

TV
14
V

BVG

BLACKSTAR VIRTUAL COMMUNITY

(c) 2007

TEASER

FADE IN:

EXT. OFFICE BUILDING - NIGHT

A brief ESTABLISHING SHOT of a generic office building, fairly high class and showing more glass than concrete. Only a few lights are on inside, spread out so that only a few odd yellow squares shine out amongst the mass of unlit windows.

CUT TO:

INT. MIRANDA'S OFFICE - NIGHT

MIRANDA GRAFF is ending her work day, cleaning up her desk. The office is lit only by her desk lamp.

She wearily packs her briefcase before taking a moment to rub her eyes, obviously putting an end to a long day. She flicks a switch on her desk lamp and it goes out.

She rises to leave, pulling on her overcoat, and steps out of the door. We linger in the darkness of her office a moment after she shuts the door, but all appears still.

CUT TO:

INT. HALLWAY - OFFICE BUILDING - CONTINUOUS

We TACK ALONG behind Miranda as she walks down the empty, half lit hallway. It's a nice building but a place normally so full with life that, at night and empty, it creates tension for us and for her.

She slows her pace and comes to a stop, then turns around.

We don't hear anything, she doesn't either, it's just instinctive.

HER P.O.V.

There is nothing to see, just a darkened hallway behind her. She brushes it off and continues walking.

At a clearing, a SECURITY GUARD (30s) is at the door looking over a few video monitors.

SECURITY GUARD

Long night, Miss Graff?

MIRANDA

Aren't they all? And didn't I tell you to call me Miranda? We seem to be crossing paths that often.

SECURITY GUARD

Night watch, somebody's got to do it, right?

MIRANDA

I feel the same way about this job sometimes.

(beat)

Is anybody else in the building?

SECURITY GUARD

Doesn't look like it. Dr. Armstrong was here pretty late, but you're the last. Again.

(beat)

Mind if I ask why that always is?

MIRANDA

(playful)

I'm sure it's just a coincidence. Goodnight.

SECURITY GUARD

Miranda.

She leaves through the front door and it CLICKS into an automatic lock behind her. This is serious, secured, private office building.

CUT TO:

INT. PARKING GARAGE - CONTINUOUS

It's dark and ominous, as to be expected, barely lit by yellow overhead lights. She makes her way over to her parking space, very few other cars around, and unlocks it with her remote key-fob.

She climbs inside, places her bag on the passenger seat, and shuts the door. Starting the engine, the headlights come on and we see that her name is on the reservation plate in front of her.

We PUSH IN TIGHT behind her, and another sense of anxiety comes over her, causing her to turn around.

HER P.O.V.

We can see, just barely, A FIGURE standing outside her rear windshield. It seems motionless in an empty parking space behind her about 10 meters away, at a safe distance.

It's dark, but he's just standing there. It could be anyone, but he stays just long enough to create suspicion. After a BEAT, he continues down the line of empty spaces and away.

EXT. PARKING GARAGE - CONTINUOUS

Miranda pulls out of the parking space and begins to leave. The car goes around a few flights of the parking ramp. She tries to shake off the feeling that a man standing alone in a parking garage is any reason to be alarmed. Silly.

INT. MIRANDA'S CAR

She's at a stop light intersection. There are no cars or pedestrians on the street.

She looks at the radio display, and it reads "11:21 PM". Then something catches her eye.

HER P.O.V.

Across the street she sees A FIGURE, a man, his face not visible again. He's in a fedora, beginning to cross the street corner. It's not the same man from before... it can't be.

She has a quick look around, sees that there's no traffic, and runs the red light. She watches the figure disappear in her rear view mirror.

CUT TO:

INT. MIRANDA'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

It's a very upscale fourth floor apartment. A sense of relief overcomes her as she enters.

She locks the door behind her and turns the lights on. It is nicely furnished and feels warm and safe.

She moves over to her telephone and hits a button on the answer-machine.

MACHINE VOICE
(synthesized)
You have no new messages.

She pulls off her coat and moves toward her bedroom.

TIME DISSOLVE
TO:

INT. MIRANDA'S APARTMENT - SOME TIME LATER

Miranda has changed into her night gown and begins checking around, switching off lights.

Heading back toward her bedroom, she passes the front door and sees something:

AN ENVELOPE

has been slid under the apartment door - no return address.
She opens it to reveal

POLAROIDS

of Miranda leaving work that night.

Miranda in the parking garage.

Miranda in her car at the stop light.

OFF the sight of these we

FADE OUT.

END OF TEASER

GO TO MAIN
TITLES

MILLENNIUM

"SLEEP OF REASON"

starring

Lance Henriksen

James Badge Dale

created by

Chris Carter

Guest Starring

Pat Healy

Mark Sheppard

and

Patricia Wettig

Theme by

Mark Snow

Art Director

JT Vaughn

Co-Producer

Angelo Shrine

Producer

Brendan M. Leonard

Producer

Jeremy Daniels

Written by
Jeremy Daniels

ACT ONE

BLACK

OVER which we SUPERIMPOSE:

"Whom Gods destroy they first
make mad."

-- Euripides

POLAROID FLASH and come up on

INT. MIRANDA'S APARTMENT - DAY

FRANK BLACK now sits with Miranda, with two coffee cups
before them.

Miranda is now dressed in her ordinary clothes, but is
visibly shaken.

FRANK

I've had a good look around, and
I can't see anything untoward.

MIRANDA

I appreciate you coming down
here. I really do.

(beat)

Are you sure there wasn't
anything?

FRANK

No, nothing. You've got a secure
building here, you shouldn't be
too worried.

MIRANDA

I'm sorry to put this on you. I
know the effect that this has to
have had on you. I mean, we
spoke about the polaroids... your
past.

FRANK

This is not about me, it's about
you. Your safety.

MIRANDA

But we can't put aside the
obvious similarities - is it even
right that you're here?

FRANK

These polaroids were sent to you.

MIRANDA

But I feel like this is bringing an old trauma back to you. That might even be the point. Do you think it's possible that someone could have found out about me, being your therapist, and is trying to scare you again?

FRANK

It's not a unique method of intimidating someone. Many stalkers use photographs or letters to taunt their subjects.

MIRANDA

(troubled)

So that's what you think this is? Some kind of stalker?

FRANK

I'm not trying to cause you more worry. The ultimate threat level of these kind of things is low.

MIRANDA

But that wasn't the case with you.

(beat; hesitant)

With Catherine.

Frank pauses for a moment and considers. He doesn't want to frighten Miranda, but he doesn't want to be too casual either.

He rises from his chair.

FRANK

If you like, I could try and take a look at your building's security tapes. I noticed a camera in the lobby.

MIRANDA

(falsely calm)

Oh, I don't want to put you to any more trouble. I'm sure you're right. I'm sure it's nothing.

Frank sees through her pretence, and is genuinely willing to help.

FRANK
It's no trouble.

CUT TO:

INT. DARKROOM

We are in a photographic darkroom, only lit by a dim RED LIGHT.

A man's hands, covered in plastic gloves, works on a roll of film. He unrolls it and lays it out delicately on a messy desk.

We stay CLOSE ON THE MAN'S HANDS, not seeing anything more of him but that. He rises from his position and crosses the darkroom to retrieve a piece of photographic paper from a tray of development chemicals.

He reaches in carefully and picks it up by the edges. He carries it across the room and pegs it up on a short line with several other developing photos.

He peels off his plastic gloves in a snapping motion, and drops them onto the desk.

CUT TO:

INT. APARTMENT BUILDING SECURITY ROOM

Frank, now alone, KNOCKS gently on the door. After a short time, it is opened by a SECURITY GUARD.

FRANK
Hi, my name's Frank Black. I was wondering if I might take a look at some of your surveillance footage from last night.

SECURITY GUARD
I'm sorry, sir. We don't allow that footage to be viewed by the public.

FRANK
Are you aware that one of the residents here received a rather disturbing piece of unsolicited mail last night? We're just trying to get to the bottom of it.

SECURITY GUARD
Anything like that has to be raised with the police before we can open up our tapes. It's company policy. I'm sorry. Really.

Frank is frustrated but understands. The guard retreats into the security room, leaving Frank to ponder his situation.

He paces for a couple of steps, then fumbles into his jacket pocket to produce his cell phone.

He dials, then holds it up to his ear.

CUT TO:

INT. APARTMENT BUILDING SECURITY ROOM - SOME TIME LATER

We are now in the central hub of the office. Looking over the array of monitors displaying surveillance footage is BRAD LOCKE.

Frank stands over him while the Security Guard hovers in B.G.

LOCKE

This is all the footage from last night. Any chance we can narrow down the window?

FRANK

Miranda said she got home a few minutes before midnight.

LOCKE

Okay. We can work from that point and extend the window by five minutes in either direction until we find something.

FRANK

Thanks, Brad.

The black-and-white footage is scanned forward and backward, the time index working its way along accordingly. The images are fuzzy, low-quality VHS, but it's enough to make out the lobby of the apartment building and the various corridors that are displayed.

CUT TO:

INT. DARKROOM

We again see a man's hands, as he snaps on another pair of plastic gloves. The room is again lit with only a red light.

The man moves over to his line of developing photos, slightly dripping in the various chemicals. He unpegs one and shakes off the excess liquid.

An image is starting to form. It's a typical family portrait -- a mother, a father, and two children, one boy and one girl.

The man holds it for a moment, then gently lays it down on his desk. He then crosses the room to pick up

A POLAROID CAMERA

He powers up the flash and gives it quick test snap. We SEE the flash and HEAR the sounds of the polaroid being processed.

CUT TO:

INT. APARTMENT BUILDING SECURITY ROOM

Frank and Locke continue to go over the video tapes, periodically scanning forward and backward.

FRANK

There she is.

Frank pauses the tape to hold on a grainy still frame of Miranda entering the lobby.

LOCKE

Clock has her in at eleven fifty-seven.

They resume scanning the tapes, different angles displayed in more than one monitor until they hit upon the image of a figure passing by one of the cameras.

FRANK

There. Go back.

Locke scans back until he finds the image and freezes the frame on

A MAN

walking through the lobby. He pauses at odd intervals, and appears to be talking to himself.

LOCKE

What's he doing?

FRANK

Can we zoom in here?

He does so and then attempts to refine the picture a bit.

MATCH CUT TO:

INT. MIRANDA'S APARTMENT - DAY

We are CLOSE ON her television set, now displaying the same grainy image.

We PULL BACK slightly to find that the security tape is now in Miranda's VCR, and she is sitting in front of it with Frank beside her and Locke standing in B.G.

FRANK

Do you recognise him?

There is a pause while Miranda thinks to herself, an uncertain yet ponderous look coming over her face.

FRANK (CONT'D)

What is it?

MIRANDA

I think...

(beat)

Yes. I do know him.

FRANK

Who is it?

MIRANDA

(dumbfounded)

A former patient of mine...

(beat)

...from a long time ago. Jim Ellis.

Frank is clearly worried and agitated.

FRANK

Is he dangerous?

MIRANDA

No. Not anymore. He was one of my earlier patients, as a teenager. He seemed bright, but suffered from what is still to this day, an undiagnosed schizophrenia.

FRANK

You were able to help him?

MIRANDA

Not exactly. There were times when I thought he was heading for a good recovery, but others when I couldn't make sense of him. I've often wondered where he ended up.

LOCKE

I think now we know.

CUT TO:

INT. DARKROOM

The man is now stacking his equipment neatly in rows. Boxes of film on top of one another, ascending higher and higher. As he goes, he nudges them all in to make them perfectly flush.

He unscrews camera parts and tidies them away neatly, placing them all in size order. He moves back across the room and ever so slightly corrects the position of his polaroid camera on the desk.

He flicks off the red light and replaces it with an ordinary white light.

We can now see that the man in the darkroom is JIM ELLIS (late 30s), the man from the surveillance tape.

He opens the door to the darkroom and steps out into

INT. LUCKY MART - DAY

As he walks out, we can see that he is wearing a jumpsuit uniform displaying the 'Lucky Mart' store logo, and that the darkroom has been off in a private area of the generic, medium-sized shopping centre.

Customers peruse the various aisles, and the faint sound of inane muzak can be heard from above.

Ellis continues moving until he arrives at a section of the store with the overhead banner

'FAMILY PORTRAITS AND PASSPORT PHOTOS
NEXT DAY PROCESSING!'

He takes his place behind the counter and is approached by an exuberant MOTHER (30s) with her husband and two children behind her.

MOTHER

Excuse me. Are you available now
or do we need to make an
appointment?

Ellis is the picture of a smiling employee with her, slightly false but displaying no outward signs that he is anything but a regular guy.

ELLIS

(polite)
Not at all.
(MORE)

ELLIS (CONT'D)

If you'd like to step up here
with your family, we can be ready
to go in just a minute.

MOTHER

Oh, thank you.

The woman guides her children by the shoulders, gathering her family onto a small podium where a screen is pulled down behind and lights are set up to the side.

Ellis begins to position his camera as a tall man dressed all in black wearing a Fedora walks up beside him. He goes completely unnoticed by the family preparing to pose, even though he stands out in harsh contrast to his surroundings.

He's the FEDORA MAN from the teaser sequence, of course.

FEDORA MAN

They look nice. The all-American
family. Picture perfect, you
might say.

ELLIS

(whispering)
Go away.

FEDORA MAN

Doesn't work like that. I'm the
one who calls the shots around
here. I was there for you when no
one else was.

ELLIS

I've got a photo to take.

FEDORA MAN

Yes you do.
(beat)
Never forget who you are.

Ellis leans in to his lens, ignoring the Fedora Man beside him.

CUT TO:

INT. MIRANDA'S APARTMENT - DAY

Frank and Miranda have now been left alone. The TV has been switched off, and things are quiet.

FRANK

Tell me about this man, Ellis.

MIRANDA

I'm not sure what there is to
tell. It was a long time ago.
(MORE)

MIRANDA (CONT'D)

I'm not sure how much I can remember.

FRANK

Anything will be a start. Take your time.

Miranda takes a breath and moves to look out of her window to the world outside.

MIRANDA

(thinking)

Let's see. His parents were divorced, and he was an only child. He came from a volatile home.

FRANK

What about his condition?

MIRANDA

As I remember, he complained about hearing voices. That's fairly common in patients, as far as it goes. He had trouble connecting with other people, things like that, but as I said his exact condition was never properly diagnosed.

FRANK

Was he ever institutionalized?

MIRANDA

I don't know. Maybe I could dig up some of his records and find out.

FRANK

That would probably be a good idea.

Miranda folds her arms and sighs a troubled sigh.

FRANK (CONT'D)

What is it?

MIRANDA

It's just...

(beat)

Frank, should we really be doing all this? We could be blowing this all way out of proportion. It could be nothing.

FRANK

Or it could be something. It's
not worth taking a chance on.
Let us look into it, to be sure.

He is about to leave when Miranda steps a little closer
towards him and puts a hand on his arm.

MIRANDA

Thank you, Frank. Thank you for
doing this.

FRANK

After all you've done for me, the
least I can do is return the
favour.

They smile affectionately at each other. There is an
awkward silence before Frank begins to move away and
Miranda clears her throat.

Frank moves out so that he is now

EXT. HALLWAY - APARTMENT BUILDING - CONTINUOUS

Locke is standing a short distance away outside, just
hanging up his cell phone.

LOCKE

I got someone running a
background check on Ellis.
Hopefully we can track him down,
or at least get some information
on his last known whereabouts
fairly soon.

FRANK

I appreciate your help.

LOCKE

No problem.

Locke heads off, leaving Frank to stare ahead in a moment
of contemplation.

FRANK'S INTERNAL P.O.V.

- A polaroid flash going off.
- The sound of a domestic argument.
- Doors slamming.
- The overlapping sound of photographs being taken.
- Miranda walking into her building at night.
- The image of her shattering like broken glass.

We return to the sight of Frank staring ahead, unflinching.
He considers for a BEAT, then begins walking.

CUT TO:

EXT. RUNDOWN TRAILER - DAY

A rather small, ramshackle old trailer in a rural area. It's half falling apart, junk littered out front -- a rusted old bicycle, a broken sink, other bits of garbage.

An equally disheveled car pulls up in front of it and Ellis exits, looking rather agitated. He swings open his front door and steps inside so that we are now

INT. ELLIS' TRAILER

It's dark and untidy. He starts tossing his head back and forth, as if distracted by something, but there's nothing to see or hear.

He throws his keys down and flicks on a lamp. The illumination allows us to see that all the walls of his trailer are covered in tacked-on polaroids.

They're everywhere. They're poorly arranged and overlapping.

As we move in closer, we can see that a cluster of them show Miranda on her daily outings.

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

POLAROID FLASH and come up on

EXT. POLICE DEPARTMENT - DAY

The familiar ESTABLISHING SHOT of the building from above. Rain falls as traffic passes by on the street below.

CUT TO:

INT. POLICE DEPARTMENT - DAY

Locke sits at his desk, papers scattered everywhere as per usual, his computer monitor displaying information on Jim Ellis.

LOCKE

As far as we can tell Ellis was never institutionalized. Because his condition was never accurately diagnosed, he couldn't be admitted except voluntarily.

FRANK

And I'm guessing that was never the case.

LOCKE

Not according to these records. I can't imagine anyone would ever check themselves into the psych ward of their own free will.

Frank has a reaction to this comment, but not an overt one.

FRANK

I can.

Locke shuffles slightly at his own faux-pas.

LOCKE

Anyway, there's not a whole lot of information to go on here. He's in therapy, he's out of therapy, he's on medication, he's off medication. It's not telling us much.

FRANK

Do we have a last-known address for him?

LOCKE

We do, but it dates back to 1998 and it's in Toronto.

(MORE)

LOCKE (CONT'D)

The wild hunch in may says that's not going to be much use.

FRANK

We can assume he's in the D.C. area. See if you can track him down. There must be some record of employment, doctors, medication, something.

LOCKE

I'm happy to do that Frank, but I've got to ask.

Frank wrinkles his forehead, too preoccupied and concerned to dance around the issues.

FRANK

What?

LOCKE

We both know we wouldn't be doing this for an ordinary case of a taunt in the mail. I took Threat Assessment at the Academy, remember?

(beat)

So who is this woman?

FRANK

She's my therapist. Was my therapist.

(beat)

She's a good friend.

LOCKE

(probing)

And that's all?

Frank prepares himself to leave.

FRANK

Just find Ellis.

And he departs, leaving Locke to raise his eyebrows and return to his computer.

CUT TO:

EXT. MIRANDA'S OFFICE BUILDING - DAY

Another ESTABLISHING SHOT to route us on the more upscale, less depressing architecture of the therapy business.

CUT TO:

INT. MIRANDA'S OFFICE - DAY

Frank stands at the side of the room that is now familiar to us, thumbing through books on psychology and philosophy that line the bookshelves.

Miranda enters with a stack of files and VHS tapes in a cardboard box, and Frank instinctively goes over to help her set them down on the desk.

MIRANDA

This is everything I could find.

Frank picks up a random file folder and flicks through it. He notes the date on the side which reads '4/9/89'.

FRANK

Are these all from eighty-nine?

MIRANDA

Some. There's also others from later in the nineties when he came back for a short time.

She rummages through the tapes and produces one that she begins to slot into her office VCR.

MIRANDA (CONT'D)

Here.

She sets it playing and steps back to watch it from a standing position with Frank.

Frank is intrigued to see Miranda from a different time, younger, dressed in slightly dated fashions. The two of them watch as we see the contents of the video

MIRANDA (ON TAPE) (CONT'D)

When you say "him", what do you mean?

On the screen, we see that Ellis is hesitant to answer.

MIRANDA (ON TAPE) (CONT'D)

Jim? This is not only going to be a waste of both our times but it's going to be destructive.

ELLIS (ON TAPE)

He's bad and he comes for me all the time. I can't put it into words. He exits on the other side of words.

MIRANDA (ON TAPE)

When you get angry he comes?

ELLIS (ON TAPE)
No, he makes me angry.

MIRANDA (ON TAPE)
(compassionate)
That's not true, Jim.

She pulls out a bunch of books and drawings he's done.

MIRANDA (ON TAPE) (CONT'D)
What are these drawings of?

He doesn't answer.

MIRANDA (ON TAPE) (CONT'D)
What have you been reading here?

ELLIS (ON TAPE)
Goya.

MIRANDA (ON TAPE)
They're art books.

ELLIS (ON TAPE)
"The Sleep of Reason Produces
Monsters."

Frank wrinkles his forehead at what he sees on the video as it continues to play.

MIRANDA (ON TAPE)
What?

ELLIS (ON TAPE)
Nothing.

We are back on Frank as we see

FRANK'S INTERNAL P.O.V.

- The Fedora Man in shadows.
- Miranda's face, shocked.
- It cracks and then shatters like glass!

RESUME SCENE

Frank continues to look ahead at the video.

ELLIS (ON TAPE) (CONT'D)
He's always there for me, waiting
'till my guard is down.

Miranda pushes a button on the VCR to stop the tape.

MIRANDA
As you can see, I was never
really able to get through to
him.

Frank looks through the box of videos and files to dig out the drawings Ellis did all those years ago. They are crude, violent images of the Fedora Man.

FRANK

Were you ever able to figure out what this meant?

MIRANDA

No. My first thought was that it represented his father. There was some abuse there, I understand.

FRANK

But that's not what it was?

MIRANDA

No. I sensed it would be the key to his psychosis, but I was never able to turn it.

Frank looks deeply at the drawing, feeling its significance.

CUT TO:

INT. LUCKY MART - DAY

Ellis stands at his usual position, behind the camera as he snaps a photo of another generic family portrait.

ELLIS

(polite)

There. All done.

The family smile happily and break from their pose. Ellis steps forward and hands them a ticket.

ELLIS (CONT'D)

If you'd like to take this up to the cash register, they'll give you a receipt and you can collect the portrait tomorrow.

The father of the family smiles and takes the ticket, taking his wife and three children away with him.

As Ellis returns to his solitary position at the camera, the mother from earlier approaches him.

MOTHER

Excuse me.

She only barely gets his attention.

MOTHER (CONT'D)

Excuse me. I believe you have a photograph for me to collect.

Ellis reaches down to retrieve it for her, framed and ready.

ELLIS

Yes of course. Here we are.

He holds it up for her to see, but keeps hold of it a little longer than he should, staring into it.

ELLIS (CONT'D)

You have a beautiful family.

MOTHER

Thank you.

ELLIS

Perfect in every way. You and your husband look so happy.

(beat)

A beautiful young daughter. A beautiful little boy.

MOTHER

(slightly disturbed)

Yes, we're very proud.

Ellis catches himself and stops gazing at the photo, instead handing it over to the woman.

As she takes it, the Fedora Man steps into frame.

FEDORA MAN

Not like your Mom, is she?

ELLIS

I told you not to bother me while I'm at work.

FEDORA MAN

That's up to you. You can take as many pictures as you want, but it'll always be other people, wont it?

(beat)

You'll never have a wife like that. Certainly wont have kids. You'll never have a photo like that to hang on your wall, at least, not of your own. Always other people's.

ELLIS

We'll see.

He returns to his camera, visibly upset.

CUT TO:

INT. BLACK RESIDENCE - DAY

Frank opens the front door and shows Miranda inside. The home is clean, pleasant, but quiet. Jordan obviously isn't home.

MIRANDA

You know, I hope you're not just making up reasons to keep me busy because you're afraid to leave me alone. I'm not frightened.

FRANK

No, there's something I want to show you. Something you need to understand.

MIRANDA

Understand what?

Frank is hesitant.

FRANK

I've never really told you the whole story. About this stalker. The polaroids that were sent.

MIRANDA

You told me about those two cases. Those two men.

FRANK

And I told you how it affected me.

MIRANDA

You said that it pushed you to the edge of madness. Once when you had to retire from the FBI. Once when you were forced to...
(beat; delicate)
...to kill a man.

FRANK

I've faced those demons. What I haven't told you is how it was revisited on me.

Miranda looks concerned, intrigued, and sympathetic.

CUT TO:

INT. FRANK'S BEDROOM

Frank opens his closet and reaches to the top shelf to retrieve a lock box.

He sets it down on the bed and unlocks it to reveal all of the polaroids that have been sent to him over the years. We see the shots of Catherine and Jordan in a Seattle taxi from "Pilot", those of Judge Park from "Lamentation", then focus in on one of Frank drowned in a bathtub from "Seven and One".

MIRANDA

You've kept all these?

Frank doesn't say anything, uneasy. Is it weird that he's kept them?

FRANK

This one here. I received this in 1999. Before the turn of the millennium.

MIRANDA

Who sent it?

FRANK

That's what I'm trying to tell you.

(beat)

I was tormented. They were designed that way. To get to me, to drive me over the edge in the way that only these could.

MIRANDA

Someone was trying to drive you mad?

FRANK

Not someone. Something.

MIRANDA

I'm not sure I understand. Are you saying that this thing, whatever it is, is doing the same to me?

Frank sighs, understanding her confusion.

FRANK

No. That's not it. I'm concerned that this isn't to do with me, it's not connected to my past. This is something else. It's you I'm worried about.

MIRANDA

Why are you showing me these,
Frank?

FRANK

I don't want this to be your
future. I don't want you to be
tortured the way I was. I don't
want this to become an obsession.

MIRANDA

Is that what it is for you? An
obsession?

FRANK

I told you, I've faced these
demons.

(beat)

I just don't want my demons to
become yours.

Off of Miranda's confusion, but growing understanding and
intense empathy we

CUT TO:

INT. LOCKE'S CAR - DAY

He is parked up outside the Lucky Mart, alone in the
driver's seat with the engine off.

He looks down to a set of papers he has on the passenger
seat.

INSERT - THE PAPERS

We see Ellis' thumbnail photo in the top right corner, and
a set of information underneath. We TRACK ALONG the words
we need to emphasise:

'...RECORD OF EMPLOYMENT.'

'...reference from All-Star Gas Station, Toronto...'

'...employee of Lucky Mart Inc., store located...'

'...December 2006 to Present...'

'...no home address on file...'

Locke folds the paper and steps out of his car.

CUT TO:

INT. LUCKY MART - DAY

We see Locke enter from far across the store, as he approaches a bag-boy and conducts a brief conversation we can't hear before being pointed TOWARD CAMERA.

We ADJUST slightly to find Ellis with the Fedora Man behind him, talking into his ear.

FEDORA MAN

He's here for you. Better get your head on straight.

ELLIS

You said it would be okay.

FEDORA MAN

And it will. Just remember what to say.

(beat)

And whatever you do, don't act crazy.

Locke approaches the photo area of the store and walks up to Ellis. The Fedora Man is no longer in sight.

LOCKE

Jim Ellis? I'm Detective Brad Locke.

He flashes his badge.

LOCKE (CONT'D)

Can I talk to you for a second?

ELLIS

I'm working.

LOCKE

What do ya know, me too.

(beat)

Can you account for your whereabouts last night, Mr Ellis?

ELLIS

I was here.

Ellis starts shuffling away to his equipment, trying not to look at Locke in the eyes.

LOCKE

What, all night? This place closes at, what, ten?

ELLIS

Ten thirty. Eight on Fridays.

LOCKE

Well, last night being Thursday
that would mean you'd be done
here by ten thirty, right?

ELLIS

So what?

LOCKE

So, where did you go after work?
Where would you be about, say
eleven fifty-seven?

ELLIS

I was at home by then.

LOCKE

Is there anyone that can
corroborate that?

Suddenly the Fedora Man steps into frame.

FEDORA MAN

I guess I could be your alibi,
except that wouldn't really work,
would it.

ELLIS

(to Fedora Man)

Shut up.

LOCKE

Excuse me?

ELLIS

(to Locke)

I was at home, okay? If you
don't believe me, arrest me or
something.

Locke bites his lower lip, considering his best move.

LOCKE

I'll have to get back to you on
that.

He turns to leave, noting all the photographic equipment as
he goes.

Ellis is left alone, until the Fedora Man steps back into
frame.

FEDORA MAN

He knows.

Ellis moves about in a bit of a panic, stocking up boxes of
film and tidying other equipment.

ELLIS

What do I do about it?

The Fedora Man leans back much more casual than Ellis.

FEDORA MAN

Time to step things up. We've
got an appointment to get to.

(beat)

Don't want to be late.

He produces a polaroid from his pocket and holds it up to
Ellis.

It shows Miranda with Frank from earlier in the day.

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE

POLAROID FLASH and come up on

INT. POLICE DEPARTMENT - DAY

Frank is striding into the bullpen with urgency and expectation. He is met by Locke opposite.

FRANK
Where is he?

LOCKE
Slow down, Frank. I didn't say
he was here.

FRANK
(confused)
You said you tracked him down?

LOCKE
And I did. He works as a
photographer at the Lucky Mart
downtown.

FRANK
Then that's it. He's our guy.
When can I see him.

Locke is having to try hard to stop Frank march off and tear the place upside down.

LOCKE
First of all, Frank, the fact
that he takes photos isn't proof
of anything. And second of all,
I didn't arrest him so he isn't
here.

FRANK
What are you thinking?

LOCKE
(offended)
What am I thinking? What are you
thinking, Frank?

FRANK
This is important, Brad. Just
get him in here.

LOCKE
On what charge?

FRANK
Anything. It doesn't matter.

Frank pauses in his own haste, backing down slightly from his position in realization of what he's asking.

FRANK (CONT'D)

Look. You know I wouldn't ask you to do this if it wasn't important. Please.

Locke looks back at him, the emotion in Frank's face melting his own.

CUT TO:

INT. PARKING GARAGE - POLICE DEPARTMENT - DAY

Frank walks across the dimly-lit area toward his own red jeep. Miranda is sitting in the passenger seat.

Frank opens the driver's-side door and climbs inside so that we are now

INT. FRANK'S JEEP - CONTINUOUS

Frank adjusts his position so that he is looking across at Miranda.

FRANK

He's not here, but they're going to bring him in. It'll be okay.

MIRANDA

I can't thank you enough for all of this.

FRANK

I told you, that's not necessary.

MIRANDA

It is. I think we both know that you wouldn't be doing this for just anyone. Something's been building between us. I think we both feel that.

Frank becomes slightly uncomfortable in the situation, which Miranda senses.

MIRANDA (CONT'D)

I'm sorry, I shouldn't have--

FRANK

No. You're right.
(beat; slightly awkward)
I've come to care about you a great deal. Given what's happened, I'm beginning to realize just how much.

There is a tender moment between them as they exchange a long glance.

FRANK (CONT'D)

I'm going to drive you home.

MIRANDA

No. If they find this man, I want to talk to him.

FRANK

Are you sure that's a good idea?

MIRANDA

I think I might be able to get through to him.

CUT TO:

INT. LUCKY MART - DAY

Ellis is just leaving the darkroom, locking it behind him.

He heads out of the store, passing his MANAGER (50s) on the way.

ELLIS

(in passing)

I'm off.

MANAGER

See you Monday, Jim.

There is a something off about the Manager's voice, and something in the way that he stares after him that hints to Ellis he's hip to something about to happen.

As he pushes the outer doors open, Ellis comes face to face with Locke. He flashes a smug smile on his face.

LOCKE

Mr Ellis. I said I'd get back to you, didn't I?

CUT TO:

INT. INTEGRATION ROOM - POLICE DEPARTMENT

Ellis is sitting opposite of Locke.

LOCKE

We've got you on video tape.

Ellis is looking at the two way mirror.

LOCKE (CONT'D)

I spoke to your manager. He told me where your trailer is.

(MORE)

LOCKE (CONT'D)

(bluffing)

I'm gonna send a couple of guys out there to take a look. Wanna tell me what I can expect them to find?

He's still not responding, staring at the two way. Staring at himself.

LOCKE (CONT'D)

We know who you are. You broke into that apartment building. You're stalking Miranda Graff, isn't that right?

As he mentions her name, from Ellis' perspective we see the reflection of the Fedora Man, ever so briefly.

ELLIS

(vacant)

You've got nothing. I know you can't keep me here.

LOCKE

You're staying right there.

Locke gets up to move next door, to the other side of the two-way mirror. Frank is standing watching.

LOCKE (CONT'D)

You know we've got nothing on him.

FRANK

Criminal trespass.

LOCKE

You know that wont stick, Frank.

Frank is clearly upset.

LOCKE (CONT'D)

Look, I understand the effect this has had on you--

FRANK

But you don't.

LOCKE

Okay, but all we really know is that this guy sliped some photos under her door.

FRANK

"Just some photos".

LOCKE

I know you don't want to hear this, but I think this is way too personal for you.

FRANK

This isn't about me.

LOCKE

Maybe not to Ellis, but you're involved and you know it.

(beat)

Who is Miranda to you anyway?

FRANK

What?

LOCKE

What does she mean to you? I mean, you have to ask yourself. Are you doing this for her, or are you projecting your own fears?

There's a moment of silence between them.

LOCKE (CONT'D)

She should file a restraining order on him. Other than that I can't do anything.

FRANK

Don't bring this down to bureaucracy.

LOCKE

I can't do anything. You have to give me a reason. Tell me, what's going on in his head, what is his next move?

FRANK

That's just it. I don't know what his next move is, I don't see it. I don't think he even knows. He's distracted, confused.

At that moment, Miranda enters the room to stand with Frank and Locke, looking through the glass to Ellis.

MIRANDA

Is this him?

FRANK

Yes, but I don't think you should speak with him.

MIRANDA

I know this man, I can get through to him.

FRANK

You knew him. Talking to him won't do any good now. That would only feed his obsession

MIRANDA

But I have to confront this. Otherwise it will just hang over me.

Locke has been out of the conversation, but he interjects with slight trepidation.

LOCKE

There might be a way.

FRANK

A way to do what?

LOCKE

To find his next move. To confront this.

FRANK

What do you mean?

LOCKE

We know he's stalking Miss Graff, right? We know his obsession is just going to drive him on further. If we cut him loose, keep tight surveillance on Miss Graff, we might be able to draw him out and get the evidence we need to put him away.

FRANK

(angry)

You mean use her as bait.

Through all of this, Miranda is just watching, observing the options.

LOCKE

(honest)

Yes.

FRANK

Out of the question.

MIRANDA

Wait a second Frank. I think I could do this.

FRANK

It's not a good idea.

MIRANDA

I don't think I'd be at risk.
This is just a man Frank. I know
him, I know what drives him. He
isn't violent, not anymore.

(beat)

The police would be all over. I
wouldn't be in any danger. Isn't
that right, Detective?

She's looking across at Locke for support. He nods.

LOCKE

I guarantee it.

Frank can't really say anything, he knows the choice is
hers, but he's very uncomfortable.

FRANK

I've seen how these things can go
wrong. Too many times.

MIRANDA

But I have to confront this. You
of all people should understand
that.

Frank knows her mind is made up. He sighs and looks back
through the glass to Ellis who is twiddling his fingers on
the table in an odd manner.

CUT TO:

INT. ELLIS' TRAILER - NIGHT

Ellis steps in, light beaming through from the front door
as he does so, casting illumination on the dusty, untidy
trailer.

He collapses down on a chair, tired and troubled.

The Fedora Man steps out of the shadows and sits down
beside him.

FEDORA MAN

You got careless. You didn't
stand up to them.

ELLIS

Will you just stop? You're
always on me all the time. Can't
you just shut up? Just shut up
for five damned minutes!

FEDORA MAN

What kind of an attitude is that?
That's not the attitude of a
family man. What happened to
your dream? To get your photo up
on that wall. Not other people's
families. Your family.

ELLIS

I don't have a family. That's
the whole damned point!

FEDORA MAN

Sitting around here sure as hell
isn't going to make it happen.

Ellis starts scratching at his head, then gets up and paces
the trailer, the array of photos covering the walls in B.G.

ELLIS

Just shut up. Shut up! Shut up!

The Fedora Man sits unflinching and lets out a sigh.

FEDORA MAN

You're pathetic.

CUT TO:

INT. MIRANDA'S OFFICE - NIGHT

Frank is standing with Miranda while Locke and a group of
other uniformed cops exit.

FRANK

We're hooked directly into the
building's camera system. We've
also set up an extra one in here.
We'll be able to see everything.
(beat)

Are you sure you want to go
through with this?

MIRANDA

I'll be fine. You're sure he'll
show?

FRANK

You can count on it.

FRANK (CONT'D)

We'll be right outside in the
van.

(beat)

Be careful.

He touches her tenderly and there is a long exchange of
gaze between them before Frank steps out.

Miranda is left completely alone. She takes a breath, attempting to relax herself, then moves over to the window.

HER P.O.V.

The street below, about four floors down, is relatively quiet. Frank walks out and crosses the street toward an unmarked van that is parked a short distance away.

CUT TO:

INT. SURVEILLANCE VAN - NIGHT

The side-door slides across and Frank steps inside. He swings it back across behind him.

Locke is already inside, looking at the various video feeds of the inside of the building.

FRANK

I want to see everything. Every angle.

LOCKE

It's alright, Frank, I've got it covered. We're ready to move the second Ellis shows.

(beat)

How can you be sure he'll be here?

FRANK

His obsession can only escalate. Having been denied the chance to see her earlier, his compulsion will become unbearable. He'll have to know what she's doing. He'll have to see her.

Frank stares intensely at all the video monitors. They're all clear.

CUT TO:

INT. OFFICE BUILDING - NIGHT

Along one of the darkened corridors, Ellis emerges. He is led forward by the Fedora Man.

FEDORA MAN

Move only when I say.

He holds for a BEAT, watching the cameras.

FEDORA MAN (CONT'D)

Now.

He leads Ellis along the corridor to a door.

FEDORA MAN (CONT'D)
This is it. In here.

ELLIS
Are you sure?

FEDORA MAN
Don't think, just do it exactly
like we said.

Ellis opens the door and sneaks inside. As he closes it
behind him we can see the label on the door. It reads:

'SECURITY ROOM'

OFF this image and its implications, we

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT THREE

ACT FOUR

POLAROID FLASH and come up on

EXT. MIRANDA'S OFFICE BUILDING - NIGHT

The area is dark and eerily quite. The surveillance van remains parked down the street. No signs of activity.

CUT TO:

INT. MIRANDA'S OFFICE - NIGHT

Miranda is pacing now. She's alone in her office, and keeps glancing up to where she knows the camera is positioned.

She sits herself down behind her desk, attempting to steady her nerves.

We PUSH IN close on her eyes as she rubs them in a stress-relieving motion. There is no noise, nothing, but something causes her to jolt open her eyes -- something instinctual.

HER P.O.V.

Ellis is standing in the shadows in the far corner of the office.

We MACHINE-GUN CUT rapidly between Ellis and what seems to be the Fedora Man, from one to the other in a stuttering motion back and forth.

BACK TO MIRANDA

As she takes a sharp intake of breath.

CUT TO:

INT. SURVEILLANCE VAN - NIGHT

Frank and Locke both look over all the monitors as alert as ever.

There is no sign of anything. They see Miranda alone in her office. They continue to wait.

FRANK

How long has it been?

LOCKE

Getting on for an hour.

Frank lets out a sigh and continues to let his eyes dance across the various angles on display. Still nothing to see.

CUT TO:

INT. SECURITY ROOM - OFFICE BUILDING

We PUSH IN through the room very slowly. We get closer and closer to the chair where the Security Guard sits.

As we get closer, we notice that he is entirely motionless. We get level with the chair and TRACK AROUND slowly to reveal...

...the slashed throat of the guard. He's dead, blood flowing down his neck, his eyes wide but lifeless.

We continue to move around, this time to the video monitors. We PUSH IN closer still onto the VCR, with a few wires oddly protruding. Its display is blinking:

'PLAY'

CUT TO:

INT. MIRANDA'S OFFICE

She is now confronted directly by Ellis, though it's hard to tell if he is Ellis anymore as he looks so similar to the Fedora Man in the darkness.

He approaches her and looks her right in the eye.

MIRANDA

What are you doing Jim?

ELLIS

We go back a long way don't we Miss Miranda?

MIRANDA

We do Jim.

Miranda is buying time. As far as she's concerned, Frank has seen all of this on the surveillance and will be heading in any time. She has no idea that the plan has been shot to hell.

ELLIS

I did go in to hospital for a while, you know. I wanted to get better. I wanted him to go away.

(beat)

But I hated those hospitals even more than I hated living alone.

(MORE)

ELLIS (CONT'D)

At least my parents had no pretensions about the abuse they inflicted on me.

MIRANDA

People only want to help you, Jim. That's what I wanted. Why wont you let us?

ELLIS

He's always there, waiting. There's no getting away from him.

MIRANDA

I will not let you talk about your sickness this way. It only makes things worse for everyone. Look what you've come to. Why would you want to hurt me?

ELLIS

Hurt you? Hurt you?! Who ever said anything about hurting you?

(beat)

You're just like the others.

He pulls out a polaroid camera and places it close to her face. He takes a photo of her with a bright flash that shocks her eyes.

MIRANDA

What are you doing?

He ignores her and holds up the polaroid to examine.

ELLIS

And down the rabbit hole we go.

CUT TO:

INT. SURVEILLANCE VAN

Frank and Locke still sit waiting. There is still nothing to see on the monitors. Miranda appears to be pacing the room, alone.

FRANK

Something's not right.

LOCKE

Frank?

Frank just shakes his head to himself.

FRANK'S INTERNAL P.O.V.

- The Fedora Man in shadows.
- A family portrait of scowling faces.

- Miranda's face, shocked.
- It cracks and then shatters like glass!

RESUME SCENE

FRANK

I'm going to take a look.

He begins to open the door.

LOCKE

What? Frank, you risk blowing this whole thing.

FRANK

I'll be careful.

(beat)

Don't take your eyes off those monitors.

Locke is visibly dismayed by Frank's decision, but has no option but to watch him go. He lets out a frustrated breath and returns his attention to the video feeds.

CUT TO:

INT. MIRANDA'S OFFICE

Miranda stays in her chair. Ellis is blocking her off from any means of escape. Her eyes keep glancing up to the camera position and the door, desperately waiting for her rescue.

She knows she has to buy more time, but also she just might be able to get through to him after all.

MIRANDA

Tell me about your photos, Jim.
Why do you take them?

ELLIS

It's what I do. It's my job.

MIRANDA

Where do you work?

ELLIS

What the hell is this? This isn't a therapy session, Miss Miranda. We're not on your time now. We're on my time.

MIRANDA

I just want to understand. Help me understand, Jim.

ELLIS

And stop talking to me like I'm a baby.

MIRANDA

You're right. I'm sorry.

ELLIS

That's better.

(beat)

Now, to answer your question, I work at the Lucky Mart. I take family portraits and passport shots. Next day processing. Thirteen-ninety-five for a single print, twenty-five for a premium set, six-fifty for passport photos. Monday to Friday.

MIRANDA

I see.

ELLIS

No you don't. Do you know how frustrating it is to do the same God-damned job like that every single day? It's mind-numbing. It drives you crazy.

MIRANDA

I thought you liked photography.

ELLIS

It's not the photography. It's the people in the photos. Families, all of 'em. Husband and wife, all-American kids.

The Fedora Man appears from the shadows.

FEDORA MAN

Picture perfect.

ELLIS

I'm getting to that!

MIRANDA

(confused)

Getting to what?

ELLIS

Don't act like I'm crazy. I'm not crazy!

MIRANDA

I didn't say you were, Jim.

ELLIS
Yes you did. Acting like you
don't see him.

MIRANDA
See who?

ELLIS
Knock it off!
(beat)
Now look at him. Look at him!

Miranda looks around the room, but sees nothing.

MIRANDA
There's no one here, Jim. It's
just you and me.

ELLIS
You just keep telling yourself
that.

Miranda's eyes again go up toward the hidden camera and the door, now beginning to realize that something's wrong.

Ellis notices and lets off a gentle chuckle.

ELLIS (CONT'D)
They're not coming, you know.

Miranda's face grows more worried.

CUT TO:

INT. SECURITY ROOM

Frank finds the door slightly ajar and pushes it further open.

FRANK
Officer?

He looks ahead at the body in the chair and edges closer, knowing what he is likely to find.

He touches the back of the chair to swing it around, and finds the slashed-throat of the guard.

He looks at the surveillance equipment and leans in closer, noticing the tape machine on 'PLAY'.

CUT TO:

INT. MIRANDA'S OFFICE

Ellis is setting up his polaroid camera on Miranda's desk. He sets a timer and moves around to squat beside Miranda's chair, placing his arm around her.

There is a FLASH as a photo is taken.

MIRANDA

Why me, Jim? Why do you want photos of me?

ELLIS

You're the psychiatrist. You figure it out.

MIRANDA

Is it because you don't have any of your own? Is it jealousy? All those families, those smiling, happy families that you have to see every day -- are you jealous of them? Is that what you want? The picture perfect family of your own?

FEDORA MAN

She's good.

MIRANDA

I'm sorry you never had that family, Jim. But you can't fake it now. You can't manufacture it. I can't be your picture-book wife, Jim.

ELLIS

Do you want children?

MIRANDA

What?

ELLIS

C'mon, let's be honest. Time's running out for you. Maybe it already has. Don't you hear the clock ticking? Nobody wants to spend their life alone. You know what I'm talking about. Don't you want a family?

MIRANDA

This is about you, Jim. Why don't you just let me go, then we can get you the help you need.

FEDORA MAN

You don't really want to go back to those hospitals, do you? That's no family.

(beat)

They're coming for you, one way or the other.

Ellis swings the polaroid camera around and snaps shot after shot in the direction of the Fedora Man. He pulls out the resulting photos and shoves them in Miranda's face, but we can't see them.

ELLIS

You see him? Look. You see him, don't you. Tell me you see him.

MIRANDA

All I see, Jim, is your own emptiness. It doesn't have to be this way. You don't have to be alone. Neither of us do.

The Fedora Man steps around the desk and taps on the window.

FEDORA MAN

They're down there, you know.
They'll be in here any second.
(beat)
You know what you have to do.

At that moment, the door to the office is KICKED OPEN by Frank. He stands in the doorway and looks at the situation.

FRANK

It's over Ellis. It's over.

The Fedora Man is still standing by the window.

FEDORA MAN

He's right.

ELLIS

We're all mad here.
(beat)
But I wont go back. I wont.

There is a moment of uncertainty in the room as Ellis seems to come to a decision.

CUT TO:

INT. SURVEILLANCE VAN

Locke is bringing out his cell phone, and looks in the direction of the driver.

LOCKE

That's it. I'm calling Frank.

He is dialling when

SLAM!!!

There is sudden crash onto the windshield of the van, sending it shattering in a spider-web of cracked glass.

LOCKE (CONT'D)

Jesus...

He's shocked by the sudden impact. He looks at the shattered windshield to see what just fell on them.

It's a human body.

It's Ellis.

He lays sprawled across the broken glass, just barely twitching, but he's alive.

CUT TO:

INT. MIRANDA'S OFFICE

The window is completely smashed from the inside out. Ellis jumped.

Frank cradles Miranda in his arms, the two of them wordlessly appreciating safety and comforting each other at what they've just seen.

We TILT UP so that we are looking down out of the broken window to the street below. We can just see the outline of Ellis lying on top of the surveillance van.

We then TRACK BACK AROUND to the desk where the polaroids that Ellis was showing Miranda are lying in a heap.

They show nothing but the darkened room.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. VIRGINIA PSYCHIATRIC HOSPITAL - DAY

Ellis sits in a padded cell, the walls all white. He is bandaged and his arm is in a sling.

The Fedora Man steps into frame.

ELLIS

They've got me on all kinds of pills now.

FEDORA MAN

(cynical)
Oh yeah?

ELLIS

They say it'll keep you away.

FEDORA MAN

Is that what they say?

ELLIS

I think she believes me. She's just like me. More than she'd admit.

The Fedora Man leans in, whispers into his ear.

FEDORA MAN

Is that a fact?

(beat)

I'll see you around, buddy. I'm always around.

He gives a little wink before we CUT to ANOTHER ANGLE, showing Ellis alone in his cell.

CUT TO:

INT. HALLWAY - VIRGINIA PSYCHIATRIC HOSPITAL

Frank and Miranda are standing together outside Ellis's cell. They stop looking in and move slowly down the hallway.

FRANK

What do you think will happen to him?

MIRANDA

They'll probably keep him here for good long while. They'll put him on a combination of therapy and biochemical treatment programmes. We can only hope for the best. For all we know about the human mind, psychology...

(beat)

...we still can't really understand madness.

FRANK

Maybe it's best that we don't.

MIRANDA

But then how can we help people like him?

Frank sighs.

FRANK

I think it's another one of those things without an easy answer.

Miranda stops walking and looks intensely across at Frank.

MIRANDA

Frank, do you think it's true, what Ellis said?

FRANK

What?

MIRANDA

That we're all mad?

FRANK

I hope not.

Miranda takes his hand and looks into his eyes.

MIRANDA

I really can't thank you enough.
Not just for helping me, but for
being there.

(beat; quoting Ellis)
Nobody wants to spend their life
alone.

There is along moment of empathy and affection between
them. Frank doesn't let go of her hand.

They lean in closer, and Miranda kisses Frank tenderly.

They part, and remain silent for a moment together.

MIRANDA (CONT'D)

Maybe we are mad.

FRANK

Maybe we are.

They hold each other's gaze for a BEAT, then begin walking
slowly down the corridor together as we

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