

THE BLACK RITES
(a.k.a. THE SOUL KEEPER)

by

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FADE IN:

INT. MONTAGE

A TWO-TIERED SETUP of a total of 26 CANDLES (13 per tier) in a SEMI-CIRCULAR DESIGN. The tiers resemble dirt as if this is in a cave or underground.

In the center of these candles, below the middle ones, sits a SMALL TABLE containing ONE LARGE CANDLE, a PHOTOGRAPH of a YOUNG WOMAN, a SMALL, METAL CASE, and a LARGE, OPEN BOOK.

The large candle sits in front of the photo, and the photo sits on a small easel elevating it above the top of the large candle.

In front of the small table sits TWO LONG TABLES positioned with their heads flush against the setup of candles, and they, too, appear to be made of dirt. Between the tables runs a path wide enough for one person to walk on.

The candles burn at various heights as if they burn at different rates and periodically replaced as they burn down.

Someone in a dark robe carries a young unconscious woman resembling the one in the photo.

The figure rips the woman's clothes off and throws them in a heap off to one side.

The figure lowers the woman, now dressed in a long, white dress, to the left tabletop, head toward the candle setup. The figure stands between the tables. The inside of the room darkens as he chants as if some kind of force is building above the ceremony.

FIGURE

(chanting; in Felletterusk)

O, gustag din piratösk Gospo
O, jibiv roldatelero väl
O, het ka redoa lidä
O, het ka hamija lidä

Ka lana piratelpün Enhelero.
Bärt kafüpün siht nikt kaki shu

Myenarel verto kaki vik faski meitanjo
Kaki vifel ukija faskioter
Tepöc siht ydöj faski belspar
Siht roldanol kafümor inaram
(translation)

*Oh, great and powerful Gospo
Oh, ruler of all the world
Oh, how I adore you
Oh, how I worship you*

*I call upon the power of the One
Grant unto me this night my wish*

*The enemy took my love before her time
My life is tied to hers
Accept this body for her soul
To remain in this world with me.*

He turns to one side. Another woman, MINA MURRAY, who could be a twin to the one in the white dress, walks to the person in the robe and smiles. They kiss briefly. She lies upon right table, her head even with the head of the other.

As the Figure continues his chant, he uses a long rod to scratch a symbol on the wall above the candles.

FIGURE

(chanting; in Felletterusk)

Jatar belsel kaki vikero välgelpar
vileta

Jatar faski vifel välgel kakimor
bato

Tül jatar belsel kaki myenarero
välgelpar mort bato

Jatar fas ate selvin kaki vikpar bato

(translation)

May the soul of my love forever live

May her life be ever with mine

But may the soul of my enemy be

forever dead

May she be a vessel for my love

He places the rod on the table of the first woman, the point facing the candle setup. He reaches toward the metal case on the small table, opens it, and removes a fine, polished dagger.

Now holding the dagger above Mina, his back to the first, the figure spreads his arms and mutters.

FIGURE

(in Felletterusk; subtitled)

Nehtelnol Gospoero, ka alma liki bels
enhoter kaki vikdül!

*In the name of Gospo, I claim your soul
to my loved one!*

He slowly raises the dagger over his head, and quickly brings it down. He pierces the heart of Mina. Something comes out of Mina, zips around the figure's body as he turns, and enters the body of the first. The first woman arches her back and gasps.

CUT TO BLACK

EXT. BLUFFS MAIN STREET - DAY

SUPER THE LEGEND: "September 16th"

A CAMERA CREW follows a scantily clad young woman, ZELDA GREY, with a microphone.

ZELDA

(to the Camera)

I'm Zelda Grey with Super Surprise
Sexy Makeover America here in
Bluffs, Colorado. We're looking
to make some poor drab lady into
a sexy hottie.

They approach a HUSBAND AND WIFE who are dressed in a smart, no-frills manner. THE MOST REMARKABLE PART OF THEIR CLOTHING IS THEIR SHOES ARE TOELESS, BUT LOOK LIKE THEY SHOULD BE SNEAKERS OF SOME SORT. Their clothing is not drab by any means, but certainly not "sexy."

ZELDA

(to wife)

Hi, I'm Zelda Grey with Super
Surprise Sexy Makeover America.
How are you today?

The husband looks offended. The wife looks briefly at her husband, and then at Zelda.

WIFE

(shyly)

I'm fine.

ZELDA

You're looking pretty drab today.
Do you want to look sexy?

The wife looks at Zelda for a moment.

WIFE

How do you mean?

ZELDA

You know, a little hair trim, a
little makeup. Raise that hem
line and show a little cleavage.

WIFE

No thank you.

Zelda refuses to take no for an answer and sets herself on the husband.

ZELDA

Sir, don't you want a sexy wife?

HUSBAND

(angrily)

How dare you speak to me that way? My wife does not reveal herself to the lusts of the world. She is humble to the commands of the Father Creator and knows her place in the world. You should learn yours.

The Husband and Wife continue on their way. Zelda lowers the microphone and signals to the crew to lower their equipment.

ZELDA

Freak. Why the hell'd we end up here anyway. That's the sixth strikeout in a row.

Zelda spots someone across the street. She signals to the crew to move on.

ZELDA

Well, here we go again.

Across the street, KIM BOGGS, 30-ish, walks at a power pace from a parking lot beside the Bluffs Police Station. She dresses like a woman in power, and unlike the earlier couple, her SHOES ARE NOT TOELESS. Zelda accosts her.

ZELDA

Hi, I'm Zelda Grey with Super Surprise Sexy Makeover America. How are you today?

KIM

(short)

I'm pissed.

Kim walks up the steps into the Police Station. Zelda stops short and throws her microphone on the ground, frustrated.

INT. BLUFFS POLICE STATION, CHIEF'S OFFICE - DAY

Kim slams open the Chief's door. The CHIEF calmly looks up at her.

CHIEF
What is it, Boggs?

KIM
(angrily)
How many times do we have to go
through this?

CHIEF
I'm not sure what you mean.

KIM
Don't give me that crap! I'm here
because this little town has a
history of unexplained deaths and
disappearances. If a murder
happens, then I'm supposed to be
notified.

CHIEF
Harold and Jerry are working on it
already.

KIM
I've been working with Harold and
Jerry since this string of murders
began. This is the fourth time you
did not notify on this case alone,
not to mention the mugging death
over a year ago, that I was given
no involvement in at all.

CHIEF
That case was solved without your
intervention.

KIM

That's not the point. Unless you comply with the directives given, I never get to leave this God-forsaken little town. I want to leave; you want me to leave. The sooner your cooperation is established, I can be gone, and we can both be happy. Why won't you just cooperate?

CHIEF

If you wish to know what's going on so far, you can talk to Harold and Jerry.

Kim shakes her head.

KIM

You won't even answer me.

CHIEF

You are a woman in a man's position. We will cooperate with the directives your government put forth to us. We will tell them what is happening. We will not, however, compromise our own system of beliefs by acknowledging that you have any kind of leadership over any male in this organization. I don't need to answer any question you may have.

Kim looks at him, speechless.

CHIEF

You're dismissed.

She shakes her head again and leaves the office.

INT. BLUFFS POLICE STATION - DAY

HAROLD YETTERMEYER, 45, and JERRY THOMAS, 36, sit at desks facing each other in a common area with many other desks. They are also wearing TOELESS SHOES, but theirs appear to be of the dress shoe variety.

Harold sits at his desk. Jerry looks over his shoulder. Before them SEVERAL PHOTOGRAPHS are spread out on the desk.

JERRY

So everything's exactly the same as the other three?

HAROLD

It looks that way: height, weight, build, hair and eye color...it all matches.

JERRY

But why is that so important?

HAROLD

Whatever it is will probably crack the case wide open. Until then, we're still stuck.

JERRY

You ever wonder if Kim Boggs will fall prey to this guy?

HAROLD

It's a concern I've had for some time. Ever since we noticed the similarities between her and the victims.

JERRY

Here she comes...and she doesn't look happy.

HAROLD

That's normal.

Kim storms up to the desk and stands over them, fuming.

HAROLD

Good morning, Kim.

KIM

Don't you 'Good morning' me, Harold. Why didn't you notify me when the body was discovered?

HAROLD

I got the call about 3 this morning and went over to Old man Gustafson's where she was found. The area held nothing of interest, and the Chief said not to worry about it. We're only just getting the coroner's report back, so you haven't missed anything.

KIM

I still should have been notified.

JERRY

Here, read this.

Jerry holds out the file to her. She snatches it from him and reads over it.

KIM

So, what was she?

JERRY

What?

KIM

Was she a normal person or Gospoist?

HAROLD

She followed the teachings of Gospo as we all do, excepting you, of course.

KIM

So, our guy doesn't discriminate, then.

JERRY

It's true. Of the four murders that can be linked to him, he has had two Gospoists and two outsiders.

KIM

I show that we have the parents
and a next-door neighbor to speak
with. I'll take the parents.

HAROLD

Not possible.

KIM

I'm sorry?

HAROLD

It's not possible. This girl was
a Gospoist, so her father would
refuse to speak to you.

KIM

Because I'm a woman.

JERRY

Kim, you are well aware that it is
even difficult for Harold and I to
set aside your gender to even work
with you.

HAROLD

But we wish to show our honesty to
your superiors, so we do.

JERRY

But we don't need to.

KIM

Fabulous.

Kim looks at the file for a moment longer.

KIM

Fine. You take the parents. I want
to have a look at her apartment,
anyway, and I'll talk to her
friend. Living next door, she's
bound to at least have a name.
Her friend would be more open
with another woman.

JERRY

Perhaps we'll get lucky and get more than just a name that doesn't exist.

KIM

The clock is ticking. We have three months to find him or we find another body.

HAROLD

You're sure about that?

JERRY

That's how he's worked so far. Every three months for the past year, we find another body. Right around this time of the month, too.

KIM

Our guy also likes to remove evidence from his victims' residences after he kills them. I'm gonna beat him to it.

Kim looks at the file again.

KIM

So who was this one?

JERRY

Mina Murray. Worked at the local X-Mart until last month, when she suddenly up and quit.

KIM

Do we know why?

HAROLD

No more than the last ones. She just called in sick one day and never came back.

JERRY

We're not any closer to finding out why all these girls disappear before they turn up dead. We always find them within twenty-four hours of being killed, and yet, they leave their jobs and loved ones weeks before it happens.

KIM

Not to mention a total attitude change months before, but trying to make sense of this will only drive you nuts.

HAROLD

Let's concentrate on what we know, and worry about what we don't know when we know it.

They exit the Station.

EXT. BLUFFS MAIN STREET - DAY

The three exit into the street.

KIM

Fine, I'll see you back here later.

Kim starts walking away. She stops and turns back to them.

KIM

One more request, guys.

HAROLD

What is it?

KIM

When anything, and I mean anything, in this case comes up, I want to be contacted. My number is on file and I know you've both programmed it into your cell phones. I need to know when stuff happens so I can evaluate it too.

JERRY

Ok.

HAROLD

I promise to keep you in the loop.

KIM

Thank you.

Kim walks into the street and fends off Zelda's camera crew again. Harold and Jerry stand for a moment.

HAROLD

Strong-willed.

JERRY

Too strong, but she has a lot of knowledge we can use for this.

HAROLD

Agreed. We have been remiss by keeping her out. Perhaps if she has enough latitude, she can actually solve our little mystery.

JERRY

Then we see what she can do.

Harold nods and walks to his vehicle, Jerry in tow.

HAROLD

(re: Zelda and her crew)
Outsiders, Jerry. They threaten to pollute us with their ideals.

JERRY

I don't mind most of them. They just have no focus in their lives. Always chasing after something, but they don't know what it is.

HAROLD

If they would come to the truth of Gospo, they would find what they seek.

JERRY

They would. I came here when I was 21 and found Gospo. The One has blessed my life ever since.

HAROLD

The One has been good to us.

Zelda sits on the curb with her crew, waiting for someone to let her do her work. A GOSPOIST WOMAN, with toeless shoes, walks over to her. He places a hand on her shoulder.

WOMAN

Do you know Gospo?

Zelda violently shrugs her off.

ZELDA

Get away from me, you religious freak!

Harold and Jerry reach Harold's car and get in.

EXT. ANDELS-LAGENHET APARTMENTS, APT. 905

Kim stands at the door to Mina Murray's apartment with MR. OFFENHAUER, the landlord of the complex, who is wearing TOELESS SHOES.

He unlocks the door and steps back, allowing her entry.

KIM

Thank you, Mr. Offenhauer.

MR. OFFENHAUER

When you locate Miss Murray's key, I would like it returned.

KIM

IF we locate the key, sir, we will return it to you. We have already stated, however, that it wasn't found on her.

MR. OFFENHAUER

I just can't have people coming into a vacant apartment at all hours when the resident is deceased.

KIM

I can lock up.

MR. OFFENHAUER

Let me know when you're leaving so I can secure it. You're lucky I'm even letting you in here. If your boss hadn't okayed it, you'd be out of luck.

Offenhauer turns to leave Kim alone. Kim rolls her eyes and enters Mina's apartment.

INT. MINA'S APARTMENT

Behind the door, is a flight of stairs that is part of the apartment. Kim climbs the stairs to the apartment's living room.

Despite the low-income surrounding, the apartment, itself, is very clean.

She walks through the place lifting up this and that, checking out all the pictures, hoping for something to lead them to the killer.

The phone rings. Kim is startled for a moment, but recovers quickly. She shakes her head, and laughs to herself.

When she hears an answering machine pick up, she follows the sound of the voice.

MINA'S VOICE

Hi, this is Mina. I'm not here, so leave a message. Bye.

The machine beeps, but no one speaks. After a moment, the machine beeps again.

Kim looks over at the answering machine. It reads that there are 2 messages. She presses play. The machine beeps.

MACHINE VOICE

Message 1. Received at 10:58am.
Monday.

MRS. MURRAY

Mina, honey, this is mom. Please
call me, I'm worried. If you're
having problems, your father and I
are here for you. I love you. Bye.

MACHINE VOICE

Message 2. Received at 2:45pm.
Monday.

MALE VOICE

Honey, this is Quincy. I'm sorry
about earlier. Please call me.

MACHINE VOICE

(beeps)

End of messages.

Kim bends down to the answering machine and looks it over. She has a very satisfied grin on her face.

KIM

I've got you now, you bastard.

Kim continues to study the machine. She thinks out loud.

KIM

Ok. Digital. No tape. Can't risk
no batteries.

She places the machine back on the table, then produces a digital recorder from her pocket.

She runs back through the messages, holding the digital recorder up to the speaker.

While she records, someone approaches her from behind.

A hand comes down on her shoulder, startling Kim, making her drop her recorder.

It is LUCY DAVIS.

LUCY

Mina?

KIM

No. Kim Boggs, Bluffs PD. And you are?

LUCY

Lucy Davis. I'm an old friend of Mina's. I thought the police had already gone through here.

KIM

They have. I'm a detective working on this case.

LUCY

What are you looking for?

KIM

Anything we may have missed.

Kim absent-mindedly picks up her recorder and places it on the table next to the machine.

KIM

How long have you known Mina?

LUCY

Since the first grade. We used to be close before she met this guy.

SOMEONE is hiding in a room or nook, watching the 2 women.

KIM

What can you tell me about him?

LUCY

Well, can we talk about this in my apartment. I only really came to see who was in hers. With her gone, this place makes me a little sick.

Kim looks over her shoulder at a door open just a crack, then around the apartment.

KIM

Well, this place isn't going anywhere, so if you have the time, I've like to hear what you have to say.

Kim and Lucy exit.

The cracked doorway allows a shaft of light to shine in on an eye looking out.

The person stands as the door OPENS and he is seen to be wearing a DINGY, BLUE T-SHIRT as he exits this closet.

INT. HAROLD'S CAR - DAY

Harold and Jerry drive through town towards Mina's parents' house.

HAROLD

How's life, Jerry?

JERRY

Can't complain; wouldn't do any good if I did.

HAROLD

That's true. Do you still read much?

JERRY

Like a maniac.

HAROLD

That's what I remembered most about you when you were a street officer. Always reading. Some kind of genius we thought you were. What are you reading lately?

JERRY

I've decided to read the Book of Gospo again.

HAROLD

Oh, good for you. Anything enlightening yet?

JERRY

I'm kind of skipping around in it. Started with Hornduras and Morilius, but then skipped over The Book of Rites to Duodenim. I figure I'll read that one last.

HAROLD

Yeah, that Book of Rites is kind of pointless just because we don't do much of them anymore.

JERRY

And those we were reiterated by Gospo in of the book of The Word of Gospo anyway. I'll read through it later just to say I read the whole thing though.

HAROLD

Good man. It's hard getting through it all. Here we are.

They pull up in front of a very large house and look at it in awe.

JERRY

Impressive.

HAROLD

Indeed.

INT. LUCY DAVIS' APARTMENT - DAY

Kim sits in a chair, while Lucy sits across from her on the couch.

KIM

Sounds like Mina was a great friend to you.

Lucy's eyes are red and puffy from crying. She holds a soaked tissue, and sniffles.

LUCY

She was the best. I'll miss her so much.

KIM

When was the last time you saw her?

LUCY

Monday. She and Quincy had had a fight or something and she'd come back. I met her at her door.

KIM

What happened?

FLASHBACK - LUCY'S APARTMENT - MONDAY

Where Kim was sitting sits MINA MURRAY. Her face is never seen, but she seems to be built very much like Kim. Lucy sits where she was before. Mina and Lucy talk in pantomime. They are both wearing TOELESS SHOES, but they kind of look like Keds.

LUCY (VO)

Well, it was weird. She acted like she didn't even know me, but we've known each other since we were kids. She said Quincy had said he didn't like her appearance, but that she couldn't do anything about it.

KIM (VO)

Does that mean anything to you?

LUCY (VO)

Nothing, although it reminds me that when they first met, he called Mina by some other chick's name, but they made up real quick after that too.

KIM (VO)

Do you remember what name?

LUCY (VO)

No, but while we were talking, we heard Mina's door being beaten on, then opened.

Mina and Lucy run outside and look into Mina's apartment. Mina enters her apartment. Lucy looks up her stairs to see a man at the top. Unfortunately, her view of his face is obscured by Mina. But if you can spot his feet, his shoes are toeless.

LUCY (VO)

It was him. I don't know what they said, but they made up. I went back inside, and I guess they left later on.

Lucy goes back into her apartment as Mina's door closes.

BACK TO PRESENT DAY

LUCY

I could have stopped her... I could have. I thought she was happy.

KIM

Did you notice anything unusual about her relationship with him?

LUCY

(scoffs)

Did I notice...

Lucy walks over to a bookcase and retrieves a picture of her and a young woman with a look reminiscent of Cher with long, raven hair, but resembling Kim.

LUCY

This was taken about six months ago. What would possess her to change her appearance so drastically in only a couple months? She was always so devout. I can see you are not in the faith, but coloring your hair and other changes like that are just not done.

KIM

Was this Quincy a Gospoist?

LUCY

Oh, yes. While I never saw his face to know whether I ever saw him at the temple, he wore open-toed shoes. Besides, Mina would never date an outsider.

KIM

Of course not. Anything else?

LUCY

About 3 months ago, she changed.

KIM

What do you mean?

LUCY

I don't know. Just that. She still lived in her apartment. She still went to work. We still spoke, but she was... It was like I was talking to someone else...

KIM

Did Mina ever mention a last name?

Lucy appears to be thinking very hard about this.

LUCY

Dice.

KIM

You're sure?

LUCY

Yeah. Quincy Dice. I thought it sounded like a gambler's name or something.

KIM

Well, we suspect it's a false name, since he's given different names to the other girls as well. Did Mina ever introduce you to Mr. Dice?

LUCY

Besides the other day, I saw him a couple of times in the car from a distance when he came to pick up Mina, but I couldn't describe him to you. He didn't come around much. I guess I know why now.

A moment passes between the two. Kim gets up, and Lucy distantly smiles.

KIM

What is it?

LUCY

Oh, it's nothing. A passing memory, I guess.

KIM

Oh?

LUCY

Yeah, I was just remembering how Mina would do anything for free food. She told me once how she just loved going over to Quincy's because he always made the best food.

KIM

That good?

LUCY

Yeah, she always promised to get him to let me come over sometime for dinner. It's silly, I know, but she was just weird that way.

KIM

I'll leave you to your memories.
Thanks for your help, Lucy.

Lucy nods, and Kim slowly makes her way out. She looks back at Lucy, who looks off onto some distant point, her eyes teary and puffy, apparently lost to the world.

Kim exits.

EXT. ANDELS-LAGENHET APARTMENTS - DAY

As Kim leaves Lucy's apartment, she glances down the sidewalk, and something catches her eye.

A solitary figure walks away from her with his hands in his pockets and his head slumped way down dressed in a blue t-shirt. He's already quite some distance away.

Someone closes in on Kim, and places their hand on her shoulder. She jumps and turns around to find Mr. Offenhauer standing behind her, looking quite angry.

MR. OFFENHAUER

What are you trying to do? Ruin me?

KIM

I'm afraid I don't know what you mean, Mr. Offenhauer.

MR. OFFENHAUER

Ms. Boggs, I leave you here in the good faith that you will protect my property, and instead, you leave it wide open for just anyone to come in and pillage.

Mr. Offenhauer indicates the open door to Mina's apartment. Kim looks generally confused and concerned.

KIM

I assure you, sir, that I closed this door when I left.

MR. OFFENHAUER
Closed does not mean locked, Ms.
Boggs. This is an unsavory
neighborhood. You should never
leave a door unlo-

Kim pushes past him and enters the apartment.

INT. MINA'S APARTMENT

Kim bounds up the stairs and quickly looks around. She notices
the answering machine and her digital recorder are gone.

MR. OFFENHAUER
How dare you just push past me
without allowing me to finish
speaking!

KIM
It's gone!

Kim frantically looks around the table, and behind it and such.

MR. OFFENHAUER
What's gone? What are you talking
about?

KIM
Mina's answering machine. My
digital recorder.

Mr. Offenbauer has meandered behind her to where he views the
kitchen area.

MR. OFFENHAUER
This is intolerable!

KIM
What are you talking about?

MR. OFFENHAUER
Your negligence has allowed vandals
to break in here and start
destroying things. Your boss will
hear from me. This is exactly why
women are kept out of leadership!

Mr. Offenhauer storms out. Kim walks over to see what he was looking at.

Her face turns to horror when she sees Mina's answering machine on the kitchen floor - smashed to pieces.

INT. BLUFFS POLICE STATION - DAY

Kim sits at her desk, which is near Harold's and Jerry's, still a little shaken.

KIM

He probably cleared out anything incriminating before I got there.

JERRY

I can't believe you were there at the same time he was.

KIM

It wasn't as fun as it sounds.

HAROLD

Are you ok?

KIM

Yeah, I'm fine.

JERRY

Did you see anyone?

Kim looks off into the distance, as if trying to replay her day in her head.

KIM

The only person that caught my attention I blew him off as a resident of the complex. It's not a lead by any means.

HAROLD

Do you know what he looks like?

Kim rubs her face in her hands, as if tired.

KIM

No. He was way down the sidewalk by the time I saw him, so it's hardly worth mentioning.

HAROLD

What were you able to learn from Ms. Davis?

KIM

Same as the others. He reworked their appearance into someone else. Lucy even mentioned that Mina's entire attitude changed. Still sounds like he's hung up on someone. Even called her by some other woman's name a few months back.

JERRY

What name?

KIM

She couldn't remember. But whatever the disagreement, they made up, and he killed her anyway. What did you learn from her parents?

JERRY

Same pattern.

HAROLD

Like the others, she broke off communication with her parents a couple months before she died. She met the guy before the last murder, and she seemed to change around the time of the last murder too. The parents never saw him, nor did Mina say very much about him. Only name she used was Quincy.

JERRY

She refused to tell them much about her, like she was afraid of him.

KIM

Poor girl must have been desperate for someone.

JERRY

The desperation also made her change her appearance like the previous girls.

KIM

The pattern continues.

Harold retrieves a photo from his briefcase and hands it to Kim. The photo shows Mina Murray in the same style as Lucy's picture.

HAROLD

Her parents saw her about a month ago and said she looked older. She was even wearing colored contacts. They told her they didn't like what this guy was doing to her. That it was against the will of Gospo. She never came back.

KIM

When was this taken?

HAROLD

About 4 months ago.

JERRY

In about a month, this guy made her cut off most of her hair, dye it brunette, put in blue contacts, and dress like she's ten years older.

KIM

We have seen all of this before, but we still don't know why.

JERRY

You know, the more this goes on,
the more it seems very familiar
to me.

KIM

How?

JERRY

Everything. The time frame. The
girls looking alike. Even the
stabbing.

KIM

Have you experienced this?

JERRY

No, just read about it. I can't
place it.

HAROLD

He could be a copycat.

JERRY

Maybe. I'll go through what I've
read recently and try to figure
it out.

KIM

Well, when you do, it'll
probably be the best lead we've
got, cause this guy's not making
any mistakes.

EXT. BLUFFS, VARIOUS LOCATIONS - SUNSET

As the sun dips behind the Rockies, a siren sounds across the town of Bluffs. Gospoists all over drop to their knees, bow their heads, and pray to their Father Creator. It all happens in perfect unison.

INT. KIM'S APARTMENT LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Kim enters. She tosses her stuff off to one side, walks over to the couch and plops down. She leans her head back on the back of the couch for a moment, resting.

Kim's roommate, LILA CRANE enters. She is dressed in modest pajamas, her feet clad in toeless slippers.

LILA

Long day?

KIM

It was. I don't know how you live here.

LILA

I was born here. If your superiors knew anything about Bluffs, they would have sent a man. It is not our place to do what you're doing.

KIM

I appreciate your volunteering to advise me, and I'm sure you appreciate the department paying your rent for the extent of my stay, but I need to talk to someone who thinks like I do.

LILA

I'm sorry I can't share your... independent attitude. And you should really allow your feet to breathe. It is not good to have them cooped up all the time like you do.

KIM

You've explained this to me already. I know the reasons you have your shoes the way you do. But it's the only facet of sanity I have left.

LILA

What sanity? You believe nothing. You follow nothing. You have no faith in anything.

KIM

I have faith in facts. I understand criminals. I know how they think and operate. I know--

Kim stops for a moment and collects her thoughts.

KIM

I know how vulnerable we are to them. When I'm here, I'm away from the real problems. You people have your little society, and it runs fine. It's your two founding crackpots that brought me here.

Lila stands, fuming.

LILA

I will NOT have you speaking of High Priest Peagan or our beloved Gospo in this manner!

KIM

Not Gospo, Gospoderrick. The freak who slaughtered 150 innocent people?

Lila fumes silently, unable to speak against this sacrilege. She recovers herself.

KIM

I'm sorry. I've had a long day.

LILA

Apparently.

KIM

Look, I'll get out of your hair for awhile. Let us both settle down so we can get along again.

LILA

Finally, you speak with wisdom again. Please come back with better tongue control. Some may consider such words a personal attack and act accordingly.

Kim nods.

KIM

Understood.

Kim exits. Lila walks over to a small pot of dirt. She takes a small handful. She drops to her knees and tosses the dirt into the air. It sprinkles onto her head as she bows it until her forehead touches the floor.

LILA

(in reverent prayer)

Oh, Father Creator, forgive me for my anger. She does not understand and cannot speak with wisdom or understanding concerning you or your actions. Place your hand on Kim in the name of Gospo and help me to show her the truth of your word...

EXT. MOCHA JOE'S CAFE - NIGHT

On the dark main street of Bluffs, only the small all-night MOCHA JOE'S CAFÉ helps to guide travelers to their destination of caffeine.

INT. MOCHA JOE'S CAFÉ - NIGHT

Kim sits at a small table with a cup of black coffee. Her gaze is distant. The patronage is divided between open- and closed-toed shoes.

As Kim stares at the floor, A PAIR OF CLOSED-TOED SHOES comes into her view. She looks up to see VICTOR, a well-dressed man of about 35, looking at her. He smiles.

VICTOR

What are you thinking about so hard?

KIM

(absent-mindedly)

You have closed-toed shoes.

VICTOR

Yes, I do. But I'm kind of self-conscious about it, so don't spread it around.

Kim laughs. Victor sits at her table.

VICTOR

Mind if I sit with you?

KIM

Yes, I mean no, I don't mind. What brings you here?

VICTOR

Just unwinding. You?

KIM

The same. I'm Kim, by the way.

She extends her hand. He does the same.

VICTOR

Victor. Nice to meet you. So what brings an outsider like yourself to Bluffs? You know, you have closed-toed shoes too.

KIM

Work.

VICTOR

Oh? What kind of work?

KIM

Government. I get a degree in Criminal psychology and get stuck babysitting a town of religious fruitcakes.

VICTOR

So you're not chasing the dream of the Gospo truth, huh?

KIM

Far from it. Too many unexplained disappearances over the last 40 years of this town's existence. I'm here to make sure their investigations are thorough.

VICTOR

That makes sense.

KIM

What about you? Aren't you an "outsider"?

VICTOR

Sort of. I grew up here. Did the Rite of Death thing and was brought up a Gospoist and everything, but it didn't sit right with me. I still live here, but I don't practice it anymore. Finding my own way, you know?

KIM

Have you ever left Bluffs?

VICTOR

Oh yeah. Been all over the place. I found life on the outside more desirable than life on the inside. Whatever the truth is, I haven't found it here.

KIM

I see.

VICTOR

So, have you seen anything interesting since you've been here?

KIM

Well, do you know anything about this Serial Killer knocking off a girl every three months?

VICTOR

Read about it. It's pretty weird.

KIM

That's my current occupation, but all the anti-feminist stigma is making it very difficult to do anything.

VICTOR

Yeah, I've always had a problem with that.

KIM

And what's with the world coming to a standstill at sundown?

VICTOR

It's a time of prayer to thank the One for another day. Surely, someone has told you of these things.

KIM

Oh sure, the people I work with, my roommate-

VICTOR

Oh, you have a roommate?

KIM

Yeah, I was put up with someone who could help me to understand the local customs and such, but all she does is try to convert me. She probably prayed as soon as I left tonight, and did that thing where you toss the dirt on your head or whatever.

VICTOR

The Rite of Confession, yes. It's very important to them.

KIM

I'm doing all the talking here. I should give you a chance to say something.

VICTOR

Well, you looked like you had a lot to say.

He leans over to her.

VICTOR

We closed-toes have got to stick together you know.

Kim laughs. Victor smiles.

EXT. MOCHA JOE'S CAFÉ - NIGHT

Kim and Victor leave the café. They walk to the parking lot.

KIM

Thanks for listening. I'm sorry I just went on like that.

VICTOR

Anytime. And I mean that.

KIM

I hope I didn't keep you up too late.

VICTOR
Nah, I'm a night owl.

KIM
Well, I have to be up early, so...
thanks.

VICTOR
Here.

Victor scribbles his number on a scrap of paper.

VICTOR
If you feel the need to vent again,
don't hesitate.

Kim takes the paper.

KIM
Thanks. I will.

VICTOR
Good night, Kim.

KIM
Good night, Victor.

Victor walks away into the night. Kim stands for a moment, looking after him, somewhat entranced. She shakes it off and gets into her car.

INT. BLUFFS POLICE STATION - DAY

SUPER THE LEGEND: "November 21st"

Kim enters. Harold approaches her carrying a FOLDER.

KIM
Where is he, Harold? Thanks for
calling me, by the way.

HAROLD
Interrogation room. We also have
the girl. And you're welcome.

KIM

Where is she?

HAROLD

Jerry's talking to her at his desk.

KIM

What's his name?

HAROLD

A first bit of good news. The
guy's name is Andrew Quincy
Dice.

KIM

(ecstatic)

It's about time. Let's talk to
the girl first. Mr. Andrew
Quincy Dice can wait.

HAROLD

Word of warning on him, Kim.
He's a Gospoist.

KIM

We knew the killer was a
Gospoist. I expected it.

HAROLD

Yes, but this means he may be
hard for you to talk to.

KIM

Which means he's an average
perp. I'll be fine.

HAROLD

Ok.

They continue walking over to where Jerry chats with a young woman with red hair, REBECCA WINTERS, who marginally resembles Kim, but not so well as the victims.

Her face is tear-stained, she wears open-toed shoes, and her attire covers her knees and shoulders.

JERRY

How long have you known Mr.
Dice?

REBECCA

(sniffing)

About a month or so. He seemed
nice.

JERRY

What made you want to dye your
hair today?

REBECCA

He said I'd look prettier as a
brunette. I wanna be pretty, you
know?

JERRY

Of course.

KIM

(to REBECCA)

What name was he going by?

REBECCA

He said to call him Andy.

KIM

(to HAROLD)

A derivative. That's different.

HAROLD

(to KIM)

Maybe he's running out of ideas.

KIM

Jerry, we're going to go down
and talk to him. You doing all
right here?

JERRY

Yeah.

KIM

Good.

Kim and Harold head towards the Interrogation Room.

KIM

Poor girl.

HAROLD

She could've been next, you know.

KIM

I know. It's a good thing we went ahead and advised the local hair salons to watch for this kind of thing. We got lucky.

HAROLD

Who would have thought a Dice would bring in a match to color her hair? You know, Gospoists are not into dying their hair.

KIM

I know, but we've seen them do it. It's not much to go on, but hopefully, we'll get enough out of the guy to put him away.

HAROLD

If it's him.

KIM

Yeah. If it's him.

INT. INTERROGATION ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Kim and Harold enter. Behind the table sits ANDREW QUINCY DICE. He looks like a thug, complete with leather biker jacket, goatee, permanent scowl...and toeless biker boots. He stands menacingly as they enter.

DICE

Is it your fault I'm in here, woman?

KIM

No, Mr. Dice, it's your fault you're in here. We need to know why you were insisting that your girlfriend color her hair brunette.

DICE

Gospo don't prohibit it. Is that a crime now, or something?

KIM

No, have you committed one?

DICE

I ain't sayin' nothin' to no woman.

KIM

You don't have to say anything, but we can hold you until you do.

DICE

Oh? You can't do nothin' to me. I got rights.

KIM

And I'm sure you've heard them. You wish to have a lawyer present?

DICE

I ain't done nothin' wrong. Why the hell do I need a lawyer?

KIM

Are you waving your right to an attorney?

DICE

I don't need no attorney.

KIM

Is that a yes?

DICE

Shut up.

KIM

Lock him up.

DICE

Hey, you can't do that.

KIM

You are now a suspect in a quadruple murder case. I don't need you skipping town. Good day.

She and Harold exit as two OFFICERS start to escort Dice from the room.

DICE

(shouting)

Hey! You can't do this! I'll call my lawyer!

INT. BLUFFS POLICE STATION - CONTINUOUS

KIM

(to herself)

I thought you didn't need one...

(to Harold)

What do we know about this guy?

Harold produces the FOLDER he's been carrying.

HAROLD

Andrew Quincy Dice. Multiple traffic violations. Drug possession. Arson. Known gang affiliation. Rape. Auto theft. Even second-degree manslaughter. Not your ideal Gospoist. Should have undergone the Rite of Banishment years ago, in my opinion.

KIM

Gospoism aside, that's quite a wrap sheet. Guilty or not, I wouldn't want to be mixed up with this guy. When was the manslaughter charge?

HAROLD

Ten years ago.

KIM

Most importantly, Harold...

She stops walking and looks straight at him.

KIM

Has he been able to commit these murders with his record?

Harold looks at the file for a moment, then back at Kim.

HAROLD

He's been a free man for a year and a half. He could have done all four.

Kim nods and starts walking again.

KIM

I'm not sure whether to say "good" or not, but at least we have a viable lead. We'll talk to him tomorrow and see if he's cooled off any. Think we should get a warrant to search his place?

HAROLD

Not yet. All he's given us is attitude. That's not enough for a judge in this town to give us a warrant. They want to know specifically what you are looking for. I wouldn't know where to start.

KIM

Photographs?

Harold looks at her skeptically.

HAROLD

I want to talk to him first and see what we can learn before trying for a warrant. Around here, those are very difficult to get without a very good reason.

KIM

We have-

HAROLD

Circumstantial evidence. He won't do it. Trust me.

KIM

Fine.

HAROLD

You working tonight?

KIM

Tonight, I'm forgetting all about all of this.

HAROLD

Why is that?

KIM

I have a date...

They walk back over to Jerry and Rebecca who look up at their approach.

INT. VICTOR'S HOUSE - EVENING

Victor and Kim finish dinner. Kim wipes her mouth with her napkin.

KIM

Oh Victor, this was wonderful.

VICTOR

Thank you. Now if you'll excuse me, I have a big mess to clean up.

KIM

Can I help?

VICTOR

Of course not. I want you to sit right there. As soon as I get rid of some of these dishes, we'll have dessert.

Victor begins clearing the table.

KIM

What are we having?

VICTOR

It's a surprise.

KIM

What kind of surprise?

VICTOR

Well, if I told you, it wouldn't be a surprise, now would it?

KIM

(pouting)

No, I guess not.

As Victor walks behind her, he stops and looks at her hair. He touches it, studying the roots.

KIM

What?

VICTOR

Why do you dye your hair?

KIM

Dye my hair?

VICTOR

Yes, your roots are a different color than your hair is. I'm just asking.

KIM

That's kind of embarrassing, actually.

VICTOR

The reason or that I noticed?

KIM

That you noticed. I'm usually pretty good at keeping up with it, but I guess I've been a little lax lately.

VICTOR

I'm sorry. I didn't mean to embarrass you.

KIM

No, it's okay. I guess you would've figured it out sooner or later, anyway, right?

VICTOR

More than likely, yes. So why do you?

KIM

What, dye my hair blonde?

VICTOR

Yeah.

KIM

Oh, I don't know. I guess I fell into the trap in high school hearing that blondes have more fun.

VICTOR

Is it true?

KIM

It really is. I had a lot more dates as a blonde than I had as a brunette. I guess after I graduated, I just liked it.

VICTOR

You've never considered going back to your natural color?

KIM

Not really. Then again, no one has ever asked either.

VICTOR

You know, you'd probably look twice as beautiful with your natural color.

KIM

You think so?

VICTOR

Well, you have a beautiful heart, and a nice body to go with it. Imagine how much better you'd look if you allowed your hair to shine the way God intended it.

Kim nervously touches her hair, as if wishing it weren't blonde at this moment.

KIM

Wow, I never really thought of it that way before. Do you mean that?

VICTOR

Absolutely. It's hard to tell what color your hair is up next to that light, blonde color, but it looks like a nice shade.

Kim laughs nervously at the unusual compliment.

KIM

Well, thank you. I'll think about it.

VICTOR

You do that. Just know that I didn't start seeing you because of your hair. I see more than that.

KIM

Wow, I feel special tonight. Are you going to continue to butter me up, or should I just jump you now?

Victor laughs, and places dessert in front of Kim.

VICTOR

Just do me the honor of trying this.

Kim smiles, then takes a bite of her dessert.

KIM

Mm, this is cheesecake, right?

VICTOR

Yup.

KIM

This is heavenly. What brand is it?

VICTOR

I made it.

Kim swallows her bite and looks incredulously at Victor.

KIM

You made this? Did you learn how to be perfect or were you born that way?

VICTOR

You like it?

KIM

I'm serious, Victor, this is awesome.

VICTOR

(smiling)

Thank you.

Kim cuts a bite of her cheesecake, brings it to her mouth, and chews it like it's the best thing she has every tasted. It seems akin to a sexual experience.

INT. INTERROGATION ROOM - DAY

Kim sits at the table across from Dice. Harold and Jerry stand behind her.

Dice has a court-appointed lawyer, MR. WEATHERS (who wears closed-toed shoes), with him. Weathers appears quite nervous, as if he's never done this before, and looks like a child in comparison to the formidable Dice.

KIM

State your name for the record, please.

DICE

Andrew Quincy Dice.

KIM

(to Mr. Weathers)

And you are?

MR. WEATHERS

Paul Weathers. I'm representing Mr. Dice.

KIM

Thank you, Mr. Weathers. Mr. Dice-

MR. WEATHERS

Excuse me, miss. Why are you conducting this questioning? I understand from Mr. Dice that it is not this town's custom to have women in your position. This may negatively affect the questioning.

KIM

Because right now, this is my case. And if you refuse to cooperate, I'll find him an attorney who will. Are we clear?

MR. WEATHERS

(taken aback)

Yes, very clear.

KIM

Thank you. Now, Mr. Dice, have you ever used any other names with people in your lifetime.

DICE

Yeah, maybe.

KIM

Do you remember the names you've used?

DICE

Look, I meet a lot of people and I don't give my real name out much.

KIM

Have you ever used other names with women?

DICE

Sometimes.

KIM

Where were you on December 15th, last year?

DICE

Home.

KIM

You know that for sure?

DICE

I don't get out much.

KIM

Was anyone with you?

DICE

No.

KIM

What about March 15th, this year?

DICE

Home.

KIM

June 15th?

DICE

Home.

KIM

September 15th?

DICE

I was at home.

KIM

So you don't have an alibi for any of those nights?

DICE

Why should I? I ain't done nothin'.

KIM

Because without an alibi, you could be convicted of murder, that's why.

MR. WEATHERS

Um, Ms. Boggs. From what I can see here in this file, all you have is circumstantial evidence? Nothing really convicting? Do you have any hard evidence? A guy not being able to explain his whereabouts a year ago really doesn't hold much weight.

KIM

As a matter of fact, we do have a witness.

INT. BLUFFS POLICE STATION - DAY

Kim walks with Harold and Jerry.

KIM

We do still have that witness, right?

JERRY

Liza Williams? Yeah, we can get in touch with her. But you'll recall she only saw him once. And she couldn't even describe him to our sketch artist.

HAROLD

It's a long shot, but we have to try it.

KIM

I know she only saw him once, but hopefully, she can pick him out of a lineup. If she fingers him, he's going down.

JERRY

Do we even know where she is?

HAROLD

She was an outsider, like her sister, Abigail. She moved shortly after the murder. It'll be a chore to track her down and get her to come back to Bluffs.

KIM

Do you think she'll come?

HAROLD

Hard to say. When people lose a loved one, they don't tend to look back. The rumors around this town make it worse.

KIM

So it could be like pulling teeth to get her here.

HAROLD

Exactly.

JERRY

We don't know of anyone else?

KIM

After the first time, Liza never saw him again, and since then, he's avoided his victim's friends and family.

JERRY

Not to mention thoroughly cleaning out their residences of all evidence of himself.

HAROLD

I'll find out where Liza Williams went off to, and see if she'll come back to Bluffs to ID Dice.

KIM

Let's hope she will. She's the only witness we have...

INT. VICTOR'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Kim reclines back on the couch, as if tired.

KIM

Another absolutely wonderful
dinner, Victor. How do you do
it?

VICTOR

Cookbooks. There you go, my
secret is out.

KIM

I always burn stuff I try out of
cookbooks.

VICTOR

Then you need practice.

Victor sits on the couch. Kim puts her stocking feet in his lap.

VICTOR

So how's the bad guy chase?

KIM

Going no where.

VICTOR

That's rough.

KIM

It's annoying, but I don't want
to talk about work anymore. I've
been after this guy for a year
and I feel both hopeful and
bothered. Let's talk about
something else.

VICTOR

Like what?

KIM

Like you.

VICTOR

What do you want to know?

KIM

Like...why aren't you married?

Victor looks a little worried and pained.

VICTOR

I actually was...once.

KIM

I'm sorry. What happened?

VICTOR

She died.

KIM

Oh. If you don't want to talk
her...

VICTOR

No, it's all right. I think I
can handle a little talk. What
do you want to know?

KIM

How did she die?

VICTOR

Don't ask me that.

Victor stands and walks away from her.

KIM

Victor? Victor, I'm sorry. I
didn't mean to upset you.

Victor has stopped facing away from her, and folds his arms.

VICTOR

It's ok, Kim. I'll tell you anything else, but don't ask me about her death. It's actually been three years, but I prefer to think of her as still being with me, you know?

KIM

Ok. What was she like?

Victor seems to melt away into a sort of reverie.

VICTOR

She was ... wonderful.

FLASHBACK - AN OPEN FIELD - THE PAST

Throughout the following, we see shots of Victor, but his wife is only seen from the back with the slightest glimpses of her body as it relates to Victor. Her face is never seen.

The following consists of a simple montage of images of Victor and his wife frolicking in an open field.

VICTOR (VO)

I loved her with all my heart
and all my soul and all my
might. When I met her, the world
changed, and there was light
where there had only been
darkness. There was beauty where
before there was only ugliness.
She changed every aspect of my
life from one end to the other.
With her, I was never the same,
and without her, I will never be
the same.

At the end of this sequence, Victor and his wife kiss, but Victor's hands are on both sides of her face, and her face remains obscured.

BACK TO SCENE

Victor comes to and looks over at Kim, who is touched.

VICTOR

I don't mean to hurt you by speaking of her this way, but if you wish to be with me, you have to understand how I felt about her. I miss her, and always will.

KIM

It's ok.

VICTOR

I just hope it won't become a problem.

KIM

No. I just never knew such a love was possible.

VICTOR

Oh, it is.
(smiling)
And it might be possible again...

KIM

(smiling)
If only that were possible. I'm on the go too much for you to feel that way about me. It's been two months, and we hardly know each other.

VICTOR

Nonsense. Slow down a little. I already care about you. You might be able to win me over.

Kim looks embarrassed.

VICTOR

Are you ok?

KIM

I've never had anyone be that forward with me before.

VICTOR

I'm sorry. I didn't mean to offend you.

KIM

You didn't. Do you have any pictures of her?

VICTOR

Only my memories.

KIM

You don't have a picture of her anywhere?

VICTOR

Not in the house. There may be something in the shed out back, but as I said, I don't go in there much. I prefer to stay with my memories.

KIM

Oh. What was her name?

Victor moves close to Kim.

VICTOR

Let's not talk about this anymore.

He runs his fingers through her hair and looks into her eyes.

KIM

Ok.

VICTOR

I want to live in the present. I want to think about you right now.

KIM

(nervous butterflies)

Ok.

VICTOR
I want to think about us.

KIM
Ok.

They lock into a passionate kiss.

INT. BLUFFS POLICE STATION - DAY

Kim sits at her desk, doodling absent-mindedly with a pencil on a sheet of paper. Her thoughts are obviously elsewhere, but she's smiling all the same. Harold sits silently at his desk going over the files again.

Jerry enters.

JERRY
I've got it!

Kim and Harold look up.

KIM
Got what?

JERRY
I remember where I read about
this pattern before.

HAROLD
Where?

Jerry lays a Book of Gospo on the desk.

JERRY
Here.

KIM
A Book of Gospo?

HAROLD
(with dawning realization)
The Black Rites.

JERRY

Exactly. When I was praying this morning, the Manifested Power of the One told me to read the Book of Rites. I did and found that the Black Rite of Soul Keeping says that when a soul is kept in the body of another without choosing to do so, the body and the soul reject each other, forcing you to renew the host, as it were, every three months.

KIM

I thought the Rite of Soul Keeping was your name for a wedding ceremony.

HAROLD

It is. Gospo refashioned three of the original rites to work for good, since the soul of the host, as Jerry put it, is destroyed. Since Gospo wants everyone to come to him, he changed the Rite and did away with the original. We now call these the Black Rites, since they are no longer practiced.

KIM

So I'm in this town of religion. This guy practices one of your own ceremonies, and you don't pick it up? There's something wrong with that.

HAROLD

Kim, the Rite of Soul Keeping is a Black Rite. No one would make the connection so readily or willingly.

KIM

But it's your job to- Nevermind. What does it take to practice them?

Harold and Jerry look at each other. Jerry shrugs.

JERRY

We don't know. The Book of Rites tells what the Rites are, but there are some kind of chants that go with them to make them work. The chants were removed by Gospo on his last appearance, so we can not practice the Black Rites.

KIM

Someone has them though.

HAROLD

It's possible. One thing to remember, though. The Black Rite of Soul Keeping requires a replacement every three months. This means that although Abigail Williams was killed on December 15th last year, she was taken three months earlier in September.

KIM

That makes sense, since Lucy said Mina changed somehow three months before she died. So this means our next victim is already in the killer's grasp, living her life... as what?

JERRY

Someone that the killer lost, and whose soul is inhabiting her body.

KIM

Do you think Dice is capable of doing this?

HAROLD

He's not the ideal Gospoist and if he got ahold of the original Rites, then I can see him doing it.

KIM

I think we should start by searching his place. We'll see if we can find either the original Book of Rites with the chanting stuff, or a girl that looks like the others. That enough for a warrant?

HAROLD

Sounds like it to me.

INT. DICE'S HOUSE - DAY

Kim, Harold, and Jerry open the door to the house, shedding light into a very dark place. Foil covers the windows, enhancing the darkness. Kim reaches over and flips the light switch. Nothing happens. She turns on a flashlight, and shines it on an overhead light socket. The bulbs are gone.

KIM

I think he likes it dark.

JERRY

I wonder why.

The three move into the house with flashlights on.

HAROLD

Be watchful. If he has someone here, we don't know how they will react with the soul of another within them.

The three move through the gloomy house. Harold opens a door and a cat springs out, startling him. It darts out the open front door.

Kim tries a door and it opens into a room with a circle of candles around a photograph of an older woman. Before this is a table covered with a cloth.

KIM

Harold. Jerry.

Kim moves into the room and looks at the picture. The woman in the photo is in her 60's at least. Around the room are other photographs of Dice with the woman, each at various younger ages. Articles of clothing adorn the walls as well.

Harold and Jerry enter behind Kim.

JERRY

What's this all about?

KIM

Maybe he worships his mother.

HAROLD

Look next to the picture.

They look on the table. There before them is an old manuscript with writing in strange characters. Under the characters in the book are scribbled English characters in pencil.

KIM

What is it?

Jerry picks it up and looks it over.

JERRY

It's a Book of Rites, complete with everything you need to perform them. I wonder where he got it.

HAROLD

Who do you think the woman is?

KIM

Let's ask him.

INT. BLUFFS POLICE STATION, INTERROGATION ROOM - DAY

Dice sits behind the table, his arms crossed before him. Kim sits opposite him with Harold and Jerry behind.

DICE

You had no right to enter my house!

KIM

We had every right. You have been uncooperative from the beginning.

DICE

You got nothin' on me.

KIM

Don't I? You have a Book of Rites in your house. Our killer may be performing the Black Rite of Soul Keeping. Your actions indicate you were working to that end. If you don't have an explanation I'm satisfied with, you will pay for four murders.

DICE

Shut up.

HAROLD

Mr. Dice. If you think she cannot touch you because she's a woman, you are wrong. She doesn't work for any of us, and can remove you without our approval. You'd best do as she says.

Dice looks suddenly worried.

DICE

Fine. The woman is my mother. The girl, Rebecca, is just someone I was dating. I wasn't going to do anything to her, and I'm partial to brunettes.

KIM

Your mother was brunette.

DICE

Yes, she was. But she died over a year ago. If you would read the Rite of Soul Keeping, I could not use anyone as a host for her soul. It has been too long.

KIM

Where is the current host?

DICE

This is ridiculous.

KIM

I'm finished. Lock him up.

DICE

You can't hold me. I haven't done anything.

KIM

Prove it to me.

Dice spits in her face. The officers shuffle him out. Kim wipes the spittle from her face.

KIM

Nice guy. Model citizen. We should hook up.

JERRY

Well, he knows the parameters of the Rite.

HAROLD

But he didn't admit to anything.

KIM

He didn't deny it either. Whether he did it or not, we should string him up anyway.

JERRY

We can't do that.

KIM

I know. But I want to.

EXT. VICTOR'S HOUSE - DAY

SUPER THE LEGEND: "December 12th"

Kim arrives in her car and parks by the curb. She has dyed her hair brunette. She jumps out and runs up to his front door.

She rings the doorbell, and waits for an answer. After a moment, she rings again, and peeps inside to see if he's in there.

Not seeing him, she looks at the driveway, and sees his car. She rings again, and steps away from the door.

She walks around the side of the house to the backyard. She looks around but doesn't see Victor.

She sees a large building in his backyard that looks like some kind of workshop or storage shed. She approaches it slowly, oblivious to her surroundings.

Someone watches Kim as she walks over to the building.

As she approaches the building, a voice sounds from behind her.

VICTOR
(friendly)

Hey!

Kim jumps about three feet off the ground and whirls around to see Victor standing there with hedge trimmers dressed in a dingy, blue t-shirt, smiling at her.

VICTOR
You dyed your hair.

Kim recovers her air and relaxes.

KIM
Yeah. You like it?

Victor moves to touch her hair, and look at it closely.

VICTOR
Of course. Is it permanent?

KIM

Yeah, I finally got around to it a couple days ago. Do you like it?

VICTOR

(surprised)

You did it for me?

KIM

Yeah.

VICTOR

Wow. You didn't have to do that. I was just saying-

KIM

No, don't worry about it. It was probably a long time coming anyway.

VICTOR

You know, people will tell you I'm this killer 'cause you did this.

KIM

And I'll tell them that you are not a Gospoist, so you couldn't. Besides, I'm a better judge of character than that.

Victor smirks.

VICTOR

Of course.

Kim points to the building.

KIM

What's this?

VICTOR

That? It's a storage building.

KIM

What'cha got in it?

VICTOR

Oh, mainly a bunch of my late wife's old stuff I didn't want to get rid of. I don't go in there much. Too many memories. But I keep it because there are so many memories. Weird, huh?

KIM

Victor, what did happen to her?

VICTOR

You want to come in for a Coke and celebrate the liberation of your natural hair color? You look twice as beautiful.

Kim smiles in spite of herself, and nods.

KIM

Sure ... But you still didn't ans-

Kim's cell phone rings.

KIM

I'm sorry Victor. I don't really get days off.

(to phone)

Boggs ... What is it, Harold?

... Are you serious? ...

Absolutely, I'm on my way.

Thanks for letting me know.

Kim is suddenly excited and throws her arms around Victor.

VICTOR

What? What is it?

KIM

We have our witness.

VICTOR

What witness?

KIM

One of the previous victims'
sister actually saw the guy and
she may be able to point Dice
out in a lineup.

VICTOR

(really interested)

Really?

KIM

She's at the station right now.
I've gotta go. I'm so sorry.
I'll see you later.

VICTOR

Hey, no problem.
Congratulations. I'll be right
here.

KIM

Thanks.

Kim gives him a quick kiss.

KIM

Bye.

INT. POLICE STATION LINEUP ROOM - DAY

LIZA WILLIAMS, sister of Abigail Williams, the first victim,
sits next to Kim looking through the two-way glass at a lineup
of ten men, one of whom is Andrew Dice. Also in the room are
Harold, Jerry, and Mr. Weathers.

Harold and Jerry continue stealing glances at Kim's hair.

KIM

Ms. Williams, do any of these
men look familiar to you?

Liza looks back and forth across at all of them.

KIM

Any at all?

Liza shakes her head.

LIZA

I'm sorry, I don't recognize any of them.

JERRY

Think very hard, Ms. Williams. We know it's been a while, but do any one of them look the least bit like the guy your sister dated?

Liza looks at each one of them very closely, but again shakes her head and looks down, disappointed.

MR. WEATHERS

Well, that's tha-

KIM

I'm not done yet.

Kim speaks into the microphone which feeds into the room with the men.

KIM

Number 6, would you step forward please?

MR. WEATHERS

Now wait a minute, that's not fai-

Kim holds up a hand to silence him. Inside the room, Andrew Dice steps forward.

KIM

What about him, Liza? Does he look like the guy?

The room is deathly silent while Liza studies Dice. Kim speaks into the microphone again.

KIM

Turn to the right, number 6.

Kim looks at Liza who studies Dice very carefully. Eventually, she shakes her head and looks away.

LIZA

I'm sorry, but that's just not him. I'd know that face if I saw it again. I'm sorry.

Kim sits in a chair, disheartened. She shakes her head.

KIM

I knew. I just knew it had to be.

INT. VICTOR'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Kim sleeps on the couch.

The glow of the television lights the room, and running water is heard. A light is turned off down the hallway.

Victor comes out of the hallway to look at Kim curled up under the blanket on the couch. He turns off the TV and walks over to the couch.

He sits on the floor beside it and looks at Kim, who hasn't stirred. He smiles and strokes her cheek. She stirs and looks at him.

VICTOR

(gently)

Hey.

KIM

(stretching)

Hi.

VICTOR

Tired?

KIM

Mmm... I guess so. Of course, a little vodka always seems to knock me out cold.

VICTOR

Long day?

KIM

Kind of. Our witness said Dice wasn't our guy, so he walked, and we're back to square one with 2 days to go.

Kim stretches and glances at a clock to find it reading 1:30.

KIM

(panicked)

Is that the time?

Victor looks and nods.

VICTOR

Yeah, that's it.

KIM

Oh my God, I've got to go.

VICTOR

You can stay, if you wish.

KIM

Vic, you're sweet, but my clothes are at home, and I don't want my roommate getting any more ideas than she already has.

VICTOR

I understand. You have to maintain a level of respectability.

KIM

That's right. If I give it all away now, what will you have to look forward to?

VICTOR

I have a guest bedroom.

KIM

Thank you, but I should get on home. Otherwise, my roommate will never stop praying for me.

VICTOR

Fair enough.

Kim kisses him on the cheek.

KIM

I'll see you.

She starts to leave, then comes back and kisses him on the lips.

VICTOR

Well, thanks.

KIM

I'll see you sooner.

VICTOR

Ok.

She smiles, waves, and leaves.

EXT. VICTOR'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Kim is walking away from Victor's front door and across the lawn, looking back at him. She turns around and stops suddenly, looking in the direction of her car.

She walks very slowly toward her car gape-mouthed and unable to speak.

Where the car was sitting is an empty street now. Kim looks back and forth along the street hoping to see it, but the street is dark and quiet at 1:30am.

Kim slowly reaches into her pocket and pulls out her cell phone. She dials a number.

KIM

Hi, this is Kim Boggs ... Not so great, my car's been stolen ... Yeah, Colorado license tag KAL8707 ... 4708 W. Ashman ... Thanks, I'd appreciate it.

Kim hangs up and looks down the street once more.

INT. VICTOR'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

There is a knocking at Victor's front door. He enters from the garage and closes the door. He makes his way to the front door and opens it. Kim is standing there looking at him.

VICTOR

Hi.

KIM

You still have that room available?

VICTOR

Yeah, what's wrong?

KIM

My car's gone.

VICTOR

What?

Victor goes out the front door and looks around as Kim enters his house.

KIM

I said, "My car is gone."

VICTOR

(coming back in)

Sure enough. That's funny - this isn't really a high crime neighborhood.

KIM

Maybe not, but that doesn't bring back my car.

VICTOR

True. Do you think it's the same guy who did the answering machine in?

KIM

Possibly, but if I were him, and I had my car, I'd leave the country, 'cause now I'm really pissed. It's bad enough he evades us for a year, but now he's kiping my car and stranding me here.

VICTOR

Well, I hope it isn't that bad...

KIM

(suddenly aware of what she said)

Oh no, Victor, it's not that. I mean, if I get called right now, what do I do? What do I use? How do I get there?

VICTOR

You could use my car. It's still in the driveway, right?

KIM

Of course. He didn't want your car; he wanted mine. How did he even find me?

VICTOR

So either I take you home, or you're stuck here for the night.

KIM

Well, I guess staying here is the lesser putout. Where's your guest room?

Victor points in the direction of the room.

VICTOR

If you need a shower, the towels
are under the sink.

KIM

Thanks. Could I possibly put you
out tomorrow morning and have
you run me home, then?

VICTOR

I could just run you to work, if
you need me to.

KIM

Oh Vic, you're perfect. Lila can
take me after I change. I will,
however, take you up on the
shower offer tonight.

Victor steps back out of her way, and she heads to the bathroom.

INT. VICTOR'S BATHROOM - NIGHT

Kim is kneeling at the bathtub checking the water temperature.
She pulls the shower knob and begins to undo her pants when
Victor knocks at the door. She turns to the door.

KIM

Come in.

Victor tentatively peeks into the bathroom. He is holding
something.

VICTOR

I brought you something to wear
to bed. I thought you'd be more
comfortable.

KIM

Sure. What is it?

Victor hands her a white nightgown. She looks confused for a
moment.

VICTOR

It was my wife's. I still have a couple things around here of hers.

KIM

Were you hoping for a visitor like me?

VICTOR

No, I just find things and forget to take them outside. It looks like it might fit you.

Kim holds it up to herself and nods.

KIM

Thank you.

Victor leaves the bathroom, and Kim drops her arms holding the gown. She looks down at it, and smiles.

INT. VICTOR'S GUEST ROOM - NIGHT

Kim enters with wet, disheveled hair wearing the gown. She sits her clothes on top of a dresser across from the bed, then sits on the bed.

Something catches her eye. She notices that the edge of a frame is sticking out from the space between the dresser and the wall. Curious, Kim walks over to it and picks it up.

With a look of shocked wonder, she sits back down on the bed, looking at the picture. Victor appears at the door, still dressed.

VICTOR

What are you looking at?

KIM

Who's this?

She turns the picture around to reveal that it is of Victor and what appears to be an identical twin. Victor does not appear happy.

VICTOR

That's me and my twin brother.

KIM

How come you never mentioned him before?

VICTOR

Never came up.

KIM

When you told me about your parents' passing, I assumed you didn't have any siblings. Actually, I asked about brothers and sisters, and you changed the subject.

VICTOR

My brother and I are estranged over my departure from Gospoism. He still actively practices it.

KIM

Do you ever talk?

VICTOR

No.

KIM

Why not?

VICTOR

There are too many differences now. Too many other things, that we... um...I don't want to talk about this right now.

KIM

Victor, sometimes it feels like you don't want to tell me anything.

VICTOR

What do you want? Do you want me to relive the horrors of my past? I'm trying to move on here. Why won't you let me heal?

Victor turns away, and Kim looks back at the picture, ashamed.

KIM

I'm sorry. I didn't know it was a sensitive topic.

VICTOR

It's ok. I'll tell you someday. It just isn't time yet.

KIM

What's his name?

VICTOR

What time did you need to be up tomorrow?

KIM

Huh? Oh, is 6 all right?

VICTOR

That's fine. Try to get some rest, and I'll see you in the morning. Good night, Kim.

Kim pauses, as if wanting to pursue the previous topic, but gives in.

KIM

Ok. Good night, Victor.

Victor takes the picture, turns off the light, and closes the door.

INT. VICTOR'S LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Victor walks to the center of the room, holding the picture. He looks at it momentarily. Then, in a quiet rage, breaks the frame in half, shattering the glass.

INT. BLUFFS POLICE STATION - DAY

Harold and Jerry sit at their desks, working. Kim stands next to them.

KIM

First, I want to thank you two for notifying me recently. I think we've done a lot of good, even though we're now down to the wire.

HAROLD

It's hard to think of you as the weaker sex when you perform so well.

KIM

Thank you, Harold. That being said, I have our next course of action to try and track down our killer. Are we having Dice watched?

JERRY

Twenty-four, seven.

KIM

Good. We need more information about this Black Rite. Would the High Priest know more about it?

HAROLD

I would think so, yes.

JERRY

I think I know where you're going with this, and I don't think it's a good idea.

KIM

We need as much information as we can get about this guy, and if he is performing this Black Rite of Soul Keeping, then we need to know about it.

HAROLD

Kim, you are aware of the Gospoist views of women. If you talk to the head of our faith, the only man who is in one to one contact with the will of the One and guides us in our lives, you may not be well received.

KIM

Harold, I respect your faith. I have to at this point. But I need all the information I can get. I'll deal with any condescension I receive from him. I expect it. We have to go.

JERRY

To the Temple of Amehr with us. This should prove to be interesting.

They all leave.

EXT. TEMPLE OF AMEHR - DAY

A magnificent structure of white, the TEMPLE OF AMEHR stands both modest and resplendent against the mountainous backdrop of the Colorado horizon. Harold, Jerry, and Kim park next to it, and walk up the steps to the entrance.

INT. TEMPLE OF AMEHR, WORSHIP ROOM - DAY

The Worship Room is decorated lavishly with images of Gospo preaching to the people, the gates of Amehr, even the slaughter of Vaigron. Many of the images look more like they took them from a Christian church and the man is actually Jesus.

PAUL LANDRY, the High Priest who is around 60, is warm and friendly to Harold and Jerry, and indifferent to Kim.

PAUL

Why do you wish to know of the Black Rite of Soul Keeping? Such things are not practiced.

JERRY

We have a troubling case, my lord,
where a believer may be practicing
this Rite.

PAUL

Troubling indeed. What can I tell
you about the Rite?

KIM

What are the specific requirements
for the Rite?

Instead of responding to Kim, Paul speaks to the men, as if one
of them asked the question.

PAUL

The Black Rite of Soul Keeping
must be performed within one day
of the departed's unexpected
death. You can only keep the
soul if it did not expect to
die. If death is expected, one
would perform the Black Rite of
Transference instead. That does
not Require a replacement host
every three months.

JERRY

Why require a new host?

PAUL

Since the soul did not choose to
continue life, it and the body
it inhabits reject each other
slowly over time. When you found
the bodies of these victims, did
they appear much older than
their ages?

HAROLD

Yes, they did.

PAUL

This is due to the rejection process. If a soul remains in the body for longer, the body will die and the soul with it.

HAROLD

Can the soul of the host be saved if we can reach them in time?

PAUL

Perhaps. A flame prevents the soul from passing out of this world to the Paradise of Amehr. If that flame were vanquished, then the soul of the host may have hope.

KIM

One more question. Do you know of anyone who lost a loved one suddenly about a year and a half ago?

Paul thinks for a moment.

PAUL

Follow me.

INT. TEMPLE OF AMEHR, RECORDS ROOM - DAY

Paul walks over to a large book on a pedestal at the far end of a room packed with boxes, labeled in alphabetical order. Paul flips through the book.

PAUL

This book contains every major event in the lives of our people. Births, marriages, deaths, Rites. Last September...

He traces down the page and stops.

PAUL

Only one. Grainger Deitz lost his wife, Lydia, tragically to a mugger's knife on the 15th of September last year.

KIM

Not Dice, then, Deitz. Harold, do we have a file on that incident?

HAROLD

Of course.

KIM

Thank you, my lord, for your time.

Paul turns to Kim and holds her by the shoulders.

PAUL

Dearest daughter of earth. May you find the need you truly seek. I know not everyone finds Gospo in this life, but perhaps you will find him in the next.

KIM

(touched)

Thank you.

EXT. BLUFFS, VARIOUS LOCATIONS - SUNSET

The siren sounds, and the Gospoists kneel for their nightly prayer.

INT. BLUFFS POLICE STATION, FILE ROOM - NIGHT

Kim, Harold, and Jerry walk into the room and look over the dates on the file boxes to find their target.

KIM

Do you remember this case, Harold?

HAROLD

Only because Grainger is an uncommon enough name to stick.

KIM

What happened?

HAROLD

Well, the guy was walking through the park with his wife. A mugger jumped them and tried to take her purse. She resisted, and he stabbed her.

KIM

That's the first one I wasn't called about.

HAROLD

Well, we didn't need to.

KIM

Why not?

HAROLD

We caught the guy a few hours later trying to mug someone else. He denies stabbing the wife to this day, but Grainger positively identified him.

JERRY

Found it!

Kim and Harold make their way over to Jerry who pulls a box down from the shelf. He digs through it to locate a file labeled "Deitz, Lydia."

JERRY

Here we go.

Jerry opens the file. The three freeze as they look upon its contents. Kim puts her hand over her mouth and stumbles to the floor, barely breathing. She shakes her head.

KIM

No, no, no...

HAROLD

What is it?

KIM

That's my boyfriend, Victor.

The picture on the first page of the file is of Grainger and Lydia Deitz. However, it could just as easily be Victor Deitz and Kim; the resemblance is unmistakable.

JERRY

(to Kim)

Are you going to be ok?

Kim looks at him. Face locked in anger with tear-filled eyes.

KIM

Let's get the bastard!

INT. HAROLD'S CAR - DAY

Harold drives, Jerry rides shotgun, and Kim sits in the back.

KIM

How could I have been so blind?
I dyed my hair. He probably stole
my car as I slept on his couch.
Probably has the girl in that shed
behind his house. Unbelievable!

HAROLD

Don't beat yourself up. We knew he
was a Gospoist, and he obviously
doesn't follow the faith enough to
wear the toeless shoes.

JERRY

Still, you should have picked up
on dying your hair.

KIM

But he didn't ask. I did it.

HAROLD

Why?

KIM

Because...

Kim stares off into space. She buries her face in her hands, shaking her head.

KIM
Because he said I would be more beautiful.

HAROLD
Subtle.

KIM
I've been blind.

HAROLD
He got you by your emotions. He's a pro.

JERRY
But it'll all be over soon.

EXT. VICTOR'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Harold parks at the curb. Kim gets out and walks up to the front door. She knocks loudly. Harold and Jerry run to catch up to her.

KIM
(yelling)
Victor? Victor?

No answer.

KIM
Victor, I've got to talk to you.

The door opens and Victor looks tired.

VICTOR
What? Kim? What is it? What's wrong?

He looks beyond her to Harold and Jerry. He looks confused.

VICTOR
What's going on?

KIM
We need to talk, mister.

VICTOR
If you insist...

Victor steps back, allowing the three to enter and closes the door.

INT. VICTOR'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

The three stand in the living as Victor joins them.

VICTOR
What's going on?

KIM
Don't play games with me, Deitz.
And don't try anything either. I
want some answers, and I'm not
going to tiptoe around the
questions.

VICTOR
I'm afraid you've lost me.

Victor starts to put his hands behind his back to strike a curious pose, but Kim draws her pistol.

KIM
Keep your hands where I can see
them!

Victor is noticeably caught off guard and somewhat hurt. Even Harold and Jerry look taken aback by this sudden move. He holds up his hands for a moment, and then drops them to his side.

VICTOR
Kim, what's the deal here? Did I do
something?

KIM
You tell me!

VICTOR
I'm still not following-

KIM

What was the plan, Vic? Was I next? Were you getting excited about tomorrow night?

VICTOR

What are you talking about?

HAROLD

We know about the Rite of Soul Keeping.

VICTOR

The what?

JERRY

We also learned your wife died 15 Months ago to correspond with the Three month time frame of the first murder.

KIM

And I know that you loved your wife more than anyone on this earth, so losing her must have been beyond devastation. We saw the file. Lydia Deitz looked just like every girl killed, including me. Now, Grainger Deitz, what do you have to say about that?

Victor looks stunned for a moment, and then replies as calmly as possible.

VICTOR

Grainger? Where did you get that my name was Grainger?

HAROLD

We went to the Temple and learned that the only death last year was Lydia Deitz, wife of Grainger. Files at the station corresponded to that information.

KIM

And there was a picture of you
and her, and your name was
Grainger.

VICTOR

My wife's death doesn't have a
file. She was killed in a car
accident.

KIM

What?

JERRY

We saw your picture in the file.

VICTOR

The file you saw was for my
brother's wife's death.

KIM

That's your brother?

Kim lowers her weapon.

HAROLD

What brother?

VICTOR

Yes. His name is Grainger. I
didn't tell you?

KIM

I asked, but you didn't answer.

VICTOR

I'm sorry, I certainly meant to.

KIM

Then why do I look like all the
murdered girls and the picture
of Lydia Deitz?

VICTOR

Can I help we have similar
tastes?

HAROLD

Kim, what is he talking about?

KIM

Victor, here, has a twin brother. I saw a picture of him the other night, or I'd've thought he was lying through his teeth.

(to Victor)

When did your wife die in her "car accident."

VICTOR

3 years ago.

KIM

You did mention that...

HAROLD

And is there a report on it?

VICTOR

I think so... What does the Rite of Soul Keeping have to do with anything? That's a wedding ceremony.

HAROLD

Not that one. The Black Rite.

VICTOR

I don't remember those. However, if it is a Gospoism thing, Grainger would be your man. It is the primary reason we don't speak anymore.

KIM

Harold, we need to get a search warrant for Grainger Deitz's house.

(to Victor)

Do you have his address?

VICTOR

I have an address. He probably still lives there unless he moved after Lydia's death. He loved her so much.

HAROLD

Kim.

She walks over to him. The three turn to each other in a huddle.

HAROLD

We should bring him in. There's too much evidence against him.

KIM

We have nothing.

JERRY

Nothing? Your hair? The-

Jerry looks troubled.

KIM

See? Nothing.

HAROLD

He is acting very suspicious.

JERRY

Well, we did just burst in here and interrupt his evening.

KIM

He has a brother. I know this is true. We'll get over there first thing in the morning and look for the Book of the Rites.

JERRY

Should we try to get a warrant tonight?

KIM

No need to wake anyone. I believe we can wait until tomorrow, and search his place while he's at work.

JERRY

(re: Victor)

Yeah, I don't suppose he'll be going anywhere.

HAROLD

We'll put a man on him anyway.

The trio turns to Victor. Victor looks at Kim, silently and emotionless. She doesn't respond.

HAROLD

Thank you for your cooperation, Mr. Deitz. I'm sure we'll be in touch. Don't try to leave town.

VICTOR

No, of course not.

HAROLD

Let's go.

KIM

Um, do you mind if I have a moment alone with Victor?

HAROLD

We'll be in the car.

Victor nods. Harold and Jerry exit.

EXT. VICTOR'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Harold and Jerry walk to the car.

JERRY

Do you believe him?

HAROLD

If he flies, we'll can him.

JERRY

I'd've taken him tonight.

HAROLD

You were the one who pointed
out there's no real evidence.

JERRY

Doesn't matter.

They continue to the car.

INT. VICTOR'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Kim looks across the room. Victor leans against the wall with
his arms folded, looking away from her.

KIM

Victor, I'm sorry. You kept so
many
secrets, what was I supposed to
do?

VICTOR

I thought you would know me
better
than that.

KIM

I know... I am sorry, but-
Well... I really don't know
what to say.

VICTOR

Doesn't character mean anything
to you? Didn't you stop to
consider, "Well, could Victor
have done this?" Did the thought
even cross your mind?

KIM

No. It didn't.

VICTOR

No, I don't guess it did. You would sell me up the river if I fit the profile. To think that I thought you cared about me, but no... You're a cold detective. You arrest your own mother, wouldn't you?

KIM

Victor, that's not fair...

VICTOR

(raising his voice)

Isn't it? I guess it's just as fair as accusing your boyfriend of four brutal murders because all the circumstantial evidence points right at him, isn't it? So what is fair, Kim, tell me that? What's your basis of comparison? Accusing me is, but turning the finger around isn't, is that it? If it hurts Kim, it's not fair, but to hell with the rest of the world!

KIM

(nearly in tears)

Victor, stop it!

Beat. She starts toward the door.

KIM

I'm going now. Thank you for the address. I'll talk to you later.

VICTOR

Good night, Kim.

She turns to look at him, but he is not looking at her.

KIM

Good night, Victor.

She leaves.

INT. WISER FACTORY NORTHEAST - DAY

Kim, Harold, and Jerry walk through a large factory passing by workers giving curious looks to them. Kim looks downright smug. They come up behind a man who looks exactly like Victor and wears toeless shoes.

KIM
Grainger Deitz?

Grainger stands and turns around. He starts at seeing Kim, but recovers quickly. Seeing the entourage behind her, he looks curiously worried.

GRAINGER
Yes, ma'am, I'm Grainger Deitz.

Kim nods to Harold who produces handcuffs and spins Grainger around, to cuff his wrists.

GRAINGER
Hey!

KIM
Mr. Deitz, you're under arrest for the murders of Mina Murray, Veronica Sawyer, Susanna Kayson, and Abigail Williams. You have the right to remain silent. If you give up that right, anything you say can and will be used against you in a court of law. You have the right to an attorney. If you cannot afford an attorney, one will be provided for you. Do you understand these rights as I have spoken them you?

GRAINGER
I know what you said, but don't know what this is about.

KIM
I'm sure you do. Let's go.

Kim leads with Grainger in the middle, and Harold and Jerry bringing up the rear. Grainger offers no resistance.

INT. BLUFFS POLICE STATION, INTERROGATION ROOM - LATER

Kim sits opposite Grainger. Harold and Jerry stand in the room observing.

KIM

Now, Mr. Deitz. We've been having a bit of a problem around here, have you heard about it?

GRAINGER

No.

KIM

We have had a girl turn up dead every three months. Does that time frame mean anything to you?

GRAINGER

No.

KIM

Do you want your lawyer here for this?

GRAINGER

Well, I have nothing to hide, so it's ok.

KIM

Ok. Do you know what the Rite of Soul Keeping is?

GRAINGER

It's a wedding ceremony.

KIM

I mean the Black Rite of Soul Keeping.

GRAINGER

I remember it from the Book of Rites, but I don't know much about it.

KIM

Have you ever seen a copy of the Book of Rites containing the information required to perform the Rite?

GRAINGER

No. Why would I?

KIM

We'll see. Jerry? The box.

Jerry turns around and picks up a box. He places it on the table beside Kim. She stands to fiddle with the contents.

KIM

Now, Mr. Deitz. We obtained a search warrant this morning for your property, and found some very interesting items within your premises.

GRAIGER

You searched my house?! Why?

KIM

For evidence of your ... innocence.

GRAINGER

But-

KIM

Please, Mr. Deitz. An innocent man has nothing to fear and nothing to hide right?

Grainger settles uncomfortably back into his chair.

GRAINGER

Of course.

KIM

Now, Mr. Deitz, if you are guilty, it might be nice to hear it from you before going much further.

Grainger shakes his head, and wave her onward. She pulls a Book of Rites out of the box and places it on the table.

KIM

Ok, then, if you've never seen a Book of Rites, then where did this come from?

GRAINGER

(confused)

I've never seen that book before. Where did you find it?

KIM

Your bookcase.

GRAINGER

My bookcase?

KIM

Yup.

Grainger looks worried. Kim reaches into the box, and pulls out a Gospoist robe and sacrificial knife.

KIM

What about these?

Grainger looks confused again.

KIM

How do you explain the possession of this knife that matches the cuts found on the victims? This, alone, could put you away.

GRAINGER

What are they for?

KIM

You don't know?

GRAINGER

I know from classes at church that the Black Rites involved some kind of sacrifice. Is that it?

KIM

(mocking)

I guess. Why do you have them?

GRAINGER

I don't remember having them, and I would know even less where you found them. They were in my house? Where were they?

KIM

In your bedroom closet.

GRAINGER

My closet?

Grainger looks off, worried again, and appearing completely confused.

KIM

Worried?

GRAINGER

I don't know where they came from.

KIM

Had many other memory problems?

GRAINGER

No.

KIM

How did they get there?

GRAINGER

I don't know.

KIM

I see. What else do we have in here?

She rustles around in the box for a moment. We hear the sound of paper being rustled. She stops and looks right at Grainger.

KIM

Do you scrapbook, Mr. Deitz?

GRAINGER

Scrapbook? No.

KIM

Then why do you have all of this?

Kim turns the box upside down, and dozens of newspaper clippings fall out on the table. Every one of them has to do with the murders in some way. Grainger turns white and stands, speechless.

KIM

Keeping a journal of your work?

GRAINGER

(staggered)

Ms. Boggs, I swear to you. I have never seen this before.

KIM

You don't get the paper?

GRAINGER

No, I do, but I did not save these clippings.

KIM

They were in a shoebox in your hall closet.

GRAINGER

That's impossible.

KIM

Really? Would you like to tell me something else impossible?

Grainger doesn't move. He looks at Kim with real fear in his eyes.

KIM

Are you sure you don't want a lawyer here for this?

GRAINGER

(desperately)

I told you. I have nothing to hide.

KIM

Then why do you look nervous?

GRAINGER

I don't know what's going on, and I don't like where this is going.

KIM

You don't?

GRAINGER

No.

KIM

Did you know my car had been stolen? I've been driving around in a precinct car for the last couple of days.

GRAINGER

No.

KIM

We found my car in your garage.

Grainger's jaw drops and can say nothing in response.

KIM

I would suggest a savvy lawyer, but it won't do you much good.

GRAINGER

Ms. Boggs. I did not take your car.

KIM

But it was in your garage.

Grainger fumbles for words, but nothing comes out. Kim raps on the door and an officer enters.

KIM

Lock him up.

Grainger, still looking dumbfounded, succumbs to him and is lead him out. Kim sits in her chair, looking very proud of herself. She surveys the mess she made, and begins to pick it up, quietly. Harold looks after Grainger for a moment.

HAROLD

Kim?

KIM

Yeah?

HAROLD

What did you think of the interview?

KIM

We had him sweating from the get-go.
Why?

HAROLD

But he didn't look caught; he looked confused.

JERRY

I know he looked scared, but not in the way they usually do when they're busted.

KIM

We found my car in his garage.

HAROLD

Kim, he looked like you dropped a bomb on him. He couldn't say anything to anything we had. What if everything was a plant?

KIM

Then who else could it be? He acted like he was caught and didn't want to be in trouble. You're not defending him, are you?

HAROLD

You know I want this finished as much as you. If he were guilty of performing a Black Rite, I would want him caught, too. This just doesn't feel right.

JERRY

I'm inclined to agree with Harold.

KIM

Look, he put the car in his garage to hide it from the street. He took the license plate off, so it'd be harder for us to ID. Of course, we found that in his trash. If he didn't look so nervous before I'd said anything, I might have agreed with you, but he knows he's busted.

HAROLD

I know what you're saying, but it all just seemed too easy to me.

KIM

Then we'll know pretty soon,
won't we? After all, if no girl
turns up dead tonight, we've got
him. If we've got the wrong
guy...

(shakes her head)

I don't want to believe we
caught the wrong guy.

HAROLD

Because if he is the wrong guy,
you know who the right guy
probably is.

KIM

I don't want to think about that.

HAROLD

You have to entertain the
possibility.

KIM

No, I don't, Harold. We have
evidence. Victor didn't do it.

HAROLD

But he knew we were coming.

Kim finishes picking up, and sits, distant. Harold and Jerry
look at each other for a moment.

HAROLD

Kim, it may be best to err on
the side of caution and bring
Victor in.

KIM

What?

JERRY

I'm in agreement with Harold.
Grainger's answers did not convince
me of his guilt, regardless of the
evidence against him.

KIM

How can you say that? If it's not him, then it's someone other than Victor. He's not even Gospist.

HAROLD

He's an ex-Gospoist. He was born here. He may know more than he is letting on.

KIM

Harold, I'm not going to argue about this. Do we have cause to pick him up?

Harold looks at Kim for a moment.

HAROLD

Perhaps.

KIM

Perhaps is not a yes. That's it.

Kim's cell phone rings.

KIM

(a little angry)

Boggs.

VICTOR

(on phone)

Hey, it's me.

KIM

Hi, Victor, I'm so glad you called. Just a minute.

(to Harold and Jerry)

If you two don't mind, I'm going to relax for a few hours.

She leaves without giving them a chance to respond. Harold shakes his head.

JERRY

What do you think?

HAROLD

I hate to go behind her back,
but I think her judgment is
clouded.

JERRY

You want to talk to Deitz again,
don't you?

HAROLD

I wasn't satisfied, but she's
not to be convinced. I'll wait
until she's gone, and pull him
back in here.

JERRY

You're going behind her back?

HAROLD

If her Deitz is the guy, he'll do
whatever he can to get her to his
place tonight for the Rite.

INT. BLUFFS POLICE STATION - NIGHT

In the hallway, Kim continues with Victor.

VICTOR

(on phone)

So how is everything going today?

KIM

Much better now that you've
called.

VICTOR

Good. Sorry about last night, but
I was hurt, you know?

KIM

I know Victor. And you're right.
I probably would arrest my own
mother.

They laugh.

VICTOR

Well, I guess that's what makes you good at what you do, huh?

KIM

I guess.

VICTOR

Say, Kim, would you want to come over later?

KIM

I absolutely would. Anything special in mind?

VICTOR

Just want to make up for last night.

KIM

I'm there.

VICTOR

See you then.

INT. POLICE STATION HALLWAY - NIGHT

Harold arrives at the Interrogation Room door, and a GUARD stands beside it.

GUARD

Evening, Harold.

HAROLD

Evening, Clark. I'm here to see Deitz. Is he in there?

CLARK

Sure is. What's up anyway?

HAROLD

I don't know. I heard it was urgent, and it couldn't wait till morning. What time you got?

CLARK

8:07. You're usually kicking
back by now, aren't you?

HAROLD

Indeed. But I have a hunch I
have to play out first.

INT. POLICE STATION INTERROGATION ROOM

Grainger is on his knees with his forehead on the ground. He is speaking quietly. Harold enters and stands silently, waiting for Grainger to finish. Grainger stands and looks at Harold. He looks troubled.

GRAINGER

I remember you. You ... you
worked on my wife's murder case,
didn't you?

HAROLD

Yes, that was me. I'm Harold
Yettermeyer.

GRAINGER

I remembered you when I first
saw you, Mr. Yettermeyer...
I've been thinking about what
you people told me earlier today
during the ... interview. I know
you had asked to talk to me, but
I believe you want me to talk to
you.

HAROLD

I'm listening.

GRAINGER

I have a confession to make. I
think I can help you.

HAROLD

Why didn't you bring this up
earlier?

GRAINGER

I didn't know why I was here or anything. I didn't think of this until I had time to think.

HAROLD

About what?

GRAINGER

I'd heard about these murders you told me about on the news, in the paper, and I confess, I didn't think anything of them.

HAROLD

Ok.

GRAINGER

Well, whenever you guys linked the time frame to my wife and this Black Rite of Soul Keeping, it all clicked for me, you know?

HAROLD

Uh-huh.

GRAINGER

Look, I may have loved my wife once, but before she died, I hated her.

HAROLD

I'm sorry, what?

GRAINGER

I have no reason to practice the Rite. I honestly don't even know what it is. The one that may be guilty of holding her soul here is my twin brother.

HAROLD

Uh-huh. And why do you think that?

GRAINGER

I'll bet he led you right to me,
didn't he?

HAROLD

Go on.

GRAINGER

I have to clear up something on
the report of my wife's death.
It may help to shed some light
on this.
The night my wife was killed,
she wasn't out with me. She was
out with my brother.

HAROLD

Why?

GRAINGER

She loved him. She wanted to be
with him, and she freely could
since we're identical. That
night she told me she was going
shopping with the girls, but I
knew better. I followed her.
When I found them walking
together in the park, I went
crazy. I came upon them and
fought with her and my brother.
In my rage, I stabbed her. When
she died, my brother and I
concocted the story about the
mugger. It was dumb luck that
you captured a guy to match our
description of him.

HAROLD

Why?

GRAINGER

That's easy. I didn't want to go
to jail, and he didn't want
Lydia's name smeared. So we
agreed to keep our mouths shut.
We haven't spoken to each other
since.

HAROLD

Why should I believe you?

GRAINGER

The question is "Why shouldn't you?" I haven't asked to leave. I know your Detective Boggs looks exactly like Lydia. If she is mixed up with Charles, you'd best notify her.

HAROLD

Who?

GRAINGER

My brother, Charles.

HAROLD

Your brother's name is Charles?

GRAINGER

Yeah. Why?

HAROLD

Who's Victor?

GRAINGER

That's my middle name.

HAROLD

Mr. Deitz, if your story turns out to be true, we'll see about some kind of plea bargain for your murdering your own wife. There's already a guy serving that you may need to apologize to.

GRAINGER

I understand.

Harold leaves the room.

INT. BLUFFS POLICE STATION - NIGHT

Harold closes the door behind him and pulls his cell phone.

HAROLD

Clark, get him back to his cell.

He dials. The phone rings and rings.

HAROLD

Dammit, Kim. Answer the phone!

Harold dials another number. Jerry answers.

HAROLD

Jerry? ... We have a problem ...
No, just get over to Victor
Deitz's place as soon as you can
get there ... Don't ask
questions, just go.

INT. VICTOR'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Kim and Victor are sitting on the couch. She is leaning on him and his arm is around her.

KIM

Oh, Victor, how could I have
accused you of all that? I feel
so bad.

VICTOR

Don't worry about it, honey. It
was an easy enough mistake. You
were just doing your job.

Kim's phone rings. She sits up.

KIM

You know, I really should get that.

VICTOR

Come on, Kim, you're off right
now. Just relax for a bit, and
you can check your voice-mail
later.

KIM

But tonight's the night...

After four rings, the phone stops ringing.

VICTOR

You see? Peace and quiet again.

KIM

No, I need to see who called.

Kim stands to go for her phone, but her world spins, and she falls to the floor.

VICTOR

I don't think we need to see who
is calling now, do we?

Kim looks at Victor, realization dawning on her face. Her lines grow longer and slower as she descends to the floor.

KIM

You bastard. It is you. And I
fell for everything. I'm such a
fool.

Victor laughs.

Kim looks at the wall or ceiling, and it slowly begins to blur out and swirls before her eyes until it all begins to darken on her. Victor's laughter sounds like a tape recorder whose batteries are dying.

INT. HAROLD'S CAR - CONTINUOUS

Harold drives quickly through town. He picks up phone and dials again. The phone rings but no answer. He hangs up.

HAROLD

Dammit, Kim, where are you?

He quickly dials another number.

JERRY

Thomas.

HAROLD

Jerry, it's Harold. Where are you, right now?

JERRY

Steinman and Kunze. There was an accident and I'm in it.

HAROLD

You're in it?

JERRY

Yeah, I had my lights flashing and some guy ran the stop sign and smacked me.

HAROLD

Are you ok?

JERRY

Yeah, I'm fine, but my car's not.

HAROLD

Look, Jerry, I'm not too far from there, so I can grab you on the way. I'm coming at you from the station, ETA 5 minutes. Is there an officer on the scene?

JERRY

Yeah. I'll explain everything to him.

HAROLD

Good. Be there in a jiff.

JERRY

Ok.

Harold hangs up and re-dials Kim's phone.

HAROLD

Come on, Kim, pick up. Please pick up.

INT. VICTOR'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Kim's phone rings.

The house is empty as the view moves out the back door into the back yard. Close in on the door to the shed and move through it.

INT. VICTOR'S SHRINE

Victor wears the druid-like robe from the prologue. Kim wears a white dress and lies on the table.

Victor completes a chant.

VICTOR

(chanting; in Felletterusk)

Myenarel verto kaki vik faski meitanjo

Kaki vifel ukija faskioter

Tepöc siht ydöj faski belspar

Siht roldanol kafümor inaram

(translation)

The enemy took my love before her time

My life is tied to hers

Accept this body for her soul

To remain in this world with me.

Kim slowly awakens. She moans in pain from the splitting headache she got from whatever was used to knock her out. She turns to see Victor, and then she realizes that she has been dressed in a white gown, and is lying on a table.

Victor holds out his hand and from the shadows comes a young woman, known only as LYDIA for the moment, who could very well be Kim for her looks.

KIM

What's going on, Victor?

VICTOR

It is time. Lydia's body is spent and she requires a replacement to remain here. Your name will no longer be Kim, but Lydia. Your body will no longer be yours, but hers.

Kim looks at him, the words escaping her. Victor wraps his arm around Lydia.

VICTOR

Nothing to say? Who knew that the great detective would fall prey to her prey.

Victor kisses Lydia very passionately.

VICTOR

Darling, it is time.

Lydia crawls onto the table, her head almost touching Kim's.

KIM

What is all this?

VICTOR

Quiet!

Victor uses the long rod to mark the soul's path on the wall from Lydia to Kim as he chants. Kim watches, unrestrained, too shocked to move.

VICTOR

(chanting; in Felletterusk)

Jatar belsel kaki vikero välgelpar vileta
Jatar faski vifel välgel kakimor bato
Tül jatar belsel kaki myenarero välgelpar mort
bato

Jatar fas ate selvin kaki vikpar bato

(translation)

May the soul of my love forever live

May her life be ever with mine

But may the soul of my enemy be forever dead

May she be a vessel for my love

Victor reaches toward the metal case on the small table, opens it, and removes the dagger. He holds the dagger above Lydia. She looks upon it in anticipation. He looks to the heavens and the gathering clouds.

VICTOR

(in Felletterusk; subtitled)

Nehtelnol Gospoero, ka alma liki bels
enhoter kaki-

*In the name of Gospo, I claim your soul
to my loved-*

KIM

No!

Before Victor can finish, Kim leaps up and knocks him back over her table. She jumps over the table as he recovers and kicks him in the groin nice and hard. He drops the knife and doubles over. She runs out the door.

EXT. VICTOR'S YARD

Kim frantically runs around the house to her car. She gets there and tries the door.

KIM

No, no, no, no! My keys! He
has my keys in my clothes.

She hits her car in frustration, but her frustration time is limited since Victor is running around the house after her.

She takes off across a neighbor's yard. Unfortunately, he's considerably faster than she is and quickly overtakes her. To stop her, he jumps at her, throwing them both head over heels.

She recovers and starts moving again, but he recovers faster and stops her before she can get anywhere. He drags her to him across the grass, and she tries desperately to get an advantage in this losing battle.

She turns over when he pulls her close to him. To stop her from moving, he sits on her, utterly pinning her to the ground. He is holding the knife, and with a flash he brings it down ... into her arm.

She screams in pain. She tries to block his hands with her other arms, but can't.

He punches her a few times until she stops moving.

He retrieves his knife from her now unconscious arm. As he is picking her up, though, a voice is heard.

MR. WILKERSON (OS)

Hey! What's going on over there?

VICTOR

Oh, nothing MR. WILKERSON. Go on inside, it's ok.

MR. WILKERSON

Didn't look ok to me.

VICTOR

It's my sister. She's got mental problems, and goes nuts sometimes. I hate to do it, but I've got to subdue her to get her back inside. It pains me every time. She doesn't visit very often, but when she does, I do try to take good care of her.

MR. WILKERSON

Oh, I'm sorry to hear that. Do you need any help getting her home?

VICTOR

No, no, I'm used to this. I got her. Thanks anyway.

MR. WILKERSON

Ok.

VICTOR

Thanks a lot. You have a good night, now.

MR. WILKERSON

You too.

Mr. Wilkerson goes back inside. Victor heads back to the shrine carrying Kim.

VICTOR
(under his breath)
Stupid noseey bastard.

STEINMAN AND KUNZE - CONTINUOUS

Jerry is standing at the street corner as Harold pulls next to him. He quickly jumps in and Harold jets away as fast as can be in the traffic.

INT. HAROLD'S CAR

JERRY
Harold, what's going on?

HAROLD
I just talked with Grainger
Deitz. Learned some valuable
information.

JERRY
Highlights?

HAROLD
A few things. First, it was
Grainger who killed his wife, so
he wouldn't be trying to retain
her soul. Second, she was out
with Victor that night. Third,
Victor's name is Charles.

JERRY
Oh, my God.

INT. VICTOR'S SHRINE

Kim is revealed, once again, on the sacrificial table as she awakes, but this time, she is firmly tied down with leather straps going across her upper arms and thighs.

VICTOR

(chanting; in Felletterusk)

O, gustag din piratösk Gospo

O, jibiv roldatelero väl

O, het ka redoa lidä

O, het ka hamija lidä

(translation)

Oh, great and powerful Gospo

Oh, ruler of all the world

Oh, how I adore you

Oh, how I worship you

Kim tries to talk to him while he is saying the preceding chant.

KIM

(simultaneous with chant)

Hey! Hey, what's your deal,

anyway?

She struggles, but the bonds are too tight for her to budge them. Victor stops the chant long enough to respond to Kim's struggles.

VICTOR

It's no good struggling Lydia.

I'm not underestimating you this time.

Victor continues chanting.

VICTOR

(chanting; in Felletterusk)

Ka lana piratelpün Enhelero.

Bärt kafüpün siht nikt kaki shu

(translation)

I call upon the power of the One

Grant unto me this night my wish

KIM

Please stop calling me "Lydia."

Victor stops the chant again to respond.

VICTOR

It's the final piece. You have
her hair; you wore her clothes;
and you slept in her bed. All
you need is her name and her
soul and you will become her.

(chanting; in Felletterusk)

Myenarel verto kaki vik faski meitanjo
Kaki vifel ukija faskioter
Tepöc siht ydöj faski belspar
Siht roldanol kafümor inaram

(translation)

*The enemy took my love before her time
My life is tied to hers
Accept this body for her soul
To remain in this world with me.*

KIM

Become her? Victor, what does that
mean?

He doesn't answer, but continues his chant and work.

KIM

Victor, what do you mean by that?

VICTOR

Mean by what?

KIM

Become her?

Victor smiles and reaches out his hand for Lydia to come to him
again.

VICTOR

This is Lydia, my one true love,
taken from this world before her
time. Only be the divine
guidance of the Rite of Soul
Keeping can I keep her with me.

KIM

Your religion prohibits the
practice of the Rite. You are a
hypocrite.

VICTOR

The Gospoists of this town are hypocrites! They follow the watered down words of a Saviour who was forced to change his words so he would be followed.

KIM

But you don't follow the law. What about your shoes?

Victor holds the Book of the Rites before her.

VICTOR

Show me where in here it advises toeless shoes. This is the true word of Gospo. This is what he wrote hundreds of years ago. This was his intention. Not the nonsense practiced today.

Victor turns back to Lydia and strokes her cheek. She smiles and looks deep into his eyes.

VICTOR

Lydia was taken before her time. She did not deserve to die at the hand of her husband, my brother. Your soul will be hers, and your eternal life will cease to exist as your own, but in conjunction with hers. You should feel honored to be helping out another.

Victor helps Lydia onto the other table. He gently lays her down. Kim shakes her head.

KIM

How can you do this?

Victor turns, calmly.

VICTOR

My faith is unwavering. Our love
is forever. Lydia will use your
body to live.

KIM

You're deluded.

VICTOR

I have faith. What do you have?

Kim doesn't answer.

VICTOR

As I thought. Prepare to join with
Lydia.

As Victor chants, he uses the long rod to refresh the soul path
on the wall from Lydia to Kim.

VICTOR

(chanting; in Felletterusk)

Jatar bessel kaki vikero völgelpar vileta
Jatar faski vifel völgel kakimor bato
Tül jatar bessel kaki myenarero völgelpar mort
bato

Jatar fas ate selvin kaki vikpar bato

(translation)

May the soul of my love forever live

May her life be ever with mine

But may the soul of my enemy be forever dead

May she be a vessel for my love

As he chants, Kim struggles against her bonds again, but to no
avail. He places the rod on Kim's table, the pointed end facing
the wall.

With the free ends of her arms, Kim works the rod down in her
hand, trying not to bring attention to it.

When the chant completes, Victor opens the small case containing
the dagger, now cleaned from its previous ordeal. He takes it in
his hand and turns to Lydia.

He raises it above his head using both hands, and turns his head
skyward with both eyes closed, as if praying.

As he raises the dagger, Kim turns the rod towards Victor.

VICTOR
(in Felletterusk)
Nehtelnol Gospoero, ka alma-
In the name of Gospo, I claim-

Before he can complete the final line, Kim brings the sharp rod across her body with enough force to stab him in the back. She pulls it back out. Victor spins on her in shock. Kim swings the rod again and rams it through his heart.

He staggers backward and ends up against the wall of the shrine. He looks, dazed, at the rod protruding from his heart. He looks back at Kim, who can only watch him, strapped to the table.

Lydia runs over to him and kneels beside him. Victor touches her face gently, tears in his eyes.

VICTOR
Lydia ... I ... loved ... you...

He falls lifeless, slumped against the wall. Kim watches Lydia. Lydia stands and jumps on Kim, her hands wrapped around Kim's throat. Kim turns her head and sees the candle. She grabs Lydia's arms to prevent the strangulation.

Kim takes a deep breath and blows at the candle. It doesn't go out. She struggles against Lydia's grip and turns again. She blows at the candle again. The flame fluffs out.

A shocked look crosses Lydia's face. She stumbles off the table and stands next to Kim. A spiritual form passes out of her body and hovers for a moment.

LYDIA SPIRIT
(breathy)
Thank you...

The spirit wisps through the roof of the shrine, and the air clears. Lydia's body drops to the ground.

Kim barely has time to think before Harold and Jerry blast in through the door. They walk over to the table and undo the bonds holding her.

JERRY

Are you ok?

KIM

I'm fine. What about her?

Harold kneels down to examine the girl, unconscious on the floor.

HAROLD

She's alive. What about him?

KIM

He's dead.

EXT. BLUFFS MAIN STREET - DAY

Kim sits on a bench on the sidewalk. She watches the people pass her by, most of them wearing toeless shoes. Harold walks up beside her.

HAROLD

How are you feeling?

KIM

Fine. I went to the hospital earlier today. Whatever the ceremony is supposed to do, she is returning to normal.

HAROLD

That's good. But I asked about you.

KIM

I'm ok. I feel like an idiot having dated the guy we were looking and missing every single clue that should have tipped me off. I guess I just needed to connect with someone here.

HAROLD

I knew.

KIM

I know you did. You even tried to tell me, but I wouldn't trust you. I'm sorry.

HAROLD

We have our differences, Kim, and I feel we always will, but you don't need to be afraid of any of us.

KIM

I'm not. Not anymore anyway. I was afraid I would lose myself here, but I'm getting used to this place. In fact, I've decided to blend in a little bit to make our jobs a little easier.

HAROLD

Oh, is that what you're doing? I thought you'd crossed over.

KIM

I doubt I will ever follow your belief. But the least I can do is follow your customs.

HAROLD

In my opinion, it's a good start.

They stand and walk back towards the station. Kim is wearing toeless shoes.

THE END.