

Cannibal

By

Ed Thames

WGA#950341

17523 Sorrel Ridge Dr.
Spring, Texas 77388
713-962-0034
e_thames@hotmail.com

FADE IN:

EXT. A TROPICAL RAIN FOREST VALLEY. DAY

EXT. A SMALL, PONTOON EQUIPPED, BUSH PLANE AS IT FLIES ABOVE
THE JUNGLE. DAY

OCTOBER 1972.

INT. PLANE. DAY

SAM, a native of Borneo, is piloting the small plane.

Sitting next to him is DOC, a darkly handsome, thirty-seven
year-old anthropologist.

The interior of the plane is noisy with sounds of the engine
and wind.

SAM

So Doc, what's a white man doing in
the middle of Kalimantan?

DOC

Studying the Dyak.

SAM

Your kidding!

DOC

How long before we reach Datah
Dawai?

SAM

About three hours.

DOC

Radio ahead and give them an ETA.

SAM

Can't. Mountains are too high. Kills
the signal.

Sam looks over at Doc, whose shirt is partially unbuttoned
revealing a large tattoo of the sun.

SAM

Where'd you get that?

Doc looks at Sam and then looks down at his chest.

Doc buttons up his shirt and looks out the window ending the conversation.

SAM
So how was it?

DOC
What?

SAM
You know, living with a bunch of cannibals.

DOC
I consider it one of the most enlightening experiences of my life.

SAM
You're kidding right?

DOC
No.

SAM
But they're cannibals?

DOC
There are over 200 different tribes of Dyak in the Kalimantan and most if not all no loner practice cannibalism. I found the Dyaks extremely tolerant and gentle.

SAM
Yeah, well tell that to the Madurese. They don*t call the Skrang River, the River of Death for nothing.

The plane jerks as the engine misfires.

SAM
Just a temporary vapor lock. Happens all the time in this humidity.

The plane's engine backfires, sputters, and dies.

Sam tries to restart the engine.

EXT. THE PLANE IS GLIDING DOWN INTO THE JUNGLE BELOW. DAY

INT. PLANE. DAY

Sam grips the yoke with both hands fighting to maintain control. Doc braces himself against the dash.

SAM

Hang on Doc! It looks like we'll be making an unscheduled stop!

DOC

Where?

SAM

The river!

DOC

Oh Shit!

SAM

You can say that again! Grab the mic! Send out a Mayday!

DOC

What about the mountains?

SAM

Just do it!

Doc grabs the mic.

DOC

Mayday! Mayday! This is flight number...

SAM

Bushmaster 321!

DOC

Mayday! This is Bushmaster 321. We have lost power and are going down...

DOC

Where are we!

SAM

About forty kilometers south of the Chapah divide!

DOC

Mayday! This is Bushmaster 321! We

have lost power and are going down!
Our last location is forty
kilometers south of the Chapah
divide! Mayday!

EXT. THE PLANE DESCENDS RAPIDLY TOWARD THE RIVER. DAY

The voice of Doc repeating the Mayday over and over. The
panic growing in his voice with each call.

INT/EXT. PLANE. DAY

The jungle now surrounds the plane as it nears the turbulent
surface of the river.

Sam strains to hold the nose up.

SAM
Hang on!

Doc drops the mic and braces himself.

EXT. PLANE. DAY

The plane hits the surface of the river with a bone crushing
jar. The nose drops and plunges into the swirling brown
river.

The force of the impact causes the right wing to dip and
catch in the river.

The plane flips over as the wing is torn from the fuselage.
The flip forces the left wing into the river and turns the
plane upside down.

The left wing is torn away. The plane's body, forced by the
river current rolls over across the surface of the river and
stops upright near the bank between several large boulders.
Sam and Doc are slumped forward in the cockpit.

EXT. THE THICK GREEN JUNGLE. DAY

ACROSS THE DENSE JUNGLE A SMALL SPIRAL OF SMOKE RISES FROM A

CLEARING.

The sound of a man screaming.

EXT. SMALL DYAK VILLAGE- DAY

A large communal Betang about twenty feet long built on stilts. The area underneath is encased by sharp stakes, creating a cage that runs the entire length of the hut. Near one end are a series of smaller cages. One contains Doc.

There is a large fire burning in the center of the camp. There are eleven heavily tattooed men, women and children in the camp.

The sounds of a man screaming now permeate the air.

(CU) DOC'S BLOODY FACE AS HE STIRS AND OPENS HIS EYES.

Doc looks up.

In the gaps between the rough hewn planks that comprise the roof of his cage he sees dozens of human skulls suspended from the ceiling in crude nets.

He tries to turn but finds himself in a fetal position encased in a primitive cage barely large enough to contain his body. He manages to twist his head toward the agonizing screams. Sam is naked, lying on his back, staked securely to the ground.

An old woman with a Malat is cutting off his toes one at a time and tossing them into a clay pot. Several young children are playing near the old woman.

Nearby a captured native of an enemy tribe is tied to a

tree.

His entire body is covered in tattoos and his headdress indicates he is a Shaman.

His eyes are coal black and shimmering as he glares defiantly at his captors. Two men standing near him are debating.

Sams screams intensify.

One of the men walks over to a large block of wood near Sam and picks up a crude wooden mallet.

He walks over to Sam and with a swift and practiced stroke hits Sam in the face crushing his jaw. Sams screams stop.

Another Native walks over to the Shaman tied to the tree.

He pulls a Malat from his belt and makes a long, vertical, cut on the Shaman's chest.

He then makes a parallel cut about an three inches from the first cut. He makes a short cut across the top of the parallel cuts connecting them.

He grabs the flesh and pulls it hard down tearing it away from the body.

The Shaman makes no sound but continues to glare at his captors.

The man walks over to the fire.

A blackened human torso hangs over the fire. Guttled and skewered like a pig. The body fat drips into a long narrow clay trough nestled in the bed of coals beneath the body.

The Man hangs the strip of flesh on a skewer rod near the

fire. He walks back toward the Shaman.

A woman kneels beside the trough. She sticks her finger into the fat and puts it into her mouth. She smiles.

(CU)DOC TURNS AWAY IN DISGUST.

The door of his cage is jerked opened.

Two young Dyak men reach in and drag him out of his cage. Doc fights. One of the natives hits him in the head with a wooden mallet.

FADE TO BLACK.

PRESENT DAY

INT. SANCTUARY OF A LARGE CATHOLIC CHURCH. NIGHT

The church is quiet and dark. The only light is from the candles burning upon the altar.

Kneeling before the altar, his head bowed in prayer, is an older priest with a great swath of snow white hair.

FATHER PISANI raises his head.

(CU) Father Pisani's face is filled with anguish. The kind of anguish only people with big sins can know. His hands clasped in a white knuckled grip, he looks upward. He is sweating profusely.

In the shrouded darkness behind Father Pisani there is a sound, like the wind.

Father Pisani turns his head and peers into the thick shadows. He stares for a moment, stands up and takes a step toward the darkness.

FATHER PISANI
Who's there?

Silence. Father Pisani steps down to the first step toward the shadows engulfing the rear of the sanctuary.

He stops dead in his tracks and peers into the heavy shadows. Father Pisani turns and walks back to the altar and into the safety of the light. He stops in front of the altar, turns and faces the darkened sanctuary.

FATHER PISANI
Come into the light where I can see
you!

Father Pisani listens as the echo of his voice is swallowed by the darkness. He steps behind the altar where he feels safe.

FATHER PISANI
I don*t know who you are but if you
don't leave I'll be forced to call
the police! Do you understand?

Silence. Father Pisani pulls out his cell phone. He flips it open and holds it in the air above his head.

FATHER PISANI
Look, I'm dialing 911!

Father Pisani lowers the phone to dial.

The SWOOSH of rushing air.

Father Pisani stops dialing and stares into the darkness. He drops his cell phone. It hits the marble floor. The sound shatters the eerie silence.

Father Pisani crumbles to the floor and rolls over on his back.

(CU) FATHER PISANI'S FACE.

His eyes are clear but the confusion is evident. He is fully

conscious and aware but physically immobile.

A shadow moves across his body until it covers his face.

The pupils of Father Pisani's eyes widen in abject terror as the shadow engulfs him.

INT. KITCHEN IN THE PRIEST'S QUARTERS. NIGHT

A heavily tattooed man with long black hair is standing naked in front of the stove. He's whistling a tuneless melody as he cooks.

He takes his food out of the grease and puts it on a plate. He gently dabs it with a napkin to absorb the grease. He picks up the plate and turns.

FATHER PISANI'S HEAD SITTING ON THE TABLE IN A POOL OF BLOOD.

INT. ANTE ROOM TO THE CHURCH SANCTUARY. DAY

An older Hispanic woman pushes her cleaning cart up to a door. She steps around the cart and opens the door. She backs into the sanctuary pulling her cart behind her. She pulls the cart into the sanctuary. The door swings shut. The woman walks around to the back of the cart. She reaches underneath and pulls out her dust rag and polish. She looks up. A look of horror rips across her face. She screams. Father Pisani's eviscerated, headless torso is resting upon the altar. Blood is everywhere, a sticky black stain. The old woman runs from the sanctuary.

INT. WELL APPOINTED APARTMENT. DAY

DETECTIVE ELLIOT COLE is sleeping in his chair. A dark

haired, thirty-five year old, he is leaning back in his chair with his feet propped up on his desk. He has a file folder spread across his chest.

His desk is covered in papers, file folders, and gruesome crime scene photos.

(CU) ELLIOT'S FACE. HE IS DREAMING.

THE DREAM

EXT. THE DARK AND SHADOWY FLOOR OF THE DEEP JUNGLE. DAY

(POV of the Hunter)

THE HUNTER moves through the twilight of the deep jungle.

Scanning the jungle floor, he sees faint human tracks.

The Hunter moves forward into a small clearing. He sees a native man clawing at the ground trying to pull himself into the thick brush.

The Hunter steps into the clearing and watches as the native becomes immobile. The Hunter walks over, grabs the Native by his long black hair, and jerks him into a sitting position.

He jerks the head back and looks into the native's eyes.

They are calm and clear. There is no fear.

The Hunter holds a Malat in one hand. He swings.

The swish of the metal as it slices through the air.

The ringing of a cell phone interrupts the dream.

INT. WELL APPOINTED APARTMENT. DAY

Elliot reaches for his cell phone and flips it open.

ELLIOT

Cole.

CAPTAIN MARLIN

(From the phone)

We've got a bad one.

ELLIOT
Where?

CAPTAIN MARLIN
(From the phone)
St. Paul's.

ELLIOT
Downtown?

CAPTAIN MARLIN
(From the phone)
Yes. Somebody killed a priest. I
know you just got off shift but I
need you there ASAP.

ELLIOT
On my way.

EXT. FRONT OF ST. PAUL'S CATHOLIC CHURCH. DAY

A police car sits in front of the church. There are two
officers inside. Elliot pulls up beside the police car in
his unmarked prowler.

ELLIOT
Where is everybody?

POLICE OFFICER 1
In the back.

POLICE OFFICER 2
Is it true?

ELLIOT
What?

Police Officer 1 crosses himself. Officer 2 does
the same.

POLICE OFFICER 2
After he chopped him up he ate his
heart?

Elliot looks at the policeman for a long moment, then pulls
away.

EXT. ST. PAUL'S REAR PARKING LOT. DAY

The parking lot is packed with emergency vehicles. Emergency personnel are all over the place.

Elliot's car as it moves toward an empty area and stops.

INT. SANCTUARY OF ST.PAUL. DAY

Elliot enters the sanctuary through the same door as the cleaning woman. The altar area is bordered with the familiar crime scene tape. The headless torso is lying on the altar. There are several CSI personnel collecting evidence and taking pictures.

Elliot ducks under the yellow tape, stops, and takes it all in.

Dr. Marcus Cain, the chief of Houston CSI, is a short balding man in his early fifties. He is studiously making notes as he moves around the perimeter of the crime scene. Elliot walks over to Dr. Cain.

ELLIOT
What've we got?

DR. CAIN
Father Anthony Pisani, age 57.

ELLIOT
How can you tell?

DR. CAIN
Found his ID.

ELLIOT
Was anything taken?

DR. CAIN
So far, only his head.

ELLIOT
His head?

DR. CAIN
Yes. Its gone missing.

ELLIOT
Gone?

DR. CAIN
Precisely. Follow me.

ELLIOT
Anything else gone missing?

DR. CAIN
Yes.

Dr. Cain walks over to a throne-like chair sitting to the left of the altar as Elliot follows. Dr. Cain stops and points down.

Ten fingers and ten toes arranged in a circle. The digits are pointing outward like rays of the sun.

DR. CAIN
I'm not sure what to make of this?

ELLIOT
Maybe a calling card.

DR. CAIN
Possibly.

Dr. Cain turns and walks over to Father Pisani's body. He lifts up the corpse's arm and displays the hands.

The hand has no fingers only five blackened stumps.

DR. CAIN
Same with the feet and the chest wound. He cauterized the wounds as he removed the digits and eviscerated the body.

ELLIOT
Why?

DR. CAIN
Presumably to stop the Father from bleeding to death until he was ready for him to die.

ELLIOT
Where there any defensive wounds?

DR. CAIN
No.

ELLIOT
He just laid there and let the
bastard carve him up?

DR. CAIN
It looks that way. No sign of a
struggle. Toxicology results should
clear that up.

ELLIOT
How long.

DR. CAIN
Later today.

ELLIOT
I get the feeling this isn't ...

DR. CAIN
It gets worse. Follow me.

Dr. Cain walks toward the opposite side of the altar, opens
the door, and enters. Elliot follows.

Dr. Cain points toward the floor as he walks down a short
hallway.

DR. CAIN
Watch your step.

A TRAIL OF BLOODY BARE FOOTPRINTS LEADS DOWN THE HALL. NEXT
TO THE FOOTPRINTS ARE PRONOUNCED SPLASHES OF BLOOD.

ELLIOT
He was barefooted?

DR. CAIN
I believe he was naked. Notice the
shape of the print?

ELLIOT
He walks on the outside edges of his
feet.

DR. CAIN

Exactly. Most people step heel to toe.

DR. CAIN

Judging by the length of the stride your killer is approximately six feet tall. Athletic and either a trained martial artist or hunter. Notice the defined edge of the print. That's callous. I'd say our man spends a lot of time barefooted.

INT. KITCHEN IN THE PRIEST'S QUARTERS. DAY

There are two CSI people taking Samples and photographs. The door opens. Dr. Cain and Elliot enter.

Dr. Cain follows the trail of footprints over to the bathroom and opens the door. Dr. Cain steps into the bathroom. Elliot stops at the door.

DR. CAIN

He took a shower.

Dr. Cain pulls back the shower curtain. The bathtub is stained red. There is a bloody towel lying in the tub.

ELLIOT

Pretty damn casual. He probably undressed here and then went after Father Pisani. Have your guys check the doors for any kind of forced entry. DNA?

DR. CAIN

Most certainly. Look at this.

(CU) OF A SERIES OF BLOODY FINGERPRINTS. THEY ARE SMOOTH WITH NO RIDGES.

ELLIOT

Gloves?

DR. CAIN

Scar tissue. Looks like they were burned off.

Dr. Cain lets the shower curtain fall and walks past Elliot.
Elliot follows.

INT. KITCHEN AND DINING ROOM COMBINED. DAY

Dr. Cain leads Elliot to the stove.

A SMALL FRY PAN WITH THE RESIDUE OF FRIED MEAT FLOATING IN
THE OIL.

DR. CAIN
Judging by the degradation of the
grease and the estimated time of
death I'd say he came back in here
and cooked something.

ELLIOT
Any idea what?

DR. CAIN
My best guess would be part of
Father Pisani.

Elliot follows Dr. Cain into the dining room.

The table is rectangular. On one end is a single dirty china
plate with a cloth napkin crumpled in the middle. One empty
wine glass and a wine bottle. On the other is a large
circular blood stain.

DR. CAIN
He had an 84 Merlot with his meal.

ELLIOT
Where did the blood come from?

Dr. Cain walks over to the end of the table with the
circular bloodstain.

DR. CAIN
I think it's from the Father's head.

ELLIOT
You're kidding.

DR. CAIN
Do I look like I'm kidding? See the

indentation in the blood pattern. I think he placed the Father's head on the table facing him while he ate.

INT. SANCTUARY OF ST. PAUL. DAY

Dr. Cain enters the sanctuary followed by Elliot.

ELLIOT

Have you ever seen anything like this before?

DR. CAIN

No. You?

ELLIOT

No.

DR. CAIN

This is what I think happened but I won't know for sure until we work the evidence. I think the killer somehow incapacitated Father Pisani and proceeded to ritually slaughter him.

ELLIOT

Ritually?

DR. CAIN

The position of the body. Its circumstance. He could have easily conducted his activities anywhere but he chose the altar. He took his time. He wanted the Father to suffer. I believe the Father was conscious and aware during majority of the process. At some point the Father dies. He removes the head.

ELLIOT

Where do you think he put the Father's head?

DR. CAIN

I think he took it with him. A memento of sorts.

ELLIOT

Any idea what he used?

DR. CAIN

Something long and sharp. The head

was removed in one clean stroke.

ELLIOT
What kind of man kills like this?

AGENT CONNER (O.C.)
A cannibal!

Both Elliot and Dr. Cain turn to look as an obviously fatigued, raven haired, beauty walks up. AGENT REBECCA CONNER flashes her credentials.

AGENT CONNER
Agent Conner, FBI Special Crimes
Division. You are?

ELLIOT
Detective Cole, HPD Homicide. This
is Dr. Cain....

AGENT CONNER
Dr. Cain and I met earlier. It's
good to meet you Detective Cole. I'm
looking forward to working with you.

ELLIOT
What's the FBI doing here?

AGENT CONNER
Tracking the perp who did this. Dr.
Cain I would like a copy of your
preliminary findings as soon as
possible.

ELLIOT
Just a minute Wonder Woman! I don*t
know who you think you are but this
is my case...

Agent Conner bows up and stares intently at Elliot.

AGENT CONNER
I thought we just cleared that up.
The name is Conner. Agent Conner.
And so we are perfectly clear this
is my case. Federal Jurisdiction. If
you have a problem with that I
suggest you speak to your superiors.
Are we clear, now?

ELLIOT

We'll see about that!

AGENT CONNER

Right! You know something Detective, I've been in 32 different cities over the last 36 months. Everywhere I've been I've had to deal with all kinds of petty male egos and all the bullshit that entails. Believe me, that is a lot of bullshit. I'm tired. So let me lay it out for you in plain English. Look around you. Does this look like your average homicide? No? Truth is you've never seen anything like this before! You have no idea what the fuck is going on! Well I have! I've seen it twenty-seven times! I think that qualifies me as the expert! You on the other hand

DR. CAIN

You said cannibal?

Without moving or diverting her attention from Elliot.

AGENT CONNER

He eats parts of his victims.

Agent Conner turns her attention toward Dr. Cain.

AGENT CONNER

Have your people cover the church for signs of a white powder. Any questions?

DR. CAIN

What kind of white powder?

AGENT CONNER

Bone dust.

Agent Conner turns toward Elliot.

AGENT CONNER

I'll see you at the station!

Agent Conner strides off.

ELLIOT

(Under his breath)

What a bitch!

Without looking back Agent Conner yells back over her shoulder.

AGENT CONNER
I heard that! Asshole!

EXT. SMALL OUTDOOR CAFE. DAY

Two young men and a young woman sit together at one of the tables. JEFF CALLAWAY, a slick salesman looking guy, dominates the conversation. KAREN, an intense redheaded young woman, and BILL, a true wanna be, listen with rapt attention.

JEFF
I propose a toast! To me!

The other two immediately raise their glasses. They chime

KAREN AND BILL
(together)
Here! Here!

JEFF
To the number one collector in the entire country! The God of Bad Debt! I am the power!

KAREN AND BILL
(together)
To the God!

KAREN
I don't know how you do it? I mean the Flores case was over seven years old!

BILL
Yeah, and you got her to pay!

JEFF
Relentless persistence.

KAREN
I called her everyday for six months and got nothing.

JEFF

Yeah, but you fell for her bullshit!
My husband left me with three kids,
I'm working two jobs barely making
enough to feed my family.

KAREN

I checked, it's all true.

JEFF

Who gives a shit! She owes money! I
get paid to collect that money. The
rest is bullshit! The sooner you
guys get over the emotional crap the
sooner you'll make some real money.
Remember these aren't people, these
are deadbeats! A deadbeat will tell
you anything to get you off their
ass!

Jeff glances at his watch. Tosses back his drink

JEFF

Well kids, I've got to run.

Jeff stands up and tosses a fifty on the table.

JEFF

This one is on Mrs. Flores. See you
tomorrow. Remember, if you ever
going to make any money in this game
you gotta be cold.

Karen and Bill raise their glasses.

KAREN AND BILL

(together)

To the God!

Jeff walks off.

As Jeff walks off our POV shifts to that of a man sitting at
a table nearby. The man follows.

EXT. ESTABLISHING SHOT OF THE HOUSTON POLICE DEPARTMENT. DAY

INT. CAPTAIN MARLIN'S OFFICE. DAY

CAPTAIN JACOB MARLIN, Irish and irritable, sits behind his
desk as Elliot paces around the room.

CAPTAIN MARLIN

There is nothing I can do!

ELLIOT

Like hell! Tell the Chief we don't need the FBI!

CAPTAIN MARLIN

You've got it backwards. The Director of the FBI tells the Chief! The Chief tells me and I'm telling you!

ELLIOT

I'm not working with her!

CAPTAIN MARLIN

You will if you want to continue being a detective! You will be civil and you will be co-operative! Are we clear!

ELLIOT

Why me! Why not Smitty or Caleb?

CAPTAIN MARLIN

Simple. She requested you.

Elliot stops in mid-stride and stares at Captain Marlin.

Yes, she personally requested you. As far as I'm concerned she's got you!

ELLIOT

Why me!

Captain Marlin stands up.

CAPTAIN MARLIN

How the hell should I know!? Ask her! Discussion over!

ELLIOT

But....

CAPTAIN MARLIN

I said discussion over! Get out of here! You've got a briefing in 5.

Elliot walks out of the office.

INT. BRIEFING ROOM. DAY

Detectives and uniforms fill the room. Near the front and off to the left sits Agent Conner. The Mayor and several members of his entourage stand next to Agent Conner. THE CHIEF is leading the meeting.

CHIEF

Quiet! Everyone settle down.

The Chief waits for a moment as the crowd quiets down.

Last night a beloved member of our community was brutally murdered. Father Pisani was not only a respected member of our community but a man of the cloth. A man of God. It now our job to us to find his killer and bring him to justice. For reasons that will be outlined in a moment the FBI will be heading this investigation.

There is a universal moan from the officers and detectives spotted with wisecracks and smartass remarks. The Chief raises his hand for silence.

Enough! The FBI has assigned Agent Conner to head the investigation. Agent Conner is with the FBI*s Special Crimes Unit. She is the resident expert on this guy so I suggest you pay close attention.

The Chief nods toward Agent Conner. Agent Conner walks to the podium.

The crowd is restless and resentful. Agent Conner sees Elliot standing in the back. Their eyes meet for a moment.

AGENT CONNER

As you may have already surmised, Father Pisani is not the killers first victim.

Agent Conner motions to two officers standing near two sheet

covered display boards. The officers flip the sheet back on one of the boards. There are crime scene photos of 27 victims.

The crowd goes quiet.

AGENT CONNER

He has been killing for at least the past fifteen years. Maybe longer. There are 27 separate murders that we have been able to connect either by physical evidence or style. The murders have taken place in nearly every part of the country. The victims were all men.

One of the Officers raises his hand.

OFFICER 1

How do you know it's the same guy?

AGENT CONNER

He always takes the head and the heart. Most of the time other organs as well.

OFFICER 1

I heard he cooked part of Father Pisani and ate it right on scene?

AGENT CONNER

That has yet to be confirmed.

OFFICER 2

Is this guy some sort of cannibal?

AGENT CONNER

We believed that to be the case for some time but this is the first time we have physical evidence supporting that conclusion.

DETECTIVE GANDY

You mean this guy kills people and eats them!

OFFICER3

Why? I mean why does he eat them?

AGENT CONNER

I don't know. His preferences seem

to be the heart lobe of the thymus gland, the liver, and heart itself. Preliminary CSI reports from the last crime scene indicate he has above average culinary knowledge.

OFFICER

A culinary cannibal!

Agent Conner stares hard at the Officer. The room goes silent.

AGENT CONNER

Call him what you like. The fact remains we are dealing with the one of the most prolific and brutal serial killers in history. A killer who resides in the Houston area.

DETECTIVE GANDY

Here?

Agent Conner motions toward another covered board. The two Officers flip back the sheet. It is a map of the US with lines drawn from Houston to 27 other US cities.

AGENT CONNER

The times of death and the location of the homicides eliminates the possibility of ground travel. We correlated the approximate times of death in various parts of the country with airline schedules. Following the time line with comprehensive reviews of flight schedules we discovered the only way our man could have been everywhere he needed to be was direct flights. Houston has the unique distinction of being the only airport that supports the necessary direct connections.

DETECTIVE GANDY

You said he takes the heads with him, wouldn't a head show up in the security scans?

AGENT CONNER

Yes. Obviously, he has found a way

to beat the system or is stashing them locally and coming back for them later.

DETECTIVE MARSHAL

What's the motive? I mean how does he pick his victims?

AGENT CONNER

We don't know.

OFFICER

How come nobody's heard about this guy?

AGENT CONNER

Random dislocation.

OFFICER

Random what?

AGENT CONNER

Ten days ago in Seattle a man was found buried up to his waist in the ground. His head was missing as well as his heart and liver. His torso was riddled with puncture marks. Has anyone in this room heard or read anything about this homicide?

The room is quiet.

AGENT CONNER

Because the murder is an isolated case in a particular area of the country it is assumed the perpetrator is a transient of some sort. Very rarely will the officers in charge look further than their own backyard. As long as there is not another similar murder within a reasonable time frame it will be relegated to the unsolved file and forgotten. This lack of communication between various law enforcement entities creates what I referred to as random dislocation. I believe our perp knows this and uses it to his advantage.

DETECTIVE GANDY

Was the guy in Seattle one of his?

The Chief steps up to the podium.

CHIEF

Okay guys, enough questions. If you'd let Agent Conner finish her briefing I believe all your questions will be answered. Agent Conner please continue.

AGENT CONNER

This is our current profile. We believe our killer to be a male, six feet tall, approximately 40 to 50 years old. Highly educated and well financed. Someone who has either lived outside the country in a primitive culture or is at the very least very knowledgeable of primitive cultures. A hunter. Someone who knows human anatomy and possesses more than a passing knowledge of the culinary arts. This individual is exceptionally strong and capable. You have a monster living in your own back yard. A monster that will continue to kill until we stop him. That is precisely what I intend to do with your help.

Agent Conner glances at the Chief.

CHIEF

Okay, that's it. She will be working with Detective Cole. All leads are to be processed through him. The Mayor and the FBI have put a press blackout on this investigation. Not a word. Do I make myself clear? Hit the streets!

THE BRIEFING ROOM EMPTIES. ELLIOT STANDS IN THE BACK WATCHING AND WAITING WHILE AGENT CONNER GATHERS HER THINGS.

Agent Conner walks toward Elliot. Neither looks happy.

ELLIOT

Why me?

AGENT CONNER

Follow me.

Agent Conner walks out. Elliot follows.

INT. AGENT CONNER'S OFFICE. DAY

THERE ARE TWO DESK EACH PILED HIGH WITH FOLDERS.

Agent Conner walks in followed by Elliot. Agent Conner walks behind one of the desk.

AGENT CONNER
Close the door and sit down.

Elliot takes a seat.

ELLIOT
So why me!

AGENT CONNER
I chose you because you are simply the best available resource. First and foremost, your record. You've solved more homicides than any other detective in HPD. I don't know what your edge is but I expect you to use it. This is your turf and you know it better than me.

ELLIOT
You've read my file?

AGENT CONNER
How do you suppose I arrived at the crime scene before you?

ELLIOT
Lucky?

AGENT CONNER
I've been in town for three weeks, waiting for the call. This is the first time I've been able to get to the crime scene while it was still fresh.

ELLIOT
How did you know?

AGENT CONNER
I know this son of a bitch! I've been following his trail of blood for three years! I'm close now! People are dying. They're not dying easy. They will continue to die until we stop him. So if you can't

get over yourself and work with me
then get out of my office!

A knock at the door.

Two police officers are standing outside with the display
boards from the briefing.

Agent Conner motions them in.

The officers pull the boards into the room and leave.

ELLIOT
Aren't you overreacting a little
bit? Once you get to know me you
might like me.

AGENT CONNER
I don't like you and I don't want to
know you. All I want from you is
good police work. Is that clear?

ELLIOT
Perfectly!

Agent Conner points to a stack of files on the other desk.

AGENT CONNER
There are 82 other cases I think are
the work of our killer. I want you
to go through the files and see if
you can find a connection. Anything
I might have missed. Understood?
(beat)

ELLIOT
In the briefing you said there were
27 victims. Where did the other 82
come from?

AGENT CONNER
That's what I want you tell me.

ELLIOT
Right.

Elliot sits down and opens the first file.

Time lapse Montage. Elliot and Agent Conner do not interact
with each other at all during the first few hours.

Lunch is brought in. Officers and others file in an out updating Elliot and Agent Conner.

During the afternoon an interaction develops. They begin to communicate and exchange ideas. The professional relationship blooms as the day turns into night. No dialogue just the subtle evolution.

LATER

Elliot tosses a file onto his desk.

ELLIOT
I'm done!

Elliot stands up and grabs his coat.

Agent Conner looks at her watch and closes the file in front of her.

Elliot walks to the door.

AGENT CONNER
Any thoughts?

ELLIOT
You're right.

AGENT CONNER
How so?

ELLIOT
The same killer.

AGENT CONNER
Why?

ELLIOT
The style. The brutality. The time line is scary. Some of these cases go back as far as ten years.

AGENT CONNER
Twenty-five. That's it?

ELLIOT
Yeah. Nothing concrete.

AGENT CONNER

Let me know when you get something concrete.

ELLIOT

I will. You staying?

AGENT CONNER

I have a few more things to do.

ELLIOT

How do you do it?

AGENT CONNER

Do what?

ELLIOT

Chase the same guy for three years.

Agent Conner looks long and hard at Elliot.

AGENT CONNER

It's my first case.

ELLIOT

Your kidding right!

AGENT CONNER

After eight years of surveillance, an any other crappy detail they could find, I finally got accepted into SCU. I thought things would be different. My first assignment was to review every unsolved murder with special ramifications in the Continental United States.

ELLIOT

Busy work.

AGENT CONNER

Exactly! Anyway, I found evidence that indicated a serial killer was at work. I submitted my findings and was assigned the case. That was three years ago. At first, I think they thought it was just a way to keep me busy. Now it's a priority.

ELLIOT

I'm surprised the good ole boys haven't stepped in and taken it

away.

AGENT CONNER

Like you? Oh, don't think they haven't tried! Fortunately, no one knows this bastard like I do. End of discussion.

ELLIOT

One more question?

AGENT CONNER

What?

ELLIOT

Did you really mean what you said about not liking me?

AGENT CONNER

Yes.

ELLIOT

Good. I don't like you either.

Elliot turns and walks out of the office.

ELLIOT

(Over his shoulder)

Nite.

EXT. HIGH-RISE APARTMENT BUILDING. NIGHT

INT. JEFF THE COLLECTOR'S APARTMENT. NIGHT

Jeff is sitting on his couch with his feet propped on the coffee table watching TV.

The lights flicker and the TV goes to static.

JEFF

What the ...

The lights return to normal and the TV comes back. Jeff reaches for the remote.

The lights go out.

JEFF

Shit!

Jeff fumbles and bumps into furniture as he makes his way

toward a small table by the front door. He opens the drawer and finds a box of matches. He opens the box and strikes the match.

The sound of a match.

THE SLOW MOTION OF THE FLAME AS IT IGNITES.

Jeff's face is highlighted by the match. Jeff sees himself in the mirror hanging over the small table.

As the match burns closer to his finger. He sees another face in the shadows behind him. The match burns out. Jeff turns while trying to strike another match.

JEFF

Who's there!

Jeff struggles to light the match.

SWOOSH! The sound of wind.

Jeff lights a match. The flame highlights Jeff's face. He stares expressionlessly.

He drops the match as he slowly crumples to the floor. The match falls to the floor a few inches from Jeff's face.

The dying flame of the match highlights Jeff's face for a moment. Jeff is violently jerked from view. The flame highlights the floor where Jeff's face used to be then goes out.

INT. ELLIOT'S BEDROOM. NIGHT

Elliot tosses and turns as he sleeps. He's dreaming.

THE DREAM

EXT. THE DEEP JUNGLE. DAY

(POV of the Hunter)

A native man is tied to a tree. The Hunter moves close. The Native's eyes are clear. He is unafraid.

The Hunter plunges a Malat into the Native*s stomach just beneath the sternum. He rips upward splitting the sternum. The Hunter pries open the chest cavity and cuts out the heart. He takes a savage bite.

Dream ends.

Elliot wakes up sweating.

EXT. JEFF'S HIGH-RISE APARTMENT BUILDING. DAY

Karen, the girl from the cafe, walks up to the front door. She holds the door as the FEDEX MAN pushes past with a cart load of packages.

FEDEX MAN

Thanks.

Karen enters the building.

INT. HALLWAY TO JEFF'S APARTMENT. DAY

The elevator opens and Karen exits. She walks down the hall to Jeff's apartment and knocks on the door. Karen looks at her watch. She knocks again. She tries the door. It opens. She enters Jeff's apartment.

INT. JEFF THE COLLECTOR'S APARTMENT. DAY

KAREN

Jeff! It's me. You idiot, you left your door unlocked! Jeff?!

Karen walks into the living room.

KAREN

Jeff!

Karen sees a lamp lying on the floor.

KAREN

Must've been a wild night!

She walks over and picks up the lamp and places it back on the table. She walks into the dining room.

KAREN

Come on Jeff, time to bust ...
NOOOO!

JEFF'S HEADLESS TORSO LYING ON THE DINING ROOM TABLE IN A BLOODY MESS.

Karen runs from the apartment.

LATER

A policewoman is sitting in the living room questioning Karen. The CSI people are working the scene. Detective Caleb Marshal watches. The Policewoman stands up and walks over to Detective Marshal.

POLICEWOMAN

She doesn't know anything.

DETECTIVE MARSHAL

Tell her to stick around. Put out a call for Cole. It looks like his guy.

INT. ELLIOT'S APARTMENT. DAY

Elliot is pouring himself a cup of coffee while he juggles a hot Pop Tart. His cell phone rings. There is a knock at his door. Elliot gives up on the Pop Tart and coffee. He answers his phone as he walks toward the door.

ELLIOT

Cole.

Elliot opens the door. There stands Agent Conner. Elliot motions her in as he listens.

ELLIOT

On my way.

Elliot snaps his phone closed as he closes the door.

ELLIOT

You heard?

AGENT CONNER

Yes.

ELLIOT

What are you doing here?

AGENT CONNER

You're riding with me.

ELLIOT

No Way!

AGENT CONNER

Two reasons why not.

ELLIOT

Number one is you don't know the city. Number two, I always drive. Always. Number three...

AGENT CONNER

Two is sufficient. I'll ride with you. You ready?

Elliot grabs his coat and the now cooled Pop Tart and follows Agent Conner out of the apartment.

ELLIOT

Why do I feel as if I've just been manipulated?

INT. JEFF'S HIGH-RISE APARTMENT BUILDING. DAY

Elliot and Agent Conner enter the apartment.

DETECTIVE MARSHAL walks over.

DETECTIVE MARSHAL

Cole. Agent Conner. I think this one is yours.

Agent Conner walks past Detective Marshal to the body. She examines the body as the CSI photographer takes his photos.

She takes a crime scene photo from one of the CSI photographers.

ELLIOT
Anything?

DETECTIVE MARSHAL
The girl, Karen Schmidt. They worked together. You know this is some sad shit! I mean what kind of sick fuck eats people!

ELLIOT
We'll know soon enough.

DETECTIVE MARSHAL
You know she's a good-looking woman.

ELLIOT
Who?

DETECTIVE MARSHAL
Agent Conner.

ELLIOT
She's not a woman. She's Agent Conner.

DETECTIVE MARSHAL
Oh! Yeah. Right. She still looks good.

Agent Conner walks over to Elliot and Detective Marshal.

AGENT CONNER
Is that the girl who found the body?

DETECTIVE MARSHAL
Karen Schmidt.

Agent Conner walks over to Karen.

AGENT CONNER
I'm Agent Conner with the FBI. I understand you found the body?

KAREN
Yes. I came by as usual...

AGENT CONNER
As usual?

KAREN

We walk to work together. Just around the corner. I came up here just like always. I knocked on the door. When he didn't answer I came inside. That's when I saw...

AGENT CONNER

Did Mr. Callaway have any enemies that you know of?

KAREN

Enemies? Thousands!

AGENT CONNER

Really!

KAREN

He was a collector.

AGENT CONNER

A collector?

KAREN

You know, a bad debt collector. He was the best. The meanest, coldest, asshole God ever created. Jeff could squeeze blood from a turnip.

AGENT CONNER

When did you last see Jeff?

KAREN

Last night. We stopped for a drink at Chicos. Look, can I go? As soon as they find out about Jeff they're going to divvy up his accounts. If I'm not there.... well you know.

AGENT CONNER

I understand. The Officer has your information?

KAREN

Yes.

Agent Conner pulls out her card and hands it to Karen.

AGENT CONNER

If you think of anything that might help call me.

Karen takes the card and hustles out of the apartment.

Agent Conner walks over to Elliot.

AGENT CONNER
You ready?

ELLIOT
Anything?

AGENT CONNER
Yes and no.

ELLIOT
Sounds promising.

EXT. JEFF THE COLLECTOR'S APARTMENT BUILDING. DAY

Elliot and Agent Conner walk to Elliot*s car. As they get in.

ELLIOT
So, is it yes or no?

Agent Conner talking more to herself than Elliot.

AGENT CONNER
This is the first time he's killed this quickly. Two victims in two days. A Priest and a debt collector. He still had his fingers and toes.

ELLIOT
So.

AGENT CONNER
Don't you see? The Priest was ritual. There was a reason. A purpose. This guy was something else.

Elliot's cell rings.

ELLIOT
Cole. On my way!

AGENT CONNER
Who was that?

ELLIOT
Dr. Cain.

INT. AUTOPSY ROOM. DAY

Elliot and Agent Conner enter the cold room. Dr. Cain is working on Father Pisani's body. Elliot and Agent Conner walk over.

DR. CAIN
(without looking up)
You owe me 10 bucks.

Elliot pulls out a ten and hands it to Dr. Cain as Agent Conner watches.

ELLIOT
Playoffs.

AGENT CONNER
Now that's settled. What have you got?

DR. CAIN
Autopsy confirms the victim is missing the heart and both the heart and throat lobes of the thymus.

ELLIOT
How about the stuff in the frying pan?

DR. CAIN
It was human tissue but we have been unable to determine which organ it came from. We also found traces of what you called bone dust around the altar. Preliminary analysis shows it is in fact comprised of ground up bone matter.

AGENT CONNER
And?

DR. CAIN
I found traces of a powerful barachotoxin.

ELLIOT
What's a barachotoxin?

DR. CAIN
A highly toxic poison most commonly derived from the secretions of certain types of tropical frogs. The

interesting thing is that it causes intense hallucinations prior to death.

ELLIOT

If this stuff is so toxic. How did Father Pisani manage to live long enough for the killer to make him suffer?

DR. CAIN

By controlling the amount of toxin he could conceivably keep him alive an immobile indefinitely. Can you imagine, being completely helpless with God knows what kind of monsters crawling around in you head?

AGENT CONNER

He's jacking up the system.

DR. CAIN

Exactly. The victims' bodies in response to the circumstances would be producing massive amounts of adrenaline and other hormones. Compound that with vivid hallucinations...

AGENT CONNER

That's why he chooses the organs he does?

DR. CAIN

I think so.

Dr. Cain peels off his gloves and walks over to a microscope. He flips a switch and a monitor screen is filled with cells.

DR. CAIN

Antiarin, from the Antiaris toxicara.

ELLIOT

English, please.

AGENT CONNER

Asian version of Curare.

DR. CAIN

You've done your homework. Antiarin is an extremely potent poison that attacks the central nervous system causing paralysis and eventual cardiac arrest. I believe he used the Antiarin to incapacitate his victims and then used the barachotoxin to jack the system as you so eloquently phrased it.

ELLIOT

Where does it come from?

DR. CAIN

The sap of the Upas tree. A mulberry tree from the family Moraceae. A species indigenous to Borneo or more specifically the Kalimautan.

AGENT CONNER

How fast does it work?

DR. CAIN

Almost instantaneous paralysis. Death in as little as five minutes depending on the dosage.

AGENT CONNER

Anyway to go back and check the other bodies?

DR. CAIN

No. It dissipates very quickly after death leaving no trace. We were lucky. I found traces in the residual blood in the body cavity.

ELLIOT

So our killer is from Asia or has recently been there?

DR. CAIN

Not necessarily. The sap from the Upas maintains it's toxicity for years.

AGENT CONNER

You said the Upas is indigenous to the Kalimautan.

DR. CAIN

Yes. As are headhunters and

cannibals.

INT. ELLIOT'S CAR. DAY

ELLIOT
What was that all about?

AGENT CONNER
Let's go to the Natural History
Museum.

ELLIOT
Why?

AGENT CONNER
We have an appointment with a Dr.
Spencer.

ELLIOT
Who?

AGENT CONNER
An anthropologist.

Elliot pulls the car over to the side of the road and stops.

AGENT CONNER
What are you doing?

ELLIOT
I don't work this way! Upas trees,
frogs, botoxins! We're not moving
until you tell me what the hell is
going on! I need to know what you
know or you can find yourself
another partner! I don't give a damn
what the Chief says!

AGENT CONNER
You're right. I'm sorry. It's just
that I have been working alone so
long...

ELLIOT
You're not alone now.

AGENT CONNER
Father Pisani was
purposeful, ritualistic. Callaway
seemed, I don't know, random,
unplanned. If we can find out why
maybe it'll lead us to our killer.

ELLIOT

What did you mean about him jacking
up the system?

AGENT CONNER

The combination of the
hallucinations caused by the
batrachotoxin and the actual process
of dying itself would cause all the
hormone levels to rise to
extraordinary levels.

ELLIOT

The thymus regulates the hormone
levels.

AGENT CONNER

Exactly.

Elliot's cell rings.

ELLIOT

Cole.

UNCLE BOB

(from the phone)

Dinner tonight at 7.

ELLIOT

It's Tuesday isn't it.

UNCLE BOB

(from the phone)

Excellent. See you at 7.

ELLIOT

Uncle Bob would you mind if I
brought a guest?

UNCLE BOB

(from the phone)

Only if it's a beautiful woman.

ELLIOT

Definitely. See you tonight.

Elliot hangs up.

AGENT CONNER

I heard that. I'm sorry I can't
come.

ELLIOT

Why not?

AGENT CONNER

I thought I made it clear.

ELLIOT

What? You think this is some kind of date? This is business.

AGENT CONNER

Detective Cole I know who Uncle Bob is. I know he suffered some kind of terrible accident a long time ago. I know he raised you after your parents disappeared. I read your file, remember.

ELLIOT

Right. Do you remember when you told me you didn't know what my edge was but to use it.

AGENT CONNER

I don't see the connection.

ELLIOT

Uncle Bob is my edge. He's lived all over the world. He has a doctorate from Yale in anthropology, a masters in criminology from Dartmouth. He reads 20 newspapers a day and he's a fabulous chef.

AGENT CONNER

We'll see.

EXT. ESTABLISHING SHOT OF THE NATURAL HISTORY MUSEUM. DAY

INT. MUSEUM EXHIBITION HALL. DAY

Elliot and Agent Conner walk toward DR. ERIC SPENCER as he works on an exhibit. Dr. Spencer is a powerfully built, older man with long dark hair pulled back in a pony tail.

AGENT CONNER

Dr. Spencer?

DR. SPENCER

Yes.

Agent Conner flashes her credentials.

AGENT CONNER

Agent Conner with the FBI. This is Detective Cole with HPD. I called earlier.

DR. SPENCER

You wanted to know about cannibalism.

AGENT CONNER

Yes. Specifically regarding the Kalimautan region of Borneo.

DR. SPENCER

What specifically would you like to know?

AGENT CONNER

Is cannibalism still practiced in the Kalimautan?

DR. SPENCER

Not since the introduction of Christianity in the early 1970s.

ELLIOT

The natives gave up cannibalism when they converted to Christianity?

DR. SPENCER

I think it was more a matter of reasonable substitution. The Church simply substituted the symbolic rites of the Eucharist for the physical act. The technical term is theophagy.

ELLIOT

Theophagy?

DR. SPENCER

Yes. The consumption of a god's body and blood has been a corner stone of religion for millennium. Nearly all predecessor religions from which Christianity sprang were based in some form on sacrifice and cannibalism. Read your bible.

AGENT CONNER

Bible?

DR. SPENCER

Cannibalism is one of the favored acts of atonement. It's still practiced in many parts of the world today. For instance, The Hindu Aghora sect in India are well known for their cannibalistic rites.

ELLIOT

So, what you saying is we evolved as we became more civilized.

DR. SPENCER

That would be a matter of opinion. Cannibalism is taboo in our society yet we cheer when we kill hundreds of thousands in war. We admire killing. Most of childrens heroes today are killers. We think we have evolved but in many respects we are actually more primitive.

ELLIOT

Sounds like you admire cannibals?

DR. SPENCER

I admire their simplicity. Theirs is a society that works. All their actions refer to two principals. Valor in battle and love of their family. Did you know in the 16th century Lord Montaigne brought two cannibals to France. He called them the Noble Cannibals. They were granted an audience with Charles the Ninth, who was a mere child at the time, and a tour of Paris. Afterwards, Lord Montaigne asked them what they thought of 16th century civilization. Do you know what they said?

ELLIOT

No.

DR. SPENCER

They found it strange that so many strong men should obey a child and that a culture could exist of such extremes between the rich and poor. They didn't understand why the rich inflicted such injustices on the poor or why the poor did not take

the rich by the throats and set fire to their homes.

AGENT CONNER

Dr. Spencer I have a couple of crime scene photos I'd like you to take a look at if you don't mind. I warn you they are very graphic.

Agent Conner hands the photos of Father Pisani's body to Dr. Spencer. Dr. Spencer is unmoved.

DR. SPENCER

Was the heart missing as well?

AGENT CONNER

Yes.

DR. SPENCER

The fingers and toes?

Agent Conner pulls out another photo. A shot of the curious arrangement of the severed digits in the chair.

DR. SPENCER

This is a judgment and execution.

AGENT CONNER

I don't understand?

DR. SPENCER

Notice the placement of the digits. They represent the light of life. Cannibals consider children sacred. This man has been judged and executed for crimes against children.

ELLIOT

Could you elaborate?

DR. SPENCER

In Cannibalistic society the fingers and toes are considered delicacies. They are always reserved for the children. The placement of the digits in the design of the sun is for the children this man obviously harmed in some way.

AGENT CONNER

A bit severe don't you think?

DR. SPENCER

In most cannibalistic societies those who are given power, like lawgivers and prophets, are judged harshly. If they abuse their power in any way they are cut into a thousand pieces. Not a bad system when you consider the happenings in Washington now days.

ELLIOT

You said that this Aghora sect in India still practice cannibalism. Could this be the work of someone like that?

Dr. Spencer looks at the photos again.

DR. SPENCER

I doubt it. The Aghora usually consume the entire body. Besides they prefer small children and babies. They believe children have more shakti because they haven't lived very long.

AGENT CONNER

Shakti?

DR. SPENCER

Power.

ELLIOT

So cannibalism is a religious thing?

DR. SPENCER

There are numerous motivations for cannibalism. Much of the time it is simply a matter of limited sources of available protein. There is, as you pointed out, a religious aspect which could include revenge or as in this case punishment. But at the root it's all about power.

Agent Conner hands Dr. Spencer a crime scene photo of Jeff's body.

DR. SPENCER

This is much different.

AGENT CONNER

How so?

DR. SPENCER

This is about shakti. Power.

Dr. Spencer hands the photos back to Agent Conner.

DR. SPENCER

I think you have a Kai-tangate. He kills because he has developed what some refer to as the divine hunger.

AGENT CONNER

What is a Kai-tangate?

DR. SPENCER

A man-eater.

INT. ELLIOT'S CAR. DAY

ELLIOT

That was enlightening. Where to?

AGENT CONNER

The station. I want to run a background on all the victims. Especially Father Pisani.

ELLIOT

Did you notice Dr. Spencer's reaction when you showed him the pictures?

AGENT CONNER

You mean the lack of reaction.

ELLIOT

Exactly.

Elliot's cell rings.

ELLIOT

Cole.

DETECTIVE MARSHAL (V.O.)

Cole, this is Marshal. What would you say if I told you we have your man on tape?

ELLIOT

Are you serious?

DETECTIVE MARSHAL (V.O.)

The Callaway kid had his own security system. He videotaped everything, including his own murder.

ELLIOT
We're on our way!

Elliot hangs up.

ELLIOT
We got him!

AGENT CONNER
I heard.

ELLIOT
God! You've got great ears!

INT. CONFERENCE ROOM. DAY

Agent Conner, Captain Marlin, and Elliot sit around a conference table as Detective Marshal loads the VCR.

DETECTIVE MARSHAL
The killer must have flipped the breakers in the apartment so the other cameras were out of commission. This is from an infrared nanny cam. It was the only one with a battery back-up.

(CU) THE MONITOR SCREEN INFRARED VIEW

JEFF
(Out of the darkness)
Shit!

Jeff fumbles and bumps into furniture as he makes his way toward a small table by the front door. He opens the drawer and finds a box of matches. He lights a match.

A dark figure with long hair steps into view. The match burns out. Jeff turns while trying to strike another match.

JEFF

Who's there!

Jeff lights a match. The dark figure is highlighted for a moment. Jeff drops the match as he slowly crumples to the floor.

The dark figure picks up Jeff with one hand like one would pick up a six-pack. The dark figure turns toward the nanny cam and stares at the camera. The face is shrouded in shadow by the long dark hair.

The dark figure disappears from view with Jeff's body.

AGENT CONNER

Reverse it.

Detective Marshal hits the reverse button.

(CU)THE DARK FIGURE STARES INTO THE CAMERA.

AGENT CONNER

Pause it! Can we print this?

DETECTIVE MARSHAL

Maybe Forensics can.

AGENT CONNER

See what they can do. I want a copy of this sent to Quantico. They can digitally enhance this. Maybe we can see enough for an ID.

ELLIOT

What do you think?

AGENT CONNER

Does he remind you of somebody?

ELLIOT

Dr. Spencer.

AGENT CONNER

Exactly. I want twenty-four seven surveillance placed on the good Doctor.

CAPTAIN MARLIN

Done deal. Agent Conner may I see

you in my office. Won't take a minute.

AGENT CONNER

Sure. You guys start the backgrounds. I'll be back in a few.

Captain Marlin walks out of the conference room followed by Agent Conner.

INT. CAPTAIN MARLIN'S OFFICE. DAY

Captain Marlin enters followed by Agent Conner. Captain Marlin walks around his desk and sits down.

CAPTAIN MARLIN

Have a seat.

Agent Conner sits down in one of the chairs facing the desk.

CAPTAIN MARLIN

How's it working with Cole?

AGENT CONNER

Fine. He's an excellent detective.

CAPTAIN MARLIN

Good. First I'd like to say I think you are doing an outstanding job.

AGENT CONNER

Thank you. I think we're close.

CAPTAIN MARLIN

Have you spoken to your people lately?

AGENT CONNER

No. Other than my daily field reports.

CAPTAIN MARLIN

I'm telling you this off the record. Consider it a heads up. I received a call from your Regional Director this morning. They're sending an Agent Barlow to Houston on Friday.

AGENT CONNER

Finally, some help.

CAPTAIN MARLIN

I was told he is taking over your investigation.

AGENT CONNER

WHAT!

CAPTAIN MARLIN

I told your Regional I was very pleased with how things were going and I didn't think Agent Barlow could do any better. He didn't care. If there is anything I can do just ask.

AGENT CONNER

Thank you Sir. I appreciate the offer. Anything else?

CAPTAIN MARLIN

No.

INT. AGENT CONNER'S OFFICE. DAY

Agent Conner burst into the office and slams the door. She storms over to her desk and plops down.

AGENT CONNER

THOSE FUCKIN' ASSHOLES!

ELLIOT

What happened!?

AGENT CONNER

Governmental politics! That's what! The good ole boys network! They're taking my case away from me!

ELLIOT

I thought you said they tried before...

AGENT CONNER

They're bringing in some jerk-off named Barlow on Friday. You know the sad part is they haven't said a word to me. I suppose he was just going to show up and take over. FUCK!

ELLIOT

What are you going to do?

AGENT CONNER
What can I do?

ELLIOT
You still have two days.

AGENT CONNER
So?

ELLIOT
So, what do you say? You want to catch this asshole or what?

AGENT CONNER
Detective Cole..

ELLIOT
Elliot.

AGENT CONNER
Detective Cole, I've been working this case for three years...

ELLIOT
So? You going to give up now? We still have two days.

AGENT CONNER
You're right! Fuck'em!

LATER

Both Agent Conner and Elliot are on the phones. Elliot hangs up and leans back in his chair. Detective Marshal walks in.

DETECTIVE MARSHAL
Jackpot!

ELLIOT
What?

DETECTIVE MARSHAL
Eleven backgrounds have come back! Everyone was a scumbag! The lawyer in Seattle. A pedophile. The city councilman in Baltimore was under investigation for corruption. The list goes on.

ELLIOT
How long before you finish the rest?

DETECTIVE MARSHAL
Tomorrow.

ELLIOT
See if you can push it! We're
running out of time!

DETECTIVE MARSHAL
Done deal!

AGENT CONNER
(TO THE PHONE)
We'll be right over.

Agent Conner hangs up her phone and stands up.

ELLIOT
Where we going?

AGENT CONNER
The DA's office.

ELLIOT
The DA's office?

AGENT CONNER
It seems Father Pisani was about to
be indicted.

ELLIOT
Let me guess? Child molestation.

AGENT CONNER
Ten counts.

INT. DISTRICT ATTORNEY'S OFFICE. DAY

District Attorney Alexander Stone, a rugged looking Texan,
is sitting behind his desk. Agent Conner and Elliot sit
across from him.

ALEXANDER STONE
The indictments came down four days
ago.

AGENT CONNER
I understand there are ten
plaintiffs?

ALEXANDER STONE
That's right.

AGENT CONNER

Is there any way we could get a list of the plaintiffs?

ALEXANDER STONE

I'm afraid not.

AGENT CONNER

I'll get a subpoena.

ALEXANDER STONE

Won't do you any good if there's no case.

ELLIOT

What are you saying?

ALEXANDER STONE

The Church is negotiating a settlement.

ELLIOT

Off the record. You looked at the evidence. What did you think of the cases?

ALEXANDER STONE

Off the record. I think the son of a bitch got exactly what he deserved!

INT. ELLIOT'S CAR. DAY

ELLIOT

That was a bust.

AGENT CONNER

Not really. It confirms a pattern.

ELLIOT

What kind of pattern? He only kills scumbags.

AGENT CONNER

Justice. Cannibal style. Where are we going?

ELLIOT

That's a motive no doubt. The real question is how does this guy know who the bad guys are. Father Pisani's indictment was sealed. No one outside of the DA knew about it.

AGENT CONNER
Your absolutely right. Maybe he's a
lawyer or a cop?

ELLIOT
Makes sense but he can't be a cop or
a lawyer all over the country. How
does he know the good from the bad?

AGENT CONNER
Good question. Where are we going?

ELLIOT
Dinner. It's almost seven. One thing
about Uncle Bob, he doesn't do late.

AGENT CONNER
Elliot, we don't have time. We
need...

ELLIOT
What did you just call me?

AGENT CONNER
What?

ELLIOT
You just called me Elliot.

AGENT CONNER
That doesn't change the fact, we
don't have time.

ELLIOT
We're making time. I can't remember
the last time I ate? Can you?

AGENT CONNER
No.

ELLIOT
I'm starving.

EXT. UNCLE BOB'S FRONT GATE. NIGHT

A large wrought-iron security gate.

INT./EXT. ELLIOT'S CAR. NIGHT

Elliot pulls up to the gate and presses the intercom.

EXT. UNCLE BOB'S FRONT GATE. NIGHT

A FedEx truck approaches from inside the gate. The gate swings open and the truck passes.

INT./EXT. ELLIOT'S CAR. NIGHT

Elliot drives up the circular drive.

EXT. UNCLE BOB'S HOUSE. NIGHT

Uncle Bob's house is a posh estate.

INT./EXT. ELLIOT'S CAR. NIGHT

AGENT CONNER
Nice place!

ELLIOT
He lives well.

AGENT CONNER
Obviously.

EXT. ELLIOT'S CAR. NIGHT

Elliot pulls up to the front of the house and parks. Agent Conner and Elliot get out of the car and walk up to the front door.

UNCLE BOB opens the door. Uncle Bob is an older man wearing an ill-fitted toupee. His clothes, although expensive, appear to be several sizes too large. He's wearing white gloves.

UNCLE BOB
Right on time. How are you my boy?

ELLIOT
Hungry!

Elliot and Uncle Bob shake hands.

ELLIOT
This is Rebecca Conner.

Uncle Bob shakes hands with Agent Conner.

UNCLE BOB

Ahhh. She is indeed a beautiful woman. Pardon the gloves. My hands were damaged in an accident. They are very sensitive.

AGENT CONNER

Thank you. It's a pleasure to finally meet you. I've heard a great deal about you.

UNCLE BOB

No doubt. Come in. Dinner is ready.

INT. UNCLE BOB'S DINNING ROOM. NIGHT

Agent Conner, and Elliot follow Uncle Bob into a beautifully appointed dinning room.

AGENT CONNER

This is truly beautiful.

UNCLE BOB

Thank you. I feel eating is one of the most intimate times people share. I celebrate it.

Uncle Bob walks over the table and pulls back a chair.

UNCLE BOB

Please. Elliot your usual.

Uncle Bob takes his place at the head of the table. He rings a small bell. A small dark man appears. He takes his place beside Uncle Bob.

UNCLE BOB

This is Samuel. He will sever us tonight. Now for the menu. Appetizers will be roasted beet salad with apples, arugula, and spiced vinaigrette. Followed by Veloute' of asparagus with crayfish, crispy sweetbreads, and spring onion oil. For the main course crepinette of milkfed veal with braised celery root and black truffles. I have chosen a nice Pinot Grigro. It's a personal favorite.

ELLIOT

I told you.

AGENT CONNER

It sounds absolutely fabulous!

UNCLE BOB

Excellent. Samuel you may begin.

Samuel leaves the room and enters a moment later with the appetizer.

DURING DINNER.

UNCLE BOB

Rebecca, tell me about yourself. Elliot has a tendency to be rather closed mouth about his private affairs.

AGENT CONNER

I work for the FBI's Special Crimes Unit.

UNCLE BOB

Sounds impressive. What constitutes a special crime?

AGENT CONNER

Something like the case Elliot and I are working on now.

UNCLE BOB

The cannibal.

Agent Conner throws Elliot a hard look.

ELLIOT

I told you he was my edge.

UNCLE BOB

Don't be upset Rebecca. I have on occasion provided insight that has helped Elliot bring several cases to successful conclusions. Sometimes I feel like Mycroft Holmes.

AGENT CONNER

Who?

ELLIOT

Sherlock Holmes older brother. You

know Sir. Arthur Conan Doyle. Baker Street.

AGENT CONNER

Right.

UNCLE BOB

I must say you are an statistical anomaly.

AGENT CONNER

How so?

UNCLE BOB

Statistically speaking, fewer than two percent of all FBI Agents have ever investigated an actual homicide. Regarding serial killers there are only four cases on record where the FBI has actually been instrumental in the apprehension of the killer. You are also a beautiful woman.

AGENT CONNER

Excuse Me.

UNCLE BOB

No offense intended. I was simply noting that in the male dominated bureaucracy of the FBI the fact that you are a woman must be extraordinarily frustrating.

AGENT CONNER

It has its ups and downs.

UNCLE BOB

No doubt. More of the latter I suspect.

AGENT CONNER

What do you do for a living?

UNCLE BOB

I travel to various academic institutions around the country lecturing.

AGENT CONNER

On what subject?

UNCLE BOB

The evolution and integration of primitive belief systems into modern thought.

AGENT CONNER

Sounds fascinating. I'd love to attend one of your lectures.

UNCLE BOB

Of course. Remind me before you leave and I'll provide you with my itinerary. I believe the next one is in Washington DC later this month.

AGENT CONNER

Thank you.

ELLIOT

So, what did you make of the summary?

UNCLE BOB

Interesting.

AGENT CONNER

What summary?

ELLIOT

We need all the help we can get.

UNCLE BOB

Elliot often provides me with bullet points of an investigation prior to our dinners if he thinks I may be of some assistance. In this case, I think I may be able to offer some insight.

AGENT CONNER

Please continue.

UNCLE BOB

Generally speaking, the practice of cannibalism is a form of ritualized vengeance mingled with respect.

ELLIOT

How can killing and eating another human being involve respect?

UNCLE BOB

Cannibals, unlike modern man do not fight to gain territory, political

power, or any of the other base reasons we conduct wars today. They fight for valor alone. Their fight is noble, disinterested, pure. The spoils are the intermingling of the flesh of the victor and the vanquished. They become one.

AGENT CONNER

Absorbing the soul by consuming the flesh?

UNCLE BOB

The flesh of one's own kind. It's called endocannibalism.

ELLIOT

So this guy thinks by killing and eating his victims he's absorbing their souls?

UNCLE BOB

More precisely their power. Headhunters are well known for eating the heart of their victims to take their power.

AGENT CONNER

Shakti.

UNCLE BOB

You've done some research.

AGENT CONNER

Dr. Spencer mentioned it.

UNCLE BOB

Dr. Eric Spencer of the Natural History Museum?

AGENT CONNER

You know him?

UNCLE BOB

A very knowledgeable man. You know he spent a great deal of time studying the Dyak.

ELLIOT

Who are the Dyak?

UNCLE BOB

A group of two hundred or so tribes

that live along the Skrang River in the Kalimautan.

ELLIOT
Are they cannibals?

UNCLE BOB
Were. Most converted to Christianity in the seventies. Although there was one incident where the Madurese offended the Dyak.

AGENT CONNER
What happened?

UNCLE BOB
The Dyak slaughtered and ate over four hundred Madurese in a little over five weeks.

LATER

ELLIOT
Bottom line is we're close?

UNCLE BOB
Closer than you think.

AGENT CONNER
What do you mean, closer than I think.

UNCLE BOB
I don't think your killer has any idea that you are on his trail. Hence the killing of the priest followed so quickly by the collector.

ELLIOT
I agree.

UNCLE BOB
Be careful. This man is a hunter. A good hunter will sense if he is being hunted.

AGENT CONNER
You think he'll run?

UNCLE BOB
Cannibals don't run from death. No. He'll start hunting you.

LATER

Agent Conner and Elliot are standing just outside the front door.

AGENT CONNER

This has been the most interesting and delightful dinner I have enjoyed in a very long time. Thank you very much for having me.

ELLIOT

Now do you believe me? Uncle Bob everything was outstanding.

UNCLE BOB

Good. I felt everything must be special tonight. You see Rebecca you are the first woman Elliot has ever brought to dinner.

AGENT CONNER

I'm flattered.

ELLIOT

I'll talk to you later.

AGENT CONNER

One last question?

UNCLE BOB

Yes.

AGENT CONNER

Dr. Spencer mentioned the term, divine hunger. Can you tell me what he meant?

UNCLE BOB

The consumption of human flesh is considered the sole realm of God. Sometimes cannibals become addicted to human flesh. They become man-eaters. They become ManGods.

Elliot and Agent Conner turn to leave.

UNCLE BOB

Rebecca. My itinerary.

Uncle Bob hands her a copy of his itinerary.

UNCLE BOB
 Don't forget to make Elliot bring
 you back. Goodnight.

INT. ELLIOT'S CAR. NIGHT

ELLIOT
 So?

AGENT CONNER
 It was wonderful! I can't tell you
 how long it's been since I've
 actually dined. Thanks for making me
 go.

Agent Conner opens the itinerary.

AGENT CONNER
 Your Uncle certainly gets around.

ELLIOT
 They would have him on a plane every
 week if they could. He's at a point
 now he picks and chooses when and
 where he'll go.

AGENT CONNER
 Must be nice. I think I'll try and
 go to the one in DC. You ever been?

ELLIOT
 Used to when I was younger and he
 was in town. Haven't taken the time
 lately. I probably will now.

A CUTTER BILL'S HAIR SALON.

AGENT CONNER
 You've got a Cutter Bills.

ELLIOT
 A what?

AGENT CONNER
 Hair salon. They're big in
 Washington.

Agent Conner pulls out her cell. She checks her messages.

ELLIOT
 Anything?

AGENT CONNER

No. You?

Agent Conner lays her cell on the seat.

ELLIOT

No. It's late. Your car is still at my place. I'll drop you off at your hotel. You can pick it up tomorrow.

AGENT CONNER

Thanks. I'm beat. You're still working the case aren't you?

ELLIOT

What?

AGENT CONNER

Your parents disappearance.

ELLIOT

Pretty nosy aren't we? That wasn't in my file was it?

AGENT CONNER

I saw the case file on your desk.

ELLIOT

I look at it from time to time.

AGENT CONNER

Anything new?

ELLIOT

No. It's what you call an unfathomable mystery. How a two loving and responsible adults can suddenly vanish off the face of the earth without a trace. Nothing. Not even a finger print.

AGENT CONNER

You were twelve years old?

ELLIOT

Yes.

AGENT CONNER

It must have been hard for you?

ELLIOT

It was a nightmare come true. Uncle

Bob told me that one of the greatest childhood fears is that your parents will leave and not come back. I remember sitting next to window at prep school waiting as other kid's parents showed up to pick them up. Worrying that Uncle Bob would forget me too.

AGENT CONNER

Did he?

ELLIOT

Oh God no! He was always on time. I used to make him wait until everybody was picked up before we left.

AGENT CONNER

Uncle Bob was good to you?

ELLIOT

The best! Even though he traveled all the time, he would always have dinner with me at his house every Tuesday night. No matter what.

AGENT CONNER

So you didn't live with him?

ELLIOT

Only on the week-ends. During the week I stayed at the school.

AGENT CONNER

Uncle Bob must be a good man.

ELLIOT

He is. He's all the family I have.

AGENT CONNER

It's been a long time.

ELLIOT

I know. I suppose I'll keep piddling with it until I die.

AGENT CONNER

I'll make you a deal.

ELLIOT

A deal?

AGENT CONNER

After we catch this guy, I'll open a full inquiry into your parents case.

ELLIOT

Thanks. But there's nothing to do. I've run down every lead I could. All dead ends.

AGENT CONNER

Never underestimate the power of the FBI.

ELLIOT

You think you can uncover something I've missed?

AGENT CONNER

I don't know. A fresh look might. Who knows?

ELLIOT

Maybe so. Okay you got yourself a deal.

EXT. HOTEL. NIGHT

Elliot's car pulls up to the front.

INT./EXT. ELLIOT'S CAR. NIGHT

ELLIOT

Home at last.

AGENT CONNER

Thanks again. See you in the morning.

ELLIOT

Six thirty okay?

AGENT CONNER

Perfect. I think we should pick up Dr. Spencer and bring him in for a little chat. What do you think?

ELLIOT

I'll take care of the warrant. Get some sleep.

Agent Conner gets out of the car and enters the hotel.

INT. AGENT CONNER'S SUITE. NIGHT

Agent Conner enters her suite. She puts her gun on the table. She walks into the bedroom and starts dropping her clothes.

She walks into the bathroom and starts a bath.

INT. ELLIOT'S CAR. NIGHT

Elliot's cell rings.

ELLIOT

Cole.

DETECTIVE MARSHAL

(From the phone)

We lost him.

ELLIOT

Who?

DETECTIVE MARSHAL

(From the phone)

Dr. Spencer. He entered the Museum at nine this morning. He never came out.

ELLIOT

Did you go in and check?

DETECTIVE MARSHAL

(From the phone)

Sure. He signed out at four. His car is still in the parking lot.

ELLIOT

How about his house?

DETECTIVE MARSHAL

(From the phone)

I checked. Nothing.

ELLIOT

Put out a APB. Get a warrant and meet me at his house.

DETECTIVE MARSHAL

(From the phone)

Is Agent Conner with you?

ELLIOT

No. I'll pick her up and meet you there.

Elliot hangs up and dials Agent Conner's cell.

Agent Conner's phone on the front seat rings. Elliot sees the phone.

ELLIOT

Fuck!

INT. AGENT CONNER'S SUITE. NIGHT

She walks out of the bathroom wearing a bathrobe. The water is still running. She walks over to her laptop on the desk and sits down.

She pulls up Dr. Spencer's bio.

(CU) MONITOR SCREEN

The bio outlines his experiences. There is no mention of Kalimautan or Dyak.

She walks back into the bathroom and turns the water off.

INT. ELLIOT'S CAR. NIGHT

Elliot calls the hotel.

FRONT DESK

(from the phone)

Grand Hotel. How may I help you?

ELLIOT

Rebecca Conner.

FRONT DESK

(from the phone)

Please hold while I connect you.

Agent Conner's phone rings.

INT. AGENT CONNER'S SUITE. NIGHT

Agent Conner is lying in a hot bath with a wet hand towel over her eyes. She hears the phone but doesn't move. The

phone rings three times then connects to the voice mail.

INT. ELLIOT'S CAR. NIGHT

Elliot listens as the phone rings.

ELLIOT

Pick up!

VOICE MAIL

(from the phone)

We are sorry. The guest you are trying to reach is unavailable. Please leave a message at the tone. Thank you. BEEP.

ELLIOT

Rebecca, this is Elliot. I am on my way to pick you up. We lost Dr. Spencer. See you in a minute. BEEP.

EXT. ELLIOT'S CAR SPEEDING DOWN THE FREEWAY. NIGHT

INT. AGENT CONNER'S BATHROOM. NIGHT

Agent Conner is lying in the hot bath. She hears a sound. She jerks the hand towel off her face and sits up. She climbs out of the tub and grabs a robe and walks into the sitting area. She looks around then walks over to her laptop. She sits down and types in a search for Uncle Bob's bio.

(CU) MONITOR SCREEN

Doc's face appears. He has a lengthy bio. There is a link to a news story about a plane crash in the Kalimautan. Agent Conner clicks on the link. The headlines read, "Noted Anthropologist Survives Plane Crash. Spends Two years In the Jungle".

Agent Conner grabs Uncle Bob's itinerary. She pulls up a spread sheet on the statistical information on the murders.

She compares the date and location of the murders with the dates and locations of Uncle Bob's lectures.

The lights go out. The room is plunged into darkness.

Agent Conner hears a noise. Swoosh like the sound of wind. She grabs her gun while simultaneously dropping to the floor.

Her gun is knocked from her hand. Strong hands grab her by her hair and fling her across the room into the wall.

The phone rings.

INT. ELLIOT'S CAR . NIGHT

Elliot is listening as Agent Conner's phone continues to ring.

ELLIOT
Answer the Goddamn phone!

EXT. HOTEL. NIGHT

Elliot's car slides to a stop in front of the entrance.

Elliot jumps out the car and runs into the hotel.

INT. AGENT CONNER'S SUITE. NIGHT

Agent Conner crawls across the floor.

The phone continues to ring.

Strong hands grab her by her hair and throw her across the room into the desk. Agent Conner lies still.

INT. HALLWAY OF THE HOTEL. NIGHT

THE ELEVATOR DOORS OPEN

Elliot runs down the hall.

INT. AGENT CONNER'S SUITE. NIGHT

The dark figure picks up Agent Conner by the throat and

slams her body down on the desk face up and spread eagle. He rips open her bathrobe. He pulls out a Malat. He positions Agent Conner.

The door to the suite explodes inward. Elliot steps into the room gun at ready. He sees the dark figure. The dark figure turns toward Elliot.

ELLIOT
Police! Freeze!

The dark figure raises his Malat.

Elliot fires.

The dark figure is hurled back as the bullet strikes. Elliot continues to fire. Each shot propelling the dark figure back.

He falls through the sliding glass door onto the balcony. Elliot fires again. The dark figure falls over the balcony rail. Elliot makes his way to the balcony and looks down. A body is floating in the pool below.

Elliot rushes to Agent Conner. He picks her up and puts her on the bed. He covers her with her robe.

Hotel Security arrives. Elliot flashes his badge.

ELLIOT
HPD! GET THE HOTEL DOCTOR HERE NOW!
CALL AN AMBULANCE! WE HAVE AN
OFFICER DOWN!

LATER

The paramedics are taking an unconscious Agent Conner out on a gurney.

Detective Marshal walks in.

DETECTIVE MARSHAL

How is she?

ELLIOT

Beat up, but alive. Doctor says she has a severe concussion, some broken ribs, maybe some internal damage. You ID the body?

DETECTIVE MARSHAL

What body?

Elliot walks over to the balcony. Detective Marshal follows.

ELLIOT

This body!

Elliot looks down at the empty pool.

I know I hit him at least three times!

DETECTIVE MARSHAL

What can I say? There's plenty of blood but no body.

ELLIOT

Did you check the area around the pool? Maybe he managed to crawl off somewhere?

DETECTIVE MARSHAL

I got men searching the landscaping right now. So far nothing.

ELLIOT

Nothing on Spencer?

DETECTIVE MARSHAL

Nada.

ELLIOT

This whole thing is turning into a cluster fuck! I'm going to the hospital. Let me know if anything turns up.

DETECTIVE MARSHAL

You think it's Dr. Spencer?

ELLIOT

I don't know. But I'll tell you this. If I catch him I'm going to

drive a stake through his heart then
I'm going to cut his fuckin' head
off!

INT. ELLIOT'S CAR. NIGHT

Elliot's cell rings.

ELLIOT
Cole.

UNCLE BOB
(from the phone)
Elliot. I need you to come over!

ELLIOT
Uncle Bob I can't. He just tried to
kill Rebecca. I'm on my way to the
hospital.

UNCLE BOB
(from the phone)
If you want her to live get over
here as fast as you can!

The line goes dead.

EXT. UNCLE BOB'S FRONT GATE. NIGHT

Elliot's car pulls up. The gate is open. Elliot drives up
the driveway.

INT. ELLIOT'S CAR. NIGHT

Elliot's cell rings.

ELLIOT
Cole.

DETECTIVE MARSHAL
(from the phone)
Guess What?

ELLIOT
Cut the crap?

DETECTIVE MARSHAL
(from the phone)
We found a bag in Agent Conner's
room with a FedEx box and a couple
of freezer blocks!

ELLIOT

And?

DETECTIVE MARSHAL

(from the phone)

It was addressed to Dr. Eric
Spencer. That's how he*s beating
airport security. He's shipping the
heads!

ELLIOT

Anything on Dr. Spencer?

DETECTIVE MARSHAL

(from the phone)

No. No body either.

ELLIOT

I've got one stop to make. I'll meet
you at Dr. Spencers house.

EXT. UNCLE BOB'S HOUSE. NIGHT

Elliot stops his car and gets out. He walks up to the front
door. Its open.

Elliot pulls his gun and enters the house.

INT. UNCLE BOB'S HOUSE. NIGHT

The house is dark. Elliot eases into the foyer.

ELLIOT

Uncle Bob? Samuel?

Elliot moves into the dining room. He sees a light in the
kitchen. Elliot walks into the kitchen. Uncle Bob is
standing at the stove cooking.

There are two plates and two wine glasses on the breakfast
table.

Elliot holsters his gun.

ELLIOT

Uncle Bob?

INT. AMBULANCE. NIGHT

Agent Conner is lying on the gurney as the EMTs monitor her vitals.

Agent Conner sits up.

AGENT CONNER
Uncle Bob!

INT. UNCLE BOB'S KITCHEN. NIGHT

UNCLE BOB
I'm glad your here. Take a seat.

Uncle Bob brings the frying pan over and serves two plates.
He pours the wine.

ELLIOT
What's going on? Why is your front door open?

UNCLE BOB
I've got a big surprise for you?

ELLIOT
What? You said on the phone if I wanted Rebecca to live to come. I'm here. What's going on?

UNCLE BOB
Elliot sit. Eat.

ELLIOT
I don't have time for this right now.

UNCLE BOB
Make time.

Elliot sits down.

ELLIOT
What is it?

UNCLE BOB
Try it and let me know what you think?

ELLIOT
What's the surprise?

UNCLE BOB

I called Dr. Spencer and asked him to come here. He's on his way. When he arrives you can arrest him. It'll be quite a feather in your cap.

ELLIOT

I wasn't aware you knew Dr. Spencer?

UNCLE BOB

Only by reputation.

ELLIOT

How did you get him to come if you don't know him and he doesn't know you.

UNCLE BOB

My reputation.

ELLIOT

Makes sense.

Elliot takes a bite of the food.

UNCLE BOB

So, what do you think?

ELLIOT

Very good, as always. What is it?

Uncle Bob watches as Elliot eats.

UNCLE BOB

In a moment, enjoy your food.

Elliot takes two more bites. He drops his fork.

Elliot's arm falls uselessly on the table.

Uncle Bob picks up the fork and takes the plate away.

Elliot slumps forward.

Uncle Bob sips his wine as he watches. He corks the wine bottle and walks over to the refrigerator. He opens the door and places the bottle next to Dr. Spencer's head.

The top of his skull has been removed along with the frontal lobe of his brain.

Elliot's cell rings.

INT. DR. SPENCER'S HOUSE. NIGHT

Police Officers are searching the house. Detective Marshal stands in the living room with his cell to his ear.

DETECTIVE MARSHAL
Cole. This Caleb. I am standing in
the middle of Dr. Spencer's living
room. Where are you? Call me ASAP.

Detective Marshal hangs up.

DETECTIVE GANDY walks over.

DETECTIVE GANDY
Nothing.

DETECTIVE MARSHAL
Keep looking.

DETECTIVE GANDY
Where's Cole?

DETECTIVE MARSHAL
Don't know. He's not answering his
cell. I got a bad feeling about
this.

INT. HOSPITAL EMERGENCY ROOM. NIGHT

A semi-conscious Agent Conner is wheeled into an empty cubical. A Doctor walks over. A nurse pulls the curtains as a police officer stands guard.

INT. UNCLE BOB'S BASEMENT. NIGHT

Three of the walls are covered with large bookshelves. Each shelf is lined with human skulls. There is a walk-in freezer in the corner. Across the room is a 75 gal aquarium. Inside are what remains of Father Pisani and Jeff the Collector's heads. Both are covered with black beetles. A man with long black hair stands with his back toward

Elliot. He is virtually naked. His body is covered with tattoos. He has a blood soaked bandage wrapped around his shoulder and midsection.

He whistles a tuneless melody as he works.

Elliot is tied naked to a pole in the middle of the room. He opens his eyes.

The tattooed man stops working and turns toward Elliot. It's Uncle Bob. He has a large tattoo of the sun sweeping across his chest.

ELLIOT
Uncle Bob?

UNCLE BOB
Hello Elliot.

ELLIOT
Is that you?

UNCLE BOB
In the flesh.

Elliot sees the human torso lying on the table.

ELLIOT
I don't understand?

UNCLE BOB
That's to be expected. You've always been too trusting. Like a pet dog.

ELLIOT
You're the cannibal!?

UNCLE BOB
Sometimes you do surprise.

ELLIOT
What about Dr. Spencer? Where's he?

UNCLE BOB
Here. And there.

ELLIOT
I thought...

UNCLE BOB

Of course you did. That is precisely what I wanted you to think. Everything would have worked out fine had it not been for Rebecca. Remarkable woman. I will enjoy eating her.

ELLIOT

What the fuck are you talking about!?

UNCLE BOB

You amaze me. I sometimes wonder if you would have ever been able to solve any of the homicides to your credit without my assistance. Dr. Spencer will disappear. Your colleagues in the law enforcement community will issue all types of bulletins and photos. I suspect in time Dr. Spencer will probably move up to the FBI's Ten Most Wanted. Every time I go hunting he'll get the blame. They'll spend years looking for a dead man.

ELLIOT

You're insane! You'll never get away with it!

UNCLE BOB

Quite the contrary. I've been getting away with it for over thirty three years. Look at me. Does this look like the body of a seventy-year old man? Gunshot wounds aside. By the by excellent shooting.

ELLIOT

You should be dead!

UNCLE BOB

You're right. If I were I just a man.

INT. HOSPITAL EMERGENCY ROOM. NIGHT

Agent Conner is lying in bed. She has a bandage around her head and her left arm.

She wakes with a start. She looks around the room. She gets up and jerks the curtain aside. The Officer on guard duty is startled.

AGENT CONNER
Get me my clothes and my gun!

The Officer stares at her for a moment.

AGENT CONNER
Now! I need a phone!

INT. UNCLE BOB'S BASEMENT. NIGHT

UNCLE BOB
You'll have to pardon me while I finish up here. It's best done while still fresh.

Uncle Bob walks over to the torso on the table. Using the Malat he cracks the rib cage and breaks down the carcass. He wraps the section of ribs in freezer paper.

ELLIOT
What happened to you?

UNCLE BOB
Fair question.

FLASHBACK TO A DYAK VILLAGE.

Doc is tied to a tree next to the Shaman. The Shaman has been virtually skinned alive. He continues to glare at his captors in silence.

UNCLE BOB (V.O.)
In 1972 I was leaving the Skrang River area of the Kalimantan after a year of studying the Dyak. My plane went down near the Chapah Divide. I survived the plane crash only to find myself captive of a tribe of Dyak who had not yet been converted to Christianity. Tied to a tree with a captured Shaman from another tribe I was next in line to be killed and eaten.

The Dyak men are involved in a debate.

Luckily, the Dyak were having a problem. They were unsure of just what to do with the Shaman. You see the Dyak believe in the old Kaharingan traditions which is a mixture of animism and ancestor worship. They were concerned that eating the Shaman would bring down the wrath of all his ancestors. They decided to eat me first.

One of the Dyak men walks over to Uncle Bob and rips off his shirt revealing the large tatoo of the sun. There is a gasp and they all stand back.

UNCLE BOB (V.O.)

Luckily for me they had seen the plane fall from the sky. Now they had a real problem. They had what they considered were two shaman captives. Lucky for me, I was white and my tatoo was bigger.

Uncle Bob speaks to the Dyak.

Having worked with the Dyak I understood their dialect. So I spoke to them in their native tongue. They were amazed. It was only logical that I should be given the heart of Shaman. I cut out his heart and ate it.

Uncle Bob is released and given a Malat. He cuts out the heart of the Shaman and eats it. He then cuts off the Shaman's head.

UNCLE BOB (V.O.)

I cut off his head and gave it to the children.

Uncle Bob changes eyes become black like the shaman.

UNCLE BOB (V.O.)

It was at that moment, I saw. It was a mystical experience. So blinding!

So incredible! Everything became one. God and I were no longer separate. We became one.

INT. UNCLE BOB'S BASEMENT. NIGHT

UNCLE BOB

I stayed with them for nearly two years as I discovered the wonders of the flesh.

ELLIOT

Why the fuck didn't you stay? Sounds like you fit right in!

UNCLE BOB

I longed for the creature comforts of my world, so I walked out. Then in 1982, I had the accident. You know the story. I instinctively knew I needed flesh of my flesh if I were to survive. You see you really are what you eat, the closer the flesh is to your flesh the more remarkable the effects.

ELLIOT

You're insane!

UNCLE BOB

That's what your father thought. You see he put it all together.

ELLIOT

He knew?

UNCLE BOB

Yes. I setup a meeting with your father, alone. He stupidly brought your mother along. I really had no choice but to eat them both. That left me with you. The last of my flesh. I was forced to make sure you were taken care of just in case. An insurance policy of sorts.

Elliot strains and works at the ropes around his hands.

ELLIOT

You vile, evil fuck!

UNCLE BOB

Vile? Evil? Be careful my boy. You

enjoyed their flesh as well. As a matter of fact, look around you. You have eaten the flesh of a great many of the trophies in this room.

ELLIOT

Bullshit!

UNCLE BOB

Quite the contrary, you've been a cannibal since you were twelve.

ELLIOT

You lying piece of shit! God damn you to hell! I'm going to fuckin' tear your heart out!

UNCLE BOB

Think about it boy. Do you ever remember being sick or breaking a bone? No Elliot, you have been raised on the flesh. Ever have dreams where you are deep in the jungle hunting? Only your not you and your prey is a man?

Elliot is stunned.

UNCLE BOB

Ahhh! You have. You are indeed a child of the flesh.

INT. DR. SPENCER'S HOUSE. NIGHT

Detective Gandy walks over to Detective Marshal. He's holding a crucifix dangling from a chain.

DETECTIVE GANDY

Look what I found?

DETECTIVE MARSHAL

What is it?

Detective Gandy hands Detective Marshal the cross.

DETECTIVE GANDY

Look on the back.

Detective Marshal flips the cross over.

Anthony Pisani's name is engraved on the back.

DETECTIVE MARSHAL
Looks like he's our man.

DETECTIVE GANDY
Any word from Cole?

DETECTIVE MARSHAL
No. I'll try the Officer on duty at
the hospital. Maybe he's there.

INT. HOSPITAL EMERGENCY ROOM. NIGHT

Agent Conner is dressing in hospital scrubs. The Doctor and
Nurses are trying to stop her from getting dressed. The
Officer on duty walks in.

OFFICER
Agent Conner I've got Detective
Marshal on the radio...

Agent Conner grabs the radio out of his hand.

AGENT CONNER
Is Cole with you?

DETECTIVE MARSHAL
(from the radio)
No. I thought he might be with you.
I tried his cell. No answer. I left
a message.

AGENT CONNER
Put out a APB for Uncle Bob...I mean
Dr. Robert Cole. Run a DMV and get
me an address! I need a car! Tell
dispatch to send a black-n-white to
that address now! Code Red!

DETECTIVE MARSHAL
(from the radio)
Why?

AGENT CONNER
Just run it!

DETECTIVE MARSHAL
(from the radio to an
officer in the background)
Run a DMV on a Dr. Robert Cole.

DETECTIVE MARSHAL

(from the radio)
What's going on?

AGENT CONNER
I think Dr. Cole is the cannibal and
he may have Elliot!

DETECTIVE MARSHAL
(from the radio)
No way, we have evidence that says
Dr. Spencer is our man.

AGENT CONNER
It's a set up. Dr. Cole is covering
his tracks by giving us a scapegoat.
My money says Dr. Spencer is already
dead somewhere.

DETECTIVE MARSHAL
(from the radio)
Wait. DMV turned up zilch.

AGENT CONNER
Fuck! I know where it is but I don't
know the street address. Look, I'm
taking the black-n-white. I'll radio
where we are. Meet me as soon as you
can!

DETECTIVE MARSHAL
(from the radio)
On my way!

Agent Conner walks past the Officer.

AGENT CONNER
Don't just stand there! Let's go!

INT. UNCLE BOB'S BASEMENT. NIGHT

ELLIOT
How many are there?

UNCLE BOB
Six hundred twenty seven. Soon to be
six hundred twenty eight.

ELLIOT
Jesus!

UNCLE BOB
Don't be distressed. They were as
you say, scumbags.

ELLIOT
Like Father Pisani?

UNCLE BOB
Yes.

ELLIOT
Why didn't you just wait? He was
about to be indicted. The justice
system would have put him away for
the rest of his life.

UNCLE BOB
Your are amazingly naive. The church
was already making a deal. He would
have lived out the rest of his life
in secluded comfort.

ELLIOT
How did you know?

UNCLE BOB
There are things about the flesh
beyond the obvious physical
benefits. One could say, I see with
the eyes of God.

ELLIOT
So you made yourself judge and jury.

UNCLE BOB
Don't forget executioner.

ELLIOT
Where's Samuel? You eat him too?

UNCLE BOB
Ahh. That's another story for which,
I'm afraid, we don't have time.

Elliot strains and works at the ropes around his hands.

ELLIOT
I'm going to kill you.

UNCLE BOB
That's the spirit.

INT./EXT. SQUAD CAR. NIGHT

Agent Conner is watching the road intently as the Officer

drives.

AGENT CONNER
There is Cutter Bills! Turn left!
Here!

The police car slides around the corner.

OFFICER
(To the mic)
We're on Westheimer headed west!
Passing the Galleria.

DETECTIVE MARSHAL
(from the radio)
10-4. I'm on Westpark headed west.
I'll cut over on Gessner.

INT. UNCLE BOB'S BASEMENT. NIGHT

Uncle Bob reaches into a small pouch tied to his waist band.
He withdraws his fingers. They are covered with a fine white
powder. He walks over to Elliot.

ELLIOT
Bone dust.

UNCLE BOB
Very astute. I've found it enhances
the experience.

ELLIOT
How? By making your victims see you
for what you are, a spinless chicken
shit!

UNCLE BOB
See for yourself.

Uncle Bob blows the dust off his finger tips into Elliot's
face.

Elliot turns away as the dust hits him in the face.

Uncle Bob walks over to the table and picks up his Malat. He
turns and watches Elliot.

ELLIOT'S (POV)

The basement dissolves into the jungle of his nightmares. Again he is the Hunter moving through the twilight of the jungle floor.

He sees his prey, a white man crawling, trying to get away. He walks over and grabs the man by his long black hair. He jerks his head back to reveal his face. It's Uncle Bob. He swings his Malat.

INT./EXT. SQUAD CAR. NIGHT

AGENT CONNER
Right! Take a right!

OFFICER
(To the mic)
Right on Gessner!

DETECTIVE MARSHAL
(from the radio)
10-4! Right behind you!

INT. UNCLE BOB'S BASEMENT. NIGHT

Elliot's head is resting on his chest.

Uncle Bob walks over and grabs Elliot by his hair and jerks his head up as he draws back his Malat to strike.

Elliot's eyes are closed. Uncle Bob waits for Elliot to open his eyes.

UNCLE BOB
Soon.

Elliot opens his eyes. They are black like the Shaman.

Uncle Bob swings the Malat. Elliot snaps the rope securing his hands. He catches Uncle Bob's arm by the wrist and stops the swing cold while simultaneously grabbing Uncle Bob by the throat.

Elliot pushes Uncle Bob back onto the table. Uncle Bob's

eyes turn black.

Uncle Bob shifts his weight and turns. He flips Elliot over the table. Elliot hits the table rolls and is instantly on his feet.

Uncle Bob turns and slashes with the Malat just missing Elliot. With the table between them they move around its perimeter like jungle cats.

INT./EXT. SQUAD CAR. NIGHT

AGENT CONNER
Here! This is it!

THE OFFICER slams on the brakes.

OFFICER
(To the mic)
13456 Gessner.

DETECTIVE MARSHAL
(from the radio)
10-4! Stay put! We'll be there in 5!

OFFICER
(To the mic)
10-4.

The Officer stops the car in the circular drive.

AGENT CONNER
What are you doing!

OFFICER
Waiting for backup.

AGENT CONNER
Fuck that! Take me to the house!
Now!

INT. UNCLE BOB'S BASEMENT. NIGHT

Uncle Bob's wounds are bleeding profusely. The bandages are soaked and blood is running down his torso and legs.

Uncle Bob shifts the Malat to his other hand. He slashes at

Elliot. Elliot moves into the open space. Uncle Bob slashes again.

Elliot sidesteps and punches the shoulder wound. The already saturated bandage splatters and the blood flow increases.

Uncle Bob staggers. He slashes backward cutting Elliot across the chest.

Elliot grabs Uncle Bob's wrist as the blade cuts across his chest. With a quick shift of his body weight slams Uncle Bob into the metal table.

Uncle Bob drops his shoulder as he hits the table. He does a roll out across the table and lands on his feet facing Elliot. Again the table is between them. Uncle Bob slashes at Elliot's face while simultaneously pushing the table out of the way. Elliot steps back, lets the blade pass and catches Uncle Bob's wrist.

Elliot steps up and hits Uncle Bob in the extended elbow. Then hits Uncle Bob in the face with a wicked strike using his elbow. Blood explodes from Uncle Bob's nose.

The Malat flies from Uncle Bob's hand, hits the floor, and slides next to the freezer door.

Uncle Bob staggers and falls. Elliot kicks him in the back propelling him across the floor into the metal shelves.

The force of the impact knocks the shelves loose. As the shelves collapse the skulls cascade across the floor and on top of Uncle Bob.

Uncle Bob scrambles to his feet. Again they square off. Each

eyeing the Malat lying on the floor.

EXT. UNCLE BOB'S HOUSE. NIGHT

The police car slides to a stop. Agent Conner climbs out, gun drawn. She enters the house. The Officer follows.

INT. UNCLE BOB'S HOUSE. NIGHT

The house is dark. Agent Conner and the Officer work the house using the standard two by two. SWOOSH the sound of wind.

Agent Conner drops to one knee.

The Officer drops his gun and falls to the floor.

Agent Conner sees a dark figure.

AGENT CONNER

Police!

The dark figure leaps at her over the body of the Officer.

Agent Conner fires. The figure is thrown back but continues to charge. He is brandishing a Malat.

Agent Conner fires again. An Again. An again. The dark figure drops to the floor and lays still.

Agent Conner walks over. Using her foot she rolls the body over. It's Samuel.

INT. UNCLE BOB'S BASEMENT. NIGHT

Uncle Bob looks up at the ceiling.

UNCLE BOB

Rebecca, I presume. Such a pity.
It's really all your fault. If only
you had let me have her all this
would have never happened.

ELLIOT

Until you needed my flesh.

UNCLE BOB

True.

Uncle Bob lunges for the Malat. He grabs it and rolls to his feet.

He charges Elliot. Elliot steps inside and grabs Uncle Bob's arm. He shifts his body weight and escalates the force of Uncle Bob's attack while turning him a 180 degrees.

Uncle Bob slams into the metal support pole.

He drops the Malat and slides to the floor.

Elliot picks up the Malat. Uncle Bob struggles to stand.

They stare at each other for a long moment. Elliot's eyes are still black. Uncle Bob's eyes are clear and calm. He is smiling.

Elliot turns his back as if to walk away. Then with uncanny speed he slashes backward cutting Uncle Bob's head off in a single vicious stroke.

Uncle Bob's head hits the floor and rolls over to the pile of skulls on the floor. His body crumbles to the floor squirting blood like a park fountain.

Elliot kneels down and plunges the Malat into Uncle Bob's torso. He rips the sternum and cuts out the heart. He stands and holds the heart toward the sky.

Agent Conner burst into the basement.

AGENT CONNER
Freeze! Police!

She sees Elliot standing in the middle of the room naked, holding the bloody Malat in one hand and Uncle Bob's heart in the other. Uncle Bob's headless body at his feet.

The room is covered in blood. The floor is cluttered with skulls. Uncle Bob's head among them, draining blood in a dark red pool.

Agent Conner sits down on the steps.

AGENT CONNER
Are you alright?

The sounds of the troops arriving filter down from the open door of the basement.

ELLIOT
Yes.

AGENT CONNER
You need to put something on.

Detective Marshal appears on the stairs, gun drawn. He takes in the scene, turns, and walks back up the stairs.

SEVERAL WEEKS
LATER

EXT. POOL SIDE ELLIOT'S APARTMENT COMPLEX. DAY

Elliot is lying on a lounge chair beside the pool. The pool is empty. He's wearing sunglasses. There is a bandage across his chest.

A shadow covers his face.

Elliot looks up. Agent Conner is standing beside his lounge. Elliot lowers his glasses.

ELLIOT
Hi.

AGENT CONNER
Hi yourself. How are you?

Agent Conner sits down on the lounge chair next to Elliot.

ELLIOT
Okay. You?

AGENT CONNER

Fine.

ELLIOT

How's the identification going?

AGENT CONNER

Not good. He pulled all the teeth with dental work. We'll never be able to identify the remains.

ELLIOT

I saw your news conference. You're very photogenic.

AGENT CONNER

Thanks. I just came by to say goodbye.

ELLIOT

Back to Washington?

AGENT CONNER

Yes. I got promoted to Regional.

ELLIOT

Congratulations. You deserve it.

AGENT CONNER

I couldn't have done it without your help. I owe you my life. If you hadn't...

ELLIOT

Forget about it.

AGENT CONNER

I heard you quit HPD.

ELLIOT

Technically, I'm on psychiatric leave.

AGENT CONNER

You can't blame yourself. You were under the influence of the barachotoxin. Everybody understands.

ELLIOT

Yeah, sure. Nobody wants a partner that cuts the heart out of his dead suspect. Especially if the suspect happens to be a relative.

AGENT CONNER
I'll be your partner anytime.

ELLIOT
Does that mean you like me now?

AGENT CONNER
Tell you what. When you feel like it why don't you come to Washington and see me. I'll take you to dinner.

ELLIOT
Like a date?

AGENT CONNER
Yes. Like a date. You can even pay. How's that?

ELLIOT
Sounds like a plan.

AGENT CONNER
I've got to go. My plane leaves in two hours.

Agent Conner hands Elliot a card.

My home number is on the back. Call me.

Elliot takes the card.

ELLIOT
I will.

AGENT CONNER
I intend to re-open the investigation into your parents disappearance.

ELLIOT
No, don't.

AGENT CONNER
What about our deal?

ELLIOT
You were right. It was a long time ago. It's time to let it go.

AGENT CONNER
You sure?

ELLIOT

Yes.

AGENT CONNER

Okay. If you change your mind let me know.

ELLIOT

I will. Thanks.

Agent Conner walks off.

LATER

INT. ELLIOT'S APARTMENT. DAY

A knock at the door. Elliot opens the door to VINCE PARKER, a slick looking lawyer. He has a briefcase in one hand and a long slender case under his arm.

VINCE PARKER

Elliot Cole?

ELLIOT

Yes.

Vince extends his hand.

VINCE PARKER

My name is Vince Parker. I'm with Chase, Werner and Peddie. May I have a moment?

Elliot ignores the hand.

ELLIOT

What do you want?

VINCE PARKER

We represent you Uncle's estate. There are some rather important matters we need to discuss.

ELLIOT

Now?

VINCE PARKER

I've been trying to reach you for several weeks. May I come in?

ELLIOT
Who knows your here?

VINCE PARKER
No one. Why?

ELLIOT
Are you sure?

VINCE PARKER
Certain. Why?

ELLIOT
Reporters.

VINCE PARKER
About the incident. I understand.
May I come in?

ELLIOT
Okay.

Vince enters the apartment.

ELLIOT
Have a seat.

Vince sits down and opens his briefcase.

VINCE PARKER
Regarding your Uncle's affairs. I
need you to sign these documents so
I can settle the estate.

Vince slides the documents across the table.

Your uncle left you everything.

ELLIOT
What is everything?

VINCE PARKER
Bottom line. About 16 million
dollars in cash, real estate, and
this.

Vince hands Elliot the long slender case.

ELLIOT
That's a lot of everything!

VINCE PARKER
Your uncle was obviously a very

astute businessman. Oh, I nearly forgot.

Vince reaches into his briefcase and pulls out a sealed envelope.

I was also instructed to give you this.

He hands the letter to Elliot.

ELLIOT
You knew my Uncle?

VINCE PARKER
Actually we never met. I received all the documentation and instructions after his death.

ELLIOT
Strange.

VINCE PARKER
Yes.

ELLIOT
Why your firm?

VINCE PARKER
Not specifically my firm. Me. His instructions were that I handle his affairs personally. No involvement with the firm whatsoever. Complete and absolute confidentiality.

ELLIOT
Isn't that unethical?

VINCE PARKER
His wishes are my paramount concern.

ELLIOT
He paid you well?

VINCE PARKER
Well, yes. As I said, his wishes are my paramount concern.

ELLIOT
Excuse me for a moment.

VINCE PARKER

Certainly.

Elliot walks out of the living room into the kitchen.

Elliot lays the slender case on the counter and opens the letter.

(CU) THE LETTER

UNCLE BOB (V.O.)

Dear Elliot, If you are reading this note I am no doubt dead. I do hope it was a ferocious fight. I have left you all my worldly possessions, which mean nothing except for the case you should have before you and a gift you will soon discover. Mr.Parker is not my attorney. You will be contacted by a Wilfred Hopkins regarding the estate. I picked Mr. Parker for a reason. Consider him a gift. Look at him and see him with the eyes of God. Happy Hunting! Uncle Bob

Elliot opens the case. Inside is a Malat and a primitive blowgun. There are several bundles of bamboo darts and two leather pouches.

Elliot walks back into the living room and stares at Vince.

A MONTAGE OF IMAGES SHOWING VINCE'S CORRUPT DEALINGS, AND HIS DIRECT INVOLVEMENT IN MURDER.

The images fade.

VINCE PARKER

Anything wrong?

ELLIOT

No. I'll be just a minute.

Elliot walks back into the kitchen. He stares down at the long blade. He picks up the Malat. His eyes turn black.

Elliot smiles.

FADE TO BLACK.

THE END