

FACES OF
PROFESSOR GATES

BY

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CREDITS

FADE IN:

1 INT. RICHARD'S STUDIO - NIGHT 1

We hear the low chatter of a television; a flat panel screen showing a crime scene in the background.

2 EXT. CRIME SCENE - NIGHT 2

It rains lightly. POLICEMEN investigate the crime scene. An ambulance. PARAMEDICS wheel out a body covered by a white sheet. On REPORTER, a sandy blonde woman, thirty, in an overcoat, holding a microphone. Behind her, a van with WESC-TV on the side.

REPORTER

... The victim has not been identified by police yet but a neighbor stated the victim's name is Tonya Jameson, recently arrived from Buffalo. And... oh, wait, here comes Lead Detective, Leon Delucca, who received the Medal of Valor in 2012.

We see LEON DELUCCA, mid-forties, dark hair, of Italian decent, wearing a NYPD windbreaker.

REPORTER (CONT'D)

Detective DeLuca, do you have any comment? Is this another "Lady Killer" murder?

OTHER REPORTERS crowd in for comment with their microphones to get a quote.

DELUCCA

This case has all the earmarks of the "Lady Killer", however our investigation is ongoing. I have no more information at this time.

DeLuca walks off camera. Reporter and Other Reporters follow.

REPORTER (O.S.)

Detective DeLuca! One more question...

3 INT. RICHARD'S STUDIO - CONTINUOUS 3

We hear the TV chatter off-screen. Under a spotlight, we see RICHARD SCYTHE painting a vivid portrayal of a man in a black "gimp" mask choking a semi-nude woman from behind with her own bra with her left breast exposed; her hands and feet bound to a black chair on a bright red background. Richard is in his mid-forties, thin, handsome but a bit grizzled, full head of hair with light grey streaks. Sweaty.

Richard, shirtless, sits back on a wooden stool and takes a hit off his cigarette. The red paint runs down his wrist, beading on his elbow under the low light. Richard looks down at his wrist for a moment and snickers, exhaling smoke. He reaches for a soiled shop rag and wipes his hand.

We pan back slowly to find Richard is nude. Richard continues to paint his lurid portrait as the spotlight fades into black.

FADE OUT:

FADE IN:

4 EXT. GATES' HOUSE - MORNING 4

SUMMERVILLE, SOUTH CAROLINA

We see a ranch-style country home with a meticulous lawn. A mid-eighties Volvo in the driveway. Birds chirping.

5 INT. GATES' LIVING AREA - CONTINUOUS 5

The sun shines brightly through the interior windows of Professor David Gates' modest home. Light Green pastel with white trim and molding. Books on shelves; Criminology, Psychology, Sociopathy. A number of volumes have "David Gates, PhD." On the binder. A shotgun mounted over the mantle with a bronze placard at the base.

6 INT. GATES' HOME OFFICE - CONTINUOUS 6

We see the interior of David's Home Office. More books on shelves. A desk and two chairs. Cold. Meticulous. Organized. A desktop and laptop with assorted files organized neatly. Filing cabinets. A picture of an attractive woman, mid-forties on the desk. A leather couch. Various articles and book reviews. Degrees and awards in frames. A clock alarm sounds faintly in the background.

7 INT. GATES' BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS 7

We see DAVID GATES as he wakes in an austere wrought iron bed. David yawns and stretches. Wearing an under shirt and pajama bottoms, David slowly sits up and gets out of bed. He looks out the window. A bird builds a nest outside.

David smiles then proceeds to his bathroom. We hear the shower.

8 INT. GATES' BATHROOM - MOMENTS LATER 8

We see David, hair wet, brushing his teeth. He pauses to examine his reflection in the mirror. Gates, in his mid-forties, is in shape. A handsome fellow but slightly gaunt.

9 INT. GATES' BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS 9

David puts on a button-down shirt and khakis. He polishes a scuff on his shoe. David ties his tie in front of a full length mirror. He uses a lint roller. Gates puts on his glasses.

10 EXT. GATES' HOUSE - CONTINUOUS 10

We see Gates step out onto the front porch where his black cat, Bundy, sits. A dead bird at Bundy's feet.

DAVID
(slight southern accent)
Good morning, Bundy.

The cat meows.

DAVID (CONT'D)
You have some future victims on my
window sill.

The cat rubs up against David's leg. David brushes the hair off and picks up the New York Times sitting on the porch. The headline reads, "Long Island Lady Killer Claims Twelfth Victim".

11 INT. GATES' KITCHEN - MOMENTS LATER 11

A remodeled kitchen. Sterile. An island. Stainless steel appliances. A rack of knives affixed to the wall next to the sink. A coffee maker. It beeps. Gates pours a cup, then over to the refrigerator. He pours cream in his coffee, then some in Bundy's bowl. Bundy feasts heartily purring loudly.

Gates reads the paper more emphatically. He flips to the "Arts" section. The headline reads "Macabre Artist Arrives - Exhibit Reveals Scythe's Bizarre Eye". A photograph - RICHARD SCYTHE bares a striking resemblance to Professor Gates.

DAVID
(scratching head)
Well, I'll be...

The cell phone rings. David looks at the avatar; Collette, his graduate assistant, is calling. David answers.

DAVID (CONT'D)
(happily)
Good morning.

COLLETTE (O.S.)
(sarcastic)
I see your "Lady Killer" carved up another one.

DAVID
Enterprising isn't he?

12 INT. COLLETTE'S OFFICE - MORNING

12

We see a cramped, unorganized office. Collette sits in a chair, examining a note on a scratch piece of paper.

COLLETTE
And the Warden's office called. Your interview with Jeffrey Lee Stiles was pushed up.

DAVID (O.S.)
Oh?

COLLETTE
You have to be there in two hours.

DAVID (O.S.)
I better get on the road. Oh, any word on a stay of execution?

Looks at a calendar on the wall.

COLLETTE
None. You still have one year, one month and twelve days.

DAVID (O.S.)
Well, it's not like he's going anywhere.

COLLETTE
I graded the midterms for your Research Methods. Everyone passed.

DAVID (O.S.)
Fantastic. I'll see you this afternoon.

Collette twirls the pencil between her fingers and slinks back in the chair as she plays with her hair.

COLLETTE
Oh, David?

DAVID (O.S.)
Yeah?

COLLETTE
Dinner tonight? My place?

13 INT. GATES' KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS 13

DAVID
(laughs)
Okay.

COLLETTE (O.S.)
Eight o'clock.

Gates looks back down at the paper, scratches his head then grabs his effects and proceeds out the kitchen door.

14 EXT. GATES' HOUSE - MOMENTS LATER 14

We see Gates' Volvo backing out of the driveway. Two parking passes on the bumper: "University of Charleston Faculty" and "South Carolina Department of Corrections".

15 EXT. LEIBER CORRECTIONAL INSTITUTION (LEVEL 3) - DAY 15

David carries a briefcase as he walks towards a maximum security correctional facility behind a long winding fence with razor wire.

16 INT. HOLDING CELL - DAY 16

David sets up his laptop and recorder on a table. We hear a buzzer. A metal door slides open. JEFFREY LEE STILES enters shackled and handcuffed accompanied by a large African-American PRISON GUARD. Jeffrey shuffles to a metal chair bolted to the floor. Prison Guard chains Stiles to the chair.

Jeffrey Lee Stiles is in his late forties, 5'7", small build, horn-rimmed glasses, mild mannered, unassuming. White jump suit with "Leiber Level 3" stenciled on back.

DAVID
Good morning Jeffrey. Are you ready to begin?

JEFFREY
(dry)
Why?

DAVID
I'm writing a book about you. You know that.

JEFFREY
No, David. Why?

DAVID
(laughs nervously)
Why, what?

JEFFREY
You've been coming here for months. What do you really hope to learn?

DAVID
I don't understand the question.

JEFFREY
Why are you so fascinated with the details of these... murders I am accused of?

DAVID
Found guilty of, Jeffrey. Nine people. The evidence against you was overwhelming.

JEFFREY
That's a matter of opinion.

DAVID
Gruesome, unspeakable murders. Families. Not including the eleven others under investigation.

JEFFREY
Eleven now is it?

DAVID
The FBI Forensics lab is still collating the information.

David looks at his laptop screen.

DAVID (CONT'D)
There were body parts mixed together and spread over three states. They don't know what head belongs to what torso and so forth.

Jeffrey's eyes wander as he looks about the room. He smirks.

JEFFREY

Well, they certainly have their work cut out for them don't they?

We see David's knee jumpy.

DAVID

(Edgy)

And I'm not fascinated. These case profiles assist law enforcement in understanding the psychotic...

JEFFREY

You ARE fascinated. Isn't that why your peers call you "Cemetery Gates"?

DAVID

Who told you that?

JEFFREY

We have a prison library.

A moment of silence.

JEFFREY (CONT'D)

Be honest with yourself, Professor. What you really want is to know what it feels like.

DAVID

You mean to murder someone?

JEFFREY

Why else would you come here to discuss the "gruesome" details of my case? Must you live vicariously through your subjects? I think it's cowardly...

DAVID

Cowardly?

JEFFREY

To defy your nature.

DAVID

My nature?

David appears dumbfounded.

JEFFREY

You're obsessed. You yearn to know what I know. To feel what I feel.

(MORE)

JEFFREY (CONT'D)

And that is what you and the others will never fully understand. Remember what Woody Allen said, "People who can't do, teach..."

DAVID

(fidgety)

I don't yearn for anything.

JEFFREY

(stern)

That's my point. You don't because you are already dead.

Gates pauses. He looks away from Stiles. Tears well in David's eyes.

DAVID

(sad)

My wife passed away recently... did you know that?

JEFFREY

Your wife's death is incidental.

David sits back in his chair. He appears to be amused.

DAVID

Elaborate. This is fascinating.

JEFFREY

You leave your mundane life out there in the world to come here, week after week, to perform research that would nauseate a coroner.

DAVID

Really?

JEFFREY

You weave your sordid tales to relive the experience. It titillates you.

DAVID

What does?

JEFFREY

The description. You conveniently collect who we are without getting your hands dirty.

DAVID

So you suggest I kill someone to "experience" it first hand? Is that it?

JEFFREY

Social Darwinism dictates there are underlying natural, irresistible forces in modern society that define our acts and deeds. Wall Street for example.

DAVID

So you excuse your past behavior as a natural distinction. You don't see it as criminal atrocity?

JEFFREY

Precisely. Nor should you.

DAVID

Why would I have the slightest inclination to commit the crimes you suggest?

We hear the sound of metal clanking as Stiles jerks his bonds.

JEFFREY

Because it's LIBERATING!

17 INT. UNIVERSITY LECTURE HALL - AFTERNOON

17

We see Professor Gates lecturing in a half full auditorium.

DAVID

In my research I've found that most male serial killers take away some item. A garment of clothing, a driver's license, jewelry. Some tangible thing once possessed by the victim. Ironically, the keepsake is eventually discovered and used as evidence against them, placing the killer at the scene.

We see a student, GARY FELSKI, furiously taking notes. Felski is an Emo-skate-punk type. Long bangs. Slumped over in his chair. Horror movie t-shirt. Skinny jeans. Chuck Taylor's. He looks at a test paper with a "B" circled at the top.

DAVID (CONT'D)

Some even take volumes of video and categorize each tape or digital file neatly in their closets or on their computers. Who can tell me why?

David scans the auditorium to choose a student.

DAVID (CONT'D)
Miss Matthews?

CANDY MATTHEWS, a pretty blonde student, stands.

CANDY
(Southern accent)
Serial killers feel the need to
possess dominion and control over
their victims. So they keep an item.
To help them relive the experience.

Candy sits. She looks at the professor, bats her eyes and bites her thumbnail.

DAVID
Very good. Let me explain...

18 EXT. COLLEGE CAMPUS - AFTERNOON 18

We see Felski as he leaves class carrying a back pack and skateboard. He puts on his head phones and rolls down the sidewalk. Black Metal plays loudly from his head phones.

19 INT. GATES' UNIVERSITY OFFICE - LATER 19

We see David in his office. He types on his laptop.

DAVID (V.O.)
I was skimming through the New York Times today to keep up with the "Lady Killer" investigation. Surprisingly, I came across a photo of a man, who was identical to me in appearance. He does have a prominent mole under his left eye but other than that we are dead ringers.

David clenches his fists, then resumes typing.

DAVID (V.O.) (CONT'D)
In my interview today, Stiles suggested I murder someone to experience what it "feels like" so I no longer have to "live vicariously through my subjects". His suggestion was troubling. Am I obsessed?

20 EXT. FELSKI'S APARTMENT BUILDING - DUSK 20

We see Felski skate up to his apartment building as a neighbor, TARA, an attractive but meek female student, exits. Felski secretly has feelings for her.

FELSKI
 (awkward)
 Hi, uh... Tara.

TARA
 (smiles)
 Hey, Gary. How was your day?

FELSKI
 Same ole same ole.
 (pause)
 I got a "B" on my midterm in Cemetery
 Gates' class.

TARA
 That's cool. He's your favorite
 professor, right?

FELSKI
 Yeah, he's really sick.

TARA
 Well, I'll see ya.

Felski produces a memory stick from his pocket.

FELSKI
 (nervous)
 Tara... I made you a mixed tape...
 on a stick. The stuff you said you
 liked.

At that moment, Tara's muscled boyfriend, PHIL, wearing gym
 clothes carrying a work out bag, exits the building.

PHIL
 I told you, Felcher, I don't want to
 hear any more of that dorky heavy
 metal shit you play on your stereo
 until all hours!

FELSKI
 It's screamo.

PHIL
 Huh?

FELSKI
 And my name is Felski. Gary. And
 you're Phil. Right?

PHIL
 Whatever.

Phil grabs the memory stick from Felski's hand.

PHIL (CONT'D)
Hey, what the fuck is this?

Tara grabs the stick from Phil.

TARA
Oh, that's mine. I downloaded some
new music yesterday. I was just
telling Gary about it.

PHIL
Well, it better not be some of
Felcher's racket!

FELSKI
Felski.

PHIL
Why can't you listen to something
normal, like Beyonce?

Phil turns to Tara and points his finger in her face.

PHIL (CONT'D)
I'm gonna be back from the gym in an
hour. So, I want my dinner ready
and on the table!

Phil claps his hands together.

PHIL (CONT'D)
Let's get a move on! Chop, chop.

Phil walks off.

TARA
I've gotta run to the store.

FELSKI
Tara, I...

TARA
(smiles)
What?

FELSKI
I hope you like it.

TARA
(bubbly)
Oh. Thank you so much! You are
such a sweetie.

Tara kisses Gary on the cheek.

TARA (CONT'D)

Bye!

Gary touches his face.

FELSKI

Wow.

We see a Professor Gates' Volvo pass Felski's apartment on the street. Felski's eyes follow the car.

FELSKI (CONT'D)

(shakes head)

Fucking "Beyonce"?

21 INT. GATES' VOLVO - CONTINUOUS 21

David listens to the interview on the digi-recorder.

JEFFREY (O.S.)

You conveniently collect who we are
without getting your hands dirty.

David looks down. In the passenger seat, the "Scythe" New York Times article folded back.

22 INT. GREENWICH VILLAGE ART GALLERY - NIGHT 22

We see an art gallery. Dungeon-like. The gallery is crowded with goth, punk, and high fashion hipsters as they drink red wine and examine Scythe's macabre paintings of murder scenes.

23 INT. ART GALLERY OFFICE - CONTINUOUS 23

We see a smoke-filled, dimly lit office. RICHARD SCYTHER takes a drag off his cigarette, exhales, then leans over and does a big line of cocaine off a mirror atop the desk. A glass filled with Jack Daniels over ice. A Mac computer and phone. A knock on the office door.

RICHARD

(sniffles)

Who is it?

DONNA

(pensive)

It's Donna, Richard. Open the door.

Richard opens the door. Donna, an attractive brunette in her mid-thirties, Richard's art dealer. Donna is nervous. She enters. Richard closes the door behind her. She reaches to touch his face but Richard pulls away and sits back down. Donna puts her back to the door with her arms crossed.

DONNA (CONT'D)

Richard, you can't hide in here all night doing drugs. There are people outside. With money. The art critic from the New Yorker is here for Chrissakes!

Out of the darkness, Richard's face is revealed. He looks identical to David Gates, save one distinction; he has a prominent birth mark underneath his left eye. Spiked hair. Leather jacket. Sweaty.

Richard swills his liquor drink, then dumps out more cocaine from a vile and snorts it. He sits up with coke on the end of his nose.

RICHARD

Fuck them.

Donna extinguishes his cigarette smoldering in the ashtray.

DONNA

There's no smoking in here! And there's a man out there who wants to talk to you.

RICHARD

They all want to talk to me. Who?

Donna drops a business card on top of the cocaine. It reads "Detective Leon DeLuca - Homicide - 6th Precinct."

DONNA

Maybe you should freshen up a bit.

24 INT. COLLETTE'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

24

We see David and Collette eating Chinese take out with chop sticks in Collette's kitchen. Modest. Intimate. Food boxes on the table. A candle illuminates their faces. Collette examines the photograph of Richard Scythe.

COLLETTE

I don't know, David. That's really weird.

Collette puts on her glasses to adjust.

COLLETTE (CONT'D)

It's uncanny, the resemblance. What do you think?

DAVID

I'm confused.

COLLETTE

You're confused? That's a new one.

DAVID

I know it's not scientific but, I've always had this strange, inexplicable feeling...

COLLETTE

What?

DAVID

(wrings hands)

I've never felt it more strongly than I do now.

Collette touches David's hand.

COLLETTE

(concerned)

What is it, David. Tell me.

DAVID

I have a sneaking suspicion this man may be my brother.

COLLETTE

(disbelief)

Oh c'mon, David? How is that possible?

DAVID

When I was a little boy, we were very poor. I never knew my father. My mother raised me by herself.

Collette shows concern.

DAVID (CONT'D)

She was a strong woman. But, I remember she would sit alone and cry sometimes. She was hiding something.

COLLETTE

You should ask her about it.

DAVID

She doesn't even recognize me.

COLLETTE

Has her condition worsened?

DAVID

She has lucid intervals occasionally but...

COLLETTE

There has to be some kind of record.

DAVID

There was an electrical fire in the hospital basement after I was born. All the medical records where destroyed.

COLLETTE

Then maybe you could reach out to him. This Richard Scythe.

DAVID

Do you think that's appropriate?

COLLETTE

Let's look him up.

25 INT. COLLETTE'S DEN - MOMENTS LATER

25

We see David and Collette staring into a laptop screen. Their faces illuminated by the laptop screen.

COLLETTE

Here's his bio. Says Richard Scythe, legal name Richard Kowalski, was born February 7th, 1962.

DAVID

My birthday.

COLLETTE

He was adopted by Miriam and Joseph Kowalski - both deceased, who died in a car crash when he was twelve. Says here he spent his teens at a Catholic Home for Boys and was released when he turned eighteen. Uh... he was in an obscure eighties goth band called "Rick Scythe and the Reapers".

DAVID

Catchy.

COLLETTE

He owned an oddities shop called "Dementia", you know, like on TV... until 2008 when it was forced to close. The owners developed the property.

We see photos of Richard in ritualistic and band photos. Campy.

COLLETTE (CONT'D)

He's into the occult, witchcraft,
the paranormal. It's kind of like
his shtick.

We see a picture on the laptop of Richard and Anton Szandor
Lavey (The founder of the Satanic Church of San Francisco).

COLLETTE (CONT'D)

The last several years he's been
operating out of a studio in Greenwich
Village.

DAVID

Any criminal record?

COLLETTE

Hold on.

Collette types. She reads.

COLLETTE (CONT'D)

Nothing major. There's a simple
possession charge in 2004.
Solicitation for prostitution in
2007. Disorderly conduct in 2009.
All misdemeanors. That's it.

DAVID

Nice. Wholesome.

COLLETTE

You guys are so not alike.

DAVID

Seems quite the character.

26 INT. GREENWICH VILLAGE ART GALLERY - CONTINUOUS

26

We follow Richard as he walks through the crowded gallery.
DETECTIVE LEON DELUCCA stands alone in the corner. Forty-
five. Cheap suit. Overweight but not obese. Drinking a
Coca-Cola. Shifty-eyed. Determined.

Delucca holds several photos in his hand, momentarily looking
down at the pictures then up at the paintings. Scythe stands
in front of a large portrait. Delucca approaches him.

DELUCCA

Pretty vivid stuff. Creepy.

Richard's upper lip is sweaty. He sniffs and wipes his nose.

RICHARD

That's what I was going for.

DELUCCA
 (looking at picture)
 I would say, you're a misogynist.

RICHARD
 What are you, an art critic?

DELUCCA
 Her name was Tonya Jameson. Twenty-
 two years old. A call girl from
 Buffalo.

RICHARD
 Excuse me?

He shows the picture to Richard. A resemblance in the erotic painting of a seminude young woman being strangled with her own bra by a man in a black "gimp" mask with a bright red background.

DELUCCA
 In the painting.

RICHARD
 Oh.

DELUCCA
 Mr. Kowalski...

RICHARD
 I don't go by that name anymore.

DELUCCA
 Mr. Kowalski, I'm Leon DeLucca, a
 detective with the sixth precinct.

RICHARD
 Oh, yeah. I've seen your face before.
 In the papers. You're in charge of
 those... uh... "Lady Killer" murders.

Richard is momentarily distracted by a FEMALE FAN dressed in goth wear.

FEMALE FAN
 (sycophantic)
 We love you so much!

He turns his attention slightly back toward Delucca.

RICHARD
 (nervous)
 You wanted to talk to me?

DELUCCA

I'd like to ask you a few questions.

RICHARD

As you can see this really isn't the time or place.

DELUCCA

Okay, how about tomorrow?

RICHARD

I'm very busy tomorrow...

DELUCCA

Aren't you the least bit curious why I'm here?

RICHARD

Oh, of course. Why are you here?

DELUCCA

I'm a big fan of your art.

RICHARD

You are?

DELUCCA

It's all over the city. Twelve pieces... that we know of.

RICHARD

(cold)

I don't have any idea what you're talking about.

DELUCCA

(close)

Oh, I think you do. Be at my office tomorrow at four thirty PM for questioning.

RICHARD

Do you have some sort of writ or warrant?

DELUCCA

No.

RICHARD

Then why should I...

DELUCCA

Because if you don't show, I'll put an APB out on you. That you're armed and extremely dangerous.

RICHARD

(snidely)

Do your superiors know you're
harassing innocent citizens, "Mr.
Medal of Valor Recipient"?

Scythe raises his glass to his lips. Delucca smacks the
glass out of Scythe's hand, manhandles him by the shirt collar
and pulls him close, nose to nose.

DELUCCA

(whispers angrily)

Listen up, you perverted motherfucker.
You better be there tomorrow or I'll
have every cop on ever street corner
in this city looking to put a bullet
in your sick, sorry ass for the
collar.

The crowd reacts. Whispers.

DELUCCA

And I won't like that because then I
won't get to see you die by lethal
injection with all the victim's
families looking on.

RICHARD

(snidely)

New York repealed the death penalty.

DELUCCA

Yeah, asshole. But not in
Connecticut. Remember those two in
Connecticut? You didn't think I
knew about them, did ya?

Richard shows fear in his face. Delucca smiles.

DELUCCA (CONT'D)

They already got the file. See, you
think you're smart? Well listen up,
butter cup. You ain't smarter than
me.

Richard's eyes widen.

DELUCCA (CONT'D)

I'm gonna pull the chain on you,
pal.

Delucca lets go of Richard's shirt.

DELUCCA (CONT'D)

I always wanted to say that. Burt Reynolds from Sharkey's Machine.

Delucca turns toward the exit.

DELUCCA (CONT'D)

Tomorrow. Four Thirty.

Richard straightens his shirt and jacket. He trembles. The crowd parts as Delucca walks through then exits.

27 EXT. GREENWICH VILLAGE ART GALLERY - MOMENTS LATER

27

We see DeLucca walk to his vehicle. His phone rings. He opens the car door, answers the phone, and sits.

DELUCCA

Hello? Yeah, yeah. I was running down a lead. I don't got shit on this guy, but I thought if I ruffled his feathers he might squirm and show me somethin'. Dunno. Hope it doesn't come back to bite me in the ass.

DeLucca inserts the keys in the ignition. The police radio comes alive.

DISPATCH (O.S.)

Detective? Do you copy?

DELUCCA

DeLucca.

DISPATCH (O.S.)

There are officers in your area in need of back up.

DELUCCA

It's been a long day. I'm off the clock in fifteen minutes.

DISPATCH (O.S.)

Watch commander says it's a busy night for everybody, and you're the closest available. The call is a domestic... but reports of gunfire. A couple of rookies are on it.

DELUCCA

Fuck, me. Okay, where am I goin'...

Delucca starts the car, puts his police light on the roof, and peels out.

28 INT. COLLETTE'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

28

We see Collette walk David to the door as he rummages through his shoulder bag. He hands her a file.

DAVID

This is the Stiles file. I need you to organize it for me. I'm so in the weeds...

COLLETTE

Be glad to.

DAVID

Thanks.

David turns away from Collette to exit.

COLLETTE

David?

David turns around. Collette wraps her arms around his neck and kisses him. David accepts her advances momentarily then pushes her away.

DAVID

My wife's been dead for less than a year.

Collette, embarrassed, backs away and crosses her arms.

DAVID (CONT'D)

And we work together. It's not a good idea.

COLLETTE

I understand.

DAVID

I'm just not ready.

29 EXT. COLLETTE'S APARTMENT - CONTINUOUS

29

David walks to his car. Collette stands in the entrance doorway watching him leave. Collette pulls her sweater collar around her neck reacting to a chill.

FADE OUT:

FADE IN:

30 INT. APARTMENT BUILDING HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

30

We see a dark hallway. A man's raised voice, speaking Arabic, from inside an apartment. The sound of breaking glass.

At the end of the hallway, BEAT COPS in uniform. They stand outside a doorway entrance. DeLuca cautiously approaches as a man screams in Arabic. A woman crying.

ESTRANGED HUSBAND

(angrily)

You will not keeping my children from me! And no more sleeping with Aziz! Son of bitch Kurd piece of shit! I'll kill you, him... and them! I'll kill everyone!

DeLuca pulls his sidearm from his shoulder holster and leans in to talk to one of the policemen.

DELUCCA

What the fuck is goin' on?

BEAT COP ONE

(whispering)

We didn't know what to do Lieutenant. I ain't never handled nothin' like this before.

BEAT COP TWO

Me neither.

DELUCCA

What do we know?

BEAT COP ONE

The estranged husband is in there with his ex-wife.

BEAT COP TWO

(whispering)

He has a gun, Lieutenant. He fired off a round when we first got here.

BEAT COP ONE

Yeah, and he's got two little kids in there with him.

DELUCCA

Anybody get a name?

BEAT COP ONE

Uh... Talibani. Ahmed Talibani. A cab driver.

DELUCCA

Oh, Christ.

(loud)

Mr. Talibani?

ESTRANGED HUSBAND

(distraught)

Leave us alone! I come to America
for free-dem. My house. Get the
fuck out!

DELUCCA

Mr. Talibani, calm down so we can
talk about this.

ESTRANGED HUSBAND

No more talk. I kill my wife! She
is fucking whore to me!

DELUCCA

Please don't do that. Everything's
gonna be fine...

(whispers)

He's gonna kill somebody. Radio the
SWAT team.

BEAT COP TWO

I'm on it.

ESTRANGED HUSBAND

(screaming)

My family. My children. Get the
fuck out of here!

We hear a gun shot. Plaster falls to the floor.

DELUCCA

Fuck. I'm goin' in. Back me up!

BEAT COP ONE

(nervous)

Yes, sir.

DeLucca and Beat Cop One rush Talibani. The lamp is knocked
over during the struggle. The room goes dark. We hear a
single gun shot and child screams. Shouting in Arabic.
Confusion. A woman crying hysterically.

DELUCCA

Oh, my God. Call the paramedics!
Now!

FADE OUT:

FADE IN:

31 INT. COLLETTE'S APARTMENT - CONTINUOUS

31

We see Collette in bed organizing files. Pictures of graphic
murder scenes.

COLLETTE

(disgust)

Uh.

She puts the files away. Collette walks to her bathroom and opens the medicine cabinet. She reenters the room with a prescription of Ambien and takes one.

32 INT. GATES' HOME OFFICE - NIGHT 32

The room is dark, save the light emitting from the laptop screen. Gates is typing.

DAVID (V.O.)

Collette seems to think I should contact this Richard Scythe. I don't know this man or how he will react but the suspense is killing me.

Gates pauses to think. David circles the art gallery phone number with a pen. He stares at the desk phone, as if to get up the courage to call. He picks up the phone and dials.

33 INT. GREENWICH VILLAGE ART GALLERY - CONTINUOUS 33

We see the last of the patrons exit. The caterers clean up cups and plates. A man sweeps. The DeeJay packs his equipment up. Donna writes the caterers a check.

34 INT. ART GALLERY OFFICE - CONTINUOUS 34

We see a jittery Scythe biting his thumbnail nervously as he sits in the dark. He snivels. Richard is sweaty. Angry at himself. He hits himself repeatedly in the head with his palm.

RICHARD

(muttering)

Fucking stupid. Stupid.

A moment of clarity.

RICHARD (CONT'D)

I gotta get the fuck outta here.

The phone rings and startles him. Richard looks over at the phone number. He is afraid to answer. It rings several times.

RICHARD (CONT'D)

(picking up)

I'm sorry we're closed. Call back in the morning.

DAVID (O.S.)
Wait! Wait!

RICHARD
(irritated)
Yes?

DAVID (O.S.)
May I speak with Richard Scythe,
please?

RICHARD
Who is this?

DAVID (O.S.)
My name is Gates. I'm an author and
college professor, with tenure, at
the University of Charleston. I
would like to ask Mr. Scythe some
questions if I may.

35 INT. GATES' HOME OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

35

RICHARD (O.S.)
This is Scythe.

DAVID
Oh, great. Um, I know this may sound
strange...

RICHARD (O.S.)
Try me.

DAVID
Okay. I'll get to the point. You
were adopted. You were born February
7th, 1962.

RICHARD (O.S.)
Yeah, so?

DAVID
You see, Mr. Scythe. Do you mind if
I call you Richard? Richard, that's
my birthday.

RICHARD
Holy Mary, Mother of God. It's a
miracle.

36 INT. GATES' HOME OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

36

DAVID
I came across your photo in the Times
today. And you...

RICHARD (O.S.)
I'm hanging up.

DAVID
Wait until you've heard me out...
you and I look very much alike. You
see, my mother was poor. So she had
to give up one of her children for
adoption...

37 INT. ART GALLERY OFFICE - CONTINUOUS 37

Richard Googles "Professor Gates - University of Charleston."

RICHARD
What are you trying to say, professor?

Richard gazes at the photo of David on the web page. He
smiles big as if he'd hit the jackpot.

DAVID (O.S.)
Okay. I'm just going to say it.
(pause)
I believe you to be my brother. We
are identical twins, I think,
separated at birth... and I'd like
us to meet.

Collete, silently cheers David on and smiles big.

There is silence.

DAVID (CONT'D)
Hello?

38 INT. ART GALLERY OFFICE - CONTINUOUS 38

We see the phone on the desk. The door closes halfway. The
hinge squeaks. We hear David's voice through the phone.

DAVID (O.S.)
Hello?

39 EXT. PENN STATION - NIGHT 39

We see a late night, busy New York street. Prostitutes and
drug dealers and passersby. A STRANGER walks up to the
entrance with a bag over his shoulder, stomps out his
cigarette, tosses his cell phone in the trash, and enters
the revolving door.

40 INT. FELSKI'S APARTMENT - MORNING 40

The sun shines brightly through Felski's window. We hear a
persistent knocking at Felski's front door.

Felski lies on his bed, clothed, with his headphones on, under a large poster of Charles Manson, the caption underneath reads, "Charlie don't surf."

Felski gets up and opens the door. Phil stands there holding up the memory stick by the chain. Phil grabs Felski by the shirt with one arm and jacks him up.

PHIL

(angrily)

You think you're real cute giving Tara this bullshit huh, you little weirdo? I told you I hate this crap, Felcher.

FELSKI

Phil, I didn't mean to...

Phil lets go of Felski and puts a finger in his face.

PHIL

You stay the fuck away from my girlfriend, you hear me?!

FELSKI

I...

PHIL

And another thing, Dorkenstein. You see me coming, you hide.

Phil opens his mouth wide, and as if he was eating a live goldfish, drops the memory stick in his mouth, crunches it up and spits it out in Felski's face.

PHIL (CONT'D)

You've been warned, Felcher.

He crabs down, and then walks off. Felski shuts the door and puts his back to it. He then puts the chain lock on, breathing heavy.

Felski pulls a puffer out of his pocket and inhales it. He then looks over at the "Kill Bill" poster on the wall; Uma Thurman in a yellow jump suit, holding a samurai sword. Felski imagines himself in the poster as Uma Thurman in the yellow jump suit. The title on the poster changes to "Kill Phil".

FELSKI

(smiles menacingly)

It's Felski.

41 EXT. GATES' HOUSE - CONTINUOUS 41

We see David step out onto his front porch to pick up the New York Times. The headline reads, "DeLuca on Administrative Leave After Death of Child" with a photo depicting the incident scene.

42 INT. HAPPY ACRES REST HOME - LATER 42

We see David in the hallway outside his mother's room, speaking with the DOCTOR. Elevator music drowns out the conversation. Inside the room, GRACE GATES sits in a chair looking out the window. Frail. Long white hair. Stoic. Blank. Half-smiling. David enters the room.

DAVID

Mother.

Slowly she turns her head towards David then back to the window.

GRACE

(demure southern accent)

I love this time of year. The colors change so dramatically. From green to yellow, auburn, and brown.

DAVID

How have you been?

GRACE

I've been lonely since you went off to college. Is the semester over already?

DAVID

Mom, I've been out of college for a long time.

GRACE

Oh?

There is silence.

DAVID

Mom, I have to ask you about something. It's important to me.

GRACE

What's troubling you? I'm sorry, I've forgotten your name.

DAVID

David, Mom.

GRACE
Oh, David. Of course.

DAVID
Mom... do I have a brother?

Grace's eyes widen. She looks out the window again.

GRACE
It's gonna be a long winter this year. Better bundle up at the college. I have an extra space heater in the attic.

DAVID
Mom!?

GRACE
(darkly)
He's coming... and he'll bring Hell with him.

DAVID
What did you say?

She turns back to David and smiles.

GRACE
Where's that nice girl you brought home for Christmas? I liked her.

DAVID
She's dead, Mom. Amy died last year of breast cancer.

GRACE
(darkly)
None of us last forever.

DAVID
Who is coming? Who will bring Hell with him?

GRACE
I just love to decorate the house for Christmas. Will you be bringing that nice girl home with you again this year?

A tear wells in David's eye.

DAVID
Yes, Mom. We'll have a nice Christmas.

We see David hang his head. His mother stares out the window.

FADE OUT:

FADE IN:

43 INT. PROFESSOR GATES CAMPUS OFFICE - AFTERNOON 43

David sits behind his desk, earnestly typing on his laptop. A stack of term papers. The office is orderly. David is vexed on the computer screen. A window opened showing Richard's face to the left. David types in the column to the right.

DAVID (V.O.)

Last night I spoke with Richard, the man I believe to be my brother. He was curt and standoffish.

44 INT. GREENWICH VILLAGE ART GALLERY - CONTINUOUS 44

We see Donna dialing Richard's number.

DAVID (V.O.)

When I shared my suspicions the phone went dead.

45 EXT. PENN STATION - AFTERNOON 45

A bearded HOMELESS MAN wearing a filthy Star Trek t-shirt rummages through the trash can and finds Richard's ringing cell phone.

HOMELESS MAN

(shifting his eyes)

Beam me up, Scotty. This place is crawling with Klingons.

DONNA (O.S.)

Who is this?

HOMELESS MAN

This is the Captain speaking.

46 INT. GATE'S KITCHEN - NIGHT 46

We see Bundy eating his food in the kitchen. We hear David's interview with Henry Lee Stiles resonating from his home office.

47 INT. GATES' HOME OFFICE - CONTINUOUS 47

David types.

DAVID (V.O.)

I went to see my mother today. Her condition has worsened.

48 EXT. CHARLESTON AMTRAK TRAIN STATION - CONTINUOUS 48

We see a train pull into the station. As the train comes to a stop we hear the engine and brakes. Steam resonates.

DAVID (V.O.)

Our conversation provided me little solace. One thing was puzzling. She said, "He's coming and he'll bring hell with him."

Stranger steps off the train into the darkness, carrying a worn bag over his shoulder. He wears a long leather coat, gloves, hat and motorcycle boots. He approaches the exterior phone booth and it's out of order. He walks up the curb to a nearby seedy bar. A neon sign reads Joe's Bar and Grill.

DAVID (V.O.) (CONT'D)

And she said it in an otherworldly voice. It frightened me; was it the ramblings of a woman suffering from advanced stages of Alzheimer's?

49 INT. JOE'S BAR AND GRILL - MOMENTS LATER 49

DAVID (V.O.)

Or was it something more sinister? I'm not one for pseudo-science. But who was coming and why?

The Stranger walks into the smoke filled bar. He half-smiles and approaches the BARTENDER as he lights up a cigarette. His face shadowed by his hat.

STRANGER

Do you have a phone?

The bartender points to the far wall. The Stranger walks over to the pay phone, fumbles for a piece of paper with a phone number written on it with the name "Gates" scratched in pencil.

50 INT. GATES' HOME OFFICE - CONTINUOUS 50

DAVID (V.O.)

I have so many unanswered questions and no one to ask.

David takes his glasses off and rubs his eyes. The phone rings. David answers.

DAVID (CONT'D)
 (anxious)
 Hello?

STRANGER (O.S.)
 Good evening, Professor.

DAVID
 (surprised)
 Richard?

51 INT. GATES VOLVO - MOMENTS LATER 51

We see David driving on the highway. He is nervous with anticipation.

52 EXT. JOE'S BAR AND GRILL - CONTINUOUS 52

David's Volvo pulls up next to the bar.

53 INT. JOE'S BAR AND GRILL - CONTINUOUS 53

David enters. The Killers, *All the Pretty Faces* plays on the juke box. At the end of the bar sits Richard, smoking a cigarette and drink Jack over ice. He pops a pill. David, slightly apprehensive, sits next to Richard. The Bartender approaches.

BARTENDER
 What you havin'?

DAVID
 Uh... a ginger ale, please.

RICHARD
 Professor.

DAVID
 Well, I must admit, this is a surprise.

Richard's face is sweaty. He turns to David and examines him.

RICHARD
 You wanted to meet, remember?

DAVID
 (hesitant)
 I didn't think it would be so soon.
 I...

RICHARD
 Do you want me to leave?

DAVID
No, of course not.

The two men examine each other.

RICHARD
It's like looking in the mirror,
isn't it?

DAVID
(holding glass)
Yes, but, I don't drink.

RICHARD
That's your problem.

DAVID
(awkward)
So how did your exhibit go?

RICHARD
Um... well. We sold some pieces.

DAVID
Really vivid stuff. Imaginative.
Where do you get your inspiration?

Richard raises his finger to his mouth.

RICHARD
Shhhh. It's a secret.

Uncomfortable silence.

RICHARD (CONT'D)
So, is there a Mrs. Gates?

DAVID
Well, there was.

RICHARD
Divorce?

DAVID
No, she passed away recently.

RICHARD
Oh. Girlfriend?

DAVID
Not exactly. Collette, my graduate
assistant. We have dinner
occasionally.

RICHARD
Attractive?

DAVID
Yes, very.

RICHARD
So you live alone?

DAVID
I have a house on the outskirts of town.

RICHARD
(raises eyebrow)
Oh?

DAVID
In the country. It's quiet. Secluded. I get my writing done there. A little commute from the college.

RICHARD
Sounds perfect... I mean, nice.

DAVID
Do you - have somewhere to stay while you're in town?

RICHARD
No.

DAVID
(being polite)
I'd love to have you if...

RICHARD
(smiles sinisterly)
I thought you'd never ask.

Richard puts his cigarette out in David's ginger ale.

RICHARD (CONT'D)
After you, Doctor.

54 INT. GATES' VOLVO - LATER

54

David and Richard on the highway. The two make small talk.

RICHARD
So, you write books about serial killers?

DAVID

Yes. It's been my life's work.

RICHARD

Must not pay very well. This car is
a real clunker.

David looks out of the corner of his eye at Richard, puzzled
at his abrasiveness.

RICHARD (CONT'D)

Does anyone else know I'm here?

DAVID

No.

RICHARD

Good.

DAVID

You don't want anyone to...

RICHARD

Let's just say I'm on hiatus on wish
to avoid distractions.

Richard produces a scratch piece of paper and a pencil.

RICHARD (CONT'D)

But if anyone needs to know where I
am, you'll have to give me the
address.

DAVID

Oh, I understand. It's 112 Hampton
Meadows, Summerville, SC. 29483

Richard scrawls the address and puts the pencil and paper in
his inside coat pocket.

RICHARD

Are you sure no one is at your place?

DAVID

(suspiciously)

I told you I live alone. Why does
that concern you?

RICHARD

(deadpan)

Because I'll need some privacy when
I chop you up.

Richard quickly produces a serrated knife and holds it to
David's throat.

55 EXT. HIGHWAY - CONTINUOUS 55

We see a trash truck with a fork lift approaching the right side of David's Volvo. The bearded, overweight TRUCK DRIVER is falling asleep.

56 INT. GATES' VOLVO - CONTINUOUS 56

DAVID
I don't understand.

RICHARD
For a professor, you sure are dumb.

David looks confused.

RICHARD (CONT'D)
Let me map it out for you. I'm gonna kill you and take your place.

57 INT. 18 WHEEL TRUCK - CONTINUOUS 57

The Truck Driver falls asleep. His foot presses on the gas peddle like dead weight.

58 INT. GATES' VOLVO - CONTINUOUS 58

DAVID
Kill me? Why?

RICHARD
I'm a sociopath.

DAVID
That's no excuse!

Richard presses the knife against David's skin. A hint of blood on the blade.

RICHARD
Okay, if you really want an explanation... fine. You're gonna die because she picked you over me.

DAVID
Who. My mother?

RICHARD
Yes. YOUR mother. She abandoned me to get pounded by sweaty, horny priests balls deep in that hell hole of a boy's home until I shit blood. So, if you want somebody to blame, then your mom makes an excellent candidate.

DAVID

It wasn't her fault! She was a poor woman! She was alone.

RICHARD

Not my problem.

DAVID

You don't really believe you can get away with this, do you?

RICHARD

Of course, I do. Our DNA is identical. And now I'm a 'college professor, with tenure'. I was teaching classes with hundreds of witnesses. They'll never convict me for the murders now.

DAVID

What murders? There are murders?

David's eyes widen.

RICHARD

You're catching on.

DAVID

Wait. You're... you're the Lady Killer!

RICHARD

Bingo!

DAVID

They will notice the difference. My students. Especially Collette.

RICHARD

I'm looking forward to our first candlelight dinner.

DAVID

This is crazy!

RICHARD

C' mon. Who knows more about murder than me?

DAVID

Well, actually, I know this guy...

RICHARD

Shut the fuck up!

DAVID

You don't have to do this! I can help you.

RICHARD

You are helping me.

DAVID

But we're brothers!

RICHARD

Like Cain said to Abel, "I really don't give a shit."

We see the trash truck draw closer to David's vehicle.

RICHARD (CONT'D)

(in David's ear)

And after I stuff your corpse in an incinerator somewhere, I'm gonna fuck the dog shit out of your girlfriend, you asshole.

DAVID

(angry)

She has nothing to do with this!

RICHARD

(sinisterly)

Yeah... she's an added bonus.

The garbage truck suddenly careens into the passenger side of Gates' Volvo with tremendous force; the fork lift pierces the Volvo passenger door, skewering Richard through the chest, killing him instantly. David's airbag deploys forcing his face through the door glass. The Volvo smashes into a concrete embankment. Metal twists and turns. Sparks fly. The vehicle come to a screeching halt.

FADE OUT:

FADE IN:

59 INT. DREAM SEQUENCE ONE - EVENING 59

We see a woman's murder through a surreal, filtered point-of-view and we hear maniacal laughing. Furious painting of the murder scene. A man showering off blood from his body. The murderer towel-dries himself revealing David Gates' face in the mirror.

60 INT. TRIDENT COUNTY HOSPITAL - MORNING 60

In point-of-view through David's eyes, he awakens with bandages around his face.

Collette sits by his bedside holding his hand, and DOCTOR FIENES stands at the foot of the bed with a clip board in his hand. Mid sixties, gray hair, short in stature. German accent.

DOCTOR FIENES

Please, don't try to speak, Professor.

Doctor Fienes hands David a pad and a black sharpie. David writes, "Where am I?"

COLLETTE

You were in an automobile accident,
David.

David tries to sit up but his body aches. He breaths heavy through the bandages. He scrawls, "Bundy?"

COLLETTE (CONT'D)

All taken care of. David, this is...

Fienes motions toward Collette to be silent.

DOCTOR FIENES

My name is Dr. Helmut Fienes,
Professor. I am Chief Surgeon at
this facility. How are you feeling?

David lethargically writes, "Head hurts."

DOCTOR FIENES (CONT'D)

You have healed up remarkably well
considering the nature of your injury.

David writes, "What happened?"

DOCTOR FIENES (CONT'D)

Do you not have any memory of the
accident?

David scribbles, "No."

DOCTOR FIENES (CONT'D)

You and another gentleman were
traveling in a vehicle on I-26 when
you were struck by a truck and driven
into the concrete embankment. Your
passenger was killed instantly.

David struggles to think. His hand shakes as he writes,
"Richard?"

DOCTOR FIENES (CONT'D)

Yes.

(MORE)

DOCTOR FIENES (CONT'D)

And you lost most of the tissue on the left side of your face and your left cheek bone. You were near death from loss of blood when you arrived here. We had to act with haste if we were to perform the procedure successfully.

David writes, "Procedure?"

DOCTOR FIENES (CONT'D)

A transplant, David. Ms. Collette was kind enough to share some information with us regarding the man in the vehicle with you.

Collette looks on, concerned.

DOCTOR FIENES (CONT'D)

Your identical twin. You had the same blood type and facial structure. Upon examination by paramedics at the accident site, your brother was an organ donor. His card was among his personal effects.

David touches the bandages. He writes, "Transplant? Is that possible?"

DOCTOR FIENES (CONT'D)

The procedure took thirty-four hours. The medical team performed the most extensive full-face transplant ever recorded. Our team specializes in facial, reconstructive surgery and dentistry.

David writes, "Where is Richard."

DOCTOR FIENES (CONT'D)

Mr. Kowalski is dead and his face was of no use to him.

David trembles as he writes, "Impossible?"

DOCTOR FIENES (CONT'D)

You've been through quite a lot, it's best that you rest...

DAVID

(muffled)

Where!?!

61 INT. HOSPITAL MORGUE - MOMENTS LATER

61

We see David and Doctor Fiennes as they examine Richard's corpse - the tissue removed from his face.

DAVID

(groggy)

I barely knew him. He deserves a proper burial.

DOCTOR FIENES

There was no next of kin to contact. We found his art dealer's card in his wallet but we were hesitant to contact her. We needed to maintain a certain privacy.

DAVID

Who else knows about this?

DOCTOR FIENES

Due to the bizarre nature of the procedure, this operation has had no media coverage. We weren't even positive you would recover from a comatose state. The rate of success was unknown. All medical records will stay confidential, for now.

DAVID

Yes... confidential.

DOCTOR FIENES

Regardless, we would still need your permission to publicize our work, of course. Eventually we hope for a full recovery, after some intense physical therapy. We are compelled to share our findings with the medical community.

DAVID

Why?

DOCTOR FIENES

The procedure has never been performed on twins, presenting us with a most unique procedure.

David holds his hand to his head.

DOCTOR FIENES (CONT'D)

Don't worry. We'll need time for a more thorough evaluation of the transplant's side effects, if any.

DAVID

Side effects?

DOCTOR FIENES

This is new science. Experimental science. It's much too early to predict your rate of recovery or if you will fully recover at all. Your body may reject the grafted tissue.

David momentarily loses his balance.

DOCTOR FIENES (CONT'D)

We will keep you under close observation but all early indications have been very positive. Now, let's get you back to bed, shall we?

62 EXT. CEMETERY - AFTERNOON - DAYS LATER

62

We focus on an urn with Richard's ashes in it. A PRIEST, David in bandages, and Collette at Richard's grave site.

PRIEST

Who shall separate us from the love of Christ? Shall tribulation, or distress, or persecution, or famine.

63 INT. TRIDENT COUNTY HOSPITAL - NIGHT

63

PRIEST (V.O.)

Or nakedness, or peril, or sword? We are all accounted as sheep awaiting slaughter.

David lay in his hospital bed, his laptop beside him. The room is dark. As David watches a news channel, his eyes begin to flutter, then close as he falls asleep. David begins to dream.

64 INT. TRIDENT COUNTY HOSPITAL - DAY

64

David wakes to a filtered surrealism. The room is bright. The television shows a brutal bondage porno. We see Richard Scythe, with his facial tissue removed - he approaches from down the hall. Richard is nude, holding a bouquet of dead roses in his right hand. He walks past the nurse's triage and SEVERAL ORDERLIES, unnoticed. Richard enters David's room and stands over his bed. David's eyes reflect horror through the bandages.

RICHARD

(angrily)

I want my face back, mother fucker!

65 INT. TRIDENT COUNTY HOSPITAL - NIGHT 65

David opens his eyes and bolts up in bed. No one is there. He looks at his hand. It trembles. Billy Idol's *Eyes Without a Face* video plays on the VH-1 Classics. David lays his head back down and breathes heavy, then reaches for his laptop and begins typing.

66 INT. TRIDENT COUNTY HOSPITAL - AFTERNOON 66

The First Time Ever I Saw Your Face, in elevator music-style plays over the hospital speakers.

We see a montage: David undergoing a CAT Scan, still in bandages. David examined by Doctor Fienes. David undergoes physical therapy. We see an eye test. We see David getting x-rays. We see David doing sit ups with a THERAPIST cheering him on.

67 INT. TRIDENT COUNTY HOSPITAL - CONTINUOUS 67

We see David sitting up in bed as an attractive NURSE takes a pair of scissors and slowly and carefully cuts the bandages away from his face. Doctor Fienes enters. Once the bandages are removed, the nurse hands David a mirror. He closes his eyes and looks away.

DAVID

(nervous)

I'm almost afraid to look.

NURSE

It's okay.

David looks in the mirror. He examines the scar tissue around his chin and ears, and his brother's mole under his left eye. Doctor Fienes smiles.

We see Collette as she stands in the doorway, crying with tears of happiness. David turns to Collette.

DAVID

How do I look?

COLLETTE

Fantastic.

Collette hugs David. They stare into each other's eyes and kiss. Collette weeps.

COLLETTE (CONT'D)

I think you might even be more handsome than before.

DAVID

Thanks a lot.

They both laugh. Collette bites her lower lip and touches David's scar beneath his chin.

DAVID (CONT'D)

Don't worry. I'll be fine. Thank you for staying with me.

COLLETTE

Oh, David. Welcome back!

Collette squeals then throws her arms around David's neck again.

68 EXT. HOSPITAL PARKING LOT - MORNING

68

We see David closing the hatchback of Collette's Cherokee as she starts the engine. Doctor Fienes stands with a clipboard.

DOCTOR FIENES

I will send you the necessary release documents as soon as I have finished the preliminary evaluation.

David and Dr. Fienes shake hands.

DAVID

Thank you, Doctor, for giving me my life back.

69 EXT. GATES' HOUSE - LATER

69

We see Collette and David as they pull in the driveway. Bundy the cat sits on the porch. They approach making small talk.

David feels his face with one hand.

DAVID

I can't believe I healed so rapidly. Dr. Fienes says my rate of recovery has been unparalleled. He's very excited about releasing his findings.

COLLETTE

Once you've signed the release.

DAVID

Bundy! There's my little boy.

Bundy's hair stands up on the back of his neck. He hisses and scampers off.

DAVID (CONT'D)
What's wrong with him?

COLLETTE
I don't know. You have been away
for a long time. Maybe he's mad at
you.

70 INT. GATES' LIVING AREA - CONTINUOUS

70

We see David and Collette enter. David carries his computer bag and other effects.

DAVID
Home sweet home. I'm gonna make
some coffee. Want some?

COLLETTE
I'd love some.

David disappears into the kitchen. Collette examines the shotgun over the mantle. The brass placard underneath reads, "In Memory of Ed Crockett".

COLLETTE (CONT'D)
Ed Crockett? Not Lubbock, Texas Ed
Crockett?

DAVID
One and the same.

COLLETTE (O.S.)
Did he use that shotgun?

DAVID
Killed five family members and a
nosy neighbor with it, before he
blew his own brains out.

COLLETTE
You certainly have a morbid sense of
humor. How did you get it?

DAVID (O.S.)
I bought it at auction. To raise
money for the victim's families.

COLLETTE
How morbidly... noble.

DAVID
(laughs)
Hey, I didn't kill anyone with it...
yet!

COLLETTE
Don't be silly.

71 INT. GATES' KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS 71

We hear the coffee maker beep. David pours two cups of coffee and adds cream.

COLLETTE (O.S.)
Does it still work?

DAVID
As far as I know.

Collette shutters and holds her left arm.

72 INT. GATES' LIVING AREA - CONTINUOUS 72

David brings in the coffee, and hands a cup to Collette.

DAVID
Here's to - new beginnings.

COLLETTE
I'm glad you're home.

DAVID
(smiles)
Me too.

73 INT. GATES' BEDROOM - NIGHT 73

We see David toss and turn having a violent and sadistic dream, full of blood-soaked murders in ritualistic fashion. He springs up in bed, sweating.

DAVID
No!

Collette wakes and sits up.

COLLETTE
The dreams again?

DAVID
Bad. The worst yet.

David breathes heavy and lies back down turning on his right side. Collette touches his shoulder to comfort him.

COLLETTE
Everything is fine. You're home.
It's a miracle you survived at all.

David rolls away from Collette.

DAVID
Yeah... a miracle.

On David's eyes as he lies on his side with his eyes open.

FADE OUT:

74 INT. GATES' HOME OFFICE - DAY 74

We see David sipping coffee. The cup with a picture of David Byrne, the words "Psycho Killer" printed on it. He sits at his desk on the laptop, reading a letter from Dr. Fienes.

DR. FIENES (V.O.)

Dear David. I am pleased to inform you that your procedure has been a complete success. In my expert medical opinion, ongoing physical therapy will no longer be necessary as you have made a full recovery, although we will require you to come in for physical examinations, periodically. I am enthusiastic about sharing our findings with the American Medical Association and other medical and surgical journals. Please print out the attached HIPPA medical records release, sign it, and return it to me at my home address below: 1187 Calhoun Street, Charleston, SC, 29401.

75 INT. UNIVERSITY GROUNDS - DAY 75

Students bustling on campus, on bicycles, lying on the grass studying. David walks into an administration building. The new semester is about to begin.

76 INT. UNIVERSITY ADMINISTRATION - CONTINUOUS 76

We see David meeting with the DEAN of the University. They shake hands.

DEAN

Welcome back, Professor Gates.

77 INT. PROFESSOR GATES CAMPUS OFFICE - CONTINUOUS 77

We see David open the door to his office. He sits down at his desk and smiles. Collette leans inside the doorway and smiles.

78 INT. FELSKI'S APARTMENT - LATER

78

We see Felski doing homework with his headphones on. He reacts to loud banging and raised voices. Felski cracks open his apartment door and sees Phil coming down the steps with his gym bag. Tara weeps at the top of the steps. After the coast is clear, Felski steps out to console Tara.

FELSKI

Tara, are you okay? Do you...

Tara, embarrassed goes back into her apartment and shuts the door.

Felski looks concerned.

FELSKI (CONT'D)

(angry)

That fucking dick.

79 INT. GATES' HOME OFFICE - NIGHT

79

The office is dark. We see David print out the medical release forms, then sit down at his desk to read over them. He signs the release then writes Dr. Fienes name and address on an envelope and lays it on the desk. He takes his glasses off and rubs his eyes. Bundy is paused inside the doorway.

DAVID

Hey, buddy.

The cat hisses.

DAVID (CONT'D)

I guess you're not sleeping with me tonight.

80 INT. GATES' BEDROOM - LATER

80

David lies in bed dreaming.

81 INT. DR. FIENES' HOUSE - NIGHT

81

David dreams he breaks into Dr. Feines' house, and rummages through file cabinets in the dark with a flashlight. He ransacks Dr. Feines' home office.

82 INT. GATES KITCHEN - MORNING

82

David makes coffee and begins to read the paper. His cell phone rings. He answers.

COLLETTE (O.S.)

David, turn on the local news now.

David turns on the kitchen TV.

TV REPORTER

In this house located on the historic Battery, a respected surgeon, Dr. Helmut Fienes, fell victim to a home invasion early this morning. Police received a call from neighbors who heard gunfire emanating from the home. When Police arrived, they found Dr. Fienes dead and the house had been ransacked, investigators say.

David is vexed on the TV. On TV REPORTER.

TV REPORTER (CONT'D)

Recent studies show a spike in violent crime as the area population grows. And here on the Battery, the residents fear their prestigious homes will be next in what is usually a quiet community.

83 INT. GATES KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

83

There's a loud knock on the front door. David is startled. He walks past the mantle and notices the shotgun is missing. David, nervous, and a little sweaty opens the front door.

COLLETTE

Oh my God, David. Did you see what happened to Dr. Fienes?

DAVID

(trembling)
I'm watching it now.

COLLETTE

David are you okay?

DAVID

Just overwhelmed... by the news, I mean.

COLLETTE

Isn't it terrible?

Collette notices the shotgun missing over the mantle.

COLLETTE (CONT'D)

Hey, where's the shotgun?

DAVID
 (bites fingernail)
 Oh. Um... I'm having it cleaned.

David has a blank stare.

DAVID (CONT'D)
 I have to go to New York.

COLLETTE
 New York? David the semester is
 about to start.

DAVID
 You'll have to cover for me.

84 INT. 6TH PRECINCT POLICE RECORDS - AFTERNOON

84

We see DeLuca behind his desk. A stack of files piled high. He looks at his watch. It reads 4:55 PM. He gets up and walks past two employees.

DELUCCA
 See you guys tomorrow.

DeLuca's boss, Lieutenant Mendez, sticks his head out of his office.

MENDEZ
 Hey, super cop. Why don't you try
 to get to work tomorrow on time.
 This rolling in fifteen minutes late
 every day ain't cool.

DELUCCA
 Yeah, yeah.

MENDEZ
 We've got a lot of filing to do, and
 you need to pull your weight around
 here if you wanna keep this job,
 esse.

DELUCCA
 What ever you say, Perez.

MENDEZ
 It's Mendez. And don't "yeah, yeah"
 me, pendehe. You might have been a
 big shot on homicide, but now you're
 down here with us. You punch in on
 time like everybody else, cowboy.

The employees nod and then whisper behind his back.

DELUCCA
 (mutters)
 Fuckin' mook.

85 EXT. 6TH PRECINCT POLICE RECORDS - CONTINUOUS 85

We see DeLuca exit the building. Walking home after a long day at work. He is slovenly. Unshaven.

86 INT. DELUCCA'S APARTMENT BUILDING - LATER 86

The apartment is dingy. Noises outside. Mail is piled up. He opens the fridge - a bottle of mustard and 12 pack inside. DeLuca grabs a beer, and turns on the TV.

Half an hour later, he sits on his couch watching Maury Povich with seven empty crumpled beer cans in front of him. DeLuca reaches under the table, pulling out a scrap book, and a bottle of Black Label.

As he flips through the pages outlining an illustrious career as a detective, and "Medal of Valor" recipient for his service as a hostage crisis negotiator in the 2013 Empire Federal Credit Union case. He then flips through articles where he was the lead investigator on the "Lady Killer Murders." Lastly he reads "Internal Affairs Panel Finds Seasoned Detective Negligent In Boy's Death". DeLuca takes a swig out of the bottle. DeLuca's eyes are teary.

DELUCCA
 (slurring)
 You are not the father.

MAURY POVICH (O.S.)
 You are NOT the father.

87 INT. AIRPLANE - CONTINUOUS 87

We see David typing on his laptop.

DAVID (V.O.)
 I am concerned about recent events that transpired involving my surgeon, Dr. Fienes. I fear I may have somehow been responsible for his death.

88 EXT. LA GUARDIA AIRPORT - DAY 88

We see David hailing a taxi at the airport.

DAVID (V.O.)
 Was I there? I don't remember. My mind is cloudy. Only flickering memories. Surreal. Deluded. I need answers.

- 89 INT. HOTEL - DAY 89
We see David checking in at the front desk.
- 90 INT. ART GALLERY OFFICE - DAY 90
Donna Leiberman speaks on the phone.
- DAVID (V.O.)
I've contacted Donna Leiberman to
speak with her regarding my deceased
brother, Richard. After some coaxing,
she agreed to meet in person.
- 91 INT. HOTEL ROOM - CONTINUOUS 91
We see David speaking to Donna on the phone.
- DAVID (V.O.)
She now occupies Richard's old studio
in the Village.
- 92 EXT. GREENWICH VILLAGE ART GALLERY - NIGHT 92
We see David examining the portraits through the window.
The studio is bright. Renovated. Pale and sterile.
- A CAMBODIAN STORE OWNER notices David on the street and looks
at him peculiarly.
- DAVID (V.O.)
I fear these bizarre and unexplained
happenings waiver somewhere between
science and the paranormal. Perhaps
Ms. Leiberman holds the pieces to
this most disturbing puzzle.
- David stands outside the front door. There is a buzz.
- 93 INT. GREENWICH VILLAGE ART GALLERY - CONTINUOUS 93
David enters the bright gallery filled with modern art. His
eyes wander about the room. Donna, smartly dressed,
approaches with a wine glass in her hand.
- DONNA
(smug)
I was wondering if I would ever see
that face again.
- 94 INT. STORAGE ROOM - MOMENTS LATER 94
David and Donna enter. The fluorescent light flickers over
head and then turns on.

DONNA

And when Richard disappeared, everyone presumed he was dead, so his paintings sold very quickly.

DAVID

Oh?

DONNA

His entire catalog. Well, almost. Some of these... I thought we're too repugnant to put on display.

They look through the paintings. David's eyes widen.

DAVID

I see what you mean.

As Donna kneels, David leans in to get a closer look over her shoulder (almost to get a breath of her). She looks up at him.

DONNA

This is New York. Weird sells. The more disturbing, the more desirable. But I thought they were in such poor taste...

DAVID

Do you mind if I take these?

DONNA

They're yours as far as I'm concerned. You're the next of kin, aren't you?

DAVID

Well, I...

DONNA

Anyway, everybody was talking after the police were here. Gossip drove the price up.

They examine a gruesome painting.

DONNA (CONT'D)

To tell you the truth, I'll be happy to see these gone.

David grimaces.

DAVID

Wait. Police?

DONNA

The night before Richard disappeared.
A detective came to the exhibit,
asking questions.

DAVID

About what?

Donna rises to her feet.

DONNA

I'm famished. Have you eaten?

DAVID

No. I thought we might grab
something.

DONNA

I know a place.

DAVID

Then you...

DONNA

(flirting)

I'd be delighted, professor.

95 INT. FRENCH RESTAURANT - LATER

95

We see David and Donna at a two top, finishing dessert.

DONNA

So, this DeLucca character grabs
Richard by the shirt and manhandles
him in front of the entire New York
art world.

The WAITER pours a glass of red wine for Donna, then he offers
David some.

DAVID

No, thank you. Then what?

DONNA

What are you, in the twelve step
program?

DAVID

Something like that.

Donna raises her glass.

DONNA

Like my Dad used to say, "Never trust
a man who doesn't drink."

David half smiles. He looks toward the bar. The BARTENDER pours a glass of Jack Daniels over ice. Her voice fades - a ring in David's ears.

DONNA (CONT'D)

So, anyway, whatever the detective said, it spooked Richard enough to make him disappear.

Donna sips her wine, a little drunk.

DONNA (CONT'D)

The really weird thing is the "lady killings" have stopped. The police say it's a "cold case".

DAVID

I've been keeping up with it.

DONNA

And now...

DAVID

I wish I could tell you. I have no recollection of it.

DONNA

You were both in an accident? And you're sure that Richard is dead?

David raises his eyebrow.

96 EXT. DONNA'S APARTMENT HALLWAY - LATER

96

We see Donna fumble through her purse and retrieve a key card and swipes it. David carries a few of Richard's paintings under his arm.

DONNA

So, I bought this three months ago.

97 INT. DONNA'S APARTMENT - CONTINUOUS

97

Donna unlocks the door to her spacious "uptown" apartment that she recently purchased. Renovations are almost finished. Donna is loud and drunk.

DONNA

So, I went through years of Richard's bull shit and never made a nickel. Until recently, anyway.
(hiccup)

She turns on the light and drops the key card on the table. The apartment is stylishly furnished.

David leans the paintings against the wall.

DONNA (CONT'D)
So. Here we are.

DAVID
Impressive. And you say you bought
this with the money you made from
selling Richard's work?

Donna opens the Sub Zero refrigerator to retrieve a bottle
of red dessert wine and sets in on the table.

DONNA
Well, not all of it. But it was a
start.

Donna walks off camera.

DONNA (O.S.) (CONT'D)
Wait here. I have something for
you.

David's eyes wander around the apartment. Donna reenters
with a leather motorcycle jacket.

DONNA (CONT'D)
This was Richard's. I don't have
any use for it.

She hands the jacket to David.

DONNA (CONT'D)
(sultry)
Put it on.

David puts on the jacket. Donna grabs two wine glasses from
the cupboard, sets the glasses on the counter and begins to
pour.

DONNA (CONT'D)
Hey, they were selling. Who am I to
turn down a fool's money. I was
glad to get rid of the sick shit.

Donna hands the other glass to David.

DONNA (CONT'D)
Then I went into business for myself.
Made a few moves... and the rest is
history. Cheers.

David hesitates.

DAVID
I really shouldn't.

DONNA
You need to loosen up. Come here.

Donna moves in close and takes David's glasses off and messes up his hair a bit to resemble Richard.

DONNA (CONT'D)
(elated)
The resemblance is uncanny. Even
down to the birthmark.

Donna moves close to David and reaches for his crotch and rubs it.

DONNA (CONT'D)
Maybe this is what you need?

David backs away. Donna slowly approaches David again with a smirk, she leans in against him leading with her breast. They look at each other for a moment, then kiss passionately.

DONNA (CONT'D)
(whispers)
I have a little school girl outfit
in my closet. You want spank me,
head master?

David pushes her away, breathes heavy, and wipes his lip.

DAVID
I - shouldn't be here.

Donna reacts to David's rejection.

DONNA
(angrily)
You know, you're just like him.
That smug, faggot brother of yours.

DAVID
I don't need to hear this.

David makes his way to the front door.

DONNA
Yeah, well it's a good thing Richard's
dead.

DAVID
Why?

DONNA

He never could get it up, you know!

David shakes his head.

DAVID

I had to ask.

DONNA

At least I got some kind of payoff
out of him. Limp dick motherfucker!

As David exits the apartment, Donna reacts loudly.

DONNA (CONT'D)

There's something wrong with your
whole fucking family!

Door slams.

- 98 INT. HOTEL ROOM - MORNING 98
- We hear the blaring sound of the alarm clock blinking 7:01 AM. David opens his eyes. David sits up from bed, sweating. He looks over at the paintings leaning against the wall.
- 99 INT. SHOWER - CONTINUOUS 99
- We see David showering.
- 100 INT. HOTEL ROOM - CONTINUOUS 100
- David towel dries his head. The maid service slips a bill under his door. David examines the bill which puzzles him.
- 101 INT. LOBBY - MOMENTS LATER 101
- We see a visibly groggy David making arrangements to have the paintings sent back to Charleston with the CONCIERGE.
- 102 INT. HOTEL FRONT DESK - MOMENTS LATER 102
- We see David speaking with DESK MANAGER.

DAVID

...and this item here. I didn't
order any extra towels.

DESK MANAGER

I'm sorry, Mr. Gates. It says right
here you ordered them at four in the
morning.

DAVID

Isn't there someone you could ask?

DESK MANAGER

That was night shift. So, everyone
has gone home already. I'll just
take it off your bill.

DAVID

Thank you.

103 INT. AIRPORT NEWSSTAND - DAY 103

Wearing the leather jacket from the night before, David is visibly fatigued. He buys a newspaper and spies a pair of sunglasses on a rack, similar to the pair Richard wore on their first meeting. He tucks the newspaper under his arm and proceeds to his gate with his rolling bag in tow.

104 INT. AIRPLANE - DAY 104

Once on the plane he lays his head back to rest and falls asleep. David begins to dream.

105 INT. DONNA'S APARTMENT HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS 105

The scene blurred and surreal, we see a MALE FIGURE walking down a sparsely lit hallway. The male figure produces a card key and swipes it. He enters.

106 INT. DONNA'S APARTMENT - CONTINUOUS 106

Donna sits quietly at an island with a granite countertop in her kitchen, drinking a glass of red wine as "My Funny Valentine" echoes through the apartment. The male figure approaches unnoticed, stealthily. As he is almost upon her, she turns towards him. We see the wine glass fall and break.

107 INT. AIRPLANE - AFTERNOON 107

David awakens abruptly. The beverage cart rattles waking David as STEWARDESS makes drinks for the passengers next to his seat.

STEWARDESS

(smiling)

Would you like something to drink or
perhaps a cocktail?

DAVID

(grumbles)

Jack on ice.

The Stewardess makes the cocktail. David sips the drink, and opens the paper. The headline reads, "Art Dealer Slain In Latest Lady Killer Murder". Gates appears to be more fascinated than frightened as he finishes his drink, and then orders another.

DAVID (CONT'D)
 (to Stewardess)
 Another one, pronto, sugar tits.

The Stewardess grimaces.

108 INT. 6TH PRECINCT POLICE RECORDS - MORNING 108

DELUCCA, reads the New York Times "Lady Killer" headline.
 He sits back in his chair and thinks.

109 INT. 6TH PRECINCT MENDEZ OFFICE - MOMENTS LATER 109

DeLucca pokes his head in Mendez' office and knocks on the
 frame. Mendez drinks coffee watching the morning news on an
 old color TV. A "Lady Killer" story runs.

MENDEZ
 What you need DeLucca?

DELUCCA
 Hey, uh... I was wondering, I've got
 some vacation time coming. I'd like
 to take it pretty soon.

MENDEZ
 Oh, you got some vacation time coming?
 You always on vacation in my book.

DELUCCA
 Yeah, we'll I'd like to take some
 time off. Get my head straight.

MENDEZ
 Lemme think on it.

Mendez notices the paper tucked under his arm.

MENDEZ (CONT'D)
 It's all over the news.

DELUCCA
 Not my case anymore.

MENDEZ
 Why don't you take the day off. But
 I don't know nothing.

DELUCCA
 Thanks, man.

110 INT. GATES' HOUSE - MORNING 110

We see David take delivery of Richard's paintings from
 DELIVERY MAN.

111 INT. GATES' HOME OFFICE - MOMENTS LATER 111

We see David take a pair of box cutters and with precision, he slices the boxes open to reveal Richard's lurid paintings. He arranges them against the wall. David sticks the box cutters in his pocket and finds an unopened pack of cigarettes. He pulls them from the jacket pocket to examine them.

112 EXT. FELSKI'S APARTMENT - AFTERNOON 112

We see Felski skateboard up to his apartment with book bag and headphones. Tara sits on the stoop, crying.

FELSKI

Tara?

Tara stands up. A visible whelp on her cheek. She throws her arms around Felski's neck.

TARA

(sobbing)

Oh, Gary. He scares me. He takes those injections that make him crazy.

Felski looks both ways in fear of being discovered by Phil.

FELSKI

And I thought he was an asshole all on his own.

Tara and Felski laugh. Gary wipes Tara's eyes with a bandanna.

TARA

Look at me. I'm a mess.

FELSKI

You want to come in and talk about it?

TARA

Okay.

113 INT. GATES' HOME OFFICE - LATER 113

David types furiously on his laptop at his desk as a cigarette smolders hanging from his mouth. We hear a faint doorbell muffled by David's voice over.

DAVID (V.O.)

... Perhaps Richard painted these portraits from images in his mind - he put them on canvas to not only relive the murders but to be celebrated for them.

114 INT. GATES' KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS 114

COLLETTE enters through the kitchen door.

COLLETTE

David?

115 INT. GATES' HOME OFFICE - CONTINUOUS 115

DAVID

(loud)

Oh! In here.

David closes the lid to his laptop. Collette enters with her arms crossed. She looks concerned.

COLLETTE

Why haven't you called me?

DAVID

I've just been so busy since I've been back. Here, look at these.

Collette turns and sees the paintings arranged. They are unsettling and gruesome. She reacts with a chill.

DAVID (CONT'D)

Disturbing, aren't they?

COLLETTE

To say the least.

Collette gathers some courage.

COLLETTE (CONT'D)

David, what happened in New York?

DAVID

What do you mean?

COLLETTE

Richard's art dealer. The one you went to meet. She was murdered.

DAVID

(detached)

Yes, it would appear that the Lady Killer is still at large.

COLLETTE

(stressed)

That's it? That's all you have to say?

DAVID
What else should I say?

COLLETTE
Why aren't you more concerned about
this?

DAVID
(dismissive)
It's all a bizarre coincidence.
Anyway, the paintings...

COLLETTE
David! I don't give a shit about
the paintings. This isn't some
bizarre coincidence. You could be
in danger!

DAVID
In danger? Don't be silly.

COLLETTE
Or are you involved somehow?

DAVID
I think you're overreacting.

COLLETTE
I think we need to contact the
authorities. Tell them everything
we know.

David, slightly delusional, nervously fumbles into his pants
pocket for the cigarettes and lights one up.

DAVID
And what is it you think you know?

COLLETTE
Wait. When did you start smoking?

DAVID
I don't like your tone. This is my
house. Don't come here uninvited
and interrogate me. It's rude.

COLLETTE
(frustrated)
Rude? David, that woman is dead.
And Dr. Fienes is dead!

David directs his attention back to the paintings. David
draws off the cigarette and then exhales. Collette is
fidgety.

DAVID
(pondering)
I could do these. Where's the closest
art supply store?

COLLETTE
(dumbfounded)
Have you lost your mind?

DAVID
I'm getting a little tired of your
puritanical sensibilities.

COLLETTE
(lip quivering)
Puritanical sensibilities?

DAVID
(deranged)
I can't believe you don't see the
grandness of this opportunity as
scientists. This may be the greatest
behavioral discovery of the twenty-
first century!

COLLETTE
I can't believe I'm hearing this.

DAVID
(angrily)
If you don't want to participate
then I would rather you not interfere
with my work.

COLLETTE
Work? This isn't work! This is
sick! I don't want any part of
this... whatever this is!

DAVID
Then perhaps you should find someone
else to spoon feed you your PhD.

COLLETTE
(sorrowful)
Oh, David...

He takes another draw off the cigarette.

DAVID
(sternly)
Now, why don't you and your shallow
irreverence get the fuck out of my
house.

A tear wells in Collette's eye.

COLLETTE

You've never talked that way to me before.

DAVID

I would like you to leave now.

COLLETTE

(sorrowful)

Wow. You really living up to your nickname, Cemetery Gates. You are as cold as the grave.

Collette walks out of frame. We hear her slam the kitchen door. David, emotionless, goes back to the laptop and types.

116 EXT. GREENWICH VILLAGE ART GALLERY - AFTERNOON

116

DELUCCA stands outside the newly renovated art gallery. A police line. TWO POLICEMEN stand outside. Delucca runs into the detectives on the case, DETECTIVE O'MALLEY and DETECTIVE GENERO.

O'MALLEY

What the fuck are you doing down here? You're off this case or haven't you heard?

DELUCCA

Just thought I'd come down here and expand my horizons a little bit. Take in some culture.

GENERO

Ya know, there's a kindergarten two blocks over.

O'MALLEY

Yeah, so why don't you go take some target practice in the school yard and keep the fuck out of our investigation.

GENERO

(snickers)

Target practice.

O'Malley and Genero get in their car and leave.

DELUCCA

Everybody's a comedian.

117 INT. CAMBODIAN STORE - MOMENTS LATER

117

DELUCCA stands on the other side of the counter while the neighboring CAMBODIAN STORE OWNER, a heavy set Asian woman, speaks. She is animated.

CAMBODIAN STORE OWNER
I see him talk to lady. Torture
Artist.

DELUCCA
I don't understand. They're all
tortured artists down here.

CAMBODIAN STORE OWNER
No! TORTURE artist. Paint pictures
of torture!

DELUCCA
Who? Richard? Scythe?

CAMBODIAN STORE OWNER
(nods)
It wah him! He crazy.

118 INT. ART SUPPLY STORE - AFTERNOON

118

We see GATES enter in his newly acquired leather jacket and sunglasses. Candy Matthews, Gates' student, notices him come in. Gates fumbles with canvas frames and paint brushes. Candy approaches.

CANDY
Can I help you find something
Professor?

DAVID
Oh, uh. Hello. Do we know each
other?

The professor is taken aback by how attractive she is. It makes him nervous.

CANDY
I'm Candy.

DAVID
I'm not surprised. I mean, yes.
Miss Matthews. How are you?

Candy checks the Professor out.

CANDY
I love your jacket. I didn't know
you were such a bad boy.

DAVID
(embarrassed)
I picked it up in New York.

Candy chooses some paints and brushes for David. She brushes up against David and he smells her hair.

CANDY
One of my favorite bands is in town tonight. Black Rebel Motorcycle Club. You'd fit right in.

DAVID
I would?

David and Candy walk up to the register. Candy begins to itemize the art supplies.

CANDY
(flirting)
Say, Professor. I've never been out with one of my instructors before. It's no biggie. A lot of the girls do it. You wanna be my date? I've got an extra ticket.

DAVID
I probably shouldn't...

CANDY
It's gonna be rocking!

DAVID
The offer is tempting but, I'm writing a new book and...

Candy scribbles her number on the back of a store card.

CANDY
Well, if you change your mind, here's my number.

David's eyes widen behind the sunglasses.

DAVID
Thanks, Ms. Matthews. I'll consider it.

CANDY
You're not my professor anymore. The gloves are off. And you never know... maybe a few other articles of clothing, if you're lucky.

DAVID

Okay. Bye, uh... Candy.

119 INT. GATES' HOME OFFICE - LATER

119

David sits at his desk typing on his laptop. A blank white canvas on an easel.

Collette calls him on the phone. David sends the call to voice mail. A Jack Daniels over ice and a cigarette smoldering in an ash tray on the desk. David stands and stares into the canvas as if pondering where to begin. He stretches and yawns.

DAVID

I'm going to bed.

120 INT. 6TH PRECINCT POLICE RECORDS - NIGHT

120

We see DeLuca in the records room basement looking through his old files on Richard Kowalski (Scythe). He finds a file "Mobile Phone Records". He looks down the spread sheet, the last two calls made before Richard's disappearance were to "Dr. David Gates - Charleston, SC."

121 INT. 6TH PRECINCT POLICE RECORDS - CONTINUOUS

121

We see DeLuca make a series of calls to all the hotels near the gallery. He finally gets a hit.

DELUCCA

Yes, ma'am. This is Delucca with the 6th Precinct. I'm trying to find some guest information and I wonder if you can help me. Yes, I'll hold.

DeLuca rolls his eyes and pulls a bottle of Pepto-Bismol from his desk.

DELUCCA (CONT'D)

Yes. I need to find out if you had a gentleman stay there recently. A Richard Scythe.

(beat)

No? How about a David Gates.

(beat)

You did?

DeLuca leans up to grab a pencil and scribbles on a scratch sheet of paper.

DELUCCA (CONT'D)

What date? I need the bill.

(MORE)

DELUCCA (CONT'D)

Yeah, I'm bringing a records request
from my supervisor.

DeLucca makes a fist.

DELUCCA (CONT'D)

Fuckin' A!

122 INT. 6TH PRECINCT MENDEZ OFFICE - MOMENTS LATER 122

We see DeLucca forge Lt. Mendez signature on the records
request.

123 INT. GATES' BEDROOM - NIGHT 123

We see David in his bed. His eyes flutter as he goes into
REM sleep. He sweats. Then his eyes open wide.

124 EXT. KING STREET - LATER 124

We follow David's silhouette up the sidewalk in an almost
surreal imagery. Deluded. Almost psychedelic. People are
on the street in carnival fashion. Neon lights in red,
yellow, blue, and white leaving trails.

Candy, smoking a cigarette, stands in front of a music venue
dressed really hot in a short skirt and high heels holding a
pair of concert tickets in her hand. She wears a leather
jacket with several buttons pinned to it. One reads "I want
Candy!" David approaches.

DAVID

"I want Candy."

CANDY

Huh?

DAVID

Your button.

CANDY

Oh.

Candy exhales and puts her cigarette out with her spiked
heel.

CANDY (CONT'D)

I was afraid you were gonna blow me
off.

DAVID

Blow me off?

CANDY

Not show up.

DAVID

Oh, Candy. How could I resist.

David grabs Candy around the waste and kisses her passionately, cupping her ass with his hand.

CANDY

(jubilant)

Wow.

125 INT. KING STREET THEATER - MOMENTS LATER

125

We see a crowded night club full of PUNK AND METAL PEOPLE. The music is loud. David holds hands with Candy as they make their way through a sea of people when he accidentally bumps into Felski.

FELSKI

What are you doing here, Professor?
This isn't your thing.

DAVID

(menacing)

You have no idea what my thing is.

David and Candy continue through the crowd as Felski looks on curiously.

Felski pulls out his phone and takes a quick snapshot of David and Candy kissing.

126 EXT. KING STREET - LATER

126

David and Candy walk to her apartment. The cobblestone street is sparsely lit. David stops by an antique drink machine in front of a "vintage" store on the street. He buys a Coke in a returnable glass bottle.

DAVID

I love these old machines.

Candy strolls slightly ahead of him on the street. She pirouettes and smiles. The street light flickers overhead and buzzes.

CANDY

Come on, Professor. It's not far from here.

127 INT. GATES' UNIVERSITY OFFICE - MORNING

127

David wakes up in his office with blood on his hand and shirt. Upon further examination, he finds one of his fingers on his right hand has been lacerated. He reaches for his leather jacket and notices the "I want Candy!" Button pinned to it. He examines it momentarily, and then drops the coat back in the chair.

128 INT. CAMPUS INFIRMARY - CONTINUOUS

128

CAMPUS NURSE cleans and bandages his wound. David is unshaven and smells of liquor. The nurse reacts.

CAMPUS NURSE
Must have been some night.

David acts sketchy. His eyes are shifty.

129 EXT. CANDY'S APARTMENT BUILDING

129

As David walks home he passes police cars and an ambulance wheeling a covered body out of an apartment. He stops SHERIFF HICKS, a tall African-American with a mustache.

DAVID
What happened here?

HICKS
A coed's been murdered, Dr. Gates.
A "Candace Matthews"...

David is mortified.

HICKS (CONT'D)
Did you know her?

DAVID
She was a student of mine. How did she...

HICKS
I'm not at liberty to say, but since you work with forensics I guess I can tell ya.

Hicks pulls David aside.

HICKS (CONT'D)
Someone tied her hands and feet to her post bed and broke a soda pop bottle off in her privates, Professor. She bled to death.

David staggers for a moment holding his head with his bandaged hand.

HICKS (CONT'D)
You okay, Dr. Gates?

DAVID
I'm fine. Did anyone see anything?

HICKS
Nope.

Hicks notices the bandage on David's hand.

DAVID
Well, I better be going.

HICKS
Hey, Professor. What happened to your hand?

DAVID
I, uh... fell.

HICKS
(smiles)
Well, heal up quick. We might need your expertise on this one.

130 INT. 6TH PRECINCT MENDEZ OFFICE - AFTERNOON

130

DeLucca steps into the office as Mendez speaks on the phone with his supervisor.

MENDEZ
(apologetic)
Yes, sir. Yes, sir. I understand.
It won't happen again, I promise you.

Mendez swivels toward DeLucca.

MENDEZ (CONT'D)
Yes, Sir. He's sitting here in my office right now.

Mendez hangs up the phone.

MENDEZ (CONT'D)
You know who that was?

DELUCCA
Uh, Bobby De Niro?

MENDEZ

That was the Chief. He is very upset.

DELUCCA

About what?

MENDEZ

Apparently, some asshole from the records department is interfering with his "Lady Killer" investigation.

DELUCCA

Interfering? Hey, boss I only...

MENDEZ

Shut up. I should've never listened to your bull shit.

Mendez shakes his head in disgust.

MENDEZ (CONT'D)

Imagine this. I actually felt sorry for you. But, you're fuckin' with my money now!

DELUCCA

Hey, I'm...

MENDEZ

I must've been out of my mind. You want to go on vacation?

DELUCCA

Hey, If you don't think I...

MENDEZ

You're suspended for a week.

DeLucca looks surprised.

MENDEZ (CONT'D)

With Pay.

DeLucca looks down at his shoes, humbled.

DELUCCA

Thanks.

MENDEZ

But if you go down to that gallery again or anywhere near that crime scene, you might as well stay on vacation!

DELUCCA

I think I'm gonna go South for the week. Get some sun. Lie on a beach somewhere.

MENDEZ

You do that.

DELUCCA

Okay.

MENDEZ

Stay away from that crime scene!

DELUCCA

I promise. Scouts honor.

MENDEZ

Good. Now get the fuck out of my office.

131 INT. GATES' HOME OFFICE - LATER

131

We see David as he sits with a concerned look on his face. He does a number of searches on his laptop regarding "Multiple Personality Disorder", "Head Injuries" "Post Traumatic Stress Disorder" and "Schizophrenia". The phone rings.

DAVID

Hello?

SUPERINTENDENT

Dr. Gates?

DAVID

Yes.

SUPERINTENDENT

This is Superintendent Ross at Happy Acres. You haven't been to visit your mother in over a year and she isn't doing very well. We need you to come down here.

DAVID

I'm sorry, I've had some health issues myself. How's tomorrow?

SUPERINTENDENT

That would be fine. Nine AM?

DAVID

See you then.

David hangs up the phone.

As David continues to search for answers on his computer he hears voices and sees deluded visions of violent and sadistic acts. David holds his hand to his head. His eyes roll back, then flutter. He looks to the canvas. The canvas is still blank.

DAVID (CONT'D)

I'm exhausted.

132 INT. HAPPY ACRES REST HOME - CONTINUOUS 132

We follow a REST HOME NURSE down the hall and into Grace Gates' room. Grace is sleeping. The Nurse enters through the doorway and Grace's eyes open in horror.

133 INT. GATES' BEDROOM - MORNING 133

Gates wakes up in a sweat. He has lipstick in the corner of his mouth and his bed clothes are soaked.

134 INT. GATES' BATHROOM - CONTINUOUS 134

Gates showers.

135 EXT. HAPPY ACRES REST HOME - CONTINUOUS 135

We see Gates enter in a hurry.

136 INT. HAPPY ACRES REST HOME - CONTINUOUS 136

Gates enters Grace's room and finds the bed empty. He turns and meets Superintendent Ross.

SUPERINTENDENT

I'm sorry, Professor. She passed away in the night. I told you to come sooner but you wanted to wait until morning.

DAVID

I need to see her!

137 INT. COOLER - MOMENTS LATER 137

We see a female body under a sheet on a stainless steel rolling table. The Superintendent pulls back the white sheet to uncover Grace Gates - still a frozen look of horror on her face. David closes her eyes and covers her head with the sheet.

138 INT. GATES' VOLVO - MOMENTS LATER 138

David is paranoid and mumbling. Nervous.

DAVID
Gotta get to class. I'm late.

139 INT. GATES' UNIVERSITY OFFICE - DAY

139

We see GATES enter his office, fumbling with his effects. He is surprised to find FELSKI sitting behind his desk.

FELSKI
Hi!

DAVID
(nervous)
Mr. Felski what are you doing in my office?

FELSKI
I think we need to have a little chat about your lunar activities, Professor.

DAVID
I'm calling security.

David leans over to grab the phone off the desk.

FELSKI
Yeah, why don't you do that.

A pack of cigarettes in David's front pocket. Felski leans over the desk and snatches the pack out of his shirt pocket, takes a cigarette out, lights it, and takes a puff.

FELSKI (CONT'D)
And I'll tell them I saw you with Candy Matthews' the night of her murder.

Gates hangs the phone up. He closes the door behind him, and sits in the chair opposite Felski.

FELSKI (CONT'D)
(confident)
I know you killed that girl the other night, Professor.

DAVID
(nervous)
I have no idea what you're talking about.

Felski holds up his phone showing David the photo of him and Candy the night before.

FELSKI

I was there. We spoke, remember?

The professor looks puzzled, but doesn't answer.

FELSKI (CONT'D)

Don't worry, Professor. I'm not going to rat you out. That is, if you agree to my terms.

DAVID

What terms?

FELSKI

I want you to help me kill somebody.

DAVID

What?

FELSKI

Meet me in front of the campus library at midnight and we'll go through the details. You better be there or I'll call the cops.

Felski bounces up out of his chair.

FELSKI (CONT'D)

And I want a recommendation for grad school.

Felski begins to exit the room.

FELSKI (CONT'D)

Midnight. Don't be late.

The Professor stands. Felski drops the cigarette at the Professor's feet, then stomps it out.

FELSKI (CONT'D)

Smoking in a public building is against the law, professor.

Felski exits. Gates sits back down, biting his thumbnail. He notices the headlines on the local paper. "Stiles Execution Scheduled for Today".

140 INT. HOLDING CELL - AFTERNOON

140

We see the Professor as he is buzzed in. Jeffrey Lee Stiles is minutes away from his execution by electric chair. Stiles head has been shaved, a pile of his hair on the floor.

Stiles is taken aback by the Professor's disheveled appearance.

JEFFREY

Wow, Professor. You look like shit.

DAVID

I need some answers.

JEFFREY

(laughs)

I don't have a lot of time, today.
Obviously, I have a pressing
engagement.

DAVID

(voice trembling)

I need to know if...

JEFFREY

Wait a second... what happened?

DAVID

I think I... I've done some
questionable things.

JEFFREY

You took my advice, didn't you?

David looks away nervously, teary-eyed.

JEFFREY (CONT'D)

(gasp)

You really did it!

DAVID

I - I don't know. I don't remember
any of it.

JEFFREY

(big smile)

Oh, you did it, all right. I can
smell it on you like a whore's
perfume.

Jeffrey is exuberant.

JEFFREY (CONT'D)

(laughing)

Wow, Professor. I was just fooling
around. Chalk one up for the power
of suggestion!

CORRECTIONAL PERSONNEL come in the room to escort Jeffrey to
his execution.

JEFFREY (CONT'D)

You must be very proud.

DAVID
 (disgusted)
 Proud?

JEFFREY
 To have the courage to be who you
 were meant to be.

DAVID
 (sarcastic)
 That's reassuring.

JEFFREY
 This is all so exciting! Like a
 going away present!

Once shackled, Jeffrey extends his hand to David's and shakes.

JEFFREY (CONT'D)
 Welcome to the club.

DAVID
 What do I do now?

Jeffrey shuffles out of the room in shackles accompanied by
 the Correctional Personnel.

JEFFREY
 Ride the lightning.

141 INT. ELECTRIC CHAIR EXECUTION - MOMENTS LATER 141

We see David as he watches Jeffrey Lee Stiles' execution.
 David's eyes widen. His head jolts. His eyes flutter -
 the sound of electricity in the background. We see David's
 hair on his arm stand up. David has a series of surreal
 flashbacks.

142 INT. DR. FIENES' HOUSE - CONTINUOUS 142

David gathers medical files and drops them in a trash can.
 David hears a car outside and walks over to the window. He
 sees Dr. Feines pull in the driveway in his Mercedes and
 exit the vehicle.

143 EXT. DR. FIENES' HOUSE - CONTINUOUS 143

We see Dr. Feines fumbling for his keys, carrying a briefcase
 and files under his arm.

144 INT. DR. FIENES' HOUSE - CONTINUOUS 144

Fines opens the door, and sets some of his effects down in a
 chair by the door. Feines takes a deep breath and proceeds

to his home office where he finds David pouring gasoline on the trash can from a red container.

DOCTOR FIENES

(startled)

David? My files... what in God's name?

DAVID

(snickering)

God's got nothing to do with this.

DOCTOR FIENES

What has happened to you?

DAVID

I've been liberated recently.

David sets fire to a file and drops it in the trash can. A fire ignites. David looks up with a sinister smile, his face slightly aglow by the flame.

DOCTOR FIENES

But my work! The report!

David raises picks up his shotgun leaning against a chair.

DAVID

Maybe we should keep it our little secret.

DOCTOR FIENES

You're mad!

David takes aim and smiles.

DAVID

Don't we all go a little mad sometimes?

He pulls the trigger. We hear the shotgun blast.

145 INT. DONNA'S APARTMENT - CONTINUOUS

145

We see David come up behind Donna, he pulls her hair back to kiss her neck and feel her breast outside her blouse.

DONNA

I knew you wanted me, David.

David reaches down for the broken wine glass.

DAVID

I'm not David.

David holds her neck back and slices Donna's throat open.

DAVID (CONT'D)
A cold case, huh? Maybe we'll warm
things up a bit, you thieving bitch.

We see David unzip his pants.

146 INT. CANDY'S BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS 146

We see David staring down at Candy - her hands bound to a brass bed. As her eyes roll back in her head, she bleeds between her legs beneath the cover sheet. David hits his cigarette and notices his bleeding hand.

DAVID
"I want Candy..."

147 INT. HAPPY ACRES REST HOME - CONTINUOUS 147

We see David in a nurses uniform holding a syringe in his hand. He squirts a bit of fluid from the tip.

GRACE
I said there would be hell to pay
when you came home.

DAVID
You know what they say...

David holds Grace down by the neck and injects the needle into her nostril as her face is frozen in terror.

DAVID (CONT'D)
"Hell is where the heart is."

148 INT. ELECTRIC CHAIR EXECUTION - CONTINUOUS 148

Gates becomes violently ill. Near collapse, he excuses himself from the room.

149 EXT. LEIBER CORRECTIONAL INSTITUTION (LEVEL 3) - CONTINUOUS 149

We see Gates vomiting profusely with his fingers gripping the chain link fence.

150 INT. COLLETTE'S APARTMENT - NIGHT 150

COLLETTE reads the article regarding Candy's murder. She is concerned. She calls David.

151 INT. GATES' HOME OFFICE - NIGHT 151

David is going through his emails. He discovers one from Felski. It reads, "Midnight".

DAVID
That kid's crazy. I'm not killing
anybody.

David walks over to his office couch and lies down. The phone rings. David doesn't answer.

DAVID (CONT'D)
Maybe I just need some sleep.

At first a bit restless, Gates finally dozes off on the couch.

152 INT. GATES' BEDROOM - MORNING 152

The ceiling fan rotates. David slowly wakes up the next day - the birds chirping outside the window. David is nude and covered in what appears to be blood. Frantic, he goes into the bathroom to wash it off.

153 INT. GATES' BATHROOM - CONTINUOUS 153

David discovers that it's only acrylic paint.

DAVID
Well, I'll be damned?

He is bewildered but relieved. David gets in the shower to wash the paint off.

154 INT. GATES' LIVING AREA - LATER 154

As David towel dries his hair, he walks into his living room, and passes by a painting on the mantle.

David slowly turns back toward the mantle to find a self-portrait - a big smile on his face, holding Felski's head by the hair in his left hand, and a shovel handle in the right hand.

David has a flashback of what transpired the night before.

155 EXT. UNIVERSITY OF CHARLESTON LIBRARY - NIGHT 155

Felski waits nervously in front of the campus library smoking a cigarette. David sneaks up behind him and startles him.

DAVID
(loudly)
Hey!

Felski's cigarette falls out of his mouth and he begins to cough. David picks up the cigarette and smokes it.

FELSKI
 (clutching throat)
 You're late.

DAVID
 (exhales)
 All right. What's this all about?

Felski retrieves some photos from his pocket.

FELSKI
 Okay. This is Tara. She's my
 neighbor.

DAVID
 (raises eyebrow)
 Hmm. Cute.

FELSKI
 She's constantly abused by this meat
 head named Phil.

DAVID
 What a goon.

FELSKI
 We're gonna off this guy tonight.

DAVID
 (sarcastic)
 We are?

FELSKI
 They changed Phil's schedule so he
 works at the gym until late.

DAVID
 How are we gonna kill 'em?

FELSKI
 I don't know. I thought you might
 have some idea.

DAVID
 Come here.

Felski follows.

156 EXT. GATES' VOLVO - CONTINUOUS

156

David opens the trunk of his car to grab a shovel, also inside
 is a bone saw and plastic trash bags.

FELSKI
 What's the shovel for?

DAVID
We've got to hit him in the head
with something.

FELSKI
Yeah, right.

157 EXT. FELSKI'S APARTMENT BUILDING - MOMENTS LATER 157

David and Felski are in the bushes waiting for Phil to arrive.

DAVID
Now, you stand here and keep a look
out.

FELSKI
What are you gonna do?

DAVID
I'm gonna go around the other side
for the surprise attack.

FELSKI
Oh, okay, cool.

As Felski is preoccupied, hiding behind the bushes, David sneaks up and hits Felski really hard in the back of the head with the shovel to a resounding "Clang!" Felski's body crumples to the ground.

DAVID
What a total pain in the ass.

158 INT. TARA'S APARTMENT - MOMENTS LATER 158

Tara hears a knock on her door. She answers the door in her underwear to find David with blood on his shirt. David grabs her by the throat.

159 INT. GATES' LIVING AREA - MORNING 159

The phone rings. He answers the phone. It's Collette.

COLLETTE (O.S.)
Sheriff Hicks called for you. They
found Gary Felski's decapitated head
in a refrigerator.

160 INT. REFRIGERATOR - CONTINUOUS 160

We see Felski's head in a refrigerator next to a packet of steroid vials. Police take notes and examine the crime scene.

161 INT. GATES' LIVING AREA - CONTINUOUS

161

DAVID

Oh my God.

COLLETTE

There was a pack of anabolic steroids prescribed to a Phil Blalock next to it. There was also another victim at the scene, a Tara Knowles.

David gasps.

COLLETTE (CONT'D)

The cops are blaming it on a case of "Roid Rage" and they arrested Blalock.

DAVID

Oh, good. I mean, how terrible.

COLLETTE (O.S.)

They also found Candace Matthews' keys in the apartment so there's a possible link between Blalock and her murder as well.

David begins to nervously gather all the painting supplies.

DAVID

Uh-huh. Good thing they got that guy off the street.

COLLETTE (O.S.)

I don't know what made me think you were involved somehow. I'm sorry, David.

David looks at the painting of him holding Felski's head.

DAVID

(falling apart)

Great. Okay, gotta go.

162 INT. COLLETTE'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

162

(Click) We see Collette look at her phone.

COLLETTE

What's wrong with him?

163 INT. GATES' HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

163

David frantically gathers all the paintings and takes them out back of his house.

DAVID
 (frantic)
 Oh God! Oh God! Oh, God!

He then retrieves a gas can from the garage and pours gasoline on all the paintings and sets them on fire. A ferocious blaze in the middle of his manicured lawn. We see an OLD LADY watering her garden next door. She walks to the fence line.

OLD LADY
 (yelling)
 You can't burn trash out here! The
 pick up's on Tuesday!

164 EXT. CHARLESTON AIRPORT - AFTERNOON 164

We see Leon DeLuca hailing a taxi.

165 INT. CAB - MOMENTS LATER 165

We see an INDIAN CAB DRIVER in the front seat as Delucca piles in the back with his bag.

CABBIE
 (accent)
 Where you going?

DELUCCA
 The University. On the double.

CABBIE
 No problem.

166 INT. UNIVERSITY OF CHARLESTON CAMPUS - LATER 166

We see DeLuca walking around aimlessly on the "Behavioral Sciences" hall. He pokes his head inside Collette's office.

167 INT. COLLETTE'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS 167

DELUCCA
 Good afternoon. I'm looking for a
 Dr. David Gates. He's a professor
 here.

COLLETTE
 Who are you?

DELUCCA
 My name is Leon DeLuca. I'm a
 policeman.

Collette crosses her arms.

COLLETTE
What's this about?

DELUCCA
I'm here to ask him some questions
about a Richard Kowalski. Changed
his last name to...

COLLETTE
Scythe.

DELUCCA
Did you know him?

COLLETTE
No. I do know that he's dead.

DELUCCA
Dead?

COLLETTE
Richard was killed in a car accident
months ago.

DELUCCA
How do you know?

COLLETTE
I'm Professor Gates' graduate
assistant, Collette. Richard and
the professor were brothers.

DELUCCA
Brothers?

COLLETTE
Twins. I really don't know all the
details. I do know they were reunited
recently, only to be in a car
accident... resulting in Richard's
death.

DELUCCA
Huh.

COLLETTE
And before I answer any further
questions I'll have to see some
identification.

Delucca reaches into his jacket pocket and shows his
credentials.

COLLETTE (CONT'D)

You're a long way from New York,
Officer DeLuca. Do you have some
sort of writ or warrant?

DELUCCA

No ma'am. I'm here on vacation.

COLLETTE

Without the proper authority, I'm
gonna have to ask you to leave, or
I'll call campus security.

DELUCCA

There's no need for all that, miss.

He hands Collette his card.

DELUCCA (CONT'D)

If you can think of anything else,
let me know.

DeLuca turns to leave. He scratches the back of his neck.

DELUCCA (CONT'D)

Oh, one last thing. Professor Gates
was in New York having dinner with a
woman who had her throat slit with a
wine glass. I'm not the one you
should be worried about.

DeLuca walks out. Collette looks at the card and thinks.

168 INT. PORT ROYAL HOTEL - LATER 168

We see DeLuca check in.

169 INT. DELUCCA'S HOTEL ROOM - EVENING 169

We see DeLuca sitting at the desk in his room, searching on
his laptop for the latest murder cases in Charleston. He
discovers "Murders on Campus Linked to Steroid User" He
finds "Dr. Fienes Murder Still Unsolved". He searches for
auto accidents by cross-referencing David Gates name and
finds an article "I-26 Accident Kills Man - One in Critical
Condition". He then downloads a file to his flash drive and
pulls it out.

170 INT. HOTEL OFFICE - MOMENTS LATER 170

DeLuca prints out a "Medical Records Request" form. DeLuca
smiles.

171 INT. TRIDENT COUNTY HOSPITAL - MORNING

171

DeLucca presents to the triage.

DELUCCA

Where's your records room?

TRIAGE NURSE

Downstairs. Room 212.

172 INT. TRIDENT RECORDS ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

172

The records room is quiet. An African-American woman stands behind the counter. Her name tag reads "MARTHA".

MARTHA

Can I help you?

DeLucca looks at her name tag.

DELUCCA

I hope so... Martha. My name is DeLucca, and I'm investigating several homicides that may be related to an accident case. I need the medical records for these two men.

MARTHA

Is that all?

DELUCCA

And I also need the death certificate for this man.

MARTHA

Well, that's a pretty tall order. You lucky I filed that one away myself.

DELUCCA

Oh?

MARTHA

Yeah, they were all secretive about this one. Took a while to get all the records down here.

DELUCCA

Secretive?

MARTHA

They was doin' some kind of experimental surgery on this Gates fella.

(MORE)

MARTHA (CONT'D)

The police brought these files down here. I don't know how complete the records are.

DELUCCA

The police? Why would they have these records?

MARTHA

Dr. Fienes got hisself killed in a home invasion up to the Batt'ry. The records were scattered all over his home office. He was workin' on the file when he wah shot.

Martha disappears into the back of the records filing room and reappears with a stack of files.

MARTHA (CONT'D)

I said, it was a tall order, sweetie.

Martha peeks around the stack of files and smiles at DeLuca.

DELUCCA

(laughs)

You did, indeed.

173 INT. RECORDS ROOM - LATER

173

We see DeLuca diligently examining the files wearing his reading glasses. He shakes his head in disbelief.

DELUCCA

A face transplant? This is some serious Frankenstein shit.

He continues to read.

DELUCCA (CONT'D)

Violent, sadistic dreams.

He ponders. He flips through the pages and writes down some notes.

DELUCCA (CONT'D)

This is too fucking weird.

Martha begins to turn out the lights.

MARTHA

It's quittin' time, baby. You got to go.

DELUCCA

What do you want me to do with these?

MARTHA

Just leave 'em. I'll clean 'em up on Monday.

DeLucca slips Martha a twenty dollar bill.

DELUCCA

Thanks, lady. You rock.

He kisses her on the cheek.

MARTHA

(giggles)

Mmmm-hmmm. Honey, you come down here and see me anytime.

174 INT. CHARLESTON POLICE STATION - EVENING

174

We see DeLucca sitting across the desk from Sheriff Hicks. Hicks doesn't look happy.

DELUCCA

...so after my investigation I have come to the conclusion, within a reasonable certainty, that you are holding the wrong guy for the murders of Gary Felski, Tara Knowles, and Candace Matthews.

HICKS

And you say you know who the perpetrator is?

DELUCCA

Yes. The same man is also responsible for the murder of Dr. Helmut Fienes, a surgeon here in the area. And another murder in New York, a Donna Leiberman. She was an art dealer.

HICKS

I'm well aware of the Fienes case. But there's no indication that there is the slightest connection between the campus murders and Dr. Fienes.

DELUCCA

Oh, but there is a connection. Dr, David Gates.

HICKS

Gates? He's a highly respected criminologist. The Professor has assisted us on several occasions. What does he have to do with this?

DELUCCA

Gates was in New York having dinner with the murdered Leiberman woman. He was Gary Felski and Candace Matthews' instructor. And Dr. Fienes was the surgeon on Gates after his car accident where some type of surgery was performed.

HICKS

I just spoke with David the other day. He seemed fine to me.

DELUCCA

In the medical records file. There were notes. After the surgery, David was having violent, sadistic dreams.

HICKS

What kind of surgery?

DELUCCA

It was a radical, experimental operation involving some kind of facial tissue transplant.

HICKS

Face transplant? Sounds like a bunch of hooey to me. His hand was bandaged up. That's about all I noticed wrong with him.

DELUCCA

Well, he's your man. I would bet my life on it.

HICKS

Well, let me check into it.

DeLucca gets up. He and Hicks shake hands.

DELUCCA

Well, if there's any new developments please let me know.

HICKS

Sure thing.

DeLucca exits. Hicks sits back down and picks up the phone. He dials a number from a business card.

HICKS (CONT'D)

May I speak to your supervisor,
please?

175 INT. 6TH PRECINCT MENDEZ OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

175

Mendez answers the phone.

MENDEZ

Mendez, can I help you?

(Beat)

MENDEZ (CONT'D)

(surprised)

What!?!

176 INT. GATES' HOME OFFICE - EVENING

176

We see a disorderly office. Gates sits in the dark behind his desk. He looks gaunt and sleepless. His mantle shotgun sits between his legs. A hot cup of coffee on the desk. His phone rings. His hands shake as he picks up the phone and nervously answers but doesn't speak at first.

COLLETTE (O.S.)

Hello? David?

DAVID

Yes.

COLLETTE (O.S.)

Why haven't you answered my calls?

There is silence.

COLLETTE (O.S.) (CONT'D)

David? Are you there?

DAVID

I'm confused... I...

COLLETTE (O.S.)

There was a police officer from New York asking questions. I didn't know what to say...

DAVID

Collette. I think I've done some really horrifying things.

COLLETTE (O.S.)
I don't understand any of this. But
we need to get you some help. You've
got to turn yourself in.

DAVID
No! I can't. I'm confused.

COLLETTE (O.S.)
I'm coming over.

DAVID
No! I'm afraid of what I might do!

COLLETTE (O.S.)
I will help you figure this out,
okay?

DAVID
But I've lost control... I don't
want him to take me again.

COLLETTE (O.S.)
David, who? Who's taking you
somewhere?

DAVID
Him.

177 INT. COLLETTE'S APARTMENT

177

We see Collette on the phone.

DAVID
I have to kill myself.

COLLETTE
Don't talk like that. I coming now!

Collette thinks for a minute. She takes a deep breath and
exhales.

COLLETTE (CONT'D)
Okay.

178 INT. COLLETTE'S BATHROOM - CONTINUOUS

178

Collette looks in the mirror of her medicine cabinet. She
opens it and grabs the prescription of Ambien and looks at
the label. She closes the cabinet.

179 INT. COLLETTE'S APARTMENT - CONTINUOUS 179

Collette enters her kitchen and smashes up a handful of pills and dumps them in a piece of paper, then folds it up and puts it in her pocket.

180 INT. COLLETTE'S CAR - MOMENTS LATER 180

On the way to David's house in the country, Collette dials DeLucca frantically but tries to remain calm.

181 EXT. GRAVE SITE - CONTINUOUS 181

DeLucca is at the grave site where Richard's name is memorialized.

DELUCCA

DeLucca.

COLLETTE (O.S.)

Officer DeLucca? This is Collette from the college. I don't really know how to deal with this, so I'm calling you.

DELUCCA

Go ahead?

COLLETTE (O.S.)

David said on the phone he's done some horrible things. He didn't go into specifics but he's very confused and suicidal. I'm going to his house right now.

DELUCCA

I wouldn't do that if I were you. That guy is a psychotic. You need to let the authorities handle this.

COLLETTE (O.S.)

You don't know him. David is a good person. I think I can talk him into turning himself in.

DELUCCA

This is a bad idea.

COLLETTE (O.S.)

But, God forbid, if something goes wrong, I need you to keep watch.

DELUCCA

What's the address?

182 INT. HICKS OFFICE - MOMENTS LATER 182
Sheriff Hicks answers the phone.
HICKS
Sheriff Hicks.

183 INT. RENTAL CAR - CONTINUOUS 183
DELUCCA (O.S.)
Hicks, this is DeLucca. We've got a situation...
HICKS
We certainly do. I spoke to your supervisor, a Lt. Mendez. He was very displeased.
DELUCCA (O.S.)
Yeah, but you've got to hear me out on this...
HICKS
He says you were taken off that "Lady Killer" case and I'm supposed to put you on a plane back to New York immediately. Not a good idea to misrepres...
184 INT. RENTAL CAR - CONTINUOUS 184
DELUCCA
Shut the fuck up for a minute, and listen! If you don't get to David Gates' house right now, you're gonna have another murder on your hands. I guarantee it!
HICKS (O.S.)
You go anywhere near Dr. Gates' residence and I will lock your ass up good and tight.
DELUCCA
I'm on my way!
HICKS (O.S.)
You are way outta your jurisdiction, DeLucca!
DELUCCA
If you want me, come and get me.

185 INT. HICKS OFFICE - CONTINUOUS 185
Hicks hangs up the phone.
HICKS
Goddammit!

186 EXT. GATES' HOUSE - MOMENTS LATER 186
COLLETTE pulls into the driveway. The sky is dark and cloudy.

187 INT. GATES' LIVING AREA - CONTINUOUS 187
Collette knocks. She enters through the front door.
COLLETTE
David?
She cautiously enters. The house is dark. Disorderly.

188 INT. GATES' KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS 188
Collette enters the kitchen. She glances at the rack of knives next to the coffee maker. The coffee machine beeps.

189 INT. GATES' HOME OFFICE - CONTINUOUS 189
The door is half way open. The hinges squeak as Collette pushes open the door.
COLLETTE
David? Are you there?
We see David sitting in the shadows. He leans slightly forward in the light revealing the gun in his lap. A box of shotgun shells on the desk. David looks terrible, his eyes averted.
DAVID
(gravelly)
Did... did the coffee maker beep?
COLLETTE
Yes. Would you like a cup?
David's looks up, his eyes are wide open and bloodshot. David mumbles for a moment. His one hand in a bloody bandage.
DAVID
Yes. That would kind of you.
HeDavid's hand shakes as he pushes the used coffee cup across the desk, sliding it with his fingertips, the coffee residue on the cup and table. Collette's eyes widen in fear.

DAVID (CONT'D)

I don't want to fall asleep again.

Collette grabs the coffee cup from the table. She turns, pauses and proceeds to the kitchen.

190 INT. GATES' KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS 190

Collette nervously pours the coffee, repeatedly looking over her shoulder. She reaches into her pocket and empties the folded paper full of crushed-up Ambien into the cup, then adds cream and sugar, and stirs the coffee with a spoon. Bundy the Cat meows loudly, startling Collette, as he sits on the window looking in.

She grabs a saucer from the cupboard and a napkin.

191 INT. GATES' HOME OFFICE - CONTINUOUS 191

Collette brings the coffee on the saucer and sets it on the table quickly. She retreats to sit in the chair opposite him. David reaches out - his hand shakes as he pulls the coffee saucer close to him and picks up the cup.

192 INT. RENTAL CAR - NIGHT 192

We see DeLuca driving crazy weaving through traffic looking at a map.

193 INT. GATES' HOME OFFICE - MOMENTS LATER 193

David drinks the cup slowly and sets the coffee cup down, his hand trembling.

DAVID

(rattled)

I think I may have killed Dr. Fienes.
And Felski. Candy. The art dealer
in New York. My mother...

David begins to cry.

DAVID (CONT'D)

Monstrous... I don't remember doing
any of it.

COLLETTE

(concerned)

David we need to get you some help.

DAVID

(shaking head)

No one will understand. I really
think I should kill myself. This
madness has to end.

David rises and sets the shotgun against the wall. He staggers. Collette stands to help him catch his balance.

COLLETTE
Everything is gonna be okay.

Collette holds David. She kisses him. David is woozy. She walks David out of the room.

194 INT. GATE'S KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

194

Collette helps David over to his couch. He struggles against her slightly as she lays him down on his back.

DAVID
(slurring)
No, I can't go to sleep.

COLLETTE
You need to rest.

DAVID
I can't. He will come... if I fall asleep.

COLLETTE
Who?

DAVID
Richard.

COLLETTE
David, you're not making any sense. Richard is dead.

COLLETTE (CONT'D)
Not dead. He's waiting.

David falls asleep. Collette shakes David to try and wake him.

COLLETTE (CONT'D)
David? David?

Collette stands, pulls out her phone and dials a number.

195 INT. RENTAL CAR - NIGHT

195

DELUCCA
DeLucca.

196 INT. GATES' LIVING AREA - CONTINUOUS

196

COLLETTE
(whispering)
Where are you?

DELUCCA (O.S.)
A few more miles. Almost there.

Her hand cupped over the phone.

COLLETTE
I slipped David some Ambien but you've
gotta hurry. I don't know how long
it will last.

DELUCCA (O.S.)
The police are on their way.

COLLETTE
Get here as fast as you can. Please.

DELUCCA (O.S.)
Lady, this a dangerous game you're
playin'.

David rises from the couch into view (over Collette's
shoulder) but she is unaware.

COLLETTE
I have it under control.

Collette hangs up and thinks for a moment.

David grabs Collette by the hair and plants his chin in her
neckline from behind.

DAVID
You think you're smarter than me,
bitch?

David drags her across the floor by her hair into the kitchen.

COLLETTE
(crying)
No! David! Please!

DAVID
Don't call me David. It makes me
angry. And you wouldn't like me
when I'm angry.

- 197 INT. GATES' KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS 197
- David grabs one of the stainless steel knives from the rack in the kitchen and holds it to Collette's throat.
- COLLETTE
(crying)
Nooo!
- DAVID
Shut up!
- He reaches into her pocket for her phone and smashes it.
- DAVID (CONT'D)
I knew you were up to something.
- 198 EXT. GATES' HOUSE - EVENING 198
- We see DeLuca exit his vehicle with his sidearm drawn. He cautiously crosses the lawn and approaches the house.
- 199 INT. GATES' LIVING AREA - CONTINUOUS 199
- David throws Collette to the floor. He pulls a lamp cord from the wall and cuts it off, then binds Collette's hands as the lamp crashes to the floor. Collette screams.
- 200 INT. GATES' LIVING AREA - CONTINUOUS 200
- David turns on the stereo, really loud. The Faces, "Stay with me" plays at full volume as he drags Collette kicking and screaming into the bedroom.
- 201 EXT. POLICE CAR - CONTINUOUS 201
- Sheriff Hicks pulls up at the Gates House with another police car in tow.
- 202 EXT. GATES' HOUSE - CONTINUOUS 202
- DeLuca sees Hicks and the others officers approach. He hides in the shadows.
- 203 INT. GATES' BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS 203
- With the knife, David cuts the clothes from Collette's body as she lays on his bed. Her hands bound and tied to the frame.
- DAVID
I'm gonna do what I should have done
a long time ago!

We hear a knock on the front door. David holds the knife to her throat.

DAVID (CONT'D)
You make another peep and I will
slice you from ear to ear.

GATES grabs the shotgun.

204 EXT. GATES' HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

204

David discharges the weapon through the front door, hitting POLICEMAN ONE in the chest.

DeLuca appears with gun drawn to assist.

DELUCCA
I told you that mother fucker is bat
shit crazy! He's a maniac!

HICKS
We need to call for back up.

DELUCCA
No time. He's got a woman in there
with 'em. I'll see if there's a way
in around back.

205 INT. GATES' HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

205

David turns with knife in hand back to the bedroom.

DAVID
You betrayed me, princess.

David climbs on top of Collette and holds the knife to her throat. We see blood well up at the blade.

COLLETTE
(hysterical)
David, I love you! Why are you doing
this?!!

Almost as if awakened from a deep sleep, David pauses. He sees flashbacks of the time they have spent together. He begins to weep again, still holding the knife in his hand.

DELUCCA and the police are almost inside the house as we hear the police attempt to break the door down.

David looks down at the knife and then back at Collette, almost in a tug of war for his soul.

DAVID
I love you, Collette.]

DAVID (CONT'D)
But I will never be free.

David holds up the knife.

DAVID (CONT'D)
Unless I do this.

David takes the kitchen knife and peels away his newly transplanted face with a surgeon's precision. The site is gruesome and bloody, as Collette screams for help.

206 EXT. GATES' HOUSE - CONTINUOUS 206

The police bust in the front door. DeLuca simultaneously busts through the back.

207 INT. GATES' HOUSE - CONTINUOUS 207

Hicks, DeLuca, and Policemen rush to the bedroom to find Collette tied up, and David covered in blood, with the knife in one hand and his face in the other.

DAVID
(excited)
It's okay! Richard's gone. It's me, David. I'm myself again!

David, talks through a face with no tissue as he attempts to reason with the police, bloody and gruesome with his tissue removed.

HICKS
Put the knife down and step away from the woman, professor!

DAVID
You don't understand! No really, I'm fine now.

DELUCCA
Don't you move you cock sucker or I swear to God I will blow you away!

David steps towards the police and DeLuca.

DAVID
I'm all right now. Please... let me explain!

DeLuca, Hicks, and Policemen open fire shooting David Gates dead.

208 INT. TRIDENT COUNTY HOSPITAL - DAY

208

David wakes up in a hospital bed, with bandages around his face, an I.V. in his arm, the laptop open in front of him linked to "Facebook". He pulls out the I.V. and stumbles over to the mirror frantically clawing the bandages off his head.

David examines his face to find stitches underneath his chin and a mole underneath his left eye. David discovers he has Richard's face surgically attached to him.

DAVID
(horrified)
Nooooooooooooo!

CUT TO BLACK:

The sound of David's voice echoes.

Credits roll.

209 EXT. GATES' HOUSE - DAY

209

FADE IN:

We see Bundy the Cat on the front porch licking blood from his paw; a dead bird at his feet. The sound of his licking and purring becomes deafening.

CUT TO BLACK