

Killing Time
by
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FADE IN:

INT. REMOTE FARMHOUSE

BATHROOM

A small BOY, 8, sits in the bathtub in his underwear, shivering and looking up at ALEX WHEELER (6'+, mid-40s, overweight, greasy and stubble-faced).

WHEELER

Good boy. Keep your fucking mouth shut.

BOY

Lemme alone.

The Boy pushes himself into the corner of the tub. Wheeler looks at himself in the mirror and scratches at the stubble on his chin. He looks at the Boy in the mirror.

WHEELER

You know what a Baker's Dozen is, boy?

Wheeler turns and kneels by the tub, reaching for the Boy's arm. The Boy scrambles to his feet and presses himself farther into the corner.

WHEELER (CONT'D)

Thirteen, kiddo. You're my lucky thirteen.

EXT. REMOTE FARMHOUSE

The nearest house a mile away. A wrecked Trans-Am sits on flattened tires in the front yard. The ass-end of a white panel van pokes out from behind the back of the house.

An unmarked police car rolls to a stop at the top of the long driveway. Detective DEB COLLINS (petite, mid-50s, short blonde hair), looks at the license plate on the van and cross-checks with a number in her notepad.

She drops the pad and grabs the radio microphone off the dash.

COLLINS

Dispatch, Detective Collins. I've got Wheeler's van. Shit-brown house about five miles south of the overpass, on Wilkins Road.

DISPATCH
(filtered)
Backup is about ten minutes out.

Collins drops the mic and eases open the car door.

COLLINS
Like I've got ten minutes.

Collins crunches over the gravel on the drive and slips around the side of the house. She crouches near a window, service revolver in her hand.

She slowly rises and looks in at Wheeler and the boy. She clenches her teeth and moves along the side of the house to the back door.

Collins walks quietly, but with urgency, up the steps and slowly eases the screen door open.

INT. FARMHOUSE

KITCHEN

Collins steps in, looks around quickly and enters the hallway, leading with her revolver.

WHEELER (O.S.)
Get back here you little fuck.
You're a wiry bastard.

HALLWAY

Collins puts her back against the wall and walks slowly down the hall. SPLASHING WATER sounds come from the bathroom.

The floor CREAKS and she freezes. Noise continues from the bathroom. Collins sidles up to the bathroom door, takes a deep breath and pivots into the bathroom.

BATHROOM

COLLINS
Police! Freeze, Wheeler.

Wheeler grabs the Boy around the waist and lifts him from the bathtub. Water covers the floor. He freezes in place, rotten-toothed smile on his face.

WHEELER
Detective Collins. You joining this party?

COLLINS

Put the kid down, gently, and put your hands on the back of your head.

Wheeler lifts the Boy and uses his small frame as a shield. The Boy sobs. Wheeler puts his hand over the boy's mouth and nose.

WHEELER

I enjoy doing this so much, Detective. It's my hobby. We all have to have a hobby.

Collins smiles, then shoots Wheeler in the foot. She lunges and grabs the boy before he hits the floor.

Wheeler falls to the bathroom floor, grabbing at his foot.

WHEELER (CONT'D)

Ah, son of a BITCH. Police brutality. I'm gonna sue.

Collins pushes the boy behind her and levels her gun at Wheeler's head.

COLLINS

You don't deserve a trial. Waste of the taxpayer's hard-earned dollars. One in the head and I leave.

WHEELER

You wouldn't --

Collins slowly lowers her aim to the strip of pale gut sticking out between his pants and his too-small polo shirt.

COLLINS

Maybe the gut. Let you bleed out in agony.

Collins takes a step backwards and bumps into the boy. She reaches back and pulls him close behind her and gives his arm a gentle squeeze.

COLLINS (CONT'D)

Maybe not in front of the kid.

INT. FARMHOUSE - LATER

Collins sits on a ratty sofa with the boy on her left, a large towel wrapped around his skinny frame. She puts an arm around him and tucks the boy into her side.

Wheeler is flat on his face, hands cable-tied behind his back. Collins has her revolver trained, rock steady, on his head.

Sirens sound outside.

EXT. FARMHOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Detective SAM HASTINGS (ex-football player fit, mid-30s, southern charm) runs up the front steps, uniforms behind him.

Hastings plants his size-twelve boot just above the doorknob and smashes the door open.

INT. FARMHOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Collins looks up at Hastings and smiles. Her gun-hand doesn't waver.

COLLINS
About time, pup.

HASTINGS
Shouldn't've gone in on your own,
Collins. We were right behind you.

Collins slowly rotates her right hand, gun still aimed at Wheeler's head, until she can see her watch.

COLLINS
Fifteen minutes you took. If I
waited for you, well--

She looks at the kid beside her.

COLLINS (CONT'D)
Let's not talk about it in front of
him.

The uniforms collect a struggling Wheeler and Collins lowers her gun arm, moving her shoulder to release the tension. She looks at the boy and tucks him in closer to her.

COLLINS (CONT'D)
You're going to be fine, sonny.
Let's get you home.

EXT. EMPTY LOT NEAR UNDERPASS - TWO WEEKS LATER

An unmarked police car rolls to a stop and Collins and Hastings exit. Hastings opens a file folder and looks at a photograph, then at the area around them.

Collins gets out of the car and bundles against the cold.

Police tape stretches the width of the empty lot. Trucks rumble the overpass as they head off to their destinations.

Hastings points at an area under the cover of the overpass.

HASTINGS

He was found 'round about here.

Collins walks slowly around the area, her hands in her pockets. Empty alcohol and soda bottles litter the ground. She steps over a used condom and grunts.

COLLINS

Dumped here, killed somewhere else.

Hastings takes a quick look and nods.

COLLINS (CONT'D)

Who was the vic?

HASTINGS

(reading from the file)
Phil Packer. Early thirties. Not a smart man. Was a suspect in a couple of drive-by shootings.

COLLINS

Charming. Poor guy probably went through school as Fudge Packer.

HASTINGS

Thought we had him on the drive-bys, but he got off on some technicality.

Collins squints and walks to the far side of the lot. She looks around and walks back to Hastings. She points to a service station visible on the crest of a hill.

COLLINS

That used to be a Texaco, right?
Son of a bitch. Ruiz was dumped here, too.

HASTINGS

Who?

COLLINS

The cold case I'm working. Two
shots to the chest, also.

Hastings tosses the file in the driver's window.

HASTINGS

Same place. Both dumped, killed
somewhere else.

COLLINS

Both with similar injuries,
seventeen years apart.

HASTINGS

Coincidence.

COLLINS

No such thing. We can compare notes
back at the station.

Collins gets in the car and takes the Packer file from the
driver's seat. She flips through the pages as Hastings gets
in.

COLLINS (CONT'D)

This file is really thin.

HASTINGS

I need to find out where he was
killed. There's minimal trace and
both bullets were carved out, so no
ballistics.

Collins reads the file and shakes her head.

COLLINS

One was through and through. It
might be at the scene. The other
was dug out.

HASTINGS

Maybe. If I knew where that was.

COLLINS

Someone does. Call your CIs. I'll
see what I can find out about the
Ruiz case. They're probably
related. Coincidences --

HASTINGS

-- ain't a thing. Right.

INT. SQUAD ROOM

Collins and Hastings walk into the squad room, right into CAPTAIN GEORGE BARNES (over 6', 40s, fit, expensive suit)

BARNES

Where the fuck were you?

Collins looks up, way up, at Barnes.

COLLINS

Hey Cap. You looking for me?

BARNES

You're nailed to your desk. You're not Hastings' partner.

HASTINGS

Relax, Cap. Similarities in cases. My new one and her cold one have intersecting lines. Wanted her input.

Collins puts herself between Hastings and the captain.

COLLINS

Don't explain, Hastings. I'm not a kid. Barnes, I'll do what I have to do to do my job.

Barnes crosses his arms. He looks down on Collins and shakes his head. He turns and walks back up the stairs to his office.

INT. SQUAD ROOM - LATER

Collins has three file boxes beside her desk and one on top. Four file folders are open on her desk, side by side. She flips between them, a puzzled look growing on her face.

She sits back. Closes one of the folders and drops it back in its box. She arranges the remaining three on her desk. Hastings sits with his feet up reading the paper.

COLLINS

I've got three more.

Hastings swings his feet off his desk and drops his paper.

HASTINGS

Like Packer?

COLLINS

And Ruiz.

Hastings grabs one of the files and scans the top page.

HASTINGS

Max Blower, July 9, 1986. Dumped
'bout a block from Packer. Two
shots to the chest.

COLLINS

Same for the other two.

Hastings takes the three files and places them on his desk.

HASTINGS

You're clearing the cold cases by
fobbing them off to me. I'm not
sure I like that.

COLLINS

You took. I didn't give. Not that
I'm going to complain. What now?

INT. SQUAD ROOM - NEXT DAY

Captain Barnes comes down the stairs from his office with
SPECIAL AGENT PAUL WILSON (stereotype FBI, dark suit, white
shirt, red tie, dark brown skin, close cropped hair.)

Barnes claps his hands and clears his throat as he reaches
the squad room floor.

BARNES

Gentlemen. And ladies. Detective
Collins, in her usual way, has
managed to make our lives all that
more complicated.

Friendly jeers and catcalls fill the squad room. Collins
remains sitting at her desk. Extends one arm as high as she
can and gives the office the bird.

BARNES (CONT'D)

In her quest to close out as many
cold cases as she can before she
retires, Collins has found three --

HASTINGS

-- Four.

BARNES

-- four cases that have markers extremely similar to a recent case Hastings pulled. It looks like, for the past at least thirty years, we've had a slow burn serial killer in our fine city.

Three additional FBI agents move to the front of the squad room.

BARNES (CONT'D)

Special Agent Paul Wilson and his FBI friends will be running the show. He'll pick the task force. Do everything you can to help the team bring this rat bag to justice.

Collins looks at the glass-walled conference room in the process of being converted to a War Room. White boards are wheeled in and an agent writes case information on one of the glass walls.

COLLINS

You think I'll get in on this?

HASTINGS

You should. But you won't.

Collins lifts the one remaining evidence box onto her desk and flips off the top. She takes out the top file and opens it on her desk.

COLLINS

At least I've still got this one. The oldest one in the pile. Some dude named Carl Smith.

HASTINGS

Smith? His real name?

COLLINS

Fucked if I know. Took a header off a building in August of 1976. Chased off.

HASTINGS

So not shot in the chest.

Collins closes the file and stands.

COLLINS

Nope. I'm going to head out to the scene. Can't stand those FBI guys. Too pressed and neat.

HASTINGS

Why are you chasing a suicide?

COLLINS

You kids don't listen. He was chased off the roof.

EXT. ROOFTOP, APARTMENT BUILDING

The roof access door opens and Collins steps out with BART (short, overweight, bald, 70s). Bart slides a concrete block in front of the door to keep it from latching shut.

Collins walks to the edge of the building and looks down. Bart holds back a couple of feet.

BART

Detective, could you be careful? I can't afford a premium increase.

Bart takes a handkerchief out of his pocket and wipes sweat off his bald head. Steam rises from his scalp.

BART (CONT'D)

Once was enough.

Collins takes a step back and consults the file. She looks at a crime scene picture, then looks over the edge again and adjusts three feet to the right.

She looks over again and in her mind's eye sees Carl Smith drop onto the ground. She talks, still looking over the edge.

COLLINS

So he just jumped?

BART

Yeah. Like he thought he could fly.

COLLINS

You saw him hit?

BART

No, no. I saw him jump. I wasn't close enough to the edge to see him land. Heard him land, though. It was ghastly.

Collins turns. Walks back to where Bart waits.

COLLINS

What were you doing up here?
Maintenance?

BART

No, I was chasing the woman who was
chasing him.

Collins looks at the very stout body in front of her. *Really?*

BART (CONT'D)

I was thin--

COLLINS

Sure. Tell me about the woman. Why
was she chasing Smith?

BART

No idea. And I didn't get a good
look at her face. She was wearing
track pants and a jacket, with the
hood up.

COLLINS

In August.

BART

I know. That's why I noticed her.
Followed her up the stairs and when
she started chasing Mr. Smith, I
chased her.

Collins walks back toward the door to the roof. Bart waddles
along beside her.

COLLINS

So, Bart, how is it you chased them
up on to the roof and she managed
to get away? There's only one non-
lethal way off of here.

Bart holds the door for Collins, then locks it behind them.
They descend the stairs to the top floor.

BART

She jolted me.

Collins stops at the elevator. Pushes the down button.

COLLINS

What? Gave you a push?

BART
No, jolted me. Zapped me. Damnedest
thing.

COLLINS
What, like a Taser?

Bart snaps his fingers and gets in the elevator.

BART
Exactly. A Taser.

COLLINS
Tasers didn't exist in the
seventies.

BART
Then it was something that looked
and felt just like a Taser. I had
burn marks for years. Faded now,
but I'll never forget how they
felt.

The elevator reaches the ground floor and Bart and Collins
exit. Collins sticks the file folder under her arm and shakes
Bart's hand.

COLLINS
Thanks again for the time. I
appreciate it.

Collins hands him a card.

COLLINS (CONT'D)
If you remember anything else, give
me a call, okay?

INT. SQUAD ROOM - LATER

Collins drops the Smith file on her desk, grabs her coffee
cup and refills it. She sits back at her desk and points at
the War Room with her cup.

COLLINS
Hastings, why aren't you in there
with the winners?

Hastings has a local news website open on his computer. He
scrolls down story, then looks up.

HASTINGS
Shit. Did you see this?

COLLINS

See what?

HASTINGS

The news. Jesus. Wheeler.

Collins stops writing and looks up.

COLLINS

What about Wheeler? He get hit by a bus?

Hastings turns his monitor so Collins can see it. The headline: **PEDOPHILE RELEASED ON TECHNICALITY**

HASTINGS

I'm sorry.

COLLINS

Son of a bitch. What happened?

HASTINGS

Nothin' you did. The prosecutor screwed up somehow, as far as I can tell.

Collins drops in her chair. She punches the desk with the side of her fist.

COLLINS

So we grab him again and start over.

HASTINGS

Double jeopardy. Don't worry, he'll do something stupid again.

COLLINS

Yeah, and if he does something stupid again, another kid will be brutalized. This is abso-fucking-lutely horse shit.

Collins slams the top on the case file, kicks her chair out of the way and walks out.

Barnes walks down the stairs to Hastings' desk.

BARNES

What the hell was that about?

Hastings points at his monitor and raises his eyebrows.

Barnes looks at it, closes his eyes and swears.

BARNES (CONT'D)
Fucking hell.

INT. INNER CITY HOUSE

Carpet is clean, but old. A rat scurries across the room and into the kitchen. The cupboards are empty and a few doors hang open.

The fridge and oven are 1970s avocado green, clean, but dusty.

Down the hall, past the bathroom and into a small bedroom at the back of the house. The sun is going down and the light in the room is poor. The closet door stands partially open.

A soft RUMBLE starts in the floor. A wall at the back of the closet slowly drops revealing a chair covered by a glass dome. The thrumming noise increases and electricity arcs from the chair to the glass.

As the thrumming reaches a crescendo, the arcing stops and a small WOMAN materializes in the chair, wearing track pants and a hoodie, her face obscured by the hood and light reflecting off the glass dome.

The dome rises and she stands and pulls a pair of gloves out of her track suit pockets. She ducks under the closet rod, steps out of the closet and pulls on a hanger.

The wall slides back into position. She pulls on the gloves and walks down the hallway and through a door into a dark, empty garage.

She walks to the far side of the garage and moves a piece of shelving. The floor slowly lowers to a large, cavernous space below the house. A car sits there, covered in a tarp.

She pulls the tarp off of a mint condition black 1967 El Camino and gets in the car. She backs it onto the lowered floor and leans out the window and punches a button. The floor starts rising.

She depresses a garage door opener clipped on the visor and backs out of the garage and into the night.

INT. SQUAD ROOM - NEXT MORNING

Collins walks past the War Room and looks in the door. The far wall is segmented into seven columns, the picture of a victim at the top and case details written below.

A large scale map of the city is on an easel, the dump sites represented by pins. Collins shakes her head and walks to her desk.

Hastings hands her a coffee and sits at his desk.

HASTINGS

You okay?

COLLINS

Why wouldn't I be?

Collins flips open a file folder and reads.

HASTINGS

New cold case?

COLLINS

Wheeler file. Looking for something I might have missed.

HASTINGS

Double jeopardy, Collins. You know this. Not even new evidence will put him away for the same crime. Give it a break.

COLLINS

Can't hurt trying.

Collins writes something a pad, rips off the piece of paper and puts in her pocket.

HASTINGS

Tilting at windmills, granny.

Collins clenches her jaw, slowly closes the file and places it on her desk.

HASTINGS (CONT'D)

Right. So, the serial case.

Collins rubs her face with her hands.

COLLINS

I've got cold cases to worry about. With information from unreliable witnesses.

Hastings sits back in his chair, his feet on his desk. He laughs and opens the Packer file.

HASTINGS

Since when have we had reliable witnesses?

COLLINS

Sarcasm doesn't suit you, pup. Old Bart said he was Tased.

HASTINGS

Smith case?

Collins holds up a file folder

COLLINS

Old guy's probably senile.

Collins sits back with the medical report. She sips her coffee as she reads. After a couple of lines she puts her coffee back on her desk.

COLLINS (CONT'D)

Maybe Bart wasn't that far off. Look at these burn marks on Smith's butt. Which is where he'd get tagged if he was running away.

HASTINGS

I don't think so. The force didn't get Tasers until something like 2005.

COLLINS

So you tell me what it is.

INT. WAR ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Collins takes the photo and pushes into the War Room, picking out Special Agent Wilson.

COLLINS

I need to see the medical examiner's photos of the victims' torsos.

WILSON

And who are you again?

Collins drills him with a stare and pushes past to the crime board.

WILSON (CONT'D)

Hang on a second. What the fuck do you think you're doing?

COLLINS

Your job, apparently. I need torso shots.

Collins shoves the Smith photo into Wilson's hands.

COLLINS (CONT'D)

See those burns on this guy's ass? Taser. Those are Taser burns.

Wilson takes a look at the Smith photo.

WILSON

No.

Collins pulls three photos from the board and hands them to Wilson.

COLLINS

Blower, eighty-six. Tasered in the chest. Schofield from eighty-one, Tasered in the kidney area and O'Hara from ninety-three.

Wilson looks at the photos, spreading them out on the table. He hands Smith's photo back to Collins and stacks the other three.

WILSON

They didn't exist, Collins. Not back then. Not possible. I appreciate the work you're putting in here, but you're barking up the wrong tree.

Collins holds the Smith photo up to Wilson's face.

COLLINS

So tell me what it is. Anything that makes sense.

Barnes walks in with his hands in his pockets.

BARNES

Let it go, Collins. Back to the colds. Let Wilson do his job.

SQUAD ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Collins steams past Hastings' desk to her own.

HASTINGS

Take it that it didn't go so well.

COLLINS
I'm going for a walk.

EXT. POLICE STATION

The Woman, black sweats and hoodie, stands around the corner from the Police Station entrance. The hood obscures her face.

She watches Collins walk to the coffee shop. A minute later Hastings follows.

She pulls a lanyard out of her pocket and puts it around her neck and walks in the front door.

INT. POLICE STATION - CONTINUOUS

The Woman nods at the desk sergeant. He has his head down and doesn't notice her.

SQUAD ROOM

The Woman approaches the squad room and pauses for a second. The room is full. FBI agents working on the serial case task force almost outnumber the detectives.

The Woman walks with self-assurance to Collins' desk. She moves some of the files around, finds the one she's looking for, and slides it under her hoodie.

She checks - nobody pays any attention. A crowd grows in the War Room. The Woman walks past and stands by the door, slightly behind some of the suits, but in earshot.

WILSON
Okay, settle down, everybody. I've got fifteen minutes for this. Settle down.

The chatter reduces to a dull roar.

WILSON (CONT'D)
We have seven related cases. Related by their method of death and their common geographic dump area. But we have fuck all else and we've been on this for twenty-four hours.

The room is now silent. Captain Barnes steps forward.

BARNES

This is basic police work, people. I recognise this may be one of the larger case some of you have been on, but it's basic cop work. Work the details.

WILSON

I want a team looking at all of the trace from all of the cases. Find connections. I want another team looking at ballistics.

The Woman shifts her weight, paying more attention. She puts her hands in her hoodie pockets and holds the file folder she's tucked under it.

BARNES

Re-visit the crime scenes and find out why they were dumped there. Determine where the victims were killed.

WILSON

This isn't rocket science, people. This is meat and potatoes. It'll get solved with hard, persistent work.

BARNES

Wilson won't say it because he's too nice, but fucking pull your heads out of your asses and get to work.

Barnes pushes past the detectives and FBI agents and leaves the War Room. The Woman buries herself in the crowd of bodies and waits for him to pass.

She follows him out, tugs the hood further down over her face and exits the station.

EXT. STREET CAFE

Collins sits at an outside table at a cafe a couple of blocks from the police station. A cinnamon roll and black coffee sit in front of her.

She pats her pockets and extracts a pack of cigarettes. She flicks her lighter to life when a waiter interrupts.

WAITER

Sorry, no smoking out here.

COLLINS

I'm at an outside fucking table.

WAITER

City ordinance. And even if it
wasn't, we still wouldn't allow it.

Collins stuffs the cigarette back in the pack.

COLLINS

Fine. Whatever. Leave me alone.

Collins closes her eyes and takes a deep breath. A chair rattles and she opens her eyes as Hastings sits across from her.

HASTINGS

Hey, granny. You okay? You're
worrying me.

COLLINS

Don't you have a serial killer to
catch?

Collins rips off a piece of cinnamon roll and dunks it in her coffee.

HASTINGS

That's disgusting.

COLLINS

You haven't tried it. Why wouldn't
I be okay?

HASTINGS

I know you're a tough old bird, but
the Wheeler thing, and the FBI
rebuff, that'd piss off anybody.

COLLINS

I thrive on pissed off.

Hastings points at the black coffee.

HASTINGS

How do you have any stomach lining
left?

Collins takes a drink, holding Hastings' eyes. She smiles at him.

COLLINS

I guess I'm stronger than you, pup.

Collins sighs and puts the cup down.

COLLINS (CONT'D)
 Wheeler's going to fuck up more
 kids, and there's not a fucking
 thing I can do about it.

Collins rips another piece of cinnamon roll off and chews.
 Hastings patiently waits. Collins finishes the mouthful and
 looks at Hastings.

COLLINS (CONT'D)
 What?

HASTINGS
 I worry about you.

COLLINS
 Oh, Jesus. Harden up.

Hastings laughs.

HASTINGS
 That's more like it.

Hastings reaches for her roll and receives a slap on the back
 of his hand.

COLLINS
 Back off, pup. Buy your own.

Collins rips off another piece and dunks it in her coffee,
 smiles at Hastings and eats it. She slides the plate with the
 remains of the cinnamon roll to one side and stands.

COLLINS (CONT'D)
 Let's go. We've got crimes to
 solve.

INT. SQUAD ROOM - EARLY EVENING

Hastings pulls on his jacket. He turns off his computer
 monitor and grabs his car keys off his desk.

HASTINGS
 Collins, you're working too hard.
 Give it a break.

Collins lifts pieces of paper and file folders on her desk.

COLLINS
 Have you seen the Wheeler file
 anywhere?

HASTINGS

You're going to kill yourself over this. Let it go.

COLLINS

Thanks, Elsa.

HASTINGS

Wow. You actually have a cultural reference that isn't from the eighties.

COLLINS

So have you seen it? It was on my desk.

Hastings taps her desk with his fingertips.

HASTINGS

If you can find it in this mess, you're a better detective than I am. Don't work late. You need your beauty sleep.

COLLINS

Bitch.

Collins takes the remaining pieces of paper related to the Smith case and puts them in the cold case file box. She stands and puts the lid on it and takes it to the evidence room.

INT. EVIDENCE ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Collins leans the evidence box against the wall and taps on the bell on the counter.

A young, fresh-faced rookie is the EVIDENCE CLERK. He comes bustling out of the back from somewhere and buzzes the cage door.

EVIDENCE CLERK

Another one finished?

COLLINS

For now. I'm grabbing another. A Terry Dunne. 2001. I'll sign for it on the way out.

EVIDENCE CLERK

No probs. Sure I can't help you carry that?

COLLINS

It's the only exercise I get these days, honey. I'm good. Thanks anyway.

Collins smiles at the Evidence Clerk as he holds the door for her. She heads to the back of the stacks of old case evidence.

Collins lifts the evidence box into place and dusts off her hands. Beside that box is an evidence box from an old murder. Hopkins, 2003.

She opens the lid and takes out a smaller box. She opens that and removes a Beretta 92 and puts it in her pocket. She looks back in the box and smiles, and removes a suppressor.

EVIDENCE CLERK

Hey, you okay back here?

Collins slides the suppressor into her pocket and turns.

COLLINS

Shit, kid, you scared the crap out of me.

Collins points to a box across from them and on a top shelf.

COLLINS (CONT'D)

Can you reach that box down for me?

Collins waits until the young man turns and quickly puts the lid on the box she just pilfered. The young man lifts down the box and hands it to her.

EVIDENCE CLERK

That it?

Collins looks at the name on the top of the box.

COLLINS

Shit. Wrong one. Sorry.

Collins hands it back and the Evidence Clerk returns it to its place.

EVIDENCE CLERK

No problem. What's the name again?

COLLINS

Terry Dunne. Oh-one. Don't worry about it. I'll look for it myself. Thanks.

EVIDENCE CLERK

No, it's nothing. I'm glad to help.

The bell at the front counter rings, and the Evidence Clerk looks toward the front.

EVIDENCE CLERK (CONT'D)

Wait here. I'll be right back.

Collins waits for him to leave and finds the Dunne case box. She puts the handgun and suppressor in the box. She makes sure the papers cover the weapon and replaces the lid.

Collins hoists the box and walks out of the evidence room. She taps on the cage door with her toe.

COLLINS

Hey, kiddo. Open this, will you?

The door buzzes and Collins pushes it open. She carries the box to the front counter and signs it out. Turns to walk out.

EVIDENCE CLERK

Hang on a sec, Detective.

Collins stops. Takes a deep breath and turns with a smile.

COLLINS

I forget something?

The Evidence Clerk smiles and turns the log book.

EVIDENCE CLERK

You forgot to sign in the Smith files.

Collins shakes her head, leans the Dunne box on the counter and signs in the Smith files.

COLLINS

Done. Have a great night, kid.

Collins takes a deep breath and lifts the Dunne box.

COLLINS (CONT'D)

You were a big help.

Collins walks out of the evidence room and takes the new cold case box to her desk. She puts it on the floor and tips the lid open.

She opens the bottom drawer and removes an ankle holster and affixes it to her right leg. She takes a quick look around and slips the Beretta into the holster.

Collins drops the pant leg and raises the other pant leg. She takes the suppressor from the box and slides it in her sock.

Collins drops the pant leg and stands, gently shaking her left leg to see if the suppressor stays in place.

Barnes walks up, arms crossed.

BARNES
Still here?

Collins pushes the drawer shut with her foot.

COLLINS
Just leaving. How's the serial case going?

Barnes smiles and holds out his index finger.

BARNES
Not your case. Stay focussed.

Collins dry-washes her face and starts slowly walking out of the squad room.

BARNES (CONT'D)
If it wasn't for the fact that you're out of here in a couple of months, you'd be on this. Right up front. A smarter cop I've never met.

COLLINS
Don't blow smoke up my ass, Cap. See you tomorrow.

EXT. WHEELER'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Collins pulls over and refers to the address on the scrap of paper. She shines a light on the number of the mailbox and gets out of her car.

Night noises surround her. City night noises. A domestic squabble in one house overpowers a laugh track from a game show in another house. Sirens sound in the distance.

The street light in front of Wheeler's is burned out. The front of the house is dark.

Collins slowly walks up the drive beside the house. It's a rundown bungalow. Holes in the screen door make it useless, and the door is hanging from its hinges.

Collins bends down and extracts the handgun from her ankle holster. She screws the suppressor in place.

She slowly walks up the front steps to the porch, gun extended in front of her. She pulls the screen door open, and tries the main door.

INT. WHEELER'S HOUSE

FOYER

It's unlocked and Collins pushes it open and steps in. She stops and listens. She hears a creak somewhere in front of her.

A dim light glows in the kitchen at the back of the house.

HALLWAY

Collins walks slowly along the edge of the floor, as close to the wall as possible.

She hears a throat clear and cutlery dropping in a sink. She eases around the corner, gun extended and steps into the kitchen.

KITCHEN

An elderly Hispanic man, JORGE CASTILLO, eats a sandwich at the table. He salutes her with his bottle of beer.

JORGE

I'm assuming you're looking for Wheeler.

Collins steps closer, gun not wavering.

COLLINS

Who are you?

JORGE

Jorge Castillo. Neighbor. The scumbag left early this afternoon. Didn't look like he was coming back so I thought I'd help myself. Have a seat.

Collins pulls out a chair, gun still trained on Jorge.

JORGE (CONT'D)

Look, I'd appreciate it if you'd point that somewhere else. This is a good sandwich.

(MORE)

JORGE (CONT'D)
Say what you will about Wheeler,
but he bought a fine cut of meat.
Hate to mess it up with my blood.

Collins places the gun on the table and sits across from him.

COLLINS
He left this afternoon?

JORGE
A bit after lunch.

Jorge holds up his sandwich.

JORGE (CONT'D)
And a good lunch it must have been.
Who are you? A cop? That doesn't
look like a cop gun.

Collins looks at the gun on the table, with suppressor
attached.

COLLINS
About that.

JORGE
Hey, I don't care who you are. You
want to shoot Wheeler, get in line.
Just promise me that you shoot his
nuts off first.

Jorge takes a pull of beer and suppresses a belch

JORGE (CONT'D)
If ya don't mind me askin', how did
that fuck walk?

Collins picks up the gun, detaches the suppressor and slides
the gun into her ankle holster. The suppressor goes in her
pocket.

COLLINS
What can you tell me about him? Do
you know where he went?

Jorge wipes his face with his sleeve and pours the rest of
the beer down his throat.

JORGE
Can I go with you? I want a shot at
him.

COLLINS
He hurt someone you know?

JORGE

He hurts kids. That's enough reason. No, I don't know where he went. He grabbed some stuff. Tossed it in his puke-green piece of shit Corolla and disappeared in a cloud of exhaust.

COLLINS

Around noon.

JORGE

Thereabouts.

COLLINS

Fuck.

JORGE

Indeed.

Collins stands and pushes the chair back to the table.

COLLINS

Nice meeting you, Jorge. If you run into this guy, feel free to kick him in the nuts as hard as you can.

INT. COLLINS' APARTMENT - LATER

Collins closes the door behind her and hangs up her coat on a tree. Her service revolver goes in a wooden bowl in a table in the entryway with her badge.

She bends down and removes her ankle holster and holds it for a second and looks at it. She opens a closet door and puts the holster, the Beretta and the suppressor in a shoe box on the top shelf.

Collins opens the fridge and grabs a can of beer and makes her way to the living room.

LIVING ROOM

She turns on the TV with the remote as she sits. The news, with the Wheeler release, is on.

COLLINS

Oh, for fuck's sake.

Collins changes the channels to a re-run of a police procedural. She takes a long pull on her beer, mutes the TV and scrolls through numbers on her phone.

She picks one and dials.

COLLINS (CONT'D)
Where are you?

INT. STRIP CLUB

GEEZER (tall and thin, dirty looking, 20s) has his phone pressed to his ear. Unenthusiastic strippers perform for the small crowd.

GEEZER
Work.

INTERCUT BETWEEN COLLINS AND GEEZER

COLLINS
Since when did you have a job?

GEEZER
What do you want?

Geezer looks over his shoulder and walks toward the door.

GEEZER (CONT'D)
You shouldn't be calling me at work.

COLLINS
I'm in no mood. I need you to keep an eye open for me. Looking for Wheeler.

GEEZER
The pedo? Why the hell you want him? You're way too old for him.

Geezer snorts as he laughs.

COLLINS
Tell your friends. A c-note for the first person to tell me where he is. Text me any time.

Collins hangs up and continues to scroll to the next CI.

EXT. COLLINS' APARTMENT BUILDING

The black El Camino rolls to a stop in front of the apartment. The Woman lifts a parabolic dish microphone from the passenger seat and puts on a pair of headphones.

She points it out the window and pans it slowly back and forth over the front of the building. The Woman stops when it points at Collins window. She listens for a few seconds to confirm it's her voice, then removes the headphones and drives away.

INT. COLLINS' APARTMENT

Collins drops her phone on the side table, takes the final drink from the beer can and un-mutes the television.

One of the many variations on a familiar cop show comes to an end and the local news inserts a bulletin about the Wheeler release.

COLLINS

Fucking hell!

She grabs an ashtray on the side table and throws it, shattering it on the wall beside her plasma TV.

INT. SQUAD ROOM - LATER

POV IS FROM BEHIND THE WOMAN.

The Woman, hood over her head and lanyard around her neck walks into the Squad Room.

Special Agent Wilson nods at her.

WILSON

You're working late.

The Woman nods and walks over to Collins' desk. She sits and opens the top drawer. Wilson looks at her for a beat, then walks into the War Room.

The Woman waits to make sure he doesn't return, then pulls the Wheeler file from under her hoodie and leaves it on the desk.

She lifts the lid on the Dunne case box, pulls out the medical report. She takes a pen from the top drawer and writes a quick note. She drops it and the medical file in the box and returns the lid.

Wilson leaves the War Room and heads to the men's room.

The Woman leaves Collins' desk and enters the war room. She walks closer to the crime board and reads the notes below the faces.

Location dumped. Type of wounds. Prior criminal offences.
Ballistics pending.

She sees Wilson leave the men's room. She pulls the hood tighter over her head and puts her hands in her hoodie pockets, grasping her silenced gun.

WOMAN

Got to run.

The Woman exits out the front door.

Barnes comes down the stairs and into the War Room.

BARNES

What's the latest?

Wilson looks at his watch.

WILSON

Wife out of town?

BARNES

Too much work to do, not enough time. But I've had enough for the day.

Wilson nods and stands in front of the crime board, arms crossed.

WILSON

See you tomorrow.

BARNES

What's wrong?

WILSON

Something on this board doesn't make sense.

INT. SQUAD ROOM - NEXT MORNING

Collins enters, coffee tray holding two coffees in one hand, bag from local pastry shop in the other.

She puts the coffee tray on her desk and places one of the cups on Hastings desk.

HASTINGS

You want something?

Collins smiles and extracts a cinnamon roll, wraps a napkin around it and places it beside the coffee. She sits and starts in on hers.

HASTINGS (CONT'D)

You're in a pretty good mood this morning.

Collins tears off a piece of her cinnamon roll and dunks it.

COLLINS

Don't know. Purpose in life, I guess.

HASTINGS

Post-retirement plans firming up?

Collins nods at his roll.

COLLINS

Try dunking. It's better than you think it is.

Collins takes a bite and nods at the roll on Hastings' desk again.

COLLINS (CONT'D)

Try it.

Hastings shakes his head and tears off a piece and eats it without dunking.

COLLINS (CONT'D)

Pussy.

She bends down and flips the lid off the Dunne cold case box and pulls out the medical examiner's file. A small sheet of paper is lodged under an autopsy photo.

Collins pulls it out and reads it: "Avoid the serial case at all costs." She holds it up.

COLLINS (CONT'D)

Hey, Hastings. This your idea of a joke?

Hastings looks up from dunking some cinnamon roll in his coffee.

HASTINGS

What's that?

COLLINS

Is this note your fucking idea of a
joke?

Hastings swallows a handful of cinnamon roll and walks over
to Collins' desk.

HASTINGS

What in the hell are you talking
about now?

Collins crumples the note and throws it at him.

COLLINS

Less than two months. Can you stop
fucking with me for less than two
months?

Hastings grabs the note and unfolds it. He throws it back on
her desk.

HASTINGS

This freaks you out? I've seen you
slam a Hell's Angel's head on the
table in the interrogation room.
Paper doesn't freak you out.

COLLINS

Things aren't right.

HASTINGS

What things?

COLLINS

All the things.

Collins lifts the lid of the cold case box off her desk and
freezes.

HASTINGS

What?

COLLINS

You put that here?

Collins drops the box lid and picks up the Wheeler file. She
opens it briefly and confirms the contents and places it
carefully back on her desk.

COLLINS (CONT'D)

That wasn't here yesterday
afternoon.

Collins looks at Hastings.

COLLINS (CONT'D)
I'm not fucking senile. It wasn't here. Somebody took it, then put it back the next day.

HASTINGS
You're worrying me.

Hastings holds up his hands to stop her replying.

HASTINGS (CONT'D)
Not joking around. You need to ease up a little bit.

COLLINS
Listen, pup. My faculties are as sharp as they were when I was your age.

Collins grabs her cigarettes and lighter from her top drawer.

COLLINS (CONT'D)
I need to get some fresh air.

Hastings looks at the cigarettes and raises an eyebrow.

COLLINS (CONT'D)
Oh, stuff it, kid.

EXT. POLICE STATION

Collins walks out into a stiffening breeze and overcast skies. She pulls her jacket tight around her shoulders. Walks back to the alley behind the station.

She sticks a cigarette in her mouth and leans over, cupping the lighter flame. The cigarette lights just as the Woman pushes Collins face first into the wall.

COLLINS
Fucking hell. Do you know who I am?

She tries turning and a silencer is jammed in her neck, just under her left ear. She stops and drops the cigarette.

COLLINS (CONT'D)
Take it easy. There's CCTV out here. You kill me and you won't see the sunset.

WOMAN
(whispering)
I'm not going to kill you.

COLLINS

What's that?

The Woman clears her throat. Speaks quietly.

WOMAN

I know who you are. Was the Taser connection you?

Collins slowly turns and gets a silencer jammed harder into her neck.

WOMAN (CONT'D)

It was, wasn't it? Stupid. You've got to back off that line of thought. Distance yourself from the case.

COLLINS

Stop using your Batman voice. What were you doing at my desk last night?

WOMAN

You've been around. I'd like to think you've got some influence --

Collins bursts out laughing.

COLLINS

You really got the wrong lady. I've been put out to pasture. I'm stuck with cold cases until I retire.

Collins slowly lowers her right hand to her service revolver. She gets a jab in the neck for her troubles.

WOMAN

No, no. Both hands up.

Collins sighs.

COLLINS

What's your end game? We going to stand out here all day? It's cold out.

WOMAN

If the serial killer case progresses much further --

Collins turns hard to her right with her right arm up, her elbow catching the woman on the side of the head.

As the woman falls, Collins pulls out her revolver and levels it at her assailant. The Woman looks up from the ground, her hand covering her face.

COLLINS

Hands behind your head, interlace
your fingers.

The Woman chuckles and rolls to her hands and knees, her gun in one hand.

COLLINS (CONT'D)

I said hands behind your head.

The woman stands, her back to Collins. She slowly removes the silencer and places her gun in her pocket.

Collins cocks her head and starts lowering her gun. She watches as the Woman slowly walks away.

WOMAN

You're not going to shoot.

The Woman walks out of the alley.

WOMAN (CONT'D)

Remember what I said. Stay as far
away from that serial case as you
can.

COLLINS

Son of a bitch.

Hastings comes running around the corner behind Collins, his gun drawn.

HASTINGS

You let her go. What the fuck? You
let her go.

Hastings runs into the street. The Woman isn't there. He stows his service revolver and crosses his arms.

HASTINGS (CONT'D)

She does you like that and you let
her walk? Good thing you're
retiring soon.

Collins glares and holsters her sidearm. She pushes past him and strides out of the alley.

COLLINS

You weren't here.

HASTINGS
No, but you were.

Hastings catches up and walks alongside her.

COLLINS
You wouldn't understand.

INT. SQUAD ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Collins sits at her desk and logs into the station security system. Hastings rolls his chair along side her.

HASTINGS
What are you looking at that for?
You were there.

COLLINS
I couldn't identify her if she sat
on my lap.

Collins finds the video from the alley behind the station. She clicks some keys and looks at Hastings.

COLLINS (CONT'D)
You believe this? Only one camera's
working.

Hastings takes the keyboard and starts entering commands. Collins grabs it back.

COLLINS (CONT'D)
Punk, I know what I'm doing.

Collins scrubs the video to the point she appears in the alley. It resumes normal speed and they watch the entire exchange.

HASTINGS
He knows there's cameras there.

COLLINS
She.

HASTINGS
She? Really?

COLLINS
And she managed to avoid looking at
the camera and me. She knows the
area.

HASTINGS

She must know you, or thinks you
can identify her.

Collins shakes her head and pauses the video as the woman
falls to the ground. A sliver of the Woman's face is visible.

COLLINS

Didn't recognise the voice. She
whispered most of the time.

Collins zooms the frozen frame until the sliver of face fills
the screen.

HASTINGS

What are you trying to see? There
isn't enough face there to
recognise.

COLLINS

More interested in the why than the
who. She told me to stay away from
the serial cases.

HASTINGS

Have you been approached like this
before?

Collins shakes her head.

COLLINS

Why didn't I shoot?

HASTINGS

I'll put a car outside your place.

Collins laughs and closes the video window. She pushes her
chair back and takes the autopsy file from the Dunne case
box.

COLLINS

Don't be an idiot. My apartment
building? She's doesn't know where
I live.

HASTINGS

I don't like it.

Collins smiles at him and pushes him and his chair away.

COLLINS

You just want to get into my bed,
don't you? Admit it.

Hastings laughs and rolls back to his desk.

HASTINGS

I would have plugged her.

COLLINS

Doubt it. You didn't feel what I felt.

Hastings sees Barnes coming down the step and into the War Room.

HASTINGS

Looks like there's another briefing. Lunch later?

COLLINS

You're buying. I feel the need for grease.

HASTINGS

I still think we should keep someone on your place for a few days.

INT. SQUAD ROOM - LATER

Collins and Hastings walk into the squad room. Collins has a soft drink from a fast food joint in her hand.

HASTINGS

Where's the defibrillator on this floor, do you know?

Collins shakes her head.

COLLINS

Piss off, kid. I like bacon on my burgers. And I'll probably outlive you.

Hastings belches and puts his feet up on his desk.

HASTINGS

I'm going to need a nap after that.

COLLINS

Didn't force you to eat it.

Collins' phone vibrates and she looks at the screen.

COLLINS (CONT'D)

I'll be right back.

She tosses the fast food drink in the trash and holds up her phone.

COLLINS (CONT'D)
 CI. Don't want to take this in here.

EXT. POLICE STATION

Collins leans against the station wall and calls.

COLLINS
 You got something?

INT. FAST FOOD RESTAURANT

Geezer sucks on a straw, slurping.

GEEZER
 I saw your guy.

INTERCUT BETWEEN COLLINS AND GEEZER

COLLINS
 Where is he?

GEEZER
 Just left this burger place I's at.
 Had a friend with him.

COLLINS
 I don't want to know where he was.
 I want to know where he is.

GEEZER
 I can do ya one better. I can tell
 ya where he'll be t'night.

Collins takes a pad of paper and a pen out of her pocket.

COLLINS
 Shoot.

GEEZER
 The guy said something 'bout
 hitting a pool hall after pickin'
 up some weed.

COLLINS
 Short on specifics, Geez.

GEEZER

Hang on a sec. The weed place I don't know. I mean, I know a buncha places I could go and hypothetically get weed, but I don't know where they going tonight.

COLLINS

The pool hall, then.

GEEZER

The place on the west enda town. Across from the donut place. You know?

COLLINS

I can find it.

GEEZER

I'll send you the address. When do I get my money?

A text message with the address comes through to Collins' phone and she hangs up.

She looks at her watch.

COLLINS

Tonight it is.

EXT. WHEELER'S HOUSE - EARLY EVENING

A black El Camino pulls up to the curb and the Woman gets out. She walks carefully up the front steps and onto the porch. The screen is now completely off.

She removes her gun from its holster, twists on the suppressor and pushes the front door open. The hinges CREAK. She stops, listening. There's no noise from inside the house so she enters.

INT. WHEELER'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

She sweeps through the living room and kitchen. Remains of a meal and an empty beer can are on the kitchen counter. The house is empty.

She closes her eyes in thought for a second, then takes out a cell phone. She scrolls through the names and dials.

INT. BOWLING ALLEY

Geezer drinks from a beer bottle, watching friends ten-pin bowling. The noise drowns out the ringing of his phone, but the flashing screen catches his eye.

GEEZER
 (phone pushed hard to his
 head)
 Hello?

INTERCUT BETWEEN THE WOMAN AND GEEZER

WOMAN
 I'm looking for Wheeler. You seen
 him?

Geezer takes the phone from his head and looks at the incoming number.

GEEZER
 Hang on. I've got to get away from
 this noise.

Geezer walks into the men's room and checks the stalls. He's alone.

GEEZER (CONT'D)
 Who's this?

WOMAN
 Where's Wheeler?

GEEZER
 By now, the pool hall 'cross from
 the donut shop. Why?

WOMAN
 On the west side of town, right?

GEEZER
 What's going on?

WOMAN
 Thanks for the info.

Geezer hangs up and looks at his phone for a second. He scrolls through his recent calls and rings Collins.

EXT. POOL HALL - NIGHT

Collins parks her car in a small lot behind the pool hall as her phone rings.

COLLINS
Not a good time, Geez.

INTERCUT BETWEEN COLLINS AND GEEZER

GEEZER
You just call me?

COLLINS
About three hours ago, yeah.

GEEZER
That's not what I'm talkin' about.
Just now. From a different phone.

COLLINS
Go fuck yourself, Geez. You want
your money, stop acting like an
idiot.

Collins hangs up and gets out of her car. She walks past a beat up green Corolla and smiles. She peers in the window and sees a couple of bags of clothes in the back seat.

Between her and the back of the pool hall are two dumpsters, side by side against the wall, a two-foot dark space between them.

She steps into the space and squats. She disappears into the dark. Then stands and steps out with her hand over her mouth.

COLLINS (CONT'D)
Jesus, that stinks.

INT. POOL HALL - CONTINUOUS

Four pool tables at the back of the bar are occupied, one by Wheeler and TOM WATKINS (short, mid-30s, very greasy).

Wheeler racks the balls and lines up on the cue ball. He breaks and none of the balls drop.

WHEELER
Son of a bitch.

Wheeler limps out of the way. Watkins laughs and lines up his shot and drops a striped ball.

WATKINS
How in the hell did you get out?
You're a lucky man, Wheeler.

Watkins lines up again and drops another striped ball.

WATKINS (CONT'D)

I thought they had you for sure,
this time.

WHEELER

Damned if I know. And I'm not
complaining.

WATKINS

I figured you for at least a dime.
A hard dime.

Wheeler shrugs and watches Watkins line up his next shot.

WHEELER

Yeah. Me too. Prosecutor fucked up
somehow. I don't even know what. My
public defender came to me and said
I was free to go.

WATKINS

Musta been pissed he missed on the
trial dollars.

WHEELER

He was pissed, all right.

Watkins looks at him for a sec, then returns to the table.

WATKINS

Maybe the cop fucked up.

Wheeler chuckles.

WHEELER

That bitch scares the shit out of
me. She's as tenacious as a
terrier.

WATKINS

Fuck her.

WHEELER

Not even with your dick.

EXT. POOL HALL - CONTINUOUS

The black El Camino rolls into the parking lot, spies the green Corolla and stops. The Woman gets out, hood up, spins the suppressor onto her handgun and slides into the dark space between the dumpsters.

INT. POOL HALL - CONTINUOUS

Collins sees Wheeler as soon as she walks into the pool hall. One of the support pillars partially obscures her from the pool tables. She sits on a stool at the bar and taps on the counter.

COLLINS
Lite beer. Don't care what.

The bartender slides a bottle across the bar and takes the \$5 proffered.

COLLINS (CONT'D)
Do I get change?

The bartender chuckles and moves on to another customer.

Collins watches the pool on the other side of the bar. Wheeler lines up a shot and scratches, sinking the cue ball. He throws his cue-stick on the table.

WHEELER
Son of a BITCH.

WATKINS
I'll set them up again.

WHEELER
Fuck it. I'm going to take a piss
and get out of here.

Collins tips back her bottle.

COLLINS
Keep the fucking change then.

Collins waits until Wheeler enters the men's room and slips out.

EXT. POOL HALL - CONTINUOUS

Collins walks past the dumpsters, considers the El Camino, then walks behind the Corolla.

She takes out her handgun and attaches the suppressor and squats down behind the green Corolla.

INT. POOL HALL - CONTINUOUS

Wheeler limps out of the men's room wiping his hands on his pants.

WHEELER
You staying, Watkins?

Watkins looks around.

WATKINS
Nah. Let's get out of here.

EXT. POOL HALL - CONTINUOUS

The doors open and Watkins and Wheeler pour out with the noise.

WHEELER
You need a lift somewhere, mate?

WATKINS
I'm good. Heading down the block a little bit. Score a bit of bud.

Collins shifts sideways a step, watching the pair around the fender of her car. She quietly ejects the magazine, confirms the full load and slides it back into place. Pulls back the slide to load a shell into the chamber.

Wheeler digs in his pockets for his car keys when Collins stands. He stutters steps.

WHEELER
You? What the fuck?

He registers the gun, then turns to run.

The Woman steps out from between the dumpsters and tags him in the back with a Taser. Wheeler drops like a sack of rice and the Woman walks up and shoots him twice in the back with her silenced handgun.

She crouches to collect the Taser leads.

COLLINS
Freeze. Hands where I can see them.

The Woman slowly stands, head down.

COLLINS (CONT'D)
Drop the Taser.

The Woman holds it like she's going to drop it, then shoots it at Collins.

Collins' nervous system spasms as the barbs catch her in the stomach. Her abdominal muscles cramp and tighten like steel cords.

Collins' eyes roll back as she writhes on the ground in pain.

The woman pokes Wheeler with her toe, then kicks him as hard as she can.

WOMAN

Fucking creep.

Collins attempts rolling to her front and pushing herself to her feet. She's half way to her hands and knees when the Woman places a foot on her back and pushes her back down.

Collins is on her face on the ground. She has little muscle control. The Woman collects the barbs and wires.

WOMAN (CONT'D)

Didn't expect to see you here. But I guess I should have. Try to get up and I'll zap you again. I've got one shot left in this thing and I will do it.

The woman takes the silenced Beretta from Collins' hand.

WOMAN (CONT'D)

I don't think you want to have this on you when the cops show up.

The Woman removes the silencer and stows it and the gun in her hoodie pockets.

WOMAN (CONT'D)

Start hitting the gym. You're getting soft.

Through blurred vision Collins sees the Woman squat at Wheeler's head and grab him under the armpits. The Woman grunts and stands and drags him to her El Camino.

As Collins fades out of consciousness she registers the Woman tossing Wheeler's body in the back of the El Camino.

EXT. POOL HALL - CONTINUOUS

Hastings rolls into the parking lot, his headlights playing across Collins' prone body as the El Camino leaves from the other side.

HASTINGS
Son of a bitch.

Hastings jumps out of his car and runs to Collins.

Collins groans and pushes herself up. Hastings places a hand under her arm and helps her.

HASTINGS (CONT'D)
What the hell happened?

COLLINS
How did you know I was here?

Hastings leads her to his car and sits her in the passenger side, her feet out on the pavement.

He squats in front of her and takes her hands in his.

HASTINGS
Seriously, Deb. What the hell happened here? Are you hurt?

Collins pulls her hands free and dry-washes her face. She briefly touches her shirt where the Taser caught her.

COLLINS
Pride, more than anything else.

She sighs and closes her eyes and rubs her forehead.

COLLINS (CONT'D)
You're going to have to call it in.

Collins pulls herself to her feet and points to a pool of blood near where she was hit. It's streaked across the parking lot and stops where the El Camino was parked.

COLLINS (CONT'D)
Someone was shot.

HASTINGS
And removed. Who? What did you see?

Collins shakes her head. She pats her pockets and pulls out her cigarettes and lights one.

COLLINS
Call it in and give me a couple of minutes, okay? Then I'll tell you what I know.

Collins walks away toward her car. She looks back and makes sure Hastings is busy on his phone. She dials a number on hers.

INT. FAST FOOD RESTAURANT

Geezer sits in a booth, watching videos on his phone when it rings.

GEEZER

Yo, you're interrupting me.

INTERCUT BETWEEN COLLINS AND GEEZER

COLLINS

I need you to keep an eye out for a black El Camino. Late sixties. Mint condition.

GEEZER

Sure.

(beat)

The fuck's an El Camino?

COLLINS

A car with a back like a pickup. Like a car fucked a half-ton truck and had a baby.

GEEZER

Tags?

COLLINS

Don't know. It's being driven by a woman, though. Call or text me as soon as you see something like it. Any time, any day.

Collins hangs up, takes a long drag on her cigarette and grinds it out on the pavement. She slides her hands in her pockets and slowly walks back to Hastings.

Hastings finishes unrolling police tape, marking off the crime scene.

HASTINGS

You okay? I can call an ambulance.

A couple of uniforms manage the crowd growing outside the tape. They split the crowd and let the crime scene tech wagon into the parking lot.

COLLINS

I'll run the plates on the cars in the lot.

HASTINGS

No. You sit in the car. Crime scene techs'll want you out of their way. I'll do this.

Collins looks at the Corolla and chews the inside of her mouth.

HASTINGS (CONT'D)

Go. Sit. I'll do the cars now.

Collins leans against Hasting's car and crosses her arms, watching Hastings work.

Hastings enters licence plate numbers into an app on his phone and records the result in a notepad. He stands in front of the Corolla and enters the plate number.

The result comes back and Hastings takes a half step back. He looks at Collins and back at his phone.

HASTINGS (CONT'D)

Hey, Collins. Get over here.

Collins shakes her head.

COLLINS

Shit.

She walks over, head down in thought.

COLLINS (CONT'D)

Let me guess. Wheeler's car?

HASTINGS

That his blood?

COLLINS

It wasn't me. Someone else shot him and when I tried to intercede she...

Collins pauses, hand on her stomach.

COLLINS (CONT'D)

She stopped me. Knocked me out.

HASTINGS

She? What the fuck is going on that you're not telling me about? What were you doing here?

Collins looks at Hastings and shrugs.

COLLINS

We can talk tomorrow. I'm going home.

INT. POLICE STATION - EARLY MORNING

SQUAD ROOM

Hastings rummages through the files on Collins' desk when Collins walks in.

COLLINS

What?

HASTINGS

The Wheeler file. I need it. He goes on the board.

Collins hangs her jacket on the back of her chair and picks the file off her desk and hands it to Hastings.

COLLINS

How do you know he's dead? Maybe that crazy bitch has him locked in her basement.

Hastings opens the file, looks at the top page and closes it.

HASTINGS

He was dumped half a mile from where we found Packer. FBI are there now. I should be there, but I was asked to have a word with you.

COLLINS

Nothing to say, really. I bumped into him in the parking lot and someone killed him before I had a chance to.

HASTINGS

Not even as a joke, Collins. He's goin' up on the board now, and you've seen the killer. I'm gonna need a description.

Collins sits at her desk and holds her head in her hands.

COLLINS

I've never seen her face. I can give you rough build and size, but she's either stayed in the shadows, or had that goddamned hoodie on all the time.

Hastings rolls his chair over to Collins' desk.

HASTINGS

So what happened last night?

COLLINS

Pretty much what you already know. I tracked him down, was planning to at the very least breaking his knee-caps, when someone stepped out of the shadows and iced him.

HASTINGS

"Iced", Collins? Give me something here.

COLLINS

I wasn't armed. I wanted to show him what it was like picking on someone his own size.

Hastings laughs and wipes his mouth.

HASTINGS

He's a foot taller and outweighs you by fifty pounds.

COLLINS

Fifty? At least a hundred. Listen, I didn't kill him. That woman came out from in between the two dumpsters and put two in his back. She overpowered me and as I was fading I saw her drag him away.

Hastings smacked the back of his hand on the file folder.

HASTINGS

Man, don't tell the story like that to Barnes.

Collins smiles. She sits in her chair and picks up one of the cold case files.

COLLINS

What's he going to do, fire me?

Hastings stands and looks down on Collins. He taps the table with the edge of the file folder.

HASTINGS

He could suspended you for the duration of your career. Screw up your pension. Lots of bad things.

Hastings pushes his chair back behind his desk and starts walking toward the War Room.

HASTINGS (CONT'D)

And he's looking for you. Upstairs.

Collins sighs and slides everything on her desk into the Dunne cold case file box.

She pulls her jacket off the back of her chair and throws it over her shoulder. She trudges up the stairs to the captain's office. Knocks on the door frame.

CAPTAIN BARNES OFFICE

COLLINS

Hey, Cap. You want to yell at me?

BARNES

Hastings talk to you?

COLLINS

Yeah.

BARNES

He get everything he needs?

COLLINS

He got everything I had. If he needs more, he's going to have to get it somewhere else.

Barnes nods and looks at her over his glasses.

BARNES

You're on the task force.

Collins leans against the door frame and crosses her arms.

COLLINS

So is this your official disciplinary action? Making me work with the fucking Feds?

Barnes laughs.

BARNES

I thought you wanted to be on it.
End your career on a high.

COLLINS

I thought I did that with Wheeler
behind bars. I guess this is a good
second. Wilson know?

BARNES

The very Special Agent has been
briefed, yes. They're out at the
Wheeler dump site. Catch up with
him when he gets back.

COLLINS

I'll be out back screwing up my
lungs if anyone is looking for me.

EXT. POLICE STATION - CONTINUOUS

Collins steps into the back alley and lights her cigarette.
Her phone beeps with an incoming message.

The screen holds the message: "Think I found your car."

Collins snugs her jacket around herself as she walks out to
the parking lot and her car. She starts the engine and calls
while it idles.

COLLINS

What do you have for me?

GEEZER (V.O.)

(filtered)

A sixty-seven Camino. Beautiful
condition. Black. Think that's it?

COLLINS

Just send me the address and get
out of there.

EXT. INNER CITY HOUSE - LATER

Collins rolls to a stop at the curb and checks the address on
her phone.

The house is one of few on the block still in pretty good
shape. The lawn, though seasonally brown, is recently mown.

A row of potted plants hang along the top edge of the porch. The plants are dead and hanging over the sides.

Collins places her hand on the butt of her service revolver and walks up the cracked steps to the front porch. She knocks on the door.

After a couple of seconds she knocks again, calling out.

COLLINS
Police. I need to talk to the
occupant of the house.

Silence. Collins flips over a welcome mat and then runs her fingers along the top of the doorjamb looking for a key.

COLLINS (CONT'D)
Where would I put it?

Collins looks around the porch and spots the potted plants. She stands on her tip-toes and reaches into the first pot and smiles, extracting a key.

COLLINS (CONT'D)
Okay. Invitation accepted.

Collins unlocks the door and pockets the key.

INT. INNER CITY HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

FOYER

Collins removes her service revolver from its holster and walks in.

COLLINS
This is the police. The door was
open. Is everything okay?

HALLWAY

Collins holds her gun in two hands and steps into the hallway. She wrinkles her nose. A rat scurries across the floorboard and down the hallway to the kitchen.

COLLINS (CONT'D)
Nice.

KITCHEN

Collins follows the rat into the kitchen. The fridge and stove are mid-seventies avocado green. A thin layer of dust covers the surfaces.

HALLWAY

Collins moves down the hallway and reaches a closed door. She stands with her back to the wall beside the door and knocks on it.

COLLINS (CONT'D)
Police. Anybody in there? I just
want to talk.

She listens for a second and tries the knob.

GARAGE

The door opens into a small, dark garage. Collins removes a small torch from her pocket and shines it into the dark.

COLLINS (CONT'D)
No car. Fucking Geezer.

She stands outside the garage and fumbles on the wall for a light switch, flicks it a couple of times. Lights don't come on.

Collins steps into the garage, plays the flashlight around the walls. Cheap shelving lines the far wall. She shines the light on the floor and sees a barely noticeable crack.

Collins shines the light on the crack, a straight line on the floor. She crouches and follows the line the length of the garage.

She stands and bumps part of the shelving with the back of her head.

She rubs her head and the floor starts slowly lowering, a deep RUMBLING accompanying the movement.

COLLINS (CONT'D)
What the what?

Collins balances herself as the floor lowers. When she has been lowered about halfway down, lights come on below ground. She squats and looks at the space below.

A large, partially furnished cavernous area spreads out in front of her. Shelves line one wall. She sweeps the space, picking out a small bar fridge, a desk with monitors and a card table.

In the middle of the space sits the black El Camino. As the false floor reaches the bottom she walks off and places a hand on the hood of the car.

COLLINS (CONT'D)

It's warm. Where are you, bitch?

Collins looks in the car windows. It's a classic 1967 El Camino in mint condition. She runs her hand down the side of the car and whistles.

She walks around to the far side of the car. A tarp is rolled up against a stone wall, and on top of it is her Beretta and suppressor.

COLLINS (CONT'D)

Son of a bitch.

She holsters her service revolver and picks up the Beretta. She checks the magazine, smiles and slides gun into her pocket with her suppressor.

COLLINS (CONT'D)

How do I get the fuck out of here?

BEDROOM

The wall in the closet drops, the glass dome rises and the Woman gets out of the chair. She walks into the

HALLWAY

and sees the open garage entry door, and the light from the area below.

WOMAN

Shit.

The Woman walks slowly to the door and looks in and down on Collins, trying to raise the floor.

WOMAN (CONT'D)

(under her voice)

The big red button. Open your eyes.

Collins turns, sees the button on the wall and pushes it. The floor starts rising and the Woman retreats into the bedroom.

EXT. INNER CITY HOUSE

Collins gets in her car and takes the ankle holster out of her glove-box. She attaches it and holsters the Beretta. She starts the car and lets it idle, warming up. She sees the garage door open and the El Camino drive out.

COLLINS

Where the fuck were you?

INT. BLACK EL CAMINO

The woman looks in her rearview mirror. She sees Collins in her car, pulling from the curb and following her.

WOMAN

Shit.

She steps on the accelerator and the car jumps ahead. She shifts and takes the corner, the back tires losing traction.

She corrects the skid and floors it.

WOMAN (CONT'D)

Son of a bitch.

INT. COLLINS' POLICE CAR

COLLINS

Oh, it's on.

Collins steps on it and drifts around the corner. She beats on the dashboard as she gains on the El Camino. She runs an old yellow light in pursuit.

Her phone rings as she yanks the wheel around another corner. She scrabbles it from her jacket pocket. "Unknown number" is shown on the display.

COLLINS (CONT'D)

Who's this?

INT. EL CAMINO

WOMAN

I know exactly how you feel, but you've got to give me a little while before we meet.

INTERCUT BETWEEN COLLINS AND WOMAN

COLLINS

Just pull over. You're dangerous.

WOMAN

I can drive just as well as you can. Sorry. We'll need to wait. And when we meet, you'll understand.

COLLINS

Wait for what? Now's as good a time as any. Pull over.

The El Camino swings around a corner and into a suburban cul-de-sac. The Woman stands on the brakes and looks in the rearview mirror.

WOMAN

Shit.

EXT. CUL-DE-SAC

Collins' driver's door opens and she gets out, suppressed gun in her hand.

COLLINS

Out of the car. Now.

Collins looks through the driver's window of the El Camino. The Woman glances at her briefly, then ducks down. Collins sees the passenger side door open.

COLLINS (CONT'D)

Oh, no you don't.

Collins sprints toward the El Camino, running around the back of the black car. The Woman is on the ground, most of the way out of the car.

COLLINS (CONT'D)

Hands where I can see them. Now.

The Woman is on her hands and knees, head hanging down. She shakes her head and sighs, and puts her right hand in her hoodie pocket.

COLLINS (CONT'D)

I SAID HANDS!

WOMAN

Not big on patience, are we?
That'll change.

The Woman drops to her left, pulls out the Taser and shoots at Collins just as Collins shoots at her.

The twin Taser barbs hit Collins in the chest. Her back arches and she reflexively pulls the trigger on her gun. The bullet misses the Woman and lodges in a tree.

WOMAN (CONT'D)

Sorry I had to do this again. No choice.

The Woman grabs the Taser leads and runs to the El Camino.

Collins grits her teeth and rides out the spasms of pain. She hears sirens in the distance and looks down at the gun still in her hand.

COLLINS

Fuck.

She fights against the muscle spasms and drags herself to her feet. The El Camino bumps over the curb, past Collins' car and out of the cul-de-sac.

Collins reaches her car, struggles to open the door and puts the gun in the glove-box. Sirens increase in volume and stop behind her.

EXT. CUL-DE-SAC - LATER

Collins' car sits sideways in the street. Black and whites and Hastings' unmarked detective car are parked haphazardly around it.

Collins sits in the passenger's seat of Hasting's car. Hastings stands at the door, notepad in hand.

HASTINGS

What the hell is going on, Collins?
This has to stop.

Collins watches a crime scene tech removing the slug from the tree.

COLLINS

I don't know how to explain it.
There's a woman in a black El
Camino. Didn't get the tags -

HASTINGS

You just told me you chased the car
half a dozen blocks. No tags?

COLLINS

I was paying attention to the road.

Hastings scribbles something in the notepad. He points at the tree.

HASTINGS

What did it do to you?

COLLINS

Wasn't me. Last I remember is she
Tased me.

(MORE)

COLLINS (CONT'D)

Someone must have called 9-1-1 and you showed up about fifteen minutes later.

HASTINGS

What's she look like?

Collins shrugs. She rubs her face and then tries to stand up. Hastings pushes her back onto the seat.

COLLINS

Easy, kiddo. You touched my boobs. Look, I've got no more than when she was in the back alley. Female, small, like my size. White, brown hair.

HASTINGS

A woman is stalking you, and you have no idea who it is?

Collins shakes her head and stands, pushing away Hastings' attempts to stop her.

Collins holds her hand to her chest and walks away from Hastings.

COLLINS

I've got to get these burns checked out. I'll talk to you later.

Hastings catches up and takes her by the arm.

HASTINGS

You need to get back to the station. The task force, as a whole, needs to talk to you.

COLLINS

Later, okay?

HASTINGS

Later today. You're part of this now.

Hastings looks at his watch.

HASTINGS (CONT'D)

Get the burns patched up and get back to the station by three.

Collins doesn't slow her walk. She gets in the car and pulls a U-turn and leaves the cul-de-sac.

Hastings watches her drive away and makes a phone call.

INT. WAR ROOM - LATER

Hastings walks into the war-room, takes a quick look around and motions for Agent Wilson to follow him to a quiet corner.

HASTINGS
Has Collins talked to you yet?

WILSON
Haven't seen her. Where is she? We need a description.

Hastings takes a deep breath in through his nose and shrugs.

HASTINGS
Said she'd be back by three. I'll bring her over when she gets here.

INT. SQUAD ROOM - LATER

Collins strides in, head high, taking her jacket off as she enters

COLLINS
Hastings, what's new?

Hastings looks up from the file he's reading, tosses it on his desk and intercepts Collins before she sits down.

HASTINGS
You. You're late. This way.

Hastings leads Collins into the War Room and plants her in front of Wilson.

HASTINGS (CONT'D)
Collins, we need a full debrief on the woman who attacked you.

Wilson holds up a file.

WILSON
Ballistics on the bullet pulled from the tree. Thirty-two caliber. You carry a thirty-eight, right Collins?

COLLINS
Department issue.

Wilson nods and drops the file on his desk.

WILSON

Running it against any ballistics information we may have dug up from the older cases. Not much there, but it's worth a look.

Wilson nods and leads Collins and Hastings into a small conference room. He waits for them to enter and closes the door behind them.

He sits at the head of the small table.

WILSON (CONT'D)

So. Collins. Tell me everything you can about this mysterious woman.

INT. SQUAD ROOM - LATER

Hastings and Collins exit the War Room and head back to their respective desks. Collins stops at Hastings' desk.

COLLINS

How much ballistics evidence was there?

HASTINGS

From four or five of the victims. Plus the slug pulled from the tree.

Collins nods. Stands there in thought.

HASTINGS (CONT'D)

What are you thinking?

COLLINS

It's got to be someone in law enforcement, or maybe prosecution, maybe the D.A.'s office.

HASTINGS

How do you figure?

COLLINS

Everybody on that wall is a dirtbag who, for some reason or other, dodged doing time for a crime they were clearly guilty of. Not a coincidence.

HASTINGS

Yeah, we thought of that, but there are dozens of others over the last thirty years who have ducked doing time, and they are still alive.

COLLINS

Too bad Davidson isn't up on the board. Remember that guy? Producing kiddie-porn some time in the early nineties. Skipped bail and disappeared. I arrested that fuck.

HASTINGS

So what connects these particular ones?

Collins thinks for a second.

COLLINS

Got me. Maybe the killer only had the opportunity kill these ones.

HASTINGS

Maybe. Back to the War Room.

INT. WAR ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Agent Wilson stands at the crime board, placing torso shots below the victims head shots, all of the torso shots with burn marks consistent with Taser injuries.

Collins and Hastings walk in and Collins pushes to the board.

COLLINS

So...

WILSON

The burns appear to be another connection. Tasers? I doubt it, but they're burns. From something.

Wilson sticks the final picture to the board and turns to Collins.

WILSON (CONT'D)

We've looked at the video from the time the woman attacked you behind the station, as well as the incident behind the bar.

Wilson shrugs.

COLLINS
Not much, right?

HASTINGS
Not much more than squat.

Wilson holds up a finger.

WILSON
Not nothing, though. We know the woman drives a very nice El Camino. Beautiful car. Late-sixties, I think.

HASTINGS
We've got black and whites looking for it now. It's not going to be that difficult to find.

Collins crosses her arms and looks between Wilson and Hastings. She opens her mouth to speak, then closes it again.

INT. WAR ROOM - LATER

Collins sits at a desk searching through a pile of files. She looks at her watch and stretches. She closes one of the files and stands.

COLLINS
Wilson, I'm outta here.

Wilson covers the mouthpiece of his phone.

WILSON
Hang on a tic. Ballistics are on their way back.

A mail clerk rolls a wagon through the squad room, picks an envelope from the cart and hands it to Wilson.

WILSON (CONT'D)
As I speak.

Collins joins Wilson at the evidence table as he opens the envelope. Multiple pictures, each showing striations on bullets, spill out on the table.

Hastings takes out the report and places it on the table. Collins leans in and reads it with him.

COLLINS
Huh.

HASTINGS

What?

COLLINS

They all match. Including the slug
from the tree.

Wilson looks at her, then back at the report.

WILSON

I'm surprised that you're
surprised. I kind of expected it.
The woman is definitely the killer.

COLLINS

Yeah.

HASTINGS

You don't look convinced.
(to Wilson)
She doesn't look convinced.
(to Collins)
This is ballistics, granny.
Ballistics don't lie.

COLLINS

No, no. I'm convinced. Not usual to
find a female serial killer. We've
evolved more than you apes. But
great break. Got a platoon of guys
out looking for her, right?

WILSON

She'll be picked up in no time.

COLLINS

Then you don't need me around here
anymore. I'll see you tomorrow.

EXT. POLICE STATION - CONTINUOUS

Cold drizzle envelopes the street. Collins wraps her jacket
around her shoulders and hunches into the weather. She gets
into her car and punches on the dashboard.

COLLINS

Son of a bitch. How is this
possible?

Collins starts her car and leaves rubber out of the parking
lot. Her phone rings. She looks at the display -- "Hastings" -
- and tosses the phone on the passenger's seat without
answering.

COLLINS (CONT'D)
Jesus. What the hell?

Collins drives aimlessly, intermittent wipers keeping the window clean. Traffic is light, citizens staying out of the weather. Her aimless driving ends at a cemetery.

She parks and gets out into the rain. She leans on her car and shivers. Pulls the hood up on her jacket and pulls on a pair of gloves and starts walking up a hill.

She hunches into her jacket. Her eyes water. She wipes at her nose with the back of her sleeve. She leans into the hill and trudges to her destination.

She stops at the top of the hill. She sits on a cold, wet concrete bench beside a headstone. 'Larry Collins, devoted husband.'

COLLINS (CONT'D)
It's been a while, Larry. Still miss you. Still pissed off at you for dying the way you did. Wasn't fair.

She takes a deep breath and looks up into the rain.

COLLINS (CONT'D)
Yeah, I'm fine. Thanks for asking.

Collins leans forward, her arms on her legs. She sits in silence for a while.

COLLINS (CONT'D)
Except there's some weird shit going down. Can't figure it out. Give me a sign, big guy. How do I deal with the crazy bitch?

She takes a deep breath and stands. She rests her hand on the top of the headstone

COLLINS (CONT'D)
I'm going to be visiting in person, one of these days. Keep the place warm for me. I'm getting tired of this fucking cold.

Collins shoves her gloved hands into her jacket pockets and walks back to her car. Her step is lighter.

INT. WAR ROOM

Hastings hangs up the phone and looks at Wilson. He shakes his head.

HASTINGS
Still no answer.

WILSON
Try her friends.

HASTINGS
She doesn't have anyone close. Just the department.

WILSON
Not married?

Hastings blows out a puff of air.

HASTINGS
Her husband was a fire fighter.
Died fifteen years ago pulling
someone out of a fire.

WILSON
Shit.

Hastings rubbed his chin.

HASTINGS
Yeah. The guy he pulled out was an
arsonist who had skipped bail. Went
on to torch an elementary school
before he was killed.

EXT. INNER CITY HOUSE

The rain beats a tattoo on the roof of Collins' car. She gets out, hood up and Beretta in her hand.

COLLINS
Where are you, bitch?

Collins steps on to the front porch, and unlocks the front door, pocketing the key. She extends her arms with a two-handed grip on the silenced Beretta.

INT. INNER CITY HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

She pushes the door open. Makes her way swiftly though the house, clearing rooms as she goes. Swift and silent.

She opens the door to the garage. Walks across in the dark and tugs at the shelving until the floor starts lowering.

She extends the Beretta and squats, sweeping the cavernous area below the property. She slowly stands as the garage floor lowers until it reaches the bottom.

She sweeps with the gun, left to right. The room is empty.

COLLINS
Bitch, bitch, bitch.

Collins smacks the button on the wall, steps back on the floor and rides it up.

COLLINS (CONT'D)
This is getting on my fucking
nerves.

EXT. INNER CITY HOUSE

Collins, shoulders sagging, walks out of the house. The rain pounds on her, but she does nothing to shield herself from it.

INT. COLLINS' CAR - CONTINUOUS

She gets into her car, starts it and turns on the wipers. The Beretta and silencer go into the glove box.

Her phone is still on her passenger seat. She picks it up and looks at the screen. Five missed calls from Hastings.

She sighs and calls his number.

INT. SQUAD ROOM

Hastings pulls on a jacket, getting ready to leave for the day. His phone rings. He looks at the display and pokes the 'answer' button.

HASTINGS
Collins, where the hell are you?

INTERCUT BETWEEN COLLINS AND HASTINGS

Collins starts her car and pulls away from the curb.

COLLINS
Just driving around. Winding down.

HASTINGS
It's crap out there. You okay?

COLLINS
I'm fine. I'll see you tomorrow
morning.

Collins terminates the call and tosses the phone on the passenger seat.

INT. SQUAD ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Hastings looks at his phone and shakes his head.

HASTINGS
Wilson, I just talked to her. She's
fine. Driving around, unwinding.

Hastings walks into the War Room and sits beside Wilson. Wilson continues reading from a file. He finishes a section, then looks up.

WILSON
She's going to sit things out for a
few days. Take administrative
leave.

HASTINGS
Not a bad idea. She sounded kinda
stressed out.

Wilson waves that idea away.

WILSON
No. Her report from the attack at
the cul-de-sac doesn't scan.

HASTINGS
What part?

WILSON
The shot to the tree. They way she
describes it, the mystery woman
wouldn't have been able to shoot
the tree, standing where she did.

Hastings takes the report off the desk and reads through it. He flips between the report he wrote and the statement Collins made.

HASTINGS
She must have been rattled. I'll
let Barnes know.

WILSON

Sure. Fine. See you tomorrow.

Hastings slowly stands, nods and walks out of the War Room. He calls Collins as he walks out.

EXT. POLICE STATION - CONTINUOUS

Hastings shields himself from the rain as he trots to his car, phone pressed to the side of his head.

COLLINS (V.O.)

(filtered)

I thought we talked all we had to talk today.

HASTINGS

Don't bother comin' in for the next coupla days.

COLLINS (V.O.)

(filtered)

Why? Something I do?

HASTINGS

Wilson read through your statement from the cul-de-sac and has some issues with it. He wants you out of the frame while he looks into it. Take a couple of paid days off. I'll clear it with Barnes.

INT. COLLINS' CAR - CONTINUOUS

Collins looks at the phone and hesitates. She nods.

COLLINS

Yeah. Okay. I'll talk to you later.

Collins hangs up her phone and slides it in her pocket.

COLLINS (CONT'D)

God damned ballistics.

EXT. COLLINS' APARTMENT BUILDING - CONTINUOUS

Collins gets out in the rain and runs to the stoop. Unlocks the front door and shakes herself off as she enters.

Half a block away the Woman sits in the black El Camino, watching.

INT. WAR ROOM - NEXT MORNING

Clumps of police and FBI agents hard at work. Chatter levels are high, a continuous babble of noise.

Barnes walks in, holding a piece of paper and looking at faces.

BARNES

Where the fuck is Wilson?

Wilson stands from a table at the corner, file folder in one hand, take-away cup of coffee in the other

WILSON

What's up, Captain?

Barnes waves the piece of paper and wades through the crowd.

BARNES

Agent Wilson, what in the hell are you doing, benching one of my detectives? That's not your fucking job.

Wilson puts the coffee down and walks toward Barnes, meeting him in the middle of the room. Like a face-off.

WILSON

Some things with her story don't track. She needs to keep her nose out of it for a while. Couple of days, at the most, while I check it out.

Barnes holds Wilson's gaze for a beat, then nods.

BARNES

I'm going to put it down as a personal break. And you're going to follow me to my office and tell me what these things are that don't "track".

Barnes turns and walks back to his office. Wilson pauses for a second, looks around, then follows him.

INT. COLLINS APARTMENT

Collins pads into the kitchen in a bathrobe. She fills her kettle with water and makes a phone call while she leans on the counter.

HASTINGS (V.O.)
 (filtered)
 Figured you'd be sleeping in.

COLLINS
 Do me a favour, will you? Get a copy of the ballistics stuff and send me a copy? Something isn't sitting right.

HASTINGS (V.O.)
 (filtered)
 Tell me. I'll have a look.

Collins shakes her head as she drops a tea bag in a cup.

COLLINS
 It's nothing I can put my finger on. Just a feeling. I know, I'm on administrative leave, or whatever Barnes is calling it, but it'll keep my mind active.

HASTINGS (V.O.)
 (filtered)
 Better than watching Dr. Phil, I guess. Suppose it can't do any harm. I'll messenger copies over.

The kettle boils and Collins pours water into the cup.

COLLINS
 I owe you kiddo. Probably best if Wilson doesn't find out. I don't think he likes me.

HASTINGS (V.O.)
 (filtered)
 You got that right. I'll see what I can do. No promises. Sit back and relax. Get used to being off the job.

Collins drops the call and tosses her phone on the counter, finishes making her tea and wanders into the living room. She sits down and pops on the television. The news is on.

NEWS ANNOUNCER
 - after looking at an almost definite life sentence, Wheeler's body was found in an empty lot by police yesterday, shot twice in the back.

(MORE)

NEWS ANNOUNCER (CONT'D)

Sources within the department are now saying his killing is part of a serial case going back at least thirty years and involving over eight cases. More as this develops.

Collins drops the remote in her lap. She takes a sip of tea and scratches her head.

COLLINS

Something really fucking strange about this that I don't get.

INT. COLLINS APARTMENT - LATER

Collins dining room table is covered with photos of striations from the multiple ballistics reports.

The photos are arranged chronologically, oldest to newest, the last one, the slug she shot into the tree in the cul-de-sac. She takes a sip of tea and picks a large magnifying glass off the table.

She compares the latest slug with one of the ones taken from Wheeler. Looks at one, then the other, then back.

She leans back and scratches her head.

COLLINS

I'm losing it.

Collins starts examining the photos again, looking at the details a lot closer. She starts rearranging the photos again. Farthest to the left is the slug from the tree.

Photos are arranged after the tree slug: from 1989, then 1977, 1986, 2002 and then the Wheeler ballistics.

Collins stands back, then leans in and looks in at them closer. She swaps 2002 and 1986 and stands back again.

COLLINS (CONT'D)

Son of a bitch. No way.

EXT. INNER CITY HOUSE - LATER

Collins parks her car walks to the house beside her target's house. She knocks on the door. And holds her badge up to the peephole.

COLLINS

Detective Collins here. I'd like to talk to the resident of the house.

The door cracks open on the security chain and an eye peers out. Half a mouth smiles and the door closes, the chain rattles and the door opens all the way.

STEW PHILLIPS (late-60s, thin, extensive burn scars on his face, neck and right arm) stands at the front door.

STEW

Detective Collins. A distinct pleasure.

She cocks her head and squints.

COLLINS

Do we know each other?

Stew points at the burns on his face.

STEW

I was a bit wrapped up the last time we talked. You're looking well.

His smile is deformed by scar tissue, but it is a broad smile.

Recognition dawns on Collins' face and she instinctively envelopes his thin frame in a hug.

COLLINS

Stewart Phillips. It's been too long.

STEW

Fifteen years, Detective, since he burned my school. Are you well? Can I get you a cup of tea?

Collins releases him and wipes away a tear.

COLLINS

No, really, that's not necessary. Man, it's good to see you. Sorry, I just have a few questions about that empty house beside you.

STEW

The kids around here think the place is haunted, strange noises and lights coming from the place.

COLLINS
So nobody lives there?

STEW
Look at the place. Certainly isn't
ready for Better Homes.

Stew shrugs and sits in a over-stuffed chair. He points at a
seat across from him and Collins sits.

STEW (CONT'D)
A lot of places are abandoned. The
cycle will swing back eventually,
but I'm afraid this neighborhood
will be one of the last to swing.

COLLINS
So you have no idea who owns the
house?

Stew shrugs and smiles apologetically.

COLLINS (CONT'D)
Have you seen a black El Camino
around? Late sixties, mint
condition.

STEW
What's this about? Should I be
concerned?

Collins flips her notebook closed.

COLLINS
Nothing. Don't worry about it.

She presses a card into his hand.

COLLINS (CONT'D)
Give me a call sometime. I'll take
you up on your tea offer.

Collins leaves and walks next door.

She slowly walks up the front porch steps, taking the Beretta
and suppressor out of her pocket. She stops and unlocks the
front door and pushes in.

COLLINS (CONT'D)
Come out, come out, wherever the
fuck you are.

INT. INNER CITY HOUSE

She sweeps through the living room and kitchen quickly, takes quick looks in the bedrooms and heads for the garage.

GARAGE

The floor lowers. The space below the garage is empty. She taps the gun on her leg. The tarp is rolled in a ball against a back wall.

Collins walks in farther. A cot sits in the corner. A cupboard door is partially open. Collins uses the silencer end of her Beretta and opens it wider.

Tins of food, some of it dating to the 80s. Single servings of UHT milk and juice, dating from the early 90s.

COLLINS

Right.

Collins slams the cupboard door shut, and walks deeper into the space. A desk sits with two thin, ultra-modern monitors on it and a wireless keyboard. She taps the space bar to wake it. It stays dark.

She holsters the Beretta, hits the button on the wall and rises back into the garage. She uses her flashlight and walks along all three walls of the garage.

COLLINS (CONT'D)

Where is it?

Collins walks back into the house and wanders into the

KITCHEN

COLLINS (CONT'D)

There needs to be space for it.

She walks through the rooms in the house, eyeballing the interior walls. She passes through the living room and the dining room, knocking on the walls.

BEDROOM 1

Old shag carpet and fading wallpaper and nothing else.

Collins knocks on the walls, looks carefully at joints and seams in the walls. She leaves and walks into

BEDROOM 2

The carpet is just as old and just as shag, and the wallpaper just as fading. The closet door is slightly ajar.

Collins squats down and looks at the carpet. A faint indication of foot traffic leads from the bedroom door to the closet.

She approaches the closet door with her gun drawn. She steps to the door, pauses, and pulls it open. The closet is empty, three metal-wire hangers dangling from the wooden rod.

She steps in and reaches for the rod when her phone rings, startling her.

COLLINS (CONT'D)

Jesus.

She takes the phone out and looks at the name.

COLLINS (CONT'D)

What can I do for you?

HASTINGS (V.O.)

(filtered)

You home?

Collins looks around the bedroom

COLLINS

Yes. No. Not home. On an errand.
Why?

HASTINGS (V.O.)

(filtered)

Where are you?

COLLINS

What does it matter?

HASTINGS (V.O.)

(filtered)

I'm going to stop by later.

COLLINS

No, don't. I think I might go check out a movie. It's been a while.

HASTINGS (V.O.)

(filtered)

You sure? I'll go with. What you seeing?

COLLINS

Don't. I need some time alone.

Collins looks at her phone, hangs up.

COLLINS (CONT'D)
Shit, shit, shit.

She steps back into the closet and grabs the wooden pole. She wiggles it and tugs on it. Nothing happens. She slides the hangers to one side but one of them is fixed in place.

COLLINS (CONT'D)
Huh.

Collins pivots the hanger around the pole. As it reaches the top of its travel, Collins hears a SNICK and the back wall lowers.

COLLINS (CONT'D)
This is nuts.

The glass dome covers the chair. A light on a panel on the wall blinks slowly. Collins taps on the glass, looks around for a way to lift the dome.

She bends down to try to get her fingers under the edge of the glass and stops when she hears the garage door rolling up.

EXT. INNER CITY HOUSE

The Woman sits in the idling black El Camino as the garage door opens, and speeds in as soon as it's up far enough. She pokes the remote and the garage door closes behind her.

INT. GARAGE

The Woman gets out of the car, bumps the shelf and rides the floor down.

She drives the car into the space and gets out. She stops walking. Notices the cupboard door is closed.

We see her from behind as the Woman pulls the hood off her head.

She walks to the monitors, reaches behind one of them and presses a button. After a second they both power up.

The left is a grid of nine video images from the outside of the house. The right a grid of nine videos from inside the house. She watches Collins in the bedroom.

WOMAN

Well.

She pushes the red button.

INT. HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

HALLWAY

Collins hears the rumble, draws her Beretta and walks to the hall. She stands near the internal garage door and listens as the floor raises.

She readies her gun and points it at the door.

COLLINS

Come out of the garage, and keep
your hands visible.

The door opens to an older version of Detective DEB COLLINS, hair dyed brown.

Collins-Older steps into the hallway with her Beretta in one hand and her palms forward.

COLLINS-OLDER

Hey, you. Don't shoot.

Collins takes a step back and falls on her ass. Her weapon discharges, burying a slug in the door frame beside Collins-Older.

COLLINS

Jesus. Jesus, Jesus. This is
fucked.

COLLINS-OLDER

Careful. You could hurt somebody.

Collins scrambles to her feet. She takes a small step closer, cocking her head and looking at the not-reflection of her face, slightly unfamiliar.

COLLINS

I like the hair. You're going to
need to explain this...

Both women slowly lower and holster their guns.

COLLINS (CONT'D)

...because this is seriously fucked
up.

Collins-Older pulls the door shut.

COLLINS-OLDER
You're not as surprised as I
thought you'd be.

COLLINS
I play a good hand of poker. We
play a good hand of poker. How is
this possible?

COLLINS-OLDER
We need to start at the beginning.

Collins-Older nods toward the garage.

COLLINS-OLDER (CONT'D)
I've got food and drink downstairs.
It's more comfortable.

Collins looks around.

COLLINS
Anything is better than this.

INT. SPACE BELOW GARAGE

Both women sit at chairs at a small table. Collins-Older hands Collins a UHT Juice pack and a sealed pack of chocolate chip cookies.

COLLINS
The date on this juice is like,
Jesus, ten years ago.

COLLINS-OLDER
They last forever. If it hasn't
puffed up by now, it never will.
Where do you want to start?

Collins lifts her shirt and exposes the Taser burns on her stomach. Collins-Older grimaces.

COLLINS
That stung. Why did you...?

Collins-Older lifts her shirt. The same burns, now fading scars, mark her stomach. But the abs are hard.

COLLINS-OLDER
You really need to hit the gym,
dear. This is hard work.

COLLINS

Okay, this is just some weird,
"Back to the Future" shit.

COLLINS-OLDER

I know, right? And this is when it
happens for you.

Collins pulls the straw off the juice pack, looks at the box for a second, then stabs it with the straw. She sucks a mouthful of fruit punch and grimaces.

COLLINS

Oh, my God, this is horrible. What
do you mean, "this is when it
happens"?

Collins-Older takes a deep breath and puts a hand on Collins' hand.

COLLINS-OLDER

Twenty-three years ago I was
sitting where you are sitting,
talking to yet another older
version of us.

Collins closes her eyes for a second, then snaps them open.

COLLINS

Wait, you're seventy-six?

COLLINS-OLDER

Seventy-seven. We look good, don't
we?

COLLINS

Get the exposition over with. Tell
me what the hell is going on before
I freak out. Freak out more.

Collins-Older puts the juice box in the trash.

COLLINS-OLDER

Wheeler is a good example. A
scumbag who is 100% guilty of
hurting kids, yet evaded justice.
Those are my only targets. Our only
targets.

Collins shakes her head. Goes to stand and Collins-Older taps the table and sits her back down

COLLINS-OLDER (CONT'D)

You're not a killer, right? That's what you were going to say? So what were you doing behind the pool hall?

Collins takes out her Beretta and places it on the table. Collins-Older does the same. Collins picks them both up, and examines them, nodding.

COLLINS

These are the same gun. Damn. Explains the rifling.

COLLINS-OLDER

What's that?

COLLINS

Unless the weapon is kept meticulously clean, the weapon degrades with every shot. Shows up in subtle changes in the striations. You didn't kill these guys in chronological order.

Collins-Older smiles.

COLLINS-OLDER

Nobody else would have looked at that.

Collins-Older stands.

COLLINS-OLDER (CONT'D)

Running into you behind the pool hall told me it was time. I'm getting old, and tired. Time to hand it off.

They both step onto the garage floor as it raises. Collins crosses her arms, her feet shoulder-width to keep balance.

COLLINS

If -- and man, do I ever mean if -- this is all true, I'll just be following your footsteps, killing the same people you've killed.

COLLINS-OLDER

They're already dead, though. No, it doesn't work like that. Your future hasn't been precisely defined yet. The broad strokes, yes. But not the finer details.

Collins thinks for a second.

COLLINS

Why aren't you killing them before they do the crimes?

COLLINS-OLDER

Nice idea, except if they don't do the crimes, we can't find them to kill them. The flags wouldn't be in the system.

Collins thinks about that for a minute, then nods in agreement.

COLLINS

How long has this been going on?
How many of...us...are there?

COLLINS-OLDER

I'm number six in the cycle. You're number seven. Older one retires to the time of their choice after the hand over. Infinite loop, if we want it to be.

COLLINS

What if I don't want to be number seven?

Collins-Older takes Collins by the hands.

COLLINS-OLDER

This is weird, I know, but this is the only time we'll meet. I know you want to be number seven. Wheeler and the pool hall proves it.

COLLINS

Was Smith you?

Collins-Older cocks her head in thought.

COLLINS (CONT'D)

The swan dive off the roof.

Collins-Older smiles and nods in recognition.

COLLINS-OLDER

Yes. My second one. He bounced.
Didn't need to shoot that scumbag.

COLLINS
Who was the first?

COLLINS-OLDER
The arsonist. Really sorry I
couldn't have got him before things
happened.

COLLINS
Stew. The principal from that
school. He knows about us, doesn't
he?

COLLINS-OLDER
I needed someone to keep an eye on
the house. He was more than happy
to help, given the circumstances.

COLLINS
He didn't let on.

COLLINS-OLDER
He's a dear friend.

Collins-Older leads Collins into the bedroom and stands in
front of the closet.

COLLINS-OLDER (CONT'D)
Let me show you something.

Collins-Older pushes Collins into the closet.

COLLINS-OLDER (CONT'D)
Put your right palm on that pad.

Collins looks at her older self, then places her palm on the
pad. A CLUNK and the glass dome raises, revealing the chair.

COLLINS
How'd you find this setup. Who told
you?

COLLINS-OLDER
I honestly don't know how the first
of us got on to this. It works,
though.

COLLINS
How is this house still here?
Should have been bulldozed years
ago.

COLLINS-OLDER

We, you, I, own it through a shell company. Taxes paid for the next hundred years. And Stew does a good job.

Collins-Older sits in the chair. It has a keypad and display on the right arm. Collins-Older lightly brushes her fingers over the keypad.

COLLINS-OLDER (CONT'D)

Oh, by the way, investing is really easy when you know the future. Money won't be a problem.

Collins-Older looks around.

COLLINS-OLDER (CONT'D)

It's time, younger me.

COLLINS

How's this supposed to work?

COLLINS-OLDER

You enter the date. Year, month, day, hour--

COLLINS

That I would have figured out. What am I supposed to do?

COLLINS-OLDER

What I've been doing for almost thirty years. Take out the trash.

COLLINS

How do you --

COLLINS-OLDER

You're smart. Figure it out.

COLLINS

I can't use that car anymore. It's on a list.

COLLINS-OLDER

Or the gun. Or a Taser. Damned shame about the car. It's a nice set of wheels. First trip back find something nice. Maybe in an impound yard, and steal it.

COLLINS

While the department is watching me? Right.

Collins-Older chuckles and points at the chair she's sitting in.

COLLINS-OLDER

You've got all the time in the world. If you park the car downstairs fifty years ago, when you get back it'll still be here. In mint condition.

Collins backs out of the closet.

COLLINS

Pissed that you Tased me so many times.

COLLINS-OLDER

Coulda shot you. I thought a zap was the preferred option.

Collins-Older punches a date into the keypad and looks at her younger self.

COLLINS-OLDER (CONT'D)

I am stopping, you know. But it continues, it needs to, and you're the only one who can. Think about it.

Collins-Older presses the final key on the pad. The glass dome lowers. Electricity arcs from the dome to the chair and Collins watches as the older version of herself smiles just before she disappears.

COLLINS

Kafka was a piker.

INT. SQUAD ROOM - VERY EARLY NEXT MORNING

Collins logs into the crime stat database on her computer and filters through old cases. She flips open a pad of paper and starts writing down names, crimes and dates.

She looks up as Barnes and Wilson come down the stairs from Barnes' office. Puts her head down and starts scribbling faster.

Names. Crimes. Dates.

She grabs the paper off the pad, folds it and stuffs it in her pocket, closes down the screen on her computer as Barnes approaches.

BARNES

What are you doing here?

COLLINS

I know, I know. I'll clear out. Not fair, if you ask me. I'm in great shape.

Collins pats her stomach. Looks down and frowns.

COLLINS (CONT'D)

Although I do think I'll be hitting the gym soon.

Collins smiles up at Barnes and Wilson. Looks at one, then the other. They are standing side by side, blocking her passage.

COLLINS (CONT'D)

Guys? Gonna let me through?

BARNES

Stay near your phone. We're going to have questions later today.

COLLINS

Excuse me.

Barnes and Wilson split. Collins walks between them with a smile and a wave. The Captain and FBI Agent turn and watch her leave.

WILSON

What was she up to, Captain?

Barnes exhales and nods toward the War room.

BARNES

Where are we with this? Any sign of that woman?

WILSON

She's proving to be elusive. Other than the ballistics, she's left nothing behind.

BARNES

And the ballistics don't match anything on file?

Wilson leads Barnes into the War Room and points to a place on the crime board.

WILSON

A Beretta 92. Used in the murder of some deadbeat called Hopkins back in 2003.

Barnes takes the Hopkins ballistics report off the board and reads it. He flicks it with his index finger.

BARNES

This says the gun was collected and is in evidence.

WILSON

Someone lifted it from the cage. It doesn't make any sense, though. There are murders on the board either side of Hopkins with that gun.

BARNES

So why isn't Hopkins on the board?

Wilson takes the report from Barnes and puts it back on the board.

WILSON

Doesn't match the victim profile. And the guy who killed him was caught red-handed and is locked up. Someone's on their way to talk to him now, but we don't expect much.

Hastings runs into the War Room, grabs Barnes by the arm.

HASTINGS

Cap, ya gotta see this.

Hastings leans down, taps a couple of keys on a keyboard and points to a monitor on the wall. A black and white video is frozen at the point Collins is getting out of her car in the cul-de-sac.

HASTINGS (CONT'D)

Some of the houses in that cul-de-sac have security systems. I grabbed as much video as we could to see if I could get a good look at this mystery woman. Ended up with this.

Hastings taps the space bar and the video starts. There's no audio.

ON THE VIDEO

Collins walks toward the dark El Camino. She runs around the back of the car and comes face to face with the Woman with the Taser in her hand.

Collins raises her gun and as she pulls the trigger she's hit in the chest with the Taser. Her arm jerks and --

Hastings taps the space bar and pauses the video.

HASTINGS (CONT'D)

That tree? Techs pulled the slug out of it that matched the Wheeler killing and five of these serial cases.

Hastings pauses. Slowly shakes his head.

HASTINGS (CONT'D)

I can't explain it, I really don't believe it, but Collins' gun was used in all of these killings.

Hastings holds up his hands.

HASTINGS (CONT'D)

Hang on, that's actually not quite right. The ballistics don't match her service revolver.

Hasting zooms on the gun in Collins' hand.

HASTINGS (CONT'D)

That's a Beretta, thirty-two cal semi with a suppressor. Her service weapon is a thirty-eight revolver.

He taps the space bar to continue the video

HASTINGS (CONT'D)

Watch this.

ON THE VIDEO

Hastings rolls onto her hands and knees as the El Camino speeds away. She crawls to her car and puts the Beretta in the glove box.

WILSON

Get her in here, now.

EXT. POLICE STATION

Collins is on the way to her car in the parking lot and her phone rings. Collins looks at the display. It's Barnes.

COLLINS
Cap, what's up?

INT. CAPTAINS OFFICE

Barnes holds a screen grab showing Collins shooting the tree. The incriminating ballistics reports are spread across his desk.

BARNES
I'm looking at a picture here,
Collins, that doesn't look good for
you.

INTERCUT BETWEEN COLLINS AND BARNES

COLLINS
Caught me stealing sugar from the
coffee room? Dammit, I thought I
got away with that.

Collins leans on her car and folds an arm across her chest.

COLLINS (CONT'D)
Or is it something else?

BARNES
You shot the tree. And the slug we
dug out of that tree matched the
slug we dug out of Wheeler.

COLLINS
Ballistics fucked up. It happens
once in a while, doesn't it?

BARNES
Ballistics doesn't make these kinds
of mistakes. And there's vision of
you putting that gun in your car.
You need to come back in here,
Detective.

Collins looks at her phone, shakes her head and hangs up. She gets in her car and pulls into traffic.

INT. SQUAD ROOM

Hastings sits at his desk, looking at the same picture. Barnes comes down the stairs, pushes past Wilson and heads to Hastings' desk.

Wilson follows, frantic.

WILSON
Captain, what are you waiting for?

Barnes ignores him. He slams the grainy security photo on Hastings' desk.

BARNES
Have you talked to her yet? She just hung up on me. She needs to get her ass in here now and explain this.

WILSON
She's our--

BARNES
Shut the fuck up, Wilson, and get back in your fucking room.

Wilson takes a half step back. Hands on hips, pissed, but unsure how to handle it.

BARNES (CONT'D)
Hastings, get her on the fucking phone and get her in here now.

Barnes turns, pushes past Wilson and up the stairs to his office.

Wilson clears his throat. He sits in the chair beside Hastings desk and points at the phone.

WILSON
On speaker.

EXT. COLLINS APARTMENT BUILDING

Collins locks her car and walks toward her apartment building. Her mobile phone rings.

COLLINS
What?

INTERCUT BETWEEN COLLINS AND HASTINGS

HASTINGS

Got you on speaker. Wilson's here too.

Collins stops and looks back at her car. She retraces her steps and gets in it.

COLLINS

I've got some leave. I want to take it. Those Taser tags took more out of me than I thought they would.

Collins starts her car and stuffs the phone between her jaw and shoulder.

COLLINS (CONT'D)

So if you don't mind, I haven't been to Florida for years. I think I'm going to visit.

Wilson leans forward and yells into the phone.

WILSON

Listen up Collins. You need to come in and --

HASTINGS

Come in and help us out.

Wilson looks at Hastings.

WILSON

Come in for questioning. You're a suspect now.

INT. COLLINS CAR

Collins pulls over to the curb and hangs up the phone. She rolls down her window to throw the phone, then checks herself. She tosses the phone on the passenger seat.

She pulls away from the curb, into traffic, tires spinning.

INT. INNER CITY HOUSE

GARAGE

The connecting door from the house opens and Collins triggers the floor. She lowers into the cavern and pulls the tarp off the El Camino.

COLLINS

Sweet. Sorry to lose this ride.

Collins hops in the car and backs it onto the lowered floor. She hits the button and rides the floor up with the car. She flips down the visor and finds the garage door opener.

EXT. INNER CITY HOUSE

The El Camino rolls out of the garage as the door reaches its top. Collins punches the button again and puts the garage remote in her pocket.

Collins backs onto the street, looks over her shoulder and drives away.

INT. SQUAD ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Hastings puts the handset of his desk phone in the crook of his neck while he types with both hands.

HASTINGS

Dispatch? I need you to track down Detective Deb Collins. Use unmarked units. Keep it low-key for now.

EXT. SHITTY NEIGHBORHOOD

Collins parks the El Camino on the side of the road. She gets out and looks at the surrounding tenement houses.

She takes her phone out of her pocket, and scrolls through her numbers.

COLLINS

Geezer? What you up to today?

GEEZER (V.O.)

(filtered)

Tryin' ta sleep. What time is it?

COLLINS

I'm looking for that black El Camino again. Put the word out. If one of your guys finds it, call Hastings. I'm going off grid.

GEEZER (V.O.)

(filtered)

I don't got Hastings number. Don't know him, either.

COLLINS

I'll send it to you. Hundred bucks
in it for you.

GEEZER (V.O.)

(filtered)

I'll put out the word.

Collins hangs up, texts Geezer, then throws the phone on the front seat. She stuffs the Beretta under the seat and leaves the keys in the ignition.

Collins takes a deep breath and takes stock of her surroundings. An apartment building is falling down, one brick at a time, next to the empty lot.

A couple of guys sit on the stoop eying her and the car.

She turns a slow circle, then faces east. She slides her hands in her jacket pockets and starts walking.

EXT. COLLINS APARTMENT BUILDING - LATER

Collins approaches her apartment building and spots an unmarked car idling outside the building. She slows, flips the hood up on her jacket and leans against a tree.

She looks further down the street and sees a black and white police car parked about a block away.

COLLINS

Fuck.

She hunches her shoulders, turns on her heels and walks away from the apartment.

EXT. INNER CITY HOUSE - LATER

Collins appears running around the corner, half a block from the house. She pulls the garage remote from her pocket and presses the button repeatedly.

Sirens sound in the distance, getting closer. Collins looks over her shoulder and puts on a burst of speed. The door starts to open, then stops and starts to close. She hits the button again and the door starts creeping up.

Collins hits the ground and rolls into the garage and pushes the button again. The door lowers.

A marked car, lights on and siren screaming, slides to a stop at the end of the drive.

INT. GARAGE

Collins hits the shelf on the wall and rides the floor down.

COLLINS
Faster, dammit.

Sirens accumulate outside the house. The floor lowers a little more and Collins jumps off into the cavernous area.

She punches the button on the wall and watches the floor rise back into place. She checks the time, then grabs a fruit juice pack and a handful of biscuits and takes a seat.

EXT. HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Hastings rolls up in an unmarked car and jumps out and collars one of the uniforms.

HASTINGS
Where are we?

UNIFORM
First at the scene saw her roll into the garage. We're sweeping it now.

Hastings looks at the house and cocks his head.

HASTINGS
Shouldn't take long.

INT. HOUSE - SPACE BELOW GARAGE

Collins listens to feet tromping above her. She crumples the juice box and explores the area.

The footsteps move to the garage area. Collins sits in front of one of the monitors and watches Hastings, Wilson and a uniform crisscrossed with flashlight beams. She cocks an ear.

HASTINGS (V.O.)
So tell me where in the fuck she went.

WILSON (V.O.)
Do we know who owns this place?

HASTINGS (V.O.)
We're working on it. I don't give a fuck who owns it. Where is she?

Collins smiles and sits in her chair. Opens another juice box and pulls an old newspaper off a shelf. All the news fit to print for July 9, 1993.

INT. SPACE BELOW GARAGE - LATER

She stands up, rolls the kinks out of her neck and looks at the time.

COLLINS

Two hours?

Collins stretches and looks at the monitors. All vision looks clear. She holds her hand in front of the red button for a second, takes a deep breath, and presses it.

The floor rumbles and slowly lowers. Collins holds her service revolver out and waits for the floor to lower completely. It comes to a rest.

Quiet returns. Collins waits for a second. The house stays silent. Collins pops the button again and steps onto the floor, rising with it into the garage.

Collins walks into the house, a little more casual. The house is empty. She creeps to the front window and looks out at a marked car parked at the curb. She takes a quick step back.

Collins pulls the piece of notepad paper out of her pocket and unfolds it. She looks at the list of names and dates and moves back to the bedroom.

She lowers the back wall exposing the glass dome.

Collins presses her hand on the panel. A low humming accompanies the rising glass dome. She sits in the chair and looks at her list. Picks the name off the top of the list.

Will Davidson. Kiddie-porn production. May 12, 1992.

COLLINS (CONT'D)

I'm going to need a couple of days
to get a car and a gun.

Collins enters 1992-05-10 05:00 into the keypad. The dome drops and she disappears among the electrical arcs.

FADE OUT.