

BLOOD MOON

by

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A TRAIL OF ANTS march with purpose. Their destination:
a PALE HAND, fingernails caked in dirt.

The ants march their way across the palm, up the forearm--
Past DISCOLORED TRACK MARKS in the crook of the elbow, onto
the upper arm, across the collarbone to--

A YOUNG WOMAN'S gaunt face, frozen in rigor mortis. Dried
vomit smears her chin. The ants trail across cracked lips to--

BLOODY AND TORN flesh. The right side of her face ripped
open. Teeth visible through the musculature.

EXT. HIGHWAY UNDERPASS - MORNING

The WHINE OF MORNING TRAFFIC from above.

The dead body lies in a field choked with weeds, trash and
abandoned shopping carts.

INT. APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - MORNING

Small but neat. Obsessively clean and devoid of photos.
Anonymous.

No clue about the tenant except for an ORANGE TABBY lazily
cleaning herself on the second-hand sofa.

Moving down the hallway, past the

BEDROOM

A quick glance inside: bed already made. Sensible, muted
colored sheets. Not one frilly thing in sight.

At the end of the hallway, a cracked door--

BATHROOM

Heavy shower mist. Behind the pale shower curtain, a
SILHOUETTE of a NAKED WOMAN.

SHOWER

Long, wet hair snakes down her spine. A 3-inch pale scar
visible along the shoulder blade.

She turns. Still can't quite see her face but the long
horizontal scar below her bellybutton is as plain as day.

EXT. ABANDONED LOT - MORNING

Yellow police tape mark out a square around the body. COPS staked at the perimeter.

A plainclothes DETECTIVE squats by the body.

INT. BOSTON MEDICAL EXAMINER - CORONER'S OFFICE - MORNING

DIANA (DEE) (20s) yawns, pours coffee from a French press. Her wild hair and tattoos look out of place.

NICK (30s) -- typical lab geek, complete with glasses -- works in the background.

Dee's cell phone vibrates once. She glances at the text.

DEE
Incoming in thirty!

Nick looks up from his desk.

INT. APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - MORNING

A cell phone rings and vibrates on the coffee table. Footsteps from the hallway and we get our first glimpse of--

SADIE TRENT (30s). Self-possessed. Her face a practiced mask devoid of emotion. The phrase "still waters run deep" comes to mind.

She absently rubs the cat's ears as she picks up the cell phone, listens--

SADIE
(into phone)
I'll be right there.

EXT. ALLSTON NEIGHBORHOOD - MORNING

Identical row houses. Vestiges from a long-gone industrial age converted into modest apartments.

Sadie exits one of the row houses, walks up the street.

On the corner:

An ABANDONED PARISH CHURCH. Large and imposing. Boarded up windows. A NO TRESPASSING sign hangs crooked on the wire fence surrounding the lot.

Sadie rounds the corner and disappears from sight.

INT. SUBWAY CAR - MORNING

Rush hour. Packed with COMMUTERS.

Sadie stands pressed against the doors.

INT. BOSTON MEDICAL EXAMINER - AUTOPSY SUITE - MORNING

Gleaming steel. Pristine.

Wearing a black apron over white scrubs, Dee leans against an autopsy table as she furiously jaws a piece of gum.

Next to her is DETECTIVE HICKS (40s), the same detective at the crime scene. Squat and thick-necked. He looks like he slept in his clothes.

Behind them on the

AUTOPSY TABLE

A corpse lies on the steel surface, facial wound on display.

Dee blows a bubble.

DEE

Missed a good game last night. Two fights broke out, just in the first quarter. Totally got my money's worth.

HICKS

No shit? I pulled a D.B. out of the sewer last night. Been in there so long, skin split like an over-boiled hot dog.

DEE

Lucky you.

They both turn as Sadie pushes through the double doors.

HICKS

Morning, Sadie.

Dee hands her an apron.

DEE

T.G.I post-mortem Friday.

Sadie eyes the corpse.

HICKS

A jogger found the body in an abandoned lot in Dorchester, near Savin Hill.

DEE

Also known as Crack Row.

SADIE

Do we know who she is?

HICKS

No ID.

Sadie snaps on gloves. She fingers the track marks inside the corpse's elbow. Notes the dried vomit on the chin.

HICKS

I'm guessing overdose.

She leans in, studies the facial wound.

SADIE

Doesn't account for this.

DEE

(jokes)

Bath salts. Makes kids berzerk and go at each other like an all-you-can-eat buffet...

(off their looks)

Or so I've heard.

HICKS

Fingers crossed her prints are in the system. I need another Jane Doe like I need a third nipple.

Sadie nods, all business.

SADIE

(to Dee)

Let's start with hair and fingernails...

SERIES OF SHOTS:

Sadie scrapes under the corpse's fingernails.

Dee cuts a Y incision with a scalpel, powers up a bone saw and poises it above the breastplate.

Sadie lifts an organ from the body cavity and weighs it.

Nick peers closely at the facial wound, adjusts his glasses.

NICK
You don't see this every day.

INT. BOSTON MEDICAL EXAMINER - CORONER'S OFFICE - AFTERNOON

Dee shuts off her computer, glances at Sadie at her desk.

DEE
Miller time.

Dee gathers her purse, heads to the door.

DEE
Happy hour at Flynn's?

Sadie looks up, distracted.

SADIE
Not tonight, thanks.

Dee starts to say something, but stops herself.

DEE
Well, enjoy your weekend.

Sadie nods and goes back to her work.

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

Sadie walks past Flynn's Pub. Through the front window, she glimpses Dee and Nick in a crowd by the bar. She continues down the street.

INT. LOCAL BAR - NIGHT

Dark and anonymous. Half a step up from a dive bar.

At a corner table, Sadie nurses a drink. Scans the crowd, settles on--

A COUPLE at the bar. Heads close together, Knees touching.

The GUY leans in, his lips brushing her ear. She laughs, throws her head back. Long, slender neck on display. Her hand rests on his thigh, slowly caresses it --

MALE STUDENT (O.S.)
...so I told her to keep it...

Sadie's attention moves to--

A nearby table. A MALE STUDENT in a Boston University sweatshirt sits with another FEMALE COLLEGE STUDENT.

MALE STUDENT

How am I supposed to focus with her
bullshit drama?

The female student nods sympathetically.

Sadie's attention drifts to--

A table by the window. A JUNIOR EXEC TYPE (late 20s) sits alone. His suit and tie out of place.

Sadie studies his profile, follows the contour of his nose, over his full lips, along his jawline.

As if he can feel her gaze, he turns in her direction.

Sadie quickly averts her face, focuses on her drink.

JR EXEC (O.S.)

Mind if I sit down?

Sadie looks up. He takes a seat before she can answer.

JR EXEC

Thought you could use some company.

SADIE

What gave you that idea?

JR EXEC

It's Friday night. You're sitting
here alone looking sad...

SADIE

You're being presumptuous.

He searches her face.

JR EXEC

I've seen you here before. Always by
yourself. Always with the same drink.
Vodka tonic?

SADIE

Gin. And I prefer drinking by myself.

JR EXEC

No, I get it. No one wants to admit
they're lonely. Admitting it makes
you feel weak. Right? But it's the
human condition. It's our curse.

Sadie rolls her eyes - she's done with this guy. She quickly drains her glass.

SADIE
Curse. That sounds about right.

EXT. LOCAL BAR - NIGHT

Sadie exits the bar, starts up the street.

JR EXEC (O.S.)
Hold up!

She turns but keeps her distance.

JR EXEC
Look, I'm sorry. I didn't mean to come on so strong. It's been a shitty week and I saw you... I just felt like talking to someone.

She searches his face.

SADIE
It's fine, forget it.

He comes closer. Leans in close, trails his hand up her arm.

JR EXEC
My apartment's nearby... I can make you feel good, if you want me to.

Sadie fixates on his lips as he talks, the tip of his tongue visible...

JR EXEC
Anything you want. Would you like that?

MIKE (O.S.)
Sadie?

Sadie stiffens - she recognizes that voice.

MIKE TRENT (30s) approaches. Tall and lean with a brawler's demeanor. His half-smile doesn't extend to his eyes.

MIKE
You okay?

JR EXEC
She's fine, dude. We're just having a private conversation.

Mike offers his hand.

MIKE
Mike. How ya doing?

JR EXEC
(ignores Mike's hand)
Why don't you mind your own business,
Mike?

Mike gets real close. His jacket swings open, revealing a
POLICE BADGE strapped to his belt.

Jr Exec eyes the badge.

MIKE
Why don't you back away from the
lady, "dude"?

A macho stand-off.

Jr Exec weighs his options... and backs off.

JR EXEC
Whatever, man.

With a final look at Sadie, he goes back into the bar.

SADIE
I had that under control.

MIKE
Nice to see you, too. And you're
welcome.

Sadie backs away.

MIKE
I'm meeting a pal for a beer. Wanna
join us?

Sadie turns and hurries down the street.

MIKE
(calls after her)
Next time, then?

INT. SUBWAY PLATFORM - NIGHT

Stragglers at this time of night.

On a bench, a JOCK slumps over, head between his knees.

Sadie stands alone by the platform, her gaze turned towards the dark tunnel. She looks at the tip of her--

SHOES, as they slowly inch forward across the YELLOW LINE. Another inch. Closer to the edge. Rail lines visible now.

The Jock gags O.S.

Startled, Sadie turns just as--

The Jock heaves and throws up all over his shoes. A chunky, steaming mess.

No one else notices.

Vomit pools at the jock's feet.

INT. SUBWAY TRAIN - NIGHT

The doors slide closed on the Jock slumped over on the platform.

Sadie takes a seat. The train pulls out of the station. Lights flicker as the train enters the tunnel.

Besides Sadie, the only passengers are an OBESE WOMAN and a LATINA WOMAN sitting opposite each other.

The obese woman appears to be asleep, her chin resting on her enormous chest. She sighs, adjusts her position.

Her shirt rises slightly, revealing a sickly grey-colored TUMOR-LIKE MASS near her hip.

Sadie looks to the Latina, but she hasn't noticed. Sadie turns back to the tumor. Stares at it. Fascinated. She lifts her gaze to find the obese woman staring right back at her.

OBESE WOMAN

Take a picture, it'll last longer.

Embarrassed, Sadie looks out the darkened window.

Dark tunnel walls flash by.

EXT. SIDE STREET - NIGHT

Heels approaching on the sidewalk.

Sadie comes into view. As she walks down the darkened street, she peers into the windows that flicker with images from a television within.

EXT. ALLSTON NEIGHBORHOOD - NIGHT

The abandoned church looms darkly on the corner.

As Sadie appears around the corner, she hears a HIGH-PITCHED WHINE of a distressed animal. She stops--

There it is again--

--followed by frantic PAWING OF CLAWS against wood.

She cocks her head, tries to pinpoint the location--

A faint BARK! There, from the church.

Another pitiful whine.

Sadie checks the street - empty - then she pulls back a corner of the wire fence.

EXT. CHURCH LOT - NIGHT

Sadie steps through the overgrown brush to

BACK OF THE CHURCH

Overgrown with weeds. A depository for the neighborhood trash.

Ground level windows boarded up with planks of wood, except for one--

Sadie drops to her knees, takes out her cell phone. A faint light cast on one of the windows.

The corner of the bottom plank is rotted away. Sadie focuses the light...

A DOG'S SNOUT pokes through the hole and just as quickly disappears.

Loud BARK. Frantic PAWING at the wood.

SADIE

Hold on, boy...

She grabs the rotted plank and pulls. No go. She puts the phone aside. Grabs with two hands--

The bottom plank gives way. The snout reappears. A whine followed by a bark.

Sadie grabs another plank, pulls. Then another, and another.

SADIE
Okay, come on out.

Silence.

Sadie slowly reaches her arm into the opening, palm up--

SADIE
It's okay, I won't hurt you...
(then)
Ah!

She pulls her arm out - blood slowly seeps through the torn shirt sleeve.

Then, a LARGE ANIMAL bursts through the opening --

The animal wheels onto Sadie, body tense, hackles raised.

It steps into the light of Sadie's camera phone --

-- and we see it is --

An IRISH WOLFHOUND - as tall as a Great Dane and as broad-chested as a bulldog.

In a defensive stance, the wolfhound bares its teeth, a LOW GROWL rumbles in its chest.

Sadie freezes.

A stand-off.

Keeping her eyes on the dog, Sadie slowly reaches for her purse, fumbles inside--

The dog watches her every move--

Sadie pulls out a small can of pepper spray.

Suddenly, the dog turns and runs off into the darkness.

INT. ROW HOUSE - GROUND FLOOR HALLWAY - NIGHT

One of the apartment doors open and LILLY (80s) struggles into the hallway, dragging a heavy trash bag.

Behind her, Sadie enters through the front door. She sees Lilly struggling and hurries over.

SADIE
Let me get that.

Lilly looks up, relieved. Her kind eyes twinkle.

LILLY
Impeccable timing.

Sadie picks up the bag, dumps it into the incinerator shaft.
Lilly sees the blood on her sleeve.

LILLY
My dear, you're bleeding.

SADIE
Just a scratch.

LILLY
Let me have a look at that.

SADIE
I'm fine, really.

She grabs Sadie's arm and pulls her down the hallway.

LILLY
Come on.

INT. LILLY'S APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Cozy and warm. Comfortably lived in. The opposite of Sadie's antiseptic apartment.

Lilly tends to Sadie's arm on the couch.

LILLY
I didn't catch your name.

SADIE
Sadie.

Lilly seems to be waiting for more...

LILLY
Nice to meet you, just Sadie. I'm Lilly. Never seen you before. Just move in?

SADIE
About three months now.

LILLY
Hmm. You'd think we'd have run into each other by now. I bet you work long hours.

SADIE
Sometimes.

Sadie takes a look around the room, stops on a faded BLACK & WHITE WEDDING PHOTOGRAPH.

Lilly follows her gaze, smiles widely.

LILLY

He was a looker, wasn't he? Hot, as the kids would say. He's passed away now.

SADIE

I'm so sorry...

LILLY

Don't be. He gave me the best fifty years of my life. I was a very lucky woman.

She wraps a gauze bandage around Sadie's wound. Eyes flick to the tan line on Sadie's ring finger.

LILLY

Divorced?

Sadie avoids her curious eyes.

LILLY

No shame in being divorced. Wish it were the case in my day. Some people had no business being married to each other. No shame in that at all.

She ties off the bandage.

LILLY

There. You'll want to change the bandage once a day. Get some air on the wound to dry it out.

Sadie, touched by her kindness, hugs Lilly and holds it for a few beats longer than normal. Finally lets go.

SADIE

Thank you.

Lilly smiles, slightly bemused.

LILLY

You're welcome, dear.

INT. SADIE'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Keys jangle from outside. The door opens. Sadie drops mail onto the entry table.

KITCHEN

The cat curls around Sadie's leg as she fills the bowl with dry food.

She opens the freezer. Pops a frozen meal into the microwave.

Sadie watches her dinner circle in the machine.

INT. BOSTON MEDICAL EXAMINER - CORONER'S OFFICE - MORNING

Dee reads the morning paper while drinking from a super-size cup of coffee.

Hicks pops his head through the door--

HICKS

Knock, knock.

Dee peers over the newspaper, waves him inside. Hicks holds up a box of

HICKS

Donuts.

Dee eagerly digs. Nick pops out of the lab.

NICK

Do I smell donuts?

DEE

Nose like a blood hound, that one.
What gives?

HICKS

What gives what?

DEE

You don't come around here unless
there's a dead body in tow or you
want something.

NICK

(mouth full)

Yeah.

HICKS

Do I need a reason to hang with my
favorite corpse jockey and lab geek?

DEE

Try again.

HICKS

Just following up on Jane Doe in case, you know, tox report came in earlier than expected, maybe close the file before the end of the week, keep my closure rate intact.

NICK

You still in the lead?

HICKS

Yep, but only by two.

DEE

(sarcastic)

I'll let Sadie know your top dog position is hanging by a thread.

HICKS

You'd be doing me a solid. Where's your esteemed leader this fine morning?

INT. LAWYER'S OFFICE - MORNING

Sadie sits across from a LAWYER as he types on his computer.

SADIE

I don't want to list my current address. I'd prefer that, if it's possible...

The lawyer looks up briefly, continues...

LAWYER

Not a problem.

(types)

"Impound plaintiff's address." Would you like us to serve the summons?

SADIE

Can you do that? I'd rather not have any contact until I have to.

LAWYER

Understood.

The printer on the desk whirs to life. He slides the paperwork across to Sadie.

LAWYER

Just need your signature here...and here...and one more here.

Sadie picks up a pen, takes a deep breath, then signs.

SADIE
How soon will he get this?

LAWYER
We can deliver it right away.

INT. BOSTON MEDICAL EXAMINER - CORONER'S OFFICE - DAY

Sadie pushes through the door carrying a large paper bag. She digs into the bag.

SADIE
Cheeseburger with onions and mushrooms.

Nick gets up from behind his computer screen.

NICK
I'm starving.

Sadie hands Nick his burger. Hands another to Dee.

SADIE
Veggie burger.

NICK
Gross.

DEE
You're right. I'd rather be eating your saturated fat, antibiotic chlorine bath burger.

Sadie takes out her salad.

NICK
Hicks is keen on closing Jane Doe.

SADIE
Any word on the tox screen?

NICK
Backlogged, probably not until next week. But...

He shuffles under a pile of folders until he finds the right file. Opens it with a flourish.

NICK
The face chomp is definitely not human, so sadly we can rule out
(MORE)

NICK (CONT'D)
 zombies, which is a little
 disappointing, if I'm being completely
 honest. But get this - the saliva
 swabbed from the wound is...
 (mimics drumroll)
 ...of canine origin. A big one too,
 based on the dental mold.

DEE
 What is this town coming to?

SADIE
 Did you test for--

NICK
 Way ahead of you. Insufficient saliva
 sample for rabies test.

SADIE
 Understood, but I'd like to rule out
 any possible public health risks.
 (to Dee)
 Can you call the local shelters, see
 if any animal attacks have been
 reported?

DEE
 On it.

A DELIVERY BOY knocks on the door. A flower arrangement in
 one hand.

DELIVERY BOY
 Sadie Trent?

Dee points to Sadie.

The delivery boy puts the vase on Sadie's desk and hands
 over a clipboard.

DELIVERY BOY
 Sign here, please.

Sadie signs, checks the flowers.

SADIE
 There's no card.

DELIVERY BOY
 I just deliver them, ma'am.

The delivery boy exits.

DEE
Secret admirer?

Sadie scoffs. She looks at the bouquet, troubled.

INT. THERAPIST OFFICE - NIGHT

Professional but with a homey touch. On a sofa sits GEMMA TURNER (40s). Sharp, inquisitive eyes. Doesn't miss a thing.

She studies Sadie as she paces in front of the bookcase on the far wall.

Sadie runs her finger along the spines, adjusts a book out of line, straightens another.

Finally, she faces Gemma.

SADIE
One can tell a lot about a person
from their book collection.

Gemma just smiles.

SADIE
This is where you ask me what your
books say about you.

GEMMA
One can say the same about a person
who deflects to avoid talking about
what's really on her mind.

Sadie takes a seat across from her.

GEMMA
It's your hour, Sadie. Do you really
want to spend it analyzing me?

SADIE
It'd be a change of pace.

GEMMA
Getting to the heart of the matter
would also be a change of pace.

Sadie stares out the window. Gemma waits her out.

SADIE
It's exhausting. The constant looking
over my shoulder. Like my life is
on pause and I'm just waiting for
reality to smack me in the face.
(MORE)

SADIE (CONT'D)

In a city of over six hundred thousand, what are the chances?

GEMMA

Are we talking about Mike?

SADIE

I saw him last week. I'm being paranoid, aren't I? Convince me he's not stalking me.

GEMMA

Why do you think he would seek you out now?

SADIE

To fuck with me, of course. Why else?

Sadie holds up her hand, a slight tremor.

SADIE

He's good at that.

GEMMA

He knows where you work so he can easily find you if that's what he really wants. Boston is a compact city with a relatively small square footage. It's an unfortunate coincidence.

Sadie doesn't look convinced.

SADIE

I really wish I could believe that.

INT. ROW HOUSE - GROUND FLOOR HALLWAY - NIGHT

The front door opens and Sadie enters. Checks her mailbox - empty. Starts up the stairs...

2ND FLOOR

Mike leans against her apartment door. Sadie freezes on the stairwell.

MIKE

Finally.

SADIE

How did you get in?

MIKE

You have very trusting neighbors.

SADIE

We agreed that you can't just show up here.

MIKE

Can we talk inside, please? Unless you don't mind everyone eavesdropping.

Sadie looks nervously down the hallway.

MIKE

Just five minutes, I swear. And then I'll go.

Reluctantly, Sadie steps forward.

INT. SADIE'S APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM

The front door opens, Mike follows Sadie inside.

Mike takes in the living room, makes note of the spartan furnishings.

MIKE

Homey.

Sadie moves across the room, keeping distance between her and Mike. Her body strung tight like piano wire.

MIKE

Got anything to drink?

SADIE

What do you want?

The bookshelf catches his attention. He walks over, peruses the titles.

MIKE

Did you get my flowers?

Silence from Sadie.

MIKE

Three months is a long time, Sadie. A long time to think about our mistakes.

SADIE

Our mistakes?

MIKE

Seeing you the other night...

He steps forward. Sadie backs up against the wall.

MIKE

I've missed you. I know you've missed me too.

Mike comes closer, close enough to touch her. Sadie presses against the wall, her face a frozen mask.

MIKE

What I did was wrong, I know that.
But I'm better now. It can be
different. We can start over, be
like before...

He's inches from her now. He leans in, lips brush her ear.

MIKE

Remember how it used to be, sexy
Sadie?

He searches her face-- devoid of emotion, unmoved by his proximity.

SADIE

I remember. I remember everything.
That's why I left.

Mike moves back sharply, eyes narrow.

Her eyes flicker with a sudden fear.

MIKE

You're not even going to let me try?

The answer is clear in her eyes.

MIKE

(pleads)
Come on, babe...

SADIE

Leave or I'm going to scream.

Mike's face hardens, takes one long look at her before he quietly leaves.

Sadie runs to the door, flips the deadbolt. And only then does she collapse against the wall, her body shaking from the adrenaline.

OVER BLACK

Sadie's face fills the screen. Eyes closed. Serene.

The ambient noise of a PRENATAL ULTRASOUND machine - a HEARTBEAT... faint but strong.

Her mouth curls in a half-smile - which suddenly opens in a silent scream. Her eyes spring open - shock, confusion.

The heartbeat RINGING faster in our ears now--

BA-DUMP...BA-DUMP...BA-DUMP

Arterial spray across Sadie's face--

Faster still--

BADUMP, BADUMP, BADUMP...

Sadie raises her head slowly, looks downward... Mike's face leers from between her legs.

Blood from a HORIZONTAL CUT just above her pubic bone streams over her hips. Sadie watches in horror.

The heartbeat slowing, weakening--

BA-DUMP...

Ba-dump...

BA-dump...

Ba--

--dump...

Until silence.

INT. SUBWAY PLATFORM - NIGHT

Empty. Quiet except for the shuffling of footsteps of a HOMELESS MAN walking towards the end of the platform. He jumps down and heads into the

SUBWAY TUNNEL

He unzips his pants and pisses against the tunnel wall.

Done, he shambles into the tunnel--

--deeper in. Light from the platform a faint pinprick.

A LOW GROWL...

The homeless man stops in his tracks, peers into the darkness.

Another growl, closer now, menacing...

The homeless man whistles.

HOMELESS MAN
Here, boy. Come here.

A LARGE SHAPE emerges from the shadows - large, yellow eyes glinting, sharp teeth bared...

INT. SUBWAY PLATFORM - MORNING

Rush hour. COMMUTERS stand five rows deep, eyes glued to the mouth of the tunnel.

A faint rumble, getting louder as the train emerges from the tunnel. It squeals to a stop.

Doors slide open. The throng pushes forward.

INT. SUBWAY CAR - MOVING

Standing room only. Sadie squeezed in between two passengers.

She spots an ELDERLY WOMAN having trouble keeping her balance.

Sadie taps her on the shoulder, offers her seat. The elderly woman smiles gratefully and they switch places.

Sadie scans the crowd, most of whom are locked into their own world. She stops at a BEARDED MAN standing in the rear vestibule.

His face partially obscured by another passenger, but she can make out: dark hair, scraggly beard - and he seems to be staring directly AT HER.

Their eyes meet, a hint of curious interest.

SUBWAY CAB

The radio squawks.

TRANSIT OPERATOR
(over radio)
Car 1481, come in.

The CONDUCTOR reaches for the radio.

CONDUCTOR
CAR 1481. Go ahead.

TRANSIT OPERATOR
(over radio)
Government Center's temporarily
closed. You're gonna have to hold at
the junction.

CONDUCTOR
For how long?

INT. GOVERNMENT CENTER PLATFORM

POLICE OFFICERS hold back commuters crowded at the edge of the platform, as they peer into the

GOVERNMENT CENTER TUNNEL

FLASHLIGHTS move jerkily in the dark tunnel. Silhouettes searching for something--

GOVERNMENT CENTER JUNCTION

The car slows as it approaches the FLASHING STOPLIGHT.

INT. SUBWAY CAR

Passengers jerk forward as the car shudders to a full stop. Curious murmurs from the crowd--

The PA system crackles to life.

CONDUCTOR
(over PA)
Folks, there's an obstruction in the
tunnel up ahead, so we're gonna cool
our heels while the tracks get
cleared. Shouldn't be too long.

A COLLECTIVE GROAN erupts. Everyone reaches for their cell phones, including Sadie. She punches in a number--

SADIE
(into phone)
Dee? I'm running late... what? I
didn't catch that... can you hear
me... Dee?

Her call drops. SCATTERED EXPLETIVES from the other passengers as their calls drop also.

She looks to the vestibule, but the bearded man is gone. Her eyes dart around the car, searching...

A BUSINESS MAN next to Sadie catches her eye. He loosens his necktie in a panic.

BUSINESS MAN
I can't stay here. I'm
claustrophobic...

Sadie smiles sympathetically.

SADIE
Just breathe slowly and deeply.

BUSINESS MAN
This is bullshit.

INT. GOVERNMENT CENTER TUNNEL

Deep in the tunnel--

COP
Over here!

The flashlights arc in unison toward the voice. Silhouettes rush forward.

Hicks and UNIFORMED COPS stand over a BODY lying near the tracks. He points his flashlight on the face of the homeless man. Dead eyes glazed over.

Hicks scans the flashlight down the body, stops at his thigh.

Or what used to be his thigh.

What's left is a gaping hole, like something ripped a giant chunk straight off the bone. The femur partially visible through the masticated flesh.

YOUNG COP
Jesus...

The young cop gags and stumbles away from the group. The sound of RETCHING echoes through the tunnel.

HICKS
Secure the area. Shut down the station
and get a CS unit down here.

The cops scatter.

INT. SUBWAY CAB

The conductor squints through the windshield toward the tunnel, sees the faint motion of flashlights.

The radio squawks.

SUBWAY CAR

The business man fidgets, his face flush with a sheen of sweat. Checks his watch.

BUSINESS MAN

(to himself)

Gonna miss my fucking interview.

Sadie sighs, stares out the window at the dark tunnel walls. She catches a reflection of the bearded man...

She whips around - scans, but he's not there.

The PA crackles to life. Everyone turns to the front.

CONDUCTOR

(over PA)

Ladies and gentleman, I've just been informed that Government Center will be closing down due to an incident in the forward tunnel. Government Center is the last stop. Repeat, Government Center is the last stop. Shuttle buses will be provided to transport passengers to the next station.

The business man looks like he's about to cry.

GOVERNMENT CENTER TUNNEL

Hicks kneels by the body. Trains his flashlight on something near the body...

Using a pen, he pokes at what looks like a BONE FRAGMENT.

GOVERNMENT CENTER PLATFORM

Passengers stream out of the subway car and head to the turnstiles.

Sadie moves off to the side, pulls out her cell phone.

A HAND taps her on the shoulder. She startles and turns to--

The BEARDED MAN.

Late 30s or early 40s, hard to tell under the beard. The most startling feature are his eyes: a striking silver grey color.

BEARDED MAN

Sorry, didn't mean to startle you.

She backs away a step.

BEARDED MAN

I just wanted to thank you.

(off her confused
look)

For rescuing Lucy.

SADIE

Lucy?

BEARDED MAN

From the church. Last Friday?

SADIE

(remembers)

The dog. Lucy's your dog?

Bearded Man nods.

SADIE

You were there?

He breaks out into a wide grin.

BEARDED MAN

No. Lucy told me.

(checks his watch)

I gotta run. See you around.

Sadie watches him as he crosses the turnstile.

INT. BOSTON POLICE DEPARTMENT - INTAKE ROOM - DAY

Hicks walks by a METH HEAD handcuffed to a bench. The meth head screams at a beefy DESK SERGEANT.

METH HEAD

Goddammit, I want a fucking cigarette!

Hicks freezes and backtracks. Leans in close to the meth head, grabs his shirt:

HICKS

(calmly)

Curse one more time at an officer
and I will personally disembowel you
with my fucking ballpoint and make
you eat your small intestine.

He lets go and keeps walking.

BULLPEN

A YOUNG PATROLMAN (20s) enters the bullpen, spots Hicks. He catches Hicks's eye, motions for him to follow.

INTERVIEW ROOM

YOUNG PATROLMAN

Got a hit on your vic's prints.

He hands a sheet of paper to Hicks. He looks at the hollow gaze of a MUG SHOT for Jane Doe, a.k.a--

HICKS

(reads)

Kathryn Young... possession with
intent to distribute... no jail
time... She connected?

YOUNG PATROLMAN

You could say that. She's Charles
Young's daughter.

(off Hicks's look)

Yep, that Charles Young.

HICKS

Shit.

YOUNG PATROLMAN

Yeah, shit.

LIEUTENANT'S OFFICE

Hicks sits across from LT. BURKE (60s). Soft and jowly, but with sharp, strategic eyes.

Burke frowns at the Kathryn Young mug shot, sighs.

BURKE

I don't want any press on this, clear?

Hicks nods.

BURKE

Give him a visit.

(MORE)

BURKE (CONT'D)

Let him know we're doing him a favor.
Maybe he'll play nice at the next
budget meeting.

Hicks stands.

BURKE

And pass along my heartfelt
condolences.

BULLPEN

Hicks exits Burke's office, walks through the busy bullpen,
into--

HALLWAY

--rounds a corner and almost smacks into--

Mike, dressed in patrolman's blues. He takes in Hicks's
rumpled suit.

MIKE

Looking sharp, Detective Sergeant.
No one home to do the ironing?

Hicks stiffens. No love lost between these two.

HICKS

I'm touched with your concern about
my sartorial hygiene. Truly.

MIKE

"Sartorial." I'm impressed.

HICKS

Don't you have a domestic to break
up or something?

Hicks tries to step around him, but Mike jabs a finger into
his chest.

MIKE

Are you fucking my wife?

HICKS

If I were, d'ya think I'd be divulging
to you?

He slaps Mike's finger away.

MIKE

Stay away from her.

HICKS

I think Sadie can decide who she spends time with. But I'll think about it. By the way, L.T. wants to see you.

Hicks smirks as he brushes past Mike.

LIEUTENANT'S OFFICE

Mike appears in the doorway. Burke waves him inside.

BURKE

Shut the door.

Mike closes the door.

BURKE

Take a seat.

Burke studies Mike for a moment.

BURKE

Heard you put in for the detective exam. Which unit?

MIKE

Homicide.

Burke looks Mike straight in the eye.

BURKE

I'm a candid man, so I'm telling you this as a favor. Even if you pass this time, getting off that eligibility list is gonna be a long shot.

Mike sits, stunned.

MIKE

Are you gonna give me the courtesy of telling me why?

BURKE

Sure. I gotta have men I can trust in my unit. And men who can trust each other. Frankly, you don't fall into either camp.

MIKE

I've put in my time. I've done everything I'm supposed to. I'm entitled to--

BURKE

You're entitled to shit. Personally and professionally, I find you lacking in every respect. If you were really honest with yourself, you'd understand where I'm coming from. But if you don't get it, then that's part of the problem.

MIKE

I'll request a transfer.

BURKE

No problem. I will happily approve your request, as long as it's out of BPD.

MIKE

This is bullshit and you know it. I'll go to the Union--

BURKE

Be my guest.
(dismisses him)
That is all, Patrolman.

BULLPEN

Mike exits the L.T.'s office. He takes a seat at one of the desks. His mind racing, calculating...

A PATROLMAN walks up, drops an envelope in front of him.

PATROLMAN

This was delivered earlier.

Mike stares down at the envelope, sees the return address of a legal firm.

He tears open the envelope and takes out: divorce papers. The capper to a really shitty day.

His mouth snarls, his face a mask of barely suppressed rage.

INT. CITY HALL - FOYER - DAY

The CITY SEAL ingrained into the floor.

Hicks crosses the large foyer, shoes clicking on the marble.

CITY COUNCIL SUITE

Hicks cools his heels in a leather armchair. Silent except for the tapping of a keyboard.

He glances at the SECRETARY. Checks his watch. Checks the wall clock.

Looks at a closed door.

The plaque on the door reads:

CITY COUNCIL PRESIDENT, CHARLES YOUNG

INT. BOSTON MEDICAL EXAMINER - DAY

Hicks marches down a puke green hallway. Next to him is Charles Young (50s). Silver-haired and distinguished in a dark suit and tie.

He follows Hicks through swinging double doors into

MORGUE VIEWING ROOM

Sadie waits by a gurney in the center of the room. On the gurney lies a body underneath a sheet.

Hicks makes introductions.

HICKS
Chief Medical Examiner Sadie Trent.
Councilman Charles Young.

Cold and stoic, Young just nods.

SADIE
Has Detective Hicks prepped you--

YOUNG
He's told me.

Sadie pulls back the sheet, revealing the ravaged face.

The tightening of Young's jawline the only visible response.

He studies his daughter's face for a long moment. A hand raises, as if to touch her hair, but he catches himself and lowers it.

Young reaches over to pull back the sheet from his daughter's arm, uncovering the livid track marks. Stares at them.

SADIE
Is this your daughter, Mr. Young?

YOUNG
Yes.

He turns to Hicks.

YOUNG

I'd appreciate it if this stayed out of the papers.

HICKS

Lieutenant Burke is happy to work something out.

Young nods, both understanding each other.

SADIE

Which part?

YOUNG

Excuse me?

SADIE

Which part don't you want in the papers? That your daughter overdosed on heroin or that her body was found with half her face missing?

YOUNG

Neither one, actually.

SADIE

The public has the right to know that there's something potentially dangerous out there. Suppressing key information could lead to more incidents. Maybe we can keep her name out of it.

YOUNG

No. No name, no report.

SADIE

So, you're putting your reputation above public safety?

Young gives her a hard look.

YOUNG

Kathy is my only child. But she cut us out of her life many years ago. She chose drugs over her family. My wife and I would like to grieve the loss of our daughter in private. Surely, you can appreciate that.

Sadie looks chastened.

YOUNG

My assistant will call with burial instructions.

He brushes by Hicks and exits.

HICKS
That wasn't cool.

SADIE
You know I'm right.

HICKS
So is he.

OVER BLACK

A WET, GURGLING SOUND. Like someone choking.

EXT. ABANDONED LOT - TWILIGHT

The setting sun creates long shadows over the abandoned lot.

Sadie looks over the field. Empty except for--

A lone WOMAN, her back turned to Sadie. The woman's white dress in stark contrast against the waning light. She stands over something hidden in the weeds.

Sadie starts forward--

As she gets closer, she sees the woman isn't wearing a dress at all, but a cotton sheet. The outline of her naked body visible under the sheer material.

Sadie's foot accidentally kicks a glass bottle, which ricochets sharply.

The woman whirls around, and Sadie comes face to face with--

Kathryn Young. Her face untouched.

Now Sadie sees what she's been standing over--

ANOTHER VERSION of Kathryn. A syringe still hangs in her elbow. She's overdosing, gagging on her own vomit.

INT. SUBWAY CAR - NIGHT

Sadie jerks awake. Disoriented. She looks up just in time to see her stop pass by.

SADIE
Shit.

EXT. BOYLSTON STREET SUBWAY - NIGHT

Sadie emerges from the subway tunnel.

BEARDED MAN (O.S.)
Hello again.

Sadie freezes, turns--

BEARDED MAN
Is this your stop? Don't think I've
ever seen you around...

SADIE
I missed my stop.

The bearded man holds a leash, at the end of which is an
Irish wolfhound sitting at attention.

BEARDED MAN
Lucy, say hello.

Lucy thumps her tail, raises her front paw. Sadie shakes it.

SADIE
I have to get home...

BEARDED MAN
Neighborhood can get sketchy after
dark. We can walk you home, if you
want. Lucy's an excellent guard dog.

SADIE
No. Thanks. I'll be fine.

BEARDED MAN
Next time then. I'm Jonah, by the
way. Jonah Velk.

Sadie nods politely.

BEARDED MAN/JONAH
See you around, Sadie.
(clicks his tongue)
Let's go, girl.

With a final glance at Sadie, Lucy trots after Jonah.

Sadie turns to go, then freezes in her tracks, a look of
fear on her face.

Jonah waits at a red light.

SADIE

Hey!

He turns.

SADIE

I never told you my name. How do you know my name?

JONAH

Lucy must've told me.

SADIE

Is this a game? Did Mike put you up to this? What's happening here?

The walk signal turns green. People cross the street.

JONAH

Come have a drink with me. Some place with lots of people. Where you'll feel safe. We can talk.

SADIE

I don't even know you.

JONAH

Sure you do.
(beat)
You've known me all your life.

Sadie frowns at this curious man. She hesitates...

SADIE

I choose.

Jonah nods.

INT. BAR - NIGHT

Crowded college student hangout.

Sadie and Jonah share a high table. In plain sight, away from darkened corners.

Sadie studies Jonah as he sips his beer. He scans the crowded room.

JONAH

Isn't it funny how we can be surrounded by so many people and still feel lonely? More sad than funny, I suppose...

EXT. MOVIE THEATER - NIGHT

MOVIEGOERS filter out, Dee and Nick among them.

They continue down the street.

NICK

Please don't ever ask me to go to
another foreign film with you.

DEE

What, not enough shit that goes boom
for you?

NICK

There wasn't one boom. Not a single
one. And don't tell me there was an
emotional explosion because that
doesn't count. Not even close.

They cross at an intersection. They walk past a bar--

NICK

Not that I can't appreciate the
occasional existential...

He continues ahead as Dee stops--

THROUGH THE WINDOW, Dee glimpses:

Sadie at a high table. She drinks her wine, focused on someone
sitting across from her - but that person is obscured by BAR
PATRONS.

Dee angles for a better look.

NICK (O.S.)

...who am I kidding? It's over my
head. I just said that because...

He realizes Dee's not following.

NICK

Who are you perving on now?

Dee tears her gaze from the window, grins.

DEE

I think I see Sadie...
(dramatic pause)
On a date.

NICK
 First time for everything, as my
 nana used to say.

They continue down the street.

INT. BAR - NIGHT

SADIE
 (defensive)
 People who are alone are not
 necessarily lonely.

JONAH
 You're right, it doesn't. I'm just
 talking in general terms.

SADIE
 You're avoiding the question.

JONAH
 Did you ask one?

SADIE
 How do you know my name?

JONAH
 My little empathy trick. You know
 when you walk into a room full of
 people and you instantly get a vibe?
 It's like that, but magnified by a
 hundred. Empathy on steroids.

Sadie sits back, regards him curiously. Then, she lets out
 a sharp laugh.

SADIE
 Does this usually work?

JONAH
 Pardon me?

SADIE
 On the ladies. Is this your weird
 version of a pick-up line?

Jonah grins.

JONAH
 I don't know, I've never used it
 before.
 (beat)
 Is it working?

SADIE

Anyone can read a room. People give off clues to their emotional state all the time, if you're paying attention. With body language, the eyes, the timber of their voice, what they say, how they say it. It doesn't require a special trick.

JONAH

You're right, it doesn't.

SADIE

Anyway, that doesn't explain how you know my name.

Jonah lowers his eyes to:

Sadie's BPD ID BADGE on a lanyard around her neck.

Embarrassed, she quickly takes it off and stuffs it in her bag.

SADIE

You cheated.

JONAH

Now, you're the one avoiding the question.

SADIE

Which question?

JONAH

If my pick-up line is working.

Sadie smiles, almost blushes. She drinks her wine.

SADIE

Ask me again in an hour.

INT. BOSTON MEDICAL EXAMINER - CORONER'S OFFICE - MORNING

Sadie enters, drops her bag on her desk near the vase of wilted flowers. Another dead petal drops and joins the pile at the base.

She stares at the flowers, then takes the whole thing and dumps it in the trash can.

DEE

Morning.

(MORE)

DEE (CONT'D)
 (motions to Sadie's
 desk)
 Need your John Hancock.

A manila folder on her desk blotter. Sadie sifts through the autopsy photos of Kathryn Young. Something about the photos disturb her... she heads for the door--

Surprised, Dee looks up.

DEE
 We have a post scheduled.

SADIE
 I won't be long.

EXT. CEMETERY - MORNING

Gravestones dot a soft rolling incline.

Under the shade of a tree, Sadie watches--

A PRIEST performs last rites over a casket.

The only mourners: Charles Young and his WIFE. Both dry-eyed. The burial a mere formality.

Nearby, a GRAVEDIGGER watches next to a backhoe.

Done, the Youngs shake the priest's hand and drift towards a DARK SEDAN parked by the road.

The sedan pulls away. The gravedigger approaches the coffin, presses a lever. The platform slowly lowers the casket.

Sadie turns and leaves.

GRAVESITE

Sadie sits cross-legged on the grass next to--

A STONE PLAQUE embedded in the grass. A glimpse at the inscription:

Always in our thoughts

Baby Sophie

November 1, 2010

EXT. BOSTON MEDICAL EXAMINER - DAY

A mobile FOOD TRUCK parked across the street. Sadie pays for her coffee and steps to the curb. Waits for a break in traffic when--

Something catches her eye--

The underground garage entrance attached to the Boston ME - in the shadows is:

An Irish wolfhound. Staring straight at her. The dog half turns, looks back, as if beckoning.

Sadie looks both ways, crosses the street.

The dog enters the garage.

INT. UNDERGROUND GARAGE - DAY

Dimly lit. Full of parked cars.

Approaching footsteps. Sadie appears as she descends into the garage.

She stops, listens...

A faint CLICK CLICK of toenails against concrete.

Sadie follows the sound--

SADIE
(softly)
Lucy?

Her heels echo as she moves between the parked cars.

A door SLAMS shut. Sadie whirls... hurried footsteps approaching... a low-throated GROWL nearby.

Sadie turns in time to see the tail end of the dog vanish up the exit ramp.

The car next to her: headlights FLASH and the horn BEEPS. She jumps, startled, looks up to see a MAN approaching.

His arm extended, car keys in his hand.

She backs away as he gets closer. He shoots her a weird look before getting in his car.

Sadie rushes to the garage exit.

INT. BOSTON MEDICAL EXAMINER - AUTOPSY SUITE - DAY

The naked body of the homeless man on the autopsy table.

Sadie examines the body's hands. Dee makes notes on a clipboard while Sadie narrates.

SADIE
No defensive marks...

She inspects the gaping wound on its thigh.

SADIE
Femoral artery severed. Lividity localized in the buttocks and back of the thighs. Victim bled out where he laid.

Dee writes furiously.

SADIE
Triangular striations on the exposed femur, possibly canine--

She stops mid-narration, looks closer...

At what appears to be a small grain of rice nestled in the wound... but then it squirms...

Another appears, burrowing out of the dead flesh. Then another, and another... until a squirming mass of fly larvae fills the wound cavity.

The sounds in the room disappear until all Sadie hears is the deafening scrapings of larvae bodies squirming against each other.

DEE (O.S.)
Sadie? Sadie!

Sadie jerks... looks up.

DEE
Are you okay?

Sadie looks to the wound but the larvae are gone.

DEE
You checked out there for a sec.

Sadie rubs her eyes wearily.

SADIE
Just tired, I guess.

DEE

Like I mentioned last week, the application is due at the end of the month so I'm wondering if I can get your reference letter before then?

SADIE

No chance of you changing your mind?

DEE

Three hundred and sixty-five days of sunshine. Miles upon miles of sandy beaches. Palm trees and hard, tanned bodies...

SADIE

You're right, we can't compete with that. I have a colleague at Miami Metro. Remind me to give you her number. Okay, hair and nail samples.

Dee grabs evidence bags and wooden scrapers.

LATER

Dee alone with the body. Chest cavity wide open.

She grabs a full ORANGE BIOHAZARD PLASTIC BAG and places it in the cavity.

She sutures the Y incision flaps.

FREEZER

Dee pushes the gurney through the double doors.

She searches in a drawer, pulls out a TOE TAG. Writes on it, then attaches it to the corpse's big toe.

She opens one of the freezer compartments, slides the gurney through and before the door closes, we read the toe tag:
JOHN DOE.

INT. CAFE - DAY

Baristas covered in tattoos and piercings.

At a corner table, Sadie and Hicks sit together.

SADIE

You sure you don't want any coffee?

HICKS
One more cup and I'll be gnawing on
the drywall.

SADIE
I went to a lawyer.

HICKS
Good, about time.

Sadie smiles nervously.

HICKS
Has he done anything...?

SADIE
Nothing I can't handle. I just want
it to be finally over, you know?

HICKS
I see Mike's kind all the time. The
asshole bully who grows up to be a
cop. Except, he doesn't really grow
up. Now, he's just a bigger asshole
in a uniform. A divorce doesn't
mean he'll stop being an asshole.

SADIE
I know.

Hicks watches as she fidgets with a sugar packet.

HICKS
Look, I know some guys from Jersey.
All you gotta do is say the word.

SADIE
That's very generous but what you're
suggesting is highly illegal.

Hicks shrugs. She frowns, unsure if he's serious...

HICKS
I'm kidding, jeez. But I really do
know people in Jersey.

SADIE
Maybe I should've married you.

HICKS
Nah, you're not my type.

They both smile ruefully.

SADIE

No... well, yes, at first. But to be honest, I'm pretty intrigued. It's just a weird feeling to have.

GEMMA

That's a natural reaction. It may mean that you're ready to connect, to be intimate again. Take it as a good sign, Sadie.

INT. SADIE'S APARTMENT - BEDROOM - MORNING

Mike's hand - a chunky CLASS RING on the middle finger - slides open a dresser drawer. It rifles through WOMEN'S UNDERWEAR.

CUT TO:

Another drawer filled with clothes. Hands rummage, find:

A SMALL CIGAR BOX.

Inside: old photos of Mike and Sadie during happier times.

CUT TO:

A MEDICINE CABINET-- filled with various BATHROOM PRODUCTS, including a

PRESCRIPTION BOTTLE

On the label: "Ambien"

The bottle is carefully placed as it was found. The cabinet closes, and reflected in the mirror:

Mike, in his police uniform.

INT. BOSTON MEDICAL EXAMINER - CORONER'S OFFICE - DAY

Dee on the phone:

DEE

(on phone)

Thanks for checking. Please call me if anything comes up.

She hangs up. Perches herself on the edge of Sadie's desk.

DEE

Big, fat zero.

(MORE)

DEE (CONT'D)

I reached out to every animal shelter in the entire Suffolk County. No one's reported any animal attacks. A handful of missing dogs, but mostly small breed. What now?

Nick enters, a pile of mail in one hand and a large plastic bag in the other.

He hands off the mail to Dee.

NICK

Check this. My pal at the Museum of Natural Science owes me a huge favor. Huge. I would tell you but I've been sworn to secrecy.

Dee rolls her eyes, sorts through the pile of mail.

NICK

I gave him the dental impression from the OD and the homeless guy, and he made a mock up of...

He reaches into the plastic bag and with a flourish, takes out a plaster cast of a large animal skull.

NICK

...Our flesh muncher. Or a close approximation, thereof.

He holds the cast beside his head for comparison.

DEE

Woah, that is one huge head.

NICK

I know! We've got a monster dog on the loose.

SADIE

Dee, can you get back to the shelters that reported missing dogs? Get in touch with the owners of large breeds, see if they'll give you hair samples from their dogs. Maybe they'll match up to anything collected at the crime scenes.

DEE

On it.

Dee holds up an odd-sized envelope, no stamp, no address, just the word "Sadie" printed on the front.

She tosses it toward Sadie.

Sadie stares at the envelope. Something flickers in her eyes. She puts it in her handbag. Finishes typing.

NICK

What's for lunch? I'm so hungry I
could eat a Burmese mountain dog.

(beat)

Get it? Burmese mountain dog...

DEE

Weak, Nick, real weak. I feel like
pizza. Sadie, pizza?

Sadie pulls pages from the printer, hands them to Dee.

SADIE

No chance of you changing your mind?

DEE

About what?

SADIE

You're right, we can't compete with
that. I have a colleague at Miami
Metro. Remind me to give you her
number.

DEE

(alarmed)

Sadie?

But Sadie looks straight through her, grabs her handbag.

SADIE

Okay, hair and nail samples.

She smiles blankly, exits the room.

NICK

Is it me or was that just a little
wacky?

DEE

Not just you. That was the exact
same conversation we had the other
day when I asked her for...

She looks down at the papers in her hand: Sadie's reference letter for Dee.

INT. SUBWAY CAR - DAY

Half-empty. Sadie stands by the doors, swaying to the movement of the car.

She studies the passengers:

A young SUIT TYPE. Earbuds. Head bobs. Tuned out to the world.

A COLLEGE GIRL. Mousy. Head buried in a textbook. Eyes race across the page.

An OLD MAN. Grizzled and gray. Erect posture. Sharp eyes. Lips lift in a half-smile.

His eyes shift, catches Sadie staring.

She blinks, looks downward.

The edge of an envelope pokes out of her bag.

She takes out the envelope and opens it. Inside, a handwritten letter--

JONAH (V.O.)

Dear Sadie, I'm resorting to communicating by snail mail because I forgot to get your number the other night...

The subway car stops. Passengers exit and enter. Sadie is oblivious.

INT. SADIE'S APARTMENT - BEDROOM - NIGHT

Sadie stands in front of a mirror. Holds up a dress, studies her reflection. Discards it. Picks up another.

JONAH (V.O.)

Although this way is better, don't you think? It's a shame, the lost art of letter writing...

BATHROOM

Sadie carefully applies mascara.

JONAH (V.O.)

Anyway, this is my round about way of inviting you to dinner.

LIVING ROOM

Sadie shrugs on her jacket, heads to the door, then remembers something...

JONAH (V.O.)
Tonight? Eight o'clock? My house?

She searches in a desk drawer and pulls out a small MACE PEPPER SPRAY. Puts it in her handbag.

EXT. BROWNSTONE - NIGHT

A stately 19th Century brownstone on a corner lot. An imposing wooden door. In the center, a bronze DOOR KNOCKER in the shape of a wolf's head.

Sadie taps the door knocker.

The door is answered promptly by a BUTLER (70s).

FOYER

All marble and dark polished wood. A grand staircase winds up to the second floor.

Our first look at THOMAS, the butler:

Dressed in coattails. Thin, sinewy, resembling a greyhound. Alert eyes. A whiff of suspicion behind the stiff smile.

He gives Sadie a slow once-over. Takes in every detail, coldly assessing. She squirms under his glare.

THOMAS
Thomas at your service. May I take
your coat?

Sadie smiles, bemused. She shrugs off her jacket. Thomas places it over his arm.

THOMAS
Please wait in the library. I'll
inform Master Jonah that you've
arrived.

He indicates an open door and walks away.

SADIE
(sotto)
Master Jonah?

LIBRARY

All leather furniture and polished wood floor.

Floor to ceiling bookshelves line one wall. On the other, several large framed painted portraits of men and women in various period dress.

Sadie steps closer to get a better look.

The men all have full beards. The women all have thick, dark luxurious hair. And they all share that unnerving silver-grey pupils.

JONAH (O.S.)

Three generations of the Velk family tree.

Jonah enters. He pauses to admire her.

JONAH

You look lovely.

Sadie ignores the compliment, turns back to the portraits.

SADIE

The likeness is... genetically uncanny.

JONAH

That's a nice way of putting it. I think it's kinda creepy.

SADIE

Where's your portrait going to hang?

JONAH

Nowhere, most likely. I'm the last of the line.

Sadie pauses, then gets his meaning--

SADIE

Can you not have children?
(embarrassed)

I'm sorry, that was a rude question.

JONAH

It's a fair assumption.

He points to a portrait of an older man with a sharp moustache.

JONAH

Great-uncle William. He took Thomas in when he was just a kid and he's been with the family ever since. Thomas practically raised me.

SADIE

Not really a people person, is he?

JONAH

Thomas? He can be overly protective. Don't take it personally.

SADIE

Good to know, because I was beginning to think it was personal.

He laughs, guides her to the door.

JONAH

I hope you're hungry.

HALLWAY

She follows Jonah down a dark hallway. Out of the corner of her eye, she glimpses Thomas disappear around a corner.

KITCHEN

Gleaming stainless steel. Copper cookware hang from a pot rack. Larger than Sadie's entire apartment.

Place settings on a wooden trestle table.

Jonah picks up a carving knife, sharpens it against a knife sharpener -- SCHNICK, SCHNICK, SCHNICK -- the blade gleams with each stroke.

He expertly slices a side of rare pot roast resting on the counter. Blood pools with each slice.

LATER

Remnants of dinner.

Sadie sits back in her chair. She pats her belly, satisfied.

SADIE

That was the first actual meal I've had in a really long time.

JONAH

A woman cannot live by take-out alone.

SADIE

Or Lean Cuisine frozen dinners. But I sure am trying.

JONAH

I hereby nominate myself your personal chef. You name it, I can whip it up.

SADIE

I'm completely on board if you throw in laundry.

JONAH

Sure, anything you want.

He looks at her meaningfully. And just like that, the vibe in the room shifts. They lock gazes for a long beat...

Suddenly, Lucy appears in the doorway and breaks the moment.

Lucy lopes towards Jonah, muscular shoulder blades rolling under her fur. She snuggles her snout into his palm.

JONAH

Do you like dogs?

SADIE

I'm more of a cat person.

JONAH

I don't about cats but with dogs, what you see is what you get. Their true nature is entirely visible on their face. Unlike humans. Humans have the advantage of masking their intentions, manipulating how others react to them.

Sadie visibly stiffens in her chair.

SADIE

Is that what you're doing?
Manipulating me?

JONAH

Is that what you think I'm doing?

Sadie pauses, then shakes her head.

Jonah scratches behind Lucy's ear.

JONAH

My favorite thing about dogs is their capacity to love unconditionally. It's what makes them so special. When they're ill-treated, they desperately want to give their abuser the benefit of the doubt. But you abuse them long enough...

Lucy places her huge head in Jonah's lap. He scratches behind her ears.

JONAH

That white hot love turns into a toxic sickness. It infects every cell in their body, until all they know is hate and the smell of their abuser drives them into a mad frenzy. And that special thing that makes them so sweet and lovable becomes something so broken...

He looks up at her. She meets his gaze. Her eyes fill, and tears roll down her cheek.

Jonah rushes to her and pulls her in.

JONAH

It's okay. You're okay.

Sadie holds him tight. Her shoulders shake violently from the outpouring of tears and unchecked emotion.

FROM THE DOORWAY

Thomas watches Sadie and Jonah hug.

EXT. MAIN STREET - NIGHT

Late night. No foot traffic.

Sadie exits from a subway stop. She turns up the street, past darkened storefronts, past an alley...

A METALLIC SOUND stops Sadie in her tracks. She peers into the darkness... tiptoes into the

ALLEY

Next to a dumpster: a MAN and a WOMAN.

They grope at each other, joined at the mouth. He unbuttons his pants -- hitches up her dress -- mounts her against the wall -- legs wrapped around him...

From the shadows, Sadie watches them, transfixed. Mouth slightly open, eyes glazed... her hand travels down the front of her dress...

Moans and groans with each thrust, faster and faster until... the couple collapses against the wall. The woman laughs.

The spell broken, Sadie hurries from the alley.

INT. SADIE'S APARTMENT - BEDROOM - NIGHT

Dark except for the soft glow of an open laptop on a desk.

On the screen, a PORN VIDEO on mute.

On a chair, Sadie frantically masturbates to the video, her head thrown back, eyes scrunched shut, mouth half-open--

--but it's not working.

SADIE

Goddammit!

She slams the laptop shut in frustration.

INT. SADIE'S APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Dark. Street light filters through gauzy curtains.

On the sofa, the tabby lazily cleans herself... then stops...

The front door slowly creaks open -- the cat arches her back, hisses as...

An Irish wolfhound appears in the doorway. It barely glances at the hissing cat before it heads down the hallway.

SADIE'S BEDROOM

Sadie, sound asleep, an arm draped over the edge of the bed.

The wolfhound crosses the room. Sniffs her hand... licks it tentatively... then gnaws at her fingers, drawing blood and revealing bone...

CUT TO:

INT. SADIE'S APARTMENT - BEDROOM - MORNING

Sadie's eyes flash open. Breaths coming fast and shallow. She looks down... sees the tabby licking her fingers.

INT. BALTIMORE MEDICAL EXAMINER - AUTOPSY SUITE - DAY

Sadie and Dee stand over a naked body on the autopsy table.

A MAN in his 40s but it's hard to tell because his pulverized face looks like it was used as a punching bag.

Dee can't contain her disgust.

DEE

Why are humans so awful? How's his poor family supposed to I.D. him?

All business, Sadie begins the examination.

SADIE

Severe contusions on upper torso, indicative of blunt force trauma.

Dee take notes. She peers up at Sadie, tentatively.

DEE

So, is there something you'd like to tell me?

SADIE

I don't know, is there?

DEE

Your date?

Sadie looks alarmed.

DEE

Don't worry, I'm not stalking you. I was at the Brighton Cinemas and saw you through the window of the bar across the street. Couldn't see your guy though, too many people in the way.

SADIE

I'd rather not discuss my personal life, if you don't mind.

DEE

Sorry, didn't mean anything by it. But that's what colleagues do, Sadie. Sometimes we share things about ourselves. I tell you stuff all the time.

SADIE

I don't want to share. I don't want to chit chat. I don't need to know that you and Nick are probably sleeping with each other. That's your business and I don't want to know anything about it.

She turns back to the body.

SADIE

Let's stay on point, please.

Sadie studies the abrasions on the body's knuckles.

SADIE

Looks like he fought back.

Sadie pokes at a swollen area near the body's ribcage.

Dee just watches as she continues with the examination.

SADIE

Possible internal hemorrhaging.

DEE

It just struck me how this is the perfect job for you. You poke and prod at these bodies but they can't poke back. They don't ask questions. They don't need you to be emotionally invested. Just how you like it.

A crack in her demeanor as Sadie face crumples, fighting back emotions.

SADIE

What do you know about my life? You know nothing about me.

Tears seep through, Sadie angrily brushes them away.

SADIE

Excuse me.

She pulls off the latex gloves, hurries out.

DEE

Shit.
(to herself)
You are such an idiot.

Dee hurries after her.

CORONER'S OFFICE

Dee pushes through the double doors. Sadie stands by her desk, back turned.

DEE
I'm sorry, I didn't mean to pry.
What the hell do I know about your
personal life? I shouldn't have said
those things...

Dee notices Sadie's hand repeatedly hitting the desk.

DEE
Sadie?

She comes around to face --

Sadie - mouth agape, rapid eyeball fluttering - in the midst of an epileptic seizure.

LATER

Dee offers Sadie a glass of water. She takes a small sip.

DEE
You should go to the E.R.

SADIE
I'm fine.

DEE
You weren't fine five minutes ago.
You're lucky you didn't fall and
crack your head open. What if this
happened while you were crossing the
street? Or driving?

SADIE
I don't have a car.

DEE
This is no joke. My second cousin
on my mother's side used to get
seizures all the time. In his case,
he had a brain tumor... Oh my god!
What if it's a brain tumor?

SADIE
I don't have a brain tumor. I just
need some rest.

DEE
Yes, go home. Rest.
(MORE)

DEE (CONT'D)

I can finish up in the lab. But you need to see a doctor. Soon. Promise?

SADIE

I promise.

EXT. BROWNSTONE - NIGHT

Sadie knocks on the door -- knocks again.

The door swings open.

JONAH

Sadie? What's wrong?

SADIE

Can I come in?

BEDROOM

Moonlight streams in through floor to ceiling windows. The moon hangs low over the city skyline.

By the bed, Sadie and Jonah face each other.

A silent agreement in her eyes - she wants this.

JONAH

Tell me what you want.

Nervously, but urgently, she undresses him.

BEDROOM - LATER

Jonah and Sadie spoon, enjoying the afterglow.

He traces a scar along her shoulder blade, his fingers questioning. She shivers.

SADIE

Husband with a bad temper.

JONAH

He hurt you.

SADIE

He wasn't always like that. He was sweet and kind. He made me laugh. But then...

He traces the scar on her abdomen.

JONAH
Was this from your husband too?

Sadie flinches at his touch. Her eyes squeeze shut against the memory of an unspeakable pain--

Sadie's eyes snap open, harden. She pushes his hand away and gets out of bed.

SADIE
You think we fuck once and I'm supposed to tell you my life story?

JONAH
What did I say?

SADIE
I came to you because I want to feel good for once. I didn't come here for a therapy session.

She dresses quickly.

He jumps out of bed and wraps his arms around her. She struggles to get away.

JONAH
Stop. We don't have to talk. We can just hold each other.

Her struggles cease.

JONAH
I'm not him, Sadie. I would never hurt you.

He turns her around to face him.

JONAH
Do you believe me?

Sadie silently nods.

INT. THERAPIST OFFICE - MORNING

GEMMA
Mike has power over you only if you let him.

Sadie focus wanders--

Gemma's voice becomes fainter and fainter, until the only sound is the blood rushing in Sadie's ears--

She studies her hand. Picks at a hangnail on her thumb. She stares as the blood pools, rolls off her finger and splashes onto her jeans.

As the droplet soaks into the fabric, Gemma's voice slowly comes back into focus--

GEMMA

...you thought the second time he hit you would be the last. But the third or fourth? Some women don't have the good sense to leave. You were lucky, but you really should have known better.

Sadie's head snaps up--

SADIE

What did you say?

GEMMA

That your feelings of paranoia stem from feelings of shame and guilt. You're allowed to be happy, Sadie. You deserve happiness.

SADIE

Sometimes, I look at the bodies that come in through the lab and I think about how we're all just a mass of electrons vibrating at incredible speeds, held together by positive charges... and if those charges were to disappear, we'd come apart...

GEMMA

Is that what you want do? Disappear?

She brushes away the blood on her jeans.

SADIE

Something happened at work.

GEMMA

Yes?

SADIE

I blacked out... maybe a seizure, I don't know.

GEMMA

Has this happened before?

Sadie shakes her head.

GEMMA

Did you hurt yourself?

SADIE

No. Only lasted for a few seconds.
I'm just tired. Haven't been sleeping
well lately. My prescription ran
out...

Gemma reaches for a pen, writes on a notepad.

GEMMA

Here's a refill but I want you to do
something else for me...

She hands the sheet to Sadie.

GEMMA

Dr. Sarah Richards. We were in med
school together. One of the best
neurologists in the city. I'll let
her know you'll be calling.

INT. MEDICAL OFFICE - DAY

Framed diplomas on the wall from Tufts University and Harvard
Medical School.

Sadie sits across from DR. SARAH RICHARDS (40s). Competent,
no-nonsense.

The doctor looks over a medical file.

A droopy plant catches Sadie's eye.

SADIE

Your plant needs water.

Dr. Richards doesn't look up.

DR. RICHARDS

I'm no good with plants. They all
end up dying on me.

(looks up)

Just the one seizure?

Off Sadie's nod, she continues reading.

Finally, Dr. Richards closes the file.

DR. RICHARDS

Let's schedule an MRI right away, as
well as a toxicology screen.

INT. HOSPITAL - MRI ROOM - DAY

Sadie lies on the MRI table, dressed in a hospital gown.

A LAB TECH (20s) makes last minute adjustments to the chamber.

SADIE

Are you even old enough to know what
you're doing?

The lab tech smiles - *he gets this all the time.*

LAB TECH

No need to be nervous. While you're
in the chamber it's important that
you stay still as much as possible
so we get an accurate image. Okay?

SADIE

I understand.

He secures her head with a soft strap.

LAB TECH

Comfortable?

He holds up a pair of headphones.

LAB TECH

I hope you like heavy metal.

The joke falls flat.

He settles the headphones on her ears.

LAB TECH

Ready?

Sadie nods.

He punches a button and heads for the exit.

The table slowly slides into the

MRI CHAMBER

Sadie's shallow breathing fills the chamber. Her eyes roam
the smooth circular walls.

Then, the faint strains of CLASSICAL MUSIC filters through
the headphones. The machine whirs to life.

Sadie takes a deep breath, closes her eyes...

OVER BLACK

MIKE (O.S.)
 ...last fucking thing I need is you
 nagging at me...

INT. HOME - NIGHT (FLASHBACK)

At the foot of the stairs looking up--

Sadie appears on the landing, followed by Mike. From this angle, she's clearly very pregnant.

MIKE
 Do you have any idea what my day was
 like? Huh? Two domestics. A gang
 stabbing of a fourteen year old...

Sadie backs up as he advances.

MIKE
 A decomp by the river. An OD in the
 South Station bathroom. And you're
 bitching cuz I forgot to pick up a
 pint of Ben and Jerry's Rocky fucking
 Road?

SADIE
 I'm sorry...

MIKE
 You say that a lot but I don't think
 you really mean it...

Closer to the top of the stairway--

Mike grabs Sadie's arm.

MIKE
 You think you're the only one stressed
 out around here? Wanna trade places?
 Find out what real stress feels like?

Sadie yanks her arm away from Mike. Stumbles. Her feet slip
 on the top step--

And she tumbles down the stairs, lands at the bottom with a
 sickening thud.

INT. HOSPITAL - CORRIDOR (FLASHBACK)

View of the ceiling as--

Fluorescent lights flash by. We hear gurney wheels clattering on the floor.

Mike's face dances at the edge of our peripheral view. His features pinched with fear... and guilt.

Our vision blurs and goes

BLACK

CUT TO:

Sadie jerks awake, finds herself in a

INT. HOSPITAL - MRI ROOM

Sadie blinks, disoriented.

LAB TECH

That wasn't too bad, was it?

SADIE

I fell asleep...

LAB TECH

I'll let you get your bearings and then we'll get some blood work done.

INT. ROW HOUSE - GROUND FLOOR FOYER - NIGHT

Sadie enters, checks her mailbox.

Among the bills is an unmarked envelope. She starts to pry it open when Lilly steps out of her apartment.

LILLY

Sadie. Are you just coming in?

SADIE

Long day.

Lilly drops a trashbag down the chute.

LILLY

I bet you haven't had dinner yet. Leftover meatloaf. Won't take a minute to heat it up.

SADIE

Thanks but I'm really beat. I just want a shower.

LILLY
 Probably for the best.
 (winks)
 My meatloaf is barely edible.

Sadie smiles, heads up the stairs. Opens the half-opened envelope, and takes out--

A WEDDING PHOTO

Her wedding photo: Mike, years younger, in a tuxedo. Grins into the camera. His arm encircles the waist of who we know is Sadie but her face has been scratched off.

Sadie stops dead in her tracks.

She bolts back downstairs and knocks at

LILLY'S DOOR

Lilly opens the door.

LILLY
 Change your mind about the meat loaf?

SADIE
 Was there...did you see someone drop
 a letter in my mail slot?

LILLY
 No, can't say that I did. Are you
 alright? You look pale...

Sadie composes herself.

SADIE
 I'm fine. Thank you, Lilly. Good
 night.

She rushes up the stairs.

SADIE'S APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM

The jangle of keys in the lock. Sadie enters, slams all the locks and bolts into place.

She takes the photo and rips it into tiny pieces. Throws them into a wastebasket.

BEDROOM - LATER

Sadie emerges from the bathroom, covered in a bathrobe.

Behind her, the closet door slowly swings open...

A figure steps out of the shadows, grabs her, one hand covering her mouth...

Pushes her onto the bed--

SADIE

--face pushed into the mattress. Fear flashes in her eyes.

MIKE (O.S.)
I won't hurt you.

Fear replaced by anger.

MIKE (O.S.)
All I want is to talk. Just talk...
Can we do that?

Sadie nods.

He slowly takes his hand away. Sadie turns over.

Mike leans in, smells her wet hair.

MIKE
Like summer rain.

SADIE
You're hurting me.

Mike backs off, but stays close, looming...

He reaches over, nudges the robe open. Stares openly at her naked body.

MIKE
You're so beautiful.

Sadie clutches the robe closed.

Mike stands up abruptly, paces, agitated... He pulls something out of his back pocket and throws it on the bed - the divorce papers.

MIKE
I'm not signing that.

SADIE
We agreed--

MIKE
I never agreed.

He kneels before her.

MIKE

(pleads)

Give me another chance. Give us
another chance. I need you.

He buries his head in her lap.

MIKE

Please, Sadie...

She raises her hand, hesitates, then rests it gently on his head.

SADIE

It's too late.

He stirs, then pushes her slowly onto the bed. He lies on top of her.

Mike bares her breast, slowly takes it into his mouth.

Sadie holds her breath.

He forces his mouth onto hers. She struggles.

MIKE

You want me to beg? Is that what you want?

He becomes visibly excited, moving on top of her. He looks for her reaction but is only met with a blank stare.

He tries to kiss her again but she turns her face away. He moves his hand between her thighs...

SADIE

Do what you have to do but know that
I will loathe every single disgusting
second of it.

Mike freezes, searches her face. His excitement fading. He snarls with disgust and pushes away.

MIKE

Cover yourself up.

He picks up the divorce papers, rips it in half and throws it in her face.

MIKE

We're not done. You remember that.

He storms out.

Sadie lies still until she hears the front door slam.

She bolts off the bed and VOMITS onto the floor.

BATHROOM - LATER

The DRIP DRIP of the faucet splashes into the bath water.

Sadie reclines in the bathtub, eyes stare blankly. She closes her eyes and slips under...

Bubbles float to the surface...

A FLICKER OF IMAGES: a flash of sharp canines, a neck ripped open. Splatter of blood hits her face. Blood pools on bathroom tiles.

Suddenly, her eyes flare open underwater and she crashes to the surface, gasping for air.

INT. BOSTON MEDICAL EXAMINER - CORONER'S OFFICE - MORNING

Dee looks at her watch: 11:00AM.

DEE

Yo, Nick. Did Sadie call in this morning?

Nick pokes his head out from the lab.

NICK

Nope.

DEE

We were supposed to process a D.B. an hour ago.

NICK

It's not like it's going anywhere. Did you try her cell?

DEE

Her cell!
(sarcastic)
Why didn't I think of that?

INT. SADIE'S APARTMENT - BEDROOM - DAY

The sun shines brightly through the window.

A shape stirs under the covers.

On the night stand, a cell phone vibrates...

Sadie's hand sneaks out from under the covers, fumbles with the night stand drawer. Throws the cell into the drawer.

INT. OFFICE - DAY

Dr. Richards, phone held to her ear. As voicemail picks up:

DR. RICHARDS
 (into phone)
 Sadie, this is Dr. Richards. Your MRI results came back. Please call the office to schedule a time for you to come in and discuss... As soon as possible, please.

She hangs up, turns to her computer screen: digital image of a brain scan. Her brow, furrowed.

INT. SADIE'S APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Dark, except for the glow of a television. Sound down low.

ON TELEVISION -- a news report:

NEWS REPORTER
 Animal Control has been called to Downtown Crossing where a large dog has been spotted...

EXT. ROW HOUSE - ROOFTOP - NIGHT

Sadie stands at the edge of the roof. Her haunted, thousand yard stare overlooks the city lights in the distance.

Emotions flit across her face - fear, shame, guilt, anger...

She turns at the sound of footsteps.

Jonah joins her at the roof edge, watches the city lights for a moment.

JONAH
 I don't see an alternative. Do you?

SADIE
 I can leave. Start fresh...

JONAH
 You love this city, you love your job. Why do you have to be the one to leave? He should be the one.

SADIE

He would never.

JONAH

That's why he has to be convinced.

She blinks. Deep breath. She's come to a decision.

EXT. DOWNTOWN CROSSING - NIGHT

A pedestrian-only intersection hemmed in by retail stores.

Curious STRAGGLERS held behind yellow security tape.

A floodlight from a local T.V. news van illuminates the opening to an alleyway.

ALLEY

Deep-throated growls rumble in the dark.

Several COPS form a semi-circle at the mouth of the alley. They train their flashlights on something large cornered against the far wall.

A large shape in the dark - crouched low, teeth bared, silver eyes flash.

COP

Where the fuck is Animal Control?

Footsteps fast approaching...

Two ANIMAL CONTROL OFFICERS push through the semi-circle. One of them carries a long-handle snare pole with a loop at one end.

The one carrying the snare reaches into a pocket, pulls out dog biscuits...

He lobs them toward the dog - readies the snare--

The dog springs out of the corner, growling--

The cops startle... back up a step...

The 2nd animal control officer grabs a flashlight, inches forward - focuses it on the dog's face--

--illuminates the froth dripping from the jaws of a large Wolfhound.

He reaches for a pistol type gun on his holster, steadies it - pulls the trigger--

THWIP!

A tranq dart embeds itself into the animal's flank - sends it into a frenzy.

The wolfhound lunges at the cops - barking, jaws snapping - until its movements slow --finally, collapses in a heap.

The animal control officers snap on rubber gloves, approach the body.

DOWNTOWN CROSSING

A reporter talks into the camera.

NEWS REPORTER
According to witnesses...

INT. BEDROOM

Dee and Nick in bed, eating out of the same box of ice cream as they watch the news--

NEWS REPORTER
(on TV)
...the animal is aggressive and may
be suffering from rabies...

NICK
Shit. Is that our dog?

INT. SADIE'S APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Urgent knocking echoes in the darkened room... Louder...

Sadie rushes down the hallway, clutching her robe. She listens at the door... jumps when--

THOMAS (O.S.)
Miss Sadie!

Sadie unlocks the deadbolt, opens the door.

THOMAS
(agitated)
You have to come. Jonah needs you.

SADIE
It's two o'clock in the morning...

THOMAS
He doesn't have much time.

SADIE
What happened?

THOMAS
Please, just come!

She hesitates...

SADIE
Give me a second.

She rushes down the hallway.

THOMAS
Hurry!

INT. BROWNSTONE - BEDROOM - NIGHT

The door opens. Thomas and Sadie step through.

She looks to the bed - Jonah curled in a fetal position, his back to her. He groans softly.

Sadie steps forward but Thomas holds her back.

THOMAS
Has he told you?

SADIE
Told me what?

Thomas releases her arm. She rushes to Jonah's side.

His back damp from body sweat. Spine and shoulder blades sharp against his skin.

She perches on the edge of the bed. Lays her hand gently on his back--

SADIE
Jonah?

And there! The tiniest of movements under his skin. His spine shifts imperceptibly under her touch.

Sadie stares in horror... and amazement.

Jonah murmurs, cocks his head, sniffs the air... With great effort, he rolls to face her.

His eyelids flutter open, reveals--

The WHITES OF HIS EYES, a shocking shade of pale yellow. The iris a bright silvery hue.

JONAH

You came.

Sadie puts a hand to his forehead.

SADIE

You're burning up. You need to be in a hospital.

JONAH

No! No hospital, no doctors. Just stay with me. Can you stay?

Sadie gets into bed, cradles him in her arms.

Thomas steps out of the room, closes the door behind him.

JONAH

You asked me why I can never have children.

(coughs)

I can't pass on this...curse. It has to end with me.

SADIE

Shh, you don't have to talk.

He cries out as he's hit with another wave of pain.

Sadie holds him tight, soothes him. They stay like this for a long moment until--

SADIE

Sophie. I was going to name her Sophie. She would be almost two years old.

Her eyes wet from unshed tears.

SADIE

I was six months pregnant. I tripped on the stairs and...

She chokes back tears.

SADIE

I can't have children now either.

Jonah faces her, his eyes glinting.

JONAH

Tell me the truth.

She's confused.

JONAH
You didn't trip. That's not how it
really happened.

She blinks with newfound clarity.

SADIE
No, that's not how it happened.

JONAH
Tell me.

SADIE
He was angry. I was trying to get
away from him but he grabbed my arm...

JONAH
Then what?

SADIE
He pushed me...

JONAH
He killed Sophie. Say it.

SADIE
He killed my baby.

JONAH
And he needs to pay.

SADIE
Yes, he needs to pay.

They stare at each other, in full understanding.

Jonah turns to face the window. The moon appears large, framed
by the windows. Almost full.

INT. SADIE'S APARTMENT - BATHROOM - NIGHT

The light flickers on. Sadie opens the medicine cabinet.
Reaches for the prescription bottle. Opens it--

FOUR TABLETS left.

KITCHEN

The prescription bottle abandoned on the counter.

Sadie dumps the tablets into a coffee grinder.

NICK (O.S.)
You're doing it all wrong.

Sadie whips around to see--

Nick, propped against the doorway, munching on a donut.

NICK
That's not going to work. Got a mortar
and pestle?

Sadie thinks, then goes to a cabinet.

MORTAR AND PESTLE

NICK (V.O.)
Now grind those babies into a super
fine powder.

Sadie grinds the tablets.

She looks to the doorway.

SADIE
Now what?

NICK
Got booze?

Sadie opens the freezer, pulls out a bottle of vodka.

NICK
Perfect. Now, get a mixing bowl...

MIXING BOWL

In goes the powder.

NICK (V.O.)
One cup vodka...

In goes the vodka.

NICK (V.O.)
Gently stir until powder dissolves.

Sadie stirs the mixture with a spoon.

NICK (V.O.)
Next part's important. You need a
double boiler.

Sadie looks to the doorway.

SADIE
Are you sure?

Nick pops the last of the donut in his mouth.

STOVE TOP

The bowl with the mixture rests in a pot filled with water, gently simmering.

NICK (V.O.)
Gotta let the alcohol boil off slowly
until there's only one or two
tablespoons left...

COUNTER TOP

The mixture poured through a plastic funnel into a small glass vial.

NICK (V.O.)
Homemade, farm to table, super duper
concentrated, guaranteed to knock
you into next week. Goodnight, moon.

Sadie holds up the vial to the ceiling light - clear as glass.

SADIE
He won't know what hit
him.

NICK (V.O.)
He won't know what hit
him.

She turns to Nick... but he's already gone.

INT. BOSTON POLICE DEPARTMENT - INTAKE ROOM - MORNING

Mike walks by just as the desk sergeant looks up.

DESK SERGEANT
Mikey.
(holds up an envelope)
This came for you.

Mike pries it open and a notecard falls out. He recognizes the handwriting. The card reads:

I'd like to talk. Tonight? At our bar? 8pm.

INT. THERAPIST OFFICE - MORNING

Gemma at her desk, her cell phone in front of her. A voicemail from Dr. Richards on speaker --

DR. RICHARDS
Sorry to bother you but I have a
time-sensitive matter. I can't get
in touch with Sadie Trent and I'm
wondering if you've heard from her...

INT. BOSTON MEDICAL EXAMINER - CORONER'S OFFICE - DAY

Dee reads from a file.

DEE
...cause of death, repeated pummeling
of the face with a golf club.
Obviously. Tox report's inside but
he was clean.

She hands over the file to Hicks.

DEE
Just need Sadie to sign off.

GEMMA (O.S.)
Hello?

Dee and Hicks look up to see Gemma standing in the doorway.

GEMMA
Is this Sadie Trent's office?

DEE
Yep, but she's not here.

GEMMA
When do you expect her?

DEE
Can I help you with something?

GEMMA
Do you have a current address on
file? I seem to have her old address
and I can't reach her by phone.

DEE
We can't give out that information--

HICKS
I'm Detective Hicks. What's this
about exactly?

GEMMA
Gemma Thomas. I'm Sadie's therapist
and I really need to speak with her.
I wouldn't be here if it wasn't
important.

Hicks looks to Dee.

DEE

She didn't come in yesterday and she hasn't called in. Her cell keeps going to voicemail.

GEMMA

I can't divulge specifics but it's about a health matter and Sadie needs to be in a hospital. Right now.

Dee and Hicks exchange looks.

HICKS

We still can't give out her private information but I can stop by her place after my shift.

Gemma nods, hands her business card to Hicks.

GEMMA

Please call me as soon as possible.

EXT. BAR - NIGHT

A Trans Am pulls up to the curb. Mike gets out, crosses the street.

INT. BAR - NIGHT

Mike weaves through the crowd to a table by the window. Sadie rises when she spots Mike.

MIKE

Haven't been here in ages.

SADIE

Me neither. I hoped you would remember.

MIKE

How could I forget? A lot of fun memories here.

He notices the two drinks on the table.

SADIE

Wild Turkey on the rocks. Is that what you're still drinking?

She holds up her glass.

SADIE

Cheers.

They both drink.

Mike smiles.

MIKE

This feels good, being here. With
you. Feels like it was just yesterday.

He points to a booth across the room.

MIKE

Remember that time we all came here
for Ashley's wake? You were so upset,
you forgot to eat. You got so drunk
you ended up puking in the bus boy's
trash bin.

Sadie smiles, but the smile doesn't reach her eyes.

SADIE

I had a hangover for two days.

Mike laughs at the memory, drains his glass.

SADIE

Refill?

MIKE

Let me get this round.

SADIE

You can get the next one.

Mike watches her as she walks across the room.

BAR

Sadie flags the bartender.

SADIE

Wild Turkey rocks, Bombay gin and
tonic.

As the bartender turns away, she reaches into her pocket and
palms a small vial.

The bartender sets the drink in front of her. She hands him
cash. He turns to the register...

She deftly uncorks the vial and pours the contents into the
whiskey. Puts the empty vial back into her pocket.

WINDOW TABLE

Sadie sets the whiskey in front of Mike.

MIKE

Are you trying to get me drunk?

SADIE

Bottoms up.

They both drink.

MIKE

Now that I'm lubed up nicely, why don't we cut to the chase.

SADIE

You could always see through me.

MIKE

You were never a very good liar.

SADIE

Never acquired a taste for it. Unlike present company.

He takes off his jacket, loosens his tie.

MIKE

But that's history, water under the bridge, right?

SADIE

Under the bridge? No, I don't think so. Not by a long shot.

MIKE

You did what you thought you had to do. I get it. I was fine with that.

Sweat beads on his forehead and upper lip. He wipes it away.

MIKE

But you can't deny there's still something there. There always had been, always will be...

He reaches over, caresses her arm. Turns on his version of charm.

MIKE

You'll always be my sexy Sadie.

A look of pity on her face.

SADIE

How did I not see it before?

MIKE

See what?

SADIE

I guess I was in love. No, I was in love. Deeply. Funny how I don't remember why. Or what that feels like anymore.

She smiles sadly.

SADIE

I would've loved you forever if you had let me.

Doubt flashes in Mike's eyes. His hand stops mid-caress.

SADIE

You weren't always like this. How did you get this way? When did it change? What turned you into a sad, pathetic little man?

His eyes harden.

SADIE

Maybe it was when you figured out that your best days were in high school. When everyone got promoted except you. And then on top of that, realizing your wife was smarter than you. That must've been emasculating for you.

Mike gulps the remainder of his whiskey. His face flushed.

SADIE

You're so dumb, you think forcing yourself on your wife is the same thing as making love.

(bitter laugh)

But then again, I married you, so what does that say about me?

He grabs her hand.

MIKE

What are you playing at?

His eyes dilate. Breathing quickens... His grasp loosens.

Mike slumps back in his chair.

Calmly, Sadie reaches around and searches his pockets... finds the note she wrote him.

SADIE
Let's get rid of this, shall we?

MIKE
What did you do...?

SADIE
Something I should've done a long
time ago.

His head falls to his chest and he tumbles to the floor,
unconscious.

Several CUSTOMERS look over curiously.

SADIE
(to the crowd)
I told him not to mix booze and cold
meds. Our car's across the street.
Would someone mind helping me...?

Two STRAPPING GUYS come to her aid. Each one grabs an arm
and hoists Mike off the floor.

EXT. BAR

The group crosses the street to Mike's car. The guys dump
his body in the back seat.

Sadie gets behind the wheel and drives away.

INT. ROW HOUSE - 2ND FLOOR HALLWAY - NIGHT

Hicks bangs on Sadie's door. No answer. He takes out his
cell, punches in a number.

Faintly, a cell phone rings from inside the apartment.

Hicks bangs on the door.

HICKS
Sadie? Open up! Sadie!

The cell phone keeps ringing.

Hicks squares his shoulder--

INT. SADIE'S APARTMENT

The door bursts open and Hicks stumbles inside.

DR. RICHARDS (V.O.)
 ...MRI scan shows a slight
 inflammation of the brain...

He eyes the ringing cell phone on the side table.

Down the hallway to the

BATHROOM

Empty.

BEDROOM

Hicks appears in the doorway. Empty too.

Hicks's about to leave when he spots something--

An overturned shoe box by the bed.

DR. RICHARDS (V.O.)
 ...In worst cases, it can cause
 altered consciousness, hallucinations,
 seizures...

Hicks squats by the shoe box, picks it up.

A PHOTO OF SADIE AND MIKE from happier days. Someone's taken
 a pen and scratched off Sadie's face.

He sifts through the rest - they're all the same.

A trashcan under the desk - half-filled with balled up paper.

DR. RICHARDS (V.O.)
 ...All pointing to an encephalitis
 infection...

Hicks picks one out, smooths out the wrinkles, reads--

"Dear Sadie, I'm resorting to communicating.."

DR. RICHARDS (V.O.)
 ...Untreated, it can be fatal. It's
 urgent that the patient comes in
 right away...

INT. BASEMENT - NIGHT

A naked bulb hangs from the ceiling. The FULL MOON visible
 through a small window high up on the wall.

Against the far corner, Sadie stands in front of steel bars
 forming a sort of--

CELL

On the floor, Jonah lies naked, writhing in pain.

SADIE

Jonah...

Jonah's head snaps up and we get the full effect of his transformed eyes - fully dilated black pupil, the iris a bright yellow.

His voice, already changed, guttural--

JONAH

You shouldn't be here. Please, go...

Sadie kneels down, reaches through the bars for him.

JONAH

I don't want to hurt you.

SADIE

This is the only place I want to be.

A soft GROAN O.S.

Sadie looks over her shoulder to--

MIKE

Arms and legs strapped to a chair.

Mike blinks, groggy, gets his bearings. He looks around at the musty discarded furniture, equipment, odds and ends.

He bucks against his restraints.

Finally, he sees--

Sadie by the far wall, kneeling.

But to his POV (our POV), there is no cell. No Jonah.

MIKE

Sadie?

She doesn't seem to hear him.

MIKE

Where the fuck am I? Sadie! Get these fucking things off me!

He hears Sadie murmuring--

MIKE

What? What are you saying?

SADIE'S POV

Sadie caresses Jonah through the bars.

SADIE

I'm right here. I won't leave you.

Jonah's back arches sharply... the sound of SHIFTING VERTEBRAE CRACK AND ELONGATE under his skin.

He SCREAMS... shoulders POP out of their sockets... knees bend backward at an impossible angle...

Jonah bares his teeth... bones crack as his jaw MISALIGNS AND RESHAPES into a long canine snout, and--

--he throws his head back... the HOWL echoes off the basement walls, and we get the full effect of--

Jonah, fully transformed into a GIANT WOLF.

MIKE'S POV

MIKE

Okay, joke's over... Haha, you've had your fun.

Sadie gets to her feet, back still turned to him.

MIKE

Look at me, goddammit!

SADIE'S POV

The wolf nuzzles Sadie's outstretched hand.

SADIE

I brought you something.

The wolf raises its head, sniffs the air.

Sadie grabs the cell door and swings it open--

MIKE'S POV

Sadie finally faces Mike.

MIKE

You crazy bitch. If you don't cut me loose right now, I'll...

He bucks in the chairs, yells in frustration.

SADIE'S POV

The wolf's ears perk up, lowers its head--

Sadie steps aside--

The wolf lopes towards

MIKE'S POV

Sadie steps towards Mike, and now he sees--

--a knife in her hand.

She approaches--

MIKE

Hey, what are you doing? What the
fuck are you doing?

She keeps coming--

SADIE'S POV

She watches calmly as the wolf springs for an attack--

MIKE'S POV

Sadie raises the knife and swings downward--

Slices into his chest--

Again... and again... and again...

Blood flies through the air with each arc of the knife.

His screams fill the room.

SADIE'S POV

A blood lust in her eyes as she watches the wolf tear into
Mike's jugular--

Blood sprays--

Mike gurgles as blood spills from his throat--

The wolf strikes again, its powerful jaws lock onto Mike's
face... bears down --

The sound of crushing bones mingle with Mike's moans --

The floor beneath Mike stained dark with his blood.

Mike's body spasms until... it doesn't anymore.

Sated, the wolf sits on its haunches. Licks the blood off its snout.

Mike's lifeless gaze stares out from his mangled face.

Sadie heads to the stairs, the wolf lopes after her.

FOYER

Thomas looks up as the basement door opens.

THOMAS

Don't worry, I'll clean up.

Sadie kisses him on the cheek.

SADIE

Thank you, Thomas.

Thomas reaches for the door...

EXT. ROW HOUSE

The front door opens and Hicks steps out, makes a call on his cell phone.

HICKS

(on phone)

Dispatch. Hicks here. Get a hold of Officer Michael Burke and--

A noise down the street catches his attention.

EXT. BROWNSTONE

The front door opens. Sadie and the wolf step out, and as they head towards the sidewalk...

OUR POV

...we see the facade of the stately brownstone fades away and replaced by the abandoned parish church on the corner...

...and the wolf fades away too...

Until Sadie stands alone--

--clothes covered in blood. The knife still clasped in her hand, blood drips from the blade.

HICKS (O.S.)

Sadie?

She looks up at approaching footsteps.

Hicks takes in the knife and the blood.

HICKS

What happened? Are you hurt? Sadie!

She drops the knife, eyes roll back, collapses.

EXT. ABANDONED CHURCH - NIGHT

Yellow police tape cordon off the abandoned church.

Cruisers block the street, sirens on mute, lightbars flashing red and blue.

INT. ABANDONED CHURCH - BASEMENT - NIGHT

Footsteps descending down stairs.

Hicks appears, turns the corner and sees the bloody mess that used to be Mike.

HICKS

Holy mother of Jesus Christ.

INT. HOSPITAL - HALLWAY - MORNING

Dr. Richards and Hicks confer in hushed tones in front of a hospital room.

DR. RICHARDS

Are the restraints really necessary?

HICKS

She's the prime suspect in a homicide, so yes. When can I talk to her?

DR. RICHARDS

Not until she regains consciousness and we can do further testing. She's on anti-virals but we won't know the extent of any impairment... Detective, permanent brain damage is a possible complication.

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - MORNING

Sadie lies in a hospital bed. Her eyes flutter open, focuses.

She tries to sit upright but her wrist is handcuffed to the bed. Panics.

A movement from the corner.

She turns, and sees--

Jonah, sitting in a chair.

Their gazes lock.

Her panic subsides and they share a secret smile.

FADE OUT