

FADE IN:

INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

The flicker of a single candle invades the darkness revealing a modest home. Family portraits dot the walls, a vibrant young girl prominent in each. Despite a mouthful of braces, her smile emits a delightful innocence only a twelve-year-old can know.

In the eerie half-light we see the faces of two people huddled before the candle. SUSAN, 35ish, clutches a pink hair ribbon, her face drawn, grief-stricken. And RAY, 40, eyes moving, anxious as hell. They are the husband and wife in the portraits.

A third, unimposing figure sits locked in a meditative trance. The placid exterior of NATHAN ANDREW, 32, is in stark contrast to the couple's anxiety. Suddenly Nathan's face spasms, then just as abruptly stops. A moment later the silence breaks:

NATHAN
June. No. July.

Nathan's eyes are wide open, yet remarkably distant. His meek, even voice infects Susan. She is riveted.

NATHAN
Seven. The number seven.

SUSAN
Her birthday. July seventh.

NATHAN
She's showing me a ball. A soccer ball.

Susan nods, tears welling. Ray's brow furrows, doubt seeping in.

NATHAN
And a dog. A feisty lab. Black as coal. S... Sam?

SUSAN
Jenny got him when she turned nine.

She smiles faintly at the memory. Nathan concentrates, harder.

NATHAN
P... someone she knows as Poppie.

SUSAN
Her grandfather. That's what she called him.

NATHAN
She wants him to know she's okay.

Tears run down Susan's cheek. She can't believe her ears. But Ray's less convinced. He studies Nathan, biting his tongue.

NATHAN

Now she's showing me a small notebook.
Textured flowers on the cover. It's
guarded by a large... purple... spider.

Susan's face twists confused - this doesn't register. Ray sees the anguish on her face. His patience fast running dry. He's just about to put a stop to all this nonsense when...

NATHAN

This... it was her doing.

Nathan extends his wrist, running his fingers lightly across it.

NATHAN

There's a warm sensation. Here. The
skin is open. Torn.

Susan trembles, reliving the nightmare. Ray takes her hand.

RAY

Our daughter... she took her own life.

NATHAN

She says she doesn't want mommy to be
sad anymore. She wants her to know
she's all right now. And that it
wasn't her fault.

Susan breaks down, sobbing into Ray's arms.

NATHAN

She loves you and she's sorry for all
the pain she caused. So much guilt...

SUSAN

Does she know how much we love her?

NATHAN

...but she was tired. Tired of
feeling empty all the time. Empty
and alone. She didn't know what to
do. She was afraid.

SUSAN

Afraid? Of what?

NATHAN

Afraid you would stop loving her--

SUSAN

My baby. How could I?

NATHAN
--if you knew the things she did.
All the bad things.

SUSAN
But she never did anything.

NATHAN
That you could never forgive her.

Susan watches Nathan, transfixed. Waiting. Desperate. Ray too is spellbound, fast becoming a believer.

NATHAN
Never forgive her for all the bad
things she did.
(beat)
At night.
(beat)
Alone.
(beat)
With daddy.

Susan stares frozen in disbelief. A long chilling moment, then slowly, she turns to Ray. His skepticism long since faded.

SUSAN
You... you didn't...?

NATHAN
She's saying it's not your fault.

Susan slowly rises, rapt in horror. Ray grabs hold of her, like he's trying to control a volcano about to erupt.

SUSAN
You didn't. You didn't! YOU DIDN'T!

Ray shakes his head, speechless. Stunned. Susan brakes his grasp and falls to floor. She gets to her feet and staggers out of the room, hysterical. Nathan mumbles, still mired in his trance:

NATHAN
She's saying it's not your fault.
It's not your fault. It's... it's...
(beat)
...it's daddy's.

Enraged, Ray grabs a lamp and rams it into the back of Nathan's head. Nathan collapses, blood gushing. Ray hammers away with the blunt object, then finally drops it and turns for the stairs.

INT. JENNY'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Susan ransacks the room. She's a shaking mess. Posters of teen icons stare down at her. An army of stuffed animals crowd the bookshelves. She fixes on a hairy purple spider up high. Beneath it she discovers a notebook with flowers on the cover.

INT. MASTER BEDROOM - NIGHT

Susan lurches in, Jenny's notebook clutched in her hand. She clumsily yanks open a dresser drawer. Frantically rifles it, searching for something, barely able to see through her tears.

INT. SECOND FLOOR HALLWAY/MASTER BEDROOM - NIGHT

Ray charges up the darkened stairs. Sees Susan in bedroom and rushes in. She scurries into the bathroom and slams the door shut. Ray rattles the door handle. Locked.

INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Nathan lays unconscious. Head bleeding. The lamp used to club him wobbles back and forth on the floor, and collides with the candle. Knocking it over, setting the wick against the carpet.

INT. MASTER BEDROOM - BATHROOM - NIGHT

Susan perched on the toilet, the journal open on her lap. She reads, weeping uncontrollably. The door shakes furiously:

RAY (O.S.)

Susan! Open the goddamn door! Susan!

A calm gradually falls over Susan. She reaches to unlock the door. Slowly, it opens. Ray looms in the doorway. He sees the journal and his face goes slack. His rage quickly dissolves.

RAY

She was sick... you know that. She wasn't right. Whatever's in there...

Susan stares blankly at her husband. The journal falls to the ground, revealing a 9-millimeter pistol resting in her lap.

INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Flames trace toward Nathan's slumped body when a DEAFENING GUN BLAST booms through the house, followed by an ominous, unmistakable THUD. Susan's frantic sobs sweep down from above.

The fire finally reaches Nathan, licking up his shirtsleeve. And the sound of a second HORRIFIC GUN BLAST O.S. Susan's cries disappear, replaced by another ghastly THUD. Then dead silence.

Smoke engulfs the room, triggering the piercing cry of a smoke detector... which slowly changes, becoming the sound of a --
BLARING ALARM CLOCK.

INSERT TITLE CARD: TWO YEARS LATER

INT. APARTMENT - BEDROOM - MORNING

KATHRYN GATES, 30, wakes with a start, heart pounding, disoriented. She bolts upright, terrified, scanning the room... then silences the alarm clock and lays back, working to catch her breath. Her lean, toned body bathed in sweat.

She slides out of bed and moves to the bathroom. Runs water. Splashing her face, gazing in the mirror. Calming down.

EXT. ASSISTED LIVING CENTER - DAY

A one-story brick building surrounded by tall leafy trees and tight, low-cut grass. Quiet. Serene.

INT. ASSISTED LIVING CENTER - DAY

A long sterile corridor. Kathryn's eyes wander into open doorways as she moves along. Judging by its occupants, the center caters to the mentally ill of varying degrees.

Kathryn passes a room where a patient sketches furiously on his walls. She peeks in. Garish drawings saturate every inch of wall space. Demented, yet beautiful. The man grins crookedly at her.

INT. ASSISTED LIVING CENTER - PATIENT ROOM - DAY

Kathryn's mother, MRS. GATES, 50's, a frail woman of minimal capacity, stares vacantly out the window. Kathryn dutifully brushes her mother's hair. Kathryn's discomfort in this role is evident. A heavy-set caregiver, ROSE, enters, linens in hand.

ROSE

Look who has themself a visitor.
Shoulda known. She told me yesterday
you'd be comin'.

KATHRYN

She did?

ROSE

Certainly did. 'Course she says that
most every day, don't you, Mrs. Gates?
(beat)
Awful quiet today. Imagine your
daughter's been talking your ear off.

Rose strips the sheets. Kathryn crosses, lowers her voice:

KATHRYN
How is she doing?

ROSE
Today? Good. But You oughta come by
more often, see for yourself.

KATHRYN
Why? She doesn't even know I'm here.

ROSE
Believe me, she knows.

Mrs. Gates mumbles animatedly, seemingly to herself.

KATHRYN
Does she do that a lot?

ROSE
Now and then.

KATHRYN
Who's she talk to?

ROSE
Your father mostly. Going on about
you no doubt. That come as a surprise?

KATHRYN
My father's been dead a long time.

ROSE
Try telling her. Mood hits, she'll
carry on like that all day.

A nurse on rounds rolls the med cart to the door. Kathryn sees
her draw out some pills. Kathryn gazes at her ailing mother.

KATHRYN
You know, she wasn't always like this.

ROSE
Your mother's sick. It's not an arm
or leg, or somethin' you can see, but
make no mistake, it ain't by choice.

Kathryn's pager buzzes. She checks it and steps out.

EXT. STREET/FLOOD CANAL OVERPASS - DAY

A host of police cars block traffic. Uniformed cops hold hungry
news crews and onlookers at bay. Kathryn pulls up. She climbs
from the car, donning a gold detective badge.

A cop gestures her past the guardrail. Kathryn ducks under the yellow police tape and descends the embankment. Below, a sea of policemen and criminologists already on the scene. Kathryn sees a body resting face down in the shallow stream.

EXT. FLOOD CANAL - DAY

A police photographer wades gingerly into the narrow waterway. Investigators scour the area. A mass of uniformed cops observing closely. Their mood is glaringly solemn.

DETECTIVE MICHAEL MURRAY, mid-30's, gives orders to a uniformed cop who then crosses to a pair of young boys waiting nervously in the b.g. Michael spots Kathryn at the water's edge, staring at the lifeless corpse in the canal.

MICHAEL
Just get here?

KATHRYN
What'd I miss?

MICHAEL
Party's in full swing.

KATHRYN
Cozy affair. Who had the honors?

MICHAEL
Couple kids walking home from school.

Kathryn glances at the boys being questioned. They're terrified.

MICHAEL
Bet you tomorrow they take the bus.

KATHRYN
Same M.O.?

MICHAEL
Body was dumped. Haven't moved him,
but the window-dressing's a carbon.

KATHRYN
Jesus.

MICHAEL
My sentiments exactly.

The MEDICAL EXAMINER completes his inspection and trudges out of the water. Several uniformed cops edge forward into earshot.

MICHAEL
Care to weigh in on time of death?

The Medical Examiner shakes his head, unwilling to speculate.

KATHRYN

Then how 'bout cause?

MEDICAL EXAMINER

Well, we have lacerations at the base of the neck, multiple contusions, visible skull fractures. We might want to consider severe head trauma.

MICHAEL

Beaten to death. Lovely.

MEDICAL EXAMINER

Not just to death. A good portion of the blows were administered postmortem.

MICHAEL

Humanity at its finest. Sick fuck.

MEDICAL EXAMINER

Yes, of that I am sure.

KATHRYN

(looking O.S.)

Let's do this somewhere else.

Michael follows Kathryn's look O.S. and finds an audience of uniformed cops all around. Michael turns and sees the police photographer removing his galoshes. His gear already packed.

MICHAEL

Hey. I want some when we pull him.

The photographer doesn't budge, unenthused by the idea. Michael glares at him a beat, then storms over, rips the camera away and marches ankle deep into the water. Kathryn follows Michael in.

Reaching the body, she sees the dead man's arms handcuffed behind his back. Together, they turn the body, revealing the victim is a uniformed policeman. An oblong burn mark visible on his forehead. The lower half of his shirt drenched with blood.

Michael gives Kathryn a knowing look. She then reaches into the victim's breast pocket and removes a folded piece of paper. Michael snaps some photos, then marches out of the water to the photographer and jams the camera hard into his stomach.

MICHAEL

Asshole.

INT. PRECINCT HOUSE - READY ROOM - DAY

Uniformed cops. Waiting. Seething The CHIEF OF POLICE strides in. A step behind him is DETECTIVE CAPTAIN WYGANT, tough and beleaguered. Strain etched in both their faces.

Kathryn and Michael join all the suit-and-tie types who watch the scene unfold. Young DETECTIVE ABRAHAMS snipes quietly:

ABRAHAMS

Heard the Chief rode Wygant's ass
all afternoon.

MICHAEL

Better saddle up. Shit runs downhill.

The room quiets down as the Chief takes the podium. Solemnly:

CHIEF OF POLICE

There's something I'd like you all
to see.

He lifts a newspaper. The front page is a photo of the slain officer and a headline: "COP KILLER TAKES SECOND VICTIM."

CHIEF OF POLICE

Take a good look. It says, "Cop killer
takes second victim." Two good men who
should be here in this room right now.

All eyes on him. Tense silence. He sets the newspaper aside.

CHIEF OF POLICE

We are continuing strict media silence.
All communications go through my
office. That means you are not to
discuss this investigation with anyone
outside the department. No exceptions.

His voice resonates off grim, hard faces. The Chief fires a look at Wygant. After a beat Wygant reluctantly steps to the podium:

CAPTAIN WYGANT

We believe Officer Griggs was abducted
outside his home shortly after his
shift ended. This suggests the killer...

INT. AUTOPSY ROOM - DAY

The dissected corpse of Officer Griggs lays on a stainless steel slab in the center of the room. At his midsection is a gaping hole where his stomach should be.

CAPTAIN WYGANT (V.O.)
...either followed him there or knew
where he lived. Be advised. Remain
alert at all times, on duty and off.

Michael and Kathryn are with DOCTOR PETRA who lifts the
deceased's left hand.

PETRA
Dirt remnants. Packed under the nails
and ground into the fingertips.

MICHAEL
How long's he been dead?

PETRA
There are three ways to establish
time of death. Too much time had
passed for body temperature to be of
use. And stage of digestion wasn't a
factor, for obvious reasons.

Doctor Petra moves to a microscope.

PETRA
Fortunately, we have this.

Kathryn and Michael take turns peering in the microscope.

KATHRYN
And what exactly is "this?"

PETRA
Maggots. Fly larva. Insects possess
an acute sense of smell. They'll
locate a decomposing body within
minutes and begin laying eggs. Hence,
the expression "no flies on you."

Droll coroner humor. Wrong audience.

PETRA
So all we do is determine the stage
of egg development. This man was
left in the canal late last night.

MICHAEL
One week start to finish.

Petra notes the burn on the victim's forehead. Visible within
the burn are backwards numbers and letters.

PETRA
May I ask what this is from?

Michael and Kathryn exchange a look.

KATHRYN

His badge.

EXT. CITY STREET/ALLEY - EARLY EVENING

A delivery truck is parked half in the alley, half out on the street. A black and white police cruiser slithers through traffic and rolls to a stop opposite the truck. OFFICER NEWTON climbs out and moves down the alley.

Newton steps up on the truck's rear bumper, looking in the cargo area. Empty. He hops down and walks the alley in search of the driver. Cars whip past in the b.g. creating a wall of sound.

A MAN maneuvers a beat-up old refrigerator out a delivery door, dollying it with some difficulty. The tall appliance shields everything except his fists clutching the dolly. On the back of his left hand is a tattoo of young Elvis in full pelvic thrust. Officer Newton waits impatiently for the Man to reach him.

INT. PRECINCT - CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY

The war room with a large bulletin board displaying two columns of thumbtacked information: the names of both slain officers, a smattering of crime scene photos, and fact statements on each murder. A profile of the killer is in the works.

Michael and Kathryn are with MARSHA WADE, the department's criminal psychologist. Space has been cleared on the table for two identical looking wrinkled slips of paper. Scrawled almost illegibly on each are the words: "little piggies."

MARSHA

The excessive violence suggests loss of control. Physical, but more importantly, psychological. And the notes have a... delusional quality.

KATHRYN

The reference to the nursery rhyme.

MARSHA

Not only that, but the writing itself. It's beyond illiterate. It's childlike. As if this person didn't know how to write.

MICHAEL

Handwriting people said the same thing.

MARSHA

Whoever wrote these is quite ill, and severely detached from reality.

KATHRYN
Dementia. Textbook psychotic.

Marsha nods. Michael moves to the board, staring at it a beat.

MICHAEL
If this is "The Three Little Pigs,"
then he's got one left, right? He's
the "Big Bad Wolf," three dead pigs,
done. 'Cept instead of huffing and
puffing and blowing houses down, he's
bashing skulls and carving up stomachs.

MARSHA
Keep in mind, with psychotics,
everything won't fit logically.

MICHAEL
That supposed to be some kinda insight?

MARSHA
No, it's supposed to be a fact.

Michael lifts a small plastic bag from a box marked "evidence"
and hostilely pours out the contents on the table in front of
Marsha. Utensils. A knife and fork.

MICHAEL
How 'bout this: both victims had
silverware stuffed in their pocket.
Now is that important or just
something that won't fit logically?

Marsha looks hard at Michael, pissed. She stands to leave.

MARSHA
I'll let you get to your investigation.

The door shuts behind Marsh.

KATHRYN
You realize she's trying to help?

MICHAEL
Yeah, we got a psychopath on our
hands. Genius tip.

Kathryn massages her forehead. She works a couple aspirin out of
her pocket. Swallows them dry. Michael watches all this with
quiet concern. The door opens. A RESEARCH ANALYST enters and
delivers a file to Kathryn. She's taken aback by its size.

KATHRYN
How many is it?

RESEARCH ANALYST
Twelve hundred. So far.

He exits before she can get a word out. Michael thumbs the file.

MICHAEL
What's this, latest brainstorm?

KATHRYN
Cross-match. Felony arrests against
the state psychiatric hospital
database. Took a flier. Figured,
psycho with an ax to grind.

MICHAEL
Think our guy's that far gone?

KATHRYN
Could be. You don't?

Michael gazes at the gory crime scene photos on the board.

MICHAEL
Too deliberate. Thought out. It
lacks a certain amount of chaos.

KATHRYN
Lacks chaos? Where do you get that?

MICHAEL
Instinct. Never underestimate the
value of a finely tuned gut.

KATHRYN
Half the wounds are post. Screams
chaos in my book. Not to mention--
(re: Griggs autopsy photo)
--sane people don't do this.

Michael holds up the autopsy photograph of the first victim.

MICHAEL
Look. Zero variation. Same murder
times two. That requires discipline,
focus. Psychotic, fine. But this guy's
highly motivated and razor sharp.

Kathryn slides one of the "little piggies" notes forward.

KATHRYN
He writes like a five year old.
Upstairs, he probably is. How do you
explain that?

MICHAEL
I'm workin' on it.

He lifts a Polaroid camera and frames the bulletin board. FLASH!

EXT. APARTMENT BUILDING - DAY

A UPS truck rolls to a stop. A brown-clad UPS DRIVER steps out carrying a small square box and an electronic clipboard.

INT. APARTMENT BUILDING - HALLWAY - DAY

The UPS Driver presses the doorbell. A beat, and the door opens.

UPS DRIVER
Delivery for Mr. Runyan.

RUNYAN, the man with the Elvis-tattooed hand, takes the clipboard. As before, we don't see his face, only his hand scribbling out a signature. It quivers as he writes.

Runyan's P.O.V. as he notes the UPS Driver's uniform. Nervously studying the sharp, brown brimmed hat. The crisp matching shirt and pants. The sleeve emblem. The clipboard shakes profusely in Runyan's hand. He quickly returns it and accepts the package.

INT. RUNYAN'S APARTMENT - KITCHEN - DAY

Runyan sets the box on the counter. Stamped on the side of the box: "Medical Supplies: Handle With Care." He produces a shiny scalpel and slices the box open. His body trembles sporadically.

Poised a few feet away on the counter, watching Runyan with fierce black eyes, is a full size skunk. Stuffed and mounted.

INT. STEAK HOUSE - BACK ROOM - NIGHT

Cigar smoke and laughter surround DETECTIVE BEN CARSON, mid-50's, a big horse of a man. Kathryn arrives to find the last of the dinner crew is giving Carson a good ribbing.

DETECTIVE #1
Come back and visit us working
stiffs once in a while why don't ya.

CARSON
Yeah, start holdin' your breath.
(sees Kathryn)
Aye, you made it!

KATHRYN
What the hell, knew I'd never have to
see that ugly puss of yours again.

Ben flashes a warm, sideways grin. Kathryn gives him a hug.

INT. MICHAEL'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Much of the war room files now overflow the living room table. Michael pulls a jug of wine from refrigerator and pours a glass.

As he crosses to the living room we see one entire wall is actually a built-in floor-to-ceiling shelving unit filled with vinyl records. Hundreds of LPs. A virtual anthology of 60's rock gods. Michael fingers the album jackets. Selects one.

He crosses to the stereo and loads it. The needle touches down, igniting the Jimi Hendrix cover of "All Along The Watchtower." Michael responds - medicine to his soul. He opens a case file. Inside is the Polaroid of the war room bulletin board.

INT. STEAK HOUSE - NIGHT

Kathryn and Ben are alone at the bar. Ben shows off a visitor's guide to Montana with a fly fisherman doing battle on the cover.

CARSON

Clean air, blue skies, and trout
twice the size of my ass.

KATHRYN

Sounds perfect. Is this permanent?

CARSON

Dunno. Have to let the fish decide.

KATHRYN

(reveals a wrapped gift)
In that case, you might need this.

CARSON

Aw, shit. Look at you.

Ben gulps his beer and opens the gift: possibly the world's ugliest fishing hat. He puts it on, grinning like a hillbilly.

KATHRYN

That is truly frightening. Hey,
sorry I missed the dinner.

CARSON

Aw, forget it. Not the best night
anyway. Somber crowd.

(sips his beer)

Did I tell you I knew Griggs? Good cop.
Tough. Once saw him arrest this acid-
tripping, knife-wielding punk. Took
him down like a linebacker just so he
didn't have to shoot the little fucker.
I'da blown his nuts off one at a time.

(MORE)

CARSON (CONT'D)
You and Murray makin' any headway?

KATHRYN
Wish I knew. Mind taking a look?

She sets the case file on the bar. Ben opens it, pages through.

CARSON
Thirty-two years. Never saw anything
like this. Guys are scared shitless.

Ben comes to the autopsy photo. A C.U. of the forehead burn.

KATHRYN
He likes doing it. Takes pride in it.

CARSON
Mother of God. This sicko's gonna
fry twice.

Kathryn rubs her eyes, exhausted.

CARSON
You look like shit warmed over.

KATHRYN
Easy on the charm there big fella, my
head'll swim. When you heading out?

CARSON
First thing. Car's packed. Even got me
one of them little hula girls for the
dash. Keep me company.

Ben wiggles like a hula dancer. Kathryn mutters affectionately:

KATHRYN
You're a piece of work, you know that?

CARSON
Right back at ya, lady.

They click beer mugs as Ben continues perusing the file.

INT. MICHAEL'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Quiet. Unnatural. Michael slumps in the chair, gradually waking, rubbing sleep from his eyes. He checks the time, surprised by the late hour. Makes his way to the kitchen where he pours out the stale remnants of his wine glass.

Out of the corner of his eye he notices something. The front door is open just a hair. He stares at it a beat, then crosses to the couch for his service revolver.

He moves to the bedroom. Careful. Slow. It's pitch black. He hits the switch in one quick motion. Surveys the room. Nothing.

To the bathroom. Same careful review behind pointed gun. And still nothing. Michael lowers the weapon, scratching his head, perplexed. He crosses back to the front hall. Shuts the door.

Michael tosses his gun aside and strolls to the wall of LPs. He gazes at the collection, taking time to assess his mood, then begins pulling LPs, intuitively knowing exactly where each record is located.

He sifts through the armful of records, stacking them on the table alongside all the case files. The "little piggies" note rests on top one of the files. He lifts the note, studying it. Gradually, realization seeps into his face. He scribbles a thought in the margin on one of the case files.

INT. KATHRYN'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Lights come on. Kathryn emerges from the bedroom. Can't sleep. She opens the curtains revealing a picturesque city view. Beside the widow stands an easel with a cloth draped over it. Kathryn pops a bottle of extra-strength aspirin and tosses back a few.

She removes the cloth from the easel exposing a work-in-process: her beginner's depiction of the skyline framed by the window. Used brushes and paint jars sit by the canvas. Kathryn eyes her work a beat then re-covers it.

Kathryn goes to the couch. Finds a children's book. Opens it. She studies a cartoon drawing of a menacing wolf wreaking havoc on a trio of terrified, well-dressed pigs. She turns the page to the scene where the wolf blows down the pig's house.

She closes the book and sets it on the coffee table. Kathryn lifts the remote, snaps on the TV. Surfs late, late night programming. The phone rings. She moves to answer it:

KATHRYN (on phone)

Hello.

(listens)

Michael? Where are you?

INT. DIVE BAR - LATE NIGHT

Pool tables. Dingy, smoke-stained walls. Lynard Skynard on the jukebox. A waitress collecting empty longnecks barks "last call." Kathryn finds Michael cajoling his favorite pinball machine, somberly draining bourbon between balls.

MICHAEL

C'mon, get in there.

The pinball table is magician themed. Scantily clad assistants, rabbits jumping out of hats, etc. Kathryn eyes the machine's flashing banner that reads: "Lords of Illusion."

KATHRYN

"Lords of Illusion." Cute.

MICHAEL

Thought I'd run it by Wygant, offer it up. New department motto.

KATHRYN

He'd piss himself.

MICHAEL

To serve, protect, and deceive.

KATHRYN

This oughta be good.

MICHAEL

Think about it: anyone, anytime, can waltz up, kick your door in, drop a couple slugs in your skull, probably not even wake the neighbors.

KATHRYN

Cheerful. So what's the illusion?

MICHAEL

Safety. That we, the police, provide it. 'Course we don't prevent shit. Clean up after it a little maybe. 'Cept that's all gone. See, 'cause now, even we're not safe.

KATHRYN

What's that, some kinda second-generation cop wisdom?

The machine lights up, ringing bonus points. Michael cheers.

KATHRYN

Not that sleep's so much an issue, but is there a reason I'm here?

Michael lets the ball to drop between the flippers. Game over.

MICHAEL

Our guy, the "Big Bad Wolf," he's not done. Not even close.

Michael swallows his bourbon. Kathryn stares at him, thinking.

KATHRYN

That finely tuned gut of yours working overtime or did you find something?

(off his cagey look)

You did. What is it? What'd you find?

MICHAEL

Not here.

Kathryn's unnerved by the concern in Michael's voice.

MICHAEL

This you need to see.

EXT. DIVE BAR/STREET - NIGHT

Kathryn and Michael step into the night and move up the walk.

KATHRYN

Where are we going?

MICHAEL

My place. Unless you'd rather save it for tomorrow.

KATHRYN

I'd rather you tell me now.

MICHAEL

Easier if I show you.

KATHRYN

At least give me an idea.

Michael's about to speak when a passing car screeches by. The car makes an abrupt U-turn and stops. A TOUGH KID hops out and strolls directly toward Kathryn and Michael. They trade worried looks. The Kid walks right up and pulls a gun from his pants.

TOUGH KID

The wallets! Give 'em to me! Now!

The gun shakes in his hand. The DRIVER revs the engine, anxious.

MICHAEL

Whoa, take it easy pal, calm down.

TOUGH KID

I ain't your fuckin' pal! Just empty your pockets! RIGHT FUCKIN' NOW!

Michael slowly reaches into his jacket. He gently draws out his wallet, opens it and reveals his badge.

TOUGH KID

Oh, fuck! Fuck-fuck-fuck-fuck!

The Kid freaks out, stomping his feet and waving the gun widely. Michael and Kathryn jerk back. The Driver peers out.

DRIVER

The fuck you doin', homes?!

TOUGH KID

He's a cop! A fuckin' cop!

DRIVER

What?!

TOUGH KID

He'll make me! I'm fucked!

As the exchange continues, Michael calmly reaches into his coat for his revolver. The Tough Kid sees the gun, panics, and pulls the trigger... BOOM! Michael folds like a rag doll.

DRIVER

Fuckin' shit! Go-go-go! Let's go!

The Tough Kid dives in the car as it screeches away. Kathryn rushes to Michael down on the sidewalk. She sees blood and tears his shirt open. Finds a chest wound seeping dark blood. A window cracks open in the b.g. Kathryn screams:

KATHRYN

Ambulance! Call an ambulance!

(pressing on the wound)

Michael. Look at me. Hold on.

Kathryn clutches Michael. He gazes up at her, scared.

KATHRYN

SOMEBODY GET AN AMBULANCE! SOMEBODY...!

Kathryn's screams morph into a WAILING SIREN.

INT. HOSPITAL - EMERGENCY ROOM LOBBY - NIGHT

A CLERK checks the admissions log. Kathryn looms, frantic:

KATHRYN

He has a gunshot wound. Lower abdomen.

CLERK

This hospital? You're sure?

KATHRYN

The EMT said here.

CLERK

I'll check with the attending.

She crosses off leaving Kathryn waiting, wrecked. A solemn-faced boy sits alone, staring at Kathryn. At her bloodstained blouse. She closes her coat. His eyes wander past. Kathryn follows his look to a door: "HOSPITAL STAFF ONLY." She pushes through it.

INT. EMERGENCY ROOM - CONTINUOUS

A flurry of activity. Blue-smocked orderlies blur past, carting a man writhing in agony, howling expletives in Spanish. A doctor sprints by. Kathryn wanders unnoticed.

A nurse exits one of the E.R. stations. Kathryn peers in and sees Michael flat on a gurney gazing up, eyes glazed over. She rushes in, desperately studying his condition. Michael looks drugged and weak, but peaceful, even a bit flush.

KATHRYN

Michael. Are you--? Where's the doctor?

MICHAEL

It's okay. I'm gonna be fine.

Kathryn's relieved beyond words. She takes a long grateful breath. Michael starts to speak, but Kathryn quiets him.

KATHRYN

No, no, save your strength.

MICHAEL

Kathryn, listen to me. It's important.

KATHRYN

Just rest. I need to find your doctor.

She crosses out, moving down the hall. Her head on a swivel, frantically looking for someone. Anyone. She spots a NURSE.

KATHRYN

Excuse me. That man, in there--

NURSE #1

You're not supposed to be here.

KATHRYN

--I need to know his status.

E.R. DOCTOR (O.S.)

You must be his partner.

Kathryn turns to find the E.R. DOCTOR.

KATHRYN
What happened? He's all right?

E.R. DOCTOR
Why don't we sit down.

The E.R. Doctor leads Kathryn to a chair. Reluctantly, she sits.

E.R. DOCTOR
Can I get you some water, anything?

KATHRYN
Just tell me how he is.

The E.R. Doctor gives her a long stoic look. Then, frankly:

E.R. DOCTOR
The bullet ruptured his liver. He lost
a great deal of blood very quickly.
There was nothing anyone could do.

KATHRYN
(stunned disbelief)
But... that's not possible.

E.R. DOCTOR
I realize this is difficult.

KATHRYN
No. I just talked to him. Just now.

E.R. DOCTOR
Detective...

Kathryn charges down the hall and into the E.R. station only to find the gurney now sheet-covered. The E.R. Doctor enters, pulls back the sheet and reveals Michael's peaceful, lifeless face.

E.R. DOCTOR
He was dead on arrival. I am sorry.

EXT. CEMETERY - DAY

A priest reads scripture in the light rain. His voice fades as it reaches Kathryn, gradually replaced by the sound of drizzle pinging off the casket. She gazes vacantly as the raindrops strike and leap off the sleek wooden casket.

INT. FUNERAL RECEPTION HOME - DAY

Wall-to-wall cops. All here paying their respects. Sipping coffee, quietly carrying on polite conversation. Kathryn moves through the crowd, drawing looks. She looks terrible, dark circles under her eyes, stress showing.

Photographs of Michael line a table: as a boy with his parents, his father in a police uniform. As a teenager playing guitar in a garage band. As a young groom. Kathryn lifts the picture of Michael's induction to the police force.

In the b.g. Wygant eyes Kathryn. Detectives surround Wygant. LIEUTENANT HARRIS among them. A hard-nosed, by-the-book type.

CAPTAIN WYGANT
How's she holdin' up?

Blank looks. No one has any idea.

DETECTIVE #1
We close on an arrest?

HARRIS
Not with the descriptions Gates had.

Kathryn scans the crowd, listening. But the voices all sounds strangely distorted, like everyone's speaking in some obscure foreign language. Someone laughs. Kathryn turns, bumps into the Cop beside her and drops the picture. It smashes to the floor.

COP #3
Are you all right?

She bends to pick it up. Others move to help. All eyes on the scene. Captain Wygant and Lieutenant Harris watch.

KATHRYN
I'm fine. I have it.

Kathryn absently collects the broken shards. Blood trickles from her hand, spotting the floor. People stare, waiting for Kathryn to notice the blood. The Cop gestures at Kathryn's hand:

COP #3
You, uh... uh...

Kathryn looks down and sees her blood-soaked hand.

INT. PRECINCT HOUSE - DAY

Mug-shots. Sheets full. Kathryn at her desk, turning page after page. Getting nowhere. Frustrated. Her pager goes off. She studies it and a puzzle look emerges on her face. The number on the display panel reads: "102 555 6731."

DETECTIVE (O.S.)
Gates. Captain wants to see you.

INT. PRECINCT HOUSE - OUTSIDE OF WYGANT'S OFFICE - DAY

Kathryn's about to knock as voices seep out of Wygant's office:

HARRIS (O.S.)
If she's not full-speed, I don't want
her. I'm not baby-sitting a head-case.

CAPTAIN WYGANT (O.S.)
She's been on this from day one and
it's my call, not yours.

INT. CAPTAIN WYGANT'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Door abruptly opens. Kathryn enters, her edges already sharp.

CAPTAIN WYGANT
Gates, come in.

KATHRYN
I'm in.

CAPTAIN WYGANT
Look, ah, Harris here is taking
point on the investigation.

KATHRYN
WHAT?! THIS IS BULLSHIT!

CAPTAIN WYGANT
How is this bullshit?

KATHRYN
Because it's mine!

CAPTAIN WYGANT
Since when? This was Murray's lead
and I gotta give it to somebody.

KATHRYN
Then give it to me.

Harris gives her an incredulous look. Kathryn fires back:

KATHRYN
Hey, fuck you. You don't know dick
about this case.

HARRIS
I know the score. Dead cops: two,
suspects: zero. Front page every day.

CAPTAIN WYGANT
Shut the fuck up! Both of you!
(beat)
Harris, give us a minute.

Harris grudgingly exits. Wygant motions Kathryn to settle down.

CAPTAIN WYGANT

You better pull it together fast.
Frankly, if it were me, I'd think
about taking some time off.

KATHRYN

Yeah? And do what?

Captain Wygant looks at Kathryn's bandaged hand.

CAPTAIN WYGANT

I got enough headaches. Chief's so
goddamn far up my ass... We got a
dozen other homicides all beggin'
for a home, why's this nightmare?

KATHRYN

Because Michael was close. The other
night, when he was shot, he said he
had something. Something he needed
to show me. I need to finish this.

Wygant glares at her, slowly stalking the room, rubbing the last
threads of hair off his head. Finally, grudgingly:

CAPTAIN WYGANT

There any chance I won't regret this?
(beat, off her look)
Go. Get out of my sight.

INT. PRECINCT HOUSE - DAY

Kathryn at Michael's desk. Combing his files. Harris wanders up,
anything but accidentally. Kathryn doesn't even look up.

HARRIS

Anything?

KATHRYN

Nope.

HARRIS

Let me know.

KATHRYN

You'll be the first.

Harris crosses off. Kathryn keeps at, then suddenly notices the
computer monitor come to life. She stops working. Stares at it.

The cursor blinks. Blink, blink, blink. Then a name appears on
screen, "Abrahams T." Then another, "Adams R." And more names. A
list. It begins to scroll. Kathryn gazes at it, baffled. Names
rush past. She sees "Gates K." fly by...

...the list scrolls on, faster and faster. Hundreds of names spinning by. "Wygant A." appears, then, just as suddenly, the monitor goes blank. Kathryn looks around, paranoia seeping in.

INT. KATHRYN'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Kathryn grabs a bag of frozen vegetables from the freezer and holds it against her throbbing forehead. The phone rings. She winces at the noise, quickly answering:

KATHRYN (on phone)
Hello. Hello...?

She waits a beat, hangs up and turns for the couch. The phone rings again. She answers it:

KATHRYN (on phone)
Hello.

She listens. Nothing. Slams it down. Unplugs it from the base.

LATER

Kathryn lays horizontal on the couch. Her eyes heavy. She works up the energy to reach for the remote. Clicks off the TV. Silence. She gazes at the gray opaque TV screen. Her eyes open and close, fading off to sleep. Finally, her eyes shut.

She nuzzles into the fetal position. Her eyes open a sliver, gradually bringing into focus a reflection on the blank screen of the TV: the unmistakable outline of a person standing right behind her. Kathryn's eyes snap wide, horrified.

She leaps up, nearly jumping out of her skin but finds no one there. She looks around with quick, bewildered eyes and notices only the cloth cover has fallen off the easel to her painting.

LATER

Darkness, save the dim light from a single lamp. Kathryn's out cold on the couch. Sleeping like the dead. Until a low rattling sound stirs her.

Kathryn wakes, listening. The sound emanates from the front door. The doorknob slowly turns... then suddenly jiggles, as though it has a life of its own. She sits up, frozen, alert, realizing someone's trying to break into her house.

Kathryn quickly moves to the closet, retrieves her sidearm then crosses to the front door. She braces herself hard against the wall opposite the door, arms extending. Prepared to fire...

...when the doorknob stops turning. She holds her position a beat, then shifts to the eye hole... and the handle jiggles once more, throwing her back against the wall, startled...

She aims at the door, finger tight on the trigger... Harris and a Uniformed Cop burst in, guns drawn:

HARRIS AND UNIFORM COP #1
NO! NO! NO...! HOLD YOUR FIRE!

KATHRYN
Shit! You gotta be kidding...

Kathryn falls back like a sack of potatoes. A collective gasp. Behind Harris is a small bald man, the building manager, who's scared stiff. The key ring in his hand drops to the floor.

UNIFORM COP #1
You okay there, sir?

The manager doesn't budge, nodding in spite of himself. Harris moves to the phone, sees it unplugged. Reconnects it. Kathryn eyes the clock. It's past four. She's so mad she can barely see.

HARRIS
The phone's unplugged. You didn't respond to your pager.

KATHRYN
I don't need this--

HARRIS
And I do?

KATHRYN
--sure as shit not at four in the morning.

Harris glares at her. Marches to the window, jerks open the blinds. Bright sunlight streaks in. Kathryn stares in disbelief.

HARRIS
Try afternoon. Detective.
(beat)
Get dressed.

INT. HOUSE - DAY

Harris and Kathryn are with MRS. NEWTON, 25, who's barely managing to hold it together. A small, framed photo of her and Officer Newton rests on a tabletop. Through the front window we see investigators scouring the front porch, driveway and yard.

MRS. NEWTON
I was upstate with my mother. She's been sick. Bill called every night, 'til a couple days ago.

HARRIS

We need to speak to anyone your
husband talks to on a regular basis.

MRS. NEWTON

I'll get my book.

Abrahams enters, passing Mrs. Newton as she steps out.

ABRAHAMS

Desk sergeant says Newton's been off
duty since Monday. So no one would've
missed him 'til role call this morning.

Mrs. Newton returns with her address book. She's heard Abrahams
and sees his bleak expression. She bursts into tears. Kathryn
moves to her, shooting Abrahams a look. A Uniformed Cop enters:

UNIFORM COP #2

Lieutenant Harris, got a minute?

INT./EXT. GARAGE - DAY

The doors to a late model sedan are open. Uniform Cop #2
gestures in the car. Kathryn and Harris take sides, duck in and
find the keys still in the ignition.

UNIFORM COP #2

And over here.

He indicates a spot on the garage floor. A minute trail of dried
blood. Kathryn and Harris study it.

HARRIS

How much time you think we have?

KATHRYN

If he's alive, a day, maybe two.

HARRIS

This one's smug. Abducts cops in their
own home, brands them like livestock,
guts them and dumps 'em in plain sight.
He's thumbing his damn nose at us.

No argument from Kathryn. Harris turns to Abrahams:

HARRIS

Get me Newton's final shift report.

Harris steps from the garage. He gazes at the small home, until
today, quiet and happy. Kathryn's pager buzzes. She checks it.

HARRIS

Anything in Murray's apartment?

KATHRYN

Haven't made it over yet.

HARRIS

Forget it. I'll send someone else.

KATHRYN

No, I'll take care of it.

Kathryn fiddles with her pager. Harris grows annoyed.

HARRIS

Is there a problem, Gates?

KATHRYN

One-zero-two. I keep getting paged to a number in area code one-o-two.

HARRIS

Area codes don't start with a one. Look, this can't wait 'til you feel up to it.

KATHRYN

I said I'm on it.

INT. LABORATORY WORKROOM - DAY

A pair of surgical gloved hands set down a small butcher-wrapped meat pack onto a long stainless steel table. The Elvis tattoo is visible through the tight plastic gloves. Runyan unwraps the pack. Inside is a healthy looking, fleshy intestinal membrane.

Runyan clutches a razor sharp scalpel. His fist shudders a moment, then meticulously slices into the long tube, making a clean, deep incision, slowly halving it. He transfers one portion into a clear plastic zip-lock bag.

INT. MICHAEL'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

The gigantic, warped face of Pete Townsend greets Kathryn at the door. The massive wall print creates a disturbing image. Kathryn enters and immediately sees the wall of albums. She stops to look over the collection.

The jug of wine is on the counter. The case files lay open on the coffee table, the LPs are piled nearby. Everything just as Michael left it. Kathryn sits, opens one of the file folders.

Kathryn flips pages, searching the thick files. She holds up a document, rotates it, focusing on the words Michael scrawled in the margin: "little piggies crawling in the dirt." She gazes at it, puzzled, when a loud clicking sound snaps her head around...

...she stands, looking... waiting... but nothing. Then, a tiny shadow of movement appears. The stereo. Kathryn turns... As the arm of the turntable drops into position on the spinning disk... and the double-timed strumming of an electric guitar explodes.

Kathryn steps slowly toward the stereo, holding a few feet away.

VOCAL (from record player)
*Ever since I was a young boy, I played
 the silver ball, from Soho down to
 Brighton, I must have played them all,
 but I ain't seen nothin' like him in
 any amusement hall, that deaf, dumb
 and blind kid sure plays a mean
 pinball...*

Kathryn's transfixed. She reaches to hit the power button, shaking... WHEN THE VOLUME DIAL TURNS. The music booms, freezing her for an ear pounding rendition of The Who's "Pinball Wizard."

INT. KATHRYN'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Water running. Kathryn slumped over the bathroom sink. Toweling her nerve-racked face. She looks in the mirror. A long hard judgmental look... cut short by the phone ringing O.S. Kathryn crosses out, into the living room and snaps up the phone:

KATHRYN (on phone)
 Hello. Hello?

She hangs up. But before she can turn away it rings again.

KATHRYN (on phone)
 Hello.
 (beat, irritated)
 You're crank callin' a cop, genius.

She hangs up. Waits a beat, watching the phone. It rings. She lifts the receiver, but doesn't speak. Just listens, hears only silence. She slams the receiver down. Lifts it, dials "*69" call return, and waits for the line to connect:

VOICE ON PHONE
 Hello...

KATHRYN (on phone)
 You think this is some kinda game--?!

All at once Kathryn realizes it's an answering machine:

VOICE ON PHONE
 ...you've reached the home of Michael
 Murray, I'm not here right now...

Kathryn stands there, stiff, phone to her ear. Expressionless.

EXT. DOWNTOWN UNIVERSITY CAMPUS - DAY

Students crisscross. Kathryn and Marsha Wade stroll among them.

MARSHA

Pattern deviations would surprise me.
But that's just an educated guess.
When it comes to handicapping serial
killers, you'll never get good odds.

(beat)

Is there something else on your mind?

Kathryn gives her a blank look.

MARSHA

Detective, you could have asked me
these questions by phone.

KATHRYN

(beat, gives in)

How would you characterize someone
who claims to have witnessed a number
of unusual... occurrences?

MARSHA

Occurrences? What kind?

KATHRYN

The kind that aren't possible.

MARSHA

You mean hallucinations.

KATHRYN

That's your professional opinion?

MARSHA

What do you want to know, do I think
this person's lost their mind?

Kathryn's not sure she wants to hear the answer.

MARSHA

Well, these things can be situational.
Say our friend's in a highly
stressful occupation. Maybe a
homicide detective investigating the
murders of two fellow officers. Then
I'd say it sounds more like post-
traumatic shock. Particularly if she
recently witnessed the shooting
death of her longtime partner.

KATHRYN

And what if they are real?

MARSHA

Appearing real is what makes them
believable. You're not crazy.
Overworked, yes, but nothing a long
vacation and some quality time with
a decent therapist won't cure.

(jots a note)

Pick up a copy of this. Cant' hurt.

Marsha hands Kathryn the note.

INT. BOOKSTORE - DAY

Kathryn stands in the self-help section. Marsha's note in one
hand, a book entitled: "Inner Peace: The Journey" in the other.
She looks around, self-conscious.

INT. BOOKSTORE - CHECKOUT COUNTER - DAY

Kathryn waits in line. Her beeper goes off. She eyes the numbers
on the pager: "102 555 6731." The CHECKOUT GIRL interrupts:

CHECKOUT GIRL

Cash or charge?

Kathryn passes her a twenty. The Checkout Girl flips the book
over and scans the barcode. Kathryn notices something in the
bottom corner on the back cover. A number. Ten digits. Beginning
with a one. She grabs the book and shows the Checkout Girl:

KATHRYN

This number, right here.

CHECKOUT GIRL

The ISBN?

KATHRYN

You can find a book with just this?

CHECKOUT GIRL

Do you have the number?

She moves to the computer. Kathryn digs out her pagers and
writes down the number.

EXT. NATHAN ANDREW'S HOUSE - DAY

Kathryn rings the doorbell. After a beat, the door opens. A man
appears. Hardly recognizable beneath the disfigured, scar-
riddled face is Nathan Andrew. He struggles forward, gazing out.
One of his eyes is badly damaged, half-closed.

KATHRYN

Nathan Andrew?

NATHAN

Yes?

Kathryn studies his mutilated face. In her hand is book. On the back cover is a photograph of the author, Nathan Andrew. The same serene face we saw in the opening scene. On the front cover we see the title: "The Other Side."

KATHRYN

The psychic?

NATHAN

Past tense, but still yes.

INT. NATHAN ANDREW'S HOUSE - DAY

Nathan lowers himself into a frayed armchair. His breathing is labored. In fact, his every move seems painful. Kathryn avoids staring at his shriveled body, instead scans the neglected, low-rent home. Nathan indicates the book in her bag:

NATHAN

You bought my book. Though you haven't read it.

KATHRYN

How did you know that?

NATHAN

I'm psychic, remember?

(beat)

The bookmark. It's in front.

Kathryn looks down, sees the bookmark. She passes Nathan a photograph. He looks at it carefully:

NATHAN

The missing policeman.

KATHRYN

You recognize him?

NATHAN

From the newspapers. Should I?

(off her look)

No, I'm afraid clairvoyance isn't one of my gifts, if you call them that.

(returns the photo)

But you don't believe any of that nonsense, now do you, detective.

KATHRYN

Two officers are dead. A third is missing. So right now I'd probably believe in the tooth fairy if I thought it might help.

Nathan stares at her, distant and empty. His eyes gradually glaze over. A long moment.

KATHRYN

Mr. Andrew? Mr. Andrew...?

NATHAN

Someone you know recently passed. Not one of the victims. Someone closer.

(beat)

This person tried to contact you.

KATHRYN

Contact?

NATHAN

Now, against your better judgment, you want help.

Kathryn stares at him. Speechless. Nathan slowly snaps back, alert. He refocuses on Kathryn.

KATHRYN

I don't know what you're talking about.

NATHAN

I'm talking about sudden death. The grim truth that each day planes fall from the sky, cars run down pedestrians and people kill one another. The world's a nasty little place that doesn't make time for fond farewells and, unfortunately for you, I made up my mind some time ago to stop providing that particular service.

KATHRYN

You think I'm here to talk to dead people?

Kathryn finds her pager. Hands it to Nathan.

KATHRYN

Do you recognize that number?

He doesn't. She holds up his book. Points out the ISBN.

KATHRYN

It's the ISBN from your book. Not a clue why, or even if I care anymore. Probably just some prank down at the station. Pretty good one if you ask me.

Nathan's visibly struck by this revelation. His mind races. Kathryn takes back the pager, shaking her head, frustrated.

KATHRYN

You know what... never mind. I'm sorry I bothered you. I'll see myself out.

Kathryn turns to leave. Nathan watches her go.

EXT. WAREHOUSE - DAY

An industrial facility. Middle of nowhere. Lifeless, save a delivery truck kicking up dust along a remote access road. The truck angles toward one of the loading bays and backs in.

A man steps down, unlatching the rear cargo door. Then moves to the warehouse loading door, unlocks and opens it.

He climbs up, disappearing in the cargo trailer. A moment later, the truck's loading platform grinds its way down. On it, an old refrigerator. It's wheeled off and into the warehouse.

We see a pair of hands gripping the steel arms of the freight carrier. The Elvis tattoo emblazoned on one hand. Runyan.

EXT. FIELD - EARLY MORNING

An energetic golden collie skirts across the open field, nearly obscured by knee-high overgrowth. Her OWNER follows in the distance, shovel in hand. A bright orange sunrise at his back.

The Owner sinks the shovel in the ground and turns the dirt over. He rolls up his sleeve and extracts a heaping handful of long, plump night crawlers.

The collie plays in the tall grass. Running free. She sets her nose to the ground, circling something behind some heavy brush. She begins to whimper.

The Owner packs worms in a tin coffee can, then turns to go.

OWNER

Come on. Let's go...

The collie keeps circling her find. Whimpering loudly.

OWNER

What's wrong, girl?

The dog barks. The Owner stops in his tracks.

EXT. FIELD - DAY

Sullen policeman look on. Kathryn and Harris give the Medical Examiner room to work. He's on one knee beside a body laying twisted, face down, arms handcuffed behind its back.

Captain Wygant tramps across the thick underbrush. Kathryn and Harris move to meet him. Thorns poke Wygant's leg, goading an already angry man. He stops, dislodging a few:

CAPTAIN WYGANT
Goddamn it.

Kathryn and Harris reach Wygant.

CAPTAIN WYGANT
Is it Newton?

Harris nods. Wygant gives the crimes scene a look, snarling:

CAPTAIN WYGANT
Either of you got anything to say I
can't figure out for myself?

HARRIS
He's been here a while. Doc says a
couple days.

CAPTAIN WYGANT
M.O. the same?

KATHRYN
His timetable's shrinking. Jones was
killed ten days after his abduction.
Griggs a week. Newton even less.

CAPTAIN WYGANT
(plucking another thorn)
Perfect, fucking perfect. Who the
hell found him out here?

Kathryn turns to the golden collie panting in the b.g.

INT. PRECINCT HOUSE - CAPTAIN WYGANT'S OFFICE - DAY

The big vein on Wygant's forehead has swollen up and looks ready to burst. The tension in the room is palpable. Harris sets down an evidence bag with a knife and fork inside.

HARRIS
The utensils were manufactured by a
company in Illinois. The bad news is
they ship ten thousand units a month.

KATHRYN
Forensics is working samples from all
three victims. If he left behind a
single fiber, they'll find it.

CAPTAIN WYGANT
So basically we don't have shit.

Wygant's SECRETARY quietly enters.

SECRETARY
Chief's on his way down.

CAPTAIN WYGANT
Along with the F.B.I. We oughta be
off this by day end.

The Secretary puts a newspaper on the desk. The headline blares:
"BIG BAD WOLF TAKES THIRD VICTIM." Wygant's eyes explode:

CAPTAIN WYGANT
BIG BAD WOLF?! WHO THE FUCK--?!

Harris and Kathryn shake their heads in quick denial. Wygant
burst out the door, screaming at no one in particular:

CAPTAIN WYGANT
GODDAMN IT, WHICH ONE OF YOU
MOTHERFUCKERS OPENED YOUR MOUTH?!

A few detectives trade blank looks. Wygant stomps back in.

CAPTAIN WYGANT
Sonofabitch!

KATHRYN
(skimming the article)
No details. Someone just spilled
the nickname.

Somehow it doesn't matter to Wygant. He pulls on his suit coat.

CAPTAIN WYGANT
Out! Everybody out!

INT. PRECINCT HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Kathryn and Harris exit Wygant's office just as the Chief
arrives, newspaper in hand and he's not happy. Flanking him are
a pair of sharp-looking F.B.I. AGENTS.

NATHAN (O.S.)
Detective Gates.

Kathryn turns to find Nathan Andrew waiting for her.

INT. PRECINCT HOUSE - CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY

The grisly war room photos peer down at Nathan. Kathryn enters, hands him a cup of coffee. Nathan gestures to the photos.

NATHAN
Your waiting room leaves a lot to be
desired. Unsettling.

Kathryn says nothing, allows the photos to have their impact.

NATHAN
Imagine so much violence inside
one person. Such torment.

KATHRYN
I think he's found an outlet.
(beat)
You said someone tried to contact me.

NATHAN
It's called after-death communication.
More commonly, ADC.

KATHRYN
(skeptical)
So this is routine, happens all the
time.

NATHAN
You'd be surprised.

Nathan takes the pager off Kathryn's hip. Holds it up.

NATHAN
Though there's nothing at all routine
about this. Someone wants very badly
to communicate with you.

KATHRYN
From the grave? Am I supposed to
believe that?

NATHAN
Have there been other contacts?

Kathryn's eyes drift to a nearby computer monitor. Beat.

KATHRYN
Why are you here? I thought you
didn't do this anymore.

NATHAN
You're right, I don't.

Kathryn's overwhelmed by skepticism. Nathan turns to look at the gruesome crime scene photos forcing Kathryn to do the same.

KATHRYN
How does it work?

NATHAN
That depends.

KATHRYN
On what?

NATHAN
Them. All I can tell you is we don't make the rules. They do. Communications vary. The strength of the connection they make dictates everything. It's up to us only to accept whatever we're given.

KATHRYN
You're saying nothing could happen.

NATHAN
And often does.

KATHRYN
What would I do?

NATHAN
You're the key that unlocks the door.

KATHRYN
And you?

NATHAN
I'm just the messenger.

Kathryn looks at Nathan, thoroughly unconvinced. He knows it.

NATHAN
Validation is the first priority.
You must verify who's making contact.
(beat)
Is there anyone else I should know about? Others around you who have passed? A parent or relative?

KATHRYN
Does it matter?

NATHAN
You never know who might poke their head in and say hello.

KATHRYN

(beat)

There's no one else.

NATHAN

I would prefer as few people as possible be present.

KATHRYN

It would just be me.

NATHAN

Your faith overwhelms me, detective.

INT. MICHAEL'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

A candle burns in silent darkness. Nathan and Kathryn are seated opposite each other in the center of the room. Nathan meditates, eyes closed, concentrating. Kathryn eyes him with heavy doubt.

NATHAN

Choose three objects in your possession.

Kathryn rummages her pockets, digs out her badge, a set of keys and a pair of sunglasses.

NATHAN

Place them before me.

She does. Nathan's hands drift over the items. He touches the badge, feeling the raised imprint. After a moment his hands return to his lap.

Nathan holds still a long moment. Kathryn's anxiety builds, until finally Nathan's eyes open. They appear unnaturally hollow. Like he's comatosed. Another moment and Nathan speaks:

NATHAN

The ground. It's cold. Damp.

Someone's lying there.

(clutches his stomach)

Sharp, burning pain. His passing was difficult, unpleasant.

Kathryn edges forward in the chair, curiosity building.

NATHAN

And you... you're there. Screaming.
You told him to hold on.

KATHRYN

(under her breath)

I did...

NATHAN

He tried.

Nathan goes quiet. His breathing slows, weakens, becomes raspy, labored. Kathryn leans in, concerned, not sure what to do.

KATHRYN

Should we stop?

Nathan's breathing slowly calms.

NATHAN

Flashing lights. Sirens. Loud.
Earsplitting. Coming from...

KATHRYN

An ambulance?

NATHAN

...a pinball machine. Someone's
playing pinball. It's Michael. He's
winning.

Kathryn smirks. Sweat trickles down Nathan's forehead.

NATHAN

He's showing me something. Very
small. It's moving. Rotating. In a
perfect circle...

KATHRYN

A circle?

NATHAN

It looks like an insect. A bug. But
white. Entirely white, as if paint
spilled over it.

Kathryn registers the most baffled look.

NATHAN

It's leaving a trail. No, it's
spelling something out. Again in
white. The number two. And the
number four. Like sky writing.

Kathryn shakes her head, bewildered:

KATHRYN

Ask him what he wants to tell me.

Nathan looks at Kathryn, as if registering the question.

NATHAN

A two and a four. Twenty-four.

KATHRYN

Can you hear me? What does he want me to know? Do you understand?

Inexplicably, the candle goes out. Blackness.

LATER

All the lights are on. Nathan sips water, exhausted. Kathryn's trying to sort out what she's seen.

NATHAN

Symbols are common. They represent something very specific. The hard part is figuring out what.

KATHRYN

You mentioned a bug. A white insect.

NATHAN

White often implies doctors or hospitals, not always.

KATHRYN

What about numbers? A two and a four?

NATHAN

Could be anything. Date, bus number, his high school basketball jersey.

KATHRYN

I don't understand, if he wanted to help, why would he be so cryptic?

NATHAN

To Michael, I'm sure it's anything but.

KATHRYN

Why didn't he just tell me straight out?

NATHAN

The night he died, you said there was something he had to show you. That could be what he's doing, showing you.

KATHRYN

Or maybe I'm just grasping at straws.

INT. PRECINCT HOUSE - DAY

Kathryn at her desk, filling out an incident report. Working a typewriter, hunt-and-peck. She stops, lifts a notepad on which she's written the words "insect," "white" and "twenty-four," arranged in various ways.

Harris approaches, moving with purpose. Kathryn instinctively flips the notebook over and returns to typing the report.

HARRIS

We may have caught a break. Newton made a stop downtown at the end of his shift. Storeowner remembers seeing him. I'm headed over to talk to him. You coming?

KATHRYN

There's something I need to check on.

Harris crosses off. Kathryn turns the notebook back over.

INT. PRECINCT HOUSE - CAPTAIN WYGANT'S OFFICE - DAY

Wygant's reading at his desk, head down. Kathryn slips in, drops the now finished report in his overflowing in-box. Before she can exit, Wygant grabs the document, studies it.

CAPTAIN WYGANT

What the fuck is this?

KATHRYN

Incident report.

Wygant scowls, digs in his in-box and pulls out another report. He holds them both up, one in each hand. Kathryn moves close, sees they're exactly the same. Each bears her signature.

CAPTAIN WYGANT

Notice any similarities?

INT. SUBURBAN HOME - KITCHEN - DAY

A high-chaired infant screams bloody murder. ELLEN JENSEN, 30ish, scoops mush into its mouth. Kathryn waits for the noise to subside.

ELLEN

We hadn't talked much lately. You know how it is. He sent a card when the baby was born.

(indecisively)

I wanted to go to the funeral, but--

A door opens O.S. Ellen bellows quickly:

ELLEN

Justin! Don't slam the--!

The door slams O.S. Beat. Ellen wipes goo from the baby's face.

ELLEN

How was he the last few years?

Kathryn doesn't quite understand her meaning.

ELLEN

I hate to burst your bubble, but Michael wasn't exactly a big ray of sunshine when we were married.

KATHRYN

(beat)

He was dedicated. Loved his work.

ELLEN

That's about the only thing he ever did care about. Rest of the time he was just plain moody. Sorry.

KATHRYN

It's all right.

ELLEN

Always seemed like he was trying to live up to something. Did he ever talk to you about his father?

KATHRYN

Not really. I know he was a beat cop.

ELLEN

Not to mention a drunk, and a bastard. But I guess dying in the line of duty turns men like that into heroes. And their sons into cops.

KATHRYN

I suppose.

ELLEN

Michael never said so, but I know that's why he joined. Some fantasy about finding his father's killer. They never made an arrest.

KATHRYN

Yeah, I know.

Ellen goes to the sink, cleaning herself up.

KATHRYN

This may sound strange, but does a white insect mean anything to you?

ELLEN

A white what?

KATHRYN

Insect.

(off Ellen's blank look)

Or the number twenty-four? Can you think of anything about either one that could somehow relate to Michael? Maybe something he used to say or do.

Ellen shakes her head, baffled by the question itself. Kathryn rubs her forehead, frustrated and tired. Kathryn moves to leave.

ELLEN

You don't look so well.

KATHRYN

Thank you for your time.

ELLEN

Detective...

Ellen lifts a large envelope off the counter and hands it to Kathryn. Kathryn looks at it, no idea what it is.

ELLEN

The photographs. The ones you asked about yesterday. When we spoke. That's all I had.

KATHRYN

(searching her memory)

Right. Thanks.

INT. KATHRYN'S CAR (PARKED) - DAY

Kathryn opens the envelope. Photographs of Michael and Ellen in younger days. Kathryn flips through, not sure what she's looking for. Sees photos of Michael as a boy. One of him playing cops and robbers with his adoring father who's in his police uniform.

EXT. RUNYAN'S APARTMENT BUILDING - DAY

A pair of squad cars are parked out front. Kathryn's car pulls up. She climbs out and hustles up the stairs.

INT. RUNYAN'S APARTMENT BUILDING - HALLWAY - DAY

Harris stands in a doorway to a unit, giving orders to another detective. Kathryn blazes towards him, anticipation in her face.

KATHRYN

What is it? What do you have?

HARRIS

Slow down, just slow down.

(off her waiting look)

That guy I told you about, the one who spotted Newton.

KATHRYN

Yeah.

HARRIS

Newton stopped a truck double-parked in alley behind a repair shop. Didn't write it up, but we had the owner pull sales records. Gave us a name.

Harris gestures Kathryn to follow him into the apartment.

INT. RUNYAN'S APARTMENT - KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

Kathryn enters and immediately comes face-to-face with the skunk perched ferociously on the counter. She scans the room and sees an array of small animals, stuffed and mounted.

KATHRYN

How'd we get in?

Harris gestures to Abrahams who's talking with the LANDLADY, a cranky old woman. Abrahams excuses himself and crosses.

HARRIS

Give her the rundown.

ABRAHAMS

I came by with a couple uniforms, strictly routine. Knock-knock, nobody home. Had a chat with the building manager, miss good humor over there--

LANDLADY

I don't want any trouble!

ABRAHAMS

--see if we might locate the tenant. Nada. We're gone ten minutes, she takes it upon herself to come in and have a look around. Call comes in, she's found something suspicious.

Kathryn and Harris trade looks. The trio moves to the next room.

INT. RUNYAN'S APARTMENT - WORK ROOM - CONTINUOUS

The room's been more or less converted into a makeshift laboratory complete with steel tables, dissection trays, medical cutting equipment and a small refrigerator. Atop one table, under glass, is a partly dissected organ.

KATHRYN

Is that what I think it is?

HARRIS

If you think it's a pig heart.

Kathryn fans off the dense chemical odor.

ABRAHAMS

Formaldehyde. Pleasant.

Laying side-by-side at the next table are zip-lock storage bags packed with thick lumps of dark, gooey tissue-like substances. Clearly visible in one package are intestinal membranes.

ABRAHAMS

Found them in the fridge. Top shelf.
Next to the teriyaki sauce.

HARRIS

Pancreas, liver, kidneys, you name it.

KATHRYN

Shit.

HARRIS

Some whole, some chopped into little pieces. The M.E. says they're all from different species of animal.
'Cept this one.

(re: one of the bags)

It's human. Intestines.

KATHRYN

Who is he?

HARRIS

His name is Ralph Runyan. Landlady says he's quiet, keeps pretty much to himself. Pays rent on time. No priors. Full workup's in motion.

KATHRYN

Any idea where he is?

HARRIS

No, but we know in the last month he purchased two refrigerators. Neither of which are on the premises.

ABRAHAMS

Don't forget the bathroom.

KATHRYN

What's in the bathroom?

Abrahams leads Kathryn and Harris O.S.

INT. RUNYAN'S APARTMENT - BATHROOM - CONTINUOUS

The medicine cabinet is open revealing an unending stream of prescription medication. Kathryn lifts one of the bottle:

KATHRYN

Thorazine.

HARRIS

I want to talk to whoever did the prescribing a.s.a.p.

Abrahams takes one of the bottles and crosses off.

EXT. RUNYAN'S APARTMENT BUILDING - DAY

Police cars are everywhere. A BEEFY COP handles the small crowd.

BEEFY COP

...if you don't live here, then it doesn't concern you.

A forensics unit pulls up. The Beefy Cop directs the new arrivals upstairs. A man carrying groceries wanders away from the scene. Visible on his hand is the Elvis tattoo. Runyan.

INT. PRECINCT HOUSE - DAY

A whirlwind of activity. Detectives work the phones at a torrid pace. Energy pulses through the room. Wygant watches from the sidelines, tense. Harris waves a piece of paper as he strides to Kathryn's desk. She has the phone to her ear, on "hold."

HARRIS

Ralph Edgar Runyan. Born March 7, 1968, Fall River, Rhode Island. No work history in the last decade, but get this, he spent a good portion of his adult life in the comfort of soft walls.

KATHRYN
You're kidding.

HARRIS
Paranoid schizophrenia. Seven of the
last ten years institutionalized.

KATHRYN (on the phone)
(taking the call)
Have you got an address?

Kathryn writes a note and quickly hangs up.

KATHRYN
Runyan leased warehouse space.

In unison Kathryn and Harris bolt for the door.

EXT. WAREHOUSE - DUSK

Kathryn's car bounds down the remote access road spewing dust.
It comes to a stop in front of a group of warehouses. Kathryn
and Harris move from the car. Kathryn checks the buildings:

KATHRYN
This one. Over here.

They head for the entrance.

INT. WAREHOUSE - DUSK

Kathryn and Harris enter the poorly lit facility, flashlights in
hand. They move down the corridor toward the storage area,
coming to a door that opens into darkness.

Kathryn and Harris trade a look. Harris throws the light switch.
Dim industrial lights pops on, causing a constant overhead buzz.

INT. WAREHOUSE - MAIN STORAGE AREA - CONTINUOUS

The enormous concrete and metal structure has been subdivided,
partitioned into a maze-like series of adjoining cubicles
separated by six-foot tall dividers. Numerous openings await.
Kathryn chooses one and enters. Harris takes another.

Kathryn passes through an empty partition that twists and turns,
leading to a wide space filled with boxes. She opens one of the
boxes, finds an array of sealed medical supplies and devices.

HARRIS (O.S.)
Gates. What do you have?

KATHRYN
Supplies. Surgical stuff.

Kathryn continues on, moving through the maze into an even larger partitioned area. The walls are covered with life size posters of the human body. Detailed diagrams of muscles, arteries and organs, shown from every point of view.

She studies the illustrations a beat before moving forward, twisting through to the next walled area.

The room is larger still with the look and feel of a medical laboratory. Long stainless steel slabs and side tables brimming with specialty surgical instruments. Gleaming and sterile.

KATHRYN

Harris. Get over here.

HARRIS (O.S.)

Coming.

Kathryn studies the room. She moves to a side table where scalpels are positioned ready and waiting for use. She continues on through the labyrinth.

ON HARRIS

Retracing his steps through the maze. He takes the same opening as Kathryn. Moves through, discovering what she's already seen and reaches the sterile laboratory space.

HARRIS

What the hell is this?

ON KATHRYN

She comes to an opening that reveals the remainder of the warehouse. Vast and barren, save the wall space, which is lined with refrigerators. Dozens of them, side-by-side. Harris emerges from the maze. Together they gaze at the bizarre sight.

The move together down the line of refrigerators and immediately notice a strange assortment of ornamental door magnets on each.

On one door is a collection of tiny magnetic shoes and feet. The next is covered with small magnetic legs. Kathryn lifts one of the legs, moves to the prior refrigerator and marries it to the matching foot.

They continue down the refrigerators, stopping at one with a slew of celebrity magnetic heads: Elvis, The Beatles, Marilyn Monroe, Bugs Bunny, Dorothy from The Wizard of Oz...

Kathryn lifts the severed Elvis magnetic head. Looks at Harris. He opens the refrigerator. They both peak in, then slowly Harris shuts the door. Kathryn's calm exterior belies what she's seen.

HARRIS
I'm calling for back up.

KATHRYN
Yeah.

Harris crosses back through the maze. Kathryn backs away from the refrigerator... and notices a shaft of light beneath a door located between two refrigerators, set back a few feet.

INT. WAREHOUSE - BACK ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Kathryn enters. The faint sound of running water directs her forward. She edges cautiously in, drawing her gun.

She turns into a washroom and sees a running faucet. Medical cutting instruments lay in the sink. She lifts one of the razor sharp scalpels.

Slowly, Kathryn turns... as Runyan's Elvis tattooed hand darts out and covers her mouth. A brief struggle ensues until the Chloroform overtakes Kathryn. The scalpel clanks to the floor.

INT. WAREHOUSE - SURGICAL CUBICLE (MOMENTS LATER)

Kathryn lays unconscious on one of the steel slabs. Runyan arranges scalpels, shaking ever so slightly as he prepares his tools.

Kathryn's eyes work open, seeing Runyan put on plastic gloves. He turns and we finally see Runyan's chilling face. Vacant and twitching involuntarily. Unsettling in its calm precision. He lifts a scalpel and moves to Kathryn.

Runyan untucks Kathryn's shirt, exposing her abdomen. Kathryn drugged, unable to wake herself. Runyan raises the knife, preparing to make an incision...

HARRIS (O.S.)
Gates? You in here? Gates?

Kathryn's eyes crane open, her arms flail, sending the knives on the side table to the ground with a muted clatter--

MAIN STORAGE AREA

--Harris hears the dull noise.

HARRIS
Gates. Where are you?

He eyes all the maze openings before him.

SURGICAL CUBICLE

Runyan goes for the chloroform rag. Kathryn manages to roll, flopping off the slab, hitting the ground hard, putting the metal table between herself and Runyan.

Kathryn on the ground, face down. Her eyes open and close, unable to stay alert. Runyan moves for her, chloroform towel in his trembling hand, trying to wedge the cloth under her mouth. Kathryn presses her face to the ground.

She twists and turns, keeping the cloth at bay. Runyan grabs her by the hair, lifting her head, jamming the cloth to her face. Kathryn slams an elbow hard to his groin, Runyan reels in pain, moaning, dropping the cloth--

MAZE

--Harris hears the struggle. He draws his gun, on the move.

HARRIS (O.S.)

Gates?!

SURGICAL CUBICLE

Kathryn crawls on hands and knees. Runyan comes at her from behind, throws one hand around her waist, the other over her mouth. Kathryn sees her pistol on the table, only feet away.

Kathryn gets to her feet, fighting with what little faculties she has. Runyan wrestles her onto the table, reaching for a scalpel. Kathryn bites down hard on Runyan's hand, right into the Elvis tattoo, freeing herself to lunge for her gun...

...but crashes down, knocking the gun to the floor. Runyan raises the knife, coming at her. Kathryn sees the gun beside her and slowly lifts it. Groggy and dazed, unable to focus on her fast approaching target. She pulls the trigger-- BOOM!

The scalpel falls from Runyan's hand, he collapses at Kathryn's feet. She drops the gun, and sinks to the floor.

HARRIS (O.S.)

Gates!

EXT. WAREHOUSE - NIGHT

Emergency vehicles, flashing lights, the works. EMTs attend to Kathryn, checking her pupils, vitals. Harris gives Wygant his report as the coroner wheels out Runyan's shrouded body. In the b.g., investigators search the interior of Runyan's truck.

INT. WAREHOUSE - NIGHT

A team of investigators are going through the refrigerators one by one. Methodically tagging each zip-lock bag. Kathryn, Harris and Wygant observe the grim task.

CAPTAIN WYGANT
Pack a fuckin' lunch. I.D.-ing this
is gonna take forever.
(barking at Harris)
Find somethin' hard.

Wygant moves to confer with one of the forensics people. Abrahams comes out of the door that leads to the back room. He moves to Harris, relaying information.

HARRIS
Captain.

The Captain glares at Harris.

INT. WAREHOUSE - BACK ROOM - NIGHT

Wygant, Harris and Kathryn move past the washbasin, to a tiny room not much bigger than a closet. They squeeze in and find the walls covered in corkboard. On them are dozens of news clippings and press photos of the three Big Bad Wolf murders.

CAPTAIN WYGANT
Jesus Christ.

INT. STATE MENTAL HOSPITAL - DAY

Institutional gloom. Kathryn and Harris walk the dreary corridor with DOCTOR STROUD, the listless head of psychiatry.

STROUD
Ralph was prone to aggressive
outbursts. Frustrated, confused by
the burden of multiple realities.

HARRIS
I thought schizophrenics weren't
supposed to be violent.

STROUD
It varies. Erratic behavior makes
them appear more dangerous than they
are. However, social aversion tends
to minimize the risks and often
results in a reclusive lifestyle.

KATHRYN
Which was the case with Runyan.

STROUD

Yes, but Ralph's paranoia was severe.
His aggressive tendencies grew out
of his perceived necessity for
self-preservation.

HARRIS

He had maybe two dozen bodies
shrink-wrapped and tucked away in
cold storage. That turn your head
at all, doctor?

STROUD

Hard to say. His manifestations were
centered mainly on authority figures.
In lay terms, he was convinced
everyone was out to get him,
especially those in uniform.

KATHRYN

We found an entire pharmacy of
psychotropics in his medicine cabinet.
Wouldn't that keep him under control?

STROUD

To an extent. And only if he took them.

Kathryn and Harris trade looks. An administrator approaches.

STROUD

I'd be lying if I said I wasn't
concerned when he was discharged.
But I couldn't have predicted this.
Look, we do what we can for these
people. Unfortunately, our job ends
when they leave. I don't know what
else to tell you.

Stroud sees the administrator and crosses.

EXT. STATE MENTAL HOSPITAL/PARKING LOT - DAY

Kathryn and Harris exit, heading for their cars.

HARRIS

Assessment, detective?

KATHRYN

Two dozen bodies in cold storage.
That's a lot of missing persons to
locate in one day.

HARRIS

At least the list won't be getting
any longer.

KATHRYN

Assuming there are no more trophy rooms.

HARRIS

All these freaks want to get caught at some point. Some kind of twisted poetic justice.

KATHRYN

Forensics check in yet?

HARRIS

They're still scrubbing. Taking their sweet time.

KATHRYN

Well we've got the cutting instruments from the warehouse.

HARRIS

Which match the abdominal wounds on all three victims.

KATHRYN

What about handwriting samples?

HARRIS

Being delivered as we speak.

KATHRYN

What else do we need to be certain this was Runyan?

HARRIS

No one to turn up dead for a couple days. You can set your watch by this guy. And Runyan's not doing any damage where he is.

Harris's cell phone rings.

HARRIS (on phone)

Harris here. Yeah... Ahuh... Okay.

(hangs up, to Kathryn)

DNA found in Runyan's truck came back positive. It's Newton's.

KATHRYN

Blood?

HARRIS

Hair. And tissue.

They trade confirming looks, then climb into their cars.

INT. KATHRYN'S CAR - DAY

Drizzle pelts the windshield. Kathryn rolls up the window as she slaps on the wipers. Traffic backs up, crawling to a stop.

Kathryn peers for the cause of the slow down, then settles back, serenaded by the rhythm of the rain and windshield wipers. She turns on the radio. An all news channel. She lowers the volume and adjusts the rearview mirror.

Traffic gradually loosens. Kathryn accelerates, splashing through puddles, powering into the passing lane. Suddenly, the radio changes stations. And again. As if in scan mode. She gives it a look and pushes her pre-set button.

The radio scans once again. Kathryn watches the radio, curiosity getting the better of her. It scans the dial, finally settling on a station. The Rolling Stones' "Satisfaction" blares:

VOCAL (on radio)
*...when I'm drivin' in my car and
 that man comes on the radio, he's
 tellin' me more and more, about some
 useless information, supposed to fire
 my imagination...*

Kathryn turns the stereo off. She gives herself a steely-eyed look in the mirror then hammers the accelerator. The radio springs back to life. Kathryn's eyes lock on the radio... as the volume slowly rises:

VOCAL (on radio)
...hey, hey, hey, that's what I say...

Unnerved, Kathryn turns it off. Silence. Then instantly it comes back on. Again, she punches the off button, but the music continues playing. She hits the power switch in a rapid-fire frenzy:

KATHRYN
 This... is... not... happening...

A horn SCREAMS... Kathryn snaps her attention back to the road, yanks the wheel, narrowly avoiding an oncoming truck.

KATHRYN
 Shit...!

She breathes a sigh of relief, looks up, checking the rearview, AND SEES MICHAEL SEATED DIRECTLY BEHIND HER IN THE BACK SEAT. Big as life. Real. Kathryn slams the breaks, sending the car into a watery skid--

EXT. ROAD - DAY

--TIRES SCREAM. The car careens into oncoming traffic... METAL CRUNCHES as the car's rear-end gets immediately punched by another vehicle, spinning it around, out of control--

INT. KATHRYN'S CAR - DAY

--the car twirls like some demented teacup. Kathryn hangs on for dear life. She catches a glimpse of Michael in the rearview, seated calmly, as if inside the eye of the storm. He mouths something to Kathryn. But she can't make it out. Then... BOOM!--

EXT. ROAD - DAY

--a second vehicle slams her front end. The car SCREECHES sideways, helplessly staggering from the road, crashing hard into a sunken drainage ditch.

INT. KATHRYN'S CAR - DAY

A line of blood runs down Kathryn's forehead. She sits dazed and motionless, her hands still gripping the wheel. Slowly, she looks up into the rearview mirror, scanning the back seat, which is empty.

INT. NATHAN'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Nathan passes Kathryn a towel. She is rain soaked. Kathryn peels a bandage from her forehead as she towels her hair.

NATHAN

I don't understand. You got the killer. He's dead, isn't he?

KATHRYN

Maybe it's something else. I don't know, but I do know Michael was in the backseat of my car talking to me.

NATHAN

What did he say?

Kathryn shakes her head, doesn't know. Nathan hobbles to the window, taking a moment to think. Nathan's cat climbs into the armchair, stealing his seat.

NATHAN

I believe the reason for after-death communication is closure. For the living as well as the dead. Is that what you think we're doing?

KATHRYN

You told me we don't control the contact. They do. Now I'm no expert, but it seems to me Michael has something to say. So the only question is whether or not you're going to help me find out what that is.

LATER

Rain dapples the windowpane, drumming out the only sound. Nathan and Kathryn are faced-off, sitting in the center of the room. Lit only by the glimmer of a glowing candle.

Nathan's eyes are closed, his breathing slow and uneven. Kathryn removes her watch and sets it beside her badge and keys on the table. Nathan passes his hands over the items, one at a time.

Kathryn watches, waiting, tension building. Nathan meditates. He's the picture of tranquility, sitting upright, yet seeming very much asleep. Kathryn leans forward, checking on him. Looking Nathan over carefully, wondering what's happening.

KATHRYN

Are you there? Mr. Andrew?

Nathan remains lifeless. Kathryn notices beads of sweat on his forehead. She stands, moves around the table, close to Nathan:

KATHRYN

Nathan?

She delicately places a hand on his shoulder, jostling Nathan slightly. He doesn't flinch. Kathryn's getting worried.

KATHRYN

Nathan? What's happening?

Kathryn puts both hands on him. Rocking Nathan forcefully.

KATHRYN

You're scaring the hell out of me.

(shaking him)

Nathan... Nathan...! Nathan!

Suddenly, Nathan's eyes snap open. Cold and piercing. Kathryn falls back to the floor, startled. Nathan gazes down at her with an strange expression. Then lets out a slightly superior and perverse grin.

The cat leaps from her perch and races under the sofa, letting out a venomous "hiss" as she wedges in.

Kathryn notices both Nathan's eyes are fully functioning. The burned, impaired left eye no longer hindered in its movement.

KATHRYN

Nathan?

Nathan shakes his head "no." His once painful and limited range of motion is now healthy and full. And disturbing.

KATHRYN

Michael...?

NATHAN

Care to try again?

Nathan's voice is profoundly different, deep and menacing. Once again he smiles that sick, disturbing smile. Fear creeps into Kathryn's voice:

KATHRYN

Who are you?

NATHAN

Shall I give you a clue, detective?

Kathryn's face registers the shock of hearing his bizarre tone.

NATHAN

Have you seen the little piggies
crawling in the dirt?

Kathryn's eyes go wide. Horror and disbelief kicking in.

KATHRYN

My God...

NATHAN

Not by a long shot.

KATHRYN

You're dead... I watched you die...

NATHAN

Oh, I remember.

Kathryn edges backwards across the floor, retreating from the nightmare. She bangs into the chair, mumbling, confused:

KATHRYN

I don't understand...

NATHAN

Not who you were expecting?

KATHRYN

No... This can't be real.

NATHAN

Can't it?

Kathryn shakes her head, stunned.

NATHAN

Don't like surprises, do you,
detective?

(beat)

Too bad. Because I've got a doozy.

Nathan leans in, looming over on her.

NATHAN

It's a bad time to be a piggy. Want
to know why?

Kathryn trembles, unable to speak.

NATHAN

Because life... is... getting... worse.

KATHRYN

No... It's over. You're dead.

NATHAN

True. Though I did leave something
behind. Call it a parting gift.

Nathan grins. Kathryn's mind races.

NATHAN

A little unfinished business.

Nathan lets the words sink in. He smiles that demented smile one
last time before his eyes slam shut. Kathryn gets to her feet.

KATHRYN

No, no you don't...

Kathryn pounces on Nathan, shaking him. His head bobs, limp.

KATHRYN

Come back here... sonofabitch... you
come back and talk to me...

Nathan comes to. His one good eye weary and strained, the other,
half shut as always. His voice returns to normal, meek and slow:

NATHAN

Stop... What are doing?

Kathryn stops shaking Nathan. They each look at each other,
equally confused.

KATHRYN (V.O.)
It was him.

INT. NATHAN'S HOUSE - NIGHT (LATER)

Kathryn paces the floor. Nathan watches her from his chair.

NATHAN
Runyan?

KATHRYN
Yes, Runyan. He was toying with me.
Why are you looking at me like that?

NATHAN
It's just, I've never heard of
anything like this. I don't even
know if it's possible. Someone who's
passed... taking over a person.

KATHRYN
(frustrated)
You changed. Your voice changed. Your
whole body.
(off his look)
I know what happened! I'm not insane!

NATHAN
Did you know him when he was alive?

KATHRYN
I shot him for chrissake! I'm the one
who killed him!

Nathan's thoroughly bewildered. Kathryn thinks a beat.

KATHRYN
He said, "It's a bad time to be a
piggy. Life is getting worse."
(sudden realization)
Another victim. Someone he didn't get
to in time. "Unfinished business..."

Kathryn grabs her coat and springs for the door. Nathan sits
stumped in her wake.

INT. PRECINCT HOUSE - RECEIVING LOBBY - NIGHT

The DUTY SERGEANT chomps on sunflower seeds as he fills out
paperwork, stopping only to extract a seed wedged in his teeth.
The LOW-LIFE handcuffed to the bench vies for his attention:

LOW-LIFE
When do I get my call? I want my call.

DUTY SERGEANT
Put a sock in it.

The Low-Life slumps into the bench, grumbling quietly. The front door bursts open and Kathryn beelines for the Duty Sergeant's desk. She studies the shift status board.

DUTY SERGEANT
What can I do for you, detective?

KATHRYN
Shift status. Who didn't show?

He checks the log, taking his time. Then passes it to Kathryn.

DUTY SERGEANT
Mills.

KATHRYN
He call?

DUTY SERGEANT
Yup. Sinus infection. All present and accounted for.

KATHRYN
What about the day shift?

DUTY SERGEANT
I got here at six.

Kathryn sets the log on his paperwork, demanding his attention.

KATHRYN
Officer...

DUTY SERGEANT
Duncan.

Kathryn lifts the phone, holds it out to him.

KATHRYN
I need a headcount. Every patrolman who hasn't checked in during the last twenty-four hours.

DUTY SERGEANT
Is this a joke?

KATHRYN
Do I seem funny?

He looks at her a beat, then takes the phone.

DUTY SERGEANT
I gotta clear it with my lieutenant.

KATHRYN
Just do it.

She hurries past the Low-Life and up the stairs. The Low-Life fires a shit-eating grin at the Sergeant who barks back:

DUTY SERGEANT
I said shut up.

INT. PRECINCT HOUSE - SECOND FLOOR - NIGHT

Dark and lifeless. Kathryn moves through shadows. She's about to throw the light switch when she spots a single lamp illuminating one of the desks. Her desk.

A small booklet rests on the blotter just under the light. Kathryn opens it. The department face book. Page after page of policemen. Name, rank, photograph. She looks at it, baffled.

Kathryn looks up, catches sight of someone moving slowly, calmly for the stairs.

KATHRYN
Who's there?

The figure descends the stairs. Kathryn crosses to the landing, looks down. Sees the dark silhouette, his back to her.

KATHRYN
Wait.

The man reaches the ground floor, and turns into the lobby. But Kathryn gets a fleeting glimpse of his face -- It's Michael.

KATHRYN
Michael...?

He disappears from view. Kathryn races down the stairs--

INT. PRECINCT HOUSE - RECEIVING LOBBY - CONTINUOUS

--but he's gone. She sees only Officer Duncan talking on the phone and the Low-Life cuffed to the bench. She stands there a beat, stumped, speechless. Finally, she turns to the Low-Life:

KATHRYN
Did someone come down here?

The Low-Life just looks at her. Blank.

KATHRYN
You didn't see anyone?

She's weirding him out. The Low-Life shakes his head, "no."

INT. RUNYAN'S APARTMENT BUILDING - HALLWAY - NIGHT

Yellow police tape rips from the door. Kathryn tosses it aside, trying the handle, ramming her shoulder to the door. It doesn't budge. She steps back, sets herself and violently slams her foot to the door, blasting it in.

INT. RUNYAN'S APARTMENT - CONTINUOUS

Kathryn moves through the place like a tornado on fire. Rifling drawers, cabinets, looking for anything. She finally stops, looks around, and turns for the workroom.

INT. RUNYAN'S APARTMENT - WORKROOM - NIGHT (LATER)

All the mounted dead animals are lined up on the steel table, tagged as evidence. Kathryn is on her knees, rifling mail, magazines, scraps of paper. Anything she can get her hands on.

HARRIS (O.S.)

We've been through here.

Kathryn turns to find Harris in the doorway.

HARRIS

Twice. Anything in particular you're looking for?

KATHRYN

I'm not sure.

HARRIS

(enters, crouches by her)
Talk to me.

She just looks at him. Beat. Harris's face tightens, irritated.

HARRIS

Listen, I don't give a damn if you feel obliged to revisit every piece of evidence. If that's what you gotta do, have at it. And I'm not especially interested when you do it. Hell, I'll give you the damn keys, toss in a sleeping bag and a canteen. But I do care when you order a desk sergeant to bed check the entire patrol division.

KATHRYN

There's another victim.

Not what Harris expected to hear. He thinks a long moment.

HARRIS

Cop?

KATHRYN

I think so.

HARRIS

Who?

KATHRYN

I don't know.

HARRIS

You're saying Runyan nabbed someone before we took him down, but you don't know who.

KATHRYN

Yeah.

HARRIS

And you came to this conclusion how?

Kathryn searches for an answer, but doesn't find it. Harris just looks at her, anger welling.

INT. PRECINCT HOUSE - CAPTAIN WYGANT'S OFFICE - DAY

A ream of papers slams down on the desk before Kathryn. Wygant stands over her, simmering:

CAPTAIN WYGANT

Every cop in the division. You happy? The little check marks by their name means they're alive and well and laughing their happy asses off right now. You're making me look like a fuckin' idiot!

Harris hovers silently in the b.g. Kathryn immediately pages through the document, double-checking. Wygant detonates:

CAPTAIN WYGANT

Jesus Christ! They're all there!

KATHRYN

Is this just the downtown precincts?

CAPTAIN WYGANT

What?

KATHRYN

Did we run outlying districts?

Wygant's eyes bore holes in her, well past his boiling point.

KATHRYN

You're already an idiot, right?

CAPTAIN WYGANT

(mock composure)

Tell you what, I'll make you a deal,
I will personally take the pulse of
every cop in the state on one
condition: when it's over you take a
thirty day leave and vacuum out the
cobwebs.

KATHRYN

Deal.

CAPTAIN WYGANT

(beat, to Harris)

Fine! Do it! What the fuck!

INT. MICHAEL'S APARTMENT - DAY

Kathryn enters. Sees the stereo. Immediately crosses and removes the records from the turntable, effectively disarming it.

She surveys the room. The enormous wall of record albums faces her. Kathryn notices one album extending out slightly. She slides it in flush with others.

Kathryn crosses to open the window. It won't budge. She keeps at it. In the b.g. we see the album jacket slowly wiggling its way back out, oscillating as if it had a life of it's own.

Kathryn looks for something to bang against the window frame. She gazes right past the now protruding album.

Kathryn grabs her pistol, using the butt to tap against the frame. As she works, the album worms it's way out. She pulls on the window with all her might... it snaps open... just as the album falls to the floor.

She turns and sees the album on the ground. Kathryn lifts it, studies it, then crosses to the kitchen and dials the phone.

KATHRYN (on phone)

Nathan...

INT. NATHAN'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - DAY

Nathan sits at the kitchen table, phone to his ear, ingesting pain meds. The cat leaps up on the counter.

KATHRYN (V.O., on phone)

...you know that insect, the one
Michael showed you?

NATHAN (on phone)
Detective Gates...?

KATHRYN (V.O., on phone)
The white bug. Can you remember it?

Nathan closes his eyes, visualizing.

INT. MICHAEL'S APARTMENT - DAY

Kathryn crosses to the wall of the records, her eyes still fixed on the album in hand.

KATHRYN (on phone)
What kind was it?

NATHAN (V.O., on phone)
Just an insect. Sort of a ladybug.

KATHRYN (on phone)
Any chance it was a beetle?

NATHAN (V.O., on phone)
A beetle?

We see Kathryn is holding The Beatles "Let It Be" album. The one with all four band members framed in separate still photographs.

NATHAN (V.O., on phone)
I suppose.

Kathryn pulls out every Beatles album she can find and moves to the couch, spreading them out on the table.

NATHAN (V.O., on phone)
What is it?

Kathryn shuffles the albums, "Sgt. Pepper's," "Abbey Road," faster and faster, "Revolver," "Rubber Soul"...

NATHAN (V.O., on phone)
Are you there? Hello...?

She sets them aside. Her eyes shift to the stack of albums Michael left on the table. Laying on top, entirely in white is The Beatles' "The White Album." She removes the protective plastic sleeve and opens the double LP.

NATHAN (V.O., on phone)
Detective Gates...?

KATHRYN
(to herself)
Twenty-four.

She slides out the first vinyl disk, turns it over to side two.

KATHRYN

Two.

Her finger moves down the song list to track four.

KATHRYN

Four.

The phone falls to the floor.

NATHAN (V.O., on phone)

Detective Gates...?!

She stares at the song title. Side two, track four: "Piggies."

NATHAN (V.O., on phone)

Detective Gates, what's happening?!

Kathryn moves to the stereo, gently places the disk on the turntable and lowers the needle.

INT. KATHRYN'S CAR - DAY

The dented car knifes through traffic. Kathryn driving like a bat out of hell. A version of the song "Piggies" plays over top:

VOCAL (V.O.)

*Have you seen the little piggies
crawling in the dirt, and for all the
little piggies, life is getting worse,
always having dirt to play around in...*

INT. PRECINCT HOUSE - DAY

Wygant and Harris listen to Kathryn who can't get the words out fast enough:

KATHRYN

It's not "The Three Little Pigs."
It's not even a nursery rhyme. It's a
song. "Piggies."

CAPTAIN WYGANT

What?

HARRIS

Piggies?

KATHRYN

From "The White Album." The Beatles.

Wygant and Harris trade baffled looks. Abrahams enters, handing Kathryn photocopies. She passes them out, reading the lyrics:

KATHRYN

"Have you seen the little piggies crawling in the dirt..." Jones, Griggs and Newton all had dirt ground under their fingernails.

Kathryn holds up a document, indicating the note in the margin:

KATHRYN

Here. "Little piggies crawling in the dirt." I found this in Michael's apartment. He must have discovered it the night he was killed. This is what he wanted to show me.

CAPTAIN WYGANT

(reading, flatly)

"In their eyes there's something lacking, what they need's a damn good whacking..."

KATHRYN

All three were beaten to death. Given "a damn good whacking." Runyan was punishing them, inflicting some sort of revenge against cops, "piggies."

(off their looks)

Look at the last line. "You can see them out for dinner with their piggy wives, clutching forks and knives..." Forks and knives, found in the pocket of all three victims.

(re: the page of lyrics)

This was the blueprint.

HARRIS

(slightly amazed)

How did Murray come up with this?

KATHRYN

He was a music freak. 60's rock was his entire life.

Wygant studies the lyrics. Not sure what to make of this.

ABRAHAMS

It fits. Nothing about forehead burns, or removing intestines, but it fits.

Harris shoots him a look. Kathryn reads on:

KATHRYN

"And for all the little piggies,
life is getting worse."

(realizing)

Life is getting worse. That's what
he said...

CAPTAIN WYGANT

Who?

KATHRYN

Runyan.

HARRIS

Runyan? When did he say that?

Kathryn balks, doesn't answer.

CAPTAIN WYGANT

Okay, so Runyan was schizo and working
off song lyrics instead a nursery
rhymes. What difference does it make?

KATHRYN

There's another victim still out there.

HARRIS

Gates, we did the headcount. All
precincts.

KATHRYN

And I bet you came up empty, right?
That's because you ran patrol.

(reading)

"Have you seen the bigger piggies in
their starched white shirts? You will
find the bigger piggies stirring up
the dirt." I'll bet his next victim
was a "bigger piggy..."

CAPTAIN WYGANT

Gates--

KATHRYN

In a "starched white shirt..."

CAPTAIN WYGANT

Gates.

KATHRYN

A plainclothed cop... A detective!

CAPTAIN WYGANT

Gates!

(stopping her cold)

We ran the bureau. We ran every
goddamn person on the force. Statewide.

KATHRYN

(stunned, to Harris)

Nothing?

HARRIS

Except a few hundred warm bodies.

Wygant moves up, close to Kathryn, imposing his large frame:

CAPTAIN WYGANT

Now I don't want to see you, I don't
want to hear from you for one month.

Thirty days. That was the deal.

(before she can respond)

And it ain't negotiable.

Wygant stomps off.

INT. PRECINCT HOUSE - DAY

The place is all but empty. Kathryn sits at her desk, fidgeting.
Harris, on his way out, detours over.

HARRIS

You better get outta here before
Wygant sees you.

KATHRYN

I'm going.

Kathryn tosses a few things in her bag.

HARRIS

What are you gonna do with yourself?

KATHRYN

Not a clue.

HARRIS

Gates...

Kathryn stops packing.

HARRIS

We got Runyan, right? Make no
mistake, Wygant's good and bent, but
he won't forget that little detail.
Neither will a lot of people.

(MORE)

HARRIS (CONT'D)
Use your head. Get some rest.

KATHRYN
Yeah.

Kathryn ponders. Harris watches her a beat.

KATHRYN
Tell me something, what do you think happens when you die?

HARRIS
(caught off guard)
We getting personal here or are you planning on leaving us?

KATHRYN
Don't get your hopes up.

HARRIS
'Fraid I'm not much on the divine creator bandwagon. Heaven, hell, all that. But, hey, whatever works. And it plays well.

KATHRYN
Does, doesn't it.

HARRIS
You?

Kathryn shakes her head, "no."

HARRIS
I knew we'd find something in common.

Harris heads for the door, strolling along.

HARRIS
'Course my idea of heaven wouldn't get most people to stop killing each other.

KATHRYN
Oh, yeah?

HARRIS
Time comes, I'll settle for an eternity by a quiet lake, fishing pole in my hand. Hallelujah, Amen.

Harris disappears down the stairs leaving his words to hang in the air... and land on Kathryn like ton of bricks. Realization fills her face.

EXT. CARSON'S HOUSE - DAY

A small home in a quiet neighborhood. Kathryn bangs on the door. No answer. She steps off the porch, moving around the house.

Fighting past shrubs, she peers in the window. Sees a small, lifeless dining room. Kathryn steps back, turns and is startled by an ELDERLY WOMAN waiting right behind her.

KATHRYN

You shouldn't sneak up on people.

ELDERLY WOMAN

And you shouldn't snoop around people's homes.

KATHRYN

It's not snooping if you're a cop.

Kathryn produces her badge as she walks the property.

KATHRYN

Do you know Mr. Carson?

ELDERLY WOMAN

Ought to. Been living next door goin' on sixteen years.

KATHRYN

Heard from him lately?

ELDERLY WOMAN

You a friend of his?

KATHRYN

You could say that.

ELDERLY WOMAN

'Cause if you were you'd know he left for Montana almost a week ago.

The Elderly Woman follows Kathryn around to the back door.

KATHRYN

Did you see him leave?

ELDERLY WOMAN

Can't say I did. I recall him talkin' about leaving early in the morning. Now I don't get up 'til, almost eight o'clock nowadays, so most likely I wouldn't have seen him go...

Kathryn tries the door. It's locked. She takes off her coat and wraps it around her fist.

ELDERLY WOMAN
Should you be doing that?

Kathryn punches out a pane of glasses. The Elderly Woman jumps back. Kathryn reaches in, unlocks the door and enters.

INT. CARSON'S HOUSE - DAY

Kathryn moves through the dormant house. The living room furniture is covered in cloth.

She crosses to the kitchen. On the table is an empty cooler. Kathryn opens the refrigerator. A six-pack of soda is the only thing inside.

Kathryn makes her way to the bedroom. A suitcase open on the bed, jam packed with clothes. On top is the ugly fishing hat she gave Ben Carson. She lifts it.

INT. CARSON'S GARAGE - DAY

Kathryn peers inside the car jammed with suitcases and camping equipment. In the front seat are a couple of fishing poles and a tiny hula girl mounted front and center on the dash.

EXT. CARSON'S HOUSE - DUSK

Police cars are parked in front. Neighbors cluster in the street watching investigators scour the premises. Abrahams scurries up alongside Harris who's running the show:

ABRAHAMS
Just spoke to Carson's daughter in Colorado. She expected a call when he reached Montana two days ago. Never heard from him.

Harris shoots Kathryn a judgmental look:

HARRIS
How's it feel being right all the time?

KATHRYN
He's alive. I know it.

HARRIS
Yeah? How?

KATHRYN
Intuition.

A police car pulls up. Wygant climbs out, scowling.

HARRIS
Your intuition's scaring the hell out
of me lately.

Harris crosses, confronting Wygant in the center of the small grass yard. Far enough away that Kathryn can't hear. Wygant looks none too pleased by what he hears. He looks over at Kathryn throughout the heated discussion.

INT. DINER - NIGHT

A waitress delivers coffee to Nathan and Kathryn. Nathan digs in his shirt pocket, retrieves a few pills. He gulps water and swallows them.

KATHRYN
I know what I heard. He said "piggies."
Only Runyan knew what that meant.

NATHAN
Why would he come through to you?

KATHRYN
Revenge? Rub my nose in one last dead
cop? He knows I can't stop this.

Nathan's trying to stay with her, but doubt is taking hold.

NATHAN
Say it was Runyan, and somehow we
could make contact with him again,
what would you do?

KATHRYN
I don't know. But Ben Carson is going
to die. And I have to do something.

Nathan slowly stirs his coffee, mulling it over. Less than enthused. Kathryn chuckles to herself.

NATHAN
What's so funny?

Kathryn shakes her head, "nothing."

NATHAN
I don't get it.

KATHRYN
This. This is funny. Me trying to
convince you I spoke to a dead guy.

Nathan grins a little. It is funny. He stirs his coffee.

INT. RUNYAN'S APARTMENT BUILDING - HALLWAY - NIGHT

Kathryn leads Nathan to the door of Runyan's apartment.

NATHAN

You need validation. Make certain
it's him.

KATHRYN

Yeah. I got it.

Kathryn tears down the yellow police tape that has been reattached. A new doorplate is in place. She tries the handle. It's locked. Kathryn steps back, setting to kick the door in. Nathan gives her a look. She hesitates:

KATHRYN

It's okay. I saw someone do this once.

She hurls herself at the door, kicking it in.

INT. RUNYAN'S APARTMENT - KITCHEN - NIGHT

Nathan meditates at one end of the table. The candle before him reflects off the window behind Kathryn at the opposite end.

Three items lay before him: Kathryn's badge, handcuffs and her watch. Nathan's hands move across the table, reaching for the badge. He lifts it, caressing the polished gold shield.

Kathryn gazes at Nathan. Her eyes sharp, ready. A long moment... then Nathan opens his eyes and lets out a breath, giving up.

KATHRYN

Nothing?

Nathan shakes his head, getting nowhere.

KATHRYN

But you can try again?

NATHAN

I suppose.

KATHRYN

How soon?

NATHAN

Tomorrow. I don't know.

KATHRYN

We're running out of time.

NATHAN

This won't happen unless he wants it to.

Kathryn drops her head into her hands. Overwhelmed with frustration. She thinks a long moment. Tension on her face.

KATHRYN

Damn it!

NATHAN

(beat, low and menacing)
Damn what, detective?

That voice, Kathryn's heard it before. She snaps her head up, looking at Nathan. His eyes are fixed on her. Both eyes. Wide open. They've made contact. Nathan surveys the room, taking note of everything in it. Like the voice, his manner is now changed. It's bold and confident. Wicked.

NATHAN

Back so soon?

KATHRYN

(thinking quickly)
Our last conversation ended so quickly.

NATHAN

I think you missed me.

Kathryn studies Nathan. Her mind churning.

KATHRYN

You said you left some unfinished business.

NATHAN

Did I?

KATHRYN

What does that mean?

NATHAN

You won't find him. Not while it matters. He'll die a slow, horrible death, and you'll know you had the chance to save him but didn't. Then one day someone will find him and you'll relive it all again.

KATHRYN

Who won't I find?

NATHAN

Badge number 8-0-8-1-1. Or as it reads
now, 1-1-8-0-8. Detective Carson.

Kathryn locks eyes with Nathan. All doubt removed.

KATHRYN

Tell me what you want.

NATHAN

Is it so difficult to see? I want
him to suffer.

KATHRYN

He has.

NATHAN

And I want him to die.

(beat)

And I want to watch.

KATHRYN

I can't help you there.

Nathan shrugs, "too bad."

KATHRYN

The three officers. You branded them.

NATHAN

Guilty.

KATHRYN

Where did you brand them?

NATHAN

Is this a test?

Kathryn awaits an answer. Nathan taps his forehead.

KATHRYN

Why?

NATHAN

Because they're piggies.

KATHRYN

And you wanted to see them suffer.

NATHAN

I want to see all piggies suffer.

(MORE)

NATHAN (CONT'D)

Do you know the best part of vengeance?
The aroma. It is true, you can smell
fear, but it's the way it mixes with
warm blood... it's simply to die for.

KATHRYN

Vengeance? For what? Imaginary
demons who wore uniforms?

NATHAN

(anger brewing)

Vengeance for piggies who get what
they deserve. To be beaten over and
over into a senseless pulp. Head
down, hands locked squarely behind
their back...

Nathan raises his left hand and slowly mimes the beating motion:

NATHAN

...no idea when or if it will ever
end, praying to God they'll pass out
so it may stop long enough to spit
out some blood and regain an ounce of
strength, yet knowing in their heart
it will continue just the same.

KATHRYN

You're deranged. On the plus side,
you're also dead. So go back to
whatever hell you've been sentenced
to. We're finished here.

Nathan gets to his feet, grinning defiantly. Kathryn watches,
stunned. He takes a step toward her. She draws her gun, unsure
what to do. Nathan glances at the weapon, scoffing:

NATHAN

What are you planning to do with that?

She doesn't know. Nathan glances at the large window. He smiles
menacingly. Kathryn follows his look:

KATHRYN

No...

Before she can move, Nathan races toward the window and dives
headlong, like a human torpedo, and smashes face-first through
the glass--

EXT. RUNYAN'S APARTMENT BUILDING - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

--Nathan soars out the window... his pant leg catches on the
window frame, rips, but holds...

...Nathan hangs upside down from the second-story window frame. Only a few strands of fabric keep him from a headfirst dive to the pavement. Blood drips from his shattered face.

Kathryn rushes to the window, reaches out and clasps his legs. Nathan snaps from his trance, staring down at the ground below. He looks up at Kathryn, disoriented, petrified.

The pant leg tears... Nathan slides further away. Kathryn leans out the window, reaching for his belt... but unable to grasp it.

Nathan struggles for anything to grab hold of, but finds only the rough surface of the stone wall. His pant leg tears. Kathryn holds on with all her might.

NATHAN

Help... me...

KATHRYN

NATHAN!

The pant tears completely, nearly pulling Kathryn out the window. Nathan dangles, secured only by Kathryn's double-fisted hold on his foot...

...Kathryn braces against the window frame, locking herself in place... her grip on Nathan's foot slowly gives way...

KATHRYN

NO...!

Nathan falls helplessly... soaring down, horror in his eyes... slamming hard to the pavement with a bone-crunching THUD.

EXT. RUNYAN'S APARTMENT BUILDING - ALLEY - NIGHT

A flood of activity. Police cars. Sirens. A small crowd of onlookers. An ambulance screams as it departs the scene, maneuvering down the narrow alleyway.

Kathryn, visibly shaken, answers questions from a patrolman. Harris moves through the crowd, getting briefed en route. He stops opposite Kathryn, looks up at the shattered window.

HARRIS

You were here for this?

(off her nod)

Why am I not surprised.

Harris probes her with a look, waiting for an explanation. Reluctantly, she starts to speak:

KATHRYN

I was--

HARRIS

Save it.

(irritated)

Eager as you appear to explain what
you were doing here, and how some guy
ended up doing a two-story swan dive,
I'm afraid right now I just plain
don't want to hear it.

Harris glares at her, fed up. Kathryn gazes up at the window.

KATHRYN

Was he left-handed?

HARRIS

What?

KATHRYN

The killer. Did the coroner say he
was left-handed?

HARRIS

(harnessing rage)

Frankly, I don't remember.

Harris walks off.

INT. HOSPITAL - I.C.U. CORRIDOR - NIGHT

The DESK NURSE keeps an eye on Kathryn who wanders the floor,
peering in each time the door swings open. She catches glimpses
of doctors and nurses hustling to and from patients. The Desk
Nurse finally stands and moves to escort Kathryn away.

DESK NURSE

Why don't I help you find a seat.

Kathryn resists only slightly, looking back at the door.

EXT. ROAD - DAY (FLASHBACK)

TIRES SCREAM... Kathryn's car careens into oncoming traffic...
METAL CRUNCHES on impact as her car's rear-end gets punched by
another vehicle, spinning it around--

INT. KATHRYN'S CAR - DAY (FLASHBACK)

--the car twists out of control. Kathryn clutches the wheel. She
catches a glimpse of Michael in the rearview, seated calmly in
the back seat. He says something, but it's distorted. She can't
understand. Michael says it again, slowly. Then... BOOM!--

INT. HOSPITAL - LOBBY - NIGHT

--Kathryn snaps awake, looking around in a daze, sees the night janitor running a mop over the floor. Kathryn sits up, rubbing her sleepy face.

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - DAY

Life support monitors and I.V. stands surround Nathan's sleeping form. If at all possible, his face is even more grotesque than before. Swollen red gashes atop old burn scars.

Kathryn waits bedside as Nathan wakes. She feeds him water through a straw. Even this simple task is work for Nathan.

NATHAN

Thank you.

Nathan brings his fingers to his face, gently feeling his way.

NATHAN

Think anyone will notice?

He manages a tiny, ironic grin.

NATHAN

He did this. Runyan.

(off her nod)

Look on the bright side, at least
now I believe you.

Nathan almost laughs, then cringes in pain. His breathing labors. Kathryn reaches for the call button. Nathan stops her:

NATHAN

No.

She releases the switch. Gradually, Nathan breathes easier.

NATHAN

You know what I want.

Kathryn shakes her head.

NATHAN

To go back. Start over.

Kathryn smiles sympathetically.

NATHAN

When I was young, I never fit in.
Always just felt... different. My
mother said everyone my age thought
that. But I knew there was more to it.

(MORE)

NATHAN (CONT'D)

We moved when I was ten. New school, new friends. But it was the same. Except for the girl who lived across the street. Betsy. She knew I was different. She liked me anyway.

(beat)

That summer she and I spent every day playing in the woods. We ran around like idiots, dove off rocks, swam in the pond, caught lizards and acted like other kids. We weren't supposed to play there, but we loved it.

(beat)

Then one day, Betsy dove off a rock, hit her head and drowned. I was devastated. That night she came to me. She told me she was fine and asked me to tell her mother. That's when I finally understood. At first, I didn't know what to do, then I did as Betsy asked. I went to her house and told her mother. She just cried.

(beat)

When I went home I was sent to bed without supper. My mother said what I had done was cruel and that I was old enough to know better. The next day we went to Betsy's house so I could apologize.

KATHRYN

They didn't understand.

NATHAN

Can you blame them?

Kathryn looks at Nathan. No idea what to say.

KATHRYN

I should go.

She turns to leave.

NATHAN

Did Runyan say anything?

Kathryn stops, looks at him.

KATHRYN

Get some rest.

INT. PRECINCT HOUSE - CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY

Wygant studies several documents, shuffling them, one after another. Photo copies of credit card receipts, checks, etc. "Ralph Runyan" clearly written on all. He sets them down and picks up one of the "piggies" notes. Harris looks for reaction.

HARRIS

They're saying the notes couldn't have been written by Runyan.

CAPTAIN WYGANT

Yeah? 'Cause it looks to me like he coulda composed this with a pencil jammed between his ass-cheeks.

HARRIS

Maybe, but forensics is also saying there's no way to be sure how Newton's DNA got in Runyan's truck.

CAPTAIN WYGANT

Meaning?

HARRIS

It could of happened in the alley during the stop.

Wygant is growing less happy by the second.

CAPTAIN WYGANT

Any more good news?

Harris sets down a coroner's report.

HARRIS

From the direction of the blows, the killer was probably left-handed.

CAPTAIN WYGANT

Next you're gonna tell me Runyan was right-handed.

HARRIS

You can even see it in his signature.

CAPTAIN WYGANT

Fuckin' great.

Wygant opens the coroner's report.

HARRIS

It's not in there. Or the two other autopsy reports. In fact, until I asked, the coroner hadn't indicated whether the wounds were inflicted by a right or left-handed person.

CAPTAIN WYGANT

Are you headed somewhere with this?

HARRIS

Gates knew the killer was left-handed. She's the one who put me on to it.

CAPTAIN WYGANT

What are you saying?

HARRIS

Only what I know.

Wygant gets to his feet, gives Harris a deadly cold glare.

CAPTAIN WYGANT

You through?

Harris braces.

CAPTAIN WYGANT

Now let me tell you what I know: before you say another goddamn word you better make good and sure all this checks out. 'Cause I swear to Christ if I find out Runyan so much as jerked-off left-handed I'll have your badge. Are we clear?

Harris clenches his jaw, nods.

INT. KATHRYN'S CAR (PARKED) - DAY

A file lays open on the passenger seat. The Polaroid from the war room bulletin board sits atop other photos. She lightly rubs her temple, studying the pictures. First the autopsy photos. Jones. Griggs. Newton. Next the photos from the warehouse...

...The wall lined with refrigerators. The grim collection of zip-locked bags in the refrigerators. Then the crime scenes. The open field. Kathryn stops on the still photo of the flood canal.

KATHRYN

He didn't keep them.

She turns to the photographs of the warehouse.

KATHRYN

Runyan was a collector. A curator. So
why didn't he keep any of the
policemen?

Kathryn presses her fingers to her throbbing head, vigorously
massaging. She glances in the rearview, into the empty backseat
where she saw Michael. Paranoia creeps into her face.

INT. PRECINCT HOUSE - RECEIVING LOBBY - DAY

Abrahams hurries down the stairs, document in hand. Sees Harris
hit the door before he can call out. Abrahams speeds after him.

EXT. PRECINCT HOUSE - PARKING LOT - DAY

Harris at his car. Abrahams rushes to catch up.

ABRAHAMAS

Lieutenant, I think you better see
this.

He hands Harris the document. Abrahams catches his breath as
Harris looks over what appears to be an invoice.

HARRIS

Who knows about this?

ABRAHAMAS

I put a copy on the Captain's desk.

Harris pockets the document and climbs in the car.

ABRAHAMAS

Should I notify Gates?

HARRIS

I'll take care of it. First I gotta
make sure Runyan didn't jerk-off
left-handed.

INT. KATHRYN'S APARTMENT - DAY

Kathryn reaches for the bottle of aspirin. Empty. She tosses it
aside and moves to the window, looking pale and shaky at best.
She throws open the window and leans out, taking in some much
needed fresh air. The phone rings. She crosses and answers:

KATHRYN (on phone)

Hello.

CAPTAIN WYGANT (V.O., on phone)

Gates?

KATHRYN (on phone)

Yeah.

CAPTAIN WYGANT (V.O., on phone)

It's Wygant.

Kathryn hears the strangeness of his voice. The line is quiet an awkward beat. She wanders slowly back toward the window, stopping opposite the easel.

CAPTAIN WYGANT (V.O., on phone)

I need you to come in.

KATHRYN (on phone)

What's going on?

CAPTAIN WYGANT (V.O., on phone)

There's a couple things we need to talk about.

KATHRYN (on phone)

What things?

She reaches out to remove the cloth covering the easel.

CAPTAIN WYGANT (V.O., on phone)

It's Runyan. I just need you to come in. I'll send a car to get you.

Wygant's words stop her just as she's about to remove the cloth.

KATHRYN (on phone)

Why would you do that?

CAPTAIN WYGANT (V.O., on phone)

(beat)

Just get down here. Now.

The line goes dead. Kathryn thinks a beat, then snatches the cover off the easel, exposing the canvas...

...which is completely blank. Not a single stroke of paint. She gazes at it, stunned. Takes hold of the wall, steadying herself and looks down at the brushes and paint jars, all of which are unused. Kathryn crumples to the floor, dazed and confused.

INT. PRECINCT HOUSE - CAPTAIN WYGANT'S OFFICE - DAY

Wygant, the Chief and SANCHEZ, one of the F.B.I. agents, are engaged in a silent stand-off. Several files, including Kathryn's personnel file, lay open on Wygant's desk.

CAPTAIN WYGANT

I wanna hold off and see what she has to say.

SANCHEZ
I can hardly wait.

Wygant shoots Sanchez a look.

SANCHEZ
C'mon, Gates finds out Murray has a
break in the case, half-hour later
he's dead, she's the only witness,
and you have no leads. Now this...

Sanchez holds up a piece of paper. An invoice - the same
document Abrahams gave Harris. The Chief looks at Sanchez.

CHIEF
We'll wait until she gets here.
(to Wygant)
Go take a look.

Wygant moves for the door.

INT. PRECINCT HOUSE - RECEIVING LOBBY - DAY

Kathryn enters and presses through the busy lobby, where the
newly arrested are being processed. She suddenly sees Nathan on
one of the benches. His face still ripe with cuts and bruises.
Bandages protrude from under his shirt. He resembles a combat
soldier fresh from frontline triage.

KATHRYN
Nathan? What are you doing here?

NATHAN
I wanted to ask you a question.

KATHRYN
They released you?

NATHAN
I took a walk.

KATHRYN
A walk? Are you crazy?

Nathan shrugs, willing to consider the possibility. Kathryn
moves to help him to his feet.

KATHRYN
Let's go.

NATHAN
Where are we going?

KATHRYN
Back to the hospital.

Nathan pulls back, resolute. Kathryn lets go. Nathan sits down.

NATHAN

Do you believe you're here for a reason?

Kathryn just looks at him.

NATHAN

It's a simple question. Do you think you were put here for a purpose? Some greater good?

KATHRYN

I don't know the answer to your question.

NATHAN

I think you do have a purpose. I think yours is to help people. Same as mine.

Nathan looks at her, resolve in his eyes.

NATHAN

We don't have much time.

KATHRYN

I can't let you.

NATHAN

You can't not. This is what I do.

KATHRYN

It's too dangerous. There's no way to guarantee your safety.

NATHAN

No, but you can guarantee he'll die if we don't try.

(beat)

I need there to be some meaning in all this.

Nathan struggles to his feet. Kathryn steadies him.

CAPTAIN WYGANT (O.S.)

Gates.

Kathryn turns and sees Wygant descending the stairs.

KATHRYN

(to Nathan)

Stay right here.

Kathryn crosses to Wygant.

CAPTAIN WYGANT
We're waiting upstairs.

KATHRYN
We?

A pregnant pause.

CAPTAIN WYGANT
Just come up.

He grabs her arm. Kathryn senses the strangeness of his grip.

KATHRYN
Okay.

He lets go. They move toward the stairs. Kathryn looks over her shoulder at Nathan, her mind racing.

KATHRYN
Hey, I gotta pee.

Wygant starts to speak, then thinks better of it. Beat.

CAPTAIN WYGANT
My office. Two minutes.

KATHRYN
Be right there.

Kathryn goes into the bathroom. Wygant stands there a moment, then heads up the stairs.

INT. PRECINCT HOUSE - CAPTAIN WYGANT'S OFFICE - DAY

Wygant enters, relief in his voice:

CAPTAIN WYGANT
She's on her way.

CHIEF OF POLICE
Good, let's get this started.

Wygant steps past Sanchez and behind the desk. He glances out the window and sees Kathryn helping Nathan into her car. Kathryn climbs in and drives off.

CAPTAIN WYGANT
Fuck me.

INT. KATHRYN'S CAR - DAY

Nathan lays his head against the window, already exhausted. Kathryn keeps one eye on Nathan as they tear down the road.

KATHRYN
Does it matter where?

NATHAN
Someplace quiet.

The police radio crackles.

CAPTAIN WYGANT (V.O., on radio)
Gates, what the fuck are you doing?!

Kathryn looks at the police radio.

CAPTAIN WYGANT (V.O., on radio)
Get your ass back here! Gates?!

Kathryn shuts it off.

INT. PRECINCT HOUSE - COMMUNICATIONS ROOM - DAY

Wygant throws down the microphone. Sanchez looks at the Chief.

CHIEF OF POLICE
Get a goddamn warrant.

EXT. MOTEL - EARLY EVENING

Kathryn pulls into a roadside motel on the outskirts of town.

INT. MOTEL ROOM - EARLY EVENING

Handcuffs are clamped to the base of a chair. Kathryn fastens Nathan's ankles in place. His arms already tightly cuffed behind the chair. Nathan winces. Kathryn sees the agony in his face.

KATHRYN
(rhetorical)
What are we doing?

NATHAN
The only think we can.

KATHRYN
You don't have to go through with this. It's not too late.

Nathan just looks at her. His mind is made up.

KATHRYN
Do you need anything?

NATHAN
Don't let him hurt anyone.

KATHRYN
I won't let anything happen to you.

NATHAN
(adamant)
I need you to promise me.

KATHRYN
You're a tough sonofabitch, you
know that?

Nathan grins. Kathryn sets her badge and watch on the bed before Nathan. She searches for a third item, finally settling on her sidearm. She takes out the bullets and sets it down.

INT. MOTEL ROOM - EARLY EVENING

A shaft of sunlight spills through a crack in the blinds. Nathan meditates, breathing with difficulty. His gnarled face drips sweat. Kathryn watches him, worried. She rubs her head. The headaches have returned. After a moment Kathryn whispers:

KATHRYN
Nathan, do you need some water?

No response. She crosses to the bathroom. We hear the faucet.

Kathryn returns and moves to feed Nathan water. He involuntarily takes some. A few drops spill down his chin. Kathryn moves to dab them up... when Nathan's eyes snap open, full and wide. Kathryn rears back, dropping the cup.

Nathan smiles that demented smile that tells Kathryn they've made contact. Kathryn grabs her gun and reloads. She sits down, holding the pistol in her lap. Pointing it at Nathan.

NATHAN
(re: the gun, glib)
Bang, bang, I'm dead.

Kathryn holsters her gun. Nathan looks down at all his shackles.

NATHAN
Interesting.

He glances at the mirror on the wall, turning his head to examine both sides of Nathan's hideous profile.

NATHAN
Quite the handsome devil.

KATHRYN

Thanks to you.

NATHAN

The pleasure was all mine.

KATHRYN

I'm sure it was.

NATHAN

So utterly serious. Where's your sense of humor, detective? Come now, let's turn that frown upside down.

KATHRYN

What did you do with Ben Carson?

Nathan releases a sinister grin. Beat.

NATHAN

Wouldn't you rather hear the gory details surrounding the untimely demise of three little piggies? Now I'm not one to kill and tell, but for you I'll make an exception.

KATHRYN

No thanks.

NATHAN

Pity.

KATHRYN

Why didn't you keep them? The three officers. When you were finished, you dumped their bodies.

NATHAN

Piggies are filthy little beasts and must be disposed of at once. They carry so many awful diseases.

KATHRYN

(beat)

Tell me where Carson is.

NATHAN

Someplace he can crawl around in the dirt. Take his final breath.

KATHRYN

Where, goddamn it!

NATHAN

Temper, temper. You'll never find him.

Kathryn puts her hands to her head. Her headache rages.

NATHAN
Looking a tad peaked. You should
take better care of yourself.
(beat)
Are we done? I am.

Nathan shuts his eyes.

KATHRYN
NO! WAIT!

Nathan's eyes draw back open. Haunting and filled with disdain.

KATHRYN
I have something for you. Something
you want.

NATHAN
Oh?

KATHRYN
And I'll give it to you in exchange
for Carson.

Nathan laughs. Arrogant and guttural.

NATHAN
A deal? This should be good. What
could you possibly offer me?

KATHRYN
The one thing you want more than
anything.

NATHAN
And what is that?

KATHRYN
(leans in, taunting)
Is it really so difficult to see? You
want to watch. See piggies suffer.

NATHAN
You have my undivided attention.

KATHRYN
As things stand, Carson dies quietly,
and more importantly for you, alone.

NATHAN
Go on.

KATHRYN

We make a trade. You take me to him.
He goes free. I take his place. Then
you do what you want with me.

NATHAN

(thinks a beat)
Intriguing, but how stupid do you
think I am?

KATHRYN

Oh, I think you're smart. Smart
enough to see this is your last
chance to do what you love most.
(beat)
Me for him, plain and simple. Only
difference is you get to watch.

NATHAN

And what about all the other piggies?

KATHRYN

Just us. You and me. No one else.

NATHAN

(re: the handcuffs)
You understand my skepticism.

Kathryn holds up the key to the handcuffs.

KATHRYN

Say the word.

NATHAN

(grins, sinister)
I can think of nothing better.

Kathryn moves to uncuff Nathan.

INT. STATE MENTAL HOSPITAL - DR. STROUD'S OFFICE - EARLY EVENING

Doctor Stroud reviews the "piggies" notes. Harris watches,
waiting. A confused patient stands in the hall staring in the
office, transfixed. A nurse comes by and collects him.

STROUD

(rhetorical)
Could he have written these?

HARRIS

Is it possible? Maybe during an
episode?

STROUD
It's not impossible. But what you're suggesting is more consistent with dissociatives.

HARRIS
Dissociatives?

STROUD
Dissociative Identity Disorder. D.I.D. People who form alternate identities. Typically, attitudes and behaviors of the alternates differ from the primary personality. Divergent handwriting is one outgrowth.

A nurse slips in, gets Stroud's signature, then exits.

HARRIS
Was Runyan dissociative?

STROUD
No. But dissociatives and schizophrenics are often confused. They share symptoms. Delusions, hallucinations, developing elaborate false realities.

HARRIS
Fantasyland.

STROUD
Yes, however D.I.D. sufferers also exhibit other warning signs.

HARRIS
Such as?

STROUD
Sleep disorders. Memory failure. Time Loss. Severe headaches.

HARRIS
Time loss. So they can't remember what they've done?

STROUD
What they've done, where they've been. The bigger problem is, dissociatives are often completely unaware the alternate even exists.

HARRIS

And this is some kind of psychosis?

STROUD

Psychosis is triggered by a chemical malfunction in the brain. Dissociative Identity Disorder occurs when the brain reacts to trauma it can't cope with. Perhaps stemming from early childhood. It partitions off the traumatic event and creates a specific personality to deal with it.

Harris's mind races.

STROUD

It's remarkable. An emergency exit from the worst life has to offer.

INT. KATHRYN'S CAR - EARLY EVENING

Kathryn at the wheel. Her cool exterior is somehow unconvincing. Nathan in the backseat, gazing out the window, smugly watching the world go by. Kathryn glances in the rearview.

NATHAN

Penny for your thoughts, detective.

KATHRYN

How is it different?

NATHAN

Different?

KATHRYN

The afterlife. Us. What comes with us? What stays behind? Are we exactly the same?

Nathan looks at Kathryn through the mirror.

KATHRYN

In your case, are you just as insane as before?

NATHAN

You know what I find fascinating? The human digestive system has over twenty feet of intestinal track. Why don't you ask me that question again while I'm removing yours one foot at a time.

Kathryn turns her attention to the road.

INT. HARRIS'S CAR - EARLY EVENING

Harris speeds along, talking on the police radio.

HARRIS (on police radio)
I just had a conversation with
Runyan's shrink. Captain, you're not
gonna believe this...

EXT. ROADSIDE - EARLY EVENING

A police cruiser has a sedan pulled over on the shoulder. A PATROLMAN is issuing a ticket. Kathryn's car angles down the two-lane road. The Patrolman notices the car go by.

INT. KATHRYN'S CAR - EARLY EVENING

Kathryn watches the Patrolman gradually shrink in the rearview. Nathan's eyes lock on hers, studying her reaction. Her eyes fix on Nathan, then wander to the empty seat beside him--

INT. KATHRYN'S CAR - DAY (FLASHBACK)

--the car spins out of control. Kathryn's hands on the wheel. She sees Michael in the rearview mirror, sitting in the back seat. His voice distorted, eerie. This time can she hear him:

MICHAEL
Looooookkkk... Wiiiittthhhh... Iiiinnn...

INT. KATHRYN'S CAR - EARLY EVENING

Kathryn mutters to herself, puzzled:

KATHRYN
Look within.

NATHAN
What is that, detective?

KATHRYN
(thinking quickly)
Are we close?

NATHAN
My, my, aren't we in a hurry to die.

EXT. ROADSIDE - EARLY EVENING

The Patrolman reaches into the cruiser and snatches the mic:

PATROLMAN
Unit eleven to base. What was the
tag on that unmarked unit?

INT./EXT. KATHRYN'S CAR/ROAD - EARLY EVENING

The sun has dipped below the tree line. The last fingers of light casting long shadows across the deserted highway.

KATHRYN
I take it you're a Beatles fan.

NATHAN
My tastes tend more toward gangster rap.

KATHRYN
I just assumed, you know, "Piggies."

NATHAN
No, but I am a big fan of irony.

KATHRYN
I don't see the irony.

NATHAN
You will, detective, you will.
(reciting)
Have you seen the little piggies
crawling in the dirt?

Terror seeps into Kathryn's face as Nathan mumbles on:

NATHAN
Little piggies. Bigger piggies.
Biggest piggy.

KATHRYN
Biggest piggy? Who's the biggest piggy?

Nathan just smiles, twisted.

NATHAN
Here. Stop here.

Kathryn pulls the car off the road.

KATHRYN
Now what?

NATHAN
That's up to you. We can continue our
little excursion or it can end here.

KATHRYN
(beat)
Take me to him.

NATHAN

Then I'll need that gun.

KATHRYN

How do I know you'll let Carson go,
that you won't kill us both?

NATHAN

Life is full of risks. Death is no
different.

Kathryn sets the gun on the seat. Nathan gets out of the car,
his wounds seep blood through the back of his shirt. He moves
to the front seat, lifts the gun and holds it on Kathryn.

NATHAN

Now that wasn't so hard. Turn up
there.

Kathryn steers toward an unpaved industrial road.

EXT. CITY STREET - EARLY EVENING

A caravan of police cars fly past, sirens blazing.

INT. POLICE CAR - EARLY EVENING

Wygant rides shotgun. He lifts the mic:

CAPTAIN WYGANT (on police radio)

Where are we on the warrant?

POLICE RADIO VOICE (V.O., on police radio)

Ticket was punched five minutes ago.

EXT. INDUSTRIAL ROAD - EARLY EVENING

Kathryn's car spits dust as it carves its way toward a closed
down industrial plant. Concrete towers stretches skyward,
looming against the fast setting sun.

The car rolls to a stop at the chain-link fence surrounding the
facility. Kathryn and Nathan get out. Kathryn looks at the
plant, the desolation of the area. Nathan gestures with the gun:

NATHAN

This way.

They follow the fence's perimeter to a section where a hole's
been cut. Kathryn pushes the bent metal aside and ducks through.

EXT. INDUSTRIAL FACILITY - EARLY EVENING

The intimidating facility looks long since abandoned. The exterior covered in rust and overgrowth. Kathryn hikes through tall weeds, observing the plant's hideousness.

NATHAN

An appropriate place for the slaughter
of piggies, wouldn't you say?

Perspiration builds on Nathan's face. He wipes it with his sleeve. Kathryn notices his struggle for oxygen.

NATHAN

There's a small lake nearby where
young fathers teach their sons to fish.

KATHRYN

Is that how you found it?

NATHAN

So many questions, detective.

They reach the base of the plant, stepping under the steel pipes that run the length of the concrete floor. Nathan gestures to the door at the far end of the platform.

INT. INDUSTRIAL FACILITY - EARLY EVENING

The thick metal door slams open. Kathryn gazes down the long corrosion-marred staircase that reaches into the dark abyss somewhere below. Kathryn descends, nudged along by the pistol.

EXT. ROADSIDE - EARLY EVENING

Harris pulls off. Waiting is the Patrolman who spotted Kathryn's car. The Patrolman gestures the direction she was headed.

HARRIS

What's out here?

PATROLMAN

Next ten miles, not much. There's a
deserted refinery off the road a
ways up.

HARRIS

A procession will be coming through
here shortly.

PATROLMAN

I'll send 'em your way.

Harris speeds off, kicking dirt.

INT. INDUSTRIAL FACILITY - SUB WALKWAY - EARLY EVENING

The metal staircase bottoms at a raised access corridor where a network of wide horizontal pipes intersect.

Kathryn peers down the walkway through the dim light to another set of stairs. Nathan's several steps behind, wheezing quietly. The limits of his body being exceeded with each step.

Kathryn hears a noise. Sees movement in the darkness. Hears a high-pitched squeal. She glimpses a small cadre of bats swooping overhead. Circling like guardians at the gates of hell.

EXT. INDUSTRIAL ROAD - EARLY EVENING

Harris pulls onto the dirt road. He stops the car, gets out and looks around. He kneels, spotting fresh tire tracks.

INT. INDUSTRIAL FACILITY - SUBBASEMENT STAIRS - EARLY EVENING

Kathryn grips the handrail, climbing down into the bowels of the facility. Each step causes a tinny echo off the stairs - "ping."

Nathan stops, clutching the rail, desperate to slow his racing pulse. His face soaked with sweat. The musty subbasement hampering his already diminished condition. He opens his shirt, ripping away the constricting bandages.

KATHRYN

Stop it! Leave him alone!

Nathan tosses the bloody gauze aside. A sudden noise turns Kathryn's attention. A low moan rising up from below.

NATHAN

Now we're really having fun.

KATHRYN

(calling out)

Ben?!

Kathryn hurries down the stairs, leaving Nathan in her wake. He hurls himself down the stairs, chasing Kathryn.

EXT. INDUSTRIAL FACILITY - EARLY EVENING

Harris looks in the front seat of Kathryn's car. Sees a wet stain on the passenger seat. Dabs it. Fresh blood. He moves to the trunk of his car, opens it and retrieves a shotgun. Harris loads a round into the chamber.

His police radio crackles in the b.g.

CAPTAIN WYGANT (V.O., on police radio)
Harris, hold your position! Do you
hear me? Hold the position! Harris...?!

Harris moves to the chain-link fence. He peels back the opening and proceeds in, shotgun firmly in hand.

INT. INDUSTRIAL FACILITY - SUBBASEMENT - EARLY EVENING

A maze of industrial gloom. Passageways leading in all directions. Kathryn reaches the bottom of the stairs, looking every which way. Listening.

KATHRYN
Ben?! Where are you?!

She hears a quiet wail and scampers through one of the murky tunnels.

Nathan staggers down the stairs, heart pounding, shirt drenched with sweat. He steadies himself against the wall, unable to keep up. He gathers his energy, yelling in crazed frustration:

NATHAN
Stop!

Nathan wills himself after her, moving down the tunnel.

INT. INT. INDUSTRIAL FACILITY - SUB WALKWAY - EARLY EVENING

Harris steps off the stairs. Notices wetness on his fingertips. Finds a blood smear on the handrail. He darts across the raised access corridor, gripping the shotgun with both hands.

INT. INDUSTRIAL FACILITY - SUBBASEMENT - EARLY EVENING

Murky darkness. Kathryn races breakneck through the gloom, no idea where she's headed.

Nathan a ways back, clutching his side with one hand, the gun with the other. He falls to his knees, gasping. He fires a desperate shot blindly in the darkness, then collapses face down. His feeble body finally giving out.

Farther ahead, Kathryn stumbles to an opening, clawing her way there. She looks in, sees a large dirt pit. Sunken in. Barely visible at the far end is a slumped figure bound to a chair, logged in the moist soil.

KATHRYN
Ben?!

SUNKEN PIT

Kathryn leaps down, hits and rolls in the dirt. On hands and knees she brings up a fistful of soil. Looks at it a beat, gets to her feet and staggers across the pit.

The limp figure in the chair has its arms cuffed behind its back. Kathryn sees the hands are black with ground-in dirt.

She moves around to see the traumatized face of Ben Carson. His eyes glazed over. His lips swollen from dehydration. But most noticeable is the burn mark emblazoned on his forehead.

Kathryn sees the host of bruises on his face and neck. She crouches to eye level. Carson jerks back, terrified:

CARSON

No...

KATHRYN

It's all right.

CARSON

Don't... please...

KATHRYN

Hang on, I'm getting you outta here.

CARSON

Don't... don't hurt me...

Kathryn gazes at him. Confused.

KATHRYN

Ben, it's me. Kathryn.

CARSON

Please... please don't hurt me...

She places her hand on his cheek. Ben twists, trying to lean away. Scared to death. Kathryn looks at him, baffled:

KATHRYN

Why do you think I would hurt you?

HARRIS (O.S.)

Gates! Get away from him!

Kathryn turns, sees Harris at the opening. Shotgun in hand.

KATHRYN

It's Ben. He's alive.

HARRIS

Back away! Now!

Harris levels the shotgun, slowly approaching.

HARRIS

Don't make me say it twice!

Kathryn takes a step back and trips on a small hole, landing on the ground. She sits up, and sees a series of holes dug all around her. Clawed out by human hands.

Harris moves to Carson, checking his condition. Kathryn gets to her knees. Harris turns the shotgun on her:

HARRIS

Stay right there!

Harris looks at Carson. He fades in and out of consciousness.

KATHRYN

I don't understand.

HARRIS

I have no doubt.

KATHRYN

What happened? Where's Nathan?

HARRIS

You mean that guy you threw out the window at Runyan's place? He's unconscious in the tunnel.

KATHRYN

(confused)

I didn't throw him...

HARRIS

I don't have time to explain. Just shut up and sit there.

(into his hand radio)

I need back-up. I've got two injured, suspect in custody. Do you copy?

KATHRYN

Suspect?

HARRIS

Gates, you're sick. You're sick and you don't even know it.

KATHRYN

What?

Kathryn's face twists, absolutely bewildered.

HARRIS

This. This is you. All of it.

KATHRYN

No, Runyan--

HARRIS

Runyan didn't kill anybody.

Harris pulls a crumpled piece of paper from his pocket. The one Abrahams gave him. He tosses in the dirt. Kathryn lifts it.

KATHRYN

What is this?

HARRIS

Invoice, from a bio-med lab. They buy and sell cadavers. Hospitals, research centers, places like that.

KATHRYN

(reads the invoice)

Ralph Runyan?

HARRIS

Had himself a little hobby. Collecting human remains. While illegal, and sick as hell, it doesn't qualify for murder.

KATHRYN

That's impossible.

HARRIS

Gates, the killer was left-handed. Runyan wasn't left-handed. You are.

Kathryn looks at her left hand holding the piece of paper.

KATHRYN

He brought me here.

HARRIS

You brought yourself here. It's all in your head. Everything.

Kathryn shakes her head, gripped in horrified disbelief.

KATHRYN

No...

HARRIS

It's some kind of personality disorder. You did all this and you don't even know it.

KATHRYN

No.

HARRIS

You abducted Jones, Griggs and Newton. You had access to their home addresses, you went there, waited--

KATHRYN

No!

HARRIS

--took them by surprise, brought them here and murdered them.

Kathryn's mind races. She pushes on her temple, head throbbing.

KATHRYN

(after a beat, realizing)
Your right. Of course. It had to be a cop. That's what Michael was trying to tell me. Look within. Someone within. He figured out it was a cop.

HARRIS

So you killed him too.

Harris glares, judgment in his eyes... then a horrific GUN BLAST ricochets through the cave. Harris's eyes bulge. He crumples to the ground, revealing Nathan looming behind him, gun in hand.

Nathan staggers to Harris. Sees him writhing in shock, gasping for life. Nathan throws Kathryn a vile look:

NATHAN

Our agreement is null and void.

Nathan tosses the gun aside, lifting the nightstick resting in the dirt beside Carson. Barely musters the strength to raise it. Kathryn watches, dazed.

NATHAN

Now to teach this piggy a lesson.

KATHRYN

(dazed, to herself)
Look within. It wasn't Runyan.

Nathan turns, distracted by Kathryn's ramblings.

KATHRYN

My God. It's you.
(beat)
Michael.

NATHAN

Michael? He wouldn't have the stomach.
I've taken care of poor, helpless
Michael his entire pathetic life.
The only useful thing he ever did
was become one of you. A--

KATHRYN

(realizing)
Piggy.

NATHAN

Like his father.

KATHRYN

The biggest piggy.

NATHAN

(re: the night stick)
What fun daddy had with one of these.
Quite enjoyed tormenting little
Michael. Scotch whiskey always made
for his best work. The hours he'd
spend. The dedication, the passion...
(beat, smiling)
Oh, don't worry, I made sure daddy
got exactly what he deserved.

KATHRYN

You. You killed him. And Michael
never knew. About any of this.

NATHAN

I told you I was a fan of irony. Daddy
was the first. You'll be the last.

Nathan turns to Carson, feebly raising the nightstick with his
left hand. It shakes overhead...

KATHRYN

NO!!!

Nathan swings it down, blasting Carson's skull. Carson's body
shudders. Nathan gathers all his might and raises the baton for
one final, lethal blow...

...when the sound of a cocked gun stops him. Nathan turns to see
Kathryn holding the pistol he discarded. She rises to her feet.

KATHRYN

Don't!

Nathan gives her a dubious look, knowing she'll never shoot. He
raises the baton... BOOM! The gun blast knocks Nathan off his
feet. Kathryn stands there, frozen. Numb.

The sound of running footsteps in the b.g. A squad of policeman led by Captain Wygant take up positions at the pit's opening.

CAPTAIN WYGANT
Gates, drop the weapon!

Gates lets the pistol fall to the dirt. Policemen climb down, carefully approaching the scene.

Nathan murmurs. Kathryn moves to him, wiping dirt from his face.

KATHRYN
Nathan. I'm sorry.

NATHAN
(faintly)
Is it over? Did we do it?

KATHRYN
You did, Nathan. You did.

Nathan grins, satisfied. He tries to speak. Kathryn moves closer, listening to Nathan's final whisper:

NATHAN
I'll see you.

Nathan's eyes fall shut. His breathing stops.

Policemen swarm Kathryn, shoving her down in the dirt, slapping cuffs on. Captain Wygant gazes around at the carnage.

EXT. INDUSTRIAL FACILITY - NIGHT

Flashing lights, a mass of police and emergency workers. The Chief stands with Wygant in the center of all the commotion.

CAPTAIN WYGANT
One civilian dead. Harris and Carson are being brought up now.

CHIEF OF POLICE
What's their status?

CAPTAIN WYGANT
Harris has a chance. Carson, they're not so optimistic.

CHIEF OF POLICE
Jesus Christ. Do we have any idea how the hell this happened?

Wygant shakes his head, at a loss. Their eyes fall on Kathryn as two uniform cops stuff her into the back of a police car.

INT. PRECINCT HOUSE - INTERROGATION ROOM - NIGHT

Kathryn is alone at a table in the small empty room. Wygant enters, pulls up a chair. Grim resentment in his eyes.

CAPTAIN WYGANT
You shouldn't be talking to me
without a lawyer.

Kathryn just looks at him. Wygant sets down a typed document.

CAPTAIN WYGANT
What am I supposed to do with this?

KATHRYN
It's my statement.

CAPTAIN WYGANT
I know what the fuck it is.

KATHRYN
Did you read it?

CAPTAIN WYGANT
Oh, I read it.

KATHRYN
But you don't believe it.

CAPTAIN WYGANT
What's not to believe? Murray was
the doer, only it wasn't him, it was
his demented alter ego. In fact, he
didn't know anything about it. Seems
reasonable, don't it?

KATHRYN
No, not really.

CAPTAIN WYGANT
Imagine my relief. I mean, here I have
you pegged as a psychotic cop-killer,
one foot in the gas chamber.

KATHRYN
(resigned)
Of course you don't believe it.

CAPTAIN WYGANT
(beat, suddenly serious)
Is this how you're gonna play it?

Kathryn doesn't answer, solemnly thinking things over. Wygant stands, restraining anger.

CAPTAIN WYGANT

The D.A.'s charging you with four counts of murder. Murray. Jones. Griggs. Newton. And since your gun was the only one fired at the scene, it's a safe bet he tags you for Nathan Andrew's murder and whoever the hell else doesn't live the night.

Kathryn just looks at him, impassive. Wygant loses it:

WYGANT

Know what, I don't give a shit if you won't talk, but if I were you I'd start working real fuckin' hard on that insanity plea, 'cause this ain't gonna fly worth a tinker's damn--!

The door opens, interrupting Wygant's rant. A detective motions him over. Wygant makes his way to the door, conferring with the detective. Kathryn eyes their conversation.

The detective exits. Wygant returns and sits opposite Kathryn, staring at her. A bizarre expression on his face.

KATHRYN

What?

Wygant doesn't answer, just glares at her a long strange moment.

CAPTAIN WYGANT

It's Carson.

A interminable beat. Kathryn's horrified of what comes next.

CAPTAIN WYGANT

He came to half an hour ago.

KATHRYN

Is he gonna make it?

CAPTAIN WYGANT

Looks like.

KATHRYN

Thank God.

CAPTAIN WYGANT

(beat, baffled)

He, ah, he fingered Murray for his abduction.

(beat)

Also claims Nathan Andrew was the one who gunned down Harris.

Wygant lifts Kathryn's statement. Aggravated:

CAPTAIN WYGANT
Now would you explain this to me
one more time?

KATHRYN
Sure.

INT. KATHRYN'S APARTMENT - DAY

A pot of water boils. Kathryn shuts off the stove and pours a cup of tea. She moves across the living room where she pauses to glance at the stunning city view out the window.

The easel stands before Kathryn. She hesitates a beat before removing the cover -- and sees the half-painted canvas. She lightly runs her fingers over the dried paint. A confident grin emerges on her face. She continues on to the bedroom.

INT. KATHRYN'S APARTMENT - GUEST ROOM - DAY

Kathryn's mother sits gazing out the window. Just as expressionless as when we first met her. Kathryn enters, looks around the room. Sees all of her mother's personal belongings that now decorate the room.

Kathryn sits beside her mother, passing her the cup of tea.

KATHRYN
Careful, it's hot.

Mrs. Gates sips the tea. Kathryn looks at her, tenderly placing a hand on her mother's lap. Mrs. Gates glances up at the ceiling and murmurs quietly, seemingly to herself.

Kathryn watches her for a long moment.

KATHRYN
Mom...

Mrs. Gates stops and looks at Kathryn.

KATHRYN
Tell dad I said "Hi."

Mrs. Gates smiles and turns back to the ceiling, chatting softly. Kathryn lays her head on her mother's shoulder and peacefully shuts her eyes.

FADE OUT.

THE END