

Demonology

"The Wheel"

Written by

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PILOT

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INT. KESSLER'S HOUSE - HOLLIS QUEENS, NY - BEDROOM - NIGHT

The wind MOANS outside.

LILITH KESSLER reads to her one-year-old boy, both curled up in a king-sized bed. She wears a robe that fails to hide her figure, with long hair and the eyes of a Salem witch.

LILITH

Pretty colors? What's Mommy's favorite color? Yes! Good boy! Who is so smart?

THERESA, the nanny, steps into the doorway. She's a thin black woman with frown lines.

THERESA

Should I put him to bed now?

LILITH

You can try. After he's down, you can go.

The baby changes hands and is carried out.

Lilith follows and closes the door. She shrugs off her robe; revealing a body covered in arcane symbols and runes, all diagrammed in blood red ink.

Over her shoulder lurks the book she was "reading" to the baby: a dark tome featuring gruesome paintings of sacrifices.

Lilith's favorite color is blood red.

INT. KESSLER'S HOUSE - HOLLIS, QUEENS - STUDIO - CONTINUOUS

Lilith strides naked through shadows and pools of light, gliding under the studio skylights.

Her husband EMIL sits on a stool with his back to her, silhouetted: A human easel. He remains out of focus and in shadow throughout.

Lilith removes a sharp instrument from a small chest, then waves it in the air. Candles flare all over the room.

She crosses behind Emil's shadowed form and focuses. Little TEARING sounds and GRUNTS, as she works with her wicked pen.

LILITH

So sometimes the Universe throws you a bone. I go out for the paper, and Ms. Yoga pants is putting up signs for her lost cat. Sobbing her heart out.

(MORE)

CONTINUED:

LILITH (CONT'D)

Wailing. I thought it was a fire alarm.

She toils with economy and purpose, subtle TEARING and GASPS under her monologue.

LILITH (CONT'D)

Like an Italian widow at an open casket. Mind you, she was not nearly as upset at her husband's funeral. I don't mean to be cruel, but how do you lose track of a feline the size of a walrus? They do say pets start to look like their owners... Okay, that was cruel. Anyway, she's putting up signs and making an epic scene. That flea bag was her whole life... takes her a good 20 minutes to waddle down to the end of the street. It was hotter than hell, but I waited. The whole time, I could see the carcass lying in the storm drain. She went from fire alarm to air raid siren. It was glorious.

She stops her sketching, squints for a moment, then resumes.

LILITH (CONT'D)

I scratched the rim on the BMW swerving to get the fucker, by the way. You'll need to get it fixed. Sometimes the Universe throws you a bone... Sometimes you have to break it off yourself.

She smiles as she works.

EXT./INT. MANHATTAN - 2ND AVENUE - HARRY'S CAR - NIGHT

HARRY FRYE drives, taking in the lower East Side. He's as haunted as he is handsome. A bead of sweat slides down his temple.

He produces a cell phone from his jacket and speed dials.

TARA (V.O.)

Nope, not gonna get to it in time. Leave a message.

HARRY

(Into the phone) It's your Father. Call me back. Come on, sweetheart.

He hangs up, then notices a liquor store on his right.

CONTINUED:

HARRY (CONT'D)

Aw, Dammit.

Inevitably, he pulls over.

EXT. EAST SIDE LIQUOR STORE - SIDEWALK/ALLEY - NIGHT

Harry exits the store with a brown paper bag. Before he can get in his car, a SLAP, then a MUFFLED CRY stops him.

Around the corner in a shadowed alcove, a PIMP braces a HOOKER, pinning her one-handed by the throat.

Harry shakes his head wearily and approaches.

HARRY

Hello, young lovers.

The Pimp turns to Harry without releasing the girl. In his other hand: a switchblade.

PIMP

Now, I know you're ain't gonna interrupt me.

HARRY

You interrupted me. I was about to go off the wagon and flush my life down the toilet.

Harry lifts a skull-shaped bottle of vodka out of the bag.

HARRY (CONT'D)

I figured, my first night on the graveyard shift...couldn't resist. Too much?

PIMP

Man, fuck off.

HARRY

Let her go and I'll buy you a drink.

PIMP

Gonna give her a new mouth, then pour your drink in it.

The pimp shoves the hooker against the wall by the throat. She falls, gagging. He lunges at Harry, who smashes the glass skull into his head. The pimp goes down in a heap.

Harry helps the girl to her feet. She kicks the pimp.

CONTINUED:

HARRY

Probably too late for couple's
counseling. He trying to collect?

She nods.

HARRY (CONT'D)

How 'bout you give it to me?

She stares at him. He shrugs.

HARRY (CONT'D)

I have to buy another skull.

HOOKER

What if I call the cops?

Harry just looks at her. She hands over a roll of bills and he puts them in an inside jacket pocket.

HARRY

I am the cops.

INT. BUNKER METH LAB - GREENWICH VILLAGE BASEMENT - NIGHT

TERRANCE, a scarecrow with acne, cooks methamphetamine on a stained work table. Stairs lead upwards behind him, and a heavy steel door stands open on his left.

He hears a LOUD THUMP over his head. Dust rains down on the table and he bends over the dope to shield it.

TERRANCE

Fuck! Stop screwing around! Shit's
getting on the product!

There is a DRAGGING sound across the floor above. More dust.

Terrance snaps and charges up the stairs. He stops at the top, realizing all the lights on the 1st floor are out.

TERRANCE (CONT'D)

Knock it off! Turn the lights on!

A GIGGLE floats out of the darkness. He quickly slams the door and slides a bolt.

Something ferocious BANGS into the door. Terrance starts, loses his balance, and tumbles down the stairs.

He comes to rest in a bloody heap at the bottom. He staggers upright and hears a gentle KNOCKING from upstairs.

CONTINUED:

MEDFORD (O.S.)

Little pig, little pig let me in...

With a massive BOOM, the door splinters inward. Terrance darts into a side room and SLAMS the steel door.

INT. METH LAB PANIC ROOM - VILLAGE BASEMENT - CONTINUOUS

Cinderblock, a cot, and 3 steps leading up to angled Basement double doors. Terrance grabs a bag and a shotgun from under the cot.

MEDFORD (O.S.)

Don't you want to come out and play?

TERRANCE

Fuck you!

Terrance shoves frantically, but the basement doors won't budge. MUFFLED SCREAMING comes through the steel.

MEDFORD (O.S.)

Careful. Someone could be tied spread-eagled over the door.

More GIGGLING.

MEDFORD (O.S.) (CONT'D)

Is this a fuse box?

With a CLACK, the room goes pitch black. Light spills in under the steel door.

TERRANCE

I'll make you bleed, bitch!

In an EXPLOSION of rotten wood and drywall, MEDFORD bursts through the wall next to the door. In the darkness, he is shapeless and bald with the eyes of a hyena.

He barrels into Terrance and pins him to the far wall.

MEDFORD

You first.

EXT. EAST SIDE LIQUOR STORE - SIDEWALK - NIGHT

Harry talks to an overweight uniformed cop, OFFICER BERRY, while an ambulance pulls away.

BERRY

She says you took money from her.

CONTINUED:

HARRY
Isn't that backwards?

BERRY
You saying you didn't? Hey, you
listenin' to me?

Harry stares tiredly into the flashing lights.

FLASHBACK:

EXT. GRAND CENTRAL PARKWAY - QUEENS, NY - NIGHT

Flashing lights, as an unmarked sedan shudders to a stop behind a car wrecked into a tree. Steam hisses, shards of glass and metal gleam in headlights.

Harry, wasted, pulls himself out of the wreck. SAMANTHA "SAM" BARKER, a pony-tailed brunette, pops out of the sedan. She charges Harry like a terrier.

SAM
What the fuck, Frye?! What the hell's
the matter with you?

HARRY
I forgot...It's her sixteenth
birthday...had to get her a present.

SAM
Hope it wasn't a car, you jackass. One
of these days I won't be able to cover
for you, Harry. Harry?

BACK TO PRESENT:

EXT. EAST SIDE LIQUOR STORE - SIDEWALK - NIGHT

A weathered and greying Detective, "POP" PETERSON, has joined Harry and Berry.

POP
Harry? Harry Frye? Oscar Peterson.
Everyone calls me Pop.

Harry snaps out of it. They shake.

POP (CONT'D)
(To Berry) You can go, Berry.

BERRY
She says this guy took money from her.

CONTINUED:

POP

Maybe she confused him with one of the thirteen other guys she's been with tonight.

BERRY

Look, sir, I gotta-

POP

Goodnight, Officer.

Berry closes his notebook and goes, shaking his head.

POP (CONT'D)

Helluva way to make an entrance, Harry. Had to show us how they do it in Arts & Antiquities?

HARRY

I could show you how to forge a Mastretta watercolor.

POP

Art Theft to homicide? What, you piss somebody off?

HARRY

Hard to imagine, ain't it? But here we are.

POP

Here we are. Well, we don't have a lot of Art theft down here. We do have hookers. One of which you rescued. Or robbed.

HARRY

I'm a good Samaritan. Anyone woulda done the same.

POP

You did it at a liquor store. Booze is part of what everyone's talking about.

HARRY

Ironic, seeing as I stopped drinking.

POP

You almost start again tonight?

HARRY

I almost start again every night.

CONTINUED: (2)

POP

Look, Harry, I'm on your side. What you did in Brooklyn... Arts & Antiquities aside, you caught a serial killer. And with your family tree-

HARRY

You know about that?

POP

Well, I'm not an art scholar but I can read. Sometimes even books about Art.

HARRY

You sure you're a cop?

POP

For way too long. I worry, Harry. Your new partner's a friend of mine.

HARRY

You worried I'm gonna get her hurt?

POP

Naw. I don't wanna clean up after she hurts you.

HARRY

Look, I didn't take any money.

POP

Uh-huh. Word of advice? Don't take anything in front of Millie. And don't be late. She hates that.

INT. 9TH PRECINCT - NYC - CAPTAIN'S OFFICE - NIGHT

MILLIE REYNOLDS sits alone in a visitor's chair with arms crossed, very pregnant with short red hair and emerald eyes.

A loud desk fan pushes hot air around.

CAPTAIN FRANK STEBBINS, barely five feet tall, thin and with glasses, tentatively enters his own office. He blinks often, and loud noises cause him to spasm.

STEBBINS

Millie! What...why are you-

Stebbins' overstuffed briefcase pops open, spilling papers everywhere.

CONTINUED:

MILLIE

You're late, Frank.

STEBBINS

I..wh- Look, I'm the Captain. It's my office...

He gathers an armful of papers and drops them on the desk in front of the fan, with spectacular results: paper rain.

STEBBINS (CONT'D)

If I could just have a minute-

MILLIE

You had ten. You said you wanted to meet with me when you got in, and now you're late. Rude.

STEBBINS

But I never said-

MILLIE

Your shift started ten minutes ago. I need to get to the ATM before mine. You kept a pregnant woman waiting. You wanted to meet? Here I am.

Stebbins is trying to shove random papers in his briefcase.

STEBBINS

We.. we have to meet because you're pregnant. I, um, no, the department. The department needs you behind a desk. Actually, you should've-

MILLIE

Why? Why does the department need that, Frank?

STEBBINS

Because...Regulations say-

MILLIE

Who gives a shit about regulations that don't make any sense, Frank? Ever flip your lights because you were in a hurry? Yeah, you have. I remember one night in particular. Try again.

Stebbins places the briefcase in front of the fan, which immediately empties it.

CONTINUED: (2)

STEBBINS

But, you... It's, it's physical...
It's just that you can't-

MILLIE

Just so you know, whatever you tell me
I can't do, I'm going to do to you.
Right here in this office.

STEBBINS

Millie, er, Detective
Reynolds...there's nothing I can do.

MILLIE

Precisely. Not a damn thing. I suggest
you table this for oh, twelve to
fourteen weeks. Then we'll revisit.

Stebbins reaches to turn off the fan, knocking it off the
desk into his wastebasket. Refuse blows up into his face.

STEBBINS

But, you're supposed to sign the
papers.

MILLIE

Now, there's something I can't do.

INT. BOWERY BOARDING HOUSE - KITCHEN - MANHATTAN 1895 - DAWN

A LEGEND reads: "Manhattan - 1895 - The Bowery"

Clean, but threadbare, the kitchen is well kept. MRS.
HOLCOMB, sole proprietor and mother hen, fusses at the stove.

CLARENCE, a dour little tenant, eats breakfast squinting down
at his plate. Mrs. Holcomb serves sausages from a pan as
AUGUSTUS FRYE enters.

Augustus(great-great grandfather to Harry) finishes with his
tie and collar and sits. He looks like Harry's older brother,
and sports a handlebar mustache.

MRS. HOLCOMB

Earlier than I've seen you, Mr. Frye.

AUGUSTUS

First day on the job. Mornin'.

CLARENCE

Mornin'. Crusher, wasn't it?

CONTINUED:

AUGUSTUS

Detective.

MRS. HOLCOMB

That'll be two of you out 'til all hours.

AUGUSTUS

Roosevelt promises to keep us busy.
(To Clarence) Out 'til all hours? I thought you were a meat packer.

CLARENCE

I am. Just like to have a drink or two of an evening.

MRS. HOLCOMB

Can't blame a bachelor for hunting.

AUGUSTUS

You said you were up from Albany way. Ever take a drink at the Falls View Inn? Near the Evening Post?

CLARENCE

Once or twice. Have a lovely.

Clarence wipes his mouth and stands, squeezing by Augustus on his way out of the room. The Detective's hand dips near Clarence's pants pocket as he passes.

Mrs. Holcomb puts a cup of coffee in front of Augustus.

AUGUSTUS

Thank you. Said he was a lifelong bachelor, didn't he?

MRS. HOLCOMB

He did. Strange how he wore a ring long enough to leave the skin lighter.

AUGUSTUS

You don't miss much, do you, Mrs. Holcomb?

MRS. HOLCOMB

And you don't miss anything Mr. Frye. I've never felt safer than with a Detective under my roof. Why'd you ask him about Albany?

CONTINUED: (2)

AUGUSTUS

I don't believe he's ever been there.
There's no 'Falls View Inn' near the
newspaper, for one thing.

MRS. HOLCOMB

What are you going to do about it,
then?

AUGUSTUS

See where the day takes me.

They hear the front door OPEN and CLOSE.

MRS. HOLCOMB

I thought you had to get to work?

AUGUSTUS

That's exactly what I'll be doing.

EXT. LOWER EAST SIDE - MANHATTAN 1895 - CONTINUOUS

Carriages clatter and street urchins flow like debris in
muddy water. Clarence slouches along the street with his head
down. Augustus follows at a distance.

Clarence ducks into a meat-packing plant.

INT. NYC MEAT PACKING PLANT - MANHATTAN 1895 - CONTINUOUS

Dark brick, dust suspended in sunlight, and hanging cows
freshly slaughtered. Augustus weaves between slabs of beef,
trying to keep his quarry in sight.

He rounds a corner sharply and is bowled over by a very
bloody carcass. He stands, drenched in gore, and turns to
find Clarence inches away, holding a long and wicked blade.

CLARENCE

Detective.

Augustus produces a billfold out of his sticky pocket.

AUGUSTUS

Thought you might need your pocket-
book. You dropped it in the kitchen.

CLARENCE

Did I?

CONTINUED:

AUGUSTUS

If you're gonna be out all night
drinking, you'll need your brass.

CLARENCE

So I will.

Clarence takes the billfold and puts it away.

AUGUSTUS

You're a talker, Clarence. Say, you
like doing this? How do you stand it?

CLARENCE

There are worse things.

AUGUSTUS

So there are. Well, I'm late. Wish me
luck, then.

Clarence stands and stares.

EXT./INT. POLICE HEADQUARTERS - MANHATTAN 1895 - LATER

The city bustles and creaks in front of 300 Mulberry Street.
Dodging a carriage, Augustus enters the building at a run.

He darts through the crowded lobby and up the stairs, drawing
attention with his blood-spattered clothes.

INT. POLICE HEADQUARTERS - CAPTAIN'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

CAPTAIN ARNOLD, a tall severe blade of a man, sits behind a
mammoth oak desk. He cleans his spectacles and then looks up.

Augustus stands at attention, a wet red mess, hat in hand.

ARNOLD

Detective Frye, no matter how highly
recommended you come, it appears my
first action should be to dismiss you
with extreme prejudice.

AUGUSTUS

I would hope not, sir. I was on police
business.

ARNOLD

Indeed? Seeing as today's your first
day on duty, I don't see how that's
possible.

CONTINUED:

AUGUSTUS

My apologies, sir. I didn't wait until my first day to start working.

ARNOLD

Really, now?

AUGUSTUS

I relocated here from Albany, to a boarding house, last week. One of the other fellas, a meat packer named Clarence, happened to mention he was from Albany. His story didn't check out. I elected to investigate.

ARNOLD

Investigate what?

AUGUSTUS

It's a long story, sir. But it turns out he might be a fugitive from Boston. I believe he's responsible for breaking a number of laws, including murdering his wife.

Arnold sits back in his chair.

ARNOLD

You have proof of this?

AUGUSTUS

Working on it, sir. And I am convinced he'd crack under an interview.

Arnold purses his lips, then makes a decision.

ARNOLD

Simmons! Get in here!

DETECTIVE PHILIP SIMMONS bobs into the office like a squirrel. He's wiry, with a memorable nose and bulging eyes.

SIMMONS

Sir!

ARNOLD

It turns out you'll be partnering with our new Detective, after all. On a provisional basis. Philip Simmons, Augustus Frye.

AUGUSTUS

Friends call me Frye, Phil.

CONTINUED: (2)

They shake.

SIMMONS

Frye it is. What's with the clothes?

ARNOLD

Part of an ongoing investigation Detective Frye started on his own initiative. You're to help him follow through. After Detective Frye changes into something suitable, of course.

AUGUSTUS

Of course, sir. Thank you, sir.

ARNOLD

This building was just referred to in the Times as "America's Scotland Yard" Detective. Don't embarrass it. Or me. Go bring me a murderer. Dismissed.

The detectives march out of the office.

INT. NYC POLICE HEADQUARTERS - CORRIDOR - CONTINUOUS

Augustus and Simmons stride down the corridor.

SIMMONS

Did you really start an investigation on your own dime?

AUGUSTUS

Nah. I noticed a few ripples and got curious. I hadda say something to get out of that scrape. I'll get changed, we'll go ask a few questions, then we'll go have a drink.

SIMMONS

Sounds like you'll fit right in, Bucko.

INT. QUEENS, NY DINER - PRESENT - NIGHT

TARA FRYE, tall and athletic, drops into a booth opposite her boyfriend JESS. She is dressed for work as a waitress, he is dressed as a professional student.

Jess puts down a half-eaten burger to kiss her.

TARA

Thanks for waiting. How was class?

CONTINUED:

JESS

Fine. Lecture. I managed to stay awake.

TARA

You better, babe. Need to ace that class; tuition ain't cheap.

JESS

About that-

TARA

Me first: I got the job at Lacy's! Jen says I beat out like, forty other applicants! We're gonna be fine, Babe. I told you we'd find a way!

Her phone rings, she pulls it out of her purse to look at it.

JESS

You need to get that?

TARA

Nope. So, obviously it's gonna be hard to see each other with my schedules, but I was thinking I could keep Sundays clear-

JESS

Whoa, Hold on. We're not married, Tara. You can't call the shots.

TARA

What? I'm not calling any shots. I got a job. A second job. To support us while you finish school. That's what we moved here for. Right?

Her phone rings again and she silences it.

JESS

Actually, I moved here to go to school. You followed me. I didn't ask you to come. You always put that on me.

TARA

That's-why would you say that? Why do you want to fight? I came here because I love you. I got my own place, and you moved into it-

CONTINUED: (2)

JESS

I'm not gonna argue about ancient history. I'm dropping out of school.

Tara sits back, stunned.

TARA

But...you're so close. Why? What the hell is going on?

JESS

Aaron and I are gonna start a business.

TARA

What business? Why would you want to drop out of school? Why can't it wait a year? Aaron? He's-

JESS

Yes, Aaron. And don't worry about the business. We have an investor.

TARA

Excuse me, but where the fuck is this coming from? Jess... How could you make a decision like this without me? We spent thousands of dollars on your tuition. I spent thousands of dollars!

JESS

I'll pay you back.

TARA

The fuck you will! You've never even paid me back for a burger!

JESS

Keep your voice down. I'm thinking maybe I don't want you running my life anymore.

TARA

Running your life? Are you fucking kidding me?!? I don't have time to run your life, I have two jobs!

JESS

Keep. Your voice. Down. If you can't talk about it without raising your voice, we won't talk about it. Look, I gotta go-

CONTINUED: (3)

Tara leans over the table at him.

TARA

You walk out on me, you'll see what loud sounds like.

JESS

I'm not walking out. I just need some time-

TARA

Time?!? You need some time?!?

Jess looks around, people are noticing their argument. Tara takes a huge breath.

TARA (CONT'D)

You know what? Fine. But I'm gonna have my say before you fucking peace out on me.

JESS

Tara, look, it's just-

TARA

It's just, it's just! It's just nothing. You fucking weasel. I put you through school...so we could have a future...and you're bailing on me? For a business venture with your asshole buddy from home? Tell you the truth, I'm not mad about the money I wasted on you. But I sure as shit wish I could get the time back.

She gets up and pours his water glass in his lap.

JESS

Hey!

TARA

That's so if you try and run out on the burger, everyone remembers you. Fucking deadbeat.

She lean over the table, getting in his face.

TARA (CONT'D)

Our place is my place now. Your shit'll be on the sidewalk. Try and come near me and my father will shoot you in the balls.

CONTINUED: (4)

She drops the water glass on the floor, pivots on the explosion, and exits.

EXT./INT. MANHATTAN BANK ATM LOBBY - NIGHT

Millie enters the glass lobby. She stops and stretches her back.

As she starts using the ATM, a scary BALD MAN with a leather jacket knocks on the door and motions for her to let him in.

MILLIE

Where's your card? You don't have a card, you don't need to come in.

The bald man shows her a gun. He motions: open the door.

MILLIE (CONT'D)

Jesus Christ.

Millie lumbers to the door and tries the release bar, but it won't budge. She tries again, then shakes her head and points to the bar.

The bald man bends over to try and see the bar. She smashes the door open into his head. He drops his gun and grabs his face with both hands: she's broken his nose.

Millie pulls a gun from her purse and steps outside, kicking his gun away.

MILLIE (CONT'D)

Get down, now! Lay down, hands behind your head! Damn it, now I'm gonna be late! Asshole!

The bald man lays prone on the concrete. Millie drops heavily down on his back with a knee. She cuffs him roughly.

INT. KESSLER'S HOUSE - HOLLIS, NY - STUDIO - CONTINUOUS

Lilith stands naked in the center of her studio, head back and eyes rolled into her head, holding her arms out in a "T". Her wicked little "pen" drips onto the floor.

Gaunt and suffering, her husband EMIL KESSLER sits naked before her. On his back, Lilith has carved the bearded face of Father Thomas.

She waves her hand over his back and the carving wipes away, the back healed. Emil CRIES OUT.

CONTINUED:

Lightning silently strobes the room. Candles flicker and shadows dance.

INT. ST. JUDE'S RECTORY - MANHATTAN - STUDY - CONTINUOUS

Clouds race across the city sky outside an open window: The Storm's coming.

FATHER THOMAS, a soft and scholarly version of Terrance, reads at his desk. A door CREAKS open somewhere, faint but distinct. He turns in his seat, facing the darkened doorway.

FATHER THOMAS
Hello? Who's there?

WIND outside. SILENCE in the house. A floorboard CREAKS.

FATHER THOMAS (CONT'D)
Look, take what you want if you need
it that badly. Nobody-

A shadow fills the doorway. Father Thomas lets out a breath.

FATHER THOMAS (CONT'D)
You scared me! I thought you were at
work. Is everything all right? Wait.
Let me make a note and we can talk.

The priest turns and bows his head over his books.

A dark-skinned hand extends an enormous handgun towards the priest. BOOM!

INT. NYC "FRIENDS OF BILL W." NYC MEETING HALL - NIGHT

A tired half-empty room with folding chairs and faded posters. An older woman addresses the group through tears.

Harry slumps in the back row with drooping eyes. Sam sits alertly next to him. His head nods and she elbows him.

HARRY
Either we go outside for some air, or
I fall asleep in your lap.

SAM
I let you walk out of a meeting, what
kind of sponsor would I be?

CUT TO:

EXT. NYC "FRIENDS OF BILL W." NYC MEETING HALL - NIGHT

Wind HOWLS. Harry and Sam lean against the brick wall. Harry lights Sam's cigarette. She adjusts her shoulder holster.

SAM

You understand, you fuck up here,
there's nowhere left to go? Just
saying you might want to try a little.

HARRY

Who says I won't try?

SAM

Give me your gun.

HARRY

My gun is fine.

SAM

Harry.

Harry undoes his coat and hands over his Nine millimeter. Sam racks the slide and makes sure the chamber is clear.

SAM (CONT'D)

When was the last time you cleaned
this thing?

HARRY

You gonna check if my fly is zipped?

SAM

One weapon at a time. New job, new
partner, new department, new shift.
Lotta stress for an alcoholic, no?

Sam removes the magazine, then the bullets.

HARRY

Listing all of it really helps,
thanks. I'm new to homicide, Sam, but
I'm not a rookie.

SAM

First night as a homicide dick, on the
overnight? Worse than a rookie. Heard
anything about your new partner?

She reassembles the weapon.

CONTINUED:

HARRY

Millie Reynolds. They say she makes a rabid dog look cuddly. Sounds like my Ex.

SAM

Try not to have sex with her, okay?

HARRY

Would I make the same mistake twice?

SAM

That's the definition of an alcoholic.

She hands his gun back to him.

HARRY

We gonna talk about-

SAM

Nope.

HARRY

Not even-

SAM

No.

HARRY

Okay, then.

SAM

Look, you're a jackass.

HARRY

So we are talking about it?

SAM

Shut up. You're an asshole. And an alcoholic. And you're not as good in bed as you think you are-

HARRY

Hold on, wait a minute now-

SAM

I will punch you in the nuts, Frye. If I wanna make a list of all the reasons not to fuck around with you, I'm gonna make a list. And you will sit there and take it.

CONTINUED: (2)

HARRY

Yes'm.

SAM

I'm serious. Half the time I wanna beat the shit outta you.

HARRY

And the other half?

SAM

I wanna do worse.

HARRY

Wanna do worse right now?

SAM

Yes-no!

HARRY

I'm gonna miss these nights with you, Barker.

SAM

Harry...You gotta get yourself to meetings during the day, all by your big-boy lonesome. How am I supposed to help you stay sober if you won't come to meetings?

HARRY

We could sleep together every now and then.

Sam finishes her cigarette with a long drag.

SAM

What kind of sponsor would I be?

INT. 9TH PRECINCT - LOWER EAST SIDE - SQUAD ROOM - NIGHT

A long gray room with low-level lighting, full of desks and cops. Pop sits at his desk reading from an old book.

Berry searches through nearby desks. He wheezes as he opens and closes drawers.

BERRY

Heard your partner terrorized a meth lab. Heard he shredded a wall to get his guy.

CONTINUED:

POP

He does that.

BERRY

Whatcha reading?

POP

A book on a history of ritual
killings. Ever hear of Augustus Frye?

BERRY

Who's that?

Berry roots through desks, grunting as he goes.

POP

Decorated detective in Manhattan in
the late 1800s. The papers called him
America's Sherlock Holmes.

BERRY

Never heard of 'em.

POP

He tangled with a creep the newspapers
called "The Basher". New York's first
serial killer. Didn't get the press
H.H. Holmes did.

BERRY

Nice bedtime story. Ah ha!

Berry finds a package of cupcakes in one of the desks.

POP

Millie's gonna kill you.

BERRY

I'm gonna dispose of the evidence. Why
are you reading about this shit?

POP

This legendary detective's great-great
grandson just transferred here from
New York.

BERRY

That alkie from the liquor store?

POP

Detective Frye chased down a serial
killer. Apparently, he's a chip off
the old Badge.

CONTINUED: (2)

BERRY

Ain't he from another department? Mail fraud or something?

POP

Arts & Antiquities. I hear you gotta be pretty smart to spot a forgery. And Frye was pretty good.

BERRY

Arts and bullshit ain't homicide. First crime scene, I bet he pukes.

POP

I have twenty bucks on it, myself.

BERRY

Aw, hey! Who's got-

POP

Medford has the sheet. Yeah, he'll probably puke. But A&A is for high-profile crimes. He might not be a bad detective.

BERRY

I ain't impressed. Guy's probably shitting bricks about his first graveyard shift in Manhattan.

CUT TO:

INT./EXT. UNMARKED COP CAR - CLINTON STREET, NYC - MIDNIGHT

Harry sleeps soundly behind the wheel of an unmarked unit on a quiet street. His eyes twitch with unpleasant dreams.

The wind BLOWS.

EXT/INT. BOWERY BOARDING HOUSE - MANHATTAN 1895 - DAY

Augustus and Simmons approach the boarding house where Augustus lives. The street around them bustles with business and daily life.

SIMMONS

How'd you catch on to this guy's guff?

AUGUSTUS

Aw, he was fulla gas...Says he was a spotter in the Army, but squints like a mole?

(MORE)

CONTINUED:

AUGUSTUS (CONT'D)

Not to mention his face is light where a heavy beard used to be. That's a guy on the lamb.

SIMMONS

And you think he might be a bad apple?

AUGUSTUS

I remember reading about a banker in Boston who killed his wife and carved all over her with a butcher knife.

SIMMONS

Christ on a Pony!

They climb the stoop and Augustus unlocks the front door.

AUGUSTUS

That's all just speculation. I hope our man Clarence did something, or Captain Arnold will cut me loose.

SIMMONS

Hell, everybody's done something. Nobody's innocent, right?

AUGUSTUS

That's the spirit. Everyone should be out for the day. I'll speak with Mrs. Holcomb and we'll-

Augustus opens the door and stops in his tracks.

SIMMONS

What's wrong?

AUGUSTUS

She's not ironing. Tuesday she irons.

SIMMONS

Well...maybe she's cleaning.

AUGUSTUS

She's not cleaning. Do you have a strong stomach?

SIMMONS

Not at all. Never have. Can't go near a butcher without heaving. Why?

AUGUSTUS

You're near a butcher now. The air smells of copper. And shit.

CONTINUED: (2)

They move slowly down a long hallway towards a kitchen, revolvers drawn. The smell hits Simmons and he grimaces.

There are flies BUZZING and something DRIPPING.

Augustus pauses, then darts into the kitchen, leading with his gun. Simmons screws up his courage and follows.

The kitchen is painted in blood. Mrs. Holcomb is spread naked on the table, carved head-to-toe in symbols and runes.

AUGUSTUS (CONT'D)

In the sink, if you will.

Simmons stumbles to the sink and VOMITS.

SIMMONS

Oh, Christ! I should've been a banker.

He heaves into the sink again as Augustus studies the scene.

AUGUSTUS

Slightly less blood, I'll grant you.

Augustus crouches and looks at her fingers from inches away.

AUGUSTUS (CONT'D)

She fought him.

SIMMONS

Ugh, maybe driven a cab...why do you say she fought him?

AUGUSTUS

Because I knew her. And because her normally immaculate nails are broken, with little black hairs on them.

SIMMONS

So, if we find him, he'll be marked.

AUGUSTUS

We'll find him. Then I'll mark him myself.

Simmons HEAVES again.

INT./EXT. UNMARKED CAR - CLINTON STREET - NIGHT - PRESENT

Harry wakes with a start, noticing a very short homeless person, THE MAGICIAN, leaning against the hood of the car. Vomiting.

CONTINUED:

Harry rolls down his window and holds his badge out.

HARRY

Jesus! Move along, buddy. Cop.

The little person wipes his mouth with a handkerchief that just appears. He looks at Harry, then props himself against the hood of the car and proceeds to wait, hands in his pockets.

Harry BOOPS the cars siren. Nothing. He gets out of the car.

HARRY (CONT'D)

Move along, pal. I gotta take off in a hurry and you're a speed bump.

The Magician slowly pulls his hands out of his pockets. He holds four balls in one hand. He juggles them silently.

HARRY (CONT'D)

I don't have anything for you, my friend, and I'm almost outta patience.

One by one, the balls arc down from the right hand but disappear before they reach the left.

HARRY (CONT'D)

Never seen that. Nice. Move along.

The magician smiles and pats his pockets, then points to Harry.

Surprised, Harry finds the balls in the pocket of his sports jacket. Bemused, he tries to hand them back. The magician waves his hand and the balls disappear, making Harry jump a little.

HARRY (CONT'D)

All right, that's great. Good job. Here. Take this and go.

Harry reaches into his pocket and produces the roll he took from the hooker. He peels off a bill and offers it.

MAGICIAN

I wouldn't keep that. The wheel turns in the night. Quicker here than anywhere else. You gotta stay light to stay on top of it.

HARRY

...Right. Last warning, by the way. Move, or you practice in a cell.

CONTINUED: (2)

MAGICIAN

Arts and Antiquities.

HARRY

What?

MAGICIAN

The past and the present turn on the wheel. The past is Arts and Antiquities. The present is Homicide...and worse.

HARRY

Wh- Plainclothes has little people now? Who sent you to bust my balls? Was it that fat cop?

MAGICIAN

He'd be the last one to send me. I'm sent by the wheel. Everyone is. Ride the wheel, tread lightly and fast. Get caught in the wheel and you're done. That's where roulette comes from...

The magician holds up splayed fingers. One by one they alight in blue flames.

MAGICIAN (CONT'D)

The spider weaves in red even now. She knows your name. She knew it before it was yours. She'll stop the wheel with you beneath it. You need to-

Harry steps in and pushes the Magician against the car. The flames vanish.

HARRY

I'm not a patient man, and pulling the arms off a leprechaun is not beyond me. Who sent you?

MAGICIAN

The Wheel calls to you alone, Harry. You brought the shadow with you.

HARRY

How'd you know my name?!

Harry hears his name called from down the street in the shadows.

MILLIE (O.S.)

Harry Frye? Detective Frye?

CONTINUED: (3)

Harry turns, and then is shocked to realize the Magician is gone.

Millie, shoving the Bald Man in handcuffs in front of her, emerges from shadow.

HARRY

Can I help you?

MILLIE

You knew your new partner was a woman, Harry. Do I look like a hooker?

HARRY

Not the last one I saw. Millie, right? Howaya?

MILLIE

Late. Sorry.

HARRY

No problem. Just..going over old cases.

Millie shoves the bleeding Bald Man into the back seat, slams the rear door, then drops into the front seat. Harry's still looking around.

MILLIE

What're you doing? Let's go!

Harry drops in behind the wheel and shuts the door.

INT./EXT. UNMARKED CAR - NYC STREETS - NIGHT

Millie adjusts her hip holster, and Harry notices that she's pregnant.

HARRY

Who's the perp?

MILLIE

Asshole tried to rob me at an ATM.

HARRY

(To the Bald Man)

You tried to rob a pregnant cop? Tell me what numbers not to play.

BALD MAN

She broke my nose! She's crazy!

CONTINUED:

HARRY

Then you should be quiet and still.

Harry turns and starts the car.

MILLIE

I hate being late. Fuck!

Harry drives.

HARRY

Millie...you're...you're in homicide?

MILLIE

The captain is terrified of me. Same goes for most of the department.

HARRY

No kidding.

MILLIE

You'll meet them all later.

HARRY

I met some a few hours ago. Had a run-in with the local night life. Already have my first bust.

MILLIE

Kiss ass. Who'd you meet?

HARRY

Detective Peterson. Pop? And a uniform, heavy guy-

MILLIE

Berry. Never met a sandwich he didn't like. He's a joke.

HARRY

Didn't seem to like me. Pop was okay. Good bunch of guys in general?

MILLIE

Humps. There's a pool going that I'll get too squeamish for crime scenes.

HARRY

My money's on you.

Harry stops at a light.

CONTINUED: (2)

MILLIE

Don't try and suck up to me, Harry.

HARRY

Ha! Speaking of which...

Harry produces a paper bag from between his legs and hands a Styrofoam cup to Millie.

HARRY (CONT'D)

I didn't know how you take it-

MILLIE

What is this!?

HARRY

Coffee?

MILLIE

NO!

Millie's BELLOW startles Harry so badly that he spills hot coffee all over himself. She throws her cup out her window.

MILLIE (CONT'D)

(shoving at him)

GET OUT, GET OUT, GET OUT!

Harry opens his door and tries to escape. He tangles in his seat-belt and topples sideways. He hangs from the seat-belt by his neck, then flops to the pavement.

HARRY

What the fuck is wrong!

MILLIE

Coffee for a pregnant woman? You out of your mind?! It's bad for the baby!

HARRY

How's stress for the baby?!

BALD MAN

Help! She'll kill us all!

MILLIE

I'm addicted to coffee! I can't even smell it!

Harry stands and drips coffee.

CONTINUED: (3)

HARRY

Well, now I'm covered in it! What do you want me to do? Ride in the trunk?

CUT TO:

INT. UNMARKED POLICE CAR - NYC STREETS - MOMENTS LATER

Millie is alone in the front seat, driving. The Bald Man sulks in the back. The car bumps and lurches.

HARRY (O.S.)

(Muffled from the trunk)

WOULD YOU PLEASE WATCH THE POTHOLES?!

MILLIE

(Yelling)

Sorry!

BALD MAN

I told you she's crazy, man!

MILLIE

Shut up.

HARRY (O.S.)

(Muffled)

Shut up. I need to go home and change!

RADIO (V.O.)

Control to P147, please respond to a possible 187 at St. Jude's Rectory on Tompkins Square Park.

MILLIE

(Into Radio Mic) 10-4 Control, this is P2208, we are on route on the eleven-forty-four. Sorry, Harry!

HARRY (O.S.)

You gotta be kidding me!

Millie lights up the rack and hits the siren.

MILLIE

I know where you can get some clothes, and we gotta stop on the way.

HARRY (O.S.)

We're stopping?! Why are we stopping?

MILLIE

Because I'm pregnant, Harry.

CONTINUED:

Another pothole and Harry HOWLS.

EXT. NYC GAS STATION LOT - RESTROOM DOORS - MOMENTS LATER

The car idles outside the restroom door, lights flashing.

Millie bursts out of the restroom and trots to the car. She gets in the passenger side and hits the siren.

MILLIE

(Yelling towards Store) Come on!

Harry bolts out of the store, wearing a T-shirt with "NYC" written in glitter, and shorts with an apple on the crotch and "Take a Bite" on the waistband.

He holds his sodden clothes, moves towards the car, hesitates, looks around. Millie BLOOPS the siren. He dumps his clothes in a trash can and jumps in the car.

They ROAR out of the parking lot.

EXT. ST. JUDE'S RECTORY - LOWER MANHATTAN - NIGHT

Harry parks, undoes his seat belt, and turns to climb out of the car. Millie stops him. She holds her cell phone.

MILLIE

Do you have a signal here?

Harry digs out his cell.

HARRY

No. No bars. That's odd.

MILLIE

Uh, Harry...I'm a little concerned.
That I might not... have as strong a
stomach as I usually do...

HARRY

So what?

Millie pulls some hair out of Harry's forearm. Harry YELPS.

MILLIE

I want you to help me!

HARRY

What, you want me to go up alone?

CONTINUED:

MILLIE

Yes. And we didn't pick up your radio yet, so here's what I need you to do -

CUT TO:

INT. ST. JUDE'S RECTORY - FOYER - NIGHT

Harry enters the foyer, putting on plastic gloves. He looks down and notices a collection box for the poor.

He takes the Hooker's wad of money out and starts to place it into the opening. He hesitates, peels off a couple of bills, then places most of the money in the collection box.

He continues onto the crime scene.

INT. ST. JUDE'S RECTORY - STUDY - MOMENTS LATER

Harry squats over the body and takes in the crime scene, noticing everything. Cops crawl all over the room and everyone smokes.

Berry waddles behind Harry and stoops, hands on his knees. Behind them, a window overlooks the street.

BERRY

Whatcha got?

HARRY

A mess. Berry, right? Jesus, You're everywhere. You running the scene?

BERRY

I'm the one you want.

HARRY

Good to know. Fill me in.

BERRY

The Padre's brother was busted for Meth dealing. Earlier tonight.

HARRY

What time?

BERRY

Too early to do this. Blood ain't even sticky yet. That the new uniform?

HARRY

I'm undercover. Who's the Vic?

CONTINUED:

BERRY

Father Thomas, upstanding citizen.
Brother of Terrance, son of Theresa.

Harry Stands and looks at the gore-spattered desk. There are books on Demonology and Ritual sacrifice.

HARRY

Looks like Father Thomas was doing a little light occult reading.

BERRY

I like Stephen King myself.

There is a muffled BANG as something hits the window.

HARRY

Hold on a minute.

Harry crosses to the window and opens it.

MILLIE (O.S.)

WHAT THE HELL'S GOING ON UP THERE?

HARRY

My partner.

BERRY

Tell Millie I said hello.

Millie stands framed in the window, next to the car.

HARRY

(To Millie, Loudly)
Officer Berry says hello!

MILLIE

TELL THAT FAT FUCK TO STAY AWAY FROM MY CUPCAKES!!

HARRY

(To Berry)
She says 'Hey'.

MILLIE

YOU GONNA FILL ME IN, OR WHAT?

HARRY

(To Millie, loudly)
Will you wait a minute?!

Harry crouches at the body again.

CONTINUED: (2)

HARRY (CONT'D)
 (Loudly, for Millie)
 African American male, early 30s.
 Gunshot to the back of the head.
 Powder burns on the neck. Heavy
 caliber, as evidenced by a .45 Shell
 casing near the body.

Harry moves the corpses head.

HARRY (CONT'D)
 And the huge gaping hole.

BERRY
 And oozing. Don't forget the oozing.

MILLIE (O.S.)
 ANY DEFENSIVE WOUNDS?

HARRY
 Doesn't seem like it! I-

Harry turns. Everyone in the room is staring at him.

MILLIE (O.S.)
 WHAT?!

HARRY
 (To the room)
 She's pregnant. Doesn't want to
 breathe all the cigarette smoke. It
 ain't that she's squeamish.
 (To Millie)
 No defensive wounds!

Harry moves the corpse's shirt cuff, peering closer, then
 moves down to the pants, and raises a cuff from a leg.

Hidden by the clothes, there are symbols and diagrams carved
 all over the body.

MILLIE (O.S.)
 HARRY?

HARRY
 (To Millie)
 His skin is carved up all over his
 body! Before he was murdered, but
 recent.

MILLIE (O.S.)
 WHAT? WHAT DO YOU MEAN CARVED UP?

CONTINUED: (3)

HARRY

Like somebody was sketching with a razor! Looks fresh, but there's hardly any blood inside the clothes! Like making pictures!

MILLIE (O.S.)

WHAT KIND OF PICTURES?!

HARRY

Extensive and deeply disturbing! We'll have to check the MEs pictures to get a good look.

(To Berry)

This guy have some sort of weird history before he became a priest?

BERRY

In New York? I'd be shocked. Want me to ask around? You know, as if I was a detective?

HARRY

Wouldn't want you to trouble yourself. We'll handle it.

MILLIE (O.S.)

WHAT ELSE? HARRY, ARE YOU LISTENING TO ME? HARRY?

HARRY

(To himself)

It's like being married again.

(To Millie)

Looks like he was sitting when he was shot and facing away from the killer.

Harry swipes at his forehead and grimaces.

MILLIE (O.S.)

IS THERE BLOOD ON THE WALL?

HARRY

Buckets!

MILLIE (O.S.)

WHAT'S IT LOOK LIKE?

HARRY

Blood!

MILLIE (O.S.)

WHAT DOES THE SPRAY PATTERN LOOK LIKE?

CONTINUED: (4)

BERRY

This happen a lot in the Arts and
Crafts Unit?

HARRY

Arts & Antiquities. Not very often,
no. We had radios and cell service.
And not as many dead priests.

MILLIE

HEY FRYE! TELL ME ABOUT THE SPRAY
PATTERN OR WE'LL MAKE ANOTHER ONE WHEN
YOU GET DOWN HERE!

Harry wipes his mouth with the back of his hand.

HARRY

(To Millie)
Wide oval...running left to right
diagonally down the wall ...about 4
feet high...3 feet wide.

MILLIE (O.S.)

WHAT'S THE CONSISTENCY?

HARRY

What?

MILLIE (O.S.)

HOW'S IT LOOK? IS IT DRIED, LOOSE,
CHUNKY? WHAT'S THE CONSISTENCY?

The cops LAUGH behind Harry. He wipes sweat from his
forehead, clearly nauseous.

HARRY

(To the corpse)
My mother wanted me to be a priest.
(To Millie)
It...ah...It's drying...looks like the
meat sauce my ex-wife used to make
with spaghetti...aw, dammit.

Harry lunges for the trash can by the desk. Berry looks at
his watch.

BERRY

Sonofabitch! I won the pool!

CUT TO:

EXT. ST. JUDE'S RECTORY - LOWER MANHATTAN - NIGHT

Standing beside the unmarked car and looking up at the window, Millie checks her watch.

MILLIE

Goddammit. 5 minutes too early.

INT. 9TH PRECINCT - INTERROGATION ROOM - NIGHT

Concrete cage with a table, two chairs, and a video camera perched in one corner.

Terrance sits handcuffed behind the table, facing a scratched pane of one-way glass next to a battered metal door.

Medford enters the room and closes the door.

TERRANCE

Fuck you. This ain't no dark basement.
The Man's watchin' on the video, I can
see the camera. I ain't afraid now,
bitch. Halloween is over.

Medford smiles. He raises his hands and CLAPS twice.

The lights go out.

MEDFORD

Trick or Treat.

After a moment Terrance SCREAMS.

INT. 9TH PRECINCT - LOWER MANHATTAN - LOBBY - NIGHT

Harry and Millie walk the Bald Guy into the lobby. A bored SERGEANT hunkers at a desk next to a metal detector, another COP stands nearby.

To the side of the desk, there are metal chairs for waiting. Beyond the metal detector, elevators lead upstairs. Theresa sits looking lost in one of the chairs.

Millie shoves the Bald guy into a chair. His entire front is blood-soaked.

MILLIE

(to the standing cop)
Book this guy for being a complete
fucking moron.

(to Harry)

I'll meet you upstairs. 3rd floor
squad room. Find your desk.

CONTINUED:

The standing Cop drags the Bald Guy away.

HARRY
Where you going?

MILLIE
Where do you think?

Millie heads off for a restroom. Harry's phone rings: It's Sam. He answers.

HARRY
Checking up on me?

SAM (O.S.)
Yep. How's your new partner?

HARRY
Timid and shy. Think she already has a crush on me.

SAM (O.S.)
Uh-huh. How's the shift so far?

HARRY
I puked at a crime scene.

SAM (O.S.)
How long did it take?

HARRY
Yeah, someone else won the pool. And I can't get a hold of my daughter, and I'm seeing leprechauns.

SAM (O.S.)
Better than I thought you'd do.

HARRY
Always time to get in on the next pool. I'm fine, Sam. Sleep a little, willya?

SAM (O.S.)
Look, Harry-

HARRY
Stop. Don't apologize. That's our pattern. Then it's my turn to fuck up, and you were right to bust my balls. Round and round. We're done with that.

(MORE)

CONTINUED: (2)

HARRY (CONT'D)

We're both here now, and you're my sponsor. You're supposed to smack me around when I need it.

SAM (O.S.)

Which is often.

HARRY

Which is very often. I wasn't kidding about the leprechaun. And I'll stop hitting on you, and complicating the shit out of everything. I'm an asshole. But I can learn.

SAM (O.S.)

We'll see. Goodnight, Harry.

Harry disconnects as Theresa approaches him.

THERESA

Excuse me, maybe you can help me? My son was killed tonight. He was a priest at St. Jude's.

HARRY

I'm very sorry to hear that, Ma'am.

THERESA

My other boy was arrested. That man there called upstairs for me, but I guess no one's getting back to him.

HARRY

Uh, tell you what...why don't you come upstairs with me?

They head towards the elevators. Theresa signs in at the desk while Harry watches.

As they pass, she sets off the metal detector. Harry pauses, but the Sergeant just waves them on.

INT. 9TH PRECINCT - ELEVATOR - CONTINUOUS

Harry motions Theresa on to the elevator. He notices a large bruise above her eye, covered with makeup.

HARRY

What happened to your eye?

THERESA

You must be a detective.

CONTINUED:

HARRY
Yes, Ma'am. I am.

THERESA
Hit my head on a cabinet I thought I
shut. An accident.

HARRY
Figured it was something like that.

Harry notices she's wearing long sleeves and pants.

HARRY (CONT'D)
Aren't you hot out there with long
sleeves?

THERESA
My son...was a Catholic priest.
Modesty...

HARRY
Of course, yes.

THERESA
Did you know they stole the chalice I
gave my son when he left the seminary?
Bad enough they took him from me...

HARRY
I'm very sorry.

THERESA
And my other one's in jail for it.
Will they let me see him?

HARRY
Eventually, I think. Depends on how
much trouble he's in. You can wait by
my desk. Wherever that is. I'm sure
he's in good hands.

INT. 9TH PRECINCT - VIEWING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Pop and Medford look through the one way glass at Terrance,
who has curled up into a ball under the table.

POP
Nothing?

MEDFORD
No help at all.

CONTINUED:

POP

You hadn't arrested him, he woulda
went down for it. He realize that?

MEDFORD

Didn't even know his brother was dead
until I told him.

POP

What a way to hear it.

MEDFORD

Glad I didn't hurt him.

POP

Are you?

Medford shrugs.

INT. 9TH PRECINCT - CAPTAIN'S OFFICE - MOMENTS LATER

Stebbins tries to hang a huge map on the wall behind his
desk, but his meager arm-span won't prevent the curled paper
from wrapping around him.

There's also a window near the desk and a coffee-maker on a
table.

Millie charges in, banging open his office door.

MILLIE

(Loudly)

Mornin', Captain.

Stebbins yelps and reflexively shreds the map, then stuffs it
in the wastebasket next to his desk. Millie sits in front of
his desk as Harry appears in the doorway.

STEBBINS

Millie! How...how's the...? This
must be your new partner.

HARRY

Harry Frye, sir. Nice to meet you.

Stebbins steps in the wastebasket, in order to compress the
map, and realizes he can't get his foot out.

STEBBINS

Well, I...oh crap. Good to have you
here. You two caught a case already?

Stebbins nonchalantly picks up a coffee mug from his desk.

CONTINUED:

MILLIE

Is that coffee?

Without pausing, Stebbins drops the hot coffee, mug and all, into the garbage onto his own foot. He shudders and blinks.

STEBBINS

No...no...so, sit down, Harry.

Harry sits next to Millie. Stebbins limps behind his desk and sits, nonchalantly dragging the garbage can with him.

STEBBINS (CONT'D)

Harry, here at the 9th-

MILLIE

Already made sure he won't step on his own pecker, Frank. You wanna hear about the case?

STEBBINS

Yes, the, ah, priest-

MILLIE

Took a .45 Caliber at point blank range to the head. No forced entry, no witnesses, no nothing. Forensics tomorrow. His brother's a Meth dealer, might be a connection.

STEBBINS

Maybe the brother-

HARRY

He was arrested about an hour before the murder. By a Medford?

MILLIE

Medford. His brother didn't do it, but he knows people who could've.

STEBBINS

Was there any-

HARRY

The Vic was reading up on the occult and Demons and such when he died.

STEBBINS

Oh, that's...you could...maybe-

CONTINUED: (2)

MILLIE

And apparently this priest, who went straight into the seminary from high school, was covered in demonic symbols.

STEBBINS

Wh-what do you mean covered?

HARRY

Like they were drawn all over his body with a razor.

MILLIE

Before the murder.

STEBBINS

Well, couldn't he...why don't you-

MILLIE

Uh-huh, thanks for the insight Frank. Come on, Harry, let's go to the roof.

HARRY

The roof?

MILLIE

I'm pregnant and it's fucking hot.

HARRY

Gotcha. Nice to be here, Captain.

STEBBINS

Glad...Glad to...sure.

Millie and Harry stand and exit.

Alone, Stebbins shakes the garbage off his foot and crosses to the coffeemaker. As he lifts the coffee pot, Millie shouts from outside the office.

MILLIE (O.S.)

FRANK!

Stebbins tosses the entire pot into the garbage.

INT. 9TH PRECINCT - INTERROGATION ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Theresa sits down across from Terrance. Berry watches them, leaning against the wall.

THERESA

You know your brother's dead?

CONTINUED:

TERRANCE

They told me he was shot.

THERESA

With a gun like the one you been waving around in my own house. Ain't that something? Ain't it funny?

TERRANCE

I didn't do it, Mama.

THERESA

Then why are you in jail?

TERRANCE

Something else.

THERESA

Ain't it, though? Know why I'm here?

TERRANCE

Why?

THERESA

Because both my boys died today. You understand me? Look in my eyes. Both my sons are dead. And that makes three of us. Look at me. You think on that.

Terrance meets her eyes. Something dark passes between them.

TERRANCE

I will.

THERESA

(To Berry)
I'm done here.

Berry turns away to open the door and patterns begin to etch themselves on Terrance's exposed skin.

EXT. 9TH PRECINCT - THE ROOF - NIGHT

Millie stretches her back and Harry rubs his face.

MILLIE

I catch you drinking on the job, I'll shoot you myself, Frye.

HARRY

Fair enough. Make me describe brain matter again, I'll throw up on you.

CONTINUED:

MILLIE

Fair enough. Give me your gun.

HARRY

What now?

MILLIE

Hand it over. How come there's nothing in your file about the drinking?

Harry hands over his nine millimeter.

HARRY

I helped catch a serial killer who targeted kids. A kid I rescued belonged to the Brooklyn D.A. She sanitized my file, and then kicked my ass out here.

Millie racks the slide and makes sure the chamber is clear. She removes the magazine, then the bullets.

MILLIE

I read all about the "Facebook Killer". So as a favor, your Captain sends you to dry out? In Homicide? That's like holding a Weight Watchers meeting at McDonalds.

HARRY

I think her choices were limited.

MILLIE

Or she felt she hadda do something, but still wanted you to fail.

HARRY

Or that.

MILLIE

How's someone in Arts and Antiques catch a serial killer?

HARRY

Antiquities. Simon Marcus was also a world class forger. Best I'd ever seen. His only tell was that certain shades of red were off. Barely, barely off. Because he was using human blood. I took too long to figure it out.

MILLIE

What's too long?

CONTINUED: (2)

HARRY

Two children. After I caught the case.
Nine in total.

MILLIE

How bad was the drinking?

HARRY

The drinking was wonderful. I was an
asshole. Becoming a shitty cop and a
worse father. My daughter won't even
return my calls.

MILLIE

No offense, Harry, but I gotta think
about my own ass, you know? And the
one I'll be responsible for soon.

HARRY

Then why not take a desk job?

MILLIE

Why didn't you just go to Florida and
get a job as a security guard?

HARRY

Because I didn't choose to be a cop.
It chose me.

MILLIE

Exactly. You ever clean this fucking
thing?

HARRY

It's clean! Look, Millie...I have my
shit together.

Millie reassembles his weapon.

MILLIE

My judgement with men sucks worse than
you could possibly imagine. Trusting
you guarantees you fuck up.

HARRY

Then we might as well get it over
with. Worst thing is, you like me.

MILLIE

I like you?!

CONTINUED: (3)

HARRY

From what everyone says, you must, or
you woulda killed me by now.

MILLIE

Why you think I got you up on the
roof?

She hands his gun back to him. He puts it away.

MILLIE (CONT'D)

No incidents, Frye. Not one. Boring
shifts with no paperwork.

HARRY

I hate paperwork. No incidents.

Millie stretches her back again.

HARRY (CONT'D)

This case feel weird to you?

MILLIE

It's enough to make you superstitious.

HARRY

I'm gonna head back down.

MILLIE

I'll stay up here awhile.

Harry heads across the roof, pausing at the door.

HARRY

You realize today is Friday the 13th?

INT. KESSLER'S HOUSE - HOLLIS, QUEENS NY - STUDIO - NIGHT

Emil Kessler writhes in agony on his stool as his Lilith works on his back maniacally. She sweats freely and mutters to herself.

LILITH

Now, now, my Love. Soon, soon...

She steps back, panting. Terrance's face gleams up at her, drawn in blood on Emil's back.

Lilith waves her hand over his back and the carving wipes away, the back healing again. Emil CRIES OUT miserably.

INT. 9TH PRECINCT - INTERROGATION ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Terrance is alone. He rolls his eyes back into his head and starts to moan, rocking back and forth in his chair.

Symbols appear in blood on his chest and neck, carving their way up towards his face.

He deliberately sticks his tongue all the way out, clamps his teeth on it, then slams his chin down on the table.

INT. 9TH PRECINCT - SQUAD ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Pop has his feet up on his desk, talking on the phone. When Harry walks over, he sits up.

POP

(Into the phone)

Gotta go. Uh-huh. Bye.

HARRY

Didn't have to hang up for me.

POP

It was my wife. I owe you one.

HARRY

Anything on the Vic?

POP

Apparently, he believed in Demons.

HARRY

Him too, huh? Think the brother had it done?

POP

No. Medford would've gotten it out of him. The, ah, housekeeper told us they stole this cup, or something, that he used for Mass-

HARRY

A Chalice, right? I heard.

POP

Yeah, but it looked like a wooden cup. Gold inside it, but no way to see it. No way a smash and grab takes a carved wooden cup. Doesn't make sense.

CONTINUED:

HARRY

I met the mother and she mentioned it...Hey. Is there any way for her to know what items were taken?

POP

Naw. It was a closed scene before we notified her. And we had the housekeeper buttoned up. Why?

A CRASH and SHOUTING from the interrogation room hallway.

POP (CONT'D)

What's going on? Medford!

Medford sticks his head into the squad room.

MEDFORD

(to Pop)

You better get in here. Our boy just choked to death on his own tongue.

POP

What?!

Pop dashes for the interrogation room. Chaos. A lot of SHOUTING. Harry stands. Berry hustles in.

HARRY

Berry! Where's the mother? Is she still here?

BERRY

Said she needed some air. The roof?

Harry is off at a run.

INT. NYC MEAT PACKING PLANT - LOWER EAST SIDE - 1895 - DAY

Augustus and Simmons move between slabs of beef hung on hooks, pistols drawn. Simmons sweats and trembles.

AUGUSTUS

Hold it, together, Simmons.

SIMMONS

Just ducky. Looking forward to lunch.

A WORKER in a blood-stained apron sees them and comes up short. Augustus gives him a "Shhh" gesture. The worker quickly steps back behind a wall of meat.

CONTINUED:

SIMMONS (CONT'D)

Why wouldn't he just do another fade?
Hit the rails?

AUGUSTUS

His valise was in his room. He brought
it from Boston. He's planning
something else before he leaves town,
and where better for it?

Augustus and Simmons step around a slab of beef and come up short.

Clarence has a sobbing woman gagged and tied upside down from a meat hook. Symbols and diagrams carved into her skin are visible through torn clothes.

Clarence is preparing to cut her throat into a blood trough with an enormous cleaver. She lets out a muffled SCREAM.

The killer freezes when he sees the coppers.

CLARENCE

There needs to be three. She's three.

AUGUSTUS

Put the knife down or you're three.

Clarence moves the cleaver and both Detectives open fire.

EXT. 9TH PRECINCT - ROOF - PRESENT DAY - NIGHT

Harry darts out on to the rooftop. At the edge of the roof, Theresa holds a .45 Automatic two-handed, pointed at Millie.

Harry draws his weapon and moves towards them.

HARRY

Whoa, whoa, whoa!

MILLIE

How'd she get the piece inside?

HARRY

Sergeant waved her right on by.

MILLIE

Welcome to the 9th.

THERESA

Is that my boy? Is he dead yet?

CONTINUED:

HARRY

Your boy's fine. Fainted in his cell.

THERESA

Liar! He's gotta die, then me! He's supposed to die!

HARRY

Why? Who said so?

THERESA

Evil things happen in threes. It's written in blood!

Theresa COCKS THE HAMMER of her gun.

HARRY

Sure, okay. Threes. Both your boys and my marriage. We're all set.

MILLIE

(To Harry)

How'd you know it was her?

HARRY

She took something from the scene. She let it slip. And look at the bruise above her eye.

MILLIE

If you're not ready for the recoil, a big gun will do that.

THERESA

Why I'm using two hands this time.

HARRY

Theresa? Theresa, look at me dear. It's my first night on the job. Lotta paperwork if I kill somebody. Try again in a few weeks. On a Friday.

THERESA

I'm supposed to. Three. Me after my boys.

MILLIE

So jump off the fucking roof. Why bring me into it? Be my guest.

Theresa stares at Millie. She lowers her gun and steps off the roof, arms high, like she's jumping into a pool.

CONTINUED: (2)

Harry drops his piece and dives at the edge of the roof. He snags Theresa's wrist and starts to slide off the roof. Millie throws herself across his legs.

Harry grips her thin wrist with two hands. Theresa brings her gun up to point between his eyes.

THERESA
You let me go now!

HARRY
Theresa-

THERESA
Let me go or we both die.

MILLIE
This qualifies as a fucking incident,
Frye!!

Harry notices symbols on her wrists and arms down under her sleeves.

HARRY
Doesn't four ruin it?

THERESA
What?

HARRY
Four! We all go, that makes four,
right? Or five? Thought you said-

THERESA
I need to die tonight! Let me go!

HARRY
No, Ma'am.

Theresa brings the gun towards her own head. Harry releases her wrist for a second, then catches her again, causing her to startle and reflexively drop the gun.

Theresa WAILS as Harry hauls her up.

INT. KESSLER'S HOUSE - STUDIO - CONTINUOUS

With a SHRIEK of wind, the candles blow out. Lilith comes out of her trance.

LILITH
No, no, no, no no! Shit!

CONTINUED:

Emil, drained and exhausted on the floor, looks up warily.
Lilith snarls and flings her instrument against the wall.

LILITH (CONT'D)

All that fucking work! All the
waiting! For fucking nothing!

EMIL

Don't worry about me. I'm fine,
thanks.

She composes herself and shrugs on her robe.

LILITH

And I need to find a new fucking
Nanny! I was having such a good day!

INT. NYC POLICE HEADQUARTERS - CAPTAIN'S OFFICE - 1895 - DAY

Augustus and Simmons sit in front of the Captains desk. Both
are smeared in blood, and look the worse for wear.

Captain Arnold leans back in his chair and studies them.

ARNOLD

And how is the victim?

SIMMONS

They took her to Bellevue. She's all
carved up and pretty dotty.

ARNOLD

You all right, Simmons?

AUGUSTUS

He was a lion, sir. It was his shot
that took out the killer.

SIMMONS

My shots took out dead cows, sir.
Can't shoot and throw up, I'm afraid.
Frye though...never flinched. And he's
one helluva detective, sir. Remembers
everything.

ARNOLD

Yes, well, remember a few more things
for me, Detective Frye, will you? Be
here on time from this moment forward,
unless you've informed me otherwise.
And remember that we have the finest
reputation here at 300 Mulberry. You
can be replaced.

CONTINUED:

AUGUSTUS

Duly noted, sir.

ARNOLD

That being said, it's one corker of a case to wrap up on your first day.

AUGUSTUS

I'm afraid it's not wrapped up, sir.

ARNOLD

How's that?

AUGUSTUS

I played Cribbage with Clarence, sir, at the boarding house. The numbers and symbols carved into that young lady? They weren't done by his hand. Someone else is involved.

INT./EXT. HARRY'S CAR - BROOKLYN, NY - PRESENT - EARLY A.M.

Harry pulls up outside the small house Millie lives in.

MILLIE

Well, there's one night's work.

HARRY

You OK?

MILLIE

Better than she is. You?

HARRY

Me? Great. Two busts in one night.

MILLIE

You got the drop on an old lady.

HARRY

Nice of you to start me off easy.

MILLIE

Didn't want you to deal with too much on your first day.

HARRY

Appreciated.

MILLIE

You weren't complete shit, Frye.

Harry grunts.

CONTINUED:

MILLIE (CONT'D)

Hey, why did you have Pop get a
handwriting sample from her?

HARRY

I saw her sign in at the desk. She
didn't do the carving. On herself, or
on her sons. Not her handwriting.
Someone else was involved.

After a moment, Millie just gets out and labors up the steps
to her apartment. Harry watches until she's inside.

INT. MILLIE'S APARTMENT - BROOKLYN - LIVINGROOM - CONTINUOUS

Simple, clean, and sparse. Millie drops her keys on an end
table and stretches the small of her back.

MILLIE

I should've been a banker.

FADE TO:

INT. LACY'S STRIP CLUB - BROOKLYN - MAIN ROOM - EARLY A.M.

A few patrons, tired dancers and waitresses kill time.

One dancer listlessly approaches the back of a tall man
seated near the edge of the room.

As she comes into the stage light, we see that it's Tara. She
reaches out to the tall customer.

TARA

You want a lap dance, honey?

Harry turns in his seat.

HARRY

You used to call it "Lapsies".

TARA

OhmyGod! Dad! What the hell?!

A MANAGER steps over to them.

MANAGER

Is everything all right here? I gotta
call the cops?

CONTINUED:

TARA
He is the cops.

FADE TO BLACK.

FINI