

ROOK

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EXT. A LONELY SMALL TOWN STREET - NIGHT

A policeman is exiting his parked patrol car - the lights of the car rotating and flashing bright blue onto the gritty, dark, lonely road.

Just in front of the patrol car is another parked car, a sedan, with its brake and parking lights on. It contains only one person, the driver, who is only a silhouette to the policeman at this time.

The policeman pulls a flashlight from his utility belt with his left hand and clicks it on to better see the driver of the sedan he has pulled over. The policeman has his right hand atop the grip of his holstered pistol. A nervous look is on the policeman's face, as he slowly walks to the driver's side door of the sedan.

The flashlight reveals the sedan driver's face, a Caucasian man.

The sedan driver looks unphased by the bright light, staring directly at the policeman and smiles in a CREEPY yet FRIENDLY manner. In the same instance, the window to the driver's side door begins to roll down electronically.

POLICEMAN

(stern)

I've pulled you over because you're going a bit too fast through my little town, here, Sir. It's late out, but that don't mean the 35 m.p.h. limit just goes away. I going to need your license and registration, please...and proof of insurance on the vehicle.

The CREEPY sedan driver lifts his hands above and out the open window. His wallet is in his left hand outstretched for the policeman to take.

The policeman grabs the wallet with his right hand and then, using both hands begins his inspection.

The wallet has two, one-hundred dollar bills, and is otherwise completely empty - no driver's license, no credit cards, nothing at all except the money. The policeman gets an annoyed look of confusion about his face.

POLICEMAN (CONT'D)

Is this some kind of a joke? You trying to bribe me? That better not be it.

The policeman backs up a few steps, puts his flashlight back on the sedan driver and caresses the handle of his pistol once again.

POLICEMAN (CONT'D)

Why don't you just step out of the car and start of by telling me who you are.

The sedan driver keeps the same CREEPY smile on his face and opens his door from the outside, slowly pushes it open and then steps out of his sedan. He is a somewhat average sized man wearing khaki pants, a white button-up shirt and some dress shoes and socks. He looks harmless, but at the same time, his eyes make him look rather capable of something more.

POLICEMAN (CONT'D)

Sir? You've got enough of a problem driving without insurance or a driver's license. How about giving me your name!?

The CREEP (sedan driver) leans his head forward a bit towards the policeman.

CREEP

I am...not.

The policeman gets a very confused and annoyed look on his face and begins to pull his gun from its holster.

CUT TO:

INT. A BEDROOM - NIGHT

DETECTIVE PEARL wakes up in his darkened bedroom to the SOUND OF HIS PHONE RINGING.

Pearl makes the sounds of one groggy and annoyed to be awakened in such a manner as he finds a lamp in the dark and turns it on. He isn't wearing a shirt, his short hair is a mess and only a bedsheet is barely covering him from the waist down.

The lamp sits on a night stand on the right side of his bed. Also on the night stand are a few of Pearl's personal items: wallet, some change, keys, a wrist watch and his loudly ringing cell phone.

Pearl ignores the constant loud ringing as he first grabs his wrist watch. He takes a moment to get a good focus on the time. He takes a deep breath and then sighs as he exhales. He then drops his watch and picks up his phone.

The ID on the phone says LINDELL, AARON J.

Pearl answers his phone.

PEARL

(groggy)

You know I hate you, right?

LINDELL (V.O.)

I swear, Pearl, we've got one for the history books here tonight or else I wouldn't do this to you.

PEARL

Well...start telling me this something that couldn't wait.

LINDELL (V.O.)

It's something that's been pissing me off to deal with for about six hours so far. That's when Wilson called me in here.

PEARL

(annoyed)

The problem, Lindell. Get to the point.

LINDELL (V.O.)

I...I can't identify this guy. I mean we've got...nothing. You're not going to believe what this weirdo has pulled off tonight. The guy won't even talk either, except for saying the same damned thing over and over. I ask him where he's from, what's his name - he just keeps saying...I am not.

PEARL

(groggy)

Fuck, Lindell, just put his ass in a cell and sweat him out!

LINDELL (V.O.)

Yeah, well, putting him in a cell wasn't a good idea either...

JUMP CUT TO:

INT. POLICE HOLDING AREA - FLASHBACK TO HOURS EARLIER

Lindell is dressed in a somewhat causal attire of black slacks, a mainstream button-up shirt and a leather jacket. Lindell is behind the handcuffed Creep walking him down the hall of the holding area to an open jail cell. Lindell stops the Creep just in front of the cell door and takes his time undoing the handcuffs.

LINDELL

See, this is where people who don't feel like cooperating end up. All you had to do is give somebody your name, and you'd probably be at home with only a sixty-dollar ticket to worry about.

Lindell turns the Creep around to see him face to face.

The Creep is just staring at the ground with absolutely no emotion.

LINDELL (CONT'D)

(angered)

Look at me, damn it! Who the fuck are you?!

The Creep raises his face and is now smiling eerily as he focuses on Lindell.

CREEP

(calm whisper)

I...am not.

Lindell gets a furious look on his face. He clinches his fists and his handcuffs grind a bit in his one hand.

LINDELL

Fuck you then! Get in! Get in there!

The Creep has his hands remaining behind his back, and he slowly backs up four short steps into the jail cell.

Lindell looks very pissed off. He grabs the jail cell door and slams it shut, locking it automatically.

LINDELL (CONT'D)

I've got nothing but time. I think
I'll go and get you a fucking
dictionary, so you can increase
your vocabulary...you will talk.

The Creep grabs the bars of the jail cell and watches Lindell stride away and out of sight. The Creep then takes a moment to examine the bars in his grips. He lets loose of the bars and then examines the jail cell.

The jail cell is barely enough room for what it contains - a simple toilet in the back left corner and a thin padded cot with seemingly old sheets and a blanket covering it set against the right wall.

The Creep turns to face the left wall that, although painted an off-white color, it still has some barely visible types of scratched words onto the wall. The Creep makes a prayer clasp with his hands and brings them up to cover his mouth. He studies the wall for a moment, and then he suddenly bites into the middle knuckle of his right index finger. He tears into his flesh, bites off a nice little piece of flesh and spits it into the floor. He then instantly begins to use his bloody knuckle to start writing something on the wall.

Lindell comes walking back down to the jail cell and actually is holding a small dictionary. He finally notices what is going on with the Creep and stops dead in his tracks, as the Creep just goes on unphased by Lindell's presence.

LINDELL (CONT'D)

(shocked)

What the fuck?!

Lindell cocks his head slightly to the direction he came from.

LINDELL (CONT'D)

(shouting)

Wilson! Get in here! Wilson?!

The same officer that earlier pulled over the Creep comes running over to Lindell's side. ENTER OFFICER WILSON "officially." Wilson stops dead in his tracks also very shocked at the Creep's doings.

WILSON
(shocked)
Oh, what the hell?!

Lindell goes to grab at Wilson's keys, but Wilson snags them away as he is faster to attempt opening the locked jail cell.

The Creep finishes his writing on the wall just as Wilson unlocks and slings the cell door open. The Creep smiles eerily at Wilson and Lindell as they both shove him up against the back wall of the cell.

LINDELL
Cuff this crazy bastard, now!

WILSON
I'm on it.

Wilson hurriedly helps Lindell turn the Creep face against the wall and then cuffs him. Wilson then kicks the Creep in the back of his knees and pushes him to a kneeling position.

WILSON (CONT'D)
Don't move. Don't even try it.

Lindell and Wilson both look a bit winded from the whole event.

Lindell runs his hands through his hair nervously. He then turns to the left wall and is shocked to see what it is that the Creep has written in his own blood.

The blood writing on the wall reads, PEARL.

Lindell looks very confused on top of his obvious shock, and then lends an eye over to Wilson who is also now reading the wall.

WILSON (CONT'D)

What the hell is going on here?

LINDELL

I don't know. Just get him up.

Wilson raises the Creep back to his feet, and Lindell snags him away from Wilson's grasp.

Lindell starts leading the Creep out of the jail cell and back the direction they originally came from. Lindell pauses for a moment to point out to Wilson the piece of the Creep's flesh on the ground.

LINDELL (CONT'D)

(to Wilson)

I want that examined, now. You call Beth in here. I don't care what it takes. You get her here to process that.

Lindell shoves the Creep's shoulder a bit and is staring him down.

WILSON

Yeah, I got it.

LINDELL

(to the Creep)

We're going to find out all about your weird ass.

Lindell pushes the Creep onward as they walk away.

Wilson kneels to the ground and looks over the piece of flesh with disgust in his face.

Wilson looks around and begins searching his pockets for something to use to confiscate the piece of flesh. He grimaces when he can find nothing.

JUMP CUT TO:

INT. PEARL'S BEDROOM - FLASH FORWARD BACK TO PRESENT

Pearl is paused in silence, and there is also a pause of silence from Lindell over the phone. Pearl's eyes squint with confusion.

LINDELL (V.O.)

I don't know how, but this guy knows your name, Pearl. Whatever this weirdo has up his sleeve, it feels justified waking you up.

PEARL

Yeah...I'm on my way.

CUT TO:

INT. POLICE INTERROGATION, VIEWING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Lindell puts away his cell phone into his jacket pocket and then rubs his hands through his short, wild hair.

The Creep can be seen through the one-way-mirrored window of this, the interrogation, viewing room. The Creep is just sitting alone at a table with his arms resting atop it - an empty chair sits just on the other side of the table. The Creep has his hands clasped together and is seemingly staring through the window. He has a gauze bandage now covering his right index finger, and his face looks near emotionless.

Lindell is looking at the Creep while shaking his head slightly.

LINDELL

Where the fuck do these weirdos come from?

Suddenly the Creep begins laughing almost silently.

Lindell gets a confused look on his face.

LINDELL (CONT'D)

This guy is fucking nuts.

The Creep stops laughing in an instant and looks complacent. He cocks his head to one side, and his eyes squint.

CREEP

(mouths the words)

Bad news.

Lindell perks up. He is very interested.

LINDELL

What did you just say?

A LOUD KNOCK on the door to the room startles Lindell.

The door opens wide to reveal a nerdy looking, young lady in plain clothes attire and wearing a blue, cloth lab jacket. She is BETH, the Lab Tech, and holds a file folder and has a very annoyed look on her face.

BETH

(rather angry)

I know we haven't got the best of relationships anymore, but I don't appreciate you wasting my fucking time on bullshit assignments.

Lindell forms a WHAT THE FUCK look on his face.

BETH (CONT'D)

I'm not amused and...

LINDELL

(loudly interrupts)

Hey!

Beth still looks a bit annoyed but straightens up her posture and purses her lips.

LINDELL (CONT'D)

(now calm)

My entire night has been total shit, and I'm in no mood to pull pranks on you. Maybe someone you work with at the lab is who you're looking to bite a head off of. I just need lab results from you, okay?

Beth hands Lindell the file folder.

BETH

This is what I'm talking about. So tell me again who's pulling a prank. There's your lab results.

Lindell looks a bit confused. He starts reading the file.

Beth is keeping an annoyed sort of poker face waiting for a response.

Lindell looks up at Beth with eyebrows raised.

LINDELL

You're asking me about pranks, and you give me this shit?

BETH

Hey, those are your results, plain and simple. I did my job.

LINDELL

Unknown?

Beth takes a deep breath. She sighs as she exhales.

BETH

That's just the short answer. The long of it is that I wasted my time trying to even determine a trace of DNA or any other familiar molecular structures besides the wax of the paper cup you gave me and the plastic baggy that your so-called piece of skin was in.

LINDELL

I gave that guy right there -

Lindell points to the Creep through the window, and Beth glances.

LINDELL (CONT'D)

- that little cup of water myself
...I'm the one who wrapped his
chewed up finger in a bandage!
Wilson bagged the skin and cleaned
his blood off the wall in the cell!
It's fucking real, okay!

BETH

(a bit loud)

I'm telling you what the tests
showed me!

Lindell squints and grins like he's biting his own tongue. He looks at the Creep through the window.

LINDELL

(calmer, now)

I've been questioning his stubborn
or retarded ass for hours now, and
I have no other way of finding out
who the hell he is.

Beth gives Lindell a smirk.

Lindell turns to her and notices her disbelief.

LINDELL (CONT'D)

(seriously annoyed)

I'm not fucking with you. I've got nothing on this guy. His prints have been running since he first got here. Any other day - any other perp, and I'd have had my results at least thirty minutes ago. Not this guy...no license, no registration, no proof of insurance on the car he was driving. His damn license plate didn't even come up in trace.

BETH

I've done what I can do. DNA alone isn't going to ID him anyway.

LINDELL

(angered more)

I know that, damn it, but it's a fucking starting point, now, isn't it!?

BETH

(slight sarcasm)

Maybe if you can get another sample - hair maybe?

LINDELL

(fully annoyed)

I'm not the scientist here, but your results tell me you need to run it again. This has got to be a lab screw up, and I need something on this guy...damn it!

Beth looks very angry and is seemingly holding back a lot more anger.

BETH

Fine. I hope I get the same results because I know how to do my damned job. I know what blood is, and I know what saliva is, and your specimens weren't it!

Beth snatches away her file folder from Lindell and storms out of the room, SLAMMING the door shut behind her.

Lindell looks down at the floor for a moment as if the sound of the slamming door was painful to him. He squints his eyes, rubs his temples and forehead and then looks back up through the window at the Creep.

The Creep is sitting in his same position with an eerie smirk on his face. He then starts to chuckle a bit.

Lindell gets an angry frown about his face.

LINDELL

Son of a bitch...you're enjoying this whole thing.

JUMP CUT TO:

INT. POLICE INTERROGATION ROOM - CONTINUOUS

The Creep slowly lifts his hand with his bandaged finger up to his eye level. He seems to be studying his own finger. He slowly starts to try and curl his bandaged finger like he has curled the neighboring fingers - trying to make a fist. He can't quite make the fist he wants to, and blood starts to soak up through the top, middle area of the bandage. The Creep regains his eerie grin.

CUT TO:

INT. POLICE STATION - EARLY MORNING, STILL DARK

Pearl walks into the front of the police station dressed in a greyish three piece suit with a dark colored tie.

Pearl still looks a bit groggy, but he also looks focused to get something important done.

A lady police officer is in more casual police attire and seated at the receptionist / dispatch desk here at the police entrance. ENTER OFFICER GRAVES.

Graves smiles at Pearl.

GRAVES

I heard you were called in here early. From what I hear you're going to have your hands full with this one. Might get to use that psychiatry degree of yours, though. I think this perp likes playing head games.

Pearl sighs in laughter.

PEARL

I can't wait.

GRAVES

You want some coffee?

PEARL

Please. That obvious?

Graves gets up from her seated position and begins to walk off a short distance from the side of her desk.

GRAVES

Your eyes tell the story.

Pearl grimaces just a moment. He begins to go ahead and walk down a hallway leading deeper into the police station.

PEARL

I'll be back for that coffee in a minute. I want to go ahead and touch base with Lindell.

GRAVES

I'll just bring it to you. Go ahead on.

PEARL

Alright then...thanks.

Pearl keeps walking onward.

Lindell steps out of a door into the hallway. He is rubbing the back of his neck and stretching.

Pearl stops in his tracks. He smiles and chucks a laugh at Lindell.

PEARL (CONT'D)

(sarcastic)

You look like you're going to be dependable.

Lindell turns to Pearl and grimaces, then stares at Pearl quite serious.

PEARL (CONT'D)

This one's got you really messed up, huh?

LINDELL

No, I'll make it.

PEARL

Graves is bringing me coffee. Why don't you just take it?

Graves begins walking up behind Pearl. She holds a steaming, Styrofoam cup of coffee in her right hand.

Pearl turns to Graves, as he can hear her walking.

PEARL (CONT'D)

Just give it to sleepy, here.

Pearl uses his thumb to motion his comment at Lindell.

Graves smiles at Lindell and hands him the coffee.

Lindell just smirks and nods while taking the coffee from Graves.

GRAVES

I'll go ahead and make another pot
for you guys.

Graves walks away.

Pearl stares at Lindell for a moment as Lindell takes a few sips of the coffee.

PEARL

So...where's this fan of mine at?

Lindell uses his thumb, now, to point off to his right side at some closed doors.

LINDELL

Interrogation room. Maybe he's
biting off his fingernails for you.

Pearl raises his eyebrows in a nonchalant fashion.

PEARL

Great. Well, let's get started.

LINDELL

I'll be seeing you.

Lindell opens one door that leads to the interrogation viewing room, walks in and shuts the door behind him.

Pearl frowns at Lindell's cheesy pun and takes a moment to collect himself. He clears his face of as much emotion as he can.

Pearl seems to be focusing as much mentally as he is on his physical presence. He reaches inside his suit jacket and removes an ink pen and a small steno-notepad.

CUT TO:

INT. INTERROGATION ROOM - CONTINUOUS

The door to the interrogation room opens and in walks Pearl.

Pearl looks focused and almost menacing as he stares at the Creep who is still just clasping his hands atop the table and staring blankly at the tabletop. Pearl squints a bit and swallows hard. He continues to stare down the Creep and steps over to the empty chair, pulls it away from the table some and takes a seat.

The Creep continues to stare blankly at the tabletop.

Pearl opens up his notepad and makes himself comfortable in the chair. His hands are in his lap looking somewhat ready to write at a moment's notice.

PEARL

Well...I sure as hell don't
recognize you from Adam. I'd love
to know how you know who I am?

The Creep smiles but still stares at the tabletop.

CREEP

Adam was a Neanderthal...

JUMP CUT TO:

INT. VIEWING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Lindell about spills his coffee.

LINDELL

Shit!

Lindell turns around hurriedly to a recording mechanism and pushes down the RECORD button.

JUMP CUT TO:

INT. INTERROGATION ROOM - CONTINUOUS

CREEP

...His brow was huge...but his brain was equivalent to some of your kind I've seen working a fast-food drive-thru.

Pearl jots down a few things in his notepad.

PEARL

(mumbling)

My kind, huh?

CREEP

Writing my anecdotes? I've many more for you.

PEARL

No...just taking note of your position of self. You speak like you're higher on the totem pole than anyone else, so I'm noting that as part of your profile.

CREEP

Isn't profiling illegal?

Pearl smirks just a second.

PEARL

Illegal profiling is when someone is judged immediately on impulse or with prejudice...unfairly. Surely you've been Mirandized of your rights already.

(MORE)

PEARL (CONT'D)

That does allow you the refusal to speak to me, but I promise you... until we confirm any identification on you that you're a U.S. Citizen, then we can treat you with extreme prejudice and without recourse. I can assume you're a terrorist and an extreme threat if I want to. I could beat you within an inch of your life...so any judgement of you I have right now is just too fucking bad for you. Are we clear on that?

CREEP

To judge is a sin...even if you were created in his image, at least he was smart enough to scold you for repeating his profane powers.

Pearl sighs. He then leans forward a bit.

PEARL

Look. I don't want to waste either of our time, so how about you start answering some questions...who are you?

The Creep finally looks up from the table and locks eyes with Pearl.

Pearl keeps his composure but seems to recognize a disturbance in the Creep's eyes. Pearl keeps focused.

CREEP

(playfully)

No, no, no.

The Creep wiggles his bandaged index finger just a bit.

CREEP (CONT'D)

That's the ending of the game.
With so many other parts to it, do
you really want to spoil it for
yourself?

Pearl sighs a laugh. He looks like he is forcing a smile
through his frustration.

PEARL

So that's it? You like playing
games? You just woke up today and
decided it was time to play a game
that went this far?

CREEP

Truly, games are nothing more than
the more enjoyable versions of
conflict. Any game - be it a Chess
match, even...I'll win or you will.
The joy of it, though, is in the
design to whichever outcome occurs.

The Creep squints his eyes a little at Pearl.

CREEP (CONT'D)

Granted, it'd be more enjoyable for
you if you win the game...but you
won't.

The Creep grins evilly.

Pearl's eyes cringe a little. He is focusing his impatience
and anger.

PEARL

Unfortunately, I'm not that good at
games anymore. It's probably my
age...my maturity. I'm just a
grumpy old man, now.

CREEP

No...you're an interrogation specialist who's using some awfully transparent psychology. I thought you were a better student than what I'm seeing.

Pearl purses his lips for a second.

PEARL

I guess I'll have to cut through the bullshit, then. I'd hate to bore you since you seem to know the ropes of police procedure or whatever I'm thinking.

CREEP

I know the entire game, yes.

PEARL

Ah, so this is also part of your game?

CREEP

The moment you stepped through the door, it all began. We are currently the only two pieces in play. There will soon be others, though.

PEARL

I take it there are parameters to this game? Rules? A specific playing field?

CREEP

I shall be resigned only to this station. The rest of you have anything you want at your disposal.

PEARL

(sarcastic)

Well, that's very kind of you...
whatever we choose to do.

CREEP

Your power of choice, I believe you
have another to thank for...not I.

Pearl calmly takes a deep breath.

A moment of silence occurs.

PEARL

If I win this game...?

CREEP

(interrupts)

The end of our game will be quite
cut and dry, I assure you. You'll
get the information you want.

PEARL

Let's say I already know the
ending.

CREEP

Then say it. I want everyone to
hear.

PEARL

Well, it's more over that I can
easily assume the ending you want
me to arrive at...from the way
you're speaking.

CREEP

Only legend suggests I'm just here
to persuade you. This is nothing
of a child's mindset or fairy tale
concept.

(MORE)

CREEP (CONT'D)

You're not limited to three guesses, and I assure you, my name is not Rumpelstiltskin. This game ...is seriously...your last.

Pearl stands up quickly with a sort of fury.

PEARL

(angry, through his teeth)
Goddammit!

CREEP

Yeah. Now, we're talking.

Pearl makes a fist in the Creep's face.

PEARL

Shut the fuck up!

CREEP

That's the Pearl I'm looking for.

Pearl looks to be focusing his anger again and calms himself with a few deep breaths.

PEARL

Why do want me angry?! What's my anger to you?!

CREEP

It speeds you on your path. Anger charges you, Pearl. It always has.

PEARL

Look, motherfucker...!

Pearl is furious and begins pacing a bit.

PEARL (CONT'D)

...no...fuck this! We don't play games in my town!

Pearl strides back to the Creep and snatches him up out of his seat.

Lindell bursts into the interrogation room and immediately assists Pearl.

The Creep is steady smiling and doesn't even try to struggle. He is just allowing himself to be pushed around.

CUT TO:

INT. POLICE HOLDING AREA - NIGHT

Lindell takes great enjoyment in shoving the Creep back into his jail cell.

Pearl stands in the middle of the hallway looking with a dead stare at the Creep.

Lindell slams shut the jail cell door and steps over beside Pearl.

The Creep takes a seat on the cot in the cell and begins staring forward at the now, cleaned wall. He is just staring as if he could see through it.

LINDELL

You don't talk...you don't identify yourself...then you just sit here and fucking rot.

PEARL

(loud for both to hear)
I told him already. He's got absolutely no rights as a civilian until he can provide to us he is one.

LINDELL

Don't bite yourself anymore either. You can fucking bleed to death next time for all I care.

Lindell walks off with attitude.

Pearl steps close to the bars of the cell.

PEARL

So, how's your game looking, now?

The Creep slowly turns his head to face Pearl. The Creep's creepy smile and eerie look in his eyes appear again.

CREEP

(calm and softly)

I'm winning.

Pearl looks annoyingly disappointed.

PEARL

Well, maybe I've already won, myself. Maybe I've figured out the ending and I'm just watching you struggle at your own game.

The Creep turns back to staring at the wall.

CREEP

Then, what's my name?

PEARL

We'll find out in due time. Until then I've got a good idea who you think you are, but I promise you ...you fall real short of expectations.

The Creep laughs a bit.

CREEP

You don't believe in me?

Pearl again sighs with a laugh.

PEARL
No...I guess I don't.

Pearl begins to walk away.

CREEP
(louder)
You're closer to the end than you
think...and you can't even see it.

The Creep laughs loud.

Pearl keeps walking without a care.

PEARL
(mumbles to himself)
I can see enough.

CUT TO:

INT. PEARL AND LINDELL'S OFFICE IN THE STATION - MORNING

There are rays of daylight creeping into Pearl and Lindell's office through some mini-blinds.

Each man has a desk, a chair and a computer in the office.

Lindell looks asleep in his chair.

Pearl is using his computer to thumb through criminal databases.

Lindell's eyes squint a little. He barely opens them.

LINDELL
You find anything yet?

PEARL
Nothing. Hell, I'm almost afraid
to start looking at the red flags
database.

LINDELL

Why's that?

PEARL

Just everything this guy's saying...he talks like his whole agenda is religiously channelled. I'm afraid we might have ourselves one of these neo-Christian activists.

Lindell's eyes open wide.

LINDELL

You mean like one of them fucking abortion clinic bombers?

PEARL

Could be...something equivalent.

LINDELL

Oh, geez.

Lindell forces himself up out of his chair. He stands and picks up the phone on his desk.

PEARL

Calling in breakfast?

LINDELL

No, I'm calling Beth for my lab results.

PEARL

Don't bother. She called already. She's still got nothing.

Lindell slams the phone back down.

LINDELL

Damn...what the fuck!?

Lindell rubs his head and face several times. He plops back down into his chair.

PEARL

She was plenty pissed about it, too. She seems positive you're pulling another fast one on her. Of course, I told her this guy is the real thing. She just hung up in a huff anyway.

LINDELL

Ah, fuck her...I guess this guy's prints are still running, too, then?

PEARL

Still going...nothing yet.

Lindell looks at Pearl with a curious disappointment, like he has had enough of it all.

Pearl looks calm and focuses in on his computer screen.

LINDELL

How are you so calm about this?

PEARL

I've just been thinking a lot...and I guess I'm starting to like playing this game of his.

Lindell looks a bit shocked.

LINDELL

You can't be serious?

PEARL

Look at us. We have the virtual jurisdiction of Andy Griffith.
(MORE)

PEARL (CONT'D)

When am I going to get another chance to use any of my psychiatric training? If I don't try to outwit this creep, then why'd I ever get a degree? It's a sense of purpose for all of that education, for once.

LINDELL

Whatever, man. I'd rather just throw this guy in with the retards over at the clinic. I'm pretty sure he'll fit in.

Lindell just now notices the sunlight coming from behind the mini-blinds.

LINDELL (CONT'D)

Damn, I didn't think I was actually out that long.

PEARL

You got nearly two hours in. I'm surprised you didn't wake up when Wilson brought in Sweet Leon.

Pearl smiles and looks to be waiting for Lindell's response.

Lindell lowers his eyebrows and smiles as if in disbelief.

LINDELL

Sweet Leon's here?

Lindell starts chucking a few laughs.

LINDELL (CONT'D)

You dog. You weren't going to tell me?

PEARL

Not when you'll just want to go fuck with both of our prisoners, then.

LINDELL

Well, hell yeah. Why not?

PEARL

Because I'd rather those two sweat it out in that cell on their own terms. If you go and start fucking with Leon, you'll have him on the outs with us just like every other time you piss him off...he'll side with whoever else is in the cell or just get tight lipped in there alone. I figure if we just leave him be with our John Doe he'll pull his natural intimidating act like he does with everyone else. He might very well intimidate that bastard to the point of wanting to cooperate with us finally.

LINDELL

So, we get Mr. Creepy playing ball a lot faster. Maybe you should have taken a shrink job after all, Pearl.

PEARL

I'd have to take classes from you on stubborn egos first.

Lindell slaps his hands together, and then he points at Pearl.

LINDELL

I love you, too, old man.

Lindell strides out of the office.

Pearl watches Lindell with tense eyes.

PEARL
(shouting to Lindell)
Hey, I'm serious.

LINDELL (O.S.)
What!?! I just gotta piss!

Pearl watches as Lindell walks down the hallway and actually does step into the Mens Room. Pearl sighs in relief and goes back to thumbing through his computer databases.

CUT TO:

INT. THE POLICE STATION MENS ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Lindell wastes no time in making use of the first urinal available on the wall. He whips himself out and sighs heavily as he begins relieving himself.

LINDELL
(mumbling to himself)
Oh, yeah...geez.

A slight moan comes from a stall in the Mens Room.

Lindell seems very surprised. He finishes his business quickly, tucks himself away and zips his pants back. He hurries over to the stall which isn't even latched.

The bottoms of shoes are visible under the door as someone is apparently knelt down inside the stall.

Lindell slowly begins to open the stall door.

LINDELL (CONT'D)
Hey...Wilson?

Lindell is shocked and jumps back as he finally sees the hulking SWEET LEON in the stall with blood all over him.

LINDELL (CONT'D)

(shouting)

FUCK! GODDAMMIT! PEARL!

Lindell slips on the bathroom floor and falls to his ass. He is breathing heavily and reaches behind his back, quickly drawing his handgun to aim at Sweet Leon.

Sweet Leon lumbers up to his feet revealing that the blood is coming from his crotch area. His blood is just falling to the floor in heavy drips.

LINDELL (CONT'D)

(still loud)

Shit, Leon! Sit down! Fuck!

Pearl, Graves and Wilson all burst through the Mens Room door.

PEARL

Lindell! Don't fire!

Wilson makes haste and goes to grab Sweet Leon. Wilson nearly tackles the big man to the ground.

Sweet Leon is just moaning and looking at his own blood. He is clearly in a traumatic state of shock.

Graves and Pearl also both look to be in a state of shock.

Lindell looks angrily confused at his coworkers.

Wilson is trying to figure out how to get a hold of Sweet Leon and not get blood all over him.

LINDELL

What the fuck is he doing in here!?

Pearl storms out of the Mens Room.

Lindell hops up to his feet quickly.

JUMP CUT TO:

INT. POLICE HOLDING AREA - CONTINUOUS

Pearl runs to the holding area as fast as he can.

Lindell is right behind and still has his gun in hand.

Pearl stops just in front of the Creep's jail cell - the door wide open.

The Creep is just sitting on the cot with that creepy smile on his face.

Lindell stops against the wall away from the jail cell and immediately points his gun at the Creep.

LINDELL

What the fuck!? What-the-fuck!?
How'd you get this open!?

Pearl grabs at Lindell's arms.

PEARL

Don't! Put the gun away!

Lindell snatches his arms away from Pearl's grip and looks at him with a furious confusion.

PEARL (CONT'D)

Focus, Lindell! What's wrong here?

Lindell stares at the Creep.

PEARL (CONT'D)

Dammit, Lindell, look at him!

Lindell visually calms down a bit.

LINDELL

Why the fuck is he just sitting there?

PEARL

Look at his hands, Lindell.

The Creep raises his hands in the " I SURRENDER " position while still eerily smiling.

CREEP

Am I missing out on something? It sounds like everyone was having a good time out there.

Lindell springs forward into the jail cell and pistol whips the Creep across his forehead.

Pearl wraps Lindell up and struggles to remove him from the area.

LINDELL

No, this son of a bitch deserves it! He's fucking with us, Pearl! Dammit! Let me beat his ass!

Pearl, as best he can, throws Lindell against the wall in the hallway.

Lindell falls on his ass and looks up furious at Pearl.

Pearl is staring Lindell down.

PEARL

Are you through?

Lindell looks over at the Creep who is just grinning and enjoying the whole scenario. Lindell sneers.

LINDELL

Yeah...for now.

PEARL

We have a pretty damn big problem
to sort out here, and I'm going to
need you cool from here on out.

LOUD MOANING is suddenly heard.

Graves runs from out of the Mens Room and towards her front
desk.

Wilson just as suddenly is helping the huge, Sweet Leon
attempt walking out of the Mens Room.

WILSON

(shouting)

Hey, dammit, I could use some help
here!

PEARL

(angrily at Lindess)

Lindell, Don't let that man die on
my watch! You got me!?

Lindell holsters his gun behind his back, angrily springs up
and strides off to help Wilson.

Pearl calmly take a few deep breaths and turns his full
attention back to the Creep.

The Creep now has his hands held out in front of himself with
his palms up. He almost looks as if he is ready to receive
something.

A good bit of blood is dripping from a gash on his forehead,
now, as well.

CREEP

As you can see, my hands are quite
clean.

Pearl takes a moment to fully inspect the Creep's hands.
They are as clean as clean can be.

PEARL

Who are you?

CREEP

Cleanliness is next to Godliness,
you know?

PEARL

Nothing about you is next to
Godliness.

Pearl slams shut the jail cell door.

CREEP

You've decided, then?

PEARL

I'll be right back with something
for that cut.

Pearl walks away going towards Graves front desk.

CREEP (O.S.)

We might as well keep playing
anyway...it'll be the same result.
It's just more fun for me the
longer you drag it out, Pearl.

CUT TO:

INT. POLICE STATION ENTRANCE - CONTINUOUS

Pearl is frowning over the immense trail of blood that leads out of the front door to the police station. He is approaching Graves' desk as she comes from another direction with a mop and mop-bucket. Pearl cringes as the mop-bucket is nearest him.

GRAVES

I put plenty of bleach and ammonia
in here. I can't stand the thought
of a perp's blood. No, sir.
(MORE)

GRAVES (CONT'D)

Graves begins mopping an area away from Pearl's standing position.

PEARL

I need some of our first aid stuff, Graves. Lindell sprung a leak on our creepy friend back there.

Graves stops mopping and lends Pearl a very serious and worried look.

GRAVES

Sir...that man back in that cell...he did this to Leon?

Pearl reaches into Graves' desk drawers until he finds some large bandages, band-aids and peroxide.

PEARL

No...I didn't see a drop of blood on him.

Pearl stands up straight with some first aid things in his hands. He and Graves share a moment of awkward silence.

GRAVES

So...Leon just unlocked the door...and he tried to tear off his own...area? I would've tried for a back door or some kind of escape. Wouldn't you?

(pause)

Something's very wrong here, Sir.

PEARL

I agree with you on that.

GRAVES

No...I mean...that man back there. I get gut feelings sometimes...and I get worse feelings sometimes. I really think we should call the State on this matter...

PEARL

(interrupts)

NO...we're not doing that. This guy somehow knows a lot about police procedure and he asked for me by name. He's just some smartass who thinks he can rattle us. I'm going to break him just every other perp I've ever had to.

Graves looks worried, still.

Pearl takes a deep breath and seemingly collects himself.

PEARL (CONT'D)

He's just a man. Maybe he's the weirdest one I've ever met...maybe even the smartest, but he bleeds like a man. Lindell's proved that much for us at least...so don't you worry. I'll handle this.

Pearl turns and begins to walk away.

GRAVES

Sir.

Pearl stops and turns back to Graves with a tired look in his eyes.

GRAVES (CONT'D)

Sir, I've never seen Leon shudder in fear like just now.

Pearl looks about to say something.

GRAVES (CONT'D)

He had tears rolling down his face because of a pain we have to believe he obviously inflicted on himself for no good reason...and he was repeating the same words over and over as he locked eyes with me. He wanted me to hear what he was saying. He kept repeating, HEBREWS 5:14...over and over.

Pearl looks concerned and calmly focused.

PEARL

It pays to be religious, Graves. So, even Sweet Leon figured that out.

GRAVES

I just read that passage last night, Sir.

Graves and Pearl both glance over to her desk and her bible atop it.

Pearl grimaces a bit.

GRAVES (CONT'D)

I still remember it. I never remember scripture, but I can't forget that passage for the life of me: **Since the fall, a knowledge of good and evil has been man's inheritance; and even in divine things the matured Christian is he who has his senses exercised to discern both good and evil.**

Pearl and Graves share another short awkward silence.

PEARL

If it's too much, I'll understand
if you want to go on home.

GRAVES

I don't mean for you to doubt me,
Sir. I'm just feeling warned and
for good reason...that's all.

Pearl's face shows he cannot think of anything else to say,
and so he begins walking away back towards the holding area.

CUT TO:

INT. POLICE HOLDING AREA - CONTINUOUS

Pearl is spacing a little, mostly staring at the floor as he
walks back to the jail cell. As soon as Pearl reaches the
jail cell, he stops dead in his tracks and drops all of the
first aid supplies he was holding.

The jail cell door is again wide open, and the Creep is just
sitting on his cot grinning eerily - his cut still bleeding a
bit.

Pearl is shocked and immediately pulls his gun. He turns his
head back down the hallway and is just about to call for
Graves.

CREEP

I wouldn't bother. She's afraid of
me, and I doubt she'd be in a hurry
to help you.

Pearl stays quiet instead and focuses his increasingly
serious eyes on the Creep.

PEARL

Where's the key? Toss it.

The Creep just smiles still and turns to stare at the wall.

CREEP

You know I don't have a key. Why would I need one?

PEARL

I promise you're about to have an increasingly worsening day if you don't cooperate with me.

CREEP

Actually, you could consider yourself the key, if you wanted to.

PEARL

I'm not fucking around! Give me the key!

Graves enters the hallway, and Pearl takes a quick glance at her. She looks to be very concerned.

PEARL (CONT'D)

I need you, Graves. I'm gonna need an extra pair of hands here.

Graves moves slowly and hesitant.

CREEP

Slow and steady, she goes, I told you.

Graves picks up her pace and makes her way to Pearl's side. Her face reveals her apprehension to the Creep.

The Creep winks at Graves.

CREEP (CONT'D)

Hi, honey.

Graves immediately goes to reach for her pistol which is holstered on the back of her pants.

Pearl uses his right elbow to nudge Graves.

PEARL

No, I just need you to guide him for me. Get him on his feet, and I want you to search him. He's hiding a key somewhere.

The Creep goes ahead and stands up without Graves help. He also puts his hands on top of his head.

CREEP

I was wondering if you were going to get to take more interest in me, Graves.

Graves steps forward with a disgusted look on her face.

GRAVES

You shut your mouth. You don't speak to me.

CREEP

(laughingly)

Oh, you want to make new rules to the game? That's fine. I'll play along.

Graves begins patting down the Creep, searching for the key. She starts low around his ankles but looks into his eyes the whole time with a slight sneer.

CREEP (CONT'D)

(whispering)

I'll be quiet for you...

Graves works her way up to patting around the Creep's torso area.

The Creep purses his lips together.

CREEP (V.O.) (CONT'D)
 (whisper that only Graves
 can hear)
 ...and I'll still scare you.

Graves is scared so much that she jumps back quickly, and she looks at Pearl awaiting acknowledgment that he heard what she did.

Pearl is confused at Graves actions, but he keeps his aim on the Creep.

 PEARL
 Graves?

Graves looks at Pearl still waiting for a response. She looks to be realizing the eerie truth of the moment for herself. A worsening fear is trying to break through in Graves' facial expression.

 GRAVES
 I don't want to touch him anymore!
 I don't even want to be near him!

Graves starts to back several steps away from the jail cell and even away from Pearl.

The Creep releases his pursed lips and slowly regains his eerie smile.

 PEARL
 Graves, what the hell is wrong with
 you?

 GRAVES
 You had to hear him!

 PEARL
 I heard him say he'd be quiet for
 once. What's wrong with that?

GRAVES

I heard him say said something
else!

PEARL

Graves, I didn't hear anything.

GRAVES

He threatened me! I heard it clear
as if he spoke right into my ear!

Graves slowly begins stepping back again.

Pearl is trying not to let himself unravel in this situation.
He refocuses with a few breaths, and he raises his pistol up
beside his left shoulder.

PEARL

Graves...okay...I want you to go to
the locker room and get me one of
the extra jumpsuits for prisoner
transfers that we have in the
closet. You know where I'm talking
about?

Graves nods.

Pearl extends his gun hand taking aim at the Creep again.

PEARL (CONT'D)

Okay, then...Can you get me one,
please? I'm guessing you've got a
good idea what size he'll need,
right?

GRAVES

Yeah, sure.

Graves wastes no time in walking away to do as Pearl asks of
her.

Pearl turns a little more serious as he refocuses on the Creep.

PEARL

I'm going to need you to start removing your clothes, now.

CREEP

Well, these are starting to smell a bit musty from sitting in this cell. No problem.

The Creep starts unbuttoning his shirt from the top.

JUMP CUT TO:

INT. POLICE STATION ENTRANCE - CONTINUOUS

Lindell walks into the front of the police station with a distant look in his eyes. His pants are stained with blood on a few spots.

Lindell immediately gets a look of uneasiness at seeing the blood all over the floor and not seeing anyone else in sight. He pulls his gun and holds it steady.

PEARL (O.S.)

(distant)

Today dammit!

Lindell jumps to a stride towards Pearls voice.

JUMP CUT TO:

INT. POLICE HOLDING AREA - CONTINUOUS

Pearl notices that Lindell is coming down the hallway.

Lindell slows to a walking pace and aims his gun towards the floor while approaching with suspense on his face.

Graves comes out of a door from behind Lindell with a jumpsuit.

Lindell and Graves acknowledge each other with a short pause.

Lindell sees that Graves is somewhat shaken, and Graves takes immediate notice of the blood on Lindell's pants. They each go back to their motions and walk to Pearl's side.

The Creep is just now pulling off his shirt revealing his bare chest and arms. He tosses his shirt on the cot. He winks at Lindell and Graves who are just glaring at him.

Graves looks away.

Lindell sneers.

LINDELL

Don't wink at me, fucker.

PEARL

Lindell, cool it.

Pearl turns to Graves.

PEARL (CONT'D)

Graves, you can just give me that.
Lindell can help me with the rest.

Pearl puts his gun back in its holster and takes the jumpsuit from Graves.

Graves walks away quickly back towards the front entrance.

Pearl notices Lindell's gun hand is twitching a little as Lindell is angrily watching the Creep take his time getting undressed while still keeping an eerie smile on his face.

PEARL (CONT'D)

Put the gun away, Lindell. I just
need another pair of hands.

Lindell doesn't even turn to acknowledge Pearl. Lindell just keeps his eyes on the Creep.

LINDELL

(to Pearl)

So, why was your gun pulled?

CREEP

Because he didn't think he could count on dear, Graves to help him.

Neither Pearl nor Lindell are amused by the Creep's words.

CREEP (CONT'D)

She's afraid of me...very much afraid of me.

PEARL

Help me get this bastard back in interrogation, would you, Lindell?

Lindell grins evilly.

LINDELL

(to the Creep)

Oh...it's play time again.

CUT TO:

INT. POLICE INTERROGATION, VIEWING ROOM - MORNING

Pearl and Lindell are both in the viewing room.

The Creep can be seen through the one-way window. He's seated again at the table in the interrogation room, only this time he is wearing the jumpsuit that Graves found, and a couple of bandaids cover the cut on his forehead - the blood from the cut is also cleaned off.

Pearl is pacing a bit whereas Lindell is sitting on the edge of a table in the room rubbing the back of his neck and stretching some. Both men look to be getting extremely tired.

LINDELL

I don't understand this guy, Pearl. He obviously had a key, then... fucking swallowed it, but never used it for a damn good reason in the first place. He's a fucking lunatic.

PEARL

No, he's just a lot smarter than anyone we've ever had in here before. He's probably just some savant, lives at home with his mom, watches Court TV all night and thinks up scenarios like this that would be a game in his mind.

LINDELL

Okay, so, you agree he's a retard?

PEARL

He's off a little, yeah, but he's a lot smarter than some retard. He knows what he's doing. Everything seems to be going according to his plan, too. Otherwise we'd have won his game and know who he is by now.

Pearl glances at the Creep who is smiling big and staring at the window.

LINDELL

Whatever. All I know is it takes a real nutjob to go so far as removing all of the tags on his clothes...granted...we were looking for them, so I guess that still puts us as playing his game. Damn it!

Lindell grimaces at his realization.

PEARL

Actually, it looked more like there never were tags on his clothes. I didn't notice a single frayed or cut piece of cloth anywhere. I even looked at the seams to see if anything had been restitched... nothing.

TWO SLIGHT KNOCKS on the door to the viewing room and Graves pops her head in.

GRAVES

(to Pearl)

Sir, you've got a phone call from Jamison.

Pearl and Lindell both perk up.

LINDELL

Alright...Mr. Mechanic!

Pearl makes his way to the door, and Graves walks off. Pearl gestures with his thumb at the one-way window.

PEARL

(to Lindell)

Watch him.

LINDELL

Like a hawk.

Pearl shuts the door behind him as he walks out of the room.

Lindell gets up from his seated position and steps up to the one-way window. He starts picking at his teeth. It looks like a nervous habit the way he does it.

LINDELL (CONT'D)

(mumbling to himself)

Who's the craziest man in America?

Lindell points at the Creep.

LINDELL (CONT'D)

This fucker...that's who.

The Creep suddenly closes his eyes and turns his left ear to the one-way window. He looks like he is concentrating to hear.

LINDELL (CONT'D)

Weird son of a bitch.

The Creep opens his eyes and slowly turns back to stare at the one-way window.

CREEP

(loud in his little room)

Pity...about that car of mine.

The Creep starts laughing a little with a smile on his face. Lindell's face turns sour. He rushes out of the room.

JUMP CUT TO:

INT. INTERROGATION ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Lindell bursts in the interrogation room and pulls his gun on the Creep.

The Creep is still smiling and gives Lindell his attention.

LINDELL

Don't fucking look at me! Look down
at the table...now!

The Creep slowly complies to Lindell's request.

Lindell steps behind the Creep and with one hand presses his gun barrel flush against the back of the Creep's head and gives him a little nudge.

LINDELL (CONT'D)

Down, motherfucker!

Lindell takes his free hand and starts feeling and digging about in the Creep's ears.

LINDELL (CONT'D)

Oh, I'm on to your little game,
now. Where's the bug at, huh?

Lindell is furiously searching the Creep's entire head area.

Pearl bursts into the room and stops just past the door.

PEARL

(shouts)

Hey!

Lindell stops and takes a few steps back from the Creep.

LINDELL

(fast)

He said something about the car.
He knew they just called.

PEARL

Put the gun away!

LINDELL

Did you just hear what..?

PEARL

Put the fucking gun away!

Lindell slowly holsters his gun.

PEARL (CONT'D)

You're done today...go home!

Lindell looks shocked.

LINDELL

What!?

PEARL

You heard me. Get out of here.
You're no good to me like this. I
can't even trust you with him for a
second.

LINDELL

Goddammit, Pearl, how can he know
that they just called about his
car!?

Pearl stands firm and poker faced staring a Lindell.

Lindell slowly grows angrier.

LINDELL (CONT'D)

Fine...fuck this!

Lindell storms out of the room.

The Creep looks up at Pearl.

CREEP

I'll bet you're wondering where I
got that car?

PEARL

No...I'm wondering how you got it.
It's not registered to anyone, it's
factory new and you don't have any
identification to have purchased
it...there isn't a single scratch
or other indication that you stole
it either.

CREEP

Why would I have to go through any
of those troubles, Pearl?

The Creep squints his eyes and looks to be awaiting Pearl's answer to the question.

Pearl just walks out of the room and shuts the door behind him.

The Creep turns his attention back to staring at the one-way window.

CUT TO:

INT. POLICE INTERROGATION, VIEWING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Pearl enters the viewing room and stops when he sees that Lindell is standing at the one-way window, arms folded and staring at the Creep.

LINDELL

I can't walk away from this, Pearl.
You know I'm not a quitter. This
thing is too big for you to handle
alone...and you know it. This
whole thing is big as shit. You've
got to know now that there's other
players in this somehow.
Somebody's helping this fucker.

PEARL

Give me your gun. That's the only
way I'm going to trust you in this
building until he's gone.

Pearl and Lindell pause for a moment sizing each other up.

LINDELL

Fine.

Lindell pulls out his gun and stays standing in his spot. He doesn't even turn away from staring at the Creep, as he just reaches his right arm out toward Pearl with the gun in hand.

Pearl steps over and takes Lindell's gun. He removes the magazine and one shell from the chamber. Pearl tosses Lindell's gun on the little table in the room and then pockets the magazine and one shell.

PEARL

Jamison can't find a single traceable part on that car.

Lindell turns to Pearl with no surprise on his face. Still, Lindell does look curious.

PEARL (CONT'D)

There's no VIN Number...no part numbers on anything in the car. The odometer still reads zero.

Pearl squints and rubs his brow.

PEARL (CONT'D)

There's even still a full tank of gas in the car.

Lindell turns back to looking at the Creep.

LINDELL

This is getting to be some Twilight Zone shit here, Pearl. That or a good number of people are fucking with us bigtime.

PEARL

Well, I'm pretty sure he's not some retard. His little game keeps revealing to be more and more of a calculated effort. This guy's smart.

LINDELL

So, I guess we're back down to the Franklins for now.

PEARL

The what?

Lindell turns quickly to Pearl who has a very curious face.

LINDELL

Oh, shit, I never told you.

(pause)

When Wilson picked him up, all the guy had in his wallet were two one-hundred dollar bills...brand new ones, too. Beth's FBI buddy has had them for fingerprinting and he's got the serial numbers running from his computer there at the lab. Shit, I thought that when you said Beth had called that she'd have mentioned that to you.

PEARL

No, she didn't. Like I said, she was mostly just pissed off at you.

Pearl nods his head a few times and then stirs a bit as he seems to be thinking thoroughly.

PEARL (CONT'D)

I need to know where those bills came from.

Pearl makes for the door.

The Creep suddenly stands up from his seated position and kicks his chair back with angst. He looks very angry.

Lindell and Pearl both stop and take notice of the Creep.

The Creep puts his hands at both sides of his forehead, squints and snarls and then SCREAMS as if in anguish.

PEARL (CONT'D)

Shit! Cuff him down to the chair!

Pearl and Lindell rush out of the room.

JUMP CUT TO:

INT. POLICE INTERROGATION ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Pearl and Lindell burst into the interrogation room.

Lindell grabs the Creep who doesn't struggle, rather he keeps screaming and holding his head. Lindell cannot seem to pull the Creep's arms down from their lifted position.

Pearl pulls another pair of handcuffs from a pouch attached to his back pants waistband. Pearl just makes haste and handcuffs the Creep's wrists as they are near his face.

The Creep suddenly begins to struggle.

Lindell has to wrestle the Creep against the far wall.

Pearl gets the kicked aside chair back in an upright position for Lindell to try and seat him.

All of a sudden, the Creep stops his screaming and allows Lindell to shove him down seated in the chair.

Pearl uses Lindell's cuffs to secure the Creep's ankles in the bottom rungs of the chair.

The Creep bends over tucked into a fetal position almost with his hands on his chest and his head just above his knees. He is coughing and salivating a bit on the floor.

Lindell and Pearl both look at each other with confusion and worn out faces. They are both breathing heavy and look very tired.

Lindell seems to ask Pearl a question with his actions, and Pearl seems to answer immediately by shaking his head in complete disarray.

CREEP

(sounding spent)

We're...about to have...some
company.

The Creep lifts his head and stares evilly at Pearl.

CREEP (CONT'D)

Don't let her in here...or I'll
hurt her...bad.

Pearl grimaces and straightens himself up.

Lindell frowns a little.

LINDELL

What the fuck are you spouting?
You crazy son of a bitch.

Lindell stumbles a little and walks out of the room into the hallway just past the open door. He looks to be catching his breath.

Pearl wipes some sweat from his brow and leans a bit to the Creep.

PEARL

I'm getting damn...close to just...

Graves is suddenly standing past the doorway in front of Lindell.

GRAVES

(interrupts Pearl)

Sir, I need you up front. We've
got a visitor.

Pearl collects himself and walks just past the doorway to Graves.

PEARL

Who is it?

GRAVES

It's Kathy Spencer. I almost made her leave, but she started telling me things...

Graves reluctantly motions to the Creep with her eyes.

GRAVES (CONT'D)

...about him...things she shouldn't know.

LINDELL

(coughing laughs)

Oh, shit. I told you he had help. This...keeps getting better...by the minute.

Pearl pokes Lindell in his chest a few times.

PEARL

Watch him. Don't touch him...just watch him. Are we clear?

Lindell nods as he is still breathing a little heavy.

LINDELL

Crystal.

Pearl and Graves walk off.

Lindell straightens himself up and turns his attention to the Creep who is now turned looking directly at him.

The Creep has a most evil look on his face.

CUT TO:

INT. POLICE STATION ENTRANCE - CONTINUOUS

Graves stops as she reaches the entrance area, and she stands just beside her desk.

Pearl stops just a few feet from Graves side. He has an annoyed look on his face.

Standing in the middle of the entrance is KATHY SPENCER, a nicely dressed lady in semi-professional attire. She isn't holding a purse. Instead, she holds only a steno-pad and an ink pen inside the spiral wiring that holds the paper together. Kathy nods pleasantly at Graves.

KATHY

Thank you.

Pearl approaches Kathy a little more and gains her full attention.

KATHY (CONT'D)

I know what you think of me, Pearl, but I am what I am. I can't be any less.

PEARL

(pleasantly annoyed)

Kathy, how may we help you here today?

Kathy smiles and slips a laugh.

KATHY

Actually it's how I can help you. Last night I dreamt every single aspect of this morning, and as everything began falling into place for me...well, I knew I would end up here.

Pearl's eyes widen a bit.

PEARL

(a bit sarcastic)

That's good, Kathy. Then you know what I'm about...

KATHY

(interrupts)

The two one-hundred dollar bills...you want answers from them. By tracing them you're going to find that they were last issued from a bank to Father Crayton with the Mission Church on Seventh Street...but past that I don't know about the bills...other things, yes.

Pearl looks speechless and has very curious look on his face.

Graves is somewhat biting her lip and looks rather nervous.

PEARL

So...what else do you know about?

KATHY

(almost nervous)

Not everything...but I know my dream ended with me talking to ...him.

CUT TO:

INT. JUST OUTSIDE THE INTERROGATION ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Pearl walks up to Lindell.

PEARL

I need you with me in the viewing room.

Pearl notices the door to the interrogation room is shut.

PEARL (CONT'D)

Why did you shut the door?

LINDELL

I got tired of his creepy ass
staring at me. I was starting to
want to break his fucking nose.
You said don't touch him, so this
is me complying.

Graves and Kathy begin walking their direction.

Lindell notices Kathy.

LINDELL (CONT'D)

Hey, why the hell is she coming
back here? You arrest her? She's
in on it, too?

PEARL

Just get in the damned viewing room
with me.

Lindell is still looking at the two ladies.

PEARL (CONT'D)

Get in here, now.

CUT TO:

INT. POLICE INTERROGATION, VIEWING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Pearl grabs Lindell's arm and leads them both into the
viewing room. Pearl closes the door.

PEARL

You'll see why in a minute. Just
shut-up and watch.

LINDELL

(laughingly)

Watch? You're kidding right? Oh,
wait...it all makes sense, now.
Crazy Kathy's always pulling that
psychic shit on everybody.

(MORE)

LINDELL (CONT'D)

This is all her new prank to prove she's not a fucking nutjob, isn't it? This is classic. I mean, this is a good one, but, wow.

Pearl is ignoring Lindell and watching the Creep through the one-way window.

The Creep looks to have a slight frown on his face as he sits calmly at the table again. His handcuffed wrists and hands rest atop the table with his fingers clasped as if in relaxation. He is staring at the tabletop again.

The door to the interrogation room opens and Kathy slowly steps into the room. She seems very apprehensive of the Creep who doesn't even look up to acknowledge her presence.

Lindell is immediately drawn to watch, now. He looks dumbfounded.

LINDELL (CONT'D)

(almost mumbling)

I can't fucking believe what I'm witnessing here. This is going to be great. We're going to put her ass away forever.

PEARL

Look, I've never put any hope in Kathy...ever...

Lindell just stares at Pearl.

PEARL (CONT'D)

...but I hope she isn't just a crazy old lady this time.

LINDELL

God knows they're both weird enough for each other, Pearl. How can you not think they're both playing the same game with us?

PEARL

Either way, letting these two talk
won't matter. Are we recording
this?

Lindell checks to make sure the recorder is on.

CUT TO:

INT. POLICE INTERROGATION ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Kathy is slowly pacing about in the interrogation room while never turning her eyes from the Creep. She then pulls the empty chair across from the Creep out from under the table. She seats herself, opens her steno-pad and readies her ink pen to write when needed.

The Creep slowly lifts his head up to Kathy. His face is seriously evil looking.

CREEP

I warned them about you.

KATHY

(nervous)

About me? What's wrong with me?

CREEP

You've got a weak heart that's
going to fail you.

KATHY

I'm pretty sure you're mistaken. I
of all people would know such a
thing about myself. I'm quite in
tune with those types of things, I
assure you.

CREEP

Only a moment ago, you said it yourself, that you don't know everything...so, I'm just filling you in.

The Creep smiles and laughs a little.

Kathy looks to be getting more unnerved.

KATHY

We seem to be a lot alike, then. See, I...I have a sort of gift... and I'm here to help everyone find out who...

CREEP

(interrupts)

You already know who I am. That's why your heart is weakening with my every word. You don't want to let yourself believe it, but here I am ...seated before you. And as much as I tried to spare you, now, I rather appreciate your fear in me...I really do.

Kathy shakes real quick as if she just got a case of the chills. She's looking much more nervous, now.

The Creep stares deep into Kathy's eyes for a moment.

CREEP (CONT'D)

You don't want to trust your precious gift any longer, do you?

The Creep leans onto the table more and towards Kathy.

Kathy notices the Creep take a glance at her chest and then lock eyes with her again.

CREEP (CONT'D)

I'm not much of a looker,
but...Kathy...I'm about to be the
last one who breaks your heart.

Kathy sneers and then spits in the Creep's face.

JUMP CUT TO:

INT. POLICE INTERROGATION, VIEWING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Lindell laughs, but Pearl looks anxious and very serious.

LINDELL

This is great. These two are
psycho for each other.

PEARL

(softly to himself)
Something's wrong. She's trying to
provoke him.

Pearl pulls his gun out as if he's getting ready to have to
use it.

Lindell quickly takes notice of Pearl's action and stops
laughing.

LINDELL

Yeah...right.

Still, though, Lindell watches Pearl curiously waiting for
what his next move is.

JUMP CUT TO:

INT. POLICE INTERROGATION ROOM - CONTINUOUS

KATHY

I am not afraid of you. I could sit here all day and ask you questions, and I'll do just that if I have to.

The Creep wipes his face with the sleeves of his jumpsuit.

CREEP

I admire your faith in yourself. Though, that's the fast demise of many. Now, I of all people realize that even the best laid plans have flaws about them. Every chain has a weak link. Be it a steel chain or a chain of events, there is always that something that cannot be planned for. But you...you won't change any outcome here. I just don't need you. If you enjoy your life, then walk away with it. Be on your way. But if you choose to stay...then know that normally, I've only the patience with your type to grant your life long enough to ask me two questions...I'd make 'em count.

Kathy keeps a poker face.

KATHY

If you're who you think you are, you wouldn't be sitting here stuck in handcuffs. Where's the beast that you're supposed to be?

The Creep lifts up his handcuffed hands to his face and spreads his fingers out. The Creep grins evilly as he takes his fingers and explores his face with them until they slide to a clasped rest under his chin.

CREEP

You were created...in his image...
and I can think of nothing...
uglier.

The Creep's grin turns eerier.

Kathy does not look amused at all and looks to be thinking about a lot at once. Her eyes show increasing worry.

JUMP CUT TO:

INT. POLICE INTERROGATION, VIEWING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Lindell looks to be getting anxious as he continues watching Pearl.

Pearl glances at Lindell but goes right back to keeping full attention on Kathy and the Creep. Pearl lifts a his right hand up to his chest and points his index finger upwards.

PEARL

(mumbling to himself)
He said he would answer two
questions. Ask him. Let's see
what he's got up his sleeve next.

JUMP CUT TO:

INT. POLICE INTERROGATION ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Kathy is looking rather anxious herself. She repositions herself in her seat making herself somewhat more comfortable. She looks down at her steno-pad and starts scribbling on it with her ink pen. The ink pen is scribbling out a bunch of questions Kathy has already written down, save for one. Kathy then looks back to the Creep.

KATHY

I want to know...where you've come
from?

The Creep slowly turns his head and evil looks at the shut door to the room.

Kathy slowly turns her head the same direction.

 CREEP
 (whispers swiftly)
 I'm from the corner of your eye.

Kathy begins to turn and look at the Creep, but just as she looks at him with the corner of her eye, AN EVIL, DEMONIC FACE FLASHES IN HER SIGHT. Kathy immediately screams, grabs her chest and falls from her chair into the floor.

Lindell bursts out of the viewing room faster than Pearl and into the room to find the Creep just sitting still and looking at him. Lindell takes a quick shot punching the Creep as hard as he can in the face. Lindell then grabs the Creep by his throat.

Pearl is immediately in the room and tending to Kathy who looks to be having a heart attack.

 LINDELL
 (shouting)
 You motherfuckers! What'ra you up
 to!?

Graves comes running to the doorway, and Pearl immediately sees her.

 PEARL
 Call the ambulance, now!!!

Graves takes off.

Lindell is choking the Creep, but the Creep still just keeps smiling.

 PEARL (CONT'D)
 Goddammit, Lindell, help me! She's
 really dying!

Lindell shoves the Creep a bit, releases his grip and goes to Pearl's side to help with Kathy.

PEARL (CONT'D)

Help me drag her out in the hall.

LINDELL

Damn it, Pearl! What's really going on, here!?

JUMP CUT TO:

INT. JUST OUTSIDE THE INTERROGATION ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Pearl and Lindell both drag Kathy's convulsing body into the hallway where Pearl starts to administer CPR.

Lindell looks up and back into the interrogation room at the Creep who just sits in his chair with his evil grin.

THE DOOR TO THE INTERROGATION ROOM IMMEDIATELY SLAMS SHUT BY ITSELF.

LINDELL

What the fuck!?

Lindell jumps up and goes to trying to open the door.

Pearl is shocked into a short pause but then goes back to helping Kathy.

Graves comes running back and almost slides to a kneeling stop beside Kathy's body.

Lindell looks like his every bit of strength is wasted on trying to open the door.

LINDELL (CONT'D)

What-the-fuck...open this fucking door!

Graves pushes Pearl aside so that she can administer the CPR more efficiently.

Pearl looks shocked and dumbfounded, but then he gets up and starts helping Lindell try and open the interrogation room door.

Kathy starts foaming and spitting from her mouth and just as suddenly stops moving altogether.

Graves is shocked by the scenario and looks sickened. She backs away just a bit.

Pearl stops fighting with the door and notices Kathy's horrible last moment alive.

Lindell keeps fighting to open the door.

LINDELL (CONT'D)

You open this door, you piece of
shit!

Graves quickly gets to her senses and checks Kathy's pulse. Graves looks up to Pearl with a frown while shaking her head.

GRAVES

She's gone!

PEARL

No.

Pearl dives beside Kathy's body and starts to administer CPR again.

Graves tries to stop Pearl, but he slaps at her a little. Graves then scoots back and sits upright against the wall behind her. She looks beyond tired.

Lindell finally notices Pearl who is obviously getting nowhere on Kathy's limp body. Lindell tries to grab Pearl's shoulders, but he shrugs away.

PEARL (CONT'D)

Don't fucking touch me.

Pearl finally stops his attempts to resuscitate Kathy. He just sits up in a knelt position and rubs his head as if he is wiping away the pain.

Lindell helps Pearl get up to his feet. Lindell quickly turns back to the interrogation room door, and starts kicking it several times.

Pearl just stares at the interrogation room door.

PEARL (CONT'D)

Move, please.

Lindell keeps kicking the door.

PEARL (CONT'D)

(shouting)

I said move, Goddammit!

Pearl kindly gestures Lindell to move aside.

Lindell stops and sees the insanity now in Pearl's eyes. Lindell walks over to Graves as if to help her.

Pearl quickly pulls his gun, aims it at the door and THE DOOR OPENS BY ITSELF.

Graves, Lindell and Pearl all stop dead in their motions. They are all shocked, confused, and tired.

The Creep is still sitting at the table, but all of his handcuffs are off and laying on the tabletop in front of him.

Lindell stands up straight and helps Graves up on her feet beside him. They both look calm and focused.

LINDELL

Shoot him, Pearl.

Pearl is just standing emotionless and now aiming his gun at the Creep.

GRAVES

No good will come from this.

LINDELL

Shoot him.

PEARL

No...it's what he wants.

Pearl puts his gun against his head.

Lindell and Graves jump a bit.

The Creep instantly stands up.

LINDELL

Pearl!

PEARL

No...Look at him. I've just got his attention, now.

Lindell and Graves take notice of the Creep.

Pearl stands firm and stares at the Creep.

CREEP

Your gun isn't how you end the game, Pearl. Just say my name.

LINDELL

There is no more game, fucker. We win. You lose.

The Creep laughs. He then slowly motions to his own body.

CREEP

I'm not here to win....I'm here to design how you...lose.

THE SOUNDS OF EMERGENCY MEDICAL PERSONNEL entering the station is heard.

Graves slowly steps away to go to lead the personnel.

Pearl pulls down his gun and quickly steps into the interrogation room shutting the door behind him.

Lindell jumps forward and tries to get into the room.

Two EMT's round the corner and almost run into Graves. Graves leads them to Kathy's body.

Lindell quickly turns his back to the interrogation room door to promote nothing in the room matters and not to arouse any suspicion to the EMT's. To further the facade, Lindell kneels back down beside Kathy's body.

LINDELL

(to the EMT's)

Guys, I think we've already lost her.

The EMT's start checking vitals on Kathy anyway.

CUT TO:

INT. POLICE INTERROGATION ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Pearl aims his gun at the Creep who is still standing beside the table.

PEARL

(calmly)

You want to keep playing this game?
Then we're going have to keep
things quiet for a little bit.

CREEP

So, why risk holding the gun on me?
I know your trigger finger's
getting tired. I can hear it
twitching.

PEARL

That's a risk I'm willing to take.

The Creep sits back down in his chair.

CREEP

Does this make you more
comfortable, or should I put the
handcuffs back on?

PEARL

I just want this game over with, so
get on with it. Let's play.

Pearl squints a little. Pearl cocks the hammer on his
pistol, but the Creep could care less.

CREEP

You know, I got to ridiculing a
Pastor yesterday evening. He was
just minding his own, probably
fresh out of his Church down the
way.

Pearl has a focused look on his face.

CREEP (CONT'D)

And...with this Pastor, I saw him
rather dragging along a young
child...a boy.

JUMP CUT TO:

EXT. A CROWDED CRIME SCENE - FLASHBACK TO THE PREVIOUS EVENING

Pearl is knelt down over an older man's body. Pearl is seemingly inspecting as he's supposed to, but he is also in a sense of disbelief.

The older man is dressed in seemingly professional attire, and has lots of blood coming from his mouth.

This crime scene is in a small town square looking atmosphere.

CREEP (V.O.)

I just wanted to ridicule him for being a man of the faith. Call it a habit of mine. I enjoy it. What can I say?

Pearl keeps scouting the immediate crime scene.

The Creep fades in and out of the surrounding crowd at the scene. He is there watching with intent.

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

And then it occurred to me, the closer I approached them, the boy had no intentions of being with that Pastor. I know all too well the look of sin I saw upon that Pastor's face, and I could feel the shame that poured from that young boy's face. When that Pastor stopped on the sidewalk and presented that boy with two one-hundred dollar bills from his wallet...while shushing him...reassuring him...I could feel that darkness inside of me just start to grin.

PEARL (V.O.)

His head hit the concrete pretty hard for someone to have only been ridiculing him. I bet you just think what you did was merciful?

Pearl sees some wadded up cash just under Pastor Crayton's lifeless arm. He sneaks them into his left hand and stands up to sneakily pocket them.

CREEP (V.O.)

I merely showed him his sins were unforgivable...like I will with you. Evidence tampering being the least of those sins, Pearl.

JUMP CUT TO:

INT. POLICE INTERROGATION ROOM - FLASH FORWARD TO THE PRESENT

Pearl struggles but manages to use his free hand to pull his wallet from his back pocket. He opens his wallet and there is absolutely no cash in there at all. Pearl just drops his wallet and looks very shocked.

CREEP

Oh, now, where did those two one-hundred dollar bills you took from the crime scene go? I think you'll find those same bills are being thoroughly checked at your lab across town. Imagine the confusion when they lift Pastor Crayton's DNA. Imagine what happens when they find the boy's as well to corroborate his story about a heinous payoff...but when they lift yours off of them, too...that'll just really confuse investigators. You really should wash your hands more often, Pearl.

(MORE)

CREEP (CONT'D)

You sneezed in your hands just before you reached the crime scene. Remember? They're going to find a lot of your DNA on those bills.

PEARL

You had somebody pick my pocket. Smart. I'll give you that. You are a smart one. So, who's your accessory? I bet there's plenty of you twisted freaks aren't there?

CREEP

Are you suggesting I need disciples?

Pearl laughs shortly with an insane look on his face. He then plops himself down in the other chair in the room. Pearl then lets his arms rest upon his knees. His gun is still held firmly though not in a serious manner. Pearl sighs big and is smirking.

PEARL

You're something else, Mister.

The Creep remains rather serious.

CREEP

You're no better than I. What kind of lawman just keeps looking away with such sins as molestation so publicly visible?

Pearl looks at the Creep without care.

CREEP (CONT'D)

Your past is worse than the present, though. I saw easily in you the type of guy I'd place a wager on. You've felt more tempting than Job ever did.

PEARL

(angry)

Spare me the religious bullshit!
Who the fuck are you!?

CREEP

(ranting almost)

I'm he who couldn't stop at Job,
Pearl!...Isn't that just the best
book of the Bible, though? All
pain and horror. The politics
therein seem to dissuade a lot of
people as well. I do so love that
story. The mere fact that I got
your saviour to accept gambling, it
denotes he has weaknesses after all
doesn't it?

Pearl looks to be gaining disgust within himself.

The Creep grins with an evil sort of pride.

PEARL

(swallowing his anger)

This whole game of yours is a wager
on my soul? Is that what a
religious nut like you calls
blackmail?

Pearl begins laughing and aims his gun at the Creep again.

The Creep looks focused, still.

PEARL (CONT'D)

Your game's a failure, you're a
fool and even if I believed in what
you do, I still wouldn't let you
take a fucking thing from me.

CREEP

My every word is of design...and
when I want something, I'll make
you hand it to me.

PEARL

Hah!

Pearl points his gun closer to the Creep's face. Pearl is no longer smiling, and he looks very serious.

PEARL (CONT'D)

(laughingly confused)

And what does any of this have to
do with me saying your name? What
the fuck kind of stupid ass game is
this?

CREEP

You're a hypocrite...a sinful
facade...and you're mine.

Pearl is just staying firm in his action. He isn't breaking his strong emotions.

PEARL

You're the worst person I've ever
seen try to intimidate someone.

CREEP

Oh, it's coming, Pearl. You don't
have much longer to wait for it.

PEARL

Oh, come on! End this bullshit!

CREEP

There's a famous quote, Pearl: The
greatest trick I ever pulled was
convincing the world I didn't
exist.

Pearls eyes are starting to show he is fighting back hysterical laughter.

PEARL

Give me a break! You're a two bit con artist only here to blackmail me!

CREEP

(Shouts)

No! I'm here because the world **has** forgotten me, Pearl! But, in those such as yourself, I can regain what I've lost!

Pearl regains a serious nature and deadly focused eyes on the Creep.

CREEP (CONT'D)

(calm again)

And now I realize that I much rather liked it better the other way. I miss the horror that people used to feel just from the mere mention of my name. I want people to shudder in fear that my presence could be anywhere...that I'll tear their souls from them, but not until after I've exploited their flesh.

The Creep grits his teeth, closes his eyes and sighs with a sort of growl.

PEARL

You're the craziest con I've ever met.

The Creep opens his eyes and gives Pearl his most evil grin.

CREEP

(as if ignoring Pearl's
comments)

Do you remember the Aztecs? Oh,
how I miss civilizations like the
Aztecs. They believed in me so
much that every fortnight their
mouths would drip blood. They
would rip the hearts from the
innocent, behead and even eat of
them in my behalf. They believed
in all that's best for this
world...my world...I own it!

Pearl swallows hard. His tired nature is starting to show,
but not as much as his angry impatience.

PEARL

You're completely fucking insane
and a waste of my time.

CREEP

No, I'm an idealist. I'm the
reason you even have a heaven to
strive for. My hate for you is the
only thing that ever gave you the
option...and you know why?

The Creep quickly grabs Pearl's gun hand and squeezes it
bending his wrist upwards.

Pearl struggles but can't seem to speak or even moan, though
he is in obvious pain.

The Creep squeezes so that Pearl's fingers open and release
his grip on his gun - the gun falls to the table.

CREEP (CONT'D)

(gritting his teeth)

I used to walk closer beside him
than you'll ever hope to imagine.

(MORE)

CREEP (CONT'D)

And let me tell you something about angels, Pearl. Angels are minions and servants of the love that he presents himself as...but ask one question...beget one belief on your own or so much as a doubt, and it's all-down-hill.

The Creep releases Pearl's hand, and Pearl immediately uses his other hand to grab his gun. Pearl slaps his other hand on top of the gun, and the Creep suddenly slaps one hand on top of Pearl's.

CREEP (CONT'D)

See for yourself!

Pearl ROARS OUT in a long freakish sort of painful sound and then falls from his chair to the ground onto his back. His gun still sits atop the table.

MONTAGE: Pearl's visions. [FLASH SEVERAL QUICK, HORRIFIC AND PAINFUL SHOTS OF TORTURE AND VIOLENCE. THESE VISIONS ARE OBVIOUS SCENES OF HELL ITSELF.]

The Creep leans over in his chair to lock eyes with Pearl.

CREEP (CONT'D)

Did you see anything special there, Pearl? How did you like what you saw? I promise it's so much more.

Pearl looks to be horrified and still in some pain.

THERE ARE BANGING SOUNDS ON THE DOOR TO THE ROOM.

LINDELL (O.S.)

Pearl, we've got a situation brewing here. Everyone and their Grandma is showing up outside in the street since the ambulance showed up. Graves is still out front with the EMT's, but we need you out here.

Pearl glances at the door but is in no shape to possibly make it there. He also looks to want to reply to Lindell's request for his presence but obviously can't answer.

CREEP

Time to let them know I'm real,
Pearl. I know you'll help me make
them believe.

The Creep slides Pearl's gun off of the table, and it drops onto Pearl's stomach. The Creep stands up from his chair and slowly makes his way to the door.

LINDELL (O.S.)

Pearl...damn it, I need you out
here. What's going on in there?

Pearl is slowly trying to get a grip on his gun and rolls over onto his stomach.

The Creep has his hand on the door knob about to open it, and he looks back to Pearl.

CREEP

Rook takes Knight.

The Creep throws open the door and immediately punches Lindell in the neck.

Lindell grabs his throat as he is choking from the cheap shot.

The Creep wraps both of his hands around Lindell's already hurting throat.

Lindell is trying his hardest to release himself from the Creep's chokehold. Lindell is trying to pry away the Creep's hands and also switching off to try and inflict harm to the Creep's face and eyes. Lindell's every attempt is a failed one as he gasps for air, and his eyes are straining with pain.

The Creep steps Lindell slowly back towards the middle of the hallway.

CREEP (CONT'D)

Dear, Lindell...game over for you.
You've no more moves left. I knew
I'd enjoy this part...showing you
that your strength is only what I
allowed you to have. You're just
not the one.

Pearl finally gets a grip on his gun and aims for the Creep.

The Creep begins increasing his pressure on Lindell's neck,
and ODD SOUNDS FROM LINDELL'S THROAT are heard.

Pearl FIRES A SHOT into the Creep's back that spins him
around and all the way onto the far wall of the hallway.

Lindell is dropped to the ground in the process. Lindell is
in no shape to try and get up. He is grabbing at his neck
and gasping to breathe correctly.

The Creep has a grimace and a bit of his evil grin on his
face. The Creep slides his backside down the wall til he
falls on his ass, and he starts to crawl away towards the
holding area.

CUT TO:

INT. POLICE HOLDING AREA - CONTINUOUS

The Creep is crawling fast mostly on his right side using his
right arm and his left leg to propel him.

Pearl slowly stumbles out of the interrogation room and
already has his eyes on the Creep.

Graves rounds the other end of the hallway behind them both.

GRAVES

Oh my God! Pearl...Lindell.

The Creep pauses to turn around and look at Graves with his evil grin and blood pouring from his mouth.

CREEP

I...am not...God.

The Creep starts laughing and then begins his crawling away again towards the jail cell area.

Graves immediately looks unnerved and stands still in a state of shock.

Pearl finally manages to turn around to Graves. His face is one of even more terror than Graves could think to feel. He just barely glances at Lindell in obvious pain. Pearl turns back around and starts stumbling towards the Creep.

Graves looks as if she wants to pull her gun, but instead, she keeps standing firmly in a state of shock. She is seemingly trying to appear professional in this scenario.

Pearl manages to stumble at a faster pace than the Creep is crawling and kicks the Creep in his ribs to slow him down.

GRAVES (O.S.)

(loud)

No, Pearl, I'll call for backup...
medics. I'll get us some help.

The Creep rolls to his back.

CREEP

(loud and breathy)

I wouldn't bother...because we're
about to end it, aren't we, Pearl?

Pearl holsters his gun and then uses both hands to grab hold of the Creep's jumpsuit. Pearl struggles but manages to drag the Creep all the way into the jail cell. Pearl, then pulls his gun again.

Graves begins to pace quickly towards Pearl and the Creep, but she just gets to near Lindell as Pearl steps back out of the jail cell. Pearl quickly has his gun aimed at Graves.

PEARL

Did you not hear me correctly? You
don't come down here!

There's fear in Graves face that Pearl is about to do something bad.

GRAVES

Pearl, let me help you with him!

Pearl aims his gun at Graves.

PEARL

Don't come down here! Don't! Just
stay there!

Graves looks too afraid to move.

Lindell manages to turn his body on the ground to where he can see Pearl and the Creep.

LINDELL

(struggling to speak)
Pearl.

Pearl now trades his gun aiming and his glances between Graves and Lindell.

PEARL

Shut up, boy. Save your strength.

Graves takes another step, but Pearl quickly focuses a menacing aim at her.

PEARL (CONT'D)

Don't do it! Don't you do it.

Pearl looks towards the other end of the hallway and spots the building's fire extinguisher and next to it, a door labelled STORAGE. Pearl steps as fast as he can in backwards, sideways fashion to the storage room and nearly throws it open. He keeps a decent aim at Graves. Inside the storage room are several boxes, storage items and a slew of old tools. Pearl reaches blindly with his free hand into the storage room and just as suddenly grabs and drags out a very used looking axe - his gun still aimed well enough that Graves isn't moving.

Graves watches with disbelief as she is realizing what Pearl is about to do. She is slowly trying to reach for her gun.

GRAVES

Pearl!?

Pearl walks back up the hallway and stops just in front of the jail cell - dragging the axe the whole way and his gun well aimed at Graves.

Graves hands want to move but do not. Graves has a look on her face that she probably really doesn't have the grit in her to try pulling her gun.

PEARL

(angry and ordering)

I see you struggling, Graves, but don't! Do you do it! Don't come down here!

Pearl then tucks his gun in his front waistband, quickly steps in the jail cell with the axe in tow and slams shut the jail cell door behind him.

GRAVES

Pearl!

Graves starts running down the hallway to the jail cell.

Lindell struggles to roll over to his right side.

Pearl is standing before the Creep and throws up the axe in his hands in a position to start using it. He looks MENACING and REMORSELESS.

The Creep simply lays in the floor while bleeding and again grinning eerily.

CREEP

Who am I, Pearl?

PEARL

You want to hear you're fucking name!?

Pearl throws the axe up to position near his chest.

Graves reaches the bars of the jail cell just in time to witness Pearl begin to thrust upwards for his first swing of the axe.

GRAVES

No, Pearl! No!

PEARL

Get thee, Satan, behind me!

Pearl thrusts the axe down with extreme force into the Creep's body. Pearl continues on at a lunatic's pace.

Graves face is increasingly terrified as she SCREAMS and the SOUNDS OF CONTINUOUS CHOPS mount on.

The CHOPPING SOUNDS are MANY AND DISTURBING. SHADOWS and BLOOD SPLATTER upon the jail cell wall signify each of Pearl's many chops into the Creep's flesh.

FADE TO BLACK.

FADE IN:

INT. AN INTERROGATION ROOM - NIGHT

Pearl looks strung out as he sits crossarmed and alone at a table in a softly lighted interrogation room of sorts. Pearl is wearing what resembles medical scrubs and a light colored robe on top of them.

There is a WOMAN seated across the table from Pearl. This Woman isn't seen except for her right shoulder and right arm. The Woman's right hand tosses a few crime scene photos of the Creep's hacked-to-pieces body for Pearl to view.

Pearl looks upon the photos unphased.

THE WOMAN

Would you like to talk about it today? After so long I would hope that you'd like to start stepping towards some progress, Pearl.

PEARL

Nope.

THE WOMAN

Come on, Pearl. There are a lot of things to discuss...your coworker, Sgt. Lindell...Mrs. Spencer. There are several issues the state has me here to go over with you.

Pearl spits on the photos.

There is an awkward silence in the room as Pearl looks up with careless eyes and a poker face.

THE WOMAN (CONT'D)

You could show some emotion for once, you know? Have you no remorse for anything you did?

PEARL

I did you and everyone else around here a favor...a service...I was able to do my job to the fullest for once, for the safety of you, your husband and your small children.

THE WOMAN

I'll appreciate it if you don't talk about my family, Pearl. For the most part you're full of assumptions, but still, we can't have this kind of relationship and hope to make any progress.

PEARL

I don't want a fucking relationship. I don't want to talk about a Goddamned thing with you.

THE WOMAN

Okay, calm down. I don't think I have to explain to you that several of the nurses in this place are all too happy to poke you with a syringe to calm you. They're mostly interns and recent graduates, so they just jump at the experience to work on a patient.

Pearl just GROANS as he is annoyed and bored with the conversation. He begins whistling.

THE WOMAN (CONT'D)

Fine...just tell me one thing, Pearl. Why did you take an axe to the prisoner? I was told you had a gun the entire time. We know you shot him at least once. Why not just keeping shooting him?

(MORE)

THE WOMAN (CONT'D)

The axe seems very primitive and menacing to me.

Pearl stops whistling and looks pissed off.

PEARL

He tried to kill Lindell...that Creep...I shot him...I saved Lindell...

THE WOMAN

(interrupts)

I've heard that explanation already, but none of it makes sense. You don't shoot a man who's a threat in one place and then when no longer a threat, move him to another place to go chop him up. I don't understand it, Pearl.

PEARL

(softly while gritting his teeth)

He wasn't a man.

THE WOMAN

I'm sorry, what?

Pearl leans over the table, and his eyes squint while his face turns much more serious.

PEARL

(clearly)

He wasn't...a man.

THE WOMAN

I see we have to go over this again. His name was Morgan Keller. He was reported missing from his home in Chicago eight days before being picked up by your officer... Wilson.

Pearl sighs and just shakes his head.

THE WOMAN (CONT'D)

He was a well known person on his block, lived with his elderly mother and had diagnosed and a community confirmed level of mental retardation...

PEARL

(angrily interrupts)

I tried everything I could to identify that man, and nothing about him came up as human.

Pearl looks enraged, now.

THE WOMAN

(firmly)

Well, he died human, Pearl. You killed him, remember? You brutally dismembered him well after his normal human death occur...

PEARL

(interrupts and gets louder with every word)

He didn't even die when I cut his fucking head off!

Pearl is raised somewhat out of his seat now, and two orderlies in medical attire burst into the room to each side of Pearl to hold him still. Pearl struggles and tries to fight the orderlies.

PEARL (CONT'D)

(shouting now)

So, I did what it took! That's how you kill the Devil! You do what it takes - whatever you've got! Bullets weren't going to do it!

Pearl starts to struggle a bit harder.

PEARL (CONT'D)

(shouting a bit louder)

You think you've got faith to deal
with the Devil!? He laughed at me -
every swing of the axe - until I
finally split his fucking skull
apart!

A nurse comes in quickly with a syringe.

PEARL (CONT'D)

No! Don't fucking touch me with
that! Leave me alone!

The Woman gets up and walks away [OUT OF THE FRAME].

THE WOMAN

Go ahead! Sedate him, already!

PEARL

Don't fucking walk away when I'm
talking to you! This is important!
I did you all a favor!

THE WOMAN

(loud)

We'll just try again next week!

The nurse is about to stick Pearl with the syringe.

FADE TO BLACK.

THERE IS NO LONGER ANY SOUND FROM THE PREVIOUS SCENE

THE WOMAN (V.O.)

Jesus, every time he talks about
the Devil...it just creeps me out.

ROLL END CREDITS.