

Digital Nightmare

by  
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Version 2

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FADE IN:

INT. BEDROOM - DAY

Two teenagers, JOE and BRIAN, sitting in Brian's BEDROOM in front of a computer.

BRIAN

Wait until you see this site. It looks so real.

JOE

I doubt it. These web TV show things always look like crap.

BRIAN

Well, the video's not too great, but the way this girl gets killed looks real to me. Like she really got her throat cut.

JOE

I doubt it.

BRIAN

Here it is. Take a look.

Brian clicks on the third of three death head icons and the computer plays an eerily silent video of a woman, KERRY ANDREWS, dancing in lingerie. She dances for a while before a man, the KILLER, wearing a baseball cap that obscures his face walks into frame behind her.

She begins to turn around but he keeps her facing the camera. He begins to sway behind her as he makes a knife visible to the camera. He leans her head back. He runs the knife over her throat. He holds her up until her struggling becomes less then they go out of frame and he rushes to the camera zooming in on her throat and face.

We watch the video until she finally dies and it fades to black. Joe and Brian sit silently for a second after the image fades to black.

JOE

That's it?

BRIAN

Yeah. Pretty cool, huh?

JOE

I thought it sucked. I've seen more realistic kills on Sega. And it was so short. I mean, that's it? That's the entire thing?

BRIAN

They're all short but he does have two more. You want to see them? He kills this guy by jamming an ice pick in his ear. You got to see that one. The look on the guys face is killer.

JOE

No way. This is lame. Let's go play Sega. I'll take you on in 'MegaSlaughter IV' and show you what a real kill looks like.

BRIAN

You couldn't kill my mother in 'Mega'. I'll crush you with this flying kick move I invented.

JOE

You couldn't invent a punch to the face.

BRIAN

I'll rip you. I'm going to tear your face off and eat it. And there's nothing you can do about it.

JOE

You won't be able to eat anything when I shoot out all of your teeth and then use them as bullets to really kill you.

Brian and Joe exit the bedroom arguing about who's better. They leave the computer on and the video begins to replay.

INT. OFFICE - DAY

AL SQUIRE, a mid-20's, alternative music loving computer wizard standing at the desk of his boss, TONY TOMASO, just a couple years older but with essentially the same background as Al.

TONY

This will be a short stay, Al. If the installation goes according to schedule you should be out in seven to nine days.

AL

That's what you said about England. And how long was I there? Let me think. It's all so vague. Let's see, I was supposed to be there for two weeks and ended up staying. . . I'm a little hazy on the exact time, Tony. Could you check my records?

TONY

Stop busting my balls. And don't give me any shit. You had a great time in England.

AL

But Idaho? I didn't have that great a time in England.

TONY

What can I say? When I closed the deal last week I told them I was sending out my best man.

AL

Tony, I may spend most of my time on the road, but, last time I checked I was your only man.

TONY

Makes the competition a little easier, doesn't it?

AL

One day this working me to death is going to backfire on you. What if I got sick?

TONY

You'd work through it.

AL

Like I did in North Carolina. What if there was a problem I couldn't fix?

TONY

Never happen.

AL

But what if I left? Got a new job?  
Started my own company? Took a  
fucking vacation?

TONY

I'd be forced to bring out that  
video of you standing naked over  
that sexy CPU.

AL

Nothing was happening. It was hot.  
The air conditioning was down. I  
wasn't even naked. I still had my  
underwear on.

TONY

I don't know, it sure looks like a  
boner you've got in your hands.

AL

It's a SCSI cable, you asshole.

TONY

You don't sound too convincing, Al.  
You've always said that you have a  
love for technology. I just never  
expected it to manifest itself  
quite like that.

AL

Oh please. You're a fucking  
illness, Tony. I bet it's you  
that's done a little hard driving,  
if you get my drift.

TONY

Don't try and engage me in your  
perversions, Al. I know how you  
technopervs work. Trying to seduce  
new members into your SCSI little  
world.

AL

I think the only reason I stay here  
is because I don't have to spend  
much time with you.

TONY

And you get to go to wonderful, far  
away places.

AL

Like Caldwell, Idaho. Owww, be  
still my wanderlust.

TONY

It's not too bad. When I was out  
there I checked out a few pretty  
good places to hang. I'll give you  
a list. And the reception of the  
only alternative radio station in  
the state, KSKI, isn't too bad and  
their play list is okay. They are  
kind of a Nirvana temple but at  
least you don't get that 'you ain't  
from these parts' silence on the  
phone when you call to request  
Ween.

AL

Yeah, but I bet they'd never play  
it. And if they did there's no way  
they'd play 'Spinal Meningitis.'

TONY

One step at a time, Al. One step at  
a time.

AL

So what are you up to while I'm  
raking in the cash for you? Going  
on vacation again?

TONY

Oh, it'll seem like it. I'll be  
setting up your next install in the  
southern wonderland of Chattanooga,  
Tennessee.

AL

All this adventure and I get paid  
too.

INT. POLICE STATION - DAY

police officer, RON ROSETTI, an early thirties cop who  
transferred from Boston to the Durham, NC police department a  
few years ago is sitting in an OFFICE working on a computer  
in a room full of other officers, including ALEX NEEL and  
JEFF TREMMEL, when his superior, SERGEANT EARL WALKER, a  
lifelong resident and third generation officer of Durham  
walks in.

EARL

Still think you're part of the steno pool, Rosetti? Why don't you hit the streets like a real cop? You know, actually go face to face with a criminal.

ALEX

Are you kidding, Sarge? The only time he's ever seen a criminal was on 'Cops.'

JEFF

And that was only once. He said the show was too scary for him.

Ron ignores them and continues to work.

JEFF (CONT'D)

Are you listening to me, hot shot?

Jeff spins Ron around. Ron isn't phased.

JEFF (CONT'D)

You ever done any real police work?

ALEX

Or is this how they catch criminals in the big city? Playing computer games all day.

JEFF

No wonder there's so much crime up north. Too much typing and not enough kicking ass.

RON

So I guess sitting here all day giving me shit is keeping Durham safe from the dangerous element.

Alex leans over Ron and grabs his shirt.

ALEX

You wise mouth little. . .

EARL

. . .hey, hey, hey boys. Let's let this drop. Everyone has their own method of fighting crime and Ron here's is just a little different. It's not up to you to say if it's right or wrong.

Earl pats Ron on the shoulder and turns him back to the computer. He faces Alex and Jeff.

EARL (CONT'D)  
That's up to me. And I think that  
boys shooting more than a few  
blanks.

Alex, Jeff and Earl lead the rest of the room in laughter.

RON  
Excuse me, Sarge. I think I found  
some new information on the Edwards  
murder.

Earl stops laughing and glares at Ron. He begins to slowly walk back.

JEFF  
Oh, like your little bat crime  
fighting computer's going to  
discover things we didn't.

EARL  
That case has been cold for over a  
year, Rosetti. We never even had a  
prime suspect. There was never any  
concrete evidence. It was like she  
just showed up dead.

RON  
Would a video clip be evidence  
enough?

EARL  
What are you talking about? Where  
would you find such a thing?

RON  
I was on a web gathering  
information on new interrogation  
techniques and ran across a site  
that had video of some murders on  
it.

ALEX  
Haven't you heard of make-pretend?

RON  
That's what I thought at first.  
That it was just another web soap.  
But something about the girl looked  
real familiar to me.

(MORE)



RON (CONT'D)

So, I looked through the files and  
I came up with a positive match  
with the Andrews murder.

JEFF

Those computer types are into all  
kinds of strange stuff. They  
probably just copied it from  
newspaper reports.

RON

That also crossed my mind until I  
came in this morning and this email  
was waiting for me.

Ron clicks on the computer screen and the email opens. Earl,  
Alex and Jeff move closer to the computer and begin reading  
the email which reads:

'Hi Officer Rosetti,

Well, it's about time a member of the law visited my site.  
Pretty impressive site, wouldn't you say? And you wouldn't  
believe my surprise when it was a cop from the very same city  
as one of my 'performers'. Quite fortuitous if you ask me.

Well, I just wanted to say hi and tell you to keep my site  
bookmarked because they'll be a new addition to the site  
within a week.

You should go call the feds now. You're going to need all the  
help you can get.'

Everyone leans back not quite sure what they've just read.  
They all look at Earl who knows he has to act so he just  
calls into the crowded station.

EARL

Get me the Edwards file.

Earl address Ron.

EARL (CONT'D)

Find out who owns this site. Get  
the feds on the. . .

RON

. . .I already tried finding the  
owner and it's a dead end.

EARL

What do you mean a dead end? These  
things have to be on some computer,  
don't they?

RON

I called the owner of the server  
and he said he'd never even heard  
of the file. It took him some time  
to find it but when he did he  
tracked it to an anonymous server  
in the Netherlands.

JEFF

So you're saying the killer is some  
guy from the Netherlands?

RON

No. He's bouncing the file through  
a number of servers to erase his  
tracks. This guy's good. He knows  
his way around the web.

EARL

All right we'll let the feds  
computer people worry about that.  
Make me a copy of the Edwards file  
so we can examine it closer.

RON

Can't do it. It'll let you play it,  
but the moment you try to download  
it the site shuts down.

Earl is visibly agitated and begins to sputter but Ron  
ignores him and continues.

RON (CONT'D)

But I did use my video camera and  
made a tape.

Ron reaches into his briefcase, pulls out a tape and hands it  
to Earl.

RON (CONT'D)

It's not a great copy but it's the  
best I can do.

EARL

Good job, Rosetti. Good job.

Earl begins to head to his office.

EARL (CONT'D)

I guess this batcomputer of yours  
does come in handy.

Earl walks away as Ron grins with a little gloat behind it  
and turns back to the computer.

INT. OFFICE - DAY

Al behind a computer. Two casually dressed, computer room tanned types, KEVIN and RICK and their well dressed superior, NELLIE, are standing off to the side watching.

AL  
You'll be able to output digitally amazingly fast because the interface we've installed allows the video to be compressed and decompressed a frame at a time. And I fixed some of the problems inherent in the original version.

NELLIE  
What problems?

AL  
That Tony did most of the original programming.

Kevin and Rick laugh.

AL (CONT'D)  
Don't get me wrong, Tony's not a bad programmer, he just doesn't have the patience to debug like he used to.

Al moves out from behind the computer.

AL (CONT'D)  
We've also added a device that will allow the camera to accept analog input.

Al notices he's lost Nellie. He has to give her something she can understand. Kevin and Rick are hanging on his every word.

AL (CONT'D)  
What that means is you can now input old training tapes shot in analog, reedit them and generally fix them up. This way you eliminate the cost of having to reshoot parts that are still useful.

Having relaxed Nellie, Al turns his attention back to Kevin and Rick.

AL (CONT'D)

Plus, the editing interface we've designed is the only one that will accept all of the proprietary protocols out there. This will make it easier to mix your existing cameras with the Sony DCR-VX700's and the high-end Panasonic AJ-D700's we'll be installing.

Addresses Nellie again.

AL (CONT'D)

This way you don't have to stop productivity and have all your employees learn a new editing system for each camera and, an added bonus, you're not married to one manufacturer. This will keep you up with all the most up-to-date technology in this industry.

NELLIE

What about the live hook-ups through the net? That's a big part of why this system is being implemented.

AL

When doing a live hook-up over the net the quality may suffer because we can't control the viewers system but it will be better than anything on the market. You'll be able to see that for yourself with the first test. When is that scheduled?

NELLIE

We have a conference set up with the English office at 10:30 our time.

AL

Can I ask you a question, Nellie?

Nellie nods yes slightly.

AL (CONT'D)

How come you management types always say 'our time'? I mean, wherever you are, whatever time it is, isn't it always your time?

Kevin and Rick laugh. Nellie glares around the room.

NELLIE

I'll never understand you computer types.

Nellie exits. Al starts to pack up his tools and pauses a second before he speaks.

AL

And I don't think we'll ever quite get your type either.

Kevin and Rick nod yes and move closer to the computer.

RICK

So, what's the minimum lux for the computers camera? How come you picked a Macintosh OS?

AL

Four. Too many reasons to list.

KEVIN

What's the signal to noise ratio? How about image stabilization?

AL

The Panasonic is electronic; the  
Sony optical. Sony likes optical.

RICK

With the analog input can I bring  
in a tape and morph Nellie's head  
onto the body of a porn star?

AL

As fast as a cum shot.

Rick and Kevin smile at each other.

RICK

Cool.

EXT. PARKING LOT - NIGHT

Al in his rental car talking on the phone as he pulls into a  
PARKING LOT with a neon sign that reads: DV8.

AL

Tony, everything's perfect. I'm  
just baby-sitting. Listen, I just  
pulled into the parking lot at  
Deviante.

(Pause)

Yeah, yeah, I remember. A guy named  
Sandy is a safe guy to buy some  
shit from.

Al looks at the clock in the dashboard. It reads: 6:42.

AL (CONT'D)

But I probably won't be able to  
perpetuate that little piece  
questionable behavior tonight. I've  
got to be out of here by nine.

(Pause)

No, I will not be testing the seek  
time of my hard drive. I've got web  
stuff to take care of. I'll talk to  
you tomorrow.

Al ends the transmission and begins to get out of his car.

INT. HALLWAY DAY

CORRINE, MARK and SAMANTHA, all mid-20's, walk through a  
HALLWAY.

CORRINE

I've seen it. It seems so stupid to me. I mean, why go through all the work of keeping up a web site if you're just going to put a bunch of unconnected stories of people getting killed? And then make a big deal because you're supposedly going to do it live. Owww, where do I sign up?

MARK

Why is that any stupider than your site? At least the guy puts some effort into his special effects. He's not using it as vehicle for revenge.

CORRINE

What do you mean? My site's not about revenge.

SAMANTHA

Oh please, Corrine. All you do is rate all your ex-lovers on some idiotic OrgasmoScale.

CORRINE

And your point is?

MARK

At least the people on this guy's site are actors. He may not have much as far as story line, but at least the actors want to be there.

SAMANTHA

Yeah, they're not being ridiculed because you can't get off.

CORRINE

It's not me that couldn't get off and it's not my fault they didn't have enough technique to get me off the way I want.

MARK

I'm sorry, but it's a once in a lifetime thing when you actually hear a pop when you have an orgasm.

SAMANTHA

You should be happy with that and get on with your life.

(MORE)

SAMANTHA (CONT'D)

My boyfriend gets mad if I moan too much. Just think what he'd do if my pussy made popping sounds.

EXT. ELEVATOR - CONTINUOUS

JIM and DOM, late teen/early 20, in an ELEVATOR.

JIM

You don't know shit. Do you remember the one where he ice picked the guy?

DOM

Yeah.

JIM

Well?

DOM

Well what?

JIM

You mean to tell me you didn't see the so called victim, after he'd been held and the ice pick shoved all the way into his head, look into the camera and wink?

DOM

You're pathological.

JIM

And what about the blood that spurted out of the girl's throat? If that didn't look like something out of a 1950's 'B' movie I don't know what does.

DOM

How much time do you spend thinking about this? What do you expect? The guy's just putting these little things together for fun. It's not a big time movie, you know.

JIM

I know that.

DOM

Then cut him some slack. It's just a fucking web site. It's for fun.

(MORE)



DOM (CONT'D)

He's not making any money here so he probably doesn't want to spend thousands to make it look totally realistic to aficionado's like yourself. Besides, even if he did you'd probably just bitch about the frame speed.

JIM

Isn't that horrible? You'd think he'd use another compression format to give some more definition. But it did help me spot that guy winking.

INT. BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

JOE and BRIAN, sitting in Brian's BEDROOM in front of a computer.

JOE

No way am I going to stay here and watch that stupid kill thing tonight. Even if my mother would let me I don't want to.

BRIAN

You're an idiot. This is the best thing on the web and you don't even know it.

JOE

Oh, yeah. I'm the idiot. You're the one who thinks it's real. What kind of idiot are you?

BRIAN

I never said it was real. I said it looked real. When that guy took it with the bat. You got to say that was great.

JOE

That was so fake. Like real blood is even that color.

BRIAN

Maybe the computer screen made it darker than it is.

JOE

I'm not even going to talk about this with you anymore.

(MORE)

JOE (CONT'D)  
It's a really stupid and fake site.  
But this. . .

Joe jumps up and picks a sci-fi sword off of Brian's floor and starts chasing him around the room hitting him.

JOE (CONT'D)  
. . .is real.

INT. DV8 - CONTINUOUS

Al walking through a packed DV8 with a drink in his hand. The music blaring though the club is "City Sleeps" by 'MC 900 Foot Jesus'. Al looks a little perturbed, checks his watch and starts talking to himself as he walks past a grooving SANDY HERSH, a twenty-one year old dressed with all of the totems of the alternative nation but the effect is more alternative notion.

AL  
What is this? Alter-nostalgia  
night?

SANDY  
What was that?

AL  
Nothing.

SANDY  
No, what's up, dude? Pumping  
grooves, hey?

AL  
Years ago.

SANDY  
Oh, bro, where you been? These be  
the tunes that put the 'utt' in  
cutting. Dexy's Midnight Runners  
played here last week.

Sandy sings the title of 'Come on Eileen'.

Come on Eileen, at this moment you mean everything to me.

AL  
Great. So tell me, when is Wall of  
Voodoo going to be here?

SANDY  
Wall of Voodoo's going to be here?  
Man, that'll be fucking great.

Sandy sings the title of 'Mexican Radio'.

SANDY (CONT'D)  
I'm on a Mexican radio.

AL  
You better be careful. If you keep  
putting out this much 'utt'  
someone's going to get their eye  
poked out.

SANDY  
Dude, man, where you from? I've  
never seen you here before and I'm  
kind of the man around here.

AL  
Boston.

SANDY  
Boston. Cool. You're the second guy  
I've met from Boston recently.

AL  
You're Sandy, right?

SANDY  
Oh man, my reps spread all the way  
to Boston, huh?

AL  
I'm not too sure about that, but  
the last guy you met was the guy I  
work for.

SANDY  
That's cool. He seemed like an all  
right guy for a boss and all.

AL  
Yeah, he's a pretty cool guy.

Sandy backs away a little and looks around. He leans back in  
close to Al.

SANDY  
So, are you like your boss in the  
diversion department?

Sandy looks around again.

AL  
In some ways.

Sandy puts his arm around Al and begins to lead him through the crowd.

SANDY

Cool. He was a great customer. You think you'll pick up where he left off?

AL

I'll do my best.

SANDY

That's all we can ever hope for.

They reach the men's room, Sandy throws the door open and they enter.

INT. WALKER'S OFFICE DURHAM POLICE DEPARTMENT. - DAY

Earl is sitting at his desk with Ron standing at the side of it. Two stoic members of the FBI, WAYNE DALTON and FRED HENDERSON, are standing in the back as ELIZABETH 'MAC' MACAVEY commands everyone's attention.

MAC

We'd like to know, Officer Rosetti, how you stumbled on this site.

RON

I was just surfing around and fell into it. But I'm sure all of this was covered in the report that brought you people here.

MAC

What made you connect the Edwards murder?

RON

Listen, Agent MacAvey, I don't mean any offense. . .

WAYNE

. . .than answer the question.

Ron is visibly upset at being spanked like this. Ron takes his time and looks over all of the agents.

RON

What made me connect the Edwards murder?

(MORE)

RON (CONT'D)

Hmmm, let's see, I knew Kerry and I've spent quite a few hours going over the scene photos and, gee, even us lowly cops can add two and two.

EARL

Rosetti.

Ron turns his attention to Earl.

RON

Earl, come on. All of this has been covered.

Ron turns his attention to Mac.

RON (CONT'D)

If you have a question that'll move this along let's have it.

MAC

Okay, why you? Why did this suspect pick you, a cop in the very city of one of the murders?

RON

He said I was the first cop to check the site out.

MAC

Don't you find that kind of. . . how should I put this? Suspicious?

RON

What the fuck are you talking about?

MAC

Well, if I was this killer and found out a cop from the very city one of the victims was from why on earth would I make contact? I mean, you never would have known that you were the only cop if he didn't tell you. It just doesn't make sense to me.

Ron stands silently as everyone looks at him.

RON

Wait a minute here. Are you saying I made the email up?

MAC

That's a possible scenario. You know, a little recognition. A possible promotion. Earl here's not getting any younger. No offense Earl.

EARL

No, of course not.

RON

You're just out of your mind. There's no reason for me to fake this.

MAC

Oh yes there is.

Ron stares at Mac and then he slowly recognizes the only place this line of questioning can be going.

RON

Are you saying that you suspect me?

Ron turns to Earl who sits nonplused. Ron turns back to Mac.

RON (CONT'D)

Is that what you're saying?

MAC

I'm FBI, Ron. I suspect everyone.

Fred speaks for the first time and it startles Ron.

FRED

It's just routine, Ron. We're just covering every point.

WAYNE

We're not going to put you on the official list but you must admit that there are a lot of coincidences.

FRED

We could make this much easier if you'd humor us for the time being.

RON

Like what?

MAC

Let us take your computer to the bureau and check it out.

WAYNE

And your home computer.

Ron is seething but he comes to the realization that he has no choice but to acquiesce. He nods his head yes.

FRED

Do you mind if we send a couple of agents by to pick it up?

RON

I'll bring it in tomorrow.

WAYNE

If you don't mind, we'd like to have agents pick it up now. We have a couple in the area.

Ron laughs.

RON

I've got to hand it to you.

MAC

That's why we make the big bucks.

Mac reaches over and picks Earls phone up.

MAC (CONT'D)

I don't think Earl would mind if you called from here.

Earl smiles unconvincingly as Ron turns the phone around and dials. Wayne pulls out a cellular phone and begins to dial. We hear him talk softly in the background.

RON

Hi babe.

(Pause)

Just another day. Listen, I'm going to be sending a couple of guys by to pick up the computer.

(Pause)

No, I didn't break it again. It's needed for an investigation. I have some things the feds want to look at. They'll be there shortly.

Ron pauses a little surprised and then he smiles.

RON (CONT'D)

Was that the doorbell? It's probably them. Make sure they take whatever they need.

(MORE)

RON (CONT'D)

(Pause)

I don't know, hun, I may be home  
for dinner tonight. I'll call you  
later. I love you. Bye.

Ron hangs up the phone.

RON (CONT'D)

Thanks Earl.

MAC

Thanks. I know this is an  
inconvenience, Ron, but we have to  
look at all options. Now let's take  
a look at the office computer.

Mac extends her arm to wave Ron past. Ron extends his hand in  
a gesture of chivalry to allow Mac to exit first. No one  
moves. Earl finally stands up.

EARL

I don't have time for a pecker  
contest.

Earl walks past Ron and Mac.

EARL (CONT'D)

You're both hung like a Brahma. Now  
can we get this over. Officer  
Rosetti does have some other work  
to do today.

Earl leads everyone out of his office.

INT. POLICE STATION - CONTINUOUS

Earl, Ron, Mac, Fred and Wayne walks through the POLICE  
STATION towards Ron's desk. When they get there the computer  
is beeping to signal that he has mail. Ron sits down as  
everyone crowds around him.

RON

Can I check my mail before I shut  
down?

Everyone looks at Mac who nods yes. Ron clicks a few times  
and an email pops up on the screen with no return address and  
the subject says: 'Answer your phone, asshole' Ron opens it  
but the body is empty. He just shrugs and deletes the file.

RON (CONT'D)

Some people take too many things to  
heart.



Ron goes through the motions of shutting down his computer as the telephone on his desk RINGS. Ron hits the speaker phone and continues to work on the computer. The voice is disguised by a voice distorter.

RON (CONT'D)

Rosetti.

KILLER

So, you took my advice and clued the feds in to my web site, huh?

RON

Holy shit.

Everyone snaps to attention.

KILLER

Holy shit. I like that name. I think I'll use it tonight.

RON

Who are you?

KILLER

Just a digital nightmare.

RON

Why did you kill Kerry Edwards?

KILLER

Oww, quite the interrogator, aren't we, Rosetti? Who are you trying to impress? Wait. Let me answer that question. If my site logs are accurate I know you have an agent named MacAvey there. He's spent most of the time on the site so I figure he's their techspert. So, MacAvey, how do you like my site?

Mac pauses for a moment.

MAC

Kind of what I'd expect.  
Pathological. Egotistical.  
Grandiose. Fairly typical of the profile actually.

KILLER

Oh, MacAvey's a woman, huh? Sorry about that. This tech world is so guy oriented you tend to get a little sexist.

MAC

I'm over it and you can call me  
Mac.

KILLER

What about the other feds that  
logged on? Let's see, agents  
Henderson and Dalton it seems. Are  
they there?

MAC

Yes.

KILLER

So, Rosetti, how's it feel to be  
rendered obsolete now that the pros  
from Dover have arrived?

MAC

You're wrong there. Officer Rosetti  
is going to be a valuable member of  
the investigative team.

KILLER

Don't give me that bullshit, Mac.  
It's not in your nature to trust.  
So, Rosetti, they've shitcanned  
you, right?

Ron looks at Earl who just shrugs his shoulders and then to  
Mac who stares blankly.

RON

I guess.

KILLER

That's not fair now, is it, Mac?

MAC

The bureau is more than capable of handling our investigations. Officer Rosetti was invaluable in gathering information, but the resources available to the bureau will expedite this investigation. We will officially commend Officer.  
. .

KILLER

. . .expedite this investigation? Officially commend? My, that was quite a bureaucratic moment, don't you think? Did you watch too many episodes of 'The Streets of San Francisco' when you were a kid?

MAC

It's how the bureau handles it's investigations.

KILLER

If that's the case it'll be a little tough for you to investigate. You seem to forget I can disappear at any moment. Then where will your investigation be, Mac?

Everyone stands there silently. It's unspoken but they all know that if he disappears they have nothing.

KILLER (CONT'D)

Boggles the mind, huh, Mac?

MAC

Just pondering the scenarios.

KILLER

Well, ponder this. I've found out is that Rosetti here owes about thirteen thousand to credit cards, he's trying to get a second mortgage on his house, his blood pressure and cholesterol is just a little high, he has a lovely wife named Tasha, two beautiful children, Pam and Rich, and a dumb as dirt dog named Buddy.

Ron's computer beeps.

KILLER (CONT'D)

Get that email, will ya, Ron?

Ron clicks and opens the email that has no address and is titled: 'The family unit'. Ron opens it and there's video of his wife and kids playing in his backyard with the dog. He looks at Earl who is shocked and then at Mac who turns away.

RON

Keep my family out of this.

KILLER

One Adam twelve; see the man;  
pissed off and out of control.

V/O screams at Ron.

KILLER (CONT'D)

I don't give two fucks about your family. I'm telling you that if I can find out things about Rosetti I can find out things about all of you. I can touch each one of you. You play by my rules and I won't resort to that. This is my game. You listen to me. I want you all close enough to touch. Close enough to feel the humiliation as I kill another and all you can do is watch.

Everyone stands there silently.

KILLER (CONT'D)

Well, kind of a mood shift here. Okay, I'll try to cheer everyone up. I'll tell you that I'm going to kill a guy at twelve AM Eastern Standard Time tonight. Don't forget to log on.

The telephone line goes dead. Ron leans back and looks at everyone standing around.

MAC

Rosetti, can you copy this video to a disk?

RON

I'll try but he's made it impossible before.

MAC

Try.

Ron clicks the mouse a few times and the video saves to his hard drive. Mac becomes satisfied at her own knowledge.

MAC (CONT'D)  
I figured he wouldn't take the  
extra time to encrypt.

Mac addresses Henderson and Dalton.

MAC (CONT'D)  
Pack it up and get it to the  
bureau.

Ron looks at Mac incredulously.

RON  
You're still pulling the computer?

WAYNE  
Standard procedure. Information on  
a current investigation is here. We  
shouldn't have to explain that to  
you.

RON  
What about that video? If he can  
get that close to my family. . .

MAC  
. . .we'll put your family in PC if  
that will make you more  
comfortable. I figure once the  
bureau takes over investigation  
he'll forget all about you.

RON  
You'd better be right.

Mac shrugs Ron off like his concern is so unwarranted as she continues to supervise the breakdown of the computer.

MAC  
Sergeant Walker, can we go to your  
office so that I can give you a  
receipt for your goods?

Mac and Walker exit.

RON  
I hope you left a receipt for my  
stuff too.

Mac calls back without breaking stride.

MAC

I'm sure we did, Officer Rosetti.

Mac and Walker continue to exit the room as Ron fumes as he watches Fred and Wayne take his equipment.

WAYNE

Oh, by the way, if this guy  
contacts you tell him that if he  
wants to play from now on he can  
play with the pros from Dover.

Wayne and Fred exit as Ron seethes.

INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Sandy is sitting in a sparse LIVING ROOM measuring out lines of coke on a table. He talks to the Killer who is an off camera voice over until the end but even then his face is never seen. In front of him is a video camera. Behind him is a clock that reads 11:56, a wall switch and a wall calendar with the date May 4 circled. Camper Van Beethoven blasts from the stereo.

SANDY

So what's the deal here? An  
apartment in your companies  
warehouse? What's up with that?

KILLER

We rented too much space so we  
turned some of it into an  
apartment. It saves on hotels and  
it does have everything we'd need.

SANDY

Fuck that. I'd want to be put up in  
a four star.

KILLER

In a perfect world, Buddy. But the  
place has it's advantages. I get to  
blast tunes and no one complains.

The clock reads 11:57.

SANDY

That's a plus.

Sandy looks around the apartment and sees the clock.

SANDY (CONT'D)

Hey, your clock's wrong. You want me to fix it?

KILLER

Nah, I've got to keep a clock on Boston time to know what time it is at the office.

SANDY

Yeah, that time change thing always kicks my ass. If it's ten o'clock here it must be, what? Four AM in Boston? I just don't get that shit. If it's ten o'clock, it should be ten o'clock.

Sandy pauses and turns his attention back to the coke.

SANDY (CONT'D)

Are you going to come out here and do a line or what? What the fuck are you doing in there?

KILLER

Just getting a couple of beers.

SANDY

Just get in here. You're missing some fine shit.

Sandy snorts a line and throws his head all the way back and rubs his nose.

SANDY (CONT'D)

Man, I do sell some fine shit. Are you ever going to get in here with those beers? What the fuck are you doing? Going to Holland for them?

KILLER

Just do another line and chill. I've got to send some email and I'll be right out.

SANDY

Man, you work too much.

KILLER

This is personal.

SANDY

All right, man, but you'd better hurry or all this shit'll be gone.

Sandy snorts a line and throws his head all the way back and rubs his nose. He listens closely to the music.

SANDY (CONT'D)  
Who the fuck is this?

KILLER  
The music?

SANDY  
Yeah, I've never heard it before.

KILLER  
It's an older band, Camper Van  
Beethoven. They broke up years ago.

SANDY  
Who?

KILLER  
Camper Van Beethoven. You heard of  
the band Cracker?

Sandy answers unsure but trying not to give it away.

SANDY  
Yeah, I think so.

The clock reads 11:58.

KILLER  
The singer, David Lowrey, used to  
be in Camper.

SANDY  
Yeah, I guess I know them.

KILLER  
Cracker did 'Euro-Trash Girl'.

Killer pauses. Sandy looks puzzled and does not answer.

KILLER (CONT'D)  
How about 'I Hate My Generation'?

Killer pauses. Sandy looks confused but still does not answer.

KILLER (CONT'D)  
What about 'Teen Angst'? The song  
that asks the musical question,  
what the world needs now is another  
folk singer. . .



Sandy recognizes the line and begins to sing.

SANDY

. . .like I need a hole in the head. Yeah, I know that tune. I love that band.

(Pause)

So, man, I hate to bring this up but I did come here to talk business. You going to get in here so we can get to it? I don't want you to make a commitment to purchasing the product until you've had a fair sample.

KILLER

The file's almost done.

SANDY

Not that I'm worried. I know you've never had shit as fine as this. I know you're from Boston and all but I'll put my shit up against any of those assholes in Boston, no offense. I mean, those big city dicks are just in it for the money. Not me. Don't get me wrong, the money's great, but I do it because I believe in personal freedom. You know what I mean? The more they try to take away from you the more important it is for people like me to try to give it back.

Sandy pauses and laughs slightly to himself as he thinks he's about to deliver a funny line.

SANDY (CONT'D)

One gram at a time.

Sandy laughs at loud.

SANDY (CONT'D)

One gram at a time. That's a good one, don't you think?

KILLER

A great one.

The clock reads 11:59 and the video camera starts.

SANDY

Hey, your camera just started up.

KILLER

It's on a timer. It's one of the things we're working on. It's kind of a security measure. This way managers can schedule meetings for a certain time and they'll actually start on time.

SANDY

That's a little creepy if you ask me.

KILLER

Actually, I think so too but it's projects like this that give me discretionary income.

A left hand reaches in and places a beer and money on the table.

KILLER (CONT'D)

Here's your beer and some cash.

Sandy leans forward and grabs the cash and beer.

KILLER (CONT'D)

I'll be right back.

Sandy takes a drink from the bottle of beer and fans out the money with the other.

SANDY

Very good. I can handle this. I don't have a quarter on me. I'll have to make a trip to my supplier. You can come but you'll have to stay in the car. Sometimes he gets a little jumpy with people he doesn't know.

Sandy sits back.

SANDY (CONT'D)

I hope you don't have a problem with that.

KILLER

Not at all. We can go after the beers. Do me a favor, wave at the camera or something. I want to test the video.

SANDY

You mean you can see me on your  
computer?

Sandy waves and begins mugging for the video camera.

SANDY (CONT'D)

This is so cool.

KILLER

I couldn't agree more.

The clock reads 12:00.

INT. STUDY - CONTINUOUS

Mark sitting in a STUDY at his computer as the words "THE KILLER CHRONICLES LIVE!" fade to a mid-shot of a mugging Sandy on the computer screen. Sandy's talking but you can't hear anything. Sandy leans over and snorts a line of coke. Mark sits there mesmerized.

INT. LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Sandy sitting on the couch in a LIVING ROOM pulling his head back from doing a line of coke.

SANDY

We've got to get a move on if we're  
going to pick up the coke tonight.  
My connection only allows pick-ups  
until ten. When the fuck are you  
going to sample the goods?

Sandy looks at and addresses the video camera.

SANDY (CONT'D)

Can you believe some people would  
rather fuck with you than do lines?  
I'll never understand. . .

INT. ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Corrine sitting behind Samantha in a ROOM feigning boredom while Samantha leans forward engrossed at the action on the computer screen. Sandy is still addressing the video camera.

CORRINE

This is really boring. All he's  
doing is sitting there.

SAMANTHA

Wait a minute. It'll be over in a minute. I told Mark I'd watch it.

Corrine pauses and stares at Samantha.

CORRINE

Has it been a minute yet? Can we go now? It's eight o'clock. If we don't get to the club before nine we're going to have pay a cover.

Corrine looks at the screen.

CORRINE (CONT'D)

Great. This is exciting. His lips are moving a mile a minute but you can't hear a word he's saying. If I wanted to watch someone's lips move and not listen to them I'd just go home and let my mother bitch at me.

INT. LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Sandy sitting on the couch in a LIVING ROOM talking at the video camera.

SANDY

. . .sitting here doing lines, downing a few beers, you know, just trying to make a living.

Sandy turns away from the video camera and yells.

SANDY (CONT'D)

And some people just don't know how much of my time they take up.

KILLER

I'll be there in a minute.

Sandy leans over the table.

SANDY

You'd better be. I don't have all night to be. . .

INT. DOM'S FAMILY ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Jim and Dom in DOM'S FAMILY ROOM watching Sandy on the computer screen as he does a line of coke.

JIM

Oh shit, he's fucking doing coke.

DOM

Oww, man, I bet this guy overdoses.  
It's probably strychnine.

JIM

No fucking way. This guy's the  
hands on type. He likes to get  
right in their face and smash them  
up. I bet he cuts his head off.

DOM

You don't know shit about killing.  
A hail of bullets. I just know it.

INT. LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Sandy sitting on the couch in a LIVING ROOM picking up his  
beer. He takes a long drink.

SANDY

Hey, you know, I can get my hands  
on whatever you need. My connection  
is the best connection in the west.  
Are you interested in anything  
else?

KILLER

What else you got?

SANDY

We've got a better pharmacy than  
Mor-Drug. And you never need a  
'scrip. We got ecstasy, speed,  
crank, skag. . .

Sandy turns his head toward the other room.

SANDY (CONT'D)

. . .but I don't really like  
dealing skag much. But if you want  
it, who am I to deny your freedom.  
We got. . .

INT. BRIAN'S BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

Joe and Brian sitting in BRIAN'S BEDROOM with only the light  
from the computer illuminating their faces. Sandy is still  
talking on the computer screen.

JOE

What's with all this talking and  
crap? When's he going to get it?

BRIAN

Just wait a minute. Haven't you  
ever heard of suspense before?

JOE

I just want to get this over with.  
This is way boring.

BRIAN

Something's going to happen now  
watch.

JOE

How do we know this is even live?  
This could have just been taped a  
week ago in front of a live studio  
audience.

BRIAN

Who cares? We get to be the first  
in the world to see it.

JOE

B.F.D.

INT. ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Sandy sitting on the couch in a ROOM waving at the camera.

SANDY

How long do I have to keep fucking  
with this camera? Aren't you done  
yet?

KILLER

Just finished.

SANDY

Fina-fucking-lly. Pull up a line  
and have a feast.

Sandy slides to his right on the couch to make room. The  
Killer passes behind Sandy. As he passes Sandy's left  
shoulder an arm passes in front of Sandy and places a noose  
around his throat and pulls.

Sandy is pulled backwards slightly as he kicks over the  
table.

The Killer hits the wall switch and the noose pulls and tightens around Sandy's throat. Sandy kicks, fights and gasps.

INT. STUDY - CONTINUOUS

Mark sitting in a STUDY at his computer as Sandy fights on his computer screen to break free. Mark sits there mesmerized.

INT. LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

A fighting, swinging Sandy in a LIVING ROOM with the Killer behind the video camera. We hear Sandy gag.

INT. ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Corrine and Samantha in a ROOM leaning closer to the computer screen. The shot on the computer screen pans from Sandy's kicking legs up to his face. You cannot even hear Corrine and Samantha breathe.

INT. LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Sandy in a LIVING ROOM fighting less with the Killer behind the video camera. Sandy's gags are less urgent.

INT. DOM'S FAMILY ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Jim and Dom in DOM'S FAMILY ROOM watching a close-up of Sandy's bloated, red face on the computer screen.

INT. LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Sandy in a LIVING ROOM as his hands fall to his side. The Killer behind the video camera never moves. The only sounds heard are of the rope squeaking against a beam.

INT. BRIAN'S BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

Joe and Brian sitting in BRIAN'S BEDROOM staring at the computer as the camera pans slowly from the now deceased face of Sandy across the wall.

JOE

Now can we try to find some naked  
pictures before your mother comes  
in and kills us?

Joe reaches across Brian and begins to log on to another  
site.

INT. LIVING ROOM - Continuous Ron

is sitting in his LIVING ROOM nervously and absentmindedly  
flipping the channels of the TV. He keeps looking up at the  
clock on the wall above the TV.

INT. BUREAU - CONTINUOUS

Mac, Fred and Wayne are sitting around a desk at the BUREAU  
watching as the video pans across the living room wall past  
the wall switch, past the calendar, past the clock until it  
stops on a piece of paper tacked to the wall. The camera  
zooms in and the paper reads: 'Hey Mac, you shouldn't have  
dumped Rosetti.' as the video fades to black. Mac stands up  
and turns the video camera off.

MAC

Call Rosetti in the morning. See if  
he's been contacted.

INT. OFFICE - DAY

Al, Rick and Nellie watching Kevin put the software through  
it's paces.

AL

I don't see any problems here.  
Everyone seems pretty capable and  
the installation was flawless.

KEVIN

Pat yourself on the back much?

AL

Well if I waited for you to  
compliment my brilliance and  
technical wizardry. . .

NELLIE

. . .you'd have to be a piece of  
hardware.

RICK

Hey, that's not totally true.



KEVIN

Yeah, he could also be software,  
you know.

RICK

Yeah, we like software.

AL

How do you work with these two day  
after day?

NELLIE

Zoltof.

AL

Good choice. So, let me ask you, do  
you have any questions or problems  
with any of this?

NELLIE

No, I think the geekazoid twins  
here have got everything under  
control.

Kevin and Al nod yes but never take their eyes off the  
computer.

But, I'd be remiss in my duties if I didn't at least offer  
you a permanent position. Now, before you answer, I want to  
take a minute to tell you what we at C.S.S. can offer.

AL

Nellie, hold on. I'm flattered but  
I don't think I want to be stuck in  
one place. Although I bitch about  
it, I really do like traveling. It  
gives me the opportunity to indulge  
in my hobby.

KEVIN

Jerking off is considered a hobby?

AL

Yeah, and how come you weren't at  
the meeting last night.

KEVIN

I was indulging in my hobby, of  
course.

NELLIE

Can we get back to the offer?

Al turns his attention to Nellie. Kevin goes back to the computer.

NELLIE (CONT'D)

Thank you. Now, you could continue traveling, we're opening new offices all the time and I'm sure that you'll find our compensation package at least as generous as your current one.

AL

Nellie, thank you. But I think I'm going to stay with Tony for a while longer. I'm flattered, but I started with him and feel a strange kind of loyalty to him.

KEVIN

He has pictures of you naked, doesn't he?

AL

Worse. Video.

KEVIN

Been there.

NELLIE

Well, I want you to know that this offer is always available.

AL

Thanks. You never know. I may be looking for a change soon.

NELLIE

And you'll let me make the first offer?

AL

I wouldn't have it any other way. Like I told you last week, I've really enjoyed my stay here. I met some nice people.

Al nods in the direction of Kevin and Rick.

AL (CONT'D)

With exceptions.

Kevin turns from the computer and faces Al.

KEVIN

Oh, like your puerile slights could  
ever have an effect on us.

RICK

Yeah.

Rick pauses confused.

RICK (CONT'D)

Hey wait, how come I never saw his  
pureed kites?

AL

Pass the Zoltof, Nellie.

INT. EARL'S OFFICE - DAY

Ron in Earl's OFFICE on the computer. Ron is typing into the  
computer as Earl, Mac, Fred and Wayne stand behind him.

RON

So he hung the bastard, huh?

MAC

Just get your mail, Rosetti.

RON

Please. As in, please Officer  
Rosetti, can you get your mail.

Ron and Mac stare tensely for a moment.

WAYNE

Let's just move this along,  
Rosetti. You do this little thing  
for us and we'll make sure it's  
noted in your files.

RON

Really? gee, I can't believe how  
nice you are to me.

Wayne watches Ron seethe and grins at him.

MAC

Is that from our boy, Ron?

Ron nods yes and leans back in his chair. Mac takes over the  
keyboard and downloads Ron's email from the killer titled:  
'Too bad'.

For a brief moment a video of a young girl, COLLEEN, plays.

Just as quickly it disappears from the screen and the words: 'You should have listened to me.' cover the screen.

Mac was the only one to get a look but it was too quick to make any kind of identification. Mac clicks frantically to try and replay the video

RON

Don't bother, it's gone. His use of self-destruct programs should be in the bureau's files, Mac.

Ron stands up.

RON (CONT'D)

If there's nothing else you need from me I'd like to get back to work.

Ron steps past a still frantic Mac and out the door. Ron exits the room quickly as Fred, Wayne and Earl watch.

WAYNE

Fucking small towners.

Wayne quickly realizes that a small townner is still around.

WAYNE (CONT'D)

Ah, sorry, Sergeant. No offense.

EARL

None taken.

Wayne moves towards Mac who finally gives up.

EARL (CONT'D)

Now can I get my desk back?

Mac stands up and Earl sits down.

EXT. LOVELL FIELD AIRPORT - DAY

A disheveled Al moving quickly through the LOVELL FIELD AIRPORT talking on a cellular phone to Tony who is sitting in his messy OFFICE at AdTech.

AL

Fuck you, Tony. The flight was a piece of shit. It's too fucking hot. And, on top of that, you suck.

TONY

Nice to hear from you, too. Maybe you're getting a little too jumpy for jobs like this? Maybe I should bring you back to Boston and sit you in the office. Yeah, maybe it's time to get some young blood on the road.

AL

Fuck off. And then if that isn't enough, I can't find the hotel courtesy car. What fucking hotel am I in anyway?

TONY

Chattanooga Choo Choo.

AL

Chattanooga Choo Choo? You're kidding, right?

TONY

No, it's a great place. You'll love it.

AL

I don't think so. It sounds like I'm staying there for their special kiddie porn breakfast.

TONY

For that you'll have to ask for Big Jim.

AL

Fuck off.

(Pause)

I don't know, I'm really losing my sense of humor about all of this. I've got to tell you, Tony, C.S.S. offered me a position and I've spent some time seriously considering it. I'm not even close to a decision, but it might be nice spend more than three weeks in one place.

TONY

You've got to be kidding? Is this some type of guilt making, raise extorting gesture?

AL

No, it's just something I'm thinking about. It might be nice to just chuck it all and live in Idaho.

TONY

You always were a potato man.

AL

I do love them 'taters. But don't worry, I won't make a move until after I finish this series and then take the time to train someone else. I'd never fuck you on something like this.

TONY

I know. But, you've got to do what you've got to do. I think after six weeks in Idaho you'll be screaming for your old job back. And you know what? I won't give it to you. The new guy will probably be better. And I'll get to pay him less.

AL

I don't know. It'll be tough not to beg me to come back on the off chance that something untoward happened to the new guy. You don't know, Tony. It's tough out here on the road. People get killed all the time and sometimes their bodies don't show up for weeks. Sometimes never.

TONY

Why don't you just grab a drink.  
I'll call the customer and tell  
them you'll be there in the  
morning.

AL

That sounds like a plan.

TONY

So, let's see. Let me get out my  
Chattanooga info and see what's out  
there.

Tony pauses looking through his database.

TONY (CONT'D)

The closest thing to a good station  
is WKXJ and it's just top forty  
shit. But there are some funky bars  
near Temple University. It's a  
pretty good college town so there's  
always something to do. I'll leave  
a list of cool shit in your email.

AL

You're too good to me.

TONY

And this is how I'm repaid? You  
abandon me to become a potato head?

AL

Potato head? Hmmm, kinky, but I  
think I could get used to it.

TONY

And that fact frightens me.

INT. NIGHT CLUB - NIGHT

In a NIGHT CLUB with a disc jockey playing the best of frat  
rock. Colleen is standing there, sipping her drink, a little  
bored, watching a couple of friends she's visiting for the  
weekend dance. We only see the Killer's shoulder and hand.

KILLER

You seem to be having as much fun  
as the guy who gets to clean up the  
slop from the men's room.

Colleen smiles.

COLLEEN

I know what you mean. I walked by there a while ago, the door was open and I saw this guy spinning around spiraling chunks on everyone.

Colleen extends her hand to shake. The Killer takes it.

COLLEEN (CONT'D)

Hi, I'm Colleen and you don't seem to be from around here.

KILLER

What gave me away? The unstained shirt? The fact that my fly's zipped?

COLLEEN

No. The fact that you've been standing here for twenty seconds and haven't burped.

KILLER

I'm most proud of my self control.

COLLEEN

With good reason.

Colleen takes a sip from her drink while looking the Killer over.

KILLER

So, you don't look like you're from around here either.

Colleen shakes her head no and stops drinking.

COLLEEN

I'm visiting a couple of friends for the weekend.

Colleen nods towards the dance floor.

KILLER

And they left you alone? Any psycho could barge right over and spin your life into a world of sin and degradation.

COLLEEN

You're not from the drama department, are you?



KILLER

Now why would you assume that?  
Because of my screen idol good  
looks? My boundless charisma? My  
dramatic flare? My. . .

COLLEEN

. . .endless line of bullshit.

Killer laughs.

COLLEEN (CONT'D)

No offense. My last boyfriend was  
an ac-tor and you pretty much  
described my life with him.

KILLER

No, it's just a natural dramatic  
flare that comes from years spent,  
troll like, in the computer lab.

Colleen screeches and laughs.

COLLEEN

You're a computer science major?

KILLER

Kind of a pisser, isn't it? I  
wanted to be a music major but my  
folks said they wouldn't pay for my  
education unless I majored in  
something useful. And, they figured  
I used a computer so I should be a  
computer science major.

COLLEEN

Gee, it sounds like we had the same  
parents. I wanted to major in  
journalism but had to take pre-law.

Colleen leans towards the Killer.

COLLEEN (CONT'D)

And I fucking hate it.

KILLER

Don't you just hate that shit? But  
I got them back. I started working  
for this company after graduation  
making a ton of cash, bought the  
deed to their house and then told  
them as long as they lived under my  
roof they'd have to live by my  
rules.

Colleen laughs.

COLLEEN

You didn't?

KILLER

Oh yeah. My mother was kind of put out when I told her she'd have to get her nose and belly button pierced, but she knew the rules.

COLLEEN

You didn't?

KILLER

Oh yeah. At first she was kind of pissed but now she thinks she's the original hot mama.

Killer notices Colleen's friends coming back.

KILLER (CONT'D)

Listen, I've got to go. I've got to get up early tomorrow. But, I do have tickets to the tennis tournament tomorrow. Would you like to go?

Killer pulls a couple of tickets out of his pocket and shows them to her.

COLLEEN

I'd love to go. I asked my friends to get some tickets but the matches were sold out.

KILLER

Okay, the matches start at eleven.

Killer hands a ticket to Colleen.

KILLER (CONT'D)

So, I'll meet you at the gate about quarter of.

Colleen takes the ticket.

COLLEEN

Are you sure you want to give this to me now?

KILLER

This way you can change your mind if you want to.

COLLEEN

I won't.

Killer shakes her hand.

KILLER

I know.

Killer begins to walk away and we see another angle of her friends, WENDY and LAURA, surrounding Colleen. They both watch the back of the Killer walk away.

WENDY

Who was that?

COLLEEN

Just a guy with a ticket to tomorrow's matches.

Colleen holds up her one ticket.

LAURA

That's real original. But anyway, he's gone, that's tomorrow and did you see that guy over there? He looks like the guy from that Cure video.

Colleen and Wendy look in the direction Laura is pointing.

EXT. TENNIS STADIUM - DAY

Colleen watching a tennis match by herself in a TENNIS STADIUM.

UMPIRE (V/O)

Game, set, match.

While politely applauding like the rest of the crowd Colleen looks around.

UMPIRE (V.O.) (CONT'D)

Please exit the stadium so we may allow the evening session to enter. Thank you.

She doesn't find the Killer, stands up, puts on her Georgetown University sweatshirt and begins to gather her belongings.

COLLEEN

His loss.

Colleen follows the crowd out of the stadium. She exits the stadium and we see her from the Killer POV as he comes up behind her. She startles.

KILLER

I'm sorry. I had a problem at work.  
I just got out. I'm sorry but I had  
no way to contact you. But, I hope  
you had fun.

COLLEEN

Well, I'm sorry you weren't there,  
but, yeah, there were a couple of  
great matches. You would have loved  
this one match. I couldn't believe  
when. . .

KILLER

. . .I want you to tell me  
everything about every match, but  
not here. I know I'm a jerk because  
I missed the matches.

COLLEEN

That's true. But the redeeming fact  
is that you paid for the tickets.  
I'd be much more pissed if I'd paid  
for them.

KILLER

True, but I'd still like to make it  
up to you. Would you like to go to  
dinner? I found this great place  
earlier in the week. We may be able  
to still get a reservation.

COLLEEN

Well, if that's the best you can  
do.

Colleen takes the Killer's hand.

KILLER

It is. Why don't we go to my place  
first, I'll call to see if we can  
get a table and then we'll take you  
to your place to get whatever you  
need.

COLLEEN

What are you saying? That I'm not  
presentable?

Colleen puts on a display of her collegiate fashion sense.

KILLER

You look perfectly fine to me.

COLLEEN

Right answer. This may work out just fine.

KILLER

I'm sure it will.

INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Colleen sitting in a LIVING ROOM waiting for the Killer who is an off camera voice over except for his hands and the weapon.

COLLEEN

I'm so glad I came to Chattanooga this weekend. At the last minute I almost didn't come.

KILLER

So, why'd you decided to come? I'll be ready to go in a minute.

COLLEEN

No problem. I figured this was going to be the last weekend I could get away before finals so I said fuck it.

KILLER

I'm glad you did.

COLLEEN

Me too.

Colleen notices the blinking red light of the video camera.

COLLEEN (CONT'D)

Hey, your video camera's on. Has it been on the whole time?

KILLER

Yeah, sorry. I wanted to video us hanging out before we went out. Wave.

Colleen begins to wave at the camera.

COLLEEN

Hi. Come on out here. I want to get us together.

KILLER

I'll be there in a minute.

COLLEEN

And I want a copy of this.

KILLER

To show your family?

COLLEEN

Are you kidding? All my father wants me to do is study. I think it'd kill him to see me actually have fun. Hi, it's me and. . . hey, boy this is embarrassing. You know, we've been hanging out for a while now and, I'm real sorry, but I can't remember your name.

Colleen looks into the camera.

COLLEEN (CONT'D)

This is so embarrassing.

INT. OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

In an OFFICE in the Bureau with Mac, Fred and Wayne sitting around a computer logged onto the killer's web site. The countdown clock arrives at 0 minutes 0 seconds and the screen fades to the words 'Hope You Enjoy The Show!' before it fades to a mid shot of Colleen. She smiling, waving and talking silently as the group adjusts to the image.

WAYNE

Fuck.

Wayne grabs the closest phone and begins to dial.

WAYNE (CONT'D)

That's my daughter.

INT. COLLEGE DORM - CONTINUOUS

A crowded corridor in a COLLEGE DORM. A pay phone is ringing and most people pass it on their way out. A guy, MANNY, finally picks it up.

MANNY

Yeah?

WAYNE

Is Colleen Dalton there?

MANNY

Who?

WAYNE

Colleen. Colleen Dalton.

MANNY

Ahh, hold on.

Joey screams into the crowded corridor.

MANNY (CONT'D)

Hey, anybody seen Colleen?

A group of four girls, SARAH, ANNE, LUCILLE, and BECKY pass by.

SARAH

She went away for the weekend.  
She'll be back Sunday or Monday.

ANNE

Or Tuesday or Wednesday.

LUCILLE

It all depends.

BECKY

You know how hot it can get in  
Chattanooga.

The group laugh exiting the corridor. After watching the group for a moment Manny turns his attention back to the phone.

MANNY

Did you hear that, man? She's gone  
to Chattanooga. Call back Monday or  
Tuesday or something. Call back  
then.

Manny hangs up the phone and follows the girls.

MANNY (CONT'D)

Hey, wait up. Where are you going?

INT. OFFICE - NIGHT

In an OFFICE in the Bureau with Mac alternatively turning her attention to Wayne and Fred on separate phones and Colleen's face on the computer.

WAYNE

Fuck.

Wayne looks at Fred for a second before he hangs up the phone.

WAYNE (CONT'D)

She's not at Georgetown. Someone at her dorm said she's in Chattanooga.

Fred speaks directly into the phone.

FRED

She's not in the Georgetown area.  
The target is in Chattanooga.

Fred and Wayne join the group and turn their attention to the computer screen. Colleen lips are moving but the group cannot hear a word she says.

INT. LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Colleen sitting in a LIVING ROOM.

KILLER

I'm almost ready, Colleen.

COLLEEN

Cool. This place better be as good as you say.

KILLER

You'll remember it for the rest of your life.

INT. OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

In an OFFICE in the Bureau Mac, Fred and Wayne sitting around a computer logged onto the killer's web site. We see a portion of the Killer's body pass onto the computer screen.

INT. LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Colleen sitting in a LIVING ROOM. We see her from the killer's POV as he moves directly behind her.

COLLEEN

I hope you don't mind I told my friends we'd meet up with them at this club later.



KILLER

Not at all. It's going to be a fun night.

INT. OFFICE CONTINUOUS

In an OFFICE in the Bureau Mac, Fred and Wayne sitting around a computer logged onto the killer's web site as we see a flash of light off the sword that's in the Killer's hand. Wayne speaks softly. Almost imperceptible.

WAYNE

No.

INT. STUDY - CONTINUOUS

Mark in his STUDY with the web site on the phone with Corrine while she and Samantha are getting dressed.

MARK

That guy has a new murder on the web site.

CORRINE

I'm bored with this, Mark. I mean, he's been doing this for weeks and there's still no plot. I'm getting ready to go out. You can tell me all about it tomorrow.

Corrine hangs up the phone and looks at Samantha.

CORRINE (CONT'D)

I think he's hopeless.

SAMANTHA

We've got to get him laid.

INT. LIVING ROOM CONTINUOUS

Colleen sitting in a LIVING ROOM as the Killer raises the sword and places both hands on it. He begins to swing the sword towards Colleen.

INT. DOM'S FAMILY ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Jim and Dom in DOM'S FAMILY ROOM logged on to the site. They both jump as the sword slices into Colleen's neck.

DOM  
Now you tell me that didn't look  
real.

INT. OFFICE CONTINUOUS

In an OFFICE in the Bureau Mac, Fred and Wayne react as the sword cuts into Colleen's neck and she falls out of frame. Wayne lowers his head and silently cries.

INT. LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Colleen lying on the ground with the sword imbedded into her neck. She is squirming across the floor, her breathing is labored. We hear the Killer move towards the video camera to zoom into Colleen.

INT. OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

In an OFFICE in the Bureau Mac, Fred watch the sword slash into Colleen's neck. The phone rings. Wayne picks it up before the first ring is complete.

WAYNE  
Yes?

Wayne listens for a moment.

WAYNE (CONT'D)  
Thanks.

Wayne hangs up the phone.

WAYNE (CONT'D)  
They've traced the site to a  
specific address. They're sending  
SWAT now.

FRED  
Great, we should have him before  
her head comes off.

Fred pauses as he realizes what he said. He looks embarrassed for a moment but doesn't apologize. What could he really say?

INT. LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Colleen lying on the ground as the Killer completely severs her head. A hand reaches into the frame and picks up the head.

INT. OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

In an OFFICE in the bureau Mac, and Fred watch as the Killer walks the severed head into the camera. Wayne has not looked at the screen. The head bounces off the camera and the Killer fades the video to black.

INT. BRIAN'S BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

Joe and Brian in BRIAN'S BEDROOM intently staring at the computer screen that has faded to black.

BRIAN

Wow. Now you can't say that wasn't real looking.

JOE

Oh, sure. I'm supposed to believe that when she fell out of sight she wasn't switched for a dummy. No way, even the way the blood squirted out of her looked fake. These sites are a joke.

EXT. APARTMENT BUILDING - NIGHT

A SWAT TEAM begins it's ascent into an APARTMENT BUILDING in Chattanooga.

INT. CORRIDOR - CONTINUOUS

The SWAT Team rushes down the CORRIDOR. They stop at a door. The SWAT Team leader, ROSCOE TANNER, bangs on the door. Everyone else is on the paranoid side of alert.

ROSCOE

Police. Open up.

They pause waiting for an answer. They receive none so they call for the battering ram. The battering ram arrives and busts down the door. A group from the SWAT Team rushes into the room.

INT. ROOM - CONTINUOUS

The SWAT Team bursting into a room lit only by the screen from an Apple Macintosh Powerbook which illuminates a small portable printer with paper hanging out of it and body slumping over the Mac.

ROSCOE  
Don't fucking move.

The body doesn't move as SWAT Team members turn on their flashlights as they survey this room and move through the bathroom and only other room.

SWAT MEMBER #1 (V/O)  
Bedroom's clear.

SWAT MEMBER #2 (V/O)  
Bathroom's clear.

Roscoe moves towards the body and notices that it's head is missing.

ROSCOE  
It's a body. Don't touch anything.  
Call in the bomb squad and move out slowly.

SWAT Members begin to move out of the room. Roscoe takes another step forward and reads the note hanging out of the printer. The note reads: 'Tell Mac to look under her car.'

ROSCOE (CONT'D)  
Fuck. Get a bomb squad out to Durham and tell them not to go near MacAvey's car.

EXT. PARKING LOT - NIGHT

In the cordoned off parking lot of the Bureau. The bomb squad is pulling a box out from under Mac's car.

Mac, and Fred are standing just outside the blast area. Wayne is being transported to an undisclosed location.

An armored member of the bomb squad begins carefully opening the box. After a few seconds of looking in the box he stands up and waves an all clear signal and pulls a piece of paper and a video tape out of the box.

Mac turns and walks back inside. Fred follows close behind.

INT. ROOM - NIGHT

Fred is standing in front of a television with the video tape that was pulled out of the box hanging out of a VCR. He is reading the evidence bagged note to Mac.

FRED

This letter was printed on the printer that was at the body site. No prints. The printer was stripped of all serial plates. We've called the company for help but we aren't holding our breath.

Fred pauses before he clears his throat and reads the letter.

FRED (CONT'D)

Thought it was the head, didn't you? Oh please. I'm not that melodramatic. But you should have listened to me. I didn't want it to become personal, but, you took my pawn away. So I'm changing the game. Instead of a murder every three weeks I'll be offering you a new one every other day. Three kills in six days. Is that some kind of record? Hey Mac, I bet you're pissed that you were in the station and I was standing at your car. I told you, anytime I want I can touch you all. Oh, by the way, you must already be thinking of this, because of my M.O., so I may as well tell you that you might find the head in Chickamauga Lake.

Fred looks up from the letter.

FRED (CONT'D)

He's spooked. He's starting to rush, That SWAT visit really must have. . .

MAC

. . .done nothing. He set us up. He made us believe it was a live kill when he was probably standing in the fucking parking lot.

Mac expresses regret for the tiniest moment before regaining her composure.

MAC (CONT'D)

We have to get a dive team to search. . .

EXT. SUBURBAN STREET - CONTINUOUS

A well kept house on a tree line SUBURBAN STREET. A FEDEX DELIVERY MAN rings the door chime and a well dressed middle aged woman, MRS. DALTON, answers the door. The delivery man hands her the package, has her sign and leaves. She starts to open the package before the door closes.

MAC

. . .Chickamauga. We train there.  
Our divers who know every inch of  
that lake. If the head is there  
we'll find it. But I don't think  
it's there.

INT. FOYER - CONTINUOUS

Mrs. Dalton walking through the FOYER of the same house puts the package on a small telephone table and begins to look in the box.

MRS. DALTON

Screams.

INT. HOTEL ROOM - DAY

Al in his HOTEL ROOM in Chattanooga talking to Tony on the phone who's in a HOTEL ROOM.

AL

I don't care what you think. These  
people didn't need me for anything  
except taking them out for drinks.

TONY

Wait a second. Wasn't it you, just  
a few days ago, complaining that  
you were so over worked? And now  
here you are bitching about easy  
duty. Some employees are almost  
impossible to make happy. My life's  
too hard. My life's too easy.

AL

Fuck you. Tony, I told you, I'm  
seriously thinking about, maybe not  
leaving, but probably taking some  
time off. The stress of all the  
shit that's been going on in my  
life is really starting to get to  
me.

TONY

I know this job can get to you  
sometimes. All the hours. All the  
travel. Even someone like. . .

AL

. . .it's not just the work. It's  
my personal life, too.

TONY

You have a personal life? Wait a  
second. Did I authorize that? Let  
me check my records.

Al laughs.

AL

Fuck off, asshole. Yeah, it may not  
be much to someone like you, but,  
yeah, I do have a personal life.

(Pause)

Well, kind of a personal life.

TONY

What is this I'm hearing in your  
voice? Is this someone's who's  
holding info out on me? Who is she  
and what has she done with our  
sweet little boy?

AL

Get away from me, will you? I may  
have thought this was a suck detail  
but I did meet this one girl who  
was really cool.

TONY

Did you do her?

AL

Grow up.

TONY

Yeah, but did you?

AL

In my own way.

TONY

You didn't do her.

AL

I did too.

TONY

You stud.

(Pause)

Listen, there's been a slight change in plans. We have a problem in the implementation versus comprehension situation with a client.

AL

Aww, Tony, the last time you said that I had to go to Manfra Technologies. That company should have been called 'Man, You Suck The Life Out Of Me Technologies'. It's not there, is it?

TONY

Boy, do you know me well or what?

AL

Aww fuck, Tony. Can't we just drop those brain sucking mouth breathers? Every time I go there I think I'm getting a brain tumor. Whenever anyone from the company speaks to me all I hear is this low, annoying moan. Don't do this to me. Please fire me. No, better than that, shoot me. Please. Don't you have any humanity, man?

TONY

It's not that bad. I was there last week and I actually saw a couple of them eat with utensils.

AL

No?

TONY

I wouldn't lie.

(Pause)

It was one of those plastic spork things though.

AL

Well, you wouldn't want to give them anything too sharp. That would be dangerous.

Al exhales deeply and resigns himself to the fact that he's on his way to Manfra Technologies.



AL (CONT'D)

All right, listen, give me the rest of the week to take care of some personal things and I'll be there by, if everything works out, Saturday.

TONY

You're a good man, Al. That'll give us time to put together a 'please get it this time' tape.

AL

Like the one we did for The Tyler Corporation? Cool. I loved the look on their faces when I walked into the room after that one. And the great thing was it was effective. After they watched it I think they were afraid of me.

TONY

Who wouldn't be?

AL

Point taken. All right, so we'll plan on shooting Saturday afternoon.

TONY

Great.

AL

But I want you to know if I get a brain tumor I'm still going to name it after you.

TONY

I'd have it no other way.

INT. CLASSROOM - DAY

A group of FBI AGENTS, AGENT LAVER, AGENT BAIRD and AGENT WALSH, sitting in a classroom listening to Mac talk while she stands in front of a television playing a loop tape of the murder taped off of a computer screen. Fred stands just behind the television.

MAC

None of Colleen's friends saw the suspect at the club. No employees from the club remember her. Her murder was, as far as we know, the first non-random kill. He killed her to get back at us for taking his conduit away.

AGENT LAVER

Have we been able to trace the box that was sent to the Dalton's?

MAC

The box and note delivered to Mrs. Dalton had no prints or markings that weren't made in transit.

(MORE)

MAC (CONT'D)

It was left in a pick-up box and the account number used was Special Agent Dalton's.

AGENT WALSH

Where is Dalton?

MAC

He's been reassigned.

AGENT BAIRD

What did the note say?

Mac turns to face Fred who nods yes.

MAC

It read: 'I said might.' It was a reference to the note we found at the drop site.

Mac looks for more questions.

AGENT LAVER

Why hasn't his web site been shut down?

AGENT WALSH

And why haven't we gone to the media?

Mac looks at Fred who pretends not to notice.

MAC

The bureau feels that it is in our best interest to leave things the way they are. If we go to the media he will shut down his site and disappear. As long as he's on line we have a chance of catching him.

Mac pauses looking for any more questions and then turns around to look at Fred. No one has anything to add.

MAC (CONT'D)

I'd like to remind everyone that we have less than twenty-four hours until he kills. Please make your searches fast but exceptionally thorough.

The agents begin to leave the room. Fred walks towards Mac. Mac waits until all of the agents are out of the room before speaking.

MAC (CONT'D)

I'm still advising that we wait him out. He's listed a finite amount of kills and we're within reach.

FRED

Still pushing that acceptable loss range, eh Mac? Let me ask you, do you think Wayne still feels that way?

INT. DURHAM POLICE DEPARTMENT - DAY

Ron walks into the Durham Police Department and sits at his desk. His computer is back so he looks through his email account. He notices a message from the Killer and calls across the room.

RON

I've got email.

OFFICER CARLTON rushes towards Ron with a video camera. He sets up to shoot.

RON (CONT'D)

Are you ready?

CARLTON

Yes.

Ron opens the untitled email. It reads: 'I want you to get another commendation so I'll tell you what's going to happen tonight. He'll be shot in the head and dumped in a river named after a character from Mayberry R.F.D. Be there tonight around 9.'

RON

A character in Mayberry R.F.D.?  
Someone get me an atlas and the names of those characters.

CARLTON

Do you think he dumped the body in the Andes?

RON

Shut off that fucking camera and get away from me.

Ron pauses as Agent Carlton scurries away. Ron picks up the phone and dials.

RON (CONT'D)  
The fucking Andes. He must be  
related to Earl.  
(Pause)  
Agent MacAvey, please.  
(Pause)  
Okay, tell her I'm sending an email  
from the killer to her.

Ron hangs up the phone and leans back wearily.

EXT. RIVER - DAY

Two men in their early thirties, RUSS and ED, sitting in a  
boat fishing in a RIVER in Iowa.

RUSS  
This is the life, right Ed?

ED  
It's not too bad, Russ. And do you  
know what the best part is?

Russ nods his head no.

ED (CONT'D)  
The damn fish aren't biting so it  
doesn't cut into our drinking time.

RUSS  
I hear that.

The both lean back and take a drink from their beer cans when  
the boat hits something.

ED  
What the fuck was that?

RUSS  
Did we bottom out?

ED  
No, there's no way it's this low  
here.

Ed looks over on the starboard side and Russ looks over the  
port. Immediately Russ jumps back.

RUSS  
Holy shit.

ED

What the fuck? You're spilling beer  
all over the place. What's your  
damage?

RUSS

There's a fucking faceless guy  
bumping into the boat.

ED

Yeah, right, sure. It's probably  
just a big old dead fish that's  
been chewed up.

RUSS

Fuck you. I know what a fish looks  
like and this is a guy with no  
fucking face.

Ed starts to move over to Russ' side of the boat. He leans  
over and we see the bloated, faceless, body of PETER HAIMAN.

ED

Holy shit. You don't think fish did  
that do you?

INT. OFFICE - DAY

Mac is sitting in her OFFICE and Agent Laver comes to her  
door and knocks on her half open door.

MAC

Yes.

AGENT LAVER

Agent MacAvey, we have a positive  
match on the two unidentified  
victims of the web killer.

MAC

Well, are you going to give them to  
me or do I have to guess?

Agent Laver hands the file to Mac.

AGENT LAVER

One, Sonny Passemato, was a small timer out of the East. Mainly Providence with some Boston and New York muscle thrown in. He's the one who caught it in the ear. And the other, the guy who was beat to death, Doug Cox, was some high tech investor from silicon valley. As with the other victims. . .

MAC

. . .high tech investor? Have we run a check of the companies he's invested in?

AGENT LAVER

Special Agent Baird is following that lead. He feels that it is an organized crime connection.

MAC

He would. He's the only person in the world who believes Nicole Simpson was killed by Colombian drug lords. But, this'll keep him out of my face.

Mac looks up at Agent Laver.

MAC (CONT'D)

Have the bodies been recovered?

AGENT LAVER

No.

MAC

Thank you.

Mac looks down to the files and Agent Laver exits the office. He closes the door a little harder than necessary and Mac picks up the phone and makes a phone call.

MAC (CONT'D)

Fred I need to see you.

INT. OFFICE - DAY

Mac and Fred looking over some photos and papers of the case in her OFFICE.

MAC

These are not random acts, Fred.

FRED

This doesn't make any sense to me.  
Why would this guy kill for  
personal reasons, get away with it,  
and then jeopardize everything by  
advertising on the web?

MAC

Then explains why the only bodies  
not to be recovered are the first  
two?

FRED

He didn't know enough to use rivers  
to wash away the evidence?

MAC

No, because they were killed where  
he lives.

FRED

Unlikely.

MAC

We can place both Passemato and Cox  
in the Northeast.

FRED

We can place both Edwards and  
Dalton in the South. That's thin.  
And we're pretty sure the next ones  
going to be in the Midwest.

MAC

How do you know that?

FRED

This morning's email. He told us  
that the next victim will be found  
in a river named after a character  
on Mayberry R.F.D. and the best  
guess your people came up with is  
the Floyd River. They're  
dispatching a team there now.

MAC

He's starting to get real cocky.

FRED

No, he passed real cocky when he  
put the box under your car knowing  
we were twenty yards away. This is  
him jerking us off until he's done  
with us.



Agent Laver knocks on the closed door.

MAC

Yes.

AGENT LAVER

Two fishermen found a body in the  
Floyd River. And there's a new kill  
on the web site.

INT. OUTER OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Mac and Fred walk into the OUTER OFFICE where a computer is  
already logged on to the web site. The video that is playing  
is of Peter Haiman relaxing on a couch talking to someone off  
camera.

MAC

Have we got someone to read this  
guy's lips yet?

AGENT CARLTON

The transcript is being worked on  
right now.

INT. ROOM - CONTINUOUS

We see Peter from the Killer's POV sitting in a ROOM on a  
couch talking.

PETER

I got to tell you, after college I  
never thought I'd move to the  
midwest. No fucking way. I was big  
city boy and I was going to bust it  
up, you know what I mean? But you  
know what happened? Go on, guess.

KILLER

You got a better offer from a  
company out here?

PETER

No, better. Much better. You're  
going to die when I tell you this.  
But I met this girl and it turns  
out that her father owns some big  
time meat processing company. And  
do you know what the best part is?  
Go on, guess.

KILLER

He likes you.

PETER

Even better. It's his only kid.  
They had a boy but he was killed  
when his truck went down a ditch.  
Now, and this is the topper, the  
old fuck is about to put me in  
charge of the whole fucking  
company. Can you believe that? The  
whole thing is going to be mine in  
another one year, five months,  
eleven days and. . .

Peter looks at his watch.

PETER (CONT'D)

. . .ten hours, give or take.

INT. STUDY - CONTINUOUS

Mark in his STUDY reading a book.

EXT. TENNIS COURT - CONTINUOUS

Corrine and Samantha on a TENNIS COURT playing singles.

INT. FAMILY ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Dom sitting in his FAMILY ROOM playing a computer game while  
Peter's face is visible in the background.

INT. BAR - CONTINUOUS

Jim playing pool in a BAR.

INT. BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

Brian sitting in his BEDROOM on the phone with JOE'S MOTHER.

BRIAN

Hi, this is Brian. Is Joe there?

JOE'S MOTHER (V/O)

No, he's outside playing. Is it  
important, Brian?

Brian watches as the Killer passes behind Peter.

BRIAN  
Nah, it's nothing.

INT. ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Peter from the Killer's POV sitting in a ROOM on a couch talking. The Killer looks down and we see a .44 Special in his hand.

PETER  
So, are we going to get out of this  
dump and have some fun or what?

INT. OUTER OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Mac, Fred and a large group of Agents surround the computer in the OUTER OFFICE as the .44 Special moves behind Peter's ear. A moment later a 240 grain jacketed hollow point bullet rips from the left side through the right side of his head. The entire office is silent. After a few seconds the camera pans down to convulsing body. A few seconds later Peter stops moving and the camera fades to black. The room full of agents continues to look at the screen silently.

EXT. DOWNTOWN BOSTON - DAY

Fred is talking on the car phone while in a car being driven through DOWNTOWN BOSTON by Agent Walsh to Mac who is back in her OFFICE .

FRED

We've been following the list of firms Cox visited the day before his death. We started with final visit and that guy was nuts and pissed off at Cox but definitely not a suspect.

MAC

Why was he pissed off?

FRED

Cox wouldn't fund his digitally enhanced, computer-controlled blow-up sex doll.

MAC

I'd think that was a joke coming from anyone but you.

FRED

You should have seen his prototype. If we ever need a sperm sample from that guy we know where to get it.

MAC

Let's hope it doesn't get that far. Did he know anything about the web site?

FRED

He'd seen it and thought it was another one of those web soaps. He did say that to hide his footprints as well as he has the guy's a good programmer.

MAC

Did he have any possibles?

FRED

About a thousand. And that's just from M.I.T.

MAC

Where are you now?

FRED

We just pulled in front of. . .

Fred looks through his notes.

FRED (CONT'D)

. . .AdTech. The owner, Tony Tomaso, was with Cox a few hours after the blow-up king. This guy's company handles installations all over the country specializing in video communications.

MAC

That sounds promising.

FRED

I'll get back to you after this meeting.

INT. BANK OF ELEVATORS - DAY

Fred and Agent Walsh walking into a BANK OF ELEVATORS in the spotless building of AdTech.

INT. HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

Fred and Agent Walsh walking down the HALLWAY towards AdTech's office. Fred opens the door and walks into the small office.

INT. ADTECH OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Fred walks into the ADTECH OFFICE which consists of Tony's desk in the middle with a workbench full of video equipment to the left and a workbench full of computers to the right.

TONY

Can I help you?

FRED

I'm Special Agent Henderson. This is Agent Walsh. We're investigating the murder of Doug Cox and one of the last appointments he had was scheduled with you.

TONY

I wish I could help but, like I told the Boston police, we had a meeting, it lasted about an hour then he left saying that I should think about his offer. The next thing I heard he was missing.

FRED

And you had no idea where he was going after your meeting?

TONY

It wasn't much of a social meeting. He really didn't go for small talk. He heard my proposal, asked a few questions and left.

FRED

What kind of questions?

TONY

Mostly profit margins. He didn't care what we were developing as long as it made money.

FRED

So what type of business are you in actually?

TONY

We write programs that offer high end video conferencing and digital editing.

FRED

Do you broadcast video over the web?

TONY

Yeah. You kind of have to. Most companies want to do it that way. They won't listen when we tell them it's probably more cost effective to bang the signal off a satellite.

FRED

How many employees do you have on the road?

TONY

Well, we are one of the giants in the industry, Agent Henderson. Let's see, at last count we had. . .hmm. . .one, yeah, that's it, one employee. Al Squire.

FRED

Where is he now?

TONY

On the road.

FRED

Can you be a little more specific?

TONY

Not really. He took a few days off before his next assignment.

FRED

Is there anyway to get in touch with him?

TONY

I could send him email but I don't know when he'll pick it up. Whenever he does this he turns off his phone and beeper and doesn't tell me where he's going. But knowing Al he'll probably be at a beach.

FRED

How often does he do this?

TONY

Whenever he has a few days between installs. He says it helps him recharge for the next one.

FRED

When's his next installation scheduled?

TONY

Monday.

(Pause)

Why all this interest in Al? He's not in trouble, is he? You don't think he had anything to do with Cox, do you?

FRED

We're in the middle of an investigation, Mister Tomaso and we're following up on anyone who may provide some information.

TONY

I doubt you'll get anything from Al. I don't think he ever met Cox and I know he wasn't in town when Cox was here.

FRED

That may be true, but I'd still like to talk to him. So where did you say his next installation is?

TONY

Do you have a warrant?

Tony stares at Fred and Walsh for a moment then resigns himself to the fact that that question will only cause more trouble than it's worth.

TONY (CONT'D)

He'll be at Manfra Technologies in New Castle, Pennsylvania.

Walsh writes the information down.

FRED

Thank you. Oh, and, if you could, I'd really like a copy of his itinerary for the last year or so.

Fred reaches over the desk and shakes Tony's hand.

TONY

That'll take some time to put together.

Fred hands Tony a business card.

FRED

I'd appreciate it if you'd send it to my office as soon as possible. And if you think of anything that may be of use, please call me. And if you talk to Al would you please give him that number and tell him that we'd like to speak with him.

TONY

Anything to stay on your good side.

Fred and Walsh begin to exit. Steps before they reach the door Fred turns around.



FRED

By the way, have you ever heard of  
Sonny Passemato?

Tony pauses.

TONY

No. Should I?

FRED

Maybe. He's someone from the area  
who dabbles in investments.

TONY

Well, if he's looking for a growing  
high tech concern, give him our  
number.

FRED

If I see him I'll do just that.

Fred and Walsh exit. Tony pauses for a second before he  
begins typing into his computer. The message reads: 'Feds  
stopped by. What's up with that? Call. Now!'

EXT. BEACH - DAY

Al stretched out on a towel with his eyes closed at a BEACH.  
He has a headset on and is listening to a CD. He looks up and  
squints towards the water.

AL

That's it. One more and I'm out of  
here.

Al stands up and picks up his towel with the words 'Virginia  
Beach' printed across it.

INT. OFFICE - DAY

Mac in her OFFICE with Fred.

MAC

The coroner in Sioux City says  
Haiman was dead at least forty-  
eight hours before those fishermen  
found him and in the water about  
eight.

FRED

That means he was killed late  
Saturday/early Sunday.

MAC

And dumped Monday. The killer was gone before the body was found. What'd you get in Boston?

Fred flips through some papers.

FRED

A major possible. A computer technician named Al Squire. Squire has the technical ability and he travels all over the country for his job. We're waiting for his itinerary from the company to see if there are any matches.

MAC

Where is he now?

FRED

We don't know. I've planned a meeting with him Monday in Pennsylvania.

MAC

That's too late there's another murder scheduled tomorrow.

FRED

His boss says he's incommunicado until Saturday at the earliest.

MAC

Bullshit. He's fucking covering. He's got to know where he is. What is this guy? The only tech-head in the free world without a fucking cellular phone?

FRED

People do go on vacation and don't let people know where they are, you know.

Agent Laver knocks on Mac's door.

MAC

Yes.

AGENT LAVER

There's a chat request for you on the web site.

Mac jumps out of his chair and exits the office. Agent Laver is right behind her.

MAC  
Start a trace of the call.

INT. OUTER OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Mac running through the OUTER OFFICE to the desk where the chat's been set-up. She sits down and starts to type. The Killer's text is read by a computerized voice.

MAC  
MacAvey here. What do you want?

KILLER  
Just to let you know, it's time to bring you the next kill.

MAC  
You're not supposed to do it until tomorrow.

KILLER  
I guess I'm getting flighty in my old age. Wait a second, I can hear her. Let me go take care of this.

AGENT LAVER (V/O)  
We've got a hit. It's a Virginia area code.

INT. BEDROOM - Continuous

COURTNEY FRANCO is in a BEDROOM changing out of a bathing suit.

COURTNEY  
I'm starving. After I get changed do you mind if we get something to eat? We could go to this great steak place just off Route 60.

Courtney turns and faces an open doorway.

COURTNEY (CONT'D)  
Can you hear me?

KILLER  
Yeah, that'll be fine. I'll be there in a minute.

INT. OUTER OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Mac, Fred and a few agents in the OUTER OFFICE are watching the silent video as the Killer moves into frame behind Courtney with a towel over his head drying his hair.

MAC

He's wearing gloves. Make sure we check carefully for them at the scene.

AGENT CARLTON (V/O)

It's in the beach area. Another minute and we'll have it.

MAC

She doesn't have a minute.

INT. BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

In the BEDROOM the Killer passes behind her and as he does he wraps a wire around her throat and pulls it tight. She fights for breath, jostling the towel slightly on his head. He is still fully covered but you can now partially read the words 'Virginia Beach' on the towel. She continues to fight for her life as the wire cuts into her skin. She pulls a towel and skewers it on his head but he quickly pulls out of the frame.

INT. OUTER OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Mac, Fred and a few agents in the OUTER OFFICE are watching the silent video as the Killer and Courtney drop out of frame. After a few seconds of watching a painting, we see the camera pan up her body that is now covered with his towel.

AGENT CARLTON (V/O)

He's at the Franco house in Little Neck Road in. . .

MAC

. . .Virginia Beach. Call the Virginia Beach PD and tell them to get their asses there and block all access roads.

The computer beeps and the Killer begins another chat.

KILLER

That was more work than I expected.  
I assume you've traced this call.

(MORE)

KILLER (CONT'D)

But, in case you didn't, did you  
get the blatant hint? I sure hope  
so.

MAC

The Virginia Beach PD are on the  
way. Why don't you just give it up  
now?

KILLER

Because the grand finale is  
awaiting. See you in a couple days.

MAC

Make that a couple minutes. We've  
got you.

KILLER

Keep on believing, Mac.

The computer shuts down and reboots.

EXT. FRANCO HOME - DAY

Two Virginia Beach police cars skid to a halt in front of the  
FRANCO HOME and two VIRGINIA BEACH POLICE OFFICERS get out of  
each car and run towards the house with guns drawn. They  
split into two teams and one rushes up the front stairs and  
the other runs around the back.

V.B. OFFICER #1

Open up it's the police.

A moment after he receives no answer he breaks the window on  
the door, unlocks the door and they both enter the house.

INT. FRANCO HOME - CONTINUOUS

The two officers move carefully through the house. We hear  
glass from the rear of the house break as the other officers  
enter the house. They continue to move through rooms finding  
nothing until they reach the bedroom. When they do they retch  
from the stench.

V.B. OFFICER #2

Body.

We see the body lying the same way it was in the video. The  
only difference is it's somewhat decomposed. V.B. Officer #1  
walks to the other side of the bed and sees a computer  
plugged into a phone line and a cellular phone also plugged  
in.

EXT. FRANCO HOME - NIGHT

Fred and Mac are talking to DETECTIVE CAINES from the Virginia Beach Police Department on the porch of the FRANCO HOME as Courtney's body is wheeled out by two EMT's.

FRED

When was the last time anyone saw her alive?

DETECTIVE CAINES

At least three weeks ago. The corner says she's been dead almost that long.

MAC

He planted this one to use as his escape. Fuck. Has anything turned up inside?

DETECTIVE CAINES

They've been at it for four hours and so far nothing. The computer was clean. The cellular phone was Franco's. We were able to track the call to the cellular phone and it lead to a pay phone at a rest stop in Windy Hill Beach, South Carolina a couple miles from the Grand Stand Airport. We called the local PD and they didn't turn up anything. Plus we've requested the airport security tapes. The guy's good. He split the hard drive into two partitions and used a remote access program to start the program that called you.

MAC

He is good. But we know he was in this house. Did you dust the tub? Was she covered with a towel that said Virginia Beach?

DETECTIVE CAINES

We dusted the tub and pulled the drain and, yes, she was covered with the towel. How'd you know that?

MAC

We've been tracking this guy for awhile.

(MORE)

MAC (CONT'D)

He played us a video of him killing her and in the video he had a towel over his head and then he draped it over her body. Make sure to check carefully for any hair samples that don't match Franco.

DETECTIVE CAINES

I'll send it to the lab now.

Detective Caines heads towards the house. Fred and Mac watch as Courtney's body is being driven away. They walk towards the car.

FRED

I think we should issue a warrant for Squire's arrest. We received his itinerary and have proof that he was in Caldwell, Idaho when Sandy Herish was killed and in Chattanooga when Colleen was killed.

MAC

What about the other murders? What about this one? What about Kerry Andrews?

FRED

We're searching. We've put a trace on his ATM and credit cards and cellular phone. Those reports will give us a better time frame and possibly a current location.

MAC

We know that five hours ago he was in South Carolina. Right now he could be anywhere.

FRED

I still feel he's heading to Pennsylvania.

MAC

No way. He knows we're chasing him. He's fucking leading us. There's no way he'll show up there Monday. He's going to pull off his grand finale and disappear. We've got to find him within the next forty-eight hours or he's gone forever.

FRED

He may already be gone.

MAC

No, he's leading us to this final kill. There has to be a reason for all this build-up. He's still here. I wouldn't be surprised if he was close.

Mac looks around at all the gathered onlookers.

INT. MOTEL ROOM - DAY

Tony in an OFFICE talking to Al who is in a MOTEL ROOM.

AL

So what did you say when the feds crashed in?

TONY

What the fuck do you think I said? I told them they'd have to take their jackbooted attitude and stick it. If they wanted anything from me they'd better talk to my lawyer.

AL

And then you snapped out of your fantasy and you. . .

TONY

. . .sold you down the river.

AL

I would have done the same to you.

TONY

But I've got to tell you, Al, they seemed serious. Like they wanted to talk to you in the worst way.

AL

I told you I'd call them Monday. I don't know anything about Cox. Besides, I'm still on vacation. I'm only doing this as a favor to you.

(Pause)

Tony listen, I've been seriously thinking about giving this up.

(MORE)



AL (CONT'D)

I've just about accomplished  
everything I've set out to do so  
I'm thinking about taking some time  
off. Maybe go overseas.

TONY

I'm not really surprised. You've  
seemed pretty jumpy lately.

AL

Like I told you, just some personal  
shit. I feel really bad about this,  
Tony.

TONY

I could see it coming so I started  
putting out some feelers.

AL

You're a mercenary bastard.

TONY

And you're surprised?

Al laughs slightly.

AL

No, that's just it. You're an  
asshole but consistency counts for  
something. But, I am sorry. I hope  
this doesn't fuck you up too bad.

TONY

No problem. Just get yourself  
together and when you finally find  
your head there'll be a job waiting  
for you.

AL

At a reduced salary, of course.

TONY

Well, you do have a history of flighty behavior. Listen, I'm in Scranton so I should be able to meet you in six to eight hours.

AL

Thanks for bringing the van down. It'll make the training tape easier.

TONY

Anything to get the job done. But, I want you to promise me one thing.

AL

What's that?

TONY

That you won't steal it. You are quite a risk right now.

AL

I promise.

INT. MAC'S OFFICE - DAY

Agent Walsh running into MAC'S OFFICE where Mac is looking over crime scene photos.

AGENT WALSH

We have a lock on Squire's cellular phone. He's in a motel in Wilmington, North Carolina.

Mac gets up and exits the office with Agent Walsh.

MAC

Has Wilmington PD been alerted?

AGENT WALSH

They have the motel under surveillance. They were told not to move in unless he left the room.

MAC

Can the desk clerk ID Squire?

AGENT WALSH

No. The room was signed for by a woman.

MAC

Thanks Walsh. Call Henderson and patch the call through to my car.

EXT. HIGHWAY - DAY

Mac in her car on the HIGHWAY driving towards Wilmington, North Carolina on the phone with Fred who is also in a car driving down a HIGHWAY.

MAC

What do you mean you have an ATM withdrawal in Baltimore from last night?

FRED

The photo faxed to me an hour ago matches the one we got from the Massachusetts DMV.

MAC

Why would he drive from South Carolina to Maryland then to North Carolina?

FRED

Planting diversions? We know how much he likes to play.

Mac picks up her police radio.

MAC

I'll call you later, Fred.

Mac tosses her phone on the passenger seat and talks into the radio.

MAC (CONT'D)

Base, this is MacAvey. Call Wilmington PD and tell them to enter the motel room. Call me when the room is secure.

Mac puts the radio back and speeds up the car.

EXT. MOTEL ROOM DOOR - CONTINUOUS

Two WILMINGTON POLICE DEPARTMENT OFFICERS knock on a motel room door.

WILMINGTON OFFICER #1  
It's the police, please open the  
door.

The door slowly opens and the two officers pull their guns. A  
woman, TERRI, stands there confused.

TERRI  
Can I help you?

The officers open the door fully and walk into the room.

INT. MOTEL ROOM - CONTINUOUS

The two officers walk past Terri and into the MOTEL ROOM. The  
first things they see are a cellular phone and computer.

WILMINGTON OFFICER #2  
Are those yours?

TERRI  
Yes. . .well. . .yes. I mean, I  
found them by the side of the road  
a while ago. I looked around and no  
one was there. I really looked  
because it looked weird having this  
computer hooked-up to the pay phone  
with all it's guts hanging out.  
Someone must have been doing some  
of that computer hacking stuff,  
that's what I thought. I really  
just found it. I'll give it back if  
he wants it. I don't want any  
trouble. And I did make too many  
calls on the phone. I'll pay for  
them if he wants.

EXT. HIGHWAY - DAY

Mac speeding down the HIGHWAY in her car. The phone rings and  
she slows down slightly to answer it.

MAC  
MacAvey.

Mac pauses while she digests the unhappy news and slows the  
car down even further.

MAC (CONT'D)  
Thanks. No, they can let her go.  
Can you call Henderson and tell him  
I'm on my way to Baltimore.

Mac ends the transmission and tosses the phone into the passenger seat.

EXT. STREET - DAY

Mark, Corrine and Samantha are walking down the STREET.

MARK

I know you think it's lame and sexist, but it's supposed to be the last episode.

CORRINE

Finally. I'm surprised it lasted this long.

SAMANTHA

And I'm surprised you kept logging on as much as you did.

MARK

It wasn't that much. About once a week just to see. But this last week's been real active.

CORRINE

Trying to get all his perversions in before the taste police crash his hard drive?

MARK

I think he did some pretty realistic kills for the budget he must have had.

SAMANTHA

See how excited you get about this? You should really seek some help.

CORRINE

Really. Did you hate your parents?

SAMANTHA

Didn't they get you the GI Joe with the kung fu grip you wanted for your seventh birthday?

MARK

Fuck off. And anyway, it was my sixth birthday. And I know it's stupid but it's no more stupid than any other of those lame web soaps.

CORRINE

At least they try to have a plot.

SAMANTHA

Not much of one though. But, did you see that Kirsten has broken up with Lance and then she moved in with Mandy on 'Life's Little Moments'?

CORRINE

No! I missed that. Mark, your house is closer, can we stop by so I can check this out?

MARK

And this isn't stupid?

CORRINE/SAMANTHA

No!

SAMANTHA

All right, if you let us log on to 'Life's Little Moments' we'll watch your stupid thing.

MARK

Don't do me any favors.

CORRINE

Aww, did we hurt little Marky's feelings?

SAMANTHA

Poor baby.

CORRINE

What can we do to cheer you up?

(Pause)

I know. We'll watch your scary web thing and then we'll go get you a GI Joe with the kung fu grip.

SAMANTHA

Yeah, that'll make you happy, won't it?

Mark pauses for a moment.

MARK

Afterwards can I get an ice cream cone?

INT. AIRPORT - DAY

Fred walking Mac through an AIRPORT.

MAC

I'm still having trouble with the  
random act scenario.

FRED

But all the evidence points to it.

MAC

I know, but there's never been a  
serial killer with a finite amount  
of kills. Usually they kill until  
they're caught or killed.

FRED

He's a bright guy and maybe he  
thought that if he set a limit,  
like a big game hunter, he'd be  
less likely to get caught.

MAC

That doesn't work for me. I'm  
definitely not comfortable with the  
amount of clues we've gathered in  
the last couple of days.

FRED

He's just showing off.

They arrive at a desk and an ATTENDANT starts walking them to  
the plane.

MAC

I don't know. It just doesn't sound  
like. . .

ATTENDANT

. . .Agent MacAvey, I have a  
message from your office.

Mac takes the envelope.

MAC

Thank you.

Mac continues walking as she reads the note. She finishes and  
looks at Fred.

MAC (CONT'D)

Well, we won't be lunching on soft  
shell crabs.

(MORE)

MAC (CONT'D)

We have another positive ID through an ATM withdrawal in New Castle, Pennsylvania.

FRED

Holy shit, the guy's going to his job on Monday.

MAC

Let me have your phone. It's time to put this guy's face on the news.

INT. BAR - DAY

Jim and Dom playing darts in a BAR.

JIM

By the way, how's that web site you were into going?

DOM

Which one are you talking about?

JIM

The one with all the dead people?

DOM

That web soap shit is getting lame. Especially that murder one. It was getting totally repetitive. You know what's really cool on the web now? There's a web site devoted to stalking this one girl. You should see it, she goes fucking nuts whenever she catches him. The guy has a restraining order on him so he can't be closer than 200 yards to her so he uses this really elaborate system of stationary cameras and high powered zooms. It's a fucking riot. Want to go check it out?

EXT. HIGHWAY - NIGHT

Al's car is seen traveling down a small HIGHWAY. After a few seconds a police car pulls in front and cuts him off. A second later another police car covers the back and two more lock in his sides. All of the POLICE OFFICERS get out of their cars with guns drawn.



OFFICER #1

Get out of the car with your hands  
up. Do it now.

Without hesitation, Tony jumps out of the car. An officer  
rushes over, slams Tony against the car and handcuffs him.  
Mac and Fred run towards Tony and Fred reaches him first and  
spins him around.

FRED

Tomaso.

Tony gets his bearings and notices that it's Fred.

TONY

Agent Henderson? What the fuck's  
going on? Hey, you got to believe  
me, I told Al to call you.

FRED

What are you doing in his car?

TONY

I came down here to trade for the  
van. Obviously he's not going to be  
needing it now.

FRED

Where is he?

TONY

I don't know. Somewhere in New  
Castle, I guess. I met him on Route  
80 and traded vehicles. His  
reservations weren't until Monday  
so he's looking for a place to  
stay. He's supposed to call me  
tomorrow and tell me where he's  
setting up his video shoot.

FRED

A video shoot?

Fred speaks directly to Officer #1.

FRED (CONT'D)

Uncuff him.

Fred address Tony as he's being uncuffed.

FRED (CONT'D)

What video shoot?

TONY

Something for the client.

FRED

I want you to tell us the moment  
you know when and where this is  
going to take place.

TONY

You got it.

FRED

And, I'm sorry, but we're going to  
have to impound this vehicle.

TONY

How the fuck am I going to get back  
to Boston? I have tickets to see No  
Doubt tomorrow. And I'll be pissed  
if I miss that.

FRED

We'll have someone bring you back  
tonight. And please, if you hear  
from Al, contact us.

TONY

Not a problem. Who'd have thought  
Al would be some kind of killer?  
You just never know, do you?

EXT. PARK - DAY

Al in a PARK setting up video equipment in front of a bench  
near a van. A gaggle of ducks are walking around behind the  
bench.

AL

Those ducks will make for great  
atmosphere. A real touch of we  
care.

Al looks at his watch.

AL (CONT'D)

Shit. Almost show time!

INT. HOTEL ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Mac and Fred sitting around a computer in a HOTEL ROOM.

FRED

This sucks. I can't believe that no one in this fucking city has seen this guy. Do you think he saw the newscast?

MAC

The web site's still up so I doubt it. But maybe he has and just wants to get to the end. And what about his boss? Why hasn't he called?

FRED

He said he'd call when Squire called him.

They stare at the computer countdown as it reads: '00 minutes 29 seconds until the FINAL EPISODE of THE KILLER CHRONICLES!'

FRED (CONT'D)

It had better come soon.

EXT. PARK - CONTINUOUS

Al in the PARK finishing the set-up. Wires and boxes are strewn around the bench with a lavalier microphone sitting on the bench.

AL

Everything's in place. Let's just heat up the camera while I check my script one last time.

Al sits on the bench and looks at the ducks.

AL (CONT'D)

Cute ducks.

Al begins to read the sheet of paper.

INT. HOTEL ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Mac and Fred sitting around a computer in a HOTEL ROOM as the countdown reads: '00 minutes 10 seconds until the FINAL EPISODE of THE KILLER CHRONICLES!' When the countdown reaches zero it fades into a mid shot of Al with his head down reading the sheet of paper. You can see the ducks walking behind him.

FRED

It's him. Holy fucking shit.

On the computer monitor Al looks up, sees the camera is running. He drops the paper and puts the lavalier microphone on.

MAC

This is unbelievable.

We hear Al's scratchy vocal from the computer speaker.

AL

You know, for as much time as I spend working with video I should be a little more comfortable in front of the camera, but I'm not. As most of you know, I'm Al Squire and before I'm done with this video you'll know just how bad I feel about having to be here. You see, I've done the best I can for you and you still don't fucking get it. I've given you every hint, trick and machination I know and you still haven't got it.

Fred's cellular phone rings. He answers it on the first ring.

FRED

Henderson.

(Pause)

Thank you.

Fred ends the transmission and immediately begins dialing.

FRED (CONT'D)

Al called about five minutes ago.  
He's at some place called Slippery  
Rock.

(Pause)

This is Special Agent Henderson.  
Our suspect is at someplace called  
Slippery Rock.

(Pause)

Thank you.

Fred ends the transmission and puts the phone down.

FRED (CONT'D)

The PD said it's off Route 79 and  
they'll be there in a minute.

EXT. PARK - CONTINUOUS

Al in the PARK talking at the camera.

AL

I just want to say that if you  
don't get it this time I don't know  
what I'm going to do. I've done  
everything for you idiots. This is  
the last time. Do you understand  
that? If you don't get it this time  
it's over. You should all get other  
jobs because you seriously suck at  
this one.

INT. HOTEL ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Mac and Fred sitting around a computer in a HOTEL ROOM  
watching Al on the video screen and packing up the room to  
leave.

AL

But, because I'm such a great guy,  
I am going to give you this one  
last chance. But I've got to tell  
you if you don't get it this time.  
. .

Al leans out of the frame.

AL (CONT'D)

. . .you'll have forced me to take  
drastic measures.

Al sits back in the frame and we see a shotgun.

AL (CONT'D)  
What that means is I'll take this  
rifle and kill you all one by one  
and then I'll turn it on myself  
like so.

Al puts the gun in his mouth, pulls the trigger we hear the  
shotgun blast reverberate into the next scene.

EXT. PARK - CONTINUOUS

Al in the PARK slumped forward on the bench as the ducks fly  
into the air. The back of his head and the area behind the  
bench is blood soaked. The back of his skull flapped back so  
from a distance it looks like he's napping.

INT. HOTEL ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Mac and Fred sitting around a computer in a HOTEL ROOM  
staring at the video screen.

MAC  
Holy shit.

On the video screen some of the ducks begin to flutter back  
to the ground. All of a sudden the camera begins to shake and  
fall to the ground.

FRED  
Fuck.

The shot on the computer screen is of Al's feet, the shotgun,  
drops of blood falling to the ground and ducks walking around  
in the background.

FRED (CONT'D)  
Whoa. Those ducks must be have been  
scared shitless. Flapping around  
hard enough to knock over the  
camera.

MAC  
Well, it did make me jump.

FRED  
Hey. . .

Fred leans in and looks at closer at the screen.

FRED (CONT'D)  
. . .what the fuck are they doing?

Mac leans in.

MAC  
Oh shit, they're eating his brain.

FRED  
You think we can impound them for  
tampering with evidence?

Mac laughs as the hotel room phone rings. She answers it  
while Fred begins to shut down the computer.

MAC  
MacAvey.  
(Pause)  
That's great but the suspect has  
just. . .

Mac pauses and begins to turn white.

MAC (CONT'D)  
. . .fax it too me now.

Mac hangs up the phone and looks at Fred.

MAC (CONT'D)  
Unpack the fax machine. This isn't  
over.

INT. BEDROOM - DAY

Two teenagers, JOE and BRIAN, sitting in Brian's BEDROOM in  
front of a computer.

BRIAN  
Whoa. Play that again. That was  
awesome.

JOE  
That was so lame. Look at the  
ducks. They just shot duck food out  
of the back of his head. It doesn't  
even look like real brain.

BRIAN  
Oh yeah, like you're an expert.  
That was great. Did you see the way  
his brains squirted out of the top  
of his head? Come on, that looked  
real.

JOE

Not even close. Look at his head.  
That gun should have ripped his  
head off. Look. He's just sitting  
there. He looks like he passed out.  
So lame. Did you see the new  
stalker site. It's so cool. Let's  
go there.

BRIAN

No way. I'm not done with this yet.  
You don't know what you're talking  
about. This looks so great. I'm  
going to play it again.

JOE

You don't know anything. This  
site's over. Let's go to the  
stalker site. That's the one.

BRIAN

No way. I'm going to watch them all  
again.

JOE

You can be so lame. . .

The web site fades to black and a message appears that reads:  
'This Site Closed. Sorry For Any Inconvenience. Web Master.'

JOE (CONT'D)

. . .whoa. I guess this proves I  
was right.

BRIAN

What are you talking about?

JOE

This site's so lame even the web  
master doesn't want it around.

BRIAN

Yeah, well, it was getting boring.

Brian leans into the computer and begins typing.

BRIAN (CONT'D)

What's the URL for the stalker?  
Katrina told me that it was pretty  
intense.

Joe moves closer to the computer and shoulders Brian off the  
keyboard.



JOE  
You stick with me, I'll let you  
know what's da bomb.

EXT. MASS PIKE - DAY

Mac being driving by Fred down the MASS PIKE while talking on the phone to Earl. Change shots between a rather frantic Mac and a very laid back Earl.

MAC  
Listen, we have to get in touch  
with Rosetti now.

EARL  
Well, like I already told you,  
Agent MacAvey, Ron's vacation was  
due so he and his family up and  
took off. I think he said something  
about going camping.

MAC  
Do you have any idea where he went  
to?

EARL  
Like I said, Agent MacAvey. . .

Mac disconnects the line and tosses the phone onto the dashboard. Earl hears the dial tone, smiles slightly and hangs up the phone.

EARL (CONT'D)  
. . .have a good day, Agent  
MacAvey.

Mac stares out the window for a second before speaking to Fred.

MAC  
Is Tomaso contained?

FRED  
Yes. He's been in his office since  
he got back to Boston. Do you want  
us to move in?

MAC  
No. As long as we know where he is  
we're okay.

Mac pauses and stares out the window.

MAC (CONT'D)  
I can't believe we were played like  
this.

INT. ADTECH OFFICE - DAY

Tony is standing at a workbench at the extremely messy - even more so than before - AdTech OFFICE fixing a piece of video equipment. He's startled when the Killer bursts into the office. We only see hands and shoulders of the killer.

TONY  
What the fuck?

Tony is at first shocked but then laughs.

TONY (CONT'D)  
Man, you've got some big ass balls  
coming here. I've had feds roaming  
around here since they dropped my  
ass off. Tearing all my shit apart.  
Look at this place.

Tony waves at the mess that is now his office as he slowly walks towards his desk and sits down.

TONY (CONT'D)  
So, what's up?

KILLER  
Just tying up some loose ends.

Tony feigns hurt at the Killer's insurrection.

TONY  
Loose ends? Cuz, it's me you're  
talking to. You know there are no  
loose ends.

Tony shakes his head in disgust.

TONY (CONT'D)  
Loose ends. Man, you worry too  
much.

KILLER  
Maybe, but MacAvey's good.

TONY

What does she have? Nothing. I was with the feds when Al fed the ducks. And the feds, forget about it, they don't have a clue about you.

Tony pauses and off handily gestures.

TONY (CONT'D)

You know, I really did hate to cap Al. I know you didn't know him but he was a stand-up guy.

Tony pauses and becomes a little disgusted.

TONY (CONT'D)

If it wasn't for your fucking temper we could have been out of this with a lot less trouble.

KILLER

This all started to protect your ass, remember?

TONY

Hey, no shit, I got a little of the family temper in me too. That Cox bastard was trying to screw me. What am I? A chump? I couldn't let him fuck me.

KILLER

Maybe you should have.

TONY

Yeah? And maybe you shouldn't have offed anyone who threatened to tell your wife you were cheating on her. Damn, man, haven't you ever heard of paying people off?

(Pause)

And Passemato. Damn man, he probably didn't know she was one of yours.

Tony pauses and comes back with a new respect.

TONY (CONT'D)

I've got to tell you, Cuz, you were brilliant in using Al as a cover. I don't know how I'm going to replace him but I'm glad it's over.

KILLER  
It's not over yet.

Tony looks confused and then frightened as the Killer moves towards him.

EXT. DOWNTOWN BOSTON - CONTINUOUS

Mac is on the phone as Fred races through DOWNTOWN BOSTON near the AdTech Office.

MAC  
Ready to move in?  
(Pause)  
Good. I'm pulling into the front of the building right now. Tomaso shouldn't put up too much. . .

SND. FX. WINDOW SHATTERING

SND. FX. TONY SCREAMING.

MAC (CONT'D)  
. . .what the fuck?

EXT. MAC'S CAR - CONTINUOUS

Pan from MAC'S CAR up the building. We see Tony's body plummet to the ground.

INT. ADTECH OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Killer slips a disk in the computer, drags the icon to the desk top, double clicks on it and the document opens. He pulls the disk out of the computer, picks up a keychain from the desk and exits the office. We see that the document is a letter of confession from Tony.

EXT. BUILDING - CONTINUOUS

Mac and Fred jumping out of their car and running into the BUILDING. The two FEDS that were staking out the building follow Mac and Fred as a BOSTON POLICE DEPARTMENT SQUAD CAR pulls up to the building and two BPD OFFICERS scramble from the car. They run up to Mac who hands them and the Fed's papers with a photo on it.

MAC

Cover all exits. If you see this  
guy. . .

FED #1

. . .he walked into the building  
about ten minutes ago.

MAC

That explains the dry dive.

Another SQUAD CAR pulls up and Mac runs up, pushes some  
papers towards them and waves them around.

MAC (CONT'D)

Cover the back.

Mac pulls away from the car as it pulls away. She looks at  
Tony and the crowd milling around the body and makes a  
general statement.

MAC (CONT'D)

Get someone to take care of Tomaso.

Mac races to catch up to Fred and the BPD Officers heading  
towards the building.

MAC (CONT'D)

We have a better chance of taking  
him if we keep him contained  
inside.

Mac reaches the building one piece of paper flies out of her  
hand. We follow it and when it comes to a rest on the  
sidewalk we see a blow-up of half of Courtney Franco's face  
as she is being murdered with a grainy face reflected in a  
picture frame in the background. We can barely make out the  
face of a male. We fade the grainy photo into:

INT. ELEVATORS - CONTINUOUS

A distorted face reflected in an ELEVATORS chrome door as the  
door opens.

COP #1

The elevator door's opening.

Everyone draws their weapon as the door fully opens and the  
killer steps out of the elevator and into the lobby.

MAC

Rosetti. Freeze.

Ron reacts in surprise, reaches into his coat, pulls out a gun and calmly begins firing as he steps back into the elevator. Mac, Fred and the BPD return fire as they duck for cover.

A couple of officers are wounded as more pour BPD into the building. The elevator door closes. Mac, Fred and the BPD rush towards the elevator. Mac turns her attention to the BPD.

MAC (CONT'D)  
Cover the stairs and get this  
elevator shut down.

The BPD head for the stairs as the elevator stops at the second floor.

INT. ELEVATOR - CONTINUOUS

Ron in the ELEVATOR pushing the button repeatedly to close the door. The elevator continues it's ascent. Ron reloads his pistol.

RON  
Got to hand it to her, she's quick.  
Ten minutes either way and all of  
this could have been avoided.

INT. SECOND FLOOR HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

Two BPD Officers reach the SECOND FLOOR HALLWAY. One of the Officers talks into his microphone as he moves carefully through the second floor.

OFFICER #1  
The elevators continuing up. We'll  
secure this floor.

The two Officers begin slowly checking doors. They find them all locked.

INT. ELEVATOR - CONTINUOUS

Ron in the ELEVATOR waiting patiently for the door to open at the third floor. When they do he pushes the buttons to the rest of the floors and the one to close the door.

INT. THIRD FLOOR HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

Ron hurries down the THIRD FLOOR HALLWAY and around the corner. As he moves he pulls the keychain he took from Tony's office and fumbles to get a key. He reaches a door and puts the key in the lock and enters the room.

INT. ADTECH'S STORAGE ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Ron turns the light on in the electronics cluttered room that served as ADTECH'S STORAGE ROOM. Ron finds what he is looking for, a garbage bag covered Boston Police Department Patrolman's Uniform. Once he gets the uniform down he turns out the lights.

INT. SECOND FLOOR HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

Mac in the SECOND FLOOR HALLWAY with the two BPD Officers who have just completed securing this floor.

OFFICER #1

All doors are locked and the  
offices are empty.

MAC

Thank you officer. Guess we're  
lucky it's a Sunday.

Mac looks at the elevator and sees that it's been stopped at the fifth floor.

MAC (CONT'D)

Would you two head up to the fifth  
floor and allow no one to pass.

OFFICER #1

Yes, ma'am.

The Officers head towards the stairway and we follow them as they begin running up the stairs. As they pass the third floor the door opens and Ron, wearing the BPD uniform, steps into the stairway. The Officers are startled and aim their weapons. Ron does the same.

OFFICER #1 (CONT'D)

Oh shit, sorry.

They all point their guns to the ground.

RON

No problem. Sorry. We're all a little jumpy right now. This floor is secure. What's the next order?

OFFICER #1

Securing the fifth floor where the elevator was stopped. The Fed is on the second. Ask her.

RON

All right, thanks.

Ron begins to move past them and they begin to run up the stairs.

RON (CONT'D)

Be careful, guys.

OFFICER #1

You too.

BPD Officer #2 has a puzzled look on his face as they run up the stairs. At the fourth landing he stops. Officer #1 stops a few seconds later.

OFFICER #1 (CONT'D)

What's the matter? Stairs too much for you?

OFFICER #2

That cop we ran into wasn't wearing a BPD badge.

Officer #1 shrugs it off.

OFFICER #1

Ah, maybe he was state.

OFFICER #2

I don't think so. We should call it in.

INT. STAIRWAY - Continuous

Ron running down the STAIRWAY and we see Ron's badge from the Durham PD. As he passes the second floor door we see his face as he rounds the stairs; the door opens and Mac steps out.

MAC

Officer, where are you going?

Ron slows down but doesn't stop and never turns around.



RON  
Basement.

MAC  
On who's orders?

Mac steps further into the hallway.

RON  
Agent Henderson.

Mac starts to nod and go back but something stops her and she steps to the stairs.

MAC  
Officer, hold on a second I may  
want to place you on another floor.

Ron stops. He rests his gun on the railing. We cannot see his face. All we can see is his chest, with his gun resting on the railing and another in his holster.

MAC (CONT'D)  
Is it usual to carry two weapons...

Over Mac's walkie-talkie we hear Officer #2 interrupt.

OFFICER #2 (V/O)  
. . .base, we ran into a guy in a  
BPD uniform with a non-issue badge.

Mac begins to raise her pistol as Ron fires and begins racing down the stairs. Mac ducks, returns fire and speaks into her walkie-talkie.

MAC  
Shots fired on the second floor  
landing.

INT. HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

Ron running down the HALLWAY. He passes the first floor door.

MAC  
Rosetti's heading to the first  
floor.

Ron turns down the stairs, pulling his other gun out of the holster, and heads past the door as it flies open. Ron doesn't stop and begins firing.

Shots are returned from the first floor but no one comes out and the door shuts.

Mac reaches the first floor but stays away from the line of fire. She speaks into her walkie-talkie.

MAC (CONT'D)  
Cease fire. Rosetti's headed to the basement.

Ron opens the basement door on the fly.

INT. BASEMENT - CONTINUOUS

Ron locks the basement door, turns around and begins to run through the dimly lit basement towards the freight elevator.

INT. HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

Mac, Fred and a plethora of BPD Officers in the HALLWAY at the basement door.

MAC  
Rosetti there's no where to go.  
Let's not do it this way.

Mac turns to a BPD Officer.

MAC (CONT'D)  
Where the fuck is the janitor? Get this fucking door open.

A couple of BPD Officers run up the stairs.

INT. FREIGHT ELEVATOR - CONTINUOUS

Ron is in the freight elevator. He pulls down the grate and pushes the button and begins reloading his guns as the elevator starts up.

INT. HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

Mac, Fred and the BPD are standing at the basement door and all of a sudden the freight elevator start up.

MAC  
What the fuck is that?  
(Pause)  
The freight elevator. Shoot this fucking door in.

Everyone steps back and begins to fire into the door.

EXT. ADTECH BUILDING - CONTINUOUS

The freight elevator door of the ADTECH BUILDING opens and Ron sticks his head out quickly to see if anyone is there. Some people, some parked cars but no police. You can hear the echoing explosion of bullets ripping into the basement which startles the pedestrians and makes them cross the street. They really don't know what it is but it doesn't sound good.

Ron walks out of the elevator and straight into a waiting car. An impatient CINDY is waiting behind the wheel as Ron gets in and closes the door.

INT. CAR - CONTINUOUS

Cindy is staring at Ron inside her CAR.

CINDY

Well?

RON

Well? Why don't you get us out of here?

Cindy bristles at Ron's impudence.

CINDY

Is that all you have to say to me?

Ron looks into the side mirror and the street is still clear but he knows it won't be for long.

RON

What do you want?

CINDY

You said you'd only be ten minutes.

Cindy looks at her watch dramatically.

CINDY (CONT'D)

It's been twenty.

RON

An apology. That's what you want?

Ron leans over and kisses her.

RON (CONT'D)

I'm sorry. My cousin took longer than expected.

Ron looks into the side mirror it's still empty. Ron looks at Cindy who is smiling and pulling into a traffic. She quickly blends into traffic.

CINDY

See? That's wasn't hard, was it?

Ron slumps down into the seat.

RON

No, it wasn't too bad at all.

Cindy turns the corner and Ron sees a group of police begin to run towards the freight elevator. Cindy turns on to the highway and Ron turns up the radio and smiles. Cindy waits for a few seconds and then turns the radio off.

CINDY

Well?

Ron leans back and cracks his neck.

CINDY (CONT'D)

Well?

RON

Well what?

CINDY

You said if I went to Boston with you you'd tell your wife about us.

Ron slowly closes his eyes and leans his head back as we

FADE TO:

INT. OFFICE - DAY

Mac in her OFFICE at the bureau going through her email. She clicks on one that's titled: 'FYI'. There is no body text just an enclosed file. She clicks on the enclosed file and a video of Cindy smiling for the camera pops up. After a few seconds of mugging a gun enters the frame and shoots Cindy in the head. The frame is empty for a second until the blood stained, smiling face of Ron leans into the frame. Text spins into the screen that reads: 'You never know, you may hear from me again.' The shot freezes as we

FADE TO BLACK.