CRIMES OF PASSION

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INT. DINER - NIGHT

KAYLA, 18-20, a pretty waitress with brunette hair stands behind the cash register in a relatively empty old-school diner.

The walls are clad with music memorabilia from the 60’s and 70’s and the entire restaurant has a very retro feel.

Kayla punches in some numbers on the register and the drawer opens. Another WAITRESS, 60s, walks up to her.

WAITRESS
Isn’t your shift over? It’s past midnight, go home.

KAYLA
Yeah, I’m just closing out my drawer and then I’m out of here.

WAITRESS
Are you on tomorrow?

Kayla removes a couple of bills from the drawer.

KAYLA
Nope. I’m not on again until Friday.

WAITRESS
Lucky. I’m stuck pulling a double.

Kayla closes the register.

KAYLA
I’ll be sleeping in and watching Netflix all day.

WAITRESS
Must be nice, have fun with that.

KAYLA
Oh, I’m going to.

Kayla winks at her, removes her apron, and drops it on the counter.

WAITRESS
See you next week, alright?

KAYLA
I’ll see you.
EXT. DINER - CONTINUOUS

Kayla exits diner and lets the door slam behind her, ringing a small bell attached to it. She continues on down the street.

INT. KAYLA’S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Kayla enters her dingy apartment and tosses her keys down on a table near the door, takes off her jacket, and hangs it on a coat rack.

She walks into the kitchen, opens the fridge, and removes a half gallon of milk. She walks to the cabinet, removes a glass, and pours herself a drink.

From another dark room connected to the kitchen, the floor creaks, startling her. She looks over into the room that the sound came from.

Kayla stares into the room for a few moments cautiously, but it’s pitch black.

She stands up from the table and walks up to a light switch near the entrance to the dark room. She flips it on but the light doesn’t turn on. She flips it back and forth several more times with the same result.

      KAYLA

Shit.

She reaches into her pocket and removes her cell phone. She presses a few buttons, turning on a flashlight feature.

She shines the light into the room but it doesn’t make much of a difference.

We hear another slight creak from inside, again catching Kayla’s attention.

      KAYLA (CONT’D)

Hello?

She continues to look into the darkness for a moment until a dark figure jumps forward, lunging directly at her.

INT. POLICE CAR - DAY

MASON CLARKE, late 40s, a hardboiled detective drives through a rough looking neighborhood.
JACK COLLIGAN, mid 30s, rides in the passenger seat, eating pistachios out of a small bag.

Both men constantly talk over each other and try to control the conversation.

COLLIGAN
You can’t compare the two.

CLARKE
I’ve had enough of this argument.

COLLIGAN
They wouldn’t make it in today’s music industry.

CLARKE
Without the Beatles, ninety percent of the bands that exist today wouldn’t be on the radio.

COLLIGAN
You’re not listening to what I’m saying.

CLARKE
They are the single most influential...

COLLIGAN
(interrupts)
Would you stop talking for one second?

Clarke isn’t having it.

CLARKE
You’re wrong about this.

COLLIGAN
I’m not arguing whether or not they were influential. There’s no argument there. The Beatles are unmistakably one of the most important bands in music history...

BUT they would not make it if they were starting out today

CLARKE
How can you say that?
COLLIGAN
Because nowadays people don’t give a shit about taking chances, and pushing the envelope, and experimenting with new sounds. They just want the same bullshit pop songs about drinking and fucking.

CLARKE
The Beatles aren’t even on the same musical spectrum as that shit.

COLLIGAN
I know that, I’m just saying that if Sergeant Pepper’s came out today, it would get ripped apart.

CLARKE
You’re wrong.

COLLIGAN
No, I’m not.

CLARKE
You’re wrong!

COLLIGAN
People today would not understand Lennon’s lyrics or any of the symbolism or anything else. They’d think it was goofy and over. Everything today is about surface value, and things with deeper meanings get lost in the shuffle because nobody wants to have to think anymore. If you can’t figure it out in five seconds then nobody cares.

The police radio beeps.

DISPATCHER
(on the police radio)
Car forty three, come in. Over.

CLARKE
Just pick up the damn radio.

Colligan picks up the radio.

COLLIGAN
(to Clarke)
You know I’m right.

(MORE)
COLLIGAN (CONT'D)
(to the Dispatcher)
Car forty three here. Over.

DISPATCHER
(on the police radio)
What is your ETA to Warren Street?
Over.

COLLIGAN
Dispatch, we should be at the scene
in five minutes. Over.

Colligan puts the radio back down.

COLLIGAN (CONT’D)
Tell Norton to calm down, we’ll get
there when we get there. Dead body
isn’t going anywhere.

A beat.

COLLIGAN (CONT’D)
(to Clarke)
You know I’m right about the
Beatles. You old bastard.

INT. KAYLA’S APARTMENT - KITCHEN - DAY

Several detectives and other officers photograph various
items in the room including the spilled milk glass.

Clarke and Colligan enter the room and walk carefully around
the scene as not to disturb anything.

Standing in the center of the room scribbling something onto
a note pad is Captain TOM NORTON, 60s.

COLLIGAN
What are we looking at today?

Norton looks up from his notes.

NORTON
Clarke, Colligan... Where the hell
have you guys been?

COLLIGAN
You know what happens when he
drives.

Norton shakes his head at them.
NORTON
You guys are in for a real treat today.

CLARKE
Yeah, you said it was different.

NORTON
That’s one way to say it.

INT. KAYLA’S APARTMENT - BEDROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Kayla’s dead body lays on top of her bed with a gunshot wound in her temple.

Colligan and Clarke appear relatively unaffected by the scene.

NORTON
Kayla Roberts. Twenty five years old, single gunshot wound to the head.

CLARKE
Kayla. She waitresses up at the, uh, the diner, right? Tom’s Diner?

NORTON
How’d you know that?

Clarke bends down and inspects the gunshot wound to her head.

CLARKE
I go there twice a week for steak and eggs. Never knew her name until now. Shit timing I guess.

He stands up.

CLARKE (CONT’D)
You find any casings?

NORTON
One casing and it was a twenty two.

COLLIGAN
Is this it? I thought you said this one was different.

Norton points to the wall behind them.

NORTON
Turn around.
Clarke and Colligan both turn around and look at the bedroom wall.

Written in red lipstick is a giant pentagram with the words “Jack the Knife” inscribed below.

NORTON (CONT’D)
That’s where it gets freaky.

CLARKE
A pentagram?

COLLIGAN
So, our guy’s an artist.

NORTON
We’re checking to see if she has any ties with any cults or anything.

COLLIGAN
You think she was into some weird shit?

Colligan inspects the pentagram.

NORTON
Who the hell knows. I’m gonna head back to the station now that you guys are here... This scene freaks me out.

Colligan smirks at him.

COLLIGAN
What’s the matter Captain? You scared?

NORTON
You look at that and tell me it doesn’t bother you at all.

COLLIGAN
The brave Captain Tom Norton, pissing his pants over a doodle on the wall.

NORTON
Be a wise ass all you want, I’m leaving. I’ll see you guys back at the station.

Norton leaves the room, staring at the pentagram as he exits.
COLLIGAN
You believe him?

Colligan starts going through the room, looking through drawers as Clarke stares at the design on the wall.

CLARKE
“Jack the Knife.” What the hell does that mean?

COLLIGAN
Probably just some gibberish rambling.

CLARKE
Why is “knife” capitalized?

COLLIGAN
Because whoever wrote it is insane and wrote whatever came to his mind. Don’t try to rationalize insanity.

CLARKE
I don’t know. There was a struggle, yeah, but the place doesn’t look like it got taken apart. If this was a robbery the place would be ransacked. It doesn’t feel random.

COLLIGAN
Some nut job probably broke in, killed her, and wrote this shit on the wall like some kind of fucked up calling card. Wouldn’t be the first time we saw someone kill for the thrill of it.

Clarke turns away from the symbol.

CLARKE
Look around though, it seems pretty clear what his focus was. If this was a robbery gone wrong there’d be a lot more than a spilled glass of milk and a tipped over chair.

COLLIGAN
See what forensics pulls up. Maybe we’ll get lucky and find some prints or something.

A beat. Clarke continues to look around.
CLARKE
No forced entry, so the killer either got her to let him in or he was already here. If she knew him I’d think it’d be a crime of passion. You know, murder of opportunity, a kitchen knife or a paperweight or something. Not a single gunshot with a Satanic symbol on the wall.

COLLIGAN
So, what are you thinking?

CLARKE
I’m not sure yet... Something just doesn’t feel right.

Clarke turns back around and again studies the pentagram and notes on the wall.

COLLIGAN
Who knows. Like I said, let’s just wait on forensics and we’ll go from there. Maybe she fought back and we’ll get something under her nails.

Clarke continues to stare at the wall.

CLARKE
Listen, I’ve gotta get going, you think you can catch a ride back to the precinct with someone else?

COLLIGAN
Where you headed?

CLARKE
I just have to follow up on another case I’m working.

COLLIGAN
Yeah, no problem. I’m gonna look around here for a little more, see if I can’t find something about our girl that links her to that.

Colligan points to the pentagram.
I/E. POLICE CAR - DAY

Clarke pulls the police car up to the corner of a completely slummy and dilapidated street where a group of prostitutes have convened.

As the car pulls up, the girls slowly start to scamper off.

Clarke rolls down the window.

CLARKE
Jackie.

One girl, JACKIE, mid 20s, stops, drops her head and turns around.

JACKIE
(sarcastically)
What can I do for you, officer?

CLARKE
Don’t be a wise ass, just get in the car.

She stares at him, annoyed.

CLARKE (CONT’D)
What, you’re gonna make me say it twice? Get in the car, Jackie. Now.

She begrudgingly walks up to the car and angrily gets in.

JACKIE
You can’t just keep showing up like that.

CLARKE
Oh, I can’t?

JACKIE
You want people to find out that I’m a rat?

CLARKE
Let me make this clear, alright? YOU are MY informant, you don’t have any power over me. The second you stop playing ball, I can take you in on any number of charges.

JACKIE
Don’t threaten me, you asshole.
Clarke reaches over and snatches her purse.

Hey!

He pulls out a dime bag of white powder.

Possession.

He throws the bag back at her.

You’re such a prick. What the hell do you want to know?

I need more on Lefty.

What more do you want? I told you everything I know about him.

No, I need more. I need something that can stick. He’s more than just a small time pimp, we both know that. This whole ring he has going is bigger than you’re telling me.

I don’t know anything else! He’s my pimp! I’m not his fucking secretary or something.

Look, I’m done playing these games with you, either you give me something I can work with or you’re going away. End of story.

I’m doing everything I can but he doesn’t talk to the girls about that stuff. As far as we know, he has five or six girls under him and that’s it. He won’t talk.
CLARKE
You better start making him talk then, because so far you haven’t given me shit to work with.

JACKIE
You’re such a dick.

CLARKE
I’m also a cop. And you’re a hooker. So stop wasting my time and get me something I can use.

Jackie angrily shakes her head and gets out of the car.

JACKIE
Fuck you, you fucking prick.

She flips him off and walks away.

INT. POLICE STATION - DAY

Colligan sits at his desk chewing on the back of his pen and reading over some notes. Clarke approaches.

CLARKE
Anything?

Colligan drops his pen on the table.

COLLIGAN
I’m telling you, if this girl was part of some Satanic cult or something, she hid it pretty well. She has no priors, and she’s getting her masters degree in psychology. She’s squeaky clean.

CLARKE
Financials?

COLLIGAN
Solid. I mean she’s not sitting on a pile of cash or anything, but she’s never late on any payments. No debt of any kind other than student loans.

Clarke shakes his head.

CLARKE
Damn. How’d she get mixed up in all this?
COLLIGAN
No clue. But so far we have nothing. Forensics came back too, no fingerprints and no skin or DNA under her nails. Guy’s a ghost.

CLARKE
He’s good.

COLLIGAN
I don’t know if “good’s” the right word for it.

CLARKE
You know what I mean.

Norton walks up to Colligan and Clarke with SARAH BRIGHTON, late 30s, a well-dressed, attractive woman. Clarke looks her up and down.

NORTON
Guys, I want you to meet someone. This is Doctor Sarah Brighton.

DR. BRIGHTON
Pleasure.

Dr. Brighton sticks out her hand and both men shake it.

COLLIGAN
Detective Jack Colligan, and this is Detective Mason Clarke.

NORTON
Doctor Brighton thinks she can be of help on the case.

They react dismissively.

COLLIGAN
Why’s that?

DR. BRIGHTON
I know what that inscription on the wall means.

INT. POLICE STATION - INTERROGATION ROOM - LATER

Norton and Dr. Brighton sit on one side of the table and Clarke and Colligan sit on the other.

On the table in front of them, Brighton has spread out some photos and documents.
So, on the wall there was a pentagram and the words “Jack the Knife.”

How did you hear that?

It’s all over the news already.

CLARKE
That was quick.

Can I ask a question? Was everything on the wall written in lipstick?

The two men look at each other.

Is that important?

She laughs.

I’ll tell you, you guys could’ve saved a lot of time with a quick Google search, I kinda figured you would’ve figured this part out by now.

Clarke closes his eyes and shakes his head, confused and frustrated. Colligan smirks, amused by the insult.

Okay, who did you say you were again?

I’m a professor. I teach a class called “The Mystery of Evil” and it’s about serial killers, it’s the same material as a book I wrote a few years ago... Have you guys ever heard of the Night Stalker? Richard Ramirez?

He just died in prison, didn’t he?
DR. BRIGHTON
So, you’re at least familiar with him. Thirteen counts of murder, and another five attempted.

CLARKE
That’s great for him, but how is that related?

DR. BRIGHTON
Ramirez was a self-proclaimed Satanist, and at several crime scenes he left drawings on the wall. His favorite was...

Dr. Brighton hands them the now infamous picture of Ramirez in court, holding up his palm revealing a Pentagram.

DR. BRIGHTON (CONT’D)
... the Pentagram.

CLARKE
So, what are you suggesting?

DR. BRIGHTON
At one of his murders, he shot a couple in the head. Peter and Barbara Pan.

Colligan scoffs.

COLLIGAN
Peter Pan? Seriously?

DR. BRIGHTON
Awful name, I know. But he shot the two of them in the head, and drew a Pentagram and the words “Jack the Knife” on the wall in lipstick. Whoever your killer is, this wasn’t a coincidence, and it wasn’t some kind of random gibberish on the wall... This was a homage.

NORTON
We think he might be a copycat.

DR. BRIGHTON
From the way he left the scene, it’s pretty clear he was emulating the Night Stalker.

Colligan inspects the photos on the table.
CLARKE
Okay... So, why Ramirez?

DR. BRIGHTON
That I DON’T know.

COLLIGAN
How long ago was he captured?

DR. BRIGHTON
August thirty first, nineteen eighty five.

Colligan raises an eyebrow, impressed.

CLARKE
What kind of copycat killer pays tribute twenty years after the guy gets caught?

NORTON
That’s what we need to find out.

Clarke picks up the picture of Ramirez, looks at it for a second, then drops it back on the table.

CLARKE
(to Dr. Brighton)
So... Where were you last night around midnight?

DR. BRIGHTON
Wow, you don’t waste any time, do you?

NORTON
Let’s take it easy, okay? She’s here to help.

CLARKE
(to Norton)
Listen, we’re very thankful that she’s here...

(to Dr. Brighton)
But last night a girl gets murdered with some bullshit calling card left on the wall and twelve hours later, the president of the serial killer fan clubs walks in and explains it to us. Yeah, you’re a suspect.

Dr. Brighton looks unimpressed.
COLLIGAN
Look... The sooner we can rule you out as a suspect, the more you can help us...

She stares at him for a moment before speaking with a tone of annoyance.

DR. BRIGHTON
Check the security footage in my building. There’s only one entrance and there’s a camera in the lobby. I got home around nine thirty and I didn’t leave again until this morning.

INT. POLICE STATION – DAY
Clarke sits at his desk while Colligan stands at another desk close by with a phone up to his ear.

COLLIGAN
Alright, thanks.

Colligan hangs up the phone.

COLLIGAN (CONT’D)
Security guard and camera footage both confirm that Dr. Brighton got back to her apartment at around nine thirty and didn’t leave again until this morning, just like she said.

CLARKE
I don’t want her on this.

COLLIGAN
Why not? Embarrassed that she’s smarter than you?

Colligan smirks.

CLARKE
Come on, she’s obsessed with serial killers, that doesn’t raise a red flag for you?

COLLIGAN
And you’re obsessed with the Beatles, we all have our different things.
CLARKE
She’s just gonna get in our way and
I don’t want to deal with it.

COLLIGAN
Well, so far she’s...

Across the precinct, a couple people start yelling at each other.

Colligan and Clarke look over to see Jackie arguing with an OFFICER.

JACKIE
I want to see him now!

OFFICER
Ma’am, keep...

JACKIE
Don’t tell me what the fuck to do,
I want to see him right now!

OFFICER
Would you...

JACKIE
Go find him for me!

Clarke stands up from his desk and walks over.

OFFICER
Ma’am you have to calm down.

Jackie sees Clarke.

JACKIE
Oh, there you are you bastard.

CLARKE
(to the officer)
I got it, thanks.

The officer shakes his head and walks away. Clarke grabs her by the arms and angrily brings her away from the lobby.

CLARKE (CONT’D)
What are you doing? You trying to get arrested?

JACKIE
Jesus Christ, you’re all a bunch of assholes.
Clarke notices that her lip has been busted open.

CLARKE
What the hell happened?

She shakes her head, upset.

INT. POLICE STATION - INTERROGATION ROOM - LATER
Clarke sits next to Jackie and sets a coffee down in front of her.

CLARKE
What happened?

JACKIE
This is your fault.

Jackie cries as she talks.

CLARKE
Who hit you?

Clarke appears to show genuine concern, a stark contrast to their first meeting.

JACKIE
Who do you think? Your boy Lefty. One of the girls told him I was talking to the cops so he clocked me.

CLARKE
Are you okay, what else happened?

JACKIE
Nothing, nothing else happened. I was trying to feel him out about the drug shit and he didn’t want to hear me talk no more so he smacked me in the lip and told me to keep my mouth shut.

CLARKE
Do you want me to take you to the hospital?

JACKIE
I want you to protect me! Do you have any idea what he’ll do to me if he thinks I’m a rat?

(MORE)
He busted my face open for talking to HIM, what do you think he’ll do if he knows I’m talking to YOU?

Clarke sighs.

Clarke
I’m sorry... I’m sorry, I didn’t mean for you to get hurt.

Jackie
That doesn’t mean shit. What are you gonna do to help me?

Clarke
Jackie, listen, if we can get some evidence on Lefty, we can bring him down and he won’t be able to hurt you anymore.

She shakes her head.

Jackie
Awesome.

Clarke
I can’t protect you twenty four seven, alright? As long as he’s still on the streets, he’s gonna keep hurting people. Not just you.

Jackie
So, what do you want me to do? Go back out there and piss him off even more?

Clarke
I need you to hold on just a little longer. You don’t have to press him, but keep your ears to the ground and listen for anything about drug deals or anything big.

Jackie scoffs.

Clarke (CONT’D)
If we have enough evidence on him, we can put him away for good and he’ll never hurt anyone again.

Jackie
I can’t do it.
CLARKE
Listen... you don’t want this life forever. I know that... If you help me put him away, we can get you started somewhere new. We can get you into witness protection and you can have a fresh start.

A beat.

Jackie has a hand on her chin, biting her nails, still crying a little bit.

JACKIE
If I help you bring this piece of shit down, you gotta promise to get me out of here.

CLARKE
I promise you.

JACKIE
I wanna be a thousand miles away from this shithole, alright?

CLARKE
Alright... Alright, I swear to you. If you can stay with this for a little while longer and get me something to put him away, I swear to you, God as my witness, I’ll get you out of here.

They stare at each other in silence.

INT. POLICE STATION - DAY

Clarke walks back to Colligan’s desk.

COLLIGAN
What was that about?

Clarke waves him off.

CLARKE
Nothing, just another case I’m working on.

COLLIGAN
Well, I got some more good news for you.
CLARKE
What’s that?

COLLIGAN
Norton wants to bring that woman on as a “murder consultant” for the case.

Colligan makes finger quotations. Clarke’s face drops.

CLARKE
Are you serious?

COLLIGAN
That’s what he just said.

Clarke looks pissed.

CLARKE
Why does he pull shit like this? The last thing we need is some pretentious murder junkie getting in our way.

COLLIGAN
Just have an open mind, alright? We can’t do anything about it now. Maybe she’ll help.

CLARKE
Or maybe she’ll get in the way.

COLLIGAN
She’ll be fine. We’ll wrap this thing up in a few days and she’ll be out of our hair.

INT. COLLIGAN’S APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Colligan sits in his living room on the couch in front of a laptop on his coffee table.

The apartment is pretty dirty with food wrappers all over the place and a ton of clutter.

On the computer screen, Colligan clicks from website to website, each focusing on the Richard Ramirez murders. He looks at pictures, crime scene photos, court drawings, and everything in between.

He reaches down after a moment, picks up a bottle of beer, and takes a large sip.
He places the bottle back down and continues to scroll through the websites.

INT. COLLIGAN’S APARTMENT - BEDROOM - NIGHT

The room is in complete darkness as Colligan lays asleep in bed.

The phone rings.

Colligan grunts and the phone rings again.

He sluggishly reaches over and turns on his bedside light as the phone continues to ring.

Half asleep, he sits up in bed and reaches for the phone.

    COLLIGAN
    Hello?

A beat. He rubs his eyes.

    COLLIGAN (CONT’D)
    Yeah, yeah, alright. What’s the address?

INT. JACKIE’S APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Jackie lays dead on the floor in a puddle of blood with a rope around her neck. Her body is riddled with stab wounds and her face is covered in blood.

Clarke stands above her corpse, woefully looking down as other officers document the crime scene.

Colligan walks into the scene and approaches Clarke who doesn’t seem to notice.

    COLLIGAN
    What the hell happened?

Colligan looks around at the room that is covered in blood. Clarke doesn’t react.

    COLLIGAN (CONT’D)
    Hey.

Colligan snaps his fingers, snapping Clarke out of it.

    COLLIGAN (CONT’D)
    You alright?
A beat.

CLARKE
Yeah... Yeah, I’m alright. Sorry.

Colligan walks around the bloody scene.

COLLIGAN
Jesus Christ this is brutal. She’s like a fucking pin cushion. There has to be fifteen wounds in her. And the rope...

CLARKE
Yeah. It’s brutal.

COLLIGAN
You think it’s the same guy?

CLARKE
Look at the wall.

Colligan turns around and sees the words “Helter Skelter” written sloppily in blood on the wall.

COLLIGAN
Helter Skelter. Charles Mason.

He takes a deep breath.

Clarke continues to stare at Jackie’s body, almost in a trance. Colligan watches on, concerned.

COLLIGAN (CONT’D)
Hey. You alright, man?

A beat.

CLARKE
I knew her.

Colligan’s eyes widen, surprised.

COLLIGAN
You know her?

CLARKE
Her name’s Jackie. She was the girl from the station this morning.

COLLIGAN
That’s her? Jesus, I didn’t even recognize her.
CLARKE
I barely do either.

A beat.

COLLIGAN
Who is she?

CLARKE
She’s a hooker. She was working for me as an informant.

Colligan looks surprised.

COLLIGAN
You had an informant? Why didn’t you tell me that?

CLARKE
Her pimp was a dealer... not just any run of the mill street scumbag, he was connected. Heroin, coke, meth, you name it. He’s bringing in everything somehow. I wanted to bring this guy down bad.

COLLIGAN
How’d you get in with her?

CLARKE
I busted her a couple months ago for solicitation. Told her I’d make the charges go away and help her start over if she helped me out.

A beat.

COLLIGAN
Did she?

CLARKE
She never had the chance... but if he found out she was talking to me I can pretty much guarantee he was part of this. He gave her a black eye for talking to a cop. If he found out she was a rat?

Clarke shakes his head.

COLLIGAN
I... Shit, I don’t know what to say, man... You think he’s our guy? Her pimp?
CLARKE
I’ll bring him in and find out.

Clarke signals to another OFFICER on the scene.

CLARKE (CONT’D)
I want an APB out on Kurt DeVinco.
His scumbag buddies call him Lefty.

The officer nods and walks away.

COLLIGAN
So... how much do you know about the Manson murders?

INT. POLICE STATION - INTERROGATION ROOM - DAY

Clarke and Colligan sit on one side of the table.

Dr. Brighton drops the book “Helter Skelter” by Vincent Bugliosi and Curt Gentry on the table.

DR. BRIGHTON
Manson had this whole theory called “Helter Skelter” that he used as the motivation for his murders. It’s how he brainwashed all his followers into killing for him. They called themselves “The Family.”

COLLIGAN
I know the basics but what does it mean?

DR. BRIGHTON
Bare with me for a minute here because this is gonna get confusing. Helter Skelter was a song by the Beatles from The White Album that Manson thought laid out this whole ideology that he became obsessed with. He had this whole idea in his head that the US was headed for a race war where the blacks would rise up and exterminate the whites. His plan was to hide in this underground city beneath Death Valley, and when the race war was over, they’d rise up and somehow control the country as the only remaining whites.
COLLIGAN
He actually believed that?

DR. BRIGHTON
In his own mind, Manson interpreted all the songs on The White Album to tie into this inevitable race war. The song “Helter Skelter” in particular supposedly mapped out the route Manson and The Family would need to take to safely get from Los Angeles to Death Valley once the war began.

CLARKE
Where does Jackie come into all this?

DR. BRIGHTON
Can I see a picture from the crime scene? Of the victim?

Colligan and Clarke look at each other. Colligan opens a folder and slides a picture of Jackie’s body over to her. She picks it up and stares at it.

DR. BRIGHTON (CONT’D)
This is Sharon Tate.

CLARKE
Her name is Jackie Bose.

DR. BRIGHTON
No, no, I mean the murder scene. It’s just like the Sharon Tate murder. Helter Skelter, the rope around her neck... how many times was she stabbed?

CLARKE
What does it matter?

DR. BRIGHTON
Humor me.

Colligan looks into his folder but before he can answer...

DR. BRIGHTON (CONT’D)
Sixteen?

He looks up, surprised.
COLLIGAN
How did you know that?

DR. BRIGHTON
Sharon Tate was stabbed sixteen times when she was killed... they took pleasure in it and they made it last.

Clarke shakes his head.

CLARKE
This guy’s sadistic.

DR. BRIGHTON
At least now we know his calling card. Richard Ramirez, then Charles Manson? He’s staging his murders to look like other serial killers.

COLLIGAN
So, he’s a copycat?

Dr. Brighton squints and thinks.

DR. BRIGHTON
Not exactly. Copycat killers usually emulate one particular person... this guy is copying them all.

CLARKE
What do you mean them all?

She sighs.

DR. BRIGHTON
Look, whoever this is, he’s not going to stop at two. He’s trying to prove something and he has a signature... I teach this type of thing, serial killers with this much... obsession and attention to detail... they won’t just stop at two. They’re out to make their mark.

A beat. Colligan and Clarke look over the photos on the desk.

COLLIGAN
So, how do we get this guy?
DR. BRIGHTON
I don’t know... His only signature is copying other people. Usually killers leave something at the scene as a trademark so it can easily be recognized as THEIR murder... This guy’s whole trademark is stealing OTHER people’s trademarks.

COLLIGAN
What about the victims? Maybe they’re the connection.

DR. BRIGHTON
Maybe, but from what I’ve seen they don’t fit the same profile.

COLLIGAN
How do you mean?

DR. BRIGHTON
Other than the fact that they were both women, they don’t have much in common. Age, I guess, but they don’t really have the same physical appearance and they don’t run in the same circle as far as we can tell.

A beat.

COLLIGAN
So, what now?

Dr. Brighton shrugs.

DR. BRIGHTON
I don’t know. Unfortunately there’s not a ton to go on so far. I hate to say it, but this guy’s good. He leaves no trace of himself besides what he wants you to find. He’s meticulous.

Clarke shakes his head.

CLARKE
Nobody’s that’s good.

He turns and walks out.

DR. BRIGHTON
Is he alright?
COLLIGAN
Don’t take it personally. He knew the victim.

A look of guilt falls over her.

DR. BRIGHTON
Oh god, I had no idea.

COLLIGAN
It’s okay, he’ll be fine.

DR. BRIGHTON
I’m sorry. Sometimes I forget these aren’t just statistics to people. I’ve spent so much time studying this stuff I’m a little desensitized to it.

COLLIGAN
Don’t worry about it, really. He’ll be okay. I’ll go talk to him.

INT. POLICE STATION – BATHROOM – DAY
Clarke on the edge of the sink with his head down.
He looks up and stares at himself in the mirror for a few moments before screaming at the top of his lungs and punching the mirror, shattering it.
Colligan walks in.

COLLIGAN
What the hell are you doing?
Clarke kicks a trash bucket, sending it flying.

CLARKE
Goddammit! This guy is fucking with us and we have nothing!

COLLIGAN
We’re gonna get him, okay? Sooner or later he’ll screw up and we’ll be there to take him down when he does. They always mess up, nobody’s that careful. These sick fucks get sloppy when they get confident and that’s when we nail them.

A beat. Clarke shakes his head.
CLARKE
I sent her back out. Lefty beat the shit out of her and I sent her back out to try to get more information. I knew what he’d do if he found out she was talking and I sent her back out anyways. I killed her.

COLLIGAN
No, you didn’t. Look, we don’t even know if he did it, okay? You really think he’s even smart enough to pull something like this off? You can’t blame yourself for any of this.

A beat. Clarke leans on the sink again as his hand bleeds.

COLLIGAN (CONT’D)
This guy wants us to break, alright? We can’t slip up, we need to keep our heads in the game and go at him with everything we have. I know this case is different for you, but you can’t treat it that way. When it becomes personal, that’s when we slip. If you wanna find Jackie’s killer, you need to take any history you have out of it.

Clarke sighs.

INT. POLICE STATION - INTERROGATION ROOM - DAY

Dr. Brighton is packing up her files and books when Colligan walks in.

DR. BRIGHTON
He okay?

COLLIGAN
He’ll be alright. He punched out a mirror in the bathroom, so I think he’s blown off some steam.

She shrugs and continues to pack up her things.

COLLIGAN (CONT’D)
Hey, have you eaten much today?

DR. BRIGHTON
Not really, why?
Because I’ve been up since about four A.M. and I’m starving, so I’m about to grab a bite. You want to come with?

She looks at him.

INT. DINER - DAY

Colligan and Dr. Brighton sit on opposite sides of a booth with food in front of them. Colligan has a burger and Brighton has a salad.

DR. BRIGHTON
So, how long have you been a cop?

COLLIGAN
Little over ten years.

DR. BRIGHTON
Look at you.

COLLIGAN
I mean it’s been a long time but not all of that was as a detective. I spent my first four years as a cop on Nantucket.

DR. BRIGHTON
Nantucket, really?

COLLIGAN
Sure did.

He takes a bite of his burger.

DR. BRIGHTON
That’s fancy.

COLLIGAN
Yeah, that’s what everyone thinks, but I hated it.

DR. BRIGHTON
How can you hate Nantucket?

COLLIGAN
Because it’s not real life. It’s nothing but drunk and disorderlies and public intoxication calls with a bunch of over privileged kids who have never been told “no” before.

(MORE)
COLLIGAN (CONT'D)
It’s boring as hell. Most exciting thing I ever did was kick a stoned Morgan Freeman out of a bar at two a.m. because he was taking too long to finish his mozzarella sticks.

Dr. Brighton laughs.

COLLIGAN (CONT'D)
I’d rather be out here. This is where the real action is.

She shrugs and smiles.

COLLIGAN (CONT'D)
What about you? How’d you get into the whole... murder thing? Not the most common profession.

She chuckles.

DR. BRIGHTON
No, I guess not.

COLLIGAN
You just wake up one day and decide you wanted to study psychos?

She smiles.

DR. BRIGHTON
No, no...

She looks down a little.

DR. BRIGHTON (CONT'D)
I was actually an English lit teacher at first at a high school. Did that for about a year... and then one day, one of my students, completely normal, regular kid, comes into school and stabs one of my colleagues eight times.

Colligan’s eyes widen, surprised.

DR. BRIGHTON (CONT'D)
No indication anything would happen. Normal family life, normal group of friends, no abuse, no bullying. One day he just... snapped.
Holy shit.

I kept thinking over and over and over what caused it and no matter how hard I tried, I couldn’t figure it out. I ended up quitting my job, went back to school, got my Masters and my Doctorate in criminal psychology, and here I am.

Colligan remains silent for a moment.

Wow... I don’t know what to say, that’s... that’s one hell of a story.

So now I focus on what makes people tick. It’s morbid, but it’s fascinating to me. Getting inside their head and trying to figure out what makes them do the things they do.

Colligan thinks for a minute.

You ever think about doing criminal profiling or something? I mean for the police. There’s a lotta psychos out there, figuring out what makes them tick would help.

She shakes her head.

Nah, that’s not for me. I like being in the classroom too much. Police work would be too intense for me.

Yeah, I feel you. You get used to it though.

No offense, but I don’t ever want to get to a point where seeing death on a daily basis is the status quo. The pressure is off by the time it gets to me.

(MORE)
Most of the things I see happen after the case is closed so it keeps me at a distance from it all. I know it’s still real, but it doesn’t affect me as much I guess.

Colligan shrugs and takes a bite of his burger.

Colligan
Well, if you ever change your mind... I have absolutely no authority to get you a job, but I’d still encourage you to follow your dreams.

She laughs and rolls her eyes.

Colligan’s phone, sitting on the table, starts to vibrate.

He picks it up and answers.

Colligan (CONT’D)
This is Colligan... You did? Alright, I’ll be back in a couple minutes.

He hangs up and looks back to Dr. Brighton.

Dr. Brighton
Yeah?

Colligan
They found Lefty.

INT. POLICE STATION - VIEWING ROOM - DAY

Clarke and Colligan stand behind the glass looking into an interrogation room.

Lefty, 30s, in handcuffs, sits on the opposite side at a small metal table. He has on a leather jacket and looks like a greaser.

Clarke
Let’s see what this prick knows.

INT. POLICE STATION - INTERROGATION ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Lefty sits on one side of the table with a smug smile on his face. Colligan sits on the other side of the table and Clarke paces around the room.
COLLIGAN
You have one hell of a rap sheet my friend. Grand theft auto, possession, solicitation, another possession, another possession, battery... that’s just the first page. Tell me, how the hell is it that you aren’t in jail?

He scoffs.

LEFTY
I guess I’m just a lucky guy, what can I say?

CLARKE
Well your luck just ran out you cocky little shit.

Clarke smacks him on the back of the head.

LEFTY
Y’all better watch it. You touch me again I might have to report you for police brutality. Not that hard to claim anymore. Y’all treatin’ me like a criminal when you ain’t got nothing on me.

COLLIGAN
How does multiple homicide sound?

Lefty brushes him off.

LEFTY
It sounds like a crock of shit to me.

COLLIGAN
Do you know Jackie Bose?

LEFTY
Well, I did. Heard someone took care of her last night though. That’s a shame. But you know how those things are.

COLLIGAN
Here’s what I think. I think you knew she wanted out from under your thumb, and you knew she was talking to us and you decided to shut her up.
Lefty looks unphased.

**LEFTY**
She was talking to you guys? That’s news to me, but if she was... I’d say she got what she deserved. Karma’s a bitch right?

He winks at Colligan with a shit eating grin on his face.

**COLLIGAN**
Is that a confession?

**LEFTY**
Give me a break. She wasn’t worth my time. She asked a lot of questions but she didn’t know shit. I’d venture to guess she didn’t have much to say to you guys...

He looks to Clarke.

**LEFTY (CONT’D)**
Especially with the busted lip and all that.

Colligan chuckles.

**COLLIGAN**
Oh, man, I can’t wait to slap that smile off your face.

Lefty laughs.

**LEFTY**
Go right ahead, big man. You nothing but talk.

Lefts raises his hand and makes a “blah blah” motion.

**CLARKE**
You should stop wasting our time and tell us everything we want to hear, or else this is gonna be a whole lot harder for you then it has to be.

**LEFTY**
Is that some sort of empty threat?

Clarke grabs Lefty by the back of the head and SLAMS it down onto the table.
LEFTY (CONT’D)
Goddammit!

CLARKE
It is VERY far from empty you piece of shit.

Lefty clutches his face in pain.

LEFTY
What the hell, man?

COLLIGAN
Something wrong? I didn’t see anything.

Lefty looks up at the security cameras on the ceiling. Colligan looks up as well.

COLLIGAN (CONT’D)
Oh, yeah, those. They’re not on, so if you’re waiting for someone to come in here and save you, it’s not gonna happen.

Colligan stands up and heads towards the door.

COLLIGAN (CONT’D)
It always amazes me how fast you tough guys fall apart.

LEFTY
(to Colligan)
Where are you going, bitch?

COLLIGAN
Plausible deniability.

He winks at Lefty, exits, and closes the door behind him.

Clarke closes the shades in the windows.

Lefty spits a bloody gob onto Clarke’s shoes.

Clarke leans in, right next to Lefty’s ear.

CLARKE
Ready to sing?

INT. POLICE STATION - LATER

Clarke exits the interrogation room with Lefty, who looks visibly exhausted and in pain.
Clarke hands him off to another officer.

**CLARKE**
Put him into holding. Get this piece of shit out of my sight.

INT. POLICE STATION - MOMENTS LATER

Clarke walks over to Colligan’s desk.

**COLLIGAN**
How’d it go?

Clarke sighs.

**CLARKE**
He admitted to roughing her up yesterday but that’s it.

**COLLIGAN**
You still think it was him?

Norton approaches them, pissed.

**COLLIGAN (CONT’D)**
Hey, Captain.

**NORTON**
What the hell is wrong with you guys?

**COLLIGAN**
What?

**NORTON**
Conducting an interrogation without informing me? I’m supposed to call the shots, not you.

**CLARKE**
We had a lead and we went with it.

**NORTON**
From now on, you don’t do anything without my authorization. You got it?

**COLLIGAN**
Whatever you say.

Across the way, Clarke notices Lefty being released.
Where the hell is he going?

Clarke stops and turns to Norton. He looks ready to explode, but Norton puts a hand up to silence him.

His alibi checked out. He was with four other people in a bar when she got killed.

Who gives a shit if his alibi checked out, he has thirty other scumbags that’ll lie for him in a heartbeat! You’re really trusting his friends’ credibility? Are you insane?

We have nothing on him. There’s no evidence, we have to cut him loose.

Can’t we hold him for assault? Or possession? There’s no way you picked him up without a dime bag of something in his pocket.

The girl he supposedly assaulted is dead, so she sure as hell won’t be pressing charges, and he had nothing on him when we picked him up but some weed. You wanna write out the fifty dollar fine for possession, be my guest, but I CAN’T hold him.

No, no way this is happening.

Clarke angrily shakes his head and storms over to Lefty who is signing out.

Where the hell do you think you’re going?
Lefty looks up and smiles at Clarke.

CLARKE (CONT’D)
You son of a bitch, where the fuck do you think you’re going!?

Several officers intervene and hold him back. Norton and Colligan run over as well.

CLARKE (CONT’D)
I’m gonna get you, you bastard!

LEFTY
Go ahead and try, fairy.

CLARKE
You piece of shit, I’ll kill you!

They continue to hold him back.

NORTON
That’s enough!

COLLIGAN
Calm down, man.

CLARKE
You better watch your ass!

NORTON
I said that’s enough!

Clarke breaks out of their hold and stands back, collecting himself. He turns his back to Lefty.

LEFTY
That whore got what she deserved.

Clarke turns around, charges Lefty, and punches him in the face.

Lefty falls to the ground. Colligan, Norton, and the officers use all their might to pull Clarke back.

CLARKE (to Lefty)
I’m gonna get you!

They continue to pull him away from the area.

CLARKE (CONT’D)
You hear me you bastard!?
INT. POLICE STATION - INTERROGATION ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Clarke angrily storms into the room and kicks a chair. Norton follows behind him.

NORTON
What the hell is wrong with you!?

CLARKE
That son of a bitch is toying with us, and you’re just letting him walk.

NORTON
Do you have any idea what you just did? He can bring a civil suit against the department now. Do you know what that can do to our credibility?

CLARKE
What credibility!? We let killers go when we get lazy.

NORTON
You’re off this case and I’m putting you on leave.

Clarke’s eyes open wide, in disbelief of what he just heard.

CLARKE
What!?

NORTON
You just punched a suspect in the face in the middle of the precinct and threatened to kill him in front of everyone. Whatever you do behind closed doors is your business, but I’m not gonna let you make a public spectacle out of assaulting a suspect... Two weeks, with pay.

CLARKE
You have to be kidding me.

NORTON
I don’t want to see you anywhere near this case, you hear me? If you do anything behind my back, I’ll have your goddamn badge, are we clear?

Clarke shakes his head at Norton.
CLARKE
You just let a killer walk free.
Congratulations Captain... well done.

Clarke storms out of the room and slams the door behind him.

INT. APARTMENT BUILDING - HALLWAY - NIGHT

Colligan walks down a long hallway with headphones in his ears.

He approaches a door, but stops when he sees a manila envelope taped to it. He looks around, but the hallway is empty.

He approaches the door and removes the envelope.

Again, he looks up and down the hallway, but nobody is around. He inserts a key into the lock and enters his apartment.

INT. COLLIGAN’S APARTMENT - CONTINUOUS

He sets his keys down on the coffee table and sits down on the couch.

He opens the envelope and takes out what look to be a number of photos. His face drops when he looks at them.

INT. BAR - NIGHT

Clarke sits at the counter with a beer in front of him, watching the news on TV behind the bar.

Across the way, Colligan walks in. He looks around and sees Clarke sitting at the counter.

He walks up and taps him on the arm.

    CLARKE
    It’s about time.

    COLLIGAN
    Come here.

Colligan motions to a table.

    CLARKE
    What’s wrong with the counter?
Colligan again motions to a table, more forcefully this time. Clarke gets up and they head to a small, isolated table.

    COLLIGAN
    He’s watching us.

    CLARKE
    Who?

Colligan goes into his jacket and removes the folder.

    COLLIGAN
    I found this taped to my door when I got home.

He hands it to Clarke who opens it up and starts going through the photos. His face drops.

Each picture is a long shot of Clarke, Colligan, and Norton at one of the crime scenes. Some are them outside, and some are taken through a window as they walk around the two scenes.

    CLARKE
    You just found this tonight?

    COLLIGAN
    It was taped to my door when I got home.

Clarke looks around.

    CLARKE
    Jesus Christ. How does he know who we are?

    COLLIGAN
    I don’t know, but he does.

Both men look at each other.

    CLARKE
    What do we do?

    COLLIGAN
    Have you noticed anybody following you or anything at all?

    CLARKE
    I mean, no, but I also haven’t been paying attention to be honest.

Colligan sighs.
COLLIGAN
Shit, me either.

CLARKE
What’s the point of sending these pictures?

COLLIGAN
He wants us to know he’s watching. If this is some sort of game to him, he wants to be in control. He wants the power over us. This is a message, he’s saying he knows who we are and we don’t know shit about him. This is a giant fuck you.

Colligan looks up to the TV above the bar where the news is showing footage from outside of Jackie’s apartment.

Clarke looks back and sees it as well.

CLARKE
This is all that’s been on the news this week. The Copycat Killer. Everything we’re doing gets broadcast live. This guy knows exactly what we’re doing when we do it, and we don’t even know what he looks like. We need to make some moves.

COLLIGAN
You’re on suspension, you can’t do anything right now.

CLARKE
You think I’m just gonna sit back while this guy stalks us?

COLLIGAN
Look, I’m your partner, I’m not gonna keep you in the dark. Anytime I find something out I’ll let you know, and you can do whatever you want behind the scenes, but Norton is looking for a reason to can you right now. You don’t need to give him one.

Clarke sighs and nods.

COLLIGAN (CONT’D)
We’re gonna get him, but in the meantime, be careful, okay?
(MORE)
COLLIGAN (CONT’D)
This guy knows who we are, he knows where I live, he probably knows the same about you. You have another gun at your place?

CLARKE
Yeah.

COLLIGAN
Good, keep it on you. We’re at a disadvantage right now, so don’t let anything sneak up on you.

Colligan’s phone rings. He takes it out of his pocket and sees that Dr. Brighton is calling him. He answers.

COLLIGAN (CONT’D)
Hello?

He looks concerned.

COLLIGAN (CONT’D)
Whoa, whoa, slow down, okay. Just now? Are you okay? Alright, I’ll be right there, just stay put and lock the door.

He hangs up.

CLARKE
What happened?

INT. APARTMENT BUILDING - HALLWAY - NIGHT

Colligan knocks on the door. Clarke stands behind him looking back and forth down the hall.

COLLIGAN
Sarah, it’s me, open up.

Dr. Brighton opens her door slightly with the chain still secured.

COLLIGAN (CONT’D)
You okay, what’s going on?

DR. BRIGHTON
Hold on.

She closes the door, removes the chain, and opens it up. They walk in.
INT. DR. BRIGHTON’S APARTMENT - CONTINUOUS

COLLIGAN
What’s going on?

Dr. Brighton paces in a frazzle state.

DR. BRIGHTON
I was out for a little bit, just at the library and my office, and then I came home and found it outside my door.

CLARKE
Found what?

Dr. Brighton picks up a small cardboard box off a table and hands it to Colligan.

COLLIGAN
What’s this?

DR. BRIGHTON
I haven’t even touched it yet because I didn’t want to cross contaminate it or get my prints on it or anything.

Colligan pauses for a second, then opens the box.

Inside, on top of some crumpled up tissue paper, is a small heart necklace covered in blood.

Clarke and Colligan look at each other.

CLARKE
You didn’t see who dropped it off?

DR. BRIGHTON
It was someone from the front desk. It got mailed over earlier today and they just dropped it off outside my door.

Colligan continues to inspect the necklace without touching it.

COLLIGAN
We’ll have the blood tested.

DR. BRIGHTON
It has to be from him, right? It’s something from one of the murders isn’t it?
COLLIGAN
I don’t know. Maybe.

DR. BRIGHTON
How did he find out where I live?

CLARKE
Have you noticed anyone following you lately? Anything you can think of? Any weird interactions, phone calls, anything?

DR. BRIGHTON
No! Nothing at all!

Colligan takes a deep breath.

DR. BRIGHTON (CONT’D)
Is he gonna come back for me?

COLLIGAN
I don’t know... Listen, you should stay at my place tonight. You shouldn’t be here alone, I don’t want to take any chances.

CLARKE
He’s right, you shouldn’t be by yourself. We don’t know what this guy wants.

The three look back and forth at each other.

INT. COLLIGAN’S APARTMENT – NIGHT

Colligan and Dr. Brighton walk in. Colligan locks the deadbolt behind them.

COLLIGAN
Sorry, it’s kind of a mess.

DR. BRIGHTON
It’s fine, don’t worry, I don’t care.

She sets her things down on the floor.

COLLIGAN
So you can sleep in my bed tonight and I’ll take the couch.

DR. BRIGHTON
No, no, I can’t do that.
COLLIGAN
Really, you should, don’t worry. It’s a pullout couch anyways. Plus, I want to be close to the door just in case. If... anyone tries to come in, I want to be the first person they see. No offense, but I’m a better line of defense than you are.

She sighs and shakes her head.

DR. BRIGHTON
I can’t believe this is happening.

COLLIGAN
This will be over soon, I promise.

She nods.

DR. BRIGHTON
I hope so.

They look at each other for a moment.

COLLIGAN
Alright, the bathrooms through my room if you wanna brush your teeth or whatever you do before bed.

DR. BRIGHTON
I’m not gonna be able to sleep anyways.

He shrugs.

COLLIGAN
Me either.

She nods and picks up her bag.

DR. BRIGHTON
Well... thanks for letting me stay. I feel safer than I did before. I don’t know if I should or not, but I feel better not being alone.

COLLIGAN
No problem.

A beat.

DR. BRIGHTON
Okay, I’m gonna go wash up.
COLLIGAN
Alright... if you need anything,
I’ll be here. I’ll be awake so
don’t worry about bothering me or
anything.

DR. BRIGHTON
Thanks.

She smiles and walks towards the bedroom.

Colligan starts to unfold the couch.

INT. COLLIGAN’S APARTMENT - NIGHT
The lights are off and Colligan lays asleep on the pullout
couch.

After a moment, Dr. Brighton walks into the room and pulls
the sheets back.

Colligan wakes up, startled.

COLLIGAN
What are...

DR. BRIGHTON
(interrupts)
Shh.

She curls up on his chest and closes her eyes.

DR. BRIGHTON (CONT’D)
I didn’t like being alone.

Colligan looks puzzled for a few seconds, but quickly comes
around to the idea and holds her tighter.

INT. COLLIGAN’S APARTMENT - MORNING
The sun is now up.

A shirtless Colligan opens his eyes and looks to his side
where Dr. Brighton lays with her bare back turned toward him.

He looks around for a moment with a “did that just happen”
look on his face.

Eventually, he lightly pulls the sheet off of himself, trying
hard not to wake her.
He swings his legs off the side of the bed and gets up. He bends down and collects his jeans and his shirt.

He slowly starts putting on his pants, but the sound of his belt buckle jingling causes Dr. Brighton to wake up. She rolls over in bed with the sheet covering her and looks at him with a smile.

DR. BRIGHTON
Morning.

COLLIGAN
I tried not to wake you up.

DR. BRIGHTON
It’s okay.

Colligan sits down on the edge of the bed and gives her a few seconds-long kiss.

DR. BRIGHTON (CONT’D)
Where are you going?

He ties his shoes as he talks.

COLLIGAN
I need to get back to the precinct. It’s later than I thought it was.

DR. BRIGHTON
I should get going anyways.

COLLIGAN
No, no, stay here and sleep for as long as you want. I just need to talk to a few people. I liked having you stay over but I’m not gonna let a killer run loose just to get you to stay here.

DR. BRIGHTON
Should I come by later?

COLLIGAN
Definitely. I’m gonna interview a couple people then you should come by in a few hours, yeah?

DR. BRIGHTON
Okay.

She smiles.
He leans over and gives her another long kiss.

    COLLIGAN
    Don’t close the front door before you have all your stuff. It locks behind you.

    DR. BRIGHTON
    I won’t.

    COLLIGAN
    Alright.

One more quick kiss.

    COLLIGAN (CONT’D)
    I’ll see you in a bit.

I/E. CAR – DAY

Colligan drives alone through a slummy neighborhood looking all around out his window.

After a moment, he pulls up next to a HOOKER standing on the street corner and rolls down his window.

The girl walks up to the car and leans in.

    COLLIGAN
    Hi there.

    HOOKER
    Hey handsome.

    COLLIGAN
    Can I give you a ride?

    HOOKER
    That depends...

Colligan holds up a money clip with a hundred dollar bill on top.

The hooker smiles and gets in the car. Colligan drives off.

The hooker smiles at him seductively and puts a hand on his leg.

    HOOKER (CONT’D)
    So... what’s your name, sweetie?

    COLLIGAN
    It’s Detective Colligan.
The hookers face drops and she pulls back her hand.

HOOKER
Hey, I didn’t offer anything, you don’t got shit on me.

COLLIGAN
Calm down... I don’t want to bust you.

HOOKER
If you think I’m putting out for a cop you’re insane.

COLLIGAN
I’m not here for that, okay?

A beat. The hooker still looks angry but confused.

HOOKER
So, what do you want?

COLLIGAN
Information.

HOOKER
On what?

COLLIGAN
You know a guy named Lefty?

She shrugs.

HOOKER
Maybe I do, maybe I don’t.

Colligan gets a little frustrated.

COLLIGAN
Look, I said I don’t WANT to bust you, but I will if you waste my time.

HOOKER
Alright, fine, I know him. But if you think I’m ratting him out, I’m not gonna do it. I’d rather go to jail.

COLLIGAN
You’d go to jail for him?
HOOKER
I’d rather go to jail then wind up dead.

COLLIGAN
You afraid of him?

She shrugs.

HOOKER
I hear things. The girls talk about what he does.

COLLIGAN
Look, I’m just gonna come right out and ask. Did he kill Jackie?

HOOKER
I didn’t say that.

Colligan sighs.

COLLIGAN
Okay, what CAN you tell me?

HOOKER
Not a lot. I know he never gets busted though.

COLLIGAN
Yeah, I know that too.

HOOKER
Tough for a guy like him not to get busted, ain’t it?

COLLIGAN
What do you mean?

Colligan squints.

HOOKER
I’m just saying, he never gets caught. Almost like someone’s looking out for him or something, you feel me?

A beat.

COLLIGAN
You mean someone on the inside?
HOOKER
Hey, those your words, not mine.
I’m just saying what I see, and for someone who always gets caught red
handed, he never sees the inside of a cell.

COLLIGAN
Rumors like what?

HOOKER
Just think about it, whenever he
gets booked on something, he’s
always back on the street the next
day. Doesn’t matter what he gets
pinched for, always goes away.

Colligan thinks for a minute.

COLLIGAN
Have you ever seen him with someone
like me? A cop?

HOOKER
I ain’t saying another word, I
already told you too much. He gets
word I’ve been talking to you, I’m
screwed.

COLLIGAN
Can you give me ANYTHING else? If
you have something big about Lefty
like the drugs or a murder I can
make sure he never hurts you again.

She scoffs.

HOOKER
You really think you can protect
me? No, hell no, no way I’m
talking. You seen what happens to
his girls when talk. I don’t wanna
end up in an early grave like them.

A beat. Colligan looks confused.

COLLIGAN
What do you mean “girls?”

HOOKER
The two of his girls that wound up

Colligan’s face drops, shocked.
Colligan

Kayla worked for Lefty?

Hooker

He just got her about a month ago. She couldn’t afford her student loans so he offered her a way to make some extra money. She was desperate.

She snickers.

Hooker (cont’d)

We’re all desperate.

Colligan thinks intensely to himself for a moment.

His cell phone rings and he looks at the screen before abruptly pulling the car over.

Colligan

Alright, get out here.

Colligan takes the hundred dollar bill and hands it to her.

Hooker

Seriously?

Colligan

Just take it and get out... and be careful out there okay?

The confused hooker exits the car and walks off.

Colligan picks up his cell phone.

Colligan (cont’d)

Hello?

His face drops and he listens.

Colligan (cont’d)

Are you serious?

Ext. Norton’s House – Day

Colligan pulls up to the scene, gets out of his car, and starts speeding towards the front door.

There are a ton of other Cops around the area and the front door has been sealed off with crime scene tape.
INT. NORTON’S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Colligan enters and stops in his tracks at the scene in front of him.

Norton’s body sits in a recliner chair in front of the TV with a single bullet hole in his forehead.

Colligan looks up at the wall behind Norton’s body and sees a symbol scribbled onto the wall. It looks like a big hastily drawn “+” sign inside of a smaller circle.

INT. POLICE STATION - DAY

Colligan sits at his desk staring blankly forward, completely spaced out.

After a moment, Dr. Brighton walks up to him and hands him a coffee, snapping him out of his daze.

    COLLIGAN
    Thanks.

He takes the coffee.

    DR. BRIGHTON
    I don’t know what to say. I can’t even put into words how sorry I am.

    COLLIGAN
    Yeah...

Colligan stares off into the distance and takes a sip of the coffee.

    DR. BRIGHTON
    How’s Clarke doing?

    COLLIGAN
    Who knows, he isn’t answering his phone. I’ve been calling him all morning.

A beat.

    DR. BRIGHTON
    We’re gonna catch this guy, you know.

    COLLIGAN
    Is that right?

Colligan snickers and takes another sip of his coffee.
DR. BRIGHTON
I saw the... photos of the crime scene. This is the same killer.

COLLIGAN
Yeah?

DR. BRIGHTON
That symbol drawn on the wall, the big plus sign inside the circle... that’s the Zodiac Killer.

Colligan cracks a smiles.

COLLIGAN
The Zodiac Killer?

Dr. Brighton Nods.

Colligan starts laughing as he talks.

COLLIGAN (CONT’D)
Isn’t Zodiac like the greatest unsolved string of murders in US history? So we have no leads on our copycat, and now the copycat is copying another unsolved case. Jesus, this keeps getting better and better.

He takes another sip.

DR. BRIGHTON
He’s gonna slip up at some point. They all slip up, that’s how they get caught. They get cocky and leave something behind.

COLLIGAN
You want to know what he’s left behind so far? Nothing! Forensics have done full sweeps of every single crime scene. They haven’t got a finger print, DNA, shoe prints, or a single fucking strand of hair that can send us in the right direction. The bullet they found in Norton matched the first crime scene and it’s still from the same unregistered gun. This guy does not slip up and that’s what makes him dangerous. He knows how to be a ghost and he’s good at it. And guess what else?

(MORE)
COLLIGAN (CONT'D)
That necklace you got in the mail,
the blood was a DNA match to the
first victim, like that’s some sort
of fucking surprise. This fucking
guy’s toying with us and he knows
we have nothing. We’re exactly
where he wants us to be!

Colligan angrily throws his coffee into the trash.

Dr. Brighton sighs, trying to think of something to say.

DR. BRIGHTON
If this is a big game to him, why
would he eliminate one of the
players. None of this makes sense.

Colligan thinks for a moment before the light bulb goes on.
He sits up straight.

COLLIGAN
Maybe it does.

EXT. NORTON’S HOUSE - EVENING

The house is still blocked off with crime tape but there are
only one or two officers at the scene guarding the front
door. Colligan holds up his badge and they let him through.

INT. NORTON’S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Colligan enters and looks around, staring mainly at the chair
Norton was killed in, now empty but still covered in blood.

INT. NORTON’S HOUSE - OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Colligan walks into a makeshift study area. There is large
bookshelf, a desk covered in papers, and a couple file
cabinets.

He looks around for a moment before walking to the file

He opens one of the drawers and starts looking through files.
Seeing nothing, he closes it and sighs.

He walks over to the desk and sits down in the chair and
starts opening the drawers to the desk.

Eventually, he opens the top bottom drawer, but this one only
comes out about 6 inches, much smaller than the rest.
Confused, Colligan continues to pull on the drawer until it comes out. He puts it on top of the desk and kneels down, looking into the space where the drawer was removed.

Hidden in the back of the desk is a small secret drawer. He removes the compartment and sets it on the desk.

In the secret drawer there are several stacks of cash and a cell phone.

Colligan turns on the cell phone and begins going through the text messages.

The first message he reads is from “L” saying “SSL storage lockers, 9pm. Have your share. Don’t be late.”

Colligan continues to scroll through the messages.

He scrolls down through a long list of texts and opens a picture message from L reading “New girl, Kayla” followed by a picture of her in her underwear.

Colligan angrily breathes to himself.

He looks at Norton’s response which reads “Looks good. I’ll test her out tomorrow.”

Colligan looks up, angry.

INT. CLARKE’S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Someone slams on the door from outside. After a moment Clarke walks over, looks through the eyehole, and opens the door.

Colligan storms in past him.

    COLLIGAN
    You don’t answer your phone anymore?

    CLARKE
    I’ve been busy, sorry. Look what came in the mail today.

Clarke picks up a manila envelope and hands it to Colligan. He opens it and finds more photographs of them from the crime scenes.

    COLLIGAN
    Shit.
CLARKE
He knows where we all live. This is bad.

COLLIGAN
Have you... talked to anyone today?

CLARKE
Not really, why?

Colligan pace around.

CLARKE (CONT’D)
What’s going on?

Colligan sighs.

COLLIGAN
Norton’s dead.

Clarke’s face drops.

CLARKE
What? What the hell happened?

COLLIGAN
He framed it to look like the Zodiac killer.

Clarke sits down on the couch, dazed.

CLARKE
Jesus Christ.

COLLIGAN
It’s worse than just that. Look what I found at Norton’s house.

He takes the cell phone out of his pocket and tosses it to Clarke.

COLLIGAN (CONT’D)
Look through the texts.

Clarke does and his eyes widen. He looks back up at Colligan.

COLLIGAN (CONT’D)
Lefty isn’t the only pimp. Norton was running everything with him. That’s why he never gets caught. They were fucking partners.

Clarke’s face drops.
CLARKE
He was in on it?

COLLIGAN
Read the rest of the texts. They were running the whole thing together.

Clarke continues to read through the phone.

COLLIGAN (CONT’D)
And that first girl, Kayla? The waitress? She was working for them too.

CLARKE
She was a hooker?

COLLIGAN
It’s all on the phone.

CLARKE
Maybe that’s what got him killed.

COLLIGAN
Maybe...

Clarke stops reading and looks back up at Colligan.

CLARKE
I’m telling you, Lefty did this. He had to have. If Jackie was his girl and apparently so was Kayla, and Norton was his partner, that means he had ties to all the victims. He’s the link.

COLLIGAN
He’s a scumbag, but what’s his motive? Pimping to killing’s a big jump.

CLARKE
Jackie was talking to me. That got her killed.

COLLIGAN
What about Norton? Why would he kill his own partner?

CLARKE
Maybe he was afraid? Maybe Norton told Lefty he wanted out and he killed him.

(MORE)
Norton was a cop, and Lefty was a pimp. If anything ever went to trial who do you think they'd believe?

COLLIGAN
Maybe... What about Kayla?

Clarke thinks.

CLARKE
Shit, I don’t know.

A beat.

COLLIGAN
Why serial killers?

CLARKE
I don’t know. To throw us off?

COLLIGAN
Is he even smart enough for that?

CLARKE
He’s good at not getting caught? For all we know it might’ve been Norton’s idea and it backfired on him.

Colligan continues to pace.

CLARKE (CONT’D)
I’m telling you, Lefty had something to do with this.

Colligan stops walking around.

COLLIGAN
Say he does. How do we prove it?

A beat.

CLARKE
Let’s go talk to him.

EXT. LEFTY’S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Clarke and Colligan pull up in a police cruiser and get out of the car.
CLARKE
We’re not leaving until we get some answers.

They walk up to the front door and Clarke starts knocking.

A beat.

Clarke starts knocking again, much louder this time.

CLARKE (CONT’D)
Open the door, Lefty.

A beat. The house remains in silence.

Clarke knocks on the door a third time.

Nothing is heard from inside.

COLLIGAN
Maybe he’s not home.

CLARKE
Let’s see if his car’s here.

Clarke and Colligan walk off of the stoop and head around to the other side of the house near the driveway.

CLARKE (CONT’D)
That’s his car.

COLLIGAN
Maybe someone picked him up.

CLARKE
Maybe.

They start walking towards the car but they stop when they see what looks like the back of someone’s head against the driver’s side head rest.

COLLIGAN
Wait... Look.

Colligan removes his gun from his waist band and both men start slowly approaching the car.

They continue to cautiously step towards the vehicle, gun still drawn.

They approach the window of the car and find Lefty dead in the driver seat and another dead GIRL dead in the passenger seat. They have both been shot in the temple.
CLARKE
Looks like he’s not gonna be talking.

Lefty has a folded up letter on his lap. The words “For Detective Colligan and Detective Mason are written on top.

Colligan reaches in and grabs it. He unfolds the letter, revealing a long hand written letter. The bottom of the note reads “Yours In Murder Mr. Monster.”

Colligan and Clarke look at each other.

INT. POLICE STATION - DAY

Colligan sits at his desk, Clarke stands next to him, and Dr. Brighton sits in a chair, reading the note they found at the crime scene.

CLARKE
Ballistics said Lefty was shot with a twenty two. Same as Kayla and Norton.

COLLIGAN
So we’re back at square one.

Clarke drops his folder down on the desk.

COLLIGAN (CONT’D)
(to Dr. Brighton)
What about the letter?

DR. BRIGHTON
It’s from the Son of Sam murders. It’s just a giant rambling letter, riddled with typos, and stream of consciousness descriptions of whatever goes through his mind. It’s handwritten, but just looking over it here, it looks like its pretty much traced from the original, minus... your names on the front.

CLARKE
He wants us to know he knows who we are and we don’t know anything about him. This is a game.

He looks out the window to where a NEWSCASTER is speaking in front of a camera facing the precinct.
CLARKE (CONT’D)
And they’re just making us look worse. This psycho’s all that’s been on TV for the past week. They’re acting like he’s a goddamn celebrity or something.

Across the precinct, two men in suits hastily walk through the station, agents STANLEY BURTON, 45, and IAN DAWSON.

COLLIGAN
What the hell is this?

Burton and Dawson approach Colligan’s desk.

BURTON
Detective Clarke. Aren’t you supposed to be on leave?

CLARKE
Who the hell are you?

BURTON
I’m Stanley Burton, and this is Ian Dawson, internal affairs. Who’s this?

Burton points to Dr. Brighton.

DR. BRIGHTON
Sarah Brighton.

COLLIGAN
She’s a consultant on the case – What’s IA doing here?

DAWSON
(to Clarke)
Aren’t you on administrative leave, detective?

CLARKE
We had one of our own killed, it’s all hands on deck here. What’s this about?

BURTON
We just have some questions for Detective Clarke here.

CLARKE
Questions? About what?
DAWSON
Just come with us.

CLARKE
I’m not going anywhere until you tell me what this is about.

DAWSON
As a professional courtesy we’re ASKING you to come with us. Don’t make me ask again.

INT. POLICE STATION - INTERROGATION ROOM - DAY

Clarke sits on one side of the table and Dawson stands on the other with a folder.

DAWSON
You have quite the temper, don’t you detective?

CLARKE
Excuse me?

DAWSON
It says here you have three complaints in the past year from suspects you’ve... interrogated.

CLARKE
All three cases were dropped.

DAWSON
Cops word against a suspect’s? I can see why.

CLARKE
What exactly are you implying?

DAWSON
I think you know what I’m implying.

CLARKE
Say what you want but I get confessions out of scumbags more than just about any cop out there.

DAWSON
I bet you do.
CLARKE
What the hell is this about? You want to question me on complaints that were filed months ago? I have bigger things to worry about.

Clarke stands up.

DAWSON
Sit down! We’re not through here.

Clarke slowly sits down.

CLARKE
You either tell me what this is about or I’m walking.

Dawson, frustrated, throws the folder down on the table.

DAWSON
Are you just playing dumb with me? Are you really that stupid? Jesus, I gave you more credit than that...
Earlier this week, you knock the shit out of a suspect in the interrogation room, then when he gets released you punch him in the face and threaten to kill him in front of the entire precinct. Then last night, he gets killed. Forgive me if you think I’m off base, but I don’t take things like that lightly.

CLARKE
So, you think I killed that piece of shit?

Dawson leans forward on the table and grills Clarke.

DAWSON
Did you?

Clarke stares at him, furious.

INT. POLICE STATION - INTERROGATION ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Colligan sits on one side of the table and Burton sits on the other.

BURTON
I’m gonna level with you, this does not look great for your buddy.
COLLIGAN
You guys are on some witch hunt, huh?

BURTON
He assaults and threatens to kill someone, then that someone winds up dead.

COLLIGAN
People talk all the time, that doesn’t prove guilt. You know that.

BURTON
I know he’s your partner. And I know he’s your friend... but you have to look at this from my point of view.

COLLIGAN
Your perspective? You IA guys are all the same, you sit behind a desk and you sell out your own kind when you get on these power trips. You think you know what it means to be a cop because you have a badge? Let me ask you something, have you ever had a gun pointed at you? Have you ever gone to work without knowing if you were gonna come home or not? Have you ever been shot at or stabbed? You don’t know the first thing about being a cop.

INT. POLICE STATION - INTERROGATION ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Clarke continues to sit at the table while Dawson walks about the room.

DAWSON
Where were you when Lefty was killed?

CLARKE
I was at home.

DAWSON
Really?

CLARKE
You don’t believe me? Ask my fucking goldfish, he’ll vouch for me.
DAWSON
So, I’m just curious, if you didn’t know what time he was killed, how are you sure you were home?

CLARKE
Because I was home all night, wiseass. But good try.

DAWSON
And where were you when Norton was killed?

CLARKE
Excuse me?

Clarke looks taken aback.

DAWSON
According to you, your partner, that... murder consultant, and just about everyone in the station, they were all killed by the same person. The copycat killer.

CLARKE
And?

DAWSON
You want to know what I think? I think you knew every single victim so far and you don’t have an alibi for any of the murders. The first victim, Kayla...

As he says each victim’s name, he throws a crime scene photo of their body onto the table.

DAWSON (CONT’D)
...we have credit card receipts showing that she was your waitress twice the week she was killed...

Clarke’s face contorts in a combination of surprise and extreme anger.

CLARKE
You pulled my credit card records!?

DAWSON
... Jackie, the hooker, your informant... Norton, your captain...
CLARKE
Is this a fucking joke?

DAWSON
... and finally, Lefty.

CLARKE
You’re off your ass.

DAWSON
That’s four victims with you as the connection.

Clarke shakes his head and crosses his arms, refusing to look at Dawson or the crime scene photos.

DAWSON (CONT’D)
You still want to be a tough guy?

INT. POLICE STATION - INTERROGATION ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

BURTON
Can you vouch for Detective Clarke’s whereabouts during any of the murders?

COLLIGAN
Of course I can. He and I drove to Kayla’s together, he was at a bar when Norton was shot, and we found Lefty and that girl together. I don’t know about Jackie.

BURTON
That’s not good enough.

COLLIGAN
Why the hell not?

BURTON
Because the fact of the matter is you weren’t with him when any of these murders actually took place. You drove to Kayla’s together, fine, but she was killed the night before. You found Lefty and that girl together, fine... but they were killed HOURS BEFORE... Norton was killed around four am, you said you left him around midnight.

(MORE)
You can’t vouch for his whereabouts during the time he was actually killed. I’m sorry, but that’s four crime scenes, no alibi’s.

Colligan shakes his head and laughs.

COLLIGAN
You’re really fishing on this one aren’t you?

BURTON
Are you aware that detective Clarke has a twenty two caliber handgun registered to him.

Colligan rolls his eyes

COLLIGAN
So what?

BURTON
Four of our five victims were killed with a twenty two.

COLLIGAN
That still doesn’t prove anything. I have a twenty two, so do half the guys here. Just ask him, he’ll give you the gun, you can test the bullet striations.

A beat. Colligan shrugs.

Burton sighs.

BURTON
Look, I’m not trying to be unreasonable here... but we have a cop who’s known for being rough who has a connection to all four victims, including a public death threat to one of them, no alibis, and a gun that fits the profile of a serial killer. Whether you want to admit it or not, you know exactly how that looks. If he was just another criminal on the street, you’d have him pegged for this.

Colligan continues to stare on in silence.
INT. POLICE STATION - INTERROGATION ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

CLARKE
You know what, I’m done with this. You can say whatever you want, and you can pressure me, and try to get me to crack, but I’m not saying another fucking word.

Clarke gets up and walks towards the door, but Dawson stands in front of him, right in his face.

CLARKE (CONT’D)
Get the hell out of my way.

A beat.

DAWSON
You’re on indefinite leave until we tell you otherwise... don’t go far.

Clarke pushes forward, hitting Dawson on the shoulder, and exiting the room.

INT. POLICE STATION - MOMENTS LATER

Colligan stands outside of the interrogation room.

Clarke hauls out of the interrogation room, right past him without saying a word.

COLLIGAN
Hey! Where are you going?

CLARKE
Who gives a shit?

Clarke continues on and angrily exits the police station.

Dr. Brighton walks up to Colligan.

DR. BRIGHTON
What happened?

COLLIGAN
He just needs to let out some steam while this blows over.

Dawson walks out of the interrogation room.

DAWSON
Keep an eye on him, will ya? For his good and ours.
Dawson walks away.

Colligan and Dr. Brighton stand in silence for a moment.

    DR. BRIGHTON
    What do we do now?

Clarke sighs.

    CLARKE
    I don’t know. I really don’t.

In his pocket his phone pings. He opens it up and sees that he has a new e-mail that reads “play me.”

He looks up to Dr. Brighton.

    DR. BRIGHTON
    What is it?

    CLARKE
    I don’t know.

She moves next to him and looks at the screen.

He clicks the attachment and a video starts to play.

It’s a hand-held video, at first pointed down to the ground in what appears to be a dark room. The sound of a TV can be heard in the background.

The camera lifts up and looks around a corner in a house, revealing Norton sitting in his chair watching TV, unaware of the cameraman.

Colligan grits his teeth as he watches on.

After a moment, the stranger’s other hand comes into the video frame, holding a gun.

Dr. Brighton puts a hand over her mouth.

In the video, the cameraman walks forward towards Norton. After a second, he turns and notices.

    NORTON
    (in the video)
    Who the hell...

On the video, the stranger fires, shooting Norton in the head.

Dr. Brighton gasps and looks away, burying her head on Colligan’s shoulder.
Colligan continues to watch the video in anger.

The video lingers on Norton’s body for a few more moments before it ends.

Colligan, breathing heavy, puts the phone down on the table and holds Dr. Brighton, who is now crying.

INT. POLICE STATION - BATHROOM - LATER

Dr. Brighton rubs her eyes in the mirror, the water running in the sink. She’s upset.

Someone knocks on the door outside.

    DR. BRIGHTON
    Just a second.

The door cracks open and Colligan pokes his head in.

    COLLIGAN
    It’s just me.

She nods and he comes in, closing the door behind him.

    COLLIGAN (CONT’D)
    You okay?

She scoffs.

    DR. BRIGHTON
    Not really.

Colligan nods and rubs her back.

    COLLIGAN
    Listen, I know this isn’t ideal, but we should stay here for a while until this is over. This guy’s sending us a message and we need to stay safe.

She rolls her eyes.

    DR. BRIGHTON
    At the station?

    COLLIGAN
    Just for a couple days.

    DR. BRIGHTON
    That sounds awful.
He shrugs.

COLLIGAN
I know, but we need to do it. This guy’s watching our every move and this is the only place where we’re safe.

DR. BRIGHTON
What about Clarke?

COLLIGAN
I’m trying to get a hold of him but he’s not picking up his phone. He’s fine he’s just dealing with this shit his own way.

She nods.

COLLIGAN (CONT’D)
I have an officer who’s gonna take you by your apartment so you can pick up whatever you need. Take as much time as you want.

She sighs and shakes her head, holding back tears.

DR. BRIGHTON
When is this gonna end?

He hugs her.

COLLIGAN
Soon, I promise. It’s almost over.

She cries into his chest and he lightly rocks back and forth.

INT. POLICE STATION – LATER

Colligan sits at his desk, surrounded by countless folders and papers. There are crime scene photos spread out all over his desk as well.

He looks absolutely exhausted and the bags under his eyes are huge.

He rubs his eyes with his hands and then picks up a folder off the desk.

He sits back in his chair and stares forward, spaced out.

Burton approaches Colligan’s desk with a coffee in hand.
BURTON
It’s late. How long are you planning on staying here?

COLLIGAN
Until I find something we can work with.

A beat.

BURTON
Listen... I know what you guys think. IA is out to get people, we get off on making you look bad, that this whole thing is some kind of power trip... But it’s not like that. I want nothing more than to clear your buddy and catch the bastard that did all this. But my job is to look at the situation objectively and figure out what’s going on. It’s the job.

COLLIGAN
And bringing down a good cop is just collateral damage?

BURTON
I go where the facts take me. There’s nothing more to it than that. I’m not here to pass judgement on who’s a good cop and who isn’t.

A beat.

COLLIGAN
Can I ask you something?

BURTON
Sure.

COLLIGAN
How’d you get this job anyways? It’s like you said, nobody likes you guys. Cops investigating cops? It isn’t exactly the ideal job. How’d you land here?

BURTON
I was placed. I went through the academy just like you. Same tests, same classes, everything...

(MORE)
I passed the written exams with flying colors. Better than anyone else in the class... but my field exams? Failed every single one.

Colligan laughs. After a moment, Burton does as well.

I’m smart as hell but I’m not cut out for the field. It’s not because I didn’t want to be, I just... didn’t have what it took.

Colligan nods.

What about Dawson? Same story?

Dawson? No... no, he’s just an asshole.

Both men burst out laughing.

I can tell.

Then both gradually stop laughing.

But in all seriousness, I don’t have it out for anyone and it doesn’t make me happy to find someone guilty... Sometime’s that’s just the job. Hell, you guys see murders every week. You learn to live with it so it doesn’t affect you as much. No matter how unpleasant it might be, it’s part of the job... The same goes for me.

Colligan nods his head slightly, sympathizing with Burton.

Let me ask you something... all this “moral code” bullshit aside? I know we took an oath when we got our badges, but some people... don’t you think some people deserve a different kind of justice?

Between you and me...
He leans in.

BURTON (CONT’D)
... more than anything. Some people
deserve a bat to the head for what
they’ve done.

He leans back.

BURTON (CONT’D)
But unfortunately what I might
think about that doesn’t give me a
paycheck every month.

Colligan nods.

BURTON (CONT’D)
The system is flawed, no doubt...
but some order is better than none.

COLLIGAN
I’m just...

In an instant, officers start running around the precinct
behind them, frantically rushing out the door. Both Colligan
and Burton watch them, puzzled.

COLLIGAN (CONT’D)
What’s going on?

BURTON
I don’t know.

Dawson rushes past them.

BURTON (CONT’D)
(to Dawson)
Hey! What the hell’s going on?

DAWSON
One eighty seven. You need to come
with me.

Colligan and Burton immediately jump up and follow Dawson as
he runs out the door.

INT. DR. BRIGHTON’S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Colligan stares at Dr. Brighton’s body, slumped over on the
couch, covered in blood and riddled with open wounds.

On the floor in front of her is a bloody hatchet.
A crime scene team is busy documenting the entire scene.

Burton walks up to Colligan.

BURTON
The officer she was with is in the other room. It looks like he killed him first. We have an officer getting the security footage from downstairs right now.

Colligan doesn’t look away from Dr. Brighton’s body.

Burton looks around and speaks quietly to Colligan so nobody else can hear him.

BURTON (CONT’D)
Where’s your partner?

COLLIGAN
I don’t know.

BURTON
Look... Try and find him and make sure he’s alright. I don’t think he did this either, but that means he’s in danger.

Colligan doesn’t reply, still zeroed in on Dr. Brighton.

BURTON (CONT’D)
There’s enough going on here right now, you go. Get him on the phone, find him in person, whatever, just get down to the station. I’ll make sure Dawson stays off his back if he doesn’t put up a fight. The sooner he plays the game and gets the attention off himself, the sooner we can focus on who really did this.

Colligan continues to stare at Brighton’s body.

COLLIGAN
If I find him I’ll call you.

Burton nods and walks away.

BURTON
Hang in there.

He taps Colligan on the shoulder and walks off.
INT. POLICE CAR - NIGHT

Colligan has his cell phone up to his head. It rings a few times then goes to voicemail.

    CLARKE (V.O.)
    You’ve reached the voicemail of
    Mason Clarke, please leave...

He hangs up the phone, thrusts the car into drive, and peels out.

EXT. CLARKE’S APARTMENT - LATER

Colligan slams on the door.

    COLLIGAN
    Clarke! Open up!

He slams on the door again, but we hear nothing inside.

He takes out his phone, presses a few buttons, and put it to his head.

From inside the apartment, we hear the cell phone ring, catching Colligan off guard. He hangs up and puts the phone back in his pocket.

He puts his ear up to the door but hears nothing. After a moment, he grabs the door handle and twists it, opening the door just a crack.

Cautiously, he opens the door all the way and walks inside.

INT. CLARKE’S APARTMENT - CONTINUOUS

The room is empty and nobody appears to be home.

Colligan removes his cell phone and again presses a few buttons. After a moment, Clarke’s phone begins to ring.

Colligan follows the ringer to the phone, which is sitting on a counter with a sticky note on it.

Colligan picks up the note and stares at it. Written in red sharpie is a note reading,

“Call me, Partner :)

617-555-4346"
Colligan swallows and dials the number on Clarke’s phone. He slowly raises it to his head as it rings for a few moments.

Finally, the other line clicks as it picks up. For a few seconds, nobody says anything.

COLLIGAN
Hello?

On the other line, we hear a MAN chuckle to himself.

MAN (V.O.)
Well... it’s good to finally talk to you.

The voice is extremely average, not too deep, not too high, nothing - just average. He doesn’t seem to have a care in the world and sounds overly friendly and jovial. Colligan appears more tense than we’ve ever seen him.

COLLIGAN
Who is this?

MAN (V.O.)
Oh, come on Detective, you know who this is.

Colligan swallows.

COLLIGAN
Where’s Clarke?

MAN (V.O.)
Oh, don’t worry about him, he’s just fine. He’s sitting right here with me. We’re just talking and getting to know each other.

Colligan gets heated.

COLLIGAN
I swear to God, you better not fucking hurt...

MAN (V.O.)
(interrupts)
Don’t take that kind of tone with me, detective. You don’t threaten me right now, alright? You do exactly what I tell you and not the other way around. I’m in charge, not you.

Colligan kicks a chair.
MAN (V.O.)
There’s no need to get aggressive with me. I think you’ll find that I’m a pretty reasonable man for the most part... How’s this, you want to talk to your partner? Just as a show of good faith?

Colligan takes a deep breath.

COLLIGAN
Put him on.

MAN (V.O.)
(in a mocking voice)
Say please.

Colligan grits his teeth.

COLLIGAN
PLEASE, put him on.

MAN (V.O.)
Well, of course!

We hear a groan in the background of the phone

CLARKE (V.O.)
Hey.

Colligan perks up.

COLLIGAN
What’s going on? Are you okay, are you hurt?

CLARKE (V.O.)
I’m fine. This asshole just has me tied to a chair. Besides that everything is fucking great.

The man laughs in the background.

MAN (V.O.)
(away from the phone)
Alright, that’s enough.
(directly into the phone)
There, see? I proved your buddy is alive and well. I told you I was a reasonable guy.

COLLIGAN
What do you want?
MAN (V.O.)
I just want to meet you in person.
I want you and me and your partner
to hang out like buds, that’s all.

COLLIGAN
What happens if I say no?

The man sighs.

MAN (V.O.)
Why are you making this so
difficult? Listen, we both know
you’re not gonna say no, because we
both know that if you do that, I’ll
cut your friend up like the Black
Dahlia and leave him on the side of
the road for you to find. The only
reason I even put him on the phone
in the first place was to give you
the motivation to come play with
me. It’s called leverage. It’s
really not that complicated and I
know you’re a smart guy, so let’s
just cut the small talk and get to
the point.

Colligan takes a deep, angry breath.

COLLIGAN
Tell me where to go.

MAN (V.O.)
See how easy this is! I knew you’d
come around. We’re at One oh four
La Guerta Street. It’s an abandoned
house, you know where that is?

COLLIGAN
I know the street.

MAN (V.O.)
Perfect! Meet us there at your
leisure and we’ll get everything
straightened out.

COLLIGAN
(begrudgingly)
Fine.
MAN (V.O.)
Oh, and Detective... this goes without saying, but if anyone other than you shows up, your partner's throat will be slit before you even get to the front door. I can promise you that.

Colligan breathes heavily.

EXT. ABANDONED HOUSE - NIGHT
Colligan pulls up in his car. This is the shittiest neighborhood you can imagine, every house looks abandoned and falling apart.

He turns off the engine and gets out, pausing for a moment before walking to the front door.

His gun is drawn.

INT. ABANDONED HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS
Colligan nudges the front door open, cautiously entering the apartment.

He tiptoes through with his gun drawn. Most of the house appears to be in darkness, and the place looks like a crack den. There’s trash everywhere, graffiti on the walls, bottles and cans strewn about, and boards on half the windows.

He continues for a few moments until we hear a creak coming from upstairs, catching his attention.

Slower and more cautious than before, he creeps through the living room towards a stairwell.

INT. ABANDONED HOUSE - UPSTAIRS HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS
Colligan looks down the dark hallway where a light is coming from under the door of one single room.

He swallows and continues down the hall to the lit room. He pauses for a moment before he gets to the door and takes a deep breath.

After a moment of building up the courage, he grabs the hands and opens it up.
INT. ABANDONED HOUSE - BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

Sitting in the middle of the room is the barely conscious Clarke, tied to a chair with rope. He has a piece of tape over his mouth and he looks like he’s had the shit kicked out of him. One of his pant legs has been cut off and there is a huge open wound on his leg with a towel over it.

Out of the blue from the hallway, someone presses a gun against Colligan’s head. He freezes.

MAN
   Very slowly, take your hand off the trigger, and hold the gun in the air.

Colligan sighs and obeys, and the man takes the gun.

MAN (CONT’D)
   Okay, now head inside and stand behind your buddy.

His hands still up, Colligan does what he’s told.

COLLIGAN
   What the hell did you do to him?

MAN
   He’s just helping me out with something, don’t worry.

The room is illuminated by a small kerosene lantern hanging from the end of a bare curtain rod. All the windows have been covered over completely with cardboard and duct tape.

Colligan turns around to see...

A nerdy-looking, slightly pudgy man with glasses, GARY BARRON, 30s, who continues to point the gun at Colligan. He has a huge smile on his face, clearly excited, like he’s meeting his favorite actor.

GARY
   Detective Jack Colligan, as I live and breathe. I gotta tell ya, I am SO glad you came by, it’s a pleasure... Gary Barron.

Gary places the gun from his right hand under his armpit and extends his arm to give Colligan a handshake, the gun in his left hand still pointed at Colligan.

Colligan doesn’t budge.
GARY (CONT’D)
Yeah, that’s fine too.

COLLIGAN
What’d you do to him?

He looks down at Clarke.

GARY
I told you, he’s fine. He’s just helping me out with a little project... Have you heard of Ed Gein?

Gary reaches down and removes the towel from Clarke’s leg, revealing a large section of his quad that has been skinned. Clarke groans.

GARY (CONT’D)
He’s helping me make a new wallet.

COLLIGAN
You’re fucking sick.

GARY
No, no, you just don’t understand what I’m doing.

Colligan continues to stare at Gary.

GARY (CONT’D)
I’m... I’m sorry, am I disappointing you? I feel like I’m letting you down or something right now?

Colligan remains silent.

GARY (CONT’D)
I know, I know, I guess I’m not as scary in person. I’m not very tall, not very muscular. Not really that threatening at all, to be honest. I know it, you don’t have to sugar coat it. But, let me ask you this... did you actually have a profile of me in your head? Was I some big scary hulk of a guy who only lurks in the shadows, wearing all black or something?

Still, Colligan does not reply. Gary smiles.
GARY (CONT’D)
You had no idea what to expect, did you? I knew it! You know why you didn’t know what to expect? Because we don’t fit any one profile. You watch a horror movie like Halloween or Friday the Thirteenth or something and they’re these big brooding EVIL figures. They’re not even people really, they’re like ideas. But that’s not scary, that’s predictable. In real life, we’re much scarier. You know why? It’s BECAUSE we don’t have any one profile. I mean, look at me, I’m an average looking guy. I’m completely underwhelming. I could be your neighbor, your mailman, your coworker. You walk past me every day and have no idea what I am because I don’t “fit the profile.” That’s the scariest thing of all, isn’t it? Think of some of the greats! Think of how average they were! BTK? Bundy? Gacy!? Gacy’s job was to dress up as a clown and play with children!

Gary is getting pumped up talking about his idols.

GARY (CONT’D)
Parents trusted him for God sake! Think of the irony... What makes us scary is the unknown. You’re afraid of me because YOU don’t know anything about ME. Even right now, in this very moment... you don’t really KNOW anything.

COLLIGAN
So, why don’t you tell me? You’re after something, right? What is it, what do you want?

Gary chuckles.

GARY
That was a good try, but you’re not gonna psychoanalyze me and get to the bottom of my problems. I know why I’m all... messed up. I actually grew up in this house. (MORE)
My step-father would beat me with a belt right about where you’re standing, and then he’d walk down the hall to my sister’s room and play with her for a while too, and then he’d come back here and beat me a second time for crying about getting beat the first time. That kind of upbringing has an effect on a kid, you know? Minds so malleable. Monkey see, monkey do, I guess.

Colligan snaps at him.

**COLLIGAN**
What the hell do you want? Enough fucking around, just tell me what you want.

Gary looks confused.

**GARY**
What makes you think I want something other than what I’m already getting?

He continues to pace.

**GARY (CONT’D)**
Let me ask you a question, why did you become a cop in the first place?

**COLLIGAN**
To put pieces of shit like you behind bars.

Gary chuckles and shakes his head at the answer.

**GARY**
Come on detective. This isn’t The View, you can be honest with me. You became a cop because you like the attention. You like the power. You like the fact that you have an inherent power over everyone that you talk to. You walk into a room and flash that badge and all of a sudden they’re acting how they think you want them to act. You don’t even have to say anything, but still you have the power. (MORE)
GARY (CONT'D)
That’s the kind of power everyone wants. And you know what creates power? Fear. Fear creates power. People fear you because of what you can do to them... I’m no different than you in that respect. I mean, Jesus, look around, I am the very definition of fear. Everyone knows who I am... but nobody knows WHO I am. They don’t know how to protect themselves, they don’t know when I’ll hit next. All they know is that I exist and that they fear me.

COLLIGAN
So, that’s all this is about? It’s just a control thing?

Gary chuckles.

GARY
No... No, it’s not a control thing.
It’s about appreciation.

Colligan looks confused.

COLLIGAN
Appreciation?

GARY
Have you turned on the news in the past week? I’m a goddamn celebrity now. I create the headlines! Everyone knows me and everyone stays glued to their TVs, waiting to see what I do next. People talk about me at work, and at the dinner table, and on dates, and everyone says, “Oh, how horrible. Who would do such a thing...” But you know what? They love me. I’m on TV twenty-four-seven, I’m entertainment! They say they want me stopped but they don’t want me stopped. They want to see what I do next so they can talk about it even more. I’m a HERO to these people because I help them escape the monotony of life for a minute. Whether they realize it or not, they love me and they want more.
COLLIGAN
Those people want to see you caught or killed.

Gary chuckles and brushes him off. As he speaks, he becomes increasingly passionate.

GARY
No, they don’t detective. They may say they do but they don’t. I’m giving them excitement. How many times have you turned on the news and seen an hour of feel good stories? Never. Nobody wants that, they want reality, and they want blood, and they want gritty, dark, realism. I’m giving them exactly what they want, and every time I do they love me even more. For the first time ever, I’m being appreciated for my work.

Gary’s pacing becomes more defined and exaggerated.

GARY (CONT’D)
Do you have any idea how hard it is to be rejected for something you’re proud of? No. NO. That’s just rude for no reason, and people need to understand that you don’t spit in the face of someone who is proud of what they’ve done. Your friend Dr. Brighton learned that. I read one of her books a while back, and when I found out that she was working with the police on this... I just wanted to show her how much I looked up to her because I THOUGHT she would appreciate my work. My painstaking attention to detail, all the forethought that went into it. She spit in my face when I showed up. Acted like what I did had no merit.

Gary makes hand motions as he speak, animated.

GARY (CONT’D)
I valued her work. But there was no MUTUAL respect with her. She didn’t appreciate a thing I did, and he didn’t value the lengths I went to to accomplish what I did... That didn’t sit well with me.
Gary turns to Colligan and smiles.

GARY (CONT'D)
Please... tell me you picked up on that one?

Colligan doesn’t respond.

GARY (CONT'D)
Oh, come on, you should know this! In eighteen ninety two, Lizzie Borden more than probably murdered her father Andrew and her step-mother Abby with a hatchet. Nobody seems to agree on why she did it, but I know. I know. It’s because that piece of garbage Andrew didn’t appreciate his daughter. She looked up to him, and he neglected her for that money grubbing tramp of a woman, and Lizzie resented him for it. And he got what he deserved. Just like your girl Dr. Brighton. Sorry about that, I know you had your eye on her.

Gary winks at him.

COLLIGAN
Is that what happened with the rest of them too? You tried impressing them and they didn’t give a shit?

GARY
No, no... she was an afterthought.

Gary continues to pace.

GARY (CONT'D)
You wanna know who I blame more than my step-father? More than anyone else in the world? I blame the person who abandoned me. The very first person who didn’t show any appreciation or regard for me. I blame my father... your fearless leader, Captain Thomas, Reginald, Norton.

Colligan’s jaw drops.

GARY (CONT'D)
Or as I know him, the absent father. You think I’m a monster?
(MORE)
I’ll tell you what a monster is. A monster is someone who knocks up one of his own whores and then refuses to acknowledge his own son’s existence.

Gary stares at Colligan.

Are you that surprised? Knowing what you know now, are you really shocked that he’d sample his own girls from time to time? I’ll tell you this, there’s more than a few other bastards running around out there with him to thank.

Gary shakes his head.

About a year ago, I tracked him down. My whole childhood my mother told me my father was dead, and then one night she was doped up on a combination of Xanax and Jim Beam and she told me the truth. Never a name, but she told me he was a cop... Wasn’t that hard to put the pieces together when I wanted to. I tracked him down, and guess what? He REJECTED me!

Gary grits his teeth, angry.

That’s what this is about!? What about everyone else!? Why didn’t you just kill Norton!?

Gary shakes his head.

Tsk, tsk, tsk. Haven’t you been listening to anything I’ve said? This isn’t about revenge... this is about recognition. I WANTED TO BE NOTICED!

Gary takes a deep breath and calms himself down.
GARY (CONT’D)
I wanted him to finally notice me. If he didn’t want to see me as a son, he’d recognize me for something else that he couldn’t ignore.

COLLIGAN
Then why did you kill him!?

A beat.

GARY
Because he still didn’t care. I took his girls, I took his partner... I did everything I could to get him to notice me, and he still didn’t.

Gary smiles at Colligan.

GARY (CONT’D)
But you know who did? You... AND your partner.

Gary pats the still unconscious Clarke on the shoulder.

GARY (CONT’D)
You guys understood what I was trying to do. The way it engrossed you and the way you couldn’t let it go... I knew you got me.

COLLIGAN
You think we get you? You think we appreciate what you did!? Nobody cares about you.

Colligan spits on his shoes.

Gary sighs and shakes his head.

GARY
I thought you were different, but maybe I was wrong.

Colligan snaps. He’s done listening.

COLLIGAN
What’s your end game, huh? What the hell are you looking to get out of this?

(MORE)
They’re gonna find you and they’re gonna take you down and a week later everyone’s gonna forget about you.

Gary snaps right back.

NO! That’s where you’re wrong. Long after I’m gone, my name and my work will live on. It’s been thirty years since Ramirez, forty since Son of Sam, almost fifty years since Manson! Do any of them show signs of being forgotten!? We immortalize them for what they’ve done... and that’s what’ll happen to me. I will go down alongside the greats and people WILL NOT forget who I am. Ten years from now they’ll be teaching a class on ME.

Gary smiles to himself.

You really think anyone is gonna care about you? Manson, Zodiac, Gacy... they were original. They were fucked up and insane, but they were original. What about you? You don’t have a single idea of your own, you’re so goddamn boring and useless that you have to copy other people.

Gary becomes increasingly agitated with Colligan.

You don’t know what you’re talking about.

You’re nothing but a copycat.

You shut your damn mouth.

Gary paces and starts to twitch a little. Colligan has struck a chord.

You plagiarize other people’s fame...
GARY
Shut up!

COLLIGAN
... because you don’t have anything important to say on your own!

GARY
Shut up!

COLLIGAN
You stand for nothing and as quickly as you came, you’re going to fade, and before you know it people will forget you were even around for the brief moment that you were, and they’ll go back to talking about the people you copied, NOT YOU!

GARY
SHUT UP!

Gary angrily points the gun at Colligan’s head, looking like he’s about to snap, shaking.

After a moment of tense silence between the two men, Gary scoffs to himself and cracks a smile before lowering the gun.

GARY (CONT’D)
No... No, that’s too easy. I have a plan for the two of you.

COLLIGAN
Yeah? What’s that?

GARY
I’m going to skin you both alive... just like Ed Gein. And then I’m going to make wallets out of each of your thighs and send them to each and every TV station I can think of. Because that’s what they want. And that’s what they’re gonna get.

Gary smiles, proud of himself.

COLLIGAN
Looks like you got it all figured out then.

GARY
Oh, I do. You better believe I do.
COLLIGAN
That’s it for us then, right? We’re dead?

GARY
Detective... you’ve been dead since I started this entire thing.

Colligan puts his hands in the air.

COLLIGAN
Well... go ahead then. Shoot me right now.

Gary looks confused.

GARY
What?

COLLIGAN
You win. Shoot me.

GARY
I already told you detective, I have a plan for you and I’d hate to ruin it.

COLLIGAN
You may think you have a plan, but you’re more fucking insane than I thought if you think I’m gonna let you skin me alive. Now shoot me.

Gary appears hesitant. Colligan keeps his hands in the air behind his head.

GARY
I’m...

COLLIGAN
(interrupts)
I said fucking shoot me!

GARY
You’re pressing your luck, my friend.

Colligan SLOWLY steps back towards the window where the lantern is hanging, his hands getting closer every second.

COLLIGAN
Are you deaf or stupid, shoot me!
GARY
You’re...

COLLIGAN
(interrupts)
This is why you will never be anything more than a copycat. You pretend to have a plan but you can’t do anything other than what’s already been done. You’re an unoriginal loser! Gary Barron, what the hell kind of a name is that anyways?

Gary get increasingly agitated.

GARY
Shut your mouth.

COLLIGAN
It’s a forgettable name, that’s what it is. Just like everything else you do...

GARY
Shut up!

COLLIGAN
... and everything you’ve ever done! It’s unoriginal and nobody gives a shit.

GARY
Shut up!

COLLIGAN
You’re a goddamn nobody and nothing you do matters!

GARY
SHUT UP!

Gary goes to raise the gun, but Colligan grabs the lantern from behind his head and throws it as hard as he can directly into Gary’s face, sending him ablaze. He drops the gun as he screams in pain and frantically tries to put himself out.

Colligan quickly bends down and starts to untangle the ropes holding Clarke to the chair. Clarke is still out of it and is more or less dead weight at this point.

He gets the ropes untied and picks Clarke up, throwing him over his shoulder.
Just as he gets out the door, Gary, still screaming in pain, gets the flame out and turns to see them leave, his face a bloodied and burned mess.

INT. ABANDONED HOUSE - UPSTAIRS HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

Colligan stumbles through the dark hallway with Clarke over his shoulder.

He gets halfway down the hall when Gary comes bursting out of the bedroom, gun in hand, shooting blindly as he clutches his face with his other.

Colligan reaches the stairs and tries to descend as fast as possible, the frantic Gary close behind.

INT. ABANDONED HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

As he frantically moves towards the front door, Colligan trips over some debris on the ground and falls over, smacking his head on the floor when he lands. Clarke falls and rolls to the side.

Gary continues to shoot wildly as he descends the stairs until his clip is empty. He angrily throws the gun after a couple clicks of the hammer.

Colligan, still slightly out of it from the fall, watches on with a hand on his head.

More furious and unhinged than ever, Gary punches the closest window and pulls out a long shard of glass. He wields it in his bleeding hand like a knife.

GARY
Ahhh, you son of a bitch! You ruined everything!

Colligan tries to scurry backwards but he finds himself pressed directly against the back wall.

GARY (CONT’D)
You want original!? I’ll give you original!

Gary lets out a huge scream and lunges at Colligan as he yells.

From off screen we hear three gunshots ring out and Gary is hit directly in the chest with all three rounds.
Colligan looks across the room where Burton stands in the door frame, gun drawn.

He puts a hand up to Colligan and slowly makes his way over to Gary’s body, gun still drawn. He kicks the shard of glass away from Gary’s limp hand and then pokes his arm with his foot a few times. Gary shows no sign of movement – he’s dead.

BURTON
You okay?

COLLIGAN
Yeah... Yeah, I’m fine. But we gotta get Clarke to the hospital, that piece of shit took a chunk out of his leg.

BURTON
I already called it in, they’ll be here in a couple minutes.

Burton bends over and checks for a pulse while Colligan attempts to help Clarke sit up.

COLLIGAN
How’d you find us?

Burton stands up and looks back to Colligan.

BURTON
Remember how I said Dawson was an asshole? Him being an asshole saved your life. He thought you were covering for Clarke when he went MIA so he traced both your phones. His was in his apartment, yours was here.

Burton looks back down at Gary’s body.

BURTON (CONT’D)
Who the hell is he?

A beat.

COLLIGAN
He’s nobody.

Outside, we hear sirens approach as blue and red lights begin to flash through the window.

Burton helps Colligan get the still hazy Clarke to his feet.
INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - DAY

Clarke is hooked up to an IV in bed, asleep. Colligan sits in a chair nearby reading Dr. Brighton’s book “The Mystery of Evil.”

After a few moments, Clarke comes to, groggy but in marginally better shape than when we saw him last. Colligan notices.

COLLIGAN
Hey, big guy.

CLARKE
I feel like I got hit by a bus.

COLLIGAN
Yeah, you’re gonna for a few days. Half your ribs were broken.

Clarke lifts up the blanket that’s over him to look down at his leg.

CLARKE
I’m more worried about the leg.

COLLIGAN
The leg’s gonna be fine, it’s just the top layer of skin... They replaced it with a graft they took from your ass.

Clarke chuckles, but stops after a moment and clutches his chest, in pain.

CLARKE
Shit, don’t make me laugh right now.

COLLIGAN
Sorry.

Clarke slowly reaches over for a cup of water and takes a big sip.

CLARKE
So, we got the guy?

COLLIGAN
We got him.

CLARKE
He alive?

Colligan shakes his head.
CLARKE (CONT’D)
Good.

Clarke takes another sip of water.

CLARKE (CONT’D)
Who the hell was he?

COLLIGAN
He was a fucked up loner who wanted attention, don’t think about it too much. People like that don’t have any normal logic to what they do. At the end of the day I don’t want to understand why he did it. I hope it always confuses me.

CLARKE
Yeah, I guess.

Clarke finishes his water and Colligan takes it from him.

A few moments pass.

CLARKE (CONT’D)
So, what now?

Colligan takes a deep breath and shakes his head.

COLLIGAN
Who knows. I guess we just move on. We do the paperwork and we clean up Norton’s mess and then we just keep going.

Clarke doesn’t seem to have a better answer. He shakes his head, frustrated.

CLARKE
You ever just feel like none of this matters?

COLLIGAN
What do you mean?

CLARKE
I mean no matter how many of these pricks we put away, there’s always more. We’ll work our entire life to try and stop bad things from happening but it doesn’t matter. We stop one bad guy, another one just takes his place. That was this prick’s entire MO, right?

(MORE)
CLARKE (CONT'D)
Copying people? That’s all they ever do, they just copy each other. That’s why it never ends, it just keeps going.

Colligan shrugs.

COLLIGAN
I don’t know... I like to think we made some kind of dent. One less bad guy is still one less bad guy, right?

CLARKE
Maybe, I don’t know. There’s just so many of them out there... I just can’t stop thinking about what’s next, you know? Every time I see something like this, a few weeks later someone ups it. That’s how we’re living now, we’re just waiting to see what happens next. I don’t know how to make it stop for good.

Colligan sighs.

COLLIGAN
I don’t think anyone does. We just hafta keep chipping away at the scum until they give up. That’s what we do, we don’t give up.

Clarke shrugs.

COLLIGAN (CONT'D)
It might seem like it’s bad now but you wouldn’t want to see how much worse it’d be if we didn’t try.

CLARKE
Yeah, I guess.

A NURSE enters.

NURSE
Sorry to interrupt, but I need to take his vitals again.

COLLIGAN
Yeah, of course.

Colligan stands up and slides the chair back.
COLLIGAN (CONT’D)
Alright, hang in there buddy. I’ll be back tomorrow.

He puts out his hand to Clarke who shakes it. As Colligan goes to pull his hand back, Clarke keeps his grip tight.

CLARKE
Listen...

He goes to speak but can’t find the words. After a moment he closes his mouth and gives up trying to complete the thought, appearing a little choked up.

CLARKE (CONT’D)
Thank you.

Colligan nods. Clarke releases his grip and nods back.

COLLIGAN
I’ll see you.

Colligan turns and continues down the hallway as the nurse pulls the curtain around Clarke.

INT. POLICE STATION – DAY
Colligan sits at his desk filling out paperwork.

A caption reads “Two Weeks Later.”

After a few moments, another OFFICER walks over and tosses an envelope down on his desk.

OFFICER
Mail for you.

COLLIGAN
Thanks.

Colligan picks it up and looks at the return address. Judging by the confused look on his face, he doesn’t seem to recognize it.

He rips open the top and looks inside. He pulls out several photographs.

His face drops as he rifles through the pictures. As he continues through, he starts to breathe heavily.

He flips over the final photo, which has a handwritten note on the back. It reads:
“Remember detective, greatness inspires greatness. Charles Manson had his Family, and Gary Barron had his proteges. We’ll be seeing you soon.

- The Thespians”

Colligan throws the photos down on the desk and darts away.

We look at the photos which show a number of new, bloody crime scenes.

THE END