

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

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

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TEASER

FADE IN:

EXT. HIGHWAY - NIGHT

The concrete path stretches as far as the eye can see, thick slabs begging for rubber burns. Nearby are lamps, providing sparse lighting on proceedings.

It's an empty area. No cars in sight. No sounds either.

Silence, pure and simple.

Then we hear a revved engine. A RED SPORTS CAR is visible. It tears through frame, moving quick and with purpose. It speeds past a sign.

ANGLE ON SIGN: The words - Gas & Go, 2 Miles - are visible. It's an old and decrepit sign, made of cheap, yet sturdy, wood.

CUT TO:

INT. RED SPORTS CAR (MOVING) - NIGHT

The driver is CARLTON ROTH, a thirty-year old with spectacles hanging off his nose and flat red hair. He's dressed smartly in a suit, and sweats from the forehead.

His demeanor is frazzled, and he focuses on the road. We hear music via a radio: "Letterbomb" by Green Day, and it doesn't exactly calm Carlton.

ANGLE ON FUEL GAUGE: He's about to run empty.

CUT TO:

EXT. GAS & GO - NIGHT

The Red Sports Car pulls into this small time Gas Station. There are two pumps, one of which isn't working. The place is deserted. The pumps are shielded by a ceiling held up by rusting pillars.

There's a service shop nearby, a small place to pay for gas and get supplies. The entire area has nothing fancy about it, just a place to get in and out as quick as possible. Carlton exits his car.

He goes over to the pump and begins the process of filling up his Red Sports Car with Gas.

Switch to a P.O.V.:

Someone is watching Carlton intently. Whoever it is, this POV shot is a tad different from usual ones.

The frame is lit in a sepia tint, and is scratchy and distorted, as if some static is playing a part in proceedings.

RESUME SCENE

Carlton waits impatiently for the Car to fill up.

Back to the P.O.V.:

it's still distorted and scratchy. This time we also hear some breathing. It's not in the least bit odd; rather average actually, which makes it creepier.

Carlton finishes filling his car up, and removes the pump, turning his attention to the price indicator.

He's not amused by how much it costs.

Carlton seals his Car and turns, marching towards the Service Store. He gulps, nervous about his impending encounter.

CUT TO:

INT. SERVICE STORE - NIGHT

Behind the counter is APOLLO, a twenty-five year old African-American named after Apollo Creed. He's a stocky guy, no hint of muscle.

When we join him he's reading a paper and eating some wedges, not really taken aback by the dreary nature of his location. The door opens.

Carlton enters. He goes to speak:

APOLLO  
That'll be...

He looks at the till for the price. The 'out of order' nature of Pump 2 means he's able to set the till up for Pump 2 only.

CUT TO:

EXT. GAS & GO - NIGHT

The POV moves forward slowly, figure still calm.

CUT TO:

INT. SERVICE STATION - NIGHT

Outraged at the price, Carlton has to take a moment to calm down. He rubs his temple, it having been a long night.

CARLTON  
The Pump barely worked, okay.  
Could you just knock off a few  
dollars? It'd mean a lot.

Just before Apollo can respond...

CUT TO:

EXT. GAS & GO - NIGHT

The POV is now in front of the Red Sports Car, staring down at it.

We're unable to make out the reflection in the Red Sports Car, the sepia style of the POV making the colour scheme rather fragmented.

CUT TO:

INT. SERVICE STATION - NIGHT

Carlton reaches into his wallet, visibly annoyed, and pulls out a few notes. He slams them onto the counter.

CARLTON  
(sarcastic)  
Thanks pal. Thanks a lot.

APOLLO  
(smirking)  
Thank you. Come again.

Carlton thinks about retorting, but he decides against it. He beats a hasty retreat out of the Service Store.

CUT TO:

EXT. GAS & GO - NIGHT

He quickly approaches his car, muttering curses.

He does not notice a figure passing by behind him, just a brief outline of shadow that skims past frame.

Carlton opens the door to his car and enters the driver seat, continuing his muttering as he does so.

CUT TO:

INT. RED SPORTS CAR (STOPPED) - NIGHT

He puts the keys in the ignition, and is about to start the car up when...

Sniff - sniff.

There's something odd in the air. A strange smell that is out of place judging by the bemused expression Carlton sports.

He looks at the windows, sees they are all locked. Turns to the door - its also locked.

He looks at his clothes, doesn't see any unsightly patches on them. Finally he turns around, looks at the backseat.

ANGLE ON BACKSEAT: A small patch of oil. Maybe three inches wide. Appears to have been recently placed.

The realisation begins to seep in.

CARLTON

Shi--

WOOSH!

The oil ignites.

Carlton gets a second to react before flames shoot out and engulf the suit and shirt he's wearing.

Acting on instinct he kicks the driver door open.

CUT TO:

EXT. GAS & GO - NIGHT

We see Carlton tearing ass into the distance, covered in flames.

He screams to no avail, body racked in agonising pain. His arms flail wildly, then he falls to his knees.

He begins rolling around on the ground, desperately trying to put out the flames which ravage his body, bit he has no success.

We PAN AWAY to spare us the full graphic demise and see that the car is also ablaze.

CUT TO:

INT. RED SPORTS CAR (STOPPED) - NIGHT

Flames engulf the car. It's only a matter of time before it EXPLODES.

We catch a face within the flame, someone outside,  
watching.

Off a cold and haunted expression we

FADE OUT.

END OF TEASER

GO TO MAIN  
TITLES

# MILLENNIUM

"BURNING MAN"

starring

Lance Henriksen

James Badge Dale

created by

Chris Carter

Guest Starring  
Jay Underwood

Eugene Byrd

Amy Madigan

and  
Patricia Wettig

Theme by  
Mark Snow

Art Director  
JT Vaughn

Producer  
Angelo Shrine

Producer  
Brendan M. Leonard

Written by  
Ian Austin



ACT ONE

BLACK

Over which we SUPERIMPOSE:

"The smoke of sin and of thy wrath  
will end in the fire of hell."

-- John Donne

POLAROID FLASH and come up on

EXT. BLACK RESIDENCE - MORNING

We open on an atypically warm day, situated outside Frank's house. A PAPERBOY (15) rides up on an old bike and throws a newspaper forward. It hits the steps leading to the house with a THUD.

ANGLE ON HEADLINE: one words draws our attention. 'Arson'.

CUT TO:

INT. LIVING ROOM - BLACK RESIDENCE - MORNING

The paper is now situated on a table, front page still visible.

We are able to make out more of the headline words, all of them in fact.

*Series of Deaths With Suspicions Of Arson*

We tilt up to the face of FRANK BLACK, dressed for work and wearing glasses. He doesn't smile, but the headline isn't lost on him. His eyes study the article.

ANGLE ON PAPER: we catch glimpses of words instead of sentences.

'Arson...

...strange deaths...

...four buildings already...

...six confirmed...

Police insist attacks aren't related...

...three months now...'

Frank continues to read intently.

FRANK'S INTERNAL P.O.V.

- A building on fire.
- A man standing in the fire, calm.

- A lighter being flicked on and off.
- The sight of a man being burned alive, frantic.

RESUME SCENE

Frank sits trying to put the pieces of the puzzle together.  
He can't quite make them fit.

CUT TO:

EXT. BACK ALLEY - DAY

At the end of this confined alley is a chicken-wire fence, the wire rusty and sharp, likely infectious to the touch. Walls are either side, reaching fifteen feet high.

We're smack-dab between run-down flats, the balcony stairs visible above. There is a large puddle on the ground. Mud mixed with water and God knows what else.

A reflection appears in the water. It is the man for the teaser. He is DOUGLAS COPP. Within the water, the flames around him appear neutered, powerless, creating a strange effect.

We get our first good look at him. He's thirty-four years old. Average looking, average build, pretty average. In the reflection it looks like he's not wearing any clothes, the flames having long since burned them away.

Though he's naked, the flames conceal his private areas.

For a second, he contemplates putting his feet in the water to extinguish the flame.

DOUGLAS

(by rote)

Broadly speaking there are two types of fire, flaming and smoldering fires.

We switch to his POV.

DOUGLAS (CONT'D)

The former is the rapid oxidation of a fuel, combustion, with associated flame, heat, and light.

POV: His foot is hovering over the water, which is of a sepia tint from his perspective

DOUGLAS (CONT'D)

The flame itself is a thin region of gas where intense chemical reactions are taking place.

He stops himself. Pulls his foot back.

WIDE ANGLE: He stands there, his body mannerisms stilted and eerily calm, almost in a sedated manner.

DOUGLAS (CONT'D)

The reacting gas in this area is often hot enough to glow visibly, although some flames can be nearly invisible.

He starts walking away from the puddle.

DOUGLAS (CONT'D)

Water can take many forms. The solid state of water is commonly known as ice; the gaseous state is known as water vapor, and the common liquid phase is generally taken as simply water.

(laughs bitterly)

But the filth and decay and mud and whatever else symbolises everything wrong about this world.

BACK TO POV: the images are slowed down, really jerky and hard to define.

He sees walls as if they were moving, so slow they appear to generate pace.

DOUGLAS (CONT'D)

When Paradise goes to the dogs and the mongrels its no fit place for the good people with the good hearts and the conviction to stand their way.

CUT TO:

EXT. POLICE DEPARTMENT - DAY

A familiar establishing shot from above.

CUT TO:

INT. MORGUE - POLICE DEPARTMENT - DAY

Frank stands over a an open morgue slab, looking down on a body so burned and charred we can barely make it out as human.

A morgue ATENDENT hovers around in B.G., giving Frank plenty of space.

FRANK'S INTERNAL P.O.V.

- A huge fireball taking form.
- A man standing perfectly still, flames licking his face.
- A man stumbling forward, his body on fire, screaming!

RESUME SCENE

At that moment, the door to the room swings open to reveal

BRAD LOCKE

He leans forward through the door frame.

LOCKE  
Frank, good morning.

FRANK  
Morning, Brad.

LOCKE  
Someone told me you came in.  
What are you doing down here?

FRANK  
I'm not sure exactly how to put  
it. I saw something in the paper  
this morning.

LOCKE  
What's the story?

FRANK  
Arsonist. No motive or reason  
given.

LOCKE  
(confused)  
So... it was an arson attack.

FRANK  
I think there's something to  
this.

LOCKE  
How do you mean?

FRANK  
I think this is likely to  
escalate. If it hasn't already.

LOCKE  
To what?

FRANK  
I can't really come to any  
conclusions yet, its all pretty  
non-specific.

LOCKE  
(still confused)  
Okay.

FRANK  
I know this will be a stretch for  
you. That you need more.

LOCKE  
No, I think I've learned enough  
to trust your instincts by now.  
Escalation from arson, I'll run  
with that.

Frank is caught slightly surprised.

LOCKE (CONT'D)  
So, have you found any real leads  
down here yet?

Frank asserts himself, the next bit of information rather  
difficult to process.

FRANK  
I think he sees himself burning  
alive.

That hits Brad hard.

LOCKE  
Why?

FRANK  
I don't know yet.

Locke looks uncertainly down at the body, then opens up the  
door again and holds it for Frank.

CUT TO:

EXT. STREETS - DAY

It's a calm day.

The streets are awash with people. Some wear suits, on  
their way to work, while others wear uniforms on their way  
from work.

We see Douglas in amongst them.

They don't acknowledge him, don't seem to be engulfed in  
fire when they brush past him.

He's now wearing blue jeans.

The fire flickers off him. He stares ahead, his expression  
cold, yet blank.

We then hear, from no particular source, a woman's voice, cold and enigmatic.

JOAN (V.O.)  
They will be judged.

Douglas looks to the right. He's the only one that can hear this disembodied voice.

JOAN (V.O.) (CONT'D)  
God will do unto these people as  
He sees fit.

Douglas'S P.O.V.

The people to the right are walking normally, but their faces begin to DRIP, as if melting in heat. They appear yellow, their faces oozing with blood and puss.

JOAN (V.O.) (CONT'D)  
I am His watcher. And you are  
mine.

Douglas looks to the left.

JOAN (V.O.) (CONT'D)  
The one who sees what others  
can't, what others won't, what  
others should never see.

Douglas'S P.O.V.

The people to the left are scarred and cut. Faces and bodies are a mess, chests exposed and seemingly skinned alive. Limbs are missing and arteries spew blood to the ground. They, as those to the right, are unaware of their predicament.

JOAN (V.O.) (CONT'D)  
Because they are flawed.

Douglas looks straight ahead.

JOAN (V.O.) (CONT'D)  
He chose me. And I have chosen  
you. He want me to help you. But  
I don't know why. Why are either  
of us worthy for the cause? But  
we don't ask. We simply do.

Douglas'S P.O.V.

He stops outside a shop window and looks inside. He stares not at the objects in the window, but at his own reflection.

JOAN (V.O.) (CONT'D)  
This is our test.

He is on fire, burning alive. Fire dances over his skin, and he stands there perfectly still watching his form engulfed by flames.

We pull back out and see that the flames that once covered him are gone.

Instead he drips with blood.

He stands there for a spell, the only one among the throes of people dripping with blood, not once meeting the eyes of those around him.

They, in turn, don't look at him.

WIDE SHOT: a mass of people from above. Douglas is the only one visible clearly.

He starts walking.

CUT TO:

EXT. POLICE DEPARTMENT - DAY

To establish.

LOCKE (O.C.)  
So what do we know?

CUT TO:

INT. POLICE DEPARTMENT - DAY

In front of Brad is a notepad. The page its open at has a few scrawled notes, nothing detailed. He holds a red pen in his hand.

LOCKE  
Age?

FRANK  
Likely thirties. Middle aged,  
more than likely.

LOCKE  
Do we have anything to go on  
except what the papers say?

Silence. Then:

FRANK  
Why are have there been no leads  
so far?

LOCKE  
As far as I know it's because  
there's been so little to  
identify any suspects.  
(MORE)

LOCKE (CONT'D)

You know we can't just pull people off the streets. There's been no sense of evidence or motive, and so far no one is biting the bait.

FRANK

Bait?

LOCKE

The rewards for information went absolutely nowhere.

FRANK

What about witnesses?

LOCKE

No one came forward. The progress report says they scouted out the areas, but there's no pattern to the arson.

FRANK

Any centralised areas?

LOCKE

None. It was a variety of random places. As if someone was just walking and got bored, decided to set fire to a building.

Frank focuses on that last part.

CUT TO:

EXT. RUN DOWN HOUSE - DAY

A dismal house in a bad part of town. It's boarded up with wood, no entrances visible.

We hear a CRUNCH. Its followed by a CRACK. We then see

A LIGHTER

Blood red in colour. Shiny. The design is basic, a device for application rather than focused study.

It's turned on. Flames appear.

A hand turns it off. The flames vanish. This action is repeated a few times.

We MOVE OUT to see the rest of the room.

The paint is peeling from the walls.



There's no carpet. The floorboards are the floor here. There's dust covering said floorboards, and the room is sparsely lit.

On the floor sits Douglas.

He's still wearing jeans. His feet are bereft of shoes. He's no longer on fire.

In his hand he holds the lighter.

He looks at it curiously, the minimalistic design striking a nerve. With a press he initiates flame.

We notice he has no burn marks whatsoever.

He turns the flame off and extends his right arm. Puts it directly over the lighter.

DOUGLAS

Thank you God.

ANGLE ON LIGHTER: His finger pushes down.

DOUGLAS (CONT'D)

Thank you God.

Flames emit from the lighter. They soar upwards and set fire to the skin beneath his right arm.

DOUGLAS (CONT'D)

Thank you God.

The flames burn his skin.

DOUGLAS (CONT'D)

Thank you God.

ANGLE ON Douglas: He has no expression, his demeanor cold and emotionless. He's clearly not here.

DOUGLAS (CONT'D)

Thank you God.

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

POLAROID FLASH and come up on

EXT. RESTAURENT - NIGHT

Located in the centre of the city, it's a smart place with an air of class. Nothing that would put off people from coming in off the street, rather a place that takes pride in being warm and welcoming while also pleasing to the eye.

CUT TO:

INT. RESTAURENT - NIGHT

At a corner table sit Frank and MIRANDA GRAFF. Both are wearing smart-casual clothing. A bottle of wine chills in a bucket of ice. They have glasses of wine in front of them.

The mood is warm, tranquil.

FRANK

Truth be told, I'm not sure where we'd go next.

MIRANDA

What's got you so interested?

FRANK

(ponders that)

The story seems off. Arson always has a reason.

MIRANDA

Does it?

FRANK

It's not routine. To commit arson you have to have knowledge of where's best to hit, when is best to hit. But this...

(thinks)

There's no reason.

MIRANDA

Maybe you need to distance yourself from it.

FRANK

That makes it worse.

He sips his wine, lost in thought. Miranda studies him, curiosity on her face.

MIRANDA

So how's your profile going so far?

Without pause.

FRANK

He'll be an average man. Mid thirties. He sees himself surrounded by flame.

MIRANDA

Fire?

FRANK

He's immersed in it. There's something about it. As if he's continually burning.

MIRANDA

Is that why you think he commits arson?

FRANK

No. There's something else.

MIRANDA

What?

Beat. Silence from Frank.

Miranda laughs, sipping her wine. He looks at her, bemused by her laughter during his calculations.

FRANK

What's so funny?

MIRANDA

This. Us. Talking work over wine and soon-to-arrive dinner.

FRANK

(chuckles)

I'm sorry. It's hard to turn off.

MIRANDA

Don't be. We're just talking about our days. Makes sense we'd segue into work effortlessly.

FRANK

Does it seem like it defines me sometimes?

MIRANDA

It's not such a bad thing.  
Granted this isn't 'technically'  
your job anymore, but its part of  
who you are - a man who has a  
gift.

MIRANDA (CONT'D)

Maybe I can help. It sounds like  
a form of self-loathing.

FRANK

But he's targetting buildings.  
Human casualties appear to be a  
side-effect that he can live  
with. It's not just about him.

MIRANDA

So human life is secondary to  
him?

FRANK

I don't think he's really  
considered it. Perhaps he sees  
humanity as a pest, something to  
be avoided.

MIRANDA

Why would he do that?

FRANK

Bad upbringing? Perhaps he's numb  
from a traumatic effect.

MIRANDA

Or some kind of bad experience  
with fire.

FRANK

Could be. Or perhaps he feels  
fire is the element that defines  
him.

A WAITER then arrives with their plates, and they quickly  
stop talking about work.

CUT TO:

INT. POLICE DEPARTMENT - NIGHT

Locke sits in front of his desk, staring at crime-scene  
data on his computer.

There's a clear-of-the-throat sound from behind him.

LOCKE

What is it, Eddie?

EDDIE enters. He's twenty-four and slight, a tiny Latino man in regulation uniform. He holds a manilla folder full of paperwork.

EDDIE

I have those printed crime-scene reports you wanted.

He puts it on the desk. Locke starts reading.

EDDIE (CONT'D)

If you don't mind me asking, why printed? Surely it makes more sense to just read 'em off the computer.

LOCKE

I'll let you in on a secret, Eddie. Computer screens lie. Paper is more reliable, not to mention that it has character - you can read into paper what you can't read into a computer.

Eddie nods, kind of humouring him. He doesn't get it, but he doesn't really want to.

LOCKE (CONT'D)

(quietly)

Come on. Give me something.

ON PAPER - it's not being forthcoming.

CUT TO:

INT. BLACK RESIDENCE - NIGHT

Later in the evening, Frank and Miranda arrive back at Frank's place together removing their coats and such.

FRANK

I'll put some coffee on.

As he moves toward the kitchen, Miranda continues to talk after him.

MIRANDA

You know we can't keep going on like this -- alternating between my place and yours.

FRANK

(pondering)

Yeah...

Miranda then thinks for a moment.

MIRANDA

You know I just had a thought.

FRANK

(half-joking)

This isn't going to turn into a heavy conversation is it?

MIRANDA

No. Your case. Something you said, about fire defining the arsonist.

FRANK

How so?

MIRANDA

Fire is warm. It provides heat. Perhaps it provided him with comfort and he closely identifies with it.

FRANK

How would that explain the arson?

MIRANDA

Maybe he uses fire to lash out at what he never had.

FRANK

What didn't he have?

MIRANDA

People often choose faith to replace something. Perhaps he believes fire can somehow be a force for...

FRANK

(finishing her sentence)

Purging.

CUT TO:

INT. POLICE DEPARTMENT - NIGHT

Locke reads his printed papers, going over it carefully in his mind. Something is off, and he knows it. But try as he might, he can't quite find a link that will help him sort this case out once and for all, and he ain't exactly happy about that.

With a sigh.

LOCKE

(calls out)

Eddie. You still here?

Eddie approaches.

EDDIE  
I shouldn't be.

LOCKE  
We're going to visit the crime-  
scenes. Comb them thoroughly.

EDDIE  
(bearer of bad news)  
Er, that might be a problem?

LOCKE  
Why would it be a problem?

EDDIE  
Well the CSI folks are there, and  
they aren't exactly the sharing  
sort when it comes to  
breakthroughs, if you get what I  
mean.

LOCKE  
(smirks)  
Then we'll just have to ask  
nicely.

Eddie doesn't appear convinced, but he sees that Brad has  
his mind made up and no intention of unmaking it.

CUT TO:

INT. BLACK RESIDENCE - NIGHT

Frank and Miranda now sit in the living room, talking over  
coffee.

FRANK  
We've gone over it, there's no  
pattern. No sense the locations  
have anything other than a random  
context.

MIRANDA  
Perhaps that is the pattern.

That piques his curiosity.

FRANK  
Go on.

MIRANDA

Perhaps he's not targeting the buildings with any kind of traditional pattern - perhaps it's based around an issue we haven't readily considered, an event that drove him to the state where he's taking his rage out on people without thought or due process. We need to examine his childhood psyche.

FRANK

(thinking)  
His upbringing?

MIRANDA

Yes. Not everyone has a sturdy environment like Jordan.

They share a quiet moment, a mixture of professional respect and unprofessional admiration.

MIRANDA (CONT'D)

I think we're talking justification, release, perhaps sexually. The use of an external solution to solve an internal problem.

FRANK

A psychological breakdown could result in impotence.

MIRANDA

He believes that by doing these acts he's exerting a degree of control over external appliances that he cannot exude over himself.

FRANK

That could be where the scarring comes in. He scars himself to feel something.

MIRANDA

It's a sign of pain, a way to yell out to the world - a cry for help without noticing. Perhaps it's an attempt to commune with God.

FRANK

Or maybe he wants others to feel his pain.



Frank exhales and stops thinking so hard for just a moment. He makes clearer eye-contact with Miranda.

FRANK (CONT'D)

Are you sure you don't mind letting this dominate the conversation?

MIRANDA

(smiling)

Not at all. I think we make a pretty good team really.

FRANK

So what comes next?

MIRANDA

You mean with the profile, or with us?

CUT TO:

EXT. DOWNTOWN - NIGHT

The slums. Home of the hookers, the drug dealers, the pimps, the area the 'socially responsible' views as slime and dirt, regardless of reason or rationale.

Burned out cars and cloudy skies mingle with the destruction of public property and the graffiti lined walls, a sad state for a once prosperous area to undergo.

Smoke filters through the frame.

The shot widens to reveal a building on fire. Tall, large, once a Church - now a Brothel.

Or was.

It's on fire, burned to all recognition, faint screams echoing from inside. We make out five different ones, flames trickling upwards and emitting puffs of ashy smoke.

The screams stop altogether.

In the distance we make out a fire truck, siren blaring. There are also police cars and their sirens.

They are too late and too far away.

In front of the building stands Douglas. He's not on fire, but he holds a can of gasoline in his free hand.

We once again hear the disembodied voice of:

JOAN (V.O.)

Well done, my child. Well done.

There's a curved smile on Douglas's face - he's savoring the quiet before the cavalry arrives.

Off this we

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE

POLAROID FLASH and come up on

INT. RUN DOWN HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - DAWN

The early throes of sunlight trickle in through a window, said window less boarded up than the others. It provides the only light in this dim room.

We pan across the dirty and unkempt floor.

We take in an empty can of gasoline perched on its side, a few drops of gas merging with the wood for a faded effect.

The camera stops. Moves up and pans to the side, revealing:

Douglas

sat on the floor, stoic, an emotionless mess currently being as quiet as a mouse. His legs are straight out in front of him and he holds the lighter, looking at it with a detached gaze.

We see his wrists - burned and singed.

There's an odd peace to him, a hint at the achievement of a nirvana like state.

His demeanor implies meditation.

He starts to sing "Lake Of Fire" by Nirvana. He sings it without a backing track, and the words are almost spoken.

He draws them out, bleeds the emotion from them, wringing metaphorical blood from a stone as he cuts to the heart of the material.

But the thing is, he doesn't look up during it, doesn't address the camera, doesn't put any emotion into it exactly - he just sings it as is, and lets us do the guess-work.

DOUGLAS

(sings)

Where do bad folks go when they  
die... Don't go to Heaven where  
the Angels fly.... Go to a lake  
of fire and fry... See you again  
on the fourth of July.

PUSH IN on his face - he smiles.

It's creepy, casual, low-key. There's nothing automatically creepy there, but it's the detached nature that hits you, the guy doesn't believe he's crazy at all.

On this creepy, casual smile

CUT TO:

EXT. STREETS - DAWN

The same streets that Douglas was walking along earlier, different in look with the rising sun.

A car passes through frame, Locke at the wheel.

CUT TO:

INT. LOCKE'S CAR

Brad drives. Frank is in shotgun. They sit in silence, lost in thought.

ON BRAD

He's been dealing with forensics, and is trying to process data and turn dirt into investigatory gold. His eyes focus on the road.

ON FRANK

Going over the case and Miranda's involvement, trying to crack the last parts of a psychological profile.

TWO SHOT

Both lost in different avenues of thought.

LOCKE

I tell ya Frank, since we met up again life's gone a considerable amount down a strange avenue.

He shakes his head, the expression on his face indicating that not even Locke's quite aware why he's laughing.

FRANK

The human psyche.

LOCKE

(confused)

Huh?

FRANK

I've seen some strange things, but it always comes back to that. Upbringing mostly, the way a person was influences the way a person is. Doesn't excuse it, doesn't rationalize it, and it's not even fact as such - it's just something that happens.

LOCKE

And that's the case here?

FRANK

I think the man we're dealing with has problems stretching back as far as the eye can see.

(then)

Miranda drew a lot out of me.

LOCKE

How formal are you two these days?

FRANK

My eyes are on the case, Brad. Everything goes towards that. I have to focus.

LOCKE

(nods)

I bet.

Frank smiles at that.

LOCKE (CONT'D)

What was all that stuff about him seeing himself on fire?

FRANK

He's not on fire. His mind believes he is at times -- it's a symptom of his psychosis. Possibly a way to justify what he's doing.

LOCKE

Anything else?

FRANK'S INTERNAL P.O.V.

- A man scrambling around in flames.
- A giant inferno.
- Masses of people walking the streets, burning alive.

RESUME SCENE

FRANK

I think he believes he's on a mission from God. His goal, as he sees it, is to purge sin. To reclaim the land for the righteous.

LOCKE

Like some kind of modern day saint?

FRANK

In certain terms, yes.

Brad laughs a despairing laugh at that.

FRANK (CONT'D)

He sees everyone around him as sinful. No he sees himself the same way.

LOCKE

What do you think he'll do next?

Frank stares out ahead to the road.

CUT TO:

INT. RUN DOWN HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - DAY

We focus on the:

FLOORBOARDS

Hold for a second. Then - gasoline comes down. It pours onto the wood, oozing through the cracks and dripping into the area below. The wood is covered.

Douglas discards a second gasoline can. It falls by the first one, both now empty.

He takes in the gas - then exits the room.

CUT TO:

INT. RUN DOWN HOUSE - CORRIDOR - CONTINUOUS

Douglas walks through the dreary area, pulling the lighter from his pocket. He flicks it on and off as he approaches the door.

He kicks it, opens it, and walks through. He doesn't shut it.

CUT TO:

EXT. RUN DOWN HOUSE - DAY

He walks over to a boarded up window. After studying it for a moment he grabs a piece of wood and rips it off its frame, said wood cheap and worn down by rain.

The living room is visible via a small crack. We then hear

JOAN (V.O.)

It's time now, oh servant of God.  
Be steadfast and true. Go forth.  
Go forth!

THE LIGHTER

is flicked on.

Douglas

Smiles casually and rears his hand back -

THE CRACK

Throwing the lit lighter forward, where it sails through the crack in the wooden boards and into:

THE LIVING ROOM

Where - WHOOSH - it lights up the gasoline, causing the entire living room to go up in flames, a minor explosion emitted as the smoky ash starts to emanate from all possible directions.

Douglas casually walks away.

CUT TO:

EXT. DOWNTOWN - DAWN

Frank and Locke are now standing by the burned out remnants of the brothel that was set ablaze at the end of Act Two.

Police Officers are spread out, taking in evidence. The closer they are to the building, the more precautions they take, including masks and oxygen tanks. The place is a mess of charred supports and ash. A few residents are held back behind a 'do not cross' barrier, saddened by the latest assault on their 'block'.

Frank takes in the sight, horrified.

FRANK'S INTERNAL P.O.V.

- The building being set ablaze.
- People within, burning
- Screaming!
- More fire.

RESUME SCENE

Locke walks into frame. He sees the carnage and, despite his foreknowledge, is put off by it, a touch choked up the destruction ahead.

Frank looks around the surrounding area and catches sight of

A GIRL

Standing watching. Nineteen years old, goes by the name of EVE. She's dressed in a zipped up coat and tattered jeans. Pretty, but beaten down by life.

Locke notices Frank's expression and looks in the direction of Eve. She doesn't notice him, or if she does she hides it pretty well.

FRANK

Hooker. He'd have visited her.

Brad raises an eyebrow.

LOCKE

Why'd you say that?

FRANK

A man who wants solace would pay for it, would seek comfort in those who don't judge. But this guy couldn't rise to it.

LOCKE

He couldn't perform?

Frank nods.

FRANK

We should talk to her.

CUT TO:

EXT. CHURCH - DAY

A mixture of beauty and horror, the statues clouded in a hybrid of sunlight and shadow. Its a small building, relatively well-aged, a beacon of hope in the run down downtown.

Eve enters via a wide-angle.

A moment... and Frank and Locke follow. The two of them enter the church cautiously.

CUT TO:

INT. CHURCH - CONTINUOUS

Scarred female fingers enter a bowl of Holy Water. They are brought up to the face of Eve. She dabs herself with Holy Water, makes a religious gesture across her forehead.

She resumes walking.

The church is empty. Eve takes a seat at a pew, waits a moment before kneeling down, locking her hands in a prayer as she shuts her eyes and begins praying.



Frank and Brad watch her for a distance.

LOCKE

You have two minutes. Then I have to ask her for a statement.

FRANK

I won't need two minutes.

ON EVE

She finishes up her prayer just as Frank arrives. He sits in the pew, a little uncomfortable at his location.

EVE

(faintly Irish accent)

You're not a religious man, are you?

FRANK

Not exactly.

EVE

Shame. Sometimes I feel the faith is the only thing that keeps me sane.

She opens her eyes.

EVE (CONT'D)

Are you going to pray?

(off look)

I was just asking. Thought it might break the ice.

FRANK

We're not dealing with ice.

Eve sits. Silence for a beat. Then:

EVE

The one you want, the one who did this, he visited the brothel the other night, didn't he?

FRANK

We think he did, yes.

(beat)

Look, I'm not a cop, so I don't have any interest in the fact that you are a prostitute - it's none of my business.

(beat)

But I am curious as to what happened.

EVE

Nothing.

FRANK

I thought as such.

(beat)

He's impotent, isn't he?

EVE

Yes. But I don't think he came for the sex.

FRANK

Then why did he...

(stops himself)

Why was he there?

EVE

I think he wanted to see whether he had any hope left. It's a dangerous thing to lose hope.

FRANK

Yes. Yes it is.

(then)

Did you get a name?

EVE

Douglas. Douglas Copp. He was unusually forward.

Frank nods. Rises. He starts to walk away before Eve calls after him.

EVE (CONT'D)

No lectures?

FRANK

(knowingly)

No.

He begins walking away. Eve struggles with herself for a moment, then decides to call out after all.

EVE

Wait. There was something else.

Frank turns back to face her.

EVE (CONT'D)

He said he wants to purge himself. And he kept talking about someone called Joan.

Frank is particularly struck by this.

CUT TO:

EXT. STREETS - DAY

Douglas walks down the street, a determined purpose in his eyes, moving with a step and a purpose.

JOAN (V.O.)  
You must face you fear and let  
the fires of this Earth purge  
away your sin.

DOUGLAS  
Is it the only way?

JOAN (V.O.)  
Look into your heart. You know  
it to be true.

As Douglas nods and walks on down the street we

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT THREE

ACT FOUR

POLAROID FLASH and come up on

INT. CHURCH - DAY

Moments on from Eve corroborating Frank and Miranda's joint profile.

FRANK  
(reaching)  
Do you have any idea where he'd go?

EVE  
(simple)  
You already know.  
(then, as she rises)  
I can't help you anymore. That's all that I know.

Frank deliberates pushing when:

LOCKE

enters frame briskly, standing fifteen yards behind them. He's visible to Frank, not Eve. Frank notices him and nods as Brad taps his watch.

FRANK  
Are you okay to get home?

EVE  
I'll survive.  
(then)  
What'll happen to him?

FRANK  
We'll find him, try and talk him down. Hopefully the situation won't escalate further.  
(thinks)  
No reason why it should.

EVE  
Course.

He nods. Turns.

Frank walks over to Brad, and the two men exit the church, leaving a contemplative Eve behind.

She stands in the frame for a spell.

CUT TO:

EXT. CHURCH - DAY

Frank and Brad exit the church, and proceed to talk quickly as they walk through frame to --

LOCKE  
What did she say?

FRANK  
She confirmed what we suspected.  
Now it's an actuality rather than  
an implication.

LOCKE  
You believe her?

FRANK  
There's no reason not to. She  
gains nothing from lying.

LOCKE  
I guess.  
(beat)  
We'll have to come back for her  
later on. If this weren't so  
urgent I'd do it now.

FRANK  
(resigned)  
I know.

LOCKE  
So where do you think...?

FRANK  
Douglas. Douglas Copp. I have a  
few ideas on where.

LOCKE  
There's something else, isn't  
there?

FRANK  
She said something about a name.

LOCKE  
What name?

FRANK  
A name Copp mentioned. Joan.

LOCKE  
Who do you think she is?

Frank stays silent. He doesn't have an answer yet.

LOCKE (CONT'D)

So where does your profile say  
we'll find Copp?

FRANK

He'll go somewhere warm,  
somewhere he'll be able to let  
the fires of the Earth submerge  
him. And it'll be local.

(beat)

An incinerator. Or a fuel depot.

LOCKE

There's a fuel station they use  
to load tankers just across town.

FRANK

Let me go alone. Call Miranda,  
bring her there quickly.

LOCKE

Are you sure that's a good idea?

FRANK

I think she can get through to  
him in a way I can't.

LOCKE

Alright, but be careful, Frank.  
This is a volatile man we're  
talking about here. If we get him  
spooked he could set that whole  
place up.

FRANK

That's while you'll be there to  
back us up.

LOCKE

Okay. But you better be right  
about this one.

FRANK

(convincing himself)

I am.

CUT TO:

EXT. FUEL DEPOT - NIGHT

A complex web of pipelines and tanks with several huge  
trucks parked outside. There's enough fuel here to send  
the whole place sky high with a misplaced match.

CUT TO:

INT. FUEL DEPOT - NIGHT

We stare down the barrel of a cold and grungy corridor, viewing it through the eyes of:

Douglas

Who continues to see images of hellfire and destruction, the area in front as sepia-tinted as the images from the Teaser.

He blinks.

The image goes to normal. Another blink turns it back to the sepia tint from before.

He starts to sing as he slowly walks forward.

DOUGLAS

(sings flatly)

Where do bad folks go when they die... Don't go to Heaven where the Angels fly.... Go to a lake of fire and fry... See you again on the fourth of July.

FRANK (O.S.)

Douglas!

He spins round to see Frank there, and immediately puts himself on edge.

DOUGLAS

(spooked)

Who are you?

FRANK

My name is Frank. I'm here to help.

DOUGLAS

No. No you can't help. I think you should leave.

FRANK

I'm not going anywhere.

Douglas stares at Frank. It dawns on him.

DOUGLAS

You talked to her, that whore whose existence is a sin.

(laughs)

What did she tell you?

FRANK

She told me about you. Helped me fill in the gaps.

DOUGLAS  
(knowingly)  
I'll bet.

Frank moves forward, keeping himself as calm as he possibly can as he does so, for the benefit of Douglas.

FRANK  
We can talk about this.

He stops when Douglas pulls out a lighter.

His hand shakes back and forth as he waves it in a threatening manner.

DOUGLAS  
I listen to only one person, and  
it sure as hell isn't you.

He backs up, lighter still in hand.

DOUGLAS (CONT'D)  
You need to leave before I  
consider sending this entire  
fricking town to Hell.

FRANK  
Tell me about Joan. Who is Joan?

This finally strikes a chord with Douglas.

DOUGLAS  
How do you know about her? Only  
I can hear her.

FRANK  
Does she speak to you?

Frank doesn't make a move. Douglas keeps backing up, lighter waiving back and forth.

He stops by the door.

Douglas uses his foot to kick it open. He goes through the door quick as he can, and shuts it behind. We hear it lock from the other side.

Frank stares at the next door, trying to figure out what his next strategy is.

CUT TO:

INT. LOCKE'S CAR (MOVING) - NIGHT

Locke speeds along, now with Miranda in his passenger seat.

LOCKE  
Are you sure you feel up to this?



MIRANDA

I don't mind, really. I want to help, if I can.

LOCKE

Remember, don't take any unnecessary risks.

He puts his foot down further as the car speeds onward.

CUT TO:

INT. FUEL DEPOT - NIGHT

Douglas stands in front of a huge set of oil tanks that line the walls either side of him.

He looks at them with a hint of fear, the lighter still in hand.

It was easier in theory - in practice, staring down the tanks is a daunting prospect, one that prompts sweat to trickle down from his brow.

The sweat splatters to the ground.

Frank edges closer, being very careful.

DOUGLAS

Get back.

FRANK

Who is Joan, Douglas? Dos she make you do things? Is she the one telling you to do this?

DOUGLAS

You don't understand.

FRANK

Help me understand, Douglas.

DOUGLAS

You can't. How could you possibly?

Just then, we see Miranda and Locke appear at the very end of the hallway. Frank holds a hand out in their direction, urging them to remain still and wait for his move. They do so without incident.

FRANK

Maybe I can't understand, Douglas. But I know someone who can. Her name is Miranda. Maybe she can talk to you in the way that Joan talks to you.

He motions for Miranda to step forward.

FRANK (CONT'D)  
Please, hear her out.

DOUGLAS  
Okay.

Frank and Miranda trade a look and share a moment as she steps forward and passes him on her way to Douglas.

They speak in passing, in quiet, hushed tones.

FRANK  
Talk to him.

MIRANDA  
What can I say that you can't?

FRANK  
He hears the voice of someone he calls Joan. A woman. Use that angle.

Frank backs off over to Locke, and the two watch as Miranda centers herself.

LOCKE  
Are you sure this is a good idea?

FRANK  
It's the best we've got.

Beat.

MIRANDA  
My name is Miranda, Douglas. Can I talk to you?

She edges closer toward him. His hands still shakes with the lighter.

Miranda takes another two steps forward and stops.

Douglas seems to accept her close proximity.

MIRANDA (CONT'D)  
Douglas - can we talk?

DOUGLAS  
(cold)  
I'm a messenger from God sent to purge myself.

MIRANDA  
Why you?

DOUGLAS  
Because she tells me so.

MIRANDA  
Joan?

DOUGLAS  
You know, you sound a little like her.

MIRANDA  
Does she tell what to do?

DOUGLAS  
She guides me.

MIRANDA  
(understanding)  
She has great faith, doesn't she.

DOUGLAS  
(surprised)  
Yes. Yes, that's right.

MIRANDA  
And she did her best to defend her land and carry out God's will.

Douglas is starting to feel disarmed slightly.

Frank and Locke look on from a distance, impressed by Miranda's progress but not quite understanding what she's onto.

MIRANDA (CONT'D)  
Do you ever wonder, of all the people she could have chosen to speak to, why she chose you?

DOUGLAS  
(simple)  
Because she knew what I was and what I could do.

MIRANDA  
What did she know?

DOUGLAS  
She knew I was a sinner. She knew I feared the torment that would await me in the fires of Hell. She knew I understood the sin in others because of it.

An odd nostalgia comes over him, one which temporarily throws Miranda off her game.

She deliberates before her comeback.

MIRANDA  
What will this achieve?

DOUGLAS  
Purging this foul town will bring  
me peace.

MIRANDA  
Why would God want that?

DOUGLAS  
Noah's Arc. He wanted to restart  
from scratch with water. Now He  
seeks fire.

MIRANDA  
Why fire?

DOUGLAS  
Elemental. Pure. It can help  
cleanse the Earth.

Beat.

MIRANDA  
Why you Douglas?

DOUGLAS  
I told you.

MIRANDA  
People die all the time, there's  
not always a reason. Why should  
you be the one to decide any  
different?

He stretches out his hand and his finger twitches over the  
lighter.

DOUGLAS  
I. Told. You.

She gulps, knowing that at any second he could fly off the  
handle.

He flicks the lighter on!

She ducks away from him.

Frank rushes in to get her to safety.

Douglas PLUNGES the lighter onto his own chest.

His clothes soaked in oil, he instantly goes up in flames  
with a WHOOSH!

Frank pulls Miranda back away from the blaze.

Locke reacts fast, rips off his coat and tries to get it over Douglas to quell the flames. He beats them back, but the fire is a bit too strong for him to get close enough.

Frank then rushes back in having retrieved a nearby extinguisher.

He points it at Douglas and sprays foam over the flames to partially defeat them.

This allows Locke to get closer and throw his coat fully over Douglas.

They have managed to stop the fire, stop it from spreading to the rest of the fuel, but it has left Douglas horribly burned all over his body.

Miranda looks in with them and sees the blackened face of Douglas as his eyes quiver back and forth, just barely alive.

We PUSH IN on his eyes

JOAN (V.O.)  
Rest now, child. Well has your  
work been done. Take your soul  
and let it rest. Rest.

His eyes fall closed.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. HOSPITAL - NIGHT

We are CLOSE ON Douglas's burned face just as before, though this time he is surrounded by protective medical equipment that keeps him alive.

Miranda and Frank are now standing over him.

FRANK  
How did you know?

MIRANDA  
It just started to make sense to  
me, as I could talk to him face  
to face.

FRANK  
You almost got through to him.

MIRANDA  
But it wasn't enough, was it.  
(beat)  
You know Joan of Arc was burned  
at the stake.  
(MORE)

MIRANDA (CONT'D)

He actually believed he was using the fire that consumed her to impart judgement on the sinners of the world. But as he went on, he only needed to see it in himself.

FRANK

We should go.

MIRANDA

Is that what it's been like for you? Facing these kinds of things, all these years?

FRANK

Sometimes.

MIRANDA

I think I understand that in a new way after tonight.

FRANK

But it's not the only thing I've experienced. For every time something shows me the worst, the most misguided of humanity, I see something that shows me the other side.

(beat)

Like what you did tonight. Putting yourself in harms way for the greater good.

MIRANDA

It's what you would have done.

Frank smiles at Miranda, and the two walk out together, arm in arm.

We are left to slowly PUSH IN closer on Douglas, his body black and burned, just barely clinging to life.

FADE TO BLACK.

Executive Producer  
James Jordan

Executive Producer  
Anthony J. Black

**TRIPLE FIVE**  
PRODUCTIONS