

**GREEN RIVER KILLER**

Written by

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Based on the graphic novel by  
Jeff Jensen & Jonathan Case

*For now, we see through a glass darkly; but then, face to face:  
now, I know in part; but then shall I know even as also I am  
known.*

- 1 Corinthians 13:12

EXT. JENSEN HOUSE BACKYARD (1993) - DAY

A backyard BBQ party in full swing. Family. Friends. "HAPPY 21ST MIKE!" Laughter, drinking, children running around, playing with a Labrador puppy. We pick up details as we move through it all.

TOM (V.O.)

At the end of the day, what are the things that make us feel safe? Make us feel like we're in control?

An attractive, middle-aged woman, CHARLAINE, giving her son, MIKE (21), a hug.

TOM (V.O.)

A loving family? Good friends? A nice home?

INT. KENWORTH TRUCK PLANT, LOCKER ROOM - MORNING

Now moving past men in overalls, readying themselves for a days work.

TOM (V.O.)

And work, too. Gives us a sense of purpose, a goal, something we can feel good at.

A MAN stands with his back to us, (GARY), busying himself at his locker. He takes out a protective MASK, closes his locker and walks off down a corridor, holding it at his side.

EXT. JENSEN HOUSE (1993) - DAY

Moving out of the backyard now, along the side-passage to the front of the house.

TOM (V.O.)

Then there's the rules of course. Not just the laws. The other rules. Spoken and unspoken.

Through the front door, the quiet of the hallway. We pass family photographs on the walls, framed police certificates.

TOM (V.O.)

How we agree to behave. How we all rub along together. It's a complicated business. Keeping it all working.

INT. KENWORTH TRUCK PLANT, LOCKER ROOM - MORNING

We move slowly towards the locker we saw earlier. It's locked but there's a gap where the door is bent out of shape.

TOM (V.O.)

Sometimes, so complicated, we can forget there's a whole *other* world out there, and *that* world doesn't care what rules we make up, spoken or unspoken. It speaks a whole other language.

Move closer to peer in through the gap.

EXT. JENSEN HOUSE KITCHEN (1993) - DAY

Out of the hallway and into the dark-wood panelled walls of the lounge and kitchen. In contrast to the gloom hanging over everything here, we see the backyard party in full swing through the window.

TOM (V.O.)

And even though we like to think we're in control of our world, with our homes, and our rules, and our TV shows and all the rest...

We realize someone's in here, sitting alone, hidden in shadow. He watches his family and friends beyond the window, cut off from their talk and laughter.

TOM (V.O.)

... in the end, we are *all* at the mercy of that other world.

INT. KENWORTH TRUCK PLANT, LOCKER ROOM - MORNING

Through the small gap in the metal door, a shaft of light reveals a piece of paper stuck to the inside.

TOM (V.O.)

And if we ever seem to forget that, it will always let us know...

Written on it, "NO KILL. DON'T KILL."

EXT. JENSEN HOUSE, KITCHEN (1993) - DAY

Close on TOM JENSEN, (40s) sitting in the darkness, almost lost in it.

TOM (V.O.)  
... always...

INT. KENWORTH TRUCK PLANT - DAY

Roiling ORANGE CLOUDS fill the screen. A MAN, (GARY), in light-blue overalls, his face hidden by a spray-painter's PROTECTIVE MASK, slowly emerges through them. An alien stepping out of some apocalyptic sky.

TOM (V.O.)  
... and by any means necessary.

He comes closer, begins to remove the MASK. Before we can see his face, we CUT TO:

TITLE (yellow on green) - "GREEN RIVER KILLER"

EXT. RIDGWAY HOUSE (AUBURN) BACKYARD (2001) - DAY

A distorted, savage, animal noise. Sharp teeth and snapping, slavering jaws. A POODLE stands in the yard, furiously barking at something, as yet, unseen.

INT. RIDGWAY HOUSE (AUBURN) KITCHEN (2001) - CONTINUOUS

JUDITH RIDGWAY, (mid-50s), moves through the house towards the back-door.

JUDITH  
(over the yapping)  
Oscar! You stop that now!

EXT. RIDGWAY HOUSE (AUBURN) BACKYARD (2001) - CONTINUOUS

OSCAR, the poodle, going crazy. JUDITH opens the screen-door.

JUDITH  
What in heaven's name has gotten  
into you?

There in the yard, bold but watchful, a large COYOTE, a DEAD CAT hanging limp in its jaws. OSCAR quiets. JUDITH freezes. COYOTE slowly moves towards her. Suddenly, a noise from the front of the house sets OSCAR off again. The COYOTE stops.

JUDITH (CONT'D)  
(calling, frightened)  
Gary? Is that you? Come quick.

It begins to back out of the yard. JUDITH, eyes on the COYOTE, pulls OSCAR back inside the house, shuts the door. A KNOCK at the front. Holding OSCAR tight, she moves to the front door. The shape of TWO FIGURES through the thick glass.

DET. SUE PETERS (O.S.)  
(slightly muffled)  
Mrs. Ridgway?

JUDITH warily moves closer to see who's there.

JUDITH  
(nervous)  
What do you want?

DET. SUE PETERS (O.S.)  
We need to talk to you about your husband.

A pair of King County detective BADGES slam up against the glass.

INT. TASK FORCE OFFICE, REGIONAL JUSTICE CENTER (2001) - DAY

Over BLACK SCREEN, the crackle of police radios. Disembodied voices, like they're speaking from the moon. Tense, hushed.

VOICE 1  
Do you see him?

VOICE 2  
Not yet.

VOICE 1  
I want to know as soon as he's out the exit, alright?

VOICE 2  
Understood.

A group of MEN stand totally still, silent, focused on the voices coming out of the office RADIO. Tense, expectant.

VOICE 1 (O.S.)  
What's happening? Someone talk to me.

VOICE 2 (O.S.)  
Hold on. I think he's on the move.

VOICE 1 (O.S.)  
Where is he? Is he leaving?  
(pause)  
Where is he?

VOICE 2 (O.S.)  
No visual yet.

VOICE 1 (O.S.)  
I need you to find him. Where did  
he go?

No-one dares move in the office. One man, distinctive white hair and full uniform, SHERIFF DAVID REICHERT, his eyes bore into the radio.

VOICE 2 (O.S.)  
There he is... He's coming out.

VOICE 1 (O.S.)  
Go, Mike!

VOICE 2 (O.S.)  
He's coming out.

We hear engines revving, squeal of tires. Then nothing. Silence. It seems to go on forever. Eventually..

VOICE 3 (O.S.)  
We have one in custody. En route to  
the RJC.

Cheers and relief from these detectives of the 'GREEN RIVER TASK FORCE'. This has been a long time coming.

SHERIFF REICHERT  
(immensely satisfied)  
Gotcha, asshole.

We realize TOM JENSEN, the man sitting in the darkened kitchen earlier, is one of the men here, now in his 50s. Tall, fair haired, moustache. No cheering or laughter for him.

EXT. JENSEN HOUSE, KITCHEN (1993) - DAY

TITLE - 'EIGHT YEARS EARLIER'

We're back with TOM sitting in the dark, watching his son's 21st birthday in the backyard. Through the window, MIKE goofing around with his brother JEFF.

TOM (O.S.)  
Hey, Mike!

MIKE turns to the sound of his father's voice.

EXT. JENSEN HOUSE, BACKYARD (1982) - DAY

A much younger TOM carries a birthday cake out from the kitchen. On the cake, the words: 'HAPPY 10TH BIRTHDAY MIKE!'.  
Little MIKE and JEFF stand wide-eyed as TOM approaches,

singing a lively "Happy Birthday", CHARLAINE carrying presents. A very different TOM makes the boys laugh, goofing around with the cake, joking around, bathing in the warmth of his family.

INT. JENSEN HOUSE, KITCHEN (1993) - DAY

TOM sits alone in the dark, watching his now grown-up sons, remembering. JIM DOYON, (late 40s) comes in from the hallway.

DOYON  
This is where you're hiding. What  
you doing sitting in the dark,  
buddy? You okay?

TOM  
I'm good. Just, uh... needed a  
break from all that excitement.

DOYON hands him a beer.

DOYON  
Here. Try not to get too excited  
now.

TOM  
I'll try.  
(pause)  
I appreciate you coming, Jim. I'm  
sure Mike does.

DOYON  
(good-naturedly)  
Oh, I'm real sure he appreciates a  
guy he's never met before turning  
up at his birthday. It's yours too  
though, huh?

TOM

Few days. Charlaine thought it would be a good idea to have a joint party. If it means I don't have to do anything else, I'm fine with it. I didn't know she'd invited you, so... thanks.

DOYON

Listen, any kid can make it to twenty-one with you as a father, deserves to meet me at some point.

TOM nods. They look out the window, at the group outside. Silence.

DOYON (CONT'D)

You sure you're okay, pal?

TOM

(nods, then..)

You ever talk to your family about Green River?

DOYON

(takes a breath)

A little. You?

TOM

Nah. Pretty bleak stuff..

DOYON nods. They stand, drink their beers.

TOM (CONT'D)

I used to read them comic books at night. The boys. When I got off patrol. Batman, Superman, that kind of thing. Hero stuff. When I made detective, they thought it'd be like that. I tried to tell them it was mostly sitting at a desk, but I don't think they believed me. And the rest of it, the real dark stuff, I try not to think about that myself, let alone make them have to listen to it. I never really felt like the hero type, did you? Even grew the moustache so I'd look a little tougher. Then I get asked to join the Green River Task Force. Remember how good that felt? To be one of the chosen ones?

(MORE)

TOM (CONT'D)

Boy, I swear there were times I could hear my cape flapping behind me when I walked... It's been a while since I've heard that sound. I guess they don't write comic books about guys with good organizational skills and quick typing. I mean, don't get me wrong, I'll do anything to keep this case open. If it's just me, on the end of a phone talking to crazy folks, then so be it. But, sometimes,... I wonder if I've still got it, y'know?

They stand silently looking out.

DOYON

Tom, no one would blame you if you said you'd had enough. No one.

TOM just carries on looking out the window.

DOYON (CONT'D)

I'm sorry I haven't been able to help out much for a while.

TOM

You don't have to apologize...

DOYON

Been wrapped up in this other case..

TOM

Sure. We're good.

DOYON

(after a pause)

I just kinda need to be out there, catching bad guys, you know?

TOM nods.

DOYON (CONT'D)

Look, Tom, I'm pretty sure if you dropped Green River and put in for a promotion, you'd be a dead cert...

TOM

This why Charl invited you, Jim?

TOM sees CHARLAINE looking towards the kitchen window, concerned. DOYON shakes his head.

DOYON  
(not too convincing)  
No... She's just worried about you,  
I guess. About.. y'know, what it's  
doing to you.

TOM  
I'd be more worried about what  
stopping would do to me. If I walk  
away, that's it. There's no one  
else. It's over. But he's still out  
there, Jim. He's killed nearly  
fifty women, maybe more. Maybe a  
lot more. Still killing, for all we  
know. So...

JIM doesn't know what to say. They stand there in silence.

ADAMSON (O.S.)  
You have been hand-picked, each one  
of you, from across all  
departments, all precincts, because  
you are the best.

INT. GREEN RIVER TASK FORCE H.Q., BURIEN (1984) - MORNING

CAPT. FRANK ADAMSON(43), Task Force commander, addresses a large room of people sitting in rows of plastic chairs. Behind him, a board with PHOTOS of the dead and missing women, MAPS of the area, etc.

ADAMSON  
And that is what this Task Force  
needs to be. The best. We have to  
stop whoever is out there killing  
these women. And we have to do it  
fast.

TITLE - "NINE YEARS EARLIER"

Towards the back of the room, a younger TOM,(30s) sits next to a younger JIM DOYON. As ADAMSON continues.

DOYON  
(offering his hand)  
Jim.

TOM  
(shakes it)  
Yeah, I know. We were at the  
academy around the same time. Tom.

DOYON  
Tom Jensen? *The* 'Tom Jensen'?

TOM  
(thrown)  
Uh... yeah, I guess? What've you  
heard?

DOYON  
Nothing, that's just what it says  
on your nice sticker there.

JIM points to the name badge stuck on TOM's jacket.

TOM  
(smiles)  
Right. Okay.

Up front, ADAMSON calls someone over to him.

ADAMSON  
You all know Dave Reichert, lead  
investigator on this case. Go  
ahead, Dave.

A young, dark-haired REICHERT (35), steps up. Handsome,  
confident. The star quarter-back.

REICHERT  
The first five victims were  
discovered in or around the Green  
River in the Summer of '82. In the  
year and a half since then, bodies  
have been showing up in woods all  
over the county. All prostitutes,  
all strangled. Most just teenagers.  
Nearly all last seen working the  
area of Pacific Highway South  
commonly referred to as 'The  
Strip'.

As REICHERT starts pointing out areas on a map.

DOYON  
(quietly)  
Which department you from, Tom?

TOM  
Burglary. You?

DOYON

Major crimes. It's a shame this is only going to take a few months. High profile case, regular hours? Our wives might actually start talking to us again.

TOM

Just hope they keep my place there for when this is over.

ADAMSON takes over from REICHERT, again.

ADAMSON

Right now, the higher-ups are signing cheques for this, but, apparently, it's hard to convince people an outbreak of murdered hookers is a threat to public safety. So, have no doubt that support will evaporate if we do not deliver results, soon.

DOYON

(quietly, to TOM)

Don't worry, with everything we're about to throw at this guy, you'll be back in burglary before they even know you're gone.

INT. KENT POLICE STATION, JENSEN OFFICE (1993) - DAY

TOM (O.S.)

(answering a call)

Green River. Detective Jensen speaking...

TITLE - "NINE YEARS LATER".

At the end of many corridors, away from the bustle of the main station, we find an isolated office. TOM,(40s), is on a call.

TOM (O.S.) (CONT'D)

Uh huh... How old did you say he was?... I see. Well, you know, the first bodies were found in the Green River eleven years ago. So, ma'am, that would have to mean your husband started killing prostitutes at the age of twelve... No, not impossible, but I would say unlikely...

(MORE)

TOM (O.S.) (CONT'D)  
No, ma'am, the Green River Task Force hasn't been in operation for three years now. It's just me... Well, our understanding is that he stopped killing almost ten years ago, so...

DET. JIM DOYON stands in the doorway. TOM nods to him.

TOM (CONT'D)  
Listen, I am not going to come down and interrogate your husband. If I need to speak to him, I'll be in touch, but don't hold your breath... Rude? Well, I prefer to think of myself as 'endearingly crabby'. Have a nice day.

Puts down the phone. Shakes his head in disbelief.

TOM (CONT'D)  
You would not believe the amount of women out there who think they're married to a serial killer.

DOYON  
Charlaine been calling in again?

TOM  
To what do I owe the pleasure, Jim?

DOYON  
We just found something out by the Racetrack. I think you should come take a look.

EXT. WOODED AREA, NEAR SEATTLE INTERNATIONAL RACEWAY (1993) - DAY

Two men in the rain. The naked body of a dead WOMAN before them, a ligature wrapped around her neck.

DOYON  
Bring back happy memories?

TOM, staring at the bleak sight in front of him, wipes the rain off his face and feels an all too familiar dread.

INT. KING COUNTY SHERIFF'S OFFICE, SEATTLE (1993) - DAY

TOM sits opposite SHERIFF JAMES MONTGOMERY.

SHERIFF MONTGOMERY

I've got to tell you, Tom, I think you're reaching here. We all know he stopped in '84.

TOM

Sir, I think there's a strong case that a number of the bodies we've found in the last three years could turn out to be more Green River...

SHERIFF MONTGOMERY

Tom, let me stop you there...

TOM

All strangled, all found near dump sites he's used before...

SHERIFF MONTGOMERY

Let me ask you something. Do you realize what would happen if I was to say the Green River Killer was still active? Do you understand what a political nightmare that would be?

TOM

With respect, sir...

SHERIFF MONTGOMERY

And the press go crazy if they smell anything to do with Green River. You know that.

TOM

But I still think...

SHERIFF MONTGOMERY

I'm not going down that road again, Tom. He stopped in '84.

TOM

But what if...

SHERIFF MONTGOMERY

(the final word)  
He stopped in '84!

INT. JENSEN HOUSE, KITCHEN (1993) - NIGHT

TOM can't sleep. He sits feeding scraps to JOEY, their labrador puppy. CHARLAINE enters, in her robe.

CHARLAINE  
Can't sleep?

TOM  
Did I wake you?

CHARLAINE  
I could hear you worrying.

TOM attempts a smile.

CHARLAINE (CONT'D)  
I know it's not what you do, but  
you *can* talk to me about...  
whatever.

TOM nods. CHARLAINE looks at her poker-faced husband, trying to read him.

CHARLAINE (CONT'D)  
(looking at JOEY)  
Well, if you won't talk to *me* about  
it, maybe talk to him. Just talk to  
someone, okay?

Eventually, she goes to leave.

TOM  
(with difficulty)  
Why would anyone want to hurt  
people so much?

CHARLAINE stops, turns to listen.

TOM (CONT'D)  
Why would one human being want to  
cause so much misery, so much pain,  
to other human beings?

She joins him at the table.

CHARLAINE  
I don't know... but I don't see him  
hurting a whole lot of men.

TOM  
Everyone wants to think he's  
stopped, but... we keep finding  
bodies. Maybe the Sheriff's right.  
It's easy to find links. The more  
bodies there are, the easier it  
becomes. Doesn't prove anything.  
(MORE)

TOM (CONT'D)

Let's say he really hasn't killed anyone in years, why start up again? Why now?

CHARLAINE

Well... maybe because he doesn't have the entire police force in the woods anymore, searching for him.

TOM thinks about this.

EXT. WOODS NEAR KEN'S TRUCK TOWN, NORTH BEND (1993) - DUSK

TOM walking through the woods. Stops. It's very quiet. Only sound the wind, only movement the tree branches and leaves. Looks around. Finds a spot, settles in for a long wait.

As the late afternoon light fades, TOM hears the occasional noise, odd flashes of movement. A hidden world coming to life. Not a human world. A sense of being watched. Unnerving. The wind picks up. As it blows through the trees it becomes magnified, violent, angry. TOM suddenly feels very out of place. Very vulnerable.

Hurriedly getting into his car. It's dark now. Turns the radio on. Sits there breathing hard, the radio commercials make him feel better. Thinks back to his meeting with the SHERIFF the day before.

INT. KING COUNTY SHERIFF'S OFFICE, SEATTLE (1993) - DAY

TOM is listening as the SHERIFF wraps up the meeting.

SHERIFF MONTGOMERY

I'm sure this is hard for you to hear, Tom, but the truth is, it looks like he got away with it. We're never going to find him now.

DOYON (O.S.)

Tom!

EXT. THE BUNKER, BOEING FIELD (2003) - DAY

Older TOM (50s), stands in the parking lot outside a large, squat CONCRETE BUILDING, smoking a cigarette, planes flying overhead. He checks his watch.

DOYON (O.S.)

Tom!

Older JIM DOYON calls from the building. The roar of a plane overhead means TOM doesn't hear.

DOYON (CONT'D)

Tom!

The plane passes over, and TOM hears JIM. He turns.

DOYON (CONT'D)

He's here!

TITLE over black screen.

"TEN YEARS LATER. JUNE 13 2003, 'THE BUNKER' - DAY ONE"

INT. THE BUNKER, MAIN ROOM (2003) - DAY

Headquarters for the Ridgway interviews, at the airport south of Seattle. Work cubicles, filing cabinets, etc. Photos, maps on the walls and desks. Windows blacked out.

TOM and DOYON, along with DETECTIVES, PROSECUTORS and STAFF, watch as a group enter through the main door. Four heavily armed SWAT TEAM MEMBERS, two plain clothed INTELLIGENCE UNIT DETECTIVES, and three members of the Ridgway DEFENCE TEAM. Somewhere, in amongst them all, the small figure of GARY RIDGWAY(early 50s), in leg irons, handcuffs and waist irons. A beige jacket over his prison issue outfit, big GLASSES, moustache, and a baseball cap on his head.

There to greet him, DET. RANDY MULLINAX and JIM GRADDON, the new Task Force Captain. Everyone else keeps back at a discrete distance.

MULLINAX

Hello Gary. It's good to see you again. Welcome to 'The Bunker'.

GARY

Thank you, Detective Mullinax.  
It's, uh, good to be here.

MULLINAX

This is Captain Jim Graddon, he's the boss around here.

GRADDON

(with a nod)

Gary.

GARY

Sir.

MULLINAX

And this is the rest of the crew.

He gestures to the gathering. A strange air of awkward politeness and forced pleasantry suffuses the room.

GARY

(with a smile)

Nice to see you all.

A few awkward "Hi"s and perhaps the odd wave hello.

MULLINAX

Well... why don't I show you where you'll be staying. It's this way.

MULLINAX leads GARY off, escorted by his black uniformed guards. TOM observes GARY walk through a room covered in PHOTOS of the Green River victims.

GRADDON

(calls him over)

Tom, come on over here.

TOM joins them.

GRADDON (CONT'D)

Tom, this is Gary's defence team. Part of it anyways. Tony Savage, Mark Prothero and Todd Gruenhagen. This is Detective Tom Jensen.

PROTHERO

You new to this case, Detective?

TOM

Not really.

PROTHERO

Oh, I've handled criminal cases in King County for about twenty years now. Thought I knew just about every detective around.

GRADDON

Well, y'see, this is the only case Tom's worked the last twenty years...

PROTHERO

(taken aback)

The only one...?

GRADDON

C'mon, I'll give you guys the nickel tour. If this whole deal falls apart, and we have to go back to trial, we don't want you using any of this stuff here, so no peaking.

They follow GRADDON down the corridor, leaving TOM behind.

INT. THE BUNKER, GARY'S ROOM (2003) - DAY

MULLINAX is showing GARY his new living space, as his GUARDS unshackle him. A small room with no windows, bare, off-white, concrete walls. Mattress, chair, wall outlets taped over, door taken off its hinges. A video camera attached to the ceiling records his every move.

MULLINAX

It's not the Hilton, but I've seen worse. Hell, I've stayed in worse. The interviews will start in a little while, Gary, so go ahead and make yourself at home.

GARY

(upbeat)

Okay.

INT. THE BUNKER, MAIN ROOM (2003) - DAY

TOM joins DOYON watching from the end of the room, as MULLINAX leaves GARY standing framed in the doorless doorway, and a DESK is placed in front of it. Even though this is all that stops GARY from leaving, the four tooled-up SWAT GUARDS on duty at all times suggest he's not going anywhere.

TOM

Well, this isn't weird at all.

DOYON

All serial killers end up living with the guys who've spent twenty years chasing them. Perfectly normal.

INT. THE BUNKER, GARY'S ROOM (2003) - DAY

GARY sits on the edge of his make-shift bed. On GARY's face, thinking, remembering.

JUDITH (O.S.)  
(panicked)  
Why is it taking so long, Gary? Are  
you sure this is all a mistake?

INT. KING COUNTY JAIL, SEATTLE (2002) - DAY

The previous year. JUDITH on one side of a glass partition,  
GARY in his jail uniform on the other. They speak via a  
telephone hookup. JUDITH has her palm against the glass.

JUDITH  
I hate this. It's like you're in a  
zoo. Won't you put your hand on the  
glass?

GARY  
We need to get a divorce, honey.

JUDITH drops her hand.

JUDITH  
Oh.

GARY  
It's what the detective said. I  
have to make sure you're protected.

This hangs over them both. GARY looks at the small microphone  
near the glass.

GARY (CONT'D)  
Judith, I didn't do what they're  
saying, but... but I do have a  
problem. With prostitutes. Dating  
them, I mean. I'm not proud of it.

JUDITH  
I don't understand. You said you  
were done with all that.

GARY  
I'm not a bad person, honey. I'm  
not. This is so hard. I never  
thought it was possible for me to  
have what you've given me.

JUDITH  
(shakes her head, in  
tears)  
Gary, that man was on the TV again,  
saying he's going to get you the  
death penalty. Is that true?  
(MORE)

JUDITH (CONT'D)  
Can they do that? Don't let them,  
Gary. Don't let them kill you.  
Please. I don't know what I'd do.  
Really I don't. Please...

On GARY, as he watches JUDITH sob, uncontrollably.

SHERIFF REICHERT (O.S.)  
He wants to make a deal.

INT. THE BUNKER, CONFERENCE ROOM (2003) - DAY

TOM, DOYON, MULLINAX and the rest of the Task Force are sitting around the large table, some standing.

SHERIFF REICHERT  
Full confession in exchange for  
dropping the death penalty.

MULLINAX  
He's owning up to the seven bodies  
the DNA ties him to?

SHERIFF REICHERT  
No. He says he'll confess to them  
all. Forty-eight counts of murder.

The room reacts excitedly to this.

GRADDON  
And that's not all. His defence  
team are saying in exchange for  
life imprisonment, Ridgway will  
take us to bodies we haven't found  
yet. More victims.

TOM  
How many more?

SHERIFF REICHERT  
Maybe dozens...

DOYON  
Jesus...

MULLINAX  
This is great!

Everyone is very enthusiastic about this.

SHERIFF REICHERT  
Yes... Yes, it is. But... we have  
one fairly major obstacle.

INT. KING COUNTY COURTHOUSE, SEATTLE (2001) - DAY

Standing at a microphone-covered podium, the imposing figure of NORM MALENG is holding a post-arrest press conference.

MALENG

(forcefully)

As the Prosecutor for King County,  
let me make one thing very clear -  
in the case of Gary Ridgway this  
office will not plea bargain with  
the death penalty.

INT. KING COUNTY PROSECUTOR'S OFFICE (2003) - DAY

A Task Force delegation of REICHERT, GRADDON, TOM, MULLINAX,  
PETERS, MATTSSEN and DOYON, sit across from MALENG'S trusted  
advisors, MARK LARSON and DAN SATTERBERG.

SATTERBERG

If the Prosecutor were to take this  
deal, you do realize he could never  
justify giving the death penalty  
ever again.

LARSON

If Ridgway doesn't deserve it, then  
who does?

GRADDON

I can see that..

SATTERBERG

A lot of people fond of the Death  
Penalty round here. As an elected  
official, it could prove costly for  
him.

SHERIFF REICHERT

Well, this case has cost King  
County taxpayers a huge amount  
already. A trial this size, nearly  
fifty murders, that's millions more  
of voter's tax dollars.

SATTERBERG

He says when it comes to deciding  
the death penalty, the budget's not  
a factor, just the crime. The money  
doesn't matter.

SHERIFF REICHERT

The money always matters.

They don't show it, but this has landed.

LARSON

The mission of this office is justice. And justice must be seen to be done.

MULLINAX

It's not just about justice for Ridgway though, is it? What about his victims? And their families?

PETERS

Sure, we have enough to see him die for the seven the DNA proves he killed, but that would leave more than forty, maybe a lot more, we'd never be sure about. Don't those families deserve to know what happened to their daughters, their sisters... mothers?

DOYON

And the ones we haven't found yet? They've spent twenty years some of them, not knowing where their daughters are, if they're still alive or not.

MATTSEN

Those young women deserve to have the world know what happened to them.

SHERIFF REICHERT

We could give them some peace, maybe. A proper burial. Don't they deserve that? After twenty years?

LARSON and SATTERBERG take all this in, poker-faced.

TOM

I don't think any of us would say he deserves to live. We just want him to give us answers more than we want to see him dead. If what Ridgway claims is true, we have an unprecedented opportunity here - to get inside the head of the most prolific serial killer in American history. I know this deal will cause you all kinds of problems, but imagine what we could learn.

(MORE)

TOM (CONT'D)

It might even stop another Ridgway from ever happening again. If we could do that, then maybe all the suffering, all the lives wasted, everything this has cost, maybe it could all mean something. That would be justice.

INT. THE BUNKER MAIN ROOM (2003) - DAY

Back to the day of GARY's arrival. From his workspace, TOM is watching GARY in his make-shift cell at the other end of the room. A few DETECTIVES stand nearby, watching also.

DETECTIVE 1

I can't believe I have to look at this sick fuck every day at work now.

NOONEY

He has an IQ of what?

CHANG

Like eighty-two, or something...

NOONEY

Eighty-two. I've had dogs with higher IQ's. He's practically a retard.

MULLINAX walks over.

MULLINAX

He fooled us and everyone else for twenty years, remember? Not too shabby for a 'retard'. Tom, Sheriff wants us in the conference room before it gets started.

INT. THE BUNKER, CONFERENCE ROOM (2003) - DAY

GRADDON and SHERIFF REICHERT address the INTERVIEW team - MULLINAX, PETERS, MATTSSEN and TOM.

SHERIFF REICHERT

The rights and wrongs of this thing don't matter anymore. We have a gentleman in the next room waiting to tell us he's the Green River Killer, and you four have been chosen to handle these interviews.

(MORE)

SHERIFF REICHERT (CONT'D)

Let's hear what he has to say, pick up those extra bodies he's gonna tell us about, and then we can all go home. Case closed.

GRADDON

Before we start, I just want to remind you. We get one shot at this. If this falls apart, for any reason, and it becomes public knowledge that Gary Ridgway was making a deal to confess, no jury in the world could be impartial. We'd have a hard time getting a trial, and we'd have made the biggest fuck-up in the history of fuck-ups. There is no margin for error. I know how important this is to you all. Some of you have been on this case a very long time.

On TOM, listening.

GRADDON (CONT'D)

So, I warn you now, if at any point we feel like one of you is not up to this, if any one of you lets your own personal feelings get in the way, or jeopardizes, for any reason whatsoever, what we're trying to do here, then you will be taken off this team immediately, no questions asked, and you will play no further part in these proceedings. Is that clear?

The TEAM take this in. TOM tries not to show any nerves.

INT. THE BUNKER, PROSECUTION VIEWING ROOM (2003) - LATER

On a MONITOR SCREEN we see GARY sitting in the INTERROGATION ROOM ready to start the first interview. Across the table from him is Prosecuting Attorney, JEFF MCDONALD, reading from a file, VIDEO CAMERA on a tripod beside him. To one side, at another table, sits MARK PROTHERO, (GARY's defence attorney).

We hear MCDONALD over a live-feed, as we realize this is being watched by a room full of DETECTIVES, including MULLINAX, MATTSSEN, PETERS, DOYON and TOM.

MCDONALD (O.S.)  
 "The time is approximately 4:03  
 P.M. on Friday, June 13th, 2003.  
 Present are..."

MATTSEN  
 It's Friday the 13th? You're  
 kidding me.

DOYON  
 If he pulls out a hockey mask, I'm  
 getting the hell outta here!

Enter SHERIFF REICHERT and GRADDON. The room quiets.

GRADDON  
 Once Brian's done going over the  
 formalities in there with him,  
 we'll get started.

INT. THE BUNKER, INTERROGATION ROOM (2003) - CONTINUOUS

MCDONALD  
 Mr. Ridgway, in your previous  
 appearances before the court, you  
 have pled not guilty to these  
 crimes. Is that correct?

GARY  
 Yes.

MCDONALD  
 It is our understanding that you  
 are now prepared to confess that  
 you are responsible for the deaths  
 of forty-eight women in total, and  
 several additional women whose  
 bodies have not yet been found. Is  
 this accurate?

GARY  
 Uh, it's.. Well, it's around.. or,  
 uh, pretty close.

MCDONALD  
 Is it accurate or not?

GARY  
 It depends on how many they... not  
 100 percent sure. I mean 99.9  
 percent.

MCDONALD  
As to what?

GARY  
...is forty-eight.

MCDONALD  
(confused)  
That is the number 'forty-eight'?

GARY  
It is.

MCDONALD  
It is what?

GARY looks confused and worried. Everyone is thrown. This wasn't part of anyone's plan. MCDONALD looks over at PROTHERO. Sort your guy out.

MCDONALD (CONT'D)  
Perhaps you should take a moment to consult with your attorney?

INT. THE BUNKER, PROSECUTION VIEWING ROOM (2003) - CONTINUOUS

SHERIFF REICHERT  
I'm completely confused. Can someone please explain to me what the hell is going on?

TOM  
I think he's worried about being tied to a specific number. If we don't find them all, then he's worried he might be back on death row.

INT. THE BUNKER, INTERROGATION ROOM (2003) - CONTINUOUS

GARY turns back to MCDONALD after talking with PROTHERO.

GARY  
Okay.

MCDONALD  
(unsure)  
So, where are we?

GARY  
(points to the file)  
I believe it says in there, I  
recall forty-eight to fifty-three?

MCDONALD  
Is that the ambiguity you have,  
about the number of murders you've  
committed?

GARY  
Uh, yes, it is. I think.

MCDONALD  
So it's somewhere between forty-  
eight and fifty-three?

GARY  
(looks at PROTHERO, he  
nods)  
Yes, it is.

MCDONALD  
Okay.

INT. THE BUNKER, PROSECUTION VIEWING ROOM (2003) - CONTINUOUS  
SHERIFF REICHERT looks around at everyone, confused.

SHERIFF REICHERT  
He said it, right? He just admitted  
he's the Green River Killer.

TOM  
(quite a moment)  
Yes, he did. Now we just have to  
get him to prove it.

A GUARD enters and nods to GRADDON, who turns to MULLINAX and  
TOM.

GRADDON  
Tom? Randy? You're up.

They both go to leave. TOM feels the eyes of GRADDON and  
REICHERT on him as he exits to make his way to the first  
interview.

MCDONALD (O.S.)  
Gary Ridgway, we are prepared to  
accept your confession...

INT. THE BUNKER, CORRIDOR (2003) - DAY

TOM and MULLINAX walk down the corridor.

MCDONALD (O.S.)  
... provided that you furnish our  
detectives with complete, truthful  
and candid information about your  
crimes within King County...

TOM hears a phone ring in a nearby office. Remembers...

INT. JENSEN HOUSE, KITCHEN (2001) - DAY

Two years earlier. Someone is leaving a message on the answer machine to an empty kitchen. Through the window we see TOM in the early stages of building his deck.

HIMICK (V.O.)  
"Detective Jensen, this is Beverly  
Himick at the Washington State  
Police Crime Lab. We need to meet."

The loud BEEP at the end makes TOM look up, out back.

INT. THE BUNKER, MAIN ROOM (2003) - CONTINUOUS

On TOM, as he and MULLINAX walk through the main workspace, watched by everyone there.

MCDONALD (O.S.)  
... and disclose the existence and  
precise locations of all  
undiscovered remains of your  
victims.

INT. KING COUNTY SHERIFF'S OFFICE, SEATTLE (2001) - DAY

TOM sits opposite SHERIFF REICHERT, holding a folder.

TOM  
As you know, he didn't leave us  
with much DNA to work with. And the  
stuff we did get was impossible to  
test with the technology at the  
time. But things have moved on a  
lot, so earlier this year I sent  
samples from three of our possible  
suspects.

They look at each other. The room is starting to crackle.

TOM (CONT'D)  
They've found a match for two of  
the River girls. Marcia Chapman and  
Opal Mills.

TOM places photographs of the BODIES down as he names them.

TOM (CONT'D)  
Which means it's statistically  
probable that Cynthia Hinds was  
placed there by the same man.

TOM points her out next to MARCIA under the river. REICHERT  
has stopped breathing.

SHERIFF REICHERT  
But that's just three. What about  
the ones we found on land? There's  
a lot more of them. That doesn't  
help us tie him to those.

TOM takes a photograph out of his folder.

TOM  
The lab also believes it can match  
the same suspect... to Carol  
Christensen.

He shows a photograph of CAROL with a PAPER BAG over her  
head, her arms placed across her abdomen, a FISH across her  
throat, another over her left breast, SAUSAGE MEAT on top of  
her left hand, and an empty, green WINE BOTTLE between her  
legs.

TOM (CONT'D)  
It's a very good start.

TOM takes out an envelope and pushes it across the desk to  
REICHERT. They look at each other.

TOM (CONT'D)  
His name is in there.

INT. THE BUNKER, DEFENSE TEAM/ A.V. AREA (2003) - CONTINUOUS

MCDONALD (O.S.)  
Gary Ridgway, if you fail to prove  
your claims, we will move forward  
to trial.

TOM and MULLINAX pass TONY SAVAGE and TODD GRUENHAGAN at the monitors. They sit with headphones on, behind CHANG and NOONEY, the A.V. guys.

INT. THE BUNKER, OUTSIDE INTERVIEW ROOM (2003) - CONTINUOUS

TOM and RANDY walk towards the GUARDS outside the INTERVIEW ROOM.

MCDONALD (O.S.)

Where you will be tried for the original seven counts of 1st degree aggravated murder you have been charged with.

INT. TASK FORCE OFFICE, REGIONAL JUSTICE CENTER (2001) - DAY

TOM sits in GRADDON'S office.

GRADDON

Once we make the arrest on Friday, we can't let him get away because of jury doubts about DNA. We're going to need a full confession. We get maybe a few hours with him before he gets lawyered up, so I want skilled interviewers in there. Who do you think it should be?

TOM

That's easy. Me.

GRADDON

I don't think that's a good idea, Tom.

TOM

(shocked)

What?!

GRADDON

You haven't interrogated a suspect like this in years. You're going to be rusty, of course...

TOM

Rusty?! I've spent more time on this case than any...

GRADDON

I know how personal this is for you, Tom. We need cool heads in that room.

TOM

There's no one here better...

GRADDON

(firm)

You won't be taking part in the arrest or the interview, Tom. I'm sorry. That's the way it's going to be.

TOM, swallowing down his frustration, trying to be calm.

INT. THE BUNKER, INTERVIEW ROOM (2003) - CONTINUOUS

MCDONALD

Do we have an understanding?

GARY

Yes, we do.

INT. TASK FORCE OFFICE, REGIONAL JUSTICE CENTER (2001) - DAY

TOM, standing with the other DETECTIVES as they hear GARY being arrested over the radio. (The scene we saw earlier.) Close on TOM, wishing he was there.

INT. REGIONAL JUSTICE CENTER, HOLDING ROOM (2001) - EVENING

Post arrest, GARY sits on a plastic chair, being questioned by an increasingly frustrated DOYON and MULLINAX.

Unseen behind the TWO-WAY MIRROR, TOM watches. THE DIGITAL CLOCK CHANGES TO "7:10". MULLINAX speaks into the air, knowing he'll be heard.

MULLINAX

He wants a lawyer. Bring him the phone book.

TOM's head drops. Wishing he'd had his chance.

INT. THE BUNKER, OUTSIDE INTERVIEW ROOM (2003) - CONTINUOUS

TOM and MULLINAX are handing their side-arms to the SWAT guys guarding the door to the Interview Room.

MCDONALD (O.S.)  
Okay. Let's bring in the  
detectives.

The DOOR opens, and we're looking at GARY sitting there, waiting. On TOM, his chance arrived.

MULLINAX  
(to TOM)  
Show-time.

And now we're moving into the room, and the man we've waited a very long time to get answers from is looking up at us.

INT. THE BUNKER, INTERVIEW ROOM (2003) - CONTINUOUS

MULLINAX and TOM sit opposite GARY.

MULLINAX  
Gary, I believe you've met my  
colleague, Tom Jensen.

TOM  
Gary.

GARY  
Detective.

TOM  
How you doing today?

GARY  
Yeah, pretty good. Everyone's been  
real nice. Real civilized.

TOM  
Well, Gary, we'd like to start with  
the additional victims, that you  
say we never found.

He starts to spread a large map over the table.

TOM (CONT'D)

The longer these bodies remain out there, the more chance they could be dragged off by animals or covered up by construction, that kind of thing. So... where do we start?

GARY looks at the map, a little lost.

GARY

Uh... It's hard, y'know, 'cause I wasn't planning on killing any of 'em. And it was a long time ago now, 'cause, remember, I stopped in '85 once I met Judith. Meeting Judith changed everything...

TOM

Well, just tell us about the first one you remember, and where it is?

GARY

The first woman I ever killed? I always thought that was Coffield...

MULLINAX

Whoa! Wait, don't go there...

TOM

Not the first woman you ever killed...

INT. THE BUNKER, PROSECUTION VIEWING ROOM (2003) - CONTINUOUS

Cries of "whoa!", "look out!", "What's he doing?!" etc., from the DETECTIVES.

INT. THE BUNKER, INTERROGATION ROOM - CONTINUOUS

MULLINAX

Right now, we just want to talk about the women still out there.

PROTHERO leans in to GARY.

PROTHERO

Gary, Ms. Coffield is one of the seven murders you're currently charged with. Let's not talk about them.

(MORE)

PROTHERO (CONT'D)

If this deal doesn't work out,  
you'll still be tried on those  
counts, and it's up to them to  
prove you guilty.

INT. THE BUNKER, PROSECUTION VIEWING ROOM (2003) - CONTINUOUS

Cries of "Yeah, good luck with that now!" etc., from the  
bleachers.

INT. THE BUNKER, INTERROGATION ROOM (2003) - CONTINUOUS

TOM

Gary, I just want to make sure you  
understand what's going on here.  
You're making some pretty big  
claims. Saying you've killed a lot  
of women. The DNA evidence proves  
you killed seven. So that means,  
right now, we've only got your word  
for the rest of them. If you want  
to stay alive, like you say you do,  
you have to give us something that  
proves it really was you who did  
all that. You understand? Prove  
you're not just making this up to  
avoid the death penalty.

GARY

Making it up. I understand.

TOM

If we find out you're wasting our  
time here, that's a very serious  
business. There's a lot of families  
been waiting a long time to know  
the truth. And if it *wasn't* you,  
that means whoever *did* do it is  
still out there.

GARY

Still out there. Sure.

TOM

Okay. So let's just go with the  
ones you're saying we haven't found  
yet. That would prove you know  
things only the man who *did* all  
this could know. Got it?

GARY

Okay. Well, the furthest I ever went was uh, over by the Fall City exit, off of I-90. There's one over there you guys never found. On a...

INT. THE BUNKER, PROSECUTION VIEWING ROOM (2003) - CONTINUOUS

SHERIFF REICHERT

Have we ever found anything over there?

PETERS

Nothing for that area, sir.

REICHERT is immediately on his radio.

SHERIFF REICHERT

(still listening to GARY)

Take the Fall City exit off the I-90. Look for a small road leading north away from the freeway. Let me know when you're there.

EXT. THE BUNKER, PARKING LOT (2003) - CONTINUOUS

A black EXPLORER, with its engine running, speeds off.

OFFICER 1

(into his radio)

Yes sir! We're on it.

INT. THE BUNKER, INTERROGATION ROOM (2003) - CONTINUOUS

GARY is bent over the map now.

GARY

There's another one near the Lewis and Clark Theatre, off Pacific Highway South. Another one over by Lake Fenwick, and one around 292nd Street, south of Star Lake.

INT. THE BUNKER, PROSECUTION VIEWING ROOM (2003) - CONTINUOUS

Much map-checking and files being looked through.

SHERIFF REICHERT

Are you getting all these down?

DETECTIVES

Yes, sir!

SHERIFF REICHERT

(into radio)

Pacific Highway South...

INT. THE BUNKER, INTERROGATION ROOM (2003) - CONTINUOUS

GARY is paying out.

GARY

I think there's about three up  
Highway 410 towards Mount Rainier,  
and there's definitely one on  
Auburn-Black Diamond Road...

INT. THE BUNKER, PROSECUTION VIEWING ROOM (2003) - CONTINUOUS

DET. SUE PETERS looks up.

PETERS

(to REICHERT)

Auburn-Black Diamond Road is where  
we found Yvonne Antosh, sir.

INT. THE BUNKER, INTERROGATION ROOM (2003) - CONTINUOUS

Almost like he can hear her.

GARY

Not the one you already got,  
another one. I put one at Northwest  
Hospital...

INT. THE BUNKER, PROSECUTION VIEWING ROOM (2003) - DAY

REICHERT is ecstatic. Everyone is excited.

SHERIFF REICHERT

Right off the bat! This is  
fantastic!

INT. THE BUNKER, INTERROGATION ROOM (2003) - CONTINUOUS

TOM is busily writing these down.

GARY

And there's one near Seattle  
International Raceway.

TOM looks up. Something not right here, but he covers it.

TOM

What was that one, Gary?

GARY

S.I.R. Out there.

TOM

Can you be any more specific?

GARY

Just where people take short-cuts  
down to the racetrack, y'know? By  
the woods there, I think.

TOM

Okay, thanks.

MULLINAX

Well, that's great, Gary. We really  
appreciate your help with those.  
Thank you.

GARY looks happy to have pleased them.

MULLINAX (CONT'D)

So let's start trying to put some  
names to these. What can you tell  
us about these women?

GARY

Uh... Well, my memory's not too  
good with names, and that kind of  
thing. I've always had trouble with  
that. Names, faces...

TOM

You've given us about a dozen  
locations there, you must remember  
something about the women? Black,  
white?

GARY

I, uh, I don't... I don't know.

TOM

Short? Tall? Fat? Tattoos?  
Anything...

GARY

There were so many, I don't, uh...

TOM

You don't remember.

GARY

It's been a long time. I stopped in uh, in '85, like I said.

TOM

There's no possibility any of this is going into '86, or...?

GARY

No, sir. Not after Judith.

TOM studies him for a few beats, then writes in his notepad.

MULLINAX

Okay. Let's try something else. Gary, can you tell us a little about how the killings would happen?

GARY

Well, it would always happen in the middle of the 'date' because something went wrong and I'd snap...

TOM

Hold on. Just talk us through it from the start.

GARY

Okay. Well, I'd pick up a... one of the ladies up, in my truck, and we'd agree to go for a 'date', y'know... to have sex.

MULLINAX

Sure.

GARY

We'd go somewhere, like my house or the woods, or somewhere. Sometimes, just the back of my truck. And we'd start to have sex, but if she starts hurrying me, or it don't feel right 'cause she's not into it, or she's lyin' to me, y'know... 'cause I had a lot of rage in me at that time...

(MORE)

GARY (CONT'D)  
uh, a lot of the hatred for the  
women... times I wouldn't stand up  
for myself. Well, I would feel the  
rage coming and, eventually, they'd  
make me snap.

MULLINAX  
What would you do?

EXT. NORTHWEST HOSPITAL WOODS (1982) - DAY

GARY standing, looking down at something before him, the  
woods at his back. Black smoke rises in front of his face,  
and a sound like hair burning.

INT. THE BUNKER, INTERROGATION ROOM (2003) - CONTINUOUS

And just as quickly, we're back in the room.

GARY  
What... what would I do?

TOM watches GARY carefully. Notices his right hand squeezing  
the area between his thumb and forefinger on his left hand.

MULLINAX  
When you 'snapped'?

GARY  
(he demonstrates)  
I'd put my arm around them. My  
right arm, around their neck. Like  
this, in a choke-hold, y'know?

EXT. VACANT LOT, SOUTH AIRPORT (1983) - DAY

Naked, raging GARY, on all fours like a wild animal,  
ferociously biting into the breast of a very recently  
strangled, naked woman.

INT. THE BUNKER, INTERROGATION ROOM (2003) - CONTINUOUS

GARY  
And then I'd choke 'em.

Again, the hands. TOM watching him.

GARY (CONT'D)  
(slight pause)  
Anyway, that's how I killed 'em.  
(MORE)

GARY (CONT'D)  
Didn't mean to. It just, uh... just  
happened.

TOM's eyes fixed on him. GARY gives him an eager smile.

EXT. BOEING FIELD PERIMETER (2003) - EVENING

TOM stands near to a fence overlooking the airport runway. He smokes a cigarette and watches the planes coming in. The landing lights make the obscured planes look ghostly as they move slowly through the heavy, low-hanging, grey cloud.

SHERIFF REICHERT (O.S.)  
We've waited a long time for this  
day, you and me.

TOM is joined by the SHERIFF.

SHERIFF REICHERT (CONT'D)  
Couldn't have hoped for better.

TOM  
They find anything yet?

SHERIFF REICHERT  
No, but we'll start again tomorrow.

TOM  
So... am I still on the team?

SHERIFF REICHERT  
(smiles)  
You put your case forward that you  
should be in that room, and you  
convinced us. You've earned it. Now  
we need to get it done, quickly and  
smoothly. Put this whole thing  
behind us. Right?

TOM doesn't answer.

SHERIFF REICHERT (CONT'D)  
Yes, you're still on the team.

TOM nods. They stand in silence for a little.

SHERIFF REICHERT (CONT'D)  
I guess it'll be strange for you to  
work on another case after this?

TOM

Once this is over, I'm done. I never want to see another dead girl's face looking up at me, ever again.

REICHERT nods. They watch a plane come in. Hidden, wreathed in cloud, lights searching for the runway.

TOM (CONT'D)

What if it's not quick, Dave? Or smooth?

SHERIFF REICHERT

What do you mean?

TOM

What if he's not telling us the truth? What happens then?

SHERIFF REICHERT

He's the Green River Killer. All the evidence says it. And now *he's* saying it. Why would he lie to us now?

TOM

I don't know, I'm just asking, what if he *is* lying? About the rest of them, I mean. What happens then?

SHERIFF REICHERT

That makes no sense! He's the one who wants to do this...

TOM

But we can't trust this guy! Just because he says...

SHERIFF REICHERT

Right here, this is what we're concerned about, Tom. Look, I get it. I want to punch this little sonuvabitch in the face every time I see him. Worse, even. But we can't. We take him out tomorrow, start collecting bodies, we get our proof and we can finish it. After twenty years, we can finish this. And if you can just control yourself, you'll see this through to the end. I need you in there with him, Tom, but you've got to have total control over him.

(MORE)

SHERIFF REICHERT (CONT'D)  
That's what it's all about. How are  
you going to control someone else,  
if you can't control yourself?

EXT. JENSEN HOUSE, FRONT PORCH (2003) - EVENING

CHARLAINE stands on the front stoop, gardening gloves on, and  
meets TOM as he gets home, briefcase and a bag of fast food  
in his hands. She hugs him. JOEY, now quite elderly, next to  
her.

CHARLAINE (O.S.)  
So, how was your first day?

TOM (O.S.)  
Yeah, pretty good.

INT. JENSEN HOUSE, KITCHEN - NIGHT

TOM sits at the kitchen table eating his burger and fries out  
of the bag in front of him. CHARLAINE brings him a plate,  
knife and fork. JOEY waits patiently, eyeing the food.

CHARLAINE  
The work you've done in the  
bathroom so far looks great. How  
much longer 'til you're done in  
there, y'think?

TOM  
I was hoping to spend some time  
this weekend, but...

CHARLAINE  
Oh, Mike called. He asked if we  
could have the kids Sunday?

TOM  
Well, I... uh, might be tied up  
over the weekend... with the case.  
So...

CHARLAINE  
Shall I say you might be working  
and leave it at that?

TOM  
Sure... Whatever you say, just  
don't mention Gary. To anyone.

CHARLAINE

I know, I know...

TOM

If the press finds out we have him living in our office, negotiating a plea deal...

CHARLAINE

It won't be good, I know. Don't worry. I will try to curb my natural tendency to gossip when I meet the other washer-women at the water-pump. Ketchup?

Mouth full he shakes his head. Gives JOEY a fry.

CHARLAINE (CONT'D)

So..? What's he like?

TOM thinks.

TOM

I don't know. Bland. Just... bland. Him and his wife, they go to swap meets. Love their poodles. Go camping in an RV. He's the last person you'd think was a serial killer.

CHARLAINE

I guess that's how he got away with it. No-one expected the Green River Killer could be so normal.

TOM

We still don't know that he is. "The Green River Killer". Not for sure.

CHARLAINE

You don't know? You're the one who caught him! If you don't know, who does?

TOM

The DNA says he *probably* killed seven of the women. Right now, that's all we know. We just have his word for the rest of it.

CHARLAINE

I'm no expert but isn't that called a confession?

(MORE)

CHARLAINE (CONT'D)

You know, bad guys make them when they've been caught and they know the game is up?

TOM

I don't... It just...

CHARLAINE

What?

TOM

(after a few beats)

He says he started killing in '82, and stopped after he met Judith, his third wife, in '85. Just like everyone has always said.

CHARLAINE

1985? I guess she saved a lot of women's lives then, huh? Over 15 years worth...

TOM

So, Mr. Totally-Normal-Average-Guy goes on a killing rampage for three years, kills more women than anyone before, and then just stops. Loses the taste for it. Decides he likes poodles more than killing prostitutes. He was so dumb as a kid he was going to be put in the special needs school. At his work they call him "Wrong-Way Ridgway", he messes up so much. The guy's an idiot. But he somehow manages to avoid getting caught by every major police force in the area, plus the FBI. Then, after twenty years, when he *is* caught, he just can't do enough to help us. Falling over himself. It just doesn't add up.

CHARLAINE

At this point, after everything you've been through, I don't think you'd be satisfied unless he sat there in front of you with horns and a tail. Give yourself a break, honey. You caught him, and now he just wants to come clean.

TOM

Then why is he lying?

CHARLAINE

...what?

TOM

One of the undiscovered bodies he gave us today? I already found her, back in '93, out at Seattle International Raceway. But *he* doesn't know that, because she was never on the list. They wouldn't let me put her on there.

INT. THE BUNKER, MAIN ROOM (2003) - NIGHT

MULLINAX crossing the MAIN ROOM with a bag of fast-food, heading for GARY, who sits at the desk that blocks his room. MULLINAX passes one of the GUARDS.

GUARD 1

Well, look at that. Room service for our guest?

MULLINAX

(as he passes)

Yup.

GUARD 1

Nice. What'd you get for me?

MULLINAX

(looks back)

How many *you* kill?

INT. JENSEN HOUSE, KITCHEN (2003) - NIGHT

CHARLAINE leans across for one of TOM's fries.

CHARLAINE

But, that proves he's telling the truth, not that he's lying. He gave you one you already found.

TOM

Patricia Barczak disappeared in October of '86. A year and a half after he swears he stopped killing.

INT. THE BUNKER, GARY'S ROOM (2003) - NIGHT

MULLINAX takes the food out for GARY.

MULLINAX  
Got you something from Joanne's.  
Ever been there?

GARY  
Sure. Used to take Judith there  
when we first started dating.  
Pretty good.

GARY starts eating the food.

MULLINAX  
Get some rest, okay? Field trip  
starts early tomorrow. Let the  
guards know if you need that heated  
up.

GARY  
Thanks. I appreciate it.

INT. JENSEN HOUSE, KITCHEN (2003) - NIGHT

CHARLAINE  
So... what are you thinking?

TOM  
I don't know.

INT. THE BUNKER, GARY'S BATHROOM (2003) - NIGHT

GARY stands at the sink, brushing his teeth. We see the  
GUARDS in the mirror waiting at the door.

TOM (O.S.)  
The more I think about it, the more  
I don't know what to think about  
this guy.

GARY looking at himself in the mirror.

INT. JENSEN HOUSE, KITCHEN (2003) - NIGHT

TOM  
But there's so much pressure to  
wrap this up, get it over with.  
I've spent the best part of my  
career looking for Gary Ridgway.  
It's not enough for me to see him  
put away. I need answers.

INT. THE BUNKER, GARY'S ROOM (2003) - NIGHT

GARY lays on his bed. He's holding up a creased photograph of him and JUDITH on holiday together, looking at it.

GUARD 1 (O.S.)  
Lights out. Goodnight.

GARY  
Goodnight.

As GARY lowers the photograph, there is someone standing there before him, in his room. A WOMAN with a paper bag over her head, her arms crossed over her chest, holding a live fish in each hand. Red wine spreads across the floor towards him, from the green bottle at her feet.

TOM (O.S.)  
And he's the only one who has them.

GARY is plunged into the dark.

EXT. 'THE STRIP', PACIFIC HIGHWAY SOUTH (1984) - NIGHT

We're now entering the amphetamine, neon-glamour of the stretch of road serving the round-the-clock needs of Sea-Tac airport's human traffic - 'The Strip'. In all its desperate glory.

TITLE over black - "FEBRUARY, 1984 - 'THE STRIP'."

The strange alien light, neither day nor night, washes over us at last, and we feel our heart-beat quicken. Motels, honky-tonk saloons, fast-food joints, used-car lots, junk stores, gas stations, billboards, gem shops and truck garages, all battling each other to take whatever they can from whoever will part with it. It's like a drug-fuelled 'pioneer town'. And women everywhere. Girls really. Children. Offering the temporary use of their bodies to us.

We watch them as we pass, slowly. We miss nothing. Cruising. 'PATROLLING'. Their faces. Their movements. Looking for the signs. The 'tells'. Like a shark moving through an ocean teeming with prey. "Like candy in a dish."

As we wait at the lights, we look out of the side window and see a girl, MARY (16) a slight distance away, standing alone. She waves to us in slow-motion, a strange, SLOW WAVE, that will become familiar to us. We keep our eyes locked on her as the lights change and we move off.

INT. FAST-FOOD JOINT, 'THE STRIP' - LATER

We're sitting in the window of a fast-food place at a small strip-mall. In the distance, on the other side of the road from us, we watch MARY as she tries to attract customers.

EXT. SOUTH 144TH STREET, 'THE STRIP' - CONTINUOUS

MARY is about sixteen, African-American, wearing very little and feeling the cold. The fast-food joint in the distance. From where MARY is, we see GARY sitting in the window sipping on a coffee and watching her.

INT. FAST-FOOD JOINT, 'THE STRIP' - CONTINUOUS

GARY watches the action on 'The Strip' from this perfect vantage point.

EXT. 'OLD FOREST' - DAY

We suddenly get a FLASH IMAGE of a FOREST standing before us, under a cold, grey sky. ( We'll call it the 'OLD FOREST'. ) Its darkened entrance a portal into another, hidden world. Ancient, wild, uncivilized. Unfeeling. We begin to move towards it.

EXT. SOUTH 144TH STREET, 'THE STRIP' - LATER

We're with MARY, trying to see into CARS as they pass, looking for business.

Everything slows down, strange, dream-like. A BUSINESSMAN in a rental car drives by. He looks MARY up and down as he passes, appraising her.

A TAXI-CAB with a sleazy looking driver who leers at her.

A car with an OLDER WOMAN in the passenger seat, her face searching, haunted. She holds up a picture of a young girl against the window for MARY to see, the WOMAN's eyes silently pleading, and then she's gone.

A PICK-UP TRUCK WITH A CAMPER SHELL on the back. We see GARY looking out the window, waving a handful of money in slow-motion at MARY, and then pointing down the road. His TRUCK pulls into a shadowy PARKING LOT further down the block.

EXT. PARKING LOT, 'THE STRIP - MOMENTS LATER

MARY walks up to GARY'S TRUCK, looks in the open window.

MARY  
Hi. How ya doin'?

GARY  
I'm doin' real good, thanks.

MARY  
You lookin' for a date?

GARY  
Could be.

She opens the door and gets in.

MARY  
You're lucky, I was just about to  
finish for the night. It's cold out  
there.

He shows her his ID. Next to his photo, a picture of his son,  
MATTHEW.

GARY  
So, now you know I'm not a cop, you  
wanna beer?

Slab of beers at his feet. She sees a child's toys and action  
figures around the truck. He's got a kid, he's safe.

MARY  
Sure.

They crack their beers and take a sip. They share a small  
laugh. This guy seems real nice.

MARY (CONT'D)  
I've only done this a few times  
before.

GARY  
I figured. You look pretty new.  
What are you, about fifteen?

MARY  
Sixteen.

GARY  
You doin' ok? You need some food or  
anything?

MARY  
I'm okay. Thanks though.

GARY  
I can go get you some coffee?  
That'll warm you up.

MARY  
(little laugh)  
That sounds pretty good.

GARY  
O-kay, then. Show me your titties  
or your pussy.

She's thrown momentarily.

MARY  
What...?

GARY  
I've been stung by them decoy cops  
before. Just need to make sure.

Hesitantly, she starts to pull up her top.

GARY (CONT'D)  
Can't be too careful these days,  
y'know?

INT. INTERVIEW ROOM, BURIEN PRECINCT (1984) - DAY

CLOSE on the face of a bearded man being interviewed.

BEARDED MAN  
They are a fuckin' plague and their  
diseased little pussies should be  
sewn up, y'know what I'm saying?  
This is God's vengeance.

INT. INTERVIEW ROOM, BURIEN PRECINCT - DAY

A thin, buttoned up, soft-spoken man now.

THIN MAN  
Women will always use men to get  
what they want, that is a fact.  
They are programmed to deceive. You  
can't argue with science.

INT. INTERVIEW ROOM, BURIEN PRECINCT - DAY

Now, a man with a pony-tail.

PONY-TAIL MAN

What do they expect? It goes with the job. C'mon, you're telling me you're not happy there's a few less whores out there for you to deal with?

INT. GREEN RIVER TASK FORCE HEADQUARTERS, BURIEN (1984) - DAY

A NOTICE-BOARD displays photos of the dead and the missing. Under 'DECEASED', we see twelve faces and four JANE DOES. Under 'MISSING', we see another eight faces.

TOM (O.S.)

There's a lot of men out there who want to hurt women.

The headquarters, now fully operational, is full of activity. TOM, and BRUCE PETERSON sit opposite sides of a desk, going over interview transcripts.

TOM (CONT'D)

These "sick-trick" interviews? It's like turning over a rock and watching all the bugs come scuttling out.

PETERSON

This is one hell of a big rock.

DOYON approaches.

DOYON

I've been going over the missing persons reports for last year, and it looks like there could be four more to go up.

He lays out four photos on their desk.

DOYON (CONT'D)

These three are nineteen years old, this one fifteen. Not one of them been heard from for over a year.

TOM

Why the hell had nobody looked at these before?

PETERSON

Unless they're known prostitutes, I guess they've been low priority. Do you know how many runaways are being reported every day?

TOM

You think they might be our Jane Does?

DOYON

Their dental charts just came back from Haglund, and he says they don't match any of the unidentifieds so far.

TOM

So these could be four new victims still out there?

INT. CAPTAIN'S OFFICE, TASK FORCE H.Q., BURIEN (1984) - DAY

CAPTAIN ADAMSON sits at his desk, with the girl's photos in front of him. Silently, he shakes his head.

ADAMSON

A year older than my son, this one.

TOM

Yeah.

ADAMSON

In less than a year, we've gone from six murders to a possible twenty-nine?

TOM

With these four, I make that twenty-eight.

ADAMSON

As of today, I'm putting Carol Christensen on the official list. I know not everyone agrees, but I'm doing it. I want you and Jim to go talk to her family before the press start sniffing around.

EXT. HOLMIN RESIDENCE, HOQUIAM (1984) - DAY

A five-year-old girl, SARAH, sits, playing in a sand-pit.

MRS.HOLMIN (O.S.)

She stopped asking about her after  
a couple months. Doesn't talk about  
her at all anymore.

TOM and JIM stand with CAROL CHRISTENSEN's mother, PATRICIA  
HOLMIN. They watch Carol's daughter playing over in the sand-  
pit.

MRS.HOLMIN (CONT'D)

People always say children are so  
adaptable. Like that's a good  
thing. Where does it all go? That's  
what I worry about, you know?

TOM

(delicately)

Your daughter was last seen in an  
area well known for prostitution.  
All the other victims...

MRS.HOLMIN

Carol had made some poor choices in  
the past, but she was trying real  
hard to make things better for her  
and Sarah. When she got the  
waitress job, we were so happy.  
Meant we could see the baby a  
little more, too. Careful what you  
wish for. She was trying real  
hard...

Little SARAH looks up from her sand-pit. As she gazes over at  
TOM, we see her face for the first time.

INT. UNMARKED POLICE CAR (1984) - EVENING

JIM behind the wheel. TOM looking at a photograph in the  
CHRISTENSEN FILE, as they travel along the highway.

TOM

Are we sure she's really Green  
River? Everything about her case is  
irregular.

DOYON

I know.

TOM

It just doesn't seem to fit.

And we see the photograph now. CAROL is laying fully clothed upon the ground, with the bag over her head, the fish, meat, the wine bottle.

TOM (CONT'D)  
What the hell did he do to her?

INT. CARETAKER HUT, LITTLE LEAGUE FIELD (1984) - DAY

Over darkness, we hear the whining of a DOG, and scratching of claws on wood.

CARETAKER (O.S.)  
Quit that noise, y'hear? I'm  
comin', I'm comin'!

The door opens and there, framed in the light of the open door, is a whining DOG. In its mouth a large bone.

CARETAKER (CONT'D)  
What ya got there, boy?

In the background, we see a Little League field.

EXT. LITTLE LEAGUE FIELD, NORTH AIRPORT SITE (1984) - DAY

The ROAR of a plane over-head, as its huge SHADOW passes over the field, and the Task Force members standing on it.

ADAMSON  
(trying to talk over it)  
Turns out it's a human leg bone...  
LET THIS PLANE PASS!

About a DOZEN Task Force members stand waiting for the noise to stop. They all wear BRIGHT GREEN WINDBREAKERS with 'GRTF' in YELLOW on the back. Among them is TOM, DOYON, PETERSON, PETERS and REICHERT. Bags of GARDENING TOOLS at their feet. They stand still and silent, as TOM watches the wind blow through the trees in the surrounding WOODS. What might be waiting in there? An odd hiatus. The plane passes.

ADAMSON (CONT'D)  
As you know, we found a body last  
August by the water tower.

We see the WATER TOWER behind, amongst the trees.

ADAMSON (CONT'D)  
So it seems we missed one. The rest  
of the skeleton is in the gully  
over there. Dave?

REICHERT

Okay, the scouts will be here soon.  
In the meantime, grab something you  
can use and let's go.

EXT. WOODED AREA, OFF LITTLE LEAGUE FIELD (1984) - DAY

The Task Force hack their way through thick brush and  
branches.

TOM is kneeling, using a sifting TRAY to look for trace  
evidence in the soil, paper sheets and evidence bags around  
him.

HAGLUND (O.S.)

I'm telling you, decomposition is  
our best friend, right now. The  
chemical change over time in a  
corpse left somewhere wild like  
this does all kinds of interesting  
things to the surrounding area. You  
see how those branches have turned  
yellow there, the vegetation too?  
That's the decomposing body making  
the soil in the area real acidic.  
Limits growth too.

BILL HAGLUND, from the Medical Examiner's office, kneels in  
his neat, white overalls, lovingly tending to a set of  
DECOMPOSED SKELETAL REMAINS, partially buried in the mud. The  
area around it, and the over-hanging branches above, are  
indeed YELLOW. A strange, eerie sight.

HAGLUND (CONT'D)

Okay, look out.

HAGLUND puts a mask over his face, and starts to work the  
yellow soil. As PETERSON puts an arm across his face.

PETERSON

Get ready...

TOM

Why, what's... Aargh! What is that?

TOM recoils, gagging at the horrendous smell.

HAGLUND

(through the mask)

Gas from the corpse gets trapped in  
the soil. I just released it. You  
never smelled a dead body before,  
detective?

He hasn't. Just stares at the remains, appalled.

REICHERT (O.S.)  
(calling over)  
Guys? We've got another one!

On TOM's face, as he looks up at REICHERT calling to them from the ridge, above.

INT. TASK FORCE MINI-VAN, INTERSTATE 90 (2003) - MORNING

And we're still on TOM's face, only it's now 19 years older.

TOM  
How'd you sleep, Gary?

TITLE over black - "JUNE 14, 2003 - DAY TWO"

EXT. INTERSTATE 90 (2003) - MORNING

A CONVOY of vehicles moving along the winding Interstate. A few unmarked POLICE CARS, black SUVs, and a grey MINI-VAN.

INT. TASK FORCE MINI-VAN, INTERSTATE 90 - MORNING

GARY sits next to RANDY MULLINAX, and beside him, NOONEY, the video man, recording everything with his CAMERA. TOM in the seat behind, next to CHANG, the sound man. MIKE BROWN driving, a SWAT guy next to him, and MARK PROTHERO and one of the PROSECUTOR's in the seats behind them. They're all in civilian clothes.

GARY  
(taking in the view)  
Not too good. Woke up a few times.  
Thinking about the, uh, the  
killings, y'know?

TOM  
Sure.

GARY  
Bad memories.

TOM weighing him up.

TOM  
Right.

PROTHERO

Have you thought about what happens  
if anyone sees us out here? Or  
recognizes Gary?

MULLINAX

That's why we're out here so early,  
Mark. Hopefully no-one will be  
around. Look, if anyone asks, we're  
just a bunch of guys looking at  
some real estate.

GARY

(pointing at the camera)  
Or maybe making a movie? Like a Tom  
Cruise movie.

TOM

Let's stick with real estate.

EXT. WOODS NEAR INTERSTATE 90/HIGHWAY 18 INTERSECTION -  
MORNING

The CONVOY has pulled off the empty road, parked up near the  
entrance to a heavily WOODED AREA. TOM stands on the grass,  
watching GARY being helped out of the MINI-VAN by SECURITY,  
handcuffed. All in regular clothes, fleeces, hoodies, etc.

TOM

You going to be okay walking in  
those shoes?

We see GARY's JAIL BOOTIES, and his legs shackled.

GARY

Maybe we could stop by K-mart  
later, get some boots, just in  
case?

PROTHERO

I don't think we'll be going shoe  
shopping today, Gary.

TOM

So, yesterday you said you left a  
body here that we never found.  
Still sure about that?

GARY

Yes. This is where I went in.  
Definitely. Good view of the road,  
both directions.

On GARY looking into the WOODS.

Suddenly a FLASH image of the 'OLD FOREST'. From behind, we see GARY and a young WOMAN (TINA, 22) walking side-by-side towards it.

Back with GARY again, looking at the less dream-like WOODS before him.

GARY (CONT'D)  
Absolutely. She's going to be right  
up in there. Quite certain.

TOM  
Okay.

TOM looks over to MULLINAX and the others. Here we go...

TOM (CONT'D)  
Well... take us to her, Gary.

Gestures into the woods. GARY shuffles off into the trees, aided by his GUARDS. One of the SWAT TEAM stays at the entrance keeping watch. TOM follows.

EXT. 90/18 WOODS - MORNING

GARY leads them deeper, alert, alive. TOM, watching him.

EXT. 90/18 WOODS - MOMENTS LATER

GARY stands, looking around, trying to get his bearings.

MULLINAX  
This looking familiar, Gary?

GARY  
Sure. It's just been awhile,  
y'know?

TOM and MULLINAX share a look.

TOM  
So, what do you remember about this  
girl?

GARY  
Uh...

TOM  
Do you remember where you killed  
her?

GARY

In my house. My old house. That's where I was most comfortable doing it.

EXT. RIDGWAY HOUSE, DES MOINES (1983) - DAY

We see a static, wide shot of the squat, single-storey house where GARY killed most of his victims.

GARY (O.S.)

Sometimes they wouldn't want to come in, so we'd sit outside in my truck and I'd say, "Well, here's ten dollars for your trouble", but they'd see I had another thirty or forty on me, and they'd figure, "What the hell", y'know?

EXT. 90/18 WOODS - MORNING

GARY looking around for something familiar, as he speaks.

GARY

The money didn't matter 'cause I'd get it back after I killed them, anyway.

(with a smile of  
embarrassment)

I know, I'm cheap...

Suddenly, GARY becomes hyper-alert. He's completely still, every sense alive to something unseen. It's unsettling.

TOM

What is it?

GARY

Someone's coming.

Everyone looks around, nothing. Eventually, back through the trees, TOM sees a PASSERBY walking his DOG along the road towards the OFFICER standing guard at the entrance to the WOOD. TOM quietly alerts the others.

Everyone stands silently watching. The PASSERBY has a brief conversation with the OFFICER, then moves on his way. TOM looks at GARY. How did he know?

GARY (CONT'D)

It's this way.

Starts shuffling ahead. TOM walks just behind.

TOM

Once you got them inside the house,  
what happened then?

We see GARY's old house again. We start to move in slowly towards it. As GARY speaks, we cut between this moving shot, and GARY in the woods.

GARY

(focus on his  
surroundings)

I'd let them take a look around,  
make sure they saw my son's room,  
all his toys on the floor and such,  
they'd loosen up, y'know? Family  
man ain't gonna hurt them, kind of  
thing. I'd tell them to go use the  
bathroom if they needed to. Save me  
cleaning up after them, later. I  
learned *that* lesson the hard way.

EXT. RIDGWAY HOUSE, DES MOINES (1983) - DAY

Moving slowly closer to the seemingly lifeless house and its front screen-door.

GARY (O.S.)

Then we'd go in the bedroom, and  
I'd get them naked. I didn't want  
anything getting on their clothes  
for you guys to find. There was a  
plastic sheet under the bed waiting  
for them, so afterwards I could get  
them out real quick. Anyway, I'd  
get them on the bed, and then we'd  
have sex.

EXT. 90/18 WOODS - MORNING

The group moving slowly through the woods.

GARY

Then I'd, uh.. I'd kill her. Choke  
her from behind, like I said. Got a  
pretty good system, after a while.  
In and out in about twenty minutes,  
if I was lucky.

EXT. RIDGWAY HOUSE, DES MOINES (1983) - DAY

Almost up to the door now.

GARY (O.S.)

Except one time. There was one that tried to get away. She scratched my arm, and bit real hard, she was strong. I had to let go and she ran off. Got all the way to the front door.

And as we reach the screen-door, we see a BLURRED FIGURE behind the thick glass of the FRONT DOOR, desperately scrabbling at it, trying to get out, and hear MUFFLED effort noises. We see another SHAPE appear behind the glass. A brief struggle, and the FIGURES move down to the floor. Eventually, they're still, and only one rises.

GARY (O.S.) (CONT'D)

That was real close.

EXT. 90/18 WOODS - MORNING

GARY has led them to an OPEN MARSHY AREA.

GARY

I'm pretty sure it was this one.  
Afterward, I got her into my truck,  
and I dumped her right over there.

He points into the MARSH. MATTSSEN, PETERS and a few others move off to take a closer look.

TOM

You didn't bury her? Because some  
of the others were buried.

GARY

Not this one. I'm quite certain.

MATTSSEN

(calls back)

I'm not seeing anything.

DOYON

Not surprising. It's been twenty  
years.

PETERS

(walking back)

We should bring in a crew for a  
more thorough search.

GARY

Wait. Maybe I did bury her...

GARY thinking.

GARY (CONT'D)

Or maybe I'm thinking of someone else. You guys found another one not far from here?

TOM

(guarded)

Uh huh.

GARY

Maybe *she* was the one who tried to run...

TOM

Are you saying you didn't leave a body here after all?

GARY

No. I'm sure I did. Because I distinctly remember coming back and taking her skull, to put it someplace else...

This gets everyone's attention.

TOM

Okay. Why did you do that?

GARY

Uh, I don't know. To, uh, mess with you guys, maybe. Confuse you, I guess... maybe.

TOM

You like to mess with us, Gary?

GARY not sure how to react. TOM stares at him. REICHERT observing TOM. PROTHERO breaks the moment.

PROTHERO

I think we should move to the next location.

MULLINAX

Sure. We should keep things moving before there are too many people around, anyway.

They all start to move back to the vehicles. TOM holds back, looking out at the area. DOYON approaches him.

DOYON

Just another day at the office,  
huh?

(looks out at the marsh)

Sue's right. If there are bones  
here, they'd be buried pretty deep  
by now.

TOM nods, looking around, unsure.

GARY (O.S.)

Over here, maybe.

EXT. VACANT LOT, SOUTH AIRPORT SITE (1983) - DAY

Twenty years earlier. Empty, abandoned houses, reclaimed by the wild. A pair of FERAL EYES stare out from a dark, windowless opening. GARY's parked TRUCK, empty in the vacant lot nearby.

TRUDY (O.S.)

C'mon, let's just do it here. My  
feet are killin' me.

EXT. WOODS NEAR VACANT LOT, SOUTH AIRPORT SITE (1983) - DAY

A younger GARY (34), and a young woman in a denim jacket, TRUDY (19), walk along a trail through some WOODS. Behind them, through the trees, we see GARY's truck parked in the vacant lot.

GARY

Just, uh... just a bit further.  
There's a real nice spot. You'll  
like it, it's real nice.

TRUDY

That place we parked back there.  
What is that? All those creepy  
houses...

GARY

Once the airport started using  
jets, it got too loud. They had to  
clear everyone out those houses.  
Now they're just empty, full of  
animals...

TRUDY  
 (she stops suddenly)  
 What the fuck is that? Is that a  
 body?

GARY stops. Just off the trail a few yards ahead, there is a  
 NAKED WOMAN laying among the trees.

GARY  
 What...

TRUDY  
 Jesus fucking Christ! That is a  
 dead woman right there. Fuck! It  
 is, right?

GARY looks over at the body. Confused.

TRUDY (CONT'D)  
 Shit... let's get outta here!

She starts back up the trail. GARY stands, looking around,  
 worried.

TRUDY (CONT'D)  
 Come on! We should get the fuck out  
 of here. He might still be  
 around...

GARY takes one more look at the body, then follows TRUDY back  
 to the truck.

EXT. WOODS, STAR LAKE ROAD SITE (1984) - DAY

A distant FIGURE stands alone. Younger TOM, motionless in the  
 landscape, head bowed. A large, dark TREE, its leafless  
 branches reaching out like desperate arms, frames him against  
 the stark, grey sky behind. The only movement, loose ends of  
 police crime scene TAPE flapping in the breeze. A light RAIN  
 falls.

CAPTION - "APRIL 1, 1984 - STAR LAKE SITE"

A steep, WOODED HILLSIDE falling away from the road above,  
 covered in illegally dumped TRASH. "NO DUMPING ALLOWED" sign  
 in the middle of it. Large amounts of GARBAGE accumulated in  
 the gully below. Yellow 'CRIME SCENE' tape going from tree to  
 tree, marking out the entire area.

PETERSON (O.S.)  
 Makes perfect sense for our guy.  
 Secluded, woodsy. Easy access from  
 the road up there.  
 (MORE)

PETERSON (O.S.) (CONT'D)  
He can just roll them down the  
hill, like they're garbage. Simple.

A SKULL, debris and litter all around. A small metal marker  
with '1' written on it, marks the spot.

PETERSON (O.S.) (CONT'D)  
Four bodies, separate spots, so  
probably dumped at different times.

Most of a SKELETON lays up against a tree stump, surrounded  
by trash. A marker says '2'.

PETERSON (CONT'D)  
Looks like we've found ourselves a  
new 'cluster site', huh?

Close on TOM, looking down, lost in what he's seeing.

PETERSON (O.S.) (CONT'D)  
You even listening to me, Tom?

Now we see what TOM solemnly stands before. At the foot of  
the tree in front of him, lay the decomposed skeletal remains  
of TERRY MILLIGAN (16). A RED/WHITE STRIPED BLOUSE obscures  
her face and raised upper arms, as though she was in the  
middle of pulling it over her head. Her hips are flexed at  
nearly a 90 degree angle, both legs bent at the knees.

TOM stands silently, horrified. BRUCE PETERSON a short  
distance behind him.

PETERSON (CONT'D)  
Lets go, Tom.

But TOM doesn't respond. A darkness descends over everything.  
TOM slowly looks up. In the patch of sky visible above the  
trees, we see a BLACK HELICOPTER slowly pass over, like a  
giant flying beetle, blocking out all light as it goes. TOM  
watches a PHOTOGRAPHER take pictures of him from it. And now,  
the tremendous noise suddenly cuts in.

PETERSON (CONT'D)  
(shouting over)  
TOM! LET'S GO!

TOM looks round at him in slow-motion, disorientated.

PETERSON (CONT'D)  
ADAMSON WANTS US TO NOTIFY THE  
FAMILY! CAN YOU HEAR ME? TOM?

INT. MILLIGAN RESIDENCE, SEATTLE (1984) - DAY

Deafening silence. MARY MILLIGAN, TERRY's mother, sits silently weeping in a worn armchair. Beneath a framed photo of TERRY (in the same STRIPED TOP), TOM and PETERSON, in suits and ties, sit on the sofa, opposite. A 2 year old BOY at her feet, playing with a block.

TOM looks over at the dinner table, where TERRY's 11 year old BROTHER sits alone, elbows on the table, hand clenched around his fist tight, covering most of his face. His eyes, angry, hurt, pained.

MRS. MILLIGAN

She was so smart. Good with computers. After she had the child, I hoped she'd do something with that kind of thing, but...

TOM nods, looks at the BOY. BRUCE head down. This is tough.

MRS. MILLIGAN (CONT'D)

She went to church. Used to take her little brother over there. He'd always fight with her about it.

At the table, TERRY's BROTHER stares ahead, eyes glassy, trying to keep the tears back.

MRS. MILLIGAN (CONT'D)

They were always fighting.

TOM can see how hard this is for him.

MRS. MILLIGAN (CONT'D)

Are you church people, detective?

TOM

My wife. I, uh... I don't, uh... myself.

She nods. They sit in silence, once more. The BOY plays.

INT. JENSEN HOUSE KITCHEN (1984) - EVENING

CHARLAINE is preparing dinner in the kitchen, while the BOYS chase each other and fight.

CHARLAINE

Keep it down, you two!

TOM enters, jacket off, loosening his tie.

TOM

Hi.

CHARLAINE

Oh, hey. I didn't hear you come in.

He goes over and kisses her, while she carries on working.

CHARLAINE (CONT'D)

How was your day?

Shouts from the BOYS as they wrestle. A large, white DOG barks excitedly round them.

CHARLAINE (CONT'D)

Grover, quiet! Hey! I'm not telling you boys again. You're like animals. At least pretend to be civilized human beings, even if you're not!

(to TOM)

Honestly, they've been like this since I got in from work...

TOM

I'll be downstairs for a while.

He heads for the stairs to the basement.

CHARLAINE

(concerned)

Are you okay, honey?

TOM

Sure.

INT. TOM'S BASEMENT(1984) - EVENING

TOM is in his basement WORKSHOP, hammering away in his shirt-sleeves, intensely trying to stay focussed on what he's doing.

Suddenly, a FLASH IMAGE of TERRY MILLIGAN'S DECOMPOSED REMAINS, blouse over her head and legs spread.

TOM's hammering becomes more desperate, wild almost. He's destroying whatever he's working on now.

GARY (O.S.)

I'll never forget it.

EXT. MIDDLE FORK ROAD, NORTH BEND SITE(2003) - DAY

A picturesque, FORESTED area bisected by a two-lane road. The older GARY and TOM stand, side by side, at the roads edge, looking off towards the woods, the rest of the TEAM behind them.

GARY

I was real angry at the time, because I had to do the night shift. The women at work, they would, uh... manipulate people, to get the easy jobs, y'know? It really had me pissed. Well, I remember I was in a hurry, but I did the usual routine. Dump the body real quick by the side of the road here, then drive a ways further along, and stop. Just back there. That way if police or someone comes along and stops me, they won't see the body. Then, I came back and took it further in to the woods.

(points ahead)

I dragged her in there about ten feet from where we are now. Of course, the forest came right up to where we're standing, back then.

TOM

You sure about that, Gary?

GARY

Quite certain. One hundred percent. I mean, the trees are a lot taller now but...

TOM

Uh huh? And I'm going to take a wild guess that this giant, fucking parking lot wasn't here back then, either?

And now we see that they are looking at a large PARKING LOT with the forest surrounding it.

TOM (CONT'D)

Would that be correct, Gary? Would I be right in saying that your crime scene is now a parking lot?

GARY looks a little nervous. REICHERT watching TOM.

GARY  
So, you didn't find her? I, uh... I  
thought maybe you did.

TOM  
Nope. And I thought you were  
bringing us to places we hadn't  
found anything?

GARY  
Maybe, uh... maybe they found her  
when they made this? But they'd let  
you know, huh..?

TOM  
Pretty sure.

GARY looks to PROTHERO for help. Anyone.

GARY  
Or she could still be here, buried  
under the blacktop.

DOYON  
(to TOM)  
We'll just bust all this up, and  
ship it all off to the lab to test  
for human remains. Shouldn't be  
more than a few thousand dollars.

GARY  
You can do that?

DOYON  
No.

TOM  
Detective Doyon was making a joke.  
You know, just messing with you?

SHERIFF REICHERT exchanges a look with MULLINAX, then steps  
in to diffuse the situation.

SHERIFF REICHERT  
Okay... Let's just look around real  
quick before we leave.

GARY gets led away, as MULLINAX comes over to TOM.

MULLINAX  
Take it easy, okay?

TOM takes out a cigarette. DOYON watches them.

MULLINAX (CONT'D)  
Remember, the plan is we'll get  
more out of him if we butter him  
up, make him feel good.

TOM  
(nods)  
Go ahead. I'm taking a cigarette  
break.

EXT. BURIEN STREET, KING COUNTY (1984) - NIGHT

A CANDLE FLAME flickers.

A crowd, of four hundred FEMALE PROTESTERS, are holding a  
candle-lit 'TAKE BACK THE NIGHT' march through the streets.  
We see BANNERS and PLACARDS, - 'Every Woman Deserves  
Justice', etc. TOM watches them pass, from his car.

COOKIE HUNT  
(into loudspeaker)  
...and as women, we claim our right  
to live after sunset! The police  
need to tell us why, after more  
than two years...

And the MARCH continues toward the Task Force building.

INT. TASK FORCE HEADQUARTERS, BURIEN (1984) - MOMENTS LATER

TOM heads through the sparsely occupied workspace. He sees  
one of the detectives at his desk.

TOM  
Hey Matt, is Adamson still here?

HANEY  
Haven't seen him since lunch. Ask  
Randy. He's finishing up with a guy  
who took a polygraph test.

INT. INTERVIEW ROOM CORRIDOR, BURIEN PRECINCT (1984) - NIGHT

TOM knocks and opens the door to the INTERVIEW ROOM. Sticks  
his head in. RANDY MULLINAX sits at one end of a desk,  
writing, going over the results of a POLYGRAPH TEST with  
someone.

TOM  
You got a second, Detective  
Mullinax?

MULLINAX

Sure. We're almost done here.

TOM

There's something I think you should see.

MULLINAX

Now?

TOM nods, goes back into the corridor and looks out a nearby window to see the MARCHERS approaching.

MULLINAX (O.S.) (CONT'D)

(to his interviewee)

So, just give me a minute here and then we can finish up, okay...

MULLINAX joins TOM in the corridor.

MULLINAX (CONT'D)

What's going on?

TOM indicates the window. MULLINAX takes a look.

TOM

There's about four hundred women heading this way and they want to talk to us.

MULLINAX

Shit! It's that Women's Coalition march. I'll get on the phone, see if I can find Adamson. Let *him* deal with them.

He heads into the main workspace, leaving TOM in the corridor. He checks on the march out the window, again.

MULLINAX pokes his head through the door, phone to his ear.

MULLINAX (CONT'D)

Tom, let that guy know he can go home, will ya? Tell him he passed the polygraph, he's no longer under investigation. This may take a while.

TOM

Sure.

INT. INTERVIEW ROOM, BURIEN PRECINCT (1984) - NIGHT

TOM enters, distracted by the noise of the MARCHERS growing outside.

TOM  
Detective Mullinax has to attend to another matter. He said to tell you you're no longer under investigation.

INTERVIEWEE  
So, I can... uh, go home?

TOM  
Yeah. You can go home.

TOM sits at the desk. The INTERVIEWEE stands. We now see it's younger GARY. He starts to put his jacket on.

TOM (CONT'D)  
You might want to wait a while though. There's kind of a situation outside right now.

GARY  
What kind of situation?

TOM  
Some kind of protest.

GARY sits back down. The 'Green River Killer' and the man who will catch him sit alone in a room together.

COOKIE HUNT (O.S.)  
Fact - most murderers are found within seventy-two hours of the crime. Two years later and the police are still nowhere!

TOM looks up, listening to what's happening outside. GARY watches him.

COOKIE HUNT (O.S.) (CONT'D)  
And if these women were white, middle-class, college girls you can guarantee the police would have found the killer by now!

TOM looks over at GARY. GARY looks away. They both feel awkward.

COOKIE HUNT (O.S.) (CONT'D)  
 Once they killed us because they  
 said we were witches, now they kill  
 us because they say we're  
 prostitutes. The truth is... THEY  
 KILL US BECAUSE WE'RE WOMEN!

They look at each other. After a few seconds, TOM stands,  
 makes for the door.

TOM  
 You can wait down in the lobby. I'm  
 sure it won't be too...

GARY  
 (standing)  
 Yeah, sure... of course.

TOM holds the door open as GARY leaves. He stands in the  
 doorway, watching GARY head down the corridor, TOM's mind on  
 what's happening outside.

COOKIE HUNT (O.S.)  
 WHY MUST WE DIE JUST BECAUSE WE'RE  
 WOMEN?

GARY, at the end of the corridor, confused about which door  
 is the exit. TOM points him in the right direction.

COOKIE HUNT (O.S.) (CONT'D)  
 WHY?

With a familiar SLOW MOTION WAVE, GARY heads through the  
 door, and is gone.

EXT. LITTLE LEAGUE FIELD, NORTH AIRPORT SITE (2003) - DAY

Older TOM stands watching older GARY being helped out of the  
 MINI-VAN next to PROTHERO, as the rest of the TEAM gathers.

GARY  
 You were right, Detective. They  
 didn't last too long, huh?

GARY is looking down at his beaten up JAIL BOOTIES, covered  
 in mud.

PROTHERO  
 I'll get you something before we go  
 out again tomorrow, Gary.

TOM

Don't worry. No hiking here. I just want you to tell us some things. Things that the Green River Killer should know.

GARY nods, eager to please. TOM starts to move off, then turns back to GARY.

TOM (CONT'D)

You are the Green River Killer, aren't you?

GARY

Yes. Of course.

TOM

So, tell me, how'd you pass the polygraph test that time?

GARY

(a nervous few beats)

I, uh... I just tried to stay real relaxed... I guess. Take a few deep breaths. Act normal.

TOM

Deep breaths, huh? Well, Gary, you just take a few of them deep breaths now, and then you tell us about this place.

We pull back to reveal that they are standing in the middle of the LITTLE LEAGUE FIELD we saw back in 1984.

TOM (CONT'D)

Tell us everything you know.

On GARY as he looks around, trying to remember. He sees the WATER TOWER in the distance. Remembers...

EXT. VACANT LOT, NORTH AIRPORT SITE (1982) - NIGHT

The large, white WATER TOWER looming over us, surrounded by sky. We turn our head and we're now looking at an EMPTY HOUSE raised up on BLOCKS, about four or five feet in the air. It's an odd sight.

A FOX appears in the dark doorway, stands, watching us.

On younger GARY's face. His pale, clammy skin. Eyes cold, locked onto the FOX. A sense of struggle, and then stillness.

From above, GARY, laying on his back, his legs wrapped around a small, young woman, SHAWNDA (17), his arms clamped around her neck. Her lifeless body enveloped. Like some weird, insectoid creature. The HOUSE ON BLOCKS, the FOX in the doorway. Looking down over it all, the ghostly WATER TOWER.

EXT. LITTLE LEAGUE FIELD, NORTH AIRPORT SITE (2003) - DAY

On older GARY, looking at the WATER TOWER again.

GARY

I remember this place. This was a good spot for... Pretty remote. No one around at night. Lot of airplane noise to, uh... muffle anything, y'know?

TOM silently nods. GARY points toward the WATER TOWER.

GARY (CONT'D)

One by the water tower. Black girl. Squirmy. Had to wrap my legs around her.

TOM

(after a pause)

Uh huh...

GARY looks around again, searching.

EXT. 24TH AVENUE SOUTH, NORTH AIRPORT SITE (1983) - DAY

Younger GARY walks along the edge of the road. Beside him, a young girl, CHERYL (18), we don't see her face. They walk in silence. GARY notices CANDY WRAPPERS on the ground, an empty SODA CAN.

CHERYL

It's my birthday.

GARY looks up, the girl's face is a blur. He looks back at the road and notices a BROKEN TYRE laying there, we see it in great detail.

EXT. LITTLE LEAGUE FIELD, NORTH AIRPORT SITE (2003) - DAY

GARY points over to the undergrowth just beyond the field.

GARY

One over there, in the grass. White girl. Maybe about twenty-five or so?

He looks at TOM. TOM waits. There's nothing else coming.

TOM

You got it almost right. You got the water tower one. That was well documented. But we didn't find one in the grass. Maybe you're thinking of the one we found in the gully. Except she wasn't twenty-five, she was fifteen. I dug her out of the ground myself.

GARY is not sure how to respond. DOYON watches.

TOM (CONT'D)

Tell us about the other one.

GARY

I.. I don't think I left another one out here...

TOM

You just said you did! What's going on here Gary? You messing with us again?

GARY

...no, I'm not...

PROTHERO

It's been a long day. It might be more productive if Gary has a little time to process everything.

SHERIFF REICHERT

Good idea. Let's resume this tomorrow.

EXT. MINI-VAN, LITTLE LEAGUE FIELD, NORTH AIRPORT SITE (2003)  
- DAY

GARY stands with PROTHERO, as they prepare to get back into the MINI-VAN.

GARY

Struck out today, didn't I?

PROTHERO  
You did fine Gary. It's a good  
start.

REICHERT takes TOM aside. DOYON notices.

SHERIFF REICHERT  
Give him a break, okay? It's been a  
long time.

He walks off. TOM approaches GARY at the VAN.

GARY  
I'm sorry, Detective Jensen.

TOM stops.

GARY (CONT'D)  
I guess there's a lot I've  
forgotten over the past twenty  
years.

A PLANE roars overhead, as GARY gets helped into the MINI-VAN.

TOM  
(under the noise)  
It's been twenty years for me too.  
And I haven't forgotten anything.

GARY turns back to TOM. Did he hear him over the plane?

GARY  
What?

TOM  
Never mind.

They look at each other, then GARY smiles, goes to his seat.

INT. THE BUNKER, MAIN ROOM (2003) - LATE AFTERNOON

TOM sits at his desk in his CUBICLE, observing GARY as he sits in the doorway of his room, writing in his notebook.

TOM watches as a YOUNG WOMAN walks up to a desk near GARY's room. GARY looks up, watches her as she sorts through some files. His eyes never leave her as she finds what she was looking for, and walks off. TOM, unseen by GARY, observing all this. GARY lost in thought even after she's gone. Eventually, he is brought out of his reverie as he realizes TOM is looking at him. GARY smiles his innocent, dumb smile.

ROSEN (O.S.)

Hey, Tom...

Leaning over from another cubicle is one of the Prosecution team.

ROSEN (CONT'D)

You were in the Navy, right?

TOM

Uh huh.

ROSEN

Do you know the Navy chapel just outside Seattle?

TOM

Why?

ROSEN

I'm going over the background stuff. It says Gary married his first wife there. Just wondering if it had a name..?

On TOM, looking over to GARY, but he's not in the doorway anymore.

INT. JENSEN HOUSE, BEDROOM (2003) - NIGHT

CHARLAINE is in bed. TOM is getting undressed.

CHARLAINE

(upset)

We had our wedding in the same church as that man?

TOM, now wishing he hadn't brought it up.

TOM

I mean... it was a long time before...

CHARLAINE

That's not the point, Tom. It was the most special day of my life, and now I can't think about it without *him* being there..

TOM

Oh, come on Charl. You're being a little over dramatic, aren't you?

CHARLAINE  
Over dramatic?

TOM  
(tries to change the  
subject)  
Just forget it. So, did you pick  
which tiles you like for the  
bathroom floor, yet? I'm almost  
ready to...

CHARLAINE  
It was our wedding day, Tom. I'm  
allowed to have feelings about  
this. Don't you?

TOM  
Of course...

CHARLAINE  
(waits)  
So... what are they? These feelings  
that you have?

TOM stands awkwardly, not knowing how to answer.

CHARLAINE (CONT'D)  
Tell me what you're feeling, Tom!

He can't. CHARLAINE buries her head in the pillow, turns  
away, leaving TOM standing there, uncomfortable.

TOM  
You can't let him spoil our  
wedding, Charl. If you let him take  
that away, then... he wins, doesn't  
he?

INT. WILLIAMS HOUSE, KENT (1985) - NIGHT

A dark-haired woman in a cowboy hat CHEERS excitedly, as a  
country-music song starts up. A moderately drunk SUE (37),  
stands in the middle of the living room of a small, run down  
house. The man she met earlier tonight, T.J. WILLIAMS (38),  
stoops over the record player.

T.J.  
This the one?

A younger GARY (36) and JUDITH (40) sit on the sofa. They're  
a little drunk, but still on the best behavior that comes  
with having only just met.

SUE

This is it right, Judith? The one  
we danced to at the end, tonight?

(meaning T.J.)

This one says to me he'll play it  
for us if we come back to his  
place.

T.J.

Am I not a man of my word?

T.J. and SUE begin to slow-dance.

JUDITH

(to GARY)

I liked this one too.

GARY and JUDITH share a polite smile.

SUE

I like a man who knows how to keep  
a promise.

T.J.

You want to find another room to  
dance in?

T.J. winks at GARY as he leads SUE to another room, leaving  
JUDITH and GARY, a little awkwardly, on the sofa.

GARY

So... you think you'll go to  
another Parents Without Partners  
dance?

JUDITH

Oh yes. I love country music. My  
husband... my ex-husband wouldn't  
let me listen to it. He said it was  
for low class people.

GARY

I guess that makes me real low  
class then, because I really like  
it.

They smile.

JUDITH

I had some lovely country records,  
from years ago. My... ex-husband  
took them out back one day and shot  
them to pieces right in front of  
me, with his shotgun.

(MORE)

JUDITH (CONT'D)  
So I couldn't listen to them  
anymore. He'd get like that,  
sometimes. Real scary...

GARY  
Well, you can listen to it all you  
want now. All day and all night, if  
you like.

JUDITH  
(laughs)  
I guess I can.

GARY flashes her a big grin. She's very taken with him.

JUDITH (CONT'D)  
You have a real nice voice. Kind of  
soothing. Makes me feel calm.

GARY smiles, gives her a gentle kiss.

GARY  
Is that okay? To do that?

JUDITH nods, starts to cry a little.

GARY (CONT'D)  
Did I upset you? I won't do that  
again. I'm sorry.

JUDITH  
No, it's fine. I liked it. It's  
just... You're so nice, Gary. I'm  
not used to it.

GARY  
Well, it's going to be different  
from now on. *Everything's* going to  
be different from now on.

JUDITH sees that GARY too, has tears in his eyes.

INT. GARY'S 'CELL', TASK FORCE HEADQUARTERS (2003) - NIGHT

GARY is laying in bed awake, in the dark, looking at the  
VICTIM's photographs pinned up in the room beyond his open  
doorway. He settles on one face, GISELE LOVVORN (19).

FLASH IMAGE of the 'OLD FOREST' before us, under a grey sky.  
GARY stands looking at it, the wind that moves among it's  
branches, blows his hair across his face. A figure steps out  
of the 'OLD FOREST'.

In the distance, she WAVES SLOWLY at him. It's GISELE, the girl from the photograph. Is she waving hello or goodbye?

On GARY's face, suddenly illuminated, as the lights are switched on back in his room.

GUARD 1 (O.S.)  
It's time, Mr. Ridgway.

TITLE over black - "JUNE 15TH, 2003 - DAY THREE"

INT. BACK EXIT AREA, 'THE BUNKER', BOEING FIELD - MORNING

GARY is escorted by his SWAT GUARDS through the back of the building, towards the MINI-VAN. PROTHERO is with him. TOM, smoking, and the TASK FORCE team, wait near the VEHICLES.

GARY  
Morning fellas!

SHERIFF REICHERT  
Morning, Gary.

TOM  
Nice boots.

GARY has a new pair of hiking boots on.

GARY  
Thank you. They're rubbing a little. But they're alright. Mark says there's a pretty good mall near here. Maybe afterward, we can all go take a look together?

TOM  
How about you focus on giving us something we can actually use today?

GARY obediently heads into the VAN.

INT. MINI-VAN, KENT SUBURB (2003) - MORNING

TOM and GARY sit next to each other. Much to TOM's discomfort, GARY leans into him to look out, as they drive up to an ABANDONED LOT.

GARY  
There used to be a restaurant here, with some trees behind it. I dumped some clothes back there.

TOM gives GARY a look.

GARY (CONT'D)  
But I guess those woods ain't there  
anymore.

EXT. LEWIS & CLARK THEATRE, PACIFIC HIGHWAY SOUTH (2003) -  
MORNING

The MINI-VAN parked in the empty PARKING LOT.

GARY (O.S.)  
I know I left a body here back when  
I was killing... but this place was  
all grass back then.

EXT. RENTON SUBURB (2003) - MORNING

The MINI-VAN crawls, stopping and starting along the deserted  
suburban street, followed by the rest of the CONVOY. A  
peculiar sight.

GARY  
Here. No... further on. I'm pretty  
sure I left something... or someone  
right here. Back when those houses  
weren't there. Keep going...

GARY leans all over TOM as he desperately tries to see  
something he remembers.

GARY (CONT'D)  
Wait!

The VAN comes to an abrupt halt. GARY seems on the verge of  
some important pronouncement.

GARY (CONT'D)  
Actually... I don't think I left  
anything here at all.

GARY pleased with himself, looks to TOM. TOM head in hands.

GARY (CONT'D)  
(disappointed)  
I'm trying. I really am.

EXT. ROADSIDE EMBANKMENT, NEAR KENT VALLEY (2003) - DAY

The CONVOY is parked up along the edge of a very steep  
embankment. A GUARD RAIL runs along it.

TOM stands by his open door, looking over the edge of the embankment. SUE PETERS and PROTHERO nearby, talking with GRADDON.

TOM  
You're telling me you managed to  
get a body over this rail, and all  
the way down there, on your own?

GARY  
(in the car)  
No.

TOM  
That's what you just said!

GARY  
No, it was further along, just over  
there.

He points a bit further along the road to an identical area.

GARY (CONT'D)  
You want me to show you?

TOM sees GRADDON approaching, tries to keep himself under control.

TOM  
No. I want you to stay here. You  
can direct me. I'm sure this won't  
take long.

TOM stalks off along the road, as PETERS, PROTHERO and GRADDON join GARY.

GARY  
(watching TOM)  
He shouldn't walk with his hands in  
his pockets like that. If he  
tripped he wouldn't be able to  
break his fall.

PETERS  
I'll be sure to tell him that.

TOM muttering to himself as he walks along.

TOM  
... such bullshit...

PETERS' voice comes over TOM's radio, as we see GARY emerge from the VAN, off in the distance.

PETERS  
(on radio)  
Gary says to look over the rail  
about there.

TOM looks back at them. GARY, standing with PETERS and PROTHERO, points to the rail where TOM stands. TOM tries to see down the embankment but there's too much of a lip the other side of the rail. He starts to climb over.

PETERS (CONT'D)  
(on the radio)  
Gary says "be careful".

TOM  
(mutters to himself)  
...yeah, right...

He gets over, and tentatively moves about halfway towards the edge. He's really high up.

On GARY watching him.

GARY  
If he gets closer to the edge, I'm  
sure he'll see something.

PETERS  
(on radio)  
Gary says, can you get a little  
closer?

With a deep breath, TOM moves slowly to the edge. GARY watching him.

GARY  
Just a little further.

PETERS  
(into radio)  
A little further, Tom.

TOM looks over at GARY. Is he 'messaging' with him? GARY looks over at TOM, impossible to read. TOM summons his nerve and takes a step onto the very edge. As he does so, the earth gives way under his footing, and he starts to slide down the steep slope.

PROTHERO  
Did he just fall?

PETERS  
(into radio)  
Tom? Tom, are you okay? Tom!

TOM scrabbles to stop himself sliding down the embankment, earth and stones falling around him. GARY watches, implacable, as TOM keeps sliding.

INT. ADAMSON'S OFFICE, TASK FORCE HEADQUARTERS (1990) - DAY

TOM sits across from a tired looking ADAMSON.

ADAMSON

It's over, Tom. We're shutting down the Task Force.

TOM

What do you mean, you're shutting it down?

ADAMSON

The Executive says we're done. Too much money, not enough to show for it. They say it's been eight years now and we've got nothing. So they're not prepared to keep supporting us. I guess dead prostitutes don't win you too many votes.

TOM

But... what if we go to the press? We could tell them...

ADAMSON

Look, Tom. We all know he stopped killing a long time ago. He'd pretty much stopped before the Task Force was even put together. He's either dead, in prison for something else, or he's just... gone away.

TOM is in shock, can't find the words.

ADAMSON (CONT'D)

I'm being moved. They're calling it a promotion, but... well, it sure doesn't feel like it. There's a place for you in Major Crimes if you want it, but... How would you feel about keeping the lights on here at Green River? Apparently, it would look bad if it was shut down altogether, politically-speaking, and you know the case better than anyone.

(MORE)

ADAMSON (CONT'D)  
Besides, you're the only one who  
knows how to turn that damn  
computer on.

TOM  
(grabs at this life-line)  
Sir, I'll... I'll sweep the floors,  
if that's what it takes to stay on  
this.

ADAMSON  
Good. I'm glad you feel that way.

As ADAMSON continues, cut to:-

INT. TASK FORCE HEADQUARTERS (1990) - DAY

TOM stands in the large room as it starts to be dismantled.  
In a series of time-cuts we see charts, files, everything  
being boxed up and removed.

ADAMSON (O.S.)  
We'll find you an office. You'll  
still have access to everything, of  
course, but it all has to be put in  
storage. You can call on Jim Doyon  
if you need any help, but... well,  
it's pretty much just you now, Tom.

TOM is left, alone, in the large, empty room.

ADAMSON (O.S.) (CONT'D)  
You know none of us want to let  
this go. We'll all be pulling for  
you, Detective.

Just TOM and the VICTIM'S PHOTOGRAPHS. He stands looking at  
them.

REICHERT (O.S.)  
I didn't realize anyone was still  
here.

TOM turns to see REICHERT, resplendent in full uniform,  
standing in the doorway. His hair is now almost completely  
white.

TOM  
Hey, Dave. Sorry, I guess it's  
Sergeant Dave now, right?

REICHERT  
(smiles)  
Just came from the ceremony.

REICHERT takes in the, now empty, room.

REICHERT (CONT'D)  
They all came in here, one after another. The 'experts'. "Reichert's an idiot. We'll find this guy, no problem." Well, they didn't. Not one of them. They didn't beat me.

He picks up his boxes. TOM holds the doors open for him and follows him out to the ELEVATOR. REICHERT gets in.

TOM  
Good luck, Dave.

As the doors close.

REICHERT  
Thanks.

The elevator starts to go up. As REICHERT starts to disappear, he suddenly remembers.

REICHERT (CONT'D)  
Hey, you too, Tom! Let's keep in touch...

He's gone. As we slowly pull away from TOM, he becomes an increasingly small and lonely figure in a very large corridor.

INT. RIDGWAY HOUSE BATHROOM, SEA-TAC (1990) - NIGHT

GARY and JUDITH stand in the bathroom, naked. They each wash their own genitals. Clearly, this is a regular routine.

INT. RIDGWAY HOUSE BEDROOM, SEA-TAC (1990) - NIGHT

GARY and JUDITH, in bed, having sex. JUDITH looking at GARY, moved by his tenderness.

INT. KING COUNTY COURTHOUSE STORAGE WAREHOUSE (1990) - DAY

We move slowly forward through this vast storage area, passing boxes and boxes of 'Green River' evidence, sitting on huge shelving units. We move towards a large SEALED DOOR.

As we get closer we see a sign above it, saying REFRIGERATION UNIT. We pass through the small, partially frosted window. Inside are various temperature-sensitive pieces of EVIDENCE. We see some JARS containing SALIVA SAMPLES, etc. They have NAMES of suspects on them. "FOSTER", "STEVENS", "McLEAN". And, finally, partially hidden behind one of these, we can just see a JAR containing a SALIVA SWAB, and on it the name - "RIDGWAY, GARY LEON".

PETERS (O.S.)

Tom?

EXT. ROADSIDE EMBANKMENT, NEAR KENT VALLEY (2003) - DAY

Older TOM is on his back, having slid almost halfway down the steep embankment. PETERS' voice comes over his radio.

PETERS (O.S.)

Tom? You okay?

TOM

(grunts into radio)

I'm fine.

TOM starts climbing back up the embankment. Muddy and out of breath, he angrily heads for the VAN.

INT. MINI-VAN, ROADSIDE EMBANKMENT, KENT VALLEY (2003) - DAY

TOM gets back into the VAN, breathing hard, sits with GARY.

TOM

I'm a little frustrated Gary, I don't mind telling you.

GARY

I tried to warn you. Maybe if you didn't smoke so much...

TOM

Listen to me. We are zero for twelve on these field trips, Gary. No bodies, no evidence.

GARY

No evidence. I know, it's real frustrating...

TOM

You need to start coming up with something we can use here.

(MORE)

TOM (CONT'D)

If you blow any more smoke up my  
ass, it's going to start coming out  
my ears, understand?

We see GRADDON watching this in the rear-view mirror.

INT. THE BUNKER, MEETING ROOM (2003) - DAY

TOM is with GRADDON and REICHERT. MATTSSEN, MULLINAX and  
PETERS there too.

TOM

I'm not the only one who's getting  
frustrated, surely?

GRADDON

I'm getting phone calls every day  
reminding me we're on a meter here.  
They want to know what their money  
is paying for. And so far we have  
nothing to show for it. They're  
telling me there are parks and  
kiddie pools being closed down as  
we speak because of budget cuts,  
and the last thing they want is to  
carry on spending money they don't  
have, to keep a guy alive that the  
people who vote for them would much  
rather see dead anyway, and then  
still have to pay millions for a  
trial at the end of it. This deal  
was supposed to avoid all that. And  
we're getting nowhere with it. So,  
no, you're not the only one who's  
frustrated, Tom.

TOM nods, keeps quiet.

GRADDON (CONT'D)

What is going on here? Why is this  
happening? Anyone?

They all look uncomfortable.

MULLINAX

It's been a long time. A lot's  
changed.

MATTSSEN

He's clearly got a few... mental  
challenges.

PETERS

Maybe he's remembered all he's going to.

TOM

I think he, uh... I think he may be lying to us.

SHERIFF REICHERT

Why the hell would he lie to us if this is to keep himself alive?

TOM

Because... well, maybe he isn't the Green River Killer, after all?

GRADDON

Hold on...

TOM

Yes, he killed some of them. But all of them? I'm starting to have doubts.

MULLINAX

Or maybe he's just been lying so long, he doesn't know how to tell the truth any more.

GRADDON

You're saying he's doing this just to dodge the death penalty?

SHERIFF REICHERT

He knows we need proof. How could he think that would ever work?

TOM

Until he arrived here, he'd spent eighteen months in a ten by eight cell, twenty-three hours a day. If I knew I was going to die anyway, I'd maybe want to spend my last summer out of there too.

GRADDON

So what you're telling us Tom, is that we are currently engaged in a plea deal that is possibly going to end up bankrupting this county and costing all our jobs, in order to get information out of a man that you now say maybe never had that information in the first place.

(MORE)

GRADDON (CONT'D)

And we all were the ones who told the County Prosecutor that he should do this. Have I got that right?

TOM

(eventually)

All I know for certain is, Gary is holding out on us, and we don't know why. Now, I know that matters to everyone here, but it matters a very great deal to me. This has been my whole career. This has been my life. I, for one, do not want to walk away from here without knowing what really happened.

SHERIFF REICHERT

Well, Tom, looks like you might have to, because this deal is falling apart. If you guys can't get something out of him very soon indeed, something concrete, that we can show it's worth continuing with this, then they are going to shut us down. And then, either Gary gets executed for the seven we can tie him to, or we may have messed up our one chance to put that monster on trial, and we will be crucified for it.

EXT. REAR CAR-PARK, 'THE BUNKER' (2003) - EVENING

TOM stands smoking, alone in the parking lot, his head spinning. He sees PROTHERO walk to his car. TOM heads over to him.

TOM

Be straight with me here. What the fuck is going on with your guy?

PROTHERO

Interesting approach. Direct...

TOM

Mark, it's in your interest that he gives us something, too. And most of all his. If he is who he says he is.

PROTHERO takes a moment.

PROTHERO

Look, I've been talking to him about this stuff for the last year and a half. Believe me, I feel your pain. You think you've got a hold of him, then you realize there's nothing there. He's spent his whole life trying to work out how to look normal, how to get people to like him. He's all outside, and no inside.

TOM

Or he's just extremely good at hiding it.

PROTHERO

Maybe even from himself. You know the thing he's most scared of? Not that he'll be killed. It's what people will think of him. That he's some kind of monster.

PROTHERO gets in his car.

PROTHERO (CONT'D)

I think he's trying to tell the truth. He just doesn't want to remember.

He drives off, leaving TOM alone in the lot, thinking.

INT. BACK EXIT AREA, 'THE BUNKER' (2003)- MORNING

TITLE over black - "JUNE 16TH, 2003, DAY FOUR."

TOM stands with a group of DETECTIVES, watching GARY and his group heading out for the VAN.

TOM looks over to REICHERT and GRADDON, who watch at a distance, then nods to DET. CRENSHAW, a large, African-American man. CRENSHAW walks over to GARY, heads him off.

CRENSHAW (O.S.)

Where the hell you think you're going?

GARY stops, hands in his jacket pockets.

CRENSHAW (CONT'D)

You think you're going out for a nice little walk in the sunshine after the bullshit display you've been putting on for us? Huh?

GARY

(quietly)

I don't know...

CRENSHAW

What did you say? You think I'm stupid? Look at me, you piece of shit. Do you think I'm a fucking idiot?

PROTHERO looks over to TOM, who gives him a "wait" look.

CRENSHAW (CONT'D)

Tell me.

GARY

(meekly)

No.

CRENSHAW

So why are you bullshitting me, Gary?

GARY

I'm not bullshitting you.

CRENSHAW

Yes you are, Gary. You can't even look me in the eye. You got us all running around, and you're just sitting back with a fuckin' smirk on your face. I'm out there every day, digging and clearing brush in ninety fucking degrees, because of your bullshit stories, when I could be home with my kids.

GARY

They're not bullshit.

CRENSHAW

They are bullshit, and you know they're bullshit. You're not going anywhere today. Take his ass back to his fuckin' cell.

GARY is led off. CRENSHAW calls after him.

CRENSHAW (CONT'D)  
You want to keep going on your  
little field trips, then you better  
man up and start telling the truth!

TOM looks over to see REICHERT and GRADDON walking off.

INT. GARY'S CELL, 'THE BUNKER' (2003) - MOMENTS LATER

TOM approaches GARY, who sits at the desk in his doorway,  
reading. GUARDS nearby.

GARY  
Hello, Detective... uh..?

TOM  
You know my name, Gary.

GARY  
I'm sorry,.. I'm not good with that  
kind of thing...

TOM looks around, makes sure the GUARDS can't hear them.

TOM  
I know you're lying.

GARY  
I promise, I can't remember names.  
When I was a kid, I'd forget my own  
address...

TOM  
I know you've been lying to us from  
the moment you got here. I just  
don't know why.

GARY goes quiet, just looks at him.

TOM (CONT'D)  
You killed every single one of  
those women?

GARY just nods.

TOM (CONT'D)  
And you stopped in '85?

GARY just nods, again.

TOM (CONT'D)  
The one out at the racetrack you  
told us about on the first day?  
(MORE)

TOM (CONT'D)

Patricia Barczak? Well, I found her already, back in '93, but they wouldn't let me put her on the Green River list. Patricia disappeared in October '86, though. So, how'd that happen, Gary? If you stopped in '85? How could she have disappeared in '86?

GARY looks blankly at him.

TOM (CONT'D)

That means either you didn't do it, or you never stopped doing it? Which is it, Gary? How many have you really killed? Just the seven the DNA ties you to? Or did you just keep on going, until we picked you up that day at work? That's another 15 years of killing. How many more are out there?

GARY implacable.

TOM (CONT'D)

Had to keep travelling further and further to do it though, I guess. Throw us off your scent. How many state lines you cross to do it? That's a lot of other death penalties you'd have to wriggle out of, huh? Once you're done with this one. Is that why you're lying? But why lie about Patricia? You killed her here in King County. All part of the same deal. No reason to lie about her. Unless it wasn't you? Is that it? Maybe you know who did though, huh? Maybe that's where you get your information? Or *did*? Supply all cut off now, Gary? No more juicy morsels to tease us with?

GARY just looking at him.

TOM (CONT'D)

Listen to me, this party is very nearly over. For you and me both. That means this deal falls apart and you go back to where you were. Sitting in a box, waiting to die.

(MORE)

TOM (CONT'D)

No more interviews, no more fun little trips in the van, no more nothing. This is it. Either you give me something I can use or they are going to shut this down. And right now, the two people who want to stop that happening the most, are you and me. So, I really need you to help me here, Gary. Can you do that?

A group of DETECTIVES approach. TOM gives GARY one last look and then walks off. On GARY, thinking.

INT. INTERROGATION ROOM, 'THE BUNKER' (2003) - DAY

TOM and SUE PETERS sit across from GARY, who has his NOTE-BOOK open in front of him. We see he's written, "Do NOT tell a lie. Tell the TRUTH and do not GUESS." PROTHERO behind him.

TOM

You've written some notes?

GARY

I've been remembering some things.

INT. PROSECUTION VIEWING ROOM, 'THE BUNKER' (2003) - CONTINUOUS

GRADDON and SHERIFF REICHERT watching on the monitor, along with the rest of the team.

INT. INTERROGATION ROOM, 'THE BUNKER' (2003) - CONTINUOUS

TOM

I'm very glad to hear that. I hope there's something worthwhile in there.

GARY

(refers to his note-book)  
Couple of things... uh, the airport site. Na... uh, Nao... Noa...

PETERS

Connie Naon.

GARY

Yes, on her right breast. I, uh...  
I bit her breast... afterwards.  
And there was another lady...

(MORE)

GARY (CONT'D)  
I broke one of the arms... uh, back  
in '82, I got in a rage...

INT. PROSECUTION ROOM, 'THE BUNKER' (2003) - CONTINUOUS

Excitement growing in the room.

SHERIFF REICHERT  
Has any of this been made public?

MATTSEN  
No. The bite and the arm break? No.

INT. INTERROGATION ROOM, 'THE BUNKER' (2003) - CONTINUOUS

GARY  
One out by the hospital, I found  
some matches on her, so I, uh...

TOM  
Hold on, Gary. Let's rewind here.

PETERS  
This is great. This is exactly what  
we need.

TOM  
So, Connie Naon. Why did you bite  
her?

GARY  
I, uh, I don't know...

PETERS  
You must have been angry with her.

GARY  
Angry with her, I guess...

PETERS  
What did she do to make you angry,  
Gary?

GARY  
She wouldn't let me touch her...  
touch her chest. Made me mad.

PETERS  
So you bit her.

GARY  
So I bit her.

TOM  
You do anything else to her?

INT. PROSECUTION ROOM, 'THE BUNKER' (2003) - CONTINUOUS

SHERIFF REICHERT  
He ever talk about the rocks  
before?

MULLINAX  
Not to any of *us*.

INT. INTERROGATION ROOM, 'THE BUNKER' (2003) - CONTINUOUS

On GARY, pinching at his hand.

TOM  
Something had been put inside  
Connie, Gary. You know what that  
was? Did you put something inside  
her?

GARY  
I, uh... I might have put, uh...  
put a rock in there, maybe.

PETERS  
A rock?

GARY  
Yeah. I'd done that before. If  
there was a rock nearby, I'd, uh...  
I might do that.

TOM  
You put a rock in her vagina?

GARY  
I put a rock...

INT. PROSECUTION ROOM, 'THE BUNKER' (2003) - CONTINUOUS

SHERIFF REICHERT  
(willing him on)  
Who else? One could be a lucky  
guess. Who else? C'mon Tom, get him  
to tell us who else he did that to.

TOM  
(on the monitor)  
Why did you do that, Gary?

SHERIFF REICHERT  
Never mind 'why', Tom! Just get him  
to say who else and then we've got  
him...

INT. INTERROGATION ROOM, 'THE BUNKER' (2003) - CONTINUOUS

TOM  
Was it something to do with burying  
them?

GARY looking at TOM, hesitant.

TOM (CONT'D)  
Because you buried some and not  
others didn't you? Why was that?

INT. PROSECUTION ROOM, 'THE BUNKER' (2003) - CONTINUOUS

SHERIFF REICHERT  
No! Go back to the rocks. If he  
says he did it to the river girls  
as well, we've got him. We'll get  
him on the rocks!

INT. INTERROGATION ROOM, 'THE BUNKER' (2003) - CONTINUOUS

GARY  
I started burying them because I...

GARY has a FLASH IMAGE of JUDITH when she visited him in  
prison, her hand up against the window that divides them,  
looking at him, tears in her eyes, confused, frightened.

Then we're back in the INTERVIEW. GARY seems to change his  
mind. TOM sees it.

GARY (CONT'D)  
I liked knowing where they were,  
and I didn't want them scattered  
all over. So, I started burying  
them so they wouldn't be found...

TOM  
So, is that where you'd get the  
rocks from? From digging to bury  
someone...

INT. PROSECUTION ROOM, 'THE BUNKER' (2003) - CONTINUOUS

SHERIFF REICHERT  
Yes, that's it, Tom. Come on...

INT. INTERROGATION ROOM, 'THE BUNKER' (2003) - CONTINUOUS

TOM  
Is that how it was with Connie Naon?

GARY  
I just saw it there, so... and I'd already done it with the other ladies...

INT. PROSECUTION ROOM, 'THE BUNKER' (2003) - CONTINUOUS

SHERIFF REICHERT  
Which ones? Which ones?

TOM (ON THE MONITOR)  
Which other ladies, Gary?

GARY (ON THE MONITOR)  
(after a long pause)  
The ones at the river.

SHERIFF REICHERT  
(elated)  
Yes! Finally! Thank you Gary, you son-of-a-bitch!

Celebration among the TEAM.

INT. CORRIDOR OUTSIDE INTERROGATION ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

TOM enters the corridor, turns the corner and DOYON is there, elated, punches the air with joy, laughing. TOM smiling, huge relief. He's done it.

INT. RESTROOM, "THE BUNKER" (2003) - LATER

TOM stands at the urinal, as PROTHERO enters and joins him. PROTHERO seems uncomfortable.

TOM  
Well, your client just brought my retirement a whole lot closer.  
(MORE)

TOM (CONT'D)  
Maybe my bathroom will get  
finished, after all.

PROTHERO just nods, doesn't look at him.

TOM (CONT'D)  
I suppose it's congratulations all  
round. Gary just gave us *all* what  
we've been waiting for, huh?

PROTHERO doesn't answer. TOM starts to leave.

PROTHERO  
(with difficulty)  
It would be remiss of me to, uh...

TOM  
What?

PROTHERO  
Well... Gary's seen all the  
'discovery' materials. The case  
against him. We showed him all  
that. All perfectly legal, but...  
Everything he just told you? It's  
all in there.

TOM takes this in, as PROTHERO, guiltily, goes to leave.

PROTHERO (CONT'D)  
I just thought you should know.

INT. JENSEN HOUSE, BATHROOM (2003) - EVENING

The bathroom remodel is near to completion. TOM is on his hands and knees, placing small tiles onto the floor. He's having difficulty, his hand shakes. He gets increasingly frustrated. Eventually, something in him snaps. He angrily throws the tile across the room, and smashes into the ones already laid.

TOM  
(furious)  
Fuck this! Fuck you! Fuck you!

He wildly hurls the bucket next to him against the wall, its contents splattering everywhere. He wants to destroy everything he's done in here. Totally losing control.

He stops, breathing hard. He hangs his head. Eventually, he looks up into the mournful eyes of JOEY, their elderly lab, beyond the door. With him, CHARLAINE, looking at her husband, distressed by the havoc he has wrought.

CHARLAINE  
(almost in tears)  
What's happening, Tom?

TOM walks past her in silence and shame, and goes out.

EXT. EMPTY PARKING LOT (2003) - EVENING

TOM sits in his parked car, silently staring ahead. His mind full of images, memories from the last 20 years. Haunted.

INT. MILLIGAN RESIDENCE, KING COUNTY (1984) - DAY

MRS. MILLIGAN sits in her chair. CHILD at her feet. The YOUNG BOY, his eyes full of pain and anger. The picture of TERRY on the wall. The CLOCK ticking.

INT. R.J.C., VIEWING/HOLDING ROOM (2001) - EVENING

A familiar DIGITAL CLOCK changes from "7:29" to "7:30".  
(We're back at GARY's post-arrest interview.) TOM watches GARY through the TWO-WAY MIRROR, as GARY, now alone, confusedly looks through a phone book. On TOM, thinking. He starts writing on a piece of paper.

TOM comes out the door of the VIEWING ROOM, sees DOYON standing outside the closed HOLDING ROOM door. No-one else around. TOM takes out his GUN, offers it to DOYON.

TOM  
(vulnerable but covering)  
Will you hold this for me?

DOYON  
(taking gun)  
He's all yours, detective.

TOM opens the door.

INT. REGIONAL JUSTICE CENTER, HOLDING ROOM (2001) -  
CONTINUOUS

TOM enters. GARY still looking through phone book. TOM sits at the table. Silence.

TOM  
You found anyone?

GARY  
(embarrassed)  
I don't know who to call.

TOM puts the piece of PAPER down, on the table.

TOM  
That's the number for the Public  
Defender's office. You should try  
them.

GARY  
(grateful)  
Thanks.

Nervy silence. TOM pretends to look over a FILE. Then...

TOM  
Do you know who I am?

GARY  
You're the man looking for the  
Green River Killer.

TOM  
That's right.

They look at each other. GARY breaks it.

GARY  
I need to call my wife. She'll be  
worried.

TOM  
Your wife knows. There are  
detectives at your house right now,  
talking to her.

GARY is visibly distraught at this.

GARY  
What... what are you telling her?  
Judith doesn't know anything.  
She'll be so scared.

TOM sees that GARY has tears in his eyes.

TOM  
Gary, do you love your wife?

GARY nods.

TOM (CONT'D)  
Then can I give you some advice?  
The kindest thing you can do for  
her is divorce her, immediately.  
This is going to cost you every  
penny you have. But you divorce her  
now, she'll get half.

GARY takes this in, gets more teared up. His head drops.

TOM (CONT'D)  
Don't take everything away from  
her. Let her keep something. You  
owe her that.

GARY looks up at TOM. TOM sees something in his eyes.

INT. TOM'S CAR - EMPTY PARKING LOT (2003) - EVENING

TOM remembering that look, that moment.

EXT. EMPTY PARKING LOT (2003) - EVENING

TOM's car, tiny in the large empty lot, slowly pulls away.

EXT. JENSEN HOUSE BEDROOM (2003) - EVENING

TOM enters the bedroom. CHARLAINE is there, ready for bed. In  
silence, TOM begins to undress.

CHARLAINE  
Where did you go?

TOM just shakes his head.

TOM  
I'm sorry. I didn't want you to see  
me like that. I'll clean it up  
tomorrow.

She reaches for his hand. They sit together, quietly.

INT. JENSEN HOUSE, BEDROOM (2003) - NIGHT

TOM sits on the edge of the bed, while CHARLAINE sleeps. In  
the pale moonlight, he stares out the window, alone in this  
other world. He sees a small figure out on the street below,  
looking up at his window. It's GARY. After a beat, GARY turns  
and walks off up the street.

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

TOM walking along the dark street, following GARY ahead in the distance.

EXT. 'OLD FOREST' - DAY

TOM is walking towards us in a grey landscape. He stops, and sees GARY up ahead, standing at the edge of the 'Old Forest'. GARY disappears into it. TOM follows. He walks through dense, dark forest, trying to keep GARY in his sights. He sees a clearing up ahead and moves toward it.

EXT. 'OLD FOREST' CLEARING - DAY

As TOM reaches the clearing, he sees an empty, ABANDONED HOUSE, (like the ones at the airport sites from earlier). He stands looking at it across the clearing. Hidden in the darkness of the doorway, a PAIR OF EYES, watching TOM. TOM heads toward the HOUSE.

INT. ABANDONED HOUSE - NIGHT

TOM walks down a dark CORRIDOR. A FOX runs down the corridor ahead of him. It disappears through an OPEN DOOR at the end. TOM keeps moving, slowly, towards it. Again, we see EYES hidden in the dark beyond the door, watching TOM. As he approaches, the DOOR bangs shut. We hear it being locked from the inside. TOM tries the handle.

TOM  
Gary? Gary!

We notice a MIRROR on the wall beside him. Unseen by TOM, instead of his own reflection in the glass, we see GARY there. GARY turns to face TOM, throws a TRIANGULAR ROCK from out of the mirror, which lands at TOM's feet. TOM turns to the mirror, it's his own reflection looking back at him. He looks down for the ROCK. Not there. Turns round, JUDITH is there, the ROCK in her outstretched hand, offered to him. As he takes it, the DOOR clicks open in front of him. JUDITH is gone. He enters.

INT. JENSEN HOUSE, BATHROOM - - NIGHT

TOM stands in his now cleaned up bathroom. He looks down at the newly tiled floor. Notices a WET PATCH in one area. He looks closer, sees water leaking out around the edges of the tiles. He gets down on the floor, pulls at some of them, and as they come away, he sees that beneath them is more water.

Beneath the water, a FACE looking up at him, eyes open. A YOUNG WOMAN under there, standing naked, totally submerged. As he takes away more tiles, he sees another YOUNG WOMAN, and another, and another. All of them naked, standing there, silently looking up at him from beneath the surface. Waiting.

INT. THE BUNKER, GARY'S ROOM (2003) - MORNING

Eyes open. GARY lays in his make-shift BED in his small room.

TITLE over black - "JUNE 17TH, 2003 - DAY FIVE"

INT. THE BUNKER, INTERROGATION ROOM (2003) - MORNING

GARY and TOM. Facing each other. An unspoken connection.

TOM  
How'd you sleep?

GARY  
Pretty good. You?

TOM  
(nods)  
Breakfast okay?

GARY  
Decent. Didn't eat much of it.

INT. THE BUNKER, PROSECUTION VIEWING ROOM (2003) - CONTINUOUS

The rest of the TEAM watching, settling in for the session.

GARY (O.S.)  
Had a stomach-ache. Didn't want to  
make it worse.

DOYON  
Great. There goes our Zagat rating.

INT. THE BUNKER, INTERROGATION ROOM (2003) - CONTINUOUS

TOM puts a photograph, of GARY from the '80s, on the table.

TOM  
A man can change a lot in twenty  
years. I know that's not you  
anymore. The person who did all  
those terrible things.  
(MORE)

TOM (CONT'D)

I think the man I'm looking at now,  
wants to be a good man. He wants to  
help us. Help the families.

GARY

(with difficulty)

It's just... that's the way...  
that's the way I... when I put that  
in there, it's a place where I  
locked it in there. My mind doesn't  
want to give it up.

TOM

I understand, Gary. And I think  
it's important for you to remember,  
that individual *there*, is very  
different to this individual I'm  
talking to now, okay? I know that's  
not who you want to be.

GARY nods.

TOM (CONT'D)

That's the 'Old Gary'. He did those  
things, not you. And I want you to  
know, it's alright for you to tell  
us *anything*. We're not going to be  
shocked, by any of it. Okay?

GARY

Okay.

MATTSEN

Alright. Gary, we want to go back  
over what you told us yesterday  
about Connie Naon.

GARY looks blank.

MATTSEN (CONT'D)

The one you bit afterwards?

TOM

And the rock.

A moment between GARY and TOM.

GARY

Uh huh.

MATTSEN

Tell us what you remember about  
her.

GARY looks at the photograph of his 'old' self, thinks.

GARY  
I remember picking her up near the  
Red Lion, I think...

INT. THE BUNKER, PROSECUTION VIEWING ROOM (2003) - CONTINUOUS

PETERS is spreading out papers from a file on the table.

SHERIFF REICHERT  
This is everything we've got on her  
that he could have seen, right?  
Discovery materials, anything  
that's gone public, everything,  
right?

PETERS  
Yes, sir. This is everything.

INT. THE BUNKER, INTERROGATION ROOM (2003) - CONTINUOUS

GARY  
We drove out south of the airport,  
into the woods. We walked out to  
the area where we had sex. I  
couldn't climax on top of her...  
Got behind her, and climaxed, and  
then after I climaxed I killed her.

TOM  
Okay.

GARY  
And like I said, she didn't let me  
touch her chest, so... I was kinda  
mad I guess, and I bit her.

TOM nods, encouraging.

GARY (CONT'D)  
Then I dug the hole. Close to where  
she was. And I put her in there  
face up...

TOM  
So, she was another one you buried?

GARY  
She was another one I buried.

INT. THE BUNKER, PROSECUTION VIEWING ROOM (2003) - CONTINUOUS

SHERIFF REICHERT looking in the file.

SHERIFF REICHERT  
Yup, all in here. He's seen all  
this.

INT. THE BUNKER, INTERROGATION ROOM (2003) - CONTINUOUS

GARY  
I covered her up with the rocks and  
stuff from the hole, and the dirt..

TOM  
Is that where you got the rock  
from?

GARY  
Uh...

TOM  
The rock you put inside her?

GARY  
The rock I put inside her. Yes, I  
think so...

TOM  
Were you still mad at her? Is that  
why you did that with the rock?

GARY  
I, uh... I was, uh... I'd started  
getting... I had to bury her  
because... and the rock... I was  
trying to, uh...

GARY unsure how to go on. TOM has a FLASH IMAGE of TERRY  
MILLIGAN'S DECOMPOSED REMAINS, striped blouse over her head  
and legs spread.

TOM  
(gently)  
You started wanting to go back?

GARY stares at TOM, clearly struggling with something.

GARY  
I, uh... I had a tendency... not a  
tendency... of wanting... ever  
since the first ones, at the river,  
I had these...

TOM slowly nodding, willing him on.

GARY (CONT'D)  
... these urges... to go back to  
the bodies. They were just urges. I  
never acted on them.

TOM  
What you're saying is, you had an  
urge to go back and have sex with  
the bodies, right?

PROTHERO clearly unaware of this.

GARY  
I did have an urge, but I didn't do  
it... and that's why I started  
burying them. Taking them out to  
where I wouldn't go back.

TOM  
That's not unusual Gary. That's  
okay.

GARY  
'Cause I... I didn't want to...

TOM  
Didn't want to do that.

INT. THE BUNKER, PROSECUTION VIEWING ROOM (2003) - CONTINUOUS

SHERIFF REICHERT  
We never wrote about any of this in  
here?

PETERS  
We suspected something, but... no,  
nothing in there, nothing he could  
have seen.

INT. THE BUNKER, INTERROGATION ROOM (2003) - CONTINUOUS

TOM senses GARY could shut down, knows he has to be careful.

TOM  
I know it was more than an urge.  
Okay? I know that you went back to  
some of them.

GARY just looks at him.

TOM (CONT'D)

Nothing to be ashamed of. Thousands of people have done it before you. You're not the first one and you won't be the last.

GARY

Uh huh.

TOM

It's okay to let it out.

GARY

This is... the Gary I was before...

TOM

That's right. If he went back and had sex with the bodies... that was him. That's not you.

GARY

I can't keep holding it in...

TOM

It's building up inside you, like a bad cheeseburger and... you need to take a shit...

GARY and TOM locked into each other, as everyone else looks on.

GARY

Yes, I did lie about that. I tried to stop, but it didn't work...

TOM

Which ones did you go back to, Gary?

EXT. RIVER BANK, GREEN RIVER (1982) - DAY

The LONG GRASS on the banks of the Green River. There is movement in there, but the grass obscures whatever is happening.

GARY (O.S.)

The ones at the river. Three of them.

INT. THE BUNKER, INTERROGATION ROOM (2003) - CONTINUOUS

GARY  
One out near the airport.

EXT. WOODED AREA, NORTH AIRPORT SITE (1982) - DAY

In the distance, partially obscured amongst the trees, we see the pale, fleshy figure of GARY, naked and having sex with a lifeless body. Like an animal rutting in the forest.

INT. THE BUNKER, INTERROGATION ROOM (2003) - CONTINUOUS

TOM trying to contain his emotions, not to put GARY off.

GARY  
One off Highway 18.

EXT. WORKMAN'S HUT AREA, NEAR HIGHWAY 18 (1983) - NIGHT

We watch this scene as if through a black and white infra-red security camera. In the darkness, we can just see some WORKMEN approaching. As they get close to their hut, they trigger the sensors and some lights come on.

GARY (O.S.)  
Out where they had some work going on, I think.

The WORKMEN turn a corner, so don't notice that the lights have revealed GARY having sex with a woman's body off near a fence. As he turns mid-act, to see where the light has come from, his eyes reflect the light, like an animal caught on a night camera.

INT. THE BUNKER, INTERROGATION ROOM (2003) - CONTINUOUS

GARY  
The one at the bottom of Star Lake Road. The one I strangled with her clothes.

TOM knows who this is immediately. Tries not to show emotion.

EXT. STAR LAKE ROAD SITE (1984) - DAY

TERRY MILLIGAN on the ground, dead. Her striped blouse over her head, the rest of her naked body obscured by GARY standing over her, breathing hard, doing up his pants.

GARY (O.S.)  
I don't know how many. I did it to  
any one of them that was close by.

GARY turns to check on his VAN parked the other side of the trees. Through the branches, he sees his son, MATTHEW, sitting in the front seat.

GARY (O.S.) (CONT'D)  
It was a release, y'know... Didn't  
have to pay for it. I was brought  
up to not waste anything if it  
still had use in it.

In the VAN, MATTHEW obediently plays with his toys, whilst through the window, we see GARY in the distance, looking at us.

INT. THE BUNKER, INTERROGATION ROOM (2003) - CONTINUOUS

GARY  
I'd go back... few times, maybe.  
Until it got too difficult. They'd  
be, y'know, too stiff... too many  
maggots.

TOM is having a tough time hearing this, trying to keep it together.

GARY (CONT'D)  
That's why I started burying them,  
and putting the rocks in there.  
Dumping them further away. I wanted  
to stop... I wanted to stop..

INT. THE BUNKER, PROSECUTION VIEWING ROOM (2003) - CONTINUOUS

REICHERT and the team celebrate. This is the breakthrough they've been waiting for. JIM DOYON staring at the screen.

DOYON  
You fucking animal.

INT. THE BUNKER, INTERROGATION ROOM (2003) - CONTINUOUS

MATTSEN looks across at TOM, sees he's struggling emotionally.

MATTSEN  
You're doing great, Gary. Really  
great..

INT. THE BUNKER, PROSECUTION VIEWING ROOM (2003) - CONTINUOUS

GRADDON looking at TOM on the monitor.

GRADDON

Is Tom okay in there? Do we need to  
call a break? Pull him out?

INT. THE BUNKER, INTERROGATION ROOM (2003) - CONTINUOUS

TOM gives a slight nod to MATTSSEN. MATTSSEN keeps pushing.

MATTSSEN

Was this always outside? You ever  
keep a body at your house, to have  
sex with later?

GARY

No. Never in my house. Always got  
'em out real quick. Within fifteen  
minutes. Well, except one...

(looks to PROTHERO)

But you don't need to know about  
that.

TOM

Don't need to know what?

GARY

She's one of the charged ones, that  
I'm not supposed to, uh..

PROTHERO

Don't worry about that now, Gary.  
Go ahead.

GARY

She was the one that was closest to  
me. She was special. Christensen...  
uh, Carol Christensen.

FLASH IMAGE of TOM back in 1984 in the car with DOYON,  
looking at the photograph of CAROL CHRISTENSEN with the fish,  
sausage, wine bottle and bag over her head.

TOM

Why... why was Carol special?

GARY

I'd dated her a couple times  
before. She'd always been real nice  
to me. She liked me touching her.  
She took her time.

(MORE)

GARY (CONT'D)

She made me feel good... about being with her. But this time she was in a real hurry, and it didn't turn out right.

TOM

She hurried you too much this time?

GARY

Hurried me too much...

TOM

She had to be somewhere?

GARY

I don't know. I know she had a daughter...

TOM has a FLASH IMAGE of little SARAH, playing in the sand-pit as he talks to CAROL's mother in 1984. She looks up at him. Her beautiful face.

Back in the room with GARY, TOM is clearly affected by this, but again tries to hide it.

TOM

So what happened?

INT. RIDGWAY HOUSE, SEA-TAC (1983) - NIGHT

We melt through the front door of GARY's house, and very slowly move along the dark hallway. All is still, quiet.

GARY (O.S.)

I waited for her outside the bar she worked at. Asked her if she wanted to date.

At the end of the hallway, a momentary flash of white as a figure crosses the open kitchen doorway, like a ghost in the moonlight. We keep moving slowly forwards.

GARY (CONT'D)

Said she was tired, had to be someplace, I don't know.

We round the corner into a darkened kitchen.

GARY (O.S.) (CONT'D)

She said we'd have to be quick about it. I took her to the house.

Moving into the living room now. Someone is sitting with their back to us on the sofa.

GARY (O.S.) (CONT'D)  
The other times we'd done it in my truck, but I wanted her, uh... to be more comfortable there.

As we slowly move in, keeping our distance, we see it's GARY sitting naked in the dark, drinking from a bottle of wine, eyes glistening.

GARY (O.S.) (CONT'D)  
But she wouldn't wash herself with me... too much in a hurry.

Now we're moving along another corridor. On the wall a framed picture of GARY and his son MATTHEW. In the reflection, we see GARY, naked, pulling a TRUNK along the corridor towards a room at the end.

GARY (O.S.) (CONT'D)  
It had been so good before, but... she wasn't satisfying me. She wasn't enjoying it.

INT. BEDROOM, RIDGWAY HOUSE, SEA-TAC (1983)

Very close on GARY's face. Locks of blonde hair across it. Slow pullback over the next speech, revealing GARY laying next to CAROL CHRISTENSEN, both naked in his bed, sheets pulled back. He holds her lifeless body close to him. Clothes on the floor, a belt at the foot of the bed, the trunk waiting near the doorway.

GARY (O.S.)  
I couldn't climax on top of her, like before... and every time she said hurry, I got madder and madder. I got behind her, and after I was done... I killed her.

INT. THE BUNKER, INTERROGATION ROOM (2003) - CONTINUOUS

GARY  
I cried afterwards.

TOM  
Did you keep her overnight?

GARY  
Uh, maybe...

TOM  
Did you have sex with her again?

GARY  
I don't remember...

TOM  
It's okay.

GARY  
I, uh... I might have.

EXT. WOODED AREA, MAPLE VALLEY (1983) - DAY

Close on FISH SCALES. Another slow pullback reveals the fish laying on the body of CAROL CHRISTENSEN, laying on the ground among bits of trash, fully clothed, bag over her head, sausage meat in her hands. Finally, a wine bottle is placed on her by an unseen GARY.

GARY (O.S.)  
When I dropped off her body, it was in the day, I know that. I had some stuff in the refrigerator, the fish and the sausage meat and... They didn't mean nothing. I was just trying to confuse you guys. I put her clothes back on, because I didn't want to go back. I couldn't do that to her. I cared for her.

INT. THE BUNKER, INTERROGATION ROOM (2003) - CONTINUOUS

GARY  
I really cared for her. I'd had great times with her before. Why not this time?

GARY stops. The room is silent. TOM just looking at GARY. MATTSSEN unsure where TOM is at. PROTHERO looks up from writing.

INT. THE BUNKER, PROSECUTION VIEWING ROOM (2003) - CONTINUOUS

REICHERT standing, watching on the monitor, next to him JIM DOYON.

SHERIFF REICHERT  
I think Tom's losing it. Do we stop it now?

DOYON  
Just give him a little longer...

REICHERT looks to GRADDON. GRADDON gives a small nod.

INT. THE BUNKER, INTERROGATION ROOM (2003) - CONTINUOUS

TOM staring at GARY. Looks down, shakes his head.

TOM  
Help me here, Gary.

GARY just looks at him.

TOM (CONT'D)  
Carol was special to you, right?

GARY  
Yes.

TOM  
You cared about her?

GARY  
Yes.

TOM  
Okay. So, why kill her?

GARY  
I told you. Because of the  
hurryingness, and...

TOM  
I know what you told me, Gary. But  
it doesn't make any sense.

GARY stares at him, blankly.

TOM (CONT'D)  
In all these interviews you say you  
just wanted sex, and these women,  
they do something wrong, they piss  
you off, and you snap. They tap  
your 'rage' and you end up choking  
them.

GARY just blinks.

TOM (CONT'D)  
But Carol, she tells you right  
away, she's in a hurry. She can't  
give you the time you want.  
(MORE)

TOM (CONT'D)  
 Right there, you should have known.  
 And I think you did. You say this  
 was just about the sex. But it was  
 about the killing too. Wasn't it?

GARY and TOM, eyes locked, no-one else exists.

TOM (CONT'D)  
 You'd killed before. Many times.

GARY  
 Yes.

TOM  
 You know what's going to happen if  
 she pisses you off?

GARY  
 Uh huh.

TOM  
 And you like this woman. You care  
 about her?

GARY  
 Yes.

TOM  
 And you get into this anyway.  
 Knowing full well she could end up  
 dead.

GARY  
 Yes.

TOM looking into this man's face. Into the last twenty years.  
 Into nothingness. Finally -

TOM  
 Why?

GARY  
 (not understanding)  
 What's that?

TOM  
 Why? Why'd you do this?

GARY looks at him.

GARY  
 I just...

GARY has a FLASH IMAGE of standing among the trees inside the 'OLD FOREST'. He is looking at JUDITH, who stands just outside in the grey light. (We cut between the room and the forest).

GARY (CONT'D)  
I needed to kill.

JUDITH is walking away across the fields towards the rise in the distance. TOM intent on GARY's face, his words.

GARY (CONT'D)  
Because of... that.

Just before JUDITH disappears over the rise, she turns and SLOWLY WAVES in that familiar way. GARY watches her from within the darkness. And then she's gone.

GARY (CONT'D)  
I just needed to kill.

Everyone sits in silence. We realize TOM is crying.

TOM  
You touched me, Gary. You touched  
me. I need to take a break.

TOM stands. He leaves the room, as MATTSSEN turns off the camera.

GARY  
(to PROTHERO)  
What happened? Did I say something  
wrong?

INT. THE BUNKER, CORRIDOR (2003) - CONTINUOUS

TOM walks along the corridor. Enters an empty room. Sits at a table and starts to weep. JIM DOYON stands outside the door, watches his friend sobbing. A man who has looked into the abyss and found no answers, only darkness.

EXT. MOUNTAIN ROAD - DAY

We're travelling along a mountain road. We can't see surroundings yet, just the ground beneath us moving fast.

TOM (V.O.)  
The interviews with Gary Ridgway  
went on to last 188 days.  
(MORE)

TOM (V.O.) (CONT'D)  
Even though he continued to  
frustrate, the breakthroughs of  
that day gave us what we needed to  
continue.

EXT. JENSEN HOUSE BACKYARD (2003) - DAY

TOM and CHARLAINE sit next to each other on the deck. She can  
see he's been through something shattering.

CHARLAINE  
How was your day?

TOM just smiles and shakes his head. It's all he can do not  
to break down again. He takes her hand.

TOM (V.O.)  
The next day I went back to work  
and resumed my place.

EXT. MOUNTAIN ROAD - DAY

As we travel along, the camera rises and we see that we're on  
a mountain road, steep bank to one side.

TOM (V.O.)  
We never discussed what happened,  
my 'breakdown' as I call it, and  
nothing like it occurred again.

INT. KING COUNTY COURTHOUSE (2003) - DAY

A packed courtroom, nearly three hundred people squashed in.  
Jury box crammed with REPORTERS. Cameras. POLICE and SWAT  
team members everywhere. The main seating area full of the  
VICTIM'S FAMILY members. TOM sits to one side of them. At the  
very front, GARY. PROTHERO next to him.

TOM (V.O.)  
On November 5, 2003, Gary Leon  
Ridgway was formally charged with  
forty-eight counts of murder.

We hear the names of the victims being read out. (This will  
now continue under until the end.) "...Wendy Lee Coffield...  
Giselle A. Lovvorn... Debra Lynn Bonner..."

EXT. MOUNTAIN ROAD - DAY

As we travel along, we look down the embankment at the side of the road. In the distance below us, we see two pale figures, naked, dirty, watching us as we pass. They stand where their lifeless bodies were left. "...Alma Ann Smith... Carrie Ann Rois..."

TOM (V.O.)

On December 18th 2003, Ridgway was sentenced to life in prison.

INT. KING COUNTY COURTHOUSE (2003) - DAY

We're back at the courtroom. Packed, sombre. GARY in the same place, a white v-neck over his red jumpsuit. TOM at the back.

TOM (V.O.)

The family members of his victims were given the chance to face him.

"... Marie Malvar... Gail Matthews..."

A young woman stands at the podium, dabbing her eyes.

SARAH KING

I was only five when my mother died. I was at home, waiting for my mom to come back. This has been my life. She wasn't a prostitute. She was my mother. And I miss her...

TOM has a FLASH IMAGE of the little girl in the sand-pit, looking at him, all those years ago. Here she is, CAROL CHRISTENSEN's daughter, 25 now.

"... Carol Ann Christensen... Mary Bridget Meehan..."

EXT. WOODED AREA - DAY

We're moving through forest now. As we pass by trees, four more naked figures look at us off in the distance.

"... Andrea M. Childers... Constance Naon... Cindy Ann Smith"

TOM (V.O.)

Of the forty-eight convictions, four were women who Gary led us to as a result of the interviews.

".. Pammy Avent.. Patricia Barczak.. Marta Reeves..."

EXT. VACANT LOT AREA - DAY

We move past the empty, abandoned houses and see, dotted off among the trees, four young women, naked, dirty, watching.

".. Shawnda Leea Summers.. Cheryl Lee Wims.. Lisa L. Yates.."

TOM (V.O.)

Eventually, after a lot of pressure, Gary admitted he'd lied about not killing after '85, but he only told us about the ones he knew we were aware of already, so we may never know the real number.

"..Kimberly Nelson.. Maureen Sue Feeney.. Mary West.."

EXT. PARK AREA (1965) - DAY

On the edge of a park, near some houses, we see a YOUNG BOY dressed in cowboy gear, playing alone. We slowly move towards him.

TOM (V.O.)

As to when he began? He told us that when he was sixteen, he happened upon a child playing alone, lured him into the woods and stabbed him. The boy, who survived, said that his attacker told him, "I wanted to know what it felt like to kill someone". Gary was never even suspected. It's hard to believe that he could have waited another 33 years to try it again.

INT. PRISON CELL - DAY

GARY sits alone in his cell, plucking at his hand. We move towards him. "... Terry Renee Milligan... Kelly Ware... April Buttram..."

TOM (V.O.)

He said it was the only thing he'd ever found that he was good at.

".. Debbie May Abernathy.. Denise Darcel Bush.. Martina Authorlee.."

TOM (V.O.)  
 Asked to rate his evil on a scale  
 of one to five, Gary gave himself a  
 three.

"... Mary Sue Bello... Tracy Winston... Roberta Hayes.."

EXT. LITTLE LEAGUE FIELD - DAY

Travelling across the field now towards the woods.

"... Linda Rule... Sandra K. Gabbert... Kimi Kai Pitsor.."

There looking out at us among the trees as we pass, stand  
 five more young women.

TOM (V.O.)  
 I never did get an answer to "why".  
 Not from Gary, at least.

INT. MILLIGAN RESIDENCE, SEATTLE (1984) - DAY

TOM sits on the sofa opposite MRS. MILLIGAN in the armchair.

TOM (V.O.)  
 I had told Mrs. Milligan I would  
 try and find out why this had  
 happened to her daughter, Terry.

MRS. MILLIGAN  
 If a fox keeps stealing away your  
 hens you don't waste time asking  
 why the fox is doing it. He's a  
 fox. You just need to do better  
 looking after those hens,  
 detective.

"...Debra Lorraine Estes... Shirley Marie Sherrill..."

INT. KING COUNTY SHERIFF'S DEPARTMENT, SEATTLE - DAY

TOM sits in shirt-sleeves at an office cubicle.

TOM (V.O.)  
 Once it was all over, I decided to  
 do three things. The first was to  
 quit smoking. The second was I  
 started working in the Cold Case  
 Unit at the Sheriffs Department.

TOM talks on the phone.

TOM

I just wanted you to know I've re-opened your daughter's case, Mrs. Adams... Well, as long as someone is looking, there's always hope...

" Tina Marie Thompson... Yvonne Shelly Antosh... Denise Plager"

EXT. MAUI BEACH (2005) - DAY

TOM and CHARLAINE walk along the white sands.

TOM (V.O.)

The third was I decided to take my wife to Maui. We'd last been there thirty-seven years ago. Just before our wedding.

TOM can see a small gathering of people on the beach up ahead. CHARLAINE unaware. With a small smile, he keeps heading toward them.

TOM (V.O.)

The wedding that we'd argued about, because of Gary. My wife felt the memory had been ruined, and I said we couldn't let him take that away from us. That would be letting him win.

Closer to the gathering now, and CHARLAINE finally notices them. Turns to TOM confused, who just smiles.

TOM (V.O.)

Well, I realized it's not about winning or losing.

We now see that among those gathered there on the beach are MIKE and JEFF, and their families, a local PRIEST and a lady approaching CHARLAINE with a LEI. CHARLAINE overwhelmed as she realizes what is happening.

TOM (V.O.)

Everything we have that matters to us is always under threat. There will always be someone or something trying to take it from us. Trying to destroy it.

Later, mid-ceremony. TOM and CHARLAINE, LEIS around their necks and surrounded by smiling faces, kiss.

TOM (V.O.)  
 Things that are wild and  
 uncivilized and don't play by our  
 rules.

EXT. MAUI HOTEL BALCONY (2005) - NIGHT

TOM stands on the balcony, looking out at the night sky.

TOM (V.O.)  
 You don't win against an  
 earthquake, or a hurricane, or even  
 a Gary. You have to live with it.  
 You do your best to survive it, and  
 you try to learn from it. Learn  
 everything you can. Because it will  
 be coming again. You just have to  
 keep at it.

CHARLAINE comes out, puts her arms around him.

TOM (V.O.)  
 Try your best. And if that means  
 just showing up, again and again,  
 day after day...

CHARLAINE  
 (amused)  
 Have you been smoking out here, Tom  
 Jensen?

TOM  
 (caught out)  
 I'm trying, hon. I'm trying.

She kisses him on the cheek and they walk back into the room,  
 leaving us outside, looking into the dark. Faint sound of a  
 CURTAIN FLAPPING in the breeze, somewhere.

TOM (V.O.)  
 ... well, that might be good  
 enough.

"...Delores Lavern Williams... Patricia Yellowrobe..."

EXT. GREEN RIVER - DAY

We're travelling over the surface of the water now.

"... Colleen Renee Brockman... Kimberly Nelson..."

As we move along, we see up ahead on the riverbank, standing in the tall grass, the small, naked figure of OPAL MILLS.

"... Opal Charmaine Mills..."

Then we see a woman standing in the river in front of us, the water up to her waist.

"... Cynthia Jean Hinds..."

She slowly looks into the water beside her, guiding our eyes. We hover above the river, then go beneath the surface, and see the naked figure of a WOMAN held down by rocks, looking at us, her right arm loose and swayed by the current, back and forth, like she's SLOWLY WAVING.

We pull up out of the water and slowly move backwards and away over the surface again, OPAL and CYNTHIA no longer there.

NEWS REPORTER (V.O.)

The body of 31 year old Marcia Faye Chapman was found in the Green River today, weighted down by rocks. The local rafter who found her, said that one of the rocks had come loose, and that she appeared to be waving to him from under the water. This is only the latest in a number of grisly discoveries, leading local police to believe it may well be the work of a serial killer...

As we keep moving away, a MAN standing on a RUBBER RAFT filled with items of river-junk, drifts by us. He pushes himself along with a hooked pole, unwittingly moving slowly closer to making his discovery, and the start of a twenty year search.