TRAPPED

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 center of the room is a woman encased in ice like a demented ice statue. The Police Officers walk through the cold room's door. The female Officer walks around the iced woman. MAGGIE TALYOR, about 20, smart, energetic, questionable self-esteem, 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

Well, I don't think I'll be eating from the 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.

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

INT. HOUSE-OFFICE-DAY

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

LUKE

Yeah Jerry, the first draft will be ready to send onto them by Monday. I just have 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 had better get back to work, se ya.

He puts down the telephone. 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, "SIGHT 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

(continuing)

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

EXT. BAR-NIGHT

The bar 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 favorite barstool pissed as a maggot like usual.

INT. BAR

TOM MURRAY, about 26, lithe, 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.

TOM

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 shriveled 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 BARTENDER, 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 buddyy.

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.

ТОМ

There we go.

EXT. BAR-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.

MOT

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. 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 forehead.

EXT. BAR-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 buddy, 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 bar.

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. BAR-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 buddy.

INT. LOUNGE ROOM-BEDROOM-NIGHT

Luke is dressed in his pajamas. 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.

EXT. CLIFF-LIGHTHOUSE-SUNRISE

The derelict in appearance lighthouse sits on the edge of the cliff. The waves crash foreboding at the base of the cliff above the jagged rocks. There is a gloom pervading the area.

INT. LIGHTHOUSE-UPPER LEVEL-DAY

The large disused warning light laced with years of cobwebs stands above the makeshift lounge room that looks onto the gloomy sea through the lighthouse roof to floor window. Tom is slumped in his crumpled clothes in the single lounge chair. The light streams through the large window 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.

TOM How did I get home?

Tom looks out the window. He turns to look at the halfempty 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 towards the winding staircase.

INT. LIGHTHOUSE-WINDING STAIRCASE

It is dark and claustrophobic in the narrow winding staircase. Tom walks down the staircase, as weathered pictures of his family standing outside the lighthouse that look long forgotten lines the wall. He stops in front of closet door in-between levels. He opens the door. Box's and old tattered books fall down on his head. He falls in a crumpled hung-over heap on the stairs. 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 full adult size body 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.

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.

PLAIN CLOTHES OFFICER
We think the wife died on
impact and the husband
sometime after they came to
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, they're 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. 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. LIGHTHOUSE-STAIRCASE

Tom's head is drooped mournfully. The exercise book lies on the floor in front of him. The dark clouds glide past in the sky beyond through the porthole window.

TOM

Mum...Dad...

Tom looks across at the bottle on the floor. He reaches across, grabs it, and practically slams the alcohol down his throat.

INT. LUKE'S HOUSE-LOUNGE ROOM-DAY

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

Ah, where did that come from? Driving the brain 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 to twenty five minutes Sir.

She is friendly.

LUKE

Thanks cool.

PIZZA GIRL (O.S.)

(filtered)

Have a good day 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. LIGHTHOUSE-DAY

Tom walks from the front door of the lighthouse. 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-DAY

Tom walks towards the front entrance.

INT. MALL

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 HEADED 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, a thin, but muscular man shoulders him hard. 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. BUS

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

INT. THE SIGHT-MALL-BALD HEADED 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 Headed Man who brushed his shoulder earlier. He is looking through the Bald Headed Man's eyes.

INT. BUS

The bus jolts to a stop and knocks Tom out of his slumber. Tom has a strange look on his face. He looks out the window, and quickly realizes it is his stop. The bus is about to take off again.

TOM

Hey wait, wait! It's my stop!

The bus jolts to a stop. The driver grumpily opens the doors.

EXT. STREET

Tom walks away quickly from the bus. The bus takes off as 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...

EXT. STREET-LIGHTHOUSE-NIGHT

A lone kid rids past the lighthouse on a bike.

INT. LIGHTHOUSE-LOUNGE ROOM

The television is blaring, as the thick clouds glide across the sky beyond the roof to floor window. Tom lies slumped in his single lounge chair underneath the cob webbed covered searchlight asleep. There is an empty alcohol bottle on the floor with halve of the contents spilt onto the carpet.

EXT. THE SIGHT-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. LIGHTHOUSE-LOUNGE ROOM

Tom stirs in his chair uneasily.

INT. THE SIGHT-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. THE SIGHT-UPMARKET HOUSE-BEDROOM

Tom sees the vision move into the bedroom. The vision turns around 180 degrees. Tom sees himself looking straight into a mirror through her eyes. The woman is gorgeous. He recognizes the woman. 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. LIGHTHOUSE-LOUNGE ROOM

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

INT. THE SIGHT-UPMARKET HOUSE

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

INT. LIGHTHOUSE-LOUNGE ROOM-NIGHT

Tom's eyes shoot open.

TOM

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

EXT. SHOPPING STRIP-DAY

Tom 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 walks along the footpath while scanning the crowd for someone interesting.

TOM (V.O.)

(continuing)

All 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 nondescript 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. LIGHTHOUSE-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. LIGHTHOUSE-NIGHT

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

INT. LIGHTHOUSE-LOUNGE ROOM

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

INT. THE SIGHT-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. The car jolts to a stop. Tom sees Maggie thrust the car door open, and put her hand down to her pistol.

EXT. THE SIGHT-HOUSE-NIGHT

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. THE SIGHT-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. THE SIGHT-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 the 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. THE SIGHT-BACK YARD-NIGHT

Maggie stops and the vision moves around the backyard furiously. The vision turns and races towards the path leading up the side of the house.

INT. THE SIGHT-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!

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. THE SIGHT-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. THE SIGHT-POLICE CAR

The man is sitting with handcuffs in the back seat. Maggie looks at Mike as he gets in the driver's 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 drive along the street, and into the night.

INT. LIGHTHOUSE-LOUNGE ROOM

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

INT. LUKE'S HOUSE-BEDROOM-DAY

Luke Howard grabs his pizza and eats a large chunk. 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, well 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. THE SIGHT-SERIAL KILLER APARTMENT-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. LIGHTHOUSE-LOUNGE ROOM

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

INT. THE SIGHT-SERIAL KILLER APARTMENT

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.

SERIAL KILLER (O.S.)

The fourth is coming.

INT. SERIAL KILLER APARTMENT-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.

INT. SERIAL KILLER APARTMENT-CORRIDOR

Luke 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 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-LOUNGEROOM

The serial killer hears the sound of the door shutting. He rips out his knife and runs into the corridor.

INT. SERIAL KILLER APARTMENT-CORRIDOR

Serial killers eyes narrow onto the doorknob that ever so lightly kicks back into place.

INT. APARTMENT BLOCK-CORRIDOR

Serial killer bursts out the door. He turns and looks down the corridor. He sees the shadow of the man flick around the far corner. He charges forwards with knife tightly clenched in his hand.

INT. APARTMENT BLOCK-ELEVATORS

Luke Howard sees the elevators just ahead. He runs towards the elevator desperately as the sounds of the serial killer fast moving footsteps draw closer. He stops at the elevators and slams the button. He looks at the display indicating the elevator is coming down. He looks back along the corridor. He sees the serial killer with hunting knife in its hand come around the corner. The serial killers eyes lock with Luke's. It charges forward.

LUKE HOWARD

I'm going to die. I'm going to die.

The elevator doors open. Luke dives into the elevator and hits the button to shut the doors. His eyes stare into the space between the doors as they shut. He catches a glimpse of the serial killer as he reaches the elevator and reaches to grab the doors with it hunting knife hand.

INT. ELEVATOR

The elevator begins descending as sweat covers Luke Howard's forehead. The elevator music plays.

LUKE

This is not happening. This is not happening.

INT. APARTMENT BLOCK-STAIRCASE

The serial killer is racing down the staircase.

INT. ELEVATOR

The elevator stops. Luke Howard sucks in a fearful breath as the doors open fearing the serial killer will be waiting. The LADY, about 35, with shopping in her hands stands at the doors. Luke Howard rushes forward knocking her over.

INT. APARTMENT BLOCK-FOYER

Luke Howard races across the foyer like a madman.

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. He looks around the tree trunk. The

serial killer is standing at the front doors. His eyes are moving over the road scanning for Luke Howard.

LUKE HOWARD

He can't see me. He can't see me.

The serial killer turns and walks back into the apartment block. Luke Howard eyes are flashing wildly.

LUKE

(continuing)

Gather yourself.

Luke looks around the tree trunk and sees the serial killer from the apartment block walk from the front doors again. The serial killer 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)

This not real. 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, and the visa card. Nah, this is fucked up, but it can't be real.

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

INT. TAXI

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-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 character 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 house, sorry about that.

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

ya.

LONG LEGGED WOMAN That's okay, good luck, se

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

LUKE

Well, 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 Fortuneteller Hut is?

Luke waits for the Taxi Driver's response.

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 (CONT'D)

(MORE)

eighth 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 acceleration.

TAXI DRIVER

You got it.

EXT. FREEWAY-DAY

The Taxi drives along the Freeway.

INT. TAXI

Taxi Driver looks into the rear vision mirror.

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

No.

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

EXT. SUBURBAN STREET

The taxi drives along the suburban street.

INT. TAXI

Luke Howard looks out the window and sees they are driving through suburban streets.

LUKE

(continuing)

What if I run into my lead character Tom?

EXT. SHOPPING STRIP

The Taxi drives along the shopping strip.

INT. TAXI

Luke looks out the window and sees the shopping strip.

TAXI DRIVER

Madam China's just ahead buddy.

Luke looks ahead as if desperate to see the sign.

TAXI DRIVER

(continuing)

Looking to find out about your future?

LUKE

The present actually.

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-DAY

Luke stands outside gazing at the writing on the window, "MADAM CHINA'S FORTUNE TELLER HUT." Luke looks cautiously through the window. He cannot see anything at first, but then he sees movement. He is expecting to see Tom Murray. FORTUNE TELLER, about 35, and 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

I can't see my lead character.

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

LUKE

(continuing)

Well, I've got to find out for sure if I'm trapped in my own screenplay.

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

LUKE

(continuing)

Well here goes, am I going nuts or not.

INT. MADAM CHINA'S FORTUNE TELLER HUT

The Fortuneteller 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 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, 'The Sight,' and seeing through the eyes of people that he touches?

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

FORTUNE TELLER

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 Fortuneteller 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

(MORE)

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 cuts the fortune-teller short.

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 Fortuneteller is standing fixed to the point stunned. She re-gathers herself.

FORTUNE TELLER

Well, 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.

LUKE

(continuing)

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

He looks up into the sky. Luke looks around at the crowd with surreal eyes. 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 eyes flicker as a revelation occurs to him.

LUKE

(continuing)

There's only one way I can think of to manipulate my characters and story to escape my creation.

Luke voice lowers.

LUKE

(continuing)

I will have to kill my serial killer.

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

LUKE

(continuing)

I will have to become the serial killer.

Luke looks up and smiles wryly.

LUKE

(continuing)

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

EXT. LIGHTHOUSE-DAY

The Mailman slips the letters into Tom's derelict looking letterbox, gives a quick stare at the lighthouse and rides on.

INT. LIGHTHOUSE-LOUNGE ROOM

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

INT. GUN SHOP-DAY

Luke is standing at the counter. The shop owner hands the pistol to Luke. Luke hands over the money. He slips the pistol into this jacket.

INT. SUPPLY STORE

Luke slides the money across the counter. Luke Howard picks up the hunting knife and slips into his jacket.

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. 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 end of the Long Legged Woman's up market house driveway. 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. LIGHTHOUSE-LOUNGE ROOM

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

EXT. THE SIGHT-UPMARKET HOUSE-SERIAL KILLER-NIGHT

Tom 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

Well 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 TAYLOR

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-kilometer 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 is not even looking into her eyes.

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. THE SIGHT-UPMARKET HOUSE-CORRIDOR

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

INT. THE SIGHT-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. LIGHTHOUSE-LOUNGE ROOM

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

INT. THE SIGHT-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 in her nightgown. 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.

INT. LIGHTHOUSE-LOUNGE ROOM

Tom wakes up as if someone has punched him in the stomach. He jumps up and runs towards the winding staircase.

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

Well, 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 pistol from his jacket. The pistol 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 trying to keep his breathing quiet. He slowly rips the tag off the pistol. 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 stops as if sensing something. He grabs the car door and violently smashes it backward. Luke Howard is smashed like a rag doll by the door into the van. He drops his pistol as he stuns under the pain. The pistol falls the ground. The door flings backward and the serial killer punches Luke hard in the face. The blood runs from Luke Howard's nose. Luke Howard in his hazy vision sees the hand grab his head and slam it down brutally onto the serial killer's knee. It all goes black.

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 asleep in her bed. She turns as if agitated by something.

EXT. THE SIGHT-POLCE STATION-NIGHT

Maggie is aware that 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.

INT. VAN

Luke Howard wakes with blood covering his face. His vision is hazy as he looks around in the darkness. He is locked in the back of the van. He looks down to see his legs tied together by rope. He tries to slips them free in terror. He pulls up his hands in front of his face to see his hands are tied together by rope. The terror in his eyes increases. He looks to the side to see the Long legged woman, unconscious and bound by rope beside him. His eyes flicker as if thinking.

LUKE HOWARD He might have missed it.

He digs his roped hands into his jacket. A small smile flashes across his face. He yanks out the knife with both his tied hands. He sticks the handle of the knife in his teeth. He clenches down to hold it tight. He brings his tied hands up to the blade. He moves the blade backward and forwards with the rope furiously cutting like a possessed man.

EXT. VAN-NIGHT

The van drives along the freeway.

INT. MAGGIE'S HOUSE-BEDROOM

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

INT. THE SIGHT-POLICE STATION-NIGHT

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

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.

MOT

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.

MOT

What?

POLICE OFFICER

I can smell liquor on your breath Sir.

TOM

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 the 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 in sight.

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.

INT. VAN

The serial killer turns the van down the small dark street.

INT. MAGGIE'S HOUSE-BEDROOM-NIGHT

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

EXT. THE SIGHT-LIGHTHOUSE-NIGHT

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

INT. THE SIGHT-LIGHTHOUSE-STAIRCASE

Maggie sees the vision moving up the winding staircase.

INT. THE SIGHT-LIGHTHOUSE-LOUNGE ROOM

The vision moves up the winding the staircase into the lounge room. The hand comes out aggressively and knocks a bottle of alcohol violently off a table. The bottle smashes into the searchlight splashing alcohol over the cobwebs.

INT. THE SIGHT-LIGHTHOUSE-STAIRCASE

The vision moves down the winding staircase again, but this time more aggressively. It stops abruptly by a door, throws it open, and moves into the bathroom.

INT. THE SIGHT-LIGHTHOUSE-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 Tom Murray. He looks distressed, and dejected. There is something desperate about him.

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.

INT. VAN

Luke Howard feels the van jolt to a stop. His legs and hands are free. The rope strands lie on the van floor. The hunting knife is tightly clenched in his hands. He hears the door open and slam shut as the serial killer gets out of the front cabin. His eyes lock onto the rear doors. He readies himself to launch. He hears the sounds of footsteps walking around to the back of the van. He steels himself with a deep breath. The doors fling open. Luke lunges forwards with the hunting knife outstretched in front of him. The knife slices straight into the shocked serial killer chest. Serial killer falls backward as the blood spurts from its heart. Luke pulls himself quickly from the van. He dives onto the serial killer.

LUKE HOWARD Die you son of a bitch!

He drives the knife into the serial killers chest again and again. The serial killers eyes go dull and it thuds in a bloodied heap to the ground. Luke stands with the bloodied hunting knife in his hands over the body. His eyes are wide open. He is breathing deeply. His eyes lock onto the serial killers dead face.

LUKE HOWARD (continuing)
Now I have to become you.

Luke Howard looks around at the serial killers house.

LUKE

(continuing)

We've just jumped from the script into uncharted waters.

He turns and looks at the unconscious body of the Long legged woman in the back of the van.

LUKE

(continuing)

Nobody's ever going to believe this.

EXT. PIER-NIGHT

Luke is standing on the pier. The dead body of the serial killer is at his feet. 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 creation after all.

Luke breathes deeply.

LUKE

(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.

EXT. THE SIGHT-SERIAL KILLER HOUSE-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 serial killer. Maggie can see the blood on the gloves.

EXT. SERIAL KILLER 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.

LUKE

(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 nightgown.

MAGGIE

(continuing)

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

INT. SERIAL KILLER HOUSE

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

LUKE

What does it mean? What have I done!?

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

INT. SERIAL KILLER 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 center. 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.

LUKE

(continuing)

What I am saying. She's not real.

He waves his hand around the room.

LUKE

(continuing)

Get a grip.

EXT. TECOMA AVE-LIGHTHOUSE-NIGHT

Maggie pulls up out front of Toms Lighthouse. 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. LIGHTHOUSE-LOUNGE ROOM

Tom gulps the bottle of alcohol. He hears the doorbell through the small wall speaker. He puts the bottle down, and looks towards the dark winding staircase quizzically.

INT. LIGHTHOUSE-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 up the staircase. Tom with blood running from his nose weakly gets up and runs after her.

INT. LIGHTHOUSE-LOUNGE ROOM

Tom runs up the staircase, and into the lounge room. Maggie is standing just inside the room. He 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 down the staircase. He turns around. He is afraid of her and does not know what to do. Tom follows her down the staircase.

INT. LIGHTHOUSE-BATHROOM

Tom stops on the stairs by the bathroom door. The woman is standing looking into the mirror. She is like a statue. She is talking to herself.

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 occurred 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.

'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 Lighthouse, 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!?

MOT

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

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.

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.

(continuing)

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

TOM

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.

(continuing)

It could be anywhere...

TOM

Your vision must have been after mine.

MAGGIE

What do you mean after yours?

TOM

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.

TOM

I only saw the inside of her bedroom.

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

MAGGIE

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

She touches her eyes in disbelief.

MAGGIE

(continuing)

You call me.

INT. LIGHTHOUSE-FOYER

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

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. 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 lighthouse front 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.

MOT

I don't believe in God.

Maggie has disappeared into the dark night, as her voice cuts through the air.

MAGGIE

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

EXT. SERIAL KILLER HOUSE-SUNRISE

It is peace full outside the house.

INT. SERIAL KILLER HOUSE-BEDROOM

The light streams in through the window. Luke opens his eyes drowsily. He looks around. He frowns as if to say, He pulls himself up. He sits on the side of the bed with head bowed.

LUKE

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 basement door.

LUKE

(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 eyewitness was sketchy.

MAGGIE

When was she taken?

CB RADIO (O.S.)

(filtered)

The victim was abducted from her house sometime between the hours of midnight and six this morning.

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

We're just going to swing by Mandira Court.

MIKE

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

MAGGIE

Mike, do you remember the chick frozen like a statue 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

Humor me. What are the chances of us anyway running across the van with 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 KILLER 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 KILLER HOUSE

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

LUKE (V.O.)

I've been dreading this, 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. LIGHTHOUSE-DAY

It is brilliantly sunny day. The gloom pervading the lighthouse seems to be clearing the longer time passes. The sound of the phone ringing sounds from inside the Lighthouse.

INT. LIGHTHOUSE-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. He seems to hear the phone ringing for the first time. He walks over and picks it up.

MOT

Yeah.

LUKE (O.S.)

(filtered)

Hey Brother.

Tom is shocked.

TOM

Michael, is that you?

LUKE (O.S.)

(filtered)

Yeah, pretty unbelievable hey?

MOT

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.

MOT

Well, I wouldn't call it that.

LUKE (O.S.)

(filtered)

Well, 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.

MOT

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 KILLER HOUSE-BEDROOM

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

LUKE

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, but I sound just like him.

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

EXT. MANDIRA COURT-UPMARKET HOUSE-DAY

There is a police car parked in the driveway, and an unmarked police car parked behind it. Police Officers are swarming over the area searching for clues, and evidence. There is a marked off area around the bloodstains on the driveway. Residents are standing a short distance away keen to see what is 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, and 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.

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 driveway. 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.

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

INT. SERIAL KILLER 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 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...well 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.

(continuing)

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

EXT. SERIAL KILLER HOUSE-FRONT DOOR-DAY

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

INT. SERIAL KILLER 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 KILLER HOUSE-NIGHT

A car moves along the street. It is early in the night.

INT. SERIAL KILLER HOUSE-KITCHEN

There are plates of half 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.

MOT

I have to ask you about the hospital.

Luke frowns subtly.

LUKE

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

MOT

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 forehead, and everything.

Tom smiles lightly.

TOM

I felt funny about asking you.

LUKE

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

TOM

Ah, I guess, when did things change?

Luke looks as if he is thinking deeply.

LUKE

Well, 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.

TOM

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.

TOM

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.

TOM

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 buddy.

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.

TOM

(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.

MOT

I'm so glad to see you back Brother.

Luke and Tom get up and hug.

EXT. SERIAL KILLER HOUSE-NIGHT

The front 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

Tomorrow...

Tom walks towards the gate. Luke says quietly to himself.

LUKE

(continuing)

Will never come...

INT. SERIAL KILLER 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?

EXT. DOG JOES BAR-NIGHT

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

INT. DOG JOES BAR

The bar 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 headed man.

INT. FLASHBACK-MALL

Tom walks along the hallway. The Mall is busy. There is a large amount of noise. The Bald headed man brushes Tom's shoulder as he walks past.

INT. DOG JOES BAR

Luke pushes an envelope subtly into the Bald headed mans hands. The Bald headed man says something quietly to Luke. Luke replies.

LUKE

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

The Bald headed 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 headed man closes the envelope.

BALD HEADED 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 BAR-ALLEY WAY-NIGHT

Luke bends over and throws up on the ground. 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.

INT. MAGGIE'S HOUSE-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.

INT. MAGGIE'S HOUSE-CORRIDOR

She moves into the dark corridor. Maggie swings around to see the outline of the Bald headed man standing in the corridor. Her eyes move down to the hunting knife in his gloved hand.

BALD HEADED MAN

I've come to kill you bitch.

Maggie looks up.

MAGGIE

You're the killer!?

BALD HEADED 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 headed man sees the naked woman has a pistol in her hand. BALD HEADED MAN

(continuing)

That gun's 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 HEADED 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 headed man's body goes stiff. He is dead. Maggie lowers the pistol to her side and stands silently over his bloody body.

INT. LIGHTHOUSE-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 eye 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.

TOM

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 still sea through the roof to floor window with a stunned expression.

INT. SERIAL KILLER 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

Well, 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 headed man.

MAGGIE

(continuing)

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

Her voice trails off. A strange look comes over Maggie's eyes. She says breathlessly.

MAGGIE

(continuing)

No...

EXT. THE SIGHT-SERIAL KILLER 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 nightgown tightly. She says with breathless desperation.

MAGGIE

24...look at the letterbox.

EXT. THE SIGHT-SERIAL KILLER 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. THE SIGHT-SERIAL KILLER HOUSE-FRONT PORCH-NIGHT

Maggie sees a hand come up to the killer's 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 at high speed.

INT. SERIAL KILLER 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 inside, and shuts the door behind him.

INT. LIGHTHOUSE-BEDROOM

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

TOM

How?

INT. THE SIGHT-SERIAL KILLER 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 Murray.

LUKE

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

EXT. THE SIGHT-SERIAL KILLER 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. LIGHTHOUSE-BEDROOM

Tom eyes flash with confusion, disbelief, and fear.

TOM

Tom, Maggie...

INT. SERIAL KILLER HOUSE

The front door flies forwards. Maggie's boot lowers to the floor, and pistol outstretched she rushes forwards. 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 KILLER HOUSE-BASEMENT

She moves warily down the stairs and darkness envelops 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 sound behind, and stops dead in her tracks. She can hear the quick breathing right behind her ear. She hears the killer's 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. Maggie is not moving. She is waiting for the inevitable. Luke tries to pull the trigger, but his finger freezes. Maggie eyes flicker. 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. 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 forehead. 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 honor you.

EXT. SERIAL KILLER HOUSE-FRONT YARD-NIGHT

The police cars are parked hastily on the front lawn. The Police Officers are standing in a semi circle, as Luke walks forwards. He has the pistol by his side. Luke looks beyond the police cars. Tom Murray 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 officers are getting edgy.

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 officers hands tighten around their pistols. Tom is shaking his head. Luke keeps raising the pistol. The explosion of gun shots rock through the air. Luke's body twists and convulses under the hail of bullets. He falls in a bloodied dead heap to the ground.

INT. TAYLOR HOUSE-DAY

Shane Taylor opens the front door. Two fully clothed, Police officers 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.

TOM

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 forehead. 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.

ELDERLY DOCTOR

What the devil.

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, a truck has just hit you.

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

TOM

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 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. Lying face down on the road is the dead Truck driver. "The same Truck driver who has just touched Tom's forehead."

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 their 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-BAR-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 forehead." "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 empty 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 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 they're 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.