

DEADLINE

by

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OVER BLACK:

The low distant hum of a saw --

CUT TO:

A WALL OF STEEL DRAWERS -- 7:26 PM

in a MORGUE, in the depths of a hospital.

The unrelenting buzz of fluorescent lights flicker green upon the cold, moldering room.

A WAIL -- from one of the drawers, but no one is there to notice.

The WAIL grows LOUDER and more frequent, echoing up and down the white-tiled walls, through the corridor, and into the --

INT. AUTOPSY ROOM -- CONTINUOUS

reaching morgue technician LYDIA BLEDSOE, 26, paralyzing her.

She stops the saw to make sure she's heard correct.

Everything is quiet, and then again -- the WAIL.

She walks out the room and into the --

CORRIDOR --

LYDIA
Kieran? Hello?

MORGUE --

In front of the drawers, she hears it... LOUDER.

Thinking she's found the drawer, she grabs the handle, pulls out the drawer, revealing...

A JERKING BODY BAG.

Frantically she unzips the bag and...

A MAN WITH A BURNT FACE surfaces, GASPING for air, WAILING in pain.

LYDIA
 (taken aback)
 Holy fuck -- fuck.

Lydia runs to the phone. Fingers shaking, she dials.

LYDIA/PHONE
 I need ER down here now. A man,
 he's alive... I don't know...
 Please, hurry.

The BURNT MAN communicates something from afar, but can only make SOUNDS.

Lydia, unable to understand, hangs up and approaches.

He makes signs with his burnt fingers but they don't resonate with Lydia.

Shaking, the Burnt Man points downward, to his legs. She looks, but...

THE PARAMEDICS --

storm in, disrupting her.

They load the Burnt Man on the gurney, and just as they take him away, Lydia notices a TATTOO by his ankle -- some BIRD or EAGLE...

LYDIA
 Wait!

...but just as fast, the paramedics are gone.

Relieved the moment has passed, she leans against the drawers.

The phone RINGS. Alarming. Harsh.

She walks to the phone, picks up the receiver --

LYDIA/PHONE
 Yeah?... No, he's not here... I'll
 let him know.

-- and hangs up.

CUT TO:

A PAIR OF HANDS --

in the dark, desperately rummaging through a sea of sealed STORAGE BAGS.

With the light of a FLASHLIGHT we see the bags contain human LIMBS: fingers, hands, feet.

We see the man's warm breath in the cold.

WIDER TO REVEAL --

KIERAN AINSLEY, 30's, glasses, feeble but handsome, the type that was more into science kits than baseball mitts as a kid.

Khakis and a sweater under the lab coat.

KIERAN

No, no, no.

A nervous wreck as he madly reads every bag-label.

Unable to find what he seeks, he stops.

KIERAN (CONT'D)

Oh, god.

He walks to a pair of doors and pushes them open, revealing that he's inside a parked, refrigerated TRUCK-CONTAINER.

EXT. HOSPITAL LOT -- ESTABLISHING -- CONTINUOUS

Kieran exits the truck container, locks it, and rushes back to the HOSPITAL.

INT. BASEMENT MORGUE -- HOSPITAL -- MOMENTS LATER

Kieran staggers in, scaring Lydia --

LYDIA

Jesus Christ, Kieran. Where the hell were you just now?

He's too preoccupied with his thoughts to acknowledge her.

LYDIA (CONT'D)

Some Freddie freaking Kreuger looking guy just came at --

KIERAN

I couldn't find it, Lydia.

LYDIA

He just called. He wants to talk to you.

This is the last thing he wanted to hear.

CUT TO:

DOOR PLATE: CHIEF OF MEDICAL STAFF / STEPHEN M. BAUER

INT. STEPHEN BAUER'S OFFICE -- CONTINUOUS

Behind a vast desk sits STEPHEN BAUER, 50's -- traditional, proper, graying.

On the other end sits Kieran with his head sunk.

BAUER

... Jesus, Kieran. You can imagine my face when I heard. What's happened to you?

KIERAN

I, I... don't. I don't know what to say, sir.

Bauer rounds the desk.

Kieran's fingers start to TWITCH uncontrollably. He hides them.

BAUER

A janitor, Kieran. A goddamn janitor found *Christian Vidal's* foot... in Radiology. Care to share how the hell it got there?

KIERAN

I, I don't. I have no idea --

BAUER

Thank him he found it. *Vidal's* remains fly out in the morning.

(beat)

I'm sorry Kieran, but enough is enough. I need you to take a leave of absence, unpaid --

KIERAN

Don't do this, please. I'll be focused. I'll be the coroner you hired --

BAUER
 Nonnegotiable. Termination of your
 license is pending, but you can't
 work here any longer.

KIERAN
 I need this job Mr. Bauer. Please --

Bauer pats him on the back, an awkward attempt at consoling
 him.

BAUER
 Take some time, be with your kid.

Kieran nods as tears swell.

CUT TO:

INT. KIERAN'S CAR -- PARKING LOT --

Kieran sits, avoiding the walk to his apartment.

He pulls down the sun visor, and a photograph falls to his
 lap.

CLOSE ON THE PHOTO: his WIFE with their son in a hospital
 room. His son is BALD, and dressed in a patient GOWN.

INT./EXT. KIERAN'S HOUSE --

Kieran turns the lock and enters to find his son MICHAEL, 7 --
 buzz-cut blonde hair, dressed in his favorite yellow/red
 pajamas -- drawing on the coffee table.

AUBREE, 18, the baby-sitter, watches TV.

KIERAN
 Hey Aubree, so sorry I'm late. How
 was he? Didn't throw up today?

AUBREE
 He's been fine, just didn't want to
 eat much.

KIERAN
 Aubree, listen, I won't need you to
 come the next couple weeks. I'm
 taking my vacation early.

AUBREE
 Oh, okay.

KIERAN
 Thanks, Aubree.
 (looks in his wallet, only
 has a 100 dollar bill)
 Here --

He hands her the bill.

AUBREE
 But this is more --

KIERAN
 Santa came early. Tell your parents
 I say Merry Christmas.

AUBREE
 Thanks, Mr. Ainsley. Have a
 goodnight.

Kieran smiles as he shows her out. He returns to Michael,
 lost in his crayon drawing.

KIERAN
 Lets see what we got here, buddy.

Kieran looks down at the drawing.

CLOSE ON THE DRAWING: stick figures of KIERAN, MICHAEL, and
 KIERAN'S WIFE next to a Christmas Tree, except she has a halo
 drawn over her head.

MICHAEL
 Mo- mo- mommy.

KIERAN
 Yeah, mommy. What is that, hot
 magenta? Nice, buddy.

KIERAN --

looks through the stack of MAIL on the table: MEDICAL BILLS,
 INSURANCE STATEMENTS...

He comes across a LETTER from HEALTH ADVANCE FINANCING.
 Fervidly, he opens the envelope, gets to the letter -- eyes
 scan:

Dear Mr. Ainsley,

*Thank you for your recent application. Your request for a
 loan was carefully considered, and we regret to inform --*

He stops there. He knows the rest. He puts it away.

He pulls out a medicine bottle from his pocket: CLONAZEPAM, and gulps the last three pills.

He grabs the remote and zones out in front of the TV as Michael continues drawing.

CUT TO:

INT. AN APARTMENT -- 8:53 PM

White carpet stained with pools of blood; furniture and other belongings strewn around; kitchen rummaged, broken dishes and appliances; the whole apartment torn asunder --

It's the scene of a crime.

The victim: ADRIAN GUTIERREZ, 33. An LAPD Police Officer.

Still donning his uniform, Gutierrez's body is strapped to a chair in the kitchen.

His face: blue, battered, and bruised. Throat, slit. Burn marks across his arms and face.

CSI PERSONNEL take photographs and collect evidence. POLICE OFFICERS stand on guard.

At the helm of the investigation: Detective LARS CULLEY. Wrong side of 40. Tired of all the ugly he's seen. A pitbull. Wearing an old suit, ugly tie.

In his shadow is rookie detective AMOS HOLDEN, 29, the young-buck. The whiz-kid. Wearing a modern, more fashionable suit.

Amos evaluates the mayhem up close.

AMOS

Lets see, goodlookin' --

while Culley inspects...

GUTIERREZ'S BEDROOM --

rummaging through the closet, looking for something. He looks behind the clothes, feels for any hollow spots. A *secret compartment*.

AMOS (O.S.)

Christ -- someone had it in for this guy, look at him... Lars?

But nothing. He looks under the bed, under the bathroom sink. Nothing. Back in the...

KITCHEN --

Amos stands over the blood-stained sink. *Classic hand to the garbage dispenser.*

Culley enters the kitchen for a closer look.

AMOS

I think he was tortured --

Gutierrez's hand looks like a dog mauled it off.

CULLEY

Oh, yeah? What makes you think that?

AMOS

Thing is... looks like Gutierrez still didn't give our guy what he wanted. Not even after that.

(looking back at the corpse)

And what could've been so important that our dear public servant here could just not afford to cough up?

Culley notices the fridge, slightly pulled from the wall.

CULLEY

Amos, why don't you check the bedrooms? I couldn't find anything.

Amos obeys. Culley pulls the fridge further out, bends down and inspects the floor where the refrigerator stood.

He notices that the hardwood-floor panels have been tampered with. *His suspicion has been confirmed.*

CULLEY (CONT'D)

(under his breath)

Fuck me.

AMOS (O.S.)

Didn't you know Gutierrez?

CULLEY

No. Not really. Did anyone say anything when he didn't show up for roll call today?

AMOS (O.S.)

Don't know. Neighbor called it in.
How long you think he's been there?

CULLEY

If I had to say... good twelve
hours, at least, but I ain't no
coroner.

Culley stands, comes closer to Gutierrez, and appreciates the hell that was brought upon him.

He lets it digest. He knows *this is the beginning of something. The calm before the storm has long passed.*

CUT TO:

EXT. GAS STATION -- 09:02 PM

Amidst the drizzle, under the faint street lights, Detective GABY BRITTON, 30's -- fit, brunette, fiery -- with a pair of tweezers, inspects a soggy paper bag amidst a pile of trash.

From inside the paper bag, she unearths a SEVERED TONGUE, still fresh, and promptly secures it in a seal.

In the distance is the GEEKY CLERK talking to a couple of POLICE OFFICERS. Gaby approaches --

GABY

Alright, again. So these bums, they rummage the trash and --

GEEKY CLERK

And I always gotta pick it up. Like I told you. Only today I found that. That's it.

GABY

And that trash is just today's trash?

(off the Clerk's nod)

Alright, I'll need the copy of the security tapes, and all this trash. You said tomorrow morning, right?

The Clerk nods.

INT. GABY BRITTON'S PATROL CAR -- MOMENTS LATER

She starts the engine and clicks on her seat belt. She peers out past the wet windshield. *It's going to be a long night.*

EXT. OUTSIDE GUTIERREZ'S APARTMENT BUILDING -- 9:15 PM

Under the rain, blending into the street filth, Culley sits on the curb and talks on his cell phone --

CULLEY/PHONE

... money's gone too, so it ain't someone else. If the Czechs get word he's alive -- if Igor finds out, I don't know.

(no response)

Felix? So what..?

(listens)

Spiller? I've dialed the asshole a half dozen times already, nothin'.

INTERCUT BETWEEN CULLEY AND FELIX

INT. IAN FELIX'S CAR --

IAN FELIX, 30's. Slick as a whistle. LAPD Detective, small scar on his cheek. He sits in his car, pulls out a MOTEL MATCHBOOK, and lights a cigarette.

FELIX/PHONE

Rook suspect anything?

CULLEY/PHONE

No, not yet. There was nothing in the apartment.

FELIX/PHONE

Alright. If not Spiller, find me Neil Esmond or Ritchie.

CULLEY SITTING ON THE CURB --

CULLEY/PHONE

Esmond?...be shocked if the fat somabitch isn't halfway to Bora Bora or some shit -- you kiddin' me? sittin' on that pension, not to mention the rest. And Felix, none of this gets to Kieran -- got it?

Amos catches his attention, standing by the doorway.

Culley hangs up, turns to Amos --

AMOS
(yelling under the rain)
I think I found something.

CUT TO:

INT. KIERAN'S STUDY -- MOMENTS LATER

Kieran rummages through a desk drawer. Inside the drawer, among a myriad of random things, we see a KEY.

He takes it and locks the drawer.

He crosses the room to a bookcase, and hides the Key under...

A COPPER STATUE BOOKEND OF THE 3 WISE MONKEYS

INT. KITCHEN -- CONTINUOUS

KIERAN (O.S.)
Mikey?

Michael sits motionless in front of his mushy bowl of cereal.

Unnerving silence. Kieran rushes to him.

KIERAN (CONT'D)
Michael?

He snaps his fingers in front of Michael. He doesn't flinch.

Kieran shakes him. Michael's eyes roll back -- his body goes limp -- he slides off the chair.

KIERAN (CONT'D)
Michael?!

INT. BACK OF AMBULANCE --

Sirens blaring. Paramedics hastily attend to Michael, injecting him with sedatives.

Kieran watches helplessly from the steel bench. *He's been here before. All he can do is watch.*

He looks down as his fingers TWITCH again.

INT. ER ROOM -- CORRIDOR -- MOMENTS LATER

The ER NURSES rush Michael on the gurney, stabilizing him -- jogging and talking, Kieran in trail.

The nurses turn into a hospital room, but deny Kieran entry.

INT. CULLEY'S CAR -- 10:05 PM

Rain drops trickle down the windshield. The low RADIO mantles the quiet drive.

RADIO

... San Francisco opens as three point favorite against Green Bay. Now, the line is likely to move, as I expect money for Green Bay to --

Culley changes the radio station, annoyed.

CULLEY

Well kid, you got the stomach for it, --

Amos looks to him, not entirely understanding.

CULLEY (CONT'D)

-- didn't spout or spew. Most newbies woulda' lost their lunch back there.

AMOS

I like it.

CULLEY

Most don't see that during probation. If you make detective, and that's a big if, kid let me tell ya -- you ain't seen the horrid shit that'll --

AMOS

Like what?

CULLEY

Just jerkin' your chain. If you really get off to this shit, count your lucky stars 'cus that's as nasty as they come. The rest is just beer and skittles.

AMOS

I like skittles.

They sit there, for a beat, cruising.

A certain song starts to play on the radio: A MOTOWN SONG.
Amos mumbles along:

AMOS/SINGING

*Oh yeah, secretly I've been
trailin' you / Like a fox that
preys on the rabbit / I had to get
you and so I knew / I had to learn
your ways and habits --*

Culley's watches. *This guy, what is this, soul train?*

AMOS/SINGING (CONT'D)

*What's this whole world comin' to /
Things just ain't the same /
Anytime the hunter...
Gets captured by the game ...*

It's THE MARVELETTE'S: *The Hunter Gets Captured by the Game.*

But Culley's not feeling it, and he kills the radio.

CULLEY

You could really sing an angel to
sleep there.

Amos smirks as he pulls out an ANDREW JACKSON PEZ CANDY
DISPENSER from his jacket. He takes a tablet.

CULLEY (CONT'D)

Ain't he on the twenty dollar bill?
I thought they didn't make --

AMOS

Almost the first president to be
assassinated. Richard Lawrence,
this uh house-painter, misfired
twice. Now I'll give you once, but
twice...

CULLEY

He was a fuckin' housepainter --

AMOS

I don't know, makes me think
sometimes its just your time, you
know?... It's my lucky charm.

CULLEY

I could use one of those right
about now. Gotta make a couple
stops -- you mind?

Amos considers the MANILA FOLDER lying in the middle seat.

INT. MICHAEL'S HOSPITAL ROOM --

Tranquility. The beeps from the medical equipment linger. Kieran observes Michael resting. *The episode has passed.*

Michael slowly wakes.

MICHAEL'S POV --

Everything is blurry. His father is just a dingy, pale image.

MICHAEL
(cracked voice)
Dad? Are -- are we --

KIERAN
(barely audible)
Yeah, hey, its me kiddo.

This is the only way Kieran communicates with his son: by talking and expecting silence or muffled, incoherent speech.

Kieran FLEXES his biceps to Michael, making funny gestures, bringing a faint smile to Michael's face.

Michael makes an effort to flex, but is too weak.

This is their mutual gesture carrying a symbolic meaning: *that they will overcome everything and anything.*

Michael UTTERS gibberish. Kieran smiles, placing his palm on Michael's forehead, caressing his hair.

VOICE (O.S.)
Evening.

Kieran turns to find DOCTOR SCHUBERT, mid 50's. A seasoned neurosurgeon.

KIERAN
Doctor. How are you?

DOCTOR SCHUBERT
May I speak to you outside for a second?

Both men leave Michael to rest and step out onto --

THE HOSPITAL HALLWAY --

They've had this conversation before. It's getting tiresome.

DOCTOR SCHUBERT

The cerebral and spinal fluid,
Kieran... it's doing it again, more
blockage. The skull pressure
increasing. I'm afraid -- now you
don't need me to tell you --
 (off Kieran's dismay)
The longer we --

KIERAN

Loan's dead right now, but -- maybe
I can afford the VT shunt, but then
what with all the other mess
after... the chemo, the -- I don't
know, I just need more time.

DOCTOR SCHUBERT

Time is precisely what we don't
have. The tumor is only --

KIERAN

I'm in there with him, you know?
 (motioning back to the
 room, fingers twitching)
I'm crippling as he's crippling in
there. I can't look at him
sometimes -- can't live with myself
knowing his brain's rotting and I'm
standing out here with my hands in
my pockets.

Doctor Schubert, embarrassed, nods in agreement.

KIERAN (CONT'D)

 (retracting, regretting
 his tone)
Look, I'm sorry, had a grueling day
is all, and now my kid -- its just.

DOCTOR SCHUBERT

Breathe... he'll rest here
overnight. Be home in the morning.

KIERAN

How soon you think you could do the
surgery?

DOCTOR SCHUBERT

Tomorrow. If the money and papers
are there... tomorrow.

Kieran looks back to the room, to his son, vulnerable.

EXT. MEXICAN MEAT MARKET -- ESTABLISHING

Culley exits the car and heads into the small market.

INT. MEXICAN MEAT MARKET -- CONTINUOUS

Mexican Folk Music. Patrons weaving through crammed aisles.

Culley strides in, winking at the pretty, bubble gum-chewing CLERK, but she's not having it.

He heads past the deli and nods at the BUTCHER, who acknowledges him.

He passes the FREEZER, through the hanging meat CARCASSES, and walks into the...

BACK ROOM --

where a man, UMBERTO, 40, sits behind a desk on the phone, speaking business in Spanish. Culley waits for him to finish.

UMBERTO

You're like a stray dog, I can't get rid of you...

CULLEY

How's the *chorizo* business? You want my money or not?

UMBERTO

Do you have money?

CULLEY

Si, mucho dinero -- lana, Umberto.

UMBERTO

Yeah, I know what *lana* is *pendejo* --

CULLEY

Gimme one on San Francisco, two on Atlanta, and one on Baltimore with the points.

Culley pulls out a wad of bills and lays it on the desk.

CULLEY (CONT'D)

There's 4 there.

UMBERTO

And the Czechs know you're betting here? Igor know?

CULLEY

Since when did you start asking that? They don't need to know.

UMBERTO

Look at how the Vidal boy ended up. I'm just saying --

CULLEY

Well don't. Is some confidentiality too much to ask for around here? You know what confidentiality is Umberto?

Culley zips out as Umberto reaches for the wad of cash.

INT. HOSPITAL CORRIDOR -- MOMENTS LATER

Kieran, uneasy, waits for the elevator. It arrives -- doors open, but inside: BAUER. Dread falls over Kieran.

BAUER

Going down?

Kieran NODS, enters.

BAUER (CONT'D)

Perhaps I didn't explain myself clearly earlier...

KIERAN

No, you did.

BAUER

Then may I ask why you --

Kieran hesitates, afraid to speak up.

KIERAN

Mr. Bauer, my son... my son is currently in ER. I realize what this looks like. I just forgot some of my things, is that alright?

BAUER

Just make it snappy.

BEEP! Elevator doors open and Bauer exits as he gives Kieran one last gander.

INT. MORGUE OFFICE -- MOMENTS LATER

Kieran hastily gathers his belongings into a box. He stops as he notices a drawing pinned against the wall: another stick figure drawing of his wife with Michael and himself.

He unpins the drawing, dropping it in his box.

LYDIA (O.S.)
Kieran... you can't be here.

KIERAN
I know. I know. I'll be out, just forgot some stuff.

Lydia returns a sympathetic smile.

LYDIA
I really hate this. I'm going to miss you.

KIERAN
(nodding)
Me too, *Lids*. But you got this. You deserve this.

They share a hug.

INT. MORGUE -- CONTINUOUS

As Kieran walks out --

LYDIA
Give my best to Mikey.

-- a corpse on the steel table stops him cold. He drops the box.

KIERAN
You tag him?

LYDIA
Yeah just now. Police officer. Adrian, Adrian...

KIERAN
...Gutierrez. They say anything when they brought him in?

Lydia shakes her head. *Nope*.

Kieran's face flushes as he appreciates how brutally Gutierrez's been murdered. The hand mauled off. The burn marks. The slit throat.

KIERAN (CONT'D)
Who's in the autopsy room?

LYDIA
Christian Vidal --

KIERAN
When's he need to be done by?

LYDIA
Six-thirty. Body's flying to Paris.

KIERAN
Lids, you cant ask me why, but I need you to go to the office and pretend I'm not here.

Lydia is hesitant.

KIERAN (CONT'D)
As a last favor. Please.

INT. AUTOPSY ROOM -- MOMENTS LATER

Jars filled with various organs decorate the shelves.

Weighing scales hang from the ceiling. Dissection boards. Instrument trays with knives, scalpels, bone chisels.

Footless Christian Vidal lies on the steel operating table. Kieran prepares the instrument tray.

CULLEY (O.S.)
New friend?

Startled, Kieran turns to find Culley.

KIERAN
Detective...

CULLEY
Girl let me in. Came by to have a look at --

KIERAN
Gutierrez?

CULLEY
You saw.

KIERAN

I was going to get a look at him.
You're not, you're not...

CULLEY

Not what, Kieran? Christ, you know
me. You'd think after all this time
you'd be able to --

KIERAN

You're not worried?

A steely silence.

CULLEY

Worried? Why would I be worried?

Kieran looks around to make sure no one is listening.

KIERAN

(like it were taboo)
Is he back?

CULLEY

Who's back? What in the hell do you
think you're talking 'bout?

KIERAN

I ran... I ran the dental
radiographs off the body from that
night Culley. I know.

More unnerving silence. Culley watches his volume --

CULLEY

Even after I specifically ordered
you not to do a damn thing with the
body?

KIERAN

I never thought it would come back
to haunt you... *us*. But now I have
to know, am I on his list?

CULLEY

'On his list?' Are you hearing
yourself? This is nothin'.
Gutierrez had other shit he was
mixed up in, this is --

KIERAN

Will you drop it? I know ... Okay?
All of it.

CULLEY
The money too?

KIERAN
Yeah, and I didn't take any of it.
So I will ask you again, am I --

CULLEY
How the fuck should I know Kieran?
I'm not sure what the hell is going
on.

Culley walks across to him, stands by the instrument tray,
pulls out a MANILA FOLDER.

CULLEY (CONT'D)
Want to know why I'm really here?
(lifts the folder)
Partner thinks I'm in here
curiously asking if you know who
this might be. You want to tell
him?

KIERAN
My name in there?

CULLEY
It's not the official report or
anything like that, just fuckin'
pictures.

KIERAN
You weren't going to tell me about
these were you?

CULLEY
Why do these pictures still exist?

KIERAN
A report, even if false, has to
exist, pictures have to exist. Just
know I didn't give those to
Gutierrez. If he really is back, I
don't know Lars... I think I'll
talk.

CULLEY
That's all fine and dandy 'ssuming
he doesn't get to you first.

And Culley exits, purposely dropping the report on the floor.
Leaving Kieran alone. Disturbed. Scared.

INT. MORGUE -- CONTINUOUS

Culley finds Amos talking with Lydia.

CULLEY

We're on the clock, kid.

Amos catches up. Like a doggy runs to his master.

AMOS

Well? Did he know anything about
the pictures?

CULLEY

Yeah, he said it was your mother.
Let's go.

INT. AUTOPSY ROOM -- CONTINUOUS

Kieran, with TREMBLING fingers, picks up the photographs
strewn across the floor. Looks at them.

The photographs show a completely INCINERATES CARCASS.
Different angles -- different body parts -- all burnt.

He gathers them and puts them in the folder.

He sets the folder on the instrument tray, but an instrument
is missing. Kieran ponders... *I could've sworn I had
something there.*

INT. GABY BRITTON'S CUBICLE -- LAPD HOMICIDE -- 11:05 PM

The buzz of a homicide office. Her desk messy, but she still
finds room to eat Chinese takeout.

The remaining kung-pao-chicken in her takeout box suddenly
looks disgusting, it's not food anymore, its...

BATHROOM STALL --

..coming back up her mouth. She's vomiting into the toilet.
She stops. She's done. She wipes her mouth. *Good. Wait, no...*
its coming back up.

BULLPEN -- HOMICIDE -- MOMENTS LATER

Gaby strides back to her desk and finds Amos already sitting
in the neighboring cubicle.

AMOS
I'm not gonna make it, Gabs.

GABY
You're too good for the coffee here
now?

AMOS
No, I don't mean tonight.
(hushed)
Culley. He's not gonna pass me --

GABY
Yeah, maybe.

Not the reinforcement he sought.

GABY (CONT'D)
Relax. He takes some getting used
to.

Culley looms his head over the cubicle.

CULLEY
(to Amos)
Need your paperwork from the
stabbing two days ago.

AMOS
On it. Be on your desk in a bit.

Culley leaves. Amos shoots Gaby a look. *See what I mean.* She
laughs.

INT. CORPSE STORAGE ROOM -- HOSPITAL -- MOMENTS LATER

Chilling. Dark. Vast. Using the forklift, Kieran raises
Gutierrez's tray, and places his corpse in the corpse rack.

INT. AUTOPSY ROOM -- CONTINUOUS

Lydia takes a sponge and washes Vidal's corpse, but through
the door window she spots BAUER.

She SCRAMBLES to the door, but just as she gets there, Bauer
pushes it open.

BAUER
Ms. Bledsoe. Everything all right?

LYDIA
Yeah. Of course.

BAUER
And Vidal?

LYDIA
Still dead last I checked.
(dropping it)
He'll be ready. I can handle it.

BAUER
Now, we wont be telling anyone that
you aren't, shall we say:
"certified" to do this, will we?

Lydia gestures that *she's zipping her mouth shut*, pleasing Bauer.

BAUER (CONT'D)
This is your chance to prove
yourself. Don't disappoint me.

LYDIA
Wouldn't dream of --

BAUER
Was Kieran here, earlier?

LYDIA
He was. Came for some of his
things. He left.

BAUER
Yeah, his box's still out there.

LYDIA
Well he's been losing it lately.
Must of forgot.

BAUER
Right...

INT. CORPSE STORAGE ROOM -- CONTINUOUS

Kieran ties a TOE TAG on Gutierrez, but spots something on the sole of his foot, carved into his skin: **MICHIGAN**.

He looks at the other foot, another carving: **BOYLE**.

He inspects the corpse further and discovers A THREAD, EXTENDING FROM THE MOUTH.

He pulls it, discovering a BLOODIED KEY ATTACHED at the end.

INT. CORRIDOR -- MORGUE -- CONTINUOUS

Bauer advances. Lydia attempts to impede him from reaching the Corpse Storage Room.

LYDIA
Anything else I can do for you Mr.
Bauer?

BAUER
You wouldn't lie to me?

The Corpse Storage Room waits just ahead of him, as indicated by the sign on the door. He stops just before it.

BAUER (CONT'D)
I wouldn't want you to suffer the
same fate, Lydia --

He scans for sincerity, stares her down.

CORPSE STORAGE ROOM --

Kieran sees the doors push open, he pockets the key.

LYDIA enters.

LYDIA
You need to go.

Kieran nods, feinting a serene demeanor.

EXT. STREET -- MOMENTS LATER

Kieran crosses the street in a downpour, the Hospital towering behind him.

At the end of the street, on the corner, is a POST, with street-name tin signs: **MICHIGAN AVE** and **N. BOYLE AVE**.

He stands there, not sure what to look for, and then...

RING! RING!

A PUBLIC TELEPHONE BOOTH COMES ALIVE.

He approaches and lifts the receiver --

KIERAN/PHONE
Hello?... Hello?

UNKNOWN VOICE/PHONE

You know why all these chums you
cut up and gut are where they are
Kieran -- why they wind up there,
under your scalpel?

KIERAN/PHONE

Who is this?

UNKNOWN VOICE/PHONE

Don't you remember me? On your
table?

(Kieran gulps at the
possibility)

Smoldered inside and out. Don't you
recall the smell of burnt flesh?

KIERAN/PHONE

I didn't do this to you, remember
that.

UNKNOWN VOICE/PHONE

You signed the certificate, didn't
you?

Kieran stays quiet. No response.

KIERAN/PHONE

What's with the key?

UNKNOWN VOICE/PHONE

That little crafted piece of brass
has already predetermined if
there's a death certificate with
your name on it come morning.

KIERAN/PHONE

I don't follow...

UNKNOWN VOICE/PHONE

It opens locker eleven down at
Union Station. Soon as I'm done
hounding down these pigs, I'm going
to dump my money there and you're
going to take it and put it
somewhere.

KIERAN/PHONE

Where am --

UNKNOWN VOICE/PHONE

You won't see me. You'll not utter
my name.

(MORE)

UNKNOWN VOICE/PHONE (CONT'D)

You won't tell Culley, not if you don't want to end like your friend Gutierrez.

(beat)

Come back to this phone at exactly Four AM. But first... Christian Vidal.

KIERAN/PHONE

What does he and the -- what am I suppose to do?

UNKNOWN VOICE/PHONE

Do I really have to spell it out?

Kieran realizes the gravity of the request.

KIERAN/PHONE

I can't. I don't work there anymore.

UNKNOWN VOICE/PHONE

But don't you want to see your son again?

Kieran is speechless.

UNKNOWN VOICE/PHONE (CONT'D)

I'd get to guttin' him. You're goin' have a lot of money to fit. Deadline is six thirty. We have a plane to catch.

DIAL TONE. The line is dead.

INT. UNKNOWN VOICE'S VEHICLE --

In silhouette, the UNKNOWN VOICE hangs up his phone, watches from afar as Kieran runs back towards the hospital.

INT. HOSPITAL HALLWAY -- MOMENTS LATER

Kieran, clothes dripping, runs, dodges doctors and patients, scrambles through hospital equipment, until he finds...

SECURITY OFFICERS standing outside Michael's room.

<p>SECURITY OFFICER (holding Kieran back) No one allowed, sir. This is the scene of a crime.</p>	<p>KIERAN (fighting through) My son, my son's been taken in there -- (still not getting through) I'm the father!</p>
--	--

He attempts to storm right through but the officers detain him.

Kieran gets a glimpse inside the room, through the opening of the door --

A NURSE being interviewed by the HOSPITAL MARSHAL.

Kieran's commotion outside catches the Marshal's attention. The Marshal leaves the nurse and approaches Kieran.

HOSPITAL MARSHAL
(to officers)
He's fine, leave him.
(to Kieran)
Mr. Ainsley, we were just about --

KIERAN
Who was watching him?
(to Nurse beyond the door)
You?! Who let this happen?

HOSPITAL MARSHAL
I understand your distress, but I
need you to calm--

KIERAN
'Distress?' That's my son that's
not there anymo-- no, no.
(fighting the tears)
He's very sick.

Kieran realizes he's among strangers. He breathes heavy.

HOSPITAL MARSHAL
Mr. Ainsley, you alright?

KIERAN
I can't be here.

HOSPITAL MARSHAL
Could you follow me?

CUT TO:

SURVEILLANCE FOOTAGE --

We see a Man, dressed in nurse attire, rolling Michael out of the room.

The footage is rewound, and played AGAIN --

HOSPITAL MARSHAL (O.S.)
 ...that's all we got. Recognize
 him?

The Man is too far to be made out.

KIERAN (O.S.)
 No.

Surveillance Room door opens. Enter: Detective Gaby Britton.

GABY
 Gentlemen. Hi, Detective Gaby
 Britton.

She extends her hand to Kieran, and to her surprise, he rejects her. *Awkward.*

GABY (CONT'D)
 Mr. Ainsley, Amber alert's been
 processed, dozens of patrol cars
 are already searching, I'd just
 like to ask you some questions, get
 a statement, if that's alright?
 (to The Marshal)
 Give us a minute?

The Marshal exits. Gaby faces Kieran.

GABY (CONT'D)
 First, I'd just like to say --

KIERAN
 Can we just cut all that and get on
 with it, what do you need to know?

GABY
 (taken aback)
 Oh, alright. I have to ask, anyone
 you know that would want to harm
 you or your child?

Kieran shakes his head. Gaby tries to remain composed, but is having trouble. Kieran senses this.

KIERAN

He's very sick... can't speak,
can't hear, or talk much at the
moment. It's a brain cancer --
pressure inside his skull, it...

Kieran drops his head, gives up on the sentence.

GABY

Has his mother been notified?

KIERAN

She passed away three years ago.

He digs his trembling hand into his pocket, reaching for the
CLONAZEPAM bottle, but to his dismay, realizes he's OUT.

KIERAN (CONT'D)

Is there anything else Mrs.
Britton? I really have to get back
to some urgent matters at work.

GABY

I'm sorry?

KIERAN

Not much I can do at this point, is
there? What can I do, or say... to
you, that would get him back? I
wasn't there.

GABY

You're right. I should get back to
interview some of the witnesses.
Sweep the scene.

KIERAN

Sorry I didn't shake your hand. I
have trouble with stuff like that.

Kieran exits, leaving Gaby alone with the surveillance
monitors, having made an impression on her, a strange one.

INT. DRESSING ROOM -- BASEMENT MORGUE

Kieran dresses into his typical work attire: a blue scrub
suit, a surgeon gown, a surgical mask, gloves.

INT. AUTOPSY ROOM -- MOMENTS LATER

Wearing a clear face-shield visor and with a scalpel in hand, Lydia is about to go to work on Vidal, when she spots Kieran donning his Coroner attire.

LYDIA

Whoa. No. No. Hell, no.

KIERAN

I have to do something. You know I wouldn't put you in this situation.

LYDIA

But you are. What happened to 'I got this?'

KIERAN

I promise nothing bad will happen to you. I promise... it' about Michael.

Lydia sees the urgency in his eyes.

EXT. CULLEY'S CUBICLE -- HOMICIDE -- 12:03 AM

Culley picks up the desk phone. Dials.

CULLEY/PHONE

Yeah, calling in regards to officer Richard Harmon. He make it to roll call?...I see. Thank you.

He turns his attention to the report Amos left on his desk.

CLOSE ON THE REPORT: Name: Vidal, Christian --

CLOSE ON THE PHOTOS: A bloodied Christian. Stab wounds all over his mid section. A foot cutoff.

Culley comes back to the name: Vidal, Christian. He stops and ponders: *This name, its familiar. I know you.*

EXT. OUTSIDE HOMICIDE -- MOMENTS LATER

Culley takes a drag from his cigarette. He looks at his phone screen -- 6 MISSED CALLS from DOMINIK. He dismisses them, annoyed.

He dials: CALLING - IAN FELIX. Felix answers --

CULLEY/PHONE

You gotta come. Name Vidal, ring a bell? ... a Frenchie... I don't know but I've heard of this guy. I think it's related. Something is going --

(sees an OMINOUS CAR
approaching)

Shit, let me call you back.

The car comes to a halt and a man, DOMINIK, walks out.

CULLEY

What the fuck you doing here
Dominik? You can't come here.

DOMINIK

The money. You said today. It's today.

DOMINIK (CONT'D)

I've told you already, don't be putting down bets you cannot --

CULLEY

I have it. I have it, alright?

DOMINIK

Why I'm not holding it? Doesn't look good if you're putting bets with Umberto and haven't paid us.

CULLEY

That motherfucker --

DOMINIK

Don't force me to go to Igor.

CULLEY

Igor? Oh, Dom. Really? I already paid my debt with him.

DOMINIK

You have until morning, and I won't be alone either. You don't got the thirty, you're --

CULLEY

I'm what, tough guy? What?

(showing his pistol)

I'm a fucking cop, you forget that?
Fuckin' bohunk. You kiddin' me?
Coming here, where I work, you got some balls.

Dominik retreats to his car and drives off.

Culley pulls out his phone -- dials: CALLING - **RICHARD HARMON**.

No answer. Culley hangs up. He takes another drag from his cigarette.

INT. AUTOPSY ROOM --

The instrument tray: a skull chisel, rib-cutters, bone-saw. Kieran's trembling fingers grab the scalpel.

LYDIA

You're really not going to tell me?
If I'm going to let you --

KIERAN

The less you know, the better --

A BUMP is heard from outside. Kieran drops the scalpel, freezes. Lydia beams at him.

MORGUE --

Lydia peeks in from the Autopsy room. Nothing.

CORPSE STORAGE ROOM --

Lydia inspects. Nothing.

MORGUE OFFICE --

Lydia once-overs the small room. Nothing.

AUTOPSY ROOM --

Lydia walks back in. She knees the bottom cabinet.

Kieran slowly kicks the cabinet open -- relieved it's Lydia.

KIERAN

Maybe you should be the lookout.

Lydia nods, not enthusiastic about the idea.

EXT. RICHARD HARMON'S HOUSE -- 12:42 AM

Culley pulls up in front of a small, unkempt house.

Putting on a pair of gloves, Culley stealthily walks up to the front door. The lights are off. The dogs, BARKING.

He peeps through the window... nothing except a sad attempt at a Christmas tree.

EXT. BACKYARD -- CONTINUOUS

The dogs bark LOUDER.

Culley reaches the back door. The lock and door knob are BROKEN. He withdraws the gun from his holster and walks in.

INT. KITCHEN -- CONTINUOUS

In the kitchen: leftovers on the stove, empty beer bottles, two-day old pizza still in the box, lying on the table.

INT. BEDROOM -- CONTINUOUS

Unmade bed. Clothes littered all around.

On the night stand, an ashtray surrounded by framed photographs of Ritchie and his GIRLFRIEND.

Culley opens the closet: clothes and boxes.

Culley searches for a hidden compartment, feeling for hollow spots against the wall.

LATER --

Given up, Culley sits on the bed and eyes the open closet.

All the boxes, they all share the same logo: EZ STORAGE CO.

CULLEY

You dumb motherfucker, Ritchie.

INT. KITCHEN -- MOMENTS LATER

A flashlight dangling between his teeth, Culley lights his way as he rummages through a stack of mail, bill after bill, until he finds what he's looking for...

CLOSE UP ON THE EZ STORAGE BILL: The address. The price. The UNIT NUMBER... 26.

But... CLICK! CLICK! THE DOORKNOB turns.

The DOOR creaks ajar. Culley has no time to react...

RICHARD'S GIRLFRIEND SANDY WALKS THROUGH THE FRONT DOOR and SCREAMS at the sight of Culley running out the back door.

EXT. BACKYARD --

Dogs barking. Culley running, but it dawns on him: he needs something from her, *and what if she got a look at him? Fuck.*

He rushes back into the --

INT. KITCHEN --

-- and sees SANDY. She pulls out her phone, he his badge.

CULLEY

Police!

Too late. Sandra is dialing, backpedaling out the door --

SANDY/PHONE

(hyperventilating)

There's a -- a man in --

CULLEY

Ritchie's dead!

She stops --

SANDY

(to Culley)

What? No. Ritchie's at work.

CULLEY

He ain't, Sandy.

911 operator still audible through her phone. *Hello? Hello? Ma'am?*

SANDY

What you know about Ritchie? How do you know my name?

Culley signals to Sandra *cut the call*. She does.

CULLEY
(showing her his badge)
Told you, I'm police.

Sandy bursts into tears. Culley sits down on the sofa.

CULLEY (CONT'D)
He was killed. That's why I'm here.
I need to --

SANDY
How? Who killed him?

She sits alongside him.

CULLEY
There's special circumstances here.
Need access to the mini storage,
the code, you know it?

SANDY
The mini storage? How do you know
he has a --

CULLEY
There's reason to believe his
murder may be due to something that
involves --

SANDY
It's 0923, but why would...
couldn't you just ask the --

CULLEY
We'll investigate matters further
and be in constant --

Sandy bursts into tears.

CULLEY (CONT'D)
We're going to find the people that
did this --

SANDY
(dawning on her)
Wait, I think I know what this is
about -- the guy -- the guy he and
the other --

CULLEY
What guy?

SANDY

This Canadian drug trafficker --
 him and these other poli--
 (realizing *oh shit*)
 police -- wait -- why do you --

SWOOSH!

Culley COVERS her face with a sofa cushion and SHOOTS TWO SLUGS IN HER HEAD... bloodied cushion feathers burst into the living room and fall like confetti.

He didn't want to, but he had to. Ritchie, you dumb motherfucker.

Looking over Sandy, Culley dials --

CULLEY/PHONE

Yeah, question...Corpse by the name of Vidal... Yeah, Christian. It hasn't flown out yet, has it?... Tomorrow morning?

INT. AUTOPSY ROOM -- MOMENTS LATER

Kieran, takes a shaking scalpel to Vidal's bare chest. His hand-spasms grow as he punctures the flesh.

He concentrates on making the "Y" incision, when --

LYDIA (O.S.)

You should stop.

KIERAN

(pulling up his visor)
 What? Why?

Lydia approaches table --

LYDIA

Bauer called and said detective Culley needs the corpse to stay for further investigation.

KIERAN

This corpse? Under who's jurisdiction? He needs a court order for that.

LYDIA

I'm just the messenger.

KIERAN

The corpse is leaving in the morning, whether he wants it to or not.

LYDIA

What's the deal with the body, anyway? So it stays a couple days, just let him.

KIERAN

So that's it? We leave him like that?

LYDIA

We? This is on me. If this gets to Bauer, it all comes back to me, Kieran. You don't work here.

Kieran considers her plea.

LYDIA (CONT'D)

I'm starting to think this has nothing to do with Michael.

KIERAN

I told you. I'm doing this alone. If it gets to Bauer, it's on me.

LYDIA

Just leave it alone, please.

Kieran concedes, sets aside his scalpel. *What now?*

EXT. GATE -- EZ STORAGE -- 1:44 AM

Culley drives up to the gate -- the SECURITY NUMBER PAD.
Punches digits: # - 0 - 9 - 3

CULLEY

Wait, what was it? Zero. Nine...
TWO. Three.

And *voila* the giant gate doors slide open. Across, through the window, into the office: the SECURITY GUARD asleep.

EXT. STORAGE LOT AVENUE -- MOMENTS LATER

Culley finds unit 26. The padlock is in the latch, but it's hanging unclamped. *Strange.*

He takes the lock off, pulls the steel curtain up halfway. He walks into the...

STORAGE UNIT --

...disappearing into the dark. He turns a flashlight on, piercing the unit.

He guides the light across boxes, clothes, furniture, and a then... A GUTTED MATTRESS. And a SAFE...EMPTY.

A large WARDROBE CARDBOARD BOX catches his eye.

He approaches -- rain drizzling in the background, beyond the door -- grabs the top of the box -- opens it, revealing...

RICHARD... DEAD. Wrapped up to the neck in bubble wrap, blood on the sides of his head. EARS MISSING... cut off.

Suddenly...

THE STEEL CURTAIN FALLS TO THE GROUND. COMPLETE DARKNESS.

Culley turns -- runs but THE PADLOCK IS CLAMPED from outside.

Who's the dumb motherfucker, now?

He bangs against the curtain. He stops. Thinks.

We HEAR him do something, but can't SEE what he does. A beat.

We hear his holster, his gun. BANG! BANG! BANG! BANG!

He grabs the curtain, pulls it up... it gives. He shot off the lock. He walks out onto the...

EXT. UNIT AVENUE --

The perpetrator, gone.

Culley finds his car. He opens the door but then sees... the tires have been SLASHED. Nowhere to go. *Shit.*

He turns and sees the sleeping Security Guard, now awake. Approaching. Running.

SECURITY GUARD

What the fuck's going on here?!

Culley ponders running, but the car, the body. *Not a good idea.* He's stuck.

CULLEY
(pulling out his badge)
LAPD. Homicide.

SECURITY GUARD
Okay. Uh huh. So ...?

CULLEY
Investigating a murder that
occurred within your premises.

SECURITY GUARD
What? There's been no murders here.

INT/EXT. STORAGE UNIT -- MOMENTS LATER

SECURITY GUARD
(seeing Ritchie's body
from outside)
Oh, shit.

Culley pulls out his memo pad, pretending to investigate.

Down the avenue, Amos' car approaches, followed by a parade
of PATROL CARS, and CSI UNITS.

Amos approaches the unit. The Security Guard steps aside,
having already lost the bravado.

AMOS
I.D.?

He enters the unit, while Culley stands back.

CULLEY
Richard Harmon. LAPD too.

AMOS
Jesus, chief...
(takes a PEZ candy tablet)
Either you talking to the dead
here, or you're Columbo's fuckin'
brother 'cus I'm here scratching my
head, wondering how you got
yourself all the ways out here.

CULLEY
He didn't make it to roll call just
like Gutierrez. Had a hunch.
Figured it was worth a shot.

AMOS

That's a helluva hunch. So you do know this one? But what made you think he was all the way --

CULLEY

You going to bust my balls with this, Amos? Was luck alright? I knew the guy -- cut me a fuckin' break.

AMOS

Picking your brain that's all. Anything we can use about him?

CULLEY

Well, he was a good cop, but the guy's spilled more liquor than you and I've drank. Absent sometimes, you know? He'd forget things.

AMOS

So, a drunk? Forget things?

CULLEY

Flask attached to the hip. Only reason the poor fucker ain't forget his prick at the pisser is 'cause it was attached too.

Amos guides his flashlight across the room: boxes, clothes, bubble wrap, furniture, the safe, the mattress.

AMOS

So, this some type of police killing spree, now? Same guy hunting down cops?

Culley cringes. *All of this questioning, all of this unraveling, could have been avoided.*

AMOS (CONT'D)

Well, whatever it is he's fast. He's on a schedule.

Amos shines the light straight at Ritchie, then down to the floor, and is surprised to find... A KITCHEN KNIFE.

AMOS (CONT'D)

Can I get a bag over here?!

Amos signals CSI to pick up the knife and seal it.

CULLEY

What you say we just canvass the unit till tomorrow. I don't want to jeopardize any of this. You got the knife.

AMOS

But why was this body hidden? I mean, Gutierrez was out for display, shown off. Richard's hid. Doesn't make sense.

Culley observes Amos try to be a big boy detective -- knowing full well what's going on.

AMOS (CONT'D)

Gutierrez, tortured. This poor sap sealed in bubble wrap, dumped in a box... all he's missing is a goddamn shipping label for christsake. I don't know. Maybe --

CULLEY

He's giving you the weapon, right? Taunting us, maybe?

Amos considers this.

AMOS

Next of kin?

CULLEY

Girlfriend. I can find her.

(beat)

Why don't you go ahead, I'll stay and see everything through, you can supervise the sweep tomorrow ... all by yourself.

(off Amos' surprise)

Little birdie told me someone's getting the call tomorrow.

AMOS

My probations over? I passed? You'd let me --

CULLEY

Well, kid -- got to earn your stripes one way or another. But I am gonna need you to leave me your car. Flat tire. I'll write it up.

Amos throws him his keys, too happy about the news.

Amos begins to walk away, but then something catches his attention overhead... THE CURTAIN... THE BULLET HOLES.

He's about to say something, but bites his tongue. *Tomorrow.*

INT. OFFICE -- MORGUE --

Kieran sits behind his old desk, head sunk, defeated.

Tick-tock. Tick-tock. The clock a reminder of time washing away.

He spots his box of belongings on the floor... the drawing.

He picks it up, keens in on the stick figure of MICHAEL.

CORRIDOR --

Kieran ties his gown on, puts on gloves as he marches into the...

AUTOPSY ROOM --

Lydia follows.

LYDIA

Kieran, hold up. Don't, you just --

KIERAN

Lydia, I'm sorry... but did you know that the French invented the Metric system once upon a time?

LYDIA

No...

KIERAN

Which in my opinion, is far superior and more efficient than the Imperial. Pass me the shears --
(she hands him a long set of GARDENING SHEARS)

And it would be a crying shame, on my part --

(grabs the shears, standing over Vidal)

If I didn't return the favor.

Hands shaking, Kieran presses the shears together...

SNAP!! CRUUNCHH!! The rib breaks.

KIERAN (CONT'D)
 Not to mention I love their wine.
 Culley can get a postcard in the
 mail.

LYDIA
 (getting a kick out of
 this)
 Bordeaux Rose?

Kieran shakes his head. And with a grin --

KIERAN
 Chinian Blanc. Two thousand six.

But the grin fades as he notices something behind Lydia --

BAUER
 What the hell is going on in here?!

Lydia turns, stupefied.

BAUER (CONT'D)
 (seething)
 Can someone explain why --

KIERAN
 She has nothing to do with this.

BAUER
 Lydia, get out.

She scatters.

BAUER (CONT'D)
 You will drop whatever you have in
 your hand. You will sit, and you
 will wait as police arrive.

He sets the shears down.

KIERAN
 Okay. Okay.

And in a flash, he grabs the hanging weighing scale and
 dismantles the chain from which it hangs -- grabs Bauer, pins
 him against the wall, his face smudged against the wall.

KIERAN (CONT'D)
 I didn't want to do this --
 (he ties Bauer's hands
 together with the chain)
 -- even though I've wondered how
 good it would feel...

He turns Bauer, a terrified look on his face.

KIERAN (CONT'D)
 ...it feels good.
 (shouting)
 Lids!

She enters, stunned to see Bauer subdued.

LYDIA
 What the --

KIERAN
 I'm going to need tape.

Lydia, speechless.

CUT TO:

INT. GABY BRITTON'S CUBICLE -- HOMICIDE -- 2:25 AM

Gaby looks through some files. Another lady JODY, early 50's, walks up, brings her coffee.

JODY
 How you hanging, baby?

GABY
 (sighs)
 Dry.
 (off the coffee)
 Thanks, Jody.

Jody senses something wrong. *Her motherly instincts kick in.*

JODY
 (secretive)
 Is it Felix?

GABY
 No, its this stranger abduction,
 the poor dad, his wife --
 (beat)
 You know, I haven't even told
 Felix.

JODY
 He needs to know, don't matter --

GABY
 Been broken up two months already,
 Jody. What's the difference? He
 doesn't need to know if I keep it.

JODY

Well you sure as hell can't be running around out there and be working these crazy hours, I'll tell you that.

GABY

I'm thinking of going back to Missing Persons, not so dangerous, you know?

JODY

About time something smart comes out your mouth, girl.

Gaby lets on a smile.

GABY

Thanks, Jody. Really. I'll be fine.
(beat)
Coffee's shit though.

And enter: Amos. Hurried. Exhausted. He sits.

AMOS

Ladies.
(re: all the files)
You all look like you're having fun.

GABY

Oh, yeah; it's a party.

AMOS

Shame I'm kind of a big deal around here, closing murder cases and whatnot, or else I'd love to join.

JODY

Is that right?

AMOS

Look around, Jody. I'm pushing all the dead-weight around here. You're all just here for the free ride, but I'm not saying anything. You are my friends.
(beat)
That is why I am getting the big call tomorrow.

GABY

Shut up! Permanent?
(Amos nods)
(MORE)

GABY (CONT'D)

No shit. That's awesome. Who told you?

AMOS

Culley. Hey, the guy knows a good detective when he sees it, can you blame the guy?

GABY

Relax hot-shot... what about your bad guy?

AMOS

Just waiting on the lab --
(phone rings)
-- speak of the devil.

He pick up the phone.

AMOS/PHONE

Holden... Got a match?
(shocked)
Kieran Ainsley?

This gets Gaby's attention immediately.

AMOS/PHONE (CONT'D)

No, no -- that's fine. I'll get the warrant. Thanks.

And he hangs up.

GABY

Kieran Ainsley, the coroner?

AMOS

You know him?

GABY

Michael Ainsley. The stranger abduction -- that's his kid.

AMOS

He killed Richard Harmon. He's my bad guy.

JODY

(impressed)
...damn.

INT. AUTOPSY ROOM -- 2:56 AM

EMBALMING MACHINE running. Kieran dumps organs in a sink: a kidney, a liver.

Vidal lies on the table, exposed, chest open, hollow.

MORGUE -- MOMENTS LATER

Kieran enters to find Lydia admitting a new CORPSE. He recognizes the corpse instantly... RICHARD HARMON.

LYDIA

Another cop. Can you believe that?

He considers the ear-less corpse. *Another one off the list.*

Through the door window he catches: AMOS WALKING WITH A POLICE OFFICER.

Frantic, he runs back to the...

AUTOPSY ROOM --

Kieran pulls a sheet over Vidal's corpse.

KIERAN

Lydia! Lids!

A moment. Lydia runs in.

LYDIA

What?

Kieran signals her to come near.

He WHISPERS something into her ear.

Shocked and frightened, she NODS. And just as he's done telling her, Amos and the Police Officer barge in.

Amos signals Lydia to leave. She complies.

AMOS

Mr. Ainsley?

KIERAN

Yes?

Amos signals the Police Officer to arrest him.

AMOS

You're under arrest for the murder
of Richard Harmon.

KIERAN

Who? Who are YOU?

AMOS

I'm new.

KIERAN

I havn't killed anyone. This
a mistake -- you're making a
mistake.

POLICE OFFICER

(handcuffing Kieran)
You have the right to remain
silent. Anything you say can
and will be used against you
in the court of law. You have
the right to --

AMOS (CONT'D)

Yeah, yeah. It's an aberration.

KIERAN

Look, look, stop! I'll tell you
something... if you can believe me.

AMOS

Hey, I'm all ears... which I can't
say about Ritchie over there.

Kieran hesitates...

KIERAN

It's someone else killing these
cops -- Gutierrez, and Ritchie --
it's not me.

AMOS

Then who?

Kieran lips break when LARS CULLEY enters.

AMOS (CONT'D)

(turns to Culley)
What are you doing here?

CULLEY

Harmon. Came to see he was dropped.

AMOS

Well, you're looking at the one
that did him.

(to Kieran)

You were saying something...?

Culley bores his deadly eyes into Kieran's.

He switches to the operation table and sees that there is only one foot protruding from the end of the sheet.

CULLEY
(to Kieran)
Wait, is this Christian Vidal?

He pulls the sheet, revealing Vidal's corpse.

KIERAN
I, I have a deadline. 6:30. Without
a judge's consent, I'm sorry.

Culley drowns him with vehement eyes. *Oh, you'll be sorry.*

Culley
But Bauer said he he'd cancel the --
where *is* Bauer?

Kieran shrugs.

FROM INSIDE THE BOTTOM CABINET / BAUERS POV :

Bauer, mouth-taped-shut, and hands tied, can partially see Culley from the crack of the face frame.

He GRUNTS and PUSHES, attempting to catch Culley's attention.

BACK IN THE GREATER AUTOPSY ROOM --

Culley thinks he hears something coming from the locked cabinet. Kieran notices.

Culley curiously approaches the cabinet.

Kieran sweats Culley's every step. ANOTHER faint sound from the cabinet. Closer, Culley bends down, turns his head --

CULLEY
What's in the --

Kieran interferes, stands in his way.

KIERAN
Am I arrested, or not?

AMOS
Yeah. Is he, or not?

Culley stands, face-to-face with Kieran.

CULLEY

I'll take him. He's got a thing
about talking to strangers.

FROM INSIDE THE BOTTOM CABINET / BAUERS POV :

Still grunting and pushing, Bauer sees Culley and Kieran
leave his line of vision.

INT. MORGUE -- CONTINUOUS

As he's escorted out, Kieran catches another glimpse of
Richard Harmon on the steel table.

Before walking out, Lydia gives Kieran a look, reassuring
him: *I'll do what you asked.*

INT. CULLEY'S CAR -- 3:05 AM

Culley drives. The windshield wipers hypnotize Kieran, who's
in the backseat, handcuffed.

A steely silence between them, the tension thick. Then...

KIERAN

You know, my life was just about
perfect before you and that carcass
waltzed on --

CULLEY

Picture fuckin' perfect, I'm sure.
Just whatever you do, don't talk to
anyone that ain't Felix or me.

KIERAN

That's your grand plan? I'm about
to be thrown to the fucking wolves
over here, and that's the best you
got? You must --

CULLEY

Oh, you a chatterbox now all of a
sudden? You let me worry about
that.

Culley makes eye contact through the rearview mirror.

CULLEY (CONT'D)

You talk to him?

KIERAN

To who?

CULLEY

Don't get smart with me --

KIERAN

No, I havn't --

CULLEY

Then why the hurry with Vidal?

KIERAN

Just doing my job. Just like you ought to do yours or I'll talk --

CULLEY

I'll cut your tongue out 'fore you say my name in there. You're just as guilty as any --

KIERAN

It's you guys that are pinning --

CULLEY

What? Pinning what?

Kieran holds back.

CULLEY (CONT'D)

You need us to get you out of this, so if I were you I'd shut the fuck up right about now, and wise up, because --

KIERAN

(seething now)

I could care less what happens to me. It's my son. He has him.

CULLEY

What?! He has your son?

Kieran grimaces at having shed that info.

CULLEY (CONT'D)

How do you -- you've spoken to him? What are you thinki --

A GLEAM OF HEADLIGHTS BLIND CULLEY FROM THE SIDE WINDOW...

BAM! A CAR T-BONES CULLEY AT FULL SPEED, flipping the car over, pushing it into a series of turns.

The car SCRAPES along the street, SKIDS on its top -- STOPS, turned over.

Shattered windshield. Blood. Culley, unconscious.

Kieran, MISSING his glasses, opens his eyes, blood drawing from his forehead.

KIERAN'S POV:

Although turned upside-down, he can see through the broken window, and makes out a DARK FIGURE APPROACHING.

KIERAN
Shit. Lars? Lars?

CULLEY'S HEAD hangs dormant, idle, completely motionless.

THE DARK FIGURE CREEPS CLOSER... his footsteps as they step on glass.

Clung by the seat belt, he TUGS and THRUSTS to escape.

He breathes HEAVIER with every STEP the DARK FIGURE takes.

Kieran GRUNTS and TUGS, but his efforts are futile.

The DARK FIGURE opens Culley's door, scraping the pavement.

His hand reaches in, takes Culley's pulse, and YANKS him out.

Kieran surrenders, accepts his defeat.

SIRENS. Distant sirens are HEARD.

The DARK FIGURE pulls the passenger door handle, opposite of Kieran, but it only opens slightly ajar... it's STUCK.

KIERAN (CONT'D)
Just get it done with before they
come.

Kieran spots something through the window frame --

BLOOD STAINED TIMBERLAND WORK BOOTS. THE DARK FIGURE'S.

BANG! BANG!... GUNSHOTS... from the DARK FIGURE and from someone returning fire.

A hail of bullets pierce the car. The DARK FIGURE recedes.

Through the window, Kieran can see the man who saved him...

AMOS HOLDEN, as he fires and chases the DARK FIGURE beyond Kieran's line of vision, into the night.

Kieran tugs and pushes until he prevails.

He slithers to the passenger door, freedom awaits past the narrow opening.

He pushes his head against the door but it barely budes.

The sirens now CLOSER.

He pushes, blood still running down his head.

The door scrapes against the pavement. He gives one FINAL PUSH and manages to OPEN it wide.

He comes to his feet. He is FREE.

He turns and sees ambulances and patrol cars a block away.

On the street lies Culley, still unconscious.

EXT. DOWNTOWN LOS ANGELES STREETS --

Amos sprints, not sure who he's chasing. The DARK FIGURE turns into an alley.

EXT. ALLEY -- CONTINUOUS

Narrow. Long. Dark. Fire escapes above. Amos looks around. No sign of the DARK FIGURE.

He stops. Out of breath. Lost him. The rain swallows his failure.

EXT. SCENE OF THE CRASH -- MOMENTS LATER

Siren lights. Yellow Caution Tape. Amos maneuvers through the swarm of PARAMEDICS and POLICE OFFICERS.

He looks inside Culley's car... EMPTY.

AMOS

Where's the man that was in the
back of the car?

PARAMEDIC 1

I'm sorry? It was just the
detective on the street.

AMOS

What do you mean? There was a man,
a criminal, in the back of this
vehicle.

PARAMEDIC 1

No, there was no one else.

AMOS

Great, we have Harry fuckin'
Houdini as a fugitive now -- just
gets better and better.

The Paramedic is at a loss for words.

AMOS (CONT'D)

And what of Culley, how is he?

PARAMEDIC

Aboard an ambulance on his way to
the hospital, stable but
unconscious.

Amos looks up. No more rain.

He turns to the concrete jungle that is downtown, pondering
where in the hell Kieran could have run off to.

EXT. KOREAN FOOD TRUCK -- LITTLE TOKYO -- DOWNTOWN

A middle-aged KOREAN VENDOR cleans his truck as one last
DRUNK-SLOPPY PATRON eats his food -- they turn to find...

KIERAN: forehead and face smeared with dry blood, his coroner
clothes torn and dirty, and above all else, still handcuffed.

KIERAN

(extremely afraid to ask)
Time -- any, any of you, any of you
happen to have the time?

DRUNK-SLOPPY PATRON

Uhh --
(pulls out his phone --
squinting he's so drunk)
3:20? Yeah, shit.

Kieran NODS. *Thanks.* The Korean Vendor notices Kieran's
handcuffs, and Kieran knows he noticed.

Drunk-sloppy Patron continues to eat his food. No big deal.

EXT. SCENE OF THE CRASH -- MOMENTS LATER

Amos stands by the perpetrator's vehicle -- smoke exhuming from the shattered hood.

POLICE OFFICER
Car's reported stolen around
nineteen hundred hours.

AMOS
Who's it registered to?

POLICE OFFICER
Margaret Spiller... officer Gavin's
wife.

AMOS
Gavin Spiller? Anyone contact him?

POLICE OFFICER
He didn't make roll call. No word.

AMOS
(under his breath)
Shit.

EXT. ALLEY -- DOWNTOWN

Kieran limps through a grimy alley. Stray cats. Puddles of muck. Homeless people sleep amidst piles of waste.

Kieran walks up to a HOMELESS LADY smoking a roach.

KIERAN
Pardon, ma'am? Could you help me? I
can't use my arms.

HOMELESS LADY
(off Kieran's bloody face)
Oh man, what in god's green earth
happened to you?

KIERAN
I just need you to reach into my
pocket for a key, if you don't
mind.

HOMELESS LADY
For those handcuffs right there?

KIERAN
No, not for the handcuffs. Could
you, could you look, please?

The homeless lady digs into his pocket. Nothing. She checks the next pocket... nothing.

HOMELESS LADY
There ain't no key here, darlin'.

KIERAN
What? No, can you check again?

She checks. Kieran spots a slow-moving POLICE CAR at the end of the alley. It STOPS.

An OFFICER exits, piercing the dark with his FLASHLIGHT.

HOMELESS LADY
I'm sorry but there's nothin'.

KIERAN
Shit. Well thank you, anyway. I'm sorry but I really got to go, I have no money.

Kieran slowly tries to run with his limp.

HOMELESS LADY
Uh huh. Now, I know you ain't done something good to be walking around with those.

The homeless lady looks down the alley, notices the Police Officer, and connects the dots.

HOMELESS LADY (CONT'D)
Hey! Police Officer! Over here Mr. Officer, he's over here!

The police officer hears the lady and lights his flashlight directly down the alley, barely spotting Kieran running.

The police officer bursts into a sprint.

POLICE OFFICER/RADIO
(to his dispatch)
10-80. Foot chase with the suspect.
Heading east to San Pedro.

Frantic, Kieran turns the alley but TRIPS over the sidewalk.

The Officer in hot pursuit.

Kieran can't get to his feet, the officer pressing CLOSER.

Kieran slithers to the wall, uses it as leverage. He stands.

He looks back. The Officer turns the corner.

He tackles Kieran down, pins him to the ground.

POLICE OFFICER/RADIO (CONT'D)
10-15. Suspect in custody. Do you
copy?

RADIO
10-4.

EXT. SCENE OF THE CRASH -- MOMENTS LATER

Amidst the shattered glass Amos spots something GLIMMERING.
Upon a closer inspection, he realizes its a KEY.

He signals to someone from CSI --

AMOS
Yeah, you see that key? Can I have
you bag it?

The forensics member puts it in small bag. A regular key.

AMOS (CONT'D)
Anything peculiar about it?

CSI MEMBER
Looks like the Great Key of
Rassilon to me.

AMOS
What?

CSI MEMBER
Doctor Who?

Amos looks at him like the geek that he is.

AMOS
Just hand 'em over.

Amos's cell phone rings.

AMOS/PHONE
Where?... Good, Okay. On my way.

INT. THE BOX -- HOMICIDE -- 3:46 AM

Four plain-cinder-block-walls. The door shut. Old. Dingy.

Kieran sits on a wooden chair, expressionless.

Enter: Gaby Britton with her cell phone, a pack of cigarettes, and a folder.

GABY
We meet again.

She sets her things down, offers a cigarette. Kieran passes.

GABY (CONT'D)
I don't smoke its more for the...
anyway, Kieran -- can I call you
Kieran?
(no response)
I know you have trouble talking to
people, but you have to right now.

Kieran's lips do not move. The Clonazepam wearing off.

GABY (CONT'D)
You don't look like a killer, not
to me --
(beat)
-- but I can only go by what's in
front of me.

Kieran remains quiet. Gaby presses.

GABY (CONT'D)
Mr. Ainsley, do you get how deep --

KIERAN
Shouldn't you be looking for my
son?

GABY
Looks like these two matters are
related now, don't they?

KIERAN
I, I can't, I can't talk to you.

GABY
Why? Because you don't know me?

SILENCE. Gaby grows impatient, then --

KIERAN
Felix.

GABY
Ian Felix?

KIERAN

(struggling)

I can, I can only speak to him at this point. And if not him, Amos, but I can't talk to you Mrs. Britton.

GABY

You know him, personally?

KIERAN

You want me to talk or not?

GABY

No promises. I'll see what I can do. Can I get you coffee? Water?

Kieran shakes his head. Just as Gaby steps out the door --

GABY (CONT'D)

Oh, and its Ms. Britton.

Kieran is amused, as amused as one could be under the circumstances. *But he shouldn't because...*

CUT TO:

THE BOYLE / MICHIGAN PHONE BOOTH -- 4:00 AM

RINGS! RING! Just a phone ringing in a desolate parking lot.

CUT TO:

INT. BULLPEN -- HOMICIDE -- MOMENTS LATER

Detective Amos Holden walks in and sees Gaby at her cubicle.

AMOS

He in there?

Gaby nods.

GABY

He wants to speak to Felix.

AMOS

At least he wants to, but why Felix?

GABY

Well, did say he'd speak to you too.

THE BOX --

Amos walks into the box, casually sits down.

AMOS

Alright doc, lets cut the shit.
Give me a leg to stand on, yeah?
(Kieran is still hesitant
to speak)
Why don't you talk? I'll be honest,
you're a little strange.

Silence. Kieran still reluctant to speak, but:

KIERAN

(slow)
I have, I have Anthropophobia.

AMOS

Anthro what? What the fuck is that?

KIERAN

I'm anxious around people, being
around a lot of people ... public
places. Strangers. I get anxious.

AMOS

That why you work with dead people?
'cause they don't talk back?

Amos notices Kieran's hands trembling.

AMOS (CONT'D)

You nervous, or that happen a lot?

KIERAN

What?

AMOS

Your fingers... dancing over there.

KIERAN

I get them. Tremors. Side effects.

AMOS

Isn't that hazardous? When you're
cutting up your --

KIERAN

I havn't heard any complaints.

AMOS

Oh, a funny guy. Well, let me help
you find your tongue, here.

(MORE)

AMOS (CONT'D)

(beat)

We stumbled upon, I stumbled upon,
a knife, with your fingerprints, at
Richard's murder scene. You follow?

Dread falls over Kieran. *Now he knows what was missing from
his instrument tray: THE KNIFE. Culley must have planted it.*

KIERAN

That's impossible. I've been at the
morgue all night. I have an alibi --

AMOS

Don't shilly-shally me, doc. For
starters, he's been dead well half
a day now, and then I damn near
tripped over your knife at the
scene. You get that? Your knife,
YOUR GODDAMN KNIFE... covered in
the man's blood... your prints all
over it.

Amos lets this sink.

KIERAN

Only you're not so sure I did it.

AMOS

'Sure?' Look at you. You're in
bracelets dum dum. Done and ready to
throw you in the slammer if I want
to.

KIERAN

Then why not do it already?

AMOS

Because there's more here.

KIERAN

No, that's not it. You don't think
I did it. If you were any good at
your job, you'd know I wouldn't
give you the case so easy --

AMOS

You coulda' hand delivered it to me
gift-wrapped with a Mickey Mouse
bow tie, you'd still be sitting
there.

KIERAN

You know that murder couldn't of --

AMOS

So you tell me what I know now...
in here? Nah doc, I'M the one that
looks at poor suckers like you full
in the face and wring 'em till they
sell out their own mother. That's
what I do. I mop this floor with
the --

KIERAN

You've been doing this a week.

Ouch. That one stung.

AMOS

Oh, I'm sorry. The anthro whatever
you fuckin' call it wear off? You
want to say something? Be my guest.
Dazzle me. You know so much? The
cop killer. Tell me everything. Am
I game? Am I next?

KIERAN

If I tell you everything you want
to know, yes you might be next. As
well as me.

AMOS

Why?

KIERAN

I rather speak to Felix about this.

AMOS

Now, why the fuck you want to speak
to him so damn bad? He got this
anthrophobia thing too? That it?
Y'all can only talk to each other?
Or is he in danger?

KIERAN

I don't know. But he's the only one
that can help us.

AMOS

Look doc, he isn't coming so I'd
start by telling me who this guy
you can't cough up is?

Kieran remains quiet. Amos senses what Kieran is thinking.

AMOS (CONT'D)

Look, my sympathies for your kid,
we'll do our best to --

KIERAN

Oh really? Your best? Los Angeles'
finest that's really fucking
reassuring.

AMOS

Hey guy, if anything, it's your
fault your son's not come up --
whoever you've killed has a lot to
do with your son having gone
missing -- that not cross your
mind?

KIERAN

I.HAVE.NOT.KILLED.ANYONE.

AMOS

That's not the way it looks from
where I'm sitting. So you better
try a different song and dance.

Kieran is still reluctant to speak.

AMOS (CONT'D)

If anything, what you say here,
right now, will determine if that
kid sees the light of day again.

Amos stands and makes his way to the door, but stops --

AMOS (CONT'D)

Man driving Gavin Spiller's car,
one I chased... that's our guy
isn't it?

(nothing from Kieran)

What are you so scared of? This is
your son we're talking about here.

And finally, this gets to Kieran.

KIERAN

(head sunk)

Is, is Culley dead?

AMOS

Yea...dead on arrival.

(off Kieran)

What is it with you two?

Kieran doesn't say more, has nowhere to go. *Where the hell is
Felix?*

AMOS (CONT'D)
 (sitting back down)
 Why he want to kill Culley? Still
 doesn't explain why your knife was
 there --

KIERAN
 Because I'm being setup.

AMOS
 Ah, of course, how did I not see
 that?

KIERAN
 I'm the only one that can help my
 son, understand? This is some sick
 game. You need to see that. You
 need to let me go.

AMOS
 (lets this sit)
 My god, it is. You're right.
 (takes a PEZ tablet)
 You're funny for a coroner. Candy?

Not amused, Kieran looks up at the wall clock -- 4:25 AM.

KIERAN
 The guy driving Spiller's car...
 that's, that's your cop killer.
 Probably killed him already too.
 (beat)
 And he kidnapped my son.

AMOS
 Name?

KIERAN
 Can't say anymore.

AMOS
 You ain't getting out of here
 without a name.

KIERAN
 You let me out if I do?

AMOS
 It'll help.

Kieran struggles to give up the name everyone wants.

KIERAN
 So Culley IS dead?

AMOS

Yes. Now spit it out, motherfucker.

And at last, Kieran cannot hold it in any longer --

KIERAN

DYLAN PITTNEY...

Amos steps out the box, and into the --

BULLPEN --

-- where he screams:

AMOS

Gaby?! Gaby?!

Gaby pokes her head above her cubicle.

AMOS (CONT'D)

Dylan Pittney. Run it.

GABY BRITTON'S CUBICLE --

Gaby types into the system : D-Y-L-A-N P-I-T-T-N-E-Y.

GABY

Amos? You better come.

Amos hovers, looks at the screen, also confused.

AMOS

Holy shit. Have Felix dispatched.
Tell him we have Ainsley here. Now.

THE BOX --

Amos walks in. Kieran already expecting this response.

AMOS

Do I look like a fuckin' clown to
you? Pulling flowers out of my ass,
walking funny with a fuckin' red
nose, am I?

(beat)

Dylan Pittney is dead. YOU
pronounced him dead... a year ago,
cause of death, arson.

KIERAN

Yes, by California State Law, I have that power. To pronounce people dead.

(beat)

A dead man walking... literally.

AMOS

Well, by California State Law, I have the power to detain your lying ass. Feeding me this horse-shit.

KIERAN

Look, I know that --

AMOS

Doc, god as my witness, I will throw you under lock and key and serve punch at your execution if you don't give me something better than a dead man.

KIERAN

Unless you let me out of here, Dylan Pittney will kill my son, just like he killed Gutierrez, and Spiller, and Lars.

AMOS

Pittney is food for worms. He could not have killed these police officers. YOU DID.

KIERAN

Who'd you think that was in the photographs... in Gutierrez's apartment?

This STUNS Amos. Kieran leers him in.

KIERAN (CONT'D)

That was suppose to be Dylan Pittney, but it wasn't. Arson, right?

AMOS

You understand what you're telling me right now? You pronounced --

KIERAN

I fully understand the implications of what I'm telling you.

AMOS

Can't believe I'm even entertaining this, but what does he want with police? And why were you afraid to tell me this when Lars was still --

KNOCK. KNOCK.

Amos opens the door. Gaby signals him to come out.

BULLPEN --

GABY

(in a hushed voice)

Just got tipped. They've found a body --

AMOS

Well, isn't there someone on call? I can't be --

GABY

It's Neil Esmond.
(off his devastation)
Definitely related.

Amos nods in agreement. He walks back into --

THE BOX --

Pissed. Seething.

AMOS

Better hope to god you're not jerkin' me off here, 'cause if you killed Neil Esmond --

This shocks Kieran. *Now Esmond? Another off the list?*

Amos proceeds to walk out but then remembers something.

From his pocket, Amos pulls out the KEY.

AMOS (CONT'D)

Know anything about this?

Kieran's reaction tells Amos everything.

He puts away the key and exits, leaving Kieran to drown in uncertainty.

CUT TO:

CULLEY --

A VIOLENT GASP. He wakes aghast. Panicked.

WIDER TO REVEAL --

A HOSPITAL ROOM

Culley lies in a hospital bed. Tubes. Wires.

Across from him, sitting ominously, is IGOR SLAVIK, 40's. Sharp suit. Grey hair. Looks like he should be the spokesperson for a fancy vodka.

CULLEY

(gulps)

Igor. Shit, look, I told Dominik --

IGOR

Lars, Lars.

(finger to mouth -- shhhs
him)

Slow down. You're not dead ... not yet. And yes, Dominik. We have a problem there, but --

CULLEY

How did you know I was here?

IGOR

That's not of concern. What does trouble me Lars, is why Ritchie and Gutierrez have been killed. Do you need to say something to me?

CULLEY

No. Why would you think that?

IGOR

Tell me now, and I will be civil on you.

CULLEY

I'm telling you the truth --

IGOR

But if I get word that Dylan Pittney is still among us --

(walks across to him)

-- and that you deceived me all this time, I won't be counting your money, Lars... I'll be counting limbs.

CULLEY

Pittney is dead. You saw the
corpse. You saw the certificate.

IGOR

(pats Culley's face)
Which would make it worse for you.
You will show Dominik the money
also, eh?
(looks at lavish
wristwatch)
-- you have two hours.

Igor stops at the doorstep where Igor's right-hand man
KASIMIR waits.

IGOR (CONT'D)

Now, you wouldn't be so daring to
be killing them yourself, huh? God
knows you need the money.
(no response)
Two hours, Lars.

And he exits, Kasimir in trail. Culley searches for some
indicator of the time -- on the wall, the CLOCK -- 4:33 AM.

EXT. MARINA DEL REY MARSH LANDS -- 4:45 AM

A vehicle consumed by shrubs and tall grass.

Inside: recently retired Detective NEIL ESMOND, 55,
overweight, the man Amos replaced.

CSI surrounds the vehicle, searching through the grass for
evidence, bagging objects from the vehicle for fibers.

Amos shines his flashlight on Neil's face, revealing that his
eyes have been GAUGED OUT.

AMOS

(under his breath)
You sick, sick fuck Kieran.

CUT TO:

INT. THE BOX -- MOMENTS LATER

Gaby walks in with a cup of water. She feeds it to Kieran.
They share a moment. Silence.

Kieran looks at the clock -- 4:50 AM -- anxiety grows.

GABY
I'm not going to interrogate you
about murders. I'm here to try and
find your son.

KIERAN
You're not going to find him.

GABY
This man, Dylan Pittney, he has
him?

Kieran nods.

GABY (CONT'D)
What do you know about him? Why
would he take your son?

KIERAN
You know, I don't even know what he
looks like.

GABY
Then why would he --

KIERAN
All I saw was...

INT. MORGUE -- FLASHBACK

Kieran unzips a body bag to find:

KIERAN (V.O.)
... a burnt corpse.

Culley looms over Kieran's shoulder, mouthing MUTE words.

KIERAN (V.O.) (CONT'D)
Someone put a gun to my head and
told me it was Dylan Pittney. I had
no reason to disagree.

GABY (V.O.)
You're telling me that someone --

INT. MORGUE OFFICE -- FLASHBACK --

Kieran signs the DEATH CERTIFICATE.

KIERAN (V.O.)
Someone wanted Dylan dead. Didn't
work out.

(MORE)

KIERAN (V.O.) (CONT'D)
 When they brought me his brother, I
 had to make Dylan disappear.

The CERTIFICATE clearly bares the name DYLAN PITTNEY.

BACK TO:

THE BOX -- REAL TIME

GABY
 So you classified the brother's
 corpse as --

Kieran NODS. Yes, I classified his brother's corpse as Dylan Pittney.

GABY (CONT'D)
 You said they. What did they want
 with Dylan?

KIERAN
 You know about King Richard, Ms.
 Britton, the Lion-hearted?

Gaby SHAKES her head.

KIERAN (CONT'D)
 King of England. He was kidnapped
 after a shipwreck. A very large
 ransom was to be paid if England
 wanted their king again. The
 sheriffs, they oversaw the money
 being collected. And well, let's
 just say they weren't the most
 honest of people.

GABY
 Was the king given back?

KIERAN
 That's beside the point.
 (beat)
 Because of these crooked, thieving
 sheriffs, a person was appointed
 from then on to keep them honest,
 to make sure they didn't steal.

Kieran looks to Gaby. *That was suppose to be me.*

INT. GABY BRITTON'S CUBICLE -- MOMENTS LATER

Gaby looks through a file.

CLOSE ON THE REPORT: NAME: DYLAN PITTNEY

She scrolls down to the names of the officers who were present and made the initial report --

ADRIAN GUTIERREZ; GAVIN SPILLER; RICHARD HARMON; IAN FELIX

Then, to the detectives that later reported to the scene --

NEIL ESMOND; LARS CULLEY... *The List*

It's all coming together. It's starting to make sense. But, why?

CLOSE ON THE PHOTOGRAPHS: ONE of a vehicle completely incinerated.

ANOTHER of a burnt carcass on the street.

On file technically Dylan Pittney, but in reality it's JIMMY PITTNEY, his brother.

And Gaby puts the file down. Overwhelmed.

CUT TO:

EXT. MARINA DEL REY MARSH LANDS -- 5:10 AM

Amos inspects Esmond's fingers, he notices a TAN LINE on one FINGER... *A Ring? Is he missing a ring?* Then --

RING! A cell phone rings from the depths of the shrub.

RING!

Amos frantically searches for the cell phone, his flashlight slashing through the grass. He can't find it.

RING! RING! RING!... and it stops.

AMOS

Everyone -- find that phone!

He's furious he didn't find it.

AMOS (CONT'D)

Someone better find that --

RING! RING!

CSI MEMBER

Have it! Here!

RING!

AMOS

Well, answer it!

(he hands it to Amos --
picks up)

Hello?

(no response -- breathing)

UNKNOWN VOICE/PHONE

Pity you had to see him like this.
Left to bleed out like that, like
some mutt.

AMOS/PHONE

Who's this?

UNKNOWN VOICE/PHONE

Oh me? Detective, I don't know how
to exactly put this... *Me* has no
name. *Me* don't exist.

Silence. An eerie beat. Amos careful to proceed.

AMOS/PHONE

Why'd you want us to find Esmond?
This fun for you?

UNKNOWN VOICE/PHONE

Need you to let go of the coroner.

AMOS/PHONE

You going to tell me you're Dylan
Pittney too?

UNKNOWN VOICE/PHONE

You believe in people rising from
the dead?

(beat)

You don't want to die so do as I
say.

AMOS/PHONE

I can't do that.

UNKNOWN VOICE/PHONE

You want blood on your hands, Amos?
The Coroner's boy's blood? Ms.
Britton's...

AMOS

The coroner murdered Richard
Harmon. I have him right where I
want him.

UNKNOWN VOICE/PHONE

Coroner didn't kill Harmon.

(beat)

I thought you were the sharp one.
The bullet holes, on the storage
curtain... couldn't do the math on
that one could you?

DIAL TONE...

Holy Shit. Did I just speak to Dylan Pittney?

Amos pulls out his cell phone --

CUT TO:

INT. THE BOX -- HOMICIDE

Kieran waits. But... VRRR! VRRR!

A VIBRATION -- Gaby's phone. He looks over the table and manages to see the screen caller I.D. -- AMOS H.

Something about Esmond. Another setup? Can't afford that, can't afford to stay in this box any longer.

Handcuffed, Kieran pushes against the table, attempting to get the phone on the ground.

BULLPEN --

Gaby walks straight towards the box, only 20 feet away.

THE BOX --

The vibrating phone inching closer to the edge, but STOPS vibrating right at the end of the table.

Kieran gives one last push, and the phone --

DROPS.

He extends his leg, desperately trying to rear the phone in with his foot.

BULLPEN --

Gaby, right outside the door, begins reaching in for the handle, when...

RING! Her desk phone rings, pulling her back.

THE BOX --

Kieran, sweating, manages to rear the phone in.

He tilts the chair and falls to the ground.

Now, with his hands on the floor, he scoops up the phone and slides it into his back pocket.

GABY BRITTON'S CUBICLE --

GABY/PHONE

Britton.

AMOS/PHONE

(exasperated, on the move)

Gaby, it's not Kieran. Pittney IS alive. He's telling the truth. You got to let him go. Now.

GABY

What? How? Just like that, scott-free?

AMOS

Listen, please...I'm afraid I might of involved you -- let him go -- I'll take the hit.

THE BOX --

Kieran on the floor, unable to get up.

THE DOOR HANDLE...turns. The door opens, it's...

IAN FELIX.

FELIX

Uh-oh. What happened here?

He helps Kieran up, and takes a seat. He grabs one of Gaby's cigarettes.

FELIX (CONT'D)

You mind?

Kieran shakes his head. Felix pulls out his MOTEL MATCHBOOK and lights the cigarette -- sets it on the table.

Felix starts clapping, blowing smoke, a grin on his face.

FELIX (CONT'D)

You some type of bloodletting,
cutthroat murderer now huh? Dip-
sixing law and order folk --

KIERAN

I haven't killed anyone --

FELIX

But you blundered here, forgot one
haven't you?

KIERAN

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

FELIX

One of your hens didn't come home
to roost.

BULLPEN --

Culley storms into homicide searching for Kieran -- looks
across the sea of cubicles, spots Gaby.

She turns, dismayed to see him.

GABY

(into phone)

Oh my god, hold on.

(to Culley)

Lars, what are you doing here?

Culley crosses the room, towards the box, where --

THE BOX --

Kieran returns a perplexed look to Felix.

KIERAN

I thought I was going to speak to
Felix... you're not Felix.

Felix chuckles.

FELIX

No, I'm not. I don't like bird
tattoos. But you ARE the reason I'm
here.

BULLPEN --

Culley, with Gaby following, makes his way to the box when a MONITOR catches his eye.

CLOSE ON THE MONITOR: The grainy black and white image of Felix sitting opposite of Kieran.

Culley's face goes white. *He's seen a ghost.*

CULLEY

What has he said? This being recorded?

GABY

No. Why? Who's in there with him?

Gaby walks to the box, but --

CULLEY

No, I wouldn't do that.

-- and she halts.

THE BOX --

Kieran, further perplexed, takes a closer at the security badge hanging around the detective's neck --

CLOSE ON THE SECURITY BADGE: **IAN I. Felix**, with an I.D. picture of the ACTUAL IAN FELIX.

And now Kieran realizes... the man sitting opposite of him, the one he's been speaking with is not a detective at all, far from. He is...

DYLAN PITTNEY in the flesh.

Kieran looks at him with newfound terror --

KIERAN

(gulps -- broken)
Where is he?

PITTNEY

The trunk. But don't worry. Little man doing just fine.

BULLPEN --

CULLEY

I need your weapon.

Gaby hesitates.

CULLEY (CONT'D)
I won't say it again. I need your
gun. It's an order.

She relinquishes the gun.

THE BOX --

KIERAN
And how do I know that?

PITTNEY
I'll be doing the asking.

KIERAN
Look, I'm sorry. I was, I was on my
way to getting your money but
Culley --

SLAM! -- steel door swings open.

Pittney fires but no one is in the doorway.

Pittney's gun points to the door from under the table.

CULLEY --

outside the box, hiding behind the wall. Sweat dripping down
his brow. His breath, heavy.

PITTNEY --

cool and relaxed with a steady hand, cigarette dangling from
his lips.

Kieran in the middle of it all, a frightened spectator.

PITTNEY
Lars? That you?

Silence; nothing but cubicles beyond the doorway. Kieran is
shocked. *Lars, he's alive? Amos lied.*

PITTNEY (CONT'D)
Huh, Lars?
(no response, turns to
Kieran)
He's a little shy.

Then, suddenly -- Culley dashes across the doorway -- FIRES TWICE.

Pittney also fires -- the bullets don't hit.

CULLEY --

can make eye contact with Kieran now -- raises his eyebrows, signaling him make his way to the door.

PITTNEY --

stands, slowly makes his way around the table towards Kieran, gun cocked, pointing at the doorway.

PITTNEY
(to Kieran)
Don't look at him.

Culley peeks in -- fires -- Pittney dodges -- *not even close.*

PITTNEY (CONT'D)
I WILL kill you 'fore this all done
and over with, old man. You hear
me?

Pittney detaches Kieran from the chair, pulls his handcuffed hands above the back of the chair, almost breaking them.

Kieran SHRIEKS.

PITTNEY (CONT'D)
(to Kieran)
Shut the fuck up.

Pittney sticks the gun to his temple, making him a human shield.

PITTNEY (CONT'D)
But for now, I'm goin' step on out
of here and you ought not shoot if
you don't want coroner brains on
the floor.

Culley -- trigger fingers tense.

From the corner of his eye he can spot Pittney and Kieran moving towards the door.

Kieran shuts his eyes, too nervous to see.

Pittney takes a step, and another... pushing Kieran.

Culley turns -- GUN BLAZING -- fires a stream of bullets -- MISSING Pittney -- one HITS Kieran in the ARM. He SHRIEKS.

Pittney lets him go as he fires back.

A bullet brazes Culley's head -- GASHES his left EAR, surrendering him to his knees.

BULLPEN --

Kieran runs, blood gushing from his arm.

Pittney SHOOTS Kieran's ankle. He falls to the ground.

Pittney walks and points his gun to Gaby, who is standing defenseless by the phone.

PITTNEY

Put. The. Phone. Down.

(Gaby complies)

Keys for the handcuffs.

(resists)

I don't have time for this,
sweetheart. Hand me the keys.

Pittney points the gun straight to her forehead.

PITTNEY (CONT'D)

The keys.

She hands them.

PITTNEY (CONT'D)

(checking her out)

You know, you shouldn't be sending
your boyfriends such risque
pictures over the phone... they
never erase 'em.

Embarrassed. Shocked. Gaby realizes the connotation of his comment. Ian Felix is dead.

Pittney turns his attention to Kieran and picks him up by the collar.

PITTNEY (CONT'D)

Walk.

Kieran grimaces, limps as Pittney pushes him into the --

ELEVATOR --

Pittney presses the Garage Level 1 button -- grabs Kieran as a human shield -- cocks gun and points it at the elevator doors.

Buttons light up as it begins its descent.

4th Floor. Blink.

3rd Floor. Blink.

PITTNEY

(right into Kieran's ear)
Look it here you glib-tongue
motherfucker, you still wet behind
the ears if you thinking you was
slick --

KIERAN

(2nd floor. Blink.)
Wasn't, wasn't my fault. I wanted
to be at the phone but Culley --

PITTNEY

Gonna get all my money -- all of it
--
(Lobby. Blink)
Fill Vidal. Tied shut. Make no
bones 'bout it, doc -- you're
gettin' me my money in that body.

Ring. Garage Level 1.

INT. PARKING GARAGE --

Idle Patrol Cars. Quiet.

Pittney walks to the Black SEDAN -- *Felix's old car* -- opens the trunk, revealing...

MICHAEL, in his patient gown, blindfolded, mouth taped.

KIERAN

Mikey. Mikey?

Pittney pushes him in -- slams the trunk -- steps into the car -- starts the engine -- speeds off, burns rubber.

He drives up the ramp, turning, sees the exit. *Free*, but --

TWO PATROL CARS appear.

ONE obstructs the exit while the OTHER drives STRAIGHT towards Pittney.

It's coming, FAST -- on a collision course.

Pittney white-knuckles the steering wheel -- they're going to hit each other, but Pittney STEERS right.

The patrol car HITS Pittney's tail -- BAM! Pittney hits the wall. Hard.

INT. TRUNK --

Kieran's head hits against the trunk -- Gaby's phone slips FREE -- the screen shinning in the dark.

PARKING GARAGE --

Pittney drives straight towards the obstructing car.

The police officer stands outside the garage, FIRING.

Pittney speeds forward and HITS the car -- crashes his way free.

The police officer keeps firing, but misses the tires. Pittney's gone, he's driving reckless on a...

EXT. DOWNTOWN STREET --

...burning rubber on the asphalt.

INT./EXT. SEDAN --

Pittney glances at his rearview: no patrol cars.

Ahead: oncoming cars driving the OPPOSITE way -- *shit*.

He dodges a car, then another -- whizzes by -- sees more oncoming cars -- rapidly turns, fishtails a U-TURN -- a 180.

REVS the engine, steps on it -- going the correct way now -- dashes through traffic -- looks at rearview mirror again:

PATROL CARS in hot pursuit. SIRENS WAILING.

INT. TRUNK -- CONTINUOUS

Sweating, bleeding, grimacing, Kieran leers in Gaby's phone with his feet.

He's pulling it off -- has the phone within grasp, but the -- phone SLIPS, hit's against something -- BATTERY DETACHES FROM THE PHONE --

KIERAN
AHHHHH! FUUUUCK!

The echoes of SIRENS and CAR HONKS bleed into the trunk.

Kieran considers his son. The condition he's in. The moment. Tears swell, when...

MICHAEL CONVULSES, SHAKES, LEGS KICK, HEAD TWEAKS BACK.

The convulsing grows as the vehicle makes another sharp turn, throwing Kieran and Michael around again. Only...

THE PHONE BATTERY IS NOW IN REACH --

Kieran grabs it with his compromised hands and looks for the phone, feeling around.

Michael still prisoner of the seizure.

CAR JUMPS, but he FINDS the PHONE.

He tries to attach the battery but his hands TWITCH. He can't. He DROPS the battery --

But recovers it. He attaches the battery, waits as the screen comes alive. *C'mon C'mon.*

It chimes, the screen lights up. He RE-DIALS...

RING.

KIERAN (CONT'D)
C'mon. C'mon.

RING.

Another sharp turn -- Kieran manages to hold on to the phone.

RING.

Finally, an answer:

AMOS/PHONE
Gaby... Gaby?!

KIERAN/PHONE

No, its Kieran. Amos, listen.
Pittney -- you want him? Track
Gaby's phone.

Kieran, exasperated, looks at Michael who's no longer convulsing.

AMOS/PHONE

Alright, alright, but who's with
you --

The vehicle JUMPS and the phone SLIPS from his grasp, disappears into the darkness of the trunk.

INT./EXT. SEDAN --

The sirens audible, but faint. Pittney looks at this rearview: no patrol cars. *He lost them.*

He pulls up in front of a...

EXT. GRIMEY MOTEL --

He finds an obscure parking spot and parks. A towering NEON SIGN... SUPER 5 MOTEL.

INT. TRUNK -- CONTINUOUS

The trunk door opens. The street light casts Pittney into a silhouette.

PITTNEY

(picking up Kieran)
Just you.

KIERAN

No, you can't leave him by himself.

And SLAM -- Kieran gets a fleeting glimpse of Mikey and the cell phone still on, as the trunk door closes.

INT. AMOS' CAR -- MOMENTS LATER

Amos drives mad.

AMOS/PHONE

...yes, your phone. Find the phone,
you'll find them. Don't tell
anyone. You call me back, first. K?

INT. GABY BRITTON'S CUBICLE --

GABY
 Okay, just don't do anything
 stupid.

She hangs up. She dials again.

The half-dozen people still at homicide are busy running
 around, shaken up by what's transpired.

INT. THE BOX -- CONTINUOUS

Culley notices something on the table.

Getting closer, he realizes it's Dylan's MOTEL MATCHBOOK. He
 picks it up and sees the logo marked: *Super 5 Motel*.

INT. GRIMEY SUPER 5 MOTEL ROOM -- 2ND FLOOR -- MOMENTS LATER

Room stuck in the 80's. Pittney looks out the window, through
 the blinds. Kieran sits on the bed.

PITTNEY
 Culley -- his stash -- where you
 reckon he hid it?
 (no response)
 You better off just spitting --

KIERAN
 I, I don't know what he did with
 your money.

Pittney turns the gun on Kieran.

PITTNEY
 You forget? Soon as this here cools
 off --

KIERAN
 It's not.
 (beat)
 Just stop.

PITTNEY
 Just let bygones be bygones huh?
 (sits on the bed)
 What you know? You weren't there,
 you don't know.

Pittney glowers into Kieran's eyes.

CUT TO:

EXT. A VEHICLE PULLED OVER -- M.O.S. -- FLASHBACK

In the driver's seat, DYLAN PITTNEY, in the passenger his younger brother, JIMMY. Nervous. Trying to keep their cool.

TWO PATROL CARS behind them, flashing their lights.

PITTNEY (V.O.)
 You only see death -- you ain't
 ever had it call your name.

EXT. DESERTED STREET -- M.O.S. -- FLASHBACK -- CONTINUOUS

From the patrol cars, four police officers, exit:

ADRIAN GUTIERREZ; alive and well --

RITCHIE HARMON; in full color, ears intact --

IAN FELIX; the actual Felix, not yet a detective --

GAVIN SPILLER; your average policeman --

and they walk towards Pittney's vehicle.

DYLAN'S POV --

Gutierrez taps the window, blinds him with his flashlight.

PITTNEY (V.O.)
 Had it in your face -- give you the
 black look --

Gutierrez signal's him to roll down his window.

Pittney complies -- nervously hands him his DRIVER'S LICENSE.

PITTNEY'S POV --

Through the REARVIEW MIRROR he sees the other police officers deliberate amongst themselves.

Spiller on the phone with someone --

PITTNEY (V.O.)
 -- give you your medicine --

and suddenly, in a swift movement, Gutierrez's gun is in Pittney's mouth.

PITTNEY --

unlocks the trunk hatch.

CULLEY'S CAR --

arrives to the scene. Culley kills the lights. Exit:

LARS CULLEY; still looking like shit -- and

NEIL ESMOND; a little hefty, but eyes in their proper place.

They walk up to the trunk. Culley lifts it open, revealing --

NOTHING, A PLAIN EMPTY TRUNK.

Culley takes a CROWBAR and pries open a secret compartment, revealing...

A BIG BLACK DUFFEL BAG --

He unzips it, revealing -- STACKS UPON STACKS OF CASH -- in the millions.

PITTNEY (V.O.)
-- vials of hate -- paper worth
blood --

Culley signals the other officers to take the money --

PITTNEY (V.O.) (CONT'D)
-- deep sixin' folk just for
money... 'cause they can...

FELIX --

walks toward the passenger area, toward Jimmy.

PITTNEY --

gun still in mouth, he KICKS the door, pushing Gutierrez back -- a SHOT GOES OFF -- bullet RIPS through his cheek -- screams to Jimmy as he runs off --

Jimmy reaches for the door handle, but FELIX SHOOTS HIM.

Pittney runs off into the night, dodging a rain of bullets.

CULLEY --

barks at Felix for compromising the operation.

GUTIERREZ --

stands and runs after Pittney.

SPILLER --

takes a rag and shoves it in the gas tank. He lights it.

CULLEY --

finds Pittney's DRIVERS LICENSE on the street. He tosses it into the car.

PITTNEY --

Sees the car BLOWUP. The FIRE and CLOUD OF SMOKE in the reflection of his eye.

BACK TO:

PITTNEY'S EYES -- REGULAR TIME

as they gloat back at Kieran.

PITTNEY

Nah, you only see the dead, doc.

Kieran sees the pain and hurt in his eyes. Understands it.

PITTNEY (CONT'D)

I ain't kill Vidal, you know.

(beat)

It was the Czechs... Igor. Vidal was my best friend.

(beat)

We'd call him French Connection, you know, 'cause of the movie?

KIERAN

How did you find them -- Ritchie, Neil --

PITTNEY

It's not hard when they have something that belongs to you. Right?

Pittney looks at the DIGITAL ALARM CLOCK, the red lights flashing: 5:37 AM.

PITTNEY (CONT'D)
We got to go. Coast is clear.

Kieran stalls, trying to kill time.

PITTNEY (CONT'D)
C'mon.

Pittney yanks him and walks him to the door, opens it. Looks out onto --

EXT. BALCONY CORRIDOR -- DAWN

-- to his left. Nothing... only the sun dawning.

He pushes Kieran out. But, hiding behind the door...

AMOS, the whiz-kid, HOLDEN.

Gun cocked, pointed straight at Pittney's head. Pittney walks, unaware of Amos.

Amos puts the barrel of his gun on Pittney's head.

AMOS
I don't believe in people rising
from the dead... I believe in heavy
tombs. So drop the gun 'fore you're
lying in one... like everyone
already thinks you are.

Pittney drops the gun. *You got me.*

SIRENS approaching.

AMOS (CONT'D)
Walk back with me.

Pittney cooperates, his hands up.

AMOS (CONT'D)
(to Pittney)
Give me the keys to the cuffs.
(he does)
Careful now. Where's the kid?

KIERAN
The black sedan, Amos -- in the
parking lot.

Amos nods at Kieran. *I got you.*

AMOS

(to Pittney)

By the way, I am sharp. I know E equals let Me C your ass kiss the concrete, motherfu --

BANG!

A bullet straight through AMOS' head -- falls straight on the concrete floor. DEAD.

Pittney DARTS off --

Kieran sprayed with blood and brain.

Culley keeps shooting.

CULLEY

I ain't no house-painter --

PITTNEY JUMPS over the railing, down one story. Culley misfires. He looks down, over the railing. He's gone.

Sirens, now LOUDER.

CULLEY (CONT'D)

Shit!

(turns to Kieran)

Couldn't say boo to a fucking goose, Kieran... look at you.

Culley inspects Amos' pockets.

CULLEY (CONT'D)

That somabitch is gone off with your kid, but you're here giving away to tears -- for who? What a good-for-nothing daddy, you are --
(now digging in the pants pockets)

It's why I chose you to do my dirty work, 'cause I knew you were too much of a sally to do much about it.

KIERAN

I know... I know you and the others kept evidence to pin Pittney on me. Why would you do that?

Ignoring Kieran, Culley finds the keys for the cuffs and the KEY for the locker.

CULLEY
 (with a sinister grin)
 C'mon, now. You really think we'd
 pin a murder on you?

Culley pockets the keys -- walks to Kieran, with menace. He
 grabs Kieran's head and BANGS it against the wall.

CULLEY (CONT'D)
 Now, I know he's run off to go get
 his money... where? Tell me.

Kieran resists but Culley pushes his head harder.

CULLEY (CONT'D)
 Where's he run off to?

BAM! HE hits his head against the wall again.

KIERAN
 (gulps, out of breath)
 Union Station -- need to meet him
 there.

He cocks the gun and places on Kieran's head.

CULLEY
 Where at the station?

KIERAN
 Eleven. Locker eleven --

Culley SCUFFS at him. You ARE pathetic. Culley wipes Gaby's
 gun with a handkerchief.

He takes the gun and forces Kieran's hands on the GUN HANDLE,
 SMEARING it with his PRINTS. FRAMING HIM FOR AMOS.

KIERAN (CONT'D)
 Wait. What are you doing? You can't
 do that.

CULLEY
 I can do what I want. I'm a cop.

Culley sets the gun down. Taps it ever so lightly off the
 balcony, sending it down to the parking lot.

SIRENS... exponentially closer. Culley takes the cuffs off --

CULLEY (CONT'D)
 Run.

In the parking lot: FOUR PATROL CARS.

He runs down the stairs, racing to the gun, but GABY walks out from one of the patrol vehicles -- sees him.

Culley in the balcony, pretending to be injured.

CULLEY (CONT'D)
(yelling)
Gaby! He shot Amos. The gun!

EXT. MOTEL PARKING LOT --

Kieran runs as fast as his ankle allows. Officers chase. Parked cars, lamp posts, motorcycles: he eludes them all.

EXT. DOWNTOWN STREET -- CONTINUOUS

The early risers, and the homeless wander the street. Kieran keeps running. Ahead, he sees --

The METRO STATION STAIRWELL that goes underground.

He pushes through. Officers in hot pursuit.

INT./EXT. STAIRWELL --

Kieran rushes down, but trips, tumbles down -- pushes himself up with the little strength he has.

He jumps over the TICKET SCANNERS, prompting METRO SECURITY to chase after him.

He scrambles through the corridor, crashing into people -- ANXIETY kicks in.

He's breathing heavy, wheezing almost, but he pushes through, until reaching the --

BOARDING PLATFORMS -- GREEN LINE --

He looks, but no train! He runs down ANOTHER STAIRCASE --

BLUE LINE PLATFORMS --

But NO TRAIN there either. He looks above the staircase and sees no one. He runs down to --

THE RED LINE PLATFORMS --

-- sees people waiting for a train, and stops. Heart pounding, gassed, exhausted. Blood on his face.

He looks up only to realize all the strange faces staring at him.

The anxiety becomes increasingly unbearable with every passing pair of eyes that gaze back at him.

He checks the staircase -- no sign of police -- eyes down the tunnel -- no train either.

No, wait -- a light coming from the tunnel -- a train's pulling in...

He checks the staircase again and now sees: POLICE OFFICERS, teetering down the steps. *Shit.*

Kieran waits for the train. *C'mon, c'mon, c'mon.*

Two POLICE OFFICERS now run down the staircase.

C'mon. C'mon.

And the train ARRIVES -- he boards.

INT. TRAIN CAR -- CONTINUOUS

Kieran peers through the window -- can't see the officers.

The train sits a few seconds. Feels like an eternity.

C'mon. C'mon. What the fuck?!

The train moves.

Relieved, he turns only to see he's amidst a mob of pedestrians.

Breathing heavy, feeling queasy, he shuts his eyes and navigates through the crowd, walks into the --

SLIDING DOORS COMPARTMENT --

-- peeks into the adjoining train-car: full of pedestrians. He stays.

Composing himself, he turns back to the previous train-car and sees the POLICE OFFICERS moving through the crowd...

TRAIN CAR TWO --

Kieran pushes through the pedestrians. The INTERCOM comes alive...

TRAIN INTERCOM
Next stop, Union Station.

TRAIN CAR ONE --

The Police Officers move through the swarm of pedestrians.

INT. PATROL CAR --

Gaby drives madly, while Culley sits shotgun.

INT. DOMINIK'S CAR --

Dominik drives, a few cars behind Gaby's. Igor sits shotgun.

IGOR
Are you certain that's him?

Dominik nods. Kasimir loads his GUN in the back seat.

INT. GABY'S CAR --

As she races through downtown, the dispatch comes alive --

DISPATCH
Suspect still at large -- headed
north on metro.

Culley grabs the radio.

CULLEY/RADIO
Stop the damn train!

DISPATCH
-- two officers on board --

INT. LAST TRAIN CAR --

Kieran looks back, through door windows and stops when he spots.....

THE TWO POLICE OFFICERS ONE CAR DOWN APPROACHING --

He looks to the scrolling LED MARQUEE -- 6:07 AM.

CUT TO:

INT. AUTOPSY ROOM --

Lydia looks at the clock. Waits. Vidal's body: ready to be filled with the money.

She's waiting for a sign, a call, something.

All is dead. All is quiet. *Tick, tock; tick, tock.*

INT. LAST TRAIN CAR --

Kieran's knees go weak. He holds on to the pole. His hands tremble uncontrollably.

The train comes to a halt.

TRAIN INTERCOM
Union Station.

Kieran limps to the edge of the doors, they don't open.

He looks through the sliding door windows --

THE TWO OFFICERS ARE ONLY FEET AWAY

EXT. UNION STATION PARKING LOT --

Gaby parks. Culley and her run.

INT. LAST TRAIN CAR --

Kieran bangs against the doors.

He looks back -- all the passengers, all these strangers, staring back at him.

He forgets how to breathe. His hands shake like leafs.

THE OFFICERS ENTER. They draw their weapons --

POLICE OFFICER
STOP! ON THE FLOOR NOW!

THE DOORS OPEN.

A rocket heartbeat. His knees go weak. Face goes pale.

SLAM! KIERAN FALLS UNCONSCIOUS. BLACK.

INT. AUTOPSY ROOM -- 6:28 AM

Lydia signs a RELEASE FORM -- watches as SPECIAL PERSONNEL take Christian Vidal away. He's sown up, but empty. Hollow.

None of Pittney's money will be smuggled into France, at least not through Vidal.

Kieran failed. Lydia knows it... Bon Voyage Christian.

She walks to the cabinet. Unlocks it... BAUER, eyes reeling back at her. Arms tied. Mouth taped.

She returns an apologetic smirk.

CUT TO:

INT. TRAIN PLATFORM --

Gaby watches as the Police Officers carry Kieran out --

GABY
Jesus -- what happened?

POLICE OFFICER 1
He fainted.

She turns to find Culley, but realizes he's not there.

GABY
Attend to him? Make sure he's good.

The Police Officer nods.

INT. CORRIDOR -- UNION STATION

Culley, gunless, nervously moves down the corridor, looking behind him, making sure no one is following.

INT. LOCKERS -- UNION STATION

Finds LOCKER 11 -- withdraws the key -- unlocks the lock -- opens the locker, but --

IT'S ABSOLUTELY EMPTY -- NO MONEY.

Culley turns to find --

PITTNEY, gun pointing straight at CULLEY.

CULLEY
You already took it...

Pittney SHAKES his head.

PITTNEY
I never put in the money I snatched
from Felix and Gutierrez.

CULLEY
I need that money, Dylan. What
about Neil's? Ritchie's?
(beat)
Spiller's? Where is it?

Pittney chuckles. *You don't get it, do you?*

PITTNEY
I ain't butcher those chums, Lars.
Someone else got to them first.

Culley's confused.

INT. KIERAN'S STUDY --

Lydia steps in --

PITTNEY (V.O.)
Cut they tongue, they ears -- gauge
their eyes out like that? That
ain't me.

She crosses the room to a bookcase, and finds the 3 WISE
MONKEYS COPPER STATUE --

CLOSE UP ON: THE COPPER STATUE BOOKEND OF THE 3 WISE MONKEYS

It takes on a new meaning for us. See no evil. Hear no evil.
Speak no evil.

From under the bookend, she retrieves a key.

She crosses to the desk. Unlocks the drawer, pulls it open.

Now in clear focus we can see --

A RING; Neil Esmond's ring.

A FLASK; Richard Harmon's flask.

THE KEY -- *These are Kieran's crowns, his trophies.*

PITTNEY (V.O.) (CONT'D)
The doc gave us all the slip.

Lydia takes the KEY and closes the drawer.

INT. MICHAEL'S ROOM -- CONTINUOUS

She makes her way through a sea of toys spread out across the floor and looks for what Kieran WHISPERED her to find --

A BIG TOY TREASURE CHEST. She puts the key in the heavy lock, opens the latch, and voila... STACKS OF HARD COLD CASH.

Lydia taken aback. *Holy fuck, that's a lot of money.*

INT. AMBULANCE --

Kieran wakes. *It's his turn to be in the ambulance.* He lifts his arm, but he cant... He's HANDCUFFED TO THE GURNEY.

He peers out the back window, his eyes drifting back...

PITTNEY (V.O.)
Outfoxed us -- every single one of us.

INT. LOCKERS -- UNION STATION

Pittney cocks his gun, points it straight at a grinning Culley.

People see the gun... scatter. *Pittney could care less of the people watching. He has a score to settle.*

CULLEY
So you're telling me that crazy fingers had the balls to --

BAM! Pittney smashes the butt of the gun into Culley's nose -- head slams against the lockers.

He slumps to the ground -- blood gushing.

CULLEY (CONT'D)	PITTNEY
AHHH! Fucker! I'm too old for this shit --	I'm telling you he was gonna kill all of you but I showed up.

IGOR (O.S.)
And he is Risen --

Pittney and Culley turn to find Igor, Kasimir, and Dominik --

IGOR (CONT'D)
(approaching)
-- from the dead --
(pointing at Culley)
Just as YOU said it would not
happen.

CULLEY
Surprise --

PITTNEY
(points gun at Igor)
Stay there.

Igor bores his condescending eyes into Culley's.

CULLEY
(spitting out blood)
Take a fuckin' picture, it'll last
ya longer.

DOMINIK
The money, ask him for the money --

CULLEY
(laughing)
Oh, shut the fuck up, will ya Dom?
Can't you see I'm about to die
here? That not enough?

GABY
DROP THE GUNS! NOW!

Gaby approaches the men, holding up her badge -- NO GUN.

Pittney, ignores her, approaches Igor.

Kasimir and Dominik both with their guns aimed back at him.

GABY (CONT'D)
Dylan! Drop it!

Kasimir steers his gun in Gaby's direction.

PITTNEY
How rude not to introduce, Lars.
Not every day you meet --

Police sirens; LOUDER.

IGOR
I should have killed you
myself.

CULLEY
Kid, you're gonna remember
how I told you to kill me
first --

PITTNEY (CONT'D)
 (to Igor)
 I'm standing right here.

Gaby comes closer, Kasimir's gun following her.

CULLEY
 You're gonna remember how you had a
 second chance at life but you came
 back. You're gonna remember how --

PITTNEY
 (turns to Culley, furious
 -- gun still on Igor)
 I'm gonna remember how polite you
 were to me and my brother,
 motherfucker. Now, I told you, I
 told you I'm not leaving here
 without what you owe me --

CULLEY
 Oh, yeah? And what's that, I don't
 remem --

PITTNEY
 (turns gun to Culley)
 Your hide, old man --

POP! POP! POP!

BUT IT'S PITTNEY THAT FALLS. Three shots to the head,
 courtesy of Kasimir's gun.

Gaby SCREAMS.

IGOR
 Shut her up, will you?

Kasimir turns his gun back on her.

IGOR (CONT'D)
 (to Culley)
 Devil's children have the devil's
 luck, but looks like you're all
 out.

CULLEY
 (mockingly)
 Better to be lucky than good...

POLICE OFFICERS IN THE DISTANCE, GUNS DRAWN...

IGOR
 (noticing the police)
Hovno!

POP! POP! POP! POP! IGOR SHOOTS CULLEY DEAD, falls next to Pittney.

POLICE OFFICERS
 On the floor! Drop your weapons!

Dominik FIRES back, and gets a slug in the head immediately.

Kasimir and Igor FIRE, unloading their mags -- shells hitting the ground everywhere, Gaby a vulnerable bystander.

Bullets whizz by but Igor and Kasimir keep shooting, until THEY BOTH FALL DEAD IN A CLOUD OF GUNFIRE.

EXT. UNION STATION PARKING LOT --

Ambulances storm in the parking lot.

FELIX'S CAR --

Police officers pry the trunk open, where Michael lies, still blindfolded and tied.

They board him upon the AMBULANCE, and it SPEEDS OFF, SIRENS BLARING.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. HOMICIDE -- 8:30 AM

Gaby enters, tired, beat up. *Longest night of her life.*

The last thing she needs is more work, but Jody is there, waiting, and it looks like she has news...

JODY
 Found the guy who crashed Lars and the coroner. Also, the Gas station clerk called with the video.

Jody signals that he's over there, in the box.

CUT TO:

A PAIR OF BLOOD STAINED TIMBERLAND WORK BOOTS

TILT UP TO REVEAL --

A COP. Familiar. From the flashback. Sitting there...TONGUELESS...

THE DARK FIGURE, now under fluorescent lights.

PITTNEY (V.O.)
But you blundered here, forgot one haven't you?

Gaby enters and sits across of him.

KIERAN (V.O.)
I don't know what you're talking about --

She doesn't even know how to start -- just looks at him.

PITTNEY (V.O.)
One of your hens didn't come home to roost.

And we stay on the cop. *The hen has come to roost.*

And finally, Gaby speaks --

GABY
GAVIN SPILLER...

Spiller, MAD -- OPENS his mouth, trying to speak, but only horrifying noises come out. Horrid. Revolting.

Disgusted, Gaby extends a piece of paper and a pen to him.

GABY (CONT'D)
Dylan Pittney do this to you?

Spiller takes the pen, puts it to the paper. He scribbles something down, slides it back to her.

She takes it, and turns it, she's shocked.

THE PAPER: in ugly handwriting... THE CORONER

Gaby's confused. She's trying to make sense of it.

GABY (CONT'D)
Kieran Ainsley?

Spiller nods.

GABY (CONT'D)
Why would he do this to you?

Spiller mouths off again, just making sounds. He takes the sheet, scribbles something, and passes it back to her.

It reads: FRAMED HIM FOR PITTNEY.

Gaby reads it, realizing.

GABY (CONT'D)
 (under her breath)
 Shit... I guess England got their
 king again after all.

Spiller doesn't understand. She stands --

GABY (CONT'D)
 We're done here. Oh, and by the
 way, I have your tongue. Might be a
 good thing that I do actually,
 going where you're going.

-- and she walks out, leaving Spiller wondering what the fuck just happened.

INT. GABY BRITTON'S CUBICLE --

She sits, looks at DYLAN PITTNEY'S file, then across to --

AMOS' EMPTY DESK --

She sees the ANDREW JACKSON PEZ DISPENSER. *His lucky charm. He didn't have it with him.*

She gives away to tears. We stay on her as she overcomes her emotion.

INT. SURGERY ROOM --

Michael lies on the operation table. His exposed skull under the blinding lamps. X-rays of his tumor on illuminators.

DOCTOR SCHUBERT --

dressed in surgeon garb, reminiscent of our protagonist. With a team of doctors, asks for an instrument... goes to work.

INT. MORGUE --

Lydia back at work. TAGGING corpses. Business as usual.

We begin to HEAR a familiar MELODY. It picks up.

It's a Motown song -- The Marvelette's : *Hunter Gets Captured by the Game* -- and we come across --

THE BURNT MAN from the beginning, lying on a tray.

CLOSE ON THE ANKLE BIRD TATTOO, THE BURNT MAN'S TOE TAG:

Reads: FELIX, IAN // C.O.D -- HOMICIDE, ARSON

And next to him, in the corpse rack

CLOSE ON TOE TAG:

Reads: CULLEY, LARS // C.O.D -- HOMICIDE, SHOOTING

CLOSE ON TOE TAG:

Reads: PITTNEY, DYLAN // C.O.D -- HOMICIDE, SHOOTING

CLOSE ON TOE TAG:

Reads: HOLDEN, AMOS // C.O.D -- HOMICIDE, SHOOTING

NEIL ESMOND too. IGOR SLAVIK. DOMINIK. *The whole gang.*

INT. BAUER'S OFFICE --

Bauer, with no tape to keep his mouth shut, interviews a finely dressed CANDIDATE for the Coroner position.

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM -- NEXT DAY --

Kieran lies on a bed looking out the window. His ankle, his arm, healing.

In the doorway, GABY. Holding her hand is MICHAEL. Head bandaged, but healthy.

He recognizes his father...

MICHAEL

Dad!

...runs to him. Kieran opens his arm to embrace him, but it recoils... he's still handcuffed.

Kieran holds him. Kisses him. He eyes Gaby. *Thank you.*

INT. HOSPITAL PLAY ROOM --

Gaby and Dr. Schubert assist Michael into the room.

LATER --

Michael draws upon a table.

MELODY continues -- tender vocals of The Marvelettes begin --

CLOSE ON THE DRAWING: Stick figures of him and his dad. Both flexing their biceps. *They will overcome everything and anything.*

Everyday things change

And the world puts on a new face

Certain things rearrange

*And this whole world seems like a
new place*

He colors. Senses someone watching, looks up --

MICHAEL'S POV --

He sees Gaby Britton looking at him through the glass window. Sees her perfectly.

Then he SEES LYDIA walk into FRAME.

Lydia looks to Gaby, they share a glance -- no idea who each other are, but somehow know they share a mutual feeling.

Michael waves at LYDIA, he knows her. She waves back.

MICHAEL

(perfect, coherent speech)

Lids!

And he continues to color.

CLOSE ON THE DRAWING: his father donning surgeon garb --

Oh yeah, secretly I've been trailin' you

Like a fox that preys on the rabbit

I had to get you and so I knew

I had to learn your ways and habits

-- having no idea what's happened to him --

*Oooh, you were the catch that I was after
But I looked up, and I was in your arms
And I knew I had been captured*

-- just a little boy coloring a picture of his father --

*What's this whole world comin' to
Things just ain't the same
Anytime the hunter...
Gets captured by the game*

-- too little to understand the horrific things his father
did to save him.

Oh, yeah ...

CUT TO BLACK.

ROLL CREDITS...