

KNIGHT MOVES

by
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PROPERTY OF KNIGHT MOVES PRODUCTIONS

(third draft)

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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.

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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 (OS)

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 (OS)

You're crazy! Both of you.

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

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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.

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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.

(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.

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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.

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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 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.

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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.

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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.

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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.

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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.

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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 device that alters the voice. It is low, resonant, with a macabre quality to it.

CALLER (OS)
Hello, Peter.

PETER
Who is this?

CALLER (OS)
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 (OS)
You had time for Debi.

Peter freezes.

CALLER (OS)
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.

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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.

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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.

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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. 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?

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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.

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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.

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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.

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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?

25

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?

26

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.

27

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.

28

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.

29

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 (OS)
Hello, Peter.

PETER
(stalling)
Just a second.
(a beat, then)
Hello?

30

CALLER (OS)
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 (OS)
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 (OS)
We all have paths to follow. You hope
yours will lead you to me.

PETER
Why did you write remember on the wall?

CALLER (OS)
That's something you'll have to figure
out for yourself. Really, Peter, you
can't expect me to answer such direct
questions.

PETER
Why not?

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

PETER
What?

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

PETER
Where is she?

CALLER (OS)
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 (OS)
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 (OS)

I suppose you want to know where I'm going to kill tonight, Peter?

PETER

You're not going to tell me that.

CALLER (OS)

"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!

32

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.

33

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 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?

34

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?

35

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.

36

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 an envelope from her jacket pocket and puts it into Peter's jacket pocket.

KATHY
These are for you.

37

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 their 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.

38

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 Rutledge was found in the center.

KATHY

Meaning?

ANDY

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

PETER (OS)

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.

39

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?

40

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.

41

INT. LORAINES BEDROOM - NIGHT

Loraine 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.

Loraine 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?

42

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?

43

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.

44

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

45

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. LORAINIE'S 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.

46

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 to 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.

47

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 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.

48

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.

49

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--

50

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 (OS)
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 (OS)
Not really.

PETER
Why her?

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

PETER
But you said you didn't know her.

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

PETER
Just like who?

CALLER (OS)
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 (OS)
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!

51

CALLER (OS)

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 (OS)

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 (OS)

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 (OS)

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

PETER

How?

CALLER (OS)

I couldn't say it any better than Huxley.

PETER

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

CALLER (OS)

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. 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.

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?

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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 unbuttons 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.

58

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, LORAIN 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 (OS)
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?

59

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?

60

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.

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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, 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 KILLRS. 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.

62

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?

63

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. 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.

64

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.

65

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.

66

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. 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?

67

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!

68

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.

69

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?

(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.

70

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 (OS)
Have you any idea what the message is?

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

CALLER (OS)
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?

71

CALLER (OS)
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 (OS)
What?

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

CALLER (OS)
What makes you think I was there?

PETER
(using his words)
I couldn't tell you that. It would

ruin the game.

CALLER (OS)

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 (OS)

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.

72

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?

73

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.

74

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. 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.

75

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?

76

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.

77

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. 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.

78

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.

79

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.

80

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 Homesearchers.

81

INT. POLICE CONFERENCE ROOM - EVENING

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

FRANK

Okay. Homesearchers 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.

(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.

82

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

An OUTLINE of SOMEONE walks down the street, then stops for a moment. Under s 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.

83

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.

84

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?

85

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.

86

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!!

87

(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.

88

(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. 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?

89

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 (OS)
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.

90

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.

91

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 (OS)

Last night was very exciting, wasn't it? Have you figured out what I'm doing?

PETER

You're playing the Tarakoss opening.

CALLER (OS)

Very good.

PETER

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

CALLER (OS)

I used a variation. You should have anticipated that. Have you figured out the message?

PETER

What word did you leave last night?

CALLER (OS)

The police haven't told you?

PETER

They think that you and I are doing this together.

CALLER (OS)

(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 (OS)

--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. 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. 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 (OS)
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 (OS)
King base one. This is King fifteen.

FRANK
This is Sedman.

MAN'S VOICE (OS)
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.

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.

100

INT. PETER'S LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

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

ANDY (OS)
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... (Con't)

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.

101

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.

103

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 (OS)
Hello?

PETER
This is Peter Sanderson calling for
Richard Farrington.

We HEAR the CALLER'S distorted VOICE.

CALLER (OS)
Hello, Peter.

PETER
You sonofabitch!

CALLER (OS)
Emotional? I expected more from you.

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

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

PETER
I've figured out the message.

CALLER (OS)
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?

104

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

DOCTOR FULTON
You're losing me.

105

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.
They 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.

106

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?

107

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.

108

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.

109

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.

110

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 (VO)
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.

111

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 (OS)

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 (OS)

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 (OS)

The game's over. You lost.

PETER

It's me you want. Not her.

CALLER (OS)

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.

112

PETER

That wouldn't be very sporting.
Remember Huxley? "His play is always
fair and just."

CALLER (OS)

You're groping. I have been fair.
It's my move now.

PETER

I'll give you anything you want.
Anything! Please!

CALLER (OS)

Don't beg, Peter. She has to die. I
can't win unless she dies.

Peter hears the SOUND again.

CALLER (OS)

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.

113

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 (OS)

I know where you are.

CALLER

Very good. How did you know?

PETER (VO)

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. 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.

114

PETER
Computers. That's how you got into
Homeseachers 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. 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.

115

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 over head 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.

116

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.

117

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 locks 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.

118

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?

119

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