

IN THE DARK

Written by

Valerie Campbell

Address
Phone Number

FADE IN:

EXT. MOTEL - DAY

The sun shines brightly. Blue sky in the background of a two-tiered, cheap little lodging that makes Motel 6 look like the Waldorf Astoria. A MAID moves from room to room, pushing along a cart with cleaning materials.

INT. MOTEL - ROOM - CONTINUOUS

PATRICK TURNER (23), sits in a chair at the foot of the bed, facing the bed. His clothes soaked in blood. He looks up at the bed. On edge. Distressed by what he sees. Tears in his eyes. His haggard appearance contradicting his natural good looks.

He covers his face with a blood covered hand. He doesn't want to look at what's on the bed in front of him. Appalled. But he spreads his fingers and peeks through.

Patrick glances down at a blood covered crow bar that hangs loosely from his grip. Looks up again at the bed where the mangled and disfigured corpse of TRAVIS DAVIS (22) lies naked. Sprawled out across the sheets. Eyes open. Beaten face frozen in horror.

Patrick bursts into tears. A moment of hysteria. But he stops. Studies the body as if thinking of his next move. Panic hitting him like a bucket of water.

He rises from his seat. Drops the crow bar and lets it clank to the floor. He walks to the bedside night stand. Opens a drawer. Revealing a pistol inside.

INT. MOTEL - BATHROOM - CONTINUOUS

Patrick steps in front of the mirror, face covered with blood spatter. He places the pistol to the side of his head. We PAN away as BANG! Blood explodes onto the wall.

EXT. MOTEL - SECOND TIER - CONTINUOUS

The GUNSHOT echoes. The MAID, pushing her cleaning cart along, stops. Curious, she stops at one of the rooms. Knocks on the door. No reply.

MAID

Hello?

Still no response, she flips through her key ring and unlocks the door. Disappears inside.

Moments later, we hear DEAFENING SCREAMS.

INT. MOTEL - ROOM - LATER

Sheer chaos as UNIFORMED POLICE OFFICERS swarm the small room. A CAMERA FLASHES. The PHOTOGRAPHER taking pictures of Travis's mangled corpse on the bed.

INT. MOTEL - BATHROOM - CONTINUOUS

A CORONER wearing Latex gloves, examines Patrick's body, on its side lying on the floor. Dark crimson puddle of blood beneath it. Still blood leaking from Patrick's head. Patrick still clutching the pistol.

DETECTIVE SANCHEZ, in his early forties, average looks, real blue collar type, stands at the doorway while sipping on a cup of to-go coffee. Studying the room. Analyzing the corpse from a distance.

DETECTIVE BROWN enters, stops at the doorway standing next to Sanchez. Younger than Sanchez, in his mid thirties. Handsome with every man looks.

Both of them gaze down at the corpse.

BROWN

So... I assume it's safe to call this little snafu a murder suicide?

SANCHEZ

Don't take a detective to assume that.

BROWN

Sure don't. However, I took it upon myself to do some detecting. I'd hate to waste the tax payer's money.

SANCHEZ

Hell, I'm impressed, Brown. Only five years collecting a paycheck and you're finally starting to take some initiative.

BROWN

Hilarious, Sanchez. Glad you find it proper to joke around in the presence of corpses. Piss on their graves, why don'tcha?

SANCHEZ

Don't lay that Catholic guilt on me, partner. Barking up the wrong tree.

(beat)

So, what did your subpar detective work bring us today?

BROWN

The couple next door heard a commotion late last night, around two, three o'clock. Yelling, screaming, banging around and such.

SANCHEZ

Sounds about right.

BROWN

Looks to me like a crime of passion, if you don't mind me saying so.

SANCHEZ

(chuckles)

Crime 'a passion? Such a cliché thing to say out loud.

BROWN

I'm saying it wasn't premeditated. He used a damn crow bar for Christ sake. He had a gun, he could've just shot him. And by the looks of the mess that used to be that poor boy's face, bastard musta really went to work. In fact, that evil fucker was probably beating on a corpse for the majority of the time. And let's not forget the semen samples.

SANCHEZ

(chuckles)

Just like on TV with all them cop shows. Always semen. Somewhere. But hell, makes our job easier. They ID the bodies yet?

Brown reads over his note pad.

BROWN

The victim is, or was, a Travis Davis. As for the fella on the floor here... Patrick Turner. Both of Poughkeepsie.

Patrick shakes his head while looking down at Patrick's body. He turns, pats Brown on the shoulder on his way out of the bathroom.

SANCHEZ

Nice work, kiddo. You've just been rewarded the honor of informing their families.

Brown sighs in frustration. Looking down at the corpse.

BROWN

(under his breath)
Prick.

INT. DAVIS FAMILY HOUSEHOLD - MORGAN'S BEDROOM - LATER

MORGAN DAVIS, young and beautiful, fixes her hair in front of the mirror. Exuding a sense of innocence. Vulnerability. Her room very girly, lots of soft colors. Decorated with posters of idols and heartthrobs on the walls. Stuffed animals. Typical for an 18 year old.

Several framed photos occupy nearby shelves. Arranged neatly. One of them of her smiling for the camera with Travis and their parents JILLIAN and CARL. Seemingly a tight knit family.

As Morgan applies lipstick, SOMEONE BANGS away at her bedroom door.

REAGAN (O.S.)

Morgan! Morgan!

INT. DAVIS FAMILY HOUSEHOLD - HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

REAGAN, an adorable eight year old in pig tails, presumably Morgan's sister, knocks at the door.

REAGAN

Morgan! Open up!

INT. DAVIS FAMILY HOUSEHOLD - MORGAN'S BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

Morgan rolls her eyes, finishing up in front of the mirror.

MORGAN
I'm coming!

She hurries around, grabs her purse and a few school books from her night stand. One of the books an ABNORMAL PSYCHOLOGY book. As she hurries out of view, ANGLE ON a framed photo of her and Patrick. Kissing intimately. The couple seemingly in love.

INT. DAVIS FAMILY HOUSEHOLD - HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

Morgan rushes out with her books, speeding around Reagan.

REAGAN
(whining)
Morgan!

MORGAN
I'm late for class, Reagan, I don't have time to play right now!

Morgan hurries down the stairs.

MORGAN (CONT'D)
What are you doing home anyway? You should be at school.

INT. DAVIS FAMILY HOUSEHOLD - KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

Morgan hurries in, doesn't even notice her parents CARL and JILLIAN sitting closely together at the table. Morgan grabs a full glass of orange juice and chugs it. Snatches toast off a plate set at the table, wraps it into a napkin.

MORGAN
I need to take breakfast to go, I'm late.

But she looks up. Slows her pace. Suddenly concerned. The mood in the room somber. Jillian in Carl's arms. Weeping hysterically. Carl wearing a sad look, comforting her.

MORGAN (CONT'D)
What's going on?

CARL
(delayed)
Something happened to Travis.

INT. POLICE PRECINCT - SANCHEZ'S OFFICE - LATER

Carl and Jillian accompany Morgan at Sanchez's desk. The mood quiet.

Sanchez sits across from them, behind his desk, and reads over some paperwork.

SANCHEZ

How long have you know this Patrick Turner fella, Morgan?

Morgan wipes a tear from her eye.

MORGAN

We've been dating for almost two years. But I've known him all my life, since I was little. He was one of the neighborhood kids. Grew up with him.

JILLIAN

(heartfelt)

He couldn't have done this to our boy, Detective. Not in a million years. We know his family very well. Just two houses down they live. They brought him up right. Just like we did Travis.

SANCHEZ

I know this must be hard for all of you. But the evidence supports it.

Jillian hangs her head, Carl wrapping his arm around her.

SANCHEZ (CONT'D)

Morgan? Were you aware of Patrick's relationship with your brother? The nature of it?

Morgan sadly shakes her head. Looking down at the floor, ashamed. She slowly picks up her head, revealing tear filled eyes. Devastated and betrayed.

MORGAN

Why is my brother dead?

Sanchez feels for her. Sympathetic, he can only shrug.

SANCHEZ

Still trying to figure that out, Morgan.

MORGAN

Why would anyone do that to another person? I don't understand... it doesn't make any sense...

SANCHEZ

A lot of things in this world don't make any sense, dear. People do sick things without no logic nor reason. But, as cruel as it may sound, knowing why hardly changes facts. And as badly as we'd all like to know why... sometimes it's better not to know. Understanding the ugliness is this world takes its toll. Trust me, dear, it does.

ZOOM IN on Morgan until a CLOSE UP of her tear filled eyes. She shuts her eyes, tears leaking from the corners.

INT. MORGAN'S APARTMENT - BEDROOM - NIGHT

Morgan, asleep, opens her eyes suddenly. Moonlight gleaming in through her window, shining on her face. She sits up, alarmed, as if waking from a bad dream.

SUPER: 10 YEARS LATER

She wipes her eyes, but gasps upon the sight of Travis sitting at the foot of her bed, covered in blood. Face mangled. A creepy ear to ear grin on his face.

Terrified, she wipes at her eyes again, realizes it was just her imagination. Travis no longer there. Sweating, she takes a few deep breaths. Gathering herself.

INT. MORGAN'S APARTMENT - BATHROOM - CONTINUOUS

Morgan takes a bottle of prescription pills from the medicine cabinet above the sink. She shuts the cabinet. Pops a few pills while looking at herself in the mirror.

Though naturally attractive, she appears emotionally drained. Dark bags under her eyes. She runs the faucet, fills a Dixie cup and knocks it back to swallow her pills.

She splashes water on her face. Dries off and leaves.

INT. MORGAN'S APARTMENT - BEDROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Morgan sits silently at the edge of her bed. In the dark. Moonlight highlighting the anguish in her eyes as she stares at her night stand telephone. Shaking her knee, nervous. Finally, she picks up the phone and dials.

INT. DAVIS FAMILY HOUSEHOLD - BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

The room dark. Carl and Jillian lie sound asleep in bed. Showing their age with gray hairs and slight wrinkles. Their bedside PHONE RINGING.

Jillian rolls over and groans, shifting around beneath the covers. The PHONE RINGING continuously. Jillian opens her eyes and stares at the phone. She stretches out, half asleep, and answers.

JILLIAN

Hello?

No response. Jillian sighs.

JILLIAN (CONT'D)

Morgan? Is that you, honey?

INTERCUT BETWEEN JILLIAN & MORGAN

Morgan wants to say something. But doesn't.

JILLIAN (CONT'D)

I know it's you, Morgan.

(beat)

If you're going to keep calling this late at night, at least say something.

Carl rolls over, now awake.

CARL

(annoyed)

Who's calling at this hour?

JILLIAN

It's Morgan.

CARL

Again? She talking?

Jillian shakes her head.

CARL (CONT'D)

Let me talk to her.

Jillian hands Carl the phone.

CARL (CONT'D)
 (to Morgan)
 Listen, honey, you can't keep doing
 this.

Jillian grabs the phone from Carl.

JILLIAN
 (to Morgan)
 Please, honey, say something.
 Anything.

INT. MORGAN'S APARTMENT - BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

Morgan hangs up. Sighs. After a few moments, her PHONE RINGS. Morgan only stares at it. She stands up and walks away as it continues to RING.

EXT. NEW YORK CITY - LATER - NIGHT

A wondrous panoramic view of the city's skyline. Massive skyscrapers with lights that glow in the dark night sky. It's lights reflecting beautifully off the surrounding bodies of water. Bridges all around.

EXT. NEW YORK CITY - CENTRAL PARK - CONTINUOUS

Still dark out, she jogs vigorously through the near empty park. Picking up speed. Determined. Now sprinting.

She reaches the edge of the park, nearing a street corner, Central Park West. She sprints toward a crosswalk, but fails to slow. In the zone.

The DON'T WALK sign blinks from across the street. As she runs a few feet onto the crosswalk, away from the corner, a CAR rumbles through, HONKS its HORN. Nearly hitting Morgan.

Morgan stops just in the nick of time. Backpedals as the CAR rumbles by. The wind from the passing CAR blowing Morgan's hair back, missing by inches.

Morgan breathes heavily, hunched over with her hands on her knees. Soon, the WALK SIGNAL blinks. Morgan sucks wind, sprints across.

INT. COFFEE SHOP - LATER - BREAK OF DAWN

Morgan, her face made up, not nearly as tired as before, sips on a cup of coffee while sitting alone at a table near the cash register.

The place just about empty. Early hours. In a pant suit, she appears ready for work.

Morgan flips through a NEW YORK POST. On the front page, a composite sketch of a MALE SUSPECT accompanied by a head line that reads: AIDS HARRY STRIKES AGAIN.

She shakes her head while reading over the article.

HOMELESS MAN (O.S.)

C'mon, man, just give me a few
bucks for a cup of coffee!

Morgan grows distracted, takes her eyes away from her paper. AT the register, a HOMELESS MAN in rags argues with the teenaged BARISTA.

BARISTA

Sir, you're in a coffee shop, I'll
gladly give you a cup of coffee.
But I can't give you money out of
my register.

HOMELESS MAN

Of course you can! Just open it,
take some cash out and hand it to
me! Ain't that hard!

The entrance doors swing open, BELLS JINGLING above it. Morgan turns, sees Patrick walking in wearing a suit. She can't believe it. Patrick turns to her, reveals a bloody head wound that gushes. Sending a chill down her spine.

Morgan shuts her eyes. Opens them again to see that it was just her imagination. However, BRYANT (32), clean cut and very handsome, looking debonair in a fancy suit, bears an eerie resemblance to Patrick as he approaches the counter.

Morgan can't take her eyes off of him. Somewhat entranced.

Bryant waits patiently to place an order as Homeless Man continues to spar with Barista.

HOMELESS MAN (CONT'D)

You can't spare two bucks? Two
motherfuckin' dollars?

BARISTA

There's no need for that kind of
talk, sir --

HOMELESS MAN

Don't call me sir, you little punk,
you don't know me! You lucky I
don't just take the money!

Bryant looks at his watch, taps his foot impatiently.
Finally, as the argument continues to escalate, Bryant taps
Homeless Man on the shoulder.

Homeless Man swings around, immediately hostile.

HOMELESS MAN (CONT'D)

What the hell do you want?

Bryant pulls out his wallet, displaying hundreds of dollars
in cash. Homeless Man eyes the money, looks up at Bryant
confused. Bryant hands him a 20 dollar bill.

BRYANT

Don't spend it all in one place.

HOMELESS MAN

Seriously?

Homeless Man looks at the bill in disbelief, meanwhile eyeing
Bryant's wallet.

HOMELESS MAN (CONT'D)

Thanks.

Bryant nods, moves to the counter. Morgan watches. Can't help
but grin. Impressed by Bryant's gesture. Homeless Man points
at Barista.

HOMELESS MAN (CONT'D)

Asshole!

Barista shakes his head, annoyed as Homeless Man leaves.

BRYANT

I'll take a vente with soy milk and
two equals, please.

Barista pours him a cup. Morgan still watching. Eying Bryant.
Attracted to him.

Bryant pays and leaves. On his way out, he glances at Morgan.
She flashes a shy smile. Bryant grins at her briefly while
walking out the door.

EXT. NEW YORK CITY - MIDTOWN NEIGHBORHOOD - MOMENTS LATER

Almost sunrise. HOBOS walk up and down the streets, begging for change from PASSERSBY. Steam rising from sewers. VENDORS posting up on corners, opening up for business. Vintage New York.

Bryant reaches his car. A sleek luxury vehicle. Sparkling black. As he gets his keys out and deactivates his car alarm, Homeless Man approaches from behind.

Bryant hears the FOOTSTEPS behind him and turns around, immediately gets clubbed across his face with a lead pipe.

Bryant falls to the street, caressing his jaw. Nose bleeding. Busted lip. Looking up at Homeless Man in disbelief.

HOMELESS MAN

Give me your wallet, motherfucker!
Everything you got, give it to me!

BRYANT

You gotta be kidding! I gave you
twenty bucks!

Homeless Man points down at Bryant with the lead pipe.

HOMELESS MAN

Twenty bucks? What the fuck is
twenty bucks gonna get me? A pack
of smokes? A happy meal? Give me
the money! Right now! Before I take
it!

Bryant, caressing his jaw while on his rear, pulls his wallet and tosses it to Homeless Man. Homeless Man catches it, opens it. Flipping through cash. He stops to read the ID.

HOMELESS MAN (CONT'D)

Bryant Nesbitt, huh?
(grins)
Well, Bryant Nesbitt, thank you for
your generosity.

A CLICK behind Homeless Man. The tip of a pistol presses against the back of his head. We PULL OUT to reveal Morgan holding the pistol.

MORGAN

If I were you, I'd do exactly what
I say. Got it?

Homeless Man nods. Weary.

MORGAN (CONT'D)
Drop the pipe.

Homeless Man lets it clank to the concrete.

MORGAN (CONT'D)
Now turn around and face me.

He turns around. Raises an eyebrow at Morgan.

HOMELESS MAN
First time pointing a gun, ma'am?
(laughs nervously)
Little ladies such as yourself
shouldn't just be playing with
guns. You might hurt somebody.

MORGAN
Call me little lady again, asshole.
I'll put your brains on the street
in front of all these people
without thinking twice about it.

HOMELESS MAN
(chuckling)
You got some fire in that belly 'a
yours, don'tcha? Just listen here,
little lady, put the pop gun down
before --

As Homeless Man moves slightly, Morgan clocks him upside the head with it. Homeless Man drops. Dabbing his busted lip. Looking up at Morgan bewildered.

HOMELESS MAN (CONT'D)
What the fuck?

Morgan keeps her aim. Meanwhile, Bryant rises to his feet and dusts himself off. Watching with wide eyes. Stunned.

Morgan opens her wallet, shows an FBI ID to Homeless Man.

MORGAN
You just assaulted an FBI agent.

HOMELESS MAN
FBI? Ain't you out of your
jurisdiction or something? Ain't
you got nothing better to do?

MORGAN
I do actually. So, let's make this
quick.

(MORE)

MORGAN (CONT'D)
(beat)
Get on your feet.

Homeless Man seems weary. Not reacting right away. Morgan urges him in with her pistol.

MORGAN (CONT'D)
Come on. Get up.

Homeless Man slowly gets up.

MORGAN (CONT'D)
Now hand the gentleman back his
wallet. Carefully.

Homeless Man, hanging his head in shame, hands Bryant his wallet. Turns to Morgan for approval.

MORGAN (CONT'D)
Now, I want you to apologize to
him.

HOMELESS MAN
Aw, c'mon, is this really
necessary?

She shoots at his feet, hitting the concrete. Homeless Man jumps into the air, alarmed. The LOUD GUNSHOT grabbing the attention of PEDESTRIANS and PASSERSBY.

HOMELESS MAN (CONT'D)
Jesus Christ, lady! Okay!

Homeless Man turns to Bryant.

HOMELESS MAN (CONT'D)
(to Bryant)
Sorry, okay?

Morgan fires another shot at Homeless Man's feet.

MORGAN
Like you mean it!

Homeless Man is almost in tears.

HOMELESS MAN
(to Bryant)
I'm so sorry, man! I apologize!

Homeless Man digs into his pocket, tries to hand Bryant the twenty dollar bill that was given to him.

HOMELESS MAN (CONT'D)
Here, take it! Please! I'm sorry!

Bryant looks at Morgan, then at Homeless Man.

BRYANT
Keep it.

HOMELESS MAN
Thank you.

Homeless Man turns to Morgan. She lowers her gun, conceals it into her holster.

MORGAN
Now get out of here. If I ever see you again, I'm just going to shoot you on sight. Got it?

Homeless Man nods and runs off. Bryant watches Homeless Man scurry away. Turns to Morgan. Salutes her with his wallet.

BRYANT
Thanks.

Bryant caresses his jaw delicately.

MORGAN
You okay?

BRYANT
I'll live.

MORGAN
Sure you don't need an ambulance?
You took a pretty good shot.

BRYANT
I'll be fine, thanks.

Bryant seems a bit cautious in Morgan's presence. Not sure what to expect from her.

BRYANT (CONT'D)
FBI, huh? Would've never thought.

MORGAN
(smiles)
Yeah, I get that sometimes.

BRYANT
Well, officer... or is it detective?

MORGAN

Morgan.

BRYANT

Do you... need my information or anything?

Morgan shakes her head, starts walking off.

MORGAN

Just be more careful. Shouldn't flash your money around like that.

She turns her back and walks off.

BRYANT

Wait!

She stops. Turns around. Bryant running up to her. He hands her a business card.

BRYANT (CONT'D)

Just in case something comes up and you need my information. I don't know.

Bryant rushes off. Morgan watches him get into his fancy car while holding the card. She looks at the business card. It reads BRYANT NESBITT, CEO NESBITT CORPORATION.

INT. BLUE SEDAN - MOVING - LATER - DAY

Morgan lights up a cigarette. Cracks the window and blows smoke out.

AGENT ERIC MURPHY (38), handsome in a blue collar kind of way, receding hairline, out-going demeanor, glances at Morgan while manning the wheel.

MURPHY

You know, each cigarette you smoke takes 11 minutes off your life?

MORGAN

That a fact?

MURPHY

It's what I've heard. It's actually been medically proven that smoking causes cancer and heart disease. Just a heads up.

MORGAN

Well, gee, thanks for the warning.
I had no idea.

MURPHY

Pardon me for worrying about you.
You're my partner for Christ sake.

MORGAN

Sometimes, you act like we're a
married couple.

MURPHY

Is that a proposal, my dear Morgan?

MORGAN

Don't call me dear. The fact that
we're on a last name basis far
surpasses the formalities I expect
of our partnership. So, please,
Davis will do, minus the
adjectives.

MURPHY

Most people would consider it a
compliment.

MORGAN

The bureau would consider it sexual
harassment.

MURPHY

That may be true, but the bureau
would also consider opening fire in
the middle of a city block
insubordination. Especially holding
a poor homeless man at gun point.

MORGAN

Black mail is not going to get you
into my pants, Murphy.

Murphy chuckles coyly.

MURPHY

After two years working together, I
find it baffling how you've been
able to resist my charms. Only
makes me more attracted, I hope you
know.

Morgan grins, tosses her cigarette.

MORGAN
That guy I told you about...

MURPHY
Yeah?

MORGAN
He gave me his card.

MURPHY
(jealous)
I see. You like him?

MORGAN
I do find him mildly attractive,
yes. And he owns his own business,
which shows ambition.

MURPHY
Thinking about calling him?

Morgan shrugs, trying to hide a shy grin. But Murphy notices.

MURPHY (CONT'D)
Well, look at you! You're blushing!
(to himself)
Agent Davis. Blushing. Never
thought I'd see the day.

MORGAN
(cold)
I'm not blushing.

MURPHY
Well, I do declare, Ms. Davis. I am
truly jealous.

EXT. CORONA, QUEENS - CRACK HOUSE - LATER - DAY

A decrepid apartment building stands at the center of an inner city neighborhood. Project housing units nearby. Liquor stores and bodegas all around. HOODLUMS loitering corners and stoops.

POLICE CARS crowd in front of the building, parked disorderly at the curb. Blue and red lights flashing. An AMBULANCE parked nearby. POLICE UNITS blocking off the area, swarming the neighborhood. The building taped off.

Murphy's CAR pulls up and parks.

Morgan and Murphy step out. We follow them as they move towards the building, fighting through the chaotic crowds of SPECTATORS.

MORGAN

So, anything you can tell me about this AIDS Harry that I don't already know from the papers?

MURPHY

Used to be an urban legend in the eighties. Just kind of precautionary tale, pretty much expressing the fears of that time.

MORGAN

Never heard of that one. Nineties were more my era.

MURPHY

Well, there were many variations of the legend. But the most popular one was the one about some guy who's friends throw him a 21st birthday party. They get him drunk, rent him a prostitute. After a wild night of debauchery, birthday boy wakes up to find the prostitute gone. He goes into the bathroom, sees, written in lipstick on the mirror "Welcome to the Wonderful World of AIDS."

MORGAN

So, this guy's a copycat?

MURPHY

Pretty much. Added his own little twist to the lipstick message.

They duck under police tape, into the building.

INT. CRACK HOUSE - ROOM - BATHROOM - CONTINUOUS

A filthy bathroom. Tiles missing. Rings in the tub. Cracks and water stains line the walls and ceiling.

Morgan and Murphy study the room. A CORONER takes pictures of a bloody corpse on the floor. A piece of broken glass stuck in its windpipe, sticking out.

Morgan observes a message written on lipstick on the shattered mirror, shards missing.

But the writing is quite legible. It reads WELCOME TO THE WONDERFUL WORLD OF AIDS FAGGOT!

MORGAN

I assume our suspect isn't quite fond of the homosexual persuasion.

MURPHY

Fond enough to have sex with his victims. All gay men. And it looks like he chooses his prey carefully. His routine probably not much different from the story I told you. Meets them at gay bars and such, slips them a roofie, brings them to dumps like this.

MORGAN

Roofies?

MURPHY

Yeah, each victim had Rohypnol in their system. Which explains why it's been hard to get a description of the suspect. They can't remember shit.

MORGAN

So, he slips them a roofie, robs them blind, and to add insult to injury, he infects them with AIDS through sexual contact.

(thinks)

But he never actually murdered them. Not in this fashion.

MURPHY

The hand writing matches up pretty well on the mirror. And there's no sign of a wallet anywhere. But most likely, it's not the same guy. We may have a copy cat of a copy cat. Except this asshole offers a mercy killing, if you will. Gives them a choice: a slow, painful death from the effects of AIDS... or a quick death, though brutal and probably just as painful.

MORGAN

What would be the point of writing the message on the mirror, then?

Murphy shrugs.

Morgan leaves the bathroom. Murphy following.

INT. CRACK HOUSE - ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Morgan looks around the room. The place trashed. A broken lamp on the floor. Chipped wooden paneling around the front door. Chain lock snapped off. Bed sheets everywhere.

MORGAN

It's obvious to me there was a struggle. A LOUD one. Which caught the attention of the junkies shooting up next door.

INT. CRACK HOUSE - HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

Morgan and Murphy leave the room, roam the hallway. Investigating. A sheet covers a bloody corpse in the middle of the hallway.

MORGAN

One of them comes to investigate the noise, sees something he wasn't expecting to see... something he wasn't supposed to see. Our suspect sees junkie number one as a potential witness... and beats him over the face, bludgeoning him to death with whatever that is.

She points to a large, blood stained porcelain piece. Flat and long. But solid.

Murphy looks down at it. Chipped. Broken pieces of porcelain scattered around. He gets down on one knee, inspects it.

MURPHY

Looks like the back of a toilet. You know, the lid?

Morgan eyes the room next door. Door wide open. Another bloodied corpse covered in a white sheet. Lying in the doorway. Halfway out into the hall.

MORGAN

Junkie number two peeks out into the hallway, probably wondering what all the hubbub is about. And boom. HIS face is beaten beyond recognition. That leaves no obvious witnesses.

MURPHY

Everyone else the NYPD questioned, they all slept right through it. Or were too doped up to notice anything.

MORGAN

Perhaps I should take what their taking. Haven't had a good night sleep in years.

MURPHY

Maybe you should try going to church. Clear your conscience.

MORGAN

(grins)

That what you do, Murphy?

MURPHY

No, but that's what some people do.

Morgan shakes her head while looking down at the corpses. Blood everywhere.

MORGAN

Church is for sinners.

MURPHY

You were never one to admit to anything, were you Davis?

Morgan disappears back into the room.

INT. CRACK HOUSE - ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Morgan moves past a few UNIFORMED OFFICERS en route to the bathroom.

INT. CRACK HOUSE - ROOM - BATHROOM - CONTINUOUS

She looks over the mess in the bathroom, the CORONER leaving for a moment.

Morgan stares down at the corpse on the floor. Body distorted so that she can't see the face clearly. She tiptoes closer to the corpse. Until she sees the corpses face.

She sees her dead brother Travis's face. She gasps. Suddenly, the corpses eyes open. It sits up and lunges at Morgan.

She shrieks. Suddenly, a hand grabs at her shoulder. She jumps, startled. Turns around to see Murphy.

MORGAN

Jesus! You scared me!

MURPHY

Sounded like something else scared you. Heard you scream.

Morgan turns, looks back down at the corpse, dead on the floor. Not Travis. Her imagination. She breathes heavily, gaining her composure.

Murphy eyes her curiously.

MURPHY (CONT'D)

You okay, there?

MORGAN

Yeah.

(beat)

They dust the place for prints yet?

MURPHY

Not yet.

MORGAN

Well, let's get it going. This is as sloppy a crime scene as I've ever seen. I'm sure we'll find something. As for everything else, guess all we can do is wait for forensics to run a test on the victim's blood. See if, in fact that he WAS infected with the virus.

MURPHY

If he tests negative?

MORGAN

Then it's not the same guy.

MURPHY

I'm telling you, it's not. This is not his style. Goes around infecting people with AIDS... and all of a sudden he turns into fucking Charlie Manson? I don't buy it.

MORGAN

But what if the blood tests
positive? What then? A coincidence?

MURPHY

Go on?

Morgan gazes down at the corpse.

MORGAN

What if it IS the same guy? He does
the same old song and dance. Things
seem to be going according to plan.
At this point, it's routine. Like a
walk in the park. But what if this
time, something goes wrong? A fly
in the ointment, if you will.
Causing him to break routine? I
mean, it takes one sick son of a
bitch to go around, purposely
spreading HIV. Imagine this same
person acting on impulse.

Murphy lets it sink in. Seeing Morgan's point of view.

MORGAN (CONT'D)

We're looking for a very disturbed
person, here.

Murphy looks down at the body.

MURPHY

No shit.

INT. MOBIL GAS STATION - BATHROOM - DAY

BRADLEY (31), wiry and frail, ribs showing, sits only in
boxer shorts on the toilet of a filthy, one person, public
rest room. Toilet seat down. His face buried into his blood
covered hands.

He takes his hands away from his face. Revealing blood
spatter on his cheek. He stares at a pile of his blood soaked
clothes that sit in front of him on the tiled floor.

Flustered, he sighs, smacking his cheeks to wake himself up.
Tired eyes with dark circles. A bony face, his pale
complexion only accentuates his gaunt appearance. However,
his neatly combed, flowing hair and groomed eyebrows nearly
hide his flaws.

Bradley rises. Snatches the clothes from the floor and tosses
them into a nearby trash bin.

He catches a glimpse of his reflection in the mirror above the sink. Doing a double take, he stops and sees the blood on his face. He runs the faucet and rinses off. Blood diluting into the water that flows down into the drain.

He studies himself in the mirror. He shakes his head.

BRADLEY

Fine mess you've gotten yourself into this time, Bradley. You fucking idiot. So stupid. So very, very stupid.

He moves away from the mirror. Picking up and unzipping a large duffle bag. Changing into a different set of clothes. Casual, jeans and T-shirt. Slightly oversized on him.

He opens a wallet, flips through cash. Mostly ones. He shakes his head.

BRADLEY (CONT'D)

Cheap bastard.

He takes the cash, tosses the wallet into the trash bin. He lifts the trash bag from the bin and ties it shut.

EXT. MOBIL GAS STATION - CONTINUOUS

Bradley leaves the bathroom, hauling his duffle bag over one shoulder, trash bag over the other. He approaches a dumpster, setting down his duffle bag and tosses the trash bag inside.

He dusts his hands off, picks up his duffle bag and leaves casually.

INT. SUBWAY TRAIN - MOVING - MOMENTS LATER

Bradley sits on the half-filled subway car as it rumbles over the tracks. Turbulent, yet soothing in the way it sounds. He looks around at all the PASSENGERS.

His eyes stop and focus on one PASSENGER who reads the New York Post. Bradley tilts his head to get a better look at the front page. He sees a composite sketch that draws a fairly well resemblance of him. Especially the hairstyle.

The PASSENGER lowers his paper, glances at Bradley suspiciously. More annoyed than anything.

Bradley looks away. Letting his eyes wander, inspecting each PASSENGER on the train.

He spots another PASSENGER also reading a New York Post. His roughly sketched face on the cover.

Bradley turns to another PASSENGER who also flips through the New York Post.

The train screeches to a halt, at a subway station. Bradley rises, leaves the train.

EXT. HARLEM HOSTEL - LATER - DAY

A brown stone building that resembles an apartment building, surrounded by similar brown stones. A sign above the entrance reads HARLEM HOSTEL.

Bradley comes into view, duffle bag over his shoulder, and enters the hostel.

INT. HARLEM HOSTEL - BATHROOM - LATER

Bradley shaves his head bald in front of the mirror. He finishes up. Feels his fresh crew cut, running his hands over his head.

INT. HARLEM HOSTEL - BEDROOM - LATER

Bradley paces back and forth while talking on his cell phone, having a heated conversation.

BRADLEY

Listen, I need to skip town. Like now. And I'm not talking about Jersey. I need to go somewhere far, far away from this rotten place.

He stops pacing.

BRADLEY (CONT'D)

Why? Never mind. I need money. I have a green card, but I don't have nearly enough for an international flight.

(listens)

Yes, international. I need to get out of the states. And never mind why. Please, don't ask why again.

He listens, growing more upset.

BRADLEY (CONT'D)

Mom. Please? Can you help me out?

He nods while listening. Sneering.

BRADLEY (CONT'D)
Fine, go fuck yourself. I don't
need your stupid money.

He hangs up, smashes his phone against the floor. Shattering it.

A FOREIGNER sticks his head into Bradley's room.

FOREIGNER
Are you finished with my mobile
yet? I need to make a call.

Bradley slides the shattered phone pieces under his bed using his foot.

INT. PSYCHIATRIST'S OFFICE - DAY

Morgan sits comfortably in a leather chair. Leaned back into the seat. In deep thought.

DR. WESTON, distinguished with glasses and white hair, in his sixties, he sits behind his desk, jotting down notes on a scratch pad. He looks up at Morgan.

DR. WESTON
What made THIS particular incident
remind you of your brother? You've
had three years experience on the
job. You've seen a lot, I'm sure.
But why THIS?

MORGAN
The circumstances, I figure. He was
of the gay community, I guess, and
so was Travis. He looked like him
from certain angles.
(beat)
They were both murdered.

Dr. Weston nods, jots something down. Tilts his glasses while analyzing Morgan.

DR. WESTON
Last time we spoke, you told me
that you haven't been in touch with
your parents since moving to the
city.

MORGAN
Eight years, yes.

DR. WESTON
Have you tried getting in touch
with them since your last
appointment?

Morgan hesitates.

MORGAN
Sort of.

DR. WESTON
Sort of?

MORGAN
The nightmares. They've been
getting worse. I'm getting less and
less sleep. Waking up earlier and
earlier...

She stops, trailing off. Something troubling her.

DR. WESTON
Yes?

MORGAN
I've been trying. To call them. I
know their number by heart. Still,
after all these years, they've had
the same number. And I dial. And I
hear their voices. And I just...
listen.

DR. WESTON
Have you SPOKEN to them at all?

Morgan shakes her head.

MORGAN
I can't. I just listen. Just to
hear their voices is good enough.
For right now.

DR. WESTON
You need them in your life, Morgan.
Your instincts are telling you
that. Why else would you call?

Morgan thinks about it, but doesn't come up with an answer.
She can only shrug. Dr. Weston nods. Something on his mind.

DR. WESTON (CONT'D)
You and your family never had any
kind of falling out.
(MORE)

DR. WESTON (CONT'D)

Not one incident in particular created this distance between you and them. At least from what you tell me. To me, it's almost as if you feel burdened. By guilt.

MORGAN

Guilt about what?

DR. WESTON

You tell me. It sounds like Travis's death obviously played a big role. But why distance yourself from your family? Do you feel they were in some way responsible?

MORGAN

(indignant)

No! Of course not!

DR. WESTON

Do YOU feel responsible?

Morgan turns silent. Doesn't respond.

DR. WESTON (CONT'D)

Outside of Agent Murphy, do you have any other people you speak to on a personal level?

MORGAN

Why? You trying to get rid of me?

DR. WESTON

I'm just suggesting to you that perhaps a more personal relationship with someone would help you open up more, thus coming to terms with your past. Because there's things, I feel, that you aren't telling me.

MORGAN

I tell you the things that matter, Dr. Weston.

DR. WESTON

When's the last time you've had a male influence in your life?

MORGAN

What, like a brother? A father figure? What do you mean?

DR. WESTON
Something a little more intimate.

MORGAN
A lover? Wow, getting a little nosy now, aren't we? Hope this isn't some kind of weak attempt to pick me up, Dr. Weston.

DR. WESTON
It's a legitimate question, Morgan.

She thinks about it.

MORGAN
I've had dates. Was with a male companion a couple years ago. That almost lasted two months.

DR. WESTON
The gentleman who skipped town for another gentleman?

Morgan doesn't respond. Conjuring bad memories. Quiet, yet visibly bothered.

DR. WESTON (CONT'D)
You're afraid.

MORGAN
Of what? Commitment?

DR. WESTON
Afraid of being hurt again. And I think the reason is clear. Your brother's murder reminds of that pain. Not of just losing your brother, but losing a lover. The man who murdered him. The man who not only murdered him, but the man who betrayed you, with of all people, your own flesh and blood.

MORGAN
Can we talk about something else?

DR. WESTON
We can't dance around it any longer, Morgan. I feel like we're finally making progress here.

MORGAN
I don't care, I don't want to talk about it.

DR. WESTON

Then, after years of coming to terms, you finally meet another love interest. And what does he do? He leaves you. For another man. Can't you see how that would remind you of your brother? That situation?

Morgan grows more distressed. Pain showing in her eyes.

MORGAN

Please, stop --

DR. WESTON

And it goes both ways, Morgan. When you think about your brother, you also think about those two instances of deceit. Betrayal.

Morgan snaps, jumping up and sweeping Dr. Weston's stuff off his desk, causing some of it to break and shatter on the floor.

Dr. Weston only sits, sunk into his chair while watching Morgan with wide, careful eyes. Afraid of her. She breathes heavily. Face red.

But she calms down. Realizes what she's just done and bursts into tears. Crying hysterically. Dr. Weston just looking on in shock. Morgan buries her face into her hands and plops back down into the chair.

Dr. Weston sits up straight, but cautious. He checks his watch. Looks to Morgan.

DR. WESTON (CONT'D)

(hesitant)

That concludes our session for today, Morgan.

INT. MORGAN'S APARTMENT - KITCHEN - LATER - NIGHT

Morgan sits in silence at the dinner table. Alone. Looking miserable. Poking around at a plate of food while playing Spider Solitaire on her laptop.

She catches sight of Bryant's business card sitting on the table nearby.

Curious, she slides the business card over. Looks it over. She closes her game of Spider Solitaire and brings up the internet. On her search engine, she types the name BRYANT NESBITT.

Numerous articles and web sites pop up. She clicks on one news article. The headline reads ALBERT NESBITT DIES AT 65, SON BRYANT TO TAKE OVER AS CEO OF THE NESBITT CORPORATION.

Numerous lines catch her eye from the article -- BRYANT NESBITT TO INHERIT THE MULTI MILLION DOLLAR COMPANY.

She clicks on a link for the NESBITT CORPORATION WEB SITE. The home page describes the corporation as a pharmaceutical giant.

She clicks on another article. She reads BRYANT NESBITT TO SEPARATE FROM WIFE, ACTRESS ANNA MAY NESBITT.

INT. COURT ROOM - CONTINUOUS

A small, quaint court room gathering. Only the JUDGE, COUNSELORS and ATTORNEYS present.

Bryant stands at one side of the court room with his REPRESENTATIVES. Not the least bit happy. Looking queasy even. This is definitely not a cordial gathering.

Nearby, ANNA MAY NESBITT, in her late thirties, fading movie star looks, though still attractive, stands with her REPRESENTATIVES.

The JUDGE, a stern man in his late fifties, reads over some material, adjusting his bifocal lenses. He looks over Bryant and then Anna.

JUDGE

Mr. Bryant Nesbitt has agreed to a settlement of 15 million dollars in alimony payments. The monthly arrangement shall be determined at the later date of October 16th.

The JUDGE bangs his gavel.

JUDGE (CONT'D)

Court is adjourned.

The JUDGE rises from the bench.

Bryant appears sick to the stomach. As everyone rises, leaving the court, Bryant turns to Anna, who wears a big smile while being congratulated by her lawyers.

BRYANT

Psst!

Anna turns to Bryant, gives him her attention.

BRYANT (CONT'D)

Don't spend it all in one place.

She grins slyly at him.

ANNA

How I spend MY money is no longer
any of your business.

BRYANT

Nor is how I spend my money any of
yours. Because that 15 million
you'll be receiving bought me
something.

ANNA

What? You're freedom? You're
freedom to go gallivanting around
town behaving mischievously?

BRYANT

(shakes head)

Confidentiality. Which means no
more spreading rumors to the
public.

ANNA

(laughs)

Rumors? Well darling, rumors are
merely lies. I, however, haven't
spread a single rumor about you.

BRYANT

I don't know what your definition
of confidentiality is, but MY
definition is silence. Understand?
Not a word.

Anna chortles confidently.

ANNA

That depends on how long the money
lasts, darling.

She turns to her LAWYERS, whispers a few private words while
walking away with them. She glances back at Bryant while
leaving. Flashing a cocky smile. Bryant fuming.

INT./EXT. INNER CITY STREET - LIMO CAR - MOVING - NIGHT

Bryant gazes out the window as they reach a red light. He sees Bradley. Working the corner, soliciting himself. Tight pants and tight shirt. Duffle bag over his shoulder.

Bryant sits up straight, suddenly attentive. He surveys his surroundings through the limo's dark tinted windows. Up to something.

The light turns green and the limo starts to move.

BRYANT
(to Driver)
Wait, stop.

His driver, FRED CURRY, mid thirties, in a black suit and tie, white shirt, hits the brakes. A burly, big bodied fellow, he exudes a soft side. A gentle big man.

He peers at Bryant through his dash board mirror.

BRYANT (CONT'D)
Pull over.

Fred seems hesitant. Uncomfortable even. But he pulls the limo over to the side of the quiet city street.

Bryant leans forward, hands Fred a few hundred dollar bills.

BRYANT (CONT'D)
Not a word, Fred. I can trust you,
right?

Fred sighs. Takes the money.

FRED
I'm not your ex wife, sir.

BRYANT
Thank God for that.

Bryant slides down his window. Sticks his head out.

BRYANT (CONT'D)
(to Bradley)
Hey, you. Come here.

Bradley looks around, the coast clear.

EXT. INNER CITY STREET - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

From a distance, we see Bradley approach Bryant's window, leaning in casually. Listens to what Bryant has to say, though we can't hear it. But we have an idea.

The door opens and Bradley hops in. The limo pulls away from the curb and parks in a quiet alley nearby. Parks. Shuts the engine off. Headlights off.

Fred gets out, sits leaned up against the hood of his car and lights up a cigarette. Checking his watch. Waiting.

INT. LIMO CAR - PARKED - CONTINUOUS

Bryant sits across from Bradley. Looking him over. He notices black leather gloves on Bradley's hands.

BRYANT
What's your name?

BRADLEY
(delayed)
Harry.

BRYANT
That your real name?

Bradley nods. Bryant shakes his head in disapproval.

BRYANT (CONT'D)
That won't do. You need a different name. I will call you... Sam. And you'll refer to me as Bradley.

Bradley raises his eyebrow at Bryant.

BRADLEY
Bradley? Why Bradley?

BRYANT
Do you object to it?

BRADLEY
I find it curious.

BRYANT
Now, Sam, if you want to receive payment, I would advise you behave in a cooperative manner.

Bradley nods, shamefully.

BRYANT (CONT'D)
Now, I want you to get on your
knees and undo my pants.

INT. MORGAN'S APARTMENT - BEDROOM - NIGHT

Morgan sits at the edge of her bed. Blank expression. Staring off into space. She picks up her phone. Dials a number and listens.

The PHONE RINGS until finally...

JILLIAN (V.O.)
Hello?

Morgan doesn't answer.

JILLIAN (V.O.)
(sighs)
Morgan... please, say something?

Morgan hangs up. She eyes Bryant's business card on her night stand nearby. She lifts it into the air. Studying it. Contemplating.

Finally, she picks up the phone and dials while looking at the business card.

INT. FANCY RESTAURANT - NIGHT

A quiet, high brow restaurant. Crowded. The type of place you need reservations days in advance. All the WAIT STAFF dressed immaculately. Tables covered in fine linens. All candle lit.

Morgan and Bryant sit across from each other at a corner table. Both dressed for the occasion, Morgan in a sexy dress.

The sit in silence while poking around at their plates. Morgan nervous. Bryant smiles to himself. Laughs.

BRYANT
You know, I woke up this morning
and realized that I had lost my
wallet? Can you believe it? After
how me met the other morning...

MORGAN
Learning from one's mistakes builds
character.

BRYANT
Are you saying I lack character?

MORGAN

Just something I was told. No offense.

BRYANT

Well, I believe most people often refer to one's mistakes as experience. You have much experience, Morgan?

Morgan shrugs.

MORGAN

I have my share.

They share another long, uncomfortable silence. Bryant glancing up at her repeatedly. Morgan afraid to make eye contact. Feeling self conscious.

MORGAN (CONT'D)

(hesitates)

Sorry, it's just been so long since I've been on a date.

Bryant stops chewing his food. Surprised.

BRYANT

This is a date?

Morgan doesn't respond. Hanging her head in embarrassment. She glances up at Bryant. Almost glaring.

Bryant looks up at her. Stares.

BRYANT (CONT'D)

Why on earth would a woman such as yourself even think about working for the FBI? A typist maybe, but an agent? Thought that was only in TV shows.

MORGAN

A woman like me? Sounds borderline sexist, if you don't mind me being straight forward.

BRYANT

I don't mind one bit. I prefer people to be straight forward. It means your honest. And honesty is a virtue too many people lack these days.

MORGAN

Sometimes honesty can be offensive.

BRYANT

That's because far too many people are too sensitive to handle truth. They'd rather be lied to. They confuse that with politeness. And that is almost the same as lying to yourself.

MORGAN

So, you're saying, by pursuing a career in law enforcement, I'm lying to myself?

BRYANT

You don't much have the look of an FBI agent.

MORGAN

(defensive)

And what does an FBI agent look like?

BRYANT

(laughs)

No need to carry a defensive tone. It was a compliment.

MORGAN

In what way? Your "compliment" seems to have gone far over my head.

Bryant sips from his wine elegantly.

BRYANT

You don't say.

Morgan becomes increasingly annoyed with Bryant.

MORGAN

And you seemed like such a nice person. Which makes me wonder why you're so generous. Giving to charities. Handing out cash like it was candy. It seems to me you're merely trying to compensate for something. Either that, or you do it to feed your enormous ego.

BRYANT
We're talking about egos, are we?
Listen, lady --

MORGAN
(threatening)
Do NOT call me lady.

BRYANT
Oh, yes, I forgot about that.
Wouldn't want you to shoot me.

MORGAN
Not that it would make the world a
better place or anything, but if I
did, I'm sure I'd find myself a
nice little fan base.

Bryant chews his food, wiping his mouth while laughing.

BRYANT
Of the all the God damn coffee
shops in Manhattan, I just had to
go to THAT one. I apologize in
advance for being so blunt, but
frankly, this dinner was a
horrible, horrible mistake.

MORGAN
Much like your last marriage.
(leans in)
Tell me, Bryant, was it you who did
the divorcing? Because if I were to
guess, I'd have to guess no.

Bryant turns quiet. Shocked. Staring at Morgan. Trying to
keep his cool.

BRYANT
So, you've done your homework.
Congratulations, you know how to
use Google.

MORGAN
What was it? Irreconcilable
differences? Or are the rumors
true? You do seem a bit... dainty.

Bryant flips, pounds on the table, making a clanking noise,
silverware and plates jumping on the table. A hush
throughout. DINERS pretending not to stare.

Bryant looks around self consciously. Glares at Morgan and leans in close. Speaking low, but with an aggressive, nasty tone.

BRYANT

Just because you know how to use the fucking Internet, you think you know me? Well, guess what, sweetheart? I don't need to do a background check on you to know what kind of person you are. You probably had your heart broken by a high school sweetheart. And you're too weak of a person to come to terms with it, so you've grown more and more jaded with each failure of a relationship, which I presume were all your fault. So you carry this chip on your shoulder and take it out on any member of the opposite sex who winks, smiles or shows you any politeness in any way. Which is all fine and dandy, but talking with you for the past 40 minutes or so, I can tell that you're a very lonely, very sad person who knows, deep down, that you will never, EVER find anything that resembles any form of companionship. And this is how you behave on this supposed "date?" Please, I highly doubt any man in his right mind would feel compelled to spend a minute of his time with you, let alone date you. You're a fucking train wreck of a person with a train wreck of a life. And on that note, I'll be requesting the check.

Bryant looks around the restaurant, waving for a WAITER.

BRYANT (CONT'D)

Don't worry, I'll pay. As you know, my generosity helps to keep my ego inflated.

As Bryant looks around for a waiter, Morgan looks sadly down at her plate. Tears slowly forming in her eyes. Soon, she weeps. Covering her hand over her face. Her weeping growing louder.

Bryant glances at Morgan, does a double take. He rolls his eyes, tries harder to wave for a waiter.

But he looks back down at Morgan, crying hysterically, and grows concerned. Sympathetic.

BRYANT (CONT'D)
 Hey, come on, don't cry, I
 didn't... I didn't mean it. Just,
 oh, come on...

He slides his chair next to her and rubs her back. She cries into his shoulder. He holds her, comforting her.

BRYANT (CONT'D)
 I'm sorry, I'm just... having a bad
 day. Even worse of a week. I'm
 paying alimony out the ass, I
 haven't slept well in years...

Morgan keeps her face buried in Bryant's shoulder.

MORGAN
 (crying)
 I'm sorry for being such an
 asshole...

BRYANT
 (patting her back)
 No, no, you weren't being an
 asshole.
 (beat)
 Well, a little bit, yeah...

Morgan laughs while looking into Bryant's eyes. Tears streaming down her cheeks.

BRYANT (CONT'D)
 But I shouldn't have reacted like
 that. You struck a cord mentioning
 the ex wife and I reacted poorly.
 And the things I said, I didn't
 mean them.

MORGAN
 (wiping tears)
 But they're true.

Bryant looks deep into her sad eyes. He feels bad. But also feels for her. He strokes her cheek and chin. Making her calm a bit. They stare at each other. Sharing a brief moment.

BRYANT
 Can we, I don't know, start over?

She smiles, still a few tears lingering, and nods. He smiles back.

His CELL PHONE RINGS. He rolls his eyes.

BRYANT (CONT'D)
Do you mind?

She shakes her head. He checks the caller ID. Looking at it weird. He answers.

BRYANT (CONT'D)
Hello?

BRADLEY (V.O.)
Hey there, money bags.

Bryant wrinkles his brow in confusion.

BRYANT
Who is this?

INT. COMPUTER LIBRARY - CONTINUOUS

Bradley sits at the center of a row of computer stations. The room filled with them. Only a few PATRONS in the room, scattered. Lots of empty work stations.

Bradley, holding a phone to his ear, looks into his computer screen intently. He glances down at an open wallet. Bryant's wallet, his photo ID showing.

BRADLEY
I know who you are.

BRYANT (V.O.)
A lot do. Who is this?

BRADLEY
You might remember me from your car
the other night.

INT. FANCY RESTAURANT - CONTINUOUS

Bryant turns pale. Eyes wide. Suddenly worried. He looks at Morgan, holds up a finger as if to say he'll be right back. He stands up and leaves the table.

INT. FANCY RESTAURANT - BATHROOM - CONTINUOUS

Bryant hurries in, walks past the smiling BATHROOM ATTENDANT without acknowledging him. He immediately rushes into a stall.

INT. FANCY RESTAURANT - BATHROOM - STALL - CONTINUOUS

Bryant speaks with a low voice, making sure the BATHROOM ATTENDANT doesn't hear him.

BRYANT
You stole my wallet.

INTERCUT BETWEEN BRYANT AND BRADLEY

Bradley smiles.

BRADLEY
Give this man a prize.

BRYANT
That's against the law, if you weren't aware of that already.

BRADLEY
So is paying for sex.

Bryant freezes. On edge.

BRYANT
What's this about?

BRADLEY
Well, for a man of your stature, known so well to the public, it might be damaging to your public image if they found out you were paying men to blow you. Don't you think so?

Bryant doesn't respond right away.

BRYANT
What do you want?

BRADLEY
One hundred thousand dollars. Cash.

BRYANT
(laughs ironically)
In cash? What kind of lowlife hoodlum are you?

BRADLEY
Desperate times call for desperate measures, Mr. Nesbitt. Especially with our economy in its current state.

BRYANT

You're out of your fucking mind!
You have no credibility! Nobody
would believe a word of it!

BRADLEY

Oh, no? They seemed to listen to
your wife when she did that
interview with the New York Times.

BRYANT

She didn't suck dick for money.

BRADLEY

I'd watch your fucking tone. You're
in no position to talk that way to
me. I have the upper hand. I know
about you. And I'm sure I'm not the
only one. I'll find a way to fuck
you for life. That is if you don't
cooperate.

BRYANT

(explodes)

Fuck you!

Bryant hangs up. Takes a few deep breaths.

INT. FANCY RESTAURANT - BATHROOM - CONTINUOUS

Bryant steps out of the stall. Sees the BATHROOM ATTENDANT
staring at him, appalled.

Bryant can only sheepishly nod at BATHROOM ATTENDANT and
leave the rest room.

INT. FANCY RESTAURANT - CONTINUOUS

Bryant sits down at the table. He smiles at Morgan, trying to
act natural. But he's obviously shaken.

MORGAN

Everything okay?

BRYANT

Yeah, just business stuff.

Bryant looks around nervously. Sweat forming on his brow.
Glistening. He loosens his tie, unbuttons the top button.

He looks at Morgan, who stares at him concerned.

BRYANT (CONT'D)
 It's a little stuffy in here.
 (beat)
 Listen, do you want to take a walk
 with me?

Morgan seems thrown off, but shrugs and nods.

MORGAN
 Okay.

EXT. NEW YORK CITY - LATER - NIGHT

In fast motion, the sun sets, becoming night. The skyline sparkling, reflecting off the water.

BRYANT (V.O.)
 You know... I know how it is. To be
 lonely.

INT. CENTRAL PARK - LATER - NIGHT

A horse and carriage with a HAPPY COUPLE clops down a brick paved side street. The large, beautifully lit water fountain at Columbus Circle sparkles in the background.

PERUSERS, JOGGERS and DOG WALKERS all around. A lively summer night.

Morgan and Bryant take a stroll through the park, down a path that cuts through a wide expanse of grass and shrubbery.

MORGAN
 Lonely? You have people around you
 all the time, don't you?

BRYANT
 I do. Which is why I feel that way.
 Everything I have, everything I am,
 it was all just... handed to me.
 And it doesn't feel earned. It
 doesn't feel genuine. Everything I
 ever wanted to be, I couldn't.
 Because I had no choice. I've been
 bred to live like this. To feel a
 certain way, to classify myself
 amongst the elite, socially
 speaking. I know it sounds
 pretentious of me, but I would much
 prefer to be a construction worker
 or a fireman. At least I'd have a
 sense of pride. Accomplishment.

(MORE)

BRYANT (CONT'D)

I mean, every single person that shows admiration for me... I hate. I hate them. And I'm one of them.

MORGAN

You can trade places with me if you want.

BRYANT

If it was possible, I would. Gladly.

(beat)

It's hard for me to meet people. People I like. Because it's the people I like who also end up being the ones who have ulterior motives. My ex-wife for instance.

A brief silence.

MORGAN

Do you have any family?

BRYANT

(shakes head)

Not really.

MORGAN

What was it like growing up? I mean, what was your family like?

Bryant thinks about it for a second. Appearing uneasy.

FLASHBACK - INT. NESBITT FAMILY HOME - LIVING ROOM - DAY

A large room filled with the finest furniture. Fire place crackling.

All of a sudden a WOMAN SCREAMS. BRYANT'S MOTHER drops hard to the floor, into view. Her nose bloody, she tries to crawl away.

But BRYANT'S FATHER grabs her by the ankle and stops her. He crouches down and slaps her hard across her face with the back of his hand.

BRYANT'S FATHER

You stupid bitch!

She grabs a wine bottle off a nearby table and shatters it over BRYANT'S FATHER'S face.

Bryant (6), watches in fear by the stairs.

TIME CUT TO:

FLASHBACK - INT. NESBITT FAMILY HOME - BEDROOM - NIGHT

Bryant (12), lies in bed. The room dark. Suddenly, the door cracks open. Light slivering in. Bryant's Mother tiptoes close to Bryant's bed.

She just stands there, staring down at Bryant seductively. Wine bottle in her hand.

BRYANT

Mom? What are you doing?

BRYANT'S MOTHER

Just take off your pants for me. I want to show you something.

BACK TO PRESENT - EXT. CENTRAL PARK - NIGHT

Bryant, uneasy, remains silent for a while as he thinks about how to answer Morgan's question.

BRYANT

It was dysfunctional. But, these days, what family isn't?

Morgan nods.

BRYANT (CONT'D)

When you stood up to me, at dinner, even though I reacted unfavorably... I found it very admirable. You're not worried about being nice like everyone else. You say what's on your mind.

MORGAN

So, you admire me for being an asshole?

BRYANT

Yes. I do. I find it quite charming actually. Among other things. You're very motivated. Ambitious.

MORGAN

(shrugs coyly)
Thanks.

BRYANT
You never answered my question,
though.

MORGAN
Which one?

BRYANT
Why the FBI?

Morgan stops walking. Thinking about it. Hesitates. Looking up at the sky.

MORGAN
I was a journalism major. Had to
take an elective, and I chose
abnormal psychology. Guess I got
hooked. Decided to change majors my
freshman year.

Bryant's PHONE RINGS. While Morgan is staring off into the night sky, he secretly checks his phone. Alarmed by the number on the caller ID. He quickly silences it.

Shaking the panic, he stares at Morgan.

BRYANT
(labored)
You look very beautiful tonight.
I'm sorry, I should have said that
earlier.

Morgan turns to him. Reveals tears.

BRYANT (CONT'D)
Everything all right?

Morgan nods, but starts to cry. Looking at the sky. He stands beside her, wraps his arm around her shoulder

Morgan struggles to reply, delaying in a response.

MORGAN
My brother died when I was a 18. He
was murdered.

Bryant feels her grief. Not sure whether or not to respond.

BRYANT
I'm sorry.

MORGAN
I just wanted to understand why it
happened.

(MORE)

MORGAN (CONT'D)

Why someone could do something so awful. And after all these years, I'm still trying to understand. I still want to. I NEED to. And that's why I do what I do.

She turns to Bryant. Eyes watery.

MORGAN (CONT'D)

It's hard for me to talk about it. It's hard for me to talk about anything these days.

(laughs ironically)

This is probably the worst date you've ever been on.

Bryant looks deep into her eyes. Touched by her. She reacts self consciously, looking away, shying away from eye contact.

Bryant feels his PHONE VIBRATE, lighting up in his pocket. He shuts it off secretly, trying to keep focus on Morgan.

MORGAN (CONT'D)

I mean, I'm not sure if this constitutes a date or not but --

Bryant kisses her. She kisses him back, though not right away. Soon, she grows comfortable and they kiss passionately.

EXT. BRYANT'S APARTMENT BUILDING - LATER - NIGHT

A tall building that looks more like a five star hotel. A architectural piece of art. Across from Central Park. DOORMEN out front.

INT. BRYANT'S APARTMENT BUILDING - BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

A plush room filled with high class, expensive furniture. Armoires, dresser, entertainment center, etc. A king size bed with canopy and satin sheets.

Bryant and Morgan fall on the bed. All over each other, though Morgan dominates. Like an animal in heat, aggressive and without control. Eager.

Bryant creates separation while trying to humor her with kisses and groping. He holds her back for a moment.

MORGAN

What?

BRYANT
I'll be right back. Bathroom.

She seems slightly disappointed.

MORGAN
Okay. Hurry up.

Bryant leaves the bed.

INT. BRYANT'S APARTMENT BUILDING - BATHROOM - CONTINUOUS

Bryant unrobes himself. Looking at himself in the mirror. He looks down at his genitals. Frustrated.

He flips open the medicine cabinet. Searches through bottles inside. Finds a bottle of Viagra and opens it. In a hurry. He pops a few pills, runs the faucet and washes down the pills.

Moments later, he dips into the cabinet under the sink. Finds a magazine. Gay pornography. He flips through the magazine, stops at a photo of a naked, muscular young man.

He stands in front of the mirror and gets himself erect.

INT. BRYANT'S APARTMENT BUILDING - BEDROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Bryant comes out, only in boxer short. Finds Morgan naked in his bed. He hesitates. As if this weren't natural for him. But he approaches and dives into bed. On top of Morgan. They embrace. Kissing passionately. Morgan straddling him.

INT. BRYANT'S APARTMENT BUILDING - BEDROOM - LATER

The room dark. Moonlight shining through the window. Bryant lies sound asleep as Morgan slowly sneaks out of bed. Slipping back into her dress.

Bryant wakes up, rolls over. Opens one eye.

BRYANT
Where are you going?

She shimmies all the way into her dress. Slips on her shoes. She smiles, gives Bryant a passionate kiss.

MORGAN
(whispers)
I need to go home. I have work early. But hopefully, I can see you again?

BRYANT
How's tomorrow sound?

She smiles, gives him a quick peck on the cheek.

MORGAN
Call me.

Morgan leaves the room.

INT. SUBWAY TRAIN - MOVING - DAY

A crowded subway car screeches to a halt, stopping at a subway station.

PASSENGERS leave, other PASSENGERS board. The sliding doors close.

A HOBO comes into view, emerging from the crowd. Cutting through, down the aisle.

A FEW PASSENGERS lift their heads. Staring at him appalled.

HOBO, older with dirt on his face, scruffy beard and messy hair, stands at the center of the aisle. His clothes covered in blood.

He now has the attention of the whole train. PASSENGERS pointing at him. Disgusted. Some backing away, getting as far from him as they can.

HOBO pulls out a harmonica and plays. Sings an AL GREEN song. Performing for the crowd in subway performer fashion.

INT. FAST FOOD RESTAURANT - DAY

A packed house. The place filled with TEENAGERS, FAMILIES with CRYING BABIES, etc. Typical inner city fast food setting.

Bryant's driver, FRED CURRY, in his black suit and tie, white shirt, stands in line. Waiting to place his order.

Bradley enters, approaches Fred. Bradley stands beside him. Staring at him. Fred feels his presence, turns to him.

Bradley grins. Not taking his eyes off Fred. Making Fred feel uncomfortable. Fred looks around, back to Bradley.

FRED
Can I help you?

BRADLEY
You look so familiar. I feel like
we know each other.

FRED
You're mistaken.

Fred turns away, looks ahead, to the front of line. Only one customer in front of him. But Bradley continues to stare at him.

Fred sighs. Confronts him.

FRED (CONT'D)
There a problem?

Bradley shrugs nonchalantly.

BRADLEY
Don't remember me, do you?

FRED
No, I don't. So, please, get in the
back of the line and stop staring
at me.

BRADLEY
Look harder, Fred.

Fred scrunches his brow. Surprised.

FRED
How did you know my name?

BRADLEY
Look at me. You don't remember me?
Because I remember you. You're
Bryant Nesbitt's personal
chauffeur.

FRED
I'm not a chauffeur.

BRADLEY
I'm sorry, is "driver" more
politically correct?

Fred glares at Bradley. Staring at him. Suddenly, Fred's expression falls. He remembers him.

Bradley's grin grows wider. Fiendish.

BRADLEY (CONT'D)
You remember me.

They stare at each other. Awkward silence.

BRADLEY (CONT'D)
Have a nice day, okay? Nice running
into you.

Bradley pats Fred on the shoulder, walks away. To the door. Fred moves ahead in line. Glances back at Bradley. Bradley flashes him a sly grin as he leaves.

INT. LIMO CAR - PARKED - MOMENTS LATER

Fred opens the door, plops down into the front seat, behind the wheel. Setting a to go bag of food onto his lap.

He shuts the door. Opens the bag and pulls out a cheeseburger in a wrapper.

He unwraps the cheeseburger, takes a huge bite. As he engulfs his cheeseburger...

CLICK. Fred stops chewing. Peers into his dash mirror. Sees Bradley sitting in the backseat, behind him.

Bradley presses a black pistol to the back of Fred's skull. Fred remains very still.

BRADLEY
I gotta say, Fred, this is one hell
of a fire arm. Nine millimeter?

Fred, cautiously stiff, nods slowly.

FRED
(mouth full)
Beretta.

BRADLEY
What? I can't understand you with
your mouth full.

Fred finishes chewing. Gulps, swallowing his food.

FRED
It's a Beretta.

BRADLEY
You always just leave your Beretta
lying around in your car with the
doors unlocked?

FRED
What's this about?

BRADLEY

Just figured we become more acquainted, that's all.

FRED

What do you want? Money?

BRADLEY

(grins)

Very good, Fred! That's exactly what I want. But you see, I don't believe you have the desired amount.

FRED

I can go to an ATM.

BRADLEY

Mr. Nesbitt must pay you well. Hell, who are we kidding, I'm pretty sure he does. You got VERY nice living quarters, if I say so myself.

FRED

Excuse me?

BRADLEY

Let's not kid ourselves, Fred, this isn't about you, this about your employer.

FRED

You've seen my house?

Bradley pulls a scratch paper from his pocket. Reads it aloud.

BRADLEY

Your name is Fred Curry. You have a beautiful wife named Sandra, who teaches mentally challenged children in the Bronx. You have two boys. Fred Junior, age 12, and Thomas, age 6.

FRED

Who the fuck are you?

BRADLEY

I'm the worst kind of person you could possibly know, Fred. I'll admit to it.

FRED

Touch them, and I'll kill you.

BRADLEY

That seems to be the situation. But let's hope it doesn't come to that. You see, I was always told the universe takes care of everybody. Just so happens, I got myself into a hell of a jam. And as fate would have it, one night, a car pulls over. I get in. And here we are. See, Fred, if that would've never happened, I'd pretty much be in a heap of trouble. Now, that still may be the case, but I feel like I met you and Mr. Nesbitt for a reason, and I intend to see that out and use it to my advantage.

Bradley hands Fred a piece of paper. Fred cautiously accepts it. Reads it.

BRADLEY (CONT'D)

I've done my homework on your boss, and he doesn't much seem to have many people close to him. Except for you. I'm sure you're aware of his habits behind closed doors. I know I do, being on the receiving end of one of his secret liaisons.

Fred, while reading over the paper...

FRED

What is this?

BRADLEY

That's the name and phone number of a reporter for the Daily News. You will convince Mr. Nesbitt to give YOU 50,000 dollars. In cash. If not, you will go to this reporter and give him all the dirt. Every. Single. Last. Dirty. Secret.

FRED

I can't do that. I've been working for Mr. Nesbitt for over five years!

Bradley presses the gun hard against the back of Fred's skull.

BRADLEY

Then you leave me no choice. And believe me, Fred, after I'm done with you, your family's next. I'm that fucked up in the head, my friend. I always follow through with my promises!

FRED

Please!

BRADLEY

You have to the count of two! One! Two!

FRED

Okay!

Bradley lowers the gun.

BRADLEY

You have until tomorrow. Nine o'clock. I will contact YOU. There will be drop off time and location.

(presses the gun to his head again)

And if you even dare to get authorities involved, it will be the last thing you'll ever dare to do!

Bradley quickly flees the limo car. Fred breathing heavily, forehead glazed with sweat.

INT. MURPHY'S CAR - MOVING - DAY

Murphy mans the wheel, glances over at Morgan, who seems awfully chipper. Smiling while looking out the window.

Murphy seems upset. He tosses a newspaper onto Morgan's lap. The paper turned to a page inside.

Morgan lifts it, looks at a photo. It's of her and Bryant walking through town. The headline reads BRYANT NESBITT SPOTTED WITH NEW FLAME.

MURPHY

How long you've been seeing this guy?

MORGAN

A couple weeks. Can't believe I made the paper.

MURPHY

There goes any future undercover work.

MORGAN

Jealous, Murphy?

MURPHY

A little bit, yeah. You know, I was wondering why you've been acting so chipper lately. I don't know if I like this new you.

MORGAN

You should just be happy for me.

MURPHY

I'm happy for you. Tentatively. You know, this guy's got a reputation. He just recently was named as one of the top 50 eligible bachelors. I believe it was Cosmopolitan.

MORGAN

Reading women's magazines, now Murphy? Doing research on the opposite sex?

MURPHY

Dentist's office doesn't have anything better. That was actually the most masculine piece of reading material they had.

MORGAN

Well, I appreciate your concern, but I think I'll be okay.

MURPHY

And I don't want to insult you in any way, but I also heard some rumors about this guy. You know, that he's gay?

MORGAN

And who was the rumor spreader? His ex-wife? Come on, trust me, he's not gay.

MURPHY

Just like the last guy, right? Remember how he magically turned gay and left you? For a guy?

Morgan gives Murphy the evil eye.

MURPHY (CONT'D)

Hey, I'm just looking out for you, that's all. I'd hate to see you get hurt again. The bureau had to give you a two week leave of absence for what that asshole did to you. What was his name? Gustafson?

MORGAN

Dylan Gustafson.

MURPHY

Yeah, the painter. Fucking prick. I could tell just by looking at him that he was gayer than Christmas. Fucking prick.

MORGAN

Please, don't remind me about him.

MURPHY

Just saying, history tends to repeat itself.

Morgan turns quiet for a moment while gazing out the window.

MORGAN

Hopefully, not.

INT. FBI HEADQUARTERS - LATER

Morgan and Murphy look into an interrogation room through a two way mirror.

Inside, sits the HOBO from the train. No longer in blood-covered clothes. But in nice clothes that fit big on him. He munches away on a vending machine Twinkie while sitting at the interrogation table. A can of cola by his side. In heaven.

MURPHY

His name's Roger Ellsworth. Vietnam vet. Been homeless for over 20 years. Actually, quite the celebrity on the seven line. Hear he does a great Al Green.

MORGAN

He talk yet?

MURPHY

He's a bit loopy. Not all there.

MORGAN

He doesn't strike me as the gay hating, murderous type.

MURPHY

I wouldn't put it past him. He was in Vietnam. A lot of those guys are all kinds of fucked up in the head.

MORGAN

None of the blood was his own?

MURPHY

Nope. Not a scratch on him.

MORGAN

Blood type match the victim's?

MURPHY

Sure did. However, forensics couldn't determine whether it was HIV positive are not. Difficult thing to determine with the diseased.

Morgan moves into the interrogation room. Murphy following.

INT. FBI HEADQUARTERS - INTERROGATION ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Morgan and Murphy enter, sitting across from Roger. Roger doesn't even acknowledge them. Snacking away.

MORGAN

Mr. Ellsworth?

Roger doesn't give them his attention. Too preoccupied with his Twinkie. Cream all over his chin and mouth.

MORGAN (CONT'D)

Roger!

Roger looks up.

MORGAN (CONT'D)

Hi, I'm Agent Davis and this is Agent Murphy. We just want to ask you a few questions.

ROGER

You think I can get another one of these snack cakes? Ain't had a meal this tasty in a hot minute!

MORGAN

In a second, Roger --

ROGER

Al.

MORGAN

Excuse me?

ROGER

Call me Al.

MURPHY

That's right. I hear you do a great Al Green.

ROGER

What do you mean, do? I AM Al Green. In reincarnate.

Murphy scratches his head, shares a quizzical glance with Morgan.

MURPHY

That's quite impossible, Roger. If I'm not mistaken, Al Green is still alive. And you're actually older than him.

ROGER

Mr. Green.

MURPHY

What?

ROGER

You call me Mr. Green.

Roger turns to Morgan and smiles flirtatiously.

ROGER (CONT'D)

(to Morgan)

You can call me Al.

Morgan leans in close to Murphy, whispering in his ear.

MORGAN

Let me take this. I think he's got a crush on me.

MURPHY

You're on a roll, aren't you? I'm telling you, it's either feast or famine.

Murphy leans back, distancing himself from the table.

MURPHY (CONT'D)

(to Morgan)

Go ahead, he's all yours.

She grins, turns to Roger.

MORGAN

Roger... I mean, Al. Those clothes you were wearing when you were taken in. Were they yours?

ROGER

Of course they were mine, I found them. Finders, keepers. And as much as I dig the new threads, I'd like my clothes back. That was my favorite outfit.

MORGAN

How long ago did you find that outfit?

ROGER

Hard to keep track. A week ago? Two weeks ago? A month? I don't know.

Murphy slides in towards the table again. Leaning towards Roger.

MURPHY

Were you aware, Roger, that those clothes you were wearing were covered in blood?

ROGER

Beggars can't be choosers. And what the hell did I say about calling me that? You call me Mr. Green.

Murphy smooths his forehead, getting frustrated.

MURPHY

Enough fucking around, I don't buy this little dog and pony act you're trying to pull as the fun-loving, song and dance crack head.

(MORE)

MURPHY (CONT'D)

So, let's save ourselves the time
and trouble and answer our fucking
questions!

Roger turns to Morgan.

ROGER

(to Morgan)

I don't like him.

MURPHY

What are you going to do about it?
Kill me? Kill me like you did the
last guy?

ROGER

What are you talking about?

MURPHY

This isn't a game, Roger! You're
not on the seven train tap dancing
for a bunch of idiots who don't
know any better than to give money
to some asshole who's just going to
spend it on his next rock!

ROGER

Fuck you, man, you don't know me!

MURPHY

I'll tell you what I do know. The
person who's blood you were covered
in is dead. He was murdered. Now
tell us what you know!

ROGER

I didn't kill nobody!

MURPHY

I didn't say you did, Roger, you
said that.

ROGER

I didn't say I killed nobody! I
said I DIDN'T kill nobody!

MORGAN

Where did you get the clothes,
Roger?

MURPHY

Or rather, who'd you steal them
from?

ROGER
Fuck you, I didn't steal shit from
nobody!

MORGAN
Who gave them to you?

ROGER
Nobody gave 'em to me. I ain't no
charity case.

MURPHY
Answer me this, then. Are you a
homosexual?

ROGER
I beg your pardon?

MURPHY
Do you suck dicks? Are you a fudge
pumper? Do you take it up the ass?

ROGER
(to Morgan)
The fuck's with this guy?

MORGAN
Just tell us where you got the
clothes.

ROGER
In a dumpster.

MORGAN
A dumpster?

ROGER
(defensive)
Yeah! A dumpster!

MORGAN
It's a big city, Roger, lots of
dumpsters.

ROGER
In Queens! A dumpster in Queens!

Murphy rolls his eyes.

MURPHY
(ironically)
Yeah, that narrows it down.

ROGER

By the shelter, in Long Island City! Right next to it! The gas station! The fucking Mobil! With the U-Haul trucks!

Morgan leans in to Murphy.

MORGAN

I think I know where that is. Right across from the Pulaski Bridge.

ROGER

Yeah, that's it! The Pulaski! I swear! You can ask the guy who runs the joint! Fucking Abe!

MORGAN

Abe?

ROGER

Yeah, Abe! Like Abe Lincoln! Syrian motherfucker! Fucking uni-brow! Let's me dig through the dumpster!

MURPHY

He sounds like a nice guy.

MORGAN

Thank you, Roger. You've been very helpful.

Morgan and Murphy rise from their seats, leave.

ROGER

Wait a minute! What about that snack cake?

EXT. MOBIL GAS STATION - DAY

Morgan and Murphy stand outside and talk to ABE, Middle Eastern, balding, in his early forties. Thick accent.

Abe casually puffs away on cigarette as Morgan and Murphy question him.

Murphy eyes the cigarette.

MURPHY

You sure it's okay to be smoking that, Abe?

ABE

Who are you? The surgeon general?
Trust me, I'm aware of the effects.

MURPHY

That's not what I mean. This is a
gas station. I'd hate to see this
place explode into flames,
especially with us here.

Abe shrugs.

ABE

I do it all the time. So far, no
explosions.

Murphy grins, shrugs.

MORGAN

So, you do confirm Roger
Ellsworth's claim?

ABE

Yes, the black man. Sings the
Marvin Gaye.

MURPHY

Al Green, actually.

ABE

Whatever, same difference.

MORGAN

And you allow him to rummage
through your dumpster EVERY day?

ABE

Pretty much. He likes to talk a
lot. I consider him a friend. After
we talk, he digs through the
garbage. One day, he find a very
nice watch. Not a Rolex, but very
nice.

MORGAN

Reason we ask is that he claims to
have found clothes in that
dumpster, of which were covered in
blood.

ABE

Guess beggars can't be chooses, no?

Abe tosses the cigarette, awfully close to the pumps. Murphy braces himself, almost flinching.

ABE (CONT'D)
(off his reaction)
Don't worry, do it all the time. No explosions.

MORGAN
Did you notice anyone suspicious dumping garbage? Clothes, to be more specific?

ABE
People dump things in there all the time. I can't really say.

Morgan jots something down.

ABE (CONT'D)
There is this one guy, though. Dick sucker.

MURPHY
Excuse me?

ABE
The alley right down the street. Always dick suckers there. For money.

MURPHY
You mean prostitutes?

ABE
Yes, but not women. Men. Faggots, they are. You know, the dick suckers. They use my bathroom a lot. For the sucking and whatever else they do. I don't approve of this, but they give me money, so I let them.

MORGAN
You mentioned one guy, though, Abe. Who's the one guy?

ABE
Oh, yes, he uses my bathroom once in a while. Not for the sex, though. After he gets done doing what he does, he always changes clothes in the bathroom. Maybe he feel shame for what he do.

(MORE)

ABE (CONT'D)
Come to think of it, he always
dumps his clothes.

Morgan and Murphy share a collective glance. On to something.

MURPHY
What's he look like?

ABE
Very skinny. Very white. Looks like
he's always sick. Nice hair,
though. Long hair. Has eyes like
the ocean. Very bright.

MURPHY
(to Morgan)
Awfully similar to that sketch they
put on the front page a few weeks
back, huh?

Murphy turns to Abe.

MURPHY (CONT'D)
(joking)
You didn't happen to see this guy
come in here, covered in blood,
have you?

Morgan nudges him with an elbow. Playfully. Murphy feigns
innocence.

MURPHY (CONT'D)
Why not ask? It would make our job
easier.

ABE
Actually, yes.

Murphy and Morgan both look at Abe in disbelief.

ABE (CONT'D)
Same guy.

Murphy is taken aback. Morgan too. Eyeballing Abe
suspiciously.

MORGAN
And you didn't find this to be out
of the ordinary?

ABE

Hey, if I had a dime for every time
some dick sucker came in here
covered in blood, I wouldn't be
running a gas station.

MURPHY

Why didn't you report this to the
police?

ABE

I did. They say they look into it.

Morgan and Murphy trade a look of bewilderment.

ABE (CONT'D)

(off their reaction)

Guess that means they didn't look
into it?

(laughs)

New York's finest, my ass.

INT. MOBIL GAS STATION - BATHROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Morgan and Murphy inspect the filthy bathroom. Murphy
crouches down, eye level with the toilet. Sees some reddish
brown dots on the seat.

MURPHY

That look like blood to you?

Morgan scans the room. Looking for clues. Not hearing the
question.

MORGAN

Guess dusting for prints would be
pointless.

MURPHY

Tell me about it.

MORGAN

I'd hate to see this pissing hole
get black lit. Room's probably
covered in semen.

Murphy rises.

MURPHY

It would be pointless to dust the
room, especially with this guy.
Homeboy's slick.

(MORE)

MURPHY (CONT'D)

The only prints we could find at the last crime scene were the victims. And ours.

INT. SIDE ALLEY - MOMENTS LATER

The Mobil station sits in the background, nearby. Right across the street.

Morgan and Murphy interview TWO MALE PROSTITUTES. Flaming homosexuals. Tight clothes. Eye shadow. One of them in lipstick.

MORGAN

Does he sound familiar to you?

The MALE PROSTITUTES glance at each other. Unsure. Nervous. They shake their heads.

Morgan sighs.

MORGAN (CONT'D)

We believe this guy was involved in a murder.

The MALE PROSTITUTES share another uneasy glance. They remain tight lipped.

MALE PROSTITUTE #1

We don't know nothing.

MURPHY

Listen, we're not here to arrest anybody. Whatever you guys do is your business. Besides, that's for the NYPD to worry about.

MALE PROSTITUTE #1

You're FBI?

Morgan and Murphy nod. Both showing their identification. Both PROSTITUTES look closely.

MALE PROSTITUTE #1 (CONT'D)

Didn't know they had girls in the FBI.

Morgan puts her ID away.

MORGAN

I get that a lot.

MURPHY

Maybe we can talk to your pimp?

The PROSTITUTES share another unsure glance. Turning to Murphy.

MALE PROSTITUTE #1

We work independently, now.

MURPHY

Now? Is in you used to?

MALE PROSTITUTE #2

We used to work for some asshole named Raoul.

MALE PROSTITUTE #1 jabs him with his elbow. MALE PROSTITUTE #2 shrugs.

MALE PROSTITUTE #2 (CONT'D)

(to Male Prostitute #1)

They're the FBI!

MURPHY

So why don't you guys work for him anymore? A rift in the union?

The MALE PROSTITUTES shake their heads.

MURPHY (CONT'D)

Any idea where he is?

MALE PROSTITUTE #2

(reluctant)

Yeah. He's dead.

MURPHY

What do you mean, dead?

MALE PROSTITUTE #2

He was killed. They found him washed up on shore. Not too far from here.

MURPHY

And how was he killed?

MALE PROSTITUTE #1

Aren't you FBI? You're supposed to know everything.

MALE PROSTITUTE #2
 Someone beat the shit outta him.
 Beat him to death. And I'll be the
 first to tell you, he deserved it.

MALE PROSTITUTE #1
 (whisper to Male
 Prostitute #2)
 We're going to be suspects now, you
 stupid bitch!

MURPHY
 How long ago was this?

MALE PROSTITUTE #2
 About two weeks ago, I think.

MALE PROSTITUTE #1
 You're FBI, aren't you? Don't you
 read the papers?

MORGAN
 We know you know who did it. And we
 know it's the same person we're
 questioning you about.
 (beat)
 What's his name?

The PROSTITUTES look to each other. Unsure. Reluctant. But
 they nod at each other.

MALE PROSTITUTE #2
 Brad.

MALE PROSTITUTE #1
 It wasn't Brad, stupid.
 (to Morgan and Murphy)
 It was Brad - Lee.

MORGAN
 Bradley?

The PROSTITUTES nod.

INT. MORGUE - LATER

Morgan and Murphy look down at RAOUL'S corpse on a slab.
 Murphy grimaces, covering his nose.

The CORONER hands them smelling strips. Murphy quickly
 accepts, sticks it under his nostrils, above his upper lip.

Morgan waves him off, though. Focused on the corpse. Its face beaten beyond recognition. Identifiable tattoos all over the corpses body.

MURPHY

Something just doesn't fit, Davis.

MORGAN

In what way?

MURPHY

The guy we're looking for, everything he does, the way he operates, it just seems to be very routine. Everything seems premeditated. This... it just seems like a crime of passion.

MORGAN

Can't believe you just said that.

MURPHY

As corny as it sounds, it just seems like this was out of impulse.

MORGAN

His last adventure had similar results. Maybe Raoul here saw something he shouldn't have seen.

MURPHY

Or maybe we're way off base.

Morgan takes one last look at the corpse before pulling the sheet back over its face. She turns to Murphy.

MORGAN

Well, as of now, we're looking for a male prostitute, sickly looking with blue eyes. Average height. But we do have to consider changes in his appearance.

MURPHY

Like what, plastic surgery?

MORGAN

I doubt, based on his income, that he could afford it. I was thinking more along the lines of contact lenses. Or maybe he dyed his hair.

MURPHY

Or shaved it.

INT. FBI HEADQUARTERS - FORENSICS - RESEARCH - LATER

Morgan and Murphy sit in front of a computer as a TECH, early twenties, brings up Bradley's composite sketch.

Using an Adobe Photo Shop like program, TECH alters the sketch. Giving the photo a buzz cut, removing the hair. The sketch resembling Bradley's face very well.

MURPHY

Thank God for technology.

He turns to Morgan.

MURPHY (CONT'D)

We should check in with the guy who originally gave the description of our boy to a sketch artist. See if anything's come up since.

Morgan looks at her watch. Shakes her head.

MORGAN

I have a doctor's appointment.

MURPHY

Doctor's appointment? How long's that going to take?

MORGAN

Just my weekly check up. Maybe an hour?

MURPHY

Weekly check up? You okay?

MORGAN

Yeah, I'm fine.

MURPHY

What are you, a hypochondriac?

MORGAN

When's the last time you've had a check up?

MURPHY

The physical I had to take. To work here.

Morgan stands up, putting on her jacket.

MORGAN
You should worry more about your
health, Murphy.

MURPHY
You're leaving now?

Morgan grins condescendingly, nods.

MORGAN
Hence, me putting on my jacket?

MURPHY
What about when you're done? It
can't take that long.

She shakes her head.

MORGAN
I got a hot date tonight. We're
going to the opera.

MURPHY
How upper class of you.

Morgan moves to the door.

MORGAN
Give me a call if anything comes
up.

She leaves.

EXT. BRYANT'S APARTMENT BUILDING - ROOFTOP - DAY

A nice view overlooking the park and beyond. Skyscrapers and
bridges in the background.

Bryant paces back and forth. On edge. Fred just watches him.

FRED
He followed me, Bryant. For all I
know, he could be watching us right
now.

BRYANT
God damn it, Fred. This is a
fucking mess if I've ever seen one.

FRED
He took my gun.

BRYANT

Great! Now he's armed and dangerous!

Bryant stops pacing. On the brink of a nervous breakdown. He looks up at Fred.

BRYANT (CONT'D)

What does he want? Money?

FRED

He says he wants 100 thousand. In cash. Tonight. He says he'll call me and give me a time and drop off point. If his demands aren't met, I have to call this New York Times reporter and spill my guts. About you. Secrets about your private life.

Fred hands Bryant the piece of scratch paper that Bradley gave him. Bryant reads over it. Cringes.

BRYANT

He's done his homework. Same reporter Anna spoke to.

Bryant thinks to himself. Chewing on his fingernails.

BRYANT (CONT'D)

This has gone far enough. We need to go to the police.

FRED

He threatened to harm my family, Bryant. ESPECIALLY if I go to the cops. We can't risk it. I mean, he's been to my house! He's seen my family up close!

Bryant brainstorms to himself. Dead pause.

BRYANT

Guess I'll have to arrange a meeting with my accountant. Give in to this asshole's demands and give him his fucking money.

FRED

I don't think that's necessary.

BRYANT

I should hope you don't do as this maniac says and go to the papers with this.

FRED

Not in a million years would I do that.

BRYANT

Then what?

FRED

I got a plan.

BRYANT

What kind of plan?

FRED

I served in the Corps, Bryant. I have years of training. Combat, firearms. I'm a fucking surgeon with this shit. And you think that gun he took is the only one I own?

BRYANT

What are you suggesting, Fred?

Fred looks around to see if anyone's looking or listening. He leans in close to Bryant.

FRED

I'm saying, I take his call, get the drop off point and the time of the drop. Then I go there. But with an empty brief case.

Bryant doesn't understand right away. Then it dawns on him. He shakes his head, suddenly on edge again.

BRYANT

No, Fred, this is getting risky. We can't get ourselves involved in something like this. Not what you're talking about. There's got to be another way. Not murder.

FRED

What would you rather do? Shell out 100 thousand in cash? Don't you think that would be a risk in its self? Could look mighty suspicious.

(MORE)

FRED (CONT'D)

Only a matter of time before someone mentions something to someone else and that shit becomes newsworthy.

Bryant thinks about it, but shakes his head.

BRYANT

I can't. Not murder.

FRED

I'll make it look like a car jacking. Self defense. I'm legally permitted to carry a handgun and use it if need be. It's our best bet.

Bryant thinks about it. Worried. Nervous.

BRYANT

You don't have to do this, Fred. You can't. To have something like that weigh on you conscience...

Fred looks Bryant dead in the eye. Wearing a very serious expression.

FRED

He threatened my family. I'm willing to do whatever it takes to keep them safe. If it means popping a cap in this motherfucker's skull, so be it. I can live with that.

Bryant thinks about it, deeply conflicted. He sighs. Nods, still unsure.

INT. LINCOLN CENTER - DAVID KOCH THEATER - OPERA - LATER

The place is an architectural masterpiece. Endless rows of seats. An ORCHESTRA in the pit, beneath the stage area. The CONDUCTOR directing them. Playing classical style instrumental.

Red curtains open at each side of the stage and above.

Bryant and Morgan sit in the balcony, dressed in a suit and a dress. They sit closely together while watching an OPERA SINGER clad in old style costume. Belting out a aria.

Morgan cozies up next to Bryant. Bryant wraps an arm around her. But he's not into the production. Something else on his mind. She, however, watches the show intently.

Bryant's CELL PHONE BUZZES. He checks the message secretly. On his phone, it reads IT'S A GO from FRED.

Bryant takes a deep breath, slips the phone back into his pocket. His nerves slowly unraveling. But he hides it well.

Morgan holds his hand and gives it a gentle squeeze. He turns to her. She smile warmly at him. He returns a labored smile. Pretends to focus on the show. She senses something, but returns her focus to the stage.

EXT. LINCOLN CENTER - STREET SIDE - CONTINUOUS

Fred sits in the driver's seat of the car, looking around at all the PASSERSBY. Looking to see if the coast is clear.

INT. LIMO CAR - PARKED - CONTINUOUS

Fred slips his cell phone into his pocket. Reveals his gun. He keeps it low. Checking the sight. He then cocks it. Using his other hand to start the car.

He looks into his rearview for an opening, drives off.

INT. TODD ALLEN'S APARTMENT - KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

Agent Murphy sits at a small table. Looking around the home. Finally, TODD ALLEN, mid twenties, very well groomed, flamboyant clothes, brings Murphy a cup of coffee.

MURPHY

Thank.

Todd sits down across from him.

TODD

So, how can I help you, detective?

MURPHY

Please, Eric.

TODD

Eric.

MURPHY

I was just swinging through to check up on you, see how you were doing.

Todd sadly looks down at the table. Shrugs.

TODD

You know. How good could things be right now? I just found out that I'm probably going to die.

MURPHY

Have you been going to support groups?

TODD

I have HIV, detective. I doubt going to support groups will change that.

Murphy nods in understanding. Sympathetic for Todd.

MURPHY

Has anything surfaced in the last couple weeks? Are you starting to remember anything about what happened?

TODD

(sad)

All I remember is waking up. Naked. Going into my bathroom and seeing a message on my mirror. A message that ended up being true.

Dead pause. Murphy trying to choose his words carefully.

MURPHY

But, Todd, that description you gave. To the sketch artist...

TODD

The description I gave was of the last person I remember seeing. Before I left the club.

MURPHY

And you think it's the man who did this to you?

Todd shrugs.

TODD

Could be. I remember he was flirting with me. I was flirting with him.

MURPHY

Can you describe to me what he looked like?

TODD

I don't know, he had long hair. He was wiry. Had high cheek bones. He was a good looking guy.

MURPHY

Blue eyes, right? Like, really blue eyes. Almost baby blue.

Todd thinks about it. Doesn't seem so sure. He shakes his head.

TODD

I thought they were brown.

MURPHY

Are you sure?

TODD

Blue eyes, you said? I don't remember blue eyes.

MURPHY

They're unmistakable. From what I hear from other witnesses.

TODD

You've found a suspect?

MURPHY

Maybe. He's a person of interest.

TODD

Well, if his eyes were that distinctive, then it wasn't him. Because this boy's eyes were brown.

MURPHY

Is it possible he was wearing contacts?

TODD

Sure, yeah.

MURPHY

Do you remember leaving the club?

TODD

It's foggy. I remember a little.

MURPHY

Tell me about it.

TODD

I already went through this with the last detective I spoke to.

MURPHY

Well, tell ME.

Todd thinks back.

TODD

I remember I was at the bar. I started getting dizzy. Things got blurry. And I remember that boy helped me to the door.

MURPHY

And then?

Todd struggles. Thinking hard. He shakes his head.

TODD

There were a few people that helped me to a cab.

MURPHY

Well, someone had to have gone with you. If it was just you, I'm sure the cab driver would have taken you to a hospital in your state.

TODD

I don't remember. I remember that boy I was flirting with. The one who I described to the sketch artist. And there was a woman. And that's all I can remember.

MURPHY

A woman? Friend of yours? Or his?

TODD

I don't know, detective.

Todd rises.

TODD (CONT'D)

If you don't mind, I don't feel much liking talking about this right now.

Todd walks away.

TODD (CONT'D)

When you're finished with your coffee, just lock the door before you leave.

He disappears into a room. Murphy lets the information sink in.

EXT. DESOLATE PARKING LOT - NIGHT - LATER

Dark and silent. Seemingly, not a soul in sight. A few street lights keep the empty lot barely lit.

The lot sits in front of an old, abandoned warehouse. The Harlem River in the background.

Above the lot, an above ground subway rail.

Lights shine into the parking lot. HEADLIGHTS. A limo car pulls in. Parks.

INT./EXT. LIMO CAR - PARKED - PARKING LOT - CONTINUOUS

Fred keeps his gun on his lap. Shuts off the car. Blinks his headlights then shuts them off.

He sits and waits. On edge. Looking around, checking his surroundings. But nothing. Nobody around. He glances at the brief case on the passenger's seat.

He peers out his driver's side window, concealing his gun under his jacket.

Suddenly, someone TAPS on the passenger's side window. Fred jumps, startled. Sees Bradley standing outside, peering in.

Bradley tries to open the door, but its locked. He taps on the window again with a gun in his hand.

Fred reluctantly unlocks the door. Bradley, eager, hops in while pointing his gun at Fred.

Bradley knocks the brief case to the floor in the process. He looks down at the brief case, his door hanging open.

He looks up at Fred while keeping him at gunpoint.

BRADLEY

Is that it?

Fred, hesitant, nods.

Bradley quickly crouches down and grabs for the case, pulling it up by its handle. But it opens. Revealing a brief case full of magazine.

BRADLEY (CONT'D)
What the fuck is this?

As he turns, he sees Fred draw a gun, looking down the barrel.

BRADLEY (CONT'D)
Shit!

Bradley shifts slightly, trying to dodge the bullet at the last moment when BOOM! Fred fires a shot. Bradley takes a bullet to the shoulder and screams out in agony.

Right away, he falls out of the passenger door, drops to his back, lying on the concrete outside.

Fred leans forward and fires two more shots at Bradley, but misses. Bradley, while on his back, points his gun up at Fred and BOOM! Puts one through Fred's forehead.

Fred's head jerks back and blood projects all over the driver's side window behind him. He slumps over, eyes still open. Cell phone falling out of his pocket, to the floor. Gun still in his grip.

Silence. Bradley slowly gets up, wincing in pain. Clutching his bloody shoulder. He sets the brief case on the passenger seat. Opens it all the way and sifts through it. All magazines.

He slams the magazines onto the concrete in frustration.

BRADLEY (CONT'D)
Fuck!!!

FOOTSTEPS from OS. Bradley turns around, sees a FAT GUY walking his dog. Fat Guy just stares at him. Frozen still. A stare off.

Suddenly, Fat Guy's dog BARKS. Bradley raises his gun, points it and BOOM! Shoots Fat Guy's dog, who lets out a YELP before dropping dead from the shot.

Fat Guy releases the dog leash, makes a run for it, dashing across the street.

Bradley unleashes a hail of bullets at Fat Guy, but misses. Bradley moves to run after Fat Guy, but stops when he sees HEADLIGHTS moving fast through the street.

A TAXI CAB nears, shining its headlights. Bradley stands at the side of the road, waiting for the TAXI CAB to pass so he can cross.

But the TAXI CAB slows down, barely moving. The CABBIE looks out his window, sees Bradley holding a gun. Then he sees Fred slumped over in the limo car nearby.

As Cabbie drives past the limo car slightly, he sees blood splattered all over the driver's side window.

Cabbie turns to Bradley, looking at him with wide eyes. Bradley flashing him an evil look. Bad intentions. Cabbie hits the gas, tires screeching.

Bradley chases after the TAXI CAB while firing off several shots. Finally, he shatters the back window. Suddenly, the TAXI CAB swerves, slowly driving off the road.

Soon, the TAXI CAB thuds, crashing into a telephone pole.

Bradley looks around for witnesses. Doesn't see any.

A TRAIN RUMBLES above as Bradley cautiously approaches the crashed TAXI CAB. Eventually reaching the driver's side window.

He sees Cabbie still alive. Clutching onto a bloody wound at the back of his shoulder. Cabbie looks up at Bradley, in pain. As he sees Bradley, he puts his hands up in submission.

Bradley raises his gun, points at Cabbie. Cabbie holding his hands up in front of his face.

CABBIE

Please! No!

BOOM! Bradley pops him at point blank. Silences him. The TRAIN RUMBLES off into the distance as Bradley looks around again and runs off.

EXT. LINCOLN CENTER - LATER - NIGHT

EVERYONE floods out, all wearing suits and dresses. Bryant and Morgan come into view, emerging from the crowd. Holding hands.

Suddenly, Morgan and Bryant are bull rushed by REPORTERS and PHOTOGRAPHERS. CAMERAS FLASHING from every direction. Pandemonium.

Morgan, startled, holds onto Bryant tightly, holding her hand in front of her face. The cameras blinding.

REPORTERS stick microphones into Bryant's face. Bombarding him with a slew of questions, one after the other.

REPORTER #1
Who's the new girl?

REPORTER #2
How was the show?

REPORTER #3
How long have you been involved
with your new squeeze?

REPORTER #4
Are you officially an item?

Bryant takes Morgan's hand and leads her through the SWARM OF REPORTERS. Fighting through until finally reaching an opening. Getting close to the side of the street.

ANOTHER REPORTER chases after them.

REPORTER #5
Is there any merit to the claims
made by your ex-wife concerning
your sexuality.

Morgan looks back at REPORTER #5 obviously bothered by the question.

Bryant stands at the curb and eagerly waves for a cab. Morgan looks around confused.

MORGAN
Where's Fred?

BRYANT
(delayed)
He had a family emergency.

Finally, as the SWARM OF REPORTERS catch up to them, a TAXI CAB pulls over.

Bryant quickly leads Morgan into the TAXI CAB, narrowly eluding the REPORTERS.

The TAXI CAB drives off as the REPORTERS continue to fire off questions, taking pictures.

INT. TAXI CAB - MOVING - CONTINUOUS

Bryant, a nervous wreck, urgently text messages Fred on his phone, typing IS EVERYTHING OKAY? Bryant hits send.

Morgan studies Bryant closely. Concerned.

INT./EXT. LIMO CAR - PARKED - PARKING LOT - CONTINUOUS

Fred sits slumped over in the front seat. Dead. POLICE CARS pull in one after the other, blue and red lights flashing. Surrounding the limo car.

On the floor, Fred's CELL PHONE BUZZES and lights up.

INT. TAXI CAB - MOVING - CONTINUOUS

Bryant slips his cell phone into his pocket. A million thoughts running through his mind. Extremely nervous. His forehead glistening with sweat as he gazes out the window.

Morgan seems worried. She holds Bryant's hand. Bryant's hand shakes rapidly. She squeezes his hand tightly with both hands.

MORGAN

You're shaking.

(beat)

Are you okay?

BRYANT

I don't know. Too much coffee maybe?

MORGAN

Is it the reporters?

Bryant thinks about, shaking his knee. Trying to think of a good lie.

BRYANT

Yeah, the reporters.

He turns, looks at Morgan. Tries to calm down. Keep his composure.

BRYANT (CONT'D)

Those reporters are like vultures. They make me a little nervous, that's all. I'm fine.

Morgan analyzes him closely. She doesn't believe him.

MORGAN

(skeptical)

Okay.

INT. BRYANT'S APARTMENT BUILDING - LOBBY - CONTINUOUS

Bradley, wearing a jacket to cover his shoulder wound, stands at the front desk and speaks to the RECEPTIONIST, a woman in her early thirties, slightly attractive. Average looking.

RECEPTIONIST

I'm sorry, sir, Mr. Nesbitt isn't in right now. Is he expecting you?

BRADLEY

Yeah, he told me I could come right in.

RECEPTIONIST

It's against policy, sir, I can't do that unless I get word from Mr. Nesbitt himself.

Bradley sighs in frustration. Thinking on his toes.

BRADLEY

Any idea where he is?

RECEPTIONIST

Have you tried calling him?

BRADLEY

I don't have access to a phone right now.

Receptionist looks over Bradley suspiciously.

BRADLEY (CONT'D)

(off her reaction)

What?

RECEPTIONIST

You don't own a cell phone, sir?

BRADLEY

(Impatiently)

It died, okay? Just tell me where he is.

RECEPTIONIST

I'm sorry, I can't do that. It's against policy.

Bradley rolls his eyes. Getting worked up.

BRADLEY

You're a fucking receptionist! How many policies do you have?

Receptionist stares at Bradley with an evil eye. Crossing her arms.

RECEPTIONIST

Now, sir, there's no need for that type of language. If you need to, leave a message for him and I will gladly relay that message to him.

EXT. BRYANT'S APARTMENT BUILDING - CONTINUOUS

A TAXI CAB pulls up out front.

INT./EXT. TAXI CAB - PARKED - CONTINUOUS

As Bryant takes out his wallet to pay the CAB DRIVER, he glances out the window, into the lobby of his building through the glass entrance doors.

He sees Bradley speaking at the reception desk, but only sees the back of his head. In SLOW MOTION Bradley turns, glances outside.

Bryant freezes. Blood turning cold. Sweat dripping from his forehead when he sees that it is Bradley.

Bradley turns back to the Receptionist, but does a double take, quickly turning back and looking right at Bryant.

Bradley's eyes grow wide. He starts towards the entrance doors, making his way outside.

Bryant turns to Morgan.

BRYANT

Actually, you think we can go to your place tonight?

MORGAN

But, Bryant, we're all ready here.

BRYANT

(talking fast, nervously)
I forgot the place was being sprayed for bugs. Exterminators said we couldn't go in for at least 24 hours.

Morgan doesn't believe him. Thrown off by Bryant's behavior.

MORGAN

Are you sure you're okay?

BRYANT
(laughing nervously)
Of course. Do I seem like I'm not
okay?

MORGAN
Actually, you don't. You're acting
very strangely.

She wipes at his forehead, feels her fingers.

MORGAN (CONT'D)
And you're sweating.

BRYANT
I told you, it was the reporters.
And besides, it would be nice to
see where YOU live for once.

MORGAN
It's nothing special, I doubt you'd
be impressed.

Bryant eyes Bradley nearing the entrance doors, on his way
outside. Bryant turns to the CAB DRIVER.

BRYANT
We'll actually be making a detour.

He turns to Morgan.

BRYANT (CONT'D)
Where do you live?

EXT. BRYANT'S APARTMENT BUILDING - SIDEWALK - CONTINUOUS

Bradley rushes out the doors and sprints to the TAXI CAB at
the curb. But just as he gets there, the TAXI CAB speeds off.

Bradley scowls. All he can do is watch the TAXI CAB disappear
into the distance. He throws a hissy fit, stomping his feet
on the ground, punching the air.

BRADLEY
God damn it!

INT. NYPD PRECINCT - DETECTIVE KELLY'S OFFICE - LATER

DETECTIVE KELLY, mid thirties, appealing in a tough guy kind
of way, strong build, sit behind his desk.

Fat Guy, shaken, sits across from him. In tears.

FAT GUY

I can't believe it! He killed my fucking dog! What kind of sick fuck would do something like that?

DETECTIVE KELLY

I need you to calm down for me. Please. It's too bad about your dog. My deepest condolences go out to you, sir. But this guy killed two men tonight. We just need you to give us a description of this guy to our sketch artist. Can you do that?

Fat Guy wipes tears from his eyes, sniffles. He turns, looks at the SKETCH ARTIST, who holds a pencil to sketch paper. Waiting.

DETECTIVE KELLY (CONT'D)

We wanna catch this guy just as much as you do. So, please, help us out?

Fat Guy considers it. Eventually nods.

DETECTIVE KELLY (CONT'D)

Now... did you get a good look at him? Would you be able to point him out in a line up?

Fat Guy, hanging his head, looks up at Kelly with a look of determination.

FAT GUY

I don't think I'll ever be able to forget that face.

INT. MORGAN'S APARTMENT - BEDROOM - LATER

Bryant lies in bed, staring off into nothing. A faraway look on his face. Still troubled.

Morgan straddles on top of him. Kissing his neck. Seducing him. She feels his genitals. Looks up at Bryant frustrated.

MORGAN

What's wrong?

Bryant's CELL PHONE BUZZES on the floor, beside the bed. Bryant gazes down at it as it BUZZES repeatedly. Nonstop.

Morgan grabs Bryant's chin, makes him look at her.

MORGAN (CONT'D)

What is wrong with you? Why aren't you hard?

BRYANT

I'm stressed out, Morgan.

MORGAN

Is there anything I can do?

BRYANT

Let's just go to sleep.

MORGAN

Are you sure you'll be able to?
You're a mess.

Bryant rolls to his side. His back to Morgan. Unable to shake the tension he so desperately tries to hide.

Morgan sits up. Staring at him sympathetically.

MORGAN (CONT'D)

Talk to me. Tell me what's wrong.

BRYANT

(delayed)

Work stuff. Divorce stuff. And other things.

MORGAN

Is it me?

BRYANT

No. It's not you.

Silence. Morgan staring at him. Waiting for more of a response.

BRYANT (CONT'D)

Do you have any muscle relaxers?
Sleeping aids or anything like that?

Morgan mulls it over.

MORGAN

I have Zanex. That might help.

Bryant takes a deep breath. Worried eyes. Almost in fetal position.

BRYANT

Can you just hold me? Please?

Morgan appears dumbfounded, but obliges. Holds him tightly from behind. Almost cradling him in her arms.

INT. MORGAN'S APARTMENT - BEDROOM - LATER

Bryant awakens suddenly. As if from a nightmare. He sits up, breathing heavily. He looks around. The room dark.

He turns to the night stand. Sees the time on the digital clock -- 3:12. Bryant looks beside him. Morgan not there.

BRYANT

Morgan?

He gets out of bed. Walks to the bathroom, opens the door. Dark inside.

BRYANT (CONT'D)

Honey?

He flicks the light switch on. Empty inside.

INT. MORGAN'S APARTMENT - KITCHEN - MOMENTS LATER

Bryant wanders through, but no sign of Morgan.

INT. MORGAN'S APARTMENT - BEDROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Bryant sits at the edge of the bed. In deep thought. He takes a glance at the digital clock again -- 3:20.

INT. MORGAN'S APARTMENT - BATHROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Bryant opens the medicine cabinet. Sifts through numerous bottle of medication. Reading labels. But nothing tickling his fancy.

Finally, he finds a bottle labeled AMBIEN. The label old and faded.

BRYANT

No sleeping aids, huh?

He opens the bottle, empties two pills into his hand. But he stops. Looks closely at the pills. As if something was off. But he shrugs. Pops the pills dry.

INT. MORGAN'S APARTMENT - BEDROOM - THE NEXT DAY

Sunlight shines gleams brightly through the window blinds. Bryant, asleep, rolls over slightly. The sun shining on his face.

He opens an eye. Groans. Opens both eyes. He sits up. Confused and disoriented. He looks around the room. Scratching his head. Morgan nowhere to be seen.

Bryant takes a look at the digital clock -- 2:30.

BRYANT

Shit!

Bryant jumps out of bed. He scrambles around the room, getting his clothes together. In a hurry.

EXT. MORGAN'S APARTMENT BUILDING - DAY

Bryant bursts out of the entrance door of the brownstone apartment building. The sunlight nearly blinding him, he squints his eyes. Using his hand as a visor.

He wipes at his eyes while reaching the street corner. A cross walk. He still appears slightly disoriented. Shaking the grogginess.

Unable to see the DON'T WALK sign across the street due to the bright sunlight, he walks right across without hesitation.

Halfway through the cross walk...

WHAM! A LIVERY CAR sweeps through at decent speed and plows into Bryant. Bryant bounces off the windshield, shattering it, and hits the pavement hard.

Another CAR accelerates full speed towards Bryant, who lies on the pavement, dazed. He looks up just as the CAR comes barreling towards him, getting closer and closer.

But all Bryant can do is watch. Unable to get up. Suddenly, the CAR screeches to halt. Stopping just in time. It's front wheel within inches of Bryant's head.

MORGAN (V.O.)

You broke your arm in two places,
broke your leg in three. And
suffered a concussion?

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - DAY

Bryant lies in a hospital bed. White sheets. Leg in a cast, raised in a sling. Arm also in a sling, wrapped in a cast. Bandages on his tattered face.

Morgan sits at his bed side, shaking her head like a concerned mother.

MORGAN (CONT'D)

Your mother never taught you to look both ways before crossing the street?

Bryant, glum expression, shakes his head.

BRYANT

It didn't even cross my mind.

MORGAN

How long have you been living in the city again?

Bryant forces a grin, pretending to be amused.

BRYANT

I woke up late, I was in hurry. Guess I had other things on my mind.

MORGAN

I tried waking you up before I left for work, but you were in a coma.

BRYANT

Those Ambien worked a little TOO good, I guess.

MORGAN

Ambien?

BRYANT

Yeah, in your medicine cabinet.

Morgan tries to remember. Shrugs it off.

MORGAN

Oh, yeah. Forgot I had those.

Morgan looks at her cell phone. Rises to her feet.

MORGAN (CONT'D)

Well, duty calls.

She bends down, gives him a peck on the cheek. Leaving a lipstick imprint.

MORGAN (CONT'D)
If you need anything, call me,
okay?

Bryant nods. Morgan runs her hand through his hair. Giving him a pity look as she leaves.

INT. HOSPITAL - HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

Morgan strolls through the hallway, looking at her cell phone again. She reaches the elevator, hits the down button.

The elevator doors open. Detective Kelly and TWO UNIFORMED POLICEMEN exit the elevator. Morgan steps aside and lets them pass.

As she boards the elevator, she looks down the hallway. Watching Kelly and the POLICEMEN walk down the hall, into Bryant's room.

Morgan appears bewildered. Curious. Wondering. The elevator doors close.

INT. MURPHY'S CAR - MOVING - MOMENTS LATER

Murphy navigates the wheel as Morgan gazes out the window, something heavy on her mind. Still wondering.

MURPHY
So, how's Romeo doing? He okay?

Morgan doesn't respond. Her mind elsewhere.

MURPHY (CONT'D)
Davis!

She snaps out of it, turns to Murphy.

MORGAN
What?

MURPHY
How's the boy toy doing?

She delays in a response. Acting as if she had just woken up.

MORGAN
A few broken bones. He'll live.

MURPHY
You don't seem too concerned,
Davis.

MORGAN
What do you mean?

MURPHY
A few broken bones, he'll live?
Meanwhile, you're in fucking la-la
land. Which means something else is
on your mind.

Morgan thinks about it, shakes her head.

MORGAN
I don't know what you're talking
about.

Murphy observes her closely. Shrugs, but knowing something is
wrong.

MURPHY
I'll take your word for it.

Murphy's CELL PHONE BUZZES. He answers.

MURPHY (CONT'D)
(on phone)
Yeah?

Murphy listens in, nods.

MURPHY (CONT'D)
(on phone)
Okay, we'll be there.

He hangs up. Turns to Morgan.

MURPHY (CONT'D)
This guy sure loves his work. Wish
I can say the same.

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Detective Kelly and the POLICEMEN stand around Bryant, who
continues to lie in bed. Kelly jots a few notes down into a
note pad.

He looks down at Bryant. Never blinking eyes. Trying to read
every facial expression and reaction.

DETECTIVE KELLY
So, you were at the opera?

Bryant nods. Intimidated. Getting nervous.

DETECTIVE KELLY (CONT'D)
Can anyone confirm that?

Bryant nods.

BRYANT
Morgan Davis.

DETECTIVE KELLY
Girlfriend?

Bryant nods.

DETECTIVE KELLY (CONT'D)
Think I've seen her in the papers.

BRYANT
She's in the FBI.

DETECTIVE KELLY
What does she do there?

BRYANT
She's an agent.

Kelly nods, impressed.

DETECTIVE KELLY
Never heard of her. But then again,
not much familiar with the FBI.

Kelly flips through papers in a file folder. Pulls out a sheet of paper and shows it to Bryant. A sketch of Bradley's face.

DETECTIVE KELLY (CONT'D)
He look familiar at all?

Bryant freezes after recognizing the sketch. He looks away, uncomfortable. He can't even look Kelly in the eye as he shakes his head.

Kelly nods suspiciously.

DETECTIVE KELLY (CONT'D)
If you were at the opera, why was
you driver in Harlem, in an empty
lot? Shouldn't he have been waiting
for you?

BRYANT

He had a family emergency, he requested the day off.

Kelly exhales in frustration.

DETECTIVE KELLY

What's the use of lying to me, Mr. Nesbitt? It's very counter productive of you. Now, I have other things to do, and right now, by being counter productive, you're keeping me from doing those things.

Bryant doesn't respond. Weighed down in thought.

DETECTIVE KELLY (CONT'D)

We recovered Fred Curry's phone, Mr. Nesbitt. And I have to say, we found the text messages between you and Mr. Curry very curious.

(beat)

What were you talking about?

BRYANT

I don't remember. On account of the accident.

DETECTIVE KELLY

Of course, head trauma. Not quite as serious as the head trauma your driver of lord-knows-how-long, suffered. It took two hours to scoop all of his brain off the interior of that car.

BRYANT

I don't know him!

DETECTIVE KELLY

Who?

BRYANT

The picture you showed me, I don't know anyone who looks like that.

DETECTIVE KELLY

That's funny, because a man that looked an awful lot like him was spotted at your apartment building last night. Looking for you. He was quite adamant. Got lippy with your receptionist, in fact. Made a hell of an impression.

BRYANT

Whoever was looking for me was
sadly mistaken then, because I
don't know him.

DETECTIVE KELLY

How do explain an open brief case
filled with nothing but issues of
Better Housekeeping?

Bryant becomes more and more visibly nervous. Sweating.

DETECTIVE KELLY (CONT'D)

It doesn't take a fucking rocket
scientist to know that two plus two
equals four, Mr. Nesbitt. Now, if
you want to keep fucking around and
wasting my time, you're only going
to hurt yourself. Because we will
find out what happened. And even if
we don't, we're going to pretend we
know what happened and put you
away. We know you know something.

Kelly hands Bryant his card. Stares down at him.

DETECTIVE KELLY (CONT'D)

If you care to share that
information with us before we find
out... I'm all ears.

Kelly and his POLICEMEN leave Bryant with his thoughts.

EXT. PIER - LATER

POLICE and MEDIA crowd around a SEDAN that sits parked at the
edge of the pier.

EXT. PIER - SEDAN - CONTINUOUS

Morgan and Murphy look inside the car. A YOUNG MAN sits in
the driver's seat. Dead. Leaned against the window with a
knife sticking out from his neck. Blood everywhere. Bloody
handprints on the window.

Written on the windshield, in lipstick, reads WELCOME TO THE
WONDERFUL WORLD OF AIDS FAGGOT.

MURPHY

Well, he had the decency of not
killing this guy in some shithole
crack house this time.

Murphy eyes the lipstick on the windshield. Looking closely.

MURPHY (CONT'D)
What color lipstick is that?
Fuchsia?

MORGAN
Least he has good taste.

Morgan eyes the bloody hand prints on the side window.

MORGAN (CONT'D)
Appears to have been a struggle.

MURPHY
Coroner says the time of death
would've been sometime late last
night. Between two and four. Which
means that either the roofies
didn't kick in yet, or our man
forgot to come fully equipped.

Murphy eyes the dead body closer, looking around inside the car. He shakes his head.

MURPHY (CONT'D)
Besides the lipstick, nothing else
really fits the suspect's routine.

MORGAN
I think we're seeing this character
unraveling before our very eyes.
He's getting sloppier and sloppier.

MURPHY
Not sloppy enough. Still, no
prints.

Murphy's CELL PHONE RINGS. He steps aside, taking the call privately.

Morgan peeks in through the windows. Glances back at Murphy. Watching him talk on the phone.

Murphy hangs up, returns to Morgan. Uneasy.

MURPHY (CONT'D)
(hesitant)
NYPD put out an APB on a man who
matches the description of our AIDS
Harry. Murdered three last night. A
Jack Russell beagle named Miles,
cab driver Hassan Moore and a
gentleman named... Fred Curry.

Morgan looks at Murphy stunned.

MURPHY (CONT'D)
Recognize any of those names?

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - LATER

Morgan sits at Bryant's bedside. Both hands gripping Bryant's hand in comfort.

Murphy stands at the other side of the bed, staring down at Bryant. The tension in the room thick.

BRYANT
I'm telling you the same thing I told that detective. I don't know anything. Fred's business is HIS business. I don't know what he does outside of what I pay him to do.

MURPHY
Fred doesn't do anything now, Mr. Nesbitt. Fred's dead. Leaving behind a wife and two sons.

Bryant exhales through his nostrils. Taking a moment. Somber. He looks to Morgan, who urges him on with a gentle nod.

Bryant looks up at Murphy.

BRYANT
Fred wasn't just a driver to me. He was a trusted friend. A good friend. It's sad to hear of his passing --

MURPHY
Murder, Mr. Nesbitt. He was murdered.

BRYANT
And my condolences go out to his family --

MURPHY
Cut the shit, okay? Lying to the NYPD is one thing, but lying to us? Federal fucking agents? Keep it up, because all it's going to get you is FEDERALLY fucked. Our proverbial dicks our halfway up your ass right now as we speak.

MORGAN

Take it easy, Murphy.

MURPHY

Take it easy? Do I have to remind you, Davis, that this is all part of a federal investigation? Pardon me for not fucking a key witness, but --

MORGAN

He's a potential witness.

BRYANT

I already said I don't know anything about some lunatic going around killing people --

Murphy gets into Bryant's face.

MURPHY

Oh, some lunatic? I take it you don't read the papers much.

Murphy tosses a rolled up newspaper onto Bryant's lap. It opens on its own, revealing an AIDS HARRY headline on the front page.

Bryant looks it over, back up at Murphy, who grows more and more animated. Losing his patience.

MURPHY (CONT'D)

This LUNATIC has been gallivanting around town spreading AIDS like it was the fucking flu. And lately, he's taken a liking to murdering folks in cold blood. This is fucking serious, Mr. Nesbitt, if I hadn't made that abundantly clear all ready. This asshole's a speeding ticket away from making the FBI's 10 most wanted list. He's not just some LUNATIC. He's extremely dangerous and apparently, he's looking for you. Now, I don't know about you, if I had some nut, especially this nut, looking for me, I'd do everything in my power to ensure self preservation.

A brief silence. Bryant letting it all sink in. At odds, contemplating to himself.

MORGAN

Do you know anyone named Brad? Or
Bradley?

Bryant freezes. Delaying in a response.

BRYANT

(worried)

That's the killer's name?

Morgan leans in close. Being gentle in contrast to Murphy's aggressive questioning.

MORGAN

Just think for me, honey, think
hard. Did you meet anyone by that
name?

Bryant thinks. A long silence. As if he wanted to tell the truth. Tears build up in his eyes. He looks up at Morgan after much thought.

BRYANT

No.

Murphy laughs ironically. Giving Morgan a look of disbelief.

MURPHY

(explodes)

This is such bullshit! He's lying
to us, Davis! You know he's lying
to us!

Bryant looks Morgan in the eye. Desperate.

BRYANT

You believe me... don't you?

Morgan responds by looking down at the floor. Silent. Skeptical. She turns to Murphy.

MORGAN

Can we have a moment alone?

Murphy appears incredulous. Hands on his hips, gawking at Morgan in disbelief.

MURPHY

You're kidding, right?

MORGAN

Two seconds. Please?

Murphy sighs in frustration, tosses his hands into the air. Submitting. Fed up.

MURPHY

Fine.

He goes to the door. But stops. He turns and faces Morgan. Pointing his finger.

MURPHY (CONT'D)

You're on the clock, Davis. Don't forget that. Whatever he says to you is on record.

Murphy storms out, slams the door shut behind him. Morgan rises, paces at the foot of Murphy's bed. She stops, looks down at him with her hands on her hips.

BRYANT

(off her reaction)

What?

MORGAN

You told me that Fred had a family emergency. And he turns up dead?

BRYANT

That's what he told me.

MORGAN

Did he really?

Bryant doesn't respond. His facial expression revealing the truth. He's obviously hiding something.

MORGAN (CONT'D)

I saw the text messages. And I saw you sending those text messages. You were a mess. And it wasn't from the news reporters, was it?

Bryant remains silent. Unable to look Morgan in the eye.

MORGAN (CONT'D)

You sent Fred there. For what, I don't know. But you sent him there, and now he's dead. He knew he was in danger, didn't he? He had a gun.

BRYANT

He always carries a gun. He's not just my driver.

MORGAN

What about that brief case full of magazines? How do explain that? And the shell casings. He fired at least four shots. All of the casings found were from HIS gun. Which tells me this wasn't self defense.

(beat)

Please, Bryant. Tell me the truth. What did you get mixed up in?

INT. HOSPITAL - FRONT DESK - CONTINUOUS

Murphy flashes his badge at a NURSE sitting behind the desk.

MURPHY

I'd like to take a look at a patient's medical records. A Mr. Bryant Nesbitt?

NURSE flips through a few folders. Finds medical records and hands them to Murphy.

MURPHY (CONT'D)

Thank you.

Murphy walks away while reading over the medical records. But he stops cold. Something catching his eye. Keying in on one bit of information -- TESTED POSITIVE HIV.

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Morgan now sits at Bryant's bedside again. Holding his hands tightly. Pleading with him. At eye level. Bryant appears as if ready to crack and come clean.

MORGAN

I promise, Bryant, everything will be okay. Just tell me the truth. Please? Tell me. Tell me what's going on. I know you didn't kill him. I know you, you wouldn't do that. I know none of this is your fault. But you're holding back. You need to tell me the truth.

Bryant tries to keep silent. But his guilt surfaces. Visible on his face. He cracks. Tears pouring from his eyes. Unable to make eye contact.

BRYANT
 (hesitant, nervous)
 He... he wanted money...

MORGAN
 Who?

BRYANT
 (delayed)
 Bradley.

MORGAN
 Money for what?

BRYANT
 (falling apart)
 He wanted 100 thousand or else he'd
 go public...

MORGAN
 Public about what, Bryant?

BRYANT
 (crying)
 He threatened to hurt Fred's family
 if he didn't deliver the money. He
 wanted Fred to go the newspapers.
 To tell them everything about me...

Morgan retracts her hands away from Bryant. She catches on,
 but doesn't want to believe it.

BRYANT (CONT'D)
 I... I met Bradley about a month
 ago. I paid him... for sexual
 favors.

Morgan rises immediately. Baffled. Staring down at Bryant in
 disbelief. Backing away slowly. Devastated, but not crying.
 Shocked beyond tears.

BRYANT (CONT'D)
 It was before I met you, Morgan. I
 would never do anything behind your
 back. I would never hurt you, you
 know that. I... I love you.

She continues to back away. Horrified. On the brink of tears.

BRYANT (CONT'D)
 It wasn't supposed to happen like
 this! Fred wasn't supposed to get
 killed! It wasn't part of the plan!

She backs into the door.

BRYANT (CONT'D)
 (silently)
 I tested positive. For HIV.

He bursts into tears. Hysterical.

BRYANT (CONT'D)
 That fucking bastard! Please
 forgive me, Morgan! Please forgive
 me!

She turns around and leaves. Shutting the door.

INT. HOSPITAL - HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

Morgan comes out of the room. Pale. In a state of utter shock. Appearing as if she had just seen a ghost.

Murphy immediately approaches her with Bryant's medical records.

MURPHY
 He tested positive for HIV, Davis.
 And listen to this, roofies were
 found in his system. I'm willing to
 be my salary that --

MORGAN
 He confessed.

Murphy raises an eyebrow.

MURPHY
 Confessed to what?

MORGAN
 (delayed)
 To everything.

She walks around Murphy, down the hall to the elevators. Murphy watches her leave, confused.

MURPHY
 You should get yourself tested,
 Davis.

She doesn't respond. She only walks away. Like a zombie. Out of it. Drained. She hits the down elevator button.

MURPHY (CONT'D)
 Davis? You okay?

No response. The elevator doors slide open.

MURPHY (CONT'D)
Where are you going?

MORGAN
Home.

She disappears into the elevator. The doors slide closed.

Murphy feels for her. Shaking his head, sharing her grief. But he peers into the room, through the window in the door. At Bryant, who continues to weep hysterically.

Murphy opens the door and enters the room.

EXT. HOSPITAL - STREET CORNER - CONTINUOUS

Morgan, still in shock, approaches the curb out front. Traffic whizzing by in front of her. She takes a huge breath. Gulping air and exhaling, wheezing almost. As if she had been holding her breath.

She breaks into tears, but only briefly. She quickly stops and recovers. Gets her self together. She wipes her tears while waving for a cab.

A CAB stops, picks her up. She gets into the back, shuts the door. The CAB drives off into the distance.

Suddenly, Bradley comes into view. His shoulder wrapped up. Blood leaking through his bandage. Bradley keeps one eye on the CAB while waving for another one.

A LIVERY CAR pulls over. Bradley quickly hops in.

INT. LIVERY CAR - PARKED - CONTINUOUS

Bradley, in the backseat, leans in toward the LIVERY DRIVER. Points a gun at him.

BRADLEY
Follow that cab.

INT. MORGAN'S APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - LATER

ANGLE on her door. The knob jiggles. The SOUNDS OF KEYS at the opposite side of the door.

The door opens and Morgan enters. Just as she closes the door...

Bradley bursts in, slamming the door wide open, the knob smashing against the wall.

Morgan, no time to react turns and faces him just as he punches her hard in the face.

She falls back, stumbles and drops to her rear. Bradley kicks her in the face. She jerks backward, the back of her head smashing hard against the floor.

He grabs her throat with both hands and lifts her in the air. Dazed, she struggles for air. Her toes barely touching the floor.

Bradley throws her into the wall. She bounces off, drops to the floor again. Blood gushing from her nose and mouth. Barely conscious, she winces in pain.

Bradley straddles on top of her, one hand clenching her throat while pressing his gun to her bloody nose.

BRADLEY

So, you're the lucky lady, huh? You set this whole thing up?

She can't respond, on the brink of losing consciousness.

BRADLEY (CONT'D)

I know you know, you fucking bitch! You know what your gay little boyfriend did to me! Now, you're going to do what I say, got it? You're going to give him a call, tell him to give me my money or else you'll be the next casualty, understand?

Her eyes flutter, about to pass out. He slaps her across the face, keeping her awake. He sets a cell phone on her chest.

BRADLEY (CONT'D)

No, not yet, little lady, you're going to make that call. Tell him I'm here, pointing a fucking gun at your face. The same I gun I used to kill that stupid fucking driver of his.

She opens her mouth, no words coming out at first.

BRADLEY (CONT'D)

Come on! Speak up! What!

MORGAN
Fuck... fuck you!

Bradley can't believe it. Smiling fiendishly.

BRADLEY
Fuck me? We'll see about that!

He presses the gun to her shoulder and BOOM! Morgan screams in agony. Crying as a pool of blood forms beneath her shoulder.

BRADLEY (CONT'D)
I'm not fucking around!

BOOM! Bradley takes a shot to the back of his wounded shoulder, lets out a yelp while jerking forward. He turns, sees Murphy standing at the door, pointing a pistol at him.

Bradley grips up Morgan from behind, holding her in front of him as a shield. He presses his gun to her head, holding her hostage while inching back until up against a wall.

MURPHY
FBI, shit berg! Drop the fucking gun!

BRADLEY
I'll fucking shoot her, I don't give a shit who you are!

MURPHY
We know who you are! We know about those people from last night!

BRADLEY
They had it coming!

MURPHY
We know about your old pimp, Raoul!

BRADLEY
He ESPECIALLY had it coming!

Murphy moves forward, keeping his pistol locked in on Bradley.

MURPHY
And we know about all your little games, bribing Nesbitt, trying to extort money from him!

BRADLEY
I'd back the fuck up if I were you!

MURPHY
It's over, Bradley!

BRADLEY
Or else the bitch gets a face full
of bullets! You don't want that, do
you? You want that on your
conscience!

MURPHY
At least I have a conscience.
Spreading AIDS to half the city of
New York? You're one sick puppy,
you know that?

Bradley scrunches his brow in confusion.

BRADLEY
What the fuck are you talking
about, AIDS?

MURPHY
You know exactly what I'm talking
about.

BRADLEY
Hey, I don't know shit about nobody
having AIDS!

Suddenly, Morgan pulls her gun from her beneath her jacket, presses it beneath Bradley's chin and BOOM! Blood spurt out from the top of Bradley's head. He releases Morgan, who falls to her stomach and crawls away from him.

Bradley's eyes roll to the back of his head while wobbling on his knees. He drops dead to the floor. Blood flowing everywhere.

Morgan flips to her rear and continues to back away, pointing her gun at Bradley's dead body. Look of horror on her face. She cries hysterically while pointing her gun.

Murphy runs over to her, kneels down and cautiously moves toward the gun.

MURPHY
It's over, Davis, it's over.

Murphy takes the gun away from her, slowly and carefully. He sets the gun aside gently on the floor. He hugs his arms around her.

She continues to stare at Bradley's bloody corpse, terrified. Eventually, she erupts into hysterical tears and buries her face into Murphy's shoulder.

Murphy hushes her while looking back at Bradley's body.

MURPHY (CONT'D)
It's okay... it's okay...

INT. HOSPITAL - MORGAN'S ROOM - THE NEXT DAY

Murphy sits at Morgan's bedside. Her arm bandaged, in a sling. She smiles up at him. He returns a warm grin.

He shows her the cover of the newspaper. The headline reads AIDS HARRY FOUND, KILLED, Bradley's photo under the headline.

MURPHY
We got him, Davis. We got him.

She nods, but with a sense of sadness.

MURPHY (CONT'D)
Have you spoken to Bryant since yesterday?

She shakes her head. Murphy nods in understanding. He stands up, puts his jacket on.

MURPHY (CONT'D)
You know, you'll get a medal for this, right? You're a hero.

Morgan looks up at Murphy, tears in her angry eyes.

MORGAN
A medal? I've been diagnosed as HIV positive, Murphy. That's what I get for being a hero?

Murphy empathizes with her.

MURPHY
Just don't give up on me, okay? There's treatment for this. It's not going to be easy, but I know you'll pull through.

Her holds her hand, giving it a gentle squeeze.

MURPHY (CONT'D)
I care about you more than you'll ever know.

(MORE)

MURPHY (CONT'D)

If you need anybody, ANYBODY, I'm here for you. Just hang in there.

Morgan nods apprehensively. Murphy lifts her chin into the air gently with his thumb.

MURPHY (CONT'D)

Promise?

She forces a smile, but with tears in her eyes. Murphy kisses her on the cheek.

MURPHY (CONT'D)

I'll be checking in. If you need anything, don't hesitate to call me, okay?

Morgan nods.

Murphy leaves, glancing back at Morgan with a sense of longing as he walks out the door.

Morgan only lies there, staring off into space. No emotion at all. Not all there. Almost frightening.

INT. MURPHY'S CAR - MOVING - NIGHT - LATER

Murphy listens to the radio, singing along to a tune. His CELL PHONE RINGS. He lowers the volume on the radio, answers the phone.

MURPHY

Yeah?

He listens in, still in a pleasant mood. But his facial expression falls.

MURPHY (CONT'D)

That's impossible.

He listens, growing frustrated.

MURPHY (CONT'D)

That doesn't make sense! He's the AIDS Harry for Christ sake! What do you mean, he tested negative?

Then it hits him. He drops the phone. Stunned.

EXT. PAY PHONE - MOMENTS LATER

Murphy flips through a phone book, stops at a number. He dials the number on his cell phone. Listens. Waits. Until finally someone picks up...

MALE VOICE (V.O.)

Hello?

MURPHY

Hi, may I please speak with a Dylan Gustafson?

MALE VOICE (V.O.)

I'm sorry to tell you this, but Dylan Gustafson passed away three weeks ago.

MURPHY

To who am I speaking with?

MALE VOICE (V.O.)

This is his brother.

MURPHY

Pardon me for asking this, you must be devastated, but... how exactly did Mr. Gustafson die?

MALE VOICE (V.O.)

He succumbed to AIDS, unfortunately. But believe me, he fought to the end. He was very strong throughout the process.

MURPHY

Any idea how long ago he was diagnosed?

MALE VOICE (V.O.)

(delayed)

Who is this?

Murphy hands up. Wondering to himself. Everything dawns on him. Remembering clues.

MORGAN (V.O.)

Guess it would be pointless to dust for prints.

MURPHY (V.O.)

It would be pointless to dust the room, period.

(MORE)

MURPHY (V.O.) (CONT'D)
The only prints we could find at
the last crime scene were the
victims. And ours.

CLOSE UP on Murphy's face while having V.O. flashbacks.

MURPHY (V.O.)
What color lipstick is that?
Fuchsia?

MORGAN (V.O.)
Least he has good taste.

FLASHBACK - INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - DAY

Murphy questions Bryant, who lies in bed. Morgan at his
bedside. ANGLE ON fuchsia colored lipstick mark on Murphy's
cheek.

BACK TO PRESENT TIME - EXT. PAY PHONE - NIGHT

Murphy shakes his head in realization.

MURPHY
Davis.

EXT. HOSPITAL - NIGHT - LATER

Murphy's CAR pulls up in front of the hospital, screeching to
a sudden stop. Murphy rushes out of the car, runs into the
hospital's front sliding doors.

INT. HOSPITAL - HALLWAY - MOMENTS LATER

Elevator doors slide open. Murphy bursts out, bolting down
the hallway.

INT. HOSPITAL - MORGAN'S ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Murphy bursts into the room with his gun drawn. But stops
cold. Nobody in the room.

Murphy thinks on his toes. Then realizes something.

MURPHY
Shit!

INT. HOSPITAL - BRYANT'S ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Murphy kicks the door open, weapon drawn. His expression falls into disappointment. He sighs, lowers his gun. Disgusted by what he sees.

Bryant lies sprawled out across the bed. His throat slit from ear to ear. Eyes still open. Blood still squirting out from his wound. White sheets covered in crimson.

EXT. STREET CORNER - PAY PHONE - CONTINUOUS

Morgan stands at the pay phone in tears. In her hospital gown. Covered in blood. PEDESTRIANS and PASSERSBY ogling her curiously. Some of them pointing.

Morgan appears oblivious, other things on her mind while holding the phone to her ear. Listening to it RING. Finally, someone answers.

JILLIAN (V.O.)

Hello?

Morgan doesn't respond. Only listening. Tears getting worse.

JILLIAN (V.O.)

(sighs)

Morgan? Morgan, baby? Is that you?

MORGAN

(delayed)

Mom?

Jillian cries joyfully while on the line.

JILLIAN (V.O.)

(crying, emotional)

You don't know how good it is to hear your voice again!

Morgan weeps hysterically, tears of joy mixed with sadness.

JILLIAN (V.O.)

We've missed you so much! Let me get your father!

MORGAN

Wait, mom, just stay on the line with me? Please?

JILLIAN (V.O.)

What's wrong, honey? Are you well?

MORGAN
 (reluctant)
 It was me, mom... it was me the
 whole time...

JILLIAN (V.O.)
 What are you talking about, honey?

MORGAN
 Travis... I killed Travis... I
 killed Patrick... it was me the
 whole time, mom... it was always
 me...

JILLIAN (V.O.)
 What are you talking about? Why
 would you say such an ugly thing?
 Don't talk like that, honey!

Morgan wipes her tears. Stops crying. Straightens up. BLUE
 and RED LIGHTS flash nearby, reflecting on her face.

MORGAN
 It was me. I killed them. I killed
 all of them --

JILLIAN (V.O.)
 Don't say that to me!

MORGAN
 Listen to me, mom. Just shut up and
 listen!
 (beat)
 It was me. It was me.

JILLIAN (V.O.)
 No! Please, Morgan, stop! Please,
 stop! It's not true! I won't
 believe it!

MORGAN
 It was me.

POLICE CRUISERS surround Morgan at the pay phone as she holds
 the phone to her ear. She looks around at all the POLICE
 CRUISERS. She knows the jig is up.

COUNTLESS POLICE OFFICERS get out of their cars. Pointing
 their firearms at Morgan.

Murphy emerges from the sea of blue suits. Pointing his gun
 at her.

MURPHY

Davis! Come out with your hands in
the air! We know it was you!

Morgan nods at Murphy. Returns to her phone call. Jillian
crying hysterically on the other line.

MORGAN

(to Jillian)

Well, mom, I have to go now.

MURPHY

Morgan! It's over! Now come out!
Hands in the fucking air!

MORGAN

(to Jillian)

I love you mom. Bye.

Morgan hangs up.

FADE OUT:

THE END