

Servants Of Chaos

by  
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FADE IN:

EXT. COUNTRY ROAD - DAY

A beautiful sunlit day. A desolate road with fields on either side. Woodland in the surrounding distance. An old dark green Mk3 Cortina drives down the road.

INT. CORTINA

A radio plays country music on low volume. CHARLIE, 29 years old drives. He wears dark trousers and matching suit jacket with a white T-shirt underneath. Has a dozy set of eyes.

He hums along to the sound of the music, admiring the scenery.

EXT. COUNTRY ROAD - FURTHER AHEAD - DAY

A large oak tree looms over a wooden fence that divides the road from one half of the field.

Standing against the fence is a man dressed all in black: trench-coat, trousers, boots and a black fedora hat. A black scarf covers his face with his eyes hidden by the shadow of his hat.

A large black bag sits at his feet - it looks more like a large doctors bag or a tool kit.

INT. CORTINA

Charlie notices the man in black in the distance. He slows down as he approaches closer. He stops opposite him and unwinds his passenger window.

CHARLIE

Howdy stranger, I'm heading to Westbury - looking for a lift?

The STRANGER walks over and opens the passenger door. He puts his bag into the back. He takes a seat and closes the door.

EXT. COUNTY ROAD - DAY

The Cortina drives away in to the distance.

INT. RICK'S DINER

A low key small town cafe/bar.

About twenty tables are set for dining with twelve people occupying a third of them. Easy going soft music plays. The diner has a nice ambient mood about it, something slick and seductive. Idle laid back chatter from those inside.

At the bar, the owner RICK ( 55, large build with white hair and a face that looks like a gravel pit) wipes glasses with a cloth.

The door opens.

Rick looks up ready to welcome the guest - but he pauses as the Stranger enters.

Majority of the idle chatter stops - those inside look at the unusual figure at the doorway.

The Stranger takes a moment to look around. He walks over to the bar. After a moment of unease and slight chortling, the idle chattering resumes.

The Stranger takes a seat on one of the many empty bar stools.

RICK  
What can I get ya?

The Stranger unwraps his dusty face scarf.

STRANGER  
(raspy voice)  
Beer.

RICK  
Any in particular?

STRANGER  
Your choice.

RICK  
(slightly agitated)  
You're paying. So what'll be?

The Stranger points his finger at Rick keeping his elbow on the bar. His thumb rises to form a gun and he shoots it. Uneasily, Rick turns round - the fridge behind him has bottled beer inside.

RICK  
Sure thing.

Rick takes a beer from the fridge, opens it and hands it to the Stranger.

RICK  
Three twenty, please buddy.

The Stranger lifts his other hand from the bar and underneath is three twenty exactly. Rick takes the payment and cashes it in the till.

RICK  
(*light hearted*)  
So, you some kind of magician, huh?

The Stranger takes a sip of his cold beer.

RICK  
You been here before? I don't wanna sound rude or nothin', but I'm damn sure I'd remember you.

STRANGER  
(*matter-of-factly*)  
No, I've never been here before.  
And no, I'm not a magician.

RICK  
OK buddy, just trying to be nice and welcoming that's all.

STRANGER  
You like to welcome all strangers the same way?

RICK  
If you mean in a polite and respectful way, yes I certainly hope I do.

STRANGER  
Then you must be Rick.

RICK  
That's me, buddy. Welcome to *Rick's Diner*.

Rick extends his hand to shake.

The Stranger ignores it. He takes another sip of his beer.

Rick takes his hand back and walks to the other side of the bar fuming quietly.

Moments pass.

STRANGER  
Nice to have met you, Rick.

Rick looks over from the other side.

RICK  
I didn't catch your name, buddy.  
And round here, any one that won't shake a hand when offered is asking for trouble.

STRANGER

I didn't give you my name.

Rick walks over to the Stranger.

RICK

( laughing to himself )

OK, pal. What's the game here? You tryin' to wind me up? Huh? Wanna make a scene?

STRANGER

Am I winding you up?

RICK

No. No, you're not. But I'll tell you something right now. We don't take to circus acts like you coming round our town and being disrespectful. And I certainly don't tolerate disrespect in *my* place. Now, have your beer and then I'm asking you to leave. Nicely.

STRANGER

No disrespect meant, I assure you. That is not why I am here, Rick.

RICK

( agitated )

Then why are you here? Where did you come from? You get lost or something? You need help? A tow truck?

STRANGER

No, I didn't get lost. I came from a place just like this one and that is why I'm here now.

RICK

( getting infuriated )

OK, whatever smart ass. Have your beer and then move on, OK buddy?

Rick heads off back to the other side of the bar.

STRANGER

Rick?

Rick pauses. He looks back.

STRANGER

I need you to do me a favor.  
Watch over my beer for me?

The Stranger stands and heads to the door.

Rick looks at the Stranger's empty bottle of beer.

RICK  
(yelling out)  
Watch over what?

The Stranger is at the door.

STRANGER  
I left my bag in the car. I won't  
be a moment.

The Stranger exits. Rick tuts to himself.

RICK  
Fuckin' city nut case.

EXT. SUNSET CITY - NIGHT

A massive city at night - glittering lights on inside  
towering sky scrapers.

EXT. SUNSET CITY - BACKSTREET - NIGHT

Standing up against a dirty graffiti ridden alley wall with  
gun in hand is OFFICER KAREN TILLY ( 31, auburn hair tied up  
in a bun, pretty).

Rain drizzles down on the dirty rat infested area. She  
cautiously peaks out from the alley and looks around.

Opposite her is another thin dark alley way. To her right,  
is a large space full of skips and rubbish that are from  
the back end of buildings. There is a warehouse in the  
short distance.

There are two more opposite facing alleyways further down.  
An echoing cackling LAUGHTER is heard from one of them.

Karen spots her suspect - He runs from behind a large pile  
of crates and directly to the opposite side where he hides  
behind by a large skip.

More mocking laughter.

Karen aims her gun at the skip - waiting for him to emerge.

Moments pass.

Rain water drips onto Karen's face, dripping into her eye.  
The suspect runs and Karen takes a shot - BAM! - but it  
misses.

The suspect makes it to the warehouse. Laughter echoes as he  
makes it inside and out of Karen's view.

KAREN

Damn it!

Karen runs over to the skip. She kneels down behind it taking cover. She looks out to the warehouse - about twenty feet away. She reloads her gun.

EXT. WAREHOUSE - NIGHT

Karen backs herself up against the wall of the warehouse - taking some cover from a pile of loaded wooden crates on a fork lift.

She looks through the crates. She can see past two loading bays that there is a door - closing - from a dimly lit overhead bulb about twenty feet away. The door closes. Karen takes a breather.

KAREN

(to herself)

Come on, Tilly. Get this bastard.

At the door, Karen finds a chain and padlock broken on the wet ground. She opens the door slowly.

INT. WAREHOUSE - DARK

Karen crouches down and moves quickly behind a metal rack where she takes cover. She takes a cautious peek out at the warehouse.

Boxes and crates are stacked on rows of thirty foot high shelves, dead forklift trucks lay dormant in the alleys. The place is huge.

A low humming noise from some kind of 24 hour machinery is heard constantly.

Karen looks at the only lights that are available in the warehouse - red and green bulbed security alarms that are at the other end of the warehouse.

Karen moves to the closest row and takes cover. She looks left and right before moving onto the next one. She repeats the action until a third of the way through the warehouse.

She creeps along the right side of one of the warehouse alleys, looking through the small gaps of the shelves for any sign of the suspect.

She moves round and passes into another alley. She makes it to the end of the row, in the middle of the warehouse.

She looks out again. A shadowy figure pokes his head out from three rows down before it retreats back quickly.

Cackling laughter.

MALE VOICE (O.S.)  
(shouting)  
You can't catch me! I can play this  
game all night!

Karen quickly moves stealthily to the row ahead of her.

MALE VOICE (O.S.)  
You can't touch me, pig. Got that?  
You can't fuckin' touch me!  
(laughter)  
I'm a celebrity!

Karen moves again to the next row. Only one away.

MALE VOICE (O.S)  
( sounding sluggish)  
How many times do I need to make my  
point? I even got my own TV Show -  
it's called the late night news!  
They call me the Midnight Slasher.  
(laughter)  
How contrived is that!?

Karen looks to locate the Midnight Slasher from where the voice comes from but it is not possible as the alley is covered in darkness.

She has her gun at the ready. Next row. This is it.

Karen jumps out.

Karen FIRES three times - the gun smoke clears. She finds nothing.

A loud SCRAPING noise from above - several crates and boxes FALL from the top shelf.

Karen jumps out the way - the cargo crashes and smashes to the floor. Bolts and screws everywhere.

Heinous laughter from above.

Karen FIRES randomly at the top shelf, losing her composure.

She backtracks against a wall and slides herself into the next row down, keeping her eyes on the top shelf.

KAREN  
(softly to herself)  
Don't play his game. Don't get  
sucked in -

MALE VOICE (O.S.)  
Kinda scared ya, didn't I?

The Midnight Slasher stands at the end of the row, twenty feet away in darkness - Karen FIRES blindly.

Laughter. Running footsteps.

Karen runs after him.

She stops in the middle of the warehouse, in between the alleys.

She looks everywhere around. He is nowhere to be seen. Karen gulps. She crouches down and hides in the row next to her.

A sound of something dropping to the floor from a shelf in the alley where Karen had just ran from. She looks over.

MALE VOICE (O.S.)  
(slowing down sluggishly)  
I'm gonna live forever. I'm  
famous already. And I'm gonna be  
famous forever. I'll be famous if  
you catch me and I'll be famous  
if you don't. Famous if -

The Midnight Slasher slowly emerges from the darkness at the end of the row.

Karen looks to the sound of the voice, her back turned toward him.

MALE VOICE (O.S.)  
..you kill me...

Karen listens intently, confused as the voice seems to be only a few feet ahead of her.

The Midnight Slasher walks slowly, quietly behind her. He aims a handgun at Karen's back, a mere five feet away from her.

MALE VOICE (O.S.)  
... if I don't kill you first.

The Midnight slasher aims his gun at the back of Karen's head. He smiles.

BANG!

The Midnight Slasher slumps to the floor.

Behind him is a smoky gun toting man - DETECTIVE ROGERS. Rogers is 43, he is scarred facially, well built and with a serious facial expression that rarely changes.

Karen turns around in shock and surprise. With tears in her eyes, she looks down at the dead body of the Midnight Slasher.

EXT. SUNSET CITY POLICE DEPARTMENT - DAWN

A large police department with the sign : "Sunset City Police Department".

INT. SUNSET POLICE DEPARTMENT - LOCKER ROOM

Karen empties contents from her locker into a bag. She is dressed in civilian clothes and her hair is untied and flocks at shoulder length.

LISA CORDAZOR ( 35, dressed in uniform ready to go on the beat) looks at her with strong eyes as she slams the locker shut.

LISA

That was too close, Karen. Too close.

KAREN

I messed up.

She sits on a bench, hands shaking. Lisa sits next to her.

LISA

Messed up? That nut killed twelve people. Not to mention six cops. You put a stop to that madness, girl.

KAREN

I did everything wrong, Lisa...look at me, I just can't stop shaking.

LISA

Hey, that's normal. You're riding a high, buzzing from the adrenaline.

KAREN

No, Lisa its not that at all. I almost got my head shot off. I didn't do a single thing right. I made more mistakes then ever. I let him lure me in. The reason "The Midnight Slasher" is dead has nothing to do with me. I'd have just been another on his list, another dead cop on the news, if it wasn't for Rogers.

Lisa hugs Karen.

LISA

How were you to know that sicko was using dictaphones and tape recorders?

He was clever, inventive, but he rode his luck and in the end, he got found out. Don't be too hard on yourself, hear me?

KAREN

It's just a lot to take in.

(forces a smile)

My first near death experience on the job. I'll be OK, Lisa - thanks.

Karen hugs Lisa back.

LISA

Well, look at the bright side. At least you get 48 hours off work, right?

KAREN

I'm not sure I want to be alone to be honest and I'm gonna be a wreck when I have to talk to the psychologist. I'm really not looking forward to having that little conversation.

LISA

Just say what you feel, Karen. That's what they're here for. They might get a bad rap, but they ain't all that bad - they're here to help.

KAREN

One thing I have to do is thank Rogers again. I owe him my life. I never got round to thanking him before - he just left once the crime scene arrived.

LISA

He probably wanted to split before the media got word.

KAREN

I don't know anything about the guy - I've never even seen him around here before.

Lisa remains silent - a deliberate poise to make Karen ask:

KAREN

What?

LISA

I don't think now is the time.

KAREN

Lisa - just tell me.

LISA

Seen his scars, right? They're pretty hard to miss.

Karen nods.

LISA

Several years back, he had an accident. Car crash. Supposedly he'd been on a serious Jack Daniels session beforehand.

KAREN

And?

LISA

He got suspended from the department for three months.

Lisa pauses.

LISA

I really shouldn't be saying this since he just saved your ass.

KAREN

It's a little late now! You've gotta tell me what the big deal is.

A female police sergeant walks inside the room and stops at the door. She looks over to Lisa and Karen who have their backs turned to her.

LISA

All I'm gonna say is he just does his job and get's on with it. No-one questions him. If you listen to the old timers around this place, they say he used to blow everyone out the water back in the day.

(beat)

Minus points, he's a bit of a loner, bit weird. Rumors are he's a little too trigger happy. Kinda thinks he's Dirty Harry with the ol' shoot first, ask questions later approach.

Lisa chuckles to herself.

LISA

If you ask me, he looks more like  
a dirty old perv than Clint  
Eastwood.

KAREN

The guy just saved my life! I don't  
care what he looks like, I need to  
at least thank the man.

POLICE SERGEANT (O.S.)

(shouting)

Cordazor, get you're ass in gear  
and stop shooting the shit! You  
can get her damn autograph  
another time!

Lisa, shaken by the Sergeant's presence, quickly obeys.

LISA

You got it Sergeant, I'm on my  
way.

She heads to the door. The police Sergeant leaves.

Lisa looks back to Karen.

LISA

(whispering)

His wife and kids were in the car  
at the time. Only he survived. No  
charges were brought against him -  
but rumors were that he and his  
wife were having problems, he was  
seriously depressed...

POLICE SERGEANT (O.S.)

Cordazor - MOVE IT!

LISA

I'll talk to you later.

Lisa hurries and exits the room. Karen sits on the bench  
and looks in thought.

INT. SUNSET POLICE DEPARTMENT - DET. ROGERS OFFICE

Rogers sits at his desk writing out his report. Paperwork and  
files are scattered around his steaming cup of coffee.

A knock at his door. Rogers looks up.

ROGERS

Come in.

Karen walks inside. She looks a little awkward.

KAREN

Detective Rogers...? I'm sorry to  
disturb you but I would like to  
thank you for earlier.

Rogers sits back in his chair and looks at Karen. His look  
lingers over her. He gestures an empty chair opposite his  
desk.

ROGERS

Have a seat.

KAREN

Oh - I really wouldn't want to  
take up your time...

ROGERS

It's no problem. I'd like a word  
with you in any case about what  
happened.

KAREN

(slightly unnerved)

OK...

Karen takes the seat and both her and Rogers sit opposite  
each other.

ROGERS

It's Karen Tilly, right?

Karen nods.

ROGERS

I've seen you about. You  
transferred from Eastbeach a couple  
of months ago?

KAREN

That's right, yes.

ROGERS

How you finding the big city?

KAREN

I'm adapting... I hope I haven't  
damaged any hopes of staying here  
by what happened earlier today.

ROGERS

That wont be an issue. You'll have  
to have a chat with the resident  
psychologist but that's nothing to  
get worked up about. Its routine  
procedure, *political nonsense*.

When I'm back from my two day "recovery", I'll have to do the same. Of course, to some it may help if you feel troubled by today's events. Do you feel troubled by what happened?

KAREN

I'd be lying if I said no. I almost got to be another number on that lunatics list.

ROGERS

Take it as a close - *very close* - lesson.

(beat)

Dwayne Casey, aka The Midnight Slasher, apparently worked at that warehouse during the day. He'd fix the place up with tapes and dictaphones of pre-recorded messages and lure his victims in. Then he'd take the bodies and place them around the city. That's how he killed so many cops. His other victims, well, who knows but probably with a similar MO.

(beat)

Next time round, always wait until back up regardless. Never let yourself be lead into a trap even if you *think* you know *exactly* what is going on.

Karen nods and smiles, trying hard not to look intimidated by Rogers.

KAREN

The rule book's there for a reason, right?

Rogers raises an eyebrow and takes a sip of his coffee. A small moment of unease passes. Karen coughs nervously.

KAREN

Do we know why he did it?

ROGERS

One of the things a relative of a victim will ask - eventually - is *why*. It's something they need to know, to try and grab some understanding of an action so pointless. No, we don't know *why*, and as you should be more than aware of, we probably never will know for sure.

In the coming weeks, more light will be shone and we'll form an idea.

Karen nervously nods again.

KAREN

He kept saying he was a celebrity, he's on the news. Like he was proud about it.

ROGERS

That doesn't surprise me. A high percentage of mass murderers kill for fame, recognition. They believe they'll live forever and be immortalized. Never forgotten. Christ, a lot of *normal* people say they would kill for fame and some of them literally mean it.

A moment passes.

ROGERS

Apart from that, I think you deserve a lot of praise. You showed a lot of determination and guts. We could do with a few more like you that don't just turn up here for the pay cheque. So where are you living, in the city?

Karen is slightly taken aback.

KAREN

No...I'm living in Cottage Road, just out of Westbury. It used to be my parents place until they left for retirement in Australia. I guess I'm lucky the mortgage has been paid because I wouldn't be able to afford to live otherwise.

ROGERS

Westbury, good old Westbury. That old company town is all but depleted but the good people there keep it alive. They've even still got their own security barrier and passes in and out, God bless 'em.

(attempts a smile)

Cottage Road...Nice area. Quiet. A long way from here, by all means.

KAREN

It sure is. A good hour and half drive at best.

ROGERS

I have a flat in the city, where I spend most of my time, but my family house is not far from you. After I've finished here, I'm taking advantage of the situation and I'm off for a couple of days to see my wife and kids so I'll be passing through Westbury.

KAREN

So you're married?

Rogers gestures his ring on his finger.

ROGERS

Twenty two years.

Karen looks surprised. She quickly regains her composure.

KAREN

That must be tough...if you don't get to see them very often.

An uneasy moment passes.

ROGERS

I can check up on you if you'd like.

Karen finds this more than surprising. She is speechless. Rogers picks up on it.

ROGERS

To make sure you are alright. I've known officers that have been in incidents like yourself and the shock doesn't always hit home until hours later. Sometimes even a day or so.

KAREN

Oh...that's really nice of you but -

ROGERS

I assume you live alone so it would really make me feel a lot better knowing you were alright.

KAREN

How do you know I live alone? Did you check my file or something?

Karen fakes an awkward laugh.

ROGERS

I just noticed you had no wedding ring and what I assume you meant when you said about being unable to finance a mortgage by yourself -

KAREN

(embarrassed)

Oh ....sorry. Sure that would be fine. If you give me your number I'll call you when I get home, how's that?

ROGERS

I'd appreciate that, Karen.

Rogers writes down his number on a piece of paper and hands it to Karen. She takes it, smiles awkwardly.

Karen gets up to leave. She turns at the door - Rogers looks at her with eyes she can't relate to. She forces a smile.

KAREN

Thank you again.

Karen leaves the office.

Rogers sits back up to his desk. He takes a file from the scattered paperwork.

FILE HEADING: KAREN TILLY

Rogers looks at the first page. It has her personal details from her address, her mobile phone number to her car registration.

EXT. SUNSET CITY - STREETS - DAY

The busy street road is a bustling metropolis. Cars, buses, taxis all seem to be driving at break neck speeds. People walking on the street paths are in a rush to get where they are going. Constant sounds of car horns.

One car, a Fiat Punto 2002, drives through the traffic.

INT. FIAT CAR

Karen looks around at the hectic streets. Her car radio softly plays the latest chart hits in the background.

EXT. SUNSET CITY - DUSK

Karen's car drives through the dirty looking city and onto a motorway/highway.

INT. KAREN'S CAR

Karen listens to a local traffic radio report as she drives.

RADIO (V.O.)

Those looking for a quick and  
easy route home are best not to  
use Highway 201 as there is a  
gridlock...

Karen sighs.

KAREN

*Now you tell me. Great.*

Through her window she can see that dusk clouds are slowly falling into the descending night.

The radio traffic report ends and a newscaster comes in.

RADIO (V.O.)

Thanks Sandy. Now back to our main story today - The Midnight Slasher, responsible for a reported eighteen murders, was shot dead by police early this morning after a violent shoot-out in WestBridge Warehouse...

Karen changes the radio - settling on a station playing low key instrumental.

A turn off approaches giving the option of sticking on the highway and into the gridlock or using the turn off.

EXT. HIGHWAY - DUSK

Karen's fiat turns off from the highway.

LATER

EXT. COUNTRY ROAD - DUSK

Karen drives down a snaky bumpy road which has over hanging trees on either side. The road seems to last an eternity.

It finally ends and she turns out into another country road - one that looks like a dark tunnel.

EXT. DARK COUNTRY ROAD - DUSK

Karen's car drives down the road. Large overhanging trees. Cornfields on either side.

Darkness is at last finally setting in. She turns out at the end of the road into the open country side.

EXT. COUNTRY ROAD - DUSK

Karen drives past the wooden fenced off fields which are on either side. She passes a large oak tree.

Karen approaches a billboard in the distance - "**Welcome To Westbury - Pop Est: 300**"

The road continues straight on ahead, but there is a turn off on the right just before the billboard to enter Westbury.

At the turn off, closed barrier bars. Ridiculously, anyone could merely walk round the barriers and enter through the fields. The barriers are an "attraction" and a homage to the town's past more than a deterrent. A relic from old times.

Karen speeds up straight ahead.

INT. KAREN'S CAR

Karen looks over as she approaches the turn off to her right - she notices a car driving down from inside Westbury.

The car is coming down a long road which leads up into the actual town. The town is not visible from this point, such is the length of the road.

She focuses on straight ahead - before glancing over again at the car. It has increased it's speed where it should surely be slowing down approaching the barrier.

Karen slams the brakes - as she looks outside her side window to see the car head straight for the barrier.

EXT. COUNTRY ROAD - WESTBURY ENTRANCE - NIGHT

Karen's car breaks hard - a loud screech of the tyres on the road.

The car from Westbury SMASHES through the barrier.

It COLLIDES with Karen's. Karen's car is hit directly in the side, turning it over onto it's roof.

Darkness.

INT. KAREN'S CAR - UPSIDE DOWN

Karen wakes.

Glass is shattered around her. Cuts on her face.

She blinks several times trying to find her bearings. She struggles with the seat belt in her upside down position. She squirms.

She finds the release switch and scrambles out of the car through the broken side window.

EXT. COUNTRY ROAD - WESTBURY ENTRANCE - NIGHT

Karen crawls from the window of her car and gets to her feet, dazed. She grabs her knees to stable herself and takes a deep breath. She looks up.

The car that hit her is in a ditch just below the "Welcome To Westbury" billboard.

Hissing smoke/steam rises from the crunched up opened bonnet of the smashed up car. It certainly looks as if it ended up the worse of the two vehicles - it's front is smashed in and the windows have all shattered.

Karen hobbles over to the car. She checks the side of the car through the broken glass.

Four people are inside the blood covered car. Two in the back are dead, their bodies bloody and cut - possibly by the cause of the top of the roof being dented into them. The car must have overturned before ending up in the ditch.

The driver is dead - sitting upright in his seat with gazed eyes. The passenger - an elderly man GRABS Karen's arm.

Karen instinctively pulls away - before kneeling down at the window. She looks inside at the elderly man - he is covered in blood. His chest looks to have been SLICED several times. Unlikely wounds from the car - they are surely too much.

The elderly man struggles to lean forward to Karen - he whispers incoherently.

KAREN

(calmly)

It's OK... I'm with the police,  
I'll get you help...

The elderly man's attempt to grip onto Karen ceases. His eyes remain open but his muttering's stop. He is dead.

Karen is shocked at first but she regains her collective self. She looks at the other bodies in the car.

KAREN

They were *already* dead?

FLASHBACK

## INT. KAREN'S CAR

Karen looks over at the moment just before the car's collide - she can see through the windshield of the other car.

Blood splattered. The driver and the two in the back are already dead. The old man in the passenger seat's eyes are wide open in fear and he wails in horror.

The cars collide.

END FLASHBACK

Karen squeezes her forehead in pain. The pain subsides.

She searches for her mobile phone. Finds it crushed in the middle of the debris ridden road. No use at all.

She tries to clear as much debris off the main road as she can - split bumper parts, large glass shards, metal.

The headlights of the two cars flicker on and off against each other's rhythm, creating an almost odd strobe effect for Karen to work under.

She looks left and right down the road in the hope of someone arriving. Nothing.

Karen sits by the roadside, queasy.

LATER

Karen wakes from having drifted into unconsciousness. She stands up and holds herself to warm up. She touches her head. Fresh blood leaks from her head wound.

She looks at both sides of the road. No sign of headlights - no sign of anyone coming to save the day.

Karen walks past the smashed down barrier and heads along the long desolate road into Westbury.

EXT. WESTBURY - ENTRANCE ROAD - NIGHT

Karen walks up the long winding road. It is surrounded by slight wind blown fields on either side with dark dense woodland in the distance.

She hobbles towards the town which looks to be half a mile ahead.

EXT. WESTBURY - MAIN TOWN CENTRE - NIGHT

Karen stands at the top of the small quiet town. It is eerily quiet.

Small to medium buildings on the left and right in between the road which Karen stands on. It resembles something out of an old Western.

Wind howls. Rain begins to drizzle down. A ghost town. Seemingly completely deserted.

Ten or eleven cars are parked along the road. Street lamps give off an eerie yellow dull glow. Dogs bark in the distance.

Lights are on inside a cafe called "RICK'S DINER". Karen heads there.

INT. RICK'S DINER - MAIN ROOM

Karen enters. The door closes slowly behind her. Empty. Upturned chairs and tables.

Karen slowly makes her way toward to bar area. She almost slips - dragging her foot back from the watery substance on the floor.

Blood. Everywhere.

Bullet holes in the tables and chairs. Bullet holes in the bar. Empty cartridges on the blood soaked floor.

Blatant signs of a gun fight. No bodies.

Karen looks for a telephone. Fear on her face, a sense of urgency. She walks across the lake of blood to the bar to a telephone.

She picks it up and it comes free in her hand - it has been cut from the wire. Karen drops the receiver to the blood quenched floor.

Alarmed, she heads to the kitchen.

INT. RICK'S DINER - KITCHEN

The large bright ceiling light is on. All appliances have been turned off. Food looks to have been prepared for placing inside the cookers but has been left by the side.

A large table in the middle of the kitchen is also full of half prepared food.

Karen looks around the room from the doorway blankly for answers. She heads back to the -

## MAIN ROOM

Karen checks the tables that have not been upturned. Half eaten food remains on plates, glasses half full of wine. She touches one of the plates.

KAREN

Cold.

BANG!

Karen looks to the door -

A loose rubbish bin lid blown from a sudden gust of the wind outside hits the door.

She relaxes slightly.

EXT. WESTBURY - MAIN TOWN - NIGHT

Karen rushes down the mixture of cobbled and pavement street road. She rushes past closed shops, and parked cars.

She passes a store unimaginatively called "THE MARKET".

She runs past The Town Hall, a building with steps leading to it's closed double doors with a circular window at the top floor.

Runs past an alleyway in between the Town Hall and "TED'S BAR".

She stops for breath. She looks up at a three story apartment. All lights are out. Opposite the apartment is a small filling station/ garage.

Several houses are next to the apartment block opposite each other - all lights out - but taking Karen's eye is a very small police station at the bottom of a steep hill.

The Westbury police station has a solitary yellow light shining inside through it's window.

Karen rushes down the hill.

EXT. WESTBURY POLICE STATION - NIGHT

Karen rushes to the station door. She opens it.

INT. WESTBURY POLICE STATION

A typical minute, small town police station - Karen enters through the door relieved.

A moth hovers above the single ceiling light. It hits the light repetitively before retreating, and then comes back for more.

Opposite a large desk is a figure sitting with his back to her wearing a hat and facing an empty single jail cell.

KAREN

Oh thank God - Sheriff there's an emergency, you've gotta come quick!

No reaction.

KAREN

Sheriff!

Karen approaches the desk closer and bangs on the wooden desktop to get his attention.

The chair swings round slowly - it is the Stranger. He has a shotgun pointed at her.

KAREN

(softly)

No....

EXT. WESTBURY POLICE STATION - NIGHT

BAM!

The sound of the loud shotgun explodes.

EXT. HIGHWAY - NIGHT

The gridlock has subsided and all vehicles are driving swiftly.

INT. ROGER'S CAR

Rogers drives along the highway.

He glances over to some small photos he has placed on his dashboard. One is of an attractive smiling woman, the other two are of a boy and a girl - both smiling happily. Rogers smiles. Looks back at the road ahead.

He takes his mobile/cell phone from his inner pocket. He checks it with one hand whilst keeping an eye on the road.

PHONE DISPLAY: INBOX - NO MESSAGES

EXT. HIGHWAY - NIGHT

Rogers turns off on the hard shoulder.

INT. ROGER'S CAR

Rogers opens his mobile/cell phone contacts page. There is only one entry.

The name KAREN pops up.

He calls her number on his mobile and waits. Her mobile appears to be turned off.

Slight concern crosses Rogers' face. Rogers keeps his phone on and places it on the passenger seat. His fingers tap on the steering wheel for a few moments.

EXT. HIGHWAY - NIGHT

Rogers' drives off the hard shoulder back into lane. He drives a little further down before his car exits at a turn off.

EXT. COUNTRY ROAD - NIGHT

Rogers drives down a snaky bumpy road which has over hanging trees on either side. The road seems to last an eternity.

The road ends and he turns out into a road which leads into another country road - one that looks like a dark tunnel.

EXT. DARK COUNTRY ROAD - NIGHT

Rogers enters through the tunnel-like road.

INT. ROGER'S CAR

Rogers SLAMS the breaks.

His headlights pick out a fallen tree blocking the road. He reverses his car - only a few feet - as a loud buzzing sound from outside is heard.

Rogers breaks. He unwinds his side window - the sound of a chain-saw. He looks out the back of the car window.

A tree falls down from the field bank behind him - near the entrance of the road twenty/thirty feet back - blocking off his car.

Rogers takes a flashlight from the glove compartment. He gets out of his car.

EXT. DARK COUNTRY ROAD - NIGHT

Rogers looks back at the entrance - the chain-saw noise continuing - as another tree falls down taking another with it in the process. It has formed a barricade.

Rogers looks to locate the source of the chain-saw within the boundaries of the fallen trees. He shines the flashlight. It picks out a shadowy figure hidden in the darkness.

ROGERS

(yelling)

Hey! What the hell do you think  
you're doing?

The shadowy figure looks up surprised - and then to Roger's direction. His face is hard to make out, given the distance. The figure drops the chain-saw and runs for it across the cornfields.

ROGERS

What the -

(yelling)

Hey you! Stop!

Rogers tries to climb the muddy field bank but it is too high and impossible to get a foot grip.

He runs down the road heading back to the entrance. He looks along the bank for somewhere he can climb up. He jumps up and grabs the foot of a tree. He pulls himself up into bushes. He gets to his feet and out of the trees into -

EXT. CORNFIELD - NIGHT

The sound of someone running through the field. Rogers shines his flashlight in the direction of the sound - picks out the figure running at speed through the field.

He is already vastly ahead of him and almost out of the torches' reach. Rogers takes chase.

ROGERS

STOP! POLICE!

Rogers runs through the field in pursuit.

The thigh length corn crops make it very difficult to get any pace. Rogers keeps his eyes on the figure but he is so far ahead. He soon becomes nothing but another part of darkness and Rogers has lost him.

He takes a breather. He looks around himself - in the middle of the cornfield.

Rogers heads back to his car.

EXT. DARK COUNTRY ROAD - NIGHT

Rogers gets back to his car.

The drivers side window has been smashed to pieces, the door ajar. Rogers cautiously opens the door wide. Glass is all over the driver's seat.

INT. ROGER'S CAR

Rogers wipes the glass to the ground with his sleeve and leans inside. He searches for his mobile on the passenger seat. It is gone. He checks for the car keys in the ignition. Gone.

Rogers thoughts are etched on his face : Stupidity.

He opens the glove compartment.

He searches and finds what he was looking for - and brings out a handgun.

He places the handgun in his holster he is wearing under his jacket. He searches again inside the compartment. He brings out a handgun clip from underneath some paperwork. He puts it in his pocket. Relief.

EXT. DARK COUNTRY ROAD - NIGHT

Rogers slams the door shut. He looks for any further damage - sure enough his car's tyres. The front has been slashed open and has deflated already. He checks the other three - all the same.

Rogers curses under his breath.

INT. ROGER'S CAR

The drivers door opens. Roger's takes the photos from the dashboard.

EXT. DARK COUNTRY ROAD - NIGHT

Rogers puts the photos carefully in his inside pocket. He walks around the tree ahead of his car and heads off down the road.

EXT. COUNTRY ROAD - WESTBURY ENTRANCE - NIGHT

Rogers is momentarily stunned by the car crash scene that greets him.

He rushes to the upturned Fiat car that is in the middle of the road. He looks at the registration at the back of the vehicle.

ROGERS

Karen...

He looks inside Karen's car - empty. He stands up slightly relieved.

Rogers darts over to the car in the ditch. Blood puddles surround the vehicle. He looks inside. No one. Empty.

Blood covers the seats of the car from what can be seen without pure light.

Rogers searches the car for a mobile phone. He checks the glove compartment. Nothing. Not a thing inside.

Rogers finds Karen's crushed mobile phone on the road.

Rogers looks heavily concerned as he stands in between the two cars. He looks to the broken pieces of the barrier on the ground.

With little choice, he heads to Westbury.

EXT. WESTBURY ENTRANCE ROAD - NIGHT

Rogers walks up the long road towards Westbury.

EXT. WESTBURY - MAIN TOWN - NIGHT

Rogers is at the top of the town. He looks concerned at how quiet it is. The only sound is the gentle gusts of wind and the loose litter it blows around the street.

EXT. RICK'S DINER

The only place that seems to have any lights on inside. Rogers walks up to the door. He opens it and enters.

INT. RICK'S DINER - MAIN ROOM

Rogers enters.

The place is a mess. Rogers instantly notices the blood on the floor and the cut phone in the middle of it.

He takes out his gun. He ducks and dives to the bar where he finds the bullet holes and empty cartridges.

He picks one up. His eyes narrow. He knows what kind of weapon was used in here. He slips the cartridge in his jacket pocket.

He heads to the -

## KITCHEN

Rogers looks around the kitchen. He walks around the large table which is full of food that had been prepared for cooking.

He finds a swiped red substance on the floor - a trail of blood - leading to the back exit.

*Dragged away.*

Gun in hand, he walks to the exit door.

He grips the metallic bar of the door. He pushes - the door opens to -

EXT. ALLEYWAY - NIGHT

Rogers walks out into the dark alley, gun poised.

Bins, trash cans. Two skips.

Rogers crouches behind one of the skips. He takes a look at what is ahead of him down the alley. Nothing, just scattered trash along the walls of the alley.

He looks at the trail of blood - it continues on from the exit door and stops just ahead of the skips.

Rogers gets up and walks beyond the skips. He looks down at the trail of blood. It has stopped short of where tyre tracks are imbedded on a muddy surface.

Rogers cautiously walks up the alley. Rats scurry from newspaper and cardboard box houses.

P.O.V. FROM ALLEYWAY:

Watching Rogers from an unseen place in the alley.

BACK TO SCENE

Rogers makes it to the top of the alley. A dead end on the left. He takes the right turn and back out into the -

EXT. WESTBURY - MAIN TOWN - NIGHT

Rogers stands opposite "THE MARKET", a closed small store, with the sub heading of "supermarket" above it's obvious main title.

A small boarding sign outside reads "**Westbury Market - The Best - And Only One In Town**". Another sign in a window reads "**Alarms Present 24Hrs**".

Rogers smiles.

He grips his hand gun and takes away his trigger finger intending to use the gun as a weapon to break open the window of the door.

Rogers crosses the road and tries the door - to his surprise it opens.

INT. THE MARKET

Rogers walks inside.

The door closes slowly shut behind him. It is dark. Shimmering dimmed lights shine at the back of the store - the refrigeration lights that have many a few cans and bottles of beer and wine on display.

The store is small - two aisles, a deserted counter and a dark open doorway at the bottom of the right. An exit door is closed.

Rogers walks slowly along the aisle - something crunches under his foot. He removes it to reveal - sweets and broken food stock that has leaked onto the floor.

On his knees, Rogers notices the majority of the food stock on the shelf has been slashed wide open at the bottom - forcing most of it to fall out.

Something sticky on his trousers as he tries to rise up - blood.

Rogers looks down at the floor - the aisle is covered in blood - and empty gun cartridges identical to the one he found at Rick's Diner.

Rogers stands up and moves to the back of the store - to the dark open doorway. It is an open storage room only covered by hanging door beads - where the blood trails lead into.

Rogers, gun at the ready, heads into the room.

INT. STORAGE ROOM

Filled with boxes, crates and food stock.

Two store uniformed torso's lay on the floor against a wooden crate. Armless. Legless. Headless.

Blood covers the floor.

An arm sits on a shelf, it's grisly and violent amputation visible from torn shreds of flesh. A leg, seemingly bent backwards, lay on a lower shelf, it's bone sticking out the top of the shredded thigh.

On the top shelf, a blood covered head faces an opposite shelf where a female head stares back with eyeless sockets. The head's mouths remain open wide, their last reactions of horror captured.

Rogers recoils from the sight.

INT. THE MARKET

Rogers rushes to the counter. He searches for a phone - finds one near the till. He lifts the receiver - and the phone comes free in his hand. The wire cut.

ROGERS

*Shit.*

No mobile phone in sight. Rogers takes a bottle of JD from the spirit shelf behind the counter. He opens it and takes a large swig. He leaves the bottle on the counter and exits the market through the front door.

EXT. WESTBURY - MAIN TOWN - NIGHT

Rogers heads down the empty street.

He notices the Town Hall and the tavern next to it called "Ted's Bar." No lights are on inside.

Rogers heads further down the street, past the apartments to the residential houses. He spots a solitary yellow light on in the police station down the hill. Rogers heads for it.

P.O.V. FROM ALLEYWAY:

Someone watches Rogers rush to the station.

INT. WESTBURY POLICE STATION

Rogers enters inside.

It is deserted. He checks for a phone. Finds one on the desk but again it has been cut.

He walks to the sole computer that sits on a desk in the corner. He tries to switch it on but nothing happens. He checks the leads at the back - and finds there are none.

Rogers curses under his breath. He tries the back door which is at the right side near the bottom of the station, next to the jail cell. It opens. He closes it.

A moth hovers below the ceiling light, making distracting sounds as it repeatedly performs a routine of hitting the light and then taking some dazed moments to recover.

Rogers tries to open the cupboards on the walls but they are locked. He searches through the desk drawers and he finds keys. He uses the keys to unlock the wall cupboard.

Piles of paperwork. Walkie-talkies.

Rogers takes one of the walkie-talkies and tries to tune into a frequency but all he can pick up is static.

KNOCK! KNOCK! From the front door.

Rogers looks up at the door hesitantly.

KNOCK! KNOCK!

Rogers walks slowly over the door. He opens it.

No one is there.

He is about to close the door when he notices something has been left on the step. The bottle of JD that he left in The Market. Rogers closes the door quickly.

He looks out of the window up at the town, scanning for any sign of movement. It is quiet and as still as before.

ROGERS

What is going on around here?

Moments pass. Silence.

The moth hits the ceiling light again - Rogers turns from the window, instinctively crouching down and aiming his gun, distracted by the sound.

The window SMASHES to pieces!

Rogers huddles himself into a ball, cradling his head in reaction.

GUNFIRE breaks out on the station.

Rogers jumps over the desk and hides underneath it for cover. The computer and it's monitor are blown to pieces by the non-stop barrage of bullets.

The sound of bullets ricochetting from the single jail cell bars.

The desk is shot up into splinters as the station takes a beating. The place is under complete bombardment as Rogers can do nothing but make himself into a ball under the desk - bullets spraying through the splintered desk miraculously missing Rogers by inches.

The sound of the source of gunfire is distant but the noise in the station of the walls and desk and floor being hit is frenetic.

The siege halts.

Paperwork from the desk and cupboards float to the floor in tatters.

Rogers crawls from under the desk to underneath the broken window, using his rolled up sleeves to protect his hands from the glass on the floor.

He waits a moment. He slowly rises and peaks out of the window. He looks out at the dark town - no one visible. Rogers ducks back down. He takes out his gun. He looks out again.

A police car in FLAMES rolls down the hill toward the station.

Rogers looks in surprise as the silent car gathers speed until it hits a ditch a mere five or so feet from the station and stops.

INT. POLICE CAR

Flames wrap around the internal of the car as two large cans of gasoline sit in the backseat awaiting ignition.

INT. WESTBURY POLICE STATION

Rogers runs for the back door exit.

EXT. WESTBURY POLICE STATION - NIGHT

The police car EXPLODES.

INT. WESTBURY POLICE STATION

Rogers ducks down on the floor.

The front of the station is blown half away from the blast - flamed pieces of shrapnel fly inside. The station quickly catches alight.

Rogers gets to his feet and to the exit door. He opens it and rushes out as the station becomes ablaze.

EXT. WESTBURY POLICE STATION - BACK - NIGHT

Rogers runs from the station into a -

EXT. CORNFIELD - NIGHT

He ducks down, grabs a breather as he watches the station burn.

He looks behind him - the cornfield extends for what looks like miles.

He moves away from the burning station, keeping as low as he can in the fields.

Rogers looks to the town from his hiding place. His eye is attracted to the houses. A solitary yellow light is on in the upstairs window of one particular house.

Rogers ducks and dives his way around the cornfield, making his way back into town, trying to keep as concealed as possible.

EXT. WESTBURY - BACKSTREET ALLEYWAY - NIGHT

From the cornfield, Rogers runs into an alleyway. To his left is a large wooden perimeter fence and on his right are the back gardens to the residential houses. The gardens are blocked off by smaller wooden fences.

He walks down the alley, trying to keep his eye focused on which house had the light on.

He reaches the backyard of the house. It has a large wooden fence that covers it's backyard and a closed door. He tries the door but it is locked. Rogers climbs over the fence.

EXT. HOUSE - BACKYARD - NIGHT

Rogers makes it over the fence. The house has no lights on inside.

Rogers creeps across the well maintained garden to the back door of the house.

He tries the door handle. Locked. He picks up a rock from a pile that decorates the garden.

He is about to smash the door window when - a white net sheet blows out from inside a slightly ajar unclosed patio double door.

Rogers returns the rock to the pile.

He moves across to the patio where there is the unclosed double door. He slides the door open quietly. Rogers creeps inside.

INT. HOUSE - LIVINGROOM

Darkness.

Rogers closes the slide door quietly.

Rogers takes every step carefully. A table has been over turned. Furniture seems out of place. Looks like the leftover scene of a fight.

Slight moonlight seeps in from outside. Rogers notices broken ornaments and photos on the floor below a fireplace.

He crouches down. A photo-frame depicts an elderly couple smiling together. Rogers places the photo-frame carefully on to the fireplace mantle.

INT. HOUSE - HALLWAY - DARK

Rogers looks up at a staircase. He creeps up it.

INT. HOUSE - UPSTAIRS HALL - DARK

Light seeps from under the edges of a closed door.

Gun at the ready, Rogers KICKS the door open and bursts inside -

INT. HOUSE - UPSTAIRS - BEDROOM

Cowering on the floor with his back against a bed is Charlie, blood leaking from the thigh of his outstretched leg. He looks up startled at Rogers.

Rogers looks quickly around the room to make sure no one else is inside. He walks over to Charlie and kneels down beside him.

ROGERS

It's OK, I'm Detective Rogers, I'm  
with the police.

Rogers checks Charlie's wound. Through a slit in Charlie's trousers, Rogers can see it is a bullet wound. Blood leaks from the wound and a small puddle has formed onto the otherwise perfectly clean wooden laminated floor.

ROGERS

You're gonna be alright, the  
bullet's gone straight through.

Rogers takes a shirt that is on the bed and tightens it around the wound to stop the bleeding.

ROGERS

What's your name?

CHARLIE

(nervous)

Charlie...

(tightening his face in  
pain)

Charlie Diabo.

ROGERS

OK Charlie. I need you to tell me what happened here?

CHARLIE

(tense)

I got shot, that's what happened!

Charlie keeps looking to the door of the bedroom. Rogers holds him by his shoulders.

ROGERS

From the beginning, Charlie. Just try and keep calm. I'm here to help.

CHARLIE

I picked up a hitchhiker on my way home... This afternoon. As soon as we got to Westbury, he went crazy. Shot up the entire town.

ROGERS

You have no idea who this guy was?

CHARLIE

Just a stranger. I'm not overly religious but I believe in helping out my brothers. I always help people out. I regret it this time, let me tell you that.

ROGERS

What did he look like?

CHARLIE

Dressed to the nines in black. All black. And he had a black bag. That's where he pulled his gun out from.

ROGERS

Go on.

CHARLIE

When he was shooting, I took a hit in my leg. I managed to escape and I hid up here.

ROGERS

How did you get away? When and where did he start shooting, Charlie?

CHARLIE

He went to the diner, man. I dropped him off there.

A few minutes later and I'm hearing shots, loud shots like something from a war film. I ran - but he came out and started just picking people off from the street. I took one in my leg but managed to get home.

ROGERS

This is your place?

CHARLIE

Yes, this is my place! He came looking for me. I managed to hide in the closet. I dunno how I never had a heart attack.

ROGERS

He came in this room? What happened next?

CHARLIE

I heard shots. From the room. Deafening. When I heard him leave, I got out and I just didn't have the strength to move. Must have been ten maybe twenty minutes ago. I kept thinking he was gonna come back for me.

Rogers looks out of the window. It has the perfect range for firing at the police station which remains alight below.

ROGERS

What happened downstairs?

CHARLIE

I dunno man, what do you mean?

ROGERS

There's shit everywhere. As if there was a fight.

CHARLIE

I ain't got a clue, Detective. I heard some noise downstairs -- like the guy was tearing up the place before he left.

Rogers walks across the room. He takes a seat on a wicker chair in the corner where can overlook the room. The shelves are empty. The room is bare apart from a cuddly toy on the pillow of the bed.

ROGERS

This your room, Charlie?

CHARLIE

What?

ROGERS

This room. Is it yours?

CHARLIE

Yes, it's mine.

(beat)

I'm doing it up. My parents  
passed recently and -

Charlie looks at Rogers surprised.

CHARLIE

What are you getting at?

Rogers ignores the question. A quiet moment passes.

ROGERS

I've found two bodies - well, what  
looked like two - and that's it.  
Loads of blood. But no other  
bodies. Can you help me with that  
at all?

CHARLIE

What do you mean?

ROGERS

Where are the other bodies?

CHARLIE

Look pal, I just ran like the wind  
to get away from that lunatic. I  
wasn't gonna hang around to  
interview the guy.

ROGERS

It just doesn't add up. How can one  
man kill off an entire town *and*  
dispose of the bodies in a few  
hours?

CHARLIE

I don't know but I'd say he had  
more than just one gun in that bag  
of his. Like I told you, it sounded  
like he was going to war or some  
shit.

ROGERS

You got a mobile?

CHARLIE

No, sorry. I'm not into all that  
high tech crap.

I don't even have that internet  
thing. I keep myself to myself, I'm  
-

ROGERS  
Do you have a landline phone?

CHARLIE  
Yeah, sure. I'm not a complete  
twonk.

ROGERS  
Where's your phone?

CHARLIE  
Well, it don't work.

ROGERS  
Why?

CHARLIE  
It's been cut.

Rogers stands up angrily.

ROGERS  
Shit.  
(beat)  
This guy gets around.

CHARLIE  
Maybe that's why he was making so  
much noise downstairs, he was  
looking for my phones and cutting  
the wires? I dunno, man, just  
offering up suggestions.

ROGERS  
Well, when did you check the  
phone exactly?

CHARLIE  
Ages ago. It ain't gonna change,  
man, I don't know what you're  
getting at?

ROGERS  
Well did you check the phone as  
soon as you got home, or did you  
check it after this guy left?

CHARLIE  
The phone's been cut for months,  
man. Since my parents died I  
ain't bothered to pay the bill so  
they cut me off.

ROGERS

(agitated)

So - why would the guy cut the line if it was already off? And why the hell did you just walk around in circles instead of answering my question!

CHARLIE

I don't know what your talking about, man! Shit, you asked if I had a phone I said "yes" and then I told you it'd been cut.

Rogers sighs, as if a way of releasing his annoyance.

ROGERS

Every place I've been to so far has had a cut phone line. And not because they weren't paying their bills, they were *physically* cut.

CHARLIE

Oh, right. Well, yeah I see what you mean now. But maybe the guy didn't know and was looking to cut my line anyway? I mean is he gonna pick up every phone to see if it's working or not?

Rogers squeezes his forehead.

ROGERS

Let's just drop it. I just wanted to know if you had a phone. You don't.

A moment of silence passes.

CHARLIE

So where's the other cops?

ROGERS

It's just me.

CHARLIE

(surprised)

What do you mean *just* you?

ROGERS

I'm looking for someone, a fellow police officer. Her car crashed outside the entrance but I can't find her. Do you have any idea what happened to her?

Did you hear anything - maybe a few hours, whenever - after this shooting incident? Did you hear any screaming, a cry, someone walking outside even?

CHARLIE

I'm sorry, no.

(beat)

And, by the way, my leg is not feeling any better.

ROGERS

Well, I've got to find her. I'm not buying that everyone is dead just yet so Karen might be hiding somewhere.

CHARLIE

Karen?

ROGERS

The officer I'm looking for.

Rogers looks out the window at the street below. All is quiet.

Charlie takes a small bottle of whiskey from the floor that was covered under a bundle of clothes. He takes a large swig and offers it to Rogers.

CHARLIE

Detective?

Rogers pauses at the gesture - turns it down. Looks back out the window.

CHARLIE

Helps to numb the pain.

(beat)

You don't mind if I - ?

ROGERS

Knock yourself out, Charlie.

Rogers paces the room slowly.

ROGERS

It's not safe here. If he comes back we don't stand much of a chance if you're right about the amount of heat he's packing. I've got to get you to a hospital. And I've got to find Karen.

CHARLIE

I can try to walk.

ROGERS

You're car - is that it outside?

CHARLIE

If you're talking about that banged up piece of crap green Cortina, then yes.

EXT. WESTBURY - MAIN STREET - NIGHT

Rogers helps Charlie outside, gun in hand. He looks up and down the street.

The street is deserted.

Charlie gives Rogers his car keys. They get into the Cortina parked outside the house. Three cars are parked behind the Cortina.

INT. CORTINA

Rogers starts the car.

ROGERS

Alright Charlie, I'm gonna get you to a hospital. Then I'm gonna get reinforcements to find Karen and anybody else that's still alive around here.

CHARLIE

What about Mr. Trigger-happy?

ROGERS

If what you're telling me is true, once reinforcements are called, one guy wont be able to stand much of a chance on his own no matter how much ammo he's got. He's not your problem any more.

CHARLIE

If? So I'm a suspect?

ROGERS

You're not under arrest, but to be honest with you, if I had a pair of handcuffs then you'd be wearing them right now.

CHARLIE

You think I shot myself or something? Are you nuts?

ROGERS

I've come across some odd-balls in my time, Charlie.

Best thing for you to do is keep quiet and keep calm.

EXT. WESTBURY - MAIN STREET - NIGHT

The Cortina starts to drive off - it is RAMMED off the road and collides into a couple of dust-bins on the pavement!

INT. CORTINA

Rogers manages to keep control and bring the car back on the road. He looks in his rear view mirror. Bright headlights beam from a pursuing pick up truck.

ROGERS

Who the hell is that?

CHARLIE

Well it's sure as hell not the Highway Patrol - That's him!

Rogers hits the gas.

EXT. WESTBURY - MAIN STREET - NIGHT

The Cortina speeds down the road - chased closely by the pick up truck.

The pick up truck RAMS into the rear of the Cortina - bumping it forwards.

INT. CORTINA

Rogers pushes hard on the accelerator as they speed down the road. The pick up truck keeps up in his rear view mirror, making contact again as it tries to knock them off the road.

CHARLIE

This old banger is not gonna be able to take much more of this abuse!

EXT. WESTBURY - MAIN STREET - NIGHT

The Cortina switches lanes to try and avoid another ramming from the pick up truck. Both vehicles speed down the empty street almost neck and neck.

INT. CORTINA

Rogers looks out his drivers side window at the pick up truck. The windows are tainted black and the driver inside is hidden.

CHARLIE

Ahead!

Rogers looks up - a parked car is within twenty feet.

ROGERS

Hold on!

Rogers hits the brakes and swerves a hard left.

EXT. WESTBURY - MAIN STREET - NIGHT

Smoke from the Cortina's wheels as it screeches to slow down, swerving left with the boot hitting the back of the passing pick up truck in the process.

The pick up truck twists round in a 180 degree motion from the contact as the Cortina slides to it's right.

The Cortina stops mere feet from crashing through a closed shop window.

INT. CORTINA

Rogers turns to Charlie - who looks breathless.

ROGERS

You alright?

CHARLIE

I think I was safer in the closet.

Rogers looks out the windshield at the pick up truck - stopped in the middle of the road thirty feet ahead, with it's front facing them.

EXT. WESTBURY - MAIN STREET - NIGHT

A loud BANG.

The windshield of the pick up truck is SPLINTERED.

Another BANG.

The windshield smashes.

The remains of the glass on the frame are cleared by the hidden figure inside the pick up truck. A SHOTGUN emerges.

INT. CORTINA

Rogers notices the weapon thanks to a street lamp light above the pick up truck. He pushes Charlie's head down as he ducks himself.

ROGERS

Get down!

BANG! The Cortina windshield is BLOWN to pieces.

Rogers reverses quickly. He stops.

BANG! This time the shotgun shell hits the front headlight of the Cortina.

Rogers hits the gas, keeping as low as possible.

EXT. WESTBURY - MAIN STREET - NIGHT

The Cortina speeds towards the pick up truck - passing it at the last moment. It hits a kerb before Rogers regains control and takes it back on the road.

INT. CORTINA

BANG! The back window takes a blast from the shotgun - only splintering it.

Rogers rises from his position, looks at Charlie.

ROGERS

Keep down!

He looks at his rear view mirror. The pick up truck is back in pursuit.

EXT. WESTBURY - MAIN STREET - NIGHT

The Cortina approaches a turn off on the left side which would take them down the road to the Westbury entrance.

The pick up truck has caught up already and RAMS the Cortina - forcing it to take a straight road ahead.

EXT. WESTBURY - CORN FIELD ROAD - NIGHT

The Cortina hurls dust and smoke as it manages to keep on the dried mud ridden road. On either side of the road are corn fields. The pick up truck backs off, preferring to keep behind.

Another BANG! A shotgun blast hits the Cortina in the boot.

INT. CORTINA

Rogers is determined to keep this thing on the road.

ROGERS

Where does this road lead to?

CHARLIE

What?

ROGERS

(yelling)

The road! Where does it end?

CHARLIE

I don't know!

EXT. WESTBURY - CORN FIELD ROAD - NIGHT

The road bends further to the right - circling the back of the town - and into woodland.

The two vehicles speed past a weather beaten wood sign reading "**ST. JOHN'S CHURCH**".

EXT. WESTBURY - WOODS - NIGHT

The pick up truck speeds up, ramming the Cortina's rear bumper. The shotgun from the windshield has vanished.

INT. PICK UP TRUCK

The Stranger has one hand on the wheel and a hand-gun in the other. He takes a calm aim at the Cortina in front.

EXT. WESTBURY - WOODS - NIGHT

BANG! - The Cortina's rear tyre is hit by a shot from the Stranger's hand-gun.

The shredded tyre forces the Cortina off road - it slides instantly to a sharp right and into the woods -

It hurtles down a hill, narrowly missing trees as it descends to the bottom.

The pick up truck breaks.

INT. CORTINA

Rogers desperately tries to steer the vehicle as it hurtles down the steep tree infested hillside. Charlie holds his head in his hands in horror.

EXT. WESTBURY - WOODS - NIGHT

The Cortina hits a tree stump - it flips over onto it's side and rolls it's way down to the bottom of the hill.

EXT. WESTBURY - GRAVEYARD - NIGHT

Steam hisses from the upside down crumpled and battered Cortina. It has landed on the outskirts of a small graveyard - a little wooden church not far away.

FLASHBACK

EXT. MOUNTAIN TOP ROAD - NIGHT

A car drives along the scenic but desolate road.

INT. CAR

Rogers drives. His wife, TRACY, sits next to him in the passenger seat with his two kids in the back, a young boy and girl. They all seem happy and smiling.

Tracy bares a remarkable resemblance to Karen.

Rogers looks in his rearview mirror. A pick up truck emerges behind them. The truck increases it's speed alarmingly.

EXT. MOUNTAIN TOP ROAD - NIGHT

The pick up truck RAMS Rogers' car - sending the car smashing through the mountain top barriers.

The car falls down the hillside and lands in a ditch. The car catches ablaze.

Rogers opens his eyes. His face is bloody and cut. He has been thrown from the vehicle. Unable to move from injuries, he can only watch as the car with his entrapped family inside explodes.

Rogers yells out but there is only silence. His eyes twitter and he falls unconscious.

INT. DARK TUNNEL

Rogers wanders alone through a dark void. A bright light forms in the distance and beckons him. A silhouette of a dark figure blocks the white light. Rogers turns back.

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM

Rogers wakes in a hospital bed, surrounded by a sympathetic looking doctor and a police officer. Their faces quickly blur - they become blank white orbs. Faceless. The hospital room changes into darkness with just Rogers and the two faceless caricatures.

DOCTOR

(echoing odd tone)

I'm sorry. They're all dead. Except  
you.

ROGERS

(subdued/confused)

Was it a hit? Retaliation?

OFFICER

We don't know. You never caught  
them. We never will. We can't catch  
what we don't understand.

END FLASHBACK

INT. CORTINA

Rogers eyes open. He is upside down. He looks over - Charlie is scrambling free outside his broken window.

ROGERS  
(gasping)  
Hey...

Charlie looks back at Rogers.

CHARLIE  
You're alive?  
(beat)  
Let me get you outta here.

Charlie turns inside the cramped compartment of the crushed car. He helps Rogers out of his position.

CHARLIE  
That was one hell of a ride, eh?

ROGERS  
You OK?

CHARLIE  
Don't ask how.

Charlie leads out of the window, with Rogers following behind him.

EXT. WESTBURY - GRAVEYARD - NIGHT

The two stand up and dust themselves down. Rogers head is bleeding. Charlie has a gash to his face. He notes the graveyard.

CHARLIE  
Man, we're lucky we ain't  
increasing the population six feet  
below us by two right now.

Rogers looks over at the small wooden church. He checks himself over. His gun.

Rogers retreats back to the crumpled Cortina. He emerges with the gun in his hand.

There is a small car park across the road, filled with all of three parked cars. The pick up truck is at the entrance to the graveyard waiting for them, twenty feet away. It's headlights on beaming. The engine running.

Rogers aims his gun and fires two shots at the vehicle - if a windshield were present it would represent two precise shots that would have nailed anyone sitting inside.

The engine and headlights remain on.

CHARLIE  
(excited)  
You got him? Holy shit! You got  
him!?

ROGERS  
(confidently)  
I got him.

Rogers walks towards the pick up truck. Charlie follows.  
Rogers signals him to stay back.

ROGERS  
Wait here.

CHARLIE  
No chance, Rogers! You've got the  
gun!

Rogers looks at Charlie.

ROGERS  
*Exactly. Stay here.*

Rogers walks to the pick up truck. He looks in through the windshield. Empty. He opens the door. No one inside. Two bullet holes are present in the drivers seat.

CHARLIE (O.S.)  
Damn it.

Rogers spins round with his gun pointed at - Charlie.

ROGERS  
(furious)  
I told you to stay by the car,  
goddamnit!

Charlie skulks back a few footsteps, hands in surrender.

CHARLIE  
Chill, man!

Bullets SPRAY out at the pick up truck.

Rogers and Charlie dive to the ground.

The pick up truck takes a hammering from muted shots - the only sound is of multiple bullets hitting the car and the dull thudding of some of them hitting the ground.

Rogers gets to his knees and tries to determine where the shots are coming from. A tyre bursts. Rogers looks to the woods. Another tyre exhumes.

He looks to the graveyard - and beyond in the woods Rogers makes out a quick flash of bullet fire.

Rogers ducks back down.

ROGERS

The bastard's in the graveyard. In  
the woods.

CHARLIE

So what now? He's got us covered!

ROGERS

The church.

The pick up truck headlights are blown to pieces.

ROGERS

On three. I'm gonna give you cover,  
and you move as quick as you can!  
Get inside the church, got it?

CHARLIE

What about my leg? I can just about  
move -

ROGERS

It's only *there*!

Rogers indicates the church door being only ten-fifteen feet away.

CHARLIE

What about the car park? We can -

ROGERS

It's too far and we'd be an easy  
target! We don't have a choice! We  
can stay here and both get shot or  
we can run the risk of trying to  
live.

The pick up truck bonnet takes a mauling from the gun of the woodland assailant.

Rogers stands up and fires in return at the darkness of the graveyard woods. He grabs Charlie and almost drags him to the church door.

Rogers pushes the door - it opens and him and Charlie rush inside - slamming the door shut behind them.

INT. CHURCH

The church is entirely built from wood and is very small. One floor, several white sheet covered pews and an alter. Unlit candles in tall candle-holders.

Tear shaped stained glass windows surround the church. A ladder leads upwards to a loft where there is a large bell.

CHARLIE

What the hell happened to *on three*?

Rogers looks around the church for a way out.

ROGERS

We didn't have time for *on three*.

EXT. CHURCH - NIGHT

The Stranger walks out from the woods to the church holding his bag with one hand. He stops twenty feet away. He patiently opens the bag.

Inside is a collection of guns, disassembled parts and ammo. He takes out certain parts and quickly assembles together an AK-47.

INT. CHURCH

The church windows SMASH to pieces.

Rogers and Charlie dive to the floor as the church is shot to pieces. A barrage of gunfire is heard with the sound of the smashing windows, glass flies everywhere.

ROGERS

(yelling above the noise)

UP! GO UP!

Charlie looks to the ladder. He hobbles on to it and climbs as the windows continue to be demolished. Bullets hammer into the wooden walls of the church.

Rogers runs to the ladder. He waits until Charlie has climbed up.

Rogers quickly reloads his gun with the ammo clip from his pocket. He fires a couple of shots at the now empty window panes as he climbs up the ladder, hoping it will provide cover.

INT. CHURCH - LOFT

Rogers makes it up to the small cramped space with Charlie. They look for a way out. There is a bell and a hatch that leads out on to the roof.

The shooting stops.

EXT. CHURCH - NIGHT

A foggy mist slowly rolls in around the church and graveyard. The Stranger opens the church doors.

INT. CHURCH

The Stranger opens fire on the pews - blasting them to pieces with his AK-47. He aims it at the alter and lets out another round which completely destroys it.

INT. CHURCH - LOFT

Rogers finds the hatch that leads on to the roof. He silently motions Charlie to climb it.

INT. CHURCH

The room is full of gun-smoke.

The Stranger remains standing at the entrance. He pulls down his black scarf from his face - unseen - and lights a cigarette with a match.

He takes one of the candle-holders and lights the several different shaped candles with the same match.

He throws the lit candle-holder onto one of the bullet ridden white sheets.

The sheet catches light. The fire begins to attach to the destroyed, collapsed wooden pews. They start to catch alight.

INT. CHURCH - LOFT

Rogers tries to locate the Stranger so he can get a shot at him. He seems to be hidden directly under the loft and out of range. Charlie looks down at Rogers from the rooftop hole.

CHARLIE

(whispering)

Rogers! Come on! Leave it!

As smoke bellows from below, Rogers begrudgingly agrees to the request.

INT. CHURCH

Clouds of smoke build up. The fire spreads rapidly.

EXT. CHURCH ROOFTOP - NIGHT

The wooden rooftop is slanted and smoke emerges from in between the slates. Charlie and Rogers are just about keeping their balance on the rooftop.

Rogers catches sight of the Stranger leaving the church.

FLASHBACK

EXT. MOUNTAIN TOP ROAD - NIGHT

The pick up truck gets closer to Rogers car.

INT. CAR

Rogers looks in the rearview mirror at the pick up truck. The driver is dressed in all black, wearing a black hat and scarf around his lower face.

BRIGHT WHITE LIGHT

INT. DARK VOID TUNNEL

Rogers looks back at the bright light in the distance being "guarded" by a silhouetted fedora wearing figure in black.

END FLASHBACK

EXT. CHURCH ROOFTOP - NIGHT

Rogers watches the Stranger head in to the car park and drive away in one of the parked cars. He drives off down a country road but the headlights can be seen driving round - seemingly on a circular trip to the back woods of Westbury.

ROGERS

He's going to the farm.

CHARLIE

What?

ROGERS

Never-mind. Come on.

Rogers helps Charlie to the edge of the slanted rooftop.

ROGERS

It's not that high.

Charlie looks at Rogers in amazement.

CHARLIE

I don't know what your assessment  
of *high* is, but to me, we're  
pretty damn high up.

The drop is fifteen-twenty feet. Thicker smoke spirals through the rooftop.

ROGERS

A twisted ankle or a broken bone  
is nothing compared to being  
burned alive.

Charlie looks over the edge.

CHARLIE

You make a good argument.

Rogers beckons Charlie to give him his hands.

ROGERS

I'll lower you down.

Rogers takes Charlie's hands and helps to lower him from the edge of the rooftop. Rogers strains slightly with the weight. Charlie dangles from the edge of the rooftop.

ROGERS

OK...drop!

Charlie releases himself from Rogers' grip and falls to the ground. He gets up.

CHARLIE

You were right, it's not that bad! Just go for it, Rogers, you can do it!

Rogers rolls his eyes.

He grabs onto the edge of the rooftop and dangles himself over - before releasing his grip of the edge and dropping to the ground.

EXT. CHURCH - NIGHT

Rogers and Charlie rush away from the burning church. The flickering flames illuminate them as they head to safety.

They stop at the graveyard entrance. They both watch the burning church.

CHARLIE

What was with you up there, man?  
You flipped out for a moment!

ROGERS

I've seen him before.

CHARLIE

Where? When?

ROGERS

Not important right now.

CHARLIE

Rogers - If you know something on this guy, I think it's only fair you let me in on it, man.

Rogers looks over at the car park. Two parked cars.

He heads over to it, Charlie follows him.

ROGERS

All you need to know is that he's bad news. And I'm not letting him get away.

EXT. CAR PARK - NIGHT

Rogers smashes a rock through one of the car windows. He opens the door.

INT. CAR

Charlie sits in the passenger seat. Rogers hot-wires the car.

CHARLIE

Hope the guy who owns this won't mind you "borrowing" it.

ROGERS

He won't. He's probably dead.

CHARLIE

So now you believe everyone is dead? What happened to being optimistic?

Rogers keeps quiet as he continues to hot-wire the car.

CHARLIE

Will you at least tell me you believe me now? You don't think I'm still a suspect after all that, do you?

Rogers hot-wiring job is almost complete.

CHARLIE

You got many bullets left?

ROGERS

Two.

CHARLIE

Is that enough?

ROGERS

If I can get a clear view of him, it will be more than enough. If it's up close and personal, I wont even need them.

EXT. ROAD - NIGHT

Rogers drives down the road. To the left is dense woodland. To the right are cornfields. The road goes higher, becoming a hill.

INT. CAR

Rogers focuses on the road ahead. Charlie sits silent.

EXT. HILLTOP ROAD - NIGHT

Rogers stops the car. The lights and engine are killed.

INT. CAR

Rogers looks out of the window. Looking down from the hillside top they are on, he can see a farmyard below. A large yard. A barn. A farmhouse a little further north with a white van parked out front.

He watches The Stranger park outside the barn, his car headlights beaming on the large wooden doors as the foggy mist whirls around.

The car headlights turn off.

The Stranger exits his car. Bag in hand, he enters the barn.

CHARLIE (O.S.)

What's going on?

Lights turn on inside the barn. Moments pass.

ROGERS

What *is* he *doing* in there?

CHARLIE

Maybe we should just get the hell out of here, Rogers. I've been shot, I've survived a car crash and been almost burnt to death. That's enough for one night.

ROGERS

Shush.

EXT. HILLTOP ROAD - NIGHT

A full moon glows bright in the night sky.

Rogers' car sits dead on the road. The woodland background helps to hide it's disguise.

INT. CAR

Rogers watches the farm. The swirling mist makes visibility ten times worse.

The barn lights remain on inside, making the wooden building look like a glowing Halloween pumpkin minus the carvings.

Charlie breaks a long silence.

CHARLIE

I was just kinda thinking. You know, I was thinking back to when you said something about getting me to a hospital? Why don't we go and get help? We've got a damn car, let's get out of here!

ROGERS

I lost him once. I'm not going to lose him again.

Charlie looks at Rogers.

CHARLIE

Huh? What kind of cop are you, man? Ain't you supposed to follow the rules? That guy has enough gun power to take out an entire town and you think you stand a chance with two bullets?

(beat)

And more importantly, I'm an injured and innocent bystander caught up in all of this and in need of medical attention -

Rogers looks - expression dead serious - around to Charlie with a finger to his lips.

ROGERS

*Shush.*

LATER

Rogers perks up from his surveillance operation. Charlie almost crisscrosses him trying to look and see. The Stranger emerges from the barn. He walks to the farmhouse.

CHARLIE

What do you think he was doing in there?

ROGERS

I don't know. But we're gonna find out.

Rogers opens his door and gets out. Charlie follows.

EXT. HILLTOP - NIGHT

Rogers and Charlie make their way down a sloping hay filled hill. They slip and slide most of the way down on the loose mud. They pause half way down.

ROGERS

Duck down.

Rogers and Charlie duck down on the hill, covering themselves by the stems/stalks of the hay-fielded hill.

The Stranger returns from the house.

He gets into the white van. The van drives to the barn and stops with the back of the van opposite the barn doors. He gets out and closes the door. He opens the back doors of the van. The Stranger enters the barn.

CHARLIE

Can you hit him from this range?

Rogers ignores Charlie.

The Stranger quickly returns with his black bag. He throws it into the back of the van.

CHARLIE

(whispering to Rogers)

That's the bag I was talking about.

It's the one with all his guns.

The Stranger walks off back to the farmhouse.

ROGERS

That means he's unarmed right now.

Charlie nods.

Rogers and Charlie rush down the hill - more sliding than walking. They rush to the van.

EXT. BARN - NIGHT

Rogers anxiously looks around the van as Charlie stands still not knowing what to do.

ROGERS

Keep an eye out.

Rogers hands Charlie his hand gun. They both look each other eye to eye. Charlie nervously takes it.

ROGERS

Don't go firing the thing at  
shadows. Just hold it for a sec.

A sound of running water gushing down a drain is heard from inside the closed barn.

Rogers checks the back of the van.

It is empty apart from the black bag. Rogers opens the bag - empty - apart from one item. A half empty bottle of JD.

Rogers takes his gun back from Charlie.

ROGERS

(dishevelled)  
This guy likes to play games.

CHARLIE

What do you mean? What did you find?

Rogers looks at the farmhouse - The front door is opening.

Rogers grabs Charlie and the two rush inside the barn.

The Stranger walks out of the farmhouse and heads down to the barn.

INT. BARN

Rogers and Charlie enter inside. Rogers closes the door. He turns around.

Rogers is stunned by the sight in front of him - Dead bodies piled on top of each other. Around a hundred give or take. Blood covered men, women and children. Dead eyes gaze open in terror, a frozen still image caught as if the last thing they saw was the most horrific.

Blood leaks from the pyramid of corpses onto the floor of the barn forming large puddles which run down into a drain by the door of the barn.

Rogers tries to compose himself and looks to Charlie - who looks nonchalant about the whole thing. Rogers grabs Charlie by his shoulders and shakes him despite his calm reaction.

ROGERS

(quietly but firmly)  
Hey! Keep it together!

Rogers searches for a place to hide. Hay stacks on either side of the walls. Farming equipment.

Charlie stands and gazes at the almost holocaustal sight in front of him.

CHARLIE

Look's like you've found where  
everyone is.

Rogers search is fruitless. He rushes over to Charlie and grabs him. He forcefully takes him to the corner of the barn, near the haystacks.

ROGERS

Don't look at it! Stay as low as  
you can and keep quiet!

Rogers returns to the doors of the barn. He leans alongside the barn wall, aims his gun waiting for the doors to open and for the Stranger to enter inside.

Moments pass.

Rogers keeps his eye on the barn door. It opens - The Stranger walks inside.

He stops and looks at Rogers.

Rogers hands tremble slightly as he points the gun at the Stranger.

ROGERS

Hold it right there.

The Stranger slowly holds his arms out in mock surrender.

ROGERS

(sweating)

Make one more move and it will be  
your last.

The Stranger takes a footstep towards Rogers.

ROGERS

I'm not playing.

The Stranger takes another step closer.

Rogers aims for the Stranger's leg - pulls the trigger - it limply "clicks".

He looks stunned as the gun fails to fire. He tries again - nothing. The gun is empty.

STRANGER

(muffled from his face  
scarf - to Charlie)

My guns - in the corner.

Rogers looks stunned as he watches Charlie respond to the Strangers instructions.

Charlie is rummaging through piles of hay looking for the guns.

Rogers backs himself into the middle of the barn up against the pyramid of corpses.

ROGERS

(to Charlie)

What the hell are you *doing*?  
(looking at his empty gun)  
What the hell did you *do*?

Charlie gets up from the corner with a hand gun. He fires it at Rogers, missing wildly.

Rogers climbs up the pyramid of corpses trying to escape, throws his gun at Charlie but misses. Another shot is fired as Charlie closes in on Rogers - the bullet hitting one of the bodies.

Charlie walks toward Rogers with a crazed smile, continuing to wildly fire the gun - but missing - until empty. Rogers falls through a gap in the pyramid and slips underneath the bodies.

#### UNDER THE BODIES

Rogers clammers his way through the mutilated corpses. One of them is a man wearing a bullet and blood ridden sheriff's uniform.

#### INT. BARN - BACK

Rogers finds his way out of the storage of flesh and into the back of the barn. A ladder leads upwards. There are no doors to escape. Rogers climbs up the ladder.

#### INT. BARN - FRONT

The Stranger finishes assembling a mini machine gun from parts hidden under one of the many haystacks. He fires it at the pyramid of corpses.

The noise is unbearable - Charlie backs away and grabs his ears as he laughs at the sight of the bodies in the forefront of the pyramid being blown into bloody pieces.

#### INT. BARN - TOP FLOOR - DARK

Rogers makes it up the ladder as the almost deafening machine gun fire carries on.

The top floor is full of hay stacks with a thick wooden barrier. Rogers watches the Stranger and Charlie from his hiding place behind a beam.

INT. BARN - FRONT

The Stranger stops firing once the machine gun is empty. Gun smoke drifts heavily in the air.

CHARLIE

Want me to go look for him up top  
in case he got out of there?

The Stranger heads out of the barn door.

STRANGER

What makes you think you will hit  
him.

CHARLIE

Come on, I got carried away, bro.  
Let me make sure. I'll do it the  
old fashioned way, I prefer that.

STRANGER

If you must. Be quick about it.

The Stranger exits the barn.

Charlie excitedly climbs up the pyramid of corpses. He laughs as he slips a number of times trying to gain leverage.

INT. BARN - TOP FLOOR - DARK

Rogers watches as Charlie climbs higher, approaching the top floor. Rogers looks over at the walls - a pitchfork is hanging alongside other farmyard tools.

Rogers looks at Charlie slipping back.

Rogers remains in his position, not wanting to make a move in case it gives him away. He looks back to the temptation of grabbing the pitchfork.

INT. BARN - FRONT

Charlie makes it to the top of the pile.

He draws a flick knife from his pocket. He climbs over the wooden barrier and onto the -

TOP FLOOR - DARK

Charlie stands still for a moment. He looks at the many piles of hay stacks.

Charlie walks towards the first pile.

He jumps out in front of it - no one is there.

He walks slowly to the next pile. Charlie jumps out again -

CHARLIE

Gotcha!

- a field mouse looks up and then scarper's away. Charlie giggles to himself.

Charlie looks to the remaining four piles of hay stacks. His smile vanishes. His look is morbid, deadly serious.

The barn door is heard opening below.

He puts his flick knife away.

Hiding behind the very last pile, Rogers releases a quiet sigh a relief.

INT. BARN - FRONT

Charlie slides and stumbles down the pyramid of corpses to the bottom as he were having fun at a fairground.

CHARLIE

I can't find him. He's not up there, bro'.

The Stranger has his bag from the van.

He walks to the corner and upturns several hay stacks. He begins to put an unseen amount of guns, parts and ammunition inside the bag. He opens the barn doors wide.

STRANGER

Then he's gone.

CHARLIE

Maybe I should have checked it out more.

The Stranger takes one of the bodies from the pile and throws it over his shoulder. He picks up his bag.

STRANGER

We have more important matters to attend to.

Charlie takes one of the bodies and drags it by it's feet.

CHARLIE

But what if he made it? I don't wanna get paranoid about it and freak out like last time.

The Stranger walks to the barn doors and stops. He looks back to Charlie.

STRANGER

If he reappears he won't cause any problems...

He walks out of the barn with the body over his shoulder and bag in his hand. Charlie drags his victim along the barn floor to the doors.

TOP FLOOR - DARK

Rogers watches intently from the barrier. He can barely make out the raspy voice -

STRANGER (O.S.)

...And it will be too late in any case.

INT. BARN - FRONT

A short moment passes.

Charlie and the Stranger return back inside the barn. They repeat the actions of taking another body from the pile and taking it out of the barn.

CHARLIE

I'm not gonna get an apology from you am I?

(beat)

You didn't really have a problem shooting your own brother in the leg did you?

The Stranger ignores him as he takes his body out effortlessly. Charlie struggles to drag his.

STRANGER

You knew the plan. You've dealt with worse.

CHARLIE

Yeah, well what about when you blew the damn windshield out? How did you know you weren't gonna hit me?

STRANGER

I didn't.

They exit the barn.

TOP FLOOR - DARK

Rogers looks for a way out. He finds a window at the far end of the floor. He looks to make sure the coast is clear before rushing to the window.

He pauses as he hears them returning inside. Rogers hides behind a hay stack.

CHARLIE (O.S)

How many more of these stiffs are we gonna fit in that damn van?

STRANGER (O.S)

A few more will do for now. The others are all in place.

They are heard leaving the barn. The coast is clear.

Rogers creeps to the window. He opens it.

EXT. BARN - ROOF - NIGHT

Rogers crawls out of the window onto the roof top.

He looks down at the back of the barn - way too high to jump off from. He carefully takes a grip and slowly climbs up to the top of the roof.

Rogers reaches the top.

He tries to cross over to the other side of the roof. He loses his footing - slipping and falling down the roof top.

Rogers manages to catch onto a loosely laid wooden plank in the middle of the roof to prevent him from falling all the way down.

Rogers composes himself.

Rogers carefully lowers himself down the bottom half of the roof. He stoops near the edge and looks down below.

EXT. BARN - NIGHT

Charlie and the Stranger toss the bodies into the van. The back of the van is almost filled with the corpses. The two return back inside the barn.

EXT. BARN - ROOF - NIGHT

Rogers takes a breather. He sits himself at the rim of the edge of the roof, his legs dangling over.

He pushes himself off the rooftop - landing on top of the van with a loud thumping noise.

INT. BARN - FRONT

Charlie and the Stranger stop in their tracks. They heard the noise from outside.

EXT. BARN - NIGHT

Rogers quickly slides from the roof to the front of the van and to the ground. He ducks down in front of the bonnet.

The Stranger and Charlie walk out from the barn to the van. They take one side of the van each.

Slow footsteps.

They reach the front of the van - no one is there.

The Stranger walks back to the barn. Charlie looks around at the quiet dark fields ahead.

CHARLIE

He's not dead.

STRANGER (O.S.)

It does not matter. A mind troubled by doubt cannot focus on the course to victory.

Charlie, somewhat irritated, heads back to the barn.

A moment passes.

Rogers crawls out from underneath the van.

LATER

Charlie slams the back of the van doors shut. The Stranger closes the barn doors. They both get into the van and it drives off up the road.

Rogers watches from his crouched down position at the side of the barn, hidden behind a couple of barrels. He watches the van drive up the hill, on its return trip to Westbury.

Rogers rushes over to the car the Stranger initially arrived in. He tries the door - it opens.

INT. CAR

Rogers is about to try to hot-wire the car when he notices the keys have been left in the ignition.

EXT. BARN - NIGHT

The car drives away from the farm up the hill.

EXT. HILLTOP ROAD - NIGHT

Rogers drives up the hill.

INT. CAR

Rogers has a determination in his expression, a furious fire in his eyes.

FLASHBACK

INT. ROGERS HOUSE - LIVING ROOM

A handsome younger looking Rogers and his wife Tracy are in the midst of a furious argument.

TRACY

I see you more in here -

Tracy throws down a local newspaper with a small article about a drug bust and following shoot-out featuring Roger's face. The headline reads "Heroic cop saves the day again."

TRACY

Then I see you *here*.

ROGERS

I'm just doing my job, Tracy!

TRACY

When will you put us before them?  
You're not superman, they can't  
keep calling on you 24-7 like  
they are now!

ROGERS

I'm needed out there. I'm helping  
to keep the city safe, I don't...

TRACY

You're reading and watching this  
media hype bullshit circus and  
believing it! They don't care  
about you! How long will it be  
before I read about you, or see  
you on the news - as -  
(holding back emotion)  
I can't keep living like this. I  
can't keep expecting someone to  
knock on the door or a news  
report to tell me my husband has  
been...

ROGERS

So what do you want me to do,  
Tracy? Quit?

TRACY

I just want to see you! Just once  
in a while!

I'm living here like a widow,  
trying to raise our kids on my own!

ROGERS

I'm trying my best! I'm putting food on the table, I make sure we have a nice house to live in with nice things. When I get home, I just wanna put the day behind me, things have become crazy out there -

TRACY

Things are crazy here! In your own home! I don't even know if you call *here* home. You've never been out working this long before - you're out *there* all the time!

(beat)

We all love you here. The kids need their father and I need my husband.

Tracy sits down on the settee, arms on her knees, hands covering her face. Rogers sits next to her. He wraps an arm around her shoulder.

ROGERS

Nothing means more to me than you and the kids. I'll make it up to you. To all of you. We will be a family again, I promise.

(beat)

We're gonna take a vacation.

TRACY

How? You're not due one...

ROGERS

Forget the job. You're right. I haven't been putting my priorities in order. My family means more to me than any job.

INT. RESTAURANT

Rogers and Tracy sit at a booth with their kids opposite them, a boy and a girl. They all look happy as they laugh together. The darkness of the night can be seen from the window they are seated next to.

Rogers signals over to a waiter who promptly arrives at the table with a single shot of Jack Daniels.

Rogers drinks the JD.

TRACY

Don't overdo it, we're not on holiday yet!

ROGERS

I was on holiday as soon as I woke up this morning, hun. I've been driving for ages and besides, one little drink won't hurt.

Rogers notices that one booth down from them has a man on his own with his back towards them. He wears a black hat.

His kids notice Roger's distraction and turn round to see.

GIRL

He looks like Dick Turpin.

BOY

No he don't, stupid. He looks more like Indiana Jones.

TRACY

*Shush, the pair of you! That's rude!*

END FLASHBACK

INT. CAR

The car slows down. Stutters. Rogers looks at the fuel gage. Empty.

EXT. WESTBURY - CORN FIELD ROAD - NIGHT

The car stops at the beginning of the dusty road. He gets out and glances down the route to the exit of Westbury.

Rogers rushes across the road, headed back to the main town.

EXT. WESTBURY - MAIN TOWN CENTRE - NIGHT

Rogers creeps along the street. He stops opposite Rick's Diner and looks down at the street ahead of him. He can see the van parked outside the Town Hall.

The Stranger and Charlie get out of the van.

Rogers crouches down behind a public trash can to help keep himself unseen.

CHARLIE

Bro', I know you're gonna go nuts at me and I understand you're ideals and shit. But I just don't see the point of...*this*. We moved them all the way to the farm and now you want to take them back over here again. It's gonna take ages, man.

The Stranger's reply is unhearable. But his mannerisms - standing tall and making Charlie take a few steps back in obvious intimidation - make it obvious the reply was made clear.

Rogers dashes across the street to Rick's Diner.

INT. RICK'S DINER

Rogers heads behind the bar.

INT. KITCHEN

Rogers searches across the work surfaces.

A wooden knife block. Rogers pulls out a medium sized carving knife. He puts it to the side. He pulls out a butcher knife. Rogers puts the carving knife in his belt, and butcher knife in hand, heads out of the kitchen.

EXT. RICK'S DINER - NIGHT

Rogers ducks behind an old station wagon. He watches the Town Hall. Charlie and the Stranger are taking the bodies from the van inside the town hall one at a time.

Charlie struggles to take his up the steps but the Stranger has no problems. The door closes behind them.

Rogers waits.

Moments pass.

A noise. The sound of an engine in the distance.

Rogers watches the Town Hall intently.

A bus emerges from the alley besides the Town Hall. The bus turns onto the main street road and heads towards Roger's direction.

Rogers quickly creeps around the station wagon to avoid being seen. The bus drives past and continues down the corn field road in the direction of the farm.

Rogers waits until the bus is out of sight. He looks to the Town Hall.

Rogers stares at the Town Hall. He grips the knife in his hand. He looks back down the corn field road where the bus has vanished out of sight.

Rogers crouches and moves around the station wagon to the front of the vehicle. He creeps along the pavement. Standing up, Rogers races over to the Town Hall.

EXT. TOWN HALL - NIGHT

Rogers is at the back of the van. The doors are wide open. Inside are five or six bloody bodies, on top of each other and bundled inside as if just meat.

Rogers checks the front of the van. He tries the door and it opens.

INT. VAN

Rogers closes the door.

ROGERS

You guys wanna play games? I'll play a game. It's called "stealing the fucking van". Let's see if you keep your cool then.

He searches for the keys. No luck.

Rogers glances over at the Town Hall's large double doors as if expecting them to burst open at any moment.

Rogers tries to hot-wire the van.

He looks over again to the Town Hall doors.

Nothing.

He gets back to work on the van. *Something* takes his eye's attention.

He looks up.

In the distance - headlights. The bus is coming back.

Rogers seems stuck in two minds at what to do. He glances over at the Town Hall again. Then looks up. The bus is on its way.

Rogers tries desperately to quickly hot-wire the van.

His hands fail him - a wire slips from his grasp. He looks up.

The bus is closer - it's showing no signs of slowing down. In fact, it is driving at a higher speed - directly towards the van!

Rogers opens the door, throws his butcher knife to the ground.

EXT. TOWN HALL - NIGHT

Rogers jumps from the van in the nick of time.

The bus SMASHES into the van head-on, destroying it and sending it hurtling backwards.

Breaks are heard screeching. The bus skids in the middle of the road from the impact of collision and half turns - almost tilting over from the devastating impact before it slumps down on its wheels.

Glass and shrapnel cover the ground. Covered in glass, Rogers gets to his feet. He grabs the butcher knife from the kerb and limps to Ted's Bar, next to the alley way from the Town Hall.

INT. TED'S BAR - DARK

Rogers closes the door behind him.

The place is dark. A bar with five stools opposite it. Ten small tables lined up alongside the right side of the wall. A pool table further down.

An eerie green light shines inside a small EXIT sign above a door at the back of the room.

Rogers looks through the front window.

EXT. TOWN HALL - NIGHT

The bus slowly reverses as smoke and steam rises from its dented engine. Hysterical, maniacal laughter is heard from inside the bus.

INT. TED'S BAR - DARK

Rogers watches intently but he can't make out who the driver is inside the amazingly still functional bus.

RASPY VOICE (O.S.)

*Here.*

Rogers spins round - The Stranger is at the exit door, illuminated by the eerie light, watching him.

Rogers instinctively takes his hand to his gun holster, finding it empty. He looks down in almost surprise. He looks to his butcher knife in hand and then up at the exit sign.

The Stranger has vanished.

Rogers squints his eyes, does a double take. There is nothing there.

He looks back out at the window - the bus is headed right for the bar!

Rogers jumps over the bar.

The bar window SMASHES; the front of the bar explodes inwards; the door splits into pieces as the bus CRASHES inside!

The bus stops dead in it's tracks halfway inside the bar.

Shattered glass and wood galore. The ceiling gives way, and half of it collapses piling more debris onto the bus and the floor of the bar. Sparks fizz from broken lights and electrical wires.

Moments pass.

Laughter from inside the bus.

The bus door begrudgingly opens.

Charlie steps out of the bus with a handgun. He has multiple cuts on his face and a large shard of glass is imbedded in his arm. Charlie pulls the shard free and throws it on the floor. He slights at the pain but it quickly passes.

Charlie walks across the glass and wood splintered covered floor slowly, gun in hand. The lamp lights from the street help create some light into the bar but the far end remains shrouded in darkness.

Charlie walks around to entrance the bar. He peeks over. No one is there.

CHARLIE

Rogers...Come out, come out  
wherever you are - it's you're good  
friend Charlie.

He looks across the room trying to find a movement, a change of shape in the darkness.

CHARLIE

You were fun to play with, Rogers.  
(wiping blood from his  
forehead with his sleeve)  
But the game is over. The game must  
end.

Charlie walks towards the back of the bar and almost into the darkness. He stops midway.

Sparks from one of the busted wall lights drops down onto the pool table.

Charlie seems hesitant. He looks around the room, unsure.

CHARLIE  
(losing his cool)  
Karen is *dead*, Rogers! Hear me?  
She's *dead*. There's no *reason*, no  
need for you to interfere.

Charlie takes a couple of steps back - his feet constantly crackling the debris underneath.

CHARLIE  
Or *is* she?

Charlie breaks out a maniacal laugh, somehow keeping his expression deadly serious - keeping his eyes peeled at the same time.

A noise from the restroom.

Charlie smiles.

INT. TED'S BAR - RESTROOM

The ceiling light flashes on and off , sparks flying from the broken wires overhead. There are four toilet cubicles, all the doors are closed.

The toilet room door opens.

Charlie takes small steps inside.

He stands up against a white tile covered wall opposite the first cubicle. Licking his lips, Charlie kicks open the door - No one is inside.

Charlie laughs.

CHARLIE  
Cute, Rogers. *Real* cute. You really do wanna play hide and seek!

Charlie walks over to the next cubicle. He crouches down, looks underneath. Two shoes can be seen at the bottom of the third cubicle.

CHARLIE  
Have to warn ya. I'm good at this game.

Charlie stands. He aims his gun at the third cubicle door. Changes his aim to the fourth and last.

CHARLIE  
I know every trick in the book.

Charlie kicks open the second cubicle without taking so much as a glance inside. The door instantly swings back shut.

Charlie stands between the third and fourth cubicle. He laughs.

Charlie fires THREE shots through the fourth cubicle door, quickly firing another TWO at the third. The bullets pierce the doors easily, creating gaping holes.

Both doors swing open from the shots. The fourth cubicle is empty. The third is also empty - except a couple of shoes placed at the bottom.

The second cubicle door BURSTS opens - Rogers launches himself on Charlie with his butcher knife.

Rogers STABS Charlie with the knife like a man possessed - taking him by surprise and complete shock. Charlie drops his gun.

ROGERS  
You son of a bitch! You *think* -

STAB in Charlie's shoulder.

ROGERS  
- in your own fucked up mind what you're doing is *right* -

STAB in Charlie's chest and stomach.

ROGERS  
- tryin' to give yourself a fuckin' reason for doing this-

STAB in Charlie's hands and arms that he raises for protection.

ROGERS  
- when all the time you just want your fuckin' ugly picture in the paper -

STAB in Charlie THROAT.

ROGERS  
- Now your ideals are NOTHING. Your dreams of fame are NOTHING.

A blood soaked Rogers jumps off the carved up body of Charlie from the floor.

Rogers angrily STICKS the butcher knife in Charlie's chest.

ROGERS  
*YOU* are NOTHING.

Rogers takes Charlie's gun from the bloody floor. He checks the ammunition. One bullet.

He heads out of the toilets.

INT. TOWN HALL - MAIN HALL

All lights are on inside.

The large proud hall is filled with dead bodies at the centre leading all the way to the back. They are piled on top of each other, resembling the pyramid shape in the barn at the farm. Over two hundred.

Personal items are scattered amongst the bodies, from jewellery to ID cards.

The still silence of the room is broken by a struggling sound.

From the right of the pyramid, Karen crawls from underneath many corpses out to the side. She is covered head to toe in blood and in obvious pain. A large gaping hole in her right shoulder - blood still oozing from the wound with bones exposed.

Karen crawls out from the pyramid of corpses - falling to the wooden hall floor hard.

She tries to crawl with her shaking hands outstretched. Her eyes flutter before she falls into unconsciousness.

EXT. TED'S BAR - NIGHT

A blood splattered adrenaline pumped up Rogers walks out through the broken down front of the bar. He looks over at the Town Hall.

Rogers walks towards it. He looks down the alley that divides the Hall from the bar. Rogers heads down the alley.

EXT. ALLEY - NIGHT

Rogers storms down the alley.

He pauses. He squeezes the temples of his head. He leans against the alley and takes a breather.

He closes his eyes shut tight for a few seconds. The adrenaline from his attack on Charlie has waned and the reality of it is kicking in.

He gets to his senses and continues down the alley.

Rogers finds a window looking in at the Town Hall. He looks inside - the sight of the pyramid of corpses.

The image provokes Rogers to kneel down. He vomits.

After a few moments, he gets to his feet. He rushes to the end of the alley, gun in hand.

EXT. CAR PARK - NIGHT

A large car park. Ten or so parked cars, a bus and two lorries. Bushes and trees, and a large cornfield surrounds the car park.

Rogers sneaks out from the alley to the nearest car.

He tries the door but it is locked. He notices a blanket in the back seat. He checks the front tyre. *Slashed*.

Rogers checks the next car. Tyres are slashed.

He runs over to the bus. The tyres have all been slashed.

He checks the lorry tyres. They too have been cut up. He tries to open the cabin door of the lorry. Locked.

Roger's smashes the cabin window open with the handle of his gun. He opens the door and looks for any kind of way of communication but there is only an old CB Radio - which has been cut. He steps down from the lorry.

Rogers looks out at the vast cornfield. He rushes over to the back of the town hall.

EXT. TOWN HALL - BACK - NIGHT

Rogers tries to open the closed double doors at the back of the Town Hall. They wont budge. He looks above at a stairwell that leads to the top of the Town Hall.

EXT. TOWN HALL - BACK - STAIRWELL - NIGHT

Rogers walks up the stairwell. It shakes and rattles.

EXT. TOWN HALL - BACK - TOP OF STAIRWELL - NIGHT

Rogers is at the top floor of the stairwell. He walks to a closed door at the far end.

INT. TOWN HALL - FIRST FLOOR - DARK

Rogers enters and closes the door quietly behind him.

There is a corridor to his right with three closed windows, covered by wooden blinds.

A wide staircase leads downwards into darkness. Ahead of him are five large white columns, beyond them a large open hall that is taken up with stacked tables and chairs, boxes and town banners placed at the sides of the hall.

A circular window, the forefront of the Town Hall from outside, is seen at the end of the hall. Large white curtains flap on command of the wind from the open windows inside the hall.

INT. TOWN HALL - MAIN HALL

Karen wakes.

She looks back at the pyramid of bodies piled up. She gets to her knees, in obvious pain. Shaking from her injury and trauma, she gets to her feet.

She falls down back to her knees. She crawls over to the pyramid. Karen tries to use the bodies as leverage. Back on her feet, she struggles round to the back of the hall.

The double doors from the front of the Town Hall burst open.

Karen hides behind the bodies. She timidly looks out to the front of the hall.

The Stranger walks inside, the doors slowly closing behind him.

The Stranger has two cans of gasoline in his hands.

He walks to the pyramid of bodies and douses them with the gasoline. Karen struggles to walk round the back of the bodies. She looks to the back of the hall.

Closed double doors. No windows.

She looks to her right - an open doorway. The doorway seems a closer, more realistic aim in her condition.

The Stranger walks around to the side of the pyramid of bodies, continuing to douse them with the gasoline.

Karen limps urgently to the doorway.

INT. TOWN HALL - DOORWAY - STAIRCASE

Karen limps inside the doorway.

She slowly closes the door.

A stairwell leads upwards. She collapses on the first step, her hands trying to grip and grasp onto the stairs until they become limp and almost lifeless.

EXT. TOWN HALL - BACK - TOP OF STAIRWELL - NIGHT

**POV:**

Walking on to the top floor of the stairwell towards the door.

BACK TO SCENE

INT. TOWN HALL - FIRST FLOOR

Rogers glances at the staircase. He walks into the hall.

INT. TOWN HALL - UPSTAIRS HALL - DARK

Rogers walks slowly deeper into the hall. The curtains flap wildly from the gusty wind outside.

INT. TOWN HALL - UPSTAIRS CORRIDOR - DARK

**POV:**

Walking inside through the door. Blood drenched hands close the door quietly. Looking towards the hall. Rogers is visible, checking the boxes.

BACK TO SCENE

INT. TOWN HALL - UPSTAIRS HALL - DARK

Rogers searches through one of the many cardboard boxes. The boxes are filled to the brim with wrapped up banners and badges, novelty items used for town carnivals or small political promotions.

He looks up as another gust of wind causes the curtains to flap wildly once more like a mirage of ghosts.

A footstep behind him - he spins around - falls to the ground, dodging a SWIPE of a bloody butcher knife.

Rogers rolls twice on the hall floor. He quickly gets to his feet and backs away - from Charlie.

Charlie is a bloodied mess. His throat, hanging by threads of skin, seeps blood.

Charlie's face is smothered with blood yet his eyes sparkle in the darkness of the room. An odd smile seems transfixed on his face.

Rogers takes steps back.

He pulls out the gun. His hand trembles. He FIRES his last remaining bullet at Charlie - the bullet misses, the sound of one of the windows smashing is heard.

He pulls out the carving knife from his belt.

The two stare at each other from across the hall.

Charlie walks slowly towards Rogers. Rogers sticks to his position, still slightly shaken by Charlie's "resurrection".

Charlie RUNS towards Rogers.

Rogers reacts and instinctively runs towards him, knife in hand, ready to attack.

Charlie strikes first - Rogers' catches his wrist to avert the butcher knife from striking him. Rogers aims to push the carving knife in Charlie's stomach but Charlie's hand GRIPS Rogers' .

Both struggle, fists and faces clenched. Charlie manages to push Rogers down on the floor. Rogers grips to Charlie's knife wielding wrist for dear life, whilst trying to stick him with his own blade.

Rogers looks up for a moment at the cold glaring eyes of Charlie, the blood dripping from his shredded throat onto his face.

Rogers TWISTS Charlie's arm - a CRACKING sound - and the butcher knife falls to the ground, free from Charlie's hand. Charlie seems unaffected and GRABS at Roger's throat. Rogers sticks the carving knife deep in Charlie's stomach.

Charlie loosens his grip on Rogers - Rogers pulls the bloodied knife free and crawls free from underneath him.

Charlie slumps to the floor. He releases a raspy, blood gurgling gasp.

Rogers, knife in hand and splattered with blood, walks to one of the windows. He takes in a needed deep breath of fresh air.

The curtain wraps around him from the wind - BEFORE it tightens around his neck.

Charlie WRAPS the curtains around Rogers neck, trying to suffocate and strangle him, pulling the sheet tighter and tighter. Rogers fights for air, kicking and using his arms to push Charlie away from him but his hold is too strong.

Rogers weakens, falls to his knees. Charlie's bloody handed grip on the curtains tightens even further.

Rogers' grip on his carving knife falters - the blade falls to the floor. Roger's becomes weak as Charlie furiously tries to strangle Rogers with the taught curtain. Choking and coughing sounds.

Charlie's maniacal smiling face changes in one sudden move. His eyes roll upwards in their sockets. His mouth opens wide.

Charlie falls onto the floor, butcher knife imbedded in the top of his head to the tilt.

Rogers scrambles the curtains away, gasping for air. He looks back - Charlie on the floor very much dead.

Karen stands over him, paused in her knife striking position.

Rogers looks up at Karen - they both look at each other. Shock.

Rogers gets up and hugs Karen.

ROGERS

Karen! Are you alright!?

KAREN

(shaking)

I'm OK...

Rogers backs away slightly from her - he can see her bleeding wound.

ROGERS

He shot you?

KAREN

It wasn't him -

(karen nods to Charlie)

It was the guy downstairs. The guy dressed in black. I guess he thought I was dead. I woke up and I was -

Karen falters. She looks close to fainting.

Rogers helps support her. He helps her over to a chair and takes a closer look at her wound. It looks severe, a piece of her shoulder has been blown off.

ROGERS

We've got to get you out of here now.

KAREN

I know how bad it is, Rogers. But we've gotta stop him.

ROGERS

Where is he now?

KAREN

In the hall. He's going to burn all the bodies..

ROGERS

Is anyone else alive?

KAREN

There might be - I just can't think clearly - I swear I heard voices - muffled cries. I just couldn't do anything about it. You have to, Rogers. You can't let him burn them...

Rogers gently holds Karen.

ROGERS

OK, OK. Keep calm.

Rogers looks around the hall.

ROGERS

OK. Here's what we're gonna do. I'm gonna get you somewhere safe. Then I'm gonna get you some help.

KAREN

(lying)

I'll be alright here. Leave me. Please, just do what you can to stop him.

ROGERS

I didn't come all this way to find you to risk losing you again.

KAREN

What do you mean?

ROGERS

Nevermind. Look -

(beat)

I'll take care of things. But first, I wanna get you at least somewhere safe and comfortable.

EXT. CAR PARK - NIGHT

An elbow smashes through a car window.

Rogers unlocks the door. He opens the back door and helps Karen inside. She lays down. He takes a blanket from the backseat and places it over Karen.

ROGERS

This should help keep you warm until I take care of this guy.

KAREN

Thank you, Rogers.

Rogers nods and closes the front door.

He is about to close the back door -

KAREN  
Rogers?

Rogers looks in on Karen.

KAREN  
I mean it. Thank you for coming  
back.

ROGERS  
Thank you for saving my life. I  
guess we're even now.

KAREN  
Just make sure you're careful.

Rogers nods.

EXT. TOWN HALL - BACK - STAIRWELL - NIGHT

Rogers walks up the stairwell. He is at the top. He looks down at the car Karen is in. He can't visibly see her but he lingers for a moment.

INT. TOWN HALL - UPSTAIRS CORRIDOR - DARK

Rogers walks inside. He closes the door. He can see Charlie's dead body in the hall, knife imbedded in his skull.

Rogers walks to the descending staircase.

INT. TOWN HALL - STAIRCASE

Rogers walks cautiously down the stairs. He reaches the bottom and to the door, which is marginally open.

INT. TOWN HALL - MAIN HALL

Rogers peaks out at the hall. The corpse pyramid is saturated with gasoline. The room is otherwise empty.

Rogers finds it difficult to take his eyes from the horrific sight of the assorted mutilated bodies.

He creeps out of the doorway and hides behind the back of the pyramid. He listens out for any sounds. There is an eerie silence.

He looks at the bodies piled on top of each other. Crushed faces, open but dead eyes. Lulling tongues, Horrific expressions. Blood and exposed torn flesh. The smell is foul as Rogers creeps round to the side looking for any sign of life.

The hall ahead is clear.

Rogers notices in the far corner near the entrance doors is the Stranger's black bag.

EXPLOSION!

The main hall shakes. Windows on the side of the hall crack - some SMASH from the vibrations. The sound came from outside.

The sound of a furious fire from outside. Another smaller EXPLOSION follows.

Rogers rushes across the hall.

He gets to the doors - looks over at the bag in the corner. Rushes over to it.

Rogers opens it.

A .38 Smith & Wesson Revolver. An empty bottle of JD.

Rogers takes the gun. He checks it and it is loaded with six bullets. He looks at the JD bottle.

ROGERS  
Time to end this game.

EXT. TOWN HALL - NIGHT

Rogers looks out at the town ABLAZE. A sea of windswept flames and gathering smoke bellowing into the night sky.

Rick's Diner burns ferociously. Several parked cars are in flames. All the shops along the street are burning.

Roger's shields his face from the severity of the heat.

He moves down past Ted's Bar - which has not been set on fire - and watches the town burning.

Smaller multiple explosions are heard inside the buildings already alight.

Rogers looks to the houses. They glow from the fire in the street but so far have been left untouched.

He looks at the police station down the hill. It still burns, but not as ferociously.

His attention is taken to the filling station/garage only twenty feet away from Ted's Bar.

A silhouette of the Stranger stands outside, facing Rogers.

Rogers watches as once detected, the Stranger runs inside the darkness of the garage.

ROGERS

(whispered)

That's right, run. Run and hide  
like the coward you are. Like the  
coward you've been all these  
years.

Rogers, gun in hand, walks to the garage as the town burns behind him.

EXT. FILLING STATION/GARAGE - NIGHT

There are only two pumps and the garage shutters are open only half way. Rogers looks back at the growing flames in the town.

He looks concerned about the garage catching alight with the houses and apartment block opposite in such close proximity even if those that occupied them are now more than likely dead.

Rogers walks to the half opened garage shutter door. It looks old, slightly dented and rusty. Rogers crouches down and enters inside the darkness.

INT. FILLING STATION/GARAGE - DARK

A battered car is raised on suspension. Block and tackle chains sound as Rogers accidentally hits them on entry to the dark garage.

There is an office at the left hand side, the door shut. An exit door is at the back and a completely closed roll up garage shutter. A skylight window offers a slight ray of moonlight.

Rogers remains where he is. He looks for light from the flames in the background of the town to guide him but it is of no use.

Rogers moves slowly inwards along the right side of the raised car.

He steps on a liquid but keeps a steady foot. He walks further inside and the liquid becomes thicker, puddle like. Rogers' eyes adjust - it is gasoline on the floor. All over the garage floor.

A gasoline barrel is heard being knocked on to the ground. A gurgling sound of escaping liquid.

Rogers looks to the sound and aims his gun - nothing there.

Rasping, almost whispery laughter.

Rogers tries to locate the laughter but he can't - finds himself turning 180 degrees and inadvertently venturing further inside the garage.

A click.

The front garage doors CLOSE.

Darkness.

A LIGHT flicks on inside the office. Through the window, Rogers looks at a silhouette of the Stranger. He stands at the window, his figure covering the lamp light turned on inside on one of the office desks.

Rogers watches. He looks down below him as the floor becomes even more sodden with gasoline. No escape. His destiny no longer in his own hands.

ROGERS  
(whispered)  
Son of a bitch...

Rogers aims his gun at the office window.

STRANGER  
(muffled/raspy)  
I wouldn't.

Rogers keeps his aim.

The silhouetted Stranger lowers his scarf. He takes a relaxed sip from a glass on the office desk. His scarf hangs loose around his neck like a relaxed noose.

ROGERS  
You wouldn't? Damn right you  
wouldn't! I got you right in my  
sights, motherfucker.

STRANGER  
The gun I gave you works. But it is  
old. Sparks tend to fly.

Rogers looks down at the gasoline covered floor. He looks back to the silhouetted Stranger in the office.

The Stranger puts a cigar in his mouth and lights it with a match. He flickers the match, almost teasingly, before distinguishing it with his finger tips.

STRANGER  
Do as you will. But you would run  
the risk of not seeing it's action  
and result. You might be too busy  
trying to find somewhere...cooler.

Rogers keeps his gun aimed.

STRANGER  
Tempting, isn't it?  
(beat)  
*Sacrifice. It comes in many shapes and forms. You could put an end to this right now but you seem hesitant. You don't want to die without seeing me die first. Some might call that selfishness.*

ROGERS  
You talk a lot of shit, you know that?

The Stranger's silhouette takes another sip from the glass. Another intake of the cigar. Smoke shapes surround him.

STRANGER  
You take a lot of risks in your job. You *enjoy* those risks, don't you?

ROGERS  
I'm gonna tell you to come out of that office with your hands to the sky.

STRANGER  
You enjoy the buzz of the hunt. You enjoy the chase.  
(beat)  
The thrill of the kill.

ROGERS  
Taking out wackos like you? Yes.

STRANGER  
*Without me, you would be just like me. It's the chaos - that's what you desire.*

ROGERS  
(grinning)  
Typical. You think you're something special, someone that's gonna live forever. You're one and the same, pal, one and the same. I meet head-cases like you every day of the week. And I send them to the same place. The mortuary.

STRANGER  
I need not to make a point, you have just said it yourself.

You're legal right to kill has brainwashed you. It makes you a hero on the outside and even the inside. That is what you always think back to, isn't it, once you have sent us *wackos* to the mortuary?

(beat)

Most of you're kind kill for the reward of being the hero. You, are different. You kill because you enjoy it. You *like* it. You *want* the opportunity to arise. You don't want to deal with surrender. You *want* to pull that trigger.

ROGERS

(mockingly laughing)

So *that* is what all this is about? Some fucking bullshit police brutality protest? A fucked up wannabe terrorist attempt to stop police from *preventing* crime?

STRANGER

Not at all. I just wanted the opportunity to have a civilized conversation with you.

(beat)

You would have been difficult to contact by other means and certain elements are needed to bring out certain - memories.

ROGERS

Finally wanna man up and come face to face with me, is that it? In a lake of gasoline? When you have the match?

The Stranger takes another swig from his glass and a puff of his cigar.

STRANGER

You are, ultimately, just another little piece of a puzzle I wanted to put together. It's still putting itself together, Rogers. To me, it is a constant morphing, ever changing vision. To you, the picture is becoming clear.

Rogers moves slowly across the car. He keeps looking at the Stranger.

ROGERS

Oh yeah? Know me that well, do ya?  
 Aww, What happened? I put you  
 behind bars once before?

STRANGER

You know what I did. And you know  
 to who.

Rogers pauses. As if it was the confirmation he just needed.

STRANGER

*I made you who you are. I know  
 what you think. I know how you  
 think. Because I made you.*

Rogers moves to the bonnet of the suspended car. He moves closer toward the office window - ten feet away.

ROGERS

(under his breath)

Keep talking, asshole.

STRANGER

I am curious to see if you will die  
 like all the others. Scream like  
 all the others. Beg like all the  
 others. Maybe I will let you live.  
 You know I have you...

Rogers crouches down and crawls on the gasoline coated floor to the other side of the car. He is now feet away from the office.

He slips to his hands and knees. Rogers crawls toward the office door.

STRANGER

On your hands and knees.

The Stranger walks out of the office door. Rogers looks up to him on his knees.

The Stranger dangles his cigar in his hand - slim ash drops off the tip of the cigar becoming ash in time before hitting the gasoline infested floor.

Rogers aims his gun at the Stranger.

ROGERS

If it means we both go, then so be it.

The Stranger slowly backtracks. He is side by side with the boot of the car. His boots slosh with the gasoline under foot. Rogers watches and aims his gun intently. His finger shakes upon the trigger.

The Stranger puts the cigar in his mouth. A smile is visible.

SLOW MO:

The ash at the end of the cigar glows bright.

The Stranger inhales the smoke...exhales it thickly throughout his nostrils. He smiles like the Devil in a pit of Hell smoke.

Rogers slips trying to get to his knees as the Stranger releases the cigar from his mouth - the cigar drops slowly to the ground.

Rogers FIRES the gun low at the Stranger's leg - misses - The Stranger CLIMBS up onto the boot of the suspended car.

Rogers gets to his feet - FLAMES ignite as the cigar hits the gasoline covered floor.

Rogers JUMPS through the windows of the office, smashing through glass - landing on and breaking in half a desk - , as fire spreads around the garage like a small raging tidal wave.

BACK TO SCENE:

INT. GARAGE - OFFICE

Rogers, covered in window glass, gets to his feet with cuts to his face. The fire in the garage spreads rapidly.

Rogers watches the Stranger climbing from the boot of the car to the ceiling of the garage, using the block and tackle chains.

Rogers searches for his gun on the glass and broken desk wood covered ground.

INT. GARAGE

The Stranger climbs his way up towards the skylight in the ceiling.

INT. GARAGE - OFFICE

Rogers finds his gun. He looks at the garage, becoming an inferno.

INT. GARAGE

Rogers moves quickly.

He rushes through the lake of fire and onto the boot of the car.

He wipes small flames that have caught onto his trousers. The walls of the garage begin to burn. Gasoline barrels in the corner await to blow furiously.

Rogers clammers onto the chains. He struggles to get onto them, since they are already becoming heated from the fire. Using his sleeves, he bares the pain and makes it and climbs up the chains.

The car catches ABLAZE just under Rogers. It looks set to explode at any moment.

Rogers sweats heavily as he climbs further up to the skylight, being cooked like a kebab in the process.

Rogers reaches the top of the ceiling to the skylight.

The car below him EXPLODES - sending scrap metal flying in every direction.

A barrel of gasoline EXPLODES - A mushroom shape of FLAMES SOAR up to the rooftop, engulfing the entire garage in fire.

Rogers has made his way out.

EXT. GARAGE ROOFTOP - NIGHT

Rogers runs to the edge of the rooftop. In the distance, the farm barn is burning.

Rogers looks back - FLAMES soar from the skylight - the rooftop begins to CAVE in.

Rogers grabs onto the ledge of the rooftop. He pulls himself over, dangling from the ledge. The rooftop caves in completely to the inferno of the fire from below, sending more fuel for the fire to feed on.

Another explosion inside the garage RIPS the garage apart completely.

EXT. GARAGE - NIGHT

The garage collapses in a ball of flames, with further explosions lighting up the area of the town.

EXT. GRASS FIELD - NIGHT

Rogers falls down to his knees and envelopes his hands and face in the cold, dampness of long green grass behind the burning garage.

He coughs, chokes. Breathes harshly. Clears his throat, spits and rolls onto his back.

Rogers sits up as black smoke from the garage fire spreads.

He stands and checks for his gun. It is in his belt. He takes it in hand. Rogers looks to the vast cornfields and woodland that seems so uninterrupted and peaceful, yet menacing and unwelcome.

He looks to the burning garage and the town that is ablaze like a picture book from Hell.

Rogers heads to the inferno.

EXT. INFLAMED ALLEYWAY - NIGHT

Rogers runs through the alleyway.

Flames DRIP down on to the ground from the overhanging burning remnants of the garage wall. The flames flicker long and high to the left as Rogers rushes through the furnace of the alley.

He makes it to the end of the alley. Rogers looks across the street.

The Stranger heads inside the small apartment block. Rogers follows after him.

EXT. APARTMENT BLOCK - NIGHT

Rogers looks through the window pane of the door. The lights are on inside, all he can make out is a long corridor.

Rogers opens the door and enters inside.

INT. APARTMENT BLOCK - GROUND FLOOR

Dim lights overhead. Dark puke green paint covered walls. Rogers walks down the grim looking corridor, with room doors closed on either side.

Gun in hand, Rogers walks to the end of the corridor. There is an elevator and closed double doors which lead to a stairwell.

Rogers looks back behind him at the corridor. An eerie stillness.

The elevator is heard coming down. Rogers looks to it. He aims his gun at the doors waiting for them to open.

Rogers looks at the elevator display panel.

From "3" it changes to "2".

Rogers keeps his eyes on the lift doors.

From "2" to "1".

The elevator doors open wide.

A blood written arrow pointing to the left is smeared onto the inside elevator mirror.

Rogers looks quickly to his left, back down at the corridor.

EXPLOSION!

The first room door BURSTS into pieces as FLAMES fly out. In quick succession, the room opposite also explodes. Flames burst out of both doors.

The following doors alongside the corridor quickly follow suit within seconds of each other.

Rogers runs for the double doors.

The corridor is a tunnel of fire as all the rooms explode.

INT. APARTMENT BLOCK - STAIRWELL

Rogers runs up the stairs - flames roar through the double doors below, surrounding the ground floor in fire.

INT. APARTMENT BLOCK - FIRST FLOOR

Rogers rushes onto the first floor corridor. It is a replica of the ground floor.

Rogers looks to the floor ahead of him - arrows painted in blood point to the exit on the opposite side. Above the exit door leading to another stairwell is a dripping word written in fresh blood:

QUICK

Rogers runs for it down the corridor. He hurries past the closed apartment doors, almost expectant of one of them to open up or blow at any moment.

ROGERS (V.O.)

*Goddamnit, Rogers. You're playing right into his game. You're falling right into his trap. You're losing it. Gotta stop playing it the way he want's me to.*

He makes it to the end of the corridor. He looks back -

EXPLOSION!

The first few doors begin to explode in the style replicated from the ground floor. Rogers darts through the double doors.

INT. APARTMENT BLOCK - FIRST FLOOR - STAIRWELL

Rogers rushes up the stairs.

He makes it to the third and final floor. An "Emergency Only Exit" door is to his right. Double doors ahead of him lead into the third floor corridor.

Smoke begins to bellow from below. The sound of fire spreading. The apartment shakes slightly. The foundations seem about to give.

Rogers looks through the double door windows. The corridor looks exactly the same as the previous two - except no blood written messages or arrows.

Rogers opens the emergency exit door.

EXT. APARTMENT BLOCK - FIRE EXIT STAIRWELL - NIGHT

The stairwell leads in a crisscrossed diagonal shape downwards to the ground. A small alley below consists of two large rubbish skips full of bags. A small metallic ladder pinned on the wall leads to the rooftop.

Rogers walks out onto the stairwell. He looks down. Smoke and fire bellows from the two lower floors. Black smoke spirals from heated broken windows. The stairwell shakes. Rogers climbs onto the ladder -

EXPLOSION!

Windows from the third floor SMASH! Fire blows out from all the third floor apartment windows simultaneously.

Roger's gun is dislodged from his belt. Rogers shields his face from the splintered glass that blows out in drifts in the wind in his direction. Flames within a foot of touching distance. Smoke covers him.

Rogers' gun falls to the ground. Unknowingly, Rogers climbs the shaking ladder.

EXT. APARTMENT BLOCK - ROOFTOP - NIGHT

Rogers clammers onto the rooftop.

On his hands and knees, Rogers breathes in deeply the short lived fresh air as smoke swirls all around the rooftop from below. He looks ahead of him - a mass of guns and explosive devices in an unkempt pile.

Boots.

Rogers gets to his knees and looks up at The Stranger, shrouded in darkness and the swirling smoke but facing him only several feet away. The Stranger has a handgun lowered in his hand.

Rogers gets to his feet, slips on the gravel lined rooftop and ends up back on his knees. He searches for his gun in his belt. Gone.

Rogers looks up at the Stranger with a resigned sigh. He looks like an alternate version of the Grim Reaper.

STRANGER

I was beginning to think you wouldn't make it, Rogers.

ROGERS

There was a problem with the elevator.

(coughing)

Some nutcase thought it might be fun to blow up the building.

STRANGER

*Fire. A natural element that can destroy man made structures in moments.*

ROGERS

*Natural? There's nothing natural about planting man made bombs, fruitcake.*

STRANGER

In all things of nature, there is something of the marvellous.

ROGERS

Spare me the quotes, Aristotle. It doesn't make you any different than any other fucked up psychopath out there.

The Stranger walks closer to Rogers.

Rogers looks up. He can only see the piercing eyes of the Stranger.

STRANGER

*You are the same as me. A survivor. A hunter. You just need a little coercion to understand your destiny.*

ROGERS

I'm *nothing* like you. Go deliver your speech to someone who gives a shit. We're both gonna burn up here so I'm just fucking happy that I get to see you go too.

The Stranger backs away.

STRANGER

You disappoint me.

The Stranger walks to the edge of the rooftop. He looks back at Rogers.

STRANGER

Maybe next time, Rogers.

The rooftop CRACKS. It SPLITS in the middle, the gravel on the rooftop floor pours into the fiery crevice. The apartment block shakes violently. Further explosions are heard in the distance, inside the building.

ROGERS

You and me are going to hell on the same train, pal...

The Stranger falls back - making his body completely limp - and falls off the edge of the rooftop.

Rogers looks astonished. He gets to his feet. He peers over the edge as much as he can from the tear inducing smoke and heat of the fire.

The Stranger has landed on the bags of the skip. He is outstretched and not moving.

Smoke covers Roger's view.

It clears slightly from the wind.

The skip has only the rubbish bins. The Stranger walks slowly down the alleyway heading back to the town.

Smoke covers Rogers view. Searing flames soar out of a window, forcing Rogers to backtrack.

He looks at the explosives. The guns. The billowing black smoke all around him.

Fire breaks free from the crevice in the middle of the rooftop. Large cracks form. The rooftop begins to cave in. A LOUD sound of CREAKING. The apartment SHAKES and SLANTS. It is about to collapse.

Rogers picks up a small pile of the guns. Heavy to hold, he throws them off the top of the rooftop, aiming for the skip.

He glances at the explosives. He cradles them in his hands like a mother holding a baby, taking much care.

He walks backwards to the edge of the rooftop. He looks behind him. He throws the explosives into the almost volcanic like crevice in the middle of the rooftop.

Rogers throwing them with such gusto forces him to fall backwards off the rooftop.

The devices explode loudly inside the crevice at the top of the apartment block, causing a huge mushroom shaped cloud of flames and black smoke to rise in the sky.

EXT. ALLEYWAY (2) - NIGHT

Rogers lands on the dust-bins inside the skip.

He sits up. Rogers climbs out of the skip, falling to the ground in a dazed heap.

The alleyway is full of thick smoke. The apartment is slowly crumbling to pieces. Loud shrieking sounds of industrial materials being crushed and collapsing. The sound of flickering flames. Debris and ash fall down in the alleyway like black rain.

Rogers chokes. He almost vomits. Holds it back. Gets to his feet. Looks for the guns he threw down.

Finds one. It is broken from the drop. Finds one that looks good to go. Takes it.

Rogers runs for the clearing. A large falling block of flaming wood hits Rogers on his back, knocking him down to the ground.

EXT. MAIN STREET - NIGHT

The Stranger walks across the road with his handgun in his grip. The burning street around him makes his shadow look long and spread across the road.

EXT. TOWN HALL - NIGHT

The Stranger walks up the steps to the Town Hall double doors. He opens them and enters inside, doors closing slowly behind him.

INT. TOWN HALL

The Stranger enters inside. He walks towards the pyramid of corpses.

He stops. He takes a lighter from his pocket.

The Stranger walks slowly around the pyramid. He walks to the side, slowly and tenderly flicking the flame of his lighter on and off against the gasoline doused bodies.

He walks to the back and repeats the action, almost bizarrely like a swan dance. The Stranger continues his rendition until he is back at the forefront of the pyramid.

He looks one more time up and down at the pile. He taps his foot a couple of times on the hall floor. Looks back at the entrance double doors. Looks back at the pyramid of his violence.

The Stranger takes out a cigar. He lights it. He inhales the smoke rather than the supposedly traditional way of cigar smoking. He walks closer to the pyramid of corpses.

He sparks his lighter again and kneels down at the bottom of the pile.

A murmur from inside the pyramid. A sound. A gentle squeal.

The Stranger stops.

Turns his lighter off.

Puffs and inhales his cigar, inhaling it through his scarf'd mouth and exhaling it through the rasps of his scarf'd nose. Most of the smoke that excludes hits the tip of his hat and draws slowly across his masked facial features.

LITTLE GIRL (O.S.)  
Help me...please....

The Stranger places the lighter at the bottom of the pile.

The pile slowly catches ablaze.

The Stranger walks back to the middle of the room. He stands and watches.

EXT. ALLEYWAY (2) - NIGHT

Rogers gets to his feet. The alleyway is full of fiery falling debris from the collapsing apartment block. Rogers rushes out of the alleyway.

EXT. MAIN STREET - NIGHT

Rogers runs across the street of Hell.

EXT. TOWN HALL

Rogers looks up at the steps leading to the hall. He looks all around at the burning town. Smoke is heavy. Rogers looks to the alleyway in between the Town Hall and Ted's Bar.

EXT. ALLEYWAY - NIGHT

Rogers looks through one of the Town Hall side windows. He can see the burning pyramid of corpses inside. No sign of the Stranger.

The sound of a distant helicopter in the sky. Rogers looks up, unable to see anything but thick clouds of black smoke.

ROGERS

About time.

Rogers moves to another window further down the alley. He looks inside.

He spots the Stranger. He stands in the middle of the hall.

Rogers takes his gun. He aims it at The Stranger through the window.

He pulls the trigger. The gun fires. The window SMASHES. The Stranger hits the floor.

Rogers face expresses little relief. He looks at the burning pile of bodies. He rushes out of the alley.

INT. TOWN HALL

The double doors open and Rogers enters inside. The Stranger lay in a heap in the middle of the floor. Rogers looks at the walls for a fire extinguisher. None.

He rushes over to the burning bodies. The flames are high, touching the ceiling and blackening it. The smoke in the room is becoming thicker with every passing moment.

*Something alerts Rogers. He doesn't move, apart from a change in his expression. Still looking at the burning bodies -*

ROGERS

Think you've won, don't you?

Rogers turns round slowly - The Stranger stands ten feet from him. Both have their guns in hand, both are lowered.

STRANGER

Now you start asking questions.

ROGERS

You think because you killed  
innocent people, burned their  
bodies, killed innocent children -  
(looks back at the  
burning)

- You have somehow won. A game no  
one else knew they were playing.

STRANGER

Still think I'm playing a game  
where there is a winner, Rogers?

Rogers anger is evident on his face.

ROGERS

It's what you sick bastards do,  
yes. You think all this - is some  
payback for whatever shitty  
childhood you might have had. Some  
revenge for someone hurting your  
feelings back in the day.

STRANGER

(chuckling)

You are very wrong in that  
assessment, Rogers.

ROGERS

Oh, are you some kind of religious  
nut? This some "offering" to the  
Devil? All this burning the whole  
town - some fucked up mass  
sacrifice? Huh?

STRANGER

Still seeking answers to questions  
you already know. We can seek  
answers from the past, but we  
cannot live in it.

ROGERS

I've been living in the past for  
the last seven years because  
that's where my life is.

Both the Stranger and Rogers aim their guns at each other at  
the same time. Timing almost like a mirror reflection.

STRANGER

Don't be a fool, Rogers. You are  
the same as me.

ROGERS

We couldn't be more opposite.

STRANGER

You're a killer. Perhaps worse. A  
self imposed judge, jury and  
executioner.

ROGERS

I get rid of shit.

STRANGER

Makes you a killer, nonetheless.  
One that enjoys it, and takes  
pleasure in doing so, otherwise why  
keep doing it?

ROGERS

I thought you knew everything yet  
now you're asking questions.

They begin to circle each other slowly.

STRANGER

It was a rhetorical question,  
Rogers. You really have lost your  
way...

ROGERS

I enjoy making the streets safe.  
Giving people more security so  
they can live their lives  
peacefully without worrying about  
your kind.

(beat)

The one thing you were right  
about is that taking out wackos  
like you helps me sleep at night.

STRANGER

LIAR! You have trouble sleeping  
because of your family's deaths!  
You take pleasure in killing  
because you think of ME when you  
take anyone else's life!

Rogers winces as if being dealt with a blow to the face.

STRANGER

That dark night on a mountain top  
road seven years ago to the day.

Rogers battles to keep his cool.

STRANGER

You've been paying your respects  
at their graves at the same time,  
every year. You have me to thank  
for that as you have me to thank  
for me allowing you to break that  
cycle and offer you a new life.  
Your real life.

Rogers' finger trembles on the trigger of his gun.

STRANGER

You never really knew the answer to  
what happened.

Never knew if to blame yourself - or if someone else was truly responsible. These seeds I have planted have grown, have made you take it out on every man you have shot and killed since. And records speak for themselves, Rogers. You're not gun shy.

The Stranger walks slowly closer to Rogers without him realizing in his befuddlement.

STRANGER  
I *made* you and you are *mine*.

FLASHBACK (MONTAGE)

1>

EXT. COURT - DAY

Rogers exits the court where there are journalists and photographers waiting eagerly for him. Rogers looks angry.

JOURNALIST  
Detective Rogers - the court has issued a death by accident verdict. The charge of manslaughter has been dropped against you. Surely you must feel relieved?

ROGERS  
(snapping)  
The verdict was that it was an accident... Let me tell you something. It was no accident! They're not interested in following any leads, or any information I have! The damn verdict is a farce! I feel let down and betrayed by those who should be helping me. Relieved? I feel *more* angry. I still have had no time to grieve because of this negligence.

2>

INT. OFFICE

Rogers stands before a superior officer.

SUPERIOR  
...Therefore I have no option but to suspend you for three months for criticizing the force to the media and bringing us into disrepute.

3>

EXT. GRAVEYARD - DAY

Rogers pays his respects at his wife and children's grave stones. All three lined together.

END FLASHBACK

STRANGER

*They use you, Rogers. It is them, them that want to control you and tell you where your boundaries are. I know you have none. I offer you freedom.*

Rogers drops his gun to the floor. He looks weak, almost fragile.

The Stranger is taken aback by Roger's actions, but he keeps his gun pointed at Rogers - now a mere foot away from him.

ROGERS

*I need to know...*

STRANGER

*I will tell you everything. All I ask for in return is loyalty.*

Rogers falls down on his knees. Crestfallen. Broken.

STRANGER

*You are to be my brother in arms. Another disciple. I seek out those I believe worthy enough to follow my visions. And you were one of them, Rogers.*

Rogers looks up at the dark scarfed face of the Stranger. The Stranger drops his gun to the floor.

ROGERS

*You killed my wife and kids - so I would end up becoming one of your... disciples?*

STRANGER

*It is how it is meant to be. Call it fate, if you will. If it wasn't, you would have died with them. You have survived tonight's ordeal - makes my choice wise and valid.*

Rogers rage is contained in his expression.

ROGERS

*Why?*

## STRANGER

The question they all ask. The one  
I was waiting for. It finally  
escapes your lips.

(eyebrows raised)

Not only have I helped free you  
from control, but I have given  
you a rebirth.

The Stranger's eyes narrow.

## STRANGER

They are prey. Prey to be hunted,  
to play with and nothing more.  
Only the weak believe in  
requiring purpose. They hide  
their problems and decide to hide  
behind lies. Self-belief is a  
mere facade amongst far too many.  
People are afraid to do what is  
truly natural for them to do.  
These people have become the  
majority and majority rules.  
These people need to be removed.

The Stranger looks up at the burning pyramid of bodies. The ceiling has caught alight.

## STRANGER

Chaos is not to be feared or  
discouraged. Chaos is to be  
embraced. It's a necessity. Chaos -  
such wonderful chaos, is the base  
condition of the universe. Titanic  
forces of stars and galaxies clash  
without purpose or meaning. We are,  
after all, only star dust.

Rogers looks up at the Stranger.

## ROGERS

Then you wont mind me saying that I  
wasted you're brother earlier.

The Stranger is shocked by the comment. Rogers strikes. He punches The Stranger in his stomach, causing him to double over. Rogers punches him in his masked face sending him stumbling backwards.

Rogers gets to his feet.

He runs for the startled Stranger - grappling him to the floor.

Rogers punches the Stranger's face - cracking his nose and forcing his head sideways. Rogers punches him again in the side of his head in released fury.

The Stranger blocks Rogers' third punch - holding his fist in his hand. Rogers uses his other fist to strike but the Stranger blocks it with his other hand.

The two grapple - Roger's face expresses strain, his eyes full of anger and determination. The Stranger's eyes close tight.

The Stranger pushes Rogers back a little more. He definitely has the upper hand.

STRANGER

You made the wrong choice...

Rogers looks back at the two guns behind him on the floor.

STRANGER

...and now you will burn like all  
the others...

The Stranger seems to have a second wind. Rogers is pushed back further. Rogers eyes the guns again.

STRANGER

...just like your family are  
burning in Hell.

Rogers falls back off the Stranger. He rolls towards the guns - but the Stranger grabs his feet and prevents him from grabbing one.

Roger's claws for the handle of the gun, inches away.

The Stranger gets to his feet.

He DRAGS Rogers away from the guns. Rogers attempts to turn onto his back but The Stranger grabs him by his hair and yanks him to his knees. He wraps his arm around Rogers neck, placing him in a headlock and hoists him up.

The Stranger chokes Rogers - his face turns red.

The smoke in the hall becomes thicker as the pyramid of bodies burn ferociously.

STRANGER

*Look at them.*

The Stranger forces Rogers to look at the burning bodies as he chokes him.

STRANGER

*Look at them burn.*

Rogers tries to elbow the Stranger in his ribs repeatedly. The Stranger grunts - his grip loosens around Roger's neck.

Rogers grips onto the Stranger's hand around his neck. His veins bulge as he manages to pull his hand free from around him.

Rogers - free - runs for the guns. The Stranger runs after him.

Rogers grabs the gun - it is knocked out of his grasp as the Stranger crashes on Roger's back and his loosened grip sends the gun flying. The Stranger straddles Rogers back.

He grabs Rogers round his throat and squeezes.

Rogers weakens.

The Stranger forces Rogers up on his feet like a rag doll. The Stranger grabs him by his neck with both hands - LIFTS him off his feet - and THROWS him against the wall.

Rogers crashes down on the floor, defeated. Half conscious, Rogers can only look as The Stranger picks up one of the guns from the floor.

He walks to Rogers.

The Stranger points the gun to Roger's forehead - pinning it against the wall. Rogers looks up at the Stranger with hatred in his eyes. The Stranger glares down at him.

STRANGER  
Try outs are over.

Rogers spits at him.

ROGERS  
Fuck you.

STRANGER  
Such a common response.  
(beat)  
And I almost thought you were  
different than the others.

Rogers closes his eyes tight.

BAM!

Rogers opens his eyes - The Stranger staggers backwards, drops his gun.

He touches the right side of his chest. An exited bullet hole leaks blood. He turns around.

Karen stands in the hall holding the Stranger's gun in her hands aimed in his direction.

She fires the gun again - hitting the Stranger in his right shoulder. He grabs at the wound, grunting painfully. Karen fires again - blasting him in his stomach.

The Stranger drops to his knees, falls down on the floor on his front.

Rogers lets out a massive sigh of relief. He looks at Karen - still aiming the gun at the dead Stranger. She fires again - hitting him in the back.

Karen rushes to Rogers.

She helps him to his weary feet.

ROGERS

I thought I told you to stay in the car?

KAREN

Lucky for you I didn't.

ROGERS

Looks like I owe you another one.

KAREN

Let's just call it evens.

Rogers and Karen wrap their arms around each other. They look at the burning bodies remorsefully.

ROGERS

Let's get out of here.

They walk down the hall, headed for the double doors.

The Stranger sits up. Looks at Rogers and Karen heading to the doors with their back to him.

The cackling of the fire. The smoke is thickening.

The Stranger gets to his feet. Looks at the gun on the floor.

Karen and Rogers reach the door. Rogers opens it. In the background, the Stranger picks up the gun.

Karen turns around. The Stranger aims at Karen. Karen aims at the Stranger with cat like reflexes.

BAM! BAM!

Two shots from Karen hit the Stranger in his torso. He falls back onto the burning bodies. Catches alight.

Rogers and Karen watch on as the motionless Stranger burns. Dead.

Rogers and Karen stare at the burning pyramid. The Stranger is outstretched at the bottom like some twisted distorted burning version of Christ.

EXT. TOWN HALL - NIGHT

Rogers and Karen are at the bottom of the steps.

He holds her close as they look at the town burning around them.

They look up. Two police helicopters shine bright beaming lights down on them. One of the helicopters shines its spotlight on areas of the burning town. Sirens are heard in the near distance.

LATER

Ambulances and police cars surround the town. Fire crews battle the furious town fires.

EXT. TOWN HALL - NIGHT

Karen is on a stretcher being taken inside the back of an ambulance by two paramedics. Rogers gets in the back with her and stands above her.

INT. AMBULANCE

Rogers holds Karen's hand. She smiles at him.

KAREN

You know, you *do* owe me one.

ROGERS

I thought you said we were even?  
I've lost count over how many "we  
owe you's" we've been dishing out  
lately. Maybe we should just call  
it a night, eh?

KAREN

After what we've been through, I  
was kinda hoping to get to know you  
a little better.

Rogers seems confused.

KAREN

You're first name?

ROGERS

Ahh, that. I don't think it would  
be professional.

KAREN

Well, I was talking about out of work hours. I would feel uncomfortable calling you Detective Rogers at dinner.

ROGERS

Dinner?

KAREN

When I get fixed up, I'd like to invite you to mine for a more relaxing evening then the one we had tonight.

Rogers smiles. He leans in close to Karen.

ROGERS

Promise not to tell anyone?

Karen nods.

ROGERS

It's Roger.

KAREN

(giggling)

Roger Rogers?

Rogers grins. He nods.

ROGERS

You wanna know my middle name?

He whispers in Karen's ear. She can't help but laugh. Rogers can't help but join in with her.

The back of the ambulance door is closed by one of the drivers. It drives off.

EXT. HILLTOP - DUSK

Overlooking the town of Westbury. a grassy spot surrounded by thick trees and bushes.

Watching the emergency services douse the flaming town and the many flashing sirens of police and ambulances are several men dressed in black with fedora hats. They each have their own large black bag at their feet.

The disciples have guns in their hands. Ready for war. Ready to release chaos.

FADE TO BLACK.