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The White Angel

By Henry Wadsworth Longfellow

1 TITLES - The sound of a woman walking on a deserted street
2 EXT NIGHT STREET - FADE UP - We see a woman's feet wearing red stiletto shoes. It is late at night and she is very alone. She turns a bend and enters a darkened street, her heels making a distinctive click on the path. Suddenly we see a figure in the darkness - the woman pauses for a beat before continuing. She approaches the figure who is dressed in a heavy motorbike jacket... The figure turns round - it is a girl with bleached blonde hair, wearing a low cut, tight white T Shirt. The white seems to glow a little. Without warning, the WOMAN produces a hammer from her bag and raises it above BLONDE... Screams....

FADE TO BLACK - TITLES

3 EXT NIGHT PARK - The young BLONDE lies motionless on the floor, most of her clothes ripped from her still body. The sound of digging can be heard, then of a knife being unsheathed. Her body is dragged out of shot...

FADE TO BLACK - TITLES

4 EXT DAY PARK - A dog is digging at the ground. It's MISTRESS calls out for the dog. Suddenly, the dog bounds over a ridge, his tail wagging furiously, doggy has fetched the bone - a human foot and half a calf is wedged firmly in it's jaw. It runs to it's MISTRESS...

FADE TO BLACK - TITLES

5 EXT DAY PARK - An area has been sectioned off with red tape. Several men in dark clothing are digging carefully at the ground. Already several small flags indicate finds, small body bags can be seen to contain various appendages. A man steps into shot, wrinkled brow and piercing eyes. He lights a cigarette as he looks over to his men digging - this is INSPECTOR TAYLOR.

(CONTINUED)

5 CONTINUED:

The image freezes and spins off into the corner of the screen...

6 INT DAY NEWS ROOM - The news is being read...

NEWSREADER:

As yet POLICE have not ruled out the possibility that this mutilated body could be connected with the murder of NICKI LOWE, whose body was found on Hapthron Common last month. (-) Last

night, novelist ELLEN CARTER was awarded the International Writers Guild Award for her Book, 'The Colour of fear'... We see shots from the ceremony, and ELLEN CARTER holding her book and trophy up for photographers - she smiles radiantly...

NEWSREADER:

She was said to be ecstatic about the award...

7 INT NIGHT CAR - We are in a car with ELLEN CARTER. She is returning from the award ceremony and she is anything but ecstatic. She is bubbling with anger.

Slouched in the seat next to her is her husband, drunken and VERY smug.

8 EXT NIGHT 66 ACACIA AVENUE - The car pulls up behind the house and toward the garage.

The HUSBAND staggers out of the car to the garage door...The doors slowly open.

CARTER watches him as he is picked out in the headlights - directly in front of her - She no longer has fear - just hatred...

Her foot slowly depresses the accelerator, her hands grip the wheel - the exhaust screams out....

The husband looks up at the car - the lights get brighter...

DISSOLVE TO WHITE - TITLE "WHITE ANGEL"

9 INT DAY LIVING ROOM - A white paint roller rolls up the screen - We move wider to see CARTER painting a wall - she looks rough. She steps back to look at the wall she has painted.

9 CONTINUED:

Suddenly she hears a noise - a whisper?

She moves closer to the wall - listening intently - there it is again - a distant whisper calling her name...

Suddenly two arms explode from the wall grabbing her...

10 INT DAY LIVING ROOM (4 YEARS LATER) - ELLEN CARTER wakes with a start as a jet flies overhead -

She is dressed in a business suit and looks like she has been to war for the last few years... She looks directly at the wall in front of her.

She draws hard on her cigarette as she stands and moves over to the window looking out over the street.

The billboard now reads - WHITE ANGEL TAKES THIRTEENTH VICTIM - POLICE AT A LOSS...

11 EXT DAY CAR PARK OUTSIDE SUPERSTORE - We are in a car looking out. A YOUNG WOMAN (MANDY) exits the shop - she is pretty with long blonde hair - she is dressed almost predominantly in white.

She goes to her car which is parked in a secluded corner of the car park. She starts to put her groceries in the boot.

A hand reaches into the glove compartment of the car we are in and a woman with long red fingernails takes out a pair of scissors. A book sits in the compartment - well thumbed - it is the COLOR OF FEAR by ELLEN CARTER.

12 EXT DAY CAR - The WOMAN steps from her car - Slowly she walks over to the other woman.

MANDY has finished packing her groceries and gets in her car. She starts her ignition - but the car splutters.

The woman is getting closer...

MANDY attempts again - but the car splutters reluctantly. She hits the steering wheel in frustration.

The WOMAN walks around the side of the car - her fingers caressing the cold steel of it's body.

(CONTINUED)

12 CONTINUED:

MANDY tries a last time...

The WOMAN opens the door and sits in. MANDY looks round, shocked and surprised - she is about to object when the WOMAN raises her hand with the scissors ready for action...

13 INT DAY WAREHOUSE - A woman's screaming face fills the screen... She is

wearing VERY provocative clothes and red lipstick. She screams again as she sees the dark figure of a man wearing a hockey mask and holding the biggest gleaming knife in hand, approach her.

There is a sudden flash of white light as we see the nearby photographer (LANCE)

14 INT DAY CARTERS OFFICE (CRIME SCENE) - The photo of the screaming woman

is on the desk, the logo CRIME SCENE emblazoned across it...ELLEN CARTER looks at it as she picks up the ringing phone...

CARTER:

Hello CRIME SCENE - yes, that's me...

LANCE the camera man brushes past, rubbing intimately with CARTER - she shrugs him off angrily, she isn't going to take any shit from him!

LANCE laughs to himself before moving over to SALLY's desk, a young secretary. He sits on it before giving CARTER a knowing look and turns his attentions to SALLY - CARTER's eyes roll back in her head.

CARTER:

No - I'm sorry I haven't made my

payments - Friday - Fine - OK?

CARTER watches LANCE as he pesters SALLY - She has a thought. She picks up her Polaroid camera and focuses on the two - she presses the button and the photo comes out. She looks at it smiling as it develops.

CARTER:

No - I wont use the card... Fine...

Thank you - goodbye...

She replaces the phone and stands - she walks over to ANDY'S desk, a young office worker. She passes him the photo...

CARTER:

Could you do me a colour photocopy of this now?

(CONTINUED)

14 CONTINUED:

ANDY looks at it and smiles...

CARTER heads for DEZERAЕ'S OFFICE, editor of CRIME SCENE and owner of FANTASY PUBLICATIONS.

15 INT DAY DEZERAЕ'S OFFICE - There is a tap on the door and CARTER enters. DEZERAЕ'S office is in stark contrast with the explosion of paperwork outside. It's posh, clean and VERY organised.

The walls have framed covers from the the magazines she owns, CRIME SCENE, TRUE MURDER, ADULT MOVIES MONTHLY and BLUEBIRDS - the office is an odd mixture of exclusive designerisms and seedy exploitation.

DEZERAЕ sits behind her desk. She is a woman in her fifties, but she looks like she has spent most of those fifty years in a sand storm! She has jet black hair, nicotine fingers and lashings of christian dior make-up. She's wearing jewellery and clothes more befitting an Indian Princess...

She looks up from her photos at CARTER, her bifocal glasses perched on her nose - she may be a relic, but she's as sharp as razors and hard as nails.

She holds up two photos of a semi nude girl -

DEZERAЕ:

Which do you think is her best shot...

CARTER:

The one on the left - definitely...

DEZERAЕ:

Don't give me shit - what do you want?

CARTER walks further into the room.

CARTER:

I've got a tenant coming over later -
can I take the afternoon off?

DEZERAЕ:

As long as you get the HACKSAW piece
done by FRIDAY...(Pressing) FRIDAY?

CARTER nods. DEZERAЕ points at the paper in CARTERs hand. CARTER passes
it over and DEZERAЕ studies it...

(CONTINUED)

15 CONTINUED:

DEZERAЕ:

Good - but change 'I killed for love' to
'I killed for sex'

CARTER begins to object,

CARTER:

That's not technically accurate -
SIMPSONS murders weren't sexually
motivated.

DEZERAЕ:

You know that circulation is down for
three months in a row.

CARTER:

I heard something like that

DEZERAЕ:

Then it's going to be 'I killed for
sex'... Listen darling, why won't you
let us use your real name for the
features - if people knew that it was
the ELLEN CARTER writing the features
and not just some pseudonym - then we
might shift more units. You haven't
written anything in four years darling -
I know you need this job - and if
circulation keeps dropping, there's not
going to be a magazine for you to write

for...

CARTER is about to object when DEZERAE cuts in again - this woman really knows how to run her ship.

DEZERAE:

I don't want to hear it...Now get out -
I've got deadlines

CARTER smiles at DEZERAE's abrupt manner - stands and prepares to leave... DEZERAE is back at work - choosing between the two photos.

CARTER:

(Smiling) I wouldn't choose either...

CARTER leaves.

16 INT DAY OFFICES - CARTER walks from DEZERAE's office - and over to SALLY'S desk. LANCE is STILL trying. ANDY the office worker appears and passes her the photocopy and photograph...

ANDY:

I thought it might look better enlarged!

CARTER takes it and smiles - it sure does. We see the bright picture of LANCE ogling over SALLY, his hand firmly lodged on her inner thigh - and from SALLY'S expression, she doesn't like it.

CARTER passes the sheet to SALLY with her filofax.

CARTER:

Could you fax this to this number as
quickly as possible.

SALLY takes the sheet, and smiles when she looks at it. She turns round and inserts it into the fax machine, dialling a number from CARTERS filofax. SALLY turns round confidently looking at LANCE.

CARTER holds out the polaroid photo...

CARTER:

It's the photo I have just faxed to your
wife...

LANCE snatches it...

LANCE:

What!?

He looks round, the photo clearly coming out of the fax machine. There is a calling from the other side of the office as another WORKER shouts out...

WORKER:

LANCE - Your wife is on line 3!

CARTER drops her cigarette in LANCES mug -

CARTER:

Send her my love...

17 EXT DAY 66 ACACIA AVENUE - CARTER screeches into her drive in her car, glances at her watch and jumps out. She hurriedly runs to the door -

CARTER:

(Under breath) Please be in and have tidied the house...

(CONTINUED)

17 CONTINUED:

She rings the doorbell but no-one answers. She begins rummaging in her handbag and retrieves her keys. She opens the door as a girl on a bike comes tearing round the corner and into the drive. It is MIK - young and athletic with long flowing red hair - she works as a despatch rider. She screeches to a halt and leaps from her mountain bike.

CARTER:

I thought you said you could get the afternoon off to tidy the house!

Hurriedly they enter - CARTER shutting the door behind...MIK walks into the KITCHEN calling out...

MIK:

I'm sorry, I couldn't - when is she due?

CARTER:

(Tidying hallway) At 2.00...

MIK looks at her watch and GRIMACES - suddenly the doorbell rings and both girls look round...

MIK:

(Whispering) You didn't tell me her name.

They walk to then door...

CARTER:

LESLIE...

The door swings open to reveal a small, business like man, average and well dressed with piercing eyes. He turns and extends his arm...

STECKLER:

STECKLER...LESLIE STECKLER.

18 INT DAY BEDROOM - STECKLER is looking round at an empty room. It seems good for him. MIK and CARTER stand in the background. CARTER is obviously uneasy about something.

STECKLER turns round, smiling...

STECKLER:

I like it...

CARTER steps forward,

(CONTINUED)

18 CONTINUED:

CARTER:

You see MR STECKLER, er, I think that we may have wasted your time. (Laughs awkwardly) I don't know why I didn't say something earlier - It's just that we're looking for a girl...The advert was for a girl.

STECKLER seems shocked - he pulls a paper from under his arm and opens it...A large red circle rings a small ad

STECKLER:

Well - the ad just said third person...(Awkwardly) It must have been a printing error.

He shows CARTER the ad, which does indeed say 'Third Person...' CARTER looks at MIK who returns a don't look at my face.

STECKLER:

It doesn't mention 'females only'

CARTER:

I really don't know what to say

STECKLER seems depressed, but still maintains a polite attitude.

STECKLER:

I'm really very sorry - I was banking on this coming through, because it's only five minutes from my surgery...

MIK:

Surgery? Are you a doctor?

STECKLER:

No - a dentist

A professional, CARTER smiles - she is beginning to warm to this man. STECKLER roots in his pockets pulling out some letters and his wallet...A fly whizzes around his head, annoying him. He looks a little nervous.

STECKLER:

I have all my references ready - and I can pay the first month and deposit now.

It really is a glowing reference!

(CONTINUED)

18 CONTINUED (2):

STECKLER extends his arm with the letters of reference. CARTER takes them and looks at the first as STECKLER opens his wallet and removes some notes. A huge wad remains - this guy is loaded.

CARTER nods approvingly at the reference as STECKLER holds out the money.

CARTER looks round to MIK -

CARTER:

MR STECKLER - would you excuse us for one moment?

STECKLER nods his head to oblige

19 INT DAY KITCHEN - CARTER and MIK stand in the kitchen ,quietly discussing. CARTER can see STECKLER in the LIVING ROOM through a crack in the door. He is innocently looking out of the back garden window, smiling approvingly.

CARTER:

Well, what do you think?

MIK:

I don't know - it's your house ELLEN

CARTER:

Yes - but you live here too - If it were your house?

MIK:

I think he's fine - I don't know why you have this thing about men - it would be

nice to have a guy in the house for a change - I don't think he would hurt a fly.

20 INT DAY LIVING ROOM - STECKLER slams a rolled up newspaper on the window. He removes it to reveal a squashed fly.

21 INT DAY KITCHEN - CARTER is deliberating.

MIK:

It's your pad - it's up to you
(CONTINUED)

21 CONTINUED:

CARTER is looking through the door again - at the FAT wad of money sitting on the window sill. CUT TO -

22 INT DAY LIVING ROOM - CARTER takes the wad of notes.

CARTER:

When do you want to move in?

STECKLER smiles in gratitude as CARTER shakes his hand. Everyone smiles as the ice is broken and everyone finally knows where they stand.

STECKLER:

Oh as soon as possible - tomorrow?

CARTER and MIK look at each other, surprised.

23 EXT DAY 66 ACACIA AVENUE - The boot to STECKLER'S car opens up to reveal boxes, cases and clothes...

MIK is already clambering out of the backseat with a box and she takes it to the house...

STECKLER:

Just put it in my room

MIK:

(Smiling) No worries

MIK turns and carries the load in.

CARTER:

Oh, before I forget, here is key and the tenancy agreement...

STECKLER takes the paper and the key - he looks at the key for a moment before pocketing it. STECKLER passes her a small case

STECKLER:

I'll finish off here...

CARTER disappears into the house. STECKLER heaves an unnaturally heavy case from the boot of his car. It is small and crumpled, splitting at the seams as if it were too filled. A belt clasps it shut.

24 INT DAY STAIRS - STECKLER struggles up the stairs - MIK appears and moves to help him...

(CONTINUED)

24 CONTINUED:

STECKLER:

I can manage -

MIK smiles and continues to help, STECKLER brushes her off curtly,

STECKLER:

I said I can manage... I'm not weak you know...

He passes her and continues up. He stops at the top and turns round,

STECKLER:

I'm sorry, I didn't mean to shout...

MIK:

Don't worry about it -

She bounds into the kitchen...

25 INT DAY KITCHEN - CARTER fills the kettle with water - an old bashed affair, the kind you put on the stove to heat.

STECKLER:

Oh - Tell me ELLEN, I can call you ELLEN?

CARTER:

Sure...

STECKLER:

Tell me - ELLEN CARTER (thinks) Forgive me for being so pushy, but aren't you a novelist? Didn't you write that terrific book - 'The Color of Fear'?

CARTER is obviously a little embarrassed, and doesn't want to talk about it. MIK is completely dumbfounded - The kettle begins to boil...

MIK:

You're a novelist - why didn't you tell

me?

STECKLER:

And not just any novelist - a great novelist - it was an impressive piece of work ELLEN...

(CONTINUED)

25 CONTINUED:

CARTER is getting increasingly uncomfortable...The kettle is beginning to bubble and steam...

STECKLER:

Why didn't you write any more?

The kettle is getting hotter - CARTER more uncomfortable...

CARTER:

I lost the touch

STECKLER:

The touch?

The kettle screams out that it's ready... CARTER looks at STECKLER for a moment - STECKLER waiting for a response. CARTER turns and takes the kettle from the stove grumpily - she obviously doesn't want to answer.

MIK:

(Mouthing) Her husband left her

STECKLER:

(Mouthing) Oh...

CARTER:

Do you take sugar?

STECKLER:

(Pause) Yes, two please. I'm sorry, I didn't mean to pry, it's just that I really loved your book

MIK:

You kept that one quiet...what other skeletons have you got in the cupboard?

CARTER gives MIK a glance...

26 INT NIGHT CARTERS ROOM - CARTER sits in her room - motionless. A small

roll up cigarette burns between her fingers and her feet are propped up on the table in front of her. On the table sits a small laptop computer - her word processor.

She has a spark of an idea, jams the cigarette into her mouth and attacks the keyboard without warning or mercy. She pauses for a second - another idea.

(CONTINUED)

26 CONTINUED:

Suddenly there is a loud banging - it sounds like a hammer. CARTER jumps, then looks round, frowning.

27 INT NIGHT MIK'S ROOM - CARTER taps on the door and opens MIK'S room. MIK is wearing a bathrobe and drying off her hair.

There is another loud banging...CARTER looks surprised...

CARTER:

Sorry, I thought it was you (looking round) What the hell is he doing?

CARTER leaves MIK'S room.

28 INT NIGHT HALLWAY - There is another series of loud bangs as CARTER taps on STECKLER'S door. There is a pause - a long pause before the sound of a latch can be heard.

The door clicks open and STECKLER stands there - blocking any entry into the room - a hammer gripped firmly in his hand. For a VERY brief moment, CARTER thinks STECKLER might hit her with the hammer

CARTER:

(Demanding) What are you doing?

STECKLER:

I'm sorry?

CARTER:

What's with all the locks - and hammering

STECKLER:

It says in the contract I can have a lock fitted - is there a problem ANGELA?
There is a pause

CARTER:

(Surprised) My names isn't ANGELA...

STECKLER:

Yes - I'm sorry ELLEN...

CARTER:

(Slight concern) Don't worry - Is that my hammer (STECKLER nods) Well Just make sure that it's put back in the garage...

(CONTINUED)

28 CONTINUED:

STECKLER:

I will...

29 INT NIGHT CARTERS ROOM - CARTER sits in a pool of light examining her contract with STECKLER

CARTER:

(Resignedly) Locks huh!

She wipes her brow in frustration - it sure is hot

30 INT NIGHT LIVING ROOM - STECKLER sits in front of the TV set laughing out loud. He is watching a crass gameshow, and wearing headphones.

The door swings open and MIK enters wearing a light cocktail dress - she looks stunning.

STECKLER doesn't see her as she walks behind him to retrieve her earrings from a shelf. She puts the first in,

MIK:

Is it any good?

STECKLER doesn't answer - he's oblivious to her. MIK frowns to herself and puts the other earring in - but she drops it to the floor. Slowly she bends down to pick it up - STECKLER'S eyes shift to observe her...

As she bends down she turns on the spot, her body is captivating. As she picks up her earring, for the very briefest moment, STECKLER is shown just a few square inches of pale flesh at the top of her white stockings...

She stands back and exits the room, STECKLER'S eyes shifting once more.

31 INT NIGHT HALLWAY - MIK stands at the foot of the stairs and calls out

MIK:

ELLEN! I'm going now - I'll stay at

DEKLAN'S tonight, I'll see you tomorrow

CARTER calls OK from upstairs

MIK turns and leaves... After a pause, CARTER walks down the stairs and pauses for a second - she is very sweaty. She moves toward the LIVING

ROOM:

(CONTINUED)

31 CONTINUED:

CARTER:

LESLIE - Are you hot?

32 INT NIGHT LIVING ROOM - She enters the LIVING ROOM to find STECKLER - but he isn't there. The TV is still on, the headphones on the floor - but NO STECKLER...

She passes it off and moves over to the wall - she toys with the thermostat before touching the radiator... There is a sizzling sound as she retracts her hand...

33 INT NIGHT KITCHEN - CARTER grabs a torch from a drawer and flicks it on

before exiting the back door.

34 EXT NIGHT BOILER HOUSE - A small stone boiler house sits outside the door. CARTER looks round,

CARTER:

LESLIE - are you out here?

No-one answers and CARTER ventures out into the rainy night. She hurries to the BOILER HOUSE. She opens the door and is hit by a wave of heat - the boiler roars away...

She steps into the dark shed, illuminating it with the torch. She stands it on end pointing it up...

She takes a hold of one of the levers, but it's hot. She takes off her jacket to reveal her vest. She warps the jacket around the handle and pulls hard, but nothing happens. She pulls again...Nothing

There is a movement behind - someone in the shadows...

CARTER wrestles with the lever, but still no joy...

Suddenly STECKLER appears by her side - reaching out for the lever - a wrench in his hand...

CARTER is shocked to see him there - and even more so when he manages to release the lever...

STECKLER:

We'd better get back inside!

The rain hurtles down as they scamper back to the house...

35 INT NIGHT KITCHEN - They enter - CARTER is drenched, her vest clinging to her body. As soon as STECKLER appears, she covers herself and wipes herself with a nearby towel

CARTER:

Thank you - I'd better get changed...

Awkwardly CARTER exits and goes upstairs.

STECKLER stands in the kitchen door way - motionless.

36 INT NIGHT GARAGE - STECKLER walks into the garage - There is a large tools rack on the wall, with white symbols around each tool to show where they live. He replaces the wrench in its home.

He is about to leave when he notices something on the back wall. He kneels to examine it closer - a long, horizontal dent in the wall. He looks round at the parked car, it's bumper corresponds with the dent - he thinks then exits...

Slowly the camera tracks forward to the rack - the HAMMER is still missing...

37 EXT DAY LONDON STREET - Slowly a hammer is slipped into a handbag with a female hand. We are in a LONDON street - Wild, mad and chaotic. The camera moves along in a dream like state (The Point of View of a person).

We see newsagents with bars across the windows, a shop filled with knives, blades and scissors, an Asian couple argue madly outside a shop, a fat skinhead and his pitbull walk menacingly past as little children run along laughing.

A butchers shop is filled with raw flesh...A group of women from some weird religious faction wearing masks hurry past, a modern church - The Seventh Denomination of Martyrs - with bright signs offers salvation, a group of youths pass the camera - their eyes never leave the lens, this is their turf.

The person crosses the road, taxi cabs screaming past - no-one cares about anything. We see her feet, the same red stilettos. She goes under a bridge into a back alley.

She begins cruising - whores line the walls, tarted up for business. But she ignores most of them - except one toward the end, wearing white and glowing out with apparent innocence...

The camera moves closer - The WHORE turns round, in her thirties, a seasoned professional with years of work etched into her face...

(CONTINUED)

37 CONTINUED:

OLD WHORE:

Oooh I say, I haven't had the pleasure for a long time! Still, variety is the spice of life...

38 EXT DAY DESERTED BUILDING - The WHORE leads the woman into a DESERTED building - past a sign which reads FRIARS END...

39 INT DAY SQUAT ROOM - We are inside the rundown building, rubble and decay surround us, water drips distantly and a small street cat sits nearby, watching.

The WHORE sits at the far end of the room on a table. She smiles as she opens her legs and opens her blouse. Her white bra and pants glow out brightly...

The woman steps forward...

The cat watches patiently. Suddenly there is a crash, a struggle, a gurgle and a strangled scream...And a horrible loud crack...

The cat washes its paws, purring...

40 INT DAY SQUAT ROOM - The body of the woman lies on the floor, her face in a death grimace... Flash guns go off as we see she is not alone.

A bunch of plain clothes officers busy themselves about the crime scene - and so does INSPECTOR TAYLOR...He is talking to a local...

LOCAL:

Well, I just saw these two women go in -
I thought I'd, you know - and I found
her like that...

An officer calls out from across the room

FORRESTER:

We've found something!

TAYLOR walks over to forrester who is crouched over a bloody hammer...

41 INT DAY FORENSIC LAB - There is an air of unprecedented hygiene about the lab - Everything is white. TAYLOR, FORRESTER and a young female lab technician, FOSTER are there. FOSTER slides a tray with the hammer in it into the light.

(CONTINUED)

41 CONTINUED:

FOSTER:

Most of it was a mess of smears, but I
got one clean print here...

The hammer is coated in a fine film of dust, the handle smeared but one clear fingerprint on the head...

TAYLOR:

How long before you can give me an idea?

They all move to a huge and complex computer with the finger print on the screen - it flashes other prints and photos up in quick succession

-

FOSTER:

I started the check already, but without more specific physical ID - I can't narrow the field down - could be a month - that's if she is on record

TAYLOR:

Or he...

The fingerprint freezes on screen and spins off to the top corner
42 INT DAY NEWS ROOM -

NEWS READER:

Once more, LONDON has been plunged into terror as the WHITE ANGEL strikes again. However, one fingerprint has been found, and Police have issued a statement that if the killer is on file, then they will have a positive identification within the month...

43 INT DAY SHOPPING ARCADE - A huge close up of a TV screen - we pull focus to reveal CARTER sat in a cafe in the middle of a crowded shopping mall (A tv shop is behind from where we saw the report). On the table are two coffees, a notepad etc.

In front of her sits a huge man, thick rimmed glasses, gold rings and chains and a huge very expensive jacket keeping him warm...

His eyes are fixed on the TV set to the side of CARTER. This is ALAN SMITH, successful businessman with the most dubious of methods.

(CONTINUED)

43 CONTINUED:

SMITH:

(Broad cockney accent) It's diabolical in'it, I mean it's not safe to walk the streets no more is it...

Casually CARTER glances over at the TV set, a reporter is reporting from outside the building where the murder took place.

CARTER:

Anyway, HACKSAW JOE?

SMITH:

Sorry - yeah, well you see, JOE used to single out people he wanted to get rid

off - and he would weaken them over a few weeks by giving them arsenic in small doses - on biscuits, in their tea and coffee - it has a kind of sweet taste

CARTER listens intently as the miniature cassette recorder records all the gruesome details.

SMITH:

He never give them enough to kill them mind, just weaken them so that when he struck, they didn't put up too much of a fight - you see, JOE was only small - couldn't take anyone bigger or stronger on...well that's when he did his thing with the hacksaw (Grimacing). It got pretty nasty - you know.... a bit here, a bit there - (Laughing) we used to call him JIGSAW JOE - But the point is this, even JOE had principles - not like this scum who is roaming the streets now.

SMITH points to the TV screens, CARTER glances at her watch again...

SMITH:

It wouldn't have happened twenty years ago...

CARTER:

I see, crime was decent then

CARTER smiles to herself,

(CONTINUED)

43 CONTINUED (2):

SMITH:

You're damn right - I can't even let my daughter out at night now. Life is different now - it's a jungle out there - you've got to know who your friends are - protect yourself and your own - know what I mean?

The waitress drops a tray of spoons - SMITH spins round and CARTER jumps - SMITHS hand is lodged firmly inside his jacket - ready for anything. The waitress looks up apologetically...

CARTER:

(Pause) Yes I know what you mean.

44 INT EVENING DENTISTS OFFICE - STECKLER is in his office, sat behind a desk. Light from a neon pours in through the window as he re-arranges the things on his desk.

He leans back in his chair, rubbing his lower aching back.

He looks up - there is a slight opening in the doorway to the surgery reception. There is a little movement as JANET the nurse FINISHES off her chores.

He watches her until she sits down. She crosses her legs, one of her feet falling into the light of the door opening. STECKLER can see nothing but the lower quarter of her leg and her white tall heeled shoe. It glows out to him.

STECKLER watches the foot - wanting and needing. But he's not dumb.

STECKLER:

JANET -

The woman enters, STECKLER trying not to look at her white shoes.

STECKLER:

Er, you might as well knock off now -
I'll shut up shop

JANET:

Are you sure?

STECKLER:

(Smiling) Yes, go home...

(CONTINUED)

44 CONTINUED:

The nurse turns and leaves...STECKLER looks out of his window at a clothes shop opposite

45 EXT NIGHT SHOP FRONT - Across the road is a large chain store with dummies in the windows.

One of them houses a set of three female figures, one in lingerie, another in a bath robe - and the third in a white cocktail dress.

STECKLER is drawn to the window...

He examines the figure of the woman, her curves, her face and smile, her legs, her feet...To him, she is alive.

He stands in awe.

Suddenly, there is a noise behind. He turns to see a STREET SPIV hassling a blonde girl (KATE) The girl is young, but fights back vigorously - it's all getting a bit nasty.

STECKLER crosses the road...

46 EXT ALLEYWAY NIGHT - The SPIV is shouting about money and for her to shut up when STECKLER steps into the light, his face shadowed...

SPIV:

Got a problem!?

He brandishes a knife as the girl writhes. STECKLER doesn't flinch. The SPIV senses that this could get nastier and lets the girl go, concentrating on STECKLER...

SPIV:

Come on Granddad!

Without warning, STECKLER lunges and snatches the SPIV'S hand, forcing him to drop the knife. The SPIV screams in pain as STECKLER bends his two fingers back - there is a loud crack as STECKLER snaps his fingers... The SPIV howls and STECKLER releases him - he runs into the night, nursing his hand.

STECKLER turns to the girl on the floor - she is young, afraid and dirt smeared. Her hair is bleached white and she wears a white dress...

STECKLER:

My name is LESLIE - I'm a doctor and I have a surgery just around the corner - you could call a taxi...

(CONTINUED)

46 CONTINUED:

The girl is helped to her feet and they walk toward STECKLER'S surgery.

47 INT NIGHT HALLWAY - The door swings open and STECKLER steps inside. He calls out...

STECKLER:

Anyone home?

There is no answer. He steps back out and returns with a girl in his arms. He walks upstairs with her - it is the girl from the streets.

STECKLER:

Were nearly there - just up the stairs....

He carries her up the stairs...

STECKLER:

Its a nice room - spacious, you'll like it sweetie...

He reaches the top and opens his door, entering. For a short time he is out of sight as the camera moves down and into the room.

48 INT NIGHT STECKLER'S ROOM - STECKLER is under his bed - the girl not in sight...

STECKLER:

Just a few days - ELLEN wouldn't understand yet - yes I'm sure she will...

The door slams shut with the wind.

FADE TO BLACK:

49 INT DAY CAMPBELL'S OFFICE - CARTER walks into DEZERAЕ's office. DEZERAЕ is sat behind her desk... She looks up.

CARTER:

(To DEZERAЕ) You want to see me
A familiar voice calls out from behind.
(CONTINUED)

49 CONTINUED:

TAYLOR:

ELLEN CARTER - Now how are you doing these days?

CARTER turns round to see INSPECTOR TAYLOR, a plain clothes police man stood looking out over the panoramic view of LONDON - he turns and smiles at CARTER.

TAYLOR:

It's been what, three years?

CARTER:

(To DEZERAЕ) What's this all about?

TAYLOR:

So have you seen hubby recently ELLEN?

CARTER turns back to TAYLOR - DEZERAЕ isn't helping any... She doesn't answer. TAYLOR walks round to the side of DEZERAЕ's desk to extinguish his cigarette...He turns to DEZERAЕ,

TAYLOR:

Could I have a private moment with
ELLEN?

DEZERAE:

No problem - I'll be outside
DEZERAE exits quickly - she doesn't like police men either.
The door shuts. TAYLOR turns to CARTER.

CARTER:

What brings the rats out of the sewers?

TAYLOR:

I'm here about the so called
disappearance of your husband - It's
best if we let old bones lie. Know what
I mean? (Grins) I'm working on the WHITE
ANGEL case now - and I've got to check
all known murderers or suspected
murderers for the last five years... And
that means you...So where were you last
THURSDAY afternoon around five...

CARTER:

(Astounded) You think I'm the WHITE
ANGEL?

(CONTINUED)

49 CONTINUED (2):

TAYLOR:

(Smiles) It did give me a chance to meet
you again ELLEN - It's all routine you
understand...So where were you?

CARTER:

(Gritted teeth) At home alone - where
were you?

TAYLOR:

As it happens, I was at home alone -
maybe we could solve each others
problems?

CARTER:

Get out...

TAYLOR takes a step forward, very close to CARTER and talks quietly but firmly -

TAYLOR:

You know ELLEN, I believe you - I know that you're no serial killer - something else maybe, but no serial killer. I'm assigning surveillance for your own protection - we couldn't have the once world famous novelist found with her head missing could we?

TAYLOR walks round the table, looking at the poster for CRIME SCENE - sexual and provocative.

TAYLOR:

What happened to you - you used to have some class

TAYLOR turns and begins to walk out - He opens the door and stops

TAYLOR:

Someone will find your husband one day - and then I'll have a body
He turns to CARTER smiling,

TAYLOR:

Catch you later...

He exits...

50 INT DAY MIK'S ROOM - We move along make-up and girls things. They are all in use. Classical music gently plays in the background.

We move up to the mirror as a pretty girl with dark long hair looks up. Slowly, we realise that it is STECKLER. We pull wide to see his hairy chest... He smiles at the illusion.

STECKLER begins rummaging through MIK's things, her cupboards, her drawers - he spends a moment running his hands through her underwear drawer before becoming a little bored...

51 INT DAY HALLWAY - STECKLER walks out of MIK'S room, wearing nothing but

his wig, make-up and a pair of joggers...

52 INT CARTERS ROOM DAY - STECKLER looks round, like a child at the fair ground.

He moves to her cupboards and drawers - curiously ignoring her make-up, clothes and underwear.

He begins to search, under drawers, behind cupboards, behind books, above the curtain rail.

Eventually he gives up and lies back on CARTER's bed looking at the ceiling. Suddenly he flips over and looks under her bed - still nothing. He pulls himself back up when he notices a slight rip in the mattress. He pushes his fingers in and the flap gives way - it is a velcro held opening. STECKLER places his hand in and slowly removes the hidden contents - a small case.

53 INT STECKLER'S ROOM DAY - STECKLER is sat at his table with the case. He is removing his make-up with a towel and is now wearing a T shirt. He inspects it closely before opening it. Inside is tightly packed. He smiles as he removes the letters written from cut out newspapers - he delves deeper - a passport is there, STEPHEN CARTER, ELLEN'S husband. STECKLER moves on, excited by his find.

A small but sharp knife, a wedding ring, a newspaper cutting from a small column which reads 'Famous Novelists Husband Disappears'. He finds a small gold statuette - her prize from the awards at the start of the movie. STECKLER feels honoured to hold it and inspects it closely before moving on.

Curiously enough, he finds the plans of the house. He inspects them closely - the kitchen, the hall, the bedrooms...The Living room - something looks odd, different, wrong...

54 INT DAY LIVING ROOM - STECKLER is stood in the LIVING ROOM getting his bearings in relation to the plans. He looks round, and then at the wall to his right.

He goes over to it, running his hand over the surface - there is a slight bump where extra work had been done.

He thumps hard on the wall, moving along as he does so - suddenly, the echo changes.

He takes an involuntary step backward.

CUT TO - The screen is black. There is a heavy thud, and another. Suddenly a brick falls from it's place, and another - STECKLER is knocking the wall down!

Excitedly, he makes a hole big enough for him to fit his head and arms through. He turns on his torch and leans in.

The recess is dark and his torch cuts a beam in the dusty air. He looks down - sure enough, there are the crumbling and crusty remains of a corpse. STECKLER is almost jubilant at his discovery and begins to laugh...

We see the face of the dead man, his skin dry and old, stretched in a deathlike grin...

FADE TO BLACK:

55 EXT DAY 66 ACACIA AVENUE - CARTER's car pulls into the driveway and she parks up. The sky is heavy and there is a distant rumble of thunder. As

she steps out of her car - she senses something - a still - a quiet...
56 INT DAY HALLWAY - CARTER enters the house, hangs up her coat and picks up her mail. She walks past the living room and into the kitchen. She stops dead in the kitchen and backtracks. She drops her letters to the floor as she looks into the room - a huge gaping and black hole is all that is left of her husbands tomb... A great pile of bricks lie to the side. She moves forward - desperate but not wanting to inspect the contents of the hole. She steps forward, takes another step, and another - all the time getting closer to the shadowy hole...
(CONTINUED)

56 CONTINUED:

And then she is there. Slowly she leans in...And it is empty. She leans back out and jumps as she realises STECKLER is standing right behind her. For a long time she doesn't know what to say - everything is moving too fast and she has to be careful.

CARTER:

(With difficulty) What have you done?
STECKLER smiles and walks behind the sofa - enjoying the moment - savoring the atmosphere...

STECKLER:

I knew you did it - I just couldn't figure out what you had done with the body...
CARTER is really not sure what is happening anymore, why hadn't he told the police? what did he want? She cannot speak - just listen

STECKLER:

I knew you had killed him - I just felt it - I'm surprised that the police didn't suspect 'foul play' - everything pointed that way...
CARTER looks at the gaping hole in the wall

STECKLER:

(Smiling) Oh, I admit it's a rather vulgar method - but I needed to fire your (Searching) Imagination...
CARTER is still a little blank

STECKLER:

The reason I knew you killed your husband - apart from the fact that he disappeared - is that you stopped writing - he must have been a bastard to you - Anyway, (Smiling) I'm going to give you a second chance to start anew. STECKLER looks down, searching for a way to tell CARTER something.

STECKLER:

You had better sit down
(CONTINUED)

56 CONTINUED (2):

Dutifully, CARTER sits - she's too confused to do anything else. STECKLER stands opposite, the sofa forming a barrier between them. STECKLER looks deep into the empty tomb - into the blackness...

STECKLER:

You see ELLEN, there are parts of me you haven't encountered - parts that are more important - that most people don't or won't understand. STECKLER turns to face CARTER, fire in his eyes

STECKLER:

I want you and your words to make people understand - I'm commissioning a book
CARTER is starting to get afraid for her safety...

STECKLER:

I want people to understand the power any man can use - to take what he needs, to take what he wants - I want people to know why I do what I do - so that when I am finished, they will understand the truth of my actions. I want THE ELLEN CARTER to write the life story of LESLIE RAYMOND STECKLER
STECKLER stops for a moment - CARTER is looking out of depth...

STECKLER:

I don't have much time ELLEN - They have my finger prints - they WILL catch me...

CARTER is beginning to shake...

STECKLER:

I'm not going to hurt you (Smiles) -
Your'e not my type - I need your skills
- (Enthused) don't you see the divine
perfection - you and I are both carved
from the same stone - it will be the
perfect partnership - your words - my
story...

STECKLER calms down, looking back into the darkness of the tomb -
(CONTINUED)

56 CONTINUED (3):

STECKLER:

And don't think of calling the police -
STECKLER shows CARTER a photo of a weird looking tree with a spade
stuck in the ground

STECKLER:

That's where your husband is - It's not
too far from here, but far enough. I
have marked the map reference near the
tree and lodged it in my family safety
deposit box

STECKLER puts his arm down his shirt and dangles a key in front of
CARTER...

STECKLER:

should anything ever happen to me -
should I die, get hit by a truck - or
disappear, then I have instructed the
manager to turn the contents - along
with an explanatory letter, over to
Scotland Yard - so lets just hope
nothing happens to me.

STECKLER moves to the other side of the room,

STECKLER:

Otherwise, you are free to do as you
will...

He looks at her - her eyes are red rimmed and she is shaking

STECKLER:

As long as you write my book...(Thinks)

He turns and makes for the door, opening it - he stops, but doesn't turn...

STECKLER:

You have no choice ELLEN, you will write this book...

STECKLER exits. CARTER sits absolutely still, like a rabbit after a truck has passed - she hears the front door click shut and sees STECKLER walk down the garden path...

CARTER suddenly leaps to her feet and runs into the KITCHEN

57 INT DAY KITCHEN - CARTER tears in and grabs the biggest knife she can find in the knife rack. She whips round, pointing it out - her back to the wall...

CARTER:

(Quietly) Fuck...Oh Fuck ...Oh fuck

58 EXT NIGHT CRIME SCENE OFFICES - A heavy sky looms overhead - police sirens wail.

59 INT NIGHT TRUE CRIME OFFICES - The offices are dark, only the occasional light illuminates the night. A street lamp cast WEIRD and ugly shadows across the walls.

CARTER sits in a pool of light cast from a nearby desk lamp. Her eyes are blood shot, her face blank. A cigarette burns in her fingers. Her fingers dart through a Rolidex...

Suddenly there is a slight noise behind her, a click, a creak. Slowly, she wraps her hand around the knife she had in the kitchen.

Without warning she spins round, brandishing the blade - only to confront DEZERAЕ CAMPBELL - her boss!

DEZERAЕ nearly dies of a heart attack - only narrowly avoiding a spillage of her coffee which she clasps in her hand

DEZERAЕ:

OH MY GAWD!

CARTER:

I'm sorry - I didn't think

DEZERAЕ:

A person could get killed round here just for working late

CARTER smiles at DEZERAЕS curt response

CARTER:

I thought you were someone else

DEZERAE:

Well I'm glad I'm not them - what are you doing here so late? Come to that, what the hell have you got that for? She points to the knife

(CONTINUED)

59 CONTINUED:

CARTER:

I thought someone was following me - I - er - (Changes subject) I just needed my computer and some things...Listen, I'd like to work from home for a few weeks - is that OK?

DEZERAE:

(Pause) Why don't you take a few weeks off - you're due some holiday time. CARTER smiles

CARTER:

Sounds good - thank you

DEZERAE:

Don't mention it - now can I get back to my accounts, or do you want to fillet me?

CARTER laughs as DEZERAE turns and leaves. CARTER watches her as she enters her office, wittering to herself.

She picks up the phone and returns to her rolidex - she stops at a card - ALAN SMITH

60 INT NIGHT HOUSE - The phone rings...A little girl with a party hat picks up the receiver...

LITTLE GIRL:

Hello?... GRANDDAD! It's for you...

ALAN SMITH, the gangster we met at the beginning of the film walks in, also wearing a party hat. He takes the phone -

SMITH:

Thank you Darling - you go on back to

your friends...

The little girl prances off back to her party...

SMITH:

Hello?

61 INT NIGHT TRUE CRIME OFFICES -
(CONTINUED)

61 CONTINUED:

CARTER:

Hello, ALAN - It's ELLEN CARTER here
from CRIME SCENE - yes - I remember you
said that if I needed something, I could
come to you...

62 EXT NIGHT CASH POINT - CARTER is at a cashpoint. Everywhere is
deserted. She feels intensely lonely - and very very afraid of the
shadows. She glances at her watch as she withdraws a huge wad of notes.

63 INT NIGHT HARDWARE STORE - We see a pile of cans which read "ANT
POISON". CARTER takes one down and looks at it - paying attention to
the contents... It reads, "8.5% Arsenic - POISON".
She takes it and walks to the checkout.

64 EXT NIGHT SPARE PARTS SHOP - CARTER pulls up in front of a run down,
scruffy shop with spare tyres in the window. The lights are off.
She clambers from her car and knocks on the door - After a moment the
door opens to reveal an odd looking man, dark with a slight limp - he
replies with a broad cockney accent -

JOHN:

ALAN sent you - right?

CARTER nods

65 INT NIGHT CAR SHOP - CARTER steps into the shop which is filled with
car spare parts, seats, tyres, windows - everything you could ever
imagine. Its cramped and claustrophobic -

JOHN walks behind the counter - reaches under and retrieves a very
large and oddly shaped tool box -

CARTER watches anxiously - JOHN opens up the case to reveal a vast
array of weapons - from small pistols to fully automatic assault
rifles -

JOHN:

What do you want?

CARTER is obviously a little weapon shy - if not downright ignorant.
(CONTINUED)

CARTER:

I want a gun - (embarrassed) - There's this guy, I think he's watching me - You know I'd just feel safer with a gun in the house - I wouldn't use it - just for show

JOHN:

Whatever you say Lady

JOHN frowns and reaches in, pulling out an Ouzi sub machine gun.

JOHN:

This'll stop anything that moves

CARTER:

No - something smaller I think

He replaces the weapon and withdraws a small handgun...He racks it, checking the chamber and the mechanism...CARTER jumps slightly at the loud metallic chang.

JOHN:

Browning 9mm - holds 13 in the clip, one in the chamber - and I'll throw in two extra clips and a silencer...

He holds out the extra bullet clips before screwing the silencer onto the front of the gun. He passes it to her. She holds it clumsily, if not a little repulsed by it.

CARTER:

I will need the bullets...

JOHN:

No problem - that's a good gun - got a nice action - try it...

CARTER holds the gun up at arms length - unsure of what to do. She squints and aims before pulling the trigger...CLICK!

CUT TO -

A huge wad of notes is dropped on the counter. CARTER turns to leave...

66 INT NIGHT HALLWAY (AT 66 ACACIA AVENUE) - CARTER enters her front door, closing it quietly behind her. She doesn't turn the lights on.

(CONTINUED)

66 CONTINUED:

The faint sound of classical music and laughter comes from the living room - Slowly she walks toward the closed door. She reaches out and opens it...

67 INT NIGHT LIVING ROOM - She steps into the room. STECKLER and MIK are sat at a table together having dinner - MIK looks round smiling.

MIK:

ELLEN! You're back - come and join us...

You must be tired - LESLIE told me how you spent the whole day knocking out that hole...Funny place to put a fish tank though.

CARTER looks over at STECKLER obviously not too pleased.

STECKLER:

I thought I would cook us a meal

MIK offers some spare ribs...It seems important to STECKLER that CARTER join them at the table

CARTER:

(Sickened) No thank you - I already ate

MIK crunches hard on a bone -

MIK:

Oh come on ELLEN, they're the nicest ribs I have ever tasted

MIK looks round at STECKLER, she's feeling full, tipsy and sexy -

MIK:

(Caressing STECKLER'S hand) LESLIE is a very talented cook - he says there's nothing he can't do with red meat and wine!

She holds up her glass to CARTER...STECKLER pulls his hand away from MIK, looking down - avoiding the contact

CARTER:

(Coldly to STECKLER) I'm sure that's true...

STECKLER stands to clear the table....

(CONTINUED)

67 CONTINUED:

STECKLER:

(To CARTER) If you want any - there's
some left in the kitchen

CARTER:

I think I will pass...

STECKLER walks out of the room - carrying the huge platter

STECKLER:

Dessert is on it's way

He leaves the room.

MIK gives CARTER a scrumpled, tipsy look

MIK:

I think I misjudged him - he's really
quite cute

CARTER is not smiling at all - MIK sees this... MIK gets up and wanders
over to the other side of the room - she selects a tape and inserts it
into the cassette deck and presses play. She removes her jacket to
reveal a tight white vest.

MIK:

(Wiping brow) You ought to get the
heating seen to - it's so hot

Heavy thudding dance music pumps from the speakers. MIK begins to dance
on her own - she is very very sexy as she swings her hips...

CARTER is exasperated - on top of everything, she has a headache. The
last thing she needs is a drunk girlie flirting with a psychopath.

CARTER stands up and turns the music down...

MIK:

What's wrong with you?

CARTER:

(Awkwardly & quiet) I would prefer it if
you kept away from LESLIE

MIK:

What?

CARTER:

You heard me - keep away from him

(CONTINUED)

67 CONTINUED (2):

MIK laughs at the ridiculousness of the statement

MIK:

You don't own him you know - you can't
tell me not to see him!

CARTER:

(Calmly) Yes I can...

MIK's attitude changes - this is no longer a funny situation - ELLEN is
serious -

MIK:

Huh - fuck you - who trampled on your
grave

MIK turns the music back up - and continues dancing. CARTER looks over
to the kitchen - expecting STECKLER to be watching this display - but
he's not.

She looks harder... Then she sees the reflection of his face in a
mirror in shadows. He is watching, and has been watching MIK from the
safety of a mirror. He doesn't move. Just watches...

CARTER turns - she must speak now whilst she has the strength. She
turns the tape off.

CARTER:

I'm giving you notice, I want you out.

MIK stops dead in her tracks, slowly turning.

CARTER:

I want you out now

MIK:

Leave!?! Who the hell do you think you
are?

CARTER:

(Calmly) I'm your landlady

MIK is stopped dead in the middle of ARGUMENT.

MIK:

Just because I have dinner with LESLIE -
I mean? What are you two fucking or

something? Cause, if you are, I didn't know!

(CONTINUED)

67 CONTINUED (3):

STECKLER appears at the door of the kitchen. MIK is bubbling with anger, but she restrains it, tears forming in her eyes.

MIK:

Oh I understand (Stepping forward)

She turns and exits, running upstairs. CARTER looks at STECKLER who returns a silent stare. The sound of MIK thundering back down the stairs can be heard and she enters with her jacket and a small bag. Her eyes are red - she looks like she is about to burst into tears. She walks up to CARTER, offering her a wad of notes.

MIK:

It's the rent I'm due - take it then we are equal

Reluctantly, CARTER takes the notes...MIK is very distressed, fighting hard to keep her voice from wavering. She keeps her head bowed.

MIK:

I'll be at DEKLAN'S, and I'll come over to collect my stuff in the next few days... Don't mind my stuff if some guy you fancy turns up - just leave it in the garden - I thought you were a nice girl ELLEN - Looks like I was wrong

She turns and walks out, pausing at the door to look at CARTER. CARTER can say or do nothing. STECKLER watches silently - he knows his place. He continues to wash the dirty dishes. MIK leaves...

DISSOLVE TO -

68 INT NIGHT CARTER'S ROOM - A huge plank wedges the door shut - on the table is an ashtray with a cigarette burning peacefully - a box of shells lies open... CARTER sits silently listening through headphones to her miniature tape recorder, the interview with ALAN SMITH She checks out her gun - she's never handled one before and the action is stiff - she learns how to load the clip, how to rack the gun...She feels the weight in her palm before gently squeezing the trigger - CLICK!

CARTER turns her attention to the bottle of ANT KILLER she had bought...

(CONTINUED)

68 CONTINUED:

VOICE OF SMITH:

Oh yeah, anyway - when he got them weakened with the arsenic, just sprinkled it on their food for a few days - like I said, just weakened them enough for him to GET THEM WHERE HE WANTED THEM WITHOUT ANY RESISTANCE...

CARTER takes a spoonful of the white powder from the ant poison and sprinkles it into the sugar bowl. She mixes it in with the spoon before tasting a little, just to check if it can be detected... She can't taste anything.

She replaces the sugar bowl lid and looks up.

69 INT NIGHT HALLWAY - CARTER walks down the stairs, the sugar bowl in her

hand. She has no expression - just a resolute stare.

70 INT NIGHT KITCHEN - She enters the kitchen and boils the kettle - making two cups of coffee. Slowly and methodically.

71 INT NIGHT LIVING ROOM - CARTER enters the room with two mugs of coffee on a tray - and the sugar bowl.

STECKLER sits opposite, watching banal television. He looks up to her as she passes him the coffee...

CARTER:

Sugar?

STECKLER:

Yes, one and a half please.

CARTER dunks the sugar in the coffee and swirls it round. She passes it to STECKLER, watching him intently as he sips.

CARTER:

I will write your book...

STECKLER breaks into a broad smile - CARTER does not.

CARTER:

But I have one demand - you will not kill whilst I write
(CONTINUED)

71 CONTINUED:

STECKLER stops grinning and thinks, then smiles once more.

STECKLER:

Fine - you will have to work fast - it will probably be only a few months before they identify my prints - and then it is over - I will destroy all the evidence in my safety deposit box - your secret will die with me...(pleased) I'm so glad ELLEN

CARTER doesn't look so cheerful...

72 INT NIGHT LIVING ROOM - The screen is filled with the white noise of a video recorder image - it stabilises and shows STECKLER sat in front of the camera - gaudy pixilated colours seep through - it appears VERY documentary style...

VOICE OF CARTER:

Your name?

STECKLER:

LESLIE STECKLER:

VOICE OF CARTER:

What do you do?

STECKLER:

(EMBARRASSED) What do I do? What do you do?

VOICE OF CARTER:

I write - If this is going to work, you are going to have to get used to talking to the camera - opening up to it...

STECKLER nods, lowering his head.

CARTER:

So what do you do?

STECKLER:

I'm a dentist

CARTER:

And how long have you been a dentist?

(CONTINUED)

STECKLER:

(Warming) Oh, about six years since I graduated

CARTER:

(Abruptly) And how many people have you killed?

STECKLER:

I don't know

CARTER:

You don't know?

STECKLER:

No - the police say I've killed fourteen - but I've not - I've killed many more. It amazes me how they just haven't found the bodies. What is society coming to when people just don't get missed. I agree, some of them are well hidden - I probably couldn't even show you where I put them - one girl, number eight I think the press called it - she wasn't even mine - I don't know who did it but I didn't

CARTER:

Where do you kill them...

STECKLER:

Oh anywhere - whenever I needed to - Do you know how easy it is to take them? You just pick up a hiker, or someone off the streets - they believe so easily you know, 'Look, I have something to show you' I would say - and that would be it. One girl, I think her name is Debbie - she had broken down on the motorway, and I offered to take her to a service station to call for a tow truck - She just got in and I drove away. When I

pulled into the layby and took out my knife - she just froze, and said - what do you want? - I said, You know what I want. - But she didn't. Getting rid of the bodies is just as easy - the first I cut up, put in bags with bricks in, and tossed them off Eldridge Bridge in broad daylight. (Pause) The real problem with my work is the blood - there is so much of it - and it all spurts out so fast - like a fountain. It made such a mess of

72 CONTINUED (2):

STECKLER (CONT'D)

my car (-) I stopped working from my car. (Pause) She could have stopped me you know - If she really wanted too. That is the difference between the confusion of humanity and the purity of the beast - If a dog attacked you - you could easily kill it without any damage to yourself - Why then do people get bitten by dogs - savaged? Why?

CARTER:

I don't know

STECKLER:

Because a dog will attack with a ferocity and force that we poses, but centuries of social contamination has run it out of us - that is what sets us aside from the purity of the beasts...Society is rotting - men who once were strong and kept everything working are getting soft - women are making them soft - by the time a pretty girl has reached twenty - she has had three lifetimes worth of fun and attention- so she doesn't deserve any more -

CARTER:

Didn't DEBBIE deserve anymore?

STECKLER:

No she didn't...

CARTER:

What did you do with her?

STECKLER:

You know everyone accuses me of being sick - the press, the TV - but I'm not you know - they are - I don't watch it for entertainment every night - I don't sit and watch it whilst eating my dinner - they all say, how could he cut her up? She was dead - I can't hurt something dead - And all this whilst they slobber down their processed beef burgers by the dozen - I couldn't eat one of those burgers, you don't know what has gone in them! (wry smile)

72 CONTINUED (3):

There is a long pause -

CARTER:

The press think that the WHITE ANGEL is a woman - why is that? Do you dress up LESLIE?

STECKLER:

(Awkward) I don't want to talk about it -

CARTER:

OK, the press call you the WHITE ANGLE because you only kill girls wearing white - why white - white clothes, blonde hair...

STECKLER:

I don't know...

CARTER:

Is 'their' colour an expression of their inner self? By that I mean, extroverts wear bright colours - so what are people

who wear white?

STECKLER:

(To CARTER) I don't know...

CARTER:

Is white an expression of innocence? Do you crave innocence LESLIE?

STECKLER:

(-) Let me ask you, why do you wear black ELLEN CARTER? What are you running from?

CARTER is indeed wearing black - there is a long pause as STECKLER stares CARTER out - even though he can't quite see her.

CARTER:

Do you feel sorry for the girls you have killed

STECKLER:

Why should I feel sorry - they're dead.

73 EXT NIGHT ROADWAY/CAR - The white lines of the road streak silently by.

CARTER sits silently in the car with STECKLER as they drive into the night. Passing car headlights dance on CARTERs face - they say nothing to one another - there is a sombre quiet

74 EXT HOUSE NIGHT - STECKLER pulls up in front of a house -

75 EXT DAY NIGHT - The door to the house opens. STECKLER and CARTER stand in the doorway...

The man in the doorway looks puzzled, he obviously doesn't know CARTER or STECKLER.

STECKLER:

Hello - is ANNIE in?

The man tenses up...

GRAHAM:

Are you a journalist?

STECKLER:

No - I'm an old friend of ANNIE'S - I haven't seen her for years - You must be GRAHAM? Is there something wrong?

The man seems to literally deflate.

GRAHAM:

I'm sorry - I've been hounded by the press - ANNIE died over a year ago.

76 INT NIGHT GRAHAM'S LIVING ROOM - The room is cosy and dark, a log fire burning in the background. We pan along a series of pictures, some with Graham and a woman (Presumably ANNIE), some of just the woman on her own. She is pretty with long flowing hair.

STECKLER and CARTER are sat on the settee together. GRAHAM walks into shot with a glass of brandy for STECKLER...

GRAHAM:

(To CARTER) Are you sure you don't want a glass?

CARTER:

(Politely) No - thank you
(CONTINUED)

76 CONTINUED:

GRAHAM sits down - a log fire burning brightly. He smiles - it's good to have guests for a change - especially nice people.

GRAHAM:

So did you know her well? She never mentioned you to me

STECKLER:

Not really (Embarrassed) We had a bit of a crush on each other - Purely innocent I assure you - but she was fun - did she ever tell you about her nick name - SMUDGY?

GRAHAM:

SMUDGY? No...

STECKLER:

Yes, everyone used to tease her about that birth mark - you know the one she had on her...

STECKLER points to his rear...

GRAHAM:

(Smiling) I'm surprised you know about that - she wouldn't ever show anyone it
STECKLER turns to CARTER looking her right in the eye...

STECKLER:

Oh we got in a little tussle once - and that's when I saw it
CARTER is BEGINNING to look a little uncomfortable.

STECKLER:

So if you don't mind me asking - how did it happen
GRAHAM takes a deep breath - it's been a long time since has told anyone about this

GRAHAM:

Well - she was out late one night - just went down to the newsagent for some cigarettes - and she didn't come back...
(CONTINUED)

76 CONTINUED (2):

STECKLER watches CARTER...

We stay on CARTER'S face for the entire monologue - the glow of the fire dances on her face...

GRAHAM:

Three days later some kids found her in some bushes (Gets very difficult to talk) - she had been...She had been... they said she died instantly...But I don't know how long she had to suffer before that bastard killed her...
CARTER is almost in tears

GRAHAM:

The worst thing was I had to go down and identify her - she was so small and pale
-
We cut back to GRAHAM.

GRAHAM:

How can any human being do that to another?

CARTER doesn't have a clue.

77 INT CAR NIGHT - CARTER sits silently as STECKLER drives.

Suddenly a figure can be seen in the roadway - a hitcher, a girl with blonde hair, cut off jeans and long legs -

STECKLER slows down to stop - CARTER is about to violently object - but STECKLER speeds on before she can say anything. He looks over to CARTER with a wry smile.

CARTER is wide eyed and shocked...

78 EXT DAY 66 ACACIA AVENUE - STECKLERS car pulls into the driveway and halts. CARTER and STECKLER clamber for it, running from the rain that pelts down. They approach the house and enter.

Slowly we move backwards to reveal INSPECTOR TAYLOR sat in his car with a thermos flask and the infamous doughnut. He watches them intently....

79 INT NIGHT CARTERS ROOM - CARTER drowsily tosses and turns. She glances at her clock. Its 3.30

80 INT DAY HALLWAY - STECKLER stands in the hallway, fixing his tie. He is

very smart. He examines a piece of paper which is headed "SHOSTERS BANK OF CREDIT" - he glances down at the letter - "appointment at 10am..." STECKLER glances at his watch and turns decidedly to the door.

Quietly he unlocks it, glancing up as he does so - he doesn't want to make much noise.

He gently shuts the door behind him...

81 INT DAY CARTERS ROOM - But the click of the latch still awakens the slumbering CARTER. She looks very much the worse for wear, the last few days have been very tough...

Drowsily she climbs from her bed and peers out of the window - she sees STECKLER walking down the garden path and round the corner out of sight.

She thinks to herself...

82 INT DAY UPSTAIRS HALLWAY - CARTER appears in the hallway dressed in 'thrown on' track suit bottoms and a vest -

She walks down the hall to STECKLERS room, looking round as she does - she knows he's not there, but she has to settle her paranoia...

Slowly she takes a hold of the door handle and turns - to her amazement the door swings open.

83 INT DAY STECKLERS ROOM - CARTER is left in the hallway, hesitant - slowly she enters - fearful of what she may find.

The room is well lit and organised - yet disorganised. Whilst everything is neatly put in it's place, it's not quite right - clothes are crumpled, books upside down on the shelf...

A sleeping bag lies on the floor, recently slept in...The bed immaculate.

The wall has several pictures on it - prints of classical paintings in

tacky small frames.

She begins to rummage through cupboards - but finds only clothes... She opens a set of drawers and riffles through...Nothing...

(CONTINUED)

83 CONTINUED:

Down the side of the cabinet are some leather bound books - CARTER opens the first - ancient stamps...

She moves on to the next... Press clippings... She leafs through them. They begin years ago with local press reports of mass dog killings in the hamlet of DEDINGTON... Soon the clippings develop a more sinister feel, "Woman found dead on Common", "Local Girl Goes Missing"...

"Writer Wins Award" - We see ELLEN CARTER holding up a copy of her book smiling broadly for the photographers -

CARTER is stunned that STECKLER has kept this old clipping... She continues to flick and discovers more and more WHITE ANGEL killings reports...

She closes the book and replaces it carefully.

She turns her attention to the case we saw STECKLER struggling with - filled and over heavy. She lifts it and places it on the bed. Slowly she unlatches it - and finally removes the belt.

The lid creaks open - CARTER holds her breath, not wanting to open it - but it is filled with bizarre dentistry tools, scalpels, probes - a gas cylinder and drill... A tiny piece of black cloth protrudes from a brown parcel - CARTER unravels it to reveal a black dress, wig and red stiletto shoes - perfectly arranged. CARTERS frowns...

She replaces everything and moves on...

She opens a drawer and rummages, taking out a pile of letters. She leafs through and discovers a bank statement - DEPOSITORY SECTION OF THE SHOSTERS BANK OF CREDIT - and the address, 44 Anthony Street, Barnet...

CARTER:

Bingo - (Whispering to self & searching)
the key...?

We pull focus to reveal the key hanging from the bedhead...CARTER doesn't see it.

84 EXT DAY STREET - STECKLER is walking briskly down the street - he stops

suddenly, claspng his chest - he has forgotten the key. He turns on his heel and begins walking back - FAST!

85 INT DAY STECKLERS ROOM - CARTER delves deeper into STECKLERS drawer - intrigued. She takes some photos out - mostly polaroids. One is of a very pretty girl in a car, another is of a woman - huge and

domineering. She is in her kitchen, smiling broadly.

85 CONTINUED:

Another photo is of a young boy with an older girl by his side - presumably, STECKLER with a sister. She finds a crumpled shot of an old house, huge and mansion like. She delves deeper into the papers. She finds a document - an adoption document, the date 1962 - the name LESLIE RAYMOND ANDERSON...

CARTER:

(Mouthing) my god...

86 EXT DAY 66 ACACIA AVENUE - STECKLER is getting closer, walking up the garden path to the door - his finger touches the doorbell but he hesitates - he steps back and looks at CARTERS bedroom - her curtain still shut. He shrugs and removes his keys...

87 INT DAY STECKLERS ROOM - She moves on, to a small album of polaroids...

The first is of STECKLER and his wife sat on a sofa, STECKLERS arm around his her... There are a few mundane photo's before CARTER finds one of a different girl, once more STECKLER embracing...

CARTER glances over at the table - a POLAROID camera sits with a small tripod attached.

She flips through the other photo's - all different girls - all vacant stares - all DEAD...

88 EXT DAY FRONT DOOR - STECKLER twists the key in the lock and the door swings open -

89 INT DAY STECKLERS ROOM - CARTER delves deeper into another drawer. Suddenly she hears a click - her head spins round, her heart pounding...

90 INT DAY STAIRS - STECKLER is creeping up the stairs

91 INT DAY STECKLERS ROOM - CARTER frantically tidies everything away...

92 INT DAY STAIRS - But STECKLER is getting closer still, almost at the top of the stairs...

93 INT DAY STECKLERS ROOM - CARTER has finished tidying when she suddenly spots the key hanging up - she reaches out for it - THE DOOR HANDLE TURNS - CARTERS eyes WIDEN!!!

The door swings open and STECKLER steps in. He looks round cautiously - the key is still in it's place, but swaying ever so slightly...And no

CARTER:

We see STECKLERS bed, CARTERS foot disappears under it...

We see CARTER huddling amongst the boxes and a huge parcel beneath the bed - she watches STECKLERS feet.

STECKLER grabs the key and puts it around his head. He pauses again -

looking round - it is as if he can sense someone has been here...

Without further thought, he turns and exits closing the door.

CARTER listens as he goes down the stairs and out of the front door - CLUNK - she takes a deep breath...

Then she sniffs, something smells bad... She turns to see the huge parcel beneath the bed beside her - slowly she reaches out to pull the sacking back...

It is just an old pillow, some boxes and other junk - she doesn't know what she expected but she's glad it's nothing else...

She clambers from under the bed and shakes herself down - without hesitation she moves for the door - BUT IT'S LOCKED!

CARTER groans in disbelief

CARTER:

Oh come on!

94 INT DAY MIK'S ROOM - The camera moves slowly through MIK'S room - suddenly there is a movement from the window - CARTER appears, clambering along the window ledge awkwardly - She reaches through the open slip and lets herself in.

Clumsily she falls to the floor in MIK'S room - glad to be safe She lies on her back and realises that she is still holding STECKLERS small polaroid album in her hand. She starts to laugh - and laugh and laugh - and then, as suddenly she had started, she stops laughing and closes her eyes...

DISSOLVE TO -

95 INT NIGHT STECKLERS ROOM - The door to STECKLERS room opens and CARTER silently steps in. STECKLER lies in the moonlight, asleep. The key CARTER is so desperate to have is sitting on his bedside cabinet. Slowly she moves forward, sweat dripping from her forehead.

She reaches out for the key, further and further, nearer and nearer... Her finger clasps the cold metal. Suddenly, STECKLER jumps up behind her, screaming - He raises his arm bringing the meat cleaver he holds, crashing down on her hand, severing it cleanly from her body....

96 INT DAY LIVING ROOM - CARTER abruptly wakes from her dream - she is sat

in her high arm chair - the room is darkened, the curtains shut. Slowly she makes out the form of STECKLER sat shadowed in a chair opposite. He doesn't move or say anything...

CARTER:

How long have you been watching me?

STECKLER:

I have something I have to show you...

He stands up - the room is still laid out from the previous evening, the video camera still on it's tripod.

STECKLER wanders over to the TV set and inserts a tape into the video - The TV flickers into life - a home video, shaky and out of focus. A couple are chatting and enjoying a picnic by a monument in a park. It is STECKLER and another woman - presumably his wife. STECKLER looks very different, his hair unkempt, his clothes scruffy. The woman is thin, with waves of blonde hair - she's wearing a bright coloured outfit - her face caked in make-up.

But worst of all, she nags...

STECKLER looks round at CARTER - the light from the TV flickers on her face. He looks back to the TV...The couple are eating their PICNIC. The picture and sound is very bad - adding to the authentic, fly on the wall documentary feel.

The camera is being helmed by STECKLER who is off shot - and soon an argument breaks out over the contents of the sandwiches. As usual, everything is STECKLERS fault, can't he do anything right? This woman is your worst nightmare...

Suddenly the camera tilts...Then falls to the ground. It's focus system tries to focus on the background, but cannot. Instead it focuses on the picnic basket.

96 CONTINUED:

A fight can be heard - suddenly STECKLERS wife stops shouting at him, there is a pause, then a crash as something falls over.

CARTERS eyes widen as her mind fills in the visual blanks from the sound. There is a loud but muffled crack...

The camera is picked up again, getting a brief glimpse of the inert form of the woman on the floor. The picture goes fuzzy as the recording ends.

CARTER looks up at STECKLER who in turn has just turned off the camera. CUT TO -

The wheels of the video CASSETTE turn in the video camera - the record light flashes.

We see the video screen. STECKLER sits there - looking into the lens.

CARTER:

Tell me about your wife...

STECKLER:

My wife (-) My wife was the only one who really deserved it. (Mimicking) LESLIE do this. LESLIE do that. LESLIE it's your fault... She used to tell me what

to wear, where to go, what to do - she mothered me...

CARTER:

then why did you marry her -

STECKLER:

It seemed like a good idea at the time - why did you marry your husband.

There is a pregnant pause - CARTER continues...

CARTER:

What didn't you like about her?

STECKLER:

(Intensely) I hated being treated like a failure - looked down on - my sister used to do that - I hated it - I should have known, when we got married - in a registry office of course - she wore maroon - I just wanted a white wedding (-) I think she thought I was a ticket to the good life. I had a good job, prospects. And she was a slut - I didn't know until too late. One day, I came
96 CONTINUED (2):

STECKLER (CONT'D)

home early and found her in bed with another man. I don't know who he was. It didn't matter. She never saw me. I sat and watched for half an hour before I knew what I had to do.

There is a pause as STECKLER thinks.

STECKLER:

I hated her for that. And I hated her for not wearing white at our wedding. I was cheated. I couldn't have what everyone else could have - all my life I have denied purity...The only time I really was at one with my wife was those precious few hours before I had to cut her up - she was accepting of everything then...

STECKLER stops talking. CARTER waits..

STECKLER:

I had to kill her. She was rotten. And like my MOTHER said - cut away the dead wood or it will stop you doing what you must do. The world is a better place without her. You should understand better than anyone.

CARTER draws her legs up under herself.

STECKLER:

You are the first person I have ever told any of this to. We are birds of a feather ELLEN...we're in the same league

CARTER:

I don't think so...This isn't a game you know...There aren't points or leagues. Sure I killed my husband - but I am no killer.

STECKLER:

You've killed but you're not a killer

CARTER:

That's right...Don't ever think that you and I are the same - we're not even remotely similar. I did what I had to do for myself, for my own self preservation - not to live out some bizarre role playing fantasy. My husband was sick -

96 CONTINUED (3):

CARTER (CONT'D)

he beat me up - he abused me - and I just snapped.

There is a pause as CARTER gathers herself. STECKLER waits patiently wanting more...

STECKLER:

Tell me how it happened...

CARTER:

Why should I?

STECKLER:

Why not? Please - it would help me
CARTER waits for a moment - then opens up

CARTER:

There's not much to tell - I had just won my prize for the book - and he hated me for it. He had hated the book, he hated my success for so long - so he decided to make my life hell. There are things I can't tell you what he made me do - things I couldn't tell anyone... I wanted a divorce but he said he wouldn't - then opportunity just popped up...He was in the garage and I was in the car...I just let the clutch up - he couldn't get out of the way. I didn't really mean to kill him -just teach him a lesson - I guess if I had been thinking straighter I wouldn't have done it. I knew that if I was discovered I would go to jail - even if it was manslaughter I would do time - and any time would have been too much - I've seen what happens to people when they go to prison - and what happens to them when they get out. I wasn't going to be one of them.

It is a strange reversal, STECKLER listening to the confessions of a killer. Both feel something -

CARTER:

I knew I had to get rid of the body - so I strung him up in the bath, slit his throat and drained him - covered him in salt - to avoid the rotting - and bricked him up. Everyone believed me when I told them he left the country - I

96 CONTINUED (4):

CARTER (CONT'D)

think they were glad he was gone. Everyone except for that damn cop. He knows. Somehow he just knows.

STECKLER watches CARTER. There is love and tenderness in his eyes.

CARTER:

And I have never told THAT to anyone
before
Both CARTER and STECKLER smile.

STECKLER:

And how did it feel to be rid of him

CARTER:

Wonderful - like a great release - He
was a malignant cancer and I had to
remove him - the world is better without
him

CARTERS smile fades. STECKLER looks at CARTER - their eyes do not break
from each other as a silent message is transmitted...

97 EXT DAY PARK - CARTER and STECKLER are walking through a huge London
Park. The trees are spider like and bare - winter has really taken a
grip.

There are a few other people around - joggers, business men on lunch,
people just enjoying the break from the concrete nightmare surrounding
this green haven.

STECKLER stops and turns to CARTER.

STECKLER:

There is something special about this
place - the green - in destruction there
is creation - flesh rots to fertilise
the ground for life to thrive on.

CARTER and STECKLER stop. STECKLER points out a patch of ground in
front of him, the grass slightly taller than everywhere else.

CARTER:

(Looking and thinking) What?
(CONTINUED)

97 CONTINUED:

STECKLER:

That is my wife...Nothing ever dies - it
just changes. I changed my wife.

CARTER fumbles in her bag and retrieves her camera.

STECKLER:

I come here every so often - to pay my respects

STECKLER turns to CARTER looking strangely different

STECKLER:

I'm weary ELLEN - of holding everything inside of me - that's why I need this book - In a few weeks it will be over - the police will have me - I will make you a lot of money and your career will be back on track -

CARTER thinks about his comment before turning her attention to her camera to take a photo - STECKLER looks at her questioningly

CARTER:

For the book...

We see down the lens of the camera, STECKLER stood on the grassy mound. CARTER focuses - then click. The image freezes in black and white.

98 EXT DAY PARK - A bunch of pigeons fight over a few morsels of food. CARTER and STECKLER are sat on a park bench, STECKLER tossing pieces of bread to the pigeons.

Across the way a BIG LAWYER sits, talking on a portable phone - a bottle of perrier in his other.

CARTER has her camera and is taking a few portraits of STECKLER. She moves about looking for the best shot.

The BIG LAWYER opposite cannot take his eyes off CARTERs legs and bum - it doesn't help as she is wearing a fairly short skirt... And when she bends over...

The BIG LAWYER laughs down the phone - he is obviously telling the person on the other end of the line what he is doing.

CARTER FINISHES her roll and sits back down.

(CONTINUED)

98 CONTINUED:

STECKLER has finished with his bag of bread for the pigeons and looks over at a waste bin twenty yards away. He spots a can under the bench and stretches to pick it up...He stands and wanders over to the bin.

CARTER wrestles with her camera which has jammed - but she finally gets it free. She takes out the film and pockets it.

She looks up at the BIG LAWYER who is blatantly staring at her legs. He doesn't even look away when CARTER sees him.

Suddenly from behind, STECKLER appears and leans over close to the BIG LAWYER. CARTER watches on.

STECKLER leans close to the LAWYER and whispers in his ear. The LAWYERS face goes pale. Hurriedly he gathers his things and shuffles off.

STECKLER smiles to CARTER as he wanders back - a 'Don't look at me' expression written all over his face.

CARTER doesn't know how to react - grateful that her honour has been defended - but at the same time, wishes it was someone else.

They walk off into the distance...

99 INT NIGHT CARTERS ROOM - (WRITING MONTAGE) CARTER is writing furiously at her computer - we see her fingers working wonders - the letters just fly up on the screen. We see her with her head in her hands, desperate for inspiration - she fans herself with a piece of paper and STECKLER watches, mesmerised by the sensuous display - and then CARTER is typing furiously once more.

Photos are printed and scanned onto computer - We see the printer printing out pages of script...

At last ELLEN CARTER has begun writing once more... CARTER shuffles a pile of papers - ten pages or so and looks at the cover,

'The Secret Diary of Dr Leslie Raymond

Steckler - INTRODUCTION'

She places them down and looks at a small black and white photo of a stern looking woman and a lost little boy - STECKLER and his MOTHER.

She examines closely - almost obsessed...

She places it down and begins writing, looking at the computer screen...

(CONTINUED)

99 CONTINUED:

CUT TO...

100 INT NIGHT FORENSIC LAB - The fingerprint computer is still checking names and prints rapidly - FOSTER sits with her feet up and drinking a cup of tea as she patiently watches... A small figure says '43% done'.

101 INT DAY LIVING ROOM - The camera is focussed once more - STECKLER sits

in the familiar chair...

CARTER:

So tell me about your MOTHER

STECKLER looks up a little shocked - that one came out of the blue

STECKLER:

My mother...? (-) I never knew my real

MOTHER - I was adopted

CARTER:

Tell me about your adopted MOTHER
STECKLER is firm lipped - he doesn't want to open up

CARTER:

I had to - I have to see the beginning -
(Firmly) now tell me about your MOTHER
He doesn't answer for a long time -

STECKLER:

My MOTHER didn't love me - she never
loved me - when I was fourteen I had a
pet rabbit - and I killed it, just to
see what my mother would do... She
bought me a goldfish and told me to stop
crying. Two days later she died in the
accident

CARTER is obviously shocked by this... There is a long pause.

STECKLER:

You think I killed my MOTHER don't you?

CARTER:

Did you?
(CONTINUED)

101 CONTINUED:

STECKLER:

My ADOPTED MOTHER - Whose house was so
cold I could see my breath in front of
my face, whose furniture was so
valuable, no-one could sit on it, whose
ornaments so rare, I couldn't have
school friends round...My mother, who
locked me in the attic when I was
naughty, who drove her husband to the
grave, who brought lovers home for
weekends in the country - she was filth
- Is that what you want me to say...
That I pushed her off the boat when she
drowned, who wouldn't throw her a life
buoy? Is that what you want me to say?
Is IT?

STECKLER pauses for a long second - CARTER, moved by STECKLER

torrential confession...

STECKLER:

(Calmer) No...I didn't do it...I wish I had but I didn't. I was beaten to it. STEPHANIE became my mother.

CARTER:

STEPHANIE?

STECKLER:

My sister - My ADOPTED SISTER -

CARTER:

Did STEPHANIE kill your MOTHER?

STECKLER:

STEPHANIE loved me - she got some insurance money and took legal custody of me - she was just old enough. We had a ball for years - we could do anything, anywhere, anyhow...And we did...We would play games - she would be the executioner and I would be the convict - She would strap me into the arm chair and pretend to electrocute me...

STECKLER drops off into silence

(CONTINUED)

101 CONTINUED (2):

CARTER:

What was your relationship with STEPHANIE?

STECKLER:

(Quietly) It was wrong - all my life I have been cheated - cheated of anything good - I shouldn't have been born - I was a mistake - my natural mother was a whore - that makes me...

STECKLER is beginning to crack up.

STECKLER:

I want it to stop - it all to stop...

CARTER:

Then make it stop...

STECKLER looks up at CARTER - he believes in her...

102 INT DAY LIVING ROOM - STECKLER sits at a table near the window, reading

the book silently. CARTER sits nearby - nervous as hell. STECKLER turns the page.

It's just too intense for CARTER - she gets up and goes to the kitchen.

103 INT DAY KITCHEN - CARTER fills the kettle up and reaches for the sugar.

She glances over her shoulder - STECKLER is still sat reading.

Slowly she opens the sugar bowl - it is empty. For a moment she deliberates what to do - before reaching under the sink, to a remote spot, and retrieving the ANT POISON.

At all time she nervously switches between what she is doing and where STECKLER is - her heart pounds as she fills the bowl up with sugar - and then mixes in the ant poison.

She glances over her shoulder - STECKLER is stood only two feet away - CARTER jumps - STECKLER holds up the book

STECKLER:

I need to talk to you...

Unseen, CARTER manages to slip the ANT POISON into a drawer behind her.

104 INT DAY LIVING ROOM - CARTER and STECKLER sit down, CARTER taking care

of making the tea.

STECKLER looks a different man - the intensity and lines from his forehead gone. He slumps in the chair rather than sits in an angular position...

The two look at each other for a long time before curiosity gets the better of CARTER...

CARTER:

What?

STECKLER:

I know this sounds insane ELLEN, but...

Telling you all of this, writing the book... It feels good. Don't get me wrong - I feel like a weight is being lifted from my shoulders... When I tell you what I have done - I can't believe it is me...Yet I know it was. This is

like a purging for me...

CARTER:

Psychiatrists would say that you are confronting your demons

STECKLER:

Demons... This wouldn't have been possible without you... You have given me incentive ELLEN - I can see clearer now...

CARTER looks at STECKLER slightly differently - as a doctor would at a condemned patient who is showing miraculous signs of recovery.

STECKLER sits up and puts sugar into his tea - CARTER watches - a mass of confused emotions.

STECKLER:

What's wrong?

CARTER:

Nothing could be better...

STECKLER takes a sip of his tea - it's sweet...

STECKLER:

I really must cut down on sugar - it'll be the death of me...

105 EXT DAY STECKLERS SURGERY - It is a brisk winters day. The street is busy, the road packed with traffic.

The figure of a biker hurtles between the cars, expertly weaving through them. It is MIK wearing her usual hip biker kit, but with a tight white top...

She pulls up in front of the DENTISTS, grapples in her bag and retrieves a parcel. She looks up, checking the address - then smiles...

106 INT DAY BUILDING FOYER - She enters the building, resting her bike up against the wall inside before running up the stairs.

107 INT DAY DENTIST FOYER - MIK swaggers in and leans on the desk. The secretary is there.

MIK:

Is DR. STECKLER here?

108 INT DAY HALLWAY - MIK is leaning up against the wall when a door opens

up at the end of the corridor. STECKLER walks out, his hands filled with bizarre instruments...

STECKLER:

I thought it was you - how are you?

MIK:

I'm good - I was just making a delivery near here, so I thought I would see if you were about...

STECKLER:

Yes, come on in...

There is a sudden whine of a dentists drill...

MIK:

No, I can't I've got a million things to deliver. I just wanted to say thank you for the other night - I know it all got a little out of hand...

MIK suddenly feels very awkward...

MIK:

Anyway - look, I have moved in with DEKLAN now - it's a nice flat in a shitty area - (Sarcastically) but hey, Its home!

108 CONTINUED:

STECKLER:

That's good

MIK:

I'd really like it if you would come round some time - Then I could cook you a meal - what do you say...

STECKLER:

Yes, that would be nice - I'll call round some time...

MIK smiles...

MIK:

Good - I've got to dash - (cautiously)
Say that I said hello to ELLEN for me

would you...

STECKLER:

Yes - of course.

MIK gives one last smile and turns to leave... STECKLER does not move and watches her as she leaves the building.

109 INT DAY BUILDING FOYER - MIK bounces down the stairs, grabs her bike and exits. As she does so, she brushes up against someone entering... INSPECTOR TAYLOR looks up the stairs and begins his ascent...

110 INT DAY DENTAL SURGERY - STECKLER is in his surgery with JANET examining X RAYS of teeth - The door opens and INSPECTOR pops his head in...

TAYLOR:

Dr STECKLER?

STECKLER:

Yes...?

TAYLOR:

INSPECTOR DAVE TAYLOR - Scotland yard

(Produces ID)...Can I have a word?

STECKLER turns to JANET - but she is quicker...

(CONTINUED)

110 CONTINUED:

JANET:

I'll be outside.

She exits...

STECKLER:

How can I help SCOTLAND YARD then?

STECKLER busies himself by washing his hands and sterilising his instruments as TAYLOR talks...

STECKLER:

I believe you live with a MRS ELLEN CARTER...

STECKLER:

MRS? I thought her husband was dead

TAYLOR'S eyebrow raises and he moves into the room...

TAYLOR:

Dead?

STECKLER:

Or was it, she wished he was dead - that's it - I believe he left the country with another woman - all rather sordid.

TAYLOR:

So she didn't mention anything more about it?

STECKLER:

No - she isn't in any trouble is she?

TAYLOR:

Oh no sir - just making some enquiries...Just tell her that INSPECTOR TAYLOR called on you - she'll understand

STECKLER:

I'll be sure to...

TAYLOR turns to exit...then stops and turns

TAYLOR:

Listen - whilst I'm here, I've been having some problems with my back teeth - you couldn't just take a look, see if I need anything doing?

110 CONTINUED (2):

STECKLER:

I shouldn't really - I'm not your surgeon...

TAYLOR:

Who said anything about surgery...It'll only take a moment.

STECKLER thinks to himself.

STECKLER:

OK - just hop up...

TAYLOR grins and climbs onto the dentists chair leaning back. STECKLER

moves behind him. He takes TAYLOR'S head and moves his head right back, exposing his throat and mouth.

STECKLER:

Now open wide...

STECKLER looks down at his tray of weapons - a scalpel glistens at him... For a moment his hand hovers before he takes a probe and mirror. He inserts them in TAYLOR'S mouth and conducts his examination.

STECKLER:

Mmm yes - there is a cavity here... Just tell me if this hurts...

Without any more warning, STECKLER jabs very hard on TAYLOR'S tooth... TAYLOR jumps and cries out in pain. STECKLER retracts his instruments and TAYLOR closes his mouth...

TAYLOR:

Bloody hell! Now I remember why I didn't want to go to the dentist... He clambers from the chair...holding his mouth...

STECKLER:

You really should have that filled... Once more, the painful sound of the drill from the surgery next door screams through...

TAYLOR:

Thanks for your time - DR STECKLER...
(CONTINUED)

110 CONTINUED (3):

He turns on his heel and exits, nursing a very numb and sore mouth. STECKLER smiles to himself - serves him right.

111 EXT NIGHT STAIRWAY - Once more, STECKLER is locking up his surgery. He descends the iron fire escape and into the alley way

112 EXT NIGHT SHOP FRONT - STECKLERS eyes find a way to the shop front and the collection of the shop dummies - especially the one wearing the white dress... STECKLER hears a noise behind himself...

113 EXT NIGHT ALLEYWAY - Once more the STREET PUNK is hassling a girl - STECKLER walks briskly up...

The STREET PUNK has a knife in his left hand, his right bandaged - he demands her purse - but she won't give. Viscously he lashes out with the blade cutting the woman's leg - she shrieks out in pain before

relinquishing her purse.

The punk picks it up just as STECKLER moves out of the shadows -
The PUNK turns round brandishing his blade...

STREET PUNK:

You got a prob...?

STECKLER steps out of the shadows. The PUNK's face drops - without
warning he spins on his heel and runs for his life...

STECKLER smiles - amused by him. He turns his attention to the girl on
the floor.

STECKLER turns to the woman who is lying amongst some old card boxes,
blood seeping out over her clothes from the cut on her leg...

She looks up at STECKLER as though he were Lancelot...

STECKLER:

I'm a doctor - my surgery is just around
the corner

114 INT DAY STECKLERS SURGERY - The door opens into darkness as STECKLER
helps the girl (MARY) in. An alarm beeper sounds. He flicks on the
lights and the flourescents illuminate a cold and clinical room - a
modern torture chamber for some.

114 CONTINUED:

STECKLER:

I'll just turn off the ALARM

STECKLER disappears off around the corner and down a hallway, pulling
keys from his pocket.

MARY limps into the room - her eyes fixed on an array of tools, probes,
scalpels - all bright silver and VERY nasty...

The alarm sound stops... There is a distant crash of something falling
to the floor...

Silence...

MARY:

Hello?!

Silence...

MARY:

(getting nervous) Hello?!

Suddenly, STECKLER appears behind her, putting his hand on her shoulder
- She jumps a little...

STECKLER:

Sorry about that - lets get you up
here...

He helps her onto the chair. Blood freely seeps from a wound on her
upper thigh.

MARY:

I don't know how to thank you - I think
he was going to rape or kill me

STECKLER:

If I were you, I'd stick to daylight and
wide open spaces from now on - lets get
this off.

STECKLER helps the woman remove her jogging trousers. She winces and
groans as he does so. STECKLER inspects the wound...

STECKLER:

It's not bad - it looks a lot worse than
it is... You probably won't need
stitches

(CONTINUED)

114 CONTINUED (2):

He takes a swab and wipes away the blood. The wound can clearly be seen
and it looks pitifully small.

MARY:

Is that it? Some war wound that turned
out to be

STECKLER laughs...

He takes a swab and makes her hold it on the wound.

STECKLER:

This will stop it making too much of a
mess

MARY:

I'm terribly sorry...

STECKLER:

Don't mention it...

His eyes wander up her leg - to her pants - white and very skimpy... He
takes an involuntary deep breath. Her rather unflattering position, one
leg on and one leg off the chair strikes a sexual image that runs
shivers down STECKLERS spine...

STECKLER:

I'll call a taxi and make some tea while
you wait.

115 INT NIGHT UTILITY ROOM - STECKLER stands in a plume of wild steam
from
the kettle spout. His eyes fixed and unmoving on his tool box - a
hammer sits atop.

116 INT NIGHT SURGERY - STECKLER enters with a tray and one cup of tea.
He
places it on the steel table next to the chair and the woman who has
now covered herself up
She looks up from her bloody wound and smiles

MARY:

Thank you - but don't you want a cup?
For a long time, STECKLER hovers behind her - not saying anything.
(CONTINUED)

116 CONTINUED:

STECKLER:

No, I'm not thirsty thank you. I called
a taxi - they are very good here - he
should be here very...
There is a beep beep outside. Both MARY and STECKLER smile at the
timing. She stands

MARY:

That's not too bad -
She turns to STECKLER...

MARY:

I don't know how to thank you - you have
been so kind - if only more people in
the world could be more like you...
She moves closer and lightly kisses him on the cheek...She extends her
hand.

MARY:

I'm MARY STANLEY - nice to meet you

STECKLER:

(Smiles) LESLIE STECKLER...

She turns and exits the surgery.

117 EXT/INT NIGHT STREET/SURGERY - MARY climbs into the taxi and waves as it pulls away.

STECKLER returns the wave.

He turns and walks over to his chair and lies back in it - a little like a psychiatrists chair. He sips her tea. Slowly he raises his arm up - he is holding the hammer. He rests it on his chest.

FADE TO BLACK:

118 EXT DAY SHOP FRONT - We see the shop front. Slowly we move into the window which has the three dummies display. The centre dummy which was wearing the white dress is being undressed by a shop assistant.

119 INT NIGHT LIVING ROOM - Cut to a huge close up of the TV screen. STECKLER cannot speak - something holds him back - we move from the camera to him -

119 CONTINUED:

STECKLER:

Turn it off - I can't handle that thing anymore

CARTER turns off the machine - she senses something is different - STECKLER moves forward, craving human intimacy...

CARTER:

What's wrong?

STECKLER:

I am ashamed of what I have done ELLEN. When I read what you had written it made me think - look into myself - I haven't dared look into myself for a long time - I have stopped ELLEN, I can't carry on - I won't carry on. All I want is to start a new life - I want a second chance...You are good to me - you don't condescend, you're intelligent, and very beautiful...

CARTER listens on - not moving at all...

STECKLER:

You don't disappoint or let me down ELLEN. I want the woman who helped me put the past behind me by my side - if

she will have me for the short time I
have left.

CARTER sits silent and dumfounded.

STECKLER produces a large box, gift wrapped. He passes it to CARTER -

CARTER:

What is it?

STECKLER:

Open it...

With trepidation CARTER opens the box. She discovers the white dress
from the shop window, beautifully folded, with a pair of matching
shoes...

CARTER:

You want me to wear this for you?

(CONTINUED)

119 CONTINUED (2):

STECKLER:

Yes...

CARTER:

You want me to wear white for you? You
must be madder than I thought...

STECKLER:

But ELLEN, I told you I have stopped...

CARTER:

But for how long - what will set you off
again? You'll be walking down the street
and some girl will be wearing a white
hat - and that will be it - back on the
merry go round...

CARTER stands - completely engulfed in disbelief and anger...

CARTER:

You can't just flush your past down the
toilet of life - you want a second
chance - what about the girls you killed
- did they have a second chance - No -
because you killed them. And I'm good to
you - I don't condescend, and don't let

you down. You know why LESLIE - because you've got me by the short and curlies - I don't have a choice, either I go to jail or to the grave! In answer to your question LESLIE - No I won't have you. Never.

She picks up the package and tosses it back to STECKLER. The contents spill out all over the floor.

CARTER storms out to the kitchen.

STECKLER slowly retrieves all his gifts, replacing them in the box - he is deeply hurt.

120 INT NIGHT KITCHEN - CARTER is shaking - she quickly lights a cigarette to calm her.

STECKLER walks out of the LIVING ROOM and collects his jacket from behind the door....

(CONTINUED)

120 CONTINUED:

Suddenly hit by doubt and worry, CARTER turns to him as he exits...

CARTER:

Where are you going?

STECKLER:

Out - I may be some time
STECKLER leaves...

CARTER:

Wait LESLIE...I...I...

121 INT NIGHT CARTERS BEDROOM - CARTER is sat at her desk flipping through

notes. A huge pile is stacked by her, the word RESEARCH scribbled across it - and a bottle of vodka to it's side.

She sits back, reading a photocopy of a newspaper article titled, "WHAT EVER HAPPENED TO THE MODERN SERIAL KILLER".

She looks at the photos of modern mass murderers - sketches of others. One in particular grabs her eye... The inscription below reads "The French 'Hillside Slasher'

CARTERS eyes wander down the article...

CARTERS VOICE:

"...and what of those killers which stopped? there have been many documented

serial killers who merely ended their reign of terror - Jack The Ripper being one of the most sensational. Others the French Hillside Slasher - took nineteen lives then mysteriously stopped. What happened to him - did he die, was he arrested and jailed for other charges, did he leave the country - or was his carnal need fulfilled - his anger discharged? Only he will ever know..."

CARTER looks up from her article thinking.

122 INT NIGHT HALLWAY - The front door slams and STECKLER briskly walks into the kitchen, pausing only to hang his jacket up.

CARTER walks down the stairs.

123 INT KITCHEN NIGHT - STECKLER is washing his hands in the kitchen sink when CARTER enters from behind. She leans up against the door frame - pausing for the right moment to speak.

STECKLER:

We've got nothing to talk about

CARTER:

LESLIE I'm sorry - I - I didn't know what to think

STECKLER turns round

STECKLER:

I thought we had a relationship built on trust - and you just slap me in the face...

CARTER:

(Long pause) I am sorry...

There is a long pause as STECKLER shuffles his feet, looking at the floor like a little lost boy.

CARTER:

LESLIE? (He looks up) Is that good enough?

STECKLER:

Yes - I suppose so...

The tension breaks

CARTER:

It's late and I've had too much to drink. I can't think straight now - we'll talk about it in the morning...
CARTER turns and walks out...

STECKLER:

ELLEN...
CARTER turns back

STECKLER:

I have stopped - you must believe me
A smile breaks out on CARTERS face
(CONTINUED)

123 CONTINUED:

CARTER:

Yes - I believe I do...
She turns and walks back out ... STECKLER watches - his face shows long furrowed lines of familiar stress...
124 INT NIGHT HALLWAY - CARTER walks into the hallway and is about to walk upstairs when she spots STECKLERS jacket crumpled on the floor - it must have fallen from the hook.
She leans over to pick it up - but as she does so, she notices something on the floor underneath.
She leans over and picks up a pair of biker glasses, cracked...They are MIK's glasses!
CARTER RUMMAGES in STECKLERS pocket and withdraws a handkerchief - covered in blood.
CARTERS eyes widen in horror - she was so close to believing it all - and she would have probably been persuaded to wear the dress... And what would have happened to her?
STECKLER shuffles about in the kitchen before walking into the LIVING ROOM - the TV turns on.
She places the coat back on the hook - a panic running through her. What can she do?
She regains her composure.
Slowly she moves over to the telephone and gently picks up the receiver. She keeps her eye on the LIVING ROOM door at all times - not daring to breathe.
She flips open her address book and looks up the name DEKLAN. Sure enough it is there with MIK's Fella scrawled after it.

She dials the number and waits for it to ring, and ring, and ring - but no-one answers.

CARTER holds the phone to her chest - she was nearly so very wrong...

125 INT NIGHT CARTERS BEDROOM - CARTER lies asleep in her bed - the moonlight picking out the curves of her body. She is sweaty and looks like she has been very restless...

(CONTINUED)

125 CONTINUED:

There is a quiet picking at the door before it silently swings open. STECKLER is stood there in his vest and trousers. He steps into the moonlight, his eyes black...

He leans close to CARTER, caressing her body - an inch above her skin. He knows he cannot touch her though.

As silently as he had entered, he leaves.

As the door clicks shut, CARTERS eyes flicker open - there is a loud click from near her head as we see her gun which she grips firmly under her pillow.

She sits up, looking round. She clambers out of the bed and slips on her jeans and a jumper. She jams her gun into her belt, grabs a jacket and opens the window.

Slowly she climbs out, slipping and sliding, but just managing to hold on. She clambers down the drain pipe and is on ground level in a flash.

126 EXT NIGHT TOWER BLOCK - The night is cold - the streets deserted. CARTER appears outside a huge block of flats - an urban monstrosity. She checks a piece of paper and looks upwards at them.

127 EXT NIGHT CORRIDOR - CARTER walks along an external corridor, looking for flat number 80... She finds it.

On the door the sign "MIK and DEKLAN" is written in colorful lettering. CARTER knocks on the door, but as expected there is no answer.

She takes a torch from her back pocket and shines it in through the letter box, trying to see in. She looks through a small window at the side of the door. She can't see much, just a table overturned. But it's enough...

She looks round and finds a brick. She heaves it and crashes it through the window. She leans her arm in and unlatches the door from the inside.

128 INT NIGHT MIK and DEKLAN'S FLAT - CARTER shuts the door behind her and

switches on the lights. She walks past a photo of HERSELF and MIK taken last year - the TV still buzzes silently.

As she had seen, a table is overturned...And a chair.

(CONTINUED)

128 CONTINUED:

She moves further into the room - suddenly she sees it, her hand involuntarily claspng her mouth.

A large pool of blood stains the light carpet - an electric knife lying at its side, dried blood dulls it's blade.

129 EXT NIGHT GARDEN - STECKLER is stood in the garden, a fire raging before him. At his feet is a box filled with press clippings, articles, paper...And video tapes, computer disks.

He picks up the fist lot - a computer disk titled, 'Introduction'...He tosses it on the fire. He takes the pages of ELLEN'S book, looks at them before sending them on their way.

He watches the flames as he pulls the tape from video cassettes - eventually sending them to the conflagration...

130 INT NIGHT HALLWAY - CARTER silently lets herself back in at 66 ACACIA AVENUE. Slowly she moves through the house and to the stairs when she notices a slight flickering on the walls of the room.

She moves over to the window to take a look out back...

To her horror she sees STECKLER filling in a hole in the garden. He digs hard with his spade and his job is almost done. A small fire flickers and STECKLER goes over to it, dropping some paper onto it. Suddenly he turns and walks straight for the house and the doorway.

CARTER panics, not knowing what to do. She looks round for somewhere to hide -

STECKLER is still advancing...

And it is too late, the door opens and STECKLER enters with the spade in his hand.

He closes the door behind himself - CARTER is nowhere to be seen. STECKLER places the spade down and opens the fridge, taking out a bottle of milk.

The light illuminates the area - AND CARTER, who is hiding close up to a cupboard - her eyes are wide as she is frozen to the spot.

STECKLER closes the fridge door and slowly exits, walking up the stairs...

(CONTINUED)

130 CONTINUED:

CARTER takes a silent, but deep breath...

131 EXT DAY STREET - CARTER, dressed in jeans and a jacket walks determinedly down a street, packed with people. There is a resolution about herself...

132 EXT DAY PUBLIC LOOS - CARTER enters some public loos

133 INT DAY LOO'S - CARTER enters one of the little cubicles. Once inside she begins to strip off - and changes into a bright and skimpy dress with black tights, stilettos. She dons heavy make-up and wears a pair

of brightly coloured glasses. She looks VERY GIRLIE.

Satisfied, she picks up her bag and exits.

134 EXT DAY BANK - CARTER arrives in her 'costume' outside the bank. She checks a piece of paper - a bank statement with a curious logo (The same one that she found in STECKLER'S box).

She enters.

135 INT DAY BANK MANAGERS OFFICE - CARTER sits before the bank manager.

CARTER:

You see, I am writing this article for

CHIC MAGAZINE:

MANAGER:

(never heard of it) CHIC MAGAZINE?

CARTER:

Yes - it's about bank safety deposit boxes - I wonder if you might just explain how they work - and maybe even show me round.

The MANAGER smiles nervously - she is a good looking girl... He takes off his glasses and pockets them...

MANAGER:

Well MISS TANDY - It's not our policy to show people round - but if you were a potential client - that would be a different matter...

(CONTINUED)

135 CONTINUED:

CARTER:

When could I look round?

MANAGER:

Well, if you could come sometime just before we close, then I could show you everything and (Going for it) then we could go for a drink to discuss the finer points...

CARTER pauses for a moment - her face expressionless... The MANAGERS smile begins to fade when suddenly CARTER smiles broadly...

CARTER:

That's very kind of you MR GRIFFITHS...?

MANAGER:

BRIAN...

CARTER:

But - If you could show me round now -
and I'll meet you later?

The MANAGER is about to object when CARTER crosses her legs - exposing
a tantalising bit of thigh - the MANAGER is caught, hook line and
sinker...

136 INT DAY VAULT - CARTER and he stand in the vault, a vast array of
safety deposit boxes reach high up above.

MANAGER:

This is our demonstration box

He smiles confidently as if he were demonstrating something really cool
and hip...

MANAGER:

And these are the keys - one for you -
and one for me
He passes CARTER one.

MANAGER:

We insert together - and out it comes

They both laugh as the box comes out of the wall - she's fully aware of
his game and playing along with it.

137 INT DAY VIEWING ROOM - The MANAGER and CARTER step into a cramped
viewing room with a small table...

CARTER:

And this is where the client can view
their contents in private...
She brushes lightly over the MANAGER

CARTER:

Its cramped in here isn't it BRIAN

MANAGER:

(Clears throat) Yes it is...

CARTER:

Tell me BRIAN, what would happen if the client lost the key?

MANAGER:

Then we would have to call in our locksmith to break the lock

CARTER:

So there is only one key...

MANAGER:

That's right...

CARTER:

And it can't be forged?

MANAGER:

I didn't say that - I'm sure it could be, but our clients must sign in first, checking signatures, and a photo ident - we had a nasty theft two years ago and we've been very strict since then.

The MANAGER is obviously getting rather aroused - he glances at his watch...CARTER is distant and in serious thought

MANAGER:

I could get my secretary to cover for me this afternoon - If you want to go someplace now - it would save you coming back

CARTER resumes her act...

(CONTINUED)

137 CONTINUED:

CARTER:

Yes, I'm sure you could - but I can't risk you loosing your job

MANAGER:

No -it's no problem - I do it all the time

CARTER:

All the time?

MANAGER:

No - not all the time - I mean

CARTER:

I know what you mean - I'll meet you at
VINNIES WINE BAR at six if you like. And
don't make any plans for this evening...

The manager is speechless...

138 EXT DAY BANK - CARTER walks out of the bank. The MANAGER stands in
the

doorway like a blood hound waiting for it's mistress to return.

CARTER hurriedly disappears around the corner.

139 EXT DAY 66 ACACIA AVENUE - CARTER runs along the street, changed back
into her jeans and jacket. She runs up the drive to the front door.

140 INT DAY LIVING ROOM - CARTER walks into the LIVING ROOM and stops
dead

in her tracks...

STECKLER is having a cup of tea with INSPECTOR TAYLOR!

TAYLOR:

Hello ELLEN - looks like your doin' some
more interior decorating!

STECKLER passes the cup of tea to TAYLOR

STECKLER:

Sugar?

TAYLOR:

Yes - one please.

(CONTINUED)

140 CONTINUED:

CARTER can do nothing but watch as STECKLER takes a teaspoonful of
sugar (And arsenic) and dunk it into TAYLOR'S cup.

STECKLER:

ELLEN, would you like a cup - there's
plenty in the pot

CARTER:

No thanks - (looking at TAYLOR)

CARTER is confused and worried - why is he here? What has STECKLER told him?

STECKLER:

INSPECTOR TAYLOR has told me that you are connected with that killer - the WHITE GHOST...

STECKLER gives CARTER a funny look as TAYLOR isn't looking

TAYLOR:

(Correcting) ANGEL...

STECKLER:

Yes, sorry - He's here to make sure that you are alright

CARTER:

(Calmly) I know why he's here

For the briefest moment, CARTER looks like she is going to spill the beans to TAYLOR - STECKLER shuffles nervously on the spot

TAYLOR:

I'd watch her mate - she has thing for men - they disappear near her.

CARTER:

I think you had better leave

STECKLER:

First finish your tea...

CARTER:

He doesn't need to...

TAYLOR:

(To STECKLER) Do you think she doesn't like me

(CONTINUED)

TAYLOR gulps down his tea - CARTER sighs resignedly. TAYLOR begins to walk out...

TAYLOR:

If you need me, you know where I am...

TAYLOR closes the door behind himself... CARTER turns to STECKLER.

CARTER:

You like playing with fire don't you
STECKLER passes CARTER a cup of tea - habitually she takes it.

CARTER:

Why did you let him in?

STECKLER:

What was I supposed to do?

CARTER takes his point - she takes a sip of her tea. He turns his back to her - obviously examining something

STECKLER:

It's got sugar in - you don't mind?

CARTER freezes

CARTER:

I don't like sugar

STECKLER:

There isn't that much - you didn't even taste it - What's wrong - don't you like my tea?

CARTER:

It's not that - I just don't want any sugar

STECKLER:

Why whats wrong with the sugar -

STECKLER turns round - the tin of ant poison in his hand - he reads the ingredients as if were a cake mix -

STECKLER:

42% pentathanol, 31% crysonal and 8.5%

Arsenic... This was really very crude

ELLEN - I tasted it straight away - I'm

very familiar with arsenic - small doses

over a long period of time mount up and

eventually incapacitate the victim - Why

did you want to incapacitate me ELLEN?

140 CONTINUED (3):

STECKLER (CONT'D)

(Shouting) WHY!!!

CARTER jumps at STECKLER'S violent outburst...

CARTER:

I haven't been using it recently LESLIE

STECKLER:

CRAP! - I wish I had taken a photo of
your face when I gave some to that

DETECTIVE - What's wrong ELLEN - you
look pale - maybe you have been eating
the wrong kind of foods lately - it
could be food poisoning?

CARTER suddenly feels sweaty and sickened - she involuntarily takes a
deep breath, holding her throat...

STECKLER lurches for CARTER grabbing her by the throat and holding her
hard...

STECKLER:

I thought you believed me! Oh don't
worry ELLEN, I poured the Ant poison
down the drain - I just wanted you to
know what it felt like when I found out
- unpleasant isn't it?

CARTER RUMMAGES in her bag, pulling out her kitchen knife she has kept
with her....

She is absolutely bubbling with anger - but she channels.

She holds the knife to STECKLER'S throat - STECKLER loosens his grip on
CARTER - she looks real mad - almost insane...

CARTER:

(Whispering) I could kill you now -
no-one would ever know - I would have
won already - unpleasant isn't it...

CARTER breaks away - the tension leaving - she drops the knife to the
floor.

STECKLER is shaking now - but he still manages a defiant remark...

(CONTINUED)

140 CONTINUED (4):

STECKLER:

You couldn't do it - It's not because
you can't kill - it's the not knowing -
if the bank would send my package - what

would you do when the police come
knocking...

CARTER turns on the spot -

CARTER:

Don't be so sure...

CARTER exits... STECKLER calling out behind her - suddenly unsure of
his position...

STECKLER:

(Turns and steps forward) I love you

ELLEN, I would never hurt you.

141 INT NIGHT FORENSIC LAB - The computer is still ticking down - like a
time bomb... The screen reads '67% done'.

142 INT MORNING HALLWAY - CARTER exits her bedroom and walks to the
bathroom. She is a mess, her hair unkempt - she looks like she has been
driven over by a bus.

The sound of STECKLER having a shower can be heard. She walks past the
bathroom, glancing at it. The door is slightly open. She spots STECKLER
stood behind the curtain - showering.

Then she spots it - her last chance for salvation. The key - the bank
key! It's hanging from the razor light of the wall.

143 INT DAY CARTERS BEDROOM - CARTER enters her bedroom and closes the
door

behind her. She rummages on top of her cabinet and finds what she is
looking for - an tiny, odd looking metal case which opens up to reveal
two slabs of putty

She turns round and throws off her robe and crumpled bed shirt - She
RUMMAGES through her drawers - her hand hovers over a white shirt
before she decides for a striped shirt - light in colour, but not
white. She slips it on - it is very tight and low cut - sexy but not
too provocative.

She puts her robe back on and pauses for a beat - she takes a long hard
breath...

144 INT DAY BATHROOM - CARTER enters the bathroom - she stops dead in her
tracks, surprised. STECKLER stands in the shower - totally naked.

CARTER:

Oh - I'm sorry - I didn't realise you
were...

CARTER involuntarily glances at the key - STECKLER is frozen to the
spot...

CARTER turns to exit - but stops...

CARTER:

LESLIE - About you and me - I've been thinking about what you said...

She turns back to STECKLER - he is still rooted to the spot. She advances on him...Her bath robe loosened provocatively...

Still STECKLER does not move -

CARTER:

Maybe I have been fooling myself - I really don't know...

She waits for a reply - but none comes - STECKLER still silent in the shower, water splashing off his face... He is like a teenager on a first date - and its getting hot and heavy way too fast...

CARTER realises she is going to have to take the lead - She takes another step forward, loosening her robe until it drops to the floor - her long slender legs are completely exposed, STECKLER glances down. CARTER smiles as she lifts her arm up to touch STECKLER'S face - he winces as she does so, but CARTERs touch is soothing...

CARTER:

What do you say...

CARTER glances at the key - it is directly adjacent - somehow she is going to have to get his back turned to the key...

In her left hand the small metallic case nestles unseen.

CARTER steps into the bath tub - into the shower.

STECKLER is wide eyed - he hesitates before kissing her - it is awkward and rather unimpassioned...

STECKLER draws back, looking at CARTER - she smiles at him. He moves to kiss her again, but CARTER diverts his kiss to her neck... SUDDENLY, STECKLER gives in, he begins kissing and licking her neck passionately...

144 CONTINUED:

CARTER reaches out for the key - but can't quiet reach - she pushes her body up against him, so as to get closer to the key...

Her hands reach out further and she clasps the chain... Quickly she opens up the case and makes two impressions of the key in the putty - water splashes everywhere as STECKLER becomes more aroused.

Slowly CARTER closes the case and slips it in between a plant pot and the wall on a shelf.

She reaches out with the key - she is just about to replace it when STECKLER pushes her backwards, looking her in the eye - he kisses her passionately on the mouth and she has no choice but to give in. Slowly she tries to edge her way back, STECKLER'S hands all over her body, her

back... Her breasts... Her shirt clings to her soaked body as STECKLER moves down on her...Kissing her tummy, his hands caressing her rear... She reaches harder - but still cannot get the key to its hook... STECKLER'S hands move up CARTER'S inner thigh - higher - higher - her eyes widen as she makes a herculean effort - and gets the key on it's hook...

Instantly she moves back - anxious not to look too obvious, yet trying to get him off her as quick as she can.

She takes his hands, kissing them - he forces to her breast, but slowly she pulls away, smiling to him... She steps from the shower...

STECKLER is absolutely dumbstruck -

STECKLER:

whats wrong...what have I done wrong?

CARTER:

Nothing LESLIE - I just think we should wait...

STECKLER:

(Exploding) WAIT FOR WHAT!?

CARTER jumps at STECKLER'S outburst...

STECKLER:

WHAT DO YOU WANT!? IT'S NOT FAIR!!

CARTER is obviously scared - but she tries her best...

(CONTINUED)

144 CONTINUED (2):

CARTER:

LESLIE?! that's not the way grown adults act -

She steps forward - she takes a towel and dries him...

CARTER:

they understand each other - the time isn't right - tonight will be right - I have some woman things to take care of before we do anything.

STECKLER looks confused...

CARTER:

Tonight will be the night - (Mothering)

Now get dressed and get off to work

STECKLER obeys and begins drying himself off...

CARTER exits. STECKLER stands in the shower for a moment before climbing out and grasping his key, putting it round his neck. He looks at the steamed up mirror and wipes a tiny bit away - he looks at his reflection.

145 EXT DAY 66 ACACIA AVENUE - CARTER stands at the front door as STECKLER

leaves, pulling out of the drive...

She smiles and waves goodbye - he waves back... And then he is gone down the street. CARTERS smile soon disappears...

146 INT DAY HALLWAY/BATHROOM - She enters the bathroom and snatches the key

imprints from the shelf - she examines them - two perfect impressions...

147 INT DAY CARTERS ROOM/STECKLER'S ROOM - (KITTING UP MONTAGE) We see CARTER digging out old clothes, she gets a letter from STECKLER'S room and practices forging STECKLER'S wife's signature. She files down a blank key from the impression that was left in the putty, she looks at photos of STECKLER'S wife, she tries a wig on...Different clothes...

148 INT DAY LIVING ROOM/KITCHEN - (KITTING UP MONTAGE) CARTER slides a large knife down the side of the settee. She checks her gun, making sure everything works. She hides a bullet clip on top of a dresser in the living room...

149 INT DAY CARTERS ROOM - (KITTING UP MONTAGE) CARTER puts heavy make-up on, looking at a photo of STECKLER and his wife. She changes into clothes which look similar and puts the wig on. Finally, she puts a pair of dark sunglasses on...

150 EXT DAY 66 ACACIA AVENUE - For all intents and purpose, MRS L STECKLER

leaves the house...

151 EXT DAY BANK - CARTER appears outside the bank - takes a deep breath and walks in.

152 INT DAY BANK FOYER - Once inside the bank, CARTER is plunged into a tunnel. Her heart pounds, everyone moves in slow motion, there is silence aside from the pounding of her heart and her own heavy footsteps.

She sees guards which she didn't see last time.

Everyone is looking at her - or are they?

Slowly she walks toward the counter and the TELLER GIRL.

TELLER GIRL:

May I help you?

CARTER does not answer - she is fighting the urge to turn and leave now.

TELLER GIRL:

May I help you?

CARTER speaks up, in a perfect English voice...

CARTER:

(Producing key) Yes, I would like to open my safety deposit box please. My name is ANGELA STECKLER, MRS...

The girl takes the key and scribbles down her name.

TELLER GIRL:

One moment please.

She disappears across the room. CARTER looks round at the bank, the doors, the cameras, the alarms...

She looks over to where the girl went. To her horror, she sees her talking to the manager. The manager nods to the girl and looks over at CARTER. CARTER instantly looks away, adjusting her glasses. Maybe she should cut her losses and run.

152 CONTINUED:

But it's too late - the manager is walking over.

MANAGER:

Hello MRS STECKLER - we haven't seen you for a long time

CARTER:

No - I've been abroad for a long time...

The manager busies himself with paperwork...

MANAGER:

There have been some changes since you were last here - we now require a signature.

The manager produces a pen and form - waiting for CARTER to sign - he obviously thinks something is wrong...

MANAGER:

I shouldn't say this - but you really remind me of someone I know

CARTER:

Oh really - you must remember me from

when I was a regular customer.

MANAGER:

I wasn't a manager here then MRS
STECKLER - don't you remember?

CARTER:

I'm terribly sorry - I have a bad
memory...

CARTER takes the pen and produces a signature.

MANAGER:

No - it's someone I met recently...

The manager picks it up, smiling. He compares it with the specimen
signature he has - he examines for what seems to be an age...

He then checks a passport size photo against CARTER...

MANAGER:

Could you remove your sunglasses please?

(CONTINUED)

152 CONTINUED (2):

Slowly, CARTER removes her sunglasses - looking him squarely in the
face. The manager looks down at the photo once more...

MANAGER:

Fine - could you follow me MRS STECKLER

The MANAGER leads her round to a big steel door which he opens. CARTER
realises that she is effectively walking into a prison - but she has no
choice...

153 INT DAY DEPOSIT BANK - The manager takes both keys and locates the
safety deposit box. He looks at CARTERS key

MANAGER:

This must be one of the old keys -

CARTER:

Yes - I have had it for years.

The manager slots the keys into the keyhole and slowly turns. CARTERS
hair is standing on end - will the key work.

There is a little resistance before - CLICK...

The MANAGER smiles at CARTER.

154 INT DAY VIEWING CUBICLE - CARTER puts the box on the desk in her
private viewing room and eagerly opens it up.

As she had hoped, there is a map, a polaroid etc inside. There are also

more grisly items - small bottles with body parts embalmed in them...
She empties the entire contents into her bag...

155 EXT DAY BRIDGE - CARTER walks across a bridge which spans a river.
She

pauses for a beat before glancing each way - its clear - she picks up
two bricks, dumping them in the bag. She feels the weight before
heaving it over the side and tossing it into the river

...It disappears without trace

156 INT NIGHT HALLWAY - The doorway opens and STECKLER steps in, holding
a

bunch of flowers and a bottle of wine...

(CONTINUED)

156 CONTINUED:

Confused, STECKLER tries to switch on the lights - but they don't work.
He enters, light from outside lamps casting huge shadows...

STECKLER:

ELLEN? ELLEN, I'm home...

But there is no answer... Confused, he places the wine down on a table
and continues into the house...

STECKLER:

ELLEN, are you there?

There is a slight noise coming from the kitchen - and light too.

STECKLER heads for it.

157 INT NIGHT KITCHEN - STECKLER steps into the kitchen doorway. There is
a

woman with her back turned to him doing house work...

Slowly, the woman turns round. STECKLER'S face is filled with fright as
he sees his wife -

STECKLER:

ANGELA? It can't be - I killed you...

CARTER raises the gun, pulling the wig off

Without warning, she lets fly several rounds - but the gun jams.

STECKLER is hit, squarely in the shoulder, blood spraying all over the
wall.

He falls back into the darkness.

CARTER wrestles with the gun - finally getting it to cock. She moves
swiftly to the door where STECKLER'S body lay - but he is gone.

Suddenly, the shadows hold more than fear - they hold steckler...

As if on cue - the kitchen light goes out - CARTER is left in the
darkness - her heart pounding.

VOICE OF STECKLER

ELLEN - Why are you trying to hurt me!

Why? Have you gone mad?

CARTER:

(Screaming) Shut up you sick fuck!

She steps forward, becoming the hunter...

(CONTINUED)

157 CONTINUED:

STECKLER:

I don't want either of us to come to any harm - please...

CARTER:

You killed my friend!

CARTER suddenly sees STECKLER in the shadows - aims and fires a full clip at him...

The mirror shatters - CARTER realises she was shooting at a reflection. She ejects the clip and nervously inserts the next...

Her body is trembling with fear.

STECKLER:

Please ELLEN - put the gun down...

She walks down the hallway - each step feeling like a million miles.

158 INT NIGHT KITCHEN - We see a hand grip around a pair of scissors...

STECKLER doesn't look too good - blood and sweat streaked. He opens a cupboard and RUMMAGES around. He finds what he needs, some pain killers. He unscrews the jar, cracking open several tablets and pouring the powder onto his hand.

He rubs it into his shoulder wound - he SCREAMS OUT IN MORTAL AGONY -

159 INT NIGHT HALLWAY - CARTER spins round, pointing the gun. She is suddenly completely afraid - her breathing is laboured, if she doesn't calm down, she's going to give herself away...

She waits... Silence...

Suddenly, STECKLER hurls himself from the darkness at CARTER - her gun is knocked from her hand and spins off behind her...

STECKLER lands heavily on her - his eyes wild. They tumble BACKWARDS, brawling on the floor. CARTER screams out in pain as her leg doubles over, a loud cracking sound can be heard.

Her hands grapple in the darkness and she finds a door stop.

She grabs it, swinging it hard and hitting STECKLER on the head.

STECKLER slumps backward, dazed but alive...

(CONTINUED)

159 CONTINUED:

CARTER drags herself back to the shadows where the gun fell. She searches for it - discovering it under a small telephone stool. She snatches it, cocking it.

STECKLER looks up and sees CARTER with the gun. With incredible agility and silence, he leaps for the doorway and is back in the shadows before CARTER can aim.

CARTER points the gun out - her back to the wall. For the moment she is relatively safe...But only for the moment.

She bends her leg back, fighting to contain the pain.

She grapples with the gun once more - it is jammed. She ejects the unspent bullet to the floor. Her clip is now empty. She ejects it and discovers the reason for the jam - the clips spring hangs out loosely... she has no bullets left!

160 INT NIGHT LIVING ROOM - CARTER crawls into the LIVING ROOM, to the cabinet on top of which she hid the last clip.

She tries to climb up to reach it, but she cannot.

She looks round - the settee - she plunges her arm down and retrieves the knife. She sits back to take a breath - at all times looking round.

She looks into the kitchen and spots the empty clip she used earlier. She looks round at the telephone stool - and spots the unused bullet she ejected.

She has an idea, 1+1=2...She slides the knife into her pocket like a sheath

161 INT NIGHT CARTERS ROOM - We see the white of CARTERS dress which STECKLER had bought for her - a droplet of blood falls onto it. We pull wider to reveal stockings, stilettos and a hat...All neatly arranged on the bed in the form of a woman lying down.

STECKLER stands above it - blood dripping down his arm which grasps a pair of scissors...

162 INT NIGHT HALLWAY - CARTER fumbles for the bullet on the floor. She grasps it and instantly begins to crawl to the kitchen - to the bullet clip and her only hope.

163 INT NIGHT CARTER ROOM - STECKLER is stood over the bed. Slowly he looks over his shoulder...

164 INT NIGHT KITCHEN - CARTER has made it to the kitchen. She rests up against the cabinet and fumbles with the clip.

there is a movement in front of her - way down the hall. She sees STECKLER - the glint of scissors in his hand. His grip tightens as he begins to walk toward her...

She fumbles with the bullet, getting it into the clip... But it wont

go... She begins to climb to her feet..

STECKLER begins to walk faster...

The bullet slips in and CARTER rams the clip into the gun, standing erect with the aid of the cabinet behind...

STECKLER is getting closer and moving faster - his eyes wild

CARTER racks the gun, but it jams - she looks up in horror - STECKLER is almost upon her... She racks harder...Tears of frustration and terror in her eyes.

CARTER:

(To gun) COME ON!!!

The gun goes off, hitting CARTER in her leg. A huge gout of blood spatters to the floor...She screams in pain - STECKLER in anger!!!

And it is too late - STECKLER is upon her...

HE crashes into her, grabbing her by the lapels and she drops the gun.

He looks at her sympathetically before kissing her. CARTER offers no resistance - she is a beaten woman.

STECKLER:

I loved you ELLEN - why did you do this?

CARTER:

It's what you would do to me

CARTER remembers the knife in her pocket. Her fingers slide around the handle and she pulls it out. She stabs STECKLER in the back, but it doesn't go in very far. STECKLER winces in pain - then smiles...

STECKLER:

(Smiling) Pain is an illusion...

(CONTINUED)

164 CONTINUED:

STECKLER steps back, bringing up the scissors. CARTER sees her moment, his feet tangled in the rug below.

She raises her arm - STECKLER confused. She caresses his face gently before giving him a slight push backwards. STECKLER tries to balance himself, but his feet won't let him...

He begins to topple backwards, his arms flailing out for something to grab onto - but there is nothing. With gathering speed, he falls back - arcing like a huge statue...

The knife still in his back impacts with the floor and is driven right through his body.

STECKLER'S body twitches life ebbs away.

CARTER slumps to the floor - her vision blurring. She passes out.

165 INT NIGHT HOSPITAL - CARTERs eyes flicker open. Her face has been cleaned as she rests on white hospital pillows and sheets. She looks up seeing the round examination light above - her focus clears and she frowns.

She realises that she is in no hospital - she is strapped into her own living room chair which has been dragged into the kitchen. Her wound has been dressed and cleaned - but her waist, ankles and wrists are bound. And she is wearing the white dress, blood smeared and dirty now...

The door swings open and STECKLER shuffles in - the image of death and evil incarnate. His face is pale, smeared with bizarre make-up, eyeshadow, blusher and mascara - an image of pathetic misguided sexuality. He is drained of blood, his shirt red and clammy.

He carries a bizarre canister and some silver tools which CARTER seems to recognise. She realises that they are the dentistry tools STECKLER had in his room...

CARTER writhes - but she is firmly strapped.

STECKLER shuffles over, his head moving loosely on his shoulders.

CARTER manages to get a finger free on her right hand...She gently works on a second...

STECKLER smiles to her, his voice is deep and gurgling as his lungs have begun to fill with blood.

(CONTINUED)

165 CONTINUED:

STECKLER:

I had a look while you were asleep

(Pause !) I think that I am going to have to have two root canals done...

He raises his hand, the drill whirring into terrifying life!!!

CARTER has to think fast...She smiles as best she can and opens her legs as much as the straps will allow...

CARTER:

Don't you want me now LESLIE

STECKLER:

No - I'll have you after

STECKLER steps forward - CARTER violently writhing and trying to get free - she manages another finger...

STECKLER produces another strap which he uses to hold down her head...

STECKLER leans forward, bringing the drill up close...

STECKLER:

Open wide...

But CARTER won't open her mouth. STECKLER doesn't bother, he rams the drill into her lips... CARTER screams out in pain as STECKLER inserts the drill into her mouth. Blood spurts as she violently battles to get free...

STECKLER withdraws... He begins to change the drill bit - to a miniature rotary saw blade...

STECKLER:

This one is used for cutting through tooth and bone...

He turns, the blade whirring. CARTER manages to get her arm free and punches STECKLER in the bullet wound. He screams out, recoiling and dropping his whirring drill. It lands on CARTER and dances around like a man snake... CARTER grabs it and cuts her other arm free - then her legs.

But STECKLER is soon back, grabbing her around the throat - CARTER topples him over and he lands on the chair - the whirring drill between them.

CARTER is stronger and the tip of the blade begins to cut into STECKLER'S nose, a fine spray of crimson spattering STECKLER'S face.

(CONTINUED)

165 CONTINUED (2):

STECKLER manages an enormous push, throwing CARTER to the floor, dazing her...

He turns round and reaches behind the chair. He produces a large axe, brandishing it maniacally -

STECKLER:

I always wanted to do it this way...

He raises the AXE high above CARTER. The house begins to rumble as a jet climbs overhead. For a moment, STECKLER is distracted.

CARTER spots the spade which STECKLER had buried his victims in the garden with. She leaps for it, grabbing it and swinging it.

STECKLER'S eyes widen...

The spade impacts with STECKLER'S head - his head separates from his body, spinning through infinity...

166 INT DAY LIVING ROOM - CARTER has bandaged herself up and fashioned a makeshift splint for her leg.

She is bricking up the hole in her LIVING ROOM wall - STECKLER'S corpse is dumped unceremoniously in it...

She pushes the last brick into place...

The doorbell rings...

167 INT/EXT DAY HALLWAY - CARTER opens the front door after covering herself and her leg with a bathrobe.
Her eyes widen - It is MIK dressed in black with dark glasses - She holds out a bunch of flowers...

MIK:

These are for LESLIE...

CARTER seems a little faint...

168 INT DAY LIVING ROOM - CARTER is lowered into a chair by MIK - CARTER holds her head, she feels dizzy...

(CONTINUED)

168 CONTINUED:

MIK:

What happened?

CARTER:

I had an accident - I fell down stairs...

MIK:

Is LESLIE here?

CARTER:

No he had to - he's just - he's out...

MIK:

He saved my life you know - has he told you...

CARTER wants to say WHAT!?, but she's just too tired...

MIK:

I cut myself with our electric knife - and if LESLIE hadn't been there, I would have probably bled to death - he stopped the bleeding and got me to the hospital - the doctor said ten minutes later and I would have been a stiff

CARTER begins to look more distant - her eyes wandering over to the bricked up wall...

MIK:

I'd appreciate it if he got the flowers

- you know - to make matters worse, some bastard broke into our flat the other day - the police came round to fingerprint it - they said if they're on record - they'll catch them...

MIK continues talking about her inane life - CARTERs eyes, glazed, wander over to the window - MIK's voice tails off to a non existent echo...

169 INT DAY 66 ACACIA AVENUE - Slowly we move backwards - CARTER sits looking out of the window...

We track back, through her back garden. It is very pretty, very normal. A small dog hurriedly digs at something in the rose patch...A hand and a foot can be seen - and the puffed up, half rotted face of the STREET GIRL who STECKLER brought back...

169 CONTINUED:

DISSOLVE to FRONT STREET - We continue backward - A figure walks up the path - INSPECTOR TAYLOR - We continue...

VOICE OF NEWSREADER

POLICE have announced that a woman, as yet unidentified, is helping them with their inquiries into the WHITE ANGEL killings - The woman was apprehended after her finger print was discovered on a hammer, which belonged to her - the same hammer that was used to beat JANE MACDONALD to death last month. A brief search of the area produced more mutilated bodies, in the garden and bricked up in the walls of the house...

The news has been met with....(Long report which tails off)

We continue into the street... Back... back... Until the screen is filled with houses just like CARTERs - thousands of cold, silent houses.

Roll Credits

THE END: