CAST LIST

CARL KOLCHAK
PERRI REED
JAIN McMANUS

GEORGE CAWLEY
GLOVED MAN/JONAS WEEAMS
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)**

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**

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)
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 heavyset, 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.

INT. SUPERMARKET - NIGHT

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, heavyset, 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)
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

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.
EXT. SUPERMARKET - NIGHT - MOMENTS LATER

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

EXT. SUPERMARKET - DAY

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:

CLOSE ON - NUMBERS

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)
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:
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.

EXT. DOWNTOWN STREET - DAY

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)
CONTINUED:

GLOVED MAN
(\(\text{into the phone}\))
Yeah.

INTERCUT WITH:

INT. PARKS RESIDENCE - KITCHEN - DAY

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
(\(\text{shouting at TV}\))
Aw... Idiots! Come on!

The Gloved Man’s eyes betray nothing.

CHERYL
(\(\text{through the phone}\))
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)
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:

INT. SUPERMARKET - DAY

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)
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  

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)
CONTINUED: (2)

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
INT. BEACON – NEWSROOM – DAY

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 --

(CONTINUED)
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:

INT. SUPERMARKET - DAY

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.
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

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)
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:

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

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

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

Kolchak and Reed persist.

REED

May we speak to her, Mr. Parks?

LEWIS

No, you may not.

REED

Why not?

(CONTINUED)
LEWIS
Because she’s not here.

INT. LUXURY SUV - DAY

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:

EXT. PARKS RESIDENCE - DAY

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.

INT. LUXURY SUV - DAY

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)
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

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

The MITTER CURTAIN peels back off the windshield.

GLOVED MAN
He was at your car, gimme a break.
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.

EXT. PARKS RESIDENCE - DAY

    KOLCHAK
    What about the words, “red miller plastic,” Mr. Parks?

    LEWIS
    Excuse me?

    KOLCHAK
    “Red Miller plastic?” Does that mean anything to you?

INT. LUXURY SUV - DAY

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)
CHERYL (cont'd)
I got nothing to do with that dead
guy, and believe me, I got nothing
to lose.

The Gloved Man sets his jaw, his look becoming hard. And
dangerous. Cheryl swallows, slowly realizing she may have
said the wrong thing, as we INTERCUT:

LEWIS
Red...?

CLOSE - A PROMINENT RED LIGHT begins to WHIRL, indicating the
sealer wax application.

LEWIS
Miller...?

CLOSE - A LARGE SIGN ON THE WASH EQUIPMENT reads “MILLER.”

LEWIS
Plastic...?

CLOSE - The Gloved Man grabs a PLASTIC KNIFE, swinging it
toward Cheryl’s THROAT.

OUTSIDE THE CAR - HER HEAD

Is banged against the inside of the driver’s window by the
impact of the Gloved Man’s blow, as --

Lewis shrugs.

LEWIS
Sorry, Charlie.

Cheryl’s lifeless body slumps down out of view. THE BLOW DRYER BLASTS DOWN on the vehicle. The sound of the hot air,
tiny beads of water sheeting off the car hood:

Kolchak hands Lewis a business card.

KOLCHAK
If she calls, will you please have her contact us? It’s urgent.

LEWIS
(he won’t)
Yeah, right.

Kolchak and Reed start off.
REED
That was a complete waste of time.

KOLCHAK
Maybe not.

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

EXT. GAS STATION CAR WASH - DAY

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
INT. BEACON - NEWSROOM - NIGHT

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:

INT. BEACON - PHOTO DEPARTMENT - NIGHT

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)
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.
MCMANUS
So what's the point?

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

We FLASH TO: Lewis passingSteven 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:

INT. POLICE PRECINCT - HALLWAY - DAY

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

KOLCHAK
Detective Tan.

Tan looks up.

(CONTINUED)
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-lifes 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:

CLOSE - GEORGE
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

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

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?
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)
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.
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

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.

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)
KOLCHA
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...?

KOLCHA
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?

KOLCHA
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.

KOLCHA
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?

KOLCHA
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?
KOLCHAK
Erik Cawley’s wife. She wants to help us with our story.

Off Reed, surprised by this:

INT. CAWLEY HOUSE - STAIRS - NIGHT

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.

INT. CAWLEY HOUSE - GEORGE’S ROOM - CONTINUOUS

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

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

May I ask what happened?

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

They’re waiting.

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

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

George doesn’t answer.

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

Kolchak is staring at an astronomical chart on the wall.

George is interested in astronomy?

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.

George, would you mind if I borrowed this?

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

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

OMITTED

INT. BEACON - RESEARCH DESK - DAY

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.
KOLCHA
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.

KOLCHA
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.

KOLCHA
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?

KOLCHA
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?
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:

INT. CAWLEY HOUSE - GEORGE’S ROOM - DAY

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

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.
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
Baseball.

ERIK
I’m sorry I don’t understand you,
brother --

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

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?

(continues)
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

EXT. CAWLEY HOUSE - NIGHT

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.
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:

EXT. CAWLEY HOUSE - NIGHT

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
ture within 24 hours. We may not
have long to wait to see if this
one does, too.

(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

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

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

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

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

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

The Gloved Man steals to the back of the house.
INT. CAWLEY HOUSE - ERIK & MARLA’S BEDROOM - NIGHT

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.

INT. MUSTANG - NIGHT

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:

EXT. CAWLEY HOUSE - BACK DOOR

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

EXT. CAWLEY HOUSE - FRONT DOOR

Kolchak and Reed RAP LOUDLY on the door.

INT. CAWLEY HOUSE - BEDROOM - SAME TIME

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)
Erik’s face expresses his mounting concern.

INT. CAWLEY HOUSE - KITCHEN

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.

INT. CAWLEY HOUSE - ERIK & MARLA’S BEDROOM

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:

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

George stares at the ceiling. Under his breath:

GEORGE

Baseball. Dark, baseball, plastic.

Plastic.

INT. CAWLEY HOUSE - DOWNSTAIRS - MOMENTS LATER

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.

INT. CAWLEY HOUSE - ENTRY

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)
KOLCHAK
-- Your power’s been cut --

INT. CAWLEY HOUSE - GEORGE’S ROOM

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:

INT. CAWLEY HOUSE - DOWNSTAIRS

KOLCHAK
Where’s your husband?

MARLA
Upstairs, why?

As Kolchak and Reed push past her:
INT. CAWLEY HOUSE - GEORGE'S ROOM

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)
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:

EXT. CAWLEY HOUSE - NIGHT

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.

INT. CAWLEY HOUSE - GEORGE’S ROOM - NIGHT

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
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.