officer Jane Thorne, of the Kansas  
 State Police. I'm told you're  
 heading up the Slasher investigation.

As Jane takes out her BADGE and shows it...

RAMIREZ  
 May I... ?

Ramirez takes the badge, bemused, holds it for his fellow  
 agents to also examine before handing it back to Jane.

JANE  
 If you don't mind, I'd like to look  
 over your shoulder for a day or two.  
 I realize it's an unusual request...

RAMIREZ  
 Are you joking?

JANE  
 Uh... no. I'm pretty serious,  
 actually.

RAMIREZ  
 Well, I'm sorry, ma'am, but we've got  
 our hands full at the moment, and I  
 don't have time for this.

Ramirez walks on, fellow agents following.

JANE  
 Maybe you heard about Officer Michael  
 Thorne...? The patrolman who was  
 killed in Colby, Kansas?

Ramirez stops, looks back.

CONTINUED

JANE

He was my husband. I was there...  
was with him when he died. Is it so  
much to ask... ?

(holds up FILES)

Help me fill in the blanks.

Ramirez walks back to her, seething.

RAMIREZ

I feel for you. We all here... we're  
sorry for your loss... the K.H.P.'s  
loss. But with due respect, how  
fucked up have you got to be to use  
the memory of your husband to twist  
my arm?

JANE

All I'm doing is asking for some  
assistance. If you've got nothing to  
offer, a simple "fuck off" will do,  
Agent Ramirez. Save your "ma'am's"  
for your mother and your wife.

RAMIREZ

What are you even looking for,  
Trooper? Thinking you're gonna show  
up and John-Wayne the whole situation  
for us, is that it?

JANE

I've got as much right running this  
down as anybody. More, really.

RAMIREZ

Yeah? The way I see it, you're two  
states away from where you belong.  
Around here, that badge of yours  
might as well be gold spray-painted  
cardboard. So, take a nickle's worth  
of free advice... go home.

Ramirez walks away. As he passes his subordinates...  
One, a black, female agent; AGENT BECKY COLLINS, briefly  
meets Jane's gaze before following Ramirez.

Jane is left clutching her files, dejected.

**CUT TO:**

**INT. CHAIN RESTAURANT -- LATE DAY**

In a busy restaurant bedecked wall-to-wall in kitschy  
Americana, Jane's seated in a BOOTH. She's got her nose in  
her laptop as usual, poking a FORK at her MEAL.

CONTINUED

Jane pushes the laptop aside, looking unhappily over her barely touched food. She shoves it away as well. She's sweaty, drinks ICED TEA. She puts her head back, eyes shut.

**INT. RESTAURANT, WOMEN'S ROOM -- MOMENTS LATER**

At the SINK, Jane splashes cold water on her face. She takes TOWELS from the dispenser, wipes her face. She studies herself in the MIRROR. She's pale. Worried.

**CUT TO:**

**EXT. PHARMACY -- EARLY EVENING**

Jane's pickup parks in front of a neon-lit DRUG STORE.

**CUT TO:**

**INT. MOTEL ROOM - NIGHT**

Silence. CURTAINS CLOSED. Jane's seated on the made BED, staring for the longest time at the room's bad WALLPAPER. Finally, she looks at her watch.

**IN THE BATHROOM**

There's a stick-type PREGNANCY TEST on the edge of the sink. Jane enters, picks the test up, looks at it.

She's distressed by the result, slowly takes a seat on the closed toilet. She's trying to accept what she's learned, looks at it again, places it back on the sink.

CLOSE ON: the TEST'S WINDOW, showing a pale blue PLUS SIGN.

Jane bends forward, holding her head in her hands. Her CELL PHONE starts RINGING O.S.

**IN THE MOTEL BEDROOM**

Jane comes to the bathroom doorway, steadying herself. CELL PHONE'S RINGING. Jane crosses to pick the phone up, not recognizing the incoming number, answers.

JANE  
(into CELL PHONE)  
Hello?

WOMAN'S VOICE (V.O.)  
(from CELL PHONE)  
Yeah, hello. Is this Trooper Thorne?  
Jane Thorne?

JANE  
Who's this?

**CUT TO:**

**INT. JANE'S MOTEL ROOM -- LATER NIGHT**

Someone's KNOCKING. Jane comes to open the door.  
Agent Collins stands holding a LAPTOP BAG and BRIEFCASE.

AGENT COLLINS  
Hey. Agent Becky Collins.

JANE  
Please, come in...

**IN THE MOTEL ROOM -- MOMENTS LATER**

Becky and Jane sit side by side, sharing the small, WRITING  
DESK. Jane has her files. Collins is on her LAPTOP, firing  
up GOOGLE EARTH... ZOOMING in on the Southwestern U.S.

JANE  
I'd offer you something, but all I  
have is a bucket of half-melted ice.

AGENT COLLINS  
(typing on LAPTOP)  
No problem, but you definitely owe me  
a drink. If Ramirez knew I was  
walking you through this... well...  
(trails off, pause)  
Screw him.

ON THE LAPTOP: GOOGLE EARTH ZOOMS in on Southern California.

AGENT COLLINS  
As we all know, the first killings  
were 16 days ago. Zabriskie Point,  
California. Mother and daughter. He  
took their car. His first vehicle.

ON THE LAPTOP: the FIRST MURDER SITE is marked by a RED DOT  
in a rather mountainous DESERT near the CA/NV border.  
Collins brings up BLACK AND WHITE, CRIME SCENE PHOTOS.

AGENT COLLINS  
He headed southeast to Death Valley  
Junction... a tiny place.  
Dismembered a shopkeeper there.

ON THE LAPTOP: PHOTOS of the slain SHOPKEEPER...open, empty  
CASH REGISTER... PK's EVIL EYE SYMBOL on the wall in blood.

AGENT COLLINS  
Since the beginning... he's  
scavenging. Money, credit cards,  
clothing. Surviving.

Jane's fixated, points to the PHOTO of the EVIL EYE SYMBOL.

CONTINUED

JANE

I've seen that before.

AGENT COLLINS

He's left it at almost every crime scene. It's like his signature.

JANE

The victims he chooses... there are those of pure opportunity and those he takes something specific from. Like the pharmacist, in Colorado.

AGENT COLLINS

Yeah. He's into painkillers and psychotropics. Percocet, Percodan, OxyCotin; in large quantities.

JANE

And there was a gun shop, in Nevada?

AGENT COLLINS

That he broke into after hours. He's got at least one pistol. A shotgun. Plenty of ammo. And the bad news...? The shop's owner was a "collector." Had a secret stash of hand grenades. Now missing.

JANE

Jesus.

AGENT COLLINS

Oh yeah.

JANE

(looking in her FILES)  
What about the library? Cedar City, Utah? He murdered the security guard and a librarian...

AGENT COLLINS

We've got surveillance footage.

ON THE LAPTOP: Collins brings up a brief CLIP of GRAINY (night) SECURITY CAMERA VIDEO showing Psycho Killer, masked, SMASHING a PLATE GLASS WINDOW with an AX, entering. Creepy.

Jane watches, chilled, as the clip replays in SLOW-MOTION.

AGENT COLLINS

That's him. And here's the Colorado drug store footage. Fucking cable news is still playing it on a loop...

ON THE LAPTOP: Phar-Mart SECURITY FOOTAGE shows PK passing.

CONTINUED

JANE

Wait, back up a minute. What did he want from a public library?

AGENT COLLINS

Well, it took four straight days of inventorying by two dozen agents to find out, but it's no less a mystery. He took exactly two books, from a set of encyclopedias. Volumes N and T.

JANE

N and T?

AGENT COLLINS

We're trying to figure what words starting with those letters might have any... satanic significance. Then again, maybe he's just screwing with our heads.

(points at LAPTOP)

And so it goes. He marches merrily along. This is the first eight days here; California, Nevada, Utah...

ON LAPTOP: a US MAP shows RED DOTS, each representing a murder site, trailing one after another through Southern California, into Southern Nevada and then Central Utah...

AGENT COLLINS

Four dead in Las Vegas alone. Seems like a lifetime ago. And shows he's not avoiding all the big cities, either. 14 total dead by the time he even crosses into Utah. He's zigging and zagging, but it doesn't take a genius to see he's heading east. And then here, of course... he made his infamous detour. True south. His idea of a joke...

ON THE LAPTOP: ZOOMING IN on the RED DOT where Utah, Colorado, Arizona and New Mexico all share a border.

**FLASHBACK / EXT. FOUR POINTS MARKER -- MORNING**

POLICE LIGHTS FLASH. SQUAD CARS and OFFICERS from different states surround the FOUR POINTS MONUMENT; a flat, raised expanse of concrete with steps leading to it from all sides.

The monument is encircled by yellow POLICE "WARNING" RIBBON, because at its center, where the large "X" designates the point where Utah, Colorado, Arizona and New Mexico meet, is a gore-strewn murder site; a dismembered FEMALE CORPSE has been discarded specifically so that pieces -- severed arms, legs, head and torso -- lie in EACH STATE.

CONTINUED

AGENT COLLINS (V.O.)  
Talk about a jurisdictional nightmare.

BACK TO SCENE / JANE'S MOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

JANE  
A murder committed in four different  
states simultaneously.

AGENT COLLINS  
Un-be-fucking-lievable.

JANE  
He prefers killing women, clearly.

AGENT COLLINS  
And those he really fancies; his  
favorite ladies... he marks them.

ON THE LAPTOP: a CRIME PHOTO shows Pharmacist, in the back  
of her car, with the pentagram carved into her forehead.

JANE  
Like they've been chosen. To belong  
to him in the afterlife.

Collins brings up the MAP, then stands, stretching her legs.

AGENT COLLINS  
Moving east. In no great hurry, mind  
you... from motel to motel, sometimes  
spending whole days in one place.  
Still, this guy's heading somewhere.  
He has a destination in mind, and I  
say, where there's a destination,  
there's a purpose. A motive.

JANE  
Right. No matter how random it  
seems...

AGENT COLLINS  
All this wanton, aimless carnage...

JANE  
There's some horrible purpose behind  
where he's going, isn't there?  
(pause, looks to Collins)  
I figured he's been living out of his  
vehicle. What makes you think he's  
staying in motels?

AGENT COLLINS  
(looks at her WATCH)  
If you want... I can show you.

**CUT TO:**

EXT. RURAL MOTEL -- NIGHT

Agent Collins's FBI SQUAD CAR, flashing BLUE LIGHT on the dash, turns into and speeds across the PARKING LOT of this dilapidated, 2-story MOTEL, and SCREECHES to a halt.

Collins gets out, grabs her laptop bag, while Jane climbs from the passenger side. Jane follows...

AGENT COLLINS

He was here three days ago. Three days after he crossed your path. He checked in in the dead of night. On foot. Paid cash. The desk clerk was a total stoner. Couldn't give a description; didn't even have him register. Worthless.

FOLLOW them through an ENTRYWAY, into a small, concrete COURTYARD with a dirty POOL area. GUESTS sit out, smoking.

AGENT COLLINS

Middle of the next day, the maid ignored the "Do Not Disturb" sign on the doorknob, or didn't see it somehow. She let herself in.

At the DOOR to a corner room, which is covered in FBI "NO TRESPASSING" NOTICES, Collins uses her KEYS on a PADLOCK.

AGENT COLLINS

Huge mistake.

IN THE MOTEL ROOM / CRIME SCENE

Collins opens the door, turns on a LIGHT, letting Jane enter first. Jane walks to the center of the room, looking around.

There's a wide BLOOD STAIN on the carpet. BLOOD everywhere, actually. The bed's stripped, but BLOOD made it through to the mattress. Collins shuts the door behind them.

AGENT COLLINS

He used an ax... cut her in half. That seems to have gotten his creative juices flowing.

There's WRITING in BLOOD on the walls: "**Hail Satan!**" "**The Beast awaits!**" "**Let trumpets sound!**" "**Human pigs!**" "**666,**" everywhere, and drawings of UPSIDEDOWN CROSSES.

AGENT COLLINS

This is how he leaves the crime scenes, but it's the only motel room he's left this way, at least that we know of.

CONTINUED

Jane walks over to look...  
Above the bed, in big, bloody letters: "OPEN THE GATES!"

JANE  
Open the gates.

Jane looks up to the ceiling, where...  
There's a large version of Psycho Killer's EVIL EYE SYMBOL.

AGENT COLLINS  
(of the EVIL EYE)  
Our analysts say he's obsessed with  
having his achievements "seen."

JANE  
Can I... borrow your computer?

Collins hands over her laptop bag. Jane takes the laptop  
out, opens it on a FOLDING TABLE left by investigators.

AGENT COLLINS  
What he's doing... he wants it to be  
appreciated. He's trying to impress  
the Big Man with the pitchfork and  
red leotard. "Hail Satan!" Right?  
At least that's what Quantico figures.

JANE  
(on the LAPTOP)  
Take a look here. This is from those  
murders in Harrisburg, Pennsylvania.  
The church killings, years ago...

ON THE LAPTOP: there's a version of the EVIL EYE SYMBOL,  
written in dripping BLOOD, on a stone wall.

JANE  
He was a Satanist. Richard Reeves...  
Richard Leonard Reeves. Killed like  
a dozen people. He died in prison.

AGENT COLLINS  
Our Slasher's a copycat?

JANE  
An admirer maybe. Inspired by Reeves.

CLOSE ON: the laptop screen shows the EVIL EYE.

**CUT TO:**

**INT. BAR -- NIGHT**

In a dark, dive BAR, Collins and Jane are in a BOOTH, DRINKS  
before them, studying a thick ROAD ATLAS.

CONTINUED

AGENT COLLINS  
 (points at ATLAS)  
 Take a good look where it all began.  
 Death Valley. And what's this...?

JANE  
 China Lake Naval Air Weapons Center.

AGENT COLLINS  
 And here, Fort Irwin... Deep Space  
 Communications Program. Across the  
 border; the Nevada Test site, where  
 they set off nuclear bombs for four  
 decades.

JANE  
 What are you saying?

AGENT COLLINS  
 (shrugs it away)  
 It's a helluva lot of hush-hush  
 government real estate, is all.  
 (drinks)  
 Want to know what really keeps me up  
 at night? Fingerprints, of which we  
 have plenty. I mean, it's not like  
 the Slasher's wearing gloves. We've  
 got more clean prints than you can  
 shake a stick at. Yet not one match.  
 Not in the I.A.F.I. System, not  
 through Interpol. However many times  
 we run his prints, everything the  
 computer spits out for us to eyeball  
 ends up being a false positive.

JANE  
 A thrill-killer on a nationwide  
 murder spree... and not a single  
 prior puts him in the database?

AGENT COLLINS  
 As if he just... materialized, one  
 day. Walked out of Death Valley and  
 into this world.

Collins flips to the front of the ROAD ATLAS, indicating a  
 U.S. MAP where each of the MURDER SITES is RED DOTTED.

JANE  
 Hear me out on this. Once he made it  
 out of Kansas, he crossed Missouri in  
 a day... entered Illinois, where he  
 suddenly turned left; headed north.  
 Everyone thinks he's making a run for  
 the border.

CONTINUED

AGENT COLLINS

You don't?

JANE

What if he's smarter than we think? Look... he's left a trail of bodies up Illinois... Collinsville...

(pointing on MAP)

Springfield, Spring Valley next... finally Rockford, on the Wisconsin border. Here. Now, what if he's turned around...? Backtracking south. But he's stopped killing, so that no one realizes, as...

(pokes finger on MAP)

He returns to Interstate 70. East.

AGENT COLLINS

Kind of a long shot, Trooper Jane.

JANE

(of the RED DOTS)

Look at the kill pattern. It's a safe bet he traveled significant distances on 70 through Utah, Colorado, Kansas, Missouri, even Illinois. Never too predictably. He's careful that way...

(showing on MAP)

He's north and south of it, traveling parallel. But, never too far from Interstate 70.

AGENT COLLINS

The problem is... even if you are right, it's a wild goose chase.

JANE

You said yourself, he's going somewhere. 70's practically a straight shot east... towards major cities; Baltimore, Pittsburgh, Philly.

AGENT COLLINS

New York City.

JANE

He's not heading for Canada.

(sits back, emphatic)

He's not running away. Not him.

Jane drinks. Collins looks over the map, dubious.

JANE

Everyone's chasing him north. Securing the border. They've got to.

CONTINUED

AGENT COLLINS

No one can stomach the idea of this  
psycho slipping through our fingers.

JANE

Exactly. Meanwhile...

Jane pages quickly through the ROAD ATLAS, searching...

JANE

I worked it out, and if I'm right...  
judging by the distances he's been  
averaging, in the next day or two...  
(points on MAP PAGE)  
This is where he'll actually be.

CLOSE ON: a detailed portion of MAP which shows INTERSTATE  
70 bisecting Columbus, Ohio, on its way east to the  
Pennsylvania border. 70 feeds into and is fed by myriad  
branching ROADWAYS; passes through many small TOWNS.

JANE

Somewhere between Columbus, Ohio, and  
Wheeling, West Virginia. 110 miles.  
25 exits, give or take. That's the  
best chance anyone'll have of pulling  
this rabbit out of their hat.

**CUT TO:**

**EXT. JANE'S MOTEL -- NIGHT**

Collins's F.B.I. car pulls up near where Jane's Chevy is  
parked in front of one room. Jane opens the passenger door.

JANE

Thanks for sticking your neck out.  
I wish I could repay the favor.

AGENT COLLINS

Not a problem. And for what it's  
worth, I'll pass your theories along.

JANE

Thanks again. Good luck.

AGENT COLLINS

See you around, Trooper.

Jane gets out, shuts the door. She walks towards her motel  
room as Collins is pulling away. Then, Collins BRAKES.  
Jane looks as Collins REVERSES, rolling her window down.

AGENT COLLINS

I'm not allowed to be telling you  
what I'm about to tell you.  
(more)

CONTINUED

AGENT COLLINS (CONT.)  
 (waves Jane over)  
 We've managed to keep this from becoming public knowledge, for obvious reasons. There is a small construction and demolition company, near Kansas City... from which a quantity of explosives was stolen.

JANE  
 Explosives?

AGENT COLLINS  
 TNT. Twenty pounds or so. Enough to do significant damage.  
 (off Jane's NOD)  
 Be careful.

CUT TO:

**INT. JANE'S MOTEL ROOM -- NIGHT**

Jane enters, crossing to pick up her suitcase. She begins packing to leave.

**EXT. JANE'S MOTEL -- MOMENTS LATER**

Jane, on her cell phone, throws her suitcase inside the camper shell of her pickup, shuts the lift gate.

JANE  
 (into CELL PHONE)  
 Sorry to call so late, dad. Hey, mom. It's the first chance I got.

**IN THE PICKUP**

Jane gets behind the wheel.

JANE  
 (into CELL PHONE)  
 No, I'm fine, guys. I'm tired, is all. I'm in Springfield, Illinois. Leaving for Ohio.  
 (listens)  
 I can't. I wish I could, but I can't...

Jane sits back, listening, agonizing.

JANE  
 (into CELL PHONE)  
 Look, you...you don't know... you don't even have any idea. With all of my heart, I want to turn around and go home...

CONTINUED

Jane's eyes fill with tears and she wipes them away.

JANE

But, if I quit... if I quit and try to go home now, it won't be home I'm going back to. Try to understand that, okay? I'm sorry, but I've got to go. I have a whole night of driving ahead. I have to go. I love you. Goodnight. Goodnight.

Jane closes the phone, puts it aside, swallowing back sadness. She starts the truck, puts it in gear and drives.

CUT TO:

**EXT. HIGHWAY -- NIGHT**

Jane's pickup's races along, HEADLIGHTS briefly illuminating a SIGN: "WELCOME TO INDIANA, Crossroads of America."

**IN JANE'S PICKUP -- IN MOTION -- NIGHT**

Jane's focused on the roadway ahead, RADIO playing.

MALE EXPERT (V.O.)

(from RADIO)

...at least not the kind of Satanism portrayed in TV and movies and comic books. There are no secret, blood-thirsty Devil Worshiping Cults dotting the American landscape.

FEMALE EXPERT (V.O.)

(from RADIO)

On the contrary. Look at the crime statistics from the small towns and you'll see a rise in occult crimes; graveyard vandalism, devil worship graffiti, cattle mutation...

Jane SWITCHES CHANNELS.

WOMAN'S VOICE (V.O.)

...Slasher... killing all those people? When this is over and all is said and done, you want to know who's gonna behind it? The government.

MALE TALK SHOW HOST (V.O.)

Yeah, lady?! You think? What, is it a full moon out tonight or something? That is the most ridiculous...!

She sighs, SWITCHING again...

CONTINUED

MAN'S VOICE (V.O.)

As Dostoyevski said; if the devil  
doesn't really exist, and man created  
him, man created him in his own image.

RADIO HOST (V.O.)

Whose-a-what-ski said what now?

Jane SWITCHES yet again, fed-up. Mellow JAZZ MUSIC PLAYS.  
Jane's grateful. Soon, the SONG ENDS...

JAZZ RADIO DJ (V.O.)

This is Jazzy 102.4. We'll begin  
another commercial free block of  
smooth jazz in a moment, and I'll  
have tonight's Mega-Jackpot numbers,  
but first... let's continue with  
tonight's Town Hall Topic; The  
Satanic Slasher. Archie's on the  
line, from Chicago...

ARCHIE (V.O.)

Yeah, I got something to say, and I  
hope he's out there listening too!  
What is *WRONG* with you, Mr. Slasher?!

Jane shuts the RADIO OFF in exasperation.

**DISSOLVE TO:**

**INT. JANE'S PICKUP -- IN MOTION -- LATER NIGHT**

THRU THE WINDSHIELD: headlights illuminate the road's DOTTED  
YELLOW LINE, which flickers by with a hypnotic rhythm.

Jane's starting to fade, eyelids growing heavy.  
Her eyes shut and her chin drops, but the SOUND of her  
TIRES on the SHOULDER causes her to snap awake, correcting.

**FURTHER DOWN THE ROAD**

Jane pulls over to the shoulder, parking a safe distance  
from the roadway. She turns the engine and headlights off.

**IN JANE'S PICKUP**

Another CAR races by. Jane locks the doors, gets her Magnum  
from the glove compartment, puts it on the seat beside her.  
Settling back, Jane shuts her eyes. Resting.

**DISSOLVE TO:**

**EXT. HIGHWAY -- LATER NIGHT**

Jane's pickup sits in darkness.

**IN JANE'S PICKUP**

Jane's slumped down across the front seat, asleep. She GASPS awake, sitting up, as if startled from a nightmare. She looks around, fearful, disoriented.

She reaches to turn on the HEADLIGHTS: nothing out there.

**ON THE ROADSIDE**

Jane climbs from the passenger side, her pistol raised. She's utterly alone in the middle of nowhere. All is eerily quiet as she slowly moves around to the back of the truck...

She discovers no one there.

Jane edges forward to peer around to the driver's side. She turns, gun pointed, surveying the nearby fields and forests beyond. Foliage undulates, rustling. Hundreds of stars shine down from above. Jane lowers her weapon.

She looks down the road, the way she came. Empty for miles.

**CUT TO:**

**EXT. INTERSTATE 70 -- DAWN**

FOLLOW Jane's red Chevy.

JANE (V.O.)  
We're asking all the major, East  
Coast hotel chains to help us find  
the Slasher, yes, sir...

**INT. JANE'S PICKUP -- IN MOTION -- DAWN**

Jane drives, on her phone, as always.

JANE  
(into CELL PHONE)  
It's especially important you pass  
this information along to any of your  
hotels off of Interstate 70, east of  
Columbus, Ohio.

THRU THE WINDSHIELD: there's an EXIT SIGN for "COLUMBUS."

**EXT. DOWNTOWN COLUMBUS -- DAWN**

Jane's pickup speeds down the exit ramp onto DOWNTOWN STREETS. The city's awakening. A STREET CLEANER cruises.

JANE (V.O.)  
The suspect is almost certainly a  
white male. Of average height.  
Stocky build. Traveling alone.  
(more)

CONTINUED

JANE (CONT.; V.O.)  
 He pays in cash. He will not offer  
 any identification if asked.

Jane's pickup pulls over to the curb, parks.

**IN JANE'S PICKUP -- CONTINUOUS**

JANE  
 (into CELL PHONE)  
 Most likely, he will be on foot,  
 having left his vehicle within  
 walking distance. Would you like me  
 to repeat any of this?

Jane works her laptop, using GOOGLE EARTH...  
 ZOOMING in on a bird's-eye view of COLUMBUS, OHIO.

JANE  
 Whatever you do, do not confront this  
 man. If you have any suspicions  
 about a guest you feel fits this  
 description, call 911 immediately.

ON THE LAPTOP: as the city of "COLUMBUS" grows closer and  
 closer -- BUILDINGS and STREETS coming into sharp relief --  
 a DOZEN PINK BEDS appear in the busy grid of streets making  
 up the DOWNTOWN area, each PINK ICON representing LODGING.

JANE  
 And immediately afterwards, call the  
 following emergency response number;  
 785-555-1322. Did you get that?

ON THE LAPTOP: Jane moves the cursor ARROW over one  
 "lodging" icon, which opens a WORD BALLOON: "MIDTOWN MOTEL,  
 10 High Street N, Columbus, OH, 43215, phone: 614-555-4302."

Jane shoulders her cell, scribbling the info in her NOTEBOOK.

JANE  
 There's a substantial reward, of  
 course. We in law enforcement thank  
 you sincerely for your assistance and  
 cooperation.

Jane hangs up, returns to working the laptop...  
 Copying more information into her notebook.

**EXT. "THE MIDTOWN" MOTEL -- DAY -- MONTAGE**

Jane's pickup arrives at this rather haggard MOTEL.

**IN THE MOTEL'S LOBBY**

Jane, in JACKET, flashes her badge, leans on the COUNTER.  
 The FEMALE OWNER, in DRESSING GOWN, peers over BIFOCALS.

CONTINUED

JANE  
 Officer Thorne. Special  
 investigation. If I could ask you a  
 few questions, maybe have you help us  
 keep an eye out for a suspect...

**COLUMBUS, OHIO -- MOTEL MONTAGE -- DAY**

- In various HOTEL and MOTEL LOBBIES...  
 Across various CHECK-IN COUNTERS...  
 Jane keeps casually showing her badge and speaking to many  
 DIFFERENT CLERKS and OWNERS, all of whom pay attention,  
 more-or-less, to her authoritative spiel, for example...
- Jane talks at a disheveled, disinterested MAN who's  
 eating a TV DINNER and trying to watch a small B+W TV.
- Jane speaks to a young FEMALE DESK CLERK who listens  
 and nods, chewing her gum the whole time with open mouth.
- Jane is shown a PRINT-OUT of GUESTS by a MAN in a PLAID  
 SUIT with a dyed COMB OVER and coke-bottle lensed GLASSES.

**EXT. DOWNTOWN COLUMBUS -- DAY -- MONTAGE**

Amidst busy DOWNTOWN TRAFFIC, Jane is seated on the hood of  
 her parked pickup, typing on her laptop.

ON THE LAPTOP: as Google Earth ZOOMS in on "ZANESVILLE,"  
 lodging indicators POP UP alongside INTERSTATE 70.

**INT. JANE'S PICKUP -- IN MOTION -- DAY -- MONTAGE**

Jane drives. Beside her, her laptop plays old NEWS FOOTAGE  
 from the internet; VIDEO IMAGES showing POLICEMEN and SWAT  
 OFFICERS taking up positions outside a gothic CHURCH.

REPORTER'S VOICE (V.O.)  
 (from LAPTOP)  
 ...troubled youth, with a long record  
 of juvenile offenses, he was equally  
 troubled as an adult.

Jane notices something in the SIDE MIRROR.  
 IN THE MIRROR: there's a VAN coming up very fast...  
 Changing lanes, which reveals another VAN right behind.

REPORTER'S VOICE (V.O.)  
 (from LAPTOP)  
 Claiming he was trying to conjure  
 Satan, Reeves ritually slaughtered  
 the 13 men and women he briefly held  
 hostage inside the church that day.

Jane glances down at the laptop...

CONTINUED

ON THE LAPTOP: RICHARD LEONARD REEVES is shown in COURT, in SHACKLES and prison JUMPSUIT, his head bowed forward so that his long, brown hair hides his face.

REPORTER'S VOICE (V.O.)  
 During a siege on the church, police officers managed to capture Reeves alive. He confessed to his crimes and was eventually sentenced to death.

Jane looks left as the first van, a FLOWER SHOP VAN, flies by. The second, a CABLE TV VAN, zooms by in the first van's wake. They switch lanes in tandem, both with TINTED WINDOWS.

REPORTER'S VOICE (V.O.)  
 But it wasn't till 2003 that Satanist Richard Leonard Reeves finally met his end, when he was shot and killed while attacking a prison guard.

**EXT. INTERSTATE 70 -- HELICOPTER SHOT -- MONTAGE**

AERIAL SHOT: follows Jane's pickup, far below, traveling east on 70... turning onto the next EXIT RAMP.

**VARIOUS OHIO MOTELS -- DAY/NIGHT -- MONTAGE**

-Shown in rapid succession, Jane's pickup arrives at... Various other HOTELS, MOTELS, INNS and TRAVEL LODGES... Modest places, some more rural than others, and then...

-Late day. In front of one MOTEL, Jane speaks to a FEMALE PROPRIETOR, in tie-dye, who waters a FLOWER GARDEN.

-Dusk. Jane stands in front of the OFFICE of yet another MOTEL, whose portly, gregarious OWNER has a BEER in hand. Jane looks up as the motel's big NEON SIGN flickers ON.

-Night. Jane exits the OFFICE of a neon-lit MOTOR LODGE, takes out her notebook and reads as she walks...

**ON THE STREET**

Jane gets in her truck. She looks down at whatever she's doing, and soon her face is bathed in telltale LAPTOP LIGHT.

**INSERT -- CLOSE-UP:**

ON JANE'S LAPTOP: Google Earth is once again ZOOMING IN -- revealing "CAMBRIDGE," where more LODGING ICONS APPEAR.

**INT. CAMBRIDGE COFFEE SHOP -- NIGHT -- MONTAGE**

IN A BOOTH, Jane has her arms crossed, head down, asleep. A WAITRESS steps up, refilling Jane's COFFEE CUP. Jane stirs, sits up, sheepish, nods thanks.

CONTINUED

WAITRESS  
 Congratulations.

Jane doesn't understand. The waitress nods to...  
 Jane's leafed-through-with-many-corners-of-pages-turned-down  
 "Pregnancy Guide" PAPERBACK on the table.

JANE  
 Oh. Thanks. Speaking of which...  
 could I get a glass of milk, please?

Waitress nods, goes. Jane takes out a small, cellophane  
 pack of VITAMINS, starts taking them with WATER. She pushes  
 her notebook and cell phone aside, opens her laptop.

CLOSE ON: Jane's open NOTEBOOK, where PAGES are full of many  
 MOTEL NAMES, ADDRESSES and PHONE NUMBERS, all CROSSED OFF.

ON THE LAPTOP: Jane GOOGLES... "open the gates."  
 She CLICKS one result. A WEBSITE shows the COVER of the  
 ALBUM "OPEN THE GATES OF HELL," from totally-80's, Spandex-  
 attired, big-haired MEMBERS of the HEAVY METAL BAND,  
 "BAPHOMET," posed dramatically with guitars, amongst flames.

Jane's bleary eyes study the result.

ON THE LAPTOP: CLICKING "See Back Cover" flips the album,  
 revealing TRACK LISTINGS over an old ETCHING of the eerie  
Sabbatic Goat, which we've seen tattooed across PK's back.

**EXT. COFFEE SHOP PARKING LOT -- MOMENTS LATER -- MONTAGE**

Walking wearily towards her truck, Jane stops.  
 She turns, noticing the far off SOUND of a HELICOPTER.

In the night sky, in the distance, the LIGHTS of a  
 HELICOPTER can be seen. It hovers steadily, FAINTLY HEARD.

Jane goes around to the passenger side of her pickup, opens  
 the door and takes out BINOCULARS from the glove compartment.

**JANE'S POV**

THRU BINOCULARS: the lights of the jet-black HELICOPTER are  
 pretty much all she can see as it's veering... heading away.

**END MONTAGE**

**EXT. INTERSTATE 70 -- MORNING**

Jane's pickup takes a freeway exit, "Havenhurst."  
 A DELIVERY VAN with TINTED WINDOWS follows.

**EXT. HAVENHURST, OHIO -- MORNING**

Jane's truck moves through this medium-sized-at-best town.

**IN JANE'S PICKUP**

Jane is beginning to take notice of...  
The delivery van in her MIRROR. Can't make out the DRIVER.

**ON THE STREET**

Jane takes a right, onto Havenhurst's quaint MAIN STREET.  
The delivery van slowly makes the same turn, following.

**IN JANE'S PICKUP**

Jane watches while taking the next corner, another right.  
IN THE MIRROR: the delivery van slows... turns left.

Jane seems satisfied, drives on.

**CUT TO:**

**EXT. HAVENHURST STREETS -- MORNING**

On a strip crowded with FAST FOOD JOINTS and SUPERMARKETS in the distance, Jane's pickup is parked on the street in front of a MOTOR INN. Jane exits the inn, walking towards her pickup. "Havenhurst Hotel" is further down the road, on the other side. Jane crosses the street, watching for traffic.

**INT. HAVENHURST HOTEL, OFFICE -- MORNING**

Jane enters. A BELL over the door gives a DING. Jane shows her badge to the OLDER GENT in BOW TIE at the CHECK-IN DESK.

JANE

Afternoon, sir. Officer Thorne.  
Sorry to trouble you, but, um... I...  
(stifling a YAWN)

Excuse me.

OLDER GENT

Certainly. What can I do for you, Officer? Looks like you're already having one of those days.

JANE

All night long. We'd like some help watching for the Interstate Killer... the Slasher...

OLDER GENT

Oh.

JANE

What little we know, I'd like to run by you... also in case any of your guests match the profile. He would be a white male. Alone. He'd have paid in cash, most likely...

CONTINUED

OLDER GENT  
TV news makes it sound like he's not likely to come around here, I heard.

JANE  
Well... I'm thinking they're probably right about that. Actually.

OLDER GENT  
I wasn't on the desk last night, so I don't know how helpful I can be...

He takes a REGISTER BOOK from under the counter, opens it.

OLDER GENT  
I'll take a look in the register. We still have our guests sign in. There's no one here alone...

JANE  
You know, maybe I'll just leave my number...

Jane places a SLIP of PAPER on the counter, starts to go.

JANE  
Thank you for your time.

OLDER GENT  
(studying REGISTER)  
Oh, there is one gentleman. Checked in last night, alone...

Jane's just opening the door -- DING. She stops.

OLDER GENT  
A Mister... Reeves.

JANE  
W-what did you say?

OLDER GENT  
Reeves. Arrived late last night. R. L. Reeves.

Jane can barely believe her ears.

JANE  
May I see that?

IN THE REGISTER: there it is, scrawled, "**R.L. Reeves.**"

JANE  
What room?

OLDER GENT  
10. On the end.

CONTINUED

JANE

Sir, I need that key. I want you to lock this door behind me. Call the police. Tell them the Slasher's here. Then, you hide... hide and don't come out.

**CUT TO:**

**EXT. HAVENHURST HOTEL -- MORNING**

Jane stands just down from the OFFICE, anxiously peering out from behind a SODA MACHINE, watching...

ROOM 10, on the end, where the room's PICTURE WINDOW is curtained. A "DO NOT DISTURB" SIGN hangs on the door knob.

Jane looks to the street. No sign of any police. She checks her watch, frustrated.

JANE

Fuck. Fuck.

Jane goes, moving past rooms 6, 7, 8 and 9. She takes her revolver from inside her jacket, creeping up on room 10. She slowly and carefully inserts the KEY in the door's lock.

Crouching low, Jane steels herself. As quickly and quietly as possible, she opens the door inward...

**IN ROOM 10**

Jane aims her weapon, staying low, searching. No one in sight. It's dark. PK's SUITCASE is on the unmade bed. Jane checks behind the door, slowly straightens.

Jane eases towards the closed BATHROOM DOOR across the room. Gun still white-knuckled forward, she looks down at...

A few PILLS on the DESK, beside a torn-out section of NEW YORK TIMES CLASSIFIEDS, with one AD CIRCLED in RED PEN...

**M N O  
To those who also  
share faith. Seeking  
our mutual friend. Need  
help. Please reply.**

Jane eases her way towards the bathroom, not noticing LIGHT seeping from the seams of the closed CLOSET DOOR. Gun up, Jane reaches with her other hand, which trembles ever so slightly... pushes the BATHROOM DOOR OPEN...

Bathroom's empty. Psycho Killer's SHOTGUN is propped against the tile wall, beside the TOILET PAPER DISPENSER.

Jane backs away. A loud CREAK is HEARD...

CONTINUED

Jane wheels...

It's only the half-open front door CREAKING.

As Jane exhales, the CLOSET DOOR behind her SLAMS open and Psycho Killer BURSTS FORTH...!

Psycho Killer, masked, SLAMS into Jane from behind -- lifting her bodily, THROWING her forward...

Jane SMASHES into the front door, slamming it shut. She hits the floor, GASPING...

Her dropped gun lands beneath the curtained window

Psycho Killer charges, reaching for Jane...

Jane sees him coming. She rolls, gives a sweeping KICK... Knocks Psycho Killer's legs out. He falls.

Jane crawls on her belly, towards her gun...

Psycho Killer grasps Jane's ankle. He yanks her back.

Jane struggles as Psycho Killer grips her from behind. He stands, lifting Jane and again THROWING HER...

Jane goes flailing across the desk, SMASHING a LAMP, her foot SHATTERING a PICTURE FRAME on the wall as... She's sent sprawling to the floor, stunned.

Jane's trying to shake it off, looks to see Psycho Killer advancing. She leaps up, grabs the desk's wooden CHAIR and SWINGS it with all she's got -- the chair SPLINTERS as it SMASHES Psycho Killer! Sends him backpedaling...

Jane stumbles, off balance, catches herself against the desk.

Psycho Killer PULLS DOWN the room's curtains as he tumbles to the floor. Blinding DAYLIGHT BLASTS in.

Jane grabs a GLASS SHARD off the desk, wields it and moves towards Psycho Killer, but something outside the picture window stops her in her tracks.

As Psycho Killer's rising, Jane's stare of utter incomprehension makes him look over his shoulder...

THROUGH THE WINDOW: the DELIVERY VAN which was following Jane is parked, its side door open. TWO MEN in DELIVERY COMPANY UNIFORMS (buzz-cut military types, in ball-caps, sunglasses and Bluetooth earpieces; each man SPORTING distinctive FACIAL HAIR by which, for simplicity's sake, he'll be named), having just climbed from the van, are at this very moment expertly readying the...

...automatic ASSAULT RIFLES they have strapped to them.

**IN THE PARKING LOT**

It's MR. VAN DYKE and MR. GOATEE's turn to go slack-jawed as they look up to see the only-a-moment-ago-curtained WINDOW to room 10 now affords them a view of Jane and Psycho Killer, and vice versa, so in that one brief, breathless moment, all parties are caught flat-footed. Until...

VAN DYKE

Shit.

Van Dyke and Goatee sneeringly raise their weapons...

**IN ROOM 10**

Psycho Killer flees from the window, leaps over the bed... Jane dives towards the window...

Van Dyke and Goatee OPEN FIRE with their SILENCER-MUZZLED RIFLES -- BULLETS OBLITERATING the window!

Jane lands beneath the window, hidden from view, as SHATTERED GLASS rains down on her.

Psycho Killer falls behind the bed as BULLETS PUNCH HOLES in the walls and bathroom door.

BULLETS keep striking, filling the air with DEBRIS. Jane searches frantically amongst the fallen curtain.

Psycho Killer pulls his suitcase down behind the bed just as BULLETS RIP INTO the mattress. PK reaches under the bed and lifts -- UPENDING the MATTRESS and BOX SPRING...

Behind this cover, Psycho Killer grabs his suitcase, retreating into the bathroom, KICKS the door shut behind.

THROUGH THE WINDOW: Van Dyke and Goatee advance, FIRING!

The bed is knocked back down in the hail of GUNFIRE.

Jane finds her pistol. Staying down, she starts BLIND-FIRING out the window...

**IN THE PARKING LOT**

One of Jane's shots STRIKES Goatee in the leg, felling him!

**IN ROOM 10**

Jane shoots her gun empty, withdraws it, flips it open. On her back, she searches her pockets for more bullets.

**IN THE PARKING LOT**

Van Dyke stops firing, going to Goatee's aid... Van Dyke drags his wounded comrade back towards the van.

**IN THE BATHROOM**

Psycho Killer uses his suitcase to SMASH through a high, narrow, horizontal WINDOW above the SHOWER STALL, shoves the suitcase out. But the window's far too small for PK.

Psycho Killer grabs his nearby shotgun. He points it up at the window -- BOOM! -- BLOWS a big hole through the window frame and drywall.

Psycho Killer BLASTS another section of the frame -- BOOM!! He tosses the double-barrel out, grabs what's left of the smoldering window frame, starts violently YANKING it loose.

**IN ROOM 10**

Jane's found her bullets, speed-reloading. She risks rising up just enough to take a look... THROUGH THE WINDOW: Van Dyke's got Goatee back in the van through the side door, climbing in after him as...

JANE

Whoever you are, I'm a police officer! Hold your fire!

The DRIVER pulls the van forward, angling so that the rear of the van now faces the room. REVERSE LIGHTS come on.

JANE

I am an officer of the Kansas State Police!

Jane peers over the bottom edge of the window... Delivery Van starts backing up with Van Dyke leaning out the side door, using the van for cover while he OPENS FIRE again!

Jane ducks back down, pissed. Gun held at ready, she searches for an escape... looking across the room, which is being TORN to SHREDS, to the closed bathroom door.

**IN THE BATHROOM**

Psycho Killer pulls the whole window frame inward, taking chunks of wall with it, THROWS it aside. He leaps up...

**OUTSIDE, BEHIND THE HOTEL**

Psycho Killer struggles out through the ragged hole, falls to the ground. He gets up, retrieving suitcase and shotgun.

He crosses a junk-strewn, empty lot, still masked. No one else is around. He scurries down the slope of a wide, overgrown DRAINAGE AREA, wading through thick weeds.

PK scrambles up the opposite slope, coming up behind several small, COMMERCIAL BUILDINGS. He squeezes through the torn seam of a rusty CHAIN-LINK FENCE, turns to look back...

**PSYCHO KILLER'S POV:**

THROUGH HIS MASK: Psycho Killer WATCHES the rear of the Havenhurst Hotel, which is now a good distance away. Jane appears at the hole Psycho Killer made, likewise climbing out. She flees another direction. PK is HEARD GRUNTING, almost as if in approval, watching Jane escape.

**EXT. HAVENHURST RESIDENTIAL STREET -- MOMENTS LATER**

On a shady street of mostly older APARTMENT BUILDINGS, where TWO BICYCLISTS pedal idly and a few CARS cross paths...

FAR DOWN THE BLOCK, Psycho Killer (w/o mask) walks out from between two buildings, suitcase in tow. He crosses the street, uses KEYS to open the door of a parked CAR; a black, muscle car COUPE. He throws his suitcase in, gets in. DISTANT SIRENS are HEARD.

Psycho Killer's car lurches into the street, makes a quick, SCREECHING turn, racing away.

DISSOLVE TO:

**EXT. RURAL ROADWAY -- DAY**

Psycho Killer's black coupe roars down a solitary country road bordered by far reaching FARM FIELDS.

DISSOLVE TO:

**EXT. PITTSBURGH -- DUSK**

It's RAINING. THUNDERING. Psycho Killer's car crosses the FORT PITT BRIDGE into clamoring DOWNTOWN PITTSBURGH.

**EXT. MID-CITY PITTSBURGH -- DUSK**

Some TRAFFIC. Few pedestrians in the RAIN. Psycho Killer parks at a corner. He climbs from the car, holding his trench coat over him as he walks to the sidewalk.

RADIO NEWSCASTER (V.O.)  
(from CAR RADIO)  
No one is quite sure what to make of  
the incident in eastern Ohio, earlier  
today. We spoke with the owner of  
the Havenhurst Hotel...

THREE NEWSPAPER BOXES stand together. Psycho Killer plugs COINS in the NEW YORK TIMES box, takes a NEWSPAPER.

**IN PSYCHO KILLER'S CAR**

FROM BEHIND: PK climbs in, throws his coat aside. He opens the New York Times, searching its pages.

CONTINUED

OLDER GENT (V.O.)  
 (from RADIO)  
 All I know is, this lady policeman  
 claims the Slasher's in one of the  
 rooms. Next thing, there's a big  
 shoot-out, they all disappear, and  
 I'm left with a hotel full of holes!

Psycho Killer runs his finger down the rows of the  
 CLASSIFIED ADS, searching... searching, then finding...

M N O  
 843 36544483633  
 9352663 255 335569  
 235438377.

4813055357548696230

RADIO NEWSCASTER (V.O.)  
 Police have still made no arrests,  
 and there's no word on the identities  
 of any of the parties involved in  
 this mysterious gun battle which took  
 place in broad daylight.

**ON THE STREET**

Psycho Killer's car pulls away.

RADIO NEWSCASTER (V.O.)  
 Meanwhile, it's been 3 days since the  
 Slasher claimed his last victim,  
 fueling further speculation as to his  
 whereabouts. And now, here are  
 today's National Mega-Jackpot  
 numbers. 3, 19, 25...

DISSOLVE TO:

**EXT. PITTSBURGH RIVERFRONT -- NIGHT**

RAINING. PK's coupe is parked beneath a BRIDGE, with the  
 MONONGAHELA RIVER and the city SKYLINE in the B.G.  
 HEAVY METAL MUSIC is HEARD.

**IN PSYCHO KILLER'S CAR**

By dim CEILING LIGHT and with the HEAVY METAL (over the next  
 few scenes) booming from the RADIO, Psycho Killer uses a  
 POCKET KNIFE to cut out the CLASSIFIED AD...

M N O  
 843 36544483633  
 9352663 255 335569  
 235438377.

4813055357548696230

CONTINUED

With a ROAD ATLAS as a writing surface, PK uses a PENCIL NUB to begin COPYING the ad's info onto a blank sheet of PAPER.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. PSYCHO KILLER'S CAR -- NIGHT

CLOSE ON: the no longer blank PAPER and what PK's written...

<b>M N O</b>	<b>843</b>	<b>36544483633</b>	<b>9352663</b>	<b>255</b>	<b>335569</b>	<b>235438377.</b>
	tg	dmjgggtdmdd	wdjammd	ajj	ddjjmw	adjgtdpp
	u	enkhhuenee	xekbnne	bkk	eekknx	bdkheueqq
	vif	foliivfoff	yflcoof	c11	fflloy	cflifvfr
			z		z	ss

**4813055357548696230**

gt dojjdjpjgtmwmado  
hu epkkeqkhunxbep  
iv fellflrlivoyocfe  
r s z r

He again brings pencil to bear, beginning with... **M N O**  
6 6 6

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. PSYCHO KILLER'S CAR -- NIGHT

FOLLOW the tip of PK's PENCIL finishing writing. We are...  
CLOSE ON: his completed solution (we don't have to fully understand the system yet), all the BOLD LETTERS CIRCLED...

<b>M N O</b>	<b>843</b>	<b>36544483633</b>	<b>9352663</b>	<b>255</b>	<b>335569</b>	<b>235438377.</b>
6 6 6	tg	dmjgggtdmdd	wdjammd	ajj	ddjjmw	adjgtdpp
	u	enkhhuenee	xekbnne	bkk	eekknx	<b>bekheueqq</b>
	vif	foliivfoff	yflcoof	c11	fflloy	cflifvfr
			z		z	ss

*the enlightened welcome all fellow believers.*

**4813055357548696230**

t d j d p g m m d  
u e k e q h n n e  
v f l f r I o o f  
s z

*t e l e p h o n e*  
4 1 0 5 5 5 8 9 2 0

And finally, PK's scrawled at the bottom of the page...

6 6 6  
*the enlightened  
welcome all fellow  
believers.*

*telephone 410 555 8920*

CONTINUED

A PHONE is HEARD RINGING... RINGING, until...

MALE VOICE (V.O.)  
(through TELEPHONE)  
Yeah, hello?

PSYCHO KILLER'S VOICE (V.O.)  
Hello...

**EXT. PITTSBURGH OUTSKIRTS -- NIGHT**

Still RAINING. On a stretch of lonely asphalt leading out of town, PK's car idles roadside. Psycho Killer's on a PAY PHONE in front of a closed-for-the-night AUTO REPAIR SHOP.

PSYCHO KILLER (CONT.)  
(into PHONE)  
...I saw your answer... in the New York Times. Today.

MALE VOICE (V.O.)  
Okay. So, you're one of our brethren, huh? Looking for someone to lend you a hand. Where're you at?

PSYCHO KILLER  
Pennsylvania.

MALE VOICE (V.O.)  
Alright. You're not far away from us, actually. Not far at all.

CUT TO:

**EXT. HIGHWAY -- NIGHT**

No more rain. Psycho Killer's car passes the SIGN...  
*"MARYLAND WELCOMES YOU, Enjoy Your Stay!"*

DISSOLVE TO:

**EXT. PENDLETON HOUSE -- NIGHT**

Psycho Killer's car waits, facing a small, rural estate's IRON GATES. Beyond the gates, a large, dark HOUSE commands the acreage. A MAN on a GOLF CART, MARVIN, comes down the driveway into PK's HEADLIGHTS. Marvin parks, gets off, going to pull the gate inward.

MARVIN  
(shouts towards coupe)  
Gate's broken, so...

It was Marvin's voice on the phone. He's skinny, 20-something, his hair dyed-jet-black, in T-SHIRT, frayed CARDIGAN and JEANS; a squirrely, nebbish-Goth.

CONTINUED

He waves PK's coupe in, motioning to the lawn, where FIVE OTHER CARS are parked. Psycho Killer parks while Marvin shuts the gate.

Psycho Killer gets out, takes his suitcase from the car.

MARVIN

Can I get that for you -- ?

As Marvin reaches for the suitcase, Psycho Killer shoves him.

MARVIN

Okie-dokie. I was only going to put it on the back of the... you know...

(motions to golf cart)

Not a problem.

Marvin gets behind the wheel of the cart. Psycho Killer sits beside with the suitcase on his lap. FOLLOW as Marvin drives them up towards the house at 5 MPH.

MARVIN

What'd you say the name was again?

PSYCHO KILLER

Richard.

MARVIN

Well, Richard, first of all, I have to ask this for my own protection and for the protection of my employer. Are you a cop...? A policeman?

PSYCHO KILLER

No.

MARVIN

Because if you are and you say you're not, that's... you know, like against the law and you're not allowed to. Anyway, I guess if there's some way we can help out a fellow believer... we will. I mean, you knew about using the classifieds. We're all in this together, right?

PSYCHO KILLER

I need information.

MARVIN

You want information? Mr. Pendleton'll give you an earful. Enlightenment, more like. He's a great magus. He is.

(more)

CONTINUED

MARVIN (CONT.)

I mean, he keeps that on the down-low these days, but he said he's got a good feeling about you. Good vibrations. You're his invited guest... he wants to meet you. I'm Marvin, by the way.

As they near the house, Marvin keeps looking at PK.

MARVIN

You know... you look kind of familiar.

**INT. PENDLETON HOUSE, ENTRY -- NIGHT**

Closing the FRONT DOOR behind them, Marvin leads Psycho Killer through the dimly-lit ENTRY HALL. Throughout the entire house, there are BOOKCASES filled to overflowing with BOOKS and PERIODICALS. There's a wide STAIRCASE leading up, crowded with tall STACKS of MAGAZINES, BOOKS and NEWSPAPERS.

MARVIN

You've heard of Mr. Pendleton, haven't you? Made his money in the supermarket biz. Years ago.  
(of PK's SUITCASE)  
You can leave that here, if you want.  
Or, keep it with you, whatever...

Psycho Killer shows no inclination to leave his suitcase as they navigate a HALLWAY made rather narrow by more laden BOOKSHELVES. The house is dank, dark and decrepit.

**INT. DINING ROOM -- NIGHT**

Marvin and Psycho Killer enter the DINING ROOM. MISTER PENDLETON, early 70's, a handsome and august, grey-haired gentleman in dingy BATHROBE, is seated at the head of the long DINING TABLE. He's quietly conversing with his GUESTS; THREE MIDDLE-AGED MEN and TWO YOUNG WOMEN, probably prostitutes, all of them looking strung-out and drugged-up. They're eating TAKE-OUT CHINESE. One of the men wears an ill-fitting EVENING GOWN. Mr. Pendleton rises, smiling widely, upon seeing Marvin and Psycho Killer.

MR. PENDLETON

Well, well... our distinguished guest has arrived. Please, do come in... make yourself welcome.

The dark room is lit by the LIGHT from BLACK CANDLES. All ART on the walls is DEVIL WORSHIP RELATED, naturally. Marvin goes to pull a CHAIR out for Psycho Killer. Psycho Killer sits, keeps his suitcase nearby.

CONTINUED

MR. PENDLETON

We've got plenty of food, so help yourself.

(addressing guests)

Ladies. Gentlemen. Meet another traveler on The Left Hand Path...

(of Psycho Killer)

Mister...

MARVIN

Richard.

(shrugs)

Just... Richard.

MR. PENDLETON

Richard! Thank you, Marvin.

The other guests mutter incoherent greetings.  
Marvin takes his place at the other end of the table, eats.

MR. PENDLETON

(to Psycho Killer)

It's really quite remarkable that you're here at all, Richard, let me tell you. Like a message in a bottle that somehow found the shore.

(sits)

These aren't the go-go days of the Faith anymore. I mean, there was a time when the classifieds of the national newspapers and periodicals were filled with cryptographic messages sent back and forth by the Brethren.

(to guests)

After all, it wasn't as if, moving to a new city, you could simply dial up the local chapter of the Church of Satan and ask when the next meeting was. Oh, we had all kinds of ways to make contact. Discreetly. We could always depend upon each other in times of need. Or for fellowship. Or debauch. Nowadays? Who else is out there at all? The old guard's gone, or gave up the cause. And the youth of this country...? They worship at other altars. Don't get me started. It's a tragedy.

(to Psycho Killer)

Lucky for you, Marvin here; my Man Friday, he makes a hobby of scouring the classifieds, always on the lookout for any... voice in the wilderness. When he showed me your ad in The New York Times, I was flabbergasted.

CONTINUED

Psycho Killer just sits in the shifting, candle-thrown shadows, staring from beneath his mane of greasy hair.

MR. PENDLETON

(eating)

My Seer told me to expect a visitor. A visitor who would have a profound influence on my life. Are you he, Richard?

MARVIN

Aren't you hungry? It's pretty good.

Psycho Killer looks over at Marvin, looks back at Pendleton.

PSYCHO KILLER

I need information. I don't know how to get it.

MR. PENDLETON

Oh, we'll have Marvin help you with that. Easily done. What say let's hear a little about yourself? How long have you had The Knowledge?

Psycho Killer thinks, clenching his fists, knuckles cracking.

PSYCHO KILLER

As long as I remember.

MR. PENDLETON

Splendid. Then, your family were followers?

PSYCHO KILLER

I have no family.

MR. PENDLETON

How sad. So, you found the Fallen One on your own. I've always said the truest believers are not the recruits, but those who sought out faith. Hail Satan!

Everyone else repeats the mantra, "HAIL SATAN!"

MARVIN

(mouthful of food)

Hail Satan!

MR. PENDLETON

His power is stronger than stronger! His might shall last longer than longer! Hail Satan.

Silhouetted in darkness, Psycho Killer slowly nods.

CONTINUED

PSYCHO KILLER

I live to serve him. I'll die to serve him.

MR. PENDLETON

Excellent words. Wonderful.

Pendleton toasts with a GLASS of WINE, drinks deeply.

MR. PENDLETON

I can't help asking... since it's all anyone seems to want to talk about lately... what do you think of the handiwork of our kindred spirit, the Slasher?

Psycho Killer looks to Pendleton.

MR. PENDLETON

There's a man leading by example, eh?

PSYCHO KILLER

Yes.

MR. PENDLETON

The kind of dedication we could all aspire to, at least in thought, if not in deed.

PSYCHO KILLER

Yes.

Pendleton nods to himself, picking up a HAND MIRROR covered in lines of COCAINE. He takes a healthy SNORT, passes it on.

MR. PENDLETON

(rubbing his nose)

You know... there are those who say the party's over. For any of us hiding in the shadows, it's fucking embarrassing; these clandestine assignations. Secret handshakes and winks and nods. What are we, Freemasons, for Christsakes?!

(laughs)

The reality is, my friends -- the party's just begun. I mean, look around. Turn on the television... open a newspaper. Satan rules over this world. Can there be any question? The oil conglomerates and the government work hand-in-glove to wage war and to drain the planet of every last vestige of life, while the mega-corporations crush the everyman under foot.

(more)

CONTINUED

MR. PENDLETON (CONT.)

The science deniers strive to set human endeavor back by centuries... maligning discovery, teaching ignorance and bigotry, and all in the name of Holy Religion! And the politicians? They prance and prattle with all their puppet strings visible, parroting back whatever the highest bidder pays them to say, and yet... no one cares. The citizenry whimper and shrug, giving not one hoot of protest, so long as they continue to receive their ceaseless supply of flatulent entertainments to distract them from their very existence.

Pendleton stands, starts pacing around the table.

MR. PENDLETON

Soon... human beings will have devolved into pod-dwelling, cyber-cavemen, half blind from video screen radiation. Just human veal, plugged into their computers which will also fill their bellies, empty their bowels, and masturbate them every hour on the hour.

Marvin is nodding in agreement.

MR. PENDLETON

Already, more and more every single day, Beauty and Sincerity are considered useless things to be mocked and shat upon! Morality and Virtue, though oft referenced, are meaningless half-notions. Humanity has been flayed to the bone. It's just a matter of sucking out the sweet marrow. Can the great Armageddon be far behind? Hail Satan!

The guests join in, "HAIL SATAN!"

MR. PENDLETON

If only Crowley and LaVey were here to experience it first hand. To see that all they professed and proselytized has come to pass beyond their wildest expectations! The Human Race is finally heeding the clarion call we sounded in the 60's and 70's. "Do what thou wilt!"

Pendleton fondles one prostitute's breast, then paces on.

CONTINUED

MR. PENDLETON

Let the Christians and Catholics go sniveling after their reward in the afterlife. The time for exploring life's sinful perversions is now! The planet rapers have got it right! Earth is meant to have our seed spilt upon it, and to be trod upon and pillaged; forcibly violated and voraciously consumed. How else should we pay tribute to our chosen godhead?!

Psycho Killer keeps staring forward.  
Everyone else continues eating food or snorting cocaine.

MR. PENDLETON

At long last, what values we have long held dear -- fornication and destruction -- are becoming the rightful cornerstones of civilization. I, personally, give thanks to His Infernal Majesty and his pharmaceutical empire for their creation of the almighty erection medications, for there is no greater foretelling that humankind is heading in the right direction! It is the defining harbinger... deserving of being emblazoned across the American flag: a wizened, naked old man with his engorged cock fairly vibrating in anticipation!

Marvin cocks his head, pondering that one, chewing a BLACK-LACQUERED fingernail. He has a PENTAGRAM TATTOO on the back of his left hand, sees PK watching, gives an uncertain smile.

MR. PENDLETON

So what if it's not Satanism that brings about the great Armageddon?! So it will be the Cult of Celebrity. The pornographers. Mass media and the cultural celebration of ignorance and cruelty. So be it! We will rise up just the same. The Satanic Renaissance will have its day. The Great Beast shall return. And in that ruinous world which lies just around the corner, while everyone else crawls through the rubble of what once was, you and I will be amongst the chosen elite. Satan's shock troops, living like kings, while the zombies kiss our high-heeled, patent leather boots.

(more)

CONTINUED

MR. PENDLETON (CONT.)

(pause)

Until then... rejoice and be glad.  
We are living in the most exciting  
times in the whole of Luciferian  
history! A Golden Age of human  
depravity! Be grateful we are alive  
to witness it.

**CUT TO:**

**INT. PENDLETON HOUSE, PSYCHO KILLER'S BEDROOM -- NIGHT**

Marvin leads Psycho Killer into this large, dark BEDROOM.  
Not surprisingly, it's cluttered with full BOOKSHELVES and  
yet more NEWSPAPER, BOOK and MAGAZINE STACKS.

MARVIN

This is your room. Obviously...  
otherwise why would we be here?

Marvin crosses, turns on a BLACK-LIGHT LAMP which  
illuminates a GLOWING BLACK-LIGHT PAINTING of a YOUNGER  
PENDLETON. PK puts his suitcase on the FOUR-POSTER BED.

MARVIN

I'm going to remember where I know  
you from. Anyway. Now...what's this  
"information" you keep asking about?

Psycho Killer remains, you guessed it, obscured by shadows.

PSYCHO KILLER

Someone I need to find.

MARVIN

Okie-doke. Fine. There's a detective  
Mr. Pendleton uses sometimes.

He takes out NOTEPAD and PEN, touches the pen to his tongue.

MARVIN

What's this person's name? Looking  
to put a hex on them or something?

PSYCHO KILLER

I don't know their name.

MARVIN

Uh huh. So... how am I supposed to  
find them?

PSYCHO KILLER

I know what they do.

MARVIN

You've lost me.

CONTINUED

PSYCHO KILLER  
I know what city they're in.

Marvin sits on a NEWSPAPER STACK.

MARVIN  
I... still don't follow.

PSYCHO KILLER  
There's a certain city... I need to  
know who there does this job.  
(pause)  
Who they are. Where they live.

CUT TO:

**EXT. PENDLETON HOUSE -- NIGHT**

A nearly full moon shines down. The house is a dark shape.

**INT. PENDLETON HOUSE, PSYCHO KILLER'S ROOM -- NIGHT**

Psycho Killer stands shirtless at the window, looking out,  
close enough that his exhalations fog the glass. Pale  
MOONLIGHT shines in upon his tattooed arms and torso.

Across the room, a dim glow proceeds Mr. Pendleton as he  
pushes the door open slightly, leaning in with a lit CANDLE.

MR. PENDLETON  
Good night, then. Sleep well.

Psycho Killer remains facing the window.

MR. PENDLETON  
You know... this is a far cry from  
who I once was. Used to be quite the  
infamous, local celebrity. No longer  
though. Thankfully. These days,  
people are more worried about their  
neighborhood sex offenders.

(pause)  
I tend to my quiet, little life like  
the withering garden it is. You have  
your youth still, but you'll see. I  
know I must seem a silly, old man.  
In the mirror... I too recognize a  
certain Gatsby-esque resemblance.

(pause)  
If there's anything you desire  
tonight... I'm just at the end of the  
hallway. Anything at all.

Pendleton backs out, HEARD WALKING AWAY.

CUT TO:

**INT. PENDLETON HOUSE, PSYCHO KILLER'S BEDROOM -- MORNING**

Psycho Killer opens his suitcase on the bed. Along with his vulcanized-rubber mask and sawed-off shotgun, the suitcase contains at least THIRTY sticks of DYNAMITE nestled amongst PK'S CLOTHING, BAGS of PILLS and other "belongings."

Psycho Killer grasps a handful of colorful PILLS from one BAGGIE, then takes out the 3-foot length of COPPER PIPE.

**CUT TO:**

**EXT. BALTIMORE, DOWNTOWN STREETS -- MORNING**

Psycho Killer's coupe cruises mid-city, driving towards... A sizable CHURCH at the end of the street.

**INT. CHURCH -- MORNING**

Dark and empty. Psycho Killer enters, in his trench coat. Outside LIGHT casts his shadow the length of the center aisle's polished floor, until the FRONT DOORS behind him close and darkness again prevails.

Psycho Killer starts up the aisle, passing PEWS, his FOOTFALLS ECHOING. Far ahead, there's an ELDER PRIEST on the ALTAR, organizing items on the LECTERN.

ELDER PRIEST

Hello?

Psycho Killer crosses through a row, heading for the CONFESSION BOOTHS against one wall. Elder Priest watches.

ELDER PRIEST

Can I help you?

Psycho Killer enters a confessional, shuts the door. After a moment, Elder Priest arrives.

ELDER PRIEST

Hello? You've come for confession?

**IN PK'S CONFESSION BOOTH**

Psycho Killer, now wearing his mask, sits holding the copper pipe, with one end lethally sharpened, across his lap. Elder Priest is HEARD ENTERING the neighboring booth.

ELDER PRIEST (O.S.)

I'm listening. Confess your sins.

PSYCHO KILLER

I'm afraid. I live in fear.

The Priest's SILHOUETTE can be seen through the obscuring CONFESSIONAL SCREEN in the partition between the two booths.

CONTINUED

ELDER PRIEST (O.S.)  
Afraid of what?

PSYCHO KILLER  
Nothingness. That maybe I'm wrong...  
in my faith. What if there's no  
place for me, after this life?

ELDER PRIEST (O.S.)  
I understand. You wonder how you can  
believe in something you cannot  
see... trust in someone you speak to  
who doesn't answer directly.

PSYCHO KILLER  
If I don't believe enough... will I  
be able to do what needs to be done?

ELDER PRIEST (O.S.)  
As the Bible says, even with faith as  
small as a mustard seed, you can say  
to the mountain, "Move from here to  
there," and the mountain will move.  
But you must remain strong.  
Especially in these modern times,  
there are so many who will attempt to  
chip away at your resolve... using  
arguments of logic against what you  
know is true and right.

PSYCHO KILLER  
Some pretend to believe. They make  
me angry... the ones who pretend.

ELDER PRIEST (O.S.)  
And they will be found wanting.

PSYCHO KILLER  
Yes, they will.

ELDER PRIEST (O.S.)  
They and many others. They will be  
left behind.

PSYCHO KILLER  
I want to be sure I've done enough.  
Done everything I can to be worthy.

Psycho Killer grips the copper pipe, sharpened end up.

ELDER PRIEST (O.S.)  
It isn't what you can see or prove or  
even put into words that counts.  
It's what you carry in your heart.

PSYCHO KILLER  
I know.

CONTINUED

ELDER PRIEST (O.S.)  
 There will come a time, soon  
 enough... a judgement day...

PSYCHO KILLER  
 Yes, yes.

ELDER PRIEST (O.S.)  
 And for those who have found faith  
 and embraced it without question or  
 doubt, there will be no more  
 questions, only answers.

PSYCHO KILLER  
 Amen.

ELDER PRIEST (O.S.)  
 Amen.

PSYCHO KILLER  
 Hail Satan!

ELDER PRIEST (O.S.)  
 Pardon me?

Psycho Killer THRUSTS the pipe upwards at an angle through the CONFESSIONAL SCREEN! A horrid, wet SOUND is HEARD -- the SOUND of the sharpened pipe PIERCING Elder Priest's throat. Psycho Killer keeps a tight grip on the length of copper pipe as it violently jerks and shudders.

Elder Priest's guttural, desperate GASPS are HEARD through the screen as... BLOOD begins POURING from the pipe.

Psycho Killer does the unthinkable, leaning down to drink from the hot, red flow, gulping in mouthfuls of the priest's BLOOD, swallowing it greedily down.

**OUTSIDE THE CONFESSION BOOTH -- MOMENTS LATER**

Psycho Killer steps from the booth, covered in BLOOD. He walks away, through the spreading BLOOD PUDDLE on the floor outside the confessional, leaving bloody FOOTPRINTS.

Psycho Killer walks down the center aisle, removing his mask. He takes off his blood soaked coat, folds it inside out on itself, pushes OUT THROUGH THE FRONT DOORS, exiting into the day's BLINDINGLY BRIGHT SUNLIGHT.

**CUT TO:**

**INT. PENDLETON HOUSE, ENTRY -- DAY**

FOLLOW as Psycho Killer enters. The SOUNDS of MUSIC and a loud CHANTING are HEARD from elsewhere.

INT. GREAT ROOM/LIVING ROOM -- DAY

Psycho Killer enters this large, dark room. CURTAINS are drawn. Across the room, a FIRE crackles in the FIREPLACE. BLACK CANDLES burn in tall, free-standing CANDELABRA. To the left of the fireplace, stands a black, upside-down CROSS, while to the right is a raised, rather theatrical looking THRONE CHAIR. Closer to the center of the room, Mr. Pendleton, in a HOODED BLACK ROBE, exhorts loudly in LATIN, standing behind an ALTAR consisting of an ornate COFFIN. Grandiose CLASSICAL MUSIC (Richard Wagner) plays from a BOOM-BOX on the "altar."

Pendleton's house guests, the THREE MIDDLE AGED MEN and TWO PROSTITUTES, also wearing BLACK ROBES, are kneeling before the altar on the thick SHAG CARPETED floor, facing Pendleton. This room is obviously dual purpose, since a COFFEE TABLE and several long COUCHES have been moved aside to accommodate the ceremony. It's all presided over by a large, garish PAINTING of SATAN above the mantelpiece.

MR. PENDLETON

In Satan's name, we gather. In  
Satan's name, we worship! Let  
nothing disrupt the unholy sanctity  
of this profane ceremony!

Pendleton goes to pick up a felt-tipped DRUMSTICK, preparing to hit a nearby GONG, when he notices Psycho Killer.

MR. PENDLETON

Ah, Richard, come... come join in our  
mass! Pardon me, as I must continue,  
but please... feel welcome!

Pendleton STRIKES the gong, then returns to his altar, choosing a "*FoodWorld Supermarkets*" COFFEE MUG featuring a friendly, anthropomorphized and bespectacled GLOBE MASCOT. Pendleton lifts the coffee mug ceremoniously in both hands.

MR. PENDLETON

Guide us, O' Prince of Darkness, that  
we may follow your way on the Left  
Hand Path. Under the light of Mars,  
we swear eternal allegiance to you!

Pendleton turns, holds the mug up to the SATAN painting.

MR. PENDLETON

By the Great Goat, give us the vision  
to call forth your minions so they  
may attend this ritual. Beelzebub!  
Asmodeus! Gressil! We call thee  
forth, to bear witness to our carnal  
devotions.

CONTINUED

Pendleton turns to the members of the "congregation," who are standing up and forming a line before him.

MR. PENDLETON

Let others celebrate the death of their hippie superhero. We celebrate the life and infernal majesty of the Lord of the Flies!

1st Middle-Aged Man steps up, sticks out his tongue. Pendleton reaches into the coffee mug, takes out a small square of BLOTTER PAPER with a yellow "SMILELY FACE" on it; an LSD DOSE, which he places on 1st Middle-Aged Man's tongue.

MR. PENDLETON

Ave, Satanas!

1ST MIDDLE-AGED MAN

Ave, Satanas!

And so it goes, with each worshipper in turn receiving their LSD "communion," repeating Pendleton's "Ave, Satanas!"

**IN CLOSE-UP:**

Psycho Killer's SUNGLASSES REFLECT a view of the candle-lit BLACK MASS from across the room.

**IN FRONT OF THE FIREPLACE**

The middle-aged men and one prostitute, having received their doses, stand in a circle between the surrounding couches, facing each other, while...

2nd Prostitute is last at the altar, sticking out her tongue and flicking it lasciviously, to Pendleton's delight. Pendleton rewards her with a "ZEN SYMBOL" DOSE.

MR. PENDLETON

Ave, Satanas!

Pendleton makes a show of taking TWO squares of BLOTTER PAPER from his mug -- a BUTTERFLY and PEACE SYMBOL -- places them on his extended, discolored tongue. He swallows, leans in to kiss 2nd Prostitute.

The others drop their robes, revealing their nude, pasty bodies. They begin their "worship," moving together; two of the middle-aged men beginning to molest each other while the remaining fellow lays hands upon 1st Prostitute.

2nd Prostitute drops her robe, revealing her pale, bruised-here-and-there nakedness. She climbs onto the coffin, offering herself to Pendleton. Pendleton CRANKS UP the WAGNER, then turns his lecherous attentions to her.

**IN CLOSE-UP:**

Psycho Killer's SUNGLASSES REFLECT the orgy's beginnings, until he turns, walking OUT OF FRAME as he exits.

**CUT TO:**

**INT. PENDLETON HOUSE, PSYCHO KILLER'S ROOM -- DAY**

Psycho Killer stands looking out the window, where the narrow parting of the CURTAINS he's looking out allows a slash of LIGHT into the otherwise dark room. A KNOCK is HEARD. Marvin opens the door, enters tentatively.

MARVIN

Hello? Oh, hey. There you are.  
Listen... I got what you wanted.  
That private detective guy came  
through. Seems like it was no biggie  
for him to find it out...

Marvin takes out an 3-by-5 INDEX CARD, offers it...  
Psycho Killer's "No Mercy" tattooed left hand reaches for it.

CLOSE-ON: the INDEX CARD, which reads...

**LEWIS WILKES  
213 Oak Avenue**

Psycho Killer's hand folds the index card, pockets it.

MARVIN

(sardonic)  
You're welcome.

Marvin watches as Psycho Killer crosses and crouches down, reaching under his bed to retrieve his suitcase.

**EXT. PENDLETON HOUSE, FRONT LAWN/FRONT GATE -- MOMENTS LATER**

FOLLOW Marvin driving his golf cart down the driveway, trailing Psycho Killer, who carries his suitcase.

MARVIN

So, that's it? You're outta here?  
I think you should wait and say  
goodbye to Mr. Pendleton, don't you?  
It's the least you can do.

They reach Psycho Killer's black coupe. Psycho Killer uses keys to open the trunk, placing his suitcase inside. Marvin parks the cart, climbs out.

MARVIN

He's going to wonder why you left all  
of the sudden without even saying  
thanks or anything. It's just common  
courtesy, is all it really is...

CONTINUED

Psycho Killer takes an AX and PICKAX from the trunk, drops them to the lawn. He takes out his shotgun, straps it on.

MARVIN

What are you... doing?

Psycho Killer next takes out his mask, puts it on, adjusting the straps in back so it fits snugly.

MARVIN

What the hell... ?!

PSYCHO KILLER

You're not like them. I believe you believe.

Marvin's backing away, realization hitting like a sickness.

MARVIN

You're... you're him...

PSYCHO KILLER

Leave. Never look back. Keep silence... or I'll find you...

PK shuts the trunk, turns his fearsome visage to Marvin.

PSYCHO KILLER

I will.

Marvin turns to flee, runs into and TUMBLES over his golf cart. He scrambles up, sprinting away across the property.

#### IN PSYCHO KILLER'S CAR

Psycho Killer throws the pickax and ax in, gets in. He starts the engine, puts it in gear, stops, LOOKING...

#### PSYCHO KILLER'S POV:

THROUGH THE WINDSHIELD: across a distant FIELD, a VAN sits at the crest of a hill. White van. Darkened windows.

#### AT THE FRONT GATE

Psycho Killer PEELS OUT, spinning the coupe... Tires tearing up lawn as he SPEEDS towards the house.

#### ACROSS THE LAWN

Psycho Killer SKIDS the coupe, TURNING a one-eighty... BRAKING in front of the house so that the car faces back down towards the front gate. The TRUNK POPS. Masked Psycho Killer gets out, leaves it running, carrying ax and pickax.

He throws the trunk open, takes out a GAS CANISTER, shakes it, some GASOLINE HEARD SLOSHING inside it.

**INT. PENDLETON HOUSE, ENTRY -- DAY**

Psycho Killer enters, leaving the GLASS STORM DOOR and FRONT DOOR open as he walks purposefully down the HALLWAY.

**IN THE GREAT ROOM**

WAGNER still PLAYS. Psycho Killer enters, moving towards the writhing, sweat-drenched, acid-tripping mass of naked, intertwined bodies on the floor that is the trio of middle-aged men along with both prostitutes.

Pendleton sits this one out, naked in his THRONE by the fireplace, MUTTERING, head lolling, eyes rolled back.

Psycho Killer walks, drops the gas canister...  
Drops the ax to the shag carpet.

As Psycho Killer steps into the midst of the obviously GRUNTING and MOANING mini-orgy, raising his pickax up in both hands, OUR VIEW IS MERCIFULLY BLOCKED BY ONE OF THE LARGE COUCHES, so that all we see is Psycho Killer from the waist up as he starts CHOPPING and CHOPPING frantically -- bringing the pickax down repeatedly -- BLOOD SPLATTERING and FOUNTAINING UP from O.S. while what few CRIES and SCREAMS are HEARD are quickly silenced.

Psycho Killer staggers back, heaving from exertion, covered in BLOOD, having made quick work of the heathen horde.

In the throne, Pendleton regains consciousness, his head falling forward, stoned eyes struggling to focus as...

Psycho Killer approaches, lit by the flickering CANDLE and FIREPLACE LIGHT, a blood drenched beast.

MR. PENDLETON  
(recognition dawning)  
Pazuzu... Pazuzu! Be gone!

Pendleton holds up a hand, as if spell-casting to dispel PK.

MR. PENDLETON  
They are seven! They are seven! In  
the depths of the ocean, they are  
seven! In the heights of heaven...!  
(POINTS at Psycho Killer)  
They are agents of the vengeance of  
the gods! Raising up difficulties...  
obtaining power by violence! The  
enemies! The enemies!

Psycho Killer hefts his pickax...  
WE ARE BEHIND PENDLETON'S THRONE CHAIR as Psycho Killer  
SWINGS!

CONTINUED

A sickening CRUNCH is HEARD as the pickax's gory, pointed blade protrudes half-way out through the chair back -- SPLITTING the heavy throne as it must certainly have split Pendleton's skull. PK leaves the ax embedded.

**INT. PENDLETON HOUSE, ENTRY -- DAY**

Psycho Killer backtracks from the hall, LOOKING...

**PSYCHO KILLER'S POV:**

OUT THE FRONT DOOR: across the lawn, the white van he saw (Delivery Van) SMASHES through the WROUGHT IRON GATE!

**IN THE GREAT ROOM -- MOMENTS LATER**

Psycho Killer strides back through, retrieving ax and gas canister, moving on, past the grisly carnage...

**IN THE DINING ROOM**

Psycho Killer crosses...

**IN THE ADJOINING KITCHEN**

PK enters through the KITCHEN'S SWINGING DOOR. He goes to select a huge BUTCHER KNIFE from a collection of KNIVES on one counter, its blade faintly RINGING.

As Psycho Killer stows the knife in his belt, on his hip, he notices something, moves to LOOK out the BACK DOOR WINDOW...

**PSYCHO KILLER'S POV:**

THROUGH THE WINDOW: across the rear property, THREE ARMED MEN run from FOREST'S EDGE; men in UNIFORMS like the guys who shot-up the hotel, toting the same automatic RIFLES.

**IN THE KITCHEN**

Psycho Killer puts the gas can on the KITCHEN ISLAND, embeds the ax into the butcher-block top. He goes to grip the large, old STOVE, YANKING it from the wall... tipping it...

Behind the stove, the GAS LINE is pulled taut.

Psycho Killer SLAMS all his weight against the stove, KNOCKING it sideways and further forward, so that...

Behind, the gas line PULLS FREE from the stove's coupling. GAS HISSES forth plentifully from the wall.

Psycho Killer grabs the gas can, twists off the cap, begins POURING GASOLINE, walking backwards around the kitchen island, dousing the floor... splattering gas everywhere.

**IN THE DINING ROOM**

Psycho Killer enters, ax held, lets the door swing shut. He stands with his back to the wall, with the swinging door to his left. He slides the strap of his shotgun off his shoulder, readying the sawed-off in hand, waiting.

He waits. Listens. The kitchen's BACK DOOR is HEARD being KICKED IN, GLASS SHATTERING. The armed MEN'S VOICES can be HEARD faintly... SOUNDS like they're getting closer. One VOICE is HEARD warning, "Wait! Hold your fire!"

Now Psycho Killer turns to shove his shotgun in through the swinging door, FIRES both barrels -- BOOM!!

Psycho Killer's withdrawing and recoiling from the INSTANTANEOUS EXPLOSION of NATURAL GAS and GASOLINE as... The swinging door is BLOWN BACK OPEN by the BLAST -- a FIREBALL ISSUING FORTH as the armed men are HEARD CRYING OUT!

The swinging door SLAMS shut, askew on its hinges as SMOKE and SCREAMS issue from the kitchen. Psycho Killer moves to the other side of a large, heavy DINING CUPBOARD, puts his shoulder to it, SHOVING with all his might...

He TOPPLES the CUPBOARD so that it CRASHES down in front of the swinging door, blocking the way.

Psycho Killer throws the shotgun back over his shoulder by its strap, moves to duck down behind the DINING TABLE. Ax still held, he takes his PISTOL from his pocket, staying low, hiding, WATCHING UNDER THE TABLE as...

The LOWER HALVES of THREE OTHER ARMED MEN can be seen entering from the great room, on the other side of the table. They stealthily advance towards the kitchen.

The last armed man crouches rifle-first to check under the table -- suddenly eye-to-eye with Psycho Killer.

Psycho Killer SHOTS!

HEAD SHOT! The man collapses.

Psycho Killer keeps FIRING his pistol! CHAIR LEGS SPLINTER as the ear-splitting SHOTS RIP BLOODY HOLES in the thighs of the two remaining men, felling the men as they CRY OUT!

Psycho Killer rises, drops his gun, stepping up onto a dining chair while pulling the knife from his belt...

Psycho Killer crosses the tabletop, ax and butcher knife held, looking down upon the two wounded men on the floor. One of the men is VAN DYKE, from the hotel attack, looking up with eyes filled with terror and fear. He's dropped his rifle ahead of him.

CONTINUED

Van Dyke crawls desperately toward his weapon, reaching...

**CUT TO:**

**INT. PENDLETON HOUSE, GREAT ROOM -- MOMENTS LATER**

Psycho Killer KICKS the dining room door open, marches back towards the front of the house. He's pocketing his pistol, has his shotgun strapped to his shoulder and ax in hand.

**IN THE ENTRYWAY**

As Psycho Killer again moves through the entry hall, heading toward the front door, everything goes to SLOW MOTION...

IN SLOW-MOTION: a GLINT of LIGHT REFLECTS in one LENS of Psycho Killer's mask... then FLASHES again, very briefly...

**PSYCHO KILLER'S POV:**

IN SLOW-MOTION: LOOKING out the open front door, the GLASS STORM DOOR is angled so that it's REFLECTING a distant GROVE OF TREES to the east, and from within those trees comes a FLASH of LIGHT; like sunlight bounced off a tiny mirror.

**IN THE ENTRYWAY**

End SLO-MO as Psycho Killer nears the threshold, wary, studying the REFLECTION in the GLASS DOOR.

CLOSE-ON: PK's mask's lensed eyepiece... another GLINT.

**INT. PENDLETON HOUSE, 2ND FLOOR STAIRWELL -- MOMENTS LATER**

On a 2nd floor LANDING, Psycho Killer approaches an east-facing WINDOW, crouching. He removes his mask.

Psycho Killer puts the mask on the blade end of his ax. Keeping hidden, he slowly holds the mask in front of the window, to make it look as if he's peering out.

The distant CRACK of a RIFLE SHOT is HEARD! At that exact moment a BULLET HOLE PIERCES the window and BLOWS a neat hole dead-center in the forehead of PK's MASK -- CLANK! -- sending mask and ax FLYING from PK's hand!

**EXT. PENDLETON HOUSE GROUNDS -- THAT VERY MOMENT**

Amongst that GROVE of TREES, Jane's kneeled, looking through the SNIPER SCOPE of her smoking RIFLE while the SHOT is still ECHOING. She lowers the rifle, uncertain.

**CUT TO:**

**INT. PENDLETON HOUSE, DINING ROOM -- DAY**

Psycho Killer, masked (with a fresh BULLET HOLE in the mask's forehead), reenters, looking upon...

Two armed men dead on the BLOODY floor, and Van Dyke lying face down, still alive, where he was while reaching for his rifle. His outstretched right forearm is impaled by the butcher knife which has been STABBED DEEPLY into the floor.

Mortally wounded though he may be, Van Dyke reacts to Psycho Killer's return, straining to reach his left hand behind him while bending his bloody, bullet-ridden right leg up... struggling to reach a HANDGUN in his ANKLE HOLSTER.

Psycho Killer STOMPS on Van Dyke's back!

**EXT. PENDLETON HOUSE, FRONT LAWN -- MOMENTS LATER**

Jane's red, Chevy pickup races up the front lawn, nearing where the Flower Van and PK's coupe are parked.

At the house's open front door, Psycho Killer appears, gripping Van Dyke in front of him with the butcher knife pressed to Van Dyke's throat. Psycho Killer raises his pistol with his free hand, SHOOTING...!

**IN JANE'S PICKUP**

Jane BRAKES, ducking down across the front seat as -- BLAM! BLAM! BLAM! -- PK's SHOTS PUNCTURE the windshield!

**ON THE FRONT LAWN**

Jane's truck halts, its driver's side facing the house. Jane crawls out on the passenger side, takes cover behind the truck, holding her Magnum at ready.

On the front porch, Psycho Killer keeps the knife to helpless Van Dyke's throat, keeps his gun leveled.

PSYCHO KILLER  
His life is in your hands!

Jane's pressed against her truck, considering.

PSYCHO KILLER  
Throw your gun! Throw it far!

Jane has no choice, tosses her pistol a good distance.

Psycho Killer forces Van Dyke forward, moving down the porch steps. Van Dyke's lost a lot of blood, but he's conscious.

JANE  
Who are you, Richard?  
(more)

CONTINUED

JANE (CONT.)

Is that what you like to be called...? Richard? Who are you?!

As Psycho Killer and Van Dyke reach the lawn, PK does something we've never heard him do. He lets out a LAUGH.

PSYCHO KILLER

Tell her.

VAN DYKE

Screw you.

Psycho Killer presses the knife harder to Van Dyke's jugular.

PSYCHO KILLER

Tell her!

Jane edges towards the front end of her truck.

VAN DYKE

He's Reeves. Richard Leonard Reeves.

JANE

Bullshit! Reeves is dead.

PSYCHO KILLER

Tell her.

VAN DYKE

They...they faked his death. They wanted him alive.

Psycho Killer's keeping Van Dyke between him and Jane, slowly dragging Van Dyke towards the coupe.

JANE

Fuck both of you! You expect me to believe that?!

VAN DYKE

They needed someone for their experiments. A living, breathing human test subject...

JANE

They who?! The military... the C.I.A. ...?

VAN DYKE

Same thing. Same fucking thing! They used him to test their new drugs... truth serums and torture drugs... airborne hallucinogens, mind control, you name it.

CONTINUED

JANE  
Why? Why him?

VAN DYKE  
Who else? He's dead... doesn't exist. They picked a psychopath... a soulless animal who deserved exactly he got. Who else but him?! For five years, he served his country... a human pincushion...

PSYCHO KILLER  
It was Satan's will... my being chosen. Suffering made me strong.

Psycho Killer's nearing the coupe.

PSYCHO KILLER  
Purified me.

Behind the truck, Jane looks to where her gun lies.

JANE  
So, let me guess. Secret laboratory somewhere in California, and somehow you motherfuckers let him escape!

VAN DYKE  
Not me, bitch. I'm just the janitor... Covert-Ops. Sweeping up someone else's mess.

JANE  
You're a government stooge. And the blood of every one of his victims is on your hands too!

Jane rises to peer out. Psycho Killer FIRES!  
Forcing Jane back down as the shot THUDS into her pickup.

Van Dyke THRUSTS his arm up between his neck and PK's knife, trying to break free. Psycho Killer releases him, KICKING him forward to the ground.

Psycho Killer jumps into his car, throws it into gear, HITS THE GAS and takes off.

Jane leaps from her hiding place, running for her gun.

VAN DYKE  
(to Jane)  
Stop...

As Psycho Killer's car is heading away...  
Van Dyke's on his knees, able now to draw his ankle holstered handgun, which he POINTS AT JANE.

CONTINUED

VAN DYKE

I said STOP!!

He FIRES a shot -- which TEARS UP the LAWN between Jane and her gun, forcing her to halt. She raises her hands, furious.

JANE

He's getting away...!

VAN DYKE

He's not.

JANE

He's getting away! You're letting him go...!

Jane looks over her shoulder...

Across the lawn, Psycho Killer roars out thru the front gate.

VAN DYKE

We know exactly where he's going.

JANE

I'm... I'm not letting you --

Jane moves towards her gun. Another WARNING SHOT stops her. Van Dyke tries to stand, but falls back on his ass. It's taking everything he's got to keep the gun on Jane.

VAN DYKE

You know you can't leave.

JANE

Yeah? Because, what...? Because you're supposed to make it all go away, right? Before anyone finds out what's really going on. And kill anyone who gets in your way.

VAN DYKE

I've got no choice in it. Ask me; I doubt anybody'd give a shit! But, I go where I'm told, do what I'm told...

JANE

Sure... just following orders. He'd tell you he's doing the same thing.

VAN DYKE

You brought this on yourself! How'd you even know about this Satanist guy he contacted... Pendleton? How'd you get here?

JANE

Long story...

**FLASHBACK MONTAGE -- JANE'S REMEMBRANCE**

In RAPID FIRE SUCCESSION, we catch BRIEF glimpses of...

-Jane moving through the HAVENHURST HOTEL ROOM, looking down upon Psycho Killer's circled CLASSIFIED AD...

M N O  
To those who also  
share faith. Seeking  
our mutual friend. Need  
help. Please reply.

-Jane in a LIBRARY, grabs a copy of the NEW YORK TIMES, opens it, searching...

LOOKING over CLASSIFIEDS... discovering the ENCODED REPLY AD we saw PK find earlier, on which we ZOOM IN:

M N O  
843 36544483633  
9352663 255 335569  
235438377.

4813055357548696230

-Night. Jane sits IN HER PARKED TRUCK, putting pencil to her NOTEBOOK, unhappily trying to decipher the REPLY AD.

She's copied the ad's NUMBERS, and WRITTEN all sorts of incorrect LETTER COMBINATIONS and frustrated SCRATCH OUTS. She CRUMPLES this page, angrily tosses it...

It lands with MANY other CRUMPLED PAGES. Her PHONE RINGS.

Jane grabs her cell phone, opens it to see who's calling, and suddenly, it's right there before her astonished eyes...

ZOOM IN: on the KEYPAD, focusing on a single KEY... 6  
MNO

ZOOM OUT: on the entire KEYPAD...

1	2	3
	ABC	DEF
4	5	6
GHI	JKL	MNO
7	8	9
PRS	TUV	WXY

-CLOSE ON: Jane WRITING furiously, solving it now that she's got the numerical/letter combinations...

M N O	843	36544483633
6 6 6	TGD	DMJGGGTDMDDD
	UHE	ENKHHHUENEE
	VIF	FOLIIIVFOFF

CONTINUED

-CLOSE ON: Jane quickly ERASING, having figured...

M N O      843    36544483633  
 6 6 6      T            G T    D  
              HE    EN    H ENE  
    LI

-CLOSE ON: Jane's final, SCRIBBLED solution...

*"THE ENLIGHTENED WELCOME ALL FELLOW BELIEVERS,  
 TELEPHONE (410) 555-8920"*

**BACK TO SCENE -- PENDLETON HOUSE FRONT LAWN**

JANE  
 (of "long story")  
 ...I don't think you'd live long  
 enough for me to tell it.

Weak, wounded, bloody Van Dyke keeps his gun on Jane.

VAN DYKE  
 I'll manage.

JANE  
 You're bleeding out. If whatever  
 back-up you've called for help gets  
 here quick, I'd say you're chances  
 are maybe 50/50. That monster our  
 government let loose... he killed my  
 husband. So, I'm telling you... I'm  
 going to lower my hands and go  
 retrieve my weapon...

VAN DYKE  
 No.

JANE  
 And I'm driving out of here.

VAN DYKE  
 Don't!

JANE  
 If you want your last act as a  
 soldier to be shooting me in the  
 back... go for it. I'm leaving.

Jane does as she said, lowering her hands and walking over  
 to her gun. Van Dyke keeps his gun trained, agonizing.

Without hesitation, Jane picks up her pistol, turns and  
 walks back to her truck, refusing to allow herself to look  
 at Van Dyke as he aims at her every step of the way.

VAN DYKE  
 No!

CONTINUED

Van Dyke lowers his weapon, hangs his head, unable.  
Jane climbs into the pickup.

**IN JANE'S PICKUP -- IN MOTION**

Jane DRIVES OFF, relieved to have survived.  
She heads down towards the front gate. Meanwhile...  
The SOUND of a HELICOPTER can be HEARD growing CLOSER.

**EXT. PENDLETON HOUSE -- OVERVIEW -- DAY**

As Jane makes her escape, a BLACK HELICOPTER rises up over  
the property, high above, beginning to circle.

CUT TO:

**EXT. FREEWAY -- DAY**

We find Jane's pickup in heavy TRAFFIC.

**IN JANE'S PICKUP -- IN MOTION**

Jane has her LAPTOP open on the seat beside her.  
ON THE LAPTOP: more old COVERAGE of the CHURCH MURDERS...

DOCUMENTARY NARRATOR (V.O.)  
(from LAPTOP)  
...slayings by Richard Leonard Reeves  
that fateful October day in Christ's  
Cross Church were performed in an  
effort to contact the Devil himself.

Jane reaches to the keyboard...  
ON THE LAPTOP: the PAUSED VIDEO shows a frozen IMAGE of  
WRITING in BLOOD on the CHURCH WALL: "**OPEN THE GATES!**"

Jane begins typing with one hand, stealing glances over.  
On the computer screen, GOOGLE pops up. Jane types...

IN THE SEARCH BOX: "**christs cross church harrisburg.**"

**EXT. FREEWAY -- DAY**

Jane's pickup passes a "WELCOME TO PENNSYLVANIA" SIGN.

CUT TO:

**EXT. HARRISBURG OVERVIEW -- AERIAL SHOT -- DAY**

FROM HIGH ABOVE, we look down upon HARRISBURG, huddled on  
the banks of the SUSQUEHANNA RIVER. To the south, the  
COOLING TOWERS of the THREE MILE ISLAND NUCLEAR POWER PLANT  
vent steam clouds. Several BRIDGES span the river.

**EXT. HARVEY TAYLOR BRIDGE -- DAY**

PK's coupe crosses this four-lane BRIDGE into Harrisburg.



SEARCHES the LIVING ROOM, then proceeds UPSTAIRS... CLIMBING the creaky stairs... LOOKS into a SEWING ROOM... lumbers down the HALL.

**INT. 213 OAK AVENUE, MASTER BEDROOM (2ND FLOOR) -- DAY**

Psycho Killer's FOOTSTEPS proceed him. The BEDROOM DOOR is pushed open. PK enters, aiming his shotgun. No one home. He puts down his suitcase, goes to sit on the neatly made BED. He waits, shotgun on his lap. The house is quiet.

**CUT TO:**

**EXT. GUN SHOP -- DAY**

Jane's pickup is parked in front of "SPORTSMAN'S SHOP."

**INT. GUN SHOP -- DAY**

CASES display locked-up GUNS and RIFLES. Jane's by the REGISTER, her BADGE on a chain around her neck. She's on her cell phone. Behind the COUNTER, a frizzy-haired, camo-clad CLERK stands watching his FAX MACHINE.

JANE  
 (to Clerk)  
 They're sending it through now.  
 (into CELL PHONE)  
 He's waiting. Whenever you're ready.

**INT. FBI AGENT COLLINS' OFFICE -- INTERCUT -- DAY**

Agent Collins stands at her DESK, on the PHONE. She's nervously looking out over the top of her CUBICLE.

AGENT COLLINS  
 (into PHONE)  
 Why again am I doing this for you?

JANE (V.O.)  
 (from PHONE)  
 Because I need your help. Because you're saving my life here.

AGENT COLLINS  
 And how's it not going to blow back on me, once he's got this form?

JANE (V.O.)  
 It won't. I won't let it. Trust me.

Collins resigns herself, presses "SEND" on her FAX MACHINE.

**IN THE GUN SHOP**

The FAX MACHINE SCREECHES, starts spitting out a PAGE. Clerk lifts the printing page's edge, sees an F.B.I. LOGO.

CONTINUED

AGENT COLLINS (V.O.)  
 What the hell's been going on out  
 there? Was that you blazing up  
 Havenhurst, Ohio?

JANE  
 I'll fill you in as much as I can as  
 soon as I can. Anything I say now...  
 you wouldn't believe it. I barely  
 believe it myself.

AGENT COLLINS (V.O.)  
 Try me.

Clerk brings the FAXED PAGE, an official looking F.B.I.  
 DOCUMENT, along with a small YELLOW BOX of AMMO.

GUN SHOP CLERK  
 Alright...looks kosher. Just going  
 to need to see your ID again.  
 (of AMMO BOX)  
 We're not usually supposed to supply  
 this to anyone but the vet-techs at  
 the zoo. Mind if I ask what you're  
 using it for?

JANE  
 (polite smile)  
 I'm not at liberty to say. There's  
 a pistol I'm also interested in. Far  
 right side, up top...

Jane's pointing. Clerk nods, puts the FAX and AMMO BOX by  
 the register, goes to get a short STEP LADDER.

JANE  
 (into CELL PHONE)  
 Listen, Becky... this is going to  
 sound crazy, but take another look at  
 the fingerprint matches your system's  
 been coming up with. Those false  
 positives.

#### IN AGENT COLLINS' OFFICE

Collins takes the page she faxed, puts it into her SHREDDER.

JANE (V.O.)  
 You're going to find it's hitting on  
 Richard Leonard Reeves, but the match  
 keeps getting discarded, because he's  
 deceased.

AGENT COLLINS  
 And seeing how he is deceased, what's  
 your point?

**IN THE GUN SHOP**

Clerk's up in the ladder, getting down a displayed PISTOL.  
Jane's taken out CASH, counting it in one hand.

JANE  
(into CELL PHONE)  
Just... if the prints do match on  
Reeves, don't tell anyone. Start  
collecting as much of that data as  
you can get your hands on. Put it in  
a safe place.  
(up at CLERK, pointing)  
No, sorry, sir, the other...up there.  
(back into CELL PHONE)  
Okay, Becky, thanks. Hopefully  
you'll hear from me soon, one way or  
the other.

AGENT COLLINS (V.O.)  
Hey, Jane. You gonna be okay?

JANE  
The day's not over yet. I'll let you  
know how it turns out.

Jane hangs up, looks to make sure Clerk's occupied.  
Jane leaves the money, reaches over the counter to take the  
AMMO and the FBI FAX, presses a BUTTON by the register.  
As the FRONT DOOR BUZZES, she makes a run for it.

**EXT. GUN SHOP -- MOMENTS LATER**

Jane's pickup SCREECHES from the lot, hits the street.

**CUT TO:**

**INT. 213 OAK AVENUE, MASTER BEDROOM - DUSK**

The day's LIGHT FADES. Psycho Killer sits on the bed, just  
where he was when we left him. The SOUND of a CAR is HEARD.

Psycho Killer comes to look OUT THE WINDOW: where a big,  
rusty SEDAN pulls into the garage. A moment, then the  
HUSBAND and WIFE homeowners, LEWIS and MARIE WILKES, mid-  
40's, exit the garage, carrying GROCERIES to the house.

**DISSOLVE TO:**

**INT. 213 OAK AVENUE, MASTER BEDROOM -- NIGHT**

In the dark, Psycho Killer's seated on the bed, shotgun  
held. The unintelligible SOUNDS of a TV SHOW drift up FROM  
DOWNSTAIRS, punctuated by unmistakable SITCOM LAUGH TRACK.  
VOICES are HEARD and the SOUND of DISHES CLINKING together.

PK looks to a bedside ALARM CLOCK. "7:47 PM."

CONTINUED

SOMEONE is HEARD COMING up the stairs.

LEWIS (O.S.)  
 (SHOUTING to downstairs)  
 ...don't know. Why don't you call  
 her and find out?! She's your sister!

Psycho Killer stands. The husband's HEARD GETTING CLOSER...

LEWIS (O.S.)  
 (to himself)  
 Christ, woman, let's have a whole  
 conversation shouting across the  
 goddamn house, why don't we...?

Lewis enters, flicks a LIGHT ON...  
 Psycho Killer is upon him, GRIPPING Lewis's throat, leaning  
 in close while pressing the shotgun to Lewis's forehead.

PSYCHO KILLER  
 Lewis Wilkes. Do you love your wife?

**CUT TO:**

**EXT. CHRIST'S CROSS CHURCH -- ESTABLISHING -- NIGHT**

The once exemplary, GOTHIC CHURCH is now long abandoned,  
 with DOORS and broken STAINED GLASS WINDOWS BOARDED-OVER.

**EXT. MID-CITY HARRISBURG, PARKING STRUCTURE ROOF -- NIGHT**

Jane stands at the edge of the ROOF of this MULTI-STORIED  
 PARKING STRUCTURE, looking north through BINOCULARS. She's  
 got an overview of the night city from here. Her pickup's  
 parked behind her on the otherwise empty parking level.

**JANE'S POV -- THROUGH BINOCULARS:**

Jane FOCUSES on the dark CHRIST'S CROSS CHURCH, which is  
 situated amongst OLD BUILDINGS and trash-strewn, EMPTY LOTS.

JANE (O.S.)  
 Back where you started, Richard? Go  
 out with a bang, is that it? "Open  
 the gates."

Jane SEARCHES the neighboring streets...  
 Spots a WHITE TELEPHONE VAN parked just up from the church.

JANE (O.S.)  
 And the gang's all here.

She keeps LOOKING... discovers another WHITE VAN, this one  
 a CABLE VAN, a block away on the other side of the church.

**ON THE ROOFTOP**

Jane lowers the binoculars, pensive. She walks to her truck, leans inside the open passenger side. She looks down, places a hand on her belly.

JANE  
 (to unborn child)  
 So... what do you think?  
 (long pause)  
 We could walk away. Call a cop. Be done with this, finally.

Jane stares off, considers, weary. Tears come to her eyes.

JANE  
 We're not going to do that, though, are we? No... probably not.  
 (wipes her tears)  
 If we get through this... I'll make it up to you someday. I promise.

**CUT TO:**

**INT. 213 OAK AVENUE, LIVING ROOM -- NIGHT**

NO SOUND from the TV as "MEGA-JACKPOT" NUMBERS are drawn. By the TV's erratic LIGHT, we find Lewis and his weeping wife, Marie, lying securely rope BOUND and GAGGED on the floor. Across the room, the KITCHEN DOOR is shut, while...

**IN THE KITCHEN**

ON THE OTHER SIDE OF THE DOOR, Psycho Killer is seated at the KITCHEN TABLE, his suitcase open on a CHAIR beside him. He's got his SHOTGUN and SHELLS, PISTOL and BULLETS and PILLS all laid out on the table, but he's left himself space enough to work as he's BINDING STICKS of DYNAMITE together, four at a time, with DUCT TAPE.

**CUT TO:**

**EXT. PARKING STRUCTURE ROOF -- NIGHT**

Jane stands behind her pickup, at the open CAMPER SHELL, putting on her TROOPER UNIFORM. She tucks her UNIFORM SHIRT into her DRESS PANTS. She takes out her militaristic-looking TROOPER JACKET, puts it on and buttons it.

She puts on her UTILITY BELT and HOLSTER.

Jane ties her hair in a ponytail, and lastly dons a K.H.P. BASEBALL CAP, straightens it. She adjusts her TIE. She has become another person, in a way. An imposing figure.

**CUT TO:**

**THROUGH A VIDEO CAMERA:**

STATIC crackles, then a VIEW from the roof, looking down on the CHURCH, appears as the VIDEO IMAGE begins to "RECORD." Jane steps INTO FRAME, in uniform.

JANE

(addressing VIDEO CAMERA)

There was a time... if someone told me that our government faked the death of a psychotic, mass-murdering Satanist so they could use him as a human guinea pig for their top-secret, military torture and mind-fuck experiments... I would have laughed. I would have said, "that's crazy." But, these days... this government... ?

(considers, SHRUGS)

Par for the course.

**EXT. PARKING STRUCTURE ROOF -- CONTINUOUS -- NIGHT**

Jane stands addressing the VIDEO CAMERA which is on a TRIPOD.

JANE

The Satanic Slasher is Richard Leonard Reeves. I don't know what I'm going to do exactly, but if I get a chance... I'm going to try to take him alive. Otherwise, who will believe me?

From the YELLOW AMMO BOX we saw her acquire, she takes out and shows a TRANQUILIZER DART, of the type used on animals.

JANE

Whoever finds this video, I'm going to tell you everything I know, so maybe the truth can still get out, even if I'm...

(pause)

Unsuccessful.

**CUT TO:**

**INT. 213 OAK AVENUE, LIVING ROOM -- NIGHT**

Masked Psycho Killer enters from the kitchen, in his buttoned-to-the-neck trench coat, shotgun over his shoulder. He walks over to look down upon the bound Lewis and Marie.

PSYCHO KILLER

It's time to go.

**CUT TO:**

**EXT. PARKING STRUCTURE ROOF -- NIGHT**

The video camera is RECORDING the church below.  
Jane stands beside, observing through her binoculars.

Jane lets the binoculars dangle from her neck.  
She takes up her bolt-action rifle, takes TRANQUILIZER DARTS  
from her pocket and begins loading them.

**CUT TO:**

**EXT. HARRISBURG STREETS -- NIGHT**

FOLLOW Lewis Wilkes's CAR driving the mostly empty, late-  
night streets. Lewis is at the wheel, in short-sleeve SHIRT  
and TIE, sweaty, fearful, and most surprisingly... alone.

**AT THE CITY'S EDGE**

Lewis turns onto N. FRONT STREET, picking up speed, with the  
city to his left and the bordering Susquehanna to his right.

**CUT TO:**

**JANE'S POV -- THROUGH BINOCULARS:**

The "telephone" van is still on stake-out near the church.

**ON THE PARKING STRUCTURE ROOF**

JANE  
Where are you at, Richard? Is  
tonight the night?

Jane checks her WATCH, moves her head side to side, cracking  
her neck. She turns, peering through her binoculars at the  
more modern LIGHTS of HARRISBURG'S modest SKYSCRAPERS.

**JANE'S POV -- THROUGH BINOCULARS:**

She surveys the CITYSCAPE... LOOKS south to the distant,  
billowing CLOUDS of TMI's EXHAUST TOWERS. She keeps LOOKING  
AROUND, but then... quickly returns to FOCUS on THREE MILE  
ISLAND; its white clouds rising, its RED LIGHTS BLINKING.

**ON THE ROOFTOP**

Jane lowers her binoculars, something occurring to her.

JANE  
No. No no no no no.

Jane brings the binoculars back up, looking again.  
She lowers the binoculars, her mind racing...

**FLASHBACK -- PK'S PREPARATION/JANE'S REALIZATION -- MONTAGE**

IMAGES FLASH BY, like vivid memory FRAGMENTS... Psycho Killer's "No Mercy" HAND takes the "N" VOLUME of an ENCYCLOPEDIA from a LIBRARY SHELF... the same HAND takes down the "T" VOLUME... in a HOTEL ROOM, PSYCHO KILLER is slumped forward at the WRITING DESK, reading a BOOK... the PAGES of an ENCYCLOPEDIA are TURNING... TURNING to the section on "**NUCLEAR POWER**," wherein... PAGES shows PICTURES of a NUCLEAR POWER PLANT and its CONTROL ROOM, along with CROSS-SECTION DIAGRAMS of the REACTOR CORE and the STEAM SUPPLY SYSTEM... PAGES show illustrative DRAWINGS of FUEL RODS and CONTROL RODS and URANIUM ATOMS split by NEUTRONS... IMAGES of the terrible CHERNOBYL DISASTER... more PAGES TURN, to the heading "**THREE MILE ISLAND**"... showing PHOTOGRAPHS of TMI... and in another HOTEL ROOM, PSYCHO KILLER finishes smearing words in BLOOD on the wall; "OPEN THE GATES!"... on Jane's LAPTOP SCREEN, the "BAPHOMET" ALBUM COVER practically screams, "OPEN THE GATES OF HELL!"

**BACK TO SCENE -- ON THE ROOF**

JANE

... my God.

She runs to her pickup, climbs in. PEELS OUT.

**CUT TO:**

**EXT. TMI, FRONT SECURITY GATE -- NIGHT**

The grounds are bordered by RAZOR-WIRE-TOPPED FENCING. Lewis's car arrives at the main GUARD SHACK. A SIGN proclaims, "Three Mile Island Power Facility." There's a pneumatic VEHICLE BARRIER beyond the red and white striped, swing-arm GATE. A uniformed Gate Guard looks up from the mini-TV he's watching, comes out with a CLIPBOARD.

GATE GUARD

Lewis. Didn't you already work today?

Lewis wipes his sweaty face, accepts the CLIPBOARD, signs in.

LEWIS

Got called back in by Kreiger.  
I'm...I'm kind of in a hurry, so...

ANOTHER GUARD, cigarette dangling from his lips, sleepwalks through his routine, using a MIRROR on a POLE to check the undercarriage as he walks to the rear of the car. Lewis has DRY CLEANING hanging behind him in the back seat.

GATE GUARD

Your badge, Lewis. Where's it at?

LEWIS

Oh, Christ, where...? Here it is...

CONTINUED

Lewis finds his ID amongst PAPERS beside him, clips it on.

GATE GUARD

Pop the trunk. You know the drill.

At the back of the car, the TRUNK CLICKS.  
2nd Guard opens it... finds it EMPTY, SLAMS it.

**IN LEWIS'S CAR -- IN MOTION**

With a mocking bow, Gate Guard waves Lewis through while a THIRD GUARD in the shack OPENS the GATE and BARRIER; the barrier sinking flush with the pavement. Lewis DRIVES, raising his window, heading up the ACCESS ROAD.

In the back of the dark car, hidden from the guards' view behind the hanging DRY CLEANING, SOMEONE'S under a dark BLANKET. Psycho Killer pushes the blanket off, sits up from where he's lying across the back seat, PISTOL held. Marie, bound and gagged, lies captive in the rear footwell.

Psycho Killer looks over the seat, over Lewis's shoulder.

LEWIS

We're almost there. Please...

PSYCHO KILLER

You saved their lives. Keep doing what I say and you'll save hers.

**EXT. TMI GROUNDS -- OVERVIEW -- NIGHT**

Lewis's car travels past towering COOLING TOWERS.

**EXT. FRONT STREET, HARRISBURG -- INTERCUT -- NIGHT**

The road's mostly empty, and a good thing too, because Jane's pickup ZOOMS past HOUSES on the city's OUTSKIRTS, with the river to her right. A RED LIGHT spins on her dash.

**IN JANE'S PICK-UP**

Jane's on her cell phone...

JANE

(into PHONE)

This isn't a joke! You need to send officers right away, do you understand?! There's going to be an attack on Three Mile Island!

Jane JERKS the wheel to avoid a near collision!

**INT. LEWIS'S CAR, BACK SEAT -- INTERCUT -- NIGHT**

Marie looks up with fearful, tearful eyes, yet still bound and gagged as the BLANKET is replaced over her.

**OUTSIDE LEWIS'S CAR**

Psycho Killer shuts the car door, leaving Marie there. Lewis bears witness, anguished. PK grabs Lewis by his tie.

LEWIS

Let me go, please. You... you don't need me anymore.

Psycho Killer pulls Lewis along, crossing the "Restricted Area" LOT where they've parked in the SHADOW of the...

**TMI CONTROL CENTER**

CAMERA RISES: affording us an OVERVIEW as PK and Lewis head for the ENTRANCE of this large BUILDING. Beyond the CONTROL CENTER, looms the massive, concrete-domed REACTOR ONE.

**INT. TMI CONTROL CENTER, ENTRANCE/SECURITY CHECKPOINT - NIGHT**

Psycho Killer and Lewis enter the FRONT DOORS, moving to a second set of STEELS DOORS, where Psycho Killer peers through a small, wire-mesh reinforced WINDOW...

THRU THE WINDOW: TWO GUARDS stand talking by METAL DETECTORS.

Psycho Killer reaches into his coat pocket, takes out TWO HAND GRENADES. Lewis is queasy from fear.

LEWIS

Oh, Lord.

PSYCHO KILLER

What you do... how you help me now, decides who lives or dies.

Holding both grenades in one hand, Psycho Killer uses the hand he's got Lewis's tie wrapped around to PULL BOTH PINS.

**IN THE SECURITY CHECKPOINT**

Amidst many WARNING SIGNS restricting this building to "Authorized Personnel Only," etc., the TWO GUARDS, with AR-15's over their shoulders, chat on the other side of MULTIPLE BANKS of METAL DETECTORS. One guard's smoking, laughing, when the METAL DETECTORS start BEEPING LOUDLY.

Both guards look back through the empty DETECTORS. An instant of confusion, they look down to see...

Two live hand grenades on the floor, rolling to a stop before them, still spinning slowly.

**EXT. TMI, FRONT SECURITY GATE -- NIGHT**

Jane's pickup comes barreling up to the closed GATES...

CONTINUED

An armed GATE GUARD, a younger guy, MITCH, exits the shack, waving for her to halt. Jane SKIDS to a stop. Mitch has his AR-15 slung across his back.

MITCH

Whoa, whoa, whoa! What the hell's going on...?!

Jane opens her door, getting out, keeping her hands in view. The other Gate Guards step out, rifles aimed.

JANE

I'm Highway Patrol Officer Jane Thorne. Listen to me... I have ever reason to believe there's about to be an attack on this plant...

MITCH

What are you talking about?

JANE

I'll tell you everything I know, but there isn't time now. I've called the police. I don't know if they believed me. You need to go on alert, before it's too --

An ALARM is HEARD SOUNDING in the distance, hauntingly, Mitch and Jane react. One guard goes to check MONITORS.

JANE

He's here. He's already here.

Mitch takes his WALKIE TALKIE off his belt, speaks urgently into it. Gate Guard exits the shack, freaked.

GATE GUARD

There's something going on at Control. Reactor One.

JANE

Open this gate, now! Do it!  
(to Mitch)  
You, ride with me.

MITCH

Hold on...

JANE

I know who he is. I can help stop him, but we've got to move!

MITCH

Okay, yeah...  
(to other guards)  
Let us through, then lock it down and call it in!

CONTINUED

Mitch runs to climb in on the passenger side.  
Jane gets in and drives. GATE and BARRIER open, making way.

**INT. TMI CONTROL CENTER, SECURITY CHECKPOINT -- NIGHT**

ALARMS BLARE. Psycho Killer storms through, pulling Lewis... Security's a war zone; the rent METAL DETECTORS and shallow CRATER in the floor still SMOLDERING, as are the shrapnel-torn GUARDS' CORPSES lying where the blast threw them.

**FURTHER ON -- CONTROL CENTER HALLWAY**

As Psycho Killer and Lewis exit the security area, another GUARD comes around a corner to their left, aiming an AR-15...

Psycho Killer FIRES his pistol!  
The guard's SHOT in the hip, SLAMMING the tiled wall as he falls. Psycho Killer FIRES again! The guard pitches forward to the floor, shuddering uncontrollably.

Psycho Killer goes right, turns a corner...  
PK keeps a grip on Lewis's tie as Lewis sobs.  
DOWN THIS HALLWAY, a few ENGINEERS and WORKERS scatter, ducking into OFFICES and a LOCKER ROOM. Someone SCREAMS.  
Psycho Killer advances upon his goal... the massive, reinforced "CONTROL ROOM" DOOR at the end of the hall.

Ahead, the heavy CONTROL ROOM DOOR opens...  
An Armed Guard comes out, FIRES a HANDGUN at PK!

With BULLETS WHIZZING by, Psycho Killer returns FIRE!

Armed Guard's HIT in the upper arm and chest...

**IN THE CONTROL ROOM**

SPEWING BLOOD, Armed Guard falls back in the doorway...  
Blocking the control room door from closing.

In the vast, bunker-like CONTROL ROOM, a dozen WORKERS and ENGINEERS cower. ALARMS continue SOUNDING. The SHIFT SUPERVISOR runs from his OFFICE across the room, distraught.

SUPERVISOR

Get that door...! Get it closed!

Too late as Armed Guard's body's yanked out, leaving a BLOOD TRAIL. The door's pushed inward... Psycho Killer enters.

Supervisor halts, backs away.  
EVERYONE'S frozen in fearful disbelief.

Psycho Killer throws Lewis forward to the concrete floor.

Psycho Killer steps up, places one booted foot down on Lewis's tie to hold him there. PK pockets his pistol, shrugging his shotgun off his shoulder...

CONTINUED

PSYCHO KILLER  
 (hefts SHOTGUN)  
 Everyone out. Now. Get out!

**INT. JANE'S PICKUP -- IN MOTION -- NIGHT**

As they arrive at the Control Center, Mitch eyeballs Jane.

MITCH  
 (of her uniform)  
 Does that say "Kansas?" What state  
 are you a cop in, anyway?

JANE  
 Does it really matter? I'm the only  
 cop you've got.

**OUTSIDE THE CONTROL CENTER**

Jane BRAKES hard, skidding to arrive alongside a TMI SECURITY SUV. FOUR SECURITY GUARDS jump from the SUV, following their grizzled-veteran CHIEF into the building...

**AT THE SECURITY CHECKPOINT**

The guards move through while frightened WORKERS exit. A lamenting ENGINEER's using his suit jacket to cover one of the grenade-ravaged corpses. Mitch and Jane stick close to the phalanx of guards. Jane carries her RIFLE.

**DOWN THE HALLWAY**

Security Chief leads the way. There's the group of control room WORKERS ahead, clamoring outside the CLOSED control room door. Mid-hallway, the plant's lanky, bespectacled SHIFT FOREMAN pushes through the doors of a STAIRWELL.

SECURITY CHIEF  
 What are we dealing with, boss?

FOREMAN  
 I...I don't know yet myself.

They hurry. Everyone wears a look of fearful awe... disbelief. The control room Supervisor runs this way.

SUPERVISOR  
 (to Foreman)  
 He's in the control room, David!  
 He's taken Lewis hostage!

FOREMAN  
 Jesus. How'd he get in!? Why didn't  
 you get it secured!

CONTINUED

SUPERVISOR

The guard, Stephenson... panicked  
when the alarm went off. Came out  
shooting instead...

WORKERS drag control room guard's BODY into a nearby OFFICE.

SECURITY CHIEF

I need this hallway, people!  
Everyone back the hell off!

The WORKERS obey, moving away while the guards take up  
positions outside the control room door, AK-15'S all aimed.

SUPERVISOR

(pointing, to Foreman)  
The terrorist or whatever the fuck he  
is... he made Lewis punch-in a Code  
Red. The door can only be opened  
from inside now.

FOREMAN

Yeah, that's how it's supposed to  
work, except the bad guy's not  
supposed to be inside! Alright...  
look...grab whoever you need, get the  
acetylene torches from construction  
and take that door down. Go!

(to others)

Anyone from operations or  
engineering... come with me...

Foreman backtracks, running back into the STAIRWELL...  
Heading DOWN, followed by Jane, Mitch and workers.

### IN THE CONTROL ROOM

The huge room is dominated by a giant, horseshoe-shaped  
CONTROL PANEL covered in HUNDREDS of KNOBS, BUTTONS, GAUGES  
and lighted ANNUNCIATORS. At the center of the room,  
there's a circle of COMPUTER MONITORS and KEYBOARDS; the  
CONTROL CONSOLE, which is where Lewis is seated, at his  
wit's end, his face wet with tears.

PSYCHO KILLER

I could have killed them...

Along the wall opposite the control panel, the plant's  
COMPUTERS hum; four complex, monolithic COMPUTER BANKS side-  
by-side, like giant dominoes in a row. It's before these  
computers that Psycho Killer stands, behind Lewis.

PSYCHO KILLER

Your friends. Your wife. I let them  
live.

Lewis presses his face in his hand. PK's over his shoulder.

CONTINUED

PSYCHO KILLER  
 Do this last thing. I'll let you  
 out. Your wife's waiting for you.  
 (pause)  
 Or don't do it... and I'll kill you.

**INT. TMI, BASEMENT COMMAND CENTER -- NIGHT**

Several worried ENGINEERS are already in place at a long  
 COMMAND CONSOLE of COMPUTER STATIONS facing a wall of  
 MONITORS, DIALS and GAUGES which display everything about  
 the plant's status. In the B.G., WORKERS are on TELEPHONES  
 and searching thick EMERGENCY PROCEDURE BOOKS. Foreman  
 rushes in with his entourage, Jane and Mitch included.

FOREMAN  
 What have we got!?

MALE ENGINEER  
 Reactor One's operating at 75  
 percent. The problem is...

Several MONITORS show the CONTROL ROOM from MULTIPLE ANGLES.

MALE ENGINEER  
 Lewis is flushing the core.

ON THE MONITORS: Lewis TYPES at one of the central console  
 keyboards, then crosses to PULL LEVERS on the control panel.

MALE ENGINEER  
 He overrode the system. He's  
 dumping all the coolant.

ANOTHER WORKER  
 Water level's falling fast.

ON ONE SCREEN: an ANIMATION shows the REACTOR'S WATER LEVEL.

FEMALE ENGINEER  
 Why? Why's he doing it?

ON ANOTHER MONITOR: Psycho Killer, shotgun held, observes.

MALE ENGINEER  
 Because what choice has he got?!

FOREMAN  
 It doesn't matter. It doesn't  
 matter, and Lewis knows that. The  
 emergency system'll kick in once the  
 core temperature rises above nominal.  
 The coolant pumps will switch on  
 automatically and replace the water  
 before the core can overheat. Lewis  
 has just got to do what this guy  
 wants for now...

CONTINUED

JANE

He's going to kill that man; Lewis.  
 (off EVERYONE'S look)  
 This isn't a hostage situation.  
 There's not going to be a negotiation.

FOREMAN

Who are you? Who is this?!

JANE

I know how it sounds, but that's the  
 Slasher in there. I've followed him  
 halfway across the country, and this  
 is exactly what he's been planning...  
 (pointing to MONITORS)  
 His suicide mission. He's looking to  
 take as many people as he can along  
 with him. He's got a very limited  
 knowledge of this plant, so all he's  
 going to be able to manage is some...  
 some sort of primitive sabotage. Is  
 there anyone here who was in the  
 Control Room...?

A nervous looking MAINTENANCE WORKER raises his hand.

JANE

Was he carrying anything... a  
 suitcase, maybe... ?

MAINTENANCE WORKER

No.

JANE

Are you sure? He's got explosives.  
 He must have brought them.

MAINTENANCE WORKER

He had a gun. I didn't see him  
 carrying anything else.

FEMALE ENGINEER

(watching monitors)  
 Oh God... Lewis...!

Everyone looks up as...

ON THE MONITORS: Lewis backs away, clearly pleading for his  
 life as Psycho Killer moves towards him.

### OUTSIDE THE CONTROL ROOM

Supervisor and TWO WORKERS hurriedly arrive at the control  
 room door with TWO TANKS of ACETYLENE on WHEELED CARTS.  
 Security Chief and the positioned guards look on.

Supervisor and his men, donning GOGGLES, unfurl the tank's  
 HOSES... FIRING UP the acetylene BLOW TORCHES.

**IN THE COMMAND CENTER**

ON ONE MONITOR: Lewis continues to back away from Psycho Killer, begging, moving from view on this screen...

...appearing on ANOTHER MONITOR.  
ON ONE SCREEN: Psycho Killer SHOTS -- the shotgun BLASTING Lewis O.S.; beyond the edge of that particular CAMERA'S POV.

MALE ENGINEER

...oh, Jesus...

EVERYONE'S stunned by the murder they've just witnessed.

**INSIDE THE CONTROL ROOM**

ALARMS BLARE. Psycho Killer throws the smoking shotgun aside, turns to walk back towards the center of the room.

Between the central console and the computer banks, Psycho Killer takes a HAND GRENADE from his trench coat, places it on one of the console's monitors.

Psycho Killer unbuttons his trench coat...  
He takes the coat off, revealing that he's SHIRTLESS and that all his THIRTY-or-so STICKS of TNT are held in place around his mid-section and torso, encircled in DUCT TAPE.

**IN THE COMMAND CENTER**

FOREMAN

(watching MONITORS)

Holy fuck.

All those assembled watch, thinking the exact same thing.

**IN THE CONTROL ROOM**

Masked and explosives-laden Psycho Killer takes a POCKET KNIFE from his pants pocket, opens the blade. He STABS the blade into his left hand, cuts deeply and TWISTS.

Discarding the knife, PK gets to his knees, beginning to draw a huge BLOOD CIRCLE around him, before the computers.

ACROSS THE ROOM, SPARKS and FLAMES from the torches SHOOT in through MOLTEN HOLES near the top DOOR HINGE and the LOCK!

**IN THE COMMAND CENTER**

JANE

This is it. He's going to use that grenade as a detonator.

MALE ENGINEER

Look where he's at, David.  
(more)

CONTINUED

MALE ENGINEER (CONT.)

The computers! He's trying to blow the reactor's brains out... so it won't be able to power down!

JANE

But he can't do that, can he...?!

FEMALE ENGINEER

If he manages to wreck the whole mainframe... all our redundancies, before the coolant pumps kick in...

FOREMAN

None of the emergency back-ups will kick-in. Without the computer, the reactor won't be able to tell itself how to save itself, or even that it's in trouble. The core could be completely exposed, super-heating, and still not read critical...because there'll be nothing left to record it.

ANOTHER WORKER

(reading MONITOR)

Coolant levels are at 50 percent and still dropping.

WORKER ON PHONE

The police are on their way!

FOREMAN

They'll be too late...

On the wall, TEMPERATURE GAUGES are nearing the RED. Beside, a MONITOR shows Psycho Killer completing his CIRCLE.

FOREMAN

We're 8 minutes from the red on these gauges... and I don't think he's planning on sticking around that long.

JANE

Can't you shut it down, before he does anything?

MALE ENGINEER

Not from outside the control room.

FEMALE ENGINEER

We could kill the power. Go on auxiliary. Cause a gravity SCRAM.

CONTINUED

FOREMAN

Even if the control rods drop, they won't stop the reaction once the fuel starts degrading. Control rods were in place in '79 when Reactor Two nearly went.

JANE

You must have some way to replace the water yourselves... to do it manually.

MALE ENGINEER

Without the computer coordinating it, by the time we got every valve open... it'd be like filling a red hot tea kettle with ice water. That's how Chernobyl went.

FOREMAN

This...this isn't happening. He's going to melt us down! He's going to kill a city full of people!

Foreman grabs a WALKIE TALKIE from the console.

FOREMAN

(into WALKIE TALKIE)

Security, we're out of time! You've got to get in there right now...!!

#### OUTSIDE THE CONTROL ROOM

Security Chief pulls his WALKIE-TALKIE from his belt.

FOREMAN (cont.)

(from WALKIE-TALKIE)

You have to get in and take him out!

DOWN THE HALL, the men are frantically TORCHING THROUGH the door's HINGES and LOCK, but they've got a long way to go.

#### IN THE CONTROL ROOM

While Foreman's still on the RADIO, Jane pulls Mitch aside.

JANE

Is there another way into the control room? A ventilation system...?

MITCH

No. It's secure. It's even designed to keep out a radiation leak.

FOREMAN

Alright, people, listen! We've reached the last extremity...  
(more)

CONTINUED

FOREMAN (CONT.)  
 (to WORKERS on PHONES)  
 Notify the NRC and Civil Defense.  
 Tell them... tell them Three Mile  
 Island is on the verge of  
 catastrophic failure. They've got to  
 start trying to evacuate all of  
 Central Pennsylvania.

EVERYONE'S TALKING all at once. Mitch grabs Jane's arm.

MITCH  
 Wait! There's one chance.

Mitch leads Jane to the exit.

**INSIDE REACTOR ONE**

HELL. The little remaining WATER BOILS madly, adding to the  
 STEAM swirling around CONTROL RODS above, which are inter-  
 spaced between RED HOT FUEL RODS jutting up from below.

**IN THE CONTROL ROOM**

Psycho Killer uses his BLOOD to draw the PENTAGRAM inside  
 the outline of the EVIL EYE he's smeared onto the floor.

**INT. TMI, STAIRWELL -- NIGHT**

Jane follows Mitch, bounding UPSTAIRS to the "2ND FLOOR."

**INT. TMI, 2ND FLOOR HALLWAY -- NIGHT**

Mitch and Jane come out of the STAIRWELL, running.  
 Mitch takes out KEYS as they arrive at a STEEL DOOR marked  
 "OBSERVATION," which he unlocks.

MITCH  
 This has been closed since...  
 forever. They used to give tours.

**IN THE OBSERVATION ROOM**

Mitch lets Jane in. DOZENS of FILE BOXES are piled,  
 gathering dust. Jane rushes over to a wide, yellowing  
 OBSERVATION WINDOW, presses against it.

MITCH  
 It's plexi. Bulletproof, probably.  
 If we could break through somehow...

THRU THE WINDOW: Psycho Killer can be seen below, across the  
 control room, putting the finishing touches on his evil eye.

**IN THE CONTROL ROOM**

Psycho Killer stands.

CONTINUED

He crosses to retrieve his grenade from the console where he left it.

**IN THE OBSERVATION ROOM**

As Jane POUNDS on the glass...  
THRU THE WINDOW: Psycho Killer turns, looking up at her.

**OUTSIDE THE CONTROL ROOM**

The desperate efforts to TORCH the door off continue, while the security battalion gathers closer, guns up, bristling.

**INSIDE REACTOR ONE**

The FUEL RODS are shining blindingly BRIGHT RED!

**IN THE CONTROL ROOM**

With ALARMS SOUNDING and the CONTROL PANEL LIGHTING UP like a Christmas tree, Psycho Killer is still looking up at Jane. Then, PK turns, walking to stand at the evil eye's center.

**IN THE OBSERVATION ROOM**

Jane backs away from the window, looks to Mitch.

JANE  
Give me your gun!

Mitch throws Jane his AK-15. Jane aims it at the plexi...

JANE  
Stand back!

Jane FIRES repeatedly -- BLASTING AWAY at one spot on the WINDOW -- BULLETS IMBEDDING! CHEWING UP the PLEXI!

**IN THE CONTROL ROOM**

Psycho Killer extends his arms, facing the computers, grenade held in his right hand.

PSYCHO KILLER  
Hail Satan! Welcome your servant  
into the Kingdom of Hell!

**IN THE OBSERVATION ROOM**

Jane stops firing, steps up and violently SHOVES the barrel of the AR-15 into the burning PLEXI-HOLE she's blasted... JAMMING the rifle through, TWISTING, then yanks it out.

**IN THE CONTROL ROOM**

Before the humming computers, Psycho Killer brings his hands together, grenade held against the TNT strapped to him...

CONTINUED

PSYCHO KILLER  
Open the gates!

Psycho Killer puts a pinkie finger through the GRENADE'S PIN.

**IN THE OBSERVATION room**

Jane drops the AR-15, swiftly pulls her own RIFLE off her back. She sticks her rifle's barrel through the hole she's made, takes aim... PULLS the TRIGGER -- BLAM!

**IN THE CONTROL ROOM**

The TRANQUILIZER DART SLAMS Psycho Killer dead-center in the back, IMBEDDING in tattooed Baphomet's face! Psycho Killer GASPS, his arms extending involuntarily outwards...

IN SLOW MOTION: we see the grenade pin on his left pinkie...

IN SLOW MOTION: the now live grenade, it's spring handle flying away, is still held in PK's right hand...

**CLOSE-UP ON:**

Jane's face, with one eye shut as she aims -- FIRES!

**IN THE CONTROL ROOM**

END SLO-MO as a TRANQ-DART STRIKES the back of Psycho Killer's right hand -- KNOCKS the grenade from his grip...

The grenade goes BOUNCING off one computer bank, hits the floor, bouncing away... BOOM! The EXPLOSION DECIMATES half the central CONTROL CONSOLE -- DEBRIS flying ALL DIRECTIONS!

At the evil eye's center: Psycho Killer falls to his knees.

**IN THE OBSERVATION ROOM**

Jane straightens, watching as...

**IN THE CONTROL ROOM**

Psycho Killer THUDS masked-face first to the floor. Out.

ACROSS THE ROOM, in the firework's display of still laboring torches, the control room door FALLS... BOOMING to the floor!

**CUT TO:**

**EXT. CONTROL CENTER -- NIGHT**

Amongst TMI PERSONNEL hurriedly coming and going, Jane slowly walks from the building, shell-shocked. SIRENS are HEARD distantly. Jane just walks, trying to come to grips with the fact that it's over. She stops, staring blankly off, then... something catches her eye. She looks up.

**JANE'S POV:**

In the night sky, hovering a fair distance away, is the BLACK HELICOPTER; like a far off, impotent interloper.

**OUTSIDE THE CONTROL CENTER**

Staring at the chopper a moment, Jane gives a military SALUTE, then raises her hand, MIDDLE FINGER EXTENDED. CAMERA RISES: to provide an OVERVIEW as Jane walks, takes a seat on the hood of her pickup, holds her head in her hands. In the distance, POLICE VEHICLES arrive, lights FLASHING.

CUT TO:

**EXT. JANE'S HOUSE -- INTERCUT -- NIGHT**

SLOW ZOOM IN: past NEWS VANS, CAMERAMEN and REPORTERS camped out, ZOOMING IN on the PICTURE WINDOW, its CURTAINS CLOSED...

**INSIDE THE HOUSE**

ON THE OTHER SIDE OF THE CURTAINS: Jane is amongst FAMILY and FRIENDS; Father, Mother, Sister and a few OTHERS. Her homecoming. We CANNOT HEAR as Jane's speaking, but we can imagine what she's saying as Mother and Sister react with shock, surprise. Mother hugs Jane, touches her stomach.

NEWS RADIO ANCHOR (V.O.)  
The Justice Department says they will soon conclude their probe into the staged death of mass murderer Richard Leonard Reeves and the subsequent use of Reeves as an experimental test subject by a covert Pharmacological Weapons Division of the Central Intelligence Agency.

Father comes to take Jane in his arms, holds her.

NEWS RADIO ANCHOR (V.O.)  
Although, many critics have already expressed scepticism regarding the report's credibility.

**EXT. GRAVEYARD -- INTERCUT -- DAY**

Jane leaves FLOWERS at the her husband's GRAVESTONE.

NEWS RADIO ANCHOR (V.O.)  
Citing national security concerns, senior officials at the C.I.A. again turned down requests by Senate investigators to reveal the location of the facility where Reeves was believed to be held, perhaps somewhere in the California desert.

CONTINUED

She stands looking upon the grave, wipes her tears.

NEWS RADIO ANCHOR (V.O.)  
At a press conference this afternoon,  
Florida Congressman Jasper Daniels  
spoke of his opposition to the  
ongoing investigations...

**INT. JANE'S HOUSE, MASTER BEDROOM -- INTERCUT -- NIGHT**

Jane stirs in her bed, sleeping restlessly...  
She awakens abruptly, sitting upright, fearful.

CONGRESSMAN  
"Yes, a handful of persons maybe did  
overstep their authority, and some  
heads are gonna roll, believe you me.  
But, in times like these, we've got  
no choice but to play our cards close  
to the vest. I mean, if and when  
push comes to shove, do we really  
want our enemies knowing exactly what  
weapons we have at our disposal?"

Jane takes her PISTOL from the drawer of the BEDSIDE TABLE.

**EXT. JANE'S HOUSE -- INTERCUT -- NIGHT**

PORCH LIGHT comes ON. Jane comes out, ill-at-ease, in the  
BOXERS and T-SHIRT she slept in, gun held at her side.

NEWS RADIO ANCHOR (V.O.)  
Meanwhile, the question continues to  
be raised in the blogosphere and on  
opinion pages across the nation, as  
to whether Reeves was the only Death  
Row inmate the spy agency  
indoctrinated into the pharmaceutical  
test program, or were there others?

WIDE SHOT: Jane looks out into the dark, under STARRY SKY.

**EXT. PA PRISON, OUTDOOR HOLDING AREA -- INTERCUT -- DAY**

DARKNESS, then a STEEL DOOR opens, allowing SUNLIGHT in.  
SEVERAL PRISON GUARDS escort PSYCHO KILLER, who is SHACKLED,  
in a STRAIGHT-JACKET and wearing a CANVAS HOOD over his head.

NEWS RADIO ANCHOR (V.O.)  
Richard Leonard Reeves's recent  
escape and cross-country murder spree  
resulted in 45 deaths, ending when he  
was captured by Kansas State Trooper,  
Jane Throne, on the grounds of the  
Three Mile Island nuclear power plant  
in Harrisburg, Pennsylvania.  
(more)

CONTINUED

NEWS RADIO ANCHOR (CONT.; V.O.)  
 Thorne's own husband, also a State  
 Trooper, was one of Reeves's victims.

PK is placed the back of an ARMORED TRUCK and secured.

**IN THE BACK OF THE TRUCK**

Psycho Killer sits with his SHACKLED arms on his knees.

NEWS RADIO ANCHOR (V.O.)  
 Reeves is to be transferred this  
 afternoon from a State Prison near  
 Harrisburg, to the SuperMax facility  
 at Waynesburg, Pennsylvania... where  
 he will again await execution.

CLOSE ON: the EYE HOLES of the CANVAS HOOD, where Psycho  
 Killer's flinty EYES PEER OUT, unblinking. The SOUND of the  
 TRUCK'S DOOR'S CLOSING is HEARD and everything goes BLACK.

**EXT PENNSYLVANIA FREEWAY -- INTERCUT -- LATER DAY**

Many POLICE VEHICLES escort the ARMORED TRUCK which carries  
 Psycho Killer on this endless stretch of four-lane ROADWAY.

**FADE TO BLACK**

**FADE IN:**

**INT. JANE'S HOUSE, MASTER BEDROOM -- MORNING**

Jane enters with a SHOPPING BAG. Clearly time has passed,  
 as she's quite far along in the pregnancy. She places the  
 bag on the bed, removes a child's BLANKET. She goes to a  
 WOODEN CRIB, drapes the blanket over the crib's side rail.

Jane picks up the shopping bag, folding it, looks over...

The closet's SLIDING DOOR is half-open. The sleeve of  
 Jane's trooper UNIFORM is visible, with its "K.H.P" PATCH.

Jane goes to open the closet further.  
 She stares at the hanging UNIFORM; its COAT with shining  
 buttons and "J. Thorne" NAMETAG, crisp SHIRT and TIE with  
 TIE CLIP. The legs of the pressed PANTS extend below the  
 coat. Her trooper HAT hangs beside, in a PLASTIC COVER.

Jane looks upon the uniform for the long moment, her hand  
 absently resting on her prominent belly.

ANGLE ON: the Kansas State Trooper uniform as...  
 Jane slowly shuts the closet door.

**THE END**