

PSYCHOTIC

written by

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EXT. SUBURBAN STREET - NIGHT

A CAR pulls up to a quintessential house on a suburban street. The driver stares relentlessly through the rear view mirror at the empty road behind him--LUCAS, 30s, clean cut and callous with fiery eyes.

A GUN sits on the passenger seat beside him. Lucas plays with the weight of it without fear or hesitation. He throws it in the glove compartment.

A man waves at him from a porch--PETER, twenties and easy to lose in a crowd. He straightens his wire rim glasses to get a better look at the car. Tries to hide any impatience--eager to please.

PETER

Lucas? Is that you?

Lucas shuts his engine off and saunters towards him.

LUCAS

I got caught up.

PETER

I was worried I was at the wrong place. It's a bit out of the way...

LUCAS

I didn't mean to change our plans so abruptly. I just had to stop by here first.

Peter looks up at the home.

PETER

It's nice.

LUCAS

It should be for how much they want to get for it.

Lucas spots a PICKUP TRUCK drive up the road with its headlights off. Lucas opens a lock box on the door and strolls inside. Peter follows.

INT. MODEL HOME - NIGHT

Peter marvels at the scope and decoration of the home.

LUCAS

It'll just take a moment. I needed to get some stuff ready for the open house tomorrow.

Peter picks up a basket of fake fruit off a table and knocks at the plastic.

PETER
It's fake.

LUCAS
What'd you expect?

PETER
Do you want me to wait outside or something?

LUCAS
No, of course not.

PETER
Why am I here?

Lucas fluffs a pillow on the couch and smiles up at Peter.

LUCAS
Because if the right offer doesn't come in I'm thinking of putting one down myself.

Peter stammers, surprised. Lucas wanders into the kitchen.

PETER
You're ...you're gonna buy it?

LUCAS (O.S.)
I can't hear you. Speak up!

Peter clears his throat and follows Lucas.

INT. MODEL HOME, KITCHEN - NIGHT

Lucas fills a TEAPOT and heats it up on the stove.

PETER
You want to live here?

LUCAS
I just want to know what you think about it.

PETER
I'm a little surprised.

LUCAS
Is it too big?

PETER

I just never imagined you'd want something like this.

LUCAS

It'd be great for a family.

He peeks through the blinds to check the backyard.

LUCAS

There's a yard for a swing set... even a dog maybe.

PETER

Well, you're always full of surprises. Especially after what you've told me about your father.

LUCAS

I don't want you or anyone else thinking that I don't want the same things, you know? A home...a family...everyone wants that, right?

(beat)

What's wrong with knowing what you want and taking it?

INT. MODEL HOME, LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Lucas opens curtains. Thin streams of moonlight trickle in. Peter follows at his heels.

PETER

I'm happy you shared all this with me. That really means a lot.

LUCAS

We're friends, aren't we?

Lucas stares deeply out a window--seeing his own reflection. A dog BARKS nearby. Suddenly a ROCK comes through the glass, narrowly missing him.

Peter stumbles back--the rock lands at his feet.

PETER

Did someone just throw this?

Two BIKERS, 20s, storm in through the front door. Peter hurries to Lucas' side.

PETER

This is private property! We'll call the police.

BUDDY, a mountain in a biker's jacket, throws Peter out of the way.

ACE, squat and clinging to his leather like a child on his mother's skirt, passes frenzied glances between them.

ACE

Who's this? He wasn't supposed to be here.

Buddy smacks Ace on the back.

BUDDY

It doesn't matter. Get him out of here. I want Walker.

LUCAS

Just do as they say, Peter. They won't hurt you.

Ace grabs Peter by the cuff and pulls him from the room.

PETER

The police are on their way!

BUDDY

AND KEEP HIM QUIET!

Ace punches Peter and drags him up the stairs.

ACE (O.S.)

SHUT UP!

Dead silence.

BUDDY

Do you know who I am?

LUCAS

I have an inkling.

Buddy pulls out a HANDGUN and points it at Lucas.

LUCAS

Ever use one of those before?

BUDDY

Have you?

LUCAS

No...that's no fun.

Buddy shoots at a flowerpot near Lucas' head, shattering it. Neither flinch. Lucas strolls out of the room.

BUDDY
You aren't going anywhere.

LUCAS
I'm right where I want to be.

INT. MODEL HOME, KITCHEN - NIGHT

Lucas saunters into the kitchen with Buddy at his heels.

LUCAS
I just thought we could talk.

BUDDY
Unless you want me to describe how
I'm gonna rip the flesh from your
bones and feed it to my dog, we
aren't having a conversation...

A dog barks outside again.

LUCAS
(winks)
Sounds fun. Count me in.

Lucas rummages through drawers and cups something UNSEEN
into his palm.

BUDDY
Get away from there. I don't want
you getting any ideas.

A smile crawls to Lucas' face--deadly and sharp. He drops a
small knife into the drawer and tears open a bag of tea
with his teeth.

Buddy hits him on the back of the head with the butt of his
gun. Lucas drops to the floor; the room spins and his head
HUMS. He tries to focus his vision and stand up.

The teapot WHISTLES. Lucas stumbles through the kitchen
trying to regain composure. He holds onto the counter to
steady his balance.

LUCAS
Do you want some?

BUDDY
Are you crazy?

LUCAS
Your loss.

Lucas sits at a table. He plops the tea bag in a steaming cup and nurses the gash on the back of his head with trembling fingers. He stares up at Buddy--an anger brimming in both of them. Lucas stirs sugar and cream into his tea.

BUDDY

You add cream and sugar to that
shit too? You know it's not
coffee, right?

Lucas studies the cup in his hands and traces a sharp chip along the rim. He takes a swig of tea.

LUCAS

I've already called the police.

BUDDY

I'm willing to bet my life that
you didn't.

LUCAS

Well, ain't that the elephant in
the room?

Lucas slowly approaches Buddy. Stops in front of him. The barrel of the gun caresses his chest.

BUDDY

STAY BACK!

LUCAS

You and your brother have one
chance to leave before I kill you.
You want that, right? To kiss your
family goodnight and sleep in your
own bed? Or maybe one small scared
part of you would rather die sweet
and easy--something fast. Nothing
could be as slow and painful as
she went. Trust me.

Buddy's face twists in rage.

LUCAS

I can see it in your eyes...you
don't have it in you to pull that
trigger.

Lucas turns his back to Buddy and sits at the table. He holds up the teapot.

LUCAS

You sure you don't want some? It's
herbal...very relaxing.

Deafening silence.

LUCAS

Your loss.

Lucas lunges across the table at Buddy and shatters the teapot across his face; boiling water splatters in all directions. Lucas chugs his cup in one gulp.

Buddy screams and swings wildly. Lucas cuts the broken teacup deep into his throat. Buddy gasps for breath--blood bubbling at his lips with mute terror.

INT. MODEL HOME, HALLWAY - NIGHT

Lucas bolts up the dark stairwell and into an upstairs hallway. An open door catches his attention. The room behind it is silent and empty yet something draws him in.

INT. MODEL HOME, BEDROOM - NIGHT

Lucas creeps into the empty room and looks around. It's dark and eerie. He turns suddenly as if he hears a noise behind him--nothing.

He strolls to an ajar closet and peers inside. Looks deeply as if expecting someone or something to appear.

Peter SCREAMS nearby. Lucas runs out of the room.

INT. MODEL HOME, BATHROOM - NIGHT

Lucas runs into a marble oasis.

Peter squirms head first in the toilet. Ace holds him there with little effort.

ACE

Looks like I'm killing your fuck-buddy.

Blood bubbles from the overflowing toilet. Lucas smiles powerfully.

LUCAS

I killed your fuck-buddy too. But I got to enjoy mine a bit more.

Lucas cracks his bloody knuckles.

ACE

I don't...I don't believe you.

Lucas wags a crimson finger at him.

LUCAS
Whatever helps you sleep at night.

ACE
That was my brother!

Ace's face drops and he lets go of Peter's legs.

LUCAS
Well, what the parents don't
know...

Humor glints in Lucas' eyes. Lucas calmly strolls to the sink and washes the blood from his hands.

LUCAS
So are we gonna just stand here?
Or are you gonna let me take a
shit in peace?

Peter falls from the toilet and crawls across the floor. His shoes squeak loudly in the dead-silent room. Peter cups a broken nose while feeling around the floor for his glasses.

Lucas' demeanor changes the second his eyes lock with Peter's. Lucas softens and begins to shake and wipe his bloody hands on his pants.

LUCAS
Please. Please, don't hurt us. We
just want to leave. Peter, call
the police.

Ace pulls a knife out of his pocket and points it at Lucas. Peter can't stand; he coughs up water violently.

ACE
Stop putting on this act.

Lucas punches at the mirror behind him. Grabs a sharp piece of glass in his bare hands.

ACE
You're dead!

Ace charges Lucas. Lucas swiftly moves out of the way and cuts deep up along Ace's spine with the glass.

Lucas whispers in his ear.

LUCAS
And you're gonna bleed out...just
like she did.

Lucas collapses to the ground with Ace's limp body. Lucas sobs softly as Peter crawls to him.

LUCAS
Call the police...please...

Lucas' hands tremble wildly in shock.

PETER
Where's the other one?

LUCAS
He's...he can't hurt us.

Peter pauses, internalizing the thought.

PETER
I'll be right back. Just stay here.

Peter puts a comforting hand on Lucas' shoulder and leaves the bathroom.

EXT. MODEL HOME, PORCH - NIGHT

Peter runs outside.

He makes a call.

INT. MODEL HOME, BATHROOM - NIGHT

Lucas stands up, pushing Ace's heavy body off him. He stumbles to the sink and stares himself down--a weak, trembling, and unrecognizable figure in front of him.

His features harden; his jaw clenches--his fingers as still as a surgeon as he grips the sink. A slow psychotic smile creeps into view. He tucks a small gold CROSS hanging from his neck back inside his shirt.

A slow GURGLING from Ace distracts Lucas' moment.

He tiptoes to the body and looks at the heap of flesh, bone, and drifting conscience behind the biker's fading eyes.

Lucas licks a bloody finger while staring deeply at him--a nearly orgasmic reaction.

LUCAS
You taste better than she did.

SIRENS echo in the distance.

LUCAS
Well, that's my ride.

Lucas steps on his throat as he leaves the bathroom--a riveting CRUNCH.

EXT. MODEL HOME, STREET - NIGHT

Lucas walks up behind Peter and leans against his car. Lucas' hands shake in the light from a street lamp.

PETER
Are you okay?

Lucas doesn't answer and scratches violently against the red stains on his hands.

NEIGHBORS jog by and trade suspicious glances at them.

PETER
Lucas?

Lucas looks up at the heartfelt question. His eyes water. Unsteady hands try to wipe away tears.

LUCAS
(shaky voice)
I'm good. But all this is too much
for me. I can't.can't.handle it...
(beat)
And...and I can't stomach this
blood. It's disgusting. I hate it.

POLICE CARS pull up to the house.

Peter holds Lucas' shoulders and catches his eye.

PETER
I just wanted to say...thank you
for saving me. Thank you for doing
what had to be done back there.

LUCAS
I thought you'd disapprove--
hurting them like that.

PETER
Some people deserve that--or
worse.

Peter runs off to talk to the police. Lucas watches him go, pure intrigue. OFFICERS go inside to see the scene.

Lucas slumps to the side of the car and sits with his knees cradled to his chest. A dog barks from the pickup truck nearby. Lucas cautiously stands and strides towards it.

AGENT DELANEY, a tenacious female agent in her 30s, eyes Lucas from afar.

Lucas approaches the dog--a DOBERMAN--its head outside the window; it eyes him down.

LUCAS
Well, aren't you cute?

The dog continues barking, viciousness foaming on its lips.

LUCAS
You would've liked to rip the
flesh from my bones, wouldn't you?

The dog quiets as Lucas pauses in front of him, their eyes locking in a deadly trance. Lucas offers his bloody hand to the dog which it licks thoroughly--its owner's blood.

LUCAS
Good Boy. You wouldn't hurt a fly,
would you?

Lucas stares down the Officers giving him nervous glances. He smiles and waves.

LUCAS
Just like me.

INT. POLICE STATION, INTERROGATION ROOM - NIGHT

Lucas sits at a singular table sipping water.

INT. POLICE STATION, OBSERVATION ROOM - NIGHT

Peter and Agent Delaney watch Lucas through two-way glass.

AGENT DELANEY
It seems like his anger management
is going well. I'm sure those men
would agree.

He turns away from her.

PETER
His lawyer will be here any
minute.

AGENT DELANEY
So I should speak to him quickly
then?

She tries to put a comforting hand on his shoulder.

AGENT DELANEY

You weren't supposed to be there tonight. I'm sorry--

PETER

It's your fault that any of this even happened. He's innocent and you're telling victims' families that he's responsible for unspeakable crimes. You didn't expect any retaliation, retribution?

AGENT DELANEY

You call him innocent? One of these days we'll find your body at the bottom of a ditch. IT'S ALL JUST AN ACT!

Agent Delaney storms out.

INT. POLICE STATION, INTERROGATION ROOM - NIGHT

Lucas sits alone. A loud ticking clock on the wall behind him.

Agent Delaney walks in and drops PHOTOGRAPHS of graphic murders on the table in front of Lucas.

LUCAS

Will my lawyer be here soon?

AGENT DELANEY

I'm sure he's on his way.

Lucas keeps his eyes trained on Delaney, not glancing at the photographs.

LUCAS

It was self-defense. Did you talk to Peter?

AGENT DELANEY

Your psychiatrist? Yes. It seems you've even convinced him of your innocence.

LUCAS

That's because his life was in just as much danger as mine.

Lucas pushes the photographs to the floor.

LUCAS

I don't know why you're framing me for these murders but you're going to regret it.

AGENT DELANEY

Is that a threat, Mr. Walker?

LUCAS

Those two men died tonight because of you.

She's unaffected.

AGENT DELANEY

Those two men were Sophia Ortiz's brothers. Do you remember her?

LUCAS

Only from the papers...

AGENT DELANEY

Don't lie to me. We have dozens of unsolved cases that tie to you.

There is a flash of humor in his eyes. His lips tremble-- almost a smile.

LUCAS

Oh, is that all...

Delaney holds his gaze.

AGENT DELANEY

...well that's not including your mother that went missing.

Lucas' face drops.

AGENT DELANEY

You don't think we're stupid enough to think she just disappeared you lil' fucking murderous psychopath?

LUCAS

You don't have any right to be keeping me here--

Lucas moves to stand. Agent Delaney pushes him back down in his seat.

AGENT DELANEY

I wouldn't worry about any more instances like tonight.

(MORE)

AGENT DELANEY

I'll make sure we have officers
with you at every moment...for
your safety of course.

She starts to collect the photographs, but pauses. A sly
smile. Her fingers drifting over the gory pictures.

AGENT DELANEY

Can't you hear it?

She gets close to him...too close.

LUCAS

Hear what?

AGENT DELANEY

That clock. You're almost out of
time.

He slams his fists on the table. She jumps back.

Lucas stands again, untouchable, and moves to the door. She
tries to block his path but he gets in her face and whispers
so only she can hear.

LUCAS

You aren't going to put me away.
There's nothing you or anybody
else can do to touch me. I'd
rather die. Do you understand me?

She's frozen.

LUCAS

Good.

Lucas leaves and slams the door behind him.

INT. POLICE STATION, HALLWAY - NIGHT

A thrill passes over Lucas as he swallows one raspy breath.
He notices Peter nearby.

Peter looks at the reflection of his bruised face and broken
nose in a trophy case. Lucas sneaks up behind him.

LUCAS

Did you think someone was gonna
ask you to prom?

Peter laughs and looks away from the glass.

PETER

I barely recognized myself for a
second there.

LUCAS
I can understand that feeling.

Lucas rubs his bruised hands.

PETER
You out?

LUCAS
Because of your statement, yes.
I'm really starting to trust you,
Doc. You've been good for me I
think.

Peter pauses. Thinks for a moment.

PETER
Is this why you wanted to meet up?

LUCAS
What?

PETER
We weren't scheduled to meet until
tomorrow.

LUCAS
I didn't know anything would
happen...I just--It's this case.
(beat)
I'm sorry. This is embarrassing.
But I'm scared. I admit it. And
I'm sorry I put you in any danger.

They walk towards the exit and into--

INT. POLICE STATION, PARKING GARAGE - CONTINUOUS

PETER
I spoke to the Judge about how our
sessions have been going. We might
be able to settle...

Lucas stops short.

LUCAS
Really?

Peter carefully watches his reaction.

PETER
This work we are doing together is
good. She barely has a case
anyway.

(MORE)

PETER

Plus, I imagine when you're living on the street legal fees are a bit hard to handle.

LUCAS

What does she want now?

PETER

In addition to continuing to meet with me, the court will want me to put you on some medication after this.

LUCAS

Drugs? No.

PETER

It's reasonable, normal even. It will just be something mild-

Lucas bites his lip hard and paces.

LUCAS

NO!

PETER

You attacked her!

LUCAS

You still believe that? She attacked me!

PETER

You ripped the skin off her face.

LUCAS

She had a knife.

PETER

THAT WAS NEVER FOUND!!

LUCAS

NO!

PETER

CALM DOWN!

(beat)

This will make everyone involved feel a lot better.

Lucas kicks a car--deep in thought.

LUCAS

Who knew a junkie in an alley could afford a damn lawyer, right?

Lucas starts to leave, not giving Peter the time of day.

LUCAS

No. You know what. She's lying;
she's always lied. When that
homeless cunt is rotting in a
prison then I'll let you shove
tranqs down my throat.

Peter's unnerved.

INT. CONDO - NIGHT

Lucas enters a modern condo. It is unnatural, emotionless,
and expensive--an untouchable gallery.

He turns on every light as he checks the rooms.

INT. CONDO, BEDROOM - NIGHT

Lucas sits at the foot of his neatly made bed and turns on
the TV. He watches surveillance footage from cameras around
his home.

Lucas gets to a clip with a wavering shadow and kneels at
the TV for a closer look. The shadow falters--just a trick
of light.

INT. CONDO, HALLWAY - NIGHT

Lucas hovers in a doorway looking down into a dark wet
basement--a contrast to the chic upstairs. His hands rest
tenderly on something unseen in his pocket.

He hesitantly turns on the light and tiptoes down the steps.

INT. CONDO, BASEMENT - NIGHT

Downstairs, he scrapes at the side of the wall with his bare
fingers--releasing a loose BRICK.

Inside is a treasure trove of various ITEMS. He carefully
lets his hands glide over them in a sensuous manner. His
body arcs as he smells a particular lock of HAIR.

Lucas pulls out two small relics from his pocket--carefully
wrapped in a handkerchief: two ripped Biker's PATCHES.

Lucas hides them away into the hole in the wall.

Lucas turns suddenly at some unheard noise behind him. The
basement is empty. He jams the brick back in place and
hurries upstairs.

INT. CONDO, BEDROOM - NIGHT

Lucas turns the TV off and locks the bedroom door before going to bed.

EXT. CONDO - DAY

Lucas stretches on the front steps of his porch. He looks around the surrounding street at PEOPLE beginning their day.

He puts in earbuds and starts running. CLASSICAL music blocks out the bustling noise of the city.

Lucas focuses on the street ahead and the rhythmic controlled movement of his body.

INT. POLICE CAR - DAY

Two OFFICERS watch Lucas run by their car window.

Lucas nods at them as he passes.

OFFICER #1
Call it in. He's on schedule.

OFFICER #2
Every day this week. You'd think we have something better to do with our time...

EXT. CITY STREET - DAY

The police car pulls away from the curb.

Lucas stands just out of view down the street and watches the car pull away. He's still and smiling.

He turns and continues running.

INT. OFFICE - DAY

Lucas strolls into a bustling office wearing a trim expensive suit. Most EMPLOYEES actively avoid his gaze. A few confident nobodies smile and give him a morning nod-- *this is his domain.*

A hand catches him and Lucas turns--face to face with CRUISE, a self-possessed blowhard trying to be more successful than his old man.

A small group of other MEN surround them, including, JOHNSON--Cruise's second mouth.

LUCAS
What's this about?

CRUISE
I know how much that Hernandez
deal went down for.

JOHNSON
The whole building knows.

LUCAS
It was a solid closing.

CRUISE
I don't care if you can buy a
Rolex for each day of the week.

Cruise chuckles and slaps Lucas on the back hard.

CRUISE
You said you were gonna close with
seven figures.

LUCAS
I say a lot of things.

CRUISE
You were just shy of that,
brother. You owe us all 300 bucks.

Lucas smiles through gritted teeth.

LUCAS
Well, I can't go back on that
promise, can I?

CRUISE
We're holding you to that!

A woman, CHARLOTTE--petite and bubbly with bright makeup--
waves at Lucas from the other side of the room. She motions
to the phone in her hand.

CHARLOTTE
Mr. Walker, there's a call for
you. It's important.

LUCAS
(to Charlotte)
One second.

Lucas pulls out a wad of cash and tosses it to Johnson.

LUCAS

Spread it among yourselves now.
Wouldn't want anyone going hungry
tonight...

They all laugh.

LUCAS

And how about after I drop my big
fat check to the bank, I take you
all out. Drinks are on me!

CRUISE

That's what I like to hear!

LUCAS

And then, when you're all under
the table I'll go and visit each
and every one of your wives. I'll
take care of them too, don't
worry.

They all laugh--a hysterical pack of wild hyenas.

JOHNSON

Wouldn't want to be you though,
Walker. You might have gotten
seven figures on that deal but the
whole office is buzzing about that
Meadowville property. We heard
about the breaking & entering; the
assault! Can't be good for the
sale.

Lucas freezes.

JOHNSON

The police were sayin...

CRUISE

(to Lucas)

Wait, you didn't know?

Lucas composes himself.

LUCAS

Sounds like a bunch of silly
rumors to me. But if you'd like to
make another bet?

CHARLOTTE

Mr. Walker, it's an Agent Delaney,
she says--

Lucas turns abruptly and strolls over to Charlotte. He slams the phone down.

LUCAS

Put it to my office, please.

He smiles down at her--a confused yet smitten girl staring back at him.

CHARLOTTE

Of course, Lucas.

LUCAS

(to Men)

See you later boys! It looks like one of us actually has some work to do.

Lucas walks into a contemporary office next to Charlotte's desk. He turns and smiles at her again.

LUCAS

Good morning, Charlotte.

CHARLOTTE

Good morning, Mr. Walker.

He closes the door and sits at his desk. He pauses for a moment to gather himself and then slowly picks up the phone.

EXT. GRAVEYARD - DAY

A distraught group of PEOPLE mourn at two gravestones with fresh dirt piled to the side.

Lucas hovers at the edge of the graveyard, nearly out of sight. He carefully watches an older WOMAN break down at the foot of the graves and sob into a leather jacket draped over the freshly cut stone.

He catches a small GIRL staring at him from the funeral. Lucas smiles and places a single finger to his lips--a silent *shhhh*...

A man at the edge of the group catches Lucas' attention; it is Peter. He nervously clutches flowers in both hands and doesn't draw attention to himself.

Lucas hurries off before Peter can spot him; he ducks into a church across the street.

INT. CHURCH - DAY

Lucas watches the funeral from the door.

PRIEST(O.S.)

I've never found a church is a
good place to hide.

Lucas notices a PRIEST cleaning up along the pews.

LUCAS

Excuse me?

The Priest points to the ceiling.

PRIEST

Cause someone's always watching.

LUCAS

I'm here for the service.

PRIEST

You're late then. It's moved
across the street for the
burials.

(beat)

Did you know the brother's well?

LUCAS

No, sadly I never really got a
chance. I was closer to their
sister.

The Priest softens.

PRIEST

A real shame what happened to her.

Lucas turns back to watch the funeral from afar.

LUCAS

I don't understand how someone can
do that to another person. That
brutality...

The Priest a puts a comforting hand on his shoulder.

PRIEST

"A wicked man, goes about with
crooked speech...with perverted
heart devises evil, continually
sowing discord; therefore calamity
will come upon him suddenly; in a
moment he will be broken beyond
healing."

Lucas looks at the Priest and pries his bony fingers off of
his shoulder.

LUCAS

I'd like to see him try.

Lucas softly kisses the gold cross tucked into his shirt. He winks at the Priest.

Lucas stuffs a handful of cash in a nearby collection plate, smiles, and strides out the door.

EXT. CHURCH - DAY

Lucas strolls away from the church, making sure to keep his distance from the funeral.

He turns back to see the Priest standing in the doorway watching him go.

INT. PSYCHIATRIC HOSPITAL, COMMON ROOM - DAY

Peter loosens a tie around his neck and shifts uncomfortably in a clumsy folding chair.

PETER

I don't know why I went...I suppose I just still felt guilty. Maybe I'm just angry that I didn't kill them myself...someone else had to do it for me. Lucas did it. I told you about him when I visited last week.

Peter shifts his chair closer to a man sitting unresponsive in a wheelchair. AARON, 30s, wears a threadbare hospital gown. Aaron barely blinks as drool crawls down his chin.

PETER

But enough about me. How was your week?

Peter motions to a NURSE.

PETER

(to Nurse)

Can I get a little juice for him?
Thanks.

Peter surveys the room. Psychiatric PATIENTS stumble about. A few mutter or rant aimlessly.

PETER

I've been trying to get you in a better place. Somewhere quieter so you can sleep and get better.

The Nurse comes back and hands Peter a glass of juice. Peter carefully tilts back Aaron's head and helps him drink, softly dotting his chin to catch any that spills.

PETER

Good. Just a little more. It's good for you.

The Nurse watches nearby and whispers to a DOCTOR.

NURSE

He's back again?

DOCTOR

Clearly, Dr. Smith doesn't agree with us.

NURSE

It'll be him locked up here if he keeps this up.

Peter motions the Doctor over.

PETER

(to Doctor)

Did you get a chance to review the new medication request I sent you?

DOCTOR

We'll do what we think is best.

PETER

You're a medical professional. You're supposed to want to help him!

DOCTOR

And you're not his Doctor anymore. This isn't your decision to make.

Peter runs his hands through Aaron's long messy hair.

DOCTOR

We've talked about you taking some time away from him...from this place.

PETER

(to Aaron)

You need a haircut. I'll arrange that for you next time.

Peter grabs his jacket from the chair and leaves.

EXT. PSYCHIATRIC HOSPITAL - DAY

Peter rushes down the steps of the psychiatric hospital. He angrily throws his tie into a nearby bush as he silently curses to himself.

Lucas watches him from across the street and hides himself from view; he calls Peter.

Peter stops at the street, unsure of his next move. His phone rings and he smiles at the sight of Lucas' caller ID.

PETER

Lucas.

LUCAS

I've been meaning to call you.

PETER

I'm glad you did.

LUCAS

I have a small favor to ask.

Peter's eyes drift back to the ominous hospital looming behind him.

PETER

Anything. What do you need?

INT. POUND - DAY

Lucas and Peter look down at a cage. Dogs BARK wildly around them. A Doberman sits calmly at the edge of his cage staring up at them.

PETER

You brought me all the way down here for this?

LUCAS

I needed a personal recommendation. And there is no one to take him.

PETER

How'd you even find him here? Do you know it's even the same one?

Lucas waves off the question and kneels in front of the dog.

LUCAS

He's perfect, isn't he?

Peter kneels down too, bracing himself against the cage--the dog snaps at his fingers.

PETER
Nice one too...

LUCAS
He just doesn't trust you yet.

Lucas reaches his hand slowly inside the cage. Peter's breath hitches.

PETER
What are you doing?

Lucas tenderly reaches for the dog's snout, its teeth dangerously close. Lucas holds the dog's face and looks deeply into its black eyes.

LUCAS
You just have to trust a wild animal sometimes.

PETER
I just don't think it's the right time for--

LUCAS
Is there ever a right time?

PETER
Well, no, but--

LUCAS
I thought you wanted me to connect with something...someone.

PETER
And what happens to him if the Feds build a strong enough case against you? Huh?

LUCAS
That's not going to happen.

PETER
You're so confident now?

Lucas roughly pats the dog on the head and it saunters off to the corner.

LUCAS
I have you on my side, why shouldn't I be confident.

They both stand.

PETER

That's kind of you...really. But that dog? Now? It's not something I recommend--and you trust my judgment, right? Anyway, he's not going anywhere.

Lucas stares longingly at the beast. Claps his hands together--as if breaking a trance.

LUCAS

Fine.

PETER

Fine? Really?

LUCAS

See, I can take good advice.

Lucas walks away from the cage. Peter follows at his heels.

EXT. POUND - DAY

Lucas strolls out of the building and looks around as if expecting something to catch his attention.

LUCAS

Do you have time for lunch?

PETER

I really should be getting back to work.

LUCAS

Now? Really?

PETER

I came all the way across town for this.

Lucas keeps walking, not giving Peter an out.

LUCAS

We're on 5th. Know of anything good to eat here?

PETER

Nothing I'd recommend.

Lucas gets a glint in his eye.

LUCAS

5th...I have something to show you.

PETER

Lucas, I really have to be going...I'm late as it is.

Lucas pulls Peter behind him.

LUCAS

It will just take a second. I promise.

EXT. CITY STREET - DAY

Lucas stops at an open alleyway. Peter steps past him.

PETER

What?

LUCAS

I've been wanting to show you something but didn't know how.

Peter shrugs--not understanding. Lucas points down the alleyway. A HOMELESS WOMAN, wrapped in a heavy coat, crawls out of a makeshift shelter against a dumpster.

PETER

I don't understand...

LUCAS

Never mind. This wasn't a good idea.

Lucas gives an unapologetic look. Peter's eyes go wide.

PETER

That can't be...NO! You wouldn't have brought me here.

Peter pushes Lucas against the alley wall and starts to leave. Peter spins around in a rush of anger. The Homeless Woman, her face covered, strains to see them.

PETER

You wouldn't be so stupid. So self-possessed--there is a restraining order! Do you know what kind of position you are putting me in right now?

LUCAS

I'm sorry.

Lucas shrinks--apologetic and unfiltered regret.

LUCAS

I just don't want you or anyone
else looking at me that way.

Peter is disgusted. There is an unfamiliar anger and
estrangement between them.

LUCAS

The way you're looking at me now.

Peter's anger slips away.

The woman down the alley starts to get up for a better look
at them.

LUCAS

I'm sorry. I shouldn't have
brought you here.

Lucas strolls off down the sidewalk, leaving Peter alone.

Peter watches the woman. He pulls out cash from his wallet
and lets it drifts between his fingers as he stares at her.
He puts the money away and leaves.

INT. POLICE STATION, CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY

Agent Delaney listens intently on her phone--a confident
smile on her face.

AGENTS around the room wait patiently for her call to end.

Two Feds--AGENT BRUDOE and AGENT PAGE talk in hushed tones
in the corner.

AGENT DELANEY

We'll talk soon.

Delaney ends the call and focuses on the room.

AGENT #1

So what's next?

AGENT DELANEY

His work. We can question his co-
workers...clients. We just need to
plant a seed that--

AGENT BRUDOE

--that what? Gets him to claim
harassment?

AGENT PAGE

He already dropped two bodies that
get blamed on us.

(MORE)

AGENT PAGE

If we had enough on him we'd be able to put him away, not just pass along rumors to angry families.

AGENT DELANEY

You know as well as me that those weren't just rumors.

AGENT PAGE

They are if they don't hold up in court.

Delaney pounds the table in front of her and marches up to a large crime PINBOARD.

AGENT DELANEY

This isn't just speculation. This is years of work. We've all put in time on this.

AGENT BRUDOE

And we blew our load on the one victim that got away...Walker is going to be too careful now.

AGENT DELANEY

We couldn't have known that the homeless woman was going to be too scared to testify.

AGENT PAGE

All we're saying is, maybe after all this we may have been looking at the wrong guy. We should be able to show the Deputy Director proof that we're getting something done here...And Walker is a dead end for now. He's a liability to our jobs if we press him too much.

Delaney stares the Agents down--a mix of rage and horror. She grabs a cup of coffee and throws it against a nearby wall. The room stays dead silent.

AGENT DELANEY

Then I'll make sure to send the next chopped up bodies home to your pretty little wives.

There is a soft knock and an Officer opens the door. The tension in the room is palpable.

OFFICER #3
Your visitor is here, Agent
Delaney.

Delaney eyes Brudoe and Page.

Peter shuffles into the room. He eyes the crime pin board.
The Agents in the room straighten up.

AGENT DELANEY
I'll talk to Dr. Smith alone.

Delaney escorts Peter out of the room.

INT. POLICE STATION, HALLWAY - DAY

AGENT DELANEY
I'm so happy we could talk in
private.

She gently places a hand on the small of his back and leads
him away. He glances suspiciously at her unexpected touch.

They walk into a nearby interrogation room.

INT. POLICE STATION, INTERROGATION ROOM - DAY

PETER
We don't have anything to talk
about.

AGENT DELANEY
Then why did you come?

Peter looks at the lone table and chairs.

PETER
Am I a suspect now too?

AGENT DELANEY
Of course not.

An OFFICER leads the Homeless Woman in and sits her down at
the table; half her face is covered in gruesome scars. She
suspiciously looks at Delaney and Peter.

HOMELESS WOMAN
Who's he?

AGENT DELANEY
No one you have to be worried
about. He's here to help the
department with the case. He's a
Doctor, a psychologist.

Her eyes dart psychotically towards Peter. He backs away.

HOMELESS WOMAN
I said I'm done. I'm out.

AGENT DELANEY
We've talked about this. We need you if we hope to build this case. You want him wandering the streets again? I can't keep you safe if you won't help us.

HOMELESS WOMAN
He'll find me again. He always finds me.

Delaney reaches for the woman's hand but it doesn't land.

AGENT DELANEY
Has he approached you again?

HOMELESS WOMAN
He's everywhere! The shelter, the station, the courtroom...

The Homeless Woman tosses her chair and paces around the room in circles.

HOMELESS WOMAN
...he's in the alley and the hospital, the pharmacy, the park, he's right outside that door right now. You just brought me here again so he can finish me off!

AGENT DELANEY
Please calm down.

HOMELESS WOMAN
You want me dead just so you have a case.

The Homeless Woman gets in Peter's face.

HOMELESS WOMAN
It's you, isn't it? Wearing a mask. I SEE HIM IN YOUR EYES.

Peter is petrified. Delaney pulls her off him. Officers run into the room to restrain the woman.

Peter trips from the room. Delaney follows him out.

INT. POLICE STATION, HALLWAY - DAY

AGENT DELANEY
Do you see why I brought you in?

PETER
She's psychotic! You don't have
any case against Walker.

AGENT DELANEY
She did that to him! You know how
dangerous he is and you're the
only one that can stop him from
hurting anyone else. You can stop
him from hurting himself.

INT. LUCAS' OFFICE - NIGHT

Lucas plays carelessly with a letter opener as he pours over
a stack of paperwork. The thin metal knife pricks at
calloused skin.

He creeps to a window and looks at the city below. A POLICE
CAR waits across the street. Lucas watches, tightening his
grip on the letter opener.

He walks back to his desk and holds his hand under the
lamp--a deep CUT in his palm. His fingers are heavily
scarred without any trace of a print.

INT. OFFICE, MAIN - NIGHT

Lucas strolls through the empty desks of the dark office. He
gets in an elevator.

INT. CAR - NIGHT

He drives out of the garage. The police car follows.

INT. CAR - LATER

Lucas pulls up to his condo. The police car parks just up
the street. The COPS chat in their car, paying him little
mind. Lucas eyes them from his rear view mirror.

LUCAS
(to himself)
Just go inside.

His hands rest on the wheel, tightening on the thick
leather. He softly traces the cut on his palm, feeling the
crusty dried blood--searching for some release.

LUCAS
Not tonight...

Lucas opens the door, almost free--almost away from the cliff. Breath slow and eager. His foot hovers above the pavement.

He can't scratch that itch...that precipice. He slams the wheel with all his strength, but it is no use--he's not strong enough to resist.

The door swings closed. Lucas turns off his headlights and pulls away.

INT. POLICE STATION, OFFICE - NIGHT

Agent Delaney sips stale coffee while studying files. She stares at PHOTOGRAPHS of Lucas Walker and various victims.

The phone rings. Delaney picks up.

AGENT DELANEY
He's in for the night?
(beat)
Good. Just keep eyes on him.

INT. CAR - NIGHT

Lucas drives through a seedy city street--a predator looking for prey. He pulls up slowly next to a lanky boy--JACKY, barely 18 with an art-school vibe.

Lucas rolls down his window and smiles, an innocence and charm behind his sharp teeth.

LUCAS
Excuse me?

The boy stops, hesitant but interested. Lucas looks around the street to see if anyone is watching.

LUCAS
Hi, sorry to bother you, but...
I think I'm a bit lost. Could you
help me?

EXT. CONDO - DAY

Peter trips up the front steps to Lucas' condo with pastries in hand. He knocks on the door--no answer.

Peter walks up to the police car on the street eyeing him. He straightens up as he approaches.

PETER
Do you know who I am?

OFFICER #1
You're the one babysitting a
killer's ego, ye?

OFFICER #2
No, didn't you hear? Come bonus
time we're getting a fatter check
and twice as many bodies 'cause of
them.

PETER
I'd be careful not to count
yourselves among those bodies,
Officers.

Peter seems surprised by the words coming out of his mouth.
The Officers' faces drop.

OFFICER #2
What do you want?

PETER
Where is he?

OFFICER #1
He's been here all night. Nice and
quiet cause he knows we've been
watching him.

PETER
Then where's his car?

The Officers trade blameless glances.

Peter heads back to the front door. He pulls a key from his
pocket and moves to put it in the lock as the door opens.
Jacky stands in front of him, barely dressed and rubbing at
sleep deprived eyes.

Peter stares awestruck at the young man. Jacky, embarrassed,
pushes past Peter and down the street.

Peter hurries inside and closes the door behind him.

INT. CONDO, LIVING ROOM - DAY

Lucas comes out of the bedroom pulling a shirt on. He sees
Peter and looks around the room.

PETER
He left.

Lucas' fists clench. He stomps to the front door and looks out down the street. Slams the door shut.

LUCAS
You weren't supposed to be here.

PETER
Jesus, Lucas. How old was he?

LUCAS
Legal, enough.

PETER
You have cops watching you and you're pulling this shit? The Feds are looking for any reason-

Lucas cools--his anger fading.

LUCAS
What's gotten into you?

PETER
What do you mean?

Lucas stands straight in front of Peter, eyeing him down.

LUCAS
What happened to the quiet little doctor I met a few weeks ago? It looks like I'm good at rubbing off on people.

Lucas gives him a wicked smile and walks off.

LUCAS
What are you doing here anyway?

INT. CONDO, KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

Lucas rummages through his cabinets.

PETER
I thought you weren't here.

LUCAS
Parked around back...

PETER
Why?

LUCAS
Let's not talk about this.

A moment.

PETER

You missed our appointment.

LUCAS

I've been psychologically distraught after that attack a few days ago. Surely the judge will understand.

Lucas motions to the pastries in Peter's hand.

LUCAS

Are one of those mine?

Peter hands one over and watches him eat.

LUCAS

Where'd you get this?

PETER

I made them.

LUCAS

It's not that great...

PETER

Most people would just say *thank you*.

Lucas smiles, puts down the pastry, and strolls up to Peter. He pokes Peter in the chest and smiles.

LUCAS

There it is again.

Lucas takes another bite of the pastry. Peter lets out a breath he's been holding in.

LUCAS

So you came here just to tell me I missed a meeting? You could've called.

PETER

I thought I shouldn't tell you over the phone that the Feds are trying to use me in their case against you.

LUCAS

And what did you tell them?

PETER

...nothing.

Lucas stares at him, weighing his answer.

LUCAS

Right.

PETER

'Cause there's nothing to tell.

Lucas smiles and claps him on the back.

LUCAS

Exactly.

EXT. CITY PARK - DAY

Lucas runs through a park. He is exhausted--breathing and sweating heavily.

He turns a corner and comes to a walk. He covers his head with a hood and sits down at an empty bench.

Lucas watches people carefully pass him by.

He focuses on the familiar Homeless Woman wrapped in blankets up the path. A bowl sits hopefully in front of her waiting for spare change.

She shifts in her blanket against the cold wind, revealing the deep SCAR across her face. Lucas relishes in the sight.

Lucas pulls out his wallet and rolls a handful of bills together. He stands and strides towards her, a grin painted on his face. But Lucas wavers, his feet unsteady.

He clutches his head in pain.

The Homeless Woman notices him and freezes. She points and SCREAMS wildly in Lucas' direction.

HOMELESS WOMAN

He's coming to kill me!

(beat)

The Devil's comin' to kill us all.

PEOPLE stop and turn to look in Lucas' direction. Most ignore her pleas.

Lucas runs back up the path the way he came.

INT. CONDO, BATHROOM - DAY

Lucas takes a shower. His breathing is still shallow--his eyes unfocused and distant.

A NOISE catches his attention.

LUCAS

Hello?

Lucas opens the door of the shower and peers out into the empty hallway.

LUCAS

Peter, is that you?

No answer. Lucas closes the door and goes back to showering.

Soft FOOTSTEPS skip nearby. Lucas wipes the steam away from the glass door to see the bathroom again. It's empty.

He laughs and wipes the water from his face.

For a moment--less than a blink of an eye--there is a crooked *unnatural* **FACE** pressed against the glass.

Lucas falls backward in a panic, arms flailing, and breaks the glass. It shatters. He crawls to the corner of the shower.

The bathroom is empty in front of him. He breathes heavily, nearly choking on the air. Red stained water streams down his face.

INT. APARTMENT, HALLWAY - DAY

Lucas bangs on an apartment door. Peter opens it, surprised.

PETER

Lucas, what are you doing here?

Lucas' hands tremble at his sides. He has a deep cut on his forehead and is sweating heavily.

PETER

Never mind. Please...come in.

LUCAS

(whispers)

They're following me...

PETER

Who? Who's following you?

Lucas' eyes dart down the hallway. He hurries past Peter into the apartment.

INT. APARTMENT - DAY

Peter leads Lucas to a seat.

PETER

I don't generally see patients at my home.

Lucas pulls his legs to his chest. Silently mutters to himself. Peter softens but doesn't move to him.

PETER

Is everything okay?

Lucas looks at Peter for the first time, tears about to spill over.

LUCAS

I think I'm going crazy.

PETER

Why do you think that?

LUCAS

I'm not myself right now.

PETER

You seem a little...off. Can you tell me what's happened?

LUCAS

You wouldn't understand.

Lucas pulls the gold CROSS out from under his collar and kisses it lightly between trembling fingers.

PETER

I didn't think you were a very religious person...

LUCAS

My mother gave it to me.

Lucas tucks the cross back into his shirt. Peter reaches out for the cut on Lucas' head.

PETER

You're hurt. Let me help you with that.

Peter scurries off. He comes back with a glass of water and a first aid kit.

PETER

Did someone hurt you? Are the Feds--

LUCAS

No.

Peter gives the water to Lucas. He drinks.

PETER

Good.

LUCAS

Good?

PETER

I don't want you hurt by anyone,
Lucas.

(coughs)

Excuse me. Mr. Walker.

LUCAS

No one hurt me.

PETER

Can you tell me what happened?

Lucas hesitates. Peter wrings his hands.

PETER

If you can't trust me...

LUCAS

I'm just...scared. FINE! I'm
trying to fight everything that's
going on and I can't anymore...I'm
trying to be good. But I'm tired!
I can't look over my shoulder
anymore. Not for you, or the cops,
or--

Silence.

LUCAS

I'm running out of time! Don't you
understand?

PETER

What made you come here?

LUCAS

I didn't have anywhere else to go!

Lucas shrinks back, a mask clawing to the surface.

LUCAS

I'm sorry. I shouldn't have
bothered you like this.

They both stand; Lucas moves to the door.

PETER

It was no bother. This is my job.
I want to help you...even more
than you want to help yourself.

LUCAS

Sometimes I just can't control
myself...

Lucas wrings his hands. Peter sits back down.

PETER

Well, stay a while then and we can
talk about that.

LUCAS

I can't.

PETER

You came here for a reason, didn't
you? We all have things we can and
can't control. All you need is one
person who can try to understand.

Lucas sits back down.

LUCAS

And you think that's what you are?

PETER

You're my responsibility.

Peter reaches tenderly for his hand. Lucas immediately pulls
back in disgust from the touch. His fear seems to slip away.

PETER

I know what you're going through
better than anyone. These
demons...everybody has them. It's
normal to feel scared and
helpless.

LUCAS

You have '*demons*'?

Peter smiles and fusses over the cut on Lucas' forehead.
Lucas fixates on the bloody tissues on the table.

PETER

I have to understand what you feel
and why you feel it. That's how I
can help you best.

He grabs for Peter's hand. Stares deeply at him. Peter stops
bandaging the cut.

LUCAS
I'd like to see that.

Lucas smiles at Peter--a fire behind his eyes.

LUCAS
I'd like to see you in my shoes.
To have you understand everything.

INT. BAR - NIGHT

Lucas sits at the bar with friends from work. He watches them closely--studying their every movement. He excuses himself and goes to the bathroom.

INT. BAR, BATHROOM - NIGHT

Lucas throws water on his face and runs his fingers through his untamed hair.

He stares at his mask, fixated by the waning facade.

A GIRL, 20s, stumbles in the bathroom drunk and giggling. She seems surprised to see Lucas, but turned on--her eyes flitting and flirty.

GIRL
Ohh sorry, did I go in the wrong
one again?

LUCAS
It appears so...

Lucas tries to push past her to the door. She grabs him. Holds her ground.

GIRL
Maybe that's a good thing...

His eyes narrow and fingers clench.

LUCAS
Maybe another time.

She kisses him abruptly, sloppy. She burps suddenly and giggles.

Lucas holds her at arm's length and looks her over for a long time. His eyebrow arches and he slams her up against a nearby wall, tearing into her with a ravenous hunger. She tries her best to keep up.

GIRL
This is so...goo--really good.

Her giggling is cut short by a high pitched yelp.

GIRL
You bit me!

Lucas pulls back and smiles; her lip's bleeding.

LUCAS
You want me to stop?

She considers this and shakes her head--a shy smile.

LUCAS
Good.

He kisses her roughly, sucking at her raw lip.

Cruise strolls in the bathroom.

CRUISE
So that's where you've been!

Lucas freezes. He drops his hold on the girl and ducks out of the bathroom.

GIRL
Where are you going?

Cruise follows Lucas back to the bar.

INT. BAR - NIGHT

Cruise and Lucas sit back down.

Lucas jokes and chats with the men. He wipes a bit of blood from his lips.

In shadow, a HAND rests on his shoulder and he turns, expecting it to be the Girl from the bathroom.

LUCAS
We're done for tonight...

No one's there. He spots her on the other side of the bar.

Cruise grabs a bottle of whiskey between the men and pours generously into his empty cup. He holds the cup up to Lucas.

CRUISE
You won't join us, Walker? We're celebrating you!

Lucas is pulled back into the group. He laughs Cruise's comment off.

LUCAS

I thought you were celebrating my
light wallet!

The men laugh, a drunken hoard. Johnson grabs the bottle and
staggers closer to Lucas.

JOHNSON

Just one sip, mate.

Lucas waves it off. The men laugh and look on.

LUCAS

I have no taste for it. Enjoy it
yourself!

JOHNSON

You won't indulge in simple
pleasures?

Johnson drinks gluttonously from the bottle. Lucas smiles
and moves to stand.

LUCAS

Not something so simple.

Johnson leans on Lucas and tries to force the bottle towards
his mouth.

JOHNSON

Come on, join us you weird fuck.

Lucas stiffens and slams Johnson against the bar. Cruise
intervenes and pushes Johnson back into his seat.

CRUISE

Don't hold it against him. He's
drank half his weight tonight.

Lucas nods and motions the bartender over. He pays the bill.

CRUISE

Let me take care of some of that.
The guys drink more than they can
handle.

Lucas generously pays more to the bartender.

LUCAS

See them well indulged tonight
then.

CRUISE

You aren't staying?

LUCAS
I'm not feeling very well.

Lucas starts to walk out of the bar. Cruise blocks his path and claps him on the back.

CRUISE
Maybe next time then?

A FIGURE outside the bar catches Lucas' attention. It stares at him from the shadows--unmoving and unnatural against the glass.

LUCAS
Do you know them?

Cruise turns to where Lucas points. The figure is gone.

CRUISE
Who?

LUCAS
Umm...no one--never mind.

Cruise steps out of Lucas' path.

CRUISE
You okay? Did you catch that bug that's been going around the office?

Lucas wipes sweat from his forehead and stares intently at the empty window.

LUCAS
I must have...

CRUISE
Well, get home and get some rest then. Thanks for tonight.

Lucas dashes out of the bar and cautiously checks the surrounding sidewalk.

EXT. BAR - NIGHT

Lucas looks up and down the dark city street. Lights flicker in the distance.

A siren echoes nearby.

Lucas breathes in the crisp night air deeply.

He pulls a packet of cigarettes from his pocket and lights one--his breath hitches in some delight.

A MAN stumbles out of the bar and throws up on the sidewalk. Lucas watches his workmates inside while hailing a cab.

The Man sits cross-legged on the pavement next to Lucas.

MAN

Can I bum one?

Lucas looks at the Man with pure disgust. A Cab pulls up to the sidewalk beside him. Lucas flicks his used cigarette at the Man and gets into the cab.

INT. CONDO - NIGHT

Lucas hurries inside. Locks the door behind him.

INT. CONDO, KITCHEN - NIGHT

Lucas' eyes seem unfocused and strained. He clutches his temples with a headache.

He opens a medicine cabinet and pulls out a bottle-- something to help him sleep.

INT. CONDO, BEDROOM - DAY

Lucas tosses and turns in sweat-stained sheets. He wakes up suddenly from a nightmare.

He turns and comes face to face with a pillow stained red in the shape of a twisted FACE. He screams and stumbles away. He pauses--the fear slipping away.

Lucas traces the stained markings on the pillow with a finger and lightly touches his own face. His nose is fresh with blood.

He laughs, ripping off the pillowcase.

INT. CONDO, KITCHEN - DAY

Lucas throws the pillowcase in the garbage.

INT. PETER'S OFFICE - DAY

Lucas drifts along the books and framed degrees on the wall of a cramped office.

A loud ticking clock hangs on the wall.

A file with his name sits on the desk. He stares at its cover. The office door suddenly swings open.

Peter walks in. Stiffens at the sight of Lucas.

PETER
I'm sorry. No one told me that you
were waiting in here.

LUCAS
I'm early.

Peter nods.

PETER
And I'm late.

Peter takes the file from the desk and motions for Lucas to
take a seat.

PETER
I'm surprised to see you.

LUCAS
I've only ever missed one
appointment.

Lucas sits down.

PETER
Nor have you been late. Coffee?

LUCAS
No thanks.

Peter looks annoyed.

PETER
Tea? Something?

LUCAS
Sure. Tea.

Peter pours a steaming kettle of water.

PETER
You'd be surprised how many of my
patients prefer it. Does the
coffee make you feel jittery? Out
of control?

LUCAS
Something like that. So we're
getting right into it then?

Peter doesn't take the bait. He hands Lucas the tea.

PETER

I can't even get out of bed in the morning without coffee.

Peter motions to his own mug.

PETER

My third today.

LUCAS

I've heard caffeine is one of the worst drugs out there.

Peter studies him.

PETER

So is that what you want to talk about today? That I wanted to give you a prescription...To be honest, I thought I should broach the subject again about medication.

LUCAS

I figured you would.

PETER

It could go a long way in helping with your case.

LUCAS

I think our meetings should be enough to convince anyone that my anger is in control.

Peter pauses, reflects over his coffee, and claps his hands together.

PETER

Then it's a moot point. Sometimes what's right isn't the same as what's best.

Lucas drinks deeply from his cup. An awkward silence.

PETER

I went to a funeral a few days ago.

LUCAS

Really? Anyone I know?

PETER

No. I don't think so. It made me think about the attack though. We haven't talked about that yet. Not really.

(MORE)

PETER

I thought when you came to my place it might have been connected with that. How do you feel about the whole thing?

LUCAS

Scared. Like anyone else would.

PETER

You weren't angry? You're a better man than I am then.

LUCAS

No. No anger at all. I can't blame them for wanting to hurt me. Those men lost someone close to them and thought that hurting me would make them feel better. Attacking us made perfect sense. I can't be angry at someone for that. But I couldn't let them get away with it either though. Then they'd be just as bad as the actual killer. And I don't think they could live with that. How do you feel about it?

PETER

We shouldn't talk about that. It's not appropriate--

LUCAS

I thought we trying to be open and honest?

PETER

Well then, I...I felt...helpless. You probably wouldn't understand that though.

LUCAS

Sometimes I think we're more similar than you think.

They lock eyes and Peter drinks eagerly from his cup to break the moment.

LUCAS

What?

PETER

You just remind me of someone.

LUCAS

I can honestly say I've never heard that before. Who?

PETER
No one you know.

Lucas takes a sip of tea, reveling the moment--knowing more than should.

LUCAS
Try me.

PETER
He's just an old friend.

LUCAS
Were you able to help him?

PETER
Excuse me?

LUCAS
I just assume he's a patient.
(beat)
Or more?

PETER
We shouldn't talk about this.

LUCAS
That's what makes it fun.

A wink.

LUCAS
How's he doing?

PETER
Not well, actually. He's in an institution. He'll get better though. We're still working on--

Lucas stands and walks through the office.

LUCAS
That sounds shitty. I wouldn't want to have to suffer like that. Being locked up. Hopeless. Unhinged. Can't lift a finger...

PETER
I didn't say--

LUCAS
I just wouldn't want that. Put me out of my misery, will ya'?

Peter's restless, exposed.

Lucas drinks again. His hands glide along leather-bound books on a shelf.

PETER

You...you are very--very different than him. It's not the same, don't worry.

Lucas wipes sweat brimming on his lip. Clutches his forehead in a sudden pain.

PETER

Are you still not feeling well?

INT. ELEVATOR - DAY

Lucas rides up in an elevator filled with SUITS. He smiles and chats eagerly with them. With side wards glances, he stares longingly at the bare neck of a WOMAN standing in front of him.

The lights flicker in the elevator for a moment. Lucas desperately clutches at the railing. He catches his raspy breathing. No one else reacts.

LUCAS

Must be the wiring in this old building.

They give him estranged glances.

INT. OFFICE, MAIN - DAY

Lucas coasts through the office and past coworkers without any acknowledgment. He passes Charlotte's desk.

CHARLOTTE

Good morning, Mr. Walker.

LUCAS

I'm not feeling great, Charlotte. Hold all my calls today.

CHARLOTTE

Can I get you anything?

LUCAS

It's just a headache.

CHARLOTTE

You're working too hard.

Lucas gives her a sympathetic nod and a perfect smile.

She beams towards the ground, proud of herself for saying the right thing. Lucas walks into his office.

INT. LUCAS' OFFICE - DAY

The smile stays on his lips, appreciation turning to loathing. He closes the door.

Lucas throws his briefcase on his desk and sits down. He pushes away a stack of paperwork waiting for him. Drags fingers through his hair.

His demeanor is off--the glint in his eyes straining between ferocity and confusion. He can't focus.

The phone RINGS and he glares at Charlotte.

LUCAS
Stupid bitch.

Lucas picks up.

LUCAS
This is Lucas Walker.

Silence.

LUCAS
Who's calling?

Lucas hangs up. He storms to his door and screams.

LUCAS
I said no calls. Did you hear me?

He is unhinged. Employees around them watch the scene.

CHARLOTTE
I didn't...um...I'm sorry.

LUCAS
I'm very busy today. I don't have time for this kind of stupid--

His phone rings again. More employees turn to watch. Lucas looks back from his office to Charlotte's switchboard.

LUCAS
Dammit, again? Call 'IT' if there is a problem.

Lucas stomps back into his office and slams the door again. He picks up the phone.

LUCAS

Yes?

A deep uneven BREATHING on the other line. Lucas' anger falters.

LUCAS

You must have the wrong number.

A haunting childish LAUGHTER echoes from the line. Lucas freezes.

The line cuts dead.

Lucas rips the cord from the phone.

He stumbles to the doorway. Desperately tries to straighten his suit and push the sweaty hair from his face.

INT. OFFICE, MAIN - DAY

Everyone turns to watch him again, clearly perplexed by this less put-together vision of Lucas.

Lucas tries to give his best charming smile to the onlookers. Charlotte wouldn't dare speak before him.

LUCAS

Charlotte, get my lawyer to call me, will you? My cell.

(beat)

And I want to know who just called.

He stops mid-turn.

LUCAS

Thank you.

He hurries back into his office.

INT. LUCAS' OFFICE - LATER

Lucas paces in the empty room. It seems smaller now, messier--it matches Lucas' changed frazzled appearance. The shades have been drawn and the lights are turned off.

He steps on his suit jacket on the floor as he circles.

A clock on the wall has been smashed.

LUCAS

Be careful...Think...They just want you to trip up.

Lucas desperately searches in his pocket and pulls out a blond lock of hair. He sniffs at it--like a junkie finally getting a fix.

LUCAS

They're watching...waiting for a mistake. Any mistake.

He smacks himself hard across the face. Bites his lip, hard--bulging and red like it very well may pop. There is a soft KNOCK on the door. Lucas buries the lock of hair in his pocket and turns.

LUCAS

Come in.

Charlotte gingerly enters, keeping her eyes on the floor.

CHARLOTTE

I looked into your calls...

LUCAS

And?

She doesn't answer. He tries to soften his voice.

LUCAS

What is it, Charlotte?

CHARLOTTE

There wasn't any record of any calls coming in. I had them double check.

LUCAS

That's not possible!

CHARLOTTE

I can have them look again, but--

LUCAS

No. It's not necessary.

Charlotte lurks closer and holds out a tray with FOOD and a PILL BOTTLE.

CHARLOTTE

I thought you might be hungry.

LUCAS

And the pills?

CHARLOTTE

Just aspirin. You said you had a headache, and with the blinds shut I thought--

LUCAS

Thank you.

A RING TONE goes off. Lucas' calm falters. He picks up his cell phone and is relieved by the Caller ID.

LUCAS

I have to take this.

(beat)

Just leave them on the desk.

She carefully places the tray on the desk and leaves the office. He watches her suspiciously as he answers the cell.

LUCAS

Where have you been, Greene?

GREENE (O.S.)

Nice hearing from you too.

LUCAS

It's your job to contain this.

GREENE (O.S.)

You asked me to stay away and not come around the office anymore. You didn't want anyone to know what you're involved with.

LUCAS

You aren't helping! I needed discretion not a ghost. The Feds have been following me. Calling my home...my work!

GREENE (O.S.)

Well, what did you expect? They think they're gonna stop a killer.

LUCAS

And I thought I hired a god-damn lawyer. I need you to get them to stop harassing me.

GREENE (O.S.)

I can only make so much noise before it blows up in our faces. Nothing is stopping the Feds from questioning people at your work-- or your clients.

LUCAS

And nothing is stopping me from suing them!

(MORE)

LUCAS
THEY ALMOST GOT ME KILLED BY
SPREADING THOSE RUMORS TO THOSE
VICTIMS' FAMILIES!

The line is silent.

LUCAS
Did you hear me?

GREENE (O.S.)
Loud and clear. I'll pass the
message along.

LUCAS
Good.

INT. POLICE STATION, HALLWAY - DAY

GREENE, a potbelly in an expensive suit with perfectly greased-back hair, hangs up his phone.

Agent Delaney walks out of an office and towards him. She holds out her hand.

AGENT DELANEY
Nice to finally meet in person,
Mr. Greene.

He doesn't shake her hand.

GREENE
Is it?

AGENT DELANEY
We all want what's right here,
don't we?

GREENE
Unless you can afford my hourly
rate, no.

AGENT DELANEY
I respect your need to--

GREENE
Let's get to the point. The
harassment of my client has to
stop. It's dirty. It's desperate!

AGENT DELANEY
I think your client is
exaggerating.

GREENE

You're threatening him and putting his life at risk. If I hear even a fucking whisper of you keeping up this crazed investigation of yours I'll make you wish you're in the next body bag.

She freezes.

AGENT DELANEY

I...He's on a short fuse. I don't know what you heard but I'm not...

He puts a greasy fat finger in her face.

GREENE

One whisper.

He stomps away and calls over his shoulder.

GREENE

And get rid of that police escort. I'm sure all of you have something better to do with your time.

EXT. STRIP CLUB - DAY

Peter strolls down a city street. He checks his phone for an address and stops in front of a nondescript gray building. A menacing BOUNCER stands out front, arms crossed.

PETER

Is this 567 on 10th?

No response.

PETER

I'm meeting someone...

Peter tries to push past him towards the door.

BOUNCER

Where do ya' think ya' goin'?

Peter freezes. Lucas' head peeks out from behind the door.

LUCAS

Where have you been?

INT. STRIP CLUB - DAY

Lucas drags Peter through dark winding hallways. Fluorescent lights dance about them. Attractive barely dressed WAITRESSES pass with flirtatious glances.

They enter a larger room with fat fingered greasy SUITS circled around fleshy shows. Peter stops short, taking in the scene of the strip club.

LUCAS
No one followed you, right?

Peter shakes his head.

PETER
You brought me to a strip club on a Saturday afternoon. Who does that?

LUCAS
I'm sure the girls prefer something more sympathetic than 'Strip Club'.

PETER
Like what?

LUCAS
Why the fuck would I care?

They sit at a booth in the corner. Lucas sips a strong drink. Peter steals glances at the shows.

PETER
I have other clients ya' know.

LUCAS
But none as fun as me, right? You got the depressed housewives, the juvies, what else?

PETER
You know I can't talk about them.

LUCAS
You brought it up!
(winks)
And we both know I'm your favorite.

A Waitress comes over to their booth, only focused on Lucas.

WAITRESS
How's my new favorite regular?

LUCAS
Thirsty.

WAITRESS
The same?

LUCAS
Make it a double.

She turns to Peter.

WAITRESS
And what can I get you today?

PETER
Nothing please.

LUCAS
Same as me.

PETER
I don't think--

LUCAS
Same as me.

She walks away.

PETER
What are we doing here, Lucas,
really?

LUCAS
I haven't been completely honest
with you.

Lucas chugs his remaining drink.

LUCAS
Things have been happening. Things
I can't explain or control.

Peter's intrigued--*too intrigued*.

PETER
Like what?

LUCAS
Things I can't talk about with
you.

PETER
But--

LUCAS
No. I'm serious.

PETER

Fine.

The Waitress brings their drinks.

PETER

I've been having trouble
contacting you recently.

LUCAS

I haven't been home in a few days.

PETER

Why?

LUCAS

I think my house is bugged.
Someone's fucking with me.

Peter sips his glass, disgusted by the taste.

PETER

How?

LUCAS

I don't know...but I thought I had
an idea.

PETER

Who?

Lucas looks at him long and hard. He points a long bony
finger at Peter.

LUCAS

Her...

Peter turns and sees a DANCER on the other side of the room,
she's balancing on a pole and flirting with a suit in front
of her--a short bleached wig and clad in skimpy leather.

PETER

Who is she?

LUCAS

She's my assistant. Her name's
Charlotte.

Peter does a double take.

LUCAS

I started following her.
Interesting...don't you think? I'm
not surprised easily.

PETER

What did you think she was doing
to you?

Lucas waves off the questions.

LUCAS

I'm trying to understand this...
you know? It's hard sometimes to
get why people act a certain way.
I think she just likes it--likes
being someone else. Likes the
freedom.

PETER

Or maybe you just don't pay her
enough.

Lucas gives him a dark look.

Charlotte struts towards them and passes by their booth.
Lucas ducks beneath the table. When she passes, he sits up
again. Lucas and Peter laugh.

PETER

She hasn't seen you?

LUCAS

This is much more fun. Everyone
has their secrets I suppose.

Peter pushes the drink on the table towards Lucas and he
tosses it back.

LUCAS

Ugh, that's vile now.

Peter watches him closely.

PETER

So you don't think she's doing it?

LUCAS

No...not at all.

PETER

Then why am I here?

LUCAS

If she's not messing with me then
who is?

PETER

How would I know?
(beat)
You know what...

Peter slams his fists on the table and stands.

PETER

I'm done.

Peter storms away from the booth.

LUCAS

Don't be like that!

Peter doesn't stop. He bumps into Charlotte on his way out.

CHARLOTTE

Can I help you with something,
Sir?

She holds onto him and smiles. He nervously pushes her away and runs from the building.

Lucas tries to follow Peter out.

EXT. STRIP CLUB - DAY

Lucas emerges into the bright light of day; jarred and blurry eyed. He can't place Peter in the crowd and scans passerbys. Peter is nowhere in sight.

Lucas shuffles down the sidewalk taking care to avoid anyone's gaze. He nervously ducks into an alley.

Lucas grabs the next MAN who passes by and slams him against the alley wall. Lucas' eyes bulge and his knuckles turn bone white around the Man's collar.

LUCAS

You've been following me! I've
seen you. I've seen your face.
You've been at my home. My work!
You're fucking with me and you
don't know who you're messing
with! YOU DON'T KNOW WHAT I CAN DO
TO YOU!

MAN

Please. Please. I don't know you.
I promise.

Lucas' shakes uncontrollably and looses his grip on the collar. The Man scurries off. Lucas slumps to the ground exhausted.

INT. CONDO - NIGHT

Lucas stumbles into the dark condo. Sweating and ragged. He closes the door and bolts it shut behind him, as if something or someone outside was chasing him.

He combs through the rooms, turning on every light.

INT. CONDO, BEDROOM - NIGHT

Lucas blocks the door of the bedroom with a chair and sits on the edge of his bed.

He listens for any sound of a threat. Just empty unsettling *QUIET*.

Lucas turns on his television and flips through footage of his home. It is empty and cold.

He lays back down on the bed, trying to calm his mind. A soft *KNOCK* comes from outside the door. He jumps up.

LUCAS

Hello?

Knocking turns into sharp *SCRATCHING*--it intensifies.

Lucas covers his ears to block out the noise--his teeth gritted. The noise falters and disappears.

He stares at the door, expecting something...anything.

An imposing *SILENCE*.

His jaw stiffens. Fists suddenly clench.

Lucas rushes the bedroom door and throws the chair clanging across the room.

He opens it wide--the hallway in front of him is empty, nearly inviting.

INT. CONDO, HALLWAY - NIGHT

Lucas hesitantly steps into the hallway. The *SCRATCHING* begins again and escalates as he approaches.

He stops outside the basement door; the wood quivers and shudders from some unseen force on the other side. He lets his trembling hand rest on the knob and listens intently.

A quick *SHADOW* moves behind him.

The hair on the back of Lucas' neck stands on edge. Mania ripples through his body. Eyes narrow with animalistic fury. He carefully puts an ear to the door.

Suddenly, the doorknob turns violently in his hands. Something BANGS wildly on the other side of the door, **desperate for escape**. An earsplitting SCREAM envelops him.

Lucas runs from the house.

INT. POLICE STATION, LOBBY - NIGHT

Lucas storms into a police station lobby. He's tightly wrapped in a trench coat. His face dripping. A storm rages outside.

He marches to the front desk and pounds a wet fist on the counter.

LUCAS
I KNOW WHAT YOU'RE DOING!

OFFICER
How-How can I help you?

The Officer shifts nervously in her seat.

LUCAS
Don't act like a fucking moron.
You know...I know what all you are
trying to do. You're trying to
mess with my head. YOU. ALL OF
YOU!

OFFICER
I need you to just calm down, Sir.

Lucas walks towards the main office.

OFFICER
You can't go back there!

He turns on a dime--murder in his eyes.

LUCAS
You're in my house...at my work.
You're sending people to hurt me.

He picks up a pencil from the counter, its sharp point digging beneath his nail.

LUCAS
You're supposed to be playing by
the rules--but you aren't, are
you?

AGENT DELANEY (O.S.)
Mr. Walker?

Lucas turns. Agent Delaney stands cross-armed, briefcase at her side. Trying to hide a smile.

AGENT DELANEY
Did you want to meet with me?

LUCAS
I thought we worked this out. You aren't supposed to be bothering me anymore.

AGENT DELANEY
Do you have something to report?

Lucas scoffs. He slams the pencil back on the counter.

LUCAS
YOU KNOW WHAT YOU'RE DOING!!!

AGENT DELANEY
Sorry, it's not us, Lucas.

LUCAS
My lawyer would disagree.

AGENT DELANEY
Your lawyer was already very vocal. We have our cease and desist.

LUCAS
You should get better at lying.

AGENT DELANEY
If you're worried that someone may have trespassed on your property I'd be happy to send some officers over to look around--just to be safe.

LUCAS
I think I've had enough help from the police.

Lucas starts to leave.

AGENT DELANEY
Mr. Walker--

Lucas pauses but doesn't turn.

AGENT DELANEY

I might not be able to prove what you've done for now, but my new witness will change that. Trust me.

LUCAS

Who's foolish enough to leave a witness alive?

Lucas leaves.

EXT. POLICE STATION - NIGHT

Lucas stops on the steps of the station. The cold night air is brisk and refreshing--he takes it in, trying to calm himself.

He tries to temper his trembling hands, raspy breathing, and gritted teeth--his blood a murderous current searching for release.

OFFICERS pass by as he plays with the sharp end of his HOUSE KEY--rolling it hard between his fingers to satisfy his blood lust.

He pockets his hands as he watches the Officers, knowing what he wants--*no, needs*--would be irrational and irresponsible.

Lucas nods at them as they pass. His hand rests on something in his pocket, distracting him. He pulls out a WALLET and opens it, smiling.

INT. APARTMENT COMPLEX - NIGHT

Lucas hurries down a hallway in a dingy apartment complex. He stops outside a closed door and checks the address in the wallet. A photo of Jacky smiles back at him from a driver's license.

Lucas knocks. Jacky opens up, surprised.

JACKY

How--

Lucas holds up the boy's wallet.

LUCAS

You left this at my place. I didn't have your number. I didn't really have any way of getting it back to you except...

Lucas looks back down the hallway and then past Jacky into the messy studio apartment. A cool and charming smile drifts to his face.

LUCAS
Sorry, to just drop by like this.

JACKY
I'm sorry I left like that. I didn't want to get in the middle of anything between you and your boyfriend.

Lucas laughs.

LUCAS
My boyfriend? Don't be silly.

Lucas looks slowly up and down Jacky; Jacky notices.

LUCAS
He wishes.

Lucas spots crushed pills on a table behind Jacky.

LUCAS
You having a party?

JACKY
You're free to join. Unless you have to be getting home?

LUCAS
A big ole' house. Who wants to be alone in that?

JACKY
Can't argue.

Lucas plays with his keys in his hand again, letting the sharp edges scrape along his skin--tempering himself.

JACKY
Please, come in.

Lucas strolls into the apartment and closes the door.

EXT. CONDO - NIGHT

Peter stands eclipsed by the pouring rain. He bangs at Lucas' front door.

No one answers.

Peter digs through his pockets and pulls out a KEY. It slips from his fingers and disappears into a bush.

Peter dials his cell.

PETER
 (into phone)
 LUCAS! Pick up. NOW! WE NEED TO
 TALK. I need to know where you
 are.

Peter angrily hangs up and looks up at the condo. Light streams from the windows but there is no movement inside.

INT. JACKY'S APARTMENT, BATHROOM - DAY

Lucas takes a shower in a small and grimy bathroom. The water playfully dances off his toned figure. He is calm now, refreshed from the night before.

Lucas dries and dresses.

INT. JACKY'S APARTMENT - DAY

Lucas shuffles around the room, collecting the rest of his clothes and putting on his shoes.

Lucas talks towards the unseen bed on the other side of the room.

LUCAS
 That was great last night. I can't
 even tell you how much I needed
 it.
 (beat)
 And you were perfect, really.

Lucas smiles, thinking about the previous encounter--relishing in reliving the moment. He licks his lips.

LUCAS
 Sorry, I have to go like this, I
 wish I had time to clean up a
 little more.

He finds a pack of cigarettes, lights one, and takes a moment to enjoy the first long puff.

LUCAS
 You know what they say about a
 cigarette after good sex, right?

He drops it onto the ground and grinds the cigarette into the carpet with the heel of his shoe. He smiles and stares at the bed.

LUCAS

Sorry. I'm trying to quit.

We see the bed now, blood-stained and ravaged. Jacky's mauled BODY is sprawled out on the soaked sheets. His dead *glass* EYES stare back at us.

Lucas lights another cigarette and lays it carefully between the boy's fingers. It falls on the sheet and simmers slowly. Then, suddenly, a *wisp* of a flame catches the fabric and takes hold. Lucas smiles and leaves the room, locking the door behind him.

EXT. POLICE STATION - DAY

Agent Delaney, Page, and Brudoe stroll out of the station. Peter runs up to them.

PETER

Agent...AGENT DELANEY!

She slowly turns, barely acknowledging him, and keeps walking.

AGENT DELANEY

Dr. Smith, what can I help you with?

PETER

I need to speak with you for a moment--

AGENT DELANEY

I'm sorry, that's really not possible. We're very busy.

Peter grabs her arm. The Agents trade icy glances.

PETER

Sorry.

(drops her arm)

I want to speak with Ms. Jones again--the Homeless Woman.

AGENT DELANEY

I'm sorry, I really can't allow that, Doctor.

PETER

Please. I'm trying to understand here!

(MORE)

PETER

I'm want to help my patient and
you as much as possible. Please.

AGENT DELANEY

You can't help us or our case. Not
at all! I won't give you anything,
especially the right to question a
victim for the sake of your
conscience. Do you understand me?

Peter silently nods. She grabs Peter roughly and pulls him
out of earshot of Brudoe and Page.

AGENT DELANEY

And you can't just come up to me
and talk like this. Got it?

She leaves with Brudoe and Page at her heels.

INT. PSYCHIATRIC HOSPITAL, COMMON ROOM - DAY

Aaron stares unblinking at an empty chess board on the table
in front of him.

A Nurse puts a comforting hand on his shoulder and sweetly
whispers in his ear.

NURSE

You have a visitor again. When did
you become so popular?

The chair opposite Aaron screeches to attention as Lucas
sits down. A flash of consciousness behind Aaron's eyes--a
single blink.

LUCAS

You must be Aaron.

INT. DINER - DAY

Peter sits impatiently in an empty booth. He's been on the
same stale cup of coffee for too long. Case files sit open
in front of him. A clock ticks loudly behind the counter.
Peter eyes it impatiently.

A WAITRESS approaches.

WAITRESS

Another refill?

PETER

No, thank you.

WAITRESS

This ain't a library ya' know.

Peter covers his papers.

PETER

What? You have so many waiting customers? DO YOU?

She is taken aback, refills his coffee, and turns to leave.

WAITRESS

Sorry....sorry sir.

PETER

No. I'm sorry. That was...

Peter holds his head, drained and lacking sleep.

PETER

That was rude. That's not like me.

He pulls out a photograph of Lucas and holds it up to her.

PETER

Have you seen this man recently?
He lives nearby and we've met here
a few times.

WAITRESS

No, I haven't seen him.

PETER

He's been missing for a few days
and I just really need to get in
touch with him. If he comes in
here--

WAITRESS

--You a cop or somethin'?

PETER

No, just a--a friend.

WAITRESS

Is he dangerous?

Peter gathers up his things.

PETER

Depends on who you talk to I
suppose. Isn't everybody a little
dangerous?

A figure outside catches his attention--it's Lucas. Peter
throws cash on the table and hurries off.

--But he stops short at a booth. A TRUCKER looks up at him.

TRUCKER
Can I help you?

Peter grabs a newspaper from the Trucker.

TRUCKER
HEY!

On the back page of the paper is a picture of JACKY, smiling from an ID photo. The Headline: "STUDENT FOUND BUTCHERED AND BURNED".

Peter's looks up to see Lucas drop out of sight around a corner.

EXT. DINER - DAY

Peter bolts from the diner and around the corner, but it's no use. Lucas is gone.

EXT. CITY STREET - CONTINUOUS

Lucas shuffles through a busy city street. His face falters slowly as he goes. He's disheveled with ripped clothes and deep dark circles under his manic eyes.

He checks behind him to make sure no one is following.

Lucas can barely catch his breath. He looks suspiciously as people pass him by. He buys NEWSPAPERS from a street vendor and walks into a hotel.

INT. HOTEL, LOBBY - DAY

Lucas hurries straight through the hotel lobby. He passes the elevator and slips through a door leading to a staircase.

INT. HOTEL, STAIRCASE - DAY

Lucas runs up the empty staircase.

EXT. ALLEYWAY - DAY

Peter shuffles nervously down a familiar grungy alleyway. He clutches his briefcase tight to his chest. His eyes dart to the shadows, searching for some unseen figure.

A muffled GROAN stops him short. His hands go up in submission.

PETER

I'm not going to hurt you. I just
want to talk...

INT. HOTEL, HALLWAY - DAY

Lucas walks down a long hallway and unlocks a hotel room with a 'Do Not Disturb' sign.

INT. HOTEL, ROOM - DAY

The dark room is cluttered with days of trash. Sheets and newspapers cover all the windows. Towels block out the television.

He drops the fresh stack of newspapers on the ground and goes into the bathroom.

INT. HOTEL, BATHROOM - DAY

Lucas stares at himself in the mirror--his knuckles turning white as he clutches the counter. His calm facade is fading, sweat beads on his forehead.

LUCAS

No one suspects anything anymore.
They-they can't find you here. No-
no no.

He thinks he hears a NOISE and ducks his head into the bedroom. It is empty, beckoning...

He throws water on his face at the sink, turns off the faucet, and walks into the bedroom.

INT. HOTEL, BEDROOM - DAY

Lucas picks up the newspapers on the floor and works to continue to patch up the windows where bits of light stream through.

He finds a blank and white printed FACE staring back at him--Jacky, smiling from the newspaper.

Lucas' face drops, complete fear. For a moment the whole world seems to shrink around him--

The cops are outside his doors.

The press are outside his windows.

Everything spirals in that one moment.

Lucas violently rips up all the newspapers.

After his fit, Lucas falls back on the bed, exhausted.

He stares at the ceiling, at US. A calm returns to his face--slow at first. He smiles and gently lets his tongue slide over his lips. There is a ferocity in his eyes--lust, anger--an insatiable need.

And then he laughs--deep and nearly contagious.

The faucet slowly runs in the background and out of sight.

Lucas laughs until his lungs burn.

He still stares at us--*his true self*, the one we and his victims only know.

And then it is lost again. Something off screen gets his attention. *Something is wrong*. His head slowly turns towards the bathroom. The dim light bleeds into the bedroom.

LUCAS

I turned that off...

He listens closer and slowly sits up in bed.

The FAUCET roars louder--soft splashing noises.

Lucas ducks behind the bed and watches human-shaped shadows dance on the floor from the bathroom.

The faucet turns off. The lights flicker.

Lucas hides underneath the bed.

He hears soft wet FOOTSTEPS on the carpet approaching him... and then SILENCE.

Absolute quiet. The lights off. Lucas' ragged breath echoes.

The faucet drips peacefully. Lucas starts to crawl out from underneath the bed but his hand touches something warm and moist. He brings the dark substance to his face--crimson.

BLOOD has pooled from the bathroom and puddled around the bed.

He shrinks back.

Suddenly a grotesque HAND reaches for him.

Lucas screams as the arm envelops his throat. It jerks unnaturally as a FIGURE pulls itself closer. Two black EYES peek out over the edge of the bed.

Lucas claws at the hand desperately to be able to breathe. The Figure pulls violently at the gold CROSS at Lucas' neck until he's blue in the face.

The chain SNAPS. Lucas crawls to the corner of the room.

He grabs a lamp to try to protect himself, but the Figure is gone.

Lucas is alone.

The broken chain and cross are scattered over the carpet.

A soft VIBRATING echoes. Lucas nervously eyes his cell phone moving on the floor just out of reach. He picks up, terrified of what may be on the other end.

He listens to deep ragged breathing.

LUCAS

I hear you...I know what you are!

The breathing hitches--now crying.

PETER (V.O.)

Lucas?

Lucas snaps back, his fear lifting.

LUCAS

Peter, is that you?

PETER (V.O.)

I...

(sobbing)

I need your help...

EXT. ALLEYWAY - NIGHT

Lucas pulls up to the sidewalk, barely stopping his car before he is on his feet and sprinting down the alleyway.

Peter cradles his knees to his chest, veiled in shadow. A LUMP lays beside him.

Lucas approaches Peter and holds up his face to light.

LUCAS

Are you hurt?

Peter sobs endlessly, snot and spittle covering his face.

PETER

I didn't mean to...I just wanted to talk to her.

Lucas acknowledges the lump beside them. He strokes the stained blanket covering the motionless body. It's the Homeless Woman.

Lucas turns away, hiding a smile. Fire in his eyes.

Fingers tensed--but suppresses it.

LUCAS
But you're okay?

PETER
She attacked me...I just mentioned
you and she went crazy.

Lucas' turns back to Peter, compassion and pity in his eyes.

LUCAS
She was dangerous.

PETER
I killed her. I didn't mean to; I
just couldn't control...I...I
needed to understand what
happened. I didn't believe you
could have really done it like
they said--

LUCAS
BE QUIET!
(beat)
I never should have brought you
here in the first place. This is
my fault.

Peter curls into his knees, bawling.

PETER
No no no no no no....

Lucas slaps him across the face.

LUCAS
STOP!!

PETER
This wouldn't have ever happened
before!!!

Lucas turns to stone.

LUCAS
Before what?

Lucas violently pushes Peter up against the brick wall.

PETER

What am I becoming? This isn't me!

Peter stares at Lucas like the Devil himself.

Lucas takes off Peter's broken glasses and crawls towards the Homeless Woman. He hovers over her as Peter watches silently. Lucas holds the glasses over her mouth--a small whiff of breath fogs the glass.

LUCAS

She's alive.

PETER

It's not possible.

LUCAS

Looks like you didn't have it in you after all.

Peter crawls to Lucas and collapses into his arms.

PETER

I. I have to take her to a hospital.

LUCAS

No.

PETER

I'm so sorry I didn't believe you.

LUCAS

It's my fault you're even here right now. Mine! I don't want you to get in trouble. I'll take her.

PETER

You know I didn't mean for anything like that to happen, right?

LUCAS

No one ever means for it to happen.

PETER

It's just not me. You know that.

Lucas looks at the body.

LUCAS

This isn't a discussion. I'll take care of her.

Peter stares at them uncertainly.

LUCAS
I SAID GO!

Peter scurries off down the alley. Lucas looks down at her, sweat starting to bead on his upper lip. Cracks his trembling fingers--a hint of a smile crawls to the surface.

INT. OFFICE, MAIN - DAY

Lucas steps out of the staircase and onto the main floor of his office. He digs at fresh DIRT under his fingernails. Rushes past desks.

Everyone turns to watch him--a disheveled shadow of what he once was. Stained clothes and untamed hair. His scans every face, every detail--unblinking.

Charlotte approaches as he ducks into his office.

CHARLOTTE
Lucas, are you feeling better?

He slams the door in her face.

INT. LUCAS' OFFICE - DAY

Lucas digs through his desk. Charlotte comes in, closes the door behind her, and watches him closely.

CHARLOTTE
Can I help you with anything?

Lucas growls at her.

LUCAS
Just leave, please.

CHARLOTTE
There were a few calls from...

Lucas throws a stack of paperwork to the ground.

LUCAS
I'll be taking a little more time off.

CHARLOTTE
How much time?

LUCAS
I don't know.

She approaches him.

Lucas tosses the contents of a drawer onto his desk. A small VELVET BAG falls to the floor. He crawls for it and buries the bag in his pocket--away from Charlotte's prying eyes.

CHARLOTTE

What should I tell your clients?
Mr. Rothburn's been...

Lucas stands up and stares at her across the desk. She's not worth his time or energy. Her eyes plead for answers.

CHARLOTTE

What's wrong? This isn't like you.

Lucas starts to leave. She grabs his arm.

CHARLOTTE

Why are the police looking for
you?

He spins wildly. In one swift motion, he grabs a letter opener from the desk and shoves her against the wall. Lucas holds it deep against her pale neck. Her doe eyes go wide; he stiffens.

LUCAS

How do you know that? Who have you
been talking to?

He holds her there, unblinking, unmoving...unwilling to throw his whole facade away. And then, just like that, he drops the letter opener.

Lucas doesn't care about her. Not one bit. He smiles--his teeth like razors as he stares at her: a warm feast fresh from the oven.

The phone rings behind him and he turns suddenly, letting Charlotte fall to the floor.

The phone is unplugged, but the ringing is loud and sharp... calling to him.

Lucas looks to Charlotte curled up on the ground. She's speechless and scared.

Lucas grabs the phone, shatters it against the wall, and runs from the office.

INT. OFFICE, MAIN - DAY

Police step out of the elevator and survey the room. Lucas spots them and ducks into a nearby stairwell.

INT. OFFICE, STAIRWELL - DAY

Lucas desperately bolts down the empty staircase. At the bottom, his cell phone RINGS. He pulls it out and stares at it like the devil himself is calling.

Lucas throws it against a wall. It shatters.

INT. OFFICE, PARKING GARAGE - DAY

Lucas runs into the parking garage. Agent Delaney stands nearby on her phone. Lucas ducks back into the stairwell out of sight. He trembles and sweats profusely as he listens.

AGENT DELANEY (O.S.)

I don't care if we don't have a proper warrant yet. We'll have it soon. Nothing stops us from asking a few questions for now.

(beat)

Right, I know. We'll just have a friendly chat. You know we have a witness that can't be refuted. There's no way it won't stand up in court.

(beat)

No, he won't change his mind. Walker's father will testify.

INT. PARK - DAY

Greene and Peter sit on a bench. Greene hangs up his phone.

GREENE

You're telling me that he's still their number one suspect. Why would they tell you that?

PETER

I don't know...they trust me.

GREENE

It looks like there is a lot of that going around.

PETER

And what does that mean?

GREENE

It means that I can barely get in touch with my client at all. For days now...If what you say is true he has to be made aware.

PETER

That's why I came to you. I can't get in touch with him either. He's been acting strange. I don't want him thinking that the police are looking the other way right now.

GREENE

You're right. He needs to know that there are eyes on him.

PETER

Right, he won't hurt anyone if he thinks the police are watching.

Greene considers this and surveys Peter.

GREENE

Lucas is innocent, Dr. Smith. Why would he ever hurt anyone?

INT. CAR - DAY

Lucas pulls up to a sad brick building on the outskirts of the city. It starts to rain.

He rubs at tired eyes and pulls the small velvet bag out of his pocket. Lucas plays with the tassels between his fingers. Tries to calm himself.

INT. GRANDVIEW ASSISTED LIVING, LOBBY - DAY

Lucas eyes the families in the lobby with disgust.

He fixes his hair as he strolls to the front desk; a RECEPTIONIST turns to greet him.

RECEPTIONIST

Yes, can I help you?

LUCAS

I'm here to see Shane Walker.

RECEPTIONIST

Your name?

LUCAS

Lucas Walker.

RECEPTIONIST

One moment.

She pulls something up on her computer.

RECEPTIONIST

I'm sorry. You don't seem to be on his list.

LUCAS

I'm his son.

RECEPTIONIST

I'm so sorry, but--

LUCAS

I brought him here. There has to be some kind of mistake.

Lucas' jaw tenses. Fists clench.

But he takes a breath.

LUCAS

Please, his memory has been going. Maybe he took me off by accident.

The Receptionist nods at him sympathetically. She hesitantly looks back to her computer.

RECEPTIONIST

That must be it...I'll correct it on our end for future visits.

LUCAS

Thank you so much.

The Receptionist motions to a pair of double doors.

RECEPTIONIST

I'll have an Aid take you to his room.

LUCAS

Thank you.

RECEPTIONIST

You should know...there've been some incidents lately. He's tried to leave the premises multiple times.

LUCAS

Why would he do that?

INT. GRANDVIEW ASSISTED LIVING, HALLWAY - DAY

An AID leaves Lucas outside a closed door. Lucas knocks.

SHANE WALKER (O.S.)

Go Away!

Lucas enters.

INT. GRANDVIEW ASSISTED LIVING, ROOM - DAY

An ornate metal JESUS-ON-A-CROSS hangs on the wall. Lucas lightly touches the familiar figure as he passes.

He looks over the room. It is small and dark with a thick layer of dust.

SHANE WALKER, 60s with a beer belly and calloused features, hides something in his closet.

SHANE WALKER

I said to go--

He sees Lucas for the first time.

LUCAS

Dad.

Shane stumbles to his bed and sits down.

SHANE WALKER

I didn't expect to see you again.

LUCAS

I'm sorry I had to show up without warning like this.

No remorse. Lucas paces the room like a king in his castle.

SHANE WALKER

I said before that I didn't want to see you again.

LUCAS

I know.

Lucas goes into the closet.

SHANE WALKER

Don't--

Lucas pulls out a suitcase and throws it on the floor between them.

LUCAS

Going somewhere?

SHANE WALKER

Just cleaning up.

LUCAS

You should. It looks miserable in here...

(scoffs)

You don't look too good yourself. I can't believe I used to be frightened by you.

Lucas paces the room.

LUCAS

Is there a reason you're leaving?

SHANE WALKER

It's none of your damn business.

LUCAS

You're wrong. You've been whispering in the wrong ears. I know you've been speaking with the police.

SHANE WALKER

And if I have?

LUCAS

That's dangerous. I never thought you were stupid, but in your old age I guess...

SHANE WALKER

Why have you come?

LUCAS

I've been wanting to tell you something for a long time. And lately everything has been a bit...well difficult.

SHANE WALKER

And you just wanted to come whining to me about it?

Lucas pulls out the small velvet pouch from his pocket and gingerly opens it.

LUCAS

I thought that telling you this... showing you this...might give me some peace of mind.

He passes the bag to his father. Shane looks inside and drops it to the floor. A gangly rotten FINGER falls out.

SHANE WALKER

What the fuck?

Lucas carefully collects it off the floor and holds it up for Shane to have a closer look.

LUCAS

It still has her ring on it. I thought...

SHANE WALKER

What are you?

Lucas pauses and walks back to the cross, studying it.

SHANE WALKER

You're psychotic...mad. To think I'd want...to think you've kept this...

Lucas hides his face, his features twisting in pain and anger. Lucas knocks the cross off the wall and watches it fall to the ground--unencumbered.

Shane slowly creeps up behind him.

LUCAS

I always expected you to understand what I was going through. You more than anyone else...

Shane raises a cane to Lucas' head and winds up.

LUCAS

You did this to me--

Shane hits the back of Lucas' head with a loud CRACK.

Lucas tries to regain his senses on the ground. He wrestles the cane from his father's grasp and beats him over the head with it.

SHANE WALKER

Stop!

Lucas feels the blood drip from the back of his head. Shane tries to stand but Lucas pushes him back down, enraged.

LUCAS

YOU'VE BEEN TALKING TO THE POLICE!

SHANE WALKER

If someone's going to put away a monster I'd better get a share of the damn penance...after all these years.

LUCAS

And the blame then too?

SHANE WALKER

Why have you come here?

LUCAS

I wouldn't have to be here if you weren't shouting your mouth off about things that weren't your concern!

(beat)

And now I'm running out of time!

Shane pulls himself off the ground and spits at Lucas.

SHANE WALKER

Not my concern?

Lucas is electric.

SHANE WALKER

I know what you are. I see what you've become...I know what you've done and what you want to do.

LUCAS

You know everything, do you?

SHANE WALKER

I know what you're scared of.

Shane towers over Lucas now, his demeanor unfaltering. Lucas' face drops and he stumbles back.

LUCAS

I didn't mean to hurt them. Not at first...

Shane slowly pulls off his leather BELT and wraps it tightly around his palm. Lucas shrinks back further and drops the cane--some childish fear coming to life.

SHANE WALKER

Are you starting to forget them? Their faces? I won't, ever.

(MORE)

SHANE WALKER

Your tiny little hands ripped them apart and I had to bury them in the woods so no one would take you away.

LUCAS

I didn't know what I was doing...

Shane wraps the leather belt around Lucas' throat. His neck bulges as he struggles for breath.

INT. GRANDVIEW ASSISTED LIVING, HALLWAY - DAY

Aids and patients pass by. A soft COMMOTION is heard from Shane's room. No one pays it any mind.

INT. GRANDVIEW ASSISTED LIVING, ROOM - DAY

Shane and Lucas fall to the ground in a struggle. Shane uses all his strength to keep Lucas submissive. Shane whispers into his ear as Lucas claws desperately at the belt.

SHANE WALKER

I should've brought you out in the back and put you down like a sick dog--

LUCAS

--pl...ease--

SHANE WALKER

You just came to show me your fucking sadistic relic? Is that how you re-live your sins? Is that how you keep all your victims alive?

Lucas' hands feel desperately on the ground for help.

SHANE WALKER

I hope they fucking haunt you. I hope the Devil drags you back to hell.

Lucas reaches around the ground desperately. He feels the metal cross and jams it into Shane's throat.

The belt falls from Lucas' neck. Shane crumples back onto the floor.

Lucas hovers over his father's body as Shane slowly loses consciousness. A smile spreads on Lucas' face--a personal victory.

LUCAS

I wanted you to forgive me all this time. I thought showing you this would make them go away. I didn't want them to hurt me anymore.

(beat)

But it's my fault...I've been keeping them alive.

Lucas jams the cross in Shane's throat again and again.

LUCAS

I know how to make them go away...

They are both covered in blood. Shane is dead.

A clock CHIMES loudly from the bedside table. Lucas strides over to it. Smashes the glass face in with a fist. He tears out mechanical guts and bolts.

Lucas looks to the suitcase strewn on the floor beside him; he smiles.

INT. GRANDVIEW ASSISTED LIVING, HALLWAY - DAY

Lucas exits the room and closes the door. He wears a different shirt and wheels the suitcase behind him. The suitcase is not large enough for a '*properly assembled*' full grown man to fit inside.

The Receptionist walks by and smiles at him.

RECEPTIONIST

Did you have a good visit with your father then? You were in there quite a long time.

LUCAS

I think I tired him out. He needed to take a nap.

RECEPTIONIST

We won't disturb him then.

She eyes Lucas' suitcase.

LUCAS

I figured that I should take this so he wouldn't get any more ideas about leaving. It wouldn't be safe for him to wander off.

RECEPTIONIST

Well, I've found the more that family visits that happier our residents are.

LUCAS

I completely agree. Anyway...

Lucas motions to the suitcase.

LUCAS

He won't even miss it.

Lucas nods and strides towards the exit. He turns at the door and takes one final look back.

A lone drop of blood spills out of the suitcase and onto the floor. He hurries out of the building.

EXT. GRANDVIEW ASSISTED LIVING, PARKING LOT - DAY

Lucas nervously eyes the suitcase behind him. A deep TRAIL of blood follows him across the parking lot. He stops short and watches a FAMILY pass him with polite smiles. Their CHILD skips along the blood-stained pavement.

They give it no mind.

Muffled GROANS come from the suitcase. Blood begins to pool around Lucas' feet.

Strong wrinkled HANDS pull viciously at the zipper for vengeance. Lucas stares at it horror struck.

INT. PETER'S APARTMENT - DAY

Peter cooks at the stove. He hears a knock.

Peter opens the front door to see Agent Delaney. He smiles and lets her in. She looks around the room.

AGENT DELANEY

You've cleaned up.

PETER

I'd of done more if I knew you were coming again.

Agent Delaney sits down, distracted.

PETER

Long day?

She doesn't answer.

PETER

I was just making some dinner. Are you hungry?

AGENT DELANEY

Yeah, I'm hungry. Hungry for some fucking results.

PETER

What happened?

AGENT DELANEY

Your friend happened.

PETER

Lucas? He's not my--

AGENT DELANEY

Don't fuck with me. I've seen the way you look at him. You'd let him cut you open if he gave you the opportunity.

PETER

That's not fair. I'm helping you. Not him.

Agent Delaney stands and slowly approaches Peter.

AGENT DELANEY

Really? You want me to trust you like he does?

She kisses him--a dominant force. He pushes her away, momentarily disgusted by the thought of her.

AGENT DELANEY

Let's see him convicted first, shall we?

PETER

What happened today?

AGENT DELANEY

Shane Walker went missing from his nursing home.

PETER

Shane?

AGENT DELANEY

Lucas' father.

PETER

You think he hurt him?

AGENT DELANEY

I know he did. Shane Walker wanted to help me convict his son. I've been speaking with him for weeks.

PETER

WHY DIDN'T YOU TELL ME ANY OF THIS?

AGENT DELANEY

It was *'need-to-know'*.

PETER

I didn't need to know? Really? After everything?

Delaney stares Peter down, undecided between an argument and a fuck.

AGENT DELANEY

Everything we're doing here is delicate. If anyone finds out...

Peter grits his teeth, enraged by her accusations.

PETER

No one will!

(beat)

I know him. I DO. I understand him...he won't be able to hurt anyone again. I'm sure of it.

He slams her against the wall and bites his own lip.

She is delighted by his behavior.

AGENT DELANEY

Maybe he's not the only one I should be careful of.

INT. CONDO, LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Lucas bursts into the condo. Locks the door behind him. He tenderly touches his bruised and bloody knuckles.

He flips a switch--nothing. Lucas grabs a flashlight. Throws the basement door open.

LUCAS

I know you're down there...

He waits, building courage. Tightening his grasp on the flashlight.

A deep breath...heads downstairs.

INT. CONDO, BASEMENT - NIGHT

Lucas guides the flashlight into nooks and crevasses. He reaches the ELECTRICAL BOX and switches the lights back on.

The light from the upstairs doorway falters as a FIGURE glides by. Lucas doesn't have the courage to turn. He runs to the wall where his treasures are hidden. The brick won't loosen.

He takes a sledge-hammer and hits the wall. His trinkets come pouring out. Lucas digs through the dust on the floor and tosses them in a nearby metal BIN.

LUCAS
You cursed me!

He douses them with GASOLINE and takes a LIGHTER from his pocket.

Lucas hesitates as he takes it all in.

An echoing LAUGHTER can be heard from upstairs. The lights flicker.

Lucas is only illuminated by the flame of the lighter. The hair on the back of his neck stand up; his breath thin cold wisps--he is not alone.

He tosses the lighter in the bin. The trinkets catch fire.

Lucas huddles in the corner of the room, covering his face with his hands to block out muddled VOICES.

SHRIEKS can be heard all around him. He peeks above his fingers--an ounce of courage--he believes he's won.

LUCAS
(whispers)
I can hear you.

He stands up--a simple smile. For now, he's relishing the shrieks.

LUCAS
I CAN HEAR YOU AGAIN!

The voices go silent. The lights flicker back on, illuminating the charred debris at the bottom of the bin.

He looks around the quiet basement. Lucas crunches the broken brick underfoot as he walks to the stairs.

He stops and looks back around. Then he slowly turns to go.

There. At the top of the stairs is the figure, a dark outline of a MAN--a mountain in a biker's jacket. He stares at Lucas--unmoving, unrelenting.

In a moment, before he thinks better of himself, Lucas implodes--a rush of rash anger and confusion.

He charges up the stairs at the Man...

INT. CONDO, HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

...who vanishes upon contact. Lucas falls forward into the kitchen.

INT. CONDO, KITCHEN - NIGHT

Lucas pulls himself up from the floor. Sweat staining his shirt. His nose broken and bloody.

He pulls a large thick knife from its block and swings it wildly.

The figure of a small CHILD pulls at his pant leg--unnatural and cold with deep black eyes.

CHILD

*We're going to rip you apart. And
we're gonna make you enjoy it.*

Lucas tries to throw it.

He stumbles towards the front door.

INT. CONDO, LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

The figure of a WOMAN stands in his way, the only feature a fractured smile.

Lucas rips into her with the knife, pulling her to the ground. She laughs--a haunting lullaby.

He cuts deeply into her already scarred body.

WOMAN FIGURE

*You don't even remember me, do
you?*

LUCAS

You're dead!

WOMAN FIGURE

*I thought you'd want to play some
more. You had so much fun the
first time.*

Lucas screams.

OVER BLACK:

Loud persistent KNOCKING.

INT. CONDO, LIVING ROOM - DAY

Sun trickles in through the blinds, cascading the room in a peaceful morning haze.

The knocking echoes from the front door--and then silence.

PETER (O.S.)
Lucas, are you there?

He pounds at the door. No response.

EXT. CONDO - DAY

Peter runs around the outside of the condo.

He looks in through the windows. Doesn't see any movement.

Peter breaks the glass of the back door and steps inside.

INT. CONDO, KITCHEN - DAY

Peter hurries through the disheveled rooms. It looks like there's been a deadly struggle.

PETER
Lucas?

INT. CONDO, HALLWAY - DAY

Peter stops at the open door of the basement and looks into the darkness.

He starts to walk down the steps when a NOISE catches his attention. Peter runs towards the bathroom.

INT. CONDO, BATHROOM - DAY

Peter enters.

Bloody water runs over the tub and onto the floor. Red hand prints cover the mirror.

Lucas lies nearly unconscious in the bathtub. His eyes closed and skin pruned. Deep SCRATCH marks cover his pale blue body.

PETER

Lucas!

Peter rushes to his side and tries to pull him from the tub. Lucas' eyes flutter open.

LUCAS

(child-like)

I had to clean myself.

Lucas shivers in the water and douses himself in the red murky liquid.

LUCAS

There was too much blood. I was dirty. Dirty and cold.

PETER

God--you're freezing! Let's get you out of there.

Peter pulls Lucas from the tub. Covers him in towels.

Lucas fights back, trying to crawl back into the tub.

LUCAS

There's too much blood on my hands. I have to clean it off.

PETER

What happened, Lucas? Did you hurt someone?

Lucas smiles up at Peter sheepishly.

LUCAS

I left her at the front door so you could see her too.

Peter runs from the room.

INT. CONDO, LIVING ROOM - DAY

Peter stops at the sight at the front door.

It is empty. There's only a thick butcher's KNIFE stabbed into the floor. Deep blood-stained SCRATCHES chip the wood.

INT. CONDO, BATHROOM - DAY

Peter walks back in.

PETER

There's no one there.

Lucas plays with something invisible in his hands, feeling some unseen trinket. The tips of his fingernails are broken and bloody.

LUCAS
Don't worry she'll be back.

PETER
Tell me who will be back, Lucas.
What's her name?

Lucas looks up at him, still dazed. He puts a bloody finger to his lips while smiling through gritted teeth.

LUCAS
(*sing-song*)
SHHHHH. That's a secret. I'm not supposed to tell.

PETER
Who do you think you hurt?

LUCAS
You can't hurt someone who's already dead.

PETER
Who's dead?

Lucas grabs Peter's hand.

LUCAS
Will the police help me? Protect me?
(beat)
Can *you* help me?

PETER
Only if you're honest! You have to tell me what you've done.

LUCAS
I can't...

Peter pulls back from Lucas.

PETER
Tell me a name. NOW!

Lucas looks at Peter, puzzled.

PETER
I mean...

Peter breathes deeply, trying to let out some urgency. Peter stares down at Lucas--a small helpless thing in front of him.

PETER
Just stay here. Let me get you
something to drink.

Peter leaves the bathroom.

INT. CONDO, KITCHEN - DAY

Peter's phone buzzes. He ignores it.

At the counter, he fills a glass of water. He takes a vial of WHITE POWDER from his pocket and drops a small amount into the cup. It dissolves slowly as Peter swirls the water around it.

LUCAS (O.S.)
What are you doing?

Peter looks up to see Lucas leaning against the door frame watching him closely. Peter hides the vial in his pocket.

PETER
I'm just getting you something to
drink.
(beat)
You shouldn't be up. Let's get you
to bed.

LUCAS
No. What did you put in that cup?
I saw you.

Peter sighs.

PETER
It's just to help you sleep. I
promise. You can trust me.

Peter holds out the glass to Lucas, testing him. Lucas carefully holds it.

PETER
When was the last time you slept--
really slept, Lucas? Something's
deeply wrong right now and I can
help...

Lucas doesn't look up--his brain turning. He lets his cracked and bloody finger trace the edges of the white powder on the rim.

PETER

You just have to talk with me. You have to tell me who you are seeing...why you are seeing them. You have to come clean and all this with go away. You'll be safe again.

Lucas is still silent--staring into the glass like it holds all the answers. Peter nervously eyes him.

LUCAS

My mother always said that there wasn't anything to be scared of in the shadows. She'd tuck me in, sing a song, and before I knew it I was out. She thought she'd *shhh'd* all the monsters away. She saw this small little scared boy wrapped tight and thought her little angel could sleep sound because of her presence.

(beat)

But mother didn't know I'd stolen the silverware.

Lucas looks up at Peter--his face rigid and eyes fiery. He smiles--the mask of his long gone. The charade dragged away and left to die alone.

LUCAS

I kept a knife by my side every night.

(beat)

If I want to feel safe all I have to do is protect myself. Isn't that right, Peter? If I want something all I have to do is take it!

Peter doesn't answer. Lucas holds out the glass to him.

LUCAS

You could use some sleep too, couldn't you? It's all been some horrible ordeal and I didn't mean to put you through it.

PETER

I'm not thirsty.

LUCAS

Come on. You want me to trust you right?

(MORE)

LUCAS

You want me to give up all of my indiscretions. You're my friend, aren't you?

Peter hesitates and then takes the glass. He drinks one sip.

LUCAS

Keep going. You want honesty, right?

Peter chugs the glass, keeping his eyes on Lucas. He hands the glass back to Lucas empty.

PETER

There. Now tell me.

Lucas looks to the glass and then again to Peter.

LUCAS

What have you been giving me?

PETER

This was just to help you sleep--

Lucas breaks the glass over Peter's head. Peter falls to the ground, broken and bloody.

LUCAS

Bullshit!

Lucas thinks back.

LUCAS

You've been giving this to me. It's been in my drinks, my food... hasn't it. How long?

PETER

I'm doing this to help you.

LUCAS

WHAT IS IT?

Peter doesn't answer. Lucas kicks at his ribs.

PETER

It's...it's...

Lucas holds a sharp piece of glass to Peter's throat.

LUCAS

SPEAK UP!

PETER

(voice breaking)

It wasn't supposed to be this way!
The hallucinations were supposed
to be mild...therapeutic even. I
don't know what's happening to
you.

Lucas paces the kitchen.

LUCAS

This was all just in my head?

PETER

We just needed a confession,
that's all.

Lucas tears open Peter's shirt to reveal a carefully hidden
RECORDING DEVICE.

LUCAS

Of course.

Lucas rips the device off him. Smashes it against the
counter--shattered metal cutting into his palm.

PETER

The police wanted to lock you up
for the rest of your life. I
thought I could convince the court
to grant you--

Lucas looks back, a putrid smile on his face. Peter stares
at him hopelessly, begging.

LUCAS

Insanity?

Peter nods.

PETER

I just didn't want you to hurt
anyone else.

LUCAS

It was all in my head? Everything?

PETER

Yes. But the drug should all be
out of your system now. I haven't
given any to you in days. You
should've detoxed.

LUCAS

So my confession wouldn't be under
duress?

Peter's phone BUZZES on the floor. Peter eyes it; Lucas notices.

LUCAS
Who's that? The police?

Lucas moves to pick up the phone; Peter lunges for it first but is too late.

Lucas holds the phone just out of Peter's reach.

LUCAS
You mean to drive me insane...Why do you want to hurt me?
(beat)
Who were you talking to on the phone earlier?

Peter just stares at the vibrating phone in Lucas' hand.

LUCAS
ANSWER ME!!!

Lucas picks up and listens intently to the receiver.

AGENT DELANEY (V.O.)
Peter...Where are you? We need to talk--

Lucas' face twists in anger. He smashes the phone.

Lucas circles Peter.

LUCAS
Well, you certainly had it all planned out.

Peter hardens and stares Lucas down.

PETER
I wasn't lying. I was doing this so no one else would get hurt.

LUCAS
And what about me? You wanted me broken! YOU WANTED ME DEAD!
(beat)
And now you want me to believe all this is just in my mind?

PETER
The drug should be out of your system by now...

Lucas laughs without restraint--a fracture smile. His body convulses with each howl and roar.

LUCAS
 Out of my head? OUT OF MY HEAD?
 Then why is she right behind you?

A FLASH:

A DEAD WOMAN is sitting over Peter clutching him close with rotting flesh--an unhinged mouth smiling up at Lucas.

Lucas grabs a knife from the counter and swings it at Peter. He backs up, scared and helpless. The Dead Woman has disappeared again.

LUCAS
 YOU'RE LYING AGAIN! Every word out
 of your mouth--

PETER
 NO! This isn't my fault! You've
 cracked! The drug is out of your
 system and whatever you're seeing
 and feeling is not my doing.

LUCAS
 You think I'm psychotic? Unhinged?

PETER
 I know it! I always have...
 everyone knows it!

LUCAS
 Oh what? You don't like me
 anymore?

PETER
 You're a monster...scared and
 dangerous. You're dangerous to
 anyone that goes near you! Why
 would anyone ever want to stay?

Lucas' face drops.

PETER
 And now you get a taste of that
 fear that you inflict on others...
 you're haunted by their faces...
 and you're not so lonely anymore?
 Do you like it? Because this is
 your doing!

An overwhelming calm takes over Lucas--an invincible serenity. Lucas traces the edge of the knife around Peter's lips.

LUCAS

Tsk Tsk. What am I? Just a piece
of meat to you?

(licks his own lips)

Soulless? An animal? I thought you
liked that about me.

Lucas stares at his own reflection in the knife.

LUCAS

I guess we don't have anything to
be scared of then...not a worry in
the world.

(beat)

Ohh what fun we'll have...

Lucas paces the kitchen, distancing himself from Peter.

LUCAS

You're worse than me. You want to
know why?

Peter's face twists in disgust.

PETER

I'm nothing like you.

LUCAS

You're weak and small. Pathetic
really. You try and take me down
to your miserable little life just
so you can get a taste of mine.
You're a killer, a murderer. I see
it in your heart but you don't
have the strength to feel it. You
want a taste of the blood just
like me...a power that you can't
even dream of. It's not even
within your grasp, really. But I
could have given you that. I
would've given you a taste until
you couldn't control that hunger
anymore. It'd grow inside you.

PETER

You're disgusting.

LUCAS

No worse than you!

(beat)

You killed her in that alley.

Peter's face drops.

PETER

No. no...she was alive.

LUCAS

You just let me finish the job is all. You're the killer. YOU'RE DISGUSTING. You'll tell yourself every day. But these demons... these ghosts. They're strong and bloodthirsty. One day I'll make you feel them too.

Lucas looks to someone off screen--staring the figure down, any fear that he previously had is long gone. He's not scared anymore; he smiles a toothy grin at Peter.

LUCAS

One day you won't be scared of the shadows...one day they'll follow you like happy memories and you'll just want more and more blood. You'll be so free...just like me.

Peter looks at him horror-struck.

LUCAS (CONT'D)

It was all your idea in the first place, wasn't it? Or did Agent Delaney just want you to think that?

Lucas smashes the butt of the knife against Peter's temple. He watches the blood slowly trickle from Peter's head to the floor.

INT. POLICE STATION, OFFICE - NIGHT

Agent Delaney pours over classified notes and case files. The pieces aren't falling into place.

She picks up her phone and makes a call. There's a long dial tone. She picks nervously at her fingers.

PETER (V.O.)

This is Dr. Peter Smith. Sorry I can't come to the phone right now. If it's an emergency please contact Dr. Cooper at 345-145-5673. If it is not an emergency please leave me a message and I'll call you back as soon as possible.

AGENT DELANEY
Peter, call me back. I need to
know what happened.

An Officer softly knocks on the door and enters.

OFFICER
We're back from Walker's.

Delaney tosses her phone across the desk. Hides her face in
her hands.

AGENT DELANEY
What did you find?

OFFICER
It was empty. No one's there. But-

AGENT DELANEY
Yes?

OFFICER
It's been cleaned, heavily. The
whole place smells like bleach.
And..

AGENT DELANEY
What?

OFFICER
It's probably nothing, but--but
there's a block in the kitchen
missing a knife.

AGENT DELANEY
No. That's important. Call a crew
in. He had to have missed cleaning
something. Walker's not himself
right now. He's desperate...
scared. He'll make a mistake and
we have to be there when it
happens.

OFFICER
And what about the Doctor?

She pauses, considering.

AGENT DELANEY
Peter's not part of our
investigation. He never has been.

OFFICER
But if Walker is dangerous now he
might reach out to him.

AGENT DELANEY

He's always been dangerous.
Nothing's changed. Anyone who
doesn't believe that isn't worth
our time.

She collects her belongings.

AGENT DELANEY

I'll stop by the Doctor's
apartment on my way home. We
wouldn't want any more deaths.

She leaves.

INT. POLICE STATION, PARKING GARAGE - NIGHT

Delaney walks through the garage. She hears soft footsteps
behind her and turns. It's empty.

She walks faster to her car and is nearly inside the door
when her phone rings.

She stops short and looks at the caller ID: "Dr. Peter
Smith". She smiles and picks up.

AGENT DELANEY

I thought something must have
happened...that he found out. Are
you okay?

The line is silent on the other end for too long. Her breath
is raspy. Voice crackling with fear.

AGENT DELANEY

Lucas?

Agent Delaney grabs for her gun and turns. A tire iron
smashes her across the face and she drops to the ground.

Lucas towers over her and talks to some unseen entity.

LUCAS

Yes. I thought that was a good hit
too.

He smiles and nods.

LUCAS

(muttering)

I know the knife would have been
more fun but then we'd have
nothing to play with.

Lucas strolls up to a nearby camera and stares it down. The red blinking light empowers him. He smiles at it and winks.

INT. POLICE STATION, OFFICE - DAY

Officers watch video surveillance of the parking garage. It's paused on the image of Lucas staring at the camera.

Agent Brudoe and Page look over the Officers' shoulders.

AGENT PAGE

You're saying this happened right under this fucking roof? No one saw an Agent get attacked and dragged out from the parking garage?

OFFICER #2

It's precautionary...

Agent Brudoe plays the rest of the video: Lucas drags Agent Delaney's body into the trunk of her car and drives away.

AGENT BRUDOE

Don't you feel safe then?

Agent Brudoe paces the room.

AGENT BRUDOE

So not only do we have a missing Agent on our hands...the bitch was also fucking right about Lucas Walker...that's great.

AGENT PAGE

Put an APB out for that car. He can't hide for long.

OFFICER #3

We won't rest until she's found.

AGENT BRUDOE

Let's focus on Walker first; he's our main concern.

A RECEPTIONIST comes into the room.

RECEPTIONIST

Dr. Smith was just found.

AGENT BRUDOE

Where? Is he okay?

RECEPTIONIST

He was rushed to St. Joseph's.

EXT. GAS STATION - DAY

Lucas jimmys the lock on a minivan. He pulls Agent Delaney from the trunk of her car and puts her in the back seat of the minivan.

She starts to wake up, groggy. He pulls a syringe from his pocket and brings her face close.

She screams--blood curdling. He roughly covers her mouth and looks around to make sure no one heard.

She bites his hand. Lucas grabs her throat and slams her head against the seat. He sucks at his bleeding hand and tries to control his temper.

LUCAS

You don't...you don't know what I
want to do with you. Don't tempt
me.

He tries desperately to control his breathing. She squirms. Lucas wraps the seat belt around her throat--loose enough to breath.

LUCAS

JUST STAY STILL! Shhhh. Just go
back to sleep for a little while
longer.

Her eye's bulge.

He jams the needle in her neck. Gags her mouth.

LUCAS

It's something from the good
Doctor. You can trust him. Can't
you?

Delaney's eyes roll back in her head and she goes unconscious.

Her legs tumble outside the door. He looks at them and the door in his hands.

Lucas slams the door shut on her knees with a loud CRUNCH. He places her legs back into the car and shuts the door.

Lucas smiles and walks to the front seat of the minivan.

EXT. WOODS - SUNSET

Lucas drags a brown burlap sack through the woods. It's clumsy and he struggles with the weight. Lucas carefully moves through the rocks and thick foliage.

Lucas mutters to himself loudly.

Tall dark pillars of trees as far as the eye can see.

The sack gets caught on the rock and opens to reveal Delaney's body. She tumbles out of the bag and into a ravine.

He follows her down and carefully looks over her body--her crushed legs, bruised neck, and bloody face.

He kisses her forehead.

LUCAS

You have to be more careful.

He wraps her body back up into the canvas and pulls her from the ravine. He starts walking again, clear with purpose.

But he is not alone. He hasn't been alone this whole time.

Dark unmoving human-like figures are scattered in the woods around him--*not just trees. Pillars* to his deeds.

LUCAS

(muttering)

I said I'd bring her. I promised.

He stops as one blocks his path--he is not scared anymore, simply tamed by his demons.

LUCAS

I wouldn't lie to you. I can't.

He drags Delaney's body around the figure and continues onward.

The woods grow darker and an impenetrable fog rolls in.

Lucas comes upon a small METAL SHACK hidden among the trees.

He drags Delaney to the door and looks around the woods. The figures are darker now, more imposing. Lucas looks slowly to all of them, internalizing each outline, every stare.

He nods at them and enters the shack.

INT. HOSPITAL, ROOM - DAY

A Nurse leads Agent Brudoe and Page into a room.

NURSE

He keeps requesting an 'Agent Delaney'.

AGENT BRUDOE
He'll have to manage.

The Nurse pulls a barrier hiding the bed from view. Peter is curled in a ball--broken. Bloodshot eyes and skin blue from bruising. Deep ravenous cuts soak red through bandages.

Peter's expression has a perturbed insanity about it; he shakes violently.

PETER
I didn't want it to happen like this.

AGENT BRUDOE
I'm so sorry he did this to you.

PETER
He's going to be back. He's not... not done with me yet. I wasn't supposed to leave.
(beat)
Lucas is going to be so angry at me.

AGENT PAGE
You were found wandering the streets. We've been looking for you and Delaney for days...where--

PETER
He said they were watching me and I couldn't leave.

AGENT PAGE
Who was watching you?

PETER
I don't know. I couldn't see them. But they were there; I felt it.

A DOCTOR walks in.

DOCTOR
He needs rest. Please--

NURSE
These were the Agents I told you about, Doctor.

DOCTOR
Right. Well they can come back another day.

AGENT PAGE
We don't have the time for that.

DOCTOR

He's not well. I'm not sure how much he'll be able to help you. We found traces of a synthetic form of Psilocybin in his system. It's an hallucinogenic drug.

AGENT PAGE

Will he be okay?

DOCTOR

He's been badly hurt. Tortured we think from his...his ramblings.

PETER

I'm...I'M FINE!

Agent Brudoe puts a comforting hand on Peter's shoulder.

AGENT BRUDOE

We won't let him hurt you again.

Peter's face twists rage.

PETER

No. I want him to find me.

Agent Brudoe considers this.

AGENT BRUDOE

Where did he leave you to die then?

INT. SHACK - NIGHT

Delaney wakes up slowly. She looks around the dark smokey room. Lucas is hunched over a small fire in the corner wrapped in a blanket.

She coughs at the smoke.

Lucas' gaze snaps to her.

LUCAS

Good, you're awake.

She clutches her knees, a wave of pain hitting her. She screams and sobs.

LUCAS

Shhhh. Shhhhhhh. You don't want them coming in here do you?

This quiets her. She silently whimpers and cradles her legs.

LUCAS
It's not so bad.

Delaney eyes the door.

Lucas moves to cover her in his blanket. She flinches at his touch.

LUCAS
You look cold.

Lucas goes back to the fire, letting his hands glide dangerously over the flames.

AGENT DELANEY
Who...

Lucas looks up but doesn't move his hands from the flames.

AGENT DELANEY
Who's out there?

LUCAS
Really? You should know. You put
them in my head...

Silence from both. All the cards are on the table.

AGENT DELANEY
So...what haunts a monster?

A smile creeps slowly to his face. The flames dance against his sweaty skin.

LUCAS
Nothing that can hurt me.

AGENT DELANEY
Doesn't look like that to me.
You're hiding in here from
something.

LUCAS
No, you're wrong. I used to tiptoe
through....through these sins.
These urges. I could always feel
the weight on my chest. I thought
they'd be around every turn...
underneath every bed...hidden in
shadows...I used to be scared. But
I couldn't help myself...all those
times...it was *too good*. And I
felt that weight for too long. But
they aren't hiding anymore are
they? I'm not hiding anymore.

(MORE)

LUCAS

If I can cut them up and stare
down their faces, shouldn't I not
be able to sleep? I'm counting
sheep to the slaughter now...they
fill me up--I'm whole for an
instant here and there. I can suck
the marrow out of life
(licks his lips)
and nothing is holding me back
anymore.

AGENT DELANEY

And that's what you'll do to me?

LUCAS

I gave you what you wanted. You
wanted my ghosts to come back. You
and '*that doctor*' wanted me to
feel this...this guilt. You wanted
me to feel this or die. Isn't that
right?

AGENT DELANEY

That's what he wanted. Not me.

He stands and spits at her.

LUCAS

Well, you got it. I'm feeling
everything. Those faces out there
in the dark demand it. Then
everyone can see me the way you
want them to:

A killer.

A murderer.

If you could put me on the stand
now I'd scream to the heavens
about every drop of blood, every
snapping bone...Every scream for
mercy.

A deadly glance her way.

LUCAS

And you want that too right?

(chuckles)

Sorry. I shouldn't laugh. But
dammit. You're just as predictable
as the rest. Where'd that fire go?
That spirit...

(beat)

Let's see if we can get that back.

AGENT DELANEY

Don't do this.

LUCAS
I'll make sure to say "hi" to
Peter for you.

Delaney screams.

CUT TO BLACK.

EXT. WOODS - DAYBREAK

Lucas walks through the edge of the woods. He is tired yet smiling. Shivers against the cold.

He walks along the road until he comes to the minivan partially shrouded by branches. He gets inside.

INT. MODEL HOME, LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Peter paces the room nervously. Every sound puts him on edge.

There are soft FOOTSTEPS from outside. Slowly, a hand turns the doorknob. Lucas enters. He eyes the ropes on the ground near Peter's feet.

LUCAS
Good. I'd hoped that you still had
enough sense to free yourself.

PETER
You wanted me to go?

LUCAS
I knew you'd never go too far from
my side...Not again.

Peter keeps his distance from Lucas.

LUCAS
And I'm glad you stayed. We have
so much to talk about.

PETER
What...what do you want to talk
about?

LUCAS
Nothing pressing. We have plenty
of time. All the time in the world
really...

PETER
You've been gone awhile.

LUCAS
I'm busy...I won't leave you
behind next time. Don't worry.

PETER
Where've you been?

LUCAS
It doesn't matter.

PETER
I'm just...interested.

Lucas eyes the room. Locks eyes on a closet door.

LUCAS
I'll tell you someday.

PETER
Where are we going?

LUCAS
No one will follow. Don't worry.

PETER
Are we going to Agent Delaney?

Lucas pauses.

LUCAS
Why would you think that? Hmmm?
Have you gone and done something
naughty?

Lucas takes a single step towards Peter. Peter backs up.
That's it.

Officers swarm the room. Lucas is handcuffed and forced into
a chair.

LUCAS
Really?

PETER
Did you expect me to just wait for
you to kill me?

LUCAS
I expected better of you. This is
weak.

PETER
I wasn't just going to let myself
be added to your body count.

Lucas tilts his head as if to view Peter from another angle.

LUCAS
No. You wouldn't. Would you?

AGENT BRUDOE
Where is Agent Delaney?

Lucas turns sharply to Agent Brudoe and screams.

LUCAS
WE'RE HAVING A PRIVATE
CONVERSATION HERE.
(to Peter)
...you spineless insignificant--

PETER
Answer him. Where is she?

LUCAS
You were just as surprised as I
was when you found you had claws
too, weren't you? When you decided
you wanted me dead.

PETER
You killed her, not me...

LUCAS
Not if I went back to free her.

PETER
She's alive?

Lucas smiles--pure control.

LUCAS
No. She's only alive if I go back
to feed her.

AGENT BRUDOE
You want us to trade her life for
the countless others that will die
if we let you go?

PETER
We won't.

Lucas laughs uncontrollably.

LUCAS
Good. Good. That's just what I
wanted to hear.

AGENT BRUDOE
We're done. Get him back to the
station.

Peter ignores Brudoe. He's singularly focused on Lucas.

PETER
Why?

LUCAS
She is trapped. Locked away in a
place no one will ever hear her
scream. Plenty of water though.
I'm not a fucking animal.

PETER
You knew we wouldn't let you go
for her. Why are you doing all
this?

LUCAS
I don't want her dying from
dehydration; that's no fun...I
want her to eat her fucking hands
to try to free herself only to
find the door locked, you know?

Peter gags.

LUCAS
And now you all probably just
think I'm selfish...

PETER
You're sick.

LUCAS
And I told her that everyone would
be looking for her...I told her
I'd send you her regards. She owes
you for this too. I can't take all
the credit here.

The room is dead silent.

LUCAS
She's screaming right now, can't
you hear her?

Peter moves to attack Lucas but Officers hold him back.

Lucas uses the moment of distraction to turn on the Officer
restraining him. Lucas tears into the Officer's face with
his teeth--ripping through flesh and bone.

The room is thrown into chaos. Other Officers restrain Lucas.

AGENT BRUDOE
Get him out of here!

Peter grabs an Officer's GUN from his holster. He points the gun at Lucas. Everyone quiets. Lucas' face is dripping with blood; he spits out a wad of skin.

LUCAS
She'll be dead...can't do anything about that now. She's almost out of time. The blood's on your hands. *PUT ME AWAY, DOCTOR.*

AGENT PAGE
Put the gun down now, Peter.

PETER
(voice cracking)
He'll tell us where she is. He will!

AGENT BRUDOE
He just wants to cause more bloodshed. This isn't like you. Give me the gun.

Agent Brudoe extends his hand to Peter.

Peter doesn't move. Doesn't blink. He stares Lucas down.

LUCAS
(sing-song)
You don't know him like I do.

PETER
You're gonna live with all this!
Locked up--

LUCAS
--in a nice little padded room. Some time for my thoughts...you're the one that'll have the nightmares though. And what do I have?

Lucas taps his thick skull.

LUCAS
One more face to add to the shadows...A nice pretty little bookend...
(MORE)

LUCAS

And one day...this poison you've put in my system is just gonna slip away, won't it? Beasts don't stay behind bars forever. The voices will get quieter and quieter. The ghosts will drift away. They'll just be happy memories again--They can't hurt me. You can't touch me.

Lucas slowly strides towards Peter, getting in his face.

AGENT BRUDOE

(to Peter)

We have ways to make him talk. Just put the gun down.

PETER

(to Lucas)

We'll find her and you'll never be free.

LUCAS

No. None of that is true...You're just too scared and insignificant to know the truth...

(beat)

and I'm already free. You did that!

Lucas smiles, the fire in his eyes all-consuming, all-powerful. He is free of his mortal coil--never been more alive. Lucas licks at his bloody lips.

LUCAS

'Cause I'll be in hell and nothing will be better than that fire.

(beat)

And I'll see you there, Peter.

Peter's hands tremble on the gun. Lucas charges him. Peter shoots Lucas in the head--

--**dead.** *Collapsing*

to

the

floor.

Peter stares at his bloody hands. He's tackled by Officers and drops the gun.

AGENT PAGE

What have you done?

Peter is forced to the ground and cuffed. He finds himself face to face with Lucas--a frozen smile and dead glassy eyes. Fresh blood pours out of the single neat bullet hole in his forehead.

Peter is petrified.

Officers check Lucas' vitals; he's gone.

AGENT BRUDOE

You've killed her!

An Officer forces Peter to stand and tries to lead him from the room.

PETER

He wanted me to do this! HE MADE ME!

AGENT PAGE

(to Brudoe)

I'll call an examiner to collect the body.

PETER

Lucas isn't dead...He can't be dead!

AGENT BRUDOE

Get him out of here!

PETER

SHE'S STILL ALIVE! HE CAN TELL US WHERE SHE IS!

An Officer drags Peter kicking and screaming from the room.

PETER

PLEASE, I TAKE IT BACK!

FADE TO BLACK