

ENEMY OF THE MIND

Written by

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BLACK

Over black, a man gasps for air as he runs. Footsteps chase footsteps through the blackness.

Suddenly, a door SLAMS open to reveal

EXT. STREET- DAY

FRANK DEL TORO, a hardened detective, too many years on the force, or too many years on booze, hard to tell which. He bolts through the door into the street, dark matte gun clenched in his hand, scans the street quickly, catches a glimpse of a shadow and burns off running. The shadow is out of sight before Frank gets a chance to make full eye contact. He's lost him.

Suddenly, out of the corner of his eye, Frank sees the shadow dart into a

INT. Restaurant - Day

Through the sandwich kitchen and out the back door into an

INT. ALLEY - CONTINUOUS

The alley is wide open, dumpsters line it. Lost the shadow again.

FRANK  
(through gulps of air)  
Damn it.

BANG! A door slams off in the distance and Frank runs towards it. He finds the metal door to a swanky clothing store and pops in.

INT. CLOTHING STORE- DAY

Slowly, he scans for the shadow. A WOMAN comes out of nowhere and is scared shitless of Frank. He flashes the badge on his belt. He ticks his head to ask, "Where is he?" She shrugs. A doorbell entrance dings and Franks runs through the store into the street.

EXT. STREET- DAY

Frank exits the store just in time to see the shadow run into another building. Frank darts across the street and into the

INT. BUILDING- DAY

Frank enters the building and is confronted with a staircase. Shots ring out down the staircase and Frank drops. He points his gun into the air but sees nothing. His face suddenly grimaces with pain and he lowers his gun. He can't breathe, can't move, he's stuck. He clutches his chest. He tears open his shirt to check for gunshots but sees nothing.

His breathing gets heavier, groaning.

Frank drops his gun and struggles to get a cell phone out of hi pocket. He dials and a local dispatch woman answers. He can barely get the words out.

FRANK  
F-12-42 officer-

DISPATCH  
I'm sorry sir, I can't understand you. Please speak clearly-

FRANK  
(barely)  
4-4-2 Officer down. Del Toro-

DISPATCH  
Sir?

FRANK  
(fading)  
4-4-2 damn it. Location is...

Just as Frank is trying to reveal his location a shadow appears above him.

DISPATCH  
Sir. Are you still there?

FRANK  
614 San Jacinto. Code 20, in pursuit of Shadow suspect-

The shadow smacks the phone right out of Frank's hand.

Frank can't reach his gun, and the shadow. From the ground we can hear the dispatcher talking.

DISPATCH  
(distant)  
Sir? Sir?  
(to someone in the background)  
(MORE)

## DISPATCH (CONT'D)

I don't know but we've got his GPS tracking right now.

SMACK!

The shadow hits Frank right across the face and he's out.

FADE TO:

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM- DAY

Frank slowly wakes up in a hospital, a little rundown, considering the heart attack, but no gunshots, no bandages, nothing. He's looking into the brightest lights he's ever seen. He squints through the light to see DETECTIVE PAM HAYS and DETECTIVE DAVID RAINS. Hays is a serious looker, 30s with a body that's hard to conceal beneath her tough cop uniform. She glances over at rains, another looker with a bright smile and a hip arrogance. Hays points in Frank's direction, rains looks and smiles that big smile.

FRANK

If I'm at the Pearly Gates, I never would have imagined such an ugly St. Peter.

RAINS

He's back. You gave us quite a scare boss.

PAM

How you doing, Frank?

FRANK

Ready to get out there and show you how to do your jobs.

PAM

Yup, he's back.

FRANK

What the hell happened anyway...?  
How long have I been here?

PAM

They brought you here yesterday.  
(pause, then suddenly)  
You had a heart attack, Frank.  
(pause)  
Dispatch said you were after a perp, do you remember that?

FRANK

Yeah, I remember, take it easy Pam.  
You can't have my job just yet.

Frank looks away. Pam looks at rains, he shrugs.

FRANK (CONT'D)

Heart attack? Fuck that, I'm  
healthy.

RAINS

You're burning both ends Frank-

FRANK

-who asked you?

PAM

He's right. Your wife was killed  
six months ago and...you never took  
any time off. People need time off  
Frank. You don't sleep, you work  
too much, these cases get to us  
and...

FRANK

And what?

PAM

(shrugging)  
And, you seem to hit the sauce  
pretty hard..

FRANK

Well, whiskey's my new wife and let  
me tell you, she's very good to me.  
(beat)  
I don't hit it hard.

PAM

Well, that's nice. Anyway, your  
doctor's going to keep you here for  
observation-

RAINS

-Til then, do you need anything?

FRANK

Any leads on the guy I was chasing?

RAINS

Nothing, but Captain Willis has  
already initiated the investigation  
with I.A.

(MORE)

RAINS (CONT'D)

And, he said to take it easy til he figures out who or what you were chasing.

FRANK

What do mean, "what" I was chasing?

PAM

(quickly interjecting)

He's just relaying what the Captain said Frank, OK? Take it easy, wait til you get better and then we'll talk it out, ok? Until then.

Frank looks off, he has his own plans.

CUT TO:

INT. FRANK'S HOUSE - DAY

Frank pushes open his front door and walks inside. It's quiet, empty and devoid of the life it once had. Pictures of Frank and ABBY are dusty on the wall, bookcases, tables. They're young and happy, married, and with each picture the couple ages, still happy, what Frank used to be. Before Abby died.

Frank shuts the door and hits the couch. He has some case files with him and tosses them on the coffee table. He grabs the whiskey bottle and glass already on the table, makes a drink, straight up.

He looks over, sees his wife smiling at him from a picture frame and picks it up. He looks at it, missing her.

FLASHBACK TO:

INT. FLASHBACK SCENE

Frank and Abby are young. They gaze into each other's eyes, in bed, half dressed, just made love. Music plays a sweet SONG.

ABBY

Do you love me?

FRANK

I don't know yet.

ABBY

Ohhh, that's not nice.

FRANK  
What do you mean?

ABBY  
When a girl tells you she loves  
you, you say I love you too...sweet  
princess...

FRANK  
(beat, then)  
I love you too sweet princess...

ABBY  
That's better!

The DJ's voice on the radio floats through the air.

DJ (O.S.)  
OK, for all you lovebirds out  
there, here's a special one.

A sweet song that sounds a lot like "Baby I love your way..."

ABBY  
It's our song!

FRANK  
Kiss me then!

Frank tickles her and plays with her she giggles.

FLASHBACK:

FRANK'S HOUSE- CONTINUOUS

Frank rubs the picture.

FRANK  
(to the picture)  
I miss you...

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. SQUAD ROOM- DAY

Detectives gather around a squad room, chatting about the local cases, news, etc. They represent a cross section of society; all shapes, colors and sizes.

CAPTAIN WILLIS, a pudgy guy with a quick trigger finger and tough guy puppy dog eyes gets the room quieted down and at attention.

CAPTAIN

Alright people pipe down, let's get this underway.

(pause)

Before we begin with our business, I want to welcome Frank back in the trenches. He's still on administrative leave, while this whole thing gets worked out, but we all know Frank, and he wanted to keep going with his investigation, ticker tack or not. But, I just wanted to thank all of you for the work you did on our last case. Let's keep it up.

Everyone claps and hollers for Frank, obviously liked by most of his peers.

CAPTAIN (CONT'D)

Frank had the pleasure of realizing he's not the spring chicken he once was.

This gets the room laughing.

CAPTAIN (CONT'D)

(interrupting)

But...and this is serious, let that serve as a reminder, for the rest of us that we have to take care of ourselves and monitor our health. Skinny guys have heart attacks too, obviously.

(turning to Frank)

Glad you're back.

Frank nods to the captain and he continues to brief the room. Frank looks up at the investigation board. Crime scene photos, witness lists, photos of the victims of the last case.

One woman, a young 30s victim, says Victim 1, grabs Frank's focus and the captains words fade.

FLASHBACK TO:

EXT. FRANK'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Frank finally gets back after a long stint on the job. He hops up the steps and sees the front door ajar. He heads inside.



INT. FRANK'S HOUSE- CONTINUOUS

FRANK

Abby?

Abby's lifeless body is lying on the floor, near the couch. Frank darts over. Quick flashes of memory as Frank tries to help Abby's dead body, holds her, freaks.

A loud CLAP thunders through the flashback and Franks snaps back to

INT. SQUAD ROOM- DAY

Frank's notebook is on the ground, totally disrupting the Captain's briefing. People are snickering, Frank grabs the notebook, faking a faint smile.

CAPTAIN

Buenas dias, Frank. You're allowed a nap and that's only because you're my best detective.

(turns back to squad)

OK, ladies and gents, keep your eyes open out there.

The squad breaks, they give Frank their hellos and welcome backs, and leave. The captain saunters up to Frank.

CAPTAIN (CONT'D)

Frank, in my office.

FRANK

Sure, captain.

CUT TO:

INT. CAPTAIN WILLIS' OFFICE - DAY

The captain walks into his office and motions for Frank to close the door. The captain sits and Frank stands, ready to get out of there.

CAPTAIN

(beat, then sharp)

Well, sit down Frank, I just want to tell you I haven't been keeping up with all my people and...

(as Frank sits)

...I know you've been through a lot.

(MORE)

CAPTAIN (CONT'D)

Again, I'm sorry about what happened to your Abby, and with this heart attack, and the investigations, not doing enough to find Abby's killer, Frank, god knows it adds up and I'm sorry.

Frank's uncomfortable and isn't interested in the Captain's words. The captain waits for Frank's response, anything.

CAPTAIN (CONT'D)

Damn it Frank, this is why I'm ordering you to go see someone. She's very discreet and has helped a lot of people. Her name's Dr. Carla Salvani and you have an appointment with her tomorrow at 1.

Captain hands Frank the shrink's card.

FRANK

Come on, a shrink? I've got all the support I need here.

CAPTAIN

It's not open for discussion and I have already told her about...Abby, the heart attack, your excessive force charges with I.A.

(beat)

And your drinking.

FRANK

Drinking? What drinking, it's me captain.

CAPTAIN

I know Frank, that's why I'm doing this.

Frank pops up and heads for the door.

CAPTAIN (CONT'D)

Frank.

Frank turns.

CAPTAIN (CONT'D)

Your gun.

Beat, then Frank draws his gun, drops the magazine and pops the bullet, leaving it on the desk.

CAPTAIN (CONT'D)  
(as Frank walks out,  
calling out)  
And no more chasing your Shadow!

CUT TO:

INT. BUD'S BAR - NIGHT

Frank is at his favorite bar, his home away from home, a shady place a few hookers, lookers and cowboys hang out. Beer and liquor, no fancy pants Chablis in this joint. Jukebox plays classic vinyl, no Britney, no GaGa. Frank's getting back into his favorite pastime and daily routine of numbing himself.

The owner, BUD, Frank's age, Elvis sideburns and suspenders, country boy at heart, slides over to his loyal customer and pours a few shots, takes one and pushes the other toward Frank.

BUD  
I'm only gonna ask you once.  
(beat)  
You're OK right? I'll keep  
serving you as long as you promise  
not to croak here.

FRANK  
Cross my heart and hope to die, I  
mean-  
(laughing)  
I'm fine Bud, I've just been strung  
out, you know. Since Abby...

BUD  
Yeah, I know...  
(sincerely)  
What are you gonna do, you gotta  
keep swinging and moving forward.  
You're a young guy and you're gonna  
be fine.

FRANK  
Just keep pouring and I'll be fine.

Bud pours another shot.

BUD  
But no joke, Frank, tonight you're  
gonna take it easy.

They toast and shoot.

Abruptly, JULIE, a fine woman, close to Frank's age, sits down at the bar, fiddling with her cigarettes and lighters. She notices Frank and Bud looking at her, gives a smile. Bud walks away, leaving Frank to deal with it.

JULIE

Is that it? I give you a..."I'd like you to buy me a drink smile" and you just smirk and look away. What's wrong with me?

FRANK

Take it easy, it's not you.

JULIE

Oh yeah, who is it then, huh?  
(pauses)  
You have a rough day or something?

FRANK

(chuckling)  
You have no idea.  
(beat)  
I'm Frank.

JULIE

(suddenly happy)  
Hey. I'm Julie. So, what do you like to do for fun, sailor. I don't usually come onto guys in bars.

FRANK

(uninterested)  
I drink.

JULIE

(disappointed)  
You drink? You drink. Oh, how original.

FRANK

I never claimed to be fun, or original.  
(taking her bait)  
So, what do YOU do?

JULIE

I drink and then I like to...  
(she pauses as people walk by)  
I drink and then I like to...

Frank is suddenly distracted by a shadowy figure sitting at another part of the bar. Frank is too distracted to fully realize that Julie has thrown herself at him.

JULIE (CONT'D)  
Excuse me! What are you looking at?  
You've got this...  
(motioning to her body)  
And you're looking somewhere else?

Frank snaps back.

FRANK  
I'm sorry, you were saying?

JULIE  
I said that after I drink, I like  
to..

Frank's gaze shifts toward the shadow as it stands to leave the bar.

Julie wants to know what's got him going and turns and Frank hops up and exits the bar after the shadow.

JULIE (CONT'D)  
Oh, come on man.

FRANK  
Sorry, Julie, not tonight.  
(pause)  
Heading out Bud, put it on my tab.

Julie can't believe her eyes that Frank ignores her advances and takes off.

Frank hits the exit and heads outside.

EXT. BAR- DUSK

Frank searches the area with his eyes, the shadow is walking.

FRANK  
Hey!

The shadow keeps walking. Frank hurries after him.

FRANK (CONT'D)  
Hey! You! Stop.

The shadow gets to a pickup truck.

FRANK (CONT'D)  
I said Stop-

Frank turns the shadow around. It's just an OLD MAN.

OLD MAN  
Hey, what the hell are you doin'?

FRANK  
I...I'm sorry- I thought you were  
someone else.

OLD MAN  
Oh yeah? Who? Heidi Klum? Get your  
damn hands off of me.

The old man pushes Frank away.

FRANK  
Take it easy-

The old man puts up his fists, ready to fight.

OLD MAN  
I'm gonna whip your ass kid!

Frank can't help but laugh.

The old man stops, drops his hands.

OLD MAN (CONT'D)  
Ah, forget it.

The old man struggles to get in his truck.

FRANK  
Here, let me help you.

Frank tries to help.

OLD MAN  
Oh, no you don't.

Frank backs off. The old man makes it in the truck and drives  
off past Frank.

Just as the truck drives off, Julie is walking across the  
parking lot. Frank laughs to himself.

INT. CAR - DAY

Frank is cruising in his unmarked black car, phone rings.

FRANK

Yeah.  
 (pause, listening)  
 Got it.

Frank guns it.

EXT. BRIDGE UNDERPASS - DAY

Beat cops surround a crime scene. A dead body is thrown in the dirt. It's covered in a white sheet, Detectives Pam and rains are already on the scene. Frank walks up.

FRANK

Buenas dias, damas y caballeros?  
 What is it this time?

PAM

Sorry to call on this one. We wanted you to see for yourself, Superman.

FRANK

Come on, settle down. Too early for that and I'm a little hungover.

Frank smiles cheaply and slaps on some latex gloves.

FRANK (CONT'D)

What do we got?

Frank rips the sheet off to reveal the victim. It's Julie, the girl from the bar.

Shock hits Frank as he recognizes her, gets up quickly, stumbles.

RAINS

Damn, you are hungover.  
 (beat)  
 What gives Frank?

FRANK

I just met this girl yesterday.

PAM

Are you serious, where?

FRANK

Bud's.

Beat. Pam and rains are stuck.

FRANK (CONT'D)  
Stop. I left before...she chatted  
me up, wanted a drink...then, I  
left. I chased some old man,  
thought it was-then she was  
outside, I took off.

Awkward and uneasy silence.

PAM  
Looks like she was strangled.  
(beat)  
Put up a good fight but not enough.  
This look like your guy?

Frank shrugs.

RAINS  
(kneeling)  
Check this out, there aren't any  
foot prints in this entirely muddy  
area. Whoever did this, drove here,  
dropped her or killed her on the  
spot, and then waxed the tracks.

Frank stares off into space.

RAINS (CONT'D)  
Frank, did you hear me? Frank!  
What's up?

Frank snaps out of it.

FRANK  
I'll work with forensics and you  
two can do your thing.  
(beat)  
Follow the trail...wherever it  
leads. I know you want to rule me  
out so start at Bud's. I gotta be  
somewhere.

Frank is gone, heading somewhere fast.

RAINS  
Frank! Come on, this can't be your  
guy.  
(Frank's gone)  
God damn it.

PAM  
Hey, let him go. Just let him be  
Frank, he doesn't have his gun,  
it'll be ok.



RAINS

Doesn't have a gun, Pam, are  
fucking kidding me?

She just looks at him, you talking to ME like that asshole.

RAINS (CONT'D)

I'm sorry. You're right. Let him  
go.

(calls out to patrol  
police)

Hey, get forensics over here!

INT. DR CARLA SALVANI'S OFFICE - DAY

Frank is stuck meeting with his psychiatrist, Carla Salvani. Nice office, nice clothes on the Doc, pretty, tough. Frank stone cold stares at her without a word.

Finally.

CARLA

I'm sure your captain told you he  
shared some information about you,  
with me.

Nothing from Frank.

CARLA (CONT'D)

How are you doing, Frank?

FRANK

Haven't won the lottery yet, is  
that what you mean?

CARLA

Frank, I can only help you if you  
let me, what do you have to lose?  
We've been here for a while, and  
you haven't said much. I CAN help.

Frank isn't interested in discussing anything but relents.

FRANK

My sleep sucks. Not getting much of  
it these days.

CARLA

You're not taking it easy are you?  
I can see that, you look more than  
tired.

(beat)

It's not just the sleep is it?

FRANK  
Bad homicide, this morning that's  
it.

CARLA  
The Shadow?

Frank is stunned. The captain obviously told her a lot.

CARLA (CONT'D)  
Are you still chasing this, Shadow,  
Frank, your captain says you think  
he's the one who killed Abb-

FRANK  
(abrupt)  
I don't give a shit what the  
captain says-

He stops himself.

Beat.

Carla realizes Frank does NOT want to talk about his case.

CARLA  
How's the drinking?

FRANK  
THAT'S why we're here right?  
Captain seems to think I have a  
problem with DRINKING! And, that  
I've somehow made up these  
imaginary connections between these  
MURDERS-I have a problem, it's with  
this whole damn-

Frank tries to calm himself down.

FRANK (CONT'D)  
(changes the subject)  
Let me ask Doc, is this drinking  
thing gonna be your default  
question for everything? Huh? I'm  
sure you know that you shrinks are  
all full of shit, right?

CARLA  
It was just a question Frank. I  
know that drinking can be a way  
that some people cope with tragic  
events.

FRANK  
Yeah, yeah, so once I STOP  
drinking, we don't have to do this?

CARLA  
No, I think there are other areas  
we need to work on as well.  
(pause)  
Frank, I was sorry to hear about  
your wife, I remember seeing her  
picture in the paper.

Long pause.

CARLA (CONT'D)  
I understand you were a suspect-

FRANK  
Hey Doc, let me just say this.

CARLA  
Yes, Frank.

FRANK  
I just want to say that...  
(beat)  
Time's up.

Carla smirks, Frank thinks he's funny.

CARLA  
I'm going to give you some Ambien  
to help you get some quality sleep.

FRANK  
Sounds good.

CARLA  
Here's a card with all my numbers.  
Take care of yourself Frank, and  
call me or come in anytime if you  
need to, OK? I'll see you in two  
weeks.

FRANK  
Got it.

INT. BUD'S BAR - DAY

Just another day at the bar. Empty.

FRANK  
Hey Bud, what'd the detective tell  
the shrink?

BUD  
Dunno, what?

FRANK  
Nothing, absolutely nothing.

Frank laughs, drunk.

BUD  
You're not talking to a shrink are  
you?

FRANK  
I'm not but my captain made me see  
one. Typical kiss and slap, welcome  
back and you're my best detective  
and oh boy by the way, gimme your  
gun and go see a shrink, you nut  
job.

BUD  
Careful Frank, I hear once they get  
in your head, you can never get  
them out.

Bud nods to someone down the bar from Frank, Frank waves him  
off.

Frank clicks his phone. He's calling Abby's phone, still pays  
the bill.

(V.O.)  
Hey guys, this is Abby, can't come  
to the phone right now, so either  
send me an email or, if you don't  
have my email, leave me a message.  
Bye.

Frank breathes into the phone, says nothing.

Abruptly, he gets up and leaves the bar.

INT. BUILDING - DAY

This is the building and stairwell Frank had his heart attack  
in, cold clocked by the shadow.

He's checking the wall, no holes, nothing. Looking for anything. Clues. Dirt. Fucking footprint, blood. Nothing. Damn. What's going on?

Frank takes a seat, catching a breather, something's gotta give. Rubs his chest. Fucking heart attack.

Just when he's about to take off, he catches a something out of the corner of his eye. On the ground. Gets closer. Tiny. Looks like a piece of worn shoe. Rubber. Frank picks it up, examines it. Takes a step, notices. Looks down. A chunk of his right shoe, missing. Piece he just found matches perfectly. What gives. Frank pulls his cell and makes a call.

FRANK

Hey, it's me. You got anything on the girl? Listen to me. Let's go have a chat with Boots. I want to see what he's been up to. I don't care about that, set it up, I'll see you there.

Pops the piece and the phone in his pocket and out the door.

INT. CUPID'S STRIP CLUB

Frank meets Pam at the shady club, we're talking preggers dancers, crackheads, the works. Charles Barkley and Charlie Sheen do not hang at this place. Boots, a shitty low life career criminal, with a knack for pushing chicks around is running door, on the day shift.

FRANK

(condescending)

Boootsss! How much is the cover, my friend!?

BOOTS

I knew I could smell swine in the air.

FRANK

Keep it up shithead, so...what do you want today, a broken jaw or a just a few ribs?

PAM

Take it easy, Frank.

BOOTS

You two can get the hell outta here, besides I heard you wasn't doin' too well, Frank? And, you got nothing on me, as usual.

PAM

(interjects quickly)  
Where were you Tuesday night?

BOOTS

(asshole)  
I was here. Reviewing your application for employment. You come here for the oral interview?

BOOM! Frank ain't having that shit and punches Boots right in the gut. He doubles over and Frank grabs him by the shirt.

PAM

Frank!

FRANK

Oh yeah, that's it, let's continue YOUR oral downtown you piece of shit.

PAM

God damn it Frank.

Frank doesn't give a fuck and drags Boots right out of the club and tosses him down on the pavement.

EXT. STRIP CLUB

Frank is breathing heavy, Boots is a gnarly motherfucker, down on the ground, Frank got him good.

FRANK

What's that I can't hear you.

SMACK! Frank gives a swift kick in the back.

Some day shift club fanboys walk up and are startled.

FRANK (CONT'D)

(to fanboys)  
This, is what happens when you fuck up in a strip club. Let it be a lesson fuckers.

PAM

God damn it Frank.

FRANK

What?

PAM

What are you doing?

FRANK

It's him, I know it. Always has been.

BOOTS

Fuck you Frank.

FRANK

Fuck me?

BAM. Franks kicks him right in the teeth.

Frank's breathing heavy and is about to have another fucking heart attack.

FRANK (CONT'D)

Cuff this motherfucker.

Pam reluctantly agrees.

PAM

(plays along for the onlookers)

Why you runnning, huh? Innocent people don't run, they stand straight up and say, (exaggerated for show) I'm innocent! Now come on!

INT. POLICE HEADQUARTERS - DAY

Frank has Boots in an interrogation room.

FRANK

You look mighty comfortable in your old chair.

BOOTS

You're barking up the wrong tree, wiener.

(pause)

I mean, Frank. Once again.

Frank finds Boots quite amusing.

PAM

This time we're going to be real careful when we collect your evidence. Sooner or later, you're going to drop one of those ugly hairs on the next murder victim.

BOOTS

Murder. I haven't done no murder bitch.

(to Frank)

Still trying to pin your "shadow" on me Frank?

Suddenly, Boots moves his chair forcefully as he struggles to get out of his handcuffs, with no luck.

Frank gets up close and personal with Boots.

FRANK

Know this scumbag, when you screw up, I'll be there to squash you.

BANG! Boots' lawyer, Sheila Ginsberg, suddenly opens the door.

SHEILA

Alright detectives, your gestapo tactics are over.

FRANK

Come on! We're just getting started.

SHEILA

No, you're done. Charge him with something or we're out of here.

Frank and Pam got nothing.

FRANK

Offfff course-

SHEILA

Just what I thought. Oh, and detectives, try NOT to be too sloppy if you get the urge to plant evidence. Your reputation precedes you.

FRANK

Nice to see you too Sheila, always a pleasure.



Frank gives a big smile.

Boots and Shiela are out the door in a flash but not before he can flash a huge, shithead grin.

Frank and Pam exit the room.

INT. SQUAD ROOM -

Boots, Sheila, Pam and Frank come out of the interrogation room, the captain walks up.

SHEILA

Captain, I don't know what kind of show you're running over here, but last I checked, people who were not police officers aren't allowed to interrogate suspects, let alone rough them up.

BOOTS

Yeah.

FRANK

I didn't rough him up, he fell, right Pam?

Nothing from Pam.

SHEILA

Oh he fell, did he?

BOOTS

I didn't fall.

SHEILA

He says he didn't fall, and to me, that says assault, you wanna press charges?

BOOTS

Yeah!

SHEILA

Done. And, Frank, remember you're off the job, and as far I'm concerned, should be locked up!

FRANK

Still got it in for me, huh? Hot shot prosecutor turned defense lawyer at the drop of a hat, you're all alike.

SHEILA

Is that right? Frank, you're just lucky there wasn't enough evidence to put your away for Abby's murder-

Frank loses it and lunges at Sheila, Captain and Pam, stop him dead, still trying, other officers join in.

FRANK

You bitch! I'll fucking kill you-

Boots is laughing hysterically.

CAPTAIN

Frank! God damn it!

Frank relents and backs off. He's out of the room, quick.

SHEILA

Get a hold of your detectives, Captain.

CAPTAIN

That was wrong, even for you Sheila.

BOOTS

I thought it was great.

CAPTAIN/SHEILA

(simultaneously)

Shut up!

INT. SQUAD ROOM - ELEVATOR

Frank exits the elevator in the lobby of the Police Department and Internal Affairs investigator MIKE, typical IRS looking suit, walks up.

MIKE

Hey, Frank, just wanted to let you know we've completed a preliminary survey of the area from your chase with the Shadow and...we haven't turned up anything. We'll give it a final pass but so far no bullets, nothing.

FRANK

You mean, you haven't cleaned up already?

MIKE  
No, Frank. That building is set for  
demolition, why?

FRANK  
(thinks for a second)  
Nothing. Thanks Mike.

Mike shrugs and takes off.

MIKE  
I'll be in touch.

Frank exits the building and goes outside.

EXT. POLICE HEADQUARTERS

Frank walks briskly, Pam runs up behind him.

PAM  
Frank!

Frank stops.

FRANK  
What do you want?

PAM  
I think Boots is clean, what's Plan  
B?

FRANK  
He's not clean, he's smarter than  
he looks, keep an eye out, but  
until then, go get rains, let's  
strategize at Bud's.

PAM  
Frank, you know we can't go after  
Boots again, not after what just  
happened in there.

FRANK  
That shit doesn't matter, besides,  
Boots'll never press charges.

PAM  
Fine, but I still think you need to  
lay low-

FRANK  
Just meet me at Bud's.

Frank takes off.

**INT. BUD'S BAR**

Detective Pam and rains are at the bar waiting for Frank.

DAVID  
 Heard you guys talked to good ol'  
 Boots today.

PAM  
 Oh yeah, definitely the highlight  
 of the day.

rains reaches over and caresses Pam's hand.

DAVID  
 (coy)  
 Do you think Frank suspects that  
 you and I are, friends with  
 benefits?

PAM  
 Trust me, if he knew, he'd be sure  
 to let us know.

Frank comes up behind them abruptly, smiling.

rains snaps his hand back, hoping Frank hasn't noticed. Frank noticed.

FRANK  
 So, what's the score gang, how many  
 do I need to down to catch up?

RAINS  
 Easy boss, we just got here.

Bud comes over, double ready to go. Frank downs it.

PAM  
 So...you want to "strategize",  
 let's strategize.

FRANK  
 I know you think Boots is clean,  
 but I want to keep a close eye on  
 that piece of shit, he knows more  
 than you think.

PAM  
 You saw him, it's not him, never  
 been him, we got nothing.

Silence.

RAINS

Maybe you're just trying too hard...Frank...it's only been six months since Abby.

FRANK

(abruptly)  
What did you say?

RAINS

I just think you're pushin too hard.

Frank faces up to David and shoves the shit outta him.

FRANK

What the hell do you know?! You don't know shit! If it wasn't for me and my recommendations, you wouldn't be HERE, remember that!

PAM

Come on Frank, back off, he's right.

FRANK

Who's right? Look at YOU, being his "protector!" Listen to me, why don't you two do your jobs, connect the dots.

Frank hollers to Bud.

FRANK (CONT'D)

Bud, put it all on my tab.

Back to Pam and rains.

FRANK (CONT'D)

Oh. And by the way, if you're going to screw each other, be more discreet.

(pause)

Because, if my snitches know, everybody knows.

EXT. CEMETERY - DAY

Frank is visiting his wife's grave. The tombstone reads, "Abby del Toro, A life Remembered"

Gayle Johnson, Frank's age but obviously stunning, wearing her years well, walks up to Frank.

GAYLE  
How are things, detective?

FRANK  
(slowly)  
Do I know you?

GAYLE  
I guess not. We've never met in person...I'm Gayle, Gayle Johnson.

She reaches out her hand, Frank offers nothing.

GAYLE (CONT'D)  
I was the voice on the other end of the phone when I worked for the Post...Crime Corner column.

FRANK  
(slowly)  
Oh. Yeah. I remember you...

GAYLE  
So, what are you up to...

FRANK  
You know, same ol' same ol', looking for bad guys.

GAYLE  
What case are you working now? I heard you had a heart attack?

FRANK  
I thought you USED to work for the Post?

GAYLE  
Yes, I know, creature of habit I guess.

FRANK  
So....what do you do now?

Gayle lets out an embarrassing and awkward chuckle.

GAYLE  
For someone who always said, "No comment", you sure are chatty.

Nothing. No response, is that a joke?

GAYLE (CONT'D)

Just messing with you, I have a small landscaping company, we do work...here.

She just realized she's in a fucking cemetery.

FRANK

Good for you. I can see you doing that. Besides, it sure beats hunting down ugly old detectives for comments.

GAYLE

(flirting)

I don't think you're ugly at all.

(pause)

I'm sorry about your wife.

(pause)

If you ever want to talk or you know...call me, look me up under gayle plants trees dot com.

FRANK

Um, yeah, OK...

Frank suddenly catches a glimpse of a someone far off, in the shadows, and intently studies the trees and shrubs for any movement. Gayle senses that it's time to jet and walks off.

GAYLE

Bye detective.

Frank ignores her, surveys the area, and walks toward the shadow.

He hits a clearing, and there's nothing. Just him. Empty graves.

FRANK

I'm losing my mind...

Frank turns. BAM!

Frank runs right into the CEMETERY GROUNDSKEEPER holding a shovel.

GROUNDSKEEPER

Con permiso, senior.

The groundskeeper walks off, tools in hand.

Frank is stunned. Watches him walk off.

INT. FRANK'S HOUSE- MORNING

The phone RINGS through the house, waking Frank up.

FRANK

Yeah.

PAM

Frank, let me apologize for yesterday. I'm sorry...for...not telling you about David...I know better than to fish off the company pier.

FRANK

We're cool Pam, what's up?

PAM

We have another one.

FRANK

Shit. Same M.O., where?

PAM

Down here by the hike and bike trailer. Near Stevie. Early morning triathlete found her by the edge of the river.

FRANK

Be there in 20.

EXT. HIKE AND BIKE TRAIL - DAY

Frank shows up at the crime scene, Pam and rains are already there, no words on Bud's the night before.

Frank surveys the area, Pam and rains pepper him with the details.

RAINS

Another female, strangulation, crushed trachea, nothing else to go on..

Frank kneels to pull back the white sheet. It's GAYLE from the cemetery.

Frank falls back!

He gets up quickly scanning the area, someone's gotta be watching.



RAINS (CONT'D)

I've seen this look before, don't tell me you saw HER at Bud's place too.

PAM

Frank, you saw this one too?

FRANK

Yeah, I know who she is. I saw her at Abby's...

(pause)

Her name's Gayle Johnson, I talked to her yesterday, she came up to me when I was at the cemetery.

RAINS

We know who she is, we got it off her ID.

FRANK

She used to work for the Post, we did some small talk then I saw...then she left.

RAINS

Don't take this the wrong way boss, but what'd you do last night.

FRANK

I'd ask you the same thing.

(smirk)

What else, had my liquid dinner at Bud's.

PAM

What's goin on Frank?

FRANK

I don't know but it looks like someone's trying to set me up. Again.

Frank bolts.

PAM

Frank!

RAINS

Frank! Where are you going?!

EXT. HOUSE - DAY

Frank is in his car, watching someone. He's checking up on RAUL Mendoza, a smart looking Mexican with a nice house, nice car. He's washing his car, scrubbing the carpet in the back of his SUV.

Frank gets out of the car, sneaks up on Raul.

FRANK  
You get all the blood out?

Raul pops up, startled.

RAUL  
Chinga man. You scared the shit  
outta me.  
(beat)  
Wait, what did you say?

FRANK  
Looks like you're cleaning up quite  
the mess.

RAUL  
Yeah, um, I spilled something.

FRANK  
Spilled something?

RAUL  
Yeah.

FRANK  
What did you spill?

RAUL  
Bar b que sauce, now what do you  
want?

FRANK  
Just checking up on you, Raul. How  
you been?

RAUL  
Fuck you. Whatever you think I did,  
I didn't do it.

FRANK  
I figured it out. I know it's you.  
You've been upset because I was the  
one that you put you away  
for...what was it? Nine years?  
(MORE)

FRANK (CONT'D)

So, you set me up? You've graduated from assault to murder.

Raul laughs this away.

RAUL

Tu loco man. You need some time off, I am unclear about what you're talking about.

(beat)

I'll admit, I've had some stern discussions with some lovelies in the past-

Frank clocks him right in the face, losing it, and snaps his gun, this ain't no police issue.

FRANK

You've done more than that, I do recall you choking them a bit.

RAUL

I choked just long enough to get their attention. But, not murder, no senor. I know that in the past I may have had a strong appetite for intense connections with certain mamacitas, but I can assure you...

(dramatic)

I am healed. Rehabilitated.

Frank hits again, cocks the gun, serious.

FRANK

Did you do it? Did you kill her?

RAUL

That which does not kill makes us stronger...

FRANK

Quoting Nietzsche isn't going to help you.

RAUL

Yes, but he might.

Raul motions behind Frank.

A man stands in the shadows across the street, can't quite make him out.

FRANK

Hey!

Frank starts to walk toward him and the shadow bolts.

RAUL  
(calling after Frank)  
Hope you find what you're looking  
for Frank! Because I am innocent,  
this time!  
(laughs)

Frank kicks it into gear and chases the shadow. It's gone.  
Behind the house and into

EXT. WOODS - DAY

Frank comes around the back of the house, no sign of the  
shadow.

Suddenly, it catches the corner of his eye.

Frank darts after it. Through the tiny patch of woods and  
back towards more houses.

He sees the shadow running!

Frank is completely out of breath, rubbing his chest, about  
to have another heart attack.

FRANK  
STOP! NOW!

The shadow keeps running.

Frank fires a round into the air!

The shadow stops immediately.

FRANK (CONT'D)  
STAY RIGHT THERE. DON'T YOU FUCKING  
MOVE.

Frank slowly walks up to the shadow, and rips his arms down.

SHADOW  
I'm sorry sir, I didn't see  
nothing. I swear, I was just-

FRANK  
Shut up.

Frank cuffs the shadow and turns him around, full circle.

It's a fucking teenager.

SHADOW

I didn't see anything, I swear-

FRANK

(out of breath)

Why are you running!

SHADOW

I dunno, I got scared, I saw you hitting Raul and I dunno, I just-

FRANK

Fuck...

The teenager is scared shitless.

FRANK (CONT'D)

Turn around.

Frank uncuffs the kid and lets him go.

FRANK (CONT'D)

Get outta here.

The kid bolts.

FRANK (CONT'D)

(to himself)

Shit...

EXT. POLICE HEADQUARTERS

Frank is walking up to the front of the building. Suddenly the Capt. calls out behind him.

CAPTAIN

Frank!

Frank turns.

CAPTAIN (CONT'D)

I just got a call from Raul Mendoza, Frank, says you came to see him, roughed him up, pointed a gun at him then chased some kid down the street, and FIRED at him! Let me REMIND you that you're not on the job right now Frank, and you sure as fuck can't go shooting your own personal gun, looking for this god damn killer. You gotta do it by the book, take it easy, let Pam and rains do their fucking jobs.

FRANK

I'M being set up, I'M on it and I'll figure it soon. I always do! Just give me some breathing room and stop acting like everything is linear.

Frank storms away from the police station.

CAPTAIN

God damn it Frank!

INT. DR CARLA SALVANI'S OFFICE

Frank sits and appears jittery, stressed out.

CARLA

Frank, What's going on? I do have to tell you that your captain and I have an on-going communication about your progress.

(pause)

He did let me know about you roughing up a suspect, the teenager, and the heated conversation at the squad room.

(pause)

He's concerned about you.

FRANK

I'm being set up doc.

CARLA

What do you mean? Set up? For what?

FRANK

My latest cases involve people I've met and in less than 12 hours from talking to them, they're dead, murdered.

Frank is disbelief, staring.

CARLA

Why do you think you're being set up?

FRANK

I just am OK, quit with the fucking shrink talk.

CARLA

We are making some progress and just want you to stay calm, don't retreat Frank, not now. I'm not asking for specifics, I just want to understand the setup.

FRANK

There's this person, this guy, he follows me and has been the same places I've been, with these victims. We can't figure it out yet, but I've seen him before, he's toying with me.

CARLA

Who's we, Frank?

FRANK

Pam, Captain, and rains.

CARLA

They think you're being set up too?

FRANK

Yeah, Captain didn't tell you THAT?

CARLA

Hmmm. I'm not judging you Frank, I'm very interested in what you're telling me. How long have you had this feeling of-

FRANK

-I'm wasting my time here, I just feel it OK?! I've developed a sixth sense in my years on the job and it's saved me many time. I don't know how to explain it, but I trust it. This guy's watching me, and targeting the women I interact with...starting with...Abby...

(beat)

I know how to catch this guy.

Carla checks her watch.

CARLA

Frank, I'm sorry to have to do this but we have to cut this short-

FRANK

-OK. Thanks for seeing me.

CARLA  
You're welcome.

She checks her watch again.

CARLA (CONT'D)  
I'm meeting my husb-

FRANK  
-Doc, it's fine, I'll walk with  
you.

CARLA  
OK. Let me grab my things.

INT. PARKING GARAGE

Carla and Frank enter the garage from the street and walk quickly.

FRANK  
Next time, I'll call you for an  
earlier time slot.

CARLA  
No problem, here I am.  
(points to car)

FRANK  
Alright, doc, I'm onto the next  
level. Thanks again.

CARLA  
Bye Frank.

Frank turns to leave.

CARLA (CONT'D)  
Frank!

He turns back.

CARLA (CONT'D)  
I have to ask, how's the drinking?

FRANK  
Oh god damn it Doc.

Franks storms off and in the distance Carla is putting things in her trunk.

Frank makes it to the next level.



Carla's still fumbling.

A pair of shoes walks in the direction of Carla.

She goes around the car, digging in her purse. She puts her phone on top of the car, still digging, shoes getting closer, faster.

Finally, she's in the car, just about hits the ignition.

BAM! A hand hits the window, scaring the shit out of Carla.

Reveal, it's CARLOS, the maintenance man, a heavy mexican with a thick accent.

CARLA

Carlos. You gave me quite a stare.

CARLOS

Sorry doctor, you left your phone on your roof.

CARLA

Thank you, thank you.

CARLOS

Are you here in the weekend, if not I can clean carpets and they will be dry on Monday.

CARLA

That would be great, see you.

INT. BUD'S BAR

Frank has clearly been drinking heavily.

BUD

Think you should take it easy Frank, you did have a heart attack.

FRANK

Did my captain call you, wait, did my SHRINK call you and tell you to harass me.

BUD

Screw your shrink, within these walls I'm Dr. Freud mother fucker.

(beat)

I'm not complaining, I dig your business, it's just that, you know, heart attack and drinking...

Bud trails off and walks away to clean, still within hearing distance.

FRANK

What do you know..

BUD

What do I know? I know that I'm scared shitless because there's some asshole killing women in our neighborhood, I'm just freaked out. I'm thinking of my two girls at home. Promise me you're gonna catch this piece of shit, now.

Frank looks up and straight into the mirror on the wall, his face looks distorted.

FLASHBACK:

INT. FRANK'S HOUSE- MORNING

Abby is being strangled in the shadow. Can't see the killer's face. Only a shadow. Abby's dying.

FLASHBACK:

INT. BAR- DUSK

Frank snaps out of it and sees his face once again, this time normal. He turns to leave and a shadow walks out the door.

Frank snaps outside.

EXT. BAR- DUSK

Frank stumbles out into the night, drunk. He hurries down the street, he keeps seeing shadows everywhere but tries to ignore them. He's heading somewhere fast.

EXT. CEMETERY - DAY

The sun comes up on Frank as he is passed out at Abby's grave. His phone rings to life.

MIKE

(on phone)

Frank?

FRANK

Yeah, this is Frank.

MIKE

Frank, it's Mike.

FRANK

What do you want, do you know how early it is?

MIKE

Yeah, Frank, listen. I have to tell you that-

FRANK

God damn it what!

MIKE

Frank, take it easy. The reason I'm calling is, IA is through with the investigation. We're finished, you're clear.

FRANK

Clear?

MIKE

Yeah, Frank, you can get back to work, as a cop but listen, I'm doing you a favor on this Frank, next time-

FRANK

Yeah, yeah-

MIKE

Frank, I'm serious. There's not gonna be a next time, some other agent wont' be so-

FRANK

Mike. Thanks. I mean it.

MIKE

Alright, Frank. Take it easy OK?

FRANK

Thanks.

Frank hangs up the phone and gets up off the dirt.

INT. SHOWER-

Frank showers in slow motion, closes his eyes.

INT. SHOWER- FLASHBACK - DAY

Frank flashes back to another time, showering. Abby is outside.

We see her panties slide down her legs.

She steps in the shower with Frank. They kiss, passionately. His hands are on her back.

She turns. The water runs down their bodies. They move together.

INT. FLASHBACK SCENE

Abby is getting strangled!

INT. SHOWER

Frank snaps out of the water, jarred from the killing flashback.

EXT. PARKING GARAGE OF HEADQUARTERS - NIGHT

Frank walks briskly, mumbling to himself.

A car door SLAMS in the distance. Frank ignores it, keeps walking. A car alarm BUZZES through the parking garage suddenly. Frank tries to ignore, keeps walking, but it's so loud.

FRANK

Shut that damn thing off!

Still going. Frank's had enough.

He walks toward the alarm, finds a red Porsche.

FRANK (CONT'D)

Turn off the fucking alarm Richie  
Richie Jesus-

Frank stops DEAD, Sheila is dead on the ground, keys in her hand.

Frank rips his gun out of holster, spinning, scanning, can't see anything. Alarm still going.

FRANK (CONT'D)  
Where the fuck are you...

Frank can't see anyone, lot's full of cars, but no people. He pops his phone.

FRANK (CONT'D)  
(into phone)  
Captain, get your ass to the parking garage now. I just found Sheila. Dead. Yeah, I will.

Frank waits, gun still out, pops a pen out of his pocket. Kneels down to Sheila's lifeless body, hits the alarm key with his pen, finally the alarm stops.

Just as the alarm stops, hurried footsteps get close.

Frank readies for anything. He moves behind the Porsche. He sees someone come around a pillar, not the captain.

Frank readies his gun and pops out from behind the Porsche, it's rains!

Frank almost shoots him.

RAINS  
Whoa! Frank, it's me!

FRANK  
rains, what the fuck, I almost shot you.

RAINS  
I can see that, put the gun down.

FRANK  
What are you doing here!? How'd you know where I was?

RAINS  
Frank, take it easy man, the Captain called me. I was on my way in he said to haul ass down here.

FRANK  
Oh yeah?

RAINS  
Yeah, Frank, jesus.

The captain and Pam run up just then.

CAPTAIN  
Frank, what the fuck are you doing?

FRANK  
You call him?!

CAPTAIN  
Yes, Frank, put the gun down.

Frank lowers his gun.

FRANK  
Had to be sure.

RAINS  
Gee, thanks Frank.

CAPTAIN  
Where's Sheila?

Frank points to her body. Captain goes over, checks her pulse.

FRANK  
She's dead captain.

CAPTAIN  
I can see that Frank, but she's warm. How'd you find her?

FRANK  
I just got here, and I was heading up and this god damn alarm was going off. So, I came over and there she was.

PAM  
Just like that?

FRANK  
Yeah, just like that.

RAINS  
You see anyone?

FRANK  
No, rains, I didn't.

RAINS  
Anyone see you?

FRANK  
God damn it kid.

PAM  
Frank!

FRANK  
You think I'd kill someone right in  
the fucking parking garage of a  
police station?

RAINS  
No, Frank, just...

FRANK  
What?

RAINS  
I'm sorry. It's just that, I saw  
you with her, popping Boots out-

FRANK  
If you recall, Pam was there too.

RAINS  
Yeah, I know, this is ballsy, even  
for the Shadow.

FRANK  
Oh, so you believe me now?

PAM  
Take it easy Frank.

CAPTAIN  
She's right Frank. Let's get the  
boys down here, scan the area, find  
anything, something. rains, you  
take Frank's statement.

PAM  
I'll help.

FRANK  
Tag team.

EXT. PARKING GARAGE OF HEADQUARTERS

Rains and Pam take Frank's statement, Rains is taking notes.  
Really into it. Around them CSI snaps photos and looks at the  
evidence.

RAINS

Um, OK, Frank, I think we got it.

PAM

Yeah I think so.

RAINS

Ok, I'm gonna file this upstairs.

Pam turns to him.

RAINS (CONT'D)

See you later?

Pam nods, Rains smiles, looks at Frank, smile fades.

Pam looks down, turns back to Frank. Rains jets.

PAM

What?

Frank smiles.

PAM (CONT'D)

You're an asshole.

She abruptly tries to leave.

FRANK

Pam. Wait.

Pam stops, head down, Frank is behind her.

FRANK (CONT'D)

I'm sorry.

Pam is relieved. She turns.

FRANK (CONT'D)

It's just, Abby-

PAM

I know, Frank. It's ok.

Beat.

PAM (CONT'D)

Was it really that obvious?

FRANK

Oh yeah.

Pam's a bit stressed.



PAM

Damn it.

FRANK

Hey. Perk up, you guys look cute together.

She gives him a look.

FRANK (CONT'D)

Have a good night Detective.

Frank turns, Pam is smiling. Walking away, she waves.

PAM

Good night detective.

43

43

Frank gets back to the crime scene.

The forensics team is bagging and tagging. Frank hits up one of the techs.

FRANK

We got footage down here?

FORENSICS GUY

Not getting installed until next week, no one knows that but us.

FRANK

OK, thanks, have a good night Tim.

INT. SQUAD ROOM - MORNING

The crime board is littered with maps, photos and arrows indicating the murders in relation to each other. Pam, Frank, Captain and rains check it out.

RAINS

I've put a few things together and just wanted run them by you. These are the things we know. The M.O.s are the same for all the victims, starting with...Abby. Frank, I'm sorry. Same pattern. The kills are always clean, and we never recover anything in the way of evidence. The victims are all women, same age range and they are all located within a 2 mile radius of Frank's pad.

(long pause, everyone is checking out the info)

(MORE)

RAINS (CONT'D)

Not only do I now agree with Frank, that he's being set up, but it looks like we have a serial killer on our hands, and he's gonna strike again. Soon.

CAPTAIN

Good work detective, I'll brief the rest of the boys.

The captain leaves.

FRANK

Good work there, rookie.

RAINS

Thanks.

FRANK

About the other night, things got heated and I just wanted to tell you, I know you're looking out for me and thanks for thinking about Abby on this.

They survey the board.

INT. CARLA'S HOUSE - MORNING

Carla and her husband AL, nerdy old dude, glasses, they are eating breakfast. Kitchen looks remodeled, nice, no children live here. Carla seems out of it. A cat follows them around.

AL

Hey honey.

No answer from Carla.

AL (CONT'D)

Honey!

Carla forces a smile, everything's fine.

CARLA

Yeah, babe.

AL

What's up? You were squirrely all night now this morning.

CARLA

It's just, I know we don't like to talk about work but there's this patient.

(pause)

I get a sense that he's in danger, there's something bigger and deeper. I don't know, I'm really worried about him.

AL

What do you mean, danger?

CARLA

I don't know what it is. I'm finally getting to it and he knows he's in danger too.

AL

You're losing me babe.

CARLA

This guy, he's bright, but then appears to space out. Damn it, I don't know, something is off.

AL

Sit down, have some wine. Do you want to call him?

CARLA

(talking to herself)

Right under the surface, he has core issues about his identity, almost like he's fragmented, I don't know why, I can't get in...there's a storm in there. He's a troubled guy. He won't let anyone in, not even me.

(pause)

Of course, why would he, especially after what happened to his wife.

AL

What happened to his wife?

CARLA

(hesitating, then)

Sweetheart, let's have dinner. I don't want to talk about this anymore. I think I can help him, thanks for listening.

AL

Anytime.

INT. SQUAD ROOM

All the officers are on the job, planning a sting.

CAPTAIN

Alright, listen up. I know you all know why we're here. Let me just say this. Be sharp and do your jobs. Take it away Frank.

Frank hops up to address the mob.

FRANK

Listen up, we're gonna nab this scumbag. This is how it's going to go down. We are going to triangulate our positions to this Laundromat

(points to location on map)

If you look at the surrounding crime scenes, they all circle my house and this here, is the last point.

Frank adds a tack to the last location, the laundromat.

FRANK (CONT'D)

Tell me what you see here.

Nobody knows. Frank grabs a marker connects the dots, draws a circle and steps back to reveal a perfect pentagram.

The crowd is stunned.

FRANK (CONT'D)

This is it. Our sting. Pam will run point on this one and will lead the A team. Team B will be run by Cruz, and third team will be led by, David.

David is quite surprised to hear this.

FRANK (CONT'D)

Any questions? None. OK. We're gonna bait this shit-head by serving him a victim on a silver platter.

Pam seems confused.

FRANK (CONT'D)

I would like to introduce to you the young lady who has agreed to be our pigeon. This is Amy Newman.

Amy, a beautiful petite blond, a little too young and pretty to be a cop, fresh faced, straight out of the academy, could have been a model.

AMY

Hello.

FRANK

I chose Amy because she's a good cop and she's cool under pressure. And, you remember how she kicked ass on that Casino robbery last spring. Patrol woman of the year bumped up, ready to roll.

AMY

I just want to nab this prick.

FRANK

We will. I'm gonna try to bait this bastard by interacting with Amy. So let's break up into our teams and go over the game plan.

INT. CARLA'S HOUSE, BEDROOM

Al is sound asleep in their bed, Carla is studying Frank's file. She is recording notes into her tape recorder.

CARLA

Patient shows signs of anger, may be suffering from post traumatic stress disorder, maybe after his wife. He never saw anyone...he drinks heavily...hasn't mentioned any memory loss...

Al snorts, shifts around in bed.

CARLA (CONT'D)

Patient is convinced someone is setting him up for these, murders, starting with his wife, Abby.

Carla flips around to some pictures of Abby.

CARLA (CONT'D)  
All victims are strangled, left  
without any traces of evidence.  
These crimes occur almost  
immediately after interacting with  
the patient.

She clicks off her recorder, thinking.

Al shifts again. The cat hops up on the bed and slips on the  
files, scattering them to ground.

CARLA (CONT'D)  
Oh, Sigmund. Look what you did.

She gets off the bed, the cat purrs. She starts to gather up  
the files, and sees something. In Frank's file, it says  
Claymore Institute.

CARLA (CONT'D)  
Claymore...

She reads the file fully.

It reads: Patient, del Toro, Frank. Admitted, 1971. Released  
1972.

CARLA (CONT'D)  
Wait a minute...

Carla gets up and goes into her

INT. OFFICE - NIGHT

She sits down at her computer and logs into a system called,  
U.S. Dept of Corrections, then punches some keys into reveal  
the Claymore Institute. She punches in, Search Records, types  
Frank's name. Frank's info pops up.

Seventeen year old Frank's picture pops up, she reads some  
handwritten notes that have been scanned into a computer for  
electronic viewing.

They read, patient doesn't seem to understand why he's here.  
No memory of the incident. Patient doesn't recall being found  
with a gun. Can't rule out schizophrenia, but shows no signs  
of other violent behavior. Continue to observe.

She tries to scroll, it stops: End of file.

She closes the program pops into Wikipedia searches Claymore Institute.

She reads from the screen.

CARLA

Claymore Institute shut down after giant fire engulfs cafeteria. 1972. Patients escape. Some still at large, most moved to more secure facility. Some released citing lack of space at new facility. Reopened in 1988 as City Medical.

BAM! A hand grabs her shoulder and she's scared shitless. She turns quickly.

It's her husband.

AL

Honey. What are you doing?

CARLA

(exasperated)

Oh my god, you scared me half to death Al, Jesus.

AL

I'm sorry. I fell asleep and you were gone...

CARLA

I know, I'm sorry, it's just, look at this.

(points to computer)

Have you ever heard of this place?

AL

Claymore...yeah, I remember hearing stories about the kids there. Scary stuff.

CARLA

Frank was here.

AL

Frank?

CARLA

My patient, the detective.

AL

OK.

CARLA

It's a, was, a hospital, mental hospital, for YOUNG kids.

AL

What are you saying?

CARLA

I'm saying I think Frank has suffered from this kind of thing before. He goes on about how somebody is setting him up for murder and quite frankly, he almost had me convinced, he certainly has his captain convinced, probably the whole damn police force. It's like a Folie a Deux...

AL

I'm lost honey.

CARLA

I'm gonna call him.

AL

Honey, it's late. It's...  
 (he looks at his watch)  
 Oh, 930. Wow, I fell asleep early this time. Well, no sense in staying up now, don't stay too late with this OK honey.

CARLA

I won't.

Al kisses her head and walks away.

Carla stares at the phone. She snaps it up, dials.

(V.O.)

This is Frank, leave a message.

CARLA

Frank, it's me Car- Dr. Salvani, I'm sorry to call you like this but, I think I can help you. Give me a call when you get this.

She hangs up.

CARLA (CONT'D)

Damn it.

She grabs her purse and walks out of the house.



The computer screen still shows the Claymore info.

EXT. CARLA'S HOUSE - MOMENTS LATER

Carla gets into her car and drives off.

INT. LAUNDROMAT - NIGHT

Frank and Amy sit in a dark, seedy laundromat.

Amy is flipping through some gossip magazines, Frank stares into a spinning machine, clocking his reflection. People start slowly exiting, wrapping up their nightly chores. Only one woman remains with Frank and Amy.

FRANK

(to Amy, stagy)

So, you come here often?

(pause)

You doing OK?

AMY

I'm good, how are you holding up?

FRANK

Me? I'm not worried. This guy only goes after attractive women. Remember.

AMY

Thanks, you're so comforting. So you think I'm attractive, huh?

FRANK

Yeah, maybe I have a weakness for dimples. You know you're kind of cute Amy.

AMY

That's nice Frank.

EXT. LAUNDROMAT - NIGHT

The surveillance teams scan the landscape for any clues as to the arrival of the mystery guest.

PAM

Checking the airwaves gang, alpha check.

CRUZ  
Bravo, check.

DAVID  
Charlie, check.

INT. LAUNDROMAT

Frank stands.

FRANK  
OK, my dear, I'd love to sit and  
flirt some more but I think it's  
time to serve you up.  
(Frank smile and reaches  
out his hand)  
It was nice meeting you and  
remember, you have a lot of support  
out there.

Frank reaches for a basket and grabs the laundry from a  
dryer.

AMY  
Nice meeting you too.  
(pause)  
I feel good, thanks Frank.

Frank leaves the laundromat, gets in his car and takes off.

INT. FRANK'S CAR

Frank is driving, tries talking into his walkie.

FRANK  
I'm in position, let me know when-  
Static, cutting out.

FRANK (CONT'D)  
Damn it.

Frank bangs the walkie, with no luck.

Static on the radio, song comes on. It's the SONG that played  
in the ABBY flashback.

Frank listens to the song, looks in the rearview, distorted!

EXT. LAUNDROMAT

PAM  
All quiet on the western front.  
Frank's been gone 45 minutes and no  
sign of the Shadow.

CRUZ  
I'm beginning to think that homeboy  
is a no-show. When do you call the  
game due to rain?

PAM  
Not yet, I feel it, he's showing  
tonight.

DAVID  
Can we send in a bum? I want to  
check out the guy in the Ford  
pickup, over.

PAM  
Copy that. Ahoy there bum, can you  
go sniff around?

The undercover bum makes his way to the truck, just as the  
guy in the Ford pickup opens his and door and enters the  
laundromat. He quickly checks a machine, smiles at Amy and  
heads back to the truck. The bum calls out.

BUM  
Authorization to shoot, over.

Pam's walkie is fucking up.

PAM  
Repeat, over.

BUD  
Authorization to shoot, over.

PAM  
Damn it, what?

BUM  
He's in his truck singing along to  
Air Supply.

Laughter leeches over the walkie.

CRUZ  
How earth would you know that? We  
should shoot you, you bum!

PAM  
Settle down, who is that at 10  
o'clock?

CRUZ  
I know that vato strut, that's  
Frank.

PAM  
Well, it isn't the first time he  
deviates from the game plan.

DAVID  
I don't like this, he might scare  
our guy off. Keep an eye on the  
cowboy in the truck, this should be  
interesting.

PAM  
We should have miked Frank.

CRUZ  
We nixed it for Amy's. Too much  
static with the machines in there.

Frank walks along the strip center parking lot towards the  
door of the laundromat.

The team members watch as Frank gets closer to the truck.

The cowboy opens the door slowly but darts back inside his  
truck when he sees Frank.

CRUZ (CONT'D)  
Yup, he spooked him.

PAM  
Damn it Frank...

Frank stops steps inside the laundromat.

DAVID  
OK, what just happened, what is  
Frank doing? Does he not see he  
just fucked this whole thing up?

PAM  
I don't know what he's doing, is he  
talking?

DAVID  
Who else is in there? I don't like  
this Pam, something's up.

PAM  
 Stay in position, let this play out-  
 Her radio cuts out, she bangs it.

DAVID  
 Repeat, I said repeat.  
 Nothing, static.

INT. LAUNDROMAT

AMY  
 Change of plans Frank?  
 Nothing from Frank.

AMY (CONT'D)  
 Are we still in the game?  
 Frank stares at her, cold.

AMY (CONT'D)  
 Frank?! What are you looking at?

EXT. LAUNDROMAT

Amy hops off the washer, out of sight from the team.

CRUZ  
 I can- can't- see-A-  
 Radio cuts out.

DAVID  
 Say that again, Cruz?

PAM  
 Frank's the quarterback right now,  
 hold your positions.  
 The cowboy gets out of his truck.

INT. LAUNDROMAT

AMY  
 What's the plan Frank?  
 The cowboy comes in. Squeezes by Frank.

COWBOY

Excuse me.

EXT. LAUNDROMAT

DAVID

What the fuck are we doing, he's in there?

PAM

Just hold, god damn it.

DAVID

(to himself)

Fuck this.

David gets out of his car. Pam sees from afar.

PAM

Damn it David.

(trying to reach his  
radio)

David-

Nothing.

She gets out of her car. She moves fast toward the laundromat.

Suddenly, the lights go OUT! She takes off running, they all do.

INT. LAUNDROMAT

COWBOY

Aw, what the fuck-

He gets cut off like a knife to his throat, pitch black.

AMY

Frank! God damn it! Frank, where are you?

EXT. LAUNDROMAT

The officers are booking it toward the laundromat.

Gun flashes IGNITE the laundromat.

INT. LAUNDROMAT

The flashes reveal Amy's face for only a second. Scared.

EXT. LAUNDROMAT

The officers draw their guns and Pam signals to them.

INT. LAUNDROMAT

Pitch black. Amy backs away, can't see shit.

EXT. LAUNDROMAT

Pam shines a flashlight, into the laundromat. She catches a glimpse of Amy, getting strangled!

INT. LAUNDROMAT

Amy is getting strangled by a shadow, can't make out who it is.

Pam hops in. Gun pointed.

PAM  
Let her go!

Still choking.

PAM (CONT'D)  
Let her go now!

Amy tries to speak.

AMY  
(struggling)  
Shoot me...shoot...

Pam shines the light directly at her target, sees the words on Amy's mouth.

PAM  
Let her go, now!

BANG! She fires her gun, nailing Amy in the leg, BANG, a knocks Pam to ground, Amy goes down.

The rest of the team storm into the laundromat.

David tries to grab Pam and drag her out of the mat as the officers' flashlights shine into the mat, illuminating it, Amy's on the ground bleeding, they reveal Cowboy's dead on the ground. Cruz reaches Amy, no sign of Frank.

AMY  
...Frank...it's Frank...

Cruz looks up at David and Pam, can't believe it.

EXT. CARLA'S CAR

Carla is driving her and her navigation system says, Turn left in 15 meters.

She turns left and pulls up in front of

EXT. FRANK' HOUSE

She looks out the window at the dark house, just as she sees a shadow flash and go inside.

She gets out of her car and goes up to the front door.

She rings the doorbell. Nothing.

CARLA  
Frank!

Nothing. She goes to knock, the door cracks open.

CARLA (CONT'D)  
Frank...

She peers inside, pushes the door a little...BANG—a hand slams over her mouth and pulls her back outside, she's freaking.

It's Captain Willis and he mimes SHHHHH...he has his silver gun drawn.

CARLA (CONT'D)  
(quietly)  
What are you doing? I think I know what's wrong with Frank, what's wrong with all of you...

CAPTAIN  
(quietly)  
I know, it's Frank.



CARLA

No, no, that's not what I mean, I'm  
telling it's what called-

They hear some noises coming from inside the house. The  
captain motions for her to be quiet. She shuts up. The  
captain starts to creep the door open with his gun. BANG!

A door slams from inside the house and the captain darts in.

He makes it just in time to see a shadow fly out the back and  
out of sight. He chases.

EXT. FRANK'S HOUSE

Outside, it's so dark, can't see, shadow's gone.

(O.S.)

AHHHHHHHH!

Carla screams from inside the house, the captain darts back  
in.

INT. FRANK'S HOUSE- CONTINUOUS

The captain runs into the living room, lights on. Carla  
stands staring. The captain turns to see two bodies, strapped  
to chairs, bags over their heads. He grabs Carla and pushes  
her out of the room.

CAPTAIN

Stay here. If you see anything,  
holler.

She nods.

INT. FRANK'S HOUSE LIVING ROOM

The captain leaves her and goes back to the bodies.

Very carefully and slowly he pulls the bag off one. It's  
Boots! Dead!

Captain grimaces and goes to the next body. It's RAUL! Dead!

INT. FRANK'S HOUSE

Carla waits patiently but scared in the darkness. She can see  
out the front door and WOOSH!, a shadow flys by!

CARLA  
Captain!

The captain runs from the other room.

CARLA (CONT'D)  
Outside.

The captain darts outside.

EXT. FRANK'S HOUSE- CONTINUOUS

Just in time to see Carla's car peel off down the road! Carla pokes out of the front door.

CARLA  
Captain, what is going on? Where is Frank?

He turns.

CAPTAIN  
That. Was Frank.

She can't believe it.

CARLA  
Oh my god.

The Captain's phone rings.

CAPTAIN  
(into phone)  
Yeah? No, but get over here, you need to see this. And, I've got the doc here too, I'll give her the details, maybe we can figure out his next move.

Click. He hangs up.

CAPTAIN (CONT'D)  
(to Carla)  
You OK?

She nods.

INT. HOSPITAL

Detective David rains hangs up the phone. He's sitting with Pam rains, who is in bed, recovering.

DAVID  
That was Sarge, he's got something  
at Frank's. You gonna be OK?

PAM  
Yeah, he only got me in the leg,  
think I'll live.

rains smiles.

PAM (CONT'D)  
Still can't believe it's Frank.

RAINS  
I don't think Frank, believes it's  
Frank. I mean, the way he...I don't  
know...

PAM  
Hey, don't worry about it, he got  
us all. But, we'll catch him. Now  
get out of here and do it already.  
Before I have to get up and do it  
myself.

rains chuckles and leans in for a kiss. Long and slow.

RAINS  
I love you.

PAM  
I love you.  
(beat)  
Now go!

RAINS  
OK.

rains heads for the door.

PAM  
David.

He turns.

PAM (CONT'D)  
If you have to, take him out.

David walks out. Pam's alone.

INT. FRANK'S HOUSE- NIGHT

rains arrives at Frank's house while forensics is going over the crime scene, snapping photos, dusting for prints. The Captain is with Carla, another officer takes their statements. rains walks up to the captain.

CAPTAIN

How's Pam?

RAINS

She's fine, captain, trooper, you know that. Amy too.

CAPTAIN

Good. rains, this is Dr. Carla Salvani. Doctor, this is David, one of our newest detectives.

CARLA

The captain tells me you were the one who agreed with Frank about the setup.

RAINS

Yeah, it just seemed so clear. Like Frank really was being set up. I don't know, something got to me-

CARLA

Folie a deux.

RAINS

What?

CARLA

It's a rare condition, in which symptoms of a delusional belief are transmitted from one individual to another. The same syndrome shared by more than two people may be called folie à trois, folie à quatre, folie en famille or even folie à plusieurs. Recent psychiatric classifications refer to the syndrome as dependency psychotic disorder and induced delusional disorder in the ICD-10, although the research literature largely uses the original name.

RAINS

Folie a deux...

CARLA

Yes, Frank has wrapped his mind around this setup, starting with his wife but what I really think is Frank has had some severe psychological problems for a long time, not just with his wife or these cases, but stemming from his teenage years. In cases like these, it's easy for those around to become caught in up the delusions of the affected, in essence, a madness shared by two, or in this case, madness of many.

rains is dumbfounded, and embarrassed.

CAPTAIN

Don't sweat it kid, what's important is bringing Frank in and stopping these murders.

rains nods, turns around towards the bodies.

RAINS

Can't say I feel bad for these two-

rains is cut off by a young patrol officer rushing in from outside.

YOUNG OFFICER

Captain, I've got a report on your line that there's a, Pam...at City General. She's demanding you, rains and a...Dr. Carla Salvani...says she's...underground?

The three look at the officer then back at each other.

RAINS

Pam? Pam isn't at City General, she's at Brackenridge...

CARLA

Frank. That's it.

Captain and rains don't know whe she's talking about.

CARLA (CONT'D)

City General. Frank has been there before, and he knew all along, somehow.

CAPTAIN

Doc, what are you talking about?

CARLA

I looked at Frank's old file, on the database, and, and, when he was a teenager, he was admitted to the Claymore Institute.

RAINS

Claymore Institute?

CARLA

Yes, it's a, was a clinic for kids, a psychiatric hospital for kids, where City General is now. That's why he's there-

CAPTAIN

Let's go.

(to the officer)

Keep this quiet, you hear me. Don't say a word to anyone. When I need to, I'll call you personally and then you can send backup. Keep the swat team outta our asses. This is not gonna be a warzone, Got it?

YOUNG OFFICER

Yes sir.

EXT. CITY GENERAL

rains, Carla and the Captain pull up outside city general. Modern hospital, the works.

It's dark, Carla points.

CARLA

That's my car...

Carla's car is haphazardly parked in a handicapped space, doors wide open.

CAPTAIN

He's here. OK, Carla, you stay here, rains-

CARLA

-He said me too. I'm not gonna stay out here, I can talk him down-

CAPTAIN  
-No, you stay here-

CARLA  
-let me talk to him, I know he'll  
listen to me-

RAINS  
-Maybe she's right captain, she is  
a shrink...

CAPTAIN  
(beat, then)  
Fine, but you stay behind us and  
don't do anything stupid.  
(beat)  
Let's go.

INT. CITY GENERAL LOBBY - NIGHT

The captain, Carla, and rains walk into the hospital.

The captain and Carla check out the front desk. A plump old  
receptionist runs the show.

RECEPTIONIST  
Can I help you?

The captain flashes his badge.

INT. CITY GENERAL

The trio creep up to a pair of swinging doors. Beyond the  
doors is a long hallway, lights flash off and on.

CAPTAIN  
OK, that receptionist said there  
are multiple stairways leading to  
the underground. Keep your eyes  
open and be sharp, Frank's smart,  
but we're gonna be smarter.  
(beat)  
Do me a favor, rains. Don't shoot  
if you don't have to.

rains nods.

The trio walk through the doors, lights flash. A door to the  
left says, MAINTENANCE ONLY.

The captain points to the door.

CAPTAIN (CONT'D)

(to rains)

You head down there, the Doc and I  
will come around the other side.  
Flank him and stop him, take him.

RAINS

Got it.

rains heads through the door.

INT. UNDERGROUND

rains hits the last of the stairs. He's in the underground,  
dark, no visibility, flashlight out, scanning.

RAINS

Frank...

Nothing.

RAINS (CONT'D)

(yells)

Frank!

His yell echoes through the underground.

INT. CITY GENERAL

The captain and Carla find the other door to the underground.

They head down the stairs.

INT. UNDERGROUND, ANOTHER AREA

The captain and Carla exit the stairway into the underground.  
They creep through.

FRANK

(off screen)

Nice of you guys to show up like  
this...

A shadow whisks by in the distance.

CAPTAIN

Frank, come on out here and let's  
talk OK?

Nothing.



RAINS  
Where's Pam, Frank?

CARLA  
Frank! Come on, I can help you!

Captain is pissed at her. Shut up.

FRANK  
Nice to hear your voice, doctor...

Shadow whisks by again.

INT. UNDERGROUND

rains is scanning the area, creeping slowly. Afraid.

PAM  
David!

RAINS  
Pam!

rains bolts in the direction of Pam's voice.

He's gone, into the shadows.

INT. UNDERGROUND, ANOTHER AREA

Pam's yell echoes through the underground.

The captain looks at Carla. She nods.

CARLA  
Frank! I want to help you!

The captain is losing control of the situation.

A shadow FLASHES quickly behind them. They turn abruptly.  
Nothing.

CAPTAIN  
God damn it Frank. What are you  
doing? Why are you fucking with us?

FRANK  
(in the distance)  
Why are you fucking with me,  
Captain?

CARLA  
 Frank, you're sick, and I can help  
 you. You just have to let me.

BAM! Frank comes up behind them, quickly, lightning.

FRANK  
 I said quit with the fucking SHRINK  
 TALK!

Slow motion of his gun coming up to the Captain's head, he  
 can't get around fast enough, Frank fires, Carla screams,  
 captain drops dead.

Frank grabs Carla and slams her down.

INT. CITY GENERAL

The receptionist looks up from her magazines, heard the  
 gunshot. Waits. Nothing. Shrugs.

INT. UNDERGROUND - ANOTHER AREA

rains hears the gun blast and jerks, gun aimed, ready to  
 fire.

RAINS  
 Fuck.

Pam's very near.

PAM  
 (quiet)  
 David.

rains listens for her.

PAM (CONT'D)  
 David. Over here.

rains darts toward her voice and finds her on the ground,  
 dazed.

RAINS  
 Shit, you ok?

PAM  
 Yea, where's Frank?

RAINS  
 I dunno, but we gotta find the  
 Captain and Dr. Salvani...

INT. UNDERGROUND - BACK TO FRANK AND CARLA

FRANK

Now see, what did you do, doc, you  
got the captain killed.

Carla shakes her head, crying, scared, trying to stay calm,  
losing it.

CARLA

No, you did that, Frank, you shot  
him-

Frank is on her immediately, gun against her head.

FRANK

-No! You did this, you got him  
killed.

FOOTSTEPS get louder, closer. Frank looks away.

Carla jets. RUNS! Frank SNAPS back, grabs her leg, just  
barely...enough to trip her. She crawls, trying to get away.

Frank follows, she squirms, gets her body up, trapped.

FRANK (CONT'D)

Uh oh, where you gonna go now?

Carla sits up, squeezing her back against a large metal pipe,  
reflections of light bounce off it.

CARLA

Please Frank...

Frank JERKS right into her face with his, close, flash of  
light, his reflection hits him off the pipe, he can't look  
away, it's distorted then clear, distorted, his mind SNAPS-

FLASHBACK:

MONTAGE

INT. UNDERGROUND

Frank can't look away from his reflection!

INT. CHASING THE SHADOW

Frank walks by a window shop, sees his reflection, distorts, shadow behind, Frank turns, Frank chases the shadow, there is no shadow, he runs aimlessly, deliriously, crazy, it's in his mind. Through the store, across the street, in the stairway. He fires rapidly and randomly into the air at nothing.

His heart attack starts, it's real, real pain, pops his phone out, calls for help, trips, ripping the piece of his shoe out, falling, dropping the phone, hits his head, OUT!

INT. UNDERGROUND

Frank is terrified of his own reflection, still holding the gun, this is happening instantaneously.

INT. BUD'S BAR

Frank chats up Julie, Bud's not around, doesn't see. Julie loves the attention.

EXT. BUD'S BAR

Frank sees Julie outside after the old man drives away, he's on her in a flash. She smiles.

JULIE

Oh, hey stranger, you scared me-

Frank's on her! Starts to strangle her, STRONG STRANGLE, dead!

EXT. BRIDGE UNDERPASS

Frank carries Julie's body, drops it hard. PLOP!

Footprints everywhere. Rakes his tracks away. Nothing left.

INT. UNDERGROUND

Still reflecting.

FRANK

No...

EXT. CEMETERY

Gayle is packing things into her truck.

Frank walks up behind her. Scares her.

GAYLE

Oh, geez, hey Frank, are you still  
here-

BAM! Frank grabs, slams her in the truck, she struggles  
intensely, finally, she's limp.

EXT. HIKE AND BIKE TRAIL

Frank dumps Gayle's body, just like Julie's. Rakes again. No  
evidence.

INT. PARKING GARAGE OF HEADQUARTERS

Frank pulls into the garage, parks. Looks in the rearview  
mirror, quick flash, distorted.

In another flash, he's out of the car, sees Shiela, grabs  
her, strangles her.

EXT. STRIP CLUB

Frank nails Boots over the head with his gun as he walks to  
his car in the parking lot.

Frank shoves him in the car. BOOM! Lid down.

EXT. RAUL'S HOUSE

Raul is putting the trash cans out. Hears something, sees  
nothing, turns, BAM, out cold. Frank puts him in the trunk.

INT. FRANK'S HOUSE

Raul and Boots are tied up, Frank hits them both, bags them  
both, dead.

INT. CITY GENERAL

Carla realizes that Frank is flashing in and out.

CARLA

Frank...

Frank can't respond.

INT. CAR - NIGHT OF LAUNDROMAT

Frank hears the song, his reflection distorts in the rearview.

EXT. LAUNDROMAT

Frank sabotages the power of the laundromat. He sets up a timer, guerilla style, ticks away.

INT. LAUNDROMAT

Power flashes out.

Frank shoots the cowboy, tries to strangle Amy, gun fire stops him, he darts out the back door.

EXT. HOSPITAL

Pam hobbles out to the parking lot, lights up a cigarette. Frank hits her, pops her in the trunk.

INT. CITY GENERAL

Frank pushes Pam in a wheelchair, smiles at the receptionist, flashes his badge, she looks at him suspiciously.

INT. UNDERGROUND

Frank knocks Pam in the head and lays her down.

INT. UNDERGROUND

Frank flashes back.

CARLA

Frank!

She yells but it sounds a million miles away to Frank.

INT. FRANK'S HOUSE- MORNING (LESS ERRATIC)

Frank's at home. There are police files all over the place, the floor, Abby comes in with a pile of bills.

Frank is yelling at nothing.

ABBY

Frank! What are you doing?

FRANK

Who?! Me!? Nothing.

ABBY

Frank, what is all this?

FRANK

It's my cases!

ABBY

(dumbfounded)

Have you seen these?

She holds up the final notice bills.

FRANK

Yeah, I saw em.

ABBY

I thought you said these were paid Frank?

FRANK

Damn it Abby, can't you see I'm working, I'm trying to catch this guy!

ABBY

How are we going to live Frank? Huh? Your cases aren't everything, they don't matter-

FRANK

(cuts her off)

-They don't matter?! They don't matter?! Abby there are bad guys out there every day, and I catch them. I do, you sit here!

ABBY

That's not what I meant and you know it-

Frank is getting extremely frustrated. He paces. He looks up, catches his reflection, it distorts.

He turns quickly, calm, staring Abby down. He walks toward her. Abby isn't looking, she's got her head down. She looks up as Frank is right on her.

ABBY (CONT'D)

What are you do-

She gets off as Frank grabs her by the throat! She struggles to get out...he's too strong...can't get out...Frank squeezes.

She tries anything, jumping, swinging, they fly around the room slamming into walls, she goes limp finally, against the wall. Frank's right on the mirror and clocks himself, he snaps back to the

END MONTAGE

INT. CITY GENERAL

Frank snaps back to reality, back to Frank the Cop.

FRANK

No...

He looks down at Carla.

FRANK (CONT'D)

Doc, how could I...

CARLA

(tries to speak)

...sometimes...

FRANK

...all those people...Abby...oh god...Abby...

CARLA

....I'm sorry....it's not your fault, you're sick Frank. You've been sick for a long time. Your mom died Frank, you blamed your father. You snapped, and grabbed your dad's gun, pointed it at him, he sent you away, to this place, that's why you came back here Frank-

RAINS (O.S.)

-Hey Frank!



Frank turns, rains has a gun pointed right at him, Pam down by his side.

BANG! He fires.

CARLA

NO!

Frank drops to the ground, shot in the chest.

CARLA (CONT'D)

Frank!

FRANK

Doc...why...how...

CARLA

You're sick Frank...that's all...

Frank shuts his eyes and dies.

Carla weeps for him.

rains finally lets his gun down.

Looks down at Pam.

PAM

Let's get out of here.

FADE TO BLACK.

FADE IN:

EXT. CEMETERY

Detective rains is alone visiting Frank's grave.

He places Frank's badge on the just covered grave.

FRANK

Rest in peace, Frank.

rains walks away.

EXT. CEMETERY/CAR - CONTINUOUS

rains walks to his car, sees his reflection in the car window.

It's DISTORTED for a second then back to normal.

rains is freaked for a sec, but comes too quickly,  
embarrassed. Laughs it off.

He opens the door to get in.

RAINS

Can you believe that Folie a Deux  
stuff

(halfway in the car)

I mean really, how does that happ-

PAM IS DEAD IN THE PASSENGER SEAT!

SMASH CUT TO  
BLACK.

ROLL CREDITS.