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**WWW.**

Face of a Predator

Written by Les Turner

**ACT 1**

(Scene 1)

The Bust

(ext. upscale suburban neighborhood)

(The story takes place in an upscale suburban neighborhood at the crack of dawn. From a Birdseye view. A special tactics unit headed by Daniel Morgan is about to raid on a house suspected of running a child pornography operation. As Morgan and his unit approach the house he signals part of the team to go circle around the perimeter. Morgan finds an entrance through an unlocked slide door. Inside, Morgan begins to move quietly through the house from room to room keeping his head low. From a distance he can see camera flashes and hear adult voices under the cries of a child in pain.)

(int. upscale suburban home)

Child

(Cries out) OUUGHH! NO! STOP! IT HURTS. Take IT OUT. Please! IT HURTS

1st.Perv

Giv'em some more wine to relax'em, or should I say some more Jesus juice. (Laughing out loud.)

(With the voices continuing in the background Morgan continues further through the house. Just down the hall a few feet he sees a little girl entering the bathroom.)

(int. front room)

(Panning the room, there are video cameras, still cameras, alcoholic beverages, mattresses and sex paraphernalia.)

1st.Perv

We got to hurry up and rap this shit up it's gettin late.

2nd.Perv

You mean early don't you? What time is it anyway? Ok, just a few more shots. I want to get some with the girl.

(int. bathroom)

(The little girl gets done using the toilet. As she turns to flush the toilet she sees traces of blood left in the bowl. Before she could bat an eye, Morgan is there with her to rescue her. He signals her to remain quiet. He picks her up and rushes her to safety.)

(int. front room)

2nd. Perv

What's taking so long? It don’t take that long to take a piss. Bryan, go see what's up with our little star. She might’ve fell asleep back there.

Bryan

(Gets up from his chair and goes to see what's taking the little girl so long. He slowly approaches the bathroom which is closed and knocks on the door. (knock knock Are you done? (Pauses a few seconds) (knock, knock) Hey, are you asleep in there? (He slowly opens the door and sees that the bathroom is empty. He begins to search for where the little girl may have gone.) Terra, Terra, Whereare you? Come out come out where ever you are (He starts to open another room door when Morgan comes up from behind putting a gun to his head signaling him to remain quiet.)

(int. front room)

1st.perv

I don't know about you but there's times when I wished I had gotten that job working for my uncle in Boise.

2nd perv

Yeah, but you wouldn't make as much in a year as you do in one day.

1st perv

Yeah you're right but damb, what's taking so long? Bryan!

2nd perv

Maybe he fell asleep too.

1st perv

No! Wait a minute. Something’s not right.

(Both retrieve their weapons. They start slowly down the hall. 1st perv sees someone from the corner of his eye. Immediately he begins firing off rounds from his clip, shattering glass everywhere. Return fire begins pouring heavily. Now both suspects are in a shoot-out with the law. The 1st perv receives a bullet to the head and drops dead. The 2nd perv retreats towards the back. Gun fire ceases. Morgan and his unit begin to slowly pursue after the second suspect when from an upstairs balcony a female starts blasting away at Morgan and his team, hitting one officer in the shoulder. As she continues to fire, the men take cover. As she is reloading, Morgan sees the opportunity to take a dive beneath the balcony taking her out by shooting through the floor which she stud. Morgan proceeds after the 2nd perv. Coming to an abrupt stop face to face with the perv and a child in his arms with a gun to her head.)

2nd perv

I'm not going to prison; I'm not going to prison

Morgan

Ok Now just calm down. Nobody's going to prison. Just put the gun down.

2nd perv

I can't go to prison.

Morgan

Alright, put the gun away and we can cut a deal. Everything’s gonna be ok but you got put

the gun away and let the girl go.

2nd perv

I can't go to prison.

(He puts the gun to his own head and pulls the trigger putting a bullet hole straight through his head. Morgan leaps to grab the child before the body even hits the floor.)

(int. interrogation room)

(Bryan is sitting in the interrogation room being questioned by Morgan and another officer.)

Morgan

All we want from you is a name. Who's paying you?

Bryan

Do you think I would tell you if I knew? Do you think I could tell you if I knew! I would be a dead man.

Morgan

If you ask me, you're already a dead man and I'm sure that the inmates would welcome you

with open arms. You how they are about perverted little petifiles. When they're through passing your asshole, it'll be so full of cum, you won't be able to shit for a month after the stitches and then it starts all over again. I've seen it happen.

Bryan

I told you, I don't know anything. This is just a small part of something a lot bigger. A drop in

a bucket. I'm expendable, if you didn't know. That bust you made wouldn't even make a dent

in the organization.

Morgan

(To officer Davis) Were they able to trace any internet activity?

Officer Jim Davis

Nothing, Apparently they made sure that should something like this happen, tracking activity

would be virtually impossible to trace.

Morgan

You know, we've been tracking you from day one and your perverted obsession with kiddy porn for several months and you can't afford to bullshit us. So unless you wanna become somebody's little bitch and have your asshole traded for a pack of squares whenever your man runs out of cigarettes, it would be in your best interest to cooperate with us, unless you want to be charged with murder on top of a long list of convictions.

BryanI

don't know what you're talking about

.

Morgan

(Morgan tosses some photos on the table.)Recognize these boys? (Bryan looks down at the photos. Photos of two dead teenaged boys.) They were sotomized, beaten to death and both were missing their genitals. Their bodies were left in a wooded area. The coroner says that from the looks of it, the sotomy had been going on for some time. They were only fourteen years old.

Bryan

I didn't do it. I didn't do it.

Morgan

Tell it to somebody who gives a fuck. (Morgan starts to leave when Bryan stops him.)

Bryan

Wait! Alright look, I get a call for a job. The kids are already there when I get there. I do what I'm paid to do. All the photos and video files are dumped on a hard drive. A few days after that someone in a van comes to pick up the hard drive, drop off the money, he gets the kids and we never see them again.

Morgan

Who's the driver?

Bryan

I don't know. It's never the same driver.

Jim

Looks like somebody's paying a lot of money to keep from being caught.

(int. family room of Detective Morgan)

(Morgan enters the room putting on his tie. Son Chris is sitting on the sofa surfing the TV channels, while daughter Lisa is on the computer.)

Morgan

Homework! On a Friday? What is this world coming to?

Lisa

No! I'm just chatting with a couple of my friends.

Morgan

You're in a chat room. Don't you know that chat rooms are filled with all kinds of perverts?

Lisa

It's just Tina and Jessica from school. We have our own chat circle for only the student at our school.

Morgan

Oh! Well as long as you don't meet any new friends on line. You never know who you could be talking to.

(Enters wife Sarah, assisting Morgan with his tie.)

Sarah

You know you don't have to worry about Lisa on the internet. She's a smart girl. She knows about not going on chat rooms meeting strange people and what to do should one try to chat with her. What! You got something against computers now?

Morgan

No, just the perverts that use them as a tool to prey on innocent children. I don't know! It seems like the internet access has opened doors to a whole new generation of petifiles. You know there used to be a time when you could trust people. Now there are police priests and even your own relatives. What is this world coming to where kids can't trust the very person who's supposed to help and protect them!

Sarah

Well, you may not be able to protect the world but you do a terrific job of protecting your family and for that, you deserve a big kiss. (Kisses Morgan Simi passionately.)

Morgan

Is that all I deserve?

Sarah

You're just going to have to wait until later for the full reward. Lisa, while you're visiting your gammy and grandpa, I want you to look after Chris. Make sure he doesn't eat too much sweets. You know how grandma lets him have whatever he wants. So I'm leaving you to watch him and

make sure he minds grandma and grandpa

Lisa

I will.

Chris

I don't need her to watch me, I can take care of myself.

Lisa

Yeah right! Like when you flooded the bathroom toilet and the time you got bubble gum stuck in your hair?

Chris

Look! Dad's on TV.

Cut to TV News Lady

Early this morning, a special tactics unit, led by Daniel Morgan, son of Governor James Morgan raided a suburban home in a rural area which was used as a child pornography ring rescuing seven children, all which between ages five and ten.Three of four suspects were fatally shot and one officer wounded. The officer is expected to make a full recovery.

News lady Interview

(News crew are all around Morgan) Detective, can you tell us if this was an isolated incident or in any way affiliated with organized crime and if so, how long would you say this has been going on?

Morgan

At this time, I'm not at liberty to say, but I can tell you that we have been watching this operation for some time and we are using all of our resources to make sure that any and everyone who's involved will be brought to justice one way or another.

News Lady

Police confiscated computers, digital camcorders, digital cameras and fire arms to be used as evidence.

(ext. grandparents’ house)

(Doorbell rings. Grandma opens the door.)

Chris and Lisa

GRANDMA! (Both give grandma a big hug.)

Grandma

How's my babies-

Lisa

-Fine-

Sarah

-High mom, How are you-

Grandma

(To Lisa) How's my angel- You're getting prettier by the minute. And you young man are just as handsome as your father was at your age.

Sarah

How have you been-?

Morgan

-Where's-

Grandma

Your father? He's in the library cause that's the only place I'll let him smoke his pipe in the house. He spends most of his time in there. Maybe you can get him to come out. Okay! Who wants cake and ice-cream?

Chris

(Happy and excited) I do I do-

Lisa

-Meeee

Grandma

Everybody into the kitchen.

(int. Governors library)

(The Governor is sitting in his favorite chair at the computer with a pipe in his mouth. In walks Morgan.)

Morgan

You know those things'll kill you.

Governor

Since when has a computer killed anybody? Computers don't kill people, people kill people

Morgan

You're right but they have been known to be used as a tool in cases of some murder victims.

Governor

Point taken.

Morgan

How's the ole ticker?

Governor

Never been better..Where's my grand’s?

Morgan

They're in the kitchen with mom. They opted for cake and ice-cream. They seem to growing right before my eyes. It's like I get up and go to work one morning, come home, they're all grown up. How do I stop'em?

Governor

You can't. One day they're fallin out of tree houses, the next day they're married and raising a family of their own. All I can tell you is savor the time you have with them and treasure the memories you had. That’s what last forever. The memories.

Morgan

Can I ask you something?

Governor

What is it?

Morgan

Is there a history of migraine headaches in our family?

Governor

No, I can't say that there is. Why? Are either of the kids experiencing headaches?

Morgan

No, they’re fine.

Governor

Are you?

Morgan

Up until recently, I was fine. It's not often but the pain is almost unbearable and it only occurs at night when I'm asleep.

Governor

Well, have you consulted your physician?

Morgan

Yes but everything checks out ok. He says I'm fine.

Governor

Maybe you should get a second opinion. You know, I could set you up with my physician. He's on vacation now but a simple phone call and-

Morgan

-No don't bother. It's probably just due to stress.

Governor

Stress? Are you having problems at home?

Morgan

No no That's not it-

Governor

It's not Sarah is it?

Morgan

No she's what keeps me sain. The doctor says that it may somehow be work related and that maybe I should perhaps take some time off. Which is why Sarah and I decided to have night out.

Governor

You know there's always a position for you if you want it, and with my contacts and influences, you'd make a good candidate for office by next election. You're already building a name for yourself.

Morgan

Thanks for the offer but I'll feel that I'm driven to do what I'm doing because it's what I love.

Sarah

(Peeps in) Is this a boys club only or are girls allowed to join?

Governor

There she is.. You know you're always welcome.

Sarah

Are you two talking politics?

Governor

Maybe you can talk to him, he won't listen to me. So you two finally get a chance to get out for a change and paint the town red.

Sarah

Yeah, something like that. It's been long overdue so we figured that tonight we'd spend time together, just the two of us. I've always told him, he needs to take some time off. Tonight may be just what he needs.

Governor

You know you two should get away for a weekend. Go up North to my cabin. You know you can go anytime you want. Go on a vacation. You could use it. You know that you have access to over a million dollars at your disposal. Why don't you use it? It's yours.

Morgan

I guess I'm just not the rich type, besides the money can be used for the kids’ college. They would probably need it more than I would.

Governor

Well any how you to need to get out, do something. You know can leave the kids with us.They'll be fine. Go up to the cabin. You use to love it when you were a kid. It's there any time you want to use it. You've always had the key. I don't see why you won't take advantage of been able to indulge in the life styles of the wealthy once in a while. Listen to your wife, she knows what's right for you. I wouldn't be where I am today if it weren't for your mother. Now you two go out and have a good time. The kids'll be just fine.

(int. restaurant)

(Morgan and Sarah sit at a candle lit both for two.)

Morgan

(Gazing in Sarah’s eyes) You are so beautiful. How did I get so lucky?

Sarah

Thank you, but I'm the lucky one.

Morgan

(Makes a toast to Sarah) To the most beautiful girl in the world and a wonderful evening.

Sarah

And this is just the beginning.

(Fade in to bedroom)

(Morgan and Sarah both are in bed together.)

Morgan

Have I told you how much I love you, lately?

Sarah

(Jokingly) No, not lately.

Morgan

Have I shown you how much I love you?

Sarah

All the time.

Morgan

Thank you for a lovely evening. I had a great time.

Sarah

Yeah well, the night is young and it's just beginning. (Begin kissing. Fade to black.)

(Fade In int. bedroom)

(A close up on Morgan after approximately 30 minutes elapsed. Unable to perform Morgan lye’s in bed on his back staring at the ceiling. Slowly zoom out, panning to the right. Sarah is lying on the opposite side. Sad and angry, Sarah keeps her distance from Morgan as she lye on her left side staring off. Fade to black.)

(Fade in to the streets of a rather lower class neighborhood. A child is in the middle of the street as the result of a fall. The child is dressed in a somewhat dirty bright pink dress. with two golden pony tales. The child turns to get up, but not in time when face to face with a car speeding down the street.)

(Cut to Morgan)

(Morgan is awakened abruptly in a cold sweat from what was obviously a bad dream. Sarah is awakened by Morgan's gasp for air.)

Sarah

Did you have another one of those dreams?

Morgan

Yeah, but this time there was a face, a child’s face. I had never seen her before, but it was like I knew her.

(int precinct)

(Daily activities of police conduct fills the precinct in background. As Morgan heads towards his office, he is met by a fellow officer with photos and documents.)

1st Officer

They found another body. This time, in a garbage dumpster. Same M.O. beaten, sodomized manhood cut clean off and guess what--- fourteen years old. Get this, the coroner’s report shows that this kid, like the others was also no virgin to sodomy. The D.N.A found on the bodies or should I say in the bodies of the victims all connect to the same perp. Oh! And listen to this. They found that the person who did this happens to be sterile. The coroner also says that each victim may have been wined and dined by someone with expensive taste. They found traces of lobster, caviar and expensive wine.

Morgan

Has the body been IDed?

1st Officer

Yes, ahh David Krammer, reported missing seven years ago, at age seven and get this, his fourteenth birthday was two days ago.

Morgan

So besides getting this animal on a number of felony charges, he's also guilty of contributing to the delinquency of a minor. Has his parents been notified?

1st Officer

No, not yet sir.

Morgan

Don't you think that's something you should be doing?

1st Officer

Yes sir.

(int. department for child predators)

(Two officers are seated at their desks on computers surfing the internet for illegal activities involving child pornography.)

Morgan

What have you found so far?

2nd Officer

Nothing but a lot of stuff some people do that you'd have to see to believe. This is way beyond Ripley's Believe It Or Not.

3rd Officer

What is this world coming to? Here's a guy who has a fetish for someone who will take a dump on him. It's a shitty world.

2nd Officer

Check this out. Look at what this woman can do with a forty ounce.-

3rd Officer

-How in the hell did she do that!

2nd Officer

That's nothing. You gotta see what she does with this midget.

Morgan

Do you know that somewhere in this world there's a kid being molested, raped and abused in some way or another by some sick perverted bastured. (In a sarcastic way) You boys keep up the good work. That's tax payer’s money hard at work. (Morgan exits)

(int. modern day cabin)

(Fade in to what appears to have been an intimate dinner for two. slowly pan the room and the dinner table. Sounds of sexual engagement can be heard from a nearby bedroom as the dinner table is covered with empty plates and dinner ware. A wine bottle, lobster shells and other remains from an expensive menu. There is heavy breathing huffing and panting sounds through the room.)

(Cut to bedroom)

(Both nude bodies are lying in bed.)

Victim

I'm going to take a shower. (Gets out of bed and exits to bathroom.) Where's the bathroom? Never mind, I'll find it.

(The radio is playing a song at a medium volume.)

(Cut to shower)

(Victim is in the shower behind a glass sliding door.) He begins to wash. Cut to the bedroom. The bed is empty. Cut back to shower.) While showering the victim is unaware that he is not alone and is being watched from the other side of the sliding door. He starts to feel that someone is in the bathroom with him. He quickly turns his head to see who's there but noone's there. He continues to shower. He reaches out for the towel on the towel rack. He then dries his face. He slides the shower door open. Standing there is a person in a mask. The masked person begins butchering the victim with a large meat cleaver. First striking him in the upper left arm about one inch deep. The victim yells and begs for his life at the same time trying to block the strikes.)

Victim

No! Please (yells and screams.)

(The second and third strike goes almost half way through his four arm. The fourth strike splits between his middle and index finger about two inches deep. Each strike piercing the skin over one inch deep. The victim continues to try and scream out for help. With every block, the cuts get deeper as the butchering persists with a passion.)

Victim

Oh! No! God! Help me please! No! No! No! please stop! No! No! ( The victim weakens as he is repeatedly butchered to death.)

(int. office of Morgan)

(Morgan is sitting behind his desk. In walks officer Jim with mug shots and background info on two of the perps that were killed in the bust.)

Detective Jim

Check this out. (Gives Morgan the pictures) I did some checking on these two perverted basturds, come to find out that this was not the first time they've been arrested for trafficking kiddy porn over the internet. It seems that Jacob Hasaan a.k.a. Samual Jameel was apprehended over a year ago and Larry Preston was arrested a year before that. Both for the same thing. And get this, both cases were brought before the same Judge, Carl Wilson, and both cases were dropped. In 1992, Jameel was cleared of all charges by Judge Charles Gavin who today is Senator Gavin. (They pause for a moment) You think that it's possible that Wilson and Gavin may had invested interest in these cases?

Morgan

(Pause) I don't know but anything's possible. See if you can find any similar cases that were brought before Judge Wilson in the last fifteen years. I think I'll ahhh, I'll pay a visit to someone I haven't seen in a while.

(int. Judge Wilsons' chambers)

(The Judge is sitting behind his desk going over some documents. A knock on the door. In walks Daniel Morgan. The judge comes from behind his desk to greet Morgan with open arms.)

Judge Wilson

Daniel, Daniel, well, well, come on in. It's been a while. How's the wife and kids?

Morgan

They're good. How about yourself?

Judge

Couldn't be better.

( Morgan walks over to a bookshelf where a photo of what appears to be a group of fraternity brothers two of which are his father and Judge Wilson. Morgan Takes a closer look at the picture.

Judge

That was a photo of your father and me during our college years before he married my sister. We were a force to be reckoned with. We were ready to take on the world. Yeah, that truly was the good ole days.

Morgan

Who are these other guys.

Judge

Those other gents were our frat brothers.

Morgan

Do you still keep in touch with them.

Judge

Most of them. You should recognize a few of them. All politicians. So sit down sit down, take the load off. (Morgan sits in the chair) I saw you on the news the other day. I've been hearing good things about you. How come I haven't seen you at any of the social gatherings?

Morgan

I wouldn't fit in. I leave that to politicians.

Judge

So, to what do I owe this pleasant surprise?

Morgan

I was in the area, so I thought I'd stop in.

Judge

I know you, and you don't just stop in. What's really the reason for your unannounced visit? Are Frank and Carol alright?

Morgan

They're fine.

Judge

So what is it?

Morgan

Well, does the names Larry Preston or Jacob Hasaan a.k.a Samual Jameel ring a bell?

Judge

(Pauses a couple of seconds) No not that I can recall. Should They? Is there a reason that I should remember either of them?

Morgan

(Reaches in his jacket and pulls out two mug shot photos and gives them the judge.) Well, it's just that when we ran a background check on the two suspects killed in the bust the other day, we found that both were arrested for the same thing, on separate occasions within the last three years.

Judge

(Looks at the photos) And just what does this have to do with me?

Morgan

Well, you were the presiding judge for each of these cases and both were thrown out. And I just wanted to be clear on why and how could animals like this be allowed to walk the streets.

Judge

(Looks at the photos) I've had lots of cases before me since then. Surely you don't think that I'd remember each case brought before me, much less the names and faces? After a while, they all start to look alike. (Pauses a brief moment) You're not implying that I in any way would be involved in something that would do with these two animals you call people. Look! I have a moral obligation to my family as well as a duty to uphold the laws that I have pledged a solemn vow to honor and as a public servant I can assure you that whatever decision that was made on either of these cases were done strictly by the book and according to the law. I've known you sense you were five. You know me well enough to know that I have never been one to compromise or jeopardize my career or my position which I've worked so hard to get. Any similarities between these two cases are just coincidental. Besides you--

Morgan

(--Cellphone rings. Morgan answers it.) Yeah, what is it? (Pauses 5 seconds) Alright I'm on my way. (Hangs up the phone.) They found another body.

(ext. crime scene)

(Fade in to a wooded off the road biking area. Several police cars are on the scene including a K9 team. Police activity is throughout the grounds. As Morgan pulls up in his car, just on the side of the road standing next to a police vehicle are to bikers, a male and female being questioned by an officer.)

Morgan

(Walks over to the body which is covered in a bloody blanket. There are two officers standing next to the body.) What do we got? (Morgan stoops down to take a closer look.

3rd Officer

Well, we have a young male appears to be in his early to mid-teens, been hacked so many times it's inhuman. He's also missing his genitals.

(Morgan slowly pulls back the bloody blanket. The body is so badly mutilated that it's barely recognizable. (pauses for five minutes) then reaches just behind the victims ear and finds soap residue.) Time of death?

3rd Officer

I'd estimate twenty, twenty-four hours considering the temperatures at this altitude.

Morgan

I don't suppose there was an ID (Morgan stand up) Who found the body?

3rd Officer

(Points in the direction of the two bikers.) The two bikers a male and female.

Morgan

(Walks over to where the bikers are standing next to a police vehicle.) Are you okay?

Male biker

(Arm around his visibly shaken girlfriend. (Nodding his head) Yeah, yeah.

Morgan

I'm detective Morgan. Do you mind if I ask a couple of questions?

Male biker

Sure, whatever we can do.

Morgan

Are you from around this area?

Male biker

Yeah, I mean no, I mean we have a cabin about five miles up the road. We have a time share and twice a month we'd come up here to do a little biking, hiking, to get away from the hustle and bustle of the city life.

Morgan

You've been doing this for how long?

Male biker

Just over two years and we've never seen anything like this.

Morgan

Which one of you saw the body first?

Male biker

She did. At first we thought it might've been some sort of animal that had been hit by a car or something. But when we got closer we saw that it wasn't.

Morgan

How often do you travel this road?

Male biker

Almost daily, but we've seen anything like this before.

Morgan

Did you notice anything different about this trip? anything out of the ordinary like an automobile off the road or traveling unusually slow of fast.

Male biker

(Shakes his head) No, nothing. It's been quite.

Morgan

(Pulls a card from inside his jacket) Here's my number. If you should remember anything no matter how small or unimportant you may think it is. Don't hesitate to give me a call.

Male biker

(Takes the card) Thanks, we will.

(ext residential area)

(A lower class neighborhood, but peaceful. Pan the neighborhood, children are playing up the street. Begin focus on one particular home. Fade in sounds of a male voice yelling coming from inside.)

Male voice

Come here you little shit. Get back here. Where the fuck do you think you're going? (Sounds of smacks and slaps from a belt can be heard as it becomes louder.) I gonna beat your little ass. come here (Shout louder) Come Here. (A child bursts out the screen door running to get away. Dressed in a pink dress with two pony tales. Face visibly bruised, She darts out between two parked cars where she stumbles and falls in the middle of the street to face to face with an oncoming vehicle.

(int. Psychiatrist Office)

(Scene takes place in the psychiatrist's office.)

Dr. Trisester

(Enters the office) Detective Morgan, Welcome. Come on in. Have a seat. (Morgan sits down) I've been looking forward to seeing.

Morgan

You have? Why is that?

Dr. Trisester

Well, I've heard so many things about you, how you've rescued hundreds, maybe thousands of innocent children forced into a life child porn, highly decorated officer, several citations. even receiving honors from the president of the united states, TV appearances

Morgan

(Sort of looking around the office) I don't do it TV nor for the notoriety.

Dr. Trisester

Detective? What is it? Is there something wrong?

Morgan

No no no. It's just that I thought it would be bigger.

Dr. Trisester

Bigger?

Morgan

Your office. I thought it would be bigger.

Dr. Trisester

Sorry to disappoint you.

Morgan

No disappointment. It just seemed bigger from the outside.

Dr. Trisester

The size of my office doesn't mitigate the integrity of my profession. I'm sure you've heard the term, "size doesn't matter".

Morgan

I'm not questioning your ability to do your job. I'm just making an observation. I'm sure you're good at what you do or you wouldn't be here, now would you?

Dr. Trisester

Detective, I'm here to do my job, to find out why you're having these headaches and what can I do to help you. Now, shall we get started? (Fade out)

(Fade in)

(int. Sarah’s home)

(Scene takes place in Sarah’s' kitchen. She is a little uneasy, as if someone was watching her. Sarah begins to carefully put away the dishes from the dish washer. She takes two plates and places them in the kitchen cabinet. She then takes to drinking glasses from the washer. She reaches to put one of the glasses in the cabinet. It slips and shatters on the floor. She lets out a short scream.)

(int. Psychiatrist Office )

Morgan

(Morgan abruptly awakens from a deep sleep.) (Lying on sofa)(Pauses) What happened?

Dr.Trisester

(Sitting in chair facing Morgan) You were in a hypnotic state. While asleep, you mentioned a little girl.

Morgan

Yeah, that's right. I keep having the same dream. There's this little girl, in a pink dress and pig tales no more than six or seven. She's running from someone, trying to get away, when.... (pause) That's all I can remember.

Dr. Trisester

So what do you think the dreams mean?

Morgan

I don't wanna tell you how to do your job, but aren't you supposed to tell me?

Dr.Tresester

Tell me, what's a typical day for Detective Morgan?

Morgan

A typical day for me, Lets see. After waking up from a typical nightmare and a migraine, I get washed, dressed, have my morning coffee, then after that, I go out to catch bad guys.

Dr. Trisester

Is it really that simple? Because if it were, you wouldn't be here. So how often are you having these dreams?

Morgan

I didn't have them that often. Up until recently they've become more frequent.(Sits upright)

Dr.Trisester

(Writing on his pad) Do these dreams all end this way?

Morgan

Yes, it never goes any further than that.

Dr.Trisester

Well, the headaches and the dreams you've been experiencing could come from a number of things stemming from what may have been a traumatizing event in your life to a stressful environment. Your job, for instance. I can assure you that most people in your line of work can become stressed. What I would like you to do is to take some time off. Do something with the family. Even I find the need to get away once in a while. My place of choice, Australia. Once or twice a year I set out to the beautiful land down just to unwind. Get a little peace and tranquility. It's away for me to rejuvenate my mind, body and soul. When was your last vacation?

Morgan

It's been a while.

Dr. Trisester

There you have it. Make plans to do something other than work related. What are your plans this week?

Morgan

My son is having career day at his school and I'm the quest speaker.

Dr.Trisester

Well, that's a start. Maybe it'll take your mind off of some of the realities of the real world. Being around a bunch of kids can make you forget a lot of things. I know, I have three myself. So you give it try and I'm sure you will eventually be back to your ole self. (Both are standing)

Morgan

Tell me something doc. You hear all the time that most child petifiles have been victims themselves as child, so is it possible that a person could come from a perfectly normal family, have a normal life, never've been subjected to any sort of abusive background, be it sexual, mental or physical abuse, never have been exposed to any type of violent upbringing as a child but yet he still turns out to be some kind of psychotic, sick bastured, who get his rocks off by fuckin little boys and girls.

Dr. Trisester

It is very rare, but in some cases, studies have shown that some individuals have been known to difficulty distinguishing right from wrong. In fact he or she would have no morals to whatever urge they may have, whether it's stilling from a grocery store to molesting a child even worse, killing the child. There only goal would be for instant gratification despite the consequences or who it may harm. You see, there is an area in the cerebral which releases a chemical in the brain enabling each person to have empathy allowing us to know right from wrong or to have conscience, some people have more than others. Those with more may be very sensitive to others where as those with less would be more so insensitive, couldn't care less, but never the less would have what we call a guilty conscience, which is what separates us from any other living species living on this planet. "MAN" The only living creature born with a conscience, which leads you to wonder. Are we born with a conscience, or is it a learned emotion? There was a study done some time ago by a Dr. Ludwig Von Steuben I believe was his name if I'm correct. He believe that it was possible to behave more like a human, merely by changing its surroundings. In order to prove that the chimpanzee was capable of advance intelligence, he decided as an experiment, he would place the chimp side by side with an infant, his own child, so to prove that by having the chimpanzee watch the child, it would then begin to emulate what the child does. This experiment went on for several weeks. But what the doctor found was that instead of the chimp developing human like skills, the child’s behavior began to adapt to characteristics of the chimpanzee, which limited the child from developing any type intellectual capacity needless to say the experiment was immediately aborted. So you see, the human mind is a very complex organ, as powerful as it is delicate.

(int. son's classroom)

Morgan

(Standing in front of a class of first grade students) Alright, how many of you can tell me what a stranger looks like? (Most of the children raise their hands eagerly with answers.) (Picks a little boy near the back) Okay, how about the young man in the blue shirt back there. What's your name?

Little boy

My name is Anthony.

Morgan

Hello Anthony, can you describe what a stranger looks like?

Anthony

He has a mustache and a beard.

Morgan

Yes, that could describe a stranger. Can anybody give me another description? (The children raise their hands.) Alright, how about you right there with the big smile. What's your name?

David

David.

Morgan

Okay David, How would you describe a stranger?

David

He has little beady eyes and he wears a big hat.

Morgan

Well that would be another way of describing a stranger. Anybody else? (Hand is raised once again.) Okay, little lady with the baby blue eyes, and what's your name?

Little girl

Tammy, and my mommy says that a stranger doesn't always have to be a man, sometimes a stranger can be a lady.

Morgan

Your mommy's a smart lady. So you see a stranger can look like anybody. anyone that that you do not know would be considered a stranger.

Little boy

(Sitting next to Morgans' son) So, that means you're stranger?

Chris

(Raises voice to little boy) My dad's not a stranger.

Morgan

Well now, technically you're right. but since I am an officer of the law, I'm here to help and protect you from strangers who might want or try to harm you. So anytime you see a police officer, remember he's there to make sure you are safe and nobody can harm you. So think of the police officer as your friend, someone who's there for your safety and protect you from the bad guy.... Let me ask. How many of you know the difference between a good touch and a bad touch? (Several students throw their hands up. Looking around the class.) Let's see ahh how bout ahhh you! And what is your name?

Little boy

Richard.

Morgan

Okay Richard

Richard

A good touch is like when your mom hugs you and a bad touch is like when someone touches your private area. My mommy told me. (Focus on Ms. Miller as she looks on, she notices a little girl in red near the back of the room. She is smartly dressed with a sort of mature look about her. She appears sad and as the conversation continues tears become more visible.)

Morgan

If someone touches you in a manner that makes you feel uncomfortable, the best thing to do is first go tell your mom or your pop. Sometimes it might be hard for you to tell them. In that case, you should to another adult that you feel you can trust like your teacher. or an aunt or uncle. (Ms. Miller notices tears coming from her eyes. She quietly goes over to the little girl and quietly escorts her to another room.) Who can tell me what are one of the rules when walk home from school or to you neighborhood store?

(Several students raise their hands.)

Morgan

Okay, you, in the pretty green dress.

Girl in green

When walking home from school, always walk with friends or a parent.

Morgan

Good answer.

(Cut to other class room)

Ms. Miller

(Sitting across the table from lil red.) You know Siera, if there is any thing you need to talk about, you can always come to me.. I know you're not having problems with your class work. You're an "A" student. Is it one of your classmates? (Sierra signals no. Ms. Miller takes both Sierra's hands.) Sometimes it helps to talk to someone, someone like a friend and I'm sure that friend would do whatever they could to help you. I'd like to think that you and I are friends and friends never keep secrets from each other and they can talk about anything with each other...Is there something want to talk to me about? (Pause)

Sierra

(In a low soft timid voice.) My daddy makes me do grown up things.

Teacher

Honey, Sweetie, What do you mean? You can tell me. What kind of grown up stuff?

Sierra

(Pause a moment) My daddy comes in my room at night. He gets in bed with me. He makes me touch him. He touches me and it hurts. (Her eyes start to swell with tears.) Sometimes, I have to watch grown up movies with him when mommy's gone. He makes me do things to him and I don't wanna. He gets on top of me. He makes me take showers with him when mommy's away.....(Began to cry.) When I tell mommy, she just says I lie and I make up stories. She doesn't care. Nobody cares. I don't have anywhere to go. I don't have anybody to help me. Sometimes I wish I was dead. (Tears increase) He makes me sleep with him and it hurts. (Tears began to come from Teachers eyes.) It really hurts. I tell him to stop but won't stop. He puts his mouth on me and he makes me put my mouth on him. (Cries become hysterical.) He peepees in my mouth. Teacher rushes to Sierra's side to comfort her, holding her tight.)

(Cut back to Morgan and students)

Morgan

So if you're walking home from school make sure that you travel with one or more friends and always get your parents’ permission before going over your best friends or down to the corner store. (Teacher enters the class room.) (Shouting in a cheering manner) Alright who likes good touches?

School kids

(Shout out loud) Meee Meeee

Morgan

And what are good touches?

School kids

KISSES AND HUGGS FROM THE ONES WHO LOVE ME.

Morgan

And what are bad touches?

School kids

Secrets and feelings that make me uncomfortable.

Morgan

So if someone touches you in an area and it makes you feel uncomfortable, what do we do?

School kids

TELL MOMMY OR DADDY.

Morgan

Excellent. As far as I concerned, you all get an "A's" and for that, ice-cream’s on me.

School kids

(The children start cheering) YEAHHH!! (Ms. Miller walks over to Morgan, lean in and whispers something in his ear. Fade out.)

(Fade in)

(Morgan, Ms. Miller and Sierra are in an empty class room. Sierra is sitting at the table).

Ms. Miller

Detective Morgan, this is Sierra Hopkins.

Morgan

Hi Sierra

Ms. Miller

She's always been an "A" student but sort of quite, keeping to herself. Now it all seems to make sense. (Ms.Miller walks over to Sierra and stoops down by her). Okay honey, I want you to tell Detective Morgan what you told me. It's alright (Sierra looks up at Morgan. Fade out).

(Fade In int. corporate office)

(This scene takes place in an office building, eighty five floors high. There is a conference meeting and twelve corporate executives are sitting around the conference table. Mr. Hopkins has the floor).

Mr. Hopkins

(Standing at podium) This merger would add about $.25 trillion in assets administered for liberal funds and standard funds to the $1.3 trillion that New York-based DNY oversees. At this moment and time I believe it is in order to extend congratulations to a man who has singlehanded landed the (The secretary sticks her head through the conference room door in order to get Mr. Hopkins attention. He notices the secretary). Excuse me. I can see that my presence is needed elsewhere and it must be important because I thought I made it clear that I was not to be interrupted. (Exiting the room). This shouldn't take long. (Hopkins is greeted in the lobby by Jim and three other officers).

Jim

Mr. Hopkins?

Mr. Hopkins

Yes

Jim

Ted Hopkins?

Mr. Hopkins

(Slightly angrily) Yes, yes, now could you tell me what seems to be the problem?

(Cut back conference room)

(Unable to see or hear what's going on the gentlemen talk amongst themselves).

(Cut to lobby)

Jim

Well sir, we have reason to believe that you were involved in the molestation of a minor.

Mr. Hopkins

(Angrily) What is this? Some kind of a joke?

Jim

No sir, It is not.

Mr. Hopkins

There must be some mistake.

Jim

Sorry sir, but you're going to have to come with us.

Mr. Hopkins

I can't just leave in middle of an important business meeting.

Jim

That's not our problem. We're just here to do our job.

Mr. Hopkins

Can I at least adjourn the meeting? Please? (Pause) Just let me get my personal belongings. (pause) Where am I gonna go. This is the only entrance.

Jim

(Pause) Do what you have to do.

(Cut back to conference room)

(Hopkins enters the room and just stands by the door. He begins to break out in a sweat).

Board Member

Ted? Are you alright? Hopkins begins to panic). What is it? (Hopkins takes off running towards the window. He crashes through the window falling eight five floors to his death. Fade out).

(int. Fade in to coroners examination room)

(Morgan and coroner are standing over the body of one of the victims.)

Coroner

As you can see the instrument used in the castration of each of the victims had to have been pretty sharp like a surgical instrument. Maybe a scalpel of some sort. In any case, who's ever committing these acts of violence has a passion for very sharp objects.

Morgan

Why do you say that?

Coroner

I could see that each victim’s cuts were so deep and precise, the blade must've went through like a hot knife through butter.

(int.Cut to computer)

(Focus on computer keyboard with the hands of someone stroking the keys. Slowly pan up to the monitor. Display photos of nude young men in compromising positions. Several photos are viewed. Focus on one particular photo. Slowly zoom in closer to photo. Focus on keyboard. (Close up) Press enter.)

(int. Cut to Morgan at computer)

(Focus on computer keyboard. Pan out to Morgan at his desk. Cut to computer monitor. Display a photo of Judge Wilson and literature on bio.) (Press enter.) (Photo of eleven frat brothers founding frat brothers appear on screen. Caption underneath: "From left to right, Thomas Crain, James Withers, Edward Cook, Peter Klugman, Raymond Tyler, Charles Gavin, Keith Murphy, Marcus Levy, Francis Morgan, Vincent Ebersol, Timothy Caster, William Briggs. etc... Focus on the name Charles Gavin.

(int. Morgan’s home)

(Morgan enters the home. Chris runs and greats him at the door with a big hug.)

Chris

Daddeee! Did you bring me anything?

Morgan

Not today, maybe next time.

Chris

(Disappointed) Next time! You said that last time.

Morgan

Well this time I promise.

Chris

(Leaves a little disappointed muttering). Next time'll probably take forever.

(Sarah enters the room.)

Sarah

(Walks up to Morgan) So, how was your day?

Morgan

(Both embrace each other) Not half as good as my nights.(Kisses her)

Sarah

And did you keep your appointment with the doctor?

Morgan

Yes, I kept my appointment with the doctor.

Sarah

How did it go?

Morgan

It went as well as expected, but if I didn't know better, I'd the doc had the hots for me.

Sarah

I thought the doctor was a man.

Morgan

He is. A married man.

Sarah

He's married?

Morgan

Married.

Sarah

So what makes you think that this doctor is hot for you?

Morgan

I don't know.-- The way he looked at me. It just seemed a little strange.

Sarah

Maybe you misunderstood his actions.

Morgan

Maybe, but you never know, nowa days, There's a lot of undercover people that's ahh what you call, on the down low.

Sarah

So, should I have to worry about the doctor stealing my husband?

Morgan

(Jokingly) Only if he's as good a cook as you.(They kiss each other.) Or as good a kisser as you. (They give each other a more passionate kiss.)

(Cut to early evening)

(Morgan is on his home phone.)

Morgan

Hello, Senator Gavin? Charles Gavin?

Gavin

(Voice on phone) Yes this is he.

Morgan

You don't know me but I'm detective Daniel Morgan of the L A Police Department. I read that you were in the same alumni as my father Francis Morgan.

Gavin

Morgan, Morgan, You're Franks son?

Morgan

Yes

Gavin

It's been quite a while sense I've heard from Frank. How is he?

Morgan

He's doing well. The reason I called is that during an investigation, I came across a couple of people of whom you may have had in your court while serving as Judge, and if so, I wondered if you wouldn't mind if I asked a couple of questions?

Gavin

It's been a while, but whatever I can do to help

(Cut to home of Gavin)

(Wife, Mrs. Gavin is sitting on sofa, between seven year old twin granddaughters reading a story.

Mrs. Gavin

And the Prince and Princess lived happily ever after. The End

1st Twin

Can you read another one?

2nd Twin

Yeah yeah, this time make it scary.

Mrs. Gavin

Don't you want your ice-cream before you go to bed?(Twins exit in a hurry to the kitchen

with Mrs. Gavin trailing behind them.)

(Close up of Senator Gavin on phone.)

Morgan

Can you recall having a Larry Preston or Samual Jameel during the time your served as Judge?

Gavin

(A bit worried look on face) It's been so long ago, I don't think recognize either of those names. Are you sure I was the presiding judge on that case? It's possible that there may have been another judge during that trial.

Morgan

(Close up) Yes, I suppose it's possible. I'm sorry for taking up your time Senator.

Gavin

It's no bother. I just wish that I could have been of more help to you. If there's anything else that I can assist you with, please don't hesitate to call.

Morgan

Thank you, I will.

(Close up on Gavin hanging phone up with bemused look. Mrs. Gavin enters the room.)

Mrs. Gavin

Who was that dear?

Gavin

Just one of those survey people.

Mrs. Gavin

How did they happen to get this number?

Gavin

They always can find a way.

(Close up on Morgan. Int. Fade back to Senator Gavin’s home.)

Mrs. Gavin

(Standing in the doorway of twins bedroom.) You girls sleep tight and in the morning i'll make you a nice big breakfast. Goodnight.

Twins

Goodnight grandma.

Mrs. Gavin

(Mrs. Gavin begins searching for Mr. Gavin. First entering the family room which is empty.) Charles? The girls are in bed. Where are you ? (Walks down the hall.) I'll bet he's in that game room on that computer again. (Opens the door.) Charles, are you in here I..(Shocked, letting out a horrified scream echoing through the halls. Charles is hanging by one of his ties attached to the horn of one of his prized rhinos.)

( The alarm clock sounds startling Morgan from his sleep.)( int. shopping mall. Fade to shopping mall. In the middle of a busy food court sits a young girl appearing to be in early teens waiting for someone. A man walks up and sits at the table with her. Seconds later Morgan and several officers move in to make the arrest. The man looks *surprised.)*

Morgan

( Flashing his badge.) You're under arrest for the solicitation of a minor. (Stands suspect and cuffs him.)

Suspect

Wait, wait a minute there must be a mistake. This is not what it looks like. I mean she, I, we. I'm wasn't trying, Look please. I've never done this before. I'm a college professor, married with three kids. Please, I promise it'll never happen again.

Morgan

Yeah sure, that's what they all say and you never miss a day in church.

Suspect

Please, please This can't be happening to me. I'm gonna lose everything.

Morgan

Yep, just for a young peace of ass. You should've thought of that before you decided it was worth the risk.

(int. precinct)

(Morgan and Jim are walking through the precinct cluttered with police activity and procedures.)

Jim

The perv that was brought in the other day was transferred to a Jackson Prison yesterday.

Morgan

He's supposed to be on suicidal watch. Who gave the authorization?

Jim

Judge Murphy.

Morgan

(Pause) He knows what it's like in there and that Briggs wouldn't last a day in there. Maybe that's what he's hoping.

Jim

If you ask me, whatever happens to that son of a bitch is nothing, compared to what he deserves. Anyhow that's one less perv wasting tax payer’s money. Besides we just knocked another one of those assholes out of commission, and that bustard is going to pay. His whole career, his whole lifestyle, all down the drain. Ohh yeah, he's gonna suffer. So in celebration of today’s catch, beer is on me.

Morgan

Yeah, but he's not the only one who suffers. (Pause)

(Fade to correctional facility)

(The inmates are in an uproar, shouting obscenities and shouting through the prison bars. Close up

of Bryan's badly beaten face as he walks slowly down the corridor of the fifth level. Slowly zoom out. With his right hand clutching a blood drenched pillow between his legs, he staggers to the rail. Prison guards are hurrying to get to him yelling and shouting at him. Cut to Bryan from behind. Blood runs down the back of his legs from anal hemorrhaging, stumbling as he walks down the corridor against the rail. Pan back to the prison guards running to get to Bryan. Suddenly the guards stop about ten feet away from Bryan. Pan back to Bryan in a state of shock, standing on top of the rail.)

Prison guard

STOP! NO! NO! HEY!

(Bryan slowly leans forward falling head first to the ground floor. The fall forces head back to the middle of his back.)

(int. Fade to bar scene)

(Morgan and Jim are sitting at the bar, having a beer and conversation.)

Morgan

Tell me something, you're a religious man, who goes to church faithfully on a regular bases. I'll never understand why. The big question, why! Nobody will ever know. Everybody has their own reasons or explanations for why things happen, but no one really knows. Yeah, everything happens for a reason. How do you know that, because that's the only way to deal with situations out of our control? Maybe there is no reason for everything that happens. Maybe things just happen. Why do we have to have an answer for everything that happens and when we don't know the answers, it's always by Gods will. You got innocent people being killed, whole families who've done nothing but help others in the name of God just to turn around and be wiped out by son drunk driving asshole, children being abused, molested and who knows what other heinous crimes are being committed to them, and the worst part is that there is no profile on these basturds that commit these crimes. It could be anybody, from teachers, politicians, celebrities, preachers and even worse, the very people that brought you into this world, and who do we have to blame, Satan, the devil, Why? because it makes it easier to except when a van filled with a family of six, a pasture, his wife and four kids coming from bible study are all killed in a collision with a drunk driver and the only survivor with minor scratches is the drunk driver! and the only reason you give for something like that is that it's the work of the devil or that it's God's will. Sometimes it just seems like we're fighting an endless battle.

Jim

Fuck! somebody's gotta do it.

Morgan

When does it all end?

Jim

Maybe it doesn't. It's been going on since the beginning of man, why would it stop. Look, we came to try and relax, ease our minds, get rid of some of the tension. By the way, are you still having those headaches?

Morgan

Only when I'm asleep.

Jim

You should do what I do, Smoke a fat blunt and I'll bet you get to sleep good. (pause) What? Montel does it. It's legal now.

Morgan

(Notices photo on TV monitor) Wait, wait, hold on. Turn that up. (Bartender turns up the TV).

(TV News Lady)

Yesterday evening, the body of Senator Charles Gavin was discovered by his wife hanging from the horn of one of his trophy wild game rhinos. Also found near the body was a note that read " I'm sorry". (Pause).

(Fade to later that evening)

(The partly cover nude body of a young man lye half asleep face down on the left side of the bed.

His left foot is hanging off the edge of the bed. The only source of light is from a lit fireplace. When

out of nowhere, the perp straddle the victim down and begins to bludgeon him to death, clutching his

mouth to muffle the screams as each plunge with the butcher knife Pearce’s deeper than the last.

The first insertion is forced between the shoulder blades. With anger and tears in his eyes he

continues stabbing the victim with extreme force. With each gash, the victim gasps his last breath.)

(Cut to next morning ext.)

(A doorbell rings. Morgan is standing at the front door of Mrs. Gavin)

Mrs. Gavin

(A voice from other side of door) Yes, who is it?

Morgan

Mrs. Gavin?

Mrs. Gavin

Yes

Morgan

Detective Morgan, I talked with you earlier.

(int. trophy room)

Mrs. Gavin

He'd spend a lot of his time here, smoking his pipe, reading or on the

computer. Sometimes for hours.

Morgan

Computer, you said computer. Where is it? I don't see it.

Mrs. Gavin

Well, it used to be here on the desk, until they came to get it.

Morgan

Who came to get it and why?

Mrs. Gavin

They were from the United States Government. They said it was government property and that there may be information in it that could pose a national security threat. Oh excuse my manors, but can I get you anything, coffee, tea, water?

Morgan

A glass of water would be just fine thank you.

(Mrs. Gavin exits the room. Morgan starts looking around the room. He notices the bookshelf filled

with books has one book that stands out a little more than the others. He pulls the book from the

shelf only to find that it is used to store a removable hard drive. He takes the hard drive and quickly

conceals it in his pocket before Mrs. Gavin returns. Mrs. Gavin returns with the glass of water.)

Mrs. Gavin

I didn't know if you wanted ice or not, so I brought one with and one without.

Morgan

Thank you (Takes the glass of water and drinks a couple of sips.) So ahh tell me, has Senator Gavin ever given any indication that he may have been depressed about anything or that something could have been troubling him?

Mrs. Gavin

No, everything seemed to be fine.

Morgan

Would you say that he spent a lot of his time on the computer?

Mrs. Gavin

There were time when he'd spend the majority of his time on the computer, but I just thought that it came with the job as a public official.

Morgan

How are the twin girls taking it.

Mrs. Gavin

They're doing fine. Why do you ask?

Morgan

Well, I mean they were here when it happened, I just thought that it may have had some effect on them.

Mrs. Gavin

You know children are a lot stronger than we give them credit for.

Morgan

How did they feel about Senator Gavin ?

Mrs. Gavin

What do you mean?

Morgan

I mean did they enjoy being around him?

Mrs. Gavin

(Slightly angry) Of course they loved him. He was there grandfather. I'm sorry but I don't think we should continue this conversation. I'm afraid I'm going have to ask you to leave.

Morgan

I'm sorry, I didn't mean to offend you or Senator Gavin. I was just trying to understand why would someone take his life all of a sudden with no sign to indicate that there was something wrong. Again, I want to apologize for my insensitivity. I guess it come with the job. Please if you happen to remember anything that might help in finding out why or how this could've happened, please contact me at this number. (Hands her a business card) My home number is also on there.

(Fade to flashback)

(Fade to residential area. Off in the distance, the sounds of an ice-cream truck can be heard. The

muffled sounds of a male voice yelling, begins to fade in. Focus on a particular house. Slowly zoom

in on the house as the sounds of the male voice gets louder and more clear.

Male voice

(In a drunken fit, shouting and raving) Get your ass out here. I know you're around here somewhere. I told you to fix me some dinner. And why is this goddamn house so fuckin dirty? (Sounds of glass and furniture being smashed can be heard coming from the house.) (Shouting louder) Come out. Don't make me have to come and get you. You hear me? Wait till I get my hands on you. Shit lying around. You won’t clean up shit. I see you! Come here! (A child dressed in a pink dress with long blond hair bursts through the screen door, running towards the street.) (Shouting) Go ahead, get the fuck out. And don't come back.

(Running between parked cars, the child stumbles and falls in the middle of the street. As she begins to get up, she makes eye contact with the boy who lives next door as he peeks out of his screen door. He appears to be about 16 years of age. As they stare for what seems an eternity, the boy turns slightly and sees an automobile coming down the street trigger the girl to do so, only in time for her to through her arm up over here face.)

(int. doctors’ office

(Morgan abruptly awakens in the doctor’s office.)

Dr. Lorin Trisester

Are you alright?

Morgan

(In a cold sweat) Yeah (Brief pause) No

Dr. Lorin Trisester

The same dream?

Morgan

Yeah, but this time there was a kid. He looked maybe fifteen, sixteen. He was standing in the door way next door. He just stood and watched the little girl in the street.

Dr. Trisester

And you say you've never seen either of these children before?

Morgan

No. But I can't shake the feeling that I know them from somewhere.

Dr. Trisester

Is it possible that they could have been from one of your cases?

Morgan

I suppose it is possible. But I pride myself in remembering every case I've had. So why can't I remember this?

Dr. Trisester

Let me tell you something about the human brain. As powerful and complicated the brain may be, it is as equally a delicate instrument. And under certain circumstances it can be manipulated by a number of things such as a blow to the head, psychological abuse, any kind of trauma that could have happened years ago.

Dr. Trisester

So tell me, you say the headaches only occur after having these reoccurring dreams?

Morgan

Yes.

Dr. Trisester

How long have you been having these dreams and how often do you have them?

Morgan

Up until recently it used to be just the headaches maybe once every two or three weeks, but the headaches would only last for about forty or fifty seconds.

Dr. Trisester

So, tell me how has it been at work? Does the headaches ever at any time interfere with your performance as a detective?

Morgan

No, it's never bothered me while working on any case, and I can remember every case in detail I've had since the first day I became a police officer.

Dr. Trisester

Sometimes a stressful occupation can cause a person to experience symptoms such as headaches, reoccurring dreams, loss of memory, even hallucinations. Work related stress can cause a number of mental as well as physical problems. In your line of work, it wouldn't be hard to determine. Look, I'm going to proscribe--

Morgan

No! I don't do pills. Never have, never will.

Dr. Trisester

Look Daniel, You've got to meet me have way. Even though our session were supposed to be once a week, you've only made it to three meetings in two months. I can't help someone who doesn't want to be helped. You've got to decide on whether you want to be helped or not.

(Both Morgan and Trisester stand up) I'll tell you what. I'm going to write out a prescription (begins to write on a scrap of paper)

Morgan

I thought I told you, I don't do pills.

(The doctor shows Morgan the paper, It read R&R in large letters.) R&R!

Dr. Trisester

Yes! That's exactly what you need. Take some time off, get away from some of the realities of everyday life. I can tell you this. Some of the symptoms you've been experiencing can be due to stress.

(Both men stand as if to head towards the door.)

Morgan

Yeah, easier said than done Doc. While I'm taking time off, for a little R&R, there's a child predator out there somewhere working overtime. I don't think I could if I wanted to. Besides if I don't do it, who will? You know what I think? I think that once this son of a bitch is caught and put behind bars waiting to be fried, will be the day that the dreams and headaches I've been having will all be over.(Notices a family photo on the doctor's desk). Has that been here all the time?

Dr. Trisester

What is it?

Morgan

This picture of what looks like your family.

Dr. Trisester

Ever since I moved into the office.

Morgan

I don't know why I didn't notice that. I've always thought of myself as being pretty observant. You'd think that after coming hear three months I would've noticed a picture of your family in the middle of the desk.

Dr. Trisester

Daniel, let me ask you something, have you ever experienced any sort of memory loss, be it short term or long?

Morgan

Would I know it if I had?

Dr. Trisester

You know, there are many obvious signs that would suggest memory loss such as forgetting where you left your keys or not remembering your own phone number. Everybody experiences some sort of short term memory loss.

Morgan

I guess that would make me no different than the next man, except for the headaches.

Dr. Trisester

Yeah, that's what we're here to try and find out why you're having these migraines and the reoccurring dreams. On our next meeting, do you think that it would be possible to bring your wife to the session?

Morgan

Why would need to see her.

Dr. Trisester

It's nothing to alarmed about. It's just that she may be able to give more insight as to your behavior when you're home and interacting with Chris and Lisa.

Morgan

How'd you know their names?

Dr. Trisester

Daniel, you've been coming here for two months now. Surely, you've mentioned their names once or twice. By the way, have there been any changes in their habits or the way they act when you're around?

Morgan

No! my kids are fine. Nothings changed in the way behave around me or in school.

Dr. Trisester

I just thought subtle changes by the children may not be noticeable. Such mood swings or not wanting to do their favorite things.

Morgan

Believe me doc, if there were any changes in my kid’s behavior, I would notice, especially if it was towards me. Maybe we need to stop these sessions. It doesn't seem to doing any good.

Dr. Trisester

I can't make you come in, but in order for you to get well you're going to have to take the sessions more serious. Now, I'm hoping you're able to attend next week’s session and have your wife.

Morgan

I'll see what I can do doc. But I can't make any promises. There's a syco loose out there and I have job to do.

(int. precinct)

(Two officers are sitting at computers surfing the internet in a room used to search for online child predators.)

Officer Reginal Bradford

Check this out. (Booth officers look at the monitor.) Will you look at what's going on with the forty ounce.... The things some people won't do

2nd Officer

What's up with the midget? I mean little person... That is politically correct, right?

(Morgan enters the room. The officers are slightly startled. 2nd officer exits the room.)

Morgan

Regi,

Officer Bradford

Yes sir.

Morgan

I need you to do something for me.

Braford

No problem.

Morgan

You know how I feel about computers, and my daughter spends most of the time on the internet on some site, My room, My place, My something where she gets her e-mail, talk to her friends from school, hell she knows more about computers and the internet than me or my wife.

Bradford

How is Lisa? Did that knew software I gave her help with her homework?

Morgan

Yeah yeah yeah, just tell me you can do it.

Bradford

Hey, I could put a virus in every computer in this country, and know would be able to fix it. I can tap into any computer on this planet. How bout that!

Morgan

So why aren't you somewhere making billions like Bill Gates?

Bradford

I love my job. I just love busting these perverted psychos.

Morgan

OK look, I want you to get whatever information you can off of this. (Morgan hands the portable drive to officer Bradford.) Do you think you can you do it?

Bradford

There hasn't been a drive yet made that I can't get into. If I can't do it, I don't know who can.(Bradford begins to attempt to access the drive, but is denied on first attempt.) Oohhh, looks like we have a little challenge.. Well let’s see just how much of a challenge you are. (His second attempt is denied. He cracks his knuckles.) Ok you wanna play do you?

2nd officer

(2nd officer enters) Detective Morgan, Captain wants to see you in his office.

Morgan

Yeah in a sec. (Lowers voice to Bradford.) Keep this between you and me. Any information you get off of that drive I want to know a.s.a.p..

Bradford

Will do.

Morgan

(Speaking sarcastically) Ohh and about that forty ounce, keep up the good work. I'm sure tax payers would love know that their tax dollars aren't going to waste.

(int. Captain Wilcoxs' Office)

(Morgan enters Captain Wilcox's office.)

Morgan

You wanted to see me?

Captain Wilcox

Yeah, you wanna sit down? (Morgan sits down)

Morgan

What's up?

Captain Wilcox

That's funny, cause that's what I was about to ask you.

Morgan

What do you mean?

Captain Wilcox

You know what I mean. You haven't been keeping your appointments with the doctor.

Morgan

I just don't see what good it's--

Captain Wilcox

Oohh you don’t' see. Since when did you become a psychotherapist? Where is your degree in psychology? Was there something in your files that I missed? Look, as captain of this unit, it's up to me to make sure that each and every one the of officers are mentally as well as physically able to perform their duties one hundred percent while on the job. If for whatever reason, you cannot do so, I will have to order you off the case. Is that understandable?

Morgan

Yes sir.

Captain Wilcox

Now, you wanna tell me why you paid a visit to Senator Gavins home?

Morgan

How did you know that? You keeping tabs on me now?

Captain Wilcox

Fuck yes i'm keepin tabs on you and everybody in this precinct. It’s my job. You'd be surprised who's keepin tabs on you, me, hell! the whole goddambed police force. It's my business to keep tabs on everyone in this department, especially when they decide to take upon themselves to harass the widows of senators. In particularly, those with priority cases. Everybody's being watched and there's not a damb thing you or I can do about it. Nobody's above suspicion, yeah even you. Look all i'm saying is you can't be sure about anybody. You never know who's watching you or what they know about you Hell, with this internet shit, anybody can find out just about whatever they wanted to about whomever. So, what's the story?

Morgan

Nothing that you should be concerned about. It's just the senator was an old friend of my fathers and I just wanted to pay my respects to Mrs. Gavin. If there is nothing else, I don't wanna be late picking up my daughter from school.

Captain Wilcox

That'll be all detective. (Morgan begins to leave) By the way, how are Sarah and the kids?

Morgan

They're good.

(int. The Department of The Exploitation of Children)

(Bradford is at the computer trying to get the information that Morgan requested. A 2nd officer is on another computer a few feet away from Bradford. Morgan enters.)

Morgan

How's it coming?  
Bradford

I'll tell you, whoever designed the software for this must have been a genius, or close to it, but today he's going to meet his match.(As he's typing his computer crashes.) Ohh shit! what just happened.

Morgan

What's the matter?

Bradford

I knew the CPU in these computers couldn't handle it once they were put to the test. Well so much for the tax payers’ dollars. I'll probably have to finish this at home. I have a system that makes this look like child’s play. Besides whenever I'm late, the little lady gets mad.

Morgan

I didn't know you were married.

2nd Officer

Yeah, to his cat.

Bradford

You're just jealous because that's more pussy than you will ever get.

.

Morgan

So do you think you can gain access to the drive?

Bradford

It's probably has an inscription that will have to be converted into a format that can make it legible for people like us to understand. This drive has what is called a failsafe trigger which means that is someone were to try and access any data or information from this drive without entering the correct code or password, it would melt down any and every bit of data on your computer as well as self-destruct all information on the device. But I think, No! I know I could get around that on my system. It may take a little while, but it can be done. Just give me a minute on my system at home and I'll have this puppy singin like a canary. Even if it takes me all night, which it won't.

Morgan

That's what I wanted to hear. Remember--

Bradford

Yeah yeah, as soon as I get it, you get it.

Morgan

Good man.

(ext. Morgan in vehicle)

(Morgan pulls up to his daughter’s school. He sees an older gentle kneeling down talking to his daughter. He immediately gets out of his car. With a slightly frantic look but angry, he rushes towards the gentleman. Just before approaching the gentleman his daughter sees him.)

Lisa

Daddy! what took you so long? (Lisa is standing with a gentleman who happens to be her teacher and five other classmates waiting for their parents. Morgan looks embarrassingly surprised.

Morgan

I'm sorry pumpkin, but I was tied up in traffic.

Lisa

Daddy, this my teacher, Mr. Allen.

Morgan

(Both men shake hands.) Hi How you doing?

Mr. Allen

Good good, I finally get to meet you. I've heard a lot about you. Mrs. Morgan usually picks up Lisa.

Morgan

Yeah, well I thought let her have the day off.

Mr. Allen

You know, Lisa's very proud of you.

Morgan

Well I'm very proud of her.

Mr. Allen

I don't remember seeing you at either of the P.T.C. meetings.

Morgan

I wish I could but my job just won't permit me.

Mr. Allen

Maybe someday you could take some time out of your busy schedule and chaperone on one of our field trips coming up soon huh?

Morgan

(Morgan and daughter start towards the car.) Yeah, I'll try and see what I can do. Good talking to you.

Mr. Allen

Nice meeting you. (Fade out)

(Fade in. Scene takes place in Sarah's drive way. Sarah and Chris are getting out of the car. Sarah sees their neighbor, Mrs. Miller who lives directly across the street, standing in her front yard. They make eye contact.)

Sarah

Hello Mrs. Fisher.

Mrs. Fisher

Hello. Can I speak with you for a moment? (Mrs. Fisher, a neighbor walks over from across the street.) Hello Christopher. How's my little angel?

Chris

Fine

Mrs. Fisher

I didn't want to alarm you I just thought I should tell you that I noticed a strange man sitting in a car in front of your house the other day. He didn't get out or anything. He just sat there for about fifteen or twenty minutes then he just up and left. I didn't get a good look at him but he seemed distinguished. I could see that he wore a suit and tie. I hope it wasn't anything serious.

Sarah

I'm sure it was probably nothing, maybe someone with the wrong address or just someone texting. and I really want to thank you again for watching Chris last week.

Mrs. Fisher

Well, you know if ever you need me to keep an eye on little Christopher, I'm always more than happy to.

Sarah

Yeah, He really enjoyed himself last time and again, thank you.

Mrs. Fisher

No, no, no, don't thank me, it was a pleasure to him over to the house (Speaking to Chris)

and you young man are welcome in my home anytime you want.

(int. Morgans home)

(Morgan and Lisa enter. Lisa detours, in a hurry, straight to her computer. Morgan greets wife.)

Lisa

Hi mom.

Sarah

Hi honey.

Morgan

(Embraces wife) Mmm you smell good. (Kisses wife)Tastes good too. Is that all for me?

Sarah

Well, who else would it be for?

Morgan

(In a joking manner) Let's see, Well there's the mail man, the milk man, oh and the delivery boy down the street.

Sarah

Yeah well today, I thought I'd do it just for you.

Morgan

Ohh! Well thank (kiss) you (kiss) for (kiss) thinking of me (kiss). (Looking in the refrigerator) So did they work you hard at the office?

Sarah

(At counter preparing dinner) No different than any other day. I spent most of the day proof reading manuscript that wasn't worth the paper it was printed on, much less be published and distributed for readers. It would suit me fine if I never read another piece of literature by Sheldon Lieberman in this life time which I had to do because Gary, the person who usually does the proof reading had to leave because his wife was having a baby, Come to find out, this was the third false alarm this week. I could probably understand if it were his first child, but his fourth. By now she should know the difference between a false alarm and the real thing. One of these days, that place is going to drive me insane.

Morgan

(With a beer in his hand) All the more reason we should dump this place, sale the house and move up North where it's peaceful and quiet and the crime rate is so low that the most excitement deputies get up there is jay walkers.

Sarah

Yeah well even so, I have to admit, I do love my job. Besides what about the Lisa and Christopher? They'll be leaving all their friends, their school.

Morgan

You could do the same thing up there, only quieter and safer as for the kids, they've got school up there and they kids can make new friends.

Sarah

Maybe, but it just wouldn't be the same. I know I sometimes complain about the hard work, the many hours and how it seems that they don't appreciate the work I do, but I'm happy there. I don't know why, but I just am.

Morgan

Well, If it makes you happy, it makes me happy, just as long as we're together.(Kisses Sarah) Now, where's my little buddy?

Sarah

He's watching his favorite show as he faithfully does.

(Cut to din)

(Chris is sitting down watching TV. Cartoon characters can be heard coming from the TV set. Morgan enters.)

Morgan

Hay buddy, whatcha watching?

Chris

(Not taking his eyes off the screen.) TV.

Morgan

(Sit next to Chris) I can see that. I meant what are you watching on TV?

Chris

(Still has eyes are focused on the TV screen.) Cartoons.

Morgan

I can see that too. What's the name of this cartoon?

Chris

(While still watching TV.) Sponge Bob.

Morgan

Ohh so you like Sponge Bob. When I was your age, the kind of cartoons--

Chris

(Keeping eyes on sponge bob, the cartoon.) Dad, dad sshh.

Morgan

--I use to wa (Sentence cut short.)

(Cut to Lisa on computer)

(Anonymous message to Lisa) Hello Lisa!

Lisa

(Who r u? and how did you get into my chat room? It's for members only.)

Anonymous

(That's a pretty color dress you're wearing.)

Lisa

(Who is this?)

Anonymous

(Never mind that. I have a message for Detective Morgan.)

Lisa

(Yelling at the top of her voice) Dad!

Morgan

What is it sweetie?

Lisa

It's for you. (Morgan sits at the computer.) How did he know my name?

Morgan

It's ok, Go watch your brother. I'll ahh deal with this. (Lisa remains standing in door way.) (Morgan raises his voice.) GO! (Lisa leaves doorway. Morgan begins typing. "This is Morgan. Who are you?)

Anonymous

(I'm the one you're looking for.)

Morgan

(How do I know that?)

Anonymous

(There are some things that you just know.)

Morgan

(What do you want?)

Anonymous

(I want it to END.)

Morgan

(That's up to you.)

Anonymous

(NO... It's up to you.)

Morgan

(Why is it up to me?)

Anonymous

(Because I can't stop.)

Morgan

(Why can't you stop?)

Anonymous

(I don't know. I just know that if you don't stop me, I'll do it again.)

Morgan

(Who is this?)

(No response)

(Hello!)

(No response)

(Hello!)

(No response)

(Sarah appears in doorway.)

Sarah

Honey, What is it?

Morgan

I don't know. Some pervert managed to find his way into the chat room that Lisa uses.

Sarah

How was he able to do that?

Morgan

I don't know, but Lisa's not to use the computer except for homework definitely not to go on the chat room for a while.

(Cut to din)

(Chris and Lisa are sitting on the sofa. Morgan leans in the doorway.)

Morgan

I'm gonna need you to stay out of the chat room for a little while, unless you're being supervised.

Lisa

Awl but what..

Morgan

No buts about it. Okay! (Lisa pouts) OKAY!

Lisa

Alright.

Chris

I can't hear the TEEVEEEE

(Later that evening at Bradford home. Bradford is sitting at his computer desk eating a sandwich. The lights are very low. As he types on his computer, he stops and looks around as though he may have heard something. He takes a bite of his sandwich and continues to type. His eyes light up in a fearful way from what he found on the removable drive. He continues to type becoming more afraid, breathing harder with each stroke. He then grabs the house phone but changes his mind and decides to use his cellphone instead. He dials up detective Morgan.)

(Cut to Bradford’s home. It is in the evening and Bradford is at his computer. He starts to get a little nervous because of his findings He is startled by his cat jumping up on his computer desk.)

Cat

Meow.

Bradford

What is it? You wanna go outside? In a minute. (Puts the cat on the floor and continues to type. His discovery prompts him to call Detective Morgan. Speaking in a slightly panic tone.) Morgan, I've been working on it all day. You’ve got to see this. This is big. OH SHIT! I mean really big. There’re names, big names of people in high positions. People you wouldn't believe. Doctors, lawyers, judges, politicians, doing things to little kids, boys and girls. It's disgusting. I mean this thing reaches all the way to the White House. This is major big, I mean really big.

Morgan

You said that.

Bradford

The only way you're going to be able to gain access is by putting in the access code. Without it, you won't know who's in this sick game of trading and selling these kids. God! This is a sick world we live in...I was able to by bypassing the binary codes. Once you've gained entry, you'll have about 10 seconds to put in the code or you can forget it. It's gone for good. The whole central processer and memory will dissolve and there's no way to recover it.

Morgan

What about the code.

Bradford

I'm working on it. It could be a combination of letters, numbers or both. It could be something as simple as a pets' name or an acronym of some company, but you gotta be right the first time or you can forget it. I'm not gonna have enough time to figure it out. (Bradford Continues typing to figure out the code.)Damb it. It's gonna take a while. And Morgan, your uncle, Judge Carl Wilson, is not just a member, looks like he's one of the founders. You've got to see it to believe it. I'm talkin on a global scale. These are people you do not fuck with. I think there might be some kind of tracking device built in this drive. If it is, it's too late now. (Frustrated) Shit. I can't get the code. You can't just guess it. You'd probably have a better chance guessing the lottery.

Morgan

(On receiving end) Bradford, get out of there, now!

Bradford

You don't have to tell me twice. But there's good and bad news. The good is that there’re only four spaces to fill. The bad, you have a one in a trillion chance to guess it. And Morgan, one mistake and you don't get a do over.

Morgan

Meet me at my stomping ground in 15 minutes. You know the place.

Bradford

Yeah Just hurry! I can't stay on too long, they might be listening. (Hangs up)

Morgan

(On receiving end) What are you talking about? Who might be listening? (pause) Bradford hello. hello, hello.

Sarah

(int. Morgan's home. Sitting next to Morgan) Honey! What's wrong?

Morgan

It's Bradford . (Grabs coat and car keys.) I gotta run. (Kisses Sarah) I'll be back.

(Cut to Bradford. Sitting at his computer typing up more information. The lights are slightly dim. His phone rings.)

Bradford

('"Ring, ring) Hello! (pause) Hello! (Someone on the receiving end hangs up. Paranoia starts to set in. He begins to think he's hearing things. He looks around the room.) Who’s there? (He then continues typing. He is startled by a noise. He gets up and slowly begins searching throughout the house.) Lady, Lady! (He approaches his front door, opening it to find no one there. Then closes the door and immediately returns to his computer. Finishes up on the computer an immediately shuts down the computer. Takes the removable hard drive and puts it in his pocket. He then grabs his coat, his keys and his Lady, his cat. He hurry’s towards the front door. Just as he begins to exit the front door, he is met with a baseball bat to the face. He falls back into the house dropping his cat. The cat runs off. Three thugs enter his home. As he lies down in horrific pain and blood cover face.)

1st Thug cop

I'm sure you know we're not here to play games. So don't make this any harder than it should be.

Bradford

What are you talking about?

1st Thug cop

You know damb well what I'm talking about. Now where is it?

Bradford

Look, you got the wrong person. I don't know what you're talking about

1st Thug cop

So that's how you wanna do it. Unfortunately we don't have that much time. (Signals other two with the nod of his head. The 2nd thug walks over to Bradford and shoots him in the knee cap. Bradford yells out in excruciating pain.

Bradford

Eeoouuhh!

1st Thug cop

Now where is it?

Bradford

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

1st Thug cop

(Signals with nod of his head.) Get it out of him. ( The two thug cops begin to repeatedly beat Bradford. First, a blow to the face. Then to the back of his head. Then to the chest. They continue the beatings for several minutes.)

Bradford

Look, I don't have what you're looking for.

1st Thug cop

It's just gonna get worse. Why don't you just tell me where it is?

Bradford

Because, I don't have it.

1st Thug cop

Are you willing to die for something that's beyond your control? Something that doesn't involve you? Something that shouldn't have involved you?

Bradford

Like I said, I don't have what you're looking for.

(2nd thug cop puts a gun up to Bradford’s' head.)

1st Thug cop

I can see that you don't place much value on your own life. (2nd thug cop cocks the gun. "Click" Bradford’s cat enters the room.)

Cat

Meow.

(Bradford’s' eyes show his fear for his cat.)

1st Thug cop

Ohh, so maybe there is something you do give a fuck about. Hear kitty kitty. Hear kitty kitty.

Bradford

No! Lady, go back.

1st Thug cop

(Picks up the cat.) Well, if you don't give a shit about your life, then maybe this little pussy will help persuade you to give me what I'm here for. ( Puts the gun to the cat head.)

Bradford

(Bradford slowly but reluctantly reaches in his pocket.)

(Second thud snatches the drive out of Bradford’s hand. He then hands it over to the 1st thug.)

1st Thug cop

(Snickers) I would've never thought to look there. Now see, we could've avoided a whole lot of bullshit if you had just cooperated from the start. (Puts the cat down on the floor. (Pauses approx. three seconds, then pulls out a gun and shoots the cat nine times.)

Bradford

(Screams in tears) Noooo!

1st Thug cop

Hum, I guess they don't have nine lives. (Orders other two thug cops) Tare it up.

(2nd thug cop begin bashing Bradford’s computer system while the 3rd thug cop douses the house with gasoline.)

1st Thug cop

(Before exiting the home.) Finish it.

(2nd thug cop walks up to Bradford and at close range, puts the gun up to Bradford’s head.)

Bradford

(Bradford mutters) I love my job. (2nd thug cop pulls the trigger shooting Bradford in the head at close range.)

(Cut to Morgan at a small diner. Morgan is sitting in the both of a small diner. He checks his watch. Waits a few minutes then makes a call from his mobile phone only to each Bradford’s voice mail. Waits a few seconds then rushes out of the diner.)

(int. Morgan in automobile)

(While speeding through traffic, he uses his mobile phone to try and contact Bradford, reaching Bradford’s voice mail again As Morgan nears Bradford’s home, he starts to slow down. There are fire fighters racing to put out the fire which in gulps Bradford’s home.)

(int. Psychiatrists office)

Morgan

(Morgan is sitting.) Yesterday, an officer was killed, house set fire and a bullet through his skull. He hadn't been on the force more than two years.

Dr. Trisester

(Sitting behind his desk.) Somehow I get the feeling that you think that his death may have been in some way your fault.

Morgan

Let me put this way. If he hadn't requested that he do something for me, he may still be here today.

Dr. Trisester

You know if every captain, chief, or authoritive figure felt that they were in fact responsible for the death of someone because of an order they gave to be carried out, there would enough psychiatrist to handle the work load. You can't blame yourself for something that's beyond your control. Besides, you couldn't have known that the request you made to the officer would have ultimately attributed to his death.

Morgan

That's just it. Maybe I did.

Dr. Trisester

Okay, how about this, I'm going to put in a request to move your appointments to twice a month.

Morgan

No can do doc.

Dr.Trisester

Why not?

Morgan

Look doc, the only reason I'm here is because I'm ordered to be here. If it weren't for that, I'd be out doing my job, and that's catching the bad guys.

Dr. Trisester

Are you sure?

Morgan

As sure as I'm sitting here. I mean don't get me wrong. I respect all psychiatrists and believe that they do help the people that really need it but I just feel I got a job to do and I can't do it if I'm spending most of my time in a shrink’s office.

Dr.Trisester

That's understandable but I do believe you have a few more appointments. Will you try and attend those?

Morgan

I can't make any promises, but I'll do what I can.

(Cut to coroner examination room.)

(Morgan enter examination room. Coroner is standing at the table finishing up preparations on the body of a severely beaten seven year old child.)

Coroner

This is the part of my job I can never get used to. Several teeth smashed in, brain concussion do to being struck with a blunt object, three cracked ribs. This is what happens when a judge awards a child back to a home where the abuse has been going on for years. (Pause in an attempt to hold back the tears.)

Morgan

Are you alright?

Coroner

I'll be alright. It's just that, when you have to examine a four month old child and find seven ounces of semen in its stomach, it makes you want to know how could something like this be happening. What kind of sick perverted asshole could do that to a baby? This world just doesn't seem to be getting any better. I sometimes think that maybe this is not the job I was meant to do. These are just defenseless children, who can't speak for themselves.

Morgan

That's where we come in. We can speak for them and if it falls on deaf ears, we'll just have to speak louder until someone hears.

Coroner

(Both Morgan and the coroner walk over to the examination table where the charred body of Bradford lye.) This is an entirely different story.

Morgan

So, what can you tell me?

Coroner

Well, I can tell you this, underneath all this ash is the body of someone who's been beaten very badly. There were several head concussions, nine broken ribs, dislocated cervical vertebrae, left clavicle shattered, left knee cap shattered from gunshot, fractured pelvic, about a dozen broken bones in left hand. I could go on. I can say this, that before he died, he was practically tortured. As if that wasn't enough to kill him. He actually died from a bullet to the head at close range. The beating alone should've been enough to kill him long before the bullet did the job. Either he had a very high threshold for pain or whatever they were looking for, they must've really wanted it bad.

Morgan

You said they.

Coroner

I don't believe one person would be capable of doing this much damage to a human being But there is one thing I think you should know, is that the bullet that killed him was police issued.

(int. Morgan’s home. Phone rings)

Sarah

(Ring, Ring, Sarah answers the phone) Hello

Dr. Trisester

Hello, Mrs. Morgan?

Sarah

Yes

Dr. Trisester

Hi, how are you?

Sarah

Fine

Dr. Trisester

This is Dr. Trisester, and the reason I'm calling is, well your husband is a patient of mine.

Sarah

I'm aware of that.

Dr.Trisester

Well the reason I'm calling is because of my concern about your husband.

Sarah

What do you mean?

Dr. Trisester

Well is it possible that I could meet with you in my office sometime today. Or if not I could perhaps stop by your home if only for a minute or two.

Sarah

Well I was just about to leave in a view. I could maybe stop in for a minute.

Dr. Trisester

It won't take but a minute. I'd really appreciate it. I'll see you then.

Sarah

Alright.

(Cut to court house. Judge Wilson walks down the corridor on his way to his office. A fellow friend of the court approaches him.)

Friend of the court

Excuse me sir, but you have a visitor waiting in your office.

Judge Wilson

A visitor, I wasn't expecting anyone.

Friend of the court

He says his name is Morgan, Detective Morgan?

Judge Wilson

Alright thanks.

(int. Judge Wilsons' office. Judge Wilson enters his office. Morgan is sitting on the console.)

Judge Wilson

(Walking towards his desk.) I didn't expect to see you so soon. Twice in one week. (Puts brief case on top of desk.)(Making light of) It’s starting to look as though I might be under suspicion. (Pause for a few seconds. Judges demeanor gets serious) You can't possibly think that I could be a suspect.

Morgan

I don't know. Maybe you can tell me. Could you?

Judge Wilson

What are you saying? (Judge Wilson sits behind his desk.)

Morgan

Senator Gavin!

Judge Wilson

Yes, I read about him. He was a good man. Not in a million years would I have given any thought that he was capable of taking his life in such a manner. A terrible loss to his family as to his state and community. I'm sure he will be greatly missed. But that can't be the real reason you're here, so why don't you tell me why you're really here?

Morgan

Didn't you and go to the same college and created a fraternity together?

Judge Wilson

Yes, he, I along with several other colleagues. So what are you getting at?

Morgan

Tell me something. How well did you know Senator Gavin?

Judge Wilson

Apparently not well enough to think that he would even contemplate on suicide, far less executing it.

Morgan

Were you aware of perverted sexual activities?

Judge Wilson

A man’s private business is his own.

Morgan

Even if it's getting his kicks off of the exploitation of minors?

Judge Wilson

What do mean?

Morgan

Yeah that's right, a fellow colleague?

Judge Wilson

I find that hard to believe. Where did you get this information?

Morgan

Never mind where I got. Sometimes shit just has a way of surfacing.

(int. Dr.Trisesters’ office. Sarah is sitting across from the Doctor.)

Dr. Trisester

I really do appreciate you taking the time out of your busy schedule to come by so I'll try and make this as brief as possible so's not to take up too much of you time. I'm sure you're wondering why I asked to see you in person, It's nothing to be alarmed about. It's just that sometimes in order for me to better understand my patients, I feel that by being able to speak with you in person would give me a little more insight as to what go on in the home is on a day to day basis. Maybe something your husband may have fail to mention, or wasn't able to remember. I hope you can understand, and I can assure you that any information that may be divulged will be under the strictest confidentiality and it would be in his best interest if you were to do the same.

Sarah

Well if there's anything I can do that you think might help in any way?

Dr. Trisester

I'm sure you're concerned about your husband’s wellbeing which is why I felt it was necessary to see you in person. I'll try and be as brief as possible. Although some of the questions I ask may seem a bit strange, I can assure you that my methods, though a bit unorthodox have been found to be very effective and any questions answered will be strictly confidential.

Sarah

I'm not sure I understand, but if you believe that...

Dr. Trisester

Whatever reservations you may have is completely understandable, but you don't have to answer any questions that you feel to be a too personal or may compromise your integrity.

(int. Judge Wilsons' chambers.)

Judge Wilson

I can tell this. If these accusations that you're making of Gavin are true, which I don't believe, why would he of all people, an advocate against the exploitation of children....

Morgan

What! get pleasure out of watching little girls and boys being sexually abused ? or maybe he gets his kicks out indulging in a little child porn himself.

Judge Wilson

Why would he jeopardize his livelihood, everything he worked for would...

Morgan

Why! Why do priests? Why do doctors? Why do teachers? Why do the very people that's supposed to protect you. I'm not a shrink. It's not my job to understand why. My job is to catch them and puttem away. So what would you say if I told you that in my possession I might have evidence that would link Gavin, you and a number of people, from dignitaries to politicians that could put everybody away for a long time?

Judge Wilson

I would say nonsense because if this was so, you wouldn't be here harassing me as though I were some kind of criminal.

Morgan

(Heading towards the door.)You know something, you're right. I should be out catching the bad guys, the real criminals, because everyone knows that the real culprits are out there in the street.

Judge Wilson

I wish these visits could've been under better circumstances.

Morgan

Yeah, so do I.

(int Dr. Trisesters office.)

Dr. Trisester

In your opinion, would you say that he brings his work home?

Sarah

Everybody does to some degree. Some, more than others. I'd say he does his share of bringing his work home.

Dr. Trisester

When he wakes up from these dreams is he able to recollect anything.

Sarah

He hasn't been able to remember any of the dreams except that there was a small girl and then came the headaches.

Dr. Trisester

How do your children feel about him? What I mean is, how do they react in his presence? Does their behavior change when he's around? And how well do they get along?

Sarah

They love him, they're happy around him when he's home and misses him when he's away.

Dr. Trisester

Has he ever physically harmed you or your children?

Sarah

Never! He wouldn't put a hand on me or my children. He loves them as if they were his own, and my children feel the same way about him.

Dr. Trisester

Mrs. Morgan, tell me, how long have you known your husband?

Sarah

Just under five years.

Dr. Trisester

And under what circumstances did you meet?

Sarah

(Pause) I was still pregnant with my son Chris and I was getting out of a bad relationship with my ex-husband. He was abusive and we both knew that it just wasn't going to work out. So we decided to divorce. Then I met Daniel. (Pause) There was something about him. Almost instantly we knew we belonged together.

Dr. Trisester

During your years of marriage, has he ever had an extra marital affair?

Sarah

(Slightly discomfort) No, never.

Dr. Trisester

How often would you say you and your husband have sexual intercourse? Once a week, twice a week, once a month?

Sarah

I don't know if I should answer that nor that I need to.

Dr. Trisester

Mrs. Morgan, I can assure you that the questions I'm asking will give me a better understanding in your husbands’ inability to perform, which may shed some light on why he having content headaches.

Sarah

I never said that he was unable to perform. I can clearly say, he has no problem in that area.

Dr. Trisester

So, would you say once a month?

Sarah

Two, three times a week.

Dr. Trisester

And during this time of intimacy, would you say he's able to satisfy you none of the time some of the time or most of the time?

Sarah

All of the time. He satisfies me all of the time.

Dr. Trisester

Would you say that you satisfy him some of the time most of the time or all of the time?

Sarah

(Pause) I think that's a question you should ask him.

Dr. Trisester

What about his sexual preference?

Sarah

Sexual preference!

Dr. Trisester

What I mean is, has he ever ask of you to maybe perform some sort of sexual act that you might thought to be strange or out of the norm.

Sarah

(Nervously) I think I'd better go. It's getting late, and I have arrons to run.

Dr. Trisester

Oh, well if you must. (Sarah exits the office.) Once again thank you for taking time out of your busy schedule to stop in.

(ext. Morgan and Jim walking up the street in the downtown area.)

Jim

It would've been easier to find something on Santa Clause than this guy, he funds several charities, he's a member of the congregation in his church, he donates to charities for abused animals, a real pillar in his community. He co-founded "Society Of Resilient Youth" an organization created to help young children who came from abusive homes. Sounds squeaky clean until I was able to find out that back in his college years, he did form an elite group of young gentlemen who called themselves society of the rich and the regal...one of the members which happened to be your father later disassociated himself from the group. For what reasons, I don't know. As for the other members to this day, they're still major contributors to this foundation. I checked it out. It seems legit.

Morgan

So what's the story?

Jim

Well, this so called elite group of gentlemen were into stock investments, which became a very lucrative organization. But they tried to keep it low key, for tax purposes and the university's policies on profitable organizations.

Morgan

Is that it?

Jim

Wait, there's more. In order for them to keep the government from finding out, they took their business overseas, third world countries. They were making a substantial amount of money until finding out that there was more money to be made, lots more, in their discovery of a new commodity, which was the purchase and selling of children.

Morgan

Slave trade?

Jim

Yeah, it seems there's a market for the selling of humans. They managed to keep it out of the country, at least keep it from being discovered, but when the university discovered there little business venture, it was up to the board of directors to reprimand Wilson and members of this elite society. He ended up receiving nothing more than a warning by the chairman Gregory Kensington of the university, come to find out, Kensington was the other co-founder of "SOCIETY OF REZILIANT YOUTH". A year later, he was arrested on charges of solicitation of a minor. So, it looks as if Wilson may have paid his way out of what could have been the end of his career. Turns out, he did manage to graduate head of his class. As it stands now, the club no longer exist, at least not with that name.

Morgan

So where is this Kensington now?

Jim

Off into that big house in the sky, or where ever they go. Records show that he was found hanging in a shower stall of the state Penn which he himself committed. The autopsy showed a different story. It was found that a foreign object had been shoved so far up his ass, that it punctured several vital organs. An enema, the hard way.

(Morgan and Jim enter the camera shop, a place of business. Setting up one of the camera displays is employee Jason. Int.)

Jason

(Elated to Morgan) Detective Morgan! This is a nice surprise. It's been a while. I caught you on the show yesterday. Congratulations. Great job. What brings you to my place of business?

Morgan

How's it going? This is Detective Conrad. Conrad, Jason. I see that you're doing pretty good for yourself.

Jason

Pretty good! Fuck! I'm doing better than pretty good. I got my life back on track, a good paying job. I'm married to the most beautiful woman in the world, who happens to be carrying my baby. Yup, you heard me. I'm about to be father. It just couldn't get any better, and I owe it all to you. (To Jim) If it weren't for this guy, I might not have been here to see my eighteenth birthday. I was once a child star. A child porn star. I was working in front of the camera as well as behind. Got hooked on every drug known to man. My life was basically over. But then came Detective Morgan. He saved my life. I mean literally, saved my life, when I didn't think my life was worth saving. Can you believe by looking at me that I was once a cracked out porn star at sixteen! I did it all, from internet porn to turning tricks out in the streets. Then Detective Morgan came and helped turn my life around. I quit the drugs, got out of the movie business and the still pictures "which is rather ironic, you'd think that after what I’ve been through, a camera would be the last thing I'd want to be around", but now I sell and repair them. Go figure. So! What’s up? You're in the market for a camera today?

Morgan

Maybe another time. I just need a favor of you, if you can.

Jason

Sure anything. Whatever you need.

Morgan

I need you to try and remember back when all this was took place and tell me if you recognize any of these faces. (Shows Jason the photos.)

Jason

(Looks at the pictures.) Hmmm I can't say that I do. None of them seem to ring a bell.

Morgan

It's okay, it's okay. Was there anything that might have stood out that thought was unusual or strange?

Jason

I do remember this one client. He was a weird dude.

Jim

Client! You say like he some sort of Avon customer.

Jason

Hey, that's the term we used. Anyhow, he was into some weird shit, but I never thought anything of it cause now a days a lot people are into a lot of crazy shit. He always wanted someone who was sixteen. I was only fourteen at the time, so I was never asked to go, Thank god. At first it was no different than any other job, but then it started to get strange.

Morgan

How so?

Jason

Well, this dude was into some freaky shit. Whenever somebody would come back from a job, they'd tell me about some of the things he would do to them and each time, it would get worse. They would tell me how this guy would first take them to expensive restaurant and buy two, three hundred dollar bottles of wine and give it to them, but when it was time to pay the toll, he would want do some freaked out shit like ahh what's the word they use, when someone takes a shit on another person?

Jim

Defecation?

Jason

Yeah! That’s it defecation. I just know that if someone was to shit on me, there wouldn't be enough soap in the world to get me clean. But the money was so good, they didn't want to lose him as a client until people started coming back with bruises and claims of physical abuse by this prick. One guy was beat so bad, that he almost died, which was why that crazy motha fucka had to be dropped as a client. (Morgan pause a brief moment to flash back of foam substance found behind the ear of one of the victims.)Oh, I think he might've been some kind of doctor.

Morgan

How do you know?

Jason

Because they would tell me how he always whore rubber gloves, you know, like those doctors where? I think he just didn't want to touch anybody for whatever psychological fucked up reason.

Morgan

Can you remember any names?

Jason

Oh no, they wouldn't tell us any names. It was strictly confidential. I don't think they even knew the names of any of their clients, at least not their real names.

Morgan

It's good to see that you're doing well for yourself. You know where to reach me if should happen to remember anything you think may help in this investigation.

Jason

I definitely will give you a call.

(int. medical examiner’s office.)

Morgan

(Morgan and the examiner are standing near the examination table.)The John Doe brought in the other day. I found traces of some sort of soapy film behind his left ear.

Examiner

Yeah, we were able to determine that it was some kind of shampoo. There were no traces of it on any of the other bodies but I did find it odd that the others seemed to be cleaner than most of the bodies I'm use to examining.

Morgan

What do you mean?

Examiner

Well, each of the bodies appear to have been prewashed as though they may have taken a bath or showered just before their death.

Morgan

Tell me somethin, is it possible that you could find out what kind of shampoo was used the day of his death?

Examiner

Sure, but it may take some time.

Morgan

Time is not a luxury that I have.

Examiner

Hey, I'll do what can, but I can't make any promises.

Morgan

As soon as you hear anything, you know where to reach me.

Examiner

As soon as I get, you'll get it.

(int. a five star hotel. The cleaning lady is making her rounds. She approaches suit 1207.)

Cleaning Lady

(Softly knocks on door to suit 1207.) (Knock knock knock), Room service. (Pause) (Knock Knock Knock. Raises voice) Room service.(Pauses) (Takes out master key and slowly open door.) Room service, Is anybody here? (Walks into the room and looks around. The room is immaculate. Exits to the bathroom. Comes running out terrified from her discovery.)

(Cut to the arrival of Det. Morgan. Several officers are throughout the suite searching for evidence and finger prints. Morgan is met down the hall of the suit by Jim.)

Morgan

What do we got? (Both begin walking towards the suite.)

Jim

Hotel made making her rounds. walks in what appears to be an empty suite. Goes into the bathroom where she discovers the body, hightales it out.

Morgan

Was anything disturbed?

Jim

She didn't touch anything. Saw the body and didn’t stop til she was out of the building.

Morgan

What's your take?

Jim

Looks like we got another one. Young male, mid-teens, no ID, genitals removed, time of death, fifteen hours, maybe. Same M.O. except for one thing, choice of murder weapon.

Morgan

What do you mean?

Jim

I think you're gonna have to see this to believe it.

(int. suite bathroom. Morgan approaches the body. The body is covered in blood from forty-six punctured holes that were inflicted by a blunt object, from his head to his tarsal. Morgan stoops down closer to the body.)

Morgan

(Takes a closer look at the body, then looks around the bathroom.) The entire ordeal took place here, which explains why most of the blood spatter was contained in this area of the bathroom. The victim may have been killed by the first blow. I'm betting he took the first blow to the back of the head, killing him even before he hit the floor and even as he lie dead in a pool of his own blood, the perp continued to pulverize him with what appears to be solid blunt object.

Jim

A hammer maybe?

Morgan

That would be my guess. Were you able to get anything?

Jim

They're still searching, but nothing. No prints, fibers, nothing. Not even the weapon that was used on the victim. Who ever done this, is really covering his tracks.

Morgan

That's why there's something about this that just don't add up.

Jim

What are you saying?

Morgan

Well, most serial killers almost always leave some sort of calling card. They want to be caught. At some point, they all want to be caught. They need to be known as the number one serial killer or history’s most horrific serial killer. To them it's like a game and every game comes to an end, but he decides to change up his M. O. He doesn't want it to end, nor does he want to be caught.

Jim

You think it's a different perp.

Morgan

I don't know, but I'm gonna find out and I'm willing to bet he's the same guy. In any game, if there's a winner, there's a loser and he doesn't want to lose.

(As Morgan and Jim exit the suite they are met by the hotel manager outside the door.)

Hotel Manager

Detective, if there's anything I or my staff can do to help out in any way.

Morgan

And you are?

Hotel Manager

I'm Gregory Thompson, hotel manager.

Morgan

I'm Detective Morgan and this is Detective Conrad. Tell me Greg,

Hotel Manager

Gregory

Morgan

Gregory, are there cameras in the building?

Hotel Manager

Yes, down at the front desk and the lobby. We also have several cameras is our parking structure.

Morgan

You have no cameras on any of the floors?

Hotel Manager

No, we try to respect the privacy of our customers.

Morgan

A lot of good that did. I want all the video footage between now and three days ago. I'm going to also need copies of everyone who registered in this hotel within the last week. You think you can do that Greg?

Hotel Manager

Sure, It's Gregory. (Morgan walks away.)

Morgan

Yeah

(Cut to front desk)

(Morgan and Jim start towards the exit)

Hotel Manager

(Just before Morgan and Jim exit the hotel they are stopped by hotel manager) Detective, if at all possible, could we not let this incident leak out to the public? This could really ruin our reputation as one of the safest resorts on the west coast.

(Exiting the building with the hotel manager hurrying behind them, they are bombarded with the media.)

News Caster

Detective, can you tell us if this is in any way related to the last findings?

Morgan

(As Morgan and Jim continue to march through the crowd of news and camera people.) I can't speak now but I'm sure that Mr. Gregory Thompson would be more than happy to answer any questions you may have. (Gregory Thompson is surrounded by news media.)

Gregory Thompson

No comment, no comment. I have nothing to say. No comment.

(int. front desk of mental institution)

(Morgan and Jim approach the front desk.)

Desk Clerk

Good afternoon detective Morgan.

Morgan

Hello Stacey, and how are we today?

Stacey

We are just fine.

Morgan

This is detective Conrad. Conrad, Stacey

Stacey

Nice to meet you. (Conrad nods his head.)

Morgan

Watch it, he's a married man.

Stacey

Umm, why are all the good ones taken?

Morgan

How's our patient doing?

Stacey

He's doing well. I'm sure he's probably expecting you.

(Cut to Mike Sanders' room)

(Mike is sitting in his chair next to his bed watching old reruns of Ozzie and Harriet while an intern is feeding him soup for lunch.)

Nurse

Okay Mr. Sanders, last one. (Feed Mike the last swallow as there's a knock on the door.)

Morgan

(Knock, knock. Morgan leans into the room.) Is anybody home?

Nurse

Detective Morgan, Good to see you. Come on in. (Morgan and Jim enter the room.) We were just finishing up with lunch. Look who's here Mr. Sanders.

Morgan

How is he?

Nurse

He's doing just fine. Let me just grab these things and I'll be out of your way. I'm sure he's been expecting you. I'm going to go now. I'll see you later Mr. Sanders (Picks up food tray and exits the room.)

Morgan

(Walks over closer to Mike.) Hey, how's it goin buddy? This is Detective Conrad. He's working on a case with me. So, I see that they've been treating you right. (Mike continues to stare at the TV, slightly rocking back and forth in his chair. Morgan pulls up a chair and sits next to Mike.) This is my old partner Detective Mike Sanders. I know it might look like he can't hear us, but he hears everything we're saying. He taught me everything I know about being a detective.

Jim

So what's his story?

Morgan

A few years back, we were on an assignment together. Mike was the inside man on an undercover sting to bust a child pornography ring. We had been working on this case just over a year. With a week before the bust, we get word that someone had blown the whistle. Mike had insisted on not wearing a wire that day. Knowing that one of the perps who ran the operation was sort of a loose cannon, we had to make a move as soon as possible. (Slowly close up on Mike.)

(Cut to flash back)

(int.Close up on computer keyboard. Slowly zoom out. Mike is sitting at the computer loading files while Mark, (1st perp) stands next to him watching.)

Mark

I just can't understand how some people just know how to do that kind of shit. Where did do learn how to do this shit?

Mike

I took a course at a computer technology institution a while back.

Mark

Wasn't that some hard shit to do?

Mike

It's really not that hard. It's just basically learning how to upload and download information. Once you know the pass word, which could be a combination of numbers or letters but in this case it would probably a short acronym because of the time limit before it's too late to gain access.

Mark

Well, fuck, I don't think I could learn that shit in a million years. But I know one thing and that's once we start doin business with this guy, we can all get ready to retire. I heard that this guy is some kinda judge or somethin. I've been waiting for an opportunity like this for a long time (Something on the computer monitor catches Mark attention.) That's it! That's what we've been waiting for Z A R...

2nd perp

(Yell from a room nearby) Mark!

Mark

(Answers back) Yeah!

2nd perp

Get in here.

(Mark exits the room as Mike continues to work on the computer.) (A few seconds go by. Both perps enter the room.)

2nd perp

I just received some information. (Stares at Mike for a couple of seconds.) Some information that one of us is a fucking cop. So tell me Mike, which one of us is it?

Mike

(Looks up from his computer.) A cop. You think I'm fucking cop? Do I look like a cop.

2nd perp

You smell like a cop.

Mike

What are you talkin about?

2nd perp

(Signal to Mark) Check'em (Mark quickly rips off Mikes shirt.)

Mark

Nothin

2nd perp

(Pulls out a glock) I'm gonna give you five seconds to answer me. Are you a cop? and who are you? (Pause a few seconds.) Oh that's right, You undercover fucks would sooner die before you fuck up a sting and blow your cover. We'll see if you're willing to blow your fucking cover. (To Jake.) Go bringem in. Jake leaves the room.) I'll find out one way or another. (Jake comes back in with an eight year old girl.)

Mike

Whatever you're thinking of doing, don't

2nd perp

(Points the gun in the top of the girls head) You've got three seconds.

Mike

(Shouts) Don't do it.

2nd perp

Two.

Mike

(Screams) Noooo! (Gun goes off echoing throughout the house straight through the child’s head, forcing her eyeballs out of their sockets and killing her instantly) (Drops his head in shock disbelief.) You fucking bastured.

2nd perp

It wasn't my fault, cop. Neither is this. (Signals Jake with the nod of his head. Jake leaves the room.)

Mike

(Raising his voice.) Look! I'm not a cop, alright?

2nd perp

Yeah, well that's not what I've been told. And I have a very reliable source. (Jake enters the room with another child who's a nine year old boy. The boy has a very frightened look on his face as he stares at Mike. 2nd perp puts the gun to the top of the boys head.) Now tell me, Are you? or Are you not? (Mike and the boy make eye contact for a brief moment.) This ones on you cop. (The gun is fired, shattering the boys head. Tears are pouring down Mikes face.) I could go on if you want. (Jake brings in a six year old boy.) I think I'll do this just for the hell of it. (Cocks gun.)

Mike

Why would you want to kill them? They're no good dead.

2nd perp

They're expendable. Besides, we'll just get some more.

Mike

(Enraged, Mike Yells) WHAT DO YOU WANT ME TO DO? Lie? Say that I'm a cop?--- OKAY! I'M A COP. NOW WHAT?

2nd perp

I knew you were... I just wanted to hear it come out of your fucking mouth. Hey! howya doin kid? What is your name?

Little boy

(Whispers) Joseph

2nd perp

Joseph, Well Joseph, How would you like to play a game? (Places the child up against the wall). alright you stand here and our friend Mike over there will guess how old you are and if he guesses right, you get to have a nice big fat lolly pop, Wouldn't you like that? (Joseph nods his head), but if he guesses wrong! Well, let's just hope he's not! wrong.

2nd perp

So, Mike! If that's your real name. Do you think you can guess little Joseph's age?

Mike

(Pauses then utters) Seven?

2nd perp

Okay Joseph, tell Mr. Mike how old you are. (Joseph whispers his age intangible. 2n perp gets closer to hear him). What was that? Six? Looks like Mike didn't answer correctly. So Joseph, here's what I want you to do. I want you look over at the nice man, we'll call him officer Mike. Now I want you to say high to officer Mike. (Joseph slightly lifts his hand in fear)........Now let me see you wave bye bye to the nice policeman. (Before uttering a single word, In an instant, loud sounds of doors and windows being crashed in by police force startles 2nd perp. Mike lunges at him, grabbing the boy to protect him is hit in the head with the bullet meant for the child. The two suspects quickly exit the room armed with weapons. Sounds of multiple gun rounds ring out through the house as Mike shelter the boy and the bodies of the two other children. The shooting ceases. Morgan enters doorway of the room. Mike is sitting on the floor hunched over bleeding from the head, slightly rocking back and forth as he clutches the children tightly.) (Morgan kneels down beside Mike. Mike is Muttering intangibly) Sorry, sorry, sorry, sorry, sorry, sorry, sorry.....

Morgan

Mike! Mike! It's gonna be alright. Just hang in there buddy. (Shout aloud) Get an ambulance.

(Fade back to present day)

(Close up on Mike slowly zoom out.)

Morgan

By the time it was over, all three perps were dead, two of the five children had already been shot and killed. Mike, clinging to life from a bullet in his head with a kid in his arms apologizing over and over.

Jim

Apologizing! What for?

Morgan

I don’t know. Maybe he felt that he was in some way responsible for their deaths... Anyhow, ever sense that day, he's never fully recovered. Now he's in a place when times were simpler and life was a lot easier...I need you to find out the name of the third perp.

(There's a knock at the door.)

Intern

(Intern peeps her head into the room.) Excuse me, I didn't mean to interrupt, but it's time for his meds.

Morgan

No problem. We were just leaving. (Checks his watch) besides, I have an appointment and I'm already late. (Leans over to Mike.) We're going to be leaving now buddy, but I'll be back to see you soon. You take care.

Mike

(Mike is slightly rocking back and forth staring into TV muttering repeatedly) Sorry, sorry,sorry....

(int. Dr.Trisesters Office)

(Morgan is sitting upright on the sofa as Dr. Trisester sits perpendicular to him.)

Dr. Trisester

You know this is not going to work. How can you expect me to help you if you're coming in late or sometimes not at all? Which raises the question, why do you even come to the appointments at all?

Morgan

That's a good question, but I do have an answer. I come not for me, but for my family. I do owe them that. If it weren't for them, I wouldn't be here. They're the only reason I'm alive today. My wife literally saved my life. I met her when I was at the lowest point in my life. Before she came, there were times when I considered checking out of this invested cesspool of hatred and evil manifestation that continued to grow on a daily basis. There was time when I came that close to actually pulling it off, when something stopped me. I didn't know what, until I met Sarah.

Dr. Trisester

Your wife?

Morgan

Yeah. She helped me see that life could be good. With all its trials and tribulations, pains and horrors, life can be good. When you think about it, it's kinda disturbing.

Dr. Trisester

How so?

Morgan

That inevitably everyone born on this planet will undoubtedly experience pain, unfortunately not everybody will get the chance to experience joy during the short amount of time we have here on this earth. I was lucky. The only person I could truly trust came into my life and literally saved my life.

Dr. Trisester

I can see why you why you married her. Your wife's a beautiful lady. A special person. She speaks highly of you. Just the other day....

Morgan

(Interrupts) You spoke to my wife?

Dr. Trisester

It was just a moment of her time. She came into the office. We sat and......

Morgan

(Interrupts) She came into the office?

Dr. Trisester

Well, yes. I didn't see any harm in discussing matters which may contribute to your wellbeing. Besides I am bound by law as a certified psychiatrist not to divulge any information between myself and my clients to anyone, regardless of who they may be. Be it your wife, to the president of the United States. (Places his hand over Morgan’s hand.)You can rest assure that any discloser made by you during our time together will be totally confidential.

Morgan

(Looks down at their hands feeling a bit discomfort. Slowly withdraws his hand.) What happened to the photo?

Dr. Trisester

Pardon?

Morgan

The picture. I noticed, you removed it from your desk.

Dr. Trisester

I'm not sure I understand.

Morgan

The picture. The photo of your wife and kids? It was on your desk.

Dr. Trisester

Sorry but I'm not married, nor have I ever been.

Morgan

What do you mean you're not married? There was a framed photo of a woman and three children on that desk.

Dr. Trisester

You must be mistaken. I don't have a wife or children.

Morgan

(Getting a little angry.) Wait a minute. Now I know what I saw, and it was picture on top of your desk with of a lady and three kids.

Dr. Trisester

Are you sure that it was that desk? I mean is it possible that it could have been on the desk of someone else?

Morgan

Look, I know what I saw. What the hell is this, some kind of game that you play on your patients?

Dr. Trisester

Detective Morgan, I take my profession very serious and for you to accuse me of playing any kind of games, I take offense to. Look, I'm sure you perhaps saw what you said you saw, but don't you think that it's possible that you could have mistaken my desk for some-one else’s or maybe have had a dream that you saw what you did? It has happened before.

Morgan

(Calms down) Maybe you're right. I guess I just need to take some time out.

Dr. Trisester

A little time out may be just what you need. You'd be surprised how well a little time off can work wonders. If you want, I could-

Morgan

No, no, not just yet. I'll do it on my time. Right now, I got some unfinished business to take care of.

Dr. Trisester

What can I say? If that's what you chose to do. It's your choice. I can only do so much.

(Fade to 7th precinct)

(Morgan is sitting at his desk in deep thought as he stares at his computer monitor. Jim passes by his office.)

Morgan

Jim!

Jim

(Peeps his head in the doorway.) Yeah, What's up?

Morgan

I need you to do something.

Jim

(Walks up to Morgan’s desk) What is it?

Morgan

I need you to check something out for me (Hands Jim a business card) and see what you can find. There's something that doesn't set right with me.

Jim

What is it? (Looks at the card. Then looks back at Morgan.) The shrink? (Pauses a few seconds.)

Morgan

If somebody's going to try and get in my head, I want to know something about this person. Who is he? Where did he come from? and a background check on him.

Jim

I'll get on it.

Morgan

Thanks. (Jim exits the office. Morgan continues to stare at his monitor.)

(int. Morgan at home early that evening. Morgan is sitting in his chair staring at the TV, but not watching it. Sarah enters the room.

Sarah

(Slowly walks over to Morgan.) You've been rather quiet all evening. Is there something the matter?

Morgan

Nothing's the matter. (Morgan gets up from his chair, avoiding eye contact, he heads into the kitchen with Sarah right behind him.)

Sarah

I know you and I know when something's bothering you.

Morgan

(Morgan opens the frige and searches through.) We're out of orange juice.

Sarah

Yes we're out of orange juice. (Morgan shuts the fridge door and walks back into the living room with Sarah following behind him.) Why won't you tell me what's the matter?

Morgan

Because there is nothing.

Sarah

(Both Sarah and Morgan are standing face to face in the living room. In a calming voice.) I know that you've been under a lot stress lately and if something bothers you, it bothers me---So if there's something bothering you, could you tell me?

Morgan

Yeah, No! I mean maybe.

Sarah

What is it?

Morgan

(Pause a few seconds.) The day we go married, we stood in front of God and all those witnesses and we made vows to each other, one of which was that we would not keep any secrets from each other. Right?

Sarah

Yes.

Morgan

So why didn't you tell me you were in the doctor’s office the other day?

Sarah

The doctors offi?

Morgan

(Cuts her off. Slightly angry.) Yeah, the doctor... You're keepin secrets from me now? I thought we made promises not to keep secrets from one another.

Sarah

It was only for a few minutes besides I didn't think that it was that important.

Morgan

(Begins to raise his voice.) Wasn't that important! To what? Tell me that you've been going behind my back? Keeping secrets from me.

Sarah

I was only trying to do what I thought was in your best interest.

Morgan

My best interest! My best interest!! Who knows more about what's in my best interest than me? Nobody knows what's best for me more than I do. If the.... (There attention is suddenly drawn to Chris, standing in the doorway.)

Chris

Are you two fighting?

Sarah

No Christian. Mommy and daddy are just having a discussion. Go on back in your room. I'll be there in a minute. (Chris exits the room.)

Morgan

(Morgan cell phone rings. He answers it.) Yeah---Alright-- I'll meet you there. (Hangs up his phone.) That was Jim. I gotta go. (Grabs his coat off the rack. Open the door to exit.) At least one of us doesn’t keep secrets. (Slams the door behind him leaving Sarah worried and dazed.)

(int.Fade to bar scene)

(Morgan and Jim are sitting at the bar having a beer. Morgan is looking at documents of information on Dr. Trisester.)

Morgan

This is it?

Jim

That's it. There wasn't much on this guy, other than a parking ticket, this guy is squeaky clean. He graduated with high honors from Harvard, which was kinda strange.

Morgan

What do you mean?

Jim

I mean why would a Harvard graduate, top of his class, and become a cop shrink? And another thing. There were no records or transcripts of his high school years or earlier. So far, this was as far back as I was able to go. Anything before that is a total mystery. The only thing that I could come up with is that maybe he was home schooled.as for our other friend. He was a cop. "Gomez Rodreguez" The files claimed he was a good cop gone bad. I found out that he had a wife who tried to fight for her husband's death, claiming that he was murdered. The case was thrown out and her appeals were exhausted.

Morgan

His wife, Is she still around?

Jim

Yeah, she's resides at 2462 Crestwood.

Morgan

Good ahh keep trying, and let me know as soon as you find anything on Trisester.

Jim

What do you need to find out about this guy? Are you suspicious of everybody?

Morgan

Could you just do me this favor?

Jim

Yeah ok but the captain's been asking questions about you.

Morgan

Never mind that, just see if you can find out more about this Doctor Trisester.

(int. Fade to cabin)

(Focus on a flickering candle sitting on top of a dining table with remnants of what may have been dinner for two. The flame of the candle is doused by the fingertips of someone familiar with the territory. The cabin is dark throughout. The only source of light comes from outside floodlights, allowing only visibility of objects in silhouette form. Victim is sitting alone on the right side of the bed in the dark. He reaches to turn on the lamp, but the lamp doesn't come on. Victim begins to slowly creep through the house using his lighter in search for some sort of light calling out in a soft voice.)

Victim

Hello.... What the fuck happened to the lights?-- Hello (He continues to quietly creep through the house using a lighter to help guide him. He finds his way to a light switch and switches it in the on position, only to find the lights inoperable.) Shit-- Hello-- Is anybody here? (He continues on.) Where the fuck is he? (He sees a light coming from a room door down the hall. He slowly but quietly approaches the room door from which the light came. Unable to make out sounds coming from the room, he peaks through the crack of the door. In order to get a better view, he cracks the door about one half inch more, only allowing him to see a portion of someone sitting at a table doing something. He tries propping the door a little bit further, enabling him to see that the person sitting at the table is wearing some kind of mask as he eats. His focus moves from the mask to the plate on the table, but his view is obstructed by the arm of the masked man. He leans in a bit further, squinting his eyes to focus on the plate when the arm obstructing his view is moved, he gasps after seeing that the plate on the table has what appears to be human penises, being sliced and eaten as if it were filet mignon.)"Gasp" (His gasp alarms the masked man. In an instant they in a brief moment make eye contact. Frightened, the victim fall back but immediately recovers. Stumbling over furniture and objects in the dark, he franticly seeks out refuge in a nearby room. His face filled with fear as he crouches down next to the entrance, the secretion begins to drip down his forehead. His knuckles are as red as the sun as he tightly grips a candle holder to use as a weapon. He slowly begins to stand when startled by the silhouette of the masked man zips by the doorway. After about ten seconds, he quietly exits the room. Still shaken, he attempts to find a way out. Slowly creeping his way through the dark, trying desperately to avoid bumping or knocking anything over. The sounds of door slams can be heard as the predator franticly searches for his victim. Then there is silence as he finally makes his way to the door. He slowly extends his hand out reaching for the door knob. Out of nowhere from behind, a jagged wire is quickly wrapped around his throat by the predator. He tries to struggle as the wired saw begins to slowly tear through his throat. The tension continues to tighten as the blood pours down his neck. His eyes role to the back of his head. The sounds of torn cartilage and arteries can be heard as the wire rippes through his throat.)

(int.Fade to Morgan’s home)

Morgan

(Morgan quietly enters his bedroom as his wife, Sarah sleeps. He gently sits beside her. She slowly awakens. He leans in towards her.) I'm sorry--- I didn't mean to-- It's just that sometimes I feel--

Sarah

I know. It's alright. (They kiss softly.)

Morgan

I love you.

Sarah

I love you too. (They kiss more intimately.)

(Fade to police precinct)

(Morgan is in his office sitting at his desk in front of his computer monitor on the phone speaking with the coroner.)

Coroner

I'm still waiting for the results on that shampoo but I can assure you that, it's definitely not made in the U.S. and from my experience of working with hundreds of cadavers I can tell you that judging from the condition the victims were in, after examining them, the person who committed these heinous acts of violence could be someone who's very intelligent. Maybe even boarder line genius. But that's just my own analytical assessment. Maybe I should've been a psychiatrist.

Morgan

Yeah, maybe you should've.

Officer

(Leans in doorway and informs Morgan.) Excuse me Detective, Your wife's on line three.

Morgan

(Nods his head.) Let me get you back. I gotta take this call. (Morgan switches over to line three.) Hey, how's my sweetie?

Sarah

Busy as usual. I tried calling your cell but couldn't get through.

Morgan

(Checks his cell phone. It reads "low cell".) The battery's low. I forgot to charge it.

Sarah

I just called to make sure that you remembered to pick up Chris from school today.

Morgan

Yeah, I haven't forgotten. 11:30-- Right?

Sarah

Yes.

Morgan

I'll be there--On time.

Sarah

He'll be standing at the front school entrance with his teacher and you'll have to sign him out before he can leave.

Morgan

I have to sign my own son out in order for him to be able to leave with me?

Sarah

It's just a precautionary measure they have for the safety of the children.

Morgan

If only some parents would be as cautious.

Sarah

Anyhow-- I gotta go. I'll see you later.

Morgan

Okay. (Hangs up the phone.)

(int. Fade to Captain Wilcox's office)

Morgan

(Leans head in office doorway.) Captain, You got a minute?

Captain Wilcox

(Captain Wilcox is sitting at his desk on his computer.) Yeah, what is it?

Morgan

(Morgan enters the office closing the door behind him. He takes a seat in front of the desk.) It's about the bust in 98.

Captain Wilcox

(Pause a brief moment to recollect.) That's been about ten years ago-- case closed. Why do you bring that up?

Morgan

Does the name Gomez Rodreguez ring a bell?

Captain Wilcox

(Pauses to think a minute.) No. Should it?

Morgan

In that bust, a cop was killed-- his name, Gomez Rodreguez, the other will be sitting in Belleview for the remainder of his life. There were two undercover cops in that sting, but we only knew of one. Whoever blew the whistle on Mikes cover, didn't know about the other cop. In fact, he died without so much as a thank you.

Captain Wilcox

Are you sure this guy was a cop? How do you know?

Morgan

A little bit of research and background checking. Did you know he had a wife, now a widow, about to have a baby? Nobody knew that he even had a family. This officer died in the line of duty, and wasn't even acknowledged as an officer of the law, or for his contributions as an officer on the force--- Who was it that tipped you off that Mikes cover was blown?

Captain Wilcox

You're questioning me? I don't think you should be in here questioning me about a case that's been closed some ten years ago. Your time is up, I got a lot of work to do. Close the door behind you. (Morgan starts to exit the captain’s office.) Morgan, If you must know. It was Mike. Mike was the one who tipped me off that his cover was blown. (Morgan exits the office.)

(ext. Fade to public school grounds)

(Focus on school bell. The bell sounds off and the children begin exiting the building in a hurry to the play area. Some parents are there to pick up their children. Focus from the view of an automobile. The children are running back and forth and playing on the playground area. Slowly zoom out bringing into view Jim and Morgan in this vehicle.)

Jim

It makes you wonder---Out of all the thousands of kids, which ones will grow to be productive law abiding citizens. Who will be the ones to help change the world to a better place or who will be the one person who'll be that next psychopathic serial killer? How do you weed out the bad ones from the good ones?

Morgan

(In a daydream state.) There all good. Somehow they just get misguided. I need you see what you can find out about a Gomez Rodreguez. (He sees his son and his class with their teacher.) There he is. (He exits the car and walks over to the teacher. As Morgan is having a conversation with his sons teacher, Jim observes a vehicle several cars down with a conspicuous looking man in the driver seat watching the children. Appearing to be masturbating, the man sits for a few seconds. Jim starts to get out of the car just when the man decides to leave. Morgan brings his son back to the car.) Hey big guy. How was school?

Chris

(Proudly) The usual, I got an "A" on my spelling test.

Jim

That's great. Bet you're the smartest one in your class. And for being the smartest, you get to have lunch with the big boys.

(int. Fade to Diner)

(Morgan, Jim and Chris are sitting in a both at the diner.)

Jim

I just don't get it. Kids today supposed to be smarter than the generation before them. I wish somebody would explain to me how is it smart to have belt and still have your pants saggin waayy below the waist.

Morgan

That's what the kids are into today.

Jim

(To Chris) I know you're not gonna have your pants saggin like the rest of these knuckle heads right big guy? (Chris is coloring in his activity book. He nods his head yes and continues coloring.)

(The waitress approaches there table.)

Waitress

Would you like some coffee?

Morgan

Thank you.

Waitress

(Begins pouring coffee for Morgan and Jim. Places coffee pot back on coffee holder. Takes out order pad.) Are you ready to order?

Morgan

I'll just have coffee thanks.

Waitress

(Notices Chris) Ohh Hi cutie. You're a little cutie pie. What would you like today?

Chris

Could I have a cheese burger, some french fries and a diet coke?

Waitress

I just love man who knows what he wants. I'll bet you're gonna have the girl knocking down you door. (To Jim) And what can I get for you?

Jim

Let me have the biggest steak you got, medium rare and a baked potato.

(ext. somewhere on a beach)

(A mature gentleman is walking his dog along a private beach, when his dog takes off ahead of him out of his view. He hears the dog barking in the distance up ahead just below the peer.)

Mature Gentleman

(Calling aloud) Rocky! Rock! (The dog does not respond, but continues to bark.) Rocky! Hear boy. (He continues to walk up the beach towards the sounds of his dog.) Rocky! Rocky! Hear boy. (After walking several yards, he is able to see his dog Rocky is agitated by something in the sand. He approaches Rocky.) What is it boy? (He gets closer only to discover a body of a young male washed ashore whose head dangles in the water barely attached to the spinal cord. He is shocked.)

(int. diner)

(Morgan, Jim and Chris are having lunch. Jim and Chris are eating as Morgan has coffee.)

Jim

Which reminds me. Tammy's birthday is this weekend and I haven't gotten her anything yet. You know how she gets when I forget the date of her birth. We've been married for-ever and I still don't know what she likes. (As Jim continues to talk, Morgan can't help but to stare out of the restaurant window at a little girl holding her mother’s hand as they walk from store to store window shopping. Jim's voice fade in the background as Morgan is in a daydream state of mind.) Sometimes I don't think she even knows what she likes. It's up to me to figure out what she's thinking. Why doesn’t she try and figure out what I'm thinking half the time. I figure maybe I'll take her out to nice restaurant, you know one of those expensive places where it's required that you wear a suit.(Morgan’s focus is still on the girl who begins to look more and more like the little girl in his dream.) If that don't get her in the mood, I don't know what will. I don't know. Maybe I should get her jewelry but that would suggest that she's materialistic. Every girl likes jewelry. That doesn't make them materialistic. Does Sarah like jewelry? She doesn't strike me as materialistic type. What do you think, should I get her jewelry or a fancy restaurant? Well! What do you think? (Morgan’s focus on the girl slowly switches to her holding the persons hand which has become a males hand. His focus slowly pans from their hands up towards the face of the man. But just before reaching his face.) Danny! (Morgan snaps out of his dream.) Should I get her jewelry or---

Morgan

Yeah, jewelry should fine. (Morgan’s cell phone rings. He answers it.) Yeah. (Pauses a few seconds.) We're on the way. (He hangs up his cell phone.) We gotta go. They found another one. (To Chris) Come on buddy.

Chris

But I'm not finished eating.

Morgan

(Stops the waitress as she starts to pass by.) Excuse me, but can I get a doggy bag?

(ext. beach scene)

(Morgan pulls up to the docks. Chris is in the back seat eating the rest of his lunch. The area is swarmed with police vehicles.)

Morgan

(To Chris) Stay here. I'll be right back.

(Morgan and Jim view the body.)

Jim

You think it's the same perp?

Morgan

It's the same.-- You can tell by the intensity of whatever weapon that was used. This body could've drifted from any number of places. A boat, another dock miles from here or even a bridge nearby.

Chris

(After slipping by the other officers and making his way to the crime scene, Chris sees the body. Excited, Chris blurts out loud) Holy shit! (Alerting the office including Morgan.)

Morgan

I thought I told you to stay in the car. (To one of the officers.) Kendal, make sure he stays in the car. (Officer Kendal takes Chris away from the crime scene. Morgan walks over to the elderly gentleman.) Excuse me Mr..?

Elderly Gentleman

Anderson-- Reginald Anderson.

Morgan

How are you Mr. Anderson? I'm Detective Morgan. Can you tell me if you know if there were any other people who may have been in the area?

Elderly gentleman

This is a private beach. Nobody else should've been on this beach. Rocky and I walk up and down this beach every morning. If there were someone up here, Rocky would've let me know. Just like he did with that-- that-- thing.

Morgan

Are you sure there was no one else in the area---

Elderly gentleman

As sure as I'm standing here. Nobody else was on this beach.

Morgan

Alright thank you for your cooperation. The detective here is gonna take a statement and information from you so that we may contact you if necessary. (Morgan and Jim walk away from the elderly gentleman.) Get his statement and do what you can to find out if anybody else was on this beach between now and two days ago. They may have seen something. (Morgan heads back to his car.)

(int. Morgan’s home)

(It's late in the evening and Sarah sitting on beside Chris putting him to bed.)

Chris

(Chris is under the cover as Sarah is tucking him in. Still excited.) Mom! you should've seen it. It was totally gross. I mean there was this torso lying on the beach with its head practically off dangling in a puddle of water. It was awesome. I never seen anything like it before. Just wait till I tell everybody in school---

Sarah

Chris--

Chris

They’re gonna flip.

Sarah

(Raises her voice) Chris! (Quite) I don't want you talking to anyone about what you saw earlier today.

Chris

(Slightly whine) But why?

Sarah

Because it's not something that you discuss with other children your age or adults for that matter.

Chris

(Disappointed) Aww mom.

Sarah

Besides that's police business and it should be kept confidential. Top Secret. Not to mention, it freaks me out.

Chris

Oh alright.

Sarah

Now, kiss goodnight. (She kisses him.) Goodnight.

Chris

Goodnight.

(Sarah exits the room leaving the door half way open.)

(Fade to Lisa's bedroom)

Lisa

(Lisa is on her cell phone with friends) He may be cute but I still don't think that he should've made it in the top ten--- I think not---Because--- Did you see what she was wearing?

Sarah

(A soft knock at the door. Sarah peeks into Lisa's bedroom.) Ten more minutes. (Lisa nods her head to acknowledge that she heard Sarah. Sarah shuts Lisa's door and heads downstairs.)

(int. downstairs living room)

(Still a little nervous about what Chris saw earlier that day, she gets her favorite book and makes a cup of hot tea.)(Sarah is curled up on the sofa drinking her tea as she reads her favorite love novel. As she reads further into the novel, her imagination begins to get the best of her. She begins to think that she is hearing things. She becomes a bit uneasy and starts to feel like someone is watching her. The silence is deafening. Most of the house is dark except for the small lamp which she uses to read by. She hears a thump. Not leaving her seat, she looks around the room. Unsure of where the sound came from, she slowly puts the book down and creeps over to the window. She looks out and sees that the street lights are out.)

Sarah

(Speaking under her breath) What happened to the street lights? (She turns the front porch light switch to the on position, but it doesn't come on. She returns to the sofa. She takes a sip of tea and continues reading. Just as she is into the book, her cell phone rings. She is slightly startled by the phone ring. She takes a big sigh of relief. Then answers the phone. Hello---Hello--Hello! (Someone on the other end hangs up. Sarah hangs up her end and continues reading. Several seconds into the book, the phone rings again. She checks the caller ID. It reads "Blocked Call". She answers it.) Hello, Hello. Who is this? (No one answers.) Look, I know someone's there. I can hear you breathing. (Someone hangs up on the other end. Sarah then turns off her cell phone. She begins where she left off in the book. A few seconds into the book, The kitchen phone rings. Sarah is startled. She enters the kitchen. She sees that it's Morgan on the caller ID. Sarah quickly picks up.)

Sarah

(Relieved that it's Morgan) Hello!

Morgan

Hey! What are you, screening your calls now?

Sarah

No, no, no. I was just--I'm just glad to it's you. Why didn't you call my cell.

Morgan

I tried but I just got the machine.

Sarah

Sorry, I just had to turn it off. It was too loud, besides I wasn't expecting any calls.

Morgan

Well I just thought I'd call to see how baby was doing.

Sarah

Well, to be honest I'm a little freaked out. After hearing about the body that found today and having Chris talk about all day, just kinda got me a little shook up.-- I've been hearing things and the street lights are out the whole block is pitch black.

Morgan

I also wanted to let you know that I'm going to be home a little late, but as soon as I'm done here, I'll be there.

Sarah

Again? That's the fourth time this week. You know the kids and I barely get to see you since you started this case.

Morgan

I know, I know, but I promise you, as soon as this case is over, you, me the kids can take a long vacation to where ever you wanna go.

Sarah

Honey, could you please hurry?

Morgan

As soon as I'm done.

Sarah

Love you.

Morgan

Love you too. (Morgan hangs up. Sarah hangs up the phone but notices the ring volume is on high so she turns it off.

(Fade to flash back)

(ext.Scene takes place on a residential street. It's a quiet sunny afternoon. The sounds of an ice-cream truck can be heard in the nearby distance. The sound of a male voice ranting a raving begins to fade in slowly as the focus zeros in on a small, slightly broken down home. Sounds of objects being thrown through the house grow stronger as the yelling and hollering becomes more defined.)

Male Voice

(Inebriated while ranting a raving) I thought I told you to bring your ass here. What the fuck are you doing? What kind of shit is this? You don't know how to do shit. Don't you know how to cook a goddamb hot dog? I told you to get in there and fix me something to eat. Where are you? Come here. (Smack! Smack!) Where in the fuck do you think you're goin? Get in here. (Sounds of objects crashing into the walls. You can't get away from me. Now bring your little ass here. Now! You don't clean shit. This house is a fucking mess. (Screaming at the top of his voice.) Where are you? I'm gonna find goddamit, and when I do, I'm gonna beat your little ass. There you go. Come here. Gottcha. (Sounds of a struggle can be heard.) Didn't I say I was going to beat your ass? (The struggle continues.) Wait! Come! Get back-- (The sound of a gun blast goes off.) Get the fuck back here. What did I say? (The child bursts through the screen door running as fast as she can.) Go ahead, get the fuck out. Take your ass on. And don't come back. (She runs out into the street, falling in the middle of the street. A second gun shot is fired. She starts to slowly get up, but makes eye contact with the teen boy who lives next door. The teen has his screen door propt open a few inches. Just enough to stick his head out. Without showing any type of emotion, the boy looks away to a vehicle approaching the girl, prompting her to do the same only to find that she was face to face with a 2000 pound machine barreling down on her. Within inches from her face,( int.bedroom.) Morgan abruptly awakens a little shaken from what was apparently a nightmare. He sits up on the side of the bed a few seconds to calm down. He then stands and exits the room leaving his wife sound asleep.)

(int. Kitchen)

(Morgan enters the kitchen. He takes a glass from the cabinet. Walks over to the refrigerator. He opens the door and takes out pitcher of orange juice. He pours it in his glass. He turns around and is startled causing him to drop both his glass and the jar of orange juice shattering them on the floor. The little girl he's been seeing in his dreams is standing no more than five feet in front of him. Her face is covered in bruises and black and blue marks. Her eyes are swollen to the size of golf balls. Morgan’s eyes and finds that he is still in his bed. What he thought was real turned out to be a dream within a dream.)

(Fade to early next morning)

(int. The scene takes place in Morgan’s home. The Morgan’s are dressed and ready to leave for work and school except for Lisa. Lisa is still upstairs. Sarah is standing at the bottom of the stair case straightening out Chris's shirt collar while she waits for Lisa.)

Sarah

(Calling out to Lisa) Lisa, you're going to be late for school.

Chris

(Whiny) She does this every day. Why does she have to be the last one ready to go?

Sarah

Sometimes girls just take a little longer than boys.

Chris

A little! She's been up there forever.

Sarah

You'll understand when you're older, much older.

Lisa

( Lisa comes running downstairs.) I had to make sure my--

Sarah

Alright, let's go. We don't wanna be any later than we already are.

(ext. outdoor front porch. Sarah and the kids are exiting the front door. Sarah sort of notices the front porch light was slightly shifted. She straightens it out and the light comes on. She gives it a thought but quickly disregards the connection with last night, and continues on to the car.)

(int. Fade to 7th precinct)

(Scene takes place in Wilcox's office. Morgan is sitting in front of the captain’s desk while Wilcox is standing behind his desk.)

Morgan

(Sarcastically speaking) Twice in one week. What did I do to deserve this?

Captain Wilcox

(A bit perturbed) Cut the shit. Now what the fuck is this I hear about you making unauthorized background checks, asking all kinds questions about Judge Wilson. Why the sudden interest in the judge? What! Is he a fucking suspect now?

Morgan

I ahh...

Captain Wilcox

Don't answer that. Now you listen up. Whatever you're doing or even thinking of doing, clear it out of your mind.

Morgan

How did you know?

Captain Wilcox

Because it's my fucking job to know. I know what every dammed officer in this precinct is doing, including you.-- What is it? Are you trying for an early retirement? You trying to get yourself fired? Just because your father happens to be the governor, don't think for one minute that you can't be dismissed of your duties like any other officer in this building.

Morgan

I can't say that I haven't thought about it.

Captain Wilcox

All I have to do is make one phone and you can walk.--Yeah! Why don't you retire? Go spend some of that money your family's got.

Morgan

Tell me something. Do remember who was it that tipped you off on Mikes cover being blown?

Captain Wilcox

Get the hell out of my office. (Morgan stands and heads towards the door.) The next time I see you in my office for your misuse of authority or a case other than your own, it had better be for your resignation.

(int. Dr. Trisesters’ Office)

(Dr. Trisester is sitting at his desk on his computer, when his office phone rings. It's his secretary.)

Dr. Trisester

(Phone rings. He answers) Yes--- (Checks his watch) Is he? Alright, send him in.

(Morgan enters the office.)

Morgan

I hope I'm not interrupting a session. If you're busy, I could come back.

Dr. Trisester

Detective Morgan, as luck would have it, my next appointment isn't for another thirty minutes. Come on in. I wasn't expecting to see you for another three days. Have a seat.

Morgan

I was just in the area and figured I'd stop by. I thought maybe you could help me out with something.

Dr. Trisester

That's what I'm here for.

Morgan

It'll only take a minute.

Dr. Trisester

I wouldn't be doing my job if I turned away one of my patients. Now, would I? So tell me. How can I help?

Morgan

Last night, I saw the little girl.

Dr. Trisester

From your dreams?

Morgan

Yeah, at first it was a dream, then it wasn't a dream that turned out to be another dream, only this time, she was in my house. But it was so real. I know it was real. Her face and body was covered in bruises.

Dr. Trisester

From the car accident maybe?

Morgan

No, this didn't come from no accident. I've seen enough abuse cases to know the difference between a car accident and hardcore battery or a blunt object to the head and face. Her face--- It was like I could see the pain of every child who’s ever been the victim of abuse, all in this one person's face.

Dr.Trisester

Tell me something. Why do you think these dreams occur?

Morgan

I don't know. Isn't that what you're supposed to do?

Dr. Trisester

Well I'm here to help you find out what could be causing you to have these dreams which may play a part in contributing to the migraine headaches you've been experiencing.

Morgan

So you're saying that if the dreams go away then the headaches'll stop?

Dr. Trisester

It's very well possible, but we'll have to find out what is causing you to have the dreams. Detective, given your line of work, would, and could affect anybody in a number of ways. Anywhere from internal ailments to hallucinations and so on. Have you been taking the prescriptions? -- You can't just discard the advice that I’ve given you. I'm not sure weather or not you want my help. In any case, the decision is yours. I can't make you do anything you don't want to do. If you're going to continue to ignore my recommendations, then maybe you will feel better seeing another counselor, I realize that you have a few more session, but I strongly suggest that under these circumstances, you may require extensive counseling. If you want, I could give you the name of a specialist who is an expert in his field. He also--

Morgan

Wait a minute.- It took, me a while to come here. What makes you think it would be any easier going to another shrink? Look, I just wanna do what I have to do, which is finish up here so I can go on with my life catching bad guys.

Dr. Trisester

The only way we're going to be able to make any kind of progress is that I have your full cooperation. Without it, I don't see any reason why these sessions should continue. Are you still experiencing the migraines?

Morgan

Yes, accept now they're more frequent and it doesn't have to be after the dreams.

Dr. Trisester

And where does your family fit into all this?

Morgan

(Pause) What do mean?

Dr. Trisester

Doesn’t your wife have invested interest in your relationship? What about the children? You do care about Chris and Lisa? The way you talked about them, I'd think that there was nothing in the world you wouldn't do for them. I understand that sometimes sacrifices have to be made, but at the expense of the children, your family? I can promise you this, those children are going to need you more now than ever, and if you're not willing to work on getting yourself better, you won't be there for them emotionally, physically or spiritually. So you're going to have to decide on whether you want to get better or not. If not for you, maybe for the ones who love you.

(int. Cut to Jims’ office)

(Focus is on Jim sitting at his desk on the computer searching the internet for information on Dr. Trisester. After several pages and several attempts to find information, a web page is posted with some information on Dr. Trisester. Jim looks around the office to be sure no one is aware before pursuing any further.)

(int. Cut to Dr. Trisesters’ Office)

Dr. Trisester

Then, tell me this. Have you thought about maybe spending so time away?

Morgan

What do mean? Like taking the family on a vacation or something?

Dr. Trisester

Actually, I mean you. Getting a chance to spend some time to yourself. Some time to think about your position and where you Sarah and the kids stand. After all, she did have to kids when you married.

Morgan

Are you trying to tell me that we don't match, we're not compatible?

Dr. Trisester

No, no. It's just that some couples -- What they may have had in the beginning of their relationship can sometimes change. Sometimes through a period of time, for whatever reasons they start to grow apart. Their interests change, not necessarily in the same direction. Priorities may begin to differ. What they both may've wanted at the start of their relationship can change after years of growth and a number of things that could play a part in the direction of where they see themselves in the future. Indifferences could come from a number of things, stress at home or on the job, financial, or maybe something as traumatic as a death of a family member or someone close.

Morgan

You know, I really don't think that either of those have anything to do with it. Maybe it's me, but I can't help but to think that you're trying to say that my wife and I shouldn't be together.

Dr. Trisester

That would be the last thing I would suggest. What I'm simply saying is that everybody needs some me time. Time to themselves. Time to reflect on their past their present and their future. In your case, you haven't given yourself time to sit back and regenerate. Your mind, your body, your soul. Are you a religious person?

Morgan

Not exactly, Sarah, she does the church thing with the kids. Me, I've never been a religious person, but I am a believer in that there is something out there, but nobody really knows what. Maybe the only way we'll find out is after we're dead and gone, or maybe it just wasn't meant for us to ever know.

Dr. Trisester

Sometimes it takes a belief in something to sort of put things in to perspective.

Morgan

Tell me doc, what do you believe in?

Dr. Trisester

I believe in you, me, mankind. I believe that everyone is capable of making choices, be it good or bad and in the end, life has a way of working its way out. Things happen for a reason and for whatever reason, who knows. "Such is life".

(Cut to Jim)

(As Jim continues reading into the web page he is slightly startled by the captain but is able to switch screens before being detected.)

Captain Wilcox

Davis... You're here early.

Jim

I just needed to catch up on some paper work and I wanted to get a head start.

Captain Wilcox

Have you heard from Morgan?

Jim

No Sir, Not sense yesterday. (The captain remains standing there for a few seconds as though he may be a little suspicious of Jim, then leaves.)

(int. Cut to Dr. Trisesters’ Office)

Morgan

Is it possible to dream of someone you've never seen before?

Dr.Trisester

The answer to that is yes. What happens over the course of time, the mind stores an abundance of information. Vision being the most collective source of information. As a person sleeps, all these bits of information that your brain has stored in its memory can manufacture characteristics from a number of people you've had contact with in past years up to today. While asleep, when a person dreams, the mind can sometimes take a pair of eyes that it remembers from one person and place them with a mouth of another person or the nose of someone and combine it with ears of another person until it creates someone totally different than what they may remember. Understand that this isn't going to happen overnight nor is it going to fix itself. You can't just put a time limit on something like this and think that it'll be over and done with. In cases like this, it can sometimes take weeks, months, years even.

Morgan

Yeah well, Time doesn't seem to be a luxury that I have plenty of. By the way, What happened to the photo?

Dr. Trisester

Excuse me?

Morgan

The picture of your family that was on your desk the first day I was here?

Dr. Trisester

You must be mistaken. I'm not married, nor have I ever been.

Morgan

Wait a minute. There was a picture of a lady and three kids on that desk. I know what I saw.

Dr. Trisester

Are you sure it was here?

Morgan

(Slightly angered) Look, There was a photo of a mother and her children right there. What are you trying to pull? Is this some kind of game? I know what I saw, and my mind ain't playing tricks on me.

Dr. Trisester

Daniel, I assure you that I'm not into playing games. Is it possible that what you saw may have been another office or someone else’s desk?

Morgan

(Pauses for a few seconds.) Maybe you're right. I ahh, I got some things that I need to do.( Standing to exit the room) I don't wanna take up too much of your time. I'm sure you've got other patients waiting to see you, who pay good money. (Walks towards the exit) By the way can ask you something?

Dr. Trisester

What is it?

Morgan

Given your degrees and over achievement plagues and awards. Graduating with the highest honors in your class, Why here? Why a cop shrink? It's defiantly not for the money, working with cops looking to get an early retirement living off of tax payers’ dollars.

Dr. Trisester

For you of course. (pause) (Morgan has puzzled look) and others like you who may sometimes find it difficult on occasion to cope with the hazards that may come with the job.

Morgan

(Exiting the doctor's office)

(int.Fade to Jim at the precinct)

(Jim is sitting at his computer searching the internet when he finds information on a Dr. Trisester.

(int. Cut to Morgan in vehicle)

Morgan

(Riding through the downtown part of the city. Cell phone rings. He Answers.) Yeah?

Jim

(On other end) Morgan! I was able to Google this Dr. Trisester and either this just happens to be one of the biggest coincidences I’ve seen, or this doc you've been going to is a hundred and somethin year old ghost.

Morgan

What do you mean?

(int. Cut to Jim)

Jim

I mean I googled the doc and I was able to find out that Dr. Trisester, "Dr.Harvey L Trisester" died some thirty years ago. Three years prior to his death, his license to practice was revoked because of his sexual involvement with his patients...and get this, he was a child psychologist. It says that he and his wife of forty years were found dead in their home, both from a single gunshot to the head at close range. No weapons were found no one was apprehended and there were no suspects.

Morgan

What about next of kin? Did he have any kids or other relatives?

(int. Cut to Morgan in vehicle)

Jim

As far as I can see, it doesn't list any offspring or next of kin. (As Morgan is driving, he notices he's being followed.) You know, by this being so long ago, it might take--

Morgan

Hold on -- I think I might have company. (Attempting to lose his pursuer, Morgan turns left down one street but is unsuccessful. He makes a right turn down another street, still not able to shake them.

Jim

Morgan! Morgan! What's goin on? Morgan! Can you hear me? Are you ok?

Morgan

Yeah. Hold on. (Morgan makes a left at another street, then a right turn at another street. After several turns, up and down side streets he manages to elude his pursuer. He pulls over to the street curb.)

Jim

Morgan! What's going on?

Morgan

(Picks up cell phone) Just somebody asking for directions.

(ext. Cut to Downtown City Park)

(Sarah and Chris are at the park as well as other parents and their children. Chris is playing on one of the parks slide as Sarah sits near by drinking coffee and reading her newspaper.)

Chris

(Chris is standing at the top of the slide.) Mommy! Look! Watch me.

Sarah

Be careful, before you fall.

Chris

I'm not gonna fall. I know what I’m doing.

Sarah

Just be careful. I don't want you to hurt yourself.

(Chris slides down. He then runs over to the activity center where there are several other children are playing.)

(ext. Cut to Morgan on the front porch of Mrs. Rodriguez. The doorbell rings. Mrs. Rodriguez answers the door.)

Morgan

Mrs. Rodriguez? Detective Morgan. I talked to you earlier. I was wondering if you would answer a few questions about your late husband Gomez Rodriguez. (Pause) Look nobody knows I'm here. It’s strictly off the record.

Mrs. Rodriguez

That was over ten years ago. Why now?

Morgan

I have reason to believe his death was part of a cover-up.

Mrs. Rodriguez

(Pause) Come in. (Morgan enters the home.)

(ext. Cut to Sarah sitting on park bench)

(As Sarah is sitting, another parent with her children, "one of which is in a stroller" comes and sits on the bench next to Sarah.)

Judith

Hi, I've seen you here before. I'm Judith and this is Dana.

Sarah

Sarah. Hello Donna. That's a pretty name.

Dana

(Standing next to her mom. Shy and in a soft voice) Hi

Judith

And this little guy, (Referring to her child in the stroller) is her brother Patrick. So which one's yours?

Sarah

The one over there in the red shirt and dirty jeans.

Judith

He's cute. Oh Dana there's your friend Stephony. (Dana runs off after Stephony.) If only they could stay that age. Is he your only child?

Sarah

I have an older daughter who's in school.

Judith

Me? Two boys, much older. Both of them are away in college.They grow so fast.

(int. Cut to inside Mrs. Rodriguez home)

(Morgan and Mrs. Rodriguez are sitting in the living room conversing.)

Mrs. Rodriguez

We tried for several years to have a baby and when I finally became pregnant, he was so happy. He had it all planned out. How he was going to take his little man "My little man" is what he called him,

before he was even born. He'd say how he was going to take him to baseball games, fishing, camping. There were so many things he wanted to do with his son, but he never got to even see him... You know, they try to tell me that he began working for the other side of the law and was killed in the raid, but I know that's not true. I knew my husband and he would've never done anything like that. My husband's name was tarnished. My son and I would receive nothing for my husband's death. Pension, retirement, insurance, nothing. I tried to appeal, but each time was denied. There was nothing I could do, nowhere I could go. Who was I supposed to turn to?

Morgan

I know it's been some time now, but if there is anything that you

might remember about his work, like a name or something that

that might have struck you as odd?

Mrs. Rodriguez

He would be gone for days at a time, never telling me about who or where he was going. I was pregnant with our son at the time, so he didn't want me to worry. We tried for several years to have a baby and when I finally became pregnant, he was so happy. He had it all planned out. How he was going to take his little man, "His little man" That's what he called him, before he was even born. He'd say how he was going to take him to baseball games, take him fishing, camping. There were so many things he wanted to do with his son but he never got the chance to. He said that this would be his last undercover case.

Morgan

Did he ever mention anybody that might've been working with him on any of his cases?

Mrs. Rodriguez

That was something he tried hard not to do. He loved his job, but he didn't want anything to happen to me or our unborn son, so he wanted to keep me as far from, and know as little as possible when

it came to his work. There was one time he mention a name. I don't think he knew that I had heard him. He was angry about something when he said it in a fit of anger. I was in the other room when he said it, but I wasn't sure I heard him... I think It was Will.. or William. I don't know...

Morgan

Could it have been Wilcox?

Mrs. Rodriguez

Yes, yes, I believe that's it... I'm sure that was it.

(ext.Cut to Sarah)

(Sarah and Judith are sitting on the park bench.)

Judith

I keep telling my husband how much I want to have another baby, but he says "three is enough".. Maybe it's because he was an only child. I, myself, came from a rather large family and we had so

many good times as children. We'd go to the playgrounds, go to the movies together, go swimming together. We did just about every- thing together. To this day, I have the best relationship with all of my brothers and sisters. That's what I try to tell my husband, that the bigger the family the bigger the joy, cause without family, you have nothing. Don't you think?

Sarah

(Distracted) Huh? ahh yeah.

Judith

(Judith takes the baby out of the stroller and begins to search for the baby's pacifier throughout the stroller). Would you hold her? (Hands the baby to Sarah and continues looking for the pacifier. Sarah glances up to make sure that Chris was still insight then attends the baby. As she watches the baby, she takes another look up towards the play area to see if Chris is still in her view. Chris is nowhere to be found. She looks towards the sand area, then towards the sliding board. There's no sign of Chris. Sarah begins to call Chris, at the same time she starts to panic.)

Sarah

Chris! Chris! (Sarah hands the baby back to Judith and starts search the park for Chris.) Chris! Chris!! (To one of the children in the park.) Have you see Chris?

Little Child 1

(Shaking his head) No.

Sarah

(Sarah continues looking for Chris.) Chris!!! (To another child in the park) Have you seen Chris? (Little Child 2 shakes her head indicating she hasn't seen Chris. Now Sarah is becoming hysterical screaming out for Chris.) Chris!!! Chris!!!!!!!

(int. Cut to Mrs. Rodriguez's home)

Mrs. Rodriguez

There was something about that day.. I don't know what it was, but all that day I just didn't feel right...He promised he'd be here to see the birth of his son Then he left... He never came back. He never got to see his son (Morgan notices a photo of a young boy.) That's my son Cortez. I tell him how his father died a hero, a proud man and that he died doing what he loved. how proud he would be of him.

Morgan

I'm going to leave you my number. If there's anything you need, you can call me and I'll do whatever I can. Whenever-- (cell phone rings. Morgan answers it.) Yeah....I'll be right there.

(Cut to Morgan’s home)

(There are several police officers throughout the house. Sarah sits nervously on the sofa next to the telephone. (The telephone rings. The room quiets down. Sarah picks up the phone simultaneously with Morgan on the extension.)

Sarah

(Answers phone) Hello

Stranger

(Other end of phone) 5th & Main ( Phone Disconnects. Morgan starts for the door.)

Sarah

I'm going with you.

Morgan

You need be here in case they call back. (Convinces Sarah to stay).

(ext. corner of 5th & Main)

(Morgan and other police officers arrive at the destination. Morgan sees Chris standing on the corner as though he is waiting on someone. He quickly runs to Chris's side. Chris is unharmed. Morgan notices a note sticking out of Chris's pocket. Morgan takes the note and reads it. The note simply reads "Everyone has a story to tell. What is yours?").

(int Morgan’s home)

(Sarah is pacing back and forth, visibly worried. Morgan enters with Chris. Sarah immediately rushes over to Chris, embracing him tightly, checking Chris for marks or bruises as she repeatedly kisses him.

Sarah

Are you alright? Did he hurt you? Why did you go with him? Haven't I taught you about going with strangers? (Without speaking, Chris just stands there staring, clearly frustrated.) Why did you go? You know not to talk or go with strangers? Why did you go? How many times have mommy told you never to go with strangers?

Chris

But he wasn't a stranger.

Sarah

What do mean he wasn't a stranger? Did you know him?

Chris

No.

Sarah

Have you seen him before?

Chris

No.

Sarah

So how do you know he wasn't a stranger?

Chris

(Angrily) Because you told me that the policeman was our friend. (Runs upstairs to his room.)

(Fade to later that evening)

(Sarah and Morgan are standing near the staircase after sending the kids to bed.)

Sarah

I just don't think you should take him to the station. Suppose he sees that person down there. Hasn't he been through enough already?

Morgan

He'll just look at a few photos of some of the officers from the precinct. Have you given any thought to moving up north?

Sarah

Do we have to talk about it now? I'm just not sure if moving is a good idea. What about the kids? How are they gonna feel about it? What about school?

Morgan

They have some of the finest schools in the country.

Sarah

What about their friends?

Morgan

They'll make new friends.

Sarah

I just don't know. Can we just talk about this some other time? It's been a long day and we both could probably use some rest.

Morgan

Sure, whatever you wanna do. (They embrace) It doesn't matter where we live, just as long as we're together. We could live in a cave, or a mansion on the hill. I just know that I love you and where ever you are, is where I wanna be.

Sarah

I love you. (They kiss) I'll check on the kids.

Morgan

I'll be up. I'm just gonna double check the locks. (Sarah exists up the stairs).

(Cut to living room)

(Morgan is securing the front door. He then walks over to the window and secures it and closes the blinds but not before looking outside for a few seconds. Morgan then turns from the window and sees the image of the little girl standing in the middle of the room ten feet away from him. In a flash the little girl is in his face and strikes him on the side of his face with a belt buckle, knocking him to the floor. She vanishes just as quickly as she appeared).

Sarah

(From upstairs) Daniel, are you alright?

Morgan

(Morgan is stunned but manages to get his composure). Yeah, I'm okay. I just tripped on something.

(Cut to upstairs bedroom)

Sarah

(Morgan enters the room. Sarah notices the bruise on his face). What happened to your face?

Morgan

Nothing, I just wasn't looking and hit the door.

Sarah

What?

Morgan

It's dark down there. I didn't see it.

Sarah

Yeah, well maybe you should put a cold compress on it.

Morgan

I'll be alright.

Sarah

Are you sure?

Morgan

Yeah, Don't worry bout me. I'll be fine.

(Fade to the next morning )

(int. The scene takes place at the precinct. Chris is sitting at a desk with a police officer looking at picture slides of police officers from the precinct on the computer monitor.)

Officer Graves

Okay Chris if either of these pictures looks like the officer you were with yesterday, I want you to point him out for me alright? Can you do that for me?

Chris

(Nodding his head) Yeah.

(Cut to just outside of the room)

(Sarah and Morgan are standing outside of the room waiting).

Sarah

(Pacing back and forth nervously) Why can't I be in there with him? What if--

Morgan

--Honey, Don't worry. He'll be fine. It's standard procedure, and officer Kendal is a good cop. He's done this hundreds of times if not thousands, besides we don't want him to be influenced in any way.

Sarah

But what if he's here and Chris sees him or he sees Chris? I don't think this was a good idea. Maybe we should--

Morgan

Look, baby, it's gonna be alright. It shouldn't take long, and once he's done, brunch is on me.

(Lt. Hopper enters)

(Lt. Hopper approaches Sarah and Morgan).

Lt. Hopper

Morgan, Sarah, I heard about what happened yesterday. How's the little guy doing?

Morgan

He's handling it like a champ.

Lt. Hopper

How about you Sarah? I imagine it must've been some ordeal for you.

Sarah

I'll manage, but it'll be sometime before I'm able to trust letting him run through the park unless he's with me or is supervised by a responsible adult.

Lt. Hopper

(To Morgan) Do you think there might be a connection with what happened yesterday and this pervert who gets his kicks out of castrating his victims?

Morgan

I don't know.

Lt. Hopper

It seems to me that somebody's trying to make a statement by leaving his calling card that maybe you're getting too close and it's their way of telling you to back off as a sort of scare tactic.

Morgan

Well, it's not gonna be that easy.

Lt. Hopper

By the way, any new leads on that psyco cock collector?

Morgan

Nothing solid but it's only a matter of time. Sooner or later, he's gonna slip up and when he does, I'll be right there waiting.

Lt. Hopper

Well if there's anything I can do to help, you know where to reach me. Nice seeing you again Sarah. (Lt. Hopper exits).

Sarah

I can't help but to think that part of me wants him to make a positive ID and the other part of me doesn't. What happens if he's able to ID the man who took him?

Morgan

Don't worry bout that. I'll take care of it. He'll be fine.

(Officer Kendal brings Chris from his office back to Sarah and Morgan). Sarah gives Chris a big hug.

Officer Kenal

(A look of disappointment) Sorry, nothing. But he's a good sport. He did a terrific job.

Chris

(Holding a lollypop in one hand.) Can we go now? I'm hungry.

Morgan

Sure champ and for doing such a good job, you get to pick anything you want off the menu.

Officer Kendal

It's possible that he may not have been an officer at all, someone disguised as an officer?

Morgan

I wouldn't be too hard to do... Thanks alot.

Officer Kendal

No problem. Glad to help.

(int.Cut to Morgans’ vehicle)

(Morgan, Sarah and Chris are driving down the street. Morgan is behind the wheel and Chris is strapped in the back seat).

Sarah

(To Chris) You weren't afraid, looking at those pictures back in the room with officer Kendal?

Chris

I'm not ascared of nobody.

Morgan

I'm sure you're not but from now on, under no circumstances are you to go with anybody unless I or mommy says it's okay and you should never go anywhere where mommy can't see you. Got it?

Chris

Even when I'm seven?

Morgan

Even when you're seven.

Sarah

Chris.

Chris

Huh?

Sarah

I just want you to know that mommy's very proud of you for what you did today.

Chris

All I did was look at some pictures.

Sarah

Still, I'm very proud of you. (To Morgan) Oh and don't forget they're suppose to spend a night at your parents this weekend. So you don't have to pick them up from school. Your mother will, and I'm sure she'll be on time. Do you think he'll be alright? I mean after what he's been through. I don't know what kind of an affect it might've had on him.

Morgan

From the way he's acting, he seems to be okay. Don't worry, he'll be fine.

Sarah

Still I think we should get new locks on the doors and windows. What about security bars?

Morgan

Now you want to become a prisoner in your own home?

Sarah

I don't know. I just don't feel so safe when you're not there.

Chris

I know what let’s do. Let’s get a dog. That way, when dad's gone, he can protect us.

Morgan

I don't know Chris. Having a dog takes on a lot of responsibilities.

Chris

Pleease?

Morgan

You'd have to feed the dog, take the dog for walks,

Chris

I can do it. Pleease?

Morgan

You'll have to clean up after the dog,

Chris

Lisa can do that.

Morgan

I don't know. That's something mommy and I'll have to discuss.

Chris

If we had a dog, I'll bet he'd keep that boogie man from coming back.

Sarah

What boogie man?

Chris

The boogie man I saw the other night.

Sarah

(Alarmed) Chris?

Chris

Huh?

Sarah

What boogie man are you talking about?

Chris

The boogie man standing outside the house.

Sarah

Are you sure?

Chris

Yes.

Morgan

What did he look like?

Chris

I don't know. It was too dark, he wore a hat.

Sarah

Honey, Why didn't you tell mommy?

Chris

Because I didn't want you to know that I was awake when I was suppose to be asleep.

Sarah

You should've told me. What was he doing out there?

Chris

He was just standing there staring at our house, then he went away.

Sarah

If that ever happens again, you come tell me. You hear?

Chris

Yes mam.

Sarah

That's it. We're getting new locks. I just don't feel safe knowing someone may have out there watching. (Morgan’s attention is directed towards Sarah for a brief moment).

Morgan

How can you be sure it wasn't just his imagination and he thought he saw something that look like a man? I mean it was dark out.

Sarah

Even so, I'm not taking any chances. (Morgan begins to resume focus on the road). There's a murderer out there and if--(Out of nowhere, Morgan see the image of the little girl in the middle of

the road just a few feet ahead. Morgan suddenly skids off to the side of the road to avoid hitting the girl as Sarah screams out). Daniel!! (The car comes to an abrupt holt. They sit for a few seconds while the gather there composure).Chris, baby are you okay?

Chris

(Nodding his head) Umm humm.

Sarah

Daniel, honey are you alright? What happened?

Morgan

I'm okay. I thought I saw something in the road.

Sarah

Like a dog or cat? What was it?

Morgan

It was nothing. Must've been the sun glare.

Sarah

You sure you're okay?

Morgan

Yeah. I'm fine. I'm fine.

(Fade to the next morning)

(int. It's the next morning. The scene takes place in Sarah's home. Sarah is standing with the security installer).

Security Installer

Ok now I’ve reinforced all the doors and windows on the first floor and the second floor is secured which should make it virtually impossible for anybody to get in if no one’s home or even if someone

is home whatever the case may be. Now the alarm system is linked to our data base which lets us know when there is an intruder in your home. Now, we are a 24 hour operation (Hands Sarah several brochures) and can be contacted at any time around the clock, so if you're having any problems just call that number. Ok, your system is all ready to go. There's a DVD in there that'll guide you through on how to set the timer and change your code etc. This button here is your panic button. If for any reason; fire, intruder while your home, just hit that button and it sounds off the alarm and alerts us that there's something wrong at the premises. Should the electricity go out for whatever reason, the

system has a backup battery that kicks in immediately. Now if by mistake someone should trigger the alarm, you'll have eight seconds to disarm the system or we'll have to assume that there's a problem at this address and inform the police department.

Sarah

Why such a small amount of time to disarm it?

Security Installer

When there's a possibility of a life and death situation, seconds could make the difference.. Now all I need now is your signature and you're good to go. (Sarah signs the form).

Sarah

Thank you so much.

Security Installer

No problem. It's what I do.

Sarah

I just want my kids to be safe and that no one can get in.

Security Installer

Lady, the only way anybody's gonna get through here is if you let them in.

(int. Cut to Dr. Trisester's Office)

(Morgan is sitting in Dr. Trisesters’ office).

Morgan

I could've killed my wife and son because of something that's not there. Now tell me, what’s goin on? Why am I seeing images of this kid? It started out as just a dream. Now, I'm starting to see her in broad day light. So tell me doc, Am I losing it or what?

Dr. Trisester

Sounds like you're having hallucinations/delusions

Morgan

So what are you saying? Am I losing it or what?

Dr. Trisester

No no no. Far from it. Sometimes however, it could be that you are making yourself see these images or hallucinations because you are aware that it will happen every time. For example, if I know I'm going to see something when I look in a mirror then my mind may actually make it so it really happens. It's like if I think I'm going to hear something in a silent room then I'm going to hear something because the mind is super powerful like that.

Morgan

So why? Why am I seeing these images?

Dr. Trisester

That's what we're trying to find out.. Now, nothing was found in your cat scan, but there is another test I would like run. It's fairly new, but--

Morgan

No no. I'm not takin any more tests. I'm not going to be somebody's guinea pig. As far as I'm concerned, this whole set up is just a bunch of bullshit, a scam, a facade.

Dr. Trisester

What do you mean? How so?

Morgan

I mean, you get them to tell some of their most private parts of the life. And you know more about them than they do you. They pay all this money just to find out something they already knew. They're no better off than they were before they started... Their bank accounts are gettin bigger while the rest of the world goes crazy.

Dr. Trisester

I can tell you that nothing could be further from the truth. I know of countless psychiatrists who are excellent doctors and they take their profession very serious. Their concerns are for their patients. There's gonna be alteria motives in every profession, but for every physician whose dreams and aspirations are motivated by financial gain solely, there are hundreds who are very much dedicated to their profession.

Morgan

Let me ask you something?

Dr. Trisester

What is it?

Morgan

Do you think a person can control what they think? I mean most people are able to control their actions, but can we be taught to control our thoughts? Is there a way to turn it off?

Dr. Trisester

No more than you can turn off your dreams or control your dreams, but studies have shown and been proven sometimes dreams can be a way of your subconscious mind guiding you through what might be or might've been a difficult period or time in your life. The average person has over 65 thoughts running through their head per minute at any given time. Most of the thoughts are meaningless and just passing through. It is possible that something may have happened to you that made a lasting impression. Even hearing a song for the first time could somehow remain in the back of your mind and later service at another time. For instance, hasn't there ever been a time where you just couldn't get a particular song or melody out of your head. For whatever reason this particular song seems to be stuck on replay and you can't remember if you've heard it earlier that day or how it even got there. Then later on the song is gone and you weren't aware of when it stopped.

Morgan

Sometimes it just feels like the only way to stop it, is with a 32 caliber. It gets that bad.

Dr. Trisester

Thoughts of suicide?

Morgan

No (pause) I just want it to stop. The medications don't work, the sessions don't seem to be doing any damb good--

Dr. Trisester

Look, I know what you're going through and--

Morgan

(Angered and frustrated) No, you don’t. You don't know what I’m going through. How can you know what I’m going through? Do you see the images of a tortured little girl in your sleep? Do you wake up feeling like your head is going to explode and there's nothing you can do about it?

Dr. Trisester

You have got to start trusting that I am trying to help you and start following my instructions or else--

Morgan

Or else what? What are you going to do? Recommend that I be taken off the case? Inform the captain that I'm unable to do my job?

Dr. Trisester

I was going to say, or else the consequences could be detrimental and I won't be able to help you. You won't be any good for nobody. Not Sarah, not Lisa or Chris, not even yourself. Is that what you want? There's a choice you have to make, and only you know what you gotta do.

(int. Jims’ vehicle

(Fade to Morgan and Jim driving up the highway. Jim is driving while Morgan is on the passenger side thumbing through the information.)

Jim

I've been searching and out of that list of distinguished gentlemen, this guy was the only other guy that who wasn't dead or left the country and once more he's a judge. Judge Thomas Crain. He also has his own TV Court Show.

Morgan

I thought that name sounded familiar. Any family?

Jim

Married over forty years, no offspring. Definitely a pillar in his community. He was a sponsor for several youth programs, He started the foundation for wayward girls, has been a contributor to Boys Youth Group over thirty five years. He's also on the board of directors. What do you think he has to do with this?

Morgan

I don't know, but if he knows something, I wanna find out what.

(int. Fade to Judge Thomas Crain home)

(Judge Crain is just finishing his work out in his personal gym when one of the staff enters.)

Staff member

(Standing in the doorway) Detectives Morgan and Davis are here to see you.

Judge Crain

Good, good. Send them in. (Morgan and Jim enter the room.) Gentlemen come in. Welcome. To what do I owe the pleasure?

Morgan

Well, your honor Detective Daniel Morgan (extends hand to shake), and Detective Jim Davis. (Jim shakes the judge’s hand.)

Jim

My wife's a big fan, she watches your show all the time.

Judge Crain

That's nice to know. It's always good to hear. If it were not for the fans, there wouldn't be a Court Show. (Tries to recollect) Morgan, Morgan. The name sounds familiar.

Morgan

My father...You both were in the same fraternity.

Judge Crain

Right, right. Frank, Frank Morgan. Governor Frank Morgan. How has he been? It's been a long time since we last saw each other.

Morgan

He's been fine. Couldn't be better.

Judge Crain

So you're Francis’ son. (Walks over to the wet bar and begins to pour a drink). I've heard good things about you. I'm sure Frank must be very proud of you. (Extends the drink to Morgan to be courteous).

Morgan

Thanks, but no.

Judge Crain

I've heard good things about you. I'm sure Frank must be very proud of you.

Judge Crain

Well, I can see you didn't come for an autograph. What is this, official business?

Morgan

No, not exactly.

Judge Crain

Well, get to the point. I'm a busy man.

Morgan

It's about Senator Gavin.

Judge Crain

Yes, He was a good man... I just can't understand what would make a person who has everything, take his own life.

Morgan

That's what we're trying to find out. Apparently he must had some issues that he couldn't handle. Did you know that he had a secret life?

Judge Crain

Doesn't everybody in some form or another? Generally I've always made it a rule not to get into other peoples personal lives.

Jim

Even if it meant saving someone's life?

Morgan

Well, we have reason to believe that he may have been involved in some sort of internet child pornography ring.

Judge Crain

Charlie? I find that hard to believe. But I guess that might explain.

Morgan

Explain what?

Judge Crain

His relationship with his wife.

Morgan

What about his relationship with his wife?

Judge Crain

I believe their marriage was more of a convenience or at least that's what seemed to be.

Morgan

How so?

Judge Crain

He and his wife never had any children.

Jim

That can't be true. I checked and found that they had a daughter and twin granddaughters.

Judge Crain

I said he and his wife didn't have any children. His wife had a daughter by another. They decided to keep it in the closet and raise the child as his.

Morgan

Well we figured that maybe by you knowing him so long ago that you might be able to give some insight as to what kind of a person he was, some of the people he might associated with and what might have caused him to abruptly end it all.

Judge Crain

I wish there was more I could tell you but that was a long time ago and I'm late for an important meeting so if you don't mind, I have to shower and get ready before I go. Sorry I couldn't be of more help.

Morgan

No, no. You've been very helpful. It's just unfortunate that we had to meet under these circumstances. I wanna thank you for taking up your time. It's been a pleasure.

Judge Crain

The pleasure has been all mine son. Maria will see you out. (Morgan and Jim exit the room with Maria. Crain begins to make a phone call. Fade out).

(int. Fade in. Scene takes place inside the precinct. It's late that afternoon. Morgan and Jim are walking through the hall of the department when they are stopped by the captain.)

Captain Wilcox

(Angrily) Where were you? I've been trying to reach you all day.

Morgan

Sorry, I must've had my phone off by mistake

Captain Wilcox

And what about you?

Jim

(Pulls his phone out and looks at it). My battery's dead.

Captain Wilcox

Look, I don't know what kinda shit you playing, but it stops here a now.

(ext. Fade in. It's early morning and Morgan and members of a special tactics unit are approaching the home of a suspected child porn ring. They slowly enter the home. int. The home is completely empty. There's no sign of anybody's presence.

Jim

(They pause for a moment.) Are you sure this is the right address?

Morgan

(Slowly looks around) This is the house.

(Morgan begins to have an uneasy feely about the house. They began to slowly search throughout the house when they began to smell a fowl odor.)

Jim

Do you smell that? (The odor starts to get stronger.)

Special tactics officer

(Covering his nose) What is that smell?

(The other officers began covering their noses as they continue to look through the house the smell gets stronger and the silence gets louder. Morgan and his unit find themselves in an empty room. Sounds of children's laughter began coming from the walls).

Morgan

(Morgan hears sounds). What was that?

Jim

What?

Morgan

(Sounds of children's laughter began coming from the walls). The kids. You don't hear'em?

Jim

No, I don't hear anything.

(As the sounds grow louder, they turn from sounds of laughter to screams of horror and tortured children. The sounds become unbearable. (The walls begin vibrating. It instantly becomes silent. The silence is deafening for four seconds. The walls implode from the force of a typhoon of blood. Int. bedroom. Morgan is shaken out of his sleep. Morgan sits up in bed. It is still dark. From his peripheral vision he sees little girl crouched in the corner of the room. No sooner does Morgan turn to look, the little girl vanishes. Morgan then sits off the side of the bed in order to gather his senses).

Sarah

(Still in sleep position but out of view) Are you alright? (Puts here hand on his shoulder as to comfort him. He reaches to touch her hand. He feels something is wrong by the way her hand feels. He looks over to the hand and it is badly burned. In that instant, the little girl is coming down on him with her fist when the phone rings, abruptly waking Morgan from his sleep. It is the next morning. Sarah and the kids have already gone. Morgan answers the phone).

Morgan

Hello

Mrs. Rodreguez

Detective Morgan?

Morgan

Yes

Mrs. Rodreguez

I think I have something you might want.

Morgan

I'll be right there. (Fade out)

(Fade In int. Mrs. Rodreguezs’ home)

(Morgan is sitting at Mrs. Rodreguez's dinner table. Mrs. Rodreguez enters carrying a photo album. She sits in the adjacent Morgan’s.

Mrs. Rodreguez

After you left I remembered this old photo album. These are some of his early pictures.(Hands some of the photos to Morgan). I thought that maybe you could use them. (There are several pictures of his early years on the force taken with fellow officers. While looking through the photos, Morgan notices a photo of Rodreguez and the captain together). He was so proud. (Morgan continues to focus on the photo). (Fade out)

(int.Fade in Morgans’ vehicle)

(Morgan is driving down a highway. Five seconds into his drive, he glances in his rearview mirror and sees an unmarked police vehicle with two officers. He is unable to get a clear view so he resumes his focus on the road. The police vehicle begins to go around to the left. The vehicle pulls alongside of Morgan. Morgan notices the precinct of the vehicle as is pulls alongside him. Morgan looks towards the vehicle. He makes eye contact with the officer in the passenger seat. They acknowledge each other. Morgan nodding his, the officer gives a short wave. The two cars continue down the road side by side. Morgan has a flash back).

(Flash back)

(The time is early morning, the day of Bradford’s' death).

(int. police precinct)

Morgan

So do you think you can gain access to the drive?

Bradford

It probably has an incription that will have to be converted into a format that can make it legible for people like us to understand. This drive has what is called a failsafe trigger which means that is someone were to try and access any data or information from this drive without entering the correct code or password, it would melt down any and every bit of data on your computer as well as self-destruct all information on the device. But I think, No! I know I could get around that on my system. It may take a little while, but it can be done. Just give me a minute on my system at home and I'll have this puppy singin like a canary. Even if it takes me all night, which it won't.

Morgan

That's what I wanted to hear. Remember--

Bradford

Yeah yeah, as soon as I get it, you get it.

Morgan

Good man. (Morgan exits the room. Just down the hall, Morgan sees the captain standing with someone out of view. In what might've been less than a second, Morgan makes eye contact. Morgan slams the breaks just as a bullet from the police officer shatters the side- view mirror. The police car skids up the road a distance before spinning a 180 degree turn. The police car starts gunning towards Morgan. The cop on passenger side is half way out the window shooting in Morgan’s direction. Morgan is shielded by his car door as he takes aim at the police car. The driver is shot between the eyes killing him instantly causing him to depress the gas pedal. The vehicle accelerates due to the dead weight of the driver. Passenger cop continues shooting as the car excels).

Passenger cop

(Yelling out) SLOW DOWN!! (The vehicle continues to excel.) WHAT ARE YOU DOING!! (The officer ducks back in the car. He grabs the steering wheel in time to avoid colliding with Morgan. The cop desperately tries to keep control of the vehicle. The out of control vehicle veers off over a cliff. As vehicle plummets towards the ground the cop franticly tries to buckle his seat belt only to succeed three seconds before a nose dive impact).

Cop

(Scream of ultimate terror)EERRR (Impact. Fade out)

(int.Fade in Captain Wilcoxs’ office)

(The place is the Captain Wilcox's office. The captain is sitting at his desk going over paper work. The office door opens slowly.)

Captain Wilcox

I thought I gave strict orders not to-- (Looking up) Morgan enters.)

Morgan

What's the matter? You look like you've a ghost, or is that just wishful thinking?

Captain Wilcox

Am I supposed to know what you're talking about?

Morgan

(Tosses photo on captain’s desk). Do you see his ghost now?

Captain Wilcox

What is this supposed to be?

Morgan

You knew.. You knew he was an undercover. You knew he had a wife. You knew he had a kid on the way. Then you tampered with evidence to make the report look like just another crooked cop.

Captain Wilcox

I've taken pictures with lots of people. That doesn't mean shit. What? Because I took a fucking picture with somebody ten, fifteen years ago, I had dinner with the every Sunday afternoon? Don't you have a case that needs to be solved? One that merits your attention? I would advise you to keep your priorities in check. As for that, it might sound nice in theory but even if that were true that I knew this Rodriguez you're talking about a conspiracy and I'm sure that you know that it takes more than one man to commit conspiracy.

Morgan

Even so, you know and I know what happened that night.. I was there. Remember?

(int. unmarked van Flash back fade in)

(It's ten years earlier the night of the bust. Wilcox, Morgan and a team of officers are sitting in the back of an unmarked van. Wilcox is briefing the unit).

Captain Wilcox

Just remember, there are children and these perps won't hesitate to put a bullet right in their skull if given the chance, which is why we have to exercise extreme caution. Move fast and don't givem a chance. Now what we have are four perps and an undercover. Our mission is to get in as fast possible, to rescue the children and if at all possible, apprehend the perps.

(ext. Cut to targeted house)

(ext. The unit slowly approaches the house, armed artillery and a battering ram. Approaching the front door, a shot is fired from inside the house. The unit immediately rams the front door down. Int. Three armed officer rush inside. They are met with the first gunman. The gunman fires at the officers. The officers return fire with a ripple gun fire, killing him instantly. The second perp is shielded as he sprays the room with bullets. They continue to exchange gun fire. Morgan attempts to get the second perp in view. The third perp is hidden as he takes aim at Morgan's head. Rodriguez sees the third perp).

Rodriguez

(Shouting) CAPTAIN!!

(The third perp gets off a single shot just missing Morgan's head. Morgan and the Wilcox return fire killing the third perp. Morgan resumes firing at the second perp. Without any expression or pause, Wilcox turns to Rodriguez, points his gun and fires, putting a bullet through his forehead. After gun the fire ends, Morgan looks back in Rodriguez's direction. He sees Rodriguez lying dead on the floor).

(int. Captain Wilcoxs’ office)

Morgan

He was a cop, and he was unarmed, and you knew it. You shot and killed an unarmed man, an officer of the law. Because of what he might've known? So to be sure, you took him out. I don't know who put out the hit but--

Captain Wilcox

But what? Do I need to find out from the shrink what the hell is really going on? Are you going to arrest me now? For what? Doing my fucking job? I don't see any real reason why you're hear other than to make a fool out of yourself about something that took place over ten years ago. Some pictures! (Slightly laughs). What the hell does that supposed to prove?

Morgan

You killed an innocent man.

Captain Wilcox

I was only following orders.. Now unless you're here to tell me that this psychopathic bastard is either dead or in behind bars, I'd suggest you do your fucking job. (Morgan begins exiting the room). Morgan, Morgan! There's something you need to know... This is bigger than what you think. (Morgan stops)

Morgan

I'm listening.

Captain Wilcox

(Pause) That's all I can say. (Morgan starts to leave and is stopped once more). Morgan... I was only following orders....(Morgan exits the office). You're in over your head. (Fade out).

Ext.(Fade in to auto shop)

(Morgan is at the auto shop having his side view mirror replaced. Morgan is leaning on his car smoking a cigarette while the mechanic is replacing his side view mirror).

Auto Mechanic

You wanna know what I think? If you ask me, I think the whole fuckin world is corrupted. As far as I'm concerned, they can lockem all up; politicians, lobbyists, bureaucrats. Nothin but crooks if you ask me. This is a sorry world we live in.

(int.Cut to Sarah at home)

(Sarah is doing the laundry. She checks Morgan’s pockets for object that may have been left in his pants. Sarah finds an open pack of cigarettes in Morgan’s pants pocket. She pauses for a moment and takes a deep breath).

(Cut back to auto shop)(ext.)

Auto Mechanic

You know, I never told anybody but growing up, I had my first sexual experience when I was eight years old. Eight! Can you believe that? She was a lot older than me at the time. I didn't know what I was doin. Now they've could these cell phones where kids can send pictures of themselves exposing their body parts. They call it sexting. They're too stupid to know when that shit is out there, it’s out there for good. Ever since computers came out, whatever is put in there stays in there. They got back up files. They even got back up files for the backup files. Anyhow, it never goes away. (Fade out)

(Fade in) int.

(It's later that evening. Morgan, Sarah, Lisa and Chris are at the dinner table in the middle of dinner. Morgan appears distant. He barely touches his food. Sarah is having a conversation with the Lisa and Chris.)

Sarah

Now isn't this nice? We don't get to have dinner together very often.

Chris

That's cause daddy's never hear.

Sarah

Chris, Remember to finish up your vegetables or no dessert.

Lisa

He's not gonna finish them. He never does, but he still gets to have dessert.

Sarah

Well he's a big boy and big boys always finish their vegetables.

Lisa

I'll betcha he won't finish them?

Chris

I BET I CAN

Lisa

I'll bet you can't

Chris

I CAN

Lisa

CAN'T

Chris

CAN!!

Morgan

HEY!!! (Pause) Bring it down.

(Sarah turns her attention to Morgan.)

Lisa

(Background conversation)(Lisa and Chris speak in lower voices.) No you can't. You didn't finish your vegetables last time.

Chris

I did

Lisa

You didn't

Sarah

(Takes Morgan’s hand and softly says) Are you alright? (Morgan appears frustrated) You've started smoking again... You left them in your pants pocket. Honey, if there's any..

Morgan

(In anger) Ohh, so now you're going through my pockets! WHAT NEXT? ARE YOU GOING TO START CHECKING MY CELL PHONE? I DON'T KNOW WHAT MAKES YOU FEEL YOU HAVE TO SEARCH THROUGH MY FUCKING PANTS!!

Lisa

(Begins to stand) May I be excused?

Chris

Me too?

Morgan

NOO!! (Lisa sits down) You haven't finished your dinner.. (Pause) (Feeling remorseful)

Sarah

Lisa, Christopher, go on to your room. (Lisa and Chris both exit the room) What is it? I mean you're starting to bring your work home and it's affecting the kids.

Morgan

I'm sorry.

Sarah

Honey, I love you and so does Chris and Lisa. I know lately you've been up under a lot of stress but you shouldn't take it out on me, or the kids. I've been trying to understand what you're going through but I can't if you won't talk to me. You don't tell me how you're feeling, and you seem distant. I've noticed the change in you and so have the kids. You're spending less time with them and they can see it. What happened the Danny that knew? The Danny that use to talk to me about anything, that used to tell me he loves me. I want to see that Danny again.

Morgan

You're right ya know... I know haven't been myself lately and I don't claim to make excuses for it. I don't mean to take it out on you or the kids. I love you and I love Chris and Lisa.

Sarah

You should know that whatever it is that you're going through, I'm going through it with you as are Chris and Lisa. If there is anything I can do, I want you to know that I'm here for you.

Morgan

I know, I know and I sorry. (They embrace and kiss one another) (Fade out)

(int. Fade in Lisa’s bedroom)

(This scene takes in Lisa's room. Lisa and Chris are watching TV. The bedroom door is partially open. Morgan sticks his head in the door).

Morgan

Can I come in? I just wanna say that I'm sorry. You shouldn’t have seen me like that. I shouldn't have yelled at you and I want you both to know that I love you and your mother. I promise, you'll never see me like that ever again. I wish there was something I could do to show you just how sorry I am.

Chris

(Interrupt) I Know! What about a dog? That'll really show how sorry you are?

Lisa

No! a lap top, besides you're too little. You can't take care of a dog.

Chris

Can to

Lisa

Can't

Chris

CAN!

Morgan

Alright alright! Look, let’s make a deal. If you and your brother can get along without arguing for a month. I'll talk to your mom about it.

Lisa

A month!!

Morgan

Okay, how bout,,, a week?

Chris

A whole week?

Morgan

A whole week. That’s the deal, but I need you to make me a promise. I need you to promise me that you'll make sure that I keep my promise.

Chris

Then! We can get a dog?

Lisa

Notebook!

Chris

Dog!!

Morgan

Remember our promise...Okay?

Lisa, Chris

(Together) Okaay!

Morgan

So, all is forgiven?

Lisa

(Hesitant Pause, Looks up at Morgan)Yeah.

Chris

Does that mean we're gonna get a dog?

Morgan

I'll have to discuss that with your mother. So do you except my apology?

Chris

(Hesitates before speaking softly) I accept your apology. (Fade out)

Fade in (int. precinct)

(It's the next morning. This scene takes place inside of the precinct. Morgan is walking through the precinct on his way to his office. He crosses paths with Officer Henderson).

Morgan

Officer Henderson, right?

Officer Henderson

Yes sir.

Morgan

I need you to do me a big favor.

Officer Henderson

Yes sir.

Morgan

You think you can gain access to the backup files? I need you to find some information on a former cop.

Officer Henderson

But I'm not authorized to--

Morgan

That wasn't the question. Once again, Can you access the files?

Officer Henderson

Sure, but can I ask you something?

Morgan

Yeah.

Officer Henderson

Does this have something to do with Bradford's death?

Morgan

There's a possible connection.

Officer Henderson

You should've said that from the start.. I can do it, but I don't know how long it'll take.

Morgan

That's what I wanted to hear. (Fade out)

Int. (Fade in. This scene takes place with Morgan and, Jim driving on the highway. Destination-The University).

Jim

Says he taught the doc during his freshman year of college. After that, he vanished. He describes the doc as unusually exceptional for his first year.

(int. professors’ class room)

Morgan

Are you sure we're talking about the same man?

Professor

Undoubtedly so, he's the same man. I only taught him for one semester and I can tell you, he was one a of a kind. There was something about him that stood out among his… I’m reluctant to say peers because he seemed to be on an entirely different level of comprehension.

Morgan

How so?

Professor

It wasn't a secret that he was perhaps the youngest in his class which may have contributed to his alienation from the other students. He would sometimes exhibit unusual behavior. He was able to do in one semester what would take several years for the average student but at the same time it was like he didn't want you to know how smart he was. Sometimes he would deliberately get one or two answers wrong. I don't know why. He remained to himself and though he stood apart from the other students, it was almost as if he wasn't there. He would write term exams on scenarios of rape and torcher, most of which would exhibit acts against homo sexuals, in such detail you would think that he himself committed these heinous acts of violence.

Morgan

Did he have any friends, associates, or someone that he'd talk to?

Professor

That's just it. He was never one for socializing. He would keep to himself. Never asking any questions but was still able to produce nothing less than dissertations of extraordinary talent, far and above his peers. He would always prefer to work alone, which was his conundrum. There was an incident where the class was to work in groups. This was a major part of their grade. He insisted on working alone. After the assignments were turned in, his work seemed as if he had at least three or four others working with him. He was above his class, but because the assignment was supposed to be done in groups, he receive a grade which he wasn't too pleased with, in fact he became very emotional. He tried pleading his case. He began begging until realizing it was useless. Then, I saw a side of him that most would have deemed pure hatred. It was like he had two personalities. In a rage he left room. No one has seen or heard from him since.

(int. Cut to the precinct)

(The scene takes place in the department of exploited children. Officer Henderson and another officer/desk cop, are sitting at their computers).

Desk Cop

(Yawning and stretching) I don't know bout you, but I gotta have me a smoke. Ever- since they outlawed smoking in every fucking building in the country, I feel like a fucking outcast. You don't mind, do you?

Officer Henderson

No. Go ahead. Knock yourself out. (Desk cop exits the room. Officer Henderson begins to search his computer for back up files. He makes several attempts to access the backup logs before finally gaining access). Damb (Continues search).

(int. Cut to class room of University)

Professor

Here, I have of some of his writing from one of his dissertations. (Hands the copy to Morgan) I use it for my class as a tool to help open their minds to a world where genius and insanity share a common factor thus giving the opportunity to experience how in some cases, the two can be difficult to distinguish. (Copy: "

(int. Cut to precinct)

(In the department of exploited children Officer Henderson continues his search).

Officer Henderson

(Whisper to himself in frustration) Shit! There's nothing in here. (Unable to find the information, Officer Henderson exits the room. Cut to the police file room. The room is empty. Making sure he hasn't been seen by anyone, Officer Henderson quickly searches through the police files in the archives section).

(int.Cut to class room of University)

Jim

He also attended Harvard and Yale, but only for a brief moment. After finding out that the doc fudged his transcripts and applications obtaining hundreds of thousands of dollars in financial aid and scholarship funds, He was forced to leave the both universities.

Morgan

Do you mind if I take this?

Professor

Not at all. I have other copies.

(int. Cut to precinct)

(Officer Henderson tries to remain quiet as he looks through the files. He hears the sound of another officer entering the room. He quickly takes cover. He remains hidden until the officer leaves the room. Officer then exits the room. Fade out).

(Fade in)

(It's minutes later. Officer Henderson returns to the exploited children’s division). Desk cop is sitting at his computer. Officer Henderson enters the room).

Desk cop

Where were you?

Officer Henderson

(Return to his seat) Had to take care of some (Rubbing stomach) serious business.

Desk Cop

When you gotta go, you gotta go. I remember this one time I had to go bad. I mean really really bad, but I was stuck in traffic. by the time I got---

Officer Henderson

-- (Frustrated) Hey! Would you mind not telling me about one of your shit stories? I'm trying to work here.

Desk cop

Sure, sure. My bad.

Officer Henderson

No offence but I just got a lot on my mind

Office cop

None taken. Sometimes I can be a real jerk. Any time you catch me acting like a jerk, feel free to let me know. Deal?

Officer Henderson

Deal. (Fade out).

(int. Sarah’s vehicle)

(Sarah is cruising the down town area. While driving she looks in her rearview mirror. A vehicle appears to be following her. She is unable to see the driver. She starts to get a little nervous as vehicle continues to follow her as she makes one turn after another. She pulls over to the curb and the car she suspects to be following her passes her by). (Fade out).

(Fade In) (int. Morgan’s home)

(It's early evening. Morgan, Sarah, Lisa and Chris are all sitting in the living room watching a recording of Morgan on a well know Television program).

(Television program AMW)

(The Interview)

Walsh

(Opening monologue)

Hello, I'm John Walsh and you're watching "Americas Most Wanted". The internet has become both a danger and an aid in the subject of child abduction. It is a place where online predators have more opportunities to find and communicate with potential victims. 1 in 25 youth (about 4%) got "aggressive" sexual solicitations and that included attempts to contact the youth offline. These are the episodes most likely to result in actual victimizations. (About one-quarter of these aggressive solicitations came from people the youth knew in person, mostly other youth. Because of the threat these predators pose, there have also been efforts to use the internet as a resource to prevent child abduction or to help the families of those who have been abducted. Organizations have set up websites where users can go to gain knowledge or contribute help to stopping child abduction. Among these are the organizations Enough is Enough and [National Center for Missing and Exploited Children](/wiki/National_Center_for_Missing_and_Exploited_Children), which have partnered with the online community [MySpace](/wiki/Myspace) to help keep the internet a safe place for children. Meet Detective Daniel Morgan.

Chris

(Morgan appears on the screen) (Excited) THERE'S DADDY!!

John Walsh

He heads a special operations unit whose sole purpose is to seek out and rescue abductees from the predators who prey on innocent children. Today we'll take an inside look at what it takes to track down and put these monsters where they belong, behind bars. How has the internet been a tool in the pursuit of child molesters and the people who exploit young innocent children?

Chris

Does this mean you're a celebrity now?

Lisa

He's not a celebrity.

Chris

Is too.

Lisa

NOT

Chris

IS

Sarah

Okay quiet you two. Daddy’s on........

(TV SHOW AMW)

Morgan

Well John, as you mentioned, the internet can be a useful tool in finding the perpetrator and bringing them to justice, but unfortunately it can also be a gateway making it easier for would be predators to solicit sex from under aged children. There's not enough laws to protect the children today. As the internet expands, it makes it tougher to mandate laws that would make it safer for children who frequent the internet. Laws just aren't made fast enough to keep up with the growth of the internet Todays' technology has made it possible to crack down on the pedophiles the child molesters the abusers. We have officers who are trained to surf the internet for sites that may support any form of child exploitation. We have chat logs where officers pose as a young child, male or female and what they would do, is go on line and pretend to be an under aged person looking to talk to someone for whatever reason when a stranger who just might be surfing the web in search of an unsuspecting victim....

Sarah

(Sitting on the sofa next to Morgan) You know early today I thought there was someone following me.

Morgan

What do you mean?

Sarah

This morning. There was this car. I couldn't see the driver but it seemed like every time I would make a turn, this car would follow behind me. Not to close but just enough distance to stay in view.

Morgan

Are you sure?

Sarah

I don't know. Maybe I'm just being paranoid.

Morgan

Maybe you should carry something for protection?

Sarah

I have my mace. Besides you know how I feel about guns.

Morgan

I'm just thinking about the safety of you and the kids.

Sarah

I know, but I still think I'll stick with my pepper spray besides, I did take that self-defense class last year.

Morgan

Well, let’s just hope that you won't have to be put in a position where you'll have to use these defensive skills you've learned.

(Lisa's cell rings. She looks at it and sees that it's her friend Linda. She looks a Sarah).

Lisa

It's Linda! Do I have watch the whole thing?

Sarah

Go ahead.

Lisa

(On cell phone as she exits the room) Yes I know he's on TV. I'm glad you called because you'll never guess what happen today in gym.(Fades)

Morgan

Is it me or do I look fat?

Chris

You look fat.

Sarah

You're not fat. You know TV adds ten pounds.

Chris

Ten pound! How does TV add ten pounds? He doesn't have to eat it?

Sarah

No sweet heart. It doesn't actually add ten pounds just that people on TV sometimes appear bigger than they really are in person. ( Lisa re-enters the room while still on her cell phone).

Chris

So that means, if I was on TV I would look like I'm nine or ten?

Lisa

Is it alright if I go over to Linda's tomorrow?

Sarah

You've forgotten? You're supposed to go over to your gammy's house tomorrow.

Lisa

(Covering her cell) But China and Bridget'll be there.

Sarah

We've already made plans.

Lisa

But--

Sarah

Next time.

Lisa

(To Linda on receiving end of cell phone as she disappointedly walks away). Linda, I won't be able to come. I'm visiting my grandparents.

(Morgan's cell phone rings. He answers it).

Morgan

Yeah!

Henderson

(On receiving end) Can you talk?

Morgan

What do you got?

Henderson

The files were deleted, but there's still the back log from the archives. It's the older case files that were moved to the storage room some time ago. Now, I'm not authorized-

Morgan

I know what you're not authorized to do. Can you get them?

Henderson

No problem.

Morgan

Ok. Let me know as soon as you find something. (Hangs up the phone).

Sarah

You don't have leave?

Morgan

Noo, no. That's just somebody I asked to do me a favor.

Chris

I know. If you lose ten pounds, you wouldn't look fat the next time you're on TV.

Morgan

Good idea. I'll start working on that.

Sarah

Well I think you look pretty hot, on or off TV and I love you just the way you are. (Gives Morgan a kiss).

(Focus on TV Program continued. Fade out)

(Fade In) (int. precinct)

(It's the next morning. Scene takes place in the department of exploited children. Henderson is sitting at his desk as is desk cop.

Desk Cop

-So I says to her, look, you know me better than that. I would never cheat on you. Why would I cheat on you? Guess what she tells me? She tells me, that I gave her an STD. How do I know she didn't give it to me? So now she says she wants to take me on The Maury Povich Show to take a lie detector test. So I say alright, but when we go and find out I haven't cheated on you I'm out the door because if you can't trust me, I don't need to be with someone who couldn't trust me. Before I could another word, she says okay but if I don't go she'll know that I've been cheating and she's gonna leave me. I don't wanna lose her. What do you think? Should I go? How accurate is a lie detector? Is there a way to beat it? We have one here don't we? Maybe I could practice on it.

Henderson

We don't have a lie detector.

Desk Cop

I don't wanna lose her.

(int. Morgan’s vehicle)

(Morgan is driving when his cell phone rings).

Morgan

(Answers phone) Yeah

Captain Wilcox

(On other end) If you want answers, I can tell you what you want to know, but not on the cell. Can you meet me in fifteen minutes?

Morgan

(Looks at watch) I'll be there.

(int.. Captain Wilcox's Office)

(Wilcox is sitting at his desk in deep thought). (Fade out)

(Fade In)

Int. precinct

Desk Cop

(Henderson is annoyed). I can't believe she don't trust me. Why would she not trust me? She's never caught me cheating. I've never brought anybody to the house. What would give her a reason to believe that I would cheat on her?

Henderson

Maybe if you didn't, she wouldn't have a reason to.

Desk Cop

Whose side are you on anyway? We're suppose to have each others back. It's a "man thing".

Henderson

No. It's not.

Desk Cop

What?

Henderson

It's not a "man thing" and we don't have each other’s back. If you think that it's a man thing and that you have to cheat on your wife and kid, yes you're cheating on your son too. All that time you spent out fucking as many women as humanly possible you could have been spending with your son. Doesn't sound like much of a man, huh? (Henderson gets up to exit the room).

Desk Cop

Where're you goin?

Henderson

I left something in my car. (Henderson exits). (Fade Out)

(int. parking structure Fade in). (Scene takes place in the parking structure. Morgan enters the fourth floor level. Five spaces away, He sees the silhouette of the Captain Wilcox sitting in the driver’s seat of his car. He slowly walks towards the vehicle. As he approaches the passenger side of the vehicle, He draws his weapon. As he leans over into the passengers, he sees that Wilcox is clinging on to his life as blood spurts from his neck. The screeching sound of a vehicle comes barreling toward Morgan. Morgan flips onto the hood of the vehicle losing his gun as it T-bone's the passenger side of the captain’s car. The vehicle is immediately put in reverse throwing Morgan from the hood. The vehicle charges Morgan again. Morgan leaps over one car narrowly escaping the vehicle. Morgan retrieves his fire arms. He shoots at the vehicle. The vehicle attempts to exit the parking structure. Morgan pursues the vehicle on foot. Morgan leaps from the fourth floor rail onto the third floor in order to head off the vehicle.

(int. police file room)

(Unauthorized, Henderson quietly searches through the files. He pulls out the files on Rodriguez, skims through them). (Unable to see, a man and woman enters the room. Henderson can hear the two making out).

Woman

(Sounds of panting and groaning) We've got to stop coming in here. What if we get caught?

Man

Don't worry. It's the only room nobody ever comes in. (More panting and groaning).

(int.Cut to parking structure)

(The vehicle continues towards the exit as Morgan fires at the perp. The vehicle turns onto the second floor level with Morgan trailing behind him. The vehicle crashes on the second floor level. Morgan cautiously approaches the vehicle. The door on the driver's side is open and no one is inside. Morgan begins searching for the perp, going from one lane to the next.

(int. police file room)

(The man a woman continue to make out. Henderson is sitting waiting till it's clear to leave. Henderson accidently bumps a cabinet).

Woman

What was that?

Man

I didn't hear anything.

Woman

I did. I think we'd better go.

Male

Alright, alright. (The two exit the room. A few seconds later, Henderson exits with the files).

(int. Cut to parking structure)

(Morgan is still in search of the perp. Morgan looks under the cars then moves slowly towards the exit. Approximately thirty feet from the exit, Henderson enters the structure through the doors. The perp gets the drop on Henderson. From behind, the perp puts Henderson in a choke hold with a knife pressed to his throat. Henderson drops the files on the

ground.) The look of fear written on his face).

Morgan

DON'T MOVE!

(Morgan and the perp at a standoff.)

Perp

(Slowly begins to move towards exit taking Henderson with him) Careful. You don't want to miss.

Henderson

Look, I'm sure it's not that serious.

Perp

Shut Up! Don't try and be a hero. Just ask that last cat lovin faggot. It didn't fuckin work with that prick and it won't--(Henderson performs a martial arts move disarming the perp and knocking him to the ground. The perp draws his gun and points it at Henderson, but takes a bullet through the four head from Morgan's gun). (Henderson pauses a few moments).

Morgan

Where did you learn how to do that?

Henderson

(An adrenaline rush) Huh!! Ohh I took a few jujitsu classes in my senior year. (Picks up the files.) Oh, oh, oh. These are the files you wanted. I wasn't able to find anything in back up it looked like someone purposely deleted them. But I found hard copies in the police archives and it has Rodriguez's name on it. It's got dates of earlier busts and how Rodriguez and a Detective Carl Wilson were partners and that they've worked on several cases together. His last undercover assignment was even signed off by Chief detective Carl Wilson.

Morgan

I need you to get these files to the DA like now! Tell her I sent you. (Fade out)

(int. Fade In Sarah’s vehicle)

(Scene starts with Sarah, Lisa, and Chris in their vehicle on their way to grandparents).

Sarah

Now remember to mind your grandma and granddad.

Lisa

Why can't I go over to go over Linda’s?

Sarah

Because, we made plans and your grandma and granddad are looking forward to seeing you both.

Lisa

(Mutters) I'd rather go to Linda's.

Sarah

Maybe next time.

Lisa

There isn't going to be a next time.

Sarah

I'm sure there'll be lots of times, besides you can help watch you little brother. Sometimes he can be a handful and grandma and granddad may not be able to keep up with him.

Chris

She doesn’t have to go. I know how to behave myself.

Sarah

I know you do sweetie. (Sarah notices a vehicle in here rearview mirror. It appears to be following her. Lisa sees the nervousness on Sarah's face).

Lisa

Mom, what's wrong?

Sarah

Nothing honey. (Sarah makes a right turn onto the next street and pulls over to the curb. The vehicle continues pass the street. Sarah breaths a sigh of relief.

Chris

Why are we stopping here?

Lisa

Mom, are you alright?

Sarah

Yeah, yeah, I'm fine. (Pauses a moment before pulling off). (Fade out)

(Fade in) int. Judge Wilson’s chambers)

(Scene takes place in the judge Wilson's chambers). (Judge Wilson is sitting behind his desk going over files. Morgan barges in).

Morgan

(Approaches the desk). Rodriguez. Recognize the name? (Tosses copies of the files onto Wilson's desk). You knew that Rodriquez was on an undercover sting. You knew that he had found out about your involvement in an internet sexring.

Wilson

What are you talking about? That's insane.

Morgan

What if I were to tell you that I know you were responsible for the death of one cop and left another one practically brain dead for the rest of his life, that you and a handful of college buddies started a little sex ring business trading child porn via the internet, that fifteen years ago a six year old kid's brain was splattered on the walls from a gunshot because you knew that Rodriguez caught on to what you and your associates were up to, so you had him killed before he could divulge what he knew. Business was going well for a while, except you didn't count on one of your clients becoming some psychopath out there butchering up innocent people just because he gets off on it. When this gets out, you and your business partners won't see daylight for a long time and I'm going to personally make sure that you and everyone who's involved goes down with you.

Judge Wilson

I suggest that you wanna start with the person you call your father,

Morgan

What are you talking about?

(int.Cut to Sarah)

(Sarah is on the road after dropping Lisa and Chris over their grandparents).

Sarah

(Cell phone rings. Sarah answers it). Hello

(int. Morgan’s vehicle)

Morgan

(Morgan is in his car on the road). Where are the kids?

Sarah

I just dropped them off at your parents. What’s wrong?

Morgan

I need you to go get them. I’m on my way there now.

Sarah

Why? What’s the matter?

Morgan

I’ll explain later.

Sarah

But–

Morgan

(Raises voice) –JUST DO IT!! (Morgan continues to race through the streets).

(int. Mr. Morgan’s home)

(Scene takes place in Mr. and Mrs. Morgan's home. Morgan arrives seconds after Sarah. Sarah and Mrs. Morgan are standing having a conversation. Morgan storms in).

Morgan

(Morgan enters) Where are they? (Shout out), CHRIS, LISA!! (Franticly searching the house.

Mrs. Morgan

Daniel, Is something wrong?

Morgan

Where are they?

Mrs. Morgan

They're in the guest room--

Morgan

CHRIS!!

Mrs. Morgan

(Frightened) Daniel! What is it? What's the matter?

Mr. Morgan

(Entering the room) Is everything alright?

Morgan

YOU!! STAY AWAY FROM THE KIDS.

Mrs. Morgan

Daniel-- I don't understand. What's wrong? Why are you acting this way?

Morgan

--CHRIS, LISA!! (Lisa and Chris enter the room). Sarah, I need you to take kids. Go with mom.

Chris

You mean we're not staying over?

Morgan

Sarah, could you please take Chris and Lisa-

Sarah

Honey, I'm sure it coul--

Morgan

NOW!! (Looks at Sarah)

Sarah

C'mon, Chris, Lisa (Sarah, Chris and Lisa exit the house).

(int. public library))

(Jim is in the public library searching through archives of old newspaper clippings. He comes across a clipping of Dr. Trisester).

(int. Sarah’s vehicle).

(The scene takes place with Sarah, Lisa and Chris driving on the city’s streets).

Lisa

So, why are we going home?

Chris

Is dad flipping out again?

Sarah

No, Dad is not flipping out again. Daddy's just been under a lot of stress.

Lisa

Well sense we're not going to be staying over grammy's, could you take me over to Linda's? Pleease? It's right along the way. Pleease?

Sarah

Alright! alright! You can stay at Linda's

(int. Mr. and Mrs. Morgan's home)

(Mr. and Mrs. Morgan are sitting).

Mrs. Morgan

It was a long time ago. You were just a baby. We had just come from the doctor's office. (Fade to flash back)

(int. young Mr. Morgan’s vehicle)

(Scene takes place 35 years earlier. Mr. and Mrs. Morgan are driving on the express way).

Young Mrs. Morgan

Maybe we could get another opinion.

Young Mr. Morgan

Just so that I can be told the same thing again. I'm unable to reproduce, that I'm sterile, have we thought about adoption.

Young Mrs. Morgan

There must be another way--

Young Mr. Morgan

What other way babe? We've tried every possible way. Let's face it, my boys just can't deliver. I'm sorry I-- I'm sorry I can't give you what you really want.

Young Mrs. Morgan

There's nothing to be sorry about. It just wasn't meant to be. It doesn't make you less of a man. I won't love you any less. (Three second pause) Maybe we should consider adoption.

Young Mr. Morgan

We could be on a waiting list for who knows how long, besides, there's no guarantee. That could take years.

Young Mrs. Morgan

Maybe my brother could help.

Young Mr. Morgan

Carl?

Young Mrs. Morgan

Yeah, He knows influential people. I'm sure he would be more than happy to help.

Young Mr. Morgan

I don't know.

Young Mrs. Morgan

Can't we just at least think about it? Looks like there's a traffic up ahead.

Young Mr. Morgan

Shit! (Construction forces Young Mr. and Mrs. Morgan to exit the detour). Maybe I can get around it.

(They make a right turn down a residential street. The faint sound of an ice-cream truck can be heard in the distance).

Young Mrs. Morgan

You know Carl's depending on you to be there tonight.

Young Mr. Morgan

That's tonight? I forgot all about that. I don't know.

Young Mrs. Morgan

You've known about it for over a month now. You know how he feels about you.

Young Mr. Morgan

I know how he feels about one of his biggest investors.

Young Mrs. Morgan

After all, he did introduce us, (Faint gun) and if there was-

Young Mr. Morgan

What was that? Did you hear it?

Young Mrs. Morgan

I don't know. (Young Mr. Morgan is looking to the left as Young Mrs. Morgan looks to the right. A young teenaged boy stands in the door way catches Young Mrs. Morgan's eye. The young teenaged boy turns his attention towards the road just ahead of their vehicle. Young Mrs. Morgan turns her attention towards. A child is standing in the middle of the road like a deer in headlights. Young Mrs. Morgan screams). FRANK!!! (Young Mr. Morgan slams the breaks. The car hits the child, sending the child 20 feet into the air. Young Mr. and Mrs. Morgan immediately exit the vehicle, running to the aid of the child.

(ext.)Young Mrs. Morgan

(Visibly shaken) Oh MY GOD! Oh MY GOD! IS SHE ALRIGHT? FRANK !! IS SHE ALRIGHT? (The child is lying in the middle of the street covered in blood). Young Mrs. Morgan looks around to see if there is anyone that could help. She Makes eye contact with the young teenaged boy. The teenaged boy slowly closes the door.

Young Mr. Morgan

Okay I'll need something to cover her. (Young Mrs. Morgan hands Young Mr. Morgan her sweater. Young Mr. Morgan covers the child.) We're gonna have to get here to a hospital. (Young Mr. Morgan reaches down to pick up the child).

Young Mrs. Morgan

Shouldn't we wait for an ambulance?

Young Mr. Morgan

By the time an ambulance gets here she may be dead.

Young Mrs. Morgan

Are you sure it's safe to move her? Shouldn't we call an ambulance? What if there's something broken and she shouldn't be moved?

Young Mr. Morgan

What if she lye’s here waiting on something that may or may not come? (Young Mr. Morgan picks up the child).

(int. Cut to Young Mrs. Morgan in the back seat of the vehicle and Young Mr. Morgan in the driver's seat. The vehicle squeals down the road. Fade out)

(int. Cut to emergency hospital entrance)

(Scene takes place in the emergency room. Young Mr. and Mrs. Morgan rush into the emergency room with young Mr. Morgan carrying the blood drenched child).

Young Mr. Morgan

(Shouting) WE NEED HELP OVER HERE. CAN SOMEBODY HELP US?

(Head surgeon and several nurses immediately attend the child. They place the child on the gurney.

Head Surgeon

(The Doctor checks for dilated pupils as he escorts the bed as it is wheeled off to the operating room). I NEED

Int.(Fade in)

(Scene takes place in waiting room. Young Mr. and Mrs. Morgan are standing in the waiting room. The Head Surgeon enters with clip board in his hand).

Head Surgeon

Are you the parents?

Young Mrs. Morgan

Doctor, how is she? Is she going to be alright?

Head Surgeon

I need to speak with the parents. Is that you?

Young Mrs. Morgan

(Hesitates) Yes, we are her parents.

Head Surgeon

Look, I don't know who you are but I have a child in there that needs immediate medical attention and I can't do anything until I speak with the parents or a legal guardian so could you like to tell me in what relationship are you with this child?

Young Mrs. Morgan

Alright! We're her legal guardians.

Young Mr. Morgan

Look doctor, I'll take care of all the medical needs. Whatever she needs, I'll make sure everything is paid for. If there's any papers to be signed, I'll sign them. Whatever it takes to get her the help that she needs.

Head Surgeon

(Shows sign of disbelief) Look, I know you are not the parents nor the guardian of this child. If you were, you would've known that she, is a he. So do you wanna tell what's going on and who or where is this child’s parents?

Young Mrs. Morgan

(Takes a deep breath) We're Mr. and Mrs. Morgan and we were the ones who brought her in. It was an accident. We were driving through the neighborhood when she, he was just standing in the street. There was no one around. His parents were nowhere to be found. We had no way of contacting an ambulance. Please tell me he's gonna be alright.

Head Doctor

Well he has suffered from multiple contusions, he has cerebral hemorrhaging. Due to the nature of this situation, I'll have to contact the proper authorities as well as the parents of this child.

Young Mr. Morgan

Proper authorities? What do mean by proper authorities?

Head Surgeon

There were numerous bite marks over 30% of his body. Adult bite marks. Mr. Morgan, This child has been subjected to physical and sexual abuse. He's sustained extensive internal injuries. The x-rays reveal torn tissue in the anal canal and the blood in his stool suggesting on several occasions he may have suffered some sort of penetration. It never ceases to shock me, the things people are capable of. What kind of a person would force a child to wear this? (He presents a very skimpy teddy. Fade out)

Int. (Fade In to the next morning)

(Scene takes place the next morning. The child is unconscious lying in the hospital bed covered in bandages as Young Mrs. Morgan stands by his bedside gently holding his hand).

Head Surgeon

It doesn't appear to be any permanent brain damage but regardless of the severity of the injury, there is a significant ignorance about the long term behavioral problems and symptoms of head injury. In this case, we'll just have to wait and see.

Young Mrs. Morgan

(Softly whispering in child's ear) You're going to alright baby. (The child softly squeezes her hand).

Mrs. Morgan

(Voice of Mrs. Morgan) "The next morning, police were sent to investigate." (Cut to residential neighborhood. Two police officers are on the front porch questioning a potential witness standing in the doorway. The witness points to a house across the street. The two officers are walking up the front walk way of the house across the street. The officers come within two feet from the front door. The house explodes. Fade to present day).The only thing we knew about you was that your father was an ex-cop who lost his job for the wrongful death of his wife/your mother. They thought he died in the explosion but the autopsy revealed he died from gunshot at close range. You had no family. You would've been awarded to the state. Your father and I tried desperately to conceive a child, but after years of trying and not being able to, we came to the terms that it just wasn't meant to be, then you came along. You were so helpless. We knew that couldn't just let the state place you in one foster home after another and that somehow you were god's gift. There was no doubt in my mind, you came to us because we needed you just as much as you needed us. That's when we decided that whatever we had to do to get custody, we were willing to do. If it were not for my brother we might have not been blessed with this little angel who just needed to be loved and cared for. We would've lost you to the state. There were no records of you or family.

Mr. Morgan

As for the partnership between Charlie and me, it was dissolved. It was a bad business move. but once I learned of what he was using the money for illegal trafficking, I immediately severed all ties between he and I. I wouldn’t be a part of something knowing that it was morally against everything I believe.

Int. (Cut Jim at public library)

(Jim is reading the article on Dr. Trisester. Jim stops a librarian as she passes by.)

Jim

Excuse me, but could you tell me if there any other information on this person and if so, where can I find it?

Librarian

Sure. What you would have to do is go to

Int.(Cut to Mr. and Mrs. Morgan's home)

Mrs. Morgan

We thought that as long as you had no memory of the abuse you suffered as a child, you would grow up with a normal childhood and we would raise you as are own. (Morgan's cell phone rings. He answers it.)

Morgan

Yeah.

Jim

(On receiving end) Are you ready for this? On August 21, 1976 Dr. Trisester and wife were both discovered dead, each from a high powered assault weapon just after the house next door was leveled from a gas explosion. It also says that they had a son who lived with them who was missing. He was never found. It also says that the body that was found in the explosion was determined to have been killed by the same murder weapon.

Morgan

What did you say was the date of the explosion?

Jim

August 21, 1976

Morgan

August 21. Is it a coincidence, my birthday just happens to be the same day as the gas explosion 35 years ago?

Mrs. Morgan

(Shaking her head) I don't know.

Morgan

(Speaking to Jim) Can you give me an address?

Jim

It says it happened on Nevada St. 11208 Nevada.

Morgan

Do you remember the name of the street you found me?

Mrs. Morgan

(Nervous) I I think it was Ne-va-da. Yes Nevada. That was it. Jim, meet me at the doc's office. (Fade Out)

(Fade in. Scene takes place on the down town city streets. Morgan is standing against a street light pole on the corner looking up at the building in which Dr. Trisester's office is leased.)

Int.(Fade in)

(Sarah and Chris are entering their home. Chris dashes off, exiting the room.)

Sarah

REMEMBER TO TAKE OFF YOUR JACKET! (Sarah places her keys and cell phone on a nearby table.)

Chris

ALRIGHT!

Sarah

(Takes a deep breath as she tries to compose herself. The phone rings. She answers it.) Hello,

Dr. Trisester

(On receiving end) Mrs. Morgan? Good, I caught you. It's Dr. Trisester. I was in the area and I thought I might stop by to talk with you.

Sarah

You kinda caught me at a bad time--

Dr. Trisester

It's of urgent matter concerning your husband and I would rather speak with you in person. (Fade out)

(int. Trisester’s office)

(Fade in. Scene takes place in the building of Dr. Trisester's office.)

Morgan

(Morgan and Jim approach the receptionist just outside Dr. Trisester's office).

Receptionist

Oh! Detective Morgan, were you scheduled for an appointment today? (Searching through appointment log).

Morgan

Is the doc in?

Receptionist

Well, no he's not in right now but if you want me to, I could--

Morgan

Do you mind? (Morgan and Jim, without stopping, enter Dr. Trisester's office. They begin to search the office).

Jim

What exactly are we looking for?

Morgan

Anything, I'm not sure, but we'll know when we find it. There's something about this office that just doesn't set right with me.

(Jim searches the desk drawers while Morgan checks the bookshelves. One of the drawers on the deck is locked. Jim continues his to search).

(int. family room)

(Chris is lying on the floor in the family room watching TV. Sarah looks in on Chris.

Sarah

(Walks over and sits next to Chris on the sofa). Come sit next to mommy. (Chris gets up and sits beside Sarah). Sweet heart, you know sometimes daddy's job requires him to work very long hours, so daddy doesn't always get enough sleep and when people don't get enough sleep, they sometimes do or say things they wouldn't ordinarily do. So we won't be saying daddy's flipping out anymore alright?

Chris

Alright.

Sarah

(Squeezes Chris) Now! How about a sandwich?

Chris

Peanut butter and jelly?

Sarah

Peanut butter and jelly, it is. (Stands and exits the room)

(int. Cut to kitchen)

(Sarah enters the kitchen. She retrieves a loaf of bread from the cubburd and places it on the kitchen counter. She takes deep breath to gather herself. She retrieves a knife from the kitchen drawer and places it on the counter next to the bread. She then retrieve the peanut butter and jelly from the kitchen cabinet and places it on the counter next to the bread and knife. The doorbell rings, slightly startling her. She takes a second or two to get herself together. She goes to answer the door. She checks the peep hole. She unlocks the door and opens it. Dr. Trisester is standing at the door).

Sarah

You must have been literally around the block. (Invites Dr. Trisester in) Come on in.

Dr. Trisester

(Entering the home) I don't usually make house call but I was just a couple of blocks over and I didn't want you to have to come all the way to my office when I was already in the area.

Sarah

We make yourself at home. I'll only be a minute. Is there anything I can get you? Coffee, Tea;

Dr. Trisester

Water would be just fine. (Sarah exits the room. Fade out)

(int. Dr. Trisester's office)

(Morgan and Jim continue their search. Morgan discovers a small key taped underneath the desk.

Jim

What is it?

Morgan

A key.

Jim

A key? To what?

Morgan

I'm about to find out. (Uses the key in the desk drawer. The key unlocks the desk drawer. Morgan retrieves a single object from the drawer.)

Jim

What is it? Looks like it could be another key. To a hotel maybe?

Morgan

No, maybe not. (Morgan begins to search for anything out of the ordinary.) There's something about this office, something more to it than meets the eye. Look for anything that looks like a match or fit for this. (Morgan and Jim continue to scale the office walls.)

Int.(Cut to Chris in the family room)

(Chris is lying down on the floor watching TV. He gets up and exits the room. He quietly walks down the hall to the entrance way of the front room. He peeks around the corner and sees Dr. Trisester sitting on the sofa. As quiet as he came, he exits without being noticed. Cut to Sarah preparing the sandwich. Chris appears in kitchen door way.)

Chris

Mommy?

Sarah

Yes dear.

Chris

Why is there a cop in the front room sitting on the sofa?

Sarah

That's not a cop sweetie.

Chris

Yes it is. The same one from the park.

Sarah

(Fear shows in her face) Honey, come here. (Chris walks over to her) Tell me the truth. Are you sure that's the man from the park? (Chris nods his head.) Yes, except he looked like a cop.

(int. Dr. Trisester’s office)

(Morgan and Jim are continuing their search. Morgan notices a small slot, virtually invisible to the untrained eye. He slides the card in the slot. It unlocks a panel which reveals a concealed room. Morgan and Jim enter the room. The room is designed and furnished with oddities and eccentricities. They begin to search the room.

Int.(Cut to Sarah and Chris in the kitchen)

(Sarah is able to see her keys and cell phone in the living room from the kitchen. From the kitchen, Sarah is able to see her keys and phone. With Chris close behind her she slowly walks towards the entrance to the front room. She comes face to face within inches of Dr. Trisester. Sarah is startled.)

Dr. Trisester

My apologies. I didn't mean to frighten you.

Sarah

You didn't frighten me. Just startled. Is there something you wanted?

Dr. Trisester

I just wondered, If it's not too late and not a bother, I think I'll have that tea.

Sarah

No bother. (Chris peeks out from behind Sarah.)

Dr. Trisester

Ohh, Chris, I wasn't expecting you.

Sarah

(Suspicious) Why is that? This is his home.

Dr. Trisester

I mean, I didn't know he was behind you. I gather Lisa's here also?

Chris

No. She's at her friend Linda's.

Sarah

Why do you feel the need to know my kids whereabouts.

Dr. Trisester

I didn't mean anything by it. I'm simply extending a little common courtesy. You know, Everybody has a story to tell, but no one wants to listen. I have a story to tell. Would you like to hear it? It's about a little boy, (To Chris) not much older than you. He was stripped of his innocence at a very young age. How do I know? I was there. I watched the abuse. I saw the molesting. To this day, it still haunts me. (Fade out)

(Fade in to Flash back)

Int. ( Young Dr. Trisester’s home)

(Scene takes place 39 years earlier in the home of Dr. Trisester as a teenaged boy. Fade in from behind to an elderly woman standing over the kitchen sink finishing up with the dishes. Pan from the kitchen to the living room. An elderly man is sitting in his favorite chair watching TV. Young Dr. Trisester is standing the kitchen door way staring at his mom/elderly woman as she washes dishes.)

Elderly Woman

Is that you Harvey? Dinner will be ready in a minute. (Young Dr. Trisester slowly walks away in silence. He is standing just out of view of the elderly man/father.)

Young Dr. Trisester

He's doing it again.

Elderly Man

I've told you about staying out of other peoples business. That's no concern of ours or yours. (Young Dr. Trisester slowly exits the room. Fade out) (Fade in. Scene takes place in Young Dr. Trisester's bedroom. Young Dr. Trisester is sitting on his bed trying to concentrate on reading a book when the sound of a man's voice yelling begins to grow louder from the house next door. He tries to ignore it. He gets out of his bed and walks over to the window. He peaks through the curtain. The window in the house next door is partially open. He witnesses the child next door being violently abused by his father. After a few seconds of watching the abuse, he exits his room. He slowly walks to the kitchen where the elderly woman is still standing over the sink unaware of his presence. At close range young Dr. Trisester aims a shot gun inches from the back of the elderly woman's head. In a low voice.) You stood by and let it happen to me. You let him do those things to me. You knew what he was doing to me. (He fires the gun into the elderly woman's head.) YOU DID NOTHING! (Seconds later the elderly man rushes in screaming.)

. Elderly Man

EMMA! EMMA!! WHAT HAPPENED!! WHAT-- (He comes to an immediate holt at the kitchen door way staring down the barrow of a shot gun. He makes eye to eye contact with young Dr. Trisester standing over the body of the elderly woman. Young Dr. Trisester points the gun at the elderly man. The elderly man begins stumbling through the hall way to escape as young Dr. Trisester slowly follows him keeping the gun pointed at him.)

Young Dr. Trisester

You hurt me. You Raped Me! I WAS JUST A CHILD AND YOU MADE ME DO NASTY THINGS TO YOU! YOU DID AWFUL THINGS TO ME! YOU MADE ME HATE MYSELF!

Elderly Man

(Begging for his life as he stumbles backwards into the living room) NO!! ANDY!! PLEASE I'M SORRY!! (Young Dr. Trisester fires the gun hitting elderly man/father in the upper right shoulder. The elderly man falls onto the sofa.) I'M SORRY!

Young Dr. Trisester

IT'LL NEVER HAPPEN AGAIN. WHAT YOU DID! IT'LL NEVER HAPPEN AGAIN! NOT TO ME NOT TO ANYONE ELSE!

Elderly Man

I DIDN'T MEAN TO. BUT I'M SORRY

Young Dr. Trisester

NO! YOU'RE NOT SORRY.! (He fires the gun hitting the elderly man between the eyes. He then walks over to the front door. He sticks his head outside of the front door. He makes eye to eye contact with the little boy dressed as a girl lying in the middle of the street. His attention focuses on a car coming down the street. He makes eye contact with young Mrs. Morgan on the passenger. He turns his attention back to the little standing in the middle of the street as he watches the car collide into the little boy. As he watches Young Mr. and Mrs. Morgan attend the child, makes eye contact again with young Mrs. Morgan. He slowly steps back inside and closes the door. Cut to minutes later. Scene takes place outside young Dr. Trisester's home. Young Dr. Trisester is walking up to the front door of the house next door. He enters the home. The home is cluttered with garbage, old dirty clothes and filth throughout the house. The television is on. Young Dr.Trisester begins to slowly walk around the living room. Young Dr. Trisester accidently bumps into a piece of furniture which gets the Male/Ex-cop's attention. The ex-cop is standing over the kitchen stove trying to lite one of the eyes on the top of the stove. The gas is on as he attempts to ignite the fire with no success.

Int. (Home of Male/Ex-cop)

(Voice from the kitchen) I see you brought your little ass back. You should've stayed. IS THAT YOU IN THERE? DID YOU HEAR ME? (He stops what he's doing leaving the gas on. Entering the living room DON'T MAKE ME B-- (He comes face to face with young Dr. Trisester.) WHAT THE FUCK ARE YOU DOING IN MY HOUSE? YOU SON OF A BITCH! I OTTA--(Young Dr. Trisester slowly raises the shot gun, stopping the ex-cop in his tracks.) What are you going to do with that? Shoot me? (Young Trisester cocks the shot gun. HOLD ON. Wait a minute. That's not a toy. (Young Dr. Trisester begins to walk slowly around the room. He sees a pair of handcuffs sitting on the fire place ledge.)

Young Dr. Trisester

(He takes the handcuffs as he keeps the ex-cop at bay.) These are what you used to chain him up like a dog. LIKE AN ANIMAL! LIKE HE WAS LESS THAN DIRT! (He throws the cuffs, hitting the ex-cop in the chest.) Put them on, so that you know what it feels like to be chained like some kind of slave. (The ex-cop slowly picks up the handcuffs and puts them on.)

Ex-cop

Now what? I might not be a cop anymore but I have friends down at the-

Young Dr. Trisester

-SHUT UP! Sit down. (The ex-cop slowly sits down in a nearby chair.) I watched you. I see the things that you do. TO YOUR SON. HOW YOU FORCE HIM TO WEAR THOSE GOD FORBIDDEN THINGS… YOUR OWN SON… HOW COULD YOU DO THOSE THINGS TO YOUR OWN SON?

Ex-cop

(Slight chuckle) My son? My son! Did you ever stop to think that maybe that little bastured wasn't mine? Yours. Yeah yours. You didn't think I knew, did you? I knew that you were fuckin my wife. I saw when you would come and leave. (Surprised) You didn't know, did you? Now that you know, You want'em? You can hav'em. He aint no good to me. I don't want that little son of a bitch. He can't even give a good hand job. As for that whore of a mother, I'm glad I did what did. I wasn't going to take care of another bastured kid. Yeah, That's right. You knocked her up again and I wasn't about to bring another one of them bustards into my house.

Young Dr. Trisester

YOU KILLED HER. YOU TOOK HER AWAY FROM ME. YOU KNEW SHE LOVED ME AND BECAUSE OF IT, YOU KILLED HER. YOU KNEW SHE WAS HAVING MY CHILD AND YOU KILLED IT. YOU KILLED THEM BOTH.

Ex-cop

SHE DESERVED IT. AND AS FAR AS I'M CONCERNED THAT LITTLE UNBORN BASTURD WAS JUST IN THE WRONG PLACE AT THE WRONG TIME. (The gun goes off, putting a large whole in the ex-cop's chest. In shock, he struggles to breathe as he and young Dr. Trisester stare at each other to his last breath. Young Dr. Trisester drops the weapon as he continues staring as if he were in a trance. Focus on the front porch of the house. Young Dr. Trisester closes the door behind him as he exits the home. From behind, he starts walking down the side walk and never looks back. Fade out)

(Fade in to present day)

Int. Sarah’s home

Dr. Trisester

From that day, I've never looked back.

Sarah

Why are you telling me this and what does that have to do with Daniel?

Dr. Trisester

It is very significant in why I'm telling you this.

Int.(Dr. Trisester’s office)

Jim

(Jim is searching the desk drawers and discovers a large envelope in one of the drawers. He opens the envelope and finds three folders. He removes one of the folders and finds that there are several pictures of the victims that were murdered Morgan! I think you need to see this. (Hands the photos to Morgan. Jim takes another folder out of the envelope and finds that it too has pictures of murdered victims.) This is one sick puppy. (Jim hands the second folder to Morgan.)

Morgan

These were developed. There must be negatives. (Jim removes a third folder. He opens the folder.) Isn't this a picture of Sarah and Chris in the park the other day?

Jim

What is this? Take a look. (Hands pictures to Morgan)

Morgan

A picture of my house. (Morgan quickly grabs his cell phone and begins dialing.)

Int.(Cut to Sarah and Dr. Trisester)

Sarah

You said that you had something to tell me about Daniel, my husband.

Dr. Trisester

How well do you know your husband? Have you ever seen any photos of him as a child? Has he ever talked about his life during his childhood? (Sarah's cell phone rings.)

Sarah

I should get that. I'm expecting a call.

Dr. Trisester

It can wait. Can it? Besides, I'm sure the answering service will pick up.

Sarah

It could be urgent. (Starts to go and answer her cell phone. Dr. Trisester steps in front of her, stopping Sarah from going to answer her cell phone.)

Dr. Trisester

I would advise that you not answer that at this time.

Int. (Morgan’s vehicle

(Cut to Morgan. Sarah's voice-mail picks up. Morgan hangs up and begins dialing up the house phone. Cut to Sarah.)

Sarah

I'm afraid I'm going to have to ask you to leave.

Dr. Trisester

See you're just like the rest of them. You don't want to listen. As long as it's not happening to you, it doesn't exist. It only happens in the movies or on TV. Well it happened to me. It's something that you never forget. It's a life sentence and no amount of psychiatry is gonna change it. (Sarah becomes frightened) I can't leave now. See, I need you to know. I need you to hear my story.

Sarah

I understand but-

Dr. Trisester

-NO! You Don't Understand. How can you understand? You don't know. You didn't see what I saw. That's why I had to do it. I had to put an end to what he was doing. Nobody else would! Nobody would listen when it happened to me. That's why I had to do it. You see, this child just happened to be my son. Not only was this child my son, he was your husband. For years I thought he had died in the crash. It wasn't until recently that I learned that he had survived the accident. The caller ID appears on the kitchen phone out of Dr. Trisester's view. Sarah sees that the caller ID is from Morgan. She quickly grabs the telephone from the wall nearby.)

Sarah

DANIEL! THE DOCTOR! HE'S HERE! (Dr. Trisester quickly grabs Sarah's. The phone drops to the floor.)

Chris

LEAVE HER ALONE!! (Takes his fist and hits the doctor in the testicles. The doctor releases Sarah.

Sarah

(Screaming) CHRIS! RUN!! (Chris takes off running to the back of the house. The doctor launches after Chris. Sarah intercepts by smashing a candle holder nearby on the doctor's head. The doctor retaliates, knocking Sarah to the floor. Sarah scrambles to escape as the doctor continues after her. The home and furniture is trashed as Sarah struggles to defend herself. Sarah reaches for her pepper spray but is quickly knocked out of her hand during the struggle before she can use it. Sarah kicks the doctor in the stomach. The doctor knocks Sarah over the dining room table. Cut to Morgan and Jim.)

Morgan

(Morgan is able to hear sounds of the scuffle between Sarah and the doctor on the receiving end of phone) SARAH! SARAH!! (Sounds of Sarah's screams) He's in my house. (Immediately exiting the office.) Get a squad out to this address.

Int.(Cut to Sarah. She continues fighting off the doctor. They continue to fight from room to room, smashing and turning over furniture throughout the house. The doctor stabs Sarah in the upper right side of her chest.)

Morgan

Int.(Cut to Morgan. Morgan is racing through city's streets, weaving in and out of traffic narrowly avoiding colliding with oncoming traffic. He is able to hear the sounds of Sarah's attack from his cell phone lying on the passenger's seat.) SARAH! SARAH!! CAN YOU HEAR ME?

int(Cut to Mrs. Fisher's home)

(Mrs. Fisher is standing by the window peaking through the curtain. She sees the doctor's car park in front of Sarah's home.)

Mrs. Fisher

Harold, That car, It's back.

Harold

What car?

Mrs. Fisher

The one I told you I saw parked over there last week. This time no one’s in it.

Harold

Maybe it's somebody she knows. A friend or relative or something.

Mrs. Fisher

Maybe I should go see if everything is alright.

Harold

Maybe you shouldn't be such a nosy neighbor. There's nothing wrong.

Mrs. Fisher

How do you know? (Peaking through the window curtain)

(Cut to Morgan as he continues to speed through the streets, making ninety degree turns at high speeds, dodging out object after object, vehicle after vehicle, sounds of the attack from Morgan's cell phone only drives him to increase his speed well above the limit.)

Int. (Cut to the inside of Sarah's home)

(The fight between Sarah and Dr. Trisester intensifies. Sarah continues to fight off her attacker. During the struggle, Sarah takes out her pepper spray and attempts to use it on the doctor but it is quickly knocked out of hand. Dr. Trisester slams Sarah onto the dining room table. Sarah kicks the doctor in the face knocking him smashing through the china cabinet. Both Sarah and the doctor continue to inflict on one another with bodily harm, punch for punch, blow for blow, one after the other. After a series of and what seemed like an eternity of a brutal beating, Dr. Trisester restless Sarah to the living room floor and begins strangling her.)

Int.(Cut to Mrs. Fisher peaking out of her window curtain watching Sarah's house.)

Mrs. Fisher

Maybe I should go see if everything is alright.

Harold

Maybe you should mind your business.

Mrs. Fisher

I keep having this feeling that something’s not right.

Harold

What are you, a psychic now? (Mrs. Fisher remains in her window.)

Int.(Cut to Sarah and Dr. Trisester)

(With his hands around Sarah's throat, she gasps for air as she tries to fight off the doctor. Out of nowhere, Chris comes running towards the doctor screaming.)

Chris

NOOOO!! (Chris sprays the doctor directly in the face with the pepper spray. The doctor tries to cover his eyes when Sarah grabs a blunt object and smashes it upside the doctor's head. The blow staggers him for a moment causing him fall over. Chris quickly runs into the laundry room with Sarah right behind him. Sarah slams the door on the doctor's foot as she tries to keep him out the doctor tries to pry the door open. Sarah is trying to close the door but Dr. Trisester is too strong for her. He begins to force the door open when Chris rushes to Sarah's side to help her push the door. They manage to shut the door and lock it. With the doctor on the other side of the door continuing his attempt to get in, Sarah desperately searches for something she could use as a weapon.)

Dr. Trisester

Sarah? Open the door. I just want to talk. I'm not going to hurt you. It was just a misunderstanding... OPEN THE DOOR!! (The doctor starts forcefully kicking the door in order to break it in.) I JUST WANNA TALK!! (Angry and frustrated, Dr. Trisester retrieves a butcher knife from the kitchen.)

(Scrambling to find something for protection she begins looking through the cabinets, tossing out anything she can get her hands on. She tosses out the laundry detergent, then the bleach etc.)

Chris

MOM! YOU'RE BLEEDING! (Blood is pouring from Sarah's left shoulder.)

Sarah

It's okay baby. Mommy's alright. (Sarah is getting weak from loss of blood. Sarah sees a way out through the window over the washer and dryer. Sarah rushes to the window, climbs on top of the dryer and opens the window. It is too small for her to fit. Sarah climbs down off of the dryer.) Mommy’s' not going to be able to fit. (She then takes Chris face to face.) Honey I want you to listen to mommy okay? (Frightened, Chris nods his head. Sarah is weakening as each second goes by.) As soon as you're outside, I want you to run as fast as you can over to Mrs. Fisher's okay? (Chris is trembling scared. YOU HEAR ME? (Tears begin to form.)

Chris

But what about you?

Sarah

Don't worry about me. Mommy's gonna be fine. C'mon be brave for mommy (Sarah takes Chris and lifts him up to the window. Chris starts to climb out of the window.) Careful honey. Watch your head. (Chris gets free of the window and begins running. Exhausted and weak, Sarah collapses to the floor.)

Int. (Cut to Mrs. Fisher. Mrs. Fisher is looking through the curtain when she hears the sound of a vehicle's tire squeal just up the street grabs her attention. She sees that it's Morgan barreling down the street.)

Mrs. Fisher

IT'S MR. MORGAN! (Mrs. Fisher then sees Chris running as fast as he can from his house, heading towards the street.) OH MY GOD! CHRISTOPER!! Ext.(Mrs. Fisher comes tearing out of her front door running towards the street screaming yelling and waving her hands in the air in order to get Morgan to stop the car.) STOP! STOP! STOP THE CAR! STOP! STOP! (Morgan doesn't see Mrs. Fisher and his view of Chris headed towards the street is obstructed. Cut to Morgan. As Morgan speeds down the street, he sees Mrs. Fisher, but unable to hear her. Chris starts running across the street but stops like a deer in headlights right in Morgan's path. Morgan turns his head to the road and sees Chris. Morgan slams down on his breaks. Chris clinches up to brace himself for the impact. The car skids to a screeching down the street when the front left tire blows causing the vehicle to come to a complete halt just inches away from Chris.)

Morgan

Ext. (Morgan quickly gets out of the car and rushes to Chris's aid as Mrs. Fisher comfort him. Morgan frantically checks Chris for marks or bruises.) Are you okay? Are you hurt?

Chris

(Trembling in terror Chris answer just above a whisper) Yes

Morgan

Where's mommy? (Still trembling, Chris points to his house.) Could you keep-

Mrs. Fisher

-Don't even ask. Go ahead GO (Mrs. Fisher takes Chris with her. Morgan takes off running to the house. (Cut to the inside of the house.)

Morgan

Int.(Morgan rushes through the front door calling out for Sarah.) SARAH.. SARAH .. (Morgan draws his weapon and begins cautiously searching throughout the home calling for Sarah.) SARAH SARAH..SARAH… SARAH (He enters the kitchen.) Sarah! (He sees the kitchen phone on the floor. The home is in shambles. He then enters the dining room.) SARAH… (There’s broken furniture throughout the house.) SARAH…(Morgan comes to the laundry room. He tries to open the laundry room door but finds that it’s locked.) SARAH… SARAH..HONEY OPEN THE DOOR. IT’S ME (Out of nowhere Dr. Trisester launches from behind with a butcher knife. He cuts Morgan’s hand causing Morgan loses his weapon. They begin a sequence of ten to fifteen minutes of brutal beatings on each other. They wrestle down to the floor. As both Morgan and Dr. Trisester struggle over the knife, they come to an abrupt halt. They stare into each other’s eyes.)

Dr. Trisester

(Whispers to Morgan) My blood flows through your veins. Morgan looks puzzled. Dr. Trisester collapses on the floor. Morgan slowly gets up on his knees and turns away from Dr. Trisester’s body lying in a pool of blood lifeless. Dr. Trisester rises up from the floor. Standing over Morgan, Dr. Trisester raises the knife above his head.) It has to stop. (Morgan turns to Dr. Trisester. The doctor starts to come down on Morgan with the knife when a single gunshot rings out hitting Dr.Trisester in the throat killing him instantly. Dr. Trisester collapses a final time. Morgan turns to see Sarah standing a few yards away holding the gun used to kill Dr. Trisester. Fade out.)

Int. (Their Home)

(Fade In. Scene takes place several days later. Morgan, Sarah, Lisa and Chris are entering their home Sarah is walking on crutches and has visible bruises and bandages resulting from her attacker.)

Morgan

(Entering the home, Morgan is supporting Sarah) Watch your step. Go slow. Take your time.

Lisa

Now that it's over, is it finally okay for me to check my e-mail now? It's been over a month now.

Chris

Yeah, and can I go outside? I'll be in the backyard.

Morgan

Let your mom rest a minute. She's been through a lot. We've all been through a lot.

Sarah

I don't see anything wrong with it. Just be careful who you talk to. You never know who's on the other end.

Lisa

But it's a secured sight. No one can get in if I don't know them.

Morgan

(Morgan is helping Sarah sit down on the sofa.) Take it easy honey.

Sarah

There're a lot smart people who have ways of getting into e-mail or face book. Unfortunately there are some people with bad intentions. (Lisa exits the room.)

Morgan

Is there anything I can get for you? Do you need anything?

Sarah

I'll be fine thank you. I just need to rest a minute.

Chris

Mom? Can I have something to eat? I'm hungry.

Morgan

Hold on a minute. Mommy needs to rest. Now, I'll make you something to eat in just as soon as mommy is okay. Alright?

Chris

You? Cook? I'd rather have mommy's cooking.

Morgan

Shouldn't you be doing something?

Chris

What?

Morgan

Watching your favorite cartoon?

Chris

Ohh! That's right. (Chris quickly exits the room.)

Sarah

You know he'll be back in five minutes asking about when is he going to eat.

Morgan

I'm sure he will. (Morgan and Sarah gaze into each other’s eyes.) I love you. You know that?

Sarah

(Caressing Morgan's face) I know.

Morgan

I'm just glad to see that you're okay. (They kiss. Lisa calls from the other room.)

Lisa

(Lisa returns to the room with her lap top.) There's something on my computer I think you should see. When I went to check my mail on face book, this was in my mail box marked urgent. (Hands the lap top to Morgan) "LITTLE LADY" It might be some kind of virus. Should I delete it?

Morgan

No no no

Lisa

What is it?

Morgan

(Morgan pauses a moment) Maybe a message from the grave. (Morgan chooses to open mail box. It immediately instructs Morgan that he has only ten seconds to type in the code in order to gain access to the site. From ten the clock begins to count down. 10.. 9.. 8.. Morgan is racking his brain, trying to figure out what the code might be. Morgan has a flash back of Bradford repeating, "you'll have about 10 seconds to put in the code or you can forget it" Time continues to tick down. 6..5..)

(Morgan has a flash back.)

(Flash back)

Bradford

It could be a combination of letters, numbers or both. It could be something as simple as a pets' name or an acronym of some company but you gotta be right the first time or you can forget it.

(Flash back) int. nursing home)

Mike

(Mike is slightly rocking back and forth staring into TV muttering repeatedly) Sorry, sorry,sorry....

(Flash back)

Jim

He co-founded "SOCIETY OF REZILIANT YOUTH", an organization created to help young children who came from abusive homes. Children who survived the odds of being brought up in an environment that would give them less of a chance of becoming a productive citizen.

(3.. 2..Morgan cautiously enters the pass word. "S O R Y")

Access Granted

[Welcome]

(Tons of incriminating evidence pops up on the screen, naming powerful people in high places, connecting them to several illegal federal acts against children and violations stemming from kidnapping to slave trade. Fade out)

(Int. Nursing home)

(Fade in. Scene takes place in the hospital nursing room of Mike. The television is on with the news lady informing the news.)

News Lady

Around the country and perhaps the world a number of political leaders, dignitaries and people of power have all been indicted on charges of what could very well be the biggest bust against slave trafficking via the internet in this nation's history. (Pan to Mike lying in bed watching the developing news as it unfolds on national TV. Fade to the home of Mrs. Rodriguez. Focus is on the television as the news continues.) Following the arrest of several government officials, numerous incitements have been issued to as many as forty-eight elected officials nationwide. Police are saying that after more than ten years of undercover investigations, they have acquired enough evidence to bring charges of child pornography, international slave trade, child abduction and dozens of other related charges against individuals associated with these illegal acts committed on hundreds, maybe thousands of human lives over the years. It seems the internet, although a tool used in many ways as an infant amount of information spanning the globe. Unfortunately, can also be used as a tool for evil.

(As the news lady continues to deliver the news, pan over to Mrs. Rodriguez and her son standing in her front door with two officers as she is presented with the United States flag and awards honoring her husband for his heroics after his death in the line of duty. She covers her mouth as tears of joy flow from her eyes as she reads. Fade out.)

News Lady

(Fade in to Jim and five other police officers, sitting around the office watching the news as it is being reported on the TV.) In an early press conference today, the president spoke out stating that several world leaders are cooperating with the U N and the United States in order to bring to justice the perpetrators responsible for the creation of the web site and all others in connection with the web site. each and every one involved in these heinous acts of crime on human beings will be brought fourth and prosecuted to the fullest extent of the law In what has been an ongoing investigation, has led to the arrest of numerous politicians, priest and people in high places. Both National and International police are working together to bring fourth any and all who might've been instrumental in the maintenance of the site. (Fade out)

(Ext. Gas Station)

(Fade in. Scene takes place months later on an early morning. Morgan is standing outside of his car just finishing filling his tank with gas. Sarah, Lisa and Chris are in the car. A small U-Haul trailer is attached to the back of the car.)

Chris

(From inside of the car) DID YOU REMEMBER TO GET MY JUICE AND CHIPS?

Morgan

Bar B Q right?

Chris

RIGHT.

(Morgan opens the car door on the driver's side and starts to get in. He stops short. Directly across the road he sees a young girl who looks to be about twelve years of age. She is sitting alone at an outdoor dairy queen looking as if she’s' waiting for someone. A man comes from around the front of the Dairy Queen carrying two ice-cream cones. He gives her one and sits down beside her. They exchange words. Seconds later, a woman comes from around the front of the Dairy Queen carrying a small child strapped to her chest. She has an ice-cream cone in one hand and holding the hand of another little girl who appears to be about six years old holding an ice-cream cone. They join both the man and the girl at the table. Morgan gets in the car.)

Sarah

What is it?

Morgan

(Brief pause) Nothing. (The last thing seen is the back of the U-Haul trailer as it drives up the road. Fade to black)

THE END?

(First Extended Ending)

(Ext. outside of their new home)

(Fade In. Scene takes place in a rather rural area. Morgan, along with Sarah, Lisa and Chris arrive at their new home. The car pulls up into the drive way. Morgan, Sarah, Lisa and Chris are exiting the car.)

Int.(Cut to precinct)

(Detective Jim is sitting at his desk. There's a knock at the door.)

Jim

It's open. (Officer Henderson enters.)

Officer Henderson

Sir, this was left in Detective Morgan’s' desk. Looks like some sort of flash drive. (Hands Jim the device.) I think he might've over looked it when he cleared his desk. If at all possible could you see that he gets it? I thought it might something he'll be looking for.

Jim

(Pauses a moment to think) Sure.

Officer Henderson

By the way, were they ever able to find out what happened to genitals that was taken from the victims?

Jim

No. We weren't able to recover the appendages nor the negatives.

Officer Henderson

So where are they and who has them?

(Flash Back)

Jim

What are you saying?

Morgan

Well, most serial killers almost always leave some sort of calling card. They want to be caught. At some point, they all want to be caught.

(Present time)

Jim

I wish I had the answers. (Fade to black)

Int. (Fade in. Scene takes place inside of the home.)

Chris

(Excited) WOE! COOL! (Runs off to check out the rest of the house.)

Sarah

Danial, It's beautiful.

Lisa

(Elated) I LOVE IT. Where's my room? (Exits the room)

Morgan

(Morgan and Sarah give each other a long embrace. They look each other in the eyes.) So, how do you like your new home? It's not too far from the city. You can commute from here to the city. The kids can still visit their friends. So what do you think?

Sarah

It's perfect. I like it.

Morgan

Perfect enough to grow old with me?

Sarah

I would rather grow old with you no matter where we lived. (They kiss)

Chris

(Chris is still excited) THERE'S A SLIDING DOOR TO THE BACK YARD.. (Chris runs over to the fire place.) IT EVEN HAS A REAL FIRE PLACE, BUT WHERE'S THE FIRE WOOD? DAD, There's no logs for the fire place.

Morgan

There's probably plenty of wood out back.

Chris

(Filled with excitement, Chris runs over to Morgan and takes his hand and begins pulling him out doors.) Let’s go get the wood for the fire place, then we could roast marshmallows. C'mon, hurry.

Morgan

I guess I shouldn't disappoint our little hero.

Chris

We've never had a real fire place before. I wanna see it. (Morgan opens the sliding doors and exits with Chris.)

Int. (Cut to Sarah)

(Sarah begins to tour the home. Standing at the sliding doors, she is able to see Morgan and Chris out back searching for wood. Lisa enters the room and walks over to Sarah’s' side.)

Lisa

What are they doing?

Sarah

Collecting wood for the fire place. (She sees a shed out back. The shed is a few feet from the house.) There's probably some stored in that shed over there. (Sarah opens the slide door and walks towards the shed.)

Ext.(Cut Morgan and Chris)

Chris

(Picks up a piece of wood and quickly takes it to Morgan.) Here's one. How is this? (Gives the wood to Morgan.)

Morgan

That’s great. This should make a nice fire.

Chris

There's another one. I'll get it. (Chris runs off to get the wood.)

(Cut to Sarah)

(Sarah approaches the shed. She tries to open it. It's locked. She searches around for a key. She finds the key hidden in a key holder disguised as a rock. She takes the key and starts to open the door.)

Ext.(Cut to Morgan and Chris)

Morgan

(Chris is giving Morgan another piece of wood.) Don't you think that this is enough wood?

Chris

Just one more? We need to make sure we have a big enough fire.

Morgan

Alright, If you say so. (Chris runs off to gather more wood. Morgan watches Chris as he looks for wood. Sarah lets out a blood curdling scream, that echoes throughout the forest. Morgan looks towards the house as if he was expecting it.) (Fade to black)

THE END?

(Second Extended Ending)

Int.(Cut to precinct)

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(Flash Back)

Jim

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Morgan

Well, most serial killers almost always leave some sort of calling card. They want to be caught. At some point, they all want to be caught.

(Present time)

Jim

I'd like to know the answer to that. (Fade to black)

Ext. (Fade in. Scene takes place in a rather rural area. From a bird’s eye view, focus on the outside of a house. Slowly zoom in. Int. Cut to the inside of the house. Slowly pan to the kitchen area. There is blood throughout the kitchen. Pan through the living area there's blood splattered around the room. Slowly pan through the sliding glass door. More blood is spewed on the glass doors and around the back area. The sound of an automobile being started can be heard. Ext. Cut to the automobile As it drives off from the home. Fade to black.)

THE END

"I can see you but you can't see me. I want it to stop but I can't find it in me. A victim as a child, I've become the predator. If I could stop myself, I would. Am I an evil person for the thoughts inside my head? Each time I tell myself, the next time will be the last. I do it because I can. I do it because I don't want to, an abomination in God's eye. I sometimes get tired of living. I can't stop these thoughts from entering my head. Is it a sin to have such evil thoughts and not act on them? Thoughts that cloud my mind of heinous behavoir? Evil is in the mind of the beholder. I can't control these feelings I get. The taste of innocence fuels my desire" If only I could tell of the thoughts that cross my mind. I might be considered mad or insane. The intensity of my mental corruption over shadows my ability to reason. I'm affraid what might become. Everybody has a story to tell. This is my story...

Some may call me evil because of my desire for the sweet taste of innocence, Others would say that it's a sickness. If so, can it be cured? A product of my invironment I have evolved from prey to predator. The things I've seen, the things I've done would lead one to title me a monster. I still manage to not act on the thouughts that haunt me on a daily bases. If I could tell you of the pictures and thoughts that cross my mind that most would consider insane or disturbing. Psyciatric treatment would perhaps be a recommendation. Unable to seek this help, I continue to have these nightmares influence my view of a world with the most unimaginable evils on helpless defensesless children.