

CRYPTOLOGY

by,

Stuart Evans

FIRST DRAFT (2nd Revision)

NOVEMBER 2006

SUBTITLE: CRYPTOLOGY - THE SCIENCE OF SECURE COMMUNICATIONS, FORMED FROM THE GREEK WORDS *KRYPTOS* AND *LOGOS* MEANING *HIDDEN WORD*.

FADE IN:

SUBTITLE: MONDAY

INT. CAR (MOVING) - EARLY EVENING

Rain smashes down on the windshield as DEAN STANFORD, 35, frantically swerves to avoid an oncoming car.

STANFORD

Shit!

His wipers, on full speed, can't cope with the torrential downpour. A horn from the now passing car sounds off. Stanford looks into his rear view mirror as a set of red lights disappear off into the distance.

A voice from Stanford's CB radio breaks his train of thought...

DISPATCHER (V.O.)
Detective Stanford, how
far away are you?

Stanford leans forward and grabs the mic. He holds the talk button down as he speaks into it...

STANFORD

ETA 3 minutes.

He releases his thumb from the talk button.

STANFORD

If this rain can ease off
for five god damn minutes.

DISPATCHER (V.O.)
You'll be bringing in a
new partner on this one.

Stanford speaks back into the mic.

STANFORD

It gets better don't it.
Anything else I should
know?

DISPATCHER (V.O.)
That's all, over and out.

He sits the mic back in its cradle then rubs his hand back and forth over his hair in frustration as he battles with the traffic and dense rain ahead.

EXT. CAR - EARLY EVENING

Stanford's car disappears up the street into the cascading rain.

EXT. SUBURBAN HOUSE - EARLY EVENING

Stanford's car brakes hard parking between a couple of Portland PD squad cars scattered across the sidewalk.

Stanford emerges from his car pulling the collar of his jacket up high around his neck in an effort to keep the rain from his neck. He heads towards a house thriving with police activity.

Police officer CONNELL calls out to him...

CONNELL

Hey Stanford what time do
you call this?

Connell chuckles as he mockingly searches his wrist for a watch. A couple of his colleagues join in the joke.

STANFORD

Blame your wife Connell, she
wouldn't let me put my dick
back in my pants!

Stanford's quick wit stumps Connell who glances back at his colleagues now acknowledging his verbal defeat.

Stanford carries on up the path leading to the house. Another officer lifts a section of police tape, now serving as a perimeter, so as Stanford can proceed. More officers pass Stanford on their way out as he ascends steps leading to the porch.

INT. HALLWAY. HOUSE - EARLY EVENING

Stanford makes his way through the hallway. Officers linger around avoiding the wet whilst they await their orders.

Rookie detective DWIGHT CHAMBERS, 25, breaks from a small group of cops and acknowledges Stanford as he approaches.

CHAMBERS
Dean Stanford the names
Dwight Chambers, Captain
O'Malley told...

Chambers holds out his hand, Stanford ignores it.

CHAMBERS
...is there a problem here?

Stanford replies as he continues walking through...

STANFORD
Nope, keep your rookie feet
off my toes and we'll be cool.
What we got?

Chambers looks a little dispirited by Stanford's attitude as he catches up with him. He puts it down to 'the wrong time and place' and quickly focuses back to the job at hand.

CHAMBERS
Possible suicide.

Chambers leads the older detective to a den at the end of the hall.

INT. DEN. HOUSE - EARLY EVENING

Stanford follows Chambers into the den. Chambers pulls a handkerchief from his jacket pocket and holds it to his nose and mouth as he proceeds to inform Stanford about the victim.

CHAMBERS
(muffled)
Mr Harry Jackson a
50-year-old District
Attorney...

STANFORD
Yeah, I know who he is.

Both men stand around a body as a forensic team photograph and document the crime scene.

Jackson lies face up on a blood soaked rug in front of an antique oak desk dressed only in a dark blue bathrobe. A wide array of books covers the wall behind the desk.

A hole in the right side of the victim's head is disguised by blood and pieces of skull fragment a .45 calibre Smith and Wesson is tucked into his right hand.

Chambers removes his handkerchief noticing Stanford going about his business seemingly unaware of the decaying odour.

CHAMBERS

A neighbour complained about the smell to a local pest controller. The pest guy didn't even bother to knock on the door said he recognised the smell, says it's not the first time he's ever stumbled across a dead body before. So he called us.

Stanford notions towards the victim...

STANFORD

Is there a license for the gun?

CHAMBERS

We haven't come across one yet.

Stanford bends down removing a pen from inside his jacket. Using the end of the pen he pushes back the right sleeve of Jackson's bathrobe.

CHAMBERS

What are you looking for?

STANFORD

Get forensics to analyze the right sleeve of his robe for blood, pieces of brain, skull fragment, that sort of thing.

CHAMBERS

Sorry?

Stanford stands.

STANFORD

There's no obvious sign of a blowback, which to me would imply that its not suicide. How olds the corpse?

CHAMBERS

We think about a week maybe 10 days?

Stanford begins to look around the den.

CHAMBERS (CONT'D)
We've had a quick look
around. Other than a set
of footprints, which are
being checked out, there
doesn't seem to be all
that much to go on.
There's no sign of a
suicide note either.

Stanford retorts sarcastically...

STANFORD
No shit Sherlock.

Chambers retaliates uncomfortable with Stanford's
attitude towards him...

CHAMBERS
Look, O'Malley told me to
come here. He told me to
report directly to you. If
you have a problem with
that I suggest you take it
up with the captain.

Stanford ignores Chamber's comments as he removes his own
handkerchief to open a couple of draws in the desk.
There's nothing significant in them just a few legal
pads, some pens and a collection of unused pencils.

STANFORD
Take a look at this guy's
last few cases. Try see who
he might've pissed off of
late. As soon as Frankie's
report comes in I wanna see
it.

CHAMBERS
Frankie?

STANFORD
Dr Kovac, to you.

Stanford heads towards the door as Chambers notions
towards the victim's body.

CHAMBERS
Hey you gonna just leave me
here to deal with all this?

Stanford retorts over his shoulder as he leaves the room...

STANFORD
Ask Connell for a hand, I
hear he likes em stiff and hard.

Chambers looks back at the body ignoring Stanford's banter.

INT. POLICE DEPARTMENT - NIGHT

Stanford walks through the open-planned office. Two HOOKERS sit at a desk opposite detective ANTHONY MORENO, 38. Stanford acknowledges his colleague as he passes.

STANFORD
Didn't know you were
entertaining tonight, Tony?

MORENO
Hey Deano. Yeah we're gonna
finish up here, go for some
tequila slammers and then
head over to mine for a
good old fashioned gang-bang.
You wanna join us?

Neither hooker looks impressed with Moreno's excuse for a sense of humour.

STANFORD
Been there already friend..

Stanford reaches inside his pants as he passes mockingly scratching away at his balls.

STANFORD (CONT'D)
...why do you think I had
last week off?

Both detectives laugh as one of the hookers turns to Stanford..

HOOKER #1
Hey fuck you pig.

She then proceeds to stick her middle finger up at Stanford as he disappears into an office.

INT. CAPTAIN O'MALLEY'S OFFICE. POLICE DEPARTMENT - NIGHT

Stanford enters slamming the door behind him. O'MALLEY, 50, looks up at his seasoned detective.

O'MALLEY
(Sarcastically)
Come in.

STANFORD
What's all this about new
partners O'Malley?

O'MALLEY
Take your head out your ass
for five minutes Dean.
Having rookies go on cases
with experienced detectives
is part and parcel of what
we do here.

STANFORD
You know I work alone Mike.

O'Malley sits back in his seat.

O'MALLEY
This boy Chambers has good
potential. He finished top of
his class in the academy.

STANFORD
Could've fooled me.

O'Malley begins to show a little irritation now towards
Stanford's attitude.

O'MALLEY
Look Dean. This guy is
good and with your guidance
we can make him better.
Besides he's a fan of yours,
asked specifically if he
could work with you.

STANFORD
Great, my own stalker.

O'MALLEY
Just get this case solved
and use Chambers to help
you do it! I've got the
DA's office breathing down
my neck. The quicker you
get this dealt with the
better for everyone!

Stanford heads for the door.

STANFORD
Now who's got their head up
their ass?

The captain gives Stanford a look of despair as the detective leaves the office.

INT. POLICE DEPARTMENT - NIGHT

Stanford removes his jacket and drapes it over the back of his chair. He sits at his desk and grabs a pile of unopened letters to his left.

He calls out to no one in particular...

STANFORD
Hey don't we have a rookie
or someone to open this shit?

Moreno replies from the other end of the office.

MORENO
Come on Stanford that
shit's been building up on
your desk for days.

STANFORD
I'm a cop not a secretary!

MORENO
Just open your mail, Dean.

Stanford moans under his breath as he begins flicking through his mail. He notices an envelope with only his name typed on it. He looks at it perplexed. He tosses the other envelopes to one side and tears at the back of the plain envelope.

From the envelope he removes a folded piece of opaque paper normally used for bibles and other similar reference books. He opens it up. All that appears on the piece of paper is a typed number '16'.

Stanford turns the paper over. It's blank. He frowns at the unusual message.

The phone rings startling him. He picks up the receiver.

STANFORD
Stanford.

Doctor KOVAC's slightly eastern European accent whispers through the phone.

KOVAC (V.O.)
Detective Stanford, it's
Dr Kovac. You might want to
get down here.

STANFORD
What's up, Frankie?

KOVAC
Unless you want to hear it
from CBS I suggest you get
down here immediately.

STANFORD
I'm on my way.

Stanford gathers the rest of his mail and stuffs it into his top draw. He then grabs the anonymous letter and his jacket from the back of his chair, stands and heads out the office.

EXT. CORONERS - NIGHT

The rain continues to come down hard as Chambers takes the last few drags of his smoke before dropping it to the floor and stepping on it.

Chambers retrieves a pack of chewing gum from his coat pocket and holds it out as Stanford approaches, trying to prevent tension.

CHAMBERS
Gum?

Stanford shows his disapproval of Chambers' presence.

STANFORD
What are you doing here?

Chambers removes the wrapper from a stick of gum, stuffs it into his mouth and begins to chew.

CHAMBERS
Moreno said you'd be here.

Both men head through the main doors.

INT. CORONERS - NIGHT

Stanford and Chambers head down a long corridor.

STANFORD
What'd you get from
forensics?

CHAMBERS

Jackson's robe was clean.

They head through a set of double doors.

INT. CORONERS LAB - NIGHT

They both approach Dr KOVAC, a middle-aged coroner, as he examines Jackson's body.

Kovac speaks into his Dictaphone unaware of the detectives present.

KOVAC

...due to these findings one
can only conclude that this
was not suicide.

Stanford and Chambers arrive at the table.

STANFORD

What we got Frankie?

Kovac, not amused, looks up at the taller Stanford..

KOVAC

Someone downtown still find
that joke funny Detective
Stanford?

Stanford looks at Kovac's unimpressed stare.

STANFORD

Sorry doc, please carry on.

The coroner breaks from his stare as he continues to explain his findings with a slight element of enthusiasm.

KOVAC

The evidence does not
indicate this was suicide.

Kovac moves around to the right side of the victim's face as the two detectives follow. With a pen, which he retrieves from the chest pocket of his scrub suit, he points to spots of gunpowder embedded around the wound in Jackson's head.

KOVAC (CONT'D)

You see this stippling
effect around the wound.
Well the density of the
pattern indicates that...

KOVAC (CONT'D)

...the muzzle of the weapon must have been at least 20 inches from the head when it went off. Also the trajectory of the bullet was horizontal.

Chambers looks to Stanford.

CHAMBERS

You were right then. Not Usually the pattern of a self-inflicted gun-shot wound.

Kovac turns to Stanford.

KOVAC

There was no blood splatter on the forearm, what about the garment?

STANFORD

Forensics have just confirmed the robe was clean.

CHAMBERS

So, to have pulled the trigger himself and not have a blowback on his forearm he would have to have a reach of about 4 foot.

KOVAC

Indeed.

Stanford looks impressed with Chambers.

KOVAC (CONT'D)

There's something else...

Stanford and Chambers both look on as the coroner pulls a white sheet covering the lower part of Jackson's body away revealing the victims legs. With his pen he points to the number '16', about the size of a quarter, carved into the inside of his left thigh.

KOVAC (CONT'D)

...the preciseness of the incision would suggest a fairly sharp cutting tool. One would suggest a pen-knife or razor blade.

A frown creeps over Stanford's face.

EXT. CORONERS - NIGHT

Stanford and Chambers exit the lab.

CHAMBERS

You went a bit quiet in there. Everything okay?

STANFORD

Let's grab some coffee.

The two men climb into Stanford's car. It pulls away into the wet night.

EXT. COFFEE SHOP - NIGHT

The two detectives sit at a window table. The rain smashes against the glass. A waitress approaches carrying two hot cups of coffee.

INT. COFFEE SHOP - NIGHT

The waitress places the drinks in front of her customers. Stanford acknowledges his thanks as she leaves.

Stanford removes the anonymous letter from his pocket and pushes it across the table towards Chambers. Chambers takes the letter.

STANFORD

I received this letter downtown. You'd better get it over to forensics.

CHAMBERS

Why? What does it say?

STANFORD

Nothing it's blank except for a number typed on it.

CHAMBERS

(sarcastically)

Let me guess, sixteen?

Stanford confirms.

CHAMBERS

You're shitting me?

Chambers opens the letter. Stanford remains emotionless.

STANFORD

I shit you not.

CHAMBERS

You think we're dealing with a serial killer here? Could be his sixteenth victim?

STANFORD

Maybe...but where are the other fifteen? This could be retaliation from an ex-con Jackson helped lock away.

CHAMBERS

You said you knew Jackson?

STANFORD

Sort of. He prosecuted most of my cases.

CHAMBERS

That could explain why you're getting the letters.

Stanford shrugs then takes a sip of his coffee.

CHAMBERS (CONT'D)

But why you? It's gotta be worth checking to see if any of your previous cases have been released recently.

STANFORD

No, this is different. The criminals I've dealt with in the past don't have the combined intelligence to start something like this.

(beat)

We need to act fast. The last thing we need is the FBI sending some pencil neck down from Behavioural Science shouting 'Serial Killer'.

Stanford looks out onto the wet street outside and mumbles to himself...

STANFORD (CONT'D)

This is definitely different.

INT. ROOM - NIGHT

A pair of hands wearing surgical gloves places a piece of opaque paper into an old 1930's Underwood typewriter.

Heavy breathing can be heard from the typist as the hands adjust the typewriter correctly to begin. '105' is typed onto the piece of paper. The paper is replaced by a white envelope. 'DETECTIVE SERGEANT DEAN STANFORD' is typed onto the envelope.

EXT. STANFORD'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Stanford pulls up outside his apartment.

INT. KITCHEN. STANFORD'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

MARIA, 32, pauses in preparing dinner when she hears the front door open.

She glances in the direction of the noise. Her long dark hair slides over her tanned exposed shoulders and slips into her generous cleavage. The short dress slides over her slim curvy figure and exposes well toned thighs.

MARIA

Dean baby is that you?

INT. HALLWAY. STANFORD'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Stanford enters the hallway as CONAN, his large Anatolian Shepherd dog, comes thundering up the hallway crashing into him and almost knocking him over. The K-9 licks at his face eager for some attention.

Stanford wipes some slobber from his mouth with the sleeve of his jacket then playfully pushes Conan away.

STANFORD

If it's not you're being
burgled.

A slight grin crosses his face at his own remark.

MARIA (O.S.)

You're early. Did you run
out of parking tickets
today?

Stanford heads into the kitchen as the dog trots off into the lounge.

INT. KITCHEN. STANFORD'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

He walks up behind her and wraps his arms around her waist pressing himself against her.

STANFORD
Do you write your own
material baby?

Maria smirks.

STANFORD (CONT'D)
Thought I'd take an early
one before it all hits
the fan.

Stanford buries his head in the crook of her neck. His hungry lips brush across her soft skin and he kisses her passionately. She tips back her head and a slight groan escapes her parted lips.

STANFORD
Supper smells good.

Maria trails her finger down his shirt.

MARIA
Why don't you have a shower
and I'll have supper waiting.

Stanford pulls her in closer and playfully frowns.

STANFORD
No dessert?

Maria grins and pushes him away.

MARIA
Easy tiger shower first.

INT. BATHROOM. STANFORD'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Stanford stands under the steaming water running down his back. He tips his head back allowing the hot liquid to run into his mouth and over his face.

The cubicle door opens, startling Stanford. He blinks away the water. Maria stands at the entrance, naked.

MARIA
Thought I'd start dinner out
a little different tonight.

Stanford grins and tugs her into the shower, sliding the door closed behind her.

SUBTITLE: TUESDAY

INT. HALLWAY. STANFORD'S APARTMENT - MORNING

A loud KNOCK disturbs the quite of the apartment. Conan jumps to his feet and barks.

Stanford shouts after the second KNOCK.

STANFORD
Hang on, I'm coming.

Stanford approaches the front door with just a towel wrapped around his waist. He releases the catch and opens the door to reveal Chambers.

CHAMBERS
Jesus Dean ain't you even
had breakfast yet?

Stanford looks slightly irritated...

STANFORD
What do you want?

CHAMBERS
It's after nine. There's
a killer knocking off
government officials and
your standing here in a
towel!

Chambers looks Stanford up and down.

Stanford sighs as he opens the door further to allow Chambers in.

STANFORD
(reluctantly)
Come in.

Chambers walks through the door as Conan jumps him. Chambers struggles to regain his balance.

STANFORD (CONT'D)
Back off Conan.

Conan immediately retreats and heads for the bedroom followed by Stanford.

Maria emerges from the bedroom dressed in a suit and carrying a briefcase. Chambers looks intoxicated by her beauty.

CHAMBERS

Hi, I'm Chambers. Dean's new partner.

MARIA

Hey, I'm Maria and I'm in a rush, sorry.

Maria grabs her coat from a chair and heads for the door.

Chambers calls out after her.

CHAMBERS

Pleased to meet you!

STANFORD (O.S.)

I need you to be at the station!

CHAMBERS

But Captain wants...

Stanford emerges from the bedroom pulling on his jacket.

STANFORD

Don't argue with me. I need you at the station. I'll explain why later.

Chambers sighs like a 5-year-old. He drops his shoulders and turns to follow Stanford who is already at the front door.

STANFORD

Shut the door behind you!

Chambers mumbles under his breath as he approaches the front door.

CHAMBERS

Don't you lock up?

Conan lets out a loud bark.

CHAMBERS

Who needs keys when you have Cujo at home?

EXT. MAIN STREET - MORNING/HEAVY RAIN

Stanford pulls his car over to the sidewalk jumps out and rushes across the busy street towards a portable café.

Once under the protection of the café's make-shift shelter Stanford brushes his hand through his hair shaking the rain-water onto the ground.

The person in front pays for his drink and moves away as Stanford approaches the counter.

STANFORD
Hey, Steve.

STEVE
Lovely morning ain't it.

STANFORD
Wonderful.
(beat)
Regular please.

STEVE
No problemo Deano.

Steve begins to prepare the coffee.

STEVE
Word on the street is you
guys have a stiff D.A.

STANFORD
You know better than to
listen to rumours.

Stanford takes his coffee and hands over some cash to Steve who is polishing the counter with his cloth.

STEVE
Have a nice day, Deano.

STANFORD
Whatever.

Stanford hesitates, watching the freezing rain pour down. He takes a deep breath and darts across the street to his car.

INT. STANFORD'S CAR - MORNING

Stanford climbs into his car. Setting down his cup, he rubs his hands together in an attempt to warm them up. He

glares at the heavy rain and the swelling traffic, thankful his car is able to muffle the sound.

He removes the lid off his coffee and takes a sip. He breathes a sigh of relief as the caffeine takes hold. He then takes another sip.

With the coffee in one hand he starts the car up with the other and pulls out back into the morning traffic.

INT. JACKSON'S HOUSE. DEN - DAY

Stanford wanders around Jackson's Den, attempting to recreate the scene of the crime. He hovers over the mantle, noting the dust marks are undisturbed.

STANFORD

It certainly wasn't robbery.

He frowns at the scene. Nothing is out of place.

STANFORD

It's perfect, a little too perfect maybe?

A marked shoeprint lays undisturbed on the den floor. He stares at it. His brow furrows in thought and he pulls out his cellphone from his inner jacket pocket and dials out.

INT. POLICE DEPARTMENT - DAY

Chambers types away at his PC as his phone rings. He lifts the receiver...

CHAMBERS

Chambers.

INTERCUT TELEPHONE CONVERSATION

STANFORD

Did you get any feedback on those size 9's?

Chambers leans to the side and grabs a fax from his in-tray. He begins to read from it...

CHAMBERS

Yeah, apparently the prints match a pair of 'Skechers' boots. Also the boots look to be fairly new as the grips seem fresh.

Stanford isn't impressed with the outcome of this conversation.

STANFORD

Oh this fucker knows what he's doing. Not only does he give us nothing much to go on, he makes sure the fucking boots he wears are worn by almost every man and woman in the whole damn country.

There's a slight pause...

STANFORD (CONT'D)

Anything come back from forensics on the letter?

CHAMBERS

Only that the killer definitely wore gloves. They found traces of rubber usually found on surgical gloves which let's face it, aren't the hardest items to get hold of either.

Chambers grabs another sheet of paper from his in-tray.

CHAMBERS (CONT'D)

I looked into Jackson's last five cases. He successfully won all 5. The con's are still serving their sentences.

There's another pause...

CHAMBERS (CONT'D)

Want me to come out there give you a hand?

STANFORD

No stay there. I need you on standby.

Stanford hangs up his phone and takes another glance around the den. The blood stains on Jackson's floor leaves an eerie feeling in the room.

EXT. JACKSON'S HOUSE - DAY

Stanford exits the house and walks up the garden path surveying the area.

He MRS GREENING a neighbour standing on her porch in the house next door. He makes his way over to her cutting across Jackson's front lawn and through some shrubs.

STANFORD
Morning Ma'am.

There's no reply from the old lady. Stanford begins to head up the steps of the porch. The woman seems to be in a world of her own.

STANFORD (CONT'D)
Ma'am, was it yourself who called the pest controller out yesterday?

The old lady turns in the direction of Stanford's voice.

MRS GREENING
Sorry, you are?

STANFORD
Detective Sergeant Dean
Stanford Portland P.D.
Ma'am.

The woman turns in the direction of Stanford as he holds out his I.D.

MRS GREENING
Do you have a badge
Detective?

Stanford, puzzled by her request, stumbles over his answer.

STANFORD
Of course.

MRS GREENING
May I hold it?

Stanford, even more bewildered, removes his badge which, he has clipped to his belt and hands it over to the woman. She begins to feel the badge running her fingers over its embossed design.

MRS GREENING

An unusual request I here
you say? Unfortunately this
is the only way I can ID
you boys.

Stanford, embarrassed by not realizing sooner, attempts
an apology.

STANFORD

Sorry, I didn't realise you
were blind.

With a smooth smile, she hands back his badge.

MRS GREENING

Now that we've established
my inability to see maybe
you can repeat your question
detective?

Stanford, a little embarrassed, starts over...

STANFORD

Of course. Did you call the
pest controller out yesterday?

MRS GREENING

Yes. Fortunately my other senses
see for me. I can identify most
birds I hear singing in my trees
I can also smell a dead rat a
mile off.

STANFORD

Only in this case it wasn't a
dead rat.

MRS GREENING

I gathered that from the
commotion yesterday.

STANFORD

Did you know Mr Jackson well?

MRS GREENING

No, he kept himself to himself
if you know what I mean.

STANFORD

Did you hear anything strange
coming from next door about a
week to ten days ago?

MRS GREENING

There was a visitor a while back although I couldn't tell you exactly when that was detective.

Stanford's eyes widen.

STANFORD

What do you remember about this Visitor, Ma'am?

The old woman replies confidently...

MRS GREENING

I was on the porch at the time when I heard someone pull onto the drive. I was surprised to hear the sound of a diesel engine. Now I know Mr Jackson had a regular engine, it used to purr like a cat I once had.

Stanford looks surprised at the old woman's knowledge of engine sounds.

STANFORD

Are you sure Ma'am?

MRS GREENING

I recognise the sound of a diesel engine when I hear one detective. My late husband would only drive diesel. He would swear by them.

STANFORD

Did you hear a conversation between them?

MRS GREENING

No, my hearing's not that good detective.

STANFORD

Ok Ma'am, thanks for your time. If you remember anything else about this visitor please don't hesitate to call me downtown.

MRS GREENING
Of course detective.

Stanford walks off the porch and returns to his car.

INT. STANFORD'S CAR - DAY

Stanford dials out on his cell-phone.

Chambers' voice can be heard on the other end..

CHAMBERS
Chambers.

STANFORD
Did Jackson have a diesel
tucked away in his garage?

CHAMBERS
No, he only drove a Lexus
why?

STANFORD
Never mind. I'll call you
later.

CHAMBERS
Ok.

STANFORD
Oh Chambers check my mail.

Stanford hangs up the phone.

EXT. MIDWAY TAVERN - NIGHT

The tavern's sign swings back and forth in the wind. The tavern itself stands alone along a remote stretch of road. Rain smashes down on an assortment of lorry's and trucks, which occupy the forecourt.

INT. MIDWAY TAVERN - NIGHT

MARY CONNOR, 33, smacks a bottle of Bud on the bar as she whips away the ten-dollar bill left by JOE MANZIE, a regular at the tavern.

Joe smiles at Mary as she takes the cash to the till.

JOE
Hey Mary you seem a little
down t'night, what's up?

MARY

What makes you think that
Joe? I'm doing the best
job a girl could ever wish
for and I'm serving the
best customer a bar could
ever wish for.

Joe accepts Mary's sarcasm as she returns with his
change.

JOE

Things could be worse. You
could be homeless and stuck in
that storm out there.

MARY

Might as well be.

A voice cuts through the air, startling Mary out of her
banter with Joe.

VOICE

Bartender!

Mary replies as she moves towards the voice.

MARY

What can I get ya?

JACK WEAVER, mid-30's, shakes his head loose of rain and
removes his coat. He takes a seat at the bar.

WEAVER

Double whiskey.

Mary's face brightens up as she lays her eyes on her new
customer.

MARY

That's what I like to see
a man who enjoys a drink.

She grabs a bottle of Jack Daniels and begins to pour the
customer a drink, taking in his attractive features.

MARY (CONT'D)

Passing through?

WEAVER

Just a couple of days
fishing then I'll be on my
way home.

MARY
Where's that?

Weaver points over his shoulder...

WEAVER
Just over at the lake.

Mary giggles whilst continuing to flirt with her eyes.

MARY
I meant where's home?

The man smiles, a little embarrassed.

WEAVER
Oh, Boston.

MARY
I love Boston. I have an
Aunt who lives over there.
Whereabouts you from?

Weaver looks a little uncomfortable and quickly knocks
back the rest of his drink.

WEAVER
I better get on. Nice to
meet you.

He gets up grabs his coat and heads for the door.

Mary tries to think of something quick to say but nothing
comes out. The next thing she knows he has left the bar.

MARY
Damn it, girl. That went
well.

She takes the empty glass from the bar and returns to
Joe.

EXT. MIDWAY TAVERN -NIGHT

Weaver exits the bar and pulls on his coat. He walks out
towards the dark forecourt.

INT. MIDWAY TAVERN - NIGHT

Mary takes a last look around the bar. She reaches across
and flicks a light switch off plunging the bar into
darkness. She exits.

EXT. MIDWAY TAVERN - NIGHT

Mary removes a set of keys from her coat pocket and locks the door to the tavern. She walks across the forecourt towards the road. She stops at a truck parked at the tavern's entrance. The passenger window rolls down.

A few seconds pass. Mary opens the passenger door and climbs into the truck.

SUBTITLE: WEDNESDAY

INT. LOUNGE. STANFORD'S APARTMENT - MORNING

Stanford walks in with the mail and New York Times under his arm. Maria rushes out of the bedroom half doing up her blouse and half trying to pull on a shoe. Once she has a free hand she grabs her briefcase from the couch and turns bumping into Stanford.

MARIA

You've gotta sort that alarm clock out Dean. I'm gonna be late again!

Stanford jokes...

STANFORD

Who's balls you breaking today?

MARIA

Hey I'm a fair lawyer. Besides the more steam I let off in court the better I am in bed.

STANFORD

Amen to that.

Maria kisses him on the cheek and pauses at the front door.

MARIA

Oh Dean, Detective Chambers called while you were out. Said he tried you on your cell-phone but had no luck. I like him he seems nice.

Stanford pulls his phone from his inside pocket, ignoring Maria's comment about his new partner, and looks at the blank screen.

STANFORD

Damn phones don't last five minutes. Did he leave a message?

MARIA

No he just said to call him. I've gotta go baby. See you tonight.

She exits the apartment closing the door behind her.

Stanford walks off into a spare room which, has been converted into an office.

INT. OFFICE. STANFORD'S APARTMENT - MORNING

Stanford enters the room and removes his coat. He throws it over a small sofa bed then takes a seat at his desk. He leans forward and grabs the phone.

He dials out...

STANFORD

Chambers, it's Stanford.

EXT. WOODLAND - MORNING

Rain falls hard as Chambers stands over Mary Connor's wet naked body. A forensic officer uses a Luma light to search Mary's body for fibres.

An ambulance siren whines through the streets, giving way to the hum of rotor blades circling above. A bright spotlight snakes over the dense Portland woods, like hunting dogs on the scent, for the circling helicopter above.

CHAMBERS

We have another victim.

INT. TENT. WOODLAND - MORNING

Stanford pulls back a portion of the tent and enters. Chambers converses with a uniformed OFFICER.

OFFICER

We found tyre prints up on the north ridge. Were sending photos to the lab for further analysis.

CHAMBERS

Good.

Chambers leads Stanford to a corner of the tent, leaning closer to keep his voice low.

CHAMBERS

You've gotta sort that phone of yours out.

STANFORD

What we got?

CHAMBERS

A Same MO. Mary Connor, 33, works at the Midway Tavern, bartender. Appears to be suicide, wrists cut, the wounds are fresh. Time of death somewhere around ten last night. A couple found her this morning... walking their dog.

STANFORD

A number?

CHAMBERS

Gouged into the left armpit.

STANFORD

Where's the body?

CHAMBERS

It's still out there. Forensics won't let anyone touch her. They're attempting to salvage what they can thanks to last night's storm.

EXT. WOODLAND - MORNING/RAIN

Stanford crosses the police tape, donning a pair of forensic gloves. Chambers struggles to keep up, pulling on a pair himself.

Mary's body lies still in the grass, red gashes raking her wrists.

CHAMBERS

We're not sure if the killing took place up on the ridge.

STANFORD

It took place somewhere else.
Somewhere away from here.
This is just a dump site.

The lead FORENSICS INVESTIGATOR approaches.

INVESTIGATOR

Looks like your right Dean.
There's no sign of a struggle
on the ridge. We think the
killer pushed her over the
edge from inside the vehicle.

The forensics investigator bends down and with a pair of
gloved hands lifts Mary's arm to show the number '105'
carved into her armpit.

Stanford retrieves a small notebook from his coat pocket
and jots down the number underneath the number '16'.

STANFORD

You can forget those tyre
tracks.

CHAMBERS

Why?

STANFORD

The killer made far too much
an effort to leave no
conclusive evidence at
Jackson's, he ain't gonna go
and get himself caught
because of a set of fucking
tyre prints.

CHAMBERS

You suggesting he stole it?

STANFORD

No question.

Stanford lets out a sigh of frustration as the office
from the tent approaches.

OFFICER

Detective Stanford we've
found an abandoned truck
about three miles north up
on the main road.

Chambers looks at Stanford as the older detective's
theory is confirmed.

STANFORD
Run the plates.

OFFICER
Yes sir.

STANFORD
Methodical bastard, we'll
be lucky if we get anything
outta this one. Any link to
Jackson?

CHAMBERS
Nothing so far. Why the
deviation? Thought serials
stuck to a pattern.

STANFORD
Could be after numbers,
statistics. He wants glory
and attention rather than
fulfilling some deep rooted
fantasy.

There's a slight pause...

STANFORD (CONT'D)
Have we spoken to anyone
from the bar where she
worked?

CHAMBERS
One regular claims to know
her. Here's his details.

Chambers hands Stanford Joe Manzie's address and number.

STANFORD
Did you check my mail?

CHAMBERS
I was just coming to that.

Chambers hands Stanford an opened envelope.

CHAMBERS (CONT'D)
Ten points if you guess who
sent you this. A bonus point
if you guess the number on it.

Stanford rustles open the solitary piece of opaque paper
revealing the number '105' typed onto it. He hands it
back to Chambers.

CHAMBERS (CONT'D)
You know you should really
check your mail more often.

Stanford heads off towards his car.

STANFORD
Stay with the body. I want
to know the minute Frankie's
finished with her.
Understood?

Chambers mock salutes Stanford behind his back.

CHAMBERS
Eye, eye captain Aye.

EXT. JOE MANZIE'S HOME - DAY

Stanford pulls up outside a small bungalow. He emerges from his car and heads up a grass slope towards the front door. He knocks on the door.

The door cracks open and Joe Manzie peers through the opening.

STANFORD
Mr Manzie I'd like to ask
you some questions regarding
Mary Connor.

JOE
You'd better come in.

INT. JOE MANZIE'S HOUSE. LOUNGE - DAY

Stanford leans back as if avoiding a foul odour. Bottles and empty cigarette packets litter the floor and table. Joe scoops up a half empty bottle of Bud and takes a swig.

STANFORD
Bit early for the good stuff?

JOE
Ain't never to early
detective.

Joe inches his head towards an armchair.

JOE (CONT'D)
Take a seat.

Stanford removes numerous papers and magazines from the chair and reluctantly sits down.

JOE (CONT'D)

Ready when you are.

STANFORD

So you're a regular at the Midway Tavern?

JOE

Every night since the day I moved. Thought I'd squared all this away.

STANFORD

Well I like to give my cases a personal approach, I'm sure you can understand that.

JOE

Whatever floats your boat. That Mary gal, she was summit else. She could twist your cap with that smile of hers.

STANFORD

You knew Mary Connor well?

JOE

I did. A good girl that one. A crying shame.

Joe shakes his head as he looks down at the ground a little choked up.

STANFORD

How did she seem to you last night?

JOE

Normal. She was always moaning about one thing or another but you kinda get used to that.

STANFORD

Anything stand out about last night?

Joe takes another swig of his beer.

JOE

No. She seemed ok. She was a little pissed off by the end of the night though. There was this guy, an out of townner, who popped in for a drink. Think she took a fancy to him but he wasn't interested.

Stanford springs to life.

STANFORD

Did this man say anything to her? His name, where he was from, anything?

JOE

He didn't say his name although I think he said he was from Boston.

STANFORD

If I get one of our people up here do you think you could describe him?

Joe knocks back the rest of his drink.

JOE

Sure.

INT. POLICE DEPARTMENT - DAY

The busy open planned office is buzzing with juveniles, prostitutes and drug dealers.

Stanford enters the room and heads for his desk. Moreno calls out to him.

MORENO

Deano, the captain wants a word!

STANFORD

What about?

MORENO

Dunno?

STANFORD

(sarcastically)
Thanks for ya help.

INT. CAPTAIN O'MALLEY'S OFFICE. POLICE DEPARTMENT - DAY

The Captain is sat at his desk. Stanford walks in as the Captain notions towards two suits, AGENT WOODWARD and TODD, both late-thirties. Woodward is sat opposite the captain whilst Todd is stood against a filing cabinet, arms folded.

O'MALLEY

Don't you ever knock?

STANFORD

Not if I can help it. You wanted to see me?

O'MALLEY

Special agents Woodward and Todd, Behavioural Science, wanted to.

Stanford nods at the two FBI guys.

WOODWARD

Detective Stanford.

The suit stands to shake hands with Stanford who reluctantly returns the handshake.

STANFORD

What can I do you for?

WOODWARD

I understand you have been investigating the recent Jackson and Connor murders?

STANFORD

That's the rumour.

WOODWARD

We'll take it from here. All notes and evidence are to be handed over to my custody immediately. We're trained to deal with these sorts of situations.

Stanford looks over at the Captain.

STANFORD

Hang on a damn minute.

O'Malley shakes his head, begging Stanford not to press the issue. Woodward notices Stanford's unease.

WOODWARD (CONT'D)
I hope this isn't going to
cause a problem between
your department and the FBI,
Captain.

O'MALLEY
Of course not, Detective
Stanford is fully
understanding of the
situation and will
co-operate in any way he
can. Isn't that right Dean.

Stanford turns to leave.

WOODWARD
Good.
(beat)
I believe there's also two
letters you claim could be
from the killer?

STANFORD
They're with forensics.

WOODWARD
Can you make sure Agent
Todd gets copies and any
other paperwork related
to both cases before you
leave tonight.

Todd steps away from the filing cabinet staring hard at
Stanford.

STANFORD
Sure.

The captain nods as Stanford storms out of the office.

INT. POLICE DEPARTMENT - DAY

Stanford sits at his desk. His phone rings. He picks up
the receiver.

STANFORD
Stanford.

INTERCUT telephone conversation.

INT. FORENSICS GARAGE. OFFICE - DAY

Chambers speaks into the phone. In the background a couple of forensic officers examine the interior of a truck.

CHAMBERS

The abandoned truck was used by our killer alright. The tyre prints match the tracks found up on the ridge and the inside is covered in Connor's blood.

STANFORD

Did you check out the trucks owner?

CHAMBERS

Yeah, a Mr Patrick Hoban. He reported the truck stolen nearly two weeks ago.

STANFORD

Is the truck diesel?

CHAMBERS

Yeah, I was just getting to that. You mentioned it before.

STANFORD

Jackson's neighbour claimed he was visited by someone in a diesel truck. She's blind so we couldn't get an I.D.

(pause)

This Hoban guy, does he have alibi's?

CHAMBERS

Yeah, they both check out.

Stanford slams his fist on the desk.

STANFORD

Fuck!

CHAMBERS

What's the next step?

Stanford pauses for a few seconds.

STANFORD

Arrange to have copies of
the photos taken at both
murder scenes faxed to my
home. Oh and get Bill and
his crayons up to Joe
Manzie's. His drunk ass is
all we got to go with right
now.

Stanford places the phone down. He looks over to the captain's office to see Agent Woodward looking out at him.

INT. ROOM - NIGHT

A piece of opaque paper is placed into the antique typewriter. Breathing is audible. He types '67'. The paper is removed and inserted into an envelope marked 'DETECTIVE SERGEANT DEAN STANFORD'.

SUBTITLE: THURSDAY

INT. LOBBY. STANFORD'S APARTMENT BUILDING - MORNING

Stanford approaches the selection of pigeon holes fixed on the lobby wall. He reaches into his hole and pulls out a Fedex package and a couple of regular envelopes.

INT. HALLWAY. STANFORD'S APARTMENT - MORNING

Stanford closes the front door, brushing Conan aside he strides into his office.

INT. OFFICE. STANFORD'S APARTMENT - MORNING

Closed blinds keep the room in darkness until Stanford switches on a desk lamp casting a small bright glare into the room.

Stanford removes a dozen or so copies of the pictures of both murder scenes from the Fedex package. He spreads them out over his desk.

He grabs his notebook from his coat draped over the back of his chair. He opens it up to the piece of paper with both numbers written down '16' and '105'.

Stanford sits back starring at the pictures sprawled out in front of him.

STANFORD

What's the connection? What
are you telling me, sick fuck?

Stanford notices a typed envelope amongst the rest of his mail. He reaches for it and opens it. He pulls out the piece of opaque paper and opens it to reveal the number '67'.

Stanford grabs the phone and dials out...

INTERCUT telephone conversation.

INT. POLICE DEPARTMENT - MORNING

Chambers answers his phone...

CHAMBERS

Chambers.

STANFORD

He knows where I live, I've...

Chambers immediately cuts Stanford off.

CHAMBERS

This place is crawling with feds. They've threatened my job, sifted through our mail. You gotta drop this one.

Agent Todd sits at Stanford's desk rummaging through various documents and files.

STANFORD

Doesn't matter, the killer seems to be a step ahead of them anyway, I've just had another letter sent to my home.

CHAMBERS

Where did he get your address from?

STANFORD

Beats me?

CHAMBERS (V.O.)

He's gotta be getting inside info? How else can he know this stuff?

STANFORD

I'm working on it. Listen, lets keep this between you and me, until we figure out what the hell is going on.

CHAMBERS (V.O.)

I don't know, Dean. I mean what if the Feds are his window in, we'll never catch him.

STANFORD

Don't do this Chambers. I need your help on this.

Chambers sighs.

CHAMBERS

Okay I'm in but if the Captain or the Feds find out you're still on the case I'll deny any knowledge, clear?

Stanford's fax machine suddenly comes to life. Stanford's attention is drawn towards it and the cover sheet now printing. 'DETECTIVE STANFORD, MANZIE INTERPRETATION AS REQUESTED, BILL'.

The impression then starts to follow.

STANFORD

Crystal.

Stanford hangs up the phone.

EXT. JACKSON'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Stanford pulls up at the end of Jackson's drive. The street is quiet and empty. Stanford climbs out of his car carrying a flashlight.

INT. HALLWAY. JACKSON'S HOUSE - NIGHT

With the flashlight on Stanford finds his way to the staircase and ascends.

INT. MASTER BEDROOM. JACKSON'S HOUSE - NIGHT

The flashlight scans the room. Stanford exits the room.

INT. DEN. JACKSON'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Stanford enters the room, flashlight still on.

STANFORD

Give me some fucking answers.

Stanford approaches the vast selection of books on the large units covering the whole of the back wall. He moves his fingers along their dusty binds.

A small thin paperback looks out of place amongst a group of larger hardback books nearer the end of the shelf. Stanford cocks his head and frowns.

Stanford removes the paperback. The title reads 'Cryptic Killer'. He studies the book.

Stanford stuffs the book into his pocket.

INT. LOUNGE. STANFORD'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Conan lays on the sofa his head resting on Stanford's lap. Stanford is reading the paperback from Jackson's house. The TV is on in the background. A news broadcast breaks his concentration.

NEWS-BROADCASTER

Portland is on high alert as claims that a potential serial killer is at large in the area. Two suicide victims, now believed to have been murdered are attributed to the same man dubbed 'The Suicide Killer'.

Stanford picks up the remote and switches off the TV. Maria shouts out from the kitchen.

MARIA

There's an article in the Times today about that killer. Thought you might be interested, it's on page five.

Stanford looks up in the direction of Maria's voice. An expression appears on his face as though a revelation has just taken place.

STANFORD

What did you say?

Maria begins to repeat herself as she comes into the lounge.

MARIA

There's an article...

Stanford cuts her off...

STANFORD

No, no I heard all that. The last bit, what did you say at the end?

Maria looks a bit confused as she begins to think.

MARIA

Erm, it's on page five?

Stanford shoots up of the sofa knocking Conan's head up in the process. The large dog's head falls back down onto the sofa the dog remains asleep.

Stanford races off into his office. Maria shrugs and returns to the kitchen.

INT. OFFICE. STANFORD'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Stanford frantically switches on the desk lamp and opens the top drawer removing his notebook. He opens the pad to the page with the numbers written down.

He looks at the first number '16'. He turns to page 16 in the book. He runs his finger along the text. He glances at the second number in his notebook and flicks through the novel until he reaches page 105. Again he scans the page. Stanford slams the book down on the desk.

STANFORD

Nothing! Fucking nothing.

(pause)

It's gotta be here.

He opens the book once again to page 16 and sits back in his chair absorbing the text in more detail.

1 hour passes by on a clock hanging on the office wall.

Stanford springs up. Now perched on the edge of his seat he grabs a pencil. In his notebook he jots down the first letter from the first 3 sentences on page 16 'LAW'.

He continues to scour the page a little excitement shows through his tough exterior.

In the notebook he jots the first letters from the first three sentences on the second paragraph 'YER'. He writes the letters together in order 'LAWYER'.

Stanford flicks through the book to page 105. He repeats the process writing out the following letters 'MIDWAY'.

INT. CAFÉ - NIGHT

Stanford enters the café and looks around. He spots Chambers sitting at a window table in the corner and walks over to him. He drops the novel onto the table in front of Chambers. He takes a seat opposite the rookie.

STANFORD

Turn to page sixteen.

A waitress approaches...

WAITRESS

What can I get ya?

STANFORD

Coffee, black.

WAITRESS

Anything else?

STANFORD

(abruptly)

No.

Chambers looks up at Stanford's abruptness as the waitress walks away jotting 'coffee for ignorant pig' on her pad.

Chambers looks back at the book...

CHAMBERS

What am I looking for?

Stanford retrieves a piece of paper and a small broken pencil from his jacket pocket and pushes them across the table to Chambers.

STANFORD

Take the first letters from
the first three sentences in
the first and second paragraphs
and write them down.

Chambers is already confused...

CHAMBERS

What?

Stanford sighs then repeats himself a little more slowly.

STANFORD

Take the first letters from
the first three sentences in
the first and second paragraphs
and write them down.

Chambers writes the letters down 'LAWYER'.

STANFORD

Now do the same on page one
hundred and five.

The penny drops as Chambers retorts...

CHAMBERS

You've gotta be shitting me?

STANFORD

Take a look.

Chambers turns to page 105 and writes the letters
'MIDWAY'.

CHAMBERS

No fucking way.

The waitress slams Stanford's coffee down and walks away
in disgust. Stanford ignores the waitress completely his
eyes fixed on Chambers' reaction.

Chambers looks over the front cover and flicks through
the first few pages. They are blank.

CHAMBERS

This book isn't published.
There's no copyright. You
think he wrote it?

STANFORD

Damn right he wrote it. It
probably took the fruitcake
months maybe years to write
this piece of shit and
that's all it is a piece of
shit, but it shows how long
the fucker's been planning
all this.

Chambers stares at the Stanford, dumbfounded.

CHAMBERS

How the hell did you come by
this?

STANFORD

I found it in Jackson's Den.

Chambers shakes his head again in disbelief.

CHAMBERS

Okay say we get another letter. There's no guarantee he will drop a place or time or even a name in there.

STANFORD

Of course and the problem doesn't stop there.

CHAMBERS

What do you mean?

Stanford slaps the third letter on the table and continues to talk as Chambers opens it up.

STANFORD

I've got the next number already but I can't find a clue to this one.

Chambers looks at the number '67' on the letter.

CHAMBERS

If there's nothing on page '67' there might be something on page '76'?

STANFORD

I've checked.

CHAMBERS

Think its all strategy?

STANFORD

He gave us a scent, we caught it, he's pullin the strings. All the clues are in here, if we can decipher them, we just move a step ahead. If you can call that a strategy, well...

CHAMBERS

And the killings? Why the change?

STANFORD

Who the hell knows. Maybe it's his fucked up way of getting off?

CHAMBERS

I might know someone who can help us.

STANFORD

Go on.

CHAMBERS

I have a friend who studied Cryptology when we were at University together. Some of the stuff he researched was quite interesting to say the least.

STANFORD

Like what?

CHAMBERS

Have you ever heard of 'The Bible Code Theory'?

Stanford shakes his head.

CHAMBERS (CONT'D)

Theorists believe that certain sections from the bible contain cryptic clues for events that were to happen hundreds and thousands of years after the book was actually written.

Stanford leans forward looking more intrigued by the second.

CHAMBERS (CONT'D)

There's a database that's supposed to throw out events encrypted in the bible like JFK's assassination. My money is on my friend having this software.

Stanford looks a little concerned.

STANFORD

Can you trust this friend?

CHAMBERS
I haven't seen him in a year
but he's a good man, I'm sure
he'll be cool.

Both men stand.

STANFORD
It's our best lead.

CHAMBERS
I'll set it up.

SUBTITLE: FRIDAY

EXT. PORTLAND SCIENTIFIC RESEARCH CENTRE - MORNING

Stanford and Chambers climb the front steps of the research centre. The wind whips around them, pulling away the wisps of breathe puffing from their shivering lips. Stanford lowers his head into the wind, hiding his face from gusts. Chambers rubs his hands close to his mouth, blowing warm air into his reddened hands.

STANFORD
If you haven't seen him in a
year how do you know he'll be
here?

CHAMBERS
Last time I spoke to him he
was working here.

STANFORD
The last time you spoke to
him? Good police work.

CHAMBERS
It's a start.

They enter a set of revolving doors.

INT. FOYER. PORTLAND SCIENTIFIC RESEARCH CENTRE - MORNING

Stanford and Chambers emerge in the vast foyer of the building and stride over to the reception desk.

RECEPTIONIST
Can I help you?

CHAMBERS
Yes, I need to speak with Mr
Gains, is he in today?

RECEPTIONIST
I'll just check for you.

The receptionist starts typing on her PC.

RECEPTIONIST
He is in the building today,
who shall I say is calling.

CHAMBERS
Dwight Chambers.

The receptionist picks up a phone and dials out.

RECEPTIONIST
Mr Gains I have a Mr Chambers
in reception to see you.

There's a pause...

RECEPTIONIST
Of course.

She hangs up the phone and looks up at Chambers.

RECEPTIONIST (CONT'D)
He'll be right down please
take a seat.

CHAMBERS
Ok thanks.

They settle in.

STANFORD
Last chance saloon hah?

CHAMBERS
If anyone can crack this book
this guy can.

GAINS (O.S.)
I can't believe it!

Chambers turns towards the voice as PAUL GAINS, a pompous looking professor, approaches them.

GAINS
Dwight Chambers how the hell
are you?

CHAMBERS
Paul Gains, good to see you.

Chambers gets up and walks towards his friend. They embrace patting each other on the back.

GAINS

What can I do for you?

CHAMBERS

We have a situation and we're hoping you might be able to help.

GAINS

Fire away.

Stanford interrupts.

STANFORD

You'll have to excuse my Colleague's manners. I'm Detective Sergeant Stanford.

GAINS

(jokingly)

You brought trouble to my doorstep Chambers?

Gains turns to Stanford...

GAINS

(cont'd jokingly)

It was only the one joint officer. He made me do it.

Gains mockingly points at Chambers who smiles.

STANFORD

Can we speak quietly somewhere?

Gains acknowledges the seriousness of the situation and replies.

GAINS

Come, my office will be more suitable.

Together they walk off towards the elevators.

INT. ELEVATOR. PORTLAND SCIENTIFIC RESEARCH CENTRE - MORNING

The doors to the elevator open as the three men step inside. Gains presses the button for the 8th floor.

STANFORD

Mr Gains, tell me about the Bible Code Theory.

Gains seems a little surprised at the topic of conversation but proceeds anyway as the elevator doors close.

GAINS

Sure. It's basically a theory, a published theory backed by scientific evidence I might add, which thousands of people believe.

A sceptic look crosses Stanford's face as Chambers seems to hang on Gains' every word.

GAINS (CONT'D)

These believers claim that there is hidden information regarding future events, within the text of the 'Torah'.

STANFORD

Sorry religious studies was never really one of my strong points.

GAINS

The Jewish bible written some 3000 years ago. It's basically made up of the first 5 books of the Old Testament.

STANFORD

What kind of future events?

Gains seems un-phased as he replies.

GAINS

Global economic collapse, the Kennedy assassination, first moon landing, terrorists holding the kind of power to destroy cities that kind of thing.

STANFORD

And there are scientists out there who believe all this?

INT. 8th FLOOR. PORTLAND SCIENTIFIC RESEARCH CENTRE -
MORNING

The elevator doors open as the men exit, Gains heads them down a long corridor as he continues...

GAINS

Detective, even Newton spent
a large part of his life
searching the Bible for clues
to Armageddon.

Stanford seems a little surprised by these facts and also fascinated.

GAINS (CONT'D)

Some people think these
predictions will come true
others believe them to be
warnings to the world to
change it's ways.

Gains opens a door at the end of the corridor.

GAINS

Please come in.

INT. GAINS' OFFICE. PORTLAND SCIENTIFIC RESEARCH CENTRE -
MORNING

Gains' office is decked out with antique style furniture. Vast bookshelves form a small library at the far side of this large room.

On Gains' desk and behind it on another table stands the latest in computer equipment. Numerous LCD monitors and various peripherals are scattered over the desk and table.

He takes a seat behind his desk and motions to a couple of seats in front of him.

GAINS

Please sit down.

Chambers takes a seat as Stanford takes a look around the office.

Gains speaks with a slight whisper to Chambers.

GAINS

Is he ok?

CHAMBERS

Yeah he's just a little
curious that's all.

Stanford picks out a book from the vast selection in the library opens it up and begins to flick through it. He speaks out to Gains obviously having heard his previous comment to Chambers.

STANFORD

It comes with the territory.

Gains looks a little shocked and surprised that Stanford heard him at all.

STANFORD (CONT'D)

What do they use to find
this 'hidden' information?

GAINS

They use what's known as a
'Skip Code' program. I've
got one here, I'll show you.

Stanford moves over to Gains' desk as Gains turns to the various monitors and keyboards behind him.

He taps away on a keyboard until a program appears on one of the monitors. He then opens a case of CD's and removes one.

GAINS (CONT'D)

One of the initial findings
was this...

He inserts the CD into the PC and taps again at the keyboard.

GAINS (CONT'D)

...this CD contains a copy of
the Torah. If I take the
first T from the first book
Genesis and ask the
programme to skip 50 letters,
take that letter, then skip
a further 50 letters, take
that letter, and so on it
spells the name 'Torah'.

Gains types in the required information and sits back as the computer program conjures up the result.

Slowly the following letters appear 'T O R A H'.

GAINS (CONT'D)

The second book 'Exodus'
produces the same result.

STANFORD

If I was to show you text
which I believe harbours
clues to a killers next
victim could you use this
program to decipher them?

Excitement swarms Gains' face.

GAINS

The Suicide Killer?

STANFORD

(sarcastically)

Yeah, The Suicide Killer.

GAINS

Of course but it will only
work if the killer has used
a skip code pattern. Why
don't you give me the text
details and I'll get it
transferred into the program.

Stanford removes the copy of 'Cryptic Killer' from his
jacket pocket.

STANFORD

That might not be so easy.

GAINS

Why?

STANFORD

It's unpublished text you
can't just download it off
the net.

GAINS

How much text do you need
feeding into the program?

STANFORD

Well for now it's just a
couple of pages from this
paperback but to help us
with the investigation we're
gonna need the whole novel
in that program.

GAINS

Give me the couple of pages
you have, go grab a coffee
or something while I get
the text in the program.

Stanford hands over the novel...

STANFORD

It's pages sixteen, one
hundred and five and sixty
seven.

INT. CAFÉ. PORTLAND SCIENTIFIC RESEARCH CENTRE - DAY

Stanford and Chambers take a seat at a table each with a
cup of coffee.

CHAMBERS

You think this will work?

STANFORD

It's your idea. You got
doubts now?

CHAMBERS

No, I'm just wondering how to
know what to look for? I mean
all these scientists knew what
to look for. Kennedy, moon
landings things that have
happened. But how will we know
what the killer will do next?

STANFORD

I have no idea. But what I do
know is that he didn't go
through all this trouble to
write cryptic evidence that
can't be deciphered. The clues
must be in there.

INT. GAINS' OFFICE. PORTLAND SCIENTIFIC RESEARCH CENTRE -
DAY

Both Stanford and Chambers enter the office as Gains
turns from his monitor to greet them.

GAINS

Right the text is in the
program what do you want it
to search for?

Both detectives take a seat.

STANFORD

Ask it to find the first
letters from the first three
sentences of the first two
paragraphs on both pages.

Gains is already inputting the data on the computer.
Chambers looks on, impressed.

The programme punches out the words 'LAWYER' and
'MIDWAY'.

GAINS

Is that what you're looking
for?

STANFORD

Yes it is.

Gains looks very pleased with himself.

CHAMBERS

I've got a question.

GAINS

Shoot.

CHAMBERS

The killer is supplying us
with the page number before
the murder takes place. We
have the next number but the
killers method for providing
clues doesn't seem to follow
on from the two pages we gave
you. So how the hell will we
know what to ask the program
to look for when what we're
looking for hasn't even
happened yet?

Gains swivels around to fully face them.

GAINS

He makes his victims look
initially like suicide cases
right?

CHAMBERS

That's right.

Gains looks at them both like they are from another
planet and do not understand his language.

GAINS

There are different types of skip codes gentlemen. For instance you can pick up the fifth letter from a specific area of text then the fifteenth letter then the twenty fifth and so on to make up a word.

Both detectives still look blankly at Gains.

GAINS (CONT'D)

Look, all you need to do is enter in different ways to commit suicide along with various skip codes and see what the program throws out. It'll take a while to get all the data onto the system though.

STANFORD

We haven't got long.

Gains thinks for a bit.

GAINS

I'll get some assistants to work shifts inputting the data. We'll have the novel in the program by the end of the week. As for words to type in I'm afraid I'm going to have to rely on you for that.

STANFORD

Serial killers tend to kill close to there place of residence or work. You could try inputting areas within a 3 mile radius of the previous murders. It could be the clue we're looking for on page 67.

GAINS

I'll get on it right away detective.

Stanford slides his card across the desk.

STANFORD

Let me know the minute you
find anything.

GAINS

Okay.

Stanford mulls as they walk to the door. He pauses and
turns.

STANFORD

Was the information found in
the Torah ever followed up?

GAINS

In some cases yes but you
can imagine the response of
the sceptic. There are some
people who claim, and this
is also proven, that if you
search long enough in a big
enough text you can find the
same results, which to them
prove that these messages
are not necessarily
significant.

STANFORD

Do you believe?

Gains smiles at the detective's question.

GAINS

Contrary to what you might
believe after today no, not
really, but it is an
interesting theory
nonetheless and a theory
your killer may well have
adopted.

SUBTITLE: SATURDAY

INT. BEDROOM. STANFORD'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Stanford snores softly in his bed. Maria's arm drapes
over his stomach, her face leaning on his shoulder.

STANFORD

(groggy voice)

Stanford.

INT. GAINS' OFFICE. UNIVERSITY - NIGHT

Gains looks at his monitor as he speaks into the phone.

GAINS

Detective Stanford. It's
Paul Gains. Sorry to call you
at this hour but I think I
might be on to something.

INT. BEDROOM. STANFORD'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Stanford springs to life.

STANFORD

I'll be right there.

Stanford hangs up the phone and climbs out of bed forcing
Maria to stir.

INT. GAINS' OFFICE. PORTLAND SCIENTIFIC RESEARCH CENTRE -
NIGHT

There's a knock on the door followed by Stanford
entering.

Gains turns around from his monitor and welcomes Stanford
who seems to be looking for someone.

GAINS

Ah Detective, again sorry to
call you out so late.

Stanford approaches Gains' desk. He takes a seat next to
Gains at one of the monitors behind his desk.

GAINS

I managed to input the text
from page 67 into the
program.

STANFORD

What did you find?

Gains types on the keyboard as various functions begin to
happen on the monitor.

GAINS

Firstly, I performed a search
based on your initial
findings. Both professions
and murder scenes. Nothing
came up so I used the point I
made to Chambers this morning.

Gains continues to type...

GAINS (CONT'D)

I began entering methods of
suicide using a skip code
based on fifth letter,
fifteenth letter and so on
and this came up...

Gains types the word 'HANGING' into the program and hits return. The screen shows the program zooming in on the text and highlighting letters following Gains' skip code pattern.

The following highlighted letters are pulled out from the text and accumulate at the bottom of the screen
'H A N G I N G'.

STANFORD

Could be his next method?

GAINS

If the killer is using this
theory then why not? But
that's not all.

Stanford looks up at Gains from the screen as the scientist continues to type on the keyboard.

GAINS

I started to think of 'when'
and how to search for a
potential date. I tried
everything from skip codes
using the tenth, twentieth
then thirtieth letter,
nothing, then every odd and
even number skip code I
could think of between one
and one-hundred and nothing.

Gains turns to face Stanford.

GAINS (CONT'D)

It then occurred to me, the
page number. I created a skip
code that would search every
sixth and seventh letter and
I got this.

Gains type's the details into the program and hits return. The screen displays the letters being plucked out from the text. They start to accumulate again at the bottom 'F I F T H M A Y'.

STANFORD

Jesus Christ that's tomorrow.
We still don't know where?

GAINS

I thought of that and tried
local areas based on the new
skip codes but nothing.

Stanford sits back in the chair in deep thought.

STANFORD

It won't be the area it'll
be the place but how the
hell do you start to look
for that?

GAINS

I don't know detective. I'll
keep plugging away this end
so that all the text from the
book is in the program ready
if or when you get another
letter.

Stanford stands and shakes Gains' hand.

STANFORD

Thanks, I appreciate your
efforts.

GAINS

Anytime.

Stanford heads for the door, he turns back at Gains...

STANFORD

How do we know this info is
genuine? I mean what if this
code theory is crap? Like you
said there are still sceptics
out there who say you can find
what you want in anything
if you look hard enough.
Didn't these people ever think
it wise to get together with
the people who believe in an
effort to find out if there
was any truth in it?

Gains takes Stanford's querying on board.

GAINS

Apparently there was a meeting
between both sides in an
attempt to reach a conclusion
but the results were never
published.

Stanford, tired and exhausted, turns back to the door as
he speaks over his shoulder.

STANFORD

I'll be in touch.

He leaves the office and closes the door behind him.
Gains leans over the desk reaching for his phone. He
dials out...

GAINS

It's me. He just left.

INT. BEDROOM. STANFORD'S APARTMENT - MORNING

Stanford's phone rings waking Stanford from deep sleep.
He rubs his face leaning over to the receiver.

STANFORD

(groggy)

Stanford.

INT. POLICE DEPARTMENT - MORNING

Chambers, with excitement in his voice, consciously
whispers into the phone.

CHAMBERS

Dean it's me. We might have
a lead I'm on my way over.
Meet me out front in 15.

Chambers hangs up the phone, grabs his coat and heads out
the office. Agent Todd watches from Captain O'Malley's
office.

INT. BEDROOM. STANFORD'S APARTMENT - MORNING

Stanford jumps out of bed. Maria wakes up...

MARIA

You off already?

Stanford pulls on a pair of jeans.

STANFORD

Yeah we might be on to something.

MARIA

You got time for breakfast?

Stanford leans across the bed and gently kisses Maria on the forehead.

STANFORD

Not right now honey. I'll catch up with you later.

EXT. STANFORD'S APARTMENT - MORNING

The sound of a horn snaps Stanford from his seemingly hypnotic state. He turns to his left to see Chambers charging up the street in his car.

Chambers' car screeches to a halt. The passenger door opens. Stanford climbs in.

INT. CAR (MOVING) - MORNING

Chambers looks across to the half asleep Stanford.

CHAMBERS

You ok? You look like shit.

STANFORD

Didn't get much sleep last night. What's this lead you mentioned?

CHAMBERS

Got a call today from a friend over at the penitentiary says he has a con there who claims he knew of some fella down at Youngstown whilst doing a five stretch for rape. Says this guy spent most of the day and night writing what he claimed would be the ultimate cryptic evidence ever used in a police investigation.

STANFORD

How the fuck would some con know about the book?

Chambers throws the New York Times onto Stanford's lap.

CHAMBERS
You ain't even had time to
buy a paper today?

INSERT - NEWSPAPER HEADLINE

'SUICIDE KILLER INSPIRED BY NOVEL'

BACK TO SCENE

Stanford's face drops, anger boils up within him as he
scrunches up the paper and throws it over his shoulder
onto the back seat of the car.

STANFORD
Who the fuck leaked to the
press?

CHAMBERS
Don't know? This is what the
killer wants though right?
Publicity.

STANFORD
So this jerk con has read the
paper and don't tell me, wants
to know if we can push a
hearing through in exchange
for some bullshit?

Stanford smacks his hand down on the dashboard.

CHAMBERS
Easy Dean, apparently this
con came forward last night.

Stanford's tone changes.

STANFORD
Anyone know about this?

CHAMBERS
Just me. This prison guard
is a good friend. I trust
him.

STANFORD
The Feds are gonna be all
over me like a cheap fucking
suit about this book. It
must have been your friend
Gains.

CHAMBERS

Friend? I wouldn't go that far. He was just a drinking associate. It didn't go much further than that. I only told you he was a good friend in the hope you'd see him. He was always a bit too nerdy for me.

STANFORD

We gonna strike a deal with this con?

CHAMBERS

Fuck no.

EXT. STREET - MORNING

Chambers car races off weaving in and out of cars as they proceed along the freeway.

INT. ROOM. STATE PENITENTIARY - DAY

Both Chambers and Stanford sit at a table. The younger detective puffs away on a cigarette as a burly PRISON GUARD escorts COLIN FIELDS, a middle aged man bound in leg and wrist irons, into the room.

CHAMBERS

I owe you one, Dan.

PRISON GUARD

No problem.

The prison guard sits Fields at the table and leaves the room.

Chambers offers the prisoner a cigarette.

The con lifts his bound hands up and toward Chambers' outstretched hand. He pinches a cigarette from the packet and puts it to his lips.

Chambers leans forward lighting the cigarette with his lighter.

FIELDS

Why am I here?

Chambers takes a last puff of his cigarette then puts it out in an ashtray in the middle of the table. He looks down at a piece of paper laid out in front of him.

CHAMBERS

You were over at Youngstown
about five years back right?

FIELDS

Yeah so?

Stanford leans forward and intervenes.

STANFORD

I wanna know if you have
any info on this novelist
who did some bird there
around the same time you
did.

Fields leans back in the chair, a slight smile creeps
across his lips.

FIELDS

Might have.

CHAMBERS

If you help us here maybe we
could strike some kinda deal?

FIELDS

I'm in here for murder pig
not no fucking purse snatching.
The next time free air touches
my skin is when they bury my
sorry ass.

CHAMBERS

I was thinking maybe we can
get you moved. To a lower
security prison with more
privileges.

The con smiles at Chambers in a way that can only be
described as 'bullshit'.

FIELDS

I've had enough of this shit
I've got some walls to stare
at. Guard!

Stanford reaches across the table and grabs the cons
hand. He picks the cigarette from the prisoner's fingers
and begins to press the lit end into Fields hand.

STANFORD

My patience is running thin.
Don't push me on this or
you'll find yourself on shit
detail for the rest of your
duration here.

Fields' face screws up in pain.

STANFORD

Are we cool?

FIELDS

Okay, okay we're cool.

Stanford releases Fields who immediately begins rubbing
his burnt hand.

STANFORD

You told a guard here that
this writer wrote a book
while he was in Youngstown.
I wanna know what this book
was called.

FIELDS

I get the impression you boys
shouldn't be here.

STANFORD

Never mind what you think just
answer the damn question.

Chambers sparks Fields up another cigarette and passes it
to him. Fields takes a long hard drag then proceeds.

FIELDS

It didn't have a title so
he said.

CHAMBERS

What?

FIELDS

Hey am I speaking Greek over
here?

STANFORD

What can you tell us about the
content of the book?

Fields takes another drag of his smoke.

FIELDS

He said it was to be the ultimate cryptic clue for murders. He said he had a score to settle with some pig.

Stanford looks over at Chambers as another part of the puzzle is put in place.

STANFORD

What was his name?

FIELDS

Hey I want a written confession to your promises before we go any further.

Stanford reaches for Fields bound hands again. He glances up at the security cameras.

CHAMBERS

Easy, Dean.

Stanford removes the cigarette again.

STANFORD

I repeat, what was his fucking name?

FIELDS

Alright, alright!

(pause)

Michael Stein. His name was Michael Stein.

Stanford releases Fields again.

CHAMBERS

What can you tell us about him?

FIELDS

He was a little wired. Some thought he was retarded. I was surprised the guy could write at all.

CHAMBERS

Ring any bells?

STANFORD

No.

FIELDS

He would keep going on about this pig and how he would have the last laugh. Used to do my head in. Hey maybe they were lovers and the pig dumped him, who knows right?

Fields has a slight chortle at his own remark.

FIELDS (CONT'D)

He never told me who this person was though, so it was probably his bitch.

Fields laughs again.

Stanford and Chambers stand and head for the door. Fields turns to follow them.

FIELDS

Hey pigs! What about my deal?

There's no response from either detective.

FIELDS (CONT'D)

You fucking pigs! I'll have your badges you fucks!

EXT. STATE PENITENTIARY CAR PARK - DAY

Stanford and Chambers head for their car.

CHAMBERS

You were holding something back there, tell me I'm wrong?

STANFORD

Stein was a serial killer I put away some five years back. He committed suicide after a year.

CHAMBERS

I don't get it? If Stein wrote that book then who's out there killing his victims?

Both men climb into the car.

INT. FOYER. POLICE DEPARTMENT - DAY

Jack Weaver enters the foyer and heads for the reception desk.

WEAVER

I need to speak to someone
working on the Mary Connor
case.

INT. POLICE DEPARTMENT - DAY

Moreno sits at his desk typing at his PC. His phone rings. He picks up the receiver.

MORENO

Moreno.

There's a slight pause...

MORENO (CONT'D)

I'll be right there.

INT. INTERROGATION ROOM. POLICE DEPARTMENT - DAY

Moreno enters the room. Jack Weaver sits at a table.

MORENO

Mr Weaver?

Weaver turns to the officer.

WEAVER

Morning officer. Are you
working on the Mary Connor
case?

Moreno ignores Weaver's question.

MORENO

Mr Weaver, are you aware that
we have an APB out for your
arrest?

WEAVER

Excuse me?

MORENO

We have a witness who claims
you made advances towards
Connor the night she was
murdered.

Weaver looks stunned as he replies...

WEAVER

You don't understand. I'm here because I think I might have seen who killed Miss Connor.

Weaver takes a deep breath before proceeding. Moreno takes a seat.

MORENO

I'm all ears.

WEAVER

I saw her leave the Tavern.

Moreno looks on intrigued.

WEAVER (CONT'D)

It's only because I found a newspaper when I was fishing that I found out about her.

MORENO

Tell me everything.

WEAVER

I went in for a whiskey. I'd had a crap day. The fish weren't co-operating. I was tired and in need of a drink.

MORENO

Why Midway?

WEAVER

It's the only bar in the area. There's also room there to park up and crash.

MORENO

Did you speak to Mary that night?

WEAVER

I did. I'm not one to boast but I think she took a shine to me. I was too tired for small talk and probably came off a little rude. I finished my drink and left.

MORENO

Then what?

EXT. MIDWAY TAVERN - NIGHT (FLASHBACK)

The rain continues as Weaver climbs into his pick-up. The truck suddenly springs to life.

WEAVER (V.O.)

I decided to park up the
truck and catch up on some
sleep.

Slowly the vehicle moves towards the back of the tavern into a secluded area under some low-hanging trees. The engine cuts out and the lights turn off.

WEAVER (CONT'D V.O.)

I must have been asleep
about an hour or so when
the truck woke me...

A truck enters the forecourt the sound of the engine breaks the dead silent of the night. Weaver wakes from inside his truck.

He stirs as he strains his eyes to look at the truck. The rest of the forecourt is empty.

A man climbs out of the truck, the darkness of the night masking his face.

He heads for one of the Taverns windows. As he approaches the windows the lights from within bring the man's features out.

At no stage do we see the face of the truck driver.

Weaver watches as the man turns back away from the window and heads off back to his truck.

INT. ROOM. POLICE DEPARTMENT - DAY

Weaver continues...

WEAVER

I thought it strange maybe
that's why I kept watching.

MORENO

Did this guy not see you?

WEAVER

No. I'd found myself a nice
little plot under some low
hanging trees. He probably
thought my truck was dumped...

WEAVER (CONT'D)

...the state of it. There was no light by me so my cab probably looked empty.

MORENO

What happened next?

WEAVER

Well Connor left the bar and locked up. It looked as though she was heading for the road before the guy in the truck called her over. She climbed in and off they went.

MORENO

Why do you think she got in?

Weaver shrugs his shoulders.

WEAVER

I don't wish to speak ill of the dead, but she did come across maybe a little desperate. Like she was looking for some company.

MORENO

Do you think you can provide a detailed description of this guy to one of our artists.

WEAVER

Yeah.

EXT. RUN DOWN STREET - EARLY EVENING

Hookers align a back street swapping small talk amongst themselves. Some have their heads in cars chatting up potential clients.

One girl walks alone swinging her bag by her side as a Mercedes Benz pulls over along side her slowly following her footsteps. She turns and notices the tinted windows of the car as the passenger side window slowly lowers.

She leans into the car.

A few seconds pass, she then climbs in and closes the door. The Benz heads off away from the dirty street.

EXT. ALLEY - NIGHT

The Benz is parked up down a remote alley.

INT. BENZ - NIGHT

The hooker gives head to the driver of the car. His gloved hand rests on her head as it slowly moves up and down. The driver begins to groan as he climaxes in her mouth.

She slowly lifts her head adjusting her open dress and bra. She sits back in her seat and turns to the driver.

HOOKER

You gonna take me back or
do we sit here all night?

The driver's gloved hand punches the hooker square on the chin knocking her out cold.

EXT. ALLEY - NIGHT

The Benz pulls away back onto the main street driving off into the distance.

INT. PUBLIC LIBRARY - NIGHT

Stanford sits at one of the many Microfilm machines in a darkened room in Portland's public library.

Using the controls he shifts through various newspaper clippings. He stops at a front page from 'The Portland Express'.

INSERT - NEWSPAPER HEADLINES

'CHILD MURDERER CAUGHT'
'PORTLAND REFLECTS ON THE TERROR AND TRAGEDY LEFT BEHIND'

BACK TO SCENE

Stanford reads over it for a few seconds. He then skips forward a couple of weeks.

He stops at another clipping from 'The Portland Express'. This time he looks at a picture of a suited man in cuffs being led into court.

INSERT - NEWSPAPER HEADLINE

'STEIN BEHIND BARS'

BACK TO SCENE

Stanford searches forward some more and stops at another headline. This time with a headshot of the same cuffed man.

INSERT - NEWSPAPER HEADLINE

'STEIN COMMITS SUICIDE'

BACK TO SCENE

Stanford stares at the article for a few seconds. He flicks back through the machine until he reaches the 'STEIN BEHIND BARS' article. It's then that he notices something in the picture. He squints at the monitor. He can't focus enough. He plays with the controls in an effort to zoom in on the picture.

In the background stands a very young looking Dwight Chambers 19 or 20 years old.

STANFORD

Jesus.

EXT. CHAMBERS' APARTMENT - NIGHT

Stanford pulls his car over. The engine cuts and he climbs out. He heads for the main doors to Chambers' apartment. As he arrives a couple leaving hold the door open. Stanford acknowledges their kindness and steps in.

INT. HALL. APARTMENT BUILDING - NIGHT

Stanford walks through the hall towards an elevator.

INT. ELEVATOR. APARTMENT BUILDING - NIGHT

Stanford closes the door presses the button for floor 4. The lift starts its ascent.

INT. HALL. OUTSIDE CHAMBERS APARTMENT - NIGHT

Stanford stops at Chambers' door. He removes a pocket-knife from his jeans and proceeds to pick Chambers' lock.

INT. HALLWAY. APARTMENT BUILDING - NIGHT

A hand pulls back on the exterior elevator door.

INT. ELEVATOR. APARTMENT BUILDING - NIGHT

The hand reaches out for the 4th floor button.

INT. HALL. CHAMBERS' APARTMENT - NIGHT

The door slowly creeks open as Stanford steps inside. He closes the door quietly behind him and makes his way to the lounge area.

INT. LOUNGE. CHAMBERS' APARTMENT - NIGHT

Stanford looks up at the wall. A photo of Chambers on graduation day hangs solitary on the middle of a wall. He begins sifting through draws and cupboards. In one cupboard he finds a photo album underneath an old antique Underwood typewriter. Stanford removes the photo album.

Switching on a table lamp he takes a seat as he starts to flick through the pictures.

INT. HALLWAY. OUTSIDE CHAMBERS' APARTMENT - NIGHT

A pair of polished shoes stops dead outside Chambers' apartment. The hand reaches up to turn the doorknob.

INT. LOUNGE. CHAMBERS APARTMENT - NIGHT

Stanford continues scanning the photo album. He stops at a photo of Chambers with his arm around Michael Stein.

Stanford's shock and confirmation is then interrupted by the sound of the front door hitting the latch.

Stanford drops the photo album, switches off the lamp then removes his Berretta from his chest holster. He darts across the room tucking himself into a little corner by the lounge door.

INT. HALL. CHAMBERS APARTMENT - NIGHT

The feet of the un-welcomed guest proceed into the apartment approaching the lounge. Stanford suddenly emerges from the lounge pointing his Berretta in the direction of the intruder.

STANFORD
Freeze! Portland PD!

The un-welcomed guest also has a Berretta pointing straight at Stanford.

WOODWARD
Freeze! FBI!

Stanford hits the lights to find Agent Woodward holding his firearm at him. He then lowers his gun.

STANFORD
What the fucks going on?

Woodward lowers his gun.

WOODWARD
I think it's time we had a
little chat.

STANFORD
Did you know I was here?

WOODWARD
We've been tracking you for a
couple of days. We know about
Gains and the book and now we
know about the guy from the
Midway Tavern. You've turned
up here at the right time.

Stanford looks confused...

STANFORD
Manzie?

WOODWARD
Of course you wouldn't know.

Woodward smirks, a little satisfaction at the fact he
knows something Stanford doesn't yet.

WOODWARD (CONT'D)
We, or should I say your
department had a visit
earlier today from an eye
witness to Connors abduction.
He saw Connors get into
someone's truck the night of
her killing.

STANFORD
You're kidding right?

WOODWARD
No, he also provided us with
a detailed description of the
driver.

Woodward reaches inside his jacket pocket and removes a
folded piece of paper. He hands it over to Stanford.

Stanford unfolds the paper to see a clear impression of
Chambers.

STANFORD

Hence why you are here
right?

WOODWARD

Well quite. Although we
didn't expect to see you
here. We knew Chambers
wasn't in. I don't make a
habit of approaching homes
of serial killers with them
in it without sufficient
backup.

Stanford manages a slight grin at the agents wit.

STANFORD

I saw a photo of Chambers at
the trial of Michael Stein.

WOODWARD

The guy who wrote the book
right?

STANFORD

You boys don't miss a trick. I
don't get it. I thought you
wanted me off the case?

WOODWARD

You were making more progress,
than we expected. Thought you
might be of some benefit to us
after all.

WOODWARD

Contrary of what most of you
guys might think we're not all
that bad.

STANFORD

What happens now?

WOODWARD

Well, we got the info from
Gains about the possible
murder tonight we just don't
know where. Hell it might have
even happened.

STANFORD

The answer has to be there
somewhere? He'd want us to
find it.

Stanford begins to think.

STANFORD

Do you have a map showing the
murder sites?

WOODWARD

Yeah, down in the car.

INT. WOODWARD'S CAR - NIGHT

Woodward pulls a map from his glove compartment and hands it to Stanford. A couple of agents secure the area.

STANFORD

Right, we know serial
killers generally kill
within a three-four mile
radius from where they live.

WOODWARD

In most cases yes, but not
all.

Stanford looks at the two circled sites.

STANFORD

There has to be a pattern here.

WOODWARD

We've checked, the distances
between both sites are
different.

The detective stares at the map. He jots down the three clues on a separate piece of paper LAWYER, MIDWAY, HANGING.

He then moves his finger along the map around the murder sites.

WOODWARD

Anything?

STANFORD

I don't know.

Stanford stops his finger at the site of an old abandoned warehouse.

STANFORD

That's it! This warehouse used
to be owned by LMH Industries.
My father used to work there...

STANFORD (CONT'D)
...they used to build jet engines
here. L (Lawyer) M (Midway) H
(Hanging), it's gotta be there.

EXT. WOODWARD'S CAR - NIGHT

Woodward's car screeches off into the distance followed by two other vehicles.

EXT. LMH INDUSTRIES - NIGHT

The Mercedes Benz parks up outside an old derelict warehouse.

Chambers emerges from the driver's door. He moves around to the passenger side and opens the door. He reaches in then pulls the hookers unconscious body from the seat like a rag doll.

He throws her over his shoulder and heads towards the warehouse.

INT. WAREHOUSE - NIGHT

Chambers uses a stepladder to climb up to a wooden beam running centrally across the roof's interior structure. He removes some rope looped over his shoulder

INT. WOODWARD'S CAR (MOVING) - NIGHT

Agent Woodward calls out on his phone.

WOODWARD
It's Woodward. I want back-up
at the abandoned warehouse
over on Clover Street. Approach
with caution and await our
arrival.

He hangs up his phone.

INT. WAREHOUSE - NIGHT

Chambers throws a bowl of water on the hooker forcing her to wake up. Her makeup smears and runs with the water.

CHAMBERS
Stand up.

He kicks her in the stomach, she screams out in pain. He grabs at her hair pulling her up by the strands.

CHAMBERS

Get up whore!

She clambers to her feet dazed and confused.

HOOKER

What do you want?

CHAMBERS

History.

EXT. WAREHOUSE - NIGHT

Woodward's car creeps up to the warehouse, it's headlights already off.

INT. WOODWARD'S CAR (MOVING) - NIGHT

He speaks into his phone.

WOODWARD

Secure the perimeter.
Stanford and I will move in.
Wait for our signal, we don't
want to scare this prick off

He hangs up his phone. Stanford turns to Woodward.

STANFORD

Let's do it.

EXT. STANFORD'S CAR - NIGHT

Both men emerge from the car and remove their guns from their holsters. Stanford creeps towards a large window by the warehouse shutters, Woodward gets into position by a single door entrance.

Stanford looks in.

STANFORD

Fuck.

Woodward stands to Stanford's left.

WOODWARD

What is it?

STANFORD

We're too late.

Woodward moves up to the window and looks in. The lifeless body of the hooker hangs motionless. Her head drooped to one side, bulging eyes almost protruding from her skull. Her face is a purple colour almost matching her smeared make-up.

WOODWARD

On three.

Both men get into position.

INT. WAREHOUSE - NIGHT

The sound of the door being kicked open echoes throughout the empty warehouse. Both men enter the warehouse covering all possible angles with their firearms.

WOODWARD

Take the left.

Stanford moves over to the left side of the warehouse. Apart from a few portacabins, the warehouse is empty.

He approaches one of the portacabins its interior light is on. He looks across to Woodward to grab his attention but the FBI agent is too focused to be looking across for signs.

Stanford approaches with caution.

He peers into one of the windows and notices a note lying on a desk on the far side. The rest of the cabin is empty.

Stanford relaxes as he nears the door. Woodward turns the corner of the cabin startling Stanford.

WOODWARD

Seems empty. You find anything?

STANFORD

Inside.

INT. PORTACABIN. WAREHOUSE - NIGHT

Stanford enters followed by Woodward. Stanford lifts the note from the table and begins to read it aloud.

'Dean, how are you? I knew Gains would pull through for me, which is why I suggested him. After all it was him who gave us the idea. You said yourself killers want people to know their methods that's how they become famous right?

It's a good job I checked in with Moreno. He told me about our visitor from the tavern. He said he was downstairs with an artist. I hope he done justice to my good looks?

The book was supposed to last a lot longer. I didn't foresee you catching up to me as quick as you have. I must have slipped up somewhere. Just proves that no murder is perfect.

The book was written for you Dean and the final chapter was to be enthralling. Due to your persistence I've had to skip a few pages to get to there. Say hi to Gains for me.

*See you soon...
Chambers.*

WOODWARD

Where's the book?

STANFORD

It's still with Gains.

INT. WOODWARD'S CAR (MOVING) - NIGHT

Stanford holds his phone to his ear.

STANFORD

Damn, it. Gains isn't answering.

INT. GAINS OFFICE. PORTLAND SCIENTIFIC RESEARCH CENTRE - NIGHT

Stanford opens the door to Gains' office to find the scientist face down on his desk in a pool of his own blood, the book to his right.

STANFORD

Fuck. Why would he kill Gains?
There's no motive we know who he is now.

Woodward lifts Gains' head. Blood oozes out from an open gash across his throat.

WOODWARD

This is it. His final chapter will happen tonight. He wanted you to get the book back. There had to be a good enough reason to get you here.

Moments pass...

Woodward stands at one of the large windows looking out over the town. Stanford arrives with a couple of coffees. Forensics carry out their duties in the background as paramedics remove Gains' body.

Stanford motions to the novel in Woodward's hands as he passes the coffee...

STANFORD

Anything?

WOODWARD

Nothing stands out yet.
Has anyone actually read
this?

STANFORD

The first 100 pages or so.
The book was never used as
evidence and I haven't had
the time to read the whole
thing myself.

Stanford moves towards the lead forensic investigator.

STANFORD

What we got?

INVESTIGATOR

What we already knew.
Chambers' DNA is all over
the victim. He used a blunt
knife to cut Gains' throat,
probably to prolong death
making it slower and more
painful.

STANFORD

Did he leave anything
other than the book behind?

INVESTIGATOR

Not that...

Woodward appears at Stanford's side. The agent interrupts the forensic investigator.

WOODWARD

There's no cryptic evidence
for the finale.

STANFORD

What?

WOODWARD

In the last chapter the
killer goes after the
detectives wife.

Stanford's face drops.

STANFORD

Maria!

Woodward races out after Stanford who has already left
the office.

INT. LOUNGE. STANFORD'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Maria lies on the sofa, a book in her hands and a glass
of wine by her side. Conan lies asleep on a rug in front
of the fire.

A sound from the hallway startles Conan who jumps to
attention staring towards the hall.

MARIA

What's the matter buddy?

(pause)

Dean is that you?

She listens for a reply, nothing. Conan trots off into
the hall.

A few seconds pass...

MARIA

Conan! Come on boy come
back in here.

There's no sound coming from the hall. Maria puts her
book down and heads into the hallway.

Conan lies on the floor as if asleep.

MARIA

Come on boy I'm not in the
mood for games.

The dog remains motionless as Maria edges nearer to him.
She bends down and prods his neck.

MARIA

Come on boy.

Conan's neck wobbles, broken and lifeless.

Maria stands sobbing uncontrollably her hands and body shaking with fright. Chambers stands behind her. She turns around. Chambers punches her. She drops to the floor with a thud.

INT. WOODWARD'S CAR (MOVING) - NIGHT

Stanford pulls his phone from his pocket and looks at the dead display.

STANFORD
It's fucking dead.

Woodward reaches into his pocket.

WOODWARD
Here use mine.

Stanford dials out again putting the phone to his ear.

STANFORD
It's dead. He's gotta be
there.

INT. BEDROOM. STANFORD'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Chambers drags Maria's unconscious body into the bedroom. He pulls her onto the bed.

INT. HALL. STANFORD'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Chambers emerges from the bedroom and heads for the fuse box. He removes a fuse plunging the apartment into darkness.

INT. LOUNGE. STANFORD'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Chambers forces a gap between the blinds looking out onto the street below.

EXT. STANFORD'S APARTMENT BUILDING - NIGHT

Stanford and Woodward both exit the car rushing up the steps to the building's entrance.

INT. BEDROOM. STANFORD'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Maria lies on the bed her hands bound to the steel headboard her mouth gagged, blood seeping from an open wound across her nose. Chambers stands at the entrance to the bedroom staring at Maria. He tilts his head in admiration.

CHAMBERS

You certainly are a
beautiful woman. Don't worry
your hero is on his way.

INT. HALL. STANFORD'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

The front door creeps open. Stanford enters the dark hallway his gun gripped firmly in his hand. Woodward brings up the rear.

A single gunshot rings out from the direction of the lounge. Stanford ducks, returning fire as he does. Woodward's dead body topples onto him, pressing him to the ground.

Stanford struggles out from under him, meeting the dead agent's gaze, a single bullet wound pierces his forehead seeping blood onto the floor.

Stanford grasps the dead man's gun and he moves along to the kitchen doorway. He brings both weapons up to the ready.

CHAMBERS

Deano! If my shooting skills
are still up to standard you
should be the one left
breathing.

Stanford struggles to his feet in the darkness.

STANFORD

Where's Maria.

CHAMBERS

Ah, so my skills are still up
to standard. She's in the
bedroom waiting for you Dean.
She wants you. She wanted me
but I had to refuse under the
present circumstances.

STANFORD

Not your type hah Chambers?

A little anger can be heard in Chambers' tone.

CHAMBERS

She still breathes Stanford
and for that you should
thank me.

Stanford tries to focus in the dark but can't see a thing. He can only guess at where Chambers is by the direction the sound of his voice is coming from.

STANFORD

You gonna tell me what all this is about?

CHAMBERS

You know what this is about. You must have seen the pictures in my apartment. You put Stein away for crimes he didn't commit.

STANFORD

His DNA was all over the crime scene. He masturbated over his victims.

Chambers gets angrier.

CHAMBERS

He liked to watch, missed the real fun. The fun of removing the lives from the people who didn't deserve the gift of nature.

STANFORD

It was you?
(beat)
You raped and murdered those children, screwed up the lives of their families? Left their lifeless bodies to Stein?

Chambers voice gets harsher and harsher.

CHAMBERS

We have our means, our reasons Detective Stanford. That was my thing. My thing! And you took it away from me, from us!

STANFORD

Why did Stein write the book?

CHAMBERS

I had other matters to deal with like getting through police academy.

Stanford starts to edge forward.

CHAMBERS (CONT'D)
You see it wasn't just the
book that had all the effort
put into it. My passing the
police exam was just as
important and when I got my
detective badge and had the
chance to work with the
great Dean Stanford, well
that's things dreams are
made of.

Stanford approaches the doorway to the lounge.

STANFORD
So all this was just to get
back at me?

CHAMBERS
You ruined my life, our
lives.

STANFORD
(sarcastically)
I'm honoured.

Chambers shouts in rage...

CHAMBERS
He was my fucking brother!!

STANFORD
Is that why you made each
murder look like suicide,
because it was a homage to
your sick fuck of a brother.

Stanford rolls back into the kitchen doorway. Chambers
bits down hard on his fist as he tries to control his
anger. He is perspiring heavily now.

CHAMBERS
In case you're wondering
if your dog is sedated
he's not. Its fucking
neck is broken. What a
wonderful sound that
makes.

As Stanford tries to get his footing again he stumbles
back of Conan's dead carcass. Stanford grips his gun his

teeth grind together with rage somehow he manages to stay silent.

CHAMBERS (CONT'D)
You playing games with me
now Deano? Your woman friend
likes to play games too.

Stanford remains silent. All the while Chambers is getting more and more frustrated and desperate.

CHAMBERS (CONT'D)
Why don't you go see her?
She looks great.

Stanford dashes for the bedroom firing two shots towards the lounge as he passes.

INT. BEDROOM. STANFORD'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

He reaches out for the bed and immediately feels Maria's bound ankle. He whispers.

STANFORD
Baby, move your leg if you're
okay.

He holds his breath for a reaction. Her leg moves. Stanford's relief engulfs him.

CHAMBERS
That was a bit silly Dean.

STANFORD
This place is surrounded now
Chambers you're not getting
out.

CHAMBERS
You know that getting out of
here is not my number one
priority. I have more pressing
matters which need to be dealt
with.

Chambers is now at boiling point not getting the reaction he wants from Stanford.

CHAMBERS (CONT'D)
That book will make me one
of the best Deano.

Stanford picks up on the change in Chambers mood and begins to push the necessary buttons.

STANFORD

Until you decided to pick up
Mary Connor from the Tavern.
You didn't account for any
witnesses did you? A small
error on your part, don't
you think?

Chambers tone gets angrier by the second.

CHAMBERS

I told you in my note. No
murder can be a perfect one.

(pause)

You call yourself a cop? It
comes to something when the
killer has to solve the
crimes for you. Hell I
practically handed myself
to you. First Gains then the
book...

Stanford butts in.

STANFORD

You can blame your brother
for bringing your potential
in history to an end. He was
a liability who in one way
or another brought an end to
your sick vision.

Chambers' frame appears in the doorway to the bedroom as
he fires random shots into the room.

Stanford returns two shots catching Chambers in the head
and chest. He drops to the floor.

Stanford rushes to the light switch and flicks it on. He
moves over to Maria. As he gets nearer he notices a
gunshot wound to her forehead. Blood streams from the
wound as her body lays motionless.

He turns towards Chambers' tear's anger and frustration
all taking hold at once. He reaches down to Chambers'
slumped body. He feels his neck for a pulse it's still
beating.

Chambers struggles to speak as he spurts blood from his
mouth.

CHAMBERS

We are all killers Dean.
We kill animals to survive.
We kill men, women and
children in war.

(pause)

And you Dean, kill to
protect and to serve. So
don't make me out to be any
different.

Stanford raises his gun at Chambers head. Chambers manages a smirk as he coughs and splutters some more. Blood flows freely from his head wound.

STANFORD

Fuck you.

Stanford fires two shots at Chambers. The room falls into silence.

FADE OUT.