

Jack

by

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BOLD

F I L M S

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Cannes 2010

Wind, rain, a roll of THUNDER and...

FADE IN:

EXT. ROOFTOP OF A BUILDING - NIGHT

There's a city out there. We can't see much of it through the storm. But it's Seattle.

Crack of lightning.

And right from the start we feel it. That tight thing. That invisible sonic. The one that says -- Whatever you're running from... that fucker's coming this way.

BLUE LIGHTS begin pulsing. Ringing a CHOPPER LANDING PAD on the rooftop.

GUY IN A RAIN SLICKER

Steps in. Tense. Staring up at the sky. Searching. His face now lit by a red wig-wag. Brings up his two-way.

RAIN SLICKER

-- Ready up... They're coming in.

MEDEVAC HELICOPTER - SUDDENLY ROARS

Out of the storm. BOOMING. Blasting us back. Its fat belly in our face. Coming down, and

BANG -- HOSPITAL DOORS OPEN

The KILLER'S rushed in on a gurney.

INT. OPERATING ROOM

TRAUMA TEAM waiting. He's moved onto the table. Get a load of his face --

TRAUMA DOC

Je-zus...

The damage is sick. No longer human.

DR. KUMARA

Indian neurosurgeon moves in. He's a god. Steady, intense. Assesses the patient. Commands the others with a look.

They fan out. Becoming a self-lubricating machine.

Kumara lifts his hands. Turns to a NURSE.

As he plunges a hand into a latex glove. With a SNAP --

TIME SHIFT:

INT. CAR - NIGHT

The KILLER -- his HANDS also donning latex gloves -- with a SNAP. He seals the wrists with duct tape.

EXT. SIDEWALK - NIGHT

BEAUTIFUL GIRL (DANA). Exiting a 24-HOUR GYM.
Breezy. THUNDER. A storm coming.

KILLER'S POV - WATCHING HER

Her movements slo-mo. Floating. Like in a dream.

THE GIRL

Walking into shadows. She passes.

THE KILLER

Steps from between some cars at the curb, wearing a ball cap, gym bag slung on his shoulder.

KILLER

-- Dana, hi.

Just enough light on his face to see he's smiling, friendly charm in his voice -- she thinks she knows him.

DANA

Oh, hi... I didn't see you there.

KILLER

I'm just meeting up with Jimmy for a light work-out -- I'm outta town tomorrow.

THUNDER -- they both look at the sky.

KILLER

Storm... Say it's gonna be a bad one -- You headed home to feed the cats?

DANA

Yeah, *chuckles* they're -- Now... How'd you know that?

He says nothing, just stands there in shadow.

KILLER

If you hurry...

Something hypnotic in his tone --

KILLER

... You just might beat the rain.

Her look -- now realizing -- she doesn't know this guy at all -- that ZING of fear and

DANA
Yeah... Well, I better --

KILLER
-- Yeah... You better run on then...
I'll seeya later.

Breaking-off her stare, she turns, walking, rounding

A CORNER

And... it's darker here, spooks her -- but ahead, a STREETLIGHT and her car -- her pace quickens and it seems like everything's OK, then

KILLER
Oh, hey Dana...

She stops -- keeping her back to him...

KILLER
You dropped this.

FROM THE DARK

Reaching out -- his HAND, in the latex glove.

HER LOOK

As she slow-turns -- WHAM

THE ATTACK

Flash-blur... and

INT. KILLER'S CAR - NIGHT - LATER

Dana's out cold in the backseat, sound of GRAVEL CRUNCHING under tires -- she rouses, groggy, her hands/feet bound, duct tape over her mouth -- she tries to move, nothing makes sense, looks to the front.

HER POV - THE KILLER - DRIVING

Back of his head, the dashboard glow -- she makes a NOISE -- he looks back at her in profile -- suddenly it all comes rushing at her and

DANA

Goes wide-eyed, trying to scream, thrashing wild to get free -- and the Killer gently goes

KILLER
Sshhhh...

INT. OPERATING ROOM - WHINE OF A SURGICAL SAW

Dr. Kumara cutting the Killer's skull -- arterial spray -- Trauma Team working frantically, operating LIGHTS FLARE and

INT. OLD ABANDONED LOGGING MILL - NIGHT

Weird angles, shadows, wood beams, CREAKING SOUND in the bg.

DANA'S EYES

Terrified -- quivering, gasping -- HIS HANDS around her throat and...

SHE DIES

Blowing her last breath in his face... As he breathes it in --

EXT. RIVER BANK - NIGHT - THE KILLER

Watching the river, wind blowing in the storm -- he walks away -- looks off at something, stops -- a private moment... As he continues on, we see

DANA'S BODY

Now lying in the weeds -- and it begins to RAIN.

HEADLIGHTS APPEAR - THE KILLER'S CAR

Coming at us -- raining, as it *whooshes* past -- THUNK

INT. OPERATING ROOM - DR. KUMARA

DROPS A SECTION of the Killer's SKULL into a tray -- A peek at his exposed BRAIN -- wet, grisly mass.

INT. KILLER'S CAR - NIGHT

Back road. Woods. Rain. Killer's FINGER tapping the steering wheel -- MUSIC in the bg -- sense of calm, peaceful -- as he glimpses in the rearview mirror.

His eyes... A STREAK OF LIGHT --

ONCOMING HEADLIGHTS - THE OTHER CAR

Fast, gleaming, veering into his lane and

WHAM - THE IMPACT

Blasting steel sparks, flames, both cars sheering, crossing, flipping in opposite directions, then

BOOM -- EXPLOSION RIPS -- THUNDERING OUT like every bolt in the whole fucking world coming loose as

THE KILLER IS - BLOWN

From the car -- soaring through the air -- fiery pieces raining down at his back.

KILLER'S POV - FLYING

Into A TREE as -- BANG

INT. OPERATING ROOM - TRAUMA DOC

SHOCKS the Killer's heart with de-fib paddles and

BAM -- FACE-FIRST

KILLER HITS the tree.

INSIDE HIS HEAD - THE DAMAGE

His brain misfiring.

MILLION SOUNDS/IMAGES

A lifetime speed-flashing, fading away...

EXT. TREE - THE KILLER

His body smashed, suspended in the branches -- he looks like a ragdoll in a reverse crucifix, lit by the burning wreckage scattered below.

INT. OPERATING ROOM - DR. KUMARA

Operation over. Lowering his mask. Bloody, exhausted. Stares at his work. As he exits, we see

THE RESULTS - THE KILLER

Trussed in a carbon halo ring screwed to his skull. Mummy bandages. Legs in traction. Respirator. Monitors, IVs -- the guy's fucked up.

INT. KILLER'S HOSPITAL ROOM - DAY - TIME HAS PASSED

That SOUND... The Killer's respirator. Carbon halo ring. His mummy bandages.

NURSE JETTY humming to herself. Easy duty. Like babysitting a corpse. She checks a monitor. Makes a note on his chart.

Stoops to adjust the respirator pump. Her hand on the bed railing. Just by her head -- rests the KILLER'S HAND.

Suddenly his hand TWITCHES... Beat -- There it goes again. And slowly... A finger rises.

Nurse Jetty feels something. Her eyes shift -- THE KILLER'S FINGERS touching her hand -- her GASP and

DR. KUMARA (O.S.)
 Two-car crash on a rainy night --
 drunk driver was killed instantly.
 And this one... I don't know yet.

INT. CONSULTATION ROOM - DAY

Monitors. 3-D IMAGING SCANS.

DR. KUMARA
 ... Angle of impact caused his brain
 to twist a few degrees inside the
 skull.

COMPUTER MODEL demonstrates IMPACT -- facial/cranial bones
 breaking, brain twisting.

DR. KUMARA
 I had to replace this section of
 bone here with a composite plate --
 assuming he survives, he'll need
 more extensive work to look normal.

With Kumara...

DR. MARIE TRENT, 30s

A neuropsychiatrist, the smart girl in class, the one you
 never got to know -- now an attractive, successful research
 doctor, not given to revealing much about herself -- to her
 patients or anyone else.

And while she pulls it off with a certain grace -- underneath,
 and occasionally in her eyes, there's a sense she's seen and
 done things (private things) we can only imagine.

MARIE
 ... What's his prognosis?

DR. KUMARA
 He came out of a coma-two last week.
 He's still critical. But he's
 breathing on his own now.

MARIE
 -- Can he speak?

DR. KUMARA
 Some...

He leads her to an opaque observation window.

DR. KUMARA
 His jaw's wired. Among other things.
 But what we got...

Hits a switch, clearing the glass.

DR. KUMARA

... He has no memory -- Of who he is. Where he comes from.

Marie's first glimpse of -- the KILLER, lying in state.

MARIE

That's usually transient. I'd expect it with this level of trauma. His family and friends can be helpful filling-in the gaps when the time comes -- And it gives them something to do besides stand around.

Kumara looks at her.

DR. KUMARA

He has no family. No one, so far, has come to claim him. No wallet, license. Car he was driving, registered to someone named Spainour. Turns out Mr. Spainour died last year at the VA hospital. He was 87 years old -- definitely not our friend here.

MARIE

... Fingerprints?

DR. KUMARA

Ran his fingerprints, DNA... Missing Persons, Interpol -- Nothing on file. Anywhere... To date, his identity remains unknown.

She looks back at the patient. Medieval halo ring. Legs in traction. High-line machines keeping him alive.

MARIE

And no name means... No insurance.

Kumara's look.

MARIE

-- He must be costing you a bloody fortune.

Bingo.

DR. KUMARA

His recovery's going to be long and expensive.

Her silent look. Questioning, tugging his ego.

DR. KUMARA

-- He belongs in a state-run facility,
Doctor.

MARIE

And you want me to sign off on it.

DR. KUMARA

For legal reasons, the hospital needs
an independent evaluation of his
prognosis. Your reputation lends a
certain credibility to our --

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - KILLER'S POV

Quiet... Blurry, watery -- Blink -- for a second, it clears
and the Killer SEES... MARIE looking at him through the
observation glass.

As her face fills his view... His eyes close to black.

And we begin hearing the SOUND OF AN AIRPLANE...

EXT. SMALL CESSNA - DAY

Banking into a low sweeping fade. A MAN HOWLING over --

INT. CESSNA - DET. LARRY CHEEKS

Big black guy, 30s. Usually chipper. Not today. Today Cheeks
is scared shitless, focusing a camera as

The Pilot -- DET. PETE CHANDLER, 30s, one of those cool
borderline McQueen guys who redefines things -- like being a
cop -- dives the plane over a river.

PETE

-- Get both sides.

Ground rushing up.

PETE

-- And the access road.

Cheeks firing the auto-winder, shooting pictures like crazy.

CHEEKS

-- OK OK. I got it. I got it.

But Pete's still diving for the river. And he's got this
zero-gaze. He's in the sweet spot. Looking for bulls-eye.
Like the closer to death he gets, the more alive he feels.

CHEEKS

-- Goddammit, Pete. I got it!

(diving-diving)

PULL UP MUTHAFUCKER OR I'll...

As Pete pulls out of the dive -- Cheeks pinned back in his seat, queasy, weak, finally

CHEEKS

... I hate you, man.

Pete grins. A cellphone RINGS. The mood turns solemn. It means one thing... As Cheeks looks to Pete.

EXT. RIVER BANK - BODY DUMP SITE - DAY

CHEEKS (O.S.)

Hand-strangled... Like the others.

Pete kneels, staring at DANA, girl from the 24-hour gym -- dark bruises on her neck, lying in the weeds.

PETE

... When did it rain?

Cheeks crosses in, back of his jacket reads *Seattle Police*.

CHEEKS

Four -- No. Five days ago.

Pete stands. The strain. Case working on him. In the distance -- A PARK. With swings. A family place.

CHEEKS

Shit... Heads-up. Here comes Konradi.

Pete keeps looking at the park. Something eerie about it.

CHEEKS

D.A.'s with him. They probably wanna coupla snapshots with the body. For the scrapbook.

KONRADI

-- Chandler. Simple question...

Pete slow-cranks to his boss -- LT. OREN KONRADI. Crisp. Administrative. A low-carb man.

KONRADI

Where were you? I mean, when you got the call on this one -- Where were you?

PETE

Taking aerial shots of the last dump-site, Lieutenant... Why?

Konradi glances to DISTRICT ATTORNEY HENDERSON as if this confirms something.

KONRADI

Why?... Lemme see... How about --
Three months. And now five bodies.
No leads. No clues. And you're out
flying around like Bob fucking Hope.
Looking-for-god-knows-what. And
getting nowhere.

Pete glances at Cheeks.

PETE

-- What I'm looking for, Lieutenant.
Is how he thinks.

KONRADI

Jesus god in heaven. How's --

PETE

Look around here. You see the river,
the trees, that park over there.
Take the road in here -- What's
special about it?... Notice anything?

Konradi stares at him. Like maybe it's a trick question.
Swings a look at the road.

KONRADI

-- It's a road.

PETE

It's a gravel road. Almost impossible
to get a tire mark or a usable foot
print from a gravel road. Even in
the rain.

KONRADI

So he got lucky.

PETE

No... He knew the road was here. He
plans. The dump sites are selected.
In advance. Like the victims. Nothing
random. I'd say he studied this site
from the park over there. When you
look at it from the air... You can
almost see his mind working -- the
way in, the way out. Always close to
the river. Always near a main road.

Konradi moves in on Pete.

KONRADI

-- Knowing all that, and still...

Points to the dead girl.

KONRADI

Didn't do her one bit of good. Did
it... Like I said. You ain't got
shit.

And for a beat it gets real quiet.

Konradi's a frat-boy chemist fucking with nitro.
Pete could kill him. Bang -- one punch.

But Henderson steps in. He's a good man. Respected.
Looks at the BODY. The power of it.

D.A. HENDERSON

She was... beautiful. Even now.

PETE

... Yes sir.

He turns away from Konradi.

PETE

-- They all were.

He looks past Henderson -- sees ambling across the field...
A LANKY GUY (MICKEY SIG) 30, nice suit, carries himself loose
like he was a jock, and with that comes a keen eye and the
smarts to know when to talk and when to listen.

D.A. HENDERSON

We have impossible jobs...

Pete and Cheeks know what's coming.

D.A. HENDERSON

... But they have to get done --
I've called in the FBI. I want this
man found. I want him stopped.

Pete sags. Konradi seems pleased. Cheeks picks it up.

CHEEKS

-- So... We're out of it.

D.A. HENDERSON

You'll work with them.

(and he means it)

But they'll take the lead. It's their
case now.

Mickey Sig enters. Looks at the body. Takes his time.

SIG

Gentlemen...

Shows his I.D.

SIG

Special-Agent-in-Charge Mickey Sig.

As Pete and Sig measure each other.

SIG

-- Let's get busy.

INT. THE KILLER'S HOSPITAL ROOM - DAY

Bedside table. Plastic water pitcher. Scrawled sloppy on it, the name -- *jack* (hospital slang for a "John Doe" -- this will be the Killer's name.)

There's JACK -- sleeping, a mass of bandages and pain. And across from him...

DR. MARIE TRENT

In clinical mode, impersonal. Making notes, growing weary. She finishes. Closes her notebook. Gets ready to leave.

Jack rouses. He MOANS. Marie hesitates. Moves closer. Even for a doctor, Jack's a hard mother to look at.

MARIE

Can?... Can you hear me?...

Nothing. But he's watching her. Then a dry, guttural rasp. She pours some water from the pitcher.

MARIE

Here...

Puts the straw to his busted lips -- as he sips

MARIE

-- My name is Marie Trent. I'm a doctor, a neuropsychiatrist...

And she just wants to bygod get this done.

MARIE

-- If... If you can hear me... Do you hear me?

He raises his hand a bit.

MARIE

-- Just a couple of questions...

Gets her notebook. Checks her watch. Logs the time.

MARIE

Can you tell me...

She looks up unexpectedly into his eyes -- two gleaming blood-black, reptilian slits.

MARIE

-- Your uh...

JACK'S POV - HER EXPRESSION

Looking at him. Holding her notebook. Suddenly captivated. Staring -- at something so rare and unbelievably hideous that it becomes mesmerizing, morbidly fascinating.

And the feeling intensifies as

SHE WATCHES

As his HAND begins moving in jerk-wobbles, his busted lips quivering, straining, trying to speak.

JACK

... Hel...

And it takes everything he's got --

JACK

Hel... Meee... Peezee...

Whoa... the lonely sound of that. Of someone so broken and fragile asking for help. The simple humanity of it.

Her look -- moved, poignant. Reflexively reaching out, her hand coming to rest on the edge of the bed.

His hand wavers unsteady in the air. As it lands soft on the sheets -- lightly touching her fingers.

CLOSE ON - DR. ABBEY SLOANE, 50s

Attractive, savvy, Marie's mentor -- standing, sipping a glass of wine as she looks around

DR. SLOANE

-- So what're you going to do?

INT. MARIE'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - DAY

Elegant but minimalist decor -- upmarket property with a terrace view looking out through trees.

MARIE (O.S.)

(from the kitchen)

... I'm giving it one more session
and then signing him over to the
State.

Sloane leans against a baby grand piano looking for a place to set her drink -- there isn't one.

DR. SLOANE
Really... I'm surprised.

Marie passes in with a tray of hors d'oeuvres, bottle of wine --

DR. SLOANE
You think that's the best place for him?

MARIE
Well, no... But who else is going to pick up the tab?...

Sloane trails her out to the

TERRACE

Marie pours herself a glass.

MARIE
... He's got no name, no family, no nothing -- I mean, this has got to be the loneliest guy on earth.

Sloane takes some food.

DR. SLOANE
I could make arrangements -- you could rehab him at Kandall-Gleason, and when he's well enough, bring him into my research program at the college. End of problem -- And you get a case study out of it.

Marie sips some wine, moving, looking at the view.

MARIE
I'm not sure, Abbey... I think I just want to move on from this one.

DR. SLOANE
-- You realize how rare all this is?

Marie glances at her.

DR. SLOANE
A pure retrograde amnesiac -- with no identity, no strings attached -- The level of research, the brain mapping we could do. We could watch him develop into --

MARIE

-- Into what?...

Marie stops, looks at her.

MARIE

... This guy's been through enough hell already -- Do we really want to turn him into another lab rat.

Sloane chews and smiles at her.

DR. SLOANE

-- We're researchers, Marie -- it's what we do -- He'll be a lot better off with us than he will with the State.

Sloane turns, gets serious with her.

DR. SLOANE

I think there's something here with this guy. Something significant -- And so do you.

Marie starts to move away. Sloane stops her.

DR. SLOANE

What is it?

MARIE

I don't know... there's something...

Trailing off -- Sloane ponders her, then

DR. SLOANE

What've you got to be afraid of, Marie?

As Marie looks at her...

INT. JACK'S HOSPITAL ROOM - NIGHT

Marie by Jack's bed, watching him sleep -- head bandaged, encased in the carbon halo ring -- the rise and fall of his chest.

Slowly she stretches out her hand, hesitant, tentative, like it's a dare, a test of will.

Closer... Bringing her hand over Jack's body -- closer... her hand hovering over him.

This is about commitment -- and fear... Something about this guy intrigues her. And scares her. And the fear pisses her off.

She forces herself. She's not a coward. But this is hard.
She moves in on him -- close, up to his face -- like gliding
in on a sleeping snake.

Carbon-halo ring, ooze-stains on the gauze, staring at the
dark opening for his eyes, the secrets inside this mound of
bandages, then

MARIE
(whispers, almost to
herself)
... Who are you?

She hangs there a long beat. Waiting. Daring it. Nothing.
Just the rattle of his breathing.

Finally, in her eyes, whatever Marie needed -- she's gotten.
And she leaves. Then slowly...

BACK TO - JACK IN BED

As HIS EYES open -- hot wet slits through the bandages,
staring out.

INT. SITUATION ROOM - SEATTLE POLICE HQ - NIGHT

Pete sitting alone, smoking a cigarette. Surrounded by a
vast array of case details from the killings. And Pete's
lost in it, gone...

TABLES/WALLS/BULLETIN BOARDS covered with -- timelines, photos
of the five victims (how they looked alive and dead), a bullet-
point history of each, pictures of where they worked, lived.
On-ground and aerial shots of the dump sites, maps, weather
reports, soil samples, newspaper headlines, etc.

SIG

Has entered behind him -- he scans all the stuff, looks at
Pete -- sees the yellowed fingers holding the cigarette, the
slight tremor to his hand, his dead stare in profile.

Sig knows the look. And when he speaks, he's talking about
himself --

SIG
... You keep thinking, if you just
stare at it long enough, all these
pieces will somehow fall into place...
But they never do.

Pete hears him. But it takes a beat for it to register.

SIG
-- Come on. You need to get outta
here.

Pete finally looks at him.

PETE
... Whatta you want, Sig?

Sig moves closer, re-scanning the boards, then to Pete.

SIG
I wanna know... What you know. All
of it.

It's not a command. Between cops -- this is a moment of respect.

EXT. THE 24-HOUR GYM (SEEN EARLIER)- NIGHT

Through the windows, we can see PEOPLE exercising. Parked cars line the sidewalk out front -- Pete and Sig in one of the cars, watching the gym.

INT. PETE'S CAR

PETE
... They all had public jobs. People
you see every day -- grocery checker,
librarian, waitress, like that. Last
one worked here, reception desk.

Sig looks at the reception desk -- a MUSCLE BOY eating a banana talks with a BEAUTIFUL GIRL behind the counter. It's a focal point.

PETE
... He watched her... He watched all
of them. He knew every move they
made.

Pete's eyes have this weird blaze -- like he's seeing what the killer saw, the way the killer saw it.

As Sig looks back at him... he gets that Pete can be a very dangerous guy.

EXT. PARK - BY THE RIVER - NIGHT

Set of SWINGS moving empty, random in the night breeze.

EXT. RIVER BANKS - NIGHT

Pete and Sig approaching Dana's body dump site area. They can hear the SWINGS SQUEAKING -- they come to

FADING BODY OUTLINE

Of Dana, from the 24-hour gym -- the river sweeping by, dark, eerie -- it's like a graveyard here. And they can't help but feel it.

PETE

Always leaves their bodies by the river. But he doesn't kill them here -- does that somewhere else -- some place remote, rural.

SIG

Plenty of that around here.

They walk.

PETE

This guy's intelligent, Sig. Thinks in the abstract, anticipates -- And I don't care who you are -- killing up-close is chaos. Wild, emotional. Even for a pro. Mistakes are made. But this guy... He stays steady. Always in control. And when he chooses. He executes... Flawlessly. Without a trace -- and that only comes from experience.

Pete digs a cigarette from his pack.

PETE

-- He's killed more than five people. A lot more.

Sig soaks this in, then

SIG

That's right. He has... Gemme one of those.

Pete gives him a smoke. Fires it -- Sig takes a deep drag. He gets this look. Like he's weighing how much to reveal, then

SIG

What I'm gonna tell you, Pete, I want you to keep between us for now.

PETE

(shrugs)

Sure.

SIG

From what you're describing -- Man we're looking for is what we call an "organized predator."

PETE

You mean... You know who he is?

SIG

No... not like that. Only from his level of precision -- He's in a special subset of Killers -- We don't talk about it much. Don't wanna scare the general population shitless.

They stop by the water's edge.

SIG

But there's usually one of this caliber working the country at any given time. Works an area for a while then moves on. Uses the interstates. Gives him a floating radius. Different jurisdictions. Makes him harder to track... Five kills, he may be done here -- Maybe already moved on.

Sig flicks away the cigarette -- Pete mulls that, the new dimensions of his prey.

PETE

... I don't think so -- but if he has, he didn't go far.

Side glances to Sig

PETE

-- He likes it here... the hunting's good.

Way he says it -- gives Sig a little chill.

PETE

This fucker's got a real mind for it, Sig -- nothing touches him... And there ain't nothing like him.

Looks out at the river, haunted by what he knows.

PETE

... He's the deadliest thing out there.

CLOSE ON - JACK

On a gurney being wheeled out to

EXT. SEATTLE HOSPITAL - A TRANSPORT AMBULANCE - DAY

Time has passed -- Jack's no longer wearing the carbon halo ring, legs out of traction -- just his head/face bandaged.

MARIE oversees the ATTENDANTS loading him in the back.

MARIE

-- Double-lock the gurn-wheels and
secure the halter-strap to the wall --
(she climbs in)
I'm riding back here with him.

The Attendant gets out, closes the door and

INT. TRANSPORT AMBULANCE

Marie makes sure Jack is locked-in tight -- she looks at him.

MARIE

You OK?

Jack -- a slight nod.

MARIE

... I think you're going to like
your new home.

We can see more of Jack's eyes now -- his look to her is genuine.

JACK

(rough whisper)
Thank... you.

A moment between them -- she gives him a reassuring smile,
then BANGS on the glass behind the driver --

MARIE

Let's go, guys...

She sits in the jump-seat and they take off.

EXT. TRANSPORT AMBULANCE - MOVING - DAY

Driving down a highway.

INT. TRANSPORT AMBULANCE

Jack looking out the rear door windows --

JACK'S POV

Blue sky, clouds, overpasses receding in the distance... he
looks to Marie -- she's right there, watching over him,
committed... a smile, then she looks away.

EXT. KANDALL-GLEASON REHAB HOSPITAL - DAY

As the AMBULANCE rolls up a long winding driveway -- pastoral
grounds, a highway cutting through in the distance.

A sprawling country estate two bricks shy of the Hearst Castle, now turned into, the SIGN says -- KANDALL-GLEASON, A SANITARIUM FOR REHABILITATION.

EXT. WOODS - DAY

Autumn backwoods. Pete and Cheeks trudging their way up a rough gravel LOGGING ROAD... wind through the trees, this CREAKING SOUND and WATER FALLING -- they come to a rise, push back some branches, revealing

EXT. OLD ABANDONED LOGGING MILL (SEEN EARLIER)

The mill's WATER WHEEL turning in the narrows of a small river -- out front two FBI and SHERIFF 4X4s -- as Pete and Cheeks look at each other.

INT. MILL - TRACKING IN

This was the Killer's lair -- HUGE WOOD GEARS SQUEAK-CREAKING, worklights, shadows, junk strewn about like maybe bears or wild dogs trashed the place.

IN A CORNER

Two LOCAL SHERIFF DEPUTIES. Two FBI AGENTS, SIG, CHEEKS... AND PETE, stunned, staring at what looks to be --

A COLLAGE - ON THE WALL

Clawed and damaged by the animals, the weather. Tattered CLIPPINGS and HEADLINES. Various murders. Lots of them. Interspersed with --

SURVEILLANCE-STYLE PHOTOS OF WOMEN

Going about their daily routines -- shopping, working, leaving home, on the street. All of them beautiful, murder victims or potential victims. Being watched. Being selected.

Among them -- DANA, THE GIRL FROM THE 24-HOUR GYM.

But there's something else... What they're all really focused on are --

PHOTOS - OF PETE

Middle of a crowd scene, looking up at birds flying overhead.

And then ANOTHER ONE, more jarring --

PHOTO OF PETE - LOOKING FULL-FACE INTO CAMERA

Right into the Killer's lens.

AS PETE

Looks at it...

FLASH BACK:

WHAM - AN ANGRY CROWD

EXT. POLICE STATION - DAY

Everything jumpy, tense, fast like viral news footage -- crowd jostling, pawing Pete making his way through, followed by Cheeks, Konradi, and D.A. Henderson.

PETE'S POV - REPORTERS/CIVILIANS YELLING

News cameras. Lights. Flash-strobes. SCARED, ANGRY FACES. Overwhelming. And PETE'S at the center of it -- a REPORTER pushes through.

REPORTER

(being jostled)

-- Detective Chandler... can you tell us... this latest murder... Is it connected to the others? -- Are you any closer to an arrest?

PETE

We haven't made a link yet -- The case is still under investigation -- I'm sorry. I have no other comment at this time.

Pete gets swept along, glances to Cheeks, the strain -- he looks up.

SOME BIRDS FLYING - SLO-MO - OVERHEAD

He'd like to be up there with them away from all this, then suddenly --

ANOTHER POV - THE KILLER'S POV

WATCHING Pete watching the birds -- FLASH -- A CAMERA SNAPS the moment. Then through the chaos, Pete slowly looks...

AT THE KILLER'S POV - CLOSE

Pete unknowingly looking right at the Killer -- close enough to touch him -- PETE'S PHOTO IS TAKEN AGAIN, FLASH -- and

THE KILLER

Wearing a ball cap, turns in a blur, disappearing in the crowd and

BACK TO PRESENT:

EXT. LOGGING MILL - SEARCH AREA - LATER - DUSK NOW

Worklights. Breezy chill. Perimeter set. Grid lines staked out. Looks like an archeological dig.

Pete watching a herd of FBI TECHS processing the area. Metal detectors, cadaver dogs, methane meters.

Sig steps in. Leaves blow. The sky.

SIG
... Storm's coming.

The vibe's ragged.

PETE
Yeah...

Starts to walk off.

SIG
-- He knows things about you, Pete.

Pete keeps walking.

SIG
Maybe... even things you keep from
yourself.

Pete stops, then walks away.

As Sig watches Pete walk away, we can almost hear his tether lines whip-snapping, breaking free in the wind.

INT. KANDALL-GLEASON REHAB HOSPITAL - SOLARIUM - DAY

JACK strapped to a special tilt-back gurney.

Still with the head/face bandages, his eyes -- those eyes... The hell those eyes have seen -- looking out the window, at nothing in particular.

INT. POLICE SQUAD ROOM - DAY

LT. KONRADI enters with a case file -- noisy, full of COPS. He sees Cheeks at Pete's desk talking to him.

CHEEKS
(soto)
... S'been four months since the
last girl -- he's moved on. You know
it and I know it.

Konradi approaches.

KONRADI
Need a word, Detective Chandler...

Cheeks moves. Pete. Silent. Ticking.

KONRADI

... I wanted you to know, the press
has gotten hold of this --

Konradi opens the file on Pete's desk -- THE PHOTOS OF PETE
TAKEN BY THE KILLER stare back at him.

KONRADI

They'll be going after you -- but
we'll all have to suffer the same
humiliation... be a shitstorm all
over again.

Konradi hands Pete a DOCUMENT -- as Pete reads it.

KONRADI

-- I'm reassigning you.

Pete's eyes find Cheeks -- the look between them -- air
pressurizing, Pete falling into the warp, a big iron ball
rumbling by in his head.

KONRADI

It'll get you outta the main line of
fire till this blows over -- or till
we catch this bastard.

PETE'S POV - SEEING THINGS IN MICRO

A paperclip, the phone, a light flashing, styro cup,
A COP turning to look at him.

KONRADI

(leans closer)

I'm trying to do you a favor,
Chandler.

Pete finally looks at Konradi --

PETE

This is my case... I'm not going
anywhere.

Pete stands slow, turns away like he's leaving -- Konradi
grabs Pete's arm, turns him around.

KONRADI

It's not a request, it's an or--

SHHEEEOOO -- PETE FLIPS him onto the desk -- BAM.

The room freezes.

Pete crushing Konradi's throat -- Close. Pete. His eyes -- He's killing Konradi -- Konradi's eyes, veins bulging, gagging, can't breath, then suddenly...

Pete catches himself, realizing what he's doing -- he releases Konradi... as he slowly steps back.

BLACK OUT:

Three months later...

INT. JACK'S ROOM - REHAB HOSPITAL - DAY

Jack. Scissors snipping through the bandages.

Marie watches. Behind her other DOCTORS/NURSES all eager for the results. As the bandages are removed from his face --

JACK'S POV

Marie studies him, not giving away much... Then a slight grin. She has a hand-mirror.

Gives it to him -- slowly he raises the mirror... And now for the first time

JACK - SEES HIS FACE

Puffy still, fading scars and bruises. But overall what's revealed is -- not the face of a killer. But of a good man.

Jack touches his cheek.

MARIE

Well?... Who do you see there?

He peers at his reflection.

JACK

I...

Looks to Marie.

JACK

I don't know.

The look between Jack and Marie -- powerful moment.

Marie looking at him, the mask of bandages gone, his face finally revealed, the full image of the man -- THIS is her patient.

She's moved. They're all moved by him -- Jack, the broken survivor. Someone lucky just to be alive.

Jack looks around, the cool air on his new face, Marie and the others watching him. He feels strange, exposed.

As he glances back at himself in the mirror -- for now, the Killer in him is gone.

INT. POLICE REVIEW BOARD - DAY

Pete stands facing a tribunal. Running the show is D.A. Henderson, flanked by Police Brass and Lt. Konradi.

D.A. HENDERSON (V.O.)

... And the severity of your actions
against a superior officer, combined
with some rather troubling results
from your psychological e-vals...

INT. PETE'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

It's dark. We hear a CLICK...

D.A. HENDERSON (V.O.)

... Have left us no choice, Pete,
but to render your termination,
effective immediately.

CLICK...

Pete's sitting in a chair. Staring out -- CLICK... Down in his hand a gun... He's cocking... CLICK and uncocking it.

A man alone abandoned to himself... CLICK.

INT. DR. TRENT'S OFFICE - REHAB HOSPITAL - DAY

MARIE

In the machine, you'll see pictures
of certain events -- Most people
have secondary memories attached to
some of these events -- like where
they were, who they were with when
these things happened. Understand?

JACK

I think so.

MARIE

-- In a way, we're trying to trick
your brain into recall of these
associative memories -- If it works,
then we use one memory to trigger
another and we see where it takes us --
OK?...

Jack nods, willing to try.

INT. TEST LAB - AN F-MRI MACHINE - DAY

Dark, hi-tech -- Jack in the machine wearing goggles, watching pictures flashing, RED LASER GRID beams on his head.

PICTURES FLASH -(PHOTOS/HEADLINES/BITS OF VIDEO)

Man landing on the moon, John Lennon murdered, the Berlin Wall coming down, Princess Diana's car wreck, etc...

INT. TECH BOOTH - MARIE - WATCHING MONITORS

MARIE

(intercom)

Anything, Jack?...

MONITOR-1 -- IMAGES Jack is seeing in the goggles.

MONITOR-2 -- Jack's brain activity, shown in SMALL PULSING BLOOMS of red, blue, yellow -- not much in comparison to...

MONITOR-3 -- Normal brain activity model -- COLORS POPPING like the 4th of July.

JACK

... No.

Marie focuses on Jack's MONITOR, the concern on her face --

IN THE MACHINE

Jack lies there, the goggles leaking flickers of light like someone welding in his head.

EXT. REHAB HOSPITAL GROUNDS - DAY

A park bench, Jack waiting for Marie -- A CAT comes in, they look at each other -- cat approaches, purring, curling in and around Jack's legs, feeling safe, coming to rest by his feet.

MARIE

Has caught this simple moment -- Jack, CAT at his feet, a good man, even animals like him -- she steps in.

MARIE

-- Am I interrupting?

JACK

(a little surprised)

Oh, no. I'm... I was just waiting --
My test... in the machine... How did
it look? -- I mean, my brain.

She sits -- from her look he knows the news is disappointing.

MARIE

... These things take time, Jack.
Your brain is healing.

He considers that, peers down at the cat, then

JACK

How long?... Before I can remember?

MARIE

I can't tell you -- No one can. No one knows for sure... Everyone recovers differently -- As will you, in your own time.

Looking at her -- he finally nods, his gaze going inward, leans forward, elbows on his knees, drifting off to middle-space.

And Marie notices -- he's squeezing, twisting his hands, absent, stressful, rolling them over and over... As the cat slinks away.

INT. JACK'S ROOM - REHAB HOSPITAL - NIGHT

The WIND outside -- Jack sleeping restless, fitful... slowly moving in on him then

WHAM - MEMORY FLASHES

RAGING FACES, SPEEDING LIGHTS, confusing jumble of rapid-fire IMAGES, but coming through -- A GIRL, A HAND FIRES OUT, HER LOOK --

A SCREAM -- so primal it threatens to rip us apart and

BANG - BACK TO - JACK BOLTS AWAKE

Breathing hard, shaking, looking around, the SCREAM echoing off... He throws off the sheets, edge of the bed, trying to calm down -- he limps into

THE BATHROOM

Jack looking in the mirror, scared, shaken -- a ghost house jamming in his head, runs his fingers through his hair over the scars on his skull, peering tormented into his eyes, a stranger to himself, desperate almost to a kind of madness.

INT. GREENHOUSE - DAY

Other patients/doctors/therapists are working in here but we're focused on

JACK AND MARIE

At a potting table -- dirt, water, orchids. Her voice is soothing.

MARIE

Now that you're stronger...

She puts an ORCHID in HIS HANDS.

MARIE

... We need to get your hands and
fingers limber again.

Jack watches her fingers making a cavity in the dirt.

MARIE

Working with the plants will help
you regain your dexterity.

She brings his hand up to the flower.

MARIE

Feel the petals?...

She guides his hands to where sun is on the dirt.

MARIE

And the dirt?...

He grabs some dirt.

JACK

Yes...

She sets the orchid in for planting, Jack watching HER HANDS
helping him.

MARIE

And the water...

She dips his hands in the water, their hands distorted
underwater -- Slowly something, an awareness, comes to Jack --
he looks at her

JACK

No rings...

She stops.

MARIE

What did you say?...

JACK

Your fingers -- You have no rings.

She pulls her hands out of the water.

MARIE

Well, I...

Jack's sincere.

MARIE

Yes. That's right... No rings --
I... I don't wear rings.

Then --

JACK
Were you ever married?

MARIE
Uh, no...

JACK
-- Not even close?

He smiles at her -- she looks at him -- like it's getting too personal.

MARIE
Not really.

Brings her hands up, self-conscious and

MARIE
-- Did you just notice that, Jack?

He nods. She's not sure about this.

MARIE
Well, that's...

She grins --

MARIE
You know -- You're very observant.

JACK
And I don't wear rings either...

Shows her his hands, smiles --

JACK
Just dirt.

As Marie relaxes, chuckles.

A WHIRLING LIGHT BAR - ON A POLICE CRUISER
Slowly gliding by.

EXT. SIDEWALK - SEATTLE - NIGHT

CHEEKS walking, cold, pissed, pulls his collar up, waves to COPS in the passing Cruiser. They cut the light, drive on. Few more steps, he finds

PETE

Hunched in the alcove of a shop doorway, staring across the street at the 24-HOUR GYM -- Cheeks blows a sigh, comes in.

CHEEKS

You gotta stop this shit, man. And I mean right fucking now -- we're getting calls -- people think you're stalking the place -- you're scaring folks, Pete.

Pete keeps staring at the gym.

CHEEKS

-- You listening to me?!

Pete's buzzed on something. But it's more than that. Cheeks has never seen him like this.

CHEEKS

Goddamn. What -- When's the last time you ate?

Pete keeps staring, a slight shake to his head, his eyes choked-back dark-smugged like he's been in a fire.

PETE

I know this guy, Larry... I know his moves, how he thinks... I just... can't find him.

CHEEKS

Nobody can, Pete -- not even the FBI. He's fucking smoke -- He's gone... That's the way it is -- Let it go.

Pete finally looks up at him -- the only friend he's got, long beat, then

PETE

I... can't...

INT. REHAB DAYROOM - DAY

Jack sits alone in a chair by the window with a magazine -- Patients/Orderlies scattered around but

JACK'S

In his own world, absorbed in the magazine pictures.

ACROSS THE ROOM - A SMALL OFFICE

Marie with WILLIAM -- the head orderly (for William it's this gig or work the makeup counter at a mortuary) -- they're observing Jack.

WILLIAM

-- Now watch him...

Jack glances around, then tears a PICTURE from the magazine. Folds it and shoves it in his pocket, like it's a secret.

WILLIAM

... Probably nothing, I just thought
you should know.

As Marie watches Jack, fascinated --

WHAM - JAGGERS OF LIGHTNING - NIGHT

Blasting across the sky over the REHAB HOSPITAL GROUNDS.

EXT. THE GREENHOUSE - NIGHT

Glowing under the flash, THUNDER shudders the glass panes,
RAIN begins pouring down.

INT. GREENHOUSE - NIGHT

JACK at a potting table, looks up -- caught suddenly here by
the storm. LIGHTS FLICKER, go out. PITCH BLACK except for
the lightning. He stares out. Rain pounding the glass.

EXT. GREENHOUSE - NIGHT

Jack in the storm. Looking around, feeling it -- RAGING WIND,
RAIN, THUNDER -- like it's all speaking to him -- his eyes,
trying to remember...

THE SKY -- a CRACK OF LIGHTNING and

JACK - INTO HIS EYES - JET-BLAST OF MEMORY IMAGES

Wicked, disjointed, overlapping faces, naked bodies, a ribbon
blowing in the wind, girl running scared, looking back,
woman's lips parting, LIGHTNING over a river, etc. -- GETTING
FASTER, CRAZIER, then

MARIE

(yanking his arm)
-- Jack!...

WHAM -- Jack SNAPS AROUND, eyes stun-buggy, the IMAGES DYING.

MARIE

(over the storm)
Come on!...

But he just glares at her -- startled, coiled but

MARIE

Come on, Jack -- You can't be out
here -- come on!...

LIGHTNING/THUNDER -- in the flash, Jack is ELECTRIFIED IN SILHOUETTE -- Marie pulls him out of the storm and

INSIDE - A DARKENED CORRIDOR

By the door, both drenched, LIGHTNING/STORM RUMBLING in bg.

MARIE

What are you doing out there?!

But Jack's in a zone -- worked up, something deep inside and dangerous as he looks at her about to explode.

JACK

I see these faces -- these nightmares.

MARIE

-- Who, Jack? Who's faces?

JACK

I don't know!... It's...

So amped, he's struggling for the right words --

JACK

-- Some times... It feels like...
Like it's... Right-there -- I can
almost pull it in. And then it's
gone.

He's out there and this is getting scary.

JACK

-- What if I've gotta family, a wife,
kids!... Maybe they need me, I... I
belong to some-one... Some-where...
Don't I?...

MARIE

-- But we've tried to find -- someone,
anyone who knew you... And nothing
ever -- You can't put all this
pressure on yourself--

JACK

-- I've got to know!...

She's frightened but holds her ground.

MARIE

It's OK, Jack... Let's calm dow--

JACK

-- This is... You don't -- What I go --
You've got to help me -- Please,
I've got to remember...

As we begin hearing the SOUND OF AN AIRPLANE.

INT. SMALL CESSNA - DAY

Pete flying alone. Destination unknown.

EXT. OLD HOUSE - AFTERNOON

There's a *CONDEMNED* SIGN stuck on the front porch. Everything about the place is dead, forgotten, even the grass and trees. A breeze drives some clouds over the sun.

PETE stands in the yard. The house looming over him.

An OLD MAN walking by in the road slows. Stops.

OLD MAN

-- County's gonna tear'er down next week.

PETE

'Swhat I heard.

OLD MAN

Yep. Best thing really.

PETE

Why's that?

The Old Man crosses in.

OLD MAN

Not much good happened here.

He looks at the place -- he needs a new cap, maybe a bath, but he knows things. And he's one of those guys who's going to tell it, whether Pete wants to hear or not.

OLD MAN

... Decent folks used to live here.
Long time ago. Family. Coupla kids.
The dad was uh, mechanic, seems
like... Can't remember his name.
Worked on aeroplanes. Made good money.
And like I said, decent folks.

He drifts off, rubbing his hands, remembering, then

OLD MAN

No problems to speak of... But that
all changed after the little girl --

Like it's still hard to believe.

OLD MAN

Someone nabbed her down there at Dolan Park. Down there playing like kids do. Then it was just *pheww* -- and she was gone... They never did find her...

Beat.

OLD MAN

No sir...

He spits a line of tobacco juice.

OLD MAN

Didn't do nothin' but tear that family to pieces. The dad -- what the hell was his name... Anyway, he died not long after. And the mother... Well now, she went about as crazy as they go. Blamed it all on the girl's brother. Guess he was s'pposed to be watching her, sumptin', I dunno...

Shakes his head.

OLD MAN

Kinda sad really, way things go sometimes.

He feels a dried branch from a nearby bush. Starts to mosey off. Turns back.

OLD MAN

-- Ain't one a them condo developers, are you?

Pete keeps staring at the house. Finally looks at the Old Man.

PETE

-- His name was... Delbert.

OLD MAN

How's that?...

Pete motions to the house.

PETE

The mechanic. His name was Delbert.

And he walks away... As the Old Man watches him go.

INT. JACK'S ROOM - REHAB HOSPITAL - DAY

Jack and Marie -- he reaches under his mattress, pulls out a SPIRAL NOTEBOOK, hands it to her.

MARIE

What's this?...

He looks away. She opens the notebook -- stuffed with wrinkled pages of PICTURES he's torn from magazines and newspapers (seen earlier) of things like -- car ads, the Grand Canyon, people laughing, etc. -- images from the real world.

MARIE

A lot here, you've been doing this a while -- What is it about these pictures?

JACK

They're things I want to remember.

MARIE

-- Why do you keep it there, hidden?

JACK

... I don't know. It's mine. It's private.

Poignant, she closes the notebook, thinks, staring at him.

MARIE

... Why didn't you tell me you were doing this?

JACK

I did it. For me.

She softens.

MARIE

OK... From now on, I want you share these things with me -- so I can help you better... We can't have secrets from each other, Jack.

Jack looks up at her.

JACK

-- Secrets...

She moves a step closer.

MARIE

We can't hide things from each other.
(hands him the notebook)
-- We have to work together... if you want to remember.

She touches his arm, bit of a smile.

MARIE

-- OK?...

He glances at her hand on him, then to her eyes...

INT. REHAB DAYROOM - LATE NIGHT

Tracking through -- dark, empty, everyone's asleep -- WE FIND JACK, wearing a windbreaker, dressed like he's going somewhere.

He looks around the room, slow -- capturing every detail, how things look different at night. Finally, goes to his favorite chair, sits by the windows, alone, like he's at ease in the dark.

INT. REHAB DAYROOM - EARLY NEXT MORNING

Jack still sitting there by the windows -- watching the morning fog drift.

ACROSS THE ROOM

William, the orderly, arrives for work, sets his things down in the office. Looks out, sees Jack, approaches.

WILLIAM

Jack?... Been sittin' here all night?!

JACK

I'm waiting for Dr. Trent -- She's taking me to Seattle today.

WILLIAM

Zatright... Ain't heard a thing about it.

He leans closer, his voice flat.

WILLIAM

-- You know what, Jack?...

Jack finally looks at him --

WILLIAM

I think you're dreaming. You ain't going nowhere. It's just some of your... "brain dam-age."

Jack keeps staring at him -- deep-reading him, the real William, the sick-fuck inside, finally

JACK

When you were a child, William... and they locked you in the cellar -- or was it a closet? -- Did you scream?... Did you cry?...

BOOM -- William goes cold -- like Jack just hit too close to the bone -- he squints, threatening.

WILLIAM

Maybe... You should get on back to bed -- If you know what's good for ya.

His hand moving toward Jack, just as

MARIE ENTERS

Pops on the room lights.

MARIE

-- Ready to go, Jack?

The moment broken -- Jack stands, looks away from William, turns to Marie -- she holds up a SUIT ON A HANGER

MARIE

Thought you might like something new to wear.

As William watches them walk away.

INT. MARIE'S CAR - MOVING - MORNING

Jack in the new suit, looking out. Marie glances at him -- all this time and still, he's a mystery to her.

Jack feels her eyes on him -- but he keeps looking out and

WHAM - JACK'S POV - THE CITY

TRAFFIC, BUILDINGS, SOUNDS, PEOPLE -- all of it coming at him a hundred miles an hour.

EXT. CITY - MARIE AND JACK - SIDEWALK - DAY

Jack's overwhelmed and amazed at the same time. And it's working on him -- TOO MUCH TOO FAST and

THEY ROUND A CORNER

Jack suddenly leans back against a wall, rubs his temple.

MARIE

-- What is it?

Jack maintains, but he's unnerved.

JACK

I'm not sure. I'm... a little dizzy.

She moves in on him.

MARIE

I know all this is overwhelming. But that's why we're here -- You need this, the jolt of it... you've been away from it too long.

And for a beat, it's like nothing else exists but them.

MARIE

Whoever you were before... You used to be part of all this... The real world... And you're still part of it, Jack... Your brain needs to feel that. You need to feel it, to let it in... To accept it.

Jack looking at her, thinking -- his expression slowly changing, as if opening himself to it, then

MARIE

It's going to be OK... Trust me.

She smiles, puts her hand out -- as he takes her hand.

EXT. CITY - SIDEWALK - DAY

Jack and Marie walking... She's pointing out things of casual interest, no big deal, easy, nice, but for Jack --

BAM - JACK'S POV - FACES

COMING AT HIM FAST, all kinds of PEOPLE streaming by, gawking, staring at him, sense of danger, paranoia as he looks at

THE SKY - THE WORLD ON SPEED

CLOUDS, BIRDS, PLANES whiz by, BUILDINGS shoot up dizzying heights, FLAGS, AWNINGS flap wild, COLORS HOT, VIVID -- SOUND CRAZY, CRESCENDOING TO A FEVER PITCH.

And then...

HIS POV - THINGS BEGIN TO SLOW

AS A LEAF FALLS -- watching it drift in spirals to the ground... calming, and when he looks around again...

THE WORLD IS SLOWING TO NORMAL SPEED -- as if he's adapting, finding his rhythm with the street.

SOME YOUNG LADIES pass by, admiring him -- he eyes them walking away -- their short skirts, tight bodies and

BANG - MEMORY FLASH - the swell of a breast, a hand falling open, landing in snow -- and WHEESH it's gone.

He looks at Marie -- still walking beside him, talking, she looks at him, smiles, the light just right on her, hair glistening, they're coming to a CORNER -- SOUND GOING NORMAL --

MARIE

... and when they finished I was--

JACK'S FOCUS SHIFTS - BEHIND HER HEAD - A TRUCK COMING

THE CORNER - MARIE STARTS TO STEP DOWN

JACK SUDDENLY JERKS her back -- WHA-WHA ZOOM -- TRUCK BLOWS PAST.

Marie holding onto Jack... He just saved her life -- as they look at each other...

INT. NICE RESTAURANT - NIGHT

Piano MUSIC bg. People dancing slow, relaxing.

Jack and Marie at a table, dinner over, talking. Jack keeps glancing at the dancers.

JACK

-- Feeling better?...

MARIE

Yes. I'm finally settling down...
Thank you again.

But Jack's attention has drifted back to the dance floor. Couples dancing, slow, graceful. He's watching them like there's magic in it, his finger lightly tapping the table.

Trent sips her wine, observing him.

MARIE

You like this music.

He abruptly turns to her.

JACK

-- Would you like to dance?

She wasn't prepared for that -- he stands.

JACK

Well, I'm not exactly sure I can
but... I'd like to try -- Would you
show me?

He offers his hand. She hesitates, looks up at him -- god, she's beautiful.

MARIE

... Alright.

THE DANCE FLOOR

They join the others. Their hands touch, clasp. Jack turns face-to-face with Marie. Close enough to kiss, to feel her body heat.

MARIE

Now just... relax.

He smiles. She eases. MUSIC fills the gap and... They dance. Jack -- handsome, genuine. And Marie -- lovely, graceful, the consummate professional. Dancing. They're nice together, comfortable.

And then, just for a moment...

Something unexpected happens. Something human, their bodies touching -- closer.

His eyes finding hers, almost a glance but he lingers a beat, peering into her and -- BOOM she feels that gut-jab, that electro PING of attraction -- then he looks away, dancing.

But in her eyes -- a hint of something burning through -- something sudden and forbidden. She catches herself, averts her eyes, and then pulls back --

MARIE

I uh... Let's have our dessert.

Jack gives her a slight smile -- he felt it too.

JACK

Something wrong?...

MARIE

No... I'm just tired.

She smiles, he nods -- as they return to their table, we begin hearing the sound of a WATER WHEEL.

EXT. ABANDONED LOGGING MILL - DAY (SEEN EARLIER)

Pete watching the water spilling over the wheel.

INT. MILL

Pete looking up through the posts and beams, slits of daylight through the cracks, cutting shadows, catching the dust, WOOD GEARS of the water wheel SQUEAK-CREAKING in the bg.

An eerie, hallowed place -- people died here, we can almost hear their screams -- bad things still linger in the air -- the Killer's ozone.

Pete moves around sensing it, that faint musk. He's close to him here. He needs that. Needs it to keep going.

Runs his hand over the rough planks of a wall, what look to be BLOOD STAINS seeped in the wood, still bearing the FBI evidence markings -- it gives him pause.

He looks at the dirt floor -- trash, leaves, old rusty junk scattered... he scans around, searching and then

HE SEES SOMETHING -- crosses to a post, kneels, something poking through a mess of leaves... pushes the leaves back -- it's dried in some mud -- he works it free and brings up a TORN SECTION of a

PHOTOGRAPH - TWO WOMEN

One of the Killer's surveillance shots, a piece torn from his collage (seen earlier) --

Looks like the photo was taken in a parking lot -- just enough left of it to see their faces -- one of the women is DANA, the OTHER is UNKNOWN to us (at the moment).

But Pete knows her -- as he studies the photo, all weathered and dirty, the two women talking, unaware they're being stalked -- Suddenly -- MOVEMENT behind him.

TANG -- he whips around, gun in his hand.

From the shadows... A GROWLING -- into the light steps a TIMBER WOLF, yellow eyes, drool from his fangs.

They stare at each other. Both scared. Both ready to kill.

The wolf steps closer, growls, this is his turf -- Pete locks eyes with him, the gun -- one more living thing will die here -- and finally...

The wolf gives, turns and goes out the door.

Pete holds his stance, then uncocks. When he breathes again it's a ragged shudder.

And we leave him there, staring out, closer to the edge -- as he looks down at -- the TORN PHOTO in his hand.

INT. DAYROOM - REHAB HOSPITAL - DAY

A PICTURE BEING TORN from a magazine. JACK puts glue on the back of it -- pastes it with other pictures he's torn-out -- now forming a crude sort of COLLAGE.

WILLIAM steps in.

WILLIAM

Wanna see something, Jack?

Jack just looks at him.

WILLIAM

-- Come on. It'll make your day.

He swings a grin over at the OFFICE to another ORDERLY, a half-wit mook named, RAY.

JACK

What is it, William?

William head-motions. Jack hesitates, then follows him into
THE OFFICE

Door closes.

RAY

-- Hey there, Jack.

JACK

Hello, Ray.

WILLIAM

Jack wants to see.

RAY

Oh, you're gonna like this, Jack.

He opens a portable DVD PLAYER.

RAY

Here. Put these on.

William helps Jack put on a pair of headphones.

WILLIAM

-- Fire him up.

Ray hits play. A SCENE STARTS from a PORNO MOVIE --
MOANS/GROANS fill the headset.

Jack stares at the sex acts. He finally looks at William and
Ray. They're laughing their asses off -- Jack removes the
headphones.

WILLIAM

Wha'?... *ha-ha* Doncha even remember
pussy, Jack?

JACK

... Pussy?...

RAY

Goddamn. You know... Fucking... Sex --

WILLIAM

Ain't Dr. Trent givin' you any of
that, Jack?

Jack just looks at them. And they're doubling-over.

His eyes go hard. Cold. He doesn't move. He doesn't blink. A
flash of danger -- William sees it --

WILLIAM

Go on... Jesus...

He SHOVES Jack.

WILLIAM

-- Go on. Get the fuck outta h--

Jack SNATCHES William's wrist -- fast, his grip powerful, unrelenting. William's eyes. Pain. He's scared. Ray's spooked.

WILLIAM

Let-go-a-me, Jack.

But Jack keeps staring at him, squeezing.

WILLIAM

RAY...

Ray scrambles inside a drawer. Grabs a TASER. Suddenly the DOOR opens --

MARIE

-- Put that thing down.

RAY

He's gone crazy, Dr. Trent.

Marie sees the DVD still playing. Gets what's happening. She pushes Ray aside --

MARIE

Jack... Let him go...

Jack's deep-focused, an unmovable force. She touches his arm, her tone softening --

MARIE

Let him go, Jack... It's OK...

Jack senses her. Feels her touch. Looks at her. His eyes hot, unblinking. Finally lets William go. Looks at all of them. Then walks out.

Marie watches him go, as she slow-burns to the Orderlies.

CLOSE ON -- A WOMAN'S FACE

AMANDA MUNROE, 30s -- sister of murder victim, Dana -- attractive but she doesn't focus on it, and right now she looks like she's had just about enough of the crazy shit the world blows her way.

AMANDA

-- Whattya want from me?...

INT. AMANDA'S HOUSE - EVENING

She turns to PETE -- he's distracted by a PHOTO OF DANA on a sideboard -- he looks at Amanda.

PETE

Just to ask you some questions.

AMANDA

You're not a cop any more. So don't come in here all -- And by the way, if you'd gotten fired a lot sooner -- maybe my sister would still be alive.

Pete takes the abuse -- a couple of CATS *meow* and circle in from the kitchen.

AMANDA

... Those are her cats -- I took them in... They don't like it when I yell.

Pete looks at the cats -- they're watching him.

PETE

I have something -- I want you to look at... if you think you can.

Amanda's not a bad person -- but her sister's murder has changed her, torn her apart -- she's wary but

AMANDA

What is it?

Plastic bag -- he removes the TORN PHOTO he found at the Logging Mill -- hands it to her -- Amanda looks at it...

INSERT -- PHOTO OF DANA AND AMANDA (she's the unknown woman)

AMANDA

... Where'd you get this?

Pete looks at her.

PETE

Found it -- Place the Killer was using...

Like glass cracking slowly in a window pane.

AMANDA

-- He took it?...

Pete nods -- She goes pale, hollow-mouthed, violated...

AMANDA

He took... everything.

Her eyes, hot, shiny -- Pete offers a hand, not quite touching her elbow.

PETE

I uh... You have any idea where you were when this was taken?

He stops -- watching her -- she glances at the photo, the cats, remembering Dana, then

AMANDA

This was... We used to meet for lunch on Thursdays... I'd pick her up, at her work, and we'd... She's wearing -- the dress I gave her --

She looks at Pete

AMANDA

This was... the last time I saw her...

She looks off.

AMANDA

It never goes away... does it.

The look between them -- he knows the pain -- he hesitates, a touch to her shoulder.

PETE

No... It never goes away, but somehow you do get through it.

She hands him the photo -- sinks in a chair and quietly implodes -- he watches her for a time, then leaves.

As he's going out --

AMANDA

Detective... Do me a favor, willya?

He turns.

AMANDA

Don't come back -- Unless it's to tell me -- you caught him.

As Pete looks at her.

EXT. REHAB HOSPITAL GROUNDS - NEAR DUSK

Marie walking the grounds -- wild flowers sway in the field, her eyes following to a BLUFF overlooking the highway cutting through the property.

And there's JACK -- a lone figure against the horizon.

EXT. THE BLUFF - DUSK

Jack looking out at the traffic on the highway below, city lights off in the distance -- it's windy, getting dark.

Marie steps in, taking in the same view, not looking at him.

MARIE

... What happened to you today?

He's still pissed, says nothing.

MARIE

William and Ray --

JACK

-- Those idiots didn't do anything -- except emphasize the point.

MARIE

What point?

He takes his time, glances at her, then

JACK

As long as I don't know who I am -- I'm at the mercy of people like that.

MARIE

Jack, it's frustrating, I know, but --

Cuts her a look, his tone

JACK

-- You have no idea what I've been through.

She stops.

MARIE

Why don't you tell me -- I've never seen you like you were with William -- like you could--

JACK

-- Hurt him...

MARIE

By the bruises on his wrist, I'd say you succeeded -- Is that what you wanted -- his pain?... To equal yours?

That slows things.

JACK
You wanna know... the truth?

MARIE
Yes.

He turns to her

JACK
What happened with William...
Something... cold ran through me --
Him shoving me, laughing --
(glances at her)
-- saying things...

MARIE
Made you angry?

JACK
I don't know what you call it --

MARIE
-- An old feeling? -- Something from
your past?...

JACK
I don't know -- there was, I guess
it was fear -- I was afraid, and
then it went away -- and I was just
this cold nothing, and my hands were
burning... looking at William.

He rubs his hands, squeezing them, finally looks at her

JACK
Does it mean anything?

Marie looks at him for a time...

MARIE
I don't know -- Does it mean anything
to you?

JACK
For once -- Can't you just give me a
straight answer.

MARIE
How can I tell you -- You're the
only one who'll know -- who can know --
if it means something to you.

JACK
-- But I need your help --

MARIE
-- I have helped you --

JACK

-- Yes. Of course, you like to help --
but you don't wanna get too close,
you might actually feel somethi--

MARIE

-- That's not fair -- I've given
everything I've got to you.

JACK

Really... that's how it feels to
you?

Silence.

MARIE

You're the one who has to remember...
It's your life, your past... there's
no one else to ask -- no one else
can give you the answers, Jack --
Not me or anyone else... Just you.

He's smoldering, absorbing this, looking at her...

JACK

There's one thing... a place we
haven't been.

MARIE

Where?

JACK

The crash site -- where all this
happened to me. The last place I
was... Before I lost it all -- Why
haven't we been there, Marie?

She holds her ground unflinching, open, strong.

MARIE

I've been waiting... For you to ask --
Are you sure you're ready?

His look -- then he turns, looking out toward the highway.

JACK

I want to see it, to give myself
that chance.

He looks back at her

JACK

-- Will you take me there?

CLOSE ON - A PHOTO OF DANA, DEAD

Being tacked to a wall... along side PHOTOS of other DEAD MURDER VICTIMS... pulling back we see it's

PETE

Wearing grease-streaked coveralls, staring at the photos, looking around --

INT. PETE'S ROOM - QUONSET HUT

The walls are covered with timelines, photos of the five victims from the case, bullet-point history of each, on-ground and aerial shots of the dump sites, maps, weather reports, newspaper headlines, etc.

On the floor beside his bed -- boxes of police files stacked -- it's like Pete's living inside the case.

He crosses to a small desk with a LAPTOP -- cigarette going in the ashtray -- returns to inputting data in a program called...

INSERT - LAPTOP SCREEN - "VICAP ALERT SYSTEM"

GRAPHIC - MAP OF THE US -- in the CRITERIA FIELDS, among what Pete has already written we see

"... females ages 20-35, attractive, single, jobs dealing w/ the public, strangled, no apparent motive..."

As he continues typing -- *"bodies dumped by rivers"* -- He finishes -- a WINDOW POPS UP -- *"Alert in all cases?"*

He hits "Yes" Bing -- *"Your account has been activated."*

As we hear a PLANE fly overhead -- he gets up... opens the door, heads out...

INT. QUONSET HUT - TRACKING THROUGH

Pete locks his room door, crossing the small living area to the front door.

EXT. QUONSET HUT - DAY

As Pete walks out, we see he's living now at a little shitbag airfield -- working on airplanes.

As he walks toward the hangar, a SMALL PLANE takes-off down the runway, rising up into the horizon.

EXT. ROADSIDE - JACK'S WRECK SITE - AFTERNOON

The road...

MARIE

-- According to the police report,
you were coming from that direction.

JACK and MARIE up on the shoulder berm.

MARIE

The other car... from down there.

Jack looks down the road -- like he's visiting the site of
his own death.

MARIE

You collided around in here -- both
cars exploded and...

Following the line of flight --

MARIE

You were thrown... into the trees.

The TREE he hit. Rising up. Towering over him.

MARIE

-- What were you doing out here,
middle of the night?... Going home?...
To work?... Out for a drive?

Jack looks off trying to see himself coming down that road.

Marie watches him. He walks to the scorch/scrape marks from
the wreck, still visible in the pavement, kneels down, feels
the gouged-out grooves, the scorched places, then looks back
at the road, finally

JACK

... I don't know.

She lets this sink in -- and then, the hard truth.

MARIE

Jack... I think it's time we faced...

She moves in front of him.

MARIE

-- You may never get your memory
back.

Jack's look.

MARIE

We'll keep working on it. We'll never
give up -- But in the meantime, you've
got to move on -- as "Jack" -- Jack
is who you are -- right now -- that's
all we know. But it's enough, to go
on.

He looks at her, absorbing the intensity of this.

MARIE

It's not terrible. It's exciting...
You get to do what people dream of.

JACK

Yeah? -- What do they dream of?

MARIE

Starting over...

He moves away, looking down the road -- as she continues, it's like she's talking about her life, too.

MARIE

A whole new life. With none of the
baggage. Nothing to hold you back.

JACK

Standing at the literal crossroads where his old life ended, and now, his new life as "Jack" is about to begin.

JACK

Coming here... I had to see -- I
wanted it to all come rushing back...
But there's nothing.

MARIE

You have all that anyone has, Jack...
And that's today, right now.

His eyes find Marie, something different now -- like he's really seeing her for the first time, beautiful, the breeze playing with her hair, the simple look of a good woman, then

JACK

What about you and me?...

His look is powerful. She hesitates... moves closer, touching his arm. Something passes between them.

He pulls her close. And they kiss -- there's hunger in it and something reckless and nothing can stop it.

Finally folding into an embrace. Marie, her eyes, the line she's just crossed.

Over her shoulder...

JACK

Holding her, looking back down the road, his new life about to begin and

A SET OF SWINGS - NIGHT

SQUEAKING/SWAYING in the breeze...

EXT. DANA'S BODY DUMP SITE - NIGHT

PETE looking back up at the park, the swings, the squeaking
torquing his nerves -- he moves to

THE RIVER BANK

Bit of moonlight on the water -- As he turns, watching the
river run...

Two Years Later...

Following the path of a NARROW RIVER, bringing us to

EXT. ADKIN MEDICAL SCHOOL - AERIAL - DAWN

AUTUMN trees, stone buildings, ivy walls, the river winding
through the CAMPUS, under foot-bridges, bending into

THE COLLEGE TOWN

Filled with shops, cafes, park grounds, surrounding
neighborhood streets -- large vintage Victorian/Craftsman
houses with front porches and fireplaces.

A cozy place where nothing bad ever happens... But underneath,
there's something eerie about it, too -- an old cemetery
feel that lurks at the edges of things, just out of sight.

We pick up some LEAVES SKITTERING...

EXT. ACROSS THE PARK

Scurrying past trees, park benches, down through the
UNDERBRUSH at RIVER'S EDGE and then to

A GIRL'S HAND

Floating pale in the water. Up to her eyes. She's dead. Her
body yet to be found... And we begin hearing SOUNDS of people
having sex --

EXT. VICTORIAN HOUSE - MORNING

Standing there, dark, indifferent.

INT. HOUSE - FOYER/STAIRCASE

A PARLOR sits off the foyer, STAIRCASE fading up into shadow.
Up the stairs, the SOUNDS growing more heated...

INT. BEDROOM - IN BED

MARIE reaching orgasm.

A MAN'S HAND

Sliding up her throat. She shudders. Sinks to his chest --

JACK

Holding her, stroking her hair. He looks at the ceiling, his mind a thousand miles away. As he closes his eyes.

A TEXTBOOK PHOTO - JACK'S MANGLED FACE

MARIE (O.S.)

... is what he looked like before
his various reconstructive surgeries.

INT. LECTURE HALL - DAY

Marie at a podium. JACK'S PICTURE shot huge on a power point screen beside her -- TITLE CARD on another screen -- *THE CASE STUDY OF JACK D.*

MARIE

... A simple reminder...

Audience -- all MED STUDENTS, gasping at the gruesome photo.

MARIE

... Of just how far Jack has come.

AS JACK WAITS IN THE WINGS

He looks even more handsome now, nicely dressed, watching the audience, among them -- DR. SLOANE, lab coat, in the distinguished "don's chair" in the front row.

APPLAUSE -- Marie motions for him to come out.

JACK - ONSTAGE

Strides to the podium. Applause continuing. His easy way, affable, charming, with a certain sex appeal.

His hideous PHOTO still up. Marie passing -- sly-fire in the look between them. He bows to the audience. Glances at the photo. Takes a beat.

JACK

-- Some mornings... I still look
like that.

Smiles. He owns them.

Jack standing there, the PHOTO in his bg -- his before and his now... Jack, the ultimate survivor.

A LIGHTED SIGN - *TESTING IN PROGRESS - DO NOT ENTER*

INT. RESEARCH LAB

Jack's strapped vertical to a tilt-table. His head and body covered with electrodes and wires.

IN THE CONTROL BOOTH

DR. SLOANE running the show, surrounded by MED STUDENTS in lab-coats. The procedure about to begin -- she points to a MONITOR -- HI-TECH SCAN SHOT OF JACK'S BRAIN.

DR. SLOANE

Today I want you to pay attention to this area -- from the amygdala, the hippocampus and through to the neocortex -- where the relay circuitry is impaired, we think this is what's keeping the subject from normal long-term memory recapture.

(into intercom)

-- Ready, Jack?...

He gives her thumbs-up -- A TONE sounds.

JACK

His eyes watching, cool, like he's used to all this.

The TABLE moves, tilting horizontal. Over his head, TWO ROBOTIC ARMS come into position on either side of his head.

All stop. Quiet a beat, then

WHAM -- the ARMS begin whirling, making a RAPID-FIRE BOOMING NOISE as they hit him with positrons and jittery violet light.

INT. CONTROL BOOTH

As Dr. Sloane and the Med Students watch PICTURES of JACK'S BRAIN on monitors -- the violet light flashing their faces.

EXT. CAMPUS BOOKSTORE - DAY

Line of STUDENTS out the door. In the window, DISPLAY OF TEXTBOOKS, a BANNER -- *The Case Study of Jack D.*

INT. BOOKSTORE

TWO WORK-STUDY CO-EDS -- LANA and SUCHI, STOCKING A BOOK SHELF -- looking at Jack and Marie through the shelf opening.

LANA

... When Dr. Sloane brings Jack to speak to us -- It's like having a cadaver coming back to life, telling you what it feels like to be dead.

Suchi gives a glance to Jack through the shelves.

SUCHI

-- So how's it work, the two of them being married?

DR. SLOANE enters -- hugs/kisses Jack and Marie, starts glad-handing the crowd.

LANA

(lowers her voice)

Dr. Trent told us -- after she finished the case study, they decided to get married. She recused herself as his doctor and handed the research over for Dr. Sloane to continue.

They peek at Jack and Marie through the shelves, then

LANA

... I'll get some more books.

Lana hands her the last few books, wheels the cart away as Suchi turns to look at

JACK

Signing a book -- he glances to the shelves -- SEES SUCHI staring at him through the opening -- way the light falls, her face stunningly beautiful.

And for a second, their eyes connect... Almost like a touch. Then she dips back, fills the opening with books and she's gone.

As Jack absorbs the moment.

EXT. VICTORIAN HOUSE - GARAGE/TOOL SHED - DAY

Jack's in the

INT. TOOL SHED

ORCHIDS around a potting table. Jack brings his cupped hand from a bucket, letting water trickle through his fingers into the soil of a newly planted ORCHID.

He admires the flower, strokes its petals. He stops. Looks at his HANDS, turning them, feeling his fingertips and

INT. MARIE'S OFFICE - MED SCHOOL - DAY

Marie enters, lab coat, flipping through a case chart. Finally notices -- on her desk -- the ORCHID.

She turns. Jack's leaning by the window sill.

JACK

Some guy left that. Wouldn't leave a name. But he said...

(moving closer)

Some times when he sees something that beautiful, all he can think of is you... He just wanted you to know.

They're close now, she tugs playfully on his fingers --

MARIE

You see "this guy" again... tell him to hang around next time, gemme a chance -- I just might have a little something for him, too.

Looking at each other, a smile, into a passionate kiss.

EXT. COLLEGE TOWN - AFTERNOON

Jack's looking at his reflection in a shop window. A LADY inside is waving at him -- he snaps-to, smiles, waves back, begins walking.

He's something of a minor celebrity here -- liked by all. People wave. Some smile and nod.

BEAUTIFUL GIRLS PASS

They can't take their eyes off him. Jack smiles.

As he walks along... Jack likes it here -- afternoon glow off the river, CHIMES in the bell tower... then

BOOM -- POLICE CAR -- SUDDENLY ZOOMS BY, SIREN BLARING

Jack flinches, the sound chills him, hurts his ears -- he watches it speed into THE PARK up ahead.

EXT. PARK - BY THE RIVER BANK - MOMENTS LATER

Crowd gathering -- the DEAD GIRL, seen earlier, has finally been found.

Jack approaches.

COPS and CAMPUS SECURITY trying to keep the crowd back.

A YOUNG COP unspools crime-scene tape. He's shook-all-to-hell, trying not to show it. Jack steps in.

JACK

-- What happened?

YOUNG COP

Girl... Down there by the river.

JACK

(he looks)

-- She hurt?...

YOUNG COP

-- She's dead. She's... been there a while. All that brush. Nobody noticed.

He stops, his face flush like he might cry. Looks at Jack.

YOUNG COP

Somebody strangled her...

Looking at each other. Cop moves on. The park filling with people rushing in, then slowing, hesitating as they get the news, most stopping in their tracks.

SCREAMS cut the air. Jack looks --

EXT. RIVER BANK - THE GIRL'S BODY

Under a tarp being brought up -- but the breeze lifts it -- we SEE HER. The dead girl's FRIENDS, screaming, going insane, brutal, bare-ass emotions. All of it barreling in on

JACK

Stunned, SOUND muffling in his head like he's sinking underwater. Presses a pain in his temples, looks around --

JACK'S POV

GIRL'S BODY being carried -- RIVER in the bg -- the dead girl's FRIENDS, their wailing -- a brown LEAF fluttering on a branch -- MORE COPS arriving, CROWD growing, surging forward toward the river. And then...

Jack's attention is slowly drawn across the park, to a guy --

KIRBY

Standing still, off from the others -- 20s, tall, sturdy, wearing a knit cap, backpack slung on his shoulder. Watching the action around the dead girl -- entranced by it, then...

Kirby gets that feeling -- someone watching him... He turns and through the crowd...

HE SEES JACK

Looking at him...

JACK AND KIRBY

Holding on each other -- like two lions on the plains of the Serengeti. Sensing each other... long enough, it gets creepy.

AN AMBULANCE

Suddenly speeds over a curb, into the park grounds, almost hitting Jack -- LOUD SIREN/LIGHTS FLASHING and

WHAM - JACK'S EYES

SUDDENLY SEEING -- MEMORY FLASHES -- FRACTURED IMAGES -- angles of terrified eyes, ghost faces, hands flailing, a woman's throat, lips parting, bright lights, things moving fast, blurry -- like Jack's looking into another world, full of hell -- then *WHESSSH* it's gone.

JACK

Comes out of it wobbly, and when he looks back

POOF -- Kirby's vanished... like he was never there.

Jack doesn't know what's happening to him -- steadies himself on a passing stranger's shoulder, then turns and walks away.

EXT. VICTORIAN HOUSE - LATE AFTERNOON

Long sundown shadows.

INT. HOUSE

Down the dark hallway... An open door. We go into

THE STUDY

Jack standing there. His stillness. His eyes. Staring at

A MASSIVE COLLAGE

On the wall -- jammed with so many things and images, it almost breathes -- this is what's become of his collage started back in rehab.

BEHIND HIM -- MARIE enters, having rushed from work, still in her lab coat. Jack stays focused on the collage -- She instantly can tell he's a little off.

MARIE

-- You OK?...

He holds a moment, then

JACK

It was just... I dunno. It really
got to me.

She moves in, glancing at the collage.

MARIE

-- Let me look at you.

He turns -- she tries to check his pulse, but he gently pulls
her hand away.

JACK

-- I'm OK... really.

Kisses her hand, holding it, the collage filling their bg.

JACK

But your hand's clammy.

MARIE

You just don't think something so
terrible could ever happen in a place
like this.

She sighs with a shudder.

MARIE

-- What kind of monster would do
something like that?...

He looks at her, calm, then

JACK

No matter where you go... Bad things
happen. But... This is a good place.
I like it here. It feels like...
home.

INT. PETE'S ROOM - QUONSET HUT - LATE NIGHT

Pete's sleeping -- but the dark is being cut by an eerie
BLINKING RED LIGHT and this TONE -- finally he rouses --
gets up, goes to his desk --

ON THE LAPTOP

An ALERT flashing on the "VICAP ALERT" program -- as Pete
opens the alert and begins to read.

EXT. COLLEGE TOWN - ADKIN MEDICAL SCHOOL - AERIAL - DAY

Early morning, the town just starting to stir...

EXT. PARK - THE RIVERBANK - DAY

Pete's by the river where the dead girl was found -- piece of CRIME SCENE TAPE still dangles on some underbrush... he snaps it off and kneels.

Looking down through the bramble -- to the water's edge -- the outline of her body where she was dumped.

Bit of recess under an outcropping... her body fit under it -- He looks at the broken bramble twigs, the surrounding slope of the ground...

He rises, looking out at the river, a breeze gusts -- and he hears a SQUEAKING somewhere.

He scans the park... He moves past a large tree... and there setback is an old

FOUR-SEAT SWING

Been there for generations -- the strap-seats hang empty, swaying, squeaking.

He crosses to it, touches the metal swing-chains, thinking... Looks back to the river, to the dump site -- lost in it, takes out his cellphone --

INT. CAR - DETECTIVE CHEEKS - MOVING - DAY

Cheeks on the phone --

CHEEKS

Yeah, Pete. Look, I got like two minutes and then I'm in court.

INTERCUTTING WITH PETE

PETE

... Homicide. Outside Seattle jurisdiction -- over at Adkin Medical School. They found the body yesterday -- You hear about it?

CHEEKS

Nope.

PETE

Nice little town here -- got this river cuts through the place -- Victim was a co-ed, 21, attractive, worked as a waitress part-time...

CHEEKS

-- Where you going with this?

PETE

She was hand-strangled, body dumped by the river. They didn't find her for a few days, probably killed some time last week... I think you oughta take a look.

Cheeks was afraid of that --

CHEEKS

You just said it's outta my jurisdiction.

PETE

-- I'm just asking you to take a look. You see what I see, maybe we get Sig in here.

CHEEKS

You think it's our guy?

PETE

Not sure yet -- Lotta similarities -- Could be. Could be a copycat or someone with the same tastes -- either way, I think you oughta check it out.

CHEEKS

You got one kill, that ain't a trend -- What makes you think he'll do it again?

Pete staring at the dump site.

PETE

He knew just where to put the body so it wouldn't be found for a while -- he planned it, Cheeks. Nothing random about it... I don't wanna wait till he does it again to be right -- All I'm asking is just take a look.

Cheeks is now at the courthouse, getting out of the car.

CHEEKS

(exasperated)

I'm sorry I can't -- Let the locals there handle it. Let it go -- listen to me -- Let-it-go! Get on with your goddamn life, Pete...

As Pete stashes the cell, standing by the swings, looking out at the river.

EXT. COLLEGE TOWN - DAY

JACK passes the barber shop, happy, friendly, waves to the barber, continues on, making his way to a street vendor as

ON ANOTHER STREET - PETE

Walking, this predatory intensity to him, as if this town had suddenly become a jungle killing-zone and everyone he sees is a suspect -- we pull up to a

HIGH ANGLE

Looking down on the town --

TRACKING JACK

Taking away a hotdog from the vendor, going to the corner and crossing the street as

PETE - ON THE OPPOSITE CORNER

Steps off the curb into the crosswalk with other pedestrians.

HIGH ON - JACK AND PETE

Passing within ten feet of each other, crossing in opposite directions...

INT. DR. SLOANE'S HOUSE - A PARTY - NIGHT

Dr. Sloane leading a toast to Jack and Marie.

DR. SLOANE

... joining me in congratulating our
newest department head, Dr. Marie
Trent and her husband, Jack.

Glasses raised, downed, then

DR. SLOANE

... Back here where she belongs.

A moment between Sloane and Marie -- all is good. Marie looks at Jack -- maybe one of the best nights of their lives.

INT. THE PARTY - LATER

One of those academic soirées -- booze, too many eccentric personalities.

JACK

Moving through -- shaking hands, charming, listening, stealing peeks at Marie playing piano. She looks beautiful, surrounded by Sloane and others singing, enjoying herself.

Everyone's circling Jack -- tipsy, loud, the too-close faces. And underneath, between the smiles, in his eyes, it's wearing thin on him tonight, closing in.

But a few feet away... He spies a SIDE DOOR --

JACK
... I'll be right back.

EXT. FRONT PORCH - NIGHT

Once outside, Jack exhales a deep breath. It's dark, the porch wraps around with a view of the street, fog rolling in, almost perfect, except for

VOICE
-- Be nice if it'd all just... go
away... wouldn't it.

Jack turns. In the shadows is a man -- DR. LELAND HOLLIS. Leaning drunk against a post, smoking, gazing out on the street.

JACK
... I didn't see you.

Jack approaches. Hollis finally looks at him, offers his hand.

HOLLIS
Leland Hollis... Doctor. Professor...
Whatever. Microbiology Department.

JACK
Pleasure to meet you. I'm --

HOLLIS
-- Jack. Yes. I know. The "man with
Nooo past," the broken survivor and
all that -- Yes. I know your legend...
I've even taken in a lecture where
you spoke.

JACK
Really... What'd you think? I'm
curious.

Hollis considers his drink, then

HOLLIS
-- I suspect you're curious about a
good many things given your uh,
circumstances.

JACK

Yes.

HOLLIS

-- You ever feel like one of those spider monkeys in the zoo? Stared at like some sideshow freak?...

Jack's smile wavers.

HOLLIS

You do know that's what this is all about, doncha.

JACK

I... don't understand.

HOLLIS

Dr. Trent's case study of you, the book tour, lecture circuit, all this about research conducted on you by Dr. Sloane -- I mean my god they pass you off like you're all science and marvel -- But just what have they done -- Put you back together so you could become what? -- You're nothing more than a well-paid lab rat, Jack... You and Trent living off your pain and suffering, it's fucking pathetic -- Jesus... I mean...
(takes his last gulp)
Where would you be without your glorious car crash?...

And with that he staggers off -- Jack remains there, quiet, stinging, thinking -- looking out at the fog rolling in.

MARIE (V.O.)

-- Jesus Christ, what a sonofabitch.

INT. VICTORIAN HOUSE - BEDROOM - LATER THAT NIGHT

Marie crosses in from the bathroom, getting ready for bed. She's a little buzzed from the party -- and she's pissed.

JACK

... He was drunk.

Jack's looking out the window.

MARIE

Leland Hollis is a drunk. He's a miserable little weasel nobody pays any attention to.

JACK

-- But he had a point.

She stops.

MARIE

-- Look at me.

He turns to her.

MARIE

No-he-didn't!... You aren't some freak. And I'm not some goddamn quack whoring you for my own personal gain.

JACK

Maybe I need something... different, you know -- a job, work. Something that doesn't dwell so much on what happened to me.

MARIE

-- Jack... This is your job. What you're doing. Every day. The study, the research... The things we understand now about the brain that we didn't know before, because of you... What happened to you was so unique that --

But his look stops her, and when he's ready

JACK

I don't even know exactly how old I am, Marie... Or what kind of people I come from, or where... As I go on, I feel the pull of things like that. The things I don't know... About myself.

Beat.

JACK

Maybe how "unique" it is -- For me... Isn't all that important any more.

He turns and heads for the door.

MARIE

Where you going? It's the middle of the night.

JACK

... I need to take a walk.

Marie watches him exit... as the door shuts.

EXT. ADKIN MED SCHOOL CAMPUS - LATE NIGHT

Jack walks along. Topcoat, cold, super foggy now -- out of nowhere, a STUDENT on a 10-speed zips by, fog swirling after him.

CAMPUS SECURITY CAR passes. COP waves. Jack waves. The car motors on... And now it's desolate.

Ahead is a path across campus. Sloping downhill, curving between buildings. He follows it, fading into the fog.

EXT. SIDEWALK - IN THE TOWN

Jack passing shops, engulfed in the fog, everything closed, peaceful... except up ahead -- lights of a

CAMPUS BAR

Few people out front, small groups, having a smoke, chatting.

JACK

Approaches... a group reenters the bar, door opening, MUSIC filtering out -- it gets quiet again...

And now, PAST the others on the sidewalk, at the

CORNER OF THE BUILDING

Jack SEES a GUY and a GIRL talking -- he gets closer, just enough light from a beer sign to see the girl's face -- he's seen her before --

SUCHI

The work-study CO-ED from the bookstore.

JACK'S POV - SLOWS

Suchi's so beautiful, the fog and the light make her almost glow -- the way she looks at the guy, nodding, smiling -- he leans down, kisses her gently, like a first kiss, and she's looking up at the guy -- as Jack passes.

JACK

His eyes... something about her... He glances back -- they're still there, talking.

Few more steps, he moves into a doorway, collects himself, unsure about this, his heart's pumping faster, the shadows feel good -- he looks back again...

SUCHI AND THE GUY - LEAVING

Crossing the street, walking away, disappearing in the fog.

JACK

Considers for a moment... then crosses and follows them.

EXT. A PATH - CAMPUS - FURTHER ALONG

Jack passing buildings, trees barely there, pushed back by the fog -- and he's lost them in it...

He's starting to feel ridiculous, ready to head home -- he nears the rear of a building, a SERVICE ALLEY running behind it, and suddenly -- there's a NOISE.

He stops. Turns, looks down

THE ALLEY

Hard to make out through the fog, but there's a loading area, dumpsters, and a lighted parking lot beyond -- THE NOISE again.

He moves down the alley -- A SILHOUETTE -- no, TWO SILHOUETTES... He comes to a dumpster -- leans out for a look -- Is it them?...

Impossible to tell in the fog/shadows. He keeps easing down the alley, stealthy, moving closer...

A MUFFLED WHIMPER -- Are they arguing? Having sex?

Moves closer... He stops, watching the SILHOUETTES... And now he sees -- the violent motions...

A MAN ATTACKING A WOMAN

Brutal, dangerous and IT ZOOMS IN ON HIM SO FAST, Jack can't believe what he's seeing -- Not sure what to do, but

BANG -- he rushes in.

THE STRUGGLE

Moving shadows, played out in the fog --

Jack grabs the MAN'S ARM. Surprises the GUY. He let's the GIRL fall. He shoves Jack away. Jack stumbles to the ground.

The GUY'S in the clear -- he could take off, but he doesn't. Instead...

He turns to Jack. And waits... A predator.

Takes a step closer. Steam rising from the knit cap on his head, his breath clouding the air.

HIS FACE emerging...

KIRBY, the guy from the park, seen earlier.

And here they are -- Jack. Kirby. Two lions. Staring at each other. One on the ground. The other in the kill position.

JACK

Frozen, fear and shock pushing him places.

KIRBY

Looking at him, dangerous, weighing things, pulls his leather gloves tight, he looks at Jack -- his eyes wild-shiny -- the tension, anything can happen, then

WHOOSH... Kirby's gone.

JACK

Staring off at Kirby's silhouette running away... And now it's quiet. Jack's alone again.

Except he's not alone -- he turns, sees the GIRL lying there.

He moves to her, lifts her head -- it's SUCHI, her eyes open, looking at him. And she's dying. Looking at him. Her lips parting.

Her heart -- *whoomp-whoomp... whoomp-whoomp...*

HER LAST BREATH -- BLOWS IN HIS FACE -- it flutters his hair.

He breathes it in. And then...

A ROARING

Rising up, becoming THUNDEROUS, BLASTING and

BANG -- INSIDE HIS HEAD - JACK'S MEMORY COMING BACK

A MILLION IMAGES/SOUNDS -- rapid-firing, colors flaring, music, naked bodies and sex and beer ads and doors slamming and terrified eyes and every other mad-fucking-down-gutter-cooking-over-the-spoon-nightmare-thing-in-between -- becoming overwhelming and then -- breaking through...

WHAM -- NIGHT - DANA - LEAVING THE 24-HOUR GYM

-- THE KILLER waiting...

-- In the dark -- the Killer's eyes -- JACK'S EYES.

-- His HAND reaching for her.

-- Her surprise -- FLASH-BLUR

-- Her lips parting -- her last breath ahhhh...

-- Jack's finger tapping the steering wheel.

-- Glimpses -- the rearview mirror -- his eyes -- a streak of headlight -- THE ONCOMING CAR -- FAST and

BAM -- THE CRASH -- EXPLOSION -- BLAST LIGHT and

BACK TO -- EXT. THE ALLEY - NIGHT

FLASHLIGHT SHINING -- a CAMPUS SECURITY COP stepping from the fog, shining the light in

JACK'S FACE

His eyes -- it's a look you never forget.

He's sitting on the ground -- next to him... SUCHI LIES DEAD and in his lap, Jack is holding her hand.

BLACK OUT:

EXT. CAMPUS - ALLEY CRIME SCENE - DAWN

Where Suchi died, already there are flowers, handmade-signs, candles marking the spot. A few people pass the site.

PETE'S

Up by the dumpsters. Backpack over his shoulder, watching the people, looking around, doing recon, getting the feel of the crime scene --

The building walls, windows, the alley just wide enough for trash trucks, feeding out to the parking lot, the river beyond. Easy in, easy out.

As he starts toward the parking lot -- CHEEKS steps in -- they look at each other a moment -- Cheeks glances at the crime scene then back at Pete.

CHEEKS

OK... You were right -- That what you wanna hear?

Thinks about it, then

PETE

No. I wanna be involved.

Cheeks studies him, they begin walking away from the crime scene, toward the parking lot.

CHEEKS

-- What're you doing, Pete?

PETE
... I gotta know.

Beat.

CHEEKS
If it's our guy?... And if it is...
then what? Your thing suddenly gets
better? You're solid again?

PETE
-- Maybe... It's a start.

Cheeks looking at him, thinking then

CHEEKS
You been dragging this case around
all this time. And look what it's
done to you -- It's not our fault
these girls got killed, Pete.

PETE
Who's fault is it then?

They stop. Pete just stares at him.

PETE
... We never had a witness before...
I just wanna meet him, ask him some
things.

INT. POLICE OBSERVATION CUBICAL - DAY

SIG, CHEEKS seated -- all business, silent -- and PETE
standing at the two-way glass... all of them staring at JACK.

INT. POLICE INTERROGATION ROOM - JACK

Hushed in here, timeless. Jack alone, head down, deep in
thought. Been a long night.

Slowly raises his head, the splay of his fingers covering
most of his face, except for his eyes... Those eyes.

Something different in them now. Bit more savvy, less pure.
But questions, too -- like a drunk trying to recall the night
before, nothing quite makes sense yet.

Only this -- HE REMEMBERS WHO HE REALLY IS.

And this -- HE'S IN A GODDAMN POLICE STATION.

His eyes find the mirrored glass. He knows they're watching
him. But he's cool. Keeps his movements minimal.

Looks at his hands, works his wedding ring. Calculating his options. Staying very "Jack." For now.

He may look like Jack, but make no mistake, this is not the same guy we've come to know. This is someone... different, complicated -- a stranger, the KILLER.

And we can't take our eyes off him.

INT. INTERROGATION ROOM

Sig and Cheeks enter with Pete -- Jack's eyes rise to meet them...

PETE

Closing the door -- his eyes tracking the arc of his turn until he's... LOOKING RIGHT AT JACK.

AS JACK

Sees Pete, the SOUND FADES, and WHAM --

FLASH BACK:

EXT. SEATTLE POLICE STATION - DAY (SEEN EARLIER)

Tense. Fast. Crowd jostling. Pete making his way through.

THE KILLER'S POV

Pete looking up -- birds flying. POV watching Pete watching the birds.

A CAMERA FRAMES, SNAPS the moment -- Through the chaos, Pete slowly looks...

AT THE POV - DEAD ON - CLOSE

Looking right into the eyes... of the Killer -- of JACK.

CAMERA FLASH and

BACK TO -- INT. SITUATION ROOM - JACK AND PETE

Their look... Two ice cubes in a glass -- the SOUND COMING BACK.

SIG
... feeling better now?

Jack's slow to respond, then

JACK
Yes...

SIG

This is Detective Chandler -- he'll
be consulting with us on the case.

Pete offers his hand to shake.

PETE

It's a brave thing you've done... we
never had a witness before.

Jack slowly looks him in the eye -- then takes Pete's hand --
their handshake.

JACK

... I wish I could've done more.

They all sit.

SIG

-- We just wanna go over a few things
you said earlier. Make sure we've
got everything...
(checking his notes)
You said the assailant was a white
male... Six-foot one. About a hundred
and ninety pounds. Age, 25-30.

JACK

That's right.

CHEEKS

What was he wearing again?

JACK

A dark knit cap, leather gloves and
a black windbreaker.

PETE

Anything else you can think of?

JACK

He needs a shave. Otherwise looks
normal -- And he's strong. Very
strong.

Pete pauses, nodding, looking at Jack -- he smiles.

PETE

A lot of details... You're very
observant. Like a cop.

Jack nods, very cool.

PETE

You told the investigators earlier
you have some kind of memory problem.

JACK

That's right. I was in a car wreck --
I have a plate in my head.

PETE

So I'm wondering how accurate are
these details you're giving us.

JACK

It's my long-term memory that was
affected... my every-day working
memory is fine, just like yours.

Pete keeps looking at him -- picking up a vibe off Jack.

PETE

... Right before you interrupted the
killer... Did you get a sense he was
crazed with anger... Or was he
enjoying himself.

They all look at Jack, waiting for the answer to that one.

JACK

No way of knowing precisely but...
the way he was choking the girl,
with such... confidence -- I guess,
he seemed to be enjoying himself.

Sig and Cheeks look at each other -- Pete keeps staring at
Jack.

JACK

-- And one more thing that's occurred
to me... I've seen him before.

SIG

-- Where?...

JACK

The park. Day the other girl was
found, down by the river... He was
there.

SIG

You're sure.

JACK

It was him.

Pete slow-looks at Cheeks and Sig -- and now things happen
fast --

SIG

OK. First thing -- We need you to
look at some mug shots.

CHEEKS

-- I'll get a sketch artist in here.

Cheeks and Sig hustle out... as

MARIE

Comes through the door escorted by a couple of UNIFORM COPS.
She goes to Jack. Embraces him.

MARIE

-- Are you alright?

Jack's eyes rise to meet hers. The moment.

JACK

I'm... fine.

She hugs him again -- as Pete watches them, Jack looks at him.

EXT. BUILDING - SEATTLE - NIGHT

Tracking down a length of NEON TUBING as it turns HOT PINK.
A GUY swings into view -- KIRBY, suspended by a safety harness.

We now see he's high up on a building overlooking Seattle.
Swinging from a crane hoist, working on a NEON SIGN, fearless.

This is Kirby's job.

He makes an adjustment -- SIGN fires to life and he pushes off, swinging around, washed in the NEON GLOW...

As he flies into us, his scary eyes, throwing us to

JACK'S FACE

It's steamy here like a primordial swamp.

INT. VICTORIAN HOUSE - BATHROOM - NIGHT

As Jack slowly emerges through the steam, naked, wet from a shower. He almost floats.

BATHROOM MIRROR

He stands at the sink a moment. He likes the steam, the cloaking. Finally drags his hand across the glass.

Slowly lifts his head... Looks in the mirror.

His first long look at himself. He touches his face, like it's not his. Checks the angles from side-to-side. Runs his fingers through his hair, over his scars, the way it feels.

Then he does something odd. Looking at himself...

He begins bringing power to his neck muscles. His chest and shoulders. Working his jaw, his mouth. His eyes drawing into a hooded stare.

Until the familiar bearing and manner of the guy we know as "Jack" is gone.

And we're looking at... the Killer.

His eyes go hard. Cold. He doesn't move. He doesn't blink. The monster inside awakened. Capable of anything. Intelligent. Powerful. Dangerous. Fearing nothing.

His breathing quickens, his heart pounds, seeing himself, knowing himself again... the excitement, the arousal of it.

He sees, he wants, he takes -- nothing can stop him, nothing can stop him, NOTHING can --

A KNOCK

On the door --

MARIE (O.S.)

Jack?... You OK in there?...

His eyes swivel to the door.

THE KNOB

Jiggles. It's locked.

THE MIRROR

Looks at himself -- his moment of Jekyll and Hyde -- Who am I... Really?...

MARIE - OTHER SIDE OF THE DOOR

MARIE

Jack, I--

Door opens suddenly. A little fast. It surprises her. He stands there in the doorway, towel round his waist, steam drifting. He looks at her.

MARIE

Hey...

She smiles at him -- beautiful, innocent of all charges. He warms his voice --

JACK

Hey...

MARIE

Can we talk?

His eyes. Beat.

JACK

... Sure.

And he comes out into the

BEDROOM

MARIE

... I want you to listen to me for a moment.

They move into comfortable positions. She watches him, his muscles, his scars, hair wet and slicked, the towel. He still sends a burn through her.

MARIE

I'm just worried about what you went through.

He nods, searching for his rhythm with her.

MARIE

I discussed it with Abbey. And she's concerned, too...

As she continues, Jack begins studying her. In pieces. Like an object. Like a killer. Her hair, eyes, her mouth, sound of her voice, her touch -- the very "way" of her.

MARIE

... She wants to do a complete work-up on you -- and I want you to do it. Just to be safe. That's all I ask. OK?...

And suddenly -- HE GRABS HER, both hands sliding up the back of her head, gripping her hair -- an animal look, like he could kill her, she's startled, he kisses her, like he's never kissed her.

Something raw and new that didn't exist before. And it takes her breath away. She looks at him. What the fuck was --

He bites her lower lip, the hunger, tearing open her robe, she's scared and she likes it, sucked into his wildness, his towel drops, he lifts her, pushes inside her -- and they fall on the bed, dissolving into erotic sex.

Beauty... And the beast.

JACK - NEXT DAY

Walking, wearing a nice suit, MARIE by his side, they're being escorted by...

INT. LOCAL POLICE HEADQUARTERS - HALLWAY - DAY

UNIFORMED COPS and DETECTIVES, with urgency and purpose, as they round a corner, entering into the SITUATION ROOM.

INT. POLICE SITUATION ROOM - LATER

Jack's eyes miss nothing -- PHOTOS/CASE DETAILS from the current murders spread over tables, bulletin boards, bank of monitors, phones ringing, lots of PEOPLE, he's surrounded by COPS and FBI... And Marie... And Pete.

It's getting too loud and --

SIG

-- HEY!...

Marie jumps. Everyone turns.

SIG

Hold it down.

It gets quiet -- Sig addresses Jack, Marie by his side -- Pete and Cheeks across, watching him.

SIG

...This is the sketch you did with our artist.

A SKETCH RENDERING - OF KIRBY

With a knitcap, his eyes -- it's damn close.

Jack looks at it, nods. As he hands it back -- HE CATCHES A PASSING GLANCE BETWEEN MARIE AND PETE.

Sig puts the SKETCH on the table, slides a MUG SHOT along side it.

SIG

... Is this the guy?

JACK

Looks closely at the photo. All eyes on him. Tense.

JACK

Yes.

SIG

You're sure.

Jack looks at Sig.

JACK

That's him.

Sig looks to Cheeks and Pete.

SIG

-- Come with me...

They all move to the

BANK OF MONITORS

Sig has the TECH bring up -- MUG SHOTS - KIRBY (younger).

SIG

His name's Eldon Kirby. White male,
28. High IQ, with a history of mental
disorder -- Assaulted a soldier,
home on leave. Nearly killed him. No
apparent motive. Just snapped...
Kirby, here, was 14 years old at the
time.

Jack is intrigued. As is Pete -- both absorbing the details.

SIG

-- He did four years in a mental
institution, responded to treatment.
Released. Time goes by. System lost
track of him and so forth -- About
an hour ago, we uncovered this...

MONITOR -- ID PHOTO OF KIRBY

SIG

-- Electrical Workers' Union card.
Different name, but it's him. Last
known employer -- Seattle Neon... He
works on signs.

Sig picks up a file. Looks at Jack and Marie.

SIG

And here's the big deal -- We think
there's a chance he may be connected
to other killings -- Not just here.

He opens the file.

SIG

-- These are from three years ago.
Over in Seattle... Five murders.
Detectives Cheeks and Chandler worked
the case -- Killer there was never
found.

CRIME SCENE PHOTOS -- OF JACK'S PREVIOUS MURDER VICTIMS

MARIE

-- Oh my god...

She clinches Jack's arm, turns away.

THE LOOK ON JACK'S FACE

Maintaining his cool but underneath, the irony isn't lost on
him -- THESE ARE HIS VICTIMS from three years ago.

Sig keeps going with the photos till --

SIG

... She was his last one.

PHOTO -- DANA, FROM THE 24-HOUR GYM

Oh, yes... Dana -- The picture becomes Jack's whole world
for a beat. When he looks up -- Pete's watching him. Jack
slow-blinks, giving nothing away.

JACK

-- And you think... The same guy,
this Eldon Kirby, did all these other
murders as well?

Sig considers him a beat.

SIG

We don't know -- But that's what
we're gonna find out. Our Seattle
field office checked. His last-known
address is a mail drop -- We're not
exactly sure where he is at the
moment.

Closes the file and readies to go.

SIG

-- We're headed over to Seattle now
to track him down... May take a few
days, but we'll find him.

MARIE

Jack. I'm frightened. He knows you --
you've been in the news. This maniac
knows who you are.

Pete keeps looking at her. And Jack sees this. Sig steps in,
pulling on his jacket.

SIG

(to Marie)

We'll see that you and your husband
continue to have protection, Dr.
Trent.

(to Jack)

... You helped get us here. We
wouldn't be this close if it weren't
for you. Thank you. Thank you both.

Shakes their hands and heads out followed by Cheeks and a
few FBI... Leaving behind --

PETE with JACK and MARIE

They're by the bank of monitors. Pete glances at Jack, smiles.

PETE

I wanted to thank you again...

Offers his hand to Jack -- they shake.

JACK

-- It was the right thing to do.

PETE

Yes... it was -- Is this your wife?...

Jack looks to Marie.

JACK

Yes, this is Dr. Marie Trent.

Pete and Marie shake hands.

PETE

Your husband is something of a hero,
Dr. Trent.

Pete makes her a little uncomfortable.

MARIE

Thank you, Detective -- And you've
done all you can now, Jack.

(MORE)

MARIE

(glances at Pete)

I just want to get out of here.

Jack shifts his attention to KIRBY'S PHOTO on the monitor.
He looks back at Pete, cool as hell --

JACK

... I hope you catch him.

Pete nods -- Jack and Marie exit -- Pete watches them go. As
he looks back at KIRBY on the monitor.

EXT. CAMPUS BOOKSTORE - DAY

Pete looking in the window at the display of books -- *The
Case Study of Jack D.* He enters the bookstore.

INT. RESEARCH LAB - F-MRI MACHINE - NEXT DAY

Jack inside the box. Laser grid on his head.

INT. TECH BOOTH

Dr. Sloane and Marie -- watching monitors, studying the IMAGES
of Jack's brain activity (shown in red, blue, yellow -- seen
earlier).

Except now... THE COLORS ARE MORE VIBRANT, SPREADING OVER
MORE AREAS -- HIS BRAIN ACTIVITY CLEARLY ENHANCED.

As Sloane looks to Marie, both puzzled.

INT. CONSULTATION ROOM - DAY

Marie and Jack seated beside each other facing Dr. Sloane.
Jack's brain scan on a MONITOR in bg. Sloane's just asked
him a question. He's thinking -- as Marie stares at the scan.

DR. SLOANE

... You know the machine doesn't
lie. It just shows what's there.

She points to his scan on the monitor.

DR. SLOANE

That's a thirty-two point bump from
baseline in your neural performance,
Jack. And most of it's through the
medial temporal lobes and the limbic
chain -- Something's going on in
there. So...

Pushes back in her chair, leans in, warm, concerned.

DR. SLOANE

You wanna tell me? -- Have you started
having recall?...

Marie looks at him -- Jack has to play this just so.

JACK

... I'm not sure. What I mean is --
I'm not sure what -- Something
happened. I saw...

DR. SLOANE

-- What? Saw what?...

JACK

Lights.

DR. SLOANE

-- Retinal flash?... Or something
real?

JACK

No, it felt... real. A place. Like
I'd been there.

Sloane glances to Marie --

DR. SLOANE

-- When was this?

Takes his time, like this is hard for him.

JACK

Night the girl, Suchi, was, uh killed.

Quiet... Marie's staring at him, then

MARIE

But you didn't say anything.

He turns to her -- the other questions in her face.

JACK

... I thought it was the shock.

Dr. Sloane gets to her feet, walks around. She stops, thinks.
Finally slows-turns, looking at him.

DR. SLOANE

... Do you know who you are, Jack?

He doesn't speak. But it's dark inside his head, eyes focused -- he stays steady, very "Jack" -- but the pressure's building.

Sloane has no idea who she's fucking with. And now foolishly moves in on him.

DR. SLOANE

-- Do you?...

JACK

No...

She keeps staring at him, her concern genuine.

JACK

-- Why would I lie about that?

She moves closer, lowering her voice --

DR. SLOANE

What if... You don't want to remember?...

Marie turns to him.

DR. SLOANE

What if your life before was so lonely or full of trouble, that you don't want to go back there, ever -- and you're blocking it... It's possible, you know. I've --

JACK

-- I don't think that's the problem, Abbey.

Holding Sloane in his gaze.

JACK

-- Someone was murdered. Right in front of me... so close, the girl blew her last breath in my face.

He stops, reliving it -- looks back at Sloane, and for a few seconds, the good Jack in him comes through -- truly moved, poignant.

JACK

Someone so young... so beautiful and alive -- To watch it all just be... snatched away.

He looks to Marie -- her hand, fingers lightly touching his arm.

JACK

Thing like that... well, it does
have its impact.

Marie considers his poise, sucked into the power in his eyes --

MARIE

Yes... Yes, it does.

DR. SLOANE

Of course... I'm sorry, Jack.

He smiles, gestures with his hands like *no harm done*.

EXT. CAMPUS - DAY - LATER

Jack and Marie walking from Dr. Sloane's office -- beautiful
day, students passing.

No words -- just a side-glance from Jack --

Marie catches the look, he smiles, looks away -- she ponders
his face, trying to read him... what a wife sees.

As they walk on, she loops a finger into his hand.

CLOSE ON - PETE

Looking up at.... THE TREE Jack smashed into years before,
gnarled and unforgiving.

EXT. ROADSIDE - JACK'S WRECK SITE - DAY

Pete turns his back on it, walks down from the berm, back to
the road, the scrapes and gashes from the wreck, then goes
to

HIS CAR - ON THE TRUNK

A road map is spread out -- the CASE STUDY BOOK on Jack on
top of it, holding the map in place.

He checks the map, then steps away from his car and looks
down the road...

CLOSE ON - PETE

Watching the road, thinking, weighing things.

EXT. VICTORIAN HOUSE - NIGHT

Police car out front, officer on guard. All quiet.

EXT. VICTORIAN HOUSE - BACKYARD - NIGHT

Drifting back... Past the garage and shed, through the trees, swaying branches... Just beyond the light from the house is

JACK

Hidden in shadows, a sniper's stillness to him.

HIS EYES

Thinking, cold, watching --

EXT. KITCHEN WINDOW - MARIE

Rinsing something at the sink.

INT. KITCHEN

As she sets a cup in the drainer -- she gets this look, a distant thought, something poignant, lost in it, the water running over her hands.

Slowly the look changes to a calm focus... And with it comes a sense that she's being watched.

She turns off the water -- looks out the window to the

EXT. BACKYARD

Through the trees. Where Jack was. Now empty.

INT. KITCHEN

As her focus shifts... seeing her reflection in the window, a look of suspicion, a hint of fear as she turns away and

INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT

In bed -- Jack sleeping -- Marie awake -- she shifts her eyes over to Jack... watching him breathe, the scars on his back.

As she looks at him, a growing sense this person she loves is a mystery to her -- someone this close, she doesn't really know.

Finally gets out of bed, over to the window, moonlight -- looking out, using her intellect, trying to throw logic at the problem, put things back in the box, regain control.

But it's not going away -- and then

A HAND

Comes in, hovering over her shoulder -- and she can feel

JACK

Behind her, smelling her hair, gently touching her shoulder -- she closes her eyes, keeping her back to him.

JACK

Can't sleep?... Can I get you anything?

She shakes her head --

JACK

What is it -- what's wrong?...

Long beat, opens her eyes

MARIE

Who was that, the other night -- the way you made love to me, like an animal...

Turns to him

MARIE

... Who was that?

He slow-blinks, thinking.

JACK

I don't know -- it just happened... I thought you liked it -- it seemed that way -- Did you?

MARIE

(hesitates)

Yes... but --

JACK

You think there's something wrong with letting go like that? With being more animal, more alive -- more everything?

MARIE

I'm not sure.

JACK

Does it frighten you? And if it does... What's wrong with that?

She stares at him.

MARIE

You never talked like this before.

JACK
-- Maybe it's time.

He eases up, smiles.

JACK
You don't like it when someone else
is asking the questions.

MARIE
(flicker of a smile)
It's a flaw, yes.

JACK
Are you concerned about what Abbey
said -- about me blocking?... Do you
think I'm hiding something from you?

MARIE
As close as we are, I know nothing
about your past. We... live -- both
of us -- assuming this is who you
are... I've worried what happens to
us if you do remember. After all we
have together -- Will you leave? Or
can we go on?... Could you hide
something like that? Even to spare
me the pain -- Somehow I would know --
wouldn't I?

He looks at her, then

JACK
Yes. You would.

MARIE
Really?...

He takes her hands, honest, reassuring.

JACK
Between us... We don't keep secrets...
do we.

The way he opens himself to her -- she wants to believe what
he says and

MARIE
No... we don't.

As they embrace -- over his shoulder, Marie, her eyes wide-
open, gazing off.

EXT. CAMPUS BOOKSTORE - SIDEWALK - DAY

Jack is walking...

ACROSS THE STREET - PETE

Moves along casually, watching him as Jack enters the campus book store.

INT. CAMPUS BOOKSTORE - DAY

Jack at a display trying on SUNGLASSES. Checks the mirror, likes them. And next to him, some BALL CAPS on a rack -- tries one on with the shades -- that's the ticket.

EXT. CAMPUS - SIDEWALK - DAY

Jack wearing the cap, the dark glasses -- glances at his reflection in a shop window -- he almost looks like a different person -- instant disguise.

As he continues on...

PETE

Falls in behind Jack at a safe distance, following him.

JACK

People passing him, but now -- they don't stare or wave. They go by like he's just another guy. He likes it, like being invisible. And then

A GIRL - WALKING

Crosses in front of him, carrying books, chatting on her cell -- rush of blonde hair, drop-dead body.

JACK

Catches just a trace of perfume drifting in her wake -- ohhh -- it sends him places. And he begins to follow her.

Simple like. Not too close... (You remember how, doncha, Jack) -- just close enough. He glances here and there, nonchalant, letting a few people fill the gap between them.

But he can see her -- in pieces, like an object -- the dark glasses help -- the way her hair moves as she walks, taper of her ankles, her body moving under the casual dress.

PETE

Behind him, watching -- following Jack, following the girl.

JACK

Right with her -- even as she rounds a corner into

AN ALLEY

A shortcut between buildings to a parking lot... he grabs a campus newspaper from a box on the corner, watching her, giving her some distance...

PETE

Swings into a doorway -- Jack's behavior intriguing him.

INTO THE ALLEY - JACK

Follows her, people passing from the other direction, and then -- it's just JACK and THE GIRL...

Their footsteps, shadows, daylight ahead, her body moving, this SONIC in Jack's head, heart beating faster, his pace quickens, he drags his fingers along the brick wall, the girl exits into sunlight -- she almost glows and

FLASH - HE SEES

DANA FROM THE 24-HOUR GYM -- moving slo-mo, floating, like in a dream, her lips parting, her last breath and

BANG -- it's gone.

Jack crosses into the sunlight, moving closer, closer -- he can almost touch her, her perfume hits him again, driving him to have her, moving in, almost on top of her then --

BOOM he stops...

The girl turns, still on her cellphone... looks at him

BLONDE

-- Can I help you?...

Jack just stares at her a long beat, breathing her in, then

JACK

Sorry... Thought you were someone else.

She studies him -- then walks on, returning to her call.

Jack watches her... Cold behind the dark glasses, watching her -- letting her go.

BACK IN THE ALLEY - PETE

In shadows, thinking, watching Jack walk away.

INT. OUTSIDE MARIE'S OFFICE - DAY

A STUDENT exits. As the door closes, PETE grabs it.

INT. MARIE'S OFFICE

Marie is at her desk doing paperwork. Pete enters, civilized, maybe even a bit subdued. She looks up, tenses.

PETE

I was wondering if I could talk to
you, Dr. Trent?

Pulls out the CASE STUDY BOOK on Jack.

PETE

... About your husband.

Her look.

EXT. INTERSTATE - DAY

Cars whizzing by -- JACK'S CAR passes us.

INT. CAR - DAY

Jack driving, ball cap/sunglasses. No radio, just the road noise, a perfect cocoon. His finger tapping the steering wheel, calm, peaceful.

Through the windshield we see a TUNNEL coming up ahead.

He glances in the rearview mirror -- the simple disguise suits him -- once again, anonymous, undercover... the Killer.

As he drives into the tunnel, disappearing in the black.

INT. MARIE'S OFFICE - DAY

Pete and Marie talking. They're in her sitting area.

PETE

... But I stayed with it. Long time
after the killings had stopped...

On the coffee table, Pete's old CASE FILES, the BOOK on Jack. And next to it -- Jack's ORCHID -- Marie glances at it.

MARIE

-- Why did you stay with it?

PETE

Five girls were murdered -- the guy
got away...

He's quiet. Looks at the files. Removes a PHOTO. Studies it.

PETE

He was good -- He knew me...

Hands her the photo.

PETE

-- He took that.

PHOTO -- the one of PETE staring full-face right into the Killer's camera.

PETE

We found that in an old logging mill
he was using... along with other
pictures of the victims -- He studied
his prey.

Marie absorbing it, finally

MARIE

... You were that close to him...
And he got away.

His eyes rise to her, haunted by that fact.

PETE

That's right.

MARIE

-- Till now?... That's why you came
here? If it is the same man, you
want to make sure they put him away
this time.

PETE

...Something like that, yeah.

She senses more but doesn't say. Sets the photo aside.

MARIE

-- You said you wanted to talk about
my husband.

Pete nods. Past the mileage on him, there's still a weary
sexiness to him. She notes it, makes spending this time with
him less disagreeable.

PETE

... I read your case study of Jack --
How'dya come to call him "Jack"?

MARIE

One of the night nurses started writing it on his chart -- it's hospital slang for a "John Doe" -- You know, *We've gotta "Jack" in room 402.*

PETE

And no one ever came forward to claim him -- nobody?

MARIE

No... no one.

He ponders her, then

PETE

There's something... just a question.

He unfolds a ROADMAP.

PETE

You give the location of his wreck.

MARIE

-- All that's verbatim from the police report.

PETE

Right... right...

Points to the map -- a CIRCLE he's made at the wreck site.

PETE

I marked it here -- "Two-lane blacktop. Middle of nowhere." Believe that's how the report described it.

MARIE

-- And it's every bit of that. I've been there. It's a desolate place.

He looks at her. Nodding. Easy. Just gathering the facts.

PETE

... Remember the logging mill I told you about, where we found the--

MARIE

Yes -- What about it?

He unfolds another section of the map, smoothing it out.

PETE

Well, it's about thirty miles from
the wreck site.

Slides his finger across to ANOTHER CIRCLE he's drawn.

PETE

... And it's on the same stretch of
road.

She's looking at the map -- the TWO CIRCLES. The road
connecting them... Jack's ORCHID he gave her off to the side.

She looks at Pete -- the silence between them.

PETE

I wanna say this the right way. But
uh... What do you really know about
your husband, Dr. Trent?

That hangs there twisting between them.

PETE

-- I'm sorry. I know how that sounds.

MARIE

Do you?...

She's all class but her look is bulletproof.

MARIE

Since we're trying to put things the
right way, Detective Chandler -- I
hope you won't mind me saying this...
but, in my professional opinion --
you are a very disturbed man. Very
disturbed.

She gives his files/photos/map a push.

MARIE

I'd like for you to gather your things
and leave. And I don't want you to
contact me. Or my husband. In any
way...

She stands --

MARIE

Do you understand?... I don't want
to see you again, ever.

He stays polite. She's standing over him.

PETE

I understand...

Gathering the photos, the files and map.

PETE

I came here hoping to put some old business to rest... I meant no disrespect.

Looks at the MAP -- the TWO CIRCLES on it.

PETE

-- Probably nothing, you know, just one of those things, but... around the same time as your husband's accident, the killings stopped.

Thinks about it, slings his backpack over his shoulder, smiles at her --

PETE

... Sorry to've bothered you.

He exits. It gets quiet and Marie keeps staring off, her gaze finally landing on... the orchid.

CLOSE ON - JACK

Wherever he is, the wind is up, a ghostly keening, lonely as hell -- and something else... CREAKING, WATER FALLING.

We pull back...

INT. ABANDONED LOGGING MILL - AFTERNOON

Jack standing in the Old Mill -- dust floats in shafts of late-afternoon light through the cracks and missing boards.

WOOD GEARS of the WATER WHEEL CREAKING in the bg.

Jack moves, looking around -- running his hands over the rough timber posts, reliving the killing he did here.

POV - OF JACK - RISING UP

High into the rafters... SCREAMS and WHIMPERS of his victims soaring in the bg.

As Jack looks up at us, the sunrays shooting down in crazy angles on him... Like he's some predator god, come home at last.

EXT. KIRBY'S HOUSE - DUSK

Rising up -- a run-down area near the docks in Seattle.

EXT. END OF THE STREET - FBI COMMAND POST

Sig lowering binoculars. Radio up --

SIG

Go...

EXT. KIRBY'S HOUSE - FBI SWAT TEAM

Sweeping into the house. Yelling, breaking glass, flashlights.

INT. HOUSE - FEW MINUTES LATER

Tracking through... Curtains flutter, broken windows. No Kirby. Empty, quiet, except for this RHYTHMIC CLICKING SOUND coming from the open door of the basement.

DOWN IN - THE BASEMENT

Sig and Cheeks are cast off-and-on in a RED GLOW, looking at chains and cuffs of some S&M autoerotic HANGMAN RIG dangling from the rafters.

And on the wall... a large section of OLD NEON SIGN -- A RED NEON HAND SNAPPING ITS FINGERS to the beat of the CLICKING.

As Sig and Cheeks look at each other.

EXT. VICTORIAN HOUSE - NIGHT

Marie unlocks the front door. She glances

ACROSS THE STREET

At the POLICE CAR, the officer on guard. Makes her feel better. She enters.

INT. VICTORIAN HOUSE - FOYER

Sets her things down, takes off her coat.

MARIE

Jack...

Looks around. Rest of the house is dark. She goes down the hallway to

JACK'S STUDY

She enters, cuts on a lamp, moves to his desk, touches his chair. She's preoccupied -- perhaps with Pete's visit.

Her attention going to Jack's massive COLLAGE on the wall. She crosses to

THE COLLAGE

Staring at it, lost in the hundreds of images and things. Her eyes finally coming to a recent addition -- a tear of

NEWSPAPER -- *CO-ED FOUND DEAD BY RIVER*, a CLASS PICTURE of the dead girl from the park.

She touches it, leaning in for a closer look, then... Slowly she begins hearing... BREATHING... Someone behind her -- BREATHING.

And she whips around to

WHAM - KIRBY

Glaring at her.

EXT. FBI COMMAND CHOPPER - NIGHT

BOOM -- flying fast.

EXT. CHOPPER - CLOSER - THROUGH A PORT WINDOW

Cheeks looking out the port window, thinking.

In his bg, Sig working a hi-tech command console, frenzied, on a headset gesturing, barking orders, setting a desperate manhunt in motion.

As Cheeks turns to Sig -- they fly away, leaving us with a patch of night sky becoming

EXT. A DARK STREET - NIGHT

HEADLIGHTS approaching slow, menacing, the prowl of a big cat, the LIGHTS coming closer, blinding -- running over us. Then stopping. ENGINE IDLING.

Up from the tires, shiny fender, the hood, to

THE WINDSHIELD

JACK looking out at

EXT. THE STREET - FRONT OF THE VICTORIAN HOUSE - NIGHT

POLICE CAR, officer on guard.

JACK

Waves. No response. He turns the car into his driveway and pulls into the garage.

EXT. STREET - POLICE CAR - NIGHT - MOMENTS LATER

Jack crossing to the police car. Up to the side window. OFFICER sitting there. Jack taps the glass.

Officer doesn't move. Jack stares at him -- the COP is of course dead -- as Jack looks back at the house, dark, waiting...

He knows.

INT. VICTORIAN HOUSE - NIGHT - TRACKING

Jack. Still. Part of the dark. Listening, his senses keen. Begins moving through, smooth, skilled.

FOOT OF THE STAIRS

He looks up to the bedrooms -- SOUNDS... He begins climbing the stairs -- the absolute last fucker on Earth you want coming after you.

INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT

Marie fighting Kirby, her clothes ripped, half-naked, terrified but giving this bastard the fury, fighting for her life.

Kirby struggling with her, shirt ripped-off, his muscles, scratches/blood all over him -- but he likes the violence, it's foreplay for him -- to the kill.

And he's getting to that right place, THROWS her on the bed --

THE DOOR GLIDES OPEN...

Jack appears.

Marie sees him.

Kirby sees him -- the look between Killers -- cold, silent.

MARIE

-- Jack...

MARIE SUDDENLY KICKS KIRBY -- KIRBY SLAPS HER TO THE FLOOR
and --

BAM - JACK ATTACKS KIRBY

Exploding, fast, powerful, feral -- two lions colliding.

AND WHAM -- Jack takes him down.

ON THE FLOOR

Jack's hands around Kirby's throat, squeezing, crushing,
killing-him killing-him, with just his bare fucking hands...

Jack kills him.

Kirby gurgle-sputters his last breath in his face, his eyes
frozen on Jack.

And for Jack... It's orgasmic -- to kill again. He stays
down there, staring at Kirby. Feeling it. Making it last.

Finally, he looks up, a wet slow-blink, remembering --
He's not alone. He looks over...

ACROSS THE FLOOR

Marie's there, watching him, stunned -- she's seen it all.

JACK

Rises slowly, approaches her. His look. The Killer. Pumped,
hot. He's over her... Looking at her body, the naked parts,
beautiful, quivering, trying to breathe.

MARIE

Looks up at Jack... at The Killer, everything crazy-shocky
in her head -- watching him, not knowing what he'll do next --
suspended in the nightmare of this.

And right here -- Jack's at the peak of it, the beast raging
inside, he could kill her, blame it on Kirby... goddamn, do
it, DO IT!...

He kneels beside her... Takes a beat -- anything can happen --
the look between them... The shock, the unspoken things...

He looks right into the living center of her... to the pit
of her eyes, the darkest part, breathing fast, moving closer,
the smell of her, his hand floating over her breast, barely
touching her, feeling the heat, up to her neck...

And she's looking at him, petrified, not knowing, her breath
coming in hitches, then

MARIE

... Jack...

AND BANG -- he stops... Frozen there, looking at her -- what she means to him -- the "Jack" in him regaining some control -- knowing inside, the horror, the power of who he really is.

Slowly he pulls her to him, and they collapse, breaking into pieces -- with Kirby lying a few feet away, dead on the floor.

EXT. VICTORIAN HOUSE - THE STREET - NEXT DAY - DAWN

It's quiet, morning fog, a small CROWD watching.

EXT. FRONT PORCH - KIRBY'S BODY

Being brought out of the house. SIG and CHEEKS follow it.

EXT. CORONER'S WAGON

PETE comes up as the BODY is shoved in. Wagon doors close.

He looks to the house, to Cheeks and Sig. Sig waves him up and goes back into the house. Pete crosses the police line. Cheeks approaches.

PETE

... Who got him?

They watch the Coroner's Wagon pull out.

CHEEKS

The husband.

They start toward the house.

PETE

How?...

CHEEKS

Strangled him -- bare hands.

Pete just looks at him, then

PETE

That's... not what you'd expect.

Cheeks cuts him a look.

CHEEKS

... We're still asking questions --
Sig said you can come in.

(MORE)

CHEEKS

But don't touch nothing and don't
talk to anyone.

They're on the porch, at the door.

CHEEKS

Here, put these on. I gotta get back.

Hands him latex gloves/paper booties. And Cheeks goes in. As
Pete dons the gloves/booties.

INT. VICTORIAN HOUSE - FOYER

Pete enters. Cops everywhere. He glances in

THE PARLOR

Sig and Cheeks with some FBI people questioning Jack.
Paramedics and Dr. Sloane tending to Marie.

Pete crosses to

THE STAIRCASE

Looks to the top of stairs, sees the BEDROOM DOOR OPEN --
CAMERA FLASHES, the crime scene being processed.

Crime scene tape across the stairs. A COP blocking the way.
Pete's not getting up there.

He nods to the Cop. Walks around the foyer, checking the
furnishings, wanders off down the hallway to

JACK'S STUDY

Door's ajar. It's dark. Pete enters. Light switch doesn't
work but he can see police tags/markers. Area's already been
processed. Furniture overturned, stuff broken.

He finds a lamp on the floor. Cuts it on, looks around. Marie
put up quite a struggle. He turns and then he sees it...

ON THE WALL - JACK'S COLLAGE

Pete's transfixed by it. He holds the lamp closer, staring
at the HUNDREDS OF OVERLAPPING IMAGES, all kinds of things.

As he keeps staring at it, slowly... among the matchbooks,
clippings, bottle caps and what-not -- he begins seeing FACES,
NAKED BODIES, ANGLES OF BREASTS, NECKS, LIPS, THE FINE TAPER
OF AN ANKLE --

They've been there all along -- hidden in plain sight among the other images, rushing in on him, echoing back -- to the Killer's collage of photos at the old Logging Mill.

He removes from his wallet THE TORN PHOTO OF DANA AND HER SISTER, AMANDA, he found at the Logging Mill (seen earlier).

As Pete looks at it, then to Jack's collage... He knows.

SUDDENLY A COMMOTION down the hallway.

INT. THE PARLOR

DR. SLOANE

-- No. Enough of this! I'm taking these people to the hospital. And that's all there is to it.

Sig starts to protest, then stops, too tired to argue.

SIG

... OK. Let'em go.

Sloane directs the Paramedics. As they begin to exit into

THE FOYER - MARIE ESCORTED OUT

Pete watches by the staircase as she goes. Blanket over her shoulders. She's bruised, cut-up, blown-out... She SEES PETE.

Their look... Her eyes turn away. And she exits.

CROWD heading for the door -- Pete looks back to find

JACK - APPROACHING FROM THE PARLOR

As Jack sees Pete -- Pete gets closer, right next to Jack, and low, in his ear

PETE

Did you enjoy it?...

As Jack turns to him -- Their look... the moment of knowing between them.

As Jack exits with the crowd, Pete moves to the doorway, watching him go.

DISSOLVE:

EXT. VICTORIAN HOUSE - NOW SUNSET

Wind picking up, that icy sound through the trees.

INT. VICTORIAN HOUSE - PARLOR

Parlor now a makeshift convalescent room -- MARIE on a couch/bed, pajamas, her face bruised, bandage on her forehead. She gets up slowly, stiff, sore, her head hurts, pulls on a robe and makes her way to the

KITCHEN

Shakes out a pill from a medicine bottle, takes it with water from the tap, and as she sets the glass down... out the window, she sees -- A LIGHT ON IN THE SHED -- her look.

INT. SHED

Jack sitting at his workbench with an ORCHID, thinking -- very "Jack" at the moment -- a good man, caught in an impossible situation.

His eyes shift to the orchid. Touches a petal, its beauty, the care he's given it. He picks up his pruning sheers, snips a dead leaf, then --

MARIE

Is it true?...

Jack looks at us -- ponders a beat, turns to her... In the doorway, MARIE, the walking-wounded, but she's locked-on.

MARIE

-- Is it true?...

He rises...

JACK

You should be in bed.

Approaches her.

MARIE

I watched you... The way... you killed that man.

Her look -- Jack stops.

MARIE

... I've never seen... anything like the look you had on your face... Like somehow you --

JACK

-- It's OK now. It's over -- Here... sit down...

Tries to help her.

MARIE

-- No...

It's all she can do to stand there, unsteady -- but she's not going anywhere -- He steps back.

MARIE

That Detective... Chandler.

JACK

Yes.

MARIE

He came to see me yesterday... He thinks... He thinks he knows things -- about you.

(beat)

He thinks... you're the one... he's been looking for.

She stares at him unblinking -- Jack stays very cool.

MARIE

... They found an old mill the killer used... it's near the same road as your accident.

JACK

Yes.

MARIE

He asked me... what... what do I really know about you...

Rubs her brow, turning inward.

MARIE

I waited so long... to let someone... To have what we...

Looking at each other a long time, then

MARIE

You're my whole life, Jack...

JACK

And you're mine.

MARIE

Is it true?... I have a right to -- I'm your wife, goddammit... Do you... Do you remember who you are? -- Are you this man he's looking for? -- I've got to know...

Searching his eyes, then in a whisper --

MARIE

Who are you?...

Beat.

JACK

You know who I am, Marie... You know
the truth...

(moving closer)

You know...

He doesn't lie -- and deep down, she suspects she does know
the truth about him... But in her condition, it's a truth
too overwhelming to believe.

And Marie gets this look, wavering --

MARIE

... J-Jack...

She's falling -- as Jack rushes to catch her

BLACK OUT:

INT. PARLOR - NIGHT - SOME TIME LATER

Out the window, it's raining now, stormy. Marie sleeping,
the room dark, except for a fire in the fireplace.

JACK

Watching her sleep -- even wounded she's beautiful. He strokes
her cheek, sees the wedding ring on her finger, leans in,
kisses her head.

He looks up -- his eyes, this is hard for him. He lays his
orchid, cut mid-stem, on her pillow and moves to the
kitchen... we now see he has a travel bag.

A last look... and he exits.

EXT. THE HOUSE - NIGHT

Raining. Jack walks from the house, to the shed door, puts
his hand on the knob -- and from the shadows

PETE

-- You say good-bye to her?

Jack turns. Pete steps out. He has a gun pointed. Jack eyes
the gun.

JACK

Whatta you want?

PETE

Your car... Get in. And drive.

Pete's lethal. Jack does what he's told. As he opens the
garage.

EXT. JACK'S CAR - MOVING - NIGHT

Raining. Leaving the campus, back roads, rural.

INT. JACK'S CAR

Jack driving. Pete with the gun on him, keeps looking at him, then

PETE

... I know who you are.

Jack glances, says nothing.

PETE

-- Three years ago. Over in Seattle.
Five girls you killed. Left their
bodies along the river -- Remember?...

JACK

-- Nobody believes any of that but
you.

PETE

Maybe... Except your wife... I think
she's starting to have her doubts.
But the important thing is -- You
and I know.

Jack slow turns. Pete's look.

PETE

The memory thing... Did you really
forget?... Or is this just some kinda
charade you cooked up to cover your
ass?

JACK

There's no faking... what I've been
through.

Pete ponders him.

PETE

But you remember now -- doncha...

A moment here -- as if Jack's weighing his parts -- the good
man, the Killer, and then, as Jack looks at him... Pete's
alone now with the devil.

PETE

Just a matter of time then... How
long before you can't control it?...
Now that you've killed again.

Jack keeps driving, beat, then

JACK

That's not what you wanna know,
Detective Chandler... You wanna
know... what it's like...
(looks at him)
To be me...
(beat)
You wanna stop running -- but you
can't... And that only makes you
hate yourself that much more.

Pete feeling the voltage -- the gun, his finger, the trigger.

JACK

You don't care about how or why I do
anything... What you really wanna
know is... if killing me... will set
you free.

Pete says nothing, this wild thing cooking in his eyes --
raises the gun.

PETE

-- Take a right, just up here.

EXT. JACK'S CAR

Pulling off the main road onto a --

INT. JACK'S CAR

PETE

Notice anything special about this
road?...

JACK

... It's a... gravel road...

PETE

That's right... Almost impossible to
get a tire mark or a usable foot
print from a gravel road -- even in
the rain... But you know that.

Pete smiles, glancing at the rain, the wipers sluicing it
off the windshield.

PETE

Your kinda weather... Ain't it...
Made your job easier -- No one pays
much attention in the rain -- They
certainly don't expect to be grabbed
by the likes of you...

(beat)

How many women have you taken on
this little ride? -- Think you're as
scared right now as they were?...

He slowly leans over, puts the gun on Jack's cheek --

PETE

I want you... fuck-ing terrified.

Pete gives his cheek a shove with the gun and leans back.
Jack looks at him, raw, tight -- CRUNCHING of the GRAVEL
under the tires.

JACK

... You seem to be enjoying this.

PETE

Do I...

(beat)

Stop up here by the tree -- there's
a clearing.

EXT. JACK'S CAR

Rolling to a stop.

INT. JACK'S CAR

PETE

Leave it running. Turn off the
lights... Get out.

Jack takes a beat, opens the door, gets out in the rain --
Pete slides out behind him, gun pointed at Jack's head.

EXT. WOODED AREA - NIGHT

Sloping down to a clearing, river bank, underbrush and the
river running beyond --

PETE

Down there... By the river.

Jack turns to him, looks around, letting his eyes adjust to
the dark -- they start down the slope to

A CLEARING - WALKING

PETE

Did you ever feel anything... for
anyone?

Jack's eyes scanning, getting his bearings, thinking, then

JACK

My wife...

PETE

She's a good woman... She doesn't
deserve you.

Jack looks back at him -- Pete narrows down, puts the gun in
his face.

PETE

You think your victims felt the
rain... Or the wind... Could they
hear the river?...

Jack thinks about it -- feeling the rain and the wind, the
river running.

PETE

What kind of monster are you?...

Jack gets this "Jack" look -- like the good in him has asked
himself that same question...

And Pete sees it.

PETE

-- Keep going. We're not there yet.

Moving closer to the river bank -- to where we can now see
the water sweeping by through breaks in the underbrush.

PETE

Turn around...

Jack just looks at him.

PETE

Get on your knees.

JACK

-- They'll know you did this.

PETE

I don't care... Neither one of us...
Really has much left to lose -- Do
we... Jack.

Jack goes to his knees -- Pete lowers the gun, execution-style, looks at him a beat.

PETE

I saw it -- just then, back there...
You're not so sure any more... are
you... The lives -- pain you caused...

Something passes over Jack -- an inward sense of doubt...
the good man, the Killer, then

JACK

No...

Jack and Pete looking at each other, the rain, the gun between
them -- somebody's going to die.

JACK

-- But will it?...

PETE

What.

JACK

... Will it set you free?...

A split-second -- Pete thinks about that and --

WHAM

Jack grabs the gun -- BLAM -- goes off -- Jack rising, pushing
Pete's hand up -- BLAMBLAMBLAM -- both holding onto the gun...

BOOM -- Pete jabs Jack in the gut with his other hand, twists
and slams Jack against a tree, the gun FIRING, recoiling
from their hands -- they bounce off the tree --

And now the shit-is-in-the-wind...

Pete hits Jack two-three-four times face-body, brutal, fast --
Jack staggering back, taking it, blood/rain in his eyes --
Jack stumbles, falls --

Pete goes wild, kicking him again and again -- he grabs a
bat-thick branch, begins WHAM clubbing Jack WHAMWHAMWHAM,
pounding him --

Jack rolls, his hand shooting up, GRABS the branch coming down, his grip powerful, crushing, using the force of the blow -- he pulls Pete to him -- tumble-flipping Pete over him -- they go CRASHING into

THE RIVER

Both men thrashing -- sharks in a feeding frenzy -- rain coming down, LIGHTNING, the current pulling them -- Pete POPS Jack in the face -- Jack recovers, dives onto Pete just as they're driven POW into

A BOULDER -- IN THE RIVER

Jack surges up with the current, pinning Pete against the rock, his hands on Pete's throat, choking him, water splashing over them, but

JACK

Locked on, vicious, unrelenting --

PETE

Strangling, drowning -- Jack killing him... riding it down, shaking with his crushing grip -- looking into Pete's face -- watching him die, making it happen, and then BANG

CLOSE ON - JACK

Like a moment of clarity -- realizing he's killing Pete... He stops -- slowly loosens his grip -- looks at Pete --

Pete's barely conscious but still alive -- a last look, Jack gives him a shove off the rock -- letting him live -- the river taking Pete away.

PETE

Floating on his back -- buffeted, breathes in water, begins choking, coughing, then rousing enough to see

PETE'S POV - WATERY IMAGE - OF JACK

In thigh-deep water, heading for the river bank -- Jack turns, strong, powerful -- Jack receding from us as he watches Pete drift away --

LIGHTNING FLASH -- backlighting Jack in silhouette and

BLACK OUT:

INT. VICTORIAN HOUSE - PARLOR - NIGHT

BANG -- Marie bolts awake --

She's lost for a moment, gathers her senses -- and then notices on her pillow...

THE ORCHID

Lying there. Cut. Final. Like a severed butterfly wing.

And she knows something has happened.

EXT. RIVER BANK - DAWN

The storm over, river rushing -- we find

PETE

Face-down in the mud and weeds, exhausted, busted-up but still alive -- as he raises his head and begins to move.

EXT. VICTORIAN HOUSE - DAY - SOME TIME LATER

A FOR SALE SIGN in the yard -- A MOVING VAN pulls away.

DR. SLOANE on the sidewalk with Marie -- nothing left to say -- they hug goodbye -- Sloane exits.

Marie alone now -- she crosses to

THE DRIVEWAY

To a rental car -- trunk open, she loads the last of her bags in, closes it -- turns and looks around at the house, up to their bedroom window...

Haunted now -- it gives her a chill -- She pulls her sweater tight -- then gets in the car and leaves.

A DENSE COASTAL FOG...

EXT. BAINBRIDGE ISLAND - BOARDWALK - DAY - TIME HAS PASSED

It's deserted, socked-in. Marie walking alone. She looks good. But changed. Wind-blown. Like she's been around. Like the ordeal's given her a dark inner-strength.

She leans on the railing. Can't see much. FOGHORN moans. Behind her she hears... FOOTSTEPS. Getting closer, she turns --

A MAN approaching. The old planks creaking, stepping through the fog, she sees... PETE -- as they look at each other.

EXT. BEACH - DAY - LATER

Marie and Pete walking the shoreline. Fog, waves rolling in. Pete's healed-up, looks good, but inside -- his encounter with Jack has left him different.

PETE

... He just... disappeared. Without
a trace.

MARIE

I think it's better that way -- just
let him be gone.

PETE

Not for me...

Glances toward the water.

PETE

He could've killed me -- and he
didn't.

MARIE

There was something... a part of
him... was good.

She looks away at that thought.

PETE

I wonder about that... You knew him
better than anyone. Whatta you think?

MARIE

... That what you came here to ask
me?

He just looks at her. Few more steps. She stops. Takes her
time, then

MARIE

I think... When you get right down
to it -- Nobody ever really knows
anyone.

A wave rolls in. She looks down at the water rushing over
the sand.

She places a hand on her belly gently rubbing it, just
beginning to show -- And for the first time...

We see she's pregnant.

She thinks about it. Reaches back, squeezes Pete's hand and
walks away. Never looking back.

As Pete watches her fade into the fog and...

BLACK OUT:

EXT. AN OLD BEACH COMMUNITY - NIGHT

Small houses, spread out, nothing fancy -- down the road, a CAR approaches... pulls into the

DRIVEWAY - A BUNGALOW

Headlights off, the house is dark -- MARIE gets out of the car laboring with a bag of groceries.

She's about eight months pregnant now -- walks up to the porch, unlocks the door and enters.

INT. MARIE'S BUNGALOW - KITCHEN

Cuts on a light, begins unloading groceries, opens the fridge, leaning in, putting things away, closes the fridge.

Washes her hands in the sink -- drying them, she's tired, rubs her a pain in her back from carrying the baby, she puts the towel away, turns to the counter, begins *whirring* an electric opener on a can of soup and --

Through the doorway, just off the kitchen

THE DEN

In the darkness -- SOMETHING MOVES.

MARIE

Finishes opening the can -- it's quiet now, she pours the soup into a pot, and just as she's about to turn on the flame -- she HEARS a NOISE.

She stops... listening... her senses sharpening... looks into the dark DEN... she feels a shift in the air pressure -- and then that sense -- that she's not alone.

MARIE

Anyone there?...

Quiet... she reflexively touches her belly, the baby... she looks on the counter... to a KNIFE BLOCK... she grabs a big one and turns toward the den.

Approaching with the knife... it's really dark... she gets to the doorway... hesitates, then slides her hand in and flips the light switch -- ZING...

It's empty. She enters the

DEN

Her heart pounding, looking around -- everything seems OK -- she looks down the hallway, fading into dark...

MARIE

Makes her way slowly down the

HALLWAY

Pausing at EACH ROOM, then putting her hand in -- cutting on the light... empty.

And then she comes to the last room --

THE BABY'S ROOM

Cuts on the light (she's started decorating it) kid wallpaper, changing table, crib -- everything's OK except -- hanging over the crib -- a BABY MOBILE -- is SWINGING/SWAYING like someone had just given it a push.

MARIE

Stares at the mobile moving and

SUDDENLY -- ARMS FLY IN -- one around her mouth, pulling her back -- the other grabbing her hand holding the knife.

Her eyes wide, gasping trying to scream --

RIGHT BY HER EAR

LIPS come in... a NOSE -- he breathes her in -- then the eyes, the face -- JACK.

JACK
(in her ear)
It's OK... I had to see you again.

She knows it's him -- she's terrified.

JACK
I'm gonna let you go... OK?

She takes a deep breath -- nods... and Jack loosens his grip -- easing his hand from her mouth -- she's turning to face him, he's letting her wrist go as

JACK - SEEING DETAILS IN MICRO

Marie's hair, the kid wallpaper, the mobile still swaying over the crib behind her... Then

MARIE

Still turning to him -- Jack stepping back, still holding Marie's arm with the knife in her hand...

And now

THEIR EYES MEET

Their look... stops time...

JACK

Searching her eyes, trying to read her, to see if she has anything left for him.

MARIE

Trembling, frightened, betrayed, conflicted -- and also this certain strength.

He looks down at her belly --

JACK

Is it ours?...

She's barely able to speak --

MARIE

Yes.

His hand reaches out to touch her belly -- and something flashes in Marie's eyes -- then

FAST -- MARIE

JERKS her arm free -- SLASHES back at Jack with the knife -- slicing him diagonally from shoulder to gut --

JACK

Bangs back into the door, holding his chest -- stunned -- he looks at her -- in his eyes, the hurt, the betrayal of what they had -- he looks down at his chest -- the blood starting to flow over his fingers...

MARIE

Stands there shaking, still pointing the knife, barely holding onto her sanity -- her statement to him is complete.

JACK

You can almost see his heart turning to dust... finally he turns and leaves.

MARIE

Frozen there a moment... HEARS THE FRONT DOOR CLOSE... she knows he's gone... tears down her cheeks, but somehow maintaining -- her hand to her belly -- as she goes to call the cops.

EXT. ROAD - NIGHT

Jack bleeding, moving into shadows, about to escape...

He stops, looks back at her house... Marie's silhouette, looking out the window.

A poignant moment -- the things he'll never have.

As he turns to go -- he looks at us... It's a look you never forget -- then continues on, disappearing into the night.

As we begin hearing the sound of a SIREN...