

PSYCHOTIC

written by

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EXT. SUBURBAN STREET - NIGHT

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

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

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

PETER

Lucas? Is that you?

Lucas shuts the engine off and checks himself in the mirror. Puts on a trained smile. He gets out of the car and heads to the porch.

LUCAS

I got caught up.

PETER

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

LUCAS

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

Peter looks up at the home.

PETER

It's nice.

LUCAS

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

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

INT. MODEL HOME - NIGHT

Peter marvels at the scope and decoration of the home.

LUCAS

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

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

PETER

It's fake.

LUCAS

What'd you expect?

PETER

Do you want me to wait outside or
something?

LUCAS

No, of course not.

PETER

Why am I here?

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

LUCAS

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

Peter stammers, surprised. Lucas wanders into the kitchen.

PETER

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

LUCAS (O.S.)

I can't hear you. Speak up!

Peter clears his throat and follows Lucas.

INT. MODEL HOME, KITCHEN - NIGHT

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

PETER

You want to live here?

LUCAS

I just want to know what you think
about it.

PETER

I'm a little surprised.

LUCAS
Is it too big?

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

LUCAS
It'd be great for a family.

He peeks through the blinds to check the backyard.

LUCAS (cont'd)
There's a yard for a swing set... even a dog maybe.

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

LUCAS
I don't want you or anyone else thinking that I don't want the same things, you know? A home...a family...everyone wants that, right?
(beat)
What's wrong with knowing what you want and taking it?

INT. MODEL HOME, LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

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

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

LUCAS
We're friends, aren't we?

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

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

PETER
What the--

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

PETER (cont'd)
This is private property! We'll
call the police.

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

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

ACE
Who's this? He was supposed to be
alone.

Buddy smacks Ace on the back.

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

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

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

PETER
The police are on their way!

BUDDY
AND KEEP HIM QUIET!

Ace punches Peter and drags him up the stairs.

ACE (O.S.)
SHUT UP!

Dead silence.

BUDDY
Do you know who I am?

LUCAS
I have an inkling.

Buddy pulls out a HANDGUN and points it at Lucas.

LUCAS (cont'd)
Ever use one of those before?

BUDDY
Have you?

LUCAS
No...that's no fun.

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

BUDDY
You aren't going anywhere.

INT. MODEL HOME, KITCHEN - NIGHT

Lucas saunters into the kitchen with Buddy at his heels.

LUCAS
I just thought we could talk.

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

A dog barks outside again.

LUCAS
(winks)
Sounds fun. Count me in.

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

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

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

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

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

LUCAS
Do you want some?

BUDDY
Are you crazy?

LUCAS
Your loss.

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

BUDDY

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

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

LUCAS

I've already called the police.

BUDDY

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

LUCAS

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

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

BUDDY

STAY BACK!

LUCAS

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

Buddy's face twists in rage.

LUCAS (cont'd)

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

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

LUCAS (cont'd)

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

Deafening silence.

LUCAS (cont'd)
Your loss.

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

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

INT. MODEL HOME, HALLWAY - NIGHT

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

INT. MODEL HOME, BEDROOM - NIGHT

Lucas creeps into the dark room and looks around. Turns suddenly as if he hears a noise behind him--nothing.

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

Peter SCREAMS nearby. Lucas runs out of the room.

INT. MODEL HOME, BATHROOM - NIGHT

Lucas runs into a marble oasis.

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

ACE
Looks like I'm killing your fuck-buddy.

Blood bubbles from the overflowing toilet. Lucas smiles powerfully.

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

Lucas cracks his bloody knuckles.

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

Lucas wags a crimson finger at him.

LUCAS
Whatever helps you sleep at night.

ACE
That was my brother!

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

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

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

LUCAS (cont'd)
So are we gonna just stand here?
Or are you gonna let me take a
shit in peace?

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

Lucas' demeanor changes the second his eyes lock with Peter's. Lucas softens. Starts trembling. Wipes his bloody hands on his pants.

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

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

ACE
Stop putting on this act!

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

ACE (cont'd)
You're dead!

Ace charges Lucas. Lucas swiftly moves out of the way.

And now Peter and Ace are face to face. Ace brimming with anger--his eyes now locked on the weaker prey. Peter scrambles to make space between them. Ace swings wildly at him with his knife--pure blood lust.

And Ace stops frozen...stiff--crumples to the ground in a lump. Lucas cuts deep up along Ace's spine with the glass and pulls him away from Peter.

Lucas whispers in Ace's ear.

LUCAS
You're gonna bleed out...just like
she did.

Lucas collapses to the ground, sobbing. Peter crawls towards them, wide-eyed, trying to catch his breath--*barely having escaped his fate.*

LUCAS (cont'd)
Call the police...please...

Lucas' hands tremble wildly in shock.

PETER
Where...where's the other one?

LUCAS
...he can't hurt us.

Peter pauses, internalizing the thought.

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

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

EXT. MODEL HOME, PORCH - NIGHT

Peter runs outside.

He makes a call.

INT. MODEL HOME, BATHROOM - NIGHT

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

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

A slow GURGLING from Ace distracts Lucas' moment.

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

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

LUCAS
You taste better than she did.

SIRENS echo in the distance.

LUCAS (cont'd)
Well, that's my ride.

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

EXT. MODEL HOME, STREET - NIGHT

Lucas walks up behind Peter and leans against his car.

PETER
Are you okay?

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

NEIGHBORS jog by and trade suspicious glances at them.

PETER (cont'd)
Lucas?

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

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

POLICE CARS pull up to the house.

Peter holds Lucas' shoulders and catches his eye.

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

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

PETER
Some people deserve that--or
worse.

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

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

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

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

LUCAS
Well, aren't you cute?

The dog continues barking, viciousness foaming on its lips.

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

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

LUCAS (cont'd)
Good Boy. You wouldn't hurt a fly,
would you?

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

LUCAS (cont'd)
Just like me.

INT. POLICE STATION, INTERROGATION ROOM - NIGHT

Lucas sits at a singular table sipping water.

INT. POLICE STATION, OBSERVATION ROOM - NIGHT

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

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

He turns away from her.

PETER
His lawyer will be here any minute.

AGENT DELANEY

Then I should speak to him quickly?

He doesn't respond. She tries to put a comforting hand on his shoulder.

AGENT DELANEY (cont'd)

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

PETER

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

AGENT DELANEY

I know it's your job to help him. I understand that. But...but one of these days we'll find your body at the bottom of some ditch. This is all just an act.

Agent Delaney leaves.

INT. POLICE STATION, INTERROGATION ROOM - NIGHT

Lucas sits alone. A loud ticking clock on the back wall.

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

LUCAS

Will my lawyer be here soon?

AGENT DELANEY

I'm sure he's on his way.

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

LUCAS

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

AGENT DELANEY

Your psychiatrist? Yes. You've even convinced him you're innocent. Congratulations.

LUCAS

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

Lucas pushes the photographs to the floor.

AGENT DELANEY

Don't bullshit me. We're past
that! We both know you weren't in
any real danger...nothing you
couldn't handle...

LUCAS

You're going to regret framing me
for these murders.

AGENT DELANEY

Is that a threat, Mr. Walker?

LUCAS

Those two men died tonight because
of you!

She's unaffected.

AGENT DELANEY

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

LUCAS

Only from the papers...

AGENT DELANEY

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

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

LUCAS

Oh, is that all...

Delaney holds his gaze.

AGENT DELANEY

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

Lucas' face drops.

AGENT DELANEY (cont'd)

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

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

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

AGENT DELANEY
I wouldn't worry about any more
instances like tonight. I'll make
sure we have officers with you at
every moment...for your safety of
course.

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

AGENT DELANEY (cont'd)
Can't you hear it?

She gets close to him...too close.

LUCAS
Hear what?

AGENT DELANEY
That clock. You're almost out of
time.

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

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

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

She's frozen.

LUCAS (cont'd)
Good.

Lucas leaves and slams the door behind him.

INT. POLICE STATION, HALLWAY - NIGHT

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

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

LUCAS

Did you think someone was gonna
ask you to prom?

Peter laughs and looks away from the glass.

PETER

I barely recognized myself for a
second there.

LUCAS

I can understand that feeling.

Lucas rubs his bruised hands.

PETER

You out?

LUCAS

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

Peter pauses. Thinks for a moment.

PETER

Is this why you wanted to meet up?

LUCAS

What?

PETER

We weren't scheduled to meet until
tomorrow.

LUCAS

I didn't know anything would
happen...I just--It's this case.

(beat)

I'm sorry. This is embarrassing. But
I'm scared. I admit it. And I didn't
mean to put you in any danger.

They walk towards the exit and into--

INT. POLICE STATION, PARKING GARAGE - CONTINUOUS

PETER

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

Lucas stops short.

LUCAS

Really?

Peter carefully watches his reaction.

PETER

This work we are doing together is good. She barely has a case anyway. Plus, I imagine when you're living on the street legal fees are a bit hard to handle.

LUCAS

What does she want now?

PETER

We'll continue to meet--our sessions same as before...and the court will probably want me to put you on some medication after this.

LUCAS

Drugs? No.

PETER

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

Lucas bites his lip hard and paces.

LUCAS

NO!

PETER

You attacked her!

LUCAS

You still believe that? She attacked me!

PETER

You ripped the skin off her face.

LUCAS

She had a knife.

PETER

THAT WAS NEVER FOUND!!

LUCAS

NO!

PETER

CALM DOWN!

(MORE)

PETER (cont'd)

(beat)

This will make everyone involved
feel a lot better.

Lucas kicks a car--deep in thought.

LUCAS

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

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

LUCAS (cont'd)

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

Peter's unnerved.

INT. CONDO - NIGHT

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

He turns on every light as he checks the rooms.

INT. CONDO, BEDROOM - NIGHT

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

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

INT. CONDO, HALLWAY - NIGHT

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

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

INT. CONDO, BASEMENT - NIGHT

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

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

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

Lucas hides them away into the hole in the wall.

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

INT. CONDO, BEDROOM - NIGHT

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

EXT. CONDO - DAY

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

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

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

INT. POLICE CAR - DAY

Two OFFICERS watch Lucas run by their car window.

Lucas nods at them as he passes.

OFFICER #1

Call it in. He's on schedule.

OFFICER #2

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

EXT. CITY STREET - DAY

The police car pulls away from the curb.

Lucas stands just out of view down the street. Watches the car drive off. He's still and smiling.

He turns and continues running.

INT. OFFICE - DAY

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

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

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

LUCAS
What's this about?

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

JOHNSON
The whole building knows.

LUCAS
It was a solid closing.

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

Cruise chuckles and slaps Lucas on the back hard.

CRUISE (cont'd)
You said you were gonna close with seven figures.

LUCAS
I say a lot of things.

CRUISE
You were just shy of that, brother. You owe us all 500 bucks.

Lucas smiles through gritted teeth.

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

CRUISE
We're holding you to that!

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

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

LUCAS
(to Charlotte)
One second.

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

LUCAS (cont'd)
Spread it among yourselves now.
Wouldn't want anyone going hungry
tonight...

They all laugh.

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

CRUISE
That's what I like to hear!

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

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

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

Lucas freezes.

JOHNSON (cont'd)
The police were sayin...

CRUISE
(to Lucas)
Wait, you didn't know?

Lucas composes himself.

LUCAS

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

CHARLOTTE

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

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

LUCAS

Put it to my office, please.

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

CHARLOTTE

Of course, Lucas.

LUCAS

(to Men)

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

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

LUCAS (cont'd)

Good morning, Charlotte.

CHARLOTTE

Good morning, Mr. Walker.

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

EXT. CITY STREET - DAY

Lucas strolls down a bustling city sidewalk. Just out of step with the hordes of PASSERBYS around him. Silently watching them, but nearly invisible in the crowd.

He side-steps into a small coffee shop. A BUSINESSSMAN rudely pushes past him through the door.

You can see his anger rising, just for a moment as he holds the door. His jaw clenches. Eyes narrow. And then he notices someone else: a WOMAN stands in front of him, 30s. Eyes wide, clutching a stroller delicately. She's perfect--elegant and quiet in that classic sort of way. They share one of those small meaningful smiles that you can sometimes have with a stranger.

He holds the door open wider for her to pass into the shop. She gives him a small sincere smile and hurries inside.

WOMAN

Thank you so much.

INT. COFFEE SHOP - CONTINUOUS

Lucas follows at her heels. Stands in line behind her.

He gazes at the arc of her neck. The outline of her figure. *Every detail.* And then he sees it--the CHILD. A bubbly pink fat face smiling up at him from her stroller.

He tries to make a funny face and the BABY giggles. Lucas is delighted by the reaction.

INT. COFFEE SHOP - LATER

Lucas sits just behind the Woman. He waits for his order to be ready, *but he's really watching them.* Enraptured by the pair...just out of reach.

BARISTA

Walker. Order up.

Lucas purposefully bumps into the Woman on his way to pick up his drink. He turns on a dime, apologetic, with a charming smile.

LUCAS

Oh, I'm so sorry, Miss.

She gives him a warm smile. He lets his admiring gaze linger on her--and breaks it. Looks at the baby.

LUCAS (cont'd)

Ohh. What a cutie!

He waves a small finger at the child.

EXT. CITY STREET - DAY

The Woman walks with her stroller.

Lucas follows at a distance, hiding himself in the crowd. He's clearly been at this for a while.

She stops at a restaurant and goes inside. He watches from across the street, through the glass...just about to approach her when--

The Woman walks up to a table and is greeted by a MAN. He kisses her lovingly on the cheek. Picks up the child.

Lucas doesn't dare take another step. He's disgusted--fire in his eyes. Barely breathing.

INT. SEEDY BATHROOM - DAY

Lucas storms into a bathroom and locks the door behind him. It's dark and dingy. Porno magazines taped to the walls.

He pulls at his hair and paces. Anger boiling over.

Lucas kicks violently. Pulls at the vanity to try to break it from the wall.

He punches the mirror, shattering the glass. His hand bloody and trembling. Can't control it.

Lucas desperately feels for his pulse--

--any beat. Finds it.

Breathes.

He regains control...bears the sight of himself in the broken mirror.

Someone BANGS on the bathroom door. Lucas collects himself for a moment. Then unlocks it. A large HAIRY MAN waits impatiently.

HAIRY MAN

Can't go lockin' that door. We all need to use it!

Lucas roughly pushes past him and into an open hallway. Scantly clad PROSTITUTES peek out of cracked doors.

INT. BROTHEL, HALLWAY - DAY

Lucas strolls down the hallway through the girls, eyeing each one carefully. He finds one that vaguely resembles the Woman with the stroller--a fractured, broken version of her in a ripped corset.

LUCAS

You'll do.

They go inside a nearby room.

INT. BROTHEL, BEDROOM - DAY

The windows are covered in cheap colorful rags and drapes. A semen stained comforter on a rickety bed.

She turns on soft music and starts undressing him. But he's not into it. He flinches at her touch and lingering gaze.

LUCAS

Stop!

He rummages through a drawer and pulls out clothing. Rips it. Hands her the scraps.

LUCAS (cont'd)

Cover your eyes.

Her smile fades.

EXT. GRAVEYARD - DAY

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

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

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

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

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

INT. CHURCH - DAY

Lucas watches the funeral from the door.

PRIEST (O.S.)

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

Lucas notices a PRIEST cleaning up along the pews.

LUCAS

Excuse me?

The Priest points to the ceiling.

PRIEST

Cause someone's always watching.

LUCAS
I'm here for the service.

PRIEST
You're late then. It's moved
across the street for the
burials.
(beat)
Did you know the brother's well?

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

The Priest softens.

PRIEST
A real shame what happened to her.

Lucas turns back to watch the funeral from afar.

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

The Priest a puts a comforting hand on his shoulder.

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

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

LUCAS
I'd like to see him try.

Lucas softly kisses the gold cross tucked into his shirt. He
stuffs a handful of cash in a nearby collection plate,
smiles, and strides out the door.

EXT. CHURCH - DAY

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

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

INT. PSYCHIATRIC HOSPITAL, COMMON ROOM - DAY

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

PETER

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

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

PETER (cont'd)

He really--he saved me...but enough about that. How was your week?

Peter motions to a NURSE.

PETER (cont'd)

(to Nurse)

Can I get a little juice for him?
Thanks.

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

PETER (cont'd)

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

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

PETER (cont'd)

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

The Nurse watches nearby and whispers to a DOCTOR.

NURSE

He's back again?

DOCTOR

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

NURSE

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

Peter motions the Doctor over.

PETER

(to Doctor)

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

DOCTOR

We'll do what we think is best.

PETER

Do you even want to help him? You're supposed to be a medical professional.

DOCTOR

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

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

DOCTOR (cont'd)

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

PETER

(to Aaron)

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

Peter grabs his jacket from the chair and leaves.

EXT. PSYCHIATRIC HOSPITAL - DAY

Peter rushes down the steps of the psychiatric hospital. He angrily throws his tie. Curses under his breath.

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

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

PETER

Lucas.

LUCAS

I've been meaning to call you.

PETER

I'm glad you did.

LUCAS

I have a small favor to ask.

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

PETER

Anything. What do you need?

INT. POUND - DAY

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

PETER

You brought me all the way down here for this?

LUCAS

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

PETER

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

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

LUCAS

He's perfect, isn't he?

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

PETER

Nice one too...

LUCAS

He just doesn't trust you yet.

Lucas reaches his hand slowly inside the cage.

PETER

What are you doing?

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

LUCAS

You just have to trust a wild animal sometimes.

PETER

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

LUCAS

Is there ever a right time?

PETER

Well, no, but--

LUCAS

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

PETER

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

LUCAS

That's not going to happen.

PETER

You're so confident now?

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

LUCAS

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

They both stand.

PETER

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

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

LUCAS

Fine.

PETER

Fine? Really?

LUCAS

See, I can take good advice.

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

EXT. POUND - DAY

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

LUCAS
Do you have time for lunch?

PETER
I should be getting back to work.

LUCAS
Now? Really?

Lucas keeps walking, not giving Peter an out.

LUCAS (cont'd)
We're on 5th. Know of anything
good to eat here?

PETER
Nothing I'd recommend.

Lucas gets a glint in his eye.

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

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

Lucas pulls Peter behind him.

LUCAS
It will just take a second. I
promise.

EXT. CITY STREET - DAY

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

PETER
What?

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

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

PETER
I don't understand...

A moment. Lucas retreats--apologetic. Peter's eyes go wide.

LUCAS
Never mind. This wasn't a good idea.

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

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

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

LUCAS
I'm sorry.

Lucas shrinks back--unfiltered regret.

LUCAS (cont'd)
I just don't want you or anyone
else looking at me that way.

Peter is disgusted. There's an unfamiliar estrangement between them.

LUCAS (cont'd)
The way you're looking at me now.

Peter's anger slips away. The woman stands to get a better look at them.

LUCAS (cont'd)
I'm sorry. I shouldn't have
brought you here.

Lucas strolls off down the sidewalk, leaving Peter alone.

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

INT. POLICE STATION, CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY

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

AGENTS around the room wait patiently for the call to end. Two Feds--AGENT BRUDOE and AGENT PAGE talk in hushed tones in the corner.

AGENT DELANEY
We'll talk soon.

Delaney hangs up and focuses on the room.

AGENT #1
So what's next?

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

AGENT BRUDOE
--that what? Gets him to claim harassment?

AGENT PAGE
He already dropped two bodies that get blamed on us. If we had enough on him we'd be able to put him away, not just pass along rumors to angry families.

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

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

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

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

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

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

AGENT PAGE

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

She grabs a cup of coffee and throws it against a nearby wall. The room's dead silent.

AGENT DELANEY

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

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

OFFICER #3

Your visitor is here, Agent Delaney.

Delaney eyes Brudoe and Page.

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

AGENT DELANEY

I'll talk to Dr. Smith alone.

Delaney escorts Peter out of the room.

INT. POLICE STATION, HALLWAY - DAY

AGENT DELANEY

I'm so happy we could talk in private.

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

They walk into a nearby interrogation room.

INT. POLICE STATION, INTERROGATION ROOM - DAY

PETER

We don't have anything to talk about.

AGENT DELANEY

Then why did you come?

Peter looks at the lone table and chairs.

PETER

Am I a suspect now too?

AGENT DELANEY

Of course not.

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

HOMELESS WOMAN

Who's he?

AGENT DELANEY

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

Her eyes dart psychotically towards Peter. He backs away.

HOMELESS WOMAN

I said I'm done. I'm out.

AGENT DELANEY

We've talked about this. We need you if we have any chance to build this case. But I can't keep you safe if you won't help us.

HOMELESS WOMAN

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

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

AGENT DELANEY

Has he approached you again?

HOMELESS WOMAN

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

The Homeless Woman tosses her chair. She paces the room.

HOMELESS WOMAN (cont'd)

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

AGENT DELANEY

PLEASE CALM DOWN!

HOMELESS WOMAN

You want me dead just so you have
a case.

The Homeless Woman gets in Peter's face.

HOMELESS WOMAN (cont'd)

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

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

Peter trips from the room. Delaney follows him out.

INT. POLICE STATION, HALLWAY - DAY

AGENT DELANEY

Do you see why I brought you here?

PETER

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

AGENT DELANEY

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

INT. LUCAS' OFFICE - NIGHT

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

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

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

INT. OFFICE, MAIN - NIGHT

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

INT. CAR - NIGHT

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

INT. CAR - LATER

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

LUCAS
 (to himself)
Just go inside.

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

LUCAS (cont'd)
Not tonight...

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

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

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

INT. POLICE STATION, OFFICE - NIGHT

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

The phone rings. Delaney picks up.

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

INT. CAR - NIGHT

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

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

LUCAS
 Excuse me?

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

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

EXT. CONDO - DAY

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

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

PETER
Do you know who I am?

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

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

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

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

OFFICER #2
What do you want?

PETER
Where is he?

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

PETER
Then where's his car?

The Officers trade blameless glances.

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

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

Peter hurries inside and closes the door behind him.

INT. CONDO, LIVING ROOM - DAY

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

PETER

He left.

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

LUCAS

You weren't supposed to be here.

PETER

Jesus, Lucas. How old was he?

LUCAS

Legal, enough.

PETER

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

Lucas cools--his anger fading.

LUCAS

What's gotten into you?

PETER

What do you mean?

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

LUCAS

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

Lucas gives him a wicked smile and walks off.

LUCAS (cont'd)

What are you doing here anyway?

INT. CONDO, KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

Lucas rummages through his cabinets.

PETER
I thought you weren't here.

LUCAS
Parked around back...

PETER
Why?

LUCAS
Let's not talk about this.

A moment.

PETER
You missed our appointment.

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

Lucas motions to the pastries in Peter's hand.

LUCAS (cont'd)
Are one of those mine?

Peter hands one over and watches him eat.

LUCAS (cont'd)
Where'd you get this?

PETER
I made it.

LUCAS
It's not that great...

PETER
Most people would just say '*thank
you*'.

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

LUCAS
There it is again.

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

LUCAS (cont'd)
So you came here just to tell me I
missed a meeting? You could've
called.

PETER

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

LUCAS

And what did you tell them?

PETER

...nothing.

Lucas stares at him, weighing his answer.

LUCAS

Right.

PETER

'Cause there's nothing to tell.

Lucas smiles and claps him on the back.

LUCAS

Exactly.

EXT. CITY PARK - DAY

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

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

Lucas watches people carefully pass him by.

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

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

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

He clutches his head in pain.

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

HOMELESS WOMAN

He's coming to kill me!

(beat)

The Devil's comin' to kill us all.

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

Lucas runs back up the path the way he came.

INT. CONDO, BATHROOM - DAY

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

A NOISE catches his attention.

LUCAS

Hello?

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

LUCAS (cont'd)

Peter, is that you?

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

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

He laughs and wipes the water from his face.

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

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

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

INT. PETER'S APARTMENT, HALLWAY - DAY

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

PETER

Lucas, what are you doing here?

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

PETER (cont'd)

Never mind. Please...come in.

LUCAS

(whispers)

They're following me...

PETER

Who? Who's following you?

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

INT. APARTMENT - DAY

Peter leads Lucas to a seat.

PETER

I don't generally see patients at my home.

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

PETER (cont'd)

Is everything okay?

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

LUCAS

I think I'm going crazy.

PETER

Why do you think that?

LUCAS

I'm not myself right now.

PETER

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

LUCAS

You wouldn't understand.

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

PETER

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

LUCAS

My mother gave it to me.

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

PETER

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

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

PETER (cont'd)
Did someone hurt you? Are the
Feds--

LUCAS
No.

Peter gives the water to Lucas. He drinks.

PETER
Good.

LUCAS
Good?

PETER
I don't want you hurt by anyone,
Lucas.
(coughs)
Excuse me. Mr. Walker.

LUCAS
No one hurt me.

PETER
Can you tell me what happened?

Lucas hesitates. Peter wrings his hands.

PETER (cont'd)
If you can't trust me...

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

Silence.

LUCAS (cont'd)
I'm running out of time! Don't you
understand?

PETER
What made you come here?

LUCAS
I didn't have anywhere else to go!

Lucas shrinks back, a mask clawing to the surface.

LUCAS (cont'd)
I'm sorry. I shouldn't have
bothered you like this.

They both stand; Lucas moves to the door.

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

LUCAS
Sometimes I just can't control
myself...

Lucas wrings his hands. Peter sits back down.

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

LUCAS
I can't.

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

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

LUCAS
You have '*demons*'?

Lucas sits back down.

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

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

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

LUCAS
I'd like to see that.

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

INT. BAR - NIGHT

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

INT. BAR, BATHROOM - NIGHT

Lucas throws water on his face and runs his fingers through his untamed hair. He stares at his mask, fixated by the waning facade.

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

GIRL

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

LUCAS

It appears so...

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

GIRL

Maybe that's a good thing...

His eyes narrow and fingers clench.

LUCAS

Maybe another time.

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

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

GIRL

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

Her giggling is cut short by a high pitched yelp.

GIRL (cont'd)

You bit me!

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

LUCAS

You want me to stop?

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

LUCAS (cont'd)

Good.

He kisses her roughly, sucking at her raw lip.

Cruise strolls in the bathroom.

CRUISE

So that's where you've been!

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

GIRL

Where are you going?

Cruise follows Lucas back to the bar.

INT. BAR - NIGHT

Cruise and Lucas sit back down.

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

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

LUCAS

We're done for tonight...

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

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

CRUISE

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

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

LUCAS

I thought you were celebrating my light wallet!

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

JOHNSON

Just one sip, will ya'.

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

LUCAS

I have no taste for it. Enjoy it yourself.

JOHNSON

Cooooommmmmeeeee Oooonn. You won't indulge in simple pleasures?

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

LUCAS

Not something soo simple.

Johnson leans on Lucas and tries to pour the bottle in his mouth. Drunkenly forceful.

JOHNSON

Come on, join us you weird fuck.

Lucas slams Johnson against the bar. Grabs silverware from a nearby plate. Clutches it in bone-white knuckles behind his back--about to strike.

Cruise jumps in between them. A quick laugh to calm the mood.

CRUISE

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

Lucas digs the fork deep under his own fingernail. Holding. Johnson is motionless and dazed; eyes unfocused.

Lucas trades glances with his workmates. Condemning looks all around. His face cracks into a fake smile.

He drops the unseen fork to the ground behind him and lets Johnson go. Lucas motions the BARTENDER over.

CRUISE (cont'd)

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

Lucas generously pays the bartender.

LUCAS

Let them indulge tonight then.

CRUISE

You aren't staying?

LUCAS

I'm not feeling very well.

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

CRUISE
Maybe next time then?

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

LUCAS
Do you know them?

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

CRUISE
Who?

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

Cruise steps out of Lucas' path.

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

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

LUCAS
I must have...

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

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

EXT. BAR - NIGHT

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

A siren echoes nearby.

Lucas deeply breathes in the crisp night air.

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

A DRUNK MAN stumbles out of the bar and throws up on the sidewalk. He sits on the pavement next to Lucas. Lucas hails a cab.

DRUNK MAN

Can I bum one?

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

INT. CAB - NIGHT

Lucas slams the door behind him and settles in.

CAB DRIVER

Address? Headin' home for 'da
night?

Lucas gives one last look to his coworkers in the bar. Eyes narrowing, jaw clenched.

LUCAS

Not yet...

INT. CONDO - NIGHT

Lucas hurries inside. His face is spotted with soot. Eyes unfocused and strained.

He locks the door behind him.

INT. CONDO, KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

Lucas clutches his temple with a headache.

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

INT. CONDO, BEDROOM - DAY

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

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

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

He laughs, ripping off the pillowcase.

INT. CONDO, KITCHEN - DAY

Lucas throws the pillowcase in the garbage.

INT. MODEL HOME, BATHROOM - DAY

Lucas straightens his suit and paces the marble oasis. It's been cleaned to the bone. All evidence from the previous attack bleached and buried.

He goes to the mirror. Tries to smile, but can't force it. His grin is unnatural, crooked, and forced.

LUCAS

Hello, I'm...

Lucas lifts out a hand to the mirror. His face drops, unsatisfied. And tries again.

LUCAS (cont'd)

Nice to...happy to have you come
by...how was the drive? Good!
How've you been?

(beat)

Me?

(beat)

Ohhh, never better. Really.

He goes in for that practiced handshake again. Tries to hold his smile, but can't. He slaps himself across the face.

A DOORBELL rings.

Lucas grabs police CAUTION TAPE from the door. Stuffs it in his pocket and leaves.

INT. MODEL HOME, FOYER - DAY

Lucas opens the front door wide. A nice young COUPLE smiles at him from the porch.

LUCAS

Lucas Walker. We talked earlier.
Nice to have you come by!

He's too eager. Disheveled. They hold for a moment on the porch. Lucas quickly offers a sweaty palm. The man hesitates but shakes it. They head inside.

HUSBAND

When we spoke, you were so excited
about this property. We just
couldn't pass up seeing it with
this new reduced price.

Lucas hurries off, talking loudly over his shoulder. The couple tries to keep up.

LUCAS

This place is just gonna fly off the market. Best on the block!

INT. MODEL HOME, LIVING ROOM - DAY

HUSBAND

Any reason we should be worried about the sudden price drop?

Lucas turns on a dime.

LUCAS

The company's just eager to sell. It'll go fast now too! I might just grab it myself.

WIFE

It's beautiful. It really is.

HUSBAND

This room's a little small though.

LUCAS

Small? No!

HUSBAND

Don't you think, honey? I'm just thinking with the kids running around. And the dog. It'd be a little tight. Let's take a look at the kitchen though.

The husband tries to walk past Lucas into the kitchen. Lucas blocks his path. Anger brimming to the surface.

LUCAS

No. This house is perfect.

Lucas roughly pushes his unkempt hair out of his face.

LUCAS (cont'd)

You'd be lucky to have a place like this! It's an ideal family home.

HUSBAND

Look, I didn't mean--

LUCAS

NO! It's so *quintessential*. Normal. It's PERFECT.

(MORE)

LUCAS (cont'd)
 AND IF YOU CAN'T SEE THAT THEN WHY
 ARE YOU EVEN HERE?

HUSBAND
 Hey, buddy. What's your problem?

Lucas takes a swift step toward them. They back up.

LUCAS
 I MEAN IT!

HUSBAND
 (to wife)
 Let's go.

They start to leave.

HUSBAND (cont'd)
 (under breath)
This guy's crazy.

LUCAS
 I SAID GET THE FUCK OUT!

The door slams. Lucas is alone.

He goes to the front door. Locks it.

INT. ELEVATOR - DAY

Lucas plays with his lighter in the empty elevator. Flicking it open and closed. Letting the flame grace the tips of his fingers.

A security camera blinks silently above him.

INT. OFFICE, MAIN - DAY

Lucas steps out. Brisk. Strolling through the office.

He approaches a group of MEN huddled around a desk. Johnson at the center, face in hands. Distraught and disheveled. Cruise pats him on the back.

LUCAS
 Who died? Come on, Johnson, you
 that hungover?

No one laughs. Still solemn faces. Cruise pulls Lucas away by the collar.

CRUISE
 You didn't hear?

Lucas shakes his head, nearly authentic concern.

LUCAS

What?

CRUISE

A property of his burned down last night. That estate on Victoria.

LUCAS

Really? What a shame! He'd been working on that for months.

CRUISE

Finally lined up a buyer too...

They trade sympathetic glances at Johnson.

LUCAS

Any idea what happened?

CRUISE

No, but we all know he should've turned that property around a long time ago. I doubt he'll stay past the end of the quarter now.

INT. PETER'S OFFICE - DAY

Lucas drifts along the books and framed degrees on the wall of a cramped office. Leaning towers of paperwork on the desk--too much work for a single person.

A loud ticking clock hangs on the wall. A file with Lucas' name sits on a chair. He stares at its cover. The office door suddenly swings open.

Peter walks in. Stiffens at the sight of Lucas.

PETER

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

LUCAS

I'm early.

Peter nods.

PETER

And I'm late.

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

PETER (cont'd)

I'm surprised to see you.

LUCAS
I've only ever missed one
appointment.

Lucas sits down.

PETER
Nor have you been late. Coffee?

LUCAS
No thanks.

Peter looks annoyed.

PETER
Tea? Something?

LUCAS
Sure. Tea.

Peter pours a steaming kettle of water.

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

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

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

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

Peter motions to his own mug.

PETER (cont'd)
My third today.

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

Peter studies him.

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

LUCAS
I figured you would.

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

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

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

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

Lucas drinks deeply from his cup. An awkward silence.

PETER (cont'd)
I went to a funeral a few days ago.

LUCAS
Really? Anyone I know?

PETER
No. I don't think so. It made me
think about the attack though. We
haven't talked about that yet. Not
really. How do you feel about the
whole thing?

LUCAS
Scared. Like anyone else would.

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

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

PETER

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

LUCAS

I thought we were trying to be open and honest?

PETER

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

LUCAS

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

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

LUCAS (cont'd)

What?

PETER

You just remind me of someone.

LUCAS

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

PETER

No one you know.

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

LUCAS

Try me.

PETER

He's just an old friend.

LUCAS

Were you able to help him?

PETER

Excuse me?

LUCAS

I just assume he's a patient.

(beat)

Or more?

PETER

We shouldn't talk about this.

LUCAS
That's what makes it fun.

A wink.

LUCAS (cont'd)
How's he doing?

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

Lucas stands and walks through the office.

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

PETER
I didn't say--

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

Peter's restless, exposed.

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

PETER
You...you are very--very different than him. It's not the same as...

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

PETER (cont'd)
Are you still not feeling well?

INT. ELEVATOR - DAY

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

The lights flicker in the elevator for a moment. Lucas desperately clutches at the railing. No one else reacts.

LUCAS
Must be the wiring in this old building.

They give him estranged glances.

INT. OFFICE, MAIN - DAY

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

CHARLOTTE
Good morning, Mr. Walker.

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

CHARLOTTE
Can I get you anything?

LUCAS
It's just a headache.

CHARLOTTE
You're working too hard.

Lucas gives her a sympathetic nod and a perfect smile.

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

INT. LUCAS' OFFICE - DAY

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

Lucas throws his briefcase on his desk. Sits down. He clears his desk of paperwork. Drags fingers through his hair.

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

The phone RINGS and he glares at Charlotte.

LUCAS
Stupid bitch.

Lucas picks up.

LUCAS (cont'd)
This is Lucas Walker.

Silence.

LUCAS (cont'd)
Who's calling?

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

LUCAS (cont'd)
I said no calls. Did you hear me?

He is unhinged. Employees around them watch the scene.

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

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

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

LUCAS (cont'd)
Dammit, again? Call 'IT' if
there's a problem.

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

LUCAS (cont'd)
Yes?

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

LUCAS (cont'd)
You must have the wrong number.

A haunting childish LAUGHTER. Lucas freezes. The line cuts dead. Lucas rips the cord from the phone.

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

INT. OFFICE, MAIN - DAY

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

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

LUCAS
Charlotte, get my lawyer to call
me, will you? My cell.
(beat)
And I want to know who just called.

He starts to leave, but stops mid-turn.

LUCAS (cont'd)
Thank you.

Lucas quickly walks off, away from the prying eyes.

INT. OFFICE, BATHROOM - DAY

Lucas locks the door behind him. It seems empty. He's alone.

Lucas ducks into the nearest stall and secures that latch as well. Shuts the lid and curls up: face to knees--his newly shined shoes scuffing against porcelain. Trying to breathe, but almost chuckling. He bangs at the stall unrestrained.

A *flush*. Lucas spins wildly at the sound. But it quiets. He hears shoes softly against the tile nearby.

Lucas carefully--slow as humanly possible--peeks his head below the stall to look around. It's empty as before.

LUCAS

Hel....Hello?

Lucas tiptoes out of his stall.

He softly pushes each door open. One by one. Each empty. Until one remains. Fully closed. Lucas places a single trembling palm on the door. And holds it there. Doesn't have the nerve to push. Then BANG BANG BANG.

Lucas stumbles away from the stall. His trance broken by an impatient employee needing a piss.

Lucas unlocks the bathroom door and pushes past the EMPLOYEE. Lucas tries to give a convincing glare.

EMPLOYEE

Sorry, Mr. Walker, didn't realize
it was you in there.

Nearby, OTHER EMPLOYEES around a water cooler quietly hush their conversation and stare at Lucas as he passes.

Lucas tries not to notice.

INT. LUCAS' OFFICE - LATER

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

He steps on his suit jacket on the floor as he circles. A clock on the wall has been smashed.

LUCAS

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

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

LUCAS (cont'd)
They're watching...waiting for a
mistake. Any mistake.

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

LUCAS (cont'd)
Come in.

Charlotte gingerly enters, keeping her eyes on the floor.

CHARLOTTE
I looked into your calls...

LUCAS
And?

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

LUCAS (cont'd)
What is it, Charlotte?

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

LUCAS
That's not possible!

CHARLOTTE
I can have them look again, but--

LUCAS
No. It's not necessary.

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

CHARLOTTE
I thought you might be hungry.

LUCAS
And the pills?

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

LUCAS

Thank you.

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

LUCAS (cont'd)

I have to take this.

(beat)

Just leave them on the desk.

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

LUCAS (cont'd)

Where have you been, Greene?

GREENE (O.S.)

Nice hearing from you too.

LUCAS

It's your job to contain this.

GREENE (O.S.)

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

LUCAS

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

GREENE (O.S.)

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

LUCAS

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

GREENE (O.S.)

I can only make so much noise before it blows up in our faces.

LUCAS

And what have you done for me?
WHAT? THEY ALMOST GOT ME KILLED!

The line is silent.

LUCAS (cont'd)

Did you hear me?

GREENE (O.S.)
Loud and clear. It won't happen
again. I promise.

LUCAS
Good.

INT. POLICE STATION, HALLWAY - DAY

GREENE, a potbelly in an expensive suit with perfectly greased-back hair, hangs up his phone. Agent Delaney walks out of an office and towards him. She holds out her hand.

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

He doesn't shake her hand.

GREENE
Is it?

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

GREENE
Unless you can afford my hourly
rate, no.

AGENT DELANEY
I respect your need to--

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

AGENT DELANEY
Your client is exaggerating...

GREENE
You're threatening him. Putting
his life at risk. If I hear even a
fuckin' whisper of you keepin' up
this crazed investigation, I'll
give you bigger things to worry
about than that killer of yours.

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

He puts a greasy fat finger in her face.

GREENE

One whisper.

He stomps off. Calls over his shoulder:

GREENE (cont'd)

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

EXT. STRIP CLUB - DAY

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

PETER

Is this 567 on 10th?
(beat)
I'm meeting someone...

The Bouncer doesn't answer. Peter tries for the door.

BOUNCER

Where do ya' think ya' goin'?

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

LUCAS

Where have you been?

INT. STRIP CLUB - DAY

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

They enter a larger room. Fat fingered greasy SUITS circled around fleshy shows. Peter stops short, taking in the scene.

LUCAS

No one followed you, right?

Peter shakes his head.

PETER

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

LUCAS

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

PETER
Like what?

LUCAS
Why the fuck would I care?

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

PETER
I have other clients you know.

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

PETER
You know I can't talk about them.

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

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

WAITRESS
How's my new favorite regular?

LUCAS
Thirsty.

WAITRESS
The same?

LUCAS
Make it a double.

She turns to Peter.

WAITRESS
And what can I get you today?

PETER
Nothing please.

LUCAS
Same as me.

PETER
I don't think--

LUCAS
Same as me.

She walks away.

PETER
What are we doing here, Lucas,
really?

LUCAS
I haven't been completely honest
with you.

Lucas chugs his remaining drink.

LUCAS (cont'd)
Things have been happening. Things
I can't explain or control.

Peter's intrigued--*too intrigued*.

PETER
Like what?

LUCAS
Things I can't talk about with you.

PETER
But--

LUCAS
No. I'm serious.

PETER
Fine.

The Waitress brings their drinks.

PETER (cont'd)
I've been having trouble
contacting you recently.

LUCAS
I haven't been home in a few days.

PETER
Why?

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

Peter sips his glass, disgusted by the taste.

PETER
How?

LUCAS

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

PETER

Who?

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

LUCAS

Her...

Peter turns and sees a DANCER on the other side of the room behind him. She's balancing on a pole; flirting with a suit--a short bleached wig and clad in skimpy leather.

PETER

Who is she?

LUCAS

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

Peter does a double take.

LUCAS (cont'd)

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

PETER

What did you think she was doing to you?

Lucas waves off the questions.

LUCAS

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

PETER

Or maybe you just don't pay her enough.

Lucas gives him a dark look.

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

PETER (cont'd)
She hasn't seen you?

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

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

LUCAS (cont'd)
Ugh, that's vile now.

Peter watches him closely.

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

LUCAS
No...not at all.

PETER
Then why am I here?

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

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

Peter slams his fists on the table and stands. Storms off.

PETER (cont'd)
I'm done.

LUCAS
Don't be like that!

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

CHARLOTTE
Can I help you with something, Sir?

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

Lucas tries to follow Peter out.

EXT. STRIP CLUB - DAY

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

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

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

LUCAS

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

MAN

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

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

INT. CONDO - NIGHT

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

He combs through the rooms, turning on every light.

INT. CONDO, BEDROOM - NIGHT

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

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

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

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

LUCAS

Hello?

Knocking turns into sharp SCRATCHING--it intensifies.

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

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

An imposing *SILENCE*.

His jaw stiffens. Fists suddenly clench.

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

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

INT. CONDO, HALLWAY - NIGHT

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

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

A quick *SHADOW* moves behind him.

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

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

Lucas runs from the house.

INT. POLICE STATION, LOBBY - NIGHT

Lucas storms into a police station lobby. Tightly wrapped in a trench coat. His face dripping. A storm rages outside.

He marches to the front desk. Pounds a wet fist to the counter.

LUCAS
I KNOW WHAT YOU'RE DOING!

OFFICER
How-How can I help you?

The Officer shifts nervously in her seat.

LUCAS

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

OFFICER

I need you to just calm down, Sir.

Lucas walks towards the main office.

OFFICER (cont'd)

You can't go back there!

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

LUCAS

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

He picks up a pencil from the counter. The sharp point digs beneath his nail.

LUCAS (cont'd)

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

AGENT DELANEY (O.S.)

Mr. Walker?

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

AGENT DELANEY

Did you want to meet with me?

LUCAS

I thought you understood now. You aren't allowed to bother me anymore!

AGENT DELANEY

Do you have something to report?

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

LUCAS

YOU KNOW WHAT YOU'RE DOING!!!

AGENT DELANEY

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

LUCAS

You should get better at lying.

AGENT DELANEY

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

LUCAS

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

Lucas starts to leave.

AGENT DELANEY

Mr. Walker--

Lucas pauses but doesn't turn.

AGENT DELANEY (cont'd)

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

LUCAS

Who's foolish enough to leave a witness alive?

Lucas leaves.

EXT. POLICE STATION - NIGHT

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

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

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

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

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

INT. APARTMENT COMPLEX - NIGHT

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

Lucas knocks. Jacky opens up, surprised.

JACKY

How--

Lucas holds up the boy's wallet.

LUCAS

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

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

LUCAS (cont'd)

Sorry, to just drop by like this.

JACKY

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

Lucas laughs.

LUCAS

My boyfriend? Don't be silly.

Lucas looks slowly up and down Jacky; Jacky notices.

LUCAS (cont'd)

He wishes.

Lucas spots crushed pills on a table behind Jacky.

LUCAS (cont'd)

You having a party?

JACKY

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

LUCAS

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

JACKY
Can't argue.

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

JACKY (cont'd)
Please, come in.

Lucas strolls into the apartment and closes the door.

EXT. CONDO - NIGHT

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

No one answers.

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

Peter dials his cell.

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

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

INT. JACKY'S APARTMENT, BATHROOM - DAY

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

Lucas dries and dresses.

INT. JACKY'S APARTMENT - DAY

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

He talks towards the unseen bed against the far wall.

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

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

LUCAS (cont'd)
 Sorry, I have to go like this, I
 wish I had time to clean up a
 little more.

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

LUCAS (cont'd)
 You know what they say about a
 cigarette after good sex, right?

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

LUCAS (cont'd)
 Sorry. I'm trying to quit.

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

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

EXT. POLICE STATION - DAY

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

PETER
 Agent...AGENT DELANEY!

She turns, barely acknowledging him, and keeps walking.

AGENT DELANEY
 Dr. Smith, what can I help you with?

PETER
 I need to speak with you...

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

Peter grabs her arm. The Agents trade icy glances.

PETER
 Sorry.
 (drops her arm)
 I want to speak with Ms. Jones
 again--the Homeless Woman.

AGENT DELANEY

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

PETER

Please. I'm trying to understand here! I'm want to help my patient and you as much as possible. Please.

AGENT DELANEY

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

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

AGENT DELANEY (cont'd)

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

She leaves with Brudoe and Page at her heels.

INT. PSYCHIATRIC HOSPITAL, COMMON ROOM - DAY

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

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

NURSE

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

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

LUCAS

You must be Aaron.

INT. DINER - DAY

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

A WAITRESS approaches.

WAITRESS

Another refill?

PETER
No, thank you.

WAITRESS
This ain't a library ya' know.

Peter covers his papers.

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

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

WAITRESS
Sorry....sorry sir.

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

Peter holds his head, drained and lacking sleep.

PETER (cont'd)
That was rude. That's not like me.

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

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

WAITRESS
No, I haven't seen him.

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

WAITRESS
--You a cop or somethin'?

PETER
No, just a...a friend.

WAITRESS
Is he dangerous?

Peter gathers up his things.

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

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

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

TRUCKER
Can I help you?

Peter grabs a newspaper from the Trucker.

TRUCKER (cont'd)
HEY!

On the back page of the paper is a picture of JACKY, smiling from an ID photo. The Headline: "**STUDENT FOUND BUTCHERED AND BURNED**". Peter's looks up to see Lucas drop out of sight around a corner.

EXT. DINER - DAY

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

EXT. CITY STREET - CONTINUOUS

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

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

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

INT. HOTEL, LOBBY - DAY

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

INT. HOTEL, STAIRCASE - DAY

Lucas runs up the empty staircase.

EXT. ALLEYWAY - DAY

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

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

PETER

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

INT. HOTEL, HALLWAY - DAY

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

INT. HOTEL, ROOM - DAY

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

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

INT. HOTEL, BATHROOM - DAY

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

LUCAS

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

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

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

INT. HOTEL, BEDROOM - DAY

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

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

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

The cops are outside his doors.

The press are outside his windows.

Lucas violently rips up all the newspapers.

He starts to calm. Lucas falls back on the bed, exhausted.

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

And then he laughs--deep and nearly contagious.

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

Lucas laughs until his lungs burn.

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

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

LUCAS

I turned that off...

He listens closer and slowly sits up in bed.

The FAUCET roars louder. Soft splashing noises.

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

The faucet turns off. The lights flicker.

Lucas hides underneath the bed.

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

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

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

BLOOD's pooled from the bathroom and puddled around the bed.

He shrinks back.

Suddenly a grotesque HAND reaches for him.

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

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

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

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

Lucas is alone.

The broken chain and cross are scattered over the carpet.

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

He listens to deep ragged breathing.

LUCAS (cont'd)
I hear you...I know what you are!

The breathing hitches--now crying.

PETER (V.O.)
Lucas?

Lucas snaps back, his fear lifting.

LUCAS
Peter, is that you?

PETER (V.O.)
I...
(sobbing)
I need your help...

EXT. ALLEYWAY - NIGHT

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

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

Lucas approaches Peter and holds his face up to the light.

LUCAS
Are you hurt?

Peter sobs endlessly, snot and spittle covering his face.

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

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

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

Fingers tensed--but suppresses it.

LUCAS
But you're okay?

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

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

LUCAS
She was dangerous.

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

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

Peter curls into his knees, bawling.

PETER
No no no no no no....

Lucas slaps him across the face.

LUCAS
STOP!!

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

Lucas turns to stone.

LUCAS
Before what?

Lucas violently pushes Peter up against the brick wall.

PETER
What am I becoming? This isn't me!

Peter stares at Lucas like the Devil himself.

Lucas takes off Peter's broken glasses and crawls towards
the Homeless Woman.

He hovers over her as Peter watches silently. Lucas holds the glasses over her mouth--a small whiff of breath fogs the glass.

LUCAS
She's alive.

PETER
It's not possible.

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

Peter crawls to Lucas and collapses into his arms.

PETER
I. I have to take her to a hospital.

LUCAS
No.

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

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

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

LUCAS
No one ever means for it to happen.

PETER
It's just not me. You know that.

Lucas looks at the body.

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

Peter stares at them uncertainly.

LUCAS (cont'd)
I SAID GO!

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

INT. OFFICE, MAIN - DAY

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

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

Charlotte approaches as he ducks into his office.

CHARLOTTE

Lucas, are you feeling better?

He slams the door in her face.

INT. LUCAS' OFFICE - DAY

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

CHARLOTTE

Can I help you with anything?

Lucas growls at her.

LUCAS

Just leave, please.

CHARLOTTE

There were a few calls from...

Lucas throws a stack of paperwork to the ground.

LUCAS

I'll be taking a little more time off.

CHARLOTTE

How much time?

LUCAS

I don't know.

She approaches him.

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

CHARLOTTE

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

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

CHARLOTTE (cont'd)
What's wrong? This isn't like you.

Lucas starts to leave. She grabs his arm.

CHARLOTTE (cont'd)
Why are the police looking for you?

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

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

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

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

The phone rings behind him. He turns. Lets Charlotte fall to the floor. The phone is unplugged, but the ringing is loud and sharp...calling to him. He shatters it against the wall.

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

He runs from the office.

INT. OFFICE, MAIN - DAY

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

INT. OFFICE, STAIRWELL - DAY

Lucas desperately runs down the staircase. At the bottom, his cell phone RINGS. He stares at it like the devil himself is calling. He rips the phone apart with his bare hands.

INT. OFFICE, PARKING GARAGE - DAY

Lucas runs into the parking garage. Agent Delaney stands nearby on her phone. Lucas hides back in the stairwell.

He trembles and sweats profusely as he listens.

AGENT DELANEY (O.S.)

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

(beat)

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

(beat)

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

INT. PARK - DAY

Greene and Peter sit on a bench.

GREENE

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

PETER

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

GREENE

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

PETER

And what does that mean?

GREENE

It means that I can barely get in touch with my client at all. For days now...as far as I'm concerned you're not in his best interest.

PETER

I'm sorry you think that, but I can't get in touch with him either. He's been acting strange. I don't want him thinking that the police are looking the other way right now.

GREENE

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

PETER

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

Greene considers this.

GREENE

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

INT. CAR - DAY

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

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

INT. GRANDVIEW ASSISTED LIVING, LOBBY - DAY

Lucas eyes FAMILIES in the lobby with disgust.

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

RECEPTIONIST

Yes, can I help you?

LUCAS

I'm here to see Shane Walker.

RECEPTIONIST

Your name?

LUCAS

Lucas Walker.

RECEPTIONIST

One moment.

She pulls something up on her computer.

RECEPTIONIST (cont'd)

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

LUCAS

I'm his son.

RECEPTIONIST

I'm so sorry, but--

LUCAS

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

Lucas' jaw tenses. Fists clench, but he takes a breath.

LUCAS (cont'd)
 Please, his memory has been going.
 Maybe he took me off by accident.

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

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

LUCAS
 Thank you so much.

The Receptionist motions to a pair of double doors.

RECEPTIONIST
 An Aide will take you to his room.

LUCAS
 Thank you.

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

LUCAS
 Why would he do that?

INT. GRANDVIEW ASSISTED LIVING, HALLWAY - DAY

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

SHANE WALKER (O.S.)
 Go Away!

Lucas enters.

INT. GRANDVIEW ASSISTED LIVING, ROOM - DAY

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

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

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

SHANE WALKER
 I said to go--

He sees Lucas for the first time.

LUCAS

Dad.

Shane stumbles to his bed and sits down.

SHANE WALKER

I didn't expect to see you again.

LUCAS

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

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

SHANE WALKER

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

LUCAS

I know.

Lucas goes into the closet.

SHANE WALKER

Don't--

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

LUCAS

Going somewhere?

SHANE WALKER

Just cleaning up.

LUCAS

You should. It looks miserable in here...

(scoffs)

You don't look too good yourself.

Lucas paces the room.

LUCAS (cont'd)

Is there a reason you're leaving?

SHANE WALKER

It's none of your damn business.

LUCAS

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

SHANE WALKER

And if I have?

LUCAS

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

SHANE WALKER

Why have you come here?

LUCAS

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

SHANE WALKER

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

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

LUCAS

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

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

SHANE WALKER

What the fuck?

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

LUCAS

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

SHANE WALKER

What are you?

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

SHANE WALKER (cont'd)

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

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

Shane slowly creeps up behind him.

LUCAS

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

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

LUCAS (cont'd)

You did this to me--

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

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

SHANE WALKER

Stop!

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

LUCAS

YOU'VE BEEN TALKING TO THE POLICE!

SHANE WALKER

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

LUCAS

And the blame then too?

Shane pulls himself off the ground and spits at Lucas.

SHANE WALKER

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

LUCAS

You know everything, do you?

SHANE WALKER

I know what you're scared of.

Shane towers over Lucas now, his demeanor unfaltering-- somehow stronger and younger than before. Lucas' face drops and he stumbles back.

LUCAS

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

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

SHANE WALKER

You starting to forget them? Their faces? I won't, ever. Your tiny little hands ripped them apart. I had to bury them in the woods so no one would take you away.

LUCAS

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

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

INT. GRANDVIEW ASSISTED LIVING, HALLWAY - DAY

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

INT. GRANDVIEW ASSISTED LIVING, ROOM - DAY

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

SHANE WALKER

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

LUCAS

--pl...ease--

SHANE WALKER

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

Lucas' hands feel desperately on the ground for help.

SHANE WALKER (cont'd)

I hope they fuckin' haunt you --an' Devil drags you back to hell.

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

The belt falls from Lucas' neck. Shane crumples back to the floor. Lucas hovers over his father's body as Shane slowly loses consciousness. A smile spreads on Lucas' face--a personal victory.

LUCAS

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

(beat)

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

Lucas jams the cross in Shane's throat again and again. Both of them are covered in blood.

LUCAS (cont'd)

I know how to make them go away...

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

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

INT. GRANDVIEW ASSISTED LIVING, HALLWAY - DAY

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

The Receptionist walks by and smiles at him.

RECEPTIONIST

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

LUCAS

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

RECEPTIONIST

We won't disturb him then.

She eyes Lucas' suitcase.

LUCAS

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

RECEPTIONIST

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

LUCAS

I completely agree. Anyway...
 (motions to suitcase)
 He won't even miss it.

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

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

EXT. GRANDVIEW ASSISTED LIVING, PARKING LOT - DAY

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

They give it no mind.

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

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

INT. PETER'S APARTMENT - DAY

Peter cooks at the stove. He hears a knock.

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

AGENT DELANEY

You've cleaned up.

PETER

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

Agent Delaney sits down, distracted.

PETER (cont'd)

Long day?

She doesn't answer.

PETER (cont'd)

I was just making some dinner. Are
 you hungry?

AGENT DELANEY

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

PETER
What happened?

AGENT DELANEY
Your friend happened.

PETER
Lucas? He's not my--

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

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

Agent Delaney stands and slowly approaches Peter.

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

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

AGENT DELANEY (cont'd)
Let's see him convicted first, shall we?

PETER
What happened today?

AGENT DELANEY
Shane Walker went missing from his nursing home.

PETER
Shane?

AGENT DELANEY
Lucas' father.

PETER
You think he hurt him?

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

PETER
AND YOU DIDN'T TELL ME?

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

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

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

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

Peter grits his teeth, enraged by her accusations.

PETER
No one will!
(beat)
He'll go away just like you want.
And he won't be able to hurt
anyone again. I'm sure of it.

He slams her against the wall and bites his own lip. She is delighted by his behavior.

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

INT. CONDO, LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

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

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

LUCAS
I know you're down there...

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

A deep breath...heads downstairs.

INT. CONDO, BASEMENT - NIGHT

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

The light from the upstairs doorway falters as a FIGURE glides by. Lucas doesn't have the courage to turn.

He runs to the wall where his treasures are hidden. The brick won't loosen.

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

He douses them with GASOLINE and takes a LIGHTER from his pocket. Lucas hesitates as he takes it all in.

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

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

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

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

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

LUCAS
(whispers)
I can hear you.

Lucas stands up--a simple smile. He's relishing the shrieks.

LUCAS (cont'd)
I CAN HEAR YOU AGAIN!

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

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

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

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

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

He charges up the stairs at the Man...

INT. CONDO, HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

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

INT. CONDO, KITCHEN - NIGHT

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

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

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

CHILD
*gonna rip you apart.
 gonna make you enjoy it.*

Lucas tries to throw it off.

He stumbles towards the front door.

INT. CONDO, LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

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

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

He cuts deeply into her already scarred body.

WOMAN
do you remember me now?

LUCAS
 You're dead!

WOMAN
...wanna play some more?

Lucas screams.

OVER BLACK:

Loud persistent KNOCKING.

INT. CONDO, LIVING ROOM - DAY

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

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

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

He pounds at the door. No response.

EXT. CONDO - DAY

Peter runs around the outside of the condo. He looks in through the windows. Doesn't see any movement.

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

INT. CONDO, KITCHEN - DAY

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

PETER

Lucas?

INT. CONDO, HALLWAY - DAY

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

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

INT. CONDO, BATHROOM - DAY

Peter enters.

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

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

PETER

Lucas!

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

LUCAS

(child-like)

I had to clean myself.

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

LUCAS (cont'd)

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

PETER

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

Peter pulls Lucas from the tub. Covers him in towels. Lucas fights back, trying to crawl back into the tub.

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

PETER
What happened, Lucas? Did you hurt
someone?

Lucas smiles up at Peter sheepishly.

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

Peter runs from the room.

INT. CONDO, LIVING ROOM - DAY

Peter stops at the front door.

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

INT. CONDO, BATHROOM - DAY

Peter walks back in.

PETER
There's no one there.

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

LUCAS
Don't worry she'll be back.

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

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

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

PETER
Who do you think you hurt?

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

PETER
Who's dead?

Lucas grabs Peter's hand.

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

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

LUCAS
I can't...

Peter pulls back from Lucas.

PETER
Tell me a name. NOW!

Lucas looks at Peter, puzzled.

PETER (cont'd)
I mean...

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

PETER (cont'd)
Just stay here. Let me get you
something to drink.

Peter leaves the bathroom.

INT. CONDO, KITCHEN - DAY

Peter's phone buzzes. He ignores it.

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

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

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

PETER

I'm just getting you something to drink.

(beat)

You shouldn't be up. Let's get you to bed.

LUCAS

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

Peter sighs.

PETER

It's just something to help you sleep.

Peter holds out the glass to Lucas, weighing his trust. Lucas carefully holds it.

PETER (cont'd)

When was the last time you slept-- really slept, Lucas? Something's deeply wrong right now and I can help...

Lucas doesn't look up--his brain turning. He lets his cracked and bloody finger trace the edges of the white powder on the rim.

PETER (cont'd)

You just have to talk with me. You have to tell me who you are seeing...why you are seeing them. If you come clean all this with go away. You'll be safe again.

Lucas is still silent--staring into the glass like it holds all the answers. Peter nervously eyes him.

LUCAS

My mother always said that there wasn't anything to be scared of in the shadows. She'd tuck me in, sing a song, and before I knew it I was out. She thought she'd *shhh'd* all the monsters away. She saw this small little scared boy wrapped tight and thought her little angel could sleep sound because of her presence.

(beat)

But mother didn't know I'd stolen the silverware.

Lucas looks up at Peter--his face rigid and eyes fiery. He smiles--the mask of his long gone. The charade dragged away and left to die alone.

LUCAS (cont'd)
I kept a knife by my side every
night.

(beat)
If I want to feel safe all I have
to do is protect myself. Isn't that
right, Peter? If I want something
all I have to do is take it!

Peter doesn't answer. Lucas holds out the glass to him.

LUCAS (cont'd)
You could use some sleep too,
couldn't you? It's all been some
horrible ordeal and I didn't mean
to put you through it.

PETER
I'm not thirsty.

LUCAS
Come on. You want me to trust you
right? You want me to give up all
of my indiscretions. You're my
friend, aren't you?

Peter hesitates and then takes the glass. He drinks one sip.

LUCAS (cont'd)
Keep going. You want honesty,
right?

Peter chugs the glass, keeping his eyes on Lucas. He hands
the glass back to Lucas empty.

PETER
There. Now tell me.

Lucas looks to the glass and then again to Peter.

LUCAS
What have you been giving me?

PETER
This was just to help you sleep--

LUCAS
BULLSHIT!

Lucas breaks the glass over Peter's head. Peter falls to the
ground, broken and bloody.

LUCAS (cont'd)
 You've been giving this to me.
 It's been in my drinks, my food...
 hasn't it. How long?

PETER
 I'M DOING THIS TO HELP YOU!

LUCAS
 WHAT IS IT?

Peter doesn't answer. Lucas kicks at his ribs.
 He holds a sharp piece of glass to Peter's throat.

PETER
 It's...it's...

LUCAS
 SPEAK UP!

PETER
 (voice breaking)
 It wasn't supposed to be this way!
 The hallucinations were supposed to
 be mild...therapeutic even. I don't
 know what's happening to you.

Lucas paces the kitchen.

LUCAS
 This was all just in my head?

PETER
 We just needed a confession...

Lucas tears open Peter's shirt to reveal a carefully hidden
 RECORDING DEVICE.

LUCAS
 Of course.

Lucas rips the device off him. Smashes it against the
 counter--shattered metal cutting into his palm.

PETER
 The police wanted to lock you up for
 the rest of your life. I thought I
 could convince the court to grant
 you--

Lucas looks back, a putrid smile on his face. Peter stares
 at him hopelessly, begging.

LUCAS
 Insanity?

Peter nods.

PETER
I just didn't want you to hurt
anyone else.

LUCAS
It was all in my head? Everything?

PETER
Yes. But the drug should all be
out of your system now. I haven't
given any to you in days. You
should've detoxed.

LUCAS
So my confession wouldn't be under
duress?

Peter's phone BUZZES on the floor. Peter eyes it; Lucas notices.

LUCAS (cont'd)
Who's that? The police?

Lucas moves to pick up the phone; Peter lunges for it first but is too late. Lucas holds the phone just out of Peter's reach.

LUCAS (cont'd)
You wanted to drive me insane. WHY?

Peter just stares at the vibrating phone in Lucas' hand.

LUCAS (cont'd)
ANSWER ME!!!

Lucas picks up and listens.

AGENT DELANEY (V.O.)
Peter? Where are you? We need to
talk--

Lucas' face twists in anger. He smashes the phone. Circles Peter.

LUCAS
Well, you certainly had it all
planned out.

Peter tries to stand--can barely get to his knees. But he holds it, hardens, preparing for the worst.

PETER
I wasn't lying. I was doing this
so no one else would get hurt.

LUCAS

And what about me? You wanted me
broken! YOU WANTED ME DEAD!

(beat)

And now you want me to believe all
this is just in my mind?

PETER

The drug should be out of your
system by now...

Lucas laughs without restraint--a fractured smile. His body convulses with each howl and roar.

LUCAS

Out of my head? OUT OF MY HEAD?
Then why is she right behind you?

A FLASH:

A DEAD WOMAN is sitting over Peter clutching him close with rotting flesh--an unhinged mouth smiling up at Lucas.

Lucas grabs a knife from the counter and swings it at Peter. He backs up, scared and helpless. The Dead Woman is gone.

LUCAS (cont'd)

YOU'RE LYING AGAIN! Every word out
of your mouth--

PETER

NO! This isn't my fault anymore!
You've cracked!

LUCAS

You think I'm psychotic? Unhinged?

PETER

You're a monster...scared and
dangerous. You're dangerous to
anyone that goes near you! Why
would anyone ever want to stay?

Lucas' face drops.

PETER (cont'd)

And now you finally get a taste of
that fear that you inflict on
others...and you can't stand it,
can you? You're haunted by their
faces...Do you like it? Because
this is your doing!

An overwhelming calm takes over Lucas--an invincible serenity. He traces the edge of the knife around Peter's lips.

LUCAS

Tsk Tsk. What am I? Just a piece
of meat to you?
(licks his own lips)
Soulless? An animal? I thought you
liked that about me.

Lucas stares at his own reflection in the knife.

LUCAS (cont'd)

I guess we don't have anything to
be scared of then...not a worry in
the world.

(beat)

Ohh what fun we'll have...

Lucas paces the kitchen, distancing himself from Peter.

LUCAS (cont'd)

You're worse than me. You want to
know why?

Peter's face twists in disgust.

PETER

I'm nothing like you.

LUCAS

You're weak and small. Pathetic
really. You try and take me down
to your miserable little life just
so you can get a taste of mine.
You're a killer, a murderer. I can
feel it. You want a taste of the
blood just like me...a power that
you can't even dream of. It's not
even within your grasp, really.
But I could have given you that. I
would've given you a taste until
you couldn't control that hunger
anymore. It'd grow inside you.

PETER

You're disgusting.

LUCAS

No worse than you!

(beat)

You killed her in that alley.

Peter's face drops.

PETER

No. no...she was alive.

LUCAS

You just let me finish the job is all. You're the killer. YOU'RE DISGUSTING--you'll tell yourself every day. But these demons... these ghosts. One day I'll make you feel them too.

Lucas looks to someone off screen--staring the figure down, any fear that he previously had is long gone. He's not scared anymore; he smiles a toothy grin at Peter.

LUCAS (cont'd)

One day you won't be scared of the shadows...one day they'll follow you like happy memories and you'll just want more and more blood. You'll be so free...just like me.

Peter looks at him horror-struck.

PETER

Please, stop...

LUCAS

Make me.

Lucas smashes the butt of the knife against Peter's temple. Watches the blood slowly trickle to the floor.

INT. POLICE STATION, OFFICE - NIGHT

Agent Delaney pores over classified notes and case files. The pieces aren't falling into place.

She picks up her phone and makes a call. There's a long dial tone. She picks nervously at her fingers.

PETER (V.O.)

This is Dr. Peter Smith. Sorry, I can't come to the phone right now. Please leave a message and I'll call you back as soon as possible.

AGENT DELANEY

Peter, call me back. I need to know what happened.

An Officer softly knocks on the door and enters.

OFFICER

We're back from Walker's.

Delaney tosses her phone across the desk. Hides her face in her hands.

AGENT DELANEY
What'd you find?

OFFICER
It was empty. No one's there. But-

AGENT DELANEY
Yes?

OFFICER
It's been cleaned, heavily. The whole place smells like bleach.

AGENT DELANEY
Call a crew in. He had to have missed cleaning something. Walker's not himself right now. He's desperate...scared. He'll make a mistake and we have to be there when it happens.

OFFICER
And what about the Doctor?

She pauses, considering.

AGENT DELANEY
Peter's not part of our investigation. He never has been.

OFFICER
But if Walker is dangerous now he might reach out to him.

AGENT DELANEY
He's always been dangerous. Nothing's changed. Anyone who doesn't believe that isn't worth our time.

She collects her belongings.

AGENT DELANEY (cont'd)
I'll stop by the Doctor's apartment on my way home. We wouldn't want any more deaths.

INT. POLICE STATION, PARKING GARAGE - NIGHT

Delaney walks through the garage. She hears soft footsteps behind her and turns. It's empty.

She walks faster to her car and is nearly inside the door when her phone rings.

She stops short and looks at the caller ID: "Dr. Peter Smith". She smiles and picks up.

AGENT DELANEY
I thought something must have
happened...that he found out. Are
you okay?

The line is silent on the other end for too long. Her breath is raspy. Voice crackling with fear.

AGENT DELANEY (cont'd)
Lu--Lucas...

LUCAS (O.S.)
Boo.

Agent Delaney grabs for her gun and turns. A tire iron smashes her across the face and she drops to the ground.

Lucas towers over her and talks to some unseen entity.

LUCAS
I know the knife would have been
more fun but then we'd have
nothing to play with.

Lucas strolls up to a nearby camera and stares it down. The red blinking light empowers him. He smiles at it and winks.

INT. POLICE STATION, OFFICE - DAY

Officers watch video surveillance of the parking garage. It's paused on the image of Lucas staring at the camera.

Agent Brudoe and Page look over the Officers' shoulders.

AGENT PAGE
I can't watch this anymore. Still
can't believe no one saw a Federal
Agent get attacked and dragged out
of your garage!
(slams the computer screen)
HOW THE FUCK DID NO ONE SEE THIS?

OFFICER #2
The camera's precautionary...

Agent Brudoe plays the rest of the video: Lucas drags Agent Delaney's body into the trunk of her car and drives away.

AGENT BRUDOE
Don't you feel safe then?

Agent Brudoe paces the room.

AGENT BRUDOE (cont'd)

So we not only have a missing Agent on our hands...the bitch was also fucking right about Lucas Walker...that's great. Really. She'll be thrilled...

AGENT PAGE

Anything come in for the APB on her car yet? It's been over 18 hours. We're loosing time.

AGENT BRUDOE

Found dumped ten miles from here.

OFFICER #3

I can assure you, we won't rest until she's found.

AGENT BRUDOE

Let's keep the focus on Walker; he's our main concern.

A RECEPTIONIST comes into the room.

RECEPTIONIST

Dr. Smith was just found.

AGENT BRUDOE

Where? Is he okay?

RECEPTIONIST

He was rushed to St. Joseph's.

EXT. GAS STATION - DAY

Lucas jimmys the lock on a minivan. He pulls Agent Delaney from the trunk of a car. Places her in the minivan.

She starts to wake up, groggy. He pulls a syringe from his pocket and brings her face close.

She screams--blood curdling. He roughly covers her mouth and looks around to make sure no one heard.

She bites his hand. Lucas grabs her throat and slams her head against the seat. He sucks at his bleeding hand and tries to control his temper.

LUCAS

You don't...you don't know what I want to do with you. Don't tempt me.

She squirms. Lucas wraps the seat belt around her throat--loose enough to breathe.

LUCAS (cont'd)
 JUST STAY STILL! Shhhh. Just go
 back to sleep for a little while
 longer.

Her eye's bulge.

He jams the needle in her neck. Gags her mouth.

LUCAS (cont'd)
 It's something from the good
 Doctor. You can trust him. Can't
 you?

Delaney's eyes roll back in her head and she goes
 unconscious.

Her legs tumble outside the door. He looks at them and the
 door in his hands.

Lucas slams the door shut on her knees with a loud CRUNCH.
 He places her legs back into the car and shuts the door.

Lucas smiles and walks to the front seat of the minivan.

EXT. WOODS - SUNSET

Lucas drags a brown burlap sack through the woods. It's
 clumsy and he struggles with the weight. Lucas carefully
 moves through the rocks and thick foliage.

Tall dark pillars of trees as far as the eye can see.

Lucas mutters to himself loudly.

The sack gets caught on the rock and opens to reveal
 Delaney's body. She tumbles out of the bag and into a
 ravine.

He follows her down and carefully looks over her body--her
 crushed legs, bruised neck, and bloody face.

He kisses her forehead.

LUCAS
 You have to be more careful.

He wraps her body back up into the canvas and pulls her from
 the ravine. He starts walking again, clear with purpose.

But he is not alone. He hasn't been alone this whole time.

Dark unmoving human-like FIGURES are scattered in the woods
 around him--*not just trees. Pillars to his deeds.*

LUCAS (cont'd)
 (muttering)
 I said I'd bring her. I promised.

He stops as one blocks his path--he is not scared anymore,
 simply tamed by his demons.

LUCAS (cont'd)
 I wouldn't lie to you. I can't.

He drags Delaney's body around the figure and continues
 onward.

The woods grows darker as an impenetrable fog rolls in.

Lucas comes upon a small METAL SHACK hidden among the trees.

He drags Delaney to the door and looks around the woods. The
 figures are darker now, more imposing. Lucas looks slowly to
 all of them, internalizing each outline, every stare.

He goes in the shack.

INT. HOSPITAL, ROOM - DAY

A Nurse leads Agent Brudoe and Page into a room.

NURSE
 He keeps requesting an 'Agent
 Delaney'.

AGENT BRUDOE
 He'll have to manage.

The Nurse pulls a barrier hiding the bed from view. Peter is
 curled in a ball--broken. Bloodshot eyes and skin blue from
 bruising. Deep ravenous cuts soak red through bandages.

Peter's expression has a perturbed insanity about it; he
 shakes violently.

PETER
*I didn't want it to happen like
 this.*

AGENT BRUDOE
 I'm so sorry he did this to you.

PETER
*He's going to be back. He's not...
 not done with me yet. I wasn't
 supposed to leave.*
 (beat)
Lucas is going to be so angry at me.

AGENT PAGE

You were found wandering the streets. We've been looking for you and Delaney...where--

PETER

He said they were watching me and I couldn't leave.

AGENT PAGE

Who was watching you?

PETER

I don't know. I couldn't see them. But they were there; I felt it.

A DOCTOR walks in.

DOCTOR

He needs rest. Please--

NURSE

These were the Agents I told you about, Doctor.

DOCTOR

Right. Well they can come back another day.

AGENT PAGE

We don't have the time for that.

DOCTOR

He's not well. I'm not sure how much he'll be able to help you. We found traces of a synthetic form of Psilocybin in his system. It's an hallucinogenic drug.

PETER

I CAN HEAR YOU!

AGENT PAGE

Will he be okay?

DOCTOR

(whispers)

He's been badly hurt. Tortured we think from his...his ramblings.

PETER

I'm...I'M FINE!

Agent Brudoe puts a comforting hand on Peter's shoulder.

AGENT BRUDOE

We won't let him hurt you again.

Peter's face twists rage.

PETER

No. I want him to find me.

Agent Brudoe considers this.

INT. SHACK - NIGHT

Delaney wakes up slowly. She looks around the dark smokey room. Lucas is hunched over a small fire in the corner wrapped in a blanket.

She coughs at the smoke.

Lucas' gaze snaps to her.

LUCAS

Good, you're awake.

She clutches her knees, a wave of pain hitting her. She screams and sobs.

LUCAS (cont'd)

Shhhh. Shhhhhhh. You don't want them coming in here, do you?

This quiets her. She silently whimpers and cradles her legs.

LUCAS (cont'd)

It's not so bad.

Delaney eyes the door.

Lucas moves to cover her in his blanket. She flinches at his touch.

LUCAS (cont'd)

You look cold.

Lucas goes back to the fire, letting his hands glide dangerously over the flames.

AGENT DELANEY

Who...

Lucas looks up but doesn't move his hands from the flames.

AGENT DELANEY (cont'd)

Who's out there?

LUCAS

Really? You should know. You put them in my head...

Silence from both. All the cards are on the table.

AGENT DELANEY

So...what haunts a monster?

A smile creeps slowly to his face. The flames dance against his sweaty skin.

LUCAS

Nothing that can hurt me.

AGENT DELANEY

Doesn't look like that to me. You're hiding in here from something.

LUCAS

No, you're wrong. I used to tiptoe through...through these sins. These urges. I could always feel the weight on my chest. I thought they'd be around every turn... underneath every bed...hidden in shadows...I used to be scared. But I couldn't help myself--all those times...it was *too* good. But they aren't hiding anymore, are they? I'm not hiding anymore. I'm counting sheep to the slaughter now...they fill me up-- I can suck the marrow out of life
(licks his lips)
and nothing's holding me back anymore.

AGENT DELANEY

And that's what you'll do to me?

LUCAS

I gave you what you wanted. You wanted my ghosts to come back. You and '*that doctor*' wanted me to feel this...this guilt. You wanted me to feel this or die. Isn't that right?

AGENT DELANEY

That's what he wanted. Not me.

He stands and spits at her.

LUCAS

Well, you got it. I'm feeling everything. Those faces out there in the dark demand it. Now everyone can see me for who I really am.

A killer.

A murderer.

No shame. If you put me on the stand now I'd scream to the heavens about every drop of blood, every snapping bone...Every scream for mercy.

A deadly glance her way.

LUCAS (cont'd)

And you want that too right?

(chuckles)

Sorry. I shouldn't laugh. But dammit. You're just as predictable as the rest. Where'd that fire go? That spirit...

(beat)

Let's see if we can get that back.

AGENT DELANEY

Don't do this!

LUCAS

I'll make sure to say "hi" to Peter for you.

Delaney screams.

CUT TO BLACK.

EXT. WOODS - DAYBREAK

Lucas walks through the edge of the woods. He is tired yet smiling. Shivers against the cold.

He walks along the road until he comes to the minivan partially shrouded by branches. He gets inside.

INT. MODEL HOME, LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Peter paces the room nervously. Every sound puts him on edge--and he's been here for a while.

There are soft FOOTSTEPS from outside. Slowly, a hand turns the doorknob. Lucas enters. He eyes the ropes on the ground near Peter's feet.

LUCAS

Good. I'd hoped that you still had enough sense to free yourself.

PETER

You wanted me to go?

LUCAS

I knew you'd never go too far from my side...Not again.

Peter keeps his distance from Lucas.

LUCAS (cont'd)

And I'm glad you stayed. We have so much to talk about.

PETER

What...what do you want to talk about?

LUCAS

Nothing pressing. We have plenty of time. All the time in the world really.

PETER

You've been gone awhile.

LUCAS

I was busy...I won't leave you behind next time.

PETER

Where've you been?

LUCAS

It doesn't matter.

PETER

I'm just...interested.

Lucas eyes the room. Locks eyes on a closet door--ajar.

LUCAS

I'll tell you someday.

PETER

Where are we going?

LUCAS

No one will follow. Don't worry.

PETER

Are we going to Agent Delaney?

Lucas pauses.

LUCAS
Why would you think that? Hmmm.
Have you gone and done something
naughty?
(beat)
You seem nervous...

PETER
You always said that about me...

Lucas takes a single step towards Peter. Peter backs up.

They trade glances. That's it.

Officers swarm the room. Lucas is handcuffed. Forced to a chair.

LUCAS
Really? I expected better of you.
This is weak.

PETER
I wasn't just going to let myself
be added to your body count.

Lucas tilts his head as if to view Peter from another angle.

LUCAS
No. You wouldn't. Would you?

AGENT BRUDOE
Where is Agent Delaney?

Lucas turns sharply to Agent Brudoe and screams.

LUCAS
WE'RE HAVING A PRIVATE
CONVERSATION HERE.
(to Peter)
...you spineless insignificant--

PETER
Answer him. Where is she?

LUCAS
You were just as surprised as I
was when you found you had claws,
weren't you? When you decided you
wanted me dead.

PETER
You killed her, not me...

LUCAS
Not if I went back to free her.

PETER
She's alive?

Lucas smiles--pure control.

LUCAS
No. She's only alive if I go back
to feed her.

AGENT BRUDOE
You want us to trade her life for
the countless others that will die
if we let you go?

PETER
We won't.

Lucas laughs uncontrollably.

LUCAS
Good. Good. That's just what I
wanted to hear.

AGENT BRUDOE
We're done. Get him back to the
station.

Peter ignores Brudoe. He's singularly focused on Lucas.

PETER
Why?

LUCAS
She is trapped. Locked away in a
place no one will ever hear her
scream. Plenty of water though.
I'm not a fucking animal.

PETER
You knew we wouldn't let you go
for her. Why are you doing all
this?

LUCAS
I don't want her dying from
dehydration; that's no fun...I
want her to eat her fucking hands
to try to free herself only to
find the door locked, you know?

Peter gags.

LUCAS (cont'd)
And now you all probably just
think I'm selfish...

PETER
You're sick.

LUCAS
And I told her that everyone would
be looking for her...that I'd send
you her regards. But I can't take
all the credit here.

The room is dead silent.

LUCAS (cont'd)
She's screaming right now, can't
you hear her?

Peter moves to attack Lucas but Officers hold him back.

Lucas uses the moment of distraction to turn on the Officer
restraining him. Lucas tears into the Officer's face with
his teeth--ripping through flesh and bone.

The room is thrown into chaos. Other Officers restrain
Lucas.

AGENT BRUDOE
Get him out of here!

Peter grabs an Officer's GUN from his holster. He points the
gun at Lucas. Everyone quiets. Lucas' face is dripping with
blood; he spits out a wad of skin.

LUCAS
She'll be dead...can't do anything
about that now. Almost out of
time. Blood's on your hands.
PUT ME AWAY, DOCTOR!

AGENT PAGE
Put the gun down now, Peter.

PETER
(voice cracking)
He'll tell us where she is. He
will!

AGENT BRUDOE
This isn't like you. Give me the
gun. He wants this...

Agent Brudoe extends his hand to Peter. Lucas laughs wildly.

Peter doesn't move. Doesn't blink. He stares Lucas down.

LUCAS
 (sing-song)
You don't know him like I do.

PETER
 You're gonna live with all this!
 LOCKED UP--

LUCAS
 --in a nice little padded room.
 Some time for my thoughts...you're
 the one that'll have the
 nightmares though. And what do I
 have?

Lucas taps his thick skull.

LUCAS (cont'd)
 One more face to add to the
 shadows...A nice pretty little
 bookend. And one day...this poison
 you've put in my system is just
 gonna slip away, won't it? Beasts
 don't stay behind bars forever.
 The voices will get quieter and
 quieter. The ghosts will drift
 away. They'll just be happy
 memories again--They can't hurt
 me. You can't touch me.

Lucas slowly strides towards Peter, getting in his face.

AGENT BRUDOE
 (to Peter)
 We have ways to make him talk.
 Just put the gun down.

PETER
 (to Lucas)
 WE'LL FIND HER AND YOU'LL NEVER BE
 FREE!

LUCAS
 No. None of that is true...You're
 just too scared and insignificant
 to know the truth...
 (beat)
 And I'm already free.
Because of you!

Lucas smiles, the fire in his eyes all-consuming, all-powerful. He is free of his mortal coil--never been more alive. Lucas licks at his bloody lips.

LUCAS (cont'd)
 'Cause I'll be in hell and nothing
 will be better than that fire.
 (beat)
 And I'll see you there, Peter.

Peter's hands tremble on the gun. Lucas charges him. Peter shoots Lucas in the head--

--**dead.** Collapsing to the floor.

Peter stares at his bloody hands. He's tackled by Officers and drops the gun.

AGENT PAGE
 What have you done?

Peter is forced to the ground and cuffed. He finds himself face to face with Lucas--a frozen smile and dead glassy eyes. Fresh blood pours out of the single neat bullet hole in his forehead.

Peter is petrified.

Officers check Lucas' vitals; he's gone.

AGENT BRUDOE
 You've killed her!

An Officer forces Peter to stand and tries to lead him from the room.

PETER
 He wanted me to do this! HE MADE ME!

AGENT PAGE
 (to Brudoe)
 I'll call an examiner to collect
 the body.

PETER
 Lucas isn't dead...He can't be dead!

AGENT BRUDOE
 Get him out of here!

PETER
 SHE'S STILL ALIVE! HE CAN TELL US
 WHERE SHE IS!

An Officer drags Peter kicking and screaming from the room.

PETER (cont'd)
 PLEASE, I TAKE IT BACK!

FADE TO BLACK