

THE VENDETTA

By

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A.K.A: Shadow Games

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FADE IN:

EXT. MANHATTAN - DAY

A view from across the Hudson. A city come to life. Slowly, a jumbo jet descends from the sky.

PILOT (V.O.)
Ladies and gentlemen...

INT. JUMBO JET - COACH

A STEWARDESS switches on the fasten seat-belt sign.

PILOT (V.O.) (CONT.)
...please fasten your seat belts as
we will be arriving shortly.

PETROVIC, 30, handsome features obscured by battle scars and a blind right eye, gazes out the window.

EXT. RUSSIAN COUNTRYSIDE - NIGHT

Snow drifts across a vast expanse stripped bare of color.

A young **BOY** smeared in blood in a bobble hat and puffy coat trudges through deep white.

EXT. RUSSIAN WOODLAND - DAY

The same Boy trembles behind a tree near a frozen stream.

EMMETT, 37, handsome looks speckled in blood, with a pistol, crouches down and gives him an understanding look.

INT. LAGUARDIA - TERMINAL - DAY

Petrovic carries a duffel to a security checkpoint.

EXT. LAGUARDIA AIRPORT

Rows of **YELLOW CABS** line the pavement. People enter/exit.

Petrovic steps out of the terminal, scans the area. A **MAN** by a BMW gives him a slight nod.

Man hands him the keys and small brown paper bag. Petrovic returns the nod.

INT. BMW - MOVING - NIGHT

Petrovic's eyes navigate from road to radio: "20:13pm". He pulls over. Takes the paper bag from the passenger seat.

Pulls a cell phone, silenced pistol, spare clip, envelope and a PIZZA leaflet from the bag. He studies the leaflet.

EXT. GREENWICH VILLAGE - APARTMENTS

Petrovic stuffs the envelope through a letterbox. Returns to his BMW. Drives away.

A few moments later a **PIZZA DELIVERY CAR** arrives. A **PIZZA GUY**, 20s, carries a "hot" bag up to the same door. Knocks.

EXT. LOWER EAST SIDE - HOUSE

BMW parked across the street. Petrovic unlatches a gate and knocks on a door. A beat. Knocks again.

RACHEL, 37, delicate features and curvy, opens the door.

PETROVIC

Hi, I was wondering if I could use your phone? My car broke down and my cell died.

GEORGE, 39, chiseled and smartly dressed with reading specs, opens the door wider.

PETROVIC

Sorry if I disturbed you.

GEORGE

It's not a problem. Here.

George hands Petrovic a cell phone. Petrovic smiles, makes a call. His hand fishes through a pocket, grips the gun.

PETROVIC

Ah, it seems to be engaged.

Gives the phone back.

GEORGE

There's an all night garage a few miles from here.

PETROVIC

I'm new in these parts. Can't tell one street from the other. Do you know anyone that can take me?

GEORGE

Sure, uh let me grab my keys.

George retires to the house leaving Rachel with Petrovic.

ELLA, 10, cute as a bunny, hugging a stuffed bunny, tugs on Rachel's shirt.

ELLA

Mommy, is my coco ready yet?

RACHEL

Not yet, honey. Go back inside.

ELLA

Who's he?

Petrovic offers Ella a kind smile. George returns fitting on his jacket, keys jangling in hand.

GEORGE

Won't be a mo.

George pecks Rachel on the cheek and makes his exit.

GEORGE

Be good for mommy, Ella.

INT. GEORGE'S CAR - MOVING

George drives. Petrovic rides shotgun.

PETROVIC

You have a lovely family, Mr...?

GEORGE

Thanks. And call me George. Am I detecting an accent? Mind if I ask where you're from?

PETROVIC

Podolsk, originally. I moved around a lot as a child. Home to home.

GEORGE

Family in the military?

PETROVIC

No. My parents died when I was just a boy. I was in foster care.

GEORGE

Oh, I'm, I'm sorry.

PETROVIC

Ah, it's no problem.

Petrovic takes out his cell, glances through messages. "No new messages". George takes note of this.

GEORGE

I thought your cell died?

PETROVIC

Did I say that?

George grows suspicious. Petrovic fiddles with something in his pocket.

PETROVIC

You have a lovely family, George.

Petrovic nips George's throat with a jagged piece of glass. George rips the wheel, the car turns --

EXT. LOWER EAST SIDE

Slams into a curb and flips onto its roof. A beat. Passenger window SHATTERS. Petrovic crawls out.

He tosses switchblade down a drain. Feigns an injury as two TEENS, MALE and FEMALE rush to the accident.

Teen Boy checks on Petrovic. Teen Girl dials 911.

LATER

Two AMBULANCES and a FIRETRUCK. Two PARAMEDICS wheel George, glass punctures on his face and neck, to an ambulance.

Another Paramedic tends to Petrovic's cuts and scrapes.

A COP checks George, shakes his head. Paramedic#1 drapes the gurney sheet over George's face.

Petrovic manages a slight, discreet smirk.

The ambulance drives away lights flashing. Rounds a corner.

INT. HOUSE - SMALL BEDROOM

Ella sleeps soundly. Rachel tucks her in. Kisses her on the forehead and switches off a lamp on the bedside unit.

She shuts the door to leaving just enough light.

INT. HOUSE - DOWNSTAIRS HALLWAY

Flashing blue lights outside. Two silhouettes at the door. The bell RINGS. Rachel slowly walks downstairs, eyes heavy.

She answers the door. Two COPS greet her with heavy looks.

COP#1
Mrs. Hampton?

RACHEL
Yes?

COP#1
It's about your husband. I...

RACHEL
What?

COP#1
He got into a car accident half an hour ago. I'm sorry...

Ella creeps down the stairs.

ELLA
Mommy, what's all the lights?

RACHEL
It's nothing, Ella. Go to back to bed, honey.
(to Cop#1)
Where is he?

INT. HOSPITAL - MORGUE

A MORTICIAN unveils George's stone cold body on a slab. Rachel WINCES, tries to hold in emotions, nods.

Mortician covers George's body. Rachel turns away sadly.

NURSE (V.O.)
All done.

INT. HOSPITAL - TREATMENT

A NURSE carries a small silver bowl boasting bloodied cotton buds out of a cubicle, closes the curtain.

Petrovic checks himself in a small mirror. Stitches over his left temple. The curtain peels open. He turns.

Rachel, looking terrible, tears streaming down her cheeks, confronts him. He sets the mirror down.

PETROVIC
Is George OK?

RACHEL
He's dead.

Petrovic bows his head.

PETROVIC
I'm sorry. Truly.

RACHEL
How did it happen?

PETROVIC
I... I don't remember... it's all a blur... I woke up in an ambulance.

She fights a losing battle with tears. He comforts her, hand on her shoulder.

PETROVIC
I'm so very sorry. I can't imagine what you're going through.

RACHEL
I have to go.

She turns away. He smirks. A phone RINGS.

INT. APARTMENT - LOUNGE

A pizza box sits on a cluttered coffee table.

SWANSON, 56, his handsome features tainted by burden, gazes at small rectangular cards all boasting "1995" on them.

His phone RINGS. He checks the caller ID "Rachel Calling". He sets the cards down, answers the phone.

Swanson looks out the curtain. Empty street outside.

INT. HOUSE - LOUNGE

Rachel, scrunched up handkerchief in hand, cries on the couch with a phone to her ear.

RACHEL
Dad... George is dead.

INTER-CUT WITH: APARTMENT - LOUNGE

Swanson's eyes tell the whole story. He sighs.

RACHEL
He was in an accident. Dad, I don't know what to do.

SWANSON
I...

RACHEL
Can you come over? Please.

SWANSON
Yeah. I'll be right there. I'm so sorry, sweetie.

Rachel ends the call. Ella stands in the doorway, confused.

ELLA
Mommy...?

Ella walks around the couch. Rachel affords her a sad smile, grips her hand. Ella climbs onto the couch, cuddles her.

Swanson lifts the cards off the table "1995"...

EXT. GREENWICH VILLAGE - APARTMENTS

Swanson fits car keys into a **BLACK SEDAN**. A snowflake lands on the roof. He looks up.

Greenwich Village shatters like glass. Snow drifts across the wind. Moscow rises.

EXT. THE KREMLIN - DAY

Emmett sits on a bench dressed for winter under heavy snow.

CHARLES BRADBURY, 49, fierce and brooding, takes a seat next to him. Discreetly sets a large envelope between them.

Emmett leans forward, tosses bread for birds.

EMMETT

I said I'm out.

BRADBURY

Consider this your last assignment.
Do it and you walk free.

EMMETT

No.

A few people pass by. Bradbury adjusts his coat.

BRADBURY

How's your daughter?

Emmett scowls at Bradbury who reciprocates with a smirk.

BRADBURY

I hear she's growing into quite the
beautiful young woman.

EMMETT

If you touch her...

BRADBURY

Oh please. Idle threats? We're not
in high school, Emmett.

Bradbury slides the envelope further to Emmett. Emmett takes
a glance at it. A beat. He takes it. Bradbury nods.

BRADBURY

Glad to have you on board.

The place shatters. Greenwich Village rises.

EXT. GREENWICH VILLAGE - APARTMENTS

Swanson cautiously looks around. No one about. He gets into
his sedan. Drives away.

Petrovic steps from a nearby alleyway. Watches the sedan.

INT. APARTMENT BLOCK

Petrovic makes his way along a corridor. An **ELDERLY WOMAN**
exits her apartment dressed to impress.

Petrovic offers her a nod. She smiles gleefully. He subtly
watches her go "keep walking". She stops, turns back.

INT. APARTMENT - BEDROOM

Family photographs rest on a bedside unit. A digital alarm clock reads "23:18pm".

Petrovic browses photographs. Swanson with Ella and Rachel. Rachel and George's wedding. Ella at a Birthday party.

He lifts a photograph containing **MISCHA**, 18, pretty as a flower and a natural beauty. Coldly inspects it.

INT. APARTMENT - KITCHEN

Petrovic rummages through drawers and cupboards. He scoops up a bottle of brandy...

The kitchen breaks apart like glass. A Pub takes over.

INT. PUB - DAY

Emmett drinks brandy and sits opposite the Boy who sits silently in front of a roast dinner.

Emmett sets the glass down. The bottle takes its place.

INT. APARTMENT - KITCHEN - NIGHT

Petrovic plucks a post-it note from the fridge, reads it:

"Ella's School Play, 6pm, October 15th 2014, Eleanor Roosevelt High School".

Petrovic programs a date into his cell phone.

INT. APARTMENT - HALL

Petrovic removes the silencer from his pistol. Wipes his prints off, sets it on a unit by the door.

He takes a cold glance back. Leaves.

EXT. LOWER EAST SIDE - HOUSE

The Man from the airport steps into a tow-truck and drives the BMW away as Swanson's Sedan pulls up to the curb.

Swanson walks up to Rachel's door. Rings the bell twice. Rachel opens up mopping tears from her eyes.

INT. HOUSE - LOUNGE

Swanson and Rachel sit on the coach. He holds her hand.

SWANSON

If you need anything, I'm here.
Anything at all.

RACHEL

I know. It's just... not right. He
was sitting there two hours ago...
now he's gone and I... Ella... what
do I say? It'll break her heart.

SWANSON

You gotta tell her, sweetie.

RACHEL

I can't.

SWANSON

She needs to know. Maybe not right
now, but you have to tell her.

Rachel nods, breaks down in tears. Swanson consoles her.

SWANSON

I know this hurts. But you gotta be
strong for Ella and Mischa. They're
gonna need their mother.

RACHEL

I know, I just... dad, he's dead.
What am I supposed to do?

SWANSON

I... I don't know.

INT. HOUSE - SMALL BEDROOM

Swanson checks on Ella through a gap in the door-frame. She
turns over. He enters. She sits up. He sits on the bed.

SWANSON

Hey munchkin.

ELLA

Daddy's dead isn't he? I saw mommy.
She's really sad.

Swanson rubs her shoulder. She holds in her emotions like a
real champion.

SWANSON

Mommy's... having a hard time at the moment. She needs you to be strong for her. Can you do that?

Ella nods.

SWANSON

Good girl.

ELLA

Is he in heaven with the angels?

A question too difficult to answer.

ELLA

Will I ever see him again?

SWANSON

Of course you will. We all see each other again at some point.

ELLA

Do you really think so?

SWANSON

I know so.

She hugs him.

ELLA

I love you, Grandpa.

Swanson notices a crayon drawing at the foot of the bed of a MAN and GIRL holding hands. The drawing comes to life.

EXT. MOSCOW - CAR PARK - DAY

Emmett holds the Boy's hand. Opens a RENTAL CAR passenger door. Boy climbs inside. Emmett cautiously glances around.

The car park deteriorates. Lower East Side bleeds through.

EXT. LOWER EAST SIDE - HOUSE - NIGHT

Swanson walks away from the house. Takes a look back. Up. Ella watches him from the window. He kindly smiles.

BRADBURY (V.O.)

Consider this your last assignment.

Swanson opens the Sedan's driver door, pauses.

EMMETT (V.O.)
I said I'm out.

He ponders on a thought.

BRADBURY (V.O.)
Do this and you walk free.

He shamefully hangs his head.

EMMETT (O.S.)
We both know freedom is a lie.

Swanson faces his younger self. Emmett stands with his hands stuffed in his pockets in the middle of the street.

EMMETT
Yet here we stand. Free men. But we're not truly free are we?

SWANSON
Get out of my head.

EMMETT
Our past is catching up to us. We both know it.

SWANSON
Shut up.

Emmett methodically advances on Swanson.

EMMETT
It's only a matter of time before the ones we care about pay for our sins. But which one? Rachel? Ella? Mischa? Don't deny it. You know it.

INT. SEDAN

Swanson slams the door, grips the steering wheel with both hands. Emmett sits in the passenger seat.

Swanson reaches into a pocket, pulls out a bottle of pills.

EXT. MORNINGSIDE HEIGHTS - APARTMENTS

A few unsavory characters lurk about.

CHRIS NEWMAN, 36, devilishly charming and chiseled, carries a laundry basket to a parked FOCUS.

He fits it in the trunk, which boasts boxes ranging from certificates to police memorabilia, slams the boot shut.

Opens the driver's door. His cell rings. He fishes it out of his pocket, answers.

NEWMAN

Hello? I just left, Mrs. Harper.
I'm still outside.

MRS. HARPER, 70s, real old biddy, peeks out the curtains of a three-story brick. Her mouth moves.

NEWMAN

I'm not dillydallying, I just left.
Yes, I'll drive safe. I know, you
wrote it down.

He holds up a note with "WASHING REQUIREMENTS" in bold words with the underline.

NEWMAN

No, I won't forget. Yes ma'am. OK.
I understand.

Newman prepares to enter, rolls his eyes.

NEWMAN

No, I didn't roll my eyes. You can
see that far? You devil.

Mrs. Harper devilishly smiles. Newman ends the call, laughs.

NEWMAN

Sly old gal.

INT. APARTMENT - HALL

Swanson closes the door, racks his coat.

Sets his keys on the unit, notices the gun. Lifts, inspects it. He pulls the shaft, one in the chamber.

INT. APARTMENT - LOUNGE

The gun pokes through the doorway. Swanson tactically enters checking his corners like a professional. No one here.

He switches on a light, recoils in abject horror.

The Elderly Woman sits back in an armchair by a window with a bullet hole right between her eyes.

His eyes drift to an answering machine. A light blinks. He presses "play".

ANSWERING MACHINE (V.O.)

You have one new message. Message left today at ten fifty-eight pm.

PETROVIC (V.O.)

You said this day would come.

Under the answering machine table, a C4 brick blinks on.

PETROVIC (V.O.)

She was innocent. As were they. But that never stopped you. I have seen the memories over and over again, a nightmare that never ends.

Swanson rubs his forehead tiredly.

PETROVIC (V.O.)

So consider this message a warning. You took them from me. I'm going to take everything from you. Welcome to my nightmare, Mr. Swanson.

ANSWERING MACHINE (V.O.)

End of message. To repeat message, press one. To delete message, press two. To respond, press three.

Swanson presses "3". RING, RING. RING, RING. CLICK. *TICKING* through the speaker. He leans down, sees the C4. Bolts.

INT. APARTMENT - HALL

BOOM. A blast knocks Swanson through the front door. Walls explode. Dust and plaster spray everywhere.

INT. APARTMENT BLOCK

Swanson lies unconscious on the ground. Smoke billows out of his apartment. The fire alarm RINGS.

INT. LAUNDROMAT

Newman flicks through a health magazine. Surprised, he gets comfortable and reads an article. DING. Attention diverted.

He stares into a washing machine's unmoving drum. Presses a switch. No response. He bashes it. Nothing.

ASHLEE, 30s, pretty with a ponytail and natural curves, folds a t-shirt and sets it in her laundry bag.

NEWMAN
Damn thing.

ASHLEE
Trouble?

NEWMAN
No, no, I got it.

He bashes it again. She smiles, opens the machine door.

ASHLEE
Think of it like a microwave. The ding means done.

She glances at the wash, tights, big panties, bras. Raises an eyebrow.

NEWMAN
They belong to an old lady.
(RE: Ashlee's look)
No, what I meant was they belong to an old lady that I'm helping.

ASHLEE
Sure. Whatever rocks your boat.

She picks up her bag, heads for the door.

NEWMAN
I...
(she's gone)
Typical.

He pulls out a pair of undies, shakes his head at them. A **WOMAN** in the other aisle watches him.

Newman carries the full laundry basket to the door. Women talk in hushed voices gaining his attention.

They go back to their washing. Newman opens his mouth to talk but thinks better of it.

INT. FOCUS

Newman grips the steering wheel and violently shakes it. His head hits the horn. HONK.

Ashlee stands at the window with an amused smile. Knocks. He looks up "here we go", rolls down the window.

NEWMAN

Hi.

ASHLEE

Hey, you dropped this.

Hands him a frilly nightgown.

NEWMAN

(deadpan)

Thanks.

ASHLEE

Catch you around, hotshot.

She leaves. He rolls up the window, looks at the nightgown. His cell RINGS. He answers.

NEWMAN

Hello? Yes, I did the washing. Why do you want beef jerky, you haven't got any teeth. It's for Cupid? OK. Yes, OK. I get it.

Hangs up, sighs. RING, RING. He answers, agitated.

NEWMAN

WHAT?! Oh, Commissioner Lowe, sorry about that, I thought you were- I'm downtown, why? Yeah, I'll be there. What's she doing there? Oh believe me, I know her bark is loud. No, it won't be a problem. Yeah. Got it.

INT. LENNOX HILL - RECEPTION

PARAMEDICS burst through reception doors wheeling Swanson.

PAUL GOODRICH, 46, well mannered and tall, doctor, notices and consults with the paramedics.

GOODRICH

What have we got?

MEDIC#1

Explosion victim. Severe whiplash and burns down the right side. He was unconscious on arrival but we managed to get him stable.

They pass through double-doors.

Petrovic watches them from the waiting area. He buys a soda from a vending machine, pops it open.

INT. LENNOX HILL - SURGERY

Paramedics and Nurses lift Swanson onto a hospital bed. A nurse relieves him of his burnt and tattered shirt.

Goodrich pulls on rubber gloves. Swanson MOANS, painfully raises a hand. Paramedics leave.

GOODRICH
Sir, you've been in an accident,
try not to move.

SWANSON
R... Ra...

GOODRICH
(to nurse)
Fifty CC's of morphine. Stat.

Swanson locks eyes with Petrovic outside the room. Petrovic raises his soda in a toast. Smirks.

Swanson tries to point, too weak. He crashes.

GOODRICH
Patient's crashing. Paddles!

A nurse wheels over the defibrillator. Goodrich grabs the paddles. Nurse turns the dial. Goodrich ZAPS Swanson.

Heart monitor still flat. He tries again. Swanson's body violently rises off the bed. Flat-line.

GOODRICH
Charging. Clear!

A small SPARK freezes the whole room. Swanson's body just risen off the bed. His eyes burst open.

INT. RENTAL CAR - DAY

Swanson, shirtless, sits in the back. Emmett drives. The Boy rides shotgun. Emmett glances over at him.

EMMETT
You not hungry?

Boy remains silent.

EMMETT

I'm not gonna hurt you.

PETROVIC (O.S.)

You already did.

Swanson flinches. Petrovic, in the back, stares at him. The Boy and Emmett completely unaware of their presence.

PETROVIC

A cut deeper than any knife could
dare inflict. I can feel it. Here.

Petrovic touches his heart.

PETROVIC

What you did cannot be undone.

SWANSON

I know your voice.

PETROVIC

You know me by more than my voice.

Petrovic's eyes locate the Boy.

PETROVIC

You could say, we went on a ride
along a long time ago in a country
far far away.

EXT. RUSSIAN COUNTRYSIDE - ROAD

The middle of nowhere blanketed by snow. Rental car pulls over. Emmett steps out.

Swanson and Petrovic watch from the side of the road.

PETROVIC

You drove me here. In the cold and
the snow. Too weak to save me the
trouble of freezing to death.

Emmett lets the Boy out.

PETROVIC

It would've been kinder to put a
bullet in my head.

The rental car drives away leaving the Boy alone. The Boy makes his way across the fields.

Swanson and Petrovic watch him go. The lesser bows his head.

INT. LENNOX HILL - RECOVERY - NIGHT

Petrovic sits next to a barely conscious Swanson. He holds a syringe in hand, contemplates.

SWANSON

Sergei...

Petrovic nods.

PETROVIC

Hello, Emmett.

Petrovic subtly closes the blinds. Locks the door. He takes the "emergency button" away from Swanson's reach.

PETROVIC

I've thought about this for nearly twenty years. If the day ever came, how would you suffer?

Swanson's eyes lock onto the syringe.

PETROVIC

They say putting down a dog in pain is humane. That it doesn't hurt. As simple as falling asleep, they say. But you don't deserve that luxury.

He leans over Swanson.

PETROVIC

I was helpless when you took them.

Injects the syringe into the IV. Swanson GROANS. Petrovic covers his mouth. Swanson's eyes roll.

PETROVIC

Consider the favor returned.

INT. LENNOX HILL - HALL

Petrovic walks away from the room as cool as ice. BEEP, BEEP from the room. Nurses rush inside.

INT. HOUSE - SMALL BEDROOM

Ella, asleep, cuddles into Rachel who stares blindly at the wall. She strokes Ella's hair.

A family photo on the bedside unit: Swanson, Rachel, George, Ella and Mischa all happy.

INT. LENNOX HILL - RECOVERY

Swanson manically convulses. The heart monitor is erratic. He spews foam. Nurses fight to restrain him.

INT. LENNOX HILL - RECEPTION

Petrovic makes his exit. The doors seal behind him.

EXT. GREENWICH VILLAGE - APARTMENTS - DAY

Smoke wafts from the apartment block. Firefighters exit the building. Paramedics tend to the wounded.

Newman steps out of his Focus, admires the view...

REBECCA O'CONNOR, 34, gorgeous yet downplayed with an edge, gains a statement from a RESIDENT.

NEWMAN

If there were ever a sight to dull
a day. Morning, Becky.

REBECCA

Christopher.
(to Resident)
If you remember anything else my
number's on the card.

She sticks her notepad in a pocket. Newman WHISTLES at the sight of the apartments.

NEWMAN

Lemme guess, gas leak?

REBECCA

Officially.

NEWMAN

Since when were the FBI concerned
with a gas leak?

REBECCA

Since we found traces of C4. This
was an attack. Terrorism.

NEWMAN

At an apartment block in Greenwich
Village? Yeah, I don't think so.

She sighs.

REBECCA

What are you doing here?

NEWMAN

Lowe called me. Said it was right up my alley. Can't see how. I don't do explosions.

They walk to an ambulance.

REBECCA

When we arrived the whole place was up in flames. We managed to recover traces of C4 in Apartment Twelve.

They stop at a gurney covered by a sheet.

REBECCA

We also found this.

Lifts the sheet. Reveals an unrecognizable charred corpse. Newman inspects, finds a bullet hole in the corpse's head.

NEWMAN

Any idea who she is?

REBECCA

Residents said her name was Harriet Stone formerly of Apartment Eleven. In Apartment Twelve. Connecting the dots yet, Detective?

NEWMAN

Who was registered in Twelve?

She checks her notepad.

REBECCA

Emmett J. Swanson.

NEWMAN

And I suppose he's nowhere to be found. Am I close?

REBECCA

He was admitted to Lennox Hill at five past midnight this morning.

NEWMAN

Then I guess I got a date.

He heads off.

REBECCA
Consider it doubled.

NEWMAN
Do I get a say in it?

Rebecca covers "Harriet" with the sheet.

REBECCA
Not if you wanna keep your crappy
salary.

NEWMAN
Then I guess it's a double date.
I'll meet you there.

REBECCA
Am I meant to take a cab?

INT. FOCUS - MOVING

Newman drives. Rebecca rides shotgun checking her phone.
"One New Message", reads the text.

NEWMAN
Anything productive?

REBECCA
No, that was Mick.

NEWMAN
You're still seeing Dicky Micky?
Gees, thought you would've moved on
by now.

REBECCA
For your information, Mick is a
nice guy.

NEWMAN
He doesn't get the nickname Dicky
Micky for being a nice guy, Becca.
Guy's a clear-as-day toolbox.

REBECCA
Jealous?

NEWMAN
No. No. I'm seeing people too. Like
a normal guy. Last night I met a
girl called... Edwina.

REBECCA
Edwina Harper?

Newman gulps.

NEWMAN
Edwina's a common name.

REBECCA
For people born in the nineteen
forties it is.

NEWMAN
Are you spying on me?

REBECCA
I'm FBI. I have people for that.

NEWMAN
You know, for someone that wanted
nothing to do with me, you sure
want a lot to do with me.

INT. LENNOX HILL - RECEPTION

Newman and Rebecca shake Goodrich's hand.

GOODRICH
I'm not exactly sure what you think
you're going to learn.

NEWMAN
Why's that?

They walk.

GOODRICH
Quadriplegia, Cerebral Palsy and
Sleep Paralysis. In other words, he
can't move or talk.

NEWMAN
That's helpful.

REBECCA
Forgive my colleague. He's new.

Newman rolls his eyes.

REBECCA
Did he show symptoms of the three
prior to his administration?

INT. LENNOX HILL - HALL

Goodrich leads them to the Recovery Room.

GOODRICH

He suffered severe third degree burns down the right side of his body, concussion and whiplash brought on by an abrupt physical strain likely due to the explosion in question. But no signs of mental trauma. This happened later.

They stop outside the window. Swanson motionless in bed. A nurse exits with a bedpan. Newman adjusts his stance.

REBECCA

Any visitors in the last twenty four hours?

GOODRICH

Do you suspect foul play, Mrs...?

REBECCA

Ms. And it's Agent O'Connor.

NEWMAN

She likes playing the Authority card whenever she gets the chance.

The joke's not taken.

GOODRICH

He had one visitor. George Hampton. But... it's not possible, since Mr. Hampton died in a car accident last night, three hours beforehand.

Rebecca takes a mental note.

REBECCA

OK. I'm gonna need to see security footage of the room.

GOODRICH

Of course. This way.

They prepare to leave. She stops Newman.

REBECCA

Stay here and keep an eye on him. I wanna know if anyone comes by.

Rebecca and Goodrich enter an elevator. The doors seal.
Newman throws up his arms.

NEWMAN

Yeah, I'll just stay here then. Be
useless... nothing new.

INT. LENNOX HILL - RECOVERY

Newman walks in. Machines BEEP. Swanson's eyes find him.

NEWMAN

Hi, I'm a detective with the NYPD.
Mind if I take a seat?

Swanson looks away. Emmett leans against the wall twisting a
Rubix cube.

EMMETT

This guy's gotta be kidding.

NEWMAN

I know you can't talk, but I need
you to answer some questions.

Emmett grips Newman's chair as the man takes out a notepad.

NEWMAN

Blink once for yes. Twice for no.
Can you do that, Mr. Swanson?

Swanson blinks.

NEWMAN

Do you know a woman by the name of
Harriet Stone?

Swanson blinks.

NEWMAN

Do you know she's dead?

Swanson blinks.

NEWMAN

Ms. Stone was found with a bullet
hole in her head. Logistics confirm
a nine millimeter round was used in
the homicide, and a nine millimeter
pistol was found at the scene of
the incident with your fingerprints
all over it. Do you deny having
held the gun?

Swanson blinks twice. Newman nods. Emmett's impressed.

NEWMAN
Did you kill her?

Swanson blinks twice.

NEWMAN
OK. Do you know who did?

Swanson blinks. Newman considers his next question, taps a pen against the notepad.

NEWMAN
Was he here?

Swanson blinks. Newman jots that down. Rachel and Ella make their way inside. Newman stands.

RACHEL
Can I help you?

NEWMAN
Sorry, ma'am. Detective Newman of the NYPD homicide department. You are?

RACHEL
Rachel Hampton. His daughter.

Ella climbs up to the bed, hugs Swanson. He can't react.

RACHEL
Do you mind telling me what all this is about, Detective?

INT. LENNOX HILL - HALL

Rachel sits down, cradles her head in her hands. She shakes her head in disbelief.

NEWMAN
Anything you can tell me will help. I need to know if your father had any enemies. Someone with a grudge against him perhaps, or-

RACHEL
I... I don't know. He keeps all of that stuff locked up in his head.

NEWMAN

What about you?

She snaps her gaze on him.

RACHEL

You think someone wants to hurt me? Look, this has been a really hard day for me. I lost my husband last night, now my father's here... I can't deal with...

She breaks down. He sets a hand on her shoulder.

NEWMAN

Mrs. Hampton, I can't say I know what you're going through because that would be a lie, but if you can give me even a shard of information I will do whatever I can to find the man who did this.

RACHEL

I wish I could tell you what you need to know, but I don't know why anyone would frame him for murder.

Newman takes a seat.

NEWMAN

Your father had a visitor last night. We think he's responsible for what he's going through. The man in question signed in with your husband's name.

This piques her interest.

NEWMAN

Three hours after his death.

RACHEL

Why would anyone...

NEWMAN

Anything you can tell me. It might be insignificant, but it might give me a link.

RACHEL

(thinking)

George was taking this man to an all night garage before...

NEWMAN

What man?

RACHEL

Uh... I don't... Russian. Said his car broke down.

Newman bolts to the Recovery Room.

RACHEL

Do you think it's related?

INT. LENNOX HILL - RECOVERY

Ella looks up. Emmett toys with a slinky as Newman crouches down beside Swanson. Rachel walks in.

NEWMAN

Emmett, the man who did this to you, was he Russian?

Swanson blinks. Rachel freezes, eyes wide.

RACHEL

Oh my God... you think he...

NEWMAN

Your husband, where was he taken?

EXT. COLUMBIA UNIVERSITY - CAMPUS

STUDENTS mingle on the steps, some eat, some chat.

Mischa sits alone, earphones in, music playing. Bites into a Vegetarian sandwich and studies "physiology".

JAKE, 19, handsome yet smart, sits on the steps beside her and plucks one of her earphones. Listens.

JAKE

I pegged you for a Bieber girl.

Amused, she regains her earphone.

JAKE

You just got that look about you. You know what I'm talking about.

MISCHA

This the best you could do? As far as lousy pickup lines go...

JAKE

I was just making conversation. I saw you out here all alone, thought I'd say *hi*. See if you-

MISCHA

Wanted to go on a date? Sorry, but you're not my type.

JAKE

What is your type?

A few girls walk by gaining Mischa's interest. He realizes.

JAKE

Oh, you're...

MISCHA

Just not into you.

She packs up. Stands. Slings her bag over her shoulder.

MISCHA

And just to be clear, no, I'm not. But you gotta try a little harder. The whole bad-boy image is so mid two thousands.

She walks off without a care in the world. Jake scoffs...

JAKE

Damn...

INT. HOUSE - KITCHEN

A gloved hand reaches through a broken window square in the door. Opens it. Petrovic enters.

He plucks a post-it note from the fridge with a mobile phone number on it. Programs it into his phone.

INT. HOUSE - LOUNGE

A box of Halloween decorations by the door. Petrovic glances through the box's contents, moves on.

Petrovic checks a few drawers of a display unit. Nothing of interest. He admires family photographs in the unit.

An address book by the house phone. He goes through it, runs a finger down a page "Mischa".

INT. HOUSE - SMALL BEDROOM

Stuffed bunnies. Crayon drawings on a desk. Petrovic checks drawings, smirks. He lifts a stuffed bunny, examines it.

Petrovic opens a bedside unit drawer. Crayons and stencils. A few coloring books.

INT. HOUSE - MASTER BEDROOM

A king-size bed. Fine furniture.

Petrovic opens a dresser drawer. Female undergarments. He rummages through. Nothing useful.

Opens a closet. Inside, yoga mats and an exercise ball.

INT. HOUSE - SECOND BEDROOM

Mostly empty, music and movie posters on the walls. A braid "Mischa" hangs over the bed.

Petrovic takes note of the posters. He looks around, finds a laptop on a desk. Takes the laptop.

Petrovic browses the laptop files.

LAPTOP: Family photos, Holiday photos, music files for an ORCHESTRAL BAND. Internet opens. Google search: "Live...".

Taps enter. Smirks. Shuts the laptop down.

INT. LENNOX HILL - RECEPTION

Newman reassures Rachel who's in a state of shock. Two COPS nod as Newman gives them an order.

Rebecca and Goodrich walk out of doors. Newman finds her.

REBECCA
What's all this?

Newman takes Rebecca to a corner. Goodrich stays behind.

NEWMAN
I spoke with Swanson-

REBECCA
He can't t-

NEWMAN
Shut up and listen.

She's taken by surprise.

NEWMAN
He denies killing Harriet. But he doesn't deny holding the gun. I think it was planted in his place. On top of that, half an hour before her husband died, Rachel said some guy came to her house asking for a lift. He was Russian.

Rebecca looks over to Rachel.

NEWMAN
I asked Swanson if the guy who signed in last night under George's name was Russian. He confirmed it.

REBECCA
Russia's a pretty big country, Chris. I'm sure there's more than one in the U.S. Gonna need a little more to go on here.

NEWMAN
Anything on the security footage?

REBECCA
Yeah, we got something. I'll have my guys at the database run his face through the system.

NEWMAN
Limit it to Russians.

REBECCA
I know how to do my job, Chris.

NEWMAN
I don't doubt that.

He turns to leave.

REBECCA
Where are you going?

NEWMAN
I got a date with a Mortician. You can come too if you want. Not like you're gonna let me off my chain.

INT. LENNOX HILL - RECOVERY

Ella draws with crayons on the bed. Swanson watches her. Emmett, sitting down, looks up at the ceiling, bored.

EMMETT

Never thought we'd spend our last days on this earth in boredom...

He sighs, pats his legs like drums.

EMMETT

You seriously gotta get your lazy ass outta that bed, you old coot. I'm going nuts in here.

ELLA

When you get better, can we go to Disneyland again? You said you'd take me next year. Will you?

EMMETT

Oh God...

Ella shows Swanson the drawing: Crayon representations of him and Ella on a Mickey Mouse roller coaster.

ELLA

Do you remember when we went there last time? You were sick all over Mischa. It was rather funny.

EMMETT

How cute.

ELLA

Please say something, grandpa. I love you. Please say something.

Swanson's eyes well up. She sadly smiles, still a champion. Rachel enters.

RACHEL

Time to go home, sweetie.

ELLA

OK.

Ella sets the crayon drawing on the bedside.

ELLA

I have my school play tomorrow. I'm playing a princess.

Rachel appreciates this. Ella grips her hand.

ELLA

Mommy's recording it. We can watch it when we come back if you like.

RACHEL

Grandpa would like that, Ella.

Rachel leads Ella out. Ella crosses her heart on the way. The door closes.

Emmett leans on the bed. Swanson's eyes meet him.

EMMETT

No badge can protect them. He came after us. He'll go after them. It's only a matter of time. Think how small Ella's body bag is gonna be.

EXT. MADISON SQUARE GARDEN

Petrovic blends in as if he belongs. The Garden outfitted with an army of posters for an ORCHESTRAL BAND "**SOLD OUT**".

INT. MADISON SQUARE GARDEN - LOBBY

A SECURITY GUARD scans Petrovic with a detector. Clear. The Guard nods. Petrovic approaches the ticket stand.

LEAH, 30s, swamped in paperwork, greets him with a smile.

LEAH

What do you need?

PETROVIC

Tickets. For the band playing this Saturday. It says sold out but I was hoping you could set me up?

LEAH

One moment, sir.

Leah checks a logbook.

LEAH

Sorry, we're definitely all booked.

Petrovic steals a look at the logbook, a name: "JOE WILSON".

PETROVIC

Darn. I was really hoping to catch their concert. Maybe next time.

He makes his way out.

LEAH

Do you have a phone number I can reach you at? If any cancellations come up I can give you a call.

PETROVIC

That won't be necessary. I'll watch it on DVD. Good day.

EXT. MADISON SQUARE GARDEN

Petrovic takes over phone. Opens the phone book. "W" runs his finger down the page. Five "Joe Wilson's" registered.

He dials the first one. RING, RING. Someone answers.

NOTE: Petrovic speaks in an American accent on the phone.

PETROVIC

Hi, my name is Ridley from Madison Square Garden and I'm calling to confirm your... forgive me, sir, I must have dialed the wrong number.

Hangs up. Another quarter. Next number.

PETROVIC

Good afternoon, my name is Jack and I'm calling to confirm your booking for a concert here at Madison... oh I do apologize if I disturbed you.

Hangs up. Third quarter. Third number. RING, RING.

PETROVIC

Mr. Wilson? Hi, I'm Sean from the entertainment sector of Madison Square Garden. No, sir. There's no problem with your reservation.

Petrovic programs an ADDRESS into his cell phone.

PETROVIC

Well, we get a lot of last minute requests. But if you're coming then I won't waste your time any longer. Okay, have a nice day, sir.

INT. COLUMBIA UNIVERSITY - LECTURE HALL

A LECTURER holds up a HUMAN and DOG skull and talks about physiology. Students take note, some do their own thing.

Mischa jots down information as it comes. A crumpled paper ball lands on her chair-desk. She looks around. Opens it.

"Will you go on a date with me?". She sees Jake smiling a few rows up from her. Writes a response, tosses it back.

Jake picks up the paper ball. Opens it. Deflated. "Nope".

INT. COLUMBIA UNIVERSITY - HALLWAY

The BELL rings. Students flock the halls.

Mischa advances on the stairs. Jake catches up. She fits in her earphones.

JAKE

Why won't you cave?

MISCHA

'Cause like I said, I'm not into mid two-thousands bad boys.

JAKE

I'm not a bad boy, I study...

She just looks at him.

JAKE

Sometimes. I study sometimes. You gotta let me finish before you start scowling at me.

MISCHA

Usually when people first meet they exchange names, not phone numbers.

Down the steps they go.

MISCHA

Look, I'm sure you're the type of guy every high school cheerleader wants to bang, but I'm not waving my pompoms at you.

She leaves him behind. He stands there at a loss for words.

A JOCK, 19, claps Jake on the shoulder. Extends a hand. Jake slaps down a \$20. Walks away in self pity.

EXT. COLUMBIA UNIVERSITY - CAMPUS

Mischa heads down the steps. Her cell rings. She fishes through her bag. Whips it out "Mom Calling". Answers.

MISCHA

Hey mom.

Her face falls. Eyes well up.

MISCHA

What? When? Uh... mom, please tell me... oh...

She loses her emotions. Cups a hand over her mouth.

MISCHA

How?

Jake exits the main building. Catches a glimpse of Mischa collapsing to the stairs in tears.

MISCHA

No, you stay with Ella. I'll get the train... I love you, mom. Tell Ella I... okay... I...

Mischa hangs up and falls into harrowing tears. Jake walks down the steps, finds her.

JAKE

Hey, are you-

MISCHA

Not now.

JAKE

I overheard you on the phone. Where do you need to go?

Mischa wipes tears away with a handkerchief.

MISCHA

The bet's off, asshole. You don't have to play nice guy.

She collects her bag, slings it over her shoulder and makes her way down the stairs.

JAKE

I'm just offering you a lift. Don't have to take it. But it's there if you need it.

EXT. UPPER WEST SIDE

Petrovic stands in front of a multistory complex staring at his phone screen. The number on the door matches his screen.

He looks around. A cable van parked across the street.

An intercom. Several names and numbers. "Wilson, 6" greets his eyes. He buzzes the intercom. A beat. Answer.

WILSON (V.O.)

Hello?

PETROVIC

Hi, I'm with Telecast and we're in the area checking for faults with client cable services. Specifically broadband issues.

WILSON (V.O.)

My broadband's fine.

PETROVIC

It'll just take a minute, sir.

A curtain on the second story moves. **JOE WILSON**, 35, specs and smartly dressed, gazes out. Spots the cable van.

PETROVIC

Are you still there?

The door BUZZES open. Petrovic smirks.

WILSON (V.O.)

Come on up.

PETROVIC

Much obliged, sir.

INT. APARTMENT COMPLEX - SECOND FLOOR

Petrovic KNOCKS on apt. 6. Deadbolts sound, locks unlock and the door opens slightly. Petrovic kicks it in. Enters.

INT. APT. 6 - HALL

Wilson scurries back on his ass. Petrovic closes the door. Wilson scrambles to his feet, makes for a doorway.

Petrovic punches him head first into the door-frame. Grabs and throws the man through the doorway.

INT. APT. 6 - LOUNGE

Wilson SMASHES through a glass coffee table. Orchestral music plays. Petrovic stalks his prey. Grabs a glass shard.

Wilson pleads. Petrovic sticks the glass to his neck.

WILSON

What do you want?!

PETROVIC

Where are your tickets?

WILSON

On the... kitchen counter! No, no!

Don't kill me, please. I have...

Petrovic drives the shard through Wilson's neck. He GURGLES. Fades. Dies. Petrovic stands, rights his coat. Looks...

ADAM, 8, stands in the doorway completely frozen in fear.

Petrovic's face falls. His eyes drift... blood drips from his switchblade.

EXT. RUSSIAN WOODLAND - DAY

The Boy leans out from behind a tree, the air cold enough to see his breath.

Emmett grabs a MAN, 30s, drives a knife through his neck. Blood sprays across the snow. Blood drips from the knife.

The Boy recoils in abject terror, breathing heavily.

INT. APT. 6 - LOUNGE - DAY

Petrovic stares at Adam with empathy in his eyes. Adam steals for the door. Petrovic grabs and restrains him.

In the struggle, Adam bites Petrovic's hand. Petrovic holds in his pain, throws Adam to the floor.

Petrovic venomously backhands Adam. Adam WINCES.

ADAM

Daddy...? DADDY?

Adam shakes Wilson. No response. He bawls...

Petrovic catches a reflection in a shard. "Who am I?" He looks at his shaking hands covered in blood.

EXT. RUSSIAN WOODLAND - DAY

Boy cradles Man in his arms. Emmett keeps an eye on him. The knife still in his hand.

Blood drips from the blade onto the snow.

INT. APT. 6 - LOUNGE - DAY

Blood drips from the shard onto the carpet. Petrovic drops it in realization. Steps back. Goes to the kitchen.

Adam sobs, draped over Wilson. Petrovic returns with the tickets, heads for the door. Stops. Looks back.

Adam looks up. Petrovic opens his mouth to talk, but leaves.

INT. APT. 6 - HALL

Petrovic grabs a coat on the way out. Adam's soft sobbing bleeds through the walls.

EXT. UPPER WEST SIDE - ALLEYWAY

Petrovic bins his bloodstained coat, fits on the new one and takes a moment to comprise himself. His hands shake...

He erratically tries to get the blood off. Breathes hard.

EXT. CITY MORGUE

Newman and Rebecca step out of the Focus.

NEWMAN

Anything from your people?

REBECCA

No. It's quiet. I'll give 'em a call back, see where they're at. You get started.

NEWMAN

I wasn't waiting for permission.

She makes a phone call. Newman enters the morgue.

REBECCA

Mick, got anything for me?

INT. CITY MORGUE - HALL

Newman walks with **MORTY**, 50s, tall and rather menacing yet soft in appearance, toward double doors.

MORTY

I've already filed my report, Mr. Newman. I'm not sure what you think you're going to find here.

NEWMAN

In the report you filed, you said the victim died of a...

MORTY

Blood loss, Detective. A shard of glass cut an artery in his neck.

NEWMAN

That's convenient.

Morty gets the door.

MORTY

How so?

NEWMAN

Oh you know, a shard of glass from the toughest window in the car was able to aim precisely at an artery in his neck.

INT. CITY MORGUE - MORTUARY

Morty pulls George's body out of a fridge. Newman fits on rubber gloves, checks the MANY facial wounds.

Newman inspects the cut artery on George's neck. Jagged. He turns George's head. Cuts on his face. Straight.

Rebecca walks in. Morty watches Newman at work.

NEWMAN

You got something or you just gonna stand there gawking?

REBECCA

We ran the image through the system but we found nothing. So we ran his face through Interpol.

Rebecca moves in for a closer look.

NEWMAN

Just say nothing came up. Saves us
all a lot of time. Hello...

Grabs a pair of tweezers. Morty grows curious.

Newman plucks a small GREEN speckle of glass from the artery
cut. Holds it up for all to see.

NEWMAN

Tell me, doc. How many cars do you
know have green windshields? Don't
answer that 'cause the answer is a
big fat zero.

Newman drops the speckle into a small bowl. Takes off the
gloves. Morty stands in astonishment.

NEWMAN

I know. I'm good.

REBECCA

Don't gloat in a morgue.

EXT. LOWER EAST SIDE - HOUSE

A DODGE pulls up outside the Hampton Household. Jake drives.
Mischa looks up at the house.

INT. DODGE

Jake sets the gearstick in park. Shuts off the engine.

JAKE

You wanna talk about it?

She gets out. He nods "of course not". She leans in.

MISCHA

Thanks for the ride.

EXT. LOWER EAST SIDE - HOUSE

She closes the door. Jake drives off. She makes her way to
the house. Composes herself. KNOCKS.

Rachel opens the door. Mischa's face trembles sadly. Rachel
reels her in for an emotional hug.

They go inside. Rachel closes the door.

INT. LENNOX HILL - RECOVERY - NIGHT

Emmett, feet kicked up on the bed, reads a magazine. Swanson watches him. A nurse walks in with a new bedpan.

EMMETT

Oh look, Nurse Joy's back. I don't know what's more embarrassing. The fact that you can't piss or shit by yourself or that she does this job.

She changes the bedpan. Emmett sets the magazine on his lap.

EMMETT

Thank you.

She leaves.

EMMETT

See, I can be nice sometimes. I'm not the big bad you thought I was, you sorry old sap.

Emmett stretches his legs.

EMMETT

I leave you alone for a few years and look at you. Not only did you piss your life away, but you're like some spastic child who can't help but drool all over himself.

Emmett manages a chuckle.

EMMETT

Ella, Rachel, Mischa. All we got left in the world. And you won't even try. It's truly pathetic.

Swanson's finger moves slightly...

EXT. LOWER EAST SIDE - HOUSE

Mischa lights up a cigarette. Takes a seat on the steps. She looks around. Her eyes show a story that cannot be told.

Takes a drag. BEEP. Pulls out her cell phone. "New Message". Opens it, reads. A faint smile.

ELLA (O.S.)

Those things smell.

Mischa flinches. Ella, dressed for bed with a unicorn hugged close, pulls a gross face.

ELLA
It's bad for you.

Ella sits down. Mischa looks at the cigarette.

MISCHA
I know it is. I just... I needed a way to...

ELLA
Feel normal?

MISCHA
Yeah. Normal.

Mischa takes another drag. Ella COUGHS.

MISCHA
Point taken.

Mischa tosses the cigarette away. Ella smiles. Mischa hugs an arm around her.

ELLA
I'm worried about mommy. She's sad.
I don't want her to be.

MISCHA
You're not sad?

ELLA
A little. But grandpa said mommy needs us to be strong for her. To make her feel all better.

Ella looks skyward.

ELLA
Do you think daddy's in Heaven with grandma?

MISCHA
I hope he is.

ELLA
They're probably arguing. Daddy said she was really bossy.

Mischa manages a chuckle. Ella smiles. The curtain in the lounge moves. Rachel admires the sight.

ELLA

Are you going to stay here?

MISCHA

Yeah. For a little while. I was going to come tomorrow for your play. But it was meant to be a surprise so don't tell mom I told you. Okay?

Ella holds out her pinkie finger. Mischa seals the promise.

ELLA

Can we go inside now? 'Cause it's really cold out here.

EXT. FAST FOOD JOINT

Focus sits in a bay. Rebecca leans on the hood talking on her cell phone.

REBECCA

Yeah, we'll swing by and check it out. Okay. Thanks.

Newman exits with two takeaway bags and two large drinks.

NEWMAN

Dinner's served.

REBECCA

We'll need those doggy bags. Just got a call from my supervisor.

NEWMAN

It's like nine-thirty. Don't you people ever sleep? Actually, don't answer that, I know you don't. So what is it? Another gas leak?

REBECCA

Homicide. Guy was buzzed in, killed a resident with his son watching and left without taking anything.

NEWMAN

Shit...

REBECCA

I'll drive.

EXT. CENTRAL PARK

Petrovic sits on a bench overlooking the pond. People pass him by as if he's not even there. He violently flinches.

EXT. RUSSIAN WOODLAND - DAY

Petrovic watches Emmett viciously kill the Man.

INT. APT. 6 - LOUNGE - DAY

Adam watches Petrovic murder Wilson.

EXT. CENTRAL PARK - NIGHT

A **PUNK KID**, 20s, with a skateboard, taps Petrovic on the shoulder. Petrovic locks onto him.

PUNK KID
Dude, you got a-

Petrovic stands. Punk Kid takes a step back.

PETROVIC
Get away from me.

Petrovic turns to leave. Punk Kid scoffs.

PUNK KID
Asshole.

Petrovic smiles a twisted smile. Punk Kid prepares to skate. Petrovic pulls a lighter from his pocket.

PETROVIC
Sorry. It's been a long day. Here.

Lights the Punk's cigarette. Punk Kid nods.

PUNK KID
Maybe you're not an asshole.

PETROVIC
That's a cool board. Mind if I take
a look?

Punk Kid shrugs. Petrovic kicks up the board, inspects it. He smiles, nods. Whacks Punk Kid around the head with it.

Punk Kid hits the ground. Petrovic stands over him. Drives the skateboard into the back of his neck. Bone SNAPS.

INT. APARTMENT COMPLEX - SECOND FLOOR

Police everywhere gain witness accounts from residents on the floor. "Crime Scene" tape at Apt. 6's door.

Newman and Rebecca show their badges to a GUARDING OFFICER.

INT. APT. 6 - LOUNGE

CS INVESTIGATORS swarm the place collecting evidence. Seven numbered plaques, #1: body, #2 blood, #3 broken glass, etc.

Newman shakes his head at the state of the joint.

NEWMAN

This guy wasn't screwing around.

Rebecca collars an ATTENDING OFFICER.

REBECCA

Where's the boy?

ATTENDING OFFICER

He's in his room under supervision.

REBECCA

Mind if I go in?

Attending Officer shows Rebecca into the hall.

Newman surveys the crime scene with precise eyes. He takes everything into account. He looks at the doorway.

INT. APT. 6 - LOUNGE - DAY

Wilson SMASHES through the coffee table. A BLURRED FIGURE methodically follows him inside.

INT. APT. 6 - LOUNGE - NIGHT

Newman crouches down. Plaque #3: the shattered glass. His eyes follow the glass to Wilson's body a few feet away.

INT. APT. 6 - LOUNGE - DAY

The Blurred Figure lifts a piece of glass. Stalks Wilson.

Wilson pleads. Blurred Figure sets the shard to his neck. The shard drives through Wilson's neck.

INT. APT. 6 - LOUNGE - NIGHT

Newman inspects plaque #4: the shard of bloodied glass. His eyes drift in a state of understanding.

INT. GEORGE'S CAR - MOVING - NIGHT

Blurred Figure nips George's neck with a jagged glass shard.

INT. APT. 6 - LOUNGE - NIGHT

Newman realizes. A few CS Investigators notice his demeanor.

NEWMAN
(discreetly)
Son of a bitch...

INT. APT. 6 - ADAM'S BEDROOM

Rebecca consoles Adam, as pale as snow, on his bed. Newman walks inside, closes the door.

REBECCA
Now's not a good time, Detective.

NEWMAN
I need to know something. Adam, did you know the man?

REBECCA
Chris.

NEWMAN
Adam, please. Did he speak?

Adam looks up, still terrified, nods.

NEWMAN
What did he sound like?

Adam looks at Rebecca for help.

REBECCA
It's okay. You don't have to say anything if you don't want to.

ADAM
He... wasn't American.

Newman and Rebecca connect the dots.

EXT. UPPER WEST SIDE

Newman and Rebecca exit the apartment complex.

NEWMAN

Who do we know that's not American and likes sticking sharp objects in people's necks?

REBECCA

First George, then Emmett, now he goes after some scholar in Upper West Side? Forgive me here, Chris, but I don't see a motive. None of this makes any sense.

NEWMAN

The guy's playing shadow games. He knows he can't run. He can't hide. But what if it's not that simple?

She's confused.

NEWMAN

He's leaving a trail of bodies all over Manhattan. He goes after his first victim last night. Plays it off as a car problem. George gives him a ride. Emmett comes home, gets blown to hell. Two down. And then he goes for the hat-trick.

She's even more confused.

NEWMAN

So why would he go after two people that were connected. Son-in-law and father of the bride. Then murder an innocent man in front of his son? To throw us off his scent? No. That is way too simple. Emmett's alive.

REBECCA

What are you getting at, Chris?

NEWMAN

He killed George and Wilson. But he kept Emmett alive. I don't know why but there has got to be a reason. Killers don't leave people alive. I gotta talk to Swanson again.

He rounds the car, opens the driver's door.

REBECCA

I'm gonna stay here. Keep an eye on Adam. Call me if you find anything.

NEWMAN

You'll be the first to know.

EXT. CHURCH OF ST. JOHN THE DIVINE

Thundery rain bludgeons the city. Petrovic, soaked, looks up at the church. Considers.

INT. CHURCH OF ST. JOHN THE DIVINE - CONFESSIONAL

Petrovic closes a curtain, sits down. A slat between booths slides open. A REVEREND on the other side barely visible.

PETROVIC

Forgive me father for I've sinned. I... I've never done this before. I don't consider myself a religious man. But I need help...

REVEREND

The Lord accepts all, no matter their beliefs. In here, you speak not just to me, but to Him. If you seek forgiveness, He shall listen. What is your burden, son?

PETROVIC

Pain. Inflicted on another. I hurt someone tonight. A boy. I took something from him. Something that can't be replaced. I myself have known the same void.

Petrovic's hand shakes. He grips it with his other one.

PETROVIC

I killed his father as he watched.

Reverend grows uneasy.

PETROVIC

What kind of man does that make me? Can I be forgiven?

REVEREND

Yes. I can help you, son.

Petrovic hears numbers dialing.

PETROVIC
Please don't do that.

Another number dials.

PETROVIC
I thought you would understand. Why
do you not understand?!

Petrovic erupts out of his booth. A beat. Explodes through
the other curtain, grabs Priest.

Several loud THUMPS and CRUNCHES outside. A painful YELP.

Reverend falls into the booth, rips the curtain down. Blood
spills from cuts on his face. He CRIES out.

INT. CHURCH OF ST. JOHN THE DIVINE

Petrovic rams Reverend head first into the booth. Reverend
drops to the floor, crawls. Petrovic boots his arm, SNAP.

Petrovic grabs an iron stand with candles, turns it upside
down and plunges it through the Reverend's chest.

INT. LENNOX HILL - RECOVERY

Emmett bounces a rubber ball off the wall out of boredom.

Newman makes his entrance. Emmett looks around, scoffs and
gets comfortable.

NEWMAN
Emmett, I'm gonna ask you a few
questions like before.

Pulls up a seat.

NEWMAN
We've made a few advancements on
the case. I'm gonna need you to
rinse and repeat. Once for yes and
twice for no. OK?

Swanson blinks. Emmett finds humor in this.

NEWMAN
Did you know a man by the name of
Joe Wilson?

Swanson blinks twice.

NEWMAN

Joe Wilson was found dead tonight at his apartment in the Upper West Side. His son witnessed it happen.

EMMETT

Hm, sounds familiar. Didn't we do something like that once?

NEWMAN

George's death is being considered homicide. I found a connection at the apartment. Glass. I believe the suspect killed George the same way.

EMMETT

Ding, ding, ding. We have a winner!

NEWMAN

Mr. Wilson was stabbed in the neck.

EMMETT

Hm, that sounds like us too. Kinda makes me wonder if Petrovic has an original thought in his head.

Newman gets closer.

NEWMAN

This man kills without mercy or compassion. So why did he let you live? Does he want something?

Swanson blinks. His hand slightly rises. Emmett catches it.

NEWMAN

Do you know what he wants?

SWANSON

R... R...

EMMETT

Spit it out.

Newman grows hopeful.

SWANSON

Rev... Rev...

NEWMAN

Revenge?

Swanson blinks.

INT. LENNOX HILL - RECEPTION

Newman walks and talks on the phone.

NEWMAN

Revenge. Swanson said the guy wants revenge. I didn't get anything else outta him. I need you to get some units over to the Hampton Residence right now, Becca.

Paramedics wheel in Punk Kid on a gurney. Newman notices. Goodrich meets with the Paramedics.

NEWMAN

Hold that thought. Doctor?

Paramedics rush Punk Kid through the doors. Goodrich stops.

NEWMAN

What happened?

GOODRICH

He was attacked in Central Park. Some guy, used the kid's skateboard to break his neck.

NEWMAN

Alright, thanks.

Newman returns to his call, makes for the main doors.

NEWMAN

Neck, neck. Look, I gotta go, make sure you get those units over to the house. No, I'm fine. Just got a feeling is all.

INT. FOCUS

Newman pops open the glove compartment. Pulls out a police issue holstered pistol. He darkly looks at it.

Starts the engine. Pulls the gearstick. Steps on the gas.

INT. APT. 6 - ADAM'S BEDROOM

Rebecca watches over a sleeping Adam like a guardian. She sets a storybook on a dresser. Tucks him in.

Takes out her cell phone. Dials a number. Heads out.

INT. FOCUS - MOVING

The radio clock "23:55pm". The holstered pistol on the passenger seat. Newman turns the wheel.

EXT. CENTRAL PARK - PARKING BAY

Newman exits the Focus. Takes the gun. Clips the holster to his belt. He advances on the park entrance.

EXT. CENTRAL PARK

Newman finds dried blood on the asphalt. Looks around. DING. DONG. DING. DONG. His attention divers to --

EXT. CHURCH OF ST. JOHN THE DIVINE

Newman stands outside gazing up at the church.

INT. LENNOX HILL - RECOVERY

Swanson's fingers curl. He tries to make a fist. His hand shakes terribly. Emmett paces like a caged animal.

EXT. LOWER EAST SIDE - HOUSE

A police cruiser parks up outside. Its engine shuts off.

INT. HOUSE - MASTER BEDROOM

Asleep, Ella cuddles up with Mischa on the bed. Rachel looks out the window. Sees the cruiser. Closes the curtains.

Rachel takes a seat on the edge of the bed. Eyes locked on her WEDDING PHOTOGRAPH. A tear trickles down her cheek.

INT. CHURCH OF ST. JOHN THE DIVINE

The door THUDS shut. Newman cautiously enters. At first he sees nothing, then --

Petrovic, knelt at the altar praying to Jesus. He performs a crucifix, opens his eyes. Looks over his shoulder.

Newman raises his head slightly. Petrovic returns to prayer.

PETROVIC

It is said that the Creator is all forgiving. That he can absolve any sin committed by man.

Newman slowly advances.

PETROVIC

But it's a lie. He cannot save me. No matter how much I pray he cannot find it in his heart to forgive me. I'm a monster.

NEWMAN

Yeah, well we all got our problems.

Newman spots the dead Reverend.

PETROVIC

I came here seeking salvation, but in return received damnation.

NEWMAN

Stay on your knees and put your hands on your head.

PETROVIC

No.

Newman's close now.

PETROVIC

The Lord does not forgive nor does he forget. I shall burn in hell. I won't rot in prison.

Petrovic stands. Newman backs up, gun poised and ready. Slowly, Petrovic turns in a crucifix gesture.

PETROVIC

Shoot me.

NEWMAN

Don't give me a reason.

Petrovic steps forward.

NEWMAN

Stop. Stop walking. I said stop!

PETROVIC

SHOOT ME!

INT. APT. 6 - HALL

Rebecca, ending a phone call, suddenly grows concerned. She dials a number. RING, RING.

INT. CHURCH OF ST. JOHN THE DIVINE

Newman's phone RINGS distracting him. Petrovic disarms him and slits his throat with a razor blade. Blood sprays.

Newman drops to the floor CHOKING on his own blood. Petrovic kicks the gun away from his reach.

INT. APT. 6 - HALL

Rebecca nervously listens to the RINGING from her phone.

INT. CHURCH OF ST. JOHN THE DIVINE

Newman GASPS for air. Dies. Eyes wide open. Petrovic takes his cell phone "Becca Calling". Answers.

PETROVIC

Hello?

INT. APT. 6 - HALL

Rebecca's confused.

REBECCA

Who is this?

PETROVIC (V.O.)

Not the man you called, Becca.

REBECCA

(whispering)

Oh my God...

INT. CHURCH OF ST. JOHN THE DIVINE

Petrovic relieves Newman of his wallet. Checks ID. Smirks.

PETROVIC

Chris Newman. Homicide Division. I wonder who... oh...

Pulls a photo of Rebecca from Newman's wallet. Smiles. He turns it over. "Always and forever, Becca".

PETROVIC
You truly are beautiful, Becca. He
was a lucky man.

INT. APT. 6 - HALL

Rebecca shakes, cups a hand over her mouth in shock.

REBECCA
Where is he? Where's Chris?

PETROVIC (V.O.)
He's right here. Glaring blindly at
the Lord, bathing in his own blood.

She gets worse.

PETROVIC (V.O.)
In the end, he was too righteous to
pull the trigger. Now Saint John is
watching over him.

INT. CHURCH OF ST. JOHN THE DIVINE

Petrovic crouches down at Newman's side. Admires his work.

PETROVIC
The devil's hand deals again. I'll
see you soon, Becca.

Petrovic hangs up. Sets the phone on Newman's chest. He
takes a gander at the message on the photo.

PETROVIC
Always and forever.

He fits the photo into Newman's hand.

PETROVIC
Nothing is Forever, Chris.

EXT. UPPER WEST SIDE

Two COPS enter the apartment complex as Rebecca steps out.
Climbs into a police cruiser.

PETROVIC (V.O.)
This bell tolls for you.

DING. DONG. The cruiser takes off. DING. DONG.

EXT. TIMES SQUARE

DING. DONG. An ARMY of POLICE VEHICLES bolt through at breakneck speed. DING. DONG.

INT. HOUSE - MASTER BEDROOM

Mischa sets a hand on Rachel's shoulder. Rachel breaks down. Mischa hugs her. Ella sees, sadly looks away.

EXT. CHURCH OF ST. JOHN THE DIVINE

Rebecca erupts out of the cruiser. Cops everywhere. Red and blue lights flash along the walls.

She barges through cops. A few try to keep her out.

COMMISSIONER LOWE, 50s, wise and cunning, a man beyond his years, allows her passage but warns her with a gesture.

INT. CHURCH OF ST. JOHN THE DIVINE

FORENSICS swarm the place gathering evidence.

Lowe tails Rebecca en route to a tarp covering a body in the aisle. Rebecca lifts the tarp. Reveals Newman.

She drops to her knees. Screams. Lowe bows his head.

EXT. CHURCH OF ST. JOHN THE DIVINE

ONLOOKERS gather behind police barricades in the road. Among them, Petrovic, watching like a vulture stalking his prey.

Lowe ushers Rebecca out of the church.

REPORTERS on scene. Cameras. Microphones. Convey the news.

INT. LENNOX HILL - RECOVERY

Swanson and Emmett watch a small TV. NEWS 24, **NEWSCASTER**, 30s, reports on the incident at the Church of St. John.

NEWSCASTER (V.O.)

(on TV)

...the first of which is Reverend Keith Mitchell, found dead here at the Church of Saint John the Divine just an hour ago...

A picture of the Reverend on the TV.

NEWSCASTER (V.O.)
And the second body that of an NYPD
Homicide Detective, Chris Newman.

A photo of Newman on the TV causes Swanson to grow angry.

The camera on TV sweeps the crowd. Petrovic for a brief
second sends Emmett into a fit of rage.

Emmett buries a fist in the wall. Swanson's hand jerks.

NEWSCASTER (V.O.)
We are yet to receive a statement
from Commissioner Lowe regarding
the events that took place, but we
will keep you informed of any
updates as we get them.

Swanson moves slightly. Emmett takes a step back.

EMMETT
Get up.

Swanson tries. His facial muscles tense up.

EMMETT
They need us. GET UP!

Swanson finds power. Leans. Falls onto the ground. He tries
to push up. Loses power. The machine goes nuts.

Several nurses rush into the room to his aid.

EMMETT
The cop's dead! If we don't get to
them first, they will be too!

NURSE#2
Sir, we're trying to help you.

Swanson attempts to fight them off. No luck.

EMMETT
He doesn't need your help!

They wrestle him onto the bed. Swanson's muscles constrict.
Slowly, he regains strength.

SWANSON
P... P... PETROVIC!!!!!!

A nurse jams a needle in his arm. Injects.

Swanson's eyes roll. He drops to the bed near unconscious. Emmett disappears in a waft of smoke.

Swanson goes under. Eyes close. **BLACKNESS** takes over...

OVER BLACK:

The SOUND of birds CAWING in the distance. Heavy breathing, someone RUNNING.

Snow sweeps across the blackness, a blurred image sharpens.

EXT. RUSSIAN FARMLAND - DAY

Emmett stands at an overlook. A farm down the hill a few miles away shrouded in mist and blanketed by snow.

He assembles a sniper rifle. Scope. Handle. Silencer. Loads 1 bullet. Takes his position on the hillside.

INT. FARMHOUSE - KITCHEN

The Boy (Sergei from now on) draws a picture at the kitchen table. Arguing in another room corrupts his attention.

INT. FARMHOUSE - LOUNGE

The Man, **DMITRI PETROVIC**, 36, his once good looks tainted by crow's feet and concern, packs a duffel with clothes.

NOTE: Dmitri and ILLYANA speak in English.

DMITRI

We're leaving. Today. There's no more to it.

ILLYANA PETROVIC, 34, a stunner under extreme stress, shakes her head at the statement.

ILLYANA

Sergei has friends here. He goes to school. We can't uproot our family. He needs stability. We can't keep living in fear.

He grips her shoulders.

DMITRI

There is someone coming. I don't know who, I don't know when. But I

(MORE)

DMITRI (cont'd)
 know he's coming. And he won't see
 Sergei as anymore than a target.

Her eyes well up. He reassures her.

DMITRI
 When we took our vows, I made you a
 promise. I swore I would keep you
 and our son safe. And I'm sorry if
 that means dragging us away from
 our home. But we need to go. Today.
 Because I'm scared, Illyana. For
 you, for Sergei. If there was any
 other way, you know I'd find it. I
 need you to trust me.

Illyana weighs her options.

DMITRI
 Trust me.

ILLYANA
 I do trust you, Dmitri. I just
 don't under-

A bullet SMASHES the window and strikes her in the head.
 Dmitri catches and cradles her.

DMITRI
 Illyana...? Illyana?

EXT. RUSSIAN FARMLAND

Emmett discards the sniper rifle. Pulls out a 9mm pistol
 with a silencer. Makes his way downhill.

INT. FARMHOUSE - KITCHEN

Dmitri rushes inside. No Sergei in sight.

DMITRI
 Sergei? SERGEI?!

Looks under the table. Sergei, frozen in fear, looks up.

DMITRI
 We have to go.

A bullet SMASHES the window. Dmitri ducks. Sergei YELLS.
 Dmitri pulls a taped REVOLVER from under the table.

EXT. FARM

Emmett closes in with a merciless stare. A bullet flies by him. He ducks behind a tractor. Peeks.

Dmitri frantically carries Sergei past the kitchen window.

Emmett lines up a shot. Takes it.

INT. FARMHOUSE - FOYER

A bullet strikes the kitchen door. Dmitri keeps Sergei close and bolts out the front.

EXT. FARM

Dmitri carries Sergei to the fence. Helps him over. Sergei GASPS. Dmitri looks.

Emmett arrives, shoots. Dmitri takes a bullet to the arm and spills over the fence. Sergei checks on him.

NOTE: Sergei ALWAYS speaks in Russian.

SERGEI

Papa? PAPA?! Get up, papa!

Emmett advances on them. Dmitri shoots at him. Emmett ducks into cover. Relishes in the hunt.

Dmitri staggers to his feet. Sergei helps.

EXT. RUSSIAN WOODLAND

Dmitri collapses under his own weight. Blood drips from his arm onto the snow.

Emmett follows a trail of speckled blood. Coldly scans.

Dmitri rests at his final destination. Sergei worries over him. Dmitri gives him a reassuring glance.

DMITRI

(in Russian)

Hide.

SERGEI

No, papa. I won't leave you.

Dmitri sets a hand on Sergei's cheek.

DMITRI

You didn't, son. Don't ever think that. You be strong. I love you. Now go.

Sergei fights his emotions. Nods. Runs. Dmitri sits back against a tree. Looks down at his revolver.

Sergei hides behind "the" tree. Peers out. Sees Dmitri.

Footsteps CRUNCH snow. A shadow falls over a defiant Dmitri. Emmett shakes his head at him.

EMMETT

I love a good hunt as much as the next guy. But this was my favorite. Kudos for making it interesting.

Emmett takes the revolver away. Crouches down.

EMMETT

Where's your son? He's gotta be close. Freezing cold. Barely four feet tall. Over there, maybe?

DMITRI

You leave him alone!

EMMETT

You're not in any position to be barking orders, Dmitri. You put me in this position. This is on you. And I just don't get it.

Emmett sits against the tree toting his pistol.

EMMETT

You had a beautiful wife. A son. A cozy little farmhouse out here in the big wide countryside. And then a thought swims through your head. A stupid thought. One that put your family in danger. Killed your wife. And rendered your son helpless.

Emmett removes the pistol mag. Checks. Reloads. Cocks.

EMMETT

Strange. I don't hear pleading. I thought you'd be begging me not to put you down by now.

Emmett raises his eyebrows.

DMITRI

I can do nothing to sway your hand
so why try?

EMMETT

True. But you could at least try to
act human. Your son's watching. You
wanna set a good example for him.
Teach him the value of human life
and blah, blah, blah. No? If that's
how you want it.

Emmett stands. Dmitri shows no fear.

EMMETT

Your son's gonna watch you die. Do
you wanna say anything to him
before the reaper drags you down?

Dmitri defiantly stares at the gun barrel. Emmett smirks.

EMMETT

I figured a guy like you would have
more to say. I suppose I'll have to
make do with little Sergei, eh?

Dmitri tries to stand. Emmett drops the gun, pulls out a
knife and drives it through Dmitri's throat.

Sergei GASPS, recedes behind the tree in shock.

Emmett wipes the bloody knife on Dmitri's clothes. Picks up
his gun and scans for movement.

Sergei rocks back and forth on his backside SOBBING quietly.

Emmett crouches down. Sergei looks up. Emmett gives him an
understanding look.

NOTE: Emmett ALWAYS speaks in Russian to Sergei.

EMMETT

Your father was brave, Sergei. You
should be proud of him. Defiant
until the end.

Emmett extends his hand. Sergei flinches.

EMMETT

I won't hurt you.

Sergei runs over to Dmitri's body. Emmett acknowledges his
gun. Holsters it. Follows the kid.

Sergei cradles Dmitri in his arms. BAWLS terribly.

EMMETT

There nothing you can do for him.
He's gone. He's not coming back.

SERGEI

Papa... wake up, papa... wake up.

Emmett drags Sergei away. Sergei fights him every step of the way. Emmett hoists the kid over his shoulder.

SERGEI

PAPA! PAPA?! NO! PAPA, PLEASE! WAKE
UP, PAPA! PLEASE!

EXT. RUSSIAN FARMLAND - ROAD

Emmett wrestles Sergei into the back of his rental car.
Slams the door. Sergei pounds at the window.

Emmett steps inside. Starts the engine. Pulls away.

INT. RENTAL CAR - MOVING

Emmett adjusts the rear-view mirror. Sergei leans over the seat with his hands on the back window.

The farmhouse sinks into the distance until it's gone.

INT. PUB

Sergei sits opposite Emmett. A BARMAN sets down a roast dinner for Sergei and a coke. Emmett takes his bourbon.

The Barman heads off. Emmett takes a swig of bourbon.

EMMETT

Eat your food.

SERGEI

I'm not hungry.

EMMETT

You're gonna need your strength. A long road ahead. Can't travel it on an empty stomach.

SERGEI
I wanna go home.

Emmett grows agitated.

SERGEI
Take me home.

EMMETT
You don't have a home anymore. And
you will never see it again. Do I
make myself clear?

Sergei hangs his head.

EMMETT
Good. Now eat your food.

INT. RENTAL CAR - MOVING - NIGHT

Sergei sleeps in the backseat under a winter coat. Emmett
keeps one eye on him at all times.

He switches on the radio. No signal. Turns it off. The clock
hits MIDNIGHT. Emmett catches it.

EMMETT
Happy New Year, Sergei.

EXT. RUSSIAN COUNTRYSIDE

Emmett paces as he talks on his 90s cell phone.

EMMETT
Yeah, I got the kid. He's safe and
sound all snuggled up in the back
of my rental. What? No, it's not a
problem. No, sir. Consider it done.

The call ends. Emmett leans on the car. Fists on the roof.
He turns in disgust. Hand through his hair.

INT. RENTAL CAR - MOVING - DAY

Sergei sits in the passenger seat gazing out the window and
watching the countryside roll by.

SERGEI
Why did you do it?

Emmett acknowledges him.

EMMETT
Because I had to.

SERGEI
But why did you have to? What did they do to you?

EMMETT
Nothing. They didn't do anything to me. Your father made a mistake. Got himself in trouble.

SERGEI
What about my mommy?

EMMETT
Part of the contract.

SERGEI
Am I part of the contract too?

Emmett's hands grip the steering wheel tight.

EMMETT (V.O.)
No, it's not a problem. Consider it done.

EXT. RUSSIAN COUNTRYSIDE - ROAD

The rental pulls over. Emmett steps out, rounds to the passenger side. Opens the door.

EMMETT
Get out.

SERGEI
Why?

Emmett grabs Sergei's arm. Pulls him out.

SERGEI
No. NO! Please!

Emmett releases him. Sergei looks up at him. Emmett hands him a bobble hat.

EMMETT
Go. GO! Before I change my mind.
RUN! And don't stop. Not ever.

Sergei takes off into the fields. Emmett shamefully bows his head. A reflection in the window, disgust, regret.

EXT. THE KREMLIN - NIGHT

Emmett sits on the same bench. Bradbury takes a seat beside him. Emmett leans forward.

BRADBURY

I can't say I'm not disappointed.

EMMETT

My family for the mission. That was the deal. Honor it.

BRADBURY

It's already done. You won't hear from us again, Emmett. For that you have my word.

EMMETT

And I can trust your word can I?

BRADBURY

Absolutely.

Emmett nods.

BRADBURY

Congratulations, Mr. Swanson. You are a free man.

EMMETT

Not yet.

Emmett drives a switchblade through Bradbury's neck. Brings him close. Face filled with rage.

EMMETT

Now I am, you son of a bitch. All the lives. All the innocents. The kids. All the shit you made me do. This is for every single life you had me steal, you bastard. And yours is the last I will ever take.

Emmett shoves Bradbury back into the bench. Stands up.

EMMETT

I'll see you in hell, sir.

Emmett walks toward the Kremlin lights leaving Bradbury to die alone and CHOKING.

Bradbury breathes his last breath. His hand falls limp...

CUT TO BLACK:

FADE IN:

INT. ELEANOR ROOSEVELT HIGH SCHOOL - BACKSTAGE - DAY

Students prepare for the play. Ella looks at her princess costume in a mirror.

MISCHA (O.S.)
Say cheese.

Ella turns, pulls her cheesiest grin.

VIDEO-CAMERA: Recording, Battery 100%, Time Stamp: 5:45pm.

Ella nervously looks into the lens. Rachel takes a knee next to her, gives her a hug.

RACHEL
Are you nervous?

Ella uses her fingers "little bit".

MISCHA (O.S.)
(behind camera)
Don't be. You're gonna do great.

ELLA
You really think so?

MISCHA (O.S.)
I know so. Just forget the four hundred people in the crowd and you'll be fine.

ELLA
Now I'm more nervous.

Mischa giggles. Rachel reassures Ella.

RACHEL
You'll be fine, Ella. And when the play's over we'll go to see your grandpa. Sound good?

MISCHA (O.S.)
Okay, on three say "princess".

ELLA
PRINCESS!!

EXT. ELEANOR ROOSEVELT HIGH SCHOOL - PARKING

Cops all over the place. Among them, Rebecca, looking worse for wear and heavy.

Parents make their way into the main building.

Rebecca surveys the crowds. Pulls up a radio.

REBECCA
Anything yet?

EXT. ELEANOR ROOSEVELT HIGH SCHOOL - ROOFTOP

A SNIPER, prone, aims through his scope.

SNIPER SCOPE P.O.V: Crowds of parents. The cross hair sweeps the parking lot. Finds Rebecca.

SNIPER
I got nothing.

INT. ELEANOR ROOSEVELT HIGH SCHOOL - BACKSTAGE HALL

Mischa and Rachel exit the backstage area. CREW MEMBERS make their way about.

MISCHA
She's just nervous, mom. I was the same in my first play. Remember? I wouldn't let go of the curtain.

RACHEL
They almost had to call it off.

Mischa smiles.

RACHEL
She's gonna do great, right?

MISCHA
She's a Hampton. We don't know any better. Let's go get a seat.

They round a corner. A beat. A CREW MEMBER wheels a railing of costumes down the hall.

Petrovic steps out of a door. Cautiously looks around. He makes his way to a staircase.

Ella and her female TEACHER emerge from the backstage area.

EXT. ELEANOR ROOSEVELT HIGH SCHOOL - PARKING

Rebecca impatiently paces. No more people come. She checks in with the sniper.

REBECCA
Did you see him?

SNIPER (V.O.)
No ma'am. It's quiet.

Rebecca lowers the radio, sighs.

REBECCA
Too quiet.
(coordinating officers)
Lock this place down. No one goes
in or comes out. You two, with me.

INT. ELEANOR ROOSEVELT HIGH SCHOOL - MAIN HALL

Parents sit. Hundreds of them. Mischa and Rachel somewhere in the middle. Mischa prepares her video-camera.

A curtain on stage. The **PRINCIPAL**, 50s, takes to the stage.

PRINCIPAL
Parents, welcome to the Eleanor
Roosevelt High School production of
Rapunzel. If you'll take your seats
we'll begin momentarily. Thank you.

Mischa prepares the video camera. Rachel looks over her shoulder. Rebecca and two cops walk in scanning the place.

Rebecca gives Rachel a slight shake of her head.

INT. ELEANOR ROOSEVELT HIGH SCHOOL - HALLWAY

An empty hallway. Teacher **KNOCKS** on the toilet door.

TEACHER
Ella, it's nearly time.

ELLA (O.S.)
Coming, Ms. Hathaway!

Petrovic grabs Teacher and drags her round the corner. A few **THUMPS** and **GRUNTS** followed by a wicked **CRUNCH**.

Petrovic pulls out a roll of duct tape, walks into the girl's toilets.

INT. ELEANOR ROOSEVELT HIGH SCHOOL - MAIN HALL

Mischa records a happy DANCE NUMBER on stage. The set is quite extravagant, large tower and a KNIGHT (kid).

Parents happily watch as Rebecca and the two cops sweep the whole room. Rebecca coordinates with hand gestures.

A cop makes his way to the backstage doors. Rachel watches.

EXT. ELEANOR ROOSEVELT HIGH SCHOOL - ROOFTOP

Sniper remains alert. He leans in for a closer look.

SNIPER SCOPE P.O.V: A News 24 van pulls into the grounds.

SNIPER

Unit four, we got a News Van on the east side of the parking lot. Find out why it's here, over.

EXT. ELEANOR ROOSEVELT HIGH SCHOOL - PARKING

Unit 4, three NYPD Officers, approach the News Van. The same Newscaster from the Hospital TV steps out with a microphone.

NYPD#1

What's all this?

NEWSCASTER

We got a call. Said to come here. Something to do with an exclusive.

NYPD#1

A call from who?

NEWSCASTER

He didn't leave his name.

NYPD#1 talks into his radio as he turns away.

NYPD#1

Agent O'Connor, we got a News Van out here. Said they got a call from someone regarding exclusivity.

REBECCA (V.O.)

Keep them outside. If they move I wanna know about it. Over.

INT. ELEANOR ROOSEVELT HIGH SCHOOL - MAIN HALL

Rebecca collars the second cop.

REBECCA

He's here. Upper corridors. Closets
and bathrooms. I want him found.

INT. ELEANOR ROOSEVELT HIGH SCHOOL - HALLWAY

First cop makes his way down the hallway. An earring at the
foot of the girls' toilets. He takes out his gun.

First cop rounds the corner, gun pointed. Eyes go wide.

FIRST COP

(into radio)

Code red. Repeat. Code red. Suspect
is in the building. I got a body
back here. Female, late fifties.

First cop checks the cause of death.

FIRST COP

Blunt force trauma to the head. I
need a unit back here ASAP.

INT. ELEANOR ROOSEVELT HIGH SCHOOL - MAIN HALL

Rebecca rushes to the backstage doors like a bull in a China
shop. The Principal takes wind of this, follows.

The Knight on stage takes to his knees before a "tower" and
professes his love. A spotlight rises to the tower balcony.

Mischa smiles, zooms in on the camera. Rachel's concerned.
Mischa can't help but notice.

MISCHA

Mom?

RACHEL

Something's wrong.

Silence falls. The Knight presents himself on one knee.
Rachel steals to her feet.

A WOMAN, 30s, cups a hand over her mouth in abject shock.

A rope SNAPS. Everyone stands at once. Mischa SCREAMS.
Rachel notices, eyes nearly burst from her skull.

Ella hangs from a rope in the spotlight. Dead.

Panic sets in. Loud voices. Abrupt yelling. KIDS scream out.

Rachel fights her way through the crowd. Mischa follows her fighting her own emotions.

RACHEL

Ella?! Get out of my way! ELLA?!?!

Rachel and Mischa get to the stage. TEACHERS usher the kids away. Rachel drops to her knees, unleashes a HARROWING YELL.

Mischa drops the video camera. Tries to comfort Rachel.

Rebecca and the Principal return to a state of panic. The latter looks on in disbelief. Rebecca bows her head.

PRINCIPAL

Close the damn curtain!

Rachel SCREAMS. Mischa hugs her arms around her. CRIES. Looks to Rebecca who pulls her gun and takes off.

INT. ELEANOR ROOSEVELT HIGH SCHOOL - BACKSTAGE HALL

Rebecca storms down the corridor with a fierce expression. A cop finds her. She shoves past him.

Rebecca pushes through the backstage door.

INT. ELEANOR ROOSEVELT HIGH SCHOOL - CATWALK

The rope is tied to battlements. A DEAD MAN lies face down on the steel. Rebecca walks along the catwalk. No Petrovic.

The curtains pull shut. She looks down.

INT. ELEANOR ROOSEVELT HIGH SCHOOL - MAIN HALL

Petrovic blends in with the crowd as they leave. Takes a final glance back. Sadistically smirks.

EXT. ELEANOR ROOSEVELT HIGH SCHOOL - PARKING

In the crowds, Petrovic is a ghost. Cops try to locate him. Fail at every turn. Petrovic exits the campus.

Cops check every single person. Cars vacate the premises.

INT. ELEANOR ROOSEVELT HIGH SCHOOL - STAGE

Rachel, on her knees with a bowed head, bawls uncontrollably as Mischa trembles fiercely.

Rebecca returns. Mischa shoots her a look. Rebecca shakes her head. Mischa's head falls to Rachel's shoulder.

The rope that holds Ella CREAKS.

EXT. LOWER EAST SIDE - HOUSE - NIGHT

Two parked police cruisers outside.

INT. HOUSE - LOUNGE

Mischa smokes. Rachel blindly stares at the wall as pale as snow, frozen over.

Rebecca stands at the doorway with a COP. Nods. He leaves.

REBECCA

Mrs. Hampton, I... I'm so sorry.

MISCHA

Why are you still here?

REBECCA

Because it's my job.

MISCHA

Your job?

Mischa takes to her feet in anger.

MISCHA

(emotionally)

He hung my sister... from a fucking catwalk! She's DEAD!

RACHEL

Mischa...

MISCHA

WHY DIDN'T YOU STOP HIM?!?!?!

Rebecca shakes. Rachel takes Mischa's hand.

MISCHA

Get out. GET OUT!

EXT. LOWER EAST SIDE - HOUSE

Rebecca closes the door. She bows her head, cries. Tries to conceal it but the trickle turns into a downpour.

INT. CITY MORGUE - MORTUARY

Morty stares at Ella's body on a slab. Rope marks around her little neck. Stressed, he turns away. Rubs his brows.

INT. LENNOX HILL - RECOVERY

Swanson sadly watches the TV. No Emmett in sight. Newscaster on the TV conveys the story outside Eleanor Roosevelt High.

NEWSCASTER (V.O.)
 ...that it's just too hard to say
 what happened here. The whole city
 sends their condolences to the
 family and... I... I...

Newscaster lowers the microphone, exits frame.

SWANSON
 (whispering)
 Ella...

INT. LENNOX HILL - RECEPTION

Rebecca meets with Goodrich. He notices her posture.

REBECCA
 I need to talk to Mr. Swanson. Now.

GOODRICH
 Do you think that's a-

REBECCA
 Now, doctor.

INT. LENNOX HILL - RECOVERY

Rebecca enters. Swanson stares at her fiercely. Disgusted, he looks away.

REBECCA
 Mr. Swanson, my name is Rebecca
 O'Connor. I'm with the FBI. I have
 some... some bad news...

She steps to the bed contemplating her words.

REBECCA

It's about your granddaughter. We,
she, she's... she's dead. I'm so
sorry, Emmett. I-

SWANSON

You're... not... sorry.

Looks up at her. If looks could kill.

SWANSON

Petrovic... did... this.

REBECCA

Petrovic?

Swanson looks away.

REBECCA

I...

She leaves. The door SLAMS. Footsteps pound the floor.
Emmett, for the first time showing emotion, watches her go.

EMMETT

It's not her fault. I get that
you're angry. I am too.

Emmett shamefully lowers his head.

EMMETT

I did this. I made him. This is my
fault. I killed Ella.

SWANSON

We... did... this.

INT. LENNOX HILL - GOODRICH'S OFFICE

Goodrich shows Rebecca a computer monitor. She takes it in.

MONITOR: Petrovic Family Homicide, December 1995. With three
photographs: Illyana, Dmitri and Sergei Petrovic.

REBECCA

Swanson said that Petrovic wanted
revenge. The boy survived. Did you
find anything else?

Goodrich shakes his head. Rebecca makes a phone call.

REBECCA
The boy, what was his name?

GOODRICH
Sergei.

REBECCA
(into phone)
I need you to run a name through
the database. Sergei Petrovic. No,
I need it now, Mick. File number?
Okay, thanks.

Hangs up. Commandeers the computer. Enters the FBI site and
taps in her information.

SCREEN: FBI DATABASE - SEARCH: "SERGEI PETROVIC" - SEARCH IN
PROGRESS. CASE FILE #5437/B-3.

Rebecca's eyes move a mile a minute in concentration.

SCREEN: A photo of Sergei at the police station in Moscow.
Another photo of Sergei with his new FOSTER PARENTS.

She clicks on something.

GOODRICH
This is...

SCREEN: A photo of Petrovic in the army with the Russian
President in 2008 (at the time).

Rebecca opens something on the search engine. Recoils.

REBECCA
Christ.

SCREEN: "ACCESS BLOCKED" with a Russian Intelligence symbol.
The screen malfunctions. Returns it to the FBI Database.

Rebecca makes a call. Goodrich can't believe it.

REBECCA
(into phone)
Petrovic is Russian Intelligence.
I'm pretty sure. Just send everyone
you can. Make it quick.

Rebecca hangs up. Phone in her pocket.

REBECCA
Keep an eye on Swanson, doctor. I
gotta go. Just, call me if Petrovic
makes a move, okay?

INT. APT. 6 - LOUNGE

A COP watches as Adam eats his dinner in front of the TV. The front door closes. Cop greets Rebecca.

Rebecca takes a seat beside Adam.

REBECCA

Adam, I need to ask you a question if that's okay?

ADAM

Is it about the bad man?

REBECCA

Yes. Can you help me, Adam?

Adam nods.

REBECCA

When he was here. After he hurt your daddy. Did he take anything?

ADAM

Um... he just stood there when he saw me.

REBECCA

After that.

Adam thinks about it.

ADAM

He said something about tickets.

REBECCA

Tickets? Plane tickets?

ADAM

No. My daddy was going to take me to see a concert. They were on the kitchen counter. They're gone now.

REBECCA

What concert?

EXT. MADISON SQUARE GARDEN

Rebecca steps out of a cab, pays. She advances on the Garden noticing posters for a CONCERT THIS SATURDAY.

A MAN exits. Holds the door open. Rebecca enters.

INT. MADISON SQUARE GARDEN - LOBBY

Leah works the front desk. Rebecca consults her.

LEAH
Can I help you?

REBECCA
I hope so. This is gonna sound very weird. But do you have a booking by a Joe Wilson, by chance?

Rebecca shows her FBI badge. Leah checks the logbook.

LEAH
Yeah. We do. Two tickets for this Saturday's event.

REBECCA
What about anyone with the last name of Hampton?

Leah turns pages. "H", runs a finger down the page. Taps on "Mischa Hampton".

LEAH
Yep. Same event. Can I ask what this is about?

REBECCA
Thanks for your time.

EXT. MADISON SQUARE GARDEN

Rebecca walks and talks on her cell.

REBECCA
He's gonna be at Madison Square Garden on Saturday. Because Mischa has a booking for the same concert Mr. Wilson had and the tickets are gone. No. I haven't confirmed. But I'm heading there now.

Hails a cab.

REBECCA
Yeah, I understand what you mean, but this might be the only chance we have to catch this bastard. She won't like it, no. But I gotta try. I'll let you know. Okay. Bye.

INT. HOUSE - KITCHEN

Mischa and Rachel listen to Rebecca at the kitchen table.

REBECCA

We believe he's gonna be attending a concert at Madison Square Garden on Saturday evening. Now I know I'm the last person you wanna trust but this is all we've got. This might be our only chance to catch him, so I need your help, Mischa.

MISCHA

You want me to be your bait?

REBECCA

I want you to have justice. Mischa, I can't express how sorry I am that Ella... I don't want anyone else to get hurt. Least of all one of you. We've all lost things. People we love have died because of this man. I gotta stop him, but I can't do it without you.

MISCHA

If you know where he's gonna be then you don't need me.

Rebecca understands that.

RACHEL

He murdered my husband and my little girl and you want to lock him up? That man doesn't deserve that luxury. He's not human. And you want to put the only family I have left, in the firing line of a monster? I won't allow it.

REBECCA

If Mischa's not there. He will know and we'll lose him. Rachel, this is the first time we've been ahead of him. We need that lead.

Mischa rubs Rachel's hand.

REBECCA

I'll let you think about it. But I need your help I'm going to get this guy. My number's on the card. I'll understand if you say no.

Rebecca leaves her card and takes her leave.

EXT. LOWER EAST SIDE - HOUSE

Rebecca opens the passenger side of a police cruiser.

MISCHA

Rebecca?

Rebecca looks over. Mischa exits the gate.

MISCHA

Can you give me your word that
you'll get him?

REBECCA

I can't guarantee that. But I will
do everything I can.

MISCHA

This man, like my mom said, doesn't
deserve jail. If I do this, I want
him to pay for what he did.

REBECCA

What you're asking-

MISCHA

Is no more than what you are. You
wanna put me in his way. I want
your promise that he pays with his
life. No courts. No custody. Or no
deal. That's my offer.

REBECCA

We need to go through the correct
channels, Mischa. I can't kill him.

MISCHA

I never said you.

INT. ROADSIDE DINER

Petrovic tucks into a Full English. Takes a drink of coffee.
A glance around the place. Barely anyone here.

A WAITRESS offers him a coffee refill. He smiles, lifts his
mug. She fills it.

Three WORKMEN walk into the joint. Waitress returns behind
the counter. They take a seat at the bar.

WORKMAN#1

The asshole broke his neck, how do you think he's doing?

WORKMAN#2

I was just asking, man.

WORKMAN#1

All he did was ask for a light and the guy went to town on him. Swear, this city gets worse every day.

WORKMAN#3

Speaking of which, you hear about what happened at Eleanor Roosevelt today? Some kid hung herself during the school play.

Petrovic finishes his meal. Leaves a payment and a tip.

WORKMAN#2

That's what the news says. You know they can't say what really happened to the kid.

Petrovic claps Workman#2 on the shoulder. Gains attention.

WORKMAN#2

I help you, buddy?

PETROVIC

She didn't hang herself. I dropped her off the catwalk.

Petrovic leaves casually. The Workmen exchange looks. They make for the door.

WORKMAN#1

(to Waitress)

Call 9-1-1.

EXT. DINER - UNDER TRAIN TRACKS

Petrovic walks along. The three Workmen pursue him.

WORKMAN#1

Hey buddy, stop a sec. We want a word with you.

PETROVIC

No, you don't.

Workman#1 spins Petrovic around. Takes a wicked left hook to the temple sending him off balance.

Workman#2 and Workman#3 jump in. Petrovic ducks a punch. He breaks Workman#3's arm. Down he goes.

Workman#2 swings a punch. Petrovic catches his wrist. Twists it behind his back and slams him face first into a wall.

Workman#1 lands a heavy right hook. Petrovic staggers for a moment. Workman#1 swings another hook. Petrovic ducks.

The first CRACKS against a wall. Petrovic grabs Workman#1.

PETROVIC

Your son called me an asshole. You should teach him some manners.

Petrovic SMASHES Workman#1 head first through a passenger side window of a parked vehicle. The alarm WAILS.

All three Workmen writhe on the ground in tremendous agony.

INT. LENNOX HILL - RECOVERY - DAY

Swanson's feet touch the floor. He grips the bed railing to keep himself balanced. Tries to stand on his own two feet.

Emmett sits frozen in a chair staring into space.

EMMETT

There's no point. He's won. You may as well just stay in bed. I'm sure the news will be on soon. Maybe he took Mischa. Or Rachel. Not that it matters anymore. Nothing does.

Swanson's legs buckle sending him to the floor.

SWANSON

Rachel... and... Mischa.

EMMETT

Are as good as dead. It's just a matter of when.

SWANSON

You... never give... up.

EMMETT

That was when I had something to protect. Now I don't.

Swanson grabs the bed rail, pulls up in immense pain.

SWANSON

Rachel and... Mischa are... alive.
They... need us.

Emmett doesn't give a shit.

SWANSON

I... need... you.

EMMETT

No. You never did. I was just the
Other Guy. The one who did all the
bad shit to keep your conscience
clear. And I let go the one thing
that, in the end, destroyed us.

INT. HOUSE - LOUNGE

Rachel, sitting in an armchair, stares out the window in a
trance. Mischa extends a coffee. Rachel ignores it.

INT. CITY MORGUE - MORTUARY

Rebecca stares at Newman's lifeless face. Half of his body
covered in a sheet. She shakes her head. A tear trickles...

Splashes on the floor. Freezes into an ICE CUBE.

INT. LUXURY APARTMENT - KITCHEN - DAY

Rebecca (then 30) pulls an ice cube tray from the freezer.
Heads over to the counter where two glasses of coke wait.

Newman, towel around his waist, enters through an archway
toweling his hair dry.

NEWMAN

They even put them in the bathroom.

Sets a wrapped chocolate mint on the counter.

NEWMAN

Do they think we got bad breath or
something? Gees.

Pecks her on the cheek. She hands him a coke.

REBECCA
Well, I know I don't.

NEWMAN
(sarcastically)
Ha-ha.

INT. CITY MORGUE - MORTUARY - NIGHT

Rebecca notices a ring-mark around Newman's ring finger.

INT. CLASSY RESTAURANT - NIGHT

A WAITER shows Newman (suit, no tie) and Rebecca (dress) to a table. They take their seats in the candlelight.

He hands them menus. Rebecca can't help but chuckle.

NEWMAN
What?

REBECCA
Isn't this a little outside your jurisdiction?

NEWMAN
No "cop" talk. This is date night. We'll take a bottle of your finest champagne, please.

Waiter heads off.

REBECCA
(reading the menu)
What's the occasion?

NEWMAN
Do I need an occasion? You're my girl, Becca. I'll do whatever I can to keep it that way. If that means splashing out a month's pay on a joint like this, so be it.

Waiter returns with a bottle of champagne. Showcases it. Rebecca is amused by Newman's confusion.

NEWMAN
Looks... great. Pour away.

Rebecca chuckles. Waiter's face cracks into a smile.

REBECCA
 (discreetly)
 You're supposed to test it.

NEWMAN
 They actually do that?
 (to Waiter)
 Uh, sure. Go ahead.

Waiter pours a small portion into a glass. Newman tastes it. He contemplates, swallows and nods.

NEWMAN
 It's good.

Waiter pours Rebecca champagne, sets the bottle in an ice bucket. Rebecca closes the menu, hands it over.

REBECCA
 Forty-four with a side of fifty.

NEWMAN
 Uh... hm...

Newman browses the menu. Not a lot to choose from. He looks at 44 and 50, sees \$150 and \$87 in **bold**. Gulps.

NEWMAN
 I'll have a lasagna. Nothing else.

Newman hands the menu to the waiter and feigns a smile. Rebecca can't hide her amusement as waiter heads off.

REBECCA
 Chris, you do know a burger and a milkshake will suffice, right?

NEWMAN
 I was hoping you'd say that. Let's go before he comes back.

INT. ROADSIDE DINER

Newman and Rebecca, out of place, eat burgers in a booth by the window. Newman takes a bite, sauce drips down his chin.

He follows it with a slurp of milkshake and smiles. Amused, Rebecca pulls up a napkin and wipes the sauce from his chin.

Embarrassed, Newman looks around. No one gives a damn. He sets down his burger, reaches into a pocket.

NEWMAN

You asked me if there was a reason why I took you to that place. Well, there was. We've been together for a few months, six months, and since we're living together I thought, I was thinking that-

REBECCA

Yes.

NEWMAN

I haven't said anything yet.

REBECCA

No, but you were building up to it. Thought I'd cut to the chase.

Newman pulls out a wedding ring box. Opens it. Inside, an "affordable" diamond ring. He fits it on her ring finger.

INT. CITY MORGUE - MORTUARY - NIGHT

Rebecca inspects her ring finger, no diamond ring, no sign there ever was one.

She leans down. Kisses him on the forehead and turns away.

EXT. LENNOX HILL - NYPD - DAY

A police cruiser pulls out of the parking lot into traffic.

INT. NYPD - OFFICE

Rebecca gives Mischa information on the task at hand.

REBECCA

You're not gonna be alone, Mischa. We'll have agents in there with you dressed as civilians.

DONAHUE, 40s, hard ass and LEON, 30s, rough, gain Mischa's attention for a moment.

REBECCA

Donahue will pose as a cab driver. He'll drop you off at the Garden at five fifty-five pm. Leon's gonna be inside at the concessions.

LEON

This guy gets within ten feet of you, I'll be in his way.

REBECCA

Once you're inside we'll have full control of the surveillance system. The second he shows his face, we'll pounce. You'll be outfitted with a wire. It'll help us stay in touch.

Rebecca shows Mischa the wire. Mischa takes all this in.

REBECCA

Do you have any questions?

MISCHA

What else does Donahue do?

DONAHUE

Think of me as the blocker to your quarterback. Only in a big bright yellow cab rather than a jersey.

MISCHA

How will I know him?

Rebecca pulls a blown-up A4 photograph of Petrovic from the desk. Shows it to Mischa. A face she can't forget. Nods.

Rebecca replaces the photo on the desk.

MISCHA

Are you sure this will work?

REBECCA

I'd not put you in the game if I thought otherwise. But it's okay if you don't wanna do this.

MISCHA

The bastard killed my father and my sister. I have to do this.

INT. LENNOX HILL - RECOVERY - NIGHT

A PRIEST exits the room. Swanson holds a crucifix necklace in his hand. Looks at Emmett, still in the chair.

SWANSON

Why are you just... sitting there?

Emmett gives him a look that speaks volumes.

SWANSON

Do you want... Rachel and... Mischa
to die?

EMMETT

What did you say to me?

Emmett erupts in ferocity.

EMMETT

All these years and you never once
thanked me for saving them. And now
you talk to me as if I don't care?!
Why do you think I did all the shit
you couldn't do?! I care too much.

SWANSON

But... not now.

Emmett sighs, bows his head.

SWANSON

You were... always the one to make
the... hard decisions.

EMMETT

Hard? They were too easy. I never
blinked. Never cared. I just pulled
the trigger. That's all I ever did.
And the one time I couldn't, I did
something worse. I made a monster.

INT. LENNOX HILL - HALL

Goodrich watches Swanson talk to himself in two voices.

INT. LENNOX HILL - RECEPTION

A tear falls from Emmett's eye.

EMMETT

All I ever wanted was to protect
our family. But I destroyed it. And
I'm sorry.

SWANSON

We... can still... save them.
(Emmett acknowledges him)
But... I need... your help.

Swanson opens his hand. Emmett sets his hand inside. Swanson
grips tightly. Both halves become one. Emmett vanishes.

EXT. MADISON SQUARE GARDEN - DAY

SUPER: **Saturday, 3:30pm**

EMPLOYEES stretch several rope-lines toward the doors.

INT. MADISON SQUARE GARDEN - SECURITY

Rebecca watches as **SCOTT**, 21, a nerdy hipster listening to his MP3 player, performs his magic on the keyboard.

24 security monitors converge into one giant screen.

SCOTT

Okay, so now you got a bird's eye view of section A through H. Pull it around, flip the view.

Another view of the CONCERT HALL from the other side.

SCOTT

Sections H through M. Voila. It's awesome, right?

REBECCA

(unimpressed)

What about the halls?

SCOTT

Halls A through D. E through H.

Scott taps "enter". The large screen shrinks into 8 smaller screens (spread equally over the 24 monitors).

SCOTT

I don't mean to get up in your biz or nothing, but you mind telling me what all this sleuthing is about? 'Cause my boss don't tell me shit.

REBECCA

You don't need to know.

SCOTT

I knew you were gonna say that. You cops are so cliché.

REBECCA

Just keep your eyes on the cameras and let me know if anyone you don't recognize comes in. OK?

INT. MADISON SQUARE GARDEN - CORRIDOR

Rebecca exits the "security" room, phone to her ear.

REBECCA
 Alright, we're good here. Eyes all
 over the place. You?

EXT. CAB COMPANY

Donahue waits by a cab, phone to his ear. A GRUBBY MAN walks over with a set of keys with a dice-keyring.

DONAHUE
 Just picking up Mr. Simpson now.

GRUBBY MAN
 You damage it. You pay for it.

DONAHUE
 I'll write you a check.

INT. LENNOX HILL - RECEPTION

Swanson pulls himself out of bed. Goodrich pleads with him.

GOODRICH
 Mr. Swanson, think about this. This
 man has-

SWANSON
 Brought my family... into this. He
 made it... personal.

Swanson's feet remain strong as he drags an IV line to the door. He rips out IV cords.

GOODRICH
 Just let the police handle-

SWANSON
 The Police?! Where were they when
 he... got Ella?

Swanson staggers to the door, grips the handle. Goodrich steps in his way.

GOODRICH
 I can't let you do this. You can
 barely walk.

Swanson grips a handful of Goodrich's collar.

SWANSON

Then get me... a car.

The ferocity in Swanson's eyes meet that of Emmett's. A real intimidating sight.

SWANSON

And a shot... of adrenaline.

INT. HOUSE - SECOND BEDROOM

Mischa prepares for the concert. Fits on a beaded bracelet with the words "Ella" on it. HONK, HONK.

Mischa peels the curtains. Donahue waits outside in the cab.

INT. HOUSE - LOUNGE

Rachel remains rooted in the armchair by the window. Mischa crouches down, takes her hand.

MISCHA

I'm going now, mom.

No response. Mischa kisses her on the cheek.

MISCHA

I love you.

EXT. LOWER EAST SIDE - HOUSE

Donahue gets the door for Mischa who takes a look back.

DONAHUE

Having second thoughts?

MISCHA

No. It's just... my mom, she hasn't said anything for days...

DONAHUE

She'll feel a lot better once we catch this prick.

They meet eyes. A mutual understanding.

MISCHA

Then let's go get him.

EXT. MADISON SQUARE GARDEN - NIGHT

SUPER: 5:30pm

People wait in line in the rows made earlier. They enter the arena one-by-one. SECURITY GUARDS at every door.

A PLUMBING VAN across the street. A "PLUMBER" (Agent) takes a very long time removing a toolbox from the van.

PLUMBER
(discreetly)
No sign of target.

INT. MADISON SQUARE GARDEN - SECURITY

Rebecca watches the LOBBY monitors. Scott slurps on a shake.

SCOTT
I always wondered what it was like to be a spy. You got spies in the FBI? I know you do.

REBECCA
Monitors.

SCOTT
Only need one eye. I'm Nick Fury, without an eye-patch. All I gotta do is...

He spins in his chair. Smiles. She sighs.

SCOTT
Alright, point heeded, Ms. Serious.

Scott goes to work. Monitors bring up Petrovic's "PHOTO".

SCOTT
Man, what did you guys take this with, a potato?

Scott opens Photoshop. Rebecca watches him at work.

SCOTT
TA-DA. Pretty slick, huh?

The image now looks High-Def. Rebecca's impressed.

REBECCA
Nice. Now watch the monitors.

INT. MADISON SQUARE GARDEN - LOBBY

Leon, dressed to blend, waits at the concession stand. Buys a soda. He pops it open, casually cases the place.

A MAN and WOMAN in their 30s gain his attention. He offers them a slight nod. They enter the concert hall.

EXT. MADISON SQUARE GARDEN

The taxi pulls up. Mischa looks out the back.

INT. TAXI

Donahue leans over the backseat playing "taxi driver".

DONAHUE

This it it. You ready?

MISCHA

Yeah.

DONAHUE

Play it casual. Keep calm. And pay for the fare. Authenticity. He could be watching.

Mischa hands over a \$1 bill. Donahue nods. Mischa exits the cab, closes the door.

DONAHUE

Eve's on her way.

INT. MADISON SQUARE GARDEN - SECURITY

Rebecca pulls up her radio.

REBECCA

All lights are green. We are good to go. Mail's in the letterbox. Do not lose it.

INT. MADISON SQUARE GARDEN - LOBBY

Leon catches a glimpse of Mischa making her way to the hall. She notices him, plays it cool. Leon scans the crowd.

No sign of Petrovic anywhere. Cameras move.

A SECURITY GUARD (Agent) checks the logbook. Leah subtly shakes her head. Security Guard heads off, radio in hand.

SECURITY GUARD
Adam's not in the garden.

INT. MADISON SQUARE GARDEN - SECURITY

Rebecca rubs her brow.

SCOTT
Who's Adam?

REBECCA
Adam and Eve. We're in-

SCOTT
Oh... code words. I gotcha.

He winks.

REBECCA
Monitors, Scott.

INT. SUV - MOVING

Swanson rides shotgun. Goodrich drives. Swanson jams a needle in his arm, pumps himself with adrenaline.

GOODRICH
I could get fired for this. How do you even know where he's gonna be? I mean, I need some sort of-

SWANSON
Just drive. You can play... good doctor... later.

GOODRICH
Look, if I'm gonna get fired for this I wanna know what you know. Give me some peace of mind.

Pain fills Swanson's face.

SWANSON
If he's smart... he won't go... for the obvious choice. And because... that's... what I'd do.

INT. HOUSE - LOUNGE

Rachel looks out the window as pale as white. Heavy eyes navigate the empty street outside.

Footsteps over wooden boards draw closer. A casual WHISTLE.

Rachel subtly takes a letter opener from her pocket. Holds it to her lap away from view.

Petrovic enters the lounge with a sick demeanor about him.

PETROVIC

Hello, Rachel.

No response. He walks in. Sits on the couch arm a few feet from her.

PETROVIC

What baffles me the most is Mischa. Who in her grief decided it would be potent to attend a concert. And leave her mother all alone.

Petrovic's lip curls.

PETROVIC

Tell the dog to fetch and it will run for the stick.

Rachel grips the letter opener tightly.

PETROVIC

For what it's worth, I'm sorry all of this happened to you. You had a beautiful family. As did I. But the past cannot be altered. Time cannot be rewritten. Death can't be cured.

He takes out a switchblade.

PETROVIC

Ella was brave, Rachel. She never once cried. Will you?

He methodically walks up. She jams the letter opener in his thigh, steals for the door. He grabs her hair. Pulls.

He punches her in the face. She hits a wall. He rips the letter opener from his thigh.

Rachel throws a vase at him. SMASH. Runs out. He pursues.

INT. HOUSE - DOWNSTAIRS HALLWAY

Rachel steals for the front door. Petrovic grabs her hair. Throws her to a wall. He raises the switchblade.

She shoves him back. Goes for the stairs. He trips her over. She kicks at his hands as he tries to drag her down.

Petrovic drives the switchblade through her calf. She YELLS.

INT. SUV - MOVING

Swanson points to a street sign.

SWANSON
Turn left here.

INT. HOUSE - MASTER BEDROOM

Petrovic tackles Rachel onto the bed. She flails at him. He restrains and pins her down. She spits in his face.

EXT. LOWER EAST SIDE - HOUSE

Swanson exits the SUV, falls on the pavement. He pulls up. Goodrich rounds the SUV to help. Swanson waves him off.

Swanson stumbles up the steps, BANGS on the door thrice.

Goodrich makes a phone call. Swanson searches for a key, under the mat, above the door, under a plant pot. JACKPOT.

Swanson opens the door. Barges inside.

GOODRICH
Mr. Swanson, wait... dammit.
(into phone)
Pick up!

INT. HOUSE - DOWNSTAIRS HALLWAY

Swanson limps with speed.

SWANSON
RACHEL?!

He stands in the lounge doorway. Broken vase. Bloodied letter opener. He follows a blood trail to the stairs.

Goodrich enters a moment later. Swanson ascends the stairs.

INT. HOUSE - MASTER BEDROOM

Swanson bursts through the door. The blood increases, drips off the bed. He locates her...

Dead. Throat slit. Eyes wide open with fear frozen on her lifeless face.

SWANSON
Oh... oh God...

GOODRICH (O.S.)
Emmett, I called...

Goodrich enters, wishes he didn't.

GOODRICH
Oh no...

Swanson drops to his knees beside the bed. Tries to touch Rachel, but can't do it.

GOODRICH
You don't need to see this.

PETROVIC (O.S.)
I really think he does.

Goodrich pivots. Petrovic jams the switchblade up through his chin, violently twists. Goodrich chokes on his blood.

PETROVIC
You weren't invited.

Petrovic SNAPS Goodrich's neck. The doctor drops to the floor. Petrovic takes the switchblade from the man's neck.

PETROVIC
What was it you said to me? There's nothing you can do for her. She's gone. She's not coming back.

SWANSON
Just end it.

PETROVIC
Is that what you want? An end to your suffering. Did you do me the same kindness when YOU KILLED MY FAMILY?! LOOK AT ME!

Swanson shamefully hangs his head.

SWANSON

You were a boy.

PETROVIC

I was alone. In the cold. I spent days walking, freezing. And every second, I thought you would come and finish the job. But you never did. You made me live knowing what you did to me. I have to see those memories every time I close my eyes and IT'S BECAUSE OF YOU!

SWANSON

I'm sorry, Sergei.

PETROVIC

YOU'RE NOT SORRY!

SWANSON

I know how it feels now. Pain and suffering. Helplessness. Torture. All these things, you know. So end it. Kill me and see it done. Allow Mischa her life. Give her a chance to be better than us, Sergei.

Petrovic emotionally weighs his options. He wrests his hand around the switchblade.

PETROVIC

No.

Petrovic turns to leave. Swanson grabs him. Drags him out of the window. SMASH. Glass rains down.

EXT. LOWER EAST SIDE - HOUSE

Swanson and Petrovic roll down a slanted roof, slide off the edge. Crash onto dustbins. Hit the dirt.

Swanson mounts and chokes Petrovic. Emmett's ferocity in his eyes. Petrovic grabs a glass shard. Slits Swanson's throat.

Petrovic shoves Swanson to the ground. Rises. He stands over the dying man. Conviction in his eyes. Swanson dies.

The side of a shovel embeds itself in Petrovic's cheekbone. His eyes go wide. The shovel removes itself. Petrovic drops.

Mischa holds the shovel. Stands over the waning Petrovic. He painfully INHALES. She raises the shovel.

Rebecca stops her. She seethes. Rebecca drops the shovel.
Mischa watches Petrovic die. Petrovic's eyes roll. Dead.

Half a dozen police cruisers and an ambulance pull up to the house. Paramedics and cops make their way to the house.

Rebecca helps Mischa away from the house. Mischa looks back, tears in her eyes.

Swanson and Petrovic lay next to one another... it's over.

FADE OUT.

FADE IN:

EXT. CEMETERY - DAY

Autumn leaves descend around the place.

SUPER: 5 Years Later...

Mischa (now 23 AND pregnant) lays a bouquet of flowers on a grave. Gives the old ones to Jake (now 24).

MISCHA
Happy birthday, Ella.

Jake drapes an arm around her shoulder. She sadly smiles as they walk away. Mischa touches Ella's headstone.

HEADSTONE: "ELLA HAMPTON - September 27th 2004 - October 15th 2014 - A Sister Never Forgotten".

FLASH: Ella, as Rapunzel, smiles her cheesiest smile...

FINAL FADE OUT.