

More than ever, I'm convinced of my own innocence.

-- Ted Bundy

The element of truth behind all this, which people are so ready to disavow, is that men are not gentle creatures who want to be loved, and who at most can defend themselves if they are attacked; they are, on the contrary, creatures among whose instinctual endowments is to be reckoned a powerful share of aggressiveness. As a result, their neighbor is for them not only a potential helper or sexual object, but also someone who tempts them to satisfy their aggressiveness on him...to use him sexually without his consent, to seize his possessions, to humiliate him, to cause him pain, to torture and to kill him.

-- Sigmund Freud

FADE IN:

EXT. INTERSTATE 35, TEXAS -- EARLY MORNING

An endless expanse of dead country. Sagebrush, desert, Joshua trees. Cutting through its middle is the HIGHWAY, Interstate 35. One thousand miles of flat, straight concrete, dividing Texas, East and West.

EXIT 72 --

leads off to a DINER, "The All American."

CUT TO:

INT. THE ALL AMERICAN DINER --

At a booth in the corner sits HAROLD SPECK, mid forties, balding, suit and tie. As nondescript a man as you can imagine. He sits quietly by himself, reading the newspaper.

A WAITRESS passes by once, refills his coffee, and disappears into the depths of the diner again. Harold looks up a moment after she's left.

HAROLD

Thank you.

His attention broken, he glances absently around the room.

HAROLD'S P.O.V. -- THE DINER

Nothing special. A few TRUCKERS sit at the counter, a black light Elvis poster hangs on the wall.

Harold ruffles his paper, and that's when he sees that a MAN is now sitting directly across from him, in his booth.

STARTLED, Harold almost drops his coffee.

HAROLD

Jesus...

THE MAN sitting across from Harold is dishevelled and unshaven. In his cruddy, down parka, he looks like a vagrant. His name is O'RYAN, although Harold will never find this out.

O'RYAN

So, what's good today?

Harold glances around the room. There's plenty of open tables.

O'RYAN

Well come on, Harold, you eat here all the time, don't you? You must have a suggestion.

HAROLD

How do you know my name?

O'Ryan ignores the question, opens a menu.

O'RYAN (cont'd)

Alright, I'll figure it out myself. What's in the case?

O'Ryan motions to a large suitcase by Harold's feet, the kind that travelling salesman carry around. There is a tag around the handle that says

HAROLD SPECK, 145 Sherman's Way, Abilene, Tx.

HAROLD (cont'd)

I sell...knives. For cooking.

(beat)

Do I know you?

O'RYAN

Ahh, of course. Knives.

(motioning to his ring)

You're married.

HAROLD

Yes.

O'RYAN

Kids?

(beat)

You have kids, Harold?

HAROLD

Yes.

O'RYAN

That's nice.

(beat)

Let me ask you a question. I used to be married, so I forget. You ever, you know...

(he winks)

HAROLD

Excuse me?

O'RYAN

You know, you ever think about... other women?

While he's talking, O'Ryan reaches into his pocket and pulls out some POLAROIDs. He places them on the table.

HAROLD

I don't know what...

O'RYAN

FUCKING, Harold. You ever think about fucking other women?

ANGLE ON HAROLD STARING AT THE PHOTOS -- from where he's sitting, they're difficult to make out, but it looks like they're photos of naked women.

HAROLD

Excuse me, I think you should...

O'RYAN

Take a look at these pictures, Harold. Tell me if you see anything you want.

O'Ryan holds up one of the photos, and Harold's eyes follow, like a trained dog. O'Ryan never keeps the photo still enough so we can see it, so the only thing that's clear is naked breasts and pubic hair.

Slowly, O'Ryan slides it across the table.

O'RYAN (cont'd)

Go on. Take it.

Trembling, Harold picks up the photo. Now, we the audience do not get to see this photo, but it must be interesting, since Harold Speck literally cannot take his eyes off it.

O'RYAN (cont'd)

You like it? I've got more.

O'Ryan slides the stack of photos across the table. Speck, reluctantly, picks the photos up and studies each of them, carefully. He seems completely enraptured by them, almost in a trance.

Suddenly, he snaps out of it.

HAROLD

My God.

He puts the photos back on the table.

HAROLD(cont'd)

Jesus Lord...

Harold starts to slide out his seat.

HAROLD (cont'd)
You're a...you're sick.

Harold is about to get up, when, SUDDENLY, O'Ryan grabs his hand. The photos spread out over the table. One of them falls onto the seat.

HAROLD (cont'd)
What're you doing?

O'Ryan's movement was so fast, Harold has barely registered that he's squeezing his hand. Hard.

HAROLD(cont'd)
Owww, let go...

O'Ryan keeps squeezing until Harold's hand opens, reflexively. Revealing something interesting.

SPECK'S MIDDLE FINGER. It's elongated, extending an inch and a half farther than the rest of his hand.

O'RYAN sees this, looks at his finger closely. Then he smiles. HAROLD snatches his arm away.

HAROLD (cont'd)
What's wrong with you?

He gets to his feet, rubbing his hand.

O'RYAN
What's wrong with ~~me~~?

HAROLD (cont'd)
You're sick.

Harold grabs his sample case and his paper, then hustles for the door.

HAROLD
You're a sick man.

O'RYAN sits there. Watching Harold run away.

CUT TO:

EXT. THE PARKING LOT --

Harold runs past a row of trucks. He realizes that he's running in the wrong direction, then doubles back the other way.

BY HIS CAR --

Still glancing back over his shoulder, Harold fumbles with his keys as he opens the door.

CUT TO:

INT. THE CAR -- MOMENTS LATER -- AS IT PEELS OUT OF THE LOT

Harold breathes a sigh of relief as he pulls back onto the highway, heading South. He has just begun to relax when he glances in the rearview mirror.

HAROLD

OhmiGod...

O'RYAN is sitting in the back seat. Harold swerves violently, almost crashes into another car.

O'RYAN

Do me a favor, pull in at the next rest stop.

HAROLD

Oh God, look, Mister, please leave me alone...

O'RYAN glances out the window to his right.

O'RYAN

You're gonna miss it, come on...

HAROLD

What do you want from me, please...

O'Ryan leans forward and grabs Harold's right eyelid between his thumb and forefinger.

O'RYAN

How would you like it if I tore off your eyelid, Harold?

He tugs the eyelid, stretching it so we can see the pink underside of Harold's eye. Speck winces.

O'RYAN

If you can't blink, you gotta keep your eyes open all the time...You know how painful that is?

(beat)

Now pull into the rest stop.

Panicked, Harold does as he's told.

CUT TO:

(CONTINUED)

EXT. THE REST STOP

The rest stop is badly in need of federal funds. The bathrooms have been boarded up and the parking lot is being invaded by weeds. At a far end of the lot is what looks like an abandoned car: a dilapidated Pontiac Bonneville, stripped down to the primer.

Speck's car pulls to a stop near the rest rooms, the engine still running.

CUT TO:

INT. THE CAR --

Speck glances in the rearview mirror. O'Ryan is doing something in the backseat, below his sightline.

O'RYAN

Do you know how long I've been looking for you? Seven months. I was this close to giving up.

HAROLD (cont'd)

Why?! Why are you looking for me?

O'Ryan brings his hands up, and now we see that he's been pulling on a pair of latex, surgical gloves.

O'RYAN

Oh come on, Harold. You know why.

O'Ryan leans forward, and GRABS SPECK by the throat, and just before things get ugly, we...

CUT TO:

A TITLE CARD --

DALLAS

Then...

JANUARY 2ND

INT. HIGH RISE OFFICE BUILDING -- --

TRACKING SHOT --

...through the F.B.I. Field Office at Dallas. It's pretty busy, lots of men and women in dark suits, hustling back and forth. There are New Year's Eve decorations scattered around the office.

(CONTINUED)

MCGRIFF (O.S.)

What can I tell ya, Tom? We got about three hunnerd and fifty agents. Big, not as big as Miami or New York. So there's that, the room to move.

The man talking is MCGRIFF, late forties, tie and jacket. Another in a long line of no-bullshit guys who run field offices for the F.B.I.

MCGRIFF (cont'd)

Uh, lessee, Ms. Potter, she helps new agents find apartments. Uh, I think she's got a package, a thing she gives you about Dallas. Y'know, where to go, whatever. You married?

MACKELWAY

Nope.

The man he's talking to is THOMAS MACKELWAY, a guy in his early thirties. Mackelway's a street kid, a former cop who's not as polished as most Agents. But he's smart and aggressive, evidenced by his assignment to the Dallas office.

MCGRIFF

S'not gonna be a problem if I partner you up with a woman?

MACKELWAY

No sir.

MCGRIFF (cont'd)

Good. You'll like Kulok. She's smart...

A group of agents walk by, nod hello to McGriff.

MCGRIFF

Morning, fellas.

(back)

She works in here...

McGriff pushes open a door with the word VICAP on it. Inside is a room filled with computer terminals. Only a few of them are in use. There is a torn banner along one wall that reads "Happy New Ye..."

MCGRIFF

She just requisitioned one of those indetikit terminal things. You ever seen those?

The walk towards the INDENTIKIT CRIMINAL PROFILE TERMINAL, where they morph criminals faces to issue APB's.

MACKELWAY (cont'd)

Yeah.

MCGRIFF

Agent Kulok...

ON THE COMPUTER SCREEN --

The face of a South American man goes through several permutations. Beard, no beard, older, glasses, etc...

Kulok hits "save," stands up...

KULOK

Sorry, hi...

AGENT FRAN KULOK is not a supermodel. She is a reasonably attractive, athletic woman in her mid-thirties, a couple of years older than Mack.

MCGRIFF

Tom Mackelway, Fran Kulok. Vice versa.

Kulok and Mackelway shake hands, sizing each other up.

CUT TO:

INT. AN F.B.I. SEDAN --

Kulok drives, Mack sits in the passenger seat. With their dark suits and regulation haircuts, they look like a young married couple heading to Church.

Kulok breaks an awkward silence.

KULOK

So, McGriff tells me you're from New York.

MACKELWAY

Yeah.

KULOK

The city?

MACKELWAY

Yeah.

(beat)

Well, Hempstead. On the Island.

(CONTINUED)

KULOK
You went to school there, or...

MACKELWAY
No, I was a cop.
(beat)
Homicide, for five years.

KULOK
Really.

MACKELWAY
I took the National Academy course.
The summer thing?

Kulok shakes her head, doesn't know it.

MACKELWAY
It's like a...a program for cops,
you come in, you take courses over
the summers. You know, instead a
going through the academy.

KULOK
Right.
(beat)
I'm somewhat of a New Yorker myself,
y'know. I went to Columbia. For my
PHD.

MACKELWAY
Hunh.
(beat)
Yankees or Mets?

Kulok smiles, turns to look at him.

KULOK
You kidding? Yankees.
(beat)
Rangers or Islanders?

MACKELWAY
Oh come on. Rangers all the way.

Kulok nods. They ride in silence for a moment.

KULOK
I think this is it.

Kulok flips the turning signal and gets in the right lane.
She pulls off into...

CUT TO:

EXT. THE REST STOP --

The same rest stop we saw earlier.. Except that now it is filled with Highway Patrol motorcycles and police cars.

Kulok and Mackelway walk towards the center of the commotion. A local sheriff in his late thirties comes over to greet them. He is followed by his deputy, a gangly kid who looks like he just graduated from high school.

DYLAN

How ya doin, I'm Harry Dylan, this here's Bobby Granger, my deputy.

Hello and handshakes all around. Dylan hands some faxed pages to Mackelway, immediately assuming that he's the senior agent. Mackelway hands the pages over to Kulok.

DYLAN (cont'd)

We ran the plates, fella's name is Harold Speck, he's a travelling salesman, from Abilene. 'parently he'd been out driving all night. Called his company, he got fired two weeks ago. Hey fellas...

Dylan is calling over to a few HIGHWAY COPS, their helmets under their arms. Some of them smoke cigarettes, some drink coffee from Styrofoam Seven-Eleven Cups.

Generally, no one does much of anything. They just stand around, watching.

DYLAN (cont'd)

You mind?

He motions to the tire tracks on the ground, which they're all standing on. Annoyed, they step aside.

DYLAN (cont'd)

Looks like a robbery, guy got nervous, there was a fight. Strangled him, pushed the car into the ravine. Guess he didn't realize that he'd pushed it...

He points to a sign up ahead.

DYLAN (cont'd)

...right across the state line.

The highway sign reads "Welcome to Texas." As they walk past it, we see the other side that reads "Welcome to Oklahoma."

DYLAN
So now it's Federal.

KULOK
Lucky us.

As they walk towards the edge of the Rest Stop, we hear the sound of a car horn, blaring.

KULOK
Where's the body?

DYLAN
Well, that's the problem...

The tire tracks lead out of the rest stop and about thirty feet away to...

A RAVINE --

A fifty foot deep drainage ditch that runs the length of the rest stop. A TOW TRUCK has backed up to the edge, dropping a tow chain attached to a winch, over the edge. A big fat guy in a baseball cap named JUMBO is supervising.

JUMBO
Try it again.

The winch hums, but nothing moves. It's stuck.

Mackelway peers down into the ravine, looking for the source of the blaring car horn...

CUT TO:

EXT. THE BOTTOM OF THE RAVINE -- MACKELWAY'S P.O.V. --

Speck's car is balanced on its front bumper. Its rear wheels spin pointlessly in the air, like the legs of a turtle flipped on its back. Speck himself has collapsed face first onto the steering wheel.

The horn keeps blaring.

BACK UP TOP --

DYLAN (cont'd)
We've been havin a little trouble
with the winch, so...

KULOK (cont'd)
...so someone's gotta climb down
there.

Mackelway hands his coat to Kulok, pulls on a pair of gloves.

MACKELWAY (cont'd)

I got it.

DYLAN and GRANGER watch as Mackelway makes his way down the ravine, sliding feet first toward Speck's Buick. DYLAN raises an eyebrow.

KULOK
(explaining)
He's new.

CUT TO:

INT. THE BUICK -- CONTINUOUS

Mackelway climbs through the passenger window of the Buick. He braces himself in the front seat of the car, one foot against the dashboard for balance. He leans over and hoists Speck's body so it is sitting upright. The horn stops abruptly.

CLOSE ON -- SPECK'S FACE

his eyelids have been torn off.

MACKELWAY
Jesus.

Mackelway takes a deep breath, then looks around the car. He sees Speck's sample case...

Mackelway hefts it up into the front seat and lays it against the windshield. He pops it open. Inside: Rows of cooking knives, neatly organized in their felt and styrofoam holders.

He closes the case, then turns to face Speck again. He sees the obvious strangulation marks around the neck: dark, deep bruises. Then he notices something strange.

CLOSE ON -- SPECK'S HAND

... a cluster of yellow and purple bruises. Mack tries to pull Speck's hand back from the wheel. It won't budge. Talk about a death grip.

Mackelway pulls a pen out of his pocket and works it between Speck's hand and the steering wheel. Speck's finger's unfold, like a flower's petals opening to the sun, revealing...

the ELONGATED MIDDLE FINGER.

Mack sits there for a moment, considering this, when, SUDDENLY...

The entire car SLIPS, lurching about five feet down, sending Mackelway tumbling into the windshield.

CUT TO:

UP TOP--

KULOK rushes to grab the slipping winch.

KULOK (cont'd)
Oh shit, pull it up. Pull it up!

JUMBO drops his coffee hits the return for the winch.

CUT TO:

INT. THE CAR --

Mackelway holds his head as the car starts to move back up the ravine, kicking gravel all the way.

MACKELWAY
(under his breath)
Christ.

CUT TO:

EXT. THE REST STOP -- LATER

Mackelway leans against the tow truck. In the background, GRANGER smacks one of those instant icepacks against the truck's side, trying to get it cold.

JUMBO
Sorry 'bout that. It's an old truck.

Granger puts the icepack against Mackelway's head.

MACKELWAY(cont'd)
That's fine. Just give it to me.

Mackelway takes the ice pack and puts it aside.

THE CAR --

has been hoisted all the way out of the ravine now. Kulok is circling the car, taking photos with a crime scene camera. Mackelway walks over, staring at the trunk. Dylan and Granger follow.

MACKELWAY
Where's the All-American Diner?

GRANGER

That's a ways back, but you might
wanna try Pulaski's, in town...

Mack hands Kulok a yellow receipt.

MACKELWAY

Speck had breakfast there, this
morning, six a.m.

(under his breath, to
Kulok)

No way this was a robbery.

Kulok nods. Mackelway walks over to the trunk of the car,
bends down to look at it.

DYLAN

What's he doin?

KULOK

Mackelway? What's up?

THE HOOD OF THE TRUNK --

seems to be lined with a white, powdery substance.

MACKELWAY (cont'd)

Someone got a crowbar?

One of the mechanics hands a crowbar to Dylan, who hands it
to Mackelway. Granger gets on his knees, dabs the white
powder with his finger and puts it up to his lips.

Mackelway reacts....

MACKELWAY

Hey!

He grabs Granger's arm.

GRANGER

I was gonna see if...

MACKELWAY

Don't....don't put it in your mouth.
That's just for TV shows.

KULOK

(gently)

This could be poison for all you
know.

Mackelway leans down and smells the white substance. His
nose wrinkles.

DYLAN
What is it? Cocaine?

Mackelway shakes his head..

MACKELWAY
No. It smells like...lime.

He jams the crowbar under the trunk hood.

KULOK (cont'd)
Lime? You mean like they throw
on...

THE TRUNK pops open and everyone within a hundred yards GAGS.

KULOK
Dead bodies?

IN THE TRUNK --

Are the dismembered corpses of two women, covered with white, powdered limestone. The whole trunk is lined in clear plastic, to maintain that ziploc freshness.

MACKELWAY
Agent Kulok?

Kulok appears behind him.

MACKELWAY
What now?

As Kulok considers this question, we...

CUT TO:

EXT. SUBURBAN NEIGHBORHOOD, ABILENE -- DAY

A title card comes up.

ABILENE, TEXAS

A simple, Western home. As typically suburban as you can imagine. Picket fence, junk on the front porch, the grass needs mowing.

Then the front door opens.

TWO MEN in white BIOLOGICAL CONTAMINATION SUITS come through the doorway, carrying a green bodybag on a stretcher between them.

They carefully navigate the porch steps, then walk over to a row of BODYBAGS, five of them, laying on the lawn next to a

rusted Huffy Bike with training wheels. They dump the body off the stretcher, into the row, then head back to the house.

They are passed by two more men coming out, also in Bio-suits, also carrying a body.

PULL BACK TO REVEAL

that the lawn is ringed by police cars, ambulances, even a fire truck. A throng of curious neighbors has begun to fill the streets. Some watch from their porches, some can't help but wander right up to the police line.

A HONDA CIVIC --

turns onto the street. It glides past the police cars and right up to the yellow tape. It stops.

A WOMAN in her mid-forties gets out of the car, holding a Wal-Mart bag filled with light bulbs and plastic hangers. She begins to walk towards the house, as though, with all this commotion, she's not even sure if it's her home.

It is.

TWO CHILDREN, one eight, one four, trail behind her. They can already tell something is wrong. Which is exacerbated when the woman drops her bag and starts to walk quickly toward the house...

ONE OF THE MEN IN THE BIO-SUITS --

pulls back his hood. It's Mackelway. He turns toward the disturbance...

THE WOMAN --

is running now, past the ambulances and squad cars, past the yellow police line, past the captivated onlookers soon to be known officially as "the next door neighbors," the ones who will be interviewed for the tabloid shows, saying "He was such a nice man..." and "You never could have guessed..."

She keeps running until she comes to THE BODYBAGS, and memories flood her mind: the extra miles on the car, the women's clothing she found in his suitcase, that strange smell in the downstairs bathroom...

And then she begins to scream her husband's name, "Harold! Harreeee!" whether in anguish or confusion, we're not sure, but then...

TWO COPS swoop in and grab the kids, who are screaming now too, and MACKELWAY grabs Mrs. Speck in a bear hug,

practically lifting her off the ground, and starts pulling her away.

She keeps screaming her husband's name, over and over, as Mackelway drags her away from the place that used to be her family's home, and hereafter will be a grisly attraction for tourists passing through.

CUT TO:

EXT. THE SPECK'S DRIVEWAY --

Mackelway watches as Mrs. Speck, now sedated and strapped to a gurney, is loaded into an ambulance. Her children stare plaintively at him from the back seat of a squad car as it pulls away.

Kulok stands next to him, wearing her protection suit with the hood down. Her face is drenched in sweat, the suit is covered in dirt. She's been digging.

KULOK

What a nightmare.

McGriff walks up to them.

MCGRIFF

How's it coming?

KULOK

I think we're done, sir. There's nothing left in the basement.

MCGRIFF

Good. I wanna clear this out as soon as possible. It's already...

McGriff's voice drifts off as he peers across the field...

MCGRIFF (cont'd)

...a circus. Ah shit.

ACROSS THE LAWN --

An old Bentley has pulled up past the police line. A man gets out of the car, dressed more like a college professor than a police officer. This is DR. DANIEL KOESSLER, the head of the Behavioral Sciences Unit. He is followed by another man dressed in more traditional F.B.I. suit and tie. This is PHIL LINDEMAN, the F.B.I.'s foremost forensic pathologist.

As they walk past the bodies, the two men speak in staccato bursts, their conversation so technical it's hard to follow.

KOESSLER

...classic organized, probably in a psychotic state when he committed the double homicide...

LINDEMAN

...an aberration from these victims, lower level of mutilation....

KOESSLER

(reading from the report)

...fired two weeks ago, so that would fit...Uniform victims, high profile, uh, high risk profile.....

LINDEMAN

...uh, trauma to genital regions, definitely. I'd say a strong possibility of extended sexual torture...

KOESSLER

Hummm.

Koessler is met halfway by McGriff.

MCGRIFF

Doctor...

They shake hands, Koessler doesn't bother to introduce himself to Mack and Kulok. He just addresses all his questions to McGriff.

KOESSLER (cont'd)

How many bodies do we have, Frank?

MCGRIFF

Uh, well, Fran, do we have...

KULOK

We found thirteen in the basement.
We think that's it.

Phil starts shaking his head "no." Koessler seems to concur.

KOESSLER

No, no, he's got at least another five in him. Keep digging.

MACKELWAY

Excuse me, sir, but we been up and down inside that house. We dug up the septic tank for chrissakes...

KOESSLER

Well, that was unnecessary. Is there a garage, or a tool shed? A structure separated from the house?

KULOK

There's a garage out back.

MCGRIFF

Now hold on a second, Dan, if my men...

KOESSLER

Pull up the floor, dig underneath.
(beat)

Frank, you want to make the statement with me?

It's clear from the way McGriff looks at Koessler that he can't stand him. But they've got a job to do.

MCGRIFF

Fine.

The walk toward a crowd of reporters at the edge of the police line. Koessler, a staple of the television talk show circuit, is something of a celebrity. Flashbulbs pop, reporters yell his name.

OVER BY THE BODIES --

Lindeman has begun to unzip the bags. He speaks into a dictaphone.

LINDEMAN

...He liked using smaller, blunt knives, the spreader. The paring knife. Nothing serrated...

MACKELWAY

Excuse me, Agent Lindeman?

LINDEMAN

(distracted)

Yes...

MACKELWAY

You're doing the autopsy on Speck, right? I mean, Speck himself?

Phil turns to look up at him.

MACKELWAY

Um, when you do, take a look at his right hand.

LINDEMAN
His right hand?

MACKELWAY (cont'd)
Yes, it's...
(beat)
I think you'll see what I mean.

Lindeman looks at him for a moment, then turns back to the business at hand.

MACKELWAY watches as a group of agents in Bio-suits open the garage door round back. He seems lost in thought.

KULOK
Hey. You okay?

MACKELWAY
Yeah, I'm just...wondering. Who did this?

KULOK (cont'd)
You know, Tom, something like this, you just gotta shake it off...

MACKELWAY (cont'd)
No, no. I'm not wondering about Speck.
(beat)
I'm wondering who killed him.

He turns to face her.

MACKELWAY
We oughtta go check out that Diner. The one Speck ate at.

KULOK
Now?

MACKELWAY
Yeah, now. Longer we wait...

Kulok shakes her head. She's exhausted.

KULOK
Tom, I think it can wait till tomorrow.

MACKELWAY
You know what? I'll go.

KULOK
No, no...

MACKELWAY
 Seriously, let me take it. I got a
 hunch on this thing.

Kulok hands him the car keys.

KULOK
 Have fun.

Mack watches as she turns and walks back towards the house.
 Then he heads off for the car.

PULL BACK --

From the scene, on Mack crossing through the crowd and
 towards the edge of the lawn.

A MAN comes into frame at the edge of the crowd. He watches
 Mackelway as he gets in Kulok's sedan.

PULL BACK FARTHER --

to reveal the man's face. It's O'Ryan.

CUT TO:

INT. MACKELWAY'S CAR -- LATER

Sherrif Dylan rides shotgun in Mackelway's sedan. He is
 reading through a detailed file on Harold Speck.

DYLAN
 ...we got an eyewitness claims he
 saw two cars parked in the rest stop
 at 5:30am. Speck's Buick and a late
 model American sedan with the paint
 stripped down to the primer. You
 wanna deal with the APB?

MACKELWAY
 Sure.

Dylan puts the file down on the dashboard. The lights of a
 diner approach in the distance.

CUT TO:

EXT. THE ALL AMERICAN DINER -- EVENING

At eleven thirty, there's nothing in the parking lot with
 less than fourteen wheels.

INSIDE --

Mackelway and DYLAN stand out among the beefy truckers and sleepy waitresses. Particularly Mackelway, whose tie hasn't loosened an inch.

They walk right up to the waitress behind the cash register.

DYLAN

(nodding hello)

Marge. I need to talk to whoever took the late shift, two nights ago. Whoever was here, say five to six a.m.

MARGE

That'd be Dolly. She'll be in at midnight.

Mackelway sits down at the counter

MACKELWAY

We'll wait.

CUT TO:

A CLOSEUP --

of the clock on the wall. It's now 12:15. Dylan and Mackelway are still at the counter. Dylan is polishing off a plate of chicken *fried* steak.

DYLAN

See, now only in Texas would someone have the idea to take a piece of steak, and then bread it, and then FRY it. I mean, yer not gonna get that in California, that's for sure.

He pops the last bite in his mouth.

DYLAN

Listen, Tom. I need ya to do me a favor.

Dylan drops a manilla envelope on the counter, slides it across to Mackelway.

DYLAN

Her name's Karen Sumpter. Nice girl, but she liked trouble, like girls that age do. She just vanished one day. No one saw a thing...

MACKELWAY'S P.O.V. -- A MISSING PERSONS POSTER

For a heartbreakingly sweet-looking girl of fifteen. We get a glance at her vitals; her name, age, weight, etc. We also see the date she disappeared. October 26th.

DYLAN (cont'd)

Hell, I thought she ran away. Girls run away that age, y'know? Get knocked up, whatever, it happens.

(beat)

But now...

MACKELWAY

You're thinking Speck got her.

DYLAN

Hey, it's possible. I mean, I hope to God it ain't the case, but...

MACKELWAY

No, I understand.

He folds up the poster, slips it in his pocket. THE FRONT DOOR swings open and DOLLY, the night waitress, breezes in.

DOLLY

Marge, don't you get angry with me, I couldn't get the pickup started, and Harlan took the Dodge...

Dolly is wearing pink cowboy boots and a denim shirt, but she's also got a nose ring. She's a genuine flake. Dolly looks at Mackelway and Dylan. She shuts up quickly.

DOLLY

(earnestly)

Officer, I'm sorry, I swear I paid those speeding tickets...

She gives them her sweetest smile.

CUT TO:

INT. THE DINER -- LATER

Dolly, Mackelway and Dylan are sitting in a booth now. Dolly smokes a cigarette, does what she does best: gab.

DOLLY

He was such a quiet guy. Jus'
really normal.

(takes a long drag)

Which is exactly why I'm not
surprised he did it. When was the
last time you saw someone say "He
was a crazy man with a mean streak a
mile wide." It's always the quiet
ones.

DYLAN

(trying to get a word
in)

Dolly, can you tell us anything
about that morning...

DOLLY

He always came in at the strangest
hours. Four, five. He'd be the
only one in here.

DYLAN

That's when he was out looking for
victims.

DOLLY

Oh Gawd, that's so creepy!

MACKELWAY

Ma'am please. Was he with anyone
yesterday morning?

Dolly twists her hair in a knot, thinking hard.

DOLLY

No....

MACKELWAY (cont'd)

You're sure? Did anyone talk to
him, ask him the time, anything like
that...

Suddenly, Dolly interrupts.

DOLLY

Wait a second, I don't know where my
head is. He was with someone.

MACKELWAY perks up at this.

DOLLY

Normally, he was alone, barely even spoke. But yeah, he was with someone. A man. Can't believe I forgot.

MACKELWAY

Dolly, listen to me. This is very important. The man who was with Harold Speck. Do you remember what he looked like?

(emphatically)

Could you describe him for me?

Dolly bites her lower lip. Twirls a strand of hair in her fingers.

DOLLY

You know, it's funny. Fore he sat down with Weird Harold, this man, he sat at the counter for, I don't know, an hour or so. He was sitting right there, as close as me 'n you.

She leans in.

DOLLY (cont'd)

And for the life of me, I couldn't tell you the first thing about him.

(beat)

He stared at me, right in the eyes, and I don't remember a thing about him.

She shrugs apologetically.

CUT TO:

INT. THE DINER --

Mackelway is inspecting the booth where Speck ate, running his fingers across the table top. Dolly looks over his shoulder.

DOLLY

S'been wiped down ten times since this mornin'.

Mackelway nods, crouches down to look under the table.

MACKELWAY'S P.O.V. -- UNDER THE TABLE --

Dust, a bent fork, what he'd expect to find. But then, barely visible in the dark...

The POLAROID, the one that Speck dropped in the first scene. Mackelway picks it up, inspects it. We still don't get to see it. But as Dolly leans over his shoulder, a look of horror passes over her face.

DOLLY
Oh my sweet Lord...

ANGLE ON MACKELWAY --

Looking at the photo. Wondering...

CUT TO:

INT. THE DALLAS FIELD OFFICES -- DAY

A TRACKING SHOT of Mackelway and Kulok, walking down a long hallway. He pushes the door open to THE MORGUE.

INT. THE MORGUE

The autopsy room is filled to overflowing with bodies from the Speck House of Horrors.

LINDEMAN (O.S.)
Uh, extreme trauma to the cranial
lobe, probable cause of death, uh...

REVEAL LINDEMAN, standing over an autopsy table, speaking into a dictaphone.

LINDEMAN
...asphyxiation...Agent Mackelway,
come on in..

He glances up to see Kulok, wincing at the sight of Speck's body on the slab.

Lindeman smiles when he sees her. Most of the women he sees are cut into little pieces.

LINDEMAN
Agent Kulok, right?

He extends his hand, which is still covered by a bloody glove. She nods to it.

LINDEMAN (cont'd)
(off her look)
Oh, excuse me.
(beat)
Agent Mackelway, you have any
experience in forensics?

MACKELWAY

Not really...

LINDEMAN

Because you were right about Speck.
I mean his hand.

Lindeman points to a cluster of yellow and purple bruises on his left wrist.

LINDEMAN (cont'd)

Originally, we thought that this cluster of ligature marks circling his hand were caused by binding, or if the assailant had held his arm behind his back, like this...

(to Kulok)

...do you mind?

He demonstrates on KULOK.

LINDEMAN (cont'd)

But we were wrong. The fingerprint pattern shows that Speck was grabbed here...

(he grabs Kulok's hand)

...and that his hand was squeezed, quite hard actually...

Lindeman exerts some pressure, and Kulok's fingers open, reflexively.

LINDEMAN (cont'd)

...until he opened his fist.

Lindeman stands there, holding Kulok's hand. He smiles. She pulls her hand away.

LINDEMAN

So he wasn't trying to immobilize Harold Speck, right?

MACKELWAY

If you say so...

LINDEMAN

(interrupting)

Okay, so yesterday I was combing through some of my old textbooks, you know, just cause I'm that kinda guy, when I came across a chromosomal disorder called EVBD. You know what that is?

(CONTINUED)

KULOK

We give up.

LINDEMAN

Episodic Violent Behavior Disorder. Shows up in a lot of rapists, serial killers, fun people like that. Anyway, this faulty chromosome also controls a number of other body functions, it's called "linked attributes." So when you find the EVBD, you always find another, seemingly random physical manifestation.

(he pauses)

Wanna guess what that is?

MACKELWAY

(quietly)

The finger?

LINDEMAN

An elongation of the middle digits, give that man a prize.

Kulok looks at Mack.

LINDEMAN (cont'd)

It's the mark of the vampire, folks. And your guy was looking for it.

CLOSE ON MACK -- considering this.

CUT TO:

INT. MCGRIFF'S OFFICE

CU of MACKELWAY, making his pitch...

MACKELWAY

...so he reads about the missing girl in Granville, and he moves down there. He gets a room, a part time job, and waits. Waits for the killer to show his face. He finally catches up with him at the All American Diner...

We are in McGriff's office, a pretty non-descript room with photos of McGriff shaking hands with Ronald Reagan, Ed Meese, Tom Selleck...

MCGRIFF sits behind his desk, DR. KOESSLER in a chair, facing Mackelway and Kulok. Mackelway paces, Kulok sits on the couch.

MACKELWAY

This is where it gets interesting.
We found this polaroid at the
diner...

Kulok slides the polaroid, now encased in a plastic evidence
bag. We finally see that it's a polaroid of a nude woman.

With her head cut off.

KULOK

We think that the killer used this
photo to elicit a reaction from
Speck...

MACKELWAY (cont'd)

(interrupting)

...kind of like a primitive
rorschach test. The same way we'll
use crime scene photographs to get
suspects in custody to confess. Now
after Speck reacts the way he
expects, he checks the finger, to
confirm his suspicions.

MCGRIFF

Prints?

KULOK (cont'd)

No sir, he stalks his prey, waits
for the opportunity, cleans all his
prints. Just like a serial killer.

MACKELWAY (cont'd)

A serial killer of serial killers.

McGriff sits down, looks through their report.

MCGRIFF

Dr. Koessler? Any opinions?

He turns to Koessler, who is smiling, as though this whole
proceeding is just so quaint.

KOESSLER

I'm wondering if you two have any
idea how hard it is to catch a
serial. Do you know how much time
and effort goes into an
investigation?

KULOK

Sir, I was skeptical myself, but...

KOESSLER

If you do, then you know that the likelihood of a man singledhandedly hunting one of them down, like some sort of modern Van Helsing, is just....

MACKELWAY

Sir, with all due respect, Harold Speck is lying in the morgue downstairs.

KOESSLER

True, and you have no idea who killed him.

(beat)

Serial murder is a crime of opportunity, Agent Mackelway. ^{1st} Meaning that it is committed not in a moment of lustful passion, but in cold calculation. That is why these men are nearly impossible to spot. They learn to blend in, to make themselves not seen so that they are infinitely harder to... *iffed*

MACKELWAY

Sir, that is exactly the description of our suspect given by the waitress at the diner. If you would bother to read our report...

MCGRIFF

Mack, you watch your tone...

KOESSLER

No, Frank, that's okay.

Koessler stares directly at Mackelway. There is no anger in his eyes, just the clear look of authority.

KOESSLER (cont'd)

Agent Mackelway, have we met before? Your name seems familiar to me.

(beat)

Before Speck's house, I mean. I know we met there...

A long pause. Mackelway glances nervously at McGriff and Kulok. He knows he has to answer.

MACKELWAY

I applied to the Behavioral Sciences Unit. Sir.

Both Kulok and McGriff are surprised by this revelation.

KOESSLER

Now it comes back to me. I interviewed you, didn't I?

Mackelway says nothing.

KOESSLER (cont'd)

You think it was my fault you were rejected, Agent Mackelway? You think there was some sort of conspiracy to keep you out of the club?

MACKELWAY

(annoyed)

Hey, you tell me.

KOESSLER (cont'd)

Every single agent in my unit has at least a master's degree. Most of them are PHD's, and they are experts in psychology, criminology and forensics. And yet you, with your four years of Community College, are suddenly qualified?

MACKELWAY

Hey, I worked homicide, Dr. Koessler, I don't sit up in my fuckin' ivory tower...

MCGRIFF

Mackelway! That's enough, goddamnit!

Mackelway is really seething now. Kulok puts a hand on his shoulder. He brushes it off.

MCGRIFF (cont'd)

Okay, Daniel, I think you've made your point.

KOESSLER (cont'd)

I don't mean to embarrass you, Agent Mackelway. Nor am I rejecting your theory. I am simply pointing out that it is improbable at best.

He picks up the report.

KOESSLER

I'll take it back to Quantico, and some of my profilers will look at it. Is that fair?

MCGRIFF

I think that's more than fair.

CU on MACKELWAY, angry but embarrassed by his own lack of professionalism.

MACKELWAY

Of course, thank you sir.

Koessler stands.

KOESSLER

If your Van Helsing is hunting serial killers, we'll have plenty of time before he finds another one.

CUT TO:

INT. MOTEL ROOM -- EVENING

A cheap motel room, like any other cheap motel room. The TV blares in the background, the local news. O'RYAN, shirtless, sits at the end of the bed, staring at a map spread out on the floor.

CLOSE ON -- THE MAP

A detailed map of the contiguous United States. It is covered with MARKS and numbers, many of them connected by lines, creating a geometric pattern in the shape of a melted Star of David.

NEWS ANCHOR (O.S.)

(on TV)

...and live from County Prison is Charmaine Wilkins. Charmaine?

O'Ryan looks up, interested.

ON TV --

A female reporter stands in front a County Prison. There are protestors standing in the background.

CHARMAINE

Thanks Chet. The crowd outside cheered when city officials announced another delay in the release of Virgil Ray Starkey, the so-called "highway rapist"...

O'Ryan watches, only slightly interested. He's seen this before. He turns his attention to a Manilla envelope with no return address. He tears it open and pulls out a form, with a photograph attached to it.

THE FORM -- is an official F.B.I. personnel record. O'Ryan peruses it quickly, then stares at the photo.

CLOSE ON -- THE PHOTO --

It's Mackelway.

CUT TO:

A TITLE CARD --

MARCH 5TH

EXT. STREET IN DALLAS --

A Newstand, across the street from the F.B.I. offices. MACKELWAY walks in, goes up to guy behind the counter.

MACKELWAY (cont'd)
Is it in yet?

COUNTER GUY
Yup.

The guy behind the counter hands Mackelway a copy of the New York Post. Mackelway flips to the sports pages, goes to the YANKEES boxscores. He runs his finger down, till he comes to the name "Mattingly."

COUNTER GUY
Two for five. With a double.

MACKELWAY
That's my boy.

Mack drops a buck on the counter, leaves.

CUT TO:

F.B.I. OFFICES --

Tracking shot of Mackelway, walking quickly through the field office. He's been here two months now, and he looks a hell of a lot more comfortable now, saying hello to other agents as he passes.

CUT TO:

INT. THE HAROLD SPECK ROOM --

An office has been transformed into the Harold Speck room. Photos of his fifteen victims line one wall. There is a corkboard covered with crime scene photos of Speck in his car. Someone has written "Death of a Salesman" above them.

KULOK sits at a desk, filling out a form. Mack comes in...

MACKELWAY

Yanks won.

KULOK

Tom, you ever filled out a VICAP form?

MACKELWAY

Uh, I don't know.

KULOK

Violent Criminal Apprehension Program?

She holds up a form with the VICAP insignia.

MACKELWAY

Yeah, yeah. I seen these. It's like the database, right, for all the unsolved murders?

KULOK

Right.

He takes the form from her.

KULOK (cont'd)

All the girls we haven't i.d.'ed, from Speck's house, we have to put em in the computer, see if we get a match.

MACKELWAY (cont'd)

Okay, sure.

Kulok is looking at him.

MACKELWAY (cont'd)

You want me to do it? I'm terrible with computers.

She smiles.

KULOK

This'll be great practice.

CUT TO:

LATER --

Mackelway's using the point and peck method to type in VICAP forms.

MACKELWAY

Aw shit.

He screws up, tries to fix it, screws up worse. The phone rings.

MACKELWAY (cont'd)

I got it...

Grateful for the break, Mack jumps up, grabs the phone.

MACKELWAY (cont'd)

Unh hunh. Yeah. Gimme that again.

(pause)

Okay.

He jumps up grabs his jacket.

MACKELWAY (cont'd)

We got something.

CUT TO:

INT. THE HALLWAY --

Mack is hustling down the hallway, strapping on his gun. Kulok follows, doing likewise.

MACKELWAY

85 Pontiac Bonneville, stripped to the primer, license BSY-1J2. Motel in Oklahoma city.

CUT TO:

EXT. THE OKLAHOMA CITY COUNTY JAIL --

An establishing shot of the jail. Then a title card comes up.

OKLAHOMA CITY COUNTY JAIL

INT. THE COUNTY JAIL --

Four guards are leading a man in manacles out from the main cell block.

The man is VIRGIL RAY STARKEY, and he might be the meanest looking man you've ever seen. Tattoos, scars, and eyes...ice cold, black eyes.

He walks in silence, surrounded by the guards, until they come to...

THE BOOKING ROOM --

The guards unlock a heavy steel door. In the booking room are more guards, a warden, and a guy dressed much better than everyone else. This is EARL COOMBS, Starkey's lawyer.

COOMBS

(to the guards)

Would you take these off him?

The guards look at the Warden. The Warden nods. They start unlocking the manacles.

COOMBS (cont'd)

How are you, Virgil? They treat you well in here?

Virgil keeps his head down, never makes eye contact.

VIRGIL

Where're ma clothes? Can't go out in the world looking like this.

COOMBS

Of course, will someone bring Mr. Starkey his clothes?! It's bad enough the man's been falsely imprisoned for three months, show him some common decency...

A guard hands over a denim shirt, jeans, cowboy boots....

CUT TO:

INT. THE JAILHOUSE LOBBY --

Now dressed in his civies, Starkey is led through the main lobby by Coombs.

COOMBS

Virgil, I want you to listen to me, there's a lotta people out there don't want you released, you understand? They don't want you staying here, but that don't mean you can skip parole...

They come out through the front doors...

EXT. THE JAILHOUSE

...into chaos.

The street outside the courthouse is teeming with protestors, and not weekend activists either. The fear and anger is palpable. No one wants Virgil Ray Starkey let out in their community.

Can you blame them?

STARKEY --

takes it all in. He seems unfazed.

COOMBS

Get out of the way, he's an innocent man!

Coombs pushes through the crowd. Starkey follows. A REPORTER rushes up, tries to thrust a microphone in Starkey's face...

REPORTER

How does this reaction make you feel, Mr. Starkey?

Starkey ignores the microphone, he almost seems to be smirking.

COOMBS

My client has been cleared in the rape of Cathy Griffin.. The description of him as a...

REPORTER

Your client admitted to raping three women, Mr. Coombs. And he is suspected in the murder of five others, how does...

COOMBS

He has served the sentences for those crimes, and he has been cleared of the other charges.

The crowd is wild with fury, screaming at Starkey and Coombs as they push through. Other reporters rush forward.

REPORTER

Did you do it, Mr. Starkey? Are you a murderer?

Starkey says nothing. He just keeps his head down.

EXT. COURTHOUSE PARKING LOT --

The angry mob is being held back by a line of policeman. Starkey and Coombs walk through the parking lot.

COOMBS

It's right up here...

They come to a beat up Chevy Nova. Coombs hands over the keys.

COOMBS (cont'd)

Here you go. I'm not kidding about parole. They're gonna be watching you like a hawk.

(beat)

See this doctor, he can help you deal with the uh, with the transitional problems...

Coombs hands Starkey a card. Starkey tosses it back at him.

STARKEY

Fuck you, Coombs. I'm a free man.

Starkey gets in his car, starts it up. He almost runs Coombs over as he pulls out.

A FEW PROTESTORS --

chase Starkey's car as it pulls away. STAY on ONE OF THEM who isn't running. He's wearing a ratty overcoat, sipping some coffee.

It's O'Ryan.

CUT TO:

INT. F.B.I. SEDAN -- TRAVELLING SHOT -- DAY

Mack and Kulok are in the car. Mack is driving. Kulok flips stations, stops on a Garth Brooks song.

MACKELWAY (cont'd)

No.

Mackelway spins the dial.

MACKELWAY (cont'd)

No country music. It's my one rule.

KULOK

You got any tapes?

MACKELWAY (cont'd)

In the case.

Kulok flips through Mack's tape case. There are a bunch of books on tape. Not bestsellers, either: The Brothers Karamazov, Faust, Civilization and its Discontents.

Kulok looks over at Mackelway.

KULOK

This is to impress me, right?

Mack's smile is barely perceptible. One side of his mouth curls, slightly.

MACKELWAY

There's some Springsteen at the bottom.

Kulok pushes past the books on tape, fishes out some Springsteen.

Music comes up, "She's the One" from Born To Run. Kulok sings along. Then, realizing that she's being annoying, she stops.

KULOK (cont'd)

Hey, can I ask you something?

MACKELWAY (cont'd)

Hey can I stop you?

KULOK

Why Behavioral Sciences?

(beat)

I mean, don't take this the wrong way, but you just don't strike me as the sit behind the desk, crunch numbers type. A lot of that B.S.U. stuff is real dry, statistical...

MACKELWAY

Yeah, well, it's good I'm not working there, right?

KULOK

Yeah, but my question is, "Why?" Why did you want to?

MACKELWAY

Well you tell me. You're a woman, you got a PHD in what, psychology...Why'd you join the F.B.I.?

KULOK

See, now, no, you can't just say
"you tell me." You have to first
answer the question... you always do
this.

MACKELWAY (cont'd)

Hey, look, if you don't wanna talk
about it...

Kulok shakes her head.

KULOK

You should of been a lawyer.

(beat)

This is it.

Mack gets in the right lane...

CUT TO:

EXT. MOTEL PARKING LOT -- CONTINUOUS

They pull into the parking lot of the Pancho Villa Motel, as
run down and disgusting a place as you're likely to find.

INT. THE MANAGER'S OFFICE --

The Manager is watching the live coverage of Starkey's
release.

KULOK

F.B.I. I'm Kulok, this is Agent
Mackelway.

MANAGER

You got credentials?

Mackelway presents his badge. Kulok rummages for hers. The
manager checks the badge out, turning it over, looking at it
up close.

MANAGER

Cool.

(beat)

What kinda guns do you guys carry?

MACKELWAY (cont'd)

You called in a response to an APB.
A Pontiac Bonneville, with the paint
stripped...

MANAGER

Yup. It was parked out there the last two days. Guy in room 7. I get all the police bulletins.

(to Kulok)

You ever shoot anyone?

KULOK

Not yet.

MACKELWAY

Can we have the key to room seven?

The manager presents the key.

MANAGER

He signed in as Johnson, but I think it's an alias. He left really early this morning, but he never checked out.

MACKELWAY

(pulling out a notepad)

How about a description?

MANAGER (cont'd)

Yeah, he's uh, he's about uh, six feet, I think, and, um...

(beat)

...maybe he was taller. He had brown hair...

(beat)

You know, that's strange, I watched the guy at the ice machine yesterday, and for the life of me, I can't...

He looks up. Mack and Kulok are already gone.

CUT TO:

EXT. THE MOTEL PARKING LOT -- ROOM SEVEN

Mackelway and Kulok stand in front of the door to room Seven. Mackelway knocks.

KULOK

(yelling)

Mr. Johnson? Federal Agents. We'd like to talk to you.

No answer. Mackelway inserts the key, unlocks the door. Then he pulls his gun, raps the door louder.

MACKELWAY (cont'd)
This is the F.B.I. Open the door,
NOW!

Still no answer. Mackelway looks at Kulok. She seems nervous, but she raises her gun, nods.

MACKELWAY
One, two...

HE JAMS his shoulder into the door...

CUT TO:

INT. THE MOTEL ROOM

THE same ROOM we saw O'RYAN in earlier, and, at first glance, empty. Mackelway flies into the room, his gun raised in front of him. Kulok's right behind him.

Mackelway, not making a sound, motions Kulok toward the bathroom. He heads toward the partially open door to the closet.

MACKELWAY --

approaches the closet, SLOWLY. He's nervous, licks the sweat off his upper lip. He reaches out, takes a firm hold of the closet door. Counting to himself...

MACKELWAY (cont'd)
One, two...

He yanks it open, revealing...

NOTHING. Empty.

Kulok sticks her head out of the bathroom.

KULOK
All clear?

Mackelway is startled, fumbles his gun.

MACKELWAY
Jesus.

She holsters hers, smiles.

KULOK (cont'd)
C'mon Jumpy. Let's get to work.

CUT TO:

EXT. THE HIGHWAY OUTSIDE OKLAHOMA CITY --

A girl, call her LORETTA, hitchhikes by the side of the road. She is a pretty girl, no more than sixteen, and from her generally clean condition, it's clear that she hasn't been on the road too long. She holds a thumb out, lazily, not expecting anyone to stop.

In the distance, a car approaches.

INT. STARKEY'S CAR --

Driving towards Loretta. Starkey watches her, emotionless, cold.

Behind those eyes, a war is being waged. Between the shreds of a conscience that Starkey developed as an abused youngster, and an insatiable, overwhelming desire that he barely understands.

It's not much of a fight.

He pulls over, fifty yards in front of her.

ANGLE ON STARKEY --

peering in his rear view mirror, watching Loretta struggle with her bag as she runs for his car. It seems to take forever.

LORETTA

Hi.

STARKEY

Hey. Get in.

Loretta seems hesitant.

STARKEY (cont'd)

Where ya going? I'll give ya a lift.

LORETTA

Austin, I'm meeting my boyfriend.

STARKEY

I can drop ya in Austin.

(beat)

Get in.

A long moment passes. Loretta chews her lip. She's about to make the biggest mistake of her life, let her think it over.

LORETTA

Okay.

She gets in.

CUT TO:

INT. THE CAR -- MOMENTS LATER

Starkey pulls out onto the highway. Loretta has her bag in her lap.

STARKEY

Here, lemme...

He grabs the bag. Loretta holds on, but Starkey's strong. It comes out of her grip.

STARKEY (cont'd)

You'll be more comfortable.

He tosses the bag in back.

Loretta smiles weakly. She's an innocent girl. She's not sure if she's being paranoid.

STARKEY --

looks at her out of the corner of his eye. He checks out her breasts, straining against her T-shirt, heaving up and down with her nervous breathing. He looks at her shorts, her exposed stomach...between her legs.

LORETTA

So, where you headed?

STARKEY

Where'm I headed?

LORETTA

You going all the way to Austin?

Starkey checks his rearview. Not many cars on the road.

STARKEY

Austin? Nah.

(beat)

You're very pretty.

Loretta blushes.

STARKEY (cont'd)

Prettiest girl I seen in a while.

Loretta's smile fades.

LORETTA

I...I have a boyfriend.

STARKEY
Sure ya do.

Starkey pulls off the highway. Loretta starts to panic.

LORETTA
Hey, where're we goin'? Hey,
mister...

STARKEY
We need gas.

CUT TO:

OFF THE HIGHWAY --

Starkey's car pulls onto a service road. There is a gas station about a mile away. And before that, a dirt road that leads into a cotton field.

LORETTA --

has her eyes fixed on the gas station. She is sweating, nervous, tries to say something...

LORETTA
I gotta go to the ladies room,
anyway.

Starkey says nothing. As they come up to the dirt road...

HE TURNS.

LORETTA (cont'd)
Hey, hey mister, you...

STARKEY'S HAND shoots out, clamps over Loretta's mouth. She starts screaming, but it's muffled.

STARKEY
Shut the fuck up.

Loretta's screams quiet to a whimper.

LORETTA
Please don't hurt me, please...

STARKEY
Honey, that's exactly what I got in
mind.

He pulls over in the middle of the cotton field. Loretta struggles with her door. Starkey grabs her by the hair.

STARKEY (cont'd)
Stop it. Stop...

With one hand, he starts unbuckling his belt. Loretta hyperventilates...

STARKEY (cont'd)
I'm gonna hurt you, little girl,
places you never hurt before...

He tears at her clothing, ripping off her shirt. White flesh, exposed. Loretta starts screaming, a shrill, terrified scream...

STARKEY (cont'd)
Scream all you want. Get used to
it.

And she does. Loretta screams for her life as Starkey moves toward her.

The moment continues, becoming almost unbearable, as we stay on Loretta's face, her agony turning to shock, and then to wonderment, because a shadow is passing over Starkey, and then, in slow motion...

His window EXPLODES.

Glass flies everywhere, and two arms reach into the car. They grab onto Starkey, by the neck, and, still in slow motion...

YANK HIM out of the car.

OUTSIDE THE CAR --

Starkey shakes himself off, holding his throat, still choking. As he crawls forward, blindly, we see...

A pair of boots. And legs on top of them. It's O'Ryan. He's got a gun pointed right at Starkey.

O'RYAN
Hello, Virgil.

He FIRES...

Starkey is hyperventilating on the ground. O'Ryan has shot him between the legs.

O'RYAN
Hurts, doesn't it?

O'Ryan kicks him right where he's wounded. The sound that comes out of Starkey is pretty much indescribable.

IN THE CAR --

Loretta, practically in shock, is staring at the scene unfolding outside her window. O'Ryan has Starkey by the collar, and is asking him some questions, none of which we can hear.

Starkey seems to be going into convulsions, and O'Ryan's occasional, vicious blows aren't helping much.

LORETTA JUST WATCHES as Starkey convulses one final time, then drops to the ground. O'Ryan watches him die. Then he turns to look at Loretta.

ANGLE ON O'RYAN --

He's breathing heavily, adrenaline pumping through him. He's still got the gun in his right hand, and there is a wild look in his eyes, the look of a killer.

He takes a few steps toward Loretta. She's a witness, she's seen him. In this moment, he seems as frightening as Starkey.

LORETTA --

completely unhinged by the whole event, starts pressing her back up against the window. Then she starts screaming.

LORETTA

No, please....PLEASE!

She pleads, crying.

LORETTA (cont'd)

NOOOO!

O'Ryan stops in his tracks. Just looking at her. Then he turns and walks away.

CUT TO:

INT. THE MOTEL ROOM --

A CLOUD OF WHITE POWDER

wafts out over the dresser. Kulok lets the spray settle, waiting for a fingerprint to reveal itself. She looks over at Mack. He is sitting on the bed, watching TV.

KULOK (cont'd)

Don't bother to help out.

MACKELWAY

The TV was on CNN.

KULOK

Oh, then by all means, watch.

MACKELWAY

I was just thinking, maybe he saw something, something on the news...

Mack turns the volume on the TV down. Kulok stands up, pulling her gloves off.

KULOK

There's not a print in the room.
(checking her watch)
We oughtta get back.

Mackelway is, once again, not paying attention.

HIS P.O.V. -- THE CLOSET DOOR

It's got a full-length mirror, and at Mack's angle, he can see the handle of a suitcase sticking out off the top shelf.

KULOK (cont'd)

What?

He walks over to the closet, reaches up onto the top shelf, and yanks the suitcase out. He tosses the suitcase on the bed and flips it open.

INSIDE THE SUITCASE --

Lots of grisly autopsy photos.

MACKELWAY (cont'd)

Hello.

MACKELWAY pushes some of the files and autopsy photos aside. At the bottom of the suitcase is the MAP, the same one O'Ryan was checking out earlier. Mack pulls it out and unfolds it.

KULOK (cont'd)

(looking over his
shoulder)

Shit, I've got goosebumps.

INSERT -- THE MAP --

We get a closer look at the intricate series of red marks on the map. Mackelway notices a cluster of them in Washington State, and then one in particular that grabs his attention. A dot has been placed at GRANVILLE, Texas. The date next to it is October 26th.

MACKELWAY

You know what occurs to me? If his suitcase is here...

KULOK

He'll be here.

(beat)

I'll call for backup.

MACKELWAY

And move the car around. Out of sight.

KULOK

Yup.

She heads outside.

CUT TO:

EXT. THE MOTEL PARKING LOT

Kulok has just climbed into the front seat of the car. She yanks the cellular off its stand and hits the first number on speed dial.

STAY ON HER --

waiting for the call to go through. It doesn't. She looks down at the phone..

The CORD'S BEEN CUT.

Thinking quickly, Kulok immediately goes for her gun, just as a hand reaches through her window...

CUT BACK TO:

INT. THE MOTEL ROOM --

Mackelway is sifting through some of the material from O'Ryan's suitcase. His eyes drift over to the TV.

ONSCREEN --

A reporter is delivering a report from the cotton field where Starkey was killed. MACK turns up the volume with the remote control.

REPORTER

...and police aren't sure who killed Virgil Starkey, but it seems to be the act of a vigilante, perhaps one of the protesters who...

CU on MACK. He hears the door to the motel open. He's so riveted, he doesn't even bother to turn...

MACKELWAY
(assuming it's Kulok)
Are you watching this?
(turning)
I think we...screwed...up...

Mackelway turns to look over his shoulder.

O'RYAN is standing behind him.

With a flick of his hand, O'Ryan extends a telescoping police baton, the kind Federal Agents use. He clubs Mackelway across the neck.

MACKELWAY --

still has some fight in him. He reaches out and grabs O'Ryan's arm. Then O'Ryan hits him again. Mackelway collapses to the floor. The world goes black.

FADE OUT

INT. THE HOTEL ROOM -- LATER

It's still light outside, but it's much later than when Mackelway first got there. The room is swimming. Tied up. Arms and legs bound. Mackelway strains against the ropes. They're not giving.

A long moment passes. A voice comes out of the darkness.

O'RYAN (O.S.)
Agent Mackelway, have you ever seen
a fifty foot shark?

Mackelway winces in pain, takes a few deep breaths. Then...

MACKELWAY
Excuse me?

O'RYAN
I asked if you've ever seen a fifty
foot shark.

MACKELWAY
Uh, no.

O'RYAN
That's not surprising. No one's
ever seen one.

Beat. Mackelway nods.

O'RYAN

(ignoring him)

The largest predatory shark ever caught was twenty five feet. But does that mean that a fifty foot shark doesn't exist?

(beat)

A group of biologists got together to answer this question; if there was a shark this size, what would it look like? Where would it live?

(beat)

The first thing they decided is that a fifty-foot shark can eat whatever it wants. Whales, octopus, the ocean would be a never-ending buffet table, so he'd never have any need to surface or come to shore. That's the only time we ever see sharks, you know. When they're hungry. But the fifty footer, he'd live in the deep ocean. Feeding on things we never see anyway.

(beat)

And so these scientists decided that there are fifty foot sharks, and we know they exist because we never see them.

Mackelway is trying to maintain his detachment, but he is clearly fascinated by O'Ryan and his story.

O'RYAN

Do you understand what I'm telling you, Agent Mackelway?

MACKELWAY

I understand that what you're doing right now is a Federal Crime, and...

O'RYAN

(annoyed)

Please, I don't have much time here, I'm only going to tell you these things once. Don't you want to catch me?

MACKELWAY..

Any minute, this place is gonna be crawlin' with cops and Feds, and these guys are gonna shoot you, understand what I'm saying?

CLOSE ON O'RYAN --

Disappointed. Then he stands up.

MACKELWAY (cont'd)
They're gonna shoot you in the fuckin face, because they don't negotiate for Federal Agents! You understand me?

O'RYAN
I see that we're not going to have a rational discussion. So I'll tell you again. If you find the man I'm looking for, you'll catch me. It's as simple as that.

MACKELWAY (cont'd)
Look, we're gonna catch you either way, so make it easier on yourself...

O'Ryan stands up, takes out a hunting knife.

O'RYAN
I've already given you one hint, but just to be safe, I'll give you another. In fact...

He starts walking toward Mackelway.

MACKELWAY
(suddenly frightened)
Hey, what the hell are...

O'RYAN (cont'd)
I'll write it down for you.

O'Ryan walks behind Mackelway and starts cutting...

MACKELWAY (cont'd)
Hey, wait...STOP....

OVER Mackelway's SCREAM, the screen goes black...

CUT TO:

EXT. PARKING LOT -- DAY

A shot of the SKY, a huge, beautiful sky with lovely rolling clouds and bright sun peeking through them.

Then a SHOT OF MACKELWAY, unconscious, lying on pavement. He stirs to life.

MACKELWAY'S P.O.V. --

he is in the parking lot of the motel. Everything seems to be swimming in slow motion, the MANAGER, staring at him from the door to his office; a woman holding her hand over her daughter's eyes.

MACKELWAY tries to get his bearings, but he's too groggy. He sees his sedan, parked where he left it.

MACKELWAY (cont'd)

Kulok.

He stumbles towards the car, barely able to walk.

THE FRONT DOOR --

to the car is open, Kulok is lying half on the pavement, unconscious. Mackelway reaches down to feel for a pulse and BLOOD spills out all over her neck.

MACKELWAY (cont'd)

Kulok! Kulok...

Mack starts feeling for a wound, when he suddenly realizes. Kulok is just unconscious, the blood isn't coming from her.

He looks down at his hand.

FULL SHOT of Mackelway, the right arm of his shirt is absolutely drenched in blood, dripping into a pool on the ground.

Stumbling backwards, he grabs at his sleeve. His eyes flutter. The screen goes black once again.

CUT TO:

INT. HOSPITAL BEDROOM -- AFTERNOON

MACKELWAY wakes with a start. He looks around. He's in a hospital bed now, in a blue gown. He's hooked to some monitors.

He looks down at his arm. It's bandaged.

A moment passes. MACKELWAY looks at the bandage. He starts to pull at the corners with his fingernail, revealing a scar, cut into his arm.

It looks like this.



THEN --

The door bursts open. A nurse instantly runs to Mackelway's side. She tapes the scar back up again.

NURSE

Sir, you really need to keep that on so it doesn't infect...

MACKELWAY

Where am I?

NURSE

You're in a hospital in Oklahoma City. You've got to be very careful, you lost a lot of blood. You've been here for three days.

MACKELWAY

What?

Mackelway bolts up in bed.

Kulok walks into the room. The right side of her face is still bruised and swollen.

KULOK

He awake?

Kulok walks over to his bedside.

KULOK

We gotta plane to catch, Tom. They want us in Virginia tomorrow morning.

Mack looks up at her.

MACKELWAY

Why?

KULOK

All I know is they want us in Virginia. We're meeting with Koessler.

Off MACKELWAY, considering this...

CUT TO:

ESTABLISHING SHOT of a college campus.

TITLE CARD --

UNIVERSITY OF VIRGINIA

Then, underneath it.

DEPARTMENT OF CRIMINAL PSYCHOLOGY

INT. LECTURE ROOM -- AFTERNOON

A beautiful, Ivy league lecture room. All enormous windows and oak desks. The hall is completely full for DR. DANIEL KOESSLER'S extremely popular class, "CRIME AND CULTURE." KOESSLER speaks in the voice of a born orator.

KOESSLER

...and whenever we enter into a discussion of "evil", we find ourselves constricted by Judeo-Christian notions of duality. What is "good", what is "evil", these words are difficult to reconcile with the shades of grey we see in everyday life. There are actions that have "evil" effects, but cannot all of these actions be broken down into human motivations? Selfishness, lust, greed, envy, terror... Is evil a force in our lives, or merely a set of criteria used to explain actions that go against the greater good?

Koessler takes a long pause. He sips a glass of water.

KOESSLER

Remember that project proposals are due Monday, and thesis meetings are cancelled for this week. Good Day.

The mass of students begin to file out.

A FEW MINUTES LATER --

Koessler is gathering his papers and chatting with a rapt inner circle of graduate students. He looks up to see Mack and Kulok standing in the back of the room.

KOESSLER

(to the students)

Please excuse me...

He walks up the stairs to Mack and Kulok.

KOESSLER (cont'd)

Come, my office...

CUT TO:

INT. KOESSLER'S UNIVERSITY OFFICE

Koessler's office looks like a classic professor's study, overstuffed with books, big oak desk, leather furniture. He's a man trying to legitimate himself through his surroundings. For the most part, it works

CU ON KOESSLER, speaking.

KOESSLER (cont'd)

So, I believe I owe both of you an apology. In retrospect, I should have seen something like this coming.

Both Mack and Kulok are confused, and not just by Koessler's humble tone...

KOESSLER (cont'd)

Sexual murder investigations are so emotionally debilitating. The normal level of obsession that any police officer might feel is magnified many times over. It was bound to happen with someone in the B.S.U. Particularly someone like O'Ryan.

From the look on Mack and Kulok's faces, it's clear they have no idea what Koessler is talking about.

KOESSLER (cont'd)

They didn't tell you?

KULOK (cont'd)

No sir, we were instructed to meet you here, we've been told nothing.

Koessler shakes his head.

KOESSLER

The man who attacked you, who killed Speck and Starkey, is named Benjamin O'Ryan.

He tosses a confidential F.B.I. file down in front of them.

KOESSLER (cont'd)

He used to be an F.B.I. Agent.

(beat)

He used to work for me.

Mackelway flips open the report.

CLOSE ON -- A PHOTO OF O'RYAN, at about Mackelway's age, looking pretty damn tough in his marine's uniform.

KOESSLER

Please, sit down.

Mackelway and Kulok take seats. Koessler begins to pace.

KOESSLER (cont'd)

Benjamin O'Ryan entered the Bureau in the early seventies, and immediately made a series of spectacular arrests. He had an incredible intuitive ability to follow the right leads, a quality that I thought made him perfect for the B.S.U.

CU -- ON MACKELWAY -- fascinated as he peruses O'Ryan's file.

KOESSLER (cont'd)

We had been assigned to the Green River murders, in Seattle. Are you familiar with the case?

KULOK (cont'd)

Yes...

MACKELWAY

(overlapping)

Somewhat...

KOESSLER

This was 1979, when I took over. Seven women had been raped and murdered in the Green River area of Seattle. There were no witnesses, no evidence, no suspects. They were so desperate, they called me.

(beat)

At the time, the B.S.U. was considered something of a joke by the rest of the Bureau. For us, this was our chance to prove that profiling could work.

KULOK

If I remember, there were something like thirty victims...

KOESSLER

Thirty five, actually. It was a terrible ordeal for all concerned, but particularly for O'Ryan.

(beat)

He had been a marine in Vietnam, working in psi ops. Given what he had seen over there, I thought he would be particularly innured to the psychological trauma that goes hand in hand with serial murder cases. Clearly, I was wrong.

(beat)

He became obsessed by the case, his wife left him...his entire life collapsed. And the case itself, well, two years into it we were no farther than on the first day and O'Ryan...

He goes over to a file cabinet, pulls out a file.

KOESSLER

...he had now decided that there was more than one murderer. Originally, his theory was that ten or fifteen unsolved serial cases around the country might be the work of one man. This theoretical murderer would change his m.o., kill where other killers were operating... anything to disguise his existence.

(beat)

At O'Ryan's request, partly to humor him, I drew up a mock profile of what such a man might be like. The code name for this profile was Suspect Zero.

He tosses another report down in front of them. The symbol on the cover looks exactly like the one on Mackelway's arm.

KOESSLER (cont'd)

You can keep it if you like.

(beat)

O'Ryan's obsession culminated one night at a crime scene, when he fired into a crowd of bystanders, convinced that he had recognized the killer by "his eyes." Thankfully, no one was injured, but, quite obviously, it ended his career.

KULOK

And you caught Green River?

KOESSLER

Yes a short time later, we arrested one of our original suspects, a man by the name of Cory Dent who confused the profile because he was mildly schizophrenic. He confessed to all the crimes, and later committed suicide in prison.

KULOK

Case closed.

Koessler nods.

KOESSLER (cont'd)

I've spoken to S.A.C. Charleston, and informed him that we will cooperate with you fully on this manhunt. There is quite a bit of documentation on the case, which I will have sent down to you immediately. I encourage you to look it over.

Kulok shuts the Green River case, stands up.

KULOK

Dr. Koessler, thank you for your help...

MACKELWAY

Wait a second. I got a question.
(beat)

O'Ryan caught Speck, who was a serial killer. Starkey was suspected as well...

KOESSLER

Perhaps, we can't be sure...

MACKELWAY

The question I have is this. If he is so good at spotting these guys, is there even the slightest possibility that he was right about zero?

Koessler shakes his head.

KOESSLER

All our studies show us that serial crime is triggered by a variety of social and psychological causes. Whatever causes the sickness manifests itself as a pattern in the killer's crimes. Thus, the ritual of killing is as important as the death itself.

(beat)

O'Ryan has come to see himself as the protagonist in his private war with evil. Suspect Zero fits into his world view, because it describes a man with no sickness, who has no pattern, or ritual, or fetish, because he doesn't need one. He kills, simply, because he likes to, with complete control over his desire. He is completely... biblically evil.

MACKELWAY

And that's impossible?

Koessler smiles.

KOESSLER

Weren't you paying attention to my lecture?

(beat)

Focus on catching O'Ryan, Agent Mackelway. Trust me, Suspect Zero is just a theory.

And on that...

CUT TO:

A TITLE CARD --

PARKVIEW HOSPITAL FOR THE CRIMINALLY INSANE

INT. PSYCHIATRISTS OFFICE -- AFTERNOON

DR. ZWIEBEL, a bearded, thirtysomething PSYCHIATRIST, flips through a patient's medical history. His desk is cluttered with empty coffee cups and half used notepads.

ZWEIBEL

Okay, Mr. Hawkins, let's see...indecent exposure, five months. Good, okay.

(flipping through his file)

It says here that you have a past history with, uh, attempted kidnapping and attempted rape.

....six months, uh...good...much improved, good.

(looking up)

Anything recently? Any feelings you've had you wanna talk about?

The patient sitting across from Zweibel, HAWKINS, couldn't possibly look less threatening. He is a handsome man in his late thirties, with a sweet, toothy smile. Think Jeff Daniels with a crewcut.

HAWKINS

That was five years ago, Doctor. I was cured.

ZWEIBEL

Yeah, well, that's what it says. So, why are you back here?

HAWKINS leans forward, never breaking eye contact.

PATIENT

I got drunk, Doctor. Three months ago, I got drunk, exposed myself. I grabbed a girl, playfully. She took it the wrong way.

(beat)

I made a fool of myself. What can I say.

ZWEIBEL

Fair enough. You understand, this is just routine.

HAWKINS

Of course.

ZWEIBEL

So, any violent episodes? Seizures, blackouts, dizziness...anything?

HAWKINS

No.

ZWEIBEL
You've been sleeping well, no vivid
dreams, violent nightmares, nothing
like that?

HAWKINS
No.

Zweibel gives Hawkins the once over.

ZWEIBEL
Well, you've had trouble in the
past, but it sounds like you've got
it under control. You've paid your
debt to society...

He starts filling out Hawkins's form.

ZWEIBEL (cont'd)
Now, I'm required to ask this, you
understand. Before we release you,
is there any reason, in your
opinion, why you shouldn't be
walking the streets?

Zweibel keeps filling out forms, even swivelling in his chair
to resharpen his pencil.

HAWKINS
Well, I've killed about a thousand
people, and if you let me go, I'll
kill a thousand more.

Zweibel stops writing. He looks up at Hawkins.

Hawkins just sits there, smiling.

ZWEIBEL
Yeah, okay.
(laughs)
Okay.

CLOSE ON -- THE PAROLE FORM --

The doctor stamps it, "RELEASED"...

CUT TO:

EXT. THE PARKVIEW HOSPITAL FOR THE CRIMINALLY INSANE --

A massive, monolithic building, surrounded by a ten foot
high, electrified fence.

The central entrance gate SLIDES OPEN, and HAWKINS, now

stops for a moment, tilts his head back. Smiles to himself, feels the sun on his face, the wind at his back.

He's a free man.

CUT TO:

INT. DALLAS FIELD OFFICE -- THE COMPUTER ROOM

A composite is being made up. A WANTED POSTER, for the F.B.I.

A physical description is typed in, then the birthdate. The fact that he should be considered armed and extremely dangerous.

Then the name.

BENJAMIN J. O'RYAN. A PHOTO is attached.

A PRINTER --

spits out the finished product. Kulok hands it to Mackelway, who looks it over. He drops it in a fax machine, hits a few numbers...

O'Ryan's face will be disseminated all over the country.

KULOK (cont'd)

Hey Tom. Forgot to show you this.
It came while you were in the
hospital. We found Karen Sumpter.

She tosses a Fedex envelope down on his desk. Mackelway doesn't touch it at first.

MACKELWAY

What?

Mack dumps the contents, an autopsy report and photos, out on the table.

KULOK (cont'd)

The girl from Granville.

MACKELWAY (cont'd)

I know who she is. Was she in
Speck's basement?

Mackelway picks up the folder.

KULOK

No, actually.

He leafs through the autopsy reports.

KULOK

When you entered her name in VICAP,
some sheriff from Montana called.
They found her buried in a shallow
grave by the side of a highway.

CLOSE ON -- A BLACK AND WHITE CRIME SCENE PHOTO --

presumably of Karen Sumpter, lying face down in a muddy
grave. There is a strange mark across the back of her calf.

KULOK

Speck must've driven her there on
one of his trips. He had the trunk
lined to block the smell.

MACKELWAY

Hmm. What's this thing?

He points to the mark on her leg.

KULOK

Well, according to the coroner, it's
a burn mark or a laceration. Maybe
Speck burned her, tortured her.
We're having a the body shipped down
next week, so...

Mack thinks for a minute.

KULOK

What?

MACKELWAY

Nothing. I'm just wondering... I
mean, Speck liked to keep the bodies
at home.

KULOK

Look, I sent it down to that
sheriff, but I'm gonna file it with
Speck, unless you have an objection.

Mack studies the autopsy report. There is a long pause.

MACKELWAY

No.

(beat)

No, go ahead.

CUT TO:

A TITLE CARD --

GRANVILLE, TEXAS. JUNE 23rd

EXT. GRANVILLE MAIN STREET -- DAY

Preparations are underway for the The World Famous Backwater Fourth of July Tractor Pull and Livestock Competition. The kind of event you hear about but can't believe actually happens.

SHERIFF HARRY DYLAN makes his way through a crowd of High School students, hanging a giant banner across Main street.

VOICE

Sheriff Dylan?

Dylan turns to see a tall man in a blue suit, crewcut, sunglasses... he looks like an F.B.I. Agent.

He extends his hand. Dylan takes it.

TALL MAN (cont'd)

Hi, Steve Fredericks.

He flashes an F.B.I. badge.

TALL MAN

I was sent from the San Antonio office. I understand you have a problem.

He takes off his sunglasses, and only now do we realize: the tall man is O'Ryan.

DYLAN

A problem? Not that I know of...

O'RYAN

Karen Sumpter, Sheriff? Name ring a bell?

DYLAN

Yeah, yeah of course. Speck, that guy in Abilene, she uh...

O'RYAN

But the body wasn't in his house.

DYLAN

No, it was in, uh, Montana, but...

(beat)

They're waiting for confirmation on it, but... I mean, either way, Speck got her.

O'Ryan says nothing.

DYLAN
That's what they told me.
(beat)
Why?

O'RYAN
Would you mind if I took a look at
the case material?

Dylan looks at him, trying to size him up.

DYLAN
Sure.

CUT TO:

INT. SHERIFF'S STATION --

A typical, small town police station. Dylan searches through the files throughout the scene. In the background, we hear the fax machine whirring.

Dylan is going through his files.

DYLAN
Godamnit, this shit's so outta
order. The deputy, Granger, he's
just...
(he motions
incomprehensibly with
his hands)
... y'know? Oh, here we go...

He pulls out a file, flips it open.

DYLAN (cont'd)
Uh, nope. Wrong again.
(he switches to a
different file)
I can tell you this, she uh, she
left her house at five, went out to
the Seven Eleven on 35, and uh...
Y'know I told all this to someone
from yer office.

O'RYAN
I understand, Harry. It's just, I
wanna hear it from you, not some
F.B.I. bureaucrat, know what I mean?

DYLAN
Okay, well, she just...vanished.
Guy at the seven-eleven saw her
leave. But her car never left the
lot.

O'RYAN

And this was on the 26th?

DYLAN

It was the, uh, yeah, the 26th I think. Listen, we had a lot of water damage last winter, I got the rest of ma files at home. Why don't you come back some other...

O'RYAN

Y'know Harry, we're just as disorganized over at the F.B.I. Things get lost, cases fall behind the radiator. Do ya think, could we go to your place now?

O'Ryan's tone is convincingly insistent. Dylan nods.

DYLAN

Okay, sure.

Dylan walks over to the fax machine. ON the top of the pile is the APB for O'Ryan. He picks it up, but doesn't look at it.

O'RYAN (cont'd)

We can take my car.

Dylan grabs a paper and some other stuff, burying the APB.

CUT TO:

EXT. DYLAN'S HOUSE --

An undistinguished ranch-style three bedroom home. Dylan throws the papers on the front table.

DYLAN

(yelling)

Darlin?

MRS. DYLAN (O.S.)

(shouting from the kitchen)

Yes, dear?

DYLAN

I'm home.

(beat, yells again)

I'm with someone.

Mrs. Dylan pokes her head out. She's a pleasant looking woman in her forties.

MRS. DYLAN
(cheerfully, to O'Ryan)
Hi.

O'Ryan nods, takes off his glasses.

DYLAN
We'll be in the study.

MRS. DYLAN
That's fine. Just stay out of the kitchen.

Dylan smiles, elbows O'Ryan.

DYLAN
She's a great cook.

O'Ryan nods. DYLAN pushes open a door, revealing...

HIS HOME OFFICE --

Nothing much to look at. There is, however, a beautiful salmon mounted on the wall, and a number of fishing trip pictures.

O'RYAN
You like to fish, Sheriff?

DYLAN
You bet.

Dylan stares up at the fish proudly.

O'RYAN
Hunt at all?

DYLAN
Fishing is hunting, Agent Fredericks. Difference is you don't go out and find the sucker, you wait for him to come to you.

Dylan pulls a key out of his desk drawer, walks over to a filing cabinet. The phone rings. O'Ryan glances at it.

DYLAN
She'll get it.
(yelling)
Ho-ney? The phone!

CUT TO:

INT. THE DYLAN'S KITCHEN --

Mrs. Dylan is basting a turkey in the oven. The phone rings again.

MRS. DYLAN
Oh, Harry, come on.

Anoyed, she slams the oven and runs into the hallway.

CLOSE ON -- THE APB OF O'RYAN --

sitting at the top of the stack of papers. Right next to the phone. Mrs. Dylan runs toward camera, grabs the phone.

MRS. DYLAN
Hello? Oh, hi Les. Unh hunh.

Mrs. Dylan is blocking our view now, her back covering the frame. We see her hand reach down to the pile of papers.

MRS. DYLAN (cont'd)
Unh hunh. Go ahead.
(covering the phone,
yelling)
Harry, how many times have I told
you not to leave your papers out
here!
(back into phone)
Oh, I'm sorry Les. Go ahead.

As Les talks, Mrs. Dylan's hands shuffle through the papers.

MRS. DYLAN (cont'd)
Unh hunh. Of course I will. How
much will you charge?

The hands stop shuffling. Mrs. Dylan has come to the APB. We hear him still talking. The hands stay still.

MRS. DYLAN (cont'd)
Oh, I'm sorry, Lester. Do you
think, could I call you back?
(beat)
Thank you. Goodbye.

She hangs up the phone. Holds the APB out with both hands.

CUT TO:

INT. DYLAN'S STUDY --

O'Ryan is poring through a stack of reports. Dylan tosses some more on the desk.

DYLAN (cont'd)
That's everything. See anything you like, you can have it.

O'RYAN
Sheriff, who is this?

He holds up a picture of a young girl.

DYLAN
Hunh, that? Lessee. Yeah, no, this is from before my time. Gladys, uh...

O'RYAN
Pembroke. Gladys Pembroke.

DYLAN
Yeah, I only started three years ago. Moved down here for the wife. Thought I'd get some peace and quiet, what did I know, hunh?

O'RYAN
Sheriff, look at the date. The date she disappeared.

Dylan looks down at the date. We don't get to see it.

DYLAN
Hunh. That's funny.
(reading)
That's very strange.

The door creaks open. Mrs. Dylan sticks her head in, smiling.

MRS. DYLAN
Honey? Can I speak to you for a minute?

DYLAN
I'm busy here, darlin'. S'gonna have to wait...

MRS. DYLAN
Honey, it's important, I dropped the Turkey, and...

O'Ryan looks up. He locks eyes with Mrs. Dylan. He can see the sweat dripping down her forehead.

MRS. DYLAN (cont'd)
(doing her best)
It'll just take one minute...

CUT TO:

EXT. THE HALLWAY --

Mrs. Dylan pulls Harry down the hall, into the living room.

DYLAN

Tally, what the hell's the matter with...

She hands him the APB.

MRS. DYLAN

Look.

Dylan looks over the APB. It takes him a second to realize what she's already figured out.

DYLAN

Oh shit. Oh shit, this is the guy.

Dylan looks around, nervously. He's a pretty coping guy, but the fact that he's just led Public Enemy number one into his den has rattled him.

He reaches for his gun. It's not there.

DYLAN (cont'd)

Oh fuckin' a...

MRS. DYLAN

Should I call the station?

Dylan grabs a rifle off the wall. Checks to see if it's loaded.

DYLAN

Yes. NO! Get out of the house, call from the Van Ness's.

Harry moves toward the study door.

DYLAN (cont'd)

(whispering)

Get out of here, Tally!

He walks up to the door. Pushes it open with his foot.

HIS P.O.V. -- HIS STUDY --

It's empty. O'Ryan's gone.

CUT TO:

EXT. THE DYLAN FAMILY HOME -- LATER

The house is now surrounded by cop cars, local and state, and many unmarked F.B.I. Sedans.

Another F.B.I. Sedan pulls up. CHARLESTON gets out. He's met by Kulok and Mackelway.

CHARLESTON

Was it him?

KULOK

Yes sir. Prints matched.

CHARLESTON

Any sign of him?

MACKELWAY

Sir, we had road blocks up, every means of transportation...he just vanished.

They go in the house.

CUT TO:

INT. THE HOUSE -- THE STUDY

The house is swarming with agents and cops. Most of the cops are in the living room, with Dylan and his wife. Charleston, Kulok and Mackelway walk into the study.

CHARLESTON

Listen, I spoke to Washington. They want Koessler to come down and run the manhunt personally.

MACKELWAY

Whoa, whoa you're kidding...

CHARLESTON (cont'd)

Not gonna help to argue, Mack. Believe me, last thing I want is him looking over my shoulder, but that's the way it is.

(beat)

Tell ya the truth? We're not gonna catch this guy till he wants to get caught.

They walk into the other room.

CUT TO:

INT. THE LIVING ROOM --

Charleston is having a courtesy discussion with Sheriff Dylan. He politely shakes hands with his wife.

MACKELWAY

watches this from afar, then wanders down a hallway. The door is open to a TV room, where a girl about seven years old is playing Tetris on her Nintendo.

MACKELWAY watches her for a minute. She turns to look at him.

MACKELWAY

Hi. What's your name?

(beat)

I'm Tom.

He extends his hand. She's not interested.

SOFIE

Got any gun?

Mackelway smiles.

MACKELWAY

Sorry.

He holds his palms up.

DYLAN (O.S.)

Agent Mackelway?

(beat)

Sofie, haven't you had enough of that thing?

Sofie ignore him. Dylan pulls the door closed, leads Mackelway out of the room.

MACKELWAY

How old is she?

DYLAN

She's seven, with a mouth like a truck driver.

(beat)

Listen, Tom, you told me that Karen Sumpter was killed by Speck. Is that right?

MACKELWAY

(a little unsure)

Well, yeah, that's what we think...

DYLAN

You said your boys'd do an autopsy....

MACKELWAY

Yeah, it's taken the Montana guys a couple of weeks to get their act together. We're expecting her any day.

DYLAN

(skeptical)

Hunh.

(beat)

Well take a look at this. Your fugitive found this file in my records. It's from before my time.

He hands Mackelway the missing persons report on Gladys Pembroke.

THE MISSING PERSONS REPORT --

Is similar to Karen Sumpter's although Gladys isn't nearly as pretty.

DYLAN (cont'd)

Check the date.

Mackelway looks down to the "Disappeared..." line.

OCTOBER 25TH, 1987

DYLAN (cont'd)

Two girls, six years apart, on almost the exact same day.

MACKELWAY

That's... definitely strange.

DYLAN

I mean, if Speck got em both, fine. I mean, it's not fine, it's a tragedy, but...

MACKELWAY

Yeah.

DYLAN

But if he didn't, well then...

(beat)

I got a problem.

Mackelway nods.

CUT TO:

TITLE CARD --

OCTOBER 1ST

A GRAINY TELEVISION IMAGE OF A STOPWATCH --

Tick, tick, tick...

It's the Sixty Minutes Watch.

The opening credits begin. We hear the familiar voices "I'm Harry Reasoner, I'm Mike Wallace..."

Then the image distorts. It starts moving quickly. It's being fast forwarded.

Pull back to REVEAL --

MACKELWAY sitting in the now darkened room, holding the remote, watching. Throughout this scene he is in silhouette.

ONSCREEN --

The image stops fast forwarding, until it stops on a shot of MIKE WALLACE, circa 1980. His hair is darker, his tie is wider.

MIKE WALLACE

You probably don't know this, but until last year, the Green River area of Washington was the site of the worst mass murder in the history of the United States. Thirty five women were brutally killed, their bodies surfacing somewhere along the river you see behind me.

He starts walking.

MIKE WALLACE (cont'd)

Last year, a man named Cory Dent was caught by the F.B.I., and confessed to the crimes. He later committed suicide in prison, and the nightmare was apparently over.

(beat)

And that's where the disagreement begins.

Now Wallace is walking through the halls at Quantico...

WALLACE

The story you are about to see is about crime and punishment, technique and technology...

THE IMAGE speeds up again, taking us past pictures of young girls and police officers and investigations until we come to a talking head...

THE DOOR TO THE OFFICE --

opens up. Kulok walks into the room, holding a Fedex envelope.

KULOK

Hey...

MACKELWAY

Shhhh.

ONSCREEN --

Wallace is into one his patented rethorical jags, asking a question that he already knows the answer to.

WALLACE

Could you explain, Doctor Koessler, exactly what it is that your department does?

DR. DANIEL KOESSLER, fifteen years younger. He looks basically the same. Same anglophile style, and politician's smile.

KOESSLER

Well, Mike, the term we use at Behavioral Sciences is "profiling."

WALLACE

Profiling...

KOESSLER

A profile is, quite simply, "an educated guess". Half intuition, half statistics. If I were a gambler, I'd call it "playing the odds" We do extensive statistical analysis and come up with probabilities. Rapists, for example, in the seventies we interviewed hundreds of rapists and found that they like driving pale colored cars.

Really? WALLACE

KOESSLER
Yes, now, I have my theories as to why this is so, but they're rather inappropriate for the lay audience.

KULOK (cont'd)
(offscreen)
Gimme a break.

KOESSLER
...but in any event, it isn't important. What is important is that when we're looking for a rapist, the odds are nine out of ten that he'll be driving a pale colored car. That narrows it down. If we know that rapists often are institutionalized during childhood, well, that narrows it down even more.

KULOK
Can I keep going? We know all this.

The image speeds up again. We get flickering, almost subliminal images...a BLACK MAN in court, different official talking heads...

MACKELWAY (cont'd)
Wait! Stop.

The image keeps going.

KULOK
Damn it, sorry...

Mackelway grabs the remote control out of Kulok's hand. He hits "stop." Then rewinds a little, until...

MACKELWAY
There...

ONSCREEN --

Wallace is talking to someone else. He is holding up an F.B.I. "composite" of a black man like the one we saw a flash of.

WALLACE

...this profile describes a man "a black male, age thirty to thirty five, with straightened hair, who probably drives a van or similar vehicle"....

Wallace puts the paper down. Now we get a head shot of the man talking to Wallace. It's O'Ryan, fifteen years younger.

WALLACE

That describes Cory Dent to a tee, doesn't it?

O'RYAN

Yes sir.

MACKELWAY (O.S.)

That's him.

O'Ryan's appearance is a far cry from last we saw him. His appearance is neat, almost to the point of being anal.

WALLACE

And, Agent O'Ryan, he confessed in front of two guards and the assistant D.A. He confessed to you.

ONSCREEN -- The Camera pulls in closer on O'Ryan for emphasis.

O'RYAN (cont'd)

Mr. Wallace, I'm not saying that Mr. Dent didn't commit some of the murders.

(he leans forward, with emphasis)

I'm saying that he didn't commit all of them.

The image freezes on O'Ryan. Mackelway has hit pause. He and Kulok stare at his face, the image of a man completely in control of himself.

MACKELWAY (cont'd)

We're going about this whole investigation the wrong way.

He shuts off the VCR.

KULOK

I'm listening.

MACKELWAY

O'Ryan said, if we want to catch him, we'll find the man he's looking for. Well, we know who he's looking for.

KULOK

Yeah, someone who doesn't exist.

MACKELWAY

My point is, does that really matter? We know he's looking for Zero, we know that he thinks he killed this Sumpter girl, does it matter if he's right or wrong?

(beat)

If we can figure out who O'Ryan thinks he's chasing, we might be able to catch him.

KULOK

Alright. And how we do that?

MACKELWAY

We profile him.

Off Kulok's skeptical look...

CUT TO:

A BLACKBOARD --

The one in the Speck room. Mack finishes erasing it.

MACKELWAY

Okay, what do we know? We know that, at least in O'Ryan's mind, Karen Sumpter was killed by Zero. What do we know about Karen Sumpter?

KULOK

We know that she was buried a thousand miles from where she disappeared.

MACKELWAY

Right...

He writes that up.

KULOK

We know that she disappeared on October 26th.

He writes that up.

KULOK (cont'd)
And we know that the killer burned
her leg for some reason.

MACKELWAY
Okay, good, let's start there. The
burn mark. Why would he burn her
there?

KULOK
Tom, this isn't even how a profile
is put together, we...

MACKELWAY
Look, you heard Koessler, it's not
magic, it's half intuition and half
statistics. Maybe he burns her
because he was burned. Maybe he's
disfigured, someone who was
disfigured in a fire...

Kulok rubs her temples.

MACKELWAY (cont'd)
Maybe it's not the burn, maybe it's
her leg. Someone with a limp...

KULOK
Yeah, what're we gonna do, look
through all the burn units? Check
out everyone with a limp? Come on,
Tom, this is crazy...

The phone rings.

KULOK (cont'd)
Kulok. Yeah.
(beat)
We'll be right there.

She hangs up.

KULOK (cont'd)
Phil Lindeman. Autopsy's done.

CUT TO:

INT. THE MORGUE --

It's a lot less crowded now. Phil is eating his lunch, a
garden salad from McDonald's.

LINDEMAN

Sumpter, Karen A.

(beat)

Well, the first thing I can tell you is that Harold Speck did not kill this girl. I pulled blood samples, they didn't match. Seven samples...

He stuffs another bite in his mouth. A white glob of dressing falls on his tie. Kulok almost pukes.

LINDEMAN (cont'd)

None of it matched Speck.

Phil hands them the manilla folder containing the autopsy report.

MACKELWAY (cont'd)

(turning to go)

Thanks, Phil...

LINDEMAN

Oh wait, one more thing.

(beat)

I don't know if this helps or not, but the mark on her leg? It wasn't a burn mark.

MACKELWAY

What?

LINDEMAN

On the original autopsy -- guy in Montana doesn't know his ass from his elbow -- the mark on her calf was listed as a burn.

KULOK

And it's not.

LINDEMAN

Nope. There was crystallization in the blood stream. The blood never clotted in her wounds.

(beat)

It's a freezer burn.

Mack and Kulok look at each other. This is interesting.

KULOK

Could it be from being buried in the ground? Gets pretty cold up in Montana...

LINDEMAN

I suppose it's possible, but I doubt it. The marks, the way the blood was settled... I think this girl was frozen.

CU on MACKELWAY, staring down at the girl's body.

CUT TO:

A COMPUTER SCREEN --

We've seen this one before. It's the VICAP computer screen. We are at the main menu, where there are three options.

ENTER a REPORT. DELETE a REPORT. and, at the bottom...

UPDATE a REPORT.

We land on that option, hit enter. The words SUMPTER, KAREN are typed in.

PULL BACK --

KULOK sits in front of the terminal, typing. Mack looks over her shoulder.

KULOK

Ahh, there we go.

Karen Sumpter's file has come up. Kulok flips open the manilla folder containing Phil's autopsy report.

INSIDE --

stuck right on top of Karen's autopsy photos, is a post it note that reads:

"Dinner? Tonight? Phil."

KULOK

Ugh.

She crumples the note and tosses it in the waste basket.

MACKELWAY

Two points.

She tabs down to "Marks on body?" Where "N/A" had been written, she types "freezer burn on leg." She tabs down to "Condition of body," changes that N/A to "Body appears to have been frozen."

Hits enter..

KULOK

These machines are such dinosaurs.
Could take a day or two for this
search to come back.

But then...

Please wait, compiling...

KULOK

Hello.

Then the screen goes blank for a second.

A computer generated missing persons form, complete with photograph, comes up onscreen. By the time we've had the chance to read the name, "Gladys Pembroke," another form has come up with an entirely different face. Then another one, and another one...

MACKELWAY

What is this?

KULOK (cont'd)

I don't know.

The screen floods with photos, scores of them, going by too quickly for us to read the names, cascading on top of each other like pages dropping from a book. Hundred of faces, mostly women, but some men, some little boys.

MACKELWAY

My God....

The missing persons forms fill the screen. Then it goes blank for a moment. In the middle of the screen, a prompt comes up.

357 Matches Found. Print? Y/N

The prompt just hangs there on the computer screen. Mackelway looks at Kulok.

CUT TO:

OCTOBER 25th

EXT. THE HIGHWAY -- SOMEWHERE IN THE SOUTH WEST --

A non-descript American sedan. O'Ryan is driving.

CUT TO:

INT. O'RYAN'S CAR

A stack of newspapers are on the seat next to O'Ryan. The TEXAS MORNING STAR, the DALLAS HERALD, the OKLAHOMA CITY POST AND MAIL. Clearly, he's been doing some reading.

He also has a POLICE SCANNER, that emits a series of unintelligible squawks.

O'RYAN'S P.O.V. --

Coming up ahead on the highway is a truck stop. He pulls in.

CUT TO:

EXT. TRUCK STOP -- SOMEWHERE --

A complex divided into three areas. There is a coffee shop (no name, just "Coffee Shop") on the Southern end of the truck stop. The North end is a diesel gas station. In the center is the parking area, which is filled with rigs, and a building with rest rooms, showers, and small rooms for Truckers to sleep in.

O'Ryan parks.

The sound of rushing water comes up...

CUT TO:

INT. THE SHOWERS --

O'Ryan stands under one in a row of showers. The water is hot enough to scald. O'Ryan doesn't seem to notice. He stands there, eyes closed, face turned up to the spray.

CUT TO:

INT. THE LOCKER ROOM --

O'Ryan is carefully shaving his full beard down to a goatee. He finishes, cleans up.

LOCKER ROOM --

He walks into the locker room, tying a towel around his waist. There are two or three other men in various states of undress. If this resembles a health club, it is in appearance only. Everyone changes silently, their eyes down, keeping to themselves.

The exterior door to the locker pushes open and a man walks into the locker room, pushing past O'Ryan.

(CONTINUED)

HAWKINS
How ya doin?

CU ON O'RYAN --

Something about Hawkins strikes a cord in O'Ryan. Perhaps it's how little attention he seems to draw to himself.

HAWKINS --

glances back at O'Ryan for a moment, then opens one of the lockers. He starts shucking off his clothes.

The first thing O'Ryan notices is how incredibly cut Hawkins is. His muscular physique is incongruous with his face and demeanor.

Hawkins pulls his shirt off and turns his back to O'Ryan, revealing a SCAR that traces over his shoulder blade and down his back. It could be from rotator cuff surgery. Or it could be an old gunshot injury.

PULL IN CLOSER ON O'RYAN --

He's staring now.

HAWKINS --

Strips down, then grabs a towel from a rack, and as he does, we pull in closely on his hand.

His MIDDLE FINGER. It's two inches longer than the rest of his hand.

CUT TO:

INT. CHARLESTON'S OFFICE --

Mackelway, Kulok, Charleston, Lindeman and Koessler. Mackelway is pitching.

MACKELWAY

Every one of these people was found a significant distance, sometimes up to two thousand miles, from where they disappeared. And they all show signs of freezing.

KOESSLER

Agent Mackelway, it is a common phenomenon for a body to freeze in the ground. The soil can...

MACKELWAY

Yes sir, that's true. Although I can tell you that it is not true in the case of Karen Sumpter.

Koessler looks over at Lindeman, who nods.

LINDEMAN

Hear him out, Daniel.

MACKELWAY

Yeah, it's possible that these bodies aren't all the work of one man. Still, we got three different victims, two girls and a teenage boy, all disappeared from the same town in Texas on the same date. Zero is coming back to this town at the same time each year...

KOESSLER

Wait a second, you're talking about this as though Zero is a real person.

MACKELWAY

How do you know he isn't?

KOESSLER

I can't believe I'm having this discussion.

(beat)

Frank, this is ridiculous. How many times do I have to come down here and listen...

CHARLESTON

Now hold on, Daniel. Far as I can see, this is the best lead we got.

MACKELWAY

Look, if O'Ryan thinks this town is the center of it all, well...

KULOK

(interrupting)

...this lead could take us right to him.

MACKELWAY (cont'd)

Exactly. All we're asking is that you let us check it out. Exactly. Let's reopen these cases, see if there's anything we missed. It's better'n sitting on our asses.

A younger agent, DONNELLY, leans his head out from around a cubicle.

DONNELLY

Hey Mack, phone on six five six one.

MACKELWAY

Take a message.

DONNELLY

Guy's called like ten times. Won't leave a message.

Mackelway picks up Charleston's phone, hits the line with the flashing green.

MACKELWAY (cont'd)

Mackelway.

VOICE (O.S.)

It takes the F.B.I. fifty five seconds to trace a phone call. I'll give you fifty four.

MACKELWAY

O'Ryan?

As soon as everyone hears this, they start to scramble. Charleston jumps on another line. Kulok runs out of the room.

O'RYAN (O.S.)

I told you if you found zero, you would catch me. You failed, Tom. I found him first.

AT THE SECRETARY'S DESK --

Kulok grabs the phone, dials.

KULOK

Charlie, we need a trace of three six four oh. NOW!

BACK IN THE OFFICE --

Koessler listens in with Charleston.

MACKELWAY

Who is he, O'Ryan? If you've found something...

CUT TO:

EXT. THE TRUCK STOP -- DAY

O'Ryan stands in a phone booth.

O'RYAN

I found everything, Tom. October 26th was the key. Have you figured that out yet?

MACKELWAY

No. We know what you told Dylan, but...

(beat)

O'Ryan, if you know something if you've found something, tell me what it is....

THIRTY SECONDS...

O'RYAN

I don't think so, Tom. Tomorrow's the 26th. Be in Granville in case I miss him.

MACKELWAY (cont'd)

How will I know who he is? O'Ryan, listen, you have to tell me what you know...

FORTY SECONDS...

Koessler turns the mute off on his phone.

KOESSLER

Benjamin, this is Daniel Koessler. I'm begging you, give yourself up.

There is a long pause from the other end.

O'RYAN

How does it feel, Daniel?

FORTY FIVE SECONDS...

KOESSLER

Ben....

O'RYAN

(interrupting)

How does it feel to be responsible for the deaths of a thousand people, Daniel? Does it kinda bother you?

(CONTINUED)

KOESSLER
Benjamin, I implore you, for your
own sake, give yourself up. There's
no way this can continue.

FIFTY SECONDS...

O'RYAN
Oh really? Okay, I give up. Be
right there.

He hangs up.

Mack is checking his watch.

MACKELWAY
Shit, shit...

FIFTY THREE SECONDS.

KOESSLER
Goddamn it!

He slams the phone down.

KOESSLER
You don't confront him, Agent
Mackelway, the point is to be
purposefully non-confrontational...

MACKELWAY (cont'd)
Excuse me, Doc, but I don't think
this is my fault...

Just as the argument is about to heat up....

KULOK (O.S.)
He's at a phone booth on Highway 44,
just outside Lawton, Oklahoma.

Everyone turns to see Kulok, holding a printout.

KULOK (cont'd)
Fifty five seconds to trace a call?
Yeah, maybe like three years ago.
We got it in thirty.

She smiles.

CUT TO:

EXT. THE TRUCK STOP -- EVENING --

(CONTINUED)

It's a couple of hours later now, and over at the COFFEE SHOP, Zero enjoys a leisurely cup of tea in one of the booths by the window.

A waitress comes by...

WAITRESS

More coffee?

HAWKINS

It's tea, actually.

WAITRESS

How about some hot water?

She smiles, winks at him.

HAWKINS

That would be nice.

He winks back at her as she walks away.

LITTLE BOY (O.S.)

But Mama, I can go myself, I can...

Hawkins turns toward the voice. A poor, white, southern girl is trying to maintain her brood of five at the table across from him. He watches, interested.

SOUTHERN GIRL

Just one second. Doll, take that outta your mouth...

LITTLE BOY

I can't wait. I gotta go two...

The little boy hops up from the table. Zero watches him as runs out the door and across the parking lot to the men's bathrooms.

ANGLE ON HAWKINS --

watching this, his eyes narrowing, the cheerful smile on his face gone. Unlike Virgil Starkey, we see no war going on behind his eyes. We see a predator, sizing up his prey.

He drops five dollars on the table. Gets up.

CUT TO:

INT. THE REST ROOM

HAWKINS walks into the bathroom. He crouches down, peers under the stalls.

HIS P.O.V. -- FROM THE FLOOR --

TWO LITTLE LEGS swing back and forth.

HAWKINS stands. He's nervous, excited. He touches himself, almost absent-mindedly, the way anyone might bite their lip or chew a nail. He looks around the room.

A pretty standard gas station bathroom. With a row of hand dryers.

HAWKINS walks over to the first dryer and pushes the silver button.

The dryer kicks in, filling the room with sound. He begins walking down the row, towards the boy in the fifth stall, pushing each hand dryer button in a row of six. The sound grows louder and louder, until it drowns out the boy's humming and all that is left is HAWKINS's salacious grin and his steady walk...

He comes to the boy's stall. He's about to push it open. Then he stops. Call it a sixth sense, born of a lifetime of fear of being caught.

THE CAMERA --

floats over the top of the stall. Now we see that on the other side.

O'RYAN is crouching on the toilet. He's got his hand on the boy's mouth, to keep him from screaming. Slowly, he pulls his gun from the holster.

And waits.

One of the hand dryers stops. Then another. Each of them go off.

All we can hear now is the boy's whimpering, O'Ryan's breathing, a leaking urinal. Slowly, O'Ryan pulls the door open, sticks his head out...

Nothing. Empty. He takes his hand off the boy's mouth.

LITTLE BOY
Please don't hurt me.

O'RYAN
I'm not...I'm not gonna hurt you.
Go back to your mother.

O'Ryan holds the stall door open so the boy can leave. He runs away, crying.

(CONTINUED)

As he pulls on the handle to the bathroom door, it swings open. A biker-type walks into the bathroom, sees the little boy's tears.

BIKER

Hey little fella, what's wrong?

The boy bursts into tears.

LITTLE BOY

Don't let him get me!

The boy pushes past him and out of the bathroom. The Biker looks up at O'Ryan, emerging from the stall. From his perspective, this looks pretty sick.

BIKER

Wait a second, what the fuck's going on here?

O'Ryan starts to hurry out of the bathroom.

BERNSTEIN (cont'd)

Hey fella, what the fuck'd you do to that kid?

O'RYAN

Get out of my way.

The biker comes at O'Ryan, who easily sidesteps him and sends him head first into one of the urinals.

CUT TO:

EXT. THE TRUCK STOP -- DAY

The door to the bathroom swings open.

O'Ryan runs out into the main parking lot, his gun drawn. Then he stops short.

O'RYAN'S P.O.V. --

Something strange is going on. Everyone seems to be running for cover, like the townsfolk in a Western when a gunfight's about to begin.

O'Ryan starts hustling across the lot when a deafening roar kicks up, followed by a tremendous wind.

An ARMY HELICOPTER --

descends into the middle of the parking lot. F.B.I. Sedans squeal up into the middle of the lot. F.B.I. Agents and Federal Marshalls emerge from everywhere, their guns drawn.

VOICE

Benjamin O'Ryan, drop your weapon.
Put your hands over your head and
drop to your knees.

O'Ryan drops the gun, starts to put his hands up, then BOLTS
for the rows of trucks parked in the lot.

Everyone mobilizes.

FOLLOW O'RYAN --

as he runs down a narrow aisle between two eighteen wheelers.
Two F.B.I. Agents appear at the end of the row.

F.B.I. AGENT 1

Freeze!

O'Ryan drops down, rolls under the truck.

He comes out the other side and finds himself staring
straight into the barrel of a gun. Mackelway is holding it.

He cocks the hammer.

CUT TO:

EXT. THE PARKING LOT --

O'Ryan, in handcuffs, is pushed out through the row of
trucks.

MACKELWAY

Move.

Mackelway emerges behind O'Ryan, pushing him from behind.
Instantly, three agents rush forward, grab O'Ryan. He is
immediately hustled off to a waiting sedan.

Mackelway, a little freaked out, pushes his way through a
crowd of officers, collapses on the hood of a car.

CHARLESTON

Good work, Tom. You okay?

Mackelway nods.

CHARLESTON

Alright, we gotta get him down to
the Oklahoma border, for
extradition. Koessler and I are
gonna fly down, you and Kulok'll
take O'Ryan. You gonna be fine?

MACKELWAY

Yes sir.

CHARLESTON (cont'd)

Good work, Tommy. Very good work.

Mackelway barely seems to be paying attention. His eyes are focused on something across the field.

HIS P.O.V. --

The back of an eighteen wheeler. We see THE TRUCK'S LICENSE PLATES, ten of em, one for Alabama, Florida, Georgia, etc...

ON MACK -- thinking.

CUT TO:

INT. F.B.I. SEDAN --

Mackelway gets in the car. Kulok's strapped into the passenger seat. O'Ryan is handcuffed and shackled to the back door.

O'RYAN

He drives a refrigerated truck, Tom.
You've figured it out, haven't you?

KULOK (cont'd)

Let's go.

(beat)

They're motioning for us to pull out.

Mackelway is still staring at one of the trucks.

O'RYAN

He keeps the bodies in the back,
keeps them frozen, then buries them
someplace else, far away.

(beat)

The burn mark isn't part of his m.o.
It's an accident. It's a freezer
burn that shows up after they thaw.

Kulok looks at Mackelway.

KULOK

Let's go, Tom. We have a job to do.

O'RYAN

By the time the bodies get back to their jurisdiction, the trail is cold.

(beat)

I had him, Tom. I was looking right at him, and you let him go.

CU ON MACKELWAY --

his thoughts are racing.

MACKELWAY

Give me the phone.

KULOK

Mack...

MACKELWAY

GIVE IT TO ME!

She hands him the car phone.

CUT TO:

INT. THE COALWATER POLICE STATION --

Bobby Granger is reading a comic book, his feet up on Dylan's desk. The phone rings, loudly, scaring the crap out of Bobby. He accidentally kicks it on the floor.

GRANGER

Shit.

The phone has fallen off its cradle. Bobby finds it.

GRANGER (cont'd)

Hello? Uh, Granville Police
Depar...

MACKELWAY

I need to talk to Sheriff Dylan.

GRANGER

He ain't here. He's out on patrol.
This is Deputy Bobby Granger, how
can I...

MACKELWAY

Bobby, this is Agent Thomas
Mackelway, from the F.B.I.

INTERCUT their conversation.

MACKELWAY (cont'd)

I want you to get everyone, and I mean EVERYONE you can and station them at all the entrances to town, you understand?

GRANGER

Yeah, but...

MACKELWAY

You are looking for a truck, a refrigerated truck, probably an eighteen-wheeler. Get a man at the general store, at the supermarket, exits 72, 73. Do it. NOW!

GRANGER

Yeah, okay, okay...

Granger fumbles with the phone, pulls on his coat, heads out the door...

FOLLOW GRANGER --

as he runs outside, past the front entrance to the police station, around to the back, where the squad cars are. He yells into the walkie talkie as he runs...

GRANGER

Yeah, this is Granger, I got an emergency down here...

And as Bobby passes around the side of a building, concentrating on the task at hand, he doesn't see...

AN ENORMOUS EIGHTEEN WHEELER, a huge, shining beast of a machine, rumble past the police station and onto Main street.

The trailer seems to be shimmering. As we pull closer, we see that it's the noonday sun reflecting off condensation. We pull closer still, see the inscription "EVER-FROST" on the side.

As we pan up the side of the truck, we pass the CAB, all gleaming chrome, grillwork and wheels. Zero is driving.

THE STONES are playing on the radio.

HAWKINS

(singing)

Please to meetchoo, won't you guess mah...

He taps on the dashboard...

HAWKINS
Name, whoo whoo. Aw yeah, whoo
whoooo....

His voice fades out as...

THE TRUCK --

pulls into the WINN DIXIE Supermarket right past the
courthouse.

CUT TO:

EXT. THE PARKING LOT OF THE WINN DIXIE SUPERMARKET --

...is fairly busy now, cars pulling in and out. One of them,
a Ford Explorer, might look familiar.

INSIDE THE FORD EXPLORER --

Sofie Dylan gives marching orders to her mother.

SOFIE
Get Snickers and Reece's, Mommy.
The little cups in the bag...

TALLY
It's not for you, anyway, Sof. It's
for kids who come trick or treatin'.

Tally puts the car in park then shuts it off.

TALLY
I'll be back in one minute...

SOFIE
I wanna come.

TALLY
...you wait here.

Tally gets out of the car. THEN, as an afterthought, she
locks the doors.

TALLY (cont'd)
Wait here, honey.

She goes inside the Supermarket.

CUT TO:

CLOSE ON -- A SIDE OF BEEF --

Hanging like, well, a side of beef. It SHUNTS FORWARD smacking into another side of beef. Then another one, and another one. A domino chain of bloody carcasses.

PULL BACK TO REVEAL --

Zero's truck, the eighteen wheeler. The sides of beef are being rolled into the trailer by some workers. Cold smoke pours out into the dry Texas air.

HAWKINS stands behind the men, filling out forms. The packing plant's MANAGER, a hefty woman in her forties, seems perplexed as she looks over his Trucker's log.

MANAGER

(shaking her head)

This is short.

She gets Zero's attention.

MANAGER (cont'd)

See, here, you were supposed to pick up six tons...

HAWKINS

Miss, I believe I know my own hauling capacity. I can't take more than four.

The manager peers into the Truck.

MANAGER

It's an 81, right?

She starts walking into the trailer...

MANAGER (cont'd)

Should have plenty of room...

HAWKINS puts one hand, firmly, on her shoulder.

HAWKINS

Ma'am?

She turns to look at him, surprised at the force of his grip.

HAWKINS

I said can't take more than four tons, that means I CAN'T.

The manager nods and backs up, a little spooked.

CUT TO:

INT. THE DYLAN FAMILY CAR --

Sofie is bored, sitting in the front seat. She plays with the window locks. Absently, she looks out through the windshield.

THE TRUCKER --

is getting a SNICKERS bar from a candy vending machine. He also has a can of soda, which he presses against the back of his neck.

SOFIE stares at him.

The Trucker turns, sees her staring at him. He takes a bite off the snickers. Then he gives her the widest, most charming smile, as genuine and friendly as you can imagine.

A moment passes.

Then he starts walking towards her.

He comes right up to the car. We can barely hear him talk through the closed window, but we can see his mouth move.

TRUCKER

Hi.

He holds up the snicker's bar.

TRUCKER

Want some?

From the look on Sofie's face, we know the answer to the question. The TRUCKER motions for her to roll the window down. It is not an insistent motion, just a gentle suggestion. SOFIE thinks about it.

A long moment passes.

With a mechanical hum, the window comes down.

SOFIE

Hi.

She never takes her eyes off that Snickers bar...

CUT TO:

EXT. HIGHWAY 35 -- NEAR THE TEXAS BORDER -- LATE AFTERNOON --

A convoy of four F.B.I. Sedans are speeding down the 35. Mackelway's car is second from the front.

CUT TO:

INT. MACKELWAY'S SEDAN --

Mackelway and Kulok are silent, eyes fixed on the road in front of them. Once in awhile, Kulok will glance over at Mack, see how he's doing.

O'RYAN

If you turn around now, Tom, we could probably still catch him.

KULOK

Keep your mouth shut, O'Ryan.

A police report fades in and out on the radio. Kulok tries to adjust it...

MACKELWAY

Wait a second. Leave it.

GRANGER'S VOICE (O.S.)

...all units, this is an emergency, we have a kidnapping, victim is a seven year old girl...

In the backseat, O'Ryan sits up.

GRANGER

...the daughter of Sheriff Harry Dylan... Repeat, Granville police department, we have a kidnapping, suspect is driving a refrigerated truck, eighteen wheeler...

Mackelway scrambles frantically to get the station, but with the storm, it fades in and out.

O'RYAN

I know who he is.

MACKELWAY

What?

O'RYAN

I know his name, I know how to find out where lives.

MACKELWAY

For God's sake, O'Ryan tell me! If you know who it is...

O'RYAN

Nope.

He leans back in his seat.

MACKELWAY

He's got a little girl, O'Ryan.
Please...

O'RYAN

She's probably still alive. You still got about three hours before he gets around to torturing her to death.

(beat)

Now, you could try to trace every refrigerated truck driver in America, then match the routes to the bodies you already have. Course, since there's no centralized trucking authority, that'd take about three weeks, in which time our friend the truck driver would have a field day with that little girl.

Mackelway eyes have gone glassy. He's beginning to understand what O'Ryan is suggesting.

O'RYAN (cont'd)

OR, or you can turn around and head for Granville, at which time I will tell you who Zero is, and we will go get him. Together.

KULOK

Mack, we can't do that...

Mackelway is thinking hard now.

O'RYAN (cont'd)

It's your choice, Tommy. What's it gonna be?

UP AHEAD --

he can see the Texas border. There are three cop cars, a helicopter and a prison van waiting.

KULOK (cont'd)

Tom, you don't have a choice. Even if he's right...

O'RYAN (cont'd)

What's it gonna be?

The border is getting closer. The strain is showing on Mackelway's face.

CUT TO:

EXT. THE CAR, ON THE HIGHWAY, SPEEDING ---

A LONG SHOT --

of Mackelway's sedan as it heads for the border, half a mile away, when suddenly...

It swerves, pulls a vicious one eighty, and heads back in the other direction.

CUT TO:

INT. THE CAR

O'Ryan holds onto the door as they skid out of the turn. He looks out the back window.

CUT TO:

EXT. BY THE OKLAHOMA BORDER --

Charleston and Koessler watch as the car skids out and heads in the other direction. The other cars in the convoy, taken completely by surprise, skid to a halt. Two of them smash into each other.

KOESSLER

What the hell...

He grabs a pair of binoculars from a state trooper.

KOESSLER'S P.O.V. --

The two wrecked cars are blocking off the highway. In the far distance, we can see Mackelway's sedan making excellent time back into the heart of Texas.

KOESSLER

Frank, I believe one of your men just turned coat.

Charleston grabs one of the state troopers.

CHARLESTON (cont'd)

What the hell are you waiting for?
Fire this bird up!

STATE TROOPER

Sir, we're not allowed to take her up in this weather. The storm'll...

CHARLESTON

Goddamn it! Gimme a goddamn phone!

CUT TO:

EXT. ESTABLISHING SHOT --

The bleak Texas countryside surrounding I-35. Red and black clouds fill the late afternoon sky. A chill wind kicks the dirt up.

A storm is coming. A Texas size storm.

MACKELWAY'S SEDAN, siren flashing, streaks past doing close to a hundred and fifty miles an hour.

CUT TO:

INT. MACKELWAY'S SEDAN

Mackelway honks at the few cars left on the road. They quickly pull over to the side.

KULOK (cont'd)

Tom, you can't be doing this...

Mackelway isn't listening.

KULOK

Tom!

She pulls her gun out, points it at his head.

KULOK (cont'd)

I'm sorry, Tom, but even if he's right, this is not the way to do this.

(beat)

Pull over Tom. Now.

Suddenly, Mackelway swerves to the side of the road. He whips his gun out, points it at Kulok's head.

MACKELWAY

Get out of the car.

KULOK

Mack, I will shoot...

MACKELWAY

Get out of the car, Fran! It's for your own good...

Kulok is holding her gun unsteadily. She's definitely not up to this standoff.

Mackelway flips the safety off his gun.

MACKELWAY (cont'd)

Get out of the car. Now.

CUT TO:

EXT. THE HIGHWAY --

The sedan screeches back out onto the highway. Leaving Kulok, standing by herself at the edge of the road.

CUT TO:

INT. MACKELWAY'S SEDAN -- CONTINUOUS --

MACKELWAY

Okay, O'Ryan. We're almost there.
Where's he headed?

O'Ryan leans forward as far as he can.

O'RYAN

Zero killed everywhere he went.
When I saw that he kept returning to
Granville, I knew he had to be
coming for a reason. Dial the
number for the Granville police
department.

Mackelway hits redial.

GRANGER (O.S.)

Hullo?

MACKELWAY (cont'd)

Deputy Granger?

GRANGER (O.S.)

Agent Mackelway? Jesus Christ, sir,
he got his daughter! Sheriff
Dylan's daughter!

MACKELWAY

We need an address.

Mackelway looks at O'Ryan. He still doesn't see what he's driving at.

O'RYAN

We need the address of the Hawkins
family, and give us directions from
35.

GRANGER

Hawkins? You mean as in Sheriff
Hawkins?

O'Ryan looks at Mackelway. He doesn't know what to make of it either.

GRANGER

Sheriff Hawkins died four years ago, but his Widow still lives in the ranch, way out on Lakeridge. That's near the county line. Only Hawkins I know.

(beat)

It's right off the 35, fore ya come inta town...

O'RYAN

Thank you, deputy Granger. You might want to send a few squad cars out there in about twenty minutes.

He hangs up.

MACKELWAY

I don't understand.

O'RYAN

I always thought there was some significance to October 26th, some sort of ritual...

(beat)

But then I realized, where zero is concerned, nothing is ever as meaningful as it seems. He just kills everywhe he goes. So why would he come to the same place, the same day, year after year?

(beat)

What's the most banal, obvious reason you can think of?

Mackelway turns to look at him. He's just starting to understand...

CUT TO:

INT. RANCH HOUSE -- THE EDGE OF GRANVILLE COUNTY

TWO DOGS bark at each other through a chain link fence. The dog on the outside of the fence, a German Shepherd, has chewed a hole big enough to stuff his snout through. The dog on the inside, an old retriever, barks and snarls viciously, but maintains his distance.

A sign tells us that this is the T-Bar Ranch. The former home of a cattle baron, the T-Bar has fallen into a state of disrepair. The fields that used to support grazing cattle have browned and died away, leaving a giant field of dust.

The only sings of life are the barking dogs and a light in the kitchen window.

THROUGH THE WINDOW --

we can see an elderly woman preparing something in the kitchen.

HOLD ON this scene of blissful domesticity for a moment, as she moves from cupboard to stove and back again. Then the scene is blotted out by...

THE EIGHTEEN WHEELER. It sighs to a halt in the long driveway.

INSIDE --

Even in the cab, we can hear the faint sound of banging on the inside of the trailer. It is a desperate, hopeless sound. Hawkins ignores it. He gets out of the cab.

FOLLOW HIM --

as he walks toward the house. The old woman inside seems to be completely oblivious to his presence.

Hawkins takes pains not to make much noise as he pushes open the front door.

INSIDE THE HOUSE --

He creeps down the hallway towards the kitchen. We can see the glow, hear the old woman's humming...

He moves into the kitchen and now he is right behind her. His muscular arms reaching out, and...

HE GRABS HER, wrapping his arms around her, tightly.

THE WOMAN is startled at first, and then...

HAWKINS
Happy Birthday, Mama.

He lifts her off the ground and she laughs in delight.

CUT TO:

INT. MACKELWAY'S SEDAN --

Pulls up outside the Hawkins ranch. The rain is pouring down now. Mackelway checks to see that his gun is loaded.

O'RYAN
Hey...

He motions to his handcuffs.

MACKELWAY

I advise that you keep your head down. If you see trouble, call for backup.

O'RYAN

Hey, hey! You can't leave me here...

MACKELWAY

You're still my prisoner, O'Ryan. Even if you're right, you're not murdering this one.

Mackelway slams the door.

CUT TO:

EXT. THE REFRIGERATED TRUCK --

Mackelway moves along the refrigerated truck, getting soaked by the torrential rains. He comes around to the rear door. It's locked.

He looks toward the house. He can see people moving around inside. He looks back at the truck door. He's got no choice.

He takes his blazer off, wraps it around his hand with the gun in it. Aims at the lock...

CUT TO:

INT. THE HAWKINS RANCH HOME --

Zero is sitting at the kitchen table, talking on the phone. His mother stirs something in a big pot.

HAWKINS

I know I didn't make the delivery, sir. I'm gonna do it tomorrow.

(beat)

No, it'll keep.

BLAM !

The report of a gun, muffled, but unmistakable.

HAWKINS

Mama? Did you hear something?

MRS. HAWKINS

No dear.

Zero stands, goes to the window.

HIS P.O.V -- OUTSIDE --

It's pouring now. Doesn't look like anything's amiss with his truck.

HAWKINS

Oh damn.

He grabs his car keys off the table.

MRS. HAWKINS

Where are you going?

HAWKINS

I left the window open. I'll be right back..

He heads out through the kitchen door.

CUT TO:

EXT. THE REFRIGERATED TRUCK --

Mackelway yanks on the back doors of the refrigerated truck. AT first, they won't open. Then, with the sucking sound it makes when you open a fridge, they open.

MACKELOWAY'S P.O.V. --

The inside of the truck is an incredibly eerie sight. Rows of carcasses, backlit by red lights along the ceiling of the massive trailer. A cloud of condensed air drifts out into the rainy night.

Mackelway hoists himself up inside.

FOLLOW MACKELWAY --

as he walks down the center of the trailer. It's freezing cold in here, he slips his jacket back on. The only sound is the dull hum of the generator, keeping the coolers blowing. As Mack goes farther into the trailer, the meat bunches together, blocking his path.

He pushes two sides of beef aside, revealing...

A WALL.

Made of sheetrock. Hawkins has blocked off the entire trailer about fifteen feet from the cab. Mackelway taps the wall. It makes a hollow sound. He waits a moment.

Silence. Then...

Very faintly, we can hear a voice, a tiny, distant sound...

It sounds like a child crying.

MACKELWAY -- looks around the trailer. There is a meat hook hanging on the wall. He grabs it off and hacks into the sheetrock wall. It tears a big hole, revealing...

Sound proofing insulation. The sound of the child crying is louder now. We can hear her crying, stuttering...

GIRL'S VOICE

I'm c-c-cold, please, I'm c-cold...

Mackelway looks around, sees the freezer controls. Pulls out his gun and fires...

A shower of sparks. The lights go out in the main part of the trailer. Then he turns back to the wall. Starts hacking at it with the meat hook, crazy with determination.

The sound of the hook chopping up the wall fades into...

The sound of something tugging away from it's hinges...

THUMP! THUMP!

CUT TO:

INT. MACKELWAY'S SEDAN --

O'Ryan, tugs at his handcuff like a crazed animal trying to get out of a trap. The door handle he's cuffed to is starting to come loose. His wrist and hand are covered in blood.

He tugs again. Doesn't seem like it's giving.

THEN --

A shadow passes over the window. A HAND reaches down, wipes away the rain from the outside of the window.

O'Ryan stops tugging. We are behind him now, looking from over his shoulder, when...

A FACE presses up against the glass. It's HAWKINS.

He stares straight at O'Ryan. Looks down at the handcuffs. He smiles.

O'RYAN

You sonofa bitch!

O'Ryan starts hammering at the window to the sedan with his free hand. It's shatterproof, but it cracks a little.

He KICKS the door open revealing...

NOTHING.

Hawkins is gone. O'Ryan climbs out of the car, still attached to the door.

O'RYAN (cont'd)
Mackelway! MACK!!

CUT TO:

INT. THE REFRIGERATED TRUCK --

Mackelway has managed to tear a hole in the wall large enough to stick his head through. We can now hear the clear sounds of Sofie Dylan crying.

SOFIE
Please, please don't hurt me...

MACKELWAY
I'm not gonna hurt you, honey, just hold on!

Mackelway pulls again on the meathook. An entire section of the wall comes off. Mackelway drops the hook, pushes himself through the hole, and into...

A NIGHTMARE --

This is Suspect Zero's lair, the belly of the beast. The naked bodies of two women hang along one wall. One of them very old, one of them very young. They are both dead.

Mack can see that the refrigeration conduit runs along the wall. Their bare skin has attached itself to the conduit at calf height, freezing the skin to the wall.

There's your freezer burn mark.

SOFIE DYLAN is strung up on the opposite wall. She was gagged, but the tape seems to have fallen off her mouth.

SOFIE
Please, mister...please I won't be bad...

MACKELWAY
Shhh. Be very quiet.

Mackelway unties Sofie, drops her down to the floor. She is shivering.

CUT TO:

EXT. THE TRUCK --

The doors fly open, sending another blast of condensed, cold air into the night. Sofie drops down out of the truck, Mackelway right behind her.

It's still pouring out. Mack wraps her in his jacket, starts to move across the lawn toward his car, when...

WHAM!

He gets hit from behind.

Sofie starts screaming.

MACKELWAY (cont'd)
(to Sofie, groggy)
Run...

Mack looks up to see...

HAWKINS, standing over him. He has that same look in his eye, the look of a predator who has just caught a scavenger in his nest.

HAWKINS
You shouldn't have come.

He KICKS Mackelway in the face. Sofie screams again, starts running.

Hawkins unsheaths a HUNTING KNIFE from his boot. He's about to go to work on Mackelway when...

The distant sound of SIRENS. Flashing blue and red lights coming from over the horizon.

Hawkins looks down at Mackelway, who has struggled to a sitting position. He is trying to find his gun.

He looks back at the horizon. The lights are moving closer.

He runs.

FOLLOW HAWKINS as he runs around the truck to the cab. He pulls the door open, jumps inside.

MACKELWAY --

has just managed to struggle to his knees. He starts crawling away from THE TRUCK, as the engine turns over, sending a cloud of exhaust towards them.

The TRUCK --

backs up first, trying to run him over. Mack rolls out out of the way.

Then, the TRUCK pulls out, into the night. Mackelway starts to make his way over to his car. We can see Hawkins's truck just starting to disappear over the horizon.

MACKELWAY

O'Ryan!

Mack collapses to the ground, still groggy from being hit. Then...

COP CARS stream up onto the property. About fifteen of them. A few F.B.I. sedans too.

Lights shine in Mackelway's face. Cops get out, pointing their guns at him.

He collapses on the ground.

CUT TO:

EXT. THE I-35 -- SOUTHBOUND --

Hawkins pulls out onto the highway. His truck skids in the torrential rains, then drives off into the night....

CUT TO:

EXT. THE HAWKIN'S RANCH HOME --

Widow Hawkins is talking to Koessler, Deputy Granger, and a few random F.B.I. Agents.

WIDOW HAWKINS

It was crazy. One minute he was in the kitchen talking to me, the next he's gone. That...man is lying on our lawn, the girl is shivering to death and crying...

She points to Sofia Dylan, who is being loaded into an ambulance. Her father, HARRY, holds her hand

Granger and the other men seem to have no idea what she's talking about. Koessler, however, is putting it together.

He wanders toward the Ranch house.

MEANWHILE -- IN ANOTHER PART OF THE LAWN --

Charleston questions a groggy Mackelway, as Kulok looks on.

CHARLESTON

Where is he, Tom? You're in enough trouble already, just tell us where he is.

MACKELWAY

Got away, probably headed for the Mexican border...

Charleston looks at Kulok for an explanation. She shrugs.

CHARLESTON

O'Ryan's headed for the Mexican border?

MACKELWAY

He was right. About the truck. About everything.

CHARLESTON

Where is the ~~prisoner~~, Tom, don't make this harder than it has to be.

MACKELWAY

The prisoner? You mean O'Ryan? He's...he's in my car...

CUT TO:

MACKELWAY'S SEDAN --

The door swings open. The arm rest has been pulled off the door.

O'Ryan is gone.

CUT TO:

MACKELWAY --

seeing this across the field.

CHARLESTON (cont'd)

Tom, listen, you are going to jail for this. It would be smart if you would...

But Mackelway isn't listening. He's thinking...

CUT TO:

INT. THE HAWKIN'S HOME --

Koessler is in the living room of the Hawkins house. He runs a finger over a table. Place hasn't been dusted in ages.

He walks over to the mantelpiece, above the fireplace.

CLOSE ON -- FAMILY PICTURES

Photos of the Hawkins family. The pictures don't look like they were taken in Texas. All the foliage is lush, green. In one picture, a young man in his early twenties stands with his parents in front of an enormous building.

It's the Seattle Needle.

It hits Koessler all at once.

KOESSLER

Oh my God. What have I done?

He falls to his knees.

CUT TO:

EXT. THE HAWKINS RANCH --

Something with Mack.

KULOK

Sir! Come quickly, Dr. Koessler's collapsed.

Everyone starts rushing for the house.

This is all the distraction Mackelway needs. He breaks away, runs for the nearest car...

CUT TO:

INT. HAWKINS'S TRUCK CAB -- CONTINUOUS

It's really pouring now, as Hawkins barrels down the 35. Up ahead, we can see a sign for 277 South, SOMORA, DEL RIO, MEXICAN BORDER -- 60 miles.

Hawkins presses down on the gas. The truck speeds up. He notices that a light on his dashboard is blinking. The light says "GENERATOR."

ANGLE ON HAWKINS --

Annoyed. He taps the indicator, but the light stays on.

HAWKINS

Oh come on.

He turns to look back at the trailer, but all he sees is...

O'RYAN, emerging from the back seat of the cab. His left hand is completely mangled and covered in blood. His right hand holds a crowbar...

THWACK!

He smashes Hawkins in the face...

CUT TO:

EXT. THE HIGHWAY --

The Eighteen wheeler, which was already going dangerously fast, begins to skid as Hawkins leans on the wheel. Then...

IT JACKKNIFES

The trailer slides across the highway, flipping up on it's side. The back end spins completely around and smashes into the cab. Now the trailer is pushing the cab, and the entire mess careens off the highway and...

WHAM!

Racks up against a billboard. The trailer splits open like an eggshell, sending a shower of BLOOD and MEAT across the highway.

CUT TO:

INT. F.B.I. SEDAN -- UP THE HIGHWAY

Mackelway sees the accident from a distance. He presses the pedal to the floor.

CUT TO:

EXT. THE HIGHWAY --

Mackelway is walking past the wreckage of the truck. A grisly mess.

Among other things, the GAS TANK has punctured, so has the freon tank. Blue and yellow chemicals mix together with cow's blood on the wet asphalt.

Then he sees him.

O'RYAN.

He's lying on the ground, about twenty yards from the wreckage. His limbs are twisted horribly. Mack comes up, to take a closer look.

MACKELWAY

O'Ryan...

Mack stands there for a moment, looking at O'Ryan's body. He looks like any other dead body: fragile, bewildered, all too human.

Mackelway bends down to feel if there's any breath. There isn't. Then...

VOICE

Help me...

Mack turns to the source of the sound. It's coming from...

THE CAB --

On its side, but still intact. Hawkins is trapped behind the steering wheel. But he's still alive.

HAWKINS

Please, I think my legs are broken.
Call an ambulance.

Mack his gun drawn, stares at Hawkins, completely helpless behind the wheel.

HAWKINS (cont'd)

What are you doing? HELP ME! I'm trapped.

Mackelway says nothing. Just keeps the gun pointed right at Hawkins.

HAWKINS

Hey, I don't know why you're pointing a gun at me. That maniac attacked me, he destroyed my truck.

Mackelway cocks the gun.

HAWKINS

Look, there's been some sort of misunderstanding here. I don't know who you think I am...

MACKELWAY

I know exactly who you are.

HAWKINS

Look, I didn't touch that girl, and I've got no idea how she got in my truck.

(beat)

I don't know, maybe, maybe I blacked out, but I swear, I've never done anything like this before. Please, officer, you've gotta believe me.

Hawkins has a sociopath's charm. even though we know he's lying, it's hard not to be convinced.

HAWKINS (cont'd)

Look, I don't what know else you think I've done, but I didn't do it. There's no evidence, is there? There's no witnesses, so I must not have done anything...

THE SOUND of sirens grows louder and louder.

HAWKINS (cont'd)

Go ahead and arrest me. If I did anything, anything at all, I'll go to jail. I kidnapped a girl, that was wrong, I should be in jail for two or three years, definitely. Maybe a mental hospital...

Time is running out, and Mackelway knows it.

The F.B.I. Sedans have pulled to a halt now. We can just see Kulok and Charleston jumping out of their cars...

We pull in close on MACKELWAY. He is staring at Hawkins, trying to make up his mind what to do.

HAWKINS (cont'd)

I swear, I'll get better. Whatever's wrong with me, I'll get better...

Agents are running towards Mackelway now. They're pulling their guns...

He raises his gun.

HAWKINS (cont'd)

Please...

Then turns and points it at the gas tank. He fires.

The TRUCK EXPLODES....

(CONTINUED)

CUT TO:

MACKELWAY --

lying on the ground, almost unconscious. He sees the smoldering truck out of the corner of his eye.

SQUAD CARS, FLASHING LIGHTS, SIRENS...

it all fades together, swirling.

Mackelway eyes close.

BLACK OUT.

FADE UP ON:

A shot of the Hawkin's Ranch. Agents in Biosuits walk out the front door, carrying body bags.

Text comes up onscreen.

The ranch home of Daryl Hawkin's mother was excavated on October 30th, 1995.

We see a stack of bodies on the lawn that dwarfs Speck's.

The remains of thirty men, women and children were discovered buried around the property and under the house. No other bodies could be conclusively tied to Hawkins. The trail had gone cold.

A shot of a train station comes up. Where is not important, a busy train station, somewhere in America.

The criminal charges against Agent Thomas Mackelway were dropped in consideration of Hawkins' crimes.

We are seeing the train station from someone's P.O.V. now. We keep focusing in on men who look suspicious, which means just about anyone.

-- A businessman, reading the paper, sneaking furtive glances at an attractive woman.

-- A guy in his twenties in a John Deere hat, standing near the men's bathroom.

-- A travelling salesman in a tacky suit, nervously clutching onto his sample case.

His expulsion from the F.B.I. was upheld, however. Currently, his whereabouts are unknown.

We now REVERSE ANGLE from the P.O.V. Pulling in closely on a man in a trench coat, beard, moustache. It's Mackelway. He just sits there, on a bench in the train station. Looking for predators. Watching. Waiting...

BLACK OUT.