

# NIGHT STALKER

“Ascendant”  
EPISODE 111

Written by  
Melissa Blake & Joy Beth Blake

Directed by  
Dan Sackheim

YELLOW REVISIONS (PAGES)	11/11/05
PINK REVISIONS (PAGES)	11/11/05
BLUE REVISIONS (FULL DRAFT)	11/10/05
WHITE PRODUCTION DRAFT	11/7/05

© 2005 Touchstone Television Productions, LLC. All rights reserved. This material is the exclusive property of Touchstone Television Productions, LLC and is intended solely for the use of its personnel. Distribution to unauthorized persons or reproduction, in whole or in part, without the written consent of Touchstone Television Productions, LLC is strictly prohibited.

PREP DATES: 11/2/05 – 11/10/05  
SHOOT DATES: 11/11/05 – 11/22/05

NIGHT STALKER "ASCENDANT" YELLOW REVISIONS 11/11/05

CAST LIST

CARL KOLCHAK  
PERRI REED  
JAIN McMANUS

GEORGE CAWLEY  
GLOVED MAN/JONAS WEEMS  
MANAGER  
DET. STEVEN TAN  
ERIK CAWLEY  
MARLA CAWLEY  
CHERYL PARKS  
LEWIS PARKS  
STEVEN TEAGUE  
OFFICER 1  
OFFICER 2  
ATTENDANT (non-speaking)

SET LIST

INTERIORS:

SUPERMARKET

- / CHECKOUT STAND
- / EMPLOYEE BREAK ROOM
- / LOADING DOCK

PARKS RESIDENCE

- / KITCHEN

BEACON

- / NEWSROOM
- / PHOTO DEPARTMENT
- / RESEARCH DESK

LUXURY SUV

POLICE PRECINCT

- / HALLWAY
- / INTERROGATION ROOM
- / OBSERVATION ROOM

CAWLEY HOUSE

- / STAIRS
- / GEORGE'S ROOM
- / ERIK AND MARLA'S BEDROOM
- / KITCHEN
- / DOWNSTAIRS
- / ENTRY

KOLCHAK'S MUSTANG

EXTERIORS:

SUPERMARKET

DOWNTOWN STREET

GAS STATION CAR WASH

PARKS RESIDENCE

STREET

CAWLEY HOUSE

- / BACK DOOR
- / FRONT DOOR

TEASER

(Note: **Bold** indicates words that will drift across screen.)

THE NIGHT SKY (STOCK)

STARS shine like jewels strewn across the blackness of space.

KOLCHAK (V.O.)

For centuries, people looked up at  
the night sky in **awe**.

CLOSE ON TELESCOPIC IMAGES OF THE PLANETS (STOCK)

Jupiter, Saturn, Venus, Mars. Their names taken from ancient  
gods. Suggesting their power. And mystery.

KOLCHAK (V.O.)

Believing the planets, stars and  
moons were not merely distant  
lights shining in the firmament...

CLOSE ON THE FULL MOON (STOCK)

Its alien landscape glowing in the light of the night sun.

KOLCHAK (V.O.)

... but rather the eternal source  
of **order** in the universe.

We DISSOLVE TO this same MOON HANGING OVER:

1 EXT. LOS ANGELES - NIGHT (STOCK FROM PILOT) 1

The towers of downtown glittering in the night.

KOLCHAK (V.O.)

That if we could hear the music of  
the spheres, we could act in  
accordance with that order. Rather  
than **struggle** uselessly against it.

2 EXT. SUPERMARKET - NIGHT 2

We're LOW ANGLE on the deck of the parking lot, staring up at  
the modern store.

KOLCHAK (V.O.)

Nowadays, the lights of the city  
outshine those in the heavens...

SECURITY LIGHTS buzz overhead. It's mostly empty at this  
late hour, only a dozen or so cars in the lot, as --

(CONTINUED)

A GRAY LUXURY SUV

Breaks frame, coming to a stop near the front.

CLOSER - LEWIS PARKS

Steps out of the vehicle. In his 40s, balding and heavysset, he's dressed casually for a late-night errand. He absently clicks his KEY FOB on his way in.

HEADLIGHTS flash, LOCKS engage. *Ka-chunk.*

3 INT. SUPERMARKET - NIGHT 3

In CUTS: TABLOID MAGAZINES (the Daily Star) neatly arrayed. Waxy VEGETABLES and FRUIT, set in perfect stacks. Warholian rows of CANNED GOODS. The geometry of modern consumerism.

KOLCHAK (V.O.)  
... and the only stars most of us  
watch are the kind in magazines.

TRACKING WITH LEWIS, as he wheels his shopping cart, stopping to pick out ice cream in the freezer section. We RACK TO:

Another customer, STEVEN TEAGUE, pushing his cart in the other direction.

Steven and Lewis don't notice each other, and it's OK if we don't notice they bear a STRIKING RESEMBLANCE: Steven's also 40s, balding, heavysset, and casually dressed.

KOLCHAK (V.O.)  
But a **silent truth** remains...

ANGLE - THE CHECKOUT STAND

Steven puts his few items on the conveyor, among them, an issue of the Daily Star. The MANAGER rings him up, Steven standing idly by, glancing at...

A multi-colored DISPLAY of horoscope scrolls, rolled inside little plastic tubes. Steven studies the "Capricorn" tube, then tosses it on the conveyor, too. An impulse buy.

KOLCHAK (V.O.)  
That we are connected to the  
**infinite**. And that we ignore that  
connection... at our danger.

The Manager's done scanning his items. To Steven:

(CONTINUED)

MANAGER

Club card?

Steven forgot.

STEVEN

Ah, right...

Steven digs in his wallet, SLIDES it through the card reader.

CLOSE - REGISTER SCREEN: Below the list of items, a NUMBER appears: 60118934. Steven's savings toted for belonging to the market's "club."

And now we feature GEORGE CAWLEY, late 30s, who's been bagging Steven's items up to now.

We may sense he has the distant manner of an abled autistic. A person who lives inside his own head, rarely touching or looking at other people.

But now George looks from the register to Steven, thinking.

MANAGER

(to Steven)

That's \$27.42.

While Steven swipes his CREDIT CARD:

GEORGE

(pointedly, to Steven)

Plastic.

STEVEN

(not looking up)

Paper.

But George isn't bagging his items anymore. He's staring in Steven's direction. Something disturbing him. Repeating:

GEORGE

Plastic.

STEVEN

(good natured)

No... Paper. Please.

George still looks toward Steven. The Manager taking notice.

MANAGER

He said paper, George.

(CONTINUED)

GEORGE

Plastic.

George has a deeply troubled look on his face. The Manager hands Steven his receipt to sign, reaches for a paper bag himself.

MANAGER

(to Steven, apologetic)  
He's a little... slow.

GEORGE

(insistent)  
Plastic... Gray... Whale.

Steven looks uncomfortable. Doesn't know what to say to this intense, but seemingly nonsensical, remark. Then, repeating each word as a distinctly separate thought:

GEORGE

Plastic. Gray. Whale.

The Manager finishes bagging Steven's purchase, which he takes with some relief.

STEVEN

Thanks.

But before he can go, George stops him. Speaking with deep, heart-rending meaning.

GEORGE

You're... going to... die.

George GRIPS Steven's shirt. The Manager steps forward, pulling George away, shushing him as if he were a dog.

MANAGER

George!  
(to Steven)  
He doesn't mean it, sir. He  
doesn't know what he's saying.

Steven, disturbed nonetheless, swallows. Tries to rally an understanding attitude.

STEVEN

Right.

He takes his bag, heading off. The Manager's eyes scold George, who looks down, terribly worried.

4 EXT. SUPERMARKET - NIGHT - MOMENTS LATER 4

Steven walks outside, his mind still on this strange incident. He pulls a KEY FOB from his pocket and aims it at the gray luxury SUV we saw before.

We hear the familiar BEEP BEEP of an alarm disengaging, but when he tries the handle, the car is STILL LOCKED. Confused, he presses the fob again.

In the next row over, ANOTHER CAR FLASHES its HIGH BEAMS. Steven looks over, realizing he's at the wrong car.

He sighs and shakes his head at his mistake, about to go to his own gray luxury SUV, when --

REFLECTED IN THE GLASS, a FIGURE rises over Steven's shoulder, CLOSE BEHIND HIM. He sees this, starts to turn, when --

A PLASTIC BAG is LOOPED OVER HIS HEAD and PULLED TIGHT AGAINST HIS NECK.

In TIGHTLY FRAMED CUTS, we see: Steven's HANDS go to his throat, struggling. His BAG falls to the ground, groceries tumbling out. Steven's FEET kick, as he fights for his life. GLOVED HANDS pull tighter on the improvised garrote.

We get WIDER GLIMPSES of the violence in reflective surfaces: the side view mirror, the shiny dark hood of the car. Until:

With one final spasm, Steven whacks the driver's side door. The CAR ALARM explodes in the night as...

The Figure hurriedly exits, Steven's INERT BODY collapsing on the ground.

CLOSE - THE LITTLE HOROSCOPE TUBE rolls to a stop big in frame, unopened.

END OF TEASER

ACT ONE

5 EXT. SUPERMARKET - DAY

5

An n.d. FLEET SEDAN pulls to a stop outside the parking lot, PERRI REED and JAIN McMANUS exiting, mid-conversation. As they walk:

MCMANUS

And he didn't tell you what the story was?

REED

He said it was a homicide. A man strangled here last night.

MCMANUS

I know that's the story. I'm saying what's the story?

Reed smiles.

REED

You mean Kolchak's story?

MCMANUS

It can't just be simple homicide if he's interested. There's got to be something... weird about it.

REED

That's what makes life interesting, isn't it? The finding out.

As they exit PAST CAMERA:

ANGLE - CARL KOLCHAK

RISES into frame, studying last night's gray luxury SUV from outside a line of yellow POLICE TAPE.

The crime scene has been thoroughly investigated, only a FORENSICS EXPERT, a POLICE PHOTOGRAPHER, and a couple UNIFORMED COPS left at this hour. As Reed and McManus approach from behind:

REED

Good morning, Carl.

Kolchak turns, pleasant, but his mind clearly working. Focused on the mystery that he's discovered here.

(CONTINUED)

KOLCHAK

Morning.

MCMANUS

What do you have?

Kolchak's walking around the perimeter of the police tape, observing.

KOLCHAK

I don't know.

MCMANUS

(disappointed)

You don't know?

Reed consults her reporter's note pad.

REED

The police wire said this man, Steven Teague, 42, was strangled with a plastic grocery bag.

KOLCHAK

Outside another shopper's car. No witnesses, no security camera, no motive. Not yet anyway.

MCMANUS

(hopeful)

There's got to be something... weird about it.

KOLCHAK

Oh, there's something weird alright. "Plastic gray whale."

McManus looks to Reed. Confused by this.

REED

Plastic gray whale?

KOLCHAK

According to the police, a bag boy, George Cawley, told the victim he was going to die. Only moments later, he did.

REED

He was threatening him...?

KOLCHAK

Or warning him, possibly. It's not clear. Detective Tan is questioning him now.

MCMANUS

And how does "plastic gray whale" fit in?

KOLCHAK

Those are words he said to the victim before he told him he'd die.

REED

What do they have to do with anything?

KOLCHAK

I'm not sure. But...

McManus smiles to Reed, getting excited.

KOLCHAK

We know the victim was strangled with a plastic bag. "Plastic."  
(indicates car)  
And the car where he was attacked.  
Its color...

MCMANUS

(with growing interest)  
Gray...

Reed smiles, enjoying the game, but not really convinced.

REED

So where's the "whale?"

KOLCHAK

Check out the license plate.

Reed and McManus turn. The plate bears the frame, "I got a WHALE of a deal at OCEAN WAY MOTORS," with a WHALE logo.

MCMANUS

(impressed, excited)  
Plastic... gray... whale. Weird.

Kolchak looks to Reed.

(CONTINUED)

REED

Maybe you're right... But how could  
this bag boy have known? And why  
give the victim such obscure clues?

Kolchak sees Detective STEVEN TAN exiting the store, walking  
to his squad car.

KOLCHAK

I don't know.  
(to the Detective)  
Detective Tan.

Tan sighs. His wariness suggesting he's familiar with  
Kolchak, his strange questions. Doesn't like him. At all.  
He keeps walking, forcing them to follow.

TAN

Mr. Kolchak...  
(nothing against her)  
Perri. Been awhile.

REED

Detective.

KOLCHAK

Are you done questioning the bag  
boy, George Cawley?

TAN

You could say that, yes.

REED

Do you consider him a suspect?

TAN

No, I can't say we do.

Tan's practically smiling to himself as he says this. Some  
kind of hidden meaning behind his few words.

KOLCHAK

How do you explain his telling the  
victim he was going to die?

MCMANUS

And "plastic gray whale?"

Tan stops, regards them. A cat-swallowed-the-canary gleam in  
his eye.

(CONTINUED)

TAN

Why don't you go in and ask him  
yourself?

Off Reed, wondering at the Detective's attitude:

Drawn in a perfect script inside the printed boxes of a TIME  
CARD. Writing hours worked beside time stamps with precision  
and care, TOTALING HIS PAY for the week. We are:

INT. SUPERMARKET - EMPLOYEE BREAK ROOM - SHORT TIME LATER

Kolchak, Reed and McManus enter to find George sitting at a  
table, filling out his time card.

KOLCHAK

George Cawley?

George pointedly avoids eye contact.

REED

I'm Perri Reed, this is Carl  
Kolchak and Jain McManus. We're  
from the Los Angeles Beacon.

GEORGE

Punch out.

REED

Excuse me?

He rises, taking his time card to a PUNCH CLOCK. *Ka-chunk.*  
Still without making eye contact:

GEORGE

Punch out.

KOLCHAK

We'd like to ask you a few  
questions, Mr. Cawley.

GEORGE

OK.

KOLCHAK

You told the victim last night,  
Steven Teague, he was going to die.

George looks up, as though reading something imprinted on the  
air above their heads.

(CONTINUED)

GEORGE  
60118934.

Kolchak exchanges a look with Reed and McManus. This is odd.

KOLCHAK  
How did you know he was going to  
die?

MCMANUS  
And "plastic gray whale"...?

GEORGE  
Plastic gray whale. 60118934.

Another beat. It's become increasingly obvious to them what  
Detective Tan neglected to mention: George is autistic.

KOLCHAK  
(writing this down)  
6, 0, 1, 1 --

GEORGE  
8, 9, 3 4. 60118934. Plastic gray  
whale.

KOLCHAK  
"Gray whale" meant the car, didn't  
it, George? And "plastic" --

GEORGE  
-- 60118934. Plastic gray whale.

George goes to his locker, takes out a windbreaker. Getting  
ready to leave. Reed looks to Kolchak, who's obviously  
getting nowhere. She decides to try another tack.

As she approaches George's locker, she notices a PHOTOGRAPH,  
circa 1970, of a loving COUPLE. It's clipped inside the  
locker. She speaks kindly but without condescension.

REED  
I like your picture, George. Do  
you mind if I call you George?

GEORGE  
George. OK.

REED  
Who are they?

George looks down, thinking for a beat. Then:

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

GEORGE

They're waiting.

He says it with heartfelt simplicity, then tucks the photo inside his jacket. Reed wonders at his meaning.

ERIK (O.S.)

Who are you?

Kolchak, Reed and McManus turn to see ERIK CAWLEY, 30s. Solidly built, Erik has a blue-collar toughness about him. A man whose youth was spent burdened with responsibilities.

KOLCHAK

Carl Kolchak. I'm a reporter. You are -- ?

ERIK

Erik Cawley, George's brother.  
He's got nothing to say to you.  
(to his brother)  
C'mon, George.

George slams his locker shut, obeying.

REED

You heard what happened here last night?

ERIK

I heard.

KOLCHAK

If we could just ask --

Erik lets the door close behind him and George before Kolchak can finish. McManus looks to the others.

MCMANUS

I saw that one coming.

7

EXT. DOWNTOWN STREET - DAY

7

CLOSE ON the back of a figure, walking. We hear a CELL PHONE RINGING. A gloved hand reaches into a pocket, withdrawing the phone, bringing it to his ear.

(CONTINUED)

7 CONTINUED:

7

GLOVED MAN  
(into the phone)  
Yeah.

INTERCUT WITH:

8 INT. PARKS RESIDENCE - KITCHEN - DAY

8

CHERYL PARKS, late 30s, paces as she walks, talking in a low, insistent whisper. Her eyes locked on something o.s.

CHERYL  
You made a mistake.

WIDER to see LEWIS, the shopper from the Teaser. He's watching the game on TV.

LEWIS  
(shouting at TV)  
Aw... Idiots! Come on!

The Gloved Man's eyes betray nothing.

CHERYL  
(through the phone)  
Are you listening to me?

The Gloved Man's voice is even. Impassive.

GLOVED MAN  
You shouldn't be calling me.

Lewis gets up, heading toward the kitchen. Cheryl hurries to finish her call.

CHERYL  
Just meet me. The same place.

GLOVED MAN  
Yeah.

He hangs up the phone, pockets it.

Cheryl rings off as Lewis passes her on the way to the freezer, reaching for some of the ice cream he bought.

LEWIS  
Hey.

(CONTINUED)

CHERYL

Hey, honey. I thought maybe I'd go to the supermarket. See if the cops are done with your car.

LEWIS

You're gonna do something for me? You feelin' alright?

CHERYL

Be nice, Lewis. OK?

LEWIS

Yeah.

Lewis takes the carton and a spoon. His wife looking after him with concealed hatred, biting her lip:

9 INT. SUPERMARKET - DAY

9

George enters, wearing the same windbreaker as before. The Manager, bundling cash at a register, spots him coming in.

MANAGER

George. I didn't expect you to come in today.

GEORGE

3 p.m. to 12 a.m.

MANAGER

I know when you work, George. But the police kept you here all night. You could use some rest.

GEORGE

3 p.m. to 12 a.m.

The Manager nods slowly. Realizes it's useless to argue.

MANAGER

Right. OK. Go on.

George heads off. Cheryl enters, approaching.

CHERYL

I'm Mrs. Parks. I'm here for my husband's car.

Cheryl indicates the luxury SUV outside, still parked where we last saw it (the yellow police tape now gone).

(CONTINUED)

CHERYL

The police said they left the keys...?

MANAGER

Of course. Right this way.

ANGLE - THE MANAGER'S KIOSK

He takes KEYS from a drawer. A CLUB CARD dangles.

MANAGER

Here you go, Mrs. Parks.

As the Manager hands her the keys, we RACK FOCUS to... George, staring at the key chain.

MANAGER

How is your husband?

CHERYL

Fine, I guess. Who knows?

George approaches, never taking his eyes off the key chain.

GEORGE

60115317.

Not again. The Manager glances at George.

MANAGER

George...

GEORGE

Red. Miller. Plastic.

Cheryl looks to the Manager, frowning.

MANAGER

George! -- I'm so sorry, Mrs. Parks.

CHERYL

What does he want?

George isn't meeting her eyes, but his intensity grows.

GEORGE

60115317. Red... Miller...  
Plastic.

(CONTINUED)

MANAGER

George!

He grabs Cheryl's sleeve, speaking low.

GEORGE

You're going to die.

Cheryl stares at him, not so much freaked for herself, as disturbed by his behavior.

CHERYL

Get your hands off me!

MANAGER

Stop it, George! Let go!

Tears are shining in George's eyes. The Manager pulls George away. George REACTS to the Manager's touch.

MANAGER

I don't know what's got into him,  
Mrs. Parks --

CHERYL

Yeah.  
(under her breath)  
Freak.

She leaves. The Manager shakes his head at George, who watches Cheryl go. Off George, mouthing "red miller plastic" repetitively to himself:

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

10 INT. BEACON - NEWSROOM - DAY 10

CLOSE ON a COMPUTER SCREEN. An article as it's typed...

WIDER, Kolchak stops typing to search through stacks of NOTE PADS for his research.

REED

You finish the story?

KOLCHAK

I'm just about to send it to Vincenzo.

REED

What's the lead?

Kolchak quickly tabs up to the top of the story:

KOLCHAK

"Authorities are baffled by the strangulation death of a man in a supermarket parking lot Tuesday night."

REED

"Baffled?" Detective Tan's not going to like that.

KOLCHAK

It's true. He has no idea who killed that man, or why. You get anything?

REED

Just some human interest, for what it's worth.

She holds up a PHOTOCOPY of the victim's grocery receipt.

REED

The police released the victim's receipt. He bought a tabloid, a horoscope scroll, bread, a dozen eggs and orange juice.

KOLCHAK

His last breakfast?

REED

Which he never got a chance to eat.

(CONTINUED)

KOLCHAK

Maybe he should've read that horoscope.

REED

A lot of good that would've done.

KOLCHAK

It makes you think, though, doesn't it?

REED

What's that?

KOLCHAK

Today could be your last day, and you'd never know it.

REED

(ironic)

That's a happy thought.

KOLCHAK

I'm just saying, none of us knows what the future holds.

REED

True. For instance, I never would've guessed you'd leave that bagger out of your story. Or the "plastic gray whale."

KOLCHAK

That's because I'm not sure what it means yet. Or that number he repeated.

REED

I don't think the number means much.

KOLCHAK

Why not?

Reed hands Kolchak the copy of the receipt.

REED

Take a look at the bottom of the receipt --

KOLCHAK

(reads)

60118934.

REED

The victim's savings club card.  
That's the number George was  
repeating.

Kolchak thinks about this. It doesn't make a lot of sense.

KOLCHAK

Why would he do that?

REED

Does there have to be a reason?

KOLCHAK

There's a reason for everything.  
We just need to find what it is.

As Kolchak hits the "Send" button, we go:

The Manager finishes helping a CUSTOMER at the kiosk, looking  
up as Kolchak and Reed approach.

MANAGER

Can I help you?

KOLCHAK

I'm Carl Kolchak, this is Perri  
Reed, with the Los Angeles Beacon.

MANAGER

Reporters. Great.

The Manager sets off through the store, conducting business  
as he goes. Kolchak and Reed keep pace behind him.

KOLCHAK

We have a few questions.

MANAGER

I think we've had enough publicity.

KOLCHAK

It's not the murder itself we want  
to ask you about.

11 CONTINUED:

11

REED

It's your bagger, George Cawley.

The Manager shakes his head.

KOLCHAK

How do you explain what he said?

MANAGER

I can't -- nobody can. I think something went wrong in his head, that's all.

REED

I gather George is autistic.

MANAGER

(nods)

A savant, like "Rainman." Until last month, I had him in the back, doing inventory. He was better than any computer. He could just look and see the number.

KOLCHAK

What happened last month?

We push through swinging double doors, leading to:

A12 INT. SUPERMARKET - LOADING DOCK - DAY

A12

Kolchak and Reed continue behind the Manager, toward the loading dock, where a truck is being unloaded. A CRUSHER crushing boxes in b.g.

MANAGER

I felt bad, having him stuck back here all the time, so I transferred him to checkout. Big mistake.

KOLCHAK

When we spoke to George earlier, he kept repeating the victim's club card number --

A DRIVER presents the Manager with a document to sign. He scrawls his signature.

MANAGER

He's got some kind of photographic memory -- knows 'em all by heart.

(CONTINUED)

A12 CONTINUED:

A12

REED

Then that was something he'd done before? Repeating a customer's club card?

MANAGER

No, he'd never done it 'til I moved him out front. Now he's doing it all the time.

REED

What are you talking about?

MANAGER

He freaked out again this afternoon. I had to send him home.

KOLCHAK

What do you mean, "freaked out?"

MANAGER

This lady came in to pick up her husband's car. He starts repeating her club card number. Tells her she's gonna die, too.

Reed looks to Kolchak, troubled by this.

KOLCHAK

Did he say anything else? Any specific words?

MANAGER

Just nonsense. "Red... Miller... plastic," I think.

Kolchak is thinking...

KOLCHAK

(to the Manager)

We need this woman's name, sir.

Off the Manager, uncertain, we:

12 CLOSE ON - A TOKEN MACHINE

12

A woman's hand feeds a token into the slot. WIDER, we see we're:

EXT. GAS STATION CAR WASH - DAY

The luxury SUV sits at the mouth of the car wash. Cheryl behind the wheel.

INTERCUT:

A13 EXT. PARKS RESIDENCE - DAY A13

The FRONT DOOR opens, revealing Kolchak and Reed.

KOLCHAK  
Mr. Parks?

REVERSE - LEWIS

Stands at the door, mildly aggravated by the intrusion.

LEWIS  
What do you want?

KOLCHAK  
We're reporters. We'd like to speak to your wife.

He makes a "what, are you kidding?" face.

LEWIS  
You want to interview my wife?

13 EXT. GAS STATION CAR WASH - DAY - THE LUXURY SUV 13

CLOSE ON THE CAR'S FRONT TIRE, as it eases into the "correlator," rollers that allow the wheel of the car to slide sideways until it is aligned with the conveyor.

A14 EXT. PARKS RESIDENCE - DAY A14

Kolchak and Reed persist.

REED  
May we speak to her, Mr. Parks?

LEWIS  
No, you may not.

REED  
Why not?

(CONTINUED)

A14 CONTINUED: A14

LEWIS  
Because she's not here.

B14 INT. LUXURY SUV - DAY B14

Cheryl shifts into neutral, then looks toward the passenger door, being opened by:

A MAN who slides in beside her. He's got a hard face, dull eyes, and GLOVED HANDS. If we didn't recognize him before, we know now it's the Gloved Man.

Cheryl doesn't look surprised or alarmed to see him. He's evidently come here for a private meeting.

As the CONVEYOR pulls the car forward:

C14 EXT. PARKS RESIDENCE - DAY C14

KOLCHAK  
Can you tell us where she is?

LEWIS  
What's this about?

REED  
It's about something that happened when she got your car this afternoon --

LEWIS  
Did that dumb broad bang up my car again?

REED  
No, Mr. Parks. Your car is fine.

D14 INT. LUXURY SUV - DAY D14

The car wash mechanism clicks ON. An ARRAY OF NOZZLES SPRAY, soaking the outside of the car. As WATER RAINS DOWN ON THE WINDSHIELD:

The Gloved Man looks at the FAST-FOOD BAGS, NAPKINS AND PLASTIC UTENSILS strewn inside the car.

GLOVED MAN  
This car's a mess.

(CONTINUED)

D14 CONTINUED:

D14

CHERYL

Because my husband's a pig. Do you have any idea what you did last night?

The Gloved Man turns to her, impassive.

GLOVED MAN

I followed your instructions.

CHERYL

You killed the wrong man!

Cheryl is deeply upset, but the Gloved Man is unperturbed.

GLOVED MAN

You said overweight, 40s, balding, drives a gray SUV.

CHERYL

You think there's only one bald, fat guy in L.A.?

OUTSIDE, the CAR passes through the MITTER CURTAIN, long, soft strips of fabric swaying back and forth.

E14 EXT. PARK RESIDENCE - DAY

E14

LEWIS

Well, I don't know where she went, so I can't help you.

Lewis begins closing the door, Reed stops him.

REED

You have no idea -- ?

LEWIS

Read my lips, OK, lady?

Reed looks to Kolchak. This guy's an ass.

F14 INT. LUXURY SUV - DAY

F14

The MITTER CURTAIN peels back off the windshield.

GLOVED MAN

He was at your car, gimme a break.

(CONTINUED)

F14

CONTINUED:

F14

The VERTICAL SCRUBBERS begin SWIRLING AND BRUSHING against the car, LOUD.

CHERYL

You need to fix it.

GLOVED MAN

Then you need to pay me.

CHERYL

Pay you?!

CHERYL (CONT'D)

I already paid you.

GLOVED MAN

One payment, one job. You want another job, you pay me again.

CHERYL

You didn't do the job! That sonofabitch is still alive!

GLOVED MAN

Not my problem.

G14

EXT. PARKS RESIDENCE - DAY

G14

KOLCHAK

What about the words, "red miller plastic," Mr. Parks?

LEWIS

Excuse me?

KOLCHAK

"Red Miller plastic?" Does that mean anything to you?

H14

INT. LUXURY SUV - DAY

H14

A final set of mitter curtains part.

CHERYL

I can't live like this. So, you're gonna do what I paid you to do.

The Gloved Man stares at her. Like he could give a shit.

CHERYL

Or maybe the cops will get an anonymous tip. Yeah, you heard me.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)



I14

CONTINUED:

I14

REED

That was a complete waste of time.

KOLCHAK

Maybe not.

Off Reed, wondering what Kolchak's thinking...

J14

EXT. GAS STATION CAR WASH - DAY

J14

The SUV rolls out of the car wash, the cycle complete. Still in neutral, it DRIFTS a few yards, then stops.

A car wash ATTENDANT, seeing this, turns and goes to the car.

ANGLE - THE CAR

Cheryl's head is still slumped against the driver's window. From outside, it looks like she's fallen asleep.

The Attendant TAPS on the glass. Getting no answer, he OPENS THE DOOR.

Cheryl's LIFELESS BODY slumps out, her hand flopping toward the door. BLOOD DRIPS past her wedding ring down her fingers, MINGLING with the SOAP AND WATER on the ground.

The Gloved Man is long gone.

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE

14 INT. BEACON - NEWSROOM - NIGHT 14

Kolchak approaches Reed's desk, where she's just hanging up the phone. \*

KOLCHAK

I got a lead on Cheryl Parks. She keeps a steady appointment with a manicurist -- \*

Reed looks up. Her manner grim. \*

REED

She's not there.

KOLCHAK

How do you know? \*

REED

That was Jain. Mrs. Parks was found dead in a car wash. Driving her husband's car. \*

Kolchak sighs. Disappointed they were unable to save Cheryl. Off this, we GO: \*

CLOSE - CRIME SCENE PHOTOS

Various angles on the LUXURY SUV parked outside the car wash... the TARP-COVERED BODY of Cheryl Parks. We're:

15 INT. BEACON - PHOTO DEPARTMENT - NIGHT 15

KOLCHAK AND REED

Examine them. McManus passing on more photos --

MCMANUS

It was just like you said. This guy Parks' wife, Cheryl, stabbed in the throat with a plastic knife --

REED

(significantly)  
Plastic...

McManus hands them a PHOTO of the car wash, its lights.

MCMANUS

Inside a car wash with red indicator lights.

(CONTINUED)

REED

And Miller?

McManus hands her another photo, showing --

MCMANUS

The brand name of the wash  
equipment.

McManus goes back to his computer station, sets to work on  
something.

REED

I have to admit, it seems too  
incredible to be a coincidence.

KOLCHAK

George knew both of these deaths  
would happen, before they happened.

REED

How can we prove that?

KOLCHAK

By going back to the first murder  
in the supermarket parking lot.

REED

What about it?

KOLCHAK

I realized it after we went to  
Parks' house looking for his wife.

MCMANUS

(at the monitor)  
Hey Kolchak, I got it!

They cross to McManus' computer monitors, seeing... DMV  
PHOTOS of both Steven Teague and Lewis Parks.

KOLCHAK

Notice something?

REED

This is Cheryl Parks' husband and the  
guy who was killed in the parking lot.  
They look alike.

KOLCHAK

(reads from screen)

Same age, same build, and that's  
not all. They even drove the same  
make and model car.

(CONTINUED)

MCMANUS

So what's the point?

KOLCHAK

I think our victim was in the wrong place, at the wrong time.

We FLASH TO: *Lewis passing Steven in the frozen-foods section... realizing he's at the wrong car in the parking lot... the plastic bag looping around his neck.*

REED

The authorities can't find a motive for killing this man because --

KOLCHAK

There isn't one. He died because he was mistaken for someone else.

MCMANUS

Whoever killed him must not have known his intended victim too well. To make a mistake like that.

KOLCHAK

It's possible George might have overheard someone was about to be killed. But how could he have known it would be the wrong man?

REED

Unless...?

KOLCHAK

Unless he can see the future. He's psychic.

Off Reed, intrigued:

Kolchak and Reed approach Detective Tan, selecting something from a vending machine.

KOLCHAK

Detective Tan.

Tan looks up.

TAN

Mr. Kolchak... I read your story in the Beacon this morning. You come here to un-"baffle" me?

KOLCHAK

We think we may have insight into these murders at the supermarket and the car wash.

TAN

Is that right?

REED

We think the first victim was killed by mistake. That the intended target was Lewis Parks, the husband of the woman killed at the car wash.

Tan's eyes narrow, studying the both of them. He doesn't seem surprised. Only surprised, perhaps, that they know it.

TAN

You're right.

REED

We are?

TAN

Turns out Mrs. Parks had taken out \$10,000 from her ATM over the past 8 weeks.

REED

What for?

TAN

We think she paid someone to kill her husband, Lewis.

REED

Have you established motive?

TAN

She signed a pre-nup. If she divorced him, she'd be left high and dry.

KOLCHAK

So your suspect? He's a hit man?

(CONTINUED)

TAN

(nods)

She wasn't too careful. Called a lot of low-lives the last few weeks. We got a few names we're working.

(beat)

So how did you know?

Reed and Kolchak exchange a look.

KOLCHAK

George Cawley. The bagger from the supermarket. He predicted both deaths.

TAN

Predicted?

KOLCHAK

You can't tell me you've never used a police psychic before?

TAN

Yeah, but, c'mon, Kolchak...

KOLCHAK

You want to find the killer, Detective? Isn't it worth at least asking for his help?

Off Tan, reluctant:

Sits into frame, a distant look in his eyes. We're:

INT. POLICE PRECINCT - INTERROGATION ROOM - DAY

Detective Tan stands over George, who sits at a small metal table, a "SIX-PACK" of MUG SHOTS set in front of him.

TAN

This is real easy, George. We're going to show you a bunch of pictures, OK? These are all men who have been in prison before. They may or may not have had anything to do with these deaths. But if you respond to any of them for any reason, just point, OK?

George answers without looking up.

GEORGE

OK.

MATCH CUT TO:

A18 INT. POLICE PRECINCT - OBSERVATION ROOM - DAY A18

A TWO-WAY MIRROR

Showing Tan flipping through the six-pack, each card a different photo array of six different suspects.

TAN

Take your time, George. I'm in no hurry.

WIDER, we reveal Kolchak and Reed watching through the mirror. As George studies the photos, Reed notices through the door...

ERIK CAWLEY, George's brother, seated on a bench just outside. She leaves Kolchak, moving toward him.

B18 INT. POLICE PRECINCT - HALLWAY - DAY B18

ANGLE - ERIK

Looks to the floor, deep in his own thoughts.

REED

Mr. Cawley?

Erik glances up, seeing Reed. He remembers her from before.

ERIK

Ms. Reed, right?

REED

Thank you for bringing in your brother.

ERIK

Yeah, sure. I can tell you right now, this is a lot of nothin'.

REED

Why do you say that?

(CONTINUED)

ERIK

My brother can't tell you what's going to happen. He can't tell you much of anything, really.

REED

We believe he may have said some pretty extraordinary things the last couple days.

ERIK

Random words. He says 'em all the time. Nobody ever tried to read anything into 'em, that's all.

We INTERCUT: George, looking at the various photos with interest. Then, without looking up:

GEORGE

Turn the page.

Tan turns the page, Kolchak watching through the mirror:

REED

George lives with you?

ERIK

Yeah. Always has.

REED

It must be hard for you, taking care of him.

ERIK

That's not the hard part. It's the not knowing.

REED

Not knowing...?

ERIK

Who he is. Really.

(beat)

They say George feels emotion, but you know he won't let anybody touch him? I've never even seen him smile.

ANGLE - THE INTERROGATION ROOM

GEORGE

Turn the page.

(CONTINUED)

B18 CONTINUED: (2)

B18

As Tan does, we go CLOSE ON THE SIX-PACK, featuring a familiar face. A MUG SHOT of THE GLOVED MAN. Kolchak watches as George stares at the face, studying it:

RESUME - ERIK AND REED

Sitting in the hallway.

REED

I think your brother's a pretty remarkable person. Whether he can see the future or not.

ERIK

Yeah. Still, I'd like to believe you're right. About George being able to see things.

REED

It would be an incredible gift.

ERIK

It would be more than that. It would mean there's a reason. A reason George was born this way.

CLOSE - GEORGE

Studying the face of the Gloved Man. His eyes darting back and forth. But whether there is a glimmer of recognition in those eyes, we can't say for sure. SLIGHT TIME CUT TO:

ANGLE - THE INTERROGATION ROOM

The door is opened, Detective Tan stepping out. Making way for George. Reed and Erik look up, as Kolchak comes over from the observation room.

TAN

(to Erik)

I appreciate your bringing him in, Mr. Cawley.

ERIK

No luck?

TAN

Not this time. But thank you.

Just what Erik thought.

(CONTINUED)

B18 CONTINUED: (3)

B18

ERIK

Yeah. C'mon, George.

Erik leads George down the hall, Reed looking after them. Knowing the disappointment Erik must be feeling. Tan turns to Kolchak.

TAN

(dry)

And thank you, Mr. Kolchak...  
you've been a big help.

Tan goes off, Reed looking to Kolchak, chagrined.

END OF ACT THREE

ACT FOUR

18 INT. BEACON - NEWSROOM - NIGHT

18

Kolchak is at his desk, working, as Reed approaches.

REED

You still think George is some kind of psychic, don't you?

KOLCHAK

I don't know why George couldn't ID those mug shots. But his other predictions remain.

Reed sits on his desk.

REED

OK. Here's the one thing that doesn't make sense.

Kolchak smiles.

KOLCHAK

The "one" thing...?

Reed smiles back.

REED

The main thing. If George can predict the future -- can see details about what's going to happen next -- that means the future already exists, right? I mean, how else could he see it?

KOLCHAK

I've been asking myself the same question.

Kolchak picks up a book from his desk. ALBERT EINSTEIN's face on the cover.

KOLCHAK

You ever read Einstein?

REED

(smiles)  
I'm a little rusty.

(CONTINUED)

KOLCHAK

Me, too. But Einstein said space and time exist in a continuum, which means the future exists -- as does the present and the past -- on a plane we can't perceive.

REED

So that means everything that's going to happen has already happened...?

KOLCHAK

That's one of way saying it.

REED

So then George's gift can't really be used to change anything? Because the future already exists?

KOLCHAK

In theory. A little discouraging, isn't it?

REED

Yeah.

Reed thinks a beat longer. Then:

REED

I guess we have to try to change fate, anyway.

KOLCHAK

And why is that?

REED

Because trying's what makes us human.

Kolchak looks at Reed, struck by the profundity of this. Smiling.

REED

(not sure why)  
What?

KOLCHAK

Just appreciating you, that's all.

Reed smiles back, a moment shared between them, then broken by the RINGING of his phone.

(CONTINUED)

KOLCHAK

Kolchak.

(beat)

OK. Sure. We'll be right there.

Kolchak hangs up.

REED

Who was that?

(CONTINUED)

18 CONTINUED: (3)

18

KOLCHAK

Erik Cawley's wife. She wants to help us with our story.

Off Reed, surprised by this:

19 INT. CAWLEY HOUSE - STAIRS - NIGHT

19

George's sister-in-law, MARLA CAWLEY, 30s, trudges up the stairs, Kolchak and Reed behind.

REED

We were surprised to get your call, Mrs. Cawley.

MARLA

Yeah, well, Erik said you all thought Georgie might have a gift --

KOLCHAK

That's right.

MARLA

If he does, then we want to do our part. For science and all.

She doesn't sound terribly convincing.

20 INT. CAWLEY HOUSE - GEORGE'S ROOM - CONTINUOUS

20

George sits in a straight back chair, staring out the window. Marla enters behind him with Kolchak and Reed.

MARLA

Georgie. The reporters are here.

George doesn't answer. Marla looks apologetic.

MARLA

He doesn't have much in the way of manners --

REED

We understand.

The room is spartan. A twin bed, a bookshelf lined with loose-leaf binders, a small desk. ASTRONOMICAL CHARTS are neatly taped above it.

(CONTINUED)

MARLA

He's dumb as a brick in a lot of ways. But when it comes to numbers, let me tell you --

KOLCHAK

We understand he's good at math...

MARLA

Oh yes... and not just that.

(to Reed)

Take a look around, Ms. Reed.

Whatever you need.

(back to Kolchak)

Watch this. Georgie... August 8, 2006.

GEORGE

Tuesday.

MARLA

What'd I tell you? How about this one? November 4, 2012.

GEORGE

Sunday. No work on Sunday.

MARLA

(proudly)

See there. Check it in a calendar.

He's got it all right there in his head.

Reed kneels down beside George. She follows his gaze out the window. He's looking up at the night sky.

REED

George, I'm Perri. We met before at the supermarket. Do you remember?

GEORGE

Punch out.

REED

Right. Punch out...

Reed notices the faded picture of the couple from George's locker. Propped up on a table beside him.

REED

There's that picture again.

(CONTINUED)

MARLA

Those were his parents. They died  
when Erik and George were young.

REED

May I ask what happened?

MARLA

House fire. The boys were away,  
visiting their grandparents.

GEORGE

They're waiting.

The way George says it -- blankly -- you can't tell what he's  
referring to.

REED

George... you said that before.  
What does it mean?

George doesn't answer.

MARLA

Drive yourself crazy trying to make  
sense of most of what he says.

Kolchak is staring at an astronomical chart on the wall.

KOLCHAK

George is interested in astronomy?

MARLA

Like I say, anything to do with  
numbers. He writes 'em all down in  
his notebooks.

Kolchak removes a notebook from the bookshelf, FLIPS through  
it. It's filled with MATHEMATICAL EQUATIONS and PLANETARY  
SYMBOLS.

KOLCHAK

George, would you mind if I  
borrowed this?

MARLA

He doesn't mind, Mr. Kolchak. You  
go right ahead.

Off Kolchak and Reed, feeling increasingly uncomfortable  
about all this:

21 INT. CAWLEY HOUSE - STAIRS - NIGHT

21

Marla leads Kolchak and Reed back downstairs, Kolchak holding George's notebook in hand.

MARLA

Listen, I think you're onto something with this prediction stuff. I do. A few Sundays ago, I'm thinking to myself, I oughta make pancakes. Out of the blue, Georgie says "maple syrup." And when I went to find the syrup, lo and behold, we were out. I had to make a trip to the store.

KOLCHAK

Impressive...

MARLA

Isn't it, though?

Reaching the front door:

MARLA

So when's the article going to appear?

REED

The article?

MARLA

You're reporters. You're going to write an article about Georgie, aren't you? His gift?

KOLCHAK

I'm not sure we are, Mrs. Cawley. Not just yet.

MARLA

Well, heaven sake, why not?

REED

We need some more facts first.

MARLA

Facts, huh...

She looks disappointed, thinking about this.

(CONTINUED)

21 CONTINUED:

21

REED

Mrs. Cawley, does your husband know we're here?

MARLA

Erik wouldn't approve. But I figure we've done and done for Georgie, it's time he did for us.

REED

I'm not sure I follow, Mrs. Cawley.

MARLA

If Georgie has the gift you say he does, it's gotta be worth something, right? People might come, pay to hear what he says. About the lottery and such.

KOLCHAK

Thank you for your help, Mrs. Cawley.

But Marla seems less friendly now. Troubled they aren't writing a story. At their insistence upon "facts."

MARLA

Yeah.

As Kolchak and Reed exit, we HOLD ON Marla, thinking.

22 OMITTED

22

23 INT. BEACON - RESEARCH DESK - DAY

23

Reed approaches Kolchak, who's got REFERENCE BOOKS spread out on the table, as well as George's notebook.

REED

I just spoke with Detective Tan. He says they've identified a suspect Mrs. Parks contacted. Someone George couldn't identify.

KOLCHAK

I think I may know why not.

REED

Why?

Kolchak stands, indicating the notebook.

(CONTINUED)

KOLCHAK

This notebook, it's full of numeric calculations. The alignment and orbit of the planets, the stars, the moons --

REED

Yeah, he had astronomical charts all over his room. He studies the stars.

KOLCHAK

That's how he's doing it. He's not psychic at all. I think he's reading these people's horoscopes.

REED

Kolchak, I read my horoscope every morning. It's never that specific.

KOLCHAK

It might be if George was the one writing it. Astrologers are interpreters -- they take raw numerical data about the stars and translate it into predictions. What if George, because of his unique mind, is able to translate it more accurately than anyone else?

REED

OK. But how does he even know these people's birth dates?

KOLCHAK

They'd given that information when they applied for their club cards. When he remembered their club card number, he remembered their birth date. When he remembered their birth date, he saw their future --

McManus enters, carrying a folded tabloid in his hand.

MCMANUS

Hey. I got some bad news.

REED

What?

(CONTINUED)

## MCMANUS

Your story about George telling the future? You got scooped.

McManus sets down a copy of an Enquirer-type tabloid, the Daily Star, a picture of George splashed across the front page, along with the headline "THE MAN WHO KNEW TOO MUCH." A sub-head reads: "Sister-in-Law Confirms Bagger Foresaw Bloody Murders."

Off Kolchak, looking to Reed:

A24

INT. CAWLEY HOUSE - GEORGE'S ROOM - DAY

A24

George sits at his window, the PHOTO of his parents in hand. O.S., the sound of Marla and Erik arguing downstairs (see POCKET DIALOGUE). His eyes are vacant -- we can't tell what, if any, emotion he feels about all this.

After a moment, the arguing stops and George's door is opened by Erik. He's still upset from his fight with his wife, and holds a copy of the tabloid in his hand.

## ERIK

I'm sorry about this, George. Marla shouldn't have done it. You're not some kind of circus act -- you're my brother. But money's tight, you know, and I guess she thought... I don't know what she thought. It doesn't matter.

His back's to his brother, but we see George's eyes go in his direction. Erik takes a seat beside him, setting down the tabloid. He notices the photo George holds.

## ERIK

You remember the day they had that picture taken?

## GEORGE

July 27, 1970. Saturday.

## ERIK

No, George. That's my birthday. This was for their anniversary.

## GEORGE

They're waiting.

Erik regards his brother. The mystery of him. He has no idea why he keeps saying that phrase, but offers a guess.

(CONTINUED)

ERIK

I know you miss them. I do, too.

(beat)

George, I want you to know you got nothing to be afraid of. I'm always gonna be here for you, OK? I'll always take care of you. You know that, right?

George lowers his head. Erik raises a hand, wanting to touch his brother's shoulder. But knowing he can't. When, softly:

GEORGE

Plastic...

ERIK

Plastic? What's plastic, George?

GEORGE

Plastic. Plastic. Dark.  
Baseball.

ERIK

I'm sorry I don't understand you, buddy --

GEORGE

Plastic dark baseball.

Erik stares at his brother, at a loss. Wondering why he's saying this.

GEORGE

Plastic dark baseball. You're going to die.

Then George rises, going to his desk, leaving Erik staring after him, feeling like he's been punched in the stomach. Not knowing what to make of this disturbing warning, as:

END OF ACT FOUR

ACT FIVE

24 EXT. STREET - DAY

24

A NEWSSTAND filled with glossies. The Gloved Man reads a SPORTS BETTING MAGAZINE when he stops, noticing... The Daily Star tabloid featuring George on the cover.

The Gloved Man picks it up, scans the headline -- "The Man Who Knew Too Much" -- with growing unease, then opens it. WORDS, IMAGES in the story registering:

CLOSE - THE PAPER. *"Amazing gift to fight crime"... "helping detectives identify a suspect."* PHOTOGRAPHS of GEORGE in his room.

CLOSE - THE GLOVED MAN

Swallowing. Silently unnerved.

ANGLE - THROUGH THE WINDSHIELD OF A MOVING SQUAD CAR

We see the Gloved Man standing at the curb, racking focus to... a MUG PHOTO of the Gloved Man on a dashboard laptop.

RESUME - THE GLOVED MAN

Looking up from the tabloid to see a SQUAD CAR PULL to a stop at the curb.

The Gloved Man turns away from the Squad Car, and begins to walk away with false, but determined, casualness.

The lights of the Squad Car FLASH. The Gloved Man picks up his pace. The Cop exits the Squad Car.

COP

Sir, stop right there.

But, the Gloved Man breaks into a sprint. The cop successfully tackles him to the ground, making quick work of CUFFING his hands behind his back.

COP

You're under arrest. Suspicion of murder.

GLOVED MAN

How'd you find me? How'd you find me?

(CONTINUED)

24 CONTINUED:

24

The Cop pulls the Gloved Man to his feet, escorting him to the squad car.

CLOSE ON the Gloved Man's CUFFED WRISTS. With his right hand, the Gloved Man -- slowly, impossibly -- TWISTS HIS LEFT HAND 360 DEGREES. It completely DETACHES. It's a prosthetic hand, PLASTIC.

On the unsuspecting cop, speaking into his car radio.

COP

Unit two. Suspect in custody.

Behind him, the Gloved Man, makes a move for the cop's gun, ripping it from its holster. The cop spins...

COP'S POV: As the gun fires at CAMERA. Off this:

25 - 27 OMITTED

25 - 27

28 EXT. CAWLEY HOUSE - NIGHT

28

Kolchak's Mustang pulls to a stop on the street. Kolchak and Reed crossing to find... Erik and George, unloading groceries from the car.

REED

Mr. Cawley? May we have a word?

(beat)

Hey, George.

George cocks his head, but it's hard to tell whether he's acknowledging Reed or not. Erik turns to him.

ERIK

George. Go on inside.

George does as he's told. Erik turning back to face them.

ERIK

What is it you want?

REED

It's about the story your wife gave to that tabloid --

ERIK

She shouldn't have done that. She knows that now. We just want to be left alone.

(CONTINUED)

KOLCHAK

That may not be so easy.

ERIK

Why not?

KOLCHAK

The police have identified a suspect in these deaths George predicted.

REED

An ex-con by the name of Jonas Weems. Apparently, he scrapes out a living killing people for hire.

ERIK

If they know who he is, they can arrest him.

KOLCHAK

They tried. He shot a police officer and narrowly escaped.

(beat)

It's possible he could have seen the story that identified George.

ERIK

You think he'd come after him?

KOLCHAK

If he believes George is helping the police find him, he just might.

Erik digests this, thinking about what George said to him before.

KOLCHAK

I know George wasn't able to pick his face out of the mug book, but George has a way of identifying this man.

REED

He said "plastic" when warning the first two victims. We've learned the suspect has a prosthetic hand.

KOLCHAK

And wears a plastic sleeve over it.

On Eric, newly concerned.

(CONTINUED)

ERIK

Last night, George said something to me as we were leaving the police station. "Dark baseball plastic."

(beat)

He said I was going to die.

In spite of himself, Erik's a little rattled by this.

KOLCHAK

Mr. Cawley, I think you should get your wife and brother out of here.

ERIK

I'm not going anywhere. The police would have contacted me if there were any real danger.

KOLCHAK

Maybe I'm scaring you for nothing, but your brother successfully predicted two deaths this week. I don't want you to be the third.

ERIK

Those tabloids are full of crazy stories, Mr. Kolchak. I appreciate your concern, but I think we're fine.

Erik goes, leaving a troubled Kolchak and Reed looking after him:

Kolchak and Reed head back to his Mustang.

REED

What do you think we should do?

KOLCHAK

Call Detective Tan. See if he'll put a surveillance car on.

REED

And if he won't?

KOLCHAK

George's other predictions came true within 24 hours. We may not have long to wait to see if this one does, too.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

UNKNOWN POV - FROM THE SIDE OF THE HOUSE

Of Kolchak and Reed, getting into the Mustang. WE ANGLE OVER to reveal... the Gloved Man, lurking unseen. Watching them. As he exits frame:

END OF ACT FIVE

ACT SIX

30 INT. MUSTANG - NIGHT 30

Reed and Kolchak sit, keeping a watchful eye on...

THEIR POV: Across the street, the Cawley house. A PORCH LIGHT shines.

RESUME - REED

Checks the time on her WRISTWATCH. She's anxious.

REED

Here we are, waiting on pins and needles. When if you're right, it's already decided, isn't it?  
(off Kolchak's look)  
What happens, who lives, who dies.  
It's all written in the stars.

Kolchak gives her a little smile.

31 INT. CAWLEY HOUSE - GEORGE'S ROOM - SAME TIME 31

A NIGHT LIGHT glows near George's bed. He lies there, awake. His mind can't rest, knowing his brother's fate.

GEORGE

(soft, to himself)  
Dark, baseball, plastic --

32 EXT. CAWLEY HOUSE - CONTINUOUS 32

At a UTILITY BOX, the Gloved Man FLIPS SWITCHES, CUTTING POWER.

33 INT. CAWLEY HOUSE - GEORGE'S ROOM - SAME TIME 33

George turns to look at his NIGHT LIGHT, moments before... IT GOES OUT. From the darkness...

GEORGE

(a whisper)  
Dark. Dark, baseball, plastic...

INTERCUT:

34 EXT. CAWLEY HOUSE - NIGHT 34

The Gloved Man steals to the back of the house.

35 INT. CAWLEY HOUSE - ERIK & MARLA'S BEDROOM - NIGHT 35

The room is DARK. Marla sleeps, while beside her, Erik is too uneasy to close his eyes. Perhaps our reporters got through to him, after all.

36 INT. MUSTANG - NIGHT 36

Kolchak stares off toward the house.

KOLCHAK

Was that porch light just on a second ago?

From HIS POV, we see it has indeed gone DARK.

REED

Maybe it's on a timer?

They exchange a look. Neither believes that in their gut.

KOLCHAK

Maybe... or maybe this is what George meant when he said "dark."

Reed looks to Kolchak. She's not going to risk it. They exit the car, Reed dialing her cell as Kolchak goes to the trunk, GRABBING FLASHLIGHTS.

As they hasten toward the front door of the Cawley house:

37 EXT. CAWLEY HOUSE - BACK DOOR 37

The Gloved Man expertly JIMMIES THE DOOR OPEN, using a lock-pick device. A QUIET UNLATCHING, and he's in.

38 EXT. CAWLEY HOUSE - FRONT DOOR 38

Kolchak and Reed RAP LOUDLY on the door.

39 INT. CAWLEY HOUSE - BEDROOM - SAME TIME 39

Marla awakens to Reed's KNOCKING.

MARLA

Who is that?

She sits up, tries a LAMP. Nothing. Blackness.

MARLA

The light's not working.

(CONTINUED)

39 CONTINUED: 39

Erik's face expresses his mounting concern.

40 INT. CAWLEY HOUSE - KITCHEN 40

The Gloved Man pulls a long, sharp KNIFE from a KNIFE BLOCK. The O.S. sound of Reed's POUNDING, prompts him to move on.

41 INT. CAWLEY HOUSE - ERIK & MARLA'S BEDROOM 41

Erik gets out of bed. Flips the LIGHT SWITCH. Nothing.

MARLA (CONT'D)

Erik...

ERIK

It's OK. Answer the door. I'm gonna go check on George.

As Erik exits the room, we go:

CLOSE - A BASEBALL BAT

Beside his bed. As he lifts it out of frame:

42 INT. CAWLEY HOUSE - GEORGE'S ROOM - SAME TIME 42

George stares at the ceiling. Under his breath:

GEORGE

Baseball. Dark, baseball, plastic. Plastic.

43 INT. CAWLEY HOUSE - DOWNSTAIRS - MOMENTS LATER 43

CLOSE ON THE GLOVED MAN'S ARTIFICIAL HAND. Plastic.

As soon as Marla is downstairs and out of sight, the Gloved Man ascends the staircase.

44 INT. CAWLEY HOUSE - ENTRY 44

Marla opens the front door to find Reed and Kolchak.

KOLCHAK

(urgent)

You need to get out of the house --

MARLA

What are you talking about?

REED

We think you're in danger --

(CONTINUED)

44

CONTINUED:

44

KOLCHAK

-- Your power's been cut --

45

INT. CAWLEY HOUSE - GEORGE'S ROOM

45

Erik enters. He motions to George to keep quiet.

ERIK

(a whisper)

George, we're gonna play a game.  
Hide and seek, OK?

GEORGE

OK.

Erik guides George into a CLOSET, the door of which is already OPEN.

ERIK

You hide in here and I'll come find  
you.

GEORGE

Dark. Dark, baseball, plastic.

ERIK

I know. Now you go hide. I'll  
start counting. One... two...  
three...

George closes his eyes and starts quietly continuing the count. Erik tightens his grip on the baseball bat, turning to the door, preparing to defend his brother's life, as George CLOSES the closet door.

REVEAL THE GLOVED MAN. He's already in the room, hiding. And now his sights are set on an unsuspecting Erik, his back turned to him. As the Gloved Man grips the knife tightly:

46

INT. CAWLEY HOUSE - DOWNSTAIRS

46

KOLCHAK

Where's your husband?

MARLA

Upstairs, why?

As Kolchak and Reed push past her:

47 INT. CAWLEY HOUSE - GEORGE'S ROOM 47

Just behind Erik, the Gloved Man holds the knife aloft, poised to strike, as --

George BURSTS from the closet, leaping onto the Gloved Man.

Erik turns at the fracas.

ERIK

George!

He rushes forward with the bat.

ANGLE - THE DOOR TO GEORGE'S ROOM

Kolchak and Reed appear as -- *CRACK!* Erik strikes the Gloved Man hard with the bat, knocking him to the ground.

At the doorway, Reed and Marla are overwhelmed with relief, as Erik crosses to his brother, rousing him.

ERIK

George.

GEORGE

Erik.

ERIK

It's OK, George. You're OK.

George rises stiffly, a strange look on his face. A smile. Erik looks confused, then shocked as... GEORGE EMBRACES HIM. Erik stands there, too stunned to respond at first.

Reed and Kolchak moved, as Erik reciprocates his brother's embrace. Putting his arms around him. Swallowing back his own emotion.

Only now a look of horror and confusion spreads across his face. He takes his hands away from George, seeing his fingers WET WITH BLOOD.

ERIK

Oh my god. No!

Erik looks into George's eyes. His brother's face is pale, drained of blood. George collapses to the floor, revealing a BLOODY PATCH IN HIS BACK. Only now realizing... he's been stabbed.

Erik falls to his knees, overcome with emotion.

(CONTINUED)

47 CONTINUED:

47

ERIK  
No, God! No...

He holds his brother, but he's dying fast. There's nothing anyone can do to change it. We hear the sound of DISTANT SIRENS, growing louder:

48 EXT. CAWLEY HOUSE - NIGHT

48

Now a crime scene. A SQUAD CAR departs, with the Gloved Man in custody. GEORGE'S BODY is wheeled away. REVEAL Kolchak, somber. He exchanges a look with Detective Tan, as Tan joins Erik and Marla at the front door.

ANGLE ON Reed leaning against the Mustang. Kolchak joins her. They're both silent for a long time. Then:

REED  
You think we were wrong? About George being able to read the stars?

KOLCHAK  
I don't.

REED  
Then why did he die? Why not Erik?

KOLCHAK  
George tried to change fate. And I think, somehow... he did.

Reed looks at Kolchak, then turns her head skyward, looking up at the night. From her POV, we see the infinite field of stars, shining brightly.

OVER THIS:

KOLCHAK (V.O.)  
TBW.

49 INT. CAWLEY HOUSE - GEORGE'S ROOM - NIGHT

49

HARD CUTS of George's possessions: his grocery store NAME TAG... his NOTEBOOK, opened to thousands of NUMERICAL NOTATIONS... and the PHOTO of his parents. No longer waiting.

KOLCHAK  
TBW.

THE END

POCKET DIALOGUE

SCENE A24

ERIK

You had no right, Marla.

MARLA

Did you even see the check? It's  
enough for three car payments.

ERIK

I don't want their money. They're  
making a joke out of George.

MARLA

We've had the burden of your  
brother our entire married life.  
It's time we get something back.

ERIK

Not by selling a bunch of malarkey  
to a magazine.