

# SAM TYLER

18 CONTINUED:

18

ANGLE ANNIE CARTWRIGHT

## scene #1

late twenties, the lone female detective. Something immediately piques her interest about Sam. Not romantic or sexual but... he just seems different from the rest. There's a certain humanity about him.

RESUME

GEORGE (CONT'D)

(to Sam)

Can I help you?

Start →

Finally--

SAM

Can you help me? Yes, you can start by telling me what you've done with my office.

(escalating)

My desk, which was right... right here in my office, there were walls... right here.

There's only a cubicle now, no office.

SAM (CONT'D)

What the hell is going on?

All the busywork stops now as they stare back at him. Then--

SAM (CONT'D)

My name is Sam Tyler, this is my Department, what the hell have you done with it!? This... where's my office!!! Where's my P.C., my... who are you people!?

They continue to gape at him as DETECTIVE GENE HUNT, forties, comes out of his office like a bear emerging from a cave.

HUNT

Who the fuck's making all the noise?

A silent beat. Then--

GEORGE

This is the new transfer, Detective Sam Tyler. He says it's his Department--

(CONTINUED)

1/8

18 CONTINUED: (2)

18

SAM  
(agitated)  
It is my Department.

GEORGE  
--and he apparently doesn't like  
his office.

SAM  
What is this, a game? Okay, I give  
up, what year is this supposed to  
be?

HUNT  
(polite)  
What year do you think it is, son?

SAM  
It's 2007. And who the hell are  
you?

Hunt calmly approaches. A beat.

HUNT  
Gene Hunt. Welcome aboard, come on  
in, we'll get you all set up.

And Hunt ushers Sam into--

END

19 INT. HUNT'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

19

Hunt closes the door. A beat. And then, suddenly,  
violently, he grabs Sam and thrusts him against a wall.

HUNT  
You listen to me.... I've had a  
coupla bad experiences with time  
travelers, so I'm in no fucking  
mood! This is my Department, it's  
1972, and that concludes your  
orientation.

SAM  
Take your hands off me.

HUNT  
My hands aren't on you, this is  
affection. If I wanted to put my  
hands on you, it'd be more like  
this.

And he punches Sam in the gut, it buckles him.

(CONTINUED)

2/8

28 CONTINUED: (2)

28

SAM (CONT'D)

The hair under the nails is synthetic. The killer is either wearing thick gloves or he's using a bag made from a coarse material which gets under the nails--

HUNT

The lab results aren't even back on that hair, whether it's synthetic--

SAM

It is,--

HUNT

You can't possibly know--

SAM

I've seen it before!!

Again... Hunt is strangely compelled to believe him.

SAM (CONT'D)

With what I know, I could find this killer.

HUNT

Okay. Prove it.

CUT TO:

29 INT. HOMICIDE DIVISION - MINUTES LATER

**Scene #2**

Sam is holding court. Hunt stands behind, to lend authority, or perhaps credibility to the idea of Sam being in charge.

SAM

The suspect in my case turned out to have an alibi but we were working on a theory that he might nevertheless be connected to the killer. George, I'd like you to run the name Colin Raimes through the comp--

(catches himself)

...files, see if anything turns up.

GEORGE

How old?

**Start →**

(CONTINUED)

**3/8**

29 CONTINUED:

29

SAM

He'd be...  
(realizing)  
... four.

As they stare back, the thought rushes through Sam's head,  
'What the fuck am I doing, why am I bothering with this?'

SAM (CONT'D)

Forget it. The key thing to focus  
on is fibers.

Somebody yells out, 'Rope?'

SAM (CONT'D)

Not necessarily rope. We know Suzi  
Tripper wasn't gagged, we also know  
he held her at least a day before  
killing her, perhaps he wanted to  
talk to her, or maybe...  
(then)  
Annie, join me a second.

Annie, unsure, does so, as the CATCALLS COME FROM THE PEANUT  
GALLERY. Annie draws her weapon.

ANNIE

(waving the gun)  
Yeah, okay, who wants me to do him  
first?

And THEY HOOT AND HOWL.

HUNT

Alright!

When Hunt speaks, they listen. Sam positions himself in  
front of Annie, takes both her hands.

SAM

Okay. This man is lonely. Isolated.  
He dreams of a particular girl, and  
he fantasizes, he doesn't know her,  
so he goes to body parts. Her hair,  
her eyes, --

VOICE

(from the peanut  
gallery)  
--her tits!!

MORE HOOTING AND LAUGHING.

(CONTINUED)

4/8

29 CONTINUED: (2)

29

HUNT

Hey, hey, hey!!!

And they go quiet.

HUNT (CONT'D)

(admitting; to Sam)

Probably would be the tits.

As THEY ALL HOOT AGAIN.

SAM

(overriding)

Why doesn't he gag her!?

As they calm.

SAM (CONT'D)

Because he needs to see her mouth.

His fantasy is kissing her.

Though Annie is just a prop here, she's a bit excited again by the physical connection to Sam.

SAM (CONT'D)

He needs to see those lips. And while she's so close to him... he fantasizes more about kissing her. But he can't. Something in his psychological make up... he can't actually bring himself to kiss her. And he gets embarrassed, humiliated. ... then angry. It's suddenly her fault, and he feels she's taunting him just by being there. And he snaps. And kills her.

(a beat)

And then the cycle begins again, and he's sure the next time he'll be brave enough to kiss her.

(softly)

But he won't be.

Silence. They just stare back. Until--

GEORGE

It's a good theory and all but... we got no evidence this guy has ever killed before.

HUNT

He's going to kill later. 2007.

(CONTINUED)

5/8

48 CONTINUED:

# Scene #3

48

It's fifty feet or so; he's on the ledge. The moment is at hand. He takes a deep breath. Annie suddenly bursts out of a service door, charges.

ANNIE

Sam!! What the hell are you doing?

Start →

SAM

(calm)

It's okay, Annie. I know the answer. I'm in a coma. I'm going to take the definitive step I need to wake up.

ANNIE

No, no! That was Neil, my psychologist friend!!

SAM

What?

ANNIE

My psychologist friend I told you about, that was him in the cafeteria!

SAM

No. This is just my mind now, trying to keep me here.

ANNIE

(panicked)

No!! Look, there he is, look.

Sam looks down. Sure enough, Neil is down there, waving.

NEIL

Don't jump, Sam. Do not do it.

Sam, confused, looks back to Annie.

ANNIE

He was just trying to confront you with the insanity of your own logic, hoping you'd recognize it as such, it's a form of treatment which no doubt will be regarded as ridiculous in 2007 if it already isn't, please, Sam, get back from that ledge. There's nothing to wake up from.

SAM

I can't accept that.  
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

6/8

48 CONTINUED: (2)

48

SAM (CONT'D)  
(struggling slightly)  
I can't.

He looks down again, perhaps poised to do it.

ANNIE  
No!!

And she climbs out on the ledge with him.

SAM  
What are you doing?

ANNIE  
We all feel like jumping sometimes,  
Sam. Only we don't.

SAM  
This is my mind...

ANNIE  
Maybe you're here for a reason.  
To... to make a difference.  
(a beat)  
Give me your hand.

She reaches out and carefully takes his hand.

SAM  
What's that on your hand?

ANNIE  
Sand. I was running up here and I  
fell against a fire bucket.  
(then)  
Why would you imagine that? Why  
would you bother to put that kind  
of detail in? You wouldn't. There's  
a real sand bucket and I really  
fell into it.

Sam stares at her. The connection between them certainly  
feels real to him.

SAM  
(a whisper)  
What do I do, Annie?

ANNIE  
Stay.  
(softly imploring)  
Please stay.

(CONTINUED)

7/8

48 CONTINUED: (3)

48

He stares at her. OFF him, we:

FADE TO WHITE.

We HEAR the SOUND of the VENTILATOR. Then SILENCE.

**/END**

The End

**8/8**