

NIGHT OF THE RED PHANTOM

By

Eric Dickson

FADE IN:

EXT. DARK ALLEY - NIGHT

A filth ridden back alley desecrated with trash and tumbling newspaper. The narrow passage softly lit by the casting light of a rear door's sixty watt bulb.

One of these ruffled papers lands face up: "GOLDEN GATE KILLER STILL AT LARGE".

A hand snags it up. The hand belongs to --

ROY CARSON---40s, blonde, gruff, t shirt and jeans, a bit confused and seemingly lost.

ROY

Hello?

Roy moves further into the light. A glance over his shoulder.

The other end stretches into an infinite darkness. No escape. Just a PITCH BLACK VOID in both directions.

ROY (CONT'D)

I'm threw playing games! Just show yourself!

A strange and almost dreamlike FOG hovers at ground level. It drifts around him like a ghostly mist.

ROY (CONT'D)

What the hell...

As Roy faces forward...

...he's nose to nose with A HOODED FIGURE aiming a pistol directly at his face.

ROY (CONT'D)

Noooo!

Before he can draw his gun...

The Hooded Figure puts one between his eyes.

INT. ROY'S BEDROOM - NIGHT (PRESENT)

A scared out of his mind Roy leaps into an upright position. Out of the all too surreal nightmare. He's short of breath and in the midst of urinating.

INT. REHAB CLINIC - DAY

A FEMALE PHYSICAL THERAPIST, clipboard with workout routine in hand, watches Roy use his left arm to stretch an elastic blue therapy band wound to a nautilus machine.

THERAPIST

Remember. You wanna do nice, slow movements.

Roy's forehead beads with the sweat of a man feeling his age. His badly scarred shoulder twitches and strains to make the full range movement.

THERAPIST (CONT'D)

Good. Gimme ten more.

Roy smirks, shakes his head, takes a moment to catch his breath and give his shoulder a rest.

THEREPIST

Come on. No resting. Let's go, Roy.

Roy observes a room full of other recovering patients. All of them diligent and determined. This seems to fuel his fire as he starts his next few reps.

THERAPIST

Good, Roy. Real good.

INT. DR. FINK'S OFFICE - DAY

Roy sits quietly before DR. WALTER FINK---50s, police shrink, gaunt face and bone thin. The two seem to be engaging in an endless staring contest of sorts.

Rested atop of Fink's desk in plain view of his patients is a photo of him in his high school glory day's making a game winning lay-up.

Roy cracks a smile as he studies the image.

FINK

Are you still having nightmares?

ROY

Same dream. Every night.

Fink squints, bites his pen, intrigued.

FINK

You're still not sleeping. Why not?

ROY

You mean other than pissing myself like a baby?

FINK

Your mind's preoccupied. Tell me about it.

Roy incessantly opens and shuts his stainless zippo lighter. A nervous habit.

ROY

Don't know. Anxiousness maybe. Getting back to the job. Getting back the old mind set. Maybe I'm scared there's a part of me that won't be up to it.

FINK

Like the part that was almost killed?

Roy shuts his zippo for good this time, super annoyed, shoots Fink a piercing stare.

ROY

Very intuitive, Doc.

FINK

Roy, do you think that maybe your not sleeping is due to your avoiding the obvious?

ROY

Which is what exactly?

FINK

Can't help but notice the closer you get to returning to work, the more often and more intense your dream.

Roy is slightly confused but nods just the same.

FINK (CONT'D)

Think about it. When you first began having this dream, your attacker was faceless. A blank slate. As if your mind was still struggling to remember that night more vividly.

(MORE)

FINK (CONT'D)

But then something happened. As the dreams progressed, so did your guilt.

ROY

What the hell do I have to feel guilty about? I took three in the chest from this asshole.

FINK

For being alive, Roy.

Roy scoffs at this. A sensitive subject.

FINK (CONT'D)

When you found out you were returning to work, the man in your dream revealed himself to you. Yes?

ROY

Yeah, I told you that already.

FINK

And you said it was the first man you ever killed in the line of duty. The next dream, it was your second kill. Then third. Then fourth. Obviously, there's a pattern forming here.

Roy mumbles profanities as he stares out the office window. He's not buying what Fink's selling.

FINK (CONT'D)

Don't you see? With each dream, you're coming face to face with every man you ever shot. Every life you ever snuffed out. Imperfect lives but lives just the same. Someone's father, brother, husband or son.

ROY

I never put anyone down that didn't take a pop at me first.

FINK

We're not debating on whether those were righteous shoots, Roy. But it never made it any easier. Did it?

Roy slumps forward. A tired sigh. Fink also leans forward, fights for Roy's undivided attention.

FINK (CONT'D)

Roy, you sat here for weeks telling me that if you died, no one would show at your funeral. How guilty you felt abandoning your wife and child for all those years working homicides. It's a miracle you're still alive and it's one you don't understand, because, in your mind, you have no reason or right to still be here.

ROY

You're right. I was a lousy husband. Lousy father. All I have is the job.

Roy walks to the window, stares out at a slightly obstructed view of THE GOLDEN GATE BRIDGE...curtailed by tall, dense shrubbery accenting a quaint hilltop office.

ROY (CONT'D)

Some might argue I'm not doing much but taking up space.

FINK

But you lived to work another case. Maybe that's the reason you pulled through. God may have some higher purpose for you, Roy.

Roy rolls his eyes.

ROY

Maybe.

FINK

Know what I think?

Roy faces him, eagerly awaits his answer.

FINK (CONT'D)

I think the responsibility of that is weighing on your mind like a ton of bricks.

INT. ROY'S APARTMENT BUILDING - LOBBY - DAY

Roy holds open the door for A YOUNG LADY stepping out. He conceals the obvious pain in his left shoulder as he quietly winces in agony.

He walks to his nearby mailbox, unlocks and grabs a thick stack of white envelopes.

INT. ROY'S APARTMENT - DAY

Roy enters, mail in hand, tosses his keys on a nightstand near the door and flips through some bills. As he sifts through mostly junk mail --

A postcard with a very touristy picture of The Golden Gate Bridge drops face up on the carpet.

Roy snags it up. A message in bright red ink:

*Glad you're back on your feet. See you soon - R.P.*

At the very bottom is a circle and crosshairs: The sign of The Zodiac Killer.

ROY  
See you soon.

Roy steps to his open kitchen window and gawks out at the most beautiful view of San Francisco.

A demented gleam in his eye.

ROY (CONT'D)  
Not if I see you first.

EXT. INTERSTATE 405 - DAY

It's afternoon rush hour.

Vehicles in each of the six lanes trudge along at a snail's pace while drivers rub sore and tired necks and toy with their radios.

In between all the HONKING and CURSING it's a melting pot of COUNTRY, ROCK, RAP and HIP HOP.

A WHITE FORD GALAXIE

swerves in and out of the lanes, a real bat out of hell.

The driver HONKS THE HORN non-stop and barely avoids a series of deadly collisions. Suddenly...

The passenger door swings open and A YOUNG WOMAN falls into oncoming traffic. Her bloodied and mangled face lifts up just as --

AN ONCOMING SEMI runs her down.

INT. CITY MORGUE - CORONER'S OFFICE - NIGHT

INSPECTOR JAMIE WELLS---30s, short hair, hard face, tough as nails, strolls a creepy basement hallway with a flickering overhead light.

The fluorescent glow CRACKLES and SPARKS as if death itself looms in the air.

Walking toward Jamie from the other end of the hall is CAPTAIN MIKE MULDOON---50s, square jaw, cheap haircut and a true criminal to fashion.

Jamie glances over Muldoon's shoulder and spots a young blonde woman waiting on a bench.

A door marker reads PATHOLOGY.

WELLS

Who's the girl?

MULDOON

She's been waiting for about twenty minutes. Claims she's the vic's roommate.

Muldoon joins Wells as they take their time toward the coroner's office and pathology lab.

WELLS

She's already ID'd the body? How's that?

MULDOON

Saw what happened on the news and rushed over. Said she just had a feeling it was her. She already made a pair of matching tattoos on her ankles.

WELLS

Who is she?

MULDOON

Traci. Something. She didn't give me a last name. Or much of anything else. She's still a bit out of it.

WELLS

Not her. The victim.



MULDOON

Nicole Brummel. Twenty two. Turns out their both pros.

WELLS

Working girls?

MULDOON

The roommate officially reported Nicole missing this morning. Had a trick late Friday night and never came home.

WELLS

Could be one of her regulars.

Muldoon grabs Wells by the arm, stops her in her tracks.

He nods to TRACI---20s, tall blonde, a well laundered tank top and sweats, sitting on a steel bench outside of pathology.

MULDOON

I'll give you a few minutes. Get what you can.

Muldoon ducks inside. With a careful sense of remorse, Wells approaches Traci, still very much in shock.

WELLS

I'm Inspector Wells. I hear you and Nicole were roommates.

TRACI

So, you find this fucker yet or you waiting for him to die of old age?

Wells is taken aback by Traci's outburst. She takes a moment to gather herself.

WELLS

No. I was hoping you could help us out with that. Maybe start by getting us a list of names she was seeing on the regular. Guys she may've been having issues with.

TRACI

Nikki had this super secret she refused to tell me about. All I know is he must've gotten rough with her because she's barely shown her face in the last two weeks.

WELLS

How do you mean?

TRACI

Always coming and going without saying a word. All the sudden she's wearing these dark shades. Hats and long sleeves. All quiet and not talking to anyone.

WELLS

Withdrawn.

TRACI

That's when I knew this guy was into some kind of kinky shit, ya know.

Wells jots down some notes on a legal pad.

TRACI (CONT'D)

The money must've been something special. Nikki didn't just go with anyone. She was real super careful like that. To put up with that, this dude must've had deep pockets. That I can tell you.

Wells nods as she processes it all.

INT. EXAMINATION ROOM - PATHOLOGY - NIGHT

Wells enters. The overhead lighting in here is just as creepy and strange in hue. In a far corner --

Muldoon stands before a simple white sheet draped over the badly damaged body of Nicole Brummel.

SHEP---60s, career pathologist, holds a voice recorder in hand as he records his official report.

Four X rays hang on a wall light box. Of both Nicole's right and left arms as well as legs.

Wells notices them. Shep spots her by the door.

SHEP

Inspector Wells. How goes it?

With the sound MUTED, a television features raw helicopter footage of stand-still traffic on the 405.

Muldoon watches. A sick look about him.

MULDOON

What a mess.

WELLS

The eyewitness report from the 911 call claims she jumped. Another report says she had a gun to her head.

SHEP

Well. I'm pretty sure we can rule out an accident.

Wells joins Muldoon at the table.

Shep takes a breath, removes the sheet.

Wells and Muldoon grimace at the sight.

Brummel face down with her BLOODY BACK fully exposed. The number 602-0499 carved deep into her flesh.

SHEP (CONT'D)

Take a look at the wrists.

Wells spots a bright purple indentation around the victim's left hand wrist. She picks it up, gets a closer look.

SHEP (CONT'D)

She's got these same ligature marks on both ankles and freshly healed abrasions on her knees. With the severity of the road rash, I almost missed it.

WELLS

She was restrained.

MULDOON

Hogtied. Like an animal.

SHEP

And this wasn't the first time either.

Shep walks to the four X rays. Wells follows.

SHEP (CONT'D)

Your girl has several partially healed fractures and sprains. On both wrists as well as the right and left humerus.

Shep points at what looks to be a dark mass in Brummel's right and left kneecaps.

SHEP (CONT'D)

See this mass just above her knee?

WELL

Yeah?

SHEP

She's got another one just like it. They're identical.

WELLS

What is that?

SHEP

It's a condition called osteomyelitis.

Muldoon steps up behind them, intrigued by this new development.

SHEP (CONT'D)

It's caused by bacteria entering the bones from a nearby infection or open wound. Your girl had it in both legs. Specifically near the kneecaps.

MULDOON

An open wound. Like being on your knees for long periods of time.

SHEP

Precisely.

WELLS

Not just any surface. But somewhere rough. Something that could easily tear at her flesh.

MULDOON

Possibly asphalt. Ties our guy into the streetwalker scenario.

SHEP

To say that this man liked it rough is putting it mildly.

Shep refers back to the X rays and shakes his head.

SHEP (CONT'D)

This girl's hospital records must  
be three inches thick.

Wells walks to the body and inspects both ankle tattoos.

On the left ankle is the astrological sign for Aries. On the  
right ankle is a more detailed ram's head.

WELLS

What are these tattoos on her  
ankles?

MULDOON

Ram's horns. Brummel was an Aries.

Wells turns to Muldoon, surprised by his knowledge of  
horoscopes.

MULDOON (CONT'D)

According to the roommate, a real  
fanatic about the astral charts.  
One of those that believes  
everything happens for a reason.

SHEP

Ironic, isn't it?

Wells and Muldoon stare back at Shep.

SHEP (CONT'D)

I doubt very seriously she saw this  
one coming.

Wells isn't amused. And neither is Muldoon. A very bad joke  
indeed.

EXT. BANK OF AMERICA - DAY

A vibrantly beautiful young redhead exits the bank and heads  
for her Toyota Turcel near the front.

This is CARRIE SUTTER---22. And Carrie is being watched.

She opens her car door, hears the incessant snapping of a  
digital camera. Her attention drawn to --

A MAN in an older model WHITE FORD GALAXIE aiming his zoom  
lens on Carrie's exquisite frame.

CARRIE

Hey!

The man panics and speeds off, out of the lot and almost colliding with an incoming car.

INT. VALUE MART - DAY

Carrie heads for the customer service counter in her drab blue Value Mart vest.

Her boss ALLEN---30s, white shirt and tie, temporarily takes her spot behind a register while Carrie rushes to put her things away and clock in.

The line is long as customers lose patience.

ALLEN

You said twenty minutes. How long does it take to cash a check?

CARRIE

Don't start. It's been a weird morning.

ALLEN

You're telling me. I've done fourteen returns since nine. I've been holding a piss for thirty minutes now. You're welcome.

Carrie sucks air through her teeth.

CARRIE

Speaking of...

Allen almost comes unglued. Before he can stop her, Carrie bolts for the restrooms.

ALLEN

Oh, come on, Carrie! You're killing me!

Carrie faces Allen.

CARRIE

Two minutes!

Standing about fifteen feet or so behind Allen, and on the other side of the front window is a MAN IN A RED DEVIL MASK and wearing all black.

The creepy face gawking back at Carrie. He gives her a very slow and deliberate wave hello.

CARRIE (CONT'D)

Oh, shit.

The people in line, as well as Allen notice the red masked man creeping in on them.

ALLEN

(to red mask)

Hey!

Allen races for the door...and out he goes.

CARRIE

Allen, wait!

EXT. VALUE MART - DAY

Allen rushes onto the outer sidewalk. He looks to his left, then right, and into the front lot.

The man in the red mask is long gone.

EXT. VALUE MART - PARKING LOT - NIGHT

Carrie checks both ways as she rushes to her Toyota Turcel near the back of the lot.

The White Galaxie nowhere to be found.

CARRIE

Be cool, Carrie. It's only your life.

She unlocks her car door, quickly gets in.

INT. CARRIE'S TOYOTA - NIGHT

Carrie locks her doors, digs out her cell and speed dials her boyfriend Nick. It goes to voice mail.

NICK (V.O.)

This is Nick. Leave a message.

Beep.

CARRIE

Nick, it's me again. Pick up. Not that you care or anything but this guy's following me. Even showed up at the store today. He's a fuckin creeper.

(MORE)

CARRIE (CONT'D)

Allen about went ballistic and  
chased him down the street. I know  
it's hard to picture but it's true.

Carrie sucks in a deep breath. It's been a long one.

CARRIE (CONT'D)

So if you wanna get the details and  
pretend you actually love me, give  
me a call back. I could really use  
some company tonight. Bye.

She hangs up and throws it in reverse.

In her rear view mirror, standing about fifty yards away, and  
in between parked cars, is the man in the red devil mask.

Carrie taps the breaks, pokes her head out the window.

The man in the red mask nowhere to be found. Perhaps hidden  
behind one of these parked cars.

INT. NICK BEYERS APARTMENT COMPLEX - HALLWAY - NIGHT

Carrie races up the hallway, and with sheer terror, checks  
behind her with every few steps.

She approaches Nick's apartment door. The door frame has  
been splintered and the lock broken.

She gives a quick knock.

CARRIE

Nick?

She pushes open the door.

INT. NICK BEYERS APARTMENT - NIGHT

With caution, Carrie helps herself inside. All is eerily  
quiet and dark on the home front.

CARRIE

Nick?! Answer me!

As the door shuts behind Carrie, the red devil mask cuts  
through the darkness.

Before she can turn around...

A gloved hand covers her mouth with a white rag.



INT. NICK BEYERS BEDROOM - NIGHT

Carrie slowly comes to. She is now hogtied hands to feet with white clothesline and a gag in her mouth.

She hears footsteps all around her. She turns her head right and on the floor next to her is the back of a young man's head. Someone we have yet to identify as Nick Beyers.

His hands and feet have also been bound with clothesline. No signs of life as he isn't moving.

Before she knows what's happening, a pair of feet stop on each side of her body, and a blade is driven into the small of her back.

CARRIE

NICK!!!

EXT. TWIN PEAKS SUMMIT - SAN FRANCISCO, CA - DAWN

This historic hillside attraction offers the very best and most unobstructed view of the sprawling metropolitan city in all of its splendor.

Just behind the long brick barrier that protects and surrounds this steep hill --

A CROWD OF CITIZENS gather behind crime scene tape. Some curious, others shocked by the grisly sight.

CARRIE SUTTER dead on the asphalt.

A MEDICAL EXAMINER examines the corpse. The unrecognizable face and hair are badly bloodied.

Just behind the body is a breathtaking view of The Golden Gate Bridge. A perfect photo op.

Posted on the brick wall is a telescopic viewer angled toward the rough waters below. Sea Gulls hover above the chaotic scene with playful curiosity.

Wells questions some citizens behind the tape.

WELLS

Which one of you found the body?

Roy is careful not to get caught by Wells as he ducks under the tape, flashes his badge to A UNIFORM COP.

UNIFORM COP

Yes, sir, Inspector.

Wells turns around, faces Roy and the body. She quickly intervenes.

WELLS

Carson. Are you lost?

ROY

I was just driving by. Thought I'd see what the commotion was about.

Roy inspects the redhead.

ROY (CONT'D)

I hear you guys got a positive ID on the road kill. Any reason you're not going public with it?

WELLS

You're all heart, Carson. And where did you hear that?

ROY

Just because I'm not in the building doesn't mean I don't know what's going on.

WELLS

Yeah, well, it's not your guy so there's no need for you to worry about it.

ROY

Okay, so my hunch was correct. It wasn't an accident. And being you've only been Inspector all of ten months, this must be the work of the same man.

WELLS

How did you draw that conclusion?

ROY

Because there's no chance in hell Muldoon is dropping more than one headlining case in the lap of an unproven rookie still wet behind the ears.

Wells is clearly insulted yet oddly restrained.

WELLS

What do you want, Carson?

ROY  
You got an ID on this girl?

WELLS  
Jane Doe.

ROY  
Catchy name.  
(beat)  
Look, I know City Hall wants this one handled quietly. They figure I get involved, it may just encourage this guy to start killing again.

Wells can't answer. She turns her attention to a growing crowd behind the tape, now more interested in their conversation than a dead body.

WELLS  
(to Uniform Cop)  
You wanna keep those people back!

Just behind the crowd, Wells notices A NEWS VAN arriving in the front parking lot.

WELLS (CONT'D)  
Perfect.

ROY  
Let's just cut the bullshit and come clean, shall we? Muldoon's using you to keep a lid on this thing so my name stays out of the press.

WELLS  
And what if he's right? What if you coming back pushes this guy over the edge and he starts your little game again?

Roy returns with a smug grin and passive nod.

ROY  
You're right. I apologize.

Wells tries to read his poker face. A true look of distrust written all over her.

ROY (CONT'D)  
You seem to have everything under control here. I'll leave you to it.

Roy heads for his car parked in the visitor's lot. Wells keeps a careful eye on him.

WELLS  
Go home, Carson! And don't think  
so much!

EXT. PARKING LOT - TWIN PEAKS SUMMIT - DAWN

Roy passes a black Toyota Turcel, checks to see if anyone's looking and opens the driver's door.

He gives the inside a quick inspection and spots a BLACK OBJECT under the passenger seat. He leans in, snags up what turns out to be a smart phone.

The home screen shows a couple in their twenties. Carrie Sutter and Nick Beyers.

EXT. NICK BEYERS APARTMENT COMPLEX - MORNING

Roy steps from his car, pops his trunk. He snags up a pair of blue rubber gloves, throws them on as if they were living extensions of his hands.

INT. NICK BEYERS APARTMENT - MORNING

Roy pushes open a busted door frame to immediately witness a message painted on a mirror.

MIRROR MIRROR ON THE WALL...

The message is painted in blood and is actually written on the wall behind him.

He slowly turns. The same message written in reverse as if to give a perfect reflection. A SLIGHT WHIMPER is barely heard from the other room.

Roy follows the quiet whimpers toward a --

BEDROOM

and cracks open the door. On the floor, gagged and hogtied arms to feet is NICK BEYERS---30s, handsome jock, tough, on a plastic throw sheet.

A POOL OF BLOOD occupies the space next to him. Nick stares up at Roy with pleading eyes.

INT. CAPTAIN MULDOON'S OFFICE - DAY

A not so glamorous office with chipped white paint, cracked venetian blinds and an external air conditioner installed sometime during the Carter administration.

Wells sits with CHIEF HAYES---60s, white hair, distinguished but a real hard case with a sour disposition.

Muldoon hands Chief Hayes a folded white paper.

Chief Hayes opens the page, reviews it as he strolls the room, full of stress and tension.

MULDOON

This same letter was mailed to the Chronicle a little over an hour ago.

Chief Hayes throws on his cheaters.

CHIEF HAYES

I can feel him closing in on me. I feel his rage on the back of my neck. His hate runs a cool chill up my spine. It won't be long now. The day of the Red Phantom is near.  
(to all)

What the hell does that mean?

MULDOON

The Zodiac once referred to himself as The Red Phantom in one of his earliest letters to The Chronicle.

CHIEF HAYES

Good God. Are you telling me we have a copycat on our hands?

WELLS

That letter wasn't all he sent. He also gave us a lock of red hair and a swatch cut from the victim's blouse.

MULDOON

Another trademark of The Zodiac Murders.

Chief Hayes sighs, rubs his tired eyes.

CHIEF HAYES

And what about The Chronicle? They get any more surprises I should know about?

MULDOON

Outside of the letter, I don't think so. Otherwise, our phones would be ringing off the hook. But the lab does confirm that it was written in the victim's blood.

Chief Hayes looks sickened by this news. He uses a handkerchief to wipe sweat from his brow.

WELLS

The killer also left this at the scene.

Wells sets down an eight by ten glossy on Muldoon's broken down desk. It features a bloody message on Nick Beyers bathroom mirror:

*I Like Killing. It's as easy as 1-2-3.*

Near the bottom of the mirror are the signature markings of The Zodiac Killer: A circle and crosshairs.

Chief Hayes holds the hand-written letter side by side with the crime scene photograph. The letter also signed with the circle and crosshairs.

WELLS (CONT'D)

The medical examiner found several healed fractures on both Brummel and Sutter. As it turns out, both victims have extensive hospital records. Broken arms. Fractured jaws. Cracked ribs.

Chief Hayes tosses the letter on Muldoon's desk, disgusted by it all and already tired.

CHIEF HAYES

Dare I to hope you have any other leads on this guy.

WELLS

Well, sir, we did find a cell phone in the vic's car. It belongs to Nick Beyers. The victim's boyfriend.

CHIEF HAYES

And?

WELLS

He does have a record of domestic violence. Nothing extensive but a record just the same. Took a bust four years ago for slapping his girl around. Also finished a court ordered anger management class some time after.

CHIEF HAYES

And do we like him?

MULDOON

According to what we have on record the assault against Sutter was a one time thing. Doesn't exactly explain all those extra trips she made to the hospital.

Wells shoots Muldoon a disagreeable look.

WELLS

But more importantly, the phone puts him at the scene. In the victim's car.

CHIEF HAYES

I take it this is the same boyfriend who was found tied hands to feet like a wild animal in his own apartment?

Wells checks with Muldoon who hangs his head.

WELL

Yes, sir. That's the one.

CHIEF HAYES

I see. And can we all come to the reasonable conclusion that the odds of this man tying himself limb to limb in any competent manner are slim to none?

MULDOON

Yes, sir.

CHIEF HAYES

Then I suggest, Captain, that you and your team roll up your sleeves and find something else fast.

(MORE)

CHIEF HAYES (CONT'D)

It's only a matter of time before the TV assholes get a hold of this letter and we got ourselves a whole new problem.

WELLS

Sir, about Inspector Carson...

MULDOON

Stand down, Wells.

WELLS

It's just that the letter says specifically his hate runs a cool chill up my spine. His rage. As in Roy Carson.

CHIEF HAYES

I know damn well who he's referring to, Inspector Wells.

Wells swallows her words. Muldoon throws her a stern look.

CHIEF HAYES (CONT'D)

That's why you're gonna keep him out of it. The last thing we wanna do is play this sick guy's game and fuel the fire.

Chief Hayes stands to leave.

CHIEF HAYES (CONT'D)

Inspector Wells. This man's already left a trail of breadcrumbs behind. If I were you, I'd forget sleeping these next few days and start putting humpty dumpty together.

INT. ROY'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Roy stands at an open window, puffs on a cigarette, stares blankly into the CITY LIGHTS. A cruise ship all lit up as it drifts along the calm night waters.

A nonsense sitcom plays over Roy's tube while A LAZY DASCHOUND watches from a footstool.

Just under the immobile canine's ass, the soft glow of Roy's smart phone.

He quickly digs it out.



ROY  
 (to dog)  
 Are you kidding me? What's the  
 matter with you?

The dog whimpers, turns his head.

ROY (CONT'D)  
 (answers phone)  
 This is Carson.

EXT. NICK BEYERS APARTMENT COMPLEX - NIGHT

Wells sits behind the wheel of her car, all eyes on the front  
 doors of this modest condo. A phone to her ear.

WELLS  
 Inspector Carson. What are you  
 doing up at this hour? Can't sleep?

ROY (V.O.)  
 Something like that. And you?

WELLS  
 Not much. Just chasing down serial  
 killers. The usual.

INT. ROY'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Roy is strangely quiet and reluctant as he paces the carpet.  
 His dog watching him.

WELLS (V.O.)  
 What's the matter? Cat got your  
 tongue?

ROY  
 Just a little surprised to hear  
 from you. Where are you?

WELLS (V.O.)  
 In front of Nick Beyers condo.  
 Waiting for inspiration.

ROY  
 Any luck?

WELLS (V.O.)  
 I called you, didn't I?

Roy is silent. He finally breaks.

ROY  
Yes, that you did.

WELLS (V.O.)  
I'm already regretting this. But  
how long will it take you to get  
here?

Roy checks his watch, and then with his dog who hangs his little head in sadness.

ROY  
Twenty five minutes.

He hangs up. His dog lets out one last whimper before Roy heads for the door.

ROY (CONT'D)  
(to dog)  
I don't wanna hear it.

EXT. NICK BEYERS APARTMENT COMPLEX - NIGHT

Roy's car parks next to Wells who leans against her squad car and patiently awaits his arrival.

She stares down at him as if she's got the skinny on some big secret only Roy knows about.

Roy steps out.

WELLS  
You never asked.

ROY  
Asked what?

WELLS  
For directions. It's almost like  
you've been here before.

Roy plays stupid. His silly grin speaks volumes.

INT. NICK BEYERS APARTMENT COMPLEX - HALLWAY - NIGHT

Wells and Roy approach Nick's apartment door. A busted lock and splintered door frame. Roy gives it a good inspection. As if for the first time.

Wells notices and hands him a pair of rubber gloves.

WELLS

So we don't have to go through the hassle of elimination prints. We wouldn't want anyone to think you were here that night.

Wells pushes open the door and enters. Roy smiles as he throws on his gloves and follows behind.

INT. NICK BEYERS APARTMENT - NIGHT

Wells moves to the center of the main living room, turns to Roy who observes the message in the mirror.

MIRROR MIRROR ON THE WALL...

Roy turns, stares at the message written in reverse on the wall behind him. His face still tense, returning to this once very grisly scene.

WELLS

Okay, Inspector. What do you make of the message in the mirror?

ROY

I'd say he's left you a clue.

WELLS

Enough games, Carson. What does it mean?

ROY

First guess? There's something behind the mirror.

WELLS

There's nothing behind the mirror.

Wells moves closer to Roy, carefully tries to read her fellow officer's stone cold poker face.

WELLS (CONT'D)

But you already knew that.

Roy avoids her eyes as he strolls the room.

WELLS (CONT'D)

I checked the voice on that 911 call made from this apartment last Sunday morning. I thought maybe I heard it someplace before. Stop me if any of this rings a bell.

Roy takes a moment, stares back at her, attempting to conceal his obvious guilt. He finally caves and pulls a postcard from his rear pocket.

ROY

I got this in the mail the day of the murder. It's from him.

Wells snags it, gives it a closer look. The Golden Gate Bridge. She flips it over, reads:

WELLS

Glad to see you're back on your feet. R.P.

She cracks a grin.

WELLS (CONT'D)

Red Phantom.

Roy doesn't quite follow.

WELLS (CONT'D)

PD got a letter from your boy this morning. The Chronicle too. Written in the victim's blood. Lab made a positive match.

Wells pulls the letter from her pocket, hands it over to Roy who's surprised she has it.

WELLS (CONT'D)

Now that we're comparing notes.

Roy smiles, takes a look.

WELLS (CONT'D)

If you ask me, it seems pretty personal.

Roy looks up from the letter.

WELLS (CONT'D)

You were right. They're keeping you out of this. But why?

ROY

I told you why.

WELLS

I'm not buying it. There's gotta be more to it than that.

ROY

I don't know. I guess you could say there are those in the department that just assume I never woke up.

WELLS

Any particular reason?

Roy strolls the room, reluctant to get into it.

ROY

I've been accused of some things. Some things I didn't do.

WELLS

Tell me about them. These things.

Roy huffs out loud, plops himself down on a couch.

ROY

A few days after I pulled out of my coma, I get paid a visit from Internal Affairs. They start showing me all these pictures.

Wells hovers over him. Roy can't quite spit it out.

WELLS

Pictures of what?

ROY

Of women, beaten up. Working girls.

WELLS

Prostitutes.

ROY

My guess is they were paid off by our guy.

Wells takes a seat across from him. Literally sitting on the edge and hanging on every word.

WELLS

I don't get it.

ROY

It was his way at finally getting back at me.

WELLS

For what?

ROY

For surviving. For not dying that night. Meanwhile, they got me seeing a shrink pending a full investigation.

WELLS

And PD can't have a guy accused of beating women to a pulp heading up a case involving mutilated women.

ROY

Very good, Inspector.

WELLS

Tell me what happened that night. Everything you can remember.

Roy crawls off the couch, strolls the room as if he needs some personal space.

ROY

The Golden Gate case just made national headlines. A woman thrown in pieces off the Golden Gate Bridge. One garbage bag at a time. When I landed the case and ran the tag of our guy's getaway car, it turns out it was stolen. A few days later I got an anonymous tip on where he was holding up. His name, location, everything.

Roy grows upset as it all comes back to haunt him.

Wells gets up from the couch, moves closer to Roy.

ROY (CONT'D)

Turns out this tip was a set up. When I tracked him down, I took two to the chest and one to the head from this guy. I wake up sixty three days later in a hospital room and I don't remember a damn thing. What he looks like, how I got there. But it all started coming back to me. Little by little.

WELLS

Everything but his name.

ROY

I lay awake at night trying to remember his face.

(MORE)

ROY (CONT'D)

But the harder I try, the more  
fuzzy everything gets. Like my mind  
is trying to erase that night.

Roy motions to the postcard in Wells hand.

ROY (CONT'D)

Just when I thought the Golden Gate  
case went cold for good, I get that  
in the mail.

WELLS

Back on your feet. He's been  
waiting on you to start the game  
again. The fact that you forgot him  
made him angry.

ROY

Saturday night he left me a  
reminder.

NICK'S BEDROOM

Wells and Roy stand near the same spot where Carrie Sutter  
was murdered and Nick Beyers tied hands to feet.

Roy is particularly uneasy as he observes the pink  
floorboards stained with blood.

WELLS

Besides pulling his own shoulder  
out of joint trying to break free  
of the clothesline, there's no sign  
of physical assault.

Roy seems to grow dizzy. He wipes beads of sweat from his  
brow as well as rubs the bridge of his nose.

Wells notices.

WELLS (CONT'D)

Are you okay, Carson?

ROY'S POV - A FLASHING BLACK AND WHITE IMAGE

-- of Carrie's blood spilled on the plastic throw sheet. TINY  
DROPLETS seem to drop one by one from above.

The killer turns to a bedroom mirror as we see the REFLECTION  
OF A MAN in a frightening RED DEVIL MASK carrying the body of  
Carrie Sutter.

Carrie turns her head, stares back at us from the mirror.

END FLASHBACK

Roy rubs his eyes and temples. Side effects of taking a bullet to the brain.

Wells observes him.

ROY

He didn't kill her right away. He made it last as long as he could. Her cries were so loud you could hear them through the gag in her mouth. Scared of alerting the neighbors, he grabs the first blunt object he can get a hand on and crushes her skull.

WELLS

But why make the second trip to Twin Peaks to dump the body? It's a thirty minute drive. And an even longer walk back considering he didn't have a car.

ROY

Because it's part of the game. He wants us to know he's good at it. Games are only fun if you have an opponent equal to the challenge. He's testing us. Testing me.

Roy scans every possible corner of the room looking perplexed while Wells observes quietly.

ROY (CONT'D)

It's gotta be around here somewhere.

Roy stops his frantic pacing about the room, pinches the bridge of his nose, squeezes his eyes shut.

And suddenly...

Roy stares back at a giant mirror hanging just behind an oak armoire. He edges closer to it, squints as he spots something in the reflection.

ROY (CONT'D)

Do you see that?

Wells stares at the mirror as both of their images are now staring back at each other. She is clueless.



WELLS

See what?

Roy steps even closer to the mirror, leans in, points at what appears to be a SMALL RED CIRCLE painted on a wall across the other side of the room.

Roy and Wells both turn to the opposite wall. The small red circle barely visible from this distance.

He rushes around the bed toward it. Wells follows.

He reaches out and touches the RED CIRCLE and CROSSHAIRS OF A RIFLE painted in Carrie's blood.

Roy and Wells turn to each other. And then slowly back to the mirror on the other side of the room.

ROY

Mirror mirror on the wall.

Roy races back to the mirror, grabs a hold of the left side edge and stares back at Wells.

ROY (CONT'D)

Well, come on.

Wells grabs the other end of the mirror with both hands as they carefully remove it from the wall and rest it on the nearby mattress.

THREE IMAGES taped to the wall: A brunette, blonde and a redhead, all in their twenties.

ROY (CONT'D)

Who's the fairest of them all?

Wells touches the redhead's image with her fingertips.

INT. DR. FINK'S OFFICE - DAY

Roy back on the couch, heavy eyes, restless. This time in a wrinkled t shirt and jeans.

Fink observes his slovenly appearance.

FINK

You look like you haven't had a wink of sleep in days.

ROY

I guess I haven't.

FINK

I take it you haven't been taking your meds.

ROY

I guess I'm tired of feeling so...

FINK

Tired?

Roy nods.

FINK (CONT'D)

Or maybe you're afraid to go to sleep.

ROY

Let's just say I have a lot on my mind and can't afford the interruptions.

FINK

You're back to work?

ROY

Yes and no.

FINK

I see. One of those cases. You wanna talk about it?

ROY

Sorry, Doc. That's confidential. I could tell you but I'd have to kill you.

Fink sighs with irritation, jots down a few notes as a confused Roy watches on.

FINK

Why do I get the feeling you're digging around in the Golden Gate investigation?

ROY

You found me out.

FINK

You know you'll never make progress if you insist on re-playing this part of your life.

Roy rolls his eyes.

FINK (CONT'D)

If you wanna make progress, real progress, you've got to learn to let go. Let the other officers assigned to this case do their job. Take things easy for awhile.

Roy stands, throws in a new smoke, lights up. He paces the room, stops at his usual spot by the window.

After a few moments of silence, he snickers with disgust.

ROY

This is all real easy for you to say, Doc. You weren't left for dead in that alley. Yeah, I don't have any family left. No life and I'm way too obsessed with the job. I'm just a dumb ass cop. I'm always gonna be a dumb ass cop.

Fink wilts in his chair, drops his pen in defeat.

ROY (CONT'D)

And as long as that sonofabitch is out there, I'm gonna see the lousy bastard in my sleep until I put his ass in the ground.

FINK

And what if someone beats you to it?

ROY

What?

FINK

Someone else comes along and robs you of your pound of flesh. Will you finally be able to move on? Or will you continue to fantasize about putting three bullets in his chest until it completely consumes your life?

Roy can't answer. He simply ignores Fink and puffs his smoke as he gazes out at the bridge.

INT. POLICE STATION - SQUAD ROOM - DAY

Muldoon squats on the edge of Wells flimsy desk as she glances intently at a mobile drawing board.

On the board are the three photos found behind Nick Beyers bedroom mirror. Under the images are three similar sets of numbers written in black:

610-1194, 610-2594, 610-2518.

Wells points at all three images with her sharpie.

WELLS

These were the pictures found behind the mirror in Nick Beyers bedroom.

She points at the three numbers.

WELLS (CONT'D)

These numbers were found on the back of each photo in the order you see them.

MULDOON

Six ten area codes. Phone numbers?

WELLS

The letter from our guy said mirror mirror on the wall. As in...who's the fairest of them all.

Wells aims the sharpie at the redhead's photo and then to the third and last set of numbers. She places a parenthesis around the six and a dash between the twenty five and eighteen: (6)-10-25-18

WELLS (CONT'D)

Saturday, October Twenty-Fifth. Twenty Eighteen. Carrie Sutter is found dead at Twin Peaks Summit from multiple stab wounds and trauma to the head. These aren't phone numbers.

MULDOON

They're dates.

WELLS

At first glance, our redhead appears to be our victim Carrie Sutter.

MULDOON

It isn't?

WELLS

No. It isn't. It's Carrie Mitchell. She was reported missing in Vallejo exactly four months ago.

MULDOON

You're kidding me?

WELLS

If you were to hold an image of Carrie Sutter next to Mitchell, they're almost identical.

MULDOON

Okay. So why'd he do it? What's the connection?

WELLS

He was testing us. To see if we're paying attention. Tell you the truth, I almost missed it. For now, we assume Sutter's death holds no real meaning. Just an unfortunate means to an end.

MULDOON

(sighs)

Her family will be tickled pink to hear that.

(beat)

Anything else?

WELLS

Yeah. Look at Mitchell's picture and tell me what you see.

Muldoon walks to the drawing board, gets a closer look at the black and white image.

Mitchell leans on something.

MULDOON

What is that? Some kind of telescope.

WELLS

As in the telescope at Twin Peaks Summit. He didn't just pull this photo out of a hat. He's telling us something.

MULDOON

About the crime scene?

WELLS

My guess is this particular spot holds some special meaning to Phantom. Like he's been there before.

INT. BRIEFING ROOM - SFPD - DAY

Wells stands at the helm before a handful of uniform as well as plain-clothes officers sitting in rows of old desks.

Most notably present are two very eager young men sitting close to the front.

LOREN CARTER---20s, African American, silk shirt, young hot shot from robbery stakeout and --

MICKEY PELTZ---20s, scruffy, unkempt, decoy division.

The Red Phantom letter blown up on a power point display.

WELLS

To the SFPD. I am the killer of the girl found at Twin Peaks Summit last Saturday. In the interest of saving time, I've decided to give your police department a glimpse at what's really happening. I've been laying in wait for too long now. My time has come. I was blind but now I see. Look closer and you too will see the light. Signed...Red Phantom.

Muldoon flips the lights on, much to the surprise of our plain clothes boys who squint and rub their eyes.

MULDOON

This letter was mailed to the San Francisco Chronicle about three hours ago. Our guy's come out of hiding and taken credit for the Twin Peaks homicide. That's means we've gone public.

The squad all turn and chat among themselves.

MULDOON (CONT'D)

The press wants to know what we're doing about this and that's where you guys come in. You've all been handpicked for a reason. You're hustlers.

(MORE)

MULDOON (CONT'D)

You're not scared of long hours or getting your hands dirty. Your division commanders say you're just itching for something real to do. Well it doesn't get any realer than this.

Carter smiles back at Peltz who is equally enthused.

MULDOON (CONT'D)

Inspector Wells tells me you've been briefed on the Sutter investigation so I'll let her take it from here.

Muldoon rests his ass in an empty desk as Wells steps up with a dead serious look about her. It's her moment to shine as her voice reflects a newfound authority.

WELLS

Our guy likes to call himself Red Phantom. His trademark is the sign of the Zodiac. As in the Zodiac killer. Which promises easy publicity for our guy. Not just local but national press. The Sutter woman's murder was even patterned after the Lake Berryessa Killings. If you remember that case, the female victim died, the male lived. Same here.

Wells grabs the handwritten letter, holds it high in the air for everyone's utmost attention.

WELLS (CONT'D)

But he's asking us to look further. To dig beneath the surface.

CARTER

What's the connection between these two victims?

WELLS

Neither victim was penetrated. This, along with the hogtie scenario and two very long histories of physical abuse, healed fractures and various broken bones highly suggests our guy is into humiliation and pain. Not sex.

Peltz checks behind him. The room is strangely quiet and indifferent.

PELTZ  
Anything else or is that it?

Wells seems a bit put off by Peltz flippant mouth.

WELLS  
A superficial gash on Sutter's left thigh suggests her underwear were torn off post mortem. As if our guy was just testing us. Making sure we're paying attention. That we understand the act of sex isn't what drives him.

PELTZ  
Sounds to me like this guy just can't get it up.

A few chuckles in the back.

WELLS  
That's one angle we're looking at. Now you know where to start. Hit the streets. Talk to these girls. See if they've come across any johns who fit the profile.

Peltz and Carter whisper in each others ears, share a laugh or two, pissing off Wells.

WELLS (CONT'D)  
I want you to flip over every cesspool and toilet in the city and make yourselves at home.

She eyes Peltz.

WELLS (CONT'D)  
Shouldn't be too hard.

Carter has a laugh at his buddy's expense. Peltz fits his tail between his legs.

INT. POOL HALL AND BAR - NIGHT

Nick Beyers, still an emotional train wreck, bellies up at the bar, chugs away at a beer, watches the regulars shoot a game of nine ball in the back.

A pair of long and sexy legs drops a quarter in the juke as some hard rock classic rocks the room.

The legs strut their way to the bar.



TRACI

plops down on the stool next to Nick.

TRACI

You look like you could use someone  
to talk to.

Nick halfheartedly checks out the goods.

NICK

I'm not much up for talking right  
now.

TRACI

Haven't seen you here in a while.  
How come?

NICK

Quit drinking.

Traci smiles.

TRACI

Yeah, I see that.

Nick cracks a grin.

NICK

I'm supposed to be at an AA  
meeting. You believe that?

TRACI

Sounds like you're having a bad  
week.

She throws an arm around him.

TRACI (CONT'D)

Maybe I can help.

Nick sizes her up.

NICK

My girlfriend died.

Traci runs her hand up his leg.

TRACI

That mean you're single?

NICK

That's not very funny.

Traci sits back, a bit shocked.

TRACI

Shit, man. You're serious, aren't you?

Nick halfheartedly nods.

TRACI (CONT'D)

I didn't mean anything by it.  
Look. Maybe I can help take your  
mind off things.

Nick once again checks out Traci, still unsure of what the night may bring.

Traci gives him a sly and seductive wink.

EXT. CHINESE GROCERY - SECOND STORY - NIGHT

A very dead Traci, now stripped to her bra and panties, dangles from a second story balcony by clothesline. The sign of the Zodiac carved in her belly.

ON THE STREETS BELOW, a slew of POLICE CARS, RED and BLUES FLASHING BRIGHT, block the four way intersection from all possible directions.

Wells steps from her squad car, works her way through the busy crowd and greets Muldoon and the store's owner and operator BOW LEE---50s, Chinese-American, silk shirt, new money.

They take cover behind an unmarked sedan.

MULDOON

(to Wells)

Recognize the girl?

WELLS

Traci Voss. Brummel's roommate.

MULDOON

That's right. And that's their place upstairs. Been renting a room from Mister Lee here for the last eight months.

Wells glances past Muldoon, catches eyes with a very sketchy looking Mister Lee.

WELLS

And I take it Mister Lee also keeps  
a careful log of their evening  
guests?

Muldoon grabs Wells by the arm, walks her to a more quiet  
spot, away from the other officers.

MULDOON

Forget it. We've been pressing him  
for the last twenty minutes. He  
doesn't know the guy.

WELLS

Yeah I just bet.

MULDOON

Look. This very well could be our  
guy upstairs, so I don't have to  
tell you what a sensitive situation  
we're in.

WELLS

What're you talking about?

MULDOON

He's been asking for you.

Wells takes a good look at the chaotic scene.

UNIFORM COPS behind their cars.

Aiming handguns and shotguns up at the second story window.

Covering the front door.

WELLS

(confused)

For me? What about Carson?

MULDOON

What about him?

Wells is totally lost.

MULDOON (CONT'D)

Look, he's saying he's not budging  
from that room until he talks to  
you. You, personally. Meanwhile  
he's holding up in the doorway  
watching our guys on the steps.

WELLS

This doesn't feel right. Why would he ask for me?

MULDOON

Look, if you're not up to it, I can send --

WELLS

What's that supposed to mean?

Muldoon a bit taken back by an overly sensitive Wells.

MULDOON

Nothing. All I'm saying is if you're going, you gotta move now. I'd rather bring him in alive if you get my drift.

Muldoon motions to A SNIPER on an across the way rooftop, just over their heads.

Wells follows his look.

NEWS CREWS arrive in drones. FIELD REPORTERS and CAMERA GUYS leap from vans and get in position under the bloody masterpiece above them.

INT. CHINESE GROCERY - FIRST FLOOR - NIGHT

Wells passes A COUPLE COPS posted at the door and cautiously enters the store. She heads for a nearby staircase where another UNIFORM COP stands guard.

Wells whispers in his ear. He quietly moves for the door and joins the others. The three cops watch on as --

WELLS

heads up the stairs with gun gripped in both hands. She is nervous, scared for her life.

EXT. TENDERLOIN PROJECTS - APARTMENT DOOR - DAY (FLASHBACK)

Wells and INSPECTOR DENNIS CRAIG---40s, doughey, bloated but a seasoned pro, knock on a door.

Their suspect, JIMMY SPARKS---19, a young black criminal, spots them from a sidewalk.

Jimmy and Wells catch eyes. The moment of truth. Jimmy reaches for his gun.

Wells reaches for hers, but clumsily fumbles it on the porch like a classic rookie.

END FLASHBACK

INT. CHINESE GROCERY - STAIRCASE - NIGHT (PRESENT DAY)

Wells snaps out of it, walks a few more steps and stops.

She empties the magazine from her weapon, ejects the remaining shell from the pipe.

WELLS

Hello?! It's Inspector Wells! I'm unarmed!

She tosses the gun over the rail as it crashes to the hard tile floor below. Much to the dismay of the first floor officers who look as if she's lost her mind.

WELLS (CONT'D)

Nick?!

APARTMENT DOOR

Nick pokes his head around a door frame. A nine millimeter gripped in each hand.

NICK

What took you so long?!

Wells is reluctant as she spots what appears to be Nick Beyers popping his head out.

WELLS

Beyers? Nick Beyers. Is that who I'm speaking to?

Wells takes a few more steps. Nick aims her direction.

NICK

Stop right there!

Wells stops, rests her hands on the top stair post.

WELLS

There! As you can see, I'm unarmed!

Nick spots her hands on the top post. He cries out, kicks the door frame in frustration.

WELLS (CONT'D)

What's going on, Nick? Why am I here? What did you do?

NICK

She's dead, isn't she?

WELLS

Yeah, she's dead. But I think you know that.

(beat)

Nick, why did you call me here?

NICK

They're gonna kill me.

WELLS

Who's gonna kill you?

NICK

Them! All of them! Who do you think?! They got a rifle pointed at the window! You tell them I'm not moving until he's off the roof!

WELLS

If it's the sniper you're worried about, I'll get rid of him, Nick. It's just standard procedure.

Nick stalls. Wells grows anxious.

WELLS (CONT'D)

Nick!

NICK

Get your ass in here and shut that window curtain! Look! I'm not talking until he's down!

Wells slowly exhales before moving up the final two steps.

She heads into the shabby chic apartment.

Nick backs away from the door frame. The guns still tightly gripped in both hands.

Wells moves past him, into the small second story loft.

INT. TRACI'S AND NICOLE'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Wells stares through the balcony window at A SNIPER perched just out of view on a rooftop.

NICK

What're you waiting on? Shut those curtains.

Wells keeps her hands raised as she moves for the drapes.

On her way, she spots a calendar thumb tacked on the busy wall that reads MY DAILY HOROSCOPE. It is circled in bright red marker.

With one hand still raised, she jerks the curtains shut.

NICK (CONT'D)

Turn on the lamp so I can see you.

Wells fights to find the corner lamp. Finally does as Nick is once again visible across the room.

WELLS

There. I'm here. Unarmed. With a gun pointed at my head. If that doesn't spell trust, I don't know what does.

Nick still unsure as he keeps a gun aimed at her face.

NICK

Where is she?

WELLS

She's outside.

Nick more confused than ever as he stares back and forth between the closed drapes and Wells.

WELLS (CONT'D)

Tell me what happened, Nick.

NICK

I don't know. All I know is I wake up and there's blood all over the place. All over me, my clothes.

He breaks down in tears.

WELLS

If you say you don't remember, then you don't remember. Fine. But what were you doing here?

NICK

What do you think I was doing here?!

Wells notices a sticky substance of sorts all over Nick's hands that's somehow leaked onto both guns.

WELLS

Nick, why don't you do me a solid and set those guns down. You're kind of making me nervous.

Nick laughs and collapses against a bedroom door frame.

NICK

I can't. They're stuck. Glued to my hands or something. This bastard, man! Sick bastard! I walk out there, they're gonna plug me no matter what!

WELLS

No they're not. Don't worry about them. Worry about me. It's just us here. Tell me about the girl. Stacey. You know her?

NICK

I just met her. Tonight. This bar down the street. She asked if I was looking for a good time. Then she took me back here.

WELLS

Then what happened?

NICK

Last thing I remember is having a drink and passing out on the mattress.

Wells works up the nerve to move closer. She studies Nick's thoughtful eyes.

WELLS

I believe you. Now, what do you say we get out of here. I'll cover your hands up so the boys outside don't get nervous.

EXT. CHINESE GROCERY - BALCONY - NIGHT

An armed to the teeth SWAT GUY uses a grappling hook and rope to quietly lower himself onto the balcony. He unfastens the rope and peaks through the blinds.



INT. TRACI AND NICOLE'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Wells now face to face with Nick.

The SWAT GUY barely visible on the other side of the sliding glass door. He goes unnoticed.

WELLS

Come on, Nick. What do you say?

Nick's breathing slows to a minimum. He gives Wells an assured nod just as he turns and spots the --

SWAT GUY aiming a RED LASER into the room. He looks down at his chest. A bright red dot.

WELLS (CONT'D)

NO!

Wells spins toward the balcony door...panicked.

POW-POW!

Both shots end up in Nick's chest.

Wells collapses in tears.

EXT. CHINESE GROCERY - STREET - NIGHT

It's a media circus. Every news outlet in town has converged at the scene as cameras and mics are shoved in the faces of law enforcement personnel.

Several wooden roadblocks are staged around the exterior of the corner store as to secure a perimeter. CITIZENS gather behind them and take in the scene.

People point. Gossip. Gasp in horror.

Traci is pulled onto the balcony and loaded into a bag.

A HELICOPTER equipped with a SPOTLIGHT circles the rooftop like a hungry shark in search of blood.

INT. CHINESE GROCERY - FIRST FLOOR - NIGHT

Muldoon and Chief Hayes hover over Wells who sits on a cheap folding chair near the front end register.

WELLS

We fucked up.

She pops a couple aspirins. Mister Lee hands her a complimentary bottle of water.

WELLS (CONT'D)

Thanks.

CHIEF HAYES

Mister Lee. Excuse us a minute.  
If you would.

Mister Lee nods and makes for the door. Chief Hayes waits until he's long gone.

CHIEF HAYES (CONT'D)

He was the last one seen with this broad. She was roommates with the Brummel woman. And you're telling me we just shot the wrong man on national television?

WELLS

I found an empty bottle of liquid steel on the bathroom sink. Our guy used it to glue those nine mils to Beyers hands. Made it impossible for him to surrender.

CHIEF HAYES

Yeah. More like impossible to disarm.

WELLS

There's no way he did that himself. Just like he didn't tie himself up. Even you said so yourself, Chief.

CHIEF HAYES

Yeah, well, maybe we were wrong. Maybe he was screwing with us this whole time.

WELLS

Beg your pardon, Chief, but maybe you're just trying to save face.

Muldoon so embarrassed he turns away.

Chief Hayes face quivers with pent up rage. He makes the move toward Wells.

Muldoon gets between them.

MULDOON

(to Wells)

Okay. You say he's not our guy.  
What did he tell you to convince  
you otherwise?

WELLS

I asked him how well he knew  
Stacey. And why he'd wanna kill  
her. I get nothing. No reaction.

CHIEF HAEYS

Yeah, awfully convenient. Only  
Stacey just happens to be one of  
our vic's best friends. Awfully  
convenient.

WELLS

Yeah, well, there's a problem with  
that theory, Chief. Her name's not  
Stacey. It's Tracy.

INT. ROY'S BEDROOM - NIGHT (DREAM SEQUENCE)

CARRIE MITCHELL, a gorgeous redhead with similar features to  
Carrie Sutter, wears seductive lingerie and summons an  
unsuspecting Roy to the bed.

Roy is seriously confused but turned on just the same.

Carrie grabs his arm and lowers him to the mattress. They  
begin kissing, rubbing.

And suddenly...

Roy wraps her ponytail in a tight knot, jerks her head  
backward with brute force.

Carrie SCREAMS OUT.

INT. ROY'S BEDROOM - NIGHT (PRESENT)

Roy jumps up in bed. Out of the all too real nightmare. He  
slowly composes himself.

A KNOCK AT THE DOOR startles him.

INT. ROY'S LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Roy holds his back-up twenty two and moves ever so quietly  
and carefully for the front door.

Another KNOCK startles --

THE DOG

who whimpers and cowers under a dining room table. His tail firmly between his legs.

Roy watches him, shakes his head with disgust.

ROY

Yeah. Thanks for getting my back.

The dog chases into the bedroom, out of sight. Roy steps to the door, peaks through the --

KEYHOLE POV

Nobody there. Just a blank brick wall.

BACK TO SCENE

Roy quietly unhooks the chain and double lock. He swings open the door and jumps into the hall.

INT. APARTMENT HALLWAY - NIGHT

Roy checks down the hall and spots A MAN WEARING A VISOR with his back turned, on his cell phone and holding what looks like a carrying case full of uneaten pizzas.

He chases him down, grabs him by his shirt and heaves him against the solid brick wall. One arm pulled behind his back, ready to snap it.

PIZZA GUY

Hell are you doing, man?!

Roy holds his twenty two to the back of his head.

ROY

Who are you calling, huh? Who are you talking to?

Another CELL PHONE RINGS. This time it's coming from down the hall. Roy turns his attention to --

WELLS

who holds her phone high.

WELLS

He was calling me. Let him go.

Roy still unsure.

ROY

Who is this guy and what is he  
doing knocking on my door?

PIZZA GUY

I'm taking a census! Fuck does it  
look like?!

ROY

I didn't order any pizza, smart  
guy.

WELLS

No, but I did. Now let him go.

Wells declines the call from Pizza Man, slowly lowers her  
smart phone.

Roy turns Pizza Man around, gives him a hard stare. His face  
and nose a bloody mess.

PIZZA GUY

You coulda broke my nose, bro!

Roy shoves him down the hall. Pizza Man is super worked up  
and makes the move for Roy.

Wells gets between them.

WELLS

Hey, knock it off!

She grabs Pizza Man, shoves him toward the elevator.

PIZZA GUY

I'm pressing charges, man!

WELLS

Let it go.

He ducks onto the elevator just as the doors are closing.

INT. ROY'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Roy storms back in, hands rubbing the back of his neck, all  
worked up, full of anxiety.

Wells leans on the door frame, observes his paranoid  
behavior.

WELLS

Maybe Internal Affairs was right.  
You really are coming apart.

ROY

Nobody's knocked on that door in  
over three months. With everything  
that's going on, you think you  
could've given me fair warning?

Roy heads straight for the liquor cabinet, pours himself a  
tall one and starts gulping.

WELLS

Are you gonna invite me inside?

Roy ignores her, pours himself another stiff one. Wells just  
watches from the door and smiles.

ROY

Just caught the report on the news.  
I think Chief might have broken his  
record. Twelve whole minutes and  
didn't answer a single question.

WELLS

That's right. He lied through his  
teeth. That means we're officially  
running out of time. That also  
means I need you sober.

ROY

Trust me. Blind drunk is about the  
only time I still think straight.

Roy pours himself another. As he lifts the glass to his  
mouth, Wells grips his wrist.

ROY (CONT'D)

What're you doing?

A dead serious look in her eye suggests she's not playing.

WELLS

I'm serious. It's late. I haven't  
slept in four days and we gotta lot  
of work to do.

LATER THAT NIGHT

Wells and Roy crouch on the carpet with a slew of crime scene  
photos carefully fanned out.

Wells is deeply focused as she scans through each one in careful and explicit detail.

Roy chomps the last bite of his pizza slice.

ROY

You know, I once thought you couldn't find a decent pizza in California. I see my hunch was still correct.

Wells picks up a photo, hands it to Roy:

The number 602-0499 carved into Nicole Brummel's back.

WELLS

The first number. On the interstate victim's back. It's different than the other three numbers. A 602 instead of a 610.

ROY

Saturday, February Fourth, Nineteen Ninety-Nine. A date just like the other three.

WELLS

Yeah, but it's not just any date. It's Brummel's birthday. Her roommate Traci Voss went on and on about Nicole's infatuation with astrology and horoscopes. But why? Why tell us that?

ROY

You tell me.

WELLS

I think the tattoos on her ankles were why Nicole Brummel was chosen.

Roy inspects a close up photo of the Aries tattoos on both Brummel's right and left ankle.

ROY

I don't know. I think you might be reaching with this.

WELLS

There was a message taped to the wall of Brummel and Traci Voss's apartment. Listen to this.

Wells unfolds a wrinkled paper from her coat pocket.

WELLS (CONT'D)

Old friends will resurface and find their way back into your life. But do not let this keep you from making new connections.

(to Roy)

I cross referenced this with Nicole's horoscope the day she was killed. October Eighteenth.

ROY

Yeah? So what?

WELLS

So what? It's clear as day. Old friends will resurface.

Wells picks up the crime scene photo taken of the three women on Nick Beyers mirror.

WELLS (CONT'D)

Phantom was sending us a message. Not us but you specifically. And he used Traci Voss to do it. It was no fluke she just randomly picks up Nick Beyers at a bar nowhere near her apartment or Chinatown. She was working with Phantom this whole time.

Roy still doesn't follow.

WELLS (CONT'D)

Don't you get it? He's the one who left this at Nicole's apartment. For me to find specifically. He's counting on me to bring you back into this.

Wells all but shoves the image in Roy's face.

He finally snags it and takes a closer look.

WELLS (CONT'D)

He's saying you know these women. Old friends.

Roy stands, his focus never leaving the photo. He casually strolls the room as Wells studies his eyes.

WELLS (CONT'D)

He's somehow using this game as a way to jog your memory.



The wheels spinning in Roy's eyes. He finally comes around.

WELLS (CONT'D)

He also knows you're putting up resistance. Because of your suspension. Because of the department keeping you from the investigation.

Roy refocuses on the three women. As if they are somehow speaking to him personally.

WELLS (CONT'D)

The second part of the message said not to let this keep you from making new connections.

ROY

Like who?

WELLS

Oh, I don't know. About 5'6". Short brown hair. Female. Sitting on your living room carpet.

INT. ROY'S CAR - DAY

Roy behind the wheel. Wells rides shotgun. Roy hands her a printed internet article featuring the image of a young blonde female cop in uniform: Angela Cowell.

The title of the article: FIRST FEMALE DIES IN LINE OF DUTY

WELLS

Where are we going and who am I looking at?

ROY

Angela Cowell. Thirty two. She was shot once in the shoulder while attempting to detain a robbery suspect. Then shot again at close range.

WELLS

She was a cop?

ROY

Not just any cop. The first female in plain clothes to die in the line of duty. I ran the number on the back of our mystery blonde's photo.

(MORE)

ROY (CONT'D)

October Twenty Fifth, Nineteen  
Ninety Four. The day Cowell was  
taken down.

WELLS

God, they must've had every badge  
in town searching for this guy.

ROY

That's where you're wrong. I talked  
with Oakland PD. This same guy  
robbed the same store twelve times  
from Nineteen Ninety Four to Ninety  
Five. Even after killing a cop.

WELLS

You're kidding.

ROY

The only reason you'd risk doing  
something that stupid is if you get  
off on the exposure. Sound  
familiar?

INT. GRAB BAG LIQUOR STORE - DAY

Wells and Roy stand before a young, tattooed cashier named  
CHLOE---21, clueless gum snapper. Goth makeup, hair in  
what appears to be a hundred tight braids.

CHLOE

Oh, God. Is this about what  
happened on the trolley? Cause I  
want you to know I take this kind  
of thing really seriously. At no  
time would we ever publicly expose  
ourselves like they're saying.  
Whatever we did was over the  
clothes. Ask anyone.

WELLS

We're here on other business.

Chloe breathes a sigh of relief.

WELLS (CONT'D)

We were hoping to talk to the owner  
about a homicide that took place  
here awhile back.

CHLOE

Like how far back? I've been here  
two years. .

WELLS  
Nineteen Ninety Four.

Chloe busts out laughing.

CHLOE  
Man, you cops really take your  
time, don't ya?

WELLS  
Yeah, well, we believe in being  
extra thorough. Listen. Is the  
manager here?

CHLOE  
Who? Gary? He's still in Mexico for  
another week. Sippin margaritas and  
bangin senioritas. At least that was  
the plan anyway. Ask me, he's in  
his room on Pornhub with his hand  
down his shorts.

WELLS  
This Gary. He the original owner?

CHLOE  
I don't know. Maybe. Could be. He  
is kinda old. He's gotta be like  
fifty.

WELLS  
By God. I'd be surprised if he can  
still chew his own food.

CHLOE  
No doubt.

EXT. GRAB BAG LIQUOR STORE - SIDEWALK - DAY

Roy leans on the building's aged brick wall, has a smoke as a  
frustrated and all but defeated Wells drags her feet out the  
front door.

WELLS  
Looks like our guy retired. From  
the looks of things in there, I'd  
say awhile back.

ROY  
Well, we figured as much, didn't  
we?

WELLS

So who was the primary on the  
Cowell shooting?

ROY

Dietz and Summers. One had a  
stroke, the other a heart attack.  
And both very much deceased.  
There goes our only lead with the  
Oakland PD.

WELLS

I always said this job will put you  
in an early grave.

A restless Wells spins in a circle, hands on her hips, shakes  
her head in disappointment.

WELLS (CONT'D)

Feels like we're just chasing our  
own tails. Maybe that's what our  
guy wants. Come on. Let's go.

Wells heads up the sidewalk, back to their car at the curb.  
Roy's attention drawn to an old diner across the street.

ROY

I don't know. I think maybe we were  
just looking in the wrong place.

Roy motions to the diner. Wells follows his look.

ROY (CONT'D)

Check out the window. Serving  
Oakland since Nineteen Sixty Three.

Wells reads the cursive message painted on the restaurant's  
window and grins at Roy.

ROY (CONT'D)

Come on. I'll buy you a cup of  
coffee. Supposed to be the best in  
town.

WELLS

How do you know?

ROY

Says so on the window.

Wells spots the cartoon image of a smiling coffee pot pouring  
into a large mug.

INT. BLUE MOON DINER - NIGHT

Wells and Roy enter the sixties style diner. They both give the mostly youthful employees a sideways glance. Even the manager looks to be in his mid to late twenties.

WELLS

I don't think anyone in this room was alive in Nineteen Ninety Four.

ROY

No. Maybe not. But it doesn't mean they haven't heard stories. Maybe we'll get lucky.

WELLS

Yeah. And maybe Red Phantom will walk in off the street and surrender.

They head for the lunch counter. Roy turns, spots a familiar looking corner booth. He stops in his tracks, gives it a more thoughtful look.

Wells ignores him, takes a seat on a stool. A WAITRESS heads over to take her order.

WAITRESS

Hey, there. What can I get you to drink?

WELLS

Oh, uh. Coffee I guess. And I was hoping I could speak with your manager a sec.

Wells flashes her badge. The waitress nods, heads to the kitchen.

Wells glances over her shoulder, spots --

Roy standing over the corner booth. Entranced.

ROY'S POV - FLASHING BLACK AND WHITE IMAGE

*...of Carrie Mitchell sitting across from Roy in this same booth. She is smiling, holding his hand until something outside the window catches her attention.*

*A TALL, FACELESS FIGURE stares down at them from outside the diner. Hidden by DARKNESS and SHADOWS.*

END OF FLASHBACK

INT. BLUE MOON DINER - DAY (PRESENT)

Roy snaps out of it. He stares up at the wall, just above the booth where Carrie Mitchell once sat.

Wells squints, confused. She heads over, joins him as they both stare up at a MEMORIAL PLAQUE OF OFFICER ANGELA COWELL hanging just above the booth.

A collage of sorts. Photos of Angela at different stages of her life and career. At center stage, in her dress blues and police officer's hat.

Roy spots not just any photo. The photo. The one found behind Nick Beyers bedroom mirror.

WELLS

Carson. You've got some serious explaining to do.

WAITRESS (O.S.)

Hey.

Wells and Roy both turn to the lunch counter.

The Waitress holds a ticket order and stares out the front window.

WAITRESS (CONT'D)

That guy didn't pay.

Wells quickly turns, stares down and spots a steaming cup of coffee, napkin and half eaten pie on the table top.

Roy stares out the window above the booth and makes eye contact with A MAN IN BALL CAP AND SHADES passing on the sidewalk.

The man suddenly stops.

He and Roy stare each other down. Neither make a move.

Wells watches the awkward standoff.

WELLS

Roy. What is this? Talk to me.

ROY'S POV - FLASHING BLACK AND WHITE IMAGE

*...of the MAN IN A HOODIE coming up the alley, out of the shadows, HIS FACE now recognizable. It's the same man now standing outside the diner window.*

*He PULLS HIS GUN and...*

END FLASHBACK

INT. BLUE MOON DINER - DAY (PRESENT)

Roy grows angry, pulls a forty five from under his shirt.

The man outside also goes for his pistol.

Wells reaches for her holster, freezes up. A truly frightened look on her face.

EXT. TENDERLOIN PROJECTS - APARTMENT BUILDING - DAY  
(FLASHBACK)

Wells spots her suspect JIMMY SPARKS on the sidewalk, panics, goes for her gun, drops it on the porch.

Her partner Craig draws down on Jimmy: POW!

END FLASHBACK

INT. BLUE MOON DINER - DAY (PRESENT)

Roy tackles a frozen Wells to the cold tile floor as BULLETS TEAR THROUGH THE GLASS, shower them with remnants of front window fragments.

The MAN IN THE BALL CAP takes off, up the sidewalk, out of view of the diners.

ROY

You hit?

WELLS

I'm fine!

Roy peeks his head up, sees that Phantom is long gone. He makes for the front door, in full pursuit.

Wells quickly stands, gun now gripped in both hands. She spots Roy sprinting up the sidewalk.

EXT. BUSINESS DISTRICT - OAKLAND, CA - DAY

Red Phantom, now with hoodie over his head, chases through a street bazaar of sorts. Food trucks and flea market vendors line the crowded avenue.

Roy gets lost in the crowd, spots quite a few other similar sweatshirts in the mix. He is sweaty...tired...hurting.

He slows to a stand still.

Red Phantom stops, turns back, spots his pursuer catching his breath and keeling over.

Roy pulls himself together.

Red Phantom ducks down an alley and out of sight.

EXT. BACK ALLEY - DAY

Red Phantom ducks in the rear door of Vito's Subs, an Italian deli and pasta house. He goes unnoticed by a KITCHEN WORKER dumping bags of trash into a dumpster.

Roy chases up the alley toward the deli. The kitchen worker turns, spots the gun in his hand.

ROY  
Where is he?!

KITCHEN WORKER  
Huh???

Roy shoves him against the dumpster, presses the forty five into his rib cage.

KITCHEN WORKER (CONT'D)  
Inside! Just chill, man!

Roy tosses him aside, hurries into the rear door, into the very busy --

KITCHEN

and scurries past a crew of white t shirts and red stained aprons serving up sandwiches and pasta.

One of the tougher ones gets in Roy's face.

TOUGH GUY  
Where are you going, pal?

Roy tickles tough guy's nose with his gun as he instantly crumbles.

TOUGH GUY (CONT'D)  
It's all good, brother.

Roy enters the --



## DINING ROOM

where a few PATRONS enjoy a quick slice and a soda.

Red Phantom, aka, ROBERT PARIS---30s, curly hair, baby faced, cold eyes, watches Roy from the table closest to the kitchen.

PARIS  
Go ahead, Roy. Do it.

Roy spins, faces Paris. He spots a gun rested on the place mat before him.

PARIS (CONT'D)  
Everyone's watching. All you gotta do is pull the trigger.

Roy keeps his gun on Paris as he stares at the small crowd seated at the other tables.

WELLS (O.S.)  
Roy!!!

PARIS  
Better hurry, Roy. Your partner's on her way.

ROY  
(to patrons)  
Everyone get out.

The patrons all stare back at one another. Nobody making the first move. Totally frozen with fear.

ROY (CONT'D)  
(angrily)  
Get out!!!

The patrons file out the front and rear doors. It's just Roy and Paris now. Alone at last.

PARIS  
What're you waiting on?

WELLS (O.S.)  
Roy! Where the hell are you?!

For a split second, Roy checks the kitchen.

Paris SHOTS ROY ONCE IN THE CHEST as he tumbles backward...over a two seater.

Sodas and dishes crash to the floor.

Paris tears out the front door just as --

WELLS

enters through the kitchen and finds Roy.

WELLS (CONT'D)

Oh God. Roy.

She aims her weapon at the window. Paris long gone.

Wells kneels before Roy, opens his shirt to find a thin Kevlar vest with a single bullet shot.

WELLS (CONT'D)

Smart sonofabitch. You got nine lives, Carson.

INT. BLUE MOON DINER - RESTROOM - NIGHT

Wells washes up in a sink. She stares at her trembling hands, tries like hell to steady them but can't.

She grows frustrated.

WELLS

Shit!

She smacks the hell out the mirror hanging above the sink. None too pleased with herself.

EXT. TENDERLOIN PROJECTS - APARTMENT - DAY (FLASHBACK)

Craig has his gun drawn and aimed at mortally wounded teen Jimmy Sparks on the sidewalk.

Wells watches from the porch. Her hands trembling as she re holsters her weapon.

END FLASHBACK

INT. BLUE MOON DINER - RESTROOM - NIGHT (PRESENT)

Wells shakes her head with disdain. She wipes her eyes dry with a paper towel.

INT. BLUE MOON DINER - NIGHT

Muldoon enters through the front door and spots Roy at the lunch counter with his shirt unbuttoned, rubbing down a very sore chest.

Flashing POLICE LIGHTS bounce off the wall above him.

AN EMPLOYEE sweeps up the mess with a broom and dustpan.

MULDOON

I thought I told you to go to the hospital.

ROY

I think I've spent enough time in one of those. Don't you?

MULDOON

Yeah, I suppose you're right. But I'll tell you, you're damn lucky you're not in the morgue. Wells too.

Wells comes out of the ladies room, watches their exchange from a safe distance.

MULDOON (CONT'D)

Without that vest, you wouldn't have been so lucky.

ROY

That's me. Lucky Roy.

MULDOON

By the way. What were the two of you doing here exactly? Funny Wells never mentioned an Angela Cowell in her reports.

Wells and Roy catch eyes. She observes him, suspicious.

WELLS

(to Muldoon)

It doesn't matter how we got here. Let it go.

MULDOON

Wells. Outside.

Muldoon heads out. Wells follows, all the while keeping a close eye on Roy.

EXT. BLUE MOON DINER - PARKING LOT - NIGHT

Muldoon and Wells stand near the front door and away from some of Oakland PD's finest exchanging notes and shooting the bull.

MULDOON

I got a whole restaurant full of witnesses who say Carson drew down on this guy first. Pretty quick for a guy with permanent memory loss.

WELLS

Yeah, well, maybe he had a hunch he was our guy.

MULDOON

Seems he's been one step ahead of us this whole time. I'm beginning to wonder why that is.

DETECTIVE DANNY VAN CORT---40s, Oakland PD, chubby, tie tucked into his baggy shirt, opens the front door and interrupts.

VAN CORT

Excuse me, Cap. Got something here I think the Inspector should see.

INT. BLUE MOON DINER - MEN'S RESTROOM - NIGHT

Van Cort, Wells and Muldoon stand before the large men's room mirror above the sinks.

316 WESTON is written out in bright red detail.

MULDOON

What the hell is this?

VAN CORT

It's not a what. It's a where. Three Sixteen Weston Avenue was the old precinct. Burnt down in the Ninety Four riots.

WELLS

What riots?

VAN CORT

I'll tell you on the way. I got all availables en route.

POLICE OFFICER (V.O.)  
Two Michael Twenty. What is your  
location? Over.

VAN CORT  
(into shoulder mic)  
Nobody breaches until I give the  
order. We're about five minutes  
out. Over.

Van Cort ducks out.

VAN CORT (CONT'D)  
Let's go, boys and girls. Train's  
leaving.

Muldoon and Wells follow behind.

INT. POLICE SUBURBAN - NIGHT

Wells and Muldoon take the backseat while Van Cort rides  
shotgun up front. A Kevlar vested SWAT GUY behind the  
wheel and firing through the streets.

VAN CORT  
This Cowell woman. Angela Cowell.  
Handpicked straight out of the  
academy for special deep cover  
assignment.

Wells and Muldoon share a brief glance, lean forward in their  
seats. At full attention.

VAN CORT (CONT'D)  
Was supposed to infiltrate this  
radical, left wing crew called The  
New World. Local idiots robbing  
banks, smoking dope, free love. All  
that kind of shit. Anyways, she  
went so deep she never came back.

WELLS  
What do you mean?

VAN CORT  
I mean she turned. Became one of  
them. Within six months, she was a  
full fledged dope addict. Got  
hooked on the juice. Started taking  
down banks with these assholes up  
and down the coast just to keep her  
habit going.

WELLS

No kidding.

VAN CORT

Some even say that robbery at the liquor store was no mistake. It was a hit. Set up and executed by none other than the Oakland PD. But you didn't hear that from me.

EXT. OLD PRECINCT HOUSE - 316 WESTON - NIGHT

Dozens of various police units converge at the street corner building. Now boarded up, charred to a crisp, abandoned and long forgotten.

Van Cort, Muldoon and Wells fall behind a crew of armed to the teeth SWAT GUYS.

TWO OF THEM rush A BATTERING RAM toward the boarded up front entrance now painted in graffiti.

Van Cort draws his gun.

CRASH!

...and in they rush...one at a time...

INT. OLD PRECINCT HOUSE - NIGHT

The laser scopes cross streams like an intergalactic space battalion chasing a lone freighter.

They find their way past a mahogany booking desk and toward a barely functional staircase strewn with spider webs.

Van Cort, Wells and Muldoon fight their way through the darkness and shadows.

Old style markers hang above several empty door frames and feature words like ROBBERY...AUTO THEFT DIVISION...BURGLARY...VICE...

SWAT GUY #1

Clear!

TWO SWAT GUYS step out of a long corridor near the front end. Both rest shoulder stocks in their armpits.

SWAT GUY #2

Clear!

From both sides of the booking desk, stepping out from what was once the holding cell area are TWO MORE SWAT GUYS who lower their weapons.

Wells aims her FLASHLIGHT AT THE FLOOR and spots what appears to be an OLD POLAROID.

WELLS

I got something here!

The entire room SHINE THEIR LASER SCOPES and FLASHLIGHTS in her general direction.

Wells holds her light on the Polaroid as she walks closer and closer. An image face up on the floor.

VAN CORT

Don't touch it!

Wells stops at the Polaroid: The face of a badly bruised and beaten young woman with blonde hair.

WELLS

Who are you?

She looks frightened and her eyes are sad.

Wells digs a pair of gloves from her pocket, throws them on with a quickness, picks up the grisly image.

Muldoon squints, unsure.

MULDOON

The Brummel woman?

WELLS

No. It's not her.

SWAT GUY #3

Got another one here!

Wells and Captain Muldoon SHINE THEIR LIGHTS in the direction of the loud and husky voice.

SWAT GUY #3 hands the second Polaroid to Van Cort who takes a careful look.

MULDOON

What is it?

After a moment, he hands it off to Muldoon.

Wells takes a closer look: A badly beaten and bruised young woman with auburn hair.

WELLS

No.

Wells throws a glance at SWAT GUY #3 who found the image. He's standing directly in front of the bottom step of a steep and twisted staircase.

About halfway up, painted along the side wall of this staircase is A NEON RED CIRCLE AND CROSSHAIRS.

An eerie GLOW IN THE DARK novelty paint marks its spot.

WELLS (CONT'D)

Look.

They all turn and stare at the ZODIAC SIGN now illuminated on the staircase wall.

WELLS (CONT'D)

It's upstairs.

VAN CORT

What is?

Wells looks stumped.

WELLS

I don't know. But it isn't good.

SWAT makes their way up the steps, followed by Van Cort, Muldoon and Wells pulling up the rear.

Wells keeps a careful eye on the first floor as they creak up the feeble steps.

Van Cort spots another Polaroid on the steps: a redhead, badly bruised, beaten but alive and frightened.

VAN CORT

There's another one!

WELLS

We're getting closer.

Muldoon glances INTO THE DARKNESS that awaits them upstairs with a sick look about him.

SWAT GUY #5

Oh God! Got another one!

SWAT GUY #5, shocked, sickened, hands another Polaroid down the line and finally to Van Cort.



WELLS

Keep moving! We'll collect them  
later!

VAN CORT

Alright, you heard The Inspector!  
Let's go! Keep it moving!

INT. OLD PRECINCT HOUSE - BRIEFING ROOM - NIGHT

SWAT POURS IN from the outside hall and shines their LASER  
SCOPES on a blackboard near the front end.

Row after row of police issue desks, still in one piece, sit  
before the blackboard and podium.

A very familiar setting indeed.

Only there's one thing different about this scene. In each  
of the desks sit lifelike female mannequins.

In the very front row, sitting dead center is a headless  
mannequin. Only the torso left behind.

MULDOON

Gotta be fucking kidding me.

VAN CORT

This is some crazy, fucked up  
Hannibal Lector shit.

(to Muldoon)

Fuck are we dealing with here,  
Muldoon?! Talk to me!

ON THE BLACKBOARD

...are DOZENS OF OLD POLAROIDs featuring young women in their  
late teens and early twenties. All beautiful but pale,  
thin and strung out.

In dead center of the board, in between this montage of past  
victims, is a large black and white photograph of THE GOLDEN  
GATE BRIDGE. Taped to this image is the photo of redhead  
Carrie Mitchell.

WELLS

Mitchell's The Golden Gate victim.  
Phantom's first kill. At least that  
we know of.

Van Cort SHINES HIS LIGHT from one end of the blackboard to  
the other.

VAN CORT  
You recognize the others?

WELLS  
No. I don't think so.

VAN CORT  
There must be thirty of them.

WELLS  
With Carrie Mitchell taking center stage.

Wells turns to Muldoon.

WELLS (CONT'D)  
The Golden Gate victim was the first homicide attributed to Red Phantom. A victim who, until now, had yet to be identified.

Muldoon shines his flashlight at the headless mannequin.

MULDOON  
The head missing from the torso. Dumped in pieces. Just like a puzzle.

WELLS  
Right.

MULDOON  
Why go through all that trouble disposing of the evidence if he's just gonna hand us Carrie Mitchell?

WELLS  
He's losing patience.

MULDOON  
With us?

WELLS  
With Carson. Golden Gate was his case.

Muldoon studies the other thirty images surrounding Carrie Mitchell's photo. He nods as he's hit with a sudden and most frightening realization.

MULDOON  
I'll get task force on the horn. Start cross referencing with missing persons.

WELLS

I say we start here. Oakland PD.  
I'm thinking this guy's local.  
Given his knowledge of the Angela  
Cowell investigation, it only makes  
sense.

VAN CORT

I'll make the calls.

Van Cort hurries from the room. Wells studies the images  
surrounding Carrie Mitchell's photo. All young. Pretty.  
Damaged.

WELLS

An abandoned police station. A wall  
of abandoned girls. Lost in the  
fire. Forgotten about. And Carrie  
Mitchell stuck in the middle.

She touches the image of Carrie Mitchell.

WELLS (CONT'D)

(to Carrie's image)

You know something, don't you?

EXT. OLD PRECINCT HOUSE - STREET CORNER - NIGHT

FIELD REPORTERS broadcast live at the scene as POLICE LIGHTS  
DOT the long and congested street. A literal maze of NEWS  
MEDIA and LAW ENFORCEMENT with random bodies rushing back  
and forth and in between vehicles.

Wells stands just outside the old precinct house. On the  
phone with Roy.

WELLS

It's a fuckin shit show.

Muldoon and Van Cort face an onslaught of FLASH BULBS.

WELLS (CONT'D)

(into phone)

What's with the disappearing act?  
I could've used you in there.

ROY (V.O.)

Because they'd all be looking at me  
instead of listening to you. Now  
shut up and listen. After I left  
the diner, it hit me.

WELLS  
What hit you?

INT. ROY'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Roy sits on his window ledge, along with his daschound, staring out into the night, as if the city were calling his name.

He is unusually calm and focused.

ROY  
Phantom's first letter. Pull it up  
on your phone if you can.  
Something's off about it.

Roy stares down at a printed up version of Red Phantom's letter downloaded from the internet.

WELLS (V.O.)  
I give up.

ROY  
I was blind but now I see. Look  
closer and you too will see the  
light. But it's not light. It's  
lights.

EXT. OLD PRECINCT HOUSE - STREET CORNER - NIGHT

Wells refers to the folded letter. On the very next line after the word light there is a single "S".

ROY (V.O.)  
Look at the next line. No period  
after light. It's lights. There  
was a fog bank the morning Sutter  
was killed. You could barely see  
the bridge in the distance.  
Unless...

WELLS  
Unless you use the telescope.

Wells faces Muldoon, who turns away from the crowd, shoots her a nasty look.

Van Cort addresses the crowd and onslaught of non stop questions.

ROY (V.O.)  
You too will see the lights. He  
was talking about the morning  
traffic on the GG.

Wells turns away from Muldoon and the growing crowd, steps  
further away from the building, into the street for a  
moment of privacy.

WELLS  
Who's the fairest of them all?

ROY (V.O.)  
He was talking about Mitchell.  
She's the Golden Gate victim. Any  
other time, I'd say I need my  
fuckin head examined for missing  
the signs. But I guess that's par  
for the course.

Wells spots INSPECTOR DENNIS CRAIG, her old partner, hobbling  
out of his police issue four door on a crutch. He is in a  
standard suit and tie, tired looking, bone thin.

Wells eyes spell guilt. Plagued with memories of her old  
partner's near fatal injuries.

WELLS  
Yeah. About that. Look. I gotta  
go. We'll talk in a few.

Wells hangs up just as Craig joins her near the curb.

CRAIG  
Well, how about that. You finally  
found your way in front of the  
cameras. Congrats.

WELLS  
What's IA doing here?

CRAIG  
I was hoping for a couple minutes  
alone with your new partner.

WELLS  
He's not my partner, Dennis.  
You're my partner. Even if you've  
chosen to forget.

CRAIG  
Oh, I didn't forget. I remember  
every morning when I put my feet to  
the floor.

WELLS

Is that why you joined up with the rat squad? To finally get your revenge?

Craig smiles, shakes his head.

CRAIG

Such hostility. Maybe you forgot I saved your life not so long ago.

WELLS

So let me guess. IA wants to know why I've involved Roy Carson in Red Phantom. Against Chief's wishes.

CRAIG

Involved him? I think you got that backwards.

WELLS

Hell are you talking about?

CRAIG

Muldoon tells me Carson's been three steps ahead of you guys since jump street. Starting with showing at Carrie Sutter's crime scene and finding Nick Beyers on his bedroom floor.

Wells sighs and moves back toward the sidewalk, away from a pestering Craig. He hobbles behind.

CRAIG (CONT'D)

A few too many coincidences I'd say. Especially for a guy with a bullet in his brain.

Wells finds a nice dark spot on the sidewalk, away from all the excitement.

WELLS

Our guy's been writing him. For how long, I don't know. But he's been giving Carson the heads up before he kills.

CRAIG

How much of a heads up? Seems like for a couple cops with not much to go on, you got super lucky here this afternoon.

WELLS

If you wanna talk to Carson, then do it. He's got nothing to hide.

CRAIG

So now you're vouching for him. You balling him already?

Wells fights the urge to slug him, walks away, heads back toward the crowd of reporters at the corner.

CRAIG (CONT'D)

I hear Phantom left you guys a present.

Wells turns back.

CRAIG (CONT'D)

A whole wall full of beat up girls. Too bad Carson split before you could get a professional opinion.

Wells takes a moment, thinks it all over with a suspicion growing in her eyes.

CRAIG (CONT'D)

The guy's wrong, old partner. That's not just a jealous cripple talking. That's a cop with twenty years on the job. You know why he's seeing that shrink. I hear they got him going to meetings for sex fiends like some kind of freak show.

WELLS

Their word against his.

CRAIG

Your boy Carson's hiding something. And I'm gonna get it out of him.

WELLS

Look, Craig. I can...

CRAIG

Take care of yourself? No. We both know that's not true, don't we?

Wells swallows her pride.

INT. POLICE STATION - TASK FORCE ROOM - DAY

The twenty seven images of the young women on the blackboard are now paper clipped to actual missing person's reports and in some cases, mug shots of the victims. All hanging on a large brick wall.

ON A SECOND WALL are the three photos left behind Nick Beyers bedroom mirror along with their names:

*The blonde - Angela Cowell, The redhead - Carrie Mitchell, and finally - the brunette - ???*

Wells stands before them. She walks the room and reviews each file in search of the connection.

Carter and Peltz, along with about eight other uniform and plain clothes cops, review piles and piles of paperwork. Lots of rolled up sleeves and sweaty armpits.

WELLS

Twenty seven girls. All missing.  
All of them pros. Forgotten about.

PELTZ

All of them okay with taking a  
beating and staying quiet.

CARTER

To them, it's just another day on  
the job. Goes with the territory.

WELLS

No. Not like this. These girls  
all had bones that had been broken  
two and three times over. Tell  
tale signs of an abusive  
relationship.

CARTER

A rough pimp.

WELLS

One might think so. Similar  
injuries and consistencies between  
dates suggest it's the work of the  
same man. Dates of these records  
going back four to six months  
before they disappeared.

CARTER

Could be they could only take so  
much and threatened to come  
forward. Our guy has other plans.



WELLS

The oldest hospital report dates back five years ago. When our guy first decided he was gonna start hurting young girls.

The tired crew pick at some old slices of pizza from the night before. Others rest hands on their heads and shut their eyes for a quick reprieve.

WELLS (CONT'D)

That's when something inside him finally set him off.

Muldoon enters, a thick manila file in hand. He slaps it down on a table before Wells.

MULDOON

Our mystery brunette and girl number three is Lauren Gravell. An ER nurse down at San Francisco General. Turns out she's been on vacation, hiking in Alaska for the last two weeks.

PELTZ

Where the hell was she? Sleeping in a bear cave?

WELLS

(to Peltz)

Hardly important now.

(to Muldoon)

Where is she?

MULDOON

Just got a call from the hospital. Got back into town last night and saw the report on the news.

PELTZ

Some welcome home.

WELLS

Speaking of home. What're we doing about security? Anyone walk the perimeter?

MULDOON

We're on it. We got two walking the beat, plus one unmarked watching the front and another covering the back. So far, all is quiet on the home front.

Wells sighs in relief.

CARTER

We got a decoy in the house?

MULDOON

Caron Kilroy out of the One-Twelve. Closest we could get to Gravell on a moment's notice. Meanwhile, Gravell's babysitter and six year old girl are holding up downtown until we can get them all in a safehouse.

WELLS

Oh my God. They must be scared to death.

MULDOON

Now that you're up to speed, we got a car waiting downstairs and the engine's running. Let's go.

Muldoon ducks out. Wells follows behind.

INT. ROY'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Roy pours himself a fresh cup of coffee. His dog creeps up between his legs and BARKS.

Roy looks down, overfills his cup as black coffee spills onto his hand...

ROY

Shit!

ROY'S POV - BLACK AND WHITE IMAGE

*Coffee carafes, creamers, donuts and pastries rest on a cheap folding table. Carrie Mitchell dumps a Styrofoam cup of coffee all over the surface and presumably all over Roy's lap.*

CARRIE

I'm so sorry.

END FLASHBACK

Roy rubs his scolded hand, as well as his eyes and nose. His head aching from the near deadly injuries.

His dog stares up at him, whimpering, worried for him.

A LOUD RINGING only Roy can hear causes him to wince and squeeze his eyes shut. He grabs his head from both sides like he's gripping a basketball.

A shattered coffee mug and wet floor before him.

The coffee spills into the long and tiny cracks of the tile.

ROY'S POV:

The coffee running through the tile turns to BRIGHT RED RIVERS OF BLOOD.

BACK TO SCENE

Roy squeezes his eyes shut. After a moment he opens.

The rivers of blood once again black streams of coffee.

INT. SAN FRANCISCO GENERAL - CAFETERIA - NIGHT

LAUREN GRAVELL---45, brunette, hair in a bun, blue scrubs, sits at a lunch table with a cup of coffee and a half eaten sandwich.

Wells and Muldoon stand before her.

The Polaroids from the old precinct house spread out on the table before Lauren.

LAUREN

Do you know how many thousands of young women just like this, all beaten to a pulp, pass through this ER on a weekly basis?

MULDOON

No, but I'd imagine quite a bit.

LAUREN

That's right. I am sorry it took this long to get back to you, but I'm afraid I have no clue why this man's involved me. Frankly, I'm disturbed the police haven't procured any more leads.

WELLS

Look. This man didn't just draw your picture from a hat. He chose you for a specific reason. Now, twenty seven of these women are on record visiting your ER.

(MORE)

WELLS (CONT'D)

All of them have been identified.  
All but one.

Wells shoves a Polaroid Lauren's nose. She quickly grows annoyed, faces away from it.

WELLS (CONT'D)

Now, I think our guy was telling us something. Something specifically about this girl.

LAUREN

You can keep shoving that picture in my face. It's not gonna jog my memory any faster. Now, please tell me you have something else on this man other than my picture.

Wells grows aggravated and Muldoon notices. He nudges her aside and takes point.

MULDOON

I know your emotions are high. This must all come as a pretty good shock. Facts are, this man has somehow involved you in this. Since we can't ask him about it, we're asking you. Fair enough?

Lauren exhales, gives up.

LAUREN

I've been a nurse for twenty years. After awhile, these girls all start looking the same, ya know?

Wells stares down at the Polaroids. A sadness growing in her eyes she tries hard to restrain.

LAUREN (CONT'D)

Faces all beat to a pulp. Eyes all bloodshot to hell, strung out. Working the streets, hustling for some pimp. Stuck in an abusive relationship they can't get out of. And they come back. Over and over again until one day they don't leave.

WELLS

I know it must be overwhelming for you. Trying to reach all those girls and getting nowhere.

LAUREN

I've watched these girls walk through those doors, over and over again. Hand in hand with the man who would eventually put them in the grave. And nothing we can do or say to them ever seems to stop it. Because a fist in their face or a needle in their arm is the closest thing to love they've ever felt from the opposite sex.

Muldoon drops a thick manila file on the table and retrieves the Polaroids, one by one.

MULDOON

I'm not asking you to remember every one of these girls, just anything that stands out to you. Like a strange similarity between these cases only the hospital would know about. Something we haven't thought of.

Lauren grabs the envelope, opens it up. Each girl's photo paper clipped to their personal records.

LAUREN

Something the cops haven't thought of? That shouldn't be too hard.

Wells rolls her eyes, gives the photo of the mystery brunette one more look. She is malnourished, bruised eyes, split lip and quietly innocent features.

INT. HOME OF DAVID MOORE - BEDROOM - NIGHT

The freshly healed face of STEPHANIE "STEPH" SILVA---25, not quite as pale as her photo, a bit heavier, stares in a mirror and turns her face side to side, as if to examine it.

Steph is pretty again. And respectable in her collared RITE AIDE PHARMACY uniform.

INT. HOME OF DAVID MOORE - KITCHEN - NIGHT

DAVID MOORE---40s, old Forty-Niners t shirt, torn jeans, uses a kitchen knife to tear open a box of Halloween decorations rested on a spotless marble countertop.

David's done well for himself and his family. It's a well kept kitchen with first rate pots and pans hanging on an overhead rack.

Through a rear door walks SHARON MOORE---30s, Steph's older sister, donning a white collared shirt marked Rite Aide Pharmacy and brown khakis.

DAVID

Hey. Just in time. I'm literally seconds from unveiling my masterpiece.

Sharon stares down a dimly lit hallway and spots a GLOW IN THE DARK SKELETON propped up against a garage door.

In creepy Halloween letters: ENTER AT YOUR OWN RISK.

SHARON

Oh God. When exactly do you go back to work again?

Sharon opens the fridge and grabs a bottle of chardonnay. She quickly uncorks.

David snags a wine glass from the overhead rack, sets it before his wife. She pours a tall one.

DAVID

I thought you were looking forward to spending some much needed time with your husband.

SHARON

That's when I thought you were gonna fix the dishwasher and work on the lawn.

DAVID

(sings)  
Some-body's cran-ky!

SHARON

A little bit.

Sharon gulps her wine.

DAVID

The store called. About thirty seconds before you walked in the door.

SHARON

Lover boy's called a grand total of thirteen times today. God knows how many since I left.

(sighs)

I need to talk to Steph.

DAVID

She's upstairs.

Sharon takes her wine and heads for the stairs. David snags another glass and pours himself one.

DAVID (CONT'D)

Don't take too long. Don't want you to miss the grand unveiling.

Sharon lazily climbs the staircase, one step at a time.

SHARON

I can barely contain my excitement.

INT. HOME OF DAVID MOORE - BEDROOM - NIGHT

Steph combs her hair in the mirror, looks to the door and spots Sharon secretly watching.

SHARON

That was the store just now. It's Bobby again. They're getting fed up, Steph. I don't have to tell you what kind of strings I pulled to get you this job.

Steph sighs with worry, slumps in her chair.

STEPH

I know. I'm sorry.

Sharon steps inside, rests herself on the edge of a king sized mattress.

SHARON

You want me to talk to him?

Steph carefully thinks it over while staring back at Sharon's image in the mirror.

SHARON (CONT'D)

From the sounds of things, he's not just gonna go away.

Steph turns around.

STEPH

I don't get it. How did he find me?

SHARON

Because he's a cop, Steph. It's his job. More importantly, he's a man. And men have a hard time letting go of things they can't have.

Steph faces the mirror, gently caresses the smooth features of her flawless face. As if she forgot what she looked like under all those bruises.

STEPH

You think she said something to him?

SHARON

Who?

STEPH

His wife. Who do you think?

SHARON

Maybe. Maybe he figured it out on his own. But that's got nothing to do with you anymore.

Sharon stands, walks to her, rests her hands on Steph's shoulders, as if to comfort her.

SHARON (CONT'D)

Anyways, you're here now. Away from all of that. You've got a second chance at straightening out your life. And surrounding yourself with people who care about you. Not people who are gonna hurt you or use you.

Steph looks lost in thought, staring into the mirror, passed herself, into nowhere.

SHARON (CONT'D)

You have a place here and I'm not letting you out of my sight.

Steph nods and smiles.

STEPH

Thanks, Sharon. You and David. For everything.



DAVID (O.S.)  
 Okay, girls! Let's go! Move it or  
 lose it!

Sharon rolls her eyes. Steph laughs.

SHARON  
 Let's get this over with.

Sharon slowly stands, rubs at her sore and tired back.

STEPH  
 Go easy on him. He's been working  
 hard.

Sharon and Steph head out together.

INT. HOME OF DAVID MOORE - GARAGE DOOR - NIGHT

Sharon and Steph stand before the glow in the dark skeleton  
 and cobb webbed garage door marked ENTER AT YOUR OWN RISK.  
 David is all smiles with beer in hand.

DAVID  
 Behold. My masterpiece.

David slowly opens the door as it mimics the CREAKING SOUNDS  
 of a classic haunted house.

Lots of BOOING, SCREAMING and LAUGHING as the three enter the  
 pitch black garage. Most of the room is a GLOWING NEON GREEN  
 with a laser light show of various GHOSTS, BATS and creepy  
 SCOOBY DOO EYES dancing along the walls.

Lots of GLOWING GREEN JACK-O-LANTERS making all kinds of  
 different faces.

And a whole crew of GLOW IN THE DARK SKELETONS posed before a  
 GLOWING DRUM SET as if they were an undead rock band.

One seated behind the drum set. One behind the mic and one  
 holding a pretend guitar.

DAVID (CONT'D)  
 So, tell me. Am I the shit?

SHARON  
 Pretty impressive, baby.

DAVID  
 You haven't seen the best part.

David aims a remote control at a full console stereo set up behind a homemade wet bar.

A loud ROCK JAM blasts away as the entire room FLICKERS like A STROBE LIGHT at a late night rave.

Sharon and Steph plug their ears as David is all grins.

SHARON  
A little loud.

David leans in closer.

DAVID  
What???

SHARON  
A little loud!!!

David shines a FLASHLIGHT under his chin and makes a spooky face for the two not so amused girls.

DAVID  
Ooooooh!

David laughs it up just as --

The LEAD SINGER SKELETON turns his head, moves behind David while still glowing green.

Sharon and Steph SCREAM.

SHARON  
David!!!

David turns down the volume a bit.

DAVID  
Come on, girls. You'll have to do better than that.

The GREEN SKELETON drives a knife into David's back.

Sharon and Steph tear back inside. Green Skeleton hits a button on the wall.

The garage door slowly opens.

INT. HOME OF DAVID MOORE - KITCHEN - NIGHT

Sharon and Steph make a run for the rear kitchen door.

Steph is about to turn the knob when Sharon hears the outer garage door opening and stops her.

SHARON

Wait! He could already be outside!  
Get upstairs! There's a gun in the  
left side nightstand! Take it and  
get in the closet! Wait for me!

All of the sudden, the entire home loses power. PITCH BLACK.

Steph bolts up the stairs with the high wired energy of a woman facing eminent death.

Sharon runs to a knife block set and pulls out the butcher blade. She spots her SMART PHONE on the island countertop and just hovered over it is --

GREEN SKELETON with knife in hand.

His GLOWING NEON BONES are the only source of light in the entire house.

Sharon jumps for her phone, but instead knocks it to the floor.

Green Skeleton kicks it across the tile.

Sharon makes for the stairs. She's about halfway up before

GREEN SKELETON

grabs her leg and trips her up. He grabs her by the hair and throws her down the remaining steps.

Sharon struggles to stand, grabs her aching leg as she desperately crawls on the carpet.

She loses a shoe.

INT. HOME OF DAVID MOORE - MASTER BEDROOM - NIGHT

Steph finds the thirty eight revolver, checks for shells and hides herself in a large, walk-in closet. She shuts the door behind her.

INT. WALK-IN CLOSET - NIGHT

Steph buries herself under a mound of unwashed laundry. She aims the gun at the door.

STEPH  
Where are you, Sharon?

INT. HOME OF DAVID MOORE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Sharon crawls into the living room and is surrounded by large pane glass windows with curtains drawn.

GREEN SKELETON hovers over her with butcher knife in hand.

He reaches down, yanks back her hair.

EXT. HOME OF DAVID MOORE - FRONT LAWN - NIGHT

THROUGH THE LIVING ROOM WINDOWS

GREEN SKELETON GLOWS BRIGHTLY as he spins in a circle in an otherwise PITCH BLACK ROOM. His unseen victim fights for her life.

All of the sudden, he stops. Stands still. As if to observe his handy work. He moves for the stairs.

INT. HOME OF DAVID MOORE - WALK-IN CLOSET - NIGHT

Steph's hands begin to shake as she keeps the gun aimed at the closed door.

THE SHADOW OF FEET stop in front of the door. The doorknob RATTLES back and forth.

STEPH  
Sharon?! Say something!

The door begins to RATTLE AND SHAKE with the impatience of someone trying to break it open.

STEPH (CONT'D)  
Sharon?! I'll shoot! I swear it!

Steph tries to steady her shaking hands. Takes aim and carelessly open fires.

SIX LARGE HOLES blown through the door and the sound of A BODY DROPPING LIMP to the floor.

Steph is unsure as she keeps the empty gun aimed at the door. She slowly sits up, eventually stands, opens the closet.

INT. HOME OF DAVID MOORE - MASTER BEDROOM - NIGHT

Steph immediately spots GREEN SKELETON dead on the carpet next to David and Sharon's bed.

She drops the empty gun and turns to the door.

STEPH

Talk to me! David! Sharon!

With her back turned, GREEN SKELETON sits up without a single bullet in him. He sneaks up behind her, wraps his hand around her mouth.

EXT. HOME OF GLORIA HARRIS - REAR DECK - MORNING

GLORIA HARRIS---40s, Carrie Mitchell's sister, stands on her stilted rear porch deck and pours herself a double vodka tonic from a wet bar. Her eyes welled with tears.

Wells keeps a respectful distance from Gloria as she stares down at a second, untouched vodka tonic rested on the wooden bar's countertop.

WELLS

I'm so sorry, Miss Harris.

Gloria stares off into the beautiful forest of California furs that occupy her backyard.

GLORIA

I don't know why I'm so upset. I knew she was gone. I mean...it was just a matter of hearing it from someone else.

Wells takes a sip from her drink, sucks in a deep breath as she finds her next words difficult.

WELLS

I know you need time to process all of this. But I'm afraid I have to ask you some tough questions about Carrie.

Gloria smirks with disgust.

GLORIA

What do you wanna know about my sister that I haven't told the other dozen officers?

(MORE)

GLORIA (CONT'D)

About all the drugs she was taking?  
About all the bad people in her  
life?

Gloria laughs, shakes her head.

GLORIA (CONT'D)

Believe me, I lost count.

And chugs the rest of her vodka.

WELLS

Tell me what you do know.

GLORIA

It seems the more she was using,  
the more she would lay down with  
anyone who gave her the time of  
day.

(sighs)

I can't tell you how many meetings  
I took her to. Rehab clinics.  
Sexual compulsives. She would  
always find a different reason to  
relapse.

Gloria grabs a pitcher and refills her empty glass.

GLORIA (CONT'D)

Sometimes I think she never had a  
chance. You know, her birth mother  
had the bug.

Wells squints, surprised.

WELLS

You're not blood sisters?

GLORIA

Carrie was adopted when she was  
still a baby. Born strung out.  
They told us her mother was as bad  
a user as they'd ever seen.

Wells moves closer. Her interest piqued.

GLORIA (CONT'D)

Just like Carrie, she was a good  
girl with everything going for her.  
She just fell in with the wrong  
crowd. Poisoned her soul from the  
inside out. Filling her head with  
hate.

(MORE)

GLORIA (CONT'D)  
 For the world and for everything in  
 it. Until there was nothing left.

Wells falls into a trance-like state. Her attention shifted.

INT. GRAB BAG LIQUOR STORE - DAY (FLASHBACK)

*ANGELA COWELL attempts to detain A HOODED MAN IN A SKI MASK  
 and takes a SINGLE SHOT to the chest.*

*She drops to the floor. Her eyes wide and lifeless as BLOOD  
 TRICKLES FROM HER OPEN MOUTH.*

END FLASHBACK

EXT. HOME OF GLORIA HARRIS - REAR DECK - MORNING (PRESENT)

Wells still in a trance. Gloria notices her strange  
 behavior.

GLORIA  
 Inspector?

Wells snaps out of it.

WELLS  
 Miss Harris, is there anything else  
 you can tell me about her?  
 Carrie's mother?

GLORIA  
 Never even knew her name. Mom  
 didn't want to. As far as she was  
 concerned, Carrie was her child  
 now. The world she came from was  
 in the past. She wasn't about to  
 let it back in. Or anyone from it.  
 Including her.

Gloria chugs her drink. Wells cell RINGS.

WELLS  
 Excuse me.

Wells steps away, leans over the deck rail, answers her  
 phone.

WELLS (CONT'D)  
 Yeah?

MULDOON (V.O.)  
 We found her.

INT. HOME OF DAVID MOORE - LIVING ROOM - MORNING

Wells kneels before the corpse. Sharon's right shoe is missing and her ankle is swollen.

TWO CORONERS wheel out the strapped down, covered body of David through the rear kitchen door.

MULDOON

After our guy did the husband in the garage, it looks like Sharon lost a shoe chasing up the stairs.

He motions toward the staircase. Wells follows his look.

A single shoe on the floor.

MULDOON (CONT'D)

Takes a stumble down the steps, makes for the front door, only our guy catches up with her.

Wells peeks up at Muldoon from the carpet.

WELLS

He get in from the garage?

MULDOON

Most likely. Checked all the doors and windows. No signs of forced entry anywhere. It's tight as a drum with a first rate alarm system.

Wells processes it all.

WELLS

He knew the code.

Muldoon nods in agreement.

MULDOON

Probably been watching the place for God knows how long.

Wells stands back up.

WELLS

So who were they?

MULDOON

Stephanie Silva's sister and brother in law. Apparently, she had been staying here since July.

(MORE)



MULDOON (CONT'D)

From the sounds of things, laying pretty low.

WELLS

What're you talking about?

MULDOON

I checked with San Francisco General to see if they had anything on Stephanie Silva. Get this. According to one of the on call nurses, she died on the table on June Twentieth. An overdose.

WELLS

You're kidding.

MULDOON

Guess who was working the ER that night.

Wells shakes her head in disgust.

INT. MICKEY PELTZ APARTMENT - DAY

Peltz sits on his hard wood floor, legs sprawled out, an emotional basket case and very much in shock.

CAMERAS FLASH as a CRIME SCENE TECH and PHOTOGRAPHER stand before an open refrigerator door.

Carter speaks quietly with A UNIFORM COP as he observes his partner's catatonia.

Through the front door walks a very sullen and quiet Muldoon and Wells who seem reluctant to enter.

They both check with Peltz who all but ignores their presence in his apartment.

Muldoon and Wells move up behind the photographer in the midst of getting his last shot.

As the two men step away from the fridge --

A redheaded woman's severed head rests inside. The severed head of Carrie Mitchell.

PELTZ

Hey, Wells.

Wells and Muldoon both turn to Peltz.

PELTZ (CONT'D)  
I wanna new refrigerator.

INT. DR. FINK'S OFFICE - DAY

Roy slumped forward on the couch, his baggy and bloodshot eyes on the carpet.

ROY  
We got a break in the case.

FINK  
I saw. The whole city is watching,  
Roy. How does that make you feel?

Roy sits up, tries like hell to open his heavy eyelids.

ROY  
Nobody even knows I'm involved in  
this case. The ones that think I  
might be are doing everything they  
can to keep me out of it.

FINK  
Does that upset you? That your  
superiors are questioning your  
abilities?

Roy gives Fink another hard stare. He's hit another sensitive nerve.

FINK (CONT'D)  
Or is it the fact that Inspector  
Wells is taking credit for the  
investigation? For your work?

Roy squints, as if pondering Fink's question.

FINK (CONT'D)  
That her name is featured on the  
six o clock news and not yours.

And Roy finally avoids the question, lights up a smoke instead.

ROY  
I don't care about that.

FINK  
You sure about that?

ROY  
What're you talking about?

FINK

A man like you has a lot to prove. Not just to himself but to the public. Your superiors, colleagues. To the families of the victims.

ROY

You think I wanna see my name on the news? The responsibility of finding all those girls hanging around my neck?

FINK

Yes. Because it's what drives you. You're an adrenaline junky, Roy. You thrive on stress and constant pressure. It's how you've chosen to live your life.

Roy laughs as he stands and stretches his legs. He moves for the long table near Fink, picks up the old basketball photo and gets a closer look.

ROY

You think I want this case?

FINK

You didn't have to show on Inspector Wells crime scene and make a big show of it. But it's what you chose to do.

Roy walks to his usual spot by the window.

FINK (CONT'D)

It's not enough for you to simply catch your killer. You have to win. And you have to shove that win down everyone's throat.

ROY

I don't know, Doc. Sounds like the actions of a very bitter person.

FINK

That's right. Because, in your mind, you made the sacrifices the others haven't. You gave your life. Lost your wife and child because of it.

ROY

Watch your mouth about my family.

FINK

You even took three bullets for your troubles. In your mind, you have to be the best. It's what I've been talking about this whole time. It's a never ending battle between you and you.

Roy laughs and drags his cigarette. He gawks out at The Golden Gate Bridge.

FINK (CONT'D)

Just like that cigarette. There's a sign on my door that says no smoking. First thing you do is light up.

ROY

Okay, Doc. You got me pegged. What about you?

FINK

What about me, Roy?

ROY

Let's talk about this picture for one. Mister basketball star. State champion.

Roy shoves the picture in Fink's face.

ROY (CONT'D)

You got this picture pointed straight at me since I started coming in here. I bet you dust it three or four times a day. Probably moves around the room with every patient too.

Roy sets the picture back in its spot, now facing Fink himself.

ROY (CONT'D)

You want everybody to know what a big shot you are. How you're in charge and we're the helpless little head case that can't win the big game without you.

FINK

I'm not saying there isn't any truth to that, Roy. Maybe there is. But I'm not here to debate that with you.

(MORE)

FINK (CONT'D)

Or to let personal feelings get in the way of my job. I'm here to help you. Because I'm just a lonely civil servant just like the rest of us. Just like you.

ROY

Yeah, yeah. And I should learn to do the same and learn my place in the world. Something like that?

FINK

You said it, Roy. Not me.

Roy has a good laugh.

ROY

What else are you selling, Doc?

FINK

It depends. On whether you're willing to put down your guard and listen. To make some real changes in your life. And to finally forgive yourself for what happened in that alley.

Roy gives up, slumps back down on the couch. He and Fink simply stare back at one another in silence.

EXT. POLICE SAFE HOUSE - DEEP WOODS - DAY

A four door police issue sedan slowly cruises a gravel path cut through a forest of towering California furs.

They come upon a quaint log cabin surrounded by the running waters of a peaceful creek.

A children's swing set outside. A UNIFORM COP rocks MISSY GRAVELL---6, Lauren's daughter, back and forth. He gives a quick nod to --

MULDOON AND WELLS

who step from their car and head for the door.

INT. POLICE SAFE HOUSE - DAY

Lauren sits on the couch, picking nervously at her heavily damaged fingernails while --

An impatient and irritated Muldoon hovers over her.

Wells also stands, arms crossed, also out of patience and upset with Lauren.

MULDOON

I got a restaurant full of eyewitnesses who just fingered your ex husband Bobby Paris as the same man who shot Roy Carson in the chest at point blank range.

Lauren stays strangely quiet.

MULDOON (CONT'D)

You lied to us, Lauren. Not only did you know Stephanie Silva, you knew her all too well.

WELLS

According to hospital records, Silva died on the table almost eight months ago. Guess who signed her death certificate.

Lauren shoots Wells a nasty back off stare.

MULDOON

Imagine their surprise when she was brought into the ER earlier today, alive and kicking and with a broken arm.

LAUREN

Is she alright?

MULDOON

She's fine. She did, however, have a real interesting story to tell us about your husband. Turns out he brought her to the ER the night you signed her off as a deceased.

Lauren stares aimlessly at the table before her.

Muldoon bends down, as if to insist on her undivided attention.

MULDOON (CONT'D)

You sneak her out the back door before Bobby can get a sniff of what's going on. Got her a room at the Holiday Inn.

(MORE)

MULDOON (CONT'D)

A couple days later you're co  
signing a lease on an apartment.

Wells notices an anger building inside of Lauren. Her eyes  
and lips tense as if she's fighting the urge to explode all  
over the pestering cops.

WELLS

She was fucking your husband.  
Wasn't she?

Lauren snickers.

LAUREN

Real smart, cop. But you got it  
wrong.

WELLS

October Eleventh, Nineteen Ninety  
Four. The date on the back of your  
picture. It's Stephanie's  
birthday. You knew it the second  
you laid eyes on it.

MULDOON

Seven years ago he was assigned to  
a special Youth Crimes Division,  
cracking down on drugs and  
prostitution. He dealt with a lot  
of young girls, just like Stephanie  
Silva. Five years ago, they start  
disappearing. One at a time.

LAUREN

You have to understand. I didn't  
know anything about that.

Muldoon starts dropping case files in front of Lauren. One  
file at a time. Eight by ten glossies of black and blue  
faces, bruised stomachs and backs.

MULDOON

Take a good look. Your husband's  
handy work.

Lauren fidgets with her nails, ignoring the pictures, reaches  
for a half empty bottle of scotch.

Muldoon forcefully grabs it and slams it back down on the  
table, just out of Lauren's reach.

MULDOON (CONT'D)

You knew that girl's life was in  
danger.

(MORE)

MULDOON (CONT'D)

Because these girls had been coming into the ER for years. You're gonna sit there and tell me none of them ever mentioned your husband's name?

LAUREN

No. They couldn't. They were too scared. None of them ever talk.

(to both)

That's how it works. It's about control. He controlled them.

Lauren stares at the bottle of scotch, and then at Muldoon. She motions to the bottle.

LAUREN (CONT'D)

If we're doing this, I'm gonna need a drink. Do you mind?

MULDOON

Go ahead.

Lauren pours herself a tall one.

LAUREN

It started a few years back with his new promotion. Working this new Youth Crimes Division. Part of the job was him working with local shelters, rehab centers. Helping girls get clean in exchange for information. He became like a father figure to a lot of them. His phone rang constantly. Can you get me out of this jam. Get me out of that jam. They took over his life.

MULDOON

Get to the point.

LAUREN

For years, he watched these girls come in and out of rehab only to turn around and go back to the streets. Back to their pimp. To drugs. It was like they were using him. Sucking the life out of him until nothing was left.

Lauren tears up at the thought.



LAUREN (CONT'D)

It broke his heart. It's like they destroyed his life. Destroyed our lives!

WELLS

Is that why he started hurting them? For revenge?

LAUREN

Stephanie Silva almost died on the table. But she didn't. She had a second chance. I'm guessing she had quite the Come To God moment because she told me about these things this cop had been doing to her. Kinky things. Not just to her. But to a lot of other girls.

Muldoon and Wells share a look.

LAUREN (CONT'D)

That's when I knew. My worst fears about Bobby had come true.

EXT. BOBBY PARIS'S APARTMENT BUILDING - DAY

Peltz, dressed in a meter maid's outfit, strolls the sidewalk in front of the apartment complex. He pretends to be checking meters while actually talking with Carter on a secret line.

CARTER (V.O.)

What's the story, Mickey?

PELTZ

(into a mic)

Checked every plate in a two block radius. No Paris.

EXT. STREET CURB - DAY

Carter behind the wheel of an unmarked car. He holds a black walkie to his mouth and watches the apartment building from down the street.

CARTER

How are we looking upstairs?

EXT. STRIP MALL - REAR PARKING LOT - DAY

Another PLAIN CLOTHES COP dressed as a kitchen worker with a white apron tied to his waist watches the second story of Paris's apartment building.

Bobby Paris's apartment door visible at the end of the long hallway. His across the hall neighbors, a YOUNG COUPLE, smoke a couple blunts on their porch.

PLAIN CLOTHES COP

(into mic)

So far no movement on the apartment. Just a couple of kids smoking some shit. Good shit too. I can smell it all the way down here.

CARTER (V.O.)

Just keep your eyes open and try not to get made.

PLAIN CLOTHES COP

All the sudden I want some Cheetos.

INT. POLICE STATION - TASK FORCE ROOM - NIGHT

Wells stands before her WALL OF MISSING GIRLS looking deeply focused and completely involved.

The dates of these reports are written out on POST-IT NOTES stuck just above each girl's image. All listed in order of disappearance.

A disturbed look in Wells eyes suggest that something is seriously amiss. Muldoon ducks in with an unorganized stack of opened mail.

MULDOON

I got Bobby Paris's whole life in my hand. Credit card statements. Where he banks, shops, eats, drinks, buys his groceries. Every phone call he's made in the last month and everyone he's talked to. All of them under twenty four hour watch as of thirty minutes ago.

Wells couldn't care less. Her eyes never leave the board. Muldoon grins, moves closer to her. He tries to grab her attention.

MULDOON (CONT'D)

I got Carter and Peltz on Paris's apartment with SWAT on standby. So far, no movement. In case you were wondering. Or cared at all. What's up with you?

WELLS

Who the hell tampered with the board?

Muldoon takes a quick look, not following.

MULDOON

Why are you still staring at the board? I got a dozen men in the field waiting to grab this asshole and you're in here playing Jodie Foster.

WELLS

That lousy sonofabitch.

She nudges Muldoon aside and races from the room.

MULDOON

Did I miss something?

INT. IRISH COP BAR - NIGHT

Craig leans his cane against the bar as he downs his third shot of bourbon. He looks to the door just as a truly pissed off Wells storms in.

CRAIG

Shit. Here we go.

The room full of drunken, off duty cops shoot Wells a quiet but deadly stare. None impressed and all up to speed on her and Craig's controversial past.

Craig greets her with a cocky grin.

CRAIG (CONT'D)

Well, well. I was wondering when you were gonna call me for a drink.

WELLS

Who called IAD to the old station house that night?

CRAIG

You just cut right to the chase.  
Don't you, Wells?

WELLS

Cut the crap. We find a wall full  
of missing girls and IA comes  
running. Now I got a wall full of  
girls with five faces missing.  
Five faces that were on that board  
less than twenty four hours ago.  
Tell me IA didn't request those  
files.

Craig has himself a good laugh. Wells doesn't follow.

WELLS (CONT'D)

What the hell's so funny, Craig?

CRAIG

Frankly, partner, I'm shocked  
you're just now figuring this whole  
thing out.

WELLS

I told you to cut the shit. I need  
to know what Internal Affairs has  
on Carson and I need to know now.

Craig downs another shot.

CRAIG

Okay, partner. Looks like Carson's  
officially in the clear. I guess  
there's no harm in telling you now.

The Bartender greets Wells.

BARTENDER

How goes it, Inspector? The usual.

WELLS

Bourbon. Neat. Make it a double.

BARTENDER

A girl after my own heart.

He sets her up.

CRAIG

A few months back, Carson was  
working a homicide. Dead hooker.  
Young, fresh to the streets.

(MORE)

CRAIG (CONT'D)

This girl was busted on a possession charge with intent. Bonded out and was killed within an hour of making bail.

WELLS

Killed how?

CRAIG

A strangulation. Anyways, Carson comes along and requests her case. Claimed a cop had her killed. Not just any cop. A cop who was running a whole string of prostitutes.

WELLS

Paris.

CRAIG

And I'm not talking the usual crowd. All fresh pickings from the local shelters. All young, hungry and desperate for cash.

WELLS

Just like Gravel described.

CRAIG

Now, how Carson deducted a cop was involved based on the evidence was a mystery to everybody. That is, up until IA was sent an anonymous video of Carson and one Carrie Mitchell in a motel doing some very unnatural things.

Wells thinks back.

WELLS

Mitchell. Fuckin Paris recorded the two of them.

CRAIG

Next thing I know, a whole string of girls are coming in, one at a time, all giving the same statement about Roy Carson. An abusive cop who gets his kicks beating the shit out of young girls.

WELLS

That's what they were ordered to do. Just like Traci Voss. The five missing girls on the wall.

CRAIG

That's right. All I know is IAD got a call from downtown. My official instructions were no one outside the building can know about those five girls or the allegations against Carson.

WELLS

Of course. Carson was a hero. The cop who couldn't die.

CRAIG

Well old partner. You are now up to speed.

An aggravated Wells quickly downs her bourbon.

EXT. CITY HALL - FRONT STEPS - NIGHT

A full scale press conference. Chief Hayes, Muldoon and a crew of sharply dressed CITY OFFICIALS stand before a mob of cameras and FLASH BULBS.

A FEMALE REPORTER nudges her way to the front of the crowd.

FEMALE REPORTER

Chief Hayes. Just three days ago, the people of San Francisco were led to believe Nick Beyers was responsible for the Red Phantom murders. Now, in light of Robert Paris being named a prime suspect, will you officially go on record that the San Francisco Police Department shot and killed an innocent man?

CHIEF HAYES

Nicholas Beyers was the last person seen with Traci Voss before her death. This was also the same man who threatened a room full of police officers at gunpoint. Including Inspector Wells who had a gun pointed in her face. We were not taking any chances as far as Mister Beyers was concerned.

The crowd erupts with deafening chatter. Chief Hayes points to a second MALE REPORTER.

MALE REPORTER

Chief Hayes. Are you honestly suggesting that both Nick Beyers and Robert Paris have played an involvement in The Red Phantom Killings?

Chief Hayes clears his throat as he's thrown off his game. Muldoon notices.

CHIEF HAYES

We are not suggesting Nick Beyers was involved, nor are we excluding his involvement in these crimes.

INT. ROY'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

A small kitchen counter television resumes the city hall conference already in progress.

Chief Hayes at the podium.

CHIEF HAYES

Despite premature reports suggesting that Robert Paris is in fact The Red Phantom, let me be crystal clear. This is still very much an ongoing investigation. Excuse me.

Chief Hayes exits stage left. The crowd once again erupts as hands are raised and FLASH BULBS explode like a Fourth of July fireworks display.

Roy stands before his television with remote control in hand. He shuts it down. An emotionless, blank expression as he walks to a dining room chair.

His shoulder holster hung on the back. He pulls his forty five and checks the magazine.

INT. CITY HALL - MAYOR'S OFFICE - NIGHT

Chief Hayes paces in a nervous frenzy before MAYOR HAL JENNINGS---60s, stuffy suit, very stoic.

MAYOR JENNINGS

Just what in the hell was that all about? I thought you two had this under wraps.

Resting comfortably in a leather chair is COMMISSIONER JOE FRANCIS---50s, African American, tough as nails and proper looking in a tailored policeman's uniform with what looks to be a dozen medals of commendation.

Through the door struts Wells. Muldoon closes the door behind her. The two share a quiet exchange that suggests neither are looking forward to this.

MAYOR JENNINGS (CONT'D)

Inspector Wells. Maybe you can bring us up to speed. Chief Hayes was just explaining how you organized this press conference without his authorization.

Wells looks to Muldoon for help. He is strangely quiet and passive.

CHIEF HAYES

Don't look at him. Look at me. You give the press Bobby Paris without clearing it with us? What the hell were you thinking?

WELLS

I don't know, sir. I was thinking this is a capital murder investigation and we needed to get Paris's mug on the news.

MAYOR JENNINGS

Excuse me, Inspector. But all we have on Robert Paris is a statement from his estranged ex wife. Is this correct?

WELLS

We have a helluva lot more on Paris than just a statement, sir.

CHIEF HAYES

Yeah, well, we don't see it that way. Tell you what I see. I see a cop with a distinguished record who, given his job description, just so happened to cross paths with these girls. That's it. Nothing more.

WELLS

You mean like Roy Carson?



Mayor Jennings, Commissioner Francis and Muldoon all perk up at the mere mention of Carson's name. All but Chief Hayes who looks insulted.

CHIEF HAYES

Excuse me?

WELLS

Why don't we talk about what this is really about. You knew Carson's history with those girls would go public. That's why you had Internal Affairs pull their files. After all, you can't have the department's new golden boy get named as the prime suspect in a serial murder case.

MAYOR JENNINGS

(to Chief Hayes)

What's she talking about?

CHIEF HAYES

I don't think I like your tone.

WELLS

I was handpicked to run this investigation. They figured with my spotty record and almost getting my partner killed, I'd jump at the chance to head up their task force. They figured I'd be that much easier to manipulate.

MULDOON

Take it easy, Wells.

CHIEF HAYES

If I were you, I'd think real hard about my next words.

COMMISSIONER FRANCIS

Let her finish.

Muldoon quietly grins.

Wells grows confident and steps closer to Chief Hayes who looks to be feeling the weight of the room.

WELLS

I got some bad news for you, Chief. I'm bringing in Bobby Paris. Alive.

(MORE)

WELLS (CONT'D)

When I'm done, I'm personally gonna look into who ordered the trigger on Nick Beyers.

Chief Hayes checks with the others. All eyes on him.

WELLS (CONT'D)

You better pray your name doesn't get mentioned. Because if it does, I'll go to the press with a front page story naming you as the man who arranged the framing of an innocent man.

CHIEF HAYES

I want your gun and your star. Right now.

Wells just grins back at Chief Hayes. A silent staring contest ensues.

WELLS

(to Muldoon)

Captain. Are you gonna back me up or what?

They all turn to Muldoon. He looks at Wells, still very much unsure.

MULDOON

You heard The Chief, Inspector. Your gun and badge.

Wells snickers under her breath as she pulls her gun and badge and walks them to Mayor Jennings desk.

WELLS

(to Mayor Jennings)

Tell you what. You keep those. I won't be needing them anymore.

Wells heads for the door.

EXT. STREET CURB - CARTER'S CAR - NIGHT

Carter sits behind the wheel. Peltz next to him, still in his meter maid get up. He grows more and more impatient as the two quietly watch the building.

PELTZ

How much more of this sitting around are we gonna do?

(MORE)

PELTZ (CONT'D)

He could be on his couch watching Gordon Ramsay.

CARTER

Not until the short lady sings, Mickey. You know the drill. Sit tight.

PELTZ

Speaking of Wells. Is this her show or not?

CARTER

Relax, man. She'll be here. Just be cool. If he's inside, he's gotta come out sometime.

PELTZ

Yeah. And he'll smell every cop in a two block radius of his building.

CARTER

It's not your call, Peltz. Leave it alone.

Peltz fidgets in his seat, unable to sit still.

PELTZ

Call the landlord.

Peltz dips out of the car in a hurry.

CARTER

(into walkie)

Mickey's flown the coop. Everybody be cool and await my signal.

INT. POLICE STATION - SQUAD ROOM - NIGHT

Wells stands at her desk, clearing her valuables and loading them into a cardboard box while her colleagues and fellow officers watch on.

Some of them happy, others surprisingly sad for her unexpected departure.

Muldoon ducks in. The squad room all return to their business. All eyes down.

MULDOON

If you're trying to make a point, I think you've made it.

Muldoon rests his butt on Wells desk. She stops what she's doing, hands on her hips.

WELLS

You're right. Maybe I should stay until I completely lose my mind like Roy Carson. Or Bobby Paris.

Wells loads some more junk into her cardboard case.

MULDOON

Yeah. Both good cops who completely lost their shit. That's because they went numb. They lost faith. You don't have to be like them.

Muldoon keeps quiet a second or two while Wells finishes loading her valuables. He breaks the silence.

MULDOON (CONT'D)

I just got a call from Carter and Peltz. Looks like Paris had himself a visitor tonight.

WELLS

What're you talking about?

MULDOON

Someone broke into his place. Kicked the door in. Flipped it completely inside out.

Wells looks perplexed.

MULDOON (CONT'D)

I was gonna send you over to Carson's apartment. See what he has to say for himself but I guess you're a little busy quitting.

WELLS

They already check Paris's computer files?

MULDOON

They would have. If whoever busted in there didn't take it with him.

Wells just stares back at Muldoon as he shoots her a dumb grin, confidently awaiting her decision. She stares at her cardboard box, unsure.

WELLS  
I'll call Carson.

Wells reaches for her phone on the desk. Muldoon smiles and goes about his business.

Wells dials Roy's number and waits. She stares down at random images of battered young women and other open files.

The three photos from Nick Beyer's apartment: Angela Cowell, Carrie Mitchell and Lauren Gravell, all stare up at Wells as she waits on the phone.

INT. ROY'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

The room is pitch dark. Not a light on in the entire place. Roy is apparently out for the evening.

INT. POLICE STATION - SQUAD ROOM - NIGHT

Wells keeps the phone to her ear. Losing patience as she stares down at Lauren Gravell's picture. She is standing before a red brick building of sorts.

INT. CAPTAIN MULDOON'S OFFICE - NIGHT

Wells chases in the office just as Muldoon pours himself a fresh cup of coffee.

WELLS  
I like killing. It's as easy as one-two-three. Phantom all but told us the answer was in one of these three images.

MULDOON  
Yeah. He's told us a lot of things. So what?

WELLS  
Look at the pictures.

Wells hands him the three photos.

WELLS (CONT'D)  
With Carrie Mitchell, it was the telescope. With Angela Cowell, she's standing in front of a police car.

Muldoon still not following.

WELLS (CONT'D)

Can't you see, with each picture  
Phantom's left us a clue. One more  
step to finding him.

MULDOON

The Gravell woman already  
identified herself.

WELLS

Look at Gravell's photo. Where it  
was taken. Look familiar?

Muldoon stares at it a sec. He shakes his head.

WELLS (CONT'D)

The Cable Car Pizza Shop. It's on  
Dewey. It sits right on the alley  
where Roy Carson was shot.

Muldoon takes a more careful look at the photo.

WELLS (CONT'D)

You see the Now Leasing sign in the  
upstairs window?

Muldoon gives it another look. He spots a woman in the  
second story window removing a large WHITE SIGN.

MULDOON

Yeah. Someone's taking it down.

WELLS

You said Gravell co signed on an  
apartment for Stephanie Silva.  
Only she gets spooked and leaves  
town. Hides out at her sister's  
house instead. But why did she  
leave?

The wheels begin to spin in Muldoon's eyes.

MULDOON

Paris tracked her down.

WELLS

Bastard probably took this picture  
of his ex wife. The other two  
pictures are posed. They're  
smiling. Happy. Now look at  
Gravell. That surprised look. She  
didn't know he was there.

Muldoon drops the image on his desk, rubs his sore face, a sick look about him.

WELLS (CONT'D)

Any guess on where Bobby Paris is holding up?

EXT. CABLE CAR PIZZA SHOP - NIGHT

The bright red brick building just like the one in Lauren Gravell's photograph. A fat cartoon version of the San Francisco cable car painted on the window.

A small sign: CABLE CAR PIZZA hangs over the door.

Wells appears out of a dark alley way and stares across the street at the tall fire station turned pizzeria.

INT. CABLE CAR PIZZA - NIGHT

Wells follows behind the shop's chief manager and operator VICKIE---40s, tight jeans, spunky, as she finishes wiping down the counters and booths for the night.

VICKIE

Yeah, he stayed here for awhile. Right after that girl moved out. Stephanie.

Vicki nudges Wells shoulder out of her way as she carries a plastic tub of dirty dishes to the kitchen.

WELLS

Stayed here. As in before? But not now?

Vickie dumps the heavy tub in the open kitchen window.

VICKIE

Skipped out on me. Just like that Stephanie girl. Keep telling Joanie enough is enough. What can I tell you? We keep getting one winner after the next in here.

WELLS

Have you shown the room to anyone else since Bobby left?

VICKIE

No.

WELLS

You're sure?

VICKIE

Not unless they climbed up the fire  
escape and broke in.

Wells takes a moment. She checks over her shoulder to see if they are indeed alone.

WELLS

Look. If you don't mind, I'd like  
to take a look upstairs.

INT. STAIRWELL - CABLE CAR PIZZA - NIGHT

Wells is slow and cautious as she creaks up the old and rickety steps. Her jacket tossed aside, hand on her back up sidearm.

She reaches the top of the stairs, looks down at Vickie at the bottom, watching her, arms crossed.

VICKIE

Everything alright up there?

Wells puts a finger to her mouth, signals Vickie to shut up and back off.

Wells checks the door. It is cracked open a bit.

INT. UPSTAIRS APARTMENT - CABLE CAR PIZZA - NIGHT

Wells enters. Flips the light switch on the immediate wall but nothing happens. Still dark.

The room is sparse. Basic. Sitting dead center of the room is a cheap, round dining room table.

A laptop computer sits on top. It is powered up.

Wells moves closer, draws her gun. As she moves in on the laptop, she notices a video playing of Roy and Carrie, across from each other at The Blue Moon Diner.

It was recorded by someone on the outside sidewalk.

WELLS

Oh my God.



The video then cuts to footage of Roy and Carrie in a cheap motel room. He places a stocking over her face and forces her to her knees.

Roy is angry, forceful. His eyes full of pent up rage and sexual tension.

Carrie unbuttons his fly.

The video cuts to footage of Roy and Stephanie Silva in the same motel room. He strikes her across the mouth as she tumbles face first to the mattress.

Roy pulls WHITE CLOTHESLINE from his back pocket, grabs and holds Steph's wrists together as he ties her up. He then pulls A RED DEVIL MASK over his face.

Steph SCREAMS OUT and faces the camera.

Wells hits pause. Steph's face frozen in time.

Wells touches the screen.

WELLS (CONT'D)

Silva.

Before she can blink...

A rock is thrown through the fire escape window.

Wells spins in a circle, gun aimed and ready. She spots her own reflection in a hallway mirror.

POW-POW-POW!

The bullets shatter the long and full body mirror as AN ACTUAL BODY crashes through the shards.

It's BOBBY PARIS. His hands and feet tied with white clothesline and mouth gagged and taped.

One of Wells bullets in his right shoulder.

Wells moves in on him.

WELLS (CONT'D)

Paris. Oh my God. Please.

Wells checks his pulse. Paris stares back at her, alive but barely conscious.

EXT. CABLE CAR PIZZA SHOP - BACK ALLEY - NIGHT

Wells exits the pizzeria, walks around the building and into the alley next door. A very familiar looking alley with a tall fire escape and old red brick.

She is slow and extra cautious. The other end stretches into an infinite darkness. Almost pitch black.

As she strolls the alley, some old conversations come back to haunt her.

WELLS (V.O.)  
Why make the second trip to Twin  
Peaks to dump the body?

INT. NICK BEYERS BEDROOM - NIGHT (FLASHBACK)

Roy and Wells stand over the blood stained floorboards where Carrie Sutter was left to die.

ROY  
It's part of the game. Games are  
only fun if you have an opponent  
equal to the challenge.

EXT. CABLE CAR PIZZA SHOP - BACK ALLEY - NIGHT (PRESENT)

Wells continues up the alley. Slow and cautious.

WELLS (V.O.)  
I don't know, Carson. It feels  
like we're just chasing our own  
tales on this one.

EXT. GRAB BAG LIQUORS - DAY (FLASHBACK)

Roy and Wells outside. Roy leans on the wall while an impatient Wells puffs a cigarette.

ROY  
I think we were just looking in the  
wrong place.

Roy points to THE BLUE MOON DINER across the street.

EXT. BLUE MOON DINER - NIGHT (FLASHBACK)

Muldoon and Wells stand near the front door. Red and Blue lights flashing behind them.

MULDOON

He's been one step ahead of us this whole time.

EXT. CABLE CAR PIZZA SHOP - BACK ALLEY - NIGHT (PRESENT)

Wells moves further into the darkness...

INT. POLICE SAFE HOUSE - NIGHT (FLASHBACK)

Lauren on the couch. Muldoon and Wells hover over her.

LAUREN

She told me about these things this cop had been doing to her. Kinky things.

EXT. OLD PRECINCT HOUSE - NIGHT (FLASHBACK)

Wells and Craig on the sidewalk.

CRAIG

They got him going to meetings for sex fiends like some kind of freak show.

EXT. GLORIA'S HOUSE - REAR DECK - DAY (FLASHBACK)

Gloria and Wells discuss Carrie's life.

GLORIA

Can't tell you how many meetings I took her to. Rehab clinics. Sexual compulsives.

INT. SEXUAL COMPULSIVES ANONYMOUS MEETING - NIGHT

Carrie sits in a tight circle across from none other than Roy Carson. About eight other people there. Some of them with coffees and pastries in hand.

GLORIA (V.O.)

Seems the more she was using, the more she'd lay down with anyone who gave her the time of day.

Roy catches eyes with Carrie who smiles at him ever so slightly but seductively.

INT. MOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

Roy and Carrie in bed. He sticks a needle in her arm as she juices up. He dons his RED DEVIL MASK.

EXT. CABLE CAR PIZZA SHOP - BACK ALLEY - NIGHT (PRESENT)

Wells sees someone moving up the alley toward her. A tall and faceless figure, taking his time.

LAUREN (V.O.)

It's about control. He controlled them. None of them ever talked.

Wells hears the CRUNCH OF BOOTS stepping on random trash as the figure moves closer and closer.

WELLS

Chief was right. Paris was a good cop. Good enough to know a bad cop when he sees one.

The faceless figure stops. The outline of this man looks suspiciously like Roy Carson.

ROY

That's right. He turned them all against me. One by one. Starting with Carrie.

Roy moves closer into the light but still IN THE SHADOWS, still unrecognizable.

ROY (CONT'D)

Then I saw him one night at The Blue Moon. Watching us from outside. Staring down at us.

INT. BLUE MOON DINER- NIGHT (FLASHBACK)

Roy and Carrie in the corner booth. Angela Cowell's police memorial hangs just over them.

Roy looks up and spots a carefully disguised BOBBY PARIS watching them from the sidewalk.

ROY (V.O.)

We went there sometimes after the meetings. That's where she told me what happened to her mother across the street.

EXT. CABLE CAR PIZZA SHOP - BACK ALLEY - NIGHT (PRESENT)

Roy now steps into the light. His face fully recognizable.

ROY

Being just as vulnerable as she could be. Even shedding the occasional tear. Meantime, he was watching. With her pretending not to notice and all the while the two of them plotting against me.

Roy moves uncomfortably close to Wells. She backs up a bit. Her hand on her sidearm.

ROY (CONT'D)

I'm running around, hurting all those girls. Between Paris and Mitchell, they could've stopped it. Instead, they recorded all of it. Bobby Paris never cared about those girls. Just like me, he was an opportunist. No better. No worse. Some may even say he got what he deserved.

WELLS

You didn't come here to meet Paris. You were gonna kill Stephanie Silva before she could talk. She was the last one. Only Paris was waiting on you. He knew you'd find her.

ROY

Congrats, Wells. You cracked the big case. Just like I knew you would. Some might call that a coincidence. Others might call it fate. Like taking three bullets from Robert Paris and not dying. Or a bullet jamming in some black kid's gun when he's got you dead bang. You see, me and you are the same, Jamie.

WELLS

Hell are you saying?

ROY

We both looked death in the eye and won. For all intents and purposes you should be dead. But you're alive. Your life was spared. Some might say it's for a reason.

Roy moves closer and closer. His face more visible than ever as light from a rear door bulb strikes his face.

ROY (CONT'D)

Tell me something. You ever sit up at night thinking about that day? Does it eat at you, every second of every day until you feel your head's gonna explode?

WELLS

Stay back.

ROY

Every day you ask yourself...why am I alive? Tell me, Jamie. You think if it happened again, you'd be just as lucky?

Wells grips the handle of her gun tightly, ready to pull it and draw down on Roy.

ROY (CONT'D)

Here we are. Back where it all started. Under God. It's a nice night. As good as any to die.

Roy reaches in the back of his trousers.

ROY (CONT'D)

Tell me. Which one of us do you think would walk out of here this time?

WELLS

Nobody's dying tonight, Roy.

ROY

It's how it's gotta be.

WELLS

Don't do it!

Roy throws down on Wells but is too late. She's already drawn and put one between his eyes.

He collapses face first to the filth ridden alley.

Wells can hardly believe it. Her hands not shaking at all this time. She's stiff as a board.

She moves in on him, flips him over. His dead eyes still open and a single shot blown into his forehead.

INT. DR. FINK'S OFFICE - DAY

Fink flips through crime scene photos as well as the polaroid images of the missing women.

FINK

He sat here for weeks telling me about his dreams. Of the faceless man who tried to kill him. His every thought and every action controlled by his thirst for revenge. Going so far as to frame Robert Paris for the Red Phantom murders. RP.

Wells motions to the crime scene photos.

WELLS

And what about that?

FINK

Well. From first glance, I'd say Roy Carson was a sexual sadist with some deep seeded maternal issues, possibly paternal. Both physically and mentally abused I'd imagine.

WELLS

I'd call that a safe bet.

FINK

He chose a female to play his adversary, or in your case, his partner in crime. Watching you fumble about the investigation while he keeps the upper hand. Controlling your every move.

Fink removes his reading glasses, sets them as well as the crime scene images on his desk.

FINK (CONT'D)

But there was a part of him that's remorseful. For what he did to these women. So remorseful in fact that he's being plagued with dreams about them.

Wells takes Roy's spot at the window, stares out at The Golden Gate Bridge behind the shrubbery.

FINK (CONT'D)

In Roy's mind, there's a part of him that believes he deserved to die in that alley. The other side of him, the controlling, manipulative side, saw an opportunity to replay the night he was shot. To finally silence that part of him that still felt empathy and remorse for these women.

WELLS

Sounds to me like he was just plain crazy, Doc.

FINK

It's easy to make such cheap generalizations about people, Inspector Wells. Sometimes people are a lot more complicated. Like you, for example.

WELLS

What do you mean?

FINK

Can't help but notice you forgot to call for backup the night you shot Roy. That have something to do with the young man who pulled a gun on you last year?

WELLS

You think I secretly wanted to kill Roy? A high noon showdown like the OK Corral?

FINK

I think Roy chose you for a reason. He wanted to know if you were faced with a life or death situation again, how you would handle yourself. He was testing not only his own fate but yours.

WELLS

I don't believe in fate.

FINK

Really? You ever stop to think that maybe you lived through that day to find and capture Roy Carson? How do you feel about that?



Wells thinks this over as she once again gawks out the window at The Golden Gate Bridge.

WELLS

I don't know how I feel about it.  
Lucky, maybe. Happy to be alive.

FINK

Any regrets?

WELLS

How so?

FINK

I sense a restlessness in you,  
Inspector.

Wells stalls. She finally faces Fink.

WELLS

I've been having this dream. Since  
the night I shot Roy.

FINK

Go on.

WELLS

I thought I'd finally put that day  
behind me but I guess shooting Roy  
triggered something in my mind I  
wasn't completely threw with.

FINK

Tell me about it.

WELLS

There I was. Back at that kid's  
apartment doorstep. Everything  
plays out just like it did before.  
My partner's knocking on the door.  
And here comes Jimmy Sparks walking  
up the sidewalk.

Fink is all ears.

FINK

The suspect.

WELLS

We catch eyes. He reaches for his  
piece and I know it's him or me  
because I've already been through  
this once before...

Wells finds it difficult to continue. She finds the strength.

WELLS (CONT'D)

Only this time, I pull my gun first and he gets nervous and drops his piece on the sidewalk. And his hands are shaking... just like mine were the day it happened. And he's crying, begging. Don't shoot, don't shoot...

Wells can't quite finish her story.

FINK

And? Then what happened?

Wells wipes her tears and stares blankly at Fink. As if the words are better left unspoken.

FADE OUT.

THE END