

# **WHITE ANGEL**

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## WHITE ANGEL

TITLES - The sound of a woman walking on a deserted street

EXT NIGHT STREET

We see a woman's feet wearing red stiletto shoes. It is late at night and she is very alone. She turns a bend and enters a darkened street, her heels making a distinctive click on the path.

Suddenly we see a figure in the darkness - the woman pauses for a beat before continuing. She approaches the figure who is dressed in a heavy motorbike jacket... The figure turns round - it is a girl with bleached blonde hair, wearing a low cut, tight white T Shirt. The white seems to glow a little.

Without warning, the WOMAN produces a hammer from her bag and raises it above BLONDE... Screams....

FADE TO BLACK - TITLES

EXT NIGHT PARK

The young BLONDE lies motionless on the floor, most of her clothes ripped from her still body. The sound of digging can be heard, then of a knife being unsheathed. Her body is dragged out of shot...

FADE TO BLACK - TITLES

EXT DAY PARK

A dog is digging at the ground. It's MISTRESS calls out for the dog. Suddenly, the dog bounds over a ridge, his tail wagging furiously, doggy has fetched the bone - a human foot and half a calf is wedged firmly in it's jaw. It runs to it's MISTRESS...

FADE TO BLACK - TITLES

EXT DAY PARK

An area has been sectioned off with red tape. Several men in dark clothing are digging carefully at the ground. Already several small flags indicate finds, small body bags can be seen to contain various appendages. A man steps into shot, wrinkled brow and piercing eyes. He lights a cigarette as he looks over to his men digging - this is INSPECTOR TAYLOR. The image freezes and spins off into the corner of the screen...

INT DAY NEWS ROOM

The news is being read...

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### NEWSREADER

As yet POLICE have not ruled out the possibility that this mutilated body could be connected with the murder of NICKI LOWE, whose body was found on Hapthron Common last month. Last night, novelist ELLEN CARTER was awarded the International Writers Guild Award for her Book, 'The Colour of fear'...

We see shots from the ceremony, and ELLEN CARTER holding her book and trophy up for photographers - she smiles radiantly...

### NEWSREADER

She was said to be ecstatic about the award...

### INT NIGHT CAR

We are in a car with ELLEN CARTER. She is returning from the award ceremony and she is anything but ecstatic. She is bubbling with anger. Slouched in the seat next to her is her husband, drunken and VERY smug.

### EXT NIGHT

66 ACACIA AVENUE - The car pulls up behind the house and toward the garage. The HUSBAND staggers out of the car to the garage door...The doors slowly open. CARTER watches him as he is picked out in the headlights - directly in front of her - She no longer has fear' just hatred. Her foot slowly depresses the accelerator, her hands grip the wheel - the exhaust screams out... The husband looks up at the car - the lights get brighter...

DISSOLVE TO WHITE - TITLE "WHITE ANGEL"

### INT DAY LIVING ROOM

A white paint roller rolls up the screen - We move wider to see CARTER painting a wall - she looks rough. She steps back to look at the wall she has painted. Suddenly she hears a noise - a whisper? She moves closer to the wall - listening intently - there it is again - a distant whisper calling her name... Suddenly two arms explode from the wall grabbing her...

### INT DAY LIVING ROOM (4 YEARS LATER)

ELLEN CARTER wakes with a start as a jet flies overhead - She is dressed in a business suit and looks like she has been to war for the last few years... She looks directly at the wall in

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front of her. She draws hard on her cigarette as she stands and moves over to the window looking out over the street.

The billboard now reads - WHITE ANGEL TAKES THIRTEENTH VICTIM - POLICE AT A LOSS...

EXT DAY CAR PARK OUTSIDE SUPERSTORE

We are in a car looking out. A YOUNG WOMAN (MANDY) exits the shop - she is pretty with long blonde hair - she is dressed almost predominantly in white. She goes to her car which is parked in a secluded corner of the car park. She starts to put her groceries in the boot.

A hand reaches into the glove compartment of the car we are in and a woman with long red fingernails takes out a pair of scissors. A book sits in the compartment - well thumbed - it is the COLOR OF FEAR by ELLEN CARTER.

EXT DAY CAR

The WOMAN steps from her car - Slowly she walks over to the other woman. MANDY has finished packing her groceries and gets in her car. She starts her ignition - but the car splutters. The woman is getting closer... MANDY attempts again - but the car splutters reluctantly. She hits the steering wheel in frustration. The WOMAN walks around the side of the car - her fingers caressing the cold steel of it's body. MANDY tries a last time... The WOMAN opens the door and sits in. MANDY looks round, shocked and surprised - she is about to object when the WOMAN raises her hand with the scissors ready for action...

INT DAY WAREHOUSE

A woman's screaming face fills the screen... She is wearing VERY provocative clothes and red lipstick. She screams again as she sees the dark figure of a man wearing a hockey mask and holding the biggest gleaming knife in hand, approach her. There is a sudden flash of white light as we see the nearby photographer (LANCE)

INT DAY CARTERS OFFICE (CRIME SCENE)

The photo of the screaming woman is on the desk, the logo CRIME SCENE emblazoned across it...ELLEN CARTER looks at it as she picks up the ringing phone...

CARTER

Hello CRIME SCENE - yes, that's me...

LANCE the camera man brushes past, rubbing intimately with CARTER - she shrugs him off angrily, she isn't going to take any

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shit from him! LANCE laughs to himself before moving over to SALLY's desk, a young secretary. He sits on it before giving CARTER a knowing look and turn his attentions to SALLY - CARTER's eyes roll back in her head.

CARTER

No - I'm sorry I haven't made my payments - Friday - Fine - OK?

CARTER watches LANCE as he pesters SALLY - She has a thought. She picks up her Polaroid camera and focuses on the two - she presses the button and the photo comes out. She looks at it smiling as it develops.

CARTER

No - I wont use the card... Fine... Thank you - goodbye...

She replaces the phone and stands - she walks over to ANDY'S desk, a young office worker. She passes him the photo...

CARTER

Could you do me a colour photocopy of this now?

ANDY looks at it and smiles...CARTER heads for DEZERA's OFFICE, editor of CRIME SCENE and owner of FANTASY PUBLICATIONS.

INT DAY DEZERA'S OFFICE

There is a tap on the door and CARTER enters. DEZERA'S office is in stark contrast with the explosion of paperwork outside. It's posh, clean and VERY organised. The walls have framed covers from the magazines she owns, CRIME SCENE, TRUE MURDER, ADULT MOVIES MONTHLY and BLUEBIRDS - the office is an odd mixture of exclusive designerisms and seedy exploitation.

DEZERA sits behind her desk. She is a woman in her fifties, but she looks like she has spent most of those fifty years in a sand storm! She has jet black hair, nicotine fingers and lashings of Christian Dior make-up. She's wearing jewellery and clothes more befitting an Indian Princess...She looks up from her photos at CARTER, her bifocal glasses perched on her nose - she may be a relic, but she's as sharp as razors and hard as nails. She holds up two photos of a semi-nude girl -

DEZERA

Which do you think is her best shot...

CARTER

The one on the left - definitely...

DEZERA

Don't give me shit - what do you want?

CARTER walks further into the room.

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CARTER

I've got a tenant coming over later -  
can I take the afternoon off?

DEZERAE

As long as you get the HACKSAW piece  
done by FRIDAY... (Pressing) FRIDAY?

CARTER nods. DEZERAE points at the paper in CARTER's hand.  
CARTER passes it over and DEZERAE studies it...

DEZERAE

Good - but change 'I killed for love'  
to 'I killed for sex'

CARTER begins to object,

CARTER

That's not technically accurate -  
SIMPSONS murders weren't sexually  
motivated.

DEZERAE

You know that circulation is down for  
three months in a row.

CARTER

I heard something like that

DEZERAE

Then it's going to be 'I killed for  
sex'... Listen darling, why won't you  
let us use your real name for the  
features - if people knew that it was  
the ELLEN CARTER writing the features  
and not just some pseudonym - then we  
might shift more units. You haven't  
written anything in four years darling  
- I know you need this job - and if  
circulation keeps dropping, there's not  
going to be a magazine for you to write  
for...

CARTER is about to object when DEZERAE cuts in again - this  
woman really knows how to run her ship.

DEZERAE

I don't want to hear it... Now get out -  
I've got deadlines

CARTER smiles at DEZERAE's abrupt manner - stands and prepares  
to leave... DEZERAE is back at work - choosing between the two  
photos.

CARTER

(Smiling) I wouldn't choose either...

CARTER leaves.

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INT DAY OFFICES

CARTER walks from DEZERAE's office - and over SALLY'S desk. LANCE is STILL trying. ANDY the office worker appears and passes her the photocopy and photograph...

ANDY

I thought it might look better enlarged!

CARTER takes it and smiles - it sure does. We see the bright picture of LANCE ogling over SALLY, his hand firmly lodged on her inner thigh - and from SALLY'S expression, she doesn't like it. CARTER passes the sheet to SALLY with her filofax.

CARTER

Could you fax this to this number quickly as possible.

SALLY takes the sheet, and smiles when she looks at it. She turns round and inserts it into the fax machine, dialling a number from CARTERS filofax. SALLY turns round confidently looking at LANCE. CARTER holds out the Polaroid photo...

CARTER

It's the photo I have just faxed to your wife...

LANCE snatches it...

LANCE

What!?

He looks round, the photo clearly coming out of the fax machine. There is a calling from the other side of the office as another WORKER shouts out...

WORKER

LANCE - Your wife is on line 3!

CARTER drops her cigarette in LANCES mug -

CARTER

Send her my love...

EXT DAY 66 ACACIA AVENUE

CARTER screeches into her drive in her car, glances at her watch and jumps out. She hurriedly runs to the door -

CARTER

(Under breath) Please be in and have tidied the house...

She rings the doorbell but no-one answers. She begins rummaging in her handbag and retrieves her keys. She opens the door as a girl on a bike comes tearing round the corner and into the drive. It is MIK - young and athletic with long flowing red hair

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- she works as a despatch rider. She screeches to a halt and leaps from her mountain bike.

CARTER

I thought you said you could get the afternoon off to tidy the house!

Hurriedly they enter - CARTER shutting the door behind...MIK walks into the KITCHEN calling out...

MIK

I'm sorry, I couldn't - when is she due?

CARTER

(Tidying hallway) At 2.00...

MIK looks at her watch and GRIMACES - suddenly the doorbell rings and both girls look round...

MIK

(Whispering) You didn't tell me her name.

They walk to the door...

CARTER

LESLIE...

The door swings open to reveal a small, business like man, average and well dressed with piercing eyes. He turns and extends his arm...

STECKLER

STECKLER...LESLIE STECKLER.

INT DAY BEDROOM

STECKLER is looking round at an empty room. It seems good for him. MIK and CARTER stand in the background. CARTER is obviously uneasy about something. STECKLER turns round, smiling...

STECKLER

I like it...

CARTER steps forward,

CARTER

You see MR STECKLER, er, I think that we may have wasted your time. (Laughs awkwardly) I don't know why I didn't say something earlier - It's just that we're looking for a girl...The advert was for a girl.

STECKLER seems shocked - he pulls a paper from under his arm and opens it...A large red circle rings a small ad

**WHITE ANGEL**

STECKLER

Well - the ad just said third person...  
(Awkwardly) It must have been a  
printing error.

He shows CARTER the ad, which does indeed say 'Third Person...'  
CARTER looks at MIK who returns a 'don't look at me face'.

STECKLER

It doesn't mention 'females only'

CARTER

I really don't know what to say

STECKLER seems depressed, but still maintains a polite attitude.

STECKLER

I'm really very sorry - I was banking  
on this coming through, because it's  
only five minutes from my surgery...

MIK

Surgery? Are you a doctor?

STECKLER

No - a dentist

A professional, CARTER smiles - she is beginning to warm to this  
man. STECKLER roots in his pockets pulling out some letters and  
his wallet...A fly whizzes around his head, annoying him. He  
looks a little nervous.

STECKLER

I have all my references ready - and I  
can pay the first month and deposit  
now. It really is a glowing reference!

STECKLER extends his arm with the letters of reference. CARTER  
takes them and looks at the first as STECKLER opens his wallet  
and removes some notes. A huge wad remains - this guy is loaded.  
CARTER nods approvingly at the reference as STECKLER holds out  
the money. CARTER looks round to MIK -

CARTER

MR STECKLER - would you excuse us for  
one moment?

STECKLER nods his head to oblige.

INT DAY KITCHEN

CARTER and MIK stand in the kitchen ,quietly discussing. CARTER  
can see STECKLER in the LIVING ROOM through a crack in the door.  
He is innocently looking out of the back garden window, smiling  
approvingly.

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CARTER

Well, what do you think?

MIK

I don't know - it's your house ELLEN

CARTER

Yes - but you live here too - If it were your house?

MIK

I think he's fine - I don't know why you have this thing about men - it would be nice to have a guy in the house for a change - I don't think he would hurt a fly.

INT DAY LIVING ROOM

STECKLER slams a rolled up newspaper on the window. He removes it to reveal a squashed fly.

INT DAY KITCHEN

CARTER is deliberating.

MIK

It's your pad - it's up to you

CARTER is looking through the door again - at the FAT wad of money sitting on the window sill. CUT TO -

INT DAY LIVING ROOM

CARTER takes the wad of notes.

CARTER

When do you want to move in?

STECKLER smiles in gratitude as CARTER shakes his hand. Everyone smiles as the ice is broken and everyone finally knows where they stand.

STECKLER

Oh as soon as possible - tomorrow?

CARTER and MIK look at each other, surprised.

EXT DAY 66 ACACIA AVENUE

The boot to STECKLER'S car opens up to reveal boxes, cases and clothes... MIK is already clambering out of the back seat with a box and she takes it to the house...

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STECKLER

Just put it in my room

MIK

(Smiling) No worries

MIK turns and carries the load in.

CARTER

Oh, before I forget, here is key and  
the tenancy agreement...

STECKLER takes the paper and the key - he looks at the key for a moment before pocketing it. STECKLER passes her a small case

STECKLER

I'll finish off here...

CARTER disappears into the house. STECKLER heaves an unnaturally heavy case from the boot of his car. It is small and crumpled, splitting at the seams as if it were too filled. A belt clasps it shut.

INT DAY STAIRS

STECKLER struggles up the stairs - MIK appears and moves to help him...

STECKLER

I can manage...

MIK smiles and continues to help, STECKLER brushes her off curtly,

STECKLER

I said I can manage... I'm not weak you  
know...

He passes her and continues up. He stops at the top and turns round,

STECKLER

I'm sorry, I didn't mean to shout...

MIK

Don't worry about it -

She bounds into the kitchen...

INT DAY KITCHEN

CARTER fills the kettle with water - an old bashed affair, the kind you put on the stove to heat.

**WHITE ANGEL**

STECKLER

Oh - Tell me ELLEN, I can call you  
ELLEN?

CARTER

Sure...

STECKLER

Tell me - ELLEN CARTER (thinks) Forgive  
me for being so pushy, but aren't you a  
novelist? Didn't you write that  
terrific book - 'The Color of Fear'?

CARTER is obviously a little embarrassed, and doesn't want to  
talk about it. MIK is completely dumbfounded - The kettle begins  
to boil...

MIK

You're a novelist - why didn't you tell  
me?

STECKLER

And not just any novelist - a great  
novelist - it was an impressive piece  
of work ELLEN...

CARTER is getting increasingly uncomfortable...The kettle is  
beginning to bubble and steam...

STECKLER

Why didn't you write any more?

The kettle is getting hotter - CARTER more uncomfortable...

CARTER

I lost the touch

STECKLER

The touch?

The kettle screams out that it's ready... CARTER looks at  
STECKLER for a moment - STECKLER waiting for a response. CARTER  
turns and takes the kettle from the stove grumpily - she  
obviously doesn't want to answer.

MIK

(Mouthing) Her husband left her

STECKLER

(Mouthing) Oh...

CARTER

Do you take sugar?

STECKLER

(Pause) Yes, two please. I'm sorry, I  
didn't mean to pry, it's just that I  
really loved your book

**WHITE ANGEL**

MIK

You kept that one quiet...what other skeletons have you got in the cupboard?

CARTER gives MIK a glance...

INT NIGHT CARTERS ROOM

CARTER sits in her room - motionless. A small roll up cigarette burns between her fingers and her feet are propped up on the table in front of her. On the table sits a small laptop computer - her word processor. She has a spark of an idea, jams the cigarette into her mouth and attacks the keyboard without warning or mercy. She pauses for a second - another idea.

Suddenly there is a loud banging - it sounds like a hammer. CARTER jumps, then looks round, frowning.

INT NIGHT MIK'S ROOM

CARTER taps on the door and opens MIK'S room. MIK is wearing a bathrobe and drying off her hair. There is another loud banging...CARTER looks surprised...

CARTER

Sorry, I thought it was you (looking round) What the hell is he doing?

CARTER leaves MIK'S room.

INT NIGHT HALLWAY

There is another series of loud bangs as CARTER taps on STECKLER'S door. There is a pause - a long pause before the sound of a latch can be heard. The door clicks open and STECKLER stands there - blocking any entry into the room - a hammer gripped firmly in his hand. For a VERY brief moment, CARTER thinks STECKLER might hit her with the hammer

CARTER

(Demanding) What are you doing?

STECKLER

I'm sorry?

CARTER

What's with all the locks - and hammering

STECKLER

It says in the contract I can have a lock fitted - is there a problem ANGELA?

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CARTER

(Surprised) My names isn't ANGELA...

STECKLER

Yes - I'm sorry ELLEN...

CARTER

(Slight concern) Don't worry - Is that my hammer (STECKLER nods) Well Just make sure that it's put back in the garage...

STECKLER

I will...

INT NIGHT CARTERS ROOM

CARTER sits in a pool of light examining her contract with STECKLER

CARTER

(Resignedly) Locks huh!

She wipes her brow in frustration - it sure is hot

INT NIGHT LIVING ROOM

STECKLER sits in front of the TV set laughing out loud. He is watching a crass gameshow, and wearing headphones. The door swings open and MIK enters wearing a light cocktail dress - she looks stunning. STECKLER doesn't see her as she walks behind him to retrieve her earrings from a shelf. She puts the first in,

MIK

Is it any good?

STECKLER doesn't answer - he's oblivious to her. MIK frowns to herself and puts the other earring in - but she drops it to the floor. Slowly she bends down to pick it up - STECKLER'S eyes shift to observe her... As she bends down she turns on the spot, her body is captivating. As she picks up her earring, for the very briefest moment, STECKLER is shown just a few square inches of pale flesh at the top of her white stockings...She stands back and exits the room, STECKLER'S eyes shifting once more.

INT NIGHT HALLWAY

MIK stands at the foot of the stairs and calls out

MIK

ELLEN! I'm going now - I'll stay at DEKLAN'S tonight, I'll see you tomorrow

CARTER calls OK from upstairs MIK turns and leaves... After a

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pause, CARTER walks down the stairs and pauses for a second - she is very sweaty. She moves toward the LIVING ROOM

STECKLER

Are you hot?

INT NIGHT LIVING ROOM

She enters the LIVING ROOM to find STECKLER - but he isn't there. The TV is still on, the headphones on the floor - but NO STECKLER...She passes it off and moves over to the wall - she toys with the thermostat before touching the radiator... There is a sizzling sound as she retracts her hand...

INT NIGHT KITCHEN

CARTER grabs a torch from a drawer and flicks it on before exiting the back door.

EXT NIGHT BOILER HOUSE

A small stone boiler house sits outside the door. CARTER looks round,

CARTER

LESLIE - are you out here?

No-one answers and CARTER ventures out into the rainy night. She hurries to the BOILER HOUSE. She opens the door and is hit by a wave of heat - the boiler roars away...She steps into the dark shed, illuminating it with the torch. She stands it on end pointing it up...She takes a hold of one of the levers, but it's hot. She takes off her jacket to reveal her vest. She warps the jacket around the handle and pulls hard, but nothing happens. She pulls again...Nothing. There is a movement behind - someone in the shadows...CARTER wrestles with the lever, but still no joy...

Suddenly STECKLER appears by her side - reaching out for the lever - a wrench in his hand...CARTER is shocked to see him there - and even more so when he manages to release the lever...

STECKLER

We'd better get back inside!

The rain hurtles down as they scamper back to the house...

INT NIGHT KITCHEN

They enter - CARTER is drenched, her vest clinging to her body. As soon as STECKLER appears, she covers herself and wipes herself dry with a nearby towel

## WHITE ANGEL

CARTER

Thank you - I'd better get changed...

Awkwardly CARTER exits and goes upstairs. STECKLER stands in the kitchen door way - motionless.

INT NIGHT GARAGE

STECKLER walks into the garage - There is a large tools rack on the wall, with white symbols around each tool to show where they live. He replaces the wrench in its home. He is about to leave when he notices something on the back wall. He kneels to examine it closer - a long, horizontal dent in the wall. He looks round at the parked car, it's bumper corresponds with the dent - he thinks then exits... Slowly the camera tracks forward to the rack - the HAMMER is still missing...

EXT DAY LONDON STREET

Slowly a hammer is slipped into a handbag with a female hand. We are in a LONDON street - Wild, mad and chaotic. The camera moves along in a dream like state (The Point of View of a person). We see newsagents with bars across the windows, a shop filled with knives, blades and scissors, an Asian couple argue madly outside a shop, a fat skinhead and his pit-bull walk menacingly past as little children run along laughing.

A butchers shop is filled with raw flesh...A group of women from some weird religious faction wearing masks hurry past, a modern church - The Seventh Denomination of Martyrs - with bright signs offers salvation, a group of youths pass the camera - their eyes never leave the lens, this is their turf. The person crosses the road, taxi cabs screaming past - no-one cares about anything. We see her feet, the same red stilettos. She goes under a bridge into a back alley. She begins cruising - whores line the walls, tarted up for business. But she ignores most of them - except one toward the end, wearing white and glowing out with apparent innocence...

The camera moves closer - The WHORE turns round, in her thirties, a seasoned professional with years of work etched into her face...

OLD WHORE

Ooh I say, I haven't had the pleasure  
for a long time! Still, variety is the  
spice of life...

EXT DAY DESERTED BUILDING

The WHORE leads the woman into a DESERTED building - past a sign which reads FRIARS END...

## WHITE ANGEL

INT DAY SQUAT ROOM

We are inside the rundown building, rubble and decay surround us, water drips distantly and a small street cat sits nearby, watching. The WHORE sits at the far end of the room on a table. She smiles as she opens her legs and opens her blouse. Her white bra and pants glow out brightly... The woman steps forward... The cat watches patiently. Suddenly there is a crash, a struggle, a gurgle and a strangled scream...And a horrible loud crack... The cat washes it paws, purring...

INT DAY SQUAT ROOM

The body of the woman lies on the floor, her face in a death grimace... Flash guns go off as we see she is not alone. A bunch of plain clothes officers busy themselves about the crime scene - and so does INSPECTOR TAYLOR...He is talking to a local...

LOCAL

Well, I just saw these two women go in  
- I thought I'd, you know - and I  
found her like that...

An officer calls out from across the room

FORRESTER

We've found something!

TAYLOR walks over to Forrester who is crouched over a bloody hammer...

INT DAY FORENSIC LAB

There is an air of unprecedented hygiene about the lab - Everything is white. TAYLOR, FORRESTER and a young female lab technician, FOSTER are there. FOSTER slides a tray with the hammer in it into the light.

FOSTER

Most of it was a mess of smears, but I  
got one clean print here...

The hammer is coated in a fine film of dust, the handle smeared but one clear fingerprint on the head...

TAYLOR

How long before you can give me an  
idea?

They all move to a huge and complex computer with the finger print on the screen - it flashes other prints and photos up in quick succession

FOSTER

I started the check already, but  
without more specific physical ID - I

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FOSTER

can't narrow the field down - could be  
a month - that's if she is on record

TAYLOR

Or he...

The fingerprint freezes on screen and spins off to the top  
corner

INT DAY NEWS ROOM

NEWS READER

Once more, LONDON has been plunged into  
terror as the WHITE ANGEL strikes  
again. However, one fingerprint has  
been found, and Police have issued a  
statement that if the killer is on  
file, then they will have a positive  
identification within the month...

INT DAY SHOPPING ARCADE

A huge close up of a TV screen - we pull focus to reveal CARTER  
sat in a cafe in the middle of a crowded shopping mall (A TV  
shop is behind from where we saw the report). On the table are  
two coffees, a notepad etc. In front of her sits a huge man,  
thick rimmed glasses, gold rings and chains and a huge very  
expensive jacket keeping him warm... His eyes are fixed on the  
TV set to the side of CARTER. This is ALAN SMITH, successful  
businessman with the most dubious of methods.

SMITH

(Broad cockney accent) It's diabolical  
in'it, I mean it's not safe to walk the  
streets no more is it...

Casually CARTER glances over at the TV set, a reporter is  
reporting from outside the building where the murder took place.

CARTER

Anyway, HACKSAW JOE?

SMITH

Sorry - yeah, well you see, JOE used to  
single out people he wanted to get rid  
off - and he would weaken them over a  
few weeks by giving them arsenic in  
small doses - on biscuits, in their tea  
and coffee - it has a kind of sweet  
taste.

CARTER listens intently as the miniature cassette recorder  
records all the gruesome details.

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SMITH

He never give them enough to kill them mind, just weaken them so that when he struck, they didn't put up too much of a fight - you see, JOE was only small - couldn't take anyone bigger or stronger on...well that's when he did his thing with the hacksaw (Grimacing). It got pretty nasty - you know.... a bit here, a bit there - (Laughing) we used to call him JIGSAW JOE - But the point is this, even JOE had principles - not like this scum who is roaming the streets now.

SMITH points to the TV screens, CARTER glances at her watch again...

SMITH

It wouldn't have happened twenty years ago...

CARTER

I see, crime was decent then

CARTER smiles to herself,

SMITH

You're damn right - I can't even let my daughter out at night now. Life is different now - it's a jungle out there - you've got to know who your friends are - protect yourself and your own - know what I mean?

The waitress drops a tray of spoons - SMITH spins round and CARTER jumps - SMITHS hand is lodged firmly inside his jacket - ready for anything. The waitress looks up apologetically...

CARTER

(Pause) Yes I know what you mean.

INT EVENING DENTISTS OFFICE

STECKLER is in his office, sat behind a desk. Light from a neon pours in through the window as he re-arranges the things on his desk. He leans back in his chair, rubbing his lower aching back. He looks up - there is a slight opening in the doorway to the surgery reception. There is a little movement as JANET the nurse FINISHES off her chores.

He watches her until she sits down. She crosses her legs, one of her feet falling into the light of the door opening. STECKLER can see nothing but the lower quarter of her leg and her white tall heeled shoe. It glows out to him.

**WHITE ANGEL**

STECKLER watches the foot - wanting and needing. But he's not dumb.

STECKLER

JANET -

The woman enters, STECKLER trying not to look at her white shoes.

STECKLER

Er, you might as well knock off now -  
I'll shut up shop

JANET

Are you sure?

STECKLER

(Smiling) Yes, go home...

The nurse turns and leaves...STECKLER looks out of his window at a clothes shop opposite

EXT NIGHT SHOP FRONT

Across the road is a large chain store with dummies in the windows. One of them houses a set of three female figures, one in lingerie, another in a bath robe - and the third in a white cocktail dress.

STECKLER is drawn to the window... He examines the figure of the woman, her curves, her face and smile, her legs, her feet...To him, she is alive. He stands in awe. Suddenly, there is a noise behind. He turns to see a STREET SPIV hassling a blonde girl (KATE) The girl is young, but fights back vigorously - it's all getting a bit nasty.

STECKLER crosses the road...

EXT ALLEYWAY NIGHT

The SPIV is shouting about money and for her to shut up when STECKLER steps into the light, his face shadowed...

SPIV

Got a problem!?

He brandishes a knife as the girl writhes. STECKLER doesn't flinch. The SPIV senses that this could get nastier and lets the girl go, concentrating on STECKLER...

SPIV

Come on Grand-dad!

Without warning, STECKLER lunges and snatches the SPIV'S hand, forcing him to drop the knife. The SPIV screams in pain as STECKLER bends his two fingers back - there is a loud crack as

## WHITE ANGEL

STECKLER snaps his fingers... The SPIV howls and STECKLER releases him - he runs into the night, nursing his hand. STECKLER turns to the girl on the floor - she is young, afraid and dirt smeared. Her hair is bleached white and she wears a white dress...

STECKLER

My name is LESLIE - I'm a doctor and  
have a surgery just around the corner -  
you could call a taxi...

The girl is helped to her feet and they walk toward STECKLER'S surgery.

INT NIGHT HALLWAY

The door swings open and STECKLER steps inside. He calls out...

STECKLER

Anyone home?

There is no answer. He steps back out and returns with a girl in his arms. He walks upstairs with her - it is the girl from the streets.

STECKLER

Were nearly there - just up the  
stairs....

He carries her up the stairs...

STECKLER

Its a nice room - spacious, you'll like  
it sweetie...

He reaches the top and opens his door, entering. For a short time he is out of sight as the camera moves down and into the room.

INT NIGHT STECKLER'S ROOM

STECKLER is under his bed - the girl not in sight...

STECKLER

Just a few days - ELLEN wouldn't understand yet - yes I'm sure she will... The door slams shut with the wind.

INT DAY CAMPBELL'S OFFICE

CARTER walks into DEZERAE's office. DEZERAE is sat behind her desk... She looks up.

**WHITE ANGEL**

CARTER

(To DEZERAE) You want to see me

A familiar voice calls out from behind.

TAYLOR

ELLEN CARTER - Now how are you doing these days?

CARTER turns round to see INSPECTOR TAYLOR, a plain clothes police man stood looking out over the panoramic view of LONDON - he turns and smiles at CARTER.

TAYLOR

It's been what, three years?

CARTER

(To DEZERAE) What's this all about?

TAYLOR

So have you seen hubby recently ELLEN?

CARTER turns back to TAYLOR - DEZERAE isn't helping any... She doesn't answer. TAYLOR walks round to the side of DEZERAE's desk to extinguish his cigarette...He turns to DEZERAE,

TAYLOR

Could I have a private moment with ELLEN?

DEZERAE

No problem - I'll be outside

DEZERAE exits quickly - she doesn't like police men either. The door shuts. TAYLOR turns to CARTER.

CARTER

What brings the rats out of the sewers?

TAYLOR

I'm here about the so called disappearance of your husband - It's best if we let old bones lie. Know what I mean? (Grins) I'm working on the WHITE ANGEL case now - and I've got to check all known murderers or suspected murderers for the last five years... And that means you...So where were you last THURSDAY afternoon around five...

CARTER

(Astounded) You think I'm the WHITE ANGEL?

TAYLOR

(Smiles) It did give me a chance to meet you again ELLEN - It's all routine you understand...So where were you?

**WHITE ANGEL**

CARTER

(Gritted teeth) At home alone - where were you?

TAYLOR

As it happens, I was at home alone - maybe we could solve each others problems?

CARTER

Get out...

TAYLOR takes a step forward, very close to CARTER and talks quietly but firmly -

TAYLOR

You know ELLEN, I believe you - I know that you're no serial killer - something else maybe, but no serial killer. I'm assigning surveillance for your own protection - we couldn't have the once world famous novelist found with her head missing could we?

TAYLOR walks round the table, looking at the poster for CRIME SCENE - sexual and provocative.

TAYLOR

What happened to you - you used to have some class...

TAYLOR turns and begins to walk out - He opens the door and stops

TAYLOR

Someone will find your husband one day - and then I'll have a body

He turns to CARTER smiling,

TAYLOR

Catch you later...

He exits...

INT DAY MIK'S ROOM

We move along make-up and girls things. They are all in use. Classical music gently plays in the background. We move up to the mirror as a pretty girl with dark long hair looks up. Slowly, we realise that it is STECKLER. We pull wide to see his hairy chest... He smiles at the illusion. STECKLER begins rummaging through MIK's things, her cupboards, her drawers - he spends a moment running his hands through her underwear drawer before becoming a little bored...

## WHITE ANGEL

INT DAY HALLWAY

STECKLER walks out of MIK'S room, wearing nothing but his wig, make-up and a pair of joggers...

INT CARTERS ROOM DAY

STECKLER looks round, like a child at the fair ground. He moves to her cupboards and drawers - curiously ignoring her make-up, clothes and underwear. He begins to search, under drawers, behind cupboards, behind books, above the curtain rail. Eventually he gives up and lies back on CARTER'S bed looking at the ceiling. Suddenly he flips over and looks under her bed - still nothing. He pulls himself back up when he notices a slight rip in the mattress. He pushes his fingers in and the flap gives way - it is a Velcro held opening. STECKLER places his hand in and slowly removes the hidden contents - a small case.

INT STECKLER'S ROOM DAY

STECKLER is sat at his table with the case. He is removing his make-up with a towel and is now wearing a T shirt. He inspects it closely before opening it. Inside is tightly packed. He smiles as he removes the letters written from cut out newspapers - he delves deeper - a passport is there, STEPHEN CARTER, ELLEN'S husband. STECKLER moves on, excited by his find. A small but sharp knife, a wedding ring, a newspaper cutting from a small column which reads 'Famous Novelists Husband Disappears'. He finds a small gold statuette - her prize from the awards at the start of the movie. STECKLER feels honoured to hold it and inspects it closely before moving on.

Curiously enough, he finds the plans of the house. He inspects them closely - the kitchen, the hall, the bedrooms...The Living room - something looks odd, different, wrong...

INT DAY LIVING ROOM

STECKLER is stood in the LIVING ROOM getting his bearings in relation to the plans. He looks round, and then at the wall to his right. He goes over to it, running his hand over the surface - there is a slight bump where extra work had been done. He thumps hard on the wall, moving along as he does so - suddenly, the echo changes. He takes an involuntary step backward.

CUT TO - The screen is black. There is a heavy thud, and another. Suddenly a brick falls from it's place, and another - STECKLER is knocking the wall down! Excitedly, he makes a hole big enough for him to fit his head and through. He turns on his torch and leans in. The recess is dark and his torch cuts a beam in the dusty air. He looks down - sure enough, there are the crumbling and crusty remains of a corpse. STECKLER is almost jubilant at his discovery and begins to laugh...

## WHITE ANGEL

We see the face of the dead man, his skin dry and old, stretched in a deathlike grin...

FADE TO BLACK

EXT DAY 66 ACACIA AVENUE

CARTER's car pulls into the driveway and she parks up. The sky is heavy and there is a distant rumble of thunder. As she steps out of her car - she senses something - a still - a quiet...

INT DAY HALLWAY

- CARTER enters the house, hangs up her coat and picks up her mail. She walks past the living room and into the kitchen. She stops dead in the kitchen and backtracks. She drops her letters to the floor as she looks into the room - a huge gaping and black hole is all that is left of her husbands tomb...

A great pile of bricks lie to the side. She moves forward - desperate but not wanting to inspect the contents of the hole. She steps forward, takes another step, and another - all the time getting closer to the shadowy hole... And then she is there. Slowly she leans in...And it is empty. She leans back out and jumps as she realises STECKLER is standing right behind her. For a long time she doesn't know what to say - everything is moving too fast and she has to be careful.

CARTER

(With difficulty) What have you done?

STECKLER smiles and walks behind the sofa - enjoying the moment - savouring the atmosphere...

STECKLER

I knew you did it - I just couldn't figure out what you had done with the body...

CARTER is really not sure what is happening anymore, why hadn't he told the police? what did he want? She cannot speak - just listen

STECKLER

I knew you had killed him - I just felt it - I'm surprised that the police didn't suspect 'foul play' - everything pointed that way...

CARTER looks at the gaping hole in the wall

STECKLER

(Smiling) Oh, I admit it's a rather vulgar method - but I needed to fire your (Searching) Imagination...

## WHITE ANGEL

CARTER is still a little blank

STECKLER

The reason I knew you killed your husband - apart from the fact that he disappeared - is that you stopped writing - he must have been a bastard to you - Anyway, (Smiling) I'm going to give you a second chance to start anew.

STECKLER looks down, searching for a way to tell CARTER something.

STECKLER

You had better sit down

Dutifully, CARTER sits - she's too confused to do anything else. STECKLER stands opposite, the sofa forming a barrier between them. STECKLER looks deep into the empty tomb - into the blackness...

STECKLER

You see ELLEN, there are parts of me you haven't encountered - parts that are more important - that most people don't or won't understand.

STECKLER turns to face CARTER, fire in his eyes

STECKLER

I want you and your words to make people understand - I'm commissioning a book

CARTER is starting to get afraid for her safety...

STECKLER

I want people to understand the power any man can use - to take what he needs, to take what he wants - I want people to know why I do what I do - so that when I am finished, they will understand the truth of my actions. I want THE ELLEN CARTER to write the life story of LESLIE RAYMOND STECKLER

STECKLER stops for a moment - CARTER is looking out of depth...

STECKLER

I don't have much time ELLEN - They have my finger prints - they WILL catch me...

CARTER is beginning to shake...

STECKLER

I'm not going to hurt you (Smiles) - You're not my type - I need your skills - (Enthused) don't you see the divine

## WHITE ANGEL

STECKLER

perfection - you and I are both carved  
from the same stone - it will be the  
perfect partnership - your words - my  
story...

STECKLER calms down, looking back into the darkness of the tomb

STECKLER

And don't think of calling the police

STECKLER shows CARTER a photo of a weird looking tree with a  
spade stuck in the ground

STECKLER

That's where your husband is - It's not  
too far from here, but far enough. I  
have marked the map reference near the  
tree and lodged it in my family safety  
deposit box

STECKLER puts his arm down his shirt and dangles a key in front  
of CARTER...

STECKLER

Should anything ever happen to me -  
should I die, get hit by a truck - or  
disappear, then I have instructed the  
manager to turn the contents - along  
with an explanatory letter, over to  
Scotland Yard - so lets just hope  
nothing happens to me.

STECKLER moves to the other side of the room,

STECKLER

Otherwise, you are free to do as you  
will...

He looks at her - her eyes are red rimmed and she is shaking

STECKLER

As long as you write my book...(Thinks)

He turns and makes for the door, opening it - he stops, but  
doesn't turn...

STECKLER

You have no choice ELLEN, you will  
write this book...

STECKLER exits. CARTER sits absolutely still, like a rabbit  
after a truck has passed - she hears the front door click shut  
and sees STECKLER walk down the garden path... CARTER suddenly  
leaps to her feet and runs into the KITCHEN

**WHITE ANGEL**

INT DAY KITCHEN

CARTER tears in and grabs the biggest knife she can find in the knife rack. She whips round, pointing it out - her back to the wall...

CARTER  
(Quietly) Fuck...Oh Fuck ...Oh fuck

EXT NIGHT CRIME SCENE OFFICES

A heavy sky looms overhead - police sirens wail.

INT NIGHT TRUE CRIME OFFICES

The offices are dark, only the occasional light illuminates the night. A street lamp cast WEIRD and ugly shadows across the walls. CARTER sits in a pool of light cast from a nearby desk lamp. Her eyes are blood shot, her face blank. A cigarette burns in her fingers. Her fingers dart through a Rolodex... Suddenly there is a slight noise behind her, a click, a creak. Slowly, she wraps her hand around the knife she had in the kitchen. Without warning she spins round, brandishing the blade - only to confront DEZERAE CAMPBELL - her boss! DEZERAE nearly dies of a heart attack - only narrowly avoiding a spillage of her coffee which she clasps in her hand

DEZERAE  
OH MY GAWD!

CARTER  
I'm sorry - I didn't think

DEZERAE  
A person could get killed round here  
just for working late

CARTER smiles at DEZERAES curt response

CARTER  
I thought you were someone else -

DEZERAE  
Well I'm glad I'm not them - what are  
you doing here so late? Come to that,  
what the hell have you got that for?  
She points to the knife

CARTER  
I thought someone was following me - I  
- er - (Changes subject) I just needed  
my computer and some things...Listen,  
I'd like to work from home for a few  
weeks - is that OK?

**WHITE ANGEL**

DEZERAE

(Pause) Why don't you take a few weeks off - you're due some holiday time.

CARTER smiles

CARTER

Sounds good - thank you

DEZERAE

Don't mention it - now can I get back to my accounts, or do you want to fillet me?

CARTER laughs as DEZERAE turns and leaves. CARTER watches her as she enters her office, withering to herself. She picks up the phone and returns to her rolodex - she stops at a card - ALAN SMITH

INT NIGHT HOUSE

The phone rings...A little girl with a party hat picks up the receiver...

LITTLE GIRL

Hello?... GRANDAD! It's for you...

ALAN SMITH, the gangster we met at the beginning of the film walks in, also wearing a party hat. He takes the phone -

SMITH

Thank you Darling - you go on back to your friends...

The little girl prances off back to her party...

SMITH

Hello?

INT NIGHT TRUE CRIME OFFICES

CARTER

Hello, ALAN - It's ELLEN CARTER here from CRIME SCENE - yes - I remember you said that if I needed something, I could come to you...

EXT NIGHT CASH POINT

CARTER is at a cash-point. Everywhere is deserted. She feels intensely lonely - and very very afraid of the shadows. She glances at her watch as she withdraws a huge wad of notes.

**WHITE ANGEL**

INT NIGHT HARDWARE STORE

We see a pile of cans which read "ANT POISON". CARTER takes one down and looks at it - paying attention to the contents... It reads, "8.5% Arsenic - POISON". She takes it and walks to the checkout.

EXT NIGHT SPARE PARTS SHOP

CARTER pulls up in front of a run down, scruffy shop with spare tyres in the window. The lights are off. She clambers from her car and knocks on the door - After a moment the door opens to reveal an odd looking man, dark with a slight limp - he replies with a broad cockney accent -

JOHN  
ALAN sent you - right?

CARTER nods

INT NIGHT CAR SHOP

CARTER steps into the shop which is filled with car spare parts, seats, tyres, windows - everything you could ever imagine. Its cramped and claustrophobic - JOHN walks behind the counter - reaches under and retrieves a very large and oddly shaped tool box - CARTER watches anxiously - JOHN opens up the case to reveal a vast array of weapons - from small pistols to fully automatic assault rifles -

JOHN  
What do you want?

CARTER is obviously a little weapon shy - if not downright ignorant.

CARTER  
I want a gun - (embarrassed) - There's this guy, I think he's watching me - You know I'd just feel safer with a gun in the house - I wouldn't use it - just for show

JOHN  
Whatever you say Lady

JOHN frowns and reaches in, pulling out an Ouzi sub machine gun.

JOHN  
This'll stop anything that moves

CARTER  
No - something smaller I think

He replaces the weapon and withdraws a small handgun...He racks

## WHITE ANGEL

it, checking the chamber and the mechanism...CARTER jumps slightly at the loud metallic clang.

JOHN

Browning 9mm - holds 13 in the clip,  
one in the chamber - and I'll throw in  
two extra clips and a silencer...

He holds out the extra bullet clips before screwing the silencer onto the front of the gun. He passes it to her. She holds it clumsily, if not a little repulsed by it.

CARTER

I will need the bullets...

JOHN

No problem - that's a good gun - got a  
nice action - try it...

CARTER holds the gun up at arms length - unsure of what to do. She squints and aims before pulling the trigger...CLICK!

CUT TO - A huge wad of notes is dropped on the counter. CARTER turns to leave...

INT NIGHT HALLWAY (AT 66 ACACIA AVENUE)

CARTER enters her front door, closing it quietly behind her. She doesn't turn the lights on.

The faint sound of classical music and laughter comes from the living room - Slowly she walks toward the closed door. She reaches out and opens it...

INT NIGHT LIVING ROOM

She steps into the room. STECKLER and MIK are sat at a table together having dinner - MIK looks round smiling.

MIK

ELLEN! You're back - come and join  
us... You must be tired - LESLIE told  
me how you spent the whole day knocking  
out that hole...Funny place to put a  
fish tank though.

CARTER looks over at STECKLER obviously not too pleased.

STECKLER

I thought I would cook us a meal

MIK offers some spare ribs...It seems important to STECKLER that CARTER join them at the table

## WHITE ANGEL

CARTER

(Sickened) No thank you - I already ate

MIK crunches hard on a bone -

MIK

Oh come on ELLEN, they're the nicest ribs I have ever tasted

MIK looks round at STECKLER, she's feeling full, tipsy and sexy

MIK

(Caressing STECKLER'S hand) LESLIE is a very talented cook - he says there's nothing he can't do with red meat and wine!

She holds up her glass to CARTER...STECKLER pulls his hand away from MIK, looking down - avoiding the contact

CARTER

(Coldly to STECKLER) I'm sure that's true...

STECKLER stands to clear the table....

STECKLER

(To CARTER) If you want any - there's some left in the kitchen

CARTER

I think I will pass...

STECKLER walks out of the room - carrying the huge platter

STECKLER

Dessert is on it's way

He leaves the room. MIK gives CARTER a tipsy look

MIK

I think I misjudged him - he's really quite cute

CARTER is not smiling at all - MIK sees this... MIK gets up and wanders over to the other side of the room - she selects a tape and inserts it into the cassette deck and presses play. She removes her jacket to reveal a tight white vest.

MIK

(Wiping brow) You ought to get the heating seen to - it's so hot

Heavy thudding dance music pumps from the speakers. MIK begins to dance on her own - she is very very sexy as she swings her hips... CARTER is exasperated - on top of everything, she has a headache. The last thing she needs is a drunk girlie flirting with a psychopath. CARTER stands up and turns the music down...

**WHITE ANGEL**

MIK  
What's wrong with you?

CARTER  
(Awkwardly & quiet) I would prefer it  
if you kept away from LESLIE

MIK  
What?

CARTER  
You heard me - keep away from him

MIK laughs.

MIK  
You don't own him you know - you can't  
tell me not to see him!

CARTER  
(Calmly) Yes I can...

MIK's attitude changes - this is no longer a funny situation -  
ELLEN is serious -

MIK  
Huh - fuck you - who trampled on your  
grave

MIK turns the music back up - and continues dancing. CARTER  
looks over to the kitchen - expecting STECKLER to be watching  
this display - but he's not. She looks harder... Then she sees  
the reflection of his face in a mirror in shadows. He is  
watching, and has been watching MIK from the safety of a mirror.  
He doesn't move. Just watches... CARTER turns - she must speak  
now whilst she has the strength. She turns the tape off.

CARTER  
I'm giving you notice, I want you out.

MIK stops dead in her tracks, slowly turning.

CARTER  
I want you out now

MIK  
Leave!? Who the hell do you think you  
are?

CARTER  
(Calmly) I'm your landlady

MIK is stopped dead in the middle of argument.

MIK  
Just because I have dinner with LESLIE  
- I mean? What are you two fucking or

## WHITE ANGEL

MIK  
something? Cause, if you are, I didn't  
know!

STECKLER appears at the door of the kitchen. MIK is bubbling with anger, but she restrains it, tears forming in her eyes.

MIK  
Oh I understand (Stepping forward)

She turns and exits, running upstairs. CARTER looks at STECKLER who returns a silent stare. The sound of MIK thundering back down the stairs can be heard and she enters with her jacket and a small bag. Her eyes are red - she looks like she is about to burst into tears. She walks up to CARTER, offering her a wad of notes.

MIK  
It's the rent I'm due - take it then we  
are equal

Reluctantly, CARTER takes the notes...MIK is very distressed, fighting hard to keep her voice from wavering. She keeps her head bowed.

MIK  
I'll be at DEKLAN'S, and I'll come over  
to collect my stuff in the next few  
days... Don't mind my stuff if some guy  
you fancy turns up - just leave it in  
the garden - I thought you were a nice  
girl ELLEN - Looks like I was wrong.

She turns and walks out, pausing at the door to look at CARTER. CARTER can say or do nothing. STECKLER watches silently - he knows his place. He continues to wash the dirty dishes. MIK leaves...

INT NIGHT CARTER'S ROOM

A huge plank wedges the door shut - on the table is an ashtray with a cigarette burning peacefully - a box of shells lies open... CARTER sits silently listening through headphones to her miniature tape recorder, the interview with ALAN SMITH She checks out her gun - she's never handled one before and the action is stiff - she learns how to load the clip, how to rack the gun...She feels the weight in her palm before gently squeezing the trigger - CLICK!

CARTER turns her attention to the bottle of ANT KILLER she had bought...

VOICE OF SMITH  
Oh yeah, anyway - when he got them  
weakened with the arsenic, just  
sprinkled it on their food for a few  
days - like I said, just weakened them

## WHITE ANGEL

VOICE OF SMITH  
enough for him to GET THEM WHERE HE  
WANTED THEM WITHOUT ANY RESISTANCE...

CARTER takes a spoonful of the white powder from the ant poison and sprinkles it into the sugar bowl. She mixes it in with the spoon before tasting a little, just to check if it can be detected... She can't taste anything. She replaces the sugar bowl lid and looks up.

INT NIGHT HALLWAY

CARTER walks down the stairs, the sugar bowl in her hand. She has no expression - just a resolute stare.

INT NIGHT KITCHEN

She enters the kitchen and boils the kettle making two cups of coffee. Slowly and methodically.

INT NIGHT LIVING ROOM

CARTER enters the room with two mugs of coffee on a tray - and the sugar bowl. STECKLER sits opposite, watching banal television. He looks up to her as she passes him the coffee...

CARTER  
Sugar?

STECKLER  
Yes, one and a half please.

CARTER dunks the sugar in the coffee and swirls it round. She passes it to STECKLER, watching him intently as he sips.

CARTER  
I will write your book...

STECKLER breaks into a broad smile - CARTER does not.

CARTER  
But I have one demand - you will not  
kill whilst I write

STECKLER stops grinning and thinks, then smiles once more.

STECKLER  
Fine - you will have to work fast - it  
will probably be only a few months  
before they identify my prints - and  
then it is over - I will destroy all  
the evidence in my safety deposit box -  
your secret will die with  
me...(pleased) I'm so glad ELLEN

CARTER doesn't look so cheerful...

**WHITE ANGEL**

INT NIGHT LIVING ROOM

The screen is filled with the white noise of a video recorder image - it stabilises and shows STECKLER sat in front of the camera - gaudy pixilated colours seep through - it appears VERY documentary style...

VOICE OF CARTER

Your name?

STECKLER

LESLIE STECKLER

VOICE OF CARTER

What do you do?

STECKLER

What do I do? What do you do?

VOICE OF CARTER

I write - If this is going to work, you are going to have to get used to talking to the camera - opening up to it...

STECKLER nods, lowering his head.

CARTER

So what do you do?

STECKLER

I'm a dentist

CARTER

And how long have you been a dentist?

STECKLER

(Warming) Oh, about six years since I graduated

CARTER

(Abruptly) And how many people have you killed?

STECKLER

I don't know

CARTER

You don't know?

STECKLER

No - the police say I've killed fourteen - but I've not - I've killed many more. It amazes me how they just haven't found the bodies. What is society coming to when people just don't get missed. I agree, some of them are well hidden - I probably couldn't

## WHITE ANGEL

STECKLER

even show you where I put them - one girl, number eight I think the press called it - she wasn't even mine - I don't know who did it but I didn't.

CARTER

Where do you kill them...

STECKLER

Oh anywhere - whenever I needed to - Do you know how easy it is to take them? You just pick up a hiker, or someone off the streets - they believe so easily you know, 'Look, I have something to show you' I would say - and that would be it. One girl, I think her name is Debbie - she had broken down on the motorway, and I offered to take her to a service station to call for a tow truck - She just got in and I drove away. When I pulled into the lay-by and took out my knife - she just froze, and said - what do you want? - I said, You know what I want. - But she didn't. Getting rid of the bodies is just as easy - the first I cut up, put in bags with bricks in, and tossed them off Eldridge Bridge in broad daylight. (Pause) The real problem with my work is the blood - there is so much of it - and it all spurts out so fast - like a fountain. It made such a mess of my car (-) I stopped working from my car. (Pause) She could have stopped me you know - If she really wanted too. That is the difference between the confusion of humanity and the purity of the beast - If a dog attacked you - you could easily kill it without any damage to yourself - Why then do people get bitten by dogs - savaged? Why?

CARTER

I don't know

STECKLER

Because a dog will attack with a ferocity and force that we poses, but centuries of social contamination has run it out of us - that is what sets us aside from the purity of the beasts...Society is rotting - men who once were strong and kept everything working are getting soft - women are making them soft - by the time a pretty

**WHITE ANGEL**

STECKLER

girl has reached twenty - she has had three lifetimes worth of fun and attention- so she doesn't deserve any more -

CARTER

Didn't DEBBIE deserve anymore?

STECKLER

No she didn't...

CARTER

What did you do with her?

STECKLER

You know everyone accuses me of being sick - the press, the TV - but I'm not you know - they are - I don't watch it for entertainment every night - I don't sit and watch it whilst eating my dinner - they all say, how could he cut her up? She was dead - I can't hurt something dead - And all this whilst they slobber down their processed beef burgers by the dozen - I couldn't eat one of those burgers, you don't know what has gone in them! (wry smile)

There is a long pause -

CARTER

The press think that the WHITE ANGEL is a woman - why is that? Do you dress up LESLIE?

STECKLER

(Awkward) I don't want to talk about it

CARTER

OK, the press call you the WHITE ANGEL because you only kill girls wearing white - why white - white clothes, blonde hair...

STECKLER

I don't know...

CARTER

Is 'their' colour an expression of their inner self? By that I mean, extroverts wear bright colours - so what are people who wear white?

STECKLER

(To CARTER) I don't know...

## WHITE ANGEL

CARTER

Is white an expression of innocence? Do you crave innocence LESLIE?

STECKLER

Let me ask you, why do you wear black ELLEN CARTER? What are you running from?

CARTER is indeed wearing black - there is a long pause as STECKLER stares CARTER out - even though he can't quite see her.

CARTER

Do you feel sorry for the girls you have killed?

STECKLER

Why should I feel sorry - they're dead.

EXT NIGHT ROADWAY/CAR

The white lines of the road streak silently by. CARTER sits silently in the car with STECKLER as they drive into the night. Passing car headlights dance on CARTER's face - they say nothing to one another - there is a sombre quiet

EXT HOUSE NIGHT

STECKLER pulls up in front of a house -

EXT DAY NIGHT

The door to the house opens. STECKLER and CARTER stand in the doorway... The man in the doorway looks puzzled, he obviously doesn't know CARTER or STECKLER.

STECKLER

Hello - is ANNIE in?

The man tenses up...

GRAHAM

Are you a journalist?

STECKLER

No - I'm an old friend of ANNIE'S - I haven't seen her for years - You must be GRAHAM? Is there something wrong?

The man seems to literally deflate.

GRAHAM

I'm sorry - I've been hounded by the press - ANNIE died over a year ago.

**WHITE ANGEL**

INT NIGHT GRAHAM'S LIVING ROOM

The room is cosy and dark, a log fire burning in the background. We pan along a series of pictures, some with Graham and a woman (Presumably ANNIE), some of just the woman on her own. She is pretty with long flowing hair. STECKLER and CARTER are sat on the settee together. GRAHAM walks into shot with a glass of brandy for STECKLER...

GRAHAM

(To CARTER) Are you sure you don't want a glass?

CARTER

(Politely) No - thank you

GRAHAM sits down - a log fire burning brightly. He smiles - it's good to have guests for a change - especially nice people.

GRAHAM

So did you know her well? She never mentioned you to me

STECKLER

Not really (Embarrassed) We had a bit of a crush on each other - Purely innocent I assure you - but she was fun - did she ever tell you about her nick name - SMUDGY?

GRAHAM

SMUDGY? No...

STECKLER

Yes, everyone used to tease her about that birth mark - you know the one she had on her...

STECKLER points to his rear...

GRAHAM

(Smiling) I'm surprised you know about that - she wouldn't ever show anyone it STECKLER turns to CARTER looking her right in the eye...

STECKLER

Oh we got in a little tussle once - and that's when I saw it

CARTER is BEGINNING to look a little uncomfortable.

STECKLER

So if you don't mind me asking - how did it happen

GRAHAM takes a deep breath - it's been a long time since has told anyone about this

## WHITE ANGEL

GRAHAM

Well - she was out late one night - just went down to the newsagent for some cigarettes - and she didn't come back...

STECKLER watches CARTER... We stay on CARTERS face for the entire monologue - the glow of the fire dances on her face...

GRAHAM

Three days later some kids found her in some bushes (Gets very difficult to talk) - she had been...She had been... they said she died instantly...But I don't know how long she had to suffer before that bastard killed her... CARTER is almost in tears

GRAHAM

The worst thing was I had to go down and identify her - she was so small and pale-

We cut back to GRAHAM.

GRAHAM

How can any human being do that to another?

CARTER doesn't have a clue.

INT CAR NIGHT

CARTER sits silently as STECKLER drives. Suddenly a figure can be seen in the roadway - a hitcher, a girl with blonde hair, cut off jeans and long legs - STECKLER slows down to stop - CARTER is about to violently object - but STECKLER speeds on before she can say anything. He looks over to CARTER with a wry smile. CARTER is wide eyed and shocked...

EXT DAY 66 ACACIA AVENUE

STECKLERS car pulls into the driveway and halts. CARTER and STECKLER clamber for it, running from the rain that pelts down. They approach the house and enter. Slowly we move backwards to reveal INSPECTOR TAYLOR sat in his car with a thermos flask and the infamous doughnut. He watches them intently....

INT NIGHT CARTERS ROOM

CARTER drowsily tosses and turns. She glances at her clock. Its 3.30

## WHITE ANGEL

INT DAY HALLWAY

STECKLER stands in the hallway, fixing his tie. He is very smart. He examines a piece of paper which is headed "SHOSTERS BANK OF CREDIT" - he glances down at the letter - "appointment at 10am..." STECKLER glances at his watch and turns decidedly to the door. Quietly he unlocks it, glancing up as he does so - he doesn't want to make much noise. He gently shuts the door behind him...

INT DAY CARTERS ROOM

But the click of the latch still awakens the slumbering CARTER. She looks very much the worse for wear, the last few days have been very tough... Drowsily she climbs from her bed and peers out of the window - she sees STECKLER walking down the garden path and round the corner out of sight. She thinks to herself...

INT DAY UPSTAIRS HALLWAY

- CARTER appears in the hallway dressed in 'thrown on' track suit bottoms and a vest - She walks down the hall to STECKLERS room, looking round as she does - she knows he's not there, but she has to settle her paranoia... Slowly she takes a hold of the door handle and turns - to her amazement the door swings open.

INT DAY STECKLERS ROOM

CARTER is left in the hallway, hesitant - slowly she enters - fearful of what she may find. The room is well lit and organised - yet disorganised. Whilst everything is neatly put in it's place, it's not quite right - clothes are crumpled, books upside down on the shelf... A sleeping bag lies on the floor, recently slept in...The bed is immaculate. The wall has several pictures on it - prints of classical paintings in tacky small frames. She begins to rummage through cupboards - but finds only clothes... She opens a set of drawers and riffles through...Nothing... Down the side of the cabinet are some leather bound books - CARTER opens the first - ancient stamps... She moves on to the next... Press clippings... She leafs through them. They begin years ago with local press reports of mass dog killings in the hamlet of DEDINGTON... Soon the clippings develop a more sinister feel, "Woman found dead on Common", "Local Girl Goes Missing"... "Writer Wins Award" - We see ELLEN CARTER holding up a copy of her book smiling broadly for the photographers -

CARTER is stunned that STECKLER has kept this old clipping... She continues to flick and discovers more and more WHITE ANGEL killings reports...

She closes the book and replaces it carefully. She turns her attention to the case we saw STECKLER struggling with - filled and over heavy. She lifts it and places it on the bed. Slowly

## WHITE ANGEL

she unlatches it - and finally removes the belt. The lid creaks open - CARTER holds her breath, not wanting to open it - but it is filled with bizarre dentistry tools, scalpels, probes - a gas cylinder and drill... A tiny piece of black cloth protrudes from a brown parcel - CARTER unravels it to reveal a black dress, wig and red stiletto shoes - perfectly arranged. CARTERS frowns...

She replaces everything and moves on... She opens a drawer and rummages, taking out a pile of letters. She leafs through and discovers a bank statement - DEPOSITORY SECTION OF THE SHOSTERS BANK OF CREDIT - and the address, 44 Anthony Street, Barnet...

CARTER

Bingo - (Whispering to self & searching) the key...?

We pull focus to reveal the key hanging from the bedhead... CARTER doesn't see it.

EXT DAY STREET

STECKLER is walking briskly down the street - he stops suddenly, clasping his chest - he has forgotten the key. He turns on his heel and begins walking back - FAST!

INT DAY STECKLERS ROOM

CARTER delves deeper into STECKLERS drawer - intrigued. She takes some photos out - mostly Polaroids. One is of a very pretty girl in a car, another is of a woman - huge and domineering. She is in her kitchen, smiling broadly. Another photo is of a young boy with an older girl by his side - presumably, STECKLER with a sister. She finds a crumpled shot of an old house, huge and mansion like. She delves deeper into the papers. She finds a document - an adoption document, the date 1962 - the name LESLIE RAYMOND ANDERSON...

CARTER

(Mouthing) my god...

EXT DAY 66 ACACIA AVENUE

STECKLER is getting closer, walking up the garden path to the door - his finger touches the doorbell but he hesitates - he steps back and looks at CARTERS bedroom - her curtain is still shut. He shrugs and removes his keys...

INT DAY STECKLERS ROOM

She moves on, to a small album of polaroids... The first is of STECKLER and his wife sat on a sofa, STECKLERS arm around his her... There are a few mundane photo's before CARTER finds one

## WHITE ANGEL

of a different girl, once more STECKLER embracing... CARTER glances over at the table - a POLAROID camera sits with a small tripod attached. She flips through the other photo's - all different girls - all vacant stares - all DEAD...

EXT DAY FRONT DOOR

STECKLER twists the key in the lock and the door swings open

INT DAY STECKLERS ROOM

CARTER delves deeper into another drawer. Suddenly she hears a click - her head spins round, her heart pounding...

INT DAY STAIRS

STECKLER is creeping up the stairs

INT DAY STECKLERS ROOM

CARTER frantically tidies everything away...

INT DAY STAIRS

But STECKLER is getting closer still, almost at the top of the stairs...

INT DAY STECKLERS ROOM

CARTER has finished tidying when she suddenly spots the key hanging up - she reaches out for it - THE DOOR HANDLE TURNS - CARTERS eyes WIDEN!!! The door swings open and STECKLER steps in. He looks round cautiously - the key is still in it's place, but swaying ever so slightly...And no CARTER. We see STECKLERS bed, CARTERS foot disappears under it... We see CARTER huddling amongst the boxes and a huge parcel beneath the bed - she watches STECKLER's feet.

STECKLER grabs the key and puts it around his head. He pauses again looking round - it is as if he can sense someone has been here... Without further thought, he turns and exits closing the door. CARTER listens as he goes down the stairs and out of the front door -CLUNK - she takes a deep breath...

Then she sniffs, something smells bad... She turns to see the huge parcel beneath the bed beside her - slowly she reaches out to pull the sacking back...

## WHITE ANGEL

It is just an old pillow, some boxes and other junk - she doesn't know what she expected but she's glad it's nothing else... She clambers from under the bed and shakes herself down - without hesitation she moves for the door - BUT IT'S LOCKED!

CARTER groans in disbelief

CARTER

Oh come on!

INT DAY MIK'S ROOM

The camera moves slowly through MIK's room - suddenly there is a movement from the window - CARTER appears, clambering along the window ledge awkwardly - She reaches through the open slip and lets herself in. Clumsily she falls to the floor in MIK's room - glad to be safe She lies on her back and realises that she is still holding STECKLERS small Polaroid album in her hand. She starts to laugh - and laugh and laugh - and then, as suddenly she had started, she stops laughing and closes her eyes...

INT NIGHT STECKLERS ROOM

The door to STECKLERS room opens and CARTER silently steps in. STECKLER lies in the moonlight, asleep. The key CARTER is so desperate to have is sitting on his bedside cabinet. Slowly she moves forward, sweat dripping from her forehead. She reaches out for the key, further and further, nearer and nearer... Her finger clasps the cold metal. Suddenly, STECKLER jumps up behind her, screaming - He raises his arm bringing the meat cleaver he holds, crashing down on her hand, severing it cleanly from her body....

INT DAY LIVING ROOM

CARTER abruptly wakes from her dream - she is sat in her high arm chair - the room is darkened, the curtains shut. Slowly she makes out the form of STECKLER sat shadowed in a opposite. He doesn't move or say anything...

CARTER

How long have you been watching me?

STECKLER

I have something I have to show you...

He stands up - the room is still laid out from the previous evening, the video camera still on it's tripod. STECKLER wanders over to the TV set and inserts a tape into the video -

The TV flickers into life - a home video, shaky and out of focus. A couple are chatting and enjoying a picnic by a monument in a park. It is STECKLER and another woman - presumably his

## WHITE ANGEL

wife. STECKLER looks very different, his hair unkempt, his clothes scruffy. The woman is thin, with waves of blonde hair - she's wearing a bright coloured outfit - her face caked in make-up.

But worst of all, she nags... STECKLER looks round at CARTER - the light from the TV flickers on her face. He looks back to the TV...The couple are eating their PICNIC. The picture and sound is very bad - adding to the authentic, fly on the wall documentary feel.

The camera is being helmed by STECKLER who is off shot - and soon an argument breaks out over the contents of the sandwiches. As usual, everything is STECKLER'S fault, can't he do anything right? This woman is your worst nightmare...

Suddenly the camera tilts...Then falls to the ground. It's focus system tries to focus on the background, but cannot. Instead it focuses on the picnic basket.

A fight can be heard - suddenly STECKLER'S wife stops shouting at him, there is a pause, then a crash as something falls over.

CARTER'S eyes widen as her mind fills in the visual blanks from the sound. There is a loud but muffled crack... The camera is picked up again, getting a brief glimpse of the inert form of the woman on the floor. The picture goes fuzzy as the recording ends. CARTER looks up at STECKLER who in turn has just turned off the camera. The wheels of the video CASSETTE turn in the video camera - the record light flashes. We see the video screen. STECKLER sits there - looking into the lens.

CARTER

Tell me about your wife...

STECKLER

My wife (-) My wife was the only one who really deserved it. (Mimicking) LESLIE do this. LESLIE do that. LESLIE your fault... She used to tell me what to wear, where to go, what to do - she mothered me...

CARTER

then why did you marry her -

STECKLER

It seemed like a good idea at the time - why did you marry your husband.

There is a pregnant pause - CARTER continues...

CARTER

What didn't you like about her?

STECKLER

(Intensely) I hated being treated like a failure - looked down on - my sister used to do that - I hated it - I should

## WHITE ANGEL

STECKLER

have known, when we got married - in a registry office of course - she wore maroon - I just wanted a white wedding (-) I think she thought I was a ticket to the good life. I had a good job, prospects. And she was a slut - I didn't know until too late. One day, I came home early and found her in bed with another man. I don't know who he was. It didn't matter. She never saw me. I sat and watched for half an hour before I knew what I had to do.

There is a pause as STECKLER thinks.

STECKLER

I hated her for that. And I hated her for not wearing white at our wedding. I was cheated. I couldn't have what everyone else could have - all my life I have denied purity...The only time I really was at one with my wife was those precious few hours before I had to cut her up - she was accepting of everything then...

STECKLER stops talking. CARTER waits..

STECKLER

I had to kill her. She was rotten. And like my MOTHER said - cut away the dead wood or it will stop you doing what you must do. The world is a better place without her. You should understand better than anyone.

CARTER draws her legs up under herself.

STECKLER

You are the first person I have ever told any of this to. We are birds of a feather ELLEN...we're in the same league

CARTER

I don't think so...This isn't a game you know...There aren't points or leagues. Sure I killed my husband - but I am no killer.

STECKLER

You've killed but you're not a killer

CARTER

That's right...Don't ever think that you and I are the same - we're not even remotely similar. I did what I had to do for myself, for my own self

## WHITE ANGEL

CARTER

preservation - not to live out some bizarre role playing fantasy. My husband was sick - he beat me up - he abused me - and I just snapped.

There is a pause as CARTER gathers herself. STECKLER waits patiently wanting more...

STECKLER

Tell me how it happened...

CARTER

Why should I?

STECKLER

Why not? Please - it would help me

CARTER waits for a moment - then opens up

CARTER

There's not much to tell - I had just won my prize for the book - and he hated me for it. He had hated the book, he hated my success for so long - so he decided to make my life hell. There are things I can't tell you what he made me do - things I couldn't tell anyone... I wanted a divorce but he said he wouldn't - then opportunity just popped up...He was in the garage and I was in the car...I just let the clutch up - he couldn't get out of the way. I didn't really mean to kill him -just teach him a lesson - I guess if I had been thinking straighter I wouldn't have done it. I knew that if I was discovered I would go to jail - even if it was manslaughter I would do time - and any time would have been too much - I've seen what happens to people when they to prison - and what happens to them when they get out. I wasn't going to be one of them.

It is a strange reversal, STECKLER listening to the confessions of a killer. Both feel something -

CARTER

I knew I had to get rid of the body - so I strung him up in the bath, slit his throat and drained him - covered him in salt - to avoid the rotting - and bricked him up. Everyone believed me when I told them he left the country - I think they were glad he was gone. Everyone except for that damn cop. He knows. Somehow he just knows.

## WHITE ANGEL

STECKLER watches CARTER. There is love and tenderness in his eyes.

CARTER

And I have never told THAT to anyone  
before

Both CARTER and STECKLER smile.

STECKLER

And how did it feel to be rid of him

CARTER

Wonderful - like a great release - He  
was a malignant cancer and I had to  
remove him - the world is better  
without him

CARTERS smile fades. STECKLER looks at CARTER - their eyes do not break from each other as a silent message is transmitted...

EXT DAY PARK

CARTER and STECKLER are walking through a huge London Park. The trees are spider like and bare - winter has really taken a grip. There are a few other people around - joggers, business men on lunch, people just enjoying the break from the concrete nightmare surrounding this green haven. STECKLER stops and turns to CARTER.

STECKLER

There is something special about this  
place - the green - in destruction  
there is creation - flesh rots to  
fertilise the ground for life to thrive  
on.

CARTER and STECKLER stop. STECKLER points out a patch of ground in front of him, the grass slightly taller than everywhere else.

CARTER

(Looking and thinking) What?

STECKLER

That is my wife...Nothing ever dies -  
it just changes. I changed my wife.

CARTER fumbles in her bag and retrieves her camera.

STECKLER

I come here every so often - to pay my  
respects

STECKLER turns to CARTER looking strangely different

STECKLER

I'm weary ELLEN - of holding everything

## WHITE ANGEL

STECKLER

inside of me - that's why I need this book - In a few weeks it will be over - the police will have me - I will make you a lot of money and your career will be back on track -

CARTER thinks about his comment before turning her attention to her camera to take a photo - STECKLER looks at her questioningly

CARTER

For the book...

We see down the lens of the camera, STECKLER stood on the grassy mound. CARTER focuses - then click. The image freezes in black and white.

EXT DAY PARK

A bunch of pigeons fight over a few morsels of food. CARTER and STECKLER are sat on a park bench, STECKLER tossing pieces of bread to the pigeons. Across the way a BIG LAWYER sits, talking on a portable phone - a bottle of Perrier in his other. CARTER has her camera and is taking a few portraits of STECKLER. She moves about looking for the best shot.

The BIG LAWYER opposite cannot take his eyes off CARTER's legs and bum - it doesn't help as she is wearing a fairly short skirt... And when she bends over...

The BIG LAWYER laughs down the phone - he is obviously telling the person on the other end of the line what he is doing. CARTER FINISHES her roll and sits back down.

STECKLER has finished with his bag of bread for the pigeons and looks over at a waste bin twenty yards away. He spots a can under the bench and stretches to pick it up...He stands and wanders over to the bin. CARTER wrestles with her camera which has jammed - but she finally gets it free. She takes out the film and pockets it.

She looks up at the BIG LAWYER who is blatantly staring at her legs. He doesn't even look away when CARTER sees him. Suddenly from behind, STECKLER appears and leans over close to the BIG LAWYER. CARTER watches on. STECKLER leans close to the LAWYER and whispers in his ear. The LAWYER'S face goes pale. Hurriedly he gathers his things and shuffles off. STECKLER smiles to CARTER as he wanders back - a 'Don't look at me' expression written all over his face.

CARTER doesn't know how to react - grateful that her honour has been defended - but at the same time, wishes it was someone else. They walk off into the distance...

## WHITE ANGEL

INT NIGHT CARTERS ROOM

(WRITING MONTAGE) CARTER is writing furiously at her computer - we see her fingers working wonders - the letters just fly up on the screen. We see her with her head in her hands, desperate for inspiration - she fans herself with a piece of paper and STECKLER watches, mesmerised by the sensuous display - and then CARTER is typing furiously once more.

Photos are printed and scanned onto computer - We see the printer printing out pages of script... At last ELLEN CARTER has begun writing once more... CARTER shuffles a pile of papers - ten pages or so and looks at the cover,

'The Secret Diary of Dr Leslie Raymond Steckler - INTRODUCTION'

She places them down and looks at a small black and white photo of a stern looking woman and a lost little boy - STECKLER and his MOTHER. She examines closely - almost obsessed... She places it down and begins writing, looking at the computer screen...

INT NIGHT FORENSIC LAB

The fingerprint computer is still checking names and prints rapidly - FOSTER sits with her feet up and drinking a cup of tea as she patiently watches... A small figure says '43% done'.

INT DAY LIVING ROOM

The camera is focused once more - STECKLER sits in the familiar chair...

CARTER

So tell me about your MOTHER

STECKLER looks up a little shocked - that one came out of the blue

STECKLER

My mother...? (-) I never knew my real MOTHER - I was adopted

CARTER

Tell me about your adopted MOTHER

STECKLER is firm lipped - he doesn't want to open up

CARTER

I had to - I have to see the beginning  
-(Firmly) now tell me about your MOTHER

He doesn't answer for a long time -

STECKLER

My MOTHER didn't love me - she never loved me - when I was fourteen I had a

**WHITE ANGEL**

STECKLER

pet rabbit - and I killed it, just to see what my mother would do... She bought me a goldfish and told me to stop crying. Two days later she died in the accident

CARTER is obviously shocked by this... There is a long pause.

STECKLER

You think I killed my MOTHER don't you?

CARTER

Did you?

STECKLER

My ADOPTED MOTHER - Whose house was so cold I could see my breath in front of my face, whose furniture was so valuable, no-one could sit on it, whose ornaments so rare, I couldn't have school friends round...My mother, who locked me in the attic when I was naughty, who drove her husband to the grave, who brought lovers home for weekends in the country - she was filth - Is that what you want me to say... That I pushed her off the boat when she drowned, who wouldn't throw her a life buoy? Is that what you want me to say? Is IT?

STECKLER pauses for a long second - CARTER, moved by STECKLER torrential confession...

STECKLER

(Calmer) No...I didn't do it...I wish I had but I didn't. I was beaten to it. STEPHANIE became my mother.

CARTER

STEPHANIE?

STECKLER

My sister - My ADOPTED SISTER -

CARTER

Did STEPHANIE kill your MOTHER?

STECKLER

STEPHANIE loved me - she got some insurance money and took legal custody of me - she was just old enough. We had a ball for years - we could do anything, anywhere, anyhow...And we did...We would play games - she would be the executioner and I would be the convict - She would strap me into the

## WHITE ANGEL

STECKLER

arm chair and pretend to electrocute me...

CARTER

What was your relationship with STEPHANIE?

STECKLER

(Quietly) It was wrong - all my life I have been cheated - cheated of anything good - I shouldn't have been born - I was a mistake - my natural mother was a whore - that makes me...

STECKLER is beginning to crack up.

STECKLER

I want it to stop - it all to stop...

CARTER

Then make it stop...

STECKLER looks up at CARTER - he believes in her...

INT DAY LIVING ROOM

STECKLER sits at a table near the window, reading the book silently. CARTER sits nearby - nervous as hell. STECKLER turns the page. It's just too intense for CARTER - she gets up and goes to the kitchen.

INT DAY KITCHEN

CARTER fills the kettle up and reaches for the sugar. She glances over her shoulder - STECKLER is still sat reading. Slowly she opens the sugar bowl - it is empty. For a moment she deliberates what to do - before reaching under the sink, to a remote spot, and retrieving the ANT POISON. At all time she nervously switches between what she is doing and where STECKLER is - her heart pounds as she fills the bowl up with sugar - and then mixes in the ant poison. She glances over her shoulder - STECKLER is stood only two feet away - CARTER jumps - STECKLER holds up the book

STECKLER

I need to talk to you...

Unseen, CARTER manages to slip the ANT POISON into a drawer behind her.

INT DAY LIVING ROOM

CARTER and STECKLER sit down, CARTER taking care of making the

## WHITE ANGEL

tea. STECKLER looks a different man - the intensity and lines from his forehead gone. He slumps in the chair rather than sits in an angular position... The two look at each other for a long time before curiosity gets the better of CARTER...

CARTER

What?

STECKLER

I know this sounds insane ELLEN, but... Telling you all of this, writing the book... It feels good. Don't get me wrong - I feel like a weight is being lifted from my shoulders... When I tell you what I have done - I can't believe it is me... Yet I know it was. This is like a purging for me...

CARTER

Psychiatrists would say that you are confronting your demons

STECKLER

Demons... This wouldn't have been possible without you... You have given me incentive ELLEN - I can see clearer now...

CARTER looks at STECKLER slightly differently - as a doctor would at a condemned patient who is showing miraculous signs of recovery. STECKLER sits up and puts sugar into his tea - CARTER watches - a mass of confused emotions.

STECKLER

What's wrong?

CARTER

Nothing could be better...

STECKLER takes a sip of his tea - it's sweet...

STECKLER

I really must cut down on sugar - it'll be the death of me...

EXT DAY STECKLERS SURGERY

It is a brisk winters day. The street is busy, the road packed with traffic. The figure of a biker hurtles between the cars, expertly weaving through them. It is MIK wearing her usual hip biker kit, but with a tight white top... She pulls up in front of the DENTISTS, grapples in her bag and retrieves a parcel. She looks up, checking the address - then smiles...

INT DAY BUILDING FOYER

She enters the building, resting her bike up against the wall inside before running up the stairs.

**WHITE ANGEL**

INT DAY DENTIST FOYER

MIK swaggers in and leans on the desk. The secretary is there.

MIK

Is DR. STECKLER here?

INT DAY HALLWAY

MIK is leaning up against the wall when a door opens up at the end of the corridor. STECKLER walks out, his hands filled with bizarre instruments...

STECKLER

I thought it was you - how are you?

MIK

I'm good - I was just making a delivery near here, so I thought I would see if you were about...

STECKLER

Yes, come on in...

There is a sudden whine of a dentists drill...

MIK

No, I can't I've got a million things to deliver. I just wanted to say thank you for the other night - I know it all got a little out of hand...

MIK suddenly feels very awkward...

MIK

Anyway - look, I have moved in with DEKLAN now - it's a nice flat in a shitty area - (Sarcastically) but hey, it's home!

STECKLER

That's good

MIK

I'd really like it if you would come round some time - Then I could cook you a meal - what do you say...

STECKLER

Yes, that would be nice - I'll call round some time...

MIK

Good - I've got to dash - (cautiously) Say that I said hello to ELLEN for me would you...

**WHITE ANGEL**

STECKLER

Yes - of course.

MIK gives one last smile and turns to leave... STECKLER does not move and watches her as she leaves the building.

INT DAY BUILDING FOYER

MIK bounces down the stairs, grabs her bike and exits. As she does so, she brushes up against someone entering...INSPECTOR TAYLOR looks up the stairs and begins his ascent...

INT DAY DENTAL SURGERY

STECKLER is in his surgery with JANET examining X RAYS of teeth - The door opens and INSPECTOR pops his head in...

TAYLOR

Dr STECKLER?

STECKLER

Yes...?

TAYLOR

INSPECTOR DAVE TAYLOR - Scotland yard  
(Produces ID)...Can I have a word?

STECKLER turns to JANET - but she is quicker...

JANET

I'll be outside.

She exits...

STECKLER

How can I help SCOTLAND YARD then?

STECKLER busies himself by washing his hands and sterilising his instruments as TAYLOR talks...

STECKLER

I believe you live with a MRS ELLEN  
CARTER...

STECKLER

MRS? I thought her husband was dead

TAYLOR'S eyebrow raises and he moves into the room...

TAYLOR

Dead?

STECKLER

Or was it, she wished he was dead -  
that's it - I believe he left the

## WHITE ANGEL

STECKLER

country with another woman - all rather sordid.

TAYLOR

So she didn't mention anything more about it?

STECKLER

No - she isn't in any trouble is she?

TAYLOR

Oh no sir - just making some enquiries...Just tell her that INSPECTOR TAYLOR called on you - she'll understand

STECKLER

I'll be sure to...

TAYLOR turns to exit...then stops and turns

TAYLOR

Listen - whilst I'm here, I've been having some problems with my back teeth - you couldn't just take a look, see if I need anything doing?

STECKLER

I shouldn't really - I'm not your surgeon...

TAYLOR

Who said anything about surgery...It'll only take a moment.

STECKLER thinks to himself.

STECKLER

OK - just hop up...

TAYLOR grins and climbs onto the dentists chair leaning back. STECKLER moves behind him. He takes TAYLOR'S head and moves his head right back, exposing his throat and mouth.

STECKLER

Now open wide...

STECKLER looks down at his tray of weapons - a scalpel glistens at him... For a moment his hand hovers before he takes a probe and mirror. He inserts them in TAYLOR'S mouth and conducts his examination.

STECKLER

Mmm yes - there is a cavity here... Just tell me if this hurts...

Without any more warning, STECKLER jabs very hard on TAYLOR'S

## WHITE ANGEL

tooth... TAYLOR jumps and cries out in pain. STECKLER retracts his instruments and TAYLOR closes his mouth...

TAYLOR  
Bloody hell! Now I remember why I  
didn't want to go to the dentist...

He clambers from the chair...holding his mouth...

STECKLER  
You really should have that filled...

Once more, the painful sound of the drill from the surgery next door screams through...

TAYLOR  
Thanks for your time - DR STECKLER...

He turns on his heel and exits, nursing a very numb and sore mouth. STECKLER smiles to himself - serves him right.

EXT NIGHT STAIRWAY

Once more, STECKLER is locking up his surgery. He descends the iron fire escape and into the alley way

EXT NIGHT SHOP FRONT

STECKLER'S eyes find a way to the shop front and the collection of the shop dummies - especially the one wearing the white dress... STECKLER hears a noise behind him...

EXT NIGHT ALLEYWAY

Once more the STREET PUNK is hassling a girl - STECKLER walks briskly up... The STREET PUNK has a knife in his left hand, his right bandaged - he demands her purse - but she won't give. Viscously he lashes out with the blade cutting the woman's leg - she shrieks out in pain before relinquishing her purse. The punk picks it up just as STECKLER moves out of the shadows The PUNK turns round brandishing his blade...

STREET PUNK  
You got a prob...?

STECKLER steps out of the shadows. The PUNK's face drops - without warning he spins on his heel and runs for his life... STECKLER smiles - amused by him. He turns his attention to the girl on the floor. STECKLER turns to the woman who is lying amongst some old card boxes, blood seeping out over her clothes from the cut on her leg... She looks up at STECKLER as though he were Lancelot...

STECKLER  
I'm a doctor - my surgery is just  
around the corner

## WHITE ANGEL

INT DAY STECKLERS SURGERY

The door opens into darkness as STECKLER helps the girl (MARY) in. An alarm beeper sounds. He flicks on the lights and the fluorescence illuminate a cold and clinical room - a modern torture chamber for some.

STECKLER

I'll just turn off the ALARM

STECKLER disappears off around the corner and down a hallway, pulling keys from his pocket. MARY limps into the room - her eyes fixed on an array of tools, probes, scalpels - all bright silver and VERY nasty... The alarm sound stops... There is a distant crash of something falling to the floor... Silence...

MARY

Hello?! (getting nervous) Hello?!

Suddenly, STECKLER appears behind her, putting his hand on her shoulder- She jumps a little...

STECKLER

Sorry about that - lets get you up here...

He helps her onto the chair. Blood freely seeps from a wound on her upper thigh.

MARY

I don't know how to thank you - I think he was going to rape or kill me

STECKLER

If I were you, I'd stick to daylight and wide open spaces from now on - lets get this off.

STECKLER helps the woman remove her jogging trousers. She winces and groans as he does so. STECKLER inspects the wound...

STECKLER

It's not bad - it looks a lot worse than it is... You probably won't need stitches

He takes a swab and wipes away the blood. The wound can clearly be seen and it looks pitifully small.

MARY

Is that it? Some war wound that turned out to be

STECKLER laughs... He takes a swab and makes her hold it on the wound.

STECKLER

This will stop it making too much of a mess

**WHITE ANGEL**

MARY

I'm terribly sorry...

STECKLER

Don't mention it...

His eyes wander up her leg - to her pants - white and very skimpy... He takes an involuntary deep breath. Her rather unflattering position, one leg on and one leg off the chair strikes a sexual image that runs shivers down STECKLERS spine...

STECKLER

I'll call a taxi and make some tea while you wait.

INT NIGHT UTILITY ROOM

STECKLER stands in a plume of wild steam from the kettle spout. His eyes fixed and unmoving on his tool box - a hammer sits atop.

INT NIGHT SURGERY

STECKLER enters with a tray and one cup of tea. He places it on the steel table next to the chair and the woman who has now covered herself up. She looks up from her bloody wound and smiles

MARY

Thank you - but don't you want a cup?

For a long time, STECKLER hovers behind her - not saying anything.

STECKLER

No, I'm not thirsty thank you. I called a taxi - they are very good here - he should be here very... There is a beep beep outside. Both MARY and STECKLER smile at the timing. She stands

MARY

That's not too bad -

She turns to STECKLER...

MARY

I don't know how to thank you - you have been so kind - if only more people in the world could be more like you...

She moves closer and lightly kisses him on the cheek...She extends her hand.

**WHITE ANGEL**

MARY

I'm MARY STANLEY - nice to meet you

STECKLER

(Smiles) LESLIE STECKLER...

She turns and exits the surgery.

EXT/INT NIGHT STREET/SURGERY

MARY climbs into the taxi and waves as it pulls away. STECKLER returns the wave. He turns and walks over to his chair and lies back in it - a little like a psychiatrists chair. He sips her tea. Slowly he raises his arm up - he is holding the hammer. He rests it on his chest.

EXT DAY SHOP FRONT

We see the shop front. Slowly we move into the window which has the three dummies display. The centre dummy which was wearing the white dress is being undressed by a shop assistant.

INT NIGHT LIVING ROOM

Cut to a huge close up of the TV screen. STECKLER cannot speak - something holds him back - we move from the camera to him -

STECKLER

Turn it off - I can't handle that thing anymore

CARTER turns off the machine - she senses something is different - STECKLER moves forward, craving human intimacy...

CARTER

What's wrong?

STECKLER

I am ashamed of what I have done ELLEN. When I read what you had written it made me think - look into myself - I haven't dared look into myself for a long time - I have stopped ELLEN, I can't carry on - I won't carry on. All I want is to start a new life - I want a second chance...You are good to me - you don't condescend, you're intelligent, and very beautiful...

CARTER listens on - not moving at all...

STECKLER

You don't disappoint or let me down

## WHITE ANGEL

STECKLER

ELLEN. I want the woman who helped me put the past behind me by my side - if she will have me for the short time I have left.

CARTER sits silent and dumfounded. STECKLER produces a large box, gift wrapped. He passes it to CARTER -

CARTER

What is it?

STECKLER

Open it...

With trepidation CARTER opens the box. She discovers the white dress from the shop window, beautifully folded, with a pair of matching shoes...

CARTER

You want me to wear this for you?

STECKLER

Yes...

CARTER

You want me to wear white for you? You must be madder than I thought...

STECKLER

But ELLEN, I told you I have stopped...

CARTER

But for how long - what will set you off again? You'll be walking down the street and some girl will be wearing a white hat - and that will be it - back on the merry go round...

CARTER stands - completely engulfed in disbelief and anger...

CARTER

You can't just flush your past down the toilet of life - you want a second chance - what about the girls you killed - did they have a second chance - No - because you killed them. And I'm good to you - I don't condescend, and don't let you down. You know why LESLIE - because you've got me by the short and curlies - I don't have a choice, either I go to jail or to the grave! In answer to your question LESLIE - No I won't have you. Never.

She picks up the package and tosses it back to STECKLER. The contents spill out all over the floor. CARTER storms out to the kitchen. STECKLER slowly retrieves all his gifts, replacing them in the box - he is deeply hurt.

## WHITE ANGEL

INT NIGHT KITCHEN

CARTER is shaking - she quickly lights a cigarette to calm her. STECKLER walks out of the LIVING ROOM and collects his jacket from behind the door.... Suddenly hit by doubt and worry, CARTER turns to him as he exits...

CARTER  
Where are you going?

STECKLER  
Out - I may be some time

STECKLER leaves...

CARTER  
Wait LESLIE...I...I...

INT NIGHT CARTERS BEDROOM

CARTER is sat at her desk flipping through notes. A huge pile is stacked by her, the word RESEARCH scribbled across it - and a bottle of vodka to it's side. She sits back, reading a photocopy of a newspaper article titled, "WHAT EVER HAPPENED TO THE MODERN SERIAL KILLER". She looks at the photos of modern mass murderers - sketches of others. One in particular grabs her eye... The inscription below reads "The French 'Hillside Slasher' CARTERS eyes wander down the article...

CARTERS VOICE  
"...and what of those killers which stopped? there have been many documented serial killers who merely ended their reign of terror - Jack The Ripper being one of the most sensational. Others the French Hillside Slasher - took lives then mysteriously stopped. What happened to him - did he die, was he arrested and jailed for other charges, did he leave the country - or was his carnal need fulfilled - his anger discharged? Only he will ever know..."

CARTER looks up from her article thinking.

INT NIGHT HALLWAY

The front door slams and STECKLER briskly walks into the kitchen, pausing only to hang his jacket up. CARTER walks down the stairs.

**WHITE ANGEL**

INT KITCHEN NIGHT

STECKLER is washing his hands in the kitchen sink when CARTER enters from behind. She leans up against the door frame - pausing for the right moment to speak.

STECKLER

We've got nothing to talk about

CARTER

LESLIE I'm sorry - I - I didn't know what to think

STECKLER turns round

STECKLER

I thought we had a relationship built on trust - and you just slap me in the face...

CARTER

(Long pause) I am sorry...

There is a long pause as STECKLER shuffles his feet, looking at the floor like a little lost boy.

CARTER

LESLIE? (He looks up) Is that good enough?

STECKLER

Yes - I suppose so...

The tension breaks

CARTER

It's late and I've had too much to drink. I can't think straight now - we'll talk about it in the morning...

CARTER turns and walks out...

STECKLER

ELLEN...

CARTER turns back

STECKLER

I have stopped - you must believe me

A smile breaks out on CARTERS face

CARTER

Yes - I believe I do...

She turns and walks back out ... STECKLER watches - his face shows long furrowed lines of familiar stress...

## WHITE ANGEL

INT NIGHT HALLWAY

CARTER walks into the hallway and is about to walk upstairs when she spots STECKLERS jacket crumpled on the floor - it must have fallen from the hook. She leans over to pick it up - but as she does so, she notices something on the floor underneath.

She leans over and picks up a pair of biker glasses, cracked...They are MIK's glasses! CARTER RUMMAGES in STECKLERS pocket and withdraws a handkerchief - covered in blood. CARTERS eyes widen in horror - she was so close to believing it all - and she would have probably been persuaded to wear the dress... And what would have happened to her?

STECKLER shuffles about in the kitchen before walking into the LIVING ROOM - the TV turns on. She places the coat back on the hook - a panic running through her. What can she do? She regains her composure. Slowly she moves over to the telephone and gently picks up the receiver. She keeps her eye on the LIVING ROOM door at all times - not daring to breathe. She flips open her address book and looks up the name DEKLAN. Sure enough it is there with MIK's Fella scrawled after it. She dials the number and waits for it to ring, and ring, and ring - but no-one answers. CARTER holds the phone to her chest - she was nearly so very wrong...

INT NIGHT CARTERS BEDROOM

CARTER lies asleep in her bed - the moonlight picking out the curves of her body. She is sweaty and looks like she has been very restless... There is a quiet picking at the door before it silently swings open. STECKLER is stood there in his vest and trousers. He steps into the moonlight, his eyes black...

He leans close to CARTER, caressing her body - an inch above her skin. He knows he cannot touch her though. As silently as he had entered, he leaves. As the door clicks shut, CARTERS eyes flicker open - there is a loud click from near her head as we see her gun which she grips firmly under her pillow. She sits up, looking round. She clambers out of the bed and slips on her jeans and a jumper. She jams her gun into her belt, grabs a jacket and opens the window. Slowly she climbs out, slipping and sliding, but just managing to hold on. She clambers down the drain pipe and is on ground level in a flash.

EXT NIGHT TOWER BLOCK

The night is cold - the streets deserted. CARTER appears outside a huge block of flats - an urban monstrosity. She checks a piece of paper and looks upwards at them.

EXT NIGHT CORRIDOR

CARTER walks along an external corridor, looking for flat number 80... She finds it. On the door the sign "MIK and DEKLAN" is

## WHITE ANGEL

written in colourful lettering. CARTER knocks on the door, but as expected there is no answer. She takes a torch from her back pocket and shines it in through the letter box, trying to see in. She looks through a small window at the side of the door. She can't see much, just a table overturned. But it's enough... She looks round and finds a brick. She heaves it and crashes it through the window. She leans her arm in and unlatches the door from the inside.

INT NIGHT MIK AND DEKLAN'S FLAT

CARTER shuts the door behind her and switches on the lights. She walks past a photo of HERSELF and MIK taken last year - the TV still buzzes silently. As she had seen, a table is overturned...And a chair. She moves further into the room - suddenly she sees it, her hand involuntarily claspng her mouth. A large pool of blood stains the light carpet - an electric knife lying at its side, dried blood dulls it's blade.

EXT NIGHT GARDEN

STECKLER is stood in the garden, a fire raging before him. At his feet is a box filled with press clippings, articles, paper...And video tapes, computer disks. He picks up the fist lot - a computer disk titled, 'Introduction'...He tosses it on the fire. He takes the pages of ELLEN'S book, looks at them before sending them on their way. He watches the flames as he pulls the tape from video cassettes eventually sending them to the conflagration...

INT NIGHT HALLWAY

CARTER silently lets herself back in at 66 ACACIA AVENUE. Slowly she moves through the house and to the stairs when she notices a slight flickering on the walls of the room. She moves over to the window to take a look out back... To her horror she sees STECKLER filling in a hole in the garden. He digs hard with his spade and his job is almost done. A small fire flickers and STECKLER goes over to it, dropping some paper onto it. Suddenly he turns and walks straight for the house and the doorway. CARTER panics, not knowing what to do. She looks round for somewhere to hide -STECKLER is still advancing...

And it is too late, the door opens and STECKLER enters with the spade in his hand. He closes the door behind himself - CARTER is nowhere to be seen. STECKLER places the spade down and opens the fridge, taking out a bottle of milk. The light illuminates the area - AND CARTER, who is hiding close up to a cupboard - her eyes are wide as she is frozen to the spot. STECKLER closes the fridge door and slowly exits, walking up the stairs... CARTER takes a silent, but deep breath...

**WHITE ANGEL**

EXT DAY STREET

CARTER, dressed in jeans and a jacket walks determinedly down a street, packed with people. There is a resolution about herself...

EXT DAY PUBLIC LOOS

CARTER enters some public loos

INT DAY LOO'S

CARTER enters one of the little cubicles. Once inside she begins to strip off - and changes into a bright and skimpy dress with black tights, stilettos. She dons heavy make-up and wears a pair of brightly coloured glasses. She looks VERY GIRLIE. Satisfied, she picks up her bag and exits.

EXT DAY BANK

CARTER arrives in her 'costume' outside the bank. She checks a piece of paper - a bank statement with a curious logo (The same one that she found in STECKLER'S box). She enters.

INT DAY BANK MANAGERS OFFICE

CARTER sits before the bank manager.

CARTER  
You see, I am writing this article for  
CHIC MAGAZINE

MANAGER  
(never heard of it) CHIC MAGAZINE?

CARTER  
Yes - it's about bank safety deposit  
boxes - I wonder if you might just  
explain how they work - and maybe even  
show me round.

The MANAGER smiles nervously - she is a good looking girl... He takes off his glasses and pockets them...

MANAGER  
Well MISS TANDY - It's not our policy  
to show people round - but if you were  
a potential client - that would be a  
different matter...

**WHITE ANGEL**

CARTER

When could I look round?

MANAGER

Well, if you could come sometime just before we close, then I could show you everything and (Going for it) then we could go for a drink to discuss the finer points...

CARTER pauses for a moment - her face expressionless... The MANAGER'S smile begins to fade when suddenly CARTER smiles broadly...

CARTER

That's very kind of you MR GRIFFITHS...?

MANAGER

BRIAN...

CARTER

But - If you could show me round now - and I'll meet you later?

The MANAGER is about to object when CARTER crosses her legs - exposing a tantalising bit of thigh - the MANAGER is caught, hook line and sinker...

INT DAY VAULT

CARTER and he stand in the vault, a vast array of safety deposit boxes reach high up above.

MANAGER

This is our demonstration box

He smiles confidently as if he were demonstrating something really cool and hip...

MANAGER

And these are the keys - one for you - and one for me

He passes CARTER one.

MANAGER

We insert together - and out it comes

They both laugh as the box comes out of the wall - she's fully aware of his game and playing along with it.

INT DAY VIEWING ROOM

The MANAGER and CARTER step into a cramped viewing room with a small table...

**WHITE ANGEL**

CARTER

And this is where the client can view  
their contents in private...

She brushes lightly over the MANAGER

CARTER

Its cramped in here isn't it BRIAN

MANAGER

(Clears throat) Yes it is...

CARTER

Tell me BRIAN, what would happen if the  
client lost the key?

MANAGER

Then we would have to call in our  
locksmith to break the lock

CARTER

So there is only one key...

MANAGER

That's right...

CARTER

And it can't be forged?

MANAGER

I didn't say that - I'm sure it could  
be, but our clients must sign in first,  
checking signatures, and a photo ident  
- we had a nasty theft two years ago  
and we've been very strict since then.

The MANAGER is obviously getting rather aroused - he glances at  
his watch...CARTER is distant and in serious thought

MANAGER

I could get my secretary to cover for  
me this afternoon - If you want to go  
someplace now - it would save you  
coming back

CARTER

Yes, I'm sure you could - but I can't  
risk you loosing your job

MANAGER

No -it's no problem - I do it all the  
time

CARTER

All the time?

**WHITE ANGEL**

MANAGER

No - not all the time - I mean

CARTER

I know what you mean - I'll meet you at  
VINNIES WINE BAR at six if you like.  
And don't make any plans for this  
evening...

The manager is speechless...

EXT DAY BANK

CARTER walks out of the bank. The MANAGER stands in the doorway like a blood hound waiting for it's mistress to return. CARTER hurriedly disappears around the corner.

EXT DAY 66 ACACIA AVENUE

CARTER runs along the street, changed back into her jeans and jacket. She runs up the drive to the front door.

INT DAY LIVING ROOM

CARTER walks into the LIVING ROOM and stops dead in her tracks... STECKLER is having a cup of tea with INSPECTOR TAYLOR!

TAYLOR

Hello ELLEN - looks like your doin'  
some more interior decorating!

STECKLER passes the cup of tea to TAYLOR

STECKLER

Sugar?

TAYLOR

Yes - one please.

CARTER can do nothing but watch as STECKLER takes a teaspoonful of sugar (And arsenic) and dunk it into TAYLOR'S cup.

STECKLER

ELLEN, would you like a cup - there's  
plenty in the pot

CARTER

No thanks - (looking at TAYLOR)

CARTER is confused and worried - why is he here? What has STECKLER told him?

STECKLER

INSPECTOR TAYLOR has told me that you

## WHITE ANGEL

STECKLER  
are connected with that killer - the  
WHITE GHOST...

STECKLER gives CARTER a funny look as TAYLOR isn't looking

TAYLOR  
(Correcting) ANGEL...

STECKLER  
Yes, sorry - He's here to make sure  
that you are all right

CARTER  
(Calmly) I know why he's here

For the briefest moment, CARTER looks like she is going to spill  
the beans to TAYLOR - STECKLER shuffles nervously on the spot

TAYLOR  
I'd watch her mate - she has thing for  
men - they disappear near her.

CARTER  
I think you had better leave

STECKLER  
First finish your tea...

CARTER  
He doesn't need to...

TAYLOR  
(To STECKLER) Do you think she doesn't  
like me

TAYLOR gulps down his tea - CARTER sighs resignedly. TAYLOR  
begins to walk out...

TAYLOR  
If you need me, you know where I am...

TAYLOR closes the door behind himself... CARTER turns to  
STECKLER.

CARTER  
You like playing with fire don't you

STECKLER passes CARTER a cup of tea - habitually she takes it.

CARTER  
Why did you let him in?

STECKLER  
What was I supposed to do?

CARTER takes his point - she takes a sip of her tea. He turns  
his back to her - obviously examining something

**WHITE ANGEL**

STECKLER

It's got sugar in - you don't mind?

CARTER freezes

CARTER

I don't like sugar

STECKLER

There isn't that much - you didn't even taste it - What's wrong - don't you like my tea?

CARTER

It's not that - I just don't want any sugar

STECKLER

Why what's wrong with the sugar -

STECKLER turns round - the tin of ant poison in his hand - he reads the ingredients as if were a cake mix -

STECKLER

42% pentathanol, 31% crysonal and 8.5% Arsenic... This was really very crude ELLEN - I tasted it straight away - I'm very familiar with arsenic - small doses over a long period of time mount up and eventually incapacitate the victim - Why did you want to incapacitate me ELLEN? (Shouting) WHY!!!

CARTER jumps at STECKLER'S violent outburst...

CARTER

I haven't been using it recently LESLIE

STECKLER

CRAP! - I wish I had taken a photo of your face when I gave some to that DETECTIVE - What's wrong ELLEN - you look pale - maybe you have been eating the wrong kind of foods lately - it could be food poisoning?

CARTER suddenly feels sweaty and sickened - she involuntarily takes a deep breath, holding her throat... STECKLER lurches for CARTER grabbing her by the throat and holding her hard...

STECKLER

I thought you believed me! Oh don't worry ELLEN, I poured the Ant poison down the drain - I just wanted you to know what it felt like when I found out - unpleasant isn't it?

CARTER rummages in her bag, pulling out her kitchen knife she

## WHITE ANGEL

has kept with her.... She is absolutely bubbling with anger - but she channels. She holds the knife to STECKLER'S throat - STECKLER loosens his grip on CARTER - she looks real mad - almost insane...

CARTER

(Whispering) I could kill you now - no-one would ever know - I would have won already - unpleasant isn't it...

CARTER breaks away - the tension leaving - she drops the knife to the floor. STECKLER is shaking now - but he still manages a defiant remark...

STECKLER

You couldn't do it - It's not because you can't kill - it's the not knowing - if the bank would send my package - what would you do when the police come knocking...

CARTER turns on the spot -

CARTER

Don't be so sure...

CARTER exits... STECKLER calling out behind her - suddenly unsure of his position...

STECKLER

(Turns and steps forward) I love you ELLEN, I would never hurt you.

INT NIGHT FORENSIC LAB

The computer is still ticking down - like a time bomb... The screen reads '67% done'.

INT MORNING HALLWAY

CARTER exits her bedroom and walks to the bathroom. She is a mess, her hair unkempt - she looks like she has been driven over by a bus. The sound of STECKLER having a shower can be heard. She walks past the bathroom, glancing at it. The door is slightly open. She spots STECKLER stood behind the curtain - showering. Then she spots it - her last chance for salvation. The key - the bank key! It's hanging from the razor light of the wall.

INT DAY CARTERS BEDROOM

CARTER enters her bedroom and closes the door behind her. She rummages on top of her cabinet and finds what she is looking for - an tiny, odd looking metal case which opens up to reveal two

## WHITE ANGEL

slabs of putty. She turns round and throws off her robe and crumpled bed shirt - She rummages through her drawers - her hand hovers over a white shirt before she decides for a striped shirt - light in colour, but not white. She slips it on - it is very tight and low cut - sexy but not too provocative. She puts her robe back on and pauses for a beat - she takes a long hard breath...

INT DAY BATHROOM

CARTER enters the bathroom - she stops dead in her tracks, surprised. STECKLER stands in the shower - totally naked.

CARTER

Oh - I'm sorry - I didn't realise you were...

CARTER involuntarily glances at the key - STECKLER is frozen to the spot...CARTER turns to exit - but stops...

CARTER

LESLIE - About you and me - I've been thinking about what you said...

She turns back to STECKLER - he is still rooted to the spot. She advances on him...Her bath robe loosened provocatively... Still STECKLER does not move -

CARTER

Maybe I have been fooling myself - I really don't know...

She waits for a reply - but none comes - STECKLER still silent in the shower, water splashing off his face... He is like a teenager on a first date - and its getting hot and heavy way too fast... CARTER realises she is going to have to take the lead - She takes another step forward, loosening her robe until it drops to the floor - her long slender legs are completely exposed, STECKLER glances down. CARTER smiles as she lifts her arm up to touch STECKLER'S face - he winces as she does so, but CARTER'S touch is soothing...

CARTER

What do you say...

CARTER glances at the key - it is directly adjacent - somehow she is going to have to get his back turned to the key... In her left hand the small metallic case nestles unseen. CARTER steps into the bath tub - into the shower. STECKLER is wide eyed - he hesitates before kissing her - it is awkward and rather unimpassioned... STECKLER draws back, looking at CARTER - she smiles at him. He moves to kiss her again, but CARTER diverts his kiss to her neck... SUDDENLY, STECKLER gives in, he begins kissing and licking her neck passionately...

CARTER reaches out for the key - but can't quite reach - she pushes her body up against him, so as to get closer to the

## WHITE ANGEL

key... Her hands reach out further and she clasps the chain... Quickly she opens up the case and makes two impressions of the key in the putty - water splashes everywhere as STECKLER becomes more aroused. Slowly CARTER closes the case and slips it in between a plant pot and the wall on a shelf.

She reaches out with the key - she is just about to replace it when STECKLER pushes her backwards, looking her in the eye - he kisses her passionately on the mouth and she has no choice but to give in. Slowly she tries to edge her way back, STECKLER'S hands all over her body, her back... Her breasts... Her shirt clings to her soaked body as STECKLER moves down on her...Kissing her tummy, his hands caressing her rear... She reaches harder - but still cannot get the key to its hook...

STECKLER'S hands move up CARTER'S inner thigh - higher - higher - her eyes widen as she makes a Herculean effort - and gets the key on it's hook... Instantly she moves back - anxious not to look too obvious, yet trying to get him off her as quick as she can. She takes his hands, kissing them - he forces to her breast, but slowly she pulls away, smiling to him... She steps from the shower... STECKLER is absolutely dumb-struck -

STECKLER

what's wrong...what have I done wrong?

CARTER

Nothing LESLIE - I just think we should wait...

STECKLER

(Exploding) WAIT FOR WHAT!?

CARTER jumps at STECKLER'S outburst...

STECKLER

WHAT DO YOU WANT!? IT'S NOT FAIR!!

CARTER is obviously scared - but she tries her best...

CARTER

LESLIE?! that's not the way grown adults act -

She steps forward - she takes a towel and dries him...

CARTER

They understand each other - the time isn't right - tonight will be right - I have some woman things to take care of before we do anything.

STECKLER looks confused...

CARTER

Tonight will be the night -  
(Mothering)Now get dressed and get off to work

## WHITE ANGEL

STECKLER obeys and begins drying himself off... CARTER exits. STECKLER stands in the shower for a moment before climbing out and grasping his key, putting it round his neck. He looks at the steamed up mirror and wipes a tiny bit away - he looks at his reflection.

EXT DAY 66 ACACIA AVENUE

CARTER stands at the front door as STECKLER leaves, pulling out of the drive... She smiles and waves goodbye - he waves back... And then he is gone down the street. CARTERS smile soon disappears...

INT DAY HALLWAY/BATHROOM

She enters the bathroom and snatches the key imprints from the shelf - she examines them - two perfect impressions...

INT DAY CARTERS ROOM/STECKLER'S ROOM

(KITTING UP MONTAGE) We see CARTER digging out old clothes, she gets a letter from STECKLER'S room and practices forging STECKLER'S wife's signature. She files down a blank key from the impression that was left in the putty, she looks at photos of STECKLER'S wife, she tries a wig on...Different clothes...

INT DAY LIVING ROOM/KITCHEN

(KITTING UP MONTAGE) CARTER slides a large knife down the side of the settee. She checks her gun, making sure everything works. She hides a bullet clip on top of a dresser in the living room...

INT DAY CARTERS ROOM

(KITTING UP MONTAGE) CARTER puts heavy make-up on, looking at a photo of STECKLER and his wife. She changes into clothes which look similar and puts the wig on. Finally, she puts a pair of dark sunglasses on...

EXT DAY 66 ACACIA AVENUE

For all intents and purpose, MRS L STECKLER leaves the house...

EXT DAY BANK

CARTER appears outside the bank - takes a deep breath and walks in.

**WHITE ANGEL**

INT DAY BANK FOYER

Once inside the bank, CARTER is plunged into a tunnel. Her heart pounds, everyone moves in slow motion, there is silence aside from the pounding of her heart and her own heavy footsteps. She sees guards which she didn't see last time. Everyone is looking at her - or are they? Slowly she walks toward the counter and the TELLER GIRL.

TELLER GIRL

May I help you?

CARTER does not answer - she is fighting the urge to turn and leave now.

TELLER GIRL

May I help you?

CARTER speaks up, in a perfect English voice...

CARTER

(Producing key) Yes, I would like to open my safety deposit box please. My name is ANGELA STECKLER, MRS... The girl takes the key and scribbles down her name.

TELLER GIRL

One moment please.

She disappears across the room. CARTER looks round at the bank, the doors, the cameras, the alarms...She looks over to where the girl went. To her horror, she sees her talking to the manager. The manager nods to the girl and looks over at CARTER. CARTER instantly looks away, adjusting her glasses. Maybe she should cut her losses and run. But it's too late - the manager is walking over.

MANAGER

Hello MRS STECKLER - we haven't seen you for a long time

CARTER

No - I've been abroad for a long time...

The manager busies himself with paperwork...

MANAGER

There have been some changes since you were last here - we now require a signature.

The manager produces a pen and form - waiting for CARTER to sign - he obviously thinks something is wrong...

MANAGER

I shouldn't say this - but you really remind me of someone I know

## WHITE ANGEL

CARTER

Oh really - you must remember me from when I was a regular customer.

MANAGER

I wasn't a manager here then MRS STECKLER - don't you remember?

CARTER

I'm terribly sorry - I have a bad memory...

CARTER takes the pen and produces a signature.

MANAGER

No - it's someone I met recently...

The manager picks it up, smiling. He compares it with the specimen signature he has - he examines for what seems to be an age... He then checks a passport size photo against CARTER...

MANAGER

Could you remove your sunglasses please?

Slowly, CARTER removes her sunglasses - looking him squarely in the face. The manager looks down at the photo once more...

MANAGER

Fine - could you follow me MRS STECKLER

The MANAGER leads her round to a big steel door which he opens. CARTER realises that she is effectively walking into a prison - but she has no choice...

INT DAY DEPOSIT BANK

The manager takes both keys and locates the safety deposit box. He looks at CARTER'S key

MANAGER

This must be one of the old keys -

CARTER

Yes - I have had it for years.

The manager slots the keys into the keyhole and slowly turns. CARTER'S hair is standing on end - will the key work. There is a little resistance before - CLICK... The MANAGER smiles at CARTER.

INT DAY VIEWING CUBICLE

CARTER puts the box on the desk in her private viewing room and eagerly opens it up. As she had hoped, there is a map, a Polaroid etc inside. There are also more grisly items - small bottles with body parts embalmed in them... She empties the entire contents into her bag...

## WHITE ANGEL

EXT DAY BRIDGE

CARTER walks across a bridge which spans a river. She pauses for a beat before glancing each way - its clear - she picks up two bricks, dumping them in the bag. She feels the weight before heaving it over the side and tossing it into the river ...It disappears without trace

INT NIGHT HALLWAY

The doorway opens and STECKLER steps in, holding a bunch of flowers and a bottle of wine... Confused, STECKLER tries to switch on the lights - but they don't work. He enters, light from outside lamps casting huge shadows...

STECKLER

ELLEN? ELLEN, I'm home...

But there is no answer... Confused, he places the wine down on a table and continues into the house...

STECKLER

ELLEN, are you there?

There is a slight noise coming from the kitchen - and light too. STECKLER heads for it.

INT NIGHT KITCHEN

STECKLER steps into the kitchen doorway. There is a woman with her back turned to him doing house work... Slowly, the woman turns round. STECKLER'S face is filled with fright as he sees his wife -

STECKLER

ANGELA? It can't be - I killed you...

CARTER raises the gun, pulling the wig off. Without warning, she lets fly several rounds - but the gun jams. STECKLER is hit, squarely in the shoulder, blood spraying all over the wall. He falls back into the darkness. CARTER wrestles with the gun - finally getting it to cock. She moves swiftly to the door where STECKLER'S body lay - but he is gone. Suddenly, the shadows hold more than fear - they hold STECKLER... As if on cue - the kitchen light goes out - CARTER is left in the darkness - her heart pounding.

VOICE OF STECKLER

ELLEN - Why are you trying to hurt me!  
Why? Have you gone mad?

CARTER

(Screaming) Shut up you sick fuck!

She steps forward, becoming the hunter...

## WHITE ANGEL

STECKLER

I don't want either of us to come to any harm - please...

CARTER

You killed my friend!

CARTER suddenly sees STECKLER in the shadows - aims and fires a full clip at him... The mirror shatters - CARTER realises she was shooting at a reflection. She ejects the clip and nervously inserts the next... Her body is trembling with fear.

STECKLER

Please ELLEN - put the gun down...

She walks down the hallway - each step feeling like a million miles.

INT NIGHT KITCHEN

We see a hand grip around a pair of scissors... STECKLER doesn't look too good - blood and sweat streaked. He opens a cupboard and RUMMAGES around. He finds what he needs, some pain killers. He unscrews the jar, cracking open several tablets and pouring the powder onto his hand. He rubs it into his shoulder wound - he SCREAMS OUT IN MORTAL AGONY -

INT NIGHT HALLWAY

CARTER spins round, pointing the gun. She is suddenly completely afraid - her breathing is laboured, if she doesn't calm down, she's going to give herself away... She waits... Silence... Suddenly, STECKLER hurls himself from the darkness at CARTER - her gun is knocked from her hand and spins off behind her... STECKLER lands heavily on her - his eyes wild. They tumble BACKWARDS, brawling on the floor. CARTER screams out in pain as her leg doubles over, a loud cracking sound can be heard.

Her hands grapple in the darkness and she finds a door stop. She grabs it, swinging it hard and hitting STECKLER on the head. STECKLER slumps backward, dazed but alive... CARTER drags herself back to the shadows where the gun fell. She searches for it - discovering it under a small telephone stool. She snatches it, cocking it. STECKLER looks up and sees CARTER with the gun. With incredible agility and silence, he leaps for the doorway and is back in the shadows before CARTER can aim.

CARTER points the gun out - her back to the wall. For the moment she is relatively safe... But only for the moment. She bends her leg back, fighting to contain the pain. She grapples with the gun once more - it is jammed. She ejects the un-spent bullet to the floor. Her clip is now empty. She ejects it and discovers the reason for the jam - the clips spring hangs out loosely... she has no bullets left!

## WHITE ANGEL

INT NIGHT LIVING ROOM

CARTER crawls into the LIVING ROOM, to the cabinet on top of which she hid the last clip. She tries to climb up to reach it, but she cannot. She looks round - the settee - she plunges her arm down and retrieves the knife. She sits back to take a breath - at all times looking round. She looks into the kitchen and spots the empty clip she used earlier. She looks round at the telephone stool - and spots the unused bullet she ejected. She has an idea and slides the knife into her pocket like a sheath.

INT NIGHT CARTERS ROOM

We see the white of CARTERS dress which STECKLER had bought for her - a droplet of blood falls onto it. We pull wider to reveal stockings, stilettos and a hat...All neatly arranged on the bed in the form of a woman lying down. STECKLER stands above it - blood dripping down his arm which grasps a pair of scissors...

INT NIGHT HALLWAY

CARTER fumbles for the bullet on the floor. She grasps it and instantly begins to crawl to the kitchen - to the bullet clip and her only hope.

INT NIGHT CARTER ROOM

STECKLER is stood over the bed. Slowly he looks over his shoulder...

INT NIGHT KITCHEN

CARTER has made it to the kitchen. She rests up against the cabinet and fumbles with the clip. There is a movement in front of her - way down the hall. She sees STECKLER - the glint of scissors in his hand. His grip tightens as he begins to walk toward her... She fumbles with the bullet, getting it into the clip... But it won't go... She begins to climb to her feet..

STECKLER begins to walk faster...

The bullet slips in and CARTER rams the clip into the gun, standing erect with the aid of the cabinet behind... STECKLER is getting closer and moving faster - his eyes wild CARTER racks the gun, but it jams - she looks up in horror - STECKLER is almost upon her... She racks harder...Tears of frustration and terror in her eyes.

CARTER

(To gun) COME ON!!!

The gun goes off, hitting CARTER in her leg. A huge gout of

## WHITE ANGEL

blood spatters to the floor...She screams in pain - STECKLER in anger!!! And it is too late - STECKLER is upon her...

HE crashes into her, grabbing her by the lapels and she drops the gun. He looks at her sympathetically before kissing her. CARTER offers no resistance - she is a beaten woman.

STECKLER

I loved you ELLEN - why did you do this?

CARTER

It's what you would do to me

CARTER remembers the knife in her pocket. Her fingers slide around the handle and she pulls it out. She stabs STECKLER in the back, but it doesn't go in very far. STECKLER winces in pain - then smiles...

STECKLER

(Smiling) Pain is an illusion...

STECKLER steps back, bringing up the scissors. CARTER sees her moment, his feet tangled in the rug below. She raises her arm - STECKLER confused. She caresses his face gently before giving him a slight push backwards. STECKLER tries to balance himself, but his feet won't let him... He begins to topple backwards, his arms flailing out for something to grab onto - but there is nothing. With gathering speed, he falls back - arcing like a huge statue... The knife still in his back impacts with the floor and is driven right through his body. STECKLER'S body twitches life ebbs away. CARTER slumps to the floor - her vision blurring. She passes out.

INT NIGHT HOSPITAL

CARTER's eyes flicker open. Her face has been cleaned as she rests on white hospital pillows and sheets. She looks up seeing the round examination light above - her focus clears and she frowns. She realises that she is in no hospital - she is strapped into her own living room chair which has been dragged into the kitchen. Her wound has been dressed and cleaned - but her waist, ankles and wrists are bound. And she is wearing the white dress, blood smeared and dirty now...

The door swings open and STECKLER shuffles in - the image of death and evil incarnate. His face is pale, smeared with bizarre make-up, eye-shadow, blusher and mascara - an image of pathetic misguided sexuality. He is drained of blood, his shirt red and clammy.

He carries a bizarre canister and some silver tools which CARTER seems to recognise. She realises that they are the dentistry tools STECKLER had in his room... CARTER writhes - but she is firmly strapped. STECKLER shuffles over, his head moving loosely on his shoulders. CARTER manages to get a finger free on her right hand...She gently works on a second... STECKLER smiles

## WHITE ANGEL

to her, his voice is deep and gurgling as his lungs have begun to fill with blood.

STECKLER

I had a look while you were asleep  
(Pause !) I think that I am going to  
have to have two root canals done...

He raises his hand, the drill whirring into terrifying life!!!  
CARTER has to think fast...She smiles as best she can and opens  
her legs as much as the straps will allow...

CARTER

Don't you want me now LESLIE

STECKLER

No - I'll have you after

STECKLER steps forward - CARTER violently writhing and trying to  
get free - she manages another finger... STECKLER produces  
another strap which he uses to hold down her head - STECKLER  
leans forward, bringing the drill up close...

STECKLER

Open wide...

But CARTER won't open her mouth. STECKLER doesn't bother, he  
rams the drill into her lips... CARTER screams out in pain as  
STECKLER inserts the drill into her mouth. Blood spurts as she  
violently battles to get free...

STECKLER withdraws... He begins to change the drill bit - to a  
miniature rotary saw blade...

STECKLER

This one is used for cutting through  
tooth and bone...

He turns, the blade whirring. CARTER manages to get her arm free  
and punches STECKLER in the bullet wound. He screams out,  
recoiling and dropping his whirring drill. It lands on CARTER  
and dances around like a man snake... CARTER grabs it and cuts  
her other arm free - then her legs.

But STECKLER is soon back, grabbing her around the throat -  
CARTER topples him over and he lands on the chair - the whirring  
drill between them. CARTER is stronger and the tip of the blade  
begins to cut into STECKLER'S nose, a fine spray of crimson  
spattering STECKLER'S face. STECKLER manages an enormous push,  
throwing CARTER to the floor, dazing her... He turns round and  
reaches behind the chair. He produces a large axe, brandishing  
it maniacally -

STECKLER

I always wanted to do it this way...

He raises the AXE high above CARTER. The house begins to rumble  
as a jet climbs overhead. For a moment, STECKLER is distracted.  
CARTER spots the spade which STECKLER had buried his victims in

## WHITE ANGEL

the garden with. She leaps for it, grabbing it and swinging it. STECKLER'S eyes widen...

The spade impacts with STECKLER'S head - his head separates from his body, spinning through infinity...

INT DAY LIVING ROOM

CARTER has bandaged herself up and fashioned a makeshift splint for her leg. She is bricking up the hole in her LIVING ROOM wall - STECKLER'S corpse is dumped unceremoniously in it... She pushes the last brick into place... The doorbell rings...

INT/EXT DAY HALLWAY

CARTER opens the front door after covering herself and her leg with a bathrobe. Her eyes widen - It is MIK dressed in black with dark glasses - She holds out a bunch of flowers...

MIK  
These are for LESLIE...

CARTER seems a little faint...

INT DAY LIVING ROOM

CARTER is lowered into a chair by MIK - CARTER holds her head, she feels dizzy...

MIK  
What happened?

CARTER  
I had an accident - I fell down stairs...

MIK  
Is LESLIE here?

CARTER  
No he had to - he's just - he's out...

MIK  
He saved my life you know - has he told you...

CARTER wants to say WHAT!?, but she's just too tired...

MIK  
I cut myself with our electric knife - and if LESLIE hadn't been there, I would have probably bled to death - he stopped the bleeding and got me to the

## WHITE ANGEL

MIK

hospital - the doctor said ten minutes  
later and I would have been a stiff

CARTER begins to look more distant - her eyes wandering over to  
the bricked up wall...

MIK

I'd appreciate it if he got the flowers  
- you know - to make matters worse,  
some bastard broke into our flat the  
other day - the police came round to  
fingerprint it - they said if they're  
on record - they'll catch them...

MIK continues talking about her inane life - CARTER's eyes,  
glazed, wander over to the window - MIK's voice tails off to a  
non existent echo...

INT DAY 66 ACACIA AVENUE

Slowly we move backwards - CARTER sits looking out of the  
window... We track back, through her back garden. It is very  
pretty, very normal. A small dog hurriedly digs at something in  
the rose patch...A hand and a foot can be seen - and the puffed  
up, half rotted face of the STREET GIRL who STECKLER brought  
back...

DISSOLVE to FRONT STREET: We continue backward - A figure walks  
up the path - INSPECTOR TAYLOR

VOICE OF NEWSREADER

POLICE have announced that a woman, as  
yet unidentified, is helping them with  
their inquiries into the WHITE ANGEL  
killings - The woman was apprehended  
after her finger print was discovered  
on a hammer, which belonged to her -  
the same hammer that was used to beat  
JANE MACDONALD to death last month. A  
brief search of the area produced more  
mutilated bodies, in the garden and  
bricked up in the walls of the house...  
The news has been met with....(Long  
report which tails off)

We continue into the street... Back... Until the screen is  
filled with houses just like CARTERS - thousands of cold, silent  
houses.

THE END