

FADE IN:

INT. 15TH PRECINCT - PROCESSING DESK - AFTERNOON

An over-crowded maze of humanity, the hum of conversation deafening. The desk SERGEANT stands behind a mesh screen, blandly calling for the next case. He shouts to be heard over the din.

SERGEANT

McKinney!

A young officer, MCKINNEY, takes the elbow of a towering transvestite, nudges "her" along. She weeps, slabs of make-up run down her face. Uncomfortable, McKinney makes his way to the desk as quickly as he can.

CATCALLS as a group of plainclothes cops enter.

PROSTITUTE

Lookit - fresh meat.

Det. DAVID DUNBAR (mid-30's) cuts a path through the crowd, polite, but firm. A couple of perps GREET him. His partner, Det. ARTHUR SPINETTI (early 50's) follows, open coffee cup balanced in one hand - his stomach balloons out in front of him. Officers PERKO and JOHNSON bring up the rear. Perko is waiting for Detective status. Johnson, a smart-mouthed rookie, is grabbed by the prostitute.

JOHNSON

Dammit! Hey!

PROSTITUTE

I know you wonderin' what's a nice girl like me doin' in a place like this?

The prostitute grabs Johnson's hand, thrusts it beneath her skimpy skirt.

JOHNSON

Hey! Stop!

The desk sergeant, detectives and transvestite enjoy the show.

DAVID

Perko?

Perko sighs, turns to bail out Johnson. Spinetti turns to McKinney, indicates the transvestite.

SPINETTI

Introduce me to the Missus?

The desk sergeant GUFFAWS. David conceals a smile. McKinney isn't amused.

MCKINNEY

At least I got my perp, asshole -
how many pencils you sharpen this
week, huh?

Spinetti takes a step towards McKinney but is knocked from behind. His coffee splashes onto the front of his thin cotton shirt.

McKinney turns away, muttering.

MCKINNEY

Loser.

David straight-arms Spinetti as he takes another step forward.

DAVID

Forget it, Arthur.

Spinetti shoves his way through the crowd as Perko and Johnson disappear up the stairs. David gives McKinney an ominous look then turns to follow his partner. McKinney shrugs it off. The desk sergeant stares at him.

MCKINNEY

What? He's a cop afraid of guns.

SERGEANT

His partner ain't.
(to transvestite)
What's your name, ah, Miss?

TRANSVESTITE

(sobs again)
Tina.

INT. 15TH PRECINCT - STAIRWAY - CONTINUOUS

David and Spinetti are half up the crowded staircase when Perko appears back at the top. David stops. Spinetti sloshes his coffee again.

PERKO
We've got another one.

INT. 15TH PRECINCT - DETECTIVE'S DIVISION - CONTINUOUS

A busy precinct office with too many desks jammed into the center of the room. Phones RING, conversation is constant. Perko walks quickly to match David's pace. Spinetti lags.

PERKO
Same M.O. - mom turned around and
the kid was gone. Ten year-old
boy.

DAVID
Where?

PERKO
Battery Park.

David and Perko stop in front of a closed door, behind which lies the "war room."

David's eyes shift. Behind Perko, BRENDA, a 50-ish woman with a bleached blonde helmet of hair, is talking with a dark-haired woman whose back is to David.

DAVID
Tourists? How'd he die?

PERKO
They're from the Lower East Side.
And he isn't dead.

David refocuses on Perko, who holds up a report.

PERKO (CONT'D)
Missing Persons just brought it
up.

David rips the report from Perko's hand.

DAVID
Get everyone.

INT. 15TH PRECINCT - WAR ROOM - AFTERNOON

Spinetti sits behind one of several cafeteria tables littered with folders, pencil stubs and Styrofoam cups. David paces in front of a crime scene wall, replete with maps, graphs, and brutal photos. Perko, Johnson and several other cops enter and sit.

SPINETTI

Finally, a goddamn break.

JOHNSON

I thought we looked for dead people.

David stops in front of a map of Lower Manhattan. He gestures at the photos pinned up beside it.

DAVID

You think they should all look like this, Johnson?

SPINETTI

(deadpans)

You mean we're supposta find 'em alive?

DAVID

Any more questions?

Johnson turns red in the face, shakes his head no.

DAVID (CONT'D)

Good. We're wasting time. Perko, let's hear it.

PERKO

Two o'clock yesterday afternoon, in the park. The boy went for a hot dog. Mom watched him get there, no more than 25 feet from her. Turned her head and he was gone.

DAVID

What do we have?

PERKO

The vendor. But that's all we got.
Nobody saw shit.

DAVID

No one ever does. Get 20 men and
sweep it south of the Brooklyn.
Gomez, O'Malley, you're on it. Go.

Perko hands them fliers as they rush from the room.

DAVID

Perko, interview the mother. I
want names - husbands, boyfriends,
drug dealer. I want to know--

JOHNSON

What about me?

SPINETTI

This ain't about you, Johnson.

Johnson glares at him.

DAVID (CONT'D)

--I want to know where every one
of this kids - Jesus, what's his
name?

PERKO

Jeffrey Barrymore.

David snatches up one of the fliers, turns his back to the
room and scans it.

BRENDA (O.S.)

David?

All but David turn. Brenda stands at the door with her
customary pink note-pad in hand.

DAVID

Where's the mother?

BRENDA

Sitting at my desk staring at the
wall. Angela Barrymore. David,
Captain just got a call. Adult
male hustling a boy in to an empty
warehouse at West 29th and 11th.

PERKO

I got it.

DAVID

Go.

Johnson stands, eager. David gestures, Johnson sprints to the door after Perko.

JOHNSON

Thank you, sir.

Spinetti rolls his eyes.

BRENDA

She wants to talk to someone. But she don't need to see those pictures.

DAVID

Spinetti will talk to her out there. Give us a second, Brenda.

Brenda exits. Spinetti stands, brushes at the coffee stains on his shirt. David sorts through a folder, fanning reports and photos out in front of him.

SPINETTI

You should talk to her. I'm no good at these things. Cryin' women.

DAVID

Arthur, I need some time here with this. Get what you can.

Spinetti slaps at his shirt pocket for a pen as he walks to the door. He swipes up a note-pad on the way.

DAVID (CONT'D)

Arthur. Make sure she knows we are not looking for a corpse.

SPINETTI

Right, David.

Spinetti closes the door as he leaves.

DAVID

(whispers)
Not yet.

INT. 15TH PRECINCT - DETECTIVE'S SQUAD - CONTINUOUS

Spinetti and Dunbar's desks are side by side beneath a window. Spinetti's is littered with reports and Styrofoam cups. David's is spotless. David's phone RINGS. Spinetti veers to answer it.

SPINETTI
One-Five. Spinetti.

No reply. Spinetti turns to look at Brenda. The phone cord twists across his distended belly. A bump and old coffee spills on desk.

SPINETTI
Hello?

Again, no response. Spinetti twirls to disentangle the cord. He catches the eye of a perp, who smirks at him. He returns the phone to the cradle. The perp laughs out loud.

SPINETTI
Asshole.

Brenda talks quietly with the kidnapped boys mother. ANGELA BARRYMORE is a dark-haired beauty in her late 30's. Spinetti approaches.

Brenda's phone rings. She reaches to answer it, relinquishes her chair. Spinetti sits.

SPINETTI
How're ya doin' Missus Barrymore?

ANGELA
Miss.

SPINETTI
Miss.

INT. 15TH PRECINCT - WAR ROOM - CONTINUOUS

DAVID
How's she doing?

INT. 15TH PRECINCT - DETECTIVE'S SQUAD - CONTINUOUS

Brenda looks from the phone in her hand to the closed door of the war room. She turns from the interview and talks softly.

BRENDA

She's a wreck. How would you feel?

INT. 15TH PRECINCT - WAR ROOM - CONTINUOUS

David sits facing the crime scene wall, an 8x10 in his hand. His eyes are fixed on the photos lined side by side next to the city map.

DAVID

Scared. I'd be scared.

A FLASH, a SLENDER BAND OF LIGHT frames the eyes of a child. Faint, the sound of a HEARTBEAT.

BRENDA (O.S.)

She is.

(beat)

You okay in there? Those pictures...

David's eyes, fixed on the photo's.

DAVID

Yeah. I'm okay. I'm fine. Keep Spinetti in line, okay?

BRENDA (O.S.)

Okay.

The HEARTBEAT grows louder. David hangs up the phone, eyes riveted to the bulletin board.

SPINETTI (O.S.)

Who sees Jeffrey the most? Family?
Friends? Baby-sitter

ANGELA (O.S.)

I see him the most. I take him to school. I pick him up - it's just us. Just us two.

David stands, picks up a tack. He walks to the bulletin board.

SPINETTI (O.S.)
His father?

ANGELA (O.S.)
Dead.

SPINETTI (O.S.)
I'm sorry.

ANGELA (O.S.)
Don't be. I hardly knew him.

SPINETTI (O.S.)
Next of kin?

ANGELA (O.S.)
My mother and father are retired.
Palm Beach County, Florida. Three
years ago. He's all I've got,
Detective.

FLASH, the child's eyes fearful in the BAND OF LIGHT. The
HEARTBEAT is louder still.

David tacks the new photo on to the bulletin board. He
steps back, revealing the horror of the wall. The PHOTOS
depict the bodies of dead boys, stuffed in to closets. The
newest photo is of a smiling 10 year-old - Jeffrey
Barrymore, the only boy alive.

The heart beats, fast, loud. David walks to the door. He
clutches the knob, looks back at the carnage on the wall.

ANGELA (O.S.)
I need my boy back.

FAST, RAPID FIRE SHOTS:

Angela and Spinetti at the desk;

David, eyes on the wall;

The eyes of the child as the sliver of light recedes.

SIMULTANEOUS:

David opens the door to the madness of the squad room;

The light in the boys eyes is abruptly cut;

A final heartbeat - then utter silence. The chaos of the squad room takes over.

INT. 15TH PRECINCT - DETECTIVE'S SQUAD - CONTINUOUS

David avoids Spinetti and the mother, walks past his own desk to a window behind it. Brenda joins him. His phone RINGS again.

DAVID
One-Five. Dunbar.

David watches as his partner rises to end the interview, his 20 year-old dress pants tucked horribly between his cheeks.

A short, squat black man appears in a doorway behind Spinetti. This is CAPTAIN MAY, late 50's.

David realizes there is no response on the phone call.

DAVID
Hello?

BRENDA
Somebody crankin' you?

The thundering sound of Mays' voice resonates throughout the squad room.

CAPTAIN MAY (O.S.)
Dunbar!

Everybody turns. Instant silence.

CAPTAIN MAY
We got 'em.

CLICK. David's caller hangs up. David pulls the phone away from his ear - what the hell?

Spinetti and Angela turn to look at David as May's words sink in. Then it is as if a bomb has been detonated.

David throws the telephone in the direction of the cradle as Spinetti runs for his desk. Angela Barrymore looks frantic. May remains motionless, shouts from his doorway, cell phone to his ear.

CAPTAIN MAY

Male subject with child in the
basement of a warehouse on West
29th. Perko and Johnson are on the
scene. Go! Go! Go!

Brenda stops at a bank of radios behind her desk.

David shrugs on his jacket and heads for the exit. Spinetti
fumbles at the mess on his desk.

SPINETTI

Keys?

Brenda lobs a radio in the direction of David, who catches
it one-handed.

DAVID

You got 'em.

Spinetti pats himself down, shoves at more paper on the
desk and finds them. Brenda lobs a second radio in his
direction. He knocks it from the air with both hands,
fumbles, then runs after his partner.

EXT. 15TH PRECINCT - CAR - AFTERNOON

David and Spinetti knock people aside as they skip steps to
the sidewalk. They run for an unmarked car, double-parked.
Spinetti drives.

David's jaw is clinched, muscles working the side of his
face, eyes front, intense. Spinetti fumbles with the
ignition. Suddenly David's fist comes down hard on the
plastic dash. Spider-web cracks appear. Spinetti steps on
the gas, leaving several feet of taxpayer rubber on the
asphalt.

EXT. WEST 29TH - AFTERNOON

A crumbling warehouse district. Burned out shells of stolen
cars litter the streets.

Cherry tops block traffic incoming traffic. Crowds of
people gather behind the cars. Inside the line it is quiet.

David and Spinetti rush onto the scene. Perko stands next
to and INDIGENT man and short, sweating bald man - GOLDBERG

- holding a rolled up blueprint. David doesn't stop for them. Perko and the two men follow.

PERKO

They're in the basement. And it's
a maze.

They approach the entrance to the building, practically sprinting. David is not listening.

SPINETTI

Map it.

PERKO

Stairwell 25 feet back and to the
left. Watch for missing steps. No
electricity.

They all stop. An officer hands the two detectives police-issue flashlights. David turns to Perko.

DAVID

Where is he?

PERKO

Got to be in the northeast corner
- the rest of the basement's
inaccessible.

Goldberg steps up.

GOLDBERG

Sal Goldberg. I own the place.

Goldberg holds out his hand. David ignores it.

GOLDBERG (CONT'D)

It's a bitch in there, filthy
homeless trash tearing down walls
to build fires. This here
blueprint probably ain't even
accurate no more.

David snatches the tube from Goldberg, unfurling it with a snap. Spinetti grabs a corner as David traces the route.

DAVID

Here?

PERKO

That's it.

David heave the print back at Goldberg and turns for the door. Spinetti is at his side.

INDIGENT

I seen him with that boy.

David stops. He turns to the indigent man, aware of him for the first time.

GOLDBERG

Get out of her you filthy beggar.
Whole inside of my building smells
like all of youse.

PERKO

Shut up.

A brief look of recognition in David's eyes. The indigent smiles.

INDIGENT

Walk soft. Come back out, hear?

DAVID

(softly)
I will.

David and Spinetti enter the building.

INT. WAREHOUSE - CONTINUOUS

SPINETTI

You know the guy?

DAVID

You're on the street long enough
you get to know them all.

EXT. WEST 29TH - CONTINUOUS

The indigent man spits to Goldberg's side.

GOLDBERG

Hey, hey did you see that? Arrest
him!

The indigent man turns and walks away in tattered dignity.

PERKO

Mr. Goldberg, I'll need for you to
leave the area.

(in to radio)

Garza, we got emergency assistance
ready?

Johnson, with a flick of his head, encourages Goldberg to
leave. Perko's radio CRACKLES.

GARZA (O.S.)

With Dunbar in the same room as
that guy? You kiddin'?

PERKO

Is that affirmative?

GARZA (O.S.)

Yeah, yeah, we got your ambulance.
But in this particular case my
money's on Dunbar, so we also got
a hearse.

Goldberg turns, interest piqued.

PERKO

Very funny.

(to Goldberg)

Get out of here.

INT. WAREHOUSE - STAIRWELL/BASEMENT - CONTINUOUS

David and Spinetti descend the stairs. At the bottom a door
is propped open with a cinder block. David releases the
safety on his gun and gestures - me first. Spinetti nods.

Pale fingernails of LIGHT filter in from muddy windows. The
RED EYES of rats flash as they scuttle in to darker
corners. A hallway crooks to the left. The detectives
follow it.

A sound and David tenses, index finger to his lips. They
hug the wall. David gestures. He wants the perp. Spinetti
nods again. On three. One, two--

David swings in to a doorway, gun first. A man struggles with his pants, eyes on the gun barrel aimed at his face. David advances slowly.

DAVID

Don't move.

The perp looks to his right, then bolts to the left. David pursues.

Spinetti moves in, turns to a filthy mattress tucked into the corner.

SPINETTI

Jeffrey Barrymore?

INT. WAREHOUSE - BASEMENT HALLWAYS - CONTINUOUS

A maze of smaller rooms, one after the other as David gives chase. The perp cuts in to a room, David lunges. They both go down. David buries the barrel of his gun in the perp's head. He stands - his rage intense.

DAVID

Up! Move you son of a bitch!

David yanks him up by the back of the neck. Both men gasp for breath.

DAVID (CONT'D)

Turn around. Now! Face in the corner.

PERP

I didn't do anything to--

DAVID

Don't talk to me you piece of trash.

CRACK! David shoves the man's face in to the corner. With one hand on the perp's neck, he stuffs his gun into his shoulder holster, reaches for his cuffs.

PERP

Shit, I'm bleeding'. I could sue you - I just followed the kid down here. I didn't do anything to him. Nothing!

David's hand tightens on the perp's throat. He leans forward, his whisper a deadly rage.

DAVID

You have a missing boy, cowering
in a corner on a filthy mattress.
In the dark--

David snaps on the cuffs, flips the perp around to face him.

The sound of FOOTSTEPS echo in the basement - legions of help, too late.

DAVID (CONT'D)

--and you've done nothing?

David heaves the perp across the room. He smashes in to the opposite wall. Blood flies.

David is on him again, fists pummeling, far removed from himself. Shouts ECHO, muted and distant. Time stops, everything fades to black.

There is no movement beneath him now. A voice calls, again and again. David sees a pair of fists connect, relentless. They belong to him. Blood roars in his head.

Suddenly he is grabbed from behind. He turns and attacks.

An EXPLOSION of pain as he is thrown backwards, the solid connection of fist to cheek. David rolls to his hands and knees, ready to fight more.

Spinetti plants a foot on David's ass, propelling him further across the room - away from the perp.

On the floor, PULSE pounding in his ear, David snaps back. He hears people. A lot of people. Spinetti's face floats above him.

SPINETTI

Look at me. David!

David raises a hand, palm up in surrender. Spinetti pulls him up, spinning him away from the gathering crowd.

SPINETTI

Look at me!

David wipes at a bloodied eyebrow. He looks from the blood on his hands to Spinetti. A trickle of blood runs from Spinetti's nose. David cannot comprehend what's happened.

SPINETTI

We got troubles.

DAVID

What?

SPINETTI

He's the wrong guy, David.

The room spins as David turns his head. The room is filled with blue uniforms and the white coats of paramedics. Perko avoids eye contact. David turns back to his partner.

DAVID

What are you saying? Where's Jeffrey?

SPINETTI

It ain't Jeffrey Barrymore. The kid was after some spare change. Seem's they were about to experience, uh, a moment of intimacy.

Comprehension of David's face. He bends at the waist and vomits on his partner's feet.

SPINETTI

Jesus.

A paramedic approaches.

SPINETTI

Get lost, I'll take him in.

INT. 15TH PRECINCT - DETECTIVE'S SQUAD - NIGHT

The office is quiet at night. The few detectives working the night shift look up as David and Spinetti enter. Spots of blood mingle with coffee stains on Spinetti's shirt. David has a butterfly on his eyebrow and swatches of gauze taped on both hands.

David snaps up a hot pink post-it note stuck to his phone. Spinetti sits heavily, his stomach jarring an open drawer. Another Styrofoam cup topples.

SPINETTI

Shit. I gotta get rid of this stomach.

David reads the note, walks to the window behind his desk and looks down.

CAPTAIN MAY (O.S.)

Dunbar!

All are startled. May stands at his office door.

CAPTAIN MAY (CONT'D)

In my office! Now!

May disappears back in to his office. David heads for May's office, jaw set.

SPINETTI

Easy does it.

INT. CAPTAIN MAY'S OFFICE - NIGHT

The captain paces behind his desk. David enters, closes the door. May isn't known for tact or for poise. David stands across from him, silent and unapologetic, braced for the storm.

May grabs at an unlit cigar sitting in an ashtray. He uses it to gesture as he shouts.

CAPTAIN MAY

Do you have any idea, Dunbar, how many people saw you nearly kill a man with your bare hands?

May stops pacing to square off with David, cigar pointed across the desk. David opens his mouth to reply, May cuts him off. His voice shakes the glass that encloses his office.

CAPTAIN MAY (CONT'D)

Do you?

DAVID

I thought--

CAPTAIN MAY
You nearly killed a man!

David's temper flares.

DAVID
I thought we had our guy. So did you.

CAPTAIN MAY
Do you know how many bones you broke?

DAVID
I wasn't counting, sir.

May is enraged.

CAPTAIN MAY
Are you mocking me?

DAVID
No, sir.

CAPTAIN MAY
Shut up! Now answer me! Do you know how many bones you broke?

DAVID
No!

CAPTAIN MAY
No, what?!

DAVID
No, sir, I do not know, but I hope the final count included the one he was waving in the face of a minor, sir.

Outside May's office, there is no pretense of continuing work. All heads are up and listening. Spinetti clears his throat, nods to the door. All leave the squad room.

CAPTAIN MAY
You don't kill a man for soliciting sex!

David flies across the desk, his face inches from the captain.

DAVID
I thought he was the killer!

CAPTAIN MAY
He wasn't the killer!

David sags, collapsing into the chair behind him, head down.

DAVID
(softly)
I thought it was him.

May slowly sits, returns the unused cigar to the ashtray. He pulls a well-worn sheet of paper from a desk drawer. On the paper, a series of squares, filled to capacity with names and wagers.

CAPTAIN MAY
That pool, the one that got
started the first day you landed
here. A whole unit betting on when
you'd go down. Cocky son of a
bitch.
(chuckles)
But you raised the bar, made them
all better cops. I've never been
anything but proud of you, David.
Tell me what happened in that
basement.

David slumps further in the chair. He cannot look the captain in the eye.

CAPTAIN MAY (CONT'D)
You beat a man almost to death.
With your hands. Talk to me.

David looks up. He opens his mouth to speak, but cannot. His chin drops to his chest. Resigned, May stands.

CAPTAIN MAY
All right then.

May is holding out his hand. A jolt as David realizes what the captain means.

DAVID

Sir, no way. Don't take me off this case. This kid's alive! Don't do this.

CAPTAIN MAY

You're off the case, Detective.

DAVID

You can't let him die.

CAPTAIN MAY

Is that what you think I'm doing?

David avoids eye contact again. He stands, lays his gun and badge on the desk, then turns to leave.

CAPTAIN MAY

David.

David stops, his back to the captain.

CAPTAIN MAY (CONT'D)

We'll get the kid. You get your head cleared, hear me? I need you.

David nods in assent, walks in to the empty squad room, closes the door behind him.

INT. 15TH PRECINCT - DETECTIVE'S SQUAD - CONTINUOUS

Back at his desk, David pulls out his chair and stops abruptly. A manila envelope is on the seat, "detective" scrawled across the front in bold letters. David tears it open as he sits, pulling out a tattered notebook. He flips it around and freezes. He rolls away from the desk, looking about the deserted room.

Spinetti pokes his head in the door.

SPINETTI

Is it safe?

DAVID

Define safe. I'm out.

SPINETTI

Out? It's your case.

DAVID

Not anymore.

SPINETTI

Shit.

Spinetti walks to his desk. David reaches for an old leather satchel and surreptitiously puts the manila envelope inside it. He adds other items from his desk.

SPINETTI

Sorry I hit you.

David grins, continues packing.

DAVID

No you're not.

SPINETTI

You think I liked it?

DAVID

I think you loved it.

SPINETTI

Nah. But I did enjoy kickin' you in the ass. For that I ain't apologisin'.

Good-natured laughs from both.

DAVID

You probably saved that asshole's life.

SPINETTI

Yeah, so why ain't I feelin' so good about it?

David closes his satchel, stands, leans on his desk to face Spinetti.

SPINETTI

You turned on me, paisan.

DAVID

I know. I'm sorry.

SPINETTI

I never saw you like that.

Both are quiet, reflective, for a moment. David pushes away from the desk.

DAVID

Well.

SPINETTI

Yeah.

Spinetti stands, bumps his desk. Both detectives jump to reach the telephone as it crashes to the floor.

DAVID

Oops.

SPINETTI

Man, I gotta clean this place up.

David walks to the door. The hot pink post-it falls to the floor.

SPINETTI

You dropped somethin'.

David scoops it from the floor, hesitates, addresses his partner.

DAVID

Brenda traced a hang up. It came from the pay phone outside.

David indicates the window behind their desks.

DAVID (CONT'D)

It's happened a lot the last week of so. It's like somebody knows when I sit down at my desk.

SPINETTI

Somebody's watchin'?

DAVID

Yeah. I think so.

SPINETTI

You thinkin' it's the case?

David's hand tightens on his leather satchel.

DAVID

Yeah.

SPINETTI

Easy enough. I'll get a guy on it first thing. We'll nail 'em.

DAVID

Okay.

David turns to leave, Spinetti calls after him.

SPINETTI

You want a ride home?

DAVID

(without turning)

No thanks.

SPINETTI

Say hi to Nan!

David raises a hand in response, disappears down the stairs.

EXT. 15TH PRECINCT - NIGHT

David walks down the precinct stairs to the sidewalk. He crosses the street to the pay phone. From there a clear shot to his office window. Spinetti is looking down at him. He raises his hand, as does Spinetti, then turns to go home.

A step and David stops abruptly. On a utility pole layered with handbills is the face of Jeffrey Barrymore. Missing. His face is already partially obscured by an overlapping flier promising quick weight loss. David tears it away.

The crumpled handbill falls from his hand and bounces into the gutter.

EXT. DAVID'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

David stops at one of a dozen identical stairwells. He looks up at the second level apartment. Lights are on, warm and welcoming.

He takes it in, absorbing it - as if seeing it for the first time. Or as if memorizing it for the last.

He walks up. Through the glass pane of the front door he can see straight through to the back of the kitchen. NAN DUNBAR, 30's, is graceful even in sweats. He watches as she places a telephone back on the cradle.

He is overwhelmed anew for a moment. This is his wife, his home. He belongs to this.

INT. DAVID'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Nan looks up as David walks in. Their eyes lock.

NAN

I just hung up with Arthur.

David's head drops. Nan is across the hall instantly. Her hands move to his face. She gently traces the bandage over his eye, the cuts. His arms encircle her waist, moving her in to him. His chin fits perfectly onto the top of her head. He closes his eyes.

DAVID

I'm off the case.

NAN

I know.

DAVID

It was pretty bad.

NAN

Shh. We'll get through this. Okay?

A nod.

DAVID

Okay.

INT. DAVID'S APARTMENT - BEDROOM - DAY

David wakes with a start. A digital clock reads 9:12 a.m. He sits up abruptly.

DAVID

Nan?

No answer. He gets out of bed.

INT. DAVID'S APARTMENT - KITCHEN - DAY

There is a note taped to the kitchen phone - EAT! David smiles. A box of cereal, bowl and spoon sit on the counter. He reaches past them to the pot of coffee. Sniffs it, pours a cup.

INT. 15TH PRECINCT - WAR ROOM - DAY

Spinetti presides over his first meeting as lead detective on the kidnapping and murder cases. Several officers sit in. Perko does most of the talking.

PERKO

Johnson, you're on the phone booth. See if David gets any calls. Let's update the leads.

SPINETTI

What leads?

Brenda enters the room.

BRENDA

Arthur? Phone. Private.

Spinetti pushes away from the table. Brenda takes in the look of disdain on the faces of the other detectives as Spinetti exits. Perko shakes his head. Johnson rolls his eyes. She throws them a warning look as she closes the door on them.

JOHNSON

He doesn't even know the leads?

PERKO

Drop it. Who's got a clean copy of Dunbar's last report?

INT. 15TH PRECINCT - DETECTIVE'S SQUAD - CONTINUOUS

Spinetti takes care not to bump anything as he sits at his desk. He picks up the phone.

SPINETTI
Paisan, hey.

DAVID (O.S.)
Anything?

SPINETTI
We're working on the leads right
now. How you doin'?

INT. DAVID'S APARTMENT - KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

DAVID
Did you run the mother through VCI
yet? What about her family?

SPINETTI (O.S.)
Nothin' yet.
(beat)
You don't think I can do this,
David?

DAVID
No, no, I didn't mean...I just
wanted to know, Arthur. I do not
doubt you.

INT. 15TH PRECINCT - DETECTIVE'S SQUAD - CONTINUOUS

Spinetti looks at the chaos of his desk.

SPINETTI
We're runnin' the records. Get
some rest.

DAVID (O.S.)
Yeah. Okay, I guess I should try
that. I'll talk to you later.

EXT. DAVID'S APARTMENT - DAY

David jogs down the stairs to the sidewalk. He glimpses a
movement behind him. A small figure hides behind a garbage
bin. David smiles. He drops to a defensive crouch, feigns
gruffness.

DAVID
Who's there!

Shrieks of laughter as two cute children, a LITTLE BOY and his LITTLE SISTER, jump from their hiding place.

LITTLE BOY
You're under arrest!

DAVID
Oh yeah? You have to read me my rights first.

LITTLE BOY
You have the right to be quiet!

DAVID
That's not how it goes.

The little girl SQUEAKS with laughter.

LITTLE BOY
Uh-huh! Hey, what happened?

The kids hurry over and examine his bruised face. The little girl reaches a tiny finger to his brow.

LITTLE GIRL
You got a boo-boo?

DAVID
Yeah, I got a boo-boo. Somebody tried to arrest me.
(beat)
You should see the other guy.

David tousles their heads as he stands to leave.

LITTLE BOY
You gotta go?

DAVID
Yeah. Where's your mom?

The kids look up to the third floor apartment where a woman waves out at them. David waves back.

DAVID (O.S.)
Stay where she can see you.

LITTLE GIRL
G'bye!

INT. BROWNSTONE HALLWAY - DAY

David walks down a hall. He stops before an enameled door with an engraved brass plate set in the center - DR. NAN DUNBAR. He taps softly.

The door is opened immediately by Nan. She smiles. He enters her office.

INT. NAN'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

NAN

Well, Detective, it's been awhile.
You hungry?

DAVID

Yes it has, and yes I am, Doc. No
need for your services, though -
you did such a good job last time.

NAN

Last time I married you.

DAVID

Yes, you did.

David plops down on a worn leather sofa. He takes in the office as Nan readies herself for lunch. She looks up to find David watching her, smiling.

NAN

What?

DAVID

I was just thinking about the
first time I sat here. I thought
"oh boy, and I had troubles
before." I fell in love with you
the moment I saw you. I never
imagined I could ever have you in
my life.

They gaze at one another.

NAN

(softly)

Was I worth it?

DAVID

Worth it?

NAN

You came to me for help and wound
up with a wife.

DAVID

Nan, you help me by existing.
Every day of my life since then.
Every day.

Nan sits next to him. David's arms enfold her, his chin on
top of her head.

NAN

Should I be worried about you?

DAVID

No. No more fighting, I swear...if
you can get Spinetti to keep his
clubs off of me.

They both laugh.

NAN

Nut.

DAVID

Nuts for you. Where can I take you
for lunch fair lady?

NAN

Home. How about home?

David looks into her eyes.

DAVID

My pleasure.

INT. DAVID'S APARTMENT - BEDROOM - DAY

Nan moves in to the crook of David's arm. It curls around
her. His hand reaches to brush damp hair from her face. Her
fingers brush against the bandage over his brow.

NAN

Does it hurt?

DAVID

I don't know. I can't feel
anything right now.

They laugh, move closer together. She caresses his brow.

DAVID
Katy did that very thing today.

NAN
What?

DAVID
Put her tiny little finger on my
very sore eyebrow.

David wraps a hand around Nan's, brushes it with a kiss.

DAVID (CONT'D)
And Ryan, he tried to arrest me.
But I was too tough for them.

NAN
You'd be such a good father.

She regrets it instantly. David freezes. The silence
between them lengthens. Nan sighs.

NAN
David--

DAVID
Don't start this.

Nan rolls away from him, pulling the sheet above her waist.
The spell is broken.

NAN
(calmly)
Start? What did I start? Or was it
using the words 'father' and 'you'
in the same sentence?

DAVID
I'm sorry, but you know how I feel
about that.

NAN
I was stating what is obvious to
anyone who has ever seen you with

Katy and Ryan. You have a way with them.

DAVID

They're good kids. They have good parents. That's where it all starts.

NAN

I think you'd be a good parent.

DAVID

How could you know that?

NAN

Because I trust what I see.

DAVID

(scoffs)

Oh, please! If it looks okay then it must be? Come on, Nan! Appearances are nothing. And what about the things you can't see? You shouldn't even consider bringing a child into this world so casually.

NAN

I know everything I need to know about you.

David whips the covers aside. He stands to slide on his jeans.

DAVID

Then you know I'm capable of beating a person to death. Right?

NAN

He didn't die.

DAVID

Chance. What about this, Nan? I can't close my eyes without seeing the faces of three boys who are dead because some lunatic has thing for killing kids and leaving them in closets for us to find.

What could they have possibly done to deserve being tortured to death? And the worst of it is the one that's still alive, right now, and there is nothing I can do!

NAN

Is that what this is about? You didn't get there in time?

DAVID

No, Doctor. It's about appearances. About some sick bastard you pass on the street every day. Your average guy. Do you see what I mean?

NAN

I--

DAVID

The subject is closed.

NAN

It was closed before it ever opened. I've got to get back to work.

Nan slips on a robe. She picks clothes up from the floor. At the bathroom door, she turns.

NAN

You can't save them all, David. But I know that you want to. And that tells me all I need to know about your character.

INT. DAVID'S APARTMENT - BEDROOM - DAY

Early afternoon sunlight streams into the bedroom window. David sits on the edge of the bed, phone to his ear.

SPINETTI (O.S.)

One-Five. Spinetti.

DAVID

Anything?

SPINETTI (O.S.)

How can I make any headway here if
you're callin' me every five
minutes? Leave me alone, Dunbar,
I'm not even supposed to talk to
you.

David utters an oath as the connection is broken.

INT. 15TH PRECINCT - DETECTIVE'S SQUAD - CONTINUOUS

Spinetti hangs up the phone. His desk is completely cleared
of all but the Barrymore file.

Perko and Johnson enter. Perko looks to Spinetti, quickly
shakes his head - NO - then enters the war room behind
Johnson.

Spinetti looks over at Brenda. He mouths the letters VCI?
Brenda shakes her head - not yet.

INT. DAVID'S APARTMENT - BEDROOM - DAY

David sits in a chair by the window, leather satchel in
hand. He removes the manila envelope from inside and slides
the old battered notebook out. There is a faded red symbol
on the cover. He opens the journal and begins to read.

INT. 15TH PRECINCT - WAR ROOM - DAY

JOHNSON

I can't believe the asshole had me
watchin' a phone booth all day.
What's he doin' but sittin' there
pushin' a pencil around. What a
jerk.

Perko and Johnson sit across from one another, making
reports.

PERKO

A pensioner, for sure. He had a
desk job when I came on. Got back
on cases a couple of years ago.

JOHNSON

What for?

PERKO

Good question. All I know's his last partner got popped right in front of him, and he never fired his gun. Nobody can figure out why Dunbar got saddled with him.

JOHNSON

Holy shit. Hope I never need him to watch my back.

PERKO

I got no use for him either, but he's in charge. Do it for Dunbar.

INT. DAVID'S APARTMENT - BEDROOM - LATER

The pattern of sun has shifted in the bedroom window. The phone RINGS as the front door opens.

NAN (O.S.)

David?

David startles awake in the chair. The journal splayed open on his chest. He shoves the journal into the envelope. He meets Nan at the bedroom door. The phone stops ringing.

NAN

Didn't you hear the phone?

DAVID

I was taking a nap - they'll call back.

(beat)

You speaking to me?

NAN

I'm thinking about it. How are you feeling?

Nan looks beyond David at the envelope and satchel on the bed. David doesn't move.

DAVID

I'm okay, hon. And I'm sorry.

The phone RINGS again. David raises his eyebrows in an 'I told you so' and smiles.

DAVID

I'll get it in here.

Nan is curious, but turns to allow him privacy. He picks up the phone.

DAVID
Dunbar.

SPINETTI (O.S.)
You answer like that at home?

DAVID
Force of habit. What's up?

David swipes up the envelope, looks to the bedroom door.

SPINETTI (O.S.)
In the two hours since I talked to you?

DAVID
Very funny.

SPINETTI (O.S.)
Captain says I ain't allowed to discuss anything with you.

David places the journal high on a closet shelf.

DAVID
(exasperated)
Then why are you calling me, Arthur?

SPINETTI (O.S.)
To discuss it with you anyway!
Meet me at Lucio's.

DAVID
I'm there.

INT. DAVID'S APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

David shrugs into a jacket.

NAN
Where are you going?

DAVID

To see Arthur.

NAN

Stay home. It's not your case
anymore.

DAVID

I have to go.

NAN

David--

DAVID

Don't wait up.

INT. LUCIO'S RESTAURANT - NIGHT

An old family establishment in Little Italy with a
multitude of cops in the family tree. Photos of cops adorn
the walls. Countless amateur trophies line makeshift
shelves. David and Spinetti are regulars.

Spinetti is seated at a cracked leather booth, a half-empty
carafe of red wine at hand. He vigorously noshes on a plate
of antipasti. David slides in across from him. LUCIO hovers
instantly.

LUCIO

So fine to see, Detective. You
wanta some of this fine wine?

DAVID

Heya Lucio. How about a beer?

LUCIO

(look of disgust)

One day I change-a your mind.

Lucio turns, snaps his fingers in the air.

LUCIO (CONT'D)

Roberto! Gimme a beer!

DAVID

Hi partner.

SPINETTI

You're lookin' pretty good for
somebody that got popped by the
champ.

Spinetti pumps his fist into his hand. He gulps at wine as
Lucio drops a beer in front of David.

LUCIO
(as he departs)
I bringa you some food. My choice.

DAVID
VCI results?

SPINETTI
She's clean.

David takes a sip of beer.

DAVID
Family?

SPINETTI
She ain't got no family. Wasn't
married to the kid's father. He
skipped when she told him she was
expectin', drowned in a surfing
accident three months later. It's
just her and the kid.

On the run, Lucio drops a mammoth basket of garlic bread
and a steaming platter of rigatoni on the table. Spinetti
digs in. David spins his beer bottle on the table.

SPINETTI (CONT'D)
We got nothin' on the phone booth
either. No hang-ups on your line.

DAVID
It was probably nothing. How's she
holding up? The mother?

SPINETTI
Brenda finally convinced her to go
home. She's a strong one, bein'
all alone as she is. So much for
men, huh? She sure ain't been able
to count on 'em.

DAVID

She can count on us, can't she?
Look at everything you can,
Arthur.

SPINETTI

I will. How's Nan?

DAVID

She's great.

SPINETTI

Lucky bastard. Go one time to a
shrink and get a wife. I can't get
nothin'! How'd you do it? Find me
a wife and get a decent life, get
ridda this gut. This eatin' out
every night, drinkin'. It ain't
the kind of life you want, David.

Spinetti swallows the last of his rigatoni and reaches for
his wine glass, lips smacking. David laughs out loud.

Lucio looks over at the two of them, Spinetti howling with
laughter, disturbing the other patrons. He chuckles to
himself. He loves these guys.

EXT. CITY STREET - NIGHT

The streets are quiet as David walks home. A noise behind
him. He surveys the street - pools of light providing
irregular spots. No one. He continues, eyes on the
stairwells to his left and right.

He rounds the corner to home. Footsteps. He turns. Again,
no one. David passes his apartment, diverting to cross the
street. Someone follows. He runs. Someone runs after him.

David turns a corner, takes a tumble and rolls to a stop
behind a stairwell. He is up instantly, back flat to the
wall. He reaches for the gun he no longer has, swears
silently. He struggles to catch his breath. Slowly a shadow
precedes tentative footsteps.

David braces, leaps.

A BAG LADY and her rolling cart are scattered across the
sidewalk. The wound of David's eye reopens. Blood trickles

down his face. His knuckles are scraped raw. He reaches to help the filthy woman up.

DAVID

I'm sorry, ma'am. You okay?

She chews her bottom lip with toothless gums. David steadies her as she sways.

BAG LADY

You gotta spare quarter, mister?

David is assailed by the smell of whiskey. He uprights the small cart and collects her belongings. He pulls a few bills from a his pants pocket.

DAVID

Here.

Eyes large, she quickly grabs the money and stuffs it somewhere inside her layers of clothes.

DAVID

Are you hurt?

BAG LADY

(hiccups)

You got any whiskey?

DAVID

(sighs)

No, I don't have any whiskey. Go to St. Jerome's and sleep it off. You know it?

She hiccups, grabs her cart and rolls past him without further ado. David wipes at his face, eyes probing the night.

BAG LADY (O.S.)

Feller that was follerin' you turned off the block afore this one.

He spins back in her direction. She catches his eye in a lucid moment, then turns on her way. He stares after her then turns to look back into the deserted street.

DAVID

I'm right here, asshole!

But he is alone.

INT. DAVID'S APARTMENT - BEDROOM - NIGHT

David quietly removes the manila envelope from the bedroom closet. A faint stream of light rests on Nan's face. He stands at the foot of the bed, taking her in.

INT. DAVID'S APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM -NIGHT

David sits at the computer. He applies a wet dish towel to his eyebrow. His hands look bad. The monitor flickers in the reflection of his eyes as the screen changes. He enters a command, wincing at the loud beep. He looks over his shoulder to the bedroom, then tries again. Another beep.

On the monitor, a log-in screen flashes: NYPD. ACCOUNT DISABLED. CONTACT SYSTEM ADMINISTRATOR.

DAVID

That was fast.

He lays the dish towel aside. He props the battered notebook against the monitor, considering it. He picks up a portable phone, looks at his watch, puts the phone back down. He reaches for the notebook. His fingers trace a crudely drawn sword in the patch of faded red on the cover. The word LIONHEART is visible beneath it.

INT. DAVID'S APARTMENT - BEDROOM - NIGHT

A tear slides from Nan's eye as she watches her husband open the journal and begin to read.

INT. DAVID'S APARTMENT - BEDROOM - MORNING

David wakes with a start. He is fully clothed, on top of the bed covers. He looks to his left. Nan has already gone. He rises.

INT. DAVID'S APARTMENT - ENTRY - CONTINUOUS

David exits the bedroom. A piece of paper lies folded on the floor, slipped in through the mail slot in the front door. He picks it up. It is one of the Jeffrey Barrymore fliers. He turns it over and there, written in black magic marker, are the words - GUESS WHO? David reels.

DAVID

Nan.

INT. NAN'S OFFICE - DAY

Nan glimpses down at her caller ID as she walks around her desk, notebook in hand, to talk with a client. She takes a step back, picks up the phone.

NAN

Hi.

DAVID (O.S.)

Hi. You busy?

NAN

Yes, I'm with a patient.

(beat)

What's wrong?

INT. DAVID'S APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

David stands in the living room, shaky. He looks at the floor where the note was.

DAVID

Somebody shoved something, a note,
in the front door. I'm bringing
the jeep over. Don't buzz anyone
in without knowing them.

NAN (O.S.)

David--

DAVID

I don't want you on the street.
Just go with me on this, okay?

INT. NAN'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Nan's patient obviously eavesdrops. She is an overfed upper-middle class housewife with heavily lined eyes and lips. Nan smiles, but her voice betrays her worry.

NAN

Yeah, okay--

The phone disconnects. Nan turns to her patient.

INT. DAVID'S APARTMENT - BEDROOM - DAY

David rips open a drawer with one hand, the phone to his ear in the other. He tosses a sweatshirt onto the bed, rips off the one he has slept in. His call goes through.

DAVID

Brenda, I need to get into the system.

BRENDA (O.S.)

I can't authorize that.

DAVID

Then please, get something for me.
Keep it to yourself.

INT. 15TH PRECINCT - DETECTIVE'S SQUAD - CONTINUOUS

Brenda looks guiltily around the already-packed squad room. The noise is a roar - still, she whispers into the phone.

BRENDA

Like I'd tell. What do you need?

INT. DAVID'S APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

David strides into the living room, lifts the journal from behind the computer monitor.

DAVID

Background. I want every possible
and known of the subject. It's
just a hunch, but very important.
Ready?

EXT. EAST HARLEM - DAY

David emerges from the 125th St. subway station. Without hesitation he turns to the right, disappears in the crowd.

The streets of East Harlem are a melting pot of nationalities and social classes. David strides purposefully among them. He passes a butcher shop. SAL, a big man in a bloody apron, sees him.

SAL

Yo David, what's the other guy
look like?

David turns and slows, but doesn't stop. The smile on his face reaches his eyes.

DAVID
Which one? How's the meat
business, Sally?

SAL
Bloody as you by the looks of
things.

DAVID
You seen Spike?

SAL
--This police business?

DAVID
Nope.

SAL
Yeah, I seen him walk towards the
clubhouse. Things ain't changed so
much, kid.

DAVID
Thanks, Sal.

SAL
Don't be a stranger!

David raises a hand in retreat.

EXT. EAST HARLEM - ALLEY - DAY

A small wooden door beneath the rusted stairs of a dilapidated fire escape. David raps twice in rapid succession. Chairs scrape across cement inside. David stands in view of the peephole.

VOICE
Yeah?

DAVID
It's Dunbar. I'm looking for
Spike.

Several moments pass. The door opens a crack. A bloodshot eye appears.

VOICE

This official Spike wants to know?

DAVID

No.

The door closes, then slams open, hitting the wall inside. A mammoth black man, SPIKE, fills the door frame, serious and menacing. He and David lock eyes.

Spike suddenly grins from ear to ear. He wraps David in a bear hug, lifting him from his feet.

SPIKE

What you doin' back here? You still a cop? Let me look at you. I just can't believe it.

Spike releases him. He notes David's injuries.

DAVID

Yeah, I'm still a cop. Kind of. You still pretending to be a bad guy?

SPIKE

Shhh.

(closes door)

I got me a reputation as a badass to uphold. You look like hell, son. What happened?

DAVID

Spike, I need a gun.

EXT. DAVID'S NEIGHBORHOOD - DAY

David emerges from a shop with a steaming cup of to-go coffee. He veers to a pay phone, digs out change and dials. At the sound of a voice on the other end he hesitates, hangs up. A familiar voice.

BAG LADY

You got company again.

She is hunched in a doorway behind him. David scans the crowd then rushes to her. He pulls her to her feet.

DAVID

Where?

BAG LADY
I didn't do anything.

DAVID
Where!?

The top explodes from to-go cup. Hot coffee burns his lacerated hand and splashes on to the bag lady. He curses, shaking his hand in pain. The bag lady cranes her head.

BAG LADY
Don't see him now.

DAVID
What did he look like? Was it the same man?

BAG LADY
It was dark last night.

DAVID
Please try.

The bag lady loses focus, looks down at her filthy clothes.

BAG LADY
You got coffee on me.

David looks hopelessly out at the throngs of people on the street. He reaches into his pocket and thrusts a few more bills at the woman, tosses the coffee into a trash can.

INT. 15TH PRECINCT - DETECTIVE'S SQUAD -DAY

Brenda stands at a fax machine. Page after page print out. She glances through the first few pages, stops suddenly.

BRENDA
Well, hello there.

EXT. DAVID'S APARTMENT - DAY

The phone is ringing when David reaches his stairwell. He stumbles on a step, fumbles with the keys. He crashes through the front door. The ringing stops.

INT. DAVID'S APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

David stares at the phone, breathing hard. It rings.

DAVID

Dunbar.

BRENDA (O.S.)

I got your background. John Barrymore, daughter Angela, and get this - a son, Curtis. Barrymore's got a record, convicted of killing his son twenty-five years ago. The kid was ten years old.

DAVID

Anything else?

BRENDA (O.S.)

Yep. Barrymore was released three months ago and never saw his parole officer. They issued a warrant nine weeks ago.

David's knees buckle.

DAVID

Anthony Rodriquez - the first boy.

BRENDA (O.S.)

Bingo.

DAVID

Someone needs to get to Angela--

BRENDA (O.S.)

It's done. Spinetti's on his way there. The guys are waiting for DMV records, they want to hit every known address by the end of the day.

David closes his eyes. He sits back on the desk top.

BRENDA (O.S.)

You okay?

DAVID

Kinda tired really. Captain knows?

BRENDA (O.S.)

That you're interfering? I had to tell him. Be glad you're not here.

DAVID

Yeah. You did great, Brenda.
Thanks.

A KNOCK at the door as David hangs up. He walks to foyer. Spinetti stands on the other side of the door. David opens it.

SPINETTI

You're not leveling with me.

Spinetti muscles his way in. David closes the door.

SPINETTI (CONT'D)

How'd you know about John Barrymore?

DAVID

Who's with Angela?

SPINETTI

You knew. You knew last night and you didn't level with me.

DAVID

I was going to--

SPINETTI

Bullshit! Don't you bullshit me.

David makes a decision. He leaves the room, returns with the manila envelope. He removes the journal, hands it to Spinetti.

Spinetti examines the cover, thumbs quickly through it.

SPINETTI

Curtis Lionheart?

DAVID

That's how I knew.

SPINETTI

What the hell is this?

DAVID

A message from the past. The notebook belonged to Angela's brother, Curtis. It's all in there.

Spinetti leafs through the notebook, slower this time. It is filled with line after line in the neat, just-learned cursive of a 10 year-old boy.

SPINETTI

(coldly)

Where'd you get this?

DAVID

It was in my chair. Night before last.

SPINETTI

Night before last. You kept it to yourself.

DAVID

Arthur, your hurt feelings don't mean shit to me right now compared to this kid who's going to be killed very soon unless we find him.

SPINETTI

Barrymore skipped town nine weeks ago. We're tracking him--

DAVID

(livid)

He's tracking you! How do you think this got into our office?

David rips the notebook from Spinetti. He leafs violently to the last page, shoves it into Spinetti's face.

DAVID

Read it, Arthur. About Curtis. About the closet!

Spinetti seizes the journal, scans it.

SPINETTI

This for real?

DAVID
It's the kids handwriting!

SPINETTI
Holy shit!

DAVID
Barrymore hurt his daughter and
killed his own son.

With renewed urgency, Spinetti shoves the notebook back at David and makes for the door. He hesitates, then speaks without turning.

SPINETTI
You and me ain't done yet.
(beat)
You comin'?

EXT. ANGELA'S APARTMENT - DAY

David and Spinetti stand at the secured door of the buildings entry. Angela runs down the stairs. She pushes open the interior, then exterior door, breathless.

SPINETTI
Ms. Barrymore, this is Detective
Dunbar. We need to ask you a few
questions.

Angela acknowledges David with a quick nod, but speaks to Spinetti.

ANGELA
Jeffrey?

SPINETTI
No ma'am, not yet. It's about your
father.

Angela looks like she's been kicked in the stomach.

ANGELA
What does he have to do with
Jeffrey?

SPINETTI

He was released three months ago.

Angela swoons.

INT. ANGELA'S APARTMENT - DAY

David surveys the apartment as Spinetti leads Angela into the living room. It's a nice home; clean, sunny. There are flowers on the kitchen table. Framed pictures decorate a small mantle above an old gas fireplace.

Angela sits on the sofa, Spinetti on a chair next to her. David walks to the front window, overlooking the street below. He speaks, his back to them.

DAVID

John Barrymore served 25 years for Murder Two. He's out three months ago because the law says he's entitled.

He faces them.

DAVID (CONT'D)

He never reports to his parole officer. Suddenly we have a string of missing boys, all ten years old.

(beat)

Angela, all of these boys, they are beaten and left inside of closets to die--just like Curtis.

The tick of the clock on the mantle. Angela is stunned.

ANGELA

How did you know that?

DAVID

Because I have his journal.

ANGELA

(whispers)

Curtis Lionheart?

DAVID

Yeah. Somebody walked it into the station and left it there. Two days ago.

Tears fall from Angela's eyes.

ANGELA
I don't understand.

DAVID
Barrymore. He wants us to know -
has for months. We didn't see it.

SPINETTI
David--

DAVID
It's my job, Arthur, to see it. I
didn't see it.
(to Angela)
So now he's thinking, 'stupid
cops, I need to slap 'em upside
the head?'

SPINETTI
David--

DAVID
So when we don't seize the moment,
he seizes it for us. He confesses
with the last words of his dead
son, then...

SPINETTI
David!

DAVID
...he takes his own grandson.

Spinetti stands up.

SPINETTI
That's enough!

DAVID
No, it is *not* enough! Not until we
find Jeffrey!

ANGELA
Why?

David and Spinetti look at her.

ANGELA (CONT'D)

What does he want with us after all this time? He doesn't even know us.

SPINETTI

You testified--

ANGELA

No!--

DAVID

He was convicted on circumstantial evidence, she had nothing to do with it. The guy's a psycho. Angela we're going to have somebody monitor your calls, just in case--

ANGELA

Someone's been calling. Hanging up.

SPINETTI

How often?

ANGELA

Every day.

David steps over to the fireplace to study the photos.

DAVID

More than once a day?

ANGELA

Yes. Three or four. I have caller ID - it's different numbers. The two I checked were pay phones.

David and Spinetti exchange looks. Spinetti snaps open his cell phone, walks into the kitchen.

SPINETTI (O.S.)

Brenda, we need the phone team right away...

David picks up the photo of a young woman, very pregnant, holding the hand of a little girl. Two smiling, happy girls, wind whipping through their hair.

ANGELA

My mother and me, thirty five years ago. She died two weeks after that was taken, when my brother was born.

DAVID

I'm sorry.

ANGELA

Curtis hated birthdays. He never knew what a mother was, only that he'd had one for a few hours on that one day. Of course our father never let him forget how she died.

Angela's face as something else falls into place. Spinetti walks back in to the room.

ANGELA (CONT'D)

My mother. Oh my god. Someone sends flowers to my mother's grave every year, on the anniversary of her death. You couldn't do that from a prison, right? Send flowers?

SPINETTI

Actually it'd be pretty easy. They earn wages and have access to a phone.

ANGELA

No, no, no...

DAVID

Angela, when's the anniversary?

ANGELA

Tomorrow.

Spinetti can hardly contain himself. He looks at David; this is it!

SPINETTI

Where's she buried?

ANGELA

Oakdale Memorial. South side.
Laura Barrymore. Her name is
Laura.

SPINETTI
Every year?

ANGELA
Since I can remember. We take a
picnic lunch, my son and I. I
thought...I thought...

DAVID
(to Spinetti)
Call it in.

Spinetti excuses himself, cell phone in hand. David plucks
a tissue from the table, hands it to Angela.

ANGELA
Thanks.
(wipes at eyes)
When I was a little girl I
imagined that it was my brother
leaving those flowers, that he was
still alive. I prayed for that. I
never thought...

DAVID
What happened to him, to your
brother?

ANGELA
My father hated him. How could a
father hate his own child,
Detective?

DAVID
I don't know.

David sets the photo back on the mantel, picks up another.
A dark boy with a shadow of a smile. Curtis.

ANGELA (O.S.)
I was the only person Curtis had
to love. So our father kept us
apart. He used to drag Curtis to
the basement, beat him, then lock

him in the root closet. I'd sneak down when he drank too much to notice. My little brother would tell me stories though the door, of this other world where a boy named Curtis Lionheart slayed dragons and brought mothers back from heaven so all the boys and girls had love.

Angela struggles to continue, smiles briefly at a memory. For David it's no less difficult to imagine.

ANGELA

One day my brother got a chance to become Curtis Lionheart, and he took it. That last night my father came to my room. He called me by mother's name, and...I screamed for Curtis and there he was with a baseball bat. His sword. He swung it through the air, walloped our father and fought him all the way down to the basement. It's the last time I ever saw my brother.

David sets the photo back in place. The quiet murmur of Spinetti's voice fills the silence.

DAVID

In Curtis' journal, the last thing he wrote was to look in the closet. Anyone ever do that?

ANGELA

Of course. He went into the river, Detective. He bled all the way there.

(beat)

I want his journal.

DAVID

It's yours. The minute this is over.

Angela looks at David's hands, at the wounds on his face.

ANGELA

They told me what happened
yesterday. Thank you.

DAVID
Yeah. It was the wrong guy. But
you know that, I guess.

ANGELA
I know you thought he had my son.

Spinetti walks back into the living room, smiling.

SPINETTI
We got a funeral to attend
tomorra. And we got the DMV
records.
(to Angela)
Any of these addresses mean
anything to you?

ANGELA
This one. That's where we lived,
back then. South Brooklyn, Beverly
Road.

SPINETTI
We'll check it out. We need to ask
you to stay here tomorra.

ANGELA
Okay.

DAVID
We're going to put an unmarked car
outside.

David stops at her front door, checks the locks.

DAVID (CONT'D)
We'll also send someone to sit
downstairs, out of sight.
(smiles)
Lock your doors.

EXT. ANGELA'S APARTMENT - DAY

DAVID
Who's taking the Beverly Road
address?

SPINETTI

I got that and two others. But my
money's on tomorra.

INT. DAVID'S APARTMENT - DAY

David closes the front door behind him.

NAN (O.S.)

I've been worried.

David startles, his right hand stops short of the gun
tucked into the back of his pants.

DAVID

I told you to wait for me!

NAN

(calmly)

That was hours ago. What happened
to you?

David sees himself as Nan must see him. Hands raw, coffee
stains.

DAVID

I'm sorry. I had to run an errand
and it took longer than I thought.
I lost track of time, honey.

NAN

Let's see this note.

EXT. BEVERLY ROAD - DAY

The house is in shambles. Decomposed newspapers litter the
path to the front door. Rotting wooden planks creak loudly
under Spinetti's feet as he eases onto the porch. Vines
grow into the crack of a broken window. The hair on
Spinetti's neck stands.

He opens the screen door, jumps as it falls from its
hinges. He composes himself, sets it aside and knocks on
the door.

A hollow echo, unanswered.

Spinetti walks to the back of the house. He notes an old
COAL CHUTE that drops to the basement.

In the backyard, an old rusted bicycle and two derelict clothelines poles rise out of tall brown grass.

Spinetti pauses at the ground level doors that lead to the basement. A broomstick is shoved beneath the handles, holding them closed. It slides out easily.

He grabs both handles and lifts the doors open, flinching at the old air. He straightens, reaches for his gun, descends down into the dark.

INT. DAVID'S APARTMENT - KITCHEN - DAY

David sits on a barstool at the kitchen island. Nan turns from the stove with a cup of tea. David accepts with his right hand - his left is wrapped in a damp cloth. Jeffrey Barrymore's flier lies on the counter between them.

NAN

You think the person responsible
for kidnapping this boy is
stalking us?

David nods.

NAN (CONT'D)

Why would he be doing this to us?

DAVID

He's doing it to me. It's my case.

NAN

No, it isn't. Not any more.

DAVID

(sips at tea)

I guess he doesn't know that.

INT. BARRYMORE BASEMENT - CONTINUOUS

Spinetti stands in the murky light at the bottom of the stairs. He cautiously opens one of two doors.

A larger room. Dusty shelves line the walls. The floor is littered with remnants of boxes. Water drips in from the old coal chute.

Spinetti juggles his .45 from one hand to the other as he rubs sweaty palms against his trouser legs. He enters the other room.

A larger room with a dirt floor. Dark, but empty. Spinetti relaxes, gun-hand dropping to his side. A NARROW BAND OF LIGHT projects from the hall on to the far end of the room. It reveals the open recess of a small closet in the corner.

Spinetti stiffens, raises his gun. A trickle of sweat runs down his face as he steps forward. Suddenly a shadow breaks across the band of light. A voice at his back.

WOODY (O.S.)

Curtis? Is it you?

INT. DAVID'S APARTMENT - KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

Nan sits across from David with a first aid kit. Several used alcohol pads and their empty packets litter the counter.

NAN

I have appointments tomorrow. Give me the other hand.

DAVID

Cancel them.

David holds out a hand. Nan swipes raw skin with an alcohol pad.

DAVID

OW!

NAN

No. Who's Curtis?

It's not a question he expects.

NAN (CONT'D)

You were talking in your sleep, thrashing all around. Leapt out of your skin when I tried to wake you. Is he one of the boys?

DAVID

Yes. The first, actually.

NAN

Bad dream?

DAVID

Yeah, now that you mention it.

NAN

Tell me.

David picks up Jeffrey's flier.

DAVID

It was one of those weird ones
where you're running towards
something but never reach it. I
was trying to run out of this
room, but something had my feet. I
saw I was all tangled up in these
boys dead on the floor. Except for
this one.

(the flier)

He was standing in a corner,
scared. Scared as me. I was so
relieved that someone else was
alive and I started to go to him.
But somebody grabbed me. I guess
that was you.

NAN

(whispers)

You've got to let this go.

David turns the flier over, the scrawled words leap out at
them both. GUESS WHO?

DAVID

It's not up to me anymore.

INT. BARRYMORE BASEMENT- CONTINUOUS

Spinetti ducks and spins, gun aimed. He moves cautiously to
the stairwell.

A dirty blue sneaker at the top. Closer the figure of a kid
against the sunlight. Spinetti exhales, drops the gun to
his side.

SPINETTI

I ain't Curtis, kid.

Spinetti turns and walks quickly to the small closet. He opens the door. The band of light filters into it. The kid shouts down.

WOODY (O.S.)

Do you know him?

The closet is empty. Spinetti holsters his gun.

EXT. BARRYMORE HOUSE - DAY

Spinetti steps out of the basement, wiping at his face. WOODY is 33, has Down's Syndrome. He rocks on his heels, avoiding eye contact.

SPINETTI

No, I don't know him. Do you?

WOODY

Are you a cop?

SPINETTI

Yeah.

WOODY

You have a badge?

Spinetti whips out his badge and hands it to him. Woody holds it carefully, his eyes large. A real cops badge.

WOODY

Wow. I have a badge, see?

There is a ragged scrap of faded red paper pinned to his shirt. Woody hands the badge back.

WOODY (CONT'D)

It protects me from bad things. It belongs to Curtis. It's good that you are here, I've been waiting for a long time, I think, but...

SPINETTI

But what, kid?

WOODY

I keep checking.

SPINETTI
Checking for what?

Woody rocks harder on his heels, agitated and uncommunicative. MYRNA WISE, Woody's mother, 60's, quietly appears behind them. Spinetti startles at her voice.

MYRNA
He's looking for Curtis, has been for twenty-five years. What are you folks doing back over here after all this time? Did you find that boy?

Woody searches the dead grass.

WOODY
Curtis?

It is a quiet, hopeful question.

INT. DAVID'S APARTMENT - BEDROOM - DAY

David sits on the bed. Nan walks in, removing an earring.

NAN
Okay, everything for today and tomorrow is rescheduled. But I'm serious, David, if they don't catch this wacko tomorrow...

Nan disappears into the bathroom, unbuttoning her shirt.

DAVID
(smiles)
Wacko? Is that official shrink terminology for 'homicidal maniac?'

NAN (O.S.)
Wise guy.

David removes his sneakers. Nan walks out of the bathroom in a blue t-shirt and sweats, her feet bare. She snaps a rubber band around her pony tail. David pulls her into his embrace. She reaches up and lands a peck on his chin. Her arms encircle his waist.

She freezes, disbelief on her face. David closes his eyes.

NAN
What's that.

DAVID
(sighs)
A gun.

Nan shoves him away.

NAN
A gun? You had to turn in your
gun.

David is silent.

NAN
That was your errand? You bought a
gun? You're not working but we
need a gun in the house?

Still no answer.

NAN (CONT'D)
I'm trying very hard to understand
what you're going through, David.
Sooner or later you're going to
have to help me out.

Nan picks up a pair of gardening gloves.

NAN (CONT'D)
Because you're scaring me.

INT. DAVID'S APARTMENT - BATHROOM - DAY

David rubs the steam from the mirror. He pushes wet hair
from his forehead, dabbing at the cut on his brow. He looks
hard at the face in the reflection.

INT. DAVID'S APARTMENT - BEDROOM - DAY

David pulls a sweat shirt from the drawer. The phone
RINGS.

DAVID
Dunbar.

BARRYMORE (O.S.)

Jeffrey is six feet under unless
you get busy, Detective. Or have
you given up already? I have to
say, I'm no impressed so far.

David sits hard on the bed, stunned.

DAVID
Let me talk to him.

BARRYMORE (O.S.)
No. Talk to me.

DAVID
What do you want, Barrymore?

BARRYMORE (O.S.)
(chuckles)
So you figured that one out?

DAVID
You left the journal. Where's
Jeffrey?

BARRYMORE (O.S.)
How does it feel to be all snug
and safe and warm in your perfect
little home with your perfect
little wife?

Fear and fury flash across David's face.

BARRYMORE (O.S.) (CONT'D)
Oh! The job isn't so perfect now,
is it?

DAVID
You want to dance with me, let's
dance. Let the kid go.

BARRYMORE (O.S.)
You'll have to work a little
harder than you have.

DAVID
Tell me what you want.

BARRYMORE (O.S.)

Nice flowers you got there,
Detective, I noticed them
yesterday. Your wife looks good in
blue, and I like her hair off of
her face, don't you?

The telephone arcs through the air as David explodes off of the bed. He swipes the gun up as he runs for Nan. The phone bounces softly off of the carpet.

EXT. DAVID'S APARTMENT - DAY

A bag of soil and hand trowel propped against the rail. Nan tips a water can over a flower container.

The front door crashes open. David grabs Nan at the waist and throws her into the foyer.

DAVID
Stay there!

He slams the door in her face.

EXT. DAVID'S APARTMENT - STREET - CONTINUOUS

David's bare feet skim the stairs. He whirls at the bottom, searches frantically for Barrymore. He half-walks, half-runs to the street corner, gun flat against his thigh. People sidestep him, leery.

Abruptly, he stops. Jeffrey Barrymore smiles down at him, the flier taped on the side of a building. Directly beneath the flier is an open phone stall. The receiver swings back and forth, off the hook. It begins to rain.

INT. DAVID'S APARTMENT - BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

Nan sits on the edge of the bed, arms folded, eyes red. She jumps as the front door SLAMS.

David storms in, straight to the closet. He removes a suitcase, rips it open, throws it onto the bed.

DAVID
Pack.

NAN
(incredulous)
You are out of control.

He yanks open a drawer, rummages. A handful of her underwear land on the bed. T-shirts follow.

DAVID
You're going to your parents.

NAN
(indignant)
I most certainly am not.

Nan attempts to rise. David reacts immediately, pushing her back down, hands firmly on her shoulders.

DAVID
Yes. You are.

Her resumes packing for her.

NAN
(uncertain)
What's wrong with you? Can't you
just tell what happened?

David struggles to remain in control. Without looking at her, he speaks.

DAVID
Barrymore called here. He was
outside, Nan, watching you. He
knew what you were wearing. So,
pack. Okay?

EXT. 15TH PRECINCT - DAY

Spinetti searches without success for a legal parking space. His cell phone rings.

SPINETTI
Yeah?

DAVID (O.S.)
I got contact.

Spinetti slams on the brakes. A car HONKS. The windshield wipers thump in place.

SPINETTI
Tell me.

DAVID (O.S.)
It's him, it's Barrymore and it
always has been. He's talking now.

Spinetti leaves the car parked in the street. He gives no
notice to the outraged driver motorist behind his car. He
runs up the stairs to the precinct.

SPINETTI
David, tell me what happened.

DAVID (O.S.)
He called me, from a payphone on
my street. Nan was outside.
(beat)
He was watching her.

SPINETTI
Jesus.

INT. 15TH PRECINCT - CONTINUOUS

Spinetti moves purposefully through the crowded pen.

DAVID (O.S.)
I need you to meet me at Nan's
office...

Spinetti spins, heads back to the car.

DAVID (O.S.) (CONT'D)
..And get that car on Angela...

Spinetti winces, turns again for the squad room.

DAVID (O.S.) (CONT'D)
...Then I need you to take Nan to
her parents in Queens. We'll be
waiting in the back. Can you do
that for me?

INT. 15TH PRECINCT - DETECTIVE'S SQUAD - CONTINUOUS

Spinetti charges from the stairwell into the squad room.

SPINETTI
Done. Hold on.

Spinetti stops at the door to the war room. Perko and Johnson are seated inside. They look up, startled at Spinetti's demeanor - no one had better mess with him.

SPINETTI

Get a car on Angela Barrymore,
right now.
(into phone)
What else?

DAVID (O.S.)

Just get here.

EXT. NAN'S OFFICE - BACK PARKING LOT - DAY

Steady rain. A white jeep Cherokee parked in a small fenced area behind Nan's brownstone office. The windshield wipers are on.

Inside, David and Nan stare straight ahead.

NAN

How long am I expected to stay
away?

DAVID

Probably just tonight. Whatever it
takes, okay?

She turns to him, furious.

NAN

No, it's not okay. I don't want to
do this. I'm not doing this.

Nan has the door open before the words are out. Rain pelts in. David grabs her arm, pulls her to him. He leans to slam the door shut again.

DAVID

You're going.

NAN

I don't want to leave you!

David strikes the steering wheel. Hard. Nan flinches.

DAVID

You need to be gone, Nan! You are
in the way. Do you understand? Do
you hear me?

Tears roll down her face.

NAN
You bastard.

Spinetti screeches to a halt behind them.

David exits the jeep. Spinetti opens the trunk of the
vehicle. Rain pelts them. David throws bags in and goes
back for Nan. Spinetti gets back behind the wheel.

David opens Nan's door. He reaches for her arm.

She is a Tasmanian devil, fighting with arms, legs, her
whole body. Her wail turns to a soft moan as David
restrains her. He pulls her close. She collapses against
him, sobbing. His chin rests on top of her head.

DAVID
Shhh. Shhh.
(beat)
He's not going to leave us alone.
Just let me take care of this.

NAN
I'm afraid I'll lose you.

DAVID
Shhh. It'll be okay.

INT. CAR - DAY

The back door opens. Spinetti looks briefly to the rearview
mirror.

David hands Nan into the back seat. He ducks in after her,
his voice soft.

DAVID
Stay down until Arthur says it's
okay.

He moves a strand of rain-soaked hair from her forehead.
Her eyes plead.

DAVID (CONT'D)

Go on.

He presses her to the floor of the car. Her eyes never leave his. Her hands cling.

DAVID (CONT'D)

I'll be okay.

He pulls away, catching Spinetti's reflection in the mirror.

DAVID

Meet me at Lucio's.

EXT. CAR - CONTINUOUS

David stands for a moment, rivulets of rain run down his face. He taps on the roof of the car and walks away. He hears the car pull away. When he turns to look, they are gone.

INT. LUCIO'S RESTAURANT - NIGHT

Lucio meets Spinetti at the door.

LUCIO

He is de back. You tell me what I
can do, yes? I have all de boys
for this quick.
(snaps fingers)

SPINETTI

Thanks, Lucio. How about a little
vino for now.

LUCIO

Roberto!

Spinetti slides into the booth. Lucio sets a carafe of wine and a glass in front of him and departs. David has a full beer in front of him.

SPINETTI

She's there.

David's eyes remain on the beer bottle.

DAVID

And Angela?

SPINETTI

Car and a guy on the inside.
Nobody's gettin' in.

David takes a swig of beer. The two sit companionably for a moment.

SPINETTI

You and me gotta talk. You left me
hangin' in the wind.

DAVID

I didn't tell you because I wanted
to be sure. Barrymore's been
playing us the whole time,
watching us run around in circles
while killed. And I didn't see it
- I did not know - until that
night, after the warehouse.

SPINETTI

David, none of us--

David raises a hand. Stop.

DAVID

No. It was my case, my
responsibility and he knew that.
The journal was his trump card. I
took it because I wanted to be
sure, before I gave it to you.

David slides the Jeffrey Barrymore flier across the table.

DAVID (CONT'D)

He left this in my mail this
morning.

Spinetti picks it up, turns it over. GUESS WHO?

DAVID (CONT'D)

He had to stand on my doorstep to
do that. He made it personal. I
hope you can understand that.

Spinetti nods, satisfied. He gives some back.

SPINETTI

It was the first house, Beverly Road.

DAVID

Tell me.

SPINETTI

It's empty. Fallin' down. Gave me the creeps you wanna know the truth. There's this basement in the back.

DAVID

The cellar.

SPINETTI

Yeah, dirt floor. There's this closet, terrible place, knowin' that kid was there and all. Ain't no one been able to live in that house for long, accordin' to the neighbor.

David takes a sip of beer.

DAVID

Neighbor?

SPINETTI

Yeah, old bird, Myrna Wise. Got this kid - well, he ain't a kid. What you call one of them mongoloid syndromes. Sweet kid. Sneaky.

(chuckles)

Name's Woody. Snuck up on me in the basement. Scared the crap outta me.

David grins.

SPINETTI (CONT'D)

Kid was friends with this Curtis. Ain't fully aware that he ain't comin' back. Still waits for him, has been for 25 years accordin' to his ma. I guess he was there when

Curtis bought it, maybe even saw
somethin'.

DAVID
What did he say?

SPINETTI
Nothin' much. Just that Curtis
said he'd be back.
(beat)
Curtis - he thought I was Curtis
come home. You shoulda seen his
face.

For a moment they both imagine. It is a melancholy thought.

DAVID
This has to end.

SPINETTI
We'll get him tomorra'.

David traces figure eights on the table with the sweat from
his beer bottle.

DAVID
Tomorrow. What if he doesn't show
with those flowers?

SPINETTI
He ain't that smart.

DAVID
I don't know. He's calling the
shots. Suppose there are flowers,
but no Barrymore? You'll have to
trace the florist, right away
Arthur. That's the key. He'll
leave you a trail, tell you what
he wants.

(beat)
Follow the trail.

SPINETTI
You think I can't do this. Same as
the rest. Maybe you're right.

DAVID

I know you can. Look at me. *I know.* Arthur, what does he want from us? What's the one thing he hasn't been able to take credit for - the one thing nobody's been able to figure out yet?

SPINETTI
What happened to Curtis?

DAVID
Exactly. I think that's what he wants us to know. That's what he wants to show you.

David is wound up, for a moment every cell in his body focused on Spinetti. Suddenly he relaxes. He's done his best. He tosses some bills on the table.

DAVID
Get some rest partner. Tomorrow's going to be a long day. I'm going home.

They head for the door.

SPINETTI
Whaddaya reckon happened to Curtis?

DAVID
Journal says to look in the closet.

SPINETTI
He died in the river.

DAVID
Maybe he was trying to tell us something else.

SPINETTI
The closet was empty.

DAVID
Maybe you should look again.

INT. 15TH PRECINCT - WAR ROOM - MORNING

The room is packed. Undercover cops in funeral attire converse quietly. Perko elbows through to the front where Spinetti holds court.

PERKO

The cars are here.

Spinetti nods. There are no stains on his shirt today.

Captain May sits in a chair at Spinetti's side. Johnson stands beside him, disdain on his face.

SPINETTI

Heads up!

Instant silence. The crowd looks to Spinetti, the grim photos behind him. Jeffrey Barrymore's smiling face reminds them of why they are here.

SPINETTI

He don't belong up there, this kid. Jeffrey.

EXT. CEMETARY - DAY

A funeral procession comes to a halt in front of an open grave - a hearse and couple of dozen cars - headlights respectfully on. Doors open, passengers exit - all undercover cops.

SPINETTI (O.S.)

He don't belong up there because he is still alive.

INT. DAVID'S APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

David's eyes, bloodshot, tired. Curtis Lionheart is propped on the blank computer monitor. The phone is at his hand.

SPINETTI (O.S.) (CONT'D)

It is my greatest wish, today, to end all of this. To get this boy back to his mother...

INT. ANGELA'S APARTMENT - CONTINUOUS

Angela's eyes, filled with sadness. She turns away from the mantle. The framed pictures of all who have left her watch as she retreats.

SPINETTI (O.S.) (CONT'D)
...to put this family back
together...

INT. NAN'S CHILDHOOD BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

Nan sits on the edge of a small unmade bed, a robe tied at her waist. Her eyes belie a sleepless night. Behind her, the door opens. Her MOTHER sits, comforts her daughter.

Nan gets up and begins to pack.

INT. 15TH PRECINCT - WAR ROOM - CONTINUOUS

SPINETTI (CONT'D)
...to ease the minds of all the
families involved in this terrible
crime.

All eyes intensely focused on Spinetti. Johnson looks uncertain - who is this guy?

SPINETTI (CONT'D)
All of us in the room - and those
of us who ain't - we got a shot at
savin' this boy and takin' down
the killer.

Spinetti looks slowly around the room. His eyes rest on Johnson.

SPINETTI
Any questions?

Johnson flushes red, shakes his head - no.

SPINETTI
Let's go.

INT. CEMETERY - CARETAKER'S COTTAGE - DAY

A toilet FLUSHES. Spinetti exits the john. He checks his watch, looks over at Johnson.

JOHNSON
Nothin'.

Spinetti joins him at the window. In the distance a white Chevy idles at the front gates of the cemetery. The car

quickly reverses and speeds away. Spinetti looks at Johnson
- what the hell is that?

JOHNSON

(shrugs)

Some jerk-off. Wrong cemetery.

SPINETTI

Are you nuts?

Spinetti yanks binoculars from Johnson's hand. The car
turns left out of the gates as Spinetti watches. He grabs
the handheld radio.

SPINETTI

Perko!

PERKO (O.S.)

(static)

I saw it. We're running the plates
right now.

SPINETTI

Checking the plates?! Get someone
on his tail! Right now!

Across the road one of the mourners breaks and runs for a
parked car.

Spinetti turns on Johnson.

SPINETTI

What the fuck are you trying to
do?

JOHNSON

I'm sorry. It was a mistake.

SPINETTI

We got no room for mistakes!

PERKO (O.S.)

Sir?

SPINETTI

(barks)

What?

PERKO (O.S.)

I need another man.

SPINETTI

(to Johnson)

Get out there. Try to look like a
fucking mourner.

A phone RINGS.

INT. DAVID'S APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

David closes his eyes, takes a deep breath, picks up the
phone.

DAVID

Dunbar.

BARRYMORE (O.S.)

Today's the big day, Detective.

DAVID

I want Jeffrey.

BARRYMORE (O.S.)

I'm calling the shots.

DAVID

He walks. That's not optional.

BARRYMORE (O.S.)

You want him. I want you. Do I
need to draw a map.

DAVID

Not this time. I know where you
are.

BARRYMORE (O.S.)

Then come and get me.

CLICK. The connection is broken. David snaps up the handgun
checks the chamber, slams the cartridge home.

INT. ANGELA'S APARTMENT - DAY

Angela picks up the phone. She gets a DIAL TONE. Hangs up.
She checks the time, then opens the front door.

The plainclothes DETECTIVE at the foot of the stairwell looks up at her.

ANGELA
I'm going to the station.

He opens his mouth to speak. Angela cuts him off.

ANGELA
I'm going.

INT. DAVID'S APARTMENT - CONTINUOUS

David stuffs Curtis' journal into a new envelope. He scrawls a name on the front, tosses the package back onto the desk.

He pauses at the front door, turns to take a long look at his home, then leaves.

EXT. CEMETERY - GRAVESIDE - DAY

The mourners shift from one foot to another.

Johnson slouches in a graveside chair. He jumps at the tinny static of the radio.

SPINETTI (O.S.)
Look alive.

INT. DAVID'S APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - DAY

Nan closes the front door behind her. She drops her bag onto the floor.

NAN
David?

She walks to the desk and picks up the manila envelope, reading what is written on the front.

She snaps up the phone, speed dials a number. It rings busy.

Agitated, she punches in the number by hand.

OPERATOR (O.S.)
One-Five.

NAN
Detective's Squad, please.

OPERATOR (O.S.)
Those lines are busy, try--

Nan slams the phone into its cradle.

EXT. CEMETERY ROAD - CONTINUOUS

The white Chevy moves slowly along the lane towards the caretaker's cottage. It hesitates, then resumes.

INT. CARETAKER'S COTTAGE - CONTINUOUS

Spinetti is at the window, binoculars raised.

SPINETTI
Come on, come to mamma.

INT. 15TH PRECINCT - DETECTIVE'S SQUAD - DAY

Cops loiter in the squad room. The conversation is artificially casual.

All of the phone lines blink busy on Brenda's desk. She turns from the captain's office. Angela stands in front of her. Several detective's brush by them and into the captain's office.

ANGELA
What's going on? Please tell me.

EXT. CARETAKER'S COTTAGE - CONTINUOUS

The trunk of the car is open, an arrangement of flowers visible.

The DRIVER, a crusty old man with a baseball cap pulled over his eyes, scopes the 'funeral' in progress.

SPINETTI (O.S.)
Who's the lucky stiff?

The driver whirls around. Spinetti stands behind him, smiling.

DRIVER

How do you know it ain't my
mother? I know where they're goin'
pal, but thanks.

SPINETTI

No offense, huh? You're saving' me
from sloggin' around in the mud.

Spinetti turns as if to leave. The driver leans into the
trunk.

SPINETTI

Who'd you say they're for?

DRIVER

They're for Laura Barrymore,
alright?

The crunch of GRAVEL. The driver turns to find a sea of gun
barrels aimed at his face.

SPINETTI

Put your hands on top of the car.

INT. 15TH PRECINCT - DETECTIVE'S SQUAD - DAY

Angela sits at Spinetti's desk. Nan enters the squad, walks
directly to Brenda's desk. Angela watches.

NAN

Brenda, where's David?

BRENDA

I don't know, honey.

NAN

Where's Arthur?

BRENDA

On a case, they're radio-only.

NAN

Is it the kidnapping?

Brenda nods. Nan places the manila envelope on Brenda's
desk.

NAN

Who is Angela Barrymore?

ANGELA (O.S.)
I'm Angela.

Nan turns. Angela stands behind her.

BRENDA
This Detective Dunbar's wife, Nan.
Jeffrey Barrymore's mother.

NAN
My husband left this...it was...I
think this is for you.

Nan offers up the manila envelope. ANGELA is scrawled
across the front. Angela's hands shake as she accepts it.
She looks inside then back up at the two women, overcome.

INT. CEMETARY - CARETAKER'S COTTAGE - DAY

The driver is seated in a chair. He looks bored and
unperturbed.

DRIVER
The party that ordered the flowers
ain't the party that hired me to
bring 'em here. How many times I
gotta repeat it?

SPINETTI
Until you tell us who sent you.

DRIVER
Deliverin' flowers ain't a crime.

Perko hands up the phone.

PERKO
He's got a record. Petty theft,
larceny. But nothing recent. We
can't hold him for long.

SPINETTI
(to driver)
Why'd you change your mind this
morning?

DRIVER
(sighs)

Because the man on the other end
of the phone said so. I do what
I'm told.

SPINETTI

All you gotta do is give us a name
and a number to back your story.
Then you're outta here.

Spinetti follows the driver line of sight to the CLOCK on
the wall. It reads 5 minutes before the hour. Spinetti
rubs at his eyes.

SPINETTI

(mutters)

So much for the trail.

PERKO

What?

SPINETTI

Nothin'. Five minutes. Then book
him.

PERKO

There's something else. Dunbar's
wife is at the station. She's
looking for him and wants to talk
to you.

SPINETTI

Like this day could get any
better. Get her on the secure
line. Keep the radio open. I'm
going' for a walk.

EXT. CEMETERY - DAY

SPINETTI

Nan, sweetheart, what are you
doin' at the station?

Spinetti plods across graves as he talks, oblivious to his
trespass.

In the distance, Johnson places the delivered flowers on
Laura Barrymore's grave. He glances warily at Spinetti.

INT. 15TH PRECINCT - DETECTIVE'S SQUAD - CONTINUOUS

Nan is on her husband's phone. She turns her back to the room for privacy.

NAN
Is David with you?

SPINETTI (O.S.)
(beat)
Nan, Barrymore's still out there.
Get back to your parents house.

NAN
Answer me, Arthur. He's gone. He
left the journal for Angela.

EXT. CEMETERY - CONTINUOUS

Spinetti's radio crackles.

PERKO (O.S.)
We traced the flowers. They're not
from Barrymore.

SPINETTI
(into phone)
Hold on, Nan.

Spinetti sees Johnson stare at a gravestone next to Laura Barrymore's.

SPINETTI
(into radio)
Then who the hell sent 'em?

Suddenly Johnson gestures wildly. Spinetti walks, then runs toward him.

INT. CARETAKER'S COTTAGE - CONTINUOUS

PERKO
(into radio)
It was Detective Dunbar.

EXT. CEMETERY - CONTINUOUS

Spinetti skids to a halt next to Johnson. He sees what Johnson sees. Spinetti sits down hard on a small concrete bench next to the grave.

He raises the radio to speak, but cannot.

INT. 15TH PRECINCT - DETECTIVE'S SQUAD - CONTINUOUS

NAN

Arthur?

EXT. CEMETERY - CONTINUOUS

SPINETTI

(to Nan)

Stay where you are.

Spinetti disconnects.

SPINETTI

(into radio)

Could be a set up.

PERKO (O.S.)

Could be. Too many details though.
The driver gave us a number.
Somebody name of Spike. This
Spike, he says he was doing a
friend a favor. Said he had a
message to pass along to you,
personal, from Detective Dunbar.

SPINETTI

What is it?

PERKO (O.S.)

Said for you to follow the trail.

Spinetti's face belies his emotion. Johnson looks away.

SPINETTI

(to Johnson)

Go on inside, I'll be there in a
minute. And keep your mouth shut.

JOHNSON

Yes sir.

SPINETTI

(to Perko)

Get every car you can to the
Beverly Road address.

INT. 15TH PRECINCT - CAPTAIN'S OFFICE - DAY

The office is filled to capacity. A radio sits in the middle of May's desk. Silence as Spinetti's transmission continues.

SPINETTI (O.S.)

We're looking for a white jeep
Cherokee '97. Somebody run
Dunbar's plates. If it's there,
then Dunbar is there, Barrymore is
there, and probably the kid. We're
walking in to a hostage situation.

EXT. CEMETERY - CONTINUOUS

Undercover cops swarm from the caretaker's cottage.
Spinetti runs for a car, Perko and Johnson behind him.

SPINETTI

(mutters)

Follow the goddamned trail.

INT. 15TH PRECINCT - DETECTIVE'S SQUAD - CONTINUOUS

Nan and Angela sit at David and Spinetti's desks.
Detective's pour out of the squad room.

Alarmed, Nan rushes to Brenda's desk. She knocks a folder
from Spinetti's desk, the contents splayed on the floor.

Angela bends to the floor.

NAN

What's happening?

BRENDA

Nan, I can't--

NAN

Tell me.

ANGELA (O.S.)

Where did this come from?

Angela stands with them, shaken. She holds a flier with her
son's photograph on one side - the words GUESS WHO? on the
other.

NAN

Barrymore left it for David. At
our home.

Angela is visibly sickened. She looks at the back of the
flier again.

ANGELA

My father said this to us, when we
were kids. To scare us. He'd sneak
up behind us, cover our eyes...

Her face as she understands something else.

ANGELA (CONT'D)

That's where they are. Jeffrey...

BRENDA

Angela, no.

NAN

Where?

CAPTAIN MAY (O.S.)

Have a hostage negotiator ready.

May spews orders as he walks out of his office. He realizes
that the women have heard him.

Nan reaches for Angela's arm.

NAN

Let's go.

BRENDA

Nan, please don't do this.

CAPTAIN MAY

Nan! This is the best place for
you to be right now. You too, Ms.
Barrymore.

NAN

We're going. He's my husband.

Angela looks to the young cop that drove her to the
station.

ANGELA

Are you going to help me?

She and Nan race for the door. The young cop looks to May. With a jerk of his head, May sends him after the women.

EXT. BARRYMORE HOUSE - ALLEY - DAY

The jeep rolls to a quiet stop.

David exits, reaches for his gun. He cautiously approaches a dilapidated garage. The backside of Barrymore's house looms.

EXT. BARRYMORE HOUSE - BACK YARD - CONTINUOUS

David negotiates through the knee-high dead grass to rear of the house. He considers the basement doors, then turns to the back door. He turns the knob. It opens with ease. He slips inside.

A figure moves from the shadows inside the ruined garage. A whisper of hope.

WOODY

Curtis?

INT. BARRYMORE HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

David braces, then swings from a small mudroom into the kitchen, gun first.

The room is empty. Eyes on the living room beyond, David reaches to open the pantry door. Again he swings, gun first. An old trap snapped onto the skeleton of a rat.

The living room is a shambles of rotted hard wood and peeling walls. David stops at the foot of the stairs, looks up. He turns and looks back into the kitchen. A small door as yet unopened.

INT. BARRYMORE BASEMENT - COAL ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Woody drops from the coal chute. He GASPS. A frightened boy, bound and gagged, is propped against a box opposite him.

Woody takes in the duct tape at the boys wrists and ankles. He touches the tattered shield still pinned to his shirt.

WOODY
(hushed)
Do you need to be rescued?

The kid is wary, but nods - yes.

WOODY
Okay, I know how to do that. My
mom lives in that house...
(gestures)
...and she can call your mom,
okay?

Woody slides the gag from the kids mouth.

WOODY
I'm Woody, what's your name.

KID
I'm Jeff.

INT. BARRYMORE HOUSE - KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

David slowly opens the door to the basement. He closes his eyes, prepare mentally.

The gun goes in first. David pops his head into the door for a quick look, jerks back.

He turns on to the stairs and slowly descends.

EXT. BEVERLY ROAD/BARRYMORE HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Police cars block each end of the street. Another pulls to a stop behind David's jeep in the alley.

Figures move from shadow to shadow, progressing towards the Barrymore house. Several of these disappear inside Myrna Wise's home.

INT. BARRYMORE BASEMENT - COAL ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Woody and Jeffrey freeze at the creak of stairs outside the closed door to their room.

A sudden, sharp CRACK.

INT. BARRYMORE BASEMENT - CONTINUOUS

Rotten wood collapses beneath David's feet. Too late, he grapples for a handhold - there is none. He plummets to the bottom of the stairwell.

His gun skitters across cement.

David is face-down on the concrete, stunned. He slowly pushes up, but freezes at the cold, metal touch of a gun barrel pressed against his temple.

BARRYMORE

Guess who?

INT. BARRYMORE BASEMENT- COAL ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Woody saws at the tape binding Jeffrey's feet with a piece of broken glass. Hands free, Jeffrey stretches at the torn tape - it gives way. Woody puts a finger to his lips. Jeffrey understands.

The boys step to the chute. Woody gives Jeffrey a leg up. Jeffrey finds a foothold, turns to Woody.

JEFFREY

(whispers)

Thanks.

Woody smiles and salutes. Jeffrey is gone.

INT. WOODY'S HOUSE - DAY

Spinetti peeps through the shuttered windows that face the Barrymore house. Myrna Wise sits at a table behind him. Perko and Johnson monitor their radios.

SPINETTI

How long has he been gone?

MYRNA

Right after lunch. Two hours? He never goes further than that house. I never thought to be worried.

Myrna's toughness wavers.

MYRNA (CONT'D)

Last time he came out of that house he was eight years-old and had blood all over his shoes.

Behind her, Perko shouts into his radio.

PERKO

She's *what*? Hold on.

(to Spinetti)

Nan Dunbar is at the north roadblock. She's got Angela Barrymore with her.

SPINETTI

Shit.

(into radio)

Hold 'em there.

INT. MAY'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

May paces, cigar in hand. Brenda is the only person seated in the crowded office. They all stare at the radio on the desk.

INT. WOODY'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Another blast of static from the radio sends them all back to the shuttered windows.

VOICE (O.S.)

Position One - alert! Somebody's coming out.

A blond head and bony shoulders of a boy push out of the coal chute.

VOICE (O.S.)

Juvenile white male. Easy...

A dark figure moves with stealth across the front porch of the Barrymore house. The boy emerges from the chute on all fours.

VOICE (O.S.)

Now.

The dark figure lunges around the corner, swoops the boy up around the waist and back onto the porch in one fluid motion.

VOICE (O.S.)
Position Two, move in.

Two figures materialize at the opposite side of the house. One holds a riot shield in position. The boy is passed between them. They retreat to the far side of the property and disappear from sight.

INT. 15TH PRECINCT - CAPTAIN'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

You could hear a pin drop. May can't stand it, he snaps the radio from the desk and barks.

CAPTAIN MAY
Position Two, identify your
subject dammit!

INT. WOODY'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

SPINETTI
C'mon, c'mon, c'mon.

The crackle of the radio.

VOICE (O.S.)
We have an ID.

INT. 15TH PRECINCT - CAPTAIN'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

VOICE (O.S.)
Confirmed. It's Jeffrey Barrymore.

High fives and handshakes all around. May paces anew.

INT. WOODY'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Spinetti nods his head, lips pressed right to disguise his emotion. Perko and Johnson smile wide. The radio crackles again. Chaos.

VOICE (O.S.)
They're running! Position Three!

SPINETTI
(to radio)
What's going on?

VOICE (O.S.)
The women bolted. Headed your way.

Spinetti heads for the front door.

SPINETTI

(to radio)

Let 'em go. She just found our her
boy's alive.

INT. 15TH PRECINCT - CAPTAIN'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

MAY

Dammit!

He snaps up the radio.

MAY

(to radio)

You've got to do a better job than
that. Shore up your lines right
now. We've still got a man in
there.

The crowd quiets. May sits. He picks up the old office pool
and swivels, his back to the room.

EXT. WOODY'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Spinetti ducks, then rushes from the porch. He runs
headlong into Nan and Angela. Nan stops. Angela does not.
Spinetti hooks her around the waist with both arms.

ANGELA

Jeffrey!

A guttural, animal sound from her as she is half-carried
into Woody's house.

INT. WOODY'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Angela struggles with Spinetti, calls for her son. Spinetti
manages to hold her at arms length.

SPINETTI

Look at me. He's right over there.
He's safe. He's safe.

Angela focuses on him, quiets.

SPINETTI (CONT'D)

Let us get this stabilized and
we'll get you with your boy.
(to Perko)
Get her a chair.

Angela nods. Perko leads her away.

Nan and Spinetti are left alone. Both struggle with their
thoughts, the common thread of fear they now share.

NAN
Is David in there?

SPINETTI
The jeep is in the alley, Nan.
(beat)
There's something else.

INT. BARRYMORE BASEMENT - CONTINUOUS

The barrel of the gun slides along the side of David's
face.

BARRYMORE
Sit up.

David slowly complies, wincing in pain. Blood trickles down
his face. He looks for his gun.

BARRYMORE
Forget about it. Stand.

David stands. He looks Barrymore in the eye for the first
time.

DAVID
Where's Jeffrey?

BARRYMORE
Hands on your head. Move it.

Barrymore gestures to an open doorway. Hands on his head,
David, moves. Barrymore smiles and follows.

David stops in the center of the dirt floor. He stares at
the root closet door, ajar in the corner. He turns to
Barrymore.

DAVID

You have me. Let him go.

Barrymore is on him instantly, his gun jammed under David's jaw. His eyes are savage.

BARRYMORE

No one is leaving here. Not ever again.

Their faces are inches apart. Neither blink.

WOODY (O.S.)

Curtis?

INT. WOODY'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Spinetti struggles anew. Nan is ashen as she grabs at Spinetti with both hands. She pulls at his jacket lapel, eyes boring in to his.

NAN

Arthur, please.

From the kitchen, Angela watches Spinetti talking with Nan. Suddenly Nan pushes away from him as her face crumbles.

Angela starts for her, surprised when Nan looks at her then rushes into a room off of the hall. She slams the door behind her.

Johnson and Perko look uncomfortable. Spinetti approaches Angela.

SPINETTI

She needs a little room.

(to Perko)

I'll be outside.

INT. BARRYMORE BASEMENT - CONTINUOUS

David rushes Barrymore. They slam into the wall, David's shoulder screaming agony. Barrymore reaches for David's neck with one hand, squeezing hard - he jams the gun into David's shoulder with the other.

David instantly deflects the gun, struggling to gain control. He clutches at the hand digging into his neck. Slowly, David loses ground as the gun moves back towards him. Eye to eye, Barrymore, triumphant, smiles.

David kicks up with everything he's got left, a direct hit to the man's groin. Barrymore releases his grip on David's throat. David shoves him away, kicks him hard.

Barrymore goes down. His gun arcs through the air.

David leaps, rolling, his left shoulder tucked. He slides several feet on his back, his right hand high in the air as the gun, incredibly, falls into his hand.

DAVID

(beat)

Don't even breathe you son of a bitch.

Barrymore falls against the wall. David slowly stands. Both men gulp lungs full of air. David holds the gun steady at Barrymore's head.

Woody stands in the doorway, smiling, eyes riveted on David.

DAVID

Woody, buddy, is there anyone else in here?

WOODY

Yeah. No. Jeff was here - he had some tape on his hands. He went outside.

The smallest sag, minute, belies David's relief.

DAVID

That's good, that's good. Woody, you go wait with him, okay?

WOODY

Okay, Curtis. I'll wait outside, okay?

DAVID

Okay, buddy.

WOODY

Like before.

DAVID

Yeah, like before.

WOODY
I'm so glad to see you.

David cannot speak.

EXT. BARRYMORE HOUSE - DAY

Woody pulls himself from the coal chute. A hand covers his mouth. Spinetti pulls him roughly into the shelter of a hedge beneath his own kitchen window. Two dark figures observe, then retreat back into position.

SPINETTI
Sorry, kid. Remember me?

Woody nods, but refuses to look him in the eye.

SPINETTI
Can you tell me what you saw in
that basement.

Woody shakes his head - no.

SPINETTI
It's not like last time, Woody.
It's okay to tell this time. Is
Detective Dunbar in there?

Woody shrugs.

SPINETTI
Woody, I cross my badge we just
want to save him. Please talk to
me.

Woody reaches up to finger the tattered red paper on his chest.

WOODY
Curtis is with the bad man. He has
some blood on him, like last time.
I'm supposed to wait outside.

Spinetti's partner is alive.

SPINETTI
Good. Good boy. Now we have to get
you inside. Your mom, she's very
worried. Okay?

WOODY
But I'm supposed to--

SPINETTI
(to radio)
I'm bringin' him in the back.
(to Woody)
We're going to stay very close to
the ground. Ready? Go.

They take off. Woody comes to an abrupt halt at his back door. He looks Spinetti in the eye.

WOODY
I told you he'd come back.

SPINETTI
I know you did, kid. I know.

INT. BARRYMORE BASEMENT - CONTINUOUS

David pushes Barrymore into a corner. He swipes at the blood running down his face.

DAVID
How did you find me?

BARRYMORE
I didn't. I found Angela and there
you were watching her, too. She
doesn't know?

David doesn't answer. Barrymore laughs.

BARRYMORE
You're making this too easy,
Detective. What better revenge
than the whole world knowing who
you really are? Angela, and your
pretty little wife. If I walk out
of here alive.

Barrymore takes a step forward. David squares the gun on his father's heart.

BARRYMORE (CONT'D)
You might as well kill me, because
I'm not going back to prison.

DAVID

That's where they put killers.

BARRYMORE

I'm not a killer.

DAVID

You are now.

BARRYMORE

I didn't kill those kids. In fact, I heard about Anthony Rodriguez from you, Detective. I listened to the press conference you gave outside your precinct. I was there. I wanted to personally thank you for handing me a way to get your attention. I planned on stealing my grandson that very day. Then two more boys get offed in between. All the more credit for me.

DAVID

You're lying.

BARRYMORE

I've spent twenty-five years of my life in prison for a crime I didn't commit. You've always known that. Who's lying.

David's gun hand wavers, drops to his side. He rubs at his face, more tired than he's ever been.

DAVID

It's over. Let's go.

David gestures - walk.

BARRYMORE

You're more stupid than I thought. You think I won't tell them everything.

DAVID

I always knew you'd come back. All my life, I knew you'd come back to

get me. I'm not running again.
Let's go.

David turns for the stairwell. He hears, too late, the RASP of metal on metal. His arms raise in reflex. The gun swings round, then drops from his hand as the shiv enters his side. Barrymore kicks it aside.

David looks at his father, sees the face of evil. Barrymore tugs hard on the knife. David falls to his knees at it leaves his body.

Barrymore wipes the knife on his pants leg. He circles David, stopping to pick up the gun. He throws the knife out of reach.

Barrymore stops before the root closet. He yanks the door open.

BARRYMORE
Welcome home.

INT. WOODY'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Myrna talks to her boy. Perko stands near Spinetti.

Spinetti has the journal in hand, opened to the last page. The echo of his partner's voice.

FLASHBACK:

Spinetti in David's living room. David shoves the last page of the journal into his face.

DAVID
It's Curtis' handwriting.

END FLASHBACK.

Spinetti groans.

PERKO
What is it?

SPINETTI
Somethin' I shoulda seen a long
time ago.

Spinetti can see the coal chute from the window. He removes his tie and jacket. Angela and Johnson watch from the other room.

SPINETTI

You're in charge. I'm goin' in.

PERKO

What? Wait--

Spinetti slams out the back door.

PERKO

(to radio)

Hold positions. Detective
Spinetti's left the house.

CAPTAIN MAY (O.S.)

(from radio)

What the hell for this time?

Perko watches as Spinetti squeezes into the coal chute, then responds.

INT. 15TH PRECINCT - CAPTAIN'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

PERKO (O.S.)

He went in after his partner, sir.

Blasphemy across the radio as May and the SWAT leaders react. May snatches up the radio.

CAPTAIN MAY

Stop him.

PERKO (O.S.)

He's in, sir.

CAPTAIN MAY

Dammit! Give him two goddamned
minutes! Then go after him.

INT. WOODY'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Everyone is stunned at the sudden beginning of the end. Angela waits by the front door. Johnson stands near her, head hung in shame. He looks up at Perko.

JOHNSON

I'll back him up.

PERKO

After me.

Johnson's eyes shift. Perko turns to find Nan standing in the room.

INT. BARRYMORE BASEMENT - CONTINUOUS

Barrymore pushes David to the closet.

At the door, Barrymore shoves. David's head hits the wall.

David falls to his knees in the center of the tiny closet. With great effort he stays upright, blood dripping down his body. A BAND OF LIGHT cuts across the back of his head.

Barrymore leans in, presses the gun against David's temple.

BARRYMORE

I was right - you haven't changed at all, Curtis. Still the crusader, only you're still not saving anyone. Not even yourself. Did you really think I'd let you walk out of here?

DAVID

I didn't walk out of here last time.

BARRYMORE

(chuckles)

You ran. All the way to the East River. I saw you go in, boy. I saw you float away with the other trash. Why didn't you die then?

DAVID

I did.

Barrymore's breath is hot in his ear. David know this is it, the walls are so close, much closer than when he was ten. He sees himself and Barrymore from above. Two big people in a child's closet.

BARRYMORE

No, you just got a new name, and
it doesn't matter what you call
yourself. If you'd of died, all of
those boys would have lived.

(beat)

They squealed like pigs.

David closes his eyes against the image.

DAVID

Why are you doing this?

BARRYMORE

Why? Because you took everything
away from me. I lost Laura forever
because of you. I lost Angela. And
I lost twenty-five years of my
life. Can you see how much people
have sacrificed for you? How you
should have never even existed?

DAVID

I never asked to be your son.

BARRYMORE

You're not.

Barrymore grabs David by the hair and slams him into the
wall again. David collapses. The pool of blood grows. The
BAND OF LIGHT stretches across his eyes.

BARRYMORE (CONT'D)

Laura made a mistake. She left me,
took my daughter, and she made a
mistake. She made you. With him.

(mutters)

She would've come back. I know it.

Profound emotion as David processes what he has just heard.
Not his father.

BARRYMORE (CONT'D)

He never even saw you. But I say
him, every time I looked at you.
Never let me forget.

(beat)

You want to know, don't you? Would
it make you happy to know your

father's name, Curtis? Before you
die?

David looks up at this man who is not his father.

BARRYMORE (CONT'D)
Too bad. I'd be happier if you
died wondering. Eye for an eye,
Curtis...

Barrymore raises the gun. David's eyes are bright in the
band of light.

BARRYMORE (CONT'D)
...you took my life, I'm takin'
yours.

SPINETTI (O.S.)
Freeze!

INT. WOODY'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

GUNSHOTS and chaos.

JOHNSON
(to radio)
Shots fired!

Johnson reaches for Woody as he runs out the front door -
misses.

Nan runs to the window overlooking the Barrymore house. Two
of the SWAT team rush Woody. They pull him to the porch.

Perko slides down the coal chute.

Angela slips out the front door, unwatched, as cops charge
the house.

INT. BARRYMORE BASEMENT - CONTINUOUS

Spinetti yanks his partner from the closet. Barrymore falls
to the dirt floor, dead.

Spinetti whips a handkerchief from his pocket, shoves it to
David's side, pressing hard. There is so much blood.

Perko arrives.

EXT. BARRYMORE HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

PERKO (O.S.)
We need a medic!

JOHNSON
(to radio)
On the way.

Nan joins Johnson as two medics with a stretcher race to the back of the house.

PERKO (O.S.)
We'll need the coroner, too.

Nan reaches for Johnson's arm.

INT. 15TH PRECINCT - CAPTAIN'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

May snaps up the radio again. He hesitates for a moment. Nobody breathes.

CAPTAIN MAY
Report on the victims, Perko.

EXT. BARRYMORE HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

An officer stands at the corner of the yard, Jeffrey Barrymore at his side.

JOHNSON
Miss Barrymore?

Angela turns as Jeffrey runs to her. She falls to her knees, clutching her son.

The static of the radio sounds.

INT. 15TH PRECINCT - CAPTAIN'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

PERKO (O.S.)
We're with Dunbar. The suspect is dead.

Deafening cheers in May's office as:

EXT. BARRYMORE HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Cheers are heard from down the block.

Woody leaps from the porch.

WOODY
Curtis! Curtis!

Angela looks up at him.

INT. 15TH PRECINCT - CAPTAIN'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Amid the celebration, May picks up the office pool. He tears it into a million pieces and tosses it in the air around them all. He smiles and lights his cigar.

INT. BARRYMORE BASEMENT - CONTINUOUS

Spinetti clutches David's hand as the medics tend to him.

SPINETTI
You okay, paizan?

DAVID
Arthur. Jeffrey?

SPINETTI
We got him. He's fine.

DAVID
You know everything?

SPINETTI
I hope so. You got any more secrets?

David laughs, convulses in pain. Spinetti holds tighter.

DAVID
None. I swear.

The medics lift David to the stretcher.

SPINETTI
David, Nan is outside, with Angela. Got around us all. Women.

Quick smiles and nods of agreement from the medics. David clutches at Spinetti.

DAVID
You showed up for me.

SPINETTI

We all showed up this time.

The medics roll out.

SPINETTI (CONT'D)

I'm right behind ya'.

Two cops drag Barrymore's body from the closet. Spinetti lifts a flashlight from one of them. He slides his bulk into the small space.

INT. ROOT CLOSET - CONTINUOUS

Spinetti shines the light around the walls. He squats, searches again. He returns the beam to the bottom of a corner. There. He has to lay down on his side, in his partner's blood.

Carved into the corner so long ago, in childish block lettering:

CURTIS LIONHEART LIVES

EXT. BARRYMORE HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Woody leaps up and down in joy. He waves at Jeffrey, then sees her for the first time.

WOODY

Angie!

Angela rises to her feet. Woody runs to her. He throws himself into her arms. She hugs him hard, then places her hands on his shoulders. She moves him back and lifts his chin.

ANGELA

Woody, what about Curtis?

WOODY

He said he would be back! I waited, Angie, I waited! There he is!

Woody takes off. Angela searches the crowd.

Nan walks beside the stretcher that carries her husband. She holds onto one of his hands. Johnson and Perko trail them. Myrna reins in her son.

The group halts at the rear of the ambulance. Nan leans as David speaks to her.

Angela looks from face to face as the group that surrounds David turns to her. Nan is the last to look up. Tears fall as she smiles.

Angela's eyes shift to the stretcher. David slowly turns his head, finds her.

And she knows.

Angela moves slowly to her brother. She watches as his left hand rises.

She reaches out, feeling first the fingers, the sharp rise of each knuckle, the soft skin of the palm as it closes around her own.

David searches her eyes as his own fill with tears.

DAVID

Angie.

The men look away, clearing throats, shifting feet. Spinetti joins the group.

MEDIC

We gotta move him. See youse at
Mt. Sinai.

DAVID

Arthur? You'll bring them, right?

SPINETTI

We'll be there.

David is lifted to the ambulance. The doors close and it rolls away.

JOHNSON

I'll drive you. You and the
ladies.

Spinetti considers. He tosses the keys to Johnson.

SPINETTI

Okay, kid. Let's go.

They move away. Behind them, another stretcher rolls towards the house, swerving in all of the activity as dozens of people converge upon the scene.

EXT. CEMETERY - LAURA BARRYMORE'S GRAVE - DAY

A beautiful day. David and Angela sit on a cement bench beneath a tree. One small gravestone is set between them and their mother's grave.

David's left arm is in a sling. The cuts on his hands and face have begun to heal.

There are two new sprays of flowers resting against Laura Barrymore's marker.

ANGELA

You're taste in flowers has improved.

DAVID

(chuckles)

In direct correlation to my pay check.

ANGELA

It was carnations. That first time. White.

DAVID

And what a luxury that was! Spike made me wash his car every week for three months for those flowers.

Both watch Spike and Nan walk with Woody and Jeffrey in the distance. The boys play hide and seek behind gravestones.

DAVID (CONT'D)

I also got a name that day. Spike sat right here on this bench while I put those carnations on Mom's grave. He had it all figured out by the time I was done...

EXT. CEMETERY - CONTINUOUS

SPIKE

...we had to name him something
and it had a nice ring to it.

NAN

I always thought so, too. It's so
confusing now.

SPIKE

You got to let it go. He's the
same man. Besides, it could be
worse. You could be Mrs. White
Trash, because that's what the
brothers all called a white kid
who got picked out of the river.

They both smile. Nan stops Spike with a touch on the arm.

NAN

You saved his life.

SPIKE

Well, I don't know about that. He
was born fighting I expect. I'll
tell you though, there was
something about that kid - he got
me right in the heart. Nobody ever
needed me like that before. I had
to get responsible. So, you might
say he saved mine.

EXT. CEMETERY - LAURA BARRYMORE'S GRAVE - CONTINUOUS

DAVID

He made me memorize the dates and
all. I had a social security
number card within a week. It was
just that easy.

Angela slips an arm around his shoulder.

ANGELA

Nothing was easy. Not for you.

DAVID

Did he hurt you very bad, Angie?

ANGELA

You saved me from the worst of it.
And you got me away from him. It
wasn't all for nothing.

DAVID

It wasn't.

(beat)

That picture on your mantle, the
one with you and our mother right
before I was born.

Angela nods.

DAVID (CONT'D)

Do you remember him?

ANGELA

Not really. Mostly images, like
snapshots, you know? I remember
Mama crying. I remember going
somewhere on a train, and a man
who smelled like the sea.

Woody waves at them. David waves back.

ANGELA (CONT'D)

Mostly I remember how happy we
were then. Mama said we were so
happy we made a new baby. I used
to put my hand on her stomach to
feel you kick.

DAVID

What do you think happened to him?

ANGELA

I don't know. Mama went to the
hospital and never came out. All
of a sudden my father was there.
And he took us away.

Nan and Spike head back with the boys.

ANGELA

She's good with them.

DAVID

You're right, she is.

(beat)
It's not much to go on, you know.

ANGELA
What?

DAVID
(smiles)
A guy who smells like the ocean.
But you gotta start somewhere -
how many can there be?

Jeffrey runs up to the bench.

JEFFREY
Nan says it's time to go because
we don't want to be late for your
own party.

Angela and David stand as the rest join them. Nan kisses
David on the cheek.

NAN
You two ready?

ANGELA
I'm ready. Come on, kids.

David's cell phone RINGS.

DAVID
Dunbar.

INT. LUCIO'S RESTAURANT - CONTINUOUS

SPINETTI
Paisan! We need the guest of
honor!

Behind Spinetti, a party. Balloons hang from the trophies.
The place is packed with cops

EXT. CEMETERY - LAURA BARRYMORE'S GRAVE - CONTINUOUS

DAVID
(to Spike)
Sure you won't go with us? You are
family.

SPIKE

You've got to be kidding. Let's
go, ladies. And kiddo's.

Nan and Angela suppress laughter. They start for the cars.

DAVID

I'll be right there.

David sits, looks at the gravestone between him and his
mother.

DAVID

(into phone)

We're on our way. Save me some
wine.

David disconnects.

WOODY (O.S.)

I keep forgetting.

Woody presses something into David's hand.

David very carefully opens it up. The faded red paper
unfurls - it barely resembles the same red heart on the
front of the journal.

DAVID

The lion's heart. This was
supposed to keep you safe, Woody.

WOODY

It did, Curtis! Nothing bad
happened to me while you were
gone.

David nods, unable to speak for a moment.

DAVID

You giving it back now?

WOODY

It's your heart. I was just taking
care of it till you came back.

Woody runs off to the cars.

David stands. He looks from the heart in his hand, to the family waiting for him, to the grave at his feet: DAVID ALAN DUNBAR, BELOVED SON AND BROTHER.

DAVID
Goodbye, David.

FADE OUT.