

KNIGHT MOVES

by

Brad Mirman

FOR EDUCATIONAL PURPOSES ONLY

FADE IN:

INT. AUDITORIUM - 1972 - DAY

TWO BOYS sit on opposite sides of a chessboard. One is NINE, the other FOURTEEN. The room is SILENT, the tension between the two young players severe. All the ADULT PLAYERS that have been eliminated from this match by the two boys stand around watching. On the wall is a BANNER that reads: 1972 WASHINGTON

STATE TOURNAMENT.

The FOURTEEN year old moves and hits his TIMER. Frustration fills the NINE year old's face. He moves. The FOURTEEN year old moves and calls CHECK. The NINE year old frantically searches the board for a solution. He moves. Again the FOURTEEN year old moves and calls CHECK. The NINE year is stunned. He picks up his KING to lay it on it's side and signal defeat. Suddenly, he rakes the pieces off the board, grabs his fountain pen and lunges at the FOURTEEN year old, stabbing him repeatedly in the chest. They fall to the floor.

The ADULTS try to pull them apart. The NINE year old struggles ferociously, SCREAMING and kicking like a mad man.

INT. HOSPITAL WARD - 1972 - DUSK

In the b.g. we see the Nine year old Boy sleeping. A DOCTOR and the boy's FATHER, a hard-looking MAN in his forties, walk through the door. We MOVE with them down the hall.

DOCTOR

The pressures and demands players with your son's abilities put on themselves to win are incredible. The stress and tension are difficult enough for adults to handle, yet alone a nine year old.

FATHER

I can't afford to keep him in here forever, you know.

DOCTOR

I'd just like to keep him here over night, then start sessions with a child psychologist.

FATHER

I knew this would happen. This is his mother's doing. She's not strict enough with him. I work all day. She lays in bed drunk and the boy does whatever he wants.

DOCTOR

After he's released it's crucial
that he's supervised. The most
important thing is that during his
treatment he's not allowed anywhere
near a chessboard.

EXT. HOUSE, BACKYARD - 1972 - DUSK

A small, tract home. The Boy sits on the ground, drawing in
the dirt with a stick. He does not notice as his Father
walks up and stands behind him.

FATHER

What are you doing?

The Boy is startled. He stands up quickly. In the DIRT we
see he has drawn a CHESSBOARD.

BOY

Nothing.

The Father SLAPS him across the face.

FATHER

Don't lie to me! What did the
doctor's tell you about playing chess!
Get in the house!

The Father drags his foot across the dirt, erasing the board.

INT. BEDROOM - 1972 - NIGHT

The Boy is sitting on his bed. In the b.g. we HEAR the VOICES
of his PARENTS.

FATHER (O.S.)

I've had it! I've got a drunk for a
wife and a lunatic for a son. I
don't need this shit anymore!

We HEAR FOOTSTEPS.

FATHER (O.S.)

You're crazy! Both of you.

We HEAR a DOOR SLAM. The Boy shows no sign of emotion.

INT. HALLWAY BLACK SCREEN - NIGHT

All is quiet except for a faint DRIPPING SOUND. A door is
slowly opened. Light streaks out into a hallway. We see
the NINE year old. He is barefoot and wearing pajamas. He
looks up. Drops of BLOOD drip from a crack in the ceiling
above.

The Boy moves towards a staircase at the end of the hall.

INT. BEDROOM - 1972 - NIGHT

The Boy enters, takes a few steps into the room and stops. He stares ahead blankly.

HIS POV: WOMAN'S ARM - CLOSE SHOT

The arm hangs off the bed, blood flows out of a deep gash in her wrist and pools on the floor. The CAMERA moves up the arm. A WOMAN in her forties lays in bed. The blood flows from her other wrist, soaking into the mattress. Her eyes are closed, head tilted away from him.

The Boy shows no sign of emotion. He walks over to the nightstand and starts to open her purse. There is a MOAN from the WOMAN as she opens her eyes and turns her head toward the boy. They lock eyes for a moment, then slowly, her eyes close.

The boy removes a key from the purse and walks to a dresser.

He unlocks a drawer and removes a box, then leaves the room.

INT. KITCHEN - 1972 - NIGHT

The Boy walks over to the table with a glass of MILK and COOKIES. He sits down, his feet dangling from the chair and opens the box. Inside is a CHESSBOARD and PIECES. He removes them, sets up the board and starts to play.

CLOSE ON CHESSBOARD: The CAMERA moves from one side of the board to the other, weaving through the chess pieces, then PULLS BACK over the heads of the AUDIENCE.

INT. AUDITORIUM - PRESENT DAY - NIGHT

From the rear of the room, over the HEADS of the AUDIENCE, we see THREE TABLES on stage. A large board of the game is presented on the wall behind each table.

CLOSE SHOT - PLAYER'S EYES: We cut back and forth. Deep, probing eyes, intensely focused and determined.

CLOSE ON THE CLOCK: It ticks methodically, and is the only sound we hear.

THE AUDIENCE: watches with anticipation, their eyes locked on the viewing board.

PETER SANDERSON sits on one side of the board. He is a handsome man, in his early thirties. Well-dressed in an expensive suit, there is an air of confidence about him. Peter makes a move, then hits the timer.

Peter's opponent, GRANDMASTER LUTZ, a quirky-looking little man in his fifties makes a tentative move.

JEREMY EDMONDS, Peter's trainer, a distinguished-looking man in his fifties, watches from his WHEELCHAIR. He grins and nods his head, knowing that Peter has got the game.

Lutz studies the board, makes a move, then hits his timer. Peter moves, then hits his timer. He is in control.

Frustration shows on Lutz's face. He surveys the board, then slowly reaches over and lifts up his KING and lays it on it's side signaling defeat. Peter stands, shakes his hand, waves to the crowd, then leaves the stage.

INT. HALLWAY - NIGHT

A NEWSCASTER is positioned by the stage door.

NEWSCASTER

Today concludes the second week of competition in this round-robin candidates tournament. Each of the players will play four games against the other and the winner will earn the right to play for the world title next year.

Peter walks through the doorway and down the hall, accepting congratulations. Jeremy wheels himself along side of him.

NEWSCASTER

But the big story is the amazing comeback of Peter Sanderson who is currently leading the tournament. America's best hope since Bobby Fischer, Sanderson stunned the chess world three years ago when he walked out in the middle of last candidates tournament while leading by three games and forfeited the match to Viktor Yurilivich who is only two games behind Sanderson in this match.

Peter stops to sign a few autographs. A young attractive WOMAN in her twenties walks over to Peter. She is wearing a CHESS FEDERATION BLAZER and a NAME TAG identifying her as DEBI RUTLEGE.

DEBI

Mister Sanderson, here is your schedule for tomorrow.

Peter takes it. They lock eyes. She smiles at him. A REPORTER sticks a MICROPHONE in Peter's face.

REPORTER

Peter, could we have a moment please?

The moment is broken, as ERICA SANDERSON, Peter's daughter, a bright-faced ten year rushes up to him and hugs him.

ERICA

Congratulations, dad.

PETER

(to the press)
My cheering section.

INT. PETER'S HOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

Peter sits across a CHESSBOARD from Jeremy, who has just finished making an opening move.

PETER

You opened with the English. Lutz won't use it. He opened his first game with it.

JEREMY

He knows you're aware of that.

PETER

Then I'll transpose.

JEREMY

On a variation, yes -- but it must be a variation that is unique.

PETER

I suppose you have something in mind?

Peter gets up and begins to pace.

JEREMY

(quickly moving the pieces)

At this point you'll move Bishop to e4. He'll capture your Knight e6. Rook to b5, begins his counterplay. D6 takes your Rook, your advantage is lost -- but watch -- Queen f5 check. He takes your Knight -- Now, Rook to d3 -- he's finished.

There is a KNOCK on the door and a MESSAGE is slipped under.

Peter picks it up.

PETER

It's a good play, but risky.

JEREMY

You don't win by playing it safe,
Peter.

Peter opens the MESSAGE and reads it. Erica appears in the doorway to her room.

PETER

What are you doing up?

ERICA

I can't sleep. My beds lumpy.

PETER

I see. You forgot to bring you're
night-light, didn't you?

ERICA

That has nothing to do with it.

PETER

You want to sleep in my bed tonight?

ERICA

Okay.

JEREMY

I'll tuck you in.

Erica kisses Peter, then runs into his room. Jeremy wheels after her.

PETER

Jeremy, have someone pick up a night-
light tomorrow.

Jeremy nods and leaves the room. Peter picks up the phone and dials.

PETER

(into phone)
Debi..?

INT. DEBI'S APARTMENT, BEDROOM - NIGHT

Peter and Debi move passionately on the bed, their bodies moving rhythmically. Peter pulls her up to a sitting position, guiding her up and down as he runs his lips sensually over her breasts. She arches her back, MOANING softly as she gives way to her pleasure.

EXT. DEBI'S HALLWAY - NIGHT

Peter kisses Debi goodbye. He walks off and she closes the door.

INT. DEBI'S BATHROOM - LATER - NIGHT

Debi is soaking in the bath. The DOORBELL RINGS.

INT. DEBI'S LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Debi slips on a ROBE as she walks to the door.

DEBI

Yes?

MAN'S VOICE

(static; barely audible)

It's me. I forgot something.

She smiles and pushes the button, then opens the door, leaving it ajar, and walks out of the room.

INT. DEBI'S BATHROOM - NIGHT

Debi quickly fixes her face, grins and leaves.

INT. DEBI'S LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

It is dark. She enters and tries the light switch. It doesn't work.

DEBI

Very funny.

CLOSE ON DEBI: She senses something is very wrong. She turns around slowly, her eyes squinting to see through the darkness.

Suddenly, terror fills her face as a FLASH of BRIGHT LIGHT fills the screen.

EXT. FERRY LANDING - MORNING

Quaint and charming. Boats bob lazily in the water. TOURISTS walk along the waterfront shops. ANDY WAGNER, a tough-looking cop in his twenties, smokes a cigarette as he waits on the dock. CHIEF OF POLICE, FRANK SEDMAN, walks towards him. He's a large, slightly over-weight man in his forties. He takes one last drag of a cigar, then crushes it out on the dock.

ANDY

Sorry to ruin your trip to the city,
but we got a real nut on our hands,
Frank.

FRANK

(all business)
Run it down.

Frank starts to walk. Andy follows.

ANDY

(looking at note-pad)
Debi Rutlege. Female. Caucasian.
Twenty four. Worked over at the
Four Oaks Hotel.

FRANK

Local?

ANDY

No. She just moved here last month
from Portland.

EXT. DEBI'S APARTMENT BUILDING - MORNING

Several BLACK and WHITE units are in front of the building.

Uniformed OFFICERS keep back a CROWD of onlookers. A CAR
drives up and stops in front of the building. Frank and
Andy get out.

INT. DEBI'S LIVING ROOM - MORNING

The room is filled with FORENSIC TEAM MEMBERS along with
UNIFORM OFFICERS. Frank enters with Andy. UNIFORMED OFFICERS
are standing around talking.

FRANK

This isn't a party. Everybody that
doesn't need to be here get out!

INT. DEBI'S BEDROOM - MORNING

Frank enters the room with Andy. He stops and stares at the
sight before him.

Debi Rutlege is laying on her bed. Her face is a deathly
white and has been painted awkwardly with rouge and lipstick
giving her a macabre appearance. She is draped in the sheet
which is tucked tightly around her body, her hands folded
carefully across her chest.

Above the bed written in blood is REMEMBER.

FRANK

I moved out here from the city so I
could get away from this kind of
shit.

STEVE NOLAN, from the forensic team, who has been kneeling
on the other side of the bed stands up.

FRANK
Whaddaya got, Nolan?

NOLAN
(continuing; holding
up a plastic bag)
Not much. There's no sign of a break
in. I think she let him in.

FRANK
How long has she been dead?

NOLAN
Six, eight hours tops.

FRANK
Any sign of rape?

NOLAN
Not that I can see. We'll know more
once I get the lab reports back from
Seattle.

ANDY
What she die of?

Nolan turns over her arms. There are deep gashes in each
wrist.

ANDY
You think whoever did this wanted it
to look like it was a suicide?

NOLAN
No. He would have taken more care
not to the leave rope burns on her
wrists. The way I got it figured is
he tied her up, slit her wrists,
then sat back and watched her bleed
to death. But that's not the main
thing. What's wrong with this
picture?

A beat. Suddenly, Frank sees it.

FRANK
There's no blood. Where's the fuckin'
blood?

NOLAN
Bingo.

EXT. DEBI'S APARTMENT, COURTYARD - MORNING

Frank and Andy walks across the yard.

FRANK

Who found her?

Andy points to MISS GREENWELL, a middle-aged woman talking to a UNIFORMED OFFICER in the b.g.

ANDY

The landlady. Alice Greenwell. She came for the rent check. The door was ajar.

Frank walks over to Miss Greenwell.

FRANK

Miss Greenwell, I'm Captain Sedman. Did Miss Rutlege have a boyfriend?

MISS GREENWELL

I guess so.

FRANK

What do you mean, you guess so?

MISS GREENWELL

I know she had company last night.
(confidentially)
A man.

FRANK

How do you know that?

WOMAN

Well, her bedroom is on the other side of mine. The walls are very thin. I could hear them.

ANDY

What were they doing? Humping?

MISS GREENWELL

They were having sex, yes--

Andy grins.

MISS GREENWELL

-- not that I was intentionally listening -- but with the walls being so thin--

FRANK

I understand. Thank you.

INT. POLICE STATION - AFTERNOON

Frank and Andy stand before several UNIFORMED OFFICERS.

FRANK

First of all, I'd like to say that a lot of us haven't got to know each other since I replaced Captain Waters last month. A lot of you think that I'm an outsider who came over and took away a job that should have gone to a local... but that's the way it worked out. So, all I can say is tough shit. You want to bitch about it, that's fine -- but you will tow the line in my department. That means the next time an Officer is responding to a homicide call he seals off the crime scene and nobody -- nobody but but Detective Wagner and I go in.

(beat)

Also, if anyone talks about the message on the wall or the blood I'll personally cut their balls off with a butter knife.

(to Andy)

Get 'em going - then meet me at the car. We're going over to the hotel.

Frank heads to the door.

ANDY

Campbell, you check with the FBI see if they got anything like this on file...

INT. POLICE STATION, HALLWAY - AFTERNOON

Frank steps into the hall and bumps into Nolan. They walk together.

FRANK

Anything?

NOLAN

Not much. I don't think she was raped. There's no bruising, or any signs of trauma to the pelvic region -- and no trace of sperm which makes sense because she took a bath.

FRANK

What about prints?

NOLAN

No prints.

FRANK

You mean, no prints but hers?

NOLAN

No Frank. No prints.

INT. PETER'S LIVING ROOM - AFTERNOON

Peter is sitting at a chessboard with Jeremy. Peter studies the board. There is a KNOCK on the door. Peter gets up and opens the door. Frank and Andy are outside.

FRANK

Mister Sanderson? I'm Frank Sedman, Bainbridge P.D. and this is Detective Wagner. We'd like to ask you a few questions about Debi Rutlege.

Peter opens the door and they enter.

FRANK

I know you're busy so I'll get right to it. Did you know her?

PETER

Only in passing. To say hello to.

ANDY

I've talked to a few people who say you and her were... friendly?

PETER

Chess tournaments can be boring sometimes. People have a lot of free time. They like to gossip.

FRANK

Could you tell me where you were last night?

PETER

Here. I played Gregory Lutz.

FRANK

I know. You won two games against him and left the auditorium at eight forty five. Where did you go after that?

PETER

To my room and then I went for a walk.

ANDY

By yourself?

PETER

Yes.

Frank takes out a piece of paper from his jacket pocket.

FRANK

This is a printout from the hotel computer for all the messages logged to your room. Here's one at 9:04 pm. It says: From Debi. Please call me at home.

PETER

She called to give me my schedule for tomorrow.

FRANK

What's interesting about it is you say you only knew her in passing. Yet, she says on her message for you to call her at home and she doesn't leave a number. That would imply you already knew the number.

PETER

I got it from the tournament directory.

Frank takes out a small book.

FRANK

There's no Debi Rutlege listed in the directory.

Peter's irritation starts to show. He opens a dresser drawer and removes a small book.

PETER

You're looking in the general directory. The player's directory lists everyone connected to the tournament.

A beat. Frank and Peter have reached a stalemate.

ANDY

We seem to have a little problem here?

PETER

What kind of problem?

ANDY

I think you're lying. That's what kind of problem.

PETER

What are you saying?

FRANK

We're not saying anything right now.
We're just trying to put a few pieces
together.

Frank and Andy leave. Peter turns and stares at Jeremy.

EXT. HOTEL GROUNDS - AFTERNOON

Frank and Andy walk along the grounds, heading back towards
the main hotel.

ANDY

What do you think?

FRANK

He's got an answer for everything,
but he doesn't have an alibi.

ANDY

You think he's dirty?

FRANK

I don't know, but I think you're
right. He's lying.

INT. AUDITORIUM - AFTERNOON

On the stage is three tables each flanked by two chairs.

Several CHESS OFFICIALS along with the PRESIDENT of the CHESS
FEDERATION attend to the GRANDMASTERS at their respective
boards. Peter sits in a chair and swivels back and forth.

PETER

I want another chair. This one killed
me yesterday.

(points to big board)

Also, the pieces on the board move
too slowly. I can see them out of
the corner of my eye. Can they be
sped up?

PRESIDENT

David?

DAVID WILLERMAN, a computer technician sits at a computer
off to the side of the stage.

DAVID

No problem. It's just a matter of
adjusting the response time.

He taps in a few commands on the keyboard. We see a piece quickly move across the board.

DAVID
That should do it.

Grandmaster Lutz walks over and stands by the board.

GRANDMASTER LUTZ
You're acting like a superstitious schoolboy, Peter. What's next? Incense and rosary beads?

PRESIDENT
(points to a chair)
Grandmaster Lutz, you'll be sitting here for your next match.

GRANDMASTER LUTZ
Oh no -- no, I can't sit there. I must be facing North. My power comes from the North.

Peter smiles and starts to walk off stage. VIKTOR YURILIVICH, a tall, slender man in his forties, walks on stage. The two men stand face to face, their eyes locked on each other.

YURILIVICH
Hello, Peter. You played an interesting game last night. Even though sacrificing your Queen at b-5 is the game I played against Valsney in '82. I'm glad it helped you.

PETER
I'm sure you are.

YURILIVICH
No, I want you to do good. That way when I beat you at the end I'll look that much better.

PETER
You're getting sloppy, Yurilivich. You're nervous?

YURILIVICH
I'm not nervous.

PETER
Well, you should be, because this time I'm going to win.

YURILIVICH

Well, then this time you'll have to stay for the whole match, won't you?

EXT. HOTEL TERRACE - AFTERNOON

Peter sits at a table across from Erica. They play a game of checkers as they eat their ice cream. Peter is grinning.

PETER

Who told you that?

ERICA

Mrs. Lutz. She also told me that Mr. Lutz goes to a medium to try and contact great Grandmasters in the spirit world.

PETER

Has he gotten through to any?

ERICA

No, but he did contact a dead parcheesi champion from Ohio.

They both LAUGH. A WAITER comes over with a CORDLESS PHONE.

WAITER

There's a call for you Mister Sanderson.

PETER

(into phone)
Hello?

The "CALLERS" VOICE we HEAR is FILTERED through some type of electronic devise that alters the voice. It is low, resonant, with a macabre quality to it.

CALLER (O.S.)

Hello, Peter.

PETER

Who is this?

CALLER (O.S.)

Someone who's going to become an important part of your life.

(Beat)

I want to play a game with you.

PETER

I haven't got time for this.

Peter starts to hang up, when...

CALLER (O.S.)
You had time for Debi.

Peter freezes.

CALLER (O.S.)
Don't worry, I wiped off all your
prints.

Peter slowly lowers the phone back on the cradle. He is visibly shaken.

ERICA
What is it, dad?

PETER
Nothing.

INT. LOBBY - AFTERNOON

As Peter walks across the room the DESK CLERK calls out to him.

DESK CLERK
Mister Sanderson, there's message
for you.

Peter walks over to the desk. The Clerk hands him an envelope. Peter walks away and starts to open it.

CLOSE SHOT: The back of a POLAROID PHOTOGRAPH. Letters have been clipped out of a magazine and spell out a message: THE GAME HAS BEGUN. WILL CALL AGAIN TOMORROW AT ELEVEN. The photograph is turned over. It is a shot of DEBI RUTLEGE exactly as the police found her. The word REMEMBER written on the wall. Peter slides the picture back into the envelope, thinks for a moment, then looks at the DESK CLERK.

PETER
Get me the police.

INT. PETER'S ROOM - AFTERNOON

Peter is with Frank and Andy.

FRANK
Why didn't you tell us you were there
earlier?

PETER
I don't know. I was afraid there'd
be hours of questions. I can't afford
to miss a game.

ANDY

We wouldn't want someone's death to interfere with your games.

FRANK

What was your relationship with her?

PETER

Casual.

ANDY

Casual? You were boning her weren't you?

PETER

It wasn't serious. What's your problem?

ANDY

You are! I don't like you.

PETER

Fine, don't ask me out on a date.

ANDY

Don't worry I won't. I've seen how your dates end up.

Peter takes a step towards Andy. They both square off.

FRANK

Take it easy. Both of you.

ANDY

I'm sorry, this is just too convenient.

PETER

What's that supposed to mean?

ANDY

It means, if I were a killer and I thought the police were closing in on me I might invent someone to try and put them off the scent.

PETER

That's crazy! Why would I draw attention to myself like that?

ANDY

You like to play games, don't you, Peter?

PETER

He says on the photo he'll call tomorrow at eleven. Why not come back then and listen for yourself.

ANDY

Oh, we'll be back. You can bet on it.

INT. AUDITORIUM - AFTERNOON

Peter sits across from GRANDMASTER LUTZ. He looks over a few tables and stares at Yurilivich. Meanwhile, Lutz takes out a compass. He checks his reading then starts shifting the board slightly. Peter looks at him.

LUTZ

Do you mind?

Peter shrugs his shoulders indicating he doesn't. The President walks over to Peter's table and starts his timer.

Peter makes a move.

INT. BAINBRIDGE INSTITUTE - DUSK

Frank and Andy sit at a table with DOCTOR ALAN FULTON. A tall, thin man in his fifties. Doctor Fulton studies the photographs, then looks up at Frank.

DOCTOR FULTON

You must understand that this is not my field?

ANDY

It ain't mine either but I can tell this guy's crazy. That's your business ain't it, doc? You deal with crazy people.

DOCTOR FULTON

I deal with people with problems... and there are all different types of problems.

FRANK

Doctor Fulton, we don't have a budget out here like Seattle. We can't afford to hire outside Psychological help. I'll take whatever you can give me.

DOCTOR FULTON

Well, he appears to be acting out some kind of fantasy.

DOCTOR FULTON
We're talking about a deeply disturbed person.

ANDY
No shit!

FRANK
Could someone this disturbed give the appearance of being normal?

DOCTOR FULTON
Absolutely.

FRANK
We've got a suspect but no hard evidence. If you met him do you think you could tell?

DOCTOR FULTON
Tell what?

ANDY
If he's crazy?

FRANK
(askance at Andy)
If he's... disturbed.

DOCTOR FULTON
It's possible, but not likely. There's only one opinion I can offer with any certainty.
(Beat)
He's going to kill again.

INT. HOTEL GYM - NIGHT

Peter is on the bench press straining to finish his set.

Although he is clearly tired, it's a battle of will over muscle. Although his face is red, veins bugling, he does his three last presses, then replaces the bar. He sits up and buries his face in his towel. When he looks up he sees...

KATHY SHEPPARD, a beautiful woman in her twenties is standing against the wall, her eyes on him. Peter smiles at her. She smiles back, then walks out of the room. Peter lays back down and starts another set.

INT. STEAM ROOM - NIGHT

Peter enters, a towel wrapped around his waist. He takes a few steps into the room, then stops when he sees Kathy through the steam.

PETER
Sorry. I thought it was empty.

KATHY
It's alright.

Peter sits down a few feet from her. Steam swirls through the room. Kathy's eyes drift over to him.

HER POV: Beads of sweat roll down his chest and stomach.

Peter looks over at her, their eyes meet. She looks away.

Peter closes his eyes and takes a few deep, meditative breaths.

Kathy looks over at him again. As if sensing he is being watched Peter opens his eyes. A beat. Their eyes linger on each others.

KATHY
Is this your first time here?

PETER
Yes.

KATHY
I love this hotel. I stay here every time I visit my parents.

PETER
How come you don't stay with them?

KATHY
Because I love them, but they drive me crazy. You know how parents are?

PETER
No. I don't.

A beat.

KATHY
Are you with the tournament?

PETER
Uh huh.

KATHY
Are you one of the players?

PETER
Yes.

KATHY

I've always wanted to learn how to play chess. I don't have the patience for it. When did you start playing?

PETER

When I was very young.

KATHY

It seems like such a complicated game.

PETER

Not really. You see your goal and you go after it. Anything that gets in the way is an obstacle and must be destroyed.

KATHY

Sounds very violent.

PETER

Chess is a reflection of life. Life is violent. The strong win. The weak perish.

KATHY

--but you enjoy being the stronger one? You like the control.

PETER

If you're asking me if I'm passionate about what I do, the answer is yes. Without passion, nothing moves us. What's your passion?

KATHY

That's a very personal question.

PETER

I see. This is going to be a very polite conversation. What shall we discuss? The weather? Movies?

KATHY

Are you disappointed that I won't answer you?

PETER

I had just hoped there would be more substance to the conversation.

KATHY

I thought opening too quickly was a fatal mistake in chess.

PETER
(grinning)
It is.

KATHY
Do you always open quickly?

PETER
Are we talking about me, or chess?

KATHY
You.

PETER
Each circumstance requires a different
tactic.

KATHY
Well, I hope you remember that
tomorrow when you play Krikorian.

Peter stares at Kathy for a moment. She's made a mistake
and she knows it. She stands up.

KATHY
Well, I think I've had enough.

PETER
Getting too hot in here for you?

She feigns a smile and starts towards the door. Suddenly,
his hand shoots out, grabbing her arm. She freezes. Peter
stands up, his body trapping her between him and door, his
lips almost touching her ear.

PETER
What are you looking for?

KATHY
Nothing. I just came in for a steam.

PETER
No you didn't.

He spins her around. They are face to face.

PETER
What are you? A reporter? Just how
far were you going to go?

A beat. Peter lets her go and backs off. She opens the
door and leaves. Peter smiles.

EXT. HOTEL - NIGHT

Kathy walks across the grounds. Frank catches up with her and walks along side.

FRANK

Well?

KATHY

Well what? I told you this was a stupid idea. You can't learn anything from someone in a few minutes.

FRANK

You didn't pick up any vibes from the guy?

KATHY

I'm a psychologist, Frank... not a psychic. What's this all about anyway?

FRANK

What did Dr. Fulton tell you?

KATHY

Only that you wanted someone from the institute to talk to Sanderson for some case you're working on. What'd he do?

FRANK

We're not sure.

KATHY

What do you think he did?

FRANK

We think he could be a suspect in a murder investigation.

Kathy stops dead in her tracks and stares at him.

KATHY

The girl that was killed last night?

Frank's silence tells her she's right. She stares at him for a moment, then walks off.

EXT. DOCTOR FULTON'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Kathy is BANGING loudly on the front door. A moment later it is answered by Dr. Fulton. In the b.g a DINNER PARTY is going on.

INT. DOCTOR FULTON'S STUDY - NIGHT

Dr. Fulton sits on the couch. Kathy paces the room.

DOCTOR FULTON
You might not have done it had you
known.

KATHY
You're damn right! I'm a child
psychologist and you send me into a
room with someone who could be a
murderer!

DOCTOR FULTON
Would you mind keeping your voice
down? I have guests.

KATHY
Oh, well we wouldn't want to disturb
your guests, would we?

DOCTOR FULTON
The police came to me for help.
What could I do?

KATHY
You could have been honest with me
for starters. We work together. I
have to be able to trust you.

DOCTOR FULTON
(checks his watch)
I admit I handled it badly. Sanderson
wasn't going to talk to me... but
you're young, attractive--

KATHY
--the same type as the girl who got
killed. Jesus, Alan, the guy could
be a psychopath.

DOCTOR FULTON
They asked who would be best suited
for this and you--

KATHY
Don't patronize me! You sent me
into a potentially dangerous situation
and didn't warn me!

She walks to the door and opens it.

DOCTOR FULTON
It worked out alright, didn't it?

KATHY
(loudly)
Fuck off!

All the GUESTS are sitting at the dinner table, eating soup.
They stare at Kathy. Fulton.

KATHY
(to the guests)
That's what I would have said to the
chef if I caught him shaving over
the soup.

She walks out. Slowly, several of the GUESTS lower the soup
spoons and push their bowls away.

INT. OFFICE, LOBBY - NIGHT

The LOBBY appears empty. One of the office doors opens and
CHRISTIE EASTMAN, A young, attractive woman, comes out
carrying a stack of files. She walks out of the lobby,
LOCKING the door behind her.

INT. ELEVATOR - NIGHT

As the car descends, Christie looks through one of the files.
She turns a page and the file falls to the floor. She bends
down to pick it up. As she does the elevator stops and the
doors open.

A pair of black boots stand before her. She looks up to see
a MAN in his fifties. He smiles and gets in. The doors
close and the car starts down again. Christie stares at the
floor indicator, somewhat unnerved by the man's presence.
The car stops at the lobby and the man gets out.

EXT. PARKING LOT - NIGHT

Christie walks across the deserted parking lot towards her
car.

She HEARS a SOUND and stops and looks around.

CHRISTIE'S POV: As her eyes scan the desolate parking lot,
she sees nothing unusual.

Christie starts to walk again. She arrives at her car, gets
inside, then rolls down the window.

INT. CAR - NIGHT

Christie starts the car, then takes out a cigarette from her
pocket and lights it.

She takes a deep drag, then looks into...

CLOSE ON REAR VIEW MIRROR: From the back seat we see TWO DARK EYES staring at her from behind a PORCELAIN MASK.

She turns around. Her face filled with fear. FLASH! The screen is filled with BRIGHT LIGHT.

EXT. BAINBRIDGE INSTITUTE - MORNING

A car drives up the gravel path and stops in front of the entrance. Frank gets out and walks towards the door.

INT. OBSERVATION ROOM - MORNING

Kathy is watching a young GIRL through a two-way mirror in the next room as she plays and interacts with dolls and toys. She makes a few notes, then the door opens and Frank walks in.

KATHY
I'm busy right now.

FRANK
It's important.

Kathy goes through a door into the observation room. Through the mirror we see her kneel down next to the girl and smile.

She says something to her as she points to a door leading out of the room. The girl gives her a big hug. A moment later we see Frank join her in the room. He says something and they start to argue. Kathy points towards the door.

CLOSE ON COMPUTER MONITOR: A chess program. A piece is moved.

The screen reads: CHECKMATE! YOU WIN. PULL BACK.

INT. PETER'S HOTEL ROOM - MORNING

Peter is at the computer. Jeremy sits beside him. Frank walks over to Andy who is with a TECHNICIAN setting up tracing equipment.

TECHNICIAN
We're all set.

ANDY
I still think this is a crock of
shit.

There's a KNOCK at the door. Andy opens it. Kathy enters.

FRANK

I'm glad you could make it.

Peter looks at Frank, then Kathy with confusion.

FRANK

Mister Sanderson, this is Doctor Sheppard. She's a psychologist helping us out.

PETER

We've already met. Haven't we... Doctor.

KATHY

(she smirks)

I see you're still having problems with your openings.

FRANK

And this Jeremy--

KATHY

--Edmonds. I know. You lost to Karpov in '82, didn't you?

JEREMY

Yes. However, that's not exactly how I prefer to be remembered.

(Beat)

Well, I'm going to get out of your way. Peter, I'll see you this afternoon.

CLOSE ON ASHTRAY: A cigarette is snuffed out. PULL BACK.

Andy finishes putting out his cigarette, then glances up at Peter who is pacing back and forth. Andy checks his watch.

ANDY

Eleven oh six.

He looks at Peter with a grin. A beat as the two men stare at each other. The moment is broken as the PHONE RINGS LOUDLY.

Peter's head snaps towards the phone.

FRANK

Remember, try to keep him on as long as you can. Don't confront him. Let him answer the questions I gave you.

The Technician starts his tape machine and tracing equipment.

Peter picks up his CORDLESS PHONE.

PETER

Hello?

We HEAR the CALLER'S distorted VOICE.

CALLER (O.S.)

Hello, Peter.

PETER

(stalling)

Just a second.

(a beat, then)

Hello?

CALLER (O.S.)

Very amateurish, Peter. I'm surprised you would use such an obvious tactic.

(there is anger in his voice)

I'm not an idiot! Don't treat me as one! I'll call you everyday... You get one minute, whether you put me on hold or talk is up to you! Are you ready to play?

PETER

Yes. Why did you kill Debi Rutlege?

CALLER (O.S.)

To get your attention.

PETER

Did you know her?

CALLER(OS)

No, only the path she chose to travel.

Peter is trying to keep the conversation moving.

PETER

And -- what path is that?

CALLER (O.S.)

We all have paths to follow. You hope yours will lead you to me.

PETER

Why did you write remember on the wall?

CALLER (O.S.)

That's something you'll have to figure out for yourself.

CALLER (O.S.)
Really, Peter, you can't expect me
to answer such direct questions.

PETER
Why not?

CALLER (O.S.)
You don't want to think and that's
why I'll win! I'm already two points
ahead.

PETER
What?

CALLER (O.S.)
I did another one last night. You
might have saved her, but you didn't
want to play.

PETER
Where is she?

CALLER (O.S.)
You'll find her.

PETER
If you got something to say to me,
just come out and say it!

Andy picks up the extension phone.

ANDY
Where is she you sonofabitch!

There's a chuckle from the Caller.

CALLER (O.S.)
Ah... Detective Wagner. I'm sorry
but you'll have to get off the line
and go back to your tracing equipment.
If I wanted to play the game with a
moron I would have called you.

Frank angrily motions Andy to get off. Andy hangs up.

CALLER (O.S.)
I suppose you want to know where I'm
going to kill tonight, Peter?

PETER
You're not going to tell me that.

CALLER (O.S.)

"Wee Willie Winkie runs through the town. Upstairs and downstairs in his nightgown. Crawling through the window. At the end of Miss Emma's street. Her God has gone and left his home. So her and I can meet."

The line goes dead. A beat. Everyone reflects on what they have just heard.

FRANK

(to Andy)

Are you out of your fuckin' mind picking up the phone!

ANDY

Sorry.

FRANK

(to Technician)

Anything?

TECHNICIAN

Nothing. We'd have a better chance if we could tap in at the junction box.

FRANK

Thanks Mister Sanderson.

(to Kathy and Andy)

Let's go.

PETER

You want me to go with you? Maybe I can help.

FRANK

That's alright. We'll take it from here.

EXT. HOTEL GROUNDS - MORNING

Kathy, Frank and Andy leave Peter's room and walk back towards the hotel.

ANDY

You should be an actor, Frank. You looked like you were really mad. The veins popping out on your neck was a really nice touch.

KATHY

You weren't mad at him for picking up the phone?

FRANK

No. I told him to. I wanted to make sure there was someone on the other end.

KATHY

But we heard him.

FRANK

It could have been a tape. A prerecorded conversation between Sanderson and himself.

INT. POLICE CONFERENCE ROOM - AFTERNOON

A room set up to deal with the murder. PHOTOGRAPHS are pinned to a cork board. Frank is at a table with Kathy, Andy and Nolan. On the chalkboard in the rhyme the Caller recited earlier.

ANDY

The F.B.I. has nothing remotely similar to this guy. I think he's a first-timer.

FRANK

Check with the State. If he's never killed outside of Washington the F.B.I. wouldn't have it. Nolan?

NOLAN

He tapes their mouths shut. We found traces of adhesive around the victims mouths. We're doing a chemical analysis for components, but it's probably a standard brand you can buy in any hardware store.

FRANK

There's only two hardware stores on the whole Island. We'll check that out. What about the blood?

NOLAN

Not a drop. Maybe the guy works for the Red Cross.

Frank looks at Nolan askance.

FRANK

Kathy?

KATHY

Well, the fact that he views this as a game suggests that he is trying to

KATHY

prove some sense of superiority -- and the way he murders confirms a need to be in complete control of his victim.

FRANK

What about the way he arranged the body?

KATHY

That would indicate he's playing out a fantasy. Power-control killers usually fantasize about their actions long before they commit them. Once they become a reality though, they reach a sense of euphoria and need to repeat the act to sustain it. But, in all the research I've read on Serial Killers, I've never heard of one moving so fast. It's as if the game is the catalyst for the murders -- not the other way around.

FRANK

Anything else?

KATHY

Yes. Why disguise your voice if no one knows it?

FRANK

I was thinking the same thing. He must be local. It's logical for him to assume that the police would be there, but he recognized Andy's voice and called him by name.

(points to the rhyme)

What about this?

KATHY

I would think it's some type of clue as to where he's going to kill next?

ANDY

Why does he call Sanderson?

KATHY

He's one of the best Chess players in the world. Who better to play a game with?

FRANK

(to Andy)

You still having a problem with this?

ANDY

Yeah, I am. I think he's playing us. If I was a killer and the police were trying to make a case against me, what better why to draw them off than to put their attention on someone else?

KATHY

Sending yourself anonymous notes in the mail is one thing -- but who called him today?

ANDY

I don't know. Maybe there's two of them. Maybe he hired some Wino to make the calls.

KATHY

Maybe you're reaching a bit? I think Sanderson should be in on this. There's a reason why the killer's calling him.

A UNIFORMED OFFICER KNOCKS and enters.

OFFICER

Captain, we found her.

EXT. WAREHOUSE - WIDE SHOT - AFTERNOON

Several BLACK and WHITE UNITS are parked in the rear of the building. Frank and Andy walk up the loading dock steps in silence.

INT. WAREHOUSE - AFTERNOON

The body of CHRISTIE EASTMAN is laying on top of a large crate.

Her body has been draped tightly with a sheet and her arms are folded across her chest. Her face is deathly white and has been made up with the same clumsy makeup.

Written in blood on the wall behind her is: EVENTUALLY

INT. STAGE WINGS - EVENING

Peter paces back and forth waiting for the match to begin. Yurilivich is sitting in a chair, watching Peter with a grin.

Peter turns around and almost bumps into Lutz who is wearing a ridiculous hat with sheets of aluminium foil sticking out.

LUTZ

They're trying to control my thoughts.
 (points to the hat)
 Aluminium foil. It repels the thought
 rays.] Peter stares at him. In the
 b.g. Kathy enters, looks around,
 then walks over to Peter.

KATHY

They couldn't break the riddle.

PETER

Did you think it was going to be
 easy? You think he was going to lay
 it out at your feet?

KATHY

We need your help.

PETER

I offered my help this morning and
 Sedman turned me down.

KATHY

But you're the key. The one he wants
 to play the game with.

PETER

I can't right now. I've got a game.

KATHY

She could be dead after the game.

PETER

She could be dead now.

KATHY

What if she isn't? Where are your
 priorities? You have to think between
 someone's life and a chess game?

(raising her voice)

The girl he killed last night was
 only twenty one years old! He dumped
 her body behind a warehouse like a
 sack of garbage!

Everyone is now staring at Kathy and Peter who are staring
 at each other. In the b.g. The President appears.

PRESIDENT

Gentlemen...

The GRANDMASTERS walk onto stage as Peter and Kathy continue
 to stare at each other. A beat. Peter starts to move towards
 the stage. Kathy takes a step after him.

She takes a envelope from her jacket pocket and puts it into Peter's jacket pocket.

KATHY
These are for you.

INT. AUDITORIUM - NIGHT

Peter sits across from GRANDMASTER KRIKORIAN. He makes a move, then hits his timer. On the BOARD behind him the move is duplicated. Krikorian studies the board. Peter is staring out over the AUDIENCE deep in thought. Krikorian makes a move and hits the timer. Peter continues to stare, unaware that it is his move. A beat. All eyes are on him.

Peter turns around and stares at the big board, then walks over and makes a move. Krikorian studies his position. Peter reaches into his pocket for a cigarette. He removes the envelope Kathy gave him, then his cigarettes. A beat. He stares at the envelope, flicking his finger against it.

Krikorian looks up annoyed. Peter opens the envelope.

CLOSE ON PHOTOGRAPHS: We see several PHOTOGRAPHS of Christie Eastman before her death. Peter turns through them. Next, we see the grisly PHOTOS taken at the crime scene. He is a man struggling to make a decision. Krikorian makes a move. Peter does not react. He replaces the PHOTOS and stares at the envelope, then looks up at Krikorian who is watching him. A beat. Peter replaces the envelope in his pocket, then makes a move.

INT. POLICE CONFERENCE ROOM - NIGHT

Kathy sits with Frank and Andy. Coffee cups litter with table.

The nursery rhyme is written on the BLACKBOARD and reads:

WEE WILLIE WINKIE RUNS THROUGH THE STREET, UPSTAIRS AND
DOWNSTAIRS IN HIS NIGHTGOWN; CRAWLING THROUGH THE WINDOW, AT
THE END OF MISS EMMA'S STREET, HER GOD HAS GONE AND LEFT HIS
HOME, SO HER AND I CAN MEET.

FRANK
"Her God has gone and left his home?"

Everyone shakes there head indicating they don't understand the reference.

KATHY
Why these girls? How does he pick
them?

Frank points to a LARGE MAP of the CITY on the wall, with TWO RED PINS in different locations.

FRANK

(pointing to the map)
I don't think it matters. Last night's victim, Christie Eastman was found in a warehouse on the outskirts of town. The night before, Debi Rutlege was found in the center.

KATHY

Meaning?

ANDY

Meaning, it looks like his victims are chosen at random.

PETER (O.S.)

No.

Peter is standing in the doorway. He enters the room.

ANDY

What do you mean, no?

PETER

He says it's a game. All games have a strategy.

ANDY

All you gotta do is look at the map.

PETER

His victims aren't random. It only means that they appear to be random. There's a connection, we just have to find it.

Peter turns his attention to the blackboard.

PETER

What have you come up with on the riddle?

FRANK

"Wee Willie Winkie runs though the street." We think he might be making a reference to himself.

PETER

Maybe, but I don't think so. I think it's just a tease.

FRANK

Upstairs and downstairs in his night gown -- He could be saying the house he's picked is two stories.

EXT. HOUSE - NIGHT - KILLER'S POV

As he approaches a TWO STORY house. The POV stops moving, as if to decide which way to go... then goes around the right side of the house.

INT. POLICE CONFERENCE ROOM - NIGHT

Peter, Kathy, Frank and Andy continue to unravel the message.

KATHY

(offering)

"Crawling through the window"... We think that's how he's going to get in?

EXT. SIDE OF HOUSE - KILLER'S POV - NIGHT

A crowbar is placed under a window and pried up until the lock breaks. We see two GLOVED HANDS open the window.

INT. POLICE CONFERENCE ROOM - NIGHT

Peter has taken his jacket off and is pacing the room. Kathy, Frank and Andy stare at the board.

PETER

That's it?

FRANK

We think he might be making a reference to drugs? Miss Emma is a street term used by junkies for Morphine.

PETER

Could Emma be the name of the girl he's going to kill?

ANDY

We've checked. There's no one with the last name of Emma on the Island.

FRANK

Maybe he's going to drug her?

KATHY

He's killed both girls exactly the same way. It's almost ritualistic. Why would he change now?

PETER

Morpheus.

ANDY

What?

PETER

Not what -- who. Morpheus. The Greek God of dreams. Look at the next line. "Her God has gone and left his home."

KATHY

His home would be... Mount Olympus.

FRANK

Call dispatch. Double the patrols. I want that area blanketed.

Frank and Andy rush from the room.

INT. LORAINES BEDROOM - NIGHT

LORAINES OLSEN, a YOUNG, ATTRACTIVE GIRL in her twenties enters the room and walks over to the CLOSET as she takes off her jacket. She reaches for the DOORKNOB when the PHONE RINGS.

She hesitates for a moment, deciding whether to open the door, but decides to answer the phone first. She walks over and picks it up.

LORAINES

Hello?... Oh hi Mom... No I just got in... No I haven't forgotten. Tomorrow, ten o'clock... Yes... Yes... Okay, I'll see you in the morning. Bye.

She hangs up, walks back to the CLOSET and opens the door.

INT. CLOSET - NIGHT

is a large WALK-IN, the back filled with LONG HANGING DRESSES that almost reach the floor. Below them is a row of SHOES, neatly aligned on the floor. Loraine hangs up her jacket, takes off her shirt, then puts on a tee shirt.

INT. LORAINES BATHROOM - NIGHT

Loraine finishes brushing her teeth. She turns off the water, but we still HEAR a DRIPPING SOUND. She looks over at the bath tub with the SHOWER CURTAINS DRAWN. She opens the curtain and tightly turns the handle to stop the nozzle from leaking.

INT. LORAINES BEDROOM - NIGHT

Lorraine sits on the edge of her bed and peels herself out of her tight pants.

INT. LORAINES CLOSET - NIGHT

She enters the closet and hangs up her pants. As she does so we see: Among the row of shoes is a pair of BLACK HIGH-TOP

TENNIS SHOES.

Lorraine starts to leave. The TENNIS SHOES move forward.

CLOSE ON LORAINES: A GLOVED HAND reaches over and CLAMPS down tightly over her mouth, muffling her SCREAM as,

INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT

The CLOSET DOOR is SLAMMED SHUT. SILENCE. A FLASH of light fills the frame of the door.

EXT. WATERFRONT - NIGHT

Colorful SHOPS and RESTURANTS line the street. Peter grabs a HOT DOG from a VENDOR and takes a big bite, then looks at Kathy.

PETER

You sure you don't want to eat something?

KATHY

I don't think I could.

They start to walk agin.

PETER

It's going to be a long night. It could take hours before we know something. You should try to eat.

KATHY

You sound like my mother.

PETER

It wasn't intentional.

KATHY

Does what's going on bother you at all? Or are you just wearing your game face?

PETER
I think it's interesting.

KATHY
Another kind of game?

PETER
In a way.

KATHY
This isn't a game.

PETER
Oh, but it is. He's killing a person
everyday and challenging us to catch
him. That's a game. It has rules
and objectives.

KATHY
How can you look at it so clinically?

PETER
Take your average cop. They deal
with death everyday. If they let
emotions get in the way it would
cloud their judgement.

KATHY
That's true -- but the emotion is
still there. They just learn to
control it.

PETER
What about you? Aren't there times
when a young child is telling you a
story so sad you just want to cry?

KATHY
Of course.

PETER
Do you?

KATHY
(uncomfortable)
Let's change the subject.

PETER
Okay. So, tell me about yourself.
Are you married?

Kathy stops.

KATHY
How did we get to that subject?

PETER
I'm just curious.

KATHY
(uncomfortable)
I think it's best if we don't ask
too many personal questions -- I
want to keep things on a professional
level.

PETER
You mean like in the steam room?

KATHY
That's not fair!

PETER
Are you going to tell me you didn't
feel something in there?

Kathy is growing more uncomfortable by the moment.

KATHY
You're projecting your own desires
and reading more into what happened
than what actually did.

PETER
Very good. Spoken like a true
psychologist. When confronted with
the prospect of your own reality,
hide behind quotations. What is
that Masters and Johnson?

The tension breaks. Kathy smiles.

KATHY
You have to win every point, don't
you?

PETER
I just wanted to know if you're
involved with anyone?
(Beat)
Let me ask you something? Do your
colleagues know if you're involved
or not?

KATHY
Of course.

PETER
Why?

KATHY
Because I work with them.

PETER
Aren't you working with me?

Kathy smiles again, amused by Peter's tactics.

KATHY
No.

PETER
You're not?

KATHY
No -- I'm not involved.
(Beat)
And I plan on keeping it that way.

Kathy walks off, leaving Peter staring after her.

INT. LORAINIE'S KITCHEN - MORNING

Kathy, Frank and Andy are in the room with Nolan. Nolan is on his knees at the base of a window. On the floor beside him is a RULER and a SHEET OF RUBBERIZED PAPER.

NOLAN
(proudly)
This is where he forced his way in.
We found some fibers on the
windowsill, probably particles of
clothing that rubbed off when he
climbed through. I'll know more
once I get it under the microscope.

FRANK
(not impressed)
That's great.

NOLAN
Wait, I've saved the best for last.
Andy, hit the lights, will you?

Andy looks for the light switch. Kathy realizes she's standing in front of it and moves out of the way. Andy turns off the lights and the room goes dark. Nolan turns on a FLASHLIGHT and gets down on his knees, then SHINES the LIGHT at a LOW ANGLE across the floor.

THE FLOOR - CLOSE SHOT: We can clearly see the impression of a SHOE PRINT.

NOLAN
It's a tennis shoe.

NOLAN
Pretty old by the individual
characteristics. About a size ten
or eleven. This guy is big.

ANDY
What's this?

Andy points to a JAGGED LINE in the impression.

NOLAN
Don't know. Looks like a cut or a
gash in the sole of the shoe. We'll
blow it up back at the lab.

INT. HALLWAY - MORNING

Frank, Andy and Kathy follow Nolan towards the bedroom.
Frank stops and taps Kathy on the shoulder.

FRANK
Before we go in I gotta tell you
this isn't going to be pretty.

KATHY
I know that. I've seen the photo's.

FRANK
This ain't no photo.

INT. LORAINES BEDROOM - MORNING

Frank, Andy and Kathy enter the room. Loraine's body is
laying on the bed, her appearance is like all the others.

On the wall written in blood is: REVENGE.

Kathy stares at the sight, horrified. She starts to gag and
runs from the room.

FRANK
Same as the others?

NOLAN
Yeah.

FRANK
How long she been dead?

NOLAN
I'd say at least eighteen hours.

FRANK

That means she was dead before we even finished figuring out the message.

ANDY

Or before Sanderson ever showed up to help us with the riddle. He figured it out pretty quick, didn't he? Maybe it's not too hard if you wrote it.

INT. PETER'S HOTEL ROOM - MORNING

Peter enters in his SWEATS to find Erica, Jeremy and David sitting around a computer.

PETER

Good morning.

Erica runs over to him and gives him a kiss.

PETER

(to Jeremy)

We got a problem?

JEREMY

Our computer went on the fritz again. David came up to fix it.

PETER

Is it serious?

DAVID

Naw, it's all fixed. I also loaded up a program that'll analyze your games three hundred percent faster.

PETER

Thanks.

Peter walks over to the MONITOR. A COMPUTER GAME is on.

PETER

What's this?

DAVID

Oh, I put a few games on for your daughter. I hope you don't mind.

PETER

Of course not.

DAVID

Well, I've got to go over Lutz's room now. He thinks someone has tapped into his computer and is monitoring his practice games.

David picks up his bag and starts to leave.

PETER

Don't you have something you want to say to David?

ERICA

Thanks, David.

DAVID

Your welcome.

David leaves.

ERICA

You ready?

PETER

For what?

ERICA

You told me you'd take me over to Seattle today.

PETER

I'm sorry, honey, I can't. Not today.

ERICA

But you promised.

Erica stares at him sadly.

JEREMY

I'll take you.

She forces a smile for Jeremy's sake, then leaves the room.

JEREMY

Peter...

PETER

I've got to be here for the police when they come. Then I've got to practise. In case you forgot I'm in the middle of a match right now.

JEREMY

You're always in the middle of a match.

PETER

I want to be the best I can.

JEREMY

Sometimes I think you'd rather be the best chess player, than the best father. Instead of thinking about what kind of day your daughter had, you would rather think about the Sicilian Najdorf opening or a counter to the Tartokover Bondarevsky System.

(Beat)

A relationship is not a chessboard. You can't walk away from it and come back whenever you want and still expect all the pieces to be there.

INT. PETER'S ROOM - MORNING

Peter enters from the bathroom wearing only his jeans. He goes over to his briefcase and starts to take out a paper. He stops, then slowly takes out an OLD, WORN, ENVELOPE. He stares at it. There is a KNOCK on the door. Peter replaces the ENVELOPE. He opens the door to find a pale and shaken Kathy. She walks into the room.

KATHY

They found the third girl. Her name was Loraine Olsen. I just came from the crime scene. It was horrible. How can anybody do something like that? You got anything to drink around here?

Peter walks over to the bar and pours her a brandy. He brings it over to her and sits beside her on the couch. Kathy gulps it down.

PETER

Relax.

KATHY

How the hell can I relax after seeing what I just saw.

PETER

I know it was bad.

KATHY

How could you? Unless you were there.

Their eyes lock for a moment, each probing the others.

KATHY
 Sorry, I didn't mean that the way it sounded.

PETER
 I know you didn't

KATHY
 You know, Andy thinks you're doing this.

PETER
 Doesn't that scare you?

KATHY
 No.

PETER
 Why?

KATHY
 Because I think he's wrong.

Peter takes her hand and holds it in his. There is a KNOCK at the door. Peter opens it to find Frank and Andy.

FRANK
 Come with us.

INT. HOTEL HALLWAY - MORNING

Peter follows Frank and Andy as they walk down a utility hallway.

INT. HOTEL BASEMENT - MORNING

Damp and dark. A large cavernous room built under the hotel. SEVERAL SMALLER ROOMS, OR ALCOVES, CONNECT TO THE MAIN ROOM THROUGH A SERIES OF JOINING DOORS. FLORESCENT LIGHTS spaced on the ceiling cast long shadows through the room. Large water pipes and electrical mains run across the ceiling.

Frank, Andy, Peter and Kathy enter. Frank walks over to the TECHNICIAN we saw before. He is setting up his tracing equipment at the main TELEPHONE JUNCTION BOX.

FRANK
 How's it going?

TECHNICIAN
 (points to a phone)
 While we're down here all calls coming into Mr. Sanderson's room will be routed to extension 611. I've also--

The PHONE RINGS. It echoes through the room. Peter's face tenses. He walks over and picks it up. A LOUDSPEAKER is activated.

PETER

Hello?

CALLER (O.S.)

Do you know what I'm doing right now, Peter? I'm looking at the name of the girl I'm going to kill tonight.

PETER

You know her?

CALLER (O.S.)

Not really.

PETER

Why her?

CALLER (O.S.)

(a trace of anger)
Because she's the type.

PETER

But you said you didn't know her.

CALLER (O.S.)

(annoyed)
I know what I said! She looks just like...

PETER

Just like who?

CALLER (O.S.)

I really wish you'd stop trying to maneuver me. I find it irritating, not to mention insulting.

PETER

I'm just trying to play the game.

CALLER (O.S.)

You're not playing very well. There are clues all around you and you keep missing them.

Peter's frustration grows. He decides to try a different line.

PETER

Listen, if you're just going to call up to gloat, I don't want to hear it!

CALLER (O.S.)

I'm sure there are other people who would be interested in what I have to say.

PETER

Then call them!

Peter slams down the phone. Kathy, Frank and Andy are stunned that Peter would end the conversation.

ANDY

Are you crazy?

PETER

Let's see how much he wants to play.

SILENCE fills the room. Peter stares at the phone expectantly.

A moment later it RINGS. Peter waits and lets it ring.

Finally he answers it on the fourth ring.

CALLER (O.S.)

Just for that no hint today.

PETER

Why are you doing this? You must have some idea of the pain you're causing people.

CALLER (O.S.)

Pain? Pain is just a state of mind. It's something you learn to live with. I have.

Kathy hands Peter a note she has written.

PETER

(reading the note)
And you want these girls to feel your pain?

CALLER (O.S.)

Please, I don't want to get into the psychological aspects of my actions. It would detract from the game.

PETER

How?

CALLER (O.S.)

I couldn't say it any better than Huxley.

PETER

Huxley's quote also says, "his play is always fair and just."

CALLER (O.S.)

So is mine, within the framework of my rules.

The line goes dead. Peter hangs up.

ANDY

What in the hell do you think you're doing? Slamming down the phone in the middle of the trace.

PETER

You think you're going to catch him on a trace? Everything he does is planned out well in advance. The only way we're going to get him is to rattle him -- make him slip up.

FRANK

You never know how you're going to catch a suspect.

KATHY

Peter's right, Captain. He's got to be forced into making a mistake.

ANDY

We didn't ask for your opinion, Doctor.

PETER

Maybe you should.

Peter stares at Andy defiantly.

ANDY

You don't tell us how to run our investigation. You got that?

PETER

You don't have an investigation without me. You got that?

The two men lock eyes hostilely.

FRANK

What were you going to say, Kathy?

KATHY

Well, I think you have to play to his ego. He thinks he's superior. The more secure he feels, the more chances he'll take.

FRANK

What did he mean by Huxley?

PETER

He was referring to a quote by Thomas Henry Huxley.

(quoting)

"The chess board is the world, the pieces are the phenomena of the universe, the rules of the game are what we call Nature. The player on the other side is hidden from us. We know that his play is always fair, just, and patient. But also, we know, to our cost, that he never overlooks a mistake, or makes the smallest allowances for ignorance."

EXT. PUGET SOUND - AFTERNOON

Peter and Kathy are sitting on the beach. Peter draws squares in the sand like a chessboard and starts moving shells and rocks around. Kathy grins.

KATHY

Are you playing chess?

Peter smiles like a boy with his hand caught in the cookie-jar.

PETER

When I was little I'd watch the other kids playing baseball from my room. In the evening, when their parents would call them in to put their bats and balls away, I'd watch them from my window, forcing, expressions of disappointment, trying to gain another few minutes outside so they could play -- but no one could stop me from playing.

(he closes his eyes)

All I had to do was close my eyes and my whole world became a chessboard.

PETER

I could see the pieces, and sometimes
it felt like if I reached out I could
almost touch them. I ordered them
and they obeyed.

Kathy stares at him for a moment, unsure what to make of his
speech. Peter opens his eyes, there is a beat as he seems
to bridge the gap back to this world. He smiles.

KATHY

Can you go fifteen minutes without
thinking about it?

PETER

(thinks for a moment)
No. But I'm open to distractions.

KATHY

I'm sure you are.

He smiles at her. He destroys the pattern in the sand, takes
her hand and they start walking.

PETER

You know, you're not the easiest
person in the world to get close to.

KATHY

You always want to talk about me.
What about you?

PETER

Wasn't I just talking about me?

KATHY

No. You were talking about chess.

PETER

Alright. What about me?

KATHY

I dunno. Where's Erica mother?

PETER

She died in a car accident.

KATHY

I'm sorry.

PETER

It's alright. It was a long time
ago.

KATHY
It must've been very hard on Erica?

PETER
It was.

KATHY
And you?

Peter stops and smiles.

PETER
Do you want me to lay down, Doctor?

Kathy grins.

PETER
Look, why don't you just come out
and ask me what you want to know?

Kathy hesitates.

PETER
Was it serious between Debi and me?
No. Have I known a lot of girls
like her?
(Beat)
None of your business.

Kathy stares at him, almost studying him for a moment.

PETER
What?

KATHY
Have you noticed that every time we
start to talk about something serious
you start to play games.

PETER
I'm not playing a game now.

KATHY
Yes you are. You're playing word
games.

PETER
(defensive)
What is this?

KATHY
I'm just trying to get to know you,
Peter.

PETER

What? By attacking me?

KATHY

Nobody could attack you. You set your life up like one of your chessboards. You're impregnable -- but at the same time you've become trapped behind your own defenses. You're cut off from everyone around you.

PETER

What are you talking about? You don't even know me.

KATHY

Does anyone?

He starts to walk away.

KATHY

Are you forfeiting?

He stops dead in his tracks, turns and walks back.

PETER

I just don't want to fight with you.

KATHY

Then show me who you are.

Peter thinks. There's a seriousness we haven't seen before.

PETER

This frightens me -- because I'm starting to feel things I haven't felt in a long time.

KATHY

You've got to face the things you feel.

PETER

(a little grin)

I thought you were the woman who didn't want to get involved.

KATHY

I said I didn't plan on getting involved.

He moves closer. She takes a step back.

PETER
(moving closer)
What happened to facing the things
we feel?

KATHY
(giving in)
You can turn everything around so
easily. This is not just another
game, is it?

PETER
No.

They stare at each other, each of them probing the others
eyes.

Peter leans forward and gently kisses her on the lips. He
kisses her again. Their passion builds until they throw
their arms around each other and embrace passionately.

INT. PETER'S LIVING ROOM - AFTERNOON

Peter pins her against the wall and kisses her. She wraps
her legs around his waist as he holds her against the wall.
They continue to kiss as they move along the wall, knocking
pictures off the wall. Peter carries her over to a LARGE
CHESSBOARD.

With one hand he sweeps the PIECES off onto the floor, then
sits her down on it. They kiss each other furiously, each
of them groping at the others clothing. Their hands move
along

EACH OTHERS BODIES, EXPLORING, TOUCHING, FEELING. HE UN-

buttons her blouse, then kisses her neck, working his way to
her breasts. Kathy closes her eyes, submitting to the
pleasure of his touch.

INT. PETER'S BEDROOM - AFTERNOON

TWO SILHOUETTES. Bodies intertwined. The SOUNDS of love
making fill the room.

SLOW FADE TO BLACK

INT. PETER'S BEDROOM - LATER - NIGHT

DARK. SILENCE.

KATHY
I'm hungry.

PETER
Call room service.

A LIGHT COMES on. Kathy lays next to Peter. She rolls over and kisses him.

KATHY
I hate hotel food. Rondi's Pizza is just down the street.

PETER
Fine.

KATHY
What do you want on it?

PETER
(nibbling at her neck)
You.

KATHY
Would you settle for pepperoni?

PETER
If I have to. I'm going to take a shower.

Peter goes into the bathroom. Kathy sits up and throws on a t-shirt. She goes to the desk. By the phone is a copy of the WHITE PAGES. She starts to look up the number. In b.g. we HEAR the SHOWER.

CLOSE ON PHONE BOOK: In the middle of the page a name is underlined in RED. It reads: RUTLEGE, DEBI Kathy stares at the name. A beat. Slowly she turns through the pages.

CLOSE ON PHONE BOOK: The name EASTMAN, CHRISTIE is UNDERLINED.

The pages are quickly turned again until we see the name OLSEN, LORAINÉ underlined.

Kathy is stunned. She thinks for a second, then gets up and starts getting dressed. In the b.g. we HEAR the SHOWER stop.

PETER (O.S.)
Did you call?

KATHY
The line was busy. I'll try again.

She finishes dressing then heads for the door. She opens the door and stops, then looks back.

HER POV: Her PURSE is on the nightstand.

She hesitates, then quickly walks back to get it. She picks it up and starts back for the door when... Peter steps out of the bathroom. He stares at her.

PETER
Where are you going?

KATHY
They're not delivering. I'm going to go pick up the pizza.

PETER
(moving closer to her)
I thought you said the line was busy?

KATHY
I tried again and got through.

PETER
(still closer)
What's wrong?

KATHY
(backing away)
Nothing.

PETER
(following her)
Then why are you backing up?

Peter waits for an answer. There isn't one. He looks around the room, retracing in his mind what could have happened. He sees the open PHONE BOOK on the dresser next to him. He stares at it for a moment, then back at Kathy.

PETER
This?

She doesn't answer. Peter appears disappointed.

PETER
I was looking for correlations between their names, addresses, anything that might be the same.

Kathy looks away.

PETER
You're as bad as Andy... maybe worse.

He walks over to a chair and sits down, freeing the path to the door.

KATHY
Peter, you have to admit--

PETER

--admit what? That I was right about you in the steam room? That you're willing to do anything to find out what you want? Would you like me to leave so you can search the rest of the room?

KATHY

Peter...

PETER

(cutting her off;
hurt)

How could you think that, Kathy?
How could you even consider it?

A beat. Kathy thinks for a moment, then walks to the door and leaves. A beat. Peter gets up, stares at the phone book, then closes it softly.

INT. AUDITORIUM WINGS - NIGHT

Peter seems deep in thought. Behind him Lutz is pacing back and forth. He is wearing a ridiculous hat with sheets of aluminium foil sticking out. Peter stares at him.

LUTZ

They're trying to control my mind.
(points to his hat)
Aluminium foil. It repels the thought rays.

Peter stares at him blankly.

INT. KATHY'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Kathy enters her house and checks her messages. There are none.

KATHY

Very popular.

INT. AUDITORIUM - NIGHT

Peter walks out on stage. Yurilivich is waiting for him at the CHESSBOARD. The other two tables are vacant_ The President addresses the audience.

PRESIDENT

Since Grandmaster Sanderson leads the tournament with nine wins, and Grandmaster Yurilivich is in second with eight -- it as become apparent that with only four games remaining,

PRESIDENT

the other players, should they win all four of their remaining games, would still not be in a position to win the tournament. Therefore, we have decided that the remaining games between Grandmaster Sanderson and Yurilivich will be held separately.

INT. KATHY'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Kathy sits on the couch, reading a book entitled: CASE STUDIES OF SERIAL KILLERS. She appears distracted. She looks off and thinks about Peter. Finally, she grabs her coat and leaves the house.

INT. AUDITORIUM - NIGHT

Yurilivich makes a moves, then hits his timer. The PIECE moves on the board behind them.

Jeremy grabs Erica's arm excitedly.

ERICA

What is it?

JEREMY

Mate in five.

Peter makes a move. There is a slight MOAN from the crowd.

Jeremy looks at the BIG BOARD reflecting Peter's move then over at Erica.

JEREMY

He didn't see it.

Yurilivich makes a move.

YURILIVICH

Check.

Peter is stunned at his position. He looks at the board, frustration fills his face. Slowly he picks up his KING and lays it on his side.

At the door to the auditorium we see Kathy watching him. She turns and leaves.

INT. HOTEL HALLWAY - NIGHT

A tired-looking Peter walks to his door. He starts to put in his key when he notices the door is ajar. A beat. He slowly pushes it open.

INT. PETER'S HOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

Dark. Peter enters. He tries the light switch. It doesn't work. He walks slowly across the room. As he nears the hall a FIGURE OF A MAN stands up out of one of the high-backed chairs.

Peter senses something and spins around. A LIGHT on the desk comes on. Andy stares at him with a grin.

ANDY

Scare you?

Peter doesn't answer. He stares at Andy hostilely.

ANDY

You know, I figure that's pretty much how these girl's feel just before they get it. You think I'm right?

PETER

I wouldn't know.

ANDY

That's right. I guess only the killer would know that.

PETER

How'd you get in here?

ANDY

The door was open.

PETER

No it wasn't.

ANDY

Of course it was. Otherwise I'd be breaking and entering. That's a felony.

PETER

What do you want?

ANDY

You ever do any hunting, Peter?

PETER

No.

ANDY

I used to. With my old man. He taught me how to hunt and trap. Trapping's a lot harder than most people think.

ANDY

We used to go after Raccoons mostly. They'd get into our garbage, our fields. When an animal can't live peacefully with those around it, it has to be destroyed. But they're crafty little devils. You see the trick is, you can put your trap down, but no Raccoon is going come near it unless you lay down the scent. You ever smell Raccoon scent? Smells like shit, but to a male Raccoon it smells just like pussy. He'll walk right up to that trap, even though it don't look nothing like a Raccoon and stick his Goddam head right in it. You know why? Cause he can't help himself. The scent drives him. So, if you want to catch a Raccoon all you gotta do is figure out where he is -- lay down the scent -- and sooner or later he'll walk right into the trap.

PETER

What if he doesn't bite? What if he's an exceptionally bright Raccoon?

ANDY

Well then, you just gotta find out where he is -- and once you're sure where he is -- you shoot the fucker.

A beat. They stare at each other. Andy walks to the door and leaves.

EXT. PETER'S HOTEL ROOM, BALCONY - NIGHT

Peter sits outside, thinking. Jeremy and Erica join him.

ERICA

Hi dad.

She hugs him. He hugs her back.

ERICA

He just got lucky tonight, that's all. You'll cream him next time.

Peter smiles. There is a long pause. Peter looks at Jeremy.

They stare at each other.

PETER

You have something you want to say?

JEREMY

Just thought you might want to talk.

PETER

About what?

JEREMY

Whatever's on your mind.

PETER

Who says something's on my mind.

Jeremy pulls out a printout of chess board with pieces in different positions. He shows it to Peter.

JEREMY

What do you see here?

PETER

(after a moment)

Mate in five.

JEREMY

Exactly... and you did this.

Jeremy moves an imaginary piece. Peter stares at the paper for a moment. He can't believe he could miss such an obvious move.

JEREMY

Is it Kathy?

ERICA

Who's Kathy?

PETER

No, it's not Kathy.

Jeremy stares at him with a knowing expression.

PETER

It isn't Kathy.

ERICA

Who's Kathy?

JEREMY

Peter, I know you better than you think.

FADE TO BLACK

Over the BLACK we hear

ERICA

Who's Kathy??

INT. APARTMENT - BLACK SCREEN - NIGHT

FLASH! As we see the word IS written in blood on a wall, we HEAR the SOUND of a POLAROID CAMERA pushing out the photo.

DARKNESS

FLASH! We see a new GIRL laying in her bed, the sheet draped over her body, her face made up. DARKNESS FLASH! A CLOSE UP of the girl's ghastly face. DARKNESS.

CLOSE ON: GLOVED HANDS as they pull a photo from the camera.

EXT. APARTMENT - NIGHT

All the apartment LIGHTS are out. We see SEVERAL FLASHES of LIGHT from an upstairs window.

EXT. INSTITUTE - MORNING

Kathy walks up a dirt path towards the side of the building.

She comes to a depression in the earth. She stops, lifts her skirt, as she gets ready to jump over, when something catches her eye.

HER POV: in the soft ground she sees A perfect imprint of the Killer's distinctive tennis shoe_ Kathy stares at it as the thought that the killer is nearby becomes more frightening. She starts to back up slowly when...

She bumps into Dr. Fulton behind her. She SCREAMS, then turns around quickly. Fulton is startled at her action.

KATHY

Jesus, Alan, you scared the crap
outta me.

EXT. APARTMENT BUILDING - MORNING - WIDE SHOT

Several BLACK AND WHITE UNITS are in front of the building.

Frank and Andy are off to the side talking to an ATTRACTIVE GIRL in her twenties.

FRANK

If you can think of anything else
give us a call.

GIRL

You know, I hate to say I told you
so, but I warned her. Coming home
at all hours of the night. A young
girl new to the city.

GIRL
This neighborhood ain't what it used
to be.

A UNIFORMED OFFICER standing by a BLACK and WHITE UNIT yells
over.

OFFICER
Captain, you got a call!

INT. POLICE CONFERENCE ROOM - MORNING

CLOSE ON PHOTOGRAPH: OF THE KILLER'S SHOE: Pull back to
see another PHOTOGRAPH just like it on the wall.

A distraught Kathy sits on a chair, sipping a cup of coffee
with both hands. Frank and Andy stand up waiting for Nolan's
appraisal.

NOLAN
It's the same shoe alright.

ANDY
Was there anyone else on the grounds?

KATHY
A few people.

ANDY
Did anyone stand out?

KATHY
What do you mean, stand out?

ANDY
Did anyone look suspicious? Think!

KATHY
Now that you mention it there was
somebody who looked suspicious.

ANDY
(excited)
What was suspicious about him?

KATHY
He was holding a sign that said
"Serial Killer".

Frank LAUGHS. Andy does a slow burn, then smiles. Through
the GLASS WINDOW Frank sees the GIRL from the apartment
walking down the hall. He thinks about something for a
moment, then springs from his seat.

INT. HALLWAY - MORNING

Frank steps into the hall. Andy follows.

FRANK

Excuse me... you said earlier that Mary Albert just moved in. How long ago was that?

GIRL

Ten days ago.

FRANK

Do you know how she found the apartment?

GIRL

Through a rental agency.

FRANK

(to Andy)

Didn't you tell me that Debi Rutlege had just moved into her place also?

INT. FRANK'S OFFICE - MORNING

Kathy is standing off to the side, listening to Frank and Andy as they both speak on the phone.

ANDY

(into the phone)

Uh huh... Thank you very much.

He hangs up, looks at Frank and NODS with a grin.

FRANK

(into the phone)

No, I really appreciate it. Thanks.

(he hangs up)

That's it! All the women moved into their homes in the last three months and all of them found them through Homesearchers!

EXT. STREET - MORNING

An UNMARKED CAR is parked down the street from HOMESEARCHERS.

Frank and Andy get out and walk towards a building with TWO DETECTIVES.

INT. HOMESEARCHERS - MORNING

A MIDDLE AGED WOMAN stands behind the counter. She stares at Frank with a bewildered expression.

FRANK

Who else works here beside you?

WOMAN

There's a girl that helps at the counter, part time and that's it.

FRANK

Who else has access to these files?

WOMAN

No one.

INT. PETER'S LIVING ROOM - MORNING

There is a KNOCK on the door. Erica opens it to find Kathy outside.

KATHY

You must be Erica.

ERICA

Uh huh.

KATHY

I'm Kathy.

Erica grins.

KATHY

Is your dad here?

ERICA

He went down to the lobby for a minute. He should be right back. Would you like come in?

Kathy enters and sits on the couch. Erica sits beside her and stares at her, evaluating her.

KATHY

So, are you having a good time on the Island?

ERICA

Not really. It's pretty boring.

KATHY

That's only because you don't know where to go. You like hiking?

(Erica nods no)

Fishing?

(Erica nods no)

Sailing?

KATHY
(Erica nods no)
What do you like?

ERICA
Boys.

Kathy grins and they LAUGH together.

ERICA
Do you like my dad?

KATHY
Of course.

Erica stares at her.

KATHY
(getting it)
Oh... do you mean do I like, like
him?

Erica waits expectantly. Kathy grins, but doesn't answer.

ERICA
(confidentially)
I know he really likes you.

KATHY
How do you know that? Did he say
something?

ERICA
No... but I can tell. A woman knows
these things.

Kathy smiles. She looks up and sees Peter standing in the doorway. There is a moment of embarrassment between them.

PETER
Honey, why don't you run down to
Jeremy's now.

ERICA
Okay.
(to Kathy)
Nice meeting you.

KATHY
Nice meeting you.

She walks over to Peter and gives him a kiss.

ERICA
 (whispering)
 I like her. She's nice.

Erica leaves. There is an uncomfortable moment between Peter and Kathy. They look at each other, probing each others eyes.

There is a KNOCK on the door. Frank and Andy enter, their expressions are serious.

PETER
 Another one?
 (Frank nods)
 What word did he leave?

FRANK
 "Is".
 (to Kathy)
 Did you tell him about the institute?

INT. HOTEL BASEMENT - MORNING

Peter is on the phone with the Caller. Kathy sits beside him.

Frank and Andy are with the Technician.

CALLER (O.S.)
 Have you any idea what the message is?

PETER
 If it's so important, why don't you just tell me?

CALLER (O.S.)
 I couldn't tell you that. It would ruin the game. Not that you're playing it very well.

PETER
 You like to brag, don't you?

CALLER (O.S.)
 Credit should be given where it's due. I'm not worldly like you, Peter. I'm not an internationally known figure. I'm just a poor guy who has never been anywhere, but I'm beating you.

The Caller's statement hits home. Slowly a look of determination covers Peter's face.

PETER

So, why were you looking for Doctor Sheppard today?

CALLER (O.S.)

What?

PETER

You heard me. Why did you go out to the institute looking for her?

CALLER (O.S.)

What makes you think I was there?

PETER

(using his words)

I couldn't tell you that. It would ruin the game.

CALLER (O.S.)

The game's almost over, Peter, and you're running out of time.

Peter's face hardens, eyes intensely staring off in the distance.

PETER

It's you who's running out of time. You're starting to make mistakes now. You're wondering just how much I really know. Just how close I'm getting? Well, I'm closer than you think, pal -- and I'm gonna nail your ass to the wall!

CALLER (O.S.)

Very nice speech, Peter. Did you rehearse that, or was it impromptu?

(Peter doesn't answer)

There's an old wooden bench in the garden. Next to it is a rock. You'll find a message for you under it. Let's see if you're as clever as you think you are.

The line goes dead. Peter hangs up, his frustration shows.

INT. POLICE CONFERENCE ROOM - AFTERNOON

Peter sits across the desk from Frank. Kathy stands by the window. The room is crowded with the Caller's clues. The MAP with colored pins in it. The words: REMEMBER EVENTUALLY REVENGE IS... A copy of the Caller's NOTE written on the blackboard. It reads:

PETER:

IN A FIERCE MAGAZINE YOU WILL FIND A HINT OF MY ACTION TO
COME:

AS LARGE AS YOU MAYBE IN THE WORLD OF PAWNS AND CASTLES YOU
ARE STILL LIGHT YEARS FROM REACHING ME. INVISIBLE AS THE
AIR, ONE HUNDRED MEN WITH THEIR DESPERATE PLEAS TO STOP,
CAN'T MOVE ME

Peter walks over to the BLACKBOARD and studies the note.

PETER

(reading)

In a fierce magazine you'll find a
hint of my actions to come... Why
does he set this line apart?

KATHY

For emphasis?

PETER

Exactly. It's the key.

KATHY

But what does he mean by a fierce
magazine? Violent?

PETER

A fierce magazine... brutal...
(thinking aloud)
An angry magazine... A war magazine...
a mercenary magazine... fierce...
(he gets it)
Mad.

KATHY

What?

PETER

Where's the note?

ANDY

You got it on the board.

PETER

No, I need the original note.

ANDY

There's a photostat of the original
on the wall.

Peter gets up and takes the note off the wall and studies it
for a moment, then starts to fold it in half.

PETER
 My daughter reads Mad Magazine all
 the time. If you fold the back cover
 a certain way, the text reads
 differently.

Peter moves the crease of the paper in and out until it forms
 the correct margin.

THE NOTE NOW READS:

IN A FIERCE ACTION TO COME:

AS LARGE AS CASTLES, YOU ARE STILL LIGHT AS THE AIR, ONE
 HUNDRED MEN CAN'T MOVE ME.

Kathy looks at Peter, impressed.

PETER
 (reading)
 As large as castles. You are still
 light as air, one hundred men can't
 move me.

FRANK
 It doesn't make sense.

KATHY
 It doesn't make sense because we
 don't understand it.

ANDY
 But a hundred men could move him.

PETER
 (losing patience)
 He's not talking about himself.

ANDY
 Then what's he talking about?

PETER
 (on edge)
 If we knew that we'd know the answer
 to the riddle, wouldn't we? He's
 telling us where he's going to kill
 tonight and we can't see it.

FRANK
 Maybe we should back up a minute and
 take a look at what we do have. All
 the girls that have been killed have
 been killed at night. They're all
 the same type.

FRANK

All moved into their homes within the last three months -- and all of them found their homes through Homesearchers.

KATHY

I thought that Homesearchers was a dead end?

FRANK

It can't be a coincidence. The woman that owns it has a son. She says he's been on vacation in Montana for the last ten days. We're trying to locate him. There's also a cleaning service that comes in once a week. We're checking that out too.

KATHY

He moves around a lot. Why?

ANDY

He finds his victims through Homesearchers. He goes where they are.

Peter is only half-listening to the conversation. He appears deep in thought.

KATHY

But they rent lots of apartments. He could probably find them all in a localized area. Why move all over the Island?

Peter slowly comes to a realization. His eyes open wide as a thought crashes into his mind.

PETER

Jesus! It can't be that easy!

Peter walks to the MAP of the victims locations on the wall.

He moves his finger from point to point, examining each location. Kathy, Frank and Andy watch him. Peter continues to move his finger in various GEOMETRIC LINES across the map.

ANDY

You want to tell us what the hell you're doing?

Peter doesn't answer. He stares at the MAP for a few more seconds, as the excitement of his realization grows.

He takes a step back and turns to Kathy.

PETER

He told us and we missed it! He said he's never been anywhere. Therefore, this Island is the world to him.

(pointing to the map)

As far as he's concerned, this is a map of the world. That's why he quoted Huxley. "The chessboard is the world."

Peter takes a MARKS-O-LOT off Kathy's desk and DRAWS a LARGE SQUARE BORDER on the MAP, OUTLINING THE GRIDS, EIGHT BY EIGHT.

PETER

He's using the map as a chessboard!

The sonofabitch is playing chess with me!!

FRANK

How can he be playing Chess with you? You're not making any moves against him.

PETER

Maybe I already have.

Peter rushes towards the door.

INT. AUDITORIUM - AFTERNOON

Peter is with Kathy, Frank, Andy and David at the computer station.

PETER

Can you get into the Federation records?

DAVID

Sure. We've got a modem line hooked up with the data base in New York.

PETER

Can we correlate data? Look for specific things, like player's ages... stuff like that?

DAVID

No problem.
(hits a few buttons)
We're in.

PETER

Okay. Run a search to see if there are any players with a rating above two thousand that live on the Island.

David enters the commands on the keyboard.

DAVID

Nope. Nothing.

PETER

Set up some pieces on the big board?

FRANK

I still don't see how he could be playing chess against you. There's only enough grids on the map to be half a board.

PETER

That's all he needs. He's making the moves. It's an opening. I just can't remember the name.

(looks at the board)

Okay, it's a game. He's starting it, so he moves first. He's white. e2-e4.

The pieces on the board move, following Peter's instructions.

PETER

D2-d4... b1-c3... and c1-f4.

(he studies the board)

It's the number two variation of the Tarakoss opening.

(thinks for a moment)

David, can you bring up the tournament records for the last ten years.

DAVID

Mister Sanderson, they'll be hundreds of thousands of games.

PETER

We're only interested in people who have played against me.

David enters the data.

DAVID

Now what?

PETER

Have computer search for anyone that's used that opening against me.

PETER

There can't be more than a handful.

David enters the information and waits.

DAVID

There's three. The first is 1983.
Lionel Baines. The Boston...

PETER

Never mind. He died two years ago.

DAVID

1985. Hans Korshaud.

PETER

He's in his seventies and lives in
Holland.

David presses a button and looks at the next one. He
hesitates and looks at Peter awkwardly.

PETER

What is it?

DAVID

(a beat; hesitantly)
New York. 1986. Viktor Yurilivich.

A quiet rage spreads across Peter's face.

PETER

Print out the game.

INT. PETER'S LIVING ROOM - AFTERNOON

Peter, Kathy, and all stand around a map of the Island.
Peter looks at a PRINTOUT.

PETER

He's replaying the game I played
against him move by move, using these
girls as the Chess pieces.

(Beat)

All the girls have been found in
their homes except Christie Eastman,
who was found in back of a warehouse.
Why?

KATHY

(making the connection)
Because to follow the game he played
he had to move to that grid?

PETER

Right.
 (he searches the map
 and points to a spot)
 Here! c-4.

FRANK

It's a commercial area. No one lives there.

PETER

But he had to dump the body there to make the move.

KATHY

Now that you know what stage of the game he's at, can we figure out where his next move is going to be?

Peter walks over to the MAP and traces his finger over it, then looks at the computer printout.

PETER

His last move was c1-f4. I would move f8-g7. His next move using the Tarakoss would be... e2-e3... that would be...
 (points to a spot)
 Right here!

There is a moment of silence as Kathy, Frank and Andy both digest what they have heard.

KATHY

Each of those grids represents almost a square mile.

FRANK

That's a big area to cover.

PETER

Then let's narrow it down.

ANDY

(knowingly)
 Homesearchers.

INT. HOMESEARCHERS - AFTERNOON

Andy stands at the desk with the WOMAN they talked to before. He holds out a THOMAS GUIDE and places it on the desk next to the computer.

WOMAN
(shocked)
You want me to what?

ANDY
I want you to feed every street in
this grid into your computer.

WOMAN
It'll take hours. You can't make me
do this.

ANDY
You're right, I can't make you do
it. Besides, you're probably gonna
be too busy with the Franchise Tax
Board anyway.

WOMAN
What are you talking about?

ANDY
I gotta friend over there. He was
telling me things are kind of slow.
So, I figured I'd give him a call,
have him come down here and look
through your records. You know,
give him something to do.

WOMAN
What's the first street?

The CAMERA PULLS BACK through the window until we are...

EXT. HOMESEARCHERS - AFTERNOON

Peter, Kathy and Frank stand on the sidewalk. Peter looks
at the NOTE and folds it to read the message.

PETER
As large as castles, you are still
light as the air, one hundred men
can't move me. It's posed as a
question. What am I?

FRANK
A building?

PETER
A building isn't as light as air.
What's large, but as light as air
and can't be moved?

KATHY
(correcting him)
As large as castles.

FRANK
Yes. Why not just say a building if
he meant any general type of
structure?

PETER
He's not going to give us direct
hints. He's going to skirt around
it.

FRANK
He uses castles...plural -- then
says "can't move me." Singular.
Not can't move us.

Kathy stretches her arms above her head. Her shadow falls
across the lawn. Peter stares at the ground for a moment.

PETER
A shadow. What's as big a castle?
As light as air, but one hundred
men can't move it? The shadow of
the castle. Are there any buildings
that have the name Castle in it that
cast a shadow long enough to fall
across another building?

FRANK
Wait a minute. There's an apartment
in that area called the Castle Arms.

PETER
That's got to be it.

Peter rushes inside Homeseachers.

INT. POLICE CONFERENCE ROOM - EVENING

Frank stands Andy and SIX DETECTIVES. One of them is a WOMAN
named JANET MCLELLAN.

FRANK
Okay. Homeseachers gave us the
name Laura Owens. She just moved
into an apartment across the street
from the Castle Arms one week ago.
We've moved her to her parents house
in Seattle and S.P.D. is going to
keep a watch on her tonight.

FRANK

(pointing)

Officer McLellan will spend the night at her apartment.

(Beat)

Andy, you're going to go to the hotel and pick up Yurilivich at the tournament. Stay with him until it ends, then follow him wherever he goes. If things work out right we'll wrap this up tonight.

INT. AUDITORIUM - NIGHT

Peter walks out on stage to join Yurilivich who is already seated. Peter stares at him.

INT. LAURA OWENS BEDROOM - NIGHT

Frank is standing over a bed. Officer McLellan is under the covers.

FRANK

You all set?

McLellan pulls down the blanket to reveal her .38 and nods.

INT. LAURA OWENS KITCHEN - NIGHT

Frank joins a DETECTIVE and begins to wait in the darkness.

INT. AUDITORIUM - NIGHT

The game continues. Peter makes a move. Andy watches the game from the back of the room.

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

An OUTLINE of SOMEONE walks down the street, then stops for a moment. Under a STREET LAMP we see that it's a WOMAN in her fifties walking her dog.

INT. AUDITORIUM - NIGHT

Yurilivich makes a move, then hits his timer. Peter studies the board. He looks up at Yurilivich. Both of them stare at each other intensely. Peter looks back at the board and makes a move. On the BIG BOARD a PIECE MOVES, then STOPS halfway between a square. A moment later the entire board breaks up into an unreadable mass of lines. There's a GROAN from the crowd. The President walks over to David and confers with him quickly, then goes to the players.

PRESIDENT

The board's going to take several hours to repair. I think we should adjourn until tomorrow.

EXT. SIDE OF APARTMENT BUILDING - NIGHT

The POV of someone walking slowly along the side of the building.

INT. APARTMENT, BEDROOM - NIGHT

Officer McLellan stirs in bed, the tension of waiting beginning to take affect on her.

EXT. SIDE OF BUILDING - NIGHT

The POV of someone looking through a bedroom window and looks inside. We can see the outline of a WOMAN in bed. Slowly the window is open by TWO GLOVED HANDS.

INT. APARTMENT, BEDROOM - NIGHT

The POV climbs through the window and studies the WOMAN in bed for a moment. She is on her SIDE, her back to him. Sensing something the WOMAN turns over. THE WOMAN IS NOT OFFICER MCLELLAN! Her eyes widen with terror... then FLASH! BRIGHT LIGHT fills the screen.

INT. LAURA OWENS KITCHEN - LATER - NIGHT

Frank looks impatient. He checks his watch.

FRANK

I'm getting a bad feeling about this. If Yurilivich was making a move we would have heard something from Andy by now.

DETECTIVE

You think we're in the wrong place?

FRANK

This has to be the right place. It all fits. This is the only building that has the word castle in it.

DETECTIVE

No. There's the Castle Courts Apartments over on Pine Road.

FRANK

But that's all the way across town. It's in another grid.

Frank thinks for a moment, then checks his watch again.

FRANK

You hold things down here. I'm going to take a run over there.

EXT. CASTLE COURTS APARTMENTS - NIGHT

A bracket-shaped, one story building in a less expensive part of town. Frank drives up in his car and gets out. He starts to walk towards the building.

FRANK'S POV: From a window in the back we see a series of FLASHES.

Frank grabs his radio microphone.

FRANK

This is Sedman. It's going down in the back apartment of the Castle Courts.

He runs towards the building.

INT. CASTLE COURTS, APARTMENT - NIGHT

The front door crashes open as Frank breaks it down. He enters the room, his .38 readied. We MOVE with him as he works his way towards the hall.

INT. APARTMENT HALL - NIGHT

Frank slowly moves towards the bedroom. He stops at the door, takes a deep breath, then lunges in.

INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT

Frank enters. The room is lit by moonlight. The rear window is open. On the bed is the WOMAN we saw earlier. She is naked. Her arms tied to the bed frame. There are two deep GASHES in her wrists. Blood flows from her wrists into large plastic bags. Her mouth is taped. Still conscious she struggles, her eyes opened wide in a horror-filled stare.

On the wall behind her, written in blood is CAREFULLY.

Frank runs to the window. The b.g. we HEAR the SOUND of FOOTSTEPS running away. Frank turns back towards the Woman and quickly moves to the bed.

EXT. CASTLE COURTS APARTMENTS - NIGHT

BLACK and WHITE UNITS are parked in front, their lights flashing. Frank looks drained as he watches an AMBULANCE pull away.

He walks over to Andy who is at a POLICE CAR on the RADIO.

ANDY

How is she?

FRANK

She's unconscious, but they think she's going to make it.

ANDY

You alright?

FRANK

I've seen a lot of things in my time on the job, but nothing like this. Yurilivich?

ANDY

I was with him the whole time until I got the call at the hotel.

FRANK

Sanderson?

ANDY

I spoke to Jeremy. He's watching Sanderson's kid. Sanderson went out after the match and hasn't come back since.

FRANK

Find him! I want to talk to him.

EXT. PUGET SOUND - NIGHT

Peter sits on the beach. He stares out over the water with a pained expression. He reaches into his pocket and removes the ENVELOPE we saw earlier and stares at it.

INT. KATHY'S HOUSE - NIGHT

We HEAR the DOORBELL. Kathy glances at her watch as she walks across the living room to the front door. She looks through the viewing-hole, then opens the door to reveal a tired-looking Peter on the doorstep.

KATHY

Hi.

PETER

Can I come in?

Kathy thinks about it for a moment, then opens the door wider, signaling for him to come in. Kathy sits down on the arm-rest of a chair, Peter stands. A beat.

PETER

The other night -- I said some things that maybe I shouldn't have. I mean, you haven't known me very long and I can see how you thought what you did.

KATHY

I'm not looking for an apology, Peter.

PETER

I was thinking that... maybe when this is all over we could...

KATHY

I want someone I can get close to. I don't know if that's possible with you.

PETER

You really haven't seen my best side.

KATHY

Peter...

PETER

No, listen. You have no idea of the kind of pressure I'm under right now.

KATHY

That's still no excuse. You treat everything like a game.

PETER

I can't think any more, unless it's about you. I'll be in the middle of a match and instead of thinking about my next move, I think about how you look when you smile.

(Beat)

Remember how you said that I hide behind my chessboard? Ever since my wife died I've been...

(this isn't easy)

I've been afraid of getting too close to someone again -- afraid of losing them.

KATHY

Your wife died. You can't feel responsible for that.

PETER

You don't understand.

KATHY

Then help me to understand. I want
to understand.

PETER

It's not that easy.

KATHY

Of course it isn't. It's always
difficult when someone you love dies.
But you can't feel responsible because
she had a car accident.

PETER

But I do.

KATHY

Why?

PETER

Because she killed herself!!
(softer)
She killed herself.
(Beat)
She drove her car over that cliff!
(Beat)
Oh, the police said it was an accident --
but I knew. I've always known. I
closed myself off to her and after I
found the letter I closed myself off
to everything else. Beating
Yurilivich and playing for the title
was all I could think about -- but I
snapped. I had a breakdown in the
middle of the match. I don't remember
too much about it.

He removes the envelope from his pocket.

PETER

This letter. I've never opened it.

KATHY

Why not?

PETER

Because I know what it says.

KATHY

Maybe you're afraid of what it says.

A beat. Peter walks to the couch and sits down. He stares
at the envelope, then starts to open it. He stops and looks
up at Kathy who nods her head. Kathy starts to leave

PETER

Will you stay with me?

Kathy sits beside him. He opens the envelope and starts to read.

WOMAN'S VOICE

Peter. There are many pains we feel in this world -- but loving someone who has shut you out of his life has to be the most unbearable of them all. I knew when we married that you were a man consumed with ambition, but somewhere along the way, your chessboard became your wife, and I became your mistress.

(Beat)

I know now that you cannot change, cannot give me the things I need. You may think that I'm a coward for what I am about to do, but it is my choice. My release. I only ask that you shield Erica from the truth, and that you forgive me for being so weak. Jennifer.

His eyes fill with tears. The guilt he has carried for so long is released. Kathy puts her arm around him. He turns to her and rests his head on her shoulder.

INSERT TELEVISION

REPORTERS stand outside the police station. We see Kathy walking down the steps. PULL BACK to reveal we are in...

INT. PETER'S LIVING ROOM - MORNING

Jeremy is watching the TV. He does not notice the door open behind and Peter enter.

REPORTER

Doctor Sheppard, what goes on in the mind of someone like this?

KATHY

That's a very difficult question to answer.

REPORTER

Is there a usual scenario?

KATHY

Well -- yes... usually we find they've had a traumatic childhood.

KATHY

He was probably abused by a dominant female figure. That, coupled with the fact that these girls have not been raped leads me to believe that he is either impudent or a latent homosexual. Regardless, he's acting out some type of revenge fantasy that fulfills some sick sexual needs.

Jeremy notices Peter. He turns off the TV.

PETER

Hi. Where's, Erica?

JEREMY

She went into town with Mrs. Lutz. Did they get him?

PETER

No.

JEREMY

Feel like practicing?

PETER

Yeah. Just let me grab a shower.

INT. BASEMENT - MORNING

Peter enters the room to find Frank and Andy staring at him angrily.

FRANK

Where were you last night?

PETER

Are we going to go through this again?

FRANK

Answer the question.

PETER

I went out.

ANDY

Don't fuck with us! Where did you go!

KATHY (O.S.)

He was with me?

Kathy is standing in the doorway. Frank and Andy look at her as she enters.

FRANK

What time did he get there?

KATHY

About a quarter to one.

ANDY

We're interested in where you were from the time you left the auditorium until you got there.

PETER

I was at the beach.

ANDY

You sure you weren't over on Pine Road?

PETER

I'm positive.

ANDY

You're a lying bastard!

PETER

Fuck you! I'm tired of your goddam accusations! If you want to arrest me go ahead! Otherwise back off.

ANDY

It's all a big game isn't it? A sick, fuckin' game. I don't know if there's two of you involved, or what -- but we're going to find out. Last night you gave us just enough to send us to the wrong place. It must've shocked the hell out to you when Frank walked in on Pine Road and you couldn't finish.

Peter starts to walk away.

PETER

I'm not going to listen to this.

Andy grabs him forcefully.

ANDY

Yes you are.

PETER

(pushing him)
Get off me!

Andy explodes. He pushes Peter backward into a GLASS FIRE EXTINGUISHER CASE. It breaks as Peter's HAND SMASHES THROUGH THE GLASS. Peter raises his hand. Blood pours out from a cut on his wrist. Anger floods across his face. He raises his hand to hit Andy. Andy quickly pulls out his gun and points it at Peter's head.

ANDY
Go ahead. Do it.

A beat. Peter stares at him. Slowly a crazed grin spreads across his face. He moves closer, pressing his forehead against the barrel of the gun, his eyes locked on Andy's.

PETER
You want to shoot me? Go ahead.
Shoot me!

Peter and Andy lock eyes. Everyone in the room is stunned by Peter's action. The tension is broken as the phone RINGS.

Peter and Andy continue to stare at each other. Slowly, Andy backs off. Peter doesn't move. The PHONE continues to RING.

FRANK
You going to answer that?

A beat. The PHONE continues to RING. Peter stares at Andy.

KATHY
Peter. Please.

Peter walks to the phone and answers it. Kathy wraps a towel around his hand to stop the bleeding.

PETER
Hello.

CALLER (O.S.)
Last night was very exciting, wasn't it? Have you figured out what I'm doing?

PETER
You're playing the Tarakoss opening.

CALLER (O.S.)
Very good.

PETER
You're next move should have been e2-e3.

CALLER (O.S.)
I used a variation. You should have anticipated that. Have you figured out the message?

PETER
What word did you leave last night?

CALLER (O.S.)
The police haven't told you?

PETER
They think that you and I are doing this together.

CALLER (O.S.)
(a pause)
Interesting concept. I hadn't thought of that. If you think about how Anton Berger plays chess you might get it.

PETER
I'm beginning to think it doesn't mean anything. Remember eventually revenge- -

CALLER (O.S.)
--you're hopeless! You can't even read a sentence! Didn't they teach you punctuation in school? The game ends tonight!

The line goes dead.

INT. POLICE CONFERENCE ROOM - AFTERNOON

Kathy sits with Frank at the table. Andy paces. Frank and Kathy look at the PHOTOGRAPHS of MESSAGE-WORDS on the wall.

KATHY
Remember eventually revenge is carefully... Have you tired juxtaposing the words?

ANDY
Oh, c'mon. We're not going to spend any more time on this crap, are we? It doesn't mean anything. It's Sanderson!

KATHY
It isn't him.

KATHY

Frank, you brought me in on this in the beginning because you wanted my opinion if he was capable of doing this.

ANDY

Jesus, you're sleeping with the guy. You've lost your perspective. You can't possibly be unbiased.

FRANK

He's right, Kathy.

KATHY

What are you saying? That I'm seeing what I want to see? That I'm protecting a murderer? What?

FRANK

We can't rely on your judgement anymore.

KATHY

What does that mean?

ANDY

It means you're off the case.

Kathy looks at Frank.

FRANK

I'm afraid I have no choice. I can't run the risk of compromising what little we do know and the future actions of this department by sharing knowledge with someone who is emotionally involved with the prime suspect.

Kathy stands up and stares at Frank angrily.

KATHY

(pointing to Andy)

And what if he's wrong. If you were one hundred percent sure it was Peter you would've arrested him. If it is someone else then he's going to kill again tonight and you're sitting here ignoring the message.

FRANK

We're going to work on the message.

KATHY

(angry)

This stinks! You want to know what I think? I think there have been five murders and you've got shit to go on. You need to blame someone and he's the easiest choice.

FRANK

The most logical choice.

KATHY

You don't have a shred of evidence!

ANDY

We'll find the evidence.

KATHY

You couldn't find your dick in a wind storm!

Kathy storms out of the room.

INT. JEREMY'S BEDROOM - AFTERNOON

Peter enters.

PETER

Jeremy?

INT. HOTEL LOBBY - AFTERNOON

Peter walks through the room. He bumps into Lutz.

PETER

Have you seen Jeremy today?

LUTZ

No.

PETER

If you do will you tell him I'm looking for him?

INT. KATHY'S HOUSE - EVENING

Peter is sitting on the couch writing on a piece of paper.

Kathy walks over holding two cups of COFFEE.

PETER

If we could just figure out what the next word is going to be.

PETER

He said the game's going to end tonight so there's only going to be one more word.

KATHY

It could be anything.

PETER

It's got to be grammatically correct.

Peter gets up and starts pacing.

PETER

Remember eventually revenge is carefully... carefully what?

Kathy looks at Peter with a stunned expression.

PETER

What?

KATHY

How did you know it was "carefully"?

PETER

Frank told me.

KATHY

No he didn't.

A beat. Peter stares at her for a moment.

PETER

You're right. The killer told me.

KATHY

He didn't tell you either.

A beat. Their eyes lock.

PETER

Yes, he did. He said, "think about how Anton Berger plays chess". Anton Berger wrote one of the most famous books on chess called "Principals and Tactics". Every beginning player reads it. The first chapter is his three rules to good play: Carefully. Carefully. Carefully.

Peter looks at her, studying her for a reaction.

PETER
This isn't going to be like the phone
book, is it?

KATHY
(weakly)
Of course not.

A beat. Kathy checks her watch.

KATHY
You're going to be late for your
match.

PETER
Are you going to come tonight?

KATHY
Yeah. I'll be there later.

Peter walks over to her and kisses her good-bye. Kathy forces a smile. Peter walks to the door, opens it, then looks back at her, then leaves. Kathy stares at the door, her mind racing.

She starts to pace as she thinks, then walks to her phone book and looks up a number. She dials and waits as it rings.

WOMAN'S VOICE
Bainbridge Books.

KATHY
Hi, Sara. This is Doctor Sheppard.
I was wondering if you could tell me
if you have a book on chess called
"Principals and Tactics" by Anton
Berger.

WOMAN'S VOICE
I can check and call you back.

KATHY
Thank you. I'm at 639-7393.

WOMAN'S VOICE
We'll call you back.

Kathy hangs up. There is a KNOCK on the door. She walks towards it.

KATHY
Yes?

MAN'S VOICE (O.S.)
It's me. I forgot something.

Kathy hesitates a moment, then opens the door. Terror fills her face.

HER POV: A man wearing a black RAIN COAT stands outside. His face is covered by a porcelain MASK. FLASH! A bright light goes off. Kathy is blinded.

The Man lunges inside, pushing Kathy to the floor. He enters and SLAMS the door shut. Kathy gets up and starts to run towards the back of the house. The MAN tackles her to the ground. Kathy kicks her way free. She crawls backwards, pushing herself back with her legs. The MAN crawls after her groping for her legs with his GLOVED HANDS. He grabs her ankle, then sits on top of her, pinning her to the ground. HE SPEAKS IN A WHISPER.

MAN

You shouldn't have said those things about me today. You have no idea what I am.

He raises a STILETTO. CLICK! The BLADE just out. He holds it before her eyes.

KATHY'S POV: There is a DEEP CUT on his wrist.

KATHY

Peter...

MAN

Peter, isn't here anymore.

The PHONE RINGS. The MAN snaps his head towards the sound.

Kathy quickly pushes him backwards and rolls over. The Man falls backwards. Kathy gets up and runs to the front door, SCREAMING.

EXT. KATHY'S HOUSE - EVENING

Kathy runs out into the street, SCREAMING for help. She runs across the street and BANGS on the front door.

EXT. KATHY'S HOUSE - LATER - NIGHT

It has begun to RAIN lightly as Kathy sits in the passenger seat of a PATROL CAR. Frank and Andy are with her.

FRANK

Did you see his face?

KATHY

No. He was wearing a mask... but I saw the cut on his wrist. It was Peter.

FRANK

I can't arrest someone for having a cut on their wrist. Do you have someone you can stay with tonight?

KATHY

I've got a room at the institute I use when I stay late.

FRANK

Okay. Why don't you go out there. We'll check in with you later.

INT. AUDITORIUM - NIGHT

Peter walks out on stage and sits across from Yurilivich. He sits down and makes a move, then looks out into the audience.

PETER'S POV: The place where Jeremy usually sits is empty.

INT. POLICE CAR - NIGHT

Andy drives. Frank sits in the passenger seat. A VOICE crackles over the radio.

MAN'S VOICE (O.S.)

King base one. This is King fifteen.

FRANK

This is Sedman.

MAN'S VOICE (O.S.)

Captain, this is Harton. I'm out at Hollow Bluffs. I think you should get out here.

FRANK

It better be important.

EXT. HOLLOW BLUFFS - NIGHT

A PATROL CAR is parked at the base of a CLIFF. OFFICER HARTON is standing by it on the RADIO. In the light from the HEAD LIGHTS we can see the body of JEREMY laying on the rocks, his WHEELCHAIR in the b.g.

OFFICER HARTON

It is, sir.

EXT. HOLLOW BLUFFS - LATER - NIGHT

Frank and Andy study Jeremy's battered body. Frank looks through Jeremy's jacket and removes a NOTE. He reads it, then looks up at Andy.

FRANK
(reading)
"Peter, I'm sorry but I just can't
do it anymore".

They stare at each other. OFFICER HARTON walks over holding something.

OFFICER HARTON
I found this over by the wheelchair.

Frank takes it and looks at it.

ANDY
What is it?

FRANK
It's a voice modulator.

ANDY
He was never there when the calls
came in. He was covering for
Sanderson the whole time.

INT. POLICE CAR - NIGHT

Frank and Andy drive back towards town. Frank is on the RADIO.

FRANK
I want you to find Judge Meyerson
and have a search warrant for Peter
Sanderson by the time I get back to
town.

INT. DOCTOR FULTON'S OFFICE - NIGHT

Doctor Fulton is at his desk working on a computer. Kathy enters. She looks tired.

DOCTOR FULTON
What are you doing here?

Kathy doesn't answer. She walks wearily into the room.

DOCTOR FULTON
Kathy, what is it?

She is on the verge of tears.

KATHY
I've been such an idiot!

Doctor Fulton walks over to her. Tears flow down her cheeks.

He hugs her and she falls into his arms weeping.

EXT. PETER'S HOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

Frank and Andy walk towards the door with a HOTEL EMPLOYEE.

Frank KNOCKS, waits a moment, then motions for the Employee to open the door.

INT. AUDITORIUM - NIGHT

Peter and Yurilivich continue their match. Peter looks confident.

INT. PETER'S LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Frank looks through the desk. We HEAR Andy call from another room.

ANDY (O.S.)
Frank, c'mere.

INT. PETER'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Frank enters and joins Andy at the nightstand. Andy points to a DRAWER that he's pulled out.

ANDY
Take a look under here.

Frank looks under the drawers, then at Andy. He removes several POLAROID PHOTOGRAPHS taped to the bottom. He looks through them.

CLOSE ON PHOTOGRAPHS: Each one shows a different girl, her face filled with terror.

INT. AUDITORIUM - NIGHT

The match continues. Peter makes another move. Yurilivich looks nervous as he studies his position. In the back of the room the doors crash open as Frank and Andy barge into the room. Peter watches them from the stage as they approach.

They walk up the steps and stop before him.

ANDY
Peter Sanderson. You're under arrest.

Peter bolts up from his seat.

PETER
This is...

Before he can finish Andy grabs him and SLAMS him down onto the chessboard. He removes his HANDCUFFS.

ANDY
 (cuffing him)
 You have the right to remain silent.
 If you give up that right anything
 you say can and will be used against
 you in a court of law...

Andy snaps the cuffs on tightly and jerks Peter upright, then pushes him off the stage. Andy continues reading Peter his rights as he pushes him down the aisle towards the doors.

INT. DOCTOR FULTON'S OFFICE - NIGHT

Kathy sits by the window. LIGHTNING lights up the night sky.

She sips a cup of coffee. Doctor Fulton stands behind her.

DOCTOR FULTON
 Feeling better?

KATHY
 I just can't believe it.

DOCTOR FULTON
 You don't want to believe it. It's
 a normal reaction.

KATHY
 How come the police never had a record
 of Sanderson before. This doesn't
 come out of nowhere, there has to be
 a history.

INT. POLICE CONFERENCE ROOM - NIGHT

Peter is sitting on a chair, his hands cuffed. He looks stunned. Frank and Andy sit before him.

PETER
 Jeremy would have never killed
 himself.

FRANK
 Maybe he just got tired of covering
 for you.

PETER
 This is insane! Can't you see what's
 going on. The killer wants me out
 of the way. He's setting me up.

ANDY

You set yourself up tonight when you attacked Kathy, you crazy fuck!

PETER

What?

FRANK

She saw the cut on your wrist, Peter.

INT. POLICE STATION, FRONT DESK - NIGHT

The PHONE RINGS. Officer Harton answers it.

OFFICER HARTON

Bainbridge Police Department.

MAN'S VOICE

This is Richard Farrington. I've been retained by the Chess Federation as council for Peter Sanderson.

INT. DOCTOR FULTON'S OFFICE - NIGHT

Kathy sits at Doctor Fulton's desk, staring at the phone. A beat. She picks up the receiver and dials.

WOMAN'S VOICE

Bainbridge Books.

KATHY

Sara, this is Doctor Sheppard. I called you earlier about a book.

WOMAN'S VOICE

Yes, Doctor Sheppard. We called you back but you weren't home. We have the book.

KATHY

Could you please do me a big favor? In the first chapter the author mentions his three rules of chess. Could you look and tell me what they are?

WOMAN'S VOICE

Of course.

(a long pause)

Yes, here it is.

(a little laugh)

Why, they're all the same?

KATHY

What are they, please?

WOMAN'S VOICE
 "Carefully". "Carefully".
 "Carefully".

INT. POLICE CONFERENCE ROOM - NIGHT

Frank is at the door with Officer Harton. Andy glares at Peter hostilely. Frank puts a piece of paper on the table.

FRANK
 The Chess Federation got you an attorney. Here's his number. You've got three minutes.

Frank, Andy and Harton leave. Peter looks at the paper and dials the number on the phone. It RINGS.

MAN'S VOICE (O.S.)
 Hello?

PETER
 This is Peter Sanderson calling for Richard Farrington.

We HEAR the CALLER'S distorted VOICE.

CALLER (O.S.)
 Hello, Peter.

PETER
 You sonofabitch!

CALLER (O.S.)
 Emotional? I expected more from you.

PETER
 If you kill tonight and I'm in jail the police will know I'm innocent.

CALLER (O.S.)
 By that time the game will be over.

PETER
 I've figured out the message.

CALLER (O.S.)
 No you haven't. And even if you had it doesn't matter. Who would you tell? The police don't believe you, and you've just used your only phone call.

We HEAR the Caller LAUGH, then the line goes dead. Peter turns his attention to the WORDS. He springs from his seat.

PETER

Alright, Peter, think. The game ends tonight. He'll leave one more word. Remember eventually revenge is carefully... carefully what? Planned? Arranged? Contrived?

INT. POLICE STATION, FRONT DESK - NIGHT

Frank stands with Andy. Andy checks his watch.

ANDY

Ready for round two?

FRANK

I've got a feeling we're going to go the distance with him. Let him sweat for a little while.

INT. DOCTOR FULTON'S OFFICE - NIGHT

Kathy paces the room. Doctor Fulton is at his desk working on the computer.

DOCTOR FULTON

Kathy, please. You're going to wear a hole in the carpet.

KATHY

I'm just nervous. Sorry.

DOCTOR FULTON

You're safe. He wouldn't come here.

KATHY

He already did once.

Kathy thinks about something for a moment.

KATHY

Why did he?

DOCTOR FULTON

Why did he what?

KATHY

Come here.

DOCTOR FULTON

He was watching you.

KATHY

Yeah -- that's what we've always thought -- but what if he wasn't?

KATHY

What if I had nothing to do with the reason he came here?

DOCTOR FULTON

You're losing me.

KATHY

What if he came here because he's a patient. An out-patient?

INT. POLICE CONFERENCE ROOM - NIGHT

Peter paces the room, his mind racing.

Remember eventually... remember eventually... grammar...

Peter walks to the PHOTOGRAPH of the word REMEMBER. He points to a smudge after the word.

PETER

Period! That's what he meant about punctuation. Remember. Remember what?

INT. DOCTOR FULTON'S - NIGHT

Kathy is at a computer. Doctor Fulton works at his desk.

FILES from the computer MONITOR scroll past, reflecting off Kathy's GLASSES.

INT. POLICE CONFERENCE ROOM - NIGHT

Peter writes on the blackboard. He is writing: Eventually revenge... He stops.

PETER

Okay. Remember is a separate sentence. The key is in the long sentence Everything with him has been word games.

He erases what he wrote and starts to write again.

EVENTUALLY
REVENGE
IS
CAREFULLY
PLANNED

He stands back and studies it. His eyes dart across the message like a chessboard, calculating, evaluating.

INT. POLICE STATION, FRONT DESK - NIGHT

Frank taps Andy on the shoulder and they start back down the hall.

INT. POLICE CONFERENCE ROOM - NIGHT

Peter erases the word "PLANNED" and adds "ARRANGED" at the bottom. He studies it for a moment, then closes his eyes. He turns around and takes a few steps, then stops dead in his tracks. His eyes open wide as a thought crashes into his mind.

He turns around and stares at the board confirming what he already knows.

PETER

Oh my God!

Frank and Andy walk into the room. Peter is on the verge of being hysterical.

PETER

The message! I figured out--

ANDY

Sit down!

Andy moves towards Peter and grabs him. Peter plows into him, slamming his full body weight him.

PETER

He's going to kill my daughter!!

Peter gets the blackboard and erases all of the letters but the first one of each word. It now spells:

E
R
I
C
A

Frank and Andy look at each other.

INT. PETER'S LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

A full-blown storm is raging outside as Erica enters the room.

She turns on the lights and walks towards the back.

ERICA

Dad?

INT. POLICE CONFERENCE ROOM - NIGHT

Frank stands before Peter. He is frantic.

PETER

Don't you understand what I'm telling you? That's why he wants me out of the way.

FRANK

I understand that this is just another one of your games.

PETER

Look, I'll do anything you want! I'll sign anything you want! Just send a car out to the hotel.

INT. ERICA'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Erica sits on her bed. Behind her the DRAPES to her WINDOW are OPEN. Outside LIGHTNING FLASHES SILHOUETTING a MAN standing on the BALCONY in the rain. Erica senses something and turns around. A moment later there is another FLASH OF LIGHTNING, but the MAN is no longer there.

INT. POLICE CONFERENCE ROOM - NIGHT

Peter slams his hand down on the table.

PETER

Alright! I confess! I killed them!! I killed them all! Now, will you please send a car to the hotel?

INT. DOCTOR FULTON'S OFFICE - NIGHT

Kathy continues searching through the files. She brings up another one and stares at it. Confusion fills her face.

KATHY

Oh no.

She raises her finger to the screen, tracing the words as she reads them.

INT. POLICE CONFERENCE ROOM - NIGHT

Frank watches Peter as he signs a confession. Frank grabs his arm.

FRANK

Alright, c'mon Peter. We're moving you to a cell.

PETER

I signed the confession. What about the car?

INT. POLICE STATION, FRONT DESK - NIGHT

Frank leads Peter into the room. Officer Harton is behind the desk.

FRANK

Where the hell is Andy?

OFFICER HARTON

He took off about ten minutes ago.

PETER

(to Harton)

Did you send the car?

FRANK

It's over, Peter. Let's stop the games. I'm not sending a car.

Something in Peter snaps. Rage fills him as he crashes his body into Frank's, then quickly strips Frank's pistol out of his belt. He holds it out in his handcuffed hands, pointing at Harton before he can even get up from his seat.

PETER

Get up! Real slow and put your hands on the desk.

Harton does what he's told.

PETER

(to Frank)

Drop the keys to the cuffs on the ground and kick them over to me.

Frank drops the keys and kicks them over. Peter bends down, his eyes on Frank and Harton. Slowly he removes the cuffs.

PETER

Alright! Let's move down the hall.

WE MOVE down the hall with them. Peter motions for them to go inside the Conference room. They do. Peter closes the door and LOCKS it from the outside. As Peter runs out of the station the PHONE starts to RING.

INT. DOCTOR FULTON'S OFFICE - NIGHT

She is at her desk, on the PHONE, listening as it RINGS.

EXT. POLICE STATION - NIGHT

Peter runs out and gets into Frank's car. He drives.

INT. PETER'S LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

The CAMERA MOVES IN towards a WINDOW on the other side of the DARKENED ROOM. Suddenly, a GLOVED HAND smashes through the GLASS and reaches inside. At the same time a CLAP of THUNDER booms overhead, covering most of the noise.

INT. ERICA'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Erica is watching TV. She gets up, thinking she has heard something.

INT. HOTEL ROOM, HALLWAY - NIGHT

Erica enters the DARK ROOM and cautiously walks over to the LIGHT SWITCH located next to a DOOR that leads to the living room. She is just about to turn the SWITCH when... There is a LONG FLASH OF LIGHTNING. Suddenly, her expression turns to one of horror as she sees something in the next room.

ERICA'S POV: ON THE OTHER SIDE OF THE LIVING ROOM IS A LARGE

MIRROR. The LIGHTNING LIGHTS the room well enough for her to see A MAN'S SILHOUETTE in the MIRROR. He is standing on the other side of the doorway, his back pressed up against the wall, waiting for her to enter the room.

INSERT LIGHT SWITCH: Erica slowly starts to move her hand away from the SWITCH when a HAND GRABS her firmly by the WRIST.

ON ERICA: She is startled, but quickly relaxes as she looks up at someone.

ERICA

Boy! You scared me.

There is a KNOCK at the door.

EXT. HOTEL, PARKING LOT - NIGHT

Peter pulls his car in and skids to stop. As he gets out he sees Andy's car parked close by. He runs towards the building.

INT. HOTEL HALLWAY - NIGHT

Peter rushes frantically towards room.

INT. PETER'S HOTEL SUITE - NIGHT

Peter rushes inside and runs across the room.

PETER
Erica! Erica!

INT. HOTEL ROOM, HALLWAY - NIGHT

Peter runs towards Erica's room. A NOTE is taped to her door.

It reads: CHECK!

EXT. HOTEL - NIGHT - WIDE SHOT

Lightning lights up the sky. Before the THUNDER comes we HEAR Peter's frantic cry.

PETER (V.O.)
No!!!

EXT. ROAD - NIGHT

We see Kathy through the windshield as she drives through the storm.

INT. PETER'S LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Peter sits by the phone in the dark. He stares at the PHONE almost willing it to ring. In a FLASH OF LIGHTNING he sees a pool of blood flowing out under the closet door. Slowly Peter walks towards the door, he reaches to open it, then hesitates, afraid of what might be behind the door. He takes a deep breath, then opens it quickly.

PETER'S POV: A FLASH OF LIGHTNING highlights Andy's lifeless body as it falls out of the closet.

Peter is startled as he backs away from the body.

INT. POLICE STATION, FRONT DESK - NIGHT

Two UNIFORMED OFFICERS enter and notice that no one is at the desk. In the b.g. they HEAR someone POUNDING on a door.

EXT. POLICE STATION - NIGHT

The RAIN falls in sheets. Frank runs out and gets into a patrol car and drives off.

INT. PETER'S LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

The PHONE RINGS. Peter runs to the cordless phone and lifts it up.

PETER

Yes?

CALLER (O.S.)

Congratulations on your daring escape.
You just missed me by a few seconds.

(Beat)

It's check, Peter.

PETER

Let me speak to my daughter.

CALLER (O.S.)

She's in the other room. I just
wanted you to know she wasn't dead...
yet. But it's time for her to die
now.

PETER

Please... wait.

CALLER (O.S.)

The game's over. You lost.

PETER

It's me you want. Not her.

CALLER (O.S.)

No. As usual you're wrong. It is
her I want. Killing you would be
easy. Living with the consequences
of losing will be much more of a
defeat.

Peter HEARS a faint RATTLING SOUND in the background.

PETER

That wouldn't be very sporting.
Remember Huxley? "His play is always
fair and just."

CALLER (O.S.)

You're groping. I have been fair.
It's my move now.

PETER

I'll give you anything you want.
Anything! Please!

CALLER (O.S.)

Don't beg, Peter. She has to die.
I can't win unless she dies.

Peter hears the SOUND again.

CALLER (O.S.)

I was thinking about leaving the phone line open so you could hear her die -- but I've decided it's better if you don't know exactly when I kill her. Good-bye Peter.

PETER

No! Wait!!

The line goes dead. Peter's mind races.

PETER

A few seconds! Where could he have gone in a few seconds? Think! Think, Goddamit!

He looks towards the window.

PETER'S POV: of the wind blowing through the trees outside.

Peter's face floods with realization.

PETER

Steam pipes!

Peter dials a THREE DIGIT number on the phone.

INT. HOTEL BASEMENT - NIGHT

The MAN wearing a black rain-coat walks across the room towards an alcove. The door to the alcove is OPEN and we see Erica who is tied to a chair and gagged. WATER FLOODS in through cracks in the foundation flooding the room.

THE PHONE RINGS. He stops, startled by the sound, his head snapping towards the phone. The MAN is stunned. His mind races. He thinks for a moment. He walks back to the phone and slowly lifts the receiver.

PETER (O.S.)

I know where you are.

CALLER

Very good. How did you know?

PETER (V.O.)

The pipes.

The MAN looks at the PIPES. They RATTLE. The realization of his mistake dawns on him.

CALLER

Excellent. It doesn't matter. You still lose.

CALLER

She'll still be dead before you can
get down here.

The MAN slams down the receiver. CLICK! The blade snaps out of the STILETTO. He walks quickly back towards the alcove, the KNIFE clutched tightly in his hand. He stops for a moment at the door, as he prepares for the act ahead.

Erica stares at him as he approaches with wide-eyed terror!

The MAN moves towards her then stops, sensing something is wrong.

The door slowly CLOSES revealing Peter standing behind it, Frank's gun aimed at him in one hand, the CORDLESS PHONE in the other.

PETER

(dryly)
Checkmate!

Peter turns on the LIGHTS. The MAN turns around. It is David, the computer technician. He slowly brings the KNIFE to his side, hiding it behind his leg.

CALLER

How'd you know I wouldn't be in the
same room with her?

PETER

You told me. When you called you
said she was in the other room.
Drop the knife.

The Caller shrugs his shoulder, then drops it. They stare at each other. David takes a little step closer.

PETER

Computers. That's how you got into
Homesearchers records. You can get
into anything. But why? Why?

DAVID

You still haven't figured it out,
have you? You think that I've put
you through an ordeal. My scars run
so much deeper than yours.

PETER

What scars?

DAVID

(moving closer)
The scars on your chest.

DAVID
From where I stabbed you with my
fountain pen.

Shock pours over Peter's face as his mind drifts back to a tournament twenty years ago.

PETER
We were only children.

David lunges at Peter. Peter raises the gun. Too late! David is too close. He pushes Peter's hand away. They struggle over the gun.

INT. PETER'S HOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

Kathy enters and starts to move down the hall.

KATHY
Erica!

EXT. HOTEL GROUNDS - NIGHT

Kathy runs outside.

INT. HOTEL BASEMENT - NIGHT

The struggle continues. David butts his head into Peter's nose, then slams him into the wall again. THE GUN FIRES into the air. At the same moment a CLAP OF THUNDER BOOMS overhead.

EXT. HOTEL GROUNDS - NIGHT

Kathy does not HEAR the SHOT. In the b.g. we see Frank running towards her.

INT. HOTEL BASEMENT - NIGHT

David repeatedly smashes Peter's hand into the wall. THE GUN FIRES INTO THE AIR SEVERAL TIMES. A bullet hits an overhead PIPE. STEAM FLOODS the room.

EXT. HOTEL GROUNDS - NIGHT

Frank hears the shots and runs towards the SOUND.

INT. HOTEL BASEMENT - NIGHT

David smashes Peter's hand into the wall until the gun falls to the ground, disappearing under the water. He grabs Peter, lifting him into the air, displaying brute strength, his rage is unleashed. He slams Peter's back into the wall, knocking the wind out of him.

INT. HOTEL UTILITY CORRIDOR - NIGHT

Frank races through the hallway.

INT. HOTEL BASEMENT - NIGHT

The fight continues. STEAM SWIRLS through the room. David slams his elbow into Peter's face. Blood pours out of Peter's nose. David raises his knee, kicking Peter in the stomach.

Peter doubles over. David picks up a lamp off the desk and smashes it over Peter's head. Peter drops to the ground.

David picks up his knife and walks over to Peter, then lifts his head out of the water.

DAVID

They took everything from me --
because of you -- and now I'm going
to take everything from you.

David opens the door to the alcove, then walks back to Peter.

He bends down and presses the BLADE to Peter's neck. For a moment we sense he is going to kill Peter, then, he grabs him by the hair, lifting his head up so he can see.

PETER'S POV: Erica is sitting in the alcove, tied to the chair.

Peter is only semi-conscious. David starts to leave. David is just about at the alcove door when Frank enters the room, his weapon drawn. Then looks at Peter, then David.

DAVID

(moving towards Frank)
Thank God you're here. I heard Erica
scream and came in to see what was
going on. Mister Sanderson was going
to stab her.
(holds up the knife)
With this.

Frank looks at the knife.

FRANK'S POV: There is a DEEP CUT on David's wrist, exactly like Peter's.

Frank's face registers the cut. David notes it. Before Frank can even look at him, David thrusts the blade into his stomach.

The force drives Frank back against the wall. His gun drops from his hand as Frank slides to the floor.

Peter tries to grab David's leg as he heads towards the alcove.

Frank pulls up his pant leg revealing his backup gun. He tries to reach for it.

INT. HOTEL BASEMENT, ALCOVE - NIGHT

David enters the room. Through the STEAM he sees Kathy trying to untie Erica. David stares at them, his lips spread into maniacal grin. The OVERHEAD LIGHTS FLASH on and off intermittently.

KATHY

This isn't going to help, David.
You're mother's dead. You can't
undo it.

DAVID

You don't understand.

KATHY

Yes, I do. I found your file. I
know what happened.

DAVID

They took away the game because of
him. My father left and my mother...
There was so much blood... It covered
everything.

KATHY

I know, but this isn't going to bring
her back.

DAVID

Don't you see? I had to make it
right. I ignored my mother's
crossing. I sat with them all. I
held their hands. I stroked their
hair. I was with them to the end.
I took away the blood. I washed
them. Their crossing was peaceful.

KATHY

I think your mother knows that now.
Why don't you put the knife down.
Put it down, David.

For a moment it appears he is thinking about it. He lowers the blade, but his need to kill is too strong. He raises it again.

DAVID

She has to die!

His face tenses. He lunges towards Erica.

BANG! A shot tears through his chest. The impact blows him off his feet. He falls back into the murky water and disappears.

Peter stands in the doorway, straining to stay conscious, Frank's GUN aimed at David.

Kathy quickly finishes untying Erica. They run to the corner of the room. Kathy holds her close.

Peter slowly staggers forward. He probes the water with his feet, checking for David's body. The MURKY WATER, THE STEAM and the BLINKING LIGHTS don't make it easy. Peter leans over, pointing the gun at the ground.

PETER'S POV: The MURKY WATER. Suddenly, a HAND streaks out of the water.

The hand grabs Peter around the neck. David stands up quickly.

They struggle over the gun. They both fall backwards into the water. Peter surfaces and crawls backwards. David stands up.

They lock eyes. Peter stares back with a deadly calmness.

PETER
The game's over, asshole!

David starts to lunge for him. Peter empties the GUN into him.

His body jerks backwards violently, smashing into the wall, then he slides down and dies, slowly disappearing under the surface of the water.

EXT. HOTEL GROUNDS - LATER - NIGHT

BLACK and WHITE UNITS fill the area, their RED LIGHTS FLASHING.

UNIFORMED OFFICERS hold back the CROWD of on-lookers.

Peter sits off to the side. He looks worn to the point of exhaustion. A PARAMEDIC attends to the wounds on his face.

Erica sits beside him, clinging to his arm. TWO MEN carry a STRETCHER, the body on it is covered. Peter stares at it blankly as it passes.

Kathy is standing at the rear of an AMBULANCE. The doors close and it drives off. She walks over to Peter and Erica.

KATHY

Frank's going to be alright. They don't think any major arteries were severed.

The information doesn't seem to register with Peter. He continues to stare ahead blankly.

KATHY

Peter, you beat him.

He slowly looks over at her, but says nothing.

KATHY

You beat him.

PETER

I got lucky.

KATHY

There's a girl in the hospital who is going to live because of you. You made a difference.

Peter just continues to stare at her.

KATHY

Peter, I'm sorry I doubted you, but--

Peter reaches forwards and places his fingers on her lips.

PETER

It's over now.

KATHY

I just wanted you to know in case you thought about it in the future.

PETER

Do we have a future?

A beat. Kathy leans in and kisses him. Erica smiles.

INT. AUDITORIUM - DAY

Yurilivich is at his seat. The seat across the board from him is vacant. THE AUDIENCE waits, silently. THE PRESIDENT: Checks his watch, then gets up to address the crowd. We HEAR the SOUND of DOORS opening.

CHESSBOARD CLOCK: It TICKS methodically.

CLOSE ON YURILIVICH'S HAND: his fingers taps on the table.

KATHY AND ERICA: in the audience. Kathy checks her watch. She is anxious.

Peter enters and limps towards the stage. Slowly he climbs the steps, then sits down across from Yurilivich. He looks out into the audience.

Kathy smiles. Erica nods to him.

CLOSE ON PETER: He looks at the board and makes a move, then hits his timer. Slowly he looks up at Yurilivich. A huge smile covers his face.

FREEZE FRAME

FADE TO BLACK