

HUNTING SEASON

DRAFT 3.2
ScriptXpert Feedback Embedded

Written by

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FINAL DRAFT

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FADE IN ON:

EXT. WASILLA, ALASKA - DAY

Early fall. Dusk. DR. JEN WHITE 28, PhD Psychology, Minor Forensics, runs through the woods behind her home in her joggers outfit.

She sees open space between the naked tree limbs that hang over the earth and intertwine into each other.

An eagle flies overhead.

The SOUNDS of NATURE.

In her mind's eye, she hears -

/JEN HEARS HUNTER/
'Little deer...'

She jerks a glance behind her.

EXT. PALMER, ALASKA - DAY

In the woods beside Walby Lake.

HUNTER
Little deer...go on.

HUNTER 42, in camouflage. A balaclava covers his face and artificial Blind Trauma Sclerae his eyes.

In the far distance, out of the Hunter's sight, a scared girl MONA FUCHS 16, white, wrists bound with rope, the middle cut and frayed, her arms freely move.

HUNTER

Stands still, 30-06 SAKO Finlight in hand.

MONA

Confused, moves about like prey.

MONA
(cries out)
I want to go home.

HUNTER

hears Mona's voice carry through the woods to him.

HUNTER
 (to himself)
 You are home. This is where deer
 live.

MONA

Frost covered autumn leaves SWISH underfoot as she turns.

EXT. WASILLA - DAY

Jen continues to run. The SOUND of her FEARFUL BREATHS.

EXT. PALMER - DAY

The Hunter BREATHES calmly as he follows Mona through the woods.

MONA'S

feet SLAP on the hard frosted ground. We see Mona's full body from the distance.

MONA
 (cries out)
 Help me...

No one is around to help her.

EXT. WASILLA - DAY

We see Jen's running shoes.

In her mind's eye, she hears -

*/JEN HEARS MONA/
 (voice quivers)
 '...somebody, help me.'*

Jen stops, looks around her.

JEN
 Hello?

SILENCE responds.

JEN (CONT'D)
 Is anyone out there?

The RUSTLE of leaves.

EXT. PALMER - DAY

MONA

Hides behind a thick tree, rubs hands over her body for warmth.

HUNTER

Bends down and sees her footprints imprinted in the frost.
Frost-tipped leaves CRUNCH as he walks in her direction.

MONA

SUCKS in her BREATH and out come SMALL, almost inaudible CRIES.

HUNTER

Hears her. The CLICK of his gun hammer.

MONA

DARTS away from the tree. Her HEARTBEAT in her chest. (V.O.)

EXT. WASILLA - DAY

Jen, the SOUND of her HEART as it POUNDS. (V.O.)

NERVOUS, Jen sprints out of the woods' edge, across the large lawn toward the back door of her home.

EXT. PALMER - DAY

HUNTER

Spots Mona. He puts his gun eye level, aims and shoots her in the back.

EXT. WASILLA - DAY

Jen falls face down onto the wooden steps that lead to her back door.

EXT. PALMER - DAY

MONA

Face down, drags her body along the ground.

EXT. WASILLA - DAY

Jen feebly crawls up the four wooden steps to the open doorway of her home.

EXT. PALMER - DAY

HUNTER

Grabs her by the neck.

INT. JEN'S HOUSE - DAY

Jen GASPS for air.

She drags her heavy body a couple of feet across the kitchen's wooden floor.

EXT. PALMER - DAY

Mona goes limp in his grasp.

INT. JEN'S HOUSE - DAY

Jen's head lies against the kitchen's hard floor. Her neck shows marks where Mona Fuchs was choked.

In her mind's eye, Jen hears -

*/JEN HEARS HUNTER/
'You can't get away from me.'*

EXT. PALMER - DAY

Blood flows around Mona's body onto the cold ground.

INT. JEN'S HOUSE - DAY

KITCHEN

Twenty-four hours later. Sun streams in through the backdoor.

Jen awakens, disoriented.

She lifts up from the floor, face red with hardwood floor marks.

SHOWER

We see a large bruise on Jen's back left shoulder, choke marks around her neck, the bruise on her chest area near her heart.

As she showers she barely touches it.

JEN
(in pain)
Shuuh.

BEDROOM

Light streams through the window.

Jen dresses in white slacks and a white, long-sleeved, thin, rayon turtleneck.

EXT. ANCHORAGE, ALASKA - DAY

PROFESSOR DEBBIE SAMPSON 43, greets Jen on the University of Alaska Anchorage's (UAA's) campus grounds. They walk, students pass, a coffee stand on sidewalk.

SAMPSON
Welcome to the University of Alaska
Anchorage, Professor White. I'm
Professor Debbie Sampson.

JEN
Hi.

SAMPSON

I'll be showing you around the campus.

JEN

Thanks.

SAMPSON

How long is your teachers exchange with Professor Sanders?

JEN

A year.

SAMPSON

He called me yesterday. Told me he arrived safely to your Texas home. Said it's right next to the college.

JEN

He can walk to work.

SAMPSON

Are you comfortable staying in his house?

JEN

(strain)

It's cozy.

SAMPSON

Rough night? Your first night in a new place always is. It is a recluse lifestyle here in Alaska.

JEN

I'll get used to it.

SAMPSON

Man in your life?

JEN

No.

SAMPSON

Lots of men to choose from here in Alaska. More men than women up here.

Jen doesn't reply.

SAMPSON (CONT'D)

Guess I'm being nosy. Sorry.

JEN
That's alright.

SAMPSON
It's a bit of a walk to your
office.

INT. UAA - DAY

On the overlooking bridge of the hockey rink they see the
Wolverines' PLAYERS practice.

SAMPSON
Hockey's a big sport in Alaska.

They stop for a moment and watch.

WOLVERINE

One of the Wolverine's skates hard toward the goal and scores
the puck inside.

He skates away from the goal area.

COACH LATIMER
(calls out)
Great play, Mark.

MARK LEWIS 32, skates back toward the center of the ice.

Looks up and sees Jen on the overlooking bridge.

MARK AND JEN

make eye contact and hold.

*/JEN HEARS MARK'S THOUGHT/
'WOW! I'd like to play with you.'*

JEN

smiles down at him. Then moves on.

COACH LATIMER (O.S.)
Alright men, let's get off the ice
and relax some before tonight.

CONNECTING BRIDGE

Sampson and Jen walk a long hallway. Full-length windows on
each side.

They exit the connecting building. Pass the campus newspaper and other club offices.

PSYCHOLOGY DEPARTMENT

They walk down a hallway with a bunch of offices on each side.

They approach a door with a plaque that reads 'Professor Sanders'.

Sampson opens the door and steps aside inside.

JEN'S OFFICE

Jen walks in after her and looks around.

It's a plush office with bookshelves full of forensic science and psychology books.

A desk with a swivel chair.

Heavy curtains around the windows, an espresso maker with cups, spoons and additives.

SAMPSON

Professor Sanders likes to have all the comforts of home.

Jen walks to the desk, puts her purse and business satchel down.

A couple of small boxes on the office floor, stacked. Sampson nods to them.

SAMPSON (CONT'D)

Those are yours. They got here last week. I'll let you settle in.

Jen turns toward Sampson as she closes the door.

JEN

Professor Sampson.

Sampson reopens the almost closed door.

SAMPSON

Yes?

JEN

Would you mind leaving the door open?

SAMPSON

Sure. Oh! I almost forgot to tell you, the professors are meeting tomorrow morning at six for our biweekly meeting. The room at the end of the hall.

JEN

Thanks.

Jen looks around the office.

She sees a personal photo album of Professor Sanders', pulls it off the bookshelf.

Sits at his desk, opens it.

Photos of Professor Sanders, his wife and daughter.

She flips pages and sees the progression of age of the family throughout the years.

The last page she flips to is a newspaper article:

INSERT: ARTICLE DATE - JANUARY 2, 2001

INSERT: HEADLINE - BODIES FOUND AT GLACIERS PASS

Glimpses of newspaper article:

INSERT: ARTICLE EXCERPT - "FOUR GIRLS FOUND DEAD"

INSERT: ARTICLE EXCERPT - "BODIES DECAYED BEYOND RECOGNITION"

INSERT: ARTICLE EXCERPT - "DNA IDENTIFIES BODY OF NATASHA SANDERS, DAUGHTER OF LOCAL PROFESSOR NICK SANDERS."

JEN (CONT'D)

(reads)

"Chief Greg Mathews with the Anchorage Police Department is overseeing the case."

She scribbles a note on a pad.

There's a KNOCK at the open door.

/JEN HEARS/

'God you're beautiful.'

She looks up. Her eyes meet Mark Lewis', clean-shaven, fresh out of the locker room shower. A form fitting shirt and blue jeans snug against his body.

MARK

Hi. I saw you back at the rink with Professor Sampson.

JEN

I remember. You're number 7.

MARK

(smiles)

Good eye. Saw you walk in this direction. Thought I might get lucky and find you.

She closes the photo album.

JEN

Hi.

She walks over to him, extends her hand. He accepts.

MARK

Mark Lewis.

JEN

Jen White.

MARK

Got a moment for a cup of coffee?

JEN

Aren't you a student?

MARK

No. Well, part-time. I only take a couple of courses.

JEN

Then, it's probably not such a good idea...

MARK

It's only a cup of coffee.

Jen smiles.

MARK (CONT'D)

Come on.

JEN

Alright. I'm game.

She grabs her purse and follows him out the door.

EXT. UAA - DAY

At the coffee stand that Jen and Sampson passed earlier. Jen holds a hot mocha in her hand and Mark a regular cup of coffee.

Jen slightly shivers.

Mark pulls off his jacket.

MARK

No jacket?

Wraps it around her.

JEN

I was distracted this morning and forgot mine.

MARK

With winter settling in, you better keep one handy from now on. It'll start to snow any day now.

JEN

Are you from around here?

MARK

Wasilla, Alaska. Grew up there.

JEN

That's where I'm staying. At Professor Sanders' house.

MARK

Great guy.

JEN

Tell me about him?

MARK

You haven't met him?

JEN

No. You don't get to meet the teacher who you exchange with.

MARK

Sad what happened. His daughter was murdered a few years back.

JEN

I saw the article. He has a copy of it in his office.

MARK

That's what you were looking at
when I walked in?

JEN

Yes.

MARK

She was only eighteen. Tore up his
marriage.

JEN

Did they ever find his daughter's
killer?

MARK

No. The police couldn't find much
on the guy.

JEN

How do you know?

MARK

It was a highly publicized case.
Not many multiple killings happen
here in Alaska.

Jen shivers some more.

MARK (CONT'D)

Coffee not enough to keep you warm?
(he faces her)
Here...

Mark holds out his hands for hers. He cups her hands in his
and blows hot air on them.

Jen softly pulls her hands away from his.

Mark affectionately rubs his hands together teasing her. He
makes sure she sees he wishes they were still her hands.

MARK (CONT'D)

I play Center for the Wolverines
Hockey Team. We have a game in a
week. Come.

JEN

A live hockey game? Alright. What
time?

MARK

Next Monday. Six-thirty.
(leans his body away from
her as he leaves)
I'll see you then.

He smiles, winks.

Jen waves.

INT. UAA - NIGHT

LIBRARY

The clock face reads 5:23 p.m.

Jen sits cross-legged on old plastic brown chair, flips through microfiched newspaper articles.

INSERT: HEADLINE - 4 GIRLS FOUND DEAD

She reads over the article. PRINTS it out. Moves on to the next article.

INSERT: HEADLINE - ALASKA'S FIRST SERIAL KILLER

Time passes.

INSERT: HEADLINE - A LOCAL PROFESSOR BURIES HIS DAUGHTER

Sees photo of Professor Sanders, his arms around his wife KERRY SANDERS by their daughter's casket at her burial.

Jen presses the 'print' button.

The microfiche screen FLASHES.

A black and white blurry photo PRINTS.

More time passes. Library clock face reads 7:08 p.m.

INSERT: HEADLINE - GLACIERS PASS CASE GROWS COLD

JEN

(reads)
"Authorities have no new leads to
work from."

She looks at library clock, its face reads 8:00 p.m.

JEN (CONT'D)

Oh!

She puts printouts in a manila folder. Goes home.

EXT. JEN'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Jen pulls into the circular driveway outside her home. A truck slows and pulls up beside her on the dirt road, the passenger window rolled down. A Student and Jen's Neighbor DAVE HURLEY 35, average looking at best, calls out the truck to her:

DAVE HURLEY
Jen White. Jen...

She looks up from her seat. Sees him parked on the street parallel to her.

JEN
Can I help you?

DAVE HURLEY
I'm your neighbor.

He nods referencing the house about a block further up is his.

DAVE HURLEY (CONT'D)
Thought I'd stop and introduce myself. Do you mind???

JEN
No.

Dave backs up and parks behind Jen. They both get out of their vehicles. Dave extends his hand.

DAVE HURLEY
Professor Sanders and I have been neighbors for about nine years. I'm also a student of his at the university.

JEN
I thought I'd seen you before.

DAVE HURLEY
Yeah.

JEN
Its cold out. Come on in.

DAVE HURLEY
Its really late.

Jen looks at the sunlit sky.

JEN

Doesn't seem like it with all this light.

DAVE HURLEY

Hard to tell day from night at times during the year here in Alaska.

JEN

Well, I'm wide awake.

DAVE HURLEY

Alright. A cup of cocoa would be nice. Besides Professor Sanders has been asking me about you.

They head to the house.

JEN

He has?

EXT. JEN'S HOUSE - NIGHT

A few moments later Jen is at the backdoor. She unlocks it. They step inside.

DAVE HURLEY

Nick Sanders and I are long-time friends. He's a great neighbor. I was laid off my job a year ago. He's the one who encouraged me to come back to school. Learn a new career.

INT. UAA - NIGHT

One week later, Jen sits in the stands of the hockey arena amongst the crowd. CROWD eats hotdogs, pretzels, popcorn, drink coffee, coke, sprite.

JAMES DIEBEL 28

a hockey player, skates at full speed from the side of the rink, angles inward toward the goal, swipes his hockey stick fast and hard against the puck, it flies through the air.

SCOTT SMITH 35

the goalie, blocks it and sends the puck back out to center ice.

MARK

gets on it and drives it down the rink toward the goal. We see '7' and 'LEWIS' on the back of his jersey.

He maneuvers and drives the puck into the net.

CROWD

goes wild as Mark skates around the back of the goal net then toward center rink. ANNOUNCER DEVON MARCUS 47 is heard throughout the arena.

MARCUS

Score for the Alaskan Wolverines!

MARK

looks up at Jen and waves his gloved hand as he skates by. We see 'WOLVERINES' on the front of his jersey.

JEN

through the crowd hears only silence and Mark's voice.

/JEN HEARS MARK'S THOUGHT/

'Boy, Id like to score with you.'

She smiles and waves back.

Her HEART POUNDS. Then SILENCE.

The DISTANT SOUND of SKATES against the ice.

The SOUND of HEAVY BREATHING.

MARK

reaches the team box, his skates kick ice into the air. A wave of ice shavings hang slow in the air.

EXT. PALMER - NIGHT

A wave of water droplets linger in the air above Walby Lake against a sunlit Alaskan night sky.

BRUCE LASKEY 10, dog paddles as he and his sister SARAH LASKEY 8, play in the lake.

SARAH LASKEY

jumps from their small boat and dives feet first into the lake. Underwater. Bubbles. Her HEART POUNDS.

She sees a dead white woman MOLLY ZAPEL 21, with her chest and abdomen cut open.

Molly Zapel turns a 45 degree angle from the force of the water pushed by Sarah as she squirms to force herself to the surface of the lake.

Sarah SCREAMS.

EXT. UAA - NIGHT

The SCREECH of tires outside the hockey rink as they peel on the parking lot's pavement.

Light snow on the ground, vehicles, trees.

The light snowfall comes down heavier.

The DOOR SLAMS as Jen and Mark step outside of the arena.

PROFESSOR SAMPSON

sees them. She's to their right.

SAMPSON
Great game Mark.

MARK
Thanks Professor Sampson.

Sampson smiles at Jen.

Behind them Dave Hurley comes out of the arena.

SAMPSON
(to Jen)
Told you it wouldn't take long to
find a man.

Sampson gives Jen and Mark a 'good-night' nod.

SAMPSON (CONT'D)
See you two tomorrow.

We see Dave Hurley mid-way down the sidewalk.

He pulls up the collar of his coat close to his neck and ears. Rubs his hands feverishly together. Shivers, cold.

DAVE HURLEY'S P.O.V. - Mark and Jen.

Mark wraps his arm affectionately around Jen's back. She jerks away in pain.

MARK
(steps back)
I'm sorry, I didn't mean to offend you.

JEN
It's just a bruise. That's all.

MARK
A bruise? From what?

JEN
I fell a little over a week ago. I didn't realize I...

Mark bends down to her mouth, kisses her cheek lightly, pressing against her chest.

Dave Hurley glances at them just in time to see Jen...

Pull away from Mark. A clear shot of pain crosses her eyes.

Dave Hurley shakes his head. Walks off.

MARK
I'll drive you home.

JEN
I can't leave my car here.

MARK
Don't worry about it.

Mark looks up to the skies.

MARK (CONT'D)
Besides it's going to snow all night. I don't want you to get stuck on the way home.

He brushes the light snow off the windshield of his old '87 truck.

Jen considers. She sees a gun rack in the back window with a couple of guns.

JEN
Hunt?

MARK
From time to time.

Mark blows onto his cold cupped hands.

MARK (CONT'D)

(teases)

I'll drive slow.

JEN

It wouldn't be right.

MARK

It wouldn't be wrong. I'm not your student. Never will be. You're only here for one year.

JEN

(smiles)

I'm so tired of being single. Life has too many rules. And I don't want to spend my life alone because of them.

The passenger door SCREECHES on its hinges as he opens it for Jen.

MARK

Neither do I. And if you don't break a life rule now and again, you will die alone.

EXT. PALMER - NIGHT

The 90 mile per hour WINTER WINDS SCREAM around Walby Lake.

LIEUTENANT DARYL THOMPSON 37, Head of Homicide for the Anchorage Police Department and TROOPER GREG EVANS 34, stand in a vacant lot that overlooks Walby Lake.

Their JACKETS and hair BLOW IN THE STRONG WIND.

The lake ripples.

EVANS

interviews Sarah. Her mother ANA LASKEY 31, is there.

ANA

(yells over the wind)

Where'd you find her, baby?

Sarah points to a spot on the lake.

Sarah, wide-eyed, buries her face into her mother's legs to hide and for warmth.

Bruce stands on the other side of his mother.

EVANS

What were they doing swimming at this time of the year?

ANA

Kids...they've seen that Polar Plunge to support Special Olympics Alaskan athletes.

EVANS

(to Bruce and Sarah)

Ah. Practicing for when you're old enough to participate?

The both shake their head 'yes'.

ANA

I have another child that has special needs.

Six TROOPERS: JASON NOVACK 37, BRANDON WILKES 47, SCOTT WEATHERS 38, FRANK POWELL 44, WILLIAM GOSNEY 32 and DANIEL YARNELL 57 pull up to the lake, get out of their trucks, unload the Zodiacs.

Their unzipped JACKETS FLOAT up into the air around their bodies as the winds sweep up from underneath.

THOMPSON

Gentlemen, we are looking for a young white female about 19. Let's find her fast. We don't have much time. It's been snowing in Anchorage for about an hour. It'll be here soon.

TROOPERS IN UNISON

Yes sir.

THOMPSON

(to Evans)

Get me some more men out here to scour the woods around the Lake. See if we find anything else that the killer may have left behind.

EVANS

Yes Lieutenant Thompson.

EVANS

steps to the side to call in to the station for more backup.

The six Troopers put on yellow life jackets.

THOMPSON
 (to Yarnell nearby)
 Luckily we have a couple of hours
 left before we lose daylight.

They push the Zodiacs off the bank and jump in, two Troopers per Zodiac.

WALBY LAKE

is lined with trees that hang out over the lake's edge.

The scattered houses and distant mountains frame it.

TROOPERS

slowly fight the waves over the lake at 15 m.p.h.

Dead lily patches sway together.

EXT. RESIDENTIAL AREA OF JEN'S HOME - NIGHT

Mark drives his truck through the barren back roads of the residential area Jen lives in.

Naked trees crowd each other.

Wooden houses with long driveways are dispersed amongst them.

INT. MARK'S TRUCK - NIGHT

JEN
 What time is it?

MARK
 9:30.

EXT. MARK'S TRUCK - NIGHT

JEN (V.O.)
 Does it ever get dark?

Mark pulls into her circular driveway.

MARK (V.O.)
 Yes. We'll keep losing daylight
 hours each day.

The SOUND of the CLUTCH (O.S.) as Mark parks his truck.

EXT. PALMER - NIGHT

In Zodiac 1 on Walby Lake:

TROOPER WILKES
What's that?

Wilkes points into the water, below the surface, they see a dark blob of color amongst the lily pad stems.

TROOPER NOVACK
Get a little closer.

Trooper Wilkes moves closer. They see the back of a black girl, PAIGE MARYLANDER 16, fishing line tangled around her body and the lily pad stems.

A snowflake drops onto the shoulder of Trooper Wilkes.

TROOPER WILKES
Just in time.

Snowflakes begin to fall.

Novack gets on his walkie-talkie.

INTERCUT: WALKIE-TALKIES

TROOPER NOVACK
Lieutenant Thompson, we found her.

EXT. PALMER - NIGHT

THOMPSON
Bring her to shore.

TROOPER NOVACK (O.S.)
Sir?

THOMPSON
Yes Novack?

TROOPER NOVACK (O.S.)
She's black.

THOMPSON
Repeat that.

TROOPER NOVACK (O.S.)
Our victim is a young black female.

INTERCUT ENDS

EVANS

The girl was sure that she saw a
white female.

Snowflakes fall lightly but steadily.

THOMPSON

(to himself)

Damn the weather.

(on walkie-talkie)

Keep searching. We have at least
one more body to find.

Troopers Wilkes and Novack remain in their spot.

WEATHERS, POWELL, GOSNEY AND YARNELL

BOUNCE over the lake as they continue their search. The SOUND
of WIND as it passes over.

In Walby Lake woods behind them other TROOPERS scour the
woods for evidence.

EXT. WASILLA - NIGHT

The SOUND of Jen's DEEP BREATHS as she and Mark play chase in
the lightly layered snow-covered lawn at her house.

Mark straddles her waist, tickles her sides.

She uses her stomach muscles to bend slightly off the ground
to prevent pressure against her left back shoulder.

JEN

I can't...I can't breathe.

Mark gets off her.

Jen cries with laughter. She pulls a thin strand of dog hair
from her mouth.

MARK

Evidence of home. My dog. He sheds
a lot.

Mark breaths slow as he slowly bends at the waist and pecks
her lips.

MARK (CONT'D)

Can you sense I like you?

JEN

I can.

Crisp air as...(O.C.)

EXT. HUNTER'S HOUSE - DAY

A week later. Wisps of the Killer's Siberian Huskey's dog breaths as he lies in the soft, fresh winter snow. He guards a wooden shed outside the Hunter's house deep in the Alaskan wilderness.

SOFT CRIES of VANESSA PALEY 17, come from inside the shed.

INT. WOODEN SHED - DAY

Sunlight barely streams into the shed through the cracks in its wood.

We see Vanessa, white, hands tied behind her.

She sees a snowmobile, squirms her way toward it.

Uses the fiberglass edge of the engine cover to cut through the duct tape that binds her wrists.

We see her white gold wedding band.

Outside, his dog BARKS.

EXT. WOODEN SHED - DAY

The Siberian Huskey stands, tied to a long leash.

EXT. ANCHORAGE, ALASKA - DAY

Outside the Anchorage Police Department (APD) a DOG BARKS and jumps up off the snow covered ground toward Jen.

Jen shies away from the animal.

LANCE KRAGH
Sorry about that.

The dog's owner LANCE KRAGH 37 jerks his chain and keeps walking.

Jen turns toward the entryway and climbs the steps to the Anchorage Police Department.

She opens the door and walks inside.

INT. APD - DAY

Inside CHIEF GREG MATHEWS' 54, office Thompson and he speak.

THOMPSON

The two girls we found at Walby Lake we're pretty sure there's more. However, the professional divers won't be available to assist for a couple more days.

MATHEWS

That's fine. We'll have to do with what we have.

Thompson turns to leave.

MATHEWS (CONT'D)

Lieutenant Thompson...

Thompson turns back and looks at him.

THOMPSON

Chief?

MATHEWS

Did they volunteer?

THOMPSON

Yes sir.

MATHEWS

Good.

ELEANOR LEEMAN's 38

Voice comes over the speakerphone. She is the Receptionist for the Police Department.

INTERCUT: SPEAKERPHONE

ELEANOR LEEMAN (O.S.)

Chief Mathews...

MATHEWS

Yes Eleanor?

ELEANOR LEEMAN (O.S.)

There's a Professor White here to see you.

MATHEWS

I'll be there in a moment.

INTERCUT ENDS

Mathews picks up a stack of envelopes.

THOMPSON
Who's Professor White?

MATHEWS
You'll see in a moment. Stay here.
You'll want to be a part of this.

Leaves his office to meet Jen.

APD RECEPTION AREA

As he enters the area Mathews hands envelopes to Eleanor.

MATHEWS
Will you mail these?

ELEANOR LEEMAN
Sure Chief.

MATHEWS
Will you call our NCAVC Coordinator
with VICAP and request
Investigative Specialists Chris
Ross and Mike Hernandez for the
Walby case?

ELEANOR LEEMAN
Yes.

Mathews turns to Jen.

MATHEWS
Come on back to my office Dr.
White. Let's talk in private.

Jen follows.

APD HALLWAY

A couple of TROOPERS pass.

TROOPERS IN UNISON
Chief.

MATHEWS
Hello men.

APD POLICE DESK AREA

Evans sits on the edge of his desk, he sees the Chief and Jen pass in the hallway.

EVANS

A new girl?

Novack who sits nearby at his own desk glances through the glass windows into the hallway.

NOVACK

New girl? We don't have any girls that work for this department.

EVANS

Well it's time we did. Don't you think Novack?

NOVACK (O.S.)

Yes.

CHIEF MATHEWS OFFICE

Mathews points to a seat.

MATHEWS

Have a seat Dr. White. Here's the file on the case.

Thompson nods toward Jen. Chief Mathews takes the que.

MATHEWS (CONT'D)

(to Jen)

This is Lieutenant Daryl Thompson. He worked the case.

THOMPSON

Which case is that?

MATHEWS

The Glaciers Pass killings back in 2001. I've agreed to let Dr. Jen White do a criminal profile on the killer.

This angers Thompson. He slightly shows that he is upset.

THOMPSON

Really?

MATHEWS

She's a Psychology Professor at the university.

THOMPSON

A psychological profile.

Jen stands with file in hand. Extends a hand to Thompson.

JEN

Jen White.

Thompson declines to shake. He speaks with very subtle sarcasm to make his point.

THOMPSON

Psychology Professor. That makes sense, doesn't it?

JEN

(calm)

It helps.

THOMPSON

We've already had investigative specialists down here Ms. White. From VICAP: the Violent Criminal Apprehension Program. The best there is. It didn't do any good.

Jen' uncomfortable.

MATHEWS

Thompson...

THOMPSON

He's still out there. And we're still collecting bodies.

Jen glances to Mathews.

JEN

I'll get this back to you in a few days.

MATHEWS

No rush Dr. White.

As Jen passes Thompson...

THOMPSON

(terse, tense)

If you have any questions give me a call.

Thompson hands her his Department's card with his personal information.

Jen hesitantly accepts the card. Turns to Mathews.

JEN
Chief Mathews.

Her footsteps soft echo in the hallway. (O.S.)

MATHEWS
Was that really necessary
Lieutenant?

THOMPSON
Sir, its just...

Mathews gives him a look.

THOMPSON (CONT'D)
Alright Chief.

APD HALLWAY

Jen walks at a brisk pace.

THOMPSON

behind her.

THOMPSON
Jen, wait up!

JEN

keeps her pace. Thompson catches up to her at the door. He holds the door open for her. They walk outside.

EXT. APD - DAY

THOMPSON
We got off on the wrong foot back
in there.

JEN
I don't mean to be short with
you...Lieutenant Thompson, is it?

THOMPSON
Just call me Daryl.

JEN
(over her shoulder)
Daryl. I've got other things to do.

He grabs her by the elbow and turns her toward him.

THOMPSON
I apologize.

Jen looks down at his hand on her elbow. He takes his hand off her.

THOMPSON (CONT'D)
Look, it's just...

JEN
Yes?

THOMPSON
You have no specialized training Ms. White. You're a psychology professor. You should stick to a classroom.

JEN
You're under no obligation to use what I provide Lieutenant Thompson.

THOMPSON
I know you mean well Jen. But I have to question the validity of anything you may provide. This is my profession...you're simply not qualified.

Jen continues to walk.

Thompson walks briskly after her down the sidewalk. She turns, faces Thompson.

JEN
I heard you.

She continues to Mark's truck.

MARK

waits inside for her.

THOMPSON
Did Chief Mathews mention the women we found last week in Walby Lake?

JEN

No.

THOMPSON

The cases are probably related.
Maybe you can provide *something* of
value that would help out with
that?

Jen stops at the passenger door of Mark's truck. She's
between it and a car next to it.

She looks at Thompson.

JEN

After I've had time to thoroughly
review the file I'll get back with
you.

She opens the passenger door.

Thompson looks over at driver, sees Mark. Gives a slight wave
to Mark as if he knows him, then he takes a few steps back.

Jen gets into the vehicle.

Thompson looks at her body from behind.

THOMPSON

I look forward to seeing you again
Ms. White.

Jen gives a look at Thompson who stands in the door.

Thompson backs out of the door and softly shuts it for her.

MARK

drives off. Jen unrolls her window an inch.

THOMPSON

shakes his head in disapproval.

INT. APD - DAY

In the police desk area Novack and Evans sit behind their
desks.

EVANS

How did things go, sharpshooter?

THOMPSON
She's taken.

EVANS
Can't be that serious, she just got here.

THOMPSON
How do you know?

EVANS
Chief briefed me on her. Knew you may not take it too well. She's on an college exchange with Nick Sanders for a year.

THOMPSON
Natasha Sanders' father?

EVANS
Yep.

Novack joins the conversation.

NOVACK
What's it with you anyway Thompson?
Give the girl a chance.

Thompson shrugs it off.

EXT. HUNTER'S HOUSE - DAY

Two days later. The WHINE of the frozen lake that surrounds the Hunter's house.

A secluded lifestyle. Pine trees line two borders of his house. The lake lines the third and fourth borders.

A gravel driveway leads away from the garage. He walks past the driveway.

His dog lies passive off to the side by the wooden shed.

The Hunter heads toward the lake where his private plane is docked.

He walks the dock, climbs inside the plane.

INT. HUNTER'S PLANE - DAY

The PROPELLER SPINS, the PLANE MOVES away from the dock.

The DRONE of the plane.

EXT. UAA - DAY

Small aircraft FLIES over the parking area outside the Psychology Classroom building.

Mark's TRUCK IDLES. Jen steps out of his truck.

MARK

So I'll pick you up later?

DR. SAMPSON

walks toward Jen.

SAMPSON

(calls out)

Professor White.

Jen turns to look at her. Turns back to Mark.

JEN

Alright. I'll meet you at 4:30.

Jen shuts the truck's door as Sampson approaches her.

SAMPSON

You missed the meeting again this morning.

JEN

Sorry.

SAMPSON

Don't worry.

Mark's truck down the parking lot a bit.

SAMPSON (CONT'D)

You can meet the others later. Let me walk you to your first class that way we can catch up with each other.

Dave Hurley walks by them. He eyes Jen.

DAVE HURLEY

See you in class Professor White.

Jen nods. Her cell phone rings.

JEN
Excuse me Dr. Sampson.

Jen fumbles a bit as she reaches inside her purse.
She takes the phone out.

INTERCUT: CELL PHONE

MARK
Hello Jen. Mark. I forgot, I have a
charity event I need to attend
tonight.

JEN
That's fine.

MARK
I'll stop by your place later
tonight to see how you're doing.

INTERCUT ENDS

EXT. PALMER - DAY

300 yards to the west of the vacant lot on Walby Lake where
the woods meet the water.

DIVERS in wetsuits, flippers, masks, oxygen tanks.

VICTOR
My name is Victor Stoddard. I'll be
your lead diver. I have twenty-five
years experience.

ERIC
I'm Eric Leib.

ISAAC
I'm Isaac Corinne.

THOMPSON
I would like to thank all of you
for volunteering your time.

ERIC
Anything to help keep the community
safe.

ISAAC
(nods agreement)
It's the least we could do.

VICTOR
 (to Thompson)
 We'll be back in a few hours.

Victor puts his mask over his face.

VICTOR (CONT'D)
 (to Eric and Isaac)
 Shall we?

Victor walks to the water's edge. Steps out on thin ice, it cracks, he sinks into the water.

Eric and Isaac place their masks over their face.

THOMPSON, NOVACK, GOSNEY, YARNELL AND WILKES AND VOLUNTEERS
 stand on the edge of the lake.

THOMPSON
 (to Troopers and
 Volunteers)
 Men, women, scour the area the best
 you can. We are looking the area
 over again in case he came back.

TROOPERS IN UNISON
 Yes Lieutenant.

We see the lake and the last bubble of air burst from the
 divers entry into Walby Lake.

Troopers and Volunteers scour the woods again. A thin layer
 of snow covers the ground. We can see the solid brown dirt of
 earth beneath as they uncover it with their boots as they
 walk.

INT. WOODEN SHED - DAY

Vanessa loosens the bondage around her wrists.

She reaches in front of her and unties her ankle bondage.

Outside, we hear the SIBERIAN HUSKY BARK.

She stands. Goes to shed door, peers outside through its
 cracks.

She sees the Hunter's house in the near distance. Sees
 Hunter's pickup truck.

EXT. WOODEN SHED - DAY

We see Vanessa's eyes through the spaces in the wooden door.
There's a padlock.

SIBERIAN HUSKY

BARKS at her. We see his teeth.

VANESSA
(whispers to Siberian
Husky)
Shhh! Shhh! Be quiet.

HUNTER'S HOUSE

No one is around.

WOODEN SHED

Siberian Husky right next to the wooden door.
He BARKS even louder than before.

HUNTER'S HOUSE

No one comes out of the house.

WOODEN SHED

Vanessa looks around the shed. Finds a pocketknife on the
Killer's workbench. Grabs it.

Knifes the metal frame of the lock inside the door. The door
splinters. The metal frame pops off.

The door opens ajar.

EXT. WOODEN SHED

She opens the door wide. Steps out, drops pocketknife on the
ground.

SIBERIAN HUSKY

GROWLS, his teeth show. He jumps at her.

VANESSA

punches him full on in the chest mid-leap.

HUNTER'S HOUSE

She runs across front lawn.

WOODEN SHED

Siberian Husky whines and growls as he watches her from his thin-chained leash.

HUNTER'S HOUSE

Vanessa halfway across the lawn.

WOODEN SHED

Siberian Husky regains strength, runs to end of his chain, strains as he pulls on it.

HUNTER'S HOUSE

Vanessa hops in old, beat-up, '79, faded blue truck parked in the driveway.

Keys are in ignition. She turns it over. We see her white gold wedding band.

Engine starts. She shifts gear into reverse.

Guns gas pedal, tires spin out of control. Kicks dirt and snow up.

Gains traction. Hurriedly backs out of driveway. Shifts gears. She drives away down the snow covered dirt road.

Out the back window of truck we see a deer graze just inside the woods.

Vanessa never sees the deer.

We see that no matter how far Vanessa goes she is truly isolated.

No other residences in the area. The only way out is by plane. The truck had been ferried in.

EXT. GLACIERS PASS, ALASKA - DAY

Jen parks off the road.

INT. JEN'S VEHICLE - DAY

Jen glances at the photos of the four victims beside her in the passengers seat.

She pulls the one page copied map that marks the spots where the bodies were found.

She steps out of her vehicle with her warm, high heel snow boots and winter coat.

EXT. GLACIERS PASS - DAY

Jen walks into the sparse woods.

BLUE FOX

passes in front of her.

The SOUND of a VEHICLE as it drives down the highway in the distance.

The SOFT SOUND of SNOW as her boots sink into the deep softness.

Jen sees a

BULL CARIBOU

RUB his ANTLERS against a tree. SOFT PLOP as bark falls off.

JEN

I bet you saw something.

JEN

touches the tree with her left hand.

VISION

HEAVY BREATHS. Natasha Sanders' left hand on tree. Head flings behind her right shoulder. (*Overlay Jen.*)

Natasha looks in front of her. (*Overlay Jen.*)

Natasha looks behind her, sees the Killer.

*/JEN HEARS NATASHA'S THOUGHTS/
'I don't like this game.'*

END OF VISION -

Jen lets go of tree.

MAN
Having a bad memory.

She stares at MAN 42, thin, brunette, naturally unattractive.

She looks behind him.

Then around her.

Nothing.

MAN (CONT'D)
We're alone. You're the first
person I've seen out here.

JEN
Who are you?

MAN
Chief Mathews has decided to let
someone from the general public
assist on such a high profile case?

Jen still cautious of him.

MAN (CONT'D)
What do you do for a living?

JEN
Why?

MAN
Just wondering why Chief Mathews
would let you assist?

JEN
I'm a Psychology Professor at the
university.

Man walks on.

MAN
I'll show you where they were
found.

Jen follows him.

They come to a running creek iced over.

JEN

steps on it. Her foot falls through to the water that runs below.

VISION -

JOSEPHINE HUGHES' 17, white, naked, foot where Jen's is. She glances sideways.

We quickly see her frail, gold bracelet, with a gold heart painted turquoise blue on top. The heart swings in motion with her wrist.

END OF VISION -

Jen sees Man.

VISION

Sees side view of Killer.

JOSEPHINE

runs across the cold creek.

END OF VISION -

Boot wet, Jen jerks it out of the creek.

JEN

Shhhh. Bbuurrrrrr.

MAN

You should be more careful.

She looks up creek.

MAN

steps on a log. SOUNDS of WATER underneath ice.

He crosses log to the other side.

Walks up creek bank.

JEN

(calls after him)

You look like you've been here before.

MAN

I have.

JEN

steps on log. Crosses the creek.

MAN

enters woods.

EXT. GLACIERS PASS - DAY

Moments later they are at the spot where the bodies were found.

She stops. Looks around the open space. It's peaceful. Quiet.

MAN'S

aways from her.

JEN

holds up the photo of the four bodies that lie together.

She looks up.

MAN

stands opposite her, faces her, looks her in the eyes -

VISION

A flash of the bodies as they were.

KILLER

kneels beside Natasha Sanders, looks at Jen.

*/JEN HEARS HUNTER'S THOUGHTS/
'You are the game.'*

MAN (V.O.)
(clear, but barely
audible)
Dr. White.

END OF VISION

MAN

Are you alright?

JEN
(confused)
I thought you said my name.

MAN

looks at her expressionless.

MAN
Why?

JEN

stares at him without comment.

MAN

looks around as if bodies are still there.

MAN (CONT'D)
I don't understand how...
(one beat)
I...
(his voice trails off)

EXT. PALMER - DAY

Troopers and Volunteers scour Walby Lake woods farther out.

WALBY LAKE

VICTOR STODDARD 56, comes out of the lake.

Falls on his knees to the ground. Pulls off his mask. Shakes his head 'no'.

ERIC AND ISAAC

come out of the lake. Pull off their masks.

VICTOR
The lake has a lot of weeds.

THOMPSON
Which means?

VICTOR
Means we had to stay in the shallow areas. If we get caught in the weeds we could possibly get stuck...and not get out.

Thompson frustrated.

THOMPSON
When will they thin out?

VICTOR
Give it a month. Maybe two. We can
make more progress then.

THOMPSON
How much area were you able to
cover?

VICTOR
We went along the edges around the
entire lake.

THOMPSON
Thanks for your time, gentlemen.

Eric and Isaac nod.

INT. APD - DAY

Mathews sets down his coffee cup on his desk.

MATHEWS
So you went to Glaciers Pass?

JEN
Yes. Lieutenant Thompson mentioned
another case. Walby Lake.

MATHEWS
He thinks they're connected. Might
be right.

JEN
Do you mind if I take a look at the
file?

He pushes speakerphone button.

INTERCUT: SPEAKERPHONE

ELEANOR LEEMAN (O.S.)
Chief?

MATHEWS
Eleanor, can you get me a copy of
the Walby file? I have it with me.

ELEANOR LEEMAN

Yes sir.

INTERCUT ENDS

JEN

Thanks for sending out the Trooper to meet me today.

MATHEWS

What Trooper?

JEN

The one you sent out. He led me right to the area where the bodies were found.

MATHEWS

Dr. White, I didn't send anyone out. I didn't even know you were going to the site.

JEN

Well then...

MATHEWS

Did you ask his name?

JEN

No. He knew yours.

MATHEWS

Do you remember what he looks like?

Jen thinks.

JEN

No. I was nervous.

MATHEWS

Do you think he'd remember you?

JEN

He might.

MATHEWS

You could be in danger.

JEN

I don't think he knows where I live.

MATHEWS

How'd he find you at the site?

JEN

Don't know.

MATHEWS

I don't have a very large force Dr. White. I'm always short-staffed.

JEN

I understand.

Eleanor enters room.

Mathews scoots file toward her.

Eleanor picks it up.

MATHEWS

Thanks Eleanor.

She nods and leaves room with file.

MATHEWS (CONT'D)

I'm awfully sorry I can't assign someone to you for protection.

JEN

Don't worry about it.

MATHEWS

Do you have anyone at home with you?

JEN

I'll be fine.

MATHEWS

If he shows back up, let me know as soon as possible.

JEN

I will.

Jen stands.

MATHEWS

You might want to keep a gun under the bed.

Jen looks at him.

MATHEWS (CONT'D)

Better safe, than sorry.

JEN

Alright.

Eleanor comes back in the room. Hands copied file to Jen.
Sets original back on Mathews desk.

ELEANOR LEEMAN

Chief.

She leaves.

Mathews looks at the folder in Jen's hand.

MATHEWS

Have that back in a couple of days.

JEN

Yes sir.

Jen at the door.

MATHEWS

Be safe tonight, Dr. White.

EXT. HUNTER'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Hunter flies his plane overhead. In the lasting sunlight he
sees his '79 truck abandoned below.

He lands plane on ice covered lake nearby.

EXT. PALMER - NIGHT

Troopers come back to edge of Walby Lake.

THOMPSON

Find anything?

NOVACK

No, sir.

THOMPSON

(nods)

Okay. Thanks everyone. Go home.
It's late.

INT. JEN'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Jen sits with her back against couch with Mark asleep.

Looks over paperwork and photos strewn on living room floor and coffee table.

JEN
(sighs)

She takes off her reading glasses. Sets them aside. Rubs her eyes. Turns, looks at Mark.

She puts the file in her lap aside. Crawls onto couch. Cuddles her back against Mark.

Mark moves. Wraps his arm around her body. Touches her chest bruise, pain crosses her face.

Jen moves Mark's hand to her stomach. Falls asleep.

JEN'S HOUSE - DAY

Jen asleep on her couch. SOUNDS of food being fried in the frying pan. Jen opens her eyes.

KITCHEN

Mark, freshly showered, cooks breakfast. Looks at Jen. Looks at coffee table with photos of dead girls strewn about.

MARK
Not the best thing to wake up too.

JEN

looks at photos. Sits up.

JEN
Sorry.

Gathers photos, puts them in their manila folders.

MARK
Hope you don't mind? I took a shower here. I thought it would make for a better morning spending it with you rather than running home to shower.

JEN
(smiles)
Thanks Mark. Smells great.

MARK

takes frying pan off stove.

MARK
Breakfast is ready.

JEN
The Chief of Police thinks I should
keep a gun inside the house.

Mark nods to the manila envelope.

MARK
Does it have something to do with
that?

JEN
It might.

MARK
I have one in my truck. I'll let
you borrow it.

Jen shakes her head.

JEN
I just don't like guns.

Mark serves food.

MARK
It's up to you. I'll drop you off
today.

JEN
Alright.

Jen hungrily shovels warm food into her mouth.

EXT. UAA - DAY

Jen gets out of Mark's truck.

MARK
I'll pick you up around 9:30.

JEN
I'll be in my office grading
papers.

Jen walks toward class.

MAN

approaches her. Walks beside her.

JEN (CONT'D)
You?

MAN
Scared?

JEN
I thought you worked for the
Anchorage Police Department.

Embarrassed of his looks he looks forward.

MAN
I never told you I did.

JEN
How do you know Chief Mathews?

MAN
I'm the father...of one of the
girls.
(silence)
Josephine Hughes.

Takes a moment to reflect.

Fights tears. Calms.

MAN (CONT'D)
My name's Bill Hughes.

He briefly looks at Jen.

He pulls out a heavily rusted, fake, thin-chained, gold bracelet with a small gold heart painted with chipped turquoise blue on top.

MAN (CONT'D)
It was the last thing she wore.

Takes a moment. Softly fights back tears.

JEN
Shouldn't the police have that?

MAN
The police overlooked it.

Takes a moment.

He puts bracelet back in his pocket. Digs hands deeply into either side pocket.

MAN (CONT'D)

They found the girls late Winter of 2001. The ground was still covered in snow. After winter breakup, I went back.

Looks at Jen.

MAN (CONT'D)

That's when I found it.

Takes a moment.

MAN (CONT'D)

It helps me remember her. In a funny sort of way.

He looks straight ahead.

JEN

How often do you go back?

MAN

Four times a year.

Brief sigh. Looks at Jen.

MAN (CONT'D)

You've never lost a loved one, have you?

JEN

No.

Looks straight ahead. Takes a moment. He stops with her at building entrance.

MAN

If there's anything I can do to help. Chief Mathews knows how to reach me.

Jen nods acceptance.

Man sees choke marks around Jen's neck as her turtleneck falls away from her neck.

MAN (CONT'D)

Well, I've taken enough of your time.

JEN

Nice to meet you. Bill Hughes.

He briskly walks way. Shoulders forward. Hands still buried in his coat pockets.

INT. UAA - DAY

Jen enters the building. Heads down hall to classroom.

Enters classroom.

DAVE HURLEY
Have an admirer?

DAVE HURLEY

faint smile.

JEN
No. Just someone who needed to talk.

DAVE HURLEY
I've seen him around.
(shudders)
Gives me the creeps.

JEN
He's harmless.

DAVE HURLEY
I'm just saying...

JEN
It's alright Dave.

JEN

walks to chalkboard, writes on it.

JEN (CONT'D)
Alright class, today's lesson is on...

The scratch of chalk against the chalkboard.

EXT. PALMER - DAY

The LOUD SOUND of Walby Lake. (It sounds like a WHALE mating call.)

Two ice fishermen, JOSEPH CLEEMAN 39 and HOWARD BYATT 37, walk in the middle of the frozen lake.

HOWARD
 Joe, are you sure the lake's
 completely frozen over?

JOSEPH
 Yes.

Another LOUD SOUND of the lake.

HOWARD
 It doesn't sound like it.

JOSEPH

looks down, sees water run across air pockets under the ice
 beneath his feet.

HOWARD

five feet away from Joseph, looks down under his feet.

HOWARD (CONT'D)
 Jesus Christ! What is that?

We see Mona Fuchs' body trapped under the ice.

EXT. PALMER - DAY

Three hours later. VOLUNTEER TERRENCE BUSH 57 cuts in the top
 of the frozen lake. Thompson and Novack nearby.

THOMPSON
 Guess the weeds have thinned out.

TERRENCE BUSH
 The ice is pretty thin still.

THOMPSON
 You think it will hold?

TERRENCE BUSH
 Hopefully.

He continues to drill into the ice on the lake.

THOMPSON AND NOVACK

see some people come out onto the lake in the distance. Their
 dog runs behind them. They put on ice skates.

THOMPSON
 (to Novack)
 Would you get them off the ice?

NOVACK

Yes sir.

NOVACK

run-walks over to them, they are 100 yards away.

INT. APD - DAY

In a conference room Chief Mathews, Jen, Evans, Wilkes and CHRIS ROSS 38, Investigative Specialist for VICAP's BAU, sit around the oval table.

CHRIS ROSS

Hi Ms. White. I hope you don't mind if I sit in?

MATHEWS

Jen this is Chris Ross an Investigative Specialist for VICAP's Behavioral Analysis Unit.

CHRIS ROSS

Lieutenant Thompson insisted I sit in on your meeting.

JEN

Thanks Mr. Ross.

MATHEWS

Evans is sitting in for Lieutenant Thompson. He can't be here. They found another body at Walby Lake.

CHRIS ROSS

So...what do you have for us Ms. White?

JEN

The thing that stands out the most about this killer, is the short duration between killings.

CHRIS ROSS

The medical lab couldn't tell exactly when these girls were killed.

WILKES

The dates the girls were reported missing are just days apart.

JEN

Also, if you look at the photo of the bodies found at Glaciers Pass they all look equally decayed.

CHRIS ROSS

Yes...but...the medical lab's report...

JEN

The same with the Walby Lake photos.

CHRIS ROSS

True. So you hypothesize he kills in spurts.

JEN

So it seems.

CHRIS ROSS

How quickly between durations?

JEN

It seems he kills three or four women in the time-span of only a few days.

CHRIS ROSS

Why?

JEN

It reflects his fixation. He's in his own world. Oblivious to everyone else.

MATHEWS

Where does that lead us?

WILKES

Do you think he'll return to Walby Lake? They just found a third girl.

EVANS

His number seems to be four. There could still be a body we haven't found.

MATHEWS

(to Chris Ross)

With all the attention at Walby Lake do you think he would be foolish enough to go back?

CHRIS ROSS

I think he'll move on.

MATHEWS

I want a stake out at Walby Lake anyway in case he chances it.

CHRIS ROSS

That's a good idea especially if he's as fixated as Dr. White mentions.

JEN

He won't want to get caught.

MATHEWS

Perhaps. We have to be worried about public perception as well Ms. White. Wouldn't look good if we didn't take precautions.

JEN

The bodies from Walby Lake are fresh.

CHRIS ROSS

Jen if he's the Glaciers' Pass killer why didn't he chose another remote area out there?

JEN

These secluded areas are his private rooms. They are where he best connects with the women.

CHRIS ROSS

If he connects with them at all.

JEN

He does. As animals. That way he does not feel demoralized by them as he does when he views them as people.

CHRIS ROSS

So, we've invaded his privacy at Glaciers Pass? So he looks for another secluded area far away from it to ensure privacy.

JEN

Yes.

CHRIS ROSS

If you were to meet him, what do you think he would say his life is like?

JEN

Loner. Does not connect with women emotionally. Objectifies them as animals so he can relate to them on some level.

CHRIS ROSS

Is he married?

JEN

I cannot discern. Here's why. He feels out of control with most women. They judge him based on his looks. Its like he's not a real person to them. They actually objectify him. He either separates each woman's reaction toward him or he blurs how women react to him as a representation of all women. If he separates them then he's probably married to a woman who looks at him and sees a person and is not repulsed by his looks because he'll connect with her on a real emotional level as a person with healthy sexual relations.

EVANS

Huh. Makes sense. I never really thought about how much unattractive people suffer. Even those simple, quick looks away from making eye contact with a person. Years of that could create a detachment toward people in general.

MATHEWS

What else do you have for us?

JEN

He kills with one shot. Exact precision. From the back, through the heart, each time.

WILKES

Think he's a hunting guide?

JEN

May be. I think he's got a great aim. Too good.

Jen puts a pamphlet of Pope and Young records on the table. And the Alaskan Bowhunters Association pamphlet.

JEN (CONT'D)

He's probably a member of the Pope and Young Club or the Alaskan Bowhunters Association.

Wilkes picks up the pamphlets, glances at them.

WILKES

He kills the women with a gun. Not a bow and arrow.

Holds up pamphlets.

WILKES (CONT'D)

These clubs are for bowhunters.

JEN

Professional hunters hang out with other professional hunters. They're the only hunting clubs in Alaska.

EVANS

It's actually something that hasn't been considered. We should follow-up on it.

MATHEWS

Agreed.

JEN

We probably haven't found all his gravesites.

WILKES

How many more do you think there could be?

JEN

It's been a decade since you found the girls at Glaciers Pass. He's probably got at least ten more sites.

WILKES

I'll start sifting through missing girl reports that are close in date each year since 2001.

(MORE)

WILKES (CONT'D)

Place those that are an appropriate match into his file as possible victims.

JEN

It's likely you'll never find these other gravesites.

(to Mathews)

Chief Mathews. Bill Hughes is the man who showed me the gravesite at Glaciers Pass.

MATHEWS

Bill Hughes? Josephine Hughes' father?

JEN

Yes. He came to the campus this morning. Spoke with me again.

MATHEWS

What did he say?

JEN

Not much. Just wants to help.

MATHEWS

Understandable. Don't share any information with him, Dr. White. As understandable as it may be, we can't afford to have him take justice into his own hands.

WILKES

Must be why he frequents the gravesite.

(to Jen)

In case the killer returns.

EVANS

Possible vigilante?

WILKES

Exactly.

MATHEWS

Evans, get me Pope & Young membership directories for the past two decades.

EVANS

Yes sir.

MATHEWS
This meeting's dismissed.

TROOPERS IN UNISON
Sir.

CHRIS ROSS
Nice to meet you Dr. White.

JEN
You too Mr. Ross.

EVANS, WILKES AND CHRIS ROSS

leave the room.

JEN AND MATHEWS

remain.

MATHEWS
Did you get a gun, like I
mentioned?

JEN
I'm looking into it, Chief Mathews.

MATHEWS
Good.

JEN
Chief?

MATHEWS
Yes.

JEN
Bill Hughes had a bracelet of his
daughter's that he found at
Glaciers Pass.

MATHEWS
Okay. I'll take care of it.

Jen is uncomfortable.

MATHEWS (CONT'D)
What's wrong Jen?

JEN
I feel like I'm stabbing an
innocent father in the back.

MATHEWS

How so?

JEN

By taking away the only memory he
has of his child. That
bracelet...is memories.

EXT. PALMER - DAY

Novack's hand ZIPS the body bag. We see Mona Fuchs' blue face
for the last time.

Novack stands in the middle of the frozen Walby Lake. A huge
circle cut out of the ice.

THOMPSON

stands in the short distance.

NOVACK

SNAPS a belt around his waist.

NOVACK

See you back up top Lieutenant.

Thompson nods.

NOVACK

heads to shore. The sled with the body bag pulled behind him.

VOLUNTEER BUSH

twenty feet to Novack's right, pulls a sled with the 50 pound
drill.

A CRACK of the ICE. We see the crack run five feet in length.

INT. UAA - NIGHT

A naked tree limb scratches the outside of Jen's office
window.

Jen looks outside from her desk.

It's dark. Crisp air blows in through the cracked window.

A vision flashes in her minds' eye -

EXT. KNIK RIVER, ALASKA - NIGHT

Vanessa sits in the passenger seat of the Killer's small private plane that flies over Knik River, Alaska.

Inside the plane Vanessa's hands are cuffed to the door handle.

She YANKS on the handcuffs The door handle wiggles. Her wrists grow red.

She glances sideways sees the Hunter. He wears a white Cabela's goose down parka with a white balaclava over his face and Plaque colored sclerae to cover his eyes.

/JEN HEARS VANESSA/ (V.O.)
'Bastard!'

She YANKS hard on the handcuffs again to loosen the door handle it's wrapped around.

INT. UAA - NIGHT

Jen shakes her head from the vision. She adjusts herself in her chair.

Her wrists have distinct red lines around them. She pulls down the long sleeves of her deep red turtleneck sweater to cover them.

Jen closes the file, walks to the window. She stares out into the night sky.

EXT. KNIK RIVER - NIGHT

Vanessa looks out the window of the Killer's private plane. She sees a snowstorm.

/JEN HEARS VANESSA/ (V.O.)
'Looks like you're going to have to
turn back.'

/JEN HEARS HUNTER/ (V.O.)
'I hunt deer year round.'

Vanessa bumps her right temple against the window as she jerks her hands to release herself from the handle.

(At the same time we see, overlaying,

INT. UAA - NIGHT

In Jen's office Jen stands at the window, her arms wrap around her chest for warmth.

She reaches up, touches her right temple.

Pulls her hand away in pain.

The WIND BLOWS in THROUGH the WINDOW.)

FADE BACK TO -

EXT. KNIK RIVER - NIGHT

The Hunter descends.

Inside the private plane Vanessa breaks the handle free from the door.

She kicks the door open, jumps from the plane as it nears the ground.

She rolls, stumble-stands, stumble-runs toward the pine trees.

She disappears as the snow comes down harder.

The heavy winds immediately blow away her foot tracks.

PLANE

lands on a frozen sandbar.

(At same time we see, overlaying,

INT. UAA - NIGHT

Jen stares out the office window.

DAVE HURLEY

stands quietly by the office door. He watches Jen. Jen is not aware of his presence.

The wind continues to blow in through the window, a light snowfall outside.)

FADE BACK TO -

EXT. KNIK RIVER - NIGHT

We see a blinding blizzard behind Vanessa. Snow wall thick enough to prevent sight of the plane or Killer.

Vanessa drags her feet through the thick snow.

She's amongst the pine trees.

The snowstorm blinds her ability to see far in front of her or behind her. A solid blanket of white.

She comes upon a tree where snow is piled up and digs a hole by its roots.

She crawls inside and covers herself.

HUNTER

Near his plane.

HUNTER
Where are you?

He steps in the blinding snow.

HUNTER (CONT'D)
I'm going to find you.

VANESSA

Inside the snow mound with only a hole to breathe through.

Vanessa's hands are near her face, she looks at the white gold wedding band on her finger.

She hears the WHINE of the WIND outside, falls asleep.

INT. UAA - NIGHT

DAVE HURLEY
Professor White?

JEN
(turns)
Dave...Hi.

DAVE HURLEY
Aren't you going home?

JEN

Yes.

DAVE HURLEY

It's 10:30. The drive home is over an hour.

She glances at her office clock. The face reads 10:30.

JEN

My ride hasn't shown up yet.

DAVE HURLEY

Mark Lewis?

Jen looks at him.

DAVE HURLEY (CONT'D)

He's a player Jen. Women are sport for him.

Jen gathers her things.

DAVE HURLEY (CONT'D)

I'll walk you to your car.

JEN

No. That's alright Dave. I'm going to give Mark a little more time.

DAVE HURLEY

You sure?

JEN

Yes. Thanks Dave.

DAVE HURLEY

Jen, aren't you at all concerned about your reputation?

Jen looks at him.

DAVE HURLEY (CONT'D)

Alright. I crossed a line. I apologize. Well, if you need anything...you know how to reach me.

Mark walks in.

MARK

What's going on?

Dave quickly backs off.

DAVE HURLEY
Nothing. I was just leaving.

He nods to Jen, then Mark.

He leaves.

JEN

closes the window. Locks it.

Leaves the room

Mark behind her. He turns off the lights. Closes the door.

INT. JEN'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Jen opens the backdoor. Flips the light switch. Lights come on.

Jen takes a deep breath. Unwraps the scarf around her neck. Snow drops to the floor.

JEN
Come on in Mark.

Mark steps in behind her. Takes a deep sniff of the air.

MARK
Mmmmm. Nothing like the smell of a
log home. I love it here.

JEN

pulls off her gloves.

MARK

shuts the backdoor after him.

He looks her over from head-to-toe. Obviously attracted to her. He steps up to kiss her. Smells and nuzzles her neck. Bear hugs her from behind.

Jen jerks away.

MARK (CONT'D)
Your bruise, I forgot.

Mark steps away.

JEN
It's not you. It's me.

He approaches her again, guides his mouth up to her lips.
Kisses her.

MARK
(whispers to her)
I'm sorry. It won't happen again.

Jen reaches her arms behind his neck. The red scars on her wrists show. She sees. Pulls away.

She takes off her coat.

Mark offers to help her.

JEN
That's alright I got it.

MARK
Okay.

He pulls off his coat. Hangs it up. Takes hers, hangs it up beside his.

Walks around kitchen island to the stove to cook.

Jen pulls down her long sleeves to cover the marks.

Mark stands with his back to Jen.

Jen sits at the kitchen island.

Spreads out photos from Walby Lake case on kitchen island.

Mark turns. Sees photos. Closes his eyes and shakes his head in disapproval.

MARK (CONT'D)
Mmm. How can you do that?

JEN
(looks up)
What?

MARK
Look at those?

He walks around island, kitchen towel over his shoulder. He reaches out, grabs her arm, pulls her toward him.

MARK (CONT'D)
Come here.

Jen jerks her arm away, so her wrists do not show.

Mark stops pulling her toward him. Looks bothered.

MARK (CONT'D)
I'm beginning to think you don't
like me.

JEN
No. I do.

He goes back to the stove, prepares dinner.

Jen picks up photos and paperwork.

JEN (CONT'D)
(to Mark's back)
I'll just take these to the living
room.

Mark nods agreement without looking at her.

MARK
That's a good idea.

LIVING ROOM

Later on Jen sits on floor, back against couch.

MARK

places dirty dishes in the kitchen sink.

He walks into the living room. Nervously wipes his hands with
kitchen towel.

MARK
Um. Jen, we need to talk.

JEN

looks up.

Mark looks at her, disturbed. He presses his lips together.

MARK (CONT'D)
I insist of letting you borrow my
gun.

JEN
Mark, I...

MARK
End of discussion.
(nods to photos)
(MORE)

MARK (CONT'D)

Those are very disturbing. They didn't print those in the newspaper.

Goes back into the kitchen.

MARK (CONT'D)

I'll go get it out of my truck for you.

LIVING ROOM

Later that night. Mark sleeps on couch with his face toward the wall, his back to Jen.

She sits on the floor asleep. Her back against base of couch, neck arched backwards against the seat.

Her head barely touches Mark's back.

INT. JEN'S HOUSE - DAY

The morning sunlight fills the room.

EXT. HUNTER'S HOUSE - DAY

Inside the Wooden Shed sunlight filters the small building.

The WIND BREEZES THROUGH the GAPS and KNOTS in the wood.

WATER BOILS.

The shadow of the Hunter at his steel workbench. Long pants, long shirt sleeves, sturdy gloves, eye protection, boots.

He takes the hot DIPPER out of boiling water, dries it off.

DIPS IT in the container of molten lead, pours the molten lead into a cast frame.

He PUTS the DIPPER DOWN. Picks up a solidified mold. Carefully DEBURRS it.

Cleans it with an alcohol solvent to remove the protective film of oil.

He *twists* the mold to test alignment. It's sturdy.

He holds it at eye level, looks through. Light passes except at the corners.

He POURS COPPER into the customized six-bullet steel mold.

He picks up a third mold, opens it. Views six solidified copper bullets.

He carefully takes one out, holds it up, admires it.

Outside, his DOG BARKS.

EXT. ANCHORAGE, ALASKA - DAY

One month later. Its afternoon. Downtown Anchorage. Teams of Iditarod dogs BARK as they wait for the race to begin.

The crowd stands in excitement as the DOG MUSHERS make final preparations for their teams.

A large BANNER that reads 'Iditarod' hangs on light posts over the street.

JEN AND PROFESSOR SAMPSON

stand amongst the crowd. Warm coffee cups in their hands.

SAMPSON
Sleeping better?

Jen smiles. Says nothing. Sips her coffee. Steam comes from the cup and her breath.

SAMPSON (CONT'D)
Like Alaska Jen?

JEN
A lot.

SAMPSON
Hard not too.

JEN
Three meetings and I've missed each one.

SAMPSON
Four. But whose counting.

Sampson smiles.

SAMPSON (CONT'D)
My life's been easy Jen. Everything has fallen into place. I married my high school sweetheart. We have two wonderful kids.
(MORE)

SAMPSON (CONT'D)

And here twenty-four years later
we're still married with our baby
now a freshman in college.

JEN

Must be nice.

SAMPSON

It is. Which is why it makes this
even harder to bring up.

Jen doesn't say anything. She waits.

SAMPSON (CONT'D)

Your relationship with Mark.

JEN

Yes...

SAMPSON

As far as I'm concerned it's
between you two. However, some of
the other professors have taken
notice.

JEN

Oh.

SAMPSON

Jen, he is a student.

JEN

I know.

SAMPSON

But not yours. Which is why we
agreed it was not our place to
intervene.

JEN

(looks at Sampson)

Thanks Professor Sampson.

SAMPSON

It might help if you two met off
campus rather than driving away
together in the same vehicle from
campus. That way the other students
won't take notice.

JEN

Alright.

SAMPSON

The way I see it Jen, how many times in life do we find someone we enjoy being with?

JEN

Not many.

SAMPSON

Exactly.

DOG MUSHERS

stand in their sleds in wait.

A SHOT rings through the air, announcing the race has begun.

The Dog MusherS MUSH and their dogs pull the sleds down the street of Downtown Anchorage.

CROWD

CHEERS as the teams head off.

JEN AND SAMPSON

walk down the sidewalk.

SAMPSON (CONT'D)

As long as you do your job. I suppose that's all that matters. Here.

Sampson pulls a letter crumpled in her coat pocket.

JEN

What's this?

SAMPSON

A letter from Professor Sanders.

Jen opens the envelope. Pulls out the letter. Unfolds it. Reads.

PROFESSOR SANDERS (V.O.)

'Dear Professor White, I got word that you were providing a profile of the killer to assist the police on my daughter's case. Your kindness is greatly appreciated. Thank you.'

Jen folds the letter. Puts it in her pocket.

JEN

Thank you.

SAMPSON

If you miss a few more meetings we understand.

INT. APD - DAY

Later that day. Novack interrogates BILL HUGHES 49, slender man, salt and pepper hair. Solid features.

NOVACK

You're going to have to turn over the bracelet Mr. Hughes.

BILL HUGHES

I'm telling you Jason, I don't have it.

ADJOINING ROOM

Jen enters the room that adjoins the interrogation room.

Mathews and Thompson already inside.

Jen and Mathews look into the interrogation room. She sees Novack interrogate a man.

JEN

Who is he?

MATHEWS

Bill Hughes.

JEN

That's not him.

MATHEWS

Dr. White. That *is* Bill Hughes, Josephine Hughes' father.

JEN

That's not the man who identified himself to me as Bill Hughes.

Mathews nods to Thompson.

Thompson opens door to interrogation room.

Shakes his head 'no' to Novack.

INTERROGATION ROOM

NOVACK

You're free to go Mr. Hughes. Sorry about any misunderstanding.

Bill stands.

BILL HUGHES

It's okay Jason. Just doing your job.

Grabs his coat from behind the chair. Puts it on. Looks at the *one-way* double paned interrogation window.

He walks outside the interrogation room.

HALLWAY

Mathews, Jen, Thompson.

BILL HUGHES

Lieutenant Thompson. Chief Mathews.

MATHEWS

Mr. Hughes.

Bill Hughes looks at Jen for a moment. Then to Thompson.

BILL HUGHES

(to Thompson)

I bought her that bracelet when she was just a little girl. And you left it at the site for him to come back and get it?

THOMPSON

Mr. Hughes I...

BILL HUGHES

She added a new charm to it each year. She loved that bracelet. She said it reminded her of me. And how safe I made her feel as her father.

THOMPSON

Josephine must have taken it off so he couldn't take it away from her. And the snow covered it. We never saw it. I'm sorry Bill.

BILL HUGHES

You know who he is, don't you?

Thompson looks down, ashamed.

BILL HUGHES (CONT'D)
That's alright, Lieutenant. If you
find it, please return it.

Bill Hughes takes his leave.

INT. UAA - NIGHT

The SOUND of SKATES ON ICE as Mark stops. He looks up at the stands and sees Jen.

/JEN HEARS MARK'S THOUGHT/
'Mmmmmmm.'

JEN

looks up.

MARK

stares at her with a smile. He waves.

MARK
Taking a break Coach.

COACH LATIMER
Hurry it up Mark.

Mark skates to team box. Puts hockey stick down. UNZIPS his duffle bag. Pulls out a manila envelope.

He skates off the ice.

Walks padded floor to Jen.

Sits. Huge smile.

MARK
I have something for you.

He hands it to her.

Jen tickled, unwinds string.

JEN
What is it?

MARK
Don't open it now. Open it when you
get home.

JEN

Alright.

MARK

You need to head on home. There's suppose to be a whiteout tonight.

JEN

What's that?

MARK

Means you won't be able to see to drive home, if you get caught in it.

Mark kisses her on the cheek.

MARK (CONT'D)

Luckily no one is around to say anything. While I do something naughty with a younger woman.

Jen looks at the other Players.

MARK (CONT'D)

They'll never say anything. They're on my team. I'll meet you at your house when practice is through.

JEN

Okay.

He runs back across padded floor to the rink.

Jen gathers her things.

EXT. PALMER-WASILLA HIGHWAY - NIGHT

Inside Jen's car WINDSHIELD WIPER'S WIPE loudly. It's still light outside. Jen is mesmerized in thought.

DAVE HURLEY'S TRUCK

follows Jen about fifty feet back. He drives cautiously on the iced over roads. (We cannot see who he is.)

Jen looks out the passenger's side window at the snow on the passing ground.

She looks across the frozen tundra, one hundred feet further from the edge of the highway.

A vision flashes before her eyes -

EXT. KNIK RIVER - NIGHT

Killer, up close, 30-06 SAKO Finlight in hand, runs. The CRUNCH of snow under his feet.

PATRICIA BRAY 24

Naked, runs, arms flail at her sides.

SNOW WHIPS onto her cold face and body.

Her BREATHS CRISP, white with fear.

She glances back, the SOUND of the WIND SLICES behind her, her HAIR SLASHES across her frozen face.

KILLER

We see the snow covered landscape from overhead.

A glimpse of the Killer. Too distant to recognize.

Further behind him, his private plane.

EXT. PALMER-WASILLA HIGHWAY - NIGHT

Inside Jen's car Jen shakes her head to force back the vision.

In her rearview mirror we see Dave's truck closer than before. (We still cannot see who he is.)

Jen doesn't notice.

The vision forces itself back onto her -

EXT. KNIK RIVER - NIGHT

Patricia looks in front and around her.

She sees wide-open space. (At the same time we see, overlaying,

EXT. PALMER-WASILLA HIGHWAY - NIGHT

Jen sits behind the steering wheel.)

/JEN HEARS PATRICIA'S THOUGHTS/ (V.O.)
'Why am I running? I know I'm going
to die.'

EXT. KNIK RIVER - NIGHT

Tears freeze on Patricia's cheeks as she CRIES.

Her eyelashes cake with frozen tears.

Red marks on her face from the biting snow.

EXT. PALMER-WASILLA HIGHWAY - NIGHT

Inside Jen's car we see red marks cover Jen's face.

She touches her face, quickly pulls her hand away from the stinging sensation.

SEMI-TRUCK

The oncoming Semi's HORN BLARES as it SWERVES on the iced highway to miss Jen's vehicle which is across the divider.

Jen looks up and notices her error.

She SWERVES toward the shoulder of the highway.

The Semi BARELY MISSES Jen's vehicle.

The DRIVER BLARES it's HORN as it continues down the highway.

Jen, uncomfortable, drives on.

The vision continues -

EXT. KNIK RIVER - NIGHT

Patricia is amongst the pine trees. Whiteout conditions take over.

/JEN HEARS PATRICIA'S THOUGHTS/ (V.O.)
'Don't look back. Keep going.'

SNOW FALLS OFF the pine BRANCHES ONTO the GROUND below.

KILLER

The Killer puts his 30-06 SAKO Finlight at face level.

He looks down his circular Zeiss scope.

A red dot reflects back to him off the whiteout.

He FIRES.

TREE

The BULLET SCREAMS through the air.

A TREE RICOCHETS from the bullet's impact.

PATRICIA

SNOW PLOPS down from its limbs next to Patricia below.

KILLER

The Killer bends down, picks up bullet case. Pockets it.

The Killer aims his Zeiss scope to the ground.

Red light still reflects back on him.

He spots a footprint of Patricia's. He FOLLOWS her track.

PATRICIA

Patricia walks, arms out in front of her to protect her from bumping into something.

Unable to see, she CRIES in desperation.

KILLER

He hears her FAINT CRIES. Aims off to his right. SHOOTS.

PATRICIA

Patricia's right shoulder is SKIMMED.

She reaches with her left hand onto her right shoulder. Sees blood.

Blood *comes* through her fingers.

It DRIPS onto the snow.

She glances behind her but sees a wall of white fog. She runs ahead not sure where to go.

KILLER

The Killer picks up the fallen bullet case, PLACES IT in his pocket.

Killer wears his Cabela's white goose down parka and white balaclava. He has Blue Colored Sclerae in his eyes.

PATRICIA

A pine limb that hangs low WHACKS Patricia on her face. Her nose starts to bleed.

EXT. PALMER-WASILLA HIGHWAY - NIGHT

Blood comes out of Jen's nose. TEARS out of her eyes.

Dave sits inside his truck, he sees Jen's right blinker flash. He slows down. (We still cannot see who he is.)

Jen PULLS ONTO the SHOULDER of the highway.

She turns at the SOUND of DAVE'S TRUCK as it SPEEDS UP behind her and passes. (We still cannot see who he is.)

She sees the back of Dave's head.

Snow SLUSH KICKS up off the tires of the truck and SPEWS across Jen's windshield.

EXT. KNIK RIVER - NIGHT

Killer enters the edge of the woods.

He sees blood droplets in the snow.

Bends and scoops one up in his gloved hand.

Out of the corner of his eye, he spots movement.

He raises his rifle, steadies on the movement, FIRES.

TREE

We hear a TREE LIMB CRACK and BREAK when the bullet hits it.

PATRICIA

Patricia falls to her knees.

Tilts head back, palms upward and out.

CRIES OUT LOUD.

PATRICIA
Nooooo!! Gooddddd! Nooooo!

KILLER

The Killer moves in the direction of her voice.

He sees more blood spots in the snow.

He spots a blur of skin color. Aims, FIRES.

PATRICIA

The BULLET GOES THROUGH Patricia's back, clear through her chest and out of her body.

She falls dead, face to the ground.

Blood trickles out of her nose and mouth.

EXT. PALMER-WASILLA HIGHWAY - NIGHT

Inside Jen's car. Blood drips down Jen's nose, eyes red with tears.

JEN
(softly)
Noooo! Nooo! No! No! No! No!

She leans her head back. Cries.

JEN (CONT'D)
Gooddddd! No!

She squeezes the steering wheel with a white knuckle grip.

SOUND of LOUD KNOCKS at the driver's door window echo in her head.

JEN (CONT'D)
(cries more softly)
Nooooo!

She barely sees the red brake lights of Dave's truck parked in front of her vehicle through her windshield.

Jen realizes the SOUND of LOUD KNOCKS at her window.

She turns to look out the window. *Sees Dave's face next to the window. (We see who he is.)*

DAVE HURLEY
(yells)
Hey, are you alright?

Jen shakes with fear.

Dave KNOCKS on the window.

DAVE HURLEY (CONT'D)
Are you alright?

Jen slightly UNROLLS her window.

DAVE HURLEY (CONT'D)
Here.

He slips a handkerchief in through the crack.

DAVE HURLEY (CONT'D)
I almost ran you over when you
parked on the side of the road.
Wanted to make sure you're alright.

Wipes blood from her nose with the handkerchief.

JEN
(body shakes)
Yeah, I'm fine. Thanks Dave.

DAVE HURLEY
It's not safe to park on the side
of the road in the dead of winter.
Did you get a flat or something?

JEN
No.

Gives Jen a serious look through the cracked window.

Dave looks around him. They're in whiteout conditions.

DAVE HURLEY
We're in whiteout conditions. It's
extremely dangerous. Follow me.
I'll drive slow so you can see me.

Jen nods her head with acceptance.

JEN
Thanks Dave.

DAVE HURLEY
Seems I'm your lucky charm today.

With discomfort, she smiles.

JEN
Yeah.

DAVE HURLEY
(hesitates)
Hey look. The other day, I didn't
mean to...

JEN
Don't worry about it.

She brushes it off.

DAVE HURLEY
I don't really know Mark Lewis.
I've just heard things about it.

JEN
It's alright. Forget it.

DAVE HURLEY
No Jen. I owe you an apology. I'm
sorry.

JEN
No hard feelings.

DAVE HURLEY
Alright.

JEN
And you can buy my next cup of
coffee.

DAVE HURLEY
Agreed.

She watches him disappear as he walks back to his truck.

Snow floats in through the window crack, lands on her red
marked face. Melts.

EXT. JEN'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Later that night. Jen turns into her semi-circular driveway.

DAVE HURLEY

HONKS. His truck barely visible, he waves, drives on.

A few moments later Jen stands in the middle of her open front yard. White engulfs her. She FALLS to her knees. Buries her head in her hands. Cries.

JEN

Why me?

Steam forms from her breath.

INT. JEN'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Steam comes out off the water in the tub. Jen lies naked inside. She SCOOPS WATER with her hand and BRUSHES it over her.

We see her neck mark, wrist marks and chest bruise. She STANDS in the tub. Water pours off her.

LIVING ROOM

Later. Jen wears red silk, pant pajamas with a pair of long johns underneath. Asleep on the couch.

Mark sits in easy chair beside her. Reads a hockey magazine. The magazine RUSTLES as he turns the page.

Jen barely opens her eyes from sleep. Sees Mark.

/JEN HEARS MARK'S THOUGHT/

'God you're beautiful.'

JEN

What time is it?

MARK

Don't worry about it...

Mark watches her head fall back onto the pillow, her eyes shut, she's asleep.

EXT. KNIK RIVER - DAY

Two months later. Early morning. A shot RINGS. The bull moose falls. Two hunters, LARRY MILLER 54 and TEM KNUDSEN 53, who kneel behind a log stand up.

TEM
He should last us all year.

Tem WALKS OVER to the moose and kneels beside it.

LARRY
Definitely a beauty.

Larry walks over to join him.

Tem turns to look at Larry, he spots something in the distance.

TEM
Miller?
(he nods in the direction)

LARRY
What is it?

TEM
It looks like...
(in disbelief)

LARRY
What's wrong, Tem?

Larry looks around.

TEM
They're everywhere.

EXT. KNIK RIVER - DAY

Much later that day VOLUNTEERS are spread out and scavenge the area.

Troopers area near the bodies.

EVANS
Hunting Season must be open year
round.

Evans approaches Thompson.

THOMPSON
Morning Evans.

EVANS

Good morning Lieutenant Thompson.

Thompson kneels down beside a victim, STACY STEWART 15.

EVANS (CONT'D)

There's a clearing two miles from here. He probably landed there. Let her loose. Stalked her like an animal from there.

THOMPSON

Do you know what kind of bullets he used?

EVANS

No.

THOMPSON

What about bullet casings?

EVANS

The Volunteers are still looking.

THOMPSON

We need those to match a gun so we can track him.

Chief Mathews walks up.

THOMPSON (CONT'D)

Some out-of-season hunters found this graveyard.

Thompson walks over to KIM ADAMS 18.

MATHEWS

How many have been found?

THOMPSON

Seven.

MATHEWS

Have you checked the surrounding area?

THOMPSON

We're searching within a five mile radius.

MATHEWS

(to Evans)

Evans, find out how much longer till Dr. White gets here.

EVANS

Yes sir.

Evans veers away from Mathews. He calls PILOT GEOFF FOSTER 49, on his walkie-talkie.

THOMPSON

Dr. White?

MATHEWS

I want her to experience the crime scene firsthand.

THOMPSON

We can't have her jeopardize the case.

MATHEWS

I'll be responsible for her, Lieutenant.

Evans approaches Mathews.

EVANS

Dr. White departed Merrill Field Airport 50 minutes ago. She should be here in another 10 minutes.

THOMPSON

She shouldn't be here at all.

EVANS

Come on Thompson...Chris Ross can't be here. VICAP may have the best and most trained but they don't have enough staff to handle all the cases.

Thompson gives. Focuses his eyes on victim.

MATHEWS

Lieutenant Thompson...

THOMPSON

Sir?

MATHEWS

Keep this out of the papers for awhile. Until we decide what we want to get out to the public.

THOMPSON

Yes sir.

Mathews, Evans and Thompson walk over to the third victim, CONSTANCE EDMUNDS 19.

SCOTT WEATHERS

walks up.

WEATHERS

Knik River is a favorite hunting ground for trophy hunters. The largest trophies are found here.

MATHEWS

Dr. White thought he was a professional.

WEATHERS

Most definitely. Probably does it for sport.

Weathers looks at the hole in Constance's back, closes his eyes.

Thompson stands.

EVANS

The hunters who found this area claim this isn't their usual spot.

THOMPSON

I suspect they won't be back anytime soon.

MATHEWS

Probably not.

EVANS

We ran a background check on both of them.

MATHEWS

Good.

EVANS

They came back clean.

FRANK POWELL

kneels around the fourth victim, BETTY GRAHM 20. He dusts away a light layer of snow.

POWELL

Chief, come look at this. We have a footprint.

MATHEWS

Are you sure Trooper Powell?

POWELL

Yes.

Mathews walks over. We see a boot print with distinct track.

POWELL (CONT'D)

It's only a partial. But it's enough.

Powell mixes a mixture. Pours a mold.

TROOPERS ALBER SILVER 43 AND NATHAN TROST 47

bag the hands and feet of each victim to preserve any possible evidence under their fingertips and toenails.

EXT. KNIK RIVER - DAY

Jen, in a small Anchorage Police Department rented private plane, is flown to the area.

She and Pilot Geoff Foster both wear headpieces and mouthpieces.

PILOT GEOFF FOSTER

It's a pretty gruesome sight.

Geoff Foster looks back at Jen.

JEN

I'll be alright.

PILOT GEOFF FOSTER

(looks down at the sandbar)

We're almost there.

Jen acknowledges him with nods.

JEN

Thanks Geoff.

She looks below, sees eight small planes and ninth large one to transport four-wheelers. They sit on a sandbar.

We see an overview of the sandbar and treeline.

We see a distant shot of the private plane.

The aircraft lands.

Jen gets out.

Wilkes meets her, places an Anchorage Police Department jacket around her for warmth.

Points to a four-wheeler.

WILKES

To make the journey easier.

Jen hops on behind Wilkes. He drives off.

They approach the treeline.

GRAVESITE

Evans listens to his walkie-talkie. Walks over to Mathews.

EVANS

Dr. White has landed. She'll be here any minute.

THOMPSON

Make sure she doesn't step in Trooper Powell's footprint mold.

SOUND of FOUR-WHEELER as it comes into view.

Wilkes PARKS. He and Jen walk the distance left.

Thompson sort of eyes Jen.

MATHEWS

Thank you for coming out on short notice Dr. White.

JEN

Thanks for inviting me Chief Mathews.

THOMPSON

Jen.

JEN

Lieutenant Thompson.

Thompson stares at Jen.

Jen looks around, grows pale.

THOMPSON

Nothing can prepare you for this. Don't touch anything.

Thompson walks away.

WEATHERS

It looks like a trophy den.

JEN

What's that?

WEATHERS

Hunters mount the heads of the animals they kill as trophies. Then, put them on their den wall to show them off.

We see Kim Adams.

We see Patricia Bray.

Jen freezes when she sees her. The light red marks on her face disappear.

MATHEWS

Recognize her?

Jen does not respond.

MATHEWS (CONT'D)

Maybe this wasn't such a good idea?

JEN

I'll be fine.

THOMPSON

looks over at them from where he squats beside ALICE SEWELL 22, the sixth victim.

WILLIAM GOSNEY

jogs up.

GOSNEY

(to Mathews)

Sir we found one more body. 'Bout a mile away.

Jen looks at Mathews.

JEN

May I go?

MATHEWS

(nods)

Certainly.

THOMPSON
Get some fresh air.

MATHEWS
Thompson. Jen rides with you.

Mathews heads out. Weathers walks beside him.

Mathews nods to Gosney as he climbs on a four-wheeler.

Gosney TAKES OFF.

Weathers mounts his own.

THOMPSON
(yells out a command to
the troopers)
Get these bodies out of here and to
the lab.
(on second thought)
Keep the volunteers away from the
bodies.

Thompson walks ahead of Jen to fourth four-wheeler.

THOMPSON (CONT'D)
We had a suspect. Aaron Stein.

JEN
I didn't read about him in the
reports.

THOMPSON
I know. I had all suspects pulled
from the file that was handed over
to you.

JEN
Thanks for giving me a chance to
present my profile to Chris Ross.

THOMPSON
He was impressed and we noticed
that Aaron Stein is not a very good
looking man.

Jen blushes.

THOMPSON (CONT'D)
What?

JEN
It embarrasses me.

THOMPSON

What does?

Thompson hops on fourth four-wheeler. Jen behind him.

JEN

It's humiliating to present a psychological analysis based on one's physical attributes. He can't control the ways he looks.

THOMPSON

We should have showed you his photo.

JEN

Why?

THOMPSON

He may be the man whose been following you.

Thompson takes off.

GOSNEY, MATHEWS AND WEATHERS

drive through the woods, STICKS CRACK under the tires as the four-wheelers ride over the land.

We see an overview of the area as they drive toward the eighth girl.

Gosney comes to a stop.

GOSNEY

(nods)

She's over there.

We see a girl in fetal position, handcuffs on her wrists, broken door handle pieces in it, forearms cuddle her breasts.

THOMPSON AND JEN

get off the four-wheeler. Thompson leads.

Weathers just ahead of them.

GOSNEY (CONT'D)

No bullet wounds.

(to Mathews)

Appears she died from exposure.

Jen sees the white gold wedding band.

FLASHBACK - EXT. KNIK RIVER - NIGHT

A snowstorm, Vanessa Paley in the fetal position, alive, breathes through the hole in the snow mound she's buried under beside the tree.

FLASHBACK ENDS

Thompson sees Jen's wrists, the red marks around them disappear. He shakes off what he saw.

GOSNEY

Apparently, he couldn't track her.

WEATHERS

Even if he did. He would have left her here. Away from the rest.

GOSNEY

Why?

WEATHERS

Hunters only mount trophies they kill.

EXT. KNIK RIVER - DAY

Inside the private plane Geoff Foster pilots. Mathews sits beside him. Jen behind Mathews.

They wear headpieces and mouthpieces.

JEN

Didn't you say a third girl was found at Walby Lake?

MATHEWS

Yes.

JEN

Mind if I come back with you to the station and look at her photo?

MATHEWS

Sure. Not a problem.

INT. APD - NIGHT

Later that night. Mathews hands Jen a photo.

MATHEWS

This is the third girl.

We see Mona Fuchs' face.

Jen recognizes her.

Hands photo back to Mathews.

Jen takes a deep breath. Places her right hand over her heart area.

Closes her eyes. This time no pain crosses Jen's face.

INT. JEN'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Jen wears a black tank top inside the warm house. We see her chest, the bruise completely gone. She cooks dinner.

A KNOCK at her backdoor.

We see her back, that bruise is completely gone.

Jen steps away from the stove to answer the backdoor.

Sees no one outside.

Steps back into kitchen. STIRS FOOD.

Another KNOCK at the door.

Jen turns. Sees the definite outline of a man.

JEN

I'm coming.

She steps away from stove. Just out of eyeshot of backdoor as she walks over.

Back in eyeshot, at backdoor, no one is outside.

Jen looks at stove. Sees FOOD COOK.

Turns and sees Man through window of backdoor.

We hear food FRY.

Man WIGGLES DOORKNOB.

The SOUND of frying food grows louder.

Jen looks at stove. Sees food burn.

She turns to door. Man is gone.

Jen steps over to stove. Turns off burner.

Backdoor opens.

Jen's heart in her throat. She turns.

Mark takes off his coat.

MARK

Why didn't you let me in?

Jen stares at him. He shuts the door.

MARK (CONT'D)

Found the key under the flower pot
just off the porch.

He puts his coat on coat peg. Turns and looks at her. Her
face strained.

MARK (CONT'D)

What's wrong?

JEN

Were you just at the door?

MARK

Yes. And you wouldn't let me in.
Why?

Tears come out of her eyes from the strain.

She turns back to stove, turns burner on.

JEN

I'm sorry. I just...I thought you
were someone else.

MARK

Your mind's playing tricks on you.

He steps over to her. Wraps his arms around her from behind.
Leans up against her.

Nuzzles her neck.

MARK (CONT'D)

Don't worry about it. All our minds
play games with us from time to
time. You must have had a hard day.

He steps away from her. Looks her over.

MARK (CONT'D)

Your bruises are gone.

He kisses her back where she had a bruise.

EXT. ANCHORAGE, ALASKA - DAY

Next morning at the County Morgue the Medical Examiner,
DOCTOR JOE HARRIS 53, stands across from Jen.

DOCTOR HARRIS
It's interesting that Chief Mathews
sent you here.

JEN
Why's that?

The scapple in his hands in the victim. Steady he looks up at
Jen.

DOCTOR HARRIS
Honestly Jen, you're the first
Psychology Professor I've ever had
in my lab.

Doctor Harris looks inside the victim's body.

Thompson walks in.

THOMPSON
How long have you been here?

JEN
For about an hour.

Jen's uncomfortable.

Thompson notices.

So does Doctor Harris.

DOCTOR HARRIS
This is my lab Lieutenant Thompson.
She's welcome to be here.

Thompson glances a quick look over at Jen.

Doctor Harris gives a query look at Thompson.

DOCTOR HARRIS (CONT'D)
Ah huh.

Thompson is frustrated.

Doctor Harris sees.

DOCTOR HARRIS (CONT'D)
I can't tell yet whether he raped
them.

THOMPSON
Why?

DOCTOR HARRIS
I looked under their fingernails
and toenails. There's no sign of
struggle.

THOMPSON
That's good then, isn't it?

DOCTOR HARRIS
Most of the time they were limited
in motion. That is, until he let
them loose.

He walks over to Vanessa who no longer wears handcuffs. She
still wears her white gold band wedding ring.

DOCTOR HARRIS (CONT'D)
This one, she's pretty bruised up.
Probably from when she escaped.

Doctor Harris picks up a small bag next to her. We see a
couple strands of dog hair.

THOMPSON
Looks like dog hair.

DOCTOR HARRIS
It is.
(point to Vanessa)
Found these when I combed through
her hair.

THOMPSON
So we have his dog's DNA.

Doctor Harris laughs.

DOCTOR HARRIS
That's all we've got. I'll admit
them for testing.

THOMPSON
Why bother?

DOCTOR HARRIS

(shrugs)

Dogs can be identified by their DNA
just *like* humans.

INT. APD - DAY

Bullet petals lie on Weathers' workbench.

WEATHERS

The Medical Examiner found these in
each of the women.

JEN

What are they?

WEATHERS

Petals left behind after the bullet
shreds inside the body.

(to Thompson)

Were any bullet casings found at
the crime scene after I left?

THOMPSON

No.

WEATHERS

Means he's probably a re-loader.

JEN

What's a re-loader?

WEATHERS

A professional hunter who
manufactures his own bullets.

THOMPSON

Forensics 101.

WEATHERS

Hardly. It's the most advanced in-
home bullet design there is.

Thompson, straight faced, heads to the door.

WEATHERS (CONT'D)

Might not want to leave so fast.
Come look at this.

Thompson steps back into the room, walks over.

Jen keeps her distance.

WEATHERS (CONT'D)

Come on over Jen.

Weathers hands door handle to Thompson.

THOMPSON

Feels solid.

Thompson hands it to Jen.

WEATHERS

It is. Like cars, small aircraft were made of high-grade material ten, twenty years ago. The killer owns an older Super Cab airplane.

THOMPSON

That narrows it down to a couple hundred planes.

Heads to door.

WEATHERS

I'll call Merrill Field Airport. Get them to pull some lists for me.

THOMPSON

See if they keep track of dogs as passengers.

WEATHERS

Dogs?

THOMPSON

Yes. We have his dog's DNA.
(to Jen)

Chief Mathews wants to see you in his office.

She heads to the door.

WEATHERS

I'll join you two. There's something I wanted to ask him.

Thompson holds it open for her.

INT. APD - DAY

A few moments later in Chief Mathews office we see Thompson, Jen and Weathers.

MATHEWS

Evans got these in the mail today.

Chief Mathews hands Jen one red and one blue hardback book.

INSERT: BOOK COVER - POPE & YOUNG

MATHEWS (CONT'D)

Pope and Young membership books.
They publish a new one every 10
years. The photos of their members
are in it.

She opens the top book which is red.

JEN

Who's that?

A photo of AARON STEIN 37 inserted on the inside cover.

THOMPSON

Aaron Stein.

JEN

You're right. That's him.

Thompson takes photo.

MATHEWS

...Dr. White?

JEN

Yes?

MATHEWS

Aaron Stein is a difficult man to
find.

JEN

I thought you already knew where he
lived?

THOMPSON

We did. He relocated and didn't
leave much of a papertrail.

MATHEWS

(to Thompson)

Lets get an address on him.

THOMPSON

Yes sir. Working on it with
Weathers.

WEATHERS

I got the lists from Merrill Field Airport. I'll see if he's on any. Maybe we can get his location that way.

MATHEWS

Jen, we won't be able to bring you along this time.

JEN

Yes sir.

THOMPSON

All we need is for you to get hurt.

MATHEWS

Very good. Lets get to this.

THOMPSON

I'm on it Chief.

Thompson leaves the room.

MATHEWS

Go ahead and take those. See if you were right. See if he's in there.

JEN

Thanks Chief Mathews.

Jen leaves the room. A moment.

MATHEWS

Weathers, give me a moment.

WEATHERS

Yes sir.

Mathews picks up the phone.

MATHEWS

(into receiver)

Trooper Gosney, Professor Jen White is just leaving the building. Follow her home. Make sure she makes it safe.

POLICE DESK AREA

GOSNEY

Yes sir. I see her now.

We see Jen walk past in the hallway.

CHIEF MATHEWS OFFICE

MATHEWS

One other thing Gosney. Keep a look out for her for the rest of the night. Until we have him in custody.

POLICE DESK AREA

GOSNEY

Right away, sir.

He lets down the receiver, rushed, he peels his jacket off the back of his chair, grabs his keys and gun, throws on his jacket as he follows after Jen.

CHIEF MATHEWS OFFICE

MATHEWS

How may I help you Weathers?

INT. JEN'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Photos of Mark in Jen's hand.

The back door SLAMS.

KITCHEN

Mark STOMPS snow off his boots.

MARK

What are you looking at?

LIVING ROOM

JEN

Photos of you.

The manila envelope they came in on the coffee table. Off to the side the Pope and Young red and blue membership books.

KITCHEN

MARK

Thought they might help you sleep
better at night.

He takes off his coat and boots.

LIVING ROOM

She looks through each of them. She smiles.

JEN

You help me sleep better at night.

KITCHEN

Mark walks to the refrigerator. Starts pulling food out to
prep dinner.

LIVING ROOM

Jen puts his photos aside. Picks up red Pope and Young
membership book.

MARK

Where's the gun I gave you?

JEN

In the kitchen drawer.

Jen slowly looks through the red Pope and Young book.

JEN (CONT'D)

It doesn't matter anymore.

MARK

Why?

JEN

They know who he is.

MARK

takes a long look at Jen.

MARK

Have they captured him?

JEN

No.

MARK
Until they do...

He takes the gun from the kitchen drawer and puts it in Jen's purse.

MARK (CONT'D)
Keep it with you from now on.

She points her finger on a page. We see her, not the page.

JEN
That's him.

Mark dices up vegetables. Looks over his shoulder at her.

MARK
Who?

Knife in hand Mark pats his hands against towel draped over his shoulder. Wipes off knife in it as he walks over. Looks over her shoulder.

JEN
The guy whose been following me.

MARK (V.O.)
Are you sure?

EXT. HUNTER'S HOUSE - NIGHT

A far distance from the Hunter's house in the Anchorage Police Department's rented private plane are the Troopers.

We see a map with a clear layout of the area.

MATHEWS
(over headset mouthpiece)
Okay boys. Here's the game plan.

EXT. HUNTER'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Early evening. Later on. Troopers surround Aaron Stein's house. Dispersed amongst the trees in the woods. They use the trees for cover.

We see his plane docked. His truck in the driveway.

MATHEWS
(over megaphone)
Come out with your hands up.

Aaron does not come out.

MATHEWS (CONT'D)
 (over megaphone)
 Aaron...I'm not going to repeat
 this, 'Come out with your hands
 up,' or we're coming in.

EVANS

looks through binoculars into house window. Sees movement
 inside.

EVANS
 He's inside.

EVANS AND THOMPSON

approach the front of Aaron's house.

Troopers lean against the side of the house.

Evans looks inside one window. Sees shadow of Hunter inside.

EVANS (CONT'D)
 (into earphone)
 He's on your side.

Motions to Thompson where he's at.

Thompson peeks inside window he's near. Sees Hunter move.

They approach the front door. KICK IT open. Troopers pour
 into the house.

INT. HUNTER'S HOUSE - NIGHT

The Troopers immediately take cover. Guns aimed.

Aaron SHOTS. Hits Wilkes in the upper left shoulder.

Pain shoots through his body. He crawls backwards out of
 sight. Nurses his wound.

Hunter passes through rooms.

Thompson SHOTS. Misses.

We hear another SHOT.

Troopers look around at each other to see who was shot.

Everyone seems fine, except Wilkes.

NOVACK

has his back against living room wall that connects to kitchen.

THOMPSON

walks down hallway with his back against the wall.

EVANS

on the far side of the living room, he hides behind couch near Wilkes. Assists him.

EVANS
You alright buddy?

WILKES
Yeah.

THOMPSON AND NOVACK

round their respective doorframes into the kitchen at the same time.

AARON STEIN

gun to his head, tears stream out of his eyes.

AARON
I'm sorry. I should have told you.
I tried.

A LOUD SHOT as he pulls the trigger.

The Killer FALLS DEAD to the floor.

NOVACK

sees Aaron around the kitchen island.

THOMPSON

sees Novack.

NOVACK
He's dead.

Thompson straightens.

THOMPSON
Novack...something doesn't seem
right.

NOVACK

I agree.

Thompson's resigned hands on his hips.

THOMPSON

I just wish I knew what it is?

EXT. HUNTER'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Moments later. We see Wilkes being taken out of the house by Troopers. Walked to a plane to be transported back to town.

TROOPER FRANK POWELL

walks out of the house with pair of Killer's boots wrapped in plastic.

MATHEWS

(to Weathers)

Radio Gosney. Let him know we got him. That he's relieved of his duties. And can go home.

WEATHERS

Yes sir.

WEATHERS

gets on the radio.

WEATHERS (O.C.) (CONT'D)

Central, patch me through to Trooper Gosney.

NOVACK

is by Siberian Husky. Pets him.

NOVACK

Hey there boy. How are you doing?

Rubs him all over his head.

NOVACK (CONT'D)

Yeah. You're a good boy.

THOMPSON

approaches.

POWELL

reenters house.

THOMPSON

Beautiful dog. Bring him with you.
We need his DNA sample. Additional
evidence for the record. Besides
he's going to need a new home.

NOVACK

Lieutenant...they never had a
chance out here.

THOMPSON

I know.

NOVACK

unleashes Siberian Husky.

THOMPSON

takes a closer look at the shed. Latch broken. Opens door.
Looks inside.

THOMPSON (CONT'D)

(to himself)

Something's just not right.

NOVACK

hears him.

I/E. JEN'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Gosney KNOCKS on Jen's backdoor.

JEN

Hi Trooper Gosney. How can I help
you?

GOSNEY

Just wanted to inform you...

His voice becomes muffled at the sound of Mark coming out of
the bathroom.

JEN

That's good news.

GOSNEY

Yes ma'am. Well...

Nods to Mark and Jen.

GOSNEY (CONT'D)
You two have a good night.

She closes the door.

MARK
They found him?

JEN
Yes. He's dead.

Jen sees the blue Pope and Young book on coffee table in living room. She picks it up with the red book and runs them out to Gosney.

Mid-way down the snowy sidewalk to circular driveway:

JEN (CONT'D)
(calls out)
Trooper Gosney! Wait a minute!

She runs after him, but he's already gone.

She walks back in to the house. She lies the books on the kitchen island. The blue one FALLS and OPENS on the kitchen floor.

As she bends to pick it up, a YOUNGER MARK LEWIS stares back at her.

Shock and confusion flash across her eyes.

She picks up book, looks at Mark.

JEN (CONT'D)
Mark?

A SHOT pierces through Mark's heart forward from his back. Jen sees fine bullet hole in window behind him. Mark FALLS DEAD to the floor.

EXT. HUNTER'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Powell calls to Mathews from inside the house.

POWELL (O.S.)
Sir.

Mathews goes to house. Enters.

INT. HUNTER'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Powell stands at the feet of Aaron Stein.

EVANS

That's Aaron Stein alright.

POWELL

May be. But he's not our killer.

Points to boots on his feet.

POWELL (CONT'D)

He's a size 9. Our Killer is an 11.

THOMPSON

enters.

THOMPSON

What's wrong?

POWELL

(nods to body)

He's the wrong Man.

WEATHERS

Sir I didn't check public records to see for certain if this was Aaron's house. I only checked Merrill Field Airport's records.

MATHEWS

Men, let's search the house. See if we can find out whose house this is while we're here.

Thompson looks at him. Sees a defeated look on Mathews face.

TROOPERS

scour the house.

WEATHERS

opens the drawer of the wooden desk in the living room.

He pulls out some paperwork. Reads through it.

WEATHERS

I found it sir.

MATHEWS

Everyone.

Everyone stops. Listens.

WEATHERS

The house belongs to Paul Stein.

EVANS

They must be cousins. Aaron doesn't have any brothers.

THOMPSON

Paul Stein. That means Aaron was trying to tell Jen.

WEATHERS

Or setting her up to be hunted.

MATHEWS

looks like he's taken another blow to his stomach.

MATHEWS

(to Evans)

Get Gosney back out to Jen's house. Immediately.

EXT. JEN'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Dave Hurley drives by Jen's house. He sees Trooper Gosney's flashing lights in her circular drive.

He pulls into her circular driveway behind him.

I/E. JEN'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Dave Hurley gets out of his truck. He's greeted by silence.

DAVE HURLEY

(calls out)

Professor White.

Steps inside her gate and crosses her lawn. He sees no one. He steps inside her house. Sees disarray but no sight of her. He sees Mark dead on the floor.

He hears the CLICK of a gun hammer pointed at his head.

Dave Hurley raises his hands.

GOSNEY

Who are you?

DAVE HURLEY
Dave Hurley. The neighbor.

Gosney looks across the lawn at Dave Hurley's truck beside his cop car.

GOSNEY
Is that your truck in the drive?

Dave Hurley shakes his head 'yes'. Gosney UNCOCKS the hammer, holsters his gun.

GOSNEY (CONT'D)
Come on. Lets stick together. I
have to call this in.

Dave Hurley follows Gosney back to their vehicles.

Gosney shakes as he speaks with 911 OPERATOR.

911 OPERATOR
We have an ambulance on its way.

EXT. WASILLA - NIGHT

Deep in the woods PAUL STEIN 39 drags Jen behind him by a thick noosed rope tied around her neck. A knife sheathed at his ankle his 30-06 SAKO Finlight in hand.

Mouth duct taped, she chokes. Her wrists bound several times over.

The heels of her feet BOUNCE uncontrollably over the ground under her weight and strain.

Jen, bound ankles, tilts from side-to-side as he DRAGS her deeper into the woods.

The rope cuts into her thorax.

He hears the SOUNDS OF LIGHT BUT DISTANCED FOOTSTEPS. He stops and listens.

He hears the SOFT CALL of Trooper Gosney.

GOSNEY (O.S.)
Jen.

PAUL
Another hunter.

Jen completely helpless stares at Paul.

PAUL (CONT'D)
These are my hunting grounds.

Paul HURRIES off in the direction of Gosney.

EXT. WASILLA - NIGHT

Moments pass. Jen lies in the cold and silence. Her eyes tear as she waits. Moments pass. She hears a GUN go off. Her eyes close.

Paul comes back to Jen. She lies silent. Her eyes closed. Iced over from tears. A bruise is on her forehead where Paul shot Gosney.

Paul kneels beside Jen. He cuts the ropes and duct tape that bind her. Once she's free he SHEATHES his knife.

The SOFT RUSTLE of HOOVES. Paul looks up.

A deer in the distance stands still. Stares Paul in the eyes.

PAUL
Some deer are meant to roam free. I
didn't catch this one.

He looks at Jen.

PAUL (CONT'D)
She got away.

Paul looks back up at the deer. The deer runs off.

Jen's eyes pop open. She grabs the knife out of Paul's SHEATH.

He loses his balance. Jen stabs him in the heart. She turns her hand. The knife twists.

The look of shock and surprise cross his face.

He reaches for his heart. His hands embrace the knife. Blood pours through his fingers. He looks down at it. Then at her.

JEN
I'm not your game to play anymore.
Dear.

Paul dies.

Jen too weak to continue lifting herself, FALLS to the ground.

Soon after we hear SIRENS of police cars and ambulances
BLARE.

FLASHING LIGHTS fill the air.

Night passes into day.

EXT. ANCHORAGE, ALASKA - DAY

At Providence Hospital in Anchorage, Alaska the next morning
in Jen's patient room. Sampson and Thompson are in the room.

SAMPSON

The Board of the University of
Alaska Anchorage had to report the
incident back to your home
university, Jen. It was in the
papers...Mark...a student died in
your home. They're going to pull
your teacher certification at the
end of the exchange.

JEN

It's alright Dr. Sampson.

SAMPSON

I'm so sorry Jen. His death wasn't
your fault.

THOMPSON

We managed to convince them it
would take to the end of the year
to do a thorough investigation. As
well as give you a chance to speak
on the incident.

JEN

Thompson?

THOMPSON

Hi Jen.

JEN

Thanks. Both of you. For doing what
you can.

SAMPSON

It wasn't much I'm afraid. God
bless you child for what you did.

She steps over and gives Jen a hug. A tear drops from
Sampson's eyes.

SAMPSON (CONT'D)
You're going to be alright.
Everything will work itself out.
You'll have to trust in that. It's
the only wisdom I have to offer
you.

Jen smiles.

THOMPSON
There's someone here to see you.

Professor Nick Sanders, a large, tall man enters the room.

He sees Jen. He steps next to her, he hugs her.

PROFESSOR SANDERS
I couldn't wait till the end of our
exchange. I had to fly home just to
thank you.

He continues to hug her.

INT. APD - DAY

Later. Mathews hands Thompson a small package. It's Josephine Hughes' bracelet, cleaned. He pockets it.

MATHEWS
I think someone has been waiting
for this.

Thompson walks over to Bill Hughes.

THOMPSON
My mother was killed by a serial
killer right in front of my eyes.
He never saw me. I was only 7.

BILL HUGHES
I'm sorry Daryl. I didn't know.

THOMPSON
They never caught him Mr. Hughes.

Thompson reaches into his pocket and hands Josephine's bracelet to him.

THE END

FADE OUT.

