

MASTERS OF HORROR
EPISODE #04
"CHOCOLATE"
AS-PRODUCED SCRIPT

Written By
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FADE IN:

INT. INTERROGATION ROOM -- NIGHT

It is dark, anonymous. Tight on the ravaged face of JAMIE EVANS, a man in his 30s who would look appealingly boyish, if not for the drying blood on his face and clothing.

We don't know whose blood it is, but we catch shocking glimpses of it throughout the room's shadows. This was quite a bloodbath.

The only LIGHT in the otherwise shadowy room washes out his face. He appears broken, exhausted.

JAMIE
(directly into camera)
Have you ever been in love?

Blue CIGARETTE SMOKE billows towards him.

MAN (O/S)
I've been married for 17 years.

JAMIE
That isn't what I said. Have ever been
in love? Really in love.

MAN (O/S)
Sure.

JAMIE
Not like I have.

MAN (O/S)
Oh, no. You're special.

JAMIE
I mean it. No man ever loved a woman
the way I loved her.

MAN (O/S)
I can see that by all that blood
splattered all over your shirt.

JAMIE
Fine. You can call it murder. It
doesn't matter.

MAN (O/S)
Let's back up a little bit here. I'm
still not clear on how this whole
thing started.

JAMIE

How many times do I have to tell it?

MAN (O/S)

Till it starts to sound like the truth, God help me.

(deep sigh)

Just humor me, okay? Start from the beginning.

JAMIE

(impatient)

I got up, I got dressed, I went to work.

MAN (O/S)

Where do you work?

EXT. COUGAR CULINARY LABORATORIES -- DAY

A faceless brick warehouse building sits on the other side of the tracks in a Chicago suburb. It's not exactly seedy, but not MIT either.

JAMIE (V/O)

Cougar Culinary Labs in Chicago. I create artificial flavors...

INT. COUGAR CULINARY LABORATORIES -- DAY

MOVE with Jamie along a ROW of BEAKERS, TEST TUBES, BOWLS, and a jumble of other LOW-TECH lab and kitchen UTENSILS. The lab appears fairly slapdash, bordering on GRUNGY. There's an AQUARIUM on Jamie's workbench.

JAMIE (V/O)

For the food industry.

Jamie's a different man-- clear-eyed, energetic, natural good looks hiding behind owlsh reading glasses, dressed in jeans and rolled sleeves, loading water from the cooler into a beaker, until he notices that MAGIC ROCKS are growing in the drinking water.

JAMIE

Who put the Magic Rocks in the water cooler?

WALLY is a dynamo who's just hit 45-- balding and a little rat-like, enthusiastic and funny. He wears a lab coat not because he has to, but because he likes the costume. A bag of CHILI-CHEESE FRITOS spills on the table at his elbow.

He stirs a concoction on his hotplate in the corner of the lab, trying to stifle a laugh.

Jamie smells something from all the way across the lab.

JAMIE (CONT'D)

Jesus, Wally, chili and cheese *Fritos*?

Jamie carries the water back to his station.

WALLY

Wow. You could be in a crowded stadium and know who farted. Maybe you didn't, but the *Frito* is nature's perfect food.

JAMIE

Particularly the chili-and-cheese variety.

WALLY

Particularly. Low in carbs. You look it up.

Jamie mixes ingredients in a beaker with a Popsicle stick. He takes a taste, savors it expectantly, then spits it out.

JAMIE

Ugh. There is just no way to perfectly synthesize honeydew melon. It's impossible.

WALLY

I've been telling you that all week. We came close in '98, but the test rats gave birth to two-headed offspring. Legal felt that was a significant drawback.

Jamie laughs. Wally turns back to his microscope.

WALLY (CONT'D)

How much call do you get for artificial honeydew melon, anyway?

JAMIE

It's a challenge.

WALLY

Challenge schmallenge. Give them cantaloupe.

INT. COUGAR CULINARY LABORATORIES -- LATER

It's noon, and Wally and Jamie have the room all to themselves and their takeout lunch. Jamie picks at a wilting CAESAR SALAD, mooning enviously over Wally's real food.

Wally looks disparagingly at Jamie's plate as he digs into a big meatball sub, dripping with melted cheese and marinara. He eats it with potato chips and a giant soft drink.

WALLY

How can you eat that rabbit food?

JAMIE

I *have* to eat this rabbit food. If not, I blow up like a weather balloon.

WALLY

Not me, man. I can eat till I puke and never gain an ounce. High metabolism or something. I don't know.

JAMIE

Fuck you.

WALLY

So, Mr. Newly Single, be-all-that-you-can-be, how's the love life?

JAMIE

Well, me and the left hand are going steady now.

WALLY

All newly fit and fabulous and no place to go, huh?

JAMIE

I just need a little time to, you know, think about stuff.

WALLY

Hey, my band's playing tonight. Why don't you come? Who knows, you might meet some rock 'n' roll nymphomaniac.

JAMIE

I don't think I'm ready for that.

WALLY

Oh, come on, man. A bachelor night. It'll be great.

Jamie shakes his head.

JAMIE

I don't think so. Not tonight.

WALLY

Oh, come on. it might be the last time
I ever play.

JAMIE

Bullshit. You'll be strapping a guitar
on till the day you die.

WALLY

Don't be so sure. I just turned 45 on
Wednesday.

JAMIE

Really? Happy birthday.

WALLY

Hardly. What's more depressing than a
45-year-old failed rock 'n' roller?

JAMIE

Well, how about child support,
alimony, and an empty downtown
apartment?

Wally nods in agreement.

WALLY

All right, you win.

INT. JAMIE'S APARTMENT - ENTRANCE -- NIGHT

The apartment is depressingly barren, the domain of a newly divorced
man. Jamie enters and turns on the light.

INT. JAMIE'S APARTMENT -- KITCHEN - MOMENTS LATER

Jamie opens the refrigerator. He grabs a chunk of white cheese, looks
at the mold growing on it and tosses it back.

He takes what's left of a loaf of whole-grain bread and spreads it with
peanut butter.

INT. JAMIE'S APARTMENT -- LIVING ROOM -- MOMENTS LATER

Jamie settles into the sofa and flips on the television. A TV CHEF
prepares an outrageous meal. He changes the channel.

He bites into his stale bread.

The show is replaced by a tempting, lovingly gooey shot of a delectable hot fudge sundae. He changes the channel.

A sweating NAKED COUPLE is coupling, huffing and puffing as they make passionate love. Jamie can't take it. He turns the TV off.

INT. JAMIE'S APARTMENT -- JAMIE'S BEDROOM -- NIGHT

On the NIGHT STAND is a small, framed SNAPSHOT.

Jamie climbs into bed and opens a book, coming across some torn pages. At first annoyed, he picks them up, then notices a young child has scrawled in crayon all over the page.

Jamie lovingly traces the crayon marks with his fingers, wistful, and looks over at the picture next to him. It's a photo Jamie and a beautiful six-year-old boy, his son BOOTH. Jamie's estranged wife, VANESSA has been ripped out.

Jamie's face is reflected in the glass over the picture.

JAMIE

I miss you, baby boy...

Jamie flips the light off.

INT. JAMIE'S APARTMENT -- JAMIE'S BEDROOM -- LATER

It is after 2:00 a.m. and Jamie is heavy into REM-sleep. He licks his lips, tasting something in his sleep. Slowly, groggily, he awakens, opening his eyes, looking pleased at first, then confused. The taste is still in his mouth.

JAMIE

Chocolate...

JAMIE (V/O)

I thought it was some kind of wish fulfillment...

INT. INTERROGATION ROOM - NIGHT

Close on Jamie.

JAMIE

Dream after all those weeks of rabbit food, but the taste was still in my mouth when I woke up. And I could smell it, too. It was really good stuff. Custom. Bittersweet, with just a hint of Jasmine tea. Really special.

MAN (O/S)

How do you know it wasn't a dream?

JAMIE

It wasn't a dream. I just kept tasting
someone else's chocolate.

EXT. CITY STREET -- VANESSA'S HOUSE -- DAY

Jamie walks up a residential street. He stops at a homey yellow house with the proverbial white picket fence. After a moments, he goes up and KNOCKS on the door.

The front door opens and his estranged wife, Vanessa, stands there, intelligent and earnest. She maintains her distance.

Before any words are spoken, Jamie suddenly SNEEZES.

VANESSA

Gesundheit.

JAMIE

You wearing rose oil again?

VANESSA

(a verbal stab)

No reason not to...

JAMIE

I just came by to check in on you and
Booth.

VANESSA

(beat)

Come on in.

She opens the door wider and stands back to let him enter.

Jamie sneezes again O/S.

VANESSA (O/S)

You look tired.

INT. VANESSA'S HOUSE -- LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

It is neat, comfortable, lived-in and homey. They are as awkward with one another as the newly-divorced can be.

VANESSA

You okay?

JAMIE

I'm all right. You look nice. You going out?

VANESSA

Mm-hm.

Jamie SNEEZES again. Vanessa slides out of her blouse and into a sweater. As she pulls the sweater over her head, Jamie notices a mark on her breast.

JAMIE

Is that a hickey?

Vanessa's head pops through the sweater, when suddenly, six-year-old Booth comes charging from the staircase.

BOOTH

Daddy!

Booth takes a flying leap at Jamie, wrapping his arms around him.

BOOTH

Are you moving back home now?

VANESSA

Daddy's just visiting.

BOOTH

You said that you were just testing.

JAMIE

I know, but that was a long time ago. The test part is done now, and lucky you. You've got two places to stay now, just like a rich movie star.

BOOTH

Do rich movie stars have a mommy in one house and a daddy in another one?

VANESSA

Most of them. Come on, honey. You better get ready for class.

JAMIE

Class?

BOOTH

Dance class. Yuck.

Jamie shoots Vanessa a look.

VANESSA

Look, Jamie, I'm really glad you stopped by, but we've got to go.

Jamie understands where the hickey came from.

JAMIE

Sure. Yeah, I understand. Can't be late.

(to Booth)

Listen, Chuckles, you want to maybe get together, play some ball, maybe go do some hiking this weekend?

BOOTH

As long as there's no dancing.

JAMIE

No, no dancing. I'll see you Saturday, Moose. Here's your key. Listen, if I'm not up, you come in and get me up, okay? Love-monster hug.

They hug and GROWL like MONSTERS.

BOOTH

Love you, Daddy.

JAMIE

Love you, too.

(to Vanessa)

Sorry, Nessie.

VANESSA

No sorries.

BOOTH

Bye, Daddy.

JAMIE

Bye.

Jamie heads to the door.

INT. ROCK CLUB -- NIGHT

Jamie looks out of place as he enters the noisy club in search of Wally. MUSIC BLASTS over the PA, but the stage is empty. Jamie searches for the stage door.

INT. DRESSING ROOM -- MOMENTS LATER

Wally sits getting his hairs spiked by a tall, slender woman, SUE, when Jamie enters.

JAMIE

Hey.

Wally gives Jamie a hearty handshake.

WALLY

Jamie, you made it! Did you get that table up front?

JAMIE

Yeah.

The YOUNGER BAND MEMBERS are all either tuning up or tooting up. The room is littered with GIRLFRIENDS, GROUPIES, ROADIES, and HANGERS ON. The SINGER offers Jamie a toot.

BASS PLAYER

Hey, man, you want some vitamin C?

JAMIE

No, thanks. I'm on a diet.

WALLY

Help you lose weight. Hey, Jamie, do that thing with the quarter. Watch this, everybody. It's great.

JAMIE

No.

Jamie is saved by the bell as the stage door opens and the CLUB MANAGER ENTERS, pointing at his watch.

CLUB MANAGER

Okay, boys, let's go.

WALLY (CONT'D)

Shit. Showtime.

(shouting to the band)

Okay, everybody, remember, we are the chosen ones, the gods of rock 'n roll!

INT. ROCK CLUB -- NIGHT -- STAGE

The Spotlight illuminates off Wally's red mohawk, as he cues the first GRUNGE METAL number with a crashing chord.

SINGER (SINGING)

I feel alive
I feel I could die

Jamie rests his elbows on the tiny table, sneaking his fingers into his ears. We now hear the way Jamie hears, the sound slightly muffled.

SINGER (SINGING CONT'D)

I feel I could curse out loud in a
church
No more time
Too broken by what you say hurts
I know...

Sue sits in front of him. Jamie removes his fingers from his ears. The music is again unbearably loud.

SINGER (SINGING CONT'D)

I'm jaded...

SUE

So do that thing with the quarter.

They have to shout to one another to be heard. Embarrassed, he sputters, trying not to look at her cleavage. She's way out of his league.

JAMIE

Oh, no ,that's... It's just a magic
trick. It's... you know, it's silly.

SUE

Come on. I want to see it.

JAMIE

All right.

Something starts to happen. The crashing rock 'n' roll, Sue's voice, the ambient sound is all sucked away into a black velvet vacuum. The silence is horrifying.

But the sound doesn't just evaporate. It soon gives way to ROMANTIC CLASSICAL MUSIC, champagne and candles stuff.

Sue speaks, her face close, but all we can hear is the CLASSICAL MUSIC, a pop, and the sound of champagne pouring.

Jamie feels a touch of panic. He cries out like a deaf man over the rock 'n' roll, unable to even hear himself. He shouts soundlessly to her, and Sue, getting a little freaked out, leaves.

Jamie's alone, near panic, when suddenly the soft velvet is overwhelmed by Wally's wall of music.

SINGER (SINGING)
Twisted people, well, I'm no angel
Serpentine
Serpentine
Serpentine...

Jamie looks around, his fingers in his ears again. Everywhere else life is normal, but it takes a moment for Jamie's terror to pass.

EXT. HIGHWAY -- NIGHT

An aging convertible careens down the empty late-night highway, Wally's guitar case reaching out of the backseat.

JAMIE (V/O)
You really kicked ass tonight.

INT./EXT. WALLY'S CAR -- NIGHT

Jamie is driving, due to Wally's obvious flirtation with illegal substances.

WALLY
We were pretty fucking awesome,
weren't we?

JAMIE
Next thing you know it's MTV, babes in
bikinis, low-boy leather pants with
your buns hanging out.

WALLY
Anna says I've got cute buns.

JAMIE
I never said you didn't.

They share a laugh.

JAMIE (CONT'D)
What was with the fake mohawk?

WALLY
Oh..
(pats his head)
Covers my hair transplant scar. What
the hell?

They laugh again.

The convertible ZOOMS along the highway.

Jamie and Wally are both lost in separate thoughts.

Jamie's POV THROUGH the WINDSHIELD of a car approaching.

Something is happening to Jamie's vision. The lines on the highway light up, then the road changes to the view of an unfamiliar spot. Quickly the road changes back.

Jamie sits back, disturbed by the hallucination.

The hallucination returns, clearer than before. An unfamiliar city street looms before him.

Jamie is flipping between reality and the hallucination. TWO OLDER WOMEN move along a charming, old-fashioned cobblestone road. They pass a quaint old CLOCK that reads 11:25, two hours earlier than it is in the sedan. City buildings reach high into the skyline over the trees that line the road.

JAMIE

Oh shit...

The car veers over the yellow line.

JAMIE (CONT'D)

Wally!

Wally rouses.

WALLY

What's...what's the matter?

Jamie jerks the wheel, trying to maintain control, but flying blind. The car SCREECHES crazily.

JAMIE

I can't see.

WALLY

What?

JAMIE

I can't see.

The car straddles the middle two lanes, weaving crazily.

WALLY

What are you doing?

JAMIE

I can't see.

WALLY

Jamie...wha...what are you doing?

Jamie and Wally are being thrown about the car.

WALLY (CONT'D)

What the fuck are you talking about-

JAMIE

Take the fucking wheel!

WALLY

What the fuck?

Wally reaches frantically for the wheel.

A huge TRUCK looms toward them from the rise ahead. It BLASTS its HORN.

Wally lunges across Jamie, grabbing the wheel just as Jamie jams and locks the brakes sending them into an insane skid. Tires screeching, the car races across the blacktop.

Jamie and Wally scream, frantic, trying to steer, their hands fighting at the wheel.

The truck barely misses Wally's car, which goes into a wild SKID, coming to a rest on the side of the road.

Everything goes quiet, as the truck's HORN fades into the distance. Wally's guitar case has jammed between the front seats, hiding Wally from Jamie.

Jamie's eyes open and he realizes what has just happened.

JAMIE (CONT'D)

Wally. Wally, you okay?

Whimpering comes from behind the case. Jamie pulls the case aside and Wally rises up, his face in a shit-eating grin. He's laughing like he just got off a great roller coaster.

WALLY

That was fucking great.

INT. JAMIE'S APARTMENT -- JAMIE'S BEDROOM -- NIGHT

It is very dark. The only illumination is the light from the clock radio in a soft wash over Jamie's sleeping face. His eyes are fluttering as he dreams. The clock reads 2:47.

Suddenly a MAN'S FACE flashes into the darkness as he lights his cigarette lighter.

Jamie's eyes jolt open.

Then, as the FLAME is extinguished, the face goes with it into the blackness.

Jamie sits up and stares into the pitch darkness of the bedroom, his pupils dilated in the blackness, his heart pounding.

There is only dead, dark silence. Nothing is there, but still he doesn't trust his own senses.

He switches on a lamp and climbs out of his bed, his heart pounding. He picks up the lamp and looks around the room.

JAMIE

Who's there?

Jamie stands alone in the room, his heart in his throat. Leading with the lamp, he moves to the closet, which is ajar.

He reaches for the closet door, fear choking him as he wrenches it open.

In the backwash, a coat tumbles out of the closet toward Jamie, scaring the shit out of him. He shouts.

He sets the lamp back in place.

INT. JAMIE'S APARTMENT - CORRIDOR -- CONTINUOUS

Jamie moves down the hallway, tension building as he moves through shadows. At the kitchen, he fumbles on the light switch. Nothing is there. He stands alert for a moment.

Distant MUSIC filters through the apartment.

Jamie heads back down the corridor. He stops at the living room and flicks on the light. Nothing.

INT. JAMIE'S APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM -- CONTINUOUS

Jamie enters the living room. It's empty.

It had to be a dream. After standing in the middle of the empty room for a moment, he turns off the lights, and heads back to the bedroom.

INT. JAMIE'S APARTMENT - CORRIDOR -- CONTINUOUS

Jamie no sooner steps into the hallway when the Man appears in front of him. His expression is startlingly benign, even smiling, as he looks right into the camera and speaks.

MAN

Did I wake you?

Jamie jumps and lunges for the hall light. He flicks it on, but the man is gone. All Jamie can do is stand there wondering if he is starting to lose his mind.

INT. JAMIE'S APARTMENT - BEDROOM -- MORNING

The clock radio suddenly blasts on and Jamie jolts awake.

He fumbles for the radio, slapping it off. A baseball bat lies on the floor next to him.

INT. SUPERMARKET -- DAY

Jamie moves through the organic produce section, his cart filled with whole-grain breads, vegetables, and other healthy foods and vitamins.

ELAINE, an attractive woman beside Jamie fills her cart with the same kind of wholesome food. She notices him.

WOMAN (V/O)

We need a clean up in aisle three.
Clean up in aisle three.

Other shoppers are mostly heavy set and pushing huge carts laden with junk food.

ELAINE speaks and startles Jamie.

ELAINE

I don't know how they can do it,
either.

JAMIE

What's that?

ELAINE

Well, I mean, it is so easy to get
food that's good for you. It even
tastes better. But they raise their
kids on Choco-Treats and Frosted Pops,
so that's what they like.

JAMIE

Right. Yeah, it's sausage and eggs and
hash browns for breakfast, chili dogs
and cheeseburgers, battered fries for
lunch, and then deep-fried chicken
fingers and macaroni and cheese for
dinner, with a big bowl of ice cream.

She flashes a sweet, disarming smile. This is fun.

ELAINE

You know what else is just terrible?
Mile-high chocolate cake.

JAMIE

Ooh, and double-cheese pizza with
pepperoni and sausage. Yuck.

They're getting into it now, torturing each other with their favorite
garbage foods.

ELAINE

And double chocolate chunk cookies,
still warm so the chocolate gets all
over your fingers. Just awful.

JAMIE

Yeah.

Jamie pauses for a moment and observes her shapely figure.

JAMIE (CONT'D)

So how long have you been dieting...
and for God's sake, why?

ELAINE

96 days. Hypoglycemia. I'm paying for
too many years of double desserts. How
about you?

JAMIE

Um, 47 days.
(beat)
Vanity. There. I've said it aloud.

JAMIE

So you want to celebrate?

INT. JAMIE'S APARTMENT - DINING ROOM -- NIGHT

PAN across a litter of junk food wrappers, soda cans, chocolates, pizza
remains, an empty wine bottle. There are two big bowls of ice cream in
front of them.

JAMIE

So how do you feel? How's your
hypoglycemia?

ELAINE

I feel great. You cured me.

Jamie looks at her, realizing he feels better than he's felt in a long
time.

JAMIE

No, I think you cured me.

They take a beat to look into one another's eyes.

A soft blush passes between them before he finally reaches over and kisses her gently on the lips.

She indicates food in his teeth, and when he moves his hand to clean it, she sits back abruptly.

ELAINE

Are you married?

The question startles him, coming from nowhere.

ELAINE (CONT'D)

The white circle on your ring finger.

JAMIE

No, I was, but the divorce was final a few months ago.

She takes his hand.

ELAINE

I'm sorry.

JAMIE

It's okay. Seven years of a monogamous relationship. At least I'm safe.

ELAINE

(coy)

Really? For what?

INT. JAMIE'S APARTMENT - BEDROOM -- NIGHT

Jamie and Elaine make love in the tangled sheets. It is gentle, but sweaty, needy, yet intimate and sweet. As it ends, Jamie smiles, holding her in his arms.

ELAINE

It's easy to be with you.

But the afterglow is short-lived. Jamie is in sudden PAIN. He gasps and grimaces, clutching his stomach.

ELAINE (CONT'D)

What? What is it?

He winces as another pain hits him like a kick in the balls.

ELAINE

Sharp pains?

JAMIE

I think I'll be okay in a minute.

He winces in pain again.

ELAINE

Okay, hold on.

She gets up, and as he clutches his stomach, she returns with water and a bottle of menstrual cramp medication.

ELAINE (CONT'D)

See if this helps.

He downs the pills, and she caresses his forehead, wiping sweat from his brow.

JAMIE

Guess that's what I get for pigging out.

ELAINE

Let's go to sleep.

She curls up beside him. He starts breathing easier.

JAMIE

Oh, this is weird.

INT. JAMIE'S APARTMENT - BEDROOM -- MORNING

Jamie squirms, then SNEEZES awake. His eyes open, and he does a double take, looking around the room with wide eyes.

INT. ANOTHER BEDROOM -- CONTINUOUS

Jamie lies alone on a different bed in a different room, naked under the sheets. The room is shadowed with curtains that are partly open, revealing an unfamiliar cityscape.

The room reminds us of a jungle, with sculptures, paintings, animal figures hiding in the hard-to-pierce shadows. But there is something feminine and mysterious about the room.

The clock-radio reads 7:15.

VOICE (O/S)

You awake, Cat?

O/S the SHOWER is running. A bouquet of roses sits on a nearby table.

Jamie's swings to face the doorway leading into the adjoining bathroom, as the shower is turned off.

RESUME JAMIE'S BEDROOM

He is sitting upright in his own bed, looking straight ahead blindly. He's disoriented, frightened.

JAMIE
It's happening...

Elaine groggily comes awake next to him.

ELAINE
What's happening?

RESUME OTHER BEDROOM -- JAMIE'S POV

A man comes out of the bathroom, a towel around his waist. He is well-built, tattooed, and good-looking. He smiles into the camera. It's the INTRUDER.

MAN
How can anybody look so good so early?

The Man approaches the CAMERA, reaching out his hands to us. He grabs Jamie's hand, but it appears to be a woman's hand with a gold bracelet.

RESUME JAMIE'S BEDROOM

Jamie watches the scene, alarmed.

RESUME OTHER BEDROOM -- JAMIE'S POV

The Man sucks Jamie's finger seductively, then leans in for a kiss.

RESUME JAMIE'S BEDROOM

Jamie watches the scene.

RESUME OTHER BEDROOM -- JAMIE'S POV

The man PULLS BACK from the CAMERA.

MAN
God, you're so fucking beautiful.

The man leans down below the frame line, kissing and licking amorously. The VIEW drifts up to the CEILING.

RESUME JAMIE'S BEDROOM

Jamie's body is thrown back against the bed. Elaine, frightened, reaches out to him, afraid to touch him.

ELAINE
Jamie, what is it?

Jamie's hands claws grip the sides of the bed.

ELAINE (CONT'D)
What's wrong?

He JERKS, as if being PENETRATED, his BODY invaded.

RESUME OTHER BEDROOM -- JAMIE'S POV

The Man is atop him, thrusting.

RESUME JAMIE'S BEDROOM

He helplessly whimpers, BUCKING uncontrollably. Elaine's fear is becoming disgust.

ELAINE
Jamie, stop it. Please...please, stop.

But he can't. He can't even HEAR her.

RESUME OTHER BEDROOM -- JAMIE'S POV

Their lovemaking grows more intense, overwhelming.

RESUME JAMIE'S BEDROOM

Elaine, at a loss for what to do, tries to hold Jamie down with her hands on his chest.

ELAINE
Stop it, okay? Stop it! This isn't funny.

Jamie continues, oblivious to her pleading.

ELAINE (CONT'D)
Jamie, you're scaring me. Stop it.

RESUME OTHER BEDROOM -- JAMIE'S POV

The Man is reaching climax.

RESUME JAMIE'S BEDROOM

Jamie winces.

INT. JAMIE'S APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Vanessa and Booth enter, looking around.

VANESSA

Jamie?

RESUME JAMIE'S BEDROOM

Elaine looks at Jamie, panicking.

ELAINE

(frantic whispers)

Jamie, there's somebody at the front door. There's somebody at the door.

He is oblivious to the real world around him. Elaine scrambles to get dressed.

INT. JAMIE'S APARTMENT - CORRIDOR - CONTINUOUS

Booth and Vanessa move toward the bedroom.

VANESSA

Jamie...

RESUME JAMIE'S BEDROOM

Elaine pulls her pants on.

ELAINE

Please get up!

Jamie remains oblivious to her pleading.

RESUME JAMIE'S CORRIDOR

Booth and Vanessa near the bedroom.

VANESSA

Let's go wake up Daddy.

RESUME JAMIE'S BEDROOM

Elaine shakes Jamie.

ELAINE

Jamie, somebody's coming.

Elaine turns to the door in horror as it opens and Vanessa and Booth enter, smiling, ready to awaken Daddy. Booth is giggling excitedly.

BOOTH

Rise and shine, Daddy.

Jamie BUCKS wildly as Elaine finishes getting dressed. The smiles on Booth's and Vanessa's faces drop at the sight of her. Elaine doesn't know what she's gotten herself into.

ELAINE

Oh, my God.

She tries one last desperate time to reach him.

ELAINE (CONT'D)

Hey, your family's here.

Booth thinks there's something wrong with his Daddy, and shouts at him. Jamie is in the throes of bliss.

BOOTH

Stop, Daddy. Stop it. What's the matter, Daddy?

ELAINE

Jamie, stop it...

Booth turns angrily to Elaine and starts hitting at her.

BOOTH (CONT'D)

Leave my Daddy alone. Leave him alone!

ELAINE

I didn't do anything.

VANESSA

Booth...

Outraged, Vanessa grabs Booth, covering his eyes as she pulls him out of the room.

ELAINE

I didn't do anything.

VANESSA

Goddamn you, Jamie.

Jamie comes out of the spell as his ex-wife and son storm out. He is weak and shaking, horrified to have transposed so nakedly in front of Elaine.

JAMIE

(a whisper to himself)
It's a woman...

Furious, Elaine gathers her stuff and is gone with a sob.

Jamie looks at her with total embarrassment.

JAMIE (CONT'D)

Elaine...

But she's gone.

INT. JAMIE'S APARTMENT -- BATHROOM -- DAY

His face is gaunt with depression as he shaves in front of the mirror. He suddenly sneezes. The razor slips making a shallow cut on his face that draws blood, but he is oblivious.

He stares transfixed into the mirror as his body relaxes. He stands taller, a million miles away, transposing.

His face flushes, and he smiles. His skin prickles and the gentle, loving music plays. This time, it feels wonderful.

JAMIE/WOMAN'S POV -- THE WOMAN'S BEDROOM -- DAY

She sits at her vanity before a clever little wooden box. Her hands lovingly place items in the box-- a zoo of tiny wooden animals and a chocolate truffle.

Jamie/Woman turns to a note that reads "I love you." He picks up a pen and puts it to the paper.

RESUME JAMIE'S BATHROOM

Jamie stares forward into the mirror.

RESUME WOMAN'S BEDROOM -- JAMIE'S POV

Jamie/Woman writes "I love you, too!"

JAMIE

I love you.

RESUME JAMIE'S BATHROOM

Jamie stares forward into the mirror. He smiles.

JAMIE (V/O)

Those three words were suddenly so potent and meaningful to me.

INT. INTERROGATION ROOM - NIGHT

Close on Jamie.

JAMIE

Up until then, I didn't realize that you could feel with your heart and your guts. It felt so new and deep and good.

(beat)

Until that moment, I didn't realize how shallow my life had been, and it... well, humiliated me.

INT. COUGAR CULINARY LABORATORIES -- DAY

Lunchtime. Jamie sits alone at his workstation eating a turkey wrap and staring into the calm aquarium in front of him.

JAMIE (V/O)

It felt like... like growing up.

Jamie's face is reflected in the glass. He stares at it, hypnotized by the fishes' slow-motion movements.

He watches without seeing, his mind elsewhere, and he begins to transpose.

INT. A BATHROOM - CONTINUOUS -- JAMIE'S/WOMAN'S POV

The Woman's hand turns off the water in the sink. She looks up at the mirror, and for a split-second, we catch a glimpse of an absolutely gorgeous woman, CATHERINE DUPRES, reflected in the mirror from the waist up. The lightning flash image is indelibly etched in our sight as it whooshes past.

She has large brown eyes, white, almost porcelain skin, shoulder length blonde hair, and is just breathtaking.

But as soon as she flashes by, the frame begins to shift again.

RESUME COUGAR CULINARY LABORATORIES

Jamie gasps at the sight of her. He reaches out for the aquarium.

JAMIE

No! Please, don't go.

He reaches frantically for her, smashing his hand against his reflection, upsetting the fish.

REVEAL Wally watching him from across the lab.

WALLY

Are you okay?

Jamie looks around with surprise and embarrassment.

INT. JAMIE'S APARTMENT -- DINING ROOM -- NIGHT

There are candles placed strategically about the room. Romantic classical music plays in the BG. A dozen roses sit in a vase on the table. Jamie, stuffy from the roses, lights the last candle and pops the cork on a bottle of champagne. He pours two glasses.

Jamie reaches for a truffle. He takes a bite.

Jamie settles back into the dining room chair, trying with all his might to summon up the Woman. So far, nothing is happening.

JAMIE
Come back to me.

The music grows soothing, hypnotic.

Jamie sits quiet, serene, willing her back. Move in on him. It's never going to happen.

INT. JAMIE'S APARTMENT -- DINING ROOM -- LATER

Jamie's eyes blink open, as if from sleep.

INT. WOMAN'S BATHROOM -- NIGHT

Jamie stands in the Woman's bathroom. He stands in front of the full-length mirror.

It is an artful room, with lots of tile. It's a strange but melodious cross between Art Deco and the jungles of Rousseau.

Jamie's POV of the mirror shows the Woman standing before it, nude. She is taking inventory of her appearance. It is a very intimate, private moment.

RESUME JAMIE'S DINING ROOM

Jamie is in two places at once, still sitting in his dining room, his eyes wide. We know at once that he is transposing again. His BREATH deepens.

RESUME THE WOMAN'S BATHROOM

She pulls her hair back and tries various ways of framing her face.

RESUME JAMIE'S DINING ROOM

Jamie remains completely enchanted.

RESUME THE WOMAN'S BATHROOM

The Woman reaches for the shower head and turns the taps on. She begins to wet herself.

RESUME JAMIE'S DINING ROOM

Jamie's eyes remain unblinking, his breathing comes harder.

RESUME THE WOMAN'S BATHROOM

The Woman sits on the edge of the tub as she aims the pulsing water between her spread legs.

RESUME JAMIE'S DINING ROOM

Jamie is in ecstasy.

RESUME THE WOMAN'S BATHROOM

Distant purring sounds begin as she can't keep from slowly gyrating.

RESUME JAMIE'S DINING ROOM

Jamie's wide eyes fall helplessly closed.

RESUME THE WOMAN'S BATHROOM

The Woman moans louder.

RESUME JAMIE'S DINING ROOM

Jamie's breathing grows ragged.

RESUME THE WOMAN'S BATHROOM

The Woman draws closer to climax.

RESUME JAMIE'S DINING ROOM

Jamie moves with the woman, matching her rhythm, and making sounds of his own.

He takes deep breaths, until the waves of climax crash over him. It is powerful, draining, and his body slumps against the chair.

His eyes open and he returns to his lonely little world out of breath and having experienced his first female orgasm.

JAMIE

Jesus.

INT. COUGAR CULINARY LABORATORIES -- DAY

Jamie enters and looks at Wally, needing to talk with someone about the strange events that are happening to him. Hesitant at first, he decides to just go ahead and tell.

JAMIE

Wally, something really weird is happening to me.

WALLY

Yeah? Good weird or bad weird?

JAMIE

You know these... these spells I've been having?

WALLY

Yeah. Have they gotten worse?

Jamie looks at Wally, his mind working a mile a minute.

JAMIE

Well, it's... it's a woman.

Wally looks up at Jamie and smiles.

WALLY

Excellent. Jamie, congratulations. That's great.

(beat)

What's she like?

JAMIE

She's the most beautiful woman I've ever seen.

WALLY

Oh, man... you got it bad.

Jamie decides to tell him.

JAMIE

It's not what you think. It's like... it's like I'm receiving transmissions from somebody.

WALLY

What do you mean, like possessed?

JAMIE

No.

(beat)

There's a woman... I don't know who she is or where she is, but I can see what she sees, I hear what she hears, I feel what she feels.

WALLY

(Groucho eyes)

And what does she feel?

JAMIE

Wally, I'm serious.

Wally can see that. He brings it down a notch.

WALLY

Okay... how do you know it's a woman?

Jamie blushes, embarrassed.

JAMIE

Last night, the woman, uh... she had sex...

Wally watches him.

JAMIE (CONT'D)

and I felt it.

WALLY

Whoa. You felt her get fucked?

JAMIE

Wally, I'm not crazy. This is for real.

Wally looks at him like he's missing a cog. Jamie is sorry he said anything.

JAMIE (CONT'D)

Never mind. Forget it.

Jamie walks away. Wally gets up after him.

WALLY

Listen, the twins are visiting my folks, so Anna wanted me to invite you over for dinner.

JAMIE

I can't come tonight.

WALLY
Because of this girl?

Jamie just looks away from him.

WALLY (CONT'D)
Who you only met in your dreams?

JAMIE
They're not dreams.

WALLY
Okay, well, if you're having
hallucinations, don't you think you
ought to go see a doctor or something?

JAMIE
(intense)
What makes you think I want it to
stop?
(beat)
This woman, I think she's calling me.
I think maybe she needs me.

Jamie walks off. Wally doesn't know what to think.

INT. JAMIE'S DINING ROOM -- NIGHT

Jamie sits at the table, already far into the depths of transposition.
Champagne is uncorked. Classical music drifts through.

He stares blindly ahead, and grabs one of the candles, jamming its
burning tip against the white tablecloth. Jamie moves the candle with a
purpose, drawing with it. His hands work independently. His eyes are
blank and distant.

EXT. PARK -- LATE AFTERNOON

JAMIE'S/WOMAN'S POV of a sketchpad. There is a wonderful rendering of a
COUGAR'S FACE being drawn by the Woman's hand.

RESUME JAMIE'S DINING ROOM

His eyes still wide, he continues drawing.

RESUME PARK -- JAMIE'S POV

Unexpectedly, a TEARDROP falls onto the drawing.

She looks up, revealing that she is in the heart of a lush park. A
placid COUGAR lies at the end of a TRAINER'S LEASH.

RESUME JAMIE'S DINING ROOM

Jamie lays his hands on his drawing, a cougar traced in red wax on the white linen tablecloth.

RESUME PARK -- JAMIE'S POV

POV as the Woman walks through a parking lot. Before her is a big city skyline with a large bay on one side and lush green mountains across the bay.

This is the same city as in JAMIE'S VISION on the highway in Wally's car.

She approaches a particular BLACK CAR.

RESUME JAMIE'S DINING ROOM

Jamie stares unblinking.

RESUME PARK/PARKING LOT -- JAMIE'S POV

POV as the Woman gets in her car, checking herself in the rearview mirror.

RESUME JAMIE'S DINING ROOM

Jamie blinks, coming out of the vision.

INT. JAMIE'S APARTMENT -- BEDROOM -- NIGHT

Jamie is sleeping. He is in full REM mode. His eyes open. He transposes.

INT. LOFT STAIRWAY - NIGHT

The Woman's POV as she climbs a grungy, faintly lit staircase with a bare light bulb dangling at the top of the stairs.

RESUME JAMIE'S BEDROOM

Jamie becomes more alert.

RESUME LOFT STAIRWAY -- JAMIE'S POV

The Woman reaches the top and opens a heavy industrial door, entering the room.

INT. LOFT -- CONTINUOUS

The room is vast and open, filled with a slovenly collection of ART SUPPLIES, ROWS of PAINTINGS, and ramshackle second-hand furniture.

RESUME JAMIE'S BEDROOM

Jamie watches unblinkingly.

RESUME LOFT -- JAMIE'S POV

She slowly makes her way through the doorway into the dark, unfamiliar room. There is a KING-SIZE BED further in.

The Man is in the bed with a beautiful, young GIRL. Both are nearly undressed. The Man quickly sits up and his face relaxes into a smile.

MAN

Look what I got for us.

The Girl smiles, a little embarrassed.

GIRL

Hi.

The Man quickly leans toward the CAMERA, taking The Woman's hand and leading her to the bed.

MAN

Come on... get in with us.

The Man turns again toward the Girl, brushing the hair from her face.

MAN (CONT'D)

Doesn't she have a beautiful face?

The Girl smiles, still embarrassed, but willing. He indicates the wall next to the bed.

MAN (CONT'D)

Look.

A MIRROR on the wall reflects the THREE of them. We cannot read The Woman's face, but pulses are pounding.

RESUME JAMIE'S BEDROOM

Jamie watches the scene.

MAN (V/O)

Kiss her...

RESUME LOFT -- JAMIE'S POV

The Woman takes the Girl's face gently in her hand, caressing her.

Suddenly, the Woman explodes in a jealous rage. She slaps the Man hard across the face, sending him reeling.

RESUME JAMIE'S BEDROOM

Jamie jumps in shock.

RESUME LOFT -- JAMIE'S POV

The Man looks at the Woman, furious.

MAN

You bitch!

He leaps from the bed, backhanding her, and the screen FLASHES WHITE as he connects.

RESUME JAMIE'S BEDROOM

Jamie collapses against the wall, his eyes wide, as the vision drifts away, just at the most important part. His face is red, as if being strangled.

RESUME LOFT -- JAMIE'S POV

The Man gets in the Woman's face angrily.

MAN

Who do you think you are?

RESUME JAMIE'S BEDROOM

Jamie gasps for breath.

JAMIE

Leave her alone!

INT. JAMIE'S BEDROOM -- NIGHT -- LATER

The clock radio reads 5:05 a.m..

Jamie is asleep, but not at rest. Suddenly, his eyes snap open as he bolts from sleep.

JAMIE

What?

INT. LOFT -- NIGHT

Jamie's/Woman's POV. The Man is hovers over her. He lowers his naked frame onto her body.

As he is about to enter her, her hand flashes into frame, gripping an enormous, glinting KNIFE.

RESUME JAMIE'S BEDROOM

Jamie watches.

RESUME LOFT -- JAMIE'S POV

The Woman brings the BLADE up and into his BELLY.

RESUME JAMIE'S BEDROOM

Jamie's hands are clenched in a single, white-knuckled fist, aping the Woman's.

RESUME LOFT -- JAMIE'S POV

The Woman brutally plunges the knife deeper into his horrified, squirming body.

RESUME JAMIE'S BEDROOM

Jamie gulps for breath in the throes of the vision, feeling her sick fury.

RESUME LOFT -- JAMIE'S POV

She shoves it deeper. It is a shocking attack of sadistic fury. Blood runs down the blade. The Man jerks, fading.

RESUME JAMIE'S BEDROOM

Jamie continues aping the attack.

RESUME LOFT -- JAMIE'S POV

The Woman continues to pull the blade up his body, slicing his chest in two.

RESUME JAMIE'S BEDROOM

Jamie continues.

RESUME LOFT -- JAMIE'S POV

The Man falls forward.

RESUME JAMIE'S BEDROOM

Jamie releases the imagined knife. He comes out of it, shaken, sick with emotion, unable to bear the brutality of the murder. Awash with revulsion, he suddenly lurches over the side of the bed and VOMITS.

INT. INTERROGATION ROOM -- NIGHT

Jamie looks up into the camera, on the edge of hysteria.

JAMIE

I could feel his blood running all down my arms, all hot and sticky. I just felt so... sick and filthy and... I don't know, depraved, like a murderer. I felt so empty and sick and scared inside. I just didn't know how to feel anymore.

(beat)

And then all the visions just stopped dead. Everything went dead.

INT. JAMIE'S APARTMENT -- KITCHEN -- NIGHT

Jamie is at the kitchen table reading and drinking wheat grass juice. The TV on the counter is gargling with anonymous programming and Jamie couldn't be less interested.

JAMIE (V/O)

I was in love with her... but this had me all fucked up.

The program changes and grabs Jamie's attention.

Jamie's POV of the TV. A BLACK CAR roars across the road. It pulls into a parking stall.

It hits Jamie like a ton of bricks.

FLASHBACK -- THE BLACK CAR IN THE PARK

The Woman approaches the same kind of black car.

RESUME JAMIE'S KITCHEN

The car and its plate fills the TV screen-- IOWA X8N 739. Jamie is mesmerized.

RESUME FLASHBACK -- THE WOMAN'S BLACK CAR

We see just the corner of the license plate - SQM 3...

RESUME JAMIE

The scene ends and Jamie stares at the TV.

INT. JAMIE'S APARTMENT -- DINING ROOM -- NIGHT

Jamie works away on his laptop. A MAP of the US fills its screen.

Deep in excited concentration, Jamie pores over SITES of LICENSE PLATES, trying to match up the color patterns from his vision. It seems like most states have blue lettering on a white background.

FLASHBACK -- THE WOMAN'S CITY'S SKYLINE

The sight as she left the park with the mountains and bay in BG.

RESUME JAMIE

He makes the connection.

JAMIE

It's the coast.

Jamie turns back to the computer. He crosses off unlikely candidates - Maine.

JAMIE (CONT'D)

No...

He rules out Florida.

FLASHBACK -- JAMIE'S BEDROOM

The clock radio reads 9:15 a.m.

FLASHBACK -- THE WOMAN'S BEDROOM

Her clock reads 7:15 a.m.

RESUME JAMIE

JAMIE

The west coast.

He pulls out a map and looks at it.

JAMIE (CONT'D)

The west coast.

He turns back to the computer and looks at a California plate.

JAMIE (CONT'D)

No...

He pulls up Oregon, then Washington.

JAMIE (CONT'D)
Washington...

It doesn't match.

JAMIE (CONT'D)
West coast... west coast.

He thinks.

JAMIE (CONT'D)
Canada... Canada.

He brings up British Columbia. The plate matches. He calls up a picture site, viewing IMAGES of Vancouver. They are the same images he saw through the Woman's eyes - the sails, the clock.

JAMIE (CONT'D)
That's it.

He sits back, sighing deeply.

DETECTIVE (V/O)
You set out to Vancouver because of a piece of a license plate?

INT. INTERROGATION ROOM

Close on Jamie.

JAMIE
I just knew that I had to find her.

DETECTIVE
Well, what did you expect to do once you found her?

JAMIE
I don't know. I loved her.

DETECTIVE
A murderer.

JAMIE
Maybe it was just a dream we shared. maybe it was self-defense. I don't know, but I hoped so.

EXT. VANCOUVER STREET -- DAY

Jamie moves among the throngs of people amidst the morning bustle.

A WHISTLE BLOWS as Jamie passes the GASTOWN STEAM CLOCK, the clock he saw in his vision on the highway with Wally.

Jamie turns to get a better look at the clock and SLAMS right into a MAN reading his newspaper, knocking him to the sidewalk.

JAMIE

Sorry.

Jamie apologizes, but is suddenly startled by the man's newspaper in front of him. He picks it up and reads the headline.

On the front page is a PHOTO and HEADLINE that jolts our attention. It is the Man from the visions in the photo. The headline reads, "Local artist found dead in studio."

The Man he knocked to the ground grabs the paper back roughly.

MAN

Want to buy your own?

Jamie reaches for a paper.

EXT. VANCOUVER -- GASTOWN STREET -- DAY

Jamie searches for an address. He stops. Bells ring. Is he transposing again? He waits a moment, surprised not to be transposing. But he smells something. He looks around, spotting something across the street.

In the middle of a block of shops is an ELEGANT LITTLE SHOP with an old-fashioned SIGN with a distinctive logo over the door, "Plaisirs de Chocolat". He is drawn irresistibly to the store.

EXT. VANCOUVER -- GASTOWN INDUSTRIAL STREET -- DAY

Jamie moves down the sidewalk carrying an expensive box of CHOCOLATES, searching again for the address.

He steps out in front of the LOFT where the Man, DENNISON HOOPER, was found dead. He checks it against the newspaper photo.

Jamie tries the door. It creaks open and he looks up the crumbling, shadowy stairway.

INT. LOFT STAIRWAY - DAY

Jamie makes his way up. He KNOCKS on the heavy door, but there is no sound. He looks at the POLICE SEAL across the door.

INT. LOFT - MOMENTS LATER

Jamie kicks the door open. He stands still in the silence of the empty loft.

Jamie ENTERS. He spots a large PHOTO that holds his attention-- a B&W photographic PORTRAIT of the Man and the Woman, standing intimately close, nearly naked.

He places his things down and turns to another canvas titled "Catherine". In it, the Woman lies bound in ropes in a pool of her own blood. Jamie reacts.

Jamie moves to the row of crusted windows. He looks across to the building on the other side of the street below, noticing the Woman's black car parked out front.

The Woman looks up from the driver's seat. It is Catherine.

Jamie races out of the loft, grabbing the chocolates, but forgetting the newspaper.

EXT. VANCOUVER -- STREET IN FRONT OF LOFT - MOMENTS LATER

Catherine peels around the corner just as Jamie comes stumbling outside.

He sees the license plate. It reads SQM 329.

Jamie stares at her dust, repeating the license number to himself.

JAMIE
SQM 329. SQM 329.

EXT. VANCOUVER -- RESIDENTIAL STREET -- NIGHT

JAMIE walks up the unfamiliar street, stopping in front of a LUXURY CONDOMINIUM BUILDING. He carries the box of chocolates under his arm.

EXT. CATHERINE'S CONDO BUILDING -- FRONT DOOR -- CONTINUOUS

As Jamie checks the list of residents, one of them comes out the door. Seeing his chance, Jamie enters.

INT. CATHERINE'S CONDO BUILDING - CORRIDOR - MOMENTS LATER

Jamie finds her door and takes a deep nervous breath. He KNOCKS lightly on the door. No one answers. He knocks again.

CATHERINE (O/S)
Just a minute.

The door opens.

Catherine appears in a robe without make-up, her hair wet, a disarming smile on her face. She is achingly beautiful.

CATHERINE (CONT'D)
Sorry, I was in the shower.

Jamie can't speak.

CATHERINE (CONT'D)
Yes?

He looks at her. He has seen what is under that robe.

JAMIE
Catherine Dupres?

She looks at Jamie without a trace of recognition.

CATHERINE
Yes?

JAMIE
Do you know me?

CATHERINE
Have we met?

JAMIE
Sorry. No, I guess not. I have a
delivery for you.

CATHERINE
Really? What is it?

He smiles and holds up the box for her.

An icy look crosses her face as she sees the logo. She looks at Jamie, icicles shooting from her eyes. The DOOR SLAMS furiously in his face.

EXT. CATHERINE'S CONDO BUILDING -- NIGHT

Jamie storms out of the building. He slams down the chocolates.

JAMIE
Asshole. It just reminds her of him.

Jamie moves down the street and into the night.

EXT. VANCOUVER -- STANLEY PARK -- DAY

A beautiful, cold, crisp morning. Catherine walks along the shore alone. A JOGGER goes through his paces around the park.

Jamie follows, keeping his distance. Catherine turns and disappears into the greenery. Jamie is nervous, having lost sight of her. He slows down, searching for her.

He stops at the water fountain. She is nowhere to be seen. He bends to take a drink.

Catherine steps in front of him, angry.

CATHERINE
Why are you following me?

JAMIE
I'm not following you.

CATHERINE
Do you think I'm an imbecile?

He just shakes his head, rather than try to answer her.

CATHERINE (CONT'D)
What do you want?

She glares unflinching into his eyes. He can't control what comes out of his mouth.

JAMIE
I think you're the most beautiful
woman I've ever seen.

That throws her off-balance for a moment, though she doesn't believe him.

CATHERINE
Tell me why you brought me those
chocolates.

JAMIE
I thought you'd like them...
(beat)
And I... I needed to meet you.

CATHERINE
How do you know me?

JAMIE
I saw you sketching at the zoo, a
cougar. I... I'm a fan. I really like
your work.

CATHERINE

Then why didn't you just come up and say hello? Why are you following me? I could call a policeman and have you thrown in jail.

JAMIE

I don't know. I'm really sorry. I was stupid. I just... I had to meet you.

CATHERINE

Well... we've met.

JAMIE

Yes.

She turns to leave. Jamie follows her.

JAMIE (CONT'D)

I like your painting very much. I think you're very talented.

CATHERINE

(sarcastic)

Thank you for telling me that.

Jamie can't bear that it all might end here at the Stanley Park water fountain so he continues.

JAMIE

Look, I'm not one of those creeps that follows beautiful women around and drives them crazy. I'm not a stalker.

(gently, persuasively)

I know I made a mistake. I'm really very, very sorry. I realize I make a lousy first impression. Could I just talk with you?

When she doesn't say anything immediately, he takes it as encouragement and continues before she can decline.

JAMIE (CONT'D)

Lunch, someplace nice. Your choice.

CATHERINE

I'm glad you like my work, but I don't think it would be a good idea.

JAMIE

No, please. We need to talk.

CATHERINE

No, you need to talk. I don't.

JAMIE

Listen, I've come a very long way to find you. Just lunch. A public place.

CATHERINE

My life is complicated enough right now.

JAMIE

I know.

CATHERINE

What do you know?

JAMIE

I mean, everybody's life is complicated. Mine too.

CATHERINE

Why me? Why don't you go stalk some movie star somewhere?

JAMIE

I know how special you are.

CATHERINE

You don't know anything about me.

JAMIE

Yes, I do.

(covering)

I know you wish I'd leave you alone.

She sighs and almost smiles.

JAMIE (CONT'D)

Look, I know how you feel, and I don't blame you at all, and I promise I'll leave you alone and never bother you again if that's what you want. Just let me take you to lunch first. Just once.

She nods.

CATHERINE

You're right about one thing.

(he brightens)

You make a terrible first impression.

They smile.

EXT. VANCOUVER -- STANLEY PARK CAFE -- DAY

Jamie and Catherine shares sandwiches under an umbrella in the park. It is awkward and somewhat formal between them. She feels uncomfortable as she looks at him.

CATHERINE

(wary)

Are you just going to keep staring at me? Is that why you're following me around?

He doesn't know how to start. Finally, he looks up at her. This is it.

JAMIE

I have to talk to you about something.

CATHERINE

What?

JAMIE

I have to tell you the reason... why I love you.

She scowls.

CATHERINE

What?

JAMIE

I can't say it again.

(beat)

I know you better than you think.

CATHERINE

How long have you been spying on me?

JAMIE

It's not what you're thinking. Please, don't be afraid of me.

CATHERINE

I'm not afraid of you.

Jamie isn't quite sure how to start.

JAMIE

Sometimes... I'm inside you.

She stands to leave. Jamie grabs her hand. He takes control, stronger, knowing this is the last chance.

JAMIE (CONT'D)

No, please. Listen to me. I'm not crazy. I'm not a pervert. I'm on your side.

Catherine takes her seat.

JAMIE (CONT'D)

Sometimes I can feel what you feel. I can smell what you're smelling. I can even see what you see. I can't control it. It...it just happens.

She looks at him like he's crazy, but he doesn't stop.

JAMIE (CONT'D)

I know I sound like a lunatic, but it's true. It started when I tasted the chocolate, and I thought it was a dream, but then the park with your paintings...

She is silent. She doesn't run away, maybe because she senses that it's true. She knows what he must know.

JAMIE (CONT'D)

For some reason, I got to know you better than anybody knows you. Somehow, we're psychically linked, and I was hoping that maybe... you could feel me.

They look at one another for a long beat, both minds racing.

CATHERINE

I'd like to go home now.

Jamie is crushed.

EXT. VANCOUVER -- RESIDENTIAL STREET -- DAY

The sun is going down as they walk up the street in awkward silence.

CATHERINE

I'd really rather be alone right now.

JAMIE

Please, just... please let me walk you to your door.

CATHERINE

(sharp)
Just leave me alone.

It's over. They look at each other, a long silent beat, and Jamie gives up.

JAMIE

Okay.

(beat)

I'm sorry. I understand.

Jamie steps around the corner of a building, spotting something.

He quickly turns and roughly throws Catherine against the wall.

JAMIE (CONT'D)

Shh. Shh. Shh.

Jamie peers around the corner of the building. In front of her condo sits an unmarked POLICE CAR. TWO DETECTIVES sit in the car waiting.

She struggles as he holds her against the wall, his hand over her mouth. She BITES him, but he won't let go.

JAMIE (CONT'D)

Quiet. Quiet. Those are cops. You can't go home now.

Catherine's eyes are wide with fear and distrust.

JAMIE (CONT'D)

You have to trust me.

CATHERINE

What do you know about me?

JAMIE

I know you had to do it. Let me help you.

Jamie looks back at the police car.

DETECTIVE (V/O)

Out of millions of people, why you?

INT. INTERROGATION ROOM -- NIGHT

Jamie looks up at the Detective.

JAMIE

You think I don't spend every minute thinking about that? At first, I thought it was the chemicals at work. Or maybe it was her art that brought us together.

(beat)

Or maybe it's just that I was so empty and she was so full.

EXT. VANCOUVER -- STANLEY PARK -- DAY

Jamie sits next to Catherine on a bench facing out into the water. She faces the water, away from him. She still doesn't trust him.

CATHERINE

What do you want from me?

(turns to him)

Money?

(beat)

Sex?

JAMIE

Everything I've told you... everything I will ever tell you is the truth. I'll never lie to you. I want to help you.

CATHERINE

Even knowing what I've done?

He looks her in the eye, unable to answer, remembering the nausea, the guilt, the pain, and her fury.

There is a TRANSITION in her. She lets down the wall, and we see how truly vulnerable she is. Slowly, her eyes begin to brim. She looks up into his eyes.

CATHERINE (CONT'D)

I'm scared...

Jamie reaches out to put an arm around her and she allows him to touch her.

JAMIE

I won't let anything happen to you.

She looks up into his eyes, reading him. Is trust dawning? She reaches up and gently, hesitantly, traces his face with her fingertips, each contact an electrical charge.

CATHERINE

Will you take me home?

JAMIE

Do you trust me?

CATHERINE

I have to.

He looks at her a long beat.

EXT. CATHERINE'S CONDO BUILDING -- NIGHT

Jamie looks around, then turns to nod at Catherine. The coast is clear. She steps out of the bushes and they move to the building together. Catherine opens the door.

They park at the corner, just in case, and he leads a nervous Catherine up to her house.

INT. CATHERINE'S CONDO BUILDING - CORRIDOR - MOMENTS LATER

She leads the way inside. She opens her door and enters. Jamie stands at the doorway, watching her, his heart racing.

CATHERINE

Come on in.

INT. CATHERINE'S CONDO -- LIVING ROOM -- CONTINUOUS

The large room is remarkable. The walls are Rousseau-like murals of animals in the jungle. The furnishings are also of the jungle. Jars of paintbrushes, easels, and paints are all over.

Seeing it in person unnerves Jamie. Catherine moves closer to him and he puts his hands on her shoulders.

JAMIE

Everything's going to be okay.

He looks into her eyes, standing intoxicatingly close to her. He takes her hands in his.

JAMIE (CONT'D)

I love you.

CATHERINE

I know.

(beat)

Jamie...

(sighs)

I did feel things... see things... but I didn't know what it was. I thought I was going crazy.

JAMIE

(excited)

No, Catherine, you're not crazy. What did you see? What did you feel?

CATHERINE

Images, flavors... faces...
loneliness...

She is quaking in his hands, vulnerable. They are LINKED.

JAMIE

You're shivering.

He holds her in his arms tightly.

CATHERINE

I could use something to drink.
(breaking the embrace)
Would you like something?

She moves to the drinks cart across the room. Trying to calm his racing heart, he takes a seat on the couch in the middle of her jungle.

Catherine watches him.

CATHERINE (CONT'D)

I'm glad you're here with me.

She crosses to Jamie.

JAMIE

So am I.

She sinks into the couch next to him and sips her drink. Jamie follows her lead. He swallows the drink and grimaces.

JAMIE (CONT'D)

It's bitter.

Catherine takes Jamie's drink from him and places it aside. She kisses him deeply. Soon Jamie is on top of her, his dream coming true.

Suddenly, Jamie is in the all-too-familiar position of his nightmare. He freezes for a moment, as gooseflesh strokes him and departs.

CATHERINE

What?

JAMIE

I just feel a little dizzy.

REVEAL on the drinks cart, a PILL BOTTLE lying on its side. Several SLEEPING TABLETS spill out. This is the source of bitterness in his drink.

Catherine kisses Jamie deeply as he swoons, his mind slipping away. His dizziness soars as it all heats up.

Catherine's hand suddenly slides under the sofa cushion, as if just to grasp, but in a lightning movement, her hand grips the handgun that is jammed under Jamie's jaw.

CATHERINE

What do you want?

He is totally taken off-guard.

CATHERINE (CONT'D)

How long have you been watching me?
What are you waiting for? Why don't
you just throw me in a cell and get it
over with? Or do you just want to fuck
me?

JAMIE

I'm not a cop and I'm not trying to
blackmail you.

(beat)

I love you.

CATHERINE

Do you?

(reliving the murder)

Could you feel it, the knife? Could
you feel it plunging into his flesh?
Did you feel him jerking and fighting?
Could you feel the blood running down
your arms?

(beat)

Is that what made you love me?

Jamie tries to grab the gun from her and a stray bullet rips through his calf. He knocks the gun from her and it flies across the room. Jamie leaps after it.

A caged animal, she jumps on top of him. The gun is just out of reach. Catherine claws for his wounded leg and jams her thumb into the bullet hole. Jamie screams.

Catherine tumbles over him, grappling for the gun. She grabs it.

Jamie rolls across the carpet, reeling, his senses dulled by the drug. He grabs an African spear from the corner, swinging it wildly at her. It connects with her arm, breaking in two from the impact.

A shot goes wild, and plaster flies from the face of the tiger painted on the wall.

He hits her again, breaking the spear. Catherine frantically grabs the blade end of the spear and surges toward him with fury. She slashes his sleeve open and blood flows.

Running on instinct, he punches her in the face, sending her sprawling.

Jamie dashes for the gun, only to be knocked out of the way by Catherine. He crashes to the floor.

She scrambles for the gun as he reaches for the blade.

JAMIE (CONT'D)

Catherine, no!

As she aims at him, he throws the blade at her. Catherine throws her hand up, and the blade goes through her hand. She screams.

The gun tumbles to the floor, as she stares with animal disbelief at the blade sticking out both sides of her hand. Jamie lunges for the gun. He's on his knees, shaking, both hands clutching it, aiming it at her.

With frightening strength, Catherine yanks the blade out of her hand. Blood drools from the wound. She looks at him, poised to throw it.

JAMIE (CONT'D)

I don't want to hurt you.

CATHERINE

You should have never come here.

She grips the blade and takes a step closer, testing his resolve.

JAMIE

Catherine, please don't do this. I only want to help you.

CATHERINE

You don't even know me.

She moves another step closer. Jamie raises the trembling gun.

JAMIE

Catherine, no. Don't make me do this.

She raises the blade over him.

JAMIE (CONT'D)

Catherine, please.

Looking down on him, he seems pitiful, broken, destroyed by his romantic obsession.

Something is happening. Things start shifting.

JAMIE

Oh, Jesus...

Jamie's POV is replaced by Catherine's. He is transposing. Jamie sees himself cowering.

JAMIE (CONT'D)

Not now.

Jamie's aim wavers, adjusting to the mirror-effect and reverse-image confusion of correcting his fire.

Catherine cocks her head in confusion. Jamie's eyes are blind. She seems to understand what is happening.

CATHERINE

It's happening now, isn't it?

RESUME Jamie's POV.

CATHERINE (CONT'D)

What do you see?

Jamie's POV flashes from his to Catherine's. Finally, his sightless eyes widen, trying to see, but only looking back as a mirror through her eyes.

CATHERINE (CONT'D)

You can't see me, can you?

His vision shifts momentarily.

JAMIE

Catherine!

The blade comes up in her hands, poised to slash. Just as she slashes down, Jamie fires.

Catherine is thrown back by the force of the bullet, Jamie feeling it as much as she. She lunges again and Jamie fires again.

Jamie is forced to fire again. Catherine crashes to the ground. He experiences her being hit with each shot. On this last one, he crashes back onto the floor with her in a white flash.

JAMIE (O/S)

And I knew what it felt like to die.

Black.

INT. INTERROGATION ROOM -- NIGHT

Jamie is still in Catherine's living room. That's where he's being interviewed by DETECTIVES.

The Detective leans down and looks hard into Jamie's eyes.

DETECTIVE

You know that's not an easy story to
swallow.

JAMIE

I can't do anything about that.

The Detective just looks at him, considering the long, complicated,
unbelievable tale he's just heard. He looks like he actually believes
it.

The Detective signals a UNIFORMED OFFICER to turn on the lights. They
come on.

DETECTIVE

Get them on the ambulance.

PARAMEDICS help Jamie out.

The Detective and his PARTNER watch silently as Jamie is taken away.
The Partner nods to the Detective.

EXT. CATHERINE'S CONDO BUILDING -- FRONT DOOR -- NIGHT

Jamie's stretcher is loaded into the ambulance. A crowd gathers. A
SIREN wails away, swallowed up by the night as the FLASHING RED LIGHTS
fade into the distance.

END OF EPISODE