

Through the Eyes of the Devil

By

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FADE IN

EXT. - SAN FRANCISCO - NIGHT

The silhouette of a man can be seen walking in the shadows. He's dressed in dark clothes with a hoodie on. He's creeping up to the back of a house that is bathed in darkness. He pulls a long knife from his back waistband. He slides the knife into the sliding door and pops the lock.

INT. HOME - NIGHT

He walks through the darkened house, only illuminated by the light of the moon shining through the windows. It is eerily peaceful. As he walks down the hallway, he sees a bedroom door and stops. He walks in and closes the door behind him.

EXT. HOME - NIGHT

Two gunshots are heard from the house as two quick muzzle flashes from the gun are seen through the bedroom window.

EXT. HOME - DAY

Police cars and caution tape surround the home. Police officers are walking in and out of the house. Curious neighbors are standing on the sidewalk. A detective's police car pulls up. The car door opens. DETECTIVE WILLIAM FAUST, mid-40s, steps out of the car. Average build. Average height. He approaches a POLICE OFFICER standing in the yard.

DETECTIVE WILLIAM FAUST

What do we got?

POLICE OFFICER

Two deceased. Male 62. One gun shot to the back of the head. Female 58. One gun shot to the temple. Small caliber.

DETECTIVE WILLIAM FAUST

Thank you officer.

Police officer nods as Detective Faust walks towards the house. Faust enters the house.

INT. HOUSE - DAY

Faust walks over to DETECTIVE TIM ROBERTS. A tall man, early-40s. Graying beard. They shake hands.

DETECTIVE WILLIAM FAUST
Home invasion?

DETECTIVE ROBERTS
We don't think so. Everything seems
in tact.

Detective Faust and Roberts walk down the hallway into the bedroom. Two bodies are lying in bed, covered with blankets. The male is laying on his stomach. The female is on her right side towards the male. They look like they are sleeping.

INT. HOUSE/BEDROOM - DAY

They approach the side of the bed.

DETECTIVE WILLIAM FAUST
What do we know about them?

DETECTIVE ROBERTS
Typical suburban couple. Nothing
stands out. Husband worked as a car
salesman. Wife was a book keeper.

DETECTIVE WILLIAM FAUST
Family?

DETECTIVE ROBERTS
Two boys. One daughter. Range from
late-twenties to mid-thirties.

DETECTIVE WILLIAM FAUST
Any casings?

DETECTIVE ROBERTS
None. By the size of the entry
wounds with no exit or casings,
forensics thinks it could be a .22
revolver.

DETECTIVE WILLIAM FAUST
Or he had the time and wherewithal
to pick up the casings. Someone
they knew? Family member?

DETECTIVE ROBERTS
Doubtful. Come with me.

The detectives walk to the patio door just off the kitchen. There is a CRIME SCENE INVESTIGATOR dusting the sliding glass door.

INT. HOME/KITCHEN - DAY

DETECTIVE ROBERTS

Our assailant came through here. A shim of some sort was used to gain entry. Sad part is, they had a secondary lock on the top that wasn't engaged. Looks like someone forgot and it costs them their lives.

DETECTIVE WILLIAM FAUST

Whoever did this had intention. They would have obtained entry one way or the other. That just made it easier.

DETECTIVE ROBERTS

Family are on their way. You know Faust, no matter how many of these I see, it never gets easier having to tell them their loved ones are gone.

DETECTIVE WILLIAM FAUST

Never easy but always necessary.

INT. CORPORATE OFFICE - DAY

TIFFANY, a young woman, early-20s, gets up from her desk. She's dressed in typical business casual attire. She's attractive but not gorgeous. She walks past a row of cubicles and stops at the desk of CONNIE HUANG, an Asian woman, mid-20s, slightly overweight. She leans forward as she places her hands on Connie's desk.

INT. CORPORATE OFFICE/CUBICLE - DAY

TIFFANY

Me and some of the other girls are going to hit "The Chive" tonight. Grab a couple of drinks and maybe see what kind of trouble we can get into. You in?

CONNIE

I would love to but I've got a ton of paperwork to do and trouble is the last thing I need right now.

TIFFANY

Mark still has you working on that project?

CONNIE

(rolls eyes)

Unfortunately.

TIFFANY

You know, I think he might like you.

CONNIE

Well that's a weird way of showing it.

TIFFANY

We think he's giving you more to do so he has a reason to talk to you.

CONNIE

We?

TIFFANY

The girls and I.

CONNIE

What am I? The office gossip?

TIFFANY

Just looking out for you. You sure you don't want to come tonight? It's going to be fun.

CONNIE

I really have a lot of paperwork to do. I think I'm going to stay late.

TIFFANY

I'll swing by and pick you up at home! 7PM?

CONNIE

(sighs with a smile on her face)

Okay. Let me go home and get ready. If I don't get this done, I'm blaming you. Why can't I ever say no to you?

TIFFANY

Because you love me. I'll see you
at 7!

INT. CAR - NIGHT

Tiffany is driving down the street. Pop music is playing from her stereo. She keeps looking in the rearview mirror, fixing her hair. She pauses for a moment to put on her lipstick and smiles at herself in the mirror. She pulls up to Connie's house. Her car is in the driveway. Driver's door is open. Tiffany gets out of the car.

EXT. FRONT OF HOUSE - NIGHT

Tiffany walks around to the driver's side of the car. She sees Connie lying face down on the ground. Her purse is by her side. Tiffany runs over to her.

TIFFANY

CONNIE! Oh my God! Are you okay?
CONNIE! CONNIE!

Tiffany kneels down to roll Connie over. She places her hand on the back of Connie's head. As she does, she feels something thick and wet. She slowly pulls her hand away and illuminated by the light above the garage door, she can see blood. She frantically turns Connie over and she sees a small hole in her right cheek. Blood dripping down. Connie's eyes still open. Glazed and lifeless. Tiffany lets out an audible gasp. Then a bloodcurdling scream.

TIFFANY (CONT'D)

HELP!! Somebody Help!!

EXT. FRONT OF HOUSE - NIGHT

POLICE are standing over the body of Connie. Caution tape surrounds the home. Tiffany is sitting on the bumper of an ambulance. Crying. Detective Faust approaches her.

DETECTIVE WILLIAM FAUST

Miss, my name is Detective William Faust. I'm the lead investigator on this case. What can you tell me about your relationship with the deceased.

TIFFANY

Her name is Connie. Connie Huang.
Not, "The deceased"!

DETECTIVE WILLIAM FAUST
Ma'am, I understand you're upset
and I'm sorry for my callousness.
I'm just trying to ascertain the
facts and put the pieces together.

CONNIE
She was my friend. My coworker.

DETECTIVE WILLIAM FAUST
Thank you. Do you know why anyone
would want to harm her?

TIFFANY
No. She is...was such a sweet girl.
She got along with everyone.

DETECTIVE WILLIAM FAUST
May I ask, what brought you here
tonight?

TIFFANY
I was picking her up. We were going
to go out for some drinks. This is
all my fault. I talked her into
going out. She was going to stay
late at work.

DETECTIVE WILLIAM FAUST
Is there anything else you can tell
me? Anything that may have slipped
your mind?

TIFFANY
No.

DETECTIVE WILLIAM FAUST
Did she have a husband or
boyfriend?

TIFFANY
No Detective.

DETECTIVE WILLIAM FAUST
Have you seen her talking with
anyone different lately?

TIFFANY
No. No one.

Detective Faust writes in his notebook.

A FEMALE POLICE OFFICER walks over and wraps a blanket around
Tiffany. Detective Faust hands her his business card.

DETECTIVE WILLIAM FAUST
If you remember anything, please
don't hesitate to call me. I know
this is very tough right now.

Tiffany nods in agreement. Sobbing, as she reaches for his
hand to shake it.

TIFFANY
Thank you.

DETECTIVE WILLIAM FAUST
(to officer)
Please see to it that she gets
home.

Detective Faust walks back to Connie's body. Detective
Roberts is kneeling beside her.

DETECTIVE ROBERTS
Nothing seems to be stolen. Wallet,
phone, car. All here. What did the
friend tell you?

DETECTIVE WILLIAM FAUST
She didn't know anything more than
we do really. Do we know the
caliber?

DETECTIVE ROBERTS
Small. Possibly a .9 mil or .22.

DETECTIVE WILLIAM FAUST
I want ballistics on this
immediately. Two small cal.
killings in less than 24 hours
within 2 miles of each other?

DETECTIVE ROBERTS
Are you thinking what I'm thinking?

DETECTIVE WILLIAM FAUST
Let's hope not.

DETECTIVE ROBERTS
I'll have the ballistics report on
your desk, first thing in the
morning.

INT. HOME - NIGHT

Detective Faust is standing in the kitchen of his house. His wife LINDA walks up behind him and wraps her arms around his waist. She is of average height and build. Good looking. She places her head against his back and squeezes him.

LINDA

Are you okay?

DETECTIVE WILLIAM FAUST

Picked up another case tonight.

Linda takes a step back.

LINDA

I thought we agreed you wouldn't bring your work home with you?

DETECTIVE WILLIAM FAUST

You of all people should know it isn't that easy.

LINDA

When I left the force, I left it all behind. I couldn't raise our children with that kind of baggage.

DETECTIVE WILLIAM FAUST

We've got two random murders in less than 24 hours with small caliber weapons. Both within close proximity of each other.

LINDA

No connection?

DETECTIVE WILLIAM FAUST

Not that we can see. An elderly couple and one 25 year old female. But, it's too soon to tell.

Linda turns her husband around and gives him a light kiss on the lips.

LINDA

What does the captain think?

DETECTIVE WILLIAM FAUST

At this point, nothing. He's dealing with public affairs. We have a celebrity novelist coming to do a ride-along.

LINDA

Who?

DETECTIVE WILLIAM FAUST

Jack Pick...

LINDA

Jack Pickton??

DETECTIVE WILLIAM FAUST

Yeah. You've heard of him?

LINDA

He's all the rage right now. He was in prison for murder. While in, he wrote "Monsters Among Us - The Case for Serial Killers". His is an interesting story. He turned his life around.

DETECTIVE WILLIAM FAUST

How do you know so much about him?

LINDA

I do more than clean house and take care of the girls all day you know?

He squeezes her and kisses her on the forehead but his gaze is far off in the distance.

INT. HOTEL CONFERENCE ROOM - TORONTO, CANADA - NIGHT

A room full of psychologists, scholars, educators, etc., are sitting in their seats listening to JACK PICKTON, a man in his late-40s. He looks like a man with financial means. Dressed extremely well in suit and tie. Jack is promoting the release of his latest book, a New York Times best seller. Jack is sitting on a chair. The stage lights illuminating his impeccable suit. The LECTURE HOST is sitting next to him.

AUDIENCE MEMBER

Mr. Pickton. It has been my experience that serial killers are generally narcissistic and self-absorbed. Would you say that is a fair assessment?

JACK PICKTON

Generally speaking, yes. They have a tendency to see themselves as grandiose and irreplaceable.

(MORE)

JACK PICKTON (CONT'D)

The world revolves around them and their opinion is the only one that matters. They have a lack of responsibility and remorse.

DR MICHAEL PRESTON, a scholarly looking man in his early-70s steps up to the audience microphone.

DR. MICHAEL PRESTON

How do you think your experience has helped you get a better insight into the mind of these deranged madmen?

LECTURE HOST

I don't think Mr. Pickton needs to answer that question.

JACK PICKTON

It's quite all right. Mr..?

DR MICHAEL PRESTON

Dr. Michael Preston PhD.

JACK PICKTON

Dr. Preston. My experience has given me a unique insight into the mind of these "deranged madmen", as you so eloquently put it.

The audience lets out a chuckle at Pickton's underhanded sarcasm.

JACK PICKTON (CONT'D)

I've experienced the tragedies that these troubled souls have inflicted upon society. I've lived it first hand. We, they are not all monsters as society would like you to think. Most of them are fully-functioning members of society.

DR. MICHAEL PRESTON

Are we to understand that you are justifying their actions? Standing up for them? Distancing yourself from the past?

JACK PICKTON

Not justifying Mr...

DR MICHAEL PRESTON

(correcting him)

Dr.

JACK PICKTON

Yes of course. Dr. Preston.
Clarifying their actions. What I
mean by that, is every person on
this planet has demons. Some
scarier than the others. When
pushed or provoked, there is no
telling how far someone will go.

DR MICHAEL PRESTON

And how about your...

LECTURE HOST

(interrupts)

And...I think that's about all the
time we have. I'd like to thank Mr.
Pickton for his time and expertise
this evening. I'm sure we'll all
walk away with a better
understanding on this matter.

Audience erupts in applause and gives a standing ovation.
Jack Pickton takes a bow and walks off the stage. The lecture
host apologizes for the last audience member.

LECTURE HOST (CONT'D)

My apologies Mr. Pickton. Sometimes
these doctors can be too smart for
their own good.

JACK PICKTON

Think nothing of it. I've had my
fair share of doctors poking and
prodding at me. It comes with the
territory.

An ASSISTANT walks over and hands Jack a glass of scotch.

INT. PUBLISHING OFFICE - TORONTO, CANADA - DAY

ALEX DENFOLD, older man in his mid-60s, is sitting behind his
desk. Jack Pickton is sitting across from him.

ALEX

Got an assignment for you. We need
you to go to San Francisco. The
higher ups want us to do an exposé
on crime in the U.S. and the
differences between U.S. and
Canadian attitudes to prostitution.
They wanted to send some rookie to
write it but with your experience,
I couldn't think of anyone better.

JACK PICKTON

Mr. Denfold, I'm honored you'd think of me but my past is my past.

ALEX

Look Jack. There has never been a writer like you in Canadian history. Hell, the literary elite, bow at your feet. You should be sitting on this side of the desk.

JACK PICKTON

Thank you sir. I'm flattered. When do I leave?

ALEX

Two days. Olivia has cleared your schedule and has your itinerary. You'll be riding along with the SFPD. When you get to San Francisco, go see Captain Stone. He will set you up. This guy is old school. A bit of a hard ass. Try not to get on his bad side.

JACK PICKTON

I'll do my best.

ALEX

I know you will.

INT. POLICE STATION - SAN FRANCISCO - DAY

Detective Roberts walks over to Detective Faust's desk. He tosses a manila folder in front of him. Faust looks up at him.

DETECTIVE ROBERTS

It's a match.

Faust sits up in his chair.

DETECTIVE WILLIAM FAUST

Are you fucking kidding me?

DETECTIVE ROBERTS

Ballistics came back with a 98% match. .22 cal. And here's the best part. It's a left hand spin. The only manufacturer that has a left hand striation is Colt. So we've just narrowed our search down substantially.

DETECTIVE WILLIAM FAUST
Fanfuckingtastic! So let's think
about what we have here. An elderly
couple shot in their bed at home
with forced entry and a young woman
shot in her driveway coming home
from work. In both cases, nothing
stolen.

DETECTIVE ROBERTS
Doesn't make any sense. There's no
pattern. What are we missing?

DETECTIVE WILLIAM FAUST
Not sure yet. But when we find it,
it's going to hit us right in the
God damn face. Good work Roberts.
I'm going to talk to the Captain.
See if we can get a couple more
guys on this.

INT. POLICE STATION - DAY

Faust stands up and grabs the manila folder off of his desk.
He walks down the hall and knocks on the door of CAPTAIN
STONE, a well-built man in his late-50s. His hair is gray and
his demeanor reeks of military service.

CAPTAIN STONE
Come in.

INT. POLICE STATION/CAPTAIN STONE'S OFFICE - DAY

Stone is sitting in his office with a young woman, JULIE
COPELAND, early-30s. She is wearing a white dress. Her face
is framed with reading glasses. Her demeanor is professional
and polite. She's thin and average height.

DETECTIVE WILLIAM FAUST
I'm sorry Captain. I didn't mean to
interrupt.

CAPTAIN STONE
It's alright Faust. Julie here is
from public affairs. She's new.
She's gonna be the liaison for the
celebrity ride-along. Julie
Copeland, Detective William Faust.

JULIE COPELAND
Pleased to meet you detective.

DETECTIVE WILLIAM FAUST
Pleasure is all mine.

CAPTAIN STONE
Ms. Copeland is handling the public relations between our department and the publisher. They are writing an exposé on the differences between Canadian crime and American.

DETECTIVE WILLIAM FAUST
I wasn't aware there was a difference.

JULIE COPELAND
Apparently enough of one to send their star writer 2,600 miles.

CAPTAIN STONE
Was there something I could help you with detective?

DETECTIVE WILLIAM FAUST
I just thought you might like to know that we got a ballistics match on the two crime scenes from North Beach and I'd like to get a couple more men on this.

CAPTAIN STONE
That's great! I'll see what I can do. I want to keep this under wraps for now until we know what we are dealing with.

JULIE COPELAND
Captain?

CAPTAIN STONE
We picked up three homicides in 24 hours...Faust...would you like to fill her in? Detective Faust is our lead on this.

DETECTIVE WILLIAM FAUST
We don't have much to go on. All we know is we have 3 people dead at two different locations within close proximity of each other. No connection to one another. All shot with the same .22 caliber Colt.

JULIE COPELAND
Are we talking a serial here?

CAPTAIN STONE
Whoa now. Let's not jump to conclusions. I don't want this getting out to the media that SF might have a serial killer on its hands. The news would have a field day with that.

DETECTIVE WILLIAM FAUST
Until we know more Ms. Copeland, I would appreciate your cooperation on this. We need to exercise prudence in this matter.

JULIE COPELAND
I assure you detective, you have my full-cooperation.

CAPTAIN STONE
Faust, keep me updated.

DETECTIVE WILLIAM FAUST
As always Captain.

Detective Faust turns to walk out the door. He stops and turns around and addresses Ms. Copeland.

DETECTIVE WILLIAM FAUST (CONT'D)
It was nice to meet you Ms. Copeland.

Faust reaches out to shake her hand. Ms. Copeland stands up and grips his hand.

JULIE COPELAND
Julie is fine. We can dispense with the formalities. We are all on the same team here.

Faust exits the office.

EXT. FAIRMONT HOTEL - SAN FRANCISCO - DAY

Jack Pickton is standing out front of the Fairmont hotel. He's waiting for a car that will pick him up to transport him to the San Francisco Police Department. He's dressed in a long black Chesterfield overcoat, over a dark blue suit. Black leather gloves and black shoes shined to a high gloss. The dark gray, cashmere scarf meticulously tucked in his overcoat completes his carefully crafted image.

A black sedan pulls up. A DOORMAN for the Fairmont opens the rear passenger door.

DOORMAN
Mr. Pickton. Your car.

JACK
Thank you.

Jack hands a \$20 bill to the doorman and sits down in the backseat of the sedan. The door closes.

EXT. TENDERLOIN - DAY

The bustling streets of the Tenderloin are filled with people from all walks of life. Busy professionals, fitness enthusiasts, homeless people, etc. We follow RICHARD RADZIK, a young man in his mid-20s, as he makes his way through the crowded sidewalks. He's disheveled and disconnected from society. His gaze is distant. He bumps into people as he's carelessly walking. His clothes are dirty and it looks like he hasn't showered in weeks. People are moving out of their way to avoid contact with him. He walks into a liquor store and goes to the counter.

RICHARD RADZIK
Pack of Marlboro.

CLERK reaches above his head and pulls out a pack of cigarettes.

CLERK
That will be \$4.99. Cold day out
isn't it?

Richard takes a five dollar bill from his pocket and tosses it on the counter. He grabs his cigarettes and walks out, ignoring the clerk's words.

INT. POLICE STATION/LOBBY - DAY

Jack Pickton walks up to the front desk. An African-American, FEMALE CLERK, mid-50s, greets him.

CLERK
How may I help you?

JACK PICKTON
Good afternoon. I am here to see
Captain Stone. My name is Jack
Pickton.

The officer picks up her phone and dials an extension. She is faintly speaking. After a few words, she hangs up.

CLERK

Our head of public affairs, Julie Copeland will be down to meet you. If you wouldn't mind having a seat, she will be right down.

JACK PICKTON

Thank you very much.

Jack sits down on a chair by the front door. Moments later, Julie walks through a side door into the lobby. She walks over to Jack. She reaches her hand out to shake his. Jack stands up to greet her and shakes her hand.

JULIE COPELAND

Mr. Pickton? I'm Julie Copeland.

JACK PICKTON

Pleased to meet you Mrs. Copeland.

JULIE COPELAND

Ms. Copeland. I trust you had a good trip?

JACK PICKTON

A bit of turbulence but nothing a glass of scotch can't handle.

JULIE COPELAND

(chuckles)

I'm sure.

INT. POLICE STATION/CAPTAIN STONE'S OFFICE - DAY

Julie and Jack walk into Captain Stone's office.

JULIE COPELAND

Captain. This is Mr. Jack Pickton.

CAPTAIN STONE

Yes of course.

Captain Stone stands up. Pickton and Stone shake hands. Stone motions to a chair in front of his desk.

CAPTAIN STONE (CONT'D)

Please. Have a seat.

Jack removes his overcoat and scarf and places them on a coat rack by the door. Pickton and Julie sit down in chairs facing Stone.

JACK PICKTON

I want to thank you for allowing me to come here. I know this is probably a bit of an inconvenience for you.

CAPTAIN STONE

Think nothing of it. Your resumé is quite impressive Mr. Pickton. Have you been a writer your whole life?

JACK PICKTON

Thank you. Well, actually no. I took up writing rather late in life. Apparently I had a knack for it. My writings made their way out and got the attention of the literary establishment. I started writing for theater circles and a few of my plays made it to Broadway. So, those in the know, made some noise and my writing career took off.

CAPTAIN STONE

Sounds like you are a writing prodigy. No wonder they sent you. So when would you like to get started?

JACK PICKTON

I'm at your disposal.

CAPTAIN STONE

Great. Tomorrow morning? I've got a uniform for you to ride along with. He's a veteran of the force. Know's these streets like the back of his hand.

JACK PICKTON

That would be great. I'm really looking forward to this. Never been to San Francisco. Excited to see what the city has to offer.

CAPTAIN STONE

The City is a buffet of criminals and yuppies. So be careful.

JACK PICKTON
Of which ones?

They all laugh.

CAPTAIN STONE
Ms. Copeland. Would you like to add anything?

Julie looks over at Jack.

JULIE COPELAND
I just have some release of liability forms for you to sign if you don't mind?

JACK PICKTON
Cross the t's and dot the i's.

CAPTAIN STONE
Great. We will see you back here tomorrow morning at 9AM. Ask for Officer David Matthew. If you need anything while you are here, please don't hesitate to ask myself or Ms. Copeland.

JACK PICKTON
Thank you Captain.

EXT. SUNSET DISTRICT - SAN FRANCISCO - NIGHT

Richard is walking down the street. He's trying to stay in the shadows. He happens upon a house. Lights off. One car in the driveway. He walks up to the side of the house. He pauses to look in the window. He sees no movement in the home. He pulls out his knife and uses it to open the lock. Richard steps onto a planter box and climbs through the window.

INT. HOME/LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Slouching low as he walks through the house, he is startled by a MAN coming out of the bathroom. The man sees him and runs towards his bedroom. Richard pulls out his gun and fires a single shot. Hitting the man in his back.

MAN
(screams)

The man falls to the floor. Still alive. He's crawling across the floor as Richard stands over him.

Richard points his gun at the man and fires one shot to the back of his head. The man's movement stops immediately.

Richard hears movement in the bedroom. He walks to the doorway, sees a WOMAN cowering in the corner.

INT. HOME/BEDROOM - NIGHT

Richard walks over to her as he pulls out his knife. She's sobbing uncontrollably. He kneels down in front of her.

RICHARD RADZIK

Sssshhh. Everything is going to be okay.

Richard covers her mouth as plunges his knife slowly into her abdomen. The woman tries to scream out in pain but no sound is heard. Her legs kicking. Deeper and deeper he pushes the knife into her body. Richard stares into her eyes as she dies. She writhes in pain until finally she slumps to the floor. He stands up over her body and slides his hand down his pants. Rubbing himself as his victim lies in a pool of blood. Moments later, he walks over to the side of the bed and sees a wallet. He opens it up. He shoves the wallet in his pocket.

INT. FAUST HOME - DAY

Faust is eating breakfast. Phone rings. Caller ID says Detective Tim Roberts. Faust answers.

DETECTIVE WILLIAM FAUST

Faust.

DETECTIVE ROBERTS

We've got another one.

DETECTIVE WILLIAM FAUST

Don't tell me.

DETECTIVE ROBERTS

I'm afraid so. Small caliber. But this time is a little different. Texted you the address.

DETECTIVE WILLIAM FAUST

I'm on my way.

INT. FAUST CAR - MOVING SHOT - DAY

Faust is driving down the Embarcadero, along the water front. Phone is ringing over the car speakers. Rings twice before Captain Stone answers on the other end.

CAPTAIN STONE

Talk to me Faust.

DETECTIVE WILLIAM FAUST

Sir, I think we have a serial on our hands. I just spoke to Roberts. He said it was a small caliber. I'm on my way to the scene now. He said this one was a bit different than the other scenes though.

CAPTAIN STONE

How so?

DETECTIVE WILLIAM FAUST

Not sure. ETA is 5 minutes. Will update you as soon as I find out.

INT. HOUSE - SUNSET DISTRICT - DAY

POLICE are dusting for fingerprints in the house. Detective Roberts is in the background on the phone. Detective Faust walks in. He walks over to Roberts. Roberts looks up at him.

DETECTIVE ROBERTS

(on phone)

I'll call you back.

Roberts hangs up the phone.

DETECTIVE ROBERTS (CONT'D)

Come with me.

INT. HOME/HALLWAY - DAY

Faust follows Roberts to the hallway. We see a man lying on the ground, face down. He is shirtless and only wearing underwear. He has blood on his back and head.

DETECTIVE ROBERTS

Looks like he caught him by surprise. Plugged him twice.

DETECTIVE WILLIAM FAUST

Forced entry?

DETECTIVE ROBERTS

Living room window. But that's not all. We've got another victim. Wife.

They walk down the hallway and into the bedroom.

INT. HOME/BEDROOM - DAY

In the corner there is a woman slumped over with her back against the wall. The front of her nightgown is soaked in blood. Her head is down and to the right.

DETECTIVE WILLIAM FAUST

My god. What are we dealing with here Roberts?

DETECTIVE ROBERTS

A sadistic son of a bitch.

DETECTIVE WILLIAM FAUST

He was not afraid of getting caught. He took his time here. If we got a serial on our hands, he's going to hit again. Someone knows this bastard. Have we ID'd the victims?

DETECTIVE ROBERTS

Yes. Betty and Michael Lloyd. Her purse was emptied on the bed. Can't find his wallet. Perp may have taken it. We don't know for sure that it's the same killer but I'll bet my life on it.

A FEMALE UNIFORM POLICE OFFICER walks up to Faust and Roberts.

POLICE OFFICER

Detectives. Can you come with me?

Faust and Roberts follow the police officer outside.

EXT. HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

They walk over to a planter box just below an open window on the side of the house.

POLICE OFFICER

We believe the assailant made entry through this window.

(MORE)

POLICE OFFICER (CONT'D)

We found a partial print on the window pane. We also found a shoe print in the flower box here.

DETECTIVE WILLIAM FAUST

Let's get this fingerprint through A.F.I.S. asap. Looks like an Avia shoe from what I can read. I don't want any of this information getting out yet.

INT. POLICE CAR - MOVING SHOT - DAY

Jack Pickton and police officer DAVID MATTHEW are driving through the Mission District of San Francisco. Police chatter is heard on the radio.

OFFICER DAVID MATTHEW

Kind of ironic that you are here to write about crime in the U.S.

JACK PICKTON

Ironic? How so?

OFFICER DAVID MATTHEW

Well, talk around the station is that we have a serial killer on our hands.

Jack shifts in his seat.

JACK PICKTON

Officer, I...

OFFICER DAVID MATTHEW

5 killings so far in the last 4 days.

Jack lets out a sigh.

JACK PICKTON

...don't believe it. What can you tell me about the case? Anything that will help with my story.

OFFICER DAVID MATTHEW

Unfortunately not much. All we know is he uses a .22. Other than that, he's a ghost.

Jack opens up his notebook and starts writing down notes.

JACK PICKTON
There's no physical evidence?

OFFICER DAVID MATTHEW
If there were, I couldn't tell you.

JACK PICKTON
I understand. Have you ever worked
a serial killer case?

OFFICER DAVID MATTHEW
Back in the 90s we had the Golden
State Ripper. I worked that for a
little while.

JACK PICKTON
Is it typical for a uniformed
officer to work a serial case?

OFFICER DAVID MATTHEW
At the time, I was in homicide. I
left and went back to patrol. I
like connecting with people. You
can't do that sitting behind a
desk.

JACK PICKTON
What can you tell me about that
case? About the murderer.

OFFICER DAVID MATTHEW
Typical psychopath with antisocial
behavior. Hated the world. Wanted
to be the center of attention.
Narcissist. Ignored as a child.
Pretty much the poster boy for
serial killers.

JACK PICKTON
DO you think they are all
psychopaths?

OFFICER DAVID MATTHEW
Well, I'm not a psychologist so I'm
not qualified to generalize. But I
can say, from what I've seen, most
people that kill for sport have
narcissistic and sociopathic
behavior. What else would drive
someone to kill for fun?

JACK PICKTON
Maybe it's an urge they can't
fight?

(MORE)

JACK PICKTON (CONT'D)

A sense of power over their victims. Look at Bundy. Gacy. Ramirez. Rader.

OFFICER DAVID MATTHEW

What differentiates them from hitmen for the mob and drug cartels? Some of those guys have killed far more than the serial killers.

JACK PICKTON

Yes, but those aren't for pleasure. They don't squelch that innate urge. They kill for money. Honor. Amateurs.

OFFICER DAVID MATTHEW

You don't think they are getting pleasure out of killing for money? It's the narcissists ultimate reward if you ask me; getting paid to murder.

JACK

Are you saying all narcissists have murdering tendencies Officer Matthew?

OFFICER DAVID MATTHEW

What? No! I'm just saying, if you are going to go on a killing spree why not get paid for it? This way you can justify the murders.

Jack writes some more in his notebook.

OFFICER DAVID MATTHEW (CONT'D)

What are you writing?

JACK PICKTON

Just observations.

OFFICER DAVID MATTHEW

I heard you wrote a book on serials. "Monsters Around Us" if I'm not mistaken?

JACK PICKTON

"Monsters AMONG Us". But yes. New York Times best seller.

OFFICER DAVID MATTHEW

Quite an achievement. I'll have to get myself a copy. Have you sign it. Not too often I get a celebrity in my car. Usually just meth heads and small-time criminals.

JACK PICKTON

I think I can help you out with that.

INT. HOTEL BRISTOL - TENDERLOIN DISTRICT - NIGHT

Richard is laying on his bed in room 438. Shirtless. There is a ceiling fan spinning overhead. Room is dirty. Cigarette boxes and discarded fast food wrappers are strewn about. Indiscriminate rap music can be heard playing from the room next door. He reaches over to the side of the bed and picks up a small crack pipe off of the nightstand. He lights the end of the pipe with a lighter and inhales deeply. On the bed we see the wallet of Michael Lloyd.

Richard gets up and walks past a mirror. In the mirror we see the reflection of his back. It is scarred as if he'd been whipped over and over. Deep, raised scars.

INT. FAIRMONT HOTEL/ROOM 685 - NIGHT

Jack Pickton is sitting in his hotel room at his desk working on his laptop. A bottle of scotch is resting next to him. The room is meticulous. A spacious suite. Not a wrinkle in the bed. View of Alcatraz can be seen from the window. We see Jack pull up a newspaper headline on his laptop.

"Serial Killer on the Loose! Toronto in Fear"

Jack takes a sip of his scotch. He gets up and walks over to the window.

Jack's P.O.V. - We see the Golden Gate Bridge in the distance.

INT. HOTEL BRISTOL/ROOM 438 - NIGHT

Richard's P.O.V. - looking out the window. There is a fire escape and an alleyway. A police siren can be heard in the distance.

Richard puts a shirt on and walks out into the night.

INT. POLICE STATION/CAPTAIN STONE'S OFFICE - DAY

Jack Pickton is sitting in the office of Captain Stone.
Detective Faust walks in.

DETECTIVE WILLIAM FAUST
Captain. May I have a word with
you?

CAPTAIN STONE
Yes of course. Detective William
Faust, this is Jack Pickton.

JACK PICKTON
Pleased to...

Jack is interrupted by Faust.

DETECTIVE WILLIAM FAUST
Pleased to meet you. Captain, it's
a matter regarding an active case.

The captain looks at Detective Faust and then over at Jack.

CAPTAIN STONE
Will you excuse us please?

JACK PICKTON
Yes of course.

Jack pauses to look at Detective Faust.

JACK PICKTON (CONT'D)
Pleased to make your acquaintance.

Jack walks out the door as Faust shuts it behind him.

DETECTIVE WILLIAM FAUST
Captain. Forensics ran the shoe
print. It comes from an Avia
Aerobic, 460W shoe. They haven't
made this shoe since the early 90s.
Size 11 1/2. We also have a partial
fingerprint. It's in A.F.I.S. right
now.

CAPTAIN STONE
Good work.

DETECTIVE WILLIAM FAUST
So that's the famous writer huh?

CAPTAIN STONE
He's a nice guy.

DETECTIVE WILLIAM FAUST

Oh yeah?

CAPTAIN STONE

I'm sensing a bit of skepticism.

DETECTIVE WILLIAM FAUST

I'm fine Captain.

CAPTAIN STONE

Look, you don't last this long on the force without having instincts. You know that Faust.

DETECTIVE WILLIAM FAUST

So why's he here? In San Francisco? Isn't there other cities like New York or Los Angeles that he could have gone to? They've definitely got crime there.

CAPTAIN STONE

The Governor, then mayor owed a favor to some Toronto bureaucrat. The publisher pulled some strings and got him sent out here.

DETECTIVE WILLIAM FAUST

He's not going to be a problem is he? I don't need some wannabe Sherlock Holmes butting into this case.

CAPTAIN STONE

He's been nothing but a gentleman Faust. He's riding with Matthew.

DETECTIVE WILLIAM FAUST

Everyone has their demons sir.

CAPTAIN STONE

Speaking of demons, lets catch this son of a bitch. The last thing I need is the mayor on my ass because we have a serial killer on the loose and tourism is dropping.

Phone on Captain Stone's desk rings. Stone picks it up. He waves goodbye to Faust.

CAPTAIN STONE (CONT'D)

Stone.

Stone is listening to the person on the other end.

CAPTAIN STONE (CONT'D)
WHAT? How the fuck did they get
that?

Detective Faust stops in his tracks. He turns around.

CAPTAIN STONE (CONT'D)
I want that info on my desk ASAP!

Stone slams the phone down. Leans back in his chair.

CAPTAIN STONE (CONT'D)
That was Copeland. She just
informed me that the lead story on
the news tonight will be that San
Francisco has a serial killer.

DETECTIVE WILLIAM FAUST
Who the fuck leaked that?

CAPTAIN STONE
I don't know Faust. But what I do
know is that if we don't keep a lid
on this, it will be the front page
of every God damn paper in the
country.

INT. POLICE CAR - DAY

Pickton and Matthew are driving through the Tenderloin
district. Radio chatter comes on.

POLICE RADIO: 52 are you clear for a call?

Officer Matthew picks up the radio.

OFFICER DAVID MATTHEW
52. Go ahead

DISPATCH
Can you respond to 216 Cumberland
st on a report of a 10-55?

OFFICER DAVID MATTHEW
I'm 49 from Bryant.

DISPATCH
Copy 49.

Matthew turns on the police siren and punches the accelerator
pedal. Pickton braces himself in the passenger seat.

OFFICER DAVID MATTHEW
Never a dull moment in the city.

JACK PICKTON
I wouldn't expect anything less.

EXT. 216 CUMBERLAND ST. - DAY

Police car pulls up. A WOMAN is standing outside. She screams to Officer Matthew. Matthew exits the car.

WOMAN
Officer! Hurry up! She's bleeding bad!

Matthew turns to Jack Pickton.

OFFICER DAVID MATTHEW
Stay inside the car.

Officer Matthew runs to the woman. She's frantic as she places her hands on his shoulders.

WOMAN
Help her please!

OFFICER DAVID MATTHEW
Ma'am. I need you to stay out here.
Are there any other occupants in the house?

WOMAN
No. Just Diana. She's in the kitchen.

OFFICER DAVID MATTHEW
Wait here.

Officer Matthew makes his way to the front door. It's slightly open. He identifies himself.

OFFICER DAVID MATTHEW (CONT'D)
San Francisco Police. Anyone need help?

Officer Matthew pauses before he continues.

OFFICER DAVID MATTHEW (CONT'D)
If there is anyone inside who is not in need of medical attention, please come out with your hands up.

A police siren can be heard in the distance. It's getting closer and closer. Officer Matthew decides to wait for the back up patrol car.

Police car pulls up. Another OFFICER jumps out of the car. He runs over to Officer Matthew.

POLICE OFFICER
Have you made entry yet?

OFFICER DAVID MATTHEW
Negative.

INT. HOME/LIVING ROOM - DAY

Both officers make their way into the home. Guns drawn and at the ready. They slowly and systematically walk through the living room.

POLICE OFFICER
Clear!

INT. HOME/KITCHEN - DAY

They make their way into the kitchen. Lying on the floor in a pool of blood is the woman. She's been shot and barely holding on.

OFFICER DAVID MATTHEW
I'll check on the victim.

POLICE OFFICER
Roger. I'll clear the rest of the location.

Officer Matthew kneels down beside the victim. She's barely breathing. She has multiple gunshot wounds to her abdomen.

Officer Matthew checks her pulse for signs of life.

OFFICER DAVID MATTHEW
(on radio)
Dispatch. 52. I have a Hispanic female with multiple gunshot wounds. Massive amount of blood loss. 11-41 at current location.

DISPATCH
10-4 52. Medical personnel are en route to your location.

OFFICER DAVID MATTHEW
 (to the victim)
 Stay with me. Help is on it's way.
 Just hang in there.

The other police officer comes into the kitchen.

POLICE OFFICER
 Is she alive?

OFFICER DAVID MATTHEW
 Barely. I need you to go outside
 and cordon off the area. I'll wait
 here.

EXT. HOME - DAY

Jack Pickton gets out and stands next to the patrol car. The other officer comes out and places the neighbor in the back of his squad car. He then retrieves some caution tape from the trunk.

JACK
 What's going on in there?

POLICE OFFICER
 Just stay there.

Sirens are heard from multiple police cruisers and emergency vehicles. NEIGHBORS start to come outside. Moments later, Detective Faust arrives on the scene. He jumps out of his car and walks over to the police officer keeping guard.

DETECTIVE WILLIAM FAUST
 Who's the F.O.S.?

POLICE OFFICER
 Officer Matthew detective. He's
 inside with the victim.

Officer Faust walks towards the house. He pauses to see Jack Pickton standing by the patrol car.

INT. HOME/KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

Officer Matthew is holding the hand of the victim.

DETECTIVE WILLIAM FAUST
 What do we got?

OFFICER DAVID MATTHEW
 3 gunshot wounds to the lower
 abdomen. One to the right forearm.
 No exit wounds. How this woman is
 still hanging on is a miracle. We
 need to get her to emergency ASAP!

DETECTIVE WILLIAM FAUST
 Keep her alive. She may be our only
 witness.

The paramedics enter the house. They place the victim on a
 gurney and strap her down. They put an oxygen mask on her
 face and rush her outside.

EXT. HOUSE - DAY

Pickton is standing outside of the patrol car. He's pacing
 around. Officer Matthew walks up to Pickton.

OFFICER DAVID MATTHEW
 You okay?

Pickton is oblivious that Officer Matthew is speaking to him.
 With a more stern and louder voice, Matthew repeats himself.

OFFICER DAVID MATTHEW (CONT'D)
 Pickton! You okay?

Knocked out of his daze, Pickton replies.

JACK PICKTON
 What? Yes. I'm sorry. Guess I just
 got lost in all of the commotion.

OFFICER DAVID MATTHEW
 Well get yourself together. Looks
 like we got a shooter on our hands.

JACK PICKTON
 How is she?

OFFICER DAVID MATTHEW
 Alive. Barely.

INT. POLICE STATION/BREAK ROOM - NIGHT

Multiple officers, including Detectives Roberts, Faust and
 Captain Stone are sitting in the break room. The TV is on.
 Station identification is overheard.

O.S. "ABC News at 11".

ON SCREEN

ASHLEY PATRICKS

Tonight, San Francisco police are on the hunt for a serial killer. I'm Ashley Patricks. The killer has claimed 4 victims with one in critical condition. Our very own David Foster has details.

DAVID FOSTER

Thank you Ashley. Police say the killer has been targeting random people. There seems to be no rhyme or reason to his targets. Police are not yet releasing the names of the victims nor many details. Each victim was shot with a .22 caliber. We have however, just learned that an Avia shoe print was found beneath a window at one of the crime scenes. How or if this relates to the killer is yet unknown...

BACK TO SCENE

Detective Faust stands up and throws his coffee cup across the room. The other officers jump. Surprised.

DETECTIVE WILLIAM FAUST

Who the fuck released the information about the shoe to the media?! This is all we fucking need! If this son of a bitch is watching this, he's going to change his M.O.!

CAPTAIN STONE

I want a God damn report on my desk by morning with every officer involved in this case Faust! Someone leaked this information and I want to know who! Then I want their fucking head!

DETECTIVE WILLIAM FAUST

You'll have it.

INT. POLICE STATION/CAPTAIN STONE'S OFFICE - DAY

Julie Copeland is having a heated argument with Captain Stone. Stone is pacing in his office. He picks up a sheet of paper from his desk.

CAPTAIN STONE

Do you know what this is?

JULIE COPELAND

No Captain. I don't.

CAPTAIN STONE

It's a list of every officer involved with this case. Every officer that stepped foot on any of these crime scenes. Every officer that even thought about this case! Somewhere on here is the son of a bitch that ran to the media. Internal will be questioning each one. If it turns out that one of my officers leaked this information, there will be a shit storm of epic proportions. What I want to know is, how are you, as our public affairs officer going to put a lid on this?

JULIE COPELAND

Captain. I understand your frustration...

CAPTAIN STONE

Do you Ms. Copeland? Tell me. How do you understand my frustration?

JULIE COPELAND

I understand that this information compromises the entire case. I understand that as the Captain, it is your responsibility to make sure that your officers act in a professional manner and protect all evidence from making their way outside of these walls until it is deemed safe to do so and won't compromise the investigation. I understand that as a peace officer, you have taken an oath to uphold the law and protect the innocent and this information can lead to a witch hunt. How am I doing so far Captain?

CAPTAIN STONE

Yeah, well...I'm glad you understand. I need you to go out there and make sure our image as a police department is upheld. We don't need the public losing faith in us.

JULIE COPELAND

That's what I'm here for.

CAPTAIN STONE

You're dismissed.

INT. SF GENERAL HOSPITAL - DAY

Detective Faust and Detective Roberts are heading up to interview the last victim, Diana Jenkins. Sounds of hospital intercoms are heard in the background. NURSES and DOCTORS walking past our detectives. They walk to ICU. Room 212. There is an attending NURSE at the bedside of Diana.

INT. HOSPITAL/ROOM 212 - DAY

A NURSE is attending to Mrs. Jenkins. She's around 25 years old. Blonde. Attractive.

DETECTIVE ROBERTS

Ma'am. May we have a word with the patient?

NURSE

She isn't really in any condition to speak right now. Can it wait?

DETECTIVE WILLIAM FAUST

Not really.

NURSE

5 minutes.

DETECTIVE ROBERTS

Thank you.

The nurse wipes Diana's forehead with a wet washcloth and walks towards the door.

NURSE

5 minutes detectives.

She closes the door behind her.

DETECTIVE ROBERTS

Mrs. Jenkins, I'm detective Roberts and this is my colleague detective Faust. I'm sorry we have to meet under such circumstances and I promise we won't take long. We know you need your rest.

Diana nods in agreement.

DETECTIVE WILLIAM FAUST

What can you tell us about that night?

DIANA JENKINS

I came home from work around 11pm. I work late sometimes at my office. I made a quick salad. Then I showered and I was putting on my nightgown when I heard a noise in the front room.

She pauses and takes a deep breath. When she does, a look of pain falls on her face.

DIANA JENKINS (CONT'D)

I'm sorry. It's hard to breathe in sometimes with the stitches and stuff.

DETECTIVE WILLIAM FAUST

No apology needed. Please continue.

DIANA JENKINS

I went out to see what it was, thinking that my cat had knocked something over, when I saw a man standing in the living room. Before I could scream or run, he was on me. It happened so fast. I froze. He pinned me to the ground and....

She lets out a soft cry.

DETECTIVE WILLIAM FAUST

I know this is hard. But I need you to continue Mrs. Jenkins. Your information could help us stop this monster.

DIANA JENKINS

Yes. Of course.

(pause)

He forced himself on me.

(MORE)

DIANA JENKINS (CONT'D)

He smelled so bad. Like rotting garbage. It was awful. He assaulted me all night. As the sun started to come up, he smiled at me. His teeth were crooked and his breath was the worst I'd ever smelled.

Detectives Faust and Roberts look at each other knowingly.

DIANA JENKINS (CONT'D)

He starts to walk away and then turns around. I can see the gun in his hand. I begged him not to shoot but he smiled. I tried to block my face. Then I felt the pain in my arm. Then my stomach. I passed out after that. Last thing I remember is his face. I will never forget his face.

DETECTIVE WILLIAM FAUST

What else can you tell us about him?

DIANA JENKINS

He's tall. Probably 6'2" to 6'3". Thin. White.

DETECTIVE WILLIAM FAUST

Any tattoos or scars that you could see?

DIANA JENKINS

No. He never took his clothes off. His clothes were filthy.

The nurse enters the room. She walks over to Mrs. Jenkins.

NURSE

Time is up detectives. Mrs. Jenkins needs her rest.

Faust reaches in his coat and pulls out his business card. He puts it on the table next to her bed.

DETECTIVE WILLIAM FAUST

This is my card. If you think of anything at all, please call me. Doesn't matter what time of day or night. My cell is on the bottom. Detective Roberts will take your information if that's okay?

DIANA JENKINS

Yes. Yes of course. Anything I can do to help.

DETECTIVE WILLIAM FAUST

Oh Mrs. Jenkins, where was your husband while all of this was happening?

DIANA JENKINS

He was on a business trip for his company. He's on his way back now. Would you like me to give you the number at the hotel in Tennessee so you can verify?

DETECTIVE WILLIAM FAUST

No need. We will be in touch Mrs. Jenkins. Rest up.

EXT. HYDE STREET - TENDERLOIN - NIGHT

Jack Pickton is walking down the street. He is wearing a hoodie and sweat pants. Avia sneakers. There are homeless people sleeping on the sidewalk. He walks up to a PROSTITUTE. She is wearing a very short skirt. White top. 3" high heels. They exchange a few words and walk into the hotel they are standing in front of.

INT. ADRIAN HOTEL - NIGHT

Jack P.O.V. - The couple walk up the stairs to the third floor. They walk to room 362. She uses her key to open the door. Once inside, she drops her purse on the table.

PROSTITUTE

So, what do you like?

Jack P.O.V. - He walks over to her. Doesn't say a word. He puts his hand on the back of her head and pushes her down to her knees. She looks up at him with a smile on her face. She pulls down the front of his sweat pants and rubs his penis through his underwear. He reaches in his waistband and pulls out a knife.

He grabs the back of her head and places the tip of the knife under her chin. Her eyes widen in fear. She opens her mouth as if she is about to say something. He plunges the knife into her throat. She struggles. He slices her throat. Her body slumps to the side and falls to the floor.

He pulls up his pants and wipes the blood off on the bed. He tucks it back into his waistband. He opens her purse. Pulls out a gold tube of lipstick. On the back of the door, he draws a pentagram. He looks out of the peep hole to make sure no one is in the lobby.

Careful not to leave any fingerprints, he uses his shirt to turn the doorknob. He gets in the elevator. Elevator door closes.

INT. FAIRMONT HOTEL/ROOM 685 - NIGHT

Jack is drying off in the bathroom after just taking a shower. Old jazz is playing on the radio in his room. He walks out of the bathroom with just a towel wrapped around his waist. He starts singing and dancing around the room as he sings along.

The drapes are partly open. The city lights cast a soft glaze upon the ceiling.

Jack sits down at his desk and starts writing on his laptop. He seems relaxed and at ease. His glass of scotch always nearby.

INT. POLICE STATION/HOMICIDE - DAY

Detective Faust walks over to homicide. Cup of coffee in hand. A few OFFICERS are already working.

DETECTIVE PETERS

Hey Faust! Can you make sure that cup stays in your hand this time?

DETECTIVE WILLIAM FAUST

Watch it Peters.

DETECTIVE PETERS

Just trying to show some morning humor that's all.

A few of the detectives chuckle. Faust is not amused.

DETECTIVE WILLIAM FAUST

Anyone got anything?

DETECTIVE MORRIS

Patrol picked up a homicide this morning. Prostitute found stabbed to death in her room up in the Tenderloin. Doesn't match your boy's M.O. though.

DETECTIVE WILLIAM FAUST
Anyone seen Roberts this morning?

DETECTIVE PETERS
Not in yet.

Detective Faust's phone rings. He answers.

DETECTIVE WILLIAM FAUST
Faust.
(pause)
I'll be right down.

INT. POLICE STATION/HOMICIDE - DAY

Faust walks out of the office and downstairs to see the criminal profiler.

INT. POLICE STATION/OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Faust is in the office of criminal profiler FRANK DONAHUE. Donahue is an older gentleman, mid-60s. Portly but not obese. He stands around 5'7" tall with a full salt and pepper beard. He wears eye glasses. Suspenders. Hawaiian shirt. Brown slacks.

FRANK DONAHUE
From the information I've had to go on, I think I have a partial profile of your assailant that can at least give you some insight into who you're dealing with.

DETECTIVE WILLIAM FAUST
Any light you can shed is appreciated.

FRANK DONAHUE
He's mid-20s. Early-30s. A loner. Anti-social with narcissistic behavior. He's an outcast that wants to fit in. Screaming for attention but never gets it. He's a drifter. Doesn't stay in one place too long. No one takes him serious. His childhood was rife with abuse. He had no protector. No saviour. He is a psychopath with sociopathic tendencies.

Donahue hands Detective Faust a folder.

FRANK DONAHUE (CONT'D)
This should give you more detail.

DETECTIVE WILLIAM FAUST
Thank you.

FRANK DONAHUE
Keep in mind that this assessment will be fluid as the case is ongoing. And detective, the majority of serial killers are not reclusive, social misfits who live alone. They are not monsters and may not appear strange. Many serial killers hide in plain sight within their communities. Serial murderers often have families and homes, are gainfully employed, and appear to be normal members of the community. Because many serial murderers can blend in so effortlessly, they are oftentimes overlooked by law enforcement and the public.

DETECTIVE WILLIAM FAUST
Understood.

FRANK DONAHUE
Good luck Detective.

INT. "GRACE CATHEDRAL" - DAY

The dimly lit interior of Grace Cathedral is empty, save for one person. Richard is sitting on a pew in the back of the church. His head in his hands. He stands up and moves a couple of rows forward. He takes his cigarettes out of his pocket and puts one in his mouth. He takes it out and puts it back in his pocket and moves to the other side of the aisle and a few more rows up. Slowly making his way to the altar. As he approaches the altar a PRIEST comes out from a doorway in the back. He approaches Richard.

PRIEST
Can I help you my son?

Richard is startled by the priest. He recoils slightly.

PRIEST (CONT'D)
Would you like to make a confession? God is always listening.

Richard stares at the priest for a few seconds.

RICHARD RADZIK
I would like to ask for
forgiveness.

PRIEST
God forgives all your sins.

RICHARD RADZIK
Not my sins. The sins of others.
The world is a wicked place. Filled
with hate. They have lost their
way. I must show them the path to
righteousness.

PRIEST
Only God can light the way.

RICHARD
God?
(laughs)
God doesn't concern himself with
us. We are insignificant.

PRIEST
Do you not see the wonders of God's
hand? The air you breathe? The
water you drink? The food you eat?
The love you receive?

RICHARD RADZIK
Love? Love has closed it's heart to
me. I gave up on love and happiness
a long time ago.

PRIEST
Love never abandons those who are a
willing vessel My son.

RICHARD RADZIK
God has closed his eyes to my
heart. I didn't ask for this burden
of life.

PRIEST
But He gave it to you.

RICHARD RADZIK
He gave it to many. Therefore I am
not special.

PRIEST
You are special to Him. You are His
breath, His eyes, His thoughts.

RICHARD RADZIK
Again, I did not ask for this!

PRIEST
He has created you to walk upon His earth for Him. He is in your every step.

RICHARD RADZIK
If that is so and He is in my every step, does he suffer when I suffer? Does he cry when I cry? Does he fail when I fail?

PRIEST
Yes. And every time you fall, he falls. He is you and you are Him.

RICHARD RADZIK
If I were Him, there would be no more suffering. No more wars. No more disease. No more hunger. Does he not see these things?

PRIEST
My son, remember, you are His eyes. He cannot see those things if yours are closed.

The church fills with light as a church PARISHIONER opens the front doors and walks in. Richard spins around. Quickly, disappointment sets in as he walks briskly out of the church.

INT. POLICE STATION/HOMICIDE - DAY

Detective Faust is on the phone at his desk. Detective Roberts is standing next to him.

DETECTIVE WILLIAM FAUST
That's great! Send it over.

Faust hangs up the phone and claps his hands together.

DETECTIVE WILLIAM FAUST (CONT'D)
YES!

DETECTIVE ROBERTS
I take it you got good news?

DETECTIVE WILLIAM FAUST
A.F.I.S. got a match. Richard Radzik.

Faust types something on his computer. On the screen, we see a mugshot of Richard Radzik. His lists of offenses on the right.

DETECTIVE WILLIAM FAUST (CONT'D)

This guy has been in and out of trouble since he was a kid. Broken home. Drifter. Drug use.

(pauses)

Mostly minor crimes though.

DETECTIVE ROBERTS

Nothing that might point to murder?

DETECTIVE WILLIAM FAUST

Not that he's been caught for.

DETECTIVE ROBERTS

Bring him in for questioning?

DETECTIVE WILLIAM FAUST

Let's get an A.P.B. out for him.

DETECTIVE ROBERTS

I'm on it.

INT. RESTAURANT - NIGHT

Faust and his wife are sitting at a table in a nice restaurant. The lights are low. Napkins are cloth. A bottle of wine stands in between them.

LINDA

It's good to have some quality time with you. This was a nice surprise.

DETECTIVE WILLIAM FAUST

I know I've been busy lately but this case is very important.

LINDA

I understand. But there is only so much you can do. Sometimes you have to step back and let others take over. Get a different perspective.

DETECTIVE WILLIAM FAUST

I know you're right but I'm the lead on this. Anyway, let's talk about something else.

LINDA

The kids miss you. They miss daddy reading them bedtime stories.

DETECTIVE WILLIAM FAUST

What about you?

LINDA

I miss daddy giving me bedtime stories.

They both laugh as the WAITER comes over to the table. Dressed in black slacks and white button up shirt. Mid-20s.

WAITER

May I interest you in one of our award-winning desserts?

Linda looks at Faust and smiles.

DETECTIVE WILLIAM FAUST

What the Hell. Why not?

WAITER

Fantastic. Tonight we have a pana cotta with coffee granita and cinnamon ice cream. Nectarine Pavlovas. Petits Pots à l'Absinthe. Italian Trifle with Marsala Syrup and a Riesling Gelée with Strawberry Conserve.

Faust looks over at his wife with a surprised look on his face and then back at the waiter.

DETECTIVE WILLIAM FAUST

Got any chocolate ice cream?

LINDA

(laughing)

He's kidding. Coffee pana cotta please.

WAITER

Great choice.

The waiter walks away as they both laugh.

LINDA

This is what I miss. Being silly with you. Lighthearted.

DETECTIVE WILLIAM FAUST
I promise, when this is over, I
will spend more time with you and
the girls. But right now, this
moment, you have me all to
yourself.

Faust's phone rings. His wife looks at him with a look of
disappointment. Faust pulls his phone out of his pocket.

DETECTIVE WILLIAM FAUST (CONT'D)
It's Detective Roberts.

Faust answers his phone.

DETECTIVE WILLIAM FAUST (CONT'D)
This is Faust.

DETECTIVE ROBERTS
Faust. This is Roberts. They picked
up Radzik. Meet you at the station
in 20?

Faust looks up at his wife. Her face says it all. He reaches
across the table and places his hand on hers.

DETECTIVE WILLIAM FAUST
I'll be there.

Linda pulls her hand away. Faust hangs up the phone.

INT. POLICE STATION/INTERROGATION ROOM - NIGHT

Radzik is sitting at a small table. He's calm. His head is
resting in his arms on the table. Detectives Faust and
Roberts walk in. Richard sits up.

DETECTIVE WILLIAM FAUST
Mr. Radzik. My name is Detective
Faust. This is my colleague
Detective Roberts. We just wanted
to have a word with you if you
don't mind? A few questions.

Richard leans back in his chair. Arms folded.

RICHARD RADZIK
Yeah sure.

DETECTIVE WILLIAM FAUST
Can we get you anything before we
start? A soda? Chips?

RICHARD RADZIK

No.

DETECTIVE ROBERTS

The reason we brought you in here is to find out where you were on May 3.

RICHARD RADZIK

May 3rd? Man I can't even remember where I was yesterday.

DETECTIVE WILLIAM FAUST

Try. Where were you 12 days ago?

RICHARD RADZIK

Can you be more specific? I'm all over this city.

DETECTIVE ROBERTS

Why is that?

RICHARD RADZIK

I do odd jobs for people.

DETECTIVE ROBERTS

What kind of jobs?

RICHARD RADZIK

Handyman type stuff. I fix what's broken.

DETECTIVE WILLIAM FAUST

So you're good with your hands?

RICHARD RADZIK

(chuckles)

That's what the ladies say. Where are you going with this?

DETECTIVE WILLIAM FAUST

Just trying to have an open dialogue Mr. Radzik. Does Vicente street ring a bell with you?

RICHARD RADZIK

Not particularly. Should it?

DETECTIVE ROBERTS

Do you know what division this is Richard?

Richard shrugs his shoulders.

DETECTIVE ROBERTS (CONT'D)
This is homicide.

DETECTIVE WILLIAM FAUST
Can you tell us why your
fingerprints were found on the
window pane at a homicide?

RICHARD RADZIK
Hey man, I do a lot of work on a
lot of homes. My fingerprints are
everywhere.

DETECTIVE WILLIAM FAUST
Where are you staying?

RICHARD RADZIK
Hotel Bristol.

DETECTIVE WILLIAM FAUST
Out in the Tenderloin right?

RICHARD RADZIK
Yeah.

DETECTIVE ROBERTS
You got a car?

RICHARD RADZIK
No.

DETECTIVE WILLIAM FAUST
A handyman without a car?

DETECTIVE ROBERTS
That's a first. How do you get
around?

RICHARD RADZIK
I walk or I take a bus.

Roberts looks down at Richard's shoes.

DETECTIVE ROBERTS
What size shoes you got there?

RICHARD RADZIK
11.

DETECTIVE ROBERTS
Are those Avia?

RICHARD RADZIK
Nike.

DETECTIVE ROBERTS
Got any other shoes?

Richard shifts uncomfortably in his seat.

RICHARD RADZIK
No. Just these.

DETECTIVE WILLIAM FAUST
You must go through a lot of shoes
if you're walking all over the
city. No other pair?

RICHARD RADZIK
No.

DETECTIVE WILLIAM FAUST
Hang tight.

Roberts and Faust get up and walk out of the room.

INT. POLICE STATION/HALLWAY - NIGHT

Richards and Faust are standing in the hallway. They can see Richard on the CCTV monitor.

DETECTIVE WILLIAM FAUST
We don't have enough to hold him. I
want someone watching him. Get a
car out to the Bristol tomorrow
morning. Things don't add up with
this guy.

DETECTIVE ROBERTS
Want to put Matthew on him? He's
got that ride along. Will keep him
out of trouble.

DETECTIVE WILLIAM FAUST
Great idea.

EXT. "GOLDEN GATE BRIDGE" - DAWN

Richard is walking along the Golden Gate Bridge. The sun is moments from rising. He has a brown paper bag in his hands. He gets to the middle of the bridge and drops a pair of Avia sneakers over the Eastern side. Early morning joggers and cyclists ride past him.

EXT. "HOTEL BRISTOL" - DAY

Officer Matthew and Jack Pickton are sitting in the patrol car across from the Hotel Bristol. Officer Matthew is drinking a smoothie.

JACK PICKTON
Is everyone in California on a health kick?

OFFICER DAVID MATTHEW
(holds up smoothie)
What? This?

JACK PICKTON
I thought cops drank coffee and ate donuts?

OFFICER DAVID MATTHEW
That's only in the movies.

JACK PICKTON
So who is this guy again?

OFFICER DAVID MATTHEW
His name is Richard. They brought him in for questioning last night. Detectives Faust and Roberts want a little surveillance on him. This would be good for your book too.

JACK PICKTON
Exposé.

OFFICER DAVID MATTHEW
There's a few working girls around here. Might do you some good to see what makes them tick.

JACK PICKTON
You mean go talk to them?

OFFICER DAVID MATTHEW
Sure. Why not?

JACK PICKTON
Didn't know that was allowed.

OFFICER DAVID MATTHEW
What you do with them is your business. Just don't stray too far. I don't want to have to file a 187 on you. Not sure if you can handle these streets in your \$3,000 suit.

JACK PICKTON
 Plus, I don't like the sight of
 blood.

EXT. TENDERLOIN - DAY

Jack gets out of the car and walks up the street. He sees a couple of "WORKING GIRLS". The women take notice of him immediately. He doesn't fit in with the usual homeless and drug addled patrons.

PROSTITUTE #1
 Well hey there sugar. You're
 looking mighty fine.

PROSTITUTE #2
 I think we got us a good one here.
 Package discount if you take both
 of us.

JACK PICKTON
 Thank you ladies. I'm flattered.

PROSTITUTE #2
 Oh you hear that honey? He called
 us "ladies". He must not be from
 around here.

JACK PICKTON
 Actually I'm from Toronto. I'm
 doing a exposé on crime in the U.S.
 Just wanted to ask you a few
 questions.

PROSTITUTE #1
 Sure. But our time is valuable.

Jack reaches in his wallet and pulls out two twenty dollar bills. He gives one to each of them. One of them women hold it up to the light to see if it's real.

PROSTITUTE #1 (CONT'D)
 Just checkin' honey. Whatcha want
 to know?

JACK PICKTON
 As working women, do you ever fear
 for your life?

PROSTITUTE #1
 Are you kidding? Every fucking
 night.

PROSTITUTE #2

One of us was just killed the other night. Throat slit in her room. If that doesn't scare you, nothing will.

PROSTITUTE #1

These guys are crazy out here. You know? They'd off you for a dollar.

JACK PICKTON

That's awful. Have you thought about finding other work?

PROSTITUTE #2

Oh isn't he precious. Just where do you think women like us could work? Saks Fifth? Barneys? Bloomindale?

PROSTITUTE #1

Oh sista, you're too fine to be working at dumps like that.

PROSTITUTE #2

You know it honey.

JACK PICKTON

Have you ever been a victim of violence?

PROSTITUTE #1

Look, if you're out here on the streets and you haven't been a victim of abuse, then you haven't been out here longer than a day. These streets are tough. They will eat you up. If you aren't tough you won't last.

JACK PICKTON

What do you do to protect yourself?

PROSTITUTE #2

See this here?

She pulls out a knife from her purse and holds it up.

PROSTITUTE #2 (CONT'D)

I will stab a motherfucker in his throat if he tries something with me. Then I will slice off his dick and shove it down the throat of his lifeless corpse.

(MORE)

PROSTITUTE #2 (CONT'D)

I'm not going to be a statistic
like that poor girl the other
night.

PROSTITUTE #1

God rest her soul.

PROSTITUTE #2

Amen.

JACK PICKTON

Do you have a particular area you
work?

PROSTITUTE #2

You're standing in it.

JACK PICKTON

Do you report the abuse to the
police?

PROSTITUTE #2

Are you crazy? That's the best way
to get your ass killed out here.
Nah ah. We keep our mouths shut
honey.

JACK PICKTON

Ladies, it was a pleasure. I'd like
to thank you for your time. Be safe
out here. Sometimes, monsters are
closer than you think.

Jack walks away and goes back to the patrol car.

INT. PATROL CAR - DAY

Jack gets in the car. Picks up his coffee and takes a drink.

OFFICER DAVID MATTHEW

Make new friends?

JACK PICKTON

(winks)

Yeah, I've got a date later
tonight. Any sign of our buddy?

OFFICER DAVID MATTHEW

Nothing yet.

Richard walks out the front door of the Hotel. He sees the
police across the street. Jack looks at the picture of
Richard on the dashboard mounted computer.

JACK PICKTON
Well, speak of the devil. There you
go.
(points across the street)

Matthew sits up in his seat. Makes eye contact with Radzik.
Richard walks next door to the convenience store.

JACK PICKTON (CONT'D)
So now what?

OFFICER DAVID MATTHEW
We wait.

Richard comes out of the store moments later. He walks back
to the hotel and goes inside.

JACK PICKTON
Not exactly the most exciting part
of the job is it?

OFFICER DAVID MATTHEW
We just want him to know that we
are watching him.

JACK PICKTON
A little bit of mind fucking eh?

Jack looks out the window towards the prostitutes.

INT. HOSPITAL/ROOM 212 - DAY

Detective's Faust and Roberts are back at the hospital to see
Diana Jenkins. Her husband ERIC, mid-50s, stout with gray
hair is sitting by her side.

DETECTIVE WILLIAM FAUST
Mr. and Mrs. Jenkins, I know this
is a very difficult time for you.
Before we start, may I ask how
you're doing?

DIANA JENKINS
Good days and bad days.

ERIC JENKINS
She's been having nightmares.
Waking up in cold sweats.

Eric reaches over and grabs his wife's hand.

DETECTIVE ROBERTS

We will make this as fast as possible.

Detective Roberts pulls a sheet of paper out of a folder. On it is 8 mugshot photos of different people. Number 5 is Richard Radzik. He places the paper on the tray table in front of Diana.

DETECTIVE ROBERTS (CONT'D)

Take your time and let us know if the person that attacked you is one of these men.

Diana scans the paper. Her hand is shaking. She runs her finger along the faces. She stops on number 5

DIANA JENKINS

That's him! Number 5.

ERIC JENKINS

Are you positive?

DIANA JENKINS

Of course. I will never forget his face.

DETECTIVE WILLIAM FAUST

I need you to really look at his picture. Be 100% positive.

DIANA JENKINS

Detective, I couldn't be more positive.

Faust hands her a pen.

DETECTIVE WILLIAM FAUST

Can you please circle number 5 and write your initials next to it?

Diana circles Richard Radzik and signs her name next to his picture. Her husband puts his arm around her as she leans into him.

DETECTIVE WILLIAM FAUST (CONT'D)

Mrs. Jenkins, I can't thank you enough. I realize this wasn't easy for you. There may be a few more questions we will have for you at a later time but for now we will let you rest.

Eric stands up to shake the detectives hands and end the meeting.

ERIC JENKINS

Thank you detectives. We appreciate your work on helping to get this animal off the streets.

DETECTIVE ROBERTS

We will be in touch.

Eric shows them to the door and escorts them out of the hospital room.

INT. HOSPITAL/HALLWAY - DAY

Faust turns to Roberts as they walk down the hallway.

DETECTIVE WILLIAM FAUST

I want an A.P.B. out on Radzik immediately. We've got enough to hold him now.

DETECTIVE ROBERTS

I'll update the Captain.

INT. HOTEL BRISTOL/HALLWAY- NIGHT

Officer Matthew, Detective Faust and Robert and members of S.W.A.T. are in the hallway of the Hotel Bristol. Guns are drawn as they stand on either side of room 438. Officer Matthew knocks on the door.

DETECTIVE WILLIAM FAUST

Richard Radzik. This is the San Francisco Police Department. Open the door or we will be forced to make entry.

INT. HOTEL BRISTOL/ROOM 438 - CONTINUOUS

Richard jumps off the bed. Shirtless. He scrambles to hide anything that may incriminate him.

Pounding on the door continues.

INT. HOTEL BRISTOL/HALLWAY

Faust knocks again.

DETECTIVE WILLIAM FAUST
This is your last warning. Open the
door or we will be forced to break
it down.

INT. HOTEL BRISTOL/ROOM 438

Richard is trying to open the window to the fire escape.

RICHARD RADZIK
Hold on. I'm putting my clothes on.

INT. HOTEL BRISTOL/HALLWAY

Faust steps aside to let the battering ram do it's job.

DETECTIVE WILLIAM FAUST
(to other officers)
Break it down.

Using a battering ram, a police officer slams the door. It
flies open in a loud crash. The police rush in the room.

INT. HOTEL BRISTOL/ROOM 438

Two police officers rush Radzik and grab him before he can
make his escape.

DETECTIVE WILLIAM FAUST
Richard Radzik. You are under
arrest for the crime of attempted
murder. Put your hands behind your
back.

Richard struggles lightly. The police place Richard face down
on the bed as they put his hands behind his back, handcuffing
him.

INT. POLICE STATION/INTERROGATION ROOM - NIGHT

Richard is sitting with his shirt over his arms. Handcuffed.

Detective Faust and Roberts walk in.

DETECTIVE WILLIAM FAUST
Welcome back Mr. Radzik. Before you
say anything, I'd like to inform
you of your rights. You have the
right to remain silent.
(MORE)

DETECTIVE WILLIAM FAUST (CONT'D)

Anything you say, can and will be used against you in a court of law. Is that understood?

RICHARD RADZIK

What are you arresting me for?

DETECTIVE WILLIAM FAUST

I need a yes or no from you Richard.

RICHARD RADZIK

Yes.

DETECTIVE WILLIAM FAUST

Do you wish to talk to us?

RICHARD RADZIK

I didn't try to kill anyone.

DETECTIVE ROBERTS

We have a positive ID on you. Victim is 100%.

DETECTIVE WILLIAM FAUST

We can do this the easy way or the hard way. We have all night. Your choice.

RICHARD RADZIK

Who did I try to kill?

DETECTIVE ROBERTS

Does the name Diana Jenkins ring a bell?

RICHARD RADZIK

No. Does this have to do with the fingerprint on the windowpane? I told you. I'm a handyman. My fingerprints are everywhere.

DETECTIVE WILLIAM FAUST

No. This has to do with a woman brutally stabbed and shot. Who, by the will of God, survived to identify you as her attacker.

Detective Robert, slides some photos of a bloody Diana Jenkins across the table to Richard. He stares at them.

DETECTIVE WILLIAM FAUST (CONT'D)

How do these pictures make you feel Richard? Now does it ring a bell?

RICHARD RADZIK

Look. I didn't do that. Whoever did that is a monster. That isn't me.

DETECTIVE WILLIAM FAUST

Then who the fuck did it?! Why did she identify you? Did she just pick a random mother fucker from the photos and it was your lucky day?!

RICHARD RADZIK

I don't know! She lied!

DETECTIVE WILLIAM FAUST

She lied? Why the fuck would she lie? To gain what?

RICHARD RADZIK

Maybe her husband did it? Maybe she's covering for him.

DETECTIVE WILLIAM FAUST

How do you know she's married?

RICHARD RADZIK

She's wearing a wedding ring in the photo. I thought you guys were detectives?

Faust is losing his temper. He stands up and gets in Richard's face.

DETECTIVE WILLIAM FAUST

Have you ever seen what prison does to a man that is locked up for life? How it breaks his soul? His spirit? How he knows that his life is over, yet every day he has to relive the same thing day in and day out. No chance of ever getting out!

Radzik sits silent. He's showing no emotion. Roberts steps in to play good cop.

DETECTIVE ROBERTS

Look Richard, you gotta give us something. Maybe it was a robbery gone bad? Maybe you didn't mean to do it? Maybe your emotions got the best of you? Whatever it was, you're here now and it isn't by accident.

Richard snickers and leans back in his chair. The room falls silent. Faust takes a deep breath and calms down.

DETECTIVE WILLIAM FAUST
Settle in Roberts. This is going to
be a long fucking night.

INT. POLICE CAR - DAY

Officer Matthew and Jack Pickton are driving down the street. They are talking about the arrest of Richard Radzik the previous night.

JACK PICKTON
Do you think you got him?

OFFICER DAVID MATTHEW
It's a good chance. We have a
positive ID.

JACK PICKTON
What happens next?

OFFICER DAVID MATTHEW
Homicide is questioning him. They
will hold him until they can get
him in front of a judge.

Jack PICKTON
And how long will that take?

OFFICER DAVID MATTHEW
Within 24 hours. A couple more
ladies over there for you to talk
to.

JACK PICKTON
(laughs)
I don't know if I can afford it.

Police car pulls over to the curb. Officer Matthew rolls down his window.

OFFICER DAVID MATTHEW
Ladies, can my friend here have a
word with you? He's writing a book.
You could be famous.

INT. HOTEL BRISTOL/LOBBY - NIGHT

Jack Pickton is standing at the front counter. The hotel is dirty and noisy. Homeless man laying in the doorway. Front desk clerk walks up. He seems annoyed.

FRONT DESK

Can I help you?

JACK PICKTON

Yeah, my friend had a little incident last night and I need to pick up a few things in his room for him?

FRONT DESK

Name?

JACK

Richard Radzik.

Clerk shuffles through some index cards.

FRONT DESK

Room 438. But I don't think you're supposed to go in there.

Jack pulls a hundred dollar bill out of his wallet and hands it to the clerk.

JACK PICKTON

It's okay.

Jack walks away as the clerk puts the money in his pocket.

INT. HOTEL BRISTOL/HALLWAY - NIGHT

Jack walks to room 438. The door has police caution tape across it. It's still broken from the night before. Jack lifts the tape and walks underneath.

INT. HOTEL BRISTOL/ROOM 438

Jack walks around the room. He opens some drawers but the police have already scoured the room. There is trash everywhere. Clothes strewn about. Drawers emptied onto the bed.

He goes through the clothes looking for anything. Finds nothing incriminating. Jack opens the closet door. Laying in the corner of the closet are a pair of dirty pants. Jack picks them up. He feels in the pocket. Pulls out a bracelet.

The initials D.J. are engraved on it. He flips it over. It's a medical bracelet.

Insert:

DIABETES/INSULIN
COUMADIN/WARFARIN
ALLERGIES: PENICILLIN
DIANA JENKINS
ICE: 415-555-6723

He places it in his pocket and walks out of the room.

INT. POLICE STATION/CAPTAIN STONE OFFICE - DAY

Detective Faust is waiting for Stone to finish his phone call. He's annoyed and agitated. He hangs up.

CAPTAIN STONE

That was the district attorney.
They are afraid we don't have
enough to hold him on.

DETECTIVE WILLIAM FAUST

Not enough? We have an eye witness.
She picked him out.

CAPTAIN STONE

Their argument is that she was
under a heavy amount of stress and
her memory wasn't the best. On top
of that, they say your photo array
wasn't double-blind and you didn't
videotape the initial witness-
identification process and document
the witness's confidence judgment
at the time she first identified
the suspect.

DETECTIVE WILLIAM FAUST

Who's side is this D.A. on?

CAPTAIN STONE

The D.A. is just trying to prevent
a lawsuit later down the line and
stop an innocent man from going to
prison for life. Did you perform a
double-blind photo array?

DETECTIVE WILLIAM FAUST

No Captain. I didn't. Since when do
we?

CAPTAIN STONE

Starting now. The public defender will try anything they can to get this guy walking. We need to make sure we have everything in place to make sure he doesn't.

INT. ABC NEWS STATION - DAY

PRODUCER of ABC 7 news is holding some papers. She's reading through them. She's standing with news anchor, Ashley Patricks.

PRODUCER

Let's run with it tonight. I want to be the first to break this.

ASHLEY PATRICKS

We don't know all the facts.

PRODUCER

Since when has that stopped us before?

INT. FAUST HOME - NIGHT

Faust is lying in bed with his wife and two young girls age 7 and 8. He's reading them a bed time story.

DETECTIVE WILLIAM FAUST

"A young woman holds her newborn daughter
And looks at her lovingly.
Softly she sings to her:
I'll love you forever
I'll like you for always
As long as I'm living
My baby you'll be."

His phone rings. His young daughters jump. His wife Linda is visibly angry. He looks at the caller ID.

LINDA

Don't you dare pick up that phone.

DETECTIVE WILLIAM FAUST

It's the Captain.

LINDA

Damn it William!

Faust steps out of the room. He answers the phone. His wife continues reading where he left off.

DETECTIVE WILLIAM FAUST
Captain?

CAPTAIN STONE
Faust. We have a major problem. Our case against Radzik just got blown to shit!

DETECTIVE WILLIAM FAUST
Because of a fucking photo array?

CAPTAIN STONE
I wish it were that simple. Meet me at 306 Retiro way. And Faust, it's bad.

EXT. HOME - NIGHT

Detective Faust pulls up to Retiro way. Police cars are blocking the street. He drives through the police barricade and pulls up to the address. Police are all over the place. Neighbors are standing on the sidewalk.

INT. HOME/LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Detective Faust is met by Captain Stone in the front room. Stone looks visibly shaken.

CAPTAIN STONE
Before we go in there, I need to tell you it's the worst I've ever seen in all my years.

DETECTIVE WILLIAM FAUST
Captain.

INT. HOME/BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

The pair walk to a back bedroom. There are 3 police officers standing in the hallway. The look on their faces says it all. Laying on the bed are a husband and wife. Television is on in the background. The blankets are soaked in blood. The walls have blood splatter everywhere.

Their heads are smashed in.

DETECTIVE WILLIAM FAUST
My God. I have never seen such
violence committed on a human body.
This was personal. Who are they?

CAPTAIN STONE
The only thing we have to go on is
their IDs. Beverly and Charles
Myers. Late 60s. A neighbor heard
some noise and looked outside. She
saw a man running from the house.
This is bad Faust. Real bad.

DETECTIVE WILLIAM FAUST
It's tragic.

CAPTAIN STONE
You don't understand.

Stone walks over to the right side of the bed nearest the
wall. He points to a bracelet laying on the floor.

DETECTIVE WILLIAM FAUST
What am I looking at? A bracelet?

CAPTAIN STONE
The name on the bracelet is Diana
Jenkins.

DETECTIVE WILLIAM FAUST
Are you fucking kidding me? How the
Hell can that be? She was positive
it was him. We have him in custody!
Those aren't .22 injuries.

CAPTAIN STONE
He isn't our guy Faust. And whoever
did this wants us to know he isn't
our guy. He wants our attention.
He's taunting us. He's changing his
M.O. No knife. No gun. He beat
these poor people to death.

ON SCREEN:
Breaking NEWS - San Francisco Police catch the .22 Killer.

Faust and Stone spin to look at the TV.

DETECTIVE WILLIAM FAUST
For fuck's sake!

CAPTAIN STONE
Shit storm Faust. A Goddamn shit
storm.

INT. POLICE STATION/COMMISSIONER'S OFFICE - DAY

Commissioner THOMAS MASON and Public defender, MATT TAUDREY are sitting in the Commissioners office with Detective Faust and Captain Stone. The room is well-appointed with awards and accolades sprinkling the walls.

MATT TAUDREY

I want my client released immediately.

COMMISSIONER THOMAS MASON

I want someone to explain to me what the Hell happened!

DETECTIVE WILLIAM FAUST

Commissioner. Our witness ID'd Radzik with no hesitation. My gut instinct tells me it's him.

MATT TAUDREY

Are you willing to send an innocent man to prison for life because of your "gut instinct"? He is being detained without proper cause.

DETECTIVE WILLIAM FAUST

Without proper cause? We've got his fucking fingerprints on the window of one crime scene and an eyewitness ID on another. How much more evidence do you want?

MATT TAUDREY

The fingerprints were on the outside of the house. He already told you he does odd jobs for people. And we all know witness ID is flawed. Eyewitness misidentification has played a role in more than 70 percent of wrongfully convicted individuals. Do you want to add this case to the statistics?

CAPTAIN STONE

Look. Somewhere, something went wrong. Whether it's the witness ID or the news leaking information to the public or what. Either way Faust, we have to let this guy go. For now. Our main focus needs to be on who is killing in our city with such abandon.

COMMISSIONER THOMAS MASON

I've got the media coming down on me trying to find out how this three ring circus is going to end. I want every available resource we have on this case 24/7. Understood?

CAPTAIN STONE

Yes Commissioner. Thank you.

MATT TAUDREY

I trust my client will be released within the hour?

COMMISSIONER THOMAS MASON

I'll make sure of it.

INT. HOTEL BRISTOL/ROOM 438 - NIGHT

Richard walks into his hotel room. It's trashed. His belongings thrown everywhere. He starts to pick up some of the clothes when he sees a note taped to his TV. It simply says "You're Welcome". He rips it off the TV and looks out the window. He grabs a chair and pushes it against his broken door.

INT. FAIRMOUNT HOTEL/685 - NIGHT

Jack Pickton is in his hotel room. He's sitting at his desk writing on his laptop. The TV is on in the background.

ON SCREEN:

San Francisco Police now say they arrested the wrong man. The ".22 Killer" still at large. Residents are up in arms. Mayor to hold press conference tomorrow at 10AM. Details tonight at 11.

Pickton picks up his book "Monsters Among us..." and flips through the pages.

INT. MEXICAN RESTAURANT - DAY

Officer Matthew and Jack Pickton are eating lunch in a small mexican taco bar in the Mission district.

OFFICER DAVID MATTHEW

How's your writing coming? Get any good information?

JACK PICKTON

It's coming along. Crime seems more acceptable in America than it does in Canada.

OFFICER DAVID MATTHEW

It's not that it's acceptable. We just understand that with a population ten times the size of Canada, America is going to have a lot more crime. The people of Canada are no different than America. It's not you have different DNA in Canada.

JACK PICKTON

No, but we do have a slower life style. Everyone in the U.S. are always on the go. You need to learn to slow down a bit. Enjoy life. Learn to live. You never know when your last day will be.

OFFICER DAVID MATTHEW

Trust me. Every day on this job could be my last day.

INT. HOSPITAL/ROOM 212 - DAY

Detective Faust is in Diana Jenkin's hospital room.. Her husband is sitting with her.

DETECTIVE WILLIAM FAUST

Mrs. Jenkins, your bracelet was found at the scene of another homicide.

Diana and her husband look excited.

DIANA JENKINS

That's great!

ERIC JENKINS

More evidence against him right?

DETECTIVE WILLIAM FAUST

Unfortunately not. It was found at a homicide that was committed after we arrested him. He was in custody when it happened. It looks like we arrested the wrong man.

DIANA JENKINS

How can that be!? I know who I saw.
His face is etched in my mind!

DETECTIVE WILLIAM FAUST

I have no doubt that you are
confident in who you identified.
Unfortunately witness ID doesn't
hold up in a court of law against
the evidence his public defender
has in his favor.

ERIC JENKINS

So the guy that attacked my wife,
the guy she identified, walks? Just
like that?

DETECTIVE WILLIAM FAUST

At this point MR. Jenkins, that's
what it looks like. If you can
think of anything else, that may
help our case, please let us know.
But as of right now, we had no
choice but to release him. My best
advice is to get yourself and Mrs.
Jenkins out of town until this is
all over. Get away from the city.
Take a vacation. If we need you we
will reach out.

EXT. HOME - FOREST KNOLLS DIST. - NIGHT

Richard is sitting in bushes across the street from his next
victim. The home is located in a quiet community trimmed by
trees and open land. A rarity in San Francisco. The home is a
two-story contemporary structure. Dark blue. Balcony located
on the street.

Richard waits until he knows the occupants will be asleep to
make his entry. He silently climbs onto the balcony. The
balcony door is slightly open.

INT. HOME/BEDROOM - NIGHT

He creeps in. In his hand is a crowbar. He's wearing gloves.

In the bed are husband and wife MARTY and LORI WHITTON.
Richard hits Marty over the head multiple times. The thudding
sound of the crowbar wakes Lori who lets out a scream.
Richard quickly hits her and knocks her out. He finishes off
Marty. The blood pours out of open wounds and soaks the
pillow.

He walks around to the other side and grabs Lori by her hair. Her limp body hits the floor. Richard drags her to the guest bedroom. A trail of blood follows behind her on the wooden floor. He binds her hands with zipties.

INT. HOME - NIGHT

Richard walks through the house making sure no one else is in the home. He is also looking for anything of any value. He opens doors and drawers. Nothing. He makes his way back upstairs.

INT. HOME/GUEST BEDROOM - NIGHT

Lori Whitton is starting to wake up. She lets out a gasp and recoils in fear as Richard is standing over her. Crowbar in hand.

RICHARD RADZIK
Where is the fucking jewelry?!

LORI WHITTON
(crying)
We don't....

RICHARD RADZIK
Don't fucking lie to me!

LORI WHITTON
(crying)
In the bedroom. Top drawer.

RICHARD RADZIK
If you scream or try to get away, I
will smash your fucking skull in.

Richard walks towards the bedroom.

INT. HOME/BEDROOM - NIGHT

Richard opens the dresser drawer. He pulls out clothes and throws them around the room. He sees a small box in the back of the drawer. Inside he finds some rings and necklaces. He grabs them and walks to the guest bedroom.

INT. HOME/GUEST BEDROOM - NIGHT

RICHARD RADZIK
This is it!?

LORI WHITTON
Yes.

RICHARD RADZIK
You better not be lying to me.

LORI WHITTON
(sobbing)
I'm not.

Richard unzips his pants and pulls out a gun from his waistband. He walks over to Lori and puts his crotch right in front of her face.

LORI WHITTON (CONT'D)
Please don't. I'm begging you.
Please.

Richard grabs the back of her head and shoves it into his crotch.

EXT. HOME - NIGHT

Outside, the streets are silent. One gunshot is heard from outside the home. A neighbor's light turns on.

INT. POLICE CAR - DAY

Officer Matthew and Jack Pickton are driving through the Mission. Police radio chatter is heard in the background.

JACK PICKTON
What is the mood around the station
with this guy on the loose?

OFFICER DAVID MATTHEW
Tense. Homicide is under pressure
from the Mayor to catch this guy.
The media is down our throats.
Everyone wants to be the first one
to break the news. It's crazy.

JACK PICKTON
From my experience, they always
slip up. Someone somewhere, knows
this guy.

OFFICER DAVID MATTHEW
Speaking of experience, what is
yours with this? You have a best-
selling book about serial killers.
You must be pretty knowledgeable on
the matter.

JACK PICKTON
Well, honestly, I spent some
time...

Police radio cuts through.

POLICE RADIO: All units in the vicinity of 16th and Capp st.,
Please respond to reports of a possible 10-54 in the
alleyway south of Victoria Theater.

OFFICER DAVID MATTHEW
Dispatch. 52 en route to 16th and
Capp.

POLICE RADIO: Make contact with 10-62 at "Mi Terra" market on
west side of alley.

OFFICER DAVID MATTHEW (CONT'D)
10-4 dispatch.

Officer Matthew turns on the lights and siren. Police car
speeds through the streets. Officer Matthew and Pickton pull
up to 16th and Capp st. Bystanders are crowding around the
alley. There is already one officer there. Pickton and
Matthew get out of the car. Officer Matthew walks over to the
alley. Pickton blends into the crowd.

OFFICER DAVID MATTHEW (CONT'D)
What do we got?

F.O.S. OFFICER
Deceased female. Mid-thirties.
Multiple stab wounds to the
abdomen.

OFFICER DAVID MATTHEW
Any witnesses?

F.O.S. OFFICER
None yet.

OFFICER DAVID MATTHEW
Do we know who she is??

F.O.S. OFFICER
No I.D.

Pickton moves to the front of the crowd, which is held back by caution tape, pulls out his phone and snaps a couple of pictures. He starts talking to the people in the crowd. Interviewing them.

JACK PICKTON
Did anyone see anything?

BYSTANDER #1
No. You probably wouldn't get anyone to admit it if they did.

JACK PICKTON
Why's that?

BYSTANDER #1
Retribution. Plus, most people in this neighborhood have their own problems. We don't need more.

JACK PICKTON
Aren't you worried that not saying anything will allow the person who did this to continue?

BYSTANDER #2
I just keep my head down.

More police cars pull up. Pickton walks back to Officer Matthew's cruiser. Matthew walks over to Pickton. He opens the trunk of his car.

OFFICER DAVID MATTHEW
Did she look familiar?

JACK PICKTON
Not to me.

OFFICER DAVID MATTHEW
She is one of the prostitutes you talked to the other day. Across from the Bristol.

JACK PICKTON
What? Do you think Richard saw me talking to her and was sending a message?

OFFICER DAVID MATTHEW
He's not our guy. Whoever did this, it was personal.

JACK PICKTON

Looks like Jack the Ripper was here.

OFFICER DAVID MATTHEW

You're fucking telling me.

EXT. POLICE STATION - DAY

TV cameras are set up outside of the police station. Reporters are holding tape recorders. The MAYOR, Julie Copeland and Detective Faust are holding a press conference. MAYOR CHANNING is a man in his 60s. Tall. Good looking. Salt and pepper hair.

REPORTER #1

Mayor Channing, what can you say to insure the citizens of San Francisco that they are safe?

MAYOR CHANNING

Our police force is one of the best in the country. They have been working tirelessly to crack this case. I have the utmost confidence in their abilities.

REPORTER #2

Mayor, they've already arrested one individual and had to release him. Don't you think that shows incompetence by the task force?

MAYOR CHANNING

Absolutely not. These things happen. This is not an exact science. As more evidence unfolds, we get a clearer picture of who we are dealing with.

REPORTER #3

Do you have any suspects in the .22 killings?

MAYOR CHANNING

That is not for me to answer. I will hand over the microphone to Detective William Faust, who is the lead investigator on this case. Detective Faust.

DETECTIVE WILLIAM FAUST
Thank you Mayor Channing. At this time, we have a few suspects under observation. I can not divulge any names so please don't ask.

REPORTER #2
This killer seems to kill with many different methods and with impunity. This is unusual. How are the police dealing with this?

DETECTIVE WILLIAM FAUST
We have a task force working on this 24/7. The amount of work going into this case is monumental.

REPORTER #2
What evidence do you have?

DETECTIVE WILLIAM FAUST
This is an open and active investigation. I am not at liberty to disclose that information. Next.

REPORTER #3
Detective, you arrested Richard Radzik and were confident he was the suspect. How can we trust that you will have the right suspect next time?

DETECTIVE WILLIAM FAUST
Again, this is an ongoing and active investigation. Mistakes were made. But I would rather make a mistake and follow every lead than worry about making mistakes and let the killer slip through our grasp. My biggest priority is to protect the citizens of this city. That will be all. Thank you.

Detective Faust walks away from the podium. The Mayor and Julie Copeland stay behind.

REPORTER #1
Detective

REPORTER #4
Detective. What is your next plan of action?

INT. HOME - NIGHT

Detective Faust walks into his home. There are suitcases by the front door. He puts his briefcase down on the table.

DETECTIVE WILLIAM FAUST

Honey?

Faust walks through the house. He finds his wife in the children's bedroom packing their clothes.

INT. HOUSE/BEDROOM - NIGHT

DETECTIVE WILLIAM FAUST

Linda. What are you doing?

LINDA

We're going to stay with my parents for a week or so. Girls, can you gather your toys? Daddy and I need to talk for a few minutes.

DETECTIVE WILLIAM FAUST

Honey...

They step out into the hallway. The disappointment on her face is visible.

INT. HOUSE/HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

Linda is standing in a defensive position. Arms crossed.

LINDA

You have been working late nights and I'm tired of going to sleep alone with this maniac on the streets. My parents want to see the girls more often and I need more family time. We will be safe there.

DETECTIVE WILLIAM FAUST

I know I haven't been here but you know the job. It's unpredictable. We take it day by day. Don't do this. Please.

LINDA

It isn't fair to the girls. They need more structure in their life right now. They need to feel secure.

(MORE)

LINDA (CONT'D)

Kids at school are talking about this case and they want to know why daddy isn't home protecting them.

DETECTIVE WILLIAM FAUST

I am under a massive amount of stress here Linda. This isn't helping.

LINDA

You will be able to stay late at work and protect the "citizens of this city" and not have to worry about us.

DETECTIVE WILLIAM FAUST

God damnit Linda! That isn't fair. I have an obligation to this city.

LINDA

What about your obligation to this family?

DETECTIVE WILLIAM FAUST

This family is always my priority.

LINDA

We will be at my parent's William.

EXT. HOME - NIGHT

Detective Faust stands in the driveway as his wife and children drive away. He waves goodbye. As he walks back towards the house, his phone rings.

INT. HOME - NIGHT

Faust is kneeling down next to a woman's body. Her nightgown is pulled up around her legs. It's stained with blood. Her panties lay next to her. FORENSIC INVESTIGATOR walks over.

FORENSIC INVESTIGATOR

Looks like she was raped and then shot once in the head.

DETECTIVE WILLIAM FAUST

Is it our guy?

FORENSIC INVESTIGATOR

Pointing that direction. Entry was through the balcony window. Wasn't forced though.

Faust and the forensic investigator walk into the bedroom. On the bed is lying a white male. Bludgeoned. The bed is stained with blood. The walls are blood splattered.

DETECTIVE WILLIAM FAUST
Fucking Hell. How do we know entry?

FORENSIC INVESTIGATOR
Muddy footprint. Nike.

They walk over to the balcony door. Faust kneels down and takes a photo of the footprint with his phone.

DETECTIVE WILLIAM FAUST
I think our suspect is changing his
M.O. Robbery?

FORENSIC INVESTIGATOR
Unless he walked in on them while
she was going through her underwear
drawer, he was looking for
something.

DETECTIVE WILLIAM FAUST
I need a ballistics report first
thing in the morning.

FORENSIC INVESTIGATOR
You'll have it.

INT. POLICE STATION/HOMICIDE - DAY

Detective Faust is sitting at his desk. The noise of phones are ringing. Detective Roberts walks over with a sheet of paper. He hands it to Faust.

DETECTIVE ROBERTS
Just got this from ballistics. Same
shooter as all the other ones.

Faust and Roberts walk over to the "war room". On the wall are photos of every victim. There is string connecting each photo to another. There is a map with pins on every crime location. A photo of Nike and Avia shoe prints is in the center.

DETECTIVE WILLIAM FAUST
What shoes were Radzik wearing?

DETECTIVE ROBERTS
Nike. Holy shit.

DETECTIVE WILLIAM FAUST
We need to think like he would. Get
into his head.

DETECTIVE ROBERTS
Why don't we talk with Pickton? He
may be able to give us some insight
into who we're chasing. This guy
literally wrote the book on serial
killers.

DETECTIVE WILLIAM FAUST
Something about him rubs me the
wrong way.

DETECTIVE ROBERTS
You're under a lot of pressure
Faust. Wouldn't take much to get on
your bad side right now.

Faust looks at Roberts like he wants to smile but he
maintains his gruff police demeanor.

DETECTIVE ROBERTS (CONT'D)
Look, all I'm saying is it's worth
a shot. You know?

DETECTIVE WILLIAM FAUST
Get him in here.

INT. POLICE CAR - DAY

Officer Matthew and Pickton are driving through the
Tenderloin district. Matthew's cell phone rings.

OFFICER DAVID MATTHEW
Officer Matthew.

DETECTIVE ROBERTS
Officer Matthew. This is detective
Tim Roberts. My partner and I would
like to talk with Jack Pickton
regarding a case we are working on.
Is he still riding with you?

Officer Matthew looks over at Pickton.

OFFICER DAVID MATTHEW
Yes. He is detective.

DETECTIVE ROBERTS
What is your ETA to the station?

OFFICER DAVID MATTHEW
I can bring him to the station now.
15 minutes.

Jack looks visibly nervous. Matthew hangs up the phone and looks at Pickton.

OFFICER DAVID MATTHEW (CONT'D)
Detectives want to talk to you.

INT. POLICE STATION/CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY

Roberts and Pickton are sitting in the conference room. Faust walks in and shakes hands with Pickton.

DETECTIVE WILLIAM FAUST
Mr. Pickton. Thank you for meeting
with us.

JACK PICKTON
My pleasure. Although I am a little
surprised.

DETECTIVE WILLIAM FAUST
You seem a little nervous. You
okay?

JACK PICKTON
Yes.

DETECTIVE ROBERTS
The reason we wanted to talk with
you is, we are investigating the
.22 killer murders and your name
came up.

JACK PICKTON
My name?

DETECTIVE WILLIAM FAUST
Yes. We feel you may have some
intimate knowledge of what we are
dealing with.

JACK PICKTON
How so?

DETECTIVE ROBERTS
Your book, "Monsters Among Us".
It's about serial killers right? We
figured you may be able to help us
profile who we are chasing.

Pickton lets out a small sigh of relief.

JACK PICKTON

I would love to help any way I can.
But don't you have a criminal
 profiler?

DETECTIVE WILLIAM FAUST

Yes. But we want a different
perspective. We've hit a wall on
this.

JACK PICKTON

What would you like to know?

DETECTIVE WILLIAM FAUST

What makes a guy like this tick?

JACK PICKTON

A serial killer comes about by
circumstances. A recipe. Poverty,
drugs, child abuse. These things
you know, contribute to a person...
to a person's frustrations and
anger and at some point in life,
they explode.

DETECTIVE ROBERTS

Do you believe he is an evil
person?

JACK PICKTON

I believe in the evils of human
nature. This is a wicked world. In
a wicked world, wicked people are
born.

DETECTIVE WILLIAM FAUST

In your experience, what are their
motives?

JACK PICKTON

Depends. For some it's power. The
chance to play God. To control
their victims. To fill a void they
can't fill otherwise. For others,
it's sexual gratification. If they
don't give into their sexual urges,
they will be crushed by them. They
associate violence with sexual
pleasure. Like a drug addict, they
need to increase their level of
stimulation each time to feel any
sort of release.

(MORE)

JACK PICKTON (CONT'D)

For them, violence and sexual gratification are inexplicably intertwined in their psyche. And the scariest ones of all, just kill for fun. It's a sport. Sort of like hunting humans. They want to rack up as many kills as they can. They want to be famous and they don't care what they have to do to make that happen.

DETECTIVE ROBERTS

And morally, how do they fit in with society? Are they emotional or killing machines?

JACK PICKTON

Serial killers do on a small scale what governments do on a large one. They are a product of the times and these are bloodthirsty times. Even psychopaths have emotions if you dig deep enough.

(pause)

We are all a product of our environment.

DETECTIVE WILLIAM FAUST

Would you say most serial killers are drifters?

JACK PICKTON

Just the opposite. Most serial killers have very defined geographic areas of operation. They conduct their killings within comfort zones that are often defined by an anchor point such as place of residence, employment, or residence of a relative. Serial murderers will, at times, spiral their activities outside of their comfort zone, when their confidence has grown through experience or to avoid detection. Very few serial murderers travel interstate to kill.

DETECTIVE WILLIAM FAUST

Thank you for your time Mr. Pickton. You've given us some very valuable information.

JACK PICKTON

Can I ask how many he's killed so far?

DETECTIVE WILLIAM FAUST

7.

JACK PICKTON

7? I thought it was 10?

DETECTIVE WILLIAM FAUST

Where did you get that number from?

JACK PICKTON

Well, the prostitute in the alley, the one in the hotel room with the pentagram on the door and there was the one where that woman's bracelet was found.

Detective Faust and Roberts look at each other. Surprised.

DETECTIVE WILLIAM FAUST

Mr. Pickton. How do you know about the pentagram on the back of the door? That information was not made public and neither was the bracelet. Where did you get that information?

JACK PICKTON

I'm a journalist. Research is what I do.

DETECTIVE WILLIAM FAUST

That information was only made available to officers directly involved with this case. Research or a leak Pickton?

JACK PICKTON

As a journalist, I can't divulge my sources.

DETECTIVE WILLIAM FAUST

You son of a bitch! I will have you sent back to fucking Canada by morning if you don't tell us where you got that information!

JACK PICKTON

Detective, I assure you, it was just good old fashioned investigating.

Faust looks at Roberts.

DETECTIVE WILLIAM FAUST
Get this piece of shit out of here
and get Officer Matthew in here
immediately. Mr. Pickton, you're
dismissed.

JACK PICKTON
Detectives, Officer...

DETECTIVE WILLIAM FAUST
You're dismissed Pickton.

INT. POLICE STATION/CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY

Faust, Captain Stone and Roberts are sitting on one side of a long table in the conference room. Officer Matthew is seated across from them. There is a pitcher of water in front of them. The room is dimly lit. Doors closed.

CAPTAIN STONE
I don't think I have to tell you
Matthew what kind of hot water you
are going to be in if we find out
you are our leak!

OFFICER DAVID MATTHEW
Captain, I can assure you I have
not leaked anything to anyone. I
have been on the force for 18
years. I wouldn't jeopardize my
pension and my family's future.

DETECTIVE WILLIAM FAUST
How the fuck did Pickton know
details about the case then
Matthew!? He's been riding with you
every day. Someone has been leaking
information to the media as well.

OFFICER DAVID MATTHEW
Detective, I may not be a homicide
investigator anymore, but I
understand the severity of keeping
information about a case close to
the vest. My record is clean with
the department.

CAPTAIN STONE
I don't want to believe it's you
Matthew. You've been a good cop.
(MORE)

CAPTAIN STONE (CONT'D)

Kept your nose clean and are an attribute to the force. Maybe you inadvertently talked about details in passing?

OFFICER DAVID MATTHEW

Absolutely not Captain.

CAPTAIN STONE

Someone has been talking. We will find out who. I hope it isn't you.

OFFICER DAVID MATTHEW

If I can help, please let me know.

INT. "GRACE CATHEDRAL" - DAY

Sunlight is shining through the stained glass windows. Particles of dust are illuminated as they dance through the air. The high ceilings create an echo as the church bell signifies noon. "BONG" "BONG" "BONG". The sound reverberates throughout the old stone and marble walls. In the church lays a large labyrinth on the floor. It is meant to guide you and calm your mind. We see Richard walking the labyrinth. Over and over he walks the circular design.

Richard spots a woman in the back of the church. His urge to kill is too much to handle.

EXT. SAN FRANCISCO STREETS - DAY

Richard follows the woman as she walks away. He keeps his distance through the crowded streets of San Francisco. Soon, they are walking into a residential neighborhood. They are getting close to her home.

EXT. HOME - DAY

The woman stops to check her mailbox. They are at her home. He can feel the urge to snuff out her life boiling in his body. Nothing short of killing will give him release. He stands off in the distance. He's zoning out. Tunnel-vision has set in. A young boy, age 6, runs out of the house.

BOY

MOMMY!

The gaze is broken as he sees the woman hold her young son in her arms in a tight embrace. Richard turns around abruptly and walks away. The urge still there. A car drives by. Richard ducks into a side street.

INT. HOTEL BRISTOL/HALLWAY - NIGHT

Jack knocks on the door of room 438. He's wearing a Chesterfield coat. Black gloves. Slacks. Shoes shined like glass. A voice from the other side answers.

RICHARD RADZIK

Who is it?

JACK PICKTON

Detective Waller. I need to ask you a few questions.

Door opens slowly.

INT. HOTEL BRISTOL/ROOM 438 - NIGHT

Jack walks in. Closes the door behind him. TV is on.

RICHARD RADZIK

I've already given my statement. I told the other detectives I had nothing to do with the killings.

JACK PICKTON

Mr. Radzik, we have your fingerprints. We have positive ID. We know you did it. Just a matter of time before we catch you.

RICHARD RADZIK

You've got nothing on me.

JACK PICKTON

I will admit. You've covered your tracks well. But everyone makes mistakes. How did it feel to smash their skulls in? To slide your knife deep into their bodies? How did it feel to watch their life's blood drain onto the floor? Did it give you satisfaction?

RICHARD RADZIK

Fuck you!

JACK PICKTON

What's the matter Richard? Feeling guilty? Is the weight of it weighing on your shoulders?

RICHARD RADZIK

Get the fuck out of my room!

Jack goes to leave but before he does, he pulls a Zippo lighter out of his pocket. He tosses it to Richard.

JACK PICKTON
Does this look familiar to you?

Richard examines the lighter?

RICHARD RADZIK
Never seen that before in my life.

He tosses it back to Pickton. Pickton smiles and puts it back in his pocket. Richard slams the door shut.

RICHARD RADZIK (CONT'D)
Fucking pigs!

EXT. HOME - NIGHT

Jack Pickton walks out of a house in the Richmond district. The streets are silent. It's early morning.

INT. HOME/LIVING ROOM - DAY

Detectives Faust and Roberts are standing in the living room. The body of a black male is lying on the floor. He has stab wounds in his chest. The wounds are deep. The glass coffee table is shattered. The fireplace poker is lying by his side. Bloody. From the looks of the room, he put up a struggle.

DETECTIVE ROBERTS
This guy didn't go down easy.

DETECTIVE WILLIAM FAUST
Do we have anything?

DETECTIVE ROBERTS
Nothing so far.

DETECTIVE WILLIAM FAUST
There's nothing here that points to Radzik. Fuck! He's getting cleaner. Learning as he goes.

DETECTIVE ROBERTS
Maybe it isn't related?

DETECTIVE WILLIAM FAUST
I don't believe in coincidences.

EXT. HOME - DAY

Forensics are looking for evidence outside of the home. Neighbors are standing across the street. Reporters are outside. News cameras everywhere. It's a media circus. Word has gotten out that this could be another victim of the ".22 Killer".

INT. HOME - DAY

The coroner rolls the body over to place the victim in the coroner's bag. Roberts and Faust are watching. Underneath the body is a small Zippo lighter.

DETECTIVE WILLIAM FAUST
STOP! Get forensics in here.

A FORENSIC INVESTIGATOR comes in. She has an evidence bag in her hand. She is wearing plastic gloves. She picks up the silver Zippo lighter and holds it in the sunlight glistening through the living room window. The lighter reflects the sun light. A fingerprint is seen.

FORENSIC INVESTIGATOR
We've got a print. I can get this analyzed and have it for you this afternoon.

DETECTIVE WILLIAM FAUST
The sooner the better. Could be nothing. Could be everything.

INT. POLICE STATION/FINGERPRINT LAB - DAY

Detective Roberts is standing next to a LAB TECHNICIAN. She is wearing a blue smock overcoat, early-20s. She places the Zippo lighter in a Plexiglas box. She separates two sheets of paper which contain the glue which will adhere to the fingerprints. She hangs the paper from the top of the box and closes the door.

LAB TECHNICIAN
Now we wait. Should have results within 30 minutes.

DETECTIVE ROBERTS
Thank you. Please let me know as soon as you have a hit. I will be upstairs.

EXT. EMBARCADERO - DAY

The streets of San Francisco are crowded with people going about their lives. Mothers pushing strollers. Bicyclists. Joggers. Business people. Richard doesn't blend in with the yuppie crowd walking along the waterfront. His eye is drawn to a newspaper stand. It's the San Francisco Weekly. A community newspaper focused on the music, food and art scene. He opens the door and pulls out the paper. He stands staring in shock and anger at the front page.

Insert - Newspaper Headline

"Famed novelist and playwright, Jack Pickton rides with SFPD"

Richard is awestruck. The photo is that of Detective Waller. The man that was in his room. The man that harassed him at his hotel. He reads the article out loud.

RICHARD RADZIK

"Famed New York Times best-seller, Jack Pickton is riding with the SFPD in hopes of doing research on crime in the U.S. We met up with Mr. Pickton in his room at the prestigious Fairmont hotel in Nob Hill to ask him how his research is coming along."

Richard throws the paper to the ground. His anger is fuming.

INT. FAIRMONT HOTEL/ROOM 685 - DAY

Sunlight floods the well-appointed, posh hotel room at the Fairmont. Soft jazz is playing in the background. Nondescript jazz. The kind you would hear at Red Lobster or the elevator to head up to room 685. Note papers are spread out on the bed. Pickton is writing. Writing his exposé that could win him another award.

INT. POLICE STATION/SITUATION ROOM - DAY

Detective Roberts is with Detective Faust in the situation room for the ".22 Killer". Roberts' phone rings.

DETECTIVE ROBERTS

Roberts.
(pauses)

DETECTIVE ROBERTS (CONT'D)

That's great. Will get it now.

Roberts hangs up the phone.

DETECTIVE ROBERTS (CONT'D)
That was fingerprinting. They got a
100% match. Faxing it now.

Roberts and Faust walk over to the fax machine. The paper is
printing out. Line by line, their killer emerges. Until...

DETECTIVE WILLIAM FAUST
I fucking knew it! Radzik!

DETECTIVE ROBERTS
But how? He was in custody. He
couldn't have...

DETECTIVE WILLIAM FAUST
The witnesses time-line was off.
What else could it be? I want that
son of a bitch brought in. Put
every uniform on this and get him
off the fucking streets!

Roberts walks into the main room of homicide. Detectives are
at their desks.

DETECTIVE ROBERTS
Listen up people! Radzik is our
guy. We have a 100% fingerprint
match from the last scene. Get
every resource you have and bring
him in. This is top-priority.
Everything else you are doing takes
a back seat.

INT. HOTEL BRISTOL/STAIRS - NIGHT

Police are making their way up the stairs of the Bristol
hotel. S.W.A.T. are dressed in full battle attire. Guns at
the ready.

INT. HOTEL BRISTOL/HALLWAY - ROOM 438 - CONTINUOUS

S.W.A.T. officers are lined up on either side of the door.
The lead officer's shield is ready to push it's way through
the room. They can hear a TV faintly on the other side of the
door. KNOCK! KNOCK!

POLICE OFFICER
Richard Radzik. We have a warrant
for your arrest.
(MORE)

POLICE OFFICER (CONT'D)

(pause)

Break it down.

Rearing back with full-force, a S.W.A.T. officer hits the freshly replaced door with the battering ram. Knocking it off it's hinges. Pieces of wood fly through the air.

INT. HOTEL BRISTOL/ROOM 438 - CONTINUOUS

The police rush into the room. Emptiness is all they see. No sign of Radzik.

INT. POLICE STATION/SITUATION ROOM - NIGHT

Detective Faust and Roberts and a few other officers are in the situation room. Faust just received the news that Radzik wasn't in his hotel room. He makes the decision to bring in Jack Pickton for some more advice.

DETECTIVE WILLIAM FAUST

Send a car to pick up Pickton. As much as I don't like that son of a bitch, maybe he can tell us what Radzik's next move will be since he wrote the Goddamn book on this shit!

INT. FAIRMONT HOTEL/ROOM 685 - NIGHT

Jack Pickton is standing at the window looking out over the lights of San Francisco. The dancing of car lights as they pass through the streets, reflect off the nearby buildings. He's holding a glass of scotch. His transparent reflection is seen on the window. 70s rock is playing in the background.

A knock is heard on the door. "KNOCK KNOCK". Pickton walks over to it. The police have come to take him to the station.

P.O.V. Pickton - Door opens. Standing in front of Jack Pickton is Richard Radzik. Pickton is shocked.

Richard plunges his knife deep into the stomach of Pickton. Over and over he stabs him. Pickton falls to the ground. He tries to grab the hilt of the knife and pull it out but it's no use. Richard's anger is too much for Pickton. Richard stares into the eyes of Jack and says two words.

RICHARD RADZIK

You're welcome.

INT. FAIRMOUNT HOTEL/HALLWAY - NIGHT

Elevator dings. Doors open. SFPD POLICE OFFICER steps out. He sees Richard Radzik standing in the doorway of room 685. Knife in hand. Covered in blood. The officer draws his gun. He aims it at Radzik.

POLICE OFFICER
Drop your weapon!

Richard says nothing.

POLICE OFFICER (CONT'D)
Drop your weapon or I will shoot!

RICHARD RADZIK
Big deal. Death has always come
with the territory.

A nearby hotel room door opens. It draws the attention of the officer.

RICHARD RADZIK (CONT'D)
See you in Disneyland.

Richard raises his knife and charges the police officer.

POW! POW! POW! Three bullets enter Richard's chest. Dead center. He falls to the ground. The bloody knife falls to his side. The officer approaches Radzik, still holding the gun on him. He kicks the knife out of the way. He sees the body of Jack Pickton in the entryway of room 685. He kneels down. Checks for pulse. He grabs his radio.

POLICE OFFICER
(shaking)
Dispatch. Shots fired. I have an
assault with a deadly weapon
against a peace officer at Fairmont
hotel. I have one deceased. One in
critical. Send backup and
ambulance.

INT. POLICE STATION/MEDIA ROOM - AFTERNOON

Public Affairs officer, Julie Copeland is addressing the media. Detectives Faust and Roberts and Captain Stone are standing behind her.

JULIE COPELAND
At this time, we do not know why
Richard Radzik targeted Jack
Pickton or why he wanted him dead.
(MORE)

JULIE COPELAND (CONT'D)

It could be just that he wanted a bigger target. More recognition. As the case unfolds and we are able to conduct more interviews, the facts may reveal themselves. But right now, I don't have an answer for you on that.

NEWS REPORTER

Is the department 100% positive they have the right guy this time?

INT. AUDITORIUM - EVENING

A large auditorium is packed with celebrities. Women dressed in elegant gowns. Men in expensive tuxedos. It's The Academy Awards. A WOMAN in her early-30s, stunningly attractive, dressed in a short red dress accenting her fake tits and a MAN, early-40s, very good looking, tall with chiseled features, are on the stage. They are obviously famous actors. They are standing at the podium. The woman is holding an envelope.

WOMAN

(giddy)

This is so exciting. I can barely open it.

The audience erupts in laughter.

MAN

(chuckles)

Let's open it together.

The man and woman open the envelope slowly. They pull out the card inside. The woman gasps in excitement.

MAN (CONT'D)

The winner for Best Screenplay of the Year is...

(long pause)

WOMAN

"Through the Eyes of the Devil" by Jack Pickton!

Camera pans over to Jack Pickton. He stands up and walks to the stage as the audience applauds him. He steps onto the stage and walks over to the two hosts. The woman hands him the "Oscar". He steps up to the microphone. The applause keep coming. He opens his mouth to give a speech.

FADE TO BLACK.