

EXT. PUB ENTRANCE NIGHT

We are behind a crumbling wall. We can see the entrance to a pub late at night from the point of view of a stalker/killer. The vision is slightly shaky at first, blurred even at times, and we can hear heavy breathing - a mixture of excitement and expectation.

OPPORTUNIST (V.O.)

(in a gruff voice)

I've been here before, so many times. In this situation or others just like it. I've known for a long time what I was, what I could be, what I shall be again. In a way I'm an opportunist, I strike as the opportunity presents itself; whenever that may be. If I wait long enough I will get my just reward. It's all in the timing, has to be right...always has to be...perfect.

(looks at his watch with a pen-torch)

I know what's been happening inside The landlord has rung his shiny bell, last orders, last orders... And it will be the last. The very last for someone. Won't be long now; won't be-

We see figures emerging from the pub, bathed in an orange radiance from the street-lamps. They're laughing and joking with each other, three women and two men.

OPPORTUNIST (CONT'D)

Here come some of them.

(We see the figures metamorphose, becoming cartoon-like, and starting to glow)

Oh...They look so...unreal to me. Something not right. Not... They're things. Just things. Look at them, pregnant with booze. They don't get it at all. It's no joke; this is serious. If they could only see what I can see. But then, how can they? It's impossible.

The group split up, go their separate ways, kissing cheeks and saying goodbyes. One woman stands out from the rest; we focus on her.

OPPORTUNIST (CONT'D)

Yes! She's the one. My
next...victim. No, not victim. I
liberate. It's necessary. The
fact that I enjoy it is beside
the point. Look at her, going off
on her own. They never learn.

The woman waves and pulls her coat tightly around herself. She begins to walk down the street towards where The Opportunist is hiding behind the wall. We hear her heels clacking loudly on the pavement.

OPPORTUNIST (CONT'D)

Yes, that's right. Closer,
closer. It might be sooner than I
thought. Get this over and done
with, right here and now.

She turns back, hair whipping around, responding to someone calling her from behind. It's the other smaller woman, her friend, whose goodbyes have gone on longer than hers did.

OPPORTUNIST (CONT'D)

(frustrated)

No...leave her alone. She's mine.
She's all mine.

The women link arms and start to walk away from the pub together, laughing and joking.

OPPORTUNIST (CONT'D)

Fuck! I was already there, in my
imagination. Thinking of the
things I was going to do.

(we see a series of
quick flashes, knife
edges and blood)

And now I've been denied. It
seems she does have some sense
after all. Safety in numbers; you
never know who might be lurking
around at this time of night. But
I don't have any choice. She's
been marked.

(We see a mark start to
glow on her forehead, a
death'shead)

She already has the tinge of
death on her, branded like cattle
for the slaughter. I have to
follow her now. It's my duty,
it's who I am.

(pause, as he steps out
from his hiding place.

(MORE)

OPPORTUNIST(cont'd)

(we see them clacking
up the road from a
viewpoint just over his
shoulder)

It's what I do.

EXT. STREET NIGHT

He follows the women down the street, keeping a reasonable distance from them. We move up and down more avenues and it's obvious we're heading further away from the more central area of town, down the backstreets where the lights are few and far between - and some are not even working at all.

OPPORTUNIST (CONT'D)

To the untrained eye I'm just another reveller on my way home from a good night out. Just another...thrill-seeker. And in a sense isn't that right? Isn't it the thrill I'm seeking, isn't it the overwhelming joy that comes from doing what I do? No...it's dangerous to think those thoughts. To enjoy it too much. I'm not some cheap hack, some nutjob out for a good time. This is different. This is different. I'm doing this because-

He's distracted as the women pause and the smallest of the two points to a house on the other side of the road. The pair embrace, kiss on the cheek, then part, waving all the time.

OPPORTUNIST (CONT'D)

I'm in luck tonight. My patience and persistence has paid off. There she is, alone, as she needs to be. As she should be. It walks and talks and thinks and eats and shits and drinks, but that doesn't make any difference to me. It's what's inside that counts. I know what's inside me, but I need to see what's inside her now. There's a compulsion to do so; if I don't then I might just explode. I can't fight it. It's useless to even try...

(we hear the clacking of
the woman's heels as
she walks on)

There, listen to that.

(MORE)