

[THE INSIDE]

"Pre-Filer"

TEASER

A1 VISUAL SEQUENCE A1 \*

Los Angeles from the sky, under a blanket of smog, suddenly becomes a CHAOTIC GRID pulsing with car LIGHTS. The city like a living thing, vivisected on a table. Neighborhoods as organs, freeways as arteries. We lock on to one of these arteries and howl down it, then jump off to land at... \*

1 EXT. UCLA CAMPUS - FRESHMAN QUAD - DAY 1 \*

Paul's car drives up and parks. PAUL and REBECCA step out. They walk under the caution tape of a crime scene, continuing a conversation started in the car. In no great hurry. \*

REBECCA

So then, did you live in the dorms? \*

PAUL

Yeah, freshman year. Dykstra Hall. Right over there. It was insanity. (beat, reconsiders) But trust me, you didn't miss anything. \*

Rebecca glances over at STUDENTS craning for a look, almost the same age as her. She in a sleek suit, they in jeans and ball caps. Some of the boys glance back.

REBECCA

I agree. \*

MEL and DANNY intercept, greet, and lead their partners toward one of the buildings.

PAUL

Lemme guess. Satanic hazing gone wild. \*

DANNY

Dead custodian. \*

MEL

Jeremy Fitch, 31, single, been cleaning the freshman dorms for the last three years.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Rebecca and Paul exchange confused glances.

PAUL  
Janitor. L.A.P.D. specifically  
asked for us on this?

REBECCA  
Something match one of our  
suspects?

MEL  
Actually, they thought we'd be  
interested in the *victim*.

SMASH CUT TO:

A DEAD JANITOR

In uniform, tied to a chair, slit ear to ear. Gruesome.

PAUL (O.C.)  
This is really sick.

2 INT. JANITOR'S BASEMENT - SAME TIME

2

Wider, we see that the team is not even looking at the body. They're looking at the WALLS, which are covered with PHOTOS of YOUNG WOMEN. Sleeping. Undressing. Showering. Taken through bushes and open windows.

REBECCA  
These are students?

MEL  
From the dorms he cleaned. He was  
quite the shutterbug.

DANNY  
Artist, too.

Danny shows them a couple of elaborate drawings. One is of a girl as a maidenhead, back arched, breasts out, fountain of blood showering from her throat. Rebecca looks from this to the slit-throat of the Janitor.

PAUL  
Any chance these were planted?

Rebecca crosses to stand in front of the corpse.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MEL

Considered that. Till we found  
this.

She shows Paul a photo of a girl asleep at her desk, on her books. Idiotic Jeremy is inadvertently reflected in the closet mirror behind her, snapping the picture.

PAUL

Oops.

MEL

Right? You're like, "c'mon buddy,  
get it together..."

DANNY

Until you see this.

Danny opens a **LOCKER** filled with porn, but also a couple hunting knives, a ball gag, a lethal TORTURE KIT. \*

Paul is stunned. Rebecca doesn't turn to look, staring instead at the corpse, its head turned to the side like, "what else do you want me to say?"

PAUL

Looks like he was planning to do  
some real damage.

REBECCA

Not anymore.

They all turn to look at Rebecca, regarding the victim with cold judgement. A concept intrigues her, and she lets us know with a half beautiful, half disturbing smile.

BLACK.

END OF TEASER

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

ACT ONE

CRIME SCENE PHOTO

Of a dead MAN flopped in a landfill. Shot to pieces.

REBECCA (O.S.)

Stan Hedges, 34, copier technician.  
Found at the Puente Hills landfill.  
Suffered 30 gunshot wounds at close  
range from an assault rifle.

Reveal we are:

3 INT. V.C.U. - WAR ROOM - DAY

3

The team is watching a slide show. Rebecca stands beside the screen holding the remote. She seems particularly excited about this case. WEB stands in the back, watching her go.

REBECCA

Police later discovered he'd sent  
death threats to his coworkers. A  
search of his apartment revealed an  
AK-47, 2000 rounds of ammunition,  
and floor plans of his office.

CLICK. Photo of the AK, ammo, guns n' ammo magazines.

DANNY

(whistles)

Looks like he was gettin' ready to  
c.c. everybody.

CLICK. A new slide. A MIDDLE-AGED MAN, on the slab.

REBECCA

Frank Bicks, 46, actuary. Father  
of three. Four days after he's  
reported missing from his Pomona  
home, police find a loaded .45 and  
a shovel in his Grand Cherokee,  
along with a map leading to three  
freshly dug graves in the San  
Gabriel forest. One for an adult,  
three kid size. Guess where they  
found Frank?

Paul, coming around to the pattern.

PAUL

In one of the holes he dug for his  
family.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

REBECCA

Shot execution style, untraceable  
.45 slug. Wife said he had a  
violent temper and was on  
antidepressants, but he had no  
prior record. Just like...

CLICK. Dead JEREMY THE JANITOR.

REBECCA (CONT'D)

Jeremy Fitch. Prints were not  
found at any of the scenes, but the  
signature is unmistakable.

MELODY

A killer who kills serial killers?  
Wasn't there just a movie...

REBECCA

Yeah, *Minority Report*. These were  
*future* serial killers. None of the  
victims had committed a violent  
crime at the time of their murder.

\*  
\*

PAUL

Then how does he know how to find  
them?

WEB

He's a profiler. Does what we do.

He's looking at Rebecca. She nods in agreement.

REBECCA

All three men's homes had been  
broken into and their public  
records accessed by an unknown  
individual.

WEB

He researches potential killers,  
rules out those who don't meet his  
criteria, executes those who do.

REBECCA

In the way in which they... may  
have killed.

DANNY

Poetic justice.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

REBECCA  
 (tries it out under her  
 breath)  
 Should put him on the payroll.

\*  
\*  
\*  
\*

WEB  
 You agree with his approach?

Rebecca hesitates. She **always** thinks before answering **Web**,  
 which angers Paul, who answers for her.

\*

PAUL  
 No.  
 (to Danny as well)  
 We don't empty clips into people  
 without due process.

WEB  
 (still fixed on Rebecca)  
 Paul...

Paul turns to Web, expecting an "I wasn't asking you." But  
 Web is still looking at Rebecca, thinking.

WEB (CONT'D)  
 Have Carter run a search on  
 everyone in L.A. County who was  
 rejected by the FBI in the past  
 five years. Rebecca. Tell us who  
 we're looking for.

She looks back at the photo, then CLICKS to the next slide,  
 which is just white light. It casts her SHADOW on the  
 screen.

CLOSE ON REBECCA

REBECCA  
 Preliminary evidence suggests a  
 single white male. Early 40's...

MATCH DISSOLVE  
 TO:

4 INT. HAVEN'S CAR/EXT. VISTA THEATER - NIGHT - CLOSE ON 4

JAMES HAVENS, 42, sharp-eyed, broad shouldered, staring at  
 something OFF SCREEN in the same manner as Rebecca.

REBECCA (V.O.)  
 Highly intelligent, athletic, lives  
 alone.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

HAVENS POV OF VISTA THEATRE

It's RAINING, but moviegoers are lined up tonight. Lots of COUPLES.

Back to James, seated in his green car, parked across the street, lights off. Listening to West Coast 50's jazz. Chet Baker. Occasionally working the wipers to off the rain. He stares at the moviegoers with patient contempt. \*

HAVENS POV - ONE COUPLE (CLOSER)

A particularly attractive one. Joking with each other. The GIRLFRIEND dead-panning some lines to her BOYFRIEND, who keeps cracking up. Suddenly, over this, we hear a LOUD CLICK-

BACK TO CAR

...of the rear door opening. A MAN quickly jumps into the backseat and shuts the door, flaps his soaked coat.

MAN

Phew, it's wet out there!

HAVENS

Hey! What are you doing?

MAN

Cute couple, aren't they?

HAVENS

Man, get the f-

The Man levels a pistol with a large silencer in Havens' face. Now we see he's wearing gloves. \*

MAN

Wuzzat?

Havens recoils like it's going to scorch him. Hands go up.

HAVENS

Oh God.

MAN

Shut up, turn around, and put your hands on the wheel.

HAVENS

(as he does)

I... my wallet's in my pocket.  
Back pocket.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

The Man seems bemused by this simpleton misread. For he is no car-jacker. He's the pre-filer. He's MARTY MILLS.

MARTY

And what would I do with that?  
Secure my grocery money? C'mon,  
James. Think.

Hearing his own name, James is confused.

HAVENS

Wait, how do you know my...

He turns his head, and is nudged with the silencer to face forward again. Now he's *really* scared.

HAVENS (CONT'D)

Who are you? What do you want?

Marty rolls his eyes. Keeps his gun where it is.

MARTY

Better question, James, is what do you want? Sitting out here, every weekend, watching lovers go to the movies, and then watching them go home to make love?

Havens is silent. Looks into the rear view mirror.

MARTY (CONT'D)

I mean, I guess it's okay. Or at least... not *illegal*. It's even past six on the traffic meter so... you really haven't broken any laws at all.

(beat)

Except for maybe ordering those snuff films...

HAVENS

What?

MARTY

And there's *probably* some city fine for gutting stray cats in your backyard, though we'd have to look it up.

Havens' throat has gone dry. Marty continues in a didactic, taunting tone. Almost like he's already bored with this.

(CONTINUED)



CONTINUED: (3)

MARTY (CONT'D)

But we're not gonna. 'Cause you and I both know that in a couple weeks, give or take, you'll act out what you've been dreaming. And one of those couples... will end up like one of those cats. Not because you're an unresolved oedipal maniac, of course, but because they are all a bunch of selfish whores, and preening cocks, who laugh that you will never have what they have.

Havens' panicked eyes flick to his glove box.

MARTY (CONT'D)

Thinking about the .38 in the glove box? Sig Sauer, right? Just like this one, P220, 'cept for the silencer. You bought it at Jerry's on Oxnard, right? With Mommy's Mastercard?

Havens is shaking now. Marty is inside his head.

HAVENS

Please, man... I haven't... I haven't done anything.

MARTY

And you never will.

5 EXT. VISTA MOVIE THEATER - SAME TIME 5

ANGLE OVER THE YOUNG COUPLE IN LINE

In the BACKGROUND, we can see **Haven's car**. Two small FLASHES \* from inside, and no one here notices. The Young Couple laughing, kissing, enjoying each other...

HOLD ON THIS ANGLE AS WE...

DISSOLVE TO:

6 EXT. VISTA MOVIE THEATER - MORNING 6

Rain is over. The movie line replaced by a wind-flapped caution tape. Across the street, the El Camino hasn't budged, now surrounded by crime scene folks, including the V.C.U. crew.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Web's car pulls up. He gets out and looks around. Some LOOKY-LOOS have gathered on the fringes, like a film set. Paul, Mel and Danny brief their boss.

PAUL

Victim is James Havens. 42.  
Telemarketer. Two .38 slugs to the  
back of the head at around nine,  
ten o'clock last night.

WEB

What's the hook?

MEL

Lived at his mother's place in  
Eagle Rock, and liked to kill cats.  
They also found a DVD box set of  
snuff films under his bed, ordered  
online, and a .38 in the glove box  
here with his prints on it. No  
other prints anywhere else.

DANNY

Box office guy had seen him here  
before. Liked to watch people  
leaving the theater. All he was  
missing was the T-shirt said  
"Serial Killer."

PAUL

(firm)  
Also he hadn't killed anyone.

DANNY

Yet.

Web turns to the car, sees Rebecca sitting in the front seat,  
where Havens sat. \*

MEL

(re: Rebecca) \*

She's positive this bears the sig  
of the Pre-Filer.

WEB

Pre-Filer?

MEL

You like? That was mine.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

DANNY

Boss, I'm thinking we let this guy go for a couple weeks longer, start-

PAUL

"Start taking Sundays off." Now hearing this for the third time.

DANNY

I'm not joking. It's like Web said. He does what we do.

Web has detached from the conversation, feeling something in the air. He scans the LOOKY-LOOS, watching from the sidelines. Their faces. Their eyes. OVER THIS:

PAUL (O.C.)

We're not psychics, Danny. We don't predict the future, and we don't prosecute thought crimes.

CUT TO:

7 EXT. VISTA MOVIE THEATER - SAME - STILL CAMERA POV - WEB 7

A high-angle shot, extreme telephoto, possibly from a rooftop. Watching Web watching the crowd, picking up peripheral sounds of the team through a mini shotgun microphone. Shifting the view to focus on them...

DANNY

(filtered)

Guy had a gun, dead cats, snuff porn. Statistically speaking, he was...

PAUL

(filtered)

Do you own a large amount of personal firearms, Danny? Ever download porn? Gruesome images?

8 EXT. VISTA MOVIE THEATER - CONTINUOUS 8

DANNY

Yeah, but I'm a federal agent. That's all... research.

PAUL

And what if you weren't a federal agent?

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

PAUL(CONT'D)

(pushing the point)  
Got any history of violence?

Danny's grin fades. A chill. Paul holds his look.

A9 EXT. VISTA MOVIE THEATER/INT. HAVEN'S CAR - SAME - REBECCA A9 \*

Thinking. Web opens the rear door, sits down exactly where  
Marty sat last night. \*

WEB

Talk to me about the killer.

Rebecca looks in the rearview mirror at Web, then out at the  
street. She takes a breath to steady herself. \*

REBECCA

He chose this spot. Best vantage  
point in the area. Unobstructed  
view of the movie theater. The  
Tiki Bar. The video store.  
(pokes head out window)  
Danny? \*

Danny turns from Paul.

REBECCA (CONT'D)

Did the box office guy say what  
nights he usually saw the car? \*

CUT TO:

9 EXT. VISTA MOVIE THEATER - SAME - STILL CAMERA POV - DANNY 9  
AND PAUL

DANNY

(filtered)  
Fridays and Saturdays.

The VIEW follows his answer to REBECCA, sitting in the car.  
Profiling. \*

REBECCA

(filtered)  
When people go out.

10 EXT. VISTA MOVIE THEATER - HAVEN'S CAR - ON REBECCA 10 \*

REBECCA

Dinner. Movies. People on dates.  
He was fantasizing. They have what  
he wishes he could. Relationships... \*

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Rebecca glances in the rear view mirror. HAVENS' NOSE AND MOUTH (at night), is reflected there. Havens' reflection says with Rebecca's voice: \*

REBECCA/HAVENS  
...happiness. He wants them to suffer. The way he has.

CUT TO:

11 EXT. VISTA MOVIE THEATER - HOURS AGO 11

Havens turns from his rear view, looks to the street. Scoping out victims. But then, a couple walks past. He immediately sinks low in his seat. Hiding. \*

12 EXT. VISTA MOVIE THEATER - AS BEFORE 12

Rebecca again. Web is a shadow behind her. \*

REBECCA  
He stayed in his car. Kept his distance. He was afraid. He didn't yet have the courage to kill. But it wouldn't have been long...

As she continues we...

CUT TO:

13 INT. HAVEN'S CAR - HOURS AGO 13 \*

CLOSE ON MARTY'S MOUTH, in the backseat. \*

REBECCA/MARTY  
Couple weeks, give or take.

A14 INT. HAVEN'S CAR - NOW A14 \*

Web's hand touches Rebecca's shoulder. She startles. \*

WEB  
Good work, Special Agent Locke. But I was asking about the victim. \*

REBECCA  
You asked about the killer. \*

14 CLOSE ON CAMERA 14

With a giant telephoto lens, and undermounted shotgun mic.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

REBECCA (V.O.)  
 (filtered)  
 There was more than one.

\*  
\*  
\*

Move along the casing to find Marty's approving smile, the earbud in his ear.

15 OMITTED 15 \*

16 EXT./EST. FEDERAL BUILDING - NIGHT 16

The lights look blurry from a certain perspective.

17 EXT. FEDERAL BUILDING - GARAGE DOCK - NIGHT 17

A CUSTODIAN puts his back into wheeling a large dumpster into its spot for pick-up tomorrow.

Suddenly, he finds he's got a little more help with the push. Looks to see ANOTHER CUSTODIAN, in full jumpsuit, taking the opposite side. It is MARTY. He smiles, grunts.

MARTY

Hey. Sorry I'm late. Replacing George tonight. He called Felipe like an hour ago.

The Custodian, grateful for the help, nods his thanks. As they push, Marty looks over to the FACILITIES ACCESS DOOR.

18 INT. V.C.U. - OUTSIDE HALLWAY - NIGHT 18 \*

Marty rounds the corner in his janitor outfit. At the far end of the hall is the doorway to the V.C.U. BULLPEN. Closed and locked. Card-key security system on.

Marty takes off his work gloves, revealing latex gloves underneath. He unzips his jumpsuit, revealing a nice FBI-type suit underneath that. His chubby belly was actually a mess of FILES strapped to his waist. He sets the files down, throws away the janitor suit/gloves in a nearby trash slot.

Out of his pocket he takes a FAKE FBI KEYCARD with his picture on it. It's attached to a carrying strap. He puts the strap in his teeth, and picks up the pile of files.

And then he just stands there. Arms loaded with files, keycard dangling from teeth.

ANGLE OF HALL - Marty standing still. Beat. Beat. Um, what's going on?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Then, CLICK. The V.C.U. door at the end of the hall opens. Another Custodian, FELIPE, pushing a trash cart out.

MARTY

Felipe!

Said through mouth-holding-keycard as he briskly strides down the hall, clutching files. A forensics nerd working late.

MARTY (CONT'D)

Hold the door, willya?

Felipe kind of recognizes him. They all look the same.

MARTY (CONT'D)

Could you get my... know what?  
Nevermind, just lemme drop these...

Marty generates some business where he can't get the card out of his mouth, needs to set down the files and the door's already opening so why doesn't he just go in.

It works.

19 INT. V.C.U. - BULLPEN - NIGHT 19

Marty, alone, walks through their space, taking his time.

He looks at the suspect profile board. Sees some of his work up there. Pleased. \*

He moves through the bullpen desks, looking at Danny's, Mel's, Paul's... \*

And then he arrives at Rebecca's desk. Orderly. Spartan. Marty smiles. He's found what he's looking for. \*

20 INT. V.C.U. - BULLPEN - MORNING 20

Rebecca enters carrying files, bright-eyed and awake, moving and talking quickly. Danny and Melody, are at their desks drinking large coffees 'cause it's morning.

REBECCA

Got a summary of the field cards from the Havens crime scene, couple witness statements. And these are the results on the rejected FBI applicants...

DANNY

Good morning to you too.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Rebecca crosses to her desk, still buried in the files.

REBECCA

(quickly)

Lotta weirdos. But given their  
whereabouts at the times of the  
murders, none could've done this.

MEL

How many coffees you drink today?

REBECCA

None. Should I have one?

MEL

(please don't)

No.

DANNY

She's just all fired up.

(to Rebecca)

You really want to catch him.

REBECCA

(reading files)

I want to know how he does it.

She notices something on her desk. Frowns.

REBECCA (CONT'D)

That's weird.

DANNY

Which part?

REBECCA

My clock. It's usually...

She moves her desk clock a couple inches over.

REBECCA (CONT'D)

...here.

Mel shoots Danny a look. "No, *that's* weird."

Rebecca has a feeling. She takes her seat, wakes up her  
computer. WE DO NOT SEE THE SCREEN, but whatever is there  
causes Rebecca to freeze up. Shocked. Mel notices.

MEL

Rebecca?

(CONTINUED)



CONTINUED: (2)

They're interrupted by Paul entering. He crosses to his desk. He seems annoyed.

PAUL

Who drives a silver Avalon? 'Cause they parked in my spot, and I thought we'd put all that drama behind us...

Rebecca suddenly snaps to, whips around.

REBECCA

Did you say silver Acura?

PAUL

Avalon...

Rebecca, flustered, picks up a phone, punches an extension. Danny gets up and begins to circle around to see her screen.

REBECCA

Agent Locke, V.C.U. I need a bomb squad to the parking structure, lockdown on level three and containment on the vehicle in spot--

PAUL

872.

REBECCA

872.

OVER DANNY, reveal Rebecca's screen: a web page showing an old newspaper article with the headline, "LOCAL GIRL STILL MISSING." And a shot of Rebecca as a 10 year-old kid.

DANNY

That's you.

She hangs up the phone.

REBECCA

It's him.

OFF the others' reactions:

21

INT. FEDERAL BUILDING - PARKING GARAGE - DAY

21

Rebecca and Paul walk past assorted FBI vehicles. Paul is flipping through the field card summary.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

PAUL

Three witnesses saw a suspicious silver sedan, late model Japanese, leaving the area...

(to Rebecca)

Good eye.

She's working out something else.

REBECCA

He must've got in with the cleaning crew when they changed shifts.

\*

PAUL

He knew their names, knew where the security cameras were, knew which desks were ours.

\*

\*

REBECCA

Then hacked restricted bureau files and found out who I was.

\*

\*

\*

PAUL

He's saying he can get to us.

REBECCA

He's also saying he's better. The message is general. Meant to intimidate. Like the car.

They arrive at the silver AVALON, as taken apart as we can get it. CARTER is working under the hood, laptop out.

CARTER

Hey. Welcome. Don't you love getting out of the office?

PAUL

When it's not safe, yeah.

REBECCA

What can you tell us?

CARTER

It's a rental and it's clean. No bombs, or so they tell me. No bugs, which I can tell you. Also no blood, bullet holes, or other incriminating B-words.

PAUL

What about GPS?

(CONTINUED)

CARTER

Wiped.

Carter allows Rebecca and Paul a thwarted moment before smiling.

CARTER (CONT'D)

Except for the memory cache.

They look up at him.

22 INT. V.C.U. - TECH ROOM - MOMENTS LATER 22 \*

Rebecca and Paul hovering over Carter at his computer. There \*  
are FIVE GPS addresses on the SCREEN. \*

CARTER

I dug out the last five entries, \*  
which are the last five addresses \*  
the car drove to. \*

REBECCA

No.

(points to screen)

That's the address of vic number  
one. In Whittier. That's number  
two, Pomona. Three, and four.  
There's no way this car drove to  
all of them. He planted these  
deliberately.

PAUL

Message just got a lot more  
specific.

Rebecca points to the FIFTH ADDRESS.

REBECCA

Guess what's at 343 Euclid, in  
Santa Monica?

PAUL

Our next crime scene.

OFF THE ADDRESS...

CUT TO:

23 EXT. 343 EUCLID - DAY

23

A nice home in a nice neighborhood. Rebecca and Paul pull up outside, and alight from their car. The house waits quietly as they make their way across the manicured lawn.

Suddenly a MAN bolts around the side of the house and into the front lawn, bellowing with an animal ROAR.

Paul and Rebecca react, PULL THEIR GUNS ON HIM.

PAUL  
STOP! Federal agents!

The Man, ROGER, stops short as if stung by an electric whip.

REBECCA  
On the ground! Now!

Bewildered, Roger puts up his hands. An object drops out.

ROGER  
Wait. No...

REBECCA  
Drop now!

And then TWO BOYS, ages 6 and 11, run around the corner from the same direction, roaring their own roars... Which die out as they see two strangers in the front yard, pointing guns at their DAD.

Rebecca and Paul are stunned. Guns lowered, but still out. Roger, 43, clean-cut, athletic, family man, freaking out. Paul looks at the dropped object. A Nerf football.

ROGER  
What's going on? What is this?

The 6 year-old crosses to his dad, hugs his pantleg. The 11 year-old, more dramatic, presses himself to the ground, spread eagled. He surrenders.

Paul gives Rebecca a sign to holster their weapons. The front door of the house opens, and KELLY, Roger's wife, steps out. \*

KELLY  
Roger? What's going on? Who are these people?

Rebecca and Paul seem to be thinking the same thing. \*

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

PAUL

(sotto)

This just got ugly.

OFF Rebecca, in full agreement...

BLACK.

\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*

END OF ACT ONE

(CONTINUED)

ACT TWO

24 OMITTED 24 \*

25 INT. V.C.U. - WAR ROOM - DAY 25

CLOSE ON: A SLIDE SHOWING ROGER COMACK'S DRIVER'S LICENSE PHOTO. Just like the other victims. Except he's still alive. \*

Web and the team assembled as Paul and Rebecca brief them. \*

PAUL  
Roger Comack, 43, executive sales VP at a surfwear company. Business degree from U.C. Santa Cruz, early bankruptcy he recovered from, no criminal record. Lives in Santa Monica with wife Kelly, his high school sweetheart, and their two young boys, Cody and Justin. \*

DANNY  
I don't get it. \*

MEL  
I don't even have a joke. \*

REBECCA  
We expected to find a victim and were instead presented with a target. \*

DANNY  
But why this guy? \*

REBECCA  
That's a question the suspect wants us to answer. \*

WEB  
Or it's a challenge he hopes we'll accept, meant to demonstrate his superiority: "Can you protect this man against me?"  
(to Paul)  
You've stationed someone at his house? \*

PAUL  
We have two unmarked units watching at either end of the street, right now. \*

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MEL

Oof. Not enough. Pre-Filer got inside here with like a shoelace and a whatever. He can slip past two guys falling asleep.

PAUL

I don't want to scare the crap out of these people more than we already have...

Web watches Rebecca, who is staring at Roger's image.

DANNY

Batman breaking in your house to kill Daddy's gonna be pretty scary.

WEB

Not gonna happen. Danny, work up a low-profile security plan with a four person team.

PAUL

Wait...

DANNY

I can use one of my safehouse variables.

PAUL

Wait a minute. How do we know this is really about Roger Comack?

REBECCA

Who else would it be about?

PAUL

You.

(off her look)

The killer risked breaking in here to leave a message for you, Rebecca. "Be at this address."

(to Web)

What if this is a trap for her?

WEB

Then we make it our trap for him.

(to Danny and Mel)

And we make it now.

They nod, stand to move out. Paul reluctantly follows. Web pulls Rebecca aside before she leaves.

(CONTINUED)

WEB (CONT'D) \*  
You think this Comack could be a \*  
threat, don't you. \*

REBECCA \*  
The Pre-Filer's been right so far. \*

WEB \*  
Not asking him. \*

Rebecca hesitates, looks at the slide, then to Web. \*

REBECCA \*  
I think... we need to get inside \*  
that house. \*

CUT TO:

26 INT. EUCLID HOUSE - KITCHEN - DAY 26

Roger Comack stands against the counter, *defiant*. \*

ROGER \*  
Absolutely not. Not without \*  
knowing why we'd have to... \*

PAUL \*  
It's for your protection, Sir. \*

ROGER \*  
Protection from what? \*

Paul and Rebecca breaking it to Roger and Kelly, who are \*  
trying to keep their voices low for the benefit of Cody and \*  
Justin, who are in the adjacent room, playing X-Box. \*

KELLY \*  
(to herself) \*  
F.B.I... \*

Kelly has been quiet, racking her brain. She looks up at \*  
Rebecca and Paul with a slow, serious realization. \*

KELLY (CONT'D) \*  
Is this about the house across the \*  
street? The Duwanis? Aziz Duwani? \*

REBECCA No. PAUL  
No. No.

(CONTINUED)



CONTINUED:

Rebecca and Paul share a look. This will be tough. \*

PAUL \*

Mr. Comack, your address was found  
in the possession of a suspect  
we're pursuing as part of an  
ongoing investigation. \*

Roger blinks. Not what he was expecting to hear. \*

KELLY \*

Suspect for what? \*

REBECCA \*

Multiple homicides. \*

The Comacks stiffen, scared as you would be. Kelly's eyes  
shoot to the next room, to her sons. Rebecca keeps her eyes  
on Roger to see if his mind goes somewhere else. Like guilt. \*

ROGER \*

Who... who is it? \*

PAUL \*

We can't really tell you anymore... \*

ROGER \*

Because you won't, or because you  
don't know? \*

KELLY \*

How did he get our address? \*

REBECCA \*

That, we don't know yet. \*

ROGER \*

Then what are you telling us? What  
do you know? \*

REBECCA \*

(straight to Roger) \*

The man we're after acts on  
vigilante tendencies. If you're on  
his list, he may have decided...  
you're a danger to others. \*

Roger looks stunned. Kelly begins to panic. \*

KELLY \*

So he's insane? An insane man  
wants to... \*

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

Too loud, she quiets herself. But now she's shaking. \*

KELLY (CONT'D) \*

Why us? Why us? We're a normal family... \*

Kelly shudders, and Roger instinctively shelters her as she begins to cry, against her will.

PAUL \*

This whole arrangement is temporary until we can find a safe place to transport all of you to. \*

Just then, CODY, the eleven year-old, runs in to the kitchen.

CODY

Mawwwm! Justin keeps pulling out my headset!

He sees his Mom crying. Stops. Looks at Rebecca.

CODY (CONT'D)

Mom?

Kelly wipes her cheek and grabs his hand, leading him back into the family room.

KELLY

Come on, let's turn that thing off.

CODY

NO!

KELLY

Let's watch a movie...

He pulls his hand free and runs into the next room.

CODY

NOO!!!

From the other room, JUSTIN shrieks at his brother.

KELLY (O.C.)

Justin, drop it!

Rebecca looks down, uncomfortable and conflicted about the whole family thing. Paul manages a weak smile for Roger. \*

PAUL \*

Just pretend like we're not here.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

Roger looks grim as another WAIL from the family room takes us TO:

27

EXT. EUCLID STREET - DAY

27

Danny, in jogging gear, jogs down the street, an MP3 player strapped to his arm (really a radio). He mutters to himself as he runs, it looks like he's singing to himself.

DANNY

Something bothering me.

We hear MEL softly, right in his ear.

MEL (V.O.)

What?

DANNY

Just that, this is exactly the neighborhood you'd move to if you specifically wanted to avoid living near a serial killer.

Danny passes the house next door to the Comacks. A LITTLE GIRL plays out front, alone and in the open.

\*  
\*

MEL (V.O.)

Yeah.

DANNY

You know?

MEL (V.O.)

No one's safe. Anywhere.

DANNY

(sober)

And there ain't nothing we can do about it.

He approaches a lady pushing a stroller. It's MEL. They lock eyes as they pass each other, acknowledging that. We stay with Danny as he keeps jogging.

MEL (V.O.)

I blame TV.

DANNY

I blame video games.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Danny jogs past the COMACK HOUSE. Hold on it as we...

DISSOLVE TO:

28 EXT. EUCLID HOUSE - NIGHT 28

The lights are on, and everyone's home.

29 INT. EUCLID HOUSE - SAME 29

The tense quiet of eight people trying not to breathe too loudly has settled over the house.

ANGLE DOWN A HALL: Danny sitting in an antique chair against the wall of the main hallway. A silent sentinel.

30 INT. EUCLID HOUSE - UPSTAIRS - SAME 30

CODY brushes his teeth in the bathroom. Spits. And then Mel passes through the door on her way down the hall.

Mel on patrol, trying to be quiet. Cody sticks his head out.

CODY

Missus?

Mel turns, arches an eyebrow. Missus?

CODY (CONT'D)

The burglars can't get inside, right?

MEL

That's right.

(beat)

We put up a forcefield.

CODY

What if they're already inside?

Off Mel, considering it...

31 INT. EUCLID HOUSE - ROGER'S OFFICE - SAME 31

Rebecca moves through the study, looking at books, checking the nooks and crannies, looking for clues. Anything suspect. Anything deviant. As she opens a desk drawer...

ROGER

Can I help you with something?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Rebecca, caught, looks up. Roger is in the doorway. She slides the drawer shut, cool as a cucumber.

REBECCA  
This room's secure.

ROGER  
Yeah. I like it that way.

Rebecca steps out from behind the desk.

REBECCA  
Do you keep a gun in the house,  
Roger?

ROGER  
Me? No.

REBECCA  
Any other weapons?

ROGER  
Weapons. No.  
(getting agitated)  
Why do you ask?

REBECCA  
For your safety.

ROGER  
Why don't I believe you?

REBECCA  
I don't know.

Pissed, he crosses over and gets in her face.

ROGER  
What are you doing in here? What  
are you people really doing here?

REBECCA  
Step back.

ROGER  
No. This is my house.

REBECCA  
Step back.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

ROGER

Or what? You'll pull your gun on me again?

Rebecca sees something over his shoulder, and Roger senses it too. He turns to see Paul standing in the doorway, holding the hand of his pajama clad six year-old, Justin.

PAUL

(to Justin re: daddy)

There he is.

They saw the tense part. Roger breaks mood, goes to Justin and scoops him up in his arms.

ROGER

C'mon, champ. Let's go beddy-bye.

Roger exits. Paul steps in to talk to Rebecca.

PAUL

What was that about?

REBECCA

You saw. He just became totally aggressive with me.

PAUL

What are you doing in his office?

She doesn't answer.

PAUL (CONT'D)

Not enough to just admire the killer, is it? You actually want to prove he's right.

\*  
\*  
\*

REBECCA

No.

\*

She looks over at Roger's desk, at a picture of the FAMILY.

\*

REBECCA (CONT'D)

I want him to be wrong this time.

\*  
\*

OFF Rebecca...

32

INT. EUCLID HOUSE - DOWNSTAIRS - SAME

32

Danny in his chair. He turns his head slightly...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Cody quietly appears from around the corner, gripping a watergun (brightly colored), held up and ready like 007.

Danny looks him straight in the eye. Shakes his head no. Cody lowers the gun, chagrined.

Danny cups his fists and shows the proper grip: barrel down, ready to bring up for the double tap.

Cody, tentative, mimics the pose. Danny solemnly nods.

THE DOORBELL RINGS. Cody jumps. Danny draws his real gun.

Mel comes down the stairs. Rebecca and Paul from around a corner. Eye contact all around.

The Doorbell RINGS again. Mel looks to the door.

MEL

Can't be *him*.

They all share a look. *Yeah it can*. Danny coordinates an approach to the door, points Paul into a cover position. Mel on the other side, Rebecca at the staircase.

Danny avoids the peephole, crouches low, and opens the door a crack. Then peeks around to see...

The Little Girl from next door is standing on the porch, looking upset, and quite determined. Danny opens the door.

DANNY

Can I help you?

KELLY (O.S.)

Aubrey?

Kelly, dressed for bed, has come down the stairs.

REBECCA

You should stay upstairs...

KELLY

Are you kidding? That's Aubrey Harris. She lives next door.

AUBREY

Where's Angel?

DANNY

What?

(CONTINUED)

Roger coming down the stairs, slows when he sees...

ROGER  
Is that Aubrey?

Aubrey directs her question at Roger. More forcefully now.

AUBREY  
Where's *Angel*?

PAUL  
Who's *Angel*?

ROGER  
Her cat.

KELLY  
Oh, he's still missing, right?

AUBREY  
He told me Mr. Comack had him.

PAUL  
Who told you that?

AUBREY  
The *blue man*.

*Looks all around. Uh-oh. Mel kneels down.*

MEL  
*Aubrey? Can you tell me what the  
blue man looked like?*

AUBREY  
*He had a hat.*

MEL  
*(turns to team)  
Maybe he's dressed as a cop.*

*Danny takes out a radio.*

DANNY  
*Perimeter units go to secure, come  
back with your twenties.*

PAUL  
*(to Danny)  
Do we keep her in?*

(CONTINUED)



DANNY

No.

MEL

Okay, honey, take my hand, and  
we're gonna walk back home **real**  
**fast**, okay?

\*  
\*

AUBREY

But what about Angel?

MEL

The FBI is on the case. Come on.

DANNY

(to Paul)

I'll watch the door.

Mel leads Aubrey outside. Paul goes with her. Danny closes  
the door. Rebecca's cell phone RINGS. She picks up.

REBECCA

Locke.

MARTY (V.O.)

Someone should tell that girl not  
to talk to strangers.

She straightens. Danny notices.

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

Tell 'em it's me and I hang up.

REBECCA

(re: the call)

Web.

She turns away to take the call, passing a nervous Roger and  
Kelly. She turns back to the phone.

REBECCA (CONT'D)

I'm alone.

33 INTERCUT WITH LOCATION TO BE DETERMINED

33

MARTY ON THE PHONE

MARTY

Okay. I hope I'm not interrupting  
you. I don't mean to rush your  
work or anything...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

REBECCA

Thank you. What's your name?

MARTY

Um, no. Any other questions?

Rebecca moves into the living room, thinking.

REBECCA

Why Roger Comack?

MARTY

Oh, please. It's not enough that I gave you the answer, now you want me to read it out loud to you?

Rebecca, thinking as she peeks out the window to the street.

REBECCA

Fine. Then why me?

MARTY

I've been admiring you from a distance.

\*  
\*

REBECCA

(holy shit)

You were there. At the Havens crime scene.

MARTY

"Crime scene." You still using the word "victims," then?

Rebecca hesitates, tries to decide how to play this.

\*

REBECCA

No. Victims suffer injustice. These men suffered the opposite. You. You stop them before they can cause more pain...

MARTY

(good-natured chuckle)

Bitch, don't try to profile me. You don't have Virgil Webster's track record. Besides, you're the damaged one. I'm just someone who's smarter than a really stupid system.

Stung by him, she decides to sting back.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

REBECCA

No. The stupid system accounts for human error. Your ritual depends solely on your ego. You're about power, not justice. You kill because you're powerless not to. Just like every other serial murderer.

Marty is silent for a beat.

MARTY

That's Paul Ryan talking. When am I going to hear from Rebecca Locke? Or better yet, put Becky George on the line. I want to ask if she wanted someone to take out her abductor before he came in through the window.

CLICK. He hangs up. Rebecca's mind is racing. Then, a realization...

\*  
\*

SMASH CUT TO:

34 INT. EUCLID HOUSE - BASEMENT - CONTINUOUS

34 \*

Rebecca looks down into the basement. Grits her teeth.

\*

35 INT. EUCLID HOUSE - ATTIC - MOMENTS LATER

35

Rebecca clicks on the lights. They don't work. She clicks on a pen sized flashlight and swings it around. Lots of stuff. Lots of dust. All dark. Basement used for storage.

\*  
\*

Rebecca climbs up, and pulls her weapon, holding the pen-light in her grip. As she moves through, she hears a sound. Turns.

\*

SCRATCH SCRATCH. SCRATCH. Rebecca trains her light on an old trunk. Whatever the sound was, it's stopped.

She approaches the trunk, kneels down. It's locked. She SMASHES the lock with her gun butt. Opens the trunk...

\*

A BLACK CAT leaps out with a CRY, and she jumps back. We hear the cat scamper away. Rebecca catches her breath.

REBECCA

What'd you expect, dummy?

She looks in the trunk. And her eyes widen. Then go sad.

36 EXT. EUCLID HOUSE - DOWNSTAIRS - SAME 36

Mel and Paul walk back in and Danny closes the door.

MEL

She's back.

DANNY

Good work.

PAUL

What's wrong?

He's talking to CODY, who's standing on the stairs.

CODY

Where'd Dad go?

They look at each other. Then SPLIT UP to find him.

37-39 OMITTED 37-39 \*

40 INT. EUCLID HOUSE - BASEMENT - MOMENTS LATER 40 \*

Paul opens the door, stares down into the darkness. \*

PAUL \*

Locke? \*

REBECCA (O.S.) \*

Down here. \*

He heads down, finds the lights don't work, finds Rebecca, sitting on the trunk, holding her light over some stuff. \*

PAUL \*

Roger's gone. \*

REBECCA \*

(shakes her head) \*

No... \*

She shines her light on a stash of "barely legal" porn magazines, along with a creepy collection of candid photos of little girls. Including Aubrey Harris. \*

REBECCA (CONT'D) \*

Roger's loose.

END OF ACT TWO

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ACT THREE

41 INT. EUCLID HOUSE - KITCHEN - DAY

41

CLOSE ON: PORN/PHOTOS being zipped into evidence bags.

Paul is packing the evidence. Web and Rebecca are standing near the TRUNK, which sits on the floor.

(note: everyone watches their volume in this scene, because Kelly and the kids are still in the house).

WEB

What led you to the attic?

REBECCA

On the phone, he mentioned my abduction, which, including the article left on my computer, was the second reference to it.

WEB

And in your case, there was an attic involved.

Rebecca simply nods.

WEB (CONT'D)

So sending over the girl...

REBECCA

Was a symbolic reference. I guess I put it together too late...

WEB

Don't blame yourself. The killer's already doing that.

Both Paul and Rebecca look at Web, surprised.

WEB (CONT'D)

You squandered his gift.

Danny and Mel walk in, Danny snapping shut his cell.

DANNY

Police sweep is about halfway up past Lincoln right now. If Roger's not hiding under a pool house, he's still on foot or he caught a bus.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MEL

Either way, he's restricted. We'll get him.

WEB

Good. In the meantime, our man was here before we were. Trunk and its contents back to the lab for hair, fiber and prints.

(beat)

We may also need to seize the cat.

MEL

Oh, come on, she just got him back...

(off Web's look)

Right.

Danny and Mel grab the trunk, lift it out. Rebecca starts out with them, Web grabs her arm.

WEB

You're staying here. Roger may return.

REBECCA

But, I... I should be helping with evidence assessment...

WEB

I'm taking the Pre-Filer. You're taking Comack.

(just between them)

A dangerous man lived in this house. There's plenty of evidence to assess, right here.

Rebecca nods, she understands. Even agrees. But-

REBECCA

I need the photos. The candid.

Web hands her a plastic bag with Roger's photos. He turns to leave, gets halfway down the hall before Paul stops him.

WEB

What is it?

PAUL

You don't think Roger's coming back.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

PAUL(CONT'D)

You think the killer's formed a connection to Rebecca and might try to engage again.

WEB

That's why you're sticking with her.

PAUL

Right...

Paul, expecting an argument, hangs there as Web walks out.

42

INT. EUCLID HOUSE - ROGER'S OFFICE - DAY

42

Kelly Comack sits in Roger's chair at his desk, a thousand yard stare in her eyes.

Rebecca quietly steps into the doorway. PHOTOS clutched in one of her hands. Kelly doesn't look over.

REBECCA

Where are Cody and Justin?

KELLY

Cody's room. Where's Roger?

REBECCA

We're still looking.

(beat)

Maybe you can help.

She crosses and sits next to Kelly.

REBECCA (CONT'D)

Did Roger ever have to travel for work?

KELLY

No. Sometimes. Not really.

Rebecca shifts the photos in her hands. Several are of different LITTLE GIRLS on a PIER. Taken from a HIGH ANGLE.

REBECCA

Does he ever stay somewhere near the water?

Kelly becomes aware of the photos.

KELLY

(quiet)

Get those away from me.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Rebecca feels guilty for a moment, then...

REBECCA

I'm sorry, but we don't have much time.

KELLY

No, I'm sorry. Get out of here!

PAUL (O.C.)

Agent Locke.

She turns to see Paul walking in, upset with her.

PAUL (CONT'D)

Could you step out please?

REBECCA

Why?

PAUL

Because you can't be in this room right now.

Rebecca, taken aback, brushes past him and into the hall, where she puts her back against the wall, flushed.

Paul sits down with a now emotional Kelly.

KELLY

I want to go to a hotel. I want to take Cody and Justin with me.

PAUL

We wouldn't recommend that right now. Your husband may call in...

(beat)

And just to make it clear, no one has accused Roger of any crime...

Kelly shakes her head.

PAUL (CONT'D)

We know those items may have been planted.

KELLY

(very quiet)

... 're not.

PAUL

What?

(CONTINUED)



CONTINUED: (2)

KELLY

They're not.

She pushes a slew of stuff off Roger's desk.

ON REBECCA, in the hallway, reacting.

Paul listens as Kelly chokes on pain.

KELLY (CONT'D)

I... I don't know when I knew...  
or... not knew, but felt...

(beat)

When I felt something was wrong  
with Roger. Sometimes I would  
catch him, glancing, or... just a  
little too long?

Paul nods. Kelly breaks down.

KELLY (CONT'D)

Oh my God...

Rebecca steps back into the doorway, watching Kelly.

KELLY (CONT'D)

I want to go to a hotel. I'm  
scared...

PAUL

The man we're after, may be after  
Roger. He's not after you or the  
boys...

KELLY

I'm talking about Roger.

REBECCA

Roger's over.

(they look at her)

Any threat he may have posed was  
predicated on his secret world  
remaining secret.

Kelly looks at the photos still in Rebecca's hand.

KELLY

You don't really believe that.

Paul knows that too, but he's impressed with Rebecca for  
trying. Kelly pulls herself together.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

KELLY (CONT'D)

Roger's company sometimes rents rooms in a hotel, for showrooms. I don't know which one. Somewhere near the pier...

Paul and Rebecca share a look, then Rebecca focuses in on one photo: a LITTLE GIRL at the railing at the pier. OFF her:

43

INT. V.C.U. - FORENSICS LAB - DAY

43

Melody and Carter browse a table stacked with evidence - weapons, fetish gear and pornography. Web enters, gloves up.

WEB

What do we got?

MEL

Sentimental items from all four victims, and Roger Comack.

CARTER

Dildos, knives, dirty books, restraints, pills, assault rifle, and dildos.

MEL

Also prints, hair, and other... residue.

WEB

Any trace of the Pre-Filer from the Comack evidence?

MEL

None.

CARTER

Pre-Filer. That's cool.

Mel taps him, gestures to herself. Carter approves.

Web stares at the mess of woe.

WEB

The answer is here.

Web reaches out and puts his finger on one of the porn magazines. Slides it toward him. Stares at it. Mel and Carter exchange an uncomfortable look.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CARTER

I can tell you some stuff about the victims, none of it nice. But as for the suspect... I can run more tests, but I highly doubt we'll find anything.

Web begins rearranging the items on the table. Pushing some to the corner, forming others into an EVEN LINE: 1) Porn Magazine, 2) Gun Magazine, 3) Snuff Film DVD, 4) Bottle of prescription anti-depressants.

Web stares at the seemingly unrelated items, then nods.

WEB

Gotcha.

44

EXT. SANTA MONICA PIER - DAY

44

ON A PHOTO OF A LITTLE GIRL AT THE SAME PIER

But not matching the exact spot Rebecca is standing at. She lowers the photo. She and Paul walk to a new spot...

REBECCA

You were right to check me back there, with Mrs. Comack. I'm not used to dealing with...

PAUL

People?

She looks at him. Not the word she was looking for.

PAUL (CONT'D)

I just think you're a little overzealous about taking down Roger.

REBECCA

I should be under zealous?

PAUL

He hasn't committed a crime. Barely Legal is an over the counter mag, unfortunately...

She stops him.

REBECCA

Are you defending a pederast?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

PAUL

No. I'm keeping a clear perspective of a basically law abiding person whose life has been openly threatened by a serial killer.

REBECCA

It's just that textbook?

PAUL

No, it's that personal. Remember Teddy Bunch? Hidden Harbour murders? Weird guy, played with kids. I was convinced he was guilty. You proved me wrong.

REBECCA

He was friends with little kids. He didn't take secret long lens pictures of them.

She holds up the photo again, and it MATCHES the location they're at.

She looks at other photos, same angle, then at the surrounding hotels. Comparing the angles. They all seem to be coming from one hotel. The Shangri-la.

45 INT. SHANGRI-LA HOTEL - OUTSIDE ROOM 1018 - MOMENTS LATER 45

Rebecca and Paul KNOCK.

PAUL

Roger? It's Agent Ryan. Open the door.

No response. He tries the door. Locked. Rebecca pulls out her gun. Paul gives her a "what are you doing?" look. \*

The door OPENS, revealing Roger. Disheveled. Looks like he's been crying. Oddly quiet and bug-eyed. \*

REBECCA

Back up, turn around, and get on your knees.

PAUL

He's not under arrest.  
(to Roger)  
We're protecting you. \*

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Roger backs up in fear. **They enter.** \*

ROGER

**I... I'm sorry...** \*

REBECCA

Spoke to the front desk. You're here a few times a month.

ROGER

**I... I...** \*

PAUL

**Calm down. Calm down. You're safe.** \*

**Roger's eyes go past Paul's shoulder. Rebecca sees it, a second too late.** \*

**MARTY steps from behind the door, which slams closed as he brings his pistol butt down to SMASH Paul on the back of the head.** \*

Paul DROPS to the deck, pulling Roger down with him, who rolls clumsily on the floor.

Rebecca fumbles out her gun as Marty **turns to her.** Both point their guns at each other. \*

REBECCA

**DROP YOUR GUN!**

Marty lowers his gun... to aim at Paul's unconscious head.

MARTY

**Drop yours. Ten. Nine. Eight. Seven. Six.**

REBECCA

**Okay!**

Rebecca holds her hands apart, gun still held in one hand.

MARTY

**Four. Three. Two...**

She drops her gun.

MARTY (CONT'D)

**Take out your cuffs. Turn around. And get on your knees. Ten. Nine.**

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

Rebecca turns, heart pounding, to see Roger backed against the bed.

\*  
\*

ROGER

Okay. I did what you said. Okay?

Please. Let me go.

(beat)

I haven't done anything...

\*  
\*  
\*  
\*

OFF Marty's smile.

MARTY

I know.

\*  
\*

46-47 OMITTED

46-47

\*

END OF ACT THREE

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ACT FOUR

48 INT. SHANGRI-LA HOTEL - ROOM 1018 - DAY 48

Paul presses an ice pack to his head. A couple COPS are here, doing clean up, and Danny is attending to Paul, along with a PARAMEDIC. \*

DANNY  
Could be worse. \*

PAUL  
(still a little groggy)  
He took Rebecca. \*

DANNY  
I mean he coulda shot you.  
(beat)  
And then we'd all have thought you  
were a future serial killer. \*

Paul glares through his pain at the joke. \*

DANNY (CONT'D)  
Ready to stand? \*

PAUL  
Concussion willing... \*

Danny helps him up. \*

DANNY  
We're gonna get her, man. Web's on  
it. He's got the scent. \*

PAUL  
Web. Where's Web?

DANNY  
He's at the post office. \*

Paul squints at Danny. What?

49 INT. DOWNTOWN POST OFFICE - DAY 49

Web and Mel stand in the noisy mail processing center, next to a POSTAL CHIEF (60s), dressed in blue, who looks at each piece of evidence: Barely Legal, Marquis (fetish mag), Snuff Box, without giving them a second glance. Just mail to him. \*

He's looking at the POSTAL LABELS.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

POSTAL CHIEF

Yes. These check digits, these delivery points, this mail was most likely processed through this branch.

MEL

Who would've processed this mail?

POSTAL CHIEF

We got 89 clerks working shifts 'round the clock, seven days a week. Sorting over...

WEB

Anyone who was recently fired, or reprimanded?

POSTAL CHIEF

Recently? No. Though we're about to face a cutback soon...

Web looks out onto the sorting floor. Impatient.

WEB

We're looking for a caucasian man, single, early forties, athletic, very smart, keeps to himself, well spoken...

POSTAL CHIEF

Marty. You're talking about Marty.

MEL

Marty...

POSTAL CHIEF

Mills. Martin Mills. That's the only guy. We call him college boy.

Web and Mel exchange a look.

MEL

Do you have his address?

She closes her eyes instantly after she says it, avoiding the Postal Chief's look of "are you joking?"

OFF MAIL MACHINES running behind him...

CUT TO:



50 INT. MARTY'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - DAY

50

Marty sits at his kitchen table, twinkle in his eye, speaking in a casual, erudite tone. Like he's on Charlie Rose.

MARTY

Thing that all serial killers want, is to tell their story. They want to tell you their story. It's not hard to avoid leaving evidence. They do it because it makes nice visual aids in the big "book of them." They're drama queens.

Reveal Rebecca sitting opposite him. It's a classic breakfast nook set up, except her hands are cuffed behind the chair. A diet soda and large gun in front of Marty. A diet soda (with straw) in front of Rebecca.

MARTY (CONT'D)

Anyway, it starts with the mail. They're lazy, they're uncreative, they need fuel. So they order illegal pornography, arson manuals, weapons, you name it. They order this crap to their house, through the mail. HEY!

He slaps the table. Rebecca, who was looking to the draped window, looks back at Marty, who's pissed. Indignant.

MARTY (CONT'D)

Friends not coming. Stop looking at window. No one has a clue who I am, much less where I live.

But Web's voice keeps ringing in her head: "We've found him." She focuses on Marty. She was paying attention.

REBECCA

You work at the post office...

Marty continues, faster and impatient now.

MARTY

That's phase one. Sort through suspicious material, see where it leads. Phase two is filter down: research public records, access private records, access credit card data. Sort the good from the bad from the ugly.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Marty sits back, sips his drink, reassumes his relaxed air.

MARTY (CONT'D)

Phase three is physical penetration of the lair, where I make the final analysis. Phase four is intervention.

He waits for her to respond.

REBECCA

It's impressive.

MARTY

Impressive.

Marty nods, looks down at the table, silent and... hurt?

MARTY (CONT'D)

I respect you. Rebecca. I respect your talent. And I don't think I'd be out of line in asking for your respect in kind. So please, don't condescend to me.

REBECCA

What do you want?

MARTY

On the phone, you implied that my method was flawed. In fact, you insulted me by calling it a ritual.

REBECCA

I'm sorry.

MARTY

I don't feel entitled. I don't feel the need to be right. I just want a fair chance to prove my point...

Rebecca nods, reluctant. Marty smiles.

MARTY (CONT'D)

So I figured the best way to prove it, is to let you prove it for me.

He stands up, and now we REVEAL ROGER, bound to a chair in the adjoining room. Gagged. Scared out of his mind.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

MARTY (CONT'D)

(re: her, Roger, setup)

Believe me, I know how theatrical  
this all looks. But it's really  
straightforward.

Marty chambers a round, presses his gun to Roger's head.  
Roger screams through the gag.

REBECCA

Wait!

MARTY

Don't worry. I only pull the  
trigger if you say so.

(beat)

Now, profile Roger.

REBECCA

What?

MARTY

Profile. Roger. Tell him who he  
is. You've already done the work.  
So have I.

REBECCA

There's nothing to... there's no  
crime...

MARTY

(shakes head, fuck it)

Told you not to condescend to me...

He puts up his hand to deflect the spatter...

REBECCA

Wait! Stop. Alright. He... he  
probably started a couple years  
ago...

(Marty turns back)

At one of his conventions. For  
work. He was at the hotel...

MARTY

I know. Tell him.

She looks at Roger. He stares back with fear saucers.

REBECCA

You... you were at the hotel.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

Rebecca stares at him. Her breathing slows...

REBECCA (CONT'D)

You wound up with a west facing room, and you saw a girl at the pier. From a distance, she looked like Aubrey Harris, who lives next door. You got curious. Started watching.

(beat)

Next time, you brought your camera. Just to get a closer look, not to take pictures yet. But every convention, you booked a west facing room.

Now Roger's eyes are shifting. Sorrow. Guilt. Rebecca's are growing colder. Marty watches her.

REBECCA (CONT'D)

By the time you started shooting photos, you were booking the room even when there was no convention. You know it's wrong. You hate yourself for it, and you hate the girls for making you feel this way.

Now she's into it. Slowly taking him apart.

REBECCA (CONT'D)

It will get worse. The tension there. And you'll need to find a way out, to get normal. And that's when it'll happen. Six months, maybe a year from now. Just once, but it won't last, and you'll need to do it to get normal again. And again. And again. And again.

Rebecca now has the familiar, cold judgment in her eyes. Marty is quiet now, sympathetic.

MARTY

We don't have enough evidence on him, Rebecca. They'll let him go free. And we know what he'll do. You especially.

Rebecca stares at Roger, who is shaking his head slowly. No I will not. I swear to God.

(CONTINUED)

MARTY (CONT'D)  
What should we do, Rebecca?

Her eyes look away from Roger's head.

MARTY (CONT'D)  
What can we do?

She closes her eyes. And lies.

REBECCA  
Let him go.

Marty exhales, shakes his head.

MARTY  
Wrong answer.

51 EXT. MARTY'S HOUSE - STREET - SAME 51

DANNY'S CAR whips up and parks on the side of the street.  
Paul and Danny get out. \*

Danny jumps out and runs across to a S.W.A.T. truck which is  
just now disgorging KEVLAR MEN. One of them hands Danny a  
vest and a helmet. \*

A52 INT. V.C.U. - WAR ROOM - SAME TIME A52 \*

Web in front of a map of the neighborhood. Running the game  
from here. \*

DANNY (V.O.)  
(from phone)  
We're in position. \*

WEB  
Is the street secure? \*

DANNY (V.O.)  
Roger that. \*

B52 EXT. MARTY'S HOUSE - STREET - SAME TIME B52 \*

Danny now fully suited up, hand signals to team. \*

WEB (V.O.)  
(from phone)  
Take the house. Watch your fire. \*

DANNY  
Always do.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Someone hands him an MP-5. He turns to see Paul sliding on a windbreaker over a kevlar vest. Danny begins to protest-

PAUL  
Don't even start.

Paul checks his clip, pops it back in.

52 INT. MARTY'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - SAME 52

Marty storms into his kitchen. Rebecca winces, but he's not heading for her.

MARTY  
Boy, Roger, it's your lucky day!  
This pretty girl has decided you're  
good to go...

He opens a kitchen drawer, pulls something out below frame while glaring at Rebecca.

MARTY (CONT'D)  
Fortunately, she's not the only one  
who gets a say.

He slams the drawer closed. Crosses back to Roger.

MARTY (CONT'D)  
So we're on our own for phase four.

Marty steps behind Roger, takes off his gag.

ROGER  
(to Rebecca)  
Help me...

MARTY  
Way past that, amigo.  
(leans down to ear)  
Hey, you wanna know how you were  
gonna do it?

Marty WHIPS a plastic grocery bag over Roger's head, pulls it tight. Roger begins to thrash. Rebecca tries to move. Her chair is bolted down.

REBECCA  
Hey.

Not alarmed. Angry. Marty looks up. She stares him down.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

REBECCA (CONT'D)

I thought this was a debate. When  
do I get my turn?

Marty regards her suspiciously as Roger bucks and suffocates.

MARTY

If you wanna talk about ethics  
then...

REBECCA

I wanna talk about you.

MARTY

Didn't I warn you not to do that?

REBECCA

If you feel entitled...

Marty smiles. Sticks his fingers in Roger's mouth, rips open  
a breathing hole in the bag. Roger sucks in air.

MARTY

(to Roger)

Don't worry, sir, we double bag.

He's joking. Nervous. He smiles at Rebecca, cocky.

MARTY (CONT'D)

So you wanna do me, huh? Okay.  
I'll give ya a head start. My  
childhood was bad. I hate  
myself...

REBECCA

You hate half yourself.

Marty stops talking, but keeps smiling.

REBECCA (CONT'D)

The other half you like. The smart  
half. The part of you that sees  
things, so quickly, and puts them  
all together.

(beat)

You like the part that thinks, and  
hate the part that feels.

Marty stops smiling, and looks confused, like she's pulling  
some kind of trick and he doesn't know what.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

REBECCA (CONT'D)

Because you feel the same thing  
Roger feels. The same thing Jeremy  
Fitch feels, and James Havens, and  
Frank Bicks. Every time you kill  
one of them, you kill that half.

Rebecca leans forward, going in for the pain.

REBECCA (CONT'D)

But nothing changes, does it? What  
happened a long time ago, to us?  
Still happened. And there's not a  
thing you can do to stop it.

Marty just stares at her for a long beat, *trying to control his rage, fighting to stay the calm mastermind. He fails and draws his gun from his belt, goes to jam it in her mouth...* \*  
\*  
\*

BOOM. The front door SPLINTERS open under the battering ram.

Marty turns to the door and FIRES TWICE. His bullet impacts the first guy through the door. Hits the vest. *His aim off.* \*

Danny follows up second and TAKES MARTY DOWN with a three round burst to the legs.

The rest of the team sweeps in and secures the room.

*Paul runs over and begins to uncuff Rebecca.* \*

Danny kicks Marty's gun away, looms over him.

MARTY

You missed...

DANNY

No, 'cause see, you're under...

(*slowly*)

Arrest. \*

Rebecca walks up, shaken and furious. Marty looks at her.

MARTY'S POV FROM FLOOR LOOKING UP - REBECCA

MARTY

I apologize for my temper just now,  
Rebecca. I know you're one of the  
good guys...

(CONTINUED)



CONTINUED: (3)

POW! Before Danny can stop her, Rebecca impulsively STOMPS down, knocking Marty's lights out and taking us to-

BLACK

53 EXT. EUCLID HOUSE/ INT. PAUL'S CAR - DAY

53

The next day. Paul's car makes its way down the street, parks outside of the house. Paul and Rebecca in the front seat. Roger Comack in the back.

Nobody says anything for a beat.

PAUL

Just think of it this way. You're lucky to be alive.

ROGER

I don't feel lucky.

Roger waits for another beat, then opens his door. Pauses.

ROGER (CONT'D)

Reb... Agent Locke, I want to say thank you. Again.

Rebecca doesn't turn. Doesn't nod.

Roger gets out, closes the door, and heads up his driveway. He slows when he sees LUGGAGE sitting there. His.

The door opens, and Kelly steps out onto the porch. She stares at him. Arms folded. Grim.

Roger walks up to his luggage. His car keys are on top. He takes them, picks up his bag. Kelly walks back inside.

PAUL

This what you wanted to ride along for?

Rebecca doesn't answer.

Roger starts his car, pulls out of the drive.

ON REBECCA

PAUL (O.C.) (CONT'D)

You did the right thing. You know that, right?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

She watches Roger's car drive off sadly down the block. As it passes the next house, we can see little Aubrey Harris, playing with a couple of friends.

Through the rear windshield, we can see Roger's head turn to look at them as he passes.

BACK TO REBECCA

PAUL (O.C.) (CONT'D)

Right?

OFF her expression, not wanting to answer.

FADE OUT.

END OF EPISODE