

DRAWN

Matt McAvoy

A black silhouette of a person stands with their arms raised in a forest. The person's hands are splayed out, and their torso is open. The background is a misty forest with tall trees and a bright, circular light source, possibly the moon, in the sky. The bottom right corner of the image features a red, splattered paint effect.

Screenplay

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"DRAWN"

FADE IN:

INT. TRAIN STATION - LATE
AFTERNOON / EARLY EVENING

Jem is jogging into the station of four platforms, carrying a sports holdall. He is an effeminate man around 30 years of age, naturally camp without flamboyance. Although he dresses formally, there is a subtle air of showmanship about him, and a clear affluence. He resembles to some extent a stage magician. He has the comfortable swagger of one in a long term relationship, with a promising career ahead, as

though fate has never let him down so far.

Although daylight pours through the skylights, the station is quiet. He is talking on his mobile as he runs onto the footbridge.

JEM

It went well. I'm shattered, though.

He looks down at two trains with open doors either side of a shared platform. A CLEANER emerges from one of the trains; a STATION ASSISTANT is walking the length of the platform from the far end, slamming the occasional open door.

JEM

I've already
started. Listen,
can I call you back?
(Exasperatedly) I
was just about to
ask - how did it go?

The station assistant reaches
the last door of the train on
the left side of the
platform, and blows his
whistle.

JEM

Shit. Hold on.

Jem breaks into a run down
the steps and the station
assistant holds the last door
open for him. Jem nods his
thanks and steps inside.

JEM

(Into his phone)

I just asked didn't
I?

Jem makes his way toward the rear of the carriage. A middle aged PASSENGER, bald with a goatee beard, is sat at the very rear against the wall, to the right of the driver's compartment door, reading a copy of the Evening Standard. A large multi-coloured wheelie case sits in the aisle beside him. Jem nods courteously and heads toward a table midway down on his left. The passenger nods back.

JEM
(Listening
without
interest)

Mm, mm. Hey, I tell
you what - they're
sceptical down here.

Jem begins shuffling into the
seat, facing the train's
rear.

JEM

It's scepticism.
You think everything
is homophobia.

The passenger looks at Jem,
who glances back
indifferently.

JEM

About two hours.
You gonna pick me up
at the station?
Relax, will you, I
meant the tube
station.
(Sarcastically)

Thank you - I'll
text you. (Listens
momentarily, then
grunts) Not good
then. Listen Bud, I
don't know how much
battery I've got
left. Alright, bye.

He hangs up and relaxes back
into the seat.

INT. TRAIN - SUNSET

The train rushes through the
countryside as Jem looks at a
blank A4 pad, a pencil in his
hand. His eyes are heavy,
watching a golden-red sunset
to his left. He stretches
his arms out wide and smiles
at a 1940s van which is
waiting at a wooden level-
crossing, bearing the painted

words: "High quality manure". Jem glances at the passenger, whose face is buried in the newspaper, then at the Evening Standard's front page headline: "IS A SERIAL KILLER TARGETING GAY LONDONERS? - Police link murders." Jem looks again at the blank piece of paper. He rests his face against the window and closes his eyes, playing with his wedding ring.

INT. PAUL'S OFFICE - DAY

The office is plain and small, though bright, with white décor and barred wooden sash windows. It is furnished with a desk, large potted plants and shelves of paperwork. Jem sits opposite

DCI PAUL CORMACK, a middle-aged, friendly looking man, who appears to keep in good shape. Paul wears a cheap suit, spectacles and a large bushy moustache; he has a warm Westcountry accent.

A pretty young woman, JO, enters the office in a white shirt and police epaulettes - she carries two mugs of tea.

PAUL

I got a bit of
stick.

JEM

(Smiling)

I'm used to that.

The woman places the mugs on the desk.

PAUL

I'm not. Thank you
Jo.

JEM
(Flirtatiously)
Thank you.

JO
You're welcome.

They wait for Jo to leave the
office, closing the door
behind her.

PAUL
They tell me you
were useful in
Berkshire.

JEM
Yeah, I hope so. I
think I was.

PAUL
I can't pay you.

Jem does not hide his disappointment well.

JEM

That's fine.

PAUL

Can't justify it. I can pay you expenses.

JEM

Okay.

Jem's attention is on a photograph on the desk; Paul is posing with a German Shepherd and a broad smile. The photo was taken on a sunny sea front next to a stabilized fishing rod.

PAUL

Have you got a
hotel?

JEM

(Sipping his
tea)

The Ritz Carlton.

Paul is stone-faced for a
second before Jem grins.

JEM

I'm joking. I've
got a B and B.

PAUL

(Breaking into
laughter)

I don't think we've
even got a Ritz-
Carlton here.

JEM

I did wonder.

PAUL

Can you stay
tonight? Come to
the scene tomorrow?

JEM

Yeah, sure.

Jem is glancing restlessly
around the office.

PAUL

(Smiling)

Are you doing it
now?

Jem shakes his head quickly,
then smiles.

JEM

Sorry.

PAUL

I came to see your
show.

JEM

Did you?

PAUL

Yeah, in Cwmbran.
You had that same
look.

There is a short pause.

JEM

Well?

Paul tilts his head
pensively, then his features
relax and he exhales, shaking
his head.

PAUL

I don't know how you
do it.

JEM

It's not a trick.

Paul looks expectant. Jem frowns, then animates as if on stage.

JEM

I don't really do anything. It's what I don't do that makes it possible (waits dramatically for a reaction).

PAUL

Which is?

JEM

I follow instinct rather than knowledge.

PAUL

Okay...

Jem uses his hands for emphasis, putting down the mug.

JEM

Take bats. Bats will always turn left when they emerge from a cave; they don't know why. It's innate; they've no other method of guidance, so they follow pure instinct. Humans are the same, or would be, if not for the fact that we have other factors to guide us now; years of evolution have taught us to harvest our food, to stabilize our home's climate; if we're

hungry we go to the cupboard, if it's cold we turn up the thermostat. Our intelligence has made it unnecessary for us to use our instinct, but that doesn't mean it's not there anymore. What I do is strip away everything that's learnt, or conditioned, and take my guidance from pure, bare instinct.

PAUL

Everything you've ever learnt about anything? You can just switch that off?

JEM

Yeah.

PAUL

(Almost
suspiciously)

How?

JEM

I don't know how.
I've been doing it
since I learnt to
talk. To me, it's
just a different
consciousness.

PAUL

And this... gift is
what makes you
different to the
rest of us?

JEM

Ability. Just an
ability.

PAUL

But that doesn't
explain why you're
psychic.

JEM

I'm not psychic.

PAUL

In your show you
say: "I'm being
drawn over here", or
"I'm being drawn
over here"...

INTERCUTTING a small, well-
lit hall with a hundred-
strong audience of
predominantly middle-aged
women on chairs arranged to
face Jem, who stands before
them in a shiny grey suit.

He moves pointedly toward the left side of the audience.

BACK TO SCENE:

JEM

Just following instinct. When I'm drawn to something it's "innate perception". Instinctive processing of information is far more accurate and reliable than using knowledge. People are a lot more perceptive instinctively than when they use learnt methods - more than they realize. The only difference with

me is, first, I'm aware of it, and second, I know how to turn it on and off.

PAUL

By blocking out years of conditioning?

JEM

Yeah.

EXT. POLICE STATION CAR PARK
- DAY

Paul and Jem stand outside the police station back door, facing into the secure compound for marked and unmarked squad vehicles. They are both smoking.

PAUL

Do you go into a
trance?

JEM

No, I'm still
conscious and
communicating, but
I'm totally in
control of my learnt
information.

PAUL

What about the...
instinctive guidance?

JEM

No, I can't control
that - it's innate,
that's the whole
point.

PAUL

Doesn't that worry
you?

JEM

No. Why should it?

PAUL

Does it ever affect
your actions?

JEM

No. (Rethinks)
Well, very rarely -
maybe if I'm really
tired or a little
half cut, I might
find myself blurring
the distinction
between the
consciousness' and
actually doing
something I wouldn't
normally do.

PAUL

(Shocked)

Really? See, that's
what I would be
worried about.

JEM

Yeah, but I'm
talking about tiny
things. Like the
other night -

INTERCUTTING the middle of
the night in Jem's bedroom.
It is dark as he steps out of
bed half-asleep, in only his
boxer shorts. By the light
through the window a young
MAN is visible in the bed,
fast asleep.

JEM (V.O.)

I woke up in the
middle of the night
to go to the toilet,
which I never do. I

walked straight past
the bathroom into
the living room
(stumbles into the
lounge, yawning) and
picked up the
telephone (picks up
the cordless phone
and puts it to his
ear) about three
seconds before it
started ringing
(jumps as the phone
rings).

BACK TO SCENE:

PAUL

Who was it?

JEM

My mum. Nan was in
hospital.

PAUL

She alright?

JEM

Yeah, she's fine -
she fell. Point is
on that occasion I
think I was drawn to
the phone because
I'd had a few beers,
my guard was down,
and possibly because
I was wearing the
boxer shorts she
gave me.

PAUL

Ah. So you need a
physical connection?

JEM

I don't, but it's a
definite influence
sometimes.

INSERT very briefly an audience member handing Jem a dangling earring, which he clasps in both hands.

BACK TO SCENE:

PAUL

What do you mean
your guard was down?

JEM

Knowledge is an
obstacle to innate
perception; in the
show it has to be
suppressed. The
only way to do that
is to shut out all
rational thinking,
just like if I'm
tired or pissed.
That's how you

expose yourself to innate guidance, and wherever it chooses to draw you.

Sometimes, if I'm very tired, I might get confused and act on it. But I'm talking once in a blue moon. Nought-point-one per cent of the time.

PAUL

Bit of a worry isn't it?

JEM

No, innate instinct is probably safer than conscious decision-making, because the instinct for self-protection

will always overrule
all the others.

PAUL

Yeah, I suppose that
makes sense...

Both men look thoughtful.
Paul extinguishes his
cigarette underfoot.

INT. TRAIN - SUNSET

Jem has drawn a
frontal/profile head shape on
the blank pad, with so far
only an ear and a nose. He
is lazily leaning against the
glass watching the sun set.
Then he frowns and lifts his
head.

JEM

(To the
passenger)
Where are we?

PASSENGER
Pembrokeshire.

Jem momentarily glares at the
man, who looks away
uncomfortably.

JEM
(Distraught)
Ah, man!

After a long pause he presses
the 'call' button on his
mobile and places it to his
ear, as a low-pitched alarm
emanates from it. He looks
at it accusingly.

JEM
(Laughing
ironically)

Oh, you're fucking...
(Places it back to
his ear) I got on
the wrong train...
Pembrokeshire.

The phone emits a series of
beeps.

JEM

Yeah, that's my
battery... I don't
know why I got on
the wrong train - I
just did.
(Irritated) You
don't even know
where Pembrokeshire
is. (Turns to the
passenger) How far's
the next stop mate?

The passenger shrugs. Jem
lowers his voice, though the
passenger overhears.

JEM

He doesn't know.
Bunch of fucking
mongers down here.

The passenger glares at Jem.

JEM

Well as soon as I
know I will, won't I
- hello? (Looks at
his phone) Fuck it!

He slips the phone into his
pocket and leans back against
the glass with a sigh.

EXT. RIVERBANK - DAY

It is a dry sunny day. The
MURDER SCENE is a riverside
woodland area in a large
urban park and nature trail.

Busy roads and houses are visible on all sides far in the distance.

Jem and Paul are behind another detective, of a similar age to Jem, DS MARK WYLSO - a cocky young copper with a fake Cockney accent and a designer suit. They are scrambling to the bottom of the steep, muddy riverbank. Jem and Paul wear trainers and jeans.

MARK

(Slipping in the mud)

Bloody hell!

Jem almost loses his footing and chuckles. He is excited as he stops at the scene.

JEM

I thought there'd be
blood everywhere.

MARK

There was blood
everywhere.

Jem scans the ground and
branches, to focus on what
might be dried blood on a
nearby tree trunk. Paul
draws Jem's attention to a
series of deep furrows in the
mud next to the flowing
stream.

PAUL

This is where the
body was found by a
woman's dog.

Jem photographs the furrows
with his mobile phone. Mark
walks away and lights a
cigarette.

PAUL

He was certainly murdered here. We know that because of the heelmarks arterial spray on this branch. Flat on his back and stabbed in throat. Murder weapon was at least two different sorts of knife, one most likely a Stanley, probably one in each hand. The victim was hit with a rock (points to his own head) here, on his right temple, which is probably what put him on his arse. We've retrieved the rock... Err...

Injuries were
focused mainly on
the neck, chest and
groin area. Also
evidence of rape.

JEM
(Grimacing)
Jesus!

PAUL
Almost twenty
injuries in total.

JEM
(Crouching)
I need to touch
things...

PAUL
Mark?

MARK
(Turning back
briefly)

You can touch
whatever you want -
the team have
finished.

Jem kneels in the mud, his
hands on his thighs.

JEM
Right then.

PAUL
Now what?

JEM
(Shrugging)
I just follow where
it takes me.

PAUL
We'll leave you to
it.

Mark watches Jem for a moment, before following Paul up the bank.

JEM

What was his description?

The two officers stop in their tracks.

MARK

The victim?

JEM

(Sarcastically)
No, the killer, then we can all go home.

Mark glares at Jem, before turning away, shaking his head.

PAUL

Forty years old -

JEM

Forty?

PAUL

Forty. About five-
seven, seventy-five
kilos.

JEM

Sorry, I don't know
what...

PAUL

Eleven and a half
stone.

JEM

And what time was he
murdered?

PAUL

About two a.m.

The two officers continue to the footpath at the top of the bank, upon which stands a police "MURDER" appeal sign.

Jem photographs the imaginary outline of the body, and the bloody overhanging branch, then slips the phone back into his pocket. He leans forward, placing his left hand in the mud at several different places in the vicinity. His attention is drawn to a sycamore leaf in the mud; he picks it up and examines it, scanning the trees around him. He rinses the leaf in the stream and dries it on his jeans, putting it into his pocket. He then places his hand flat on the ground where he had found it and looks up at the

pinpricks of sunlight through
the trees.

JEM

(Frowning)

Very dark.

INTERCUTTING night at the
riverbank, KILLER'S P.O.V.
Faceless shapes are
discernible by exaggerated
moonlight - the sound of the
stream is also exaggerated.
The VICTIM is standing facing
the river with his back to
the KILLER. A large rock is
in the killer's left hand, as
he approaches the victim.

BACK TO SCENE:

Jem looks at the heel furrows, stretching his foot toward them.

INTERCUTTING - Still moonlight; the victim is laying face down in the stream. The killer kneels down and flips him over onto his back, wrapping his left hand around the victim's throat, in his right hand a large, vicious knife raised high, poised to come down between the victim's legs. The victim kicks out, his feet skidding in the mud.

BACK TO SCENE:

Paul is watching Jem from the top of the riverbank, rolling a cigarette. Mark stands

several metres away, talking very quietly on his mobile.

MARK

(Laughing)

Yeah, I'm serious - a psychic... Yeah, he's a right fucking cock as well.

Paul overhears, glancing briefly at Mark.

INTERCUTTING back to night at the riverbank, JEM'S P.O.V. Jem is following the victim slowly toward the stream. Silently he crouches to pick up the rock in his right hand. As the victim slowly turns around, his own P.O.V. reveals Jem smile tenderly, then suddenly attack with the rock.

BACK TO SCENE:

Jem moves quickly to straddle the imaginary victim's waist. His eyes move above where the victim's head would be; he reaches out to touch the ground there.

Paul watches Jem transfixed as Mark approaches, putting his phone into his pocket.

MARK

(Quietly)

Do you really think
-?

PAUL

Ssh.

Mark follows Paul's gaze down to where Jem is whispering.

MARK

(Whispering)

...The fuck is he
doing?

Paul moves a step closer to
Jem looking irritated.

JEM

(Shouting,
without looking
up)

Your killer's right-
handed.

MARK

(Quietly)

We already know
that.

PAUL

Shut up will you?

Jem rinses his muddy hands in the stream beside him. As he does he envisions blood running away.

INSERT night again - KILLER'S P.O.V. Bloody hands hurriedly snatch up a small doctor's case from the ground behind the victim's head.

BACK TO SCENE:

Jem traces the case's barely discernible outline in the mud with his finger.

EXT. DAY - RIVERBANK

Later afternoon, the sky is more orange than before. Jem is sat cross legged in the

mud, scribbling away in his A6 pad. Two of his sketches lay strewn on the ground: the leaf and a crudely drawn wooden handle with a claw shaped blade at one end. The sketch he presently draws is more detailed - a faceless victim lying on his back alongside the river, arms outstretched with a branch overhanging.

Paul and Mark descend the bank.

PAUL

How you getting on?

JEM

Clues everywhere.

MARK

The team didn't think so.

JEM

I think your killer
was disturbed.

Jem collects his drawings and
starts to rise; PAUL helps
him.

MARK

No shit Columbo.

JEM

No I mean by a
passer-by - he was
interrupted.

PAUL

A witness?

JEM

And he panicked and
dropped something.

PAUL

What?

Jem holds up the drawing of the bladed instrument.

JEM

I don't know what it is.

MARK

(Chuckling)

He did a drawing?

When they ignore him, Mark sheepishly stops laughing.

PAUL

(Taking the drawing)

What makes you think he was disturbed?

JEM

Was there genital mutilation?

MARK

Well, apart from a
big knife in the
bollocks...

JEM

The killer brought a
bag of tools, but
didn't finish using
them... didn't
really start using
them. So you're
telling me that
person didn't report
it? (A moment's
pause) Your victim
wasn't raped either.

PAUL

No, probably not.

Jem looks accusingly at the
officers.

JEM

Are you gonna fill
in these blanks or
wait for me to do
it?

EXT. CHANGING BLOCK - DAY

Jem, Paul and Mark are
crossing the grass 200 metres
from the murder scene, toward
a heavily graffiti-covered
changing block. A men's
rugby game is being played
nearby. The leaves of a
large sycamore tree litter
the ground.

MARK

We have reports here
most nights - it's
usually the same
residents that
complain (points to

the nearest houses
across the road a
quarter of a mile
away) .

JEM

You ignore it?

PAUL

Uniform patrol, but
it's their policy
not to villify or
move these men; if
we do who knows
where they'll go and
put themselves at
risk?

Jem is looking at a nearby
playground, where a young
mother watches her toddler
playing on the slide.

JEM

How about home, like
normal people?

PAUL

They're not gonna
get what they want
at home. Some are
married
professionals, same
as the victim was.
At this point in the
investigation we
can't call it
anything but rape,
until we've got
evidence to suggest
otherwise; if we try
I guarantee his
family will sue us
for slander.

JEM

Yeah, well, that
doesn't change what
happened. What time

was it reported that
night?

MARK

About twelve-thirty.

JEM

An hour and a half
before the murder.

He leaves his remark hanging
in the air for a moment.

JEM

That's a long time
to inflict twenty
injuries. (Looks
around thoughtfully)
Your killer's
probably married
too. Oh, he's gay,
no doubt, but he
despises it. A man
like that will most
likely have married.

PAUL

Basic profiling Jem.
We don't need that
from you - we need
evidence.

MARK

(Sniggering)

Someone's been
watching too much
Cracker.

JEM

(Taken aback)

Profiling is the
evidence. Why
didn't he kill him
here? If he had his
bag of tools? It's
quite secluded, so
why not? Because he
didn't have it here;
he came here for
sex, nothing more,

just like the
victim. The desire
to kill came after.
Quick, frenzied
stabbing... angry
stabbing; twenty
times, once in the
groin - (pointedly)
the groin was the
first. (Pauses for
impact) He enjoys
cruising, enjoys it
so much he probably
goes away and cries
in disgust at
himself. He decides
after to get his bag
and come back. That
probably means he
keeps it in his
car...

Jem points to the top of a
ridiculously tall CCTV mast
on the edge of the park.

JEM

... just in case...
just in case he
feels that disgust,
an overwhelming need
to come back and
destroy what he's
done, because if he
doesn't destroy it,
what does that make
him? Only this time
he was interrupted,
not satisfied - not
by a long way. He
may already be
looking for another
target - another gay
man. We have to
catch him, and now.

Paul and Mark look at each
other. Paul is rubbing his
forehead.

MARK
"This time"?

JEM
(Exhilarated)
What?

MARK
You said "this
time". You're
talking about a
serial killer.

PAUL
We've had no
killings like this
Jem. None.

JEM
Not here - London.

PAUL
It wouldn't be the
same man.

JEM
(Deflated)
Why not?

MARK
(Dismissively)
Serial killers are
territorial.

JEM
(In sudden
realization)
You think I'm glory-
hunting.

PAUL
No-one thinks that
Jem.

MARK
Crossed my mind.

PAUL
Oh, Sergeant...

JEM

(Seething to
himself)

Why the fuck am I
here? For free too.

Jem storms away, back toward
the murder scene.

PAUL

(Sighing)

I don't think that
Jem.

Paul glares angrily at Mark,
who is looking at him with
raised eyebrows.

PAUL

Not another bloody
word!

Mark looks innocent, closing
his lips with an invisible
zip.

INT. TRAIN - EVENING

As the train hurtles through the fields and valleys, Jem looks inquisitively at his A4 drawing, now bearing a chin, an ear and a nose. His smaller sketches and the sycamore leaf from the murder scene are on the table, as well as a digital photo frame, which shows the images he took on slide-show mode.

JEM

(Whispering)

Come on.

Jem's phone beeps and he takes it from his inside pocket, reading the new text message: "Happy things are going well for you." He tuts

and sighs. A pop-fizz sound alerts him to the other passenger, who has opened a bottle of Lucozade from his satchel. Jem looks momentarily at the satchel. He touches the pencil to his forehead and closes his eyes tightly.

JEM

(Whispering)

Come on.

EXT. DAY - RIVERBANK

Jem is angrily pacing alongside the river, following it downstream away from the murder scene, glaring into the water. Paul and Mark are following several metres behind.

MARK

Mature, ain't he?

PAUL

Jem, come on mate.

Thirty metres from the murder scene, the ground has levelled and the path is directly alongside the stream, some six inches deep. Jem stops walking, staring at the water; he suddenly steps into the river, still in his trainers. Mark laughs incredulously.

PAUL

(Open-mouthed)

What is he..?

Jem is transfixed by a clump of weeds on the opposite edge of the water, which he wades toward. He carefully lifts

it. The officers watch as he takes out his mobile and photographs what is underneath, before carefully letting the clump fall back into place. He starts wading back across the river.

JEM

You wanna take a look?

Paul kicks off his trainers and steps into the water, crossing the stream, as Jem gets out and starts walking away. Paul lifts the clump, then stares stone-faced at the wooden-handled carpet knife with a sharp claw-shaped blade, about three inches long, tangled precariously against the current. He holds back the clump and moves aside for

Mark to see. They both stare at Jem, who turns to look at them as he walks away.

INT. TRAIN - EVENING

Beside his drawing Jem has written a list of adjectives; "Turkish" has a question mark beside it - "Polish", "black" and "straight" each have a line drawn through them.

A phone rings and Jem looks up to see the passenger hurriedly removing his mobile from his satchel, which Jem fixes his gaze on. He hears a shut-down tone as the passenger switches the phone off, slipping it back into the satchel. The passenger nervously rubs his forehead, folds the Evening Standard,

then quickly grabs his bags,
standing up.

JEM

Are we stopping?

PASSENGER

No, no, we've some
way to go yet.

JEM

(Disappointed)

Oh.

The passenger starts moving
down the aisle toward Jem.
He stops and passes Jem the
newspaper.

JEM

Thank you.

The passenger smiles and
nods. As he continues past,
Jem continues to stare at the

satchel. Jem turns the newspaper over, laying it on the table, reading the back page. He frowns, turns the newspaper over and looks at the date. He glances over his shoulder and sees the passenger slowly continuing down the length of the carriage. Jem faces forward, hearing his voice in FLASHBACK.

JEM (V.O.)

I got on the wrong train.

EXT. DAY - TAXI

Jem sits directly behind the DRIVER in a minicab, travelling at a moderate speed along a busy urban road. The driver is a young

middle eastern man. Music plays loudly - Arabic with a western dance beat. Jem closes his eyes, rubbing his temples with one hand. On his lap is the digital photo frame, and his disassembled mobile phone. He puts the frame into the sports bag on the seat next to him, glancing disapprovingly at the meter. He catches the driver's eye in the rearview mirror.

DRIVER

Is the music too loud?

JEM

(Wearily)

No mate, it's fine.

Jem reassembles the phone, as the driver turns the music

down. Jem is watching the colourful road in an Asian dominated area of the city. Music fills the air.

The taxi slows to halt behind a long row of cars, approaching a set of temporary traffic lights showing red. The driver sighs. After a moment a motorcycle creeps up alongside the taxi and stops directly next to Jem's window. The RIDER is dressed totally in black leathers, full head helmet and blackened visor. The rider turns his head intently to face Jem. Jem looks away uncomfortably, but the rider continues to face him. They stare at each other.

DRIVER

What's this guy's
problem?

The lights ahead eventually change to green and the cars slowly start to move. The motorcyclist shows no sign of moving or redirecting his gaze, though. Finally, as the taxi starts to move, so does the motorcyclist, though he continues to stare at Jem, turning his head almost fully as he rides ahead slowly, picking up speed.

DRIVER

(Chuckling)

Man, what a freak.

Jem is petrified.

INT. TRAIN - EVENING

Jem puts down his pen and stares at his drawing. He has added facial features and a goatee beard. He hears his voice in FLASHBACK.

JEM'S (V.O.)

Innate perception.

He looks at the newspaper's front page header: "London Evening Standard".

EXT. CHANGING BLOCK - DAWN

A light drizzle falls and the sky is grey. Jem strolls slowly around the changing block. In the distance, maybe a quarter of a mile away, he sees a bull terrier being walked by a man in a kagoul with the hood up; his features are

indistinguishable. The man throws a ball and the dog runs after it. Jem reads some of the graffiti as he wanders. He notices the man is standing motionless, hands in pockets, looking in his direction. Jem drags on his cigarette, watching the man. As the dog returns to the man and drops the ball, it is ignored. Jem hears a couple of barks a second after the dog impatiently makes them in its owner's direction. The two men continue to face each other. Jem hears his and Paul's voices in FLASHBACK.

JEM (V.O.)

I don't know why I
got on the wrong
train.

PAUL (V.O.)

"I'm being drawn
over here..."

INTERCUTTING a brief
FLASHBACK of Jem standing on
the station footbridge
looking at the two trains
below.

JEM (V.O.)

I just follow where
it takes me.

INT. TRAIN - EVENING

Jem's face is sullen as he
rolls the leaf between his
palms, then turns around
casually; not to his
surprise, the passenger has
returned, taking a seat three
rows behind him. The

passenger looks out of the window, frowning. Jem faces forward, tearfully, but continues to glance furtively over his shoulder.

Jem suddenly grabs his sports bag and stands up in the aisle. He sees the side door is beyond the passenger, and there is nobody else on the carriage. The wheelie case blocks the aisle, and the passenger watches him intently, tightening his grip on the satchel. Jem turns around, seeing the sealed door to the driver's compartment directly behind him, which bears a sign reading: "This door is locked when not in use". Finally Jem sighs and slides into the seat directly opposite where he had been

seated previously, facing the passenger, leaving one leg in the aisle. The passenger slightly relaxes his grip on the satchel, and gestures to the leaf Jem still holds cupped in his palm.

PASSENGER

(Quietly)

I used to know this man who brought dead flies back to life in his garden. He'd pick it up, cup it in his hand (cups his hands) then whisper to it. Then he'd open his hands (opens his hands) and it would fly away.

JEM

(Voice shaking)

It's a trick. He
froze it and put it
there earlier.

PASSENGER

Froze it?

JEM

When you lower a
fly's temperature it
passes out. It
looks dead until you
warm it up.

PASSENGER

(Disappointed)

Do you think that's
how he did it?

JEM

Yes.

PASSENGER

I see.

The passenger frowns as he looks out of the window, occasionally glancing at Jem.

Jem's attention is drawn to a fire extinguisher behind the passenger, then a small, pointed emergency hammer in a glass case on the wall. The passenger follows his gaze to the hammer. They watch each other as the train hurtles along.

FADE OUT.

THE END

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