

NO MAN OF GOD

Written by

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INT. INTERROGATION ROOM

TED BUNDY sits in a chair in what is an otherwise empty, white walled room. We begin on an extreme close up of cold, soulless eyes and slowly pull back to reveal Ted, his chair and the empty room.

TED

I would spend weeks watching them. Just watching. Listening. Picking up the little details of their life. If they used a pay phone, I would wait a moment before picking up the one next to them and faking a call of my own. Then I would just listen. If it was something I could use, I would use it. I would learn their routine. When they got home from work, how often they went out to dinner, how often they ordered takeout. If they had a boyfriend, when would he stop by? Did she have a dog? Did it bark? Those are the things I would learn. Then, on the night of the full moon I would make my approach. The full moon is key. Do you know how easy it is to get a badge? All you do is go to a five and dime and pick up one of those fake, costume ones. They won't pass for shit. But what you do is you go to a donut shop on a cold morning, sit next to a cop with your back to him. Then you just wait for him to go get another cup of coffee or take a piss. You just turn around and swap badges. FWSHHH. Done. How often does anyone ever look at their coat? They normally don't notice for a week. You show a woman a badge, at night, and know some real details about her...she'll follow you right to your car. That's where I would hit her over the head with the tire iron hidden in the bumper or behind the wheelwell. Once she was out, I would drive her out to a spot I'd picked out weeks before. Secluded. Wooded. No traffic. Where no one would see my car. And it's a full moon. Remember that? You've got to do it in the middle of nowhere during the full moon.

(MORE)

TED (CONT'D)

That way you see everything. Every curve of her body, every strand of hair. Then I'd wake her up. And I'd take her from behind. I would be back there, pounding away at her, garrote around her neck, telling her to scream all she wants. And when I come, an orgasm so powerful that it shakes the very universe, I tighten the garrote and choke the life out of her.

(beat)

That's what I would do. *If* I did it. But I didn't. I'm innocent of the crimes for which I've been convicted as well as those I'm suspected of. I'm an innocent man.

ARCHIVAL NEWS FOOTAGE: accusations about Bundy, images of several of the girls - school photos and the like.

TITLE CARD:

ON JULY 24, 1979 THEODORE ROBERT BUNDY WAS CONVICTED OF TWO COUNTS OF MURDER, THREE COUNTS OF ATTEMPTED FIRST DEGREE MURDER, AND TWO COUNTS OF BURGLARY.

HE WAS SENTENCED TO DEATH BY ELECTROCUTION.

SIX MONTHS LATER HE WAS CONVICTED OF A THIRD MURDER AND SENTENCED TO DEATH ONCE AGAIN.

THOUGH A SUSPECT IN DOZENS OF OTHER ABDUCTIONS AND MURDERS IN SEVERAL STATES, THERE WAS NO EFFICIENT SYSTEM IN PLACE FOR LOCAL POLICE TO COORDINATE THESE INVESTIGATIONS.

TITLE CARD:

ON JUNE 21, 1984, PRESIDENT RONALD REAGAN ANNOUNCED THE ESTABLISHMENT OF THE NATIONAL CENTER FOR THE ANALYSIS OF VIOLENT CRIME, CREATING THE FIRST FOUR POSITIONS FOR FULL TIME FBI PROFILERS.

FBI AGENT BILL HAGMAIER WAS SELECTED AS ONE OF THOSE FOUR.

TITLE CARD:

THE FOLLOWING IS BASED ENTIRELY ON FBI TRANSCRIPTS, RECORDINGS, AND THE RECOLLECTIONS OF BILL HAGMAIER.

TITLE CARD:

**JANUARY 20TH, 1989. 4 DAYS UNTIL SCHEDULED EXECUTION.**

EXT. PRISON - NIGHT

The outside of the prison is bedlam. Angry protesters scream obscenities about Bundy. TV crews report live using the protesters as background. A man with a TUESDAY IS FRYDAY poster hawks BURN BUNDY BURN t-shirts. On the radio, George HW Bush's inauguration speech plays.

GEORGE BUSH, SR

I've just repeated, word for word, the oath taken by George Washington, 200 years ago. And the Bible, on which I placed my hand, is the Bible on which he placed his. It is right that the memory of Washington be with us today, not only because this is our bicentennial inauguration, but because Washington remains the father of our country.

INT. CAR - SAME

AGENT BILL HAGMAIER drives through the madness. He's haggard, worn down to the nub by a recent case.

People outside his car hooting and hollering, some trying to get a glimpse of Bill to see if he's famous. A police officer directs traffic, waving him towards a barricaded parking lot past the police line keeping the protestors at bay.

EXT. PRISON - MOMENTS LATER

Bill walks toward the front door, where two police officers quickly usher him inside.

INT. PRISON - NIGHT

Bill enters the prison. Signs in. Checks in his gun. As the attendant hands him the key, the WARDEN appears behind him.

WARDEN

Look who's run away from the FBI to join the circus.

BILL

Warden.

The Warden nods for Bill to follow him. They walk down the hall together.

WARDEN

This place is a madhouse. The phone is ringing off the hook. We've got investigators coming down from all over the country. The media won't let up about interviews. They're planning on camping across the street. Now I'm hearing you've joined Bundy's team.

BILL

No. I'm just here to coordinate.

WARDEN

That's not the way Diana sees it.

BILL

Who?

WARDEN

The ringmaster of the Ringling Brothers Barnum and Bundy's. She's Bundy's civil attorney.

BILL

What does a civil attorney have to do with coordinating interviews?

WARDEN

When you figure it out, will you let me know? While you're at it, maybe you can explain to me why a civil attorney would need to visit her client 80 times in three years.

BILL

Did you say 80?

WARDEN

80.

Bill stops. The Warden turns to look back at him.

BILL

What the heck is going on down here?

WARDEN

Let me show you.

## INT. INTERROGATION ROOM - CONTINUOUS

There is a flurry of activity as several lawyers work furiously, pouring over paperwork and making calls on big, bulky cell phones. DIANA WEINER, sharply dressed, long dark hair, pretty, looking eerily close to many of Bundy's victims, is directing someone at the table.

WARDEN

Ms. Weiner?

Diana looks up.

DIANA

Oh. You must be Special Agent Hagmaier.

BILL

Bill.

DIANA

Mr. Bundy says good things.

BILL

I'm not exactly sure how to take that.

DIANA

As a compliment.

(beat)

We're still working out the schedule, but-

BILL

It was my understanding that I was in charge of the schedule.

DIANA

Then you were misinformed. What exactly do you think we're trying to do here?

BILL

Get some answers. Balance the books. Give some families some peace.

DIANA

No. We're here to save Mr. Bundy's life.

Bill starts to lose his cool.

BILL

The governor isn't going to stand for any more games-

DIANA

The governor is the one playing games. He could have signed the death warrant for sixty days, or hell, even thirty. He signed it for seven. He made a *political* decision. He's thinking more about getting reelected than he is about what's right. And if he wants to play politics, so can we.

BILL

What's *right*?

DIANA

Yes, what's right. Murder is murder, whether you do it yourself or hire someone to throw a switch.

BILL

This isn't the time to take a stand against the death penalty.

DIANA

There's no better time to take a stand against it.

BILL

There are people desperate to find out what happened to their daughters-

DIANA

And they will. But if they want to know so badly, is it so wrong for us to want them to call the governor personally and ask for more time?

TED (O.S.)

Bill.

Diana and Bill look over. Standing in the door, a guard over his shoulder, is Ted.

BILL

Ted.

Ted stands in the doorway. He doesn't look like the devil; he looks like your neighbor, if your neighbor were shuffling in chains. The guard escorts him in. Bill and Ted shake hands awkwardly, the handcuffs getting in the way.

TED  
It's good to see you.

BILL  
I wish it were under different circumstances.

Ted flashes a wry grin, winking.

TED  
You and me both.

DIANA  
Mr. Bundy, I was just explaining to Mr. Hagmaier-

Ted rolls his eyes at Bill over Diana's use of *Mr. Bundy*.

TED  
- That he'll be in charge of conducting the interviews.

DIANA  
I don't think that's wise.

TED  
Bill knows most of these guys and the ones he doesn't know him by reputation. There's no one here they'll trust more than him.

Diana doesn't like being shut out. She shoots Ted a *what the hell are you doing* look.

DIANA  
Well, if that's what you want.

TED  
It is.

DIANA  
Then Mr. Hagmaier, you can be excused now. We'll call you when we need you.

Bill nods reluctantly and turns to leave.

TED

Whoa, whoa, whoa. What are you doing?

DIANA

We still need to brief the investigators.

TED

Not without Bill here.

DIANA

Mr. Bundy, we have to be very careful. I'd like to remind you that he is law enforcement.

TED

Right. Look, I need a moment with Bill.

DIANA

I am not about to leave you alone with law enforcement.

TED

Diana, I told you. This is different. This is Bill.

DIANA

I won't leave you alone with someone from law enforcement.

TED

Bill's my best friend.

Bill's mouth drops open. He's about to speak, but the idea of being Ted Bundy's best friend really isn't sitting well with him. He doesn't exactly know what to say.

TITLE CARD:

**1984 - 5 YEARS UNTIL SCHEDULED EXECUTION.**

INT. FBI BRIEFING ROOM - DAY

A small FBI Briefing room at Quantico. Several senior agents receive a briefing from ROGER DEPUE, a grizzled but kindly old ex-marine. Sitting in on the briefing is Bill. Sitting next to him is senior agent JAMES MONTGOMERY, Mid 40'S.

DEPUE

As you well know, no good deed goes unpunished. And since you all did such a fine job with our first 36 research interviews, the deputy director wants 36 more. So this time around we're expanding our interviews to serial rapists and child molesters in addition to the serial murderers we didn't get the first time around. We've put together a tentative wishlist. You know the drill, volunteer or be volunteered.

Depue picks up a list from his lectern.

DEPUE

Berkowitz.

A senior agent raises his hand. Depue points at MEYER.

DEPUE

Meyer.

MEYER

I've got friends on the staff up in Attica. I can take a run at him.

DEPUE

Good. How about Bittaker?

AGENT DOUGLAS raises his hand.

AGENT DOUGLAS

I'll take Bittaker. I have family out that way in California.

DEPUE

Great. Bundy.

Everyone laughs. No one raises their hand.

DEPUE

Bundy? Anyone?

Bill, the only one not to laugh, looks around, then raises his hand. He's younger, peppier, not yet worn down by years of getting to know serial killers.

BILL

I'll take Bundy.

Everyone laughs again. Montgomery leans in.

MONTGOMERY

Don't waste your time, Rook. He won't talk to you.

SENIOR AGENT

He hates feds. Won't talk to any of us.

BILL

Well, I could always give it a shot. I've been fortunate in developing informants before that no one thought-

DEPUE

We all know your record, Bill. Why don't you see me after the meeting, huh?

The other agents grin sheepishly or fall silent at the chiding.

DEPUE

Alright, next up. Carignan.

INT. DEPUE'S OFFICE - DAY

Bill sheepishly pokes his head into the office. Depue sits ominously behind the desk. Depue waves him in.

Bill closes the door, takes a seat. He looks nervous.

DEPUE

You wanna do this, don't you?

BILL

Look, Roger, I don't want to buck. I'm the new guy here. I don't want to step on any toes.

DEPUE

No. Ted Bundy would be a goldmine. He's never gonna confess to anything, but even small details that might slip could be useful. And if he doesn't, we get a great profile for the database.

(beat)

What's your plan?

Bill is a bit taken aback, unprepared for the question.

BILL

Well, I mean, I know we've got an agent there - William Haggerty, down in Jacksonville. He's got the prison run down there.

DEPUE

He's one of our field profile coordinators.

BILL

I'd like to talk to him. He knows the prison personnel. The staff can really make things happen... when they want to.

DEPUE

Alright. Give him a call.

Bill turns to leave, but Depue stops him.

DEPUE

I'll pull the files on him.

Bill nods.

BILL

Just the biography, not the crime scenes. I don't want to see those girls' faces the first time I look at him.

INT. DINING ROOM- NIGHT

Bill sits at the dining room table, pouring over a file on Ted Bundy. The phone RINGS.

BARBARA (O.C.)

Hagmaier residence.

(beat)

One moment.

(to Bill)

Bill.

INT. KITCHEN - SAME

BARBARA, Bill's wife, hands him the phone.

BILL

Agent Hagmaier.  
Did you talk to him?

(beat)

(MORE)

BILL (CONT'D)

He wants me to write him a letter?

What am I supposed say?

(beat)

Alright. I'll give it a shot.

Thanks, Will.

Bill hangs up the phone, looking awkwardly lost in thought.

BARBARA

What is it?

BILL

Ted Bundy wants me to be his pen pal.

INT. DINING ROOM - NIGHT

Bill sets a portable typewriter on the dining room table and loads a sheet of paper into it. He thinks for a second, then begins typing: **DEAR MR. BUNDY.**

He looks at the words, mulling them over. Frowns, tears the sheet out, balling it up and tossing it in the trash. He loads another sheet of paper. Thinks it over, nods, and begins typing: **Dear T.**

TITLE CARD:

**1984 - 5 YEARS UNTIL SCHEDULED EXECUTION.**

**FIRST MEETING.**

EXT. PRISON - DAY

Bill enters the prison.

INT. PRISON - DAY

Bill shows his credentials to the guard. He pulls the gun out of his holster and hands it to the clerk. The clerk puts it immediately into a lockbox, locks it, and hands the key to Bill. He's buzzed in.

INT. WARDEN'S OFFICE - DAY

Bill sits opposite the Warden. The warden is gruff, but friendly enough.

WARDEN  
(laughing)  
Agent Hagmaier, he hates feds.

BILL  
I know, I know, I keep hearing  
that, but it'd be really helpful  
for the project.

WARDEN  
Forget it. He's never gonna talk to  
you.

BILL  
Bundy and I have exchanged letters.  
He's expressed interest.

The Warden looks at him, then shrugs.

WARDEN  
I'll call over to the Row.

The Warden picks up the phone.

WARDEN  
(into phone)  
Yeah. Go down and talk to Bundy.  
Tell him we've got an agent Ha...

BILL  
Hagmaier.

WARDEN  
Hagmaier. He says Ted wants to talk  
to him or something. Call back when  
you've got the word.

The Warden hangs up.

BILL  
Thank you.

The warden laughs.

WARDEN  
A couple weeks ago he turned down  
fifty grand under the table from a  
network for a TV special. He sure  
as shit ain't gonna do something  
like this for free.

The phone rings. The Warden picks up.

WARDEN

(into phone)

Yeah. What? Get him to the phone. I don't give a damn what he's doing. *Get him on the phone.*

(Authoritative)

Bundy. You sure? I don't need any bullshit on this. I don't need any writs, I don't need any shit from your lawyers. If you wanna talk to this FBI guy, that's your decision. Nobody is forcing you to, do you understand that? Alright. Put Hollings back on.

(beat)

Hollings? Yeah, take him back to his cell. Wait for my call.

The Warden hangs up the phone and gives Bill a sober look. He doesn't find the situation funny anymore.

WARDEN

You think you're smarter than him. You think you're the one who's going to get him to confess.

BILL

I don't think I'm smarter, sir. I don't think you necessarily have to be smarter.

The warden narrows his eyes.

WARDEN

He bullshits everybody. He's probably just going to play with you a little and then go back to his cell to jerk off.

BILL

Well, at least that'll give me something to write about.

INT. PRISON - DAY

Bill walks through the prison, lead by a guard. The prison is a stark, dingy white with gray concrete floors. He's led through various hallways and corridors, passing convicts on cleaning duty.

As they stop for the guard to unlock a door, Bill shivers. He looks over at the window. The metal grating is broken, cold winter air howling through the breaks in the glass.

Bill is lead into a room.

INT. INTERROGATION ROOM - CONTINUOUS

A stark white windowless room with two doors, a table, and two chairs. Bill sits at the table opposite an empty chair.

He waits patiently for a moment until the opposite door opens. Out walks Ted Bundy in handcuffs and leg irons. He has a cold look in his eyes like he is alpha as fuck and just doesn't give a damn. Under his arm he carries a notebook. The guard walking him in pulls out his chair. Ted takes a seat.

Bill nods to the guard and the guard exits, leaving the two alone.

For a long, drawn out moment, Bill and Ted stare at each other. Neither speaks.

The silence continues. It's awkward. Forced. Neither wanting to be the first one to speak.

More silence. Frustration starts creeping across Bundy's face.

Finally Bundy gives in, pissed off.

TED

Mother fucker! Say something! You came to talk to me!

Bill calmly smiles and nods.

BILL

Mr. Bundy. I'm agent Hagmaier.

TED

I know who you are.

BILL

I'm grateful for you to take the time to see me. We're compiling a series of interviews to try to find common threads in the way people think. We're finding it very helpful to get an idea of what people in your... situation... well, what their childhoods were like, what brings out their aggression, makes them angry-

TED

My... situation.

BILL

Your situation is pretty unique in that you also have, from what I understand, an interest in the psychology of serial murderers.

TED

I do.

BILL

You've been writing to Bob Keppel, up in Seattle.

TED

About the Green River Killer. Yeah. That's a really interesting case. I don't have access to everything - Bob's shared very little - but from what I do know, from the papers and such, I've started to piece some things together. Being in here, on death Row, surrounded by these guys, I feel that I've been given a window into the mind of killers like that.

BILL

And that's why I wanted to speak with you.

TED

No it isn't.

BILL

Ted, this is purely academic.

TED

I know what it is. You fucking FBI guys are all the fucking same. You think you're better than me. You think you're better than the cops. You're all just fucking Hoover disciples, riding through on your god damned high horses thinking you've got the biggest brains in the room.

Ted stands up. He begins ranting, gesticulating wildly in his cuffs, the rant becoming increasingly angry, almost violent. Bill remains eerily calm, his answers always polite and on point.

TED

You guys think you're so fucking smart. If you're so fucking smart why aren't you bagging serial killers left and right? Why doesn't witness protection actually work? "Hey, if you testify we'll grant you immunity and put you in witness protection and you can live out your life in a quaint small town." But it never works. It *never* works! They always get killed. You can't protect shit!

BILL

Actually Witness protection is the Federal Marshals-

Ted gets angrier.

TED

And the immunity is a joke! You never follow through on it. You'll say you're here for one thing, but fuck you! No you're not! You're really here for something else! You're liars in cheap suits on government salaries and everything is an elaborate trap with you. All so you can retire with a pension and write your fucking books.

BILL

I'm just here-

TED

Yeah, yeah, yeah! Sell that shit to the fucking tourists! I'm onto you, you scum!

He walks toward Bill waving a finger in his face.

TED

You can never trust an FBI man! Not for a goddamned-

The door opens and a nightstick appears, pressing gently across Ted's chest. Ted stops cold. He looks up and we see the GUARD standing in the door.

GUARD

Mr. Bundy, is this meeting over?

Bundy becomes cool and calm as ever. Polite as a southern peach.

TED

No, sir. We were just getting started.

GUARD

Mr. Hagmaier, is this meeting over?

BILL

No, just having a friendly discussion on the state of the Bureau.

The guard nods, not believing a word of it. He points the nightstick at Bundy.

GUARD

You stand up and put those fingers in his face again, you won't be able to move them for a year.

TED

Yes, sir.

The guard exits, closing the door behind him.

Ted looks at Bill, calm and confused.

TED

You could have buried me right there. Said I attacked you or something. Do you know what they would have done to me?

BILL

I didn't come all this way to watch you get your ass beat. I told you, I'm here to talk.

Ted slowly walks around the table, not taking his eyes off Bill. He sits down slowly, folds his hands, and becomes a completely different person. He's calm, collected, academic.

TED

So, the Violent Criminal Apprehension Program.

BILL

What about it?

TED

There are some good parts to it and there are some bad parts. But we'll get into that.

(beat)

You know, I know why you're here. You want to bury me on some cases. You think I'm a serial killer like everybody else does. You wouldn't believe a word I said to you.

BILL

Ted, I'm not here to get you on anything. I'm not even going to ask you if you've killed anybody. It doesn't matter to me.

TED

But then why would you want to talk to me, specifically?

BILL

Look. We both have psychology degrees, you've almost got a law degree, you've got more education than I do. I know the guys on the row come to you for advice, and that you help them with their appeals. They trust you. They tell you things. I'm not going to ask you anybody's secrets. I just want to recruit you to help me and my team to see if we're going down the right road on this. Are we asking the right questions? Are we looking at the right people? The bottom line is, we want to keep people like you from being in here by keeping other people alive. I'm not here looking for evidence, I'm looking for understanding. I don't know the things that you know. I don't see the things that you see. I don't hear the things that you hear. And I don't know if you would tell me the truth even if I did ask. But I've got to start somewhere.

Ted mulls that over quietly, eyeing Bill up and down.

TED

Why'd they send you down here? Why didn't the primadonnas come down?

(MORE)

TED (CONT'D)

Why didn't they send Montgomery? Or Douglas?

BILL

They didn't think you'd even talk to us.

TED

Because I hate feds?

BILL

Yeah.

TED

I don't know where people get that idea about me.

(beat)

I tell you what, I bet they think they would do a better job than you.

Ted laughs.

BILL

I bet you're right about that. I'm just the rookie.

TED

This is what I get from the FBI. A fucking rookie.

Ted laughs again. He nods.

TED

Hey, let me ask you something.

BILL

Shoot.

TED

What do you think about this thing with pornography and violent crime? I read Dietz's article about it.

BILL

Which one?

TED

The one for the BSU.

BILL

How do you know about that?

Ted reaches over for the notebook and opens it. It's full of newspaper clippings, academic articles, and police bulletins.

BILL

How did you get all of this?

Ted smiles. Bill sifts through the notebook.

BILL

These are FBI bulletins. Even I don't have some of this. That's some pretty heavy reading material.

(beat)

I'm impressed.

(laughing)

Do you have Playboys too?

Ted grows dark.

TED

That's what the scum have.

BILL

I didn't mean to imply-

TED

Do you really think Playboy makes people do this?

BILL

No.

TED

Neither do I.

BILL

I'll tell you what the real bad pornography is. It's the chemistry... the marriage of the pleasure of sex with the thrill of control, and violence, and possession. The real danger of pornography isn't watching a woman get undressed or reading a Playboy; it's somebody having the euphoric feeling of having sex and hurting somebody at the same time. Like in detective magazines.

TED

The ones with the girls on the cover with their breasts falling out of their dress while someone garrotes them from behind.

(MORE)

TED (CONT'D)

*Read the true story of one killer's  
obsession!*

BILL

Exactly.

Ted nods, a look of bewilderment in his eyes, as if he's met someone who really gets it.

TED

You know what those are actually really good for, though?

BILL

What?

TED

Learning how not to get caught.

BILL

I imagine it would be.

TED

They were instruction manuals on getting away with it.

Bundy starts to turn the tables, becoming the interrogator. Bill begrudgingly goes along.

TED

So did you read a lot of those growing up?

BILL

No. I never read them.

TED

Then how did you end up here? In the FBI?

BILL

I think we should focus-

TED

On me.

BILL

Yes.

TED

You asked me to trust you, Bill. But I don't know you from Adam. You gotta give me something. If this isn't a two way street-

Bill looks nervous for a moment, consenting to something he knows he shouldn't.

BILL  
No, no. That's fair.

TED  
So how did you end up in the FBI?

Bill thinks on that for a moment, hesitant.

BILL  
By accident.

TED  
Bullshit. No one ends up in the FBI by accident. You've got to have a degree. What did you get it for?

BILL  
I wanted to be a guidance counselor.

TED  
No fucking way.

BILL  
Seriously. A guidance counselor.

TED  
How does a guidance counselor end up in the FBI?

BILL  
Two weeks after I graduated I was drafted.

TED  
You went to 'Nam?

BILL  
No. My brother was over there and had just been shot. So they didn't want-

TED  
Right. Right. Did he make it? I mean I assume he made it because you said *shot*, not *killed*.

BILL  
Yeah he made it. But that bullet spared me from having to go over.

TED  
So what did you do?

BILL  
I ended up as a counselor at a  
military prison.

TED  
With the fraggers? The guys who  
shoot their own squads?

BILL  
Or their commanding officers when  
they didn't like the orders.

TED  
And someone there was a serial  
killer?

Bill narrows his eyes, his answer a bit dark, like there's a  
history he doesn't want to share.

BILL  
A few.

TED  
Did you counsel them?

BILL  
Some.

Ted smiles, nodding. He thinks he has Bill's number.

TED  
So after the war you applied to the  
FBI.

BILL  
Yeah. But I also applied to the  
Pennsylvania state police and  
Pittsburgh PD. But I got waitlisted  
for those. The FBI called first.

TED  
How does someone get scores low  
enough to get waitlisted for state  
police but get a call from the FBI?

BILL  
My scores were fine. But it's just  
the way things are now.

TED

They had to be more than fine to get into the FBI. Wait, *the way things are now?*

(realizing)

You mean affirmative action.

BILL

Yes.

TED

And you resent that.

BILL

No. How can someone resent getting into the FBI?

TED

You have to resent it a little bit. Knowing that someone with a lower score than you beat you out for a job because of the color of their skin.

BILL

I imagine it's how those folks felt for hundreds of years before now. They were due.

TED

A political answer, rather than a personal one. Come on, Bill. If you want me to be honest-

BILL

(sternly)

I *am* being honest.

TED

(apologetic)

Okay. Okay, moving on. Once you were in the FBI, you chased a job in the BSU.

BILL

No. I was recommended. Like I said. I ended up here by accident.

Bundy sits back in his chair, eying Bill. Thinking on it for a moment. Then it comes to him.

TED

You broke a big case, didn't you?

BILL  
I contributed.

TED  
Serial killer?

BILL  
No. I developed a CI on an armored car robbery that no one thought would talk. He gave us everything we needed.

TED  
Wait. Not that New York thing.

BILL  
Yes.

TED  
(incredulously)  
The biggest armored car heist in history.

Bundy points at Bill, excited, impressed.

TED  
I've read about you!  
(beat)  
You are so full of shit. You're no rookie. You're some hotshot young upstart. And I'm your next big case! You're gonna be the guy who broke Ted Bundy!

BILL  
No.

TED  
Come on. You can't bullshit a bullshitter.

BILL  
I'm not. I'm a scientist.  
(slightly exasperated)  
I just want to understand.

Ted leans in.

TED  
You want to understand?

BILL  
Yes.

TED

Well, I'll tell you. You and all your colleagues out there, detectives, investigators, you're like fishermen out on the water. You throw your bait in. You're trying to catch a fish, but the bait only sinks so far. The younger fish, the inexperienced fish, the ones still driven by their ego, they're gonna fight and they're gonna go up and try to get that hook. They don't realize it's a hook because they're stupid, they're arrogant. And you'll catch a bunch of those young fish. Occasionally your bait will sink low enough to the medium level, and you'll go past where those young fish to where the bigger fish are. But they're hard to catch. You only catch them when they're lazy, or their egos get the best of them. You get them, you bring them up, you get them mounted, you get your press conference, write your book. But way down in the deepest depths of the sea are the biggest fish. You don't even know how big they are. You don't know how long they've been down there. They see everything. They watch everything that goes on. Sometimes they eat the other fish. The only way to catch them...is to become one of them. But you can't do that. You won't do that. I can see it in your eyes. You're no big fish. Not yet. Maybe, when you're ready, I'll take you under the water with me and show you how deep this all goes.

The guard enters.

GUARD

Mr. Bundy. It's time.

Bundy nods.

TED

We're done anyway.

BILL  
Would you like me to come back to  
continue this conversation?

The Guard walks Bundy to the back of the room.

TED  
I don't know. We'll see how I feel  
about it. I'll write you a letter  
or something.

Bundy takes a step and then stops.

TED  
But if you do come back, could you  
bring some gum?

BILL  
That's contraband.

TED  
I know, the wrappers. But maybe you  
could talk to the Warden?

BILL  
I'll see what I can do.

Bundy nods, then exits.

Bill sits in his chair, unsure what to make of what just  
happened.

Bill gets up and exits through his door.

INT. HOTEL - NIGHT

Bill sits on the edge of his hotel bed, staring off into  
space, lost in thought.

The phone RINGS.

Bill absentmindedly picks it up.

BILL  
Agent Hagmaier.

BARBARA  
Bill?

BILL  
Hi honey.

BARBARA  
How is your trip.

BILL  
It's....it's going well.

BARBARA  
So he saw you?

BILL  
Yes.

BARBARA  
That's great. I have choir practice  
on Thursday, and I'll need to be  
gone...

Bill suddenly begins to look quite ill.

BARBARA  
So do you know for certain when  
you'll be home so I know whether or  
not we'll need a sitter-

Bill drops the phone and bolts to the bathroom. We stay with  
the phone, through which we can hear the dull drone of Bill's  
wife, her words unintelligible.

We hear BILL VOMIT loudly in the bathroom.

EXT. AIRPORT - MORNING

A plane lands at an airport.

INT. BILL'S DESK - DAY

Bill slumps down in his chair.

Depue walks by and motions for Bill to follow him. Bill gets  
up and follows.

INT. DEPUE'S OFFICE - DAY

Bill sits opposite Depue.

DEPUE  
Did you get much out of him?

BILL  
No. But I got a pretty good read on  
him.

DEPUE

You think he's capable of all the other murders he's suspected of?

BILL

He's guilty all right. He all but admitted it to me.

DEPUE

You're shitting me.

BILL

He wouldn't say he did it. And he won't. Not yet. But he wanted me to know he did it. He's proud of it. Proud that he's done what he has but even more so that we can't prove it. He's smart, shifts demeanor at the drop of a hat, temperamental, unstable.

DEPUE

You think you can get him to see you again?

BILL

He said he'd let me know.

DEPUE

What do you think he wants?

BILL

Honestly? He wants me to bring down case files so he can help profile.

DEPUE

Do you think that's worthwhile?

BILL

We've never had access to a guy like this before. Not only has he done this himself, but he's educated. Follows other killers the way some people follow sports teams. He knows the stats, the figures.

DEPUE

And he thinks he can forecast the next season?

BILL

Exactly.

Depue nods.

DEPUE

Keep tugging at that thread. See what's at the end of it. Get him to talk.

BILL

Green River?

DEPUE

If you can get him to see you again, I'll see you get everything we've got and the clearance to share it.

**1986 - 3 YEARS UNTIL SCHEDULED EXECUTION.**

**SECOND MEETING.**

INT. PRISON - DAY

We hear the LOUD BUZZ of a prison door.

Bill enters the prison. Signs in. Checks in his gun.

INT. INTERROGATION ROOM

Bill sits at the table, several files and a tape recorder next to him. Bundy shuffles in, handcuffed but with no leg irons.

Bill reaches into his pocket and pulls a pack of Wrigley's gum. Ted's eyes light up.

TED

You remembered.

BILL

I did. The Warden was very particular about the wrappers, but since you played nice last time, he made an exception.

Bill unwraps a piece of gum and hands it to Bundy. Bundy smells it like it's a fine cigar, savoring it, then pops the gum in his mouth, chomping away through the next few lines.

TED

Mmmm. I love spearmint. How did you know it was my favorite?

BILL

I didn't.

Ted gives him a look like he doesn't quite believe him.

TED

So what's the tape recorder for?

BILL

I thought we'd talk about some cases.

TED

And we need a tape recorder for that?

BILL

You have a unique window into this world, and there's a good chance you'll say a great many things I'd like a record of.

Bundy nods hesitantly.

TED

All right. But if I say shut it off-

BILL

It goes off.

TED

Then press record and let's get this party started.

Bill presses record. Bundy takes the gum out of his mouth and puts it on a small sheet of paper.

TED

(whispering)

I'm gonna save that.

BILL

It is February 13th, 1986. This is agent Bill Hagmaier. I'm sitting with Theodore-

TED

Ted.

BILL

I'm sitting with Ted Bundy.

TED

Where do you want to start?

BILL

I thought we might start with Green River.

TED

Have you read any of the letters I've written to Bob Keppel?

BILL

I haven't.

TED

He stopped writing me in September. I don't know why. I wrote him about a number of ideas I had and was hoping for some feedback or something. He's got more important things to do that write to me. I'm not offended.

BILL

And you feel like you wasted your time?

TED

I feel like there's something I could add to the investigation. I understand why they can't show me or tell me stuff. But just seeing those crime scene photos would be something of a revelation. I could see some of the changes the guy was going through, at least on a superficial level.

Bill opens a folder. It is filled with reports and crime scene photos of the Green River Killer. Bundy's eyes go wide like a kid at Christmas. He begins thumbing through the photos.

BILL

A superficial level?

TED

This is a person they're looking for - assuming it is just one person - a real, living, viable breathing human being that's just going about his life in a way that makes sense to him. He isn't a monster because he wasn't at the beginning. He's a sick, demented person, sure.

(MORE)

TED (CONT'D)

But when you start using that jargon and those impassioned terms, you forget that there's a lot of him that's in you.

BILL

I don't know about that.

Ted stiffens.

TED

There's nothing this guy has thought that you haven't thought in one way or another at one time.

BILL

What, he's just, for one reason or another carried it a step further?

TED

Sure.

BILL

I haven't seen all of the photos, but they're crediting him with 36 now. A good round number.

Ted raises an eyebrow at that.

TED

At least. They have 10 or 15 more missing?

BILL

Something like that.

TED

Okay, by all accounts he was active from July of 82 to December of 83 and killed at least 45 people just in King County. Now that is super intense. You can't...I don't think anybody can appreciate the level of intensity that exhibits because I don't think that's... that's way above the mean average of frequency for a serial killer. And he still avoided detection. Even with a vulnerable victim class like prostitutes.

BILL

Not a real high risk crime for the offender.

TED

Right. But still bold as hell. I can't believe his crassness and luck in going back into the same area with all hell breaking loose and all the girls fully aware of what was going on and still continuing to get victims.

(beat)

And then he just stops.

BILL

Do you think he could just *stop*? Could a person like that get bored? Or do you think he has been taken out of the population, in a car accident or whatever, and that's why it stopped?

TED

Would it be possible, as intense and into it as he was, to just turn that off? It's not inconceivable. Some people have serious problems, be it alcoholism, drugs, womanizing, and they can change their behavior drastically. They come to grips with those problems and stop. Now most people can't do that. And most people just go on until they are arrested or lose their jobs or get a divorce. But there are people who are capable of changing their lives on their own, without everything falling apart. With this level of intensity, it's unlikely. Though, if he did, maybe it's because he was exhausted.

BILL

Exhausted?

TED

Do you know what a spree like this would take out of you? Too big a bite, man. Too big a bite.

BILL

I can't even begin to imagine.

TED

Yeah, you could.

Bill doesn't like the implication. He changes the subject.

BILL

And of course there's the other set of murders. The ones that you... are suspected of.

TED

Sure.

BILL

Do you perceive this guy as following a role of someone else? Or do you think this may be an adjustment because of another killer... coming up out of the water?

TED

Do you think he's actually reading about other crimes and then trying to pattern himself after them or learn from them?

BILL

No, but the technique, do you think that other killer had anything to do with it?

TED

Do you think I don't know why you're asking me this?

BILL

What do you mean?

TED

About the murders in the Pacific Northwest?

BILL

You said in your letter that you wanted to discuss the Green River case.

TED

Do you want to ask me about Utah, next? Or Florida? Or Idaho?

BILL

What's in Idaho?

TED

I'm just naming states.

BILL

I'm here to talk about whatever you'd like to talk about.

Ted falls silent, eyeing Bill suspiciously.

TED

I don't know what it is about the Pacific Northwest, but you've got more than just two killers up there. There are dozens of unsolved murders and disappearances that could fit a serial pattern. You don't just have Green River up there, you got five, maybe ten other guys doing it. That's a scary thing. If a tree falls in the woods, does it make a sound? Well, if a person disappears, is there a murder?

Ted pauses and lets Bill digest that.

BILL

Do you think there's a point in that person's development where they just say "this is my life's work," or "this is what I need to do?" Or does it gradually escalate?

TED

It's gradual. It's like a skier who may have been dreaming about skiing all his life. You're reading the magazines, watching movies about skiing, thinking about it, and then the day comes and you say, I ought to try it. All you can do is fall down, unless you're naturally gifted. And there are some people who put on skis and go on down the hill. And there are some who struggle.

BILL

Some will start on a very steep hill and others will start on the bunny slope.

TED

(laughing)

And some will take lessons.

BILL

Do you think a killer who has fantasized, maybe seen movies, dreamed, whatever - will that kind of person start on the steep slopes?

TED

I think that would depend on the fantasy. Is it simply to kill? Or to kill someone specific? You have to start somewhere. Green River, though? I think he started on the bunny slopes.

BILL

But where?

TED

There's a whole bunch of unsolved murders up there. Look at the timeline. Take your pick. Any number of them could have been his first victims, before he got his pattern figured out. It didn't begin with the river and in all likelihood it didn't end there.

BILL

What's your thumbnail sketch of the guy?

TED

I wouldn't go so far as to say how old the guy is or anything. But he's either unemployed or works part time. The frequency of his killing, the fact that his victims were taken on every single night of the week. He's not tied to a schedule. So he probably isn't married, is unlikely to have a steady girlfriend or anything that would put regular demands on his time. And the dumping sites are drifting south, but never crossing the border out of King County into Pierce. He's getting closer to home, but not close enough to get caught.

BILL

So you think he's an unmarried,  
underemployed man with a permanent  
residence in Pierce County.

TED

Do you disagree?

BILL

No. That's some solid profiling.  
And you did this just with  
newspaper clippings?

TED

It's all I have.

(beat)

Turn off the tape.

Bill quickly turns off the tape.

TED

You know, they think I'm crazy. I'm  
tired of people saying I'm crazy.  
I'm tired of reading psychiatrists  
and some of your FBI primadonnas  
saying that someone's gotta have  
some kind of complex to kill  
people. Normal people can kill  
people.

He leans in to Bill, a dark look in his eyes.

TED

Could you kill someone?

Bill is entirely unprepared for that question.

BILL

I think you could.

BILL

Well, I'm an FBI agent. I carry a  
gun, I've got a badge.

TED

That's not what I'm talking about.

Bill leans back in his chair.

BILL

Every morning I say a prayer. I put on my gun and badge, and I ask God for the strength and wisdom to pull the trigger when I need to and not one second sooner and not one second later.

TED

That's not what I'm talking about, either. Could you *kill* somebody?

The two exchange a long hard look.

Bill mulls it over, nodding, relenting. He becomes somewhat confessional, leaning over, speaking in hushed tones.

BILL

Look. Yeah I could. And I could get away with it too. I'm at least as strong as you are, probably like sex as much as you do. I know how to dispose of a body, how not to be noticed, how to get in and out and leave the scene looking like it belongs to another series of kills.

Bill leans back, stoic.

BILL

But I wouldn't do that. That's not who I am.

TED

But you could do it, though!

BILL

Of course I could.

TED

Are you crazy?

BILL

I don't think so.

TED

Well neither am I. Do you understand that?

BILL

I understood that the first time I walked in here.

Ted smiles, pointing at Bill.

TED

You're already better at this job than everyone else you're working with. They all think I'm fucking looney tunes.

EXT. FLORIDA HIGHWAY - DAY

Bill drives away from the prison.

INT. CAR - SAME

Bill drives, his thoughts drifting. As he approaches a bit of civilization, he sees a young woman - someone who looks very much like a Bundy girl.

We go in close on her in slow motion. It's clear the woman is occupying Bill's thoughts.

Bill shakes it off and keeps on driving.

EXT. AIRPORT - NIGHT

A plane lands.

INT. BILL'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Bill walks through the door, carrying the weary weight of travel with him. He closes the door quietly, creeping through the dark.

He turns on the kitchen light, and pours himself a glass of water.

Barbara appears in the doorway.

BARBARA

Come to bed. I missed you.

BILL

Be right there. I just want to get a quick shower first.

Barbara exits. Bill sighs, looking out the dark kitchen window, uncomfortable, unable to shake thoughts of Bundy.

INT. BILL'S DESK - MORNING

Bill types: **Dear T.**

Depue walks up, glances over his shoulder.

DEPUE

Bundy?

Bill looks up and nods.

DEPUE

He's sending you letters, right?

BILL

Pretty regularly. He likes to talk.  
Likes being heard.

DEPUE

Just how friendly are you two  
getting?

BILL

Me and Bundy?

DEPUE

Yeah.

BILL

What is that supposed to mean?

DEPUE

I mean... there have been rumors.

BILL

Rumors.

DEPUE

I don't believe them, I've just  
heard them. I need to hear it from  
you. You're not coaching him or  
anything are you?

BILL

*Coaching* him?

DEPUE

On how to lie.

BILL

He's good enough at that himself.  
I'm getting just as close as I need  
to get him to say it all out loud.

DEPUE

Good. But watch yourself. There are  
a lot of eyes on you.

(MORE)

DEPUE (CONT'D)

A lot of people who'd like to see  
you trip up on this.

**1987 - 2 YEARS UNTIL SCHEDULED EXECUTION.**

**THIRD MEETING.**

INT. INTERROGATION ROOM

Bill and Ted sit opposite one another. They're laughing, jovial, exchanging stories. This isn't a questioning - it's two guys enjoying each other's company.

BILL

So the teacher says "It's imagination time! Today we're going to pretend to be animals." She goes "Little Suzy, what is a Lion like?" And little Suzy rears up and slashes out with a paw and goes "RAWR!" "Great," the teacher say. "Now Billy, what is a turkey like?" And he starts flapping around the room going "Gobble gobble gobble." So then she gets to Brian, and she says "What is an elephant like?" So he thinks for a second, stands up, drops his britches and drawers right then and there. Then he starts crab walking around the room going "Wooo! I'm an Elephant! Wooooo!"

Bundy cracks up, doubling over in his chair.

TED

Wait, how old was he?

BILL

He was four.

TED

Did you get the call or did your wife?

BILL

It was her. She was *not* happy.

TED

Jesus. Your son sounds like a hoot.

BILL  
He's a good kid. He's gotta be,  
what, only six months or so older  
than Rosa?

TED  
How old's your boy now?

BILL  
Five.

TED  
Yeah. That sounds about right.

BILL  
What do you imagine they're doing  
right now? You know, while their  
daddies are talking murder.

Ted shrugs, looking a little sad.

TED  
I haven't seen her. I don't... I  
don't know what she does. I like to  
imagine that she's got a nice doll  
house and goes out riding her bike.  
But then I also hope she's careful.  
You know?

BILL  
A lot of dangerous men in the  
world.

TED  
Too many.

BILL  
Do you have a picture?

Ted nods, pulling it out of his folder and sliding it across  
to Bill.

BILL  
She's beautiful.

TED  
She takes after her mother.

BILL  
Have you seen her mother recently?

TED  
Not in a few months.

BILL

Are you fine with that?

TED

Well. I miss the hell out of them.  
But Rosa's getting to that age.

BILL

That age?

TED

When she understands the things  
people say about me.

BILL

How do you explain that to a child?

TED

How do you explain that to an  
adult? Full grown adults walk  
around that don't understand that  
they should be skeptical about what  
you hear in the press. How can you  
expect a four-year-old to? Does  
your son know what you do?

BILL

He knows his daddy protects people.

TED

Well Rosa's daddy...well...he  
doesn't.

(beat)

Say, did you get my letter?

BILL

The latest one? Is that the one  
about the girl who keeps sending  
*the pictures?*

TED

Yeah. I mean, a lot of women send  
pictures.

BILL

But not like this.

TED

No. I don't even know where you'd  
go to get something like these  
developed.

BILL

The wall of your cell must be a sight to see.

TED

Oh, I don't keep them. I trade them to other inmates for favors, commissary and the like.

BILL

You don't like them?

TED

There'll always more in the next day's mail.

(beat)

Let's get back to BTK.

They both look at a pile of papers on the desk. Bill turns on the cassette recorder.

BILL

Where were we? Ah. I guess the real question is, if this really is the same guy, why the lull?

TED

I'm not convinced it is the same guy.

BILL

Why not?

TED

Well, look at the intensity back in '77.

BILL

I know what you're going to say.

TED

You *know*?

BILL

Yeah.

TED

Turn the tape off.

BILL

What?

TED

The tape.

Bill turns the recorder off.

TED  
I don't think I can do this any more.

BILL  
Why not?

TED  
You're getting inside my head. I don't want anyone inside my head.

BILL  
Ted, I'm not inside your head.

TED  
You're so full of shit.

BILL  
No, I'm-

TED  
I bet you know what I'd do if I broke out of here.

BILL  
I don't.

TED  
No I bet you do. I bet you think you do. Tell me. Tell me what you think I would do if I broke out of here.

Bill stares at Ted, thinking it over. Then he begins to speak matter of factly.

BILL  
Well, I think the first thing you would do is steal a car. You'd probably head up to the state of Washington and probably remove a couple of people that are under your skin.

TED  
Yeah? Who?

BILL  
Maybe an investigator that is pissing you off and not returning your letters. Maybe a journalist that has been... unkind.

(MORE)

BILL (CONT'D)

And then there's another person,  
maybe, I don't know, some guy you  
think is banging your wife.

Ted looks visibly uncomfortable, Bill plows forward,  
unhindered.

BILL

Then you'd steal another car, slip  
across the border into Canada and  
then never, ever come out. And we'd  
never hear from you again.

Ted stares at Bill. He takes that in for a few seconds and  
then EXPLODES. He leaps to his feet, kicking the chair out  
from under him, sending it across the room.

TED

Fuck you!

Ted walks over to the corner of the room with his back to  
Bill. He stands there for a moment in awkward silence, then  
turns around, bubbly and happy as ever. He walks over to his  
chair and sits back down.

TED

You can turn the tape back on.

BILL

You sure?

TED

I wouldn't know what else to do  
with my time.

Bill hits record.

BILL

You could write another book.

TED

Never again. That didn't work out.

BILL

It was a best seller.

TED

Well, we did correctly anticipate  
the baser desires of the book  
buying public. They want to be  
titillated. There were people who  
read it for genuine reasons too,  
but they were misled.

BILL

How so?

TED

It's a funny thing when money gets involved. People do things for money that they ordinarily wouldn't. And these guys wanted me to talk about things I was suspected of and I was like, I can't do that. All I can do is speculate. So that's what we did. But people didn't read it that way. It was all a game. Anyone who has read these books doesn't know anything about me or what really happened.

BILL

There are other people who have written books who knew you prior to any alleged criminal activity and they feel they knew you.

TED

You mean Ann Rule.

BILL

Do you remember her?

TED

Vividly. In her own way, she's a very nice person. But all we did was share shifts at a call-in crisis center. We never saw each other socially. My former fiance, girlfriend, friend, what have you, Liz wrote a book. She had a far, far better opportunity to get to know me.

BILL

Better than Ms. Edwards?

TED

She's a lovely person that is... was... we were only just friends. We never lived together. Liz saw me day in and day out for years.

BILL

Diane is referred to as someone you cared deeply for.

TED

There are a lot of theories about Ted Bundy which are just a bunch of bullshit. People think Diane and I broke up and somehow this was the traumatic episode in my life that made me go off the deep end. That's simply not true. Completely untrue. I know in my heart that that episode was not important. But everyone, Liz, friends, relatives, they're all reexamining our relationships. "Did I really know him?" You've seen it. When it's "I saw it in him. I knew when he was five years old." It's bullshit. But people don't want to feel fooled. "I could tell he was capable of that because he wouldn't open the door for me one time. Something was going on."

BILL

Or you kicked a cat.

TED

Yeah, I kicked a cat. And one time I jumped out from behind the bushes to scare Ann.

BILL

Who hasn't done that?

TED

And one time it was that I used to walk along the railroad tracks to see how long I could go without falling off, I mean come on. Give me a break. Jumping out from the bushes was never my thing anyway. There's a lot of myths and misunderstandings about me.

BILL

Like you're a master of disguise.

TED

Oh my God, yes! Just half a dozen photographs of the many faces of Ted Bundy. But they were all taken over a ten year period. They had my graduation photo from '65. And my arrest photo from '75.

(MORE)

TED (CONT'D)

If you grow a beard, just innocently grow a beard, or were in a different mood that day, wearing different expressions, you're going to look different without trying to. But this is the myth they created: Ted Bundy, Master of Disguise. You know, some of the guys on the row call me that.

BILL

Really?

TED

They do. They've gotten to know me. They know it's bullshit.

BILL

But when you were caught, you had to tell the police who you were, even though you were on the FBI's ten most wanted list.

TED

They wouldn't believe me. I told them.

BILL

When you were a fugitive, did the list have a bearing on the way you behaved?

TED

My manner of survival, yeah. But to be honest, and I'm not trying to insult your intelligence or anything, but I don't think y'all catch anybody. Not really. There are exceptions, okay, but generally guys get themselves caught.

BILL

Do you think sometimes they want to be caught?

TED

I never wanted to be caught. I know that's a top theory, but it's more pop psychology bullshit. The truth is no one looks at those things. No one keeps their eyes peeled for the faces they memorized from a poster. Not even the cops.

(MORE)

TED (CONT'D)

Because they believe that there's no way they're ever going to run into those people. So you just go about your day, don't act weird, and everyone thinks you're just a regular guy.

Bill shifts a little, eyes narrowing ever so slightly.

BILL

That's probably how serial killers get their victims as well.

Ted gives him a good, hard look.

TED

I imagine it is.

(beat)

You know, we should write a book.

BILL

You just said-

TED

No, no. Not a book about me. About profiling. We could call it "The Bill and Ted Show!"

BILL

I'm not writing a book, Ted. Not with you, not with anybody.

TED

Why not?

BILL

Then I'd just be like all the other primadonnas, right?

TED

Yeah, but think of what it could do for your career.

BILL

My career is fine. I like what I do.

Ted takes a good long look at Bill, almost envious.

TED

You know, if things were different, I could be sitting in that chair. I could have done what you do.

Bill nods.

BILL

I have no doubt about that.

TED

And if things were different, you could be out there, trolling the streets, looking for that right girl, learning everything about her - the way she moves, which arm she slings her purse over. You could be that guy.

(beat)

If things were different.

Bill and Ted exchange a good long look with one another. Bill is staggered by the thought. He doesn't want that to be true.

BILL

If things were different.

INT. PRISON - EVENING

Bill signs out his gun, puts it back in his holster, and exits the prison.

EXT. FLORIDA SMALL CITY - EVENING

Bill drives through the countryside.

Bill drives through a small city, pulling up slow to a stoplight. A tall woman in a sundress with long dark hair walks along the sidewalk past the car.

INT. CAR - SAME

Bill eyeballs the woman, watching as she turns the corner. Bill flips the blinker and turns slowly onto the street.

He drives slowly behind her, then passes, eyeing her the whole way. His breathing becomes heavier.

He pulls into a space along the side of the road, watching her in the mirror. His breathing becomes heavier still.

She starts walking slower, cautious of the car. Bill clocks her hesitation, then slowly pulls away back into traffic as if nothing had happened.

Bill tries to catch his breath.

EXT. AIRPORT - DAY

A plane lands.

INT. CHURCH - MORNING

Bill and his wife stand in church, singing along with the rest of the congregation, though we don't hear any of the singing. Barbara sings with her whole body. Bill mouths along, clearly not actually singing while his thoughts drift elsewhere.

INT. FBI CONFERENCE ROOM

Bill sits at a table with several senior staff, Depue, and the ASSISTANT DIRECTOR.

ASSISTANT DIRECTOR

Agent Hagmaier, could you fill us in on your conversations with Bundy?

BILL

Sure. I engaged him as part of our ongoing profiling of incarcerated killers at the behest of Agent Depue.

ASSISTANT DIRECTOR

It was our understanding that you volunteered for the assignment.

BILL

Only because no one else wanted it. Roger assured me it was a good opportunity. For the Bureau.

ASSISTANT DIRECTOR

And in the course of your discussions with Bundy, has he even once admitted to the crimes for which he has been convicted or accused?

BILL

Not as such.

ASSISTANT DIRECTOR

Not as such?

BILL

No.

ASSISTANT DIRECTOR

So he hasn't given you any reliable information?

BILL

He has.

ASSISTANT DIRECTOR

*Without* talking about his crimes.

BILL

Correct. But I'm very close to changing that.

ASSISTANT DIRECTOR

So he hasn't actually given you anything.

BILL

I would disagree. The profile we're building is full of fascinating insights.

ASSISTANT DIRECTOR

I've read the reports. Is there something you've omitted?

BILL

No, sir.

ASSISTANT DIRECTOR

Agent, Ted Bundy is a manipulative liar leading you on a wild goose chase. It's my opinion, and that of many of the senior agents, that you've been taken in by Bundy, that he's using you to help his own case, and that this little quest of yours is a fruitless waste of tax payer money.

Bill shakes his head.

BILL

All due respect, You can't be that good a master manipulator and liar if everyone knows and says you're a manipulator and a liar.

ASSISTANT DIRECTOR

It's a costly fishing expedition, nothing more.

BILL

We've developed a rapport and every time I go down he gives me a little more. I feel that that-

ASSISTANT DIRECTOR

Not good enough. From here forward you are to cease all communication and visitation with Bundy. He's never going to give you anything. Your work here is better served helping closing cases we can solve, not feeding the ego of a monster who keeps wriggling out of the electric chair.

BILL

Assistant Director, if we can close even one of Bundy's cases, bring closure to even one family-

ASSISTANT DIRECTOR

That'll be all, Agent Hagmaier.

Bill looks over at Montgomery. Montgomery smirks.

Bill nods, frustrated. He gets up and exits silently, brooding.

INT. HALLWAY - MOMENTS LATER

Bill's frustration begins to seethe. For the first time, we see him about to lose his trademark cool. Depue enters the hallway.

BILL

I was close. I was in there.

DEPUE

He wasn't going to tell you anything he didn't want to tell you.

BILL

You don't know that.

DEPUE

You're a great agent, Bill, but Ted Bundy does what Ted Bundy wants to do. And he's never going to trade away that info away for free.

Bill nods. Depue's right.

DEPUE

You got further than anyone else.  
This is a win, not a loss.

**1989 - 5 DAYS UNTIL SCHEDULED EXECUTION.**

INT. BILL'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Bill sits in a recliner, watching the evening news.

Peter Jennings

(news footage)

For eight years, Ronald and Nancy Reagan have always, always, been the center of attention. And then suddenly, in the most peaceful way, the most powerful individual in the western world hands it all over. Here's Sam Donaldson.

SAM DONALDSON

On his last full day as President, Ronald Reagan tied up some loose ends.

The phone rings.

BARBARA (O.C.)

Hello?

SAM DONALDSON

His staff let it be known that of all the prominent people who might benefit from a pardon, only one got it. George Steinbrenner, owner of the New York Yankees.

BARBARA (O.C.)

Bill?

Bill looks up.

INT. KITCHEN - NIGHT

Barbara hands the phone to Bill.

BARBARA

(whispering)

The boss.

BILL  
Agent Hagmaier.  
(beat)  
Yeah. I saw it on the news. You'd  
think a new President might be the  
biggest story of the week...  
(beat)  
Yeah.  
(beat)  
Alright.

Bill hangs up.

BILL  
I need to pack a bag.

BARBARA  
Where are they sending you?

BILL  
Florida.

Barbara's face falls.

BARBARA  
Bundy.

BILL  
Yeah. They're finally doing it.  
They want me on a plane tonight.

BARBARA  
Why you?

BILL  
He's ready to talk. But he said  
he'll only do it if I'm in the  
room. I'm going down to coordinate.

Barbara shakes her head.

BILL  
Honey, it's my job.

BARBARA  
I know. I just... I just hate who  
you are when you come back from  
seeing him.

A pregnant pause hangs in the air.

BARBARA  
I'll pack you a bag. You get  
cleaned up.

Barbara exits as Bill lets that wash over him.

**JANUARY 20TH, 1989. 4 DAYS UNTIL SCHEDULED EXECUTION.**

EXT. PRISON - NIGHT

The outside of the prison is bedlam. Angry protesters scream obscenities about Bundy. TV crews report live using the protesters as background. A man with a TUESDAY IS FRYDAY poster hawks BURN BUNDY BURN t-shirts. On the radio, George HW Bush's inauguration speech plays.

GEORGE BUSH, SR

I've just repeated, word for word, the oath taken by George Washington, 200 years ago. And the Bible, on which I placed my hand, is the bible on which he placed his. It is right that the memory of Washington be with us today, not only because this is our bicentennial inauguration, but because Washington remains the father of our country.

INT. INTERROGATION ROOM - NIGHT

We return to the scene from the beginning of the film, letting it play again, in part.

DIANA

Mr. Bundy, I was just explaining to Mr. Hagmaier-

Ted rolls his eyes at Bill over Diana's use of *Mr. Bundy*.

TED

- That he'll be in charge of conducting the interviews.

DIANA

I don't think that's wise.

TED

Bill knows most of these guys and the ones he doesn't know him by reputation. There's no one here they'll trust more than him.

Diana doesn't like being shut out. She shoots Ted a *what the hell are you doing* look.

DIANA  
Well, if that's what you want.

TED  
It is.

DIANA  
Then Mr. Hagmaier, you can be  
excused now. We'll call you when we  
need you.

Bill nods reluctantly and turns to leave.

TED  
Whoa, whoa, whoa. What are you  
doing?

DIANA  
We still need to brief the  
investigators.

TED  
Not without Bill here.

DIANA  
Mr. Bundy, we have to be very  
careful. I'd like to remind you  
that he is law enforcement.

TED  
Right. Look, I need a moment with  
Bill.

DIANA  
I am not about to leave you alone  
with law enforcement.

TED  
Diana, I told you. This is  
different. This is Bill.

DIANA  
I won't leave you alone with  
someone from law enforcement.

TED  
Bill's a friend.

DIANA  
Mr. Bundy-

TED  
Diana. Take a walk. I want to talk  
to my friend. Go on.

Diana leaves in a controlled huff, quickly clearing out the room of the other staff.

DIANA

Everyone. Mr. Bundy needs the room.

Everyone exits.

TED

We need to talk.

BILL

Diana's a peach.

TED

She's under a lot of stress. She's really a wonderful woman.

BILL

I'm sure. I didn't mean to imply-

Ted waves him off. Ted gets deathly serious.

TED

Bill, we both knew this day would come. I'm absolutely certain that you knew more about my activities and thought processes than I was comfortable with or you ever let on.

Bill nods.

TED (CONT'D)

How long have you been sure?

BILL

Since the first time I walked in here.

TED

Why didn't you ever say anything?

BILL

Because I didn't have to. How long have you known that I knew?

TED

Since the first moment you walked in here.

BILL

So why didn't you say anything?

TED  
Same reason.

BILL  
So all this. Is this just theater?  
Or are you going to go through with  
it?

TED  
It can't be both?

BILL  
No. It can't.

Ted nods.

TED  
Florida Supreme Court came back  
with their ruling tonight. Seven to  
two. I mean, I have one more appeal  
with the US Supreme Court, but...  
they really mean to kill me.

Bill nods.

TED (CONT'D)  
They really want to kill me.

Bill laughs.

TED (CONT'D)  
You think this is funny?

BILL  
Ted, you've been sitting here for  
eight years. What do you think they  
brought you here for? You knew it,  
and it's just now starting to sink  
in?

TED  
Yeah, yeah. I knew it, I knew, I  
knew it, but I just now thought  
about it. They're going to kill me.  
They're going to kill my mother's  
son.

BILL  
Well, maybe they will, maybe they  
won't.

Ted's entire demeanor changes. He's no longer gripping with his coming mortality and instead is defiant and smiling. The sudden shift is jarring, bizarre.

TED

Yeah, yeah. You're right. Let the bastards try!

BILL

Ted, you've got to do this. You have to come clean.

TED

I will. I'm going to do what I can in a major way. I'm going to give them the truth, but in a measured manner.

BILL

Measured?

TED

I need time, Bill. That bastard Martinez did this in order to exhaust my chances at any real legal strategy. All so he can say he's the guy that smoked Ted Bundy.

BILL

You can't hold these girls hostage. Not anymore. That tactic will backfire. If anyone thinks you're dragging ass on any of this, you're cooked.

TED

No. No. You're right. It's time to come clean. We still have a couple of cards up our sleeve.

BILL

Like what?

TED

You'll see. You just focus on making sure the investigators bring the right materials and stay on track.

Bill nods.

BILL

What's the plan?

TED

There are investigators coming from Utah, Colorado, Florida and Idaho.

BILL  
Idaho? Why Idaho?

TED  
I've got a couple of surprises for them.

BILL  
Ted, I told you. You can not play games with the governor of Florida. You are not in a position to extend your life by giving them a bunch of Henry Lee Lucas kind of stuff.

TED  
What are you talking about?

BILL  
Why Idaho???

TED  
Don't worry, Billy. I got us covered. I dropped two in Idaho.

BILL  
*Billy, I got us covered?* Why would I be happy that you killed two girls in Idaho?

Ted seems embarrassed he let that slip that way.

TED  
No. You're right. You're right. But Florida isn't going to do anything for me. Colorado, Washington, Oregon, Utah can't do anything for me. But Idaho-

BILL  
They're gonna ask for more time.

TED  
And they can petition the governor.

BILL  
Ted, you can't-

TED  
I'm not stalling. I'm not playing games. I'm coming clean. And if that means bringing other states into the mix, then so be it.

BILL  
How many?

TED  
Five.

BILL  
Not how many states. How many girls?

TED  
Am I talking about?

BILL  
How many did you kill?

TED  
Oh. That.

BILL  
Yes, that.

TED  
Let's say thirty.

BILL  
Let's say we talk about the real number.

TED  
Thirty is a nice round number.

They stare at each other for a beat.

BILL  
How many, Ted?

TED  
I don't know.

BILL  
What do you mean you don't know.

TED  
I didn't keep score. And..it gets confusing.

BILL  
I don't understand what's so confusing.

TED  
I'm not even sure all of them are dead.

Bill gives Ted an odd look.

TED (CONT'D)

There were several girls, girls that I hit over the head and put in my car. When I would drag them out into woods, they would wake up. Sometimes in my arms, sometimes when I went back to the car to get my tools. They all took off into the woods. And I couldn't find them. I'd go home, hide out, watch the news. But not a peep. No news. So did they run home and change their name, never to tell anyone what happened, afraid that I might find them and try again? Or did they die in those woods? I don't know.

BILL

So it could be more than thirty?

Ted smiles and winks.

TED

Then there are the dry runs.

BILL

Dry runs?

TED

There are a lot of girls I stalked, learned everything about, staked out my spot, walked up to their door or past them on the street and just walked away.

BILL

Why?

TED

Because every time I did this, I asked myself "Am I going to kill this girl?" Sometimes I said no. And I never went back for her.

BILL

I don't understand.

TED

Because the minute I say no and couldn't walk away was the minute I was on the road to being caught.

BILL  
Diane Leech.

TED  
I couldn't say no. She was a mistake. I never should have killed a twelve-year-old girl.

BILL  
*She was a mistake?*

TED  
Yes.

BILL  
And the others?

TED  
Choices. I can't really call those mistakes, can I? So thirty. I can for sure admit to thirty.

Bill lets that sink in.

BILL  
Why am I here? Really?

TED  
Bill. We've spent a good deal of time together.

BILL  
Not as much as some of the others.

TED  
Yeah, but you knew all along. And you treated me like a human being. You just wanted to understand.

BILL  
I still do.

TED  
That's why you're here. Each of the investigators gets two hours. I have a handful of other interviews. And then, when everything is clear, you and I will sit down and have the conversation you've wanted this whole time.

BILL  
What are you going to tell me?

TED  
Everything.

**JANUARY 21ST, 1989. 3 DAYS UNTIL SCHEDULED EXECUTION.**

INT. VISITING ROOM - DAY

Bundy sits on the other side of glass in a standard prison visitor's room. Opposite him are Bill and Diana, flanking investigators from COLORADO, IDAHO, OREGON and UTAH. We cut back and forth between the interviews in a frenetic style.

Ted fiddles with a weird, wireless microphone, sitting in front of Colorado.

TED  
What's this gizmo?

COLORADO  
It's a small microphone. It'll pick up everything you're saying and it might even help pick up what we're saying over here on the other side.

CUT TO:

UTAH.

TED  
Now, let's get it straight here. I know you have some intense feelings about me.

UTAH  
No.

TED  
You may or may not, but don't hesitate to tell me. If you think I'm bullshitting you, you tell me. Because I don't want us to dance around it all day.

CUT TO:

OREGON.

OREGON

If I thought you were just going to jack it around all day, I wouldn't be here.

TED

Right.

CUT TO:

COLORADO

I've been sent here to talk to you about Grand Junction.

CUT TO:

UTAH

Let's start with Bountiful, Utah.

CUT TO:

OREGON

Eugene, Oregon. Then I'd like to move on to West Linn and Coravallis.

CUT TO:

COLORADO

Vail.

CUT TO:

IDAHO.

IDAHO

Where, exactly, Mr. Bundy, did you take these girls from?

TED

Excuse me?

IDAHO

There are a number of unsolved disappearances in Idaho and frankly, sir...we have no idea which victims are yours.

CUT TO:

COLORADO

Before we start, I need to ask, is there any need Ted, as far as the western slope of Colorado is concerned, to go back before 1975? Maybe all the way back to '68?

TED

No. No. I didn't get to Colorado until '75.

CUT TO:

TED (CONT'D)

I really need a map for this. Didn't your office tell you that?

UTAH

They did. We're trying to get maps here as we speak.

TED

The clock is ticking on this.

Utah is a bit frantic, caught with his pants down.

UTAH

If you could describe the area, I know it pretty well.

Ted is getting frustrated.

TED

I could try, but it's been almost fifteen years and there were a lot-  
(quietly)  
A lot of girls since then.

CUT TO:

COLORADO

Did you clean the car afterwards?

Ted looks at the officer and laughs. The Officer laughs.

COLORADO (CONT'D)

Yeah, I mean, guess you did.

CUT TO:

Oregon points to a map.

OREGON

Now which way down this pike would you say you were going?

TED

I don't remember. It was dark. Late. I was just cooling down.

OREGON

Well how long would you say you were on the road?

TED

I don't know. Maybe...twenty minutes?

OREGON

And how fast you would say you were going?

TED

Fifty-five, maybe. Sixty. Under the speed limit. Always just under the speed limit. So whatever it is there.

OREGON

It's sixty.

TED

So yeah, sixty.

OREGON

So if you drove sixty miles an hour headed south for twenty minutes, how far would you say you would have gone?

Ted stares at the officer, dumbstruck.

OREGON (CONT'D)

You didn't think there would be math on this test, did you?

TED

I did not.

CUT TO:

IDAHO

And the river. You say it was north of Pocatello?

TED

Yes.

IDAHO

So the snake river.

TED

I don't know its name.

IDAHO

But you drowned her there?

TED

No. I drowned her in my hotel room.  
I only dumped her in the river.

CUT TO:

UTAH

I'm very sorry, we're still trying  
to get the maps here. Could you  
describe *anything* about the area  
you buried the body?

CUT TO:

OREGON

And what did you do when you  
returned?

TED

I checked to see if critters had  
gotten to her. They hadn't. It was  
a bad spot.

CUT TO:

COLORADO

And then what did you do? After you  
killed her.

TED

It's a blur. I was still in a  
frenzy.

COLORADO

But did you-

TED

Look, I don't recollect. It was a  
long time ago.

COLORADO

You have to give me something here.

Ted is getting increasingly frustrated. Evasive.

TED

When I'm in a frenzy, it all just happens. Everything gets jumbled together. It's not like I black out and can't remember anything, or I wasn't in control, but I can't go into specifics like that.

COLORADO

I'm trying to work with you, Ted.

Ted shakes his head.

TED

I know. Look, it's getting close to lunch.

BILL

Alright. Let's break for lunch. We'll resume this after.

Colorado turns the tape recorder off, upset.

INT. INTERROGATION ROOM - DAY

Bill and Ted enter from different doors, each closing the door behind them.

BILL

Ted! We talked about this. No one is going to tolerate these games.

TED

What games?

BILL

You're stalling.

TED

No. I'm lying. There's a difference.

BILL

What in the name of Mary and Joseph was going on in there? What happened to giving up everything in a major way?

TED

You didn't see it?

BILL  
See what?

TED  
He knew her.

BILL  
What? Bull.

TED  
He knew her.

BILL  
How could you tell?

TED  
It was just something in the way he talked about it. It was in his eyes. I don't know if they were dating or romantic or whatever, but he had a relationship with that girl.

BILL  
I didn't see it.

TED  
You weren't sitting opposite him. You would have if you were.

BILL  
So you wouldn't tell him-

TED  
Because I'm not going to tell that guy that I made love to his dead girlfriend before I cut off her head.

Bill reels at this. Ted has never spoken so plainly like this to him.

BILL  
Jesus.

TED  
I'm going to lunch.

Ted exits.

Bill stands dumbstruck before sitting in a nearby chair to catch his breath.

INT. VISITING ROOM - DAY

Ted sits across from Colorado, with Diana and Bill once again flanking him. Colorado presses record on the tape.

COLORADO  
So let's get back to Grand Junction.

TED  
Let me be frank for a moment. We agreed we would be.

COLORADO  
We did.

TED  
You knew her, didn't you?

COLORADO  
I'm not sure how that-

TED  
You did know her, right?

COLORADO  
It's a small town. Everyone knows everyone.

TED  
So you did.

COLORADO  
Yes. But I would appreciate it if you didn't let that color our conversation here.

Ted gives Bill and *I told you so* look.

TED  
Let's move on to Vail.

COLORADO  
I still have a few more questions about-

TED  
Vail.

INT. INTERROGATION ROOM - NIGHT

Bundy reclines in his chair, exhausted. Bill stands at the door, shaking hands with Utah. Utah looks relieved.

UTAH  
Thank you. This...this will...the families-

BILL  
I know. You drive back safe.

Bill sits down next to Ted, slumping into his chair.

TED  
So about tomorrow?

TED  
You mean the Dobson thing?

BILL  
What Dobson thing?

TED  
Some radio preacher or televangelist or something. Diana set it up. I didn't think it was going to happen.

BILL  
We said no media.

TED  
You've got to talk to Diana.

INT. HALLWAY - NIGHT

Diana is walking out the door to leave. Bill catches up with her.

BILL  
What's with the schedule tomorrow?

DIANA  
You've got a light day.

BILL  
I mean Dobson.

DIANA  
You won't be needed for that.

BILL  
All the interviews were supposed to go through me.

DIANA

All of the *law enforcement* interviews were to be scheduled through you. And they were.

BILL

What the heck are you trying to pull?

Diana quiets her voice and takes on a very serious tone.

DIANA

Doctor Dobson is a very well connected man. *Politically*.

BILL

We said no media.

DIANA

Dobson knows the rules. He just wants to interview Mr. Bundy. Ted's going to give him some tears, tell him what he wants to hear, and hopefully Dobson will petition the Governor to give him a stay of execution.

BILL

He wants a poster child.

DIANA

And we'll give it to him. Anything to keep Mr. Bundy out of that chair.

BILL

He still has his final appeal.

DIANA

If we can't swing five judges, only the Governor can stop this. And I'm going to see to it that he does.

BILL

This is two less hours that we have to answer questions that matter.

DIANA

(indignant)

Don't you care at all about what happens to Mr. Bundy?

Bill is on the verge of losing his cool, barely keeping it together.

BILL

Don't you care at all about the girls Mr. Bundy left out in the woods?

DIANA

I do. But I can't save their lives. I can save his.

(beat)

We aren't just our jobs, Bill. We're people. People who care about other people. You've gotta ask yourself: why are you *really* here? Are you here because of your job, or are you here for Ted?

BILL

I'm here for the families of those girls.

DIANA

No. You're like all the rest of them. You're here for yourself.

BILL

Yeah? And just what is it you think I want?

DIANA

To prove you're not like him.

Diana turns and leaves, Bill left emotionally naked, once again uncomfortable in his own skin.

TITLE CARD:

**JANUARY 22ND, 1989. 2 DAYS UNTIL SCHEDULED EXECUTION.**

INT. PRISON - DAY

A lighting and electrician crew walk through the hallways, setting up cables and lights for the Interrogation room. Bill stands by, grimacing at the work.

Diana approaches with DOBSON, a grey haired southern preacher that exudes untrustworthiness.

DIANA

Doctor Dobson, this is Agent Bill Hagmaier.

BILL  
Doctor.

DOBSON  
Agent. It's good to meet you. I've heard a lot about you. You're doing the Lord's work here.

BILL  
We've done what we can. But we've still got a lot of investigators left to squeeze in. You've been told about the rules?

DOBSON  
No talking to the media?

BILL  
Yes.

DOBSON  
Not a problem. We'll have to edit the tape before anyone can see it.

Bill looks at his watch.

BILL  
Well two hours is counting down. I won't keep you.

Dobson gives Bill a strange look.

DOBSON  
Diana, I'm going to check on our setup.

Dobson exits.

BILL  
Diana?

DIANA  
That was rude.

BILL  
We said two hours. How long of an interview can he get with all this setup?

DIANA  
The setup doesn't count.

BILL  
What do you mean it doesn't count?

DIANA

This is a real production. You don't just point a camera and shoot.

BILL

How long?

DIANA

We have seven hours blocked off.

BILL

*Seven hours?*

DIANA

Yes. Seven hours. Mr. Bundy is scheduled for execution. He is going to die. Doctor Dobson can stop that. It's worth all the time in the world. And I'm going to see that he gets it.

BILL

Ted did it. He did it all. And he's admitted it. You played a dangerous game with all of this and it hasn't gotten you anywhere.

DIANA

I'm not done yet.

BILL

We need this time.

DIANA

Trust me. Dobson will come through.

INT. INTERROGATION ROOM - DAY

Dobson and Bundy sit across from one another, surrounded by lights and cameras. Dobson is theatrical, rehearsed. Bundy seems uncharacteristically gentle, remorseful.

DOBSON

For the record, you are guilty of killing many women and girls. Is that correct?

TED

Yes. Yes, that's true.

DOBSON

Ted. How did it happen? Take me back. So much grief, so much sorrow, so much pain for so many people. Where did it start? How did this moment come about?

TED

I grew up in a wonderful home with two dedicated and loving parents. One of five brothers and sisters. But as a young boy, and I mean boy of twelve or thirteen, I encountered, outside the home again, in the local grocery store, local drugstore, soft core pornography - what people call soft core. But, as young boys do, we explored the back roads and sideways and byways of our neighborhood, and often times people would dump the garbage and whatever they were cleaning out of their house, and from time to time we would come across pornographic books of a harder nature, more of a graphic or explicit nature than you would encounter say in your local grocery store. Like detective magazines. Those included violence. And this is something that I want to emphasize. The most damaging kinds of pornography, are those that involves violence and sexual violence. I'm talking from personal experience - hard, real, personal experience. The wedding of those two forces brings about behavior that is just...

Ted pauses, collecting himself.

TED (CONT'D)

Okay, before we go any further, it is important to me that people believe what I'm saying, and to tell you that I'm not blaming pornography. I'm not saying it caused me to go out and do certain things. I take full responsibility for whatever I've done and all the things I've done. That's not the question here.

(MORE)

TED (CONT'D)

Once you get addicted to it - and I look at this as a kind of addiction - like other kinds of addiction, I would keep looking for more potent, more explicit, more graphic-

DOBSON

Aggressive.

TED

-material. Like any addiction, you keep craving something harder, harder, something which gives you a greater sense of excitement. Until you reach the point at which the pornography only goes so far. You reach that jumping off point where you begin to wonder if actually doing it will give you a greater thrill than just reading about it or looking at it.

DOBSON

Ted, after you committed your first murder, what was the emotional effect on you? What happened in the days after that?

Ted pauses, thinking.

TED

It was like...coming out of some horrible trance. Or a dream. I can only liken it to - and I don't want to overdramatize it - being possessed by something so awful or alien, and then the next morning wake up from it. Remember what happened and realize, basically, in the eyes of the law certainly, and in the eyes of God, you're responsible. To wake up in the morning and realize what I had done, with a clear mind, with all my essential moral and ethical feelings intact at that moment, absolutely horrified that I was capable of doing something like that.

DOBSON

You really hadn't known that before?

TED

I was a normal guy. I want to be quite candid with you, I was okay. The basic humanity, the basic spirit that God gave me was intact, but it unfortunately became overwhelmed at times. People need to realize that the people that do this are not some kind of inherent monsters. We are your sons and your husbands. We grew up in regular families. But pornography can reach in and snatch a kid out of any house today. It snatched me out of my home, twenty, thirty years ago. There are lots of kids playing in streets around the country today who are going to be dead tomorrow, and the next day, because other young people are reading and seeing the kinds of things that are available in the media today.

DOBSON

You feel this really deeply, don't you?

Ted begins to cry, nodding before looking down at the desk.

36

INT. OBSERVATION ROOM - SAME

36

Bill and Diana watch through a one-way mirror.

Bill scowls, eyeballing Ted. The lies have become too much for Bill. Diana sees this and gives Bill some side-eye.

DIANA

He's going to say what he needs to say.

BILL

This is a waste of time.

DIANA

Dobson isn't law enforcement. Let the preacher get some fodder for his sermon. Don't worry, you'll get what you came for.

DOBSON (CONT'D)

Ted there are hundreds of reporters out there, all clamoring for an interview, but you asked me to come all the way from California because you had a message you wanted to share. Do you really feel that hardcore pornography, and the doorway to it, softcore pornography, is doing untold damage to other people, and causing other women to be abused and killed, the way you did yours?

TED

Listen, I've lived in prison for a long time now, and I've met a lot of men who were motivated to commit violence just like me, and without exception, every one of them was deeply involved in hardcore pornography. Without question. Without exception.

INT. HALLWAY - LATER

Dobson exits, triumphant. Diana greets him, beaming. Bill is nonplussed, but trying to stay professional.

DIANA

So, how'd it go?

DOBSON

Amazing. He admitted it. Everything. Finally came clean before the Lord.

DIANA

So you're happy.

DOBSON

Very. His message is going to go out to the world and save untold thousands of lives and souls.

DIANA

So...the Governor?

DOBSON

Is going to love this.

DIANA  
You'll talk to him?

Dobson smiles, putting an arm on her shoulder, ready to break the bad news.

DOBSON  
The governor was never going to pardon him. He's a murderer. Done despicable, truly awful things. But now he can go on to meet the Lord with a clean soul and an unburdened heart.

Diana's face falls.

DOBSON (CONT'D)  
Thank you. Thank you for this tremendous experience. This is going to change lives. Now, if you'll excuse me, I have to go across the street.

BILL  
Across the street?

DOBSON  
That's where the press are.

BILL  
We had an agreement.

DOBSON  
This is too big. The world has to know why Ted Bundy killed those girls.

BILL  
Doctor, you are not to-

DOBSON  
It was a pleasure meeting you, Bill.

Dobson smiles broadly and exits, even more triumphant than before.

Bill looks at Diana. Diana points a stiff finger at him.

DIANA  
Don't! Not a word.

She pulls out her brick of a cellphone and makes a call while walking down the hall.

DIANA (CONT'D)  
 (into phone)  
 It's me. We're going to need you  
 down here ASAP.

Bill stares bitterly out the front doors as camera crews rush  
 Dobson.

TITLE CARD:

**JANUARY 23RD, 1989. ONE DAY UNTIL SCHEDULED EXECUTION.**

EXT. PRISON - DAY

It's raining. There are more camera crews than before and the  
 crowds of protesters and onlookers are huddled under plastic  
 tarps and tents. Under one large open tent a group of college  
 kids barbecue brats and drink beer.

Bill sits in his car, radio on, wipers still going. He stares  
 out at the hysteria in front of him. He looks at the prison,  
 and back at the crowd, with an expression like he is the only  
 sane person in the world.

INT. PRISON - DAY

Bill enters, just as he's done several times before.

The Warden leans out of his door.

WARDEN  
 Bill. A word?

INT. WARDEN'S OFFICE - MOMENTS LATER

The Warden sits behind his desk. Bill takes a seat.

BILL  
 What's up?

WARDEN  
 Bundy's people are asking for a  
 sanity hearing.

BILL  
 Well, that's straight out of the  
 playbook. Is anyone really  
 surprised?

WARDEN

No. The governor is sending down his team who are going to report Bundy sane, just as the governor has directed them to. And Diana is going to bring in her own heavy hitters who will, of course, find him nuts.

BILL

Whether he is or not.

WARDEN

Yeah. So it's all going to come down to any interviewed law enforcement official who has spent any real time with him.

Bill looks at the Warden soberly.

BILL

You're saying I'm going to be the guy who actually decides whether or not he gets the chair.

WARDEN

It's a hell of a thing to put on a man. I'm sorry.

Bill looks at the Warden long and hard, conflicted.

INT. INTERROGATION ROOM - DAY

Bill and Ted sit across from one another. Bill seems a bit disturbed.

TED

What's wrong.

BILL

You said this was about coming clean.

TED

It is.

BILL

You said you wanted to do something for these families. You wanted people to know that you spent your last week trying to do some good.

TED

I do!

BILL

And then you go and pull a stunt like that.

Ted nods.

TED

Yeah, yeah. You're right.

BILL

You've got to make this right. And you don't exactly have a lot of time left to do that.

TED

We'll see. We're still waiting on the court. And Diana's working something.

BILL

She doesn't have a lot of those cards left.

TED

Diana always has cards left.

They exchange looks. Bill knows more than he's letting on.

BILL

Let's get started.

Bill presses record on the tape player.

BILL (CONT'D)

We're here at Florida State Prison. Rayford, Florida. I'm with Mr. Ted Bundy. He's consented to share some of his ideas and experiences with us, for the purpose of giving law enforcement a greater understanding of individuals they may encounter in the future. As far as background, your activities began at what time?

TED

1973.

BILL

Is that the first one you recall?

TED  
That'd be May of '73.

The door opens and a guard enters.

GUARD 2  
Mr. Bundy, you have a call.

Bill looks at the guard, irritated. The guard shrugs as if to say "I can't help it."

INT. PRISON HALLWAY - MOMENTS LATER

Bundy is on the phone, nodding.

BUNDY  
I see. Thank you.

He hangs up.

INT. INTERROGATION ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Bundy sits back down. He sits silently for a moment, quietly breaking, almost crying, then, remembering he's not alone, stiffening up and returning to his old self.

BILL  
The Supreme Court?

Ted nods.

TED  
There's always Diana. She'll pull this out.  
(beat)  
At least I'm not alone. It's good to be with a friend right now.

Bill looks mildly uncomfortable, bristling at the mention of the word *friend*.

INT. TV ROOM - NIGHT

Bill and Ted sit by a bay of windows, staring up at the television. NIGHTLINE is playing.

TED KOPPEL

It has come down to this. An emergency request to the US Supreme Court for a stay of execution in the case of Theodore Bundy has been rejected. The vote was five to four. Bundy is scheduled to die in the electric chair tomorrow morning at seven. There may still be some last ditch legal maneuvers that could cause another delay in the execution, including an appeal for clemency to the governor of Florida. But just by way of background, since 1925 in Florida there have been two-hundred-and-two appeals for clemency, and only six have been granted. And Governor Bob Martinez, who will have to make that clemency decision on Ted Bundy, has already indicated that he wants the execution to take place. Indeed, Bundy's murders, those for which the execution is taking place - there are three - and the at least 20 others to which he has confessed, has made his execution a rather popular event. For more on the story...

Nightline drones on. As we pull back from Bill and Ted watching TV, we see the burning bonfires and hear the distant chants shouting "BURN, BUNDY, BURN! BURN, BUNDY, BURN!"

Ted stands up and looks out the window. Bill gets up and stands next to him, surveying the scene. The bedlam has turned to chaos. There are Catholics protesting the execution, a sea of fraternity brothers with masks, t-shirts, and beers held high, screaming at the prison, and onlookers galore camped out in folding chairs, holding the best seats for if and when Bundy is rolled out in the morning.

Ted laughs.

TED

And they say I'm crazy.

Bill chuckles.

TED (CONT'D)

We're all murderers, Bill. Everyone just chooses a different way of going about it.

BILL  
 Yeah. The difference is the only  
 body that crowd is going to leave  
 behind is yours.

Ted recoils at that.

BILL  
 You killed thirty girls, Ted. We  
 might all be metaphorical  
 murderers, but you're the real  
 deal. You know that, right?

Ted looks the other way, refusing to answer.

INT. HALLWAY - NIGHT

TITLE CARD:

**DOROTHY LEWIS, PSYCHIATRIST. MARSHA TANNER, RELIGIOUS  
 COUNCIL.**

DOROTHY LEWIS, MARSHA TANNER, and Diana walk down the  
 hallway. Bill stands near the door, going over a file.

DIANA  
 We need to see Mr. Bundy.

BILL  
 We have some time scheduled.

DIANA  
 We're making a change.

They enter the room and close the door behind them.

Bill stands there stunned.

Assistant Warden PAUL DECKER waves him over.

PAUL  
 That's Dorothy Lewis.

BILL  
 Wait, *the-*

PAUL  
 Yes. The. She's going to find  
 something wrong with him. That's  
 what she does.

The door opens. The women exit. Diana approaches Bill.

DIANA  
He wants to talk to you.

INT. INTERROGATION ROOM - NIGHT

Bill sits across from Ted.

TED  
They found a way to buy me some  
more time.

BILL  
Three or four days.

TED  
Maybe more.

Bill shakes his head.

TED (CONT'D)  
If Dorothy gives the go ahead,  
they'll have to put off the  
execution. Maybe I wasn't crazy  
yesterday but I am today. The  
stress, you know. Maybe I don't  
understand what's really happening  
to me.

BILL  
Maybe.

TED  
It's the only play we've got left.  
The governor isn't going to call.  
This is it, right?

BILL  
It is.

TED  
So what do you think?

BILL  
We've talked about this.

TED  
Not *this*.

BILL  
Yes we have. You were concerned  
that people thought you were crazy.  
And you were convinced that you  
weren't.

(MORE)

BILL (CONT'D)

Remember when you asked me if I could kill somebody? Am I crazy? Are you crazy because you killed people? Or are you just somebody who decided to kill people?

TED

Yeah, yeah. I know. But, this is what they'd like me to do.

Bill looks at Ted for a moment, deciding whether or not to say something.

BILL

Let me tell you something. I'm probably not supposed to. The Governor's office has identified three psychiatrists, good ones. They're going to come in by plane and helicopter tomorrow if need be. They're going to be interviewing staff, administrators, anybody that visited you, to ask if they've noticed any difference in your behavior over the last week.

TED

Well, yeah. That's alright.

BILL

You can wave your weenie at 'em. You can spit at 'em. You can take a dump on the floor. You can do whatever you want to do. But, tell me Ted, are you crazy?

Ted has a realization.

TED

They're going to ask you?

BILL

Who have you spent more time with over the last three days?

TED

And if you tell them I'm not crazy, I'll be executed?

BILL

That is the likeliest outcome.

TED

You don't have to have that on your conscience.

BILL

Ted, I'm never going to have a problem telling the truth.

TED

I know. But I'm not going to do it. Not to you. When the time comes you tell them what you need to.

Ted thinks for a long time.

TED

I need a favor.

Bill laughs.

BILL

I think you're all out of favors at this point.

TED

I need to make a phone call.

BILL

Ted, you can have all the calls you want. You need to-

TED

To my mother.

BILL

To whoever you want.

TED

What the hell do I say to her, Bill?

Bill realizes what Ted is trying to tell him. He sits back in his chair.

TED (CONT'D)

I don't know what to say. How do you...how do you even-

BILL

You tell the truth. You apologize first. You say you're sorry. The you say "Mom, I did it. It was me. And I'm sorry." You can't sugar coat it. You can't dance around it.

(MORE)

BILL (CONT'D)

If you want to go to your grave with her knowing the truth, you tell her.

TED

I want her to know.

BILL

But if you're going to do that, you need to write something down.

TED

I don't need a script.

BILL

No. Something for her. Something she can keep. Something from her son telling her how much he loves her. Something that isn't about all of this. You don't want tonight to be the last words she ever hears from you. Write her a letter. From a son to his mother.

TED

I don't know how to write that, Bill.

They share a long, quiet look.

Bill picks up a legal pad and a pen from the table, then stands up, pulls his chair to the other side, and sits down next to Ted.

BILL

Alright, let's work this out.

INT. INTERROGATION ROOM - NIGHT

Bill and Ted go over the hand written letter, Bill scanning for errors with a pen. Bill nods, handing the pen to Ted who quickly signs his name.

BILL

Well, we've got a few hours left.

Ted offers Bill a seat.

TED

What did you have in mind?

They sit.

BILL

You told me once that, when you were ready, you'd take me down under the water.

Ted nods.

TED

I did.

BILL

So where are we going to go?

TED

I think...I should get some rest before the morning.

Ted looks away.

BILL

Ted. You said you wanted to confess, to tell the truth. You can't get right with God keeping that all in. You need this. And if you consider me a friend...

Ted looks back at Bill, reacting to that word.

Ted takes Bill's hands, holding them tightly, looking intently into his eyes.

TED

Let's go kill some people.

Ted leans his head back, closing his eyes tight, never letting go of Bill's hands.

TED (CONT'D)

She was beautiful. Radiant. Her smile, familiar. Her dad was sick, in and out of the hospital. Heart problems. I'd heard her talking about it over the phone. I got a local badge in my usual way. It's night. Full moon. She looks amazing. Exactly like one of the girls from the magazines.

BILL

The detective magazines?

TED

Spitting image. I walk up to her. "I'm Ted," I say.

(MORE)

TED (CONT'D)

"Officer Ted Bundy. Something's happened." She goes pale. "What do you mean," she says. "Your father's had a heart attack. I was sent to find you. My car's over this way." She rushes with me. It all happens so fast she never clocks that a police officer is picking her up in a Volkswagen. I get in and open the door from the inside. By the time she realizes there's no passenger seat, WHAM! I hit her over the back of the head with a tire iron.

(beat)

She's so beautiful, isn't she? Her dark hair parted down the middle, running all the way down to her ass. Gorgeous. I want her so badly. I want to take her now. I want to possess her. But not yet. Stick to the plan. Only a few more miles to go. A few more miles and I can do whatever I want with her. We drive and I talk to her as if we're having a conversation. Like we're on a date. She doesn't say a word. She doesn't have to. I do all the talking for her. It's a nice night. We're lucky to have met. I tell her how nervous I was to try and approach her and she laughs because she was thinking the same thing about me. She was waiting all that time for me to make the first move.

(beat)

We're there.

(beat)

I drag her out of the car, through the woods, to the spot I have all picked out. She's lying there in the moonlight, the curves of her body peeking through her blouse, her skirt. I can almost see the edge of her nipple and it gets me hard, so hard. I want to slide that skirt up, but I need my kit. It's in the car. I keep it behind the wheel well. Dump it after I'm done. You never use the same kit twice. You never let them catch you with it. That's how you get caught. You gotta know where to dump it, how to piece it out, have that planned in advance so you don't panic.

(MORE)

TED (CONT'D)

I'm with her again, with my kit, and I undress her, slowly, enjoying every peek, every little bit of skin. First the blouse, button by button. I pop them one at a time, waiting for the moment her firm breasts burst out. Then I slide off her skirt. I'm having a hard time pacing myself. I practically tear off of her bra and panties. I'm at a fever pitch now. I bend her over, wrap the garrote around her neck and then wake her with smelling salts. She wakes, screaming, screaming so loud. Begging for her life. "Sshhhh," I say. "You can scream and no one will hear you. Or you can do what I say." She nods, sobbing. "Please," she says, but I shush her again. I take her. I take her so hard. Every cell of my body is on fire, tingling like I'm going to explode. She plays along, bucking against me. Giving in like I'll let her go. But she knows. She knows. This is it for her. Her last few moments on earth. I fuck her and I fuck her and I fuck until just the moment-

Ted sighs like he's about to come. He tightens the grip on Bill's hand.

TED (CONT'D)

And I choke her. I wring the life out of her. She gasps as I convulse. Every muscle in my body is tensed up, my knuckles white around the garrote. I'm coming so fucking hard and she's bucking and wriggling against me, trying to get leverage, trying to get air. Her hair is whipping my stomach as she writhes. And as I feel her going limp, I wrap my arms around her, hold her so close, and I kiss her from behind, right on her full, quivering lips. Swallow her last breath whole, take her into me. And we're one.

Ted breathes a relaxed sigh.

TED (CONT'D)

We're one. And now I get to have my fun.

BILL

Your fun?

TED

I'm not done with her yet. We make love a few more times under the moon. I reposition her, relive some of the things I'd read about in the magazines - those moments that were so formative in my youth. Do all the things I'd ever dreamed of. This time she's the pig-tailed school girl clawing her way out of a rowboat. And then she's the buxom vixen with a cigarette dangling from her lips. And then she's - wait!

(beat)

Headlights. A car. Oh god. They saw me. They fucking saw me. Why did I pick a spot so close to the - no, wait. They're still driving. Away. They didn't see anything.

Ted breaths a sigh of relief.

TED (CONT'D)

And we go back at it. I put her blouse back on, but not her bra, and leave it just unbuttoned enough that I can catch a peek of her nipples as her body bounces beneath me. And I'm done, I'm spent. I leave her for the animals, dump my kit and go home for breakfast.

BILL

Do you ever go back?

TED

Several times. Our place is sacred now. We became one together there. Sometimes I go just to be with her again. Sometimes just see if the animals have done their job. This time they haven't. I chose a bad spot. Only the bugs have her now. I'm going to have to break her up and hide her. Heads are so hard to cut off.

(MORE)

TED (CONT'D)

They make it look so easy in the movies - one swing and it's gone. But it ain't like that. You gotta saw. You gotta work and fight. Through tendons and bone. The saw is tight in my hand as I try to work through the neck, her eyes, her beautiful eyes, staring up at me the whole time. I keep her head, stash it with some others, and bury the rest of her in several spots all over the woods.

BILL

And then what?

TED

Then I start looking for the next girl. I drive around and just watch. Wait for a girl that stirs those feelings. I'm looking for a smile, for eyes. For long, luxurious hair. She has to look right. And then I find her.

(beat)

And we start again.

INT. HALLWAY - NIGHT

Bill walks out of the room in a daze. Behind him, in the room, we see Bundy, equally exhausted by the discussion. Bill leans back against the wall, letting the moment he's just shared with Ted wash over him. His eyes are empty with shock. Assistant Warden Paul is waiting for him in the hallway.

PAUL

We went out for food but nothing was open this late but a gas station.

Paul hands him a sleeve of crackers and a Sprite. Bill nods a weak thank you.

PAUL (CONT'D)

So what'd he tell you?

BILL

Everything.

A guard pokes his head in.

GUARD 3

Special agent? The governor's team  
needs five minutes.

INT. INTERROGATION ROOM - NIGHT

Three well dressed men sit around a table. Bill is seated,  
stands, and the men rise to shake his hand.

PSYCHIATRIST

Thank you for your time, Agent  
Hagmaier.

He exits. Diana is waiting outside. She stands up and passes  
him wordlessly, making only the briefest eye contact as she  
strides in boldly, unafraid of her three rivals in the next  
room.

Bill stops. The door closes. He takes a seat, waiting for her  
to hear the news.

EXT. HALLWAY - NIGHT

Diana exits in tears. She sees Bill, hesitates for a second,  
then rushes him.

DIANA

You bastard. You bastard! He was  
your friend. He trusted you. And  
now you're going to let him die  
tomorrow.

BILL

Diana, Ted's always done what Ted  
wanted to do. It's his decision. If  
you think he's crazy, you can tell  
the psychiatrist. I don't think  
he's going to go along with the  
plan. He's made peace, he's ready  
to move on. Let. It. Go.

Diana bursts further into tears, sobbing gently. She quickly  
moves to a bench. Bill sits next to her, notices she's still  
soaked from the rain. He takes his jacket off and puts it  
around her.

BILL

Why don't you go home?

DIANA

He needs me here.

BILL

It's late. They're not going to let you back in to see him again.

DIANA

Are you going to see him again?

BILL

We have the next few hours together.

DIANA

Well, tell him...tell him...

BILL

Tell him what?

She shakes her head, crying, burying her head into Bill's shoulder. Bill holds her.

A guard walks past, looking askance at the two. Bill gives him a look as if to say *I have no idea what is going on here.*

She cries for a moment, seemingly comfortable on Bill's shoulder.

BILL

Diana. You need to go home to your husband. Go home to your kids. Get some sleep.

Diana looks up at him, sobering a little.

DIANA

Ted will be alright.

BILL

He'll be alright. They're going to kill him. He's going to die in the morning. It's between him and God now, Diana. No one in that death chamber, and no one sitting on this bench can do a thing about it.

She nods, looking at him long and hard, then stands up, takes off the jacket, and hands it back to Bill.

DIANA

Goodbye.

She exits.

INT. BATHROOM - NIGHT

Bill changes his clothes. He is lost in the moment, still in a daze from everything he heard. We watch as he slowly turns it over in his head as he strips his dirty clothes off and slides on fresh ones.

He pulls his wallet out of his discarded pants and it falls open to a picture of his family. He stares at it, recentering himself.

INT. BREAK ROOM - NIGHT

Assistant Wardens PETER and Paul with Bill at the table, cracking into their snacks.

PAUL

When was the last time you ate?

Bill thinks about it for a moment.

BILL

I don't remember.

Peter and Paul break into their crackers, devouring them with a tub of peanut butter and a plastic knife. Bill begins fumbling with his sleeve of crackers.

FRED LAWRENCE

Mr. Hagmaier?

Bill looks up. Standing in the doorway is FRED LAWRENCE, 50's, methodist minister.

FRED LAWRENCE (CONT'D)

I'm the minister.

PETER

Ted Bundy wanted to talk to a preacher?

FRED LAWRENCE

He did. I was the one on call.

BILL

Have you met him?

FRED LAWRENCE

Just now. He's asking for communion.

BILL

You'll have to run that by the warden, but I don't see why he'd say no.

FRED LAWRENCE

I've already done that.

BILL

Okay...

FRED LAWRENCE

They won't provide any of the materials.

BILL

And you didn't bring anything?

FRED LAWRENCE

I didn't think to. It's not a...common request. Most of these guys, well, they weren't religious on the outside. Mr. Bundy said you were his best friend and that you might be able to finagle something for us.

Once again, Bill bristles at the notion of being Bundy's friend. But this time there's a sympathy to his reaction.

BILL

Wafers and Wine?

FRED LAWRENCE

Yes.

PAUL

Not at this hour. We were lucky to score this.

FRED LAWRENCE

Can't you-

PAUL

Prison store is closed. I couldn't get in there if I wanted to.

The minister looks down at the crackers and unopened Sprite. Bill shares his gaze and looks down at the crackers in his hand. He opens the package, pulls out a handful of crackers and then hands the rest of the sleeve and the Sprite to the Minister.

FRED LAWRENCE

Thank you. Is there anything you'd like me to tell Mr. Bundy?

BILL

No. I think we've said enough for the time being.

Fred exits and Bill nibbles on one of his few remaining crackers.

INT. INTERROGATION ROOM - SAME

Bundy, Fred Lawrence, and the Tanners Hold hands, praying.

They begin singing, which turns to crying. They sing through the tears.

Then the minister offers Bundy communion of crackers and Sprite, the tanners still singing in the background.

FRED LAWRENCE

Do you accept Jesus Christ as your lord and savior?

TED

I do.

FRED LAWRENCE

Do you accept his love and salvation?

TED

I do.

Fred puts the cracker in Bundy's mouth.

FRED LAWRENCE

Jesus said "Take and eat; this is my body."

Bundy eats the cracker.

FRED LAWRENCE (CONT'D)

Then he took a cup, and when he had given thanks, he gave it to them, saying, "Drink from it, all of you. This is my blood of the covenant, which is poured out for many for the forgiveness of sins."

Fred hands Bundy the Sprite. Bundy drinks, tears streaming down his face.

INT. BREAK ROOM - SAME

Bill eats crackers in silence.

EXT. PRISON - NIGHT

Rain.

Crowds stand by bonfires, hold signs, chant. Several signs read: BURN BUNDY BURN!

INT. INTERROGATION ROOM - NIGHT

Bundy sits across from Bill. He runs his hand over his smooth, freshly shaved head.

TED

What do you think?

BILL

Hair suits you.

TED

Yeah. Feels kinda neat, though.

(beat)

I wanted to say something, you know, while I still can. Thanks for being here; for being a friend.

BILL

I was just doing my job.

TED

Your job is doing the unnecessary for the ungrateful. No. Fuck that. Everyone always wanted something from me. I was their noteworthy client, or another brick on their road to salvation or a name on the cover to sell their book. But you, all you ever wanted from me was to understand. That's all a friend really is. Someone who wants to understand you. Thank you.

BILL

You're welcome.

TED

So what's next?

BILL

Well, your judgments are over down here. You tried to help for the right reasons.

TED

Nobody is going to believe that. All they want to believe is that the worst person in the world got smoked.

Ted mulls that over for a moment. He drifts quickly from friendly to angry. He picks up a pen from the table.

TED (CONT'D)

You know, fuck them. I'm not going to give the state the satisfaction of killing me. They can bury me if they want. But I won't let them kill me.

BILL

Ted-

TED

You see this pen?

He holds the pen up to his vein, holding it like a knife.

TED (CONT'D)

I could put this in my arm right now. I can bleed out before you get anybody in here. I've researched it. I've seen other guys do it in here. I can do it.

BILL

You think I don't trust you? You want me to grab that pen to save your life right now? I'm not going to do it. If that's your plan...

Bill shrugs.

BILL (CONT'D)

But you wanted to do some good before you went.

TED

And I've done it. All I can. You said so yourself.

BILL

Not all. Those families. They need to know you died for their daughter. Each one of them independently is going to believe that you died for *their* daughter. Even if legally it is for that little girl, they're only going to see their little girl. And that's why you have to die in the morning. It's for them.

Bundy sighs. He puts down the pen.

TED

What's going to happen to me?

BILL

I don't know.

Ted reaches over and picks up a bible. He starts thumbing through it. Then he SLAMS it down.

TED

I can't get what I need from here.

BILL

What do you mean?

TED

There are no god damned answers in here.

BILL

Well, what are the questions?

TED

You're not God, you won't know.

BILL

(laughing)

Then nobody down here is going to know.

TED

I've been reading this damn thing. I've read it with Marsha and John, I've been reading it myself. I just...I just don't know.

BILL

What don't you know?

TED

Well, what do we know?

BILL

What we do know is that you are going to die in the morning. And there will be a final judgment.

TED

How am I going to explain all this stuff to God?

BILL

How do you want to explain it?

TED

What do you mean?

BILL

What is God to you? Who is your God?

TED

Jesus Christ is my savior.

BILL

Is your lord omnipotent? Omniscient?

TED

Of course. He knows everything.

BILL

Well, then he already knows. Maybe it's just a true/false situation. I don't know. I haven't been there.

TED

Well, that's going to be a pretty damned short conversation, Bill.

BILL

I imagine it will be.

TED

If I did it and I say I did it, I committed all the sins.

BILL

You won't be able to lie your way out of this one.

TED

No. There's no hope for me.

BILL  
Tell me about your savior.

TED  
Well, he can forgive my sins.

BILL  
I think the operational word there  
is *can*.

TED  
You don't think he will?

BILL  
I don't know. There's a thing  
called remorse. A thing called  
repentance. Salvation may come from  
your savior, but it also has to  
come from within first.

TED  
Then what do I do?

BILL  
You gotta talk.

TED  
We are talking.

BILL  
Not to me.

TED  
You mean pray.

BILL  
Yeah.

TED  
What am I gonna say?

BILL  
Whatever's in your heart. If it's  
the truth, if you're truly sorry,  
then that's part of the judgment  
process.

Ted gets suddenly upset.

TED  
Why? Why did this happen to me? Why  
did this have to happen to me?

He starts pacing around, waving his hands in the air, yelling, angry at God, angry at the world.

TED (CONT'D)

Seven days! The fucking governor gave me seven days! It could have been thirty! It could have been sixty! I could have had some time to do some real good. Could have had time to figure out how to live! But the fucking selfish bastard wanted to put a notch on his desk! I'm the guy who fried Ted Bundy! Mother fucker!

A guard peeks in through the door.

GUARD

Everything okay, Mr. Hagmaier?

Bill nods, waving him away. The guard exits.

TED

They want to kill me for their own satisfaction. So they'll feel better. That doesn't make them better than me! They're not better than me! Why, Bill? Why the fuck was I the one who was chosen to go through this?

Bill, at last, loses his trademark cool. A switch flips and he's going off on Bundy.

BILL

Wait a minute. Wait a minute. You're asking me and I'm gonna tell you right now. How many of your victims have the opportunity that you do? To prepare for your death. To call your mother. You don't even know how many girls there even were. All those children. All those children who died.

TED

Well, they weren't all children. Most were women.

BILL

They were all somebody's children, Ted!

TED  
Yeah, yeah.

BILL  
And you're somebody's child.

TED  
Yeah.  
(beat)  
You're pissed at me, aren't you?

BILL  
Yes. Yes I am.

TED  
You think they should kill me,  
don't you? You think it's my time  
to die.

BILL  
Frankly, Ted, they probably should  
have done it a long time ago.

TED  
I have to pray.

Ted gets down on his knees and starts praying silently. Bill steps to the other side of the room, giving him some space, still fuming.

Ted prays for a moment before the guard enters.

GUARD  
Mr. Hagmaier, it's time.

Bill nods. Ted gets up. They share a look, Bill angry, Ted sheepish. They shake hands.

BILL  
Keep the faith.

TED  
Will I see you in there?

Bill nods.

BILL  
Yes.

Bill turns to leave.

TED  
So did you get what you came for?  
Do you know why I did it?

Bill turns back to Ted, coldly, distantly.

BILL  
Because you wanted to, Ted.

That stings Ted. He tries to remain stoic, but begins to break a little. Bill gets him, and a queer smile and sense of peace washes over him. He has finally been seen for who he really is.

TED  
I hope to see you on the other side, after.

BILL  
Could be.

Bill exits coldly. Ted looks longingly out the door.

INT. WARDEN'S OFFICE - DAWN

Bill sits solemnly in front of the Warden's desk as Paul sits behind it. The phone RINGS. Paul answers.

PAUL  
Florida State Prison. I'm afraid he isn't available at the moment.  
(beat)  
I'll give him the message.

Paul hangs up the phone.

PAUL (CONT'D)  
So how'd it go?

BILL  
It was what it was.

PAUL  
That bad, huh?

BILL  
Yeah.

The phone rings. Paul answers.

PAUL  
Florida State prison. I'm afraid he isn't available at the moment.  
(beat)  
I'll be sure to give him the message.

He hangs up the phone.

PAUL (CONT'D)  
Look, Bill. The warden invited his family down.

BILL  
To watch?

PAUL  
Yeah. And they did a head count...

BILL  
I was supposed to have a seat.

Paul shakes his head.

The phone rings. Paul answers.

PAUL  
Florida State prison. I'm afraid he isn't available at the moment.  
(beat)  
I'll be sure to give him the message.

He hangs up the phone.

PAUL (CONT'D)  
It's the warden's discretion.

BILL  
He must have a big family.

PAUL  
He does. I'm sorry, Bill.

Bill nods. A guard leans in the door.

GUARD 2  
They're ready for you, Paul.

PAUL  
Thanks.  
(to Bill)  
I've got to walk him down. Can you man the phones?

Paul gets up, puts on his jacket.

BILL  
I don't work here.

PAUL  
Just tell him you'll give him the message.

Paul grabs a tape recorder.

BILL  
What's that for?

PAUL  
Some guys like to confess on the way down. It's always good to have it.

BILL  
Right. I got the phones.

PAUL  
Thanks!

Paul nods, Paul exits. Bill sits for a moment. The phone rings.

BILL  
Florida State Prison.

HECKLER (V.O.)  
Yeah, is Ted Bundy there?

BILL  
I'm afraid he isn't available at the moment.

HECKLER (V.O.)  
Well, when you see him, will you tell him I SMELL BACON! SIZZLE SIZZLE!

Bill hangs up the phone. Takes a deep breath. The phone RINGS again. Bill answers.

BILL  
Florida State Prison.

HECKLER 2 (V.O.)  
Yeah, I have some sunscreen for Mr. Bundy to help prevent a burn. Where should I deliver-

Bill hangs up the phone. He stares at the phone for a moment, then picks it up, leaving it off the hook.

Bill stares out the window at the rain.

INT. DEATH ROW - DAWN

Paul walks beside Bundy holding the tape recorder.

TED

I buried her body in a shallow grave, just west of the ridge. It was underneath a tree. You could see the peak right behind it. It was a nice spot.

They get to the door to the chamber.

TED (CONT'D)

Well that appears to be all the time we have. I've been your host, Ted Bundy. Thank you and good night.

Paul turns off the tape.

TED (CONT'D)

You have a good life, Paul.

PAUL

You too. I mean-

Ted flashes his trademark grin, winks.

TED

See you on the other side.

PAUL

I hope so.

Ted enters the chamber.

INT. CHAMBER - DAWN

Two guards strap Bundy in. Bundy looks around the room, scanning for Bill. Bill isn't there. There is the slightest moment of sadness, loneliness, in his eyes. Then he steadies himself.

WARDEN

Mr. Bundy. Do you have any last words?

TED

Jim and Fred, I'd like you to give my love to my family and friends.

He looks at the Warden and nods.

INT. VIEWING ROOM - SAME

The audience stirs, several people bitter at the lack of a confession. A man leans over whispering snidely to his neighbor.

INT. CHAMBER - SAME

The Warden gives the signal and a guard places the strap over Bundy's eyes.

INT. WARDEN'S OFFICE - SAME

The lights dim for a moment as it switches to the backup generator. A cheer rises up in the distance outside.

A guard leans his head into the office. Bill looks up. The guard nods solemnly.

Bill nods. Stands up, puts on his jacket, and walks slowly out of the office.

EXT. PRISON - DAWN

The white hearse pulls away from the prison as crowds celebrate.

66 EXT. CAR - NIGHT 66

Bills car sits outside of his home in the suburbs.

67 INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT 67

Bill enters wearily, carrying his bags. His six-year-old SON, sitting in front of the television, jumps to his feet and runs to his father.

SON

Daddy!

His son wraps himself around his leg, barely letting him in the door.

SON

Daddy! Daddy! They killed your friend. They killed Mr. Bundy. It's all that's on the TV.

BILL  
I know, son. I was there.

SON  
You were there?

BILL  
Yes.

His son hugs him tightly.

SON  
Well...why did you let them do that?

BILL  
Well, they just kept his body from hurting anybody anymore.

SON  
Is he with Jesus?

BILL  
I don't know.

SON  
Are you going to miss him?

Bill stares off into the distance, holding his son, unsure how to answer.

68

INT. KITCHEN - NIGHT

68

His wife washes dishes in the sink. He slinks up behind her, wraps his arms around her, kisses her neck sweetly. She turns her head and he kisses her on the mouth from behind. We hold for a minute on the kiss. It's passionate, the embrace almost a little too hard.

FADE TO BLACK.

TITLE CARD:

BILL HAGMAIER AND TED BUNDY MET ONLY FOUR TIMES BEFORE 1989 AND EXCHANGED OVER 200 LETTERS.

TED BUNDY WAS EXECUTED ON JANUARY 24, 1989. SOME REPORTED THAT IN HIS LAST DAYS HE ADMITTED TO KILLING UPWARDS OF 100 WOMEN, THOUGH HE ONLY EVER CLAIMED 30. MANY OF THE REMAINS WERE NEVER RECOVERED.

SPECIAL AGENT BILL HAGMAIER WENT ON TO BECOME CHIEF OF THE NATIONAL CENTER FOR THE ANALYSIS OF VIOLENT CRIME (NCAVC). NOW RETIRED, HE IS CONSIDERED ONE OF THE GREATEST CRIMINAL PROFILERS IN THE WORLD AND CONTINUES TO SPEAK WITH FELLOW LAW ENFORCEMENT WORLDWIDE, SHARING THE KNOWLEDGE FROM HIS INTERVIEWS WITH COUNTLESS MURDERS, RAPISTS AND CHILD MOLESTERS - MANY OF WHOM ASKED TO SPEAK SPECIFICALLY WITH HIM DUE TO HIS WELL KNOWN ASSOCIATION WITH TED BUNDY.