

HYDE

Pilot

Written by

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INT. OPERATING ROOM - NIGHT

State-of-the-art operating room filled with all the equipment needed for almost any surgery.

An UNCONSCIOUS MAN (30s) lies on the operating table, surrounded by NURSES.

DR. HAYES (55), the kind of guy who makes you want to wash your hands after you shake his, leans over the table.

DR. HAYES

Ready?

The nurse, SUE (30), pushes a metal table, with a temperature-controlled cooler on it, over to the operating table.

SUE

Ready.

DR. HAYES

Here we go.

Dr. Hayes grabs the beating heart in his hand and makes a few quick cuts along the blood vessels.

The monitor flatlines.

He pulls the heart out and dips it in a solution before placing it into the cooler.

DR. HAYES (CONT'D)

Go!

Sue hustles out of the room with the cooler.

Another NURSE pushes a button on the monitor. The alarm stops. Dr. Hayes looks back at the body.

DR. HAYES (CONT'D)

Take it to the freezer.

He takes off his gloves and tosses them into the trash can.

INT. HALLWAY - NIGHT

Cinder block walls painted with industrial beige. Commercial tile flooring.

Sue rushes down the hallway and bursts through a set of double doors.

INT. LOADING AREA - NIGHT

A shipping area. Boxes, pallets, and other equipment. Roll up doors. Bay for loading and unloading.

A nondescript and unmarked cargo van sits at the bay. A DRIVER (30) stands at the open door of the van.

Sue rushes over to him. She hands him the cooler.

The DRIVER takes it and hands it to his partner WALTER FRANKLIN (32), a scrawny man with pasty skin, greasy hair, and thick-rimmed glasses.

He puts it between the seats in the cab. The driver climbs in, and they take off.

EXT. CITY STREET - NIGHT

Sparsely lit. Few vehicles on the road. Hookers and homeless loiter their usual places. Commercial area.

The cargo van speeds down the street. The driver's phone beeps a text, and he looks down to read it.

WHAM! An enormous utility truck smashes into the cargo van, flipping it over.

The back doors fling open, and coolers fly from the back of the van. They break open and spill organs all over the street.

Cars, trucks, and other vehicles screech their brakes but skid through the mess. A pileup ensues - smashed fenders mixed with human organs.

Sirens WAIL in the background.

EXT. HYDE'S HELLCAT - NIGHT

Late model muscle car. Jet black. Custom wheels.

HOMICIDE DETECTIVE HENRY HYDE (35) rugged, athletic, brooding. Hyde drives his car through the streets.

His cell phone vibrates. "Cap Cell" pops up on his caller ID. He answers it on speaker.

HYDE

I'm off.

CAPTAIN CORTEZ (V.O.)
You might want this one, Hyde.

HYDE
Yeah?

CAPTAIN CORTEZ (V.O.)
A cargo van was just T-boned
downtown.

HYDE
What? I've been demoted to traffic?

CAPTAIN CORTEZ (V.O.)
Dead driver, no ID, and a boatload
of human organs covering the
street.

HYDE
Send it to my phone.

Within a few seconds, Hyde's phone beeps.

INT. CAPTAIN CORTEZ'S OFFICE - NIGHT

Awards and photos adorn the wood-paneled walls. Well-organized. Clean.

Police Captain, GABRIELA CORTEZ (40), overweight, could give a pro wrestler a run for his money, keeps an unlit cigar in her mouth most of the time. Those other times, it's lit.

Captain Cortez rubs her knee and stretches out her leg with a slight groan.

CAPTAIN CORTEZ
By the way. I got a little present
for you.

HYDE (V.O.)
I don't like presents.

Captain Cortez hangs up the phone. She gets a pill bottle out of her drawer and pops a couple of Oxycontin, grabs her cane, and heads out.

EXT. HYDE'S HELLCAT - NIGHT

Hyde makes a quick U-turn. His tires screech. Cars slam on their brakes. Drivers lean on their horns.

EXT. INTERSECTION - NIGHT

Accidents everywhere. Fender benders and worse. The utility truck driver receives medical attention. The flashing lights of emergency vehicles illuminate the scene.

Hyde rumbles up to the scene and cuts his engine. He gets out and makes his way under the yellow police tape and over to the carnage.

Hyde steps up to the sergeant in charge.

HYDE
Whatcha got, Bill?

BILL WEAVER (55) an overweight beat cop, looks at Hyde like he's crazy.

BILL
Well, let's see. We've got a dead driver we can't ID, a shitload of body parts that came from God only knows where, a freaked out power company worker, and--

HYDE
--Okay, smartass. I got it.

BILL
Thank God one of us does.

Bill throws his hands up and walks away.

Hyde grins and watches Bill walk around the organs. He spots Captain Cortez heading his way with a someone in tow he doesn't recognize.

HYDE
Captain.

CAPTAIN CORTEZ
Hyde. Meet your new partner.

Hyde's expression changes from serious to pissed.

HYDE
I don't do partners.

Cortez lights her cigar.

CAPTAIN CORTEZ
You do now.

HYDE
Thought you quit smoking.

CAPTAIN CORTEZ
I lied.

CHRISTY MASON (26), blonde, glasses and blue jeans, walks up and stops beside Captain Cortez.

CAPTAIN CORTEZ (CONT'D)
Detective Hyde, meet Detective
Mason. Detective Mason, Detective
Hyde.

The captain turns around and limps off.

CAPTAIN CORTEZ (CONT'D)
(over her shoulder)
Make damn sure nothing happens to
her, Hyde.

Christy looks confused. She stands, observing the scene. She looks at Hyde.

HYDE
(calls after Cortez)
I'm not a babysitter.

Cortez ignores him.

CHRISTY
I don't need a babysitter. I'm a
cop. And a good one.

Hyde looks her dead in the eyes and scoffs.

HYDE
We'll see.

CHRISTY
Mason. Detective Christy Mason.

Christy extends her hand.

Hyde ignores it. He proceeds to the middle of the scene.

HYDE
What are you waiting for? Get over
here and see what you're
investigating.

Christy huffs and stomps over to Hyde.

CHRISTY
 (over her shoulder)
 This isn't my first rodeo, you
 know.

Christy looks around the scene and notices the organs.

CHRISTY (CONT'D)
 Are these human?

HYDE
 Looks that way. You mind not
 stepping all over the evidence?

Christy looks down and realizes she stepped on a heart. She
 gags and steps to the side and vomits.

Hyde smiles slightly.

Christy stands up and wipes her mouth.

HYDE (CONT'D)
 Your first rodeo make you puke too?

Christy gives him an "eat shit" look.

HYDE (CONT'D)
 Go ask Sergeant Weaver over there
 if he's got any idea what's going
 on.

Christy tip toes around the body parts with only a few slips
 before getting to Sergeant Weaver.

Hyde walks over to the coroner.

HYDE (CONT'D)
 Amanda.

The city coroner, AMANDA PARKER (36), slim, toned, African-
 American, kneels beside some organs.

HYDE (CONT'D)
 Any ideas?

She looks up from her clipboard and moves beside Hyde.

AMANDA
 Henry.

Hyde holds up a finger.

HYDE
 Just a sec.

Amanda follows Hyde's gaze until Christy comes into view.

Sergeant Weaver throws his arms up in the air and rants inaudibly.

Christy looks humbled.

AMANDA

Give that girl a break, Henry.
She's just trying to do her job.

HYDE

She's not street material.

AMANDA

Maybe if she had the right mentor.

HYDE

Tried that. Didn't work out well.

AMANDA

You can't protect everyone from
things that go bump in the night.

HYDE

Obviously.

AMANDA

That wasn't your fault, and you'll
see it for what it was.

Hyde scrutinizes the gawking crowd and sniffs the air a few times.

IMHOTEP (60s) a lean, well groomed Egyptian priest, melds into the crowd and watches Hyde.

Walter Franklin, with a busted up face, and blood on his shirt, limps unseen around the corner.

After scanning the onlookers, Hyde turns back to his work.

AMANDA (CONT'D)

What is it?

HYDE

I thought I recognized someone.

Christy walks back over to Hyde.

CHRISTY

That is one stressed-out man.

HYDE

He gets tired of the same old thing. But I'm willing to bet this is a new one for him.

CHRISTY

He said you asked him the same question before I went over there.

HYDE

Never hurts to double-check.

Christy gets into Hyde's personal space.

CHRISTY

Did I do something to you in another life?

HYDE

In another life--

Hyde leans in close to Christy.

HYDE (CONT'D)

--it would be the other way around.

Hyde walks the scene.

Frustrated, Christy gives in and follows him. She looks where he looks, steps where he steps.

Hyde stops.

HYDE (CONT'D)

What do we have, Blondie?

CHRISTY

A van with no VIN, a dead driver with no ID, and a lot of human organs.

HYDE

Negative.

CHRISTY

Then what?

HYDE

Nothing. Not a damn thing.

INT. POLICE HEADQUARTERS - DAY

A open floorplan room. Holding cells for prisoners. Large industrial windows open up the office area.

INT. HYDE'S CUBICLE - DAY

Well-organized stacks of paper and case folders atop a laminate desk-top. Worn out office chair, beat up file cabinets.

Hyde and Christy sit at his desk and look over the murder board.

HYDE

I take it you know what this is?

CHRISTY

I'm an experienced investigator.

HYDE

And?

CHRISTY

It's a murder board. Satisfied?

HYDE

How many homicides have you investigated?

Christy hesitates.

CHRISTY

Counting this one?

It takes a second, but Hyde gets it.

HYDE

Christ.

Hyde turns on his heels and storms into Cortez's office.

INT. CORTEZ'S OFFICE - DAY

Captain Cortez sits behind her desk and chomps an unlit cigar.

Hyde bursts through the door, steps up to the desk, and leans over it.

HYDE

You gave me a partner without any
homicide experience!

Captain Cortez sits forward and gets in Hyde's face.

CAPTAIN CORTEZ

I'll give you anyone I damn well
please!

HYDE

She's going to get killed! I won't
be responsible for her.

CAPTAIN CORTEZ

No, she isn't. You know why?
Because you won't let that happen
again!

Hyde leans over the Captain's desk into her personal space.

Captain Cortez stares back at him hard.

Hyde stands back up and paces back and forth, staring out the
window.

THE MONSTER (V.O.)

(inside Hyde's head)
GROWL!

CAPTAIN CORTEZ

What's that?

HYDE

That's cold.

Captain Cortez settles back in her chair and sighs.

CAPTAIN CORTEZ

It's a cold world. Now, get the
hell out of my office.

Hyde walks out and slams the door.

INT. POLICE HEADQUARTERS - DAY

Several OFFICERS mill around, chatting. They stop and stare
at Hyde.

Hyde breathes hard. His anger rises.

INT. THE MONSTER'S CELL - DAY

A room with a single light dangling from the ceiling.
Darkness blacks out the rest of the room.

THE MONSTER, a grotesque, six-foot-six, three-hundred pound man with stringy black hair and ripped muscles, stands in the center held by chains.

THE MONSTER

Let me out, Him. They mock us. Let me out.

Hyde steps out of the shadows and walks up to the Monster.

HYDE

(harsh whisper)

You would slaughter them for nothing.

Hyde turns on his heel and walks into the shadows. The Monster pulls on his chains.

THE MONSTER

You are weak, Him. DO YOU HEAR ME?
YOU ARE WEAK!

INT. POLICE HEADQUARTERS - DAY

Hyde takes a deep breath and fidget-counts his fingers on his right hand. His breathing slows. He silently counts to five.

Hyde collects himself and looks around the room.

INT. POLICE HEADQUARTERS CHRISTY'S CUBICLE - DAY

Empty metal desk. Ragged chair. Desktop computer.

Hyde grimaces as he approaches Christy.

HYDE

Well, Blondie, it appears we'll be working together after all.

CHRISTY

Christy. Or Mason. But not Blondie.

HYDE

Too late.

CHRISTY

I know you don't think I know what I'm doing, but I had the highest arrest record last year for a beat cop.

HYDE

Homicide ain't Beat.

Christy hesitates a moment.

CHRISTY

What happened to your last partner?

HYDE

You've got a lot to live up to.

CHRISTY

What hap--

HYDE

--We have a case to solve. So let's solve it.

Christy looks at Hyde for a BEAT then lets it drop.

CHRISTY

Our John Doe driver was sent to the morgue to see if they can help ID him. The organs were sent there for DNA testing.

HYDE

Any personal items?

CHRISTY

No wallet. No ring. Just a phone. Forensics is working on it now.

HYDE

And the van?

CHRISTY

Nothing yet. The numbers were removed or filed down. Weird, huh?

HYDE

I'll head over to the ME's office. You check with forensics.

INT. CORONER'S OFFICE - DAY

Modern. Cluttered wood desk. Old gray metal shelves.

Hyde leans over the desk with his pants halfway down to his knees.

Amanda walks behind him and holds a syringe with a long needle attached to it.

HYDE
Come on, already, stick it in.

Amanda stabs the needle into his butt cheek. He tightens his hold on the desk.

HYDE (CONT'D)
Damn!

AMANDA
It's amazing that a little old
needle has so much effect on a big,
strong man like yourself.

Hyde pulls up his pants.

HYDE
Not funny.

AMANDA
(smiles)
Oh, it's funny.

She drops the syringe into a sharps container and pulls off her gloves.

AMANDA (CONT'D)
How's this batch working?

HYDE
I'm adjusting to it. Dizzy now and
then, but it's working.

AMANDA
After our last rendezvous, I
doubled the dose.

HYDE
Anything to keep an one-hundred and
sixty-six-year-old monster at bay.

Amanda steps up close to him.

AMANDA
Henry, you're not a monster.

HYDE
Keep telling yourself that. Maybe
one day, you'll believe it.

Hyde moves closer and sniffs her.

She holds her ground.

HYDE (CONT'D)
I can smell him.

AMANDA
Smell who?

HYDE
Your date last night.

She pushes him away.

AMANDA
You had your chance.

HYDE
You know he's gay?

AMANDA
He's not gay. He's a great kisser.

HYDE
His boyfriend thinks so too.

AMANDA
That's not funny, Henry.

HYDE
Oh, it's funny.

She turns and walks out. Hyde smiles slightly and follows her
into the exam room.

INT. MORGUE EXAM ROOM - DAY

Brightly lit. White tile flooring. Tables neatly laid out -
some empty; some with bodies.

AMANDA
I never thought I'd be cutting up
dead people for a living.

HYDE
Never thought I'd be a cop.

AMANDA

Odd how things work out.

Amanda pulls the van driver's body out of the freezer. Hyde stands beside him.

AMANDA (CONT'D)

What do you hope to find?

HYDE

Not sure.

Hyde pulls down the sheet and examines the body. He stops and picks up the right hand and turns it over.

A tattoo of an Ankh covers the middle of his inside wrist. He stares intently at it.

AMANDA

Hyde? Hyde? What is it?

HYDE

An Ankh.

AMANDA

I know that. Is there something I should know.

HYDE

There's more here than I thought.

AMANDA

You get that from a tattoo?

HYDE

I do from that one.

Hyde lies the arm down and walks back around to Amanda. She steps closer to him.

AMANDA

Want to come over tonight?

Hyde turns toward her and kisses her. Right in the middle of the kiss, he jerks away.

AMANDA (CONT'D)

What? What did I--

Christy bursts through the morgue doors. She holds the van driver's cell phone in front of her.

CHRISTY
Hyde, I think I found out who our
van driver might be.

Amanda takes a step back from Hyde.

CHRISTY (CONT'D)
Hi, Doc.

AMANDA
Detective.

Amanda gives Christy a quick smile and looks away.

HYDE
What do you have?

CHRISTY
Selfies.

HYDE
What?

CHRISTY
(snarky)
Pictures people take of themselves
on their phones.

Amanda laughs.

HYDE
I can't know everything.

CHRISTY
This you should know. It's been
around a while.

AMANDA
What did you find?

CHRISTY
A selfie of our van driver posing
with a waitress in front of
Hailey's Restaurant.

HYDE
Now, we're talking.

CHRISTY
I've already sent a copy over to
them for an ID.

Christy smiles at Hyde. Pleased with herself.

CHRISTY (CONT'D)

Well?

HYDE

Well, what?

CHRISTY

Never mind.

Christy turns on her heels and walks out of the room.

AMANDA

That was good work.

HYDE

Yep.

AMANDA

Why didn't you tell her?

HYDE

Might make her soft.

Hyde turns back toward Amanda and leans in to kiss her.

Amanda dodges him.

HYDE (CONT'D)

What?

AMANDA

Might make you soft.

She smiles and walks out of the room.

INT. AMANDA'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Loft-style rooms. Large windows. Exposed brick. Large timber beams. Stained concrete floor.

Hyde and Amanda screw each other's brains out from one end of the apartment to the other. Finally, they end up in the bed.

They lie together, both exhausted.

HYDE

There's more to that van driver
than we know.

Amanda looks over at Hyde.

AMANDA
(incredulous)
After what we just did, you're
thinking about the case?

Hyde shrugs his shoulders.

HYDE
It's what I do.

Amanda gives in.

AMANDA
Well?

HYDE
What?

AMANDA
Did you think of something?

HYDE
A smell.

AMANDA
You thought of a smell?

HYDE
I caught the scent of someone that
should be locked up.

AMANDA
A bad guy, huh?

HYDE
A monster.

AMANDA
Besides you, what else is out
there?

HYDE
Things that aren't as nice as I am.

Amanda rolls over on top of Hyde.

AMANDA
I can be a little bad myself.

Amanda whispers in Hyde's ear.

AMANDA (CONT'D)
Besides, I know you'll protect me.

HYDE
On that note.

AMANDA
You gotta be kidding me?

Amanda rolls off Hyde. He stands up and puts on his pants.

HYDE
I need to check on something.

Amanda turns over in the bed away from Hyde.

AMANDA
You could've at least bought me
dinner.

HYDE
Next time. I promise.

Hyde walks out the door.

EXT. RUNDOWN APARTMENT BUILDING - NIGHT

Ten-story, delapidated, worn-out brick façade, with peeling paint on the window frames and doors.

Hyde raises his head and looks upward and sizes up the section eight housing. He sniffs a few times and goes inside.

INT. BUILDING LOBBY - NIGHT

Old, cracked tile floor. Dirty walls. Low lighting. An "Elevator Broken" sign hangs on the door.

Hyde walks past the elevator and takes the stairs.

INT. STAIRCASE FOYER - NIGHT

Dingy gray walls and concrete stairs. Paint peels of everything painted.

Hyde takes another sniff and heads up the steps. He stops on the sixth floor and sniffs again.

INT. STAIRCASE SIXTH FLOOR - NIGHT

A worn, greasy gray door with a six hand painted in black.

Hyde pushes the creaky door open and creeps into the hallway.

INT. SIXTH FLOOR HALLWAY - NIGHT

Dim lightbulbs. Worn carpet. Peeling plaster.

Hyde follows the scent down the hallway and stops at apartment number thirteen and sniffs the air again.

INT. THE MONSTER'S CELL - NIGHT

MONSTER

I smell death, Him. Sweet, sweet death.

HYDE

Death is far from sweet, Monster.

INT. SIXTH FLOOR HALLWAY - NIGHT

Hyde tries the door knob. Locked. He steps back. After he checks the hallway, he kicks the door in and rushes into the room.

INT. APARTMENT THIRTEEN LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Shabby, dirty carpet and curtains, shoddy furniture and outdated appliances.

Walter Franklin stands in the living room in a state of shock staring at Hyde. Bruises cover his swollen face. His arm rests in a makeshift sling.

INT. THE MONSTER'S CELL - NIGHT

The Monster pulls on his chains.

MONSTER

He reeks of death, Him.

INT. APARTMENT THIRTEEN LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

HYDE

Hello, Walter.

Walter regains his senses.

WALTER

What the fuck?

HYDE
 Didn't know you were out.

WALTER
 You can't bust in here like that.

Walter glances at a door to the side of Hyde.

MONSTER
 Behind that door, Him. It beckons me.

HYDE
 What's in the room, Walter?

WALTER
 Nothing's in there. Ain't your business anyways.

Hyde makes his way over to the door while keeping an eye on Walter.

WALTER (CONT'D)
 You can't go in there, cop.

HYDE
 See, Walter, that's where your wrong.

Hyde opens the door and spots a young girl lying on Walter's floor. He disappears into the room.

INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT

Dark, closed curtains, old peeling paint, dirty brown carpet.

Hyde hurries over to the body and kneels down.

MONSTER (V.O.)
 The scent is old, Him.

Hyde lifts the dirty sheet off the body. An incision runs from the top of her chest down to the bottom of her hastily sewn up abdomen.

When Hyde see the young girl, a look of horror crosses his face and he stares at her.

Empty cavities where her organs and eyes should be - all of them gone. Beside her lies rolls of thread and a pin cushion full of needles.

BEGIN FLASHBACK

EXT. NINETEENTH CENTURY LONDON - NIGHT

Hyde wears a doctor's coat and carries an oil lantern as he races through the back alleys of London.

His wife, GERTRUDE JEKYLL (25), hurries after him.

HYDE

Hurry, Gertrude. If he doesn't have the money by nine, he'll--.

GERTRUDE

--GO! I'm right behind you.

The distance between them grows as Hyde races the clock. She soon loses sight of him.

Hyde turns a few more corners and comes to a dead-end alley. He looks frantic as he searches for any clue to his daughter's whereabouts.

He spots a hand painted arrow on the brick wall. It points to an old door, almost hidden.

Hyde walks over to it and pulls it open. He holds up his lantern and moves it back and forth.

After a BEAT, he directs the light toward the floor revealing a dark shape. He reaches down pulls off the blanket.

The body of a HYDE'S DAUGHTER (12) lies on the floor. Cut from her sternum to her pelvic bone. Her skin, eyes, and organs are missing.

Gertrude rushes up behind him. She screams at the sight of her daughter. Hyde falls to his knees and wails in agony.

After a few minutes of crying and torment, he spots something. He reaches over and picks up an Ankh. He wraps his fist around it so hard he shakes.

END FLASHBACK

INT. APARTMENT THIRTEEN LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Walter edges toward the open window and climbs onto the sill. He knocks over a cheap table with a full ashtray on his way out.

INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT

Hyde jerks his head toward the other room.

INT. APARTMENT THIRTEEN LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Hyde sprints into the room and notices the curtains blowing in a light breeze and the upended table. He rushes to the window and looks out.

INT. THE MONSTER'S CELL - NIGHT

MONSTER

The rabbit runs, Him. Let me out.

HYDE

I can catch him myself.

EXT. FIRE ESCAPE - NIGHT

Rusted. Pull-down ladder. Some missing spindles.

Walter jumps from the last few rungs of the ladder. He hits the asphalt and glances up at the window.

EXT. APARTMENT ALLEY - NIGHT

Filthy. Debris and cigarette butts. Worn down asphalt.

Walter spots Hyde looking at him. He sprints down the alley and out of sight.

EXT. FIRE ESCAPE - NIGHT

Hyde climbs out onto the landing and chases after Walter.

EXT. APARTMENT ALLEY - NIGHT

Hyde hits the pavement running.

INT. THE MONSTER'S CELL - NIGHT

The Monster pulls hard on his chains.

MONSTER

Faster, Him. FASTER!

EXT. APARTMENT ALLEY - NIGHT

HYDE

Shut up and let me work.

Hyde sprints to the end of the alley at the main road.

EXT. MAIN ROAD - NIGHT

Rundown part of town. Old buildings. A few people on the sidewalk. Hookers, homeless, druggies.

Hyde stops in front of the apartment building and sniffs the air. He picks up Walter's scent and runs down the sidewalk.

INT. THE MONSTER'S CELL - NIGHT

MONSTER
He's afraid, Him.

HYDE
He should be.

EXT. MAIN ROAD - NIGHT

Walter runs for all he's worth. He slides over the hood of car and rushes into a Chinese restaurant.

INT. CHINESE RESTAURANT - NIGHT

Walter runs through the dining room, knocking over tables. He sprints into the kitchen.

INT. KITCHEN - NIGHT

Chinese cooks clamor about flaming woks, and cut up chicken and veggies. Stainless steel tables and sinks. Dead ducks hang from the ceiling.

Walter scrambles around the cooks. He makes it to the back door, jerks it open, and runs through it.

EXT. BACK ALLEY - NIGHT

Multiple trash cans over flow.

Walter bursts out the door and runs down the alley and onto a back road.

EXT. BACK ROAD - NIGHT

A small road that runs behind the backs of the buildings.

Walter runs onto the road and stops dead in his tracks. Hyde stands in the middle of the road and blocks his route.

Walter turns and runs down the road until he comes to another alley. Hyde follows him.

EXT. SECOND ALLEY - NIGHT

Dark. Piled up garbage. Narrow.

Walter stumbles forward. He looks over his shoulder every other second. He runs up to a brick wall - dead end.

He turns around to face his pursuer. Fear contorts his face, and sweat rolls down his forehead as his wild eyes stare into the darkness.

A dark figure appears at the end of the alley. Shadows cloak him as he walks toward Walter. He closes in, and the figure evolves into Hyde.

HYDE

You killed that kid. An innocent child.

Walter stands in the middle of the alley in front of a streetlight.

WALTER

I didn't kill anyone.

Hyde gets closer and closer.

HYDE

Smell that?

WALTER

What?

HYDE

Fear.

INT. THE MONSTER'S CELL - NIGHT

The Monster jerks at his chains with all his might.

THE MONSTER

Let me out, Him.

EXT. SECOND ALLEY - NIGHT

Hyde struggles to contain his Monster. He puts a slightly deformed hand against the building and drags elongated finger nails along the brick wall.

WALTER

I ain't done nothing. I swear.

HYDE

What was she? Eleven? Maybe twelve?

WALTER

She was dead when I took her.

Walter starts to shake.

HYDE

You deserve to die.

WALTER

I was fixing her.

HYDE

You cut her up like she was nothing.

WALTER

My boss did it. I was supposed to put her in the furnace.

HYDE

Names, Walter. Give me names.

WALTER

They'll have me killed.

HYDE

Better than what I will do.

WALTER

You've got nothin' on me. Nothin' that'd stick.

HYDE

I have all the evidence I need.

WALTER

You broke into my apartment. That's illegal.

Hyde closes his eyes and breathes deeply through his nose. He opens them and looks directly at Walter.

HYDE
You're covered in it.

Walter looks over his body.

WALTER
(confused)
Covered in what? I ain't covered in
nothin'.

HYDE
The smell of death.

WALTER
You can't arrest me for a smell.

HYDE
No, that wouldn't stand up in
court.

Walter regains some confidence.

WALTER
Fuck off then.

Hyde smiles a dark and wicked smile.

WALTER (CONT'D)
You can't lay a finger on me.
You're a cop, remember?

Walter takes a few steps. He goes for a pistol in his belt.

In a flash, Hyde draws his pistol and shoots Walter in the
shoulder, knocking him down.

Walter grasps his shoulder and cries out in pain.

Hyde pistol-whips Walter, knocking him out cold.

INT. DARK WAREHOUSE BASEMENT - NIGHT

Debris scattered on a filthy floor. Dark puddles here and
there. Exposed rusted beams. Brick walls. Assorted tools lie
on an old wood table half-obscured by shadows.

A rat scampers along the wall. A flickering bulb reveals an
old chair with Walter tied to it.

Walter sits in the chair bound with rope and gagged with a
rag. Blood runs down his chest from the bullet wound.

The Monster stands behind the table. Rage and hate fill his face.

The Monster looks over various tools. He picks up a rusty hammer. A large, hairy hand turns it in the light.

THE MONSTER
 (a deep, guttural voice)
 There is Him. Always Him. Him tries
 to control me.

The Monster replaces the tool on the table and brushes his hand over a few more before picking up a tire iron.

The Monster tosses the tire iron aside and reaches for a corroded meat cleaver. He turns it over in his hand, inspects it, tests the weight.

THE MONSTER (CONT'D)
 Him and his whore keep me caged
 like a rabid dog.

In a sudden flash of pure strength, The Monster buries the filthy cleaver in the wooden table. He rips it out and examines its blade.

The Monster walks around in the shadows. He only shows a glimpse of himself here and there.

HYDE
 But sometimes, I win. Sometimes, I
 escape.

The Monster slams Hyde's badge next to an old wrench.

THE MONSTER
 You met Him. I'm his prisoner. His
 fear. I'm his Monster.

Walter pulls at his bonds and screams through his gag as The Monster approaches.

THE MONSTER (CONT'D)
 You kill children.

The Monster glances in a small cracked mirror mounted on the wall. He snarls, raises the meat cleaver, and advances on Walter.

THE MONSTER (CONT'D)
 Time to play.

INT. POLICE HEADQUARTERS - DAY

Two other homicide detectives walk toward Hyde's desk.

DETECTIVE RAYEN NIZHONI (35), a Native American woman with long black hair and light caramel skin, stops in front of Hyde.

RAYEN

Looks like you're not the only one
with a new case, Hyde.

DETECTIVE FRANCO IPPOLITO (40) a conceited, Italian-American wears an expensive Italian suit with a loud shirt and tie. He plants his ass on Hyde's desk.

FRANCO

The Brute's at it again. Too bad
you're busy.

Franco eyes Christy.

FRANCO (CONT'D)

You got a rookie? Maybe this one
will last longer.

Rayen slugs Franco in the arm.

RAYEN

Not cool, man. C'mon, Franco.

FRANCO

I'll meet you by the elevators.

Rayen rolls her eyes and walks away.

Franco pulls a reluctant Hyde aside.

FRANCO (CONT'D)

I gotta ask, man. You plan on
hittin' that?

HYDE

Jesus, Franco. She's my partner.

Franco pulls on his lapels and grins.

FRANCO

Then, you won't mind if I do.

Franco saunters over to Rayen at the elevator. She shrugs her shoulders as the doors close.

Hyde paces back and forth. Christy watches him. When he turns around, she pretends to work on her computer.

Hyde casts his attention to the murder board.

Pictures of the driver hang on it with a few notes, but nothing else.

HYDE

Looks a little sparse, doesn't it?

Christie looks up from her computer, pretending to be interrupted.

CHRISTY

Did you say something?

HYDE

Let's go. We're going for a ride.

CHRISTY

Where to?

HYDE

Training OP.

Christy chases after Hyde yet again.

EXT. DUMPSTER BEHIND A BUTCHER SHOP - DAY

Old building. Butcher shop and deli in a state of disrepair. Rats. Feral cats. Garbage scattered around the dumpster.

Body parts, blood, and guts cover a sizeable area under a street lamp.

Hyde lifts the police tape and walks under it.

Rayen spots him right away and steps over to him.

RAYEN

Back off, Hyde. This is our case.

HYDE

Just training the rook.

Franco overhears this and walks up behind them.

FRANCO

Bullshit.

Hyde holds his hands up in mock surrender.

HYDE
She needs to see these things.
Peace?

Franco relaxes.

FRANCO
Touch nothing. Got it?

Franco and Rayen walk away.

Hyde turns toward Christy.

HYDE
Tell me what you see.

FRANCO
(over his shoulder)
And if you find anything resembling
evidence, it's ours.

HYDE
No problem.

RAYEN
We mean it, Hyde.

HYDE
You have my word.

FRANCO
For what that's worth.

Hyde leads Christy toward the gore.

INT. THE MONSTER'S CELL - DAY

THE MONSTER
My work pleases Him!

Hyde walks around him at the edge of the shadows.

HYDE
Walter said there were others.

THE MONSTER
All I heard were screams.

EXT. DUMPSTER BEHIND A BUTCHER SHOP - DAY

Hyde struggles for a second and pushes The Monster back down.
He glances at Christy.

HYDE

What do you see?

Christy looks around the alley and takes it all in. She gags as she looks over the gore. With some effort, she talks.

CHRISTY

I see what's left of a forty to fifty-year-old male.

HYDE

Go on.

CHRISTY

Someone chopped off his head, legs, and arms.

Christy works to control her anxiety.

HYDE

What else?

She takes a breath and continues.

CHRISTY

Murder weapon. I don't see a murder weapon.

HYDE

Maybe he hid it.

CHRISTY

You want me to search for it?

HYDE

Not our circus. What else?

Amanda walks up.

AMANDA

I hear we have a few pieces to put back together.

HYDE

Just minor trauma.

Franco walks back over to Hyde and Christy.

FRANCO

That's long enough, Hyde. Your star pupil needs to go before she covers my crime scene in vomit.

HYDE
She does have a tendency to do
that.

Fire lights up in Christy's eyes.

RAYEN
(to Hyde)
You should be going.

HYDE
Be careful on this one, Rayen.

Hyde and Christy walk away.

CHRISTY
(upset)
You brought me here to see if I'd
puke again. Happy?

Franco yells after them.

FRANCO
The Brute is mine, Hyde.

Hyde ignores him.

HYDE
I did it to give you some
experience walking crime scenes.

Christy grabs Hyde's arm and stops him.

CHRISTY
And?

HYDE
And to mess with Franco.

Hyde smiles to himself, and they continues to his car.

INT. POLICE HEADQUARTERS HYDE'S CUBICLE - DAY

Captain Cortez walks over to Hyde's desk and hands him a
sheet of paper.

CAPTAIN CORTEZ
Looks like you're going to have a
full plate, Hyde.

HYDE
Let me guess. A body?

CAPTAIN CORTEZ
Got a call from a lady that lives
in the White Hall projects. Found
the body of a dead kid.

HYDE
Can't you get someone else--

CAPTAIN CORTEZ
--Sargent Weaver asked for you.
Said it might tie into your other
case.

Hyde stands up and grabs his sport coat.

HYDE
Let's go, Blondie.

EXT. BEDROOM - DAY

A CSI team works the crime scene. Hyde stands by the bed and
looks over the body of the little girl.

HYDE
What are you waiting for?

Christy steps up beside Hyde and looks at the girl.

CHRISTY
A young female. Ten or eleven.

She looks closer at the body.

CHRISTY (CONT'D)
Appears to be missing her organs.
But someone started sewing her up.

HYDE
Cause of death?

CHRISTY
Unknown.

Christy takes a beat.

CHRISTY (CONT'D)
Only a monster could do something
like this.

Hyde looks at her for a moment then walks over to the
coroner.

Christy continues to examine the child.

Doc. HYDE

Henry. AMANDA

Any ideas? HYDE

AMANDA
A few. The incisions look professional. But the stitch job looks like some kid did it.

HYDE
Pro? You sure?

AMANDA
They're very neat. Almost perfect. Like he's showing off.

Christy walks up beside them.

CHRISTY
Surgery?

Amanda mulls over her question.

AMANDA
Could be.

HYDE
Thanks, Doc. Come on, Blondie.

Hyde walks away.

AMANDA
I'll call you when I have something.

Amanda looks after them.

AMANDA (CONT'D)
(whispers)
Hyde, what have you done?

INT. LAVISH BEDROOM - NIGHT

An oversized four-poster bed. Elaborately furnished with high-end antiques.

On the bed lies a feeble, wrinkled, old woman, NEFERTITI, age indeterminate but clearly ancient.

A heart monitor, oxygen tank, and IV pole stand beside the bed.

Wires and tubes connect the machine and IV bag to Nefertiti. Her labored breaths mixes with the monitor beeps.

IMHOTEP

Goddess.

Nefertiti looks at Imhotep. Her face and eyes weary with age. She struggles to speak between labored breaths. Dr. Hayes looks on with curiosity.

NEFERTITI

Have you-- found a-- suitable donor?

IMHOTEP

No, Goddess. We search day and night.

NEFERTITI

Search-- harder. The hourglass empties.

An antique, oversized hourglass sits on a table against the far side of the room. Sand falls into the bottom chamber.

IMHOTEP

Yes, Goddess.

NEFERTITI

And Imhotep?

IMHOTEP

Yes, Goddess?

She grabs a section of the sheet and twists it. Imhotep and Dr. Hayes grasp their throats, choking.

They claw at their necks and gasp for breath. They both collapse to the floor, writhing in pain.

Nefertiti loosens her grip on the sheet.

Both men stagger to their knees. They slowly stand back up with each other's help. They look at Nefertiti.

NEFERTITI

Do not fail me!

IMHOTEP

No, Goddess. I shall not fail you.

Nefertiti dismisses them with a wave of her hand.

Imhotep and Dr. Hayes take their leave.

INT. HALLWAY - NIGHT

As lavish as the bedroom. Victorian wall paper. Antique tables. Hardwood floor. Leads to the front door.

IMHOTEP

Time grows short, Dr. Hayes. The moon will be in place three nights from now.

DR. HAYES

It's under control.

IMHOTEP

You found a sacrifice with the with the genic anomaly?

Dr. Hayes smiles.

DR. HAYES

Our interpreter friend from the immigration office called.

IMHOTEP

Egypt?

DR. HAYES

She came in last night. We still need to verify her suitability.

Doctor Hayes hands Imhotep a piece of folded paper.

DR. HAYES (CONT'D)

Her address.

IMHOTEP

This is truly a blessing.

DR. HAYES

Oh, and Walter Franklin didn't show up this morning.

IMHOTEP

The pervert you employ. This means what to me?

DR. HAYES

A body went missing last night.

IMHOTEP

When he returns, deal with him
accordingly.

Dr. Hayes walks down the corridor and out the front door.

INT. CAPTAIN CORTEZ'S OFFICE - DAY

Hyde and Christy stand in front of Captain Cortez's desk.

CAPTAIN CORTEZ

People don't like dead kids, Hyde.
We need to close this one and close
it fast.

HYDE

I don't like it either. But I've
got to have something to go on.

CAPTAIN CORTEZ

The mayor has already called the
DA, and the DA has already called
me. We're under a fucking
microscope.

HYDE

Aren't we always?

CAPTAIN CORTEZ

I don't need a smart ass, Hyde. I
need a homicide Detective.

CHRISTY

We're on it, Captain. You don't
have to worry.

Both Hyde and Cortez look at Christy.

CAPTAIN CORTEZ

Find me a killer, Hyde. Now get
out.

Hyde and Christy walk out.

INT. POLICE HEADQUARTERS - DAY

Hyde and Christy walk back toward their cubicles.

HYDE

(to Christy)

A big promise from someone whose
never solved a homicide.

CHRISTY

I'm sorry. I just want to do a good job.

HYDE

I know a place where you might actually learn something.

CHRISTY

Another gore fest to make me puke.

HYDE

Not exactly.

EXT. HECTOR'S HOTDOGS FOOD TRUCK - DAY

Clean. Covered in signs and stickers. Commercial/retail area. Pedestrians out and about. Traffic.

Hyde and Christy stand nearby, eating their hotdogs. Hyde chokes down half a dog.

HYDE

(mouthful of food)
Best hot dog in the city.

Christy takes a big bite when her phone rings. She grabs it from her purse.

CHRISTY

(mouthful of food)
Detective Mason.

She listens for a few seconds.

CHRISTY (CONT'D)

Hold on.

Christy gets out a small notebook and gets ready to take notes.

CHRISTY (CONT'D)

Go ahead.

BEAT

CHRISTY (CONT'D)

Got it. Thanks.

Christy hangs up her phone and smiles at Hyde.

CHRISTY (CONT'D)

Girlfriend.

HYDE

What?

CHRISTY

Our driver is Lewis Woodard, and he had a girlfriend.

HYDE

Does this girlfriend have an address?

CHRISTY

I'll drive.

HYDE

Like hell you will.

Hyde tosses his hot dog and heads to his car. Christy goes to throw hers in the trash can but thinks twice about it. She scarfs it down as she hurries after Hyde.

EXT. GIRLFRIEND'S APARTMENT - DAY

A dirty apartment complex. Brick exterior and paint-chipped trim. Tall grass. Trash around the building.

Hyde and Christy knock on a grungy apartment door.

JAN CRANE (27), a strung-out meth-head, cracks the door.

JAN

What?

CHRISTY

Jan Crane?

JAN

Who wants to know?

HYDE

We're Homicide Detectives Hyde and Mason.

JAN

What do you want with me?

CHRISTY

May we come in?

Jan looks them over as she anxiously scratches the sores on her arm. She turns and goes back inside the apartment and leaves the door open.

JAN
Suit yourself.

Hyde and Christy follow Jan into the trashy apartment.

INT. JAN CRANE'S LIVING ROOM - DAY

Drug paraphernalia lies about in full view. Worn out, cheap cloth couch. Dirty dishes. Dirty clothes.

HYDE
Ms. Crane, are you the girlfriend
of Lewis Woodard?

JAN
Depends. Did he kill someone?

HYDE
He's dead.

Jan takes a second.

JAN
What? Bullshit.

Christy glances at Hyde and gives him a "WTF" look.

CHRISTY
We're sorry, Ms. Crane, but Mr.
Woodard was killed in a car
accident last night.

JAN
Accident?

CHRISTY
A utility truck struck his van. He
died instantly.

JAN
Well, that's just great. How am I
supposed to pay the freaking bills
by myself?

Hyde and Christy look at each other.

HYDE
Ms. Crane, where did your boyfriend
work?

JAN
Some organ place.

HYDE

Do you have a name or address?

JAN

Somewhere on the Westside.

CHRISTY

Do you know the street?

Jan looks at Christy as if she's lost her mind.

JAN

Do I look like the fucking Yellow Pages?

(to Hyde)

Where did you get this chick?

HYDE

Mail order.

Jan sits back, nods her head, and looks Christy over from head to toe.

JAN

No shit?

HYDE

Do you remember if it's near something?

JAN

Mail order. That's good. A mail-order cop.

Jan winks at Christy.

Christy glares at Hyde.

HYDE

The building, Ms. Crane. Is it near something we can recognize?

JAN

How the hell do I know? Never been there.

Hyde turns to leave.

Christy goes to follow him out but turns back to Jan.

CHRISTY

Sorry for your loss, Ms. Crane.

JAN
Don't be. He was a turd.

INT. MORGUE EXAM ROOM - DAY

Amanda leads Hyde and Christy to the girl's body and pulls down the sheet.

AMANDA
I was right about the incisions.
Someone removed all of her organs.
And with surgical precision.

Hyde walks around the body.

AMANDA (CONT'D)
Maybe somebody's taking trophies?

HYDE
Maybe. What puzzles me is I'm
working a case that involves a van
full of missing organs that no one
wants to claim. And now her.

AMANDA
You think they're connected?

CHRISTY
Any DNA from the truck matching our
girl?

AMANDA
Still running the tests, but I'll
let you know. There's something
else I want you to see.

Amanda lifts the girl's arm. Looks like a pin cushion.

HYDE
Track marks?

AMANDA
First, I thought she was an addict,
but tox came back clean.

HYDE
So what then?

AMANDA
My best guess? IVs.

HYDE
A patient somewhere?

CHRISTY
Or a prisoner. But why kill her?

Hyde looks at her one more time.

HYDE
Because she had nothing left to
give.

CHRISTY
Whatever's going on, it's bad. Very
bad.

HYDE
Call me if you get something else.

AMANDA
We've got something else.

Franco and Rayen walk into the room.

FRANCO
Speak of the devil.

HYDE
(muttering)
And the devil appears.

RAYEN
Doc.

AMANDA
Hi, Rayen. Franco.

FRANCO
So what's the news?

Amanda pulls out the tray holding the pieces of Walter's
body.

AMANDA
Things are a bit more complicated.

Amanda looks over Walter. A file with a fingerprint card sits
on a tray beside the table.

AMANDA (CONT'D)
We got an ID on what's left of this
guy. His name is Walter Franklin.

FRANCO
Walter Franklin. Walter Franklin. I
swear, I know that name.

HYDE

I put him away five years ago for
raping and killing eleven and
twelve-year-old sisters.

RAYEN

I remember that. Looks like The
Brute did us a favor.

CHRISTY

How did he get out so soon?

RAYEN

Doesn't matter. He's here now.

FRANCO

What's complicated?

Amanda picks up a small plastic bag with the word evidence
stamped across it.

AMANDA

We found Walter's hair on the
girl's body.

FRANCO

Please don't connect my case with
his.

RAYEN

Not to sound uncaring, but we're
not after who he killed. We're
after who killed him.

AMANDA

The address we have for him is the
same one we have where the girl's
body was found.

FRANCO

Christ.

CHRISTY

So what does that mean?

HYDE

It means--

FRANCO

--We have to work together.

Captain Cortez hobbles behind them.

CAPTAIN CORTEZ

Yes, it does.

She gestures to Hyde and Franco.

FRANCO

This is my case, Captain. Hyde has nothing to do with it.

HYDE

Two different cases. Walter Franklin killed the girl until we get evidence otherwise.

CHRISTY

There is one little thing that remains unanswered.

HYDE

What's that?

CHRISTY

Where are her organs?

CAPTAIN CORTEZ

As of now, you two will share information. And you will get along. Clear?

FRANCO

But Captain--

CAPTAIN CORTEZ

--But nothing. Last time I checked, I was in charge. And I said you two will work together. Am I clear?

Franco takes a beat but gives in.

FRANCO

Clear.

HYDE

Crystal.

Franco stares at Hyde and fumes.

INT. LAVISH BEDROOM - NIGHT

Nefertiti lies in the bed. Wires, an IV, and oxygen tubes.

IMHOTEP
Goddess, it is time. The moon will
be in position soon.

Nefertiti looks over at her priest servant, Imhotep.

NEFERTITI
(in between breaths)
Is the donor-- ready?

IMHOTEP
Yes, Goddess.

Nefertiti nods her head slightly.

NEFERTITI
Then I, too, am-- ready.

Imhotep motions for the two EGYPTIAN PRIESTS that stand behind him.

They walk up to the bed and help Nefertiti stand up. They support her as they follow Imhotep out of the room.

INT. SECRET CHAMBER - NIGHT

Cavernous. Large, open room. Torches hang from the walls.

The priests lead Nefertiti over to a hand-carved raised stone slab.

Nefertiti looks over at the identical stone slab beside hers and smiles.

Beside her lies a naked GIRL (18). Sedated but her fear and panic show through.

The priests help Nefertiti onto the slab and lie her down on the marble.

ANOTHER PRIEST stands at the head of the slabs between the two females. He chants and swings a small, smoking clay pot over the girl and then Nefertiti.

Two other PRIESTS step up, one on each side of the slabs. They hold razor-sharp knives.

Imhotep watches the moon align with the hole in the center of an ancient diagram. Imhotep nods at his assistant priests.

They both raise their knives at the same time. With pinpoint accuracy, they stab the two females in the upper abdomen.

Blood-curdling screams reverberate throughout the chamber.

The priests quickly cut them from the breastplate to the pelvis. The priests dig into the now-open abdomens and pull out organ after organ.

They put Nefertiti's organs into ancient clay pots and place the young girl's into Nefertiti.

The girl's head turns to the side. Empty eye sockets stare into nothing.

Suddenly, the skin rips away from her body.

The priests put the girl's skin on a skinless Nefertiti. It wraps itself around her and tightens and conforms to her body.

They close Nefertiti's abdomen. The edges of the evisceration reach for each other and draw themselves back together.

The priests bandage her wounds from head to toe. Blood seeps out through the bandages covering her eyes.

With the help of the two priests, Nefertiti sits up and gets off the slab. She stumbles, but the priests catch her.

She hobbles over to the other slab and looks at the now dead girl, stripped of her organs and skin.

NEFERTITI

Thank you, child. Your sacrifice
shall not be forgotten.

She lightly touches the girl's skinless face and smiles. She falters.

Imhotep moves to catch her.

IMHOTEP

Goddess, you must rest.

Nefertiti's blood-soaked, bandage-covered face turns to Imhotep. Imhotep bows his head.

NEFERTITI

Yes. Rest.

The priests help her walk out of the room.

INT. POLICE HEADQUARTERS CHRISTY'S CUBICLE - DAY

Christy sits glued to her computer. She holds the cell phone from the wreck and scrolls through it.

HYDE
Still nothing?

CHRISTY
There's like five thousand pictures
on this thing.

HYDE
Can't you get someone to--

CHRISTY
--Wait.

Christy stares at a pic on her computer screen.

HYDE
Well?

CHRISTY
It's a pic of our dead driver.

HYDE
There are a lot of those on there.

CHRISTY
Yeah but not standing by the van he
was driving at a loading dock.

HYDE
Still no location.

CHRISTY
Let me check one...Yep. We have it.
He had location services turned on.

HYDE
What does that mean?

Christy stands up.

CHRISTY
See, the metadata... Never mind,
I'll explain it on the way.

EXT. BLUE ANGEL ORGAN SERVICES PARKING LOT - DAY

Clean, fresh painted parking spaces, landscaped.

Hyde and Christy pull up in Hyde's car.

CHRISTY
This is the place.

Hyde pulls up to the front of the warehouse office building.
Christy grabs the mic.

CHRISTY (CONT'D)
Should I call for backup?

HYDE
Maybe we check it out a little
first? You know, see what's here.

Hyde gets out and walks toward the front door.

HYDE (CONT'D)
You coming or what?

She puts the mic down and gets out of the car.

INT. BLUE ANGEL DONOR SERVICES LOBBY - DAY

Monochromatic, plain. An abstract Escher print hangs on the wall.

Hyde saunters in with Christy on his heels.

WENDY (18), a recent high school grad, sits at the reception desk and chews a wad of gum.

WENDY
Welcome to Blue Angel. How may I
help you?

HYDE
I need to speak to your boss.

WENDY
Sure. Do you have an appointment?

Hyde pulls out his badge.

HYDE
I do now.

Wendy, a little flustered, picks up the phone.

WENDY
Dr. Hayes, the police are here to
see you.

INT. DR. HAYES'S OFFICE - DAY

Hyper-modern furniture. Well-lit. Minimalist décor.

Dr. Hayes paces back and forth in his office.

DR. HAYES

The police? What do they want?

INT. BLUE ANGEL DONOR SERVICES LOBBY - DAY

Wendy holds her hand over the phone.

WENDY

Dr. Hayes wants to know what you want.

Hyde and Christy look at each other.

HYDE

We'll discuss that with Dr. Hayes.

Wendy takes her hand off the phone.

WENDY

They said they'll discuss it with you.

Silence.

WENDY (CONT'D)

Dr. Hayes? Are you there?

The phone line goes dead.

Wendy hangs up the phone.

WENDY (CONT'D)

We got, um, disconnected. Should I call him back?

Hyde draws his gun. Christy follows suit.

Wendy pushes herself back toward the wall.

WENDY (CONT'D)

Whoa, dude.

HYDE

Open the door, Ms. Open it now.

Wendy's hand shakes as she presses a button under her desk and unlocks the door.

INT. BLUE ANGEL HALLWAY - DAY

Sparsely decorated. Light gray walls. Fluorescent lights.
Gray tile floor.

Hyde and Christy rush through the door, guns drawn.

Dr. Hayes stands at the end corridor. He raises his arm and aims a Smith & Wesson 357 revolver.

Christy freezes when she sees the gun. Hyde shoves her aside as Dr. Hayes fires.

BLAM!

The bullet hits Christy in the upper arm. She slams against the wall and holds her shoulder.

Hyde checks her over. Worried to death.

 HYDE (CONT'D)
 You okay?

 CHRISTY
 I'll live. Get him.

Dr. Hayes disappears around the corner. Hyde gives chase.

Christy gets out her radio. She holds it close.

 CHRISTY (CONT'D)
 This is Detective Mason. Shots
 fired. One officer down. One in
 pursuit of suspect.

INT. BLUE ANGEL HALLWAY - DAY

Hyde rounds the corner just in time to see Dr. Hayes go through another door. He slams it shut. As Hyde closes in, he notices a keypad on the wall - locked.

INT. THE MONSTER'S CELL - DAY

The Monster goes into a manic state. He pulls on his chains for all he's worth.

 THE MONSTER
 Free me, Him.

 HYDE (O.S.)
 No!

INT. BLUE ANGEL HALLWAY - DAY

Hyde spies a folding chair and sets it up beneath a ceiling panel. He lifts himself through it.

INT. AIR VENT - DAY

Dirty. Dust webs throughout. Dark.

Hyde crawls through the vent.

HYDE
(channels John
McClaine)
Come out to the coast. We'll get
together. Have a few laughs.

INT. SECURE AREA - DAY

Large room. Clean, sparse furniture, elevator.

Hyde bursts through the ceiling, weapon drawn. The room appears in order, nothing to draw suspicion. Except to the far side of the room, he spies Dr. Hayes inside an elevator.

Dr. Hayes fires a shot.

BLAM!

His bullet finds its mark in Hyde's shoulder. Hyde staggers but keeps moving.

Dr. Hayes smiles as the elevator doors close behind him.

INT. BASEMENT PATIENT AREA - DAY

A large room. Beds laid out barracks style. Sedated patients lie in the beds covered with a plastic tent. IV machines and heart monitors sit beside half of them.

The elevator doors slide open. Dr. Hayes hits the STOP button and disables the elevator. He sprints into the underground room amid the coma patients and organ donors.

He reaches for his cell phone and frantically dials.

DR. HAYES
Imhopet! Imhopet! The police! The
police are here!

IMHOTEP (V.O.)
(on speaker)
That is most unfortunate. Ours has
been a useful enterprise. Perhaps,
the gods will smile upon you.

Call drops.

Dr. Hayes drops to his knees. He reaches for a cross around
his neck and mumbles prayers.

INT. OUTSIDE ELEVATOR - DAY

The end of the hallway.

Hyde presses the elevator button. Nothing. He bangs on its
metal door in futility.

THE MONSTER (V.O.)
(inside Hyde's head)
Let me out!

HYDE
(resigned)
Yes.

Hyde takes a step back and wipes the sweat from his brow. His
body changes. He grows larger and more muscular, transforming
into The Monster.

The Monster rips at the elevator doors and pries them open.

INT. ELEVATOR SHAFT - DAY

Modern. Metal covered walls.

The Monster grins and climbs down. The Monster rips through
the top of the elevator.

INT. ELEVATOR - DAY

The Monster rips open the elevator doors and growls.

INT. BASEMENT PATIENT AREA - DAY

The Monster takes in his surroundings - the coma patients,
the organ donors, the murder.

He focuses on the kneeling Dr. Hayes.

THE MONSTER
You relish pain, torturer?

Dr. Hayes puts his hands in the air and begs for mercy.

DR. HAYES
Please. I just do what I'm told.
She'll kill me if I don't.

The Monster sneers.

THE MONSTER
Who little man? Who do you fear
more than me?

DR. HAYES
The mummy lady.

The Monster's eyes bore into Dr. Hayes. The Monster sprints toward Dr. Hayes.

Dr. Hayes aims his pistol at The Monster and fires over and over. The Monster takes a hit but dodges the rest.

He reaches Dr. Hayes and grabs his arm.

THE MONSTER
Where is this mummy?

DR. HAYES
I can't...

The Monster snaps Dr. Hayes's arm backwards at the elbow.

Dr. Hayes screams in agony before he loses consciousness. The Monster moves in for the kill.

INT. THE MONSTER'S CELL - DAY

Hyde stands shackled in the Monster's place.

HYDE
Stop!

THE MONSTER
I'm in charge now, Him.

HYDE
We'll be found out.

THE MONSTER
I don't care.

HYDE

We do.

The Monster sighs.

THE MONSTER

We do.

HYDE

Now, let me out!

INT. BASEMENT PATIENT AREA - DAY

The Monster gazes over the patients. He takes out his anger on the tables.

Franco yells down the chute.

FRANCO (O.S.)

Hyde? Cavalry is here.

INT. THE MONSTER'S CELL - DAY

HYDE

Let me out, Monster.

INT. BASEMENT PATIENT AREA - DAY

The Monster calms down and allows the transformation to take place.

Hyde notices that blood from his gunshot wound saturated his shirt.

HYDE

Come on down. Suspect is injured.

The Monster CHUCKLES.

Franco, Rayen, and Christy emerge from the elevator shaft.

FRANCO

Holy Mother of... What the hell is this?

HYDE

Organ donors. Or what's left of them.

Hyde points at Dr. Hayes.

HYDE (CONT'D)
And that is their murderer.

RAYEN
What the hell happened to his arm?

Hyde smiles at Franco.

HYDE
Found him that way.

Christy stands over Dr. Hayes.

Dr. Hayes regains consciousness and screams in pain.
Paramedics rush in and sedate him.

DR. HAYES
(mumbles)
The mummy. You've got to stop her.

Rayen walks over to another door. A freezer. She opens the door and looks in the room.

INT. BASEMENT FREEZER - DAY

Large commercial style freezer that goes back forty feet.
Metal shelves line both sides.

An automatic light comes on and reveals metal shelves ten feet high, which go around the walls and create several rows in the middle of the room.

Rayen steps into the room and looks closer at the shelves. Her breath becomes visible. She makes out what lies under the plastic - bodies.

INT. BASEMENT PATIENT AREA - DAY

Rayen runs out of the freezer. She rubs her arms to get warm. Her teeth chatter.

RAYEN
You guys better take a look in there. It's worse than we thought.

Hyde steps over to the freezer door and steps inside. Christy and Franco follow him.

INT. BASEMENT FREEZER - DAY

Hyde walks through the freezer and studies the bodies - men, women, and children.

Franco tries to take it all in. He makes the sign of the cross on his chest.

FRANCO

Oh God.

Christy sees the face of a child through the clear plastic wrap. She steps out of the room.

EXT. BLUE ANGEL DONOR SERVICES PARKING LOT - DAY

Hyde and Christy stand by Captain Cortez, Franco, and Rayen.

Paramedics load Dr. Hayes into an ambulance and rush off lights and sirens blare.

CAPTAIN CORTEZ

Hell of an operation.

HYDE

I'm just that good.

CAPTAIN CORTEZ

Maybe you and Franco should work together more often.

FRANCO

Yeah, hard pass on that one, Cap.

Hyde steps away and stands in the shadows.

INT. THE MONSTER'S CELL - DAY

THE MONSTER

Did you hear, Him?

HYDE

Yes. Nefertiti.

THE MONSTER

I'll kill the bitch this time.

INT. POLICE HEADQUARTERS CHRISTY'S CUBICLE - NIGHT

Christy types the report on her computer. Her desk phone rings, startling her.

CHRISTY

Mason.

INT. DARKENED OFFICE - NIGHT

Dimly lit. Wood-paneled desk. Internal Affairs seal hangs on the wall.

DETECTIVE RICHARD LOCKE (40s) sits in a leather desk chair and holds the phone.

LOCKE

What do you have for me?

INTERCUT PHONE CONVERSATION

CHRISTY

Nothing. All by the book.

LOCKE

Bullshit. You want to go back to passing out tickets?

CHRISTY

(nervous)

I'll find something.

LOCKE

Best do that. Remember why you got that promotion.

END PHONE CONVERSATION

Christy puts the receiver down.

EXT. ALLEY - NIGHT

Ambient light along the pavement. Deserted street. One way in. One way out.

Christy proceeds slowly, carefully with one hand on her holster.

She hears footsteps behind her. She draws her weapon and jerks around quickly.

It's Hyde.

HYDE
Easy, Blondie.

Christy breathes a sigh of relief.

CHRISTY
I didn't realize you were here.

HYDE
Always.

Christy turns back around and proceeds down the alley.

THE MONSTER
Ummm, so sweet.

Christy looks to Hyde again. Only Hyde's not there. The Monster stands before her.

CHRISTY
Hy--

The Monster slashes Christy's throat with his immense claws.

INT. AMANDA'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Hyde jolts up in bed, sweating profusely.

Amanda reaches over to him.

AMANDA
That must have been some nightmare.

HYDE
(still collecting
himself)
Yeah.

The Monster LAUGHS (V.O.) in Hyde's head.

INT. LAVISH BEDROOM- NIGHT

Nefertiti stands in front of a full-length mirror. She still wears the bandages but starts to unwrap her head. Imhotep walks up to her.

IMHOTEP
Goddess.

He bows.

NEFERTITI

Our little venture is at an end?

IMHOTEP

Yes, Goddess. Hyde now has our donors and the organs we harvested.

NEFERTITI

He has cost us much, Imhotep.

IMHOTEP

Dr. Hayes is in custody as well. He will speak, but not be believed.

NEFERTITI

Hyde has heard. That is danger enough. Kill him.

IMHOTEP

As you wish, Goddess.

NEFERTITI

Hyde thinks he has won. But he doesn't even know which game he's playing.

She unwraps the rest of the bandages from her head. A beautiful face emerges.

Nefertiti looks in the mirror at her now young and beautiful face. She smiles a charming yet twisted smile. Her different colored eyes stare into the mirror.