

# KRIEG

written by

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*This screenplay contains depictions of physical and sexual violence involving minors. These elements are not gratuitous and are presented with serious intent. Reader discretion is strongly advised.*

FADE IN:

EXT. FOOTBALL FIELD - SAWBROOK, ME - NIGHT

SUPER: November 16, 1990

Two varsity teams, the Sawbrook Vikings and Branson Bulldogs, huddle under the lights. Cheerleaders perform with verve as the boisterous crowd waves shirts, signs, and flags.

Scoreboard: Home 23 - Visitors 28. 4th & 7. 0:06. A banner identifies the event: High School Varsity Football - 1990 Knox County Final.

ANNOUNCER (V.O.)

The air is electric here in  
Sawbrook tonight! Every fan, each  
young Viking and Bulldog, can feel  
it now! It's come down to one play  
for pride, for the championship of  
1990. One last play in the  
brilliant high school careers of  
Jesse Wade, Randy Lambert, and Jack  
Krieg.

The Vikings break the huddle with a unified shout of "Vikes!" JACK KRIEG, 19, very handsome with arresting blue eyes, strides into the backfield. He coolly regards the defense.

He lines up opposite his fellow running back, LAMBERT, in a split pro set formation behind the quarterback, WADE. The end zone is sixteen yards away.

A burly enemy LINEBACKER bellows at Krieg.

LINEBACKER

Bring it on, Jackie boy! Bring it  
right here!

Krieg ignores him. He glances into the home stands. Refocuses as Wade starts the count.

WADE

Red four! Ranger seven! Cross ten!  
Hut-hut!

Wade takes the snap, drops back. Krieg and Lambert cut toward him. He fakes to Lambert, freezing the defense, then pitches to Krieg, who sweeps outside and bursts upfield.

Krieg shrugs off a crashing defensive end. He loses his escort. He stiff-arms the burly linebacker, finds another gear, jukes the strong safety, and dives into the end zone!

ANNOUNCER (V.O.)  
Touchdown, Krieg! Touchdown, Krieg!  
Touchdown...

Krieg hits the grass with a bone-rattling thump. He slides and rolls to a stop. The crowd roars. Teammates rush in and haul him to his feet. He flips the ball to the ref and is promptly engulfed in a raucous victory celebration.

He breaks away. Sheds his helmet, thrusts his fist skyward, and begins a victory trot downfield. A chant rises from the stands: "Krieg! Krieg! Krieg!" He peers into the throng.

HIS POV: A young boy, maybe thirteen, cheers joyously. He's slim, blond, and very cute. He bounces on his toes and beams as Krieg's gaze singles him out.

Krieg points at him and holds the gesture. He forces a wide grin that fails to touch his eyes. Yet it's enough to fool them all. He's the hero of the moment.

And the moment passes.

INT. KRIEG'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Clean and orderly. An alarm clock reads 12:07 AM.

Krieg's guidance counselor speaks in a solemn voice-over...

COUNSELOR (V.O.)  
Jack was the kind of student a  
faculty loves. Perhaps an  
underachiever in the classroom, but  
very bright, mannerly, seemingly  
well-adjusted.

...as Krieg fills a tactical backpack. Items include a black balaclava, thin leather gloves, dark clothing, a large Gerber folding knife, a Leatherman multi-tool, a map of New Orleans, and a book: "Organized Crime on the Gulf."

INT. GUIDANCE COUNSELOR'S OFFICE - DAY - (FLASH-FORWARD)

The COUNSELOR discusses Krieg with a Sawbrook detective.

COUNSELOR  
Yes, we knew what happened in  
Allentown. Hell of a thing for a  
kid to go through, but he seemed to  
have put it behind him.

EXT. SAWBROOK SIDEWALK - DAY - (FLASH-FORWARD)

A NEIGHBOR, 40s, shares his take on Krieg with someone O.S.

NEIGHBOR

This young man worked all the time.  
Several jobs. Weeknights, weekends.  
Very industrious.

INT. KRIEG'S BEDROOM - NIGHT - (PRESENT DAY)

1:25 AM. Krieg retrieves three envelopes of cash from deep in his closet. They're labeled: \$2500, \$2500, \$2500. His best friend and teammate, Randy Lambert, recalls an incident.

LAMBERT (V.O.)

I remember once, he hinted about  
something in his past, some  
problem, but when I pressed him on  
it he just shut down...

INT. HIGH SCHOOL HALLWAY - DAY - (FLASH-FORWARD)

Lambert is interviewed in front of his locker by someone O.S. The stocky young man is shaken.

LAMBERT

...changed the subject. I let it  
go. Maybe that was a mistake.

INT. KRIEG'S BEDROOM - NIGHT - (PRESENT DAY)

2:18 AM. Krieg places a note on his nightstand. He picks up his backpack and surveys the room one last time.

NEIGHBOR (V.O.)

He coached youth baseball a few  
summers ago. He was our gridiron  
star. I thought, 'Here's a solid  
kid. Here's a kid who's going  
places.'

MONTAGE (DEPARTURE):

- The Krieg residence is a small, tidy ranch house. Krieg backs his gray '83 Chevy Nova into the street, beneath a bright three-quarter moon.
- He glides past an attractive Craftsman home, intent on the dark windows. The name on the mailbox is Taylor.

- He cruises past slumbering Sawbrook High and the football field, both veiled in mist.
- He slows at a flashing light and turns onto an old scenic route out of Sawbrook.
- The Nova travels alone on the serpentine highway.
- A weather-beaten sign appears: Bond View — 1 mile. A dirt side road winds uphill through forest.

EXT. BOND VIEW - NIGHT

Bond View is a clifftop high above Bond Lake's tranquil surface. The broad clearing is littered with bottles, cans, and the charred remains of bonfires. The only sound is the rustling of brittle leaves, stirred by a chill breeze.

The rumble of a car engine intrudes. Headlights pierce the dark. Krieg pulls into the clearing and stops. He opens his door, sets out his backpack, leaves the door ajar.

INT. CHEVY NOVA - NIGHT

A woman's voice is heard, marked by a slight tremolo.

SHARON (V.O.)

What kind of man are you, Mr.  
Posie? Have you come in pursuit of  
truth, or to exploit my pain?

POSIE (V.O.)

Truth, of course. Your version.

Krieg's eyes fix on the precipitous drop, dead ahead. His grip tightens on the steering wheel.

EXT. BOND VIEW - NIGHT

The Nova eases forward. Picks up speed. Krieg holds the door open. He shifts to neutral and bails at fifteen m.p.h., a tuck and roll onto scrubby grass. The car travels on, momentum carrying it the last fifteen yards.

Its undercarriage shrieks as it scrapes over the rocky brink.

The Nova plummets down the cliff face. It slams into a bulging outcrop, deflects through a spray of sparks, and tumbles into the water with a tremendous splash.

INT. KRIEG RESIDENCE - DAY - (FLASH-FORWARD)

A young reporter, STAN POSIE, sits with SHARON KRIEG in her drab living room. An ugly crucifix hangs portentously. A yellowed Bible rests on the antique coffee table. Sharon is 48, gaunt, and conservatively attired.

SHARON

My son committed suicide, a sin worse than murder. The Good Lord asks only that we admit our wickedness and accept Him as our Savior, but Jack refused.

Sharon's voice firms with the fervor of absolute conviction. Posie stares at his recorder.

EXT. BOND LAKE - UNDERWATER - NIGHT - (PRESENT DAY)

The Nova descends into the black depths. Great air bubbles escape and rush for the moonlit surface.

SHARON (V.O.)

Jack turned his back on Him, shat in His face. I could almost see the Deceiver's cunning smile as He welcomed my son into His fold.

EXT. BOND VIEW - NIGHT

Krieg limps to his backpack. He pauses there, gaze lingering on the nearby trees. He seems lost in melancholic reverie.

SHARON (V.O.)

There's no great mystery here. Jack chose to walk a corrupt path and it led him to sorrow. That is the fundamental truth, Mr. Posie, as per your request.

Krieg sighs and turns away. He brushes debris from his clothes, straightens his jacket, shoulders his backpack. He crosses the clearing and vanishes into the murky woods.

EXT. U.S. HIGHWAY 285 - SANTA FE, NM - DAY

SUPER: April 22, 1998

An unmarked silver '98 Crown Vic with tinted windows rolls through the outskirts of Santa Fe.

INT. CROWN VIC - DAY

FBI Agent DAVID POLSON, 55, drives. In the twilight of his career, there's an enduring grimness about him that has manifested in deep worry lines and slumped shoulders.

Riding shotgun, Agent JOHN REED balances a keyboard on his lap. He's 37, intense and athletic, with a restless edge.

The car features abundant state-of-the-art tech. A swiveling 14.1" LCD screen is built into the passenger's dash. The screen displays a street map of Santa Fe.

Reed taps impatiently. Polson sees the city limits sign.

The car speakers emit two beeps. Reed keys a command. The sweet, smiling face of MATTHEW COLEMAN, 12, replaces the map.

Digital buttons beside the boy's photo are labeled: Overview, Analysis, Timeline, Evidence, Statements, Media, and Notes. Reed selects Overview and the case summary loads.

EXT. RESIDENTIAL STREET - DAY

They turn onto a sleepy street of upper-middle-class homes.

EXT. COLEMAN HOME - DAY

The house is a large Santa Fe style nestled among old valley cottonwoods. Polson parks beside the only vehicle in the drive, another unmarked Crown Vic.

Agent BRIAN STOCKER, 35, sharply dressed, waits on an adobe banco bench near the entryway. He rises to greet them.

INT. COLEMAN HOME - DAY

Bullet holes and blood spatter mar the foyer.

STOCKER

Here's where Dan Coleman met our  
man. He was shot once in the neck  
and twice in the head.

Stocker leads them into the spacious living room.

STOCKER

Matthew was at a friend's house  
till nine-thirty. The UNSUB hid Mr.  
Coleman's body and ambushed the boy  
upon his return.

Photos line a mantel shelf. Matthew and his father attend an MLB game. They rockhound and stargaze. Always happy together.

STOCKER

The CSIs swept through on Monday  
and Tuesday. Lab's processing, for  
what it's worth. He left porn this  
time. We found the pics here,  
propped inside Matthew's shoes.

He indicates the nearby couch. Scowls darken the room.

INT. COLEMAN HOME - MATTHEW'S ROOM - DAY

Reed is alone as he enters Matthew's sanctuary.

Baseball pennants, a world map, and detailed space posters  
hang on the walls. A PC sits on a tidy desk. Shelves hold  
rock specimens and books on geology and astronomy. A  
Celestron telescope waits at the wide window.

Reed goes to the telescope, runs a hand along its smooth  
tube. He kneels before the shelves and pulls a random volume.  
A brilliant shooting star streaks across its cover.

Heartbroken, Reed ponders this symbol of Matthew's life.

INT. FAMILY STEAKHOUSE - EVENING - (MOS)

Reed waits for Polson in the lobby. He listens on his cell.  
He looks exhausted. Fights a yawn and loses.

INT. REED'S HOME - D.C. - EVENING - (MOS)

TRICIA REED, 34, youthful, leans in the living room entrance,  
talking on a cordless. Tony, 9, and Tilly, 7, watch TV.

INTERCUT - TRICIA & REED

Reed replies and manages a faint smile. He peers into the  
dining area. His gaze falls upon a stocky man in leisure  
wear, 30s, who eats alone in a corner booth.

Tricia gains Tony's attention. He grins as she mouths "Dad."  
Tilly remains engrossed in her show.

Reed shifts focus to another lone diner, a tall, dapper man  
in his 40s. His smile has faded. He comments to Tricia.

Tricia sits beside Tony on the couch. She's become concerned.  
She asks a question.



Reed returns his attention to the stocky man. He gives a dispirited answer that looks like "I don't think so."

EXT. U.S. ROUTE 40 - COLORADO - SUNSET

A black '95 Chevy Suburban cruises west through forest and mountain on this serene two-lane highway. The SUV bears Tennessee plates. Its windows are tinted to the legal limit. A sturdy 24" whip replaces the stock antenna.

INT. SUBURBAN - SUNSET

Seven and a half years have passed since Krieg's "suicide" at Bond View. Now 26, he wears a short beard and mustache, and an Ivy League haircut. He's casually dressed in dark clothing and black Nike sneakers. Something in his demeanor betrays a deep-seated weariness.

A handheld Bearcat police scanner lies on the passenger seat, volume low, hunting the rare rural transmission. A deluxe Alpine AM/FM receiver glows in the center console.

In back, the seats have been swapped out for an extra-large camping mattress and thick bedding. Baggage rests along the right wall. A track curtain is drawn back behind Krieg's seat. A large cedar box sits adjacent to the curtain.

INT. SUBURBAN - TWILIGHT

Krieg watches ahead. A dirt road appears on the right, just beyond a sign: Township of Savant - Dumpsite A.

The highway is empty as Krieg turns onto the dump road.

EXT. DUMPSITE - DUSK

Hushed forest borders the site. Mounds of trash loom. Krieg parks at a deliberate angle, lowers his window, kills the engine and headlights. He thumbs on the map light.

He retrieves a Beretta 92FS pistol and a narrow aluminum case from under his seat. He forgoes the custom shoulder holster also stashed there. He opens the case, removes a high-end suppressor, and screws it onto the Beretta's threaded barrel.

Now Krieg thumbs off the map light and flips on the SUV's brights. He gets out, secures the lengthened pistol under his belt, and walks to the rear doors. He stops to listen. The dump holds its breath.

INT./EXT. SUBURBAN/DUMPSITE - DUSK

Krieg climbs in and opens another case. It's stocked with first aid supplies and prefilled syringes. He chooses a vial of smelling salts and leaves it at the doors.

He "walks" on his knees to the cedar box, which is soundproofed with mass-loaded vinyl. Hidden vents run through acoustic baffles to allow airflow. Krieg releases two discreet latches and swings aside the front panel.

Matthew Coleman is revealed.

The slight blond boy lies unconscious, clad only in boxers. Padded belts fold him into a snug ball tie. He's handcuffed behind his back. His left elbow is swollen and distorted.

Krieg eases Matthew from the box, removes his restraints, and pulls him to the doors. The boy utters a soft groan as he's moved. Krieg stands at the bumper. Matthew's lower legs hang over the edge.

Krieg places a firm hand on Matthew's chest. He passes the salts under the boy's nose. Matthew gasps and tries to roll away, but Krieg's precaution stops him. The boy struggles briefly before subsiding. Krieg removes his hand.

Matthew clutches his damaged elbow. He's breathing fast. As his head clears and he recognizes Krieg, he begins to sob.

KRIEG

I don't blame you. It must be hard  
waking up to me, to see that it's  
not a dream.

(beat)

I'm sorry about your elbow. You  
didn't deserve that. And pain pills  
aren't enough. You need a doctor.

Matthew's crying loses some of its rawness.

KRIEG

If I could afford to let you go, I  
would.

Matthew tamps down his anguish enough to respond.

MATTHEW

I-I won't tell them about you.

KRIEG

I know you won't.

He withdraws a few steps and gazes up at the darkening sky, as if searching for something. He soon shakes his head.

He returns to Matthew, who now suffers in silence. The boy's shimmering gray eyes focus on the dome light.

KRIEG

Matthew, you're so beautiful.

Somewhere nearby, an owl hoots mournfully. Krieg sits beside Matthew. He strokes the boy's hair.

KRIEG

That's why I took you. To me, you are beautiful.

Matthew speaks in a small, broken voice.

MATTHEW

You didn't have to kill my dad.

KRIEG

He was a good one, wasn't he?

Matthew trembles. Krieg caresses the boy's cheek.

KRIEG

You're not the only boy to lose his father. But it doesn't matter now, anyway.

Matthew looks past him, sees the trash mounds, realizes where he is and why. He draws a shuddering breath, a kid faced with his own mortality.

MATTHEW

If you think I'm beautiful, why don't you keep me?

Krieg peers into Matthew's frightened eyes. His expression is unreadable. He leans in and kisses Matthew on his damp cheek.

The boy whimpers as he's lifted and cradled in strong arms.

EXT. DUMPSITE - THE FREEZER - NIGHT

Krieg heads for the trees, passing by the rotting piles. The headlights cast long, ugly shadows ahead of him.

Just inside the woods, he stops before a battered old chest freezer and sets Matthew on his feet. The boy sways. Krieg wraps a stabilizing arm around his shoulders.

KRIEG

Do you know what's in there?

His voice has become impassive. Like he's an empty husk.

Matthew makes a brief, painful, useless effort to pull away.

KRIEG

Can you guess?

MATTHEW

No! No, please... I don't want to  
be gone.

Krieg doesn't respond. Matthew grows frantic.

MATTHEW

Please! Please keep me with you! I  
promise I'll be good! I pr-

Krieg grips the boy's neck and forces him closer. He throws  
back the lid. Rusty hinges emit an unsettling squeal.

In the gloom of the freezer lies a small, skeletal form.

Matthew stares in horror. He tries to scream, but can only  
produce a strangled moan.

KRIEG

His name was Shawn.

He draws the Beretta and cocks the hammer. As the suppressor  
touches his temple, Matthew closes his eyes.

The stars twinkle indifferently as a muffled gunshot echoes.

EXT. MONROE STREET - BIGFORK, MT - APRIL 24 - DAY

MARTY LORNELL, 12, hurries through this peaceful lakeside  
village. Marty is uncommonly good-looking, with bright golden  
hair and sky-blue eyes. He's a bit small for his age.

EXT. STACKED FOURPLEX - DAY

Marty knocks at a modest ground-floor unit. The door is  
answered by JEREMY LORNELL, 22. He has an easy charm and is  
clearly the older brother. He beams when he sees Marty.

JEREMY

Hey!

Marty grins. Jeremy scoops him up and gives him a big hug.

JEREMY

It's good to see you, kid.

INT. JEREMY'S LIVING ROOM - DAY

Water runs O.S. Marty pulls Scrabble from a cabinet and rises to examine a photo on top: Jeremy posing with an attractive young woman, KATIE NEID, 21.

Jeremy returns from the kitchen with a couple of sodas.

JEREMY

You're gonna like her.

Marty shrugs and glances at Jeremy with mild disappointment. Jeremy watches as his little brother sits on the couch and begins to set up the game on a coffee table.

JEREMY

I know this is our time together.  
But she really wants to meet you.

Marty concentrates on flipping tiles. Jeremy sits beside him.

JEREMY

It's my fault. I brag about you too much.

He gives Marty a playful nudge. The sound of running water stops. Jeremy flips a couple tiles so they're face up again. Marty's lips twitch.

Jeremy laughs, grabs Marty, and flops him onto the other half of the couch. Marty lands on his back, giggling as Jeremy pins and tickles him.

JEREMY

Stop being so darn ornery!

MARTY

Let me go, you big goon!

As the brothers roughhouse, Katie enters the room. She smiles at the chaos. She looks like she wants to join in.

KATIE

What's this? The World Wrestling  
Federation?

Trapped in a bear hug, Marty stops struggling and appraises her, trying to act cool while out of breath. He's not very convincing. Jeremy releases him.

JEREMY

Marty, this is Katie Neid. Katie,  
Marty.

Despite his misgivings, Marty rises and politely shakes her hand. She peers deep into his eyes.

KATIE

My, such a beautiful boy. Marty,  
it's a pleasure to meet you.

MARTY

(shy and embarrassed)  
You too.

He's blushing furiously. Jeremy can't help but notice.

JEREMY

Trust me, Martin, "beautiful" is a  
compliment.

INT. JEREMY'S LIVING ROOM - EVENING

The brothers are deep into their game. Katie sits close to Marty on the couch, their knees almost touching. Jeremy sits in a chair across from them. Marty places tiles.

MARTY

P-L-E-T-H-O-R-A. Plethora.  
That's... forty-two plus fifty  
bonus points for using all my  
letters. Ninety-two points.

JEREMY

Ah, Scrabble champ Joel Sherman.

Katie totals Marty's score with a flourish. Jeremy adopts a sulky expression.

JEREMY

Well, you may have stolen my  
cheering section, but I still have  
the lead.

KATIE

Oh, big baby!

She jumps up and gives Jeremy a warm hug and kiss. Then she pulls away, heading for the bedroom.

KATIE

I'm gonna be late. I told Martha  
I'd meet her downtown at seven.

Jeremy winks at his brother. Katie calls from the bedroom.

KATIE (O.S.)

Marty, you should visit more often!

Marty doesn't respond. His good cheer has vanished. Jeremy nods, understanding.

JEREMY

How are you and Wes getting along  
these days?

Marty shrugs miserably. As Katie returns with a camera, she regards him and smiles gently.

INT. JEREMY'S LIVING ROOM - MINUTES LATER

The brothers pose for Katie.

KATIE

Smile big, my perfect boys.

Jeremy summons his best toothy grin. Marty tries to match it and mostly succeeds. The camera flashes.

EXT. STACKED FOURPLEX - DUSK

The brothers sit on a parking block, beneath a streetlight. Jeremy's faded blue '88 Toyota pickup is nearby.

JEREMY

You been playin' much?

MARTY

Yeah, there's not much else to do  
in Red Lake. I'm getting better,  
but it's still frustrating. My  
guitar is total junk.

JEREMY

Oh yeah?

MARTY

It's like a warped two-by-four with  
barbed-wire strings.

Jeremy laughs. A brief, comfortable silence passes.

JEREMY

Hey, you got a big birthday coming  
up, don't ya? Gonna be a teenager.

Marty shrugs, not at all excited.

MARTY

Wes has that Friday off. He wants to make it a long weekend at Carl's and guess who gets dragged along?

JEREMY

Carl? His brother in Coeur d'Alene?

MARTY

Yep. The fat, rotten Idaho potato.

JEREMY

Maybe you can stay with me.

MARTY

Wes will say "no" and Mom never argues with him. I was surprised they let me come this t-

He cuts off and checks his watch. His back stiffens. He looks up at Jeremy, his face tight with panic.

EXT. JUNIOR HIGH PARKING LOT - NIGHT

WES CONNOR, 49, once handsome, waits beside his black '90 Chevy pickup and smokes a Lucky Strike. His posture is taut with anger. A thin scar marks his temple.

Jeremy's vehicle speeds into the parking lot and pulls up on the passenger side of Wes's truck.

Wes grimaces, drops his cigarette, and grinds it out.

INT. JEREMY'S PICKUP - NIGHT

Ignoring Wes, Jeremy faces his distressed brother.

JEREMY

Just say you're sorry. Let him cool down.

Marty nods, his eyes darting toward Jeremy's window. Jeremy shifts to block Marty's view of Wes.

JEREMY

Anyway... thanks for coming, Marty. It was fun.

Marty responds with another nervous nod, but at least he's looking at Jeremy now. He forces a weak smile.



MARTY

I'll beat you next time, you know.

JEREMY

Yeah, we'll see about that.

(hugs Marty)

I love you, kiddo.

MARTY

Love you too.

He slides out into the night. Shoulders hunched, he skirts the front of Jeremy's pickup and climbs into Wes's.

Wes looms in the background. He turns his glare on Marty, keys the ignition and pulls away.

EXT. JUNIOR HIGH PARKING LOT - NIGHT

Jeremy steps out, hand raised in farewell. Marty gives a little wave through the rear window. Jeremy watches them go. He sighs as they disappear around a corner.

INT. WES'S PICKUP - NIGHT

The tension is almost palpable. Marty sees a mileage sign:

|           |    |
|-----------|----|
| Echo Lake | 3  |
| Red Lake  | 19 |

Wes suddenly smacks the dashboard! Marty jumps.

WES

Fifteen minutes late! You're selfish! You think I have nothing better to do than wait on your sorry ass?

Marty avoids his stepfather's gaze. Wes grins mirthlessly.

WES

Well, this is the last ride you're getting from me.

MARTY

I was only five minutes late.

WES

Don't talk! You're as fucking late as I say you are.

They ride for a time in silence, Wes fuming, Marty fighting tears. Marty finally musters his courage.

MARTY

I'm sorry, Wes, I'll try to do better—

Wes backhands him! He brakes hard, skidding to a stop on the roadside. Marty gapes at his stepfather, one hand pressed to his burning cheek.

WES

You stupid little bastard. I said, "Don't talk!" Do I really need to slap you around to get resp—

MARTY

Don't you ever hit me again, Wes!  
I'll tell Mom! I'll tell Jeremy!

Wes tries to slap him again, but Marty throws up his arms to absorb the attack. So Wes punches twice, striking Marty's left shoulder with both blows.

Marty cries out and cringes against his door, clutching the injured shoulder. He begins to moan softly.

WES

Attagirl, Marty, cry me a river.  
Kids need discipline and that's all this was.

He's flushed and agitated. He knows he's crossed a line. He doubles down.

WES

Go ahead and tell them, but if you do I'll make things much worse.

MARTY

Y-you're already ruining my life.

Wes scoffs and slams the truck into gear.

WES

Drama queen. You make me sick.

He resumes the drive to Red Lake. Marty stares out his window, tears shining in his eyes.

INT. MOTEL ROOM - SANTA FE - APRIL 27 - NIGHT

Polson sits on his bed, watching the local news. A leather-bound D-ring binder lies open on his lap. A U.S. map hangs on the wall, sixteen locations marked and annotated in Polson's neat hand.

ON TV, they're rolling footage of the Coleman home.

NEWS ANCHOR (V.O.)

—this incident is now confirmed to be another link in an alarming chain of home-invasion murders and abductions throughout the United States. The FBI, in conjunction with local authorities, will continue its investigation. In other news, our city council—

Polson shuts it off. He pauses, eyes distant, then returns to the binder.

It contains case-by-case summaries, suitable for briefings. Each incident is documented with photos and bulleted text.

Polson solemnly turns the pages:

Case #07 - Donovan & Devin May, 14 & 10. Madisonville, KY. 09/05/1994. Bodies unrecovered.

Case #08 - Johnny Doe, 14-16. California? 1995? Body recovered 03/18/1996, north of Palm Springs, CA.

Case #09 - Zachary Lafleur, 13. Eau Claire, WI. 09/12/1995. Body unrecovered.

Case #10 - Edan Thomas, 12. Savannah, GA. 06/10/1996. Body recovered 06/21/1996, west of Montgomery, AL.

There are three photos for Case #08. The first establishes the body dump site off Highway 62. The second is an in situ shot of the teen's predated skeletal remains. The third is a close-up of the skull, revealing a cratered bullet hole in the left temporal bone.

Donovan, Devin, Zachary and Edan share certain attributes: bright eyes, delicate features, and fair complexions.

Polson lingers on Edan... until Reed bursts into the room.

REED

They found Chad Becker.

Reed looks miserable. Polson gently closes the binder.

## EXT. ROADSIDE MOTEL - NIGHT

The agents walk side by side across the parking lot.

REED

Some guy and his dog, found  
skeletal remains under a deadfall  
near the Silver Creek Wayside.  
That's just eighty miles north of  
the Driftwood Beach Wayside.

POLSON

The Chandlers.

REED

Yeah. So the son of a bitch kills  
Chad less than three days and two  
hundred miles out. He dumps the  
body, sticks to the coastline, and  
runs into Josh Chandler and his  
family, whose only mistake was to  
stop late for sandwiches at  
Driftwood Beach.

## EXT. MOM-AND-POP GROCERY - NIGHT

Tacked on a corkboard in the lighted entryway, a poster asks  
"Have You Seen These Boys?" Pictured are ten of Krieg's  
victims whose bodies have not been recovered.

Down the block, on a cross street, the agents stride past a  
shuttered storefront.

## EXT. RESIDENTIAL STREET - NIGHT

They reach an intersection and turn, entering a quiet, modest  
neighborhood of flat-roofed adobes and stucco bungalows.

REED

We have to challenge him.

Polson doesn't react. They've discussed this before.

REED

He rationalizes. He's a victim of  
society. He's got it twisted around  
and he thinks he's right. So what  
happens if you challenge that idea?

POLSON

He sees the ploy. Responds if so  
inclined.

REED

It becomes personal. He escalates,  
perhaps overextends.

They stop at a corner, subdued and thoughtful. Polson sits on a convenient bench and Reed joins him.

REED

I know. We've been here before, but  
each new development demands a  
reassessment of the risk.

A dog barks somewhere nearby.

POLSON

We're talking about the blatant  
provocation of a psychopathic child  
killer. He could walk into a  
backwoods grade school and blow  
away thirty kids.

Reed grimaces. The barking dog falls silent as its young master calls it inside. Reed peers that way, then turns back to meet Polson's steady gaze.

EXT. REST AREA - U.S. ROUTE 40 - UTAH - NIGHT

Sodium lights cast an amber glow on cracked pavement. Picnic tables squat beneath a sturdy ramada. A small cinder-block building houses restrooms. Crickets chirp and katydids rasp. A semi rumbles past on the highway.

Krieg's darkened Suburban sits alone in a pull-through space.

INT. SUBURBAN - NIGHT

The track curtain is drawn. Krieg lies in bed, wide awake, expressionless. His eyes glitter in the tinted light.

SHARON (V.O.)

Jack, I will not allow that boy  
into my house again. Oh, I saw the  
way you looked at him. I cannot  
abide such decadence in my son, in  
my home.

TEENAGE KRIEG (V.O.)

Where is your understanding,  
Mother? Where is your love? You  
fucking hypocrite!

A sharp slap! A bitter recollection.

Krieg flinches. Blinks several times. Soon he releases a pent breath and slips back into memories.

INT./EXT. CHEVY NOVA/BOND VIEW - DAY - (FLASHBACK)

SUPER: July 4th, 1988

A dusty gray Chevy Nova is parked alone near the edge of the overlook. Below, the lake shimmers under a hazy summer sky.

JACK KRIEG, 16, sits at the wheel. This isn't the murderer we've met. This is Jack, the boy he used to be. He wears a baseball tee, collar damp with sweat. He seems nervous.

RYAN TAYLOR, 13, sits up straight in the passenger seat. He wears an identical tee. He's striking: slim, blond, ethereal. He scratches at a mosquito bite on his arm.

RYAN

You ever come up here at night?  
Like when the fireworks go off?

Jack doesn't answer. He's staring at the lake.

RYAN

I bet it looks cool. All those  
reflections on the water...

Jack breaks his trance. He focuses on Ryan.

JACK

Did you know you're the reason I  
decided to coach this summer?

RYAN

Really?

JACK

Yeah. I wanted that time with you.  
You mean a lot to me.

Ryan nods happily, unaware of Jack's longing.

RYAN

I like you too, Jack. You're fun  
and you're a good coach.

JACK

How often do you think of me when  
we're not together?

Ryan shrugs and peers toward the lake.

RYAN

I dunno. A normal amount, I guess.

JACK

I think about you all the time.

Ryan returns his attention to Jack. He tips his head, offers a little grin. He's curious, but also a bit apprehensive.

RYAN

I'm not sure I understand.

Jack shifts to face Ryan directly. He takes a deep breath. His heart is pounding.

JACK

I love you, Ryan.

Their eyes remain locked in the charged moment that follows. Ryan processes.

RYAN

I... I love you too, Jack. Like a big brother, I mean.

He forces a smile, but he's become uneasy. Jack leans closer and persists in a vulnerable tone.

JACK

Not more than that?

Ryan's smile fades. He looks down at his own fidgeting hands. Then, quietly, he opens his door. Jack reaches to stop him.

JACK

Wait. Ryan—

Ryan pulls away. His head collides with the door frame.

RYAN

Ow! Damn it!

He climbs out, one hand pressed to a swelling bump above his right ear. Jack scrambles after him.

JACK

Are you okay?

They're both out of the car, on the passenger side. Nearby is a ring of irregular rocks, a crude fire pit, encircled by trampled dirt and scattered gravel.

Ryan's blue eyes shine with the onset of tears.

RYAN

That hurts. Jack, what are you talking about? I like girls. You're ruining things.

Jack's face darkens. Not with anger, but with shame.

JACK

Please don't say that.

He moves closer, trembling. Ryan takes a step back.

JACK

Please don't be afraid of me.

He reaches out and takes Ryan's wrist. He doesn't intend to hurt the boy, but his grip tightens as Ryan resists.

RYAN

Ouch! Let go! Jack, you're supposed to be my friend!

Jack tries to draw Ryan near, meaning to hug, to apologize, to explain. Ryan struggles to free his wrist. He slips hard on the gravel, yanking Jack off-balance. Jack slips too. They fall together, entangled, the much larger boy on top.

There's a terrible crack. Dust and ash swirl in the bleached midday light. Jack rolls off, blinking rapidly.

His vision clears and what he sees transfixes him. Ryan has struck the back of his head on one of the fire pit's jagged rocks. He's motionless, eyes closed, bleeding profusely.

JACK

Ryan?  
(desperate)  
Ryan?!

INT. SUBURBAN - NIGHT - (PRESENT DAY)

Krieg continues to lie there, staring into the abyss.

EXT. HIGHWAY 83 - RED LAKE, MT - MAY 7 - DAY

Red Lake is a quiet mountain town. Within sight are a small general store and gas station, a bar, a church, an old schoolhouse, and a scattering of homes on wooded lots.

A nearly empty school bus stops at the head of a dirt road. Its door opens and Marty steps off, backpack in hand. As the bus departs, he waves half-heartedly.



EXT. DIRT ROAD - DAY

The road is shaded by mature evergreens. A chuckling mountain creek runs alongside. Marty absently hums a familiar tune.

EXT. DIRT ROAD - MINUTES LATER

Marty traverses a bridge over the creek. He leaves the road and starts across a wide lawn dotted with pines, toward a humble two-story house secluded in its own little valley.

EXT. MARTY'S HOUSE - DAY

LYNDA CONNOR, 44, kneels before a flower bed, distractedly plucking at weeds. She's quite attractive despite a long-suffering expression.

As Marty approaches, she hears him and sees his shadow. He pauses behind her, waiting.

LYNDA

You were very rude this morning.

MARTY

Call it what you want. I was just standing up for myself.

LYNDA

Wes is not my "master." But he does support us, so he gets to make some decisions.

MARTY

I want to spend my birthday with Jeremy! Just 'cause you don't give a shit about him doesn't m-

Lynda rises angrily, facing him. Marty holds his ground.

LYNDA

Martin! I love Jeremy. You don't under-

MARTY

When was the last time you called just to see how he was doing?

(beat)

You turned your back on him. I wonder when that'll happen to me.

Lynda is on the verge of tears. Marty plows ahead.

MARTY

Wes hates Jeremy, and he hates me.  
He probably hates you too. He  
probably hits you when I'm not  
around.

This catches her off guard. She flinches tellingly.

LYNDA

Why would you say that?

Marty just glares at her. Lynda turns to walk away, arms  
crossed defensively. She stops.

LYNDA

When Wes gets home, I'll tell him  
we'll be going to Idaho without  
you.

Marty's anger dissolves as he watches her retreat.

EXT. MARTY'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Lynda is visible through the living room picture window. She  
sits in an armchair, talking on the phone. Smoke from her  
Montclair curls around a lamp.

INT. JEREMY'S KITCHEN - NIGHT

Jeremy leans against a counter, on the line with Lynda.

JEREMY

Well, I'm really glad, and a bit  
surprised, that you're letting him  
do this. I was beginning to think  
it was a dictatorship down there.

INT. MARTY'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Lynda blinks, responds as if he'd said nothing untoward.

INTERCUT - JEREMY & LYNDA

LYNDA

The other reason I called is, I  
wanted to apologize... for not  
staying in touch like I should  
have. I don't have a good excuse  
for that.

She hesitates.

LYNDA

I don't expect to be forgiven. I  
just want things to get better. For  
all of us.

JEREMY

I think Marty needs you a lot more  
than I do now.

Lynda's eyes moisten. She takes a drag to steady herself.

JEREMY

Did you know he's cried in my arms  
because no one seems to care at  
home? And all I can do is tell him  
to make the best of it. To lose  
himself in his interests.

LYNDA

That's what he does. He spends so  
much time alone, with his books and  
his music. He'll go outside and  
hide away for hours.

She peers outside. All she sees are the nearest pines, their  
lower branches touched by lamplight.

LYNDA

What's your girlfriend like?

JEREMY

Her name's Katie. She's the best  
thing that's ever happened to me.

He peeks into the living room, where Katie is curled up on  
the couch pretending to watch TV.

LYNDA

I'd really like to meet her.

A smile touches her lips. It fades as a vehicle appears on  
the bridge. Headlights splash across the lawn.

Marty hurries inside, toting a battered guitar. He directs a  
sharp glance at Lynda as he passes.

JEREMY (V.O.)

Well, anyway, let's focus on this  
birthday business. I can—

LYNDA

Marty, wait.

MARTY

Mom, no. I'm going to my room  
before he comes in. Good night.

He disappears into the hallway, heading upstairs. Lynda's eyes flick back to the window.

JEREMY (V.O.)

Mom?

LYNDA

Jeremy, I'll call again in a few  
days. We'll arrange everything  
then.

Jeremy exhales, frustrated. He knows the score.

LYNDA

Okay?

Wes's pickup rolls to a stop in plain view of the window.

JEREMY (V.O.)

Okay. Bye.

He ends the call before Lynda can reply. She looks sick as she sets the phone down and stubs out her cigarette. She lights another as Wes enters noisily.

WES

Who was that on the phone?

LYNDA

Cathy Allen. From the craft shop in  
Bigfork?

WES

The fat broad. Where's Marty?

LYNDA

He went to bed.

WES

He was just down here! He's  
avoiding me!

LYNDA

Why do you suppose that is?

Wes snorts. He leans in and kisses her cheek. She's surprised and uncertain. He pulls away and leaves without another word. His footsteps soon thump on the stairs.

Angry, overlapping voices FADE IN.

WES (V.O.)  
You're gonna follow my rules,  
boy. You're gonna stand here  
until I say you can leave.  
You squarin' up on me?

JEREMY (V.O.)  
Your rules are bullshit. No.  
I'm asking you to get out of  
my way. I'm not fighting you,  
Wes.

EXT. MARTY'S YARD - AUGUST 1993 - DAY - (FLASHBACK)

Jeremy, 17, and Wes face off, glaring daggers. Jeremy shakes his head and breaks eye contact. He tries to step around, but Wes grits his teeth and gives the teenager a rough shove.

Jeremy snaps and starts punching! He staggers Wes, breaks his nose. Wes comes back hard, ugly with blood and rage. Jeremy ducks away and grabs a nearby rake.

He smashes the handle into Wes's ribs, dropping him to his knees. Remains poised over him, ready to swing again.

JEREMY  
Come on, Wes! Come on! Push me  
again!

Wes covers his bleeding nose. His words are muffled.

WES  
You're outta here. You're on your  
own, you little fucker.

JEREMY  
You leave, asshole! I was here  
first!

LYNDA (O.S.)  
Jeremy, stop it!

Lynda stands rigid at the front door, hands clenched into fists. Marty, 8, peers fearfully out the picture window.

Wes lunges low and takes Jeremy down. Jeremy drops the rake. Wes lands a few solid rights before Jeremy can wrestle free.

Jeremy kicks Wes in the chest, knocking him back. Lynda screams their names. Jeremy scrambles for the rake. Wes comes again. Jeremy swings—

INT. JEREMY'S BEDROOM - NIGHT - (PRESENT DAY)

Soft moonlight bathes the room. Jeremy snaps awake with a gasp and a shudder. Katie stirs beside him.

KATIE  
Something wrong..?

He doesn't answer. He stares at the ceiling, jaw clenched.

Katie sinks back into sleep as he listens to her breathe.

INT. VIDEO ARCADE - SALT LAKE CITY - MAY 10 - NIGHT

Tapping buttons. Sound effects. Chatter. Whoops and curses.

Seen from behind, a man in dark clothes and a black Nike cap plays "PUNCH-OUT!!" His green wireframe boxer faces Bald Bull, a hulking Turk. An announcer calls the fight: "Left! Left! Right! Body blow!"

Bald Bull retreats, crouches, and charges, landing a brutal uppercut. The green boxer is floored. "He's down for the count! One, two, three... four, five, six... seven, eight, nine... ten! Knockout!"

The man in the Nike cap chuckles and turns from the game. It's Krieg. He scans the busy arcade.

A young attendant chats with pals at the service counter. Kids and a few older guys play the machines. Outside, a knot of teens loiter in the glow of a neon sign.

Krieg strolls toward a certain boy, casually, as if he's just browsing other games.

The boy is TIMMY BENMONT, 12, with raven hair and vivid green eyes. Timmy fires a light gun while being ribbed by DARREN, 13, who towers over him. Darren cycles through South Park and Adam Sandler impressions.

DARREN  
Timmayyy! Almost got yer balls!

Timmy battles a horde of the undead. He's getting swarmed.

DARREN  
Castrati-o-o-on. Circumcisi-o-o-on.

He gives Timmy a quick tickling squeeze above the hip.

TIMMY  
(laughing)  
Stop it, buffoon!

Darren plops his hands over Timmy's eyes. He's quite gentle for a "buffoon."

DARREN  
Awww! Who in hell turned off de  
fuuucking lights?

Giggling, Timmy fires blindly as a fast zombie chews on his avatar. The game groans and blood rolls down the screen. Darren drops his hands, reeling with wild laughter. Timmy grins at his antics.

TIMMY  
You killed me, you bastard.

A few machines away, a rumpled man in his 40s observes Timmy with a faint smile.

Timmy replaces the light gun and retrieves a backpack from beside the game. Krieg nears.

TIMMY  
I gotta go. Gotta be home by nine.

DARREN  
(serious)  
Aw man. Spoilsport.

Krieg drifts past in the background, heading for the exit. The rumpled man notices him, and vice versa. Krieg smirks knowingly and the lesser predator lowers his gaze.

TIMMY  
See ya at school tomorrow, m'kay?

DARREN  
Sure thing. Later, Timothy.

Timmy gives him an apologetic fist bump and turns away. Krieg passes into the Utah night. The rumpled man watches Timmy leave, then becomes aware of Darren's frown. As their eyes meet, Darren flips him off.

INT. BENMONT HOME - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Timmy lies unconscious on a plush sectional couch, shirtless, arms tucked neatly at his sides. His face is tilted back in the light of a stylish table lamp.

Dried sprays and smears of blood, and several bullet holes, scar two walls. Gory drag marks lead into a tiled hallway. A small bookshelf is overturned.

Krieg's suppressed Beretta and his scanner lie together on the coffee table, alongside an orderly spread of loot: cash, jewelry, rare coins, gift cards... even a few bottles of prescription meds.

The scanner emits only quiet static.

Across the room, Krieg stands to one side of a picture window, peeking past the closed curtains. Soon he returns to the couch. He kneels before Timmy and unzips the boy's pants.

INT. BENMONT HOME - LIVING ROOM - MINUTES LATER

Krieg raises a sleek Polaroid camera to his eye, framing the unconscious child O.S.

EXT. BENMONT HOME - NIGHT

Krieg leaves the dark enclosed porch. Timmy hangs limp over his shoulder, clad only in briefs. Krieg steals across the spacious lawn and onto the shadowy sidewalk.

INT. BENMONT HOME - BEDROOM - NIGHT

A single streetlight shines through sheer curtains. A digital clock reads 2:47 AM. The bodies of Timmy's parents and his ten-year-old sister lie on the bed.

Ambient light glints in the girl's glazed eyes.

INT. INTEL STUDIOS - MEETING ROOM - MAY 11 - DAY

MONTIEL WILLIAMS, 41, Polson, Reed, and DR. GUS BLAYLOCK, 63, convene around a conference table. Blaylock is tall, wiry, and elegant in appearance and demeanor.

The agents brief Montiel and Blaylock.

POLSON

In late '94, we issued an updated profile to police departments nationwide. That profile and a detailed review of his crimes were included in the recent "A Predator Among Us" television feature.



Polson's presentation binder lies open before Montel:

Case #15 - Bryan Brand-Waters, 13. Tampa, FL. 11/16/1997.  
Body unrecovered.

Bryan bears a striking resemblance to Marty Lornell.

REED

We've staged two well-publicized memorial services for boys whose bodies were recovered, hoping this guy would attend out of remorse or, more likely, as a contemptuous gesture.

POLSON

Major newspapers have printed open letters, encouraging him to communicate with the public. No response. And we've tried to draw him out with false witness reports in Jackson, Savannah, and Olympia.

BLAYLOCK

Seeds of doubt. You've threatened his security, appealed to his remorse, courted his ego...

REED

And now this most blunt proactive measure. We attack his character.

Montel studies Bryan's photo with a meditative frown.

INT. INTEL STUDIOS - MAIN STUDIO - MAY 13 - DAY

The Montel Williams Show INTRO plays out on a large screen in the background. Montel faces the cameras, standing on a stairway amid the audience.

MONTEL

A vicious predator is roaming our country. He is responsible for the abduction of at least eighteen young boys. He has slain whole families in cold blood. How has such a monster evaded justice for nearly seven years?

During his monologue Montel drifts onto the main stage, where Polson, Reed and Blaylock sit in guest chairs.

MONTEL

Today's guests will explain, and I implore you to listen carefully as we discuss this case. You may hold the clue that will lead to this man's capture. A toll-free hotline will be available throughout the program, or you can contact your local FBI office with pertinent information.

He gestures toward his guests.

MONTEL

Joining us are Special Agents David Polson and John Reed, of the FBI's Violent Criminal Apprehension Program—ViCAP—and Long Island's esteemed forensic psychologist, Dr. Gus Blaylock. Please welcome them to the show.

The audience applause is met with solemn gratitude.

MONTEL

David and John have been heading the FBI's investigation since 1994. Guys, what is going on out there?

INT. CABIN RENTAL - IDAHO FALLS, ID - MAY 15 - DAY

Dimly lit. Somewhat claustrophobic. Krieg exits the bathroom, clean-shaven, powered-down scanner in hand. He grabs the remote from beside the TV and goes to the bed.

Timmy Benmont lies there in his briefs. Handcuffs secure his wrists in front and his ankles. He's sleeping soundly and appears to be unharmed.

Krieg sits beside Timmy and keys the remote. A cooking show blinks on. He flips through a soap opera, a politician's speech, and lands on the Montel Williams Show.

INTERCUT - MONTEL (MAY 13) & KRIEG (MAY 15)

REED

—there was a bully at school and friction at home. A poor report card. So Trevor was tagged as an endangered runaway. Ten months had passed since the Morgantown home invasion. Eleven more passed with Trevor still missing.

Krieg is immediately captivated. And apprehensive, too.

POLSON

Then, in March of '93, twelve-year-old Casey Hagen was abducted in Odessa, Texas. In May, it was thirteen-year-old Shawn Kalder in Lodi, California. And in August, thirteen-year-old Barrett Miller in Aurora, Colorado.

(beat)

The pattern became clear. Each city was on or near an interstate highway. Each home was relatively secluded and entered via stealth. Family members were shot during each late evening incursion, with a suppressed handgun.

REED

Also, in July '93 the "runaway's" body was discovered off Interstate 40, east of Oklahoma City. He'd been killed with the same handgun.

The audience listens in quiet horror.

POLSON

The homicidal blitz seen in these early cases has proven somewhat typical of this offender. Four died when Devin and Donovan May were abducted in Kentucky, and in nine other cases there were at least two concurring deaths. However, we also know of three boys who were taken off the street, without bloodshed.

REED

And six months ago a boy in Tampa, Bryan Brand-Waters, was stolen right out of his basement bedroom. With Bryan we had no body, no forensic evidence, but the victimology points to this UNSUB.

MONTEL

Unknown subject. Guys, I have to take a break.

(to audience)

When we come back, Dr. Blaylock will tell us what drives this villain.

Krieg mutes the TV. He brushes Timmy's cheek. The boy's eyes pop open and he jerks against the cuffs, muttering something unintelligible.

KRIEG

Shhh. Remember what I said?

Still waking, Timmy nods miserably.

KRIEG

That's good. C'mon, sit up.

Krieg helps him up and gently rubs his back. Timmy hunches forward, focused on his own hands and knees.

KRIEG

They're talking about me.

He unmutes the TV as Montel resumes.

MONTEL

As one of this nation's leading forensic psychologists, Dr. Gus Blaylock often serves as an expert witness in criminal trials nationwide. He also consults on major cases with the NYPD and the FBI's Investigative Support Unit. Gus, what can you tell us about this predator?

Blaylock's delivery is rapid-fire and surgically precise.

BLAYLOCK

He is an organized offender, driven by a paraphilic disorder and deep-rooted embitterment. He devotes significant resources to the hunt for his idealized victims. He's in control, rarely impulsive. For each known target he's likely passed on many others.

Timmy looks up at Krieg, stricken. Blaylock continues, his voice FADING to background noise.

KRIEG

What?

TIMMY

Why didn't you pass on me?

KRIEG

Because you're special.

Timmy drops his gaze once more, silent tears spilling onto his cuffed hands. Krieg shrugs and returns to the program.

BLAYLOCK

—may have committed a serious offense prior to '91, but wasn't caught. He's white, thirty-five to fifty years old. Quite presentable, with excellent verbal skills. Trace evidence tells us he's a natural dirty blond, but he may alter his appearance via facial hair, hats, glasses and dyes. He does not have a full-time job. Whatever his means of income, it allows him to travel extensively. His well-maintained vehicle, likely a van, will have a large cargo area, windowless or curtained.

(dramatic beat)

His early history is relevant, as well. Perhaps most of all. It's likely this man was emotionally, physically and sexually abused as a young boy. He would've been small and fair, comely, like his victims.

Krieg's expression dissolves into a deep frown. Blaylock hit a nerve. After a pregnant silence, Montel continues.

MONTEL

Gus, does he have a conscience? Can he experience remorse?

BLAYLOCK

He has no conscience. No remorse. No sympathy, empathy, or shame. But guys like this do know right from wrong. They choose, however, to ignore such moral distinctions, and go on to commit horrific crimes.

Blaylock's tone hardens, derisive and cutting.

BLAYLOCK

See, in his mind, he's justified, and the rewards far outweigh the risks. His exploits create endless speculation and fear, the attention and reaction he craves, while allowing him to live out his taboo fantasies. Take all that away and he's an ineffectual nobody, with nothing to live for.

Montel paces thoughtfully. He addresses the agents.

MONTEL

Okay... we don't want to be overly graphic, but could you tell us something about the pornography?

The disparaging theme escalates.

REED

Recently, this lowlife began to flaunt his victories. He sedates the boy, strips him at the scene and photographs him in various demeaning positions.

POLSON

This has been his calling card in the last two cases.

BLAYLOCK

The contemptuous gesture.

POLSON

His signature has evolved over time. His earliest victims were spared severe physical abuse. He showed little desire to communicate with us, aside from one nihilistic letter which, at its core, blamed society for his crimes. But now, he taunts us with pornography. Now he makes the boys suffer.

BLAYLOCK

Right, he's like a drug addict. Weed doesn't cut it anymore. He needs coke. Thumbing his nose at law enforcement, dominating these kids, gives this animal a sense of power. Makes him feel like a man.

POLSON

Truth is, though, he's as far from being a man as he can get.

Krieg's sarcastic nod thinly disguises his growing anger.

TIMMY

David, may I use the bathroom?

Krieg ignores the boy's timorous words.

MONTEL

Okay. Now, another boy was abducted just three days ago in Salt Lake City, and you became aware of that upon landing in New York.

POLSON

Right. That's six incidents since August of last year. In Utah, his target was twelve-year-old Timothy Benmont. We suspect he entered the boy's home under some pretense. Well-rehearsed dialogue. He then gunned down Timothy's parents and his ten-year-old sister.

Timmy is trembling. His hands are clenched, white-knuckled.

REED

Montel, here's the bottom line. He's a coward who preys on the weak and vulnerable. He wouldn't dare try otherwise. He's narcissistic, insecure, self-loathing, without morals or scruples.

POLSON

Without character.

Krieg hurls his scanner across the room! Timmy utters a frightened yelp. The scanner strikes a wall and breaks.

MONTEL

I have to agree. Do you foresee any breakthroughs in Utah?

Krieg aims the remote, stops. Timmy cringes next to him.

REED

We're optimistic. We're awash in tips and several have turned into promising leads.

A camera tracks closer to Reed. He faces it directly.

REED

And if you're watching, mark my words. Your days are numbered. We will catch you. You will face justice as merciless as your crimes.

Krieg shuts off the TV and slowly exhales. He looks at Timmy, who quickly averts his gaze.

KRIEG  
They're desperate.

He sits there for another moment, still annoyed. He finally gives a dismissive shake of his head.

KRIEG  
Still need to go?

Timmy nods timidly. Krieg produces a key, removes the cuffs from Timmy's wrists, and carries him to the bathroom. He retrieves his Beretta from beside the sink.

KRIEG  
I'm gonna leave the door open, but  
I won't watch, okay?

Timmy stifles a sob. Krieg attempts to comfort him, stroking his hair.

KRIEG  
Timmy? Will you let me see those  
incredible eyes of yours?

Timmy wipes his eyes and looks up, trying to appear brave. Krieg smiles and brushes a stray lock into place.

EXT. STACKED FOURPLEX - MAY 21 - DAY

Marty's birthday has arrived.

An '88 AMC Eagle parks in front. Marty steps out, hefting a duffel bag and backpack. He solicits his mother.

MARTY  
Do I really have to go to school  
tomorrow?

LYNDA  
Marty...

Jeremy exits his apartment. He waves cheerily and approaches Lynda's open window.

JEREMY  
Hi Mom. Thanks for bringing him.

LYNDA  
Glad to. The gremlin is yours for  
the next three days.

Katie wasn't far behind. She touches Jeremy's shoulder.



JEREMY

Mom, this is Katie Neid. Katie, my  
mom Lynda.

Katie smiles sweetly and extends her hand. Lynda shakes it,  
visibly struck by the young woman's beauty and poise.

LYNDA

It's very nice to meet you, Katie.

Katie nods sincerely, still holding Lynda's hand.

KATIE

Lynda, I'm so happy to know you and  
your two wonderful sons.

Lynda's eyes brim with sudden tears. Katie steps back and  
Jeremy puts an arm around her.

LYNDA

They are wonderful, aren't they?

EXT. STACKED FOURPLEX - MINUTES LATER

Katie and the brothers watch the Eagle disappear around a  
corner. Marty turns to Jeremy with a mischievous grin.

JEREMY

What?

Marty pulls a key from his pocket.

MARTY

Key to the house. Wes took the one  
he knew I had 'cause he doesn't  
want us going down there. But I  
thought you might want to.

Katie throws Jeremy a questioning glance. He hesitates.

MARTY

You don't?

JEREMY

Well... it would be nice to see the  
old place.

He touches his nose to Katie's.

JEREMY

But first, dinner. My treat!

EXT. BIGFORK WATER & SEWER - DAY

Lynda waits unhappily in the Eagle. Wes emerges from a small municipal building and stalks to the car.

INT. AMC EAGLE - DAY

Wes climbs in and slams the door.

WES  
I'm not happy about this.

LYNDA  
Wes, why can't you forgive him? He was a seventeen-year-old boy and he paid for his mistake.

WES  
Three fucking months! For this?!

He jabs at the scar on his temple. Lynda angrily reverses.

LYNDA  
If you could see past your bruised ego, you'd know that Jeremy has become a fine young man.

Wes scoffs and mutters.

WES  
Juvenile delinquent.

INT. QUAIN T CAFÉ - EVENING

Jeremy and Katie sit at a window table. Across from them, Marty's seat is empty. Only crumbs remain of their meal.

Katie peers outside, quiet and thoughtful. Jeremy watches the café's TV with mild interest. A muted newscast cycles photos of Timmy Benmont, his family, and their home. An anchor appears above the headline "Serial Killer Strikes in Utah."

KATIE  
J? When I met your mother today...  
I actually felt jealous.

Jeremy raises his eyebrows, inquiring.

KATIE  
I mean, I hardly know Marty, but he makes me want to be a mom in the worst way.

She continues to gaze out the window. Her brow is furrowed. Her cheeks show some extra color.

JEREMY

Maybe we'll have to work on that.

Katie shoots him a gently admonishing look. He responds with a roguish smile. Marty returns and stands poised.

MARTY

Ready to go?

JEREMY

Not till I've said goodbye to my sweetie.

MARTY

Here, it's like this.

He quickly leans in and pecks Katie on the cheek! She laughs, eyes wide, surprised and warmed by his affection.

INT. JEREMY'S PICKUP - EVENING

The brothers ride in momentary silence. Jeremy sees the Echo Lake/Red Lake mileage sign.

JEREMY

Hey, I meant to ask you how things went with Wes that night.

Marty doesn't answer. He focuses on the passing scenery.

JEREMY

Marty? What happened?

MARTY

He just bitched at me. I told him I was very sorry and he let it go.

Jeremy nods skeptically.

MARTY

I don't want to talk about Wes.

JEREMY

You're right. This is supposed to be a good time.

(beat)

Hey, did you guys ever run across a box of my old short stories?

MARTY

No... I didn't even know you wrote stories.

JEREMY

I did. I've been thinking about it lately. I loved to write the way you love music.

Marty considers this. A frown touches his brow.

MARTY

We didn't really know each other.

JEREMY

I guess I just dismissed you as that little nuisance in the room next to mine. Funny thing about that is, now you're my best friend.

Marty beams, basking in the moment.

On the highway, a lone semitrailer heads their way. Disused logging roads branch into the woods on either side.

Without warning, a loud bang! Then a rapid slapping sound. The pickup lurches and the wheel pulls hard to the left. Jeremy curses. Marty braces against the dashboard.

The pickup veers partway into the semi's path! The massive truck bears down on them, air horn blasting.

Marty screams. Jeremy fights the wheel. They skew back into their own lane. The semi thunders past, rocking them in its wake. Jeremy brakes and, with effort, guides the pickup to the shoulder. It shakes and shudders to a stop.

They exchange pale glances. Jeremy cuts the engine and jumps out. Marty follows suit.

EXT. HIGHWAY 83 - ROADSIDE - EVENING

They eye the shredded left front tire.

MARTY

Whew, it stinks.

JEREMY

Yeah. There's a lug wrench and jack behind your seat.

Marty goes for the tools. Jeremy hops into the pickup bed and grabs his spare tire. Beside the tire is a 4' by 2' by 1' blue cardboard box, hastily wrapped in canvas.

EXT. HIGHWAY 83 - 200 YARDS SOUTH - EVENING

A black Suburban travels north toward Jeremy's pickup.

EXT. HIGHWAY 83 - ROADSIDE - EVENING

As Jeremy installs the spare, Marty straightens and peers down the highway. The Suburban slows as it nears.

MARTY

I think this guy's stopping.

The big SUV passes, makes a wide U-turn, and crunches to a halt on the gravel shoulder behind Jeremy's pickup. Krieg climbs out, raising his hand in greeting.

KRIEG

(to Marty)

Hey fella. You guys need help?

MARTY

No sir. We had a blowout, but it's almost fixed.

Krieg approaches, nodding sympathetically. Jeremy rises.

JEREMY

Nice of you to stop, though.

KRIEG

No prob. Do unto others, I say.

He offers Marty his hand to shake. Marty accepts.

KRIEG

David Johnson.

MARTY

Marty Lornell.

Krieg is a bit slow to release Marty's hand. Jeremy notices. He steps in and also shakes. Normal release.

JEREMY

Jeremy. Big brother. I see you're not from around here.

He nods at Krieg's Tennessee plates. Krieg smiles easily.

KRIEG

Nope. I'm a dedicated tourist, free  
as the breeze.

JEREMY

Must be nice.

KRIEG

It's alright. Lonely sometimes.  
(eyes Marty)  
I guess like most things, it gets  
old after a while.

Jeremy nods, repressing a grin. A loud vehicle draws near.

MARTY

What's it like in Tennessee?

KRIEG

Well Marty, we got Smoky Mountains,  
moonshine, and country music, but  
I'm diggin' Montana and I do not  
miss my cabin.

Another semi sweeps past, heading south. Krieg's smile dims.

JEREMY

Were you headed for Kalispell?

KRIEG

Unless you have a better idea.

He glances after the retreating truck, subtly calculating.

JEREMY

There's always Glacier Park if you  
want to go mountain climbing. Ever  
been there?

KRIEG

No. No, I haven't, but I've heard  
it's beautiful.

Another vehicle approaches. Krieg gives a tiny shake of his  
head. Then he perks up.

KRIEG

So where do you guys live?

MARTY

Red Lake.

Jeremy's answer is more measured.

JEREMY

Yeah, he's in Red Lake with our mother. I live in Bigfork. And by the way, if you're looking for charm, Bigfork's your answer.

Krieg nods as a pickup hauling dirt bikes passes. A young man in the passenger seat gazes at them with casual interest.

KRIEG

Red Lake. Must be clay or algae in the water.

JEREMY

Clay.

Krieg nods again and returns his attention to Marty.

KRIEG

You live near that little store?

Marty looks to Jeremy, who cocks an eyebrow.

MARTY

Yeah... pretty close.

Krieg recognizes the mild snub.

KRIEG

Just curious. Didn't mean to pry.

JEREMY

Don't worry about it.

An awkward silence follows.

JEREMY

Well, I suppose we should finish up and be on our way. It was nice to meet you, David.

Krieg flashes another easy smile.

KRIEG

I should be heading out too.

He gives Marty's shoulder a brief, friendly squeeze.

KRIEG

Good to meet you, Marty. You come check out Tennessee someday.

Marty nods politely. Krieg ambles toward the Suburban. At his door, he stops and grins.

KRIEG

I think I will head for the park.

The brothers wait as Krieg climbs in and backs away. He waves. They wave back. The SUV makes another U-turn and accelerates north.

Jeremy resumes work on the tire. Marty watches the Suburban recede, then hunkers down beside his brother.

JEREMY

So what did you think of David Johnson?

MARTY

He was... kinda weird.

JEREMY

Yeah? So how does it feel, cutie, bein' checked out by such a strong, handsome dude?

MARTY

Oh shut up.

JEREMY

Sweet little Martin, sought after by men and women alike.

Marty laughs nervously. Jeremy chuckles as he tightens the last nut.

EXT. MARTY'S HOUSE - EVENING

The sun hangs low over the mountains as they park.

INT. MARTY'S HOUSE - EVENING

Jeremy follows Marty inside. He notes the changes.

JEREMY

She took down my photos.

Marty just meets Jeremy's disheartened gaze.

JEREMY

Yeah, well...

(brightens)

Hey, would you mind getting me a glass of water?



MARTY  
Sure. Or Tang, if you want.

JEREMY  
Sounds good.

Jeremy waits until Marty is gone, then hurries outside.

EXT. JEREMY'S PICKUP - EVENING

Jeremy lifts the blue box from the truck bed, unwraps the canvas, and heads back inside.

INT. MARTY'S HOUSE - EVENING

Jeremy sets his mystery package on top of the short dining room steps. He seats himself in Lynda's armchair. Marty soon reappears with a tall glass of Tang.

MARTY  
And what might that be?

Jeremy shrugs innocently. As Marty hands over the Tang, he affects disapproval.

MARTY  
I knew you'd do something like  
this.

Jeremy merely nods toward the box. Marty grins, darts over, and removes the lid. Jeremy jumps up to join him.

Marty's eyes widen as he discovers a soft leather guitar case. He sets it gently on end, unzips it, and slides out a Takamine acoustic-electric guitar. He runs a trembling hand along its gleaming spruce and rosewood body.

JEREMY  
Check out the accessory pockets.

Marty finds an electronic tuner, several stylized picks, and a capo. He looks up, close to tears. His voice hitches.

MARTY  
Jeremy, you can't afford this.

JEREMY  
You're worth it. Give it a try.

Marty sets the guitar in his lap and brushes his thumb across the strings. The sound is warm and resonant. He fingers a C chord, strums tentatively. Tries an F, a G. Stops.

MARTY

You've never heard me play.

Jeremy smiles encouragingly. Marty drops his eyes and fingerpicks a short warmup riff. Then he begins to play for real, something poignant, like "If You Could Read My Mind."

He's very gifted. As he performs, Marty steals a few glances at Jeremy, seeking his approval. Jeremy's expression radiates pride, pleasure, and unconditional love.

EXT. FOREST TRAIL - TWILIGHT

Daylight is fading fast. The brothers navigate an overgrown trail on the hilltop behind Marty's house. Jeremy wields a flashlight, peering into the trees.

JEREMY

There it is.

He veers off and tramps through the undergrowth. Marty follows, dodging stray branches.

Fifty feet from the trail, a wooden ladder ascends the trunk of a huge old maple tree. The ladder leads to a weathered but sturdy treehouse high in the boughs.

MARTY

Wow! I can't believe I didn't know about this.

They gaze up in a moment of silence.

JEREMY

The last time I climbed this ladder I was only fourteen years old.

He starts the ascent, setting each foot carefully.

INT. HILLTOP TREEHOUSE - DUSK

Jeremy is already seated when Marty reaches the platform, which is strewn with dead leaves and pine needles. A large open window provides a view of deeper woods.

Jeremy points out a set of initials carved into the nearest bough: JL + BM.

JEREMY

Brandy McNally, grade six. You were just a toddler, Dad was still around...

Marty nods unhappily.

JEREMY

You remember my friend Joey? The one who moved to California?

MARTY

Not really.

JEREMY

We used to camp here in the summer. We'd bring lots of food and a little gas stove. We'd tell stories and talk about school and girls and whatever else mattered to us.

He falls silent. Dusk has surrendered to night. Wind murmurs through the trees. Marty frowns thoughtfully.

MARTY

Did you guys ever talk about God?

Jeremy gives Marty a curious look.

JEREMY

Are you asking if I believe in Him?

MARTY

Do you?

Jeremy weighs his answer carefully.

JEREMY

I believe in keeping an open mind. There might be something at work in our lives. Maybe not God in the Biblical sense, but some kind of intelligence, watching over us.

Marty seems troubled. Jeremy empathizes.

JEREMY

I know, sometimes it doesn't seem to add up. But you'll be okay. No one's gonna punish you for questioning.

MARTY

No?

JEREMY

No way. If there's a God and He's worth anything at all, I'm sure He'll understand.

Marty nods, satisfied with this assurance. Jeremy playfully tosses a handful of leaves and needles onto Marty's lap.

INT. MARTY'S HOUSE - NIGHT

They exit the kitchen, entering the main hallway. Marty glances into the living room and stops. Through the picture window, he sees headlights crossing the bridge.

JEREMY

Someone from up the mountain?

Marty shrugs. He enters the living room for a better look. The headlights turn into the yard.

JEREMY

Shit! They came home early!

MARTY

No. I think it's that guy from the highway. David Johnson.

JEREMY

What?!

Frowning, he hurries to Marty's side. Krieg's Suburban rolls up beside Jeremy's pickup.

JEREMY

He must've found your mailbox.

MARTY

Our mailbox says Connor.

Krieg climbs from his vehicle. Marty goes for a switch beside the front door. Jeremy watches Krieg's indistinct form stride toward the house.

An outdoor light snaps on. Krieg grins and waves at Jeremy.

Jeremy doesn't wave back. His frown deepens... and turns to shock as Krieg nears the door.

JEREMY

Marty, lock it!

Marty hears the urgency in his brother's voice. He swiftly obeys. Jeremy rushes to his side and whispers.

JEREMY

Call 9-1-1. Tell them to hurry.

With a frightened nod, Marty runs for the phone. There's a fearsome crash and the door shudders! Marty whirls around.

Another crash. Jeremy throws his weight against the door. A beat of silence. Pop! A ragged hole appears in the doorknob and a slug plunges into the rug near Marty's feet.

JEREMY

Marty, call them! Go—

The knob jiggles. Jeremy grabs it and holds it steady. Marty backs away stiffly, eyes locked on his brother.

Bullets punch through the door in an extended series of muffled pops and vibrating thumps! Splinters fly. Two rounds slam into the wall beside Marty. Another tears into Jeremy's right shoulder. He cries out and falls to his knees.

MARTY

Jeremy!

He spins and races for the phone.

The door receives a third heavy blow, which fractures the jamb. A fourth, and the door busts open, striking Jeremy as he rises. Krieg bulls through, Beretta in hand.

JEREMY

Get out, you son of a bitch!

Krieg fires in haste. The shot hits Lynda's armchair. Jeremy snatches Krieg's gun wrist. Krieg growls and seizes a fistful of Jeremy's hair. He yanks Jeremy in a half circle, then drives him, stumbling, up the two steps into the dining room.

Jeremy's right arm is dead weight.

IN THE HALLWAY

Marty searches frantically on a desk cluttered with mail, office supplies, shopping bags, and more. He can't find the cordless phone. He starts throwing things aside. There! Behind one of the bags.

IN THE DINING ROOM

Krieg rushes Jeremy toward a china cabinet, where Marty's birthday present leans. They career into the cabinet and fall together, smashing the guitar, glass doors, and antique dishes. Krieg loses his grip as Jeremy's hair rips out.

They both gain their knees. Krieg southpaws Jeremy squarely in the face. Jeremy can't block. He can only turn his head and continue to grasp Krieg's gun wrist.

Krieg delivers three more hard punches to Jeremy's cheek and jaw, then shifts tactics. He drives his fist into Jeremy's injured shoulder. Jeremy shouts in agony and crumples.

Krieg leaps to his feet. Aims the Beretta.

IN THE HALLWAY

Marty stares wide-eyed toward the dining room, phone in hand. The line rings faintly in his ear.

JEREMY (O.S.)

Marty, run!

Marty hears two more suppressed shots. He shrieks.

MARTY

No!

A dispatcher answers: "9-1-1, what is your emergency?" Marty doesn't seem to hear her. He's terrified. Krieg bursts into the hallway and lunges at him! Marty drops the phone. He backpedals, tangles his feet, and falls.

Krieg grabs the phone and ends the call. He tosses it aside.

KRIEG

Didn't get 'em, did ya?

MARTY

(shaky)

Fuck you, they're on their way.

Krieg holsters his weapon and advances on Marty. He smiles maliciously. There's a bloody tear in the knee of his pants.

KRIEG

A pretty face, a foul mouth, a bad liar.

(bends down)

Well, I killed your brother. That should be punishment enough.

With an enraged cry, Marty kicks at Krieg's crotch. Krieg traps Marty's leg, drops onto the boy, and swiftly overwhelms him. He pins Marty's arms to the floor.

KRIEG

You live near that little store?!  
Do ya?!

Struggling futilely, Marty spits in his face. Krieg laughs in delight and mimics him in a shrill, childish voice.

KRIEG

Pretty close! Yeah, pretty close!

MARTY

Get off, you fuck- I can't-

Krieg wrests Marty onto his stomach, sits on his back, and hooks his legs around the boy's arms. Marty is pinned helplessly, the air squashed from his lungs. Krieg rolls up Marty's sleeve, baring his shoulder.

The phone begins to ring. Krieg ignores it. He pulls a small shell case from an inner jacket pocket. From this case he produces a hypodermic syringe, which is prefilled with a potent solution of ketamine and a rapid-onset benzo.

KRIEG

Marty, this is gonna hurt.

Marty tries to speak, but he can only manage small gasps. He thrashes his legs, strains to free his arms.

Krieg uncaps the needle, primes it, and smoothly injects the solution into Marty's deltoid. Marty shudders.

After eight rings, the phone goes silent.

KRIEG

Now go to sleep.

He subtly shifts his weight, allowing Marty to breathe. The boy's struggles cease and he begins to sob in despair.

Long seconds pass. Krieg packs away the syringe and shell case. He waits with patience, humming softly, as Marty's anguish loses volume. The boy's features slacken. His eyes become unfocused... and finally close.

Krieg lifts himself off Marty and gathers the boy in his arms. He scans the hallway. Everything is accounted for.

He carries Marty into

THE LIVING ROOM

Jeremy is sprawled nearby in the trashed dining room. He's bleeding from bullet wounds to his shoulder, chest, and head. The last is a deep gash along his hairline. His scalp is torn, his face split and bruised. He looks dead.

Krieg just glances at him, seeming more interested in Wes's photo on a lamp table...

Then he heads outside.

## STAY WITH JEREMY

Jeremy lies motionless as Krieg's footsteps whisper through the grass. The Suburban's rear doors creak open. Brief silence. Footsteps tread on the metal bed of Jeremy's pickup. A thud as Krieg jumps down. Soon the rear doors thunk shut.

Another door creaks and thunks. The Suburban growls to life.

Jeremy suddenly inhales! The breath is ragged and wet. His eyes stutter open, blood spilling into them. He rolls onto his side, moaning, disoriented.

The Suburban backs away, its rumble fading.

## MONTAGE (GRIM NEWS):

- A gory trail leads to Jeremy's still form at the hallway entrance. The phone lies just beyond his reach.
- An officer enters cautiously, weapon raised. He sees Jeremy and hurries to the young man's side.
- In Salt Lake City, Reed's cell rings. He turns on a bedside lamp. In the other bed, Polson rises onto his elbows, hair tousled. An alarm clock reads 1:10 AM.
- In Coeur d'Alene, heavyset Carl Connor and three of his inebriated pals sit around a poker game, watching Wes as he listens to an unexpected caller. Wes's sour expression dissolves into stunned incredulity.
- In a hospital waiting room, Katie gazes outside, alone in her distress.

## INT. CROWN VIC - NORTH OF POCA TELLO, ID - NIGHT

On the computer screen, a detailed U.S. map displays every abduction site, each highlighted in yellow, mutely accusing. A clock readout shows 4:25 AM.

Reed completes a phone call.

REED

Uh-huh. Yeah, keep 'em there. The checkpoints too. Give 'em a couple more hours, at least.

(listens)

Okay. We'll call when we're close.

Reed disconnects. He stares at the map. Polson slides into the passing lane to race by a lumbering semitrailer.



REED

That was Moss. He made it down there. He says the kid's home is secluded, tucked away in a mountain valley. There was a forced entry and a fight. He beat in the damned door.

POLSON

That's new. So is a fight.

REED

Yeah. Meanwhile, the older brother is still in surgery. He took three slugs. Responding officer rushed him in his own car. He would've bled out waiting for the QRU.

Polson nods stoically. Reed selects Red Lake and the map disappears, replaced by Marty's new file. No photo, and only basic information in Overview: date of abduction, site data, victim's name and age.

REED

Red Lake, population two-twenty-five. Our bad guy must've found something he couldn't live without, to surface in such a small town.

INT. HOSPITAL HALLWAY - SURGICAL - MORNING

Quite busy. Wes, Lynda and DR. RAY LEE confer near a wall.

DR. LEE

--removed the slugs from his shoulder and chest, and patched his lung. That was the "easy" part. Several major concerns remain.

Wes's jaw is clenched, his lips drawn tight. Lynda is very pale, her eyes bloodshot.

As Dr. Lee expounds, he uses his hands to clarify.

DR. LEE

First, we've discovered a lead fragment which penetrated a region of his brain known as the premotor cortex. The slug's bulk deflected along a five-inch route between his scalp and skull, but a sliver cut sideways, six millimeters--

WES  
I need to get out of here.

Lynda only nods, resigned.

WES  
I'm not helping anyone. I'll call  
in a few hours.

She won't look at him. He waits a moment, huffs, and walks away. Dr. Lee frowns after him.

DR. LEE  
Come with me. We'll get you in to  
see Jeremy as soon as we can.

He places a comforting hand on her back. Sounds of hospital bustle FADE...

...then, without warning, a boy is screaming, shrieking!

BOY (V.O.)  
No! Don't do it! Please! Please!

INT. SUBURBAN - MORNING

Krieg jolts awake at the wheel. He's had a very bad dream.

EXT. FOREST CLEARING - MORNING

The Suburban sits in a grassy clearing at the end of a disused woodland road. An old bachelor's cabin molders nearby. Douglas fir, western larch, and ponderosa pine tower in the background.

Krieg gets out of the SUV, blinking in the sunlight, groggy and disturbed. He makes his way to the rear of the vehicle.

He collects himself. Smiles ruefully and opens the doors.

INT./EXT. SUBURBAN/FOREST CLEARING - MORNING

Marty lies unconscious on the bed, shirtless, wrists cuffed behind his back. Jeremy's blown-out tire rests just inside.

Krieg grabs the tire, carries it to the clearing's edge, and heaves it deep into a thicket.

INT. SUBURBAN - MORNING

Krieg climbs in and leans over Marty with a reverent air. He uncuffs the boy and carefully rolls him onto his back.

He runs his fingers through Marty's hair, along the fine brow and jawline. He caresses the boy's smooth chest, tracing the collarbone and breastbone.

Marty's eyelids flutter briefly.

Krieg produces the vial of smelling salts and waves it under Marty's nose. The boy snaps awake, recoiling from the irritant. Krieg returns the vial to the first-aid case.

Marty struggles to his hands and knees and starts to retch.

KRIEG

Hey! Hey, not in here!

Krieg scrambles to the rear doors, hauling Marty with him.

INT. CROWN VIC - INTERSTATE 90 - MORNING

They belt down I-90. Reed drives, sipping coffee from a paper cup. Polson also has a steaming cup in hand. He studies a map on the computer screen.

The hamlet of Bearmouth is highlighted near the bottom of the map, Red Lake near the top. Bright red mileage numbers appear beside the roads between the two locations. Total: 102 miles.

Reed spots the Bearmouth exit sign.

EXT. BEARMOUTH EXIT - MORNING

They leave the interstate, passing a battered farm truck as it travels south toward Bearmouth. This is a rustic setting of weathered homesteads and cracked two-lane blacktop.

INT. CROWN VIC - MORNING

REED

So now the whole thing hinges on  
Jeremy Lornell's health.

Polson stows the keyboard in a recessed slot.

POLSON

If Jeremy recovers, he'll make a strong firsthand witness. The UNSUB's worst fear will have been realized, his sense of control shaken to its foundation.

He pauses reflectively. Reed downs the last of his coffee.

POLSON

He'll soon learn of his mistake. He'll behave erratically in the next seventy-two hours, and he may slip up. Like Berkowitz and his parking ticket.

REED

Unless he finds out how bad off Jeremy really is. That would relieve his ass-pucker in a big hurry.

Polson frowns. He gazes outside. Early sunshine dapples nearby pastures, timbered mountains rising beyond.

POLSON

Okay, so whatever the truth may be, we tell the world Jeremy hasn't talked yet, but he's recovering nicely. We expect a statement by tomorrow.

REED

Wily ass-puckering subterfuge?

POLSON

I don't know about wily.

EXT. FOREST CLEARING - MORNING

Marty leans against the Suburban as Krieg replaces the cuffs. There's dirt on his face and a fresh scratch on his shoulder. His voice is dry and husky.

MARTY

Where are we?

No answer. Marty tries to twist his wrists from the man's grasp. No chance. Krieg tightens his grip, inflicting brief pain as a warning. Marty winces. Krieg secures the cuffs, opens the passenger door, and lifts Marty into the seat.

KRIEG

We might be together for a long  
time. Why not make the best of it?

Marty glares at him, hatred flickering in his eyes.

INT. SUBURBAN - MORNING

Marty slumps miserably. The SUV's rear doors thunk shut.

Krieg takes the driver's seat with a canteen and box of moist  
towelettes in hand. He uncaps the canteen and raises it to  
Marty's lips. Marty hesitates, then grudgingly drinks. Krieg  
allows him a few swallows before setting the water aside.

Next, he produces a towelette. Marty pulls away, unwilling to  
accept further succor. Krieg snorts contemptuously.

KRIEG

Can't have you looking like crap.  
It's not like I took you for your  
personality.

MARTY

Who are you to talk, you stupid  
fucker?! I'm not the one—

Krieg slaps him! Marty tries to duck, but the blow lands  
forcefully. He gasps and sags against his door. Blood  
trickles from his nose.

KRIEG

So you're an indignant little boy.  
You think that gives you license to  
run at the mouth?

Marty grimaces, determined not to cry. He leans back and  
peers outside. Krieg wrenches him around.

KRIEG

Don't you dare ignore me!

Marty's bloody nose drips onto Krieg's sleeve. Krieg shoves  
him away. Marty looks him in the eye, scared yet defiant.

MARTY

Hit me again if you want to. This  
isn't the first time a big tough  
man has slapped me around.

KRIEG

What are you talking about?

MARTY

My stepfather's just like you,  
beating on kids half his size.

Krieg stares, his anger dissipating. He finally chuckles.

KRIEG

You're a spirited little bastard,  
aren't you?

Fresh tears track down Marty's cheeks.

KRIEG

In a different world, we might've  
been friends. Or more.

Marty shakes his head, rejecting the idea. Krieg sighs. He gently grips Marty's jaw and turns the boy's face back his way. This time, Marty holds still as Krieg wipes away blood and grime.

Krieg ends the cleanup by inserting a folded strip of towelette into Marty's left nostril. The boy breathes deeply, fighting his emotions.

Krieg rests against his door.

KRIEG

Why don't we just talk a while? Get  
to know each other?

MARTY

Why don't you just fuck me and get  
it over with?

Krieg doesn't respond, perhaps taken aback by the unalloyed hostility in Marty's words.

MARTY

That's where this is going, right?  
Well, you can hurt me all you want  
and I'll still be better than you.

Krieg raises his eyebrows. Maintains his silence.

MARTY

I want my shirt back.

Krieg glances at Marty's chest and shrugs.

MARTY

Oh, that's right, the big man likes  
to look at my body.

KRIEG  
Yeah, I do.

MARTY  
Fucking homo.

Krieg's eyes glitter dangerously, but now Marty refuses to meet his penetrating gaze.

INT. HOSPITAL WAITING ROOM - MORNING

Katie and Lynda are alone in the room. They sit together on the couch. Katie holds Lynda's hand in her own.

LYNDA  
When Jeremy was a little boy, his hair was almost white. And it curled just so... these beautiful, soft curls, like Marty's.

Katie tries to smile at the image. Someone clears his throat. Dr. Lee stands in the doorway.

INT. ICU HALLWAY - MORNING

This hallway ends at the ICU entrance, where a local officer is posted. A card reader is mounted beside the double doors. Its light blinks red. A security camera glares down.

The officer nods somberly. Katie and Lynda wait as Dr. Lee swipes his card. The red light turns green, locks disengage, and the doors swing open.

INT. INTENSIVE CARE UNIT - MORNING

The ICU has eight beds, each surrounded by medical gadgetry. A man lies in the nearest, ribs wrapped, neck in a brace. A pretty nurse checks his pupils with a penlight.

They approach a workstation where another nurse toils over paperwork. She looks up and smiles. Katie nods distractedly. Lynda is wholly focused on one particular bed.

In that bed, Jeremy is unconscious, hooked to a respirator. One side of his shaved head is swathed in bandages. More bandages protect his shoulder and chest. A Pleurovac drains blood from his damaged lung. IV drips snake into both hands, an arterial line into one wrist. Wires relay his vitals to several monitors.

LYNDA

Oh Jeremy.

DR. LEE

He's lucky to be alive.

He accompanies them to the bedside. Lynda gazes down at her son, visibly distressed. Katie is stunned.

DR. LEE

It might help him to hear your voices. But please, speak softly.

(beat)

I'll return in a few minutes.

His solemn manner conveys the gravity of Jeremy's condition. He leaves them, stopping briefly at the workstation.

KRIEG (V.O.)

Marty, do you believe in God?

Silence. Dr. Lee continues on his way.

KRIEG (V.O.)

I tried to believe. I wanted to believe, for a while.

MONTAGE (LOSS OF FAITH):

- Krieg as a boy, lying on the grass in his backyard. His glistening eyes reflect the brightest stars overhead.

KRIEG (V.O.)

I was your age then. I lay under the stars on those summer nights and I prayed to Him.

- The grocery in Santa Fe. Morning shoppers come and go, heedless of the "Have You Seen These Boys?" poster.

KRIEG (V.O.)

I wanted to know why I was different, and what I should do about it.

- Matthew Coleman's bedroom. His window is open, but nothing else has changed.

KRIEG (V.O.)

I was asking for help, but it never came. Eventually, I quit asking. I felt like a fool, talking to myself.



Now Matthew's belongings FADE AWAY. Posters, bookshelves, computer, telescope... everything. His window is locked. Dust gathers in the corners.

MARTY (V.O.)

Maybe you gave up too soon.

- Savant's Dumpsite A. Pristine sunshine slants across the piles. A teen and his father chat happily as they unload rotten lumber from a pickup.

KRIEG (V.O.)

I could wait a hundred lifetimes  
and it wouldn't matter. God is a  
fabrication. A delusion. The  
wishful thinking of a billion  
death-fearing creatures.

An old freezer hides a dark secret in the nearby woods.

- In a quiet dive bar, Wes slouches on a stool, beer in hand. He looks miserable. He mutters under his breath. The barkeep maintains a discreet distance.

KRIEG (V.O.)

We're sapient meat. We're slaves to  
our baser instincts and forever at  
the mercy of chance. We're  
certainly not divine.

- In a Salt Lake City classroom, Darren slumps in his seat and mourns for Timmy. His eyes are red and puffy.

KRIEG (V.O.)

Why else is this innocent babe  
consumed by fire, while that wicked  
old miser dies quietly in his  
sleep? Why do the starving masses  
keep fucking and reproducing even  
as their neighbor's offspring lies  
rotting at their feet?

- In the ICU, Lynda clutches Jeremy's hand.

KRIEG (V.O.)

And why does a lovely young boy  
become stranded on the roadside at  
the worst possible time? Was that  
part of some Great Plan? You're a  
smart kid, you see my point.

Katie stands at a window, crying softly.

MARTY (V.O.)  
I see you're evil.

Lynda leans forward and kisses Jeremy's cheek.

- Highway 83. The Crown Vic speeds through the wilderness.

KRIEG (V.O.)  
By whose standards? The Bible-thumping bigot's, with his heterosexual rage? Tell me, how could I embrace a god who would create me and then hate me for what I am?

- Reed still drives. Polson watches the passing scenery.

KRIEG (V.O.)  
I'm not evil. I'm angry. Once I aspired to live by the Golden Rule, but it seemed I was the only one. I found my ideas of beauty and love maligned by all. I became immersed in a war, everyone against me, and chose to fight back.

- Polson spots a narrow old side road. They race past, as they have with countless others.

KRIEG (V.O.)  
If your God had cared about any of my "victims" He would've answered the prayers of a desperate child. I would've seen a different path and you wouldn't be here today.

- The aforementioned side road leads into dense forest, its secrets hidden from the highway.

INT./EXT. SUBURBAN/FOREST CLEARING - MORNING

Krieg stands at Marty's open window, his elbows on the sill.

KRIEG  
But He didn't answer, Marty, because He doesn't exist. And that makes each life a terribly involved and tasteless joke, with the punchline being death.

He plucks the towelette from Marty's nostril.

KRIEG  
What do you say?

A wood thrush sings momentarily.

MARTY  
If this is the only life we'll ever  
know, doesn't that make it even  
more precious?

Marty's cheek is swelling. A gentle breeze teases his sunlit hair. His beautiful eyes seem to shine.

The moment stretches. Marty averts his gaze in the face of Krieg's inscrutable stare.

The faintest of groans disturbs the silence. They both hear it. Alarmed, Marty twists to peer into the back. Krieg just watches the boy react.

INT. SUBURBAN - MORNING

Marty looks on as Krieg hunkers before the cedar box. Another muted groan issues forth.

KRIEG  
Consider what you're about to see.

He releases the latches and opens the box. He pulls Timmy Benmont onto the bed. Marty's eyes grow very wide.

Timmy is immobilized, as was Matthew, with padded belts and handcuffs. Ugly bruises mark his arms, legs, torso, neck, and the left side of his face. His raven hair is matted, his lips cracked. His eyelids twitch.

Tears of compassion blur Marty's vision.

Meanwhile, Krieg has retrieved the smelling salts.

MARTY  
You have no right to hurt anyone  
like that.

Krieg fixes Marty with a truly acid glare.

KRIEG  
This kid would grow old and ugly  
and inflict the same hurt upon me,  
given a chance. He would do all he  
could to destroy me...

Marty has never encountered such venom. Wes doesn't compare.

KRIEG  
...for being a "fucking homo." A  
homosexual pedophile.

Marty turns away, shaking now, wearing down. Timmy groans again, regaining Krieg's attention. Despite his anger, Krieg takes care as he applies the salts.

Timmy wakes abruptly. He instinctively fights his restraints. His dazed eyes search until they find Krieg. Then he freezes, transfixed by his captor.

Krieg seems to calm as he peers into Timmy's green eyes.

KRIEG  
I took brothers once. Donny and  
Devin May. I wanted Donny, but the  
little one was there too. That was  
a bad deal. I had to kill Devin  
right away.

He removes Timmy's belts and positions him alongside the baggage. The boy yields passively to Krieg's direction.

KRIEG  
At least Donny and I had seven  
months together. Then he got too  
sick and I had to bury him with his  
brother.

He focuses on Marty, who is weeping.

KRIEG  
Come here.

Marty obeys, moving awkwardly with the cuffs. Krieg draws him into the back, hard hands on a slim waist. He helps Marty stretch out next to the left wall.

Silent now, Krieg kneels between the boys.

Timmy has closed his eyes. Krieg brushes his battered cheek. The boy winces, but his eyes remain shut. Krieg exhales. He climbs into the driver's seat, turns the radio on low.

KRIEG  
(mutters)  
Two boys are a lot of trouble.

Marty can only lie there, powerless, viewing Timmy's thin, tortured body through a veil of tears.

## EXT. MARTY'S YARD - DAY

Parked at various points are two squad cars, the Crown Vic, an unmarked black Caprice, Jeremy's pickup, and a white van marked "Flathead County Sheriff - Evidence Unit." Cops loiter with little to do, soaking up the midday sunshine.

The ruined front door leans against the van. It bears six splintery bullet holes. The punctured knob hangs loosely.

## INT. MARTY'S HOUSE - DAY

The wreckage remains in place. An evidence technician applies print dust to a sideboard.

POLSON (O.S.)

So 9-1-1 gets a caller who doesn't speak. There's fast breathing, the sound of a dropped phone, rustling, then a disconnect.

MOSS (O.S.)

And dispatch calls back but there's no answer. So they come up with a name, Wes Connor, and this address.

Polson and Reed exit the kitchen with GERRY MOSS, 40, in tow. Moss is also FBI, Kalispell field office.

REED

Bottom line: officers arrive twenty minutes after the boy's call.

POLSON

And they may have passed our man on their way.

Moss grimaces. Polson and Reed exchange a frustrated glance. They file toward the empty front doorway.

MOSS

It's unfortunate no one saw him turn at the highway. If they had, we'd have a vehicle description.

(beat)

At least the first responder acted decisively and saved the young man's life.

Reed nods appreciatively. He checks his watch. Polson eyes Marty's seventh-grade photo on the wall.

INT. CROWN VIC - DAY

The agents are leaving for Kalispell. Reed drives as they approach the bridge. Polson adjusts the radio.

A country song meanders to its end and a bright musical piece precedes the news.

ANNOUNCER (V.O.)  
Now, KOFA News-at-Noon, with George  
Ostrander.

Ostrander sounds like a kindly old man.

OSTRANDER (V.O.)  
Folks, let's get right to our big  
story. But be warned: this one's  
hard to hear. Last night, an  
unidentified man forced his way  
into a Red Lake home, shooting  
twenty-two-year-old Jeremy Lornell  
and kidnapping his thirteen-year-  
old brother, Martin. Officers  
responded to their 9-1-1 call, but  
were unable to apprehend the  
offender.

EXT. BRIDGE - DAY

The Crown Vic crosses the bridge and soon disappears around a corner.

OSTRANDER (V.O.)  
Jeremy survived the attack and was  
admitted to Kalispell Regional at  
ten-forty p.m. The young boy is  
still missing. His kidnapper is  
believed to be the man responsible  
for—

INT. SUBURBAN - DAY

Krieg is staggered as he listens to Ostrander.

OSTRANDER (V.O.)  
—discouraged. However, we've been  
informed that federal agents will  
arrive today from Salt Lake City,  
where another boy was abducted on  
May 10th.

(MORE)

OSTRANDER (V.O.) (CONT'D)  
They'll hold a brief press  
conference at one o'clock, when we  
hope to learn more as to Jeremy  
Lornell's condition and their  
efforts to stop this serial killer.  
Join us at two—

Krieg snaps off the radio.

KRIEG  
Hear that, Martin? You happy now?

The only answer is Marty's soft crying. Krieg grits his teeth and snatches the unsuppressed Beretta from under his seat.

EXT. FOREST CLEARING - DAY

Krieg slams his door and paces, whining softly. He almost strikes the Suburban, restrains himself, fights to regain composure. He loses the battle.

KRIEG  
Fuck! Fucking careless stupid  
mistake!

He lifts the Beretta and presses the muzzle to his temple. Tenses. Long seconds crawl past.

His shoulders sag. He lowers the weapon and utters a despairing sob. Then his posture stiffens. He looks toward the Suburban with new resolve. Shoves the Beretta under his belt, strides to the rear doors.

INT./EXT. SUBURBAN/FOREST CLEARING - DAY

Marty is sitting up, wide-eyed with apprehension. Krieg throws open the doors, leans in to grab Timmy's legs, and drags him nearer. Timmy moans as he's manhandled.

MARTY  
No! Please don't hurt him!

KRIEG  
You want to be the one?

He cradles Timmy in his arms and moves off. Marty struggles to the doors. Twenty feet away, Krieg lays Timmy on the road and whispers to him. Timmy rolls onto his side, curling into a loose fetal position.

Krieg draws the Beretta as he returns to sit beside Marty.

KRIEG

Martin, you ever see someone die?

MARTY

No! I don't want to! I don't want  
you to kill him!

Krieg gives him a patronizing nod and fake smile. He raises the Beretta, cocks the hammer, and aims at Timmy.

MARTY

Please! I'll do anything, whatever  
you want! I won't even try to st-

KRIEG

Stop!

He lowers the pistol, looks askance. Marty is trembling, his eyes huge and pleading.

KRIEG

Why do you care?

Marty seems flustered by the question. Krieg shouts.

KRIEG

Why do you care?!

MARTY

Because I'm not like you!

Krieg drives his forearm into Marty's chest, knocking him flat. He turns and raises the Beretta once more. Brings up his left hand to steady his aim.

MARTY

No!

Marty kicks with desperate precision, striking Krieg's arm as he fires!

Timmy flinches at the loud gunshot. The bullet spits dirt beside his head.

Krieg snarls and rounds on Marty, dropping the Beretta as he clamps his hands around the boy's neck. Marty's frightened scream is choked off. Krieg rages.

KRIEG

This is what it always comes to!  
This is what I want! All those  
fucking Neanderthals want is their  
fat-assed sagging-tit whores!



Marty screams again, producing a harsh, rasping sound. Krieg shakes him, releases his neck. As Marty's gasps break into sobs, Krieg presses closer, face to face.

KRIEG

Yes. I like to look at your body.

He shifts downward. With his hands splayed on Marty's ribs, he touches his lips to the boy's navel. Slowly, deliberately, he runs his tongue up Marty's stomach.

Marty wails and tries to roll away. Krieg stops, fixing him with fiery eyes. His lip curls and he explodes again.

KRIEG

I don't want their big fucking  
tits, I want this!

He seizes what he can of Marty's slender chest. Marty shrieks in pain. Krieg lets go, leaving handprints on the boy's skin. He tears off Marty's shoes and socks, flips him over, unlocks the cuffs, and tosses them aside. Marty is hyperventilating.

KRIEG

I don't want their stinking hairy  
cunts, I want your little Nair ass!

Krieg takes hold of an arm and a leg, hauls Marty out of the SUV, and carries him to the road. He drops the boy near Timmy and kneels beside him. Marty cries hysterically.

KRIEG

(subdued)  
If a boy could love me, it might be  
different.

Marty makes a feeble attempt to rise. Krieg grasps the boy's waistband and jerks sharply. Buttons pop. He jerks again and seams rip. Marty's hips appear. The boy tries to twist free.

KRIEG

There's less pain if you don't  
resist.

He grabs Marty's pant cuffs and stands. Marty is dangled upside down, his head, neck, and shoulders scraping on the road. The boy clings to his abused waistband. Krieg shakes him. Marty's grip slips. Krieg yanks the cuffs skyward.

EXT. DISUSED ROAD - DAY

The Suburban crawls along the narrow corridor, approaching Highway 83. Brush and tall grass scrape the vehicle's flanks.

INT. SUBURBAN - DAY

The radio's off, the windows rolled down. Krieg wears fresh clothes. His eyes shine with tears.

In back, there's only bedding and perhaps two-thirds of his previous baggage. No soundproofed box, no tortured boys.

The highway is empty as he emerges from the forest's cover. He turns north toward Kalispell.

INT. HOSPITAL CAFETERIA - DAY

Polson visits with Lynda and Katie.

POLSON

You mentioned bad blood between  
Jeremy and Mr. Connor.

Lynda nods reluctantly. She absently stirs her soup.

LYNDA

There was a fight, five years ago.  
Jeremy was seventeen. Wes ended up  
here, and Jeremy was sent to  
juvenile hall.

There's a faraway look on Katie's face.

LYNDA

It took longer than it should have  
for me to see... but Wes had it  
coming. He could never have enough  
control.

INT. INTENSIVE CARE UNIT - DAY

Reed lingers beside Jeremy's bed, watching over his still, sedated form.

INT. SUBURBAN - DAY

Krieg sees a weathered mileage sign:

|           |    |
|-----------|----|
| Red Lake  | 48 |
| Kalispell | 84 |

Just beyond the sign, a Highway Patrol car has pulled over a minivan with California plates. The minivan's driver is a soft, unremarkable man in his late 30s. A trooper at the man's window inspects his documentation.

INT. HOSPITAL HALLWAY - ADMINISTRATIVE - DAY

Reed stands in an office doorway, listening to someone inside. Polson waits nearby, observing the flow of visitors and hospital staff.

Soon Reed joins Polson and they move on together.

POLSON

I told Moss we'd meet at his office shortly after five. Stocks called. A suspected pederast came forward today and described a young man with dirty-blond hair, short beard and mustache, six feet tall, who was in the arcade that night. He left just before Timmy.

Reed frowns as they round a corner.

INT. EMERGENCY LOBBY - DAY

They continue toward a young officer posted at the entrance. He sees them and quickly produces a notebook.

EXT. KALISPELL CITY LIMITS - EVENING

A familiar black SUV enters Kalispell.

INT. SUBURBAN - EVENING

Krieg listens to the news with a blank expression.

NEWSPERSON (V.O.)

--will likely make a statement in the next few days. Martin Lornell, thirteen, is still missing and it's feared his abductor has already left the state.

He spots a D9-2 hospital sign.

INT. FAMILY RESTAURANT - EVENING

The agents sit at a window table. Polson stares outside. Reed watches a muted TV mounted high on a wall. Empty creamer cups form a neat tower beside his placemat.

The TV shows footage of their 1:00 p.m. press conference. Two news anchors appear, engaged in serious discussion.

POLSON  
Diane Thomas. Savannah.

Reed abandons the broadcast.

POLSON  
After you left, she asked me to  
stay with her. She was so... lost  
without Edan.

REED  
You loved her.

Polson meets Reed's understanding gaze.

INT. THOMAS HOME - JUNE 1996 - DAY - (FLASHBACK)

As he listens on his cell, Polson paces to a wall hung with paintings and photos of DIANE THOMAS and her son, Edan. One beautiful shot captures them in an amusement park, cheek to cheek, grinning at the camera.

POLSON (V.O.)  
She was determined that it would  
all turn out okay, and then they  
found him. Thrown in a dumpster  
like a sack of garbage.

Polson's eyes close in dismay.

EXT. BASEBALL FIELD - JUNE 1996 - DAY - (FLASHBACK)

Polson and Diane spectate from the bleachers as two Babe Ruth teams play on an immaculate field.

On the mound, a tall boy peers toward his catcher. A badge with the initials E.T. is sewn on his shirt sleeve.

At shortstop, a smaller boy slaps his glove and shouts encouragement. The E.T. badge adorns his sleeve as well.

Diane smiles sadly.

DIANE  
They called him E.T. Extra-this,  
extra-that. They were very fond of  
him.

Polson squeezes her hand, comforting as best he can.

DIANE

Everyone loved him. David, how can he be gone?

INT. FAMILY RESTAURANT - EVENING - (PRESENT DAY)

POLSON

And I thought, not for the first time: who is running this freak show? Is there anyone at all?

Reed gives a noncommittal nod.

POLSON

And it sickens me to hear someone praise God for their saved marriage or winning lottery ticket or the most trivial damned things you can think of...

EXT. HOSPITAL PARKING LOT - EVENING

The lot is somewhat crowded. A squad car is parked outside the nearest entrance, which is boldly marked: OB/GYN. The OB/GYN lobby features glass doors and wide windows.

POLSON (V.O.)

...because I know that Diane and so many others prayed and pleaded for Edan every day until he was found dead.

INT. SUBURBAN - EVENING

Farther out in the lot, where it's quiet, Krieg lurks in the Suburban. He spies with a pair of compact Leica binoculars.

HIS POV: A bearded man, 30s, exits a '96 Pathfinder with AZ plates. He enters the OB/GYN lobby, where a single officer greets him. After a brief exchange and ID check, the bearded man is allowed to pass. The officer jots in a notebook.

Krieg lowers the binoculars and processes what he's seen. He slows his respiration, striving for calm and focus.

EXT. HOSPITAL PARKING LOT - EVENING

The Suburban sits empty. Krieg is nowhere in sight.

## INT. ICU HALLWAY - EVENING

A different officer guards the ICU. He watches with little interest as foot traffic passes in the intersecting Inpatient Care hallway.

He sees a delivery man pushing a loaded dolly. Then an old man with a cane. Next, a young man in full-frame glasses, a Braves cap, and a spring jacket. This man glances into the ICU hallway. He's followed by two hospital interns.

## INT. INPATIENT CARE HALLWAY - EVENING

The young man is Krieg. He continues down the hallway, casual in his stride, and soon vanishes around a corner.

## BLACK SCREEN

Someone pops two metal clasps: click, click.

A phone begins to ring.

LYNDA (V.O.)  
Hello?

## INT. BUDGET MOTEL - BATHROOM - NIGHT

Freshly shaved and shirtless, Krieg sorts through a small case beside the sink. A dark dress shirt and matching pants hang nearby.

WES (V.O.)  
(unsteady)  
Lynda, we need to talk. I-

LYNDA (V.O.)  
Where are you, Wes?

The case is filled with disguise paraphernalia.

WES (V.O.)  
I'm at home. The front door's gone  
and they got a damn cop guarding  
the place. He says I can't stay.

LYNDA (V.O.)  
Maybe you should get used to that  
idea.

On the line: Wes exhales angrily.

Krieg sets aside black dye, a thin black mustache and wire-rimmed glasses.

LYNDA (V.O.)  
You never came back. You never even  
called, till now. What am I  
supposed to think of that?

Krieg opens the bottle of dye.

INT. WOMEN'S ROOM - HOSPITAL - NIGHT

Lynda and Katie have been provided a room. Lynda slumps on the edge of her bed. Katie is elsewhere.

Wes attempts to change the subject.

WES (V.O.)  
It's a real mess here. All smashed  
up, glass everywh-

LYNDA  
You're a coward. When I needed you  
most, you ran away and got drunk.

WES (V.O.)  
I'm not drunk and I don't care for  
your tone of voice.

Lynda shakes her head and smiles bitterly.

INT. INTENSIVE CARE UNIT - NIGHT

Katie is exhausted, but she's reluctant to leave Jeremy's side. She holds his hand and studies his face, as if searching for a sign.

On the monitors, Jeremy's MAP and SpO2 readouts remain too low. His EEG shows a concerning burst-suppression pattern. A soft pulse tone keeps time.

At the workstation, two nurses pause in their duties. Julie Harris, 24, and JASMINE WELLS, 60, watch Katie with quiet sympathy.

INT. AGENTS' ROOM - HOSPITAL - NIGHT

The agents also have a room. Reed talks to his wife.

TRICIA (V.O.)  
Will the young man be okay?

REED

No one really knows. He's suffered major trauma. Blood loss, nerve damage, recurrent seizures... and they can't handle the head injury here.

INT. BUDGET MOTEL - BATHROOM - NIGHT

Krieg finishes spreading the dye through his wet hair.

REED (V.O.)

They want to give him another night's rest before we fly him to Spokane.

INT. WOMEN'S ROOM - HOSPITAL - NIGHT

WES (V.O.)

Do you really think you can just throw away nine years of marriage?

LYNDA

Yes, I do. It's over, Wes. You won't hurt my boys again.

WES (V.O.)

(falters)

Marty is dead, Lynda. He's never coming home.

Lynda hangs up and stares at the phone, trembling.

INT. BUDGET MOTEL - BATHROOM - NIGHT

The mustache is affixed. Krieg dyes his eyebrows.

TRICIA (V.O.)

John... do you think he'll come?

INT. AGENTS' ROOM - HOSPITAL - NIGHT

REED

No. He's long gone. Think Seattle or Portland. Anyway, we have an officer at each entrance and I'll be shifting with David outside the ICU.

He checks the clock on his nightstand. 9:56.



INT. TRICIA'S BEDROOM - D.C. - NIGHT

REED (V.O.)  
Speaking of which, I better go. He  
needs a break.

Reclining on their bed, Tricia smiles sadly.

TRICIA  
Okay. Say "hi" for me.

REED (V.O.)  
I will. Tell the kids I love them.

TRICIA  
I will. And John..?  
(sings softly)  
"Whatever it takes, or how my heart  
breaks..."

Reed chuckles. They sing together, a bittersweet duet.

|  |  |
|--|--|
| TRICIA                                     | REED (V.O.)                                |
| "I will be right here waiting<br>for you." | "I will be right here waiting<br>for you." |

INT. BUDGET MOTEL - BATHROOM - NIGHT

Krieg has neatly parted his black hair and donned the wire glasses. He holds the dress shirt up to his chest. In the mirror, a bookish man gazes back impassively.

INT. TRICIA'S BEDROOM - D.C. - NIGHT

Tricia wistfully sets the phone on her bedside table and switches off the lamp. The room is plunged into DARKNESS.

KRIEG (V.O.)  
The coward is coming.

INT. WOMEN'S ROOM - HOSPITAL - NIGHT

Lynda lies awake. Across the room, Katie sleeps fitfully.

INT. AGENTS' ROOM - HOSPITAL - NIGHT

Polson also sleeps uneasily. His Glock 22 and a powered-down police radio rest on his nightstand.

INT. ICU HALLWAY - NIGHT

Reed sits guard on a padded folding chair. He takes a photo from his wallet and studies it with a faint smile.

EXT. BUDGET MOTEL - KALISPELL - NIGHT

The Suburban hulks nearby. Krieg steps from his room and eases the door closed behind him. He pats his jacket, adjusts his glasses, and peers into the night.

EXT. OB/GYN ENTRANCE - NIGHT

The backlit OB/GYN sign hums softly.

INT. OB/GYN LOBBY - NIGHT

Officer Mark Mitchell, 32, sits in a waiting nook, yawning as he flips through a magazine. Nurse PAULA HISLOP, 36, tends to newborns in a glass-walled nursery. Across the lobby, a main hallway leads deeper into the hospital.

INT. EMERGENCY LOBBY - NIGHT

Another bored cop, ADAM KENNEDY, 27, leans near the automatic doors. At the front desk, a redneck named STEVEN holds a towel to his split nose. His girlfriend, STEPHANIE, hovers beside him. A wall clock reads 11:50.

The receptionist, MARY KAY HOUGH, 52, is irritated.

MARY KAY

Sir, we can't help you until we've received the necessary infor-

Stephanie fusses with the towel. Steven tries to avoid her efforts, his words muffled.

STEVEN

It's fine, goddamnit!

STEPHANIE

Steven, you're bleeding all over the floor!

STEVEN

Will you please shut up?!

Kennedy rolls his eyes and turns to look outside.

EXT. SUNNYVIEW LANE - NIGHT

Krieg strides along the tree-lined sidewalk. A car pulls onto the street, a block distant. Krieg hides behind the closest tree. The car soon passes.

EXT. SUNNYVIEW LANE - MINUTES LATER

Krieg nears a four-way stop. He leaves the sidewalk and steals toward a thick hedge which skirts a wellness center. He slips through a gap and crouches behind the hedge.

HIS POV: Two blocks away, a young couple enters OB/GYN.

Krieg settles back to watch.

INT. ICU HALLWAY - NIGHT

Reed writes in a leather-bound journal.

EXT. BEHIND THE HEDGE - NIGHT

Krieg hears a vehicle approach.

HIS POV: A pickup slows for the intersection. It halts there, idling. At the wheel is Wes Connor.

Krieg recognizes Marty's stepfather. He stands.

INT. WES'S PICKUP - NIGHT

Wes rests his head on the steering wheel, muttering.

WES  
Stupid fuckin' woman... goddamn...  
irrational bitch...

He lifts his head and peers through the windshield. Flinches as someone knocks on his window.

Krieg is outside, making a roll-down gesture.

EXT. SUNNYVIEW LANE - NIGHT

Wes lowers his window, glaring at the intrusion.

KRIEG  
You goin' to the hospital?

WES  
Yeah, so what?

KRIEG  
Can you give me a lift?

WES  
Your legs work, don't they?

Krieg just smiles and maintains eye contact. Wes snorts.

INT. WES'S PICKUP - NIGHT

Empty beer cans litter the passenger seat. Wes brushes them to the floor. Krieg slides in, noting the cans.

KRIEG  
Yeah, I could use a beer myself.  
It's been quite a day.

Wes begins to drive, the truck weaving slightly.

KRIEG  
Been following the news. That boy  
who's missing.

Wes glances sharply at Krieg, who waxes sorrowful.

KRIEG  
It's a sad story. He's a real  
heartbreaker.

WES  
I should know. He's my boy.

Krieg jerks forward, feigning surprise.

KRIEG  
You're kidding me. You're his  
father?

Wes nods bitterly and tries to manifest grief.

KRIEG  
Man, that is... so where do you go  
from here? How do you cope?

WES  
I don't know. It hurts. I really  
don't want to talk about it.

He actually sounds sincere. He makes a wide turn into the hospital parking lot. Krieg raises his hands, placating.

KRIEG  
Hey, I'm sorry. I just feel awful  
for you and your boy.

EXT. HOSPITAL PARKING LOT - NIGHT

They crawl along a sparse row of vehicles and pull into a parking space forty yards from OB/GYN. All is quiet.

INT. WES'S PICKUP - NIGHT

As Wes removes his keys from the ignition, Krieg shifts to face him fully. He adopts a gentle, deferential manner.

KRIEG  
Sir, may I have another minute or  
two of your time?

WES  
Aw fuck! You're a goddamn reporter!

KRIEG  
I'm a freelancer from The Dalles.

WES  
Freelancer? You working a bit late?

Krieg shrugs minutely. He fixes Wes with a quizzical stare.

KRIEG  
I'm trying to figure something.

WES  
Fuck me! Trying to figure what?

KRIEG  
Well, you act like a man who's  
gonna let this haunt him to the  
grave, but I don't believe you. I  
doubt your sincerity.

Wes is speechless. He tilts his head in disbelief. Krieg glances outside, where nothing moves. He casually grips the left flap of his jacket.

KRIEG  
You had a home, a wife, two great  
kids just gifted to you, the wealth  
and security of a normal life. But  
it wasn't enough. You had to be a  
hateful fucking tyrant.

WES  
Get out of my vehicle!

KRIEG  
Marty told me about you.

It takes a second to register. Wes's eyes widen in shock. Krieg whips out the Beretta, traps Wes's right arm, and powers forward. Wes strikes his head on the door glass.

Krieg holds the pistol close to Wes's ear.

KRIEG  
He said you like to slap him  
around.

Wes whimpers fearfully. Now Krieg's tone is menacing.

KRIEG  
Is that true? You like to slap him  
around?

WES  
Please don't kill me. Please.

Krieg forces the suppressor against Wes's ear.

WES  
Only once! Only once! It was a  
mistake. I was just angry.

He begins to sob. Krieg looks disgusted.

KRIEG  
You're despicable. And you don't  
even know why.

He checks outside once more. Still not a soul in sight.

KRIEG  
Put your head between your knees.

WES  
Please! I'll give you everything I-

Krieg grabs Wes's hair, shoves him down, and grinds the suppressor in his ear. Wes struggles futilely. He wails in terror. Krieg pulls the trigger. Pop!

EXT. HOSPITAL PARKING LOT - NIGHT

Krieg crouches between two cars. From this position he has a clear view of the OB/GYN lobby.

The young couple, Chris and Danielle MacLean, hold hands as they gaze into the nursery. Hislop is somewhere O.S. Mitchell continues to peruse his magazine.

Krieg's expression flickers. Uncertainty? This might be his last chance to abort. Taunting voices whisper in his mind.

VOICES (V.O.)  
... this lowlife... this animal...  
ineffectual nobody... with nothing  
to live for... mark my words...  
your days are numbered...

Krieg's jaw tenses. His eyes narrow with resolve.

EXT. HOSPITAL PARKING LOT - MINUTES LATER

Krieg observes as Hislop returns with an armful of linens. She reenters the nursery, using a swipe card to gain access.

Mitchell stands and stretches. Chris speaks to the officer and receives a cursory reply. Chris nods. Danielle smiles politely.

Mitchell disappears into a bathroom near the waiting nook. He takes his magazine with him.

Krieg rises and scans the parking lot, then strides briskly toward OB/GYN.

INT. OB/GYN LOBBY - NIGHT

Hislop sorts the linens at the rear of the nursery. Movement on a security monitor draws her attention.

Chris and Danielle watch curiously as the automatic doors slide open. Krieg enters the lobby. He angles his face away from a camera on the ceiling.

Hislop turns, says something Krieg can't hear. It looks like "Can I help you, sir?"

Krieg heads straight for the bathroom. He waves at Hislop as she hurries forward. He speaks to the couple.

KRIEG  
Night shift supervisor. I think we  
have a breach in security.

They stare as he pushes through the bathroom door. Hislop steps out of the nursery.

HISLOP

What did that man say to you?

There's a muffled shout from the bathroom, followed by four dampened pops! Everyone jumps, eyes riveted on the doorway. Brief silence. Hislop pales.

HISLOP

Oh God! We need to get out—

The door bursts open. Krieg stalks out. He carries Mitchell's radio and the Beretta. Blood speckles his face and clothing.

Danielle screams. Chris raises his hands in a surrendering gesture. He steps between Krieg and his wife. Krieg tosses the radio at Chris, who curses and bats it aside.

Krieg raises the Beretta.

EXT. HOSPITAL COMPLEX - NIGHT

Very quiet. A lone car exits the Emergency parking lot.

INT. HOSPITAL HALLWAY - ONCOLOGY - NIGHT

Krieg pads along, soon arriving at a junction. He sees a sign on the adjoining corridor's wall: Inpatient Care.

Footsteps approach. Krieg braces himself.

A lean old doctor, Leo Kinneman, turns the corner, flipping through papers on a clipboard. He looks up, startled by Krieg's presence.

INT. EMERGENCY LOBBY - NIGHT

Kennedy relaxes in a chair near the receptionist's desk, nursing a cup of coffee. They're alone now.

KENNEDY

—never understand these guys who  
blow their hard-earned dollars on  
vomit and hangovers.

Toiling over a stack of forms, Mary Kay nods absently. Kennedy's radio crackles.

REED (V.O.)

How's the night treating you guys?



KENNEDY

Uh-oh, I better answer boss G-man.  
 (keys radio)  
 Emergency's a 10-4. Coffee's loud.  
 Night's quiet.

REED (V.O.)

How about you, Obstetrics?

KENNEDY

(keys radio)  
 Hey, I think your bad guy's long  
 gone.

INT. INPATIENT CARE HALLWAY - NIGHT

Krieg nears another corner and another sign: Intensive Care Unit. The sign points left.

INT. ICU HALLWAY - NIGHT

Reed keys his radio again.

REED

Obstetrics, give me a 10-4.

INT. EMERGENCY LOBBY - NIGHT

Mary Kay rolls to a bank of security monitors.

KENNEDY

(keys radio)  
 Hey Mitchell. Wake your ass up.  
 (waits)  
 Damn it, his radio must've died.

Mary Kay turns a dial, then operates a small joystick.

SERIES OF SHOTS:

- The camera in OB/GYN pivots away from the door.
- Mitchell's radio "talks" beside a baseboard.

REED (V.O.)

Obstetrics? Obstetrics, what's...

- Krieg, lurking around the corner, hears Reed clearly.

REED (O.S.)

...your status?

- Kennedy watches the OB/GYN feed as the camera pans.
- Frowning, Reed lowers his radio.
- The feed reveals three bodies sprawled on the floor.

INT. ICU HALLWAY - NIGHT

Reed fumbles his radio as Kennedy suddenly shouts!

KENNEDY (V.O.)  
 10-0-0! 10-0-0! Officer down!  
 Kennedy requesting immediate  
 backup, repeat, immediate backup!

Reed leaps up, reaching for the Glock 22 at his hip, eyes fixed on the corner thirty-five feet away.

Krieg sidesteps into view, crouched low, weapon leveled. His first shot punches into the wall behind Reed's head. His second shot rips into Reed's left shoulder.

Reed still manages to draw. He fires desperately. Drywall explodes to Krieg's left.

Krieg's third shot slams into Reed's chest.

SERIES OF SHOTS:

- The nurses in Intensive Care, Julie and Jasmine, whip their heads toward a monitor which displays the ICU hallway.
- Polson thrashes out of bed.
- Katie bolts upright in bed.

KATIE  
 Oh my god Lynda he's here!

- Kennedy sprints down a long, empty hallway.
- A security guard, Ron Thompson, 40, hurries from another wing of the hospital.

As Reed falls he fires once more, reflexively. The round tears into the ceiling, breaching a conduit and shattering two banks of fluorescent lighting.

Reed smashes into his chair. His pistol tumbles to the floor beside him, smoke curling from its barrel.

Krieg advances quickly, his shoes crunching on thin broken glass. He shoots Reed in the chest again. Reed spasms, his eyes locked with Krieg's as he dies. Phosphor dust, pale as chalk, sifts down upon them.

Krieg reaches the agent and pumps two more rounds into him.

POLSON (O.S.)  
John! John!

INT. INPATIENT CARE HALLWAY - NIGHT

Ron draws a .45 as he charges toward the ICU. Polson, half-dressed, Glock in hand, runs from the opposite direction. Kennedy also races into the hallway, well behind Polson.

POLSON  
Stop at the corner!

Ron is too close and too wired to heed the warning. He rushes past, raising the .45 to engage.

RON'S POV: Krieg is already set. He aims and fires.

BLACK SCREEN

There's a stomach-turning thud as Ron goes down hard, and a clatter as his pistol skids across the tile floor.

INT. WOMEN'S ROOM - HOSPITAL - NIGHT

Huddled on Lynda's bed, the women hear Polson shout.

POLSON (V.O.)  
Surrender your weapon! You have no  
way out!

INT. INTENSIVE CARE UNIT - NIGHT

Julie and Jasmine watch on the security monitor as Krieg steps to the doors. He hammers on a large access button beside the card reader. A strident buzzing fills the ICU. Julie flinches. The doors remain closed.

Krieg digs in his pocket. As he produces two access cards, Jasmine breaks her paralysis. She hisses and reaches under her desk to hit a panic button. The ICU speakers emit a two-toned negatory beep.

INT. ICU HALLWAY - NIGHT

Krieg swipes the first card, which was Paula Hislop's. The card reader emits a two-toned negatory beep and its light stays red. He tries the second card, Kinneman's. Same result. He flings the cards to the floor.

KRIEG

Fuck!

INT. INTENSIVE CARE UNIT - NIGHT

Now comes a metallic crash as Krieg kicks the doors. Julie screams. Jasmine grabs an intercom handset.

INT. ICU HALLWAY - NIGHT

Krieg returns his attention to the hallway intersection. He kicks backward, shuddering the doors again.

JASMINE (V.O.)

Security alert. There's an armed  
man in the building. Clear the  
hallways. Lock doors. Stay hidden.

Krieg kicks once more, even harder. The doors hold. The intercom clicks off. He shoots out the security camera.

INT. INPATIENT CARE HALLWAY - NIGHT

Polson takes a knee at the corner. He's shaking visibly. Kennedy tries to catch his breath. They speak quietly.

KENNEDY

What should we do?

POLSON

Be ready to fight.

Kennedy positions himself for a clear shot over Polson.

Agitated chatter issues from Reed's and Ron's radios.

INTERCUT - KRIEG & POLSON

Krieg hunkers to shut off Reed's radio. There's a harsh crackle overhead and a shower of sparks bursts from the ruined conduit. Another bank of fluorescents goes dark.

Krieg double-checks the ICU doors. The card reader's light continues to glow red. The locks remain engaged.

He tosses aside his glasses, switches the Beretta to his left hand, and grabs Reed's Glock. He stands and starts toward the Inpatient Care hallway. Glass pops underfoot.

Polson hears him coming. He summons his command voice.

POLSON

Stop where you are! There are three  
of us and we will take you down!

Krieg does stop. His eyes grow distant as he parses the situation. Then he bares his teeth, raises the Glock, and opens fire!

He pours seven rounds into Polson's corner, twenty feet away. The barrage is deafening in the close confines. Drywall is blasted apart. A few slugs strike metal studs, sparking and whining as they ricochet.

Two women scream O.S.

Krieg pauses the onslaught. Gunsmoke hangs in the air.

Polson has shifted a step farther from the corner. Kennedy remains vigilant behind him.

POLSON

Hey! Whatever it is you think y-

Krieg interrupts, firing five rounds past Polson's position. They stitch the far wall in a tight vertical column.

Finally, he silences Ron's radio with a single round. The last ejected shell clinks as it hits the tile near his feet.

KRIEG

I think you got me, Polson.

POLSON

Are you finished? We don't have to  
make this worse than it already is.

KRIEG

Worse would be a neat trick.

He tosses the Glock toward Ron's body. It skips once and fetches up against the dead guard. Krieg withdraws to where Reed lies in the gloom. He reloads the Beretta with a fresh magazine from his shoulder holster.

Krieg's retreat allows Polson to shift again, back close to the corner. He eyes Reed's gun, the taunt not lost on him.

They all hear a fast-approaching police siren.

KRIEG

I knew what you were doing. I've  
read all the books.

He crouches again. Unscrews the Beretta's suppressor.

KRIEG

I'm glad it's over. This joke was  
getting old.

POLSON

Oh, you're a wit alright. A real  
murdering fucking humorist. Little  
boys and housewives.

KRIEG

(softly)

This life, I mean.

The first siren falls silent. Another wails in the distance.  
Krieg inspects the suppressor, turning it in his fingers.

POLSON

Why?! Tell me why you would do such  
horrible things.

Krieg utters something between a sob and a snicker.

KRIEG

What? You want me to validate your  
banal "abused little boy" theory,  
like it was ever that simple? You  
don't need to ask me why. Just look  
at this world. Look inside your own  
blinkered heart.

He bitterly flings the suppressor. It strikes Ron's corpse.

EXT. HOSPITAL COMPLEX - NIGHT

A squad car has parked hard outside the Emergency doors.

KRIEG (V.O.)

Anyway, isn't there a more pressing  
matter at hand?

INT. INTENSIVE CARE UNIT - NIGHT

Jeremy's EEG spikes erratically. The fingers of his right  
hand twitch and vibrate.

INT. INPATIENT CARE HALLWAY - NIGHT

INTERCUT - KRIEG & POLSON

POLSON

Where's Marty Lornell? Is he still  
alive?

Krieg hesitates. He glances at Reed's body.

POLSON

Please... he's an innocent child.  
Tell me where he is.

KRIEG

Reed was your best friend, wasn't  
he? Special Agent John Reed, DOA.  
(beat)  
Get this. I stood outside your room  
in Pine Bluff for hours one night.

POLSON

Bullshit.

KRIEG

The Mount Marie. There's a creek in  
the woods behind. You'd hear it if  
your window was open.

Polson blinks. Krieg isn't lying.

KRIEG

Yeah... disturbing, isn't it? Two  
years ago, your head was in my  
sights.

Behind Polson, two officers hurry down the hallway.

Krieg's expression hardens as he hears them coming.

KRIEG

Listen. I know you want to take me  
alive, but that won't happen.

A lieutenant, EVERETT, takes Kennedy's place behind Polson.

EVERETT

(whispers)

I'm Everett. Tell me what you need.

Polson gestures for silence as Krieg speaks again.

KRIEG

I could end it now, take my secrets with me. I'm sure you would hate that. It would feel cheap to me too, so I offer an opportunity. A moment of truth and revelations.

He places facetious emphasis on "revelations."

KRIEG

I'm in control, you understand? I don't have to tell you anything. I'll decide when it's over, you'll hear a single shot, and your little quest for justice will be ended.

There's another electric crackle. Another shower of sparks rains down.

A young officer, FRED FRATTINI, 23, approaches the corner opposite Polson.

KRIEG

Polson, don't let Marty die with me.

Polson glances at Everett, who's eyeing him appraisingly. He takes a deep breath and speaks calmly.

POLSON

Okay. Where is he?

INT. WOMEN'S ROOM - HOSPITAL - NIGHT

Lynda and Katie listen to the faint conversation. Their faces are white and unblinking.

INT. ICU HALLWAY - NIGHT

INTERCUT - KRIEG & POLSON

KRIEG

There's an old road just south of milepost 22 on Highway 83. Go to the end, you'll find them both alive. Marty and Timmy Benmont.

Polson expels a sigh of relief. His shaking lessens. Everett slips back, quietly instructing his subordinate.

Krieg seems relieved, as well. A tiny smile touches his lips.



KRIEG

I hope you appreciate my candor.

POLSON

I do.

As quickly as it appeared, Krieg's smile fades away.

POLSON

Are there any other survivors? Any boys alive somewhere?

KRIEG

Hope springs eternal, doesn't it?  
(considers)  
Do you wonder how it began?

POLSON

Tell me.

KRIEG

There I was, five months into my new life. I'm renting a seedy motel room in New Orleans. Hanging on the streets, in the back-alley bars and nightclubs. Watching my savings rot away. See, I was kind of lost. Reading about that stuff's not like being there. But I kept my eyes and ears open.

(beat)

I became aware of Dean and Larry Caldwell. Thuggish simian brothers who dealt in illegal weapons and more. I purchased several items through a rather loose-tongued associate of theirs.

Frattini looks purely disgusted.

FRATTINI

Hey, why are we still listening to this sick fuck?! He already gave—

POLSON

Shut up!

Frattini mutters something derogatory. Polson glares at him.

Krieg frowns at the interruption. He has a story to tell.

KRIEG

Turns out they had this innocent little home in the 'burbs. Their façade, if you will. So I find it, case it a couple nights. Third night I enter, disable their security...

INT. CALDWELL RESIDENCE - MARCH 1991 - NIGHT - (FLASHBACK)

In a shadowy hallway, the Caldwells' Rottweiler lies in a pool of congealing blood.

In the living room, Larry, 41, trails Dean, 43. Dean turns on a lamp. Krieg, 19, crouches unseen in a corner.

KRIEG (V.O.)

...ransack the place. No weapons and the safe's locked. So I ambush them. Off Larry, make Dean open the safe, kill him too. I'm expecting maybe ten, twenty K, enough for a decent ride.

Krieg fires on Larry with his brand-new suppressed Beretta. As Larry falls, Dean whirls to face Krieg. Krieg shoots out his knees. The big man bellows and collapses to the floor.

INT. ICU HALLWAY - NIGHT - (PRESENT DAY)

INTERCUT - KRIEG & POLSON

KRIEG

But there was almost one-forty K in that safe. I was shocked. It even crossed my mind that someone was looking out for me.

Polson exchanges an incredulous glance with Everett, who has returned to his side. Two more officers arrive in the b.g.

KRIEG

How absurd. They were cocky or lazy, slow to launder their cash, and it just backlogged. Anyway, I left the city three nights later.

POLSON

So that was your proving ground.

Krieg ignores the comment. His composure falters.

KRIEG

Hey... for what it's worth, tell  
Ryan Taylor's family I'm sorry.

POLSON

Who's Ryan Taylor?

KRIEG

He was a sweet boy. He was...

His voice breaks as a one-two punch of devastating grief and  
guilt overwhelms him.

KRIEG

...the only one who ever loved me.

And then he's weeping inconsolably. He tries to watch the  
corner through his tears.

Polson shakes his head, unsure of what to say.

Krieg speaks again, with strained clarity.

KRIEG

There's a cabin near Dixonville,  
fifteen miles north of Memphis,  
under the alias Daniel Jones.  
You'll find most of the bodies  
there. Also, look for an old  
freezer in a dump, this side of  
Savant, Colorado. That's where  
you'll find Matthew Coleman and  
Shawn Kalder.

He grimaces and swipes at his eyes.

POLSON

Okay. Now, let's go back—

KRIEG

No! I don't want this anymore. You  
can learn the rest in Tennessee.

POLSON

Wait! You said it was a "new life"  
in New Orleans. What came before  
that, before the murders began?

Krieg is framed tight from the chest up. He shifts position.  
He adjusts something down low, out of sight. His expression  
grows cold.

KRIEG

Let's just say it was peculiar how  
they kept dragging that lake and  
came up empty-handed.

(beat)

You'll figure it out.

POLSON

We can't end like this. It's still  
cheap. People need to know wh-

A gunshot shatters his sentence. Blood and tissue spatter the  
Inpatient Care hallway wall.

Polson rises, clutching his weapon in a white-knuckled grip.  
Behind him, rattled officers murmur nervously.

Frattini's eyes flicker between Polson and Everett.

FRATTINI

Come on, he killed himself!

Polson edges to the very corner. Frattini mirrors him. Then,  
without warning, Frattini peeks into the ICU hallway.

SERIES OF SHOTS:

- Reed's head rests on Krieg's knee. Reed's temple is blown out, the exit wound ringed with torn flesh and shattered bone. Krieg's clothes are bloody with blowback.
- FRATTINI'S POV: Krieg aims and fires.
- Frattini's right eye disappears in a splash of gore.
- He crumples to the floor.
- Two more rounds hammer into his face.
- In the ICU, Jeremy convulses, hacking up blood.

Polson drops back to a knee, horrified, shaking hard again.

POLSON

What did you do? What did you do?!

KRIEG

He called me a "sick fuck." Now  
he's a dead fuck.

Polson turns to Everett with grim determination.

POLSON

I'm done with him. We're gonna take him down.

(to Krieg)

You hear me, you soulless son of a bitch?! No more—

KRIEG (O.S.)

Polson!

This roar silences everyone.

Krieg approaches Polson's corner, staying tight to the wall. He stops mere strides away, wary, trembling, yet resolute.

KRIEG

Polson?

Polson is ready for him. They're all ready.

EVERETT

(whispers)

He's right there.

KRIEG

This time it's real.

Krieg inserts the Beretta's muzzle into his mouth, angled toward his palate. He closes his eyes and steps forward.

The shot is muffled. Krieg falls into view a body's length from Polson, who flinches.

Krieg's cheek is pressed to the tile. Blood pours from his nose and mouth. The Beretta lies beside him, its dark, gory barrel glistening beneath the remaining fluorescents.

Polson can only stare at the "monster" before him.

EXT. FOREST CLEARING - NIGHT

The same grassy clearing where Krieg parked the day before.

Two Highway Patrol cruisers roll toward the derelict cabin. Their rotating lights paint the surrounding forest in writhing red and blue.

The cruisers stop. Two troopers jump out and hurry to the cabin. The first trooper wrests open the rotting door.

## INT. DERELICT CABIN - NIGHT

Dust floats in his wide flashlight beam as it sweeps across crumbling furniture and swaying cobwebs. The beam lands on a large cedar box and modern luggage, incongruous amid the ruin. It holds for a moment, then slides farther to reveal a boy's bare feet and cuffed ankles.

The second trooper adds his flashlight to the scene. Marty is naked, bound as Matthew and Timmy were before. Timmy wears only cuffs, his wrists and ankles secured to an ancient iron bedframe.

Timmy shivers in his sleep. Marty moans softly as the lights blind him. For all he knows, Krieg has returned.

## MONTAGE (AFTERMATH):

- (1998) Reed's graveside funeral in Washington. A priest delivers the eulogy as hundreds mourn. Tricia, Tony, Tilly and Polson stand in a row.
- (1998) Alone in the graveyard, Polson looks to the morning sky. A ghostly chopper passes overhead.
- (1998) The chopper is substantial now. It rushes through the night. Inside, medics work frenetically as Jeremy flatlines, the result of a massive pulmonary embolism. His face is ashen, his eyes wide and lifeless.
- (2001) Polson sits at the desk in his den, leafing through an album of photos and news articles. The "3D Pipes" screensaver twists and turns on his monitor.

A nearby framed photo shows Polson's 1999 retirement party: Polson toasts, surrounded by fellow agents. A banner reads "'72 to '99. GOODBYE, DAVID!"

Articles are also pinned to a corkboard on the wall:

Headline: CALDWELL DOUBLE MURDER SPARKS ATF & FBI INTEREST.  
*Images*: Separate photos of Dean and Larry Caldwell. [New Orleans Times-Picayune, 03/24/1991]

Headline: SERIAL KILLER STRIKES FOR 9th TIME IN EAU CLAIRE.  
*Image*: Thirteen-year-old Zachary Lafleur. [USA TODAY, 09/17/1995]

Headline: INTERSTATE ASSASSIN'S IDENTITY REVEALED. Jack Krieg joins the ranks of notorious killers. *Image*: Krieg's "Daniel Jones" license. *Image*: A grid of 19 small photos, the identified abductees. [USA TODAY, 06/07/1998]

- (1998) At Sawbrook High, a varsity football practice is in session. A local news crew interviews several players.
- (1998) Federal agents stand at Sharon Krieg's door, breaking the news. She's 55 now, as gaunt and austere as ever. She shakes her head, denying their words.

The faint image of a crucifix ripples across this scene.

- (1983) High on the Blue Mountain ridge, a sweet-faced boy, twelve-year-old Jack, trudges behind his father. Bitter tears stream down his cheeks. William Krieg rails MOS, gesturing emphatically. They both carry rifles.

- (2001) An article in Polson's album:

Headline: FATEFUL HUNTING TRIP. 12-year-old boy fatally shoots father. *Image*: Young Jack poses with his father. [Allentown Morning Call, 09/19/1983]

- (1983) Jack lifts his rifle and aims at his father's back. A shadow falls across his eyes, as if a cloud has blocked the sun.

- (2001) Another article in the album:

Headline: ALLENTOWN: A SHOCKED COMMUNITY. Boy suffered longtime sexual abuse. *Image*: Sharon Krieg guides Jack from a courthouse. She glares at the camera. [Allentown Morning Call, 01/08/1984]

- (1984) Allentown State Hospital. Jack cringes on his bed in a gloomy psych ward, shrieking hysterically. Sweat-soaked pajamas cling to his thin frame. His sheets are wet and twisted, falling to the floor.

Orderlies converge on the terrified boy.

- (1998) Krieg's isolated cabin in Tennessee. The narrow dirt driveway is congested with vehicles.

In the nearby woods, seven graves have been excavated. CSIs continue to dig, unearthing yet another skeletal corpse. Various officials and select media watch along the perimeter of this ghoulish scene.

- (2001) An article on the corkboard:

Headline: 9 BOYS BURIED AT KRIEG'S CABIN. Secret graveyard held two previously unknown victims. *Images*: The cabin and "secret graveyard." [Washington Post, 06/07/1998]

- (2001) In the album:

Sixteen-year-old Krieg's yearbook photo.

- (1988) Thirteen-year-old Ryan Taylor poses with his dog on a neatly trimmed lawn. He directs a sunny smile at the camera. The Taylor mailbox stands in the background.

- (2001) More articles in the album:

Headline: 13-YEAR-OLD RYAN TAYLOR STILL MISSING. *Image*: Ryan poses with his dog. [Sawbrook Sentinel, 07/23/1988]

Headline: BOND VIEW TRAGEDY. Sawbrook High's gridiron star commits suicide. *Image*: Yearbook photo. Eighteen-year-old Krieg poses with teammates. [Sawbrook Sentinel, 11/20/1990]

Headline: SKELETAL REMAINS DISCOVERED. Body identified as 13-year-old Ryan Taylor. *Image*: Bond View, angled toward the trees, where several cops are posted. *Image*: Ryan's school photo. [Bangor Daily News, 05/07/1992]

- (2001) Polson persists in his lonely work/vigil.
- (2001) There's one last article pinned to the corkboard:

Headline: SHATTERED INNOCENCE. The ones who lived to tell. *Images*: Separate photos of Marty and Timmy. *Image*: Polson addresses the press. [Washington Post, 06/10/1998]

INT. POLSON'S DEN - D.C. - 2001 - NIGHT

The den is deserted. A desk lamp illuminates a thick document from which Polson was transcribing. He's left it open to a particular heading:

KRIEG JOURNAL ENTRY (11/07/1994)

A posthumous narration begins.

KRIEG (V.O.)

November 7th, 1994. Donny is sleeping now, tears dried on his cheeks. I have lain beside him in the wee hours of this cold morning and tried to imagine away the horror of these circumstances. He is my sweet young lover, my soulmate.

The lamp flickers. A clock ticks faintly. The city's midnight susurrrus seeps through a cracked window.



KRIEG (V.O.)

I caress his smooth cheek, whisper my passion in his small, perfect ear. "I will cherish you always." It is a fantasy that persists in stark contrast to the cold and calculated manner in which I have destroyed his life.

EXT. SOUTH CAPITOL STREET BRIDGE - D.C. - 2001 - NIGHT

The bridge's arches rise against the skyline. Polson leans on the railing, lost in thought as the slow tidal waters of the Anacostia River swirl beneath him. The drone of traffic on I-295 does little to undermine the quietude he has sought.

KRIEG (V.O.)

All that was good in me died with Ryan, in that microcosmic moment of desperate yearning when I first succumbed to an urge I hardly knew existed. My love withered and blackened until only its sexual component remained, stripped of beauty, lustful and predatory.

A siren begins to wail somewhere in the city. Polson's hands tighten on the railing. A firm breath of wind stirs his coat.

KRIEG (V.O.)

I could return Donny's life to him. Release his bonds, guide him to the door, gently explain that he's free to fly away. He would hesitate, terrified of deception.

The siren ceases its lament. The wind abates. Polson relaxes his grip and his gaze drops to a nearer point on the river.

KRIEG (V.O.)

"Go! Now!" And I'd watch as the night swallows his graceful form, resist the urge to give chase, my heart at once heavy and strangely uplifted. It would be a moment of truth that futile prayers could never deliver. I have longed to attain such an utter point of no return.

Moonlight dances on the timeless black water.

FADE OUT.