

The Ambrose Incidents

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1

EXT. CONVENIENCE STORE - NIGHT - ESTABLISHING SHOT

The LIGHT from a STREET LAMP flickers for the last time as a YOUNG MAN (18;pudgy) exits the store and walks to his CAR. The "Quick Stop" NAME TAG pinned to his shirt reads: DOUG.

Behind him follows an attractive GIRL (17; homely).

DOUG

Thanks for closing for me, Rachael.
If I don't finish that paper, I'm
fucked for the semester.

RACHAEL

It's no problem, Doug. Coach
Perkins is a asshole. I had him
last term. Hopefully, this will
teach you about procrastinating.

DOUG

(shrugs)
Yeah, I know. Do you need anything
before I leave?

RACHAEL

I don't think so. You do the trash?

DOUG

Yes, madam. Inventory's done too.
All you have to do is sit back and
be pretty and count down.

RACHAEL

Well, aren't you the charmer?

DOUG

I try. Maybe God will grant me that
date with you I so desperately pray
for.

RACHAEL

(chuckles)
Keep praying, babe. Anything is
possible.

DOUG

Sure thing. Goodnight and thanks
again.

RACHAEL

Be safe.

Doug WAVES goodbye to Rachael before starting his car.
Rachael heads back inside the store.

(CONTINUED)

As Doug drives off, a VAN pulls up to one of the GASOLINE PUMPS.

DISSOLVE TO:

2 EXT. OUTSIDE COFFEE SHOP - NIGHT - ESTABLISHING SHOT

Rain showers down heavily as patrons slowly exit a small town diner. Eventually the shot focuses on two seemingly ordinary people sitting at a table closest to the window.

3 INT. COFFEE SHOP - NIGHT

At the table sit a laid-back MAN smoking a cigarette and a WOMAN who is obviously irritated by it. The woman keeps staring outside the window as if to ignore him.

Meet ELIJAH and DANIELLE.

A WAITRESS walks up to the table, coffee mug in hand.

WAITRESS

Can I get you two sweethearts some more coffee?

Elijah motions "no" with his hand to the waitress. She pours a fresh cup for Danielle.

4 INT. CONVENIENCE STORE - NIGHT

Rachael, reclined in her seat behind the front counter, reads a book as the end of her shift approaches. Next to her a TELEVISION idly plays.

In the background, outside, Doug is flagged down by the occupant of the newly arrived van.

ANCHOR (O.S)

(re: television)

...and thus concluded President Reagan's overseas trip to China. In local news, there is currently a city-wide manhunt for escaped convicted serial killer, Drake Davenport...

CUT TO:

5 INT. COFFEE SHOP - NIGHT

A TELEVISION SET plays in the corner of the diner.

ANCHOR (O.S)
 ...President Obama returns to
 the states after a visit to
 the Middle East...

As he finishes his cigarette and puts it out in the ash tray, Elijah SNAPS his finger at Danielle to get her attention.

ELIJAH
 Wake up.

DANIELLE
 I'm awake. I'm just thinking.

ELIJAH
 You have had enough time to think.
 We don't have much more to waste.

DANIELLE
 I'm aware.

ELIJAH
 Well, cut out the daydreaming. I
 don't want to have to babysit you
 while we take care of this
 business.

Elijah offers her a cigarette from his pack.

DANIELLE
 No thanks. I don't smoke. And just
 so you know, I don't need a
 babysitter. I can handle myself.

ELIJAH
 I'm sure.

CUT TO:

6 INT. CONVENIENCE STORE - NIGHT

The front door OPENS.

Rachael, not bothering to even peer up from her book, barely notices the straggly-dressed and suspicious male CUSTOMER(20's).

Outside, Doug's car remains parked next to the van.

(CONTINUED)

RACHAEL
(uninterested)
Good evening.

The Customer does not respond. Instead he walks to the back of the store and begins reading MAGAZINES.

RACHAEL (cont'd)
Okay. Whatever.

The television continues to play.

ANCHOR (O.S)
...the killer escaped from Death Row two night's ago while leading authorities to the remains of one of his final victims.

Rachael notices that Doug car is still in the parking lot near the van.

A ragged BASEBALL CAP hides the face of the quiet customer as he feigns reading a magazine.

ANCHOR
(re: television)
Local police departments have combined efforts in the hopes of quickly apprehending the man whose murdering rampage shocked and terrified residence of this town more than a decade ago.

Rachael checks the CLOCK on the wall. It reads: 11:55. She peers back out to the parking lot. The car hasn't moved.

RACHAEL
Sir, I don't mean to rush you but the store will be closing soon. Do you need help finding anything?

The customer SHAKES his HEAD "no" before putting down the magazine and heading to the register.

On the TV screen, an imposed PHOTO of DRAKE DAVENPORT is posted.

ANCHOR
(re: television)
The exact whereabouts of Davenport are currently unknown, but police believe him to be within fifteen miles of where he escaped. If you have seen this man, please call...

(CONTINUED)

The customer abruptly SLAMS a HAMMER down onto the counter, startling Rachael, who has been switching her attention between the television and Doug's idle car outside.

RACHAEL
(uneasy)
Is that all for you?

Silence.

RACHAEL
Okay? Your total is...

Out of the corner of her eye, Rachael notices the "Wanted" PICTURE of Drake Davenport that fills the television screen. She looks at the strange customer again.

CUSTOMER
(almost whispering)
I know what you're thinking.

RACHAEL
Excuse me?

CUSTOMER
In a few moments, you are going to realize who I am. I don't want you to overreact.

Rachael is confused until she gets a good look at the customer's face. It's the same as the one on the television.

It is Drake Davenport.

The horror of the situation sets in and Rachael instantly reaches for the TELEPHONE. Davenport GRABS her hand.

DAVENPORT (CONT'D)
(deadpan)
That is not going to happen, ma'am.

Rachael attempts to free herself from Davenport's grasp but can not.

RACHAEL
(hysterical)
Let go of me! My co-worker is right outside! He's going to see you and come kick your ass!

Rachael notices the BLOOD on Davenport's HANDS and CLOTHES.

CUT TO:

7 INT. DOUG'S CAR

Doug's THROAT has been SLICED OPEN. BLOOD soaks his lifeless torso and the interior of the car.

DAVENPORT (V.O)
I highly doubt that.

CUT TO:

8 INT. CONVENIENCE STORE - NIGHT

Still holding tight to Rachael's WRIST, Davenport clinches the hammer he just bought with his other hand as the television continues to play.

ANCHOR (O.S)
Once again, this man is considered extremely dangerous, armed or otherwise. DO NOT attempt to apprehend...

Rachael is terrified.

DAVENPORT
I'm not going back. I won't.

RACHAEL
Just leave. I won't tell anyone.

DAVENPORT
I can't take that chance. I'm sorry.

RACHAEL
No, you're not!

Davenport releases his hold on Rachael.

DAVENPORT
There is no point in trying to run. You have nowhere to go.

RACHAEL
What do you want from me?

DAVENPORT
Rachael, is it? Rachael, I'm going to have to kill you. It's the only way. I am doing the lord's work and I can not allow anyone--you or those cops--to stop me. I have no

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

DAVENPORT (cont'd)
choice. You really shouldn't have
been watching that TV tonight.

Rachael carefully reaches behind the counter. She quickly
retrieves a WOODEN BASEBALL BAT and CRACKS it against the
side of Davenport's head.

Davenport falls to the floor as a panic-stricken Rachael
HOPS the counter and runs for the exit.

RACHAEL
Go to Hell, you fucking asshole!

Within moments, Davenport is back to his feet and in pursuit
of Rachael, hammer in hand.

9 EXT. CONVENIENCE STORE - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

Rachael frantically runs towards Doug's idled car.

RACHAEL
(crying)
DOUG! Help me!

She approaches the vehicle.

RACHAEL (cont'd)
What the hell are you doing? Didn't
you hear me yelling? There is some
fucking psycho---

Upon seeing Doug's dead body slumped over in the car,
Rachael SCREAMS in terror.

Davenport is running after her, closing in. Rachael heads
for the desolate highway.

RACHAEL (cont'd)
Somebody! Please!

There is no one to hear her cries. A momentary hesitation
from Rachael is the opening Davenport needs. He TACKLES her
to the concrete.

DAVENPORT
(panting; chuckling)
Save your breath. I know this area
and around this time, everyone is
off the roads. It looks like it's
just me and you. And God, of
course.

(CONTINUED)

Rachael attempts to fight back against Davenport, who has mounted and pinned her to the ground. Davenport PUNCHES her in the FACE, knocking her out.

CUT TO:

10 INT. COFFEE SHOP - NIGHT

Back at the table, Elijah and Danielle are finishing up their respective cups of coffee.

ELIJAH

You and I, we have quite the task ahead of us. Something nobody should have to do.

DANIELLE

I happen to agree with you. And I'm not even completely sure about what it is we are doing.

ELIJAH

Don't worry. it will soon become crystal clear. With that said, I'm going to make a suggestion to you if I may, Danielle .

DANIELLE

And that would be?

FADE TO:

11 EXT. CONVENIENCE STORE - NIGHT

Rachael's FINGERNAILS TEAR against the wet concrete as she is DRAGGED by the hair through the parking lot by Davenport.

ELIJAH (V.O)

Loosen up. The worst is still to come. I promise.

Rachael desperately tries to cling on to the open DOOR of Doug's car but Davenport stops and HITS her hand with the hammer.

Rachael YELLS in pain.

Davenport continues to drag her.

(CONTINUED)

DAVENPORT

Play nice and this will all be over soon.

RACHAEL

Kiss my ass!

DAVENPORT

Watch the language, will you? No need to get vulgar.

12 INT. CONVENIENCE STORE - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

Various snacks and items on shelves are KNOCKED OVER as Rachael KICKS her feet wildly trying to escape from Davenport's clutches.

Davenport viciously SLAMS the back of Rachael's HEAD through the GLASS EXTERIOR of the front counter.

Davenport walks over to the door and locks it.

ANCHOR (O.S)

Once again, citizens are being advised to be on the look out for any unusual persons until this matter is resolved. Lock your doors. Remain vigil.

13 INT. COFFEE SHOP - NIGHT

Elijah lights another cigarette.

ELIJAH

What's on your mind?

DANIELLE

A lot.

ELIJAH

Care to be a little more specific?

DANIELLE

Well, I just feel somewhat uneasy. Not uneasy, really. More like...I don't know. It's as if everything is out of place.

ELIJAH

Given the circumstances, that's understandable.

(CONTINUED)

DANIELLE

Do you believe in what we are doing?

ELIJAH

I don't think I would be here if I didn't. Do you not?

DANIELLE

I do. It's just that it feels like we don't know the whole story. Like parts are missing.

Elijah thinks to himself for a second.

FADE TO:

14 INT. CONVENIENCE STORE - NIGHT

Davenport, still panting, steps behind the counter and TURNS OFF the television.

DAVENPORT

I wasn't always like this, Rachael. What I mean to say is that I used to not have to carry around the burdens that I now do.

On the floor, Rachael is beginning to come to. She brushes the shards of GLASS from her bleeding scalp. Next to her, in the debris is the baseball bat she has discarded earlier.

DAVENPORT

Don't get me wrong, now. It was through the strength and guidance of my god that I have made it this far in life, but sometimes it can be a bit overwhelming.

Davenport meticulously paces back over towards Rachael, whom he believes to be still incapacitated.

DAVENPORT (cont'd)

You seem like a lovely young lady, Rachael. I really wish environment were different in which we had met, unfortunately that isn't the case.

Rachael waits until Davenport is standing over her before JABBING the BUTT-END of the BAT into his GROIN.

(CONTINUED)

RACHAEL
I don't give a shit about your
life, you goddamn lunatic! Leave
me alone!

Rachael quickly crawls passed Davenport, who is doubled
over, holding his crotch in agony.

DAVENPORT
(coughing)
Bitch!

Davenport ignores his pain and springs to his keep. He again
chases after Rachael, who is heading towards the BACK
STORAGE ROOM.

CUT TO:

15 INT. COFFEE SHOP - NIGHT

Elijah looks down at Danielle's HANDS.

DANIELLE
What are you looking at?

ELIJAH
I just noticed that you keep
showing that ring finger a lot of
attention. As if something should
be there--like a ring, perhaps.

DANIELLE
Yeah, it's a long story.

ELIJAH
Aren't they all?

On the television in the background, the news broadcast
become audible.

ANCHOR
This just in. Traffic has come to a
standstill after a fatal car crash
on Interstate 40. At least two
people have been reported dead and
several others injured. Stay tuned
for details...

CUT TO:

16 INT. CONVENIENCE STORE - STORAGE ROOM - NIGHT

Rachael stands in the corner of the room with nowhere to run. Davenport ominously lurks towards her.

DAVENPORT

Why did you have to go and do that?
I already explained that this is
something I am not taking pleasure
in. I don't want to have to kill
such a beautiful woman as yourself,
but it's necessary. Plans have been
put into place that can not be
ruined. By anyone.

RACHAEL

(sobbing)

Whatever you're talking about has
nothing to do with me. You don't
have to kill me. You don't even
know me.

DAVENPORT

This is what's meant to happen.
Perhaps in the next life I will be
able to make amends to you in some
way.

Once Davenport is close to her, Rachael SWINGS the bat at him. Davenport DUCKS and GRABS the bat. He pins her against the wall with the bat pressed firmly to her throat.

17 INT. COFFEE SHOP - NIGHT

Elijah removes a MANILA FILE FOLDER from his INSIDE COAT POCKET and places it on the table.

ELIJAH

I'm guessing something very bad
happened in your past. That's
usually the case. Trust me, mine
isn't a bunch of roses, either.

DANIELLE

Maybe, we aren't that different.

ELIJAH

Maybe not.

CUT TO:

18 INT. CONVENIENCE STORE - STORAGE ROOM - NIGHT

GASPING for her life, Rachael POUNDS her fists into Davenport's face. KICKS him in the legs. Does anything possible to break free.

ELIJAH (V.O)

Not sure if this has to do with the topic at hand, but it seems fitting. I heard this saying once. "The thing we do in this lifetime, echo for an eternity." Or something like that. Kind of broad, yes, but appropriate, I believe.

While trying to defend herself, Rachael stumbles upon the hammer Davenport has placed in his JACKET POCKET.

She removes it and STRIKES Davenport in the EYE, causing him to release Rachael and stagger backwards.

DAVENPORT

Shit!

Blood LEAKS through Davenport's fingers as he cups his wounded eye.

Infuriated, he charges after Rachael but is sidestepped. He SLAMS his shoulder into the wall.

Rachael again swings the hammer at Davenport's head, but misses. This gives Davenport an opportunity. He pulls out his POCKET KNIFE and DIGS it into Rachael's THIGH.

She CRIES out in gut-wrenching pain and collapses to the ground.

DAVENPORT (cont'd)

My eye! You fucking whore! Okay, now I am going to enjoy this. You brought this on yourself. Shit!

Davenport BREAKS the BAT across his knee, creating a sharp edge then slowly stalks towards Rachael.

19 INT. COFFEE SHOP - NIGHT

Elijah opens the file and SLIDES it across the table to Danielle.

(CONTINUED)

ELIJAH

This is the guy we are after. Well, he once looked like that. It's a rather out-dated picture.

Danielle takes a look at the file.

DANIELLE

So, he's what all the unrest is about?

ELIJAH

That would be correct.

CUT TO:

20

INT. CONVENIENCE STORE - STORAGE ROOM - NIGHT

Rachael struggles to get away, but it is to no avail as Davenport straddles her, subduing her with the bulk of his weight.

The jagged end of the baseball PIERCES the skin on Rachael's shoulder. She again SCREAMS from the combined pain of this and the knife in her thigh.

DANIELLE (V.O)

I've never heard of him.

ELIJAH (V.O)

Then you are in for a treat.

Davenport reaches behind him and removes the KNIFE from Rachael's thigh.

ELIJAH (V.O)(CONT'D)

Once upon a time, there lived a really fucking sick and demented serial killing bastard. One of the most twisted in all the land.

Suddenly, Rachael manages to shift her body and make Davenport fall to the side slightly. She CLAWS Davenport's already injured face as they tussle for the knife.

DANIELLE (V.O)

There are many depraved individuals out there. What makes him so special?

Rachael grabs the knife. Davenport is about to STAB her with the sharp piece of wood, but Rachael STABS him in the STOMACH just in time.

(CONTINUED)

Davenport drops the bat and clinches his abdomen before falling over onto his back on the ground.

Rachael JERKS the blade from Davenport's stomach and mounts him.

RACHAEL

Fuck you!

Rachael repeatedly drives the knife down into Davenport's FACE and neck area as BLOOD SPURTS onto her own face.

After Davenport's body seems to go limp, Rachael ceases her attack. She crawls off of her would-be killer, sobbing uncontrollably.

ELIJAH (V.O)

That's where things get sort of complicated. Drake Davenport brutally slaughtered people as a part of God's master plan as he put it.

Davenport exhales his final breath through his new mask of crimson plasma.

ELIJAH (V.O)(CONT'D)

And then he was killed. If only the story ended there.

CUT TO

21 INT. COFFEE SHOP - NIGHT

Danielle studies the file on Davenport as the realization sinks in.

DANIELLE

That's where we come in, isn't it?

ELIJAH

Bingo, darling. You see, apparently Mr. Davenport isn't a big fan of incarceration. He escaped from jail and refused to return. Likewise was his disposition on the afterlife. I hope you have some good incentive from the Man to take this mission, by the way.

Danielle runs her fingertip around her RING FINGER.

(CONTINUED)

DANIELLE

I do.

Danielle takes a final look at the file then stares out the window as the rain continues to pour.

ELIJAH

I hope it motivates you because I have a feeling this whole situation is going to be a bit messy. After all...

FADE TO:

22 INT. CONVENIENCE STORE - NIGHT

Rachael pulls herself along the floor towards the front counter as blood pours from her thigh and shoulder.

Once behind the counter, she grabs the phone and begins DIALING. The whole time she is entranced in an almost hypnotic gaze into space.

ELIJAH (V.O)(CONT'D)

..we have been sent by the Almighty himself to hunt down the first fugitive from the gates of Hell. It isn't going to be a cake walk. Bad things are going to happen.

CUT TO:

23 INT. CONVENIENCE STORE - STORAGE ROOM - NIGHT

Davenport has stopped moving. He breaths no more.

ELIJAH (V.O)(CONT'D)

Unimaginably bad thing.

INSERT: TITLE (THE AMBROSE INCIDENTS)

INSERT: CRIME SCENE PHOTOS OF DRAKE DAVENPORT, DOUG, AND RACHAEL.

FADE TO BLACK:

OPENING CREDITS

24 EXT. APARTMENT COMPLEX - DAY

It is a bright and sunny morning at this lower-income housing complex. Carefree CHILDREN play amongst each other at the PLAYGROUND and near water sprinklers.

The scene focuses on two small kids chasing one another with WATER GUNS. One of the kids attempts to spray the other but misses and hits the PANTS of a STRANGER.

KID
Sorry, mister.

The shot PANS up from the kid's vantage point to reveal that the stranger is Elijah, who is accompanied by Danielle.

ELIJAH
It's cool, little man.

Elijah smiles at the kid and pats him on the shoulder, sending him on his way.

ELIJAH (cont'd)
I've always loved kids. How about you?

DANIELLE
I never really thought about it but sure.

ELIJAH
I take it you never had any of your own.

DANIELLE
Not that I recall.

ELIJAH
Me neither. Boy, if I could go back though.

Elijah removes a NEWSPAPER from his back pocket.

The HEADLINE reads: "HUSBAND AND WIFE BRUTALLY SLAIN; NO SUSPECTS"

DANIELLE
So, you think that's our guy?

ELIJAH
Can't be sure.

(CONTINUED)

DANIELLE

Well, you're carrying around that paper so you must think it has something to do with this case.

ELIJAH

No shit. It's called research. Maybe it's something or maybe it's nothing. Like I said, I can't be sure at this moment.

DANIELLE

Man, you are a dick. How did you wind up in Heaven anyway?

ELIJAH

I ate my vitamins and said my prayers.

CUT TO:

25 INT. HIGH SCHOOL CAFETERIA - DAY

Jumbled chatter echoes throughout the lunch room as students wait in line to be served their meals and assemble at their respective tables.

At one certain table sit PAUL (17; free-spirited skater) and VANESSA (17; bashful cheerleader). Both seem out of place together as made obvious by the awkward stares from their peers.

PAUL

So, are we still on for tonight, babe?

Vanessa quickly looks around the area in a paranoid manner.

VANESSA

(whispering)

Be quiet, Paul. I don't want the whole school knowing what we do. And yes, we are still on for tonight.

Paul surveys the same immediate area and SHRUGS nonchalantly.

PAUL

Fuck them. Anybody with goddamn common sense has put two and two together and at least noticed that

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

PAUL (cont'd)
we hangout more than usual. Why do you even care?

VANESSA
Because I do, Paul. I don't want people thinking I'm a slut or anything just because you and I have our fun.

PAUL
You should really take a note or two from your "platonic" friend here. I could give a retarded ferret's nut sack what these posers think. Except for the bitches.

VANESSA
Oh my god, you are such a goof. Are you ever serious?

PAUL
Rarely. You know why?

VANESSA
Why?

PAUL
Because life is supposed to be spontaneous. That's my point. None of this shit matters at all. God's little social experience called life is what we are living through. Who says you have to play by the rules? Throw a fucking monkey wrench in the plan or something. We're all going to die, anyway. Just a matter of when and how bad ass you go.

VANESSA
Wow, I didn't know I had been hanging out with such a philosophical person.

CUT TO:

26 EXT. JENKINS RESIDENCE - DAY

Blinding daylight shines off of the numerous police cars that surround the crime scene of the grizzly double murders from the previous night.

After walking passed a barrage of curious onlookers, disturbed neighbors and worrisome reporters, DETECTIVE MAXWELL REYNOLDS (30; worn out) ducks under POLICE TAPE and prepares for another strenuous day at work.

Detective Reynolds approaches a UNIFORMED OFFICER before entering house.

REYNOLDS

What do we know so far, Williams?

OFFICER WILLIAMS (35) directs Reynolds' attention to the back porch steps.

WILLIAMS

This looks to be the initial point of attack. The perpetrator struck with either a pocket knife or some sort of hand-made shank.

Williams points to the bloodied HOLE in the wooden step.

CUT TO:

27 EXT. JENKINS RESIDENCE - BACK PORCH - NIGHT

A man, GREG (27) steps out onto the dimly lit porch. He looks as if he is investigating something.

Behind him is an attractive yet visibly upset young woman, HANNA (25).

HANNA

Greg, you better not be trying to sneak off with your whore.

GREG

Yes, Hanna, that's exactly what I am doing. Give it a break already. I know I heard something out here.

From seemingly nowhere, a BLADE SLAMS down through the top of Greg's foot and into the wooden step.

Greg SCREAMS in pain.

(CONTINUED)

HANNA

Oh my god, Greg! What the hell?!

GREG

(almost in shock)

Get back in the house! Call the police!

HANNA

But--

GREG

Now, goddamn it!

From the shadows, an UNIDENTIFIABLE FIGURE approaches with a SLEDGEHAMMER in hand.

CUT TO:

28 EXT. JENKINS' RESIDENCE - DAY

Detective Reynolds closely surveys the scene.

REYNOLDS

Blood, tissue and some sort of fibers.

WILLIAMS

The perp stabbed our vic through the foot. Oh, we're just getting started.

REYNOLDS

It gets better?

Williams next identifies an indentation in the second step. BLOOD and BONE FRAGMENTS can be seen amongst the CRACKED WOOD.

CUT TO:

29 EXT. JENKINS' RESIDENCE - BACK PORCH - NIGHT

The sledgehammer is SMASHED into Greg's KNEE.

WILLIAMS (V.O)

It seems that the knife was used to hold the victim in place while another blunt object--I'm guessing an aluminum baseball bat or metal pole or something--was used to smash his knee for whatever reason.

(CONTINUED)

The attacker removes the blade from Greg's foot and proceeds towards the door.

REYNOLDS (V.O)

It subdued the victim, possibly allowing him to move on to his next task.

Greg attempts to stop the attacker but gets a hard KICK to the face.

CUT TO:

30 EXT. JENKINS RESIDENCE - DAY

WILLIAMS

Speaking of which, follow me and I'll introduce you to our second unfortunate participant.

REYNOLDS

This should be a treat.

Reynolds looks around and observes the neighborhood.

REYNOLDS (cont'd)

Damn shame, you know, Williams. This is some fucked up shit to be happening in a place like this.

WILLIAMS

Amen, brother. Amen.

Williams and Reynolds enter the home.

CUT TO:

31 EXT. APARTMENT COMPLEX - DAY

Danielle and Elijah walk up to an apartment. Elijah uses a KEY and opens the door.

DANIELLE

Why are we here?

ELIJAH

That's a question that I've been asking for the majority of both my lives.

(CONTINUED)

DANIELLE

I mean, why are we at this particular location, jerk?

ELIJAH

Oh. This is where we will be living for the next few days, week, months or years that it takes for us to catch this psycho. So get comfortable.

DANIELLE

I doubt that's possible.

32 INT. APARTMENT - CONTINUOUS

Danielle and Elijah enter the small, cramped apartment and remove their JACKETS.

Elijah immediately JUMPS onto the couch and reclines while Danielle takes to the back to scout the rest of the living space.

She returns.

DANIELLE

One bedroom and one bed? Are you kidding me?

ELIJAH

Hey, don't blame me. Limited funds, sweetie.

Danielle SIGHS then walks back to the bedroom.

ELIJAH (cont'd)

You know there are perks to being human again, right? Maybe that single bed can help us discover those perks.

Danielle returns with a PILLOW and BLANKET.

DANIELLE

I guess you'll never know. You're sleeping on the couch. Get comfortable.

Danielle THROWS the pillow and blanket at Elijah, HITTING him in the face. Danielle walks to the bedroom.

(CONTINUED)

ELIJAH

Shit.

CUT TO:

33 INT. JENKINS RESIDENCE - KITCHEN - DAY

Detective Reynolds and Officer Williams arrive at the sight of a bloody male corpse propped against the wall.

WILLIAMS

Greg Jenkins, twenty-seven years old, insurance rep. As you can see here, Mr. Jenkins did not have a very enjoyable last few moments.

They pay particular attention to the golf ball-sized PUNCTURE WOUND in Greg's pelvis.

REYNOLDS

I image not.

WILLIAMS

What do you think could have done this?

REYNOLDS

(hesitates)

Get back to me on that.

Reynolds examines the victim's PUNCTURED FOOT.

WILLIAMS

I'm thinking six to ten-inch blade.

REYNOLDS

Sounds about right.

WILLIAMS

Man, what in fuck's sake does a guy do to deserve something like this?

REYNOLDS

Something I probably can't afford.

WILLIAMS

Well, as far as we can tell there is nothing missing.

REYNOLDS

No. A pretty mess like this one? Whoever did this wasn't after the

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

REYNOLDS (cont'd)
 money. This is something completely
 on the other side of the street.

WILLIAMS
 Sex crime?

REYNOLDS
 Possible. Could be professional.
 Hell, could be anything. I watched
 some documentary shit last night
 about this loony bastard that
 carved holes in his elderly
 neighbors for kicks. Went ten years
 like this until he finally turned
 himself in tripping off peyote.
 Writes a full confession including
 precise locations of the bodies.
 Never flinched, this fruit loop
 fuck. He was glad he had done it.
 That's the anything I mean.

Reynolds notices METALLIC FRAGMENTS on Greg's lap.

REYNOLDS (cont'd)
 What do have here?

WILLIAMS
 I don't know. Looks like it used to
 be a phone maybe.

CUT TO:

34 INT. JENKINS RESIDENCE - KITCHEN - NIGHT

Greg is propped against the wall and is engaged in a
 conversation on his cell phone.

GREG
 (Whispering)

...I don't know what's happening.
 This maniac just stabs me for no
 reason and bashes in my fucking
 knee with a damn sledgehammer. I
 think he's still busy with Hanna so
 I'm going to try to sneak out.

REYNOLDS (V.O)
 Do me a favor and go get CSU over
 here to get those samples. More
 than likely it's his cell and it
 (MORE)

(CONTINUED)

REYNOLDS (V.O) (cont'd)
may be vital in helping us close
some of these loose ends.

Greg CLOSES his cell phone and places it on his lap. He takes a deep breath and gets ready to make his escape.

The cell phone RINGS. It's LINDSEY.

GREG
Damn it, you stupid slut. You're
going to get me fucking killed.

With those words said, the end of the sledgehammer HANDLE that has been sharpened to a spear-like POINT is driven down through the cell phone and subsequently into Greg's GROIN.

Greg CRIES OUT as blood SPRAYS from his lap.

REYNOLDS(V.O)
Somebody out there spoke to this
man last night. Possibly shortly
before he died. Somebody can help
us understand what Mr. Jenkins saw
in his final moments and who did
this.

The attacker walks over to a DRAWER and removes a CARVING KNIFE.

He slowly walks back over to Greg who is writhing in agony and close to going into shock.

From Greg's POINT OF VIEW, the attacker kneels down in front of him and, still hiding his face, cracks a grin then violently YANKS the sledgehammer out of Greg's CROTCH.

WILLIAMS (V.O)
Somehow, I doubt Satan has a
traceable phone number.

FADE TO:

35 INT. JENKINS' RESIDENCE - KITCHEN - DAY

Reynolds picks up the broken pieces of metal and plastic and places them in an EVIDENCE BAG then hands it to Williams.

REYNOLDS
Nevertheless, if you see Patton out
there, tell him to stop flirting
with the schoolgirls and get me
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

REYNOLDS (cont'd)
phone records for all of the
Jenkins' lines. Cell, home, work,
hell I don't care if he's got to
search pay phones.

WILLIAMS
You got it.

As Officer Williams exits the house. Reynolds notices
someone approaching.

REYNOLDS
Lieutenant Stacy, how are you,
today?

LT. STACY (O.S)
Look at this place and take a
fucking guess as to how I'm doing.

LIEUTENANT ERICA STACY(35; rude, brash) walks up to
Detective Reynolds and removes his CIGARETTES from his shirt
pocket.

LT. STACY
Don't mind if I do, Max. Might I
add that it is so nice for you to
join us this
morning. Late as usual, I
see.

Lt. Stacy pulls a cigarette from the pack with her teeth
then returns the pack to Reynolds' pocket.

REYNOLDS
You know that gets me going, right,
boss?

LT. STACY
Keep it in your pants. You're on
the clock for god's sake. Now, come
on, I have to get you up to speed
on your case. The wife is in here.

Lt. Stacy and Detective Reynolds exit the kitchen as the CSU
team enters to tend to the body.

CUT TO:

36

INT. JENKINS RESIDENCE - BATHROOM - NIGHT

Hanna, cradled in a ball near the toilet, is terrified; STREAMS of TEARS run down her face.

HANNA

Leave me alone! Please just stop!
Greg, where are you?!

LT. STACY (V.O)

Victim's name is Hanna...

A few thunderous THUMPS echo off the door before it gives way and BURSTS OPEN.

Hanna SCREAMS in fear for her life as the attacker enters the small bathroom.

As he lurks closer, Hanna begins THROWING random objects-HAIRSPRAY, BRUSHES, ETC.-at the attacker.

LT. STACY (V.O) (cont'd)

As you can obviously tell, she put up somewhat of a fight. Bless her heart.

The attacker is now standing over Hanna who is backed into a corner of the bathroom. His face is still obscured from the light, leaving only his mouth and parts of his nose to be seen.

Hanna's loud cries turn into soft, desperate WHIMPERS.

HANNA

Please don't do this. The police will be here any second. You can take whatever you want. I promise I won't tell them what you look like either. Just don't hurt me.

The attacker takes his RUGGED and SCARRED hands and BRUSHES Hanna's wild hair from her face.

Hanna is completely horrified. She cringes as the attacker touches her.

REYNOLDS (V.O)

Look at her eyes. Still frozen open with fear.

The attacker PETS Hanna's hair while she CRIES uncontrollably.

He slowly backs off of Hanna.

(CONTINUED)

CUT TO:

37 INT. JENKINS RESIDENCE - BATHROOM - DAY

Reynolds and Lt. Stacy stand over the unseen corpse trying to piece together what transpired.

LT. STACY

As you can see by the rather large and bloody hole in her and the wall, that she was impaled by some sort of weapon that we have yet to identify or located.

REYNOLDS

(studying hole in wall)

Spear, maybe? Looks like this might be same thing used on the husband. What the fuck are we dealing with?

CUT TO:

38 INT. HOUSE - BATHROOM - NIGHT

Hanna SOBS as it seems the attacker is about to leave and spare her life.

LT. STACY (V.O)

I don't know, Max but I have a feeling that if we don't catch the monster that did this soon...

Suddenly, the attacker grabs the sledgehammer and FLIPS it around to SPEAR END.

Before Hanna can react, though, the attacker charges and IMPALES her through the CHEST and into the wall.

LT. STACY (V.O) (cont'd)

...things are going to get a lot worse.

CUT TO:

39 INT. APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - DAY

Elijah removes a BUNDLE of PAPERS from his coat pocket and toss them onto the table. He walks over and turns on the TELEVISION.

On the screen is talk show host, KYLE SANDERS (40's).

(CONTINUED)

KYLE SANDERS

On today's show, we revisit a heinous series of murders that took place more than three decades ago. This week marks the anniversary of some of the most brutal slayings that you may never have even heard of.

ELIJAH

No way. You've got to be shitting me.

On TV, an aged CLIP is shown featuring a YOUNG MAN being escorted by POLICE OFFICERS into the precinct amidst a mob of REPORTERS and angry CITIZENS.

KYLE SANDERS (V.O)

The year was 1978 and nineteen-year-old, Drake Davenport was finally apprehended after a week-long killing spree that terrorized the small town of...

ELIJAH

Hey, Danielle, come here. You should see this.

FADE TO:

40 EXT. MOTEL - DUSK - ESTABLISHING SHOT

A PICK UP TRUCK pulls up to the shady, poorly-kept motel.

Paul and Vanessa get out of the truck and head to the room.

41 INT.MOTEL ROOM-NIGHT-CONTINUOUS

As soon as they shut the door, the two begin KISSING and FALL onto the bed.

Kyle Sander's plays on the T.V.

Various PHOTOS of victims are imposed onto the screen.

KYLE SANDERS (V.O)

Davenport targeted peers from his high school and neighborhood he claimed had been specifically chosen by both God and Satan.

(CONTINUED)

VANESSA

Look, I know I've been annoying, but I can't help it. I just don't want anyone to find out.

PAUL

Oh well. What's the worst that could happen? Are your "popular" friends going to take you out to pasture and Old Yeller you or something? Don't think so.

VANESSA

No. Shut up. People judge. That's all I'm saying.

TV: More photos of victims. Some BOUND and horribly LACERATED. Some BLUDGEONED to death. Some HANGED.

KYLE SANDERS (V.O)

Like something straight out a horror movie, Davenport hunted down, tortured and murdered more than fifteen people before eventually being caught at a warehouse he had taken refuge in.

PAUL

And all I'm saying is don't worry about them. Only God can really judge us and we have plenty of time before that happens.

KYLE SANDERS (V.O)

Some ten years later, while leading police to his supposed final victim, Davenport managed to escape, killing several officers before going on a second murdering spree.

VANESSA

Yeah, you're right. I bet you think you're the big shit now that we're fucking, don't you?

PAUL

What can I say besides "yes"? Oh, and I'm a gentleman so it's "love making".

(CONTINUED)

VANESSA

Well, don't get too cocky.

PAUL

Speaking of cocky, why don't you reach in my pants and grab my ego?

Paul and Vanessa start LAUGHING then return to making out on the bed. The two remove their CLOTHES while they roll around the bed.

T.V: Photos of a Davenport STABBED about the FACE. A YOUNG WOMAN covering her face and being escorted by cops out of a convenience store.

KYLE SANDERS (V.O)

His sinister reign was finally put to an end when he was ironically killed by one of his would-be victims who to this day remains unknown due to her age at the time.

Suddenly, loud THUDS rattle the door.

PAUL

What the fuck?!

Paul, startled, stands up from the bed. As the knocking continues, he and Vanessa contemplate what to do.

PAUL

(whispering)

What should I do?

VANESSA

I don't know. No one is supposed to know we're here. Oh my god.

PAUL

Shit...

Paul cautiously creeps towards the door as the BANGING continues.

PAUL (cont'd)

Who's there?

No answer.

CUT TO:

42 INT. REYNOLDS RESIDENCE - BEDROOM - NIGHT

Detective Reynolds sits on the edge of his bed with a BOTTLE of WHISKEY right next him on the NIGHT STAND.

In his hand is a CASE FILE from an investigation.

The shot PANS around the room to show various NEWS ARTICLE CLIPPINGS posted on the walls.

The articles pertain to different unsolved murders from the past.

CUT TO:

43 EXT. MOTEL - NIGHT

Paul slowly opens the door. A look of relief comes over his face.

PAUL

Goddamn it. It's just you. You scared the hell out of me, man.

It's the MOTEL CLERK (late 30's; scraggly; disgruntled)

MOTEL CLERK

Judas-fucking-Priest! Turn down that television, will ya? I've been calling your room for a half an hour.

Vanessa turns the volume on the t.v. down.

PAUL

Sorry about that. Is there a problem?

MOTEL CLERK

Yeah, there's a problem. The credit card you gave me is no good. I'm gonna need cash if you plan on staying here tonight.

PAUL

What? My bad, man. Uh, let me take care of that.

Paul searches through his pockets for money.

Out of nowhere, BLOOD SPURTS onto his frame. Vanessa lets out a SCREAM of sheer terror.

(CONTINUED)

The Motel Clerk has been IMPALED through the throat with a SHARP WEAPON.

A SHADOWY FIGURE stands behind the shocked clerk, BLOOD spewing from his open mouth.

VANESSA

What the fuck?! Jesus, Jesus! Oh my god!

As Paul retreats to the back of the room with Vanessa, the attacker SHOVES the dead clerk onto the floor and makes his way inside.

He SLAMS the door shut behind.

CUT TO:

44 INT. APARTMENT - NIGHT

Elijah and Danielle are sitting on the couch, both their attentions drawn to the television.

KYLE SANDERS

Sadly, the woman responsible for putting an end to the dastardly Drake Davenport is not here to tell her heroic story. Several years ago, she was killed a freak automobile accident.

ELIJAH

We have to find out who she was. Might give us some clues about how to stop Davenport.

DANIELLE

Sorry, but she's dead.

ELIJAH

So are we. Yet here we are once again flesh and bones.

DANIELLE

I'm sure we are the exceptions. I doubt people are being resurrected left and right.

ELIJAH

What I meant is that if we learn her identity then maybe we can better understand the situation.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

ELIJAH (cont'd)
You tend to read too much into things. Chill.

DANIELLE
Okay. That does make sense, I suppose.

ELIJAH
Of course it does. We'll go out and scout some leads tomorrow.

CUT TO:

45 INT. REYNOLDS RESIDENCE - BEDROOM - NIGHT

A CELL PHONE RINGS.

A CLOCK next to the bed shows that it is now ONE THIRTY-FOUR A.M.

Detective Reynolds, nearly finished with the bottle of whiskey, reluctantly answers his cell phone.

REYNOLDS
Reynolds. What is it, now?

CUT TO:

46 EXT. MOTEL - NIGHT

Detective Reynolds arrives at the fresh crime scene, steaming cup of COFFEE in hand.

UNIFORMED OFFICERS and FORENSICS UNITS are conversed next to the door of the motel room.

Near the commotion and in Reynolds immediate view is Lt. Stacy smoking a CIGARETTE and PACING back and forth.

REYNOLDS
So, what's the damage?

LT. STACY
Sammie Douglas, on-duty desk clerk. Looks to have been attacked from behind. Deep puncture wound went straight through his neck and out his throat, severing the brain stem and killing him instantly.

(CONTINUED)

Reynolds steps a few feet into the room and kneels next to the dead clerk.

REYNOLDS
Any weapons found; prints?

LT. STACY
Nothing.

REYNOLDS
Great. You know what I'm thinking, right?

LT. STACY
Yes, but I'm hoping it isn't the case.

REYNOLDS
Same pattern as the Jenkins case. Could be the same murder weapon. Puncture wounds look similar. I'm thinking there may be a connection. Might be a serial.

LT. STACY
Dear god. Just what this fucking town needs.

Reynolds peers further into the room.

REYNOLDS
I see there's more.

LT. STACY
Isn't there always more? Paul Nathans and Vanessa Harris. Local high school students apparently trying to sneak around for some alone time.

REYNOLDS
Picked the wrong night and place to try to sew their carnal oats. Have the parents been contacted?

LT. STACY
Should be here any moment.

REYNOLDS
Here comes the best part of the job.

CUT TO:

47 INT. APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

PAPERS are scattered all over the table as Danielle sleeps, her head resting on Elijah's shoulder. Elijah is also deep asleep.

FADE TO:

48 INT. CAR - NIGHT

Elijah sits in the car with another MAN. The LIGHT from the moon barely illuminated their features.

ELIJAH

What do you think, Jeff? Am I making the right decision? Honestly.

JEFF

Honestly...no, I don't think so. What do you really have to gain by going back?

ELIJAH

I kind of owe it to someone.

JEFF

Well, I hope it's worth it. You know, you are supposed to leave your past affairs where they are. This is a second chance. You go back and get killed by that fucking maniac and this time it's over for real. Permanent blackout.

ELIJAH

I know the risks.

JEFF

Your head, not mine. You wanna be some sort of hero, be my guest. You asked my opinion and my opinion is that it's suicide.

ELIJAH

(contemplates)

You know. I never was a fan of the whole eternity thing, anyway. That's a long time, man. Maybe, I'll pull it off and get to grow old this time.

(CONTINUED)

JEFF
(chuckles)
Shit, the world didn't want you the
first time and it probably hasn't
changed its mind. There's reason
you died, motherfucker.

Elijah LAUGHS as he looks off into the distance.

FADE TO:

49 INT. APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Elijah wakes up. He lies Danielle down on the couch and covers her with a blanket before walking off to the kitchen.

CUT TO:

50 INT. ABANDONED WAREHOUSE - NIGHT

The eerie MOONLIGHT can barely pierce the dark interior of the building through the various BROKEN WINDOWS. Lying around is an assortment of old, rusted and discarded automobile and lawn TOOLS.

The shot comes to a rest on an old VINYL RECORD PLAYER. From off screen, a hand places the needle onto the record.

The song "Amazing Grace" plays.

The song accompanies the actions of the next few shots.

INTER CUT:

At the latest crime scene, Detective Reynolds talks to the forensics team as he searches for clues. He looks increasingly frustrated.

Back in the apartment kitchen, Elijah CHUGS from a bottle of VODKA.

Returning to the warehouse, the shot rests on a NEWSPAPER CLIPPING on the wall. It is a MUGSHOT: DAVENPORT, DRAKE.

The shot of the photo merges with the FACE in the room. The EYES are the same. Beneath the burned and decrepit flesh is indeed Drake Davenport.

Davenport, sledgehammer in hand, exits the room.

CUT TO:

51 INT. HIGH SCHOOL HALLWAY - DAY

The BELL RINGS as STUDENTS empty out of their classrooms and into the halls. Most look distraught.

The voice of the PRINCIPAL BLARES over the P.A. SYSTEM.

PRINCIPAL (O.S)

As most of you may know by now,
last night we lost two very special
members of our A.H.S family.

CUT TO:

52 INT. MOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

Paul shields Vanessa with his body as they both cower on the floor and against the wall as Davenport lurks closer.

PRINCIPAL (V.O)

Many of you may be confused and
angry and saddened by the
senselessness of what has happened.
I too share in these feelings.

Vanessa, CRYING uncontrollably tries to reach for her CELL PHONE but it is out of reach.

VANESSA

Don't do this. We didn't do
anything!

PRINCIPAL (V.O)

It is hard to imagine why your
friends were so abruptly ripped
from the primes of their lives, but
I urge you to keep their families
in your prayers and trust that they
are at peace now.

Davenport GRABS Paul by the hair and forces him to his feet. Paul attempts to fight back but is SHOVED head-first into the wall.

The sledgehammer SMASHES into the back of Paul's SKULL, CRUSHING it to pieces.

Vanessa tries to make a run for the door, but is caught by Davenport and THROWN onto the bed.

Her SCREAMS are muffled when Davenports massive HANDS lock around her THROAT, crushing her windpipe.

(CONTINUED)

PRINCIPAL (V.O) (cont'd)
We all want answers now. And in
time they will come. But remember
that the best way to honor those
that are no longer with us...

Vanessa struggles to free herself. She CLAWS at him. She
pounds at his immovable body.

PRINCIPAL (V.O) (cont'd)
...is to live your lives to the
fullest.

Vanessa exhales her last breath.

CUT TO:

53 INT. HIGH SCHOOL HALLWAY - DAY

The BELL RINGS again as students make their ways back into
class.

PRINCIPAL (O.S)
Don't forget that grief counselors
are available to those who need
someone to talk to.

CUT TO:

54 INT. BAR - DAY

Danielle and Elijah are sitting at the bar. Both are reading
the morning's NEWSPAPER.

DANIELLE
This is him, isn't it?

ELIJAH
I think so. The style is his,
that's for sure.

DANIELLE
Should we call the police?

ELIJAH
And tell them what? That a serial
killer that was such a bad ass
fucker that he broke out of actual
Hell has returned from the dead to
continue his murderous spree on
your generally peaceful town?

(CONTINUED)

DANIELLE

All I'm saying---

ELIJAH

Oh, and who are we, Officer? Well, we just happen to be agents from Heaven sent to capture this fiend. I'm sure that will work. Why don't we add that we can fly as well?

DANIELLE

I hate you.

ELIJAH

I know but you're stuck with me.

The BARTENDER approaches them.

BARTENDER

What can I get you two love birds?

DANIELLE

Love birds? No. I'll have a water.

ELIJAH

Water? In a freaking bar? I'll take a Jack on the rocks.

BARTENDER

Coming right up.

Elijah removes a piece of PAPER from his pocket and hands it to Danielle.

DANIELLE

And this would be?

ELIJAH

That's the home address and phone number of Janice Edmond, mother of Rachael Edmond.

DANIELLE

Who's Rachael Edmond?

ELIJAH

The chick that knocked off Davenport.

DANIELLE

What? How did you find this information so quick?

(CONTINUED)

ELIJAH

The internet of course. You can find anything on that shit. But don't sweat the irrelevant. You need to go and talk to her. Get some insight into what her daughter was going through.

DANIELLE

And how am I supposed to do that. People don't usually take kindly to strangers asking questions about their deceased children.

ELIJAH

Think of something clever. I would tag along but I was thinking that she may warm up to a woman given the nature of the situation.

DANIELLE

So, what do you plan on doing to occupy your time while I'm off on this soon-to-be fruitless mission?

ELIJAH

I'm going to drink some more then I'm going to track down that television host that seems to know so much about Davenport. He lives in this town.

DANIELLE

Figures.

CUT TO:

55 EXT. STREET SIDEWALK - DAY

Detective Reynolds is about to open the door to his car when his cell phone RINGS.

REYNOLDS

Yeah. Reynolds here. What you got?

CUT TO:

56 INT. POLICE DEPARTMENT - DAY

Lt. Stacy is at her desk sorting through paperwork.

LT. STACY

Those phone records returned on the Jenkins case. It seems that Greg Jenkins made a call only a few minutes before his estimated time of death.

REYNOLDS (O.S)

To?

LT. STACY

His boss: a Miss Lindsey Dobbs.

CUT TO:

57 INT. REYNOLDS' CAR - DAY

Reynolds has just sat down behind the wheel.

REYNOLDS

So this suffering guy has one last chance to call to the outside world and his choice is the boss lady? Somehow I doubt their relationship was purely professional.

LT. STACY (O.S)

Whatever the case, I want you over there pronto. This broad must have heard something.

REYNOLDS

Did you just say "broad"?

The line goes dead.

REYNOLDS (cont'd)

Bitch.

CUT TO:

58 EXT. LINDSEY DOBBS'S HOUSE - DAY

Detective Reynolds' car comes to a rest in front of the quaint, middle class home. Reynolds exits his car and walks up to the front door. He RINGS the doorbell and waits for a response.

(CONTINUED)

Moments later, LINDSEY DOBBS (early 30's) answers the door. Her make up is runny and she looks as if she has been crying a great deal.

REYNOLDS

Miss Dobbs?

LINDSEY

Yes?

REYNOLDS

I'm Detective Max Reynolds. I'm here to ask you a few questions about Greg Jenkins.

LINDSEY

Sure. What do you need to know? He was a great employee.

REYNOLDS

I bet. Do you mind if I come in for a second?

LINDSEY

I guess not.

Lindsey opens the door and allows Reynolds to enter.

CUT TO:

59

EXT. STREET SIDEWALK - DAY

Danielle and Elijah are walking, observing the people of the town going about their day, completely oblivious.

DANIELLE

Do you remember what it was like? You know, in your previous life.

ELIJAH

Very vaguely. Bits sprinkled here and there. Sometimes I can't tell if it's from my last human life or the afterlife. Either way, I don't remember enough sex.

DANIELLE

You are ridiculous. I'm trying to have a serious discussion with you and you turn it into some stupid joke. Typical.

(CONTINUED)

ELIJAH

Stop being such a bitch. You should have a drink. Loosen you up a bit or something.

DANIELLE

I'll manage. I wish I remembered why I agreed to be paired with you. I can't wait until this is over you're out of my life.

ELIJAH

Harsh. For what it's worth, I kind of dig you. You've got spunk.

Elijah and Danielle arrive at the BUS STOP just as the BUS arrives.

DANIELLE

Is there something wrong with you? Why are you such a jackass to me?

ELIJAH

It's my way of flirting. Call me if you find any useful information.

DANIELLE

Sure.

Danielle gets on the bus.

ELIJAH

Hell, call me if you get bored and horny. I'll drop what I'm doing and come to your rescue.

DANIELLE

(laughs)

Shut up.

CUT TO:

60 INT. LINDSEY DOBBS' HOUSE - LIVING ROOM-DAY

Detective Reynolds is seated on the couch next to Lindsey. She has cleaned herself up a bit and the two are drinking TEA.

REYNOLDS

Miss Dobbs, the reason I'm here is because your phone number was the last called from Greg's cell phone

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

REYNOLDS (cont'd)
minutes before he was murdered. Any
reason why he would call you?

LINDSEY
I don't know. It must have been
something for the office.

REYNOLDS
It was midnight. Also, given his
circumstances, one would think that
Mr. Jenkins would have called the
police or family or someone. Why
you, his boss?

LINDSEY
Detective, I don't know what you
are getting at, but I do not have
the answers to these cynical
questions that you are asking me.

Reynolds looks around and notices a PICTURE of Lindsey and
Greg on a MANTLE. He stands up and walks to the mantle.

REYNOLDS
Nice picture. The Bahamas? Not bad
at all.

LINDSEY
That's from a company trip last
year.

REYNOLDS
Okay, Miss Dobbs, let me cut the
bullshit with you and give you my
assessment of things. I believe
that you and Greg Jenkins were
lovers and he called you with only
moments to live to profess his
undying--or I guess unconditional
word--love for you while his wife
was being murdered in the bathroom.
Am I warm?

LINDSEY
Fuck you! Greg and I were in love.
He was going to get a divorce and
everything was going to be perfect.
Now it's all gone to shit.

Lindsey drops her head and begins SOBBING.

Reynolds walks back over to Lindsey.

(CONTINUED)

REYNOLDS

Look, I'm not here to give you the third degree about your relationship. What I do need from you is any information you can provide that can help me catch the twisted son of a bitch that did this.

Lindsey wipes her tears away.

LINDSEY

(Sobbing)

Sledgehammer. Greg said that the guy busted his knee with a sledgehammer. That's all he really said before he hung up. He was supposed to try to escape but he never made it.

REYNOLDS

I'm sorry.

LINDSEY

Me too.

CUT TO:

61 INT. EDMOND RESIDENCE - KITCHEN - DAY

MRS. EDMOND (70's; kindhearted) POURS two cups of coffee and takes them over to the kitchen table where her guest is seated.

DANIELLE

I appreciate you taking the time to speak with me, Mrs. Edmond. This being so unexpected and all.

MRS. EDMOND

It's no problem, darling. Truth is, I don't get many visitors these days and an old friend of my dear Rachael is always welcome.

DANIELLE

You're very kind. Rachael must have been quite lucky to have a mother like you.

(CONTINUED)

MRS. EDMOND

On the contrary, I was lucky to have her. She was a special girl, Danielle. You remind me of her a bit.

DANIELLE

Oh, how so?

MRS. EDMOND

I can't put my finger on it. May be your eyes or some of your subtle mannerisms that liken you to her. Guess it might be one of those things that happen when close friends' characteristics rub off on one another.

DANIELLE

(perplexed)

Perhaps.

MRS. EDMOND

Regardless, a mother knows these things. Intuition. Whatever it is, I feel connected to you in some sense. You're supposed to be here.

DANIELLE

I'm glad you feel that way. I can't say that I have felt connected to much lately. Not even sure if I'm supposed to be here.

MRS. EDMOND

We're all supposed to be wherever we are. Remember that. Now, you said that you had some questions about Rachael. What exactly were you wondering?

DANIELLE

It's hard to explain, but a few years ago, Rachael and I kind of had a falling out and every since she passed, I've felt a little guilty that we never had closure. How was right before...

MRS. EDMOND

Before she died? It's okay, sweetheart, you can say it. It doesn't bother me. I wish I could

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

MRS. EDMOND (cont'd)
tell you that everything was great in her life but that was not the case. She was in the middle of a bitter divorce at the time. She also had other problems.

DANIELLE
What kind of problems?

MRS. EDMOND
I'm sure my daughter may have divulged to you secrets of her past that are less than savory. She went through a horrible experience when she was younger and she never fully recovered mentally. A few weeks before the accident, she told me of vivid nightmares she had been having. She was certain that a demon was after her.

DANIELLE
I had no idea things had gotten so bad. Why didn't she talk to someone?

MRS. EDMOND
No use to her, I would imagine. My baby had been in and out of therapy since she was eighteen. She simply got tired of talking about the situation I believe. She just wanted it to go away.

DANIELLE
So she just bottled it all up inside and took her pain to her grave?

MRS. EDMOND
Actually, no. I will be right back. Excuse me.

Mrs. Edmond leaves the kitchen and walks off into another room. Danielle looks around at the PHOTOS of Rachael and her family for a moment.

Mrs. Edmond returns with a NOTEBOOK in hand.

MRS. EDMOND (cont'd)
After Rachael's traumatic ordeal, her psychologist advised her to
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

MRS. EDMOND (cont'd)
keep a journal of her thoughts and emotions or anything that she felt like writing about. She wrote in this thing until the day she moved out of here.

DANIELLE
She didn't take it with her and continue?

MRS. EDMOND
No, she said she wanted to leave this part of her life behind. It has sat in her room all these years and I have never been able to bring myself to read it. I don't think I was meant to.

Mrs. Edmond hands Danielle the journal.

DANIELLE
I can't, Mrs. Edmond...

MRS. EDMOND
Nonsense. You can and you will. There's nothing there for an old mother but painful memories. I don't want to remember my precious daughter based on her suffering. It'll do you more good in better knowing a lost friend, anyway.

DANIELLE
I understand. Why me, though? You don't even know me.

MRS. EDMOND
Like I said earlier, there's just something about you. I told you Rachael was special. So am I. We feel things differently than others. Sense things. For whatever reason it may be, I feel my daughter wants you to have this. And only you.

DANIELLE
I'm truly flattered, ma'am. This is the first time in a while that I've felt like I had a real purpose. Thank you for trusting me with something so close to you. That takes a great deal of faith.

(CONTINUED)

MRS. EDMOND
All I have left is faith, dear.
It's all any of us have.

FADE TO:

62 EXT. HOUSE PARTY - NIGHT

A wild party is underway at this large bachelor pad. Liquor pours freely as loud MUSIC BLARES and YOUNG PEOPLE move about.

MICHAEL (18; black; outgoing) TOPS OFF his beer via the KEG then heads to the DJ TABLE. He whispers to the DJ then grabs the MICROPHONE.

MICHAEL
If I could have everyone's
attention for a moment, I have
something very important I would
like to say.

The crowd, at first restless turns its attention to Michael.

MICHAEL (cont'd)
I want to make a toast to two
people that will be greatly missed.
To Paul and Vanessa, who never got
a chance to know how much we all
cared about them and knew despite
their weak attempts to hide it, how
head-over-heels they were for one
another. I hope you guys both find
peace together forever. Cheers!

Everyone CHEERS and takes drinks in memory of their deceased friends.

Michael returns to the keg to refill his cup.

Standing beside him is his girlfriend, BETHANY (19; white; somewhat reserved)

BETHANY
Well done, baby. That was a
beautiful toast. I know how hard
that must have been for you.

MICHAEL
Yeah, it was. It's hard for
everybody. Paul and Nessa didn't
deserve this.

(CONTINUED)

BETHANY

I know. It'll all get better soon, though.

MICHAEL

Doesn't seem like it can get much worse, does it? Anyway, did you break the news to your folks yet?

BETHANY

This morning.

MICHAEL

And?

BETHANY

They are happy for me. For us.

MICHAEL

Really? So all the concern about your intolerant parents disapproving of our relationship was for naught?

BETHANY

I think what happened yesterday put things in perspective. For my parents and for me. They realized that something as trivial as skin color doesn't matter if you treat me well and we are in love. And I realized that I don't give a shit about their or anyone else's opinion.

MICHAEL

Bravo, baby. I'm proud of you and I'm sure Paul is as well. You know how much he stayed on you girls about that kind of stuff.

BETHANY

(laughs)

How could I forget?

MICHAEL

I guess we sort of owe it to them to make this little love affair work, huh?

BETHANY

Doesn't seem too unreasonable to me.

(CONTINUED)

Bethany HUGS and KISSES Michael.

CUT TO:

63 INT. POLICE PRECINCT - NIGHT

Detective Reynolds, sitting at his desk, opens a fresh BOTTLE of WHISKEY and pours himself a glass.

Amongst the various FOLDERS and PAPERS on his desk is a PICTURE of Reynolds and a WOMAN embracing.

Reynolds GULPS down his drink then lowers his forehead against the picture.

Lt. Stacy, COAT in hand, stops at Reynolds' desk.

LT. STACY

It's been a long day, detective.
Why don't you call it a night?

REYNOLDS

I got a few things to finish up.

LT. STACY

Are you okay, Max? You seem a bit
uneasy.

Lt. Stacy notices the picture he is holding.

REYNOLDS

I'm fine.

LT. STACY

You can talk to me, you know. I'm
not just your boss, I'm also a
friend.

REYNOLDS

I know. There's nothing to talk
about.

LT. STACY

What about her? You haven't spoken
about it since it happened. I think
you should get it off your chest
before it eats away at you.

REYNOLDS

With all due respect, Lieutenant,
that is something that I have to
deal with and none of your
business. Once again, I'm fine.

(CONTINUED)

LT. STACY

Suite yourself. I guess I'll see you in the morning, detective. Sleep tight.

REYNOLDS

I'll try. I've never been very good at that sleeping stuff, though.

LT. STACY

I remember.

CUT TO:

64 INT. NEWS STATION LOBBY - NIGHT

Elijah sits in the lounge area reading through a BOOK as he waits on someone. Within moments he is greeted.

KYLE SANDERS

Sorry for the wait. I was finishing up taping on a paranormal activity debate. You'd be surprised at how heated those discussion get.

ELIJAH

It quite alright. I'm glad you agreed to meet with me on such short notice.

KYLE SANDERS

I always have time to pass on any knowledge I can to an open mind. You sounded so determined in the message you left me that it made me interested in finding out why you were inquiring into such an obscure subject.

ELIJAH

I am doing some independent research for an essay I hope to get published. I watched your special the last night and instantly felt compelled to contact you.

KYLE SANDERS

A writer are you? Delightful. I knew this would be worth my time. I, too, am an author. And you couldn't have chosen a better topic to seek my advice about.

(CONTINUED)

ELIJAH

Is that so?

KYLE SANDERS

Indeed. I make no secret about the fact that I have personally dedicated most of my adult life to the study of criminology. More specifically: serial killers. Even more specifically: Drake Davenport. He is without a doubt one of the most intriguing characters I have ever come across. I actually jump-started my career by writing a book about him.

ELIJAH

I know. I took the liberty to pick up a copy this morning. I was hoping I could maybe get an autograph.

Elijah hands him the book. "DRAKE DAVENPORT AND THE AMBROSE INCIDENTS BY KYLE SANDERS"

KYLE SANDERS

You didn't even have to ask. It would be a pleasure.

ELIJAH

Thanks.

KYLE SANDERS

Now, you had some questions for me, didn't you?

ELIJAH

Yes. In your book, you described Davenport as "the closest living incarnation of evil that the world has ever seen". What did you mean by that?

KYLE SANDERS

What I meant, Elijah...is that right? I'm bad with names.

ELIJAH

Yeah, that's right. Like that kid that plays that hobbit thing.

(CONTINUED)

KYLE SANDERS

Clever. What I meant, though, Elijah, was that after immersing myself in the life and the crimes of Drake Davenport, I realized that he was not just a typical psychopath with homicidal tendencies. He was much more.

FADE:

65 INT. POLICE PRECINCT - NIGHT

Detective Reynolds pours himself another glass and quickly drinks it down.

KYLE SANDERS (V.O)

The young man that was arrested back in '78 was not wholly responsible, I believe. Something inside him rather was manipulating his reality. Intensifying his pain and anger.

He rests his head on the desk for a moment but then SHOVES everything off of his desk in an angry OUTBURST.

CUT TO:

66 INT. HOUSE PARTY - KITCHEN - NIGHT

Michael and Bethany are hanging out along with the other people in the party.

BETHANY

Mike, this may sound weird but will you humor me and do me a huge favor?

MICHAEL

Sure, baby. What?

BETHANY

If something happens to me...

MICHAEL

Stop it. Nothing is going to happen to you.

(CONTINUED)

BETHANY

Just listen. If something were to ever happen to me and I...passed away, I'm going to wait for you in heaven. Will you do the same for me?

MICHAEL

The angels would have to party without me for however long it took you to make it there.

Bethany cracks a huge smile.

BETHANY

You're so sweet, Michael.

MICHAEL

Yeah, yeah. Now, be quiet before someone hears us being corny.

CUT TO:

67 INT. BUS - NIGHT

Danielle sits at the very rear of the bus, intently reading through Rachael's journal.

KYLE SANDERS (V.O)

You may think it ludicrous but I think that there are things at work in this world that are not of this world exactly.

CUT TO:

68 INT. NEWS STATION LOBBY - NIGHT

Elijah and Kyle Sanders continue their conversation as they near the exit of the building.

ELIJAH

You'd be surprised at how understanding I am concerning that area.

KYLE SANDERS

Good. Anyway, after studying numerous videotaped therapy sessions and personal writings of Davenport, I began to notice that

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

KYLE SANDERS (cont'd)
he had obsessed in great detail
with the afterlife. He described
events that were yet to pass
prophetically.

ELIJAH
Is that so?

KYLE SANDERS
In one of his short stories, he
made reference to things like the
2001 terror attacks.

ELIJAH
Interesting. In what context?

KYLE SANDERS
Apparently, he believed that this
would be one of the final signs of
the End Times and would destabilize
the barrier between the spirit
world and the physical. Why he was
so concerned with said barriers
being weakened, I will never know.

ELIJAH
I have an idea.

CUT TO:

69 INT. HOUSE PARTY - BEDROOM - NIGHT

Bethany and Michael enter the dark room making out. They
make their ways to the bed and Bethany removes her SHIRT and
BRA. Michael removes his SHIRT then lays her on the bed.

Amidst the darkness in the room, a single BEAM of MOONLIGHT
casts light on a FIGURE near the corner. As the shot moves
along the frame of the figure, the metal SLEDGEHAMMER
sparkles in the soft light.

Bethany's moans of pleasure soon turn to SCREAMS of terror
when she notices the frightening figure.

BETHANY
Mike, behind you!

It is too late for warnings as Davenport strikes by wrapping
his hands around Michael's neck and DRAGGING him off the
bed.

(CONTINUED)

Davenport TOSSES Michael against the wall like a rag doll then turns his focus back to Bethany who is SCREAMING at the top of her lungs but can not be heard due to the MUSIC.

Michael pulls himself up and jumps on Davenport's back to keep him away from Bethany.

KYLE SANDERS (V.O)

Whatever the case may be, Drake Davenport had sincere plans to make some sort of impact on the future, whether through legend or something more unexplainable.

Davenport reaches over his head and DIGS his FINGERS into Michael's eyes causing Michael to fall to the floor.

Davenport grabs his SLEDGEHAMMER and SMASHES it into Michael's SPINE. He then uses his KNIFE to slit Michael's THROAT.

BETHANY

NO! HELP ME! Somebody!

CUT TO:

70

INT. NEWS STATION LOBBY - NIGHT

Elijah and Kyle Sanders bid each other farewell.

ELIJAH

Thanks for all your help, Mr. Sanders. You have no idea how important it is.

KYLE SANDERS

Don't mention it. Take my card. Anytime you want to discuss the pathology of the criminally insane, I am game. Take care.

ELIJAH

You too.

FADE TO:

71 INT. HOUSE PARTY - BEDROOM - NIGHT

The mood of the party has drastically changed as POLICE LIGHTS FLASH outside and all attending the party have been sent home.

Detective Reynolds and Lt. Stacy stand in the bedroom where their latest double murder has taken place.

Reynolds is SIPPING from a THERMOS filled with coffee.

REYNOLDS

Who called it in?

LT. STACY

Anonymous tip from one of the party-goers. This was a gathering in memory of their slain classmates, Paul and Vanessa. Of whom, we are already acquainted.

Both Bethany and Michael have had their THROAT SLIT and blood has drained from their bodies into a POOL on the floor.

REYNOLDS

How could I forget? So, a house full of freeloading potheads and nobody witnessed a fucking thing?

Reynolds examines the bodies closer.

LT. STACY

We're questioning everyone but at the moment it doesn't look like anyone other than the person who called it in saw anything. And he was obviously too late.

REYNOLDS

Lacerations about the trachea of both of these victims. Vanessa Harris was asphyxiated. That motel clerk impaled through the neck and throat.

LT. STACY

What the hell is going on with this fucking city?

REYNOLDS

You know, there's been a bunch of ramblings going on about the

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

REYNOLDS (cont'd)
anniversary of that nut job killing
those people back in the day.

LT. STACY
And you think this has something to
do with that?

REYNOLDS
Maybe. We could have a copycat on
our hands.

LT. STACY
Makes about as much sense as
anything else right now. Let's look
into it.

CUT TO:

72 EXT. CHURCH - DAY - ESTABLISHING SHOT

A TAXI CAB arrives in front of the main steps of church.
Elijah exits the cab, pays the driver, and heads up the
stairs and into the church.

73 INT. CHURCH SANCTUARY - DAY - CONTINUOUS

Elijah stands at the back of the sanctuary and runs his eyes
along the imageries of the sacred building. After a deep
SIGH, Elijah walks down the isle towards the PULPIT. Once at
the end of the isle, Elijah DROPS to his knees and BOWS his
head to the floor.

FADE TO:

74 INT. CAR - NIGHT

Elijah and Jeff continue to talk.

JEFF
I know why you're doing this. It's
her, isn't it?

ELIJAH
What are you talking about?

JEFF
You can't bullshit a bullshitter,
man. As soon as you said that you
owed it to someone, I knew who you
were talking about.

(CONTINUED)

ELIJAH

So what? It's my head, remember?

JEFF

That it is, but if you're going to just throw everything away because you're hung up on a past life, I figured I should at least give you a hard time about it first.

ELIJAH

There's nothing you can say to change my mind.

JEFF

You're a stubborn bastard. I've come to realize that. But you need to be careful. Chasing ghosts never turns out the way you plan.

Elijah doesn't respond. He stares out of the window.

JEFF (cont'd)

You listening?

He isn't.

JEFF (cont'd)

Elijah?

DANIELLE (V.O)

Elijah.

CUT TO:

75 INT. CHURCH SANCTUARY - DAY

Elijah snaps out of his daydream and immediately notices Danielle standing next to him. He springs to his feet and grabs Danielle, planting a KISS on her.

Danielle instantly PUSHES Elijah away.

DANIELLE

What are you doing? Are you crazy?

ELIJAH

(embarrassed)

I'm sorry. I thought you were somebody else for a moment.

(CONTINUED)

DANIELLE

Sure. No big deal, I guess. Just kinda surprised me.

ELIJAH

Forget that it happened, please.

DANIELLE

Okay. But really, it's not...

ELIJAH

Forget it. Any luck with Rachael's folks?

DANIELLE

I spoke with her mother. Sweet lady. She gave me her personal diary.

ELIJAH

Really? Why?

DANIELLE

I have no clue. She said something about how I reminded her of her daughter or something. I just took it and didn't ask too many more questions.

ELIJAH

Anything useful?

DANIELLE

There is a lot of insight into her mental state after the attack. I left it at the apartment. We can go through it when we go back. Where were you last night?

ELIJAH

Talked with that talk show host. Seems he is quite the Drake Davenport scholar. I gained way more information than I had anticipated.

DANIELLE

Great. We may be making some progress. I guess we aren't such a bad team after all.

(CONTINUED)

ELIJAH

Guess not. Again, I can't stress to you enough how much I didn't mean to kiss you just then.

DANIELLE

Whatever. Apparently it's still on your mind.

CUT TO:

76

EXT. OUTSIDE POLICE PRECINCT - DAY

Detective Reynolds and Lt. Stacy are both standing outside the building smoking and drinking coffee.

REYNOLDS

The media is having a field day with these murders. Everyone has a fucking opinion about what's going on and we are stuck in the dark.

LT. STACY

He's bound to screw up, Max. Just keep that in mind. And when he does, we're going to be right there to break his balls.

REYNOLDS

That's some colorful choice of words, Lieutenant, really.

LT. STACY

I know. Anyway, I checked out what you said about the sledgehammer and the guys in forensics agree with you.

REYNOLDS

What about the others-the holes in Greg Jenkins' crotch and in that motel clerk's neck?

LT. STACY

I'm not going to lie, I'm stumped. It could be a damned vampire stake for all I know. That's exactly what we need to find out.

REYNOLDS

Any leads on our copycat theory?

(CONTINUED)

LT. STACY

Nothing solid. I like a couple of weirdos for it, but they are all alibied. Looks like we are still stuck.

REYNOLDS

Goddamn, I'll be so glad when this is all over.

LT. STACY

Yeah, maybe you can actually try to rest your eyes for a change. I'm going to suggest that you take some time off after this investigation, detective.

REYNOLDS

Fat chance.

CUT TO:

77 INT. APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - DAY

Danielle and ELijah are sitting on the couch flipping through pages of Rachael's journal.

The TELEVISION plays idly.

ANCHOR

This just in: For the third consecutive night, mysterious slayings have citizens in a gripping state of fear.

Danielle takes a deep SIGH before continuing through the writings.

CUT TO:

78 INT. ABANDONED WAREHOUSE - DAY - CONTINUOUS

The dimly-lit environment reveals very little but after a few moments of canvassing the warehouse, the shot rests on a table displaying TORN and FADED PICTURES of all the VICTIMS from the last three days.

ANCHOR (O.S)

Last night, twenty- one year old Michael Covington and nineteen year old Bethany Slater were heinously

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

ANCHOR (O.S) (cont'd)
murdered and mutilated at a party
in the Uptown area...

INSERT: YEARBOOK PICTURE of Michael Covington.

INTER CUT:

FLASHBACK SHOT of Davenport SLITTING Michael's throat.

INSERT: YEARBOOK PICTURE of Bethany Slater.

FLASHBACK SHOT of Davenport SLITTING Bethany's throat.

ANCHOR (O.S) (cont'd)
Police remain baffled as to the
perpetrator of these bizarre and
grizzly murders. As of now,
authorities are advising residents
across the city to lock their doors
and be extremely cautious and aware
of their surrounding especially at
night.

Drake Davenport steps into the shot only being shown from
the shoulders down. He is carrying something in his blood
covered hands--another PICTURE.

He approaches the rest of his collection and lays this new
edition on top of the rest. As Davenport ominously exits the
scene, the shot closes in on the picture. It is a picture of
ELIJAH and DANIELLE.

CUT TO:

79

EXT. STREET - DAY

Reynolds and Lt. Stacy stop by a PAWN SHOP and watch the BIG
SCREEN TELEVISIONS through the display window.

ANCHOR
As we reported yesterday, Greg
Jenkins and wife Hanna were the
first victims followed by high
school students Paul Nathans and
Vanessa Harris in what is now
believe to be a string of serial
murders. Police Lieutenant, Erica
Stacy would not comment on the
possibility of a killing spree, but
assured the public that everything
is being done to bring the

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

ANCHOR (cont'd)
responsible party to justice. We
will have more details as they
become available.

REYNOLDS
Just great. More cause for
paranoia.

LT. STACY
Can you really blame anyone for
being scared after what has gone
down in the past?

REYNOLDS
I suppose not.

CUT TO:

80 INT. APARTMENT - DAY

Elijah sips on a beer as Danielle reads from the journal.

DANIELLE
Okay, here's something: "November
12th, 1992. The doctors tell me
that it's all in my mind but not
even the medicine they give me stop
the nightmares. Every night he
screams that he will return to
finish me off."

ELIJAH
Fucking idiot psych doctors. I
never liked them.

DANIELLE
"I am constantly anxious and just
want it to all be over. Maybe there
will be peace for me in the next
life."

ELIJAH
Depressing stuff. Heartbreaking.

DANIELLE
I can't help but feel so bad for
her. She shouldn't have had to go
through what she did.

(CONTINUED)

ELIJAH

That's life, sweetie. I mean, take you for example. You were resting eternally in Heaven. Who's to say you should be going through this?

DANIELLE

Yeah, I know but I chose to do this. She didn't have one when it came to what she went through.

ELIJAH

Well, don't get too caught up. A friend of mine once told me that there's no use in dwelling on what can't be changed.

DANIELLE

I'm sure your friend never experienced what Rachael did either. At least I would hope not.

ELIJAH

My friend spent most of his time tripping acid during college. He probably didn't remember half of the things he experienced.

CUT TO:

81 INT. POLICE PRECINCT - DAY

Phones RING everywhere as OFFICERS attempt to answer them all. The majority of the inquiries concern the recent news story on the rumored serial killer.

Detective Reynolds walks out of the restroom and over to the COFFEE TABLE to get a cup of coffee.

Before he can finish pouring his drink, Lt. Stacy walks up to Reynolds, obviously uneasy.

REYNOLDS

Can I help you, Erica? I mean, boss?

LT. STACY

I need you in my office, right now.

REYNOLDS

Damn, I'm on my lunch break. Can't it wait?

(CONTINUED)

LT. STACY

No.

82 INT. POLICE PRECINCT - LIEUTENANT'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Reynolds follows behind Lt. Stacy as she sits down behind her desk.

She passes across the desk to Reynolds a disturbing series of PHOTOGRAPHS featuring a DISFIGURED and LIFELESS FEMALE CORPSE.

LT. STACY

I received these in the mail a few minutes ago.

REYNOLDS

From whom?

LT. STACY

Do you really think there was a return address? Of course not.

REYNOLDS

The girl. Who is she?

LT. STACY

Diana Sutherland.

REYNOLDS

Should that name be familiar?

LT. STACY

Probably not. Miss Sutherland went missing in the summer of 1978. There was a massive search for her but no body was ever recovered.

REYNOLDS

So you think the guy that did her way back then sent you those?

LT. STACY

That's where it gets strange. Drake Davenport took responsibility for her murder and agreed to lead police to her buried remains.

REYNOLDS

And?

(CONTINUED)

LT. STACY

And he escaped and she was never found. He took the secret to his grave. I thought you knew the story.

REYNOLDS

I didn't grow up in this town. I've heard bits and pieces of the folklore. This does kind of support the copycat theory if this is indeed our guy.

LT. STACY

This should make it much more than a theory.

Lt. Stacy places several other photos onto the desk.

LT. STACY (cont'd)

Yearbook photos of our high school victims. As you can see, the faces have been x'ed out.

REYNOLDS

He's taunting us.

LT. STACY

This bastard wants us to think that he's Davenport. He even enclosed a Bible verse to humor us.

REYNOLDS

How sweet.

LT. STACY

"The beast that thou sawest was, and is not; And shall ascend out of the bottomless pit, and go into perdition..

FADE TO:

83

EXT. COFFEE SHOP - DAY

Elijah and Danielle are seated at their previous table right next to the window. Elijah has just put out a cigarette. Danielle looks anxious.

LT. STACY (V.O)

And they that dwell on the earth shall wonder, whose names were not

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

LT. STACY (V.O) (cont'd)
 written in the Book of Life from
 the foundation of the world, when
 they behold the beast that was, and
 is not, and yet is. Revelation
 17:8"

DANIELLE
 So, what happens next?

ELIJAH
 We wait. It's obvious that he's
 attempting to recreate his own
 history by going after these
 teenagers.

DANIELLE
 What about that married couple?

ELIJAH
 It's got to be linked somehow. Kyle
 Sanders mentioned that Davenport
 seemed to have a knack for
 foreseeing the future. Maybe the
 Jenkins were apart of his original
 hit list or something.

DANIELLE
 Sounds like a stretch but anything
 is possible, right?

ELIJAH
 Exactly. We need to get closer to
 this case before it's too late.
 Know what the police know.

DANIELLE
 And how do you suggest going about
 that?

ELIJAH
 I have an idea.

CUT TO:

84 INT. POLICE PRECINCT - DAY

Detective Reynolds is at his desk surrounded by case files.
 He has become visibly angered by the progress of this
 particular case.

Another detective, KARL MORGAN (30; carefree) approaches
 Reynolds.

(CONTINUED)

MORGAN

Get some fucking sleep, Max. You look like shit.

REYNOLDS

I can sleep when I'm dead. If it were your kids out there getting butchered by this guy, wouldn't you want his ass off the streets?

MORGAN

Oh, don't get me started on what I want. If it were up to me, the guy would get one square between the eyes. The only judge, jury or executioner would be ye old faithful here.

Morgan gently PATS his GLOCK that is in the holster on his hip.

REYNOLDS

What do yo make of all this Drake Davenport stuff?

MORGAN

Besides it being a chance for the media to exploit a tragic episode in this town's history for commercial purposes? Not really interested. I'm sure there'll be some shitty movie made about the whole thing. Especially if that Sanders guy has a say in it.

REYNOLDS

Stacy thinks there's someone following in his footsteps.

MORGAN

I wouldn't doubt it. With all the propaganda floating around and wannabe Jeffrey Damers being a dime-a-dozen, don't be surprised if some pathetic man-child is getting his rocks off trying to make a name for himself.

REYNOLDS

That's what I'm afraid of.

(CONTINUED)

MORGAN

Well, take my advice, buddy, and go rest up before you completely lose it. I am about forty-five seconds from being on vacation, so I will catch you later, as they say.

REYNOLDS

Take it easy, Morgan. Don't do anything I wouldn't.

MORGAN

I'm going to Cancun. I'm going to do everything you wouldn't. Twice.

CUT TO:

85 INT. LINDSEY DOBBS' HOUSE - DUSK

Lindsey unlocks her FRONT DOOR from the outside and enters. She has a BRIEFCASE in one hand and GROCERY BAGS in the other.

After setting her belongings on the couch, Lindsey walks over to her LIQUOR CABINET and removes a bottle of SCOTCH. She pours herself a small GLASS then GULPS it down quickly. She pours another and begins towards the bedroom.

As Lindsey exits the room and the sun begins to set in the background, a dark FIGURE'S SILHOUETTE eerily appears through one of the WINDOWS.

CUT TO:

86 EXT. POLICE PRECINCT - DUSK

As Reynolds prepares to head home, he is again stopped by Lt. Stacy.

REYNOLDS

Fuck, I was almost free. What now?

LT. STACY

I need you to check in on Lyndsey Dobbs on your way home.

REYNOLDS

Why? Am I a babysitter?

(CONTINUED)

LT. STACY

She needs protection. If our killer follows his pattern then he is going to go after her. All the vics have been couples. Same as Davenport's original M.O.

REYNOLDS

Shit. If it ain't one thing...

Reynolds gathers his belongings and walks towards the elevator.

CUT TO:

87 INT. LINDSEY DOBBS' HOUSE - BATHROOM - NIGHT

Steam fills the bathroom as Lindsey SHOWERS. As the shot focuses on the translucent SHOWER CURTAINS, the outline of Lindsey's slender BODY can be seen. A few seconds into the shot, a FIGURE quickly walks by in the foreground but he is too close to be recognized.

Suspicious, Lindsey PEAKS her head out of the shower to look around. There is nothing out of the ordinary to see. She returns to her shower.

After another few moments, the WATER shuts off. Lindsey grabs a nearby TOWEL from the rack, WRAPS herself in it and steps out of the shower.

CUT TO:

88 INT. NEWS STATION - KYLE SANDERS' OFFICE - NIGHT

Kyle Sanders sits behind his desk, writing notes and whatnot. His ASSISTANT soon walks in.

ASSISTANT

Mr. Sanders, a man named Elijah left a message for you. Wants you to meet him at the police station in an hour. Something about a conversation you guys had.

KYLE SANDERS

Really? That's quite interesting. Okay, thank you.

Kyle Sanders scratching his head in a bit of confusion.

CUT TO:

89

INT. LINDSEY DOBBS' HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Lindsey walks into her dim living room and heads straight back to her liquor cabinet. She pours yet another drink before sitting down on the couch. Next to the couch on a small table is a PICTURE of Lindsey and Greg Jenkins.

She takes a big SWALLOW of the liquor then looks at the picture. Lindsey pulls the picture close to her chest and CRIES softly.

Lindsey, still holding the picture, stands up and heads back into her bedroom.

The shot follows Lindsey from behind as she exits the room then PANS back around to show where she was previously seated.

Drake Davenport, nicely hidden in the dim environment, sits on the couch with his SLEDGEHAMMER resting on his lap.

A loud, high-pitched BEEP is heard. It is the ANSWERING MACHINE with a new message.

REYNOLDS (O.S)

Miss Dobbs, this is Detective Max Reynolds and I desperately need to talk to you. This is not about Greg, but about you. I have reason to believe your life may be in some kind of danger---

The message is cut short when a SWITCHBLADE is driven through the answering machine.

Davenport removes his weapon from the machine and proceeds into the bedroom.

CUT TO:

90

EXT. STREET SIDEWALK - NIGHT

Danielle and Elijah are walking down the sidewalk of a well-lit residential street. Elijah pulls out a FLASK and takes a sip.

ELIJAH

I know it's risky but it's our best shot at stopping him.

Danielle stops walking and grabs Elijah by the arm.

(CONTINUED)

DANIELLE

Are you scared?

ELIJAH

Are you?

DANIELLE

Terrified. Every time I read through Rachael's diary, I get this nervous feeling. He's a real monster, Elijah.

ELIJAH

I'm scared, too, toots. But we gotta do what we gotta do.

DANIELLE

I know. I just hope we weren't sent back as bait for him. It's like Davenport is holding all the cards. Obviously, he's picked up where he left off yet we have no ideas about our past lives. Doesn't seem fair.

ELIJAH

It isn't. I try not to think about it.

DANIELLE

How can you not. I don't even know why I was picked to come back. What makes us so important? Aren't there archangels or something that should be doing this?

ELIJAH

All I can say is there must be a reason. Even though our memories have been erased, we both made a conscious decision to return.

DANIELLE

Yeah, I guess you're right. You know, I've started to really relate to this Rachael girl. I can feel her pain and fear almost. The ironic part is that she wanted more than anything to escape the torment of Davenport and here I am embracing it. I must be insane.

(CONTINUED)

ELIJAH

Or extremely brave. You should give yourself more credit. I think you are stronger than even you believe.

DANIELLE

Thank you. You're not so bad after all.

ELIJAH

And you're pretty hot.

Danielle laughs and playfully nudges Elijah.

CUT TO:

91 INT. REYNOLD'S CAR - NIGHT

Detective Reynolds has his cell phone between his ear and shoulder as he drives and talks simultaneously.

REYNOLDS

What about her job?

LT. STACY (O.S)

Said she left for the day over an hour ago.

REYNOLDS

That's just fucking great. I'm almost at her house. Any developments with the photos and bible verse?

LT. STACY (O.S)

Not yet. Turned it over to CSU to try to find prints and DNA. Should know something soon.

REYNOLDS

Keep me posted.

LT. STACY (O.S)

Will do, babe.

REYNOLDS

What did you just call me?

LT. STACY (O.S)

Something just came up. Gotta go. Bye.

CUT TO:

92 INT. LINDSEY DOBBS' HOUSE - BEDROOM/CLOSET - NIGHT

Lindsey is hiding in her CLOSET. The door to the closet is barely cracked and a stray beam of MOONLIGHT is all that illuminates her terrified face in the dark room.

From Lindsey's POV, an unidentifiable FIGURE stalks through her room. The muffled sounds of Lindsey's HEAVY BREATHING create an uneasy tension to the scene.

Finally, the FIGURE turns his attention to Lindsey.

Drake Davenport POINTS the SPEAR-END of his sledgehammer at Lindsey and calmly walks towards her direction.

Lindsey quickly PULLS the door shut.

Davenport walks up to the door and simply TURNS the knob. When the door doesn't open, he CHUCKLES.

LINDSEY

Get out of my house, you fucking psycho!

Davenport ceases his chuckles and steps away from the door.

LINDSEY (cont'd)

I have a gun in here and I'll use it, I promise!

Davenport takes the spear-end of the sledgehammer and DRIVES it through the wooden door as Lindsey let's out a gut-wrenching YELL.

93 INT. LINDSEY DOBBS' HOUSE - BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

A total silence falls over the room. Davenport stares blankly at the freshly IMPALED closet door then GRASPS the sledgehammer.

CUT TO:

94 EXT. OUTSIDE LINDSEY DOBB'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Detective Reynolds' CAR pulls into the driveway as a SCREAM is heard. Reynolds exits the vehicle and reaches for his GUN and WALKIE-TALKIE.

REYNOLDS

This is Detective Max Reynolds.
Shots fired at the Dobbs residence.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

REYNOLDS (cont'd)
1644 McVay Road. Request immediate
back up!

CUT TO:

95 INT. LINDSEY DOBBS' HOUSE - BEDROOM CLOSET - NIGHT

Lindsey has managed to survive, but only by the skin of her teeth. The SPEAR narrowly misses her head by inches. Lindsey covers her MOUTH to remain quiet.

96 INT. LINDSEY DOBBS' HOUSE - BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

Davenport slowly removes the sledgehammer from the door. As he does so, he notices that there is no blood on his weapon.

Before Davenport knows what has happened, Lindsey BURSTS out of the closet FIRING a GUN at him.

The GUNSHOTS strike Davenport in the UPPER BODY and LEGS, but seems to have no effect on him.

Once she realizes that the gun is useless against Davenport, Lindsey DROPS the GUN and tries to RUN passed him.

Davenport CATCHES Lindsey by the THROAT and SMASHES her FACE into a MIRROR.

97 INT. LINDSEY DOBBS' HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

The front door FLIES open with the help of Detective Reynolds' boot. He points his gun as he carefully examines the living room.

REYNOLDS
Miss Dobbs?

Reynolds continues to slowly make his way towards the bedroom. He rounds the corner to the bedroom and instantly his JAW DROPS and he nearly lets his gun fall to the floor.

Out of his peripheral vision, Detective Reynolds notices SOMEONE RUN BY in the hallway.

REYNOLDS (cont'd)
Police! Stop right there!

The shadowy figure ignores Reynolds' command and continues running.

(CONTINUED)

Reynolds follows suit after the figure.

Reynolds PULLS OUT his RADIO.

REYNOLDS (cont'd)
I need assistants now! In pursuit
of possible murder suspect; also
get a bus out here immediately. We
have a probably DOA.

Reynolds rounds the corner after the figure and spots him
standing near the BACK DOOR.

REYNOLDS (cont'd)
Stay where you are! Don't fucking
move!

The figure steps into a small area of LIGHT and is revealed
as Drake Davenport.

Davenport CHARGES at Reynolds, SLEDGEHAMMER in hand.

REYNOLDS (cont'd)
I said stop, asshole!

Davenport does not cease forcing Reynolds to FIRES SEVERAL
SHOTS into Davenport's body, causing him to DROP to one
knee.

SIRENS BLARE and Reynolds momentarily looks away from
Davenport.

When he brings his attention back, Davenport has vanished.

CUT TO:

98 INT. LINDSEY DOBBS' HOUSE - BEDROOM - NIGHT

Detective Reynolds enters the room he had previously stopped
at and almost becomes nauseous. Soon, the shot reveals that
Lindsey Dobbs has been PINNED to the wall with BROKEN SHARDS
OF MIRROR GLASS in both her PALMS.

BLOOD from Lindsey's now MUTILATED FACE pours down to her
NAKED CHEST.

Reynolds is about to leave the room when he hears a DEEP
GASP. He looks back and sees that Lindsey Dobbs is still
breathing.

(CONTINUED)

REYNOLDS
(into walkie-talkie)
We have a barely conscious victim
with multiple severe lacerations.
Where the hell is that bus?

Reynolds is at a loss.

REYNOLDS (cont'd)
Miss Dobbs, everything is going to
be okay. An ambulance is on the way
and they are going to take good
care of you.

CUT TO:

99 INT. POLICE PRECINCT - INTERVIEW ROOM - NIGHT

Lt. Stacy closes the door and sits down in front of Elijah.

LT. STACY
Mr...Elijah, is it? Tell me why you
would walk into my station claiming
to know details about one of my
most sensitive cases?

ELIJAH
Because I do. You're probably not
going to believe me, though.

LT. STACY
Why don't you try me?

ELIJAH
Okay. Well, first of all, the man
you're looking for is Drake
Davenport. He was a convicted---

LT. STACY
I know who he is. I also know that
he's been rotting six feet under
ground for the past twenty years.
Cut the shit.

ELIJAH
What shit?

LT. STACY
So you want to play games? Did you
mail certain pictures to this
precinct earlier today? You trying
to be like that sick fuck?

(CONTINUED)

ELIJAH

I don't know what you're talking about, lady. I'm here to help you.

LT. STACY

I bet. How were you planning on helping me exactly? So far you haven't provided squat of use.

ELIJAH

Maybe I could if you gave me a chance to talk.

LT. STACY

Be my guest.

ELIJAH

Look, I am putting myself in considerable danger by even coming here. There are things going on in this town that are way beyond your comprehension. More people are going to die if something isn't done.

LT. STACY

And your big revelation to me is that somehow, Drake Davenport is posthumously killing residents of this city? You fucking kidding me?

Officer Williams enters the room.

WILLIAMS

Lieutenant, there's a situation at the Dobbs place. Reynolds radioed it in.

LT. STACY

Christ. Get him on the phone.

Lt. Stacy heads towards the door.

LT. STACY (cont'd)

(to Elijah)

I have something to tend to. I can't deal with your nonsense at this time. You're welcome to hang out around. I think we need to talk more.

(CONTINUED)

ELIJAH
More than you think.

LT. STACY
(mumbling)
Goddamn lunatics.

100 INT. POLICE PRECINCT - CONTINUOUS

Officer Williams hands Lt. Stacy a cell phone.

LT. STACY
Max, it's Erica. What happened?

Through the front door walks in Kyle Sanders.

KYLE SANDERS
Excuse me. Can someone tell me if a
man named Elijah is here?

WILLIAMS
Wait here, sir. He'll be right out.

LT. STACY
(re: phone)
What do you mean, "he disappeared"?

Elijah exits the interview room and approaches Kyle Sanders
and Officer Williams.

ELIJAH
Sorry to inconvenience you, Mr.
Sanders.

KYLE SANDERS
What is this about? This is not
what I meant by "call me anytime".

ELIJAH
As I tried to explain to this
bitch...I mean, ambitious female
officer, there are people in this
town that are in grave danger.

KYLE SANDERS
I don't think I totally understand.

ELIJAH
Davenport.

(CONTINUED)

KYLE SANDERS

Are you insane? I didn't think you would take our conversation so literally. Drake Davenport is dead.

ELIJAH

No, he's not.

LT. STACY

(to Kyle Sanders)

So, you're the one putting these crazy ideas into this guy's head. Stick to the tv shows, jackass.

Suddenly, the LIGHTS GO OUT in the precinct.

WILLIAMS

What the fuck?

LT. STACY

Isn't this just great?

ELIJAH

Something bad is about to happen.

LT. STACY

Then leave, Nostradamus.

CUT TO:

101 INT. BAR - NIGHT

Danielle sits at the bar watching the television and drinking WATER.

KYLE SANDERS

If you're just tuning in, ladies and gentlemen, this is "The Kyle Sanders Show" and we are amidst a heated discussion about the existence of paranormal entities.

On the television is a ROUND TABLE PANEL consisting of two MEN and two WOMAN.

MAN #1

Listen, Kyle, it is ridiculous and quite closed-minded to believe that the lives we lead-this physical charade is all there is. Since the beginning of time, cultures have recognized and I dare say respected

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

MAN #1 (cont'd)
the idea of higher powers and
spiritual worlds.

The bartender approaches Danielle.

BARTENDER
Don't reckon I can offer you
something a little stronger, can I?
On the house.

DANIELLE
I shouldn't.

BARTENDER
And why exactly shouldn't you,
sweetheart?

DANIELLE
I don't really know, actually. What
the hell, sure.

BARTENDER
That's the spirit. What'll it be?

DANIELLE
Screwdriver.

As the bartender prepares her drink, Danielle turns her
attention back to the t.v.

WOMAN #1
People will believe whatever
society tells them to. Ghosts,
vampires, monsters...gods. Bologna
is what it is. In an era where
human civilization is at the
pinnacle of technology, it is
absurd that there are those out
there who choose to buy into these
tall tales about Casper the
Friendly Ghost and a giant
invisible all-knowing man living in
the sky. I ask, where is the proof?

MAN # 2
It is just idiotic to think that
there is some unseen dimension
where ghouls and apparitions and
all other assorted casts of
fictional comic book characters
dwell. Tell me, when was the last
time any of you saw Dracula or

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

MAN # 2 (cont'd)
heard the actual voice of some
so-called "God"?

The bartender hands Danielle her drink which she quickly
GULPS down.

BARTENDER
Whoa, somebody's a fish tonight.

DANIELLE
Sorry, it's been a while. I'll have
another, please.

Television.

WOMAN #2
Let me ask you something. How can
you disprove the existence of such
things? You can't seriously think
that this life is it. There are too
many individual accounts of
paranormal activities traced back
to ancient civilizations. There are
simply too many signs pointing to
the actuality of other-worldly
forces to just be coincidence.

Second drink arrives.

BARTENDER
So where's that fella that was with
you the last time? Boyfriend?

DANIELLE
Oh, no. Definitely not. We are
business associates, you could say.
And he's handling some rather
sensitive dealings at the moment.

BARTENDER
I see. Well, call it what you want
but I sense chemistry between you
two. I been around for a while and
my gut usually don't fail me.

Television.

MAN # 2
It is just idiotic to think that
there is some unseen dimension
where ghouls and apparitions and
all other assorted casts of

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

MAN # 2 (cont'd)
 fictional comic book characters
 dwell. Tell me, when was the last
 time any of you saw Dracula or
 heard the actual voice of some
 so-called "God"?

Danielle SIPS from the drink.

DANIELLE
 You're probably right. I have a
 feeling there's more to our
 situation than even we understand.

Television.

WOMAN #2
 How can you disprove the existence
 of such things? You can't seriously
 think that this life is it. There
 are too many individual accounts of
 paranormal activities traced back
 to ancient civilizations...

CUT TO:

102 INT. POLICE PRECINCT - NIGHT

People scramble about trying to find a remedy for the power
 outage. Elijah and Kyle Sanders sit in the lobby waiting for
 the confusion to subside.

WOMAN #2 (V.O)
 There are simply too many signs
 pointing to the actuality of
 other-worldly forces to just be
 coincidence.

ELIJAH
 Your instincts all those years were
 right. Drake Davenport is way more
 than meets the eye.

KYLE SANDERS
 And how, may I ask, do you know
 this?

ELIJAH
 I feel stupid even saying this out
 loud. Davenport escaped from Hell
 and I and a partner were sent from
 the afterlife to stop him.

(CONTINUED)

KYLE SANDERS

You shouldn't feel stupid, sir. You should feel mad because from what I am hearing, you are indeed certifiable.

ELIJAH

So, what you're telling me is that you're basically a fucking hypocrite?

KYLE SANDERS

Who isn't? I am journalist and an entertainer, Elijah. Sure, I spent countless hours and days researching and studying the occult to better grasp Davenport's psyche, but I suspended my disbelief in doing so. Obviously, you did not do the same.

ELIJAH

Obviously, contacting you was a mistake. You're a fucking joke. I asked you here to help me convince these cops of the truth and it was a waste of time.

KYLE SANDERS

I don't have to take this from someone of your limited status.

As Kyle Sanders begins to leave, a loud CRASH is heard. Lt. Stacy and several other OFFICERS come rushing onto the scene.

LT. STACY

Get the hell out of here!

ELIJAH

What's going on?

LT. STACY

None of your goddamn concern.

Elijah and Kyle Sanders take cover. GUNSHOTS are fired. In the distance, a FIGURE can be seen stalking through the dark with some sort of WEAPON in hand.

KYLE SANDERS

Will somebody please tell me what is happening?

(CONTINUED)

Officer after officer is taken down as the bullets do not stop the figure. He recklessly SWINGS his weapon, SMASHING anything in his path. A beam of LIGHT finally reveals the instrument of destruction: a SLEDGEHAMMER.

ELIJAH

It's him.

KYLE SANDERS

What do yo mean? Him who?

ELIJAH

The fucking zombie I been so insanely ranting about. That's who.

KYLE SANDERS

Impossible.

ELIJAH

It is what it is. I'm way passed judging what is and isn't possible.

Lt. Stacy runs over to Elijah and Kyle Sanders.

LT. STACY

What have you fucking bastards done? You set this up, didn't you?

ELIJAH

No. If you had listened to me to begin with---

Lt. Stacy trains her GUN on Elijah.

LT. STACY

I'm through with your damn games! You sent those pictures. You entered this precinct. All of it was apart of your fucking plan.

KYLE SANDERS

Listen, ma'am, I barely know this man. I met him just the other day.

LT. STACY

Enough! You two are coming with me. I'm locking you up until we sort through---

Lt. Stacy's words are cut short when the SPEAR-END of Davenport's weapon is RAMMED through her back and out her STERNUM.

(CONTINUED)

KYLE SANDERS
Shit, shit, shit...

ELIJAH
Run!

Lt. Stacy's limp body drops to the floor as Elijah and Kyle Sanders take off in fear of their lives.

CUT TO:

103 INT. HOSPITAL - EMERGENCY ROOM - NIGHT

Reynolds is waiting in the lobby for word on Lyndsey Dobbs' condition when he receives a CALL. He answers and within moments, he frantically runs out of the hospital.

FADE TO:

104 INT. BAR - NIGHT

Danielle seems a lot more relaxed as she continues to enjoy her drink and watch the television. A NEWS ALERT breaks the discussion on The Kyle Sanders Show.

ANCHOR
This just in to Action News.
Several accounts have come in reporting a violent disturbance at the Police Station downtown. No specific details just yet but witness described multiple gunshots within the building. Stay tuned for further developments.

BARTENDER
I've now heard it all. A shoot out inside the police station.

DANIELLE
Elijah...

CUT TO:

105 INT. POLICE PRECINCT - INTERVIEW ROOM - NIGHT

Elijah and Kyle Sanders have barricaded the door with a CHAIR.

(CONTINUED)

KYLE SANDERS

This can not be happening.

ELIJAH

I assure you it is.

KYLE SANDERS

That person...that thing out there.
It's Drake Davenport?

ELIJAH

Minus a soul, if he ever had one
and plus some very intense scar
tissue and demonic anger management
issues, yes.

KYLE SANDERS

How can you joke at a time like
this?

ELIJAH

What is a more appropriate
reaction? Would you like me to cry?
You're more than welcome to do so
if need be.

KYLE SANDERS

We're going to die, aren't we?

ELIJAH

More than likely.

Elijah removes a cigarette and lights it. He offers Kyle Sanders one.

KYLE SANDERS

Thank you. I haven't touched one in
a decade, but it doesn't really
seem to matter anymore.

ELIJAH

It's all about perspective.

KYLE SANDERS

Can he be killed?

ELIJAH

Yeah, but it's kinda complicated.
As you probably were able to
deduct, conventional methods don't
really work. Only someone from the
same plane of existence can harm
him. That's where I come in, I
suppose.

(CONTINUED)

KYLE SANDERS

You're a ghost, too?

ELIJAH

I think I already said that. Keep up, Mr. Sanders.

KYLE SANDERS

This is all a bit much to take in.

The door is rattled by a viscous THUD. Another. Another.

ELIJAH

It's probably a good as time as any to pray. I'm serious.

The thuds stop. Kyle Sanders, resting against the DOUBLE-SIDED MIRROR sighs with relief.

KYLE SANDERS

Jesus-fucking-Henry. Maybe he didn't hear us and moved on.

ELIJAH

Maybe. Just in case, I think you should step away from the...

The MIRROR GLASS SHATTERS. Davenport pulls Kyle Sanders through to the other side.

Kyle Sanders tries to flee by climbing back into the interview room, but Davenport stops him. He forces Kyle Sanders THROAT-FIRST against a JAGGED PIECE of GLASS and presses down as hard as he can until finally DECAPITATING him.

Elijah pries the chair from the door and runs out of the room. Noticing this, Davenport follows suit.

CUT TO:

106 INT. BAR - RESTROOM - NIGHT

Danielle paces back and forth, worried and unsure of her next move.

Her CELL PHONE RINGS.

DANIELLE

Hello? Elijah?

(CONTINUED)

ELIJAH (O.S)
Things went very badly, sweetie. I
need you to go back to the
apartment.

DANIELLE
What happened and where are you?

ELIJAH (O.S)
I'll explain later. Just go. I'll
be there soon.

DANIELLE
You're not hurt, are you?

ELIJAH
I'm fine. Just go to the apartment
and wait for me.

CUT TO:

107 INT. REYNOLD'S CAR - NIGHT

Reynolds drives sporadically en route to the precinct while
on the phone.

REYNOLDS
I'm almost there. What's her
status?

CUT TO:

108 INT. POLICE PRECINCT/INTERVIEW ROOM - NIGHT - FLASHBACK

Back then.

Reynolds, TEARS in eyes and furious, storms passed Lt.
Stacy, Detective Morgan and various other officers and
enters the interview room.

MORGAN
Max, wait, goddamn it.

He SLAMS the door.

Waiting inside is a MAN (25; stoic) seated at the table,
HANDCUFFED.

Reynolds props a chair against the door and opens a CASE
FILE.

(CONTINUED)

REYNOLDS

Mitchell Crawford. Medical student. Apparently obsessed with the human anatomy as made evident by the small library in your apartment. Blah, blah, blah. Oh yeah, fucking psycho killer.

Reynolds PUNCHES Mitchell in the face, knocking him out of the chair and to the floor.

MITCHELL

You can't do this, asshole. I have rights!

REYNOLDS

In my eyes, you lost those rights as soon as you stabbed my fucking wife to death, you goddamn scumbag!

Reynolds KICKS Mitchell in the stomach repeatedly.

MITCHELL

Fuck you and your whore wife, pig!

REYNOLDS

Fuck me? Fuck my wife? Is that so, huh?

Reynolds removes his GUN from the holster and SHOVES it into Mitchell's MOUTH.

REYNOLDS (cont'd)

How about I fuck you with this chrome dick, you little bitch? I don't give a shit about your rights. Or this job. Or for that matter, your meaningless life. I swear to god, I am about to blow your brains all over this fucking floor!

The door is KICKED OPEN and several police officers rush in to subdue Reynolds.

LT. STACY

Enough, Max! This isn't the way to handle this. Go home, now!

The officers carrying Reynolds, who is RESISTING and CURSING, out of the room.

Lt. Stacy SIGHS as MEDICS come to tend to Mitchell.

FADE TO:

109 EXT. REAR OF POLICE PRECINCT/STREET - NIGHT

The BACK DOOR opens and Elijah runs out, exhausted. He spots a nearby DUMPSTER and pushes it until it blocks the door somewhat.

ELIJAH

(panting)

This wasn't supposed to be the way this went. Shit! Why did he come here? For me? Gotta get to Danielle...

Elijah begins RUNNING down the street as SIRENS BLARE in the background.

CUT TO:

110 INT. APARTMENT - NIGHT

Danielle opens the door and quickly shuts it. She rests against the door for a moment, contemplating what to do.

DANIELLE

Elijah, you idiot. "Can't go to the cops...what will we tell them?" Brilliant fucking job.

Danielle RUMMAGES through various DOCUMENTS that are piled on the table. She finally comes across a BOOK that has been bookmarked: "DRAKE DAVENPORT AND THE AMBROSE INCIDENTS".

FADE TO:

111 INT. HOUSE - DAY - FLASHBACK

The young Drake Davenport is walking into a bedroom, FLOWERS in hand, when he stumbles upon a teenage GIRL and GUY HAVING SEX in the bed.

KYLE SANDERS (V.O)

"Throughout my extensive and painstaking studies of the origin of the deranged nature of Mr. Davenport, several variations of the story has risen from his abstract and perhaps skewed writings..."

(CONTINUED)

The VASE holding the flowers SHATTERS on the hardwood floor.
Drake stands in front of the bed, in shock.

DAVENPORT
What the fuck is going on?!

The two teens scurry to hide themselves under the covers in shame.

GIRL
Drake? What are you doing here?

Drake becomes irate.

KYLE SANDERS (V.O)
"Many years of deciphering may have finally lead to the underlying truth of his homicidal ways..."

DAVENPORT
What am I doing here? You're fucking my best friend, you slut!

GIRL
Calm down, baby. It's just a misunderstanding.

DAVENPORT
I understand all right. I can't believe you two. I trusted you!

GUY
Dude, chill out. We were going to tell you--

DAVENPORT
We? It's "we" now? This is so fucked up!

GIRL
I'm sorry, Drake.

DAVENPORT
Are you?

Drake drops his head and SIGHS.

He turns and leaves the room.

KYLE SANDERS (V.O)
"While today and probably for the remainder of his natural life,
(MORE)"

(CONTINUED)

KYLE SANDERS (V.O) (cont'd)
Davenport will site forces of the
supernatural as his motivation,
what may be the actual catalyst is
something simpler. More primal...

GUY
How did he know?

GIRL
(sobbing)
I don't know. Just...just get out
of here. I knew this was a bad
idea.

GUY
It's not a big deal, baby. What's
he going to do, anyway? It's Drake
for god's sake.

The Guy PULLS on his PANTS and walks towards the door.

GUY (cont'd)
I'll go talk to him and settle this
shit out.

The guy is about to exit the room when he is STRUCK in the
FACE with a HAMMER.

KYLE SANDERS (V.O)
"Raw emotion.
Betrayal...heartbreak...rage."

GIRL
DRAKE?! What are you doing?

DAVENPORT
Shut the hell up!

The guy, now on the floor, attempts to CRAWL away from
Davenport as BLOOD POURS from his face.

Davenport MOUNTS the guy and begins repeatedly HITTING him
about the head with the hammer until he no longer moves.

Davenport STANDS and as he looks at the Girl starts LAUGHING
maniacally.

KYLE SANDERS (V.O)
"I believe that something triggered
his break from reality and, at
least in his mind, left him
susceptible to the manipulation of
higher powers."

(CONTINUED)

FADE TO:

112 INT. POLICE PRECINCT - NIGHT

Reynolds enters the building, bypasses everyone and heads towards the interview room where medics and other officers surround something.

REYNOLDS
Where is she?

WILLIAMS
You don't need to see this, Max.

REYNOLDS
Where is she?!

WILLIAMS
(sighs)
You know where she is.

Reynolds buries his face in his palms and takes a deep breath before peering over William's shoulder at Lt. Stacy's DEAD BODY.

REYNOLDS
(fighting tears)
No, no, no! Damn it! What the fuck happened?! Erica...

WILLIAMS
It was a massacre, Max. A goddamn bloodbath. Nobody saw it coming.

REYNOLDS
Who did it?

WILLIAMS
We don't know yet. There was some shady guy that came in a few minutes before the shit hit the fan going on about that Davenport guy and how people were going to die. Holy shit, man.

Reynolds KICKS over a small TRASH CAN.

REYNOLDS
It was him. Fuck!

(CONTINUED)

WILLIAMS

Who?

REYNOLDS

The copycat we couldn't catch. That arrogant bastard found us. How many did he take out?

WILLIAMS

Seven including the lieutenant. Even got that damn talk show host, Kyle Sanders too. Took his head clean off.

REYNOLDS

I want you to get a hold of the artist and I want a description on the news ASAP. Also, do me a favor and get me everything on Drake Davenport. This son of a bitch wants to pretend to be the boogeyman then I'm going to treat him as such. This shit ends tonight.

CUT TO:

113 INT. APARTMENT - NIGHT

Danielle is still digging through papers, when the DOOR OPENS and Elijah enters.

DANIELLE

Dear god, Elijah. I thought the worst had happened.

She runs up and HUGS Elijah.

ELIJAH

Calm down, baby. I'm still in one piece, for the time being.

DANIELLE

What happened? It's all on the news.

ELIJAH

Very bad things happened, sweetie. This motherfucker is not playing anymore. I don't know how, but he must have known I was there.

(CONTINUED)

DANIELLE

Why would he come after you? Do you think he knows about us and what we are here to do?

ELIJAH

I don't know but it seems unlikely that it was a coincidence. I mean, if we know about him, what is to stop him from knowing about us?

DANIELLE

This is bullshit! I thought we were supposed to be protected. We come back to clean up their mess and we are abandoned. Fucking forsaken.

ELIJAH

Whatever is going on, we have to deal with here and now. If we were sent out on a suicide mission; if we were abandoned, then that means one thing: all we have is each other.

DANIELLE

Goddamn it! They're both probably laughing at us right now along with the rest of the souls they control.

ELIJAH

Don't talk like that. We have to stay focused and have faith.

DANIELLE

Faith? Fuck faith! Don't you get it, Elijah? We're pawns in some never-ending game of chess. That crazy fucker was probably let out on purpose just to "test our faiths".

ELIJAH

You're afraid, that's all, Danielle. We will figure out something and we will get through this.

DANIELLE

Yeah right.

An uncomfortable and silent moment passes before Danielle KISSES Elijah, who is shocked.

(CONTINUED)

ELIJAH

What was that about?

DANIELLE

I owed it to you.

ELIJAH

I told you to forget---

DANIELLE

Shut up and make love to me.

ELIJAH

Really? But I thought you couldn't stand me.

DANIELLE

I almost lost my mind when I thought something had happened to you. I'm scared and you've been here for me. I don't even know anything about my past. I have a ring on my finger but that could very well just be another hoax. Like you said, all we have is each other.

ELIJAH

But..

DANIELLE

Just stop thinking. These could be our last times together and I want to feel loved before I go. I can look into your eyes and see the same longing. For once, let's do something for us. I don't know why but I feel like this was meant to be and I will admit that I have fallen in love with you.

ELIJAH

Wow. Heavy shit. I'm not so poetic but I happened to have grown quite fond of you and I don't believe I've made it any secret that I find you rather...beautiful. If this is it, then we'll go out in style.

Danielle and Elijah SMILE before embracing.

ELIJAH (cont'd)
I do love you, sweetie. More than
you will ever know.

FADE TO:

114 INT. POLICE PRECINCT - NIGHT

Reynolds, DRINKING straight from his bottle of WHISKEY, searches feverishly through case files. He eventually comes across information pertaining to Davenport's escape while leading police to an abandoned warehouse.

REYNOLDS
Now, where would I go if I were
obsessed with you, Mr. Davenport,
and hiding out from the law? Bingo.

Reynolds SCRIBBLES down the address and exits the precinct.

CUT TO:

115 INT. BAR - NIGHT

All eyes in the pub are glued to the news broadcast on the television.

ANCHOR
At this time, no suspects have been
arrested in connection to tonight's
deadly attack at the town's police
precinct, however a police artist's
sketch has been released of a
person-of-interest.

A SKETCH resembling Elijah is imposed onto the screen.

BARTENDER
Ain't that some shit? I seen that
guy. He was here the other day.

ANCHOR
If you have any information on the
whereabouts of this individual,
please contact the Ambrose Police
Department.

BARTENDER
No reward? Good luck.

CUT TO:

116 INT. APARTMENT - BEDROOM/LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Elijah and Danielle lay in bed cuddling.

DANIELLE
That was amazing.

ELIJAH
Yeah, all fifteen minutes of it. I apologize.

DANIELLE
Don't. You were great. I hope we don't get in too much trouble back home, though. I don't think a lot of what we did would be pleasing in the eyes of the lord.

ELIJAH
I wouldn't worry about it.

A loud THUD at the front door breaks their serene moment.

DANIELLE
He's here. Shit!

ELIJAH
I'll take care of it. Stay back here.

DANIELLE
Don't leave me, Elijah.

THUD.

ELIJAH
Get your shit packed and you stay put, hear me? I have to do this.

DANIELLE
No, you don't. We can run. Together.

ELIJAH
And go where? We agreed to do a job and that's what I intend to do. You've been brave, sweetie. Now it's time for me to own up to my end. If I don't return in five minutes, get the hell out of here.

Elijah dresses himself and heads for the front door, closing the bedroom door behind him. Before approaching the door, Elijah grabs a CARVING KNIFE from the kitchen.

(CONTINUED)

ELIJAH (cont'd)
Gut check time.

Cautiously, Elijah begins to open the door. Halfway through, though, the door is SLAMMED into his face. He falls to the floor and loses the knife.

Davenport has arrived, SLEDGEHAMMER in hand.

ELIJAH (cont'd)
The legendary Drake Davenport. Alas we meet. I'm a huge fan, by the way.

Davenport SWINGS the hammer at the downed Elijah. The hammer SMASHES the hardwood floor when Elijah moves at the last minute.

Elijah CRAWLS and retrieves the knife. Davenport GRABS him from behind but is soon met with the BLADE to his CHEST. He stumbles backwards, trying to remove it as BLOOD SPURTS from his body.

ELIJAH (cont'd)
Remember that feeling, huh? It's called pain. Next you will be overcome with a cold sensation followed by...well, you know the rest.

Elijah PUNCHES Davenport in the face, knocking him into the wall. Elijah continues his assault, STRIKING Davenport in the face repeatedly.

He stops and and goes to pick up the sledgehammer. Meanwhile, Davenport removes the knife from his chest.

ELIJAH (cont'd)
I gave up eternity to come back and right my wrongs. And now it's time for the moment of reckoning, you burnt piece of shit...

Davenport STABS Elijah in the THROAT as he turns around. Elijah drops to the floor. Davenport picks up the sledgehammer and DRIVES the sharpened end through his chest.

Peeking through the cracked bedroom door is Danielle, horrified.

After impaling Elijah over and over until he is sure he is dead, Davenport turns his attention to the bedroom. He makes his way towards the room, but when he opens the door, no one is there.

(CONTINUED)

The WINDOW is open.

CUT TO:

117 INT. REYNOLDS' CAR - NIGHT

Reynolds speeds down the street, lost in his own thoughts.

FADE TO:

118 INT. REYNOLDS RESIDENCE - BEDROOM - NIGHT - FLASHBACK

Reynolds sits upright in his bed, sheets covering his nude lower body. Someone is there with him.

REYNOLDS

You know we can't do this anymore,
right.

The shot PANS to reveal his bedmate. Lt. Stacy.

LT. STACY

I know, Max. This was a mistake.

REYNOLDS

I'm sorry. We shouldn't have let
this get as far as it did. Amanda
is starting to suspect something.

LT. STACY

You don't have to explain anything
to me. I have a great deal to lose
as well if this were ever to be
found out. I'm your commanding
officer for crying out loud.

REYNOLDS

I know that what's going on is
wrong, but I care about you, Erica.
I love my wife but I don't want to
lose you.

LT. STACY

Listen, Max, it's just sex. Nothing
will change the way we feel for one
another. You will never lose me.
Until I fire your ass, that is.

Lt. Stacy and Reynolds share a playful LAUGH.

FADE TO:

119 INT. REYNOLD'S CAR - NIGHT

Reynolds CHUGS from his whiskey bottle then TOSSES it out the window.

CUT TO:

120 EXT. APARTMENT COMPLEX - NIGHT

Danielle desperately moves from CAR to CAR trying to find an unlocked one to commandeer.

DANIELLE

Come on!

Soon, she sees Davenport exit the apartment and start RUNNING after her. She abandons the car and flees.

Danielle is nearly out of the complex and to the street when Davenport HURLS his weapon at her, striking her in the back of the head with the hammer side and knocking her unconscious.

FADE TO:

121 INT. ABANDONED WAREHOUSE - NIGHT

Davenport carries Danielle's unconscious body over his shoulder as he enters the warehouse. He TOSSES her carelessly onto the ground then walks back out.

CUT TO:

122 EXT. ABANDONED WAREHOUSE - NIGHT

Reynolds' car arrives. He steps out and draws his weapon. Almost immediately, though, he is STABBED in the BACK by Davenport out of nowhere and tossed to the ground.

CUT TO:

123 INT. ABANDONED WAREHOUSE - NIGHT

Danielle awakens as he is approaching and RUNS passed Davenport and into another part of the warehouse.

Danielle hides behind a huddle of WOODEN BOXES.

124 INT. ABANDONED WAREHOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Danielle continues to hide behind the boxes completely terrified and hysterical. Davenport soon realizes where Danielle is hiding and KICKS the BOXES out of the way.

Danielle SCREAMS then RUNS further into the warehouse. Davenport CHASES after her as she KNOCKS over OBJECTS in her path.

Danielle turns a corner with Davenport a few steps behind her. When Davenport rounds the corner, he is met with a CROWBAR to the face courtesy of the frightened woman.

BLOOD pours from Davenport's NOSE as Danielle REARS back to strike him again. This time however, Davenport CATCHES Danielle's WRIST, stopping her attack.

He uses his free hand to STRANGLE Danielle by the THROAT then SLAM her through a GLASS WINDOW.

Writhing in pain and covered in SHATTERED GLASS, Danielle pulls herself together and begins CRAWLING away from Davenport, who is CLIMBING through the BROKEN WINDOW.

DANIELLE

Fuck you!

Davenport lets out a sinister CHUCKLE then viscously KICKS Danielle in the FACE.

DANIELLE (cont'd)

Is that all you've got, you pussy?

Danielle is now in a seated position SLIDING away from Davenport. Right behind her on the floor is the CROWBAR she dropped.

Davenport again GRABS Danielle by the throat and PULLS her to her feet. Davenport brings Danielle face-to-face with himself and for the first time his features become distinguishable.

Danielle SPITS BLOOD in Davenport's EYES.

She then STABS the POINT of the CROWBAR into Davenport's ABDOMEN. Davenport releases his grip on Danielle and STAGGERS backwards as BLOOD GUSHES from his stomach.

Davenport stops staggering and places his hand on the crowbar. He JERKS FORWARD and removes the weapon from his body.

(CONTINUED)

Danielle is in disbelief and again attempts to RUN passed Davenport while he is disoriented but Davenport PUNCHES her in the JAW, sending her to the ground.

He GRABS Danielle by the HAIR and DRAGS her KICKING and SCREAMING back to his torture room.

Once there, Davenport SLAMS Danielle into the WALL. Davenport picks up his SLEDGEHAMMER and tries to HIT Danielle, but she DUCKS and RUNS to the TABLE covered in TORTURE DEVICES.

Again, Davenport CHARGES at her with his weapon and again Danielle DUCKS. This time, Danielle GRABS the ELECTRICAL DRILL and turns it on.

She SHOVES the DRILL into Davenport's GROIN. Davenport SCREAMS in pain and DROPS the sledgehammer. He CLUTCHES his groin and FALLS to his knees as Danielle REACHES for the SLEDGEHAMMER.

Danielle, STRAINING at first, lifts the sledgehammer and DRIVES it down onto the TOP of Davenport's HEAD.

After Davenport FALLS onto his back on the GROUND, Danielle PICKS UP the SWITCHBLADE and starts STABBING Davenport in the face. BLOOD SPATTERS all over Danielle as she ATTACKS Davenport.

These actions are INTER CUT with the scene of Rachael STABBING Davenport twenty years earlier.

Once she is sure Davenport is dead, Danielle TOSSES the switchblade and CRAWLS to the corner.

FADE TO:

125

EXT. CEMETERY - DAY

Danielle stands over a GRAVE. The TOMBSTONE reading: RACHAEL EDMOND. She places the DIARY on top of the tombstone.

Nearby, Reynolds visits another grave: LT. ERICA STACY.

As they both leave, Reynolds and Danielle cross paths and share a brief eye connection.

Danielle SMILES as she removes a PREGNANCY TEST from her pocket. It reads: POSITIVE.

126 INT. POLICE PRECINCT

Detective Morgan place an EVIDENCE BAG on his desk. In the bag are PHOTOS of ELIJAH and DANIELLE.

Officer Williams approaches.

MORGAN
I don't get it.

WILLIAMS
What don't you get?

MORGAN
These pictures. They don't fit. We recovered these from the old warehouse where we found Reynolds and the John Doe. All the other pictures were that of recent victims. These two have been dead for years. Rachael Edmond and Dennis McCain.

WILLIAMS
Who are they?

MORGAN
Nobodies. They died in a hit and run a few years back. Divorced couple. Makes no fucking sense.

WILLIAMS
What about this case does?

FADE TO:

127 INT. MORGUE - DAY

The MEDICAL EXAMINER finishes up with her autopsy of the mysterious body found at the warehouse. She sets down her BONE SAW and prepares to leave.

MEDICAL EXAMINER
As if things in this town couldn't get any weirder...

With her back turned to the autopsy table, she is not aware that the CORPSE now sits upright...BONE SAW in hand.

END.