

FADE IN:

EXT. NEIGHBORHOOD STREET - NIGHT

We hear a car horn blaring as we descend through the foggy night sky. Sheets of rain are swept from side to side by the wiper blades of a black car as it rolls to a stop in front of a POLICE OFFICER.

The police officer, dressed in a dark blue rain slicker marked "POLICE" in yellow letters, is standing next to his patrol car directing traffic. The road has been blocked off.

DETECTIVE JACOBS, 35, rolls down the driver side window of his unmarked black police car. Holding a gold badge in his left hand, he extends his arm out into the beating rain.

DETECTIVE JACOBS
Today, asshole, let me through!

The police officer motions Detective Jacobs through with his middle finger.

POLICE OFFICER
Fuck you, Jacobs!

The black car drives under the yellow crime scene tape. The tape is securing the perimeter of a white 2 story house and the surrounding sidewalk.

The car comes to rest near the front walk. Detective Jacobs exits the car, flicking a lit cigarette onto the wet pavement. With the collar of his dark overcoat pulled up over his light brown hair, he makes a run for the house.

TWO UNIFORMED POLICE OFFICERS are standing on the front porch. Detective Jacobs stops for a moment on the porch to shake off the rain. He is tall and handsome, with a small scar on his chin.

EXT. HOUSE

DETECTIVE JACOBS (CONT'D)
Have you guys seen Connors?

UNIFORMED POLICE OFFICER #1
(pointing at the door)
Yes sir. He's right inside.

DETECTIVE JACOBS
Thanks.

Detective Jacobs opens the front door.

INT. HOUSE-CONTINUOUS

DETECTIVE CONNORS
(sarcastic)
Jacobs, glad you could join us.

DETECTIVE JACOBS
Yeah, yeah. Cut the shit. What did I miss?

DETECTIVE CONNORS, 38, broad shoulders, dark brown hair, is standing with OFFICER MATTHEWS, 25, skinny with blonde hair and a mustache.

OFFICER MATTHEWS
(reading from a note pad)
Well sir, the house is owned by Paul and Nancy Smithson. They have one son, Luke. I received a call at approximately 23:27 from dispatch saying to proceed to 1826 Magnolia Street. Apparently, Mrs. Smithson's parents, Frank and Sylvia Browning, had been trying to reach them on the phone for over an hour. They got worried and called the police.

DETECTIVE JACOBS
(impatient)
Get to the fucking point, Matthews!

OFFICER MATTHEWS
Yes sir. Anyhow, I arrived at the house and Mr. & Mrs. Browning were waiting for me on the front porch. They had a spare key so they let me in. I instructed them to stay on the porch to avoid contaminating the scene.

DETECTIVE CONNORS
Keep going.

CUT TO:

INT. HOUSE - FLASHBACK (BLACK AND WHITE)

Officer Matthews stands in the foyer of the house.

OFFICER MATTHEWS (V.O.)
So I entered the house and called for the family.

He flips on a row of light switches and looks around, but no light turns on. He takes out his flashlight and quickly examines the adjoining family room and study.

OFFICER MATTHEWS (V.O.)
I surveyed the first floor and
found nothing, so I headed upstairs.

He walks up the stairs and stops at the first room on the right. The room is dark, only lit by the flashlight.

OFFICER MATTHEWS (V.O.)
That's where I found the boy.

We see a SMALL BOY, 5, lying in his bed. His arms and feet are bound together with rope. Duct tape is stuck across his mouth. A blindfold covers his eyes. He is motionless.

OFFICER MATTHEWS (V.O.)
I called his name, but he didn't respond.

Officer Matthews leans down and places two fingers on the boy's neck in search of a pulse. All of a sudden, the boy JUMPS up. Officer Matthews is startled.

He quickly unties the boy and peels the tape off his face. The boy starts grabbing for his ears.

OFFICER MATTHEWS (V.O.)
I thought maybe the boy was deaf or
something. Then he pulled one of these
from his ears.

CUT TO:

INT. HOUSE - PRESENT

Officer Matthews pulls out a plastic evidence bag. Detective Connors examines the bag.

DETECTIVE CONNORS
Ear plugs?

OFFICER MATTHEWS
Yes sir. Ear plugs. So I asked the boy
where his parents room was. He said the
last door at the end of the hall. I
quickly carried the boy downstairs to his
grandparents and went back in for the
parents.

CUT TO:

INT. HOUSE - FLASHBACK (BLACK AND WHITE)

Officer Matthews is standing in the upstairs hallway with his gun in one hand and his flashlight in the other. He enters the parents' bedroom.

OFFICER MATTHEWS (V.O.)
I had my weapon drawn this time as I
entered the parents' bedroom.

We see the beam from the flashlight as it quickly bounces around the room. There are no bodies in the room, only blood - everywhere.

OFFICER MATTHEWS (V.O.)
At first, I couldn't believe my eyes.
And then it hit me. There were no bodies.
No sign of the Smithsons. But everything
in the room - the walls, the dresser, the
floor, the bed - everything was covered
in blood.

CUT TO:

INT. HOUSE - PRESENT

OFFICER MATTHEWS
I immediately secured the house and
radioed for back-up. The boy and his
grandparents have been taken to the
station for questioning and possibly for
their protection. The crime lab has
already started processing the blood and
collecting hair, fiber and print
evidence.

DETECTIVE CONNORS
Thank you officer. You did a good job.
Go see if they need any help outside.

OFFICER MATTHEWS
Yes sir. Oh, one more thing. On the
wall in Luke's bedroom written in blood
are the numbers 21 and 16.

DETECTIVE CONNORS
Thank you, officer.

OFFICER MATTHEWS
Sir, if I can help out in any way . . .

DETECTIVE JACOBS
(interrupting)
Thank you Matthews.

Officer Matthews walks outside. Detective Jacobs and Detective Connors are alone talking in the foyer.

DETECTIVE JACOBS
What do you think?

DETECTIVE CONNORS
I'm not really sure. I'm gonna go talk to the crime scene technician and see if he's got anything for us.

DETECTIVE JACOBS
I'll check out the house.

We follow Detective Jacobs as he walks through the downstairs section of the house examining the various rooms and taking notes on a pad.

He walks up the stairs and stops in Luke's room. We see the numbers dripping in blood on the far wall. The 21 is separated from the 16 by a colon (21:16). He pauses to write down the numbers, examines the room and then walks to the parents' room.

The parents' bedroom door has been taped off with yellow crime scene tape. Peeking through the tape, we see his face wince. He is shocked by the scene. The room is literally draped in blood.

As he walks down the hall to the stairs he notices that the carpet in the hallway is free of blood. He walks down the stairs to find Detective Connors in the foyer talking to a CRIME SCENE TECHNICIAN.

DETECTIVE JACOBS
Holy shit! Have you seen that room?
I've never seen so much blood!

DETECTIVE CONNORS
Real pretty isn't it? Get this, it gets better.

CRIME SCENE TECHNICIAN
We don't think the missing couple was the donor. We can't find a single bullet hole or any indication of a major struggle or trauma. Likewise, the blood splatter patterns aren't consistent with a knife wound, bludgeoning, or otherwise.

DETECTIVE JACOBS

Yeah, there's no blood trail! I mean, if you hack up a couple of bodies that badly and then take the corpses with you, there has to be some spillage of blood somewhere.

CRIME SCENE TECHNICIAN

Exactly. This looks more like an abduction than a homicide.

DETECTIVE CONNORS

How many perpetrators are we talking about?

CRIME SCENE TECHNICIAN

Hard to say. We were able to lift one shoe print and possibly some hair and fiber evidence for you.

DETECTIVE CONNORS

Any idea who's blood is all over the walls?

CRIME SCENE TECHNICIAN

We need more time to analyze the blood. You'll have our report first thing in the morning.

DETECTIVE JACOBS

(to the crime scene technician)

Thanks.

The crime scene technician walks away.

DETECTIVE CONNORS

(to Jacobs)

Let's go talk to the boy.

EXT. HOUSE - NIGHT

Detective Connors and Detective Jacobs walk out of the house into the rainy night.

CUT TO:

INT. POLICE STATION - LATER

The police station is dark and dreary. Fluorescent lights flicker overhead as Connors and Jacobs, wiping the rain from their faces, walk the long hallway leading from the entrance of the police station to their office.

INT. OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Connors' and Jacobs' office is small and cramped with files. Two desks sit side by side. They hang their coats up and walk to the conference room.

INT. CONFERENCE ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

The conference room is cold and sterile. An army of small chairs surrounds a large table in the centers of the room. FRED and SYLVIA BROWNING, early 60's, greying hair, are sitting at the far end of the table. LUKE SMITHSON, 5, is lying on Sylvia's lap. Luke sits up as the detectives enter the room. His eyes are puffy. He's been crying. Detective Connors extends his hand to greet the Brownings.

DETECTIVE CONNORS

Mr. & Mrs. Browning, my name is Detective Frank Connors and this is my partner, Detective Tom Jacobs. We're here to ask you a few questions.

FRED BROWNING

(concerned)

Please tell us what's going on.

DETECTIVE CONNORS

Sir, I'm afraid we don't really know just yet. We're still trying to piece together exactly what happened tonight.

FRED BROWNING

Are they alive?

DETECTIVE JACOBS

Again, we don't know. We are treating this case as an abduction until the evidence tells us otherwise.

SYLVIA BROWNING

(almost frantic)

Shouldn't you be out there looking for them?

DETECTIVE CONNORS

Ma'am, we have officers patrolling the surrounding area. We have crime scene technicians processing the home. We're doing everything in our power to find Paul and Nancy.

LUKE

I miss my mommy and daddy.

DETECTIVE JACOBS

I know you do son. We'll do our best to find them.

DETECTIVE CONNORS

Luke, can you tell us what you remember about tonight?

LUKE

Well, all I remember is that I was sleeping and then some man woke me up saying stuff about his mommy and daddy.

DETECTIVE CONNORS

What kind of stuff?

LUKE

That he loved his mommy and daddy. Then he asked me if I love my mommy and Daddy. I tried to tell him that I did, but he covered my mouth.

DETECTIVE JACOBS

Could you tell how many people were in the room?

LUKE

It was dark, I couldn't see. I only heard that one man. And actually he didn't even really sound like a man. I mean, he sounded more like a little kid.

DETECTIVE CONNORS

What do you mean?

LUKE

Well he sounded like a grown up talking in a kid's voice. He kept telling me not to worry...that the Angels of God will protect me. Then he put those things in my ear. I couldn't hear a thing. I was real scared. I just laid there.

DETECTIVE JACOBS

You were real brave, Luke. Thank you.

DETECTIVE CONNORS

Mr. & Mrs. Browning, do you know of anyone who would want to harm Paul and Nancy?

FRED BROWNING

No. I can't think of anyone. Honey, did Nancy say anything to you?

SYLVIA BROWNING

No, she didn't.

DETECTIVE CONNORS

The numbers 21 and 16 were written on the wall of Luke's room. Do you have any idea what they might mean?

FRED BROWNING

(pausing to think)

No.

DETECTIVE CONNORS

Had either one of them been acting out of the ordinary? Said anything or done anything different or odd?

SYLVIA BROWNING

No. I'm sorry.

DETECTIVE JACOBS

Don't be sorry ma'am. You've been a big help.

DETECTIVE CONNORS

We'll be sending you home under police surveillance. This is strictly a precaution, but one that we feel is necessary. An unmarked police car will be stationed outside of your house.

FRED BROWNING

Are we in any danger?

DETECTIVE CONNORS

At this point, we don't really know.

Jacobs and Connors stand up.

DETECTIVE CONNORS (CONT'D)

Thank you again. As soon as we hear anything, we'll let you know. Don't hesitate to call us if you think of something that might be important.

FRED BROWNING

Thank you, detectives.

INT. POLICE STATION - CONTINUOUS

Connors and Jacobs walk back to their office.

INT. OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

They enter and we see their respective desks. Connors' desk is crowded with files and decorated with pictures. One picture shows a happy Connors with his wife and son on the beach. Another shows his son holding a baseball bat. Finally, a third picture of Connor's father sits proudly on his desk. Jacobs' desk does not have pictures. It is neat and orderly with a phone, lamp, and a few well organized files.

DETECTIVE JACOBS

If that's all for tonight, I'm out of here. I need my beauty rest.

Jacobs grabs his coat.

DETECTIVE CONNORS

That you do.

DETECTIVE JACOBS

You going home tonight?

DETECTIVE CONNORS

Nah, probably gonna stay over at the Holiday Inn again. They've got one hell of a breakfast buffet.

DETECTIVE JACOBS

Cute. Things aren't any better with Stacey?

DETECTIVE CONNORS

No. Same old shit -- I don't communicate, I'm not sensitive, I'm not there for her emotionally, bla, bla, bla!

Detective Jacobs walks to the door.

DETECTIVE JACOBS

You're welcome to crash at my place.

DETECTIVE CONNORS

And miss the breakfast buffet? No thanks.

DETECTIVE JACOBS

I sure am glad I'm single!

Detective Jacobs walks out of the office.

INT. POLICE STATION - CONTINUOUS

We follow Jacobs through the dark and empty police station down the long hall to the front doors. He opens them and steps out into the rainy night.

CUT TO:

EXT. JACOBS' APARTMENT BUILDING - A BIT LATER

Jacobs parks his unmarked black police car in front of his four story brick apartment building. He runs through the rain trying to avoid puddles and enters the building.

INT. JACOBS' APARTMENT - MOMENTS LATER

Jacobs unlocks the door to his apartment and enters. He hangs his coat in the hall closet. The small, two-bedroom apartment is very clean and orderly.

The wooden floors creak as he walks the hall to the family room. The kitchen is small and clean. It sits right next to the family room. The walls are sparsely covered with framed, professional-looking photographs of what appear to be family members.

The family room is occupied by a couch, a coffee table, a 36" television set and a fireplace. Jacobs grabs the remote from the coffee table and turns on the local news. The small framed black and white picture on the mantle catches his eye and he smiles.

CLOSE ON THE PICTURE

We see Detective Jacobs as a small boy standing in front of his parents. They look very happy. We hear the news in the background.

CLOSE ON THE TELEVISION.

The NEWS ANCHOR MAN is sitting behind a light wood desk. The small screen over his left shoulder shows a picture of a priest.

NEWS ANCHOR MAN

The search continues for Father Patrick Murphy, who has been missing now for over two weeks. He was last seen in his home by his sister. Unfortunately, the police have very little to go on.

If you have any leads, please contact
your local police department.

Detective Jacobs is intently watching the television. His gaze is broken by the steady sound of thumping mixed with the occasional groan coming from behind the wall next to him. It sounds as though the neighbors are having sex.

DETECTIVE JACOBS
Keep it down! Don't you people ever
fucking sleep?

We hear the groaning and thumping and see the reflection of the television in Jacobs' eyes. His eyes close.

CUT TO:

INT. HOTEL ROOM

Detective Connors is lying on a bed in a dark hotel room with his head and back propped up by a couple of pillows. The blue glow from the television lights his face. He is alone and looks sad.

FADE OUT.

INT. POLICE STATION - THE NEXT MORNING

Detective Jacobs looks tired as he walks down the dimly lit long hallway to his office. The lights overhead are buzzing.

He stops at a cubicle outside his office to grab a cup of coffee. A very ATTRACTIVE BRUNETTE, early 30's, dressed in a dark blue suit, is walking his way with CHIEF TURNER, mid 50's, grey crew cut and mustache.

DETECTIVE JACOBS
Hot damn, Chief! Aren't you a lucky man!

CHIEF TURNER
No Jacobs, you are. Special Agent Robyn Harper, I'd like for you to meet Detective Tom Jacobs.

AGENT HARPER reaches out her hand.

AGENT HARPER
It's a pleasure to meet you, Detective.

Detective Jacobs shakes her hand.

DETECTIVE JACOBS
Wow, Feds are getting better looking every day!

Agent Harper is visibly annoyed with Detective Jacobs.

CHIEF TURNER

Agent Harper is an expert in criminal profiling and abductions. The Bureau got word of your little blood bath last night and decided to send an agent to assist. Best of luck. Oh, I want a status report ASAP.

DETECTIVE JACOBS

Yes sir.

Chief Turner walks back down the hall.

DETECTIVE JACOBS (CONT'D)

(to Agent Harper)

Coffee?

AGENT HARPER

No thanks.

Detective Jacobs motions Agent Harper to his office.

DETECTIVE JACOBS

Step into my office.

He pauses at the door to let her enter first and to get a better look at her backside.

INT. OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Detective Jacobs pulls a chair out from an empty desk in the office and pats the seat.

DETECTIVE JACOBS

Here, grab a seat.

AGENT HARPER

No thanks. I'm fine standing.

Detective Jacobs takes his coat off and sits at his desk. He takes a cigarette out of the pack in his pocket and lights it.

DETECTIVE JACOBS

Cigarette?

AGENT HARPER

Detective, can we cut the bullshit?

DETECTIVE JACOBS

By all means.

AGENT HARPER

The bizarre circumstances surrounding last night's abduction have led the Bureau to offer their support in this investigation. We believe that . . .

DETECTIVE JACOBS

(interrupting)

Uh, excuse me, how do you know for sure that there even was an abduction? We have no witnesses, we have no ransom note, we . . .

AGENT HARPER

(interrupting)

We have no bodies.

DETECTIVE JACOBS

Maybe you haven't heard, but the entire room was covered in blood.

AGENT HARPER

I've been fully briefed on the details of the crime scene. Perhaps I should brief you on the details of this morning's forensics report.

Detective Connors walks into the office.

DETECTIVE CONNORS

Am I interrupting something?

DETECTIVE JACOBS

Glad you could join us. We were just about to be briefed on the forensics report from OUR investigation.

Agent Harper reaches out her hand to greet Detective Connors. He does the same.

AGENT HARPER

You must be Detective Frank Connors.

DETECTIVE CONNORS

I am. And you are?

AGENT HARPER

Special Agent Robyn Harper with the Federal Bureau of Investigation.

DETECTIVE CONNORS

It's nice to meet you.

AGENT HARPER

I was trying to explain to your rather slow-witted partner that I am here to offer my assistance. The unique circumstances of this case have peaked the interest of the bureau.

DETECTIVE CONNORS

We appreciate the help.

AGENT HARPER

This case has all the warning signs of a serial-type abduction or murder. Look at the handling of the child, the numbers left on the wall, the blood, the lack of forensic evidence. This was deliberate. This was not a crime of passion or rage. This was methodical. And I'd be willing to bet this will not be the last one.

DETECTIVE JACOBS

And the forensics report?

Agent Harper hands the preliminary forensics report to Detective Jacobs.

AGENT HARPER

As you will see, the crime lab was unable to find any evidence - skin, tissue, bone, or otherwise that is indicative of a homicide. Likewise, as they mentioned to you last night, the splatter patterns are not consistent with a bullet, knife or bludgeon wound. The blood type found in the home, B-negative, does not match Paul, Nancy or Luke Smithson's. There was no sign of forced entry. Our perp was either let into the house or knows how to pick locks. The door knobs were wiped clean of finger prints, again suggesting forethought. Hair and fiber samples are still being processed. And finally, one shoe print was lifted with trace elements of coal found in the grooves.

DETECTIVE CONNORS

Coal?

Chief Turner storms into the room.

CHIEF TURNER

Gentlemen and lady, you're needed ASAP at the Wild Oaks Trailer Park. Our boy may have struck again!

EXT. WILD OAKS TRAILER PARK

The morning is dark. Clouds loom ominously overhead. Detective Jacobs' black unmarked police car comes to rest in a cloud of dust. They have parked next to a marked police car, in front of a dirty rundown trailer. The two detectives exit the front of the car and survey the scene.

The trailer park is lifeless, void of any vegetation and overrun with dilapidated mobile homes. We hear what sounds like Bob Marley's Exodus coming from the trailer. Agent Harper, sitting in the back seat, tries to open the door, but it's locked. With an annoyed look on her face, she bangs on the window.

AGENT HARPER

(muffled)

Can I get a little help here?

Detective Jacobs, smirking, opens the car door.

DETECTIVE JACOBS

Sorry about that.

AGENT HARPER

I'm sure you are.

A UNIFORMED POLICE OFFICER is standing by the front door of the trailer. Bob Marley's Exodus can still be heard, now even louder, blaring out of the trailer.

DETECTIVE CONNORS

Officer, what do we have?

UNIFORMED POLICE OFFICER

Well sir, the neighbors called in a noise complaint at approximately 8:30 this morning. Apparently Bob Marley's been jammin' since about six. I knocked on the front door and no one answered. It was unlocked so I walked in. I got about one step in the door and I about lost my breakfast. Take a look for yourself. It's not pretty.

DETECTIVE CONNORS

Thank you, officer.

Connors opens the trailer door.

INT. TRAILER - CONTINUOUS

The trailer is dark and dingy. The smell of blood is fresh in the damp air. Flies have already started swarming. Dishes, chairs, magazines, lamps and tables are all out of place, overturned and stained with blood.

Bob Marley's Exodus is screaming out of a small black boom box on the counter of the kitchen. Detective Connors walks into the kitchen, pulls out a pen from his pocket and slides the volume down on the radio.

Just on the other side of the kitchen, lying on a blood soaked, makeshift altar (the coffee table with candles glowing) in the middle of the family room, is the eviscerated body of SHERI JENKINS, blonde, 28 years old.

On the far wall behind her head, we see 34:7 written in blood. Detective Connors, noticeably concerned, stares at the body. Detective Jacobs has a hard time keeping focus but looks on with reluctance. Agent Harper is the last one to see the body.

AGENT HARPER
(turning away)
Oh, my God!

DETECTIVE JACOBS
(to Agent Harper)
It looks like you were right - only this time we HAVE a body.

AGENT HARPER
(regaining her composure)
If you can call it that.

DETECTIVE CONNORS
We need to notify the crime lab.

Detective Jacobs pulls out his cell phone.

DETECTIVE JACOBS
I'm on it.

Agent Harper walks closer to the body.

DETECTIVE CONNORS
(to Harper)
So what do you make of this?

Agent Harper is circling the body.

AGENT HARPER

Killers communicate to us through their crime scenes. It looks like some sort of religious ritual or sacrifice. Our guy is obviously trying to make a bold statement here. This scene is very dramatic, very visceral. There is a lot of rage and anger. He wanted this girl to suffer.

DETECTIVE CONNORS

How about the organs being out of the body?

AGENT HARPER

Disemboweling was, until a few hundred years ago, a common form of torture and execution, especially for religious heretics. Our guy has an obvious fondness for religion.

DETECTIVE CONNORS

(sarcastic)

That makes sense, if you don't believe in God, you don't get to keep your organs.

Detective Jacobs gets off of his cell phone. He walks carefully around the room.

DETECTIVE JACOBS

The crime lab's 2 minutes away.

DETECTIVE CONNORS

Why do you think the Smithson couple was spared this?

Detective Connors kneels down near the body.

AGENT HARPER

I'm not sure.

DETECTIVE JACOBS

What were the numbers on the wall from the boys room?

DETECTIVE CONNORS

21 and 16

DETECTIVE JACOBS

(to Harper)

Do the numbers mean anything to you?

AGENT HARPER
Perhaps they are dates, times, chapters
from a book...

DETECTIVE JACOBS
(sarcastic)
Football scores?

DETECTIVE CONNORS
I don't think so. Let's preserve this
scene for the crime lab and go find out
who this girl is and why she's lying here
like this.

They leave the trailer.

EXT. TRAILER - CONTINUOUS

The white crime lab van is pulling to a halt next to
Detective Jacobs' car. A CRIME SCENE TECHNICIAN exits the
van. Detective Connors approaches.

DETECTIVE CONNORS
It looks like we've got another one.
This time, unfortunately, we've got a
body or at least part of one. I want a
comparison of the blood found here and at
the Smithson's. Take a lot of pictures.

CRIME SCENE TECHNICIAN
Yes sir.

Detective Jacobs is walking back from having just talked to
the uniformed police officer. Detective Connors and Agent
Harper are waiting by the car.

DETECTIVE JACOBS
Her name is Sherry Jenkins. Her parents
actually live about 2 miles from here. A
uniform has already broken the bad news.

DETECTIVE CONNORS
Let's see what they know.

Detective Jacobs opens the back door of the car for Agent
Harper.

AGENT HARPER
I think this time I'll ride shotgun.

Agent Harper opens the front passenger side door and gets
into the car.

Connors smiles at Jacobs as he sits in the back seat of the car. Jacobs walks around to the driver side and gets in.

EXT. CARL JENKINS' HOME - DAY

A light sprinkle of rain starts to come down over Connors, Jacobs and Harper as they walk up a small driveway to a dingy, one-story grey house. The yard is mostly dirt.

The front stoop is home to a rusty metal chair and a small table with empty beer cans and cigarette butts. Jacobs knocks on the door. The door opens with a squeak. CARL JENKINS, early 60's (but looks older), opens the door.

CARL JENKINS
(distraught)
Can I help you?

DETECTIVE CONNORS
Sir, my name is Detective Frank Connors.
This is my partner Detective Tom Jacobs
and this is FBI Special Agent Robyn
Harper.

CARL JENKINS
How do you do?

DETECTIVE CONNORS
Sir, I know this is a real difficult time
for you, but I was wondering if we could
come in and ask you a few questions.

CARL JENKINS
(sighing)
I don't see why not.

INT. HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

We follow Carl Jenkins as he turns and limps down the dark hallway with the help of a cane. The house is musty and stale. Carl Jenkins turns into the family room and sits, with some discomfort, on a beat-up old recliner. He sets his cane next to an end-table.

The family room is lit only by the television and a few rays of sunlight that have managed to penetrate the dusty windows.

The stained green sofa sits behind a small wooden coffee table covered in dirty dishes and empty food containers. A fog of cigarette smoke floats against the ceiling.

CARL JENKINS
(pointing to the couch)
Please sit.

They reluctantly sit down.

CARL JENKINS (CONT'D)

As you can imagine, we're pretty shaken up over this. My poor wife fainted when she heard the news. I gave her a Valium and put her to bed.

DETECTIVE CONNORS

Sir, we're very sorry for your loss. Do you have any idea who could have done this?

Carl Jenkins lights up a cigarette.

CARL JENKINS

(getting upset)

I'll tell you who done this, that son of a bitch Earl. He's been beating Sherry for years. I told her she needed to leave him. God damn it I should have taken care of that bastard years ago.

DETECTIVE CONNORS

Was Earl her boyfriend?

CARL JENKINS

Yeah.

DETECTIVE CONNORS

Could we get a last name?

CARL JENKINS

Miller. Earl Miller. He lives over on Sunnyside.

AGENT HARPER

Do the numbers 34 and 7 mean anything to you?

CARL JENKINS

No ma'am, not really.

DETECTIVE JACOBS

By any chance do you know Paul and Nancy Smithson?

CARL JENKINS

Can't say as I do.

DETECTIVE CONNORS

Sir, we appreciate your help. We'll be in touch.

CARL JENKINS
Ya'll better go get that son of a bitch.

Connors, Jacobs and Harper stand up to leave.

DETECTIVE CONNORS
Sir, we'll do our best.

CARL JENKINS
If you don't mind, could you show
yourselves out? My leg ain't no good
anymore.

DETECTIVE CONNORS
By all means. Thank you.

They walk from the smoky family room to the dark hall toward
the front door. They pause to look at an old photograph on
the wall of Sherry as a young girl. She looks happy.

AGENT HARPER
(pointing to the picture)
How can someone so happy end up so sad?

DETECTIVE JACOBS
Unfortunately some of life's choices are
made for us - like who our parents are.

They walk to the door and exit the home.

EXT. EARL MILLER'S HOUSE - DAY

The rain is coming down pretty hard. The afternoon sky is
grey and unsettled. The house is small and the yard is
unkept. The garage door is open revealing a cluttered mess
of car parts, tools and boxes.

Connors, Jacobs and Harper exit the vehicle and make a run
for the shelter provided by the open garage.

EARL MILLER, early 30's, comes from behind a stack of boxes
wearing gloves and holding a power drill. The sound of the
running drill is muffled by the pounding of the rain.
Connors, Jacobs and Harper are startled.

EARL MILLER
Can I help you folks?

DETECTIVE JACOBS
Are you Earl Miller?

EARL MILLER
Yeah. Who's asking?

DETECTIVE JACOBS

My name is Detective Jacobs. This is
Detective Connors and Special Agent Robyn
Harper.

EARL MILLER

So what?

DETECTIVE JACOBS

Sir, could you please turn off the drill?
We need to talk to you about Sherry
Jenkins.

Earl turns the drill off and removes his gloves. Miller has
light brown hair and is rather muscular. His hands are big
and powerful.

EARL MILLER

Anything the matter with Sherry?

DETECTIVE JACOBS

Actually yes sir, I'm afraid there is.
Her body was found this morning. She's
dead.

Earl Miller looks angry and upset. His eyes drop.

EARL MILLER

Oh my God. When, I mean what happened?

DETECTIVE CONNORS

We think she was killed some time last
night. Her body was found this morning
in her trailer.

DETECTIVE JACOBS

Mr. Miller, when was the last time you
saw Sherry?

EARL MILLER

Hang on a second, I didn't have nothing
to do with this.

DETECTIVE CONNORS

Sir, when and where did you last see her?

EARL MILLER

It was around 10 o'clock last night at
her place.

DETECTIVE JACOBS

Was everything alright?

EARL MILLER

Not exactly...pausing...we had, I guess
you can call it, a fight.

Earl covers his face with his hands.

DETECTIVE JACOBS

What was the nature of your fight?

EARL MILLER

I don't really want to get into it right
now.

DETECTIVE JACOBS

Sir any information you could give us, no
matter how minute, could help us find her
killer.

EARL MILLER

Well, there was a rumor going around that
Sherry was fooling around on me. I went
over there to confront her.

AGENT HARPER

(angry)

Do you mean beat her?

EARL MILLER

No Ma'am, I didn't lay a hand on her.

AGENT HARPER

Perhaps then a fist?

EARL MILLER

I promise I didn't touch her. I asked
her if she was cheating on me and she
denied everything. I was pissed off so I
went up to the Copper Rocket Lounge to
cool off. I was there till they closed
down.

DETECTIVE CONNORS

Then where did you go?

EARL MILLER

Home.

DETECTIVE CONNORS

Can anyone vouch for your whereabouts
after the bar closed?

EARL MILLER

Not really. Look, I didn't kill Sherry. We had our fair share of problems, but I could never kill no one. Honest.

AGENT HARPER

Mr. Miller, do you go to church?

EARL MILLER

What?

AGENT HARPER

Are you religious? Christian? Jewish? Whatever.

EARL MILLER

Ma'am, I'm a Christian. I don't make church every Sunday, but I try.

DETECTIVE CONNORS

Mr. Miller, what do you do for a living?

EARL MILLER

I mow yards.

The rain has let up slightly. The day is still very dreary.

DETECTIVE CONNORS

It's kind of hard to mow yards in this weather.

EARL MILLER

Yes sir, it is.

DETECTIVE CONNORS

Thanks for your time Mr. Miller. I would advise you not to leave town. We'll definitely be in touch.

They turn to leave.

DETECTIVE JACOBS

One more thing. Do you listen to reggae music?

EARL MILLER

Sometimes. Why?

DETECTIVE JACOBS

Just curious. Have a nice day.

They run out from the cover of the garage and into the rain. They enter the car and drive away.

INT. OFFICE - LATER

Connors sits on the end of his desk sipping his coffee. Jacobs stands holding a lit cigarette next to Agent Harper in front of a tan cork board.

A white note card with the word "Smithson" penned in black ink sits on the top left hand corner of the cork board. The following items are arranged beneath the card: pictures of the Smithson house (the bloody bedroom and the numbers 21:16 on the wall of Luke's bedroom) and of Paul and Nancy, the earplugs still in an evidence bag, and the words "Paul", "Nancy", "Luke", "Angel of God" and "coal" on white note cards.

A similar card marked "Sherry Jenkins" sits to the right of the Smithson card. Underneath the Sherry Jenkins card we see the words "Earl Miller", "Carl Jenkins", and "Bob Marley's Exodus" along with the numbers "34:7" sketched on cards.

AGENT HARPER

There has to be a pattern here. Serial killers all have a system or a routine. What ties these two families together?

DETECTIVE CONNORS

There could be a million things - where do we begin?

DETECTIVE JACOBS

(to Agent Harper)

How about a profile of the killer? Who or what are we dealing with?

AGENT HARPER

More than likely a Caucasian male, early 20's to mid 40's. He probably lives alone. I doubt he has too many friends. Based upon the strong religious overtones of the Jenkins crime scene, I would suspect that our killer has religious fixations.

DETECTIVE JACOBS

So are we talking about some uni-bomber freak living out in the woods somewhere preaching his Bible to a bunch of squirrels?

AGENT HARPER

Not exactly, I would imagine that he leads a relatively normal life.

It's even likely that those around him have absolutely no clue what he's up to. Take a look at Ted Bundy or John Wayne Gacy. Both men led "normal" lives by day, but were mass murderers by night.

DETECTIVE CONNORS

What else?

AGENT HARPER

Well it's highly probable that he suffers from some sort of mental illness brought on by an early-life crisis. Most sociopaths are delusional. They can create alternate realities as a means to escape from the often times too painful real world. Some even think that they hear voices. David Berkowitz thought that God himself was instructing him to kill.

DETECTIVE CONNORS

So we're looking more or less for an average Joe altar boy who was abused by his parents, thinks he's God and likes to cut young women wide open?

AGENT HARPER

Something like that.

DETECTIVE JACOBS

What about Earl Miller?

AGENT HARPER

There's an apparent motive there to kill Sherry Jenkins based on her alleged infidelity, but he just doesn't strike me as the type. I don't know - I could be wrong.

DETECTIVE JACOBS

How about the ear plugs?

DETECTIVE CONNORS

He obviously didn't want to upset the child - the whole "Angel of God" thing.

AGENT HARPER

I think you're right.

DETECTIVE JACOBS

So what's our next move? We can't just wait for this guy to kill again.

DETECTIVE CONNORS
I don't know, but can we talk about it
over dinner? I'm starving.

DETECTIVE JACOBS
Sure.

DETECTIVE CONNORS
Agent Harper?

AGENT HARPER
Sounds good.

DETECTIVE JACOBS
What about Pisa's, right around the
corner?

DETECTIVE CONNORS
Let's do it.

INT. PISA'S RESTAURANT - EVENING

Connors sits next to Jacobs and across from Harper at a small
table in the far corner of a tiny little Italian restaurant.
The restaurant is small, only about 10 tables with red
checkered table cloths. Pictures of gondolas and the leaning
tower of Pisa cover the walls. Candles stuck on top of
whicker basket bottles of Chianti provide most of the light.
The three sit talking as they twirl their pasta. The WAITER
comes over to pour some wine.

WAITER
(to Agent Harper)
Would you like some wine?

AGENT HARPER
No thanks, I'm not a big drinker.

He pours wine for Jacobs and Connors.

DETECTIVE JACOBS
So, Agent Harper...

AGENT HARPER
We can cut the Agent Harper crap, call me
Robyn.

DETECTIVE JACOBS
All right Robyn, so what's your story?

AGENT HARPER
My story?

DETECTIVE JACOBS

Yeah, your 'where', 'why' and 'who'?

AGENT HARPER

(smiling)

My what?

DETECTIVE JACOBS

Where are you from? Why the FBI? Who are you dating?

Agent Harper laughs.

AGENT HARPER

I grew up in a real small town in Florida, called Crescent City. My parents divorced when I was about 8 and my Dad moved out to California. My Mom pretty much raised me and my brother on her own. She worked two jobs just so I could go to college. I graduated from F.S.U. with a degree in Criminology. The government was looking for women to join the bureau and I needed the money, so here I am.

DETECTIVE CONNORS

You left out the 'who'?

DETECTIVE JACOBS

Thanks, Frank.

Agent Harper nervously plays with the ice in her water glass.

AGENT HARPER

Thanks Frank. There is no 'who'. I'm currently not dating.

DETECTIVE JACOBS

I don't believe it.

AGENT HARPER

Believe it. For some reason I seem to pick the biggest jackasses around. I'm sure it has something to do with my Dad splitting on me when I was young - who knows. I wish parents knew how bad they can fuck kids up.

Detective Connors takes a long sip of his red wine.

DETECTIVE CONNORS

Some know, but just can't do anything about it.

AGENT HARPER

It sounds like you're speaking from experience.

DETECTIVE CONNORS

Is it that obvious? Yeah, my wife and I are separated.

AGENT HARPER

I'm sorry.

DETECTIVE CONNORS

You know, it's kind of weird, we don't really know what happened. I guess soon after our son, Allen, was born, things just got crazy. Her life became Allen's and mine became work. We just grew apart. I guess it doesn't help that I "don't communicate very well" and that I'm not "understanding" of her needs.

AGENT HARPER

That's too bad. What about your parents, are they still together?

DETECTIVE CONNORS

That's a whole other story. My dad was killed in a car accident when I was about 8. My mom couldn't deal with the pressure of raising 3 boys on her own; so one night while taking a bath she decided to slit her wrists with razor.

AGENT HARPER

Oh my God!

DETECTIVE CONNORS

My brothers and I ended up in an orphanage.

DETECTIVE JACOBS

That's awful.

DETECTIVE CONNORS

It wasn't too bad. We were only there for about 6 months. We got lucky. We were all three adopted by the same family.

Detective Jacobs rolls a cigarette between his fingers.

DETECTIVE JACOBS (CONT'D)

God, I feel like shit. My life has been pretty normal.

AGENT HARPER

How so?

DETECTIVE JACOBS

I was born and raised here. My parents are still married. We talk on the phone almost once a week. My mom was a school teacher and my dad was a pharmacist. Both have retired and moved to Florida. I joined the police academy soon after a failed attempt at college. I'm not married and I'm not dating anyone.

AGENT HARPER

You call that normal?

The waiter walks up and drops off their check. Detective Jacobs grabs his wallet.

DETECTIVE JACOBS

I've got this.

DETECTIVE CONNORS

That's mighty kind of you.

AGENT HARPER

Thanks.

DETECTIVE JACOBS

(looking at his watch)

The forensics report from the Jenkins trailer is being dropped off at my place in ten minutes.

DETECTIVE CONNORS

I'm gonna have to pass. I promised Stacey I would stop by and discuss a few things.

AGENT HARPER

Good luck.

DETECTIVE CONNORS

Thanks.

They stand up and walk to the door. Jacobs holds the door for them and they exit the restaurant.

EXT. RESTAURANT - CONTINUOUS

The night sky is dark and rain continues to drizzle down.
They stand under the awning of the restaurant.

DETECTIVE CONNORS
I'll meet you at the station in the
morning to go over forensics.

DETECTIVE JACOBS
Good deal.

DETECTIVE CONNORS
Have a good night, stay dry.

Detective Connors pulls the collar of his rain coat over his
head and makes a run for his car.

DETECTIVE JACOBS (CONT'D)
(to Agent Harper)
Well Robyn, you in?

AGENT HARPER
I guess. I assume you'll give me a ride
back to my hotel.

DETECTIVE JACOBS
Of course. You have my word.

The two take off into the rain.

EXT. JACOBS' APARTMENT BUILDING - LATER

Detective Jacobs and Agent Harper pull behind a marked police
car. They exit the car and make a dash for the front of the
apartment building. Standing by the door in a dark blue rain
slicker is Officer Matthews. Officer Matthews hands
Detective Jacobs a manila envelope.

OFFICER MATTHEWS
Hear you go, sir.

DETECTIVE JACOBS
You are a good man, Matthews. I really
appreciate it.

OFFICER MATTHEWS
It's no problem, sir.

Matthew smiles at Agent Harper

DETECTIVE JACOBS
Ah, Officer Matthews, meet Agent Robyn
Harper.

OFFICER MATTHEWS
Ma'am, it's a pleasure to meet you.

AGENT HARPER
Likewise.

OFFICER MATTHEWS
Sir, if I can do anything else just let
me know.

DETECTIVE JACOBS
I will.

OFFICER MATTHEWS
(smiling at Agent Harper)
Have a good night.

Jacobs opens the door to the apartment building and lets
Harper walk in.

INT. JACOBS' APARTMENT - MOMENTS LATER

The apartment door opens and Agent Harper walks in first.
Jacobs closes the door behind them.

DETECTIVE JACOBS
Can I take your coat?

Agent Harper takes her coat off and hands it to him.

AGENT HARPER
Thanks.

Jacobs hangs the coat in the closet. They walk the wood
floors into the family room.

DETECTIVE JACOBS
Come on in and have a seat.

Agent Harper surveys the apartment.

AGENT HARPER
This is a nice place you have here. It's
very CLEAN for a guy.

DETECTIVE JACOBS
Thanks, I guess.

Agent Harper sits on the couch. Detective Jacobs walks to the kitchen.

DETECTIVE JACOBS (CONT'D)

Can I get you something to drink? Beer?
Coffee? Water?

AGENT HARPER

A water would be fine.

He comes out from the kitchen, puts a water on the coffee table in front of Agent Harper and sits down next to her with a bottle of beer in one hand and the forensics report in the other. He hands her the report. She gently opens the envelope.

DETECTIVE JACOBS

So what does it say?

She pauses to read the report. He patiently stares at her with great interest.

AGENT HARPER

Hmm.

She pulls pictures from the envelope and scatters them across the coffee table. She finds pictures of the body and of the numbers 34:7.

DETECTIVE JACOBS

What?

AGENT HARPER

(pointing to the pictures)

Sherry Jenkins was blood type A-positive. The blood on and around her body was A positive. The blood that was splattered throughout the trailer and used to write the numbers is B-negative. B-negative is the same blood type found on the walls of the Smithson's bedroom and in the boy's room.

DETECTIVE JACOBS

So our guy BROUGHT blood to the scene?

AGENT HARPER

It looks like it. They also found trace elements of coal in another shoe print.

DETECTIVE JACOBS

Any bruising or indication that she was beaten by her boyfriend?

AGENT HARPER
It doesn't look like it.

Agent Harper pauses to read.

AGENT HARPER (CONT'D)
Let's see, they also found a non-lethal dose of Ketamine in her system. The right amount of Ketamine can put a body into a trance-like state where the mind is fully aware of what's going on but the body won't function.

DETECTIVE JACOBS
I remember Ketamine from my days as a Narcotics officer. On the street they call it Special K. It looks like our guy managed to keep Sherry awake during the filleting. She must have literally felt her body being cut to pieces.

AGENT HARPER
My God, that's horrible! That poor girl. Can you imagine the pain she must have endured?

DETECTIVE JACOBS
I can't imagine.

Detective Jacobs pauses to stare at the pictures on the table. He sips his beer. Agent Harper places the report down on the coffee table on top of the pictures.

AGENT HARPER
Can I use your restroom?

DETECTIVE JACOBS
(pointing)
Sure. It's the second door on the right.

She stands up. Detective Jacobs stares intently at the photographs.

AGENT HARPER
Thanks.

Agent Harper walks to the bathroom. She pauses to examine the pictures on the wall of the hallway.

CLOSE ON A VERY PROFESSIONAL PICTURE OF AN ATTRACTIVE COUPLE IN THEIR LATE 50'S, SITTING ON A SAILBOAT.

AGENT HARPER (CONT'D)
Are these your parents on the sailboat?

DETECTIVE JACOBS (O.S.)
Yeah.

AGENT HARPER
Wow, they're a good looking couple.

DETECTIVE JACOBS (O.S.)
The apple doesn't fall far from the tree,
so they say.

Agent Harper gets to the first door and turns the knob. The door is locked. She shakes the knob again - nothing.

AGENT HARPER
I think your bathroom door is locked.

Detective Jacobs gets up and walks down the hall.

DETECTIVE JACOBS
I'm sorry, it's the second door. That's a guest room that has turned into a junk room.

Detective Jacobs smiles.

AGENT HARPER
Sorry.

She walks to the second door and opens it. She smiles. Detective Jacobs walks back down the hall to the family room.

Jacobs stops and smiles at the picture of his parents. He returns to his beer, the couch and the pictures. Again he gets lost in thought and in the pictures.

Agent Harper returns to the couch. She sits and stares at the pictures.

DETECTIVE JACOBS
It sucks that we aren't out there chasing this guy down.

AGENT HARPER
(staring at the pictures)
I guess we have to be patient.

Agent Harper's concentration is broken by a slow and steady thumping sound. It's hard to tell where the sound is coming from. She looks around.

AGENT HARPER (CONT'D)
Do you hear that?

Detective Jacobs points at the wall next to them.

DETECTIVE JACOBS
You mean my neighbor?

The thumping becomes a bit louder and is now mixed with the occasional groan.

AGENT HARPER
Are you serious?

DETECTIVE JACOBS
Yep, she's at it like this almost every night.

AGENT HARPER
My God she's loud. It sounds like it's coming from your apartment.

DETECTIVE JACOBS
Aren't old buildings great -- walls like paper. I usually have to turn the TV up to drown out the ecstasy.

A loud groan is heard.

AGENT HARPER
(looking at her watch)
Wow, that's impressive. You know what, I think on that note I should be leaving.

Agent Harper stands and collects the pictures from the table. Detective Jacobs helps her. She fills the envelope with the report and pictures.

AGENT HARPER (CONT'D)
Do you mind if I keep this for the night?

DETECTIVE JACOBS
Not at all.

Jacobs follows her to the front door. He grabs her coat and opens the door for her. They leave the apartment. We stay behind in the apartment and continue to hear the thumping and groaning.

FADE OUT.

EXT. CHURCH - THE NEXT MORNING

An ELDERLY MAN is walking the grounds of a dilapidated old church. He is carrying a broom. He is obviously the caretaker. The morning is damp and foggy. The dew is thick on the ground. He slowly approaches the large wooden doors of the church. With great effort he pries the doors open.

INT. CHURCH - CONTINUOUS

The church is dark, lit only by the soft glow of candles on the altar and the dust-filled beams of colored sunlight shining through the stained glass windows. The carpet is a dark crimson red. The pews are an even darker mahogany. The elderly man looks surprised to see the glowing candles.

ELDERLY MAN

Hello? Is anyone in here?

We see the elderly man's face as he gazes up at the altar. Fear rises in his eyes. His face twitches and his hands start to shake. He drops the broom. He turns and runs from the church.

ELDERLY MAN (CONT'D)

Ahhhhhh!

EXT. CHURCH - LATER

Jacobs' black unmarked police car comes to a screeching halt outside of the church. The morning is overcast. Jacobs and Agent Harper exit the front of the car. Jacobs opens the back door and Connors climbs out. They walk hastily to the big doors of the church where the elderly man sits quivering.

DETECTIVE CONNORS

Sir, my name is Detective Connors.

The man is shaking unresponsively. Agent Harper reaches down to console him.

AGENT HARPER

Sir, are you all right?

ELDERLY MAN

(barely audible)

J-J-J-J-Jeeessuuss!

The elderly man points to the church doors.

AGENT HARPER

Sir, stay right here, we'll go take a look inside.

Detective Jacobs pulls back the large doors of the church.

INT. CHURCH - CONTINUOUS

We see the troubled face of Agent Harper as she, flanked on either side by Jacobs and Connors, walks down the center aisle of the church. For the first time we see what had frightened the elderly man.

Crucified on a cross hanging above the altar is Paul Smithson. Blood is dripping from holes in his hands, his feet and his stomach. A bloody crown of thorns sits on top of his head. Kneeling on the altar before him in a white blood stained robe is the lifeless body of Nancy Smithson. Her face is stained with tears of blood.

AGENT HARPER

My GOD!

They walk around the dead bodies surveying the scene. A large Bible covered in blood sits open in the center of the altar. Detective Connors examines it closely.

DETECTIVE CONNORS

I think we've got something here.

The Bible is open to the Book of Matthew, Chapter 22. The entire page is covered with blood except for verses 30 to 32.

DETECTIVE CONNORS

(reading from the Bible)

"At the resurrection people will neither marry nor be given in marriage; they will be like the angels in heaven. But about the resurrection of the dead--have you not read what God said to you, 'I am the God of Abraham, the God of Isaac, and the God of Jacob'? He is not the God of the dead but of the living."

Agent Harper is examining the body of Nancy Smithson. She pauses and walks toward the altar to examine the book.

DETECTIVE JACOBS

(looking at Paul Smithson on the cross)

Marriage, angels, resurrection, God of the living - I don't get it.

DETECTIVE CONNORS

I'm not sure I do, either.

AGENT HARPER
(realizing)
Shit!

DETECTIVE JACOBS
What?

AGENT HARPER
The numbers on the wall of the boy's room
and in the Jenkins' trailer, they are
scriptures from the Bible - chapter and
verse.

Agent Harper runs to the first row of pews and grabs a Bible.

AGENT HARPER (CONT'D)
The boy's name was Luke, right?

DETECTIVE JACOBS
Yeah.

AGENT HARPER
Matthew, Mark, Luke, John -- Luke was
one of the four apostles of the New
Testament. What were the numbers on
Luke's walls?

DETECTIVE CONNORS
21 and 16

AGENT HARPER
(thumbing through the bible)
Luke Chapter 21 Verse 16 - "You will be
betrayed even by parents, brothers,
relatives and friends, and they will put
some of you to death."

DETECTIVE JACOBS
He's talking to us through the
scriptures.

DETECTIVE CONNORS
What about Sherry Jenkins?

DETECTIVE JACOBS
I don't think Sherry was an apostle.

AGENT HARPER
Really? How about Mr. Marley?

DETECTIVE JACOBS
What?

AGENT HARPER

The song playing on repeat in the trailer
- it was Bob Marley's Exodus. Exodus is
a book from the Old Testament of the
Bible. The numbers were 34 and 7 right?

DETECTIVE JACOBS

I think so.

AGENT HARPER

(thumbing through the Bible)
Exodus Chapter 34, Verse 7 - "The Lord,
the Lord, the compassionate and gracious
God, slow to anger, abounding in love and
faithfulness, maintaining love to
thousands, and forgiving wickedness,
rebellion and sin. Yet he does not leave
the guilty unpunished; he punishes the
children and their children for the sin
of the fathers to the third and fourth
generation."

DETECTIVE CONNORS

The sins of the father. Sherry Jenkins
was punished for the sins of her father.

A swoosh of wind wafts through the church as a UNIFORMED
POLICE OFFICER opens the large church doors and walks in.
The candles flicker.

UNIFORMED POLICE OFFICER

Sir, forensics is anxious to get in here.
Should I send them in?

DETECTIVE CONNORS

Yeah, we're through here.

The uniformed police officer closes the door.

We see the crucified body of Paul Smithson hanging in the
background as they walk down the aisle to the front door.
Agent Harper pauses to look back. She looks concerned. They
exit the church.

EXT. CARL JENKINS' HOME - LATER

The early morning fog has lifted to reveal a dreary day.
Rain continues to fall in a slow constant drizzle. Connors
knocks on the front door of the house. THERESA JENKINS, late
50's, black hair opens the door.

THERESA JENKINS

Can I help you?

DETECTIVE CONNORS

Yes ma'am, my name is Detective Connors, this is Detective Jacobs and this is Agent Harper with the FBI. We spoke yesterday with your husband about your daughter.

THERESA JENKINS

(fighting back tears)

Yes.

DETECTIVE CONNORS

Ma'am, we were wondering if we could come in and ask you and your husband a few more questions.

THERESA JENKINS

Do you know who killed my baby?

DETECTIVE CONNORS

No ma'am, but we're doing our best. Is it all right if we come in?

THERESA JENKINS

Sure.

They enter the musty home and walk down the hallway to the family room. Carl Jenkins is again sitting on his recliner smoking a cigarette, his cane leans up against the end-table.

CARL JENKINS

Did you arrest that son of a bitch Earl?

DETECTIVE CONNORS

No sir, but we did question him.

THERESA JENKINS

(pointing to the sofa)

Please sit down.

The three sit, again reluctantly.

CARL JENKINS

I'm telling ya, he's your man.

DETECTIVE CONNORS

Sir, we have reason to believe that your daughter's death might somehow be linked to you.

CARL JENKINS

What the hell are you talking about? I didn't kill my daughter!

DETECTIVE CONNORS

No sir, I'm not suggesting you did.

AGENT HARPER

Sir, we've uncovered some evidence that suggests that the killer specifically targeted your daughter as a way of punishing you for - for a lack of a better word - for your sins.

CARL JENKINS

My sins. What the fuck?

Theresa Jenkins looks puzzled and worried.

DETECTIVE CONNORS

At some point in your life you must have come in contact with the killer. In one way or another your actions or non actions had an impact on his life.

CARL JENKINS

You people must be out of your fucking minds!

AGENT HARPER

We need you to think hard about people you have come in contact with either at work, church, in your neighborhood, in your community, anywhere. Anyone that might have a bone to pick with you?

CARL JENKINS

Ma'am, I've lived in this town all my life. I drove a truck alone for the last 30 years. I don't go to church; I don't talk to my neighbors; and I'm not involved in my community. I don't really care much for people. My wife and I keep to ourselves.

DETECTIVE CONNORS

Who did you drive a truck for?

CARL JENKINS

I was self-employed. I'd haul whatever - wherever it needed to go.

DETECTIVE JACOBS

When and why did you retire?

CARL JENKINS

About 2 years ago. My leg just couldn't take it anymore.

DETECTIVE JACOBS

What happened to your leg?

CARL JENKINS

I shattered it playing football in high school.

DETECTIVE CONNORS

I see. Sir, you really can't think of anyone who might want to harm you or your family?

CARL JENKINS

No sir.

Connors stands up and pulls a business card from his pocket. Detective Jacobs rises as well.

DETECTIVE CONNORS

If you think of anything, give us a call.

Agent Harper rises from the sofa and looks over at Theresa, she avoids the glance.

DETECTIVE JACOBS

Don't get up, we'll show ourselves out.

AGENT HARPER

Thank you for your time.

They walk to the door and exit the home.

EXT. CARL JENKINS' HOME - CONTINUOUS

They walk to the black unmarked police car that is parked near the curb.

AGENT HARPER

Something's not right.

DETECTIVE CONNORS

I agree, let's run a background check on him. Hopefully, it'll turn up something.

They climb into the car and drive away.

INT. OFFICE - AFTERNOON

The three are again standing around the cork board. A white note card with the word "Church" penned in black ink has been placed to the right of the "Sherry Jenkins" note card.

Under the "Church" note card are pictures from the crime scene and a note card containing the Bible passage taken from the book of Matthew 22:30-32.

Beneath the "Smithson" note card is a card with the Bible passage from the book of Luke 21:16. The pictures from the Jenkins' trailer have been pinned to the board along with a note card showing the passage Exodus 34:7 and the word "Ketamine".

Chief Turner walks into the office.

CHIEF TURNER
(pointing to the board)
Fill me in on all of this.

DETECTIVE JACOBS
(pointing to the cards and pictures)
Well, Chief, the numbers from the Smithson house and the Jenkins trailer turned out to be chapters and verses from the Bible. Luke, after the Smithson's boy, Chapter 21, Verse 16 talks about being betrayed by your parents and them putting you to death. From the Jenkins trailer, we have Exodus Chapter 34, verse 7 which deals with God punishing children for the sins of their fathers. Finally, from the church we have Matthew Chapter 22, Verses 30 to 32 which basically talks about resurrecting the dead.

CHIEF TURNER
Whose blood was used to write those numbers?

DETECTIVE JACOBS
We don't know. We're still waiting on the blood taken this morning from the Bible, but the other two were written in the same blood, B-negative. Unfortunately, no one from any of the crime scenes has B-negative blood.

Chief Turner paces back and forth in front of the cork board.

CHIEF TURNER
 (looking at the Jenkins column
 of photos)
 What the hell did this poor girl's father
 do to deserve this?

DETECTIVE CONNORS
 We questioned him earlier today. He
 seems tight lipped about something, but
 we haven't figured out what.

CHIEF TURNER
 Do you think the boyfriend is involved in
 any way?

DETECTIVE CONNORS
 We're not sure, but so far we haven't
 made a connection between him and the
 Smithsons.

CHIEF TURNER
 Do we have any idea why the Smithsons
 were abducted from their house only to
 end up crucified?

DETECTIVE JACOBS
 Not really sir, but if the Bible verse
 says anything, perhaps he was trying to
 play God and resurrect the dead.

CHIEF TURNER
 What ties all this shit together?

DETECTIVE CONNORS
 We're not sure yet.

CHIEF TURNER
 Agent Harper, what do you make of all
 this?

AGENT HARPER
 He is most definitely a Caucasian male,
 in his twenties to forties. Judging by
 today's crime scene and the fact that he
 has chosen to communicate through the
 Bible suggests that our killer was once
 affiliated in some capacity with a church
 or other religious organization. It
 would appear that he feels betrayed by
 his parents. He obviously believes that
 Carl Jenkins wronged him in some fashion.

Lastly, I would say that Jacobs could be right, our guy might really believe that he is God and that he has the power to bring life to the dead.

CHIEF TURNER
He sounds like a real fucking nut to me.

DETECTIVE CONNORS
You could say that.

CHIEF TURNER
Well keep at it.

Chief Turner walks toward the door.

CHIEF TURNER (CONT'D)
By the way, I think the medical examiner is working on Jesus and Mary as we speak. You might want to get over there.

DETECTIVE JACOBS
Thanks, Chief.

The three look at each other.

DETECTIVE CONNORS
This should be good.

AGENT HARPER
(reluctant)
Let's go.

They exit the office.

INT. CORONER'S OFFICE - LATER

The room is cold and sterile. The walls are cement block and painted white. Paul and Nancy Smithson lie on two stainless steel examination tables in the center of the room. White sheets cover the lower half of their bodies. A microphone and a high powered lamp hang from the ceiling above. DR. HARRIS, late 40's, greets Jacobs, Connors and Harper as they enter the room.

DR. HARRIS
Detectives, glad you could join us.

DETECTIVE JACOBS
(pointing to Agent Harper)
Doctor Harris, this is Agent Robyn Harper with the FBI.

Dr. Harris holds up a bloody, gloved hand.

DR. HARRIS
I would shake your hand, but...

AGENT HARPER
That's quite all right. It's nice to
meet you.

DR. HARRIS
Likewise, I'm sure.

Jacobs and Connors walk up close to the bodies. Agent Harper
is bit reluctant, she keeps her distance from the bodies.

DETECTIVE CONNORS
Well Doc, what did you find?

DR. HARRIS
I have to tell you these are two of the
strangest autopsies I've ever done.

DETECTIVE JACOBS
How so?

DR. HARRIS
First off, it's not every day you get a
crucifixion. But that's not even the
weird part. Take a look at these.

Dr. Harris points to the forehead of Paul Smithson. We see
several small scratch marks (from the crown of thorns) and
one 2 centimeter hole. Dr. Harris turns and points to a
similar sized hole in a similar location on Nancy's forehead.

DR. HARRIS (CONT'D)
What do you think those are?

DETECTIVE JACOBS
Bullet holes?

DR. HARRIS
That's what I thought until I examined
the cranial striations.

Detective Connors kneels down to examine the holes.

DR. HARRIS (CONT'D)
You ready for this? The holes are not
from a bullet, but rather, they are from
a drill bit.

Agent Harper's attention has been peaked she walks closer to
the examination tables.

AGENT HARPER

What?

DR. HARRIS

It gets better - the frontal lobe of their brains...pausing...is gone. It looks like your guy drilled these holes so he could pour small amounts of hydrochloric acid directly onto their lobes to disintegrate them.

DETECTIVE JACOBS

Is it me or was our boy Earl Miller holding a drill in his hand yesterday?

DETECTIVE CONNORS

Shit, you're right.

DETECTIVE JACOBS

I wouldn't be surprised if he has hydrochloric acid somewhere in his garage.

DR. HARRIS

And just when you thought it couldn't possibly get any better, the toxicology report shows trace amounts of Ketamine in their blood.

AGENT HARPER

Meaning, like Sherry Jenkins, the Smithsons were alive during the whole thing?

DR. HARRIS

Exactly.

DETECTIVE JACOBS

What medical reason would you have to remove the frontal lobe of the brain?

DR. HARRIS

Frontal lobotomies were a common form of "treatment" in the first half of the 20th century for the severely mentally ill. However, instead of curing them of their illness, it turned them into zombies. Fortunately, treatment for mental illnesses has come a long way since then.

AGENT HARPER

You know Jeffrey Dahmer tried this same thing with some of his victims.

They say he was trying to create sex zombies - someone who would love him and be there for him at all times.

DETECTIVE JACOBS

So maybe our guy wasn't trying to kill the Smithsons after all.

DETECTIVE CONNORS

Is it possible that this guy's parents abused or abandoned him or whatever, and now he's trying to create new ones?

AGENT HARPER

Yeah, but how does this relate to Sherry Jenkins or her father?

DETECTIVE CONNORS

I don't know.

DETECTIVE JACOBS

Thank you Dr. Harris, we won't take any more of your time.

DR. HARRIS

No, my pleasure.

Jacobs opens the door for Connors and Harper as they leave the Coroner's Office.

EXT. COUNTY MORGUE

Jacobs, Connors and Harper are standing outside the county morgue building. It's late at night. The night sky is dark and void of stars. The moon is barely visible beneath a blanket of clouds. They walk to their cars.

DETECTIVE CONNORS

We need to pay Earl Miller a little visit tomorrow morning with a search warrant.

AGENT HARPER

You know we still don't have a connection between him and the Smithsons.

DETECTIVE JACOBS

You're right, but he has clear motive to kill Sherry Jenkins and shit - if we find a drill bit that matches the holes in their heads and hydrochloric acid, we've got an open and shut case.

AGENT HARPER

I guess.

DETECTIVE CONNORS
First thing in the morning.

AGENT HARPER
Good night.

Detective Connors opens his car door and gets in. He drives away. Detective Jacobs walks Agent Harper over to her car. They stand by her car door.

DETECTIVE JACOBS
So you really don't have a boyfriend?

AGENT HARPER
Why is that so hard to believe?

DETECTIVE JACOBS
I don't know, I always figured girls like you were taken.

AGENT HARPER
Girls like me?

DETECTIVE JACOBS
(staring at her)
Yeah, the smart, pretty ones...
pausing...with green eyes.

Agent Harper catches herself lost in the moment.

AGENT HARPER
Good night, Detective.

DETECTIVE JACOBS
Tom. Call me Tom.

AGENT HARPER
Good night, Tom.

Detective Jacobs opens Agent Harper's car door. She gets in, starts the car and drives away. Jacobs stares on as her car fades in the distance.

CUT TO:

INT. CONNORS' HOUSE

Connors walks up the stairs of what is obviously his house. Family pictures line the walls. He comes to a door with an "Allen" name plate and crayon-scribbled pictures of cars on it. Tip-toeing quietly through the door, he stops at the foot of his son's bed.

A small fire truck night light shines an orange glow on the face of his five year old son, ALLEN. Love and sadness take over Detective Connors' face. He leans down to tuck his son in. He gives him a kiss on the cheek. Allen stirs.

ALLEN

Daddy, is that you?

DETECTIVE CONNORS

Yeah, buddy, it's me.

ALLEN

Daddy, you're home.

DETECTIVE CONNORS

It's late. Go back to sleep.

ALLEN

I miss you, Daddy.

DETECTIVE CONNORS

I miss you too, Allen. Now get some rest.

Connors rubs Allen's back as he slowly falls back to sleep. He then walks from his son's room to his own bedroom. He quietly opens his dresser drawer and grabs some clothes. He opens the closet door and grabs a few shirts on hangers. As the closet door closes, STACEY CONNORS wakes up.

STACEY CONNORS

(startled)

Frank?

DETECTIVE CONNORS

Yeah, Stacey, it's me. I'm sorry to scare you. I just needed some fresh clothes.

Stacey Connors sits up in the bed. She has dark brown curly hair. She is attractive.

STACEY CONNORS

Can we talk?

DETECTIVE CONNORS

I'm tired of talking.

STACEY CONNORS

How can you just walk away like this?

DETECTIVE CONNORS

We've been over this a thousand times.

STACEY CONNORS

Let's go over it a thousand more if
that's what it takes.

DETECTIVE CONNORS

Look - neither one of us is happy.

STACEY CONNORS

So, let's talk about it and make things
better.

DETECTIVE CONNORS

Not tonight, I've got too much on my
mind.

STACEY CONNORS

Can't you for once put your family before
your job?

DETECTIVE CONNORS

(trying not to yell)
See, it's shit like this that I don't
need.

Detective Connors turns to walk out of the bedroom.

STACEY CONNORS

Frank, wait.

He walks out of the bedroom, down the stairs and out the
front door.

CUT TO:

INT. JACOBS' APARTMENT

The floor creaks under the feet of Detective Jacobs as he
enters his apartment. He takes his coat off and hangs it in
the closet. He walks to the kitchen and grabs a beer from
the refrigerator.

He opens the beer and takes a long pull from the bottle. He
walks from the kitchen down the hall past the pictures of his
parents. He comes to the first door, takes out his key, and
unlocks it.

The room is dark, lit only by the night sky. Old boxes and
plastic bags cover the floor. A full-sized mattress lies
against the near wall. He walks over to a plastic bag, opens
it and pulls out an old tee shirt. He turns and walks out of
the room, locking it once again.

He walks back and sits on the couch. He rests his beer on the coffee table. He changes into his tee shirt. He takes another sip of his beer. He stretches his neck. He's tired. We hear the vibrations of the city outside as he closes his eyes.

CUT TO:

INT. HOTEL ROOM

Agent Harper sits on her bed in an oversized, worn grey tee shirt. The drawer of her bed-side table sits open. We see the Bible from that table sitting next to her. Case files and pictures are scattered across the sheets.

She is intently reviewing a forensic report as she eats yogurt from a spoon. Her television is tuned into the late night news. The same news anchor man sits behind his desk with the same picture of Father Murphy over his left shoulder.

NEWS ANCHOR MAN

The police are asking for your help tonight in their continued search for Father Patrick Murphy. Father Murphy, who was once in charge of the Angels of God Orphanage...

Agent Harper's attention is immediately drawn to the television.

NEWS ANCHOR MAN (CONT'D)

...has devoted his entire life to serving his community. The police are hoping that someone somewhere can help out this man who has done so much to help us. If you have any leads, please contact your nearest police department.

CLOSE ON A PIECE OF PAPER

We see Agent Harper write "Father Patrick Murphy -- Angels of God Orphanage".

FADE OUT.

EXT. HOUSE - THE NEXT MORNING

The morning sky is mostly gray with a sprinkle of blue. Detective Connors stands on the front porch of a yellow two story wooden colonial-style house talking to a uniformed police officer.

The yard has been taped off with yellow crime scene tape. Agent Harper walks up the front steps. Detective Connors breaks from his conversation to greet Agent Harper.

AGENT HARPER
You're kidding, right?

DETECTIVE CONNORS
I'm afraid not.

AGENT HARPER
Jesus.

Detective Connors and Agent Harper walk in the front door. They stop in the foyer.

DETECTIVE CONNORS
A call came in at around four this morning from the neighbor across the street. The neighbor's name is Jeremy Peters. He claims he saw a strange man walking around the house so he called the police.

AGENT HARPER
What the hell was he doing awake at four?

Agent Harper looks around the house.

DETECTIVE CONNORS
That's a good question. Anyhow, the house is owned by Jim and Tara Miner. They are both in their early 30's. They have one son, age 5. His name is Tommy.

AGENT HARPER
Same M.O.

DETECTIVE CONNORS
Exact same. The boy was found by a police officer bound and gagged on his bed. He was again wearing ear plugs. The couple is missing, only this time the room wasn't COMPLETELY soaked in blood.

AGENT HARPER
Donations must be low.

DETECTIVE CONNORS
There is no sign of forced entry and forensics isn't finding much in the way of hair, fiber or prints.

They do think they've found a few particles of coal, though. The boy was taken to the police station. His grandparents were notified and are catching the next flight into town.

AGENT HARPER
Did he leave numbers again?

DETECTIVE CONNORS
Yeah, this time they are a little different. Follow me.

They turn and walk toward the stairs.

AGENT HARPER
Where's Jacobs?

DETECTIVE CONNORS
I called and woke him up. He should be here soon.

They walk up the stairs and down a long hallway. The boy's room is the second door on the left. They halt at the door and peer in. On the far wall we see a number sign followed by the a six colon seven (#6:7) dripping in blood.

DETECTIVE CONNORS (CONT'D)
What do you think?

AGENT HARPER
This one's too easy.

DETECTIVE CONNORS
What? Did someone add the Book of Tommy to the Bible and not tell me?

Agent Harper pulls the Bible that was in her hotel bedside table from her purse. She flips through the pages.

DETECTIVE CONNORS (CONT'D)
You came prepared.

AGENT HARPER
From the Old Testament, the book of Numbers, Chapter 6, Verse 7 - "Even if his own father or mother or brother or sister dies, he must not make himself ceremonially unclean on account of them, because the symbol of his separation to God is on his head."

They pause to let the verse soak in.

DETECTIVE CONNORS
Any ideas?

AGENT HARPER
Not yet.

They walk to the end of the hall and gaze in on the parents' room. The room is decorated in light blues and soft whites.

The once white bed spread has been doused in blood. Unlike the Smithson house, the walls and the dressers are free of blood. A lamp lies overturned next to the bed.

DETECTIVE CONNORS
Minimal signs of struggle and . . .

AGENT HARPER
(interrupting)
Minimal amounts of blood.

DETECTIVE CONNORS
I think you're right. His donor must be running low.

They turn and walk back down the stairs.

AGENT HARPER
Anything else unusual in the house?

DETECTIVE CONNORS
Not that I could see.

Detective Jacobs walks in the front door. He looks tired.

DETECTIVE CONNORS (CONT'D)
Jacobs, glad you could join us. We missed you.

DETECTIVE JACOBS
It's nice to be missed.

AGENT HARPER
(to Jacobs)
Good morning.

DETECTIVE JACOBS
(nodding)
Good morning, Miss Federal Agent.

AGENT HARPER
I'm gonna check out the rest of the house real quick.

DETECTIVE CONNORS

Good deal. I'll brief Detective Tardy.

Agent Harper walks through the living room into the study. She pauses at the desk in the study. A collage of bills, fliers, notes and a calendar lie on the desk. The letterhead of an off-white envelope catches her eye.

CLOSE ON ENVELOPE

The return address reads "Angels of God Orphanage".

A crime scene technician passes by on his way to the kitchen.

AGENT HARPER

Excuse me, could I borrow a pair of gloves?

The crime scene technician pulls a pair of white latex gloves out of his pocket and hands them to her. She slides the powdery gloves over her hands and gently takes a letter out from the envelope. She reads the letter.

AGENT HARPER (CONT'D)

(calling to Connors and Jacobs)
Did you see this?

Detective Connors and Jacobs walk into the study.

DETECTIVE CONNORS

No. What is it?

AGENT HARPER

A letter from the Angels of God Orphanage. It looks like the Miners adopted Tommy.

DETECTIVE CONNORS

I hear you, but I don't follow.

AGENT HARPER

That's the same orphanage that missing priest was in charge of.

DETECTIVE JACOBS

Yeah, Father Murphy but...

AGENT HARPER

Didn't the killer tell Luke that the "Angel of God" will protect him?

DETECTIVE JACOBS
(nodding)
You're right.

DETECTIVE CONNORS
You're good.

AGENT HARPER
Thanks.

DETECTIVE CONNORS
So how does Father Murphy fit into all of
this?

AGENT HARPER
I'm not sure, but we need to find out.

CUT TO:

EXT. JEREMY PETERS' HOUSE

Detective Connor knocks on the door. JEREMY PETERS, late
30's, answers the door. Jeremy is a short, quirky little
man. His head is shaved and he's wearing glasses.

JEREMY PETERS
(with a stammer)
G-G-Good morning.

DETECTIVE CONNORS
Mr. Peters?

JEREMY PETERS
Y-Y-Yes sir.

DETECTIVE CONNORS
(pointing)
This is Agent Harper with the FBI, this
is Detective Jacobs and I'm Detective
Connors - we would like to ask you a few
questions about what you saw last night
over at the Miner's house.

JEREMY PETERS
Ce - Ce- Certainly. Please come in.

INT. JEREMY PETERS HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

We see the inside of Jeremy's small one-story bungalow. The
home has a weird vibe about it. It's very neat and simply
decorated.

The four of them are standing in the family room. A large telescope lurks by the front window.

JEREMY PETERS

Ar-Ar-Are the Miners ok? I-I-I've been worried sick all morning. T-T-They are such a nice family.

DETECTIVE CONNORS

We're not sure, Mr. Peters. You can help by telling us what you saw last night.

Jeremy Peters massages his hands in a circle. He has a hard time making eye contact.

JEREMY PETERS

I - I - I tend to stay up late. I-I-I like to look at the stars. W - W - We've had so much rain lately that there hasn't been a real good chance. S-S-So anyhow, the forecast called for clear skies early this morning, so I-I-I was real excited. I-I-I stayed up to make sure I ...

DETECTIVE JACOBS

(interrupting)

Go on.

JEREMY PETERS

S-S-Sorry, I tend to ramble. S-S-So I was st-st-star gazing and I happened to notice a light go on over at J-J-Jim and Tara's house.

Agent Harper wanders over to the telescope. She peers into the eyepiece and can clearly see the Miners' house.

DETECTIVE CONNORS

Tell us what happened next.

JEREMY PETERS

W - W - Well, I thought, that's weird. They usually don't get up until seven. S S-So I grabbed my binoculars and s-s-s sort of made sure they were all right. I hope that's not breaking any laws.

DETECTIVE JACOBS

We won't write you a ticket today, Mr. Peters. Go on.

JEREMY PETERS

Th-Th-Thanks. W-W-Well, I couldn't really see too much because that big tree in their front yard tends to block my view. B-B-But, I did see a man walking out of the side of the house.

DETECTIVE JACOBS

Could you be more specific about what he looked like? Can you identify the vehicle he was driving?

JEREMY PETERS

I-I didn't see a car and I couldn't really get a good look at the man, either.

AGENT HARPER

(getting frustrated)
Was he tall, short, white, black, fat, skinny?

JEREMY PETERS

Fr-Fr-From best I could tell, he was a white male, average height and medium build.

DETECTIVE CONNORS

Thank you.

JEREMY PETERS

M-M-My pleasure.

EXT. JEREMY PETERS' HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

They walk to their car.

DETECTIVE CONNORS

That's one strange man.

DETECTIVE JACOBS

He sure is. Star gazing, my ass.

DETECTIVE CONNORS

I'm sure that wasn't the first night he just happened to be watching the Miners' house.

DETECTIVE JACOBS

Tell me he doesn't fit the profile - male, 20's to 40's, loner, weirdo.

AGENT HARPER
What about motive?

DETECTIVE JACOBS
Motive? He's a nut. I don't think a guy
like that needs a motive.

DETECTIVE CONNORS
Speaking of motive, the search warrant
came back for Earl Miller's house.

They climb into the car.

CUT TO:

EXT. EARL MILLER'S HOUSE

Detective Jacobs knocks on the door of Earl's house. Connors
and Harper stand behind him. Behind them stands 2 POLICE
OFFICERS.

EARL MILLER
Can I help you?

Detective Jacobs waves the search warrant in his hand.

DETECTIVE JACOBS
We have a warrant to search your
property.

EARL MILLER
A what?

Jacobs walk into Earl's house. Earl stands out of the way as
Connors, Harper and the police officers follow close behind.

INT. EARL MILLER'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Earl follows them into his house. The house is very messy.
A small couch and a few folding chairs surround a tiny
television set in the family room. Beer cans and pizza boxes
cover the floor.

They begin searching the family room, turning over cushions,
looking under tables. Detective Jacobs gets down on his
knees and looks under the sofa. He pulls out a small mirror.

DETECTIVE JACOBS
(holding the mirror)
What do we have here?

We see a small amount of white powder on the mirror.

EARL MILLER

Shit, man, that's not what you think.

DETECTIVE JACOBS

You mean it's not cocaine? Perhaps it's
Special K?

EARL MILLER

No, man - shit. This is way un-cool.

DETECTIVE JACOBS

(to police officer #1)

Officer, arrest Mr. Miller for possession
of a controlled substance.

Police Officer #1 grabs Earl's wrists and places them in
handcuffs.

Detective Connors is in the kitchen looking in drawers and
under the sink.

Agent Harper moves down the hall to the bedrooms. In the
first bedroom, STAN JOHNSON lies passed out.

AGENT HARPER

Wake up, buddy.

STAN JOHNSON

(groggy)

Huh?

Stan gets up slowly. He smiles at Agent Harper. He's in his
boxers. She pulls out her FBI badge.

AGENT HARPER

Get dressed and join your buddy in the
family room.

He wipes the smile quickly off his face and slips into his
jeans. As he's walking out of the bedroom he notices
Detective Jacobs. He pauses, then walks out to meet Earl in
the family room.

Agent Harper finishes searching the bedrooms while Detective
Jacobs moves to the garage. He finds the drill and drill
bits and confiscates them. They meet back in the family
room.

DETECTIVE JACOBS

I've got the drill.

DETECTIVE CONNORS

Any sign of acid?

EARL MILLER
Man, I don't eat acid.

AGENT HARPER
Not that I could see.

POLICE OFFICER #2
No sir.

Earl stands handcuffed in front of Police Officer #1 in the family room. Stan stands next to him.

DETECTIVE CONNORS
So, Earl, where were you last night?

EARL MILLER
Stan and I stayed home and watched television.

DETECTIVE CONNORS
(to Stan)
Sir, were you with Mr. Miller last night?

STAN PETERSON
(pointing)
Yeah, right here on the couch, drinking beer and watching television - just like Earl says.

Stan can't take his eyes off of Detective Jacobs.

DETECTIVE JACOBS
(holding the mirror)
It looks like you guys were doing a little more than that.

STAN PETERSON
Man, I don't know anything about that.

DETECTIVE CONNORS
Were you with Mr. Miller the entire night?

STAN PETERSON
I didn't sleep in the same bed as him or nothing. But up until then, yeah, we were together.

DETECTIVE CONNORS
What time did you turn in?

STAN PETERSON
Must have been around two, I guess.

Stan leans over to Earl and whispers something in his ear.

EARL MILLER
(to Jacobs)
Did you know Sherry?

DETECTIVE JACOBS
Excuse me?

EARL MILLER
Sherry - did you know her?

DETECTIVE JACOBS
No, Mr. Miller, I did not.

EARL MILLER
My buddy here tells me you look a little
like the guy she was fooling around with.

DETECTIVE JACOBS
That's quite amusing, Mr. Miller.
Perhaps you and your buddy should stop
sprinkling so much powder on your corn
flakes.

DETECTIVE CONNORS
(to police officer #1)
Take him down to the station and arrest
him for possession.

EARL MILLER
(upset)
Come on.

Police Officer #1 and #2 lead Earl out of the house.
Connors, Jacobs and Harper follow behind.

CUT TO:

INT. CAR - LATER

Jacobs is driving with Harper riding shotgun and Connors in
the back.

AGENT HARPER
I think we need to find out more about
Father Murphy. I think he's the common
thread in all of this.

DETECTIVE CONNORS
We're not too far from his old church.
What do you say we drop by?

DETECTIVE JACOBS

I'm on it.

INT. ALL SAINTS CATHOLIC CHURCH - FATHER CHILES' OFFICE

FATHER CHILES, late 60's, wavy grey hair, sits behind a large mahogany desk wearing his standard black shirt with a white collar. A crucifix hangs neatly on the wall behind him directly over his head. Harper, Connors, and Jacobs sit politely in three mahogany chairs facing his desk.

FATHER CHILES

He was a great priest and a fine man. I pray every night for his safe return.

DETECTIVE JACOBS

Can you think of any reason someone might want to harm him?

FATHER CHILES

The people of this church all loved Father Murphy.

DETECTIVE CONNORS

What can you tell us about his days at the Angels of God Orphanage?

FATHER CHILES

I don't know too much. I didn't really know Father Murphy before he came to All Saints.

DETECTIVE CONNORS

Do you know why he left the orphanage?

FATHER CHILES

I had heard a few rumors.

AGENT HARPER

What kind of rumors?

FATHER CHILES

Rumors that I don't really feel comfortable talking about.

AGENT HARPER

Rumors of inappropriate behavior? Perhaps with some of the children?

FATHER CHILES

I'm really not at liberty to discuss this in any more detail than I already have. I'm sorry.

AGENT HARPER
Thank you Father.

CUT TO:

INT. OFFICE - NIGHT

The cork board now has a card marked "Miners" with the names Jim, Tara, Tommy and Jeremy Peters. The Bible verse sits on a note card next to pictures of the parents' room and of the #6:7. On the far right of the board, in the middle, we see a note card marked "Father Murphy".

DETECTIVE JACOBS
I spoke with Mr. and Mrs. Browning. It turns out that Luke was also adopted from the Angels of God Orphanage. At the very least, we've established a connection between the two families.

AGENT HARPER
Yeah, but how are they tied to Sherry or Carl Jenkins?

DETECTIVE CONNORS
Has the background report on Carl Jenkins come in yet?

Detective Jacobs hands a piece of paper to Connors. He looks it over.

DETECTIVE JACOBS
No criminal record. No driving record. Nothing.

DETECTIVE CONNORS
What about our buddy Earl?

Agent Harper grabs a report from the desk.

AGENT HARPER
(reading a report)
The drill bit from Earl's garage came back negative. The powder tested positive for cocaine and negative for Special K. Earl Miller's not our guy.

DETECTIVE CONNORS
And Jeremy Peters?

DETECTIVE JACOBS

We've requested a background check. In the meantime, I think we should have him placed under surveillance.

AGENT HARPER

I'm not sure Jeremy has anything to do with this.

DETECTIVE JACOBS

At the moment, he's all we've got. I think we should at least have him watched.

DETECTIVE CONNORS

I agree. There is something not right about him.

DETECTIVE JACOBS

I'll put Officer Matthews on surveillance. He's been chomping at the bit to get involved.

DETECTIVE CONNORS

Sounds good.

AGENT HARPER

My gut tells me that Father Murphy is the missing piece to this puzzle.

DETECTIVE JACOBS

He's definitely missing.

AGENT HARPER

(looking at the cork board)
I know it's here somewhere, we've just got to find it.

DETECTIVE CONNORS

(looking at his watch)
I've got to go find my bed. I'm exhausted.

Connors grabs his coat and heads to the door.

DETECTIVE JACOBS

Maybe with clear heads we can make sense of this.

DETECTIVE CONNORS

Good night.

AGENT HARPER
Good night, Frank.

Detective Connors leaves the office.

DETECTIVE JACOBS
Did you know that I make the best
macaroni and cheese this side of the
Mississippi?

AGENT HARPER
(sarcastic)
Oh, that's awful tempting.

DETECTIVE JACOBS
Come on. It's better than room service
and hanging out in your hotel room all
alone.

AGENT HARPER
That's true. Why not.

They grab their coats and walk out of the office.

CUT TO:

INT. JACOBS' APARTMENT

Agent Harper sits on the couch next to Detective Jacobs
finishing her macaroni and cheese. On the coffee table in
front of them sits two almost empty wine glasses and a half
empty bottle of wine. Al Green is flowing softly from the
stereo.

AGENT HARPER
(finishing her last bite)
You weren't kidding - that was damn good!

DETECTIVE JACOBS
Thank you.

Detective Jacobs grabs the wine bottle.

DETECTIVE JACOBS (CONT'D)
Would you like some more?

AGENT HARPER
One glass is my limit. Any more than
that and I can't be responsible for my
actions.

DETECTIVE JACOBS
(acting like he is going to
pour more)
In that case...

Agent Harper quickly grabs her glass. She shakes her head at Jacobs. She smiles and then finishes what's left in her wine glass. She places the empty glass back on the coffee table and pauses.

She thinks she hears something. Barely audible over Al Green's 'Let's Stay Together' is the sound of thump - thump - thump - groan - thump - thump - thump -groan.

AGENT HARPER
It that your neighbor AGAIN?

DETECTIVE JACOBS
I'm afraid so.

AGENT HARPER
This goes on every night?

DETECTIVE JACOBS
Just about. Here, I'll fix it.

Detective Jacobs turns up the radio to drown out the neighbors having sex. The two smile and laugh. Detective Jacobs slides closer to Harper. Al Green is working his magic.

Detective Jacobs touches Agent Harper's cheek as he tucks a stray piece of hair behind her ear. They stare at each other. He leans in close and steals a kiss. She does not pull away. They embrace and continue to kiss.

FADE OUT.

INT. JACOBS' APARTMENT - BEDROOM - LATE MORNING

Agent Harper wakes up in Detective Jacobs' bed alone. She reaches across the bed and feels an empty, cool pillow. She gets dressed and walks out into the hall. She looks down at her watch and realizes that she slept in. She's real groggy. Her throat is dry.

AGENT HARPER
Tom?

She walks to the kitchen and grabs a glass of water from the sink. She pauses in the hall to stare at the family pictures on the wall. She walks to the locked door.

Just as she reaches for the handle, Jacobs OPENS the apartment door. She is startled.

DETECTIVE JACOBS
Robyn, you up?

Detective Jacobs looks tired.

AGENT HARPER
Yeah, I was just coming out to look for you.

She walks quickly down the hall.

DETECTIVE JACOBS
I brought breakfast.

Jacobs sips on his coffee.

AGENT HARPER
(looking at her watch)
What time is it? Did I really sleep until 10:30?

DETECTIVE JACOBS
Looks like it.

They sit on the couch. Detective Jacobs puts a coffee in front of Agent Harper and a bag of donuts on the table.

DETECTIVE JACOBS
I wasn't sure how you liked your coffee, so I just got black.

AGENT HARPER
(rubbing her head)
That's fine... pause...God, my head really hurts.

DETECTIVE JACOBS
(pointing to the bag)
There's pain relief in that bag - glazed and jelly donuts.

AGENT HARPER
I guess I got pretty buzzed from that glass of wine.

Jacobs grabs a donut and starts to eat.

DETECTIVE JACOBS
Oh no, not the "I had too much to drink excuse."

AGENT HARPER
No, but speaking of last night...

DETECTIVE JACOBS
Are we really going to have this conversation?

AGENT HARPER
We should probably get it over with.
Don't you think?

Jacobs' cell phone rings.

DETECTIVE JACOBS
Hold that thought.

Jacobs flips open his cell phone.

DETECTIVE JACOBS (CONT'D)
(into his cell phone)
Hello...pause....Yeah, we'll be right there.

AGENT HARPER
What happened?

DETECTIVE JACOBS
A jogger found the bodies of Jim and Tara Miner.

CUT TO:

EXT. PARK - LATE MORNING

The day is overcast. The woods are lush and green. Yellow crime scene tape is affixed to a ring of trees surrounding the bodies. A jogging trail is near by. Police officers and crime scene technicians are buzzing around the scene.

The bodies are lying next to a large oak tree. They are positioned like Michelangelo's 'Pieta'. Jim Miner is lying on his back in the lap of Tara Miner. Jim's body has the same crucifixion markings found on Paul Smithson's Body. Like Nancy Smithson, Tara Miner's body is dressed in a white blood-stained robe. Tears of blood are smeared down her face.

Jacobs, Connors and Harper arrive at the scene. They walk under the crime scene tape and examine the bodies.

AGENT HARPER
These poor people.

A Bible is found at the base of their feet. It is open and again covered in blood except for a certain verse. Detective Jacobs positions himself to read the verse without disturbing the bodies.

DETECTIVE JACOBS

We've got another verse. This one is Numbers 35:25 - "The assembly must protect the one accused of murder from the avenger of blood and send him back to the city of refuge to which he fled. He must stay there until the death of the high priest, who was anointed with the holy oil."

AGENT HARPER

(to herself)

'Until the death of the high priest'.

Agent Harper turns and walks toward the car.

DETECTIVE CONNORS

Where are you going?

AGENT HARPER (CONT'D)

To find Father Murphy.

EXT. ANGELS OF GOD ORPHANAGE - AFTERNOON

The day is cloudy and bleak. Connors, Jacobs and Harper are walking the large steps of a three story stone building.

INT. ANGELS OF GOD ORPHANAGE

Agent Harper leads the Detectives down a long hall. They stop at a door marked "Father Joseph". Agent Harper knocks on the door.

SISTER ETHEL, late 50's, dressed in a habit, opens the door and greets them.

SISTER ETHEL

Please, come in.

INT. FATHER JOSEPH'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

They enter the office and stand in a small waiting area with a secretary's desk and a sofa.

SISTER ETHEL

My name is Sister Ethel. How can I help you?

Agent Harper pulls out her FBI badge and shows it to Sister Ethel.

AGENT HARPER

Good afternoon. Could you point us in the direction of the person in charge?

SISTER ETHEL

You're in the right place - that would be Father Joseph. Unfortunately, he's out of the office at the moment. Could I be of assistance to you?

AGENT HARPER

Well, we're actually here with questions about Father Murphy.

DETECTIVE CONNORS

Did you know Father Murphy?

SISTER ETHEL

Yes sir, I did.

AGENT HARPER

How well did you know him?

SISTER ETHEL

Well enough, I guess.

DETECTIVE CONNORS

What did you think of him?

SISTER ETHEL

I'm not really sure how to answer that.

DETECTIVE JACOBS

Why is that?

SISTER ETHEL

The Bible teaches us not to judge.

AGENT HARPER

What can you tell us about why he left the Angels of God?

SISTER ETHEL

We were told that he missed the pulpit and he requested a transfer to All Saints.

DETECTIVE CONNORS

Why do you think he left?

SISTER EHTEL
I think he left to avoid a scandal.

AGENT HARPER
A scandal?

SISTER EHTEL
There was talk that Father Murphy
was...pausing...perhaps acting
inappropriately with some of the boys
here in the orphanage.

AGENT HARPER
Define inappropriate.

SISTER EHTEL
Well to be perfectly blunt, that he was
having sex with some of the boys.

AGENT HARPER
How did this happen?

SISTER EHTEL
How?

AGENT HARPER
I mean, when and where did this happen?

SISTER EHTEL
Over how long of a period, I'm not sure.
Where? It was rumored that he would take
the children down to the boiler room
where it was loud and dark.

DETECTIVE CONNORS
Do you know this for a fact?

SISTER EHTEL
Children are God's most holy creatures
and they are capable of many things. Not
all children, however, are capable of
keeping secrets. So do I have evidence?
No. But do I believe it happened? Yes.

DETECTIVE JACOBS
Have you told this to the authorities?

SISTER EHTEL
Of course. I reported my suspicions to
Cardinal O'Leary as soon as I got wind of
it. That would have been about ten years
ago. Hopefully, that's why he was
transferred.

DETECTIVE CONNORS

What about recently? Have you given this information to the police now that Father Murphy is missing?

SISTER EHTEL

No sir. I didn't think it would be relevant. Besides, the Lord works in mysterious ways. Maybe Father Murphy is getting what he has coming to him.

AGENT HARPER

Would it be possible to get a list of all the children that have come in and out of these doors over the years?

SISTER EHTEL

Sure. It might take me a while, but I can get it for you.

Detective Connors hands her a business card.

DETECTIVE CONNORS

Could you fax it to this number?

SISTER EHTEL

Certainly.

AGENT HARPER

Sister, you've been a big help. Thank you.

SISTER EHTEL

Glad I could help.

They turn and leave Father Joseph's office.

CUT TO:

INT. OFFICE - LATER

Jacobs, Connors and Harper sit staring at the cork board. The cork board now has a note card with "Numbers 35:25" penned in ink.

DETECTIVE CONNORS

Seeing as how he was behind bars last night, it's obviously not Earl Miller.

AGENT HARPER

You're good!

DETECTIVE CONNORS
What about our strange little friend,
Jeremy Peters?

AGENT HARPER
(looking at a report)
No criminal record and no obvious
connection to Sherry Jenkins or the
Smithsons.

DETECTIVE CONNORS
(to Jacobs)
Anything from surveillance?

DETECTIVE JACOBS
Not yet. Officer Matthews began watching
Mr. Peters at six o'clock this morning.
He tailed him all day with nothing
significant to report.

AGENT HARPER
What are we missing?

DETECTIVE CONNORS
What about the blood? The Bible passage
this morning mentioned something about
protecting the one accused of murder from
the avenger of blood. We still have no
idea where the blood is coming from.

DETECTIVE JACOBS
You don't think he's leaving his own
blood, do you?

DETECTIVE CONNORS
Could be.

AGENT HARPER
What about the coal? Who would have coal
on their shoes?

Agent Harper stands up and paces in front of the board.

DETECTIVE JACOBS
A miner?

AGENT HARPER
Shit, the coal.

DETECTIVE JACOBS
What?

AGENT HARPER
(pointing to the board)
The coal found in the Smithson house and
the Jenkins trailer...

DETECTIVE CONNORS
(interrupting)
What about it?

AGENT HARPER
It came from the boiler room.

INT. ANGELS OF GOD ORPHANAGE - LATE AFTERNOON

Connors, Jacobs and Harper are running down the long hall of
the first floor of the orphanage. As they turn a corner,
they almost run over Sister Ethel.

SISTER ETHEL
Whoa!

AGENT HARPER
(short of breath)
Where's the boiler room?

SISTER ETHEL
(startled)
What?

AGENT HARPER
The boiler room. Where is it?

SISTER ETHEL
The only entrance is outside through the
basement, but it's been locked up for
years.

AGENT HARPER
Take us to it.

They turn and walk quickly down the hall to two large doors
leading to the back of the orphanage..

CUT TO:

EXT. ANGELS OF GOD ORPHANAGE - BASEMENT

CLOSE ON A PADLOCK.

We hear a gunshot. Agent Harper puts her gun back in her
shoulder holster. We see a big brown door that leads to the
boiler room.

Harper removes the broken pad lock and opens the door.
Connors, Jacobs and Sister Ethel follow Harper into the room.

INT. BOILER ROOM - CONTINUOUS

The boiler room is dark and cold. Harper flips on the small overhead light. The ceiling is low and the cement block walls are covered in a layer of soot.

They walk a narrow passage between the loud boilers to the back of the room. There is nothing but a solid wall. The room appears empty.

DETECTIVE CONNORS

I don't see anything.

Harper walks along the back wall. She steps back and examines the wall from afar. She notices that floor is dirty, covered in black soot, except for a path that has been worn down.

AGENT HARPER

Look at the floor.

SISTER ETHEL

Footprints. . .

DETECTIVE JACOBS

(interrupting)

That lead to a wall.

Harper walks back and starts to knock at different places along the wall. Where the footprints meet the wall, we hear a thud. She runs her hands along the wall and finds a release lever and a hidden door opens.

AGENT HARPER

We've got him.

She leads the group into the hidden room.

CUT TO:

INT. HIDDEN ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Their faces turn pale white as they enter the room. On the floor lying on his back, chained to the wall with a gag in his mouth is the half-naked body of Father Murphy. Various bones from his body protrude through his milky-white skin. His face is sunken and hollow. He looks dead. Pornographic material of small children is strewn all over the room.

Harper walks close to the body and kneels down. As she reaches to feel for a pulse, Father Murphy's eyes OPEN. She is startled.

AGENT HARPER

Radio for a paramedic. I've got a pulse.

CUT TO:

INT. HOSPITAL - NIGHT

The hospital is surprisingly motionless. Connors, Jacobs and Harper arrive at Father Murphy's room. DR. BENEDICT, in her late 30's, dressed in green scrubs and carrying a clip board, is walking out.

DETECTIVE CONNORS

(to Dr. Benedict)

How's Father Murphy?

DR. BENEDICT

And you are?

DETECTIVE CONNORS

Detective Connors. This is Detective Jacobs and this is Agent Harper with the FBI.

DR. BENEDICT

It's nice to meet you. I'm Doctor Benedict. For the moment, Father Murphy is stable. He's lost an incredible amount of blood and has endured an amazing amount of pain. It's a miracle he's even alive.

DETECTIVE CONNORS

Is he lucid enough to answer a few questions?

DR. BENEDICT

I would advise against it, Detective.

AGENT HARPER

We have reason to believe that the same man who abducted Father Murphy is responsible for a string of serial abductions and murders. Time is critical. If we don't speak to Father Murphy immediately, more people will die.

DR. BENEDICT
(reluctant)
All right, but don't push him. He's very weak.

DETECTIVE CONNORS
One more thing - would it be possible to get a sample of his blood sent over to the Medical Examiner's office?

DR. BENEDICT
I'll do what I can.

DETECTIVE CONNORS
Thank you.

DR. BENEDICT
Remember, take it easy with him!

Doctor Benedict turns and walks away. They enter the hospital room.

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Father Murphy is lying on a hospital bed hooked to a dozen different wires. An oxygen mask covers his mouth and nose. His eyes are closed and his face is pale. He looks barely alive. The lights in the room are dim. Harper stands close to his bed. Connors and Jacobs stand single-file behind her.

AGENT HARPER
(whispering)
Father...pausing...can you hear me?

Father Murphy's eyes start to flutter.

AGENT HARPER (CONT'D)
(whispering)
Father Murphy...pausing...my name is Agent Robyn Harper with the FBI. I was hoping to ask you a few questions.

Father Murphy slowly opens his eyes. He tries to open his mouth, but he can barely speak.

AGENT HARPER (CONT'D)
Father, do you know who abducted you?

FATHER MURPHY
(almost inaudible)
Yes.

Father Murphy's eyes are partially open. He's having a hard time focusing.

AGENT HARPER
Can you give us a name, Father?

FATHER MURPHY
(almost inaudible)
I have sinned.

DETECTIVE CONNORS
What's that father?

FATHER MURPHY
(louder)
I am being punished for my sins.

Father Murphy is becoming upset.

AGENT HARPER
Father, can you give us a name?

FATHER MURPHY
(still louder)
I repent. Lord, God, forgive me, for I
have sinned!

Father Murphy's eyes are fully open now. He stares at the occupants of his room. His breathing becomes very erratic. He looks frightened.

FATHER MURPHY (CONT'D)
(louder)
No...no. Forgive me. Forgive me. No!

One of the machines starts to beep. His body starts to tremble.

AGENT HARPER
It's o.k. Father. Everything is going to
be all right.

Another machine starts to beep. His breathing is very quick and shallow.

FATHER MURPHY
No . . . No . . . No . . .

The door flies open and Dr. Benedict comes rushing in.

DR. BENEDICT
(screaming over the machines)
Get out! That's it! You need to leave
now!

They reluctantly exit the room.

EXT. HOSPITAL PARKING GARAGE - MOMENTS LATER

Harper, Connors and Jacobs stand in the hospital parking
garage.

DETECTIVE JACOBS
I've got to run, I promised Officer
Matthews that I would sit with him on the
Peters' surveillance for a little while -
show him a thing or two.

AGENT HARPER
Frank, you want to grab a bite to eat?

DETECTIVE CONNORS
I can't. I have a bunch of paper work to
fill out for a meeting in the morning and
I just keep putting it off.

DETECTIVE JACOBS
A meeting with who?

DETECTIVE CONNORS
(reluctant)
My attorney ... to discuss getting a
divorce.

DETECTIVE JACOBS
Oh shit, man, I'm sorry.

DETECTIVE CONNORS
That's all right. Anyhow, I've got to
run.

AGENT HARPER
Good night, Frank.

Connors turns and walks away toward his car. Harper and
Jacobs stand alone for a second in an awkward moment of
silence.

AGENT HARPER (CONT'D)
You know, we never had that talk.

Jacobs checks his watch.

DETECTIVE JACOBS
I know, I know. Can it wait until
tomorrow? I'm super late.

AGENT HARPER
Yeah, yeah. Any chance of seeing you
tonight?

DETECTIVE JACOBS
If I get home at a decent hour, I'll
call. I promise.

He leans forward and kisses Agent Harper on the mouth. He
turns and walks to his car.

AGENT HARPER
Be careful.

DETECTIVE JACOBS
I will.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. OFFICE - THE NEXT MORNING

Agent Harper is sitting at a messy desk looking over a
report. Connors is standing in front of the cork board.
Jacobs walks in. He looks real tired.

DETECTIVE CONNORS
You look good.

DETECTIVE JACOBS
It's nice to see you, too.

AGENT HARPER
Late night?

DETECTIVE JACOBS
Yeah, I was with Matthews from about ten
to two.

DETECTIVE CONNORS
Anything happen with Peters?

DETECTIVE JACOBS
Not really, he just sat at home with his
telescope.

The phone rings.

DETECTIVE CONNORS
(into the phone)
Detective Connors...pausing...great,
we'll be right over.

AGENT HARPER
Who was that?

DETECTIVE CONNORS
Dr. Harris just finished his report on
the Miners.

Agent Harper stands, and they leave the office.

CUT TO:

INT. CORONER'S OFFICE

Jacobs holds the door for Harper and Connors as they enter
Dr. Harris' office. The stainless autopsy tables are empty.
Dr. Harris sits at a desk in the corner of the room.

DETECTIVE CONNORS
Dr. Harris, good morning.

Dr. Harris stands.

DR. HARRIS
(looking at his report)
You guys don't disappoint, do you? Let's
see... Jim and Tara Miner...you're
looking at the exact same style of
killing as we saw with the Smithson
couple. Holes were again drilled in the
cranium to dissolve the frontal lobes.
Traces of Ketamine were found in the
bodies.

AGENT HARPER
How about the blood from the Bible?

DR. HARRIS
The blood found on the Bible matches the
blood samples taken from the Smithson
house, the numbers on Sherry Jenkins'
wall, and the Miner's house. They are
all from the same person.

DETECTIVE CONNORS
Did the hospital send over a sample of
Father Murphy's blood?

DR. HARRIS
Yes they did.

AGENT HARPER
And?

DR. HARRIS
And, he is, with 100% certainty, your
donor.

CUT TO:

INT. HOSPITAL - AFTERNOON

Harper, Jacobs and Connors stand outside of Father Murphy's
room talking to Dr. Benedict.

DR. BENEDICT
Absolutely not. I cannot allow you to
put my patient's life in jeopardy again.

AGENT HARPER
You don't understand. Father Murphy is
the only person who can identify the man
who is not only his abductor, but also
responsible for taking 5 other lives and
probably more.

DR. BENEDICT
No, YOU don't understand. My patient
cannot physically or mentally handle
being questioned right now.

AGENT HARPER
How soon until we can see him?

DR. BENEDICT
I have no idea.

DETECTIVE JACOBS
(handing her a business card)
Doctor, will you call us as soon as you
think he's ready?

DR. BENEDICT
You have my word.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. OFFICE - EVENING

Agent Harper is sitting at a desk, rummaging through papers. The office phone rings. Connors and Jacobs are out of the office, so she picks it up.

AGENT HARPER
(into the phone)
Agent Harper speaking, can I help you?

THERESA JENKINS (V.O.)
Agent Harper, this is Theresa Jenkins.
Do you have a moment?

AGENT HARPER
Of course. What can I do for you?

THERESA JENKINS (V.O.)
My husband wasn't being truthful to you.

AGENT HARPER
About?

THERESA JENKINS (V.O.)
About his leg. He didn't injure it
playing football... pausing...he injured
it in a car accident...pausing...

AGENT HARPER
Go ahead, Mrs. Jenkins.

THERESA JENKINS (V.O.)
I don't remember the exact date, but it
was about 30 years ago. My husband and
his partner, Mark, had been up all night
drinking. They were late on a delivery
the next morning so they were flying
pretty fast through town. I guess they
didn't see the light change and they
slammed right into the car of a young
family. The parents and Mark were killed
immediately, but someone managed to pull
the young boy from the wreckage unharmed.
My husband's leg was shattered to pieces
but he was alive.

AGENT HARPER
Why didn't your husband want us to know
about this?

THERESA JENKINS (V.O.)
Well...pausing...because he was driving
the truck.

AGENT HARPER

How is that possible? His driving record came back clean!

THERESA JENKINS (V.O.)

When Carl came to, he knew he was drunk and he knew the car he hit was in bad shape. Mark was sitting in the passenger seat unconscious, so Carl just traded places with him. The police investigated the accident. Mark's wife even tried to press charges against Carl. She didn't believe that her husband was driving. They were never able to prove anything.

AGENT HARPER

Do you remember the last name of the family that was killed?

THERESA JENKINS (V.O.)

No, I'm sorry, I don't. Agent Harper, if the police come knocking on my door, I'll deny this conversation. I've already lost Sherry - I will not lose Carl, too. I hope this helps. I just couldn't live with this on my conscience any longer.

AGENT HARPER

You did the right thing. Thank you.

Harper hangs up the phone. She gets up from her desk and runs to the office door.

AGENT HARPER (CONT'D)

(yelling)

Connors and Jacobs, get in here now!

INT. POLICE STATION - CONTINUOUS

Connors and Jacobs are standing drinking coffee in the hallway talking to two uniformed police officers. They walk quickly to the office.

INT. OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

They enter the office.

AGENT HARPER

We've got it. I just got off the phone with Theresa Jenkins. It turns out that Carl's leg wasn't injured playing football in high school. It was injured in a car accident.

And in that accident, a young couple was killed. That couple had one child, a young boy.

DETECTIVE JACOBS
I thought his record was clean.

AGENT HARPER
It is. He switched places with the passenger in his truck who also died.

DETECTIVE CONNORS
Holy shit.

Agent Harper is pacing in front of the cork board.

DETECTIVE CONNORS
Did you get a name?

AGENT HARPER
She couldn't remember.

DETECTIVE CONNORS
So Jenkins kills this boy's Mom and Dad. The boy goes to live at the Angels of God Orphanage, where he gets abused by Father Murphy.

AGENT HARPER
Thirty years later he wants someone to pay for his suffering. He finds Father Murphy and makes him pay for the years of abuse. He finds Carl Jenkins and makes him pay for all those years without parents.

DETECTIVE CONNORS
The Smithsons and Miners fit the profile of his parents. He's trying to resurrect his parents.

The fax machine starts to beep.

DETECTIVE JACOBS
That's the list from the orphanage.

AGENT HARPER
Our killer is on that list.

Detective Jacobs waits by the fax machine. He grabs the list and starts reviewing it.

DETECTIVE JACOBS

Fuck, there must be thousands of kids on this list.

DETECTIVE CONNORS

Are they listed by dates?

DETECTIVE JACOBS

No ... they're listed alphabetically with their years of stay next to their name. This could take a while.

AGENT HARPER

What about an old accident report? There has to be some documentation somewhere in the police station.

DETECTIVE CONNORS

The filing system just got computerized about 10 years ago. Most of the old files are in boxes in the basement.

AGENT HARPER

It's worth a shot.

The phone rings. Detective Connors grabs the receiver.

DETECTIVE CONNORS

(into the phone)

Detective Connors...pausing...excellent. We'll send someone down there right away.

Detective Connors slams down the phone.

DETECTIVE CONNORS (CONT'D)

That was the hospital. They've stabilized Father Murphy. The doctor says he should be coherent enough to answer questions and hopefully ID our killer.

Detective Jacobs grabs his coat and the list of orphans.

DETECTIVE JACOBS

I'm on it. I'll keep my cell phone on. Call me if you find something first.

Detective Jacobs walks out the door.

DETECTIVE CONNORS

I'm off to the basement. Do you want to come with me?

Detective Connors stands by the door.

AGENT HARPER
No, I'm gonna check out the library.
Maybe the accident was covered in an old
newspaper article.

Detective Connors walks out the door.

DETECTIVE CONNORS
Keep your cell phone on.

AGENT HARPER
Will do.

CUT TO:

INT. POLICE STATION -MOMENTS LATER

Harper is walking to the front door. Officer Matthews is
approaching from the other direction.

AGENT HARPER
I hear Detective Jacobs let you do a
little surveillance?

OFFICER MATTHEWS
Ma'am?

AGENT HARPER
(confused)
Didn't you work surveillance on Jeremy
Peters last night with Detective Jacobs?

OFFICER MATTHEWS
Not that I'm aware of.

AGENT HARPER
Huh, my mistake.

Agent Harper walks to the front doors.

CUT TO:

INT. BASEMENT -MOMENTS LATER

Connors stands in the stale, dark basement. There are boxes
from floor to ceiling - row upon row upon row. He looks a
bit overwhelmed but marches onward. He walks a row of boxes,
dragging his finger on the front. He grabs a box marked
"accident reports 1970 - 71" and starts flipping through its
contents. This looks like it could take a while.

EXT. LIBRARY - NIGHT

The night sky is dark and grumbling. A storm looks to be moving in. Agent Harper walks up to the large glass door of the city library. The doors open electronically and she walks in.

INT. LIBRARY - CONTINUOUS

The library is dead quiet and mostly empty. Agent Harper walks to the information desk. A YOUNG GIRL, 19, sits behind the desk gnawing on the end of her pencil and thumbing through a magazine. Agent Harper leans over the desk.

AGENT HARPER

Hi. I was wondering if you could tell me
where I might find old copies of the
local paper?

The young girl stands up, holding her magazine. She places the magazine on the desk with its pages revealed. Agent Harper pays no attention to the magazine. She engages the young girl.

CLOSE ON THE MAGAZINE

We see an advertisement showing an attractive couple in their late 50's sitting on a sailboat (this is the picture of Detective Jacobs' parents that he has hanging on his hallway wall).

YOUNG GIRL

(pointing)

Old newspapers are kept on microfiche in
the basement. Take the elevator over
there to Floor B and it will be on your
right.

INT. LIBRARY - BASEMENT - MOMENTS LATER

Agent Harper exits the elevator and turns right. She sits down at a computer. The reflection from the monitor lights her face.

She clicks the search button. She types in "Carl Jenkins" and gets back "1 Article(s) Found". She is given a microfiche code.

She finds the filing cabinet that contains the microfiche and she pulls out the correct one. She sits at a viewing machine and inserts the microfiche.

She scans the newspaper. She sees a local headline that reads "Fatal Traffic Accident Claims the Life of 3". She stops on this article.

As she begins to read, her cell phone rings. She reaches down for her purse and pulls out her phone.

AGENT HARPER
(into her cell phone)
Hello.

DETECTIVE CONNORS (V.O.)
There's been another abduction.

AGENT HARPER
(into her cell phone)
Damn it.

DETECTIVE CONNORS (V.O.)
We're over at 1726 Mission Place. I've tried to reach Jacobs, but he's not answering his cell. I called the hospital and they say he never showed up. I'm kind of worried. Could you swing by his apartment and see if he's there?

AGENT HARPER
(into her cell phone)
Sure, we'll be right there.

Agent Harper hits the print button on the machine and gathers her belongings. As the two page article is printing, we see the paper coming out of the machine.

The article slides slowly out of the printer. As it does, we read - "On Monday morning at 8:30 a.m., Mark and Lynn Jacobs were driving southbound on Mills Ave. when their car was struck by a truck, killing them instantly. Their son, Thomas, was pulled from the wreckage unharmed. Mr. Carl Jenkins, the passenger of the truck, was fortunately unharmed. The driver of the truck..."

We don't finish reading the article.

CUT TO:

INT. JACOBS' APARTMENT - FLASHBACK

Detective Jacobs sits alone on his couch watching television on the first night that he heard the thumping and groaning noise.

From above the apartment looking down, we now see the inside of the locked room. We see the Smithsons lying on the mattress, bound and gagged, kicking and moaning.

CUT TO:

INT. JACOBS' APARTMENT - FLASHBACK

Agent Harper sits on the couch next to Detective Jacobs (the night they went over the Jenkins crime scene) and she hears the banging and groaning. Again, from above the apartment looking down, we see the inside of the locked room and the Smithsons lying on the mattress, bound and gagged, kicking and moaning.

CUT TO:

INT. JACOBS' APARTMENT - FLASHBACK

Agent Harper is in bed with Detective Jacobs. Again from above the apartment looking down, we now see the inside of the locked room and the Miners lying on the mattress, bound and gagged, kicking and moaning.

CUT TO:

INT. LIBRARY - BASEMENT - PRESENT DAY

Agent Harper tries to reach Detective Jacobs on her cell phone. She grabs the print-outs, folds them in half, tucks them under her arm, and walks toward the elevator.

INT. AGENT HARPER'S CAR

Agent Harper's car rolls to a stop in front of Detective Jacobs' apartment. The night is black. Rain continues to pour down on the windshield. Lightning bolts streak across the sky. Agent Harper reaches for her purse on the passenger seat. We see the folded print outs underneath her purse. She ignores them and exits the car.

EXT. JACOBS APARTMENT BUILDING- CONTINUOUS

Agent Harper stands at the front door of the apartment building and shakes the rain off. Thunder rolls out in the distance. Agent Harper finds Tom Jacobs' name on the list of tenants and hits the button - BUZZ. She gets no response. She hits the buzzer again. Again, no reply.

A LITTLE OLD LADY walks into the foyer of the Apartment complex. Agent Harper knocks on the door.

AGENT HARPER

Ma'am, could you please open the door?

LITTLE OLD LADY
 (muffled voice behind the glass
 door)
 I can't let you in if you don't live
 here.

Agent Harper grabs her FBI badge out of her purse and holds
 it to the glass door. The little old lady walks closer. She
 reads the badge and then opens the door.

INT. JACOBS' APARTMENT BUILDING - CONTINUOUS

AGENT HARPER
 Thank you ma'am.

LITTLE OLD LADY
 I'm sorry, I didn't know you were a
 police officer.

AGENT HARPER
 That's quite all right.

LITTLE OLD LADY
 My neighbor is a police officer. Did you
 know that?

AGENT HARPER
 Tom Jacobs?

LITTLE OLD LADY
 Yes, what a nice young man.

AGENT HARPER
 (confused)
 You're his neighbor?

LITTLE OLD LADY
 I sure am. I feel so safe having a
 police officer right next door.

AGENT HARPER
 (in a daze)
 I'm sure you do.

Agent Harper walks the hallway to Detective Jacobs' door.
 She knocks and no one answers. She reaches for the knob and
 it's unlocked. She looks puzzled. She opens the door and
 slowly enters the apartment.

AGENT HARPER (CONT'D)
 (in a soft voice)
 Tom, are you here?

Flashes of lightning fill up the dark apartment. The floor creaks under her feet as she surveys the place. She stops. She hears the voice of a SMALL CHILD coming from down the hall.

SMALL CHILD (O.S.)
(muffled)
Mommy....

Agent Harper reaches into her purse and pulls out her gun. She turns and walks down the hall. She walks right by the wall of pictures. Lightning flashes.

CLOSE ON THE PICTURE OF JACOBS' PARENTS IN A SAILBOAT.

Agent Harper does not know they are not really his parents (as we saw in the librarian's magazine, they are just models).

Agent Harper gets to the first door (the one that was locked) and jiggles the handle. It's unlocked. She draws her weapon and slowly turns the handle.

Lightning flashes. Agent Harper sees Jacobs lying on the mattress between a young couple. He doesn't hear or see Harper come in. The couple is bound and gagged (but alive).

Lightning flashes. We see the terror-filled eyes of the YOUNG LADY as she sees Agent Harper. Agent Harper nods at the lady and points her weapon at Detective Jacobs.

YOUNG LADY
(trying to talk through the
gag)
uummhh!

Detective Jacobs quickly turns and sees Agent Harper. Lightning flashes. We see his face. He looks like a sad little child. Tears are rolling down his cheek.

DETECTIVE JACOBS
(in the voice of a small child)
I miss my mommy and daddy.

Agent Harper is caught off guard by the sad voice and face of Jacobs. She points her weapon to the floor.

AGENT HARPER
It's gonna be ok, Tom.

DETECTIVE JACOBS
(in a sad child-like voice)
Help me!

Detective Jacobs stretches his arms out like a child wanting a hug. Agent Harper crouches down to Jacobs. Suddenly Jacobs LUNGES after Agent Harper. Lightning flashes as she fires her pistol.

CUT TO:

EXT. NEIGHBORHOOD STREET - EARLY MORNING

The sun is rising. We hear birds chirping. This is the first sunny day we've seen. A cool breeze blows through the trees.

Agent Harper's car pulls up behind 3 marked police vehicles that are parked in front of a pretty two story Spanish-style house. The house is buzzing with police officers.

The young couple in the back seat of Agent Harper's car is happy to be home. Wrapped in a blanket, they climb out of the car. They look scared and anxious.

Detective Connors is sitting on the curb with a small boy, probably 5. The small boy sees his parents get out of the car and he takes off running. Detective Connors stands up.

The young couple kneels down in the middle of the street and embraces their son. They weep. Detective Connors is visibly moved by this scene.

Agent Harper walks over to Detective Connors. He opens his arms and they hug. They are both sad. They try to fight back their tears.

AGENT HARPER

My God, those people were in his
apartment the whole time. They were
right under my nose.

DETECTIVE CONNORS

(looking at the young family)
Yeah, but at least you saved this family.

AGENT HARPER

I just can't believe it was Tom.

DETECTIVE CONNORS

I know, I can't either.

AGENT HARPER

(trying to laugh through tears)
Boy, I sure can pick 'em, huh?

DETECTIVE CONNORS
(trying to smile)
You're young. You've got plenty of time
to make more mistakes.

AGENT HARPER
Thanks.

We ascend up into the crisp morning sky, seeing the scene
from over head. The birds continue to chirp. The sun
continues to shine.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. AGENT HARPER'S CAR

We see agent Harper driving away. The folded copies printed
out from the library lay semi-open on her seat beside her
purse. We are about to see the rest of the article as we

CUT TO:

INT. FATHER MURPHY'S HOSPITAL ROOM

Father Murphy is lying on the bed, alive. The curtains in
his room are pulled shut. It is dark. We hear someone open
the door and lock it. Father Murphy slowly opens his eyes.
Father Murphy's eyes start to swell with tears.

FATHER MURPHY
Dear God, forgive me! Forgive me!

Father Murphy's breaths are getting shorter and shorter. A
look of complete terror comes over his face.

FATHER MURPHY (CONT'D)
I repent! I repent! I have sinned!

We see a pair hands grab a pillow and slowly place it over
Father Murphy's face. He struggles only briefly.

FATHER MURPHY (CONT'D)
(muffled)
Dear God, help me for I have sinned.

Father Murphy's lifeless body lies on the bed.

CUT TO:

INT. AGENT HARPER'S CAR

We see the rest of the article and it reads "The driver of
the truck, Mr. Mark Connors died on the way to the hospital.

He is survived by his wife and 3 sons." Agent Harper, without looking at the article, grabs the sheets of paper, crumples them up and tosses them into the back seat.

CUT TO:

EXT. DETECTIVE CONNORS' HOUSE

The sun shines bright on Detective Connors face as he walks to the front door of his house. He stops to look at his home and he smiles. He opens the front door.

INT. DETECTIVE CONNORS' HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Detective Connors stands in the foyer.

DETECTIVE CONNORS

Allen!

Allen comes running down the stairs with a huge grin on his face.

ALLEN

Daddy, you're home.

Stacey walks into the foyer from the kitchen. She looks confused. Detective Connors kneels down to hug Allen. He looks up at Stacey and smiles. She smiles back.

DETECTIVE CONNORS

Yeah buddy, I'm home.

FADE OUT.