STRANGE EYES

BY

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INT. COLD ROOM-FROZEN VICTIM

The room is deathly dark. There is a creaking sound. The door slowly opens. The faint light streams across the room. In the centre of the room is a woman encased in ice like a demented ice statue. The Police Officer's, a male and female, walks through the cold room's door. The female Officer walks around the iced woman. She is MAGGIE TALYOR, about 20, smart, energetic, questionable selfesteem, and looks as if she has something to prove. The male officer, MIKE COPELAND, about 35, physically strong, and level head, stops in front of the dead woman's contorted face.

MIKE

She looks like one of those demented wax statues encased in ice.

MAGGIE

This ain't right...this is sadistic.

The agitated STORE MANAGER, about 40, podgy, and high strung, shouts from beyond the door.

STORE MANAGER (O.S.) What's going on in there!? What did you find!?

Mike ignores the store manager.

MIKE

We'll, I don't think I'll be eating from there breakfast menu again. You wanna call it in Maggie.

Maggie Taylor takes the radio off her belt.

MAGGIE

Dispatch, this is Officer Taylor, we have a DOA at thirteen, Compton Rd, Los Angeles.

Maggie looks away from the ice statue with a disgusted expression.

MAGGIE

(continuing)

C'mon, let's wait outside for the Homicide boys.

The store manager pushes his way through the door. He sees the iced woman. He is in a state of shock. Mike Copeland shakes him.

MIKE

You better close your store and send your staff home Sir.

The shaken store manager looks at him.

MIKE

(continuing)

This is a crime scene now.

The store manager nods weakly, and in a stunned state walks from the cold room.

INT. HOUSE-OFFICE-LUKE HOWARD-DAY

LUKE HOWARD, about 29, screenwriter, intelligent, perceptive, and passionate is talking on the phone.

LUKE

Yeah Jerry, the first draft will be ready to send onto them by Monday, I've just got to go over the first two acts to polish them up, and then I'll finish off the third.

AGENT (O.S.)

(filtered)

I gotta tell ya, I'm looking forward to seeing it on Monday Luke, if it's anything like the last, they absolutely loved that.

LUKE

Yeah, I better get back to work, se ya.

He puts down the phone. He breathes deeply, and looks down over the first page of the manuscript on his desk. It is the opening scene. He has just finished re-reading it. The title at the top of the page reads, "STRANGE EYES By LUKE HOWARD."

LUKE

(continuing)

Iced girl in a dark room,
that'll work, a good
grabber.

Luke looks pensive for a moment. He flips open the next page and begins reading.

LUKE (V.O.)

(continuing)

The pub is dingy, run down, no class at all.

EXT. PUB-NIGHT

The pub has a rundown appearance. There is music filtering from inside. A Taxi pulls up outside.

INT. HOUSE-OFFICE-LUKE HOWARD

Luke's eyes are skimming over the page furiously.

LUKE HOWARD (V.O.)

It is late, and Tom Murray sits on his favourite barstool pissed as a maggot like usual.

INT. PUB-TOM MURRAY

TOM MURRAY, about 26, thin, unkempt, and looking like a real looser is slumped on the bar. He looks up to see a buxom woman walking in his direction. MADDIE, about 35, and a regular walks past Tom. He slaps her on the butt.

ТОМ

Hey Maddie, that arse will feel a lot better with those pants off.

Maddie turns, and looks him over.

MADDIE

Tom, even if you got yours down tonight.

Maddie looks over his crotch.

MADDIE

(continuing)

It'll be that shrivelled you'd hardly find it let alone stick it anywhere.

The bar roars with laughter. Maddie continues her walk along the bar. Tom looks around at the BAR TENDER, about 50.

TOM

Another pot.

The bar tender frowns lightly.

BAR TENDER

I think you've had enough Tom, and I don't think you're going to get lucky tonight, you better go home.

Tom exchanges an offended glance.

BAR TENDER

(continuing)

Look, I'll call you a taxi.

Tom shakes his head angrily, and mutters.

TOM

No, I'm walking.

Tom staggers along the bar and knocks over a stool clumsily.

The bar tender shakes his head. Tom looks down at his crotch.

MOT

(continuing)

I think I better take you for a wiz first matey.

Tom gives a drunken smile. He staggers towards the toilets, and accidentally bumps through the female toilet door.

FEMALE (O.S.)
GET OUT! YOU'RE IN THE
LADIES TOILET YOU MORON!

Tom staggers backward. He staggers along the corridor. In his hazy vision, he sees a door at the far end of the corridor. He staggers toward the door, and opens it.

TOM

There we go.

EXT. PUB-ALLEYWAY-NIGHT

Tom staggers down the stairs and trips over a garbage bag. He rolls onto the ground. He looks up, and then around with a puzzled expression.

TOM

Who put garbage bags in the toilets?

Tom awkwardly pushes himself up. The Truck reverses backward along the alleyway. Tom straightens up, and turns around to see the back of the Truck. It hits him. He flies backward into the large pile of garbage bags.

INT. PUB-ALLEYWAY-TRUCK

The TRUCK DRIVER, about 50, fat, heavy beard, and tattooed looks in his rear vision mirror. He sticks his head out of the window of the truck, and looks towards the garbage bags.

TRUCK DRIVER Can't see anything. Ah, it's getting late.

The Truck drives along the alleyway and turns into the street. Tom lays unconscious with a trail of blood running along his forid.

EXT. PUB-TAXI-NIGHT

JACK, about 20, tall, serious, and Tom's best friend looks around as if looking for something. The Taxi driver looks across at him impatiently.

TAXI DRIVER

Look mate, if your friend isn't here in two minutes I'm leaving, I'm loosing income here.

Jack says annoyed.

JACK

Yeah, yeah, he'll be here.

Jack looks over to the entrance of the pub.

JACK

(continuing)

Even when you're pissed, it doesn't take that long to take a piss.

Jack walks towards the front door. In the distance the Truck disappears in the darkness along the street.

EXT. PUB-ALLEYWAY

The side door flies opens. Jack is standing at the top of the stairs. He looks around the alleyway. His eyes fall on a lone leg sticking out from the garbage pile.

JACK

Jesus Christ!

He runs down the stairs, and leaps into the pile. He tosses the bags aside, and sees the blood trickle on Tom's face. He checks his pulse quickly. He breathes in relief.

JACK

(continuing)

You're just asleep you stupid, lucky bastard.

Jack looks up into the sky, and then down at Tom. He grabs him and pulls him over his shoulder.

JACK (continuing)

You owe me mate.

INT. LOUNGE ROOM-BEDROOM-NIGHT

Luke is dressed in his pyjamas. He is reading by a nightlight.

LUKE (V.O.)

Tom's meant to be a real loser, a loser who resurrects himself.

Luke puts down the screenplay, and lies back to sleep.

EXT. STREET-LUKE'S HOUSE-SUNRISE

The street is picturesque in the morning light.

INT. HOUSE-KITCHEN-LUKE

Luke has a coffee in one hand, and the screenplay in the other. He takes a sip of coffee, and shakes his head.

LUKE

Love a caffeine rush in the morning.

INT. TOM'S FLAT-LOUNGE ROOM-DAY

Tom is slumped in his crumpled clothes in the single lounge chair. The light streams through the curtains onto his face. He slowly opens his eyes. He is clearly hung over. He looks around as if he is not sure where he is for a moment. He tries to push himself from the chair and falls backward again.

MOT

How did I get home?

Tom looks out the window.

He turns to look at the half-empty bottle of alcohol on the table. He reaches out to grab it. He takes a second thought, and puts it down. He gets up slowly, and walks along the corridor. He stops in front of a closet door. He opens the door. Box's, and old tattered books fall

down on his head. He falls to the floor in a crumpled hung-over heap. He rifles through the large exercise books. He stops as he comes across one particular book. He opens the pages of it as if it is a painful experience. There are old crumpled articles glued to the pages. The uppermost article has a picture of a mangled car. The headline reads. "HORROR HIGHWAY CRASH." Tom eyes are dull with pain and sadness. He looks down the page to a second article. The headline reads, "DRUNK TRUCK DRIVER."

EXT. FLASHBACK-CRASH SCENE-DAY

The mangled car lies upside in the paddock. A Fire Engine sits on the highway a short distance away. There is Police Officer's standing around the wreck. Next to the mangled car there are two adult size body bags. "You can see that there are bodies in the bags." COMMANDER JOHN TAYLOR, about 44, tall, robust, and dominating in presence, walks towards the smashed wire fence. A PLAIN CLOTHES OFFICER, about 30, is walking by his side.

PLAIN CLOTHES OFFICER As you can see Sir, after the truck collided with the vehicle, the husband, we think he was at the wheel, at the time of the collision, lost control and they spun off the road.

They pass through the smashed fence.

PLAIN CLOTHES OFFICER (continuing)
They smashed through this fence before coming to a stop upside down where they lie.

They reach the car.

 $\label{eq:commander} \mbox{COMMANDER TAYLOR}$ The parents!?

Commander Taylor eyes are steadily gazing over the mangled car. The Plain Clothes Officer gestures to the other side of the mangled car. The two adult size body bags lie on the grass.

We think the wife died on impact and the husband sometime after they came to

PLAIN CLOTHES OFFICER

a stop...he was probably still alive for a few minutes, in considerable pain.

A pained look comes over Commander Taylor's face.

COMMANDER TAYLOR

The children?

PLAIN CLOTHES OFFICER

Two boys, Sir, one eight years old, and the other ten. The ambo's rushed them off as soon as they arrived...the older boy had a broken arm, and a couple of broken ribs, while the younger one seems remarkably fine apart from not talking to anyone, there bringing in a psychologist, they think he might have sustained a head injury in the crash.

COMMANDER TAYLOR

So pointless...a clear day...dry road...where's this truck driver!?

Plain Clothes Officer looks back around to the highway. Commander Taylor looks around also. The Truck sits on the highway with a heavy dent in its front where it struck the car. There are large skids marks trailed behind where the Truck slid to a stop. The sealed body bag of the truck driver lies a short distance away.

PLAIN CLOTHES OFFICER

He didn't have his seat belt on, and went straight through the windscreen. His truck kept careening on until it came to a halt where it sits, Sir. COMMANDER TAYLOR

Was he drunk!?

PLAIN CLOTHES OFFICER

We found empty bottles of beer all over the floor of the driver's cabin, Commander.

Commander Taylor closes his eyes.

INT. TOM'S FLAT-CORRIDOR

Tom's head is drooped mournfully. The exercise book lies on the floor in front of him.

ТОМ

Mum...Dad...

"He has visibly never dealt with the crash. Even after all these years, he is still haunted."

Tom looks across at the bottle on the floor. He reaches across, grabs it, and practically slams the alcohol down his throat. "He has clearly been severely traumatised by the accident, and has been using alcohol as a mean to deal with the pain."

INT. LUKE'S HOUSE-LOUNGE ROOM-DAY

Luke puts down the screenplay down on the couch. He puts his hand to his forid as if he has a severe headache.

LUKE

Ah, where did that come from? Driving the brains cells a bit too hard, but I've gotta get this done before the deadline.

He gets up and walks towards the double doors.

INT. LUKE'S HOUSE-CORRIDOR

Luke walks along the corridor.

INT. LUKE'S HOUSE-BATHROOM

Luke opens the cabinet and rifles through the contents. He pulls out a packet, and looks at the instructions.

LUKE

One tablet every six hours, I'll take two.

He empties the packet into his open palm. There is a small white capsule and a big red capsule. He looks at the big red capsule surprised.

LUKE

(continuing)

What's with the big red one?

He shakes his shoulders as if to say, "Whatever." He takes the glass from the side bench. He swallows the tablets, and swallows the water to wash them down.

INT. LUKE'S HOUSE-LOUNGE ROOM

Luke thumps back down in the couch. He grabs the mobile phone.

LUKE

Pizza for lunch, why not he says.

He dials the number. He waits a few seconds. The PIZZA GIRL, about 16, and cheerful greets him on the other end.

PIZZA GIRL (O.S.)

(filtered)

Hello, Pizza Palace, Jess speaking, how can I help you?

LUKE

(continuing)

Yeah, I'd like to order a large pizza, Hawaiian.

PIZZA GIRL (O.S.)

(filtered)

One large Hawaiian pizza. Would like anything else with that Sir?

LUKE

Yeah, and I'll have a garlic bread, and a large coke as well.

PIZZA GIRL (O.S.)

(filtered)

Can I get your name and address Sir?

LUKE

Luke Howard, 26, Mondale Drive, Hampton.

PIZZA GIRL (O.S.)

(filtered)

Your pizza will be delivered in fifteen too twenty five minutes Sir.

She is so friendly.

LUKE

Thanks cool.

PIZZA GIRL (O.S.)

(filtered)

Have a good night Sir.

LUKE

Yeah, you too.

He switches off the phone. He drops it onto the couch and picks up the screenplay. Luke begins reading again.

EXT. TOM'S FLAT-STREET-DAY

Tom walks down the front stairs. He puts his hand up to shield his face from the glare of the sun. He puts on sunglasses to shield his bloodshot eyes. He has clearly not showered, and is still wearing his crumpled clothes. He walks along the path, and out the front gate.

EXT. MALL-TOM-DAY

Tom walks towards the front entrance.

INT. MALL-TOM

Tom walks along the hallway. The Mall is busy. There is a large amount of noise. An obese man with a balding head brushes Tom's shoulder as he walks past. Tom keeps on walking for a few steps, before a strange look comes over him. He looks around quickly at the back of the BALD HEAD MAN, about 35, and rough looking.

EXT. MALL-BUS TERMINAL-DAY

The bus terminal is bustling with people. Tom sees a bus slowing to a stop. He reaches into his pocket and pulls out a ticket. As he walks through the crowd towards the buss, he is shouldered hard by a thin, but muscular man. The muscular man is rushing in the other direction. Tom turns around angrily to see the man's weathered baseball cap bobbing up and down in the crowd.

TOM

Moron.

EXT. STREET-BUS-DAY

The bus drives along the suburban street.

INT. STREET-BUS-TOM

Tom is leaning against the window. He has fallen asleep.

INT. STRANGE EYES-MALL-BALD HEAD MAN

Tom is aware that he is dreaming. He can see himself walking along the Malls hallway. He sees himself stop. He looks through a shop window. However, the reflection in the window is not his own. He is looking straight at the reflection of the Bald Head Man who brushed his shoulder earlier. He is looking through the Bald Head Man's eyes.

INT. STREET-BUS-TOM

The bus jolts to a stop and knocks Tom out of his slumber. Tom has a strange look on his face. "He is struggling to process what has just happened. He was asleep, but it felt so real, and it was the same man who brushed his shoulder in the Mall." He looks out the window, and quickly realizes it's his stop. The bus is about to take off again.

TOM

Hey wait, wait! It's my stop!

The buss jolts to a stop. The driver grumpily opens the doors. Tom walks quickly from the buss. As the buss takes off, a woman moves past, and ever so slightly accidentally brushes his hand. Tom stops, as he watches the LONG LEGGED WOMAN, about 21, a tall, high-heeled woman with long legs and a firm arse under a short tight dress walk away. He feels his crotch firming, and moves his bag subtly over it, as other passengers walk past.

TOM

(continuing)

Now that is too much.

He watches until she disappears down a side street.

TOM

(continuing)

If only...

Tom looks further down the street towards his shabby flat.

EXT. STREET-TOM'S FLAT-NIGHT

A lone kid rids past on a bike.

INT. TOM'S FLAT-LOUNGE ROOM

The television is blaring, as Tom lies slumped in his single lounge chair asleep. There is an empty beer car on the floor with halve of the contents spilt onto the carpet.

EXT. STRANGE EYES-STREET-UPMARKET HOUSE-NIGHT

Tom is aware he is dreaming. He can see the vision walking towards an upmarket house. The vision walks up to the front door. A pair of hands takes keys out of a handbag. They are woman's hands. The hand comes forth and unlocks the door. Tom is seeing through a woman's eyes.

INT. TOM'S FLAT-LOUNGE ROOM

Tom stirs in his chair uneasily. "He is aware that he is dreaming, but it feels all too real, as if he is seeing through someone else's eyes."

INT. STRANGE EYES- UPMARKET HOUSE-LOUNGE ROOM

The vision moves into the lounge room. The woman's hand tosses the handbag onto a couch. The vision moves out of the lounge room. The woman's hands reach down her long legs, and pull off her high-heeled shoes.

INT. STRANGE EYES- UPMARKET HOUSE-BEDROOM

Tom sees the bedroom as the vision moves into it. The vision turns around 180 degrees. Tom sees himself looking straight into a mirror through her eyes. The woman is gorgeous. He recognises her, it is the Long Legged Woman from the bus stop that accidentally lightly brushed his hand. As he looks through her eyes straight into her reflection, she grabs her top, and pulls it off. She tosses into onto her bed. She is wearing no bra. She pulls off her mini skirt. She is wearing no knickers underneath.

INT. TOM'S FLAT-LOUNGE ROOM

Tom's crotch begins to harden. His face looks relaxed

INT. STRANGE EYES-UPMARKET HOUSE

The woman moves her hands over her body and skirts naked underneath her silk satin sheets.

INT. TOM'S FLAT-LOUNGE ROOM-NIGHT

Tom's eyes shoot open.

MOT

I can't be lucky, I can't be this lucky.

EXT. SHOPPING STRIP-BUS-TOM-DAY

Tom steps off the bus. He scans the bustling crowd.

TOM (V.O.)

I might be insane, but it's worth a shot...let's touch someone's hand and see what happens.

Tom begins walking along the footpath while scanning the crowd looking for someone interesting.

TOM (V.O.)

(continuing)

I'll I did before was touch them. Who would be the most interesting person's eyes to see through?

Tom's eyes fall on two Police Officers standing by their vehicle a little way ahead.

TOM (V.O.)

(continuing)

Cop's, of course. There's where the action is.

Tom reaches the Police Officers.

TOM (V.O.)

(continuing)

Make it subtle.

Tom pretends to have to squeeze his way past, and his hand brushes the back of the Female Officers arm. Tom does not look back as he walks on. The Female Officer looks around with a non-descript look at the back of Tom's head. The Police Officer is, Maggie Taylor. She turns back to her partner Mike and continues her conversation.

INT. TOM'S FLAT-LOUNGE ROOM-SUNSET

Tom sits back in his single couch. He has a bowl of corn chips in a bowl on the small table, and a bottle of alcohol. He looks as if he is settling in to watch a movie.

TOM

Here we go. Let the fun begin.

He lies back and closes his eyes.

EXT. STREET-TOM'S FLAT-NIGHT

There is neither sound nor movement upon the street. It is eerie.

INT. TOM'S FLAT-LOUNGE ROOM

Tom is slumped in the chair fast asleep. He is lightly snoring.

INT. STRANGE EYES-POLICE CAR-NIGHT

Tom's is seeing through the eyes of Maggie Taylor. The car is driving quickly along a suburban street. The lights are flashing.

EXT. STRANGE EYES-HOUSE-NIGHT

Tom sees through Maggie's eyes as she thrusts the car door open, and puts her hand down to her pistol. Mike jogs forwards cautiously to the front door. Maggie follows. Tom sees the vision tilt downward as Maggie looks down at the doorknob. The door has been broken. Someone has broken into the house. Mike takes out his pistol, and looks back at Maggie. Tom sees her hand appear out in front of her body. Her hands are tightly clenching the pistol. The vision moves silently through the door, and into the house.

INT. STRANGE EYES-LOUNGE ROOM

Mike gestures into the lounge room. Maggie moves off into the lounge room. Mike continues along the corridor. Tom sees Maggie's vision trail slowly over the room. Maggie's pistol is trained straight out in front of her as she moves forward. The vision turns around abruptly as if she has heard something. The vision begins running back toward the corridor.

INT. STRANGE EYES-CORRIDOR

Maggie stops in the corridor. She is looking down the corridor. She is waiting for something. A flash moves from one side of the corridor to the other, and the back door flies open. Tom sees his vision charging forwards. Maggie stops just before she reaches the back door. She swings around, and sees her partner Mike lying motionless on the floor. She sees his face move and knows that he is alive. She turns, and bursts out the door.

INT. STRANGE EYES-BACK YARD-NIGHT

Maggie stops and the vision moves around the backyard furiously. "It is obvious that her adrenaline is pumping furiously." The vision turns and races towards the path leading up the side of the house.

INT. STRANGE EYES-SIDE PATH

Maggie sees a man crouched behind a large brush at the far end of the path. She moves forwards and trains her pistol towards him.

MAGGIE

Don't move. I will fire! Get out from behind the bush!

The man behind the bush does not move.

MAGGIE

(continuing)
GET YOUR FUCKING HANDS UP
NOW! AND GET OUT FROM
BEHIND THAT BUSH!

The garden sprinklers in the garden start up. The water flicks in Maggie's face blurring her vision. Through the blurred vision, Tom sees Maggie look up to see the man rush out from behind the brush. The man frantically pulls his body over the fence.

Maggie trains her pistol on his back.

MAGGIE

(continuing)

FREEZE! I WILL FUCKING FIRE!

The man ignores her. Maggie moves her pistol barrel down to fire upon the man's leg. She tries to pull the trigger, but cannot. The man pulls his body over the fence.

MAGGIE

(continuing)

FUCK!

"She had frozen." The vision turns around and Mike is standing groggily behind her with his pistol by his side. He says something. Maggie points towards the fence. They run furiously towards it

EXT. STRANGE EYES-FRONT YARD-NIGHT

Maggie pulls herself over the fence, and rolls along the ground. She hears a rustling sound a little distance away. Mike jumps down beside her. The vision trails over the front yard, and stops upon a tree. Maggie is shouting forcefully. The man walks out from behind the tree. His hands are behind his head.

INT. STRANGE EYES-POLICE CAR

The man is sitting with handcuffs in the back seat. Maggie looks at Mike as he gets in the drivers side.

MIKE

Looks messy in there, this guy's definitely not a professional.

MAGGIE

Nah, he's just a dick head.

Mike looks at the man with disgust.

MIKE

Aren't you!? We've got a nice pretty cell waiting for you.

Maggie nods. She says loudly so the man can hear.

MAGGIE

The worlds full of maggots!

Tom watches the vision of the car driving along the street, and into the night.

INT. TOM'S FLAT-LOUNGE ROOM

Tom's is still as leep on his couch. Hs hands are sweaty from the excitement of his recent vision.

INT. LUKE'S HOUSE-BEDROOM-DAY

Luke grabs his pizza and eats a large chunk of it. He washes it down with a gulp of coke. His face looks drowsy.

LUKE

Rules of a successful screenplay, set up the internal conflict in the first act, we'll let's break out the serial killer.

Luke puts the coke bottle down. He puts the screenplay down beside him.

LUKE

(continuing)

Jeez, I'm struggling to keep my eyes open here...must be the tablets.

He closes his eyes and slowly lies back.

INT. STRANGE EYES-FLAT-SERIAL KILLER-NIGHT

Tom is seeing through the eyes of a different person. His vision is looking through a telescope. The vision is looking down at an upmarket house. The curtains are shut,

but the shadow of a person can be seen walking backwards and forwards behind it. Tom can hear a low voice.

SERIAL KILLER (O.S.)

I'll see you soon, I've watched you for too long...I need to smell you...and your blood.

INT. TOM'S FLAT-LOUNGE ROOM

Tom moves with unease in his chair. His face is tense.

INT. STRANGE EYES-FLAT-SERIAL KILLER

The vision turns onto the arm of the, SERIAL KILLER, about 27, psychopathic, and obsessed. There are three slash marks on the arm. The Serial Killer raises a knife and slowly cuts a fourth slash across his arm.

INT. FLAT-SERIAL KILLER-BEDROOM-LUKE

Luke Howard's eyes open. He can see immediately that he is no longer in his own bedroom.

LUKE

What the!?

He looks around in fear and confusion. He hears a low voice from further along the corridor.

SERIAL KILLER (O.S.)

There's room for plenty more.

Luke leaps out of the bed. He looks around panicked. He runs to the corridor and looks down towards the lounge room. He sees the back of the man. He has a knife in his hand. There are four slash marks on his arm. A trickle of blood is running down his arm. Luke looks up to see the telescope. A look of recognition and disbelief come over his face.

SERIAL KILLER (continuing)
Tonight's the night.

Luke watches as the man places a cover over the telescope and walks out of sight. Luke moves quickly and fearfully towards the door at the opposite end of the corridor. "He is guessing it is the front door." He hears a banging sound, and stops as if a rabbit caught in the headlights of a car. He rushes quietly to the door, and nervously opens it. He slips out the door, and shuts it quietly behind him.

INT. APARTMENT BLOCK-STAIRCASE

Luke rushes down the stairs frantically.

LUKE

This is not happening. This is not happening.

EXT. STREET-APARTMENT BLOCK-DAY

Luke bursts from the apartment block's front doors. He runs wildly across the street, and throws himself behind a thick tree trunk on the pavement on the other side. He is breathing deeply.

LUKE

Gather yourself.

Luke looks around the tree trunk and sees the man from the apartment block walk from the front doors. Luke has a look in his eyes as if he cannot believe what he is seeing. The man walks along the footpath, and down the alleyway of the apartment block.

Luke slaps his face hard. He is waiting for something. He slaps himself harder. A passer by gives him a strange look.

LUKE

(continuing)

Wake up. Wake up you stupid shit.

Nothing happens. He looks around the tree trunk, and sees the work van roll out of the alleyway. The van turns onto the road. Luke sees the writing on the side, "MICHAEL'S SATELLITE REPAIRS." LUKE

(continuing)

Ah, please no.

He is terrified.

LUKE

(continuing)

It can't be a coincidence.

The van disappears in the distance. Luke pulls out his wallet. He opens it quickly. He counts the notes, and sees the credit cards.

LUKE

(continuing)

I'm not dreaming I am.

He looks around as if looking at a fake world, not a real one.

LUKE

(continuing)

I didn't have this much in my wallet, I never have this much in my wallet, and the visa card, I lost that last week. Nah, this is fucked up, but it's not real.

Luke sees a Taxi heading towards him. He flags it down.

INT. TAXI-LUKE

The TAXI DRIVER, about 45, looks around. Luke looks agitated.

TAXI DRIVER

You are alight.

LUKE

I'm not sure...

TAXI DRIVER

Where do you want to go?

LUKE

Around the corner first.

The Taxi driver looks around. He looks at Luke in his rear vision mirror with a strange glance.

EXT. COURT-TAXI-DAY

Luke walks up the driveway from the Taxi. He looks over the upmarket house. He reaches the front door and knocks. He waits for a few seconds. The door opens. He seems stunned as he stares at the woman. It is the Long Legged Woman, the same woman from his screenplay.

LONG LEGGED WOMAN

Hi there.

Luke just stares at her with a stunned expression. The Long Legged Woman gives him a curious glance.

LONG LEGGED WOMAN

(continuing)
Can I help you?

Luke snaps out of his stunned state. He smiles.

LUKE

No, it's okay, wrong flat, sorry about that.

The Long Legged Woman gives a smile that would melt hearts.

LONG LEGGED WOMAN

That's okay, good luck, se ya.

She shuts the door. Luke walks down the driveway slowly.

LUKE (V.O.)

We'll, okay, it's getting really strange now, and I haven't woken up yet.

INT. TAXI

Luke looks dumbfounded in the backseat, as the Taxi Driver drives out of the court.

TAXI DRIVER

Where to now pal?

LUKE

Do you know where Madam China's Fortune Teller Hut is?

Luke waits for the Taxi Driver's response as if it will confirm whether he is truly inside his screenplay or not. "Every sense is telling him that it is real, but his mind is struggling to accept it."

TAXI DRIVER

Sure, Madam China's, my wife make's me shell out every month so she can have a, "consultation,' as she calls it, but.

The Taxi Driver looks around.

TAXI DRIVER

(continuing)

As you can see, I'm still driving a Taxi so it's not doing any good in my book, now the winner for the eight race is what I need, that's what I'm talking about.

Luke says softly to himself.

LUKE

Madam China's. It doesn't exist...outside my screenplay at least.

TAXI DRIVER

What was that?

LUKE

There's a hundred in it for you, so be heavy on the pedal.

The Taxi jolts forwards in speed.

TAXI DRIVER

You got it.

EXT. FREEWAY-TAXI-DAY

The Taxi drives along the Freeway.

INT. TAXI

Luke is in deep thought.

LUKE

What if I don't get there in time, that's the next scene ... I've got know for sure. But, what if it's real. Think, I've got to find a way out of this, logic. I'm trapped in a story and a story doesn't finish until it reaches its end, and at the end of the narrative, this world will be gone, and when that happens I'll either go poof into nothingness or wake up back home again Dorothy style.

Taxi Driver looks into the rear vision mirror. Luke is mumbling to himself.

TAXI DRIVER

Are you a tourist?

Luke looks up in surprise.

LUKE

What?

TAXI DRIVER

You just seem like you don't belong here.

"Luke looks at him wondering whether he knows."

LUKE

No.

The Taxi Driver goes back to driving. He takes an off ramp off the Freeway.

LUKE (V.O.)

(continuing)

That was weird, does he know? He's not real, his a non descript character, he shouldn't know anything beyond driving a Taxi.

Luke shakes his head. He looks out the window and sees they are driving through suburban streets.

LUKE (V.O.)

(continuing)

What if he's there, Tom, my lead character, and I interfere with him. I'll be interfering with the main narrative thread. Whatever happens, things have to unfold as they did in the script, and it has to proceed onto the next scene. We'll that's it, I'm not in the script so I can't risk interacting with him without risking the story unravelling and probably me with it.

Luke looks out the window and sees they are driving along a shopping strip.

TAXI DRIVER

Madam China's just ahead buddy.

Luke looks ahead as if desperate to see the sign. "The confirmation."

TAXI DRIVER

(continuing)

Looking to find out about your future?

LUKE

The present actually.

Through the rear vision mirror, the Taxi Driver gives him a strange glance again, as if Luke is unbalanced. The Taxi pulls to a stop. It has double-parked. Luke hands the Taxi Driver the cash, and leaps from the car.

EXT. SHOPPING STRIP-MADAM CHINA'S-DAY

Luke stands outside gazing at the writing on the window, "MADAM CHINA'S FORTUNE TELLER HUT." The Taxi takes off. Luke looks cautiously through the window. He cannot see anything at first, but then he sees movement. He is expecting to see Tom. The FORTUNE TELLER, about 35, ditsy, strides across the room and pops open the till. She puts cash into it. She sits down on one of the couches. It is clear she is alone.

LUKE He's not there.

Luke looks down either end of the street. He cannot see Tom. He looks back at the Fortune Teller.

LUKE

(continuing)

We'll, I've gotta know for sure. I can't interact with the main characters without risking impinging upon the main story, the smallest thread unfurled dismantles the greatest tapestry...but she's not a major character...she's a minor character...she's not even in the story again anymore...I can talk to her safely.

Luke looks around at the people on the street. They seem real.

LUKE

(continuing)

We'll here goes, am I going nuts or not.

INT. MADAM CHINA'S

The Fortune Teller gets to her feet, as she sees Luke walk through the front door.

FORTUNE TELLER

Good afternoon Sir, here for a tarot reading, crystal ball, or perhaps contact with a love one past onto the other side.

LUKE

Just after some information.

FORTUNE TELLER That's what that is Sir.

Luke pulls out a hundred dollar note from his wallet.

LUKE

Information of the more earthly kind if you would please.

FORTUNE TELLER I don't think I'm following you Sir.

Luke puts the hundred on the table.

LUKE

Has a man come in here today talking about strange eyes, and seeing through the eyes of other people that he touches?

Fortune Teller looks at him stunned as if hit by a bolt of lightning.

FORTUNE TELLER you know? I've

How could you know? I've spoken to no one since he left.

LUKE

Then he was here, was his name Tom?

FORTUNE TELLER

Yes...you have the gift, I can see it.

LUKE

How long ago?

The Fortune Teller begins staring intensely into Luke's eyes.

FORTUNE TELLER
Half an hour ago... he asked
me for help, I told him
that he had a gift and that
I could help him harness
it, but he'd have to
purchase one of my special
crystal balls, and pay for
a weekly instruction. He
told me I had no idea what
I was doing, that I was
full of bullshit, and took
off, most rude.

Luke looks away.

LUKE

So that's it, its real, I'm in my own screenplay...

FORTUNE TELLER

Pardon Sir?

LUKE

And my being here didn't alter the story, it's all happening as it's meant too.

FORTUNE TELLER

Sir, if I could offer instruction to you for a small fee I could help you to harness your.

Luke turns quickly.

LUKE

You are a fake, it's not your fault, I wrote you that way, but don't worry, you don't have another scene, so you'll be gone in an hour or so.

Luke turns and leaves through the front door. The Fortune Teller is standing fixed to the point stunned. She regathers herself.

FORTUNE TELLER We'll, first abused and threatened...it will take some meditation to alleviate these bad vibes indeed.

EXT. SHOPPING STRIP-DAY

Luke is sitting on the bench as passers by go about their normal day. He looks distressed, and desperate. "The situation he has found himself in has just sunk in."

LUKE (V.O.)

What am I doing? Look at where I am, the arrogance, thinking I could think my out of this, logically pull it apart and manipulate it like some three act play.

He looks up after rubbing his face. His face is red.

LUKE (V.O.)

(continuing)

When I said I wanted to immerse myself in my screenplay, I didn't mean this.

He looks up into the sky.

LUKE (V.O.)

(continuing)

You're wallowing in defeat...get out of this denial crap, you're in it, wake up, you're not dying in your own screenplay, just listen to that, can you believe I just said that.

Luke looks around at the crowd with surreal eyes.

"It is as if he watching a play where the entire world is a stage and every person is a character and nothing is real."

LUKE (V.O.)

(continuing)

What am I doing here? You don't just zip into your screenplay. Something had to put me here. There must have been a will behind this, and it can't have been human.

Luke smiles wryly. It has just occurred to him.

LUKE (V.O.)

(continuing)

Only one being could push me into my own screenplay.

He looks up.

LUKE

(continuing)

Ha, ha, very funny. I can only dream of executing a joke with such timing and panache. Now get me out of here Lord.

Passers by give him strange glances as they pass by. Luke looks up into the sky waiting for an answer. It does not come. He becomes more agitated.

LUKE

(continuing)

Now you're stringing the joke along, that never works, not that I would tell you how to do it, you're the greatest screenwriter of all time, the burning bush to reveal yourself to Moses, brilliant device, and the parting of the red sea, cinematic brilliance, there still trying to top that one. I bow to you, now please get me out of this.

The passers by are giving him looks as if he is mad. Luke is looking into the sky waiting for an answer. There is still no answer. He is growing desperate.

LUKE

(continuing)

C'mon, you know I love you, I pray, not everyday, I can't lie to you, I'm a character on your stage, and you're crafting the screenplay, but church is looking a whole lot more regular my Lord, and I've been seriously toying with an idea about a missionary, you like to be heard right.

Luke waits for answer.

LUKE

(continuing)

I don't need a booming voice, how about a streak of cloud across the sky or a car backfire, small but easy.

There is no response. Luke is growing angry now.

LUKE

(continuing)

I'm liking your sense of humour less and less by the minute, okay, okay. I'll get out of this myself, free will, and choice, that's what you say right.

A look comes over Luke's face, as if something has just occurred to him.

LUKE

(continuing)

The big red pill! It was the big red pill right!? You gave me the headache, and then slipped the nifty little, 'screenplay (MORE)

LUKE (CONT'D)

injector,' pill into the packet...you gave me a big enough headache in a rush that I've thought, 'what the hell,' I'll dunk two, and whiz, zap, I wake up in the bed of my serial killer character. Real original Lord, but it's been done before, the Wachowski Brothers. The Matrix!?

Luke looks down angrily. He lowers his voice. He mutters to himself.

LUKE

(continuing)

Mental note, scrap missionary idea.

He catches a passer by looking at him as if he is insane.

LUKE

(continuing)

What are you looking at!? You're not even real.

The passer by lowers their head, and scurries away. Luke gets up and starts walking along the street. He talks to himself as if the passers by are not even real, not even alive.

LUKE

(continuing)

It is my screenplay even though I'm trapped inside it. I'm God here, and I can manipulate this, I can do this, to get the story to where it's meant to finish and get out of here...hopefully.

The sound of cars passing by, and shopper's talking, fills the air. Luke does not even hear it. He is in his own world.

LUKE

(continuing)

The next scene is Maggie
Taylor at her father's
house where she feels the
silent disappointment from
her family of highly
decorated Police Officers
that she is not living up
to their distinguished
reputation...but that's not
until tonight, so I have
time to get across town and
to think things over.

He feels his stomach.

LUKE

(continuing)

H'mm, that's interesting, you wouldn't think I'd feel hungry here, after all, it's not real, why should I be hungry.

Luke looks ahead and sees a hot dog vendor.

LUKE

(continuing)

Aaah, at least they have hot dogs here.

Two passers by hear him and give him puzzled expressions. Luke ignores them. He stops by the hot dog vendor.

LUKE

(continuing)

A hot dog with the lot.

The hot dog vendor does not speak. He puts together Luke's hot dog and gives it to him. Luke hands him the money. Luke says the next bit as if assessing the reaction.

LUKE

(continuing)

Thanks, have a great day.

The hot dog vendor does not reply. He does not even nod. Luke walks on.

LUKE

(continuing)

Fascinating, the vendor is such a minor character, in fact he's not even a character, he preforms such a menial function in the story that he is unable to speak.

He takes a bite of the hot dog. He nods in approval.

LUKE

(continuing)

I write great hot dogs.

Luke looks as if he is thinking deeply again.

LUKE

(continuing)

Now, let's analyse this, I need to find a way that I can manoeuvre the story along, and find a way to get out of this.

He takes another bite out of the hot dog.

LUKE

(continuing)

This story in essence is not the derivative story of how two people join forces, overcome differences, see what no one else does, and in the end track down the serial killer. 'Strange Eye's' is about the resurrection of Tom, the first lead character who is a shattered man, with a shattered life, and Maggie, the second lead character who has desires on the point of desperation to climb out of the shadows of (MORE)

LUKE (CONT'D)

her more famous Police
Officer family of father,
grandfather, sister and
brother to find her own
place, and to gain her
family's true respect and
admiration. The serial
killer unlike the more
derivative variety is truly
a plot device to bring
these two together. He is
incidental to the plot...

Luke eyes flicker as a revelation occurs to him.

LUKE

(continuing)

The serial killer is incidental to the plot, which means I can kill him, and take his place without impinging upon the main story line.

Luke polishes off the rest of his hot dog. He raises his voice to the strange looks of passer-by's who thinks he is deranged.

LUKE

(continuing)

If I kill the serial killer, and take his place in the screenplay. I will move smoothly from scene to scene until the end. No need to run around like a headless chook and risk missing important scenes and my chance to ride this out like a wave to the end so I can get home.

Luke stops.

(continuing)

The main problem is Tom does have one scene with the serial killer where he talks to him. Part of the plot twist. Then I'll be interfering with a major character at a crucial point in the story...breaking the rule.

He is thinking deeply, searching for a solution to the problem.

LUKE

(continuing)

But if I am the serial killer character. He'll have to see me as how I look as the real killer. He's written to see him that way, he can't change that, I'll kill the serial killer, assume his role, and look like him to everyone else in the screenplay, brilliant.

Luke breathes deeply, and looks around at the fake world again.

LUKE

(continuing)

We'll there's nothing for it, to survive the screenplay, I'll have to become part of the screenplay...now think, where is the next scene with the serial killer...I have to be ready...I'll need a plan, and a weapon so I can...kill him.

Luke begins walking again.

(continuing)

The next scene with the killer is where he takes the long legged woman by force in her flat and then transports her across town to his basement. We don't actually see the transporting, and how he places her in his basement on the screen. It's just one of those things that happens in the background, so I'll have to wait until Tom has seen through the killers eyes as he does when the killer grabs the woman...then he'll wake up. After that the killer will be off screen, and I'll be able to kill the serial killer...the story will proceed along onto the next scene as it should. That'll give me time to dump the killers body, and take the girl to the basement...I'll still have to pretend I'm the killer and make the woman think her life is in grave danger because in the end Maggie sees the woman in the basement through the killer eyes, they'll be my eyes by then.

Luke shakes his head.

LUKE

(continuing)

Dam, this is all so complicated, I wrote the bloody script, you'd think I could navigate it easier. We'll, he's gonna try to (MORE)

LUKE (CONT'D)

grab the woman tonight. So I better find a suitable weapon and find somewhere safe to hide outside her flat and then wait.

Luke begins walking quickly. He taps himself hard on the side of the head.

LUKE

(continuing)

Dam, you idiot. You haven't written the last act yet.
Dam, anything can happen, it can go any in direction after it gets to the end of the second act. Ah, that throws out my entire plan...think, think.

Luke stops and crouches down and puts his hands in exasperation over his head. The passers-by walk around him annoyed.

LUKE

(continuing)

Anything can happen...it can end anyway...or it could end exactly as I planned it to end, exactly in the way I was going to write the final act. That's it. I just have to manipulate the story so Tom and Maggie do precisely what they are supposed to do, as I would have written them to do, then it'll finish like I planned in the basement, where I'll be waiting as the serial killer, and Maggie will come down after me, thinking the girl's down there, and then...

Luke looks up and smiles wryly. He looks mentally exhausted after all his mental gymnastics. He says wryly.

(continuing)

I better get a six-figure deal for this screenplay.

EXT. TOM'S FLAT-DAY

The Mailman slips the letters into Tom's letterbox and rides on.

INT. TOM'S FLAT-LOUNGE ROOM

Tom is sitting on his couch. His customary alcohol bottle is by his side.

INT. RETAIL SUPER STORE- DAY

Luke is standing at the checkout. The check out chick swipes the hammer over the barcode reader. Luke hands over the money. She places it in the bag and hands it to him. "This is Luke's weapon."

EXT. TAYLOR FAMILY HOUSE-SUNSET

The car pulls into the driveway. Maggie gets out, and walks towards the front door.

EXT. COURT-UPMARKET HOUSE-NIGHT

Luke keeps to the shadows as he moves behind a large brush with a view of the Long Legged Woman's bedroom window. He crouches down in wait.

INT. TAYLOR FAMILY HOUSE-DINNING ROOM

Maggie is sitting at the opposite end of the table to her Grandfather, John Taylor, about 60, robust, and a dominating presence. While on either side of the table sits her Father, SHANE TAYLOR, about 40, a thin man, Brother ANDREW TAYLOR, about 25, a robustly built man, and Sister JENNY TAYLOR, about 25, a lithe girl. Shane Taylor passes Maggie the salad bowl.

EXT. SERIAL KILLER-APARTMENT BLOCK-NIGHT

The serial killers van pulls out of the alleyway, and turns onto the road.

EXT. COURT-UPMARKET HOUSE-NIGHT

Luke hears the faint sound of an engine. He looks down the court to see the van parked at the kerb of the Long Legged Woman's flat. His face firms as if to say, "this is it." The door opens and the serial killer with a bag in his gloved hand gets out.

INT. TOM'S FLAT-LOUNGE ROOM

Tom's is asleep in the couch. His hands tighten on the armchairs.

EXT. STRANGE EYES-UPMARKET HOUSE-SERIAL KILLER-NIGHT

Tom knows he is seeing through the serial killers eyes again. The vision is moving towards an upmarket house front door.

INT. TAYLOR HOUSE-DINNING ROOM

The family is tucking into their meal. Maggie's father looks over at her.

SHANE

Scuttlebutt has it that you had some excitement late last night Maggie.

The Grandfather John Taylor looks up at Maggie. Maggie slowly swallows the piece of meat, and looks up.

MAGGIE

Yeah, we got a call out for a prowler, but when we got to the house, we found it was a break and enter.

JENNY

What happened Mag's?

ANDREW

We'll little sis?

MAGGIE

He surprised my partner in the dark and jumped him, clobbering him, but he didn't get far, we got a hold of him outside.

John Taylor speaks up.

JOHN

When I was a young man in the 70's. I spotted a car with its engine running and exhaust coming out its pipes outside the main National Bank. I didn't need anyone to tell me this wasn't right, and three officers wounded and a fifteen-kilometre chase later my pistol was buried into the back of their scalps, maybe one day you'll get something like that.

Shane Taylor looks at Maggie. John Taylor isn't even looking in her eyes. "She can feel her grandfather's silent disappointment."

SHANE

That's a good start Maggie, you are just at the start of your career.

The family keeps eating while Maggie looks down with hollow eyes.

INT. STRANGE EYES-UPMARKET HOUSE-CORRIDOR

Tom sees the serial killers vision as it moves slowly through the house. rewrite

INT. STRANGE EYES-UPMARKET HOUSE-BEDROOM

Tom sees the vision move into the bedroom. It is dark. The serial killer moves towards the drawers.

EXT. UPMARKET HOUSE-NIGHT

Luke can see the outline of the serial killer as he stands in the bedroom. Luke looks across to the bathroom window. He can see steam lofting through the bathroom window. The long legged woman is having a shower.

INT. TOM'S FLAT-LOUNGE ROOM

Tom is twisting uncomfortably in his chair. His hand flies out and knocks the alcohol bottle onto the floor.

INT. STRANGE EYES-UPMARKET HOUSE-BEDROOM

Tom sees the gloved hand move up to the serial killers face. He sniffs the panties. The serial killer turns around as if as he has heard something. He pulls the cloth from his pocket. He pours something over the cloth. The serial killer moves to the door of the room. Tom can see him waiting. The door opens. The long legged woman walks through with her nightie on. The serial killer moves forward abruptly, grabs her around the head firmly, and thrusts the soaked cloth over her mouth. She goes limp, and falls into his arms.

INT. TAYLOR HOUSE-BILLIARD ROOM-MAGGIE

Maggie walks along the billiard table and knocks a ball across the table softly. She turns and gazes over a series of pictures on the mantle piece. There are pictures of family members in uniform during significant moments in there careers, promotions, and awards. There are multiple pictures of her Grandfather, Father, Brother, and Sister, but only a single picture of her on graduation day. She strokes the pictures softly, and longingly. "She dreams of having more pictures of her on that mantle piece."

INT. TOM'S FLAT-LOUNGE ROOM

Tom wakes up as if someone has punched him in the stomach. He throws up. "He is sick to the stomach with what he has just witnessed." He jumps up and runs towards the front door.

EXT. UPMARKET HOUSE-NIGHT

Luke watches the outline of the serial killer as he drags the limp long legged Woman from the bedroom. Luke stands up from behind the brush.

LUKE
We'll, this is it. I have
to kill him.

Luke runs silently around the side of the house. He runs down to the van quickly. He hides around the blind side of the van to the front of the house.

Luke hears the sounds of footsteps moving across the grass towards the van. He breathes deeply, and pulls the hammer from his jacket. The hammer still has the price tag on it. Luke hears the footsteps stop behind the van. He is two meters from the serial killer. His heart is pumping, and he is tyring to keep his breathing quiet. He slowly rips the tag off the hammer. He sees the backside of the serial killer stick out from the side of the van as he bends down to put the unconscious long legged woman on the ground. The serial killer pulls the rear doors open. The side door conceals Luke from its view. Luke has a look on his face as if, "This is it." The serial killer steps back, and bends down to pick up the long legged woman. Luke closes his eyes, his face tenses up, and he steps out from behind the door. The serial killer has his back to him. He is bent over the long legged woman body. Luke has a clear strike. He closes his eyes, and lifts his arm up strongly. His face convulses and he slams the hammer down upon the back of the serial killers skull. There is a cracking sound, and blood spurts over Luke's hammer hand. The serial killer falls limply on top of the woman. His body convulses once, and then goes stiff. Luke steps back in astonishment and disbelief. Luke feels as if he has just killed a man in cold blood. His eyes are wide open.

LUKE (continuing)
That was too real.

Luke regathers himself, and tosses the hammer into the back of the van. He grabs the serial killers body, and lifts him up. He pulls him into the back of the van. Luke looks around fearfully that someone might see him. He grabs the woman and lifts her into the van, but far more easily. He shuts the doors, walks around and opens the driver's door. He jumps in.

INT. VAN

Luke sees the keys in the ignition.

LUKE

Perfect.

He looks back at the body of the serial killer.

LUKE

(continuing)

We've just jumped from the script, into uncharted waters, I'm going to have to improvise now...firstly I have to get rid of your body and I know exactly where to do it.

He turns the ignition.

LUKE

(continuing)

Nobody's ever going to believe this.

EXT. COURT-NIGHT

The van drives along the court and turns into the road. It disappears into the night.

EXT. MAGGIE'S HOUSE-NIGHT

Maggie's car sits in the driveway.

INT. MAGGIE'S HOUSE-BEDROOM

Maggie is sound asleep in her bed. She turns as if something has agitated her.

EXT. STRANGE EYES-POLCE STATION-NIGHT

Maggie is aware she is dreaming. However, it all feels so real. She is walking towards the glass front door of her Police Station. Through the vision, she sees the Police sign and emblem on the doors.

EXT. FREEWAY-NIGHT

The van is driving along the Freeway.

INT. VAN-CABIN-NIGHT

Luke turns off the Freeway.

INT. MAGGIE'S HOUSE-BEDROOM

Maggie turns her head around increasingly agitated. She is still fast asleep.

INT. STRANGE EYES-POLICE STATION-NIGHT

In the vision Maggie can see a Police Officer standing behind a desk. He has a sceptical look on his face. Maggie hears the voice from what should be her mouth. It is Tom's voice.

MOT

Forget what I said about the fortune-teller, she was full of crap.

POLICE OFFICER
She was full of crap!? Is
that what you said Sir.

It is obvious the Police Officer was alluding to Tom, and not the Fortune Teller.

TOM

Fuck man.

POLICE OFFICER

There's no need for that language Sir, now just calm down.

MOT

I am calm. I'm trying to tell you there's some woman out there.

POLICE OFFICER
Yes Sir, and she's been
taken by a serial killer,
like you said, but you
can't tell us where this
woman lives, or what the
killer looks like even
though you seem to know
him.

It is obvious from the Police Officer's expression he does not believe a word Tom is saying.

TOM

Listen!

The Police Officer straightens up at forcefully at, 'listen!' The Police Officer has clearly had enough.

POLICE OFFICER Have you been drinking tonight Sir?

Tom shakes his head.

TOM

What!?

POLICE OFFICER I can smell liquor on your

breath Sir.

MOT

I'm not bloody drunk.

Police Officer face turns stony.

POLICE OFFICER
Sir, our time and resources
are limited and I must ask
you to vacate the premises.

Maggie can see the vision staring at the Police Officer. The Police officer's face does not change. Maggie sees the vision turn and storm out the door.

INT. MAGGIE'S HOUSE-BEDROOM

Maggie wakes to the sound of her car alarm going off. She looks a little shaken.

MAGGIE

It was just a dream.

She looks out her window, as she hears her car alarm blaring. She slips out of bed, and pulls on her gown.

EXT. MAGGIE'S HOUSE-DRIVEWAY-NIGHT

Maggie looks around warily as she walks towards her car. She has a baton in her hand. There is no one else around. She turns off her car alarm. She looks along the street, and then walks back towards the front door.

INT. MAGGIE'S HOUSE-BEDROOM

Maggie's tosses her gown on the floor, and slips back under the sheets.

EXT. PIER-NIGHT

Luke is standing on the pier. At his feet is the dead body of the serial killer. It is a star field night. It is deadly quiet. The van is parked behind Luke. He bends down and places his hands underneath the serial killers body. He rolls the serial killer off the pier. It falls into the water in a large splash.

LUKE

I used to jump off this pier as a kid. I knew it would be here. This is my world, my imagination after all.

Luke breathes deeply. "The realness of this fictional world is beginning to affect him emotionally."

(continuing)
I feel sick in the guts,
I'll never feel the same
again when I kill off one
of my characters.

He looks up at the faint lights of the oil tankers anchored in the distance.

LUKE

(continuing)
This is it, the point of no return, every story has one, and I've just killed my way across it.

INT. MAGGIE'S HOUSE-BEDROOM-NIGHT

Maggie is fast asleep and turning in her bed vigorously now.

EXT. STRANGE EYES-TOM'S FLAT-NIGHT

Maggie is aware she is dreaming, but has the stronger feeling it is real this time. The vision is moving towards a rundown flat. A male hand reaches out and opens the gate. The letterbox by the gate has, "TOM MURRAY. 34 TECOMA AVE."

INT. STRANGE EYES-TOM'S FLAT-CORRIDOR

Maggie sees the vision moving along the corridor.

INT. STRANGE EYES-TOM'S FLAT-LOUNGE ROOM

The vision moves into the lounge room. The hand comes out aggressively and knocks a bottle of alcohol violently off a table. The bottle smashes into the wall splashing alcohol everywhere.

INT. STRANGE EYES-TOM'S FLAT-CORRIDOR

The vision moves along the corridor again, but this time more quickly. It turns into a bathroom.

INT. STRANGE EYES-TOM'S FLAT-BATHROOM

Maggie only catches the quickest glimpse of the reflection in the mirror, before the vision swings down abruptly. She sees a hand turning a tap. The hands splash water onto the face. The vision blurs in the watery eyes. The vision moves up again. The water clears, and Maggie is looking straight into the mirror, and the reflection of a scrappy looking man. He looks distressed, and dejected. There is something desperate about him.

EXT. STRANGE EYES-SERIAL KILLERS HOUSE-NIGHT

The vision changes abruptly. She is seeing through the eyes of a different person. Maggie sees the vision moving towards the back of a van. The gloved hands thrusts forwards and pulls open the vans rear doors. On the floor, lying in a crumpled heap is a motionless woman.

INT. MAGGIE'S HOUSE-BEDROOM

Maggie body twists violently in her disturbed sleep. She has twisted the sheets around her body and its looks as if she is in a body bag.

EXT. STRANGE EYES-SERIAL KILLERS HOUSE-VAN-NIGHT

The vision is moving towards the house's front door. It moves downward and the unconscious woman is in the gloved hands of the person. Maggie can see the blood on the gloves.

EXT. SERIAL KILLERS HOUSE-NIGHT

Luke eyes flicker as he walks up the stairs to the front door. His eyes open wide.

LUKE

I can feel it, she's looking through my eyes right now...

He stops stunned.

(continuing)

I forgot, I forgot, how could I forget.

INT. MAGGIE'S HOUSE-BEDROOM

Maggie jolts awake. She looks around the room piercingly.

MAGGIE

That was more than just a dream.

She leaps out of bed, and snatches up her nightie.

MAGGIE

(continuing)

Tom Murray, 34 Tecoma Ave, If you're real, I'm gonna kick your fucking arse.

INT. SERIAL KILLERS HOUSE-LUKE

Luke swings the door shut with his butt. He stops with the woman in his arms and breathes deeply.

LUKE

What does it mean? What have I have I done!?

He walks quickly along the corridor, and kicks open the basement door.

INT. SERIAL KILLERS HOUSE-BASEMENT

Luke walks down the steps into the basement. He carries her body across the room, and kicks open a door at the other end. It is a smaller room with a deep pit in its centre. He gently lowers the long legged woman's body into the pit. He covers it with the steel grate. He stands up and looks at her body at its base. She is still unconscious.

LUKE

I'm sorry about this, I have no choice, forgive me.

He stops. He has a look on his face as if to say, "what the hell I am doing."

LUKE

(continuing)

What I am saying, she's not real.

He waves his hand around the room.

LUKE

(continuing)

Get a grip, none of this is real, breathe deeply, you are not in the real world no matter who greatly it feels as such, you are in a fictional world that you have created.

"Luke is being affected emotionally by the fictional world around him; he is reacting as he would in the real world."

LUKE

(continuing)

Maggie, Maggie, she saw through my eyes.

He is thinking quickly, assessing the situation.

LUKE

(continuing)

Right now, she'd be heading for Tom's flat, that's the next scene, the one where she gains confirmation that her visions where not dreams, but reality, and the realisation hits that a serial killer is on the loose. She thinks of the frozen body in the cold room, and it triggers the belief that it may have been the first victim.

His hands twitch anxiously at his sides as his mind races.

(continuing)

She sees her connection to Tom, and the two of them form an unlikely alliance. They can't really tell anyone else that there seeing freaky vision through the eyes of a killer, especially her without making herself seem mentally unbalanced to her fellow Officers and family, her greatest fear...so I have a little time to think.

Luke turns away from the grate. He is disturbed by the image of the woman laying in the pit. He is not coping well with what he's actions.

LUKE

(continuing)

Look, I can't permit another plot point to escape my attention again...I don't know how I did that, but it won't happen, it can't happen, my life depends on it. She saw through the killer eyes, my eyes now, and what did she see? She saw me walking with the woman between the van and the house, she never actually saw me pulling up, so she didn't see the address, I'm safe here for now, and I know she didn't see the inside of the house, so I'm right there too ...

Luke nods quickly.

(continuing)

Okay, a minor oversight but no damage done, now relax and get a hold of your nerves Luke before the end of the second act. There's just one more scene with Maggie and Tom...and then I'll have to bring the third act to life.

EXT. TECOMA AVE-TOM'S FLAT-NIGHT

Maggie pulls up out front of Toms flat. She unwinds the window, and points the torch light at the letterbox. It reads, "TOM MURRAY. 34 TECOMA AVE." It is exactly the same letterbox, and address from her vision.

INT. TOM'S FLAT-LOUNGE ROOM

Tom gulps the bottle of alcohol. He hears the hard knock on the front door. He puts the bottle down, and walks to the front door.

INT. TOM'S FLAT-FRONT DOOR

Tom unlocks the door and opens it. He sees the woman standing in front of him. She stares him straight in the eyes as if she recognizes him.

MAGGIE

It is you. What the fuck are you doing in my dreams!?

She punches him hard straight in the face. Tom goes down in a heap on the floor. She steps over him angrily.

TOM

Hey! What the hell are you doing!? Who the hell are you!?

The woman disappears into the lounge room. Tom with blood running from his nose weakly gets up and runs after her.

INT. TOM'S FLAT-LOUNGE ROOM

Tom runs in, and puts his hands up over his face as she swings around, as if expecting to be struck again. Maggie looks around the room.

MAGGIE

It's identical.

She barges past Tom, and along the corridor. He turns around. He is afraid of her and does not know what to do. She disappears into the bathroom.

INT. TOM'S FLAT-BATHROOM

Tom walks to the door. The woman is standing there looking into the mirror. She is like a statue. She is talking to herself.

MAGGIE

It wasn't a dream, it really is him, the lounge room, the bathroom. Exactly as I saw it through those eyes

Tom eyes open wide.

TOM

You saw it.

Maggie swings around.

TOM

(continuing)

Did you see the killer too!? They wouldn't believe me.

Tom pauses as if something has just come to him. He becomes excited.

TOM

(continuing)

I know you, I saw you on the street, the cop, I touched your hand.

Maggie's face changes, and she pulls the baton out of the back of her pants.

MAGGIE

Right, get the fuck on the floor now!

Tom gets down quickly. She puts one foot on his back to keep him pinned down. Tom looks up at her fearfully.

MAGGIE

(continuing)

Are you stalking me!?

Tom is confused by the question.

TOM

What?

Maggie puts her foot on the back of his neck and presses down.

MAGGIE

'You've seen me before, you touched me,' isn't that what you just said!?

TOM

Yeah, but it was just for fun, I mean I didn't.

Maggie presses her foot down even harder on his neck squishing his face into the floor.

MAGGIE

FUN!? Was it fun when you set off my car alarm too earlier tonight!? You better back off freak!

TOM

I don't know anything about your car! I just woke up the other morning with a funny bump on my head, and was seeing through the eyes of anyone I touched.

MAGGIE

I'm a cop you stupid shit, you were stalking a cop, you're in a world of trouble.

TOM

You saw too, you saw my flat, you know what it looks like, you must have seen through my eyes, see, you're meant to help me, that's why you're here, we have to catch a killer, there's a women out there, he grabbed her tonight, we have to hurry.

MAGGIE

You saw a killer!? When!? How!?

TOM

You did too, you must of, because I saw through your eyes too when I was sleeping.

Maggie fear is coming true. "You can in her eyes that she knows he is telling the truth. She had come for an answer and she has got one."

MAGGIE

You saw through my eyes?

TOM

I did.

MAGGIE

Prove it.

Tom closes his eyes and thinks for a moment.

TOM

I saw it the other night when you went into that house and your partner was knocked down, and you had your pistol trained on that guy, but you didn't shoot, you must have froze.

Maggie is stunned. Her eyes are wide open, as if frozen in time. "She has not told a soul that she froze."

TOM

(continuing)

I don't think you would have told anyone that, not the kind of thing you'd tell your fellow cops, but I won't tell.

Maggie takes her foot off his neck, and steps back. Tom looks up at Maggie.

MAGGIE

Get up.

Tom gets up. He looks nervously at the baton in her hand. She puts it on the sink.

MAGGIE

(continuing)

I'm not going to hurt you.

She looks away. She is struggling to process it all.

MAGGIE

(continuing)

Am I insane, is something wrong with me, why am I seeing this, it must be a tumour, why can't I just be normal like the rest of them.

"She is talking about her family."

MOT

I don't know why either, but it really doesn't matter, does it.

Maggie turns around and looks into Tom's eyes. Her eyes look meeker than before. Her feelings of inadequacy in feeling there must be something wrong with her is surfacing.

TOM

(continuing)

I mean, someone's gonna die, it doesn't really matter how we feel. We have to do something. Maggie looks down. An eternity seems to pass before Maggie looks up again.

MAGGIE

You're right.

She grabs the baton and regains her composure again with it.

MAGGIE

(continuing)

This killer, I didn't see his face at all, just a pair of gloved hands carrying the woman, unconscious I think, towards a house, I didn't see anything that'll tell us where they are.

She shakes her head.

MAGGIE

(continuing)

It could be anywhere...

TOM

Your vision must have been after mine.

MAGGIE

What do you mean after yours?

MOT

I saw through his eyes, you know, when he grabbed her and stuck something into her mouth, in her bedroom and she's gone limp, and then that was it.

MAGGIE

You saw where she lived? Where!?

Tom shakes his head.

MOT

I only saw the inside of her bedroom.

Maggie nods, and then looks at Tom in a deadly serious way.

MAGGIE

Now look, listen up, we are not partners, I am the cop, you are the civilian, you see anything.

She touches her eyes. 'You can see there is still minor disbelief in her that this is happening to her."

MAGGIE

(continuing)
You call me.

INT. TOM'S FLAT-LOUNGE ROOM

Maggie writes the number on the piece of paper. She hands it Tom.

MAGGIE

This is my mobile, it's never off.

TOM

What about your home phone, just in case?

Maggie faces tenses up.

MAGGIE

I'm not giving you my home phone, I've got no idea who the fuck you are, and I'm not too happy about you following me, and I'll tell you what, I think your bullshitting me about my car alarm.

Maggie slips her baton into the back of her pants.

MAGGIE

(continuing)

We're gonna bag this serial killing piece of shit, but we're not friends, we're sure as hell aren't partners, and I'll going to be dealing with you later, be sure of that.

Maggie walks past him, and along the corridor. Tom shouts out after her.

TOM

How can you be so sure we'll catch this killer?

Maggie shouts back as she walks out the open door.

MAGGIE

I'll be catching him, not you, and you don't just wake up one day, and see through the eyes of a killer without a bloody good reason.

TOM

I don't believe in God.

Maggie has disappeared beyond the door.

MAGGIE

We'll, we're about to tangle with a killer, so you better start believing in something.

EXT. SERIAL KILLERS HOUSE-SUNRISE

It is peace full outside the house.

INT. SERIAL KILLERS HOUSE-BEDROOM

The light streams in through the window. Luke opens his eyes drowsily. He looks around. He frowns as if to say, "why am I here, this is a nightmare." He pulls himself up. He sits on the side of the bed with head bowed.

There's the sunrise, and the end of the second act, time to bring the third act to life.

He reaches across and picks up the handset. He dials the number, and waits. He takes a deliberately anxious Voice.

LUKE

(continuing)

I saw a woman snatched last night.

He listens to the Police Officer.

LUKE

(continuing)

Look, it ain't got nothing to do with me, I'm outta here, just go to 4 Mandira Court, Blackburn, that's the place.

He quickly puts down the phone.

LUKE

(continuing)

Right, that's done. Now I've just got to pray.

Luke looks out the window upon the sunrise.

LUKE

(continuing)

Next time I'm going to write a romantic comedy. I could be chatting up the hot young supporting actress in the background right now.

He sighs deeply. He turns and picks up the bucket of chicken, and walks towards the door.

(continuing)

Just because she's fictional, doesn't mean I can't show compassion, a bucket of chicken, she must be hungry.

EXT. SHOPPING STREET-DAY

The police car drives along the shopping strip.

INT. POLICE CAR-DAY

Maggie hears the call come over the CB radio.

CB (O.S.)

(filtered)

All units, we have an APB out on all white work vans. Pull over all vans that match the description and search the interiors. The driver is believed to be highly dangerous. The subject is a tall woman with a lithe build, and short black hair.

MIKE

Sounds like someone's been kidnapped.

Maggie grabs the CB receiver.

MAGGIE

Control, this is Officer Taylor, request the location of where the subject was kidnapped.

CB RADIO (O.S.)

(filtered)

The address is 4 Mandira Court, Blackburn. There are no additional details, the witness; a six-year boy was sketchy.

MAGGIE

When was she taken?

CB RADIO (O.S.)

(filtered)

The victim is believed to have been taken sometime between the hours of midnight and six this morning from her flat.

Maggie turns the car around in an aggressive u-turn. They speed off in the opposite direction. Mike gives her a puzzled glance.

MIKE

What's wrong Maggie?

MAGGIE

Where just going to swing by Mandira Court for a second.

MIKE

We're meant to be looking out for this van.

MAGGIE

Mike, do you remember the chick frozen like a popsicle in the cool room?

MIKE

Yeah sure, how could I forget?

MAGGIE

Well, I have a hunch that we're dealing with a serial killer, and that was his first victim.

MIKE

A bit far fetched, Taylor.

MAGGIE

Humour me. What's the chances of us anyway running across of the one in a thousand white vans's that has the victim drugged in the back.

Mike gives her a weird look.

MIKE

Who said anything about her being drugged? I didn't hear anything about that.

Maggie has a subtle look on her face as if she let something slip out she should not have. She ignores her partner as they speed along the road.

INT. SERIAL KILLERS HOUSE

Luke closes the door to the basement. The woman is screaming for him to let her go. Luke closes his eyes painfully.

LUKE

I wish she'd stop screaming...it's all just a stage, she's a character, my gut shouldn't be wrenching with pain like this.

Luke walks away while trying to ignore the screams. He is emotionally struggling to reconcile fiction with reality.

INT. SERIAL KILLERS HOUSE

Luke sits on the edge of the bed, and picks up the phone.

LUKE (V.O.)

I've been dreading this one, this is the one where I could fuck it all up, but I have to bring him here, he has to be here, for the pivotal scene.

Luke picks up the phone. He dials the number.

EXT.TECOMA AVE-TOM'S FLAT-DAY

It is brilliantly sunny day. The sound of the phone ringing sounds from the flat.

INT. TOM'S FLAT-KICTHEN

Tom has an alcohol bottle in his hand. The fridge is open. He stares at the bottle as the phone rings as if struggling within himself. He puts the alcohol bottle down and grabs a bottle of coke. "It is a pivotal moment for Tom. He is beginning to pull himself together, and to turn his life around. The motivation to save the woman is resulting in a transformation in Tom." He seems to hear the phone ringing for the first time. He walks over and picks it up.

TOM

Yeah.

LUKE (O.S.)

(filtered)

Hey Brother.

Tom is shocked.

TOM

Michael, is that you?

LUKE (O.S.)

(filtered)

Yeah, pretty unbelievable hey?

TOM

Shit yeah, five years or so, but when did you get out, why did they let you out?

Tom cringes.

TOM

(continuing)

It doesn't matter why, forget that, I'm sorry.

LUKE (O.S.)

(filtered)

Nah, that's cool, it was a nut house right.

Tom feels uncomfortable.

TOM

We'll, I wouldn't call it that.

LUKE (O.S.)

(filtered)

We'll, anyway, how about catching up?

Tom is still in shock.

TOM

Yeah sure, you can drop over this arvo, if you like? I'll give you the address.

LUKE (O.S.)

(filtered)

I've got to do something this morning, but how about you drop over my place this afternoon, 24, Bluebird Street, Cerberus.

Tom writes down the address quickly.

TOM

No worries, well, I guess I'll see you this arvo, good to hear from you again bro.

LUKE (O.S.)

(filtered)

See you then Bro.

INT. SERIAL KILLERS HOUSE-BEDROOM

Luke takes his shaking hand weakly off the phone. He is breathing deeply.

Jesus Christ, phew, that was surreal.

He grabs the alcohol bottle and sculls it hard.

LUKE

(continuing)

Well, it's like I thought. I not only look like the killer, which is freaking me out every time I look in the mirror by the way, but I sound just like him.

Luke gets up. The sun light streams over his stressed face.

LUKE

(continuing)

Maggie should be at the long legged woman's flat by now, really should have given her a real name now I come to think of it, ah, too late now.

EXT. MANDIRA COURT-UPMARKET FLAT-DAY

There is a police car parked in the driveway, and an unmarked police car parked behind it. Police Officer's are swarming over the area searching for clues, and evidence. There is a marked off area around the bloodstains on the kerb. Residents are standing a short distance away keen to see what's going on. The police car drives up the court.

INT. MANDIRA COURT-POLICE CAR

Maggie slows as she nears the driveway and unwinds her window. OFFICER JOHNSON, about 30, confrontational, walks over.

OFFICER JOHNSON Hey Taylor, what are you doing here?

MAGGIE

What happened here Johnson!?

OFFICER JOHNSON

This is a crime scene Taylor, and it doesn't involve you.

It is clear Officer Johnson does not like Maggie. Mike shakes his head and looks quietly ahead. "It is clear he has seen this all before."

MAGGIE

Are you going to tell me or not Johnson!?

OFFICER JOHNSON You Taylor's really have a high opinion of yourselves don't you!?

Maggie looks past him and sees the blood stains on the kerb. "She remembers the call out for the van and sees the blood and believes is the same woman she saw in her vision. She knows it."
Maggie says sarcastically.

MAGGIE

Standing around a crime scene gathering moss on your boots, you're moving up in the world Johnson.

She drives off abruptly before he has a chance to respond.

MIKE

Classy.

MAGGIE

He's a dickhead.

Mike looks at the clock.

MIKE

Knock off time, back to the station, you wanna grab a drink?

Maggie turns out of the court quickly as if in a hurry.

MAGGIE

Nah, not today, there's something I've got to do.

INT. SERIAL KILLERS HOUSE-KITCHEN

Luke opens the fridge. He reaches out and grabs the bottle of alcohol. He drinks it like a man dying of thirst. He puts it down. He looks at the clock. It reads, 12.30pm.

LUKE

Maybe I better I have just another drink, to get into the deranged, kid Brother, secretly disguised as a serial killer frame of mind.

He picks up the bottle and has another drink.

LUKE

(continuing)

I'm definitely giving up screenplays after this...we'll at least thrillers, horrors, and anything supernatural. The next spunky Disney critter movie sounds good, not too dangerous, lots of wise cracks and cute, but edgy animals.

INT. MAGGIE'S HOUSE-LOUNGE ROOM-DAY

There are pictures of murder victims and open files strewn over the table and floor. Maggie is reading one particular file intensely. She picks out of the file a particular picture. It is the picture of the women frozen in ice in the cool room.

MAGGIE

Was this your first? You must have had others.

She looks over the files and pictures strewn across her floor again.

MAGGIE

(continuing)

It must be in here somewhere. I'm just not seeing it, the way to track you.

EXT. SERIAL KILLERS HOUSE-FRONT DOOR-DAY

Tom is standing at the front door. He is knocking.

INT. SERIAL KILLERS HOUSE-FOYER

Luke is standing inside the door. He is afraid to answer the door. It knocks again. He breathes deeply. He grabs the doorknob and pulls it open. His lead character is standing in front of him. It is surreal.

LUKE

Hey bro, I can't tell you how good it is to see your face again.

Tom shakes Luke's hand. Tom says in a surprised voice.

TOM

You look good.

LUKE

You mean I look normal.

Luke's voice takes on a joking tone.

LUKE

(continuing)

No bolts on the side of the head.

Tom laughs. Luke has lightened the mood.

LUKE

(continuing)

Come in Brother, come in.

Tom walks inside. He has a look of trepidation on his face. Luke closes the door.

EXT. SERIAL KILLERS HOUSE-NIGHT

Cars are moving along the street. It is still early in the night.

INT. SERIAL KILLERS HOUSE-KITCHEN

There are plates of halve eaten food on the table and empty bottles of coke in front of Tom, and alcohol in front of Luke. It is obvious they have been talking for quite some time, and they are relaxed.

Tom looks as if he is about to ask something sensitive.

TOM

Michael?

LUKE

Yeah.

TOM

I have to ask you about the hospital.

Luke frowns subtly.

LUKE

Of course, had to get to it sooner or later.

TOM

If you're not comfortable.

Luke cuts in, and says in a joking tone.

LUKE

Hey, I'm cured, the insane stamp has come of my forid, and everything.

Tom smiles lightly.

MOT

I felt funny about asking you.

LUKE

Don't, you're my Brother, what do you want to know?

MOT

Ah, I guess, when did things change?

Luke looks as if he is thinking deeply.

LUKE

We'll, I don't rightly know when it changed, just one of those things over time that you don't really notice...you could say things just slowly became clearer over time.

MOT

How so?

LUKE

The car crash.

Tom moves uncomfortably in his chair at the mention of the car crash.

LUKE

(continuing)

Before all I could remember was a mess of scrambled images...I'd blocked it out because of the pain I guess from the moment they dragged me out of the wreck, and retreated into a fantasy world where nothing was real, to cope.

Tom offers tentatively.

MOT

What about the attacks?

LUKE

The attacks...I'd created such a deranged fantasy world in my head that I didn't know I was beating real, living people, I wasn't in this world, I didn't have any comprehension of reality.

Tom nods.

MOT

You were saying about the car crash?

LUKE

That was the main thing, over time, the mess of images slowly cleared like a camera focussing. I guess I was ready to remember it how it really was, to accept it, Mum and Dad dying you know. I began to see it all, the truck slamming into the side of the car, the blood when Mum's head smashed into the window killing her, and Dad's blood pouring from his arm. I remembered Dad struggling to keep control, the car veering off the road, and through the fence, and then Dad finally loosing control. The car going into the air and...us spinning through the air, and then...the ground, the last thing I saw, Dad's head smacking into the windscreen, the blood gushing from his head, my mind just shut down, I was eight, I just couldn't handle it, it just went 'that's it,' and out I went, mentally that is.

Tom pain is written over his face.

TOM

I'm so sorry...I didn't see any of that, I didn't have to see what you did...if I did, I could be sitting where you are right now, and you where I am. Luke shakes his head.

LUKE

Don't do it, it's not your fault, its chance mate.

Tom seems not to hear him.

TOM

I can't remember anything before we were settled upside down and Mum and Dad were dead, and you just looked...asleep.

Luke looks at Tom with sympathy.

MOT

(continuing)

I only remember the front of the truck coming, and it all went blank, knocked unconscious at the point of impact...until coming too in the wreck.

Luke puts his hand on Tom's compassionately.

LUKE

Tom, we're here together...now.

TOM

I'm so glad to see you back Brother.

Luke and Tom get up and hug.

EXT. STREET-SERIAL KILLERS HOUSE-NIGHT

The font door opens. Tom walks out. He turns around. Luke is standing in the doorway.

MOT

I'll see you tomorrow, I'll bring some flowers for Mum and Dads grave.

LUKE

 ${\tt Tomorrow...}$

Tom walks towards the gate. Luke shuts the door.

LUKE

(continuing)

Will never come...

INT. SERIAL KILLERS HOUSE-FOYER

Luke leans back against the back of the door as if he has just run a marathon.

LUKE

Do they give Oscars for real performances in the guise of a fictional character in a fictional world?

INT. SERIAL KILLERS HOUSE-KICTHEN

Luke grabs the alcohol bottle and sculls it.

LUKE

Look at me, I've started drinking and I'm coming apart, while he's stopping it, and pulling himself together, and he's the one whose not real, ironic hilarity.

EXT. DOG JOES PUB-NIGHT

The pub is a roughhouse pub. It is dirty and grimy.

INT. DOG JOES PUB

The pub is smoky, and dimly lit. There are bikies, low-level criminals, and filthy drunks. Luke is sitting at the far end the bar beside a medium size bald head man. Luke pushes an envelope subtly into the bald head mans hands. The bald head man says something quietly to Luke. Luke replies.

LUKE

When there's a thousand in your hand what does it matter!?

The bald head man opens the envelope, and counts the one hundred dollar notes. Luke shrugs and says ruefully.

LUKE

(continuing)

We were married, before she decided in her words, 'to upgrade.'

The bald head man closes the envelope.

BALD HEAD MAN

I get ya, what a bitch.

Luke slides across a piece of paper.

LUKE

Yeah, here's the address, break in and off the bitch.

Luke drinks the last of his pot, and puts it down. He gets up without saying another word, and walks towards the door.

EXT. DOG JOES PUB-ALLEY WAY-NIGHT

Luke bends over and throws up on the ground. "He is sick to the guts with what he has just done." He wipes his mouth.

LUKE

I've paid someone to kill, oh god, I feel sick.

He throws up again on the ground. He wipes his mouth again.

LUKE

(continuing)

What if he kills her...this doesn't feel like just a screenplay anymore.

EXT. STREET-MAGGIE'S HOUSE-NIGHT

There is no movement. It is as quiet as a mouse.

INT. MAGGIE'S HOUSE-BATHROOM

Maggie is in the shower. Steam fills the room. The water stops, and Maggie steps naked out of the shower. She hears a crashing noise. She moves to the door, and listens quietly. She can hear something moving. She opens the door, and sticks her head out cautiously. There is nothing in the dark corridor. She quietly races to the bedroom.

INT. MAGGIE'S HOUSE-BEDROOM

Maggie sees her pistol sitting on the drawer. She rushes over to it, and grabs it. She moves to the door. The pistol is out in front of her, as she moves into the dark corridor. Maggie swings around to see the outline of the bald head man standing in the corridor. Her eyes move down to the hunting knife in his gloved hand.

BALD HEAD MAN I've come to kill you bitch.

Maggie looks up. "You can in her eyes that she thinks he is the serial killer."

MAGGIE
You're the killer!?

BALD HEAD MAN That's right bitch, and I'm gonna to gut you.

He stops mid sentence. The corridor is dark and until now, he could only make out her outline at the other end of the corridor. The bald head man sees she the naked woman has a pistol in her hand.

BALD HEAD MAN (continuing)
That guns not going to save you little girl, they can never pull the trigger.

He runs forwards towards Maggie. She tenses and fires. The man goes down in a crumpled heap on the floor. His body is twitching in pain. She flicks on the light. The man's body twitches one last time.

BALD HEAD MAN

(continuing)

Oh, fuck.

Maggie sees the pool of blood underneath him. Maggie moves in closer keeping her pistol trained on his head.

MAGGIE

I'm a cop you stupid fuck, of course I could pull the trigger, and your killing spree is over.

The bald head man's body goes stiff. He is dead. Maggie lowers the pistol to her side and stands silently over his bloody body.

INT. TOM'S FLAT-BEDROOM-NIGHT

Tom is lying on his bed. The phone rings. He reaches over eagerly and picks it up.

MOT

Maggie?

MAGGIE (O.S.)

(filtered)

It's over, he's dead.

Tom sits up with a wide eyes glance.

TOM

Are you sure? How?

MAGGIE (O.S.)

(filtered)

He must have found out who I was, he came after me, I had to gun him down in the dark.

MOT

Found you? How?

MAGGIE (O.S.)

(filtered)

Tom, its okay, its over, he's dead, we did it.

TOM

The woman? Is she alive?

Maggie's voice is low.

MAGGIE (O.S.)

(filtered)

I had to shoot, and he was dead almost instantly...I don't know...but he's dead.

Tom nods in relief.

TOM

Yeah, thank god.

He puts down the phone, and looks at the wall stunned. "He is in the moment where he has not had the time to process it yet."

INT. SERIAL KILLERS HOUSE-BASEMENT

Luke tightens his grip around the pistol. He looks down at the long legged woman in the pit. She is looking up at the pistol terrified.

LONG LEGGED WOMAN

Please, I won't tell anyone, I promise, please don't kill me, please...let me go.

Luke's voice is steady.

LUKE

I'm sorry, it's time.

INT. MAGGIE'S HOUSE-BEDROOM-NIGHT

Maggie puts the phone down. She is dressed in her gown. She is sitting on the edge of the bed. The pistol is on the bedside table.

MAGGIE

We'll, that's done, Homicide are on there way. They'll have to believe me.

Maggie gets up, and walks into the corridor. She stares at the dead body of the bald head man. "She is caught between the emotions of relief that the killer is dead and dejection that the girl if she is still alive has been condemned to death."

MAGGIE

(continuing)

He's dead, and a woman's going to starve to death, terrified, alone, what have I done...

Her voice trails off. "She has finally gained what she has desired, to be a hero, an act which will gain her families true respect and admiration, but she also feels she has paid a terrible price."

A strange look comes over Maggie's eyes. She says breathlessly.

MAGGIE (continuing)

No...

EXT. STRANGE EYES-SERIAL KILLERS HOUSE-NIGHT

Maggie can see the vision standing out the front of the house. It is gazing into the street. It runs slowly over the yard. She sees the number "24," on the house silhouetted under the porch light.

INT. MAGGIE'S HOUSE-CORRIDOR

Maggie's hands are clutching the sides of her nightie tightly. She says with breathless desperation.

MAGGIE

24...look at the letterbox.

EXT. STRANGE EYES-SERIAL KILLERS HOUSE-FRONT YARD-NIGHT

The vision quickly moves past the letterbox as it heads back towards the house.

INT. MAGGIE'S HOUSE-CORRIDOR

Maggie's face screws up.

MAGGIE

No.

EXT. STRANGE EYES-SERIAL KILLERS HOUSE-FRONT PORCH-NIGHT

Maggie sees a hand come up to the killers face. There is a letter in the hand. She sees the address, "Bluebird Street, Cerberus."

INT. MAGGIE'S HOUSE-BEDROOM

Maggie snatches her pistol from the bedside table.

EXT. MAGGIE'S HOUSE-DRIVEWAY-NIGHT

Maggie's car speeds out the driveway, and leaves screech marks on the street as it speeds along the street at high speed.

INT. SERIAL KILLERS HOUSE-FOYER

Luke shuts the door. He tosses the envelope on the floor.

LUKE

There's her invitation, not the way it was meant to go, but I'm getting desperate.

He lifts his pistol. He looks at it with a pained expression.

LUKE

(continuing)

I don't think I can do this anymore.

He walks towards the basement door.

LUKE

(continuing)

But what choice is there, either she dies, or I vanish into nothingness.

The screams of the long legged woman from the basement are filtering through the door. Luke opens the door.

LUKE

(continuing)

She'll have no trouble finding her way down at least.

He steps in, and shuts the door behind him.

INT. TOM'S FLAT-BEDROOM

Tom is lying backward staring into the roof. His mouth gapes slowly open in disbelief.

MOT

How?

INT. STRANGE EYES-SERIAL KILLERS HOUSE-BASEMENT

Tom can see the vision circling the grate to the pit like a predator. He hears the voice. It is his brother's voice, Michael.

LUKE

I'm sorry Tom. I can't stop
it.

EXT. STRANGE EYES-SERIAL KILLERS HOUSE-CAR-NIGHT

Tom can see the vision looking through a car window at the front of the house. It is his Brother's house. The person in the reflection of the car window is Maggie. INT. TOM'S FLAT-BEDROOM

Tom eyes flash with confusion, disbelief, and fear.

TOM

Tom, Maggie...

"He is caught in a tortured moment. He wants neither of them to die, but knows that there is nothing he can to stop them. They are hell bent on killing each other."

INT. SERIAL KILLERS HOUSE

The front door flies forwards. Maggie's boot lowers to the floor, and pistol outstretched she rushes forwards. "She is like an angel ferociously pounding into a dark demons lair." "The moment is exhilarating and terrifying in one."

Maggie moves into the lounge room, and sweeps her eyes over the room. She passes alertly through it and comes out into the kitchen. She hears the faint screams. She stops, and listens intensely. She hears them again. She moves with lightning speed into the corridor. She stops again. She listens as if there is nothing else in the world. She hears a faint whimper. She swings toward the basement door. She grabs the doorknob and flings the door open. Her eyes fiercely gaze into the darkness.

INT. SERIAL KILLERS HOUSE-BASEMENT

She moves warily down the stairs and darkness envelopes her. She can only hear the sound of her footsteps. She reaches the bottom, and stops. She can see faintly around the room. Her breathing is heavy. She hears the whimpers across the room. She moves warily forwards. She hears a knock, and stops dead in her tracks. She can hear the quick breathing right behind her ear. She hears the killers voice.

LUKE

I'm sorry.

Luke has his pistol trained on the back of Maggie's head. Her pistol is pointing towards the far door where the whimpers are originating. He has her and she knows it. "It is the moment where you prepare to die." Maggie is not moving. She is waiting for the inevitable. Luke tries to pull the trigger, but his finger freezes. "He is

tortured by the thought of taking her life." "She has become a living person to him."

Maggie eyes flicker. "He has not fired yet, he is hesitating. I have to take my chance." She violently begins to swing around. She seems to swing around in slow motion as Luke watches her hair flying upwards, her waist twisting, and the pistol slowly cutting through the air. His face is in incredible pain. Luke sees Maggie's eyes as her head swings around. "Her eyes have a fierce desperation to survive." The barrel of her pistol is almost around on him. He closes his eyes, and pulls with everything he has, heart and soul. The gunshot explodes throughout the air. Maggie jolts backward, and blood splatters over Luke's jacket. Maggie slowly falls down as if her legs have been taken out from under her. The thud is dull as she hits the dirt floor. Maggie's pistol drops to the floor by her head. The gunshot sound dissipates. Luke stands over Maggie's contorted body. He looks down at the dead woman. He slowly bends down onto one knee with the utmost reverence. He places his hand softly upon Maggie's forid. He slowly closes her eyes, and kisses her on the cheek. He says the next words as if he has lost a part of his soul.

LUKE

(continuing)

I have passed beyond morality into survival.

He whispers to Maggie.

LUKE

(continuing)

You were only fictional, yet you were greater than I. I will never forget you...

He hears the sounds of police sirens outside. Luke looks around. He gets to his feet, drops his pistol, and picks up Maggie's pistol.

LUKE

(continuing)

It should be your pistol that does the deed. I can think of no finer way to honour you.

EXT. SERIAL KILLERS HOUSE-FRONT YARD-NIGHT

The three police cars are parked hastily on the front lawn. The six, Police Officer's are standing in a semi circle, as Luke walks forwards. He has the pistol by his side. Luke looks beyond the police cars. Tom is standing on the road. The LEAD POLICE OFFICER, about 40, yells.

LEAD POLICE OFFICER WHERE IS OFFICER TAYLOR!?

Luke stands still. He does not utter a word. The police Officer's are getting edgier. "They think he has killed Maggie."

LEAD POLICE OFFICER (continuing)

RIGHT! DROP YOUR PISTOL TO THE GROUND! KICK IT TOWARDS US! PUT YOUR HANDS BEHIND YOUR NECK, AND GET ON THE GROUND!

Luke slowly raises his pistol to fire.

The Police Officer's hands tighten around their pistols. Tom is shaking his head as if to say, "Please do not do it Brother."

Luke keeps raising the pistol. The explosion of gun shots ring through the air. Luke's body twists and convulses under the hail of bullets. He falls in a crumpled, bloodied heap to the ground. Tom closes his eyes, and his face bears great pain. The Police Officer's move warily forwards.

INT. TAYLOR HOUSE-DAY

Shane Taylor opens the front door. Two fully clothed, Police Officer's are standing upon the patio. Shane Taylor looks as if he knows what they are about to say. His eyes are mournful.

MALE OFFICER
Sir, it is my sad duty to inform you that your daughter, Officer Maggie Taylor, has fallen in the line of duty.

Shane Taylor is silent. His head drops. There is great sadness in his eyes.

MALE OFFICER

(continuing)

A serial killer is dead Sir, and a woman dragged from a dark pit is alive and recovering. Your daughter is an example of the best of us. She has the pride of the entire force.

SHANE

No more than mine...my lovely daughter.

Shane Taylor breaks down, and falls onto his knee in pain, and sorrow.

EXT. CEMENTARY-SUNRISE

Tom is standing over the grave. It is Michael Murray's grave. There is a lone flower upon it.

MOT

Goodbye Brother.

Tom turns and walks away.

EXT. SHOPPING STRIP-DAY

Tom looks either way. He ducks across the road. The truck seemingly comes out of nowhere. The side of the truck strikes Tom knocking him to the ground. Tom is not moving. The Truck slams on the brakes coming to a sudden halt. Pedestrians come running out to help the fallen Tom. An ELDERLY DOCTOR, about 60, weathered, gets down onto one knee.

ELDERLY DOCTOR

Stay clear, don't crowd him, I'm a Doctor.

The Truck driver jumps down from the driver's cabin. He has a large beard, and wide waist. The Elderly Doctor checks Tom's pulse. The MIDDLE AGE WOMAN, about 38, and bullish, looks down at the injured man.

MIDDLE AGE WOMAN

Is he alive?

The pedestrians are standing around him in a ring. The Truck driver walks towards them. The pedestrians do not notice the Truck driver walking towards them. The Elderly doctor feels Tom's legs, arms, and chest.

ELDERLY DOCTOR He's breathing fine...

The Elderly doctor looks over Tom's body again. "He looks puzzled."

ELDERLY DOCTOR (continuing)
But there's neither a broken bone nor fracture in sight.

The Truck driver pulls the crowd apart, and bends down next to the Elderly doctor. He puts his hand on Tom's forid. The Elderly doctor looks at the Truck driver in surprise.

ELDERLY DOCTOR (continuing)
Hold on son, what do you think you're doing!?

The middle age woman looks at the Truck driver angrily.

MIDDLE AGE WOMAN
You've just smacked him
down, what do you wanna do?
Finish the job!?

The Truck driver ignores them as he gets back up. He simply walks away. The Elderly doctor is bemused.

The Middle age woman calls after the Truck driver.

MIDDLE AGE WOMAN Hey, where do you think you're going!? You're not going to hit and run like this, I'll tell you that!

Tom's hands quiver. The Elderly doctor looks down in surprise. Tom's eyes slowly open. Tom's sees the Elderly doctor leaning over him.

ELDERLY DOCTOR

Now just stay down son, don't move, you've just been hit by a truck.

Tom gives a quizzical glance. The Truck driver reaches his Truck. The Middle age woman is chasing after him.

MOT

I feel fine.

He looks over his body.

MOT

(continuing)

In fact, I feel great.

Tom begins to get up. The Elderly doctor looks on alarmed.

ELDERLY DOCTOR

Son, stay down, you're not right.

Tom stands up straight. The Elderly doctor is shocked. The Truck driver pulls himself into the driver's cabin.

ELDERLY DOCTOR

(continuing)

But, the truck.

TOM

What truck?

The crowd points toward the Truck. The Middle age woman is walking towards the cabin furiously.

INT. TRUCK

The Truck driver grips the wheel. He does not turn the keys in the ignition. He leans back as if about to sleep.

EXT. FLASHBACK-CAR CRASH-DAY

Tom is ten years of age as he lies in the back of the mangled car. His brother, Michael, eight years of age, is unconscious beside him. His Mother and Father are lying bloodied and dead in the front seats. Tom looks past his brother, and beyond the smashed fence to the highway. There lying face down is the dead Truck driver. "The same Truck driver who has just touched Tom's forid."

EXT. FLASHBACK-HIGHWAY

Commander John Taylor stands on the highway looking over the mangled car in the field beyond.

EXT. FLASHBACK-TAYLOR HOUSE

John Taylor stands at front door of the house. The door opens, and a twenty something man is standing there. It is a younger Shane Taylor, nineteen years earlier.

JOHN TAYLOR I am late for dinner Son?

SHANE TAYLOR No, you're right Dad.

JOHN TAYLOR There was a horrific crash on the Highway.

A little girl runs along the corridor towards John Taylor. He opens his hands wide, and picks her up. He looks at his son, Shane Taylor

JOHN TAYLOR (continuing)

That's quite an energetic daughter you've got there son. I reckon I see another cop on the way to carry on the tradition.

The young girl is beaming at her Grandfather.

JOHN TAYLOR (continuing)
Isn't that right, my little
Miss Maggie Taylor.

"The younger John Taylor from the car crash site is Maggie's Grandfather,"

EXT. FLASHBACK-PUB-ALLEYWAY-NIGHT

Tom lies unconscious in the pile of rubbish bags. The Truck driver sticks his head from the cabin window looking for what he has hit. "It is the same Truck driver that lay dead on that highway nineteen years ago, and had touched Tom seconds earlier on the forid." "Everything is tied to the accident nineteen years earlier. Maggie Taylor through her Grandfather John Taylor, Tom, his brother Michael through the crash, and the drunken Truck driver who started it all."

INT. TRUCK

The Truck driver closes his eyes. His body begins to slowly thin until it is but a wisp. "The Truck driver was a Ghost. He was ever since the day he died on that highway. He gave Tom the visions who passed them onto Maggie. The Truck driver brought Tom and Maggie together. The Truck driver helped Maggie and Tom find their path, Tom's resurrection, and Maggie's self-respect, and stopped Michael from killing. He has gained redemption for his sin, and gained entry to heaven." The Middle age woman looks into the driver's cabin and sees thin air.

EXT. SHOPPING STRIP

Tom smiles lightly. He understands. He walks away. The Elderly doctor calls after him.

ELDERLY DOCTOR Where are you going son?

Tom does not answer. He walks away in complete peace for the first time in nineteen years.

INT. LUKE'S HOUSE-BEDROOM-DAY

Luke opens his eyes and finds himself back in his own bedroom. He looks around quickly for confirmation. He looks outside. "He is home. You can see the relief on his face." He breathes deeply with a wide smile on his face.

The phone begins to ring. He looks at it strangely. He picks it up.

LUKE

Hello?

AGENT (O.S.)

(filtered)

It's Monday Luke and there on my back, do you have something to show them?

Luke looks down. The screenplay is lying next to him. He picks it up and flicks to the back. He sees the third act is finished. The screenplay is finished.

LUKE

Yeah, there's something.

AGENT (O.S.)

(filtered)

Is it a killer screenplay?

Luke smiles wryly.

LUKE

Yeah, a real killer.

THE END.