

**TV**  
**14**  
**V**

**BVG**  
**BLACKSTAR VIRTUAL COMMUNITY**

(c) 2007

TEASER

FADE IN:

EXT. PLAYING FIELD - HIGH SCHOOL - DAY

A group of school-boys are engaged in an organized football match on a damp autumnal day, with two full teams of players dressed in full kit and helmet. The ball is thrown high into the air as the game goes on.

On the sidelines, a group of girls of the same age stand watching and talking with each other. Amongst them is

JORDAN BLACK

standing near the centre of the group, wearing a thick coat and brushing aside her dark hair. She talks happily with the others, including her friend BETHANY and two other girls.

JORDAN

He said what?

BETHANY

He said he used to like Sarah but now he likes Jessica more.

JORDAN

No way!

The football game goes on, with both teams sliding through the damp grass and patches of mud. A couple of other SPECTATORS applaud from time to time, and the boys regroup for another play.

BETHANY

So what do you think of Aaron?

JORDAN

Aaron?

BETHANY

Yeah.

The girls look out onto the pitch.

CLOSE ON QUARTERBACK

as the young boy bends down to pick up the ball and send it downfield.

RESUME ON GIRLS

They begin to GIGGLE collectively as the other players part and a CHEER goes up as the home team score a touchdown.

JORDAN  
(giggling)  
You know what I think.

ANGLE - FAR SIDE OF PITCH - LONG LENS

On the opposite sideline to the girls, a lone figure stands watching, motionless. It is a teenage boy, older than those playing on the pitch, dressed in black jeans and a dark, oversized leather jacket, with floppy brown hair. He seems to stare across at the girls.

RESUME ON GIRLS

Of the four of them, only Jordan seems to notice the figure opposite them. She stops giggling and looks across at him. The football game on the pitch between them momentarily obscures her view, and when the action clears... he is nowhere to be seen.

BETHANY  
So, is our school winning or not?

JORDAN  
(distracted)  
What?

BETHANY  
Do you even know the score?

JORDAN  
I have no idea.

The distraction has left Jordan a little disconnected from the group, but she quickly shrugs it off and continues to laugh and joke with her friends.

ANGLE - FOOTBALL

as it is kicked high into the air by one of the players, so far that it flies out of the pitch and lands in the mud some distance away.

Instead of retrieving it, the players simply fetch another ball from a bag by the side of the pitch and continue playing.

BETHANY  
We'll get it!  
(to Jordan)  
C'mon.

The group of girls walk ahead together toward the football, happy to stretch their legs and break the routine.

After a short walk away from the activity of the game, they approach a large patch of mud and begin stepping more delicately though the soft dirt.

CLOSE ON FOOTBALL

It lies flat in the mud, the edges submerged in the damp soil. Jordan approaches the ball and steps INTO FOCUS.

As she reaches down to pick it up, her eye-line shifts as her attention is taken by something else. She peers closer to the muddy surface then GASPS in horror. She begins to back off, then turns and runs away in distress.

The other girls stand further back, but Bethany leans in closer to investigate what Jordan has seen.

BETHANY (CONT'D)

Oh my God.

BETHANY'S P.O.V.

We reverse to SEE what the girls have found. Next to the football, poking up through the mud, is a human face with its eyes missing from the sockets.

OFF this we

FADE OUT.

END OF TEASER

GO TO MAIN TITLES

# MILLENNIUM

"GÖTTERDÄMMERUNG"

starring

Lance Henriksen

James Badge Dale

created by

Chris Carter

Also Starring

**Brittany Tiplady**

Guest Starring

**John Vickery**

**Trent Ford**

**Alberta Watson**

**Matthew Bennet**

**Kay Panabaker**

**Steven Anderson**

**Lloyd Berry**

and

**Patricia Wettig**

Theme by

**Mark Snow**

Art Director

**JT Vaughn**

Co-Producer

**Angelo Shrine**

Producer

**Brendan M. Leonard**

Producer

**Jeremy Daniels**

Written by  
**James Jordan**

ACT ONE

BLACK

Over which we SUPERIMPOSE:

"Servant of God, well done, well hast  
thou fought the better fight."  
-- John Milton

POLAROID FLASH and come up on

INT. SCHOOL FOYER - DAY

Jordan sits with the other three girls on soft chairs, her hands clasped together in front of her in apprehension. The male PRINCIPAL stands in front of them, clearly attempting to comfort them and to manage the situation.

PRINCIPAL

Now remember what I said. I want you girls to take as much time as you feel you need to before talking any further with the police. There'll be plenty of time for that later. The important thing now is that the four of you are alright.

The girls don't know what to say. They can't even bring themselves to look up. The PRINCIPAL doesn't quite know how to proceed either.

To break the silence, a tall, brown-haired man in his forties approaches with briefcase in hand. He is PAUL LEONARD. The PRINCIPAL greets him with a shake of the hand.

LEONARD

Sorry I couldn't get here sooner. There was terrible traffic in town, I do apologize.

PRINCIPAL

That's quite alright. After all, you were supposed to be starting tomorrow. I can't thank you enough for coming down on such short notice.

LEONARD

Not at all. When you told me of the circumstances I knew I had to get here as fast as I could.

The Principal smiles enthusiastically at him, somewhat relieved to have him here. He motions him over to the girls to introduce him.

PRINCIPAL

Girls, this is Mr Leonard. He's our new psychiatrist who's going to be in charge of our student support service. I'd like each of you to spend some time with him and talk through this terrible shock you've had.

Sensing that the Principal is running out of words, Leonard steps in and confidently takes charge of the situation.

LEONARD

Hello there. I'm so sorry to be introduced to you all on such tragic circumstances. I don't want any of you to worry at all. We'll get through this together.

He looks to the Principal for solidarity, and he quickly smiles and nods his head. Leonard returns the smile.

LEONARD (CONT'D)

Why don't we start with...  
(glances at notes)  
...Jordan Black?

Jordan stands up, at first a little uncertain of what to do.

LEONARD (CONT'D)

Why don't we step into my office here, Jordan.  
(beat)  
Please excuse us, girls. I'll be back to talk to each of you very soon.

CUT TO:

INT. STUDENT SUPPORT OFFICE - HIGH SCHOOL - DAY

The new office is decorated in warm, comforting colors. A new wooden desk sits in front of a large window covered by vertical blinds. A set of folders and papers are stacked extremely neatly on the surface, with plenty of spare space for maneuver.

In the centre of the office, Jordan and Leonard sit opposite each other on comfortable chairs. They sit close to each other, with no desk separating them. Jordan is a little uncertain in this situation, but Mr Leonard does everything to put her at ease.

LEONARD

Now Jordan, I want you to take as much time as you need here. The most important thing is that you feel comfortable. If you don't want to answer a question or you don't want to talk about something, just say so and we'll change the subject. Okay?

Jordan nods her head, and Mr Leonard smiles back at her.

LEONARD (CONT'D)

So, why don't you start by telling me what it was like out on the field?

JORDAN

(hesitant)

Well, we were just going to get the football, and that's when we saw the body under the mud.

LEONARD

(serious)

Of course, of course. How did that make you feel?

JORDAN

Erm... well... a little scared, I guess.

LEONARD

Naturally. That's completely understandable.

(beat)

What happened next?

JORDAN

Well, we told Mr Maxwell and then we phoned my Dad. He's out there now.

LEONARD

He is?

JORDAN

Yeah. He works with the police sometimes. He's kind of an expert.

LEONARD

I see.

We TRACK ACROSS away from the two of them and PUSH IN on the window, close enough so that we can SEE two figures outside on the field investigating.

MATCH CUT TO:

EXT. PLAYING FIELD - HIGH SCHOOL - CONTINUOUS

The two investigators are now unmistakably FRANK BLACK and BRAD LOCKE. They stand above the patch of mud, now cordoned off by police tape.

LOCKE

Look, Frank, let someone else do this. You don't have to be here right now.

FRANK

Yes I do, Brad. I think you know that.

Frank buttons up the top of his jacket and squats down beside the corpse, now the subject of a painstaking forensic excavation. The area is marked with a grid of wood and plastic, with forensic tools left by the side.

No other team members are present. Clearly the forensics team have given Frank and Locke some time alone at the scene.

LOCKE

Since the eyes have been removed and presumably taken by the killer, or killers, my first thought is of some kind of Satanic ritual.

Frank takes a small forensics brush and gently dusts away some of the mud on the surface of the partially submerged face. He moves up to the forehead area and uncovers a symbol cut into the skin. He brushes further to make out the pattern of a Baphomet.

FRANK'S INTERNAL P.O.V.

- Hands gouging at the victim's eyes
- A man standing in a pool of fire, screaming
- The Gehenna devil
- Disembodied eyes in a puddle of blood

The images end, and Frank continues to stare down at the face in the mud.

FRANK

I'd say that's a fair assessment.

LOCKE

That might sound extreme, Frank, but there could also be any number of other explanations. You shouldn't be too worried for your daughter just yet. The fear that these things spread are often more dangerous than the threat itself.

FRANK

You don't have to tell me that, Brad.

LOCKE

Of course not. That was from your classes, more or less anyway.

Locke senses that he's not doing very well with Frank. He feels that this is too close to home for him, which of course it is.

Locke moves over to the other side of the crime scene. He leans down and picks up the abandoned football with his gloved-hands. He begins spinning it in his palms.

LOCKE (CONT'D)

Did you ever play, Frank?

FRANK

What? No.

LOCKE

I was on a team in school once. Nothing serious though.

Locke goes to make a throw with the football, but holds onto it instead of releasing it.

FRANK

Please, Brad.

Locke stops playing with the football and faces Frank, still unsure of how to act. Frank looks around to survey the horizon, and catches sight of something from the corner of his eye.

FRANK'S P.O.V.

He sees a teenage boy dressed in black watching them from the distance. It is the same boy Jordan saw at the football game.

RESUME CRIME SCENE

LOCKE

Listen, Frank, let the forensics guys finish up here. I can handle the pathologist's report myself. You should go be with your daughter.

Frank begins to move away and pulls apart the top buttons of his jacket.

FRANK

I'm staying on this case.

CUT TO:

INT. STUDENT SUPPORT OFFICE - HIGH SCHOOL - DAY

Jordan and Mr Leonard continue to talk together. Leonard makes discreet notes on a pad whilst Jordan speaks.

LEONARD

It's best to take as much time as possible. You and your friends have had a very intense shock, and it's not something that people get over easily. You shouldn't be afraid to talk about that.

JORDAN

I'm not. Not really.

LEONARD

Well that's good.

(beat)

Is there anything else that you might have felt when you found... what you did?

Jordan hesitates. She shuffles in her chair as Leonard crosses his legs.

JORDAN

Erm... well...

(beat)

It's silly, really.

LEONARD

Go on.

JORDAN

It just felt bad. It's a feeling I've had before. I can't explain it.

LEONARD

Well that's understandable really. I can't imagine anyone who wouldn't feel that way.

JORDAN

That's not what I mean. I can't put it into words.

Leonard makes a casual note on his paper. He looks across at Jordan, studying her with his eyes, a calm and focused expression on his face.

LEONARD

Can you think of anything else you saw in the area that might have made you feel this way?

Jordan thinks for a moment. She moves her eyes around the room, uncertain where to look and slightly uncomfortable in this environment.

JORDAN

There was a boy.

LEONARD

You mean playing football?

JORDAN

No. It was an older boy, one of the seniors I think. He was watching.

LEONARD

Watching the game?

JORDAN

No, that's the thing. It was more like he was watching us.

LEONARD

When did you see him?

JORDAN

Right before we went to get the football out of the mud.

Leonard makes another, more detailed note on his paper.

LEONARD

Well, Jordan, I really think this is something that you should tell the police, as soon as possible.

Jordan nods her head slowly.

CUT TO:

INT. PATHOLOGY LAB - DAY

The body of the victim now lies on a steel trolley in the centre of the lab. A medical examiner named SIMON NATHANS (40s) stands over it, removing his gloves having completed an autopsy.

Frank and Brad stand to one side, analyzing his report and studying the collected evidence.

NATHANS

The eyes were removed whilst the victim was still alive, but the mutilation to the forehead was added post-mortem. I take it you're familiar with that rather intricate piece of work?

FRANK

It's a Baphomet, the sign of Lucifer.

LOCKE

And?

NATHANS

It was just an observation, Detective, not a Jeopardy question.

Locke returns his stare, not amused.

FRANK

What was the official cause of death?

NATHANS

Blood loss due to multiple puncture wounds from some kind of bladed implement.

LOCKE

The removal of the eyes is certainly consistent with the methodology of Satanists, but the marking of the forehead seems overkill - so to speak.

FRANK

I agree.

Locke's cell phone begins to RING, and he moves outside to answer.

The examiner inclines his head in response to Locke excusing himself, and moves across to show Frank another set of results.

NATHANS

We were able to find several hairs and fibres. I've sent them across for testing. We should be able to have some conclusions for you in the next couple of days.

Frank closes his eyes and nods his head.

FRANK

Can you show me the fatal wounds?

The examiner walks around the perimeter of the body and lifts back the covering sheet.

Frank looks in closely.

FRANK'S INTERNAL P.O.V.

- A knife lunging forward repeatedly
- A blade approaching the eye sockets
- A man screaming and covering his face in agony
- The body burning in a pool of fire

Locke pushes open the swinging double-doors and walks back into the room, replacing his cell phone in his pocket.

LOCKE

That was the school Principal. He said that the girls spotted one of the seniors at the football game. He thinks we might have a suspect.

He holds the door open for Frank, indicating his eagerness to proceed.

FRANK

(to Nathans)

Will you call us when you have the hair and fibre results? We may have someone to run a match against.

NATHANS

Absolutely.

Frank gives a slight contraction of the eyebrows, a little puzzled by his enthusiasm, but moves off toward Locke nonetheless.

CUT TO:

EXT. HIGHSCHOOL - DAY

Locke's car pulls into the school, which is reasonably quiet as lessons go on. Just to establish, then

CUT TO:

INT. PRINCIPAL'S OFFICE - MOMENTS LATER

The teenage boy sits in the centre of the room. He is flanked by the Principal and Locke, with Frank standing opposite him.

The atmosphere in the room is quiet and awkward.

FRANK

Can you explain why you were seen in the vicinity of a crime scene earlier today?

DARK-HAIRED BOY

(calm)

I was watching, but it wasn't a crime scene at the time.

LOCKE

(hostile)

What, so you were just down there watching the football game?

DARK-HAIRED BOY

(still calm)

That's right. I'd like to help you in any way I can.

The Principal folds his arms uncomfortably, unsure of what to do. He watches the conversation nervously.

FRANK

What were you watching for?

LOCKE

Was it for the boys or the girls?

Frank shoots Locke a glare, indicating for him to reign in his emotions.

DARK-HAIRED BOY

I'm sure I seem like a logical suspect, but your time would be better spent elsewhere.

FRANK

Is there something you can tell us?

DARK-HAIRED BOY

As I said, I wish I could help you.

Frank steps away from the boy and looks up at Brad and the Principal.

FRANK

Could I perhaps have a moment alone with the boy? Please?

Frank opens the office door and ushers the other two men outside. As he exits, Locke turns to whisper to Frank.

LOCKE

Don't shut me out, Frank.

FRANK

I just need a minute.

Locke reluctantly steps out, and Frank closes the door behind him.

He moves back over to the boy and draws up a chair to sit opposite him.

FRANK (CONT'D)

I'm not thinking of you as a suspect. I believe that you may be a witness.

DARK-HAIRED BOY

There's nothing I can do.

FRANK

But if there was?

(beat)

I don't know if you're aware of this, but my daughter was one of the girls who found the body. I need to resolve this, for her sake as much as anyone's.

(beat)

I need to know she's not in danger.

DARK-HAIRED BOY

I can understand your situation. Vigilance is always advisable.

Frank narrows his eyes and looks quizzically at the boy's remarks.

FRANK

Are you sure there isn't anything you can tell me?

The boy smiles across warmly at Frank, a disarming level of calm in his eyes.

DARK-HAIRED BOY

I'm sorry.

Frank nods back at him, feeling at ease.

FRANK

Thank you for your time. I might like to speak to you again later, maybe.

Frank steps out of the room to speak with Locke and the Principal in the corridor, looking in at the boy through the blinds as they talk.

LOCKE

What's going on, Frank? You want me to bring him in?

FRANK

I don't think he's the killer.

LOCKE

You don't?

Frank starts to walk off down the corridor.

LOCKE (CONT'D)

Well did he give you anything else?

(beat)

Where are you going?

FRANK

I have to pick up my daughter.

Frank continues to move away, leaving Locke alone with the Principal. He stares after Frank in frustration, then looks back in to the boy who is still sitting calmly.

CUT TO:

INT. STUDENT SUPPORT OFFICE - HIGH SCHOOL - MOMENTS LATER

The door opens and Jordan steps out with Leonard following behind her with his briefcase. They smile together after their counselling session, and step out to find Frank waiting.

JORDAN

Dad!

FRANK

Jordan, honey. You ready to go home?

They embrace as Frank notices the man behind her. Jordan feels him tense up and turns to introduce them.

JORDAN

Dad, this is Mr Leonard. He's been helping me talk things through.

Leonard swaps his briefcase into his opposite hand and extends his right palm to shake hands with Frank.

LEONARD

Hello. Jordan really is a wonderful child, and I'm sure she'll get through this just fine.

Finishing his handshake with Frank, he turns to leave.

LEONARD (CONT'D)

I'll see you tomorrow Jordan.  
(beat; pointedly)  
Nice to meet you again, Mr Black.

Again? Frank is caught off-guard and left puzzled by this last remark. He stares after Leonard in confusion as the counsellor walks away down the corridor.

OFF his reaction we

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

POLAROID FLASH and come up on

INT. JORDAN'S ROOM - BLACK RESIDENCE - NIGHT

Jordan lies sleeping in bed. Darkness surrounds the room, with only a thin streak of moonlight beaming through the window, adding a pale blue tint to the room.

We PUSH IN closer to SEE her tossing her head from side to side. She is dreaming. Whatever she is seeing is clearly distressing her.

JORDAN'S DREAM

We SEE the images FLASH before us, not with the tachistoscopic rapidity of Frank's visions, but with some kind of BLUE COLOR FILTER to partially obscure the collection of STOCK FOOTAGE.

We SEE her mother, CATHERINE, smiling and covering her eyes from "Pilot"; the burning house from "Saturn Dreaming of Mercury"; Jordan touching her father's white hair from "The Time is Now"; the inverted CLOWN from "Dead Letters".

CLOWN  
(distorted)  
Nadroj, uoy rof ereh s'ti. Myg  
eht ni og t'nod.

DREAM ENDS

We are back in Jordan's bedroom. She SITS UP awake, sweating and BREATHING HEAVILY.

CUT TO:

INT. FRONT ROOM - BLACK RESIDENCE - MORNING

Jordan sits alone beside a table. A schoolbag lies at her feet. She leans in quiet contemplation over a chess board, her thoughts drifting.

THE CHESS BOARD

Pieces are spread across the board, a game in progress. Jordan is facing neither end. She occupies the centre of the board, white pieces to her left, black pieces to her right.

JORDAN

She studies the board, her eyes glazed over.

From across the room, Frank enters and stares for a moment at his daughter.

FRANK

Jordan. Are you ready? You don't want to be late.

There is no visible reaction from Jordan. Frank approaches her and sits down opposite. He leans in, attempting to make eye contact with his daughter who is still distant.

FRANK (CONT'D)

Do you want to talk about what's been happening at school?

JORDAN

(distant)  
Not really.

FRANK

Do you talk about it to this man at the school?

JORDAN

Yes.

FRANK

Is he helpful?

JORDAN

I guess so.

Frank SIGHS, unable to get much of a reaction from Jordan. He looks down to the chess board, and notices that she is between the two sides.

FRANK

Who are you playing with?

JORDAN

No one.

FRANK

Jordan, you can always talk to me about what you found. It's something I deal with all the time at work, but you never get used to it.

(beat)

I don't want you to think that this is something normal.

Jordan finally looks up, a little more content.

JORDAN

I know. Thanks, Dad.

Frank gets up and picks up her schoolbag from the floor.

FRANK

Let's go. I'll drive you in.

Jordan stands up and leaves the chessboard behind. She walks out of the house with her father, and we are left to settle on

THE CHESSBOARD

It is once again left alone, white pieces facing black.

CUT TO:

INT. STUDENT SUPPORT OFFICE - HIGH SCHOOL - DAY

Frank walks Jordan along the corridor toward the office door.

JORDAN

Dad, you don't have to come in with me.

FRANK

I just want to say hello to your counsellor, honey.

As soon as they approach the door, it swings open and the smiling face of Mr Leonard greets them.

LEONARD

Good morning, Jordan. Mr Black.

FRANK

I was wondering if I could just speak to you a moment, Mr Lennon.

LEONARD

It's Leonard, actually.

FRANK

Sorry, Mr Leonard.

LEONARD

What's in a name, eh?

He pushes his door further open and steps out beside Frank.

LEONARD (CONT'D)

Why don't you wait for me inside, Jordan.

She happily walks in to the comfortable office, leaving the two men alone. Leonard watches her go, then smiles across at Frank.

LEONARD (CONT'D)

What can I do for you, Mr Black?

FRANK

It's just something you said to me yesterday. You keep alluding to a time we've met.

LEONARD

Oh, we crossed paths briefly at a parents' evening a few months back. I wouldn't expect you to remember.

FRANK

I see.

LEONARD

Was there something else you wanted to speak to me about, only I should be giving my full attention to your daughter.

FRANK

How's she doing?

LEONARD

Jordan seems to be a very intuitive and bright young girl. I'm sure you're very proud. She's making excellent progress.

Frank begins to press through the counsellor's layer of charm, looking for specifics.

FRANK

How many more sessions do you think she'll be needing?

LEONARD

Well it's not an exact science and progress is always gradual, but I'm confident she should be able to return to her regular timetable by the end of the week.

Frank nods along.

FRANK

Well I should let you get back. Thank you for your time, Mr Leonard.

Leonard smiles and goes back to his office. Frank pauses for a moment, then moves away.

CUT TO:

EXT. POLICE DEPARTMENT - DAY

From above, we can SEE traffic passing by on the road as well as the coming and going of pedestrians through the front door of the building. Just to establish, then

CUT TO:

INT. POLICE DEPARTMENT - DAY

Brad sits at his desk in F.G. as we ADJUST to FIND Frank approaching from the entrance.

Brad notices Frank immediately, and pushes back in his chair slightly to make contact.

LOCKE

Frank, how's your daughter?

FRANK

She's okay, thank you.

Brad begins shuffling some of the papers on his desk, finding things to show Frank whilst checking his notes.

LOCKE

We took a Moulage casting of the patch of mud around the body. We've been sifting through the various prints, eliminating the girls, the football players and so on.

FRANK

Find anything?

LOCKE

It's slow work. We're getting closer to picking out those without a match, but it's a fairly well-trodden area.

FRANK

What do we know about the victim?

LOCKE

The wife made a positive ID this morning. Name was Derek Harbinson. He was an old man, well liked in the neighborhood, known to walk his dog across the school field on weekdays.

He hands Frank a file with information on the victim.

FRANK

So nothing stands out.

LOCKE

I've been going over every record I can get my hands on. There have been no reports of Satanic ritual abuse in the area, not even a claim of it back when it was fashionable in the nineties.

FRANK

The removal of the eyes is considered an extremely potent act when either blessing or cursing a victim.

LOCKE

There have also been reports of abuse victims being forced to eat human eyeballs, but admittedly a lot of that is just rumors and scaremongering.

Frank sits down and contemplates for a moment.

FRANK

Most of what we have here is virtually meaningless. Surface signs of things with no substance. No real ideology.

LOCKE

That fits with that Lucifer symbol scratched into the forehead. It serves no real purpose other than to act as a giant neon sign for Satanism.

He becomes more frustrated, and throws his folder down onto the desk.

FRANK

Maybe that's what this whole thing is.

(beat)

A show.

LOCKE

What do you mean?

Frank stays silent, but gives a slow shake of the head as he thinks to himself. After a BEAT, he rises and moves over to Locke's desk, pushing some of the papers around.

FRANK

Are these the footprints you haven't been able to eliminate yet?

LOCKE

That's right, but they're not going to tell us much.

Locke moves over to stand with Frank, directing him to the relevant documents. He pulls up a piece of paper with a single boot-print pattern.

LOCKE (CONT'D)

This is the most-likely candidate. It's a constant presence at the scene, not just passing through, and it's one of the prints we haven't ruled out as the girls' or the football team's.

(beat)

Like I said though, that's still not a big help.

FRANK

No, this is excellent work. Let's take it to the school. They may be able to run it by staff and pupils.

LOCKE

You really think the perpetrator could be involved at the school?

FRANK

I hope not.

Frank takes the sheet of paper from Locke and studies it closely.

INSERT - THE PAPER

We SEE the print outlines, photocopied all in black, a swirl of lines and indentations from the soul of a large boot.

CUT TO:

INT. SCHOOL HALLWAY

Mr Leonard steps out of his office and closes the door behind him. He checks his briefcase and begins strolling down the corridor with a cheerful face.

He turns a corner and almost runs into someone standing on the other side. It is the Dark-Haired Boy.

Leonard stops in his tracks and the smile on his face begins to fade.

LEONARD  
(forceful)  
Excuse me.

The boy stands firm, motionless.

DARK-HAIRED BOY  
I come before thee now and two  
times more. You are warned to  
leave this place or face stern  
consequence. Firm and  
irrevocable is my doom. Stand  
down, or there is action which  
can be taken.

Leonard does not respond, but moves slowly past the boy,  
making sure not to turn his back on him as he proceeds down  
the hallway.

The boy remains still, but stares after him all the way.

CUT TO:

EXT. HIGHSCHOOL - DAY

as Frank's jeep pulls up and he exits with Locke.

CUT TO:

INT. SCHOOL HALLWAY

Frank looks down at the piece of paper with the boot print  
as he and Locke stride down the hallway of the building.

They approach the entrance of the main office where they  
are greeted by the Principal.

PRINCIPAL  
Mr Black. Detective Locke. I'm  
told you may have made some  
progress?

Frank and Locke move inside the office and show the  
photocopied page to the Principal.

LOCKE  
We obtained this image during the  
course of our investigation of  
the crime scene.

PRINCIPAL  
Is this the footprint of the  
killer?

FRANK  
Potentially.

PRINCIPAL

I'm not sure exactly what you want me to do.

LOCKE

We'd like run a comparison with the footwear of all major staff members and anyone else who might have had access to the football field.

Frank's eyes begin to survey the room whilst the conversation goes on.

The Principal examines the piece of a paper and gives a skeptical look.

PRINCIPAL

This isn't the Pentagon, detective. We don't keep a database of footprints, for heaven's sake.

LOCKE

We're aware of the difficulties, sir, but right now this is the best lead we have. I'm sure you want to get this matter resolved as quickly as possible.

PRINCIPAL

Yes of course, but I'm not sure how exactly you expect me to...

The sentence is interrupted by Frank moving across the room. He eyes a large pair of muddy boots that have been left by the exterior door.

He picks up the right boot and inverts it to compare the pattern on the soul with the photocopied print. There is a distinct match.

FRANK

Who do these belong to?

PRINCIPAL

They're the groundskeeper's, but you can't...

FRANK

Where is he now?

PRINCIPAL

He's gone to repair one of the basketball hoops in the gym.

Frank and Locke exchange glances and head out of the room.

CUT TO:

INT. GYMNASIUM - HIGH SCHOOL

CLOSE ON a basketball which drops directly down the throat of a hoop, leaving the net billowing in its wake.

We ADJUST to SEE Frank and Locke enter, with the Principal trailing behind.

A class of students play on one of the basketball courts, while across the large hall the GROUNDSKEEPER stands at the top of a ladder working on one of the unused hoops.

Frank and Locke notice him and begin to approach.

FRANK

How long has this man worked at the school?

PRINCIPAL

Well over ten years. He was here long before I was. I can't believe you're suggesting that...

LOCKE

(calling upward)

Excuse me, sir. Can you step down please.

The groundskeeper turns around at the top of the ladder to face the growing crowd, and it is only at this point that a rope can be seen attached to the basketball hoop and looped over the old man's neck. There is a blank look in his eyes.

GROUNDSKEEPER

(monotone)

My name is Jacob Roth. I confess unreservedly for the murder of Derek Harbinson, aged sixty five. I have no explanation for my actions except for a momentary but inexcusable expression of violence. In this I acted entirely alone, and therefore accept full responsibility.

(beat)

I'm sorry.

The old man kicks the ladder away from his feet, leaving himself hanging from the basketball hoop as his neck breaks in full view of Frank, Locke, the Principal, and the school gym class.

OFF the collective reaction, framed by the groundskeeper's  
lifeless hanging legs, we

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE

POLAROID FLASH and come up on

EXT. GROUNDSKEEPER'S RESIDENCE - DAY

A small house close to the school, now busy with the comings and goings of police officers and detectives. Just to establish, then

CUT TO:

INT. GROUNDSKEEPER'S RESIDENCE

Frank and Locke take quick tour. There are black candles burning all around the room, books of Satanic lore littering the floor, tapestries depicting the sign of Lucifer, and a large tree trunk fashioned into a ceremonial alter with the Baphomet symbol painted in blood.

FLASH! A uniformed officer photographs the scene with a large camera.

LOCKE

(deadpan)

So, you get many of these?

He moves away to greet another officer who presents him with file folder. He scans the contents and gives a running commentary.

LOCKE (CONT'D)

We've got the same kind of stuff upstairs. Bowls of what we're guessing is animal's blood every few paces, quite a collection of books that you wont find at your local library, and er... wow... a goat's head stuffed under the bed.

Frank completes a quick lap of the room and turns to Locke.

FRANK

This is ridiculous. It's completely over-the-top.

LOCKE

How so?

FRANK

All of this stuff. It's a mass assemblage of demonic symbols and rituals, but none of it adds up.

(MORE)

FRANK (CONT'D)

This is what the tabloids would have you believe a Satanist's living room would look like, but no one who actually holds those kinds of beliefs would do all this.

LOCKE

So what then? This guy just had an urge for a trolly-dash at Anti-Christ Collectables?

FRANK

Something else is going on here.

(beat)

It's the same as the condition the body of the victim was left in. Surface signs of ritual abuse but no genuine ideology.

LOCKE

There's the possibility that this guy could just be a media freak, consuming all those tabloids you were talking about and trying to recreate his own show.

FRANK

Do you really think that the old man we saw fits that kind of a profile? The school Principal gave us a detailed description of his working history. It doesn't add up.

Another uniformed police officer enters the room to pass another evidence bag to Locke. Inside is a large but crumpled piece of paper. Locke scans it with his eyes.

LOCKE

How about this Frank?

He passes it over to Frank who reads with interest.

LOCKE (CONT'D)

It's his confession. Word for word what he said in the gym.

FRANK

The same cold language. Formal and calculated. Not a single spelling mistake or grammatical error. This isn't just a confession or a suicide note, it reads like it's been written by a lawyer.

(MORE)

FRANK (CONT'D)

It accepts total responsibility with no exceptions, no loopholes, meaning to leave absolutely no uncertainty.

LOCKE

I agree that it is odd, and his voice in the gym sounded very unemotional, but what else do we have? I admit that under other circumstances this might suggest that the groundskeeper was being set up, but if you find yourself framed for a crime you didn't commit you don't announce your guilt in a crowded basketball court and perform a slam-dunk with a rope around your neck.

FRANK

I didn't say he was framed.

LOCKE

So now you think he was responsible for the murder?

FRANK

Not exactly.

LOCKE

He can't be neither. Either he was responsible or he wasn't.

Frank takes a long pause as he looks back at the Satanic alter.

FRANK

Let's wait and see what the lab results show.

CUT TO:

INT. SCHOOL HALLWAY - DAY

Young students move back and forth through the busy bullpen. Jordan steps INTO FRAME and continues walking TOWARD CAMERA.

Without warning, a figure steps out directly into her path. It is Mr Leonard.

LEONARD

Jordan. I'm glad I caught you.

JORDAN

Mr Leonard.

LEONARD

There's something I wanted to speak with you about for a moment before you go home.

JORDAN

Oh. Is it important?

LEONARD

In a manner of speaking, you could say it is.

Mr Leonard guides Jordan to the wall to get out of the way of the passing crowds.

LEONARD (CONT'D)

You see, in our sessions I've come to notice that you're quite a gifted child. For some time now I've run a kind of special club for students with the kind of potential you've demonstrated.

JORDAN

(uncertain)

What do you mean? Like an after-school club?

LEONARD

Kind of like that, yes. You see, there are some people, like yourself, who can be much more than ordinary students provided they are nurtured and encouraged in the right ways. It's important that you recognize this in yourself, and it's important that the right people guide you.

JORDAN

I don't know. I wouldn't want to leave my friends in class behind.

LEONARD

No, of course, you wouldn't be. This would be an... extra-curricula activity.

JORDAN

Well, I guess I'd have to talk to my Dad about it.

We ADJUST to see the conversation in LONG LENS from a greater distance. Their voices are no longer audible. As we turn, it becomes apparent that this is the viewpoint of

FRANK BLACK

as he arrives at the end of the corridor. He narrows his eyes in concern, but remains at a distance.

We resume CLOSE ON Jordan and Leonard as they talk.

LEONARD

I see. Understand, though, that despite your father's... perspective, this is a decision that you'll have to make for yourself.

JORDAN

Okay, I'll give it some thought. I'd better go now.

LEONARD

(friendly)

See you tomorrow, Jordan.

Jordan moves away down the corridor to find Frank waiting for her.

JORDAN

Dad, you don't have to keep bringing me home, you know.

FRANK

Just until all this stuff clears up, honey.

(beat)

What was all that about?

JORDAN

Oh, Mr Leonard just wants to me to join one of his after-school clubs, or something.

The concern on Frank's face grows as they exit the building together.

Mr Leonard watches them leave for a moment before turning to leave. Upon changing direction, he instantly notices something in his field of vision.

HIS P.O.V.

Through the crowd of departing students, a lone figure stands at the end of the corridor watching. It is the Dark-Haired Boy.

Leonard gives a noticeable frown, and moves away.

CUT TO:

INT. FRANK'S JEEP - MOMENTS LATER

Frank drives with Jordan in the passenger seat beside him as the vehicle travels down the highway.

FRANK

So it sounds like this Mr Leonard is getting quite interested in you.

JORDAN

I don't know. I guess. He thinks I've got potential, or something.

FRANK

He's not worried about what happened on the football field any more then?

JORDAN

He says I've dealt with all that.

The jeep begins to turn to the left, causing Jordan to look up out of the windshield in surprise.

JORDAN (CONT'D)

Where are we going?

FRANK

I think we could use a second opinion.

CUT TO:

INT. MIRANDA'S OFFICE - EVENING

Frank is standing beside a small interior window partially covered by a horizontal blind. We TRACK AROUND the back of his head until we can SEE Jordan sitting on a comfortable chair talking with MIRANDA GRAFF.

After a moment, Miranda exits to join Frank, leaving Jordan inside.

FRANK

What do you think?

MIRANDA

She seems fine to me.

FRANK

(sceptical)  
Fine.

MIRANDA

Obviously it's been a shock to her system, but she's a very resilient girl.

(beat)

Didn't her counsellor at school go through all of this?

FRANK

I'm not sure he's helping at all. I get the sense he's concerned about his own interests, not Jordan's.

MIRANDA

Jordan seems to have nice things to say about him, this Mister...

FRANK

(venomous)

Leonard.

MIRANDA

You're not concerned about him, are you?

Frank rubs his face with his finger-tips. It's all starting to get to him.

FRANK

I don't know. He presents a nice image, but underneath there's something else.

MIRANDA

Frank, I know you're troubled by all this being too close to home, but you should try and give everyone the benefit of the doubt. In time things will start getting back to normal.

FRANK

I'm sure you're right.

Frank takes his gaze off Jordan for the first time and makes eye contact with Miranda, as if remembering for the first time that there's another person in the room with him.

FRANK (CONT'D)

Thanks you for doing this. I know you're busy and this isn't a real appointment.

Miranda smiles across at him warmly to curtail his apologies.

MIRANDA  
(warmly)  
It's fine, Frank, really.

She places a hand on his arm gently.

FRANK  
I appreciate it.

The moment starts to feel a little more awkward between the two, so Miranda clears her throat and regains focus.

MIRANDA  
How about you? How are you holding up?

FRANK  
I'm fine. It's just all this with Jordan.

MIRANDA  
Yeah, let's skip the part where you insist nothing affects you on an emotional level.

Frank REACTS -- it seems he's used to being prompted into opening up with Miranda.

FRANK  
Maybe the last few days have been stressful...

The moment is interrupted by the RING of Frank's cell phone. Saved by the bell.

He pulls it from his pocket and activates it.

FRANK (CONT'D)  
Frank Black.

LOCKE (O.C.)  
(filter)  
Frank, this is Brad Locke. I just got a call from the pathologist. He wants to see us.

FRANK  
Now?

LOCKE (O.C.)  
(filter)  
Yeah. Can you make it?

FRANK  
Does he have the lab results?

LOCKE (O.C.)  
(filter)  
I'm not sure, but we could be in  
luck.

FRANK  
Alright, I'll meet you over  
there.

Frank hangs up and takes another look through at Jordan.

MIRANDA  
Is everything alright?

FRANK  
I know I have no right to ask you  
but... would you mind staying  
here with Jordan?

MIRANDA  
(genuine)  
Of course.

FRANK  
I wouldn't ask, but...

MIRANDA  
It's fine, Frank, really.

FRANK  
Thank you.

He returns her touch of the arm very briefly before turning  
to leave.

CUT TO:

EXT. HIGHSCHOOL - PARKING LOT - NIGHT

Mr Leonard walks out with his briefcase toward his car. It  
is dark, and most have left for the night. He approaches  
with his keys in his had.

He looks across the top of the car to find the Dark-Haired  
Boy staring back across at him, standing perfectly still as  
if he has been waiting there all day.

LEONARD  
You shouldn't be here.

DARK-HAIRED BOY  
Hear this, the second of my  
warnings. You will have no  
further chance to be repentant or  
to stand aside.  
(MORE)

DARK-HAIRED BOY (CONT'D)

If you do not comply by the second midnight hour, when we next meet His will shall be imparted with extreme prejudice.

LEONARD

Stay away from us.

The Dark-Haired Boy breaks his stern gaze and widens his gaze with a more emotional appeal.

DARK-HAIRED BOY

(intense)

Don't do this. She is not for you.

The sound of another car pulling out prompts them both to look around, and the headlights cause a momentary blindness forcing Leonard to shield his eyes.

The car passes and Leonard lowers his arm, looking back across his own car.

There is no one in sight.

CUT TO:

CLOSE ON CHESSBOARD

Jordan picks up a WHITE KNIGHT and moves it across the board to be directly facing a BLACK KNIGHT. We are now

INT. MIRANDA'S OFFICE - NIGHT

Jordan sits over a chessboard in the office where she is joined by Miranda.

JORDAN

You know, you don't have to sit with me all night.

MIRANDA

Well, I promised your father I would keep an eye on you until he got back.

JORDAN

I'm not a kid. I can go home and be in the house by myself.

MIRANDA

I know that, and you know that, but I think it's your Dad who needs to feel reassured.

Jordan warms to this, liking the idea that they're both looking out for Frank together.

Miranda clearly knows how to communicate with someone of Jordan's age, partly through professional ability, partly through maternal instinct.

JORDAN

He does tend to worry about things too much. I like that you and he are helping each other out like that.

This makes Miranda shuffle a little uncomfortably.

JORDAN (CONT'D)

It's your move.

MIRANDA

So it is.

She studies the board for a moment, before moving a BLACK PAWN forward one space to an isolated square.

CUT TO:

INT. PATHOLOGY LAB - NIGHT

Locke walks along the hallway to greet Frank as he enters.

LOCKE

Frank.

FRANK

What's going on?

LOCKE

I don't know, I'm just about to go in.

They walk together toward the entrance to the lab.

FRANK

Brad, I want you to run a background check on a Paul Leonard for me.

LOCKE

Is this a suspect?

FRANK

I just need to know some things about his occupational history.

LOCKE

You need this in a hurry?

FRANK

No, it can wait until morning.

They have reached the large double-doors of the entrance.

LOCKE

You ready?

FRANK

Yeah.

Frank walks forward, grabs the door handle, turns it, and...

CUT TO:

INT. MIRANDA'S OFFICE - NIGHT

The door to the office opens and Miranda steps inside, closing it behind her. She sits back down with Jordan who is clearing away the chess-pieces.

MIRANDA

Fancy a rematch? I'm determined to prove myself after being checkmated so quickly.

JORDAN

Sure.

Miranda gathers up the pieces and starts setting them into position.

MIRANDA

Do you want to be black or white?

JORDAN

White.

(beat)

No, black. I'm always white.

Miranda rotates the board around, careful not to knock the set pieces over. A row of uniform black pieces now sit in front of Jordan, while their opposite numbers in white await Miranda's control.

She takes a WHITE PAWN and moves it forward two spaces. Jordan takes a BLACK PAWN and does the same.

CUT TO:

INT. PATHOLOGY LAB - NIGHT

Frank and Locke walk inside to find the pathologist, Dr Nathans, standing over the corpse of the original murder victim alongside other equipment.

NATHANS

I was beginning to think the two of you weren't going to show.

FRANK

Do you have the hair and fibre results that you sent off?

NATHANS

In a manner of speaking.

LOCKE

Did you run it against the suicide victim to determine if he was the murderer?

NATHANS

I'm afraid I didn't get the chance.

FRANK

What do you mean?

NATHANS

According to the results there was no analyzeable substance in the sample containers.

LOCKE

How is that possible?

NATHANS

(confounded)

It isn't.

We PUSH IN on Frank's expression, considerably less surprised than the other two. There is a wave of a dark realization in his eyes as we

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT THREE

ACT FOUR

POLAROID FLASH and come up on

EXT. POLICE DEPARTMENT - DAY

A familiar STOCK shot of the building just to establish.

CUT TO:

INT. POLICE DEPARTMENT - DAY

Through the horizontal blinds covering a glass window, we can SEE three figures talking. One is standing who we recognize as Locke, while sitting behind the desk is ELIZABETH DANNER. They are both talking with Mr Leonard.

We move in to join them mid-conversation.

LEONARD

I don't want to cause too much of a fuss for the boy, but I think it would be a good idea for you to talk to him in order to 'scare him straight', so to speak.

DANNER

From what you describe, sir, it doesn't seem like there's been a clear offence committed.

LEONARD

Surely it's harassment, if nothing else.

LOCKE

He's just a student. Can't you handle it?

LEONARD

Look. I didn't really want to have to bring this up but...

(beat)

At the risk of bending the rules of patient confidentiality, this boy was identified by one of my students as acting suspiciously in regard to the crime being investigated at the school.

DANNER

Do you have an accusation to make, Mr Leonard?

LEONARD

(hesitant)

No. No, of course not.

(MORE)

LEONARD (CONT'D)  
I would just like him to stop  
threatening me.

Danner exchanges glances with Locke and spins Leonard a  
line.

DANNER  
Alright. I'll look into this  
matter further and get back to  
you. Thank you for coming in.  
(beat)  
Detective Locke, will you please  
show Mr Leonard out of the  
building?

Locke reluctantly opens the office door and motions Leonard  
outside.

He walks him to the exit, leaving him to depart, when Frank  
enters and approaches Locke.

FRANK  
What's he doing here?

LOCKE  
He came to file a harassment case  
against that kid we interviewed  
at the school. Can you believe  
this guy?

Frank stares ahead at Leonard as he leaves. Clearly he can  
believe it.

FRANK  
What did you want to see me  
about?

LOCKE  
I dug up some of the background  
on this guy Leonard, like you  
asked me. I thought it best not  
to confront him about it this  
morning before I had a chance to  
tell you.

FRANK  
Tell me what?

LOCKE  
Turns out he has virtually no  
history of school work. He spent  
most of his career as a  
psychiatrist in the corporate  
sphere and only recently switched  
to education.

FRANK  
How recently?

LOCKE

About three months ago he had a near fatal car accident. It seems he changed a lot of his priorities after that.

FRANK

What do you mean?

LOCKE

Well he showed virtually no interest in children before that. Wouldn't have anything to do with them. Now all of a sudden he's a school counsellor.

FRANK

Was he working at Jordan's school at the time of the last parent-teacher evening?

LOCKE

No, not even close. There's no way he could have met you there.

Frank gets a look on his face as if Locke is telling him pretty much what he already knows.

LOCKE (CONT'D)

You want to go pick him up?

FRANK

No. We're going to need more to go on.

LOCKE

Well, Frank, if you're thinking this guy could somehow have killed Harbinson and somehow framed the groundskeeper, we're going to need a hell of a lot more to go on.

(beat; despairing)

With all the forensic evidence going up in smoke...

FRANK

(knowingly)

We would never have gotten close to building a case anyway.

LOCKE

So how do you want to handle this?

FRANK

I'm going to stick close to Leonard.

The pair are startled by a voice from behind:

DANNER  
I don't think so.

Frank and Locke spin around. She's been listening for who know's how long.

DANNER (CONT'D)  
Sorry, Mr Black, but I can't authorize any kind of surveillance.

FRANK  
Excuse me?

DANNER  
We've got absolutely nothing to justify it, and this guy's already been down here complaining of one case of harassment. I wont get this department involved in another.

FRANK  
Fine.

She leaves Frank and Locke alone having made her point. Frank looks resolute though, and clearly wont be told what to do.

CUT TO:

INT. FRANK'S JEEP - NIGHT

Frank drives while Jordan sits looking bored in the passenger seat.

The car takes a turn and pulls up outside the school parking lot, with Frank suddenly turning the headlights off.

JORDAN  
What's going on? I thought we were going home?

FRANK  
We are. There's just something I need to check on.

JORDAN  
(complaining)  
Dad...

Frank picks up a pair of binoculars from the back seat and holds them to his eyes.

HIS P.O.V.

Scanning the area, we SEE Leonard's car through the black rings of the binoculars. Nobody is inside.

RESUME SCENE

Frank lowers the binoculars and contemplates how best to proceed. He places the binoculars down on the dashboard and moves to get out of the jeep.

JORDAN (CONT'D)

Dad, what are you doing?

FRANK

I just need to take a quick look.  
I won't be a minute.

JORDAN

(frustrated)

I wish you'd said earlier. I  
could have stayed at Bethany's  
longer.

FRANK

I want you to stay here, okay?  
Don't move out of the car. I'll  
be back in a minute.

Frank gets out and closes the door carefully behind him. He takes a last look in through the window at an impatient Jordan.

FRANK (CONT'D)

I want you to lock the door,  
Jordan. Lock the door.

JORDAN

Come on, Dad. This is stupid.

FRANK

Just do as I ask, please.

She shoots him a roll of the eyes but leans over and flicks down the lock nonetheless.

CUT TO:

EXT. HIGHSCHOOL - PARKING LOT - NIGHT

Frank is hiding at a distance, watching from cover as he spots something significant.

HIS P.O.V.

Mr Leonard is walking to his car, at last. However, he does not enter, but instead places a briefcase inside and walks back toward the school.

RESUME SCENE

Frank is uncertain as to what is going on, but goes ahead after him regardless.

CUT TO:

INT. SCHOOL HALLWAY - MOMENTS LATER

Frank enters the building just barely in time to catch sight of Leonard walking ahead in the distance.

The overhead lights cast a shimmering glow, so Frank is careful to hang back and not be seen.

He approaches the door that Leonard walked through and peers through the small glass window at the top of it.

HIS P.O.V.

We SEE Leonard walking through the school at a relatively slow pace.

RESUME SCENE

Frank darts away from the window, afraid of being spotted. He holds for a BEAT, then proceeds ahead.

CUT TO:

INT. FRANK'S JEEP

Jordan sits in the passenger seat, bored. She fiddles with the radio for a while but finds nothing to entertain her. Looking out of the window in a lazy manner, something catches her eye. She grabs the binoculars from the dashboard and takes a look.

HER P.O.V.

In the distance, a figure is moving through the darkness toward the school. It is the Dark-Haired Boy.

RESUME SCENE

Jordan hesitates for a moment, then flicks up the lock and exits the car. She heads toward the school in pursuit of the boy.

CUT TO:

INT. HIGHSCHOOL

Frank gets into another corridor, and finds that he has lost sight of Leonard. He searches around for a moment, unsure of where to go. He checks every turning, about to open another door when all of a sudden...

...the lights in the school go dead.

Frank is left in near-darkness. He quickly reaches into his pocket for his cell phone, dials a number and holds it to his ear.

LOCKE (O.C.)  
(filter)  
Hello?

FRANK  
Brad, it's Frank. The power just went out here at the school. You might have to get down here.

LOCKE (O.C.)  
(filter)  
What are you doing at the school?

FRANK  
I followed Leonard down here, but something's wrong.

LOCKE (O.C.)  
(filter)  
Frank, you were told to leave it alone. Danner will not be happy if I'm doing surveillance on this guy against her orders.

FRANK  
Just get down here.

Frank hangs up the phone without giving him a chance to reply.

CUT TO:

INT. ANOTHER HALLWAY

Jordan stands in the darkness, attempting to orient herself. She paces ahead uncertainly, trying to find where the Dark-Haired Boy went. She is about to give up when she spots

A CLOSING DOOR

The heavy door is just swinging back into position.

Jordan trots down the corridor at a slightly faster pace in an attempt to catch up.

CUT TO:

INT. GYMNASIUM - HIGH SCHOOL

All the lights are still out, and it is very dark. Leonard is striding ahead at a fast pace to the fire exit at the end of the school gym. He rattles the bar -- nothing.

He turns around to find the Dark-Haired Boy closing in on him.

DARK-HAIRED BOY

Stop.

Leonard faces him with a stern face.

DARK-HAIRED BOY (CONT'D)

I come before thee for the third and final time, as foretold. You had the chance to withdraw, yet here you remain.

LEONARD

You have a choice in this. It's not too late.

DARK-HAIRED BOY

(sorrowful)

I have no more choices than you.

LEONARD

You're wrong. We can change this, the two of us. Why not join me? You can know more freedom than you ever have.

The boy shakes his head slowly, resigned to his duty.

LEONARD (CONT'D)

(seductive)

Join me.

DARK-HAIRED BOY

(resolute)

It is ended. The hour is at hand.

LEONARD

This can only end badly.

DARK-HAIRED BOY

So shall it be.

The Dark-Haired Boy reaches inside his black jacket and pulls out a bladed weapon. He targets its point toward Leonard and edges toward him when

THE GYM DOORS

are flung open by Jordan as she charges in through the darkness.

JORDAN

No! Stop!

The Dark-Haired Boy has no reaction as he GRABS Leonard, wrestling behind him to hold him by the throat.

There is a struggle as Leonard CHARGES BACK. In one motion, he SLAMS himself and the boy into the wall in an attempt to shake him free.

But the boy DRAGS him around and quickly raises his knife.

Jordan, at the other side of the gym, can only watch in dismay.

JORDAN (CONT'D)

Wait!

The boy LUNGES into Leonard with the knife, stabbing him directly in the stomach.

JORDAN'S P.O.V.

She SEES an odd FLASH of white light illuminate the darkened gym.

RESUME SCENE

The boy withdraws the blade and STABS it deep into Leonard for a second time, sending him falling to his knees and arching backwards.

JORDAN'S P.O.V.

She SEES another CRACKLE of white light wavering along the arm of the boy and into Leonard.

ANGLE ON JORDAN

There is a puzzled look in her eyes as a strobing flash of light reflects on her face.

RESUME SCENE

The boy gives Leonard one more heavy STAB with the knife, sending him down to the floor.

JORDAN'S P.O.V.

There is a final FLASH of white light that dissipates to leave the gym in darkness once again.

RESUME SCENE

Jordan pauses for a moment as her eyes re-adjust to the darkness. She edges forward slowly to be sure of her step before...

...the lights in the school come up once again, flickering back to life.

Jordan is able to SEE the room properly for the first time. Leonard lies in a heap at the end of the gym. The boy stands over him, completely still.

Across the room, Frank enters the gym and is accompanied by Locke with gun in hand. They survey the scene to notice that they have missed the action.

Frank walks over to Jordan and takes her in his arms, for his benefit more than hers.

Locke approaches the area of violence and the boy presents his knife to him by the handle. He takes a latex glove from his pocket and uses it to take the weapon.

He looks down at Leonard. He's dead.

Locke then notices something about the knife.

INSERT - THE BLADE

There is no sign of blood anywhere on the weapon.

RESUME SCENE

Frank and Jordan look across at the motionless boy. There is an expression of infinite sorrow on his face.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. POLICE DEPARTMENT - DAY

The usual establishing shot of the building in the daylight. It is quiet, the calm after the storm.

CUT TO:

INT. POLICE DEPARTMENT - DAY

Locke stands with Frank outside a holding room where the Dark-Haired Boy sits.

LOCKE  
I haven't been able to get much  
out of him.  
(MORE)

LOCKE (CONT'D)

I've spent the last couple of hours in there and he's got nothing to say. He cops to the murder of Leonard but not Harbinson.

FRANK

He didn't kill Harbinson.

LOCKE

Even so, he'll probably get several years.

(beat)

I gotta say, I'm pretty confused with this case. All the evidence is gone, so I don't know that we'll ever be able to prosecute it.

FRANK

(knowingly)

We wont be. But it's over.

Frank looks down the hallway to see Miranda arriving with Jordan. They approach Frank together.

MIRANDA

Are you okay?

FRANK

Yeah. I'm fine.

Jordan stares through the window into the holding room.

JORDAN

Dad, can I talk to him for a minute?

FRANK

I don't think that's a good idea, honey.

JORDAN

Please. Just for a minute.

Frank looks to Locke uncertainly.

LOCKE

He's still cuffed under the table.

Frank looks back at Miranda who gives him a reassuring response.

FRANK

Alright. But I'm going to be right here watching.

Locke opens the door for Jordan and she steps inside so that we are now

INT. HOLDING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

The Dark-Haired Boy sits absolutely still on a chair beside a table, the picture of serenity. Jordan sits down opposite him.

JORDAN

(nervous)

Hi.

(beat)

I never saw you at school before last week. You came here for this, didn't you.

The boys smiles half-heartedly back at Jordan.

JORDAN (CONT'D)

(kindly)

It must be difficult for you here. Lonely.

DARK-HAIRED BOY

It is what it is.

JORDAN

What I saw in the gym...

DARK-HAIRED BOY

You don't see the world like everybody else does.

JORDAN

My Dad is the same, isn't he? There's so much you could explain to us.

DARK-HAIRED BOY

It doesn't work like that.

JORDAN

I think I have a lot to thank you for. I could have been in real danger. Mr Leonard was very persuasive.

DARK-HAIRED BOY

You should be careful. Your father has dealt with people like Leonard in his life before, but you're young. You're reaching an age where you'll have to make your own choices. It's going to be a difficult time from here on.

JORDAN

What about you?

DARK-HAIRED BOY

Don't worry about me.

Jordan gives the boy a long look, partly in thanks, partly in sympathy for what he is going to have to face. She then rises to go out to Frank and Miranda.

We stay on the Dark-Haired Boy and PUSH IN on his face. The look in his eyes is sad yet calm, pained but acceptant. OFF this we slowly

FADE TO BLACK.

Executive Producer  
James Jordan

Executive Producer  
Anthony J. Black

**TRIPLE FIVE**  
P R O D U C T I O N S