

# THE OBSERVER

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FADE IN.

EXT. LIVELY STREET CROSSING OF BIG CITY. - DAY

Nathan (21, student) stands with a small notebook and pen, scribbling something inside, as he paces around same few square metre area.

Faint rock music is audible from his headphones. He keeps looking at something in thin air, as he keeps scribbling down in his notebook.

At some point he stands still, looking at air, then he snorts, holding back laughter. Passers by give him weird looks.

Two men pass by Nathan. As they do - they graze his shoulder, making Nathan stumble back, taking a look at the two.

NATHAN

Idiots.

As Nathan turns back to where he left off - we now view scene from his POV.

A car crash that happened recently.

A scene paused in a moment. Man behind the wheel is pierced by the metallic tube that falls out of the truck, his brains out back.

NATHAN (CONT'D)

Where were we...

He looks at the horrible accident - run-of-the-mill everyday thing for him. He then walks closer to the pierced man, checking what else in the body was damaged. Scribbling down other traumas inflicted upon incident.

ACT 1 (EPISODE 1) THE ONLINE SUCCESS

INT. LECTURE ROOM - DAY

Students sit listening to the professor. Professor (53, smart looking, short, chubby, loved by students)

PROFESSOR

So, as I have requested you all to pick the cases and write the possible outcomes, predictions and the damage that's to come. Great to read aspiring criminology and forensics reports. You've all done well. But the winner of the gore-fest is Nathan.

Professor picks the papers, then goes through rows to hand them out.

PROFESSOR (CONT'D)

The idea was good, Livy.

(professors gaze falls upon one male student)

PROFESSOR (CONT'D)

Troy, you sure had slacked here.

TROY

Prof, I'm just...

PROFESSOR

Less drinking next time. Partying is good in decent amounts.

Professor passes out the other papers, then gets to Nathan.

PROFESSOR (CONT'D)

You truly described it in way greater detail than expected.

Nathan simply smiles at professor, as he takes the papers.

PROFESSOR (CONT'D)

I usually ask you to keep being amazing at the assignment work, but good lord, please, just for the sake of me, pick some less gory cases. I too, wish to read some romance at times.

INT. NATHANS BEDROOM - EVENING

Nathan is managing his blog, where he writes the stories of his rewind observations.

Nathan turns in his chair to check his room, as he rubs his tired eyes. Bed, slight mess, window, quite minimalist room, except a cork board with pinned photos and notes of murders.

NATHAN

Yeah... So cool... Not that I'm complaining.

Nathan looks up at the ceiling.

NATHAN (CONT'D)

Ehh, seeing everything AFTER it happens is no longer as thrilling as before... Especially if you read about it prior to seeing it all in "rewind".

Nathan turns to look at the cork board with murder photos.

BEGIN FLASHBACK:

EXT. SUBURB STREET - EVENING

Nathan (19) walks from the meeting with friends. Passing by the local park. Nathan sees dark shadow in the middle of the road. He stops.

Nathan walks closer to the shadow. His hand touches it, passing through it. Then slowly the scene of car crash starts to appear.

He stumbles back one step, eyes glued to scene.

NATHAN

Shit...

(he mumbles, as his heartbeat begins to thump in ears)

In front of him is a car crash of an accident where his parents died.

He walks over to see the details of the gore and the explosion that followed after.

The tears in eyes, as he has trouble breathing.

Sudden car horn beep snaps him out.

DRIVER  
Hey! What the hell? Move away from  
the road, idiot!

Nathan comes to senses, running home.

YEAR LATER

Nathan checks the blog posts, as he publishes another story  
from the rewind he saw.

NATHAN  
Seems like this is pretty popular,  
huh?

He reads comment section, smiling at the success of the  
stories he posts.

END FLASHBACK.

INT. NATHANS BEDROOM - EVENING

NATHAN  
What would it be like to actually  
watch it in present?

Nathan turns to his desk, pokes his laptop mouse, then closes  
the laptop. Tired he gets up, walks to grab his underwear  
from a drawer.

NATHAN (CONT'D)  
Tomorrow, tomorrow, it should be  
thought about tomorrow...

He is humming on his way to shower.

EXT. BUSY UNIVERSITY GROUNDS - DAY

INT. LECTURE ROOM - DAY

Students sit, as the Professor is talking about the homicide  
case. All are listening, making notes.

Nathan is softly tapping his pen on a notebook.

His phone buzzes in his pocket. He takes it out.

New comment in blog.

Nathan puts the phone back in his pocket. Paying attention to  
lecture.

Phone buzzes again. Nathan checks phone. Another comment in the blog.

Nathan turns phone to silent mode.

INT. NATHANS BEDROOM - EVENING

Nathan reads comments on his blog. There is a lot of new comments from username "Slim11".  
Praising the written work, the content.

Then email arrives to blog mail

Sender: slimshadow11@mailyouwhat.com  
"Dear You,

Your pick of the incidents lately made me think that you became quite bored.  
Before, it sounded more exciting. It had the feeling of being in there. In the moment.  
Now - it's plain, mundane. A spit in the face.  
I feel it - how you love what you see.  
I wish to propose you a deal.  
Want to be the observer for me?

Yours,

Slim"

Nathan shook his head. Trying to shake off the odd sensation.

NATHAN  
Another weirdo...

EXT. BUSY STREET, CAR TRAFFIC, NEAR YATE PARK - EVENING

Nathan walks down the road, listening to music.

Nathan walks further towards the park entrance. He goes in.  
He pulls out the note from his pocket, with short description of the area where homicide was committed.

He walks around the supposed area before he sees the shadow rewind of the event. He stops next to the area, pulls out notebook from his backpack and concentrates on the place.  
This time around - Nathan takes off his headphones, puts them in a pocket.

BEGIN FLASHBACK:

INT. NATHANS HOUSE, LIVING ROOM - EVENING

Nathan eats his dinner, his two house mates are watching TV.

NEWS ANCHOR:

"...The three congressmen were violently murdered last night in Yate park. The act against these fine men are the act of cruelty towards government. With investigation ongoing, we hope the murderer is apprehended..."

Nathan looked at the TV for a moment, mentally taking a note to the event.

END FLASHBACK.

EXT. YATE PARK - EVENING

The shadows turn to detailed event that took place few months ago. The gory event of three young men being hung on the tree. Tied up, mouths gagged, the criminal is cutting their throats, one after another, as he then stands and watches them bleed. The criminal - well dressed person, with suit, some sort of mask, so even Nathan is unable to see the face. No wonder the case is still unsolved.

As Nathan approaches the murderers standing point, watching the victims, alongside the murderer.

MURDERER

(soft, calm voice)

So, you still like to watch it  
unfold after it's done. No wonder  
you became so bored.

Nathan jolts, looking around, noticing that it's the first time he hears this clearly: the sounds and voices from the rewind of the crime scene. Usually they are all muffled, unable to make out.

MURDERER (CONT'D)

You sure like to observe. Maybe  
you'd like to see it live?

Nathan froze, terrified. This was not something he experienced before. Somehow this criminal knew. This person knew!

MURDERER (CONT'D)

I'll contact you.

Nathan jolts, then runs away.

INT. BUS - EVENING

Nathan tries to put the thoughts together. Paranoid, he keeps checking the people around him.

INT. NATHANS BEDROOM - EVENING

Nathan walks in, shutting door behind. He throws his bag on the floor. Sits down at the table. Tapping the table top with fingers, he opens laptop and turns it on.

He scratches head, then wipes his face with palm of his hand.

NATHAN

This is fucking inane. This is insane. I must have just overdid it. Yeah, most likely I'm just tired. Just tired.

Nathan rubs his eyes. Logging into his blog and social media.

Instantly Nathan notices new message in blog from "Slim11":

"You found me. My pleasure meeting you. Slim"

Nathan jumps from his seat, stumbling back from the table.

The comment was posted at the same time when he was in the park.

Paranoid, Nathan walks over to the window, closing shutters.

NATHAN (CONT'D)

This is mad, this is mad, this is mad...

He continues muttering the same words, as he paces around the room.

NATHAN (CONT'D)

No, no, no, no... This is just much of a coincidence. This HAS to be a coincidence. Just... maybe a weirdo stalker case?

After a knock on the door, door opens and his housemate Eliah (student, 21, wears glasses, works in IT part-time) walks in.

ELIAH

Hey man, have you seen my leftover sandwiches? Left it in the fridge today, but somehow they're missing.



Elijah notices the pale expression on Nathans face. Grows concerned.

ELIAH (CONT'D)

Are you alright? Are you stressing about assignments? Need help?

Nathan manages smile and starts pushing Elijah out of the door.

NATHAN

Nah, just tired. Sorry, haven't seen your sandwiches. Maybe Greg took them. Sorry, but right now I need some privacy.

As Nathan speaks, he closes the door after the last sentence.

ELIAH (SPEAKING BEHIND THE DOOR)

Don't over stress man. Health comes first.

Elijah leaves.

Nathan looks at his laptop. New message pops into screen, where the blog is opened.

Nathan walks over to see it.

Another one from "Slim11":

"If you wish to take the offer - mail me."

NATHAN

What the heck does he want from me? Who is this weirdo?

Nathan walks over to the shelf, taking bottle of pills, opening and taking three.

NATHAN (CONT'D)

Alright, alright, think straight... Gotta calm down first, gotta calm down...

EXT. UNIVERSITY GROUNDS, LUNCH BREAK - DAY

Nathan, looking tired, as he did not get any sleep during the night.

Elijah walks over.

ELIAH

Did you sleep at all?

Nathan sighs and shakes his head.

NATHAN  
Yeah. No. Not much sleep.

ELIAH  
I'll bring you some vitamin water.  
You still have them lectures in  
evening.

Nathan nods, Eliah goes off.

INT. CAFE, TOWN CENTRE, BUSY STREET - DAY

Nathan is eyeing the email from "Slim11". He is tapping the pen on the table as he reads email over and over.

WAITRESS  
(bringing coffee over,  
placing it next to laptop)  
Your coffee.

NATHAN  
(looking at waitress,  
giving smile, then eyes  
are back on the screen)  
Ah, thank you.

Waitress goes away.

Nathan looks outside at the busy street. The endless flow of people going back and from lately became soothing. The messages from "Slim11" stopped for now.

NATHAN (CONT'D)  
(Talking to self)  
This guy had been too keen on  
commenting my works. Even sending  
me the links to the actual  
incidents I write the stories from.

Nathan wipes his face with a palm of his hand.

NATHAN (CONT'D)  
This "Slim" is freaking me out.

The blog site receives new message from "Slim11":  
"I know how you write the stories."

NATHAN (CONT'D)  
The hell do you know?

Ding. Another message from "Slim11":  
"Maybe I can see it too."

Nathan freezes. Eyes glued to the message.

INT. NATHANS HOME, LIVING ROOM - EVENING

Elijah makes dinner. Nathan and Greg sit at the table. TV is on, on the background.

ELIAH  
You should really have more sleep,  
man. You look absolutely exhausted.

GREG  
(nodding to remark)  
I do agree on that. Having work and  
lectures is mad. Wasting health  
away is not a good idea.

Nathan looks over at the two.

NATHAN  
I appreciate the concern guys. But  
I'm fine. Really.

Elijah lets out a sign.

ELIAH  
Heard that so many times over to  
know it's bullshit. Just don't you  
dare and die on us.

Elijah brings over the salad. Walks back to get the hot stew.

TV anchor:  
"...Another horrendous case against the fine workers of  
government. Secretary of mayor was found dead in his office.  
Police does not provide any information about investigation,  
but that seems like another murder of the serial killer on  
the loose..."

GREG  
It does sound bad. Having a serial  
killer out there. But this one  
seems to target whatever high  
standing people in high positions.

ELIAH  
You mean that maybe there's reason  
to them all being killed?

GREG

Well, maybe the killer is a good  
guy? Who knows...

The three begin eating their dinner.

INT. NATHANS BEDROOM - NIGHT

Nathan checks the stories about the murders of officials and  
government workers.

NATHAN

Around ten in total, huh?

The ding of message in his blog makes him surprised.

Nathan opens the message.

From: "Slim11"

Message:

"You seem curious of my exploits, hm?"

Nathan stumbles in own thoughts.

NATHAN (CONT'D)

What?

Ding.

From:"Slim11"

Message:

"Maybe all these deaths you're so checking online right now  
are works of my art. Maybe give it a thought, m?"

Nathan is surprised.

NATHAN (CONT'D)

The heck? Did this guy hack into my  
computer?

Ding.

From: "Slim11"

Message:

"Bingo!"

Nathan, freaking out slams the laptop close.

NATHAN (CONT'D)

That's not good, that's not good,  
that's not good...

Nathan paces around the room, paranoid.

His phone dings.

Unknown sender.

Message:

"I'm not trying to scare you. I just really want you to consider my proposal on you being the Observer. Please, consider it more seriously."

Nathan shuts down his phone. Looking around his room in a panic.

EXT. UNIVERSITY GROUNDS, LUNCH BREAK - DAY

Nathan relaxes outside on the benches, as the people around are chattering.

He doesn't pay attention to the chats until he overhears about the murderer.

GIRL 1

Yeah, those cases freak my mom out.  
She says it's scary mad.

GIRL 2

(nods)  
That's just creepy. Killing  
government officials is ugh.

GUY 1

(shrugs)  
I've actually read that this guy  
might be only targeting the bad  
guys.

GIRL1

Oh my way. How can government  
officials be bad guys? They're  
there for us.

GIRL 2

Yeah. Tell him.

GUY 1

(sigh)  
There's things that are like,  
hidden. Shady stuff they deal with.  
Who knows how that went.

GIRL 2

How would you know?

GUY 1

Eh, got someone I know there. It's  
not always all nice in that job.  
There's things you do that...

Another person approaches the bunch, cutting their  
conversation off and starting a new one.

GUY 2

(happy and pointing at  
self)  
Guess who's going to THE HAZE  
concert? That's right! Me!

GIRL 1

Oh my ways! That's totally awesome!

Nathan stops listening in.

NATHAN

What if that guy really has reasons  
to killing...

INT. NATHANS HOUSE, LIVING ROOM - EVENING

Elijah sleeps on couch, Greg sits at the table, typing  
something.

Nathan comes down to get some juice to drink.

GREG

(reacts to Nathans steps,  
whispering)  
S-s-sh! Eliahs sleeping.

Nathan walks over, sees sleeping Elijah.

NATHAN

Hard work again?

GREG

(shaking head)  
He's been pressured by deadlines.  
Let the guy sleep.

Nathan walks to kitchen, gets juice, comes back.

NATHAN

Hey, what if...

Greg looks up from computer, to meet Nathans gaze.

NATHAN (CONT'D)

What would you do if that killer,  
one from news, would contact you?

GREG

Hypothetically?

NATHAN

(nods, presses lips)  
Uhum.

Greg gives that a thought.

GREG

I'd ask why. It's not that I'm much  
of help. Nor could be able to  
stomach whatever. But I'd  
definitely ask why.

NATHAN

What if he'd tell you to be his  
ehm... Observer to his murders?

Greg gives out a tired snort. Looking at Nathan like it's a  
really odd thing to say.

GREG

I'd ask why. I, me, would not be  
able to stomach that - seeing  
another die in front of me. But if  
I'd have no remorse or fear - maybe  
I'd go for it. Hell knows what  
would be the idea behind it.

Nathan looked aside, as he smiles at the thoughts. He looks  
at Eliah, then back at Greg.

NATHAN

Yeah, that sure would be odd.  
Thanks.

GREG

Your studies sure have some screwed  
up scenarios to look into.

NATHAN

Aha.

Nathan goes back to his room.

INT. NATHANS BEDROOM - NIGHT

Nathan scrolls down to the comments left by Slim.

NATHAN

Maybe there's another idea behind  
it... Maybe it's all not so bad...

Nathan eyes the details left by Slim.

NATHAN (CONT'D)

What if that's for the actual good  
of people?

Nathan types in reply to Slim.

The screen displays: "Sent"

EXT. THE LONELY BACK ALLEY OF THE STREET, THE FIRE ESCAPE  
STAIRS AND THE DUMPSTERS - LATE EVENING

Nathan stands below the fire escape stairs, looking at the  
text on his phone, which states the next actions he have to  
take.

BEGIN FLASHBACK:

INT. NATHANS HOME - DAY

Nathans phone dings.

Unknown sender.

Message:

"I've sent you present. Please take good care of it."

30 minutes later:

Knock on the house door. Nathan goes down, opens, gets handed  
a package from postal delivery. He takes it and goes to his  
room.

INT. NATHANS BEDROOM - DAY

He puts package on the table, opens it. It contains phone and  
charger.

Nathan picks up phone - it's on and contains text messages.

Nathan opens them to read:

"This phone will be for contacting each other."

"Due to safety and privacy reasons."

"I do apologise for my rude behaviour of finding your  
address, but it would be more problematic if you'd known  
mine."

"The phone has my number and is not possible to trace."



"For all the further meetings for the Observer reasons - message me here."

"For own safety reasons never message me from any other phones."

"You tend to be seeing all sorts of different scenes of death, I have to say it prior to continuation - I don't do what I do for fun. I do it for society."

Nathans brows knit. He decides to message back "Slim", asking few questions.

Later the message with address and time arrives.

END FLASHBACK.

EXT. THE LONELY BACK ALLEY OF THE STREET, THE FIRE ESCAPE STAIRS AND THE DUMPSTERS - LATE EVENING

Phone buzzes, as the new message arrives.

"Up the stairs. Floor 7."

NATHAN

(breathes out, looking up  
the fire escape stairs)

Seriously?

Nathan checks the alley, impressed how empty it is and has been for past 10 minutes. Nobody goes through here, no cameras, no patrol.

He climbs up the stairs to the floor 7. Phone dings again, as he reaches the open apartment window of the floor.

"Carefully come in, don't make any noise." Reads the message from Slim.

Nathan slowly put his hand in the window to push aside the curtains, he then checks the windowsill and the floor below. Carefully gets in.

INT. DARK APARTMENT ROOM - NIGHT

Nathan gets into room. The phone buzzes.

Message:

"Follow the light"

Nathan checks his surroundings - spotting the light from the further end of the room. Entrance to hallway.

He goes towards the light.

The apartment is full of things. The "grandmother" type of apartment.

Nathan walks through the hall. Dim lights at the end, door open, muffled cries are audible.

Nathan looks inside the room.

INT. KITCHEN

The room is lit by the few candles standing around. In the middle there's a person sitting, struggling, tied to chair, eyes covered with the scarf, mouth gagged.

Few steps further - a person in a suit, half-face mask over the eyes. Tall, well built, around 30-40 years old.

The suited man raises his finger up to his face in "hush" gesture, as he spots Nathan. Then he waves hand, gesturing for Nathan to come in, closer.

SLIM

So, once again, let's go over the little things, shall we?

(walks around the victim)

A person in charge of the laundering dirty money for the municipality, covering up the cases of sexual assaults and the underage sexual assaults. The cause of the mental breakdown to four individuals and cause of three suicides. All evidences - destroyed, by your great flock of underlings.

Nathan looks at the victim whimpering. Slim is pacing around.

SLIM (CONT'D)

Would you like any words of defence in your sullen case?

Slim takes the gag out of the victims mouth. The hoarse angry voice of a woman shakes the quiet of the room.

VICTIM

You goddamn savage! Dare to lay your filth over me! You maggot! Wait 'till I get them on you and they rip you to shreds!

(MORE)

VICTIM (CONT'D)  
 (woman shakes in chair,  
 trying to get out)  
 Untie me, you fucking bastard!

Slim gives a faint smile. He walks over to Nathan.

SLIM  
 (whisper)  
 Thank you.

Then Slim turns back to woman.

SLIM (CONT'D)  
 Assuming that it's all what your  
 foul mouth is capable of...  
 Anything else you'd want to share?

VICTIM  
 (struggling in chair)  
 Ha! Like you'd be able to solve it  
 all! Been dealing with filthy fucks  
 like you my whole life!  
 (woman spits in front of  
 her)  
 You lowlife. I'll never feel bad  
 for the shit I've done.

SLIM  
 So be it.  
 (he says and puts gag back  
 in her mouth)  
 You've chosen own path to penance.

Slim takes out the surgical knife from his jackets inner pocket. He walks behind the woman in chair, giving gesture to Nathan - "watch".

Slim grabs with his free hand her hair, pulling head up. Another hand slowly pulls the knife against the throat, making smooth movement, letting the blood drip down chest, clothes. She whimpers, crying.

SLIM (CONT'D)  
 This is for all the souls that  
 suffered your lies.

Slim then comes over to front, making incisions to her tights on the inner side. Woman tries to shake off the sensations, making cuts graze her deeper. She whines in pain.

SLIM (CONT'D)  
 This, is for all who had been dying  
 from pain you've caused.

Slim moves around, making cuts, incisions, all over the body, slowly making the whole of her bleed.

Woman whimpers and cries from pain.

Nathan watches all in state of light shock. Body frozen.

Slim walks over to Nathan, leaning over, whispering into ear.

SLIM (CONT'D)

If this is too much, then do it  
like you always do.

(Slim pokes Nathans pocket,  
where headphone wire is  
sticking out.)

You won't have to worry. Nobody  
will ever know.

It's just me and you, the Observer.

Nathan looks Slim in the eyes. Breaths short. He slowly pulls out phone and plugs in headphones. Turns on music.

The bleeding woman is released from her ties, then is pushed onto floor. She cries in pain, as she bleeds on the floor.

She then tries crawling to side, but Slim comes over, grabbing her by the hair and pushing the knife in her eye. She groans in pain. Slim does the same to the other eye, then lets her go.

Crying, voice fading, she curses Slim, but he keeps the calm demeanour, the sweet gentle smile.

She begins to spasm out from pain.

Slim comes up to Nathan. Showing to take off one headphone. Nathan does so.

SLIM (CONT'D)

Her body's in shock from pain, as  
you see.

No longer capable of coping with  
it. Soon the pain will devour her  
and she'll slowly die.

Nathan looks at Slim, then at the woman on the floor.

NATHAN

(whispers)

This is - madness.

SLIM

Indeed. But she deserves it.

NATHAN

I'm...

SLIM

(cut off Nathan)

Don't worry. I didn't think you'd agree so fast anyway. It's not for the faint of heart.

But just so it sinks in -

(Slim whispers closer in Nathans ear, smiling)

You've just observed a murder unfold. In real life. In front of you.

Woman stops twitching on the floor. Slim walks towards her.

SLIM (CONT'D)

Even if you decide to ditch it last minute, you're quite late to the last train.

(Slim, smiling, turns around to face Nathan)

Observer, you're a murder accomplice now.

INT. NATHANS BEDROOM - DAY

It was week since the murder.

Midday, Nathan is lying down on the bed. The sun is shining.

Phone dings. Nathan rises the phone to check.

Message from Slim:

"As I have mentioned before - yes, only those who deserve it."

NATHAN

(sigh)

Sure. If you say so.

Another text from Slim:

"I'm sending you the time and date for next session."

NATHAN (CONT'D)

Next one, huh?

Nathan gets up from the bed. Walks over to laptop : open article - about that cut woman - the recent murder he observed.

Nathan shakes head, then gets his coat and leaves the room.

FADE OUT.