

Digital Nightmare

by
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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 (CONT'D)

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 ADAMS, 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 (CONT'D)

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

A 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 last night 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's just another web soap.
But something about the girl looked
real familiar to me. 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 matched an autopsy photo of the wound to what was in the video.

Ron clicks on the computer screen and the video begins. Earl, Alex and Jeff move closer to the computer.

JEFF

That sure looks like Kerry.

Earl steps away.

EARL

It is.

He calls into the office. Get me the Edwards file. Address Ron. Find out who owns this site.

RON

I already tried and it's a dead end.

EARL

What do you mean a dead end? Don't these things have to be on some computer?

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

Can you get me a copy of this file?

RON

No. It'll let you play it, but the moment you try to download it the page shuts down. But I did hook up a VCR to the computer and made a tape.

Ron reaches into his desk, 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. I also taped the other two murders on the site. We should try to match them up too.

EARL

Let's just concern ourselves with this one right now.

RON

But Sarge, if we have evidence in other crimes we have to. . .

EARL

. . .keep quiet until we check in to it. We don't know what we're dealing with here. It could be evidence or some computer trick. Right now we don't know.

RON

But you said yourself that it was Kerry.

EARL

Wasn't it you who once put my head on Pamela Anderson's body in that poster for her movie?

Ron nods yes.

EARL (CONT'D)

So, there is a possibility that it could be faked?

Ron nods yes.

EARL (CONT'D)

Then, as of right now we let everyone think this is just a computer movie until we can get some hard evidence.

Earl pauses and looks at Ron then Jeff and Alex.

EARL (CONT'D)
So, until that time we tell no one.
Does everyone understand?

Jeff and Alex nod yes. Ron turns back to his computer.

EARL (CONT'D)
Now let's go and catch ourselves
some bad guys.

Jeff and Alex walk away. Earl begins to and then leans back over to Ron who doesn't turn around.

EARL (CONT'D)
I know you don't agree with me,
Rosetti but it doesn't matter. You
keep searching on your little
computer there and leave the major
decision making to me.

Earl walks away as Ron stares harder at 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
And what problems were they?

AL
That Tony did most of the original
programming.

Kevin and Rick laugh. 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 and 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. DV8 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)

You disgust me. But it may be worth
the jail time to see the look on
her face.

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 see you
tomorrow during the video
conference.

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

INT. FBI OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Ron sitting in front of a computer at his HOME OFFICE with
THERESA CLIFFORD, a Special Agent from the local FBI office.
The screen reads: 'Saturday, May 6th at 12:00AM (EST)! The
Event You've Been Waiting For! The FIRST WORLD WIDE BROADCAST
of a LIVE episode of "THE KILLER CHRONICLES"! Don't Miss It!
Check out our first three episodes!'

THERESA

This is quite a character. So you're telling me that everyone except for you feel this isn't just for entertainment purposes?

RON

Walker positively ID'd Andrews. Unless it's a situation where she acted out this scene and someone killed her exactly the same way. .

.

THERESA

. . .which is unlikely.

RON

Right. Then this is video of a murder.

THERESA

And now he says he's taking it to the people live.

RON

He's getting cocky.

THERESA

Maybe. But that doesn't mean he's getting careless. This guy covers his tracks so well that the owners of web sites don't even know he's using them. But even if we could track his site we have the jurisdiction questions. The only one we can place is Andrews. The others could have taken place out of the country. We don't even know if it's just one guy.

RON

I'm pretty sure it is. I've watch each murder for hours and the only thing that's totally consistent are his gloves and he approaches behind and from the right of the victim. Always killing across with his left hand. Even his batting stance is that of a lefty. Watch.

Ron clicks on the second death head icon on the screen and a video begins of the victim, DOUG COX, looking totally relaxed as he sips a drink. The Killer walks behind him.

You see a baseball ball back pull back and watch as a it smashes into the man's head repeatedly until it fades to black.

THERESA

Shit.

RON

My thoughts exactly. That's why I ignored Walker and called you. Like I said, it may be nothing. . .

THERESA

. . .you don't believe that.

RON

No, but if I positively said that and you found out it was a prank you'd hang me out to dry.

THERESA

Would I do that?

RON

I can feel myself drying as we speak.

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 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'.

SANDY (CONT'D)

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 know Steven Tyler?

AL

How come I knew you were going to ask that?

SANDY

Oh, man, Steve and the boys are the boys, you know? Janie's Got A Gun.

Sandy sings the title of 'Janie's Got a Gun'.

SANDY (CONT'D)
Janie's got a gun.

AL
Have you ever heard of Walk On?

Sandy looks clueless.

AL (CONT'D)
Toys In The Attic?

Sandy continues to look clueless.

AL (CONT'D)
Alicia Silverstone?

Sandy grabs Al in a hug.

SANDY
Whoa. Man, we're those some fucking
videos or what?

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

SANDY (CONT'D)
You seem like a cool guy. Knowing
Steve Tyler the way you do. Sandy
looks around again. Want to do some
blow?

AL
Sure.

Sandy puts his arm around Al as they begin walking.

SANDY
You know, I don't want to offend
you or anything, but, I don't
really like Aerosmith anymore. I
did like them when I was a kid. You
know those younger, head banging
days. No offense to you or Steve
and the boys.

AL
I'm sure Steve'll understand.

SANDY
Cool. I don't want any hard
feeling, you know. But they're
still kind of cool.

Sandy starts singing the title of 'Love In An Elevator' as he and Al arrive at and open the men's room door.

SANDY (CONT'D)
Love in an elevator.

The men's room door closes.

INT. HALLWAY - DAY

DANNETTE, MARK and SAMANTHA, all mid-20's, walk through a hallway.

DANNETTE
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.

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

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

DANNETTE
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.

DANNETTE

It's not me that couldn't get off
and it's not my fault they didn't
have enough of a 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. My boyfriend
gets mad if I moan too much. Just
think what he'd do if my pussy made
popping sounds.

INT. ELEVATOR - CONTINUOUS

JIM and DOM, late teen/early 20.

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. 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. 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. RON'S HOME OFFICE - NIGHT

Ron sits down at his computer and logs in to the police
station computer system to get his mail.

RON
Nothing from the bureau. What the
hell's this?

Ron reads an e-mail with the subject:

'Thanks for your interest!'

with no address.

He clicks on it and a message scrolls across the computer:
'Hi Officer Rosetti, I know you're busy trying to convince
people that what I do is real but I'd like to take twenty
seconds to tell you that you are the #1 visitor to the site.
It was close. But, you beat out this kid from Downers Grove,
Illinois by six visits. GOOD WORK! I'll be calling soon.
Enjoy tonight's show. Oh, by the way. Say good-bye to this
message.'

The message flashes and disappears from the police computer.

RON (CONT'D)
Holy shit.

Ron clicks his mouse but the message is gone.

SND FX Telephone RINGS.

Ron pushes the speaker phone button.

RON (CONT'D)

Rosetti.

The voice is disguised by a voice decoder.

KILLER

I told you I'd call soon. How do you like being my number one fan?

RON

Holy shit.

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

I'll answer this one question, Rosetti, and from then on you just listen.

(Pause)

I like the idea that the entire world can witness what I do yet no one can decide if it's real or imagined. And, until they can decide that, I'll just continue giving them fodder for discussion.

RON

We'll catch you.

KILLER

My, that was quite a melodramatic moment, don't you think? Did you watch too many episodes of 'The Streets of San Francisco' when you were a kid?

RON

What if I told you we were tracing this call right now and we know where you are?

KILLER

Once again, I'd laugh. You aren't one of those exceptional cops, are you? There was hope for a bright career in the beginning, wasn't there? But then you just didn't have it once your nerves went. Isn't that right?

(Pause)

Nothing to say in your defense? At least the people I've killed were of legal age. You went out of your way to kill a nine year old.

RON

He had a gun.

KILLER

A squirt gun. A large, florescent orange squirt gun. Isn't that what the police report said?

RON

Yes, but that was a closed record.

KILLER

See how easy it is for me to collect data on you? Oh, but back to your rhetorical question. If you were to run a tap on this line you would spend the night on quite a trip around the world and do you know where the end would come?

(Pause)

Come on, Ron, at least play along.

RON

I'm not really up on all this technical crap, so why don't you just impress me.

KILLER

This isn't impressive. What I do to make it hard for you to sleep is impressive. This phone freaking is something even a kid killer like yourself could do.

What's impressive is that you will never catch me. And do you want to know why?

RON

Your keen fashion sense and flare with colors?

KILLER

Don't fuck with me, Rosetti. You'll never catch me because I can disappear at any moment. And I am warning you that if I hear one report in the press that my site is full of real kills, I will disappear.

RON

We've taped the kills that are already on your site.

KILLER

Big fucking deal. You have no idea where in the world those other two kills took place and I'll tell you that you'll only find them when I want you to. So don't even waste your time looking for what's past. Look ahead, Ron, that's what you should be doing because you don't have much time.

RON

Is that a threat?

KILLER

I would never threaten an officer of the law. That's illegal, you know. But, I'm getting bored so I'll just get to the point. Counting tonight's performance. There will be four more murders. If you do not catch me by the time I get to the last one I will disappear and you can go back to your little life in Durham, North Carolina with your wife, Tasha, your two children, Pam and Rich, and your dog, Apple. What a stupid fucking name for a dog.

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 so don't even go there. I'm telling you this to make it more fun for me. I have four kills left. Each one will be three weeks apart. Each one will be some where in the world. And each one will be another life you couldn't save. Live with that.

RON

How do I know this is really you?

KILLER

Ron, Ron, Ron, you've really got to get away from those TV cop shows. I think they're beginning to have a detrimental effect on your mental health. But, because I like you, I'll tell you how I'm going to kill this man at twelve AM Eastern Standard Time. Knowing this guy, he'll have his head down in a pile of coke and I'll sneak up behind him, from the right, as usual, and I'll. . .wait a minute.

There's a long and crackling pause.

KILLER

You're trying to make me give the plot away. Nice try, Ron but this isn't the preview channel.

The telephone line goes dead and Ron sits there listening to the buzz of an open line.

RON

Holy fucking shit.

Ron picks up the phone and dials.

RON (CONT'D)

Theresa. I just talked to him.
Yeah. The killer from the web.

He left email at the station and
then called me at home. Call in
your boys. This guy is good.

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 off screen
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? Your
company built an apartment in their
warehouse? What's up with that?

KILLER (O.S.)

They rented too much space so they
turned some of it into an
apartment. It saves them on hotels
but I guess the real reason they
did it is to make us work late into
the night.

SANDY

Fuck that.

KILLER (O.S.)

No shit. That shit's never gone
with me. But the place isn't too
bad. 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 (O.S.)

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 (O.S.)

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 (O.S.)

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

SANDY

I thought you said you never worked off the clock.

KILLER (O.S.)

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 (O.S.)
The music?

SANDY
Yeah, I've never heard it before.

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

SANDY
Who?

KILLER (O.S.)
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 (O.S.)
The singer, David Lowrey, used to
be in Camper.

SANDY
Yeah, I guess I know them.

KILLER (O.S.)
Cracker did 'Euro-Trash Girl'.

Killer pauses as Sandy looks puzzled and does not answer.

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

Killer pauses as Sandy looks puzzled and does not answer.

KILLER (CONT'D) (O.S.)
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 (O.S.)
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 (O.S.)
A great one.

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

SANDY
Hey, your camera just started up.

KILLER (O.S.)
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 (O.S.)

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) (O.S.)

Here's your beer and some cash.

Sandy leans forward and grabs the cash and beer.

KILLER (CONT'D) (O.S.)

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. But 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 (O.S.)

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 (O.S.)
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 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 midnight. 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 a few lines? I'll never understand. . .

INT. ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Dannette is sitting behind Samantha feigning boredom while Samantha leans forward engrossed at the action on the computer screen.

Sandy is still addressing the video camera.

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

SAMANTHA
Wait a minute. It'll be over in a minute.

Dannette pauses and stares at Samantha.

DANNETTE

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

Dannette looks at the screen.

DANNETTE (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 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 (O.S.)

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 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 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 (O.S.)

What else you got?

SANDY

We've got a better pharmacy than
Mor-Drug. And you never need a
script. 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 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. LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Sandy sitting on the couch waving at the camera.

SANDY

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

KILLER (O.S.)

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 sits 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 with the Killer behind the video camera. We hear Sandy gag.

INT. ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Dannette and Samantha lean 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 Dannette and Samantha breathe.

INT. LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Sandy fighting less with the Killer behind the video camera. Sandy's gags are less urgent.

INT. DOM'S FAMILY ROOM - CONTINUOUS

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

INT. LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Sandy's 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 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. HOME OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Ron watches the video on his computer screen pan 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:

'A special Hi to our #1 fan: Ron R.'

as the video fades to black.

RON

Shit.

INT. WALKER'S OFFICE - DAY

Earl is sitting at his desk with Ron standing in front of it. Two stoic members of the federal bureau of investigation, WAYNE MCCARVILLE and FRED HENDERSON, are waiting outside the office.

EARL

Did you see those two gentlemen waiting outside my office?

RON

Yeah.

EARL

Do you know who they are?

RON

No, but by the way they're dressed I'm assuming feds.

EARL

And do you know why they're here?

RON

I'm assuming it has something to do with the Edwards murder.

EARL

And could you tell me why two members of the very busy FBI would give two shits about a little murder here in Durham?

RON

Because of the web connection?

EARL

Exactly. And do you know how they got this information?

RON

Because I called a friend of mine in the bureau and mentioned it.

EARL

Right again. You are a pretty bright guy. You think you're a pretty bright guy, don't you Rosetti?

RON

I have my moments.

EARL

That you do. So a bright guy like you will probably have no trouble explaining why, taking into consideration the gag order I put on this case, those two fucking feds would have this information?

Earl stares at Ron who stands silently.

EARL (CONT'D)

Wasn't I clear when I said that we should keep this information between us?

RON

Yes, but after that last murder I felt an obligation. . .

EARL

. . .an obligation? The only obligation you have is to shut your fucking mouth. Actions like this may get you promoted where you come from. But down here it sets you up for a big ass kicking.

(Pause)

You better hope I come out of this smelling like a dogwood in June. Get the feds.

Ron backs up, opens the door and waves the feds in.

Earl stands up and leans over his desk to shake the feds hands.

EARL (CONT'D)

I'm Sergeant Walker and this, as you probably know, is Officer Rosetti.

Earl waves for Wayne and Fred to sit and as he sits back down. Ron remains standing in the back and leans against a file cabinet.

FRED

I'm Special Agent Henderson and this is Special Agent McCarville.

EARL

It's a pleasure to meet you. So, let's get right to it. What is it that brought you here?

FRED

Officer Rosetti's call to Special Agent Clifford about the possibility of video taped murders being viewed on the world wide web. She felt our office should begin an investigation.

WAYNE

Besides the Edwards murder, we have placed the identity of the last victim.

RON

The one that was hung.

FRED

Yes. He was a small time dealer out of Idaho. We found him washed up in Oregon on the Owyhee River.

EARL

Edwards was found in Everett Lake. That's why we centered our original investigation around the UNC campus.

FRED

He obviously likes water for body drops because it erases trace evidence like fiber or fluids.

RON

What about the other two?

WAYNE

No matches, in either unsolved murders or missing persons. Because the web is international in scope we are now searching overseas.

RON

This guy could be anywhere.

FRED

That's the web for you.

WAYNE

Outside of actually having the murders on tape and the conversation he had with Officer Rosetti, and he used a voice decoder for that, there is no other information. No witnesses. No crime site.

RON

You've had no luck tracking his web site?

FRED

Dead ends. He moves his server almost every day and just bounces his address to the new site. And every time he moves it's just one more twist in an elaborate digital maze.

EARL

Why don't you just shut the bastard down?

RON

He'll disappear. That's what he said he'd do if we told the media.

FRED

Shutting him down isn't an option. The only time we have the possibility of tracking him is during his next kill and that's only if he does it live.

WAYNE

Which we feel he will. He seemed to take extreme pleasure in toying with Officer Rosetti.

RON

It was a moment I won't forget.

FRED

Our investigation will continue but, so far, nothing's falling our way. What we're hoping now is that he continues his conversations with Officer Rosetti.

RON

Just what I'm looking forward to.

WAYNE

The more interaction we have with him the more information we can gather. Now, we have to ask you some more questions about the email and the phone conversation.

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.

NELLIE (CONT'D)

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. But I may be looking for a change soon anyway.

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

AL

Pass the Zoltof, Nellie.

INT. HOME OFFICE - NIGHT

Ron sitting at his computer. He's logged on to the killer's
web site watching the last murder.

In the middle of the video a mailbox icon pops onto the
screen that tells Ron he has email. Ron reaches over to a
VCR, with black electrical tape over the time, and pushes the
play and record buttons before he clicks on the icon and
opens his mail.

The text is visible on the screen but it's read to him by a
COMPUTERIZED VOICE OVER.

V/O

Hi Officer Rosetti! Hope you liked
my little tribute in the last
episode. I figured it was the most
I could do to a relentless public
servant such as yourself. But, I'll
warn you now, Agents Henderson and
McCarville don't really trust you.
They think you just got lucky with
the ID of the girl and are making
up our communication. Can you
believe those assholes? If you
don't believe me just check your
office email. Everything they have
on me is in there. I thought it was
only fair to share it with you
because they're never going to
(trust me, it's even there in a
memo). They're even trying to force
your friend Theresa to take you out
of the information loop. But, you
don't have to believe me, just read
the reports. I pulled it right from
their hard drives. I think you'll
find them quite humorous. They're
way off on a number of things.
Well, I hope you'll be there on the
27th. P.S. Thanks for telling me
you'd been video taping this site.
I put a block on the video output
so that can't happen anymore.

It's visitors like you that make my
job so much easier. Keep up the
good work.

The screen goes blank and Ron's computer reboots. Ron reaches
the VCR, stops and rewinds it.

He hits play and the video he gets is a cartoon of a cop
waging his finger back and forth in a tsk, tsk manner.

The text reads:

'You should know that video taping copyrighted material is
against the law.'

RON

Amazing.

Ron's opens his telecommunication program and logs in to his
police department email account.

He reads his list of mail and it includes a message title:
'Way Confidential FBI Stuff' with no senders address.

Ron seems exhausted as he shakes his head at the computer.

EXT. LOVELL FIELD AIRPORT - DAY

A disheveled Al moving quickly through the airport talking on
a cellular phone to Tony who is sitting in a nice,
comfortable, air conditioned office.

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
just 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. The things I'm doing are making me jumpy. 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, if ever.

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. EARL'S OFFICE - DAY

Fred and Wayne are in a meeting with Theresa and Earl.

THERESA

Explain to me why you're shutting
Ron out? He's the only one who's
had contact with this guy.

FRED

That's what he says.

THERESA

That's what he says? What about the
note at the crime scene? Doesn't
that signify some contact?

WAYNE

It says he has a relationship with
the killer up to, and including,
him as a suspect.

THERESA

This is just an exercise, right?
You're not considering this
seriously, are you?

FRED

We have to consider every lead.

THERESA

Including Ron?

WAYNE

This killer is very devious. There
is no true pattern. He hasn't
killed in the same way. He
obviously knows police procedure.
He's some kind of computer expert.
He is extremely comfortable with
technology. Has the ability. . .

THERESA

. . .that exonerates Ron right now. Oh sure, he can boot up his computer to get his email, type some reports, maybe download something from the web, but so do millions of other people. Most with much more expertise. Ron is the kind of guy who can't program his VCR. He has black electrical tape over the clock because he can't set it and he got sick of it blinking all the time. It was real sad when he piled videos in front of it. He kept knocking the damn things over.

FRED

Have you ever thought that he could have conned you. Maybe you're not subjugating your responsibilities.

THERESA

Subjugate my ass.

WAYNE

But we still have some questions. Such as, where have all these phantom emails gone? I have files on my computer from two years ago that I can't get rid of. And this guy says that email implodes?

THERESA

You said it yourself, this guy is some kind of computer expert. Ron tried to set the margins in a word processor and failed.

FRED

Valid points, but we still feel that Rosetti is not a valuable member of this team. I know you feel an affinity towards Rosetti, but, to the bureau, he seems like a climber who found what he feels is his ticket to the big time.

EARL

He's been a hot shot since he transferred down here.

THERESA

Fuck you, Earl. You just want everything to be the way it was when you're father was around. Well, let me tell you, it's never going to be like that again. If you don't get with the. . .

Ron bursts into the meeting with an armful of computer printout. He looks around the room amazed and incensed. He waves the printout as he speaks.

RON

. . .you've actually put me on a suspect list? What the fuck kind of insanity is that?

Wayne looks at Theresa accusingly.

WAYNE

Where did your information?

RON

Don't even give her that look. This was in my email this morning. And do you want to know who from?

Ron pauses as he looks over the room.

RON (CONT'D)

Our little video buddy. Ron throws the papers in the general direction of Fred. And it says on one of these pages that this is in the mailbox of each one of us.

Earl leans into his computer to check his email.

EARL

He's right. It's in my box.

RON

And from what was written in mine, he has some disparaging remarks for some more senior members of the investigation.

FRED

How did he get this information?

RON

I'm not sure, but it had to come from someone's main system.

FRED

Are you pointing at the bureau?
Impossible. There are so many
checkpoints into the bureau's
system that unauthorized entrance
is impossible.

RON

Never say impossible, but, I'll
trust that you're right so I won't
belabor the point. Let me ask you,
have you hooked into our system
while you've been here?

FRED

Yes.

RON

And did you ever leave your
computer on unattended?

Fred looks at Wayne who nods yes.

FRED

We both did. What does this have to
do with anything?

RON

While you were on our server he was
also here and when you left your
computers on he just visited your
hard drives. I did some research
before I came in and this is a
serious security problem. I'd
advise changing all your passwords
and vital information.

Fred reaches across Earl's desk, picks up the phone and
dials.

FRED

This is Henderson. Give me computer
security.

Fred pauses while waiting for the transfer.

FRED (CONT'D)

That doesn't explain how you got
this information.

RON

I was on his site today. . .

WAYNE

. . .obsessed are we?

RON

A little. But, I figured if I kept logging on he'll keep his contact with me.

FRED

Has he? Yes?

Fred's transfer takes place and he starts whispering into the phone.

Ron directs the answer of the question to everyone else in the room.

RON

Not until today.

THERESA

What happened today?

RON

I was on the site and a message comes up that I have mail.

THERESA

Did you turn the VCR on?

RON

Oh please. Yes, I did. And do you know what? That fucker put a video out block on the file so what I got instead of the letter was a cartoon of a cop tsk, tsking me for trying to copy copyrighted materials.

THERESA

Covers the bases, doesn't he?

RON

A regular Hank Aaron.

EARL

Couldn't we just switch the output cable into the input?

Even Fred looks up from his conversation to stare at Earl.

RON

He's probably thought of that and took care of it. But, thanks for trying.

Earl is proud of himself, Fred goes back to his conversation and Ron continues his conversation.

RON (CONT'D)

But, the letter explained that I was being iced out and that he'd sent me the files to prove it. And now I'm here just to make sure that's right.

Ron looks at Wayne.

WAYNE

Well, the bureau has some unanswered questions.

RON

Like where I was on the night in question? Okay, fair enough. After I left here, late as usual, I hoped on the concord. . .no, not plausible. Okay, let's try this. The guy from Idaho was visiting a neighbor here in Durham, I saw him, figured no one would miss him so I killed him from the comfort of my own home. Then my wife and I got a baby-sitter so she could help me put the guy on the concord, the concord part wouldn't work at the beginning because we all know the concord doesn't leave the Raleigh/Durham Airport until after midnight, that jet set lifestyle, you know. Then we flew to Idaho, a big landing spot for the concord, dumped the guy in the oh-yeah-hey river. . .

WAYNE

. . .Owyhee River.

RON

Whatever. You know us tourists never pronounce the local names right. Anyway, then we caught the last concord back to Durham so that we could be back to work the next morning.

Ron pauses as he looks back and forth between Theresa, Earl, Wayne and Fred. During the silence Fred hangs up the phone.

RON (CONT'D)

Does anyone see any holes in this story?

The room is quiet for a moment before Fred speaks.

FRED

The bureau knows that, to you, we are being overzealous with the listing of you as a suspect. But, we want you to know that you are no longer on the list.

RON

My prayers have been answered. I can now feel the sunshine on my face.

FRED

But we must also ask you to discontinue any further investigation into this case and the web site.

Ron is stunned.

FRED (CONT'D)

And we will warn you now that if you continue we will pursue criminal charges for impeding an investigation against you.

Fred and Wayne get off their chairs to leave.

FRED (CONT'D)

And we already have the promise of Sergeant Walker that we will have your full cooperation.

Fred offers to shake hands with Ron but he just stands there.

RON

Fuck off. This isn't the way it should happen. You're fucking this up by playing by some serial killer playbook. This guy isn't playing by any rules. You're going to lose him.

Ron walks toward the door.

RON (CONT'D)

This is just going to get worse.

Ron walks out of Earl's office. Everyone stands silent for a moment.

THERESA

I agree with him. Losing our only contact with this guy sounds like a possible disaster.

FRED

This guy's said he's only going to kill four more. This is within an acceptable loss range.

THERESA

Acceptable loss range? I can't believe this. So, we're going to give it a cursory investigation and wait for it to go away. This is amazing. What if he's lying? Most of these guys don't just stop. What if he gets pissed off because Ron's no longer on the case.

FRED

Those are all situations we've taken under advisement and we will deal with them as they arise. Not before.

INT. HOME OFFICE - NIGHT

Ron logged into the police stations computer. He's sitting there staring at the wall while his printer prints out some crime information. The printer stops and he sees a notation at the bottom of his computer screen that says he has mail.

He opens up his email account and reads his mail. The untitled mail reads:

'Log on tonight.'

Ron doesn't expect to find one but he looks for an address and prints out the message. He logs onto the killers web site and immediately he's greeted with a message that tells him he has mail.

He clicks his mail open and it reads:

'Your phone is ringing.'

The message disappears the moment his phone starts to ring.

Ron turns on a cassette record he's connected to his phone just before he puts the call on speaker phone.

The killers voice is again disguised by a voice decoder.

KILLER (V.O.)
I've missed you.

RON
I've been busy with other cases but
you're never far from my thoughts.

KILLER (V.O.)
I just want you to know that I know
they've taken you off of the case.

RON
How did you find out?

All you hear is the static and echo from an open phone line that's being bounced around the globe.

RON (CONT'D)
All right, I don't want your
secrets.

KILLER (V.O.)
Well, I can tell you that you were
right. I did attach myself to their
computer when they were using the
stations system. And, because of
that, I'm now in the bureau's
system.

RON
I'm just curious, how can you do
that? Did you decode their password
file?

KILLER (V.O.)
No, that's so old school. While I
was in their hard drive I left a
program that would copy itself to
the bureau's system and call me up
every night with any information
pertaining to this case. That's how
I found out about your dismissal.

RON
Ingenious.

The more Ron respects this guy the more he fears what he's capable of.

KILLER (V.O.)

Thanks. But I've got to tell you that it really pisses me off. Do me a favor, make sure that Henderson and McCarville are logged on the twenty-seventh. I think they'll enjoy the show.

RON

I'll see what I can do.

The telephone line goes dead and the face of a girl, COLLEEN, a small, cute, jock type twenty-one year old college student flashes on the computer screen for a moment with the title 'Got Her' under it.

Ron seems not to notice it before the computer shuts down.

Ron shuts off the cassette recorder, pushes the rewind button and then picks up the phone and dials.

RON (CONT'D)

Theresa, he called and I think you should hear this.

Ron begins to play the tape.

INT. NIGHT CLUB - NIGHT

A disc jockey plays 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 see her from the Killers POV.

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 a drama major, 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 an early installation tomorrow. But, I do have tickets to the semis of the ATP 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, SYLVIA and LAURA, surrounding Colleen. They both watch the back of the Killer walk away.

SYLVIA
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 Sylvia look in the direction Laura is pointing.

EXT. TENNIS STADIUM - DAY

Colleen watching a tennis match with an empty seat beside
her.

UMPIRE (O.S.)
Game, set, match.

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

UMPIRE (CONT'D) (O.S.)
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 with the
installation, 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 to upper society?

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. POLICE DEPARTMENT - NIGHT

Ron, Theresa, Earl, Fred and Wayne sitting around a computer logged onto the killer's web site that has a countdown on it.

The clock reads down from 2 minutes 13 seconds.

FRED

What is the connection between you and this killer, Rosetti? Some kind of cop/killer psychic bond going on here?

RON

I'm not under you're direction so fuck off, Special Agent Henderson.

Fred moves towards Ron but is stopped by Earl and Wayne. Theresa puts her hand on Ron's shoulder to keep him seated but it wasn't necessary.

FRED

I don't even know why he's here. Get him out of my face.

Fred sits back down.

WAYNE

It may be better if you did leave the room. We would rather just have members of the investigation team here tonight.

FRED

Yeah, fuck off. The bureau has our best computer experts monitoring this feed tonight. We don't need the little cat and mouse game he's playing with you. It's been useless anyway. He's fucking with you because he knows he couldn't fuck with us.

RON

Oh yeah, I bet he's pissing his pants thinking you're going to burst through the door and shoot him down. Gee, I hope it doesn't give him pre-murder jitters. Let's hope it doesn't affect his game. We wouldn't want a sloppy murder now, would we?

EARL

That's enough, Rosetti. I'm pretty sick of you too. If you keep this up I'll put you on suspension.

THERESA

Let's knock this shit off. Listen to you assholes.

Theresa addresses Henderson.

THERESA (CONT'D)

Why is it so difficult for you to admit that if it wasn't for Ron you wouldn't even be this far?

FRED

He's given us shit. All he's done is call in the pros from Dover.

THERESA

You're missing the point. The killer has identified with Ron. Sure, it's a cat and mouse game, as you so succinctly put it, but as long as he's out there, Ron is our only contact. The information he's given us has allowed us to create a beginning profile. That's more than we'd have if we only had the web site. As long as he's talking we have the possibility he'll become more brazen. He'll keep pushing Ron because he knows he's not involved in the investigation and by keeping him around it pisses you off. Let's play our game, gentleman.

FRED

I still want him the fuck out of here.

RON

Fine.

THERESA

Too late, it's about to come on.

The countdown now reads 0 minutes 44 seconds and falling.

INT. LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Colleen sitting and waiting for the Killer.

COLLEEN

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

KILLER (O.S.)

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 (O.S.)

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 (O.S.)

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 (O.S.)

I'll be there in a minute.

COLLEEN

And I want a copy of this.

KILLER (O.S.)

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. POLICE DEPARTMENT - CONTINUOUS

Ron, Theresa, Earl, 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 McCarville there?

MANNY
Who?

WAYNE
Colleen. Colleen McCarville.

MANNY
Ahh, hold on.

Manny 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
No, 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 fun those Chattanooga
choo choo's can be.

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.
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. POLICE DEPARTMENT - NIGHT

Ron, Theresa and Earl alternatively turn their 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 on a couch.

KILLER (O.S.)
I'm almost ready, Colleen.

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

KILLER (O.S.)
You'll remember it for the rest of
your life.

INT. POLICE DEPARTMENT - CONTINUOUS

Ron, Theresa, Earl, 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 on a couch. 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. POLICE DEPARTMENT - CONTINUOUS

Ron, Theresa, Earl, 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 with the web site on his computer while on the phone with Dannette as she and Samantha are getting dressed.

MARK

That guy has a new murder on the web site.

DANNETTE

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 later.

Dannette hangs up the phone and looks at Samantha.

DANNETTE (CONT'D)

I think he's hopeless.

SAMANTHA

We've got to get him laid.

INT. LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Colleen sitting on a couch 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 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. POLICE DEPARTMENT - CONTINUOUS

Ron, Theresa, Earl, 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. POLICE DEPARTMENT - CONTINUOUS

Ron, Theresa, Earl, 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 narrowed the search area to a one mile radius.

FRED

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. Wayne never expected one.

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. POLICE DEPARTMENT - CONTINUOUS

Ron, Theresa, Earl, 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 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

SWAT TEAM begins it's ascent into a building in Chattanooga.

INT. CORRIDOR - CONTINUOUS

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 the battering ram busts down the door.

A SWAT Team rushes into the room lead by Roscoe.

INT. ROOM - CONTINUOUS

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 Special Agent McCarville to look under Special Agent Henderson's car.'

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

EXT. POLICE DEPARTMENT PARKING LOT - NIGHT

The bomb squad is pulling a box out from under Henderson's car. Earl, Theresa, and Fred are standing just outside the blast area.

Ron is watching from inside the police department.

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.

EARL
All clear.

Earl moves towards Henderson's car before Fred stops him.

FRED
The bureau would like to secure the scene.

Fred and a crew from the bureau follow Fred towards his car. Earl stands there fuming.

THERESA

How's it feel to be useless, Earl?

Theresa turns and walks back towards the police department.

INT. POLICE DEPARTMENT - 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 Theresa and Earl.

FRED

This letter was printed on the printer that was at the body pick-up 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. I just wanted to prove that I can touch each one of you. I didn't want it to become personal, but, you took my pawn away. And, because of that, I'm changing my timetable. 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, Henderson, I bet you're pissed that you were in the station and I was standing at your car. Live with that. 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. Earl He's spooked. He's starting to rush, That SWAT visit really must have. . .

THERESA

. . .done nothing. Earl, do you ever think? He set us up.

He made us believe it was a live
kill when he was probably standing
in the fucking parking lot watching
the tape with us.

Earl glares at Theresa. He's about to say something but Fred
jumps in.

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

Fred has a hard time finding the name of the lake in the
letter.

EXT. SUBURBAN STREET - DAY

A FEDEX DELIVERY MAN rings the door chime and a well dressed
middle aged woman, MRS. MCCARVILLE, 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.

THERESA (V/O)
. . .Chickamauga. We train there. I
have 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. HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

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

MRS. MCCARVILLE
Screams.

INT. HOTEL ROOM - DAY

Al talking to Tony on the phone who's in an OFFICE.

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 that 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 some parts of 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

I did her my way.

TONY

You didn't do her.

AL

I did too. But, my way.

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 off 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 Deluca 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 MACKENZIE, sitting in a classroom listening to Theresa 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.

THERESA

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 McCarville's?

THERESA

The box and note delivered to Mrs. McCarville had no prints or markings that weren't made in transit. It was left in a pick-up box and the account number used was Special Agent McCarville's.

AGENT MACKENZIE

Where is McCarville?

THERESA

He's been reassigned.

AGENT BAIRD

What did the note say?

Theresa turns to face Fred who nods yes.

THERESA

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

Theresa looks for more questions.

AGENT LAVER

Why hasn't his web site been shut down?

AGENT MACKENZIE

And why haven't we gone to the media?

Theresa looks at Fred who pretends not to notice.

THERESA

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.

Theresa pauses looking for any more questions and then turns around to look at Fred. He steps slightly forward.

FRED

Remember not to use the bureau's main frame until we make sure that it is secure and do not leave your computers on any network unattended.

THERESA

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

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

FRED

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

THERESA

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

INT. POLICE DEPARTMENT - DAY

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

RON

I've got email.

Officers, including OFFICER CARLTON with a video camera, move to Ron's desk.

RON (CONT'D)
Are you ready?

OFFICER CARLTON
Yes.

Ron opens the email. It reads:

'Today's the day. In less than three hours the world will be witness to another murder. And there's nothing you can do about it. And, because you're so inept, I'll even tell you what's going to happen to this one. 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.

OFFICER 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 Officer Carlton scurries away.

RON
The fucking Andes. He must be
related to Earl.

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

Theresa is sitting at her desk as Agent Laver comes to her door and knocks on her half open door.

THERESA

Yes.

AGENT LAVER

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

THERESA

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

Agent Laver hands the file to Theresa.

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. . .

THERESA

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

AGENT LAVER

We're working on that. Special Agent Henderson is following that lead. He feels that it is an organized crime connection.

THERESA

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.

Theresa looks up at Agent Laver.

THERESA (CONT'D)

Have the bodies been recovered?

AGENT LAVER

No.

THERESA

Thank you.

Theresa looks down to the files and Agent Laver exits the office. He closes the door a little harder than necessary and Theresa picks up the phone and calls Ron.

THERESA (CONT'D)

Ron, get over here. We have some information.

INT. OFFICE - DAY

Ron and Theresa look over some photos and papers of the case.

THERESA

These are not random acts, Ron. Some of these kills are business like. Passemato, an ice pick. Sandy, hung and the only one planned live for our benefit. But Cox was bludgeoned. Passion. Andrews had her throat slit while she was rubbing against his crotch. Passion. And McCarville was definitely passion and a message.

RON

Wait a minute. 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 killing for fun and then advertise it on the web? I don't know. That seems even more random than the psycho theory.

THERESA

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

RON

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

THERESA

No, because they were killed where he lives.

RON

Unlikely.

THERESA

We can place both Passemato and Cox in the Northeast.

RON

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

THERESA

How do you know that?

RON

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.

THERESA

He's starting to get real cocky.

RON

No, he passed real cocky when he put the box under Henderson's 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.

THERESA

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

Theresa and Ron 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.

THERESA

Have we to read this guy's lips yet?

AGENT CARLTON

The transcript is being worked on right now.

INT. ROOM - CONTINUOUS

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 reading a book while Peter is typing on web site he's using to light his book.

EXT. TENNIS COURT - CONTINUOUS

Dannette and Samantha playing singles.

INT. FAMILY ROOM - CONTINUOUS

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

INT. BAR - CONTINUOUS

Jim playing pool.

INT. BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

Brian 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 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

Theresa, Ron and a large group of Agents surround the computer 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 phone to Theresa while in a car being driven by Agent MacKenzie.

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.

THERESA

Why was he pissed off?

FRED

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

THERESA

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.

THERESA

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.

THERESA

Did he have any possibles?

FRED

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

THERESA

Where are you now?

FRED

We just pulled in front of. . .

Fred looks through his notes. . . .

FRED (CONT'D)

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

THERESA

That sounds promising.

FRED

I'll get back to you after this meeting.

INT. BANK OF ELEVATORS - DAY

Fred and Agent MacKenzie walking into the elevator in the spotless building of AdTech.

INT. HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

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

INT. ADTECH OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Fred walks into Adtech 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 MacKenzie. 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

Ah, we're 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. So he could be anywhere.

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 Adams 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 MacKenzie 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. MacKenzie 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 MacKenzie 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 MacKenzie 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. 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

Theresa with Ron.

THERESA
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.

RON
That means he was killed late
Saturday/early Sunday.

THERESA

And dumped Monday. The killer was gone before the body was found.

RON

Did Henderson get anything in Boston?

THERESA

He thinks he has a possible suspect.

Theresa flips through some papers on her desk.

THERESA (CONT'D)

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.

RON

Where is he now?

THERESA

We don't know. Henderson's planned a meeting with him Monday in Pennsylvania.

RON

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

THERESA

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

RON

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?

THERESA

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

RON

Do you want me to call some friends at the Boston PD and see if they have anything on these guys?

THERESA

No. I don't want to spook them.
Let's see what Henderson gets.

RON

I just hate sitting knowing that
the next victim is just hours away.

Agent Carlton knocks on Theresa's door.

THERESA

Yes.

AGENT CARLTON

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

Ron jumps out of his chair and exits the office. Theresa is
right behind him.

RON

Start a trace of the call.

Theresa looks at him with resignation. Ron shrugs his
shoulders and grins.

RON (CONT'D)

You never know, we could get lucky.

INT. OUTER OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Ron running to the desk where the chat's been set-up. He sits
down and starts to type. The Killer's text is read by a
computerized voice translator. Rosetti here. What do you
want?

KILLER

Just to tell you that it's time to
bring you the next kill.

RON

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 turn the camera on.

AGENT CARLTON (V/O)

We've got a hit. It's a Virginia
area code.

INT. BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

COURTNEY FRANCO, is 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

Ron, Theresa and a few agents are watching the silent video
as the Killer moves into frame behind Courtney with a towel
over his head drying his hair.

THERESA

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.

RON

She doesn't have a minute.

INT. BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

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. He pulls it tighter until she
stops fighting.

INT. OUTER OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Ron, Theresa and a few agents are watching the silent video
as the Killer and Courtney drop out of frame.

After a few seconds 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. . .

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

RON
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.

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

KILLER
Keep on believing, Ron.

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. HOUSE - 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 Theresa are talking to DETECTIVE CAINES from the Virginia Beach Police Department on the porch 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.

THERESA

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.

THERESA

He is. 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?

THERESA

We've been tracking this guy for awhile. 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 Theresa 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 Hersh was killed and in Chattanooga when Colleen was killed.

THERESA

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.

THERESA

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.

THERESA

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

If you feel that way, and with the evidence here, he may already be gone.

THERESA

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 real fucking close.

Theresa looks around at all the gathered onlookers.

INT. OFFICE - 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. 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

Ah, 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. OFFICE - DAY

Agent MacKenzie runs into Theresa's OFFICE where Theresa is looking over crime scene photos.

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

Theresa gets up and exits the office with Agent Mackenzie.

THERESA
Has Wilmington PD been alerted?

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

THERESA
Can the desk clerk ID Squire?

AGENT MACKENZIE
No. The room was signed for by a
woman.

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

EXT. HIGHWAY - DAY

Theresa driving towards Wilmington, North Carolina on the
phone with Fred who is also in a car.

THERESA
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.

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

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

Theresa picks up her police radio.

THERESA
I'll call you later, Fred.

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

THERESA (CONT'D)
Base, this is Clifford. Call
Wilmington PD and tell them to
enter the motel room. Call me when
the room is secure.

Theresa 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

Theresa speeding down the highway. The phone rings and she slows down slightly to answer it.

THERESA

Clifford.

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

THERESA (CONT'D)

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

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

INT. HOME OFFICE - DAY

Ron is logging onto the web site. He has mail waiting. He clicks on the mailbox icon and it reads:

'This time tomorrow it'll all be over. So make sure you don't forget to tune in to the grand finale tomorrow at 1PM (EST).'

Ron stares silently at the note for a second before it's replaced by a screen that reads:

'Tune in to the final episode of "The Killer Chronicles" 1PM (EST) You won't be disappointed. All your questions will be answered.'

RON

Fuck.

EXT. STREET - DAY

Mark, Dannette 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.

DANNETTE

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.

DANNETTE

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.

DANNETTE

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 out there that you log in to.

DANNETTE

At least they try to have a plot.

SAMANTHA

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

DANNETTE

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?

DANNETTE/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.

DANNETTE

Aww, did we hurt little Marky's feelings?

SAMANTHA

Poor baby.

DANNETTE

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

Ron walking Theresa through an airport.

THERESA

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

RON

But all the evidence points to that?

THERESA

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.

RON

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.

THERESA

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.

RON

He's just showing off.

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

THERESA

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

ATTENDANT

. . .Special Agent Clifford, I have a message for you.

Theresa takes the envelope never missing a step. She finishes reading it and looks at Ron.

THERESA

Well, we won't be lunching on soft shell crabs. We have another positive ID through an ATM withdrawal in New Castle, Pennsylvania.

RON

Holy shit, Henderson was right. The guy's going to his job on Monday.

THERESA

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.

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. Fred runs towards Tony and spins him around.

FRED

Adams.

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 you in Boston tomorrow.
We are going to ask you to stay in
town for the night though. And
remember to contact us as soon as
you here from him.

TONY

Okay, but if I miss No Doubt. . .

FRED

. . .you won't.

EXT. PARK - DAY

Al is setting up video equipment in front of a bench. 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

Theresa, Ron and Fred sitting around a computer in a HOTEL ROOM.

RON

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

THERESA

The web site's still up so I doubt it. But maybe he has and just wants to get to the end.

RON

And what about his boss? Why hasn't he called?

FRED

He said he'd call when Squire called him.

They all stare at the computer countdown as it reads:

'00 minutes 29 seconds until the FINAL EPISODE of THE KILLER CHRONICLES!'

RON

It had better come soon.

EXT. PARK - CONTINUOUS

Al is finishing the set-up. Wires and boxes are strewn around the bench with a lavalier microphone sitting on the bench. The camera sits in front of the van with it's back door open.

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

Theresa, Ron 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.

THERESA

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)

That was Clifford. She said Al called her about five minutes ago and 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 about
ten minutes from here. You two stay
here until this ends. I'll leave
now.

EXT. PARK - CONTINUOUS

Al talks to 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

Theresa and Ron sitting around a computer watching Al on the
video screen.

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.
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 slumps 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

Theresa and Ron sitting around a computer staring at the video screen.

THERESA
Holy shit.

RON
Well, he fits the profile of a serial killer now. Don't some of them kill themselves?

THERESA
It's been known to happen.

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.

RON
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.

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

THERESA
Well, it did make me jump.

RON
Hey. . .

Ron leans in and looks at closer at the screen.

RON (CONT'D)

. . .what the fuck are they doing?

Theresa leans in.

THERESA

Oh shit, they're eating his brain.

RON

You think we can impound them for
tampering with evidence?

Theresa laughs as they pack up to drive to the crime scene.

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 what's dank. This site's schwag. Let's go to the stalker site. That sites diggety dank.

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 swag 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 the URL for the stalker? Lori 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 the bomb.

INT. ADTECH OFFICE - DAY

Tony is standing at a workbench at the extremely messy AdTech fixing a piece of video equipment. He's startled when someone walk into the office. We see the scene from the POV of the Killer.

TONY

Oh fuck, it's you. I've had so many fucking feds and shit here every time the door opens I think it's going to be another one. Look at this place. They've taken every piece of equipment just in case it may have been used in a crime. When the fuck am I going to get that shit back? No one can fucking tell me. So until then I've got to use shit that's been in storage.

Tony looks around the man to make sure the door's closed. He now speaks softer.

TONY (CONT'D)

I've got to tell you I thought I blew it when I knocked over that fucking camera. I knew the fucking cops were coming and with those fucking ducks.

Tony pauses and chuckles.

TONY (CONT'D)

Al and his fucking esthetic. And I barely touched the fucking tripod. But, hey, it all worked out for the best.

(Pause)

I've got to say I do miss Al. But, hey, it was either him or us, right buddy?

There's silence in the room. Tony notices the man place a video camera on the desk and turn it on.

TONY (CONT'D)

Something wrong with the camera?
I'll take a look at it after I put this together.

Tony sees that the man has gloves on and is moving towards him.

TONY (CONT'D)

Hey, what the fuck is this?

Tony is pushed into a chair.

TONY (CONT'D)

What the fuck are you doing coming in here and pushing me around?

I fucking killed my best friend to protect your ass.

KILLER

And yours.

TONY

Hey, I killed Cox because he was going to steal my shit. You got lucky when I was testing your camera and caught the video of me smashing his head in. And then you used me to cover up the guy you stuck because he owed you some cash. And then you started killing these women because they were going to tell your wife you were having affairs with them. I'm truly demented but you're damaged fucking goods. You fucking owe me. Get off my back.

Tony attempts to get off the chair and the Killer grabs him.

TONY (CONT'D)

Get out of my fucking office. Who the fuck do you think you are coming into my office and giving me shit?

KILLER

You shouldn't have knocked over the camera.

TONY

It was an accident. Besides, the feds never even brought it up. They told me someone explained it away by saying the ducks did it.

Tony laughs.

TONY (CONT'D)

Then Clifford told me they found all kinds of duck shit on the camera by the time they got there. I wonder what Al's brains looked like after being squeezed through a ducks ass?

Tony stops laughing and stares at the Killer.

TONY (CONT'D)

Listen, we need each other. You could put me away and I could do the same to you. Just knock off this shit and forget about one little fuck up.

(Pause)

No way anyone could have done all that and only fucked up once. Let's just move this shit on.

Tony reaches behind him towards a minifridge.

TONY (CONT'D)

You want a beer? I can't believe you're giving me shit. I went to fucking Idaho and killed that guy and then I shot that guy in the fucking head. I got splattered with blood. But I fucking did it to keep the random shit going. And, man, I've got to say, you cutting off that feds daughters head was cold. I didn't mind shooting them or whacking Cox with the bat, but man, you pulled off some hard core shit.

Tony laughs slightly.

TONY (CONT'D)

All that shit and the only thing you can talk about is the fucking tripod.

KILLER

You shouldn't have knocked it over.

EXT. STREET - CONTINUOUS

The camera pans up the building that AdTech is in. We see and hear a window break and watch Tony's body plummet to the ground.

INT. ADTECH OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

The Killers POV as he slips a disk in the computer, drags the icon to the desk top and double clicks on it and the document opens. He pulls the disk out of the computer, collects his video camera and leaves.

INT. HOME OFFICE - DAY

Ron is on the phone with Theresa.

RON

Yeah, it was strange. We should have figured he couldn't have done it all alone. All that traveling around. And, from what I saw from time cards, Squire put in a lot of time actually working. He wouldn't have had time to hunt the victims down.

THERESA

Did you read Tony's suicide note?

RON

A friend sent me the Boston Globe. They reprinted it there.

THERESA

Did you read the part where he said it was their desire to 'keep technology real' that forced them into it?

RON

That was good, but my favorite was when he said he didn't know the shotgun was loaded. It was supposed to be a trick with the gunshot edited in later. That's when he ran and knocked over the camera.

THERESA

That was good. Well, I guess we can go off and write the book and get out of this line of work.

RON

Al said if we didn't catch him we should look for another line of work.

(Pause)

Hmmm, how's the title 'Digital Nightmare' by Theresa Clifford and Ron Rosetti sound to you?

THERESA

Lucrative.

RON

Then let's get working on this.

THERESA

We've got to work fast. Before Henderson or McCarville think of it.

RON

I wouldn't worry about Fred writing a book. I doubt he's ever read anything longer than a Bazooka Joe comic.

THERESA

That could be true, but McCarville has the murdered daughter angle.

RON

You're his supervisor. Put him on a case that'll chew up his time. Just to keep his mind off his tragedy, of course.

THERESA

My that's very mercenary of you. You'll be useful in the book biz.

RON

Okay, so it's a deal. We're now working on a book. Bring your files and notes over here after work tomorrow and we'll get started.

THERESA

Sounds great. See you tomorrow, partner.

RON

See ya.

Ron hangs up the phone and picks up the Boston Globe. He begins cutting out the article on Tony's suicide. He puts the clipping in a folder and starts rearranging his desk. He picks up an unmarked tape, looks it over and then puts it in the VCR. I wonder what the hell this is? The video starts with Tony's in a chair and a figure moving towards him.

TONY

Knock it off. What the fuck are you doing. Hey. . .don't fucking push me.

The video shows Tony being rolled towards a window.

TONY (CONT'D)

Knock this intimidation shit off.
Hey, what the fuck. Rrrraaaahhhh.

Tony smashes through the window and we hear him scream. The figure doesn't look out the window. He rolls the chair into position at Tony's desk.

He turns toward the camera and for the first time we see Ron's face as he leans over and picks up the camera.

Ron laughs and takes the tape out of the VCR.

RON

Whoops. Nope, I don't think this one'll make it into the book.

Ron unlocks a drawer and squeezes the tape into a drawer that's filled with unmarked tapes.

RON (CONT'D)

This ones for special occasions. Or maybe the lucrative home video market.

FADE TO BLACK