

EMPATHY

by
Robert Conlon

FADE IN:

The circle of light from a solitary lamp dissipates across a table, illuminating scattered photographs of women wrapped in blood-stained sheets, posed as if crucified.

ERON BRADY, late 50s, African-American, tall and wiry, methodically picks them up and slides them into a large manila envelope, along with several bulky file folders. He writes "Jonathon Smith" on the front of the package, picks it up and walks to the door. The light falls across the empty table top.

SLOW FADE TO BLACK.

The words "Fifteen Years Ago" appear.

JONATHON (V.O.)

There is no good.... There is no bad....

CUT TO:

INT. COLLEGE APARTMENT - NIGHT

A single floor lamp. Streaks of light across playing cards and poker chips strewn on a table.

JONATHON

There just is.

Three college-age guys are sitting. On the wall, through the shadowy background, is a poster that reads "Be Yourself, Before Someone Else Is." RYAN, freckled and husky, slaps at the chips with the back of his hand.

RYAN

Damn it, Jonathon. It's not fair. How do you always know when I'm bluffing?

JONATHON SMITH re-stacks the chips into precise piles. He looks at his watch habitually. 22, brown hair, almost handsome, but not enough to turn any heads. However, behind his glasses are eyes with a captivating intensity.

Across from him is MARCUS HOLDEN, blonde, athletic and also 22. He often does turn heads.

JONATHON

Eccentricities. How you act, what you do, what you think....

RYAN

Yeah? What am I thinking right now?

He flips "a bird." Marcus laughs. Jonathon points to his watch.

JONATHON

You're thinking it's time for work.

Ryan laughs as he gets up.

RYAN

You're gonna be one hell of a psychiatrist.

JONATHON

Psychologist. No med school for me. I'm gonna be one hell of a psychologist.

Jonathon taps two of the chips together.

JONATHON (cont'd)

Pay up, Ryan.

RYAN

Two years, I still haven't learned....
Well, it's just a game.

Ryan throws a few dollars on the table and walks out. Jonathon straightens and stacks them.

JONATHON

Whatcha think, Marcus? Am I gonna be one hell of a psychologist?

MARCUS

Probably. But only the past is certain, so don't hold me to it.

JONATHON

Give me a break... You have the ultimate vice, you know that?

MARCUS

What ya mean?

JONATHON

Evasiveness. Your only bad habit. Or are you just trying to find all the options? Anyway, what about your own future?

MARCUS

You tell me....

JONATHON

Fame... fortune... true love?

MARCUS

Pretty close!

JONATHON

Teaching? Good luck with the first two.

MARCUS

I'll settle for true love then. Or maybe not. Or at least love for what I do. Some kind of love.

JONATHON

Brilliant! Again, every possible option. Or maybe it's just ambiguity.

MARCUS

Ambiguity?! Look who's talking, "mister there is no good, there is no bad."

JONATHON

There just is.

CUT TO:

INT. HOUSE - DUSK

Large rooms, expensive furniture, exquisite woodwork. Strung all over are balloons, crepe paper, and a streamer that reads, "Happy Birthday Judge Joshua Louwen." Smaller letters below, "And Daddy." People mingle with plates of food and mixed drinks, others play a game of charades.

JOSHUA LOUWEN, 55, tall, graying and distinguished, stands at the back of the room with EDWARD, of similar age and appearance. Brandy sniffers slowly circle in their hands.

EDWARD

I don't think it's fair, Joshua. We get older but I don't know about wiser.

JOSHUA

Damn cliches.

EDWARD

(laughs)

But you have a clear conscience and interesting cases to wade through. What else could anyone want?

They both laugh.

JOSHUA

My only regret is that Emily's gone. Time heals some of the sadness, but not the loneliness.... But I have Dana. She keeps me busy.

He motions across the room at the game of charades. DANA LOUWEN, his 18 year old daughter, gestures wildly as part of her clue. Her lively, curly hair, slightly plump figure, and dimpled cheeks all accentuated by her flashing smile.

EDWARD

She keeps everyone busy, I think.

The game erupts into cheers and noise. Dana skips over and hugs Joshua.

DANA

Happy birthday again, old timer!

JOSHUA

So, you won, as usual. Your favorite game, even when you were too little to know what was going on.

EDWARD

Dana, what's the secret of your success?

DANA

Is this off the record, judge? I'd hate for my words to be used against me. Anyway, it's easy. You just have to pretend you're not you.

EDWARD

Pretend you are not you?

DANA

Sure. Like acting. Just be someone else. It's easy.

EDWARD

How can that be easy?

DANA

I don't know, it just is.

EDWARD

You're certainly good at it.

Joshua puts his arm around Dana and squeezes her.

JOSHUA

I hope you never feel like you have to be someone else. I love you.

DANA

Come on, daddy, it's just a game. Anyway, if I pretend I'm lots of different people, I'm better at being myself.

JOSHUA

I never understand anything you're talking about....

Dana notices a young guy across the room.

DANA

(in a deep voice)

Paging Mr. Fuller. Mr. Fuller. You need more fun in your life.

She darts across the room.

JOSHUA

She's going away to school in the fall, I hope we can stay close.

CUT TO:

EXT. GOLF COURSE - EARLY AFTERNOON

Overcast. A golf ball rolls across the green and stops two inches from the cup. Eron (now early 40s) stands with his putter. ANDREW, stocky and African-American, taps the ball with his foot.

ANDREW

Close. I think that's a gimme, Eron.

They walk to a golf cart and put their clubs away. A small wooden sign reads "Thank you for raking traps, replacing divots."

ANDREW (cont'd)

Not a good day. Every week we put ourselves through this!

Eron laughs slightly, then stares at the sky. Muffled thunder echoes from approaching dark clouds.

ANDREW (cont'd)

You know it's not your fault.

ERON

Thanks, Andrew.... But I was never there for her. Trying to prove myself, prove that I belong. Of course she was going to find someone else.

ANDREW

That's about her, not you. All you did was try to make a good life.

ERON

Yeah, gone most of the time. A department full of agents, and I don't even know what's going on in my own house.

ANDREW

She's the one who made these choices, not you.

ERON

I never understood her. No matter how I tried, no matter how I loved her. I could never figure out what she was thinking. So, she found someone who did. Why is it all turning out like this?

ANDREW

It just is, Eron. You'll get through this. You've overcome a lot more. Let the past be the past.

Eron pulls out the scorecard, writes, and hands it to Andrew.

ANDREW (cont'd)

(laughs)

Dammit, Eron, you still won. It's really not fair.

ERON

It's just a game. At least we beat the rain. Come on, let's go.

CUT TO:

EXT. PARK - NOON

Bright and warm. A banner hangs from a pavilion, "Church of the Redemption Picnic". Barbecue smoke, a table covered with paper plates and bowls of potato salad. People laughing and talking, all of them with deep southern accents.

MIDDLE AGED WOMAN

One... two... three... GO!

A dozen children take off in a sack race. DAISY CALVIN, six years old, red hair, and the smallest in the group, is in the lead. People cheerfully yell encouragement. Another girl, SARAH, suddenly trips and falls to the ground. Daisy stops and hops back to her. The other children bounce past to the finish line. Daisy tries to help her up but ends up on the ground next to her, both of them laughing.

SARAH

Damn!

They both cover their mouths, look around, and giggle.

SARAH (cont'd)

Why'd you stop, Daisy? You were winning.

DAISY

(always speaks quickly)

I wanted to make sure you were okay.

SARAH

Of course, sillyhead.

(she spreads her hands)

You were this close to winning.

DAISY

It's just a game, goofus.

They both get up and walk arm in arm. Daisy's father, PASTOR CALVIN, comes over. He's thin and colorless, but topped off with thick, fiery hair.

PASTOR CALVIN

Are you girls hurt?

They can't answer through their laughter. He bends down.

PASTOR CALVIN (cont'd)

That was very nice of you to help Sarah.
I'm proud of you.

DAISY

I thought she might be hurt, daddy. She's my best friend and I love her. She woulda helped me. You know, that's how we oughta treat each other. You always say that, right? I always want to be kind to everybody. Why are there mean people? Daddy, why is there bad stuff?

He hugs her.

PASTOR CALVIN

I don't know, Daisy, it's just something we don't understand.

A portly man taps him on the shoulder.

PORTLY MAN

Pastor Calvin, everything's about done.

He picks up Daisy as he stands.

PASTOR CALVIN

Sweetie, you ready to eat? How many people you think are here?

DAISY

81. I counted. And we brought 100 hamburgers and a 100 hotdogs. That means everyone can have one and a quarter hamburgers and one and a quarter hot dogs. I rounded it off to 80, because 81 is too hard to do in my head. Or everyone can have one hamburger and twenty people can have two hamburgers. Then if they didn't have a hot dog the other people could have one and two-thirds of a hot dog. Or forty of them could have two hot dogs if twenty people only have one hot dog and they don't have a hamburger. I think everybody will get enough. If not, I can give mine to someone else.

He puts his hand over her mouth lightly and laughs.

PASTOR CALVIN

You keep on figuring things out, sweetie, but I have to pray.

(loudly)

Everyone. Listen up. Let's pray.

He becomes "spirit-filled" and excited as he prays.

PASTOR CALVIN (cont'd)

Father God. Thou art a good God. We lift up our unworthy hearts to you. Thank you for shedding your precious blood that we might be saved. Now bless this food to our bodies, and us to thy service. And if anyone here doesn't know you, let them be saved today. We pray all this in Jesus' name....

Everyone says "Amen."

PASTOR CALVIN (cont'd)
Are you always gonna be my little girl?

She smiles and nods.

PASTOR CALVIN (cont'd)
Even when you grow up?

He tickles her as he puts her down.

PASTOR CALVIN (cont'd)
Everything looks really good. Come on.

CUT TO:

INT. FITNESS CLUB - MORNING

A light rain falls outside the large windows. CASSIE, 23, very attractive, long hair pulled into a ponytail, sits doing presses. Her well-proportioned figure is obvious even under a baggy sweatshirt, which reads "No Rules." BRIAN, tanktop and muscular, stands in front of her.

BRIAN
Come on. Two more. Work it, Cassie. One more....

She grimaces, yells and does two more reps, then sits up, her hands clenched in fists.

CASSIE
Yes!!

She wipes her face with a towel, throws it over her shoulders and stands up. A crucifix dangles from her neck.

BRIAN
You're gonna ace that physical. You're looking really good, and I mean all over.

CASSIE
(slight anger)
Don't be bad, Brian.

BRIAN
I'm just throwing you a compliment.

CASSIE
Keep them to yourself.

BRIAN
Hey, why do you have to be like that? How did it get like this?

CASSIE

You know why.... It just is, so don't start up again. It's history!

BRIAN

Shit, don't get all bitched out. I know I'm not your "true love," but I'm sure you'll find him someday.

She picks up a pair of karate gloves and throws them to him. He puts them on and walks over to a mat.

BRIAN (cont'd)

Pardon me, I forgot. Your true love is the Bureau now, or should I say "justice?" I'm sure you'll make a great lover, I mean agent.

Cassie tucks the crucifix into her sweats and takes a stance. He misses badly with a punch

CASSIE

Not even close!

She throws a series of hard punches and knocks him down.

BRIAN

Dammit, Cassie.

CASSIE

Hey. It's just a game.

BRIAN

Go to hell.

She motions at him to get up. He throws the gloves off.

BRIAN (cont'd)

You always have to win don't you?

She laughs and walks away.

BRIAN (cont'd)

You're never gonna find what you want!

CUT TO:

INT. A ROOM - NIGHT

Antiquated furniture, yellowed wallpaper, dim light. JOHNSON, a sick old man, is propped up in bed. His hands shake, he gasps for breath when he speaks. A checker board lays across the sheets on his lap.

WILLIAM JONES, about 20, brown hair and glasses, is sitting next to the bed. A gentle face but piercing eyes. He moves one of the pieces.

JOHNSON
You want to reconsider?

WILLIAM
Looks good to me.

They take turns. After a couple of moves, Johnson jumps three of William's pieces.

JOHNSON
King me. William? Give up? A careless move. What looks good can end up bad. Good thing it's just a game.

WILLIAM
Damn! For once I'd like to win. Another?

JOHNSON
Plenty of chances to lose. That's enough.

Johnson slides down slowly under the sheets as William puts the game away. Johnson motions to him to sit. He does.

JOHNSON (cont'd)
No school?

WILLIAM
I need to be here. I didn't sign up for anything this semester.

JOHNSON
Let me die. Then go register.

WILLIAM
Morbid.... Please don't be so morbid. That was weeks ago anyway. No one's missing me.

JOHNSON
No one will miss me either.

WILLIAM
I will.

JOHNSON
Someone who knows me only as this weak old man. Seventy years of no one else.

WILLIAM

I know you better than that. I know who you are.

JOHNSON

Do you? I've never known anyone. I've never loved anyone, never even been close. Don't ever live lonely, William. It's better to die.

WILLIAM

Don't say that. I know what it's like to be lonely, I know how you feel. Don't say you want to die.

JOHNSON

Why not? My life has been over since I was a little child, and I've just been waiting. Now I'm lingering about in a long line of pathetic old grovelers, and I have to wait my turn to leave. But a fair return on who I've been, I would say.

He waves his arm as if motioning "the line."

JOHNSON (cont'd)

Come on you miserable, lonely creatures, keep it moving.

(pauses)

Turn on the TV for me.

William clicks on the TV with a remote. TELEVANGELIST is on. He has a distinct, booming voice. (Throughout, we never see him directly, just glimpses.) Across the screen flash the words "God is calling you."

TELEVANGELIST

(on the TV)

... and that's all there is to it! Have you done what God wants you to do? Have you found his calling for your life? Are you ready? Are you ready?

The congregation responds "yes" loudly after each question.

JOHNSON

I'll never be ready, brother. But let's get it over with....

TELEVANGELIST

I said, are you ready!?

CUT TO:

CREDITS OVER

A choir singing lively gospel music on the TV. They sing, dance and clap. Slowly the sounds fade to silence.

END CREDITS

FADE TO BLACK.

The words "The Present" appear.

(Note: The characters have aged 15 years.)

CUT TO:

INT. WILLIAM'S HOUSE - NIGHT

A well-furnished den. William sits at a computer, with a checkerboard on the screen. He makes a move. The TV is on.

TELEVANGELIST

(on the TV)

God is waiting. It's your move....

William mutes the TV.

WILLIAM

(typing, using "67676"
as a screen name)

I lose again.

CUT TO:

INT. LISA'S HOUSE / WILLIAM'S HOUSE - NIGHT

("online dialog" : A combination of seeing what the characters are typing and hearing them read or think out loud. Cuts between locations, screens, and faces.)

LISA ACKERMAN sits in her bedroom at a computer. Early thirties, rather ordinary. Along all the walls are shelves with a large collection of "Precious Moments" figurines.

LISA

(using "sweet_and" as a
screen name)

I'm getting tired of beating you. Ha!
What's your name, really?

WILLIAM

Don't you like mathematics? Maybe 67676
is really my name.

LISA

As you wish, 67676. You can call me Lisa,
btw.

They both close out the checkers program.

WILLIAM

Actually, it's John, nice to meet you.

LISA

You too!

WILLIAM

And, where you from?

LISA

Near Orlando. Disneyworld, <g>.

William pulls up a map of central Florida on the screen.

WILLIAM

You're kidding? What part?

He scans the map.

WILLIAM (cont'd)

I'm from Mt. Dora.

LISA

Really??? That's only about 20 miles from
me!!!

WILLIAM

Married? Single? Age? You know, the
usual.

LISA

I'm single. 30 something. And you?

WILLIAM

I'm 35, never been married, and even
nicer to meet you now. No glaring
incompatibilities so far.

LISA

Such big words! And what do you do in Mt.
Dora?

William scans web pages from central Florida.

WILLIAM

I own some orange groves. A lotta work.

LISA
I shuffle papers, in a bank. Pretty boring.

WILLIAM
I bet you're not!

LISA
Naw. I'm pretty boring too.

WILLIAM
You sound pretty exciting to me. He-he. What do you look like?

LISA
I have brown eyes and light hair, about 5'7. And you?

WILLIAM
You sound good enough to cuddle! Do you like to cuddle??

LISA
With the right person.

WILLIAM
Me too. Can I be honest with you about something?

LISA
Go on...?

WILLIAM
Being on here I feel less shy, I guess. To be honest, I'm looking for something that might grow into a friendship.

LISA
I'm glad we met. I'm kind of a homebody.

WILLIAM
Family, friends? Both my parents are gone and I don't have any brothers or sisters.

LISA
I have a sister but we haven't seen each other in like 10 years. I don't even know where she is anymore.

WILLIAM
I'm sorry. I wish I could put my arms around you.

LISA

I'd like that!

WILLIAM

Here, scoot over by me. You feel nice...and what are you wearing, Lisa?

LISA

My robe. Very short. <g>

WILLIAM

Can you to open it up for me?

LISA

I'm untying it now...and it's open.

CUT TO:

INT. FBI BUILDING - DAY

Eron's office. Meticulous, no-nonsense, except for a few golf knick-knacks on the large desk. Eron is standing, holding a putter. Andrew is on the speaker phone.

ANDREW (V.O.)

Feels good?

ERON

Perfect. I couldn't bear to leave her.

ANDREW (V.O.)

That's pathetic, Eron.

ERON

I'll see you in the morning, Andrew, bright and early. The fresh dew sparkling on the greens.

ANDREW (V.O.)

And I want to hear all about your date with Enid tonight. Enid Ponet. A beautiful French name, so I told her you look like Sidney Portier.

ERON

What are you, in junior high? It's just two people having dinner. I have to run.

ANDREW (V.O.)

See you tomorrow. Have a good one.

Eron clicks the phone and carefully lays the putter down. He walks just outside the door where his secretary, MARILYN, tiny and all business, is sitting.

ERON
Marilyn, is agent Holden back yet?

MARILYN
Should I page her?

ERON
No, she's in court. I'm going down to the
"ops" room, when she gets in have her
meet me there.

CUT TO:

INT. CRIMINAL COURTROOM - DAY

A handful of lawyers and clerks. Joshua is presiding. Cassie
is at the witness stand. A BAILIFF stands in front of her.

BAILIFF
State your name.

CASSIE
Cassie Angelina Holden.

BAILIFF
Please take a seat.

She sits and stretches her arms in front of her as a LAWYER,
well dressed and stern, steps around from a table.

LAWYER
Agent Holden, you have been an FBI agent
for about 14 years, is that correct?

CASSIE
Yes.

LAWYER
Please tell us what you consider to be
appropriate force to subdue an unarmed
suspect.

CASSIE
As I have said at the two previous
hearings which upheld Mr. Lazo's
conviction, that question is too broad to
have a simple answer.

LAWYER
Your honor....

JOSHUA
Agent Holden, you know better.

CASSIE

To ensure the apprehension of the subject while first maintaining the greatest safety for the public, fellow officers, and the suspect as well.

LAWYER

You would consider breaking my client's jaw and cheekbone appropriate? Did you ask him to stop?

CASSIE

I identified myself. He continued to flee.

LAWYER

Might he have not heard you?

CASSIE

He had just finished carving up a body when we entered the house. He ran, so he must have heard something.

LAWYER

Your honor, please....

JOSHUA

Agent Holden....

LAWYER

In previous testimony you admit that you "kicked in" my client's head?

CASSIE

He ran, I tackled him. He attempted to get up. I landed a blow to his head with my foot, knocking Mr. Lazo unconscious and facilitating his capture.

LAWYER

And you believe that this incredibly brutal action was, how did you say it, appropriate for maintaining the greatest safety for the suspect?

CASSIE

Yes, because my next course of action, in order to assure the safety of the public and my fellow agents, would have been to shoot Mr. Lazo. The fact that he's alive is a result of his inability to flee any further. I'm a very good shot.

LAWYER

Your honor....

JOSHUA

Counsel, she answered your question.

The lawyer looks at something on the table.

LAWYER

Nothing further, your honor.

JOSHUA

Mr. Gibbons.

GIBBONS, district attorney, stands. Slightly gray and completely comfortable.

GIBBONS

As an agent with over ten years of experience in criminal investigations, a folder here full of arrests and convictions, a long list of commendations, and not one blemish on your record; Was the force you used to subdue the defendant appropriate to the situation, and for the greater safety of all those involved?

CASSIE

Yes.

GIBBONS

No further questions, your honor.

JOSHUA

Witness may step down.

CUT TO:

INT. FBI BUILDING - DAY

Ops (Operations) room. Photos, the same ones from the opening scene, are spread out on a table and tacked to the wall. Eron looks through a folder. Smaller tables are cluttered with files. Cassie walks in.

ERON

How did it go?

CASSIE

I should have shot him when I had the chance.

He pushes a large envelope her way.

ERON

This came up from the computer lab. Nothing helpful. I want you and Anderson to run with this now. And the press is in too. I had a few calls this morning. From now on, they get your name.

CASSIE

Can you kick them to Anderson? I'm no good with that. Who's this doctor friend of Kelly's?

ERON

Jonathon Smith. He should be here. He was in practice with him for a couple of years before Kelly came here. Now he's looking for instructors and thinks this guy might be right....

CASSIE

So I have to spend my time babysitting! I really don't need this, Kelly should be doing his own....

ERON

May I finish? I met him yesterday and fed him the case files.

(he motions to the photos and chuckles)

After looking at these, he probably won't show. A little different from his cushy, rich clients.

CUT TO:

INT. JONATHON'S OFFICE - DAY

Luxurious and well-decorated. PATRICIA, 50s, wearing expensive clothes, jewelry and makeup, sits on a couch. Jonathon sits across from her.

PATRICIA

I don't understand. I love her so much.

JONATHON

Anxiety attacks. What do you mean by that?

PATRICIA

I can't breath. I feel scared. I don't understand it at all. Last night Dickie had to take her out of the bedroom.

JONATHON
And Dickie is your new man friend?

PATRICIA
Yes, he just moved in.

JONATHON
And that's when these attacks started?

PATRICIA
No, before that. A couple of months ago.

JONATHON
Do you remember the first time?

PATRICIA
It was after Dickie and I had a bit of a fight. But everything has been fine since.

JONATHON
What did you fight about?

PATRICIA
It was nothing. Something he said.

JONATHON
Something he said...?

PATRICIA
He started calling her a certain word.

JONATHON
What word?

PATRICIA
Another word for a cat. You know.

JONATHON
What, pussy?

PATRICIA
Yes. I hate that word.

JONATHON
Why?

PATRICIA
Well, you know....

JONATHON
People often call cats, pussies.

PATRICIA

It's a dirty word too.

JONATHON

What do you mean, a dirty word?

PATRICIA

Doctor, you know. People use that word for other things.

JONATHON

Pussy?

PATRICIA

Please. It's a bit embarrassing.

JONATHON

The word pussy embarrasses you?

PATRICIA

That's a terrible word, doctor. Please stop saying it. It's disgusting.

JONATHON

Dickie may have thought he was showing affection for her. Does he like cats?

PATRICIA

He seems to. He hasn't said anything.

JONATHON

Where had you heard that word before?

PATRICIA

Well, people say it sometimes, you know. When I was little.

JONATHON

When you were little?

PATRICIA

A lot when I was little. My uncle. He used to say it. He always said it.

JONATHON

When other people were there?

PATRICIA

No. Just him and I. I hate that word.

Silence, then Jonathon stands.

JONATHON

Patricia, that's all for today. But let's talk again soon.

She stands up.

PATRICIA

Yes, of course, Doctor, I mean, Jonathon. I already feel better talking about this. I really do love little Jinjin.

JONATHON

I know you do, Patricia. If you should have any more of these episodes, just relax. It might be a good idea to walk around, take some nice easy breaths like we talked about.

He picks up a briefcase and walks out the door with her. His receptionist, SUSAN, looks up.

JONATHON (cont'd)

Susan, would you schedule Patricia for next week?

CUT TO:

INT. FBI BUILDING - DAY

Ops room. Jonathon walks in, carrying the briefcase. Eron and Cassie stand up. They all shake hands.

ERON

Cassie Holden, Dr. Smith.

JONATHON

Call me Jonathon.

She nods. Jonathon puts the briefcase on the table and opens it.

ERON

How'd it go?

Eron motions at the files in the briefcase and slips a quick glance at Cassie.

JONATHON

A few thoughts. Then you can give Kelly a report, let him know how I did. I assume that's what's going on here....

He takes out a notepad.

JONATHON (cont'd)

They're all single women. None had been married. No apparent friends or family. They all worked, and not close to anyone there either. Co-workers described them as shy. No roommates. They either liked to be alone, or were very lonely. All owned or rented a house. He's looking for privacy. I think we can assume the killer is a he. Phone records show none of them get any calls, but several are dialed into the internet every night. The rest had some type of connections too. That's probably how they met him. They aren't social people, they don't go out. Plus they're from all over the country. That's from someone's notes on here....

CASSIE

Mine.

ERON

We've got people going through their computers. Not much luck. Everything's been erased.

JONATHON

I'd like to talk to someone about that, about the computer. I need to understand it better, how people meet that way, where all this happens.

ERON

We have someone on that. In fact, let me check right now.

Eron picks up a phone.

JONATHON

Imposition.

CASSIE

What?

JONATHON

I'm an imposition to you. I'll try not to waste your time.

CASSIE

It's okay.

JONATHON

When Rob gave me a call, I told him I'd help him out.

(MORE)

JONATHON (cont'd)

We used to be in practice together.
Occasionally we do a seminar at DCU.

CASSIE

My husband teaches history there.

JONATHON

Holden. Not Marcus? Marcus Holden?

CASSIE

You know him?

JONATHON

He did his undergrad at Penn State?

CASSIE

Yes....

JONATHON

Unbelievable. He was my roommate. I read
in the alumni news he was teaching, but I
didn't know it was right here.

CASSIE

He loves it.

JONATHON

Of course. I knew he'd be a good teacher.

CASSIE

You should get together.

JONATHON

We should.

CASSIE

What about tonight? Dinner?

JONATHON

Tonight? Why not.

CASSIE

Are you married, or, you know, should I
expect two?

JONATHON

No, just me.

Eron angles the phone.

ERON

How about when we're done here?

JONATHON

Fine.
 (to Cassie)
 After six?

CASSIE

Sounds good. Let me write down the address for you.

Eron hangs up.

ERON

So, these single women, somehow go from "you've got mail" to "come into my house and kill me."

CASSIE

Alright, the victims are from all over. Is he going there, staying a while, spending time with them?

JONATHON

I don't think so. He meets them once. They trust him enough to let him in, to have dinner. He flies in. All of them were near cities with busy airports.

CUT TO:

INT. ORLANDO AIRPORT - AFTERNOON

Tourists, families with Disney and Seaworld souvenirs.

MONTAGE:

William, wearing a wig and carrying an overnight bag, walks through the terminal. He frequently takes a small notepad from his pocket and looks at it.

Rides a shuttle.

Gets off at the long-term parking.

JONATHON (V.O.)

Probably has fake IDs and gets the tickets that way. Something careful and thought out.... He probably keeps track of everything he does.

CASSIE (V.O.)

A journal?

JONATHON (V.O.)

A "to do" list.

CUT TO:

INT. FBI BUILDING

CASSIE

A list?

JONATHON

Meticulous. He goes over it to make sure he isn't forgetting something. This is a ritual, repeated exactly each time. There's no rage or sexual assault, something else is driving him.

CUT TO:

EXT. AIRPORT LONG-TERM PARKING LOT - AFTERNOON

William watches a man parking a car. He follows him to the shuttle stop, where they stand and wait.

JONATHON (V.O.)

He's not acting on impulse, he's thinking everything through. He'd be chatting to them the night before or even the day of the murder, reinforcing their trust. He has them believing he lives nearby, which makes him seem less threatening. He's getting a car so he looks local. Maybe renting with the same fake ID, maybe stealing one. He'd learn how to do that if he needed to.

CASSIE (V.O.)

We checked for stolen vehicles. Nothing seems relevant.

William nods at the man he had followed.

WILLIAM

Well, this beats leaving at the crack of dawn.

MAN AT PARKING

Hmm.

WILLIAM

I'm usually out of here at six in the morning, two or three times a week. I feel like I'm part of some migration. I need a break every so often.

MAN AT PARKING

I don't fly much.

WILLIAM

Trying to close a deal. The office said they needed my expertise, whatever that means.

MAN AT PARKING

I'm, well, my sister... passed away. We didn't keep in touch. I guess this is the least I can do for her.

The shuttle pulls up and they board.

WILLIAM

Sorry to hear that.

They nod at each other and take their seats.

MONTAGE:

William follows the man through the airport.

He watches him board a plane.

He makes his way back to the man's car.

JONATHON (V.O.)

Whatever he's doing is clever. But he'd do it the same way every time. I have to think about it some more.

William uses "dealer key templates" to open the car and start it up. He pulls a map from his briefcase, then finds the parking ticket in the visor and drives to the exit.

ATTENDANT

You didn't stay long. I still have to charge you a full day.

WILLIAM

Whatever. I missed my flight. Back to the office until I can get a later one. Typical run of the mill day!

ATTENDANT

Here's your receipt.

WILLIAM

Thanks.

The attendant looks bored as William pulls out.

CUT TO:

INT. FBI BUILDING

JONATHON

Ordinary. You don't notice him, completely run of the mill. And it wouldn't surprise me if he does something to change his appearance. A wig, hat, something like that.

CUT TO:

INT. MALL - AFTERNOON

MONTAGE:

William walks in, looks around and notes the location of a surveillance camera.

He goes into the bathroom, and into a stall.

He takes off the wig and puts it into a fast food bag he had folded up in his pocket.

He puts on a baseball cap, throws the bag in the trash, and walks out.

JONATHON (V.O.)

The guy knows there are cameras everywhere. In airports, parking lots, wherever. He has some deep need for anonymity, beyond hiding his tracks. So he's not just trying to disguise himself.

Lisa comes in and looks around. She walks over to William.

WILLIAM

Lisa?

LISA

Hi. John?

She speaks with a slight hesitation and nervous giggle.

WILLIAM

Yes. Well, I'm not too scary or anything? You look astounding, even better than the picture you sent!

LISA

Thanks. And you're even nicer than I imagined. You were much too modest....

They sit.

CUT TO:

INT. FBI BUILDING

JONATHON

He's average looking, but there must be some physical attraction. These women meet him and he appears kind and harmless, maybe even charming.

CASSIE

Would he have sent a picture?

JONATHON

He'd be afraid they would leave it around, or on the computer. They're seeing him for the first time.

ERON

He shows up at their door and these women are swept off their feet?

JONATHON

Control. Meeting somewhere first. A restaurant, a public place. He's the one who suggests this, to make them feel safe, to make them think he's nervous as well. Remember, these are lonely, isolated people. They're flattered and he's able to find out what touches them. It's pretty astounding, he's able to get inside them, win their trust almost immediately.

CUT TO:

INT. MALL - AFTERNOON

WILLIAM

Well, I'm glad you don't think I look like some deranged killer or something. My psychologist says I have that relatively under control.

LISA

You're so funny. You always make me laugh.

WILLIAM

It's nice to actually hear you, and not just read "R-O-F-L."

They both laugh.

WILLIAM (cont'd)

Now what? What would you like to do?

LISA
 Hmm, I'm not sure.

WILLIAM
 I love to cook. I told you that, right?
 Is there a grocery store near you? I can
 pick up some things. You can give me
 directions, or follow you, I'll tag
 along, whatever.

LISA
 That sounds fine.

They get up.

CUT TO:

INT. FBI BUILDING

They all stand and walk to the door.

JONATHON
 (to Cassie)
 Enough deranged killer talk for now.
 It'll be nice to see Marcus again. And
 you.

Eron and Jonathon walk down the hall.

CASSIE
 It'll be interesting to surprise him.

CUT TO:

INT. COLLEGE CLASSROOM - DAY

Marcus stands in front of a class of college students,
 including GEORGE, a handsome African-American.

MARCUS
 Surprise me for once and let's have some
 good papers.

George raises his hand.

GEORGE
 I'm sorry for being stupid, Dr. Holden,
 but I'm still not sure what you want.

MARCUS
 Well, all of us are stupid, George.
 Thanks for having the intelligence to
 admit it.

(MORE)

MARCUS (cont'd)

I knew there was something about you I liked. Look, you've written down these six words...

Marcus goes to the whiteboard and writes the words as he says them.

MARCUS (cont'd)

"Good. Bad. Loneliness. Love. Time. Place".... The absolute distillation of all human history. Now, write a paper! Three pages, 12 point font, and no goofy margins. In fact, let's make it 750 words. Then there's none of your computer trickery. Connect these six words, relate them all to one another. For instance, if you were the concept of love, how would the other five look and feel to you? I want thoughtful creativity. The person with the most original paper done well gets an A, everybody else gets lower.

Several "groans" are heard.

MARCUS (cont'd)

Hey, you want good grades, take a different professor. Now get outta here and have a good weekend.

The students get up. George walks over to Marcus.

GEORGE

Dr. Holden, can this be a personal story?

MARCUS

Absolutely, George. I'm looking for the six concepts to intersect somehow. Go at them from every angle.

GEORGE

I'll try, Dr. Holden.

MARCUS

That's all I ask! That, and perfection.

They laugh. CU of Marcus.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. PARK - DAY

Marcus is six years old, sitting on a bench with his grandfather, an orthodox RABBI about 65 and very gregarious. A young African-American sailor and his girlfriend walk past.

RABBI

The perfection of our people, Marcus. We have been blessed for all time. Never forget the past. History is a candle guiding us through the present.

MARCUS

Tell me a story, papa.

He smiles and motions to the sailor.

RABBI

A story about a mighty warrior. Like that man, a mighty warrior! Listen! He knocked down the walls of a great city.

MARCUS

Joshua!

RABBI

That's right, Marcus. You know your lessons! I'm proud of you.

CUT TO:

INT. DAISY'S CUBICLE - AFTERNOON

Empty cans of "Jolt" and "Surge" form a shiny wall across one side of the sloppy desk. One of the cans falls over and rolls to the floor. Eron and Jonathon enter. Daisy bends, picks it up, and nimbly stacks it back with the others. Her hair is the same red, and she is very attractive. She has a "goth" appearance, but her clothes are just "corporate" enough to pass.

ERON

Ms. Calvin, this is Dr. Smith.

She's constantly in motion, even her southern accent is spoken quickly.

DAISY

Dr. Smith. Like the evil doctor in "Lost in Space." I'm Daisy.

JONATHON

Daisy? Please call me Jonathon.

DAISY

Okay, Jonathon. Have a seat.

Eron looks at the computer and backs away slightly.

ERON
Jonathon, we'll talk later.

He walks away. Daisy sits. Jonathon looks around her cubicle.

DAISY
My parents named me after the girl in
'Dukes of Hazzard,' so I have a weakness
for people with TV names. Sit down.

He does.

JONATHON
Let me explain what I'm working on and
what I'd like to know.

DAISY
I know what you're working on and I know
what you need to know....

She spins her chair around and types. An IRC (chat) program opens. (She types while talking and points to the screen throughout, as well as spinning in her chair back and forth quickly to face him.)

DAISY (cont'd)
You kinda surf the net and you get email,
right? But you wanna know about chatting,
right? You think this guy might be
trolling out there. Scoot your chair up.
People make me nervous when they sit far
away from me. Distance speaks of guilt,
don't you think?

He pulls his chair closer to her.

DAISY (CONT'D) (cont'd)
Okay, look. This is called I-R-C,
internet relay chat. I-R-C. People set up
servers and other people connect to them
and then they chat. They connect the
servers into bigger servers, like a big
tower of Babel pulling everyone together.
See, I'm using a server set up here in
Washington. Here's a list, see? Okay, my
nickname is fbEYEchic. Pretty funny, huh?
Okay, it takes a minute.... Yeah my
parents were big 'Dukes' fans. I'm from
down there, can you tell? It was like
watching our neighbors. I'm a real
redneck chick.

JONATHON

With some obvious changes. How did you end up here?

DAISY

The FBI? Somebody dared me. I was at MIT. I'm super smart, by the way. I had a full scholarship when I was 16. Of course, they give them to girls sometimes even if they're dumb. Okay, look. To meet people we want to go into a channel. Let me pull up the list. Anyone can create one. Right now there are about 9000 of them. See?

He leans forward to look at the screen as she stops typing. She looks him up and down.

DAISY (cont'd)

So, what are you, a psychiatrist? You work in profiling?

JONATHON

I'm a psychologist, in private practice. I'm just helping out.

DAISY

Maybe you'll get it right someday. My dad says that. Doctors practice. Practice, right? Maybe they'll get it right someday. He's a preacher. It takes a minute to pull the whole list.

Jonathon looks her up and down.

JONATHON

Your father's a preacher?

DAISY

Fire and brimstone. Washed in the blood and sanctified by the holy ghost. And signs and wonders shall follow them.... Didn't your parents take you to Sunday school? Easter or Christmas maybe?

JONATHON

Not really.

She spins toward the computer and back. Her legs rub against his.

DAISY

Still listing. So, you've never been to church, ever? Ever read the bible?

She leans over him, gets a bible from several on the shelf and hands it to him.

DAISY (cont'd)
Here, I like to give these away.

He gestures 'no.' She puts it in his lap.

DAISY (cont'd)
It's a gift. You have to take it.

He picks it up and puts it on the desk.

JONATHON
You don't look like somebody who would be giving away bibles.

She spins back to the computer.

DAISY
Really? What does a person who gives away bibles look like? People who don't believe something always know what people who do should look like. Okay, look here. Here's the list of rooms. People put exclamation points and stuff in front of them so they sort to the top. Here's a good one. Let's go into 'littlegirlsex.'

CUT TO:

EXT. COMMUNITY COLLEGE - AFTERNOON

CU of Dana making a shocked expression. Six or seven people are standing on the grass, all of them making similar expressions. The TEACHER walks around.

TEACHER
Good. Good! Dana, hold that. Let's see more shock. You can't believe your eyes! Good! Let's relax for a second. Shake it off. Deep breath. Acting's not so tough, huh? Now I'm gonna fire out words one after another. You show me what they look like as naturally as you can. Act, don't indicate. Ready? Astonishment!

Dana and the other students respond.

TEACHER (cont'd)
Amazement.

Response.

TEACHER (cont'd)
Fascination!

CUT TO:

INT. DAISY'S CUBICLE

Jonathon pushes his chair up and leans forward.

DAISY
I see a few of our regulars here.

JONATHON
You can identify them?

DAISY
Pretty much. It's simple to find out where they're from, the internet service they're using. Then we go through the service records. Sometimes people "spoof" their IP address. That means they make it seem they're someone else. But we have software that sees through all of that. Don't tell anybody.

JONATHON
You could I.D. our guy from here?

DAISY
If we knew what to trace. You can change nicknames as much as you want. The guy with these murders, if he's online and we knew his nick, his nickname, we could ID him.

JONATHON
All this is monitored?

DAISY
There are thousands of people on at once. Plus private chats. And, IRC isn't the only place to chat. There's ICQ, AOL rooms, all kinds of things. It's like trying to listen in on every phone call going on. Not that somebody doesn't do that, but we don't.

(laughs)
Jonathon, that's a bible name, you know. You have a TV name and a bible name. So, we monitor everything we can and it all gets fed through filters to spot key words and flag the bad stuff going on. Nobody can hide.

(MORE)

DAISY (cont'd)

Be sure your sin will find you out. We're recording each man's deeds until that final judgement day.

JONATHON

So it's not as anonymous as it seems.

DAISY

Just like life, you have to keep putting on disguises if you want to stay hidden. Now look at this guy. His nick is "fatherfigure". Let me catch his IP and we can watch him for awhile. Okay, here it is. He's having a private chat with some guy at this address. See his nick, it probably means "dad with daughter" or some other sicko thing.

Typing on the screen:

fatherfigure: how old is she? / dadwdau: 12. She's sitting right next to me. / fatherfigure: got a pic of her?

DAISY (cont'd)

Look, I trace through the provider, and here's where he's connecting from.

Typing on the screen:

dadwdau: Here, I took this one a couple of minutes ago.

DAISY (cont'd)

Let's take a peek.

The screen shows a download in progress.

DAISY (cont'd)

I grab it, and send it along to this other perv and neither of them know it. It doesn't always work, but then they just think it didn't go through and try again. Okay. Cover your eyes, this might be naughty.

A picture of a young girl opens up. Typing on the screen:

fatherfigure: what a little doll. why don't you take one with her top off for me? / dadwdau: just a sec. / fatherfigure: I wanna see those little titties and jack off on them.

Daisy clicks the window closed.

CUT TO:

EXT. COMMUNITY COLLEGE

TEACHER

Desire, Bruce! Desire, not perversion.

The class laughs.

TEACHER (cont'd)

Dana, I'm gonna pick on you. Come up here for a minute. We're gonna do instant critics. I tell her a word, she does it. Then you all give her a thumbs up or down. Ready? Conniving.

Dana responds. There are a few thumbs down, more up.

DANA

Hey come on!

TEACHER

Gentle.

Dana responds. A couple of thumbs down.

TEACHER (cont'd)

Lonely.

Dana responds. She gets applause.

TEACHER (cont'd)

Now that's lonely!

CUT TO:

INT. DAISY'S CUBICLE

JONATHON

Where would our guy be?

DAISY

All these lonely people. Who knows, lots and lots of rooms. Not knowing his nickname, it's like trying to stake out a million locations.

JONATHON

And the victim's computers. Erased, right?

DAISY

More than erased. We could work with that. He does a wipe. He erases them over and over, writing random data each time. All you need is the right software.

(MORE)

DAISY (cont'd)

I could show you that, and everything else he does, in about ten minutes.

JONATHON

He's talking to enough women to pick and choose. A lot of people have talked with this guy and don't know it. I want you to do that.

DAISY

What? Talk to the guy?

JONATHON

I want you to show me what he knows about this stuff. I need to get an idea of how and what he does in here. Set me up to do what he does.

DAISY

Set you up?

JONATHON

At my place.

DAISY

You have a computer? Access?

JONATHON

Yes, but I want to know exactly how to do all this.

DAISY

Like I said, it'd take about ten minutes. Well, maybe fifteen in your case. And the software.

JONATHON

Well?

DAISY

Sure, it's just loading some stuff and showing you how.

JONATHON

Daisy, I'm trying to find out when you could do it.

DAISY

I should okay it with Eron. Where do you live?

JONATHON

A few minutes away in Colridge.

DAISY
And in a hurry, of course, like everyone.
I could right after work.

JONATHON
I'm meeting an old friend for dinner
tonite...

DAISY
And...?

JONATHON
I'll probably be pretty late.

DAISY
(laughs)
Late? Here's my number. Call me on your
way home. What's your address?

She writes the number inside the bible as he writes down his
address.

DAISY (cont'd)
Trade ya....

He puts the bible in his briefcase and gets up.

CUT TO:

EXT. COMMUNITY COLLEGE

The students are leaving. Dana talks with the teacher.

TEACHER
I hope everything goes well tonight.

DANA
Thanks, I hate auditions.

TEACHER
Someone's gonna notice you.

DANA
Yes, but will they like me?

CUT TO:

INT. DAISY'S CUBICLE

Jonathon stands at the edge of the cubicle.

DAISY
What do you think he's like?

JONATHON

Blurry. Good at not being noticed. Some people like to taunt authority that way, but I don't think that's what he's doing. He gets some kind of gratification from being anonymous.

DAISY

Taunting us by not taunting us. Creating temptation by removing it.

JONATHON

What do you mean?

DAISY

If I say to you, 'I really like you but I'd never fuck you' what's the first thing you want to do?

JONATHON

Your example assumes that would be a temptation. If it's not, then telling me I couldn't doesn't mean anything.

DAISY

Then I'd have to tell you that you could.

JONATHON

I reject your definition of temptation anyway. Then your analogy falls apart. I'll see you later.

He walks away. Daisy stands up as he gets in the elevator.

DAISY

Okay, Jonathon. When you're in the elevator you can think about anything except "Singing in the Rain."

He smiles as the door closes.

CUT TO:

EXT. LISA'S HOUSE - EARLY EVENING

Light rain. William walks slowly to the door. He carries a bag of groceries and a bottle of wine. Lisa opens the door before he gets there. He looks around as he steps inside.

LISA

Come on in...it's raining.

WILLIAM
 What a nice place. Exactly what I
 expected from someone nice like you.

She shuts the door.

INT. LISA'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

LISA
 You're a little wet.

WILLIAM
 I'm fine. No big deal.

LISA
 I'm a little nervous, actually.

WILLIAM
 Me too. But the only thing to be nervous
 about is my cooking.... I really want to
 impress you.

LISA
 Well, you already have.

WILLIAM
 So, the kitchen?

CUT TO:

EXT. HOLDEN'S HOUSE - EARLY EVENING

Jonathon gets out of his car into a light rain. He carries a
 bottle of wine to the door. Marcus opens the door and they
 shake hands.

MARCUS
 I can't believe it. Good to see you!

Jonathon walks in and looks around.

INT. HOLDEN'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

JONATHON
 You too. Nice place you got. Exactly what
 I'd expect for a well-paid professor.

MARCUS
 Well, I stopped playing poker with you.

JONATHON
 I stopped playing too. I have my patients
 instead.

MARCUS

Come on....

They walk to the kitchen. Cassie is at the counter. She looks up and smiles. Jonathon puts the wine next to her and brushes her arm. They stand close to each other.

CASSIE

Hello Jonathon. Thanks to carry-out I get to pretend I'm domesticated. And right on time.

MARCUS

Right on time, that's funny. Still obsessed?

Jonathon smiles back at Cassie as he walks toward Marcus.

JONATHON

No, now I'm never in a hurry. I don't even wear a watch anymore. See.

He puts out his arms like a crucifix.

JONATHON (cont'd)

I overcame my slavery by denying the master exists.

MARCUS

Denial. What else would I expect from a psychologist. I'm sure you still deny all your other obsessions, the worse one being your constant denials.

JONATHON

Of course not.

Marcus laughs.

JONATHON (cont'd)

And you, an historian, trying to find that always certain past? What did you used to call it, a candle to the present?

CUT TO:

INT. LISA'S HOUSE

William lights some candles in the dining room. He pours two glasses of wine and slips a drug into hers. He wipes the glasses and bottle with a napkin.

LISA (O.C.)

I'll be out in a second.

William pulls out his notepad and checks it quickly.

WILLIAM

No hurry, I'm never in a hurry.

He looks around the room. Lisa walks in.

WILLIAM (cont'd)

You know, you are much nicer looking than the picture you sent.

LISA

What a flatterer!

Her voice is much less nervous now.

WILLIAM

I try. And you know what, this is much nicer than online. Sometimes I feel like I let situations confine me, but I feel really open, really relaxed. I'm so glad we did this.

LISA

Me too.

He picks up a wine glass, then pauses for a moment.

WILLIAM

Here's to... to no more loneliness.

CUT TO:

INT. HOLDEN'S HOUSE

Jonathon's POV, CU of a crucifix on Cassie's neck as she walks over, above a hint of cleavage.

JONATHON

Sometimes things don't seem like they go together.

Jonathon and Marcus seated. She notices Jonathon looking at her, touches the crucifix, and meets his eyes as she sits down. Jonathon taps at his neck and looks at the crucifix again, then turns to Marcus.

JONATHON (cont'd)

You married a catholic girl? That must have gone over well. You're grandfather is a rabbi, right?

MARCUS

Good memory. In fact, he's the one who told me that candle thing. My family took it better than hers.

CASSIE

A Jew in the family, holy mother of God!

MARCUS

Some holidays we go to mass, and some we go to synagogue. The best of both worlds!

JONATHON

Obviously your love overcomes this glaring incompatibility of core belief systems, since if what either of you holds is true, the other is eternally damned?

CASSIE

We're still working through all that.

MARCUS

And you? Still the ultimate secular man?

(to Cassie)

He used to challenge religion religiously.

JONATHON

Secular man? No, that's much too moral. Maybe I'm a post-secular man.

MARCUS

Post-secular? Into some higher, more advanced morality?

JONATHON

Nothing so cosmic. Remember? There is no good, there is no bad, there just is.

Marcus smiles.

CASSIE

There's no good, there's no bad, what do you mean? There's no right and wrong?

JONATHON

Define wrong. Against the law? Socially unacceptable? Rude? If you say bad, you have to say good, and vice versa. Let me ask you, where does good come from?

CASSIE

I guess I'd have to answer that in the context of my religious beliefs.

JONATHON

Then it's easy for you. God exists. God is good. God makes rules. We follow rules to be good like God. But did he make the Catholic or the Jewish rules? Or the Buddhist, or the Islamic ones?

MARCUS

I remember this....

JONATHON

I reject the premise. God doesn't exist. Then all of a sudden the good goes away and the rules with it.

CASSIE

Alright, let's accept that for a minute. God doesn't exist. But man exists. Man sees what is good for his fellow man. Man makes rules. We follow rules to be good to each other.

JONATHON

Mathematics.

CASSIE

What?

JONATHON

No matter where I am in the universe, mathematics is always the same. But good and bad, morality, there's no basis, no reason or rationale for it to be a certain way. Regardless of "our fellow man," there are no underlying principles. There is no good, there is no bad, there just is.

CASSIE

So it's alright to do anything? It's alright to murder?

JONATHON

When a lion kills a lamb is it murder? Simple actions, no morality involved. And we, are only evolved animals.

MARCUS

And yet helping people is your life's work. I always loved your ambiguity.

JONATHON

It's not really ambiguity, it's more like seduction. Why do people behave the way they do, doesn't that fascinate you?

CUT TO:

INT. LISA'S HOUSE

Lisa is unconscious at the table. William puts on surgical gloves and clears off the food. He places a loaf of bread on the table and breaks it in half. He pours two new glasses of wine and puts the candles between them.

JONATHON (V.O.)

And the farther outside societal boundaries they get, the more fascinating it is, don't you think?

MARCUS (V.O.)

In other words, curiosity about sociopaths? Some people'd say that is sociopathic in itself.

JONATHON (V.O.)

Aren't half the programs on A&E and the History Channel about that?

MARCUS (V.O.)

So as these people get farther and farther outside the boundaries, would they also say there's no good or bad?

CUT TO:

INT. HOLDEN'S HOUSE

Jonathon sits back, pours some wine and laughs.

JONATHON

Are you asking if they are like me? ...I'm being philosophic, not sociopathic, if there actually is any difference.

CASSIE

You don't think it's a good thing I do, catching these people, "bringing them to justice"? You see it as, what? Some sort of exercise in curiosity?

JONATHON

In my practice I deal with people and their problems.

(MORE)

JONATHON (cont'd)

I try to understand them, interpret them, get in their heads. So, yes, I am very curious or I wouldn't be able to do it. Curious, but without killing the cat, you might say. Now what we did today was a little different. Trying to anticipate, trying to empathize with someone I haven't even met, if I can put it that way.

MARCUS

What do you do with love?

JONATHON

Love?

MARCUS

No good, no bad. What do you do when you fall in love? How do you treat that person?

JONATHON

True love, Marcus? You're confusing feelings with morality. For instance, I think this wine tastes good. But that's nothing more than a chemical and biological response.

CASSIE

Well, I just can't accept it. Someone spends years looking, then finds the love of their life, and you dismiss it as a chemical reaction.

JONATHON

Migration.... Instincts. That's all we are.

Marcus notices Cassie is getting upset.

MARCUS

(to Cassie)

He's been like this ever since I've known him.

(to Jonathon)

Let's go back to the murder question. You could murder someone and feel no remorse?

CUT TO:

INT. LISA'S HOUSE

William lifts Lisa, barely conscious, to her feet.

WILLIAM

Come with me, Sweet Lisa. I know everything is blurry but I'll help you. Your loneliness will soon be over.

He carefully helps her up the stairs to her bedroom. He has a small bag under his arm. He lays her down on the bed and points to the computer at her desk.

WILLIAM (cont'd)

No more searching to make you feel like someone loves you.

He undresses her, then wraps her in a sheet.

WILLIAM (cont'd)

You won't need any of this, all you need is you. Isn't that wonderful? And you won't feel alone any more.

He takes out a syringe and injects her. She passes out completely.

WILLIAM (cont'd)

When you wake up your loneliness will be gone, you'll always be happy.

He puts her in a crucifixion pose and slowly slashes her head, hands and feet. He seems almost gentle while doing all this. Then he stabs her in the side. Some blood splatters onto one of the figurines next to her bed.

WILLIAM (cont'd)

I'm sorry.

CUT TO:

INT. HOLDEN'S HOUSE

JONATHON

Remorse is a funny thing, don't you think? To feel sorry for what you've done. Sorry to who? Does the lion feel sorry for killing the lamb? Guilt and, of course, then you need redemption. They are all assumptions. Reject the premise and they have no meaning.

CASSIE

You're saying you've never felt sorry for anything you've done?

CUT TO:

INT. LISA'S HOUSE

William stands at the foot of the bed and cries as he watches Lisa bleed to death.

WILLIAM

I'm sorry. I'm sorry. You will understand in a while why I had to do this. I did everything I could so it wouldn't hurt. I wish I didn't have to do this. Forgive me, you will in a little while. I'm so sorry. Please understand, I have to do this, I have no choice.

CUT TO:

INT. HOLDEN'S HOUSE

JONATHON

It certainly opens up all your options.

MARCUS

I think that would overwhelm me. When you have no wrong choices it's difficult to make a decision. It actually undermines your free will, your ability to be a person.

JONATHON

Having some pervasive deity undermines it as well, either way you lose your freedom. I happen to like the advantage of not being a hypocrite.

CASSIE

But you are! Aren't there lots of things you'd like to do, that would feel good or whatever, and you don't do them?

JONATHON

Of course. But situation confines all of us.

He looks Cassie in the eyes and taps his neck.

JONATHON (cont'd)

Doesn't it?

CASSIE

The fact that most of us believe something about good and bad gives you the luxury of believing what you do. A society with no moral structure would soon destroy itself.

JONATHON

All the other species seem to do fine
without it.

CUT TO:

INT. LISA'S HOUSE

William stands at the foot of the bed with his head down and his eyes closed. His arms are stretched out in the same position as Lisa. Blood drips off his gloves, tears run down his face.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. HOLDEN'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Jonathon gets into his car. Cassie and Marcus stand at the door and wave.

CASSIE

I've never met anyone like him.

MARCUS

Just like I remember. Always gets into
everybody's head. Was he making you mad?

CASSIE

Nobody can live their life believing
there's no right and wrong.

Marcus steps inside. Jonathon backs the car up. Cassie smiles at him. Their eyes meet and he smiles back. She turns and closes the door.

MARCUS

There's a big difference between saying
you believe something and acting like it.
If I thought I could do anything I wanted
and get away with it, I probably would,
wouldn't you? But what would my
grandfather say?

CUT TO:

INT. STOLEN CAR

Televangelist is on the radio. William pulls into the airport parking lot and finds a space near to where the car was before.

TELEVANGELIST

...Or just go ahead and do whatever you
want. See what happens.

(MORE)

TELEVANGELIST (cont'd)

Pretty soon you don't even know right from wrong. You will be filled with vile, licentious thoughts, your conscience seared as if by a hot iron. Wickedness will seem good to you, and goodness will become wickedness.

He clicks off the radio, then wipes off the buttons and the steering wheel. He gets out.

CASSIE (V.O.)

Even the worse people I've run into have some sense of right and wrong. Saying there's neither, nobody really believes that....

CUT TO:

INT. PARKING GARAGE

Jonathon gets out of his car and pulls out his cell phone as he walks into an elevator.

CASSIE (V.O.)

I'm not perfect, but at least I try to catch the bad guys. And it's not out of some wacked-out curiosity.

CUT TO:

INT. AIRPORT

William gets off an elevator into the airport.

MARCUS (V.O.)

Calm down, sweetheart. Why do you let stuff like this bother you?

CUT TO:

INT. HOLDEN'S HOUSE

Marcus and Cassie are on the couch.

CASSIE

It makes me mad.

MARCUS

What are we going to do about this temper?

CASSIE

I know, I'm bad.

MARCUS
Yeah, you are.

CASSIE
What? Take it back!

CU of Cassie laughing.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. SCHOOL PLAYGROUND - DAY

Several nuns stand watching children in uniform playing.
Cassie, six or seven, confronts a group of girls.

CASSIE
Take it back. Take it back!

One of the girls, then the others, tease her.

GIRLS
Cassie looks like Lassie, Cassie looks
like Lassie, Cassie looks like Lassie.

CASSIE
Shut up!

She pushes one of them down, then grabs another by the arm
and twists it.

CASSIE (cont'd)
Take it back!

One of the nuns hurries over and yanks Cassie away.

NUN
Cassie Angelina!

CASSIE
They're calling me names!

The nun shakes her.

NUN
Stop it. You're bad. Go inside and sit by
yourself. Maybe after you're alone for a
while you'll be ready to be around nice
people.

Cassie pushes away from her. The nun pulls her back.

NUN (cont'd)
 And pray to the virgin about that temper,
 young lady. That's no way for a little
 girl to act.

CUT TO:

INT. HOLDEN'S HOUSE

Marcus pulls Cassie over onto his lap.

MARCUS
 You are a bad little girl....

CASSIE
 The nuns used to tell us 'only the good
 die young' and I'm still here....

They kiss.

CUT TO:

INT. RESTAURANT

A "first date" kind of place, nice but not too fancy. Eron
 and ENID PONET are seated at a table. His age, attractive,
 and comfortable with her graying hair.

ENID
 You know this is very exciting for
 Andrew.

ERON
 Yes, he seems quite interested in how we
 will do together.

He takes a drink of wine.

ERON (cont'd)
 Are we too old for this?

ENID
 Speak for yourself. Too old for what? For
 a pleasant evening, a new friendship?

ERON
 Thank you for saying that, Enid. Not too
 old for that, no. I guess I was speaking
 for myself.

ENID
 Eron, it's fine if this doesn't work out.
 After all, we're old enough to take
 it.... How long have you been divorced?

ERON

Almost fifteen years. About as long as we were married. Strange, first time I ever thought of it that way.

ENID

My husband was killed a little over 10 years ago.

ERON

I'm sorry. I didn't know that.

ENID

He was a DC officer. I used to be a social worker, child advocacy, things like that. I would see him sometimes in court, that's how we met. He was called to a robbery and shot. They never did find out who. He was good man. It was hardest on my son, George, but he's fine. He's a sophomore at DCU now.

(laughs)

But he has no idea what he wants to do with his life.

ERON

I can relate. I never imagined I'd be in the Bureau. I enlisted in the navy. Thought it'd be safer. Did four years and then went to school. I wanted to be a lawyer, but the bureau recruited me.

ENID

You're glad for your choices?

ERON

All in all. The bureau has been good to me.

A waiter takes their plates.

ERON (cont'd)

It's nice to not be alone on a Friday night.

ENID

(smiles)

It's nice being with you, Eron. I think we can get past the awkwardness. Besides, I have a thing for men in law enforcement.

They laugh as a waiter walks up with a dessert cart. They lean over to look at it.

CUT TO:

INT. JONATHON'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Jonathon leans over the table with the crime scene photos. He picks up one at a time, looks at it, then slips it into a folder. A knock. As he walks over to the door we hear Daisy whistling "Singing in the Rain." He opens it.

DAISY

I love your buzzer. It actually sounds classy. My place isn't quite as nice as this. Not even midnight, you call this late?

She walks in carrying an over-the-shoulder leather bag. He turns on the light. The room is stark and neat. He walks her to the bedroom.

JONATHON

Everything is in here.

The bedroom is meticulously clean, except for a jumble of equipment on a desk. She stops at the door and points.

DAISY

For a second I thought you were godly.

JONATHON

Godly?

DAISY

Cleanliness. You know, cleanliness is next to godliness.

They walk over to the desk.

JONATHON

Well, I've managed to resist that particular temptation. Godliness, that is.

DAISY

You don't think you're godly?

JONATHON

It's like saying I'm dragon-ly. I know what you're talking about but I don't believe in dragons either.

DAISY

Well, how does it feel to be wrong?

JONATHON

I could ask you the same thing....

She sits down and sorts through some CDs.

JONATHON (cont'd)

Have you always believed in god?

DAISY

More or less. Sometimes more, sometimes less.

JONATHON

Do you consider yourself godly?

DAISY

Not all the time, but he still loves me.

JONATHON

I didn't think godly people talked about fucking.

DAISY

Sometimes, they even do it. Why, you want to?

JONATHON

Now, if I said I did, then you'd say it was because of what you said earlier. I don't want you to think you can get into my head like that.

DAISY

Almost fell into my trap! Anyway, it doesn't matter because I'm not going to. I happen to think that is something special for two people who have made a lifelong commitment to each other.

JONATHON

So you never have? I have a hard time with that, you are extremely sensuous.

DAISY

Thank you. And no, I never have. You shouldn't confuse me being honest about my humanity with being immoral.

JONATHON

I don't understand....

DAISY

Good. I'd be unsure of my beliefs if you did. Let's try connecting. Okay, I have it set up to go through all our super secret software. I have ten minutes to show you, right? Here, sit down. The best way to understand something is to go ahead and do it.

CUT TO:

EXT. ENID'S APARTMENT BUILDING

Eron and Enid stand outside the door.

ENID

Would you like to come up for a coffee?

ERON

I had a wonderful time, but I don't think I'm ready for that.

ENID

It's an open invitation then.

ERON

I would like to see you again. How about....

ENID

Tomorrow?

ERON

I'd like that. I'll call you in the morning. Oh wait, Andrew and I are golfing. How could I forget? Later in the day?

She nods, then laughs and kisses him.

ENID

Good night, Eron. I'll talk to you tomorrow. Not so awkward?

ERON

(smiles)

Good night.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. WILLIAM'S HOUSE

A clock on the wall reads 4:06. William sits at the computer. The blue light from the TV and the monitor are the only light. The TV blares.

TELEVANGELIST

What are you looking for. Looking here,
looking there. But there's only one thing
that will satisfy, that will meet your
needs....

He mutes the sound.

CUT TO:

INT. DANA'S HOUSE

She sits at the computer. Her bedroom is decorated with dozens of plush lambs. She occasionally picks one up and pretends it's typing while she chats.

INT. WILLIAM'S HOUSE / DANA'S HOUSE

("online dialog")

DANA

(Using 'Clementine" as a
nickname)

Where were you, you bad boy? I've been
waiting.

WILLIAM

(Using "good_guy" as a
nickname)

Sorry I'm a little late. How did the
audition go?

DANA

Ha, terrific. I got the part!

WILLIAM

I'm very proud of you.

DANA

Did you remember? Today is also 2 years
ago we first met!

WILLIAM

No kidding!!!

DANA

Are we ever gonna meet? Or even talk on
the phone?

WILLIAM

You're not lonely enough for me to call.

DANA

A girl can't wait forever.

WILLIAM

You're my best friend. I don't want to ruin it by you meeting me.

DANA

I hate when you put yourself down like that. You know I hate that!!!

WILLIAM

I'm sorry.

DANA

My father says no one stays anonymous unless they're hiding something. But he laughs when I tell him about you. I think he's glad we haven't met. We talk about almost everything, but I'm sure he'd freak if he knew I meet people from here. I think he likes you.

WILLIAM

I'm not anonymous to you, am I?

DANA

Even if you're hiding things I still think you're wonderful. Ha!

CUT TO:

INT. JONATHON'S APARTMENT

Jonathon is sitting at the computer.

INT. JONATHON'S APARTMENT / DANA'S HOUSE

("online dialog")

JONATHON

(Using "doc-will" as a
nickname)

Hi Clementine.

DANA

Good early morning to you, doc.

JONATHON

Would you like to chat?

DANA

Sure, if you're nice. Where you from?

JONATHON

Near Washington, DC. How about you?

DANA

I'm in Philly. Are you a senator or something? ha!

JONATHON

No, I'm much too honest.

DANA

How old are you?

JONATHON

I'm 38. And how about you, if you don't mind.

DANA

Early thirties. you're kinda old but since you have been nice so far we can keep chatting. <g>

INT. JONATHON'S APARTMENT / DANA'S HOUSE / WILLIAM'S APARTMENT

("online dialog")

DANA

btw, I'm chatting with another guy. Jealous?

WILLIAM

Is he nice?

DANA

Of course, or I wouldn't be chatting with him. He reminds me of you.

WILLIAM

Then I'm jealous. <g>

DANA

Maybe I should meet him, since you don't like me enough to. ha ha.

WILLIAM

You're mean. Sometimes you make me feel like I'm back to square one with you. Be careful, there are a lot of weirdos.

DANA

I'm always careful. I won't tell you anyway.

WILLIAM

But you do after, and then I have to hear what a jerk the guy was.

DANA

You married or anything?

JONATHON

Yes, I'm anything. I'm single.

DANA

Me too. Ever been married?

JONATHON

Nope. And there's nothing wrong with me, I don't think. Ha!

DANA

Me neither. And you seem nice. Most guys would be getting dirty about now.

WILLIAM

He's not getting dirty or anything?

DANA

No, he seems nice. He says he's from DC. I hope he's not a politician.

WILLIAM

He probably works for the government. My instincts tell me he's snooping on you to make sure you aren't doing anything wrong.

DANA

Well, he oughta be snooping on you, then. Ha ha.

JONATHON

Dirty? Well, I will if that's what you want. I'd rather get to know you a little better.

DANA

Where did you come from??? You seem way too nice.

JONATHON

I try! It's the overdeveloped sense of right and wrong my mother gave me.

DANA

Well, let's not be TOO good....

WILLIAM

You think I'm bad or something?

DANA

I'm kidding. <g> Anyway, I have to get some sleep. Tomorrow?

WILLIAM

I'll just immerse myself in waiting to see you again.

DANA

ROFL. You're funny. Be good.

Jonathon picks up a crime scene photo and looks at it while he types with one hand.

JONATHON

Too good? You can never be too good.

Jonathon leans the photo against the monitor, under the words "too good." He stand up and stretches, then points at the photo and smiles.

JONATHON (cont'd)

I know how to figure you out.

FADE TO BLACK.

CUT TO:

INT. HOLDEN'S HOUSE - AFTERNOON

Marcus dials the phone.

JONATHON

(to the phone)

Hello.

Jonathon, just out of the shower, has a towel around him.

MARCUS

(to the phone)

Jonathon? It's Marcus.

JONATHON

How are you?

MARCUS

Enjoying what's left of the weekend. You want to get together sometime this week? Maybe lunch?

JONATHON

Sure, but I'll have to call you tomorrow when I get to the office and check my appointments.

MARCUS

Good. Wait a minute. Cassie wants something.

Jonathon tosses the towel on the bed and stands nude.

CASSIE

Hi Jonathon. It was nice having you. Any revelations over the last couple of days?

JONATHON

Just getting wet.

CASSIE

What...?

JONATHON (V.O.)

Immersion. I'm trying to immerse myself in this guy's thoughts. Feel what he feels, see what he sees. Running things over and over in my mind.

CASSIE

I'm interested in what you think. We can get together anytime, you know, if you want to. Just let me know.

CUT TO:

INT. WILLIAM'S HOUSE - EARLY EVENING

William is not there. Televangelist blaars enthusiastically on the TV.

TELEVANGELIST (V.O.)

Sin's got a hold on you. Oh, let go of me, sin! I don't wanna do no wrong! But only one thing's gonna break that grip, and that's the blood.

The voice continues over -

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. DANA'S HOUSE - EARLY EVENING

Dana walks past a mirror, stops, and puts on her "lonely face." She giggles, then puts the "face" back on.

TELEVANGELIST (V.O.)

The innocent blood of the lamb. Are you washed in the precious blood of the lamp? There's wonder working power in the blood!

A knock, she answers the door. It's Jonathon. He carries a bottle of wine. She "acts" shy and nervous throughout.

DANA

Hi, Will. Nice to meet you.

JONATHON

You too. You look lonely. I mean, lovely, you look lovely.

DANA

Nervous? Come on in.

JONATHON

Well, a little. I'm only nervous because I want to impress you.

He walks in.

DANA

Well, you already have.

Dana closes the door. They walk to the kitchen.

DANA (cont'd)

So, would you like to eat now, or...?

JONATHON

That sounds fine. It smells wonderful.

DANA

Why thank you. Why don't you go open the wine, and I'll get this ready.

Jonathon walks into the dining room and opens the wine. The table is set. He pours two glasses and drugs hers.

JONATHON

You have a great place here.

DANA

Thanks, I'll show you around a little after we eat.

JONATHON
Oh? That sounds rather interesting.

DANA
We'll see....

She walks out with several serving dishes.

JONATHON
The food looks almost as good as the cook.

DANA
What a flatterer.

JONATHON
I try. And you know what, this is much nicer than on-line. I didn't know if I should do this, but I'm glad I did.

He hands her the glass.

DANA
Me too. Much better than another lonely night.

JONATHON
Here's to...to no more loneliness.

CUT TO:

EXT. ENID'S APARTMENT BUILDING - NIGHT

Eron and Enid are walking slowly, holding hands.

ENID
How do you handle it? My George never talked about his work.

ERON
You have to push it away, don't let it become part of you. Unfortunately, I learned that too late. It cost me my wife.

ENID
And that's what happened...?

ERON
I was never there for her. She found somebody else.

ENID
Maybe it's time to let that go.

ERON

You're right, of course. I let the bureau be my lover then. Now golf is my mistress, although I'm not very good at making love to her.

ENID

The best way to make love is not to keep score.

ERON

That's clever. I'm going to have to work hard to keep up with you.

She laughs and takes his arm. CU of Eron.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. TENEMENT - DUSK

Eron is young, playing in a junk-filled lot. His MOTHER, a large woman in dirty "factory" clothes, walks up carrying a lunch pail. He runs to her and she hugs him.

ERON

You're working too hard, mama. Are you staying home tonight?

ERON'S MOTHER

You know I got my other job, Eron.

ERON

(disappointed)

I know.

She picks up an old, unraveled baseball from the ground and tosses it to him.

ERON'S MOTHER

You gotta work hard. When you get older, you'll understand. That's the only way you can prove you're a man. And don't you ever ask nothing from nobody. You work hard, and you don't need nobody but you.

CUT TO:

INT. HOLDEN'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Cassie and Marcus are sitting on the couch. A wine bottle and two glasses are on the end table. He clicks on the TV and flips through a few channels. Televangelist is on.

TELEVANGELIST (V.O.)
 Don't think you can just go ahead and do
 anything you want. God is not mocked.

MARCUS
 Maybe we should call Jonathon and have
 him tune in.

CASSIE
 You think it'd do any good?

MARCUS
 Good? Good? Any good? There is no good,
 there is no bad.

TELEVANGELIST (V.O.)
 ...there's no way you can go on sinning,
 God knows. Oh yes, God always knows....

CASSIE
 (to the TV)
 ...send me twenty bucks and I'll tell god
 to forgive you. These guys make me so
 mad.

She reaches over Marcus and turns off the TV.

CUT TO:

INT. WILLIAM'S HOUSE

Televangelist is on. William walks in and sits at the
 computer.

TELEVANGELIST (V.O.)
 ...He's always watching. His eye is on
 the sparrow, and he watches over you.
 Every sin, every filthy, lustful thought!
 Oh, yeah. You may even think you're doing
 right, but it's sin....

CUT TO:

INT. DANA'S HOUSE

A "re-enactment" of William and Lisa. Jonathon puts on
 surgical gloves and cleans up. He places bread on the table
 and breaks it in half, and places two glasses of wine next to
 it with the candles. He sits down and looks at his list.

CUT TO:

INT. CHURCH - NIGHT

Daisy sits down in a "trendy" church. A band finishes playing a "praise song." The PREACHER stands. Behind and above him a large cross stands out from the wall.

PREACHER

I want you to think about your deepest passion. What is it that you really love? Whatever that may be, it's only a dim reflection of God's great love for you.

He turns and motions to a table set for communion.

PREACHER (cont'd)

As we share this bread and wine, it's not about feeling sorry for our sins, although we are. But it's not about guilt. It's about God's justice finding a way to save us through an innocent sacrifice. Like in the garden, our eyes are opened to what is good and what is bad, but this time we recognize our redemption. Let him lift us up.

CUT TO:

INT. HOLDEN'S HOUSE

Marcus picks up a wine glass.

MARCUS

Do you know how much I love you?

They take a drink. He stands and picks her up into his arms.

CUT TO:

EXT. ENID'S APARTMENT BUILDING

Eron and Enid stand at the door of the building.

ERON

It has taken me a long time to pick myself up, to get past my failures. My guilt, I guess you'd call it.

ENID

That's a good thing to get past. You still have some life left in you.

She puts her arm around him and gives him a squeeze. He steps behind her and puts his arms around her waist.

ERON

I feel like I'm waking up from a long sleep.

CUT TO:

INT. DANA'S HOUSE

Jonathon rouses Dana and lifts her to her feet.

JONATHON

Come on, get up.

He carries her roughly up the stairs and lays her on her bed. He consults his notes, then undresses her and wraps her in a sheet. CU he injects her with a syringe.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. JOSHUA LOUWEN'S HOUSE

Dana is a little girl. Joshua is sitting on a couch with his wife, his arm around her. Dana dances up and down in front of them, holding a toy lamb and making it "act."

DANA

Look at me, daddy. Look! Watch me daddy.

Joshua smiles at her.

JOSHUA

I see, Dana, that's nice.

She pushes his leg.

DANA

Daddy, look. Look at Mrs. Lamb! Daddy!

She climbs up on the couch and pushes her way between them. She spreads her arms out wide.

DANA (cont'd)

I'm the biggest one here, right Mrs. Lamb?

CUT TO:

INT. DANA'S HOUSE

Jonathon stretches Dana's arms out and slashes her.

CUT TO:

INT. CHURCH

Daisy has her head bowed.

PREACHER

The Lord is waiting with loving arms,
ready to accept you no matter who you
are. Put aside your pain, put aside your
guilt....

CUT TO:

INT. DANA'S HOUSE

Jonathon stands at the foot of the bed and watches Dana bleed to death.

JONATHON

I had to do this. I had no choice.

As he pulls out his notepad he knocks one of the toy lambs onto the floor. He drops to one knee to pick it up.

JONATHON (cont'd)

What do you feel right now, you mother
fucker?

CUT TO:

INT. HOLDEN'S HOUSE

Marcus and Cassie stand at the foot of the bed and kiss.

MARCUS

I love us.

He drops to one knee and kisses her stomach. She looks down at him.

CUT TO:

INT. DANA'S HOUSE

Jonathon has his head down and slowly stretches his arms out as he stands up. He has his notes in one hand, and the lamb that fell in the other.

CUT TO:

INT. CHURCH

Everyone is kneeling with their heads bowed.

PREACHER

Lord, help us to have a quiet innocence
as we accept your forgiveness. Amen.

Daisy lifts her head and opens her eyes.

CUT TO:

INT. DANA'S HOUSE

Jonathon suddenly lifts his head with a look of "awareness."
He puts the lamb back on the shelf. After looking at Dana
again, he writes in his notepad.

CUT TO:

INT. WILLIAM'S HOUSE

William sits and types quickly.

WILLIAM

Where are you Dana? You're never late.

TELEVANGELIST (V.O.)

...It's later than you think. Can't you
feel the flames lapping at your feet. The
flames of hell. You can pray that God
will reach down and grab you....

CUT TO:

EXT. ENID'S APARTMENT BUILDING

Enid leans back on Eron as he holds her in his arms. He
whispers in her ear, then opens the door for her and walks
away, smiling.

CUT TO:

INT. RENTAL CAR

Jonathon drives. He turns on the radio.

TELEVANGELIST (V.O.)

...Or just go ahead and do whatever you
want. See what happens...!

Jonathon gets a look of disgust on his face, and angrily
turns off the radio. He pulls into a car rental lot.

CUT TO:

INT. WILLIAM'S HOUSE

TELEVANGELIST (V.O.)
That's right! See what happens. Hell!

William mutes the TV. He types frantically.

WILLIAM
Dana. Dana. Dana. Where are you?

CUT TO:

INT. HOLDEN'S HOUSE

Cassie and Marcus fall onto the bed and kiss passionately.

CUT TO:

INT. WILLIAM'S HOUSE

William frantically typing.

CUT TO:

INT. DAISY'S APARTMENT

Daisy kneels at her bed and prays.

CUT TO:

INT. WILLIAM'S HOUSE

William still frantically typing.

CUT TO:

INT. ERON'S APARTMENT

His bedroom. Eron takes a picture of a woman from a dresser drawer, looks at it for a moment, then tosses it back in. He lays down on his bed.

CUT TO:

INT. WILLIAM'S HOUSE

William slouches his head down on the desk, typing in Dana's name over and over. The sound of him typing continues over...

CUT TO:

INT. JONATHON'S APARTMENT

Jonathon in bed with his eyes closed.

CUT TO:

INT. WILLIAM'S HOUSE

He types with one hand draped over his head.

WILLIAM

Dana....

The four clicks of the keys. D-A-N-A. Over and over throughout and into...

CUT TO:

INT. DANA'S HOUSE

Dana's lifeless body in the blood-stained sheets. The lamb falls off the shelf onto the floor.

CUT TO:

INT. JONATHON'S APARTMENT

Jonathon opens his eyes. He turns over and goes to sleep.

FADE TO BLACK.

The clicking keys become the sound of a camera clicking, taking photographs.

CUT TO:

INT. DANA'S HOUSE

A photographer. Dana's body wrapped in blood-soaked sheets. Police and an FBI forensic team are at work. Cassie talks to some detectives. KYLE ANDERSON, a young FBI agent, well built and well dressed, walks up.

ANDERSON

Cassie... the victim's father....

CASSIE

Thanks, Kyle.

EXT. DANA'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Cassie walks to the door. Joshua is there.

ANDERSON

Judge Louwen, I'm special agent Anderson and this is special agent Holden....

CASSIE

I'm very sorry for your loss.

JOSHUA

Thank you agent Holden. You were just in my court. This is your assignment? That reassures me. Tell me what you know.

Cassie looks down at her notes for a moment.

CASSIE

We believe Dana has been the victim of a serial killer. The crime scene, as well as some other circumstances, lead us to that conclusion.

JOSHUA

What other circumstances?

CASSIE

Do you know if she was involved with anyone on the internet?

JOSHUA

She met a few people there. Well, when I say met I don't know if she actually ever met them... you know.

CASSIE

Anyone in particular, anyone she talked about?

JOSHUA

One man she talked about, actually, quite a bit.

CASSIE

Do you know his name? Anything about him?

JOSHUA

He said his name was William Jones. I remember that distinctly because it seemed phoney. She laughed about it. She gave me the impression they had become good friends.

CASSIE

Anything else? Where he lived? Did she ever meet him?

JOSHUA

She talked about it, but I don't know if she did. I told her I thought he might be married.

CASSIE

Anything else?

JOSHUA

I'm sorry, maybe later. I'm a little... Well, you know.

CASSIE

Can I get you anything? Do you need a ride anywhere?

JOSHUA

I have a car.... I think I'll sit there and wait for a while, if I may.

CASSIE

Let me know if you need anything at all.

JOSHUA

Please keep me informed. I want to know everything, no matter what.

He walks away.

CASSIE

Let's see if we can find anything with a "William Jones" on it.

CUT TO:

INT. WILLIAM'S HOUSE

Televangelist is on the TV. William sits at the computer and looks at a news story about Dana's death. He brings her picture up on the screen and cries.

TELEVANGELIST (V.O.)

It ain't gonna do any good to cry, I say, when judgement day comes. Tears won't help you, crying won't help you. Nothing will help you.

CUT TO:

INT. FBI BUILDING

Ops room. Eron, Cassie, Anderson, and several other agents are seated at the table. Jonathon sits off to the side.

CASSIE

Her father, and two of her friends from work, mentioned him by name. He's in Baltimore. We got lucky her writing his email address in her Daytimer. Plus the night she was murdered she had an entry for doc_will, six PM. Six seems to fits the whole time frame. I want to take a good look at this guy.

ERON

If nothing else, we have to check him out like everybody else who knew her. Also, I don't need to remind you that Judge Louwen has some powerful friends around here, plus he's been good to us. Whatever he wants....

CUT TO:

INT. FBI CAR

Agent Anderson drives. Cassie is in the front and half turns to look at Jonathon in the back.

CASSIE

Something is out of place. This Dana doesn't fit the profile. She had friends, and seemed to have a close relationship with her father. What do you think?

JONATHON

Pretending. She may have lied to the killer. She may have said she didn't have any friends or family, for whatever reason. He seemed to find the loneliest of the lonely. She may have come off that way.

CASSIE

Why would she do that? Maybe playing some kind of a game, acting lonely. Maybe to pick up guys.

JONATHON

Someone being lonely is what sets him off. He imagines he's doing them a favor, that he's freeing them. He goes out of his way to do it painlessly. Maybe they have even told him they don't want to go on living.

CASSIE

What about all the ritual?

JONATHON

Sacrificial. The bread and wine, the crucifixion. Somehow it all makes sense to him. Ritual and repetition is what people like this do. Maybe he's expecting a resurrection.

Anderson slows the car and points down the street. Big houses and yards, a wealthy neighborhood.

CASSIE

Stop a second.

They pull to the curb. Cassie turns all the way around.

CASSIE (cont'd)

Is there something that will tell us if this is the guy?

JONATHON

Empathy.

CASSIE

What do you mean?

JONATHON

How he acts, what he does, what he thinks. I want to talk to him.

CASSIE

Let us check things out first.

Cassie motions to Anderson. They pull in the driveway. She reaches back and puts her hand on Jonathon's leg.

CASSIE (cont'd)

Be a good boy and wait here for now.

CUT TO:

INT. WILLIAM'S HOUSE

William is teary-eyed and pale. Dana's picture is still up on the computer. He opens the desk drawer. Inside is a revolver. He reaches down and touches the barrel. A knock. He shuts the drawer and clicks the picture closed. He walks down a long hall and opens the door.

CASSIE

Mr. William Jones?

WILLIAM

Yes....

Cassie shows her I.D.

CASSIE
I'm special agent Holden and this is
special agent Anderson. May we ask you a
few questions?

William shrugs. Cassie pulls out a photo of Dana Louwen.

CASSIE (cont'd)
Do you know this person, Dana Louwen?

William looks at the picture and cries.

WILLIAM
Yes.

CASSIE
Mr. Jones, may we come in?

He opens the door. Cassie takes a look inside, then motions
to Jonathon. They walk to a beautifully decorated living
room.

CASSIE (cont'd)
This is Dr. Smith. He's assisting in our
investigation.

JONATHON
Call me Jonathon.

They all sit.

WILLIAM
I just can't believe it.

ANDERSON
How well did you know her, Mr. Jones?

WILLIAM
We're friends. We met about two years
ago. I don't know, we talked a lot.

ANDERSON
When you say 'talked', you mean online?
Did you ever actually meet her? Ever
call?

WILLIAM
No, no. Online. I don't know, we were
good friends.

ANDERSON
Mr. Jones, are you married?

WILLIAM

No.

ANDERSON

Do you live here alone?

WILLIAM

Yes.

CASSIE

Where were you Sunday night?

WILLIAM

Let me...? You think I did it?

CASSIE

Mr. Jones, please. Help us out here.

WILLIAM

I'm sorry, I guess you have to be meticulous. Sunday. About six I was at a store. I was there, I don't know, a couple of hours. A computer place.

CASSIE

Did you talk to anyone there? Did anyone see you?

WILLIAM

I got home, maybe 8.30 or 9. I talked to Ben, he works there. I've seen him before. I don't know his last name, it says Ben on his nametag.

CASSIE

Do you have any idea why someone would want to harm Ms. Louwen? Did she ever mention anything, anyone?

WILLIAM

I don't know. She never talked about anyone. She told me her father is a judge, maybe he has enemies.

CASSIE

Did she ever mention meeting anyone else online?

WILLIAM

She would sometimes. I told her not to, she should be careful. She's the same as those others, right?

CASSIE
What do you mean?

WILLIAM
Those other women. It was on CNN.com.
That's why you're here, right?

CASSIE
We're just here to investigate Ms.
Louwen's death, Mr. Jones.

Cassie gets up and hands him her card.

CASSIE (cont'd)
If you think of anything else, please
give me a call. I'm sorry for your loss.

They all stand.

JONATHON
Do you meet a lot of women online?

WILLIAM
I don't understand what you're asking.
What do you mean 'a lot'?

JONATHON
Do you have other friends like Dana?

WILLIAM
No, no. Not at all. I know it probably
sounds stupid, but I felt close to her.
She was a good person. Most people you
meet there are fake, but she was a good
person.

JONATHON
And you?

WILLIAM
And me what?

JONATHON
Are you fake when you're online?

WILLIAM
(smiles)
Oh, of course. I thought you were asking
if I was a good person.

JONATHON
Well, are you? A "good" person?

WILLIAM

That's why I have to be fake. And you?
Are you a good person? Or a fake?

JONATHON

I'm neither good nor bad. I'm just a
person.

WILLIAM

Just a person? Neither good nor bad?
Fascinating. Someone who has never made
any choices. I don't think I've ever met
anyone like that before. But then, I
don't run into many psychologists.

JONATHON

You've talked to her for 2 years and she
never mentioned anyone else?

WILLIAM

She didn't talk about that.

JONATHON

And what about you, did you ever tell her
about other women you met online?

WILLIAM

I don't meet anyone there. I'm not
social, not like her

JONATHON

No lonely women? None at all?

WILLIAM

I don't look for them intentionally, if
that's what you mean.

JONATHON

But unintentionally, their loneliness
finds your loneliness perhaps?

WILLIAM

That never happens, it just never
happens.

Jonathon glances over at Cassie. They move to the door.

CASSIE

Like I said, if you think of anything
else please give us a call.

William shuts the door behind them, and watches Jonathon
through the window as they walk to the car.

CASSIE (CONT'D)
Definitely at the top of the list.

JONATHON
He did it.

CUT TO:

INT. FUNERAL HOME - AFTERNOON

A closed casket. People in rows of chairs. Joshua sits in the front. William enters.

WILLIAM
Mr. Louwen?

JOSHUA
Yes....

WILLIAM
I'm William Jones. We talked on the phone....

JOSHUA
Yes, yes, thank you for coming.

WILLIAM
I hope you didn't mind me getting in touch with you. I'm so very sorry.

He reaches out and they shake hands. William sits down. The pastor walks to the front.

PASTOR
We come here in sadness today, to remember Dana Elen Louwen. What a harsh thought, to say we are "remembering" someone. It speaks only of the past, and that is why we come here in sadness....

William has his head down, but suddenly has a look of "awareness." He turns and looks to the other side of the room. Jonathon is sitting there. Their eyes lock for a moment.

PASTOR (cont'd)
Those of you who knew her, her friends, those she worked with, you knew her as a compassionate person. Someone who loved her acting, loved to have fun. But now a pitiful creature has ended all that, has taken her life....

William cries. Joshua reaches over and touches his hand. William looks down at Joshua's hand. He reaches over and holds onto it. Jonathon watches all this intently.

PASTOR (cont'd)

Even as Dana is in a better place, a place of mercy, we pray for justice. We pray God will bring justice to the one who has taken this beautiful life....

William squeezes Joshua's hand, then slowly turns his head and looks over at Jonathon.

DISSOLVE TO:

People file out and offer their condolences to Joshua. William stands near him. Jonathon walks over.

JONATHON

It's interesting that you're here.

WILLIAM

Is it?

JONATHON

You never met Dana, how do you feel about that now?

WILLIAM

I didn't need to meet her to know her. And she didn't need to meet me. Did you know her? I'm kind of wondering since you're here. Had you met her or something?

JONATHON

When would I have met her? The FBI sent an agent over and I tagged along.

WILLIAM

Hoping the killer might show up?

JONATHON

Something like that.

WILLIAM

Do you think they are? Nearby perhaps?

JONATHON

The killer?

WILLIAM

Dana's killer, yes. Do you think they're here?

JONATHON

Perhaps.

Joshua turns and Jonathon silently shakes his hand. Joshua turns back to talk to someone else.

WILLIAM

So, you're positive she was killed by the same person as those others?

JONATHON

I can't answer that.

WILLIAM

But it's obvious. Is that where you come in? A psychologist. To figure out what's in this person's head?

JONATHON

Why do you think I'm a psychologist? You said that back at your house....

WILLIAM

You are, right? A lucky guess.

JONATHON

You're right, that's where I come in. I'm curious about what this person thinks and feels.

WILLIAM

Curiosity. Without killing... the cat, I assume. How do you go about doing that? You mean actually thinking what they think, feeling what they feel? How do you do that?

JONATHON

Eccentricities. How someone acts, what they do....

WILLIAM

Fascinating. Is that something you learned, or were you born with it?

JONATHON

Maybe a little of both.

WILLIAM

You must be a good psychologist. Do you have a business card?

Jonathon pulls one out and hands it to him.

WILLIAM (cont'd)

I've always thought the best way to understand something was to go ahead and do it. Of course, that could get a little extreme.

JONATHON

Well, hopefully there will be an acceptable ending to all this no matter how we get there.

William looks at the card.

WILLIAM

Dana was a good person, and deserves that. Whoever did this won't get away with it.

Jonathon leans closer.

JONATHON

At least, she's in a place now where she'll never be lonely. It's terrible to be lonely.

Eye to eye, then Jonathon quickly walks away.

CUT TO:

INT. RESTAURANT

Expensive and quiet. Joshua and William are seated at a secluded booth.

JOSHUA

William, Dana thought a lot of you. Do you know anything? Anything that might help?

WILLIAM

I talked to the FBI. I keep running things over and over in my mind.

JOSHUA

Someone has killed at least 7 people. Dana is the latest.

WILLIAM

How do they know it's the same person? How can they be sure it's not some kind of a copycat?

JOSHUA

This person always does the exact same things, down to the smallest detail. Things that haven't been disclosed....

WILLIAM

They think it was me, you know.

JOSHUA

They checked your story. I've spent my life in court, William, I'm a pretty good judge of people, if you'll excuse the pun.

CUT TO:

INT. FBI BUILDING

Ops room. Cassie, Anderson and Jonathon look through a stack of papers.

ANDERSON

...This is after he has been in foster homes most of his life. Not a very stable upbringing, but look at this. He finishes top of his class, gets into DCU and has straight A's his first two years. Majored in Psychology.

CASSIE

(to Jonathon)

You two have something in common.

He looks up at her and they smile.

ANDERSON

But then he drops out of college and moves in with this old man, Johnson.

CASSIE

What were they? Lovers? The old guy dies and leaves him a few million.

She shuffles some papers.

CASSIE (cont'd)

He was a broker, never married. No relatives....

JONATHON

Jones starts working for him, and ends up with the inheritance. How did he die?

CASSIE

Let's see. No autopsy. His own physician wrote it up. Cause of death, coronary failure. He was full of cancer.

CUT TO:

INT. RESTAURANT

WILLIAM

Bedridden. I started taking care of him. Dying slowly. Bit by bit. Each day. It's hard to watch someone die like that. I'd look in his eyes every morning when I woke him up. They always looked so lonely.

William bows his head.

JOSHUA

You were his friend.

WILLIAM

He had no friends, no family. It was sad. But, yes, we became friends. It's unbearable to be lonely, to be in pain.

JOSHUA

And you helped him? You helped him with his pain?

WILLIAM

I couldn't stand to see him like that. He didn't have the strength to do it himself. The last time I woke him, the loneliness was gone from his eyes. We both knew. He even smiled.

CUT TO:

INT. FBI BUILDING

JONATHON

This guy doesn't need to work. He has the time to meet these women, to plan things out. To fly wherever he wants.

ANDERSON

And he has this alibi that checks out. He's even on the security tapes.

JONATHON

What about the other murders? Where was he?

CASSIE

What are you saying, he has an accomplice, that two people are in on this?

JONATHON

I'm just thinking out loud. We're back to square one.

CUT TO:

INT. RESTAURANT

William has his head in his hands.

JOSHUA

William?

WILLIAM

Yes....

JOSHUA

You chose to do something you believed to be right. Is that what he wanted you to do?

WILLIAM

Sometimes people are in so much pain you have to make decisions for them.

JOSHUA

And he wasn't able to, he couldn't do it himself?

WILLIAM

People can't always do what they want. Sometimes they don't even know what is best. People don't know what it's like to die slowly, to die all alone. Nobody ever thinks about that. I think about it every day.... I'm sorry. This is all very insensitive.

JOSHUA

Not in the least. Dana wouldn't have liked someone who was insensitive.

WILLIAM

This whole thing has...I don't know. I feel all numb, like with Mr. Johnson. Maybe I never got over that, I've felt numb ever since....

JOSHUA

I feel hurt like I never have before. Dana was always my little girl. We drifted apart when she went away to school, but the last couple of years we've grown even closer. I'll miss her.

WILLIAM

I will miss her too.... Do you want justice?

JOSHUA

What do you mean? Revenge?

WILLIAM

What if you knew without a doubt who had done this, but couldn't prove it.

JOSHUA

Justice is giving someone what they deserve, good or bad. In court I have always tried to think about redemption as well. Even the inhumane still have some humanity. But right now I'm not thinking that at all.

WILLIAM

Perhaps justice is redemption.

JOSHUA

Nothing can change what has happened. She's in a better place, and we go on. Life isn't fair, but we have to believe that we live in a world where good and bad are separate things. That something makes it that way.

CU of Joshua.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. FISHING HOLE - DAY

Joshua is a young boy. He sits with his father, both of them dangling fishing poles in the water. Suddenly Joshua gets a big tug on his line.

JOSHUA'S FATHER

Looks like a big one, Josh.

JOSHUA

Yeah, Pop!

Joshua reels a huge fish out of the water.

JOSHUA'S FATHER
Look at the size of that!

He reaches for it, but the fish jumps off the hook back into the pond.

JOSHUA
That's not fair!

JOSHUA'S FATHER
That happens sometimes.

JOSHUA
But it's not fair. I never get a big fish.

JOSHUA'S FATHER
Now, you know that's not true. Last week you caught the biggest one.

JOSHUA
It ain't fair!

JOSHUA'S FATHER
Life ain't always fair, Josh. You gotta make the best of it.

Joshua throws his pole to the ground.

JOSHUA'S FATHER (cont'd)
Well, those other two fish you caught are gonna taste mighty good

He pats Joshua on the head.

CUT TO:

INT. DAISY'S CUBICLE

Jonathon pats Daisy on the shoulders. She spins her chair around.

DAISY
Hiya! So, been meeting any chicks online?

JONATHON
Of course not.

DAISY
How far did you get? ...With the bible I gave you. You know, there's a book with your name in there. Look in the table of contents.

She pulls the other chair out with her feet. Jonathon sits.

DAISY (cont'd)

Now, look at this stuff I found. You're supposed to go through Eron for any of this. You know that, right? But since we're so intimate with each other, after all, I have been in your bedroom....

She pages through a document on the screen.

DAISY (cont'd)

Besides, I already checked with him. Your buddy here, William Jones, is always online. Continuously. DSL. So I dive in a little to see if we can find out what he was doing during the murders. So here we go. His mail gets checked every 10 minutes, I assume automatically. So we have all these POP calls. That's the mail protocol. Every 10 minutes. Day after day after day after day. He doesn't send a lot. Well, maybe one or two a day. I can't tell where they were headed. Yet. But he never sends any around the time of the murders. None the whole day, sometimes not before or after. See here every day, every day, every day, then none for a couple of days. And here it is again, the time of the next murder. But then there other times he doesn't send for a day or two, but no murder on those days. Like here, last Friday for instance. And here, two days later. But he has an alibi, right. So, we have days off, and some of them happen to be the days of the murders. Maybe coincidence. Or are there coincidences? A man walks the same way to work for 20 years. One day he decides to go a different way, and a flowerpot falls from a building and kills him. Coincidence?

JONATHON

Every time there was a murder it's like that?

DAISY

Yes, well, the last five. I can't go back any farther than that.

JONATHON

How many times otherwise?

She scrolls through and counts under her breath.

DAISY

Maybe, seven.

JONATHON

About half the time it coincides.

DAISY

Yep, but there's no pattern. It's not like it's every third week or something. Saint John the Apostle. I think you'd like him.

JONATHON

Okay, why?

DAISY

He's called the Apostle of love. We all need more love. Your name is all over the bible, you know?

JONATHON

It's actually pretty common.

DAISY

Anyway. I'm keeping track of old 135.134.56.17, that's Jones' IP address. Surveillance, without leaving the comfort of my cube. And if I'm gone, it watches for me, digital omniscience. All his deeds being recorded for me to see. And what are you doing tonight?

JONATHON

Just going home. Maybe pick up some chicks online.

They both stand, face to face, bodies touching slightly.

DAISY

I'm gonna go to church. Why don't you go with me? We can have dinner first.

JONATHON

I'll make you a deal. I'll go with you, if you fuck me afterwards.

DAISY

That's not a very good deal. Come on, why don't you go with me? It's better than being by yourself.

JONATHON

Is that why you go, so you won't be lonely?

He runs his fingers down her arm. She takes his hand and turns him out of her cubicle.

DAISY

Not at all. I go because I'm thankful I'm not. Read some of John, okay?

He walks toward the elevator. She clicks the mouse a few times, grabs her leather bag, and scoots after him. The elevator door opens.

JONATHON

How about dinner after?

DAISY

Serious?

JONATHON

Sure. I'll trade you religion for dinner at my place. Does that sound like a better deal?

DAISY

This should be interesting.

She points to the surveillance camera in the elevator.

DAISY (cont'd)

But remember, someone is always watching you.

CUT TO:

INT. WILLIAM'S HOUSE - EVENING

Jonathon's business card is propped up on the computer screen. William leans towards the printer as several pages come out. He clicks off a power strip, and as everything goes dim he takes the revolver from the drawer. His reflection is visible in the blank, dark screen and he stares at himself for a long time.

CUT TO:

EXT. CHURCH - EVENING

Jonathon's face reflected in opaque glass on the door as he stands outside. Daisy opens it and he follows her in. They sit as the preacher gets up.

INT. CHURCH - CONTINUOUS

PREACHER

Welcome everyone. Let's pray.

Everyone bows their head, except Jonathon. He looks at the preacher.

PREACHER (cont'd)

Lord, thanks for this time tonight. Help us to love you. Amen.

The preacher raises his head.

PREACHER (cont'd)

Let's look at 2 Corinthians 5:10.

(reads)

For we must all appear before the judgment seat of Christ, that each one may receive what is due him for the things done while in the body, whether good or bad.

Jonathon continues to stare at the preacher, whose voice becomes garbled noise to him. His eyes shift slowly, to the large cross hanging on the wall.

CUT TO:

INT. HOLDEN'S HOUSE

Cassie sits on the couch and looks at a photo of Dana in the crucifixion pose. Marcus is next to her reading. He glances at the photo and flinches.

MARCUS

Would you please tell me when you have that stuff out.

She turns it over.

CASSIE

I got lost in thought. Something's bothering me, and it won't go away.

Marcus puts the book down.

MARCUS

Go on....

CASSIE

We have one good lead. He even has a connection to the last victim. I'd love to get a warrant but we have nothing to base it on. He has an alibi for the last murder, but I've been going over it in my head and maybe it isn't that solid. A few minutes here and there. It's a good alibi, but not perfect. I don't know.

MARCUS

What do you want to do?

CASSIE

Tune him up. Beat a confession out of him.... Sometimes you get a really strong feeling, intuition, you know you're close. I can tell Jonathon feels it too. But then, he can play mind games with the guy. I have to prove it.

MARCUS

Or prove something to Jonathon. Impress him, maybe?

She pushes at him.

CASSIE

Yeah, right. Go back to your book.

CUT TO:

INT. ERON'S APARTMENT

Golf-related antiques accent the otherwise subdued decor. Eron and Enid walk in holding hands and carrying take-out.

ENID

I guess you do like golf....

She grabs his arm and kisses him deeply.

ENID (cont'd)

This will give Andrew something to talk about.

He lifts his arms and holds her.

ERON

I didn't expect this.

She leans back and smiles.

ENID

With all the clues I've left you? And you, an FBI agent. Anyway, I think we have a special dessert for later.

CUT TO:

INT. JONATHON'S APARTMENT

Jonathon and Daisy walk in the door. She's carrying her leather bag, he's carrying take-out.

JONATHON

Well, you've seen my bedroom already.

They walk past the dining room table, covered with crime scene photos and files.

DAISY

Let's not eat there, okay?

JONATHON

We can go in the kitchen.

DAISY

That's just too creepy.

Jonathon picks up the picture of Dana that Cassie had been looking at.

JONATHON

It's simply documentation of an event.

DAISY

But she was a person. It's horrible.

CUT TO:

INT. HOLDEN'S HOUSE

Cassie turns the picture over and looks at it again.

MARCUS

Come on, Cassie.

CASSIE

Squeamish? I'm sorry.

She slides the photo into a folder. He gets up.

MARCUS

Do you want anything? I need something to settle my stomach.

CASSIE

I don't know, what are you getting?

MARCUS

Well, what do you want? I was gonna get something to drink.

CASSIE

Alright.

MARCUS

Well, what?

CASSIE

I'll have a sip of whatever you have.

Marcus smiles and walks into the kitchen.

CUT TO:

INT. JONATHON'S APARTMENT

Jonathon and Daisy walk into the kitchen. She looks around.

DAISY

You eat out a lot. I deduce that from the fact that there's no food here.

JONATHON

I like to watch people.

DAISY

And always try to get inside them? Figure them out? That's what you do, right? That's why you went with me tonight. Curiosity. Let's see if we can figure out the Christians.

They sit at the kitchen counter.

JONATHON

Actually, I did it to get you over here. My intentions are not noble, of course.

DAISY

Well, then it's a good thing that mine are. So, what did you think?

JONATHON

About the Christians?

DAISY

Did we scare you?

JONATHON

The only scary thing is that people believe it. If I told you I believed in dragons wouldn't you be worried?

DAISY

Not if there were dragons. So, you can prove everything you believe?

JONATHON

I don't think anyone can, not in a strict logical sense.

DAISY

Me neither. But if I didn't think it was true, then I wouldn't believe it.

JONATHON

True for you perhaps, but not necessarily for me. Or are you going to give me this absolute truth nonsense?

DAISY

Not at all. I agree with you. I can't make a judgement about what is true for you. I'm not you, I can't understand why you think the way you do. No one should try to do that with anyone else. I mean, if you do you will get all confused about everything. I can only tell you how I feel, and what God means to me. So, it's not nonsense to me.

(smiles)

But I'd hate to die and stand in front of the one who judges our good and bad deeds and say 'sorry, I don't believe in you.'

JONATHON

(laughs)

I'd hate to die and find out I'd wasted my whole life following some non-existent deity. Besides, there is no good, there is no bad, there just is.

He picks up one of the takeout boxes.

CUT TO:

INT. HOLDEN'S HOUSE

Marcus comes out with a bottle of pop, chips, and cookies.

CASSIE

(laughs)

That's going to settle your stomach?

He laughs as puts them on the table and sits down.

CASSIE (cont'd)

I'm going to give Jonathon a call. I want to ask him about some stuff.

MARCUS

Right now? It's late.

As she gets up he grabs her arm and pulls her back down.

MARCUS (CONT'D) (cont'd)
I know what will settle my stomach....

She grabs a cookie.

CASSIE
A cookie?

MARCUS
Maybe....

He takes a bite.

CASSIE
How's that?

CUT TO:

INT. JONATHON'S APARTMENT

DAISY
This is really good. Or does that have no
meaning for you. Can I say if food is
good or bad?

JONATHON
If it tastes good, then it's good.
Biology.

DAISY
Well, my biology says this is good.

JONATHON
Mine too. It looks like our biologies are
compatible. Your anatomy is quite
attractive as well.

DAISY
Well, thank you for that bad cliché. But
as a psychologist, I'd think you'd want
me for my mind.

JONATHON
Gestalt. You can't separate the parts.
Anyway, what I want you for is your
expertise. I need you to look at
something on my computer.

DAISY
How disappointing. All this to bribe me
over here?

JONATHON

Actually, I just thought of it. A good way to get you back into my bedroom, you know.

CUT TO:

INT. HOLDEN'S HOUSE

Cassie and Marcus are tangled together.

MARCUS

You ready for bed?

She grabs another cookie.

CASSIE

Are you kidding? With a whole package of these right here.

CUT TO:

INT. JONATHON'S APARTMENT

Jonathon and Daisy walk into the bedroom. The computer is on. He takes the mouse and moves it.

JONATHON

I think I changed something, and now I can't get this to work the way it was.

She takes the mouse from his hand.

DAISY

Let me do it. Get away.

JONATHON

If that's the way you're going to be I'll go clean up.

He walks out the door. She sits down.

CUT TO:

EXT. JONATHON'S APARTMENT BUILDING

William is parked on the street. He looks down at the printouts and then up at the building. He nervously "plays" with the gun in his lap. He cuts his hand against the metal. CU blood trickles down his palm.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. COURTROOM

William is five or six, and crying. A social worker (Enid, 30 years younger) holds his hand. His MOTHER stands in front of the judge (Joshua, 30 years younger.)

WILLIAM'S MOTHER
Just take him!! I thought this was settled! You fucking bastards are always fucking me!

WILLIAM
Mommy! Mommy!!

He screams and cries. Enid picks him up. He struggles to get away. His mother turns and screams.

WILLIAM'S MOTHER
Billy, shut up you fucking baby and go with the lady. I don't want you.

Joshua stands up.

JOSHUA
Get him away from her. And get her out of my courtroom.

CUT TO:

INT. JONATHON'S APARTMENT

Daisy clicks around with the mouse. She looks at the door and smiles. She clicks again, then becomes serious. She starts clicking faster.

JONATHON (O.C.)
Are you finding out what's wrong?

DAISY
Yeah. I'll be done in a second.

She puts in a disk and copies some files from his computer. He walks in.

JONATHON
Everything good now?

CUT TO:

INT. ERON'S APARTMENT

Enid is in the kitchen. Eron walks to the bedroom and takes out the picture he had looked at before. He throws it into the trash can.

ENID (V.O.)
Where should I put this?

He looks out the doorway.

ERON
Enid... I think we should have our
dessert first.

She walks over and stands in front of him. She undoes a
button at the top of her blouse.

ENID
I was thinking the same thing.

CUT TO:

INT. HOLDEN'S HOUSE

MARCUS
This is really bothering you, isn't it?

CASSIE
A couple of thoughts I can't get rid of.
I want to run them past Jonathon. I can't
get them out of my head.

MARCUS
Call him already. I'll still love you.

CUT TO:

INT. JONATHON'S APARTMENT

Daisy pulls out the disk and gets up.

DAISY
All good.

He blocks the door.

JONATHON
I was hoping you'd want to stay in here.
We haven't finished our discussion of
right and wrong.

DAISY
But you said there's no good or bad....

CUT TO:

INT. HOLDEN'S HOUSE

Cassie tries to get up, Marcus grabs her waist.

CASSIE
Let me go, "you brute."

MARCUS
I will. After a few more cookies.

She turns with her fist clenched.

CASSIE
I could put you down with one shot.
He reaches up and puts his hand over her fist.

MARCUS
Don't be bad.

She leans over and kisses him on the forehead.

CUT TO:

INT. JONATHON'S APARTMENT

Jonathon and Daisy are face to face. She ducks under his arm and out into the living room.

DAISY
I really have to go, it's late.

JONATHON
Late?

Jonathon follows her. She quickly opens the door. William is standing outside. He pulls the gun from his pocket. Daisy backs up.

JONATHON (CONT'D) (cont'd)
Fascinating. Daisy, this is William.
William, Daisy.
(to Daisy)
He's the guy who did this.

He points to the photos, then holds up the picture of Dana.

JONATHON (cont'd)
William, I think you know Dana, right?

WILLIAM
She sent me.

He moves inside and closes the door.

JONATHON
What are you doing?

WILLIAM

You tell me. Don't you feel what I feel, don't you know what I know? You tried to get into my head. But you don't get it. You don't understand what this is all about. And I got into your head instead.

JONATHON

This is not what you do.

WILLIAM

You think you know, but you don't. Copying someone doesn't make you them, you're not me. Doing what I do doesn't make you me.

Jonathon moves over by Daisy. She steps out toward William.

DAISY

Just relax. No one needs to get hurt. I think I know what you're talking about.

Jonathon looks over at her.

DAISY (cont'd)

I found some things on your computer, Jonathon. Something's not right.

William raises the gun.

DAISY (cont'd)

Wait, please. You don't have to do this.

WILLIAM

I'm sorry.... You're not a lonely person. You can tell everyone this had a good ending.

JONATHON

Empathy. You kill me, and then yourself. Is that how you want it? We will leave together.

Jonathon pulls Daisy as William shoots. She's hit in the shoulder and falls to the floor. William lowers the gun.

JONATHON (cont'd)

Look what you did.

Jonathon bends down next to Daisy.

JONATHON (cont'd)

Daisy?

She grabs her shoulder in pain and sits up.

JONATHON (cont'd)
 (to William)
 Get over here and help me.

As William walks over, Jonathon stands. He suddenly grabs William's hand and pushes the gun up to William's head. He moves him back against the wall, then fires the gun through William's temple. Jonathon lowers him down against the wall and sits on the floor next to him. He lifts William's arm with the gun in it, wraps his finger over William's finger, and points it at Daisy. CU of her as she shuts her eyes and bows her head.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. PARK

The church picnic. Daisy is eating a hot dog in bright sunlight. Suddenly her father picks her up from behind and lifts her over his head. She giggles.

PASTOR CALVIN
 I love you!

He turns around holding her up. She laughs and sees the bright sky spinning above her.

CUT TO:

INT. JONATHON'S APARTMENT

CU Jonathon looks at Daisy, then turns the gun and aims it at his own chin.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. SUNDAY SCHOOL CLASSROOM

Bible pictures on the walls. A large cross hangs next to a clock. Young Jonathon is in front of Televangelist, who is sitting with his legs apart. He has Jonathon by the hand.

JONATHON
 No! That's a bad thing. You're not supposed to do that.

TELEVANGELIST
 Do what, Jonathon? You're such a nice boy, and handsome too. And your name is in the bible.

Televangelist puts his hand on Jonathon's thigh and leans toward him. Jonathon pushes away from him. Televangelist squeezes his legs together and holds him.

TELEVANGELIST (cont'd)

I just want to show you how much I like you, you don't understand.

JONATHON

I do too understand. You're a bad man.

Jonathon pulls away from him. Televangelist grabs him and pulls him onto his lap. He moves him up and down as he reaches around to the front of Jonathon's pants. Jonathon looks up at the cross and the clock.

TELEVANGELIST

That's a good little boy.

CUT TO:

INT. JONATHON'S APARTMENT

Daisy's head is still bowed. Jonathon points the gun back at her, then slowly back at himself. He does this several times.

FADE TO BLACK.

The phone rings and the answering machine picks it up.

CASSIE (V.O.)

Jonathon, it's Cassie. I've been looking over some stuff and I think that Jones' alibi might not be as solid as we thought, some of the timing. I'm going to keep pressing him. You have any more thoughts about it? You're the one who's in his head. Anyway, I have this feeling. Maybe we can get together. I could come over to your place if you want... Oh Jonathon...I hope you're being good. Or bad.

(laughs)

Whatever.

Answering machine clicks off.

A gunshot.

FADE OUT