

# Extremely Wicked, Shockingly Evil, and Vile

Written by:

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Based on true events

INT. KITCHEN - DAY

Rain. A despondent WOMAN holds the receiver of a rotary phone. DIAL TONE underscores her fixed eyes.

The Seattle Times lays before her. A generic COMPOSITE SKETCH OF A MAN on the front page. Could be anyone. Your neighbor. Your brother.

The phone's off-hook alert pulls her back to reality.

She considers her daughter -- playing in the other room -- then resets the hookswitch and dials.

VOICE ON PHONE  
King County Sheriff's Office.

A big decision has been made.

SMASH TO:

**EXTREMELY WICKED, SHOCKINGLY EVIL, AND VILE**

A '70's pop song plays...

EXT. MAIN STREET - DAY

...from a passing Camaro as we follow a YORKSHIRE TERRIER, STOCKINGED LEGS swollen from peripheral edema, and a POOPER SCOOPER, under a *Star Wars* marquee, past tourists in bell bottoms, sundresses, flowers, peace signs, flags, free-spirited, hippy culture. Saturated '70s pastels everywhere.

SUPER: **Aspen, CO. Summer, 1977.**

TED (V.O.)  
Dear Liz. This will be my last letter and if anyone deserves to hear it as it was, it's you. After I clear my name, which will undoubtedly require a modicum of legal wrangling, I intend to get my hands on whoever's responsible for these unconscionable crimes to ensure they never do it again.

The terrier veers off onto the lawn of the Pitkin County Courthouse to poop. As the turds drop...

...a man jumps out of a second story window in the background, twisting his ankle upon landing.

FREEZE FRAME ON HIS FACE

looking straight at us, 31, handsome, with short-cropped, wavy brown hair and clear blue eyes. His ear to ear grin is as goofy as it is charming and has undoubtedly manipulated many along the way. This is TED.

TED (V.O.)

I admit, I am in a little trouble,  
but it's all going to work out. If  
anything goes wrong, you'll be  
reading about me in the papers.

RESUMING -- the peripherally edemic woman gasps as Ted continues straight on up to her without missing a beat.

Her fright becomes flattery as he takes the pooper scooper and scoops the poop, pets her dog, then flashes his million dollar smile.

TED

Lovely hair, ma'am. You have a  
fine day now.

Ted briskly limps away, leaving her flushed and tongue-tied.

TED (V.O.)

It all started the summer after my  
first year of law school...

EXT. SUBURBAN STREET - NIGHT

A Volkswagen Bug sputters by dark houses in the pre-dawn hour. All the Aspen color has been replaced by shadows.

**SUPER: Utah. Two Years Earlier.**

INT. VOLKSWAGEN BUG - CONTINUOUS

Ted's hunched over the wheel, driving the quiet, dark street. His hair is longer, shaggier.

In his rearview, he notices another car tailing him, which he can only make as a black silhouette.

Ted gives it a little gas but the other car keeps pace.

Suddenly the high beams flip on. He squints from the reflection in his rearview. Scared now, Ted punches it.

EXT. SUBURBAN STREET - CONTINUOUS

The Volkswagen Bug accelerates. The pursuing car keeps pace. Ted burns through a stop sign.

Only then do we realize that the pursuing car is a cop!

INT. VOLKSWAGEN BUG - CONTINUOUS

Red and blue lights play over Ted's face. He curses and steers off the road.

EXT. GAS STATION - CONTINUOUS

Ted cuts the engine and gets out. He strolls to the rear of his car as the cop pulls in behind. Ted shrugs, flashes that million dollar smile -- now becoming familiar to us.

TED  
(sheepishly)  
I guess I'm lost.

The cop is BOB HAYWARD, a no-nonsense highway patrol veteran on the tail end of his shift. Smiles don't work on him.

OFFICER HAYWARD  
You ran two stop signs.

TED  
I do apologize, officer, but I couldn't make your car with the headlights in my eyes and, well, I guess I got spooked.

OFFICER HAYWARD  
Can I see your license and registration?

TED  
Absolutely.

Ted produces his ID. Hayward studies it.

OFFICER HAYWARD  
What are you doing all the way out here at this time of morning?

TED  
I caught a late movie over at the Redwood drive-in but I obviously missed the interstate on my way home. These subdivisions, man...

Hayward plays his flashlight over Ted's car.

OFFICER HAYWARD  
What'd you see?

TED  
*The Towering Inferno.*

Hayward then trains the flashlight back on Ted.

SMASH TO:

HANDCUFFS snapped around Ted's wrists.

Hayward shuts Ted in the back of a squad car.

Two other squad cars have since arrived with a cluster of officers now swarming Ted's car with flashlights.

TED (V.O.)  
And hence began a domino effect of  
compounding lunacy.

They remove a BLACK CANVAS DUFFLE BAG.

INT. SQUAD CAR - NIGHT

In transit, Ted sits cuffed in the back behind the cage.

They drive past the Redwood drive-in where we notice it's playing *Chinatown*, not *The Towering Inferno*.

INT. POLICE STATION BULLPEN - NIGHT

Hayward removes items from Ted's evidence-tagged duffle bag.

TED  
It's just junk I picked up around  
the house, I swear.

Garbage bags... rope... flashlight... gloves...

TED (V.O.)  
But the unfortunate conclusion one  
might draw from seeing such items  
side by side in the back of a car  
on a dark night is as  
understandable as it is humorous.

Ski mask... crowbar... hacksaw...

CUT TO:

"POSSESSION OF BURGLARY TOOLS," reads the arrest report.

Hayward fingerprints Ted who's shaking his head, laughing at the absurdity.

TED (V.O.)  
But what happened next was no  
laughing matter.

INT. INTERROGATION ROOM - NIGHT

Ted sits across from Officer Hayward. They both look tired.

OFFICER HAYWARD

Have you ever been to the town of  
Murray?

TED

Sure.

OFFICER HAYWARD

What about the Fashion Place  
Shopping Mall?

TED

Officer, I'm a law student at the  
University. I've been all over the  
greater Salt Lake area so what are  
you trying to make of it?

Hayward writes something down.

TED

Officer, do I need a lawyer?

Hayward continues writing, offering little explanation.

INT. LINE UP ROOM

Ted and seven doppelgangers file into a lineup facing their  
own reflections in a two-way mirror.

VOICE ON INTERCOM (O.S.)

Gentleman number seven, please step  
forward and read the card.

Ted hesitates, then steps forward. He looks at the index  
card in his clutch.

TED

(shakily)

"I'm a police officer; your car has  
been broken into. Would you come  
to the station with me?"

VOICE ON INTERCOM (O.S.)

Turn left.

Ted turns profile and swallows hard. He remains in the  
forefront for what seems like eternity.

INT. PHOTO ROOM

Ted turns for a mug shot, eyes ringed with shock.

JUDGE HANSON (PRE-LAP)  
You are hereby charged with  
aggravated kidnapping and attempted  
criminal assault.

The flash bulb POPS.

INT. DISTRICT COURT - ARRAIGNMENT HEARING - DAY

Ted stands, flanked by his lawyer (we'll meet him soon) and court deputies. The young JUDGE STEW HANSON presides.

JUDGE HANSON  
How do you plead?

Ted's face drains of color. His mouth has turned to cotton.

TED  
Not guilty, of course.

JUDGE HANSON  
Trial is set for the twenty third  
of February. You shall remain in  
the custody of the Salt Lake County  
Sheriff's Department. Bail is set  
at one hundred thousand dollars.

The gavel-pound ripples through Ted.

INT. INTERVIEW ROOM - DAY

Ted's lawyer JOHN O'CONNELL enters in his usual cowboy hat and boots. He's tall, bearded, with overgrown black hair.

TED  
John, what the hell is going on?

JOHN O'CONNELL  
You were identified in a police  
lineup by a woman who claims you  
attempted to abduct her.

TED  
That's preposterous. I have no  
idea who she is.

JOHN O'CONNELL  
Do you remember where you were on  
the night of November 8th, 1974?

TED

That's nearly a year ago.

JOHN O'CONNELL

An alibi would be the best first step.

TED

If I can't remember where I was on a random night one year ago, it's because my memory does not improve with time. It's safe to say what I was not doing, however. I was not having heart surgery, nor was I taking ballet lessons, nor was I in Mexico, nor was I abducting a complete stranger.

(sympathetically)

My heart goes out to her because that is a truly awful thing for anyone to have gone through, but she's obviously mistaking me for someone else.

JOHN O'CONNELL

I know it looks dire, but there's no physical evidence and eye witness testimony is precarious at best.

TED

Why is this happening?

JOHN O'CONNELL

You remember anything about some girls disappearing last year in Seattle?

TED

(searching)

Yeah, as a matter of fact, I remember a police sketch in the paper and my friends all teased me about a resemblance. No one was serious.

JOHN O'CONNELL

Someone must have been because your name landed on a list.

TED

John, I have a girlfriend, who has a young daughter, both of whom I love dearly. I would never hurt a woman.

JOHN O'CONNELL

There are twelve hundred names on that list and last I checked, brown hair and blue eyes are hardly grounds for conviction. It's an open and shut case, as far as I'm concerned. Let me do what I do best and in the end it'll be nothing more than a funny story you tell at cocktail parties.

TED

I just want to go home.

JOHN O'CONNELL

How does tomorrow sound?

TED

The judge set bail at a hundred grand.

JOHN O'CONNELL

An obnoxious number for a boyscout with no prior record. I knocked it down to fifteen. You're posting tomorrow.

TED

I don't have fifteen thousand dollars.

JOHN O'CONNELL

Your pals in the Washington State governor's office passed a hat around. Did you think the top defense attorney in Utah works pro bono?

Ted smiles. Finally good news.

INT. JAIL CELL - DAY

Officer Hayward unlocks Ted's cell.

TED

I guess this is goodbye. Someday, Bob, you and I are going to laugh about this over a beer.

OFFICER HAYWARD  
 You really have no idea of the shit  
 coming down the pike, do you?

Ted grins warmly and extends his hand.

TED  
 I look forward to seeing you at the  
 trial, Bob.

They shake.

POURING RAIN. A DOORBELL RINGS (PRE-LAP)

INT. FOYER - LIZ'S HOUSE - DAY

8 year old REBECCA opens the door, revealing Ted wearing a  
 goofy smile in the rain, holding a newspaper over his head as  
 a makeshift umbrella.

SUPER: **Seattle, WA**

REBECCA  
 Ted!

TED  
 Come here, you little booger!  
 You're getting so big!

REBECCA  
 I drew you a picture.

She gives him a crayon drawing.

LIZ (O.S.)  
 (flat)  
 It's a basking shark.

Ted notices LIZ -- the woman from the opening scene -- a  
 tired 31, with homely, bland looks, but the way he looks at  
 her, she's an angel. An obvious history here.

TED  
 It's lovely.

LIZ  
 Rebecca, go play in your room.  
 Mommy needs to talk to Ted alone.

REBECCA  
 But I want to play.

TED

Go on, booger. Then we can all go out for hamburgers and catch up.

REBECCA

Can Tracy come?

TED

Of course she can. Why don't you call her right now and tell her we'll pick her up at six.

Rebecca runs off, leaving Ted and Liz alone.

TED

I missed you so much.

Suddenly, she slaps him.

TED

Jesus, Liz! What was that for?

LIZ

When were you going to tell me?

TED

Tell you what?

She cocks her hand back again.

TED

Okay, wait! It's not what you think. I got pulled over for running a stop sign, next thing I know I'm in jail. I'm as dumbfounded as you.

Liz picks up the rain-soaked newspaper Ted was using as an umbrella and shows him the front page. His mug shot next to the composite sketch we saw. A minor resemblance at best.

LIZ

How many stop signs did you run?

TED

Why is the Seattle Times running a story from Utah?

LIZ

What's going on, Ted?

TED

You don't actually believe this garbage, do you?

(MORE)

TED (CONT'D)

For chrissakes, Liz, I don't know  
if I should be offended or rolling  
on the floor laughing.

LIZ

It's in the papers.

TED

That must make it true then. In  
seven years, have I ever laid a  
hand on you?

LIZ

That's not the point.

TED

When we went shopping for ski racks  
and that lady got her purse  
snatched, what did I do? What did  
I do, Liz?!

LIZ

You ran him down.

TED

Is that the behavior of a man...  
(re: newspaper)  
...who does this?

Liz breaks down crying. We'll come to know her as an  
emotionally fragile, codependent woman.

TED

This is precisely why I didn't tell  
you. I didn't want you to freak  
out. And, honestly... I was  
embarrassed.

LIZ

So it's not true?

TED

(softening)  
Come here, stupid.

Ted pulls her into a hug.

LIZ

Do you have a lawyer?

TED

One of the best in Utah and he says  
it's a slam dunk case. Besides, I  
practically am a lawyer.

LIZ  
You love me, right?

TED  
Baby, I'm going to marry you.

A smile spreads across her face. She needed to hear this.

TED  
Once I finish law school and move back, we'll get a place on the Sound, with a Mercedes and a dog, just like we talked about. It's going to be a fairy tale.  
(smiles)  
Don't worry. This is all one big misunderstanding. I've got it all under control.

Ted kisses her. As he strokes her head in his chest, he notices a DARK BLUE SEDAN parked across the street.

EXT. TRACY'S HOUSE - NIGHT

The rain has let up. Rebecca rides on Ted's shoulders. Liz interlocks her arm in Ted's. They look like a family now. Liz rings the doorbell.

TED  
What are you going to get on your hamburger?

REBECCA  
Cheese.

TED  
Ketchup?

REBECCA  
Yep.

TED  
Pickles?

REBECCA  
Yep.

TED  
What about snails?

REBECCA  
Eww.

TED  
I'm going to get snails.

REBECCA  
That's gross.

TED  
How can you know if you never  
tried?

The front door opens slightly. Tracy's mom NORA leans out, concerned parent written all over her face.

LIZ  
Hi, Nora.  
(then)  
You remember Ted.

Nora forces a polite, close-lipped smile.

TED  
Is Tracy all set? We're going to  
fill our tummies with cheeseburgers  
and root beer floats.

NORA  
Tracy's sick in bed. She can't go.  
Stomach bug.

Unbeknownst to Nora, Tracy has snuck up behind and is peeking out the door, just staring at Ted. Nora realizes she's caught in a lie.

NORA  
Sorry, Liz.

Nora sends a suspect glance Ted's way, then closes the door and locks it. The three of them look baffled.

EXT. HAMBURGER STAND - NIGHT

They eat cheeseburgers and fries at the counter. Rebecca colors with crayons on butcher paper. Ted looks glum.

TED  
She thinks I'm a goddamn monster.

LIZ  
No she doesn't. She just doesn't  
know you.

TED  
What does she think I'm going to  
do? Attack her daughter?

LIZ  
It doesn't matter what she thinks.

TED  
It matters to me!

Ted pounds the table. Obviously affected.

TED  
(leans in)  
What happened in Utah wasn't dumb  
luck, Liz. The police already had  
my name. Someone gave it to them.

All the color drains from Liz's face.

TED  
The traffic stop, sure, that was  
the wrong place, wrong time, but  
the way it escalated... I think  
I'm being set up.

PUSH IN on Liz as she considers her words...

LIZ  
(delicately)  
Do you have any idea who?

TED  
I'm sure I made a few enemies the  
year I spent on the Rockefeller  
campaign, but that was politics.  
This is personal. It's awful, Liz.  
I feel I can't trust anyone.  
Thankfully I have you.

Stung by guilt, she turns away to hide her tears.

REBECCA (O.S.)  
Done!

Ted turns his attention to Rebecca's drawing.

REBECCA  
It's a thresher shark.

TED  
Why is his tail so long?

REBECCA  
Some thresher sharks have a tail as  
long as their whole body.

Ted grins at her innocence. He notices Liz wiping her eyes.

TED  
 Hey, everything's going to be  
 alright. Okay?

Liz forces a smile even though she fears otherwise. As Ted comforts her, he spots the same dark blue sedan in the lot.

Over the din of a cocktail reception:

ROSS DAVIS (PRE-LAP)  
 This man single-handedly got Dan  
 Evans re-elected Governor of  
 Washington.

INT. HOTEL BANQUET ROOM - NIGHT

A Republican fundraiser full of glad-handing and ass-kissing. ROSS DAVIS, Chairman of the Washington State Republican Party, slings his arm lovingly around Ted, boasting to Liz.

ROSS DAVIS  
 Hold on to this one, honey. He'll  
 be governor himself one day.

Liz smiles demurely. Social functions aren't her forte.

A tall woman in thick, tinted glasses taps Ted from behind. Pretty in a boyish way, her name is CAROLE ANN BOONE and she has a noticeable spark in her eye for Ted.

CAROLE ANN  
 Welcome home, stranger.

Carole Ann inches Liz out of the way to hug Ted.

CAROLE ANN  
 You're still handsome as ever.

TED  
 Carole Ann! My goodness...

Liz nervously clears her throat.

TED  
 Oh, this is my friend, Liz.  
 (to Liz)  
 Carole Ann and I worked together at  
 DES in Olympia years ago.

CAROLE ANN  
 Department of Emergency Services.

Liz forces a tight-lipped smile, pulls Ted aside.

LIZ  
I'm going to go.

TED  
But we just got here.

LIZ  
You know how I hate these things.

TED  
These people raised money for my defense. I should show a little gratitude.

LIZ  
Then do. I'm tired.

TED  
How am I supposed to get to the library later?

LIZ  
I'm sure Carole Ann would be over the moon to take you. It will give you two an opportunity to catch up.

TED  
Liz, don't be like that.

LIZ  
Like what? A friend?

Liz gives him a cutting look and leaves. Ted returns to his circle with that reassuring, sheepish grin. Carole Ann meets his eyes with sympathy.

INT. CAROLE ANN'S CAR - NIGHT

Carole Ann and Ted pull up to the UW law library laughing.

TED  
It was so good to see you, Carole Ann.

CAROLE ANN  
Everything's going to be okay, you know.

She puts her hand on his leg.

CAROLE ANN  
And if you need anything, anything at all...

Ted blushes, registers the roaring sexual tension.

TED  
Liz is my rock.  
(laughs)  
I mean, thank you.

CAROLE ANN  
Just remember we're all behind you,  
one hundred percent.

Ted nods appreciatively and gets out. She watches him go.

INT. UW LAW LIBRARY - NIGHT

Ted enters. Behind him, students turn their heads in recognition as he passes.

INT. LIZ'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Liz cries to her friend JOANNA in hushed tones.

LIZ  
I completely betrayed his trust.

JOANNA  
You can't be so hard on yourself.  
You were just being safe.

LIZ  
I never wanted to make that phone  
call. This is all my fault. How  
can we ever have a normal  
relationship now? If he ever found  
out, he'd leave me.

JOANNA  
Take a deep breath. What's the  
worst that could happen?  
Everything's going to be fine.

Liz sniffs back tears. Thinks about it. But her conscience is her Achilles heel and she tears up again.

LIZ  
I'm so stupid.

Joanna consoles her.

INT. BOOKSTACKS - NIGHT

Ted scans monolithic legal tomes until a voice interrupts:

UNIVERSITY OFFICIAL (O.S.)  
Sir? Would you please gather your  
belongings and follow me?

Ted. Confused.

EXT. UW LAW LIBRARY - NIGHT

Ted protests as he's escorted out.

TED  
I am an alumnus of this school  
preparing for a very important  
trial. This is a violation of my  
rights!

UNIVERSITY OFFICIAL  
Look buddy, you're making all the  
girls nervous. Find another  
library.

He shuts the door on Ted. Fuming mad, Ted spots the same  
dark blue sedan parked across the street and marches up to  
it. Bangs on the window.

TED  
Hey! Who are you? I know you're  
following me!

The driver scrambles to start the car and drives away.

TED  
Leave me alone!

Ted kicks at the cloud of burnt rubber. Stress wearing on  
him. He starts walking.

INT. LIZ'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Ted tiptoes in, trying not to wake Liz. He undresses and  
sneaks into bed. Liz stirs and curls into his chest.

TED  
This thing is really starting to  
get to me, Liz. I feel boxed.  
(no response)  
Liz?

Slow, heavy breathing. Ted sighs, stares at the ceiling.  
Wide awake. Tormented by what he's shouldering all by  
himself.

TED

(beat)

Will you marry me?

Liz looks at him. Awake after all. They start kissing.

INT. BARBER SHOP - DAY

Ted and John O'Connell get pre-trial haircuts. The Utah skyline out the window. Ted's noticeably tanner.

JOHN O'CONNELL

Where'd you fly in from, Barbados?  
I thought Seattle sun was an  
oxymoron.

TED

Liz and I hit the slopes yesterday.  
We're engaged! Once we win this  
thing, I might just make you my  
best man.

JOHN O'CONNELL

This case has gotten a lot of  
press, Ted. An impartial jury is  
going to be hard to find.

TED

So we move to a bigger city.

JOHN O'CONNELL

Salt Lake's as big as they come.

TED

Is there another option?

JOHN O'CONNELL

Waive the jury completely.

TED

And place everything in the hands  
of a trial judge?

JOHN O'CONNELL

Hanson's a fair-minded jurist with  
a reputation for controversial  
acquittals. There's nothing we can  
do about a biased jury so why not  
go with one juror we know to be  
intelligent?

TED

That's assuming he's as smart as  
his record suggests.

JOHN O'CONNELL

I went to school with him.  
Besides, the whole case hinges on  
eyewitness testimony.

TED

Which you said yourself is  
notoriously unreliable.

JOHN O'CONNELL

But it's the most likely thing for  
a jury to convict on.

The barbers brush hair off them. Ted checks the mirror,  
considering more than just his haircut.

TED

You went to school with him?

JOHN O'CONNELL

The lead prosecutor too. He'll  
come to court in a red tie because  
he knows his case is thin and uses  
power colors to boost his  
confidence.

TED

(thinks it over)

One condition. You shave that  
caveman beard for my wedding  
photos.

JOHN O'CONNELL

Blow me.

INT. ROOM 310 - SALT LAKE CITY COURTHOUSE - DAY

Judge Hanson presides over a high-ceilinged, red-carpeted  
courtroom. Every available seat filled except the jury box.

Ted's clean shaven in a light blue/gray suit, white shirt,  
and bow tie, sitting with John O'Connell. He finds Liz in  
the gallery. Sends her a wink and a smile.

Liz, riddled by nerves, smiles thinly. She sits with Ted's  
petite mother LOUISE, looking concerned as any parent would.

The state prosecutor, DAVID YOCOM, the same young age as  
O'Connell and Hanson, looks like a good Mormon boy. He  
delivers his opening statement.

DAVID YOCOM

Your Honor, November 8th, 1974 may have been just another rainy night for most of Murray, Utah, but it was a life-altering tornado of horror for one woman in particular.

He's referring to CAROL DARONCH, a soft-featured, 19 year old, strawberry blonde sitting behind the prosecution. She'd be stunning on any other day. But today, she's reliving the pain of the night Yocom is recounting.

O'Connell leans over to Ted, whispers:

JOHN O'CONNELL

Red tie.

DAVID YOCOM

She was shopping for a birthday gift at the Fashion Place Shopping Mall when she was approached by a man posing as a police officer. He flashed a badge and asked her to come with him because her car had been burglarized. As the daughter of a police officer, she felt foolish to question his authority and so followed him to the parking lot where he led her to what he claimed to be an unmarked police vehicle. The moment he coerced her inside, she smelled alcohol on his breath and knew he wasn't a cop. When he drove in the opposite direction of the police department, she knew she was in trouble. He suddenly slapped a handcuff around her wrist. She struggled before he could latch the other, and fell backward out of the car. He pursued her, swinging for her head with a crowbar until she twisted free from his grasp and fled for her life. When she arrived at the Murray Police Department, the only remnants of her ordeal were the handcuffs dangling from her wrist, and the psychological scars that she bears to this day, and likely all that will follow.

The courtroom has suddenly dropped a few degrees.

DAVID YOCOM

The state will request this court in its powers as both judge and jury to find this defendant guilty as charged of aggravated kidnap.

Yocom returns to his seat. O'Connell rises.

JOHN O'CONNELL

If this were a stage, Mr. Yocom might well have won an award for his expert raconteurial display. But if spectacle is what the prosecution seeks, let me be the bearer of bad news. This trial is an awful lot of smoke, but not much fire. We have a young lady who has unquestionably gone through hell and back, but it will be my obligation to reveal just how unreliable, and by turn, immature she is in her accusations. The evidence she provided is the most obvious forced identification of anything I have ever seen in my legal career. And while we're talking about victims, consider the ruin my client's life has become in the months preceding this trial, from press, speculation, rumors, and hearsay. He has been victimized by publicity before his voice has even been heard. It is a damn tragedy.

O'Connell sends a taunting wink Yocom's way, then returns to his seat.

DAVID YOCOM

Your Honor, the prosecution calls Carol DaRonch to the witness stand.

Ted whispers to O'Connell:

TED

He's coming out swinging.

JOHN O'CONNELL

He knows he's only got one bat.

INT. ROOM 310 - SALT LAKE CITY COURTHOUSE - LATER

Carol DaRonch is on the witness stand in the middle of Yocom's patient questioning.

CAROL DARONCH  
...at that point I clawed at his  
face and was able to get away.

DAVID YOCOM  
As best you recall, Carol, is the  
man who approached you present in  
court today?

CAROL DARONCH  
Yes.

DAVID YOCOM  
Where is he seated?

She timidly looks toward Ted.

DAVID YOCOM  
May the record show the  
identification of the defendant?

JOHN O'CONNELL  
It may.

JUDGE HANSON  
It will.

DAVID YOCOM  
No further questions, Your Honor.

Yocom returns to his seat, but not before wrapping his  
knuckles over O'Connell's table.

O'Connell smirks. Out for blood, he approaches DaRonch,  
diminishing her in his tall presence.

JOHN O'CONNELL  
It is your testimony now that you  
did scratch this man, is that  
right?

CAROL DARONCH  
Because all my fingernails were  
broken.

JOHN O'CONNELL  
Yet in the preliminary hearing Mr.  
Yocom asked, "Do you recall ever  
scratching him with those  
fingernails?" And you answered,  
"No." Do you have an explanation  
for that?

CAROL DARONCH

No.

JOHN O'CONNELL

In fact, the officers on November 8th asked if you remembered if you hurt the man in any way, and you told them no then too, didn't you?

Her voice becomes increasingly fragile.

CAROL DARONCH

I don't remember.

JOHN O'CONNELL

You also said he was wearing a mustache.

CAROL DARONCH

Yes.

JOHN O'CONNELL

But shortly after the incident you said that he didn't.

CAROL DARONCH

Yes.

JOHN O'CONNELL

Then sometime later you decided he did again?

CAROL DARONCH

Yes.

JOHN O'CONNELL

When did you make that decision?

CAROL DARONCH

Right after I decided that he didn't have one.

DaRonch's eyes well with tears.

JOHN O'CONNELL

Ms. DaRonch, if you cannot accurately remember whether you did or did not scratch your abductor, nor whether he was or was not wearing a mustache at the time of the incident, how are we to believe your identification of him ten months later is not also erroneous?

DAVID YOCOM  
Objection, Your Honor.

JOHN O'CONNELL  
I'll rephrase. Ms. DaRonch, had the police shown you any pictures of the defendant prior to your identification of him at the October 2nd lineup?

CAROL DARONCH  
Yes.

JOHN O'CONNELL  
You did in fact pick his mug shot out of a pile.

CAROL DARONCH  
Yes.

JOHN O'CONNELL  
But when asked why you chose his picture specifically you stated, "It looks something like him, but I really couldn't say for sure." Is this correct?

CAROL DARONCH  
Yes.

JOHN O'CONNELL  
So tell me, Ms. DaRonch. If you were unsure of your identification then, ten months after the incident, what makes you so sure of it now, nearly a year and a half later?

Mascara runs down her cheeks. She's at a complete loss.

JOHN O'CONNELL  
No further questions.

Ted looks back at Liz. Gives her a thumbs up.

TIME CUT:

Now Ted's on the witness stand. Yocom's questioning.

DAVID YOCOM  
Do you remember the night of August 16th, 1975?

TED  
(smiles)  
Isn't that why we're all here?

A few laughs in the courtroom. Not even a grin from Yocom.

DAVID YOCOM  
You were arrested for fleeing an officer.

JOHN O'CONNELL  
Objection, Your Honor.

DAVID YOCOM  
You were arrested for evading an officer.

JOHN O'CONNELL  
Objection.

TED  
How about rabbited?

DAVID YOCOM  
Fine. Why did you "rabbit" from Officer Hayward?

TED  
The truth?

DAVID YOCOM  
Only that which you swore to tell in whole and nothing but.

TED  
(matter-of-factly)  
I was smoking marijuana.

O'Connell nearly leaps out of his chair.

JOHN O'CONNELL  
Objection! Your Honor, I'd like to request a five minute conference with my cli--

TED  
John, it's okay. I got it.  
(to Yocom)  
I was smoking grass and had to air out the car. I'm only grateful the officer didn't notice me flick it out the window or he'd have stuck me with littering too and then I'd really be up a creek.

Chuckles in the court. O'Connell's about to faint.

DAVID YOCOM

But you didn't mention this detail to your arresting officer, or apparently even your own attorney.

TED

I was embarrassed.

DAVID YOCOM

That may be, sir, but at the end of the day a lie is a lie. The arrest report also states you lied about having just seen a drive-in movie.

TED

Have you ever smoked a joint, Mr. Yocom?

DAVID YOCOM

I don't see how that's relevant.

TED

It makes you paranoid. I panicked and said the first thing that came to mind. I'm not proud of it, but it is the truth.

DAVID YOCOM

The defendant lied to a police officer, lied to his own attorney, and, by his own admission, was under the influence of drugs. I'd say such revelations throw the validity of his entire testimony into a very skeptical light.

Yocom returns the taunting wink to O'Connell, sprawled out in his chair, blindsided by the turn of events.

Ted sheepishly grins, the gravity of his candor sinking in. Liz shakes her head in worry.

INT. JOHN O'CONNELL'S OFFICE - DAY

O'Connell barges in, followed by Ted, Liz, and Louise.

JOHN O'CONNELL

Stoned?!

TED

Now, John, let's just relax here.

JOHN O'CONNELL

Do you realize you just took a dump  
on our entire defense? And made a  
complete imbecile of me.

TED

People respect honesty, John.

JOHN O'CONNELL

Yocom and Hansen are probably  
laughing their asses off right now.

TED

Did you expect me to sit there like  
a stuffed shirt while the state  
distorted all the facts? I won't  
be railroaded.

JOHN O'CONNELL

Railroaded or outshined?

TED

What's that supposed to mean?

JOHN O'CONNELL

Your grandstanding took precedence  
over basic strategy and now it's  
all but done you in.

TED

Who used this trial as an excuse to  
play big dick with old college  
rivals?

JOHN O'CONNELL

This isn't about me. You survived  
months of character assassination  
only to give yourself the headshot.

A melancholy falls over the room.

TED

(unconvincingly)

It's going to turn out just fine.  
I know it. I just do.

Liz stares at the floor, her conscience weighing on her.

EXT. TED'S BACKYARD - DUSK

Liz lies in Ted's lap, plucking a dandelion. Ted stares  
absently at the Utah sunset.

LIZ

What about the church on the north side of Seattle? The one with the red door by the park.

She tickles his nose with the dandelion, bringing him back.

TED

Hm? What about it?

LIZ

The wedding, silly. We could have the reception in the park to make it easy on everyone.

TED

Maybe it isn't the best time for that right now.

Liz suddenly stops plucking.

TED

Don't you think we should focus on getting through the trial first? Then I have to finish law school, and I just don't want to rush into anything. I care too much about us to do that. You understand, right?

Ted watches the setting sun, more pressing things on his mind. Liz rips the head of the dandelion off the stem.

COURT DEPUTY (PRE-LAP)

All rise!

INT. ROOM 310 - SALT LAKE CITY COURTHOUSE - DAY

The restless murmurs die down to eerie silence as Hanson takes his seat at the bench.

Ted catches Liz's eye and gives her a comforting smile.

JUDGE HANSON

After an agonizing weekend pondering the arguments presented in this courtroom, and by the power vested in me as both judge and jury, I hereby find the defendant guilty of aggravated kidnapping beyond a reasonable doubt.

Ted takes in a deep breath. His mother's sobs cut through the room.

Liz's blood runs cold. Her worst fear now a reality. She did this.

JUDGE HANSON

You will be remanded to the Utah State Prison to await sentencing.

TED

Your Honor, my rights have been trampled by the very institutions I count on for protection!

(tearful)

Someday, who knows when, five or ten or more years in the future, when the time comes when I'm free, I suggest you ask yourself where we are, what's been accomplished, was the sacrifice of my life worth it all? Yes, I will be a candidate for rehabilitation. But not for what I have done, for what the system has done to me.

JUDGE HANSON

This court is adjourned.

The gavel-pound ricochets like a canon ball. Liz flinches in horror. Judge Hanson retires to his chambers.

The Court Deputy handcuffs Ted, still in a state of shock.

Yocom approaches O'Connell and extends a hand.

DAVID YOCOM

Well played, John.

JOHN O'CONNELL

This isn't over.

Their smiles say congratulations. Their eyes say fuck you.

As the Court Deputy escorts Ted out, Liz catches him, holds his head in her hands.

LIZ

(crying)

I'm sorry, I'm sorry, I love you. I'm going to fix this. I will call the police and fix this!

TED

Don't give up on me, Liz. I'm going to fight this!

The Court Deputy pulls Ted into a holding room. Liz breaks down in devastation. Powerless.

INT. PRISON BUS - DAY

Ted rides toward the Utah State Prison in handcuffs and leg irons.

EXT. UTAH STATE PRISON - DAY

Gates open to a drab, geometric compound coiled in razor wire.

INT. PROCESSING - DAY

Ted strips for a humbling, demoralizing medical inspection.

INT. PRISON CELL - DAY

Ted carries prison-issue bedding and amenities and takes in the spartan digs as the door locks behind him.

INT. PRISON CAFETERIA - DAY

Ted takes a tray of food that looks like dog vomit. He dumps it in the trash.

INT. PRISON LIBRARY - DAY

Ted pours over antiquated law textbooks and a mountain of legal files.

INT. PRISON CELL - DAY

Ted does a prison workout while studying his legal files.

INT. PRISON CELL - DAY

Ted receives a letter. He opens it and finds a folded up crayon drawing of a shark. He smiles, hangs it on the wall.

INT. PRISON PHONEBANK - NIGHT

Ted huddles on the phone while Jimmy Carter's victory speech plays on the TV behind him.

TED

...John says I could be paroled as soon as eighteen months since I have no prior record. We already filed an appeal.

(MORE)

TED (CONT'D)

This whole thing is going to be overturned. I've been working day and night on it.

INTERCUT WITH:

INT. LIZ'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Liz, curled in depression, wipes away tears.

LIZ

I miss you so much.

TED

I'm sorry about what I said -- about the wedding. I didn't mean it. I was under a lot of stress and I just got scared.

LIZ

Oh, baby, it's my fault. I should have known better than to pressure you. I'm so stupid sometimes.

TED

How's Rebecca? Tell her I got her picture and I look at it every night before I go to sleep. I worry about her, you know. Not having a father. I just want to be there for her in all the ways mine wasn't for me.

LIZ

I want to come see you.

TED

I was hoping you'd say that.

They find smiles through the stress.

INT. PRISON LIBRARY - DAY

Ted annotates reams of legal files. A man in a suit approaches. Too polished to be a guard but too common to be a lawyer, we'll learn he's DETECTIVE MIKE FISHER.

DET. MIKE FISHER

Mind if I sit?

Ted offers the seat.

DET. MIKE FISHER

Keeping busy?

TED  
Indexing seven hundred pages of  
testimony.

DET. MIKE FISHER  
Sounds fun.

TED  
Not when it's about you.

DET. MIKE FISHER  
You been to Colorado recently, Ted?

The sound of his own name gives Ted pause.

TED  
My lawyer told me not to talk to  
cops.

DET. MIKE FISHER  
My badge give me away?

TED  
No, your five dollar haircut and  
complete disregard for my time.  
What's your game? I'm kind of  
busy.

DET. MIKE FISHER  
We're just two guys talking.

TED  
Is that code for off the record?

DET. MIKE FISHER  
Is that what you want?

TED  
What I want is better food in the  
can, daily outdoor exercise, and a  
light in my cell that doesn't  
strain my eyes to the point of  
myopic blindness so that I can  
adequately prepare for a re-trial.

DET. MIKE FISHER  
Do you think you have a shot at a  
re-trial?

TED  
This girl who claims I kidnapped  
her? The police showed her my  
picture not once, but *twice* before  
she picked me out of a lineup.

DET. MIKE FISHER

So of course you looked familiar to her.

TED

And they stand me next to seven other slouches, each a few years older, a few dozen pounds heavier, which begs the question--

DET. MIKE FISHER

Was it really a fair lineup?

Ted clicks and winks. Exactly.

DET. MIKE FISHER

It sounds like a goddamn travesty, Ted, and I'm sure you're going to run the table on them, but all I really want to know is when you last set foot in your friendly neighbor to the east.

TED

Mister, I'm a full-time law student. I hardly have time to step off campus.

(smiles)

Now, I'm sorry, but I really need to get back to work.

Fisher gets up. Buttons his suit jacket.

DET. MIKE FISHER

Were.

TED

Come again?

DET. MIKE FISHER

You were a full-time law student. And for the record, my game is homicide.

Fisher knocks on the table and walks away.

TED

I can give you the number of a good barber.

(under breath)

Asshole.

Ted watches him go.

INT. VISITATION ROOM - DAY

O'Connell waits at a table with his briefcase open, looking very stern. Ted enters in cuffs and leg irons.

TED

John, you have to do something about the conditions in here. They serve better food in Vietnamese internment camps. I'm seriously losing weight.

JOHN O'CONNELL

What did you say to Fisher?

TED

Who?

JOHN O'CONNELL

Did you tell him you'd never been to Colorado?

TED

The guy with the hair?

JOHN O'CONNELL

You lied to him.

TED

I'm an avid skier, John, of course I've been to Colorado. I've been all around Colorado. Is it a crime to go to Colorado?

JOHN O'CONNELL

Jesus Christ. He has your gas slips. He knew you were lying. He was baiting you.

TED

I was having a go at him, so what? The cops aren't straight with me, why should I be straight with them? I'm already locked up for chrissakes.

JOHN O'CONNELL

They're going to extradite you on a murder charge.

Like all the air got sucked out of the room.

JOHN O'CONNELL

You should have listened to me and kept your mouth shut. The preliminary hearing is already set. The prosecution is going to lay out its case before the judge to establish cause to go to trial.

TED

Murder?

JOHN O'CONNELL

Detectives in every surrounding state are looking for commonalities in their open cases. You'll be transferred to Aspen and assigned a public defender.

TED

What about you?

JOHN O'CONNELL

The money's run out. I'm sorry.

Ted looks like he just got punched in the gut.

JOHN O'CONNELL

I don't know what they've got, but my advice: If you can't pound on the facts, pound on the table.

O'Connell snaps shut his briefcase and gets up. On Ted, alone and shell-shocked.

I/E. VAN - DAWN

As a van leaves the Utah redstone behind, WE HEAR Liz and Ted's tearful PHONE CONVERSATION:

TED (V.O.)

John says it's only the start. Any case in any county they place me in that bears any resemblance to Utah could be grounds for investigation.

LIZ (V.O.)

Oh, Ted...

Liz cries as the van continues onward to the Colorado Rockies.

D.A. FRANK TUCKER (PRE-LAP)

Your Honor, the state seeks to prosecute the defendant to the fullest extent of the law for the murder of Caryn Campbell.

INT. PITKIN COURTROOM - DAY

The gallery is packed with even more people than the Salt Lake City trial, including reporters and photographers.

Ted sits with his new public defenders, the young JIM DUMAS and CHUCK LEIDNER. Their youth and inexperience will make John O'Connell seem like a Jedi Master in comparison.

District attorney FRANK TUCKER presents his motion to presiding JUDGE GEORGE H. LOHR.

D.A. FRANK TUCKER

We'd like to enter into record the defendant's most recent conviction in the attempted abduction of a young woman with a crowbar bearing an unmistakable similarity in shape to the skull fractures on Ms. Campbell.

Ted's public defender, Chuck Leidner, stands in objection.

CHUCK LEIDNER

Your Honor, the defense implores the court recognize the state's baseless and desperate ploy to conjoin nonexistent areas of commonality between the two cases. Such evidence is little else than hearsay, thereby rendering it irrelevant considering said case is actively under appeal in the Utah courts.

JUDGE LOHR

Let the record also show the current proceedings represent a preliminary hearing and that all matters, including ones of hearsay, may be entered into the court's careful and timely account. Furthermore, if the defense wishes to motion to suppress the particularities of the state's case, the defense is welcome to motion in kind at the appropriate time, via appropriate channels.

(MORE)

JUDGE LOHR (CONT'D)

As to the appellate status of the hearsay case, consider it noted.

Leidner clears his throat, nods, and sits. Cameras flash, snap, and pop. Ted looks around. This is a bigger ballgame.

D.A. FRANK TUCKER

At this time, the state would like to introduce Sandra Quilling to the witness list.

JUDGE LOHR

Is Ms. Quilling present in the courtroom today?

SANDRA QUILLING stands in the gallery.

JUDGE LOHR

Ms. Quilling, it is your testimony that you saw Caryn Campbell with a man in the corridor of the Wildwood Inn the night of January 12, 1975?

SANDRA QUILLING

Yes, Your Honor.

JUDGE LOHR

Do you see that man in this courtroom today?

SANDRA QUILLING

Yes, Your Honor.

There's an ERUPTION OF CAMERA SHUTTERS when she points out, not Ted, but UNDERSHERIFF BEN MYERS.

Murmurs ripple through the room. Lohr bangs the gavel.

Ted suppresses a smile. There seems to be hope after all.

EXT. PITKIN COURTHOUSE - DAY

We may recognize it as the same building Ted jumped out of.

JUDGE LOHR (V.O.)

In light of the evidence presented...

INT. PITKIN COURTROOM - DAY

Ted leans back in his chair, anticipating good news.

JUDGE LOHR

This court rules in favor of the defendant standing trial for the murder of Caryn Campbell.

HARD SMASH INTO Ted's horror-stricken incredulity.

JUDGE LOHR

We're not here to consider the credibility of the evidence, only its existence.

D.A. FRANK TUCKER

Your Honor, the state also seeks a hearing to consider the death penalty, should the trial come to the penalty phase.

JUDGE LOHR

A hearing will be set for June 7th.

The gavel bangs. Everyone rises and starts to file out. Ted sits in paralytic shock.

TED

Have I just been sentenced to death?

CHUCK LEIDNER

It's strictly a formality. We'll argue aggressively against it.

DEPUTY WESTERLUND arrives to affix handcuffs and leg irons.

JIM DUMAS

We're still very much in the game. Their case is circumstantial at best and their centerpiece is an eyewitness without very good eyes.

TED

(unsettled)  
Just like my last trial.

Suddenly a gust of wind blows the papers off the table. As Leidner and Dumas gather the scattered documents, and as Westerlund secures Ted's restraints, Ted notices the billowing curtains at an OPEN WINDOW in the back.

INT. CELLBLOCK HALLWAY - NIGHT

Ted on the phone.

TED

These guys are young, they're green, I don't think they've ever tried a case like this before.

INTERCUT WITH:

INT. LIZ'S BATHROOM - NIGHT

Liz runs a bath for Rebecca who's playing with her rubber shark toys in the tub.

TED

There isn't a single piece of physical evidence and their eyewitness identified the undersheriff in the pretrial but the judge is hell bent on seeing this thing through. When you do the math it all adds up to a witch hunt.

Liz exits to the hall out of Rebecca's earshot. Running water in the background.

LIZ

It can't all be one big butterfly effect.

TED

Then what's your theory, Liz? If you know so goddamn much.

(deep breath)

I'm sorry. It's just... I'm terrified. I mean, they want the goddamn death penalty.

Tears well in Liz's eyes.

TED

Have you bought your plane ticket?

LIZ

(beat)

Ted, I don't know if I can stand another trial.

TED

What do you mean?

LIZ

It's too painful to go through again.

TED  
You have to come. Promise you'll  
come.

Liz. Conflicted.

TED  
Liz, promise!

REBECCA (O.S.)  
Mommy!

Liz dashes into the bathroom and turns off the faucet just  
before the tub overflows.

TED  
What did you mean when you said  
you'd fix this?

LIZ  
What?

TED  
In Utah. Before they led me out of  
court you said you'd call the  
police and fix this. Why would  
that make any difference?

LIZ  
Listen, Rebecca wants to say hi.

Liz quickly hands off the receiver to Rebecca.

REBECCA  
I miss you, Ted.

TED  
I miss you too, booger. What are  
you doing right now?

REBECCA  
Playing with sharks.

TED  
What is it about sharks that gets  
you so much?

REBECCA  
They look like scary monsters on  
the outside, but on the inside,  
they're actually really nice.

Ted can't help but smile at her innocence.

Liz fights back tears. She takes the phone back.

LIZ  
We have to go. It's bedtime.

TED  
Will you please come?

LIZ  
Goodnight.

She hangs up, her conscience tearing her apart from the inside while Rebecca plays behind her. Does he know?

INT. CELLBLOCK HALLWAY - DAY

A TELEVISION REPORTER interviews Ted on camera.

TELEVISION REPORTER  
Ted, you're standing trial for murder, you've been convicted of attempted kidnap, yet you adamantly maintain your innocence. Does it make you angry?

Despite the turmoil of his personal life, Ted exudes infectious charisma on camera. Smiling, articulate:

TED  
Sure I get angry. I get very, very angry and indignant. I don't like being locked up for something I didn't do. And I don't like my liberty taken away. And I don't like being treated like an animal. And I don't like people walking around and ogling me like I'm some sort of weirdo. Because I'm not.

TELEVISION REPORTER  
You are not guilty?

TED  
Does that include the time I stole a comic book when I was five years old?

(laughs)  
I am not guilty of the charges which have been filed against me.

TELEVISION REPORTER  
And the allegations?

TED

And the allegations.

TELEVISION REPORTER

And the rumors and innuendo...

TED

(laughs)

I don't know all of what you're speaking about, it's too broad and I can't get into it in any detail, but I'm satisfied with my blanket statement that I'm innocent. No man is truly innocent. We've all transgressed in some way in our lives, and as I say, I've been impolite, and are there things I regret having done in my life? Nothing like the things I think that you're referring to.

TELEVISION REPORTER

You have yet to stand trial and the death penalty is already being discussed.

TED

I think I stand about as much chance of dying in front of a firing squad or in a gas chamber as you do being killed in a plane flight. Let's hope you don't.

TELEVISION REPORTER

You don't lie awake at night thinking about it?

TED

Not a moment.

TELEVISION REPORTER

Do you think about getting out of here?

A mischievous smile spreads across his face...

INT. JAIL BARBER SHOP - DAY

...PULL OUT from his interview on the nightly news as Ted cuts gets his overgrown hair cut.

TED (ON TV)

Legally, sure.

Ted starts to look very different from the interview footage and we get the sense that he planned it that way.

INT. TED'S CELL - NIGHT

Ted jumps off his bunk, sticking a hard landing. He climbs back up and does it again.

He's steeling his ankles for impact.

JIM DUMAS (PRE-LAP)

The death penalty is premised upon blood vengeance, and carries the very real risk that the innocent will be executed.

INT. PITKIN COURTROOM - DAY

Ted's bulked in heavy layers despite everyone else's light, summery clothing. The curtains of the open window billow in the background.

JIM DUMAS

The defense requests that this court exclude the death penalty in the penalty phase of the trial on the grounds that it is arbitrary and capricious.

Dumas returns to the defense table.

JUDGE LOHR

We'll take a fifteen minute recess before concluding remarks.

Lohr bangs the gavel and retires to his chambers. Everyone stands. Papers shuffle as the courtroom empties out.

CHUCK LEIDNER

C'mon, let's get some air.

TED

I'm going to stay and practice my final remarks if that's alright.

Dumas and Leidner exit, leaving Ted alone in the courtroom. Deputy Westerlund stands post at the door. Ted throws him a friendly smile.

The curtains billow at the open window in the back.

Ted's eyes narrow with focus. He wipes sweat from his temple. His heart thumps loudly in his chest.

He gets up and wanders toward the bookstacks in the rear of the room, pretending to read a file.

Westerlund finds his pack of smokes and steps into the hall.

Ted paces back and forth, feigning interest in his file but really tracking Westerlund in his periphery.

INT. HALLWAY - DAY

Westerlund lights his cigarette. Glances in at Ted.

INT. PITKIN COURTROOM - DAY

Ted inches closer to the window.

The moment Westerlund disappears from Ted's periphery--

--Ted climbs onto the sill. Sweat streaks his temples. His heart palpitates in his chest.

It's higher than he expected. Random foot traffic below.

Ted steps out onto the ledge. Steadies himself...

...and jumps!

INT. HALLWAY - DAY

Westerlund flirts with a doe-eyed FEMALE LAW CLERK:

DEPUTY WESTERLUND

...so I unholstered my service weapon making like I was about to discharge -- that means fire -- and this punk drops to his knees quicker than Warhol on a naval ship, slides the record across the floor right on up to my boots. You know what it was? Iggy Pop. So I arrested him for bad taste.

She giggles and flips her hair.

FEMALE LAW CLERK

How often do you discharge?

They're interrupted by the edemic woman with the terrier and pooper scooper that we met in the beginning.

EDEMIC WOMAN

Pardon me, but is it common for people to jump out of windows around here?

Westerlund checks the courtroom. His cigarette drops from his lips.

EXT. ALLEYWAY - DAY

Ted somersaults over a wire fence and breaks into a full sprint down an alleyway behind Main Street.

TWO GUYS behind a restaurant curiously watch him blaze full tilt past.

INT. PITKIN COURTHOUSE - DAY

Westerlund leaps down stairs, radio mic to his mouth.

DEPUTY WESTERLUND  
Code 9! Repeat, Code 9 at the  
Pitkin County Courthouse!

EXT. CROSS STREET - DAY

Ted dashes across traffic.

EXT. PITKIN COURTHOUSE - DAY

Westerlund shoves out the doors, frantically scanning every which way.

EXT. ROARING FORK RIVER - DAY

Ted ducks into a gorge. Strips down to blue jean cutoffs and a long-john top. Ties a red bandana around his head.

INT. PITKIN COURTROOM - DAY

The court reconvenes to a heavy din of panic and surprise.

JIM DUMAS  
(wryly)  
That's the poorest show of faith in  
this argument I've seen yet.

EXT. ROARING FORK RIVER - DAY

Ted stuffs his excess layers into a pack fashioned out of a turtleneck, throws the pack over his shoulder, and heads back up toward the road.

EXT. GRAVEL ROAD - DAY

Ted hurries along, head low, looking like an ordinary guy. He turns past a row of condos toward Aspen Mountain.

EXT. VARIOUS STREETS AROUND ASPEN - DAY

Police cruisers skid across lanes, two at a time, blocking traffic in and out of the city.

EXT. ASPEN MOUNTAIN - DAY

Ted heaves up a steep grade trail at a relentless pace.

EXT. VARIOUS STREETS AROUND ASPEN - DUSK

Traffic backs up at police checkpoints. The sun sets.

EXT. ASPEN MOUNTAIN - DUSK

Ted powers through exhaustion, his steps becoming uneven and imbalanced. He looks haggard but pushes on.

EXT. ASPEN SKY - DUSK

Ominous clouds roll in. The wind picks up.

EXT. ASPEN MOUNTAIN - NIGHT

Rain. Ted stumbles to a fir tree and collapses. His entire body shivers. It's dropped 30 degrees since sunset.

He yanks out clothes from his pack and struggles to put them on. His breath is quick and strained. As the wind batters him, he spots a CABIN IN THE DISTANCE.

EXT. MOUNTAIN CABIN - NIGHT

Ted staggers up to the cabin. All the windows are boarded. He pries one open and climbs inside.

INT. MOUNTAIN CABIN - NIGHT

Ted crashes to the floor. He finds the bedroom and collapses on the bed, his last ounce of energy spent.

He pulls Rebecca's folded up shark drawing from his pocket and gently places it on the pillow next to him.

EXT. VARIOUS STREETS AROUND ASPEN - NIGHT

A police man finishes a car check and waves the next one through.

The night grows long.

CUT TO:

INT. MOUNTAIN CABIN - DAY

Ted wakes with a start, stiff and sore. He orients, looks outside -- snow covers everything.

He rises to his feet, stretches. A peaceful mountain morning.

He hobbles into the kitchen and rifles through cupboards. Saltines, tins of Polish bacon, stewed tomatoes, ravioli -- he shovels it all in his mouth. Culinary bliss...

...until a POLICE HELICOPTER roars overhead.

Ted drops to his knees, scurries to the window -- POLICE and SEARCH DOGS are advancing toward the cabin!

Ted scurries back into the bedroom for Rebecca's drawing, then scrambles to the far window. Panic floods his veins.

He hoists himself up through the same window he entered.

EXT. MOUNTAIN CABIN - DAY

Ted crawls toward trees for cover. The police helicopter hovers nearby. The canine search team approaches from the other side of the cabin.

Ted back-crawls down a slope.

Once out of their eyeline, he turns, takes off running, but his momentum topples him feet over head. He tumbles down the steep grade, rolling--

--until he looks up INTO THE BARREL OF A SHOTGUN.

A pant-pissing beat.

STRANGER WITH A SHOTGUN

You shouldn't be up here. We're lookin' for this guy.

TED

(beat)

I was just out for a hike. Do you really have to point that at me?

The stranger lowers his shotgun, doesn't seem to recognize who he's got in his crosshairs. Helps Ted to his feet.

STRANGER WITH A SHOTGUN

Be careful. He's dangerous.

Ted cracks a crooked, thankful smile, gathers his things, and lumbers off.

EXT. ASPEN RESIDENTIAL STREET - NIGHT

Back in Aspen, Ted hobbles past car after car, trying the door handles. He comes across an unlocked '66 Cadillac.

I/E. '66 CADILLAC - MAIN STREET - NIGHT

Ted drives down Main Street, slapping fatigue from his face. His eyelids hang heavy.

He starts drifting off, veering into oncoming traffic. A BLARING HORN jolts him awake and he swerves away just in time...

...to notice the oncoming car was a cop!

The cop U-turns. Red and blue lights flicker on.

INT. PITKIN COURTROOM - DAY

Ted stands dead-tired, twenty-five pounds underweight, unshaven, and shackled. Seven armed deputy sheriffs stand guard behind him. Judge Lohr arraigns him on new charges:

JUDGE LOHR

...Two counts felonious escape, one count burglary, one count auto theft, one count misdemeanor theft.

Newspaper photographers snap away.

TED

Your Honor, I would like a change of venue. You can't possibly expect me to receive a fair trial with this kind of publicity.

JUDGE LOHR

Maybe you should have considered that before you jumped out of the window.

A delirious grin spreads across Ted's face.

TED

It was just too pretty outside.

A rumble of chuckles in the courtroom.

INT. VISITATION ROOM - DAY

The door opens. Ted, now shaven and rested, bounds in. He runs into the arms of Liz as they both flood with tears.

EXT. JAIL YARD - DAY

Ted and Liz walk arm in arm, accompanied by the clatter of Ted's leg irons. Ted buzzes with energy, Liz is melancholic.

TED

It's a bed and breakfast compared to Utah. The head jailer and his wife actually live in an apartment affixed to the end of the jail and she cooks all the meals. She's no Julia Child but she knows a wok from a saucepan.

Liz turns her eyes downward. Ted registers her despondency.

TED

Look, I know things have been hectic lately, but it's all going to work out. This trial will mark the beginning of the end of a myth. I've got documents that will destroy their case. Before you know it I'll be back reading bedtime stories to Rebecca and planning our wedding at the church with the red door by the park.

Suddenly and without warning:

LIZ

I'm the one who gave your name to the police.

Ted's instantly rendered speechless.

LIZ

It was the summer of '74, when they put that sketch in the paper.

Silence like only betrayal brings.

LIZ

My friends pressured me. They said it was too much of a resemblance not to. I never thought it would come to this. I didn't even think it looked like you.

(shaky)

(MORE)

LIZ (CONT'D)

As much as you must hate me right now, it isn't more than I already hate myself. I know I ruined your life.

An interminable beat as it sinks in.

TED

I'm not mad.

LIZ

I'm leaving.

A bombshell. Fear sinks into Ted.

TED

For godsakes, Liz, I said I forgive you.

LIZ

But I don't. Not as long as you're suffering for my guilt. Every time I see you I only feel it worse.

TED

What if I got out?

LIZ

How?

TED

How do you think? We'll run away together. Canada maybe.

LIZ

I'm sorry. Goodbye, Ted.

Liz hurries off without looking back. Ted's destroyed.

INT. PRINT SHOP - DAY

Ted slices reams of paper in the paper cutter, wearing a long, solemn face.

TED (V.O.)

The facts as they lay, even if I won Colorado, I still would have gotten ninety years for running.

INT. PITKIN COURTROOM - DAY

Ted slouches vacantly in his chair as lawyers drone on with pretrial motions.

TED (V.O.)  
And then my Utah appeal was  
rejected.

EXT. RECREATION AREA - DAY

Ted plays handball by himself, working out his anger.

TED (V.O.)  
Two big blows which paled beneath  
the spectre of eternal loneliness.

INT. TED'S CELL - NIGHT

Ted lays on his bunk, staring at Rebecca's shark drawing  
taped to the ceiling. Then his eyes take focus on the metal  
plate holding the light fixture.

Ted sits up and knocks on the metal. It's hollow.

Ted finds his plastic dinnerware spork and grates it against  
the metal plate. As he grates harder, the spork snaps in  
half, but his eyes remain on the FAINT GROOVES in the metal.

INT. PRINT SHOP - DAY

Ted slices reams of paper with more fervor as we PUSH IN on  
the paper cutter BLADE.

INT. TED'S CELL - DAY

Ted enters his cell, extracts the paper cutter blade from his  
sock and hides it in a slit in the mattress.

INT. JUDGE LOHR'S CHAMBERS - DAY

Ted and his lawyers meet with Judge Lohr. Christmas  
decorations adorn the room.

JUDGE LOHR  
(to Ted)  
I've decided to grant your motion.

Ted wears a tense expression.

JUDGE LOHR  
I've concluded there is no way to  
obtain an unbiased jury in Aspen in  
light of recent events, so I'm  
moving the trial to Colorado  
Springs where your antics have not  
been daily news.

Ted stares back at Lohr in sheer panic.

TED  
You're moving me?

JUDGE LOHR  
(sarcastically)  
Only if it suits your schedule.

TED  
Your Honor, I'd like to withdraw  
that motion.

JUDGE LOHR  
Oh, sweet Jesus.

CHUCK LEIDNER  
Ted, this is great news.

TED  
No, I have a good feeling about  
Aspen after all. I think I'll stay  
right where I am.

JUDGE LOHR  
I've ruled and it's final. You'll  
be transferred after the holidays.  
Merry Christmas.

Lohr flashes a warm grin. Ted looks sick.

INT. TED'S CELL - NIGHT

Ted double-times it with the paper cutter blade, the showers  
on in the background. He's made significant progress on a  
square foot cutaway in the ceiling, but still has a ways to  
go. When the showers shut off, Ted stops sawing.

The showers turn back on and Ted resumes sawing.

INT. TED'S CELL - NIGHT

Ted's asleep under the covers.

Or so it seems. He's actually carefully removing Rebecca's  
shark drawing from the ceiling. He considers it wistfully,  
then folds it, and puts it in his pocket.

He climbs onto his bunk, next to the body-shaped mass under  
the covers, and pushes up on the ceiling.

A square foot of metal pops free.

INT. ATTIC CRAWL SPACE - CONTINUOUS

Ted hoists himself up through the hole and notices a shaft of light spearing up a few dozen yards away.

INT. HEAD JAILER'S BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

A finger emerges from the hole in the plasterboard ceiling. A panel is removed. Ted's legs dangle through the hole. As he eases himself down...

...we PAN OVER to the HEAD JAILER and his WIFE sound asleep.

This is their private residence.

Ted drops down. The jailer and his wife stir but don't wake.

Ted tiptoes toward the dresser and carefully opens the drawers. The antique wood squeaks. Ted holds his breath, but the jailer doesn't wake.

Ted sheds his prison garb and puts on the jailer's warmer clothes. He then climbs a bookshelf next to the sleeping jailer and carefully replaces the ceiling panel, leaving no trace of his presence.

EXT. HEAD JAILER'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Ted quietly exits the house to a blanket of snow. He pockets his hands and hurries off into the cold night.

EXT. RESIDENTIAL ROAD - NIGHT

Checking the door handles of parked cars, Ted comes to an open MG Midget with studded radial tires.

INT. MG MIDGET - NIGHT

Ted drives against snow flurries, excitement coursing through his veins. He's free!

But as he heads over a pass, the engine BLOWS OUT, foiling his triumphant escape. Thick smoke billows out from under the hood.

EXT. MOUNTAIN PASS - NIGHT

Ted abandons the smoking car, blowing his fists for warmth.

Headlights crest the horizon. Ted steps into the road, waving his arms at the oncoming car.

INT. GLENWOOD SPRINGS JAIL - DAY

The next morning, the head jailer (the one we saw sleeping) delivers breakfast to Ted's cell. He peers in at "Ted" asleep in bed.

TIME CUT:

The jailer returns with lunch. Noticing Ted's untouched breakfast tray, he peers in the cell and sees "Ted" in exactly the same position.

INT. TED'S CELL - CONTINUOUS

The jailer enters, rips back the covers REVEALING coiled legal papers and law textbooks in the shape of a body.

HEAD JAILER

Son of a...

EXT. MOUNTAIN PASS - DAY

A road crew excavates the MG Midget from a snow embankment as law enforcement officials bundled in thick jackets bark orders, their breath billowing in the frigid air.

EXT. LIZ'S HOUSE - DAY

Liz opens the door to set garbage bags outside. She's startled by Detective Mike Fisher (the five dollar haircut who confronted Ted in Utah State Prison) about to ring the doorbell.

LIZ

All the others stopped by this morning. I don't know where he is and I doubt he'd come here anyway. Sorry you came all this way.

Liz drops the garbage bags and turns to go back inside.

DET. MIKE FISHER

That's not why I'm here.

(then)

I can't stress how important it is that you notify me when he contacts you.

LIZ

(cross-armed)

Is that it?

DET. MIKE FISHER

I wanted to give you this.

Fisher hands her a large manila envelope.

DET. MIKE FISHER

It's something we've long suspected him of. I thought you should see firsthand just how serious this is.

LIZ

Suspected? So there isn't even hard proof?

DET. MIKE FISHER

Just look at it. If you help us, you can prevent it from happening again.

Liz hesitates, gives back the manila envelope.

LIZ

Ted's a good person. Shame on you for coming here.

DET. MIKE FISHER

Liz, there are things you don't know, that I can't tell you right now, that will shock you beyond your worst nightmares, and it's only a matter of time before the cards are on the table. And when they are... they will rack you.

LIZ

He said you'd say that.

DET. MIKE FISHER

I'm going to leave this right here.

Fisher sticks the manila envelope in her door pane mailbox.

DET. MIKE FISHER

Look at it, don't look at it, burn it in the fireplace if you want. It's your choice.

She holds his heavy gaze. Then she takes the manila envelope and stuffs it in one of the garbage bags.

LIZ

Please don't come back here.

DET. MIKE FISHER

(again)

It's your choice.

Fisher turns and goes. Liz stares after him, then shuts the door.

EXT. SORORITY ROW - DAY

Beautiful, tanned coeds pedal by fraternity and sorority houses. Everyone's in brighter, skimpier clothing because it's warm and green here.

TED (V.O.)

This time I had a seventeen hour head start and sense enough to go where news of my escape was little more than a Rocky Mountain whisper.

We follow a trio of sorority girls around the corner as they ride toward the Florida State University campus. Old capitol buildings in the distance.

SUPER: **Tallahassee, FL**

Ted steps into frame, his face damp with sweat from the humid air, road worn but exhilarated to be free.

EXT. WEST COLLEGE STREET - DAY

Ted walks a lazy street shaded by live oaks, slash pines, and sweet gums. An old LANDLORD rakes the yard of a rooming house with a "For Rent" sign in one of the windows.

Ted approaches, flashes his warmest salesman smile.

TED (V.O.)

I rented a room on a smile alone...

INT. TED'S ROOM - DAY

A shoddily furnished room with paint chipping off the walls.

TED (V.O.)

It wasn't much, but it was mine.

Ted opens the window, letting in the warm breeze and the sounds of a nearby fraternity party -- music, laughing, screaming, singing.

He tapes Rebecca's dog-eared, well-creased shark drawing to the wall. His only familiarity.

EXT. PHONEBOOTH - NIGHT

Ted drops a coin in and dials Liz. It rings and rings. No answer so he glumly hangs up.

EXT. BALCONY - THE OAK ROOMING HOUSE - NIGHT

Ted cracks open a quart of beer.

TED (V.O.)  
I told myself I would never again  
get so much as jaywalking ticket.

Pretty sorority girls preen down the street. Ted takes in all the wonderful sensory details he's been deprived of for so long.

TED (V.O.)  
Life was just too good.

But when he looks at Rebecca's shark drawing, he turns wistful and melancholy.

EXT. PHONEBOOTH - NIGHT

Ted, pleasantly inebriated, dials Liz again. It rings. And rings. About to hang up again, someone picks up:

MAN'S VOICE  
Hello?

Nausea fills Ted. He hangs up, utterly destroyed inside.

EXT. CONVENIENCE STORE - NIGHT

Ted pounds a quart of beer.

INT. SHERROD'S NIGHTCLUB - NIGHT

A pulsing college disco. Ted polishes off another beer at the bar, then stumbles onto the dance floor. The dancing co-eds trade looks as he drunkenly jumps around to the music.

EXT. SHERROD'S NIGHTCLUB - NIGHT

Ted pukes in the street as co-eds exit behind him. The club lights shut off.

EXT. THE OAK ROOMING HOUSE - NIGHT

Ted stumbles home, looking like a sweaty, disheveled mess.

Students that look like they were just awoken talk in small groups, gesturing toward something in the distance.

Ted curiously approaches one of the students.

TED  
What happened?

STUDENT

(shrugs)

Something on sorority row. Couple ambulances and just about every cop in the city.

Flickering police lights reflect off houses in the distance.

INT. TED'S ROOM - DAY

Ted jolts awake to a loud BANGING on the door.

VOICE (O.S.)

Hey! You in there?

They try the door knob but it's locked.

VOICE (O.S.)

If I don't get rent by the end of the day, I'm callin' the police!

The landlord. Ted lays frozen in bed until he huffs off.

EXT. THE OAK ROOMING HOUSE - DAY

Ted sneaks out the back, his few possessions slung over his shoulder. He beelines through the brush in the backyard.

EXT. EAST GEORGIA STREET - DAY

Ted stops along the sidewalk to catch his breath. Various cop cars patrol the area. Ted surveys all the cars parked along the curb.

TED (V.O.)

With my welcome worn thin and the police presence high, it became clear Tallahassee was not the place for me.

I/E. ORANGE VOLKSWAGEN BUG - DAY

Ted burns clear out of Tallahassee in his new car.

I/E. ORANGE VOLKSWAGEN BUG / INTERSTATE 10 - SUNSET

Ted zooms past a Pensacola freeway sign as the sun kisses the horizon.

EXT. PENSACOLA STREET - NIGHT

The stolen Volkswagen turns onto a sleepy downtown street.

I/E. ORANGE VOLKSWAGEN BUG - NIGHT

Ted spreads a map over the steering wheel, drifting over the median while trying to drive and navigate at the same time.

Suddenly, red and blue police lights erupt across his face.

Ted bolts upright, sees the cop in his rearview.

Yes. Another goddamn traffic stop.

Panic.

TED

No, no, no...

Ted steps on the gas. The old VW sputters faster, faster, faster...

The cop rides his tail. The siren cuts through the night.

TED

Shit!

Ted jerks the wheel, cuts a sharp turn.

The cop skids around the corner, gives chase.

Car frames rattle past. Engines roar and hiccup, exploding into a high speed pursuit.

Ted checks his shoulder.

The cop gains car lengths by the second.

Ted burns through deserted intersections.

The VW's bald tires nearly fishtail at such high speeds.

Hyperventilating, Ted shuts his eyes--

EXT. CROSS & WEST DOUGLAS STREET - NIGHT

--and pulls over just past the intersection. The police cruiser screeches up behind.

OFFICER DAVID LEE hops out. Young, husky, with a deep Southern drawl, he draws his service revolver but keeps it cautiously pointed down as he approaches the VW.

OFFICER LEE

Git outta the car!

Scared, Ted shakes his head.

OFFICER LEE  
 Git out and down on the ground!

Ted locks the door. Lee raises his revolver. Startled, Ted throws his hands up, unlocks the door, exits the car.

TED  
 Okay, okay -- don't shoot -- I'm coming out.

OFFICER LEE  
 Down!

TED  
 I'm down, I'm down.

Ted lays facedown on the road.

OFFICER LEE  
 Show me yer hands!

Ted extends his shaky hands. Lee handcuffs Ted's left wrist--  
 --when Ted suddenly kicks Lee's legs out from under him. Lee scrambles to subdue Ted, but Ted writhes free, takes off running.

OFFICER LEE  
 Halt! Halt or I'll shoot!

Ted rounds the corner.

EXT. CROSS STREET - CONTINUOUS

Ted breaks into an all out sprint, the handcuffs dangling from his wrist.

Lee rounds the corner a few dozen yards behind and FIRES A WARNING SHOT.

Ted flinches but doesn't relent.

Lee aims at Ted. BLAM!

Ted hits the ground.

Lee hustles up to Ted, thinking he shot him. But to Lee's surprise, Ted flips over and slugs him in the face. They tussle around in a schoolyard-like fight.

TED  
 Help! Help!

Lights in nearby homes turn on. A ROBED MAN exits his front door, puzzled by the scuffle.

Ted turns toward the robbed man, reaches out:

TED  
Please help me!

ROBED MAN  
(to Lee)  
What are you doing to that man?

Now more neighbors step out of their homes. Lee struggles to contain Ted while running crowd management.

OFFICER LEE  
Stay back, sir!

ROBED MAN  
Leave him alone or I'm calling the police.

OFFICER LEE  
I am the police!

Lee flips Ted onto his stomach, digs a knee between his shoulder blades, driving Ted's face into the pavement. He rips back Ted's hands and secures the handcuffs.

Ted grunts from Lee's weight. All the fight diffuses out of him. Despair sets in.

TED  
Just kill me. Please, just kill me.

OFFICER LEE  
You have the right to remain silent.

TED  
If I try to run again, then will you kill me?

Puzzled, Lee continues the Miranda warning.

INT. HOLDING CELL - NIGHT

Ted's asleep, face scuffed with scrapes and abrasions. He wakes with a start when DETECTIVE DON PATCHEN enters.

DET. DON PATCHEN  
I'm Detective Patchen from Tallahassee.  
(MORE)

DET. DON PATCHEN (CONT'D)

I interrupted my vacation to drive two hundred miles to talk to you and I don't even know your name. Seeing as I'm supposed to be reeling up Marlins halfway across the Gulf right now, I'd say you owe me that much. So here's what we're going to do. You're going to tell me who you are, then I'm going to let you make a phone call, and with any luck, come morning we'll both be holding our poles. What do you say?

Ted wipes blariness from his eyes.

INT. INTERVIEW ROOM - NIGHT

A TAPE RECORDER rolls. Officer Lee eats a greasy drumstick. Patchen checks his watch.

TED

You seriously never heard of me?

Room tone.

TED

Don't you watch the news?

DET. DON PATCHEN

Must have been fishing that day.

Ted looks genuinely disappointed.

OFFICER LEE

I gotta hit the can.

Officer Lee exits.

DET. DON PATCHEN

FSU ain't that bad of a place to escape to.

TED

It was just so good to be around people again.

DET. DON PATCHEN

You ever crash fraternity or sorority parties for free beer or food?

TED

No.

DET. DON PATCHEN  
What did you do at night?

TED  
I went to bed early.

DET. DON PATCHEN  
Even Saturday nights? Anything  
else in Tallahassee you can clear  
up for us?

TED  
I shouldn't have stolen that car.

DET. DON PATCHEN  
You ever enter sorority houses to  
take wallets?

TED  
No, I never stole from those who  
couldn't afford it, and that  
usually meant students.

Officer Lee returns, lays down an FBI Ten Most Wanted flyer  
with Ted's face on it. This raises a few eyebrows.

TED  
(proudly)  
I escaped twice.

OFFICER LEE  
(to Patchen)  
He's no Marlin but he'll do for a  
fish story.  
(to Ted)  
Would you sign it for me?

A grin spreads across Ted's face. Finally validation.

DET. DON PATCHEN  
Let's talk about Chi Omega.

Off Ted.

INT. DARK BEDROOM - NIGHT

A PHONE RINGS. Liz fumbles for it out of a deep sleep.

LIZ  
Hello?

A MAN stirs in bed next to her.

MAN  
 (groggy, to Liz)  
 Who is it?

Liz bolts up when she hears the voice. She gets out of bed.

MAN  
 Is it him?

INT. OFFICE - NIGHT

Ted huddles on the phone, alone in a small office, while Patchen and Lee confer out the window.

TED  
 I'm in Florida. I'm in custody.

INTERCUT WITH:

INT. DARK BEDROOM - NIGHT

The man tries to take the phone from Liz. She violently whips around, sends a glare that stops him cold.

TED  
 I made a deal with the police.  
 They aren't going to announce my  
 arrest until tomorrow morning so  
 that I can make some calls first.

Liz finds a spot around the corner and sinks down. Tears fill her eyes. All the feelings still there.

TED  
 He's a lucky guy, Liz.

A long, painful pause. Ted chokes back tears.

TED  
 It's going to be bad when it  
 breaks. Real bad.

Together they cry. Despite being in opposite corners of the country, they're closer than they've ever been.

EXT. CHI OMEGA SORORITY HOUSE - DAY (NEWS FOOTAGE)

Tripod video of the quiet facade.

REPORTER (V.O.)  
 The killer struck first at the Chi  
 Omega sorority house.

INT. BEDROOM CRIME SCENE - DAY (NEWS FOOTAGE)

A pillow soaked in blood. Spattered sheets.

REPORTER (V.O.)

He clubbed and then strangled to death twenty year old Lisa Levy and twenty one year old Margaret Bowman.

INSERT - NEWSPAPER HEADLINES

"Shadow of murderer looms over campus"

"Police seek clues in slaying of two FSU sorority women"

"Reward is offered"

INSERT - NEWSPAPER PHOTO

of a terrified sorority girl peering out the window.

REPORTER (V.O.)

At least one of them was raped.

EXT. FSU CAMPUS - DAY (NEWS FOOTAGE)

The REPORTER stands at the campus' main entrance.

REPORTER

The killer came in from the night and then returned to it with an ease that has so far baffled police and left most coeds here terrified.

INT. TED'S CELL - DAY

A recessed light bulb covered by a plastic shield and metal grate glows dimly on Ted, slumped in a windowless iron cell with a bed and combination sink-and-toilet.

The cell door UNLOCKS. A man in an expensive suit and haircut enters, tall, Greek, and handsome. Two deputies stand post outside.

TED

Are you my lawyer?

The man grins smugly.

TED

I've been isolated since I got here which is a violation of my rights. I'm a lawyer too.

## HANDSOME MAN

You're not a lawyer, you're an ex-law student. You're not a victim, you're a felon. I'm not a lawyer, I'm the sheriff.

SHERIFF KEN KATSARIS straightens his cuffs, picks lint off his suit.

## SHERIFF KEN KATSARIS

I've heard all about you and your antics and I'm here to tell you the game is over. Your days of walking without the clatter of chains are done. Florida is the Buckle of the Death Belt and it's my job to tighten things up in a major way.

## TED

A bit excessive for stealing a car, don't you think?

## SHERIFF KEN KATSARIS

In time, you'll be indicted, tried, and convicted on a double murder in the Chi Omega sorority killings.

## TED

I already told the detectives, I don't know anything about that and you've got nothing to tie me to it.

Katsaris tears Rebecca's shark drawing off the cell wall.

## TED

Hey! Come on now, it's just a gift from a sweet, little girl. It's all I got left.

## SHERIFF KEN KATSARIS

Any unauthorized items must be considered contraband.

Katsaris produces a lighter and ignites the drawing. Ted's eyes darken as Katsaris throws the burning drawing in the toilet, curling into ash.

## SHERIFF KEN KATSARIS

I'm the one who's going to get you.

Katsaris snaps his fingers. On cue, a PAIR OF JAILERS enter, and force Ted into a chair. The jailers restrain him as a DENTIST and CAMERAMAN follow.

TED

What are you doing to me?

A dental speculum is shoved into Ted's mouth. His TEETH are photographed with a macro lens. The speculum is barbarically removed and an impression tray shoved in its place.

Sheriff Katsaris watches on with a sadistic grin.

INT. CELLBLOCK PHONEBANK - DAY

Ted makes a phone call.

MAN'S VOICE

Hello?

Ted hesitates. Unprepared for this.

MAN'S VOICE

(beat)

You can't call here anymore.

Silence.

TED

Will you give her a message for me?

MAN'S VOICE

She doesn't want you in her life.

Struggling through the hurt:

TED

Tell her... tell her it's not her fault. And that I love her.

Silence on the other end.

TED

Will you tell her?

(no response)

You treat her well.

INT. LIZ'S HOUSE - SAME

Liz's boyfriend JERRY hangs up the phone as we WIDEN to REVEAL he's been holding Liz at arm's length. He's husky, with big, hairy forearms.

Liz angrily slaps his arm away.

LIZ

You asshole! If you ever pull that again--

JERRY

You'll what? Leave me? Lizzy, I'm  
the only healthy relationship  
you've ever had.

LIZ

What did he say?

JERRY

What does it matter?

LIZ

WHAT DID HE SAY?

JERRY

He froze up because he knows I know  
he's a weasel.

She opens a cupboard for a glass and a bottle of vodka.

JERRY

Lizzy, it's ten in the morning.

She ignores him and pours three fingers.

JERRY

What happened to the rest of that  
bottle?

Her eyes burn right through him as she gulps it down like  
it's water. He sets his jaw but doesn't bite -- until she  
pours another glass.

JERRY

Alright, that's enough!

LIZ

Let go of me!

JERRY

This has got to stop!

They struggle as the glass SHATTERS on the floor. Liz  
immediately unravels into an emotional mess. Jerry takes a  
deep breath and hugs her.

LIZ

I just want this all to be over. I  
wish I could take it all back.

JERRY

I know, I know.

He holds her.

INT. VISITATION ROOM - DAY

A large room arranged like a cafeteria with bolted down tables and chairs. Armed guards all around.

Ted enters, solemn, in handcuffs, leg chains, and a pronounced limp. Pale and thin from isolation, he looks around, notices at the far table his friend from Seattle, Carole Ann Boone. He eagerly limps over to hug her.

CAROLE ANN  
Oh, Ted. You look...

TED  
Like I've been in prison?

CAROLE ANN  
Why are you limping?

He shows her a ghastly-looking orthopedic brace that runs rigid from his left foot to thigh, which he'll wear anytime he's outside his cell.

TED  
I have a problem with my leg. I run too fast.

She laughs. The ice broken.

TED  
I can't believe you came all the way from Washington.

CAROLE ANN  
I thought you could use a familiar face.

TED  
They must be saying some pretty uncomplimentary things about me on the news.

CAROLE ANN  
They've taken something wholesome and twisted it sinister.

TED  
It's all a ploy for the sheriff to score political points in the next election.

(MORE)

TED (CONT'D)

He's been chasing his tail for months on the Chi Omega case and suddenly the most wanted man in America falls into his lap so who do you think he pins it on? I'm more popular than Disney World.

CAROLE ANN

I heard about Liz.

Her name stops him cold.

CAROLE ANN

How are you holding up?

Ted shrugs, hurting deeper than he lets on.

CAROLE ANN

How could she leave you at the moment you needed her most?

TED

I haven't really thought about her much, to tell you the truth.

CAROLE ANN

I want you to know that I'm here for you now. And I will never leave you.

Ted meets her eyes. A rare moment of vulnerability:

TED

Carole Ann, I don't know what to do.

CAROLE ANN

The only thing you can do. Fight.

She puts her hand on his. There's something pathetically desperate about her but Ted smiles gratefully nonetheless.

INT. ELEVATOR - NIGHT

Ted rides down silently with a pair of deputies flanking him. When they reach their floor, the door opens to a flurry of CROWD CHATTER and CAMERA FLASHES. A media frenzy.

In the midst of it all is Sheriff Katsaris in his impeccable suit, crisp shirt, and shit-eating smirk, holding an indictment.

Realizing the ambush, Ted swallows his disdain, puts on his game face, and exits the elevator.

INT. HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

Now "on" for the cameras, Ted jauntily limps over and saddles up next to Katsaris. Before Katsaris can get a word in, Ted takes control, continually interrupting:

TED

What do we have here, Ken? Let's see. Oh, it's an indictment! Alright, why don't you read it to me?

SHERIFF KEN KATSARIS

In the name of, and by the authority of the state of Florida--

TED

You're up for re-election, aren't you?

SHERIFF KEN KATSARIS

You are charged with--

TED

You told them you were gonna get me.

TED

(to the reporters)  
He said he was gonna get me.  
(to Katsaris)  
You got the indictment. That's all you're gonna get.

SHERIFF KEN KATSARIS

Under section 780.04 of Florida statute--

TED

I'll plead not guilty right now.

Ted raises his right hand theatrically like an oath for the news cameras.

SHERIFF KEN KATSARIS

You are charged with two counts murder in the first degree...

TED

(mockingly)  
My chance to talk to the press.

Ted paces in front of Katsaris -- wallpaper in comparison -- and posts against the wall, jaw set, eyes burning into the cameras. His theatricality completely eclipses Katsaris who drones on in eye-glazing legalese.

TED

We've displayed the prisoner now.

Ted takes the indictment.

TED

I've been kept in isolation, I've been kept away from the press, I've been buried by you, you've been talking -- it's my turn now.

SHERIFF KEN KATSARIS

We got a court order. There won't be any press interviews.

TED

Sure there won't. I'm gagged, you're not.

The deputies pull Ted back toward the elevator.

TED

I will be heard.

Ted holds up the indictment and rips it in half.

INT. TED'S CELL - NIGHT

Ted's new public defenders, PEGGY GOODE (29), ED HARVEY (29), and LYNNE THOMPSON (30) sit on foldout chairs outside his cell. They look more like first year associates than criminal attorneys. Lead counsel is the "elder" MIKE MINERVA (40s).

MIKE MINERVA

Larry Simpson thinks we should consider a plea negotiation. He thinks if we continue down the path we're on, the pretrial hearings might develop a great deal of incriminating evidence against you which could make it impossible to later conclude a plea agreement once the public is aware of it all.

TED

The chief prosecutor thinks this, or you think this?

MIKE MINERVA

If you enter a plea of guilty to all pending murder charges, the state would recommend consecutive life sentences in exchange.

TED

This is a joke, right?

MIKE MINERVA

When you consider the evidence the state has, combined with the pretrial publicity, it seems highly likely that the state can secure convictions, and because of the nature of the offenses, several death sentences.

TED

If you think there's any chance in hell I'll plead guilty to any of these charges, you're out of your fucking mind.

Minerva forces a close-lipped smile. The defenders close their briefcases and get up.

Ted's left alone, the severity crushing down on him.

INT. VISITATION ROOM - NIGHT

Ted enters, surprised to see his mother Louise waiting for him with Carole Ann. Louise tears up at the sight of Ted shackled. He immediately goes to hug her.

He notices his lead counsel Mike Minerva off to the side and does the math.

TED

What is this, some kind of ambush?

CAROLE ANN

Of course not, Bunny. We just thought it best to discuss everything together.

TED

What is there to discuss?

His mother's voice cracks with heartache:

LOUISE

I wouldn't be able to live if I lost you. It would simply break my heart and never be put back together again.

TED

(re: Minerva)

Did he put you up to this?

CAROLE ANN

Nobody put anyone up to anything.

TED  
I'm not pleading.

CAROLE ANN  
(to Minerva)  
What does the evidence really say?

TED  
The evidence is all fabricated!  
They're absolutely determined to  
get convictions, even if they know  
they'll be overturned later.

Suddenly Louise slaps Ted.

LOUISE  
They are going to take your life.  
My first born. My beautiful baby.  
A mother cannot outlive her son.

TED  
(horrified)  
Mom? Do you think I did these  
things?

LOUISE  
All that matters now is what the  
newspapers say and the newsmen have  
manufactured a monster.

Doom sinks into Ted. Tormented faces stare back at him.

CAROLE ANN  
We're all behind you, Bunnykins,  
whatever you decide.

Minerva gives Ted the plea document and a pen. Ted takes a  
deep breath.

TED  
(to Minerva)  
Can we make arrangements for me to  
be transferred to Washington so  
that I can be close to the people I  
care about?

ON CAROLE ANN -- subtly wounded by Ted's request. Is he  
referring to Liz and Rebecca?

MIKE MINERVA  
There are no guarantees.

Ted hesitates for an interminable beat. Out of compassion for his mother's anguish, he signs. But he looks like he just sold his soul.

MIKE MINERVA

Now listen very carefully, Ted. When we go to court, the judge will conduct a plea colloquy to insure the voluntariness and factual basis of the plea. It is absolutely essential that you make no extraneous statements or equivocation of any kind that would hedge a future appeal. This is a firm condition of the prosecution. Do you understand?

Ted nods, paralyzed by doom. Louise and Carole Ann hold him.

INT. TALLAHASSEE COURTROOM - DAY

Ted sits among his defense team, bouncing his knee -- the first time he's seemed anything but confident in court. JUDGE COWART, a jowly man in horn-rimmed glasses presides. We'll get to know him better later.

MIKE MINERVA

Your Honor, my client has a matter to present to the court.

All eyes on Ted. His heartbeat nearly audible. Ted rises from his chair, holding the plea document. He takes a sip of water, his hand shaking.

TED

Your Honor...

(beat, then machine gun  
precision)

Never in my legal career have I encountered a man so brazen in coercing his own client into admitting guilt, that it makes me wonder if he has the stamina or even basic mental acuity to roll up his sleeves and do the work. I believe my lead counsel is not only overwhelmed by this case but also slave to a serious defeatist posture. In regard to the motion filed by my attorneys, I would like to withdraw that motion.

Ted tears the plea agreement in half and returns to his seat. The courtroom hangs in heavy silence.

Minerva pinches the bridge of his nose, sighs inwardly.

MIKE MINERVA

Your Honor, in light of the personal attack on my competency and character, I fear vestiges of resentment will prevent me from being as zealous an advocate on my client's behalf as I should be, and may even result in subconscious actions on my part that would be damaging to him and his defense. I'd like to withdraw as counsel.

TED

The counselor's first words I can agree to.

MIKE MINERVA

Fuck you.

JUDGE COWART

Muzzle yourselves, counselors!

TED

We'll consider the motion granted.

MIKE MINERVA

How's this for motion?

Minerva storms out of the courtroom. The prosecution looks befuddled. Carole Ann and Louise shake their heads in worry.

EXT. COURTHOUSE - DAY

An escort of deputies lead Ted, in his usual shackles, through throngs of reporters toward a waiting van.

REPORTER #1

Ted, is it true you'll be defending yourself?

TED

I'm standing with the man I know best and that's myself.

The deputies usher him into the waiting van, closing the door on further questions.

INT. VISITATION ROOM - DAY

Ted and Carole Ann, legs interlocked, hands on each other. They've obviously grown close quickly.

TED

You're going to hear some very ugly things. Are you sure you're ready?

CAROLE ANN

I told you, I'm here for you.

She kisses him.

EXT. METRO JUSTICE BUILDING - DAY

CRANE DOWN from the humid, blue skies, palm trees...

SUPER: **Miami, FL.**

...to a MEDIA CIRCUS: News vans from every network affiliate, throngs of TV and newspaper reporters doing live interviews, taking statements, running cable, etc.

Cordoned off to either side are a group of TED PROTESTORS who want him to fry; TED SUPPORTERS who are mostly young women.

It's the Super Bowl of court cases.

INT. MIAMI COURTROOM - DAY

A vast, octagonal room paneled with tropical wood and brass rectangles. Suspended light fixtures.

Thirty three JOURNALISTS with press credentials file inside to their reserved seats. LAW ENFORCEMENT has a section too.

We may recognize some FAMILIAR FACES: Bob Hayward, Mike Fisher, Officer Lee, Detective Patchen, Sheriff Katsaris.

The public fills the hundred-seat gallery. A parade of attractive, college girls -- the "TED GROUPIES" -- stake out the front, directly behind the defense table.

Carole Ann accompanies Louise.

THREE OTHER BEAUTIFUL COEDS, dressed in Florida pastels, enter, though they're not groupies, and they're not there for fun. One walks unsteadily, even with a cane.

A door near the judge's bench opens and Ted enters, unencumbered by shackles, carrying a beer carton of legal files. He's in a dapper blue suit, bow tie, and styled haircut. And, as always, that grin.

He takes in the enormity of the turnout, noticing the "groupies" in the front row who swoon at his presence. Ted sends Louise and Carole Ann a wink through the crowd.

Ted sits among his lawyers, looking indistinguishable from them to the uninformed viewer.

The jury box is the only empty area.

BAILIFF DAVE WATSON, 70s, a white-haired spark plug of a man, in a crisply starched white shirt and dark pleated trousers, bellows over the crescendoing chatter:

BAILIFF WATSON  
Please be seated! Court will come  
to order!

The court dips from chaotic to civil in no time flat.

BAILIFF WATSON  
Please rise for the Honorable  
Justice Cowart!

Everyone rises as JUDGE COWART enters and sits at his marble bench. A venerable St. Bernard of a man, he dons horn-rimmed glasses, great sagging jowls, and has a propensity for old Southern sayings.

JUDGE COWART  
Bless your hearts. Please sit.

Cowart surveys the jam-packed courtroom.

JUDGE COWART  
(to Ted)  
You look nice, partner.

TED  
Thank you, Your Honor. I'm  
disguised as an attorney today.

JUDGE COWART  
Bless your heart.

Laughter softens the mood.

EXT. METRO JUSTICE BUILDING - DAY

What was just minutes ago humming with activity is now pin drop silent.

INT. LIZ'S HOUSE - DAY

Liz sits rapt before the TV. Half-empty bottle of vodka nearby. This is a nationally televised trial.

On TV, lead prosecutor LARRY SIMPSON, sandy blond and mustachioed, enters the courtroom.

INT. MIAMI COURTROOM - DAY

The television cameras pan with Simpson as he walks to a chalkboard and easel already set up before the jury. He begins his opening statement:

LARRY SIMPSON

Ladies and gentlemen, this case is so much more than a double murder. This case is about catching a predator. Innocent, young women were his prey. Brutality was his method. Tragedy is his legacy. You will be his judge.

CUT TO:

MONTAGE: Crosscut between Simpson's opening statement and different witnesses' testimony, beginning with KAREN CHANDLER, one of the beautiful coeds we saw earlier.

KAREN CHANDLER

I woke up in a daze...

CUT TO:

KATHY KLEINER, another coed.

KATHY KLEINER

...blood all over my face, broken jaw...

BACK TO:

KAREN CHANDLER

...fractured skull, facial lacerations...

BACK TO:

KATHY KLEINER

...all my teeth were broken...

BACK TO:

LARRY SIMPSON

They had been clubbed with an oak log while they slept.

Room tone. The jury listens idly with blank faces.

LARRY SIMPSON  
They were the lucky ones.

CUT TO:

OFFICER RAY CREW, 30s, mustache.

OFFICER RAY CREW  
I entered Lisa Levy's room and  
called for her to wake up but she  
didn't move.

BACK TO:

LARRY SIMPSON  
He rolled her over and saw a  
bloodstain on the sheet beneath  
her.

BACK TO:

OFFICER RAY CREW  
Her complexion was pallid. She had  
blue lips. Her skin was already  
cool.

BACK TO:

LARRY SIMPSON  
One officer described walking into  
Margaret Bowman's room as like  
walking into a nightmare.

CUT TO:

Pathologist DR. THOMAS P. WOOD produces a series of 11x14  
glossy photos.

DR. WOOD  
These are the autopsy photographs  
of both girls.

Ted's lawyer Peggy Goode rockets up from her chair.

PEGGY GOODE  
Objection! The photos are  
inflammatory and without probative  
value.

CUT TO:

The photos are passed through the jury. The jurors wince.

CUT TO:

Ted's archnemesi Sheriff Ken Katsaris:

SHERIFF KEN KATSARIS

At 4:37am another call came in from  
Dunwoody Street, eight blocks away  
from the Chi Omega house.

CUT TO:

CHERYL THOMAS, the coed with the cane, sitting profile at the  
witness seat.

CHERYL THOMAS

My skull was fractured in five  
places, my jaw broken, my left  
shoulder dislocated. I lost  
hearing in my left ear. My eighth  
cranial nerve is so badly damaged  
doctors tell me I'll never regain  
my equilibrium.

(breaks down)

All I ever dreamed of was being a  
dancer.

Ted listens intently, betraying no emotion.

BACK TO:

Simpson's chalkboard now covered in words and diagrams.

LARRY SIMPSON

Ladies and gentlemen, this case is  
so much more than a double murder.

(for effect)

You be the judge.

INT. MIAMI COURTROOM - LATER

Resuming with Officer Ray Crew's testimony, some of which we  
already saw. Ted, as defense attorney, cross-examines him.

TED

Did you use your right or left hand  
to open the door?

OFFICER RAY CREW

My right.

TED

And you were wearing gloves when  
you entered the room?

OFFICER RAY CREW

Yes sir.

TED

When you opened the door with your right hand.

OFFICER RAY CREW

Yes sir.

TED

Describe the condition of Lisa Levy's room.

OFFICER RAY CREW

Clothing strewn about, desk, books... some disarray.

TED

Any blood in any area in the room other than what you testified about earlier?

Ted's attorneys trade looks.

OFFICER RAY CREW

No sir.

TED

What was the condition of Margaret Bowman's room?

OFFICER RAY CREW

There were bits of oak bark on the pillow, her bedclothes, in her hair, glued to her face by blood.

TED

What was the condition of Margaret Bowman's body?

Ted's attorneys whisper while gesturing at the jury.

OFFICER RAY CREW

She was lying face down, mouth and eyes open. Nylon stocking knotted around her neck, head bloated and discolored.

TED

Anything else?

OFFICER RAY CREW

Her skull was completely shattered. You could literally see her brain.

Pin drop silence.

TED

Did you use your right hand in this instance too?

Ted's attorneys shake their heads.

INT. HOLDING ROOM - DAY

Ted's lawyers surround him. The discussion is heated.

ED HARVEY

Ted, what the heck were you thinking?

PEGGY GOODE

We just lost the jury.

ED HARVEY

Typically when you cross-examine, you want to have a strategy to your line of questioning. You impressed needless, violent imagery in their minds.

TED

And the autopsy photos didn't? For godsakes, Cowart referred to the one as the hole-in-the-head picture!

LYNN THOMPSON

We're not saying there isn't grisly material in a murder trial. But the defendant dispassionately walking us through the crime scene is not an impression you want to put forth.

TED

I was trying to show that the officer left his own prints in the rooms. That he hadn't proceeded carefully. Maybe I failed, but at least I tried. I won't sit idly by while this machine grinds me up.

The lawyers trade looks. Someone has to say it:

ED HARVEY

Ted, we think it's best that you don't cross-examine the witnesses anymore.

TED

How many murder trials have you litigated, Ed?

(silence -- none)

Peggy, I can count yours on a clenched fist. Same for you, Lynn.

ED HARVEY

You fired the only one with any experience!

TED

And you sat on your hands when you should have been pounding on the table!

LYNN THOMPSON

Okay, let's all take a breath here.

They dial it back but tension hangs heavy in the air.

ED HARVEY

Ted, we're going to have to put this behind us to have any hope in moving forward. Can we do that?

Ed Harvey extends his hand for a truce. Ted bristles past to the jailer waiting to shackle him. The lawyers trade worried looks.

INT. VISITATION ROOM - NIGHT

Ted doodles on a legal pad, looking distant. Carole Ann beside him.

CAROLE ANN

I mean this in the least antagonistic way possible, but are you sure you're not part of the problem, Poops?

He refuses to look at her.

CAROLE ANN

Bunny, I'm not blaming you. I just wonder if you might be shouldering so much that it's--

TED

Carole Ann, if you keep talking I'm worried I might unload on you and I don't want to do that. I have a lot of things on my mind right now.

Carole Ann falls silent, until:

CAROLE ANN  
 Is one of them Liz?  
 (off his silence)  
 Just say it. I've only uprooted my  
 entire life to tend to your every  
 beck and call--

Ted pounds the table. The guards stiffen to alert.

TED  
 She abandoned me. Whenever I do  
 think of her, which is rarely at  
 most, I have a feeling of relief  
 that I'm rid of her. Stop making  
 this about you.

Carole Ann shrinks in shame and embarrassment.

CAROLE ANN  
 I'm sorry.

As we PUSH IN on his legal pad, we see he's doodling pictures of sharks.

INT. TED'S CELL - DADE COUNTY JAIL - NIGHT

Ted stews in bed. A light outside his cell prevents him from falling asleep. Ted sits up, glaring at the intrusive light. He throws an orange, SHATTERING the bulb.

INT. MIAMI COURTROOM - DAY

Everyone but the jury is seated. The press. The law. The gallery. The groupies. Carole Ann and Louise. The prosecution. The defense.

Everyone but Ted.

His chair is noticeably empty at the defense table.

A rumble of chatter spreads through the court. Something's amiss and everyone senses it. Carole Ann grows concerned. Bailiff Watson confers with Judge Cowart.

INT. LIZ'S HOUSE - DAY

Liz cracks a faint smile. Could he have escaped again?

INT. MIAMI COURTROOM - DAY

Even Ted's lawyers shrug.

LYNN THOMPSON  
 Maybe today we actually get to be  
 lawyers instead of puppets.

JUDGE COWART (O.S.)  
 Counselors!

RACK FOCUS to Cowart looking stern and impatient.

SMASH TO:

INT. DADE COUNTY JAIL - DAY

Doors fly open as Ted's attorneys beeline inside.

INT. CELLBLOCK CORRIDOR - DAY

JAILER MARTY KRATZ leads them at a clip.

JAILER KRATZ  
 We found shards of glass stashed in  
 his cell. For what, I don't know.  
 Suicide, escape, we didn't want to  
 risk it so we moved him to another  
 cell.

They arrive at a cell where a CUSTODIAN is fishing around in  
 the lock with a paperclip.

JAILER KRATZ  
 He jammed the lock with toilet  
 paper and we haven't been able to  
 get the key in.

Ted's kicked back on his bed, leisurely reading.

PEGGY GOODE  
 Ted, you need to get to court now.

TED  
 I'll be there when I feel like it.

PEGGY GOODE  
 Cowart's already holding you in  
 contempt for delaying tactics.  
 Don't make it worse.

LYNN THOMPSON  
 Ted, if you've taken umbrage with  
 us, then let's settle it at another  
 time in another place. You're only  
 hurting yourself now. Let's go.  
 Everyone is waiting.

Ted sets his jaw.

INT. MIAMI COURTROOM - DAY

The gallery is full but the jury still hasn't been seated. Ted complains before Judge Cowart like a spoiled child to his disciplinarian father.

TED

Your Honor, there is no justification for the treatment I have been receiving. This is a game and I won't be a party to it. I'm not staying in this kind of Waterloo, you understand? There comes a time when the only thing I can do is passively resist. There comes a time when I have to say, "Whoa..."

JUDGE COWART

If you say "Whoa," I'm going to have to use spurs.

TED

(shaking his finger)  
Since I have been in Dade County--

JUDGE COWART

Don't shake your finger at me, young man...

TED

I am strip searched after seeing my attorney--

JUDGE COWART

Don't shake your finger at me!

Ted tilts his finger toward the defense table.

JUDGE COWART

That's fine. You can shake it at Mr. Harvey.

TED

He probably deserves it better than you do. I did not have any choice in the selection of my attorneys nor have I been asked at any time my opinion about who should be representing me.

(MORE)

TED (CONT'D)

There are problems of communication between me and my attorneys which have reduced my defense, the defense which is not sanctioned by me, nor one which I can say I agree with. They ignore my input, disregard my decisions, and refuse my further participation in cross-examinations before the jury. Now, this railroad train is running, but if I'm going to get off, I'll get off to demonstrate to this court it is affecting me.

JUDGE COWART

(aghast)

Sir, I don't know of any case I've seen or experienced where an individual has received the quality and quantity of counsel you have. There have been five separate counsel here representing you. It's unheard of. Who's minding the store for the public defender I can't tell you. This court has watched with a great deal of care that, before witnesses are tendered, you are questioned, and this record will show hundreds of "just a moment, please" where your attorneys confer with you. I've never seen anything like it in the history of any case I've tried in twenty seven years at the bar.

TED

I demand the reins of my own defense.

JUDGE COWART

You may have them, sir, but might I also warn that any lawyer who represents himself has a fool for a client.

TED

I've always taken that particular axiom like someone who works on his own car. It all depends on how much you want to do by yourself.

Ed Harvey stands at the defense table.

ED HARVEY

Your Honor, this is as good a time as any to raise the issue of my client's competency.

(candidly)

The man's life is at stake. His conduct has revealed the debilitating effects of a mental disorder by reflecting a total lack of insight regarding the disorder and its effects on him, by reflecting a wholly inadequate ability to consult with lawyers about the case.

Surprisingly, Danny McKeever *at the prosecution's table* stands up in Ted's defense.

DANNY MCKEEVER

Your Honor, the man is difficult to work with. He's almost cunning in the way he works against his attorneys... but he's competent.

Ted relishes in the debate. Someone on his side, and complimentary at that.

JUDGE COWART

I agree with Mr. McKeever and that's the end of this matter.

(to Ted)

Now this court is going to proceed on schedule without your voluntary interruptions. As forbearing as this court can be, it can also be that strong.

TED

I'm willing to accept the consequences of my actions, Your Honor, and anything I do I'm aware of what the court will do.

JUDGE COWART

Then we're together. Bless your heart, and I just hope you stay with us. If you don't, we'll miss you.

TED

And all these people won't pay their money to come see me.

The gallery chuckles. Cowart wipes his brow, throws his hands up, exclaiming:

JUDGE COWART

Now that is *argument!* Bless your hearts. Come *aboard*. Bailiff, wrangle the jury. Court is in session.

Ted grins, his eyes glaring straight into the camera lens...

INT. LIZ'S HOUSE - DAY

...straight into Liz's eyes, as if they're somehow connected in this moment. She grins back. It's almost tender.

ANGLE ON Jerry, watching her, simmering with contempt.

EXT. METRO JUSTICE BUILDING - DAY

A storm cloud drifts over the sun, throwing an ominous shadow over the courthouse.

INT. MIAMI COURTROOM - DAY

NITA NEARY, a pretty college girl with a serious face, sits on the witness seat. Prosecutor Larry Simpson questions her.

LARRY SIMPSON

What happened after you entered the house?

NITA NEARY

I heard a loud thump. Then footsteps running from the hallway upstairs.

LARRY SIMPSON

Was that normal for a Saturday night?

NITA NEARY

No. It scared me so I hid behind the doorway leading into the foyer. The footsteps ran down the stairs and suddenly a man ran right past me and crouched at the door.

LARRY SIMPSON

Did you see this man?

NITA NEARY

He was wearing a navy blue Toboggan pulled down over the top half of his face. I remember he had a sharp nose.

LARRY SIMPSON

Nita, do you see that man in the courtroom today?

NITA NEARY

Yes, although, I would be more certain if I could see his profile.

JUDGE COWART

Will every man in this courtroom please stand and turn.

All the men in the court rise and turn profile.

Neary's eyes fearfully and reluctantly find Ted. She just as soon looks away and, with eyes downcast, points at him.

EXT. METRO JUSTICE BUILDING - DAY

A pounding afternoon rain.

INT. MIAMI COURTROOM - DAY

DR. RICHARD SOUVIRON, handsome, 50s, in a dapper vest-suit and goatee, directs a pointer over an oversized, double-panel, color blowup of TEETH -- Ted's teeth. He's the state's biggest gun and has a flair for the theatrical.

DR. SOUVIRON

(indicating on the photos)  
These are laterals... bicuspid...  
incisors...

(to jury)  
Each individual's teeth have  
particular characteristics that  
make them unique -- alignment,  
irregularities, chips, size,  
sharpness...

Souviron opens another double-panel, DRAMATICALLY REVEALING a color photo of a buttocks with four purple rows of bite marks.

DR. SOUVIRON

This is an enlarged photograph of  
the victim Lisa Levy's buttocks.

The jury leans forward in their seats.

DR. SOUVIRON  
(using the pointer)  
You can see the double bite. The individual bit once, then turned sideways and bit a second time. The top teeth stayed in about the same position, but the lower teeth, biting harder, left two rings.

Souviron drapes a clear sheet over the bite mark photograph that bears enlarged outlines of Ted's teeth.

DR. SOUVIRON  
They line up exactly!

LARRY SIMPSON  
Doctor, based upon your analysis and comparison of this particular bite mark, can you tell us within a reasonable degree of dental certainty whether or not the teeth represented in that photograph are those of the defendant?

DR. SOUVIRON  
Yes sir.

LARRY SIMPSON  
And what is that opinion?

DR. SOUVIRON  
They made the marks.

A collective gasp erupts throughout the court.

LARRY SIMPSON  
No further questions.

Cowart bangs the gavel to restore order as Simpson returns triumphantly to his seat.

AT THE DEFENSE TABLE, Ted and his lawyers huddle:

ED HARVEY  
(to Ted)  
He's all yours, counselor.

TED  
You better take this one, Ed. It's not in my wheelhouse.

ED HARVEY  
You sure I can handle it?

TED  
(heartfelt)  
Ed, I'm sorry.

Ed Harvey sets his jaw, buttons his jacket, and gets up.

ED HARVEY  
Dr. Souviron, analyzing bite marks is part art and part science, isn't it?

DR. SOUVIRON  
I think that's a fair statement.

ED HARVEY  
And that really depends upon the experience and education of the examiner?

DR. SOUVIRON  
Yes.

ED HARVEY  
And your conclusions are really a matter of opinion. Is that correct?

DR. SOUVIRON  
That is correct.

ED HARVEY  
You've got a given set of teeth, or models, and a given area of skin, a thigh or a calf. Is there any way to test whether those teeth will make the same marks over and over?

DR. SOUVIRON  
(smiles)  
Yes, because I did an experiment just like that. I took models and I went to the morgue and I pressed the models into the buttocks area on different individuals and photographed them. Yes, they can be standardized, and, yes, they do match.

ED HARVEY  
(feigning disbelief)  
You said *cadavers*?

DR. SOUVIRON  
I couldn't find any live volunteers.

ED HARVEY

As with any art form, there must be subjective variance.

DR. SOUVIRON

If there's an area of inconsistency, out it goes. But the odds of finding an *identical* set like the defendant's -- with the wear on the centrals, the chipped lateral incisor, everything identical -- would be astronomical.

ED HARVEY

When you say "the odds," you are speaking of some kind of probability. Is that right?

DR. SOUVIRON

A very high degree of probability. It becomes a practical impossibility.

ED HARVEY

Is it fair to say that odontology is a relatively new forensic science?

DR. SOUVIRON

No. I don't think that's fair at all. Historically, you have a case of Paul Revere doing identifications. You have testimony admitted to the bar in Massachusetts in the late 1800s on identification, and you can find citations for bite mark cases even in the legal justice system that go back twenty five years. So what's new?

ED HARVEY

(through grit teeth)

No further questions.

Cowart looks to Simpson who stands confidently:

LARRY SIMPSON

Your Honor, the prosecution rests.

Ed Harvey collapses into his chair. Ted tosses his pen onto his legal pad in resignation. It doesn't look good.

INT. VISITATION ROOM - DAY

Ted and Carole Ann sit in silence. A perceptible rift lingers.

TED

I need to call you as a witness.

She gives him a sideways look.

TED

Carole Ann, I'm so grateful for everything you've done for me. I wouldn't have been able to survive without you. I'm sorry for getting mad. I admit, I did occasionally think of Liz. I mean, we were set to marry for godsakes, how could I not? But that's in the past now and I've got to accept it.

She stews for a beat for effect. He pulls her close.

TED

And if circumstances were different, I'd ask you to marry me instead.

Her whole disposition brightens with surprise.

TED

Unfortunately Cowart would never allow it. I've already checked.

CAROLE ANN

(melting)

You have?

TED

So what do you say? Carole Ann Boone... will you take the stand for me?

She beams. Totally in love with him.

INT. MIAMI COURTROOM - DAY

JOE ALOI, a brawny, bronze-skinned investigator is on the witness stand. Ted is questioning.

TED

Mr. Aloï, you have in your possession a series of photographs?

JOE ALOI

Yes. They were sent to me by the editor of the *Tacoma News Tribune*.

TED

What was the purpose of enlarging certain portions of the photographs that you were attempting to obtain in chronological order?

JOE ALOI

I was concerned about this chip on the inside tooth and if the photographs in evidence showed this particular tooth in good condition at certain times, and at other times when Dr. Souviron had taken his samples from you, if the tooth was in a different condition.

TED

And what do the photos reveal?

LARRY SIMPSON

Objection.

JUDGE COWART

Sustained.

Ted bites his lip, momentarily stuck. Cowart coaches him:

JUDGE COWART

You might ask him if he was able to "accomplish." Try it that way and see if I object.

Ted subtly nods his thanks to Cowart.

TED

(to AloI)

Did you accomplish what you set out to do?

JOE ALOI

No sir, I did not. The media, for various reasons, was uncooperative.

CUT TO:

Now Ted himself is on the witness stand, questioned by his own attorney Peggy Goode.

PEGGY GOODE

To the best of your recollection,  
when did you incur the chip in your  
tooth?

TED

In the middle of March 1978.

PEGGY GOODE

Two months after the Chi Omega  
murders.

TED

I was eating dinner in my cell in  
the Leon County Jail and I bit down  
hard, just like you bite down on a  
rock or pebble, and I pulled out a  
white piece of tooth.

Danny McKeever of the prosecution trades places with Peggy  
Goode on cross-examination.

DANNY MCKEEVER

You don't know what the Utah dental  
records look like, do you?

TED

I've never seen the dental records  
themselves.

DANNY MCKEEVER

Would you be surprised to know that  
those teeth appear to be chipped  
from the Utah dental records?

TED

Yes, I would.

McKeever smiles confidently.

CUT TO:

Ted as defense attorney. Peggy Goode whispers something to  
him. He nods and suppresses a smile. He approaches the  
witness, Carole Ann.

TED

Did you ever visit me in the  
Garfield County Jail in late 1977?

CAROLE ANN

Yes, I did.

TED

And to the best of your memory, did I have any kind of a chip in my front tooth at that time?

CAROLE ANN

No, you did not.

They hold each other's gaze for a beat before Ted returns to his showmanship.

TED

Your Honor, I think you understand what I'm getting at. I'd like to subpoena all newspapers to turn over their negatives of me because if that chip did not occur until March 1978, two months after the Chi Omega crimes, and if the state's odontologists say that space between the two linear abrasions could only have been made by a tooth with a chip or a gap between the two central incisors, then there's obviously something wrong with the observations made by the state's odontologists. Our contention all along, Your Honor, is that they have taken my teeth and twisted them every which way but loose to fit.

JUDGE COWART

Sir, you may jump up and down and hang from the chandelier, but the court will not dash for new evidence at your command.

TED

(under breath)  
Lazy prick...

JUDGE COWART

You impress me not, sir.

TED

The feeling is mutual, Your Honor.

JUDGE COWART

I'm sure it is, bless your heart. Unless there is anything else, Ms. Boone may be excused.

TED

There is one more matter, Your Honor.

Ted and Carole Ann smile at each other. It's suddenly as if the rest of the court has disappeared.

TED

Will you marry me?

CAROLE ANN

Yes.

TED

Then I do hereby marry you.

The court freezes in surprise.

LARRY SIMPSON

Are you shitting me? Objection.

PEGGY GOODE

Your Honor, public declaration properly phrased, in an open courtroom in the presence of court officers constitutes a lawful marriage in the state of Florida.

Cowart, tongue tied, just shrugs at the incredulous Simpson. The newlyweds gleam.

INT. LIZ'S HOUSE - DAY

Liz sits frozen before the TV. She looks like hell. She tries to pour another drink but the bottle is empty.

JERRY (O.S.)

Have you not heard anything I said?

She turns with a start. Jerry's standing by the door with a suitcase.

JERRY

I can't be with someone who has such a distorted view of reality. It's too gut-wrenching to watch.

LIZ

My concern for a friend?

JERRY

Your delusion that he's suffering because of you.

(MORE)

JERRY (CONT'D)

At first I admired you for it, but now I despise you for it.

LIZ

You're just jealous Ted and I had a bond that you and I never could.

JERRY

Don't you see? This isn't about him. This is about you. You're weak, Liz. You've always been weak. You make yourself the victim of things that are completely in your control. Frankly, it makes me sick. What kind of example do you think that sets for Rebecca?

LIZ

You leave her out of this.

JERRY

She's already in it. We're all in it. You're dragging us all down with you. What's it going to take for you to let yourself off the hook?

(penetrating silence)

Liz, he is going to fry. And if you ask me, that's the easy way out compared to the slow, protracted destruction you're suffering by continuing on like this.

(beat)

This is ruining your life because you're letting it.

(then)

You need to let it go. It's over. Move on. Life won't wait for you. And neither will I.

Jerry picks up the suitcase and walks out the door, leaving Liz a deflated, dispirited mess.

Then faintly:

REBECCA (O.S)

Mommy?

Tears fill Rebecca's innocent face. Liz beckons her over and hugs her tight.

Jubilant images of Ted and Carole Ann play on TV.

INT. MIAMI COURTROOM - DAY

Peggy Goode delivers her closing remarks.

PEGGY GOODE

There are two ways for the police to investigate a crime. They can go to the crime scene, look for the clues, follow the clues to their logical conclusions and find a suspect. Or they can find the suspect, decide on the suspect, and decide to make the evidence fit the suspect and work to make the evidence fit only him.

Unbelievably, two jurors actually drowse in their seats.

INT. HOLDING ROOM - DAY

Ted sits shackled, surrounded by his attorneys behind him, reporters before him, waiting on the verdict.

REPORTER #3

Is it just being in the wrong place at the wrong time, Ted?

TED

It's just being me in any place, I guess. One set of circumstances seemed to bootstrap another, and once you get people thinking in that vein, police officers, they want to solve crimes, and sometimes they don't really think things through. They're willing to take the convenient alternative. The convenient alternative is me.

EXT. LIZ'S PARENTS' HOUSE - DAY

Liz kneels down in front of Rebecca. LIZ'S MOTHER waits warmly in the background.

LIZ

It's only for a little while, baby. Mommy needs to get better. You're going to have so much fun with Grandma. I promise I'll call you everyday and dream about you every night.

Liz hugs and kisses Rebecca goodbye. Pain in Liz's face that Rebecca doesn't completely understand.

Liz hurries away, fighting off an eruption of pain.

INT. HOLDING ROOM - DAY

Bailiff Watson enters, breaking the interminable wait.

BAILIFF WATSON

The jury has reached a verdict.

Everyone falls silent.

TED

Seven hours. Bless their hearts.

INT. MIAMI COURTROOM - DAY

Silence. The jury files in. The foreman passes the verdict to Judge Cowart who passes it to COURT CLERK SHIRLEY LEWIS.

Ted stands.

COURT CLERK LEWIS

We the jury, in Miami-Dade County,  
Florida...

...as we PUSH IN on Carole Ann and Louise.

...the lawyers, the groupies, the press.

...CLOSER ON Ted.

COURT CLERK LEWIS (O.S.)

...find the defendant, Theodore  
Robert Bundy...

INT. LIZ'S HOUSE - SAME

...on Liz.

COURT CLERK LEWIS (ON TV)

...guilty as charged.

Liz's soul dies behind her eyes.

INT. MIAMI COURTROOM - SAME

Ted's face barely twitches. As in Utah, only his mother's cries can be heard.

CUT TO:

THE BUTTOCKS BITE MARK PHOTO

COURT CLERK LEWIS (V.O.)  
On the count of murder in the first  
degree of Lisa Levy, guilty...

THE "HOLE-IN-THE-HEAD" PHOTO

COURT CLERK LEWIS (V.O.)  
On the count of murder in the first  
degree of Margaret Bowman, guilty...

CONTINUE OVER:

Kathy Kleiner on the witness stand, speaking over the ongoing  
recital of the verdict:

KATHY KLEINER  
I feel sorry for him. He needs  
help. But what he did, there's no  
way to compensate for that.

CUT TO:

KAREN CHANDLER  
Two people dear to me are dead  
because of him and I really think  
he should be too.

CUT TO:

Nancy Dowdy gets up from the witness seat, holding the  
banister for balance as she grabs her cane.

CUT TO:

Now in the penalty phase of the trial, Ted, in a different  
suit, listens to his mother break down on the witness stand.

LOUISE  
I consider the death penalty to be  
the most primitive, barbaric thing  
that one human can impose on  
another. My Christian upbringing  
tells me that to take another's  
life under any circumstance is  
wrong, and I don't believe the  
state of Florida is above the laws  
of God.

Ted cries listening to his mother.

JUDGE COWART

(tenderly)

Now, now, mother. We haven't lost  
a mother yet.

CUT TO:

During Larry Simpson's closing remarks, we PAN OVER the  
victims in the gallery: Kathy Kleiner, Karen Chandler, Nancy  
Dowdy...

LARRY SIMPSON

...His mother can stand before you  
and ask for mercy. How nice it  
would have been if Lisa Levy's and  
Margaret Bowman's mothers could  
have been there that morning of  
January 15, 1978 and asked for  
mercy for them.

CUT TO:

Cowart reads the verdict:

JUDGE COWART

It is this court's reasoned  
judgment that you be adjudicated  
guilty of murder in the first  
degree; that the killings were  
indeed atrocious and cruel in that  
they were extremely wicked,  
shockingly evil, vile, and with  
utter indifference to human life;  
and that you'll be put to death by  
a current of electricity, and such  
current of electricity shall  
continue to pass through your body  
until you are dead.

Ted stands before Judge Cowart, shaky, tearful, like a son  
facing his father.

TED

I'm not asking for mercy. I find  
it somewhat absurd to ask for mercy  
for something I did not do. I'm  
not the one responsible for the  
acts in the Chi Omega house.  
Although the verdict found in part  
that those crimes had been  
committed, it erred in finding who  
committed them.

(MORE)

TED (CONT'D)

As a consequence, I cannot accept the sentence even though one will be imposed, because it is not a sentence of *me*; it is a sentence of someone else who is not standing here today. So *I* will be tortured for and receive the pain for that act, but I will not share the burden or the guilt. The court is like a hydra right now. It's been asked to dispense no mercy as the maniac at the Chi Omega house dispensed no mercy, and it's asked to render the wisdom of a god, like some incredible Greek tragedy that portrays the three faces of man.

JUDGE COWART

The court is going to sentence the person found guilty of the offense. Your name, sir, was on the verdict.  
(softly)  
Take care of yourself, young man.

TED

Thank you.

JUDGE COWART

I say that to you sincerely. Take care of yourself. It's a tragedy for this court to see such a total waste of humanity that I've experienced in this courtroom. You're a bright young man. You'd have made a good lawyer, and I'd a loved to have you practice in front of me. But you went another way, partner. Take care of yourself. I don't have any animosity toward you. I want you to know that.

TED

Thank you.

JUDGE COWART

Take care of yourself.

TED

Thank you.

Cowart anti-climactically taps the gavel. Ted looks into the gallery in time to see Carole Ann exiting without looking back.

As Ted's handcuffed and led out, his narration resumes:

TED (V.O.)

The system, as it stands now, is not really geared to getting at the truth so much as it gets at portions of the truth. It gets at approximations of the truth. All you're getting is what the witnesses say and that's only part of the story.

EXT. LIZ'S HOUSE - DAY

Liz exits with an AA bible. Finds a letter in her mailbox.

TED (V.O.)

This is mine, the only one I know.

She opens it immediately when she sees who it's from.

INT. RAIFORD PRISON - DAY

In the ultra high security of death row, a TV broadcasts Ronald Reagan's presidential inauguration.

TED (V.O.)

In a way, this is *my* opening statement...

INT. CELLBLOCK E - DAY

Floating down rows of impenetrable iron cells...

INT. WINDOWLESS CELL - TIME UNKNOWN

A heavy door shuts and locks. The voiceover matches the "Dear Liz" letter Ted's writing:

TED (V.O.)

And what we've seen here is just the first round of a long battle.

From behind, we see Ted standing all alone in his cramped cell. With a piece of charcoal, he draws on the wall the great, arcing silhouette of a shark.

CUT TO BLACK.

TED (V.O.)

Love, ted.

We think it's over, until...

INT. HIGH SECURITY VISITATION ROOM - DAY

A TV BROADCASTS George H.W. Bush's presidential inauguration.

Guards usher in Ted, now 42, thinner, gaunt, lacking the sturdy frame of his youth. He shuffles in leg chains and handcuffs but stops dead when he sees who's waiting for him.

...LIZ.

A long beat of silence.

Ted shuffles over, sits across from her. She looks healthier, stronger. Something inside her has flourished while something inside him has shriveled.

Neither know what to say.

LIZ

I spent nine years thinking what  
I'd say when I saw you again -- *if*  
I saw you again -- but I couldn't  
think of a single thing except all  
the cliches people say to each  
other when a long time has passed.

Pain behind Ted's smile as he notices Liz's wedding ring.

LIZ

Rebecca's taller than me now...

Remnants of their connection remain after all this time.

LIZ

(beat)

Ted, I didn't come to catch up. I  
came because I need something from  
you. I need to hear the truth.

TED

It's all there in the letter.

LIZ

I must have read it five hundred  
times.

TED

It's all true.

LIZ

I know it is, but it isn't the  
whole truth.

(MORE)

LIZ (CONT'D)

There are detectives from seven states out there, lined up with armloads of open case files.

TED

It's never going to stop, is it?

LIZ

It will stop with the truth.

TED

There is no truth, only controversy.

LIZ

Did you do it?

TED

No.

LIZ

I've carried this horrible guilt for so long, that I've ruined your life; that I'm to blame for everything, and I know there's no rational reason for me to feel this way but my body can't accept it until I hear you say it. You're the only one who can release me.

TED

Oh, Liz, you've always been insatiable.

LIZ

Ted, I need this.

TED

You've obviously come here with an agenda and I'm sorry I can't give you what you want.

LIZ

You never got mad when I told you what I did. I always wondered, if it really was all my fault, how it was so easy for you to forgive me. Just like that.

TED

Because I loved you. What's done was done. What was the use of anger?

LIZ  
Did you kill those girls?

TED  
No!

LIZ  
Ted... are you sick?

TED  
(barks)  
Back off!

A startling beat. Ted dials it back. Soft, sensitive:

TED  
Not you, Liz. Anyone but you.

Liz produces a manila envelope from her purse -- the one Detective Fisher left at her house all those years ago. From it, she withdraws a 9x11 photograph and lays it facedown on the table in front of Ted.

Ted hesitates, then flips it over. We don't see the photo, we just SLOWLY PUSH IN on him looking down at it.

LIZ  
It's from 1974, before you left for law school. We'd been dating for five years already.

Ted's jaw protrudes, his carotid artery bulges from his neck with a pounding pulse.

LIZ  
Ted?

Ted looks up, pupils chillingly dilated to the size of dimes.

LIZ  
What happened to her head?

An unbearably long and unsettling beat. Her eyes plead with him. He looks again at the photo, shakes his head, confused.

TED  
If she was deposited in the woods, animals could have conceivably--

LIZ  
Animals don't do *that*.

Ted's lips tremble.

TED

Don't make me say it. I'm not a bad guy.

LIZ

You need to release me.

Liz places a pencil on the table. Room tone louder than thunder. Finally, Ted takes the pencil and writes on the back of the photograph.

Liz skids up out of her chair, gasping in revolt. Her eyes fill with shock, awe, horror, tears...

Scrawled on the paper, is one word:

"hacksaw"

His eyes downcast, his face pale with shame, Ted makes no effort to explain. He is, in this precise moment, lost to her.

WE STAY WITH LIZ, retreating from her former lover, a complete and monstrous stranger now.

She beelines for the door. Bangs to be let out.

INT. PRISON HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

Liz hurries through security checkpoints, tears streaming...

INT. WAITING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

...past a LONG LINE OF DETECTIVES -- there's Mike Fisher -- all with intimidating loads of open case files...

EXT. RAIFORD PRISON - DAY

...into the claustrophobic humidity where she finally lets free a maelstrom of emotion released in an instant.

It's not sadness or even shock. It's a great burden leaving her -- guilt -- insecurity -- self-loathing -- codependency --

Ted.

And there waiting for her, next to a cheap rental car...

...are JERRY and REBECCA (now a beautiful teenager). They wrap their arms around Liz -- her journey complete.

INT. RENTAL CAR - DAY

Jerry drives them onto the deserted highway that cuts through the vast wasteland that is Starke, Florida. Liz grabs Rebecca's hand as Raiford prison recedes in the distance.

SUPER:

*Ted Bundy was executed on January 24, 1989. Days before his execution, he confessed to 30 murders. He is suspected of many more. Most of his victims have never been found.*

*He was cremated and scattered in the Cascades... one of the resting spots of many of his victims.*

*Liz still lives in Washington with her family. She is sober.*

*Carole Ann gave birth to a girl fathered by Ted while on death row. Their whereabouts are unknown.*

WE STAY ON LIZ. Moving forward. Starting new. Strong.

CUT TO BLACK.