

(Name of Project)

by
(Name of First Writer)

(Based on, If Any)

Revisions by
(Names of Subsequent Writers,
in Order of Work Performed)

Current Revisions by
(Current Writer, date)

Name (of company, if applicable)
Address
Phone Number

Brian's sitting alone in a chair. Finally the opposite door opens and in enters ROSE.

ROSE
Well, Mr. Life magazine. Come all
this way just to say hi?

Brian hands her a stack of murder files.

BRIAN
I'm close... but I can't get who it
is...

ROSE
So you came to me...
(smiles)

BRIAN
Who's doing this?

ROSE
Your first question should be who
isn't. It isn't a spark, Brian. Not
enough damage. And an insurance
pro? Where's the profit margin?

BRIAN
Then who --

ROSE
-- No no, your turn. Tell me a
story.

BRIAN
I don't have a story.

ROSE
Sure you do.

ROSE drops on the table a dog-eared copy of that 1972 LIFE magazine with Brian on the cover.

ROSE (CONT'D)
I want to know about this little
boy. What did you feel, Brian,
when you first got there?

BRIAN
What?

ROSE
You gotta tell a story too, Brian.
It's fair.

(Brian doesn't answer)
Okay... Guard!

BRIAN
-- I wanted to be him, alright? I
wanted to be him more than
anything...

ROSE
(satisfied)
-- About your report here. How does
he do it? How does he talk to the
fire.

BRIAN
The outlets.

ROSE
That's a probie answer. You're
smarter than that, Brian.

BRIAN
Trychticholorate.

ROSE
Good. -- So our two heroes, Adcox
and McCaffrey, they go back inside.
Only there's another fire in there
nobody sees. And it took your dad,
didn't it Brian? Did you see him
burn?

In a flash, Brian suddenly reaches across and grabs Rose.

BRIAN
Who the fuck is doing this?

ROSE
After it took your dad...did it
look at you Brian? Did the fire
look at you?...

And ROSE sees something in Brian's eyes. He smiles.

ROSE (CONT'D)
You see, our world's aren't so
different...

Brian releases ROSE.

BRIAN
(quiet)
Who's doing this?

The arsonist smiles a creepy, horrible grin.

ROSE
Think, Brian. Who doesn't love
fire, but knows it better than
anyone else? Who's around
trychticholorate 24 hours a day?

A cold shock rolls through Brian as he slumps back in his
chair.

BRIAN
Oh Jesus Christ...

ROSE
Not such a far walk after all, is
it, Brian?