



# DRAWN

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Matt McAvoy

Screenplay

A large, irregular red splatter graphic at the bottom of the page, partially overlapping the 'Screenplay' text and the silhouette of the figure.

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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 any more. 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 mongs 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 WYLSON - 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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