

THE URGE

By

Jimmy Barringer

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INT. — NONDESCRIPT ROOM — DAY

OFFICER VARGAS, 34, is seated at a table across from PHIL NESSIN, 31. Phil is the type of guy you turn your children away from when you pass on the street, there is something rotten inside of him that is unmistakable.

Phil stares unblinking at her. His cold eyes and chilly demeanor are instantly unsettling.

When he finally begins to talk, his tone is flat and matter-of-fact. An air of confidence and contempt infuses every word.

PHIL

Of course you want to know why, yes? They always want to know that.

Phil leans in closer.

PHIL (CONT'D)

You won't be satisfied though because you could never truly understand.

Phil leans back again, looking down towards his hands.

PHIL (CONT'D)

The thing is this, Officer Vargas. I have killed over 20 women but only because I was supposed to. People are horrible creatures, you know. I see their true nature. Humanity is a myth.

EXT. MALL — DAY

A bustling scene of shoppers darting in and out of stores as they chat animatedly with friends.

PHIL (VO)

The great artists have always talked of the beauty of women. I've never found it. Even when the features are proportionate or the skin is smooth and flawless, I see only the dirty creatures.

Phil sits on a bench in the center hunched over a sketchpad. Occasionally looking up before returning to his pad.

The object of his intermittent stares is a COLLEGE GIRL, 20, working in a kiosk hawking cell phone

accessories.

The girl is aware of Phil's attention and is suitably unsettled. She subtly gets the attention of the SECOND GIRL in the nearby sunglasses kiosk and motions her over.

COLLEGE GIRL

The gross guy over there keeps staring at me.

The second girl cranes her neck to get a look.

COLLEGE GIRL (CONT'D)

Dude, don't look at him.

The second girl smiles deviously.

SECOND GIRL

Oh, he's hot. YOU totally have to get with him.

COLLEGE GIRL

Shut up.

The second girl looks over at Phil again. This time she catches his eye as he takes another look at the college girl.

He considers her for a second and she gives him a playful wink.

The college girl slaps her friend in the midsection.

COLLEGE GIRL

Cut it out.

SECOND GIRL

What? You can't handle some competition for tall, gross and gangly.

The second girl returns her attention to Phil, he is still staring intently.

His vibe starts to unravel the second girl a little. The college girl sees it and turns to look back at Phil.

Phil finally breaks his stare with a slight shake of his head and returns to his sketchpad.

The college girl turns back quickly as the second girl seems to shake the creepy feeling.

SECOND GIRL

Darn it.

COLLEGE GIRL

What? What's he doing?

SECOND GIRL

I guess he's just not that into me.

She smiles wickedly as the college girl gives her a shove and they both break into giggles.

COLLEGE GIRL

You're so bad.

Phil studies his drawing. It's a flawless and quite beautiful rendering of the college girl.

In the distance, a SECURITY GUARD, 26, approaches the cell phone kiosk and starts talking to the girls.

PHIL (VO)

There's an inherent vileness to them that soils them and leaves my work sullied.

Phil does not notice the security guard approaching him.

PHIL (VO)

You probably think you've seen beauty. But it always eluded me. How can I capture the essence of beauty when the essence of my subject is rotten?

He starts flipping the pages of his sketchbook to reveal many more drawings of random, attractive women.

The security guard looms over him. He notices the sketches.

SECURITY GUARD

That's pretty good stuff there.

Phil smoothly lifts his head as he closes the sketch pad. He moves with the fluidity of a reptile.

PHIL

To the untrained eye, I suppose.

SECURITY GUARD (CONT'D)

Okay, then. So, you, uh, here to shop today or did you just want stare at the pretty girls?

PHIL

She wants me to look at her. It's why she exists.

SECURITY GUARD

I see, well I don't think she has quite the same take on it. In fact, I'm going to have to ask you to move on.

Phil sits unmoving.

SECURITY GUARD

Look, Rembrandt, I'm tired and I'm not really in the mood to physically remove you. So how about you cooperate and save us both some trouble?

Phil tucks his pad under his arm and rises up.

SECURITY GUARD (CONT'D)

There we go. And I don't want to see you back over here, okay?

Phil moves off and fades into the crowd.

The security guard returns to the girls.

SECURITY GUARD (CONT'D)

Dude, what a freak.

COLLEGE GIRL

I know, right?

INT. NONDESCRIPT ROOM - DAY

Phil looks down at his hands folded neatly under the table.

PHIL

You know what I hate?

Silence from Officer Vargas.

PHIL

Oh, right. Well, I hate what women think about me. That I want them. Men and women are such simple animals. They mistake what I do for attraction. I have no desire for these women and it sickens me that they believe I do.

BEGIN MONTAGE

Various public locales at different times of day and night where Phil is present with his sketchpad.

People pass in and out of his line of sight as the sketches take in many women.

PHIL (VO)

I don't care about them. I don't desire them. They are vessels and what I want from them is beyond what they could ever offer me with their scabby touch.

The pages dissolve into one another.

Women notice his stare and are always unnerved.

PHIL (VO)

I want something more pure. They would never understand because of their carnal diversions. And then there are the men.

Time and again, heroic men approach him at the behest of disturbed women.

PHIL (VO)

Brutes, devoid of beauty, coming between me and my work. Always interfering. Even when I'm paid for my work, they still interfere.

EXT. PARK — DAY

Phil is busy sketching as DAVIN, a fashion coordinator, approaches him.

DAVIN

Hey, Phil. Um, first, you're doing real good work. You're very talented you know. The thing is, here's the thing, some of the models are uncomfortable.

Phil returns to his sketchpad, slumping in understanding of what is coming.

DAVIN (CONT.)

They, uh, say you're...staring at them.

PHIL

It's kind of crucial to the drawing part.

DAVIN

I know and I said that, but look, you know this isn't the first complaint we've gotten. I keep

trying to get you work, but...is there something else you could do. Have you ever thought of, I don't know, changing the way you relate to people?

Phil smiles to himself. He fixes his steely stare on Davin.

PHIL

Why would I? I'm not the one with the problem.

Phil stands up and grabs his materials. He moves off into the day.

DAVIN

I'll, uh, I'll let you know if anything else comes up.

Davin shakes off the palpable chill in the air and returns to his work. The crew, all watching, slowly begins to return to their jobs.

The air is immediately lighter and less intense.

INT. PHIL'S APARTMENT - AFTERNOON

Phil enters his modest apartment. He is clearly not a man of means. He lays his supplies on the kitchen table and brings his sketchpad to the couch.

He turns on the TV and settles into a large easy chair.

He flips through the pages, near-perfect renderings of women drift pass, but Phil is visibly troubled.

He closes the book and sets it on a bookcase along with twenty or so other sketchpads.

He moves to the phone and pushes a button on the answering machine.

ANSWERING MACHINE

You have one new message <beep>

DONNA (OC)

Hi, my name is Donna McAllister, I saw your ad in the paper and I wanted to know if you do children's parties. We're looking for someone to do like caricatures this Saturday. It would be in the afternoon for a few hours. You can reach me at 813-961-8142. Thanks

so much.

Phil stares at the phone. Clearly pained, he picks it up and begins to punch in the numbers.

PHIL (VO)

I don't have much of an opinion on kids.

INT. MCALLISTER HOME — AFTERNOON

Phil is seated on a patio of two-story home. The backyard is festooned with streamers and an inflatable bouncing-castle.

Kids are playing wildly as a few parents mill nearby.

Phil is working on a drawing of HALEY, a blonde eight-year-old, sitting in front of him.

PHIL (VO)

They barely register in my world until I'm forced to pay attention. They hold no interest to me as subjects, they are unformed. Until they mature, I really don't see the point in acknowledging their existence.

DONNA MCALLISTER, 37, approaches smiling.

DONNA

Hi Haley.

HALEY

Hey Miss Mcallister.

DONNA

How's it going?

HALEY

Fine.

DONNA

Mr. Nessin, can I get you something to drink?

PHIL

No thank you.

DONNA

Can I see?

Donna asks the irrelevant question as she has already positioned herself behind Phil.

On the picture, cartoon Haley is smiling brightly astride a flying pony.

DONNA
That is just adorable.

PHIL
Thank you.

DONNA
Well keep at it. Don't let me interrupt, but if you need anything just come calling.

PHIL
Thank you.

Donna walks over to where her husband, ANDERSON, 38, is standing at the grill.

He rolls the hot dogs over and nods towards Phil.

ANDERSON
Good call with that one.

DONNA
Yes, he's odd but the kids love the pictures.

ANDERSON
Just make sure he doesn't decide to do a more intimate portrait, if you know what I mean.

DONNA
Oh so just because he's a little...

ANDERSON
Creepy?

DONNA
Different, I was going to say. Just because he's different doesn't make him a child molester.

ANDERSON
Nah, you're right. I'm getting more axe murderer. At least he doesn't know where we live, oh wait...

Anderson smiles at himself as Donna playfully slaps him.

DONNA
Stop it.

ANDERSON

I'll just feel better when he's
out of here.

DONNA

Yeah, me too.

EXT. MCALLISTER BACKYARD — LATER

Phil is finishing up a picture of a YOUNG BOY, 10,
catching a touchdown.

He hands over the picture and pulls a page from the
back of his pad.

It's a rendering of a striking BRUNETTE. He turns his
attention to a cluster of people a few feet away where
the same woman is standing.

She is engaged in a conversation with several OTHER
PARENTS. She is aware of his stare and is unsettled,
rightfully so.

The brunette puts her hand up quickly to cut off
another parent as he glances at his watch.

BRUNETTE

Oh my god, is that the time? I'm
sorry.

PARENT #1

What? Yeah, it's twenty to seven.

BRUNETTE

Shit, I'm going to be so late.

(Towards a gaggle
of children)

CONNER! HONEY, WE'VE GOT TO GO!

Phil, though focused, feels someone approaching him
from behind. He tries to quickly cover up the picture.

ANDERSON

Hey there, doing a little extra
curricular work?

PHIL

It helps me to stay sharp.

ANDERSON

Well, she's a good choice. Anyhow,
I think you can go ahead and wrap
things up, okay?

PHIL

Sure.

CONNER, 10 and red-faced and breathless from the intense activity, runs toward the patio.

BRUNETTE

Come on, honey. We've really got to go. I can't be late again and I have to drop you by grandma's first.

CONNER

Come on, mom. We're not done with our game. Please.

BRUNETTE

Honey, I don't have a choice, we've really got to go now.

CONNER

But no one else is leaving, why do you have to work?

BRUNETTE

Because I do, now say goodbye.

CONNER

What a rip.

DONNA

You know, some of the neighborhood kids are having a sleepover. Conner is welcome to stay.

CONNER

Yeah, mom. See, I can stay.

BRUNETTE

I don't know. He doesn't have any clothes or a toothbrush.

DONNA

We have both, it's fine.

BRUNETTE

Are you sure? You don't mind?

DONNA

Absolutely not.

BRUNETTE

Okay, thank you. Conner you listen to Miss McAllister okay?

Conner is already halfway back across the yard to the other kids.

CONNER

OKAY! HEY, I'M STAYING!

ANDERSON

You did good stuff, but can I give you some advice?

Phil gathers his supplies and offers no suggestion he wants the advice.

He is watching the brunette as she says her goodbyes.

ANDERSON

You should work on your people skills. You come off a little creepy, you know, no offense.

PHIL

None taken.

Phil watches as she rounds the corner. He quickly begins to follow.

ANDERSON

Hey, whoa there.

Phil turns back to him.

ANDERSON (CONT'D)

You want your money, right?

PHIL

Of course.

Anderson hands Phil a check. Phil pockets it and grabs his supplies.

He hurriedly follows the path out of the backyard the brunette just took.

EXT. MCALLISTER HOUSE FRONT YARD - DUSK

Phil rounds the corner and sees the Brunette unlocking her car door. He quickly hurries to his unimpressive auto and throws his gear in.

She pulls out and heads down the street. He follows.

EXT. TOWNHOUSE - NIGHT

The Brunette pulls into a parking space and dashes for her front door.

Phil parks nearby and watches with intensity.

EXT. TOWNHOUSE — LATER

Phil perks up as he watches the Brunette bolt from her door.

She hurriedly travels to her car, checking her watch at least twice in the brief span it takes to get there.

The car roars to life and she squeals back out of her parking space and into the night.

Phil follows.

EXT. DOWNTOWN RESTAURANT — NIGHT

The brunette pulls past a lively restaurant and down an alley past a sign that reads "ADDITIONAL PARKING."

Phil pulls into a metered spot and grabs his sketchpad.

A few moments later he sees her rushing around the corner tying an apron around her waist.

He crosses the street and enters the restaurant.

INT. DOWNTOWN RESTAURANT — CONTINUOUS

The HOSTESS greets Phil with a hint of disdain.

HOSTESS

Good evening. How many?

PHIL

I'm just going to the bar.

HOSTESS

Okay. Enjoy.

Phil cranes his neck as he scans the restaurant looking for the brunette.

He moves past the bar and into the dining area. No sign of her.

He heads toward the back and peers into the kitchen as some of the STAFF enter and exit.

Through the doors, he sees her. She is standing in front of the MANAGER, 45, and is clearly in a heated argument.

The words can't be made out but there is much finger pointing, head shaking and arm flailing.

Phil sees her anger morph into sorrow and finally she turns and waves her hand at him. She heads toward the dining room.

The distraught Brunette nearly collides with Phil as she bursts through the kitchen doors.

As she strides past him, she throws her apron down and pushes through the crowd.

Phil quickly follows.

EXT. DOWNTOWN RESTAURANT – NIGHT

The Brunette throws open the door and strides into the night. She wipes at her face with one arm.

The door does not even close before Phil is outside.

She rounds the corner and Phil matches her every step.

EX. ALLEY – CONTINUOUS

The Brunette, hearing someone behind her turns.

BRUNETTE

What do you want from me n-

She realizes it's not who she thought it would be. But his face is familiar.

BRUNETTE (CONT'D)

Sorry, I thought you were...Hey, weren't you the guy doing the drawings at Donna's party?

Phil slowly moves in closer.

BRUNETTE (CONT'D)

What're you...wait, did you follow me here?

Phil remains silent as he circles around her. She becomes unnerved and starts backing away trying to maneuver back towards the front of the alley.

BRUNETTE (CONT'D)

Okay, creep, why don't you just stay here and I'm going to-

Phil reaches into his pocket and begins to slide something out.

The Brunette's eyes widen and she turns and runs back towards the entrance of the alley.

She looks back at him as she runs.

BRUNETTE (CONT'D)

HELP! I NEED-

An SUV, music blaring, suddenly veers into the alley going way too fast.

She collides violently with the front of the car and is thrown nearly back to where Phil stands.

The music shuts off and the DRIVER, 23, pokes his head out.

DRIVER

Oh shit...

The PASSENGER, 23, pops out of the other side.

PASSENGER

Dude, did you just hit somebody?

DRIVER

Oh God, fuck!

PASSENGER

Dude, drive! Go! JUST GO!

The both sit back into the car.

PASSENGER

COME ON!

DRIVER

OKAY! STOP YELLING!

The car backs out quickly.

The alley falls silent.

Phil looks over at the Brunette who is lying a few feet away.

Her body is contorted unnaturally and her cheek is pressed against the concrete.

Her labored breathing gurgles with blood.

Phil puts his hand up to his mouth and approaches.

Unable to move, the Brunette tracks him with her eyes.

He kneels down near her and stares at her.

She tries in vain to make a sound and a few moments later she dies.

As the life leaves her body, Phil stiffens. His eyes begin to well up with tears and he speaks barely above a whisper.

PHIL

Beautiful.

He stares at her a moment longer before opening his sketchbook.

He opens to the page where he had been drawing her earlier.

The earlier drawing is a faithful rendering of a beautiful woman and nothing like the twisted corpse lying before him.

He tears out the page and throws it aside.

He looks around. No one.

He takes her by one hand and drags her to the back of the parking lot near a doorway where he finds a light.

He crouches next to her lifeless form and begins sketching a new picture.

There is a joy and urgency in his movement that has never existed before.

PHIL (VO)

It was the most amazing thing I had ever seen. She was true beauty. Nothing like the corrupt creature I had drawn before.

Phil looks down at his completed drawing. He runs his hand slowly over the rendered face staring back at him.

PHIL (VO)

Everything ugly about her had gone and all that was left was the true essence. The body without the corruption of desire and hate and thought and lust. People talk of the soul like it's something wonderful. But a soul is disease, a sickness that holds in all that's wrong with people. She was now her purest essence.

INT. NONDESCRIPT ROOM — DAY

He stares at Officer Vargas. His eyes gleam similarly to when he drew the Brunette.

PHIL

You would have appreciated it. You see the ugliness too, I know you do. She was the first masterpiece. Nothing I had done before mattered.

EXT. PHIL'S APARTMENT — NIGHT

Phil drops a load of sketchbooks into the dumpster.

PHIL (VO)

None of them were worthy. They were ugly drawings of pathetic things.

INT PHIL'S APARTMENT — NIGHT

Phil is looking at the sketch.

PHIL (VO)

I knew I had to see it again and I knew what needed to be done. It wasn't a problem for me.

Phil closes the sketchbook and gathers it under his arm

He grabs his keys and pencil and heads for the door.

PHIL (VO)

I had to.

INT. BAR — NIGHT

Phil sits near the back watching the scene.

As always his eyes register disgust at the world.

He makes several quick sketches of some of the women in the bar.

A TALL WOMAN stands out to him. He watches her and makes some initial drawings.

He sees her move toward the door with her TWO FRIENDS and follows them.

EXT. BAR — CONTINUOUS

As soon as they exit, the tall woman lights up a cigarette.

They walk into the parking lot.

A little sports car makes a quick chirp as the Tall Woman turns off the alarm.

She drops her half smoked cigarette on the ground and they pile in.

Phil heads to his car and slides in quickly.

The women pull out of the space and onto the street.

EXT. DENNY'S - NIGHT

The women pull into the parking lot with Phil close behind.

The parking lot is fairly crowded and the women pull around the far side of the building.

They jump out of the car and the Tall Woman immediately lights up again.

The car alarm chirps to life.

Phil lingers in his car close by. Watching.

The girls round the corner towards the front door. Phil parks his car behind the restaurant and walks around after them.

He watches as the two friends enter the building. The tall woman stays outside to finish her cigarette.

Phil disappears around the side of the building back towards the cars.

The Tall Woman is enjoying her cigarette when she hears the sound of glass shattering. A car alarm immediately begins to wail.

Recognizing the sound she walks around the side of the building.

She sees Phil standing in front of her car. The windshield has a large hole in the center with the remaining glass cracked and sagging.

She drops her cigarette and runs toward the car.

TALL WOMAN

OH MY GOD!

She approaches Phil. Her face is flush with anger.

TALL WOMAN

Did you just break my window? What the hell is wrong with you?!

She moves close to survey the damage. Phil slides up quietly behind her.

TALL WOMAN

You're going to pay for this. What kind of ass-

She whirls around to confront him.

Her eyes register shock to find him so close. The anger is immediately replaced by fear.

He grabs her by the throat quickly and rams the back of her head into the hood of the car with a loud thud.

He repeats this several times until she begins to go limp in his hands.

He lifts her off the now blood-stained hood and gazes at her.

His eyes search her face and an odd smile begins to creep over his mouth. His eyes begin to well up.

He drags the dead woman off.

INT. NONDESCRIPT ROOM - NIGHT

Phil's icy demeanor breaks for a moment as he seems warmed by the memory.

PHIL

She was the first. If you want to know how many there have been it's twenty-two. Well, no, actually twenty-three.

INT. PHIL'S APARTMENT

Phil is looking over his newest drawing of the tall woman.

PHIL (VO)

It was as pure as the first. True beauty. I felt some pain knowing that no one else would ever understand. Knowing I would never be appreciated properly for my work. But, I don't really need anyone's validation. I knew.

INT. NONDESCRIPT ROOM – NIGHT

PHIL

So I found more women. Women who were nearly perfect and just needed my help. I made them into masterpieces.

BEGIN MONTAGE

1. Phil at a movie watching several patrons
2. Phil sketching a dead woman by a lake
3. Phil trolling flea market urgently scanning faces
4. Women of all sizes and nationalities
5. Various sketches of dead women

INT. NONDESCRIPT ROOM – NIGHT

Phil's coldness returns as he glares back at Officer Vargas.

PHIL

I guess I wasn't as careful as I should have been or else I wouldn't be here with you now. I'm not an idiot, but I didn't really believe I needed to worry about it. I didn't think these women would be missed that much. They're interchangeable mostly. Before I found them, were they really so unique that their lives couldn't be taken over by hundreds of others? Of course not. They weren't special until I made them that way. Obviously Rita was a mistake, but I had no choice.

EXT. PHIL'S BALCONY – DAY

Phil is leaning on the railing looking over the parking lot.

He watches as RITA, 31, gets out of car followed by her husband, GERALD, 34.

PHIL (VO)

She lived a few doors down. I had begun drawings of her before at the pool, in the laundromat, by

the playground. She had wonderful bone structure. She was really the closest to pure beauty I had found before my true inspiration.

He glares as the happy couple enters their apartment.

PHIL (VO)

Her husband was always a problem though. He'd torn up several previous drawings. He threatened me, called the cops, even assaulted me once, throwing me up against a wall.

EXT. PHIL'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Phil stands out in front of Rita and Gerald's door looking up at the lit bedroom window.

PHIL (VO)

Yes, he was a problem.

The lights in the window go out. Phil sits down on the sidewalk.

EXT. PHIL'S APARTMENT - LATER

After several hours have passed, Phil stands and walks to the door.

PHIL (VO)

They were the type of people that kept a key outside in a planter for emergencies. I really appreciated that.

After a quick search, Phil locates the key and slides into the apartment.

INT. RITA AND GERALD'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Phil closes the door quietly and moves up the stairs into the dark apartment.

He surveys the pictures on the wall as he goes.

PHIL (VO)

Rita always wore red lipstick. Always. Normally I didn't like makeup of any kind, but with her it was crucial.

All show images in various locations of the playful

couple enjoying their lives. Rita always has her signature bright red lips.

Phil reaches the top of the stairs and moves through the living room into the kitchen.

He checks a couple of drawers before finding a kitchen knife.

He grabs it and moves across the room.

He reaches the partially open bedroom door.

He peers in through the crack.

After a moment he gently pushes open the door.

INT. RITA AND GERALD'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

He walks up to the bed and hovers over the sleeping couple on Gerald's side of the bed.

He brings himself closer to Gerald.

PHIL (VO)

I had never sketched a man before.
I could never see the beauty so it
seemed like a waste of my ability.
But I thought for a moment that
maybe I had been wrong. Maybe I
hadn't really looked.

Phil studies Gerald's face.

PHIL (VO)

But I wasn't.

Phil swiftly covers Gerald's mouth and slits his throat deeply.

Gerald's eyes flash open briefly but the life seems to drain quickly.

His body convulses slightly and falls limp.

Phil, his hand still on Gerald's mouth as the blood soaks into the sheets, watches Rita.

She is turned away from Gerald and stirs slightly from Gerald's movements.

Phil slowly brings his hand off of Gerald and moves around to the other side of the bed.

Rita is sleeping soundly and as Phil studies her. His face registers extreme contentment.

He hovers over her and puts his knee on her chest to pin her. He quickly then covers her mouth and nose with his hands.

Her eyes spring open and she tries to flail but can't move under his weight.

Her terrified eyes scream and plead with him.

She tries to push Phil away with her free arm, but he is too strong.

She then tries to stir her husband to no avail.

When she brings her hands back to push at Phil again, she can see the blood.

She turns her head slightly and sees what Phil has done.

Her struggling intensifies as tears stream down the sides of her face.

Phil maintains his grip.

Slowly her struggling lessens and her chests hitches in spasms.

Her struggles cease and Phil, after a few more moments, releases her.

He moves away from the bed and studies her face.

Her eyes glare up at him accusingly.

Phil seems displeased and walks away from the bed.

He returns a few moments later and kneels by her side.

He brings his hand up to her mouth and very gently applies a deep shade of red lipstick.

Visibly pleased, he sits back and begins his drawing.

INT. RITA AND GERALD'S BEDROOM — LATER

Phil finishes his drawing and looks down at his work of art.

As a final touch, he reaches for the tube of lipstick.

He then applies it to the drawing of Rita.

PHIL (VO)

It felt so good to finally capture Rita. And, of course, the next day

you came into my life.

EXT. PHIL'S APARTMENT - DAY

A bustling crime scene is swirling around the outside of the apartment building.

Phil stands at a distance watching the scene.

Among the many POLICE and REPORTERS is Officer Vargas and her partner, OFFICER ALEXANDER.

Phil turns and leaves.

EXT. PHIL'S APARTMENT - DAY

Phil pulls up in his car and notices a police cruiser parked in the fire lane.

By his front door, Officers Vargas and Alexander are standing. Officer Alexander pounds on it again.

Phil reverses his car and pulls into a side street where he can still see the cruiser.

PHIL (VO)

Apparently my name came up rather quickly in your investigation. I suppose I had been listed on some sort of harassment list or whatever.

The police officers move back to their cruiser. They sit in the car for a moment.

PHIL (VO)

I could tell you would make a good subject though.

The police cruiser's engine roars to life and the car moves through the parking lot.

They pass by Phil and he sees Officer Vargas in the passenger seat.

PHIL (VO)

I couldn't resist. Maybe that's why they sent you.

Phil follows the police car.

EXT. STREET - LATER

The cruiser pulls up to a home and the officers exit.

Phil stays at a distance.

They talk to a man at the door for a while before returning to their vehicle.

The police cruiser pulls back onto the street. Phil follows.

EXT. POLICE STATION – DUSK

Phil watches as the Officers exit the station. They head to the cruiser and get in.

The officers pull out onto the street.

EXT. OFFICER VARGAS' HOME – LATER

The police cruiser pulls up to the curb.

Phil parks a few houses back and gets out of his car. He grabs his sketchpad.

Officer Vargas gets out the car. She leans into the window to say a few things to her partner.

Phil, staying out of direct sight, moves closer.

Officer Vargas pats the roof a couple of times and moves away from the car. With a wave, the police cruiser pulls away and heads up the street.

Officer Vargas walks towards her front door.

As she slides her keys out of her pocket, Phil advances.

She slides the key into the door. Phil comes up the walkway, he is moving with urgency.

She turns the knob and opens the door, Phil is only a few feet behind her.

Officer Vargas suddenly reaches for her pistol.

She brings it out of her holster and whips around quickly in one smooth motion.

Phil launches at her and they fall into the house through the open door.

The door swings shut. Phil's sketchpad is lying on her porch, several pages of dead women flip over in the wind.

INT. NONDESCRIPT ROOM - DAY

Phil looks around at the room.

PHIL

Well, I suppose that's all there is. Like I said, it's probably not what you wanted to hear.

Phil looks down again at his hands in his lap.

PHIL (CONT'D)

Anyhow I think I should probably be going now. Don't you?

Phil brings his hands up and places them on the table.

He lifts himself out of the chair and moves around the table behind Officer Vargas.

He leans in close to her ear.

PHIL (CONT'D)

You truly are beautiful.

Phil straightens up and grabs a piece of paper from the table.

Officer Vargas slowly begins to lean forward.

As Phil reaches the front door, she slumps over onto the table.

Her dead eyes stare out at nothing. Her neck shows the signature bruises of strangulation.

Phil steps over the gun lying on the floor by the front door.

He opens the door and leans down.

A moment later he stands with his sketchpad in his hands.

He slips the picture of Officer Vargas in with the other pages and exits.

The door closes behind him.

THE END