

ROBERT DOWS

by
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Based on a story by
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Shooting Script

FADE IN:

EXT. PARIS - ALLEYWAY - NIGHT

A MAN (23, Caucasian) sprints through the alleyway tipping dumpsters and trashcans.

ROBERT DOWS (32, Caucasian) handsome and well suited, chases the man and avoids the obstacles.

Man climbs a dumpster and scales a fire escape.

Dows bashes into the wall and looks up as the Man flees.

Dows climbs the dumpster and scales the ladder. Man shoots. Dows avoids as he climbs up and over the rail.

ROOFTOP

Man skids to a halt. He looks down at police cars and pedestrians.

Dows takes out his gun and approaches. Man turns and shoots. Dows ducks behind a ventilation system and takes a breath.

DOWS

Listen to me, there is
no way off this rooftop.
Think smart, kid.

Man backs toward the edge. A tear trickles down onto his cheek.

MAN

It wasn't my fault.

DOWS

You had the gun.

MAN

She got in the way! It
was meant to be you!

Dows emerges from cover. Man clicks the trigger, CLICK, empty, Man drops the gun.

Dows holds up his free hand.

DOWS

Back away from the edge.

Man backs onto the ledge and looks over his shoulder. Dows drops his gun and tries to calm the Man.

DOWS (cont'd)
Stop! Don't do this.

MAN
I come down, you arrest
me. I can't go to jail.

DOWS
Just come down. Do not
take your own life.

MAN
Better me than the noose.

Man falls back. Dows rushes forward. The Man falls gracefully down and slams into a police car.

Dows closes his eyes.

PARIS - FILLY STREET

CORONER pulls a sheet over the dead Man and loads him into the van.

Dows looks on from the sidewalk.

PIERRE DUPONT (39, Caucasian) approaches intently.

DUPONT
Happy? Another corpse to
add to your list of suspects.

DOWS
I tried to stop him.

DUPONT
You failed.

Car drives up and parks. JOHN KUTCHET (24, Caucasian) handsome and wise cracking, steps out and looks around.

Reporters flash their cameras.

Kutchet rushes to Dows and Dupont.

KUTCHET
What the hell happened?

DUPONT

Why don't you ask your
partner?

Kutchet looks at Dows. Dows reaches into his pocket and
takes out his badge.

DOWS

Former partner.

Dows plops the badge in Dupont's hand and walks through the
crowd. Kutchet looks at Dupont. Kutchet walks after Dows.

Dows puts his keys into his car and opens the door.

KUTCHET

You're walking away?

DOWS

Sometimes this job is more
hassle than it's worth.

KUTCHET

This is your life.

DOWS

Was my life.

Dows gets into his car and drives away in the shadow of the
Eiffel Tower.

Stars shine. A shooting star rushes across the dark sky.

ROBERT DOWS

PARIS - ALLEYWAY - DAY

7 Years Later... 1922

A WOMAN (50, Caucasian) walks her dog through the alleyway.
She sees feet reaching out from behind a dumpster.

She GASPS at the sight of a mangled MALE corpse.

LATER - PARIS - ALLEYWAY

Police are everywhere. CSI people take evidence and mark
numbers. Body is #1. Bullet casing is #2. Tyre tracks
#3.

PARIS - BILLIBA AVENUE

A car drives up and parks. John Kutchet (now 29) steps out and approaches police tape. He ducks under it and enters the alleyway.

PARIS - ALLEYWAY

An INVESTIGATOR (28, Caucasian) inspects the body. Kutchet approaches and notices the corpse.

KUTCHET

Another one?

Investigator stands and extends his hand. Kutchet ignores the gesture and looks at the corpse.

INVESTIGATOR

Same as the last three, no link as far as I can tell.

KUTCHET

Let me guess, bullet casing and tyre tracks?

INVESTIGATOR

Yeah.

KUTCHET

Red herrings, throw you off course. Bullet casings are from an MP-eighteen, nineteen millimetre parabellum round often found in a snail-drum magazine. Gunshot wound is from a Smith and Wesson M-nineteen-seventeen revolver, three-fifty-seven variant.

INVESTIGATOR

(impressed)

Very - intuitive.

KUTCHET

It's my job.

Kutchet looks at the bullet casing.

KUTCHET (cont'd)

Bring me the file once you've finished up here.

Kutchet leaves. Investigator continues with his work.

PARIS - TRAIN STATION

A taxicab hurtles through the streets barely missing the sidewalk. A car bumps into a tow truck.

Taxicab comes to a screeching halt.

INT. TAXICAB - DAY

Robert Dows (now 39) looks at his PASSENGER (41, Caucasian) who bears a look of fright on his face as he clutches onto his briefcase and trembles.

DOWS
That's eight-fifty-nine.

Passenger throws up.

DOWS (cont'd)
And a can of air freshener.

Passenger clambers out of the car and falls over. Dows rolls his eyes.

EXT. PARIS - TRAIN STATION - DAY

Passenger drops some money through the window and staggers toward the train station, still trembling.

Taxicab speeds off.

PARIS - DOWS' CABS

Sun is setting. Taxicab pulls into the small business parking lot.

Dows steps out and locks it. He walks to the one-story trailer-like building and enters.

INT. DOWS' CABS - DAY

Dows passes the SECRETARY (29, Caucasian) a female with a floral dress and fancy hairstyle checking herself out in the mirror.

DOWS
Any mail?

SECRETARY
Bills.

DOWS
No mail.

Secretary smirks. Dows enters his office.

DOWS' CABS - DOWS' OFFICE

Dows takes a seat at his desk and pours himself a gin. He takes a swig and looks at the newspaper: "ANOTHER GUNSHOT VICTIM FOUND IN DOWNTOWN PARIS".

Dows looks at the sports section.

LATER - DOWS' OFFICE

Dows lies back on the couch looking up at the ceiling.

FLASH - ROOFTOP

Man falls. Dows reaches down.

SCREAM.

BACK TO DOWS

Dows takes a swig of gin and grabs the bottle, empty. He walks to the closet and opens it. He notices his jacket and sighs.

Dows turns to the window. A ghastly man looks back at him. Dows steps back and shakes his head.

He looks back, the man is gone, Dows takes a relieved breath.

SECRETARY (O.S.)
I'm off home.

DOWS
Could you perhaps knock?

Secretary looks on.

SECRETARY

Something got your goosebumps
bobbled?

DOWS

No. No. Just - not too
fond of unexpected appearances.

SECRETARY

Right. Well, night.

DOWS

Night.

She leaves. He looks back at the window. Thunder CRACKS.
Rain tinkles against the window.

EXT. PARIS - ALLEYWAY 2 - NIGHT

A black van pulls into an alleyway and stops. A masked
driver opens the back door and pulls a hogtied WOMAN (24,
Caucasian) from the van.

He places her up against the wall. He pulls out a Smith
and Wesson M1917 and muffles the barrel. She SCREAMS and
he SHOOTs.

She falls dead. The Man drops a 9x19MM round on the ground
and reaches into the back of the van.

He pulls out a painted sheet and puts it down. He stomps
on it and then pulls it up.

A tyre track sits on the ground. Man gets into the van and
drives away.

Rain pours. Thunder CRACKS.

INT. DOWS' CABS - DOWS' OFFICE - NIGHT

Dows sleeps on the couch. Rain tinkles against the
windows.

DOWS (V.O.)

Back away from the edge.

MAN (V.O.)

It was meant to be you!

Dows tosses and turns.

DOWS (V.O.)
Don't take your own life.

MAN (V.O.)
Better me than the noose.

DOWS (V.O.)
No!

SCREAM. SMASH.

Dows jolts awake and aims his gun. He looks around his office and lies back. He wipes his forehead.

He looks at his gun and sighs.

EXT. PARIS - DOWS' CABS - DAY

Dows walks to his cab. AXEL (29, African-American) a strapping man with a beard, cleans off another taxicab with a hose.

AXEL
Boss, rough night?

DOWS
That couch is rough.

AXEL
Ain't you got a home to go to?

DOWS
Haven't you?

AXEL
Well, sir, you know the city don't give men like me state privileges.

Dows walks to Axel.

DOWS
Never let anyone talk to you like you're nothing.

AXEL
I know my place, sir.

DOWS
It's Robert, Axel.

Axel nods. Dows takes a breath and looks at the taxicab.

DOWS (cont'd)

I had to fire Adam, he was
- well, rude. You up for
running around?

AXEL

You serious?

DOWS

Yeah. Saves me hiring,
and you seem like a good
enough candidate for the
job.

AXEL

Pay still the same?

DOWS

Double. With tips.

AXEL

Consider me a cabbie.

Dows chuckles and pats Axel on the shoulder.

DOWS

Welcome to the team.

Dows gets into his cab and drives off. Axel finishes
hosing the other cab down.

PARIS - PPD

A COP talks with a PEDESTRIAN on the sidewalk. A few
vehicles drive down the street.

RING. RING. RING.

INT. PPD - KUTCHET'S OFFICE - DAY

Kutchet answers the phone. He has a nice office.

KUTCHET

John Kutchet, PI.

(listens)

Oh - err, no reports on
your cat yet Mrs Gilligan.

Kutchet grins.

KUTCHET (cont'd)
I'll keep an eye out for
Sir Tabbytinkles.

Kutchet puts the phone down and chuckles.

KNOCK. KNOCK.

KUTCHET (cont'd)
Come in.

Pierre Dupont (now 46) enters and slams the paper down on Kutchet's desk. Kutchet's smile dies away at the sight of the headline: "ANOTHER VICTIM DISCOVERED".

DUPONT
Made a breakthrough?

KUTCHET
Yeah. The guy's a painter.

DUPONT
Painter?

KUTCHET
Tyre tracks are false. He
uses black paint to throw
us off course.

Dupont sighs and takes a seat.

DUPONT
What's his motive?

KUTCHET
Beats me.

DUPONT
You're supposed investigating
the case, Kutchet.

KUTCHET
I am, commissioner. It isn't
easy. This guy's throwing
us curveballs. We think we
hit a home run, turns out he
caught the ball before we
swung.

Kutchet looks at his files.

DUPONT

Or *she* did.

KUTCHET

There is that possibility.

DUPONT

Let me know when you find something.

KUTCHET

Yeah.

Dupont leaves. Kutchet checks the location of the last killing and walks to his wall map.

He adds another red dot to the map of Paris. The sites are all over the place. No exact pattern, it is completely random.

Kutchet sighs and shakes his head.

KUTCHET (cont'd)

Shit.

RING. RING. RING.

Kutchet answers the phone. He sighs.

KUTCHET (cont'd)

No I haven't found him yet Mrs Gilligan.

EXT. PARIS - FISH MARKET - DAY

People brows and shop, a WOMAN (60, Caucasian) argues with a VENDOR (30, Caucasian) and whacks him with her handbag.

Dows stands over by his cab and watches as the Woman pummels the Vendor with her handbag.

Dows eats a hot dog and looks around.

BANG. MAN #2 (28, Caucasian) bangs on the hood of Dows' cab and points at his watch, Dows looks at him.

MAN #2

Any chance you can get me to the Eiffel Tower?

Dows finishes his hot dog.

DOWS
Through rush hour traffic?

MAN #2
I got a meeting.

DOWS
Hop in and buckle up.

Dows gets into his cab. Man #2 climbs in the back seat.

INT. DOWS' CAB - DAY

Dows turns on the ignition and revs the engine.

DOWS
You might want to buckle
up, things could get very
bumpy.

Man #2 buckles up.

Cab hurtles forward.

MAN #2
Whoa!

EXT. PARIS - STREETS - DAY

Taxicab hurtles down the street, through a red light. It barely misses an oncoming truck. Truck BEEPS.

Taxicab drifts around the corner onto the sidewalk honking its horn. People scatter and rush from harm.

MAN #2 (V.O.)
Christ in a basket!

Taxicab returns to the road and hurtles through oncoming traffic.

A WOMAN (30, Caucasian) pushes a pushchair across the street. A baby plays with a rattle inside.

Taxicab drifts around the corner and zooms forward. It avoids the pushchair and the Woman looks on in shock.

Taxicab turns another corner and weaves through oncoming traffic.

MAN #2 (V.O.)
Err - man, there's two big
trucks heading right for us!

DOWS (V.O.)
I know.

Man #2 SCREAMS. Taxicab squeezes between the trucks.

PARIS - EIFFEL TOWER

Taxicab 180s into a parking space between two cars, Man #2
clammers out and hands Dows some cash and staggers toward
the Eiffel Tower.

Taxicab speeds off. Man #2 falls over on the sidewalk.

INT. PPD - KUTCHET'S OFFICE - DAY

Kutchet has a pen between his teeth. He looks at some
files and compares two together. His eyes search the pages
and he smirks.

KUTCHET
Bingo.

Pen splits. Kutchet pulls it from his mouth. Ink drips
from Kutchet's mouth and he pulls a disgusted face.

Kutchet spits the ink out and takes a sip of tea.

PPD - EVIDENCE LOCKER

Kutchet pulls a box from a stack of boxes. He rummages
through the box and pulls out random pieces of evidence.

He does the same to five more boxes.

He opens the seventh box and rummages through. He pulls
out an empty evidence bag labelled: "GUINEVERE TURNER CASE
665: MURDER WEAPON".

KUTCHET
Weird.

LUDOVIC BEAUVAIS (36, Caucasian) devilishly handsome with
slicked back hair, leans on the door and looks at Kutchet,
he drinks from his flask.

BEAUVAIS
Digging through eight year
old files, eh, John?

KUTCHET
Ludovic.

Beauvais walks in and looks around.

BEAUVAIS
Chief's gonna blow a gasket
if he sees this mess.

KUTCHET
He'll blow a gasket no
matter what. Guy's two
rages away from a heart
attack.

BEAUVAIS
(chuckles)
True.

Kutchet shows the empty evidence bag to Beauvais.

KUTCHET
Murder weapon is gone.

BEAUVAIS
What was it?

KUTCHET
Smith and Wesson M-nineteen-
seventeen.

BEAUVAIS
Is it important? I mean
Turner's case is buried.
Along with her killer.

KUTCHET
The same gun has been used
in the recent killings.
Something doesn't add up.

BEAUVAIS
It might not be the same
one.

KUTCHET
Then where is it?

Beauvais wonders. Kutchet looks at the empty evidence bag and rubs his chin.

EXT. PARIS - FERREN STREET - DAY

Taxicab pulls up and parks. Dows steps out and approaches an Apartment Building.

INT. APT BUILDING - DAY

Dows walks by the reception desk and up the steps.

APT 6 - LOUNGE

Dows walks in and closes the door. He places his keys on the table.

It is quite nice, with a strange chemistry-style set on the desk by the window.

Dows walks into the kitchen.

APT 6 - KITCHEN

Dows opens the fridge. Maggots crawl over spoiled meat. Dows grabs a carton of orange juice and opens it.

He sniffs. He contemplates and takes a swig. Dows bins the spoiled meat.

He walks into the lounge.

APT 6 - LOUNGE

Dows sits down and turns on the radio. He rifles through his magazine rack and pulls a magazine out.

Music plays. Dows reads the magazine.

KNOCK. KNOCK. KNOCK.

Dows sits the magazine on the coffee table and walks to the door. He opens the door.

RACHEL SAUNDERS (30, Caucasian) pretty yet rather mysterious looking, stands at the door with a hopeful expression.

DOWS

Hi.

RACHEL

Are you Robert Dows?

DOWS

Last time I checked, yeah.

RACHEL

I'm Rachel Saunders, I was wondering if you had a minute.

DOWS

Yeah. Sure.

Dows shows her in. He closes the door. Rachel looks around the apartment.

DOWS (cont'd)

Drink?

RACHEL

No, thanks. I was just -
I know you retired - but
I just - oh I'm blabbering.

Dows notices her sadness.

DOWS

What is it?

RACHEL

I shouldn't have come here.

DOWS

You came for a reason, why?

RACHEL

I need your help.

Dows looks on.

LATER - LOUNGE

Rachel lays files on the table. Dows looks them over.

DOWS

You do this yourself?

Rachel nods.

RACHEL

I had time.

Dows reads the files. JESSICA SAUNDERS (25, Caucasian) pretty and slender is pictured next to Rachel.

ADAM SAUNDERS (31, Caucasian) handsome and well-suited stands next to SIR JACK SAUNDERS (55, Caucasian) sly and rich looking, they all look swell.

DOWS

Family and friends?

RACHEL

Brother, sister and father.

DOWS

I recognize your father.

RACHEL

Everyone does, he survived Titanic.

DOWS

Interesting, were you there?

RACHEL

I lost mother and my other sister during the sinking.

DOWS

I'm sorry.

RACHEL

It was ten years ago.

DOWS

No one will ever forget it.

RACHEL

I try to.

Dows nods and glances at the file paperwork. He looks at two dates next to pictures of Adam and Jessica.

DOWS

What are the dates for?

RACHEL

When they were kidnapped.

DOWS
Kidnapped?

RACHEL
You were a detective once.

DOWS
I gave that life up.

Dows hands her the file.

RACHEL
Please - no one else will
listen.

Dows considers.

RACHEL (cont'd)
The Kidnapper called and
told me I have a month to
hand over a million pounds,
or he's going to kill one
of them.

DOWS
My old partner, John Kutchet
is a Private Investigator.

RACHEL
No. This has to be secret.
I don't know who I can trust.

DOWS
Then why come to me?

RACHEL
Because you know how to
crack it.

Dows sighs and rubs his chin.

RACHEL (cont'd)
Please - help me.

Dows looks at the files.

DOWS
Is this everything you
have?

RACHEL
I got three more boxes.

DOWS

Are you strapped for cash?

RACHEL

My father left me a sum of money before he died. I have enough to pay you.

DOWS

Monthly rate is one thousand pounds.

RACHEL

OK.

DOWS

I'm not promising anything.

RACHEL

I just want them safe.

Dows nods.

LATER

Dows shows Rachel to the door. He opens it.

RACHEL

Thank you, Robert.

DOWS

Don't thank me yet.

Rachel nods. He looks at her. She leaves. Dows closes the door and glances over at the boxes on his coffee table. He bows his head.

EXT. PARIS - APARTMENT BUILDING - NIGHT

Rain pours. Thunder CRACKS.

INT. APT 6 - LOUNGE - NIGHT

Dows looks through reports and research. He goes through page after page of information. He takes notes. He compares files.

Dows pours himself a drink. He opens a box and pulls out files. He looks through file after file.

Dows compares two sheets. He places a map on his wall and begins red dotting areas.

He circles BRISKFELLOW STREET and HOLLAND HEIGHTS. He strings a red string and blue string across the room.

He adds timelines. Dates when they were taken, Jack's death, and more.

Dows swigs his drink and glances around. Lots of information on the timeline, Dows looks on.

Dows opens another box. He rummages through it. He pulls out clear plastic bags with hairbrushes, a shoe, a glove, lipstick and more inside multiple bags.

Dows digs to the bottom of the box and pulls out a feather.

He inspects the feather. It is from a parrot.

Dows sifts through the files and finds the two addresses: "344 BRISKFELLOW STREET" and "820 HOLLAND HEIGHTS".

Dows grabs his keys and leaves.

EXT. PARIS - BRISKFELLOW STREET - NIGHT

Dows parks up outside the house and gets out of the car. He opens the rusty gate and looks at rustic numbers on the door reading: "344".

Dows picks the door's lock and enters.

INT. 344 - ENTRANCE HALL - NIGHT

It looks normal enough. Dows flips the light switch. No response, Dows takes out a box of matches and lights a lantern.

He moves through the entrance hall and enters -

344 - LOUNGE

Bloodstains on the carpet, the coffee table is broken and the couch overturned. Dows inspects.

He notices glass on the floor from the cabinet. Books all over the place, the bookshelf leaning on a chair, Dows walks over glass, CRACK.

344 - KITCHEN

Dows notices a birdcage on the table. A dead parrot inside. Dows checks around.

He crunches his nose and looks down at lumpy milk on the floor.

DOWS

Quaint.

Dows walks over the broken milk bottle.

344 - BEDROOM

Dows checks the wardrobe. Nothing missing, it looks well kept.

Dows rummages through drawers. He finds a jewellery box and opens it. Lots of jewellery inside, Dows closes it.

344 - BATHROOM

Dows searches around. He opens the medicine cabinet, lots of medication tablet bottles inside.

Dows closes the mirror and notices a GHASTLY FIGURE behind him.

Dows swiftly turns. The figure is gone. Dows takes a breath.

Dows notices a shadow crawl along the wall and a MASKED MAN dart across the hallway.

DOWS

Hey!

Dows gives chase.

344 - LOUNGE

Man jumps over the couch and SMASHES through the window. Dows chases and drops the lantern.

EXT. PARIS - 344 BRISKFELLOW STREET - NIGHT

Dows chases the Man down the sidewalk.

Man runs across the road. A car honks its horn. Man slides over the hood and hops a fence.

Dows rushes over and avoids the car. He clambers over the fence.

PARIS - ALLEYWAY 3

Man knocks trashcans over as he flees. Dows gives chase and leaps over a trashcan.

Man hops another fence with ease. Dows barges through the gate.

PARIS - BACKYARDS

A chained ROTTWEILER barks at Dows who avoids and climbs over a fence.

Man rushes away and hops another fence.

Dows weaves through a swing set and climbs over the fence.

Dows looks around. He sees the Man running down the side. Dows runs after the Man.

PARIS - HALIBUT STREET

Man jumps a low fence. Dows does the same. They run down the street. Man shoves an OLD WOMAN down and keeps running, Dows hops over the Old Woman.

Man jumps onto a parked car and runs along several parked cars. Dows rushes down the sidewalk, weaving in and out of people.

PARIS - ALLEYWAY 4

Man scales a fire escape. Dows looks up as the Man climbs over a railing and makes his way up.

Dows stops and thinks. He goes for it.

PARIS - ROOFTOPS 2

Man jumps over a gap and onto another roof. Dows gives chase, jumps from one roof to another.

Man hops down from a roof to a lower one. Dows does the same but twists his ankle and falls.

Man runs. Dows scrambles to his feet and tries to chase the Man.

The Man removes his belt and leaps. He wraps his belt around a power line and zip-lines down.

Dows looks on from the rooftop.

PARIS - CORTANA AVENUE

The Man drops down and rolls through onto his feet. He gazes back at the rooftop and stares at Dows.

The Man runs.

PARIS - ROOFTOPS 2

Dows puts his hands on his hips and sighs. He limps away.

INT. APT 6 - BATHROOM - NIGHT

Dows sits with his leg in an ice bath. He drinks a beer and moves the ice around a bit.

APT 6 - LOUNGE

Dows swigs his beer and glances through more files. He pulls up one and stares at it.

Dows wonders.

RING. RING. RING.

Dows answers the phone.

DOWS

Dows.

Dows recoils and sits down.

DOWS (cont'd)

I told you not to call.

(beat, listens)

I'm sorry Alan.

ALAN (V.O.)
Not sorry enough.

Dows stands and looks to the bedroom doorway. He drops the phone at the sight of the MASKED MAN. Blood drips from his black gloves, a knife in his hand.

DOWS
You're not real.

ALAN
I am as real as you.

Alan stabs.

APT 6 - BEDROOM

Dows jolts awake, puffing and panting. He looks around and sighs with relief.

EXT. PARIS - DINER ALLEYWAY - DAY

Kutchet checks out an old crime scene. A chalk outline on the ground gains his interest. He kneels down and checks it out.

Kutchet looks around. He sees a hole in the wall. He checks the hole out and runs his finger around the edge.

He takes a few steps back and pretends as if he has a gun. He pretends to fire. He then backs against the wall and slides down to the ground.

He looks around. Spots a window high up and an ELDERLY WOMAN looks down. He wonders.

INT. APT BLOCK - SIXTH FLOOR - DAY

Kutchet knocks on door "35b".

Elderly Woman answers the door and surveys him. Kutchet shows her his badge.

KUTCHET
John Kutchet, PI for the
Paris Police Department, I
have some questions regarding
Angela Howard.

ELDERLY WOMAN
I know nothing of her.

KUTCHET
You know something.

Elderly Woman lets him in.

APT 35B - LOUNGE

A nice lounge, coffee table bears four tea cosies. Elderly Woman hands Kutchet a cup of tea and sits in her armchair by the window.

Kutchet takes a sip of tea. He hides his disgusted expression and sits the cup down on a coaster.

KUTCHET
Ma'am, I need you to tell me what you saw on June eighth.

Elderly Woman looks at him.

ELDERLY WOMAN
I saw - them.

KUTCHET
Who did you see?

ELDERLY WOMAN
A van, a man and a woman.
Down next to the diner.

KUTCHET
What exactly did you witness?

ELDERLY WOMAN
You try an elderly woman's memory, young man.

KUTCHET
I know it's hard.

ELDERLY WOMAN
It was raining.

FLASH - DINER ALLEYWAY - NIGHT

Van parks, Masked Man steps out and opens the back doors.

Masked Man drags ANGELA HOWARD (24, Caucasian) beautiful and scared, from the van and plops her onto the ground.

ELDERLY WOMAN (V.O.)

He sat her against the wall
and removed a gun.

Masked Man takes out a gun and cocks it. He muffles the barrel.

ELDERLY WOMAN (V.O.)

He aimed at her and she
screamed, which is when I
saw it.

Masked Man pulls the trigger. Bullet hits Angela between the eyes.

ELDERLY WOMAN (V.O.)

Never in my life have I
seen such an act of malice.
He showed no mercy. She was
terrified. He then dropped
something on the ground and
stomped on paper before leaving.
I thought it most strange.

Masked Man drops the bullet casing. He stomps on the painted tyre-track paper and leaves.

BACK TO APT 35B

Kutchet jots down notes. Elderly Woman sheds a tear.

KUTCHET

And that's when you called
the Police?

ELDERLY WOMAN

I never called the police.

KUTCHET

You saw her die. But you
didn't report it?

ELDERLY WOMAN

No.

KUTCHET

Why? You saw it. You are
a witness, ma'am.

ELDERLY WOMAN

I only heard it. I never
saw her die. I only
witnessed the aftermath.

KUTCHET

OK.

Kutchet stands. Elderly Woman stands and walks him to the door.

APT 35B - FRONT DOOR

Kutchet notices the Elderly Woman's movement.

KUTCHET (cont'd)

You're awfully fit for
your age, ma'am.

ELDERLY WOMAN

I used to run a lot.

KUTCHET

Good for you. Have a nice
day, ma'am.

Kutchet leaves. Elderly Woman looks on.

EXT. PARIS - APT BLOCK - DAY

Kutchet walks to his car. He looks up at the window and sees the Elderly Woman looking at him.

Kutchet wonders and gets into his car.

PARIS - POLIN AVENUE

Axel stands by his cab. Two MEN walk down the sidewalk.

One of them throws a stone at Axel. Axel looks at them.

MAN #1

Why don't you go back to
the jungle!

Man #2 laughs. They bump into Dows.

MAN #2

Watch it man.

DOWS
You think it's funny to
talk to people like that?

Axel looks on.

MAN #1
He ain't a person, he's a
two-bit ni-

DOWS
Don't even think about
saying that word.

MAN #2
What do you care?

DOWS
Apologize.

MAN #1
Man, screw you.

Man #1 barges past Dows. Dows grabs Man #1's arm.

MAN #1 (cont'd)
Shit, let me go.

DOWS
Apologize, now.

MAN #1
I'm sorry.

DOWS
Not to me. To him.

Man #1 looks at Axel.

MAN #1
I'm sorry.

Dows pushes Man #1 against the wall.

DOWS
Next time, watch your damn
attitude, or I will not be
so polite. Now get out of
here.

Man #1 and Man #2 leave. Dows looks over at Axel.

AXEL

I can handle a couple of jesters, boss.

DOWS

I know.

AXEL

What are you doing down here anyway?

DOWS

Just going for a walk.

AXEL

Oh.

A WOMAN gets into the cab.

DOWS

See you back at the depot.

AXEL

Sure thing, boss.

Axel nods to Dows. Dows continues down the sidewalk.

PARIS - HOLLAND HEIGHTS HOTEL

Dows looks up at a large HOTEL. He pulls a note from his pocket: "820 HOLLAND HEIGHTS".

Dows approaches the building.

INT. HOLLAND HEIGHTS HOTEL - EIGHTEENTH FLOOR - DAY

A CARETAKER shows Dows up the steps.

CARETAKER

Not sure what you intend on findin' up there, boss. Place got ransacked.

DOWS

Any witnesses?

CARETAKER

No one sees nothin' in this city, or if they do they say they saw nothin'.

Caretaker rattles his keys.

HENRY CASTILLO (29, Caucasian) a rather shady character, closes his door and locks it. He walks past Dows, keeping his face from view.

JACQUES LENOIR (38, Caucasian) another shady character with a hat, moves past Dows swiftly.

Caretaker unlocks 820s door.

DOWS

Everyone seems on edge.

CARETAKER

A lot of weird stuff is
goin' on in this hotel.
People think it's haunted.

DOWS

Is it?

CARETAKER

I keep a skeleton in the
closet.

Dows smirks. Caretaker opens the door.

Dows enters.

820 HOLLAND HEIGHTS - LOUNGE

It looks quite fancy. It looks clean.

Dows looks around.

Caretaker moves a broom and sits it against the wall.

DOWS

This is Adam Saunders'
suite, right?

CARETAKER

I'm just the caretaker.

Dows checks around.

He looks at perfectly stacked newspapers on the coffee table.

Dows sighs. He turns to the Caretaker.

DOWS
It's too clean.

CARETAKER
I cleaned it up.

DOWS
You messed with a crime
scene? Not a good move.

CARETAKER
Cops weren't called, I just
guessed it was an internal
dispute.

DOWS
Why do you say that?

CARETAKER
I heard arguin', a woman
was here the night he -
disappeared. They were
really goin' at each other.

DOWS
Did you see the woman?

CARETAKER
Nah.

Dows enters the kitchen.

820 HOLLAND HEIGHTS - KITCHEN

Dows looks around. He opens drawers and cupboards. He notices a red piece of cloth under the table and picks it up.

Dows inspects it.

CARETAKER
What's that?

DOWS
Fabric, rich in design,
likely upper class and -
floral patterns indicate
this is from a woman's
shirt.

Caretaker furrows his brow.

CARETAKER

I know you. Your that
Robert Dows guy, the one
from the news. Thought you
quit?

DOWS

I was drawn out.

Dows pockets the fabric.

DOWS (cont'd)

Any chance I can get a look
at the ledger?

CARETAKER

You'd have to ask the
manager.

DOWS

Thanks.

HOLLAND HEIGHTS HOTEL - RECEPTION

Dows approaches the RECEPTIONIST (22, Female, Caucasian)
who is looking at a newspaper.

DOWS

Can I talk to your boss?

Receptionist turns the page. Dows clears his throat. She
looks up.

RECEPTIONIST

Two seconds.

DOWS

It's important.

RECEPTIONIST

Is someone's life at stake?

DOWS

Yes.

Receptionist knocks on the window.

Manager's door opens. BEAU GASPARD (43, Caucasian) with a
pencil-like moustache exits his office.

Beau looks at Dows.

BEAU
Bonjour.

DOWS
Robert Dows, pleasure.

Dows and Beau shake hands.

BEAU
Can I assist you?

DOWS
Do you have a copy of a
ledger from the summer?

BEAU
In my personal files.

DOWS
Can I take a gander?

BEAU
A gander? Is that slang
for something?

DOWS
Can I take a look?

BEAU
What is this for?

DOWS
A man was snatched from
your hotel a month ago,
I believe it is in connection
with another kidnapping six
weeks ago.

BEAU
Are you a cup?

DOWS
A cup?

BEAU
A policeman.

DOWS
Formerly.

BEAU
Private Investigator, then?

DOWS

That suits the bill, yes.

Beau shows Dows into his office.

HOLLAND HEIGHTS HOTEL - MANAGER'S OFFICE

A cigarette burns away in the ashtray. Beau and Dows enter. Beau digs through the filing cabinet and plops a large ledger on the desk.

BEAU

Would you like a drink?

DOWS

Tea, thanks.

Dows opens the ledger. He starts reading through it.

LATER

Dows continues reading. He jots down a few names.

LATER

Beau tiredly looks on from his chair. Dows crosschecks names with the ledger.

LATER - NIGHT

Beau snores on the office couch. Dows works away and pulls up his notepad. A list of 8 names:

"HENRY CASTILLO, JACQUES LENOIR, MARIA AVALON, GUS PARTINSKA, DORIS HILLBURY, ANDREW JACKSON-HOLMES, ADAM SAUNDERS, JAMES PARKER".

Dows crosschecks the names with the ledger and writes down the apartment numbers.

Every single person is located on floor 18.

Dows looks at the clock: "01:10am". Dows leaves.

EXT. PARIS - HOLLAND HEIGHTS HOTEL - NIGHT

Dows walks away from the hotel.

The Masked Man looks on from the shadows. He melts into the shadows.

Dows turns around. The Man is gone. Dows keeps walking.

INT. PPD - KUTCHET'S OFFICE - NIGHT

Kutchet creates a timeline from threads.

He uses blue thread for ANDREW TAYLOR. He uses red thread for DANIEL AIMLEY. He uses green thread for EMMA WILSON and purple thread for ANGELA HOWARD.

Kutchet pegs newspaper clippings onto the timeline and steps back.

Kutchet looks at a picture. Jacques Lenoir is in it. Kutchet looks at a few more clippings.

He opens up his file and reads. He slams the file onto the desk and stressfully rubs his forehead.

He opens his desk drawer and pulls out a picture. Him and Dows during Kutchet's graduation ceremony at the academy, Kutchet thinks.

Kutchet catches something in the corner of his eye. He stands and walks to the timeline.

KUTCHET

Of course.

(beat)

Pattern.

Kutchet plucks a picture of TITANIC from the timeline.

KUTCHET (cont'd)

Can't be.

Kutchet opens up a cupboard and sifts through the newspapers. He pulls one dated: "April 15 1912" and reads it.

He sees a list of names:

"DANIEL AIMLEY, ANGELA HOWARD, ANDREW TAYLOR, EMMA WILSON, JAMES PARKER, RACHEL SAUNDERS, JACK SAUNDERS, ADAM SAUNDERS, JESSICA SAUNDERS, JACQUES LENOIR, HARRY DAVIS".

KUTCHET (cont'd)

Christ.

Kutchet's eyes widen.

KUTCHET (cont'd)

The son of a bitch is
going after Titanic
survivors.

Kutchet takes a seat and reads the rest of the Survivors' names.

EXT. PARIS - ABANDONED WAREHOUSE - NIGHT

Thunder CRACKS. Rain pours. A dingy old warehouse sits near the riverside of Paris.

INT. ABANDONED WAREHOUSE - NIGHT

Suspended walkways hang above. AMANDA DEVISON (27, Caucasian) pretty and terrified, sits hogtied to a chair.

A light comes on. Water cascades down the walls. Rain drips onto the ground. Amanda's eyes flutter open.

Amanda looks around.

Another light comes on. A MAN is hanging from it. Two more lights come on. A WOMAN hangs from one. A MAN hangs from the other.

Amanda SCREAMS.

THE KILLER (O.S.)

Scared?

Masked Man/Killer steps from the shadows with a butcher's knife in hand.

AMANDA

No. No! Stay away!

THE KILLER

Amanda Devison, survivor,
Third Class passenger on
the RMS Titanic. Father
died onboard. Mother fell
overboard. Brother drowned
in the bowels of the titan.
You survived. I am here
to rectify that mistake.
To put right the future.

Masked Man menacingly steps to her and gazes into her watery eyes.

THE KILLER (cont'd)

You are so pretty.

Masked Man stabs her in the stomach and twists the knife. She screams. Masked Man slits her throat. Her blood pours into a cup.

Masked Man takes the cup and places it at a shrine to the DEVIL.

Masked Man places his hands either side of the shrine and gazes at the sculpture of the Devil.

THE KILLER (cont'd)

Your will shall be done.

EXT. PARIS - PPD - PARKING LOT - DAY

Ludovic Beauvais steps out of his car and approaches the building.

He bumps into a HAT-WOMAN who swiftly exits the parking lot without showing her face.

Beauvais looks on. He walks into the PPD.

INT. PPD - RECEPTION - DAY

Beauvais places his briefcase on the reception desk.

TASHA (34, Caucasian) pretty and voluptuous, with a beehive hairstyle, files her nails.

TASHA

Morning, Beau.

BEAUVAIS

Looking gorgeous, Tasha.

Tasha blushes.

BEAUVAIS (cont'd)

John in?

TASHA

He didn't leave.

Beauvais signs in and picks up his briefcase. He jogs up the steps, avoiding a COP.

PPD - KUTCHET'S OFFICE

Kutchet swigs a beer and looks at the paper. He has over 100 names down.

KNOCK. KNOCK.

KUTCHET

Come in.

Beauvais steps in and wrinkles his nose.

BEAUVAIS

Christ, John. Open a window,
smells like death in here.

Beauvais notices a spoiled meat sandwich on the couch. He walks to Kutchet.

BEAUVAIS (cont'd)

You look like hell just
spat you out.

KUTCHET

Case is getting heavier.

Beauvais notices the list of names on the desk. He reaches for it. Kutchet picks it up first.

KUTCHET (cont'd)

I have over a hundred
potential victims, maybe
ninety-nine and one killer,
twenty-five are dead or
missing, thirty live in
Berlin, five in London, six
in New York and another ten
in Milan. Safe to say I'm
up a creek without a paddle.

Kutchet hands Beauvais the list.

BEAUVAIS

That leaves twenty-four
potentials in Paris.

KUTCHET

I can do the math, Ludo.

BEAUVAIS
I'll take twelve.

KUTCHET
You're working a case.

BEAUVAIS
Capped it last night, turns
out the father kidnapped
his own daughter and sold her
to a prostitution ring in
Montpellier.

Kutchet furrows his brow.

BEAUVAIS (cont'd)
I broke into his house.

KUTCHET
You're a would-be criminal,
Ludovic.

BEAUVAIS
It got the job done.

Beauvais jots down twelve names, including: "ADAM
SAUNDERS, JACQUES LENOIR and TYLER HANSEN".

BEAUVAIS (cont'd)
I'll get this done.

KUTCHET
Thanks.

BEAUVAIS
You owe me a round at the
Noose's Knot.

KUTCHET
I'll put some cash behind
the bar.

Beauvais claps Kutchet on the shoulder and leaves. Kutchet
looks at the remaining names. One is RACHEL SAUNDERS.

Kutchet rubs his chin.

EXT. PARIS - ABANDONED WAREHOUSE - DAY

Masked Man loads the four bodies covered in sheets into the
van and closes the doors.

Masked Man unlocks the padlock and opens the gate. He drives the van out. He locks the gate and drives off.

INT. APT 6 - LOUNGE - DAY

Dows sifts through notes.

KNOCK. KNOCK.

Dows opens the door. Rachel looks at him.

RACHEL

You like shit.

DOWS

Long night.

Dows lets her in. She notices the investigation lounge. Timelines, papers, notes, books, newspapers, it is quite a mess.

DOWS (cont'd)

Sorry about the mess.

RACHEL

It's fine, at least I know my money is not going to waste.

Rachel takes a seat. Dows places a stack of papers on the coffee table and glances at her.

DOWS

I went to your sister's house, your brother's hotel suite.

RACHEL

What did you find?

DOWS

Not much. There was a man in your sister's house, had a mask, I chased but he got away. At your brother's hotel suite I found this.

Dows hands her the fabric. She inspects it.

RACHEL

Anything else?

DOWS

The Caretaker cleaned the suite up before I got there. If there was, there isn't anymore.

RACHEL

So you're no closer to finding them?

DOWS

I have seven leads.

Rachel hands him the fabric.

DOWS (cont'd)

Every single one was at the hotel the night your brother went missing.

RACHEL

You think one of them did it?

DOWS

Most likely.

Rachel sheds a tear. Dows places his hand on her shoulder.

DOWS (cont'd)

I'll find them, I promise.

RACHEL

I just - miss them.

DOWS

You'll see them again.

Rachel smiles and nods, she meets Dows' eyes.

RACHEL

I better go.

DOWS

Yeah.

RACHEL

Contact me if you make a break.

DOWS

Will do.

Dows shows Rachel out. He closes the door as she leaves and bops himself on the head.

DOWS (cont'd)
Dows you idiot.

EXT. PARIS - HOLLAND HEIGHTS HOTEL - DAY

Kutchet gets out of his car and looks at the hotel. He looks at the list of names: "JAMES PARKER, 821 HOLLAND HEIGHTS".

Kutchet walks to the hotel.

INT. HOLLAND HEIGHTS HOTEL - RECEPTION - DAY

Kutchet RINGS the reception desk bell.

EXT. PARIS - HOLLAND HEIGHTS HOTEL - DAY

Dows passes Kutchet's car and approaches the hotel. He walks inside.

INT. HOLLAND HEIGHTS HOTEL - RECEPTION - DAY

Dows RINGS the bell, Receptionist looks up at him.

DOWS
Me again.

RECEPTIONIST
Go on up.

HOLLAND HEIGHTS HOTEL - EIGHTEENTH FLOOR

Kutchet knocks on 821s door. He waits, then picks the lock and goes inside just as Dows walks up the steps.

Dows knocks on 823s door. Jacques Lenoir answers.

DOWS
Robert Dows, do you have
a few minutes?

LENOIR
No.

Lenoir closes the door, Dows stops it with his foot.

DOWS
I won't be long.

LENOIR
Are you the police?

DOWS
Private Investigator, looking
into a missing persons report.

Lenoir lets him in and closes the door. Kutchet leaves 821 and approaches 824. He knocks on the door. Henry Castillo opens it.

KUTCHET
John Kutchet, PI. Can I
borrow you for a few minutes?

CASTILLO
Sure, come in.

823 HOLLAND HEIGHTS - LOUNGE

Dows sits down and looks around. Lenoir takes a seat.

LENOIR
So - what do you want to
know?

824 HOLLAND HEIGHTS - LOUNGE

Kutchet opens his notepad.

KUTCHET
You were on Titanic, correct?

Castillo looks on.

823 HOLLAND HEIGHTS - LOUNGE

LENOIR
I'm not entirely sure I
recall that night.

DOWS
You don't remember it?

KUTCHET (V.O.)
Mr Castillo, do you think
anyone has a vendetta against
you?

824 HOLLAND HEIGHTS - LOUNGE

Castillo shakes his head. Kutchet jots down some notes.

CASTILLO
Am I a suspect?

DOWS (V.O.)
This is just precaution,
Mr Lenoir. You're innocent
until proven guilty.

KUTCHET
Should I consider you a
suspect?

Castillo's eyes sink.

823 HOLLAND HEIGHTS - LOUNGE

Lenoir shakily pours Dows a cup of coffee.

DOWS
Are you OK?

LENOIR
I haven't been the same
since-

KUTCHET (V.O.)
Since what, Mr Castillo?

824 HOLLAND HEIGHTS - LOUNGE

Castillo sheds a tear.

CASTILLO
Titanic.

DOWS (V.O.)
You were on Titanic?

LENOIR (V.O.)
Is that important?

DOWS (V.O.)
Kidnapped victims were on
Titanic. The Saunders
family.

KUTCHET
It must be difficult, having
to remember that.

CASTILLO
More than you know.

823 HOLLAND HEIGHTS - LOUNGE

Dows notices Lenoir's body language. He is very nervous.

DOWS
Do you know who kidnapped
Adam Saunders?

LENOIR
No.

KUTCHET (V.O.)
Someone is killing survivors
from Titanic. We believe you
may be in danger.

CASTILLO (V.O.)
That's what *he* said.

Lenoir looks at the door. Dows jots down notes. Lenoir
reaches down the side of his chair.

DOWS
The Caretaker suggests Adam
was arguing with a woman,
did you see her?

Lenoir shakes his head. Dows notices something wrong.

824 HOLLAND HEIGHTS - LOUNGE

KUTCHET
Mr Castillo, I need a name,
who said those words?

CASTILLO
James -

LENOIR (V.O.)

- Parker.

Kutchet takes note.

DOWS (V.O.)

James Parker.

KUTCHET

Do you know him?

CASTILLO

No. He just spoke those words then left. It was unnerving.

823 HOLLAND HEIGHTS - LOUNGE

Dows notices Lenoir's hand.

DOWS

You need to be one hundred percent clear with me, Jacques. I need you to tell me exactly what you saw that night.

JACQUES

I told you.

824 HOLLAND HEIGHTS - LOUNGE

Kutchet wonders. Castillo looks at a picture of his DAUGHTER (8, Caucasian).

KUTCHET

Mr Castillo, why would he say that to you?

CASTILLO

He was a psychopath. The guy just started spouting nonsense about the end of days, that everyone that survived that sinking would die. Me included.

DOWS (V.O.)

Did you know Parker?

LENOIR (V.O.)

We exchanged a few words in the hall but nothing substantial. He spoke about Titanic, me and Castillo survived it.

DOWS (V.O.)

Castillo?

LENOIR (V.O.)

My next door neighbour, he keeps saying everyone that survived Titanic will meet their judgement.

Kutchet notices Castillo.

823 HOLLAND HEIGHTS - LOUNGE

Dows jots down Castillo's name.

DOWS

Do you know Mr Castillo?

LENOIR

No.

DOWS

You must do, he is your neighbour.

LENOIR

Do you know your neighbour, detective Dows?

Dows agrees.

DOWS

Good point.

CASTILLO (V.O.)

My neighbour, Jacques, he was on Titanic, or so he says. He knew Adam.

KUTCHET (V.O.)

Adam?

CASTILLO (V.O.)

He was kidnapped.

Lenoir nervously raises a gun on Dows. Dows notices the gun.

DOWS
What are you doing?

LENOIR
What I have to.

Lenoir clicks the gun and aims at Dows.

DOWS
Whoa. Whoa. Jacques, put
the gun down.

LENOIR
She said she would come
back for me if I told you
anything.

DOWS
Who?

824 HOLLAND HEIGHTS - LOUNGE

Kutchet notices Castillo's strange expression.

KUTCHET
I'm not here about any
kidnapping, but you saw it,
didn't you?

CASTILLO
I saw them.

KUTCHET
Them? Plural, as in two?

CASTILLO
Yes.

KUTCHET
What did you see, Henry?

Castillo trembles.

CASTILLO
Jacques and a Woman, I didn't
see her face.

Kutchet looks on.

KUTCHET

What happened?

CASTILLO

She told him she had to -

LENOIR (V.O.)

- Kill you.

823 HOLLAND HEIGHTS - LOUNGE

Dows raises his hands. Lenoir shakily aims the gun. Tears in his eyes, he gestures to Dows to stand. Dows stands.

DOWS

Who was she, Jacques?

LENOIR

I have to kill you.

DOWS

I can help you. This does not need to happen.

LENOIR

If I don't, she'll kill me.

824 HOLLAND HEIGHTS - LOUNGE

Kutchet sighs in disbelief.

KUTCHET

What was the detective's name?

CASTILLO

Dows.

KUTCHET

Robert Dows?

CASTILLO

He was here yesterday, in Adam's suite. I saw him.

BANG. Gunshot sounds. Kutchet removes his gun and looks at the wall. SLAM. Door closes.

Kutchet runs for the door and rushes out.

HOLLAND HEIGHTS HOTEL - EIGHTEENTH FLOOR

Kutchet catches a glimpse of Lenoir running away. Kutchet rushes into room 823.

823 HOLLAND HEIGHTS - LOUNGE

Kutchet looks around. Dows hurtles from the kitchen and pins Kutchet to the wall.

They exchange looks.

KUTCHET

Dows?

DOWS

John?

BANG. Gunshot sounds. SCREAM. SMASH.

Dows and Kutchet run from the apartment.

EXT. PARIS - HOLLAND HEIGHTS HOTEL - NIGHT

Lenoir leaps a rail and runs to his car. He fumbles the keys and reaches for them.

Dows and Kutchet emerge from the hotel.

Lenoir spots them and shoots. Dows and Kutchet leap from harm.

KUTCHET

Shit!

Lenoir gets into his car and drives away. Dows and Kutchet rush for Kutchet's car.

They drive after Lenoir.

PARIS - SANUA STREET

Lenoir's car slams through a lamppost sending it across the street. Lenoir drives through oncoming traffic.

Kutchet's car drifts around the corner and scrapes the side of a car. It hurtles forward.

Lenoir's car screeches around another corner.

KUTCHET (V.O.)
Just like old times.

DOWS (V.O.)
The last car chase we were
in didn't end too well.

KUTCHET (V.O.)
No jinxing.

Kutchet's car drifts around the corner.

PARIS - VANDIAL STREET

Lenoir's car hits a fire hydrant. Water shoots up. People
dodge as Kutchet's car mounts the sidewalk.

INT. KUTCHET'S CAR - NIGHT

Kutchet slams his hand on the horn.

KUTCHET
Move. Move! MOVE!

Dows grabs Kutchet's gun.

KUTCHET (cont'd)
Dows -

DOWS
Keep it straight.

Dows rolls down the window and leans out.

EXT. PARIS - STREETS - NIGHT

Dows grabs hold of the roof and leans. He fires several
shots. One hits Lenoir's back window.

DOWS
Err - John.

A truck pulls out loaded with logs.

DOWS (cont'd)
John.

Kutchet's car hurtles toward it.

DOWS (cont'd)

JOHN!

KUTCHET (V.O.)

I see it.

Kutchet's car barely misses the truck. It speeds after Lenoir's car.

Dows climbs back inside.

INT. KUTCHET'S CAR - NIGHT

Dows looks at Kutchet as if to say "what the hell?"

KUTCHET

Switch?

DOWS

Switch.

Dows and Kutchet switch seats. Kutchet loads the gun.

KUTCHET

Watch the maestro.

DOWS

Cap that sarcasm.

Kutchet smirks and leans out.

EXT. PARIS - STREETS - NIGHT

Lenoir's car mounts the sidewalk. People scatter and flee. Kutchet shoots. Bullet hits the back left tyre and causes Lenoir's car to scrape the wall.

Sparks fly, the paint job fades. Lenoir regains control and continues.

Kutchet closes one eye and shoots. Bullet strikes the back left window.

DOWS (V.O.)

Maestro, you're missing.

KUTCHET

Hush, old-timer.

Kutchet shoots.

Bullet hits a lamp light, SMASH.

Lenoir's car skids around the corner. Lenoir drives through oncoming traffic.

Kutchet's car scrapes the side of a car and speeds up.

INT. KUTCHET'S CAR - NIGHT

Kutchet gets back in and looks at Dows.

DOWS

What?

KUTCHET

Watch the paint.

DOWS

Oh I'm sorry, I thought we were chasing a homicidal lunatic. I'll be careful.

Kutchet sniggers and leans out again.

EXT. PARIS - EIFFEL TOWER - NIGHT

Kutchet shoots. Bullet strikes the front left wheel and Lenoir's car flips over and wraps around the base of the Eiffel Tower.

Lenoir crawls out of the mangled mess of steel. Kutchet's car skids into a 90-degree parallel parking position between two cars.

Kutchet and Dows step out. Lenoir shoots. Dows takes cover. Kutchet shoots Lenoir in the leg.

Lenoir drops to the ground and YELLS in pain, Dows kicks the gun away.

Kutchet aims at Lenoir.

KUTCHET

It's not a good idea to shoot at cops, man.

DOWS

John, shut up.

Kutchet furrows his brow.

Dows checks Lenoir's leg. Lenoir writhes in pain.

DOWS (cont'd)
Just stay still.

Kutchet holsters his gun. Sirens blare in the distance.

KUTCHET
Dupont is gonna freak.

Dows looks at Lenoir.

DOWS
Now, who is she?

LENOIR
She'll kill me.

DOWS
Lives are at stake, Jacques.
Talk.

LENOIR
Jessica Saunders.

Dows wonders.

DOWS
She was kidnapped.

LENOIR
Who told you that?

Dows closes his eyes and sighs.

Police cars arrive on scene. Dows stands and looks around.

FLASH - EIFFEL TOWER

ALAN DOWS (29, Caucasian) grips onto the edge. Dows reaches. Alan lets go and falls.

BACK TO DOWS

Dows notices the ground and looks away.

Cops rush over.

COP #1
Kutchet?

KUTCHET

Get an ambulance down here,
we got ourselves a limper.

Cop #1 notices Dows. Cop #1 wonders.

KUTCHET (cont'd)

Dows, tell me what the
hell is going on.

DOWS

It's better I show you.

Dows walks away. Kutchet looks at Lenoir.

KUTCHET

Don't drop the soap.

Lenoir gulps.

INT. APT 6 - LOUNGE - NIGHT

Kutchet whistles at the sight of the investigation. Dows
hands Kutchet a report.

KUTCHET

Kidnapped victims, ransom
note, you working on a case
Dows?

DOWS

Yeah.

KUTCHET

Hence why you were at the
hotel. So, kidnapping ring.
Adam Saunders and Jessica
Saunders, the latter of which
is somehow linked to my case.

DOWS

What?

KUTCHET

The murders, bodies found in
alleyways, single gunshot,
fake casing, painted tyre
tracks. I was at the hotel
checking on a lead. Get this,
my case, the guy's offing
survivors of Titanic.

DOWS

The Saunders family sailed on Titanic. As did Jacques Lenoir.

KUTCHET

Holy shit. Linked?

DOWS

It can't be.

KUTCHET

Only one way to be sure.

Dows looks at Kutchet.

LATER

Kutchet drops boxes of information onto the couch. They sift through.

Dows shows Kutchet his suspect list. Kutchet shows Dows his Survivor list.

They compare them.

DOWS

Gus Partinska.

KUTCHET

Deceased.

DOWS

Alyssa Saunders, Amy Saunders, dead on Titanic. Jack Saunders died in England six months ago.

KUTCHET

Adam Saunders, Jessica Saunders, reported missing.

DOWS

Maria Avalon, Jason Andrews, Amanda Devison, Melissa Cross found dead this morning.

KUTCHET

Jacques Lenoir nutjob, Henry Castillo, terrified. List grows thinner.

Dows crosschecks the notepad with newspapers. He crosses off: "Angela Howard, Daniel Aimley, Doris Hillbury".

Kutchet and Dows check files. They look through papers. Read newspapers. Sift through boxes and compare notes.

Dows pins a list of possible suspects to the wall:

Andrew Jackson-Holmes - Holland Heights Hotel
 Andrew Taylor - Titanic Survivor
 Emma Wilson - Titanic Survivor
 Harry Davis - Titanic Survivor
 James Parker - Titanic Survivor/Holland Heights Hotel
 Jessica Saunders? - Titanic Survivor/Missing Victim
 Michael Nubarnt - Unknown
 Rachel Saunders - Titanic Survivor

Kutchet and Dows look at the list of suspects.

KUTCHET

What's with the question mark?

DOWS

Possibility, I'm not too sure what this list means. I recognize Parker though.

KUTCHET

Wasn't your old partner called Parker?

DOWS

It's a common name.
 (beat)
 Nubarnt, we start with him.

KUTCHET

This guy has no stake in it. Parker's our best bet. Guy was on Titanic, he was at the hotel. Fits.

DOWS

We need a phonebook.

Kutchet nods. He notices the chemistry set.

KUTCHET

What exactly is that for?

Dows looks at the set.

DOWS
Scientific experiments.

KUTCHET
I never knew you were a
labby.

DOWS
I dabble.
(beat)
Phonebook?

KUTCHET
So I'm the phonebook guy
now, huh?

DOWS
Yeah.

KUTCHET
It's five am.

DOWS
Grab a paper while you're
out, dear.

KUTCHET
Yes, honey.

Dows smirks. Kutchet grabs his keys and walks out of the door.

Dows looks at the list of suspects. He ponders on a thought.

EXT. PARIS - ALLEYWAY 5 - NIGHT

Van drives up and stops. Masked Man steps out and opens the back door. He yanks out a MAN, MICHAEL NUBARNT (36, Caucasian) pale and frightened.

Masked Man throws Michael against the wall.

THE KILLER
Now, you are going to take
the heat off of me for a
tad.

Masked Man muffles the gun.

He pulls two corpses out of the van.

Masked Man shoots Corpse #1 and #2. He then hands the gun to Michael and duct tapes his hands to it.

THE KILLER (cont'd)

You just killed Andrew
Jackson-Holmes and Andrew
Taylor after losing to them
in a card game.

Masked Man shows Michael the ammo clip. He loads it into another Smith and Wesson M1917 and aims skyward. He pulls the trigger.

Birds SQUAWK.

BANG. The loud shot echoes.

Masked Man cuts the duct tape and removes the gag.

THE KILLER (cont'd)

Very simple process, the
police come, arrest you,
and you get a date with
the hangman's noose for
twenty-six counts of murder.
Goodbye Mr Nubarnt.

Masked Man shoots Michael in the leg. Masked Man walks away.

PARIS - STREETS

Masked Man clambers over a fence and rushes away. Police cars drive around the corner and stop by the van.

Cops get out and rush into the alleyway.

INT. APT 6 - LOUNGE - DAY

Dows and Kutchet listen to the radio.

REPORTER (V.O.)

Today marks yet two more
deaths. This time, police
managed to apprehend the
suspect, Michael Nubarnt,
and recovered two bodies.
The bodies of Andrew Taylor
and Andrew Jackson-Holmes
were recovered this morning.

Kutchet turns the radio off.

KUTCHET
I call bullshit.

Dows stands. He crosses Michael Nubarnt, Andrew Taylor and Andrew Jackson-Holmes' names off the suspect list.

DOWS
That leaves five.

KUTCHET
Harry Davis, Emma Wilson,
Jessica Saunders, James
Parker and Rachel.

Dows rubs his face and yawns. He pours himself a drink.

DOWS
This makes no sense.

KUTCHET
Maybe Jess did fake her
kidnapping, got her brother
holed up somewhere in some
derelict shithole in the
bowels of Paris.

DOWS
What did you say?

KUTCHET
Derelict shithole.

DOWS
In the bowels of Paris,
John, that's it.

Kutchet wonders.

DOWS (cont'd)
Where would you keep your
victims if you didn't want
them heard?

KUTCHET
The docks.

DOWS
I like your noggin, sport.

Kutchet raises his eyebrows.

KUTCHET
Private inspector.

DOWS
Don't get logistical.

Dows and Kutchet leave the apartment.

EXT. PARIS - STREETS - DAY

Kutchet's car sits in traffic. Horns BEEP. Angry drivers
YELL.

INT. KUTCHET'S CAR - DAY

Kutchet taps on the wheel. Dows seems bored.

KUTCHET
You know, they should try
and invent something that
plays music.

DOWS
They have one. It's called
a Gramophone.

KUTCHET
No. I meant for cars.

DOWS
A gramophone for cars?

KUTCHET
Yeah. Like a small one.
Fits right there.

Kutchet points to the middle of the dashboard.

DOWS
Get your head out of the
clouds, John.

KUTCHET
I'm just suggesting it might
be nice to listen to music
while you drive.

DOWS
Should they sing too?

KUTCHET
I've got a name for it.

DOWS
Oh yeah?

KUTCHET
Yeah.

DOWS
Yeah?

KUTCHET
Radio.

DOWS
Radio what?

KUTCHET
Just *radio*.

DOWS
Why radio?

KUTCHET
Why gramophone?

DOWS
Fair point.

Kutchet slams the horn, BEEP.

KUTCHET
Seriously, come on!
(beat)
It's a good idea.

DOWS
Why are we even talking
about this?

KUTCHET
Just a conversation.

Dows looks out of the window. Kutchet looks at him and considers.

KUTCHET (cont'd)
So, Rachel -

DOWS
What about her?

KUTCHET

She got you back on the
job, how?

DOWS

She intrigued me.

KUTCHET

Took your fancy, huh?

DOWS

Shut up.

Kutchet smirks.

DOWS (cont'd)

We have five potentials,
no solid leads. I still
don't get how Titanic
fits into things.

KUTCHET

Never thought I'd see the
day you got stumped.

DOWS

This whole case baffles me,
something doesn't add up.
I'm missing something.

Kutchet puts his foot down.

Dows wonders.

EXT. PARIS - DOCKS - DAY

Kutchet's car turns into the docks and comes up to a
padlocked fence.

Kutchet and Dows step out and look around.

KUTCHET

This fits a *psychopathic
killer crazed nut-job's*
hideout.

Dows grabs the padlock. He looks up.

DOWS

That barbwire doesn't
look too promising.

KUTCHET

Boost me.

DOWS

What?

KUTCHET

Boost me over the fence.

DOWS

Are you mad?

Dows reaches into his pocket and pulls out two paper clips. He fiddles with them and then places them in the lock. He picks the lock.

He pushes the gate open. Kutchet looks on.

KUTCHET

You're picking locks now?

DOWS

Come on, sport.

Kutchet sighs and follows Dows toward the warehouse.

PARIS - ABANDONED WAREHOUSE

Dows tries to open the door. It does not budge.

They walk around the side. Kutchet climbs onto stacks of pallets and looks in through the window.

Dows climbs up and they open the window. Kutchet climbs in.

INT. ABANDONED WAREHOUSE - DAY

THUD, Kutchet slams into the ground.

DOWS

(quiet)

John?

KUTCHET

(quiet, pain)

I'm fine.

Dows climbs in and drops down. Kutchet stands up.

DOWS
Rough landing?

KUTCHET
Shut up.

Dows smirks. They proceed.

They push through plastic blinds into a room. Bloodstains on the floor make Kutchet look away, he sees a workbench with torturous equipment.

Dows notices a chair with buckles and straps.

KUTCHET (cont'd)
This isn't disturbing at
all.

Dows notices the three dangling lights. He sits in the chair.

Kutchet picks up a hacksaw, blood drips from it.

Dows removes a sheet from the shrine and steps back.
Kutchet looks at it.

KUTCHET (cont'd)
Jesus.

DOWS
Satan.

Kutchet picks up the cup. He notices bloodstains inside.

KUTCHET
This guy is definitely a
psychopathic nut-job.

Kutchet checks around. Dows looks at the chair.

Lights come on. Kutchet shields his eyes. Dows looks around.

THE KILLER (V.O.)
Hello, detective Dows.

Kutchet removes his gun and seeks out the voice. Dows scans the area with his eyes.

THE KILLER (V.O.)
I was wondering how long it
would take you.

Dows nods to Kutchet. Kutchet goes on a search for the voice.

Dows looks around.

DOWS

You set up Michael Nubarnt,
why?

THE KILLER (V.O.)

So the police would be off
my tail. I wanted you all
to myself.

DOWS

Then you have me. Why
don't you come out?

THE KILLER (V.O.)

Why would I do that?
Detective, after all this
time, why now?

DOWS

Where are they?

THE KILLER (V.O.)

Adam and Jessica? Well, they
are perfectly safe, for now
at least.

Kutchet returns and shakes his head.

THE KILLER (V.O.)

(laughs)

Foolish of you to believe
I would be here.

Kutchet holsters his gun.

THE KILLER (V.O.)

You followed the trail.

DOWS

Why bring us here?

THE KILLER (V.O.)

For an ultimatum.

Lights come on. Two chairs lower. A MAN and a WOMAN sit
in the chairs, blindfolded, gagged and bound by rope.

THE KILLER (V.O.)

I am making your job very easy, detective. Now that the police are off my scent, you will see the truth. How blind you have been. The two people are on your suspect list.

The chairs catch fire. The Man and Woman burn, Kutchet looks on, mortified.

The Man and Woman scream.

THE KILLER (V.O.)

Just like the fire, this burns in your past, you only need to find the truth and you will find the answers.

(beat)

Answers you will never find.

BEEP. BEEP. BEEP.

Kutchet notices charges on the walls. Grenades with pins removed.

THE KILLER (V.O.)

Goodbye, Robert.

Dows and Kutchet run. BOOM! Beams collapse. Walls implode.

EXT. PARIS - ABANDONED WAREHOUSE - DAY

Warehouse goes up in flames. Dows and Kutchet rush away from it and return to the gates.

KUTCHET

This guy is out of his mind.

Dows looks at the inferno. He takes a breath.

INT. APT 6 - LOUNGE - NIGHT

Dows swigs a beer and looks at the timeline. He crosses off EMMA WILSON from the suspect list, leaving Jessica, Rachel, Harry and James.

KNOCK. KNOCK.

Dows answers the door. Rachel notices him.

RACHEL
Are you OK?

Dows walks away. She enters and closes the door. Dows leans on the couch and looks at the wall of newspaper clippings and the suspect list.

Rachel places her hand on his shoulder.

DOWS
You need to be honest
with me, Rachel.

Rachel removes her hand from his shoulder. He turns to her.

DOWS (cont'd)
The kidnapper knows me.

Rachel's eyes sink. She sits down.

RACHEL
I know.

DOWS
Why did you hide it?

RACHEL
I didn't know what to think.
There was a note at my
sister's house. It had
your name on it.

Rachel hands him the note. Dows looks at it. He wipes his brow.

DOWS
You shouldn't have kept
this from me.

RACHEL
What was I supposed to say?

DOWS
I saw two people die today.
He's playing with me. Whoever
this guy is, knows me and he
wants me dead.

RACHEL
Do you know him?

DOWS
(sighs)
I don't know. He knows me.
There's only four suspects
left alive that I know about.
James Parker is the only name
on that list I recognize.
His - Jessica's and yours.

RACHEL
Why am I suspect?

DOWS
He's going after Titanic
survivors. You were on
Titanic.

RACHEL
James Parker was never on
Titanic.

DOWS
His name was on the survivor
list.

RACHEL
No. I saw the survivor list.
There was no James Parker.

Dows wonders. Rachel places her hand on his shoulder. He looks into her eyes.

RACHEL (cont'd)
Robert, I should never have
come to you. I am sorry.

Dows seems attracted to her. He brushes her hair over her ear.

DOWS
You hid the truth.

RACHEL
You found it.

She presses her hands to his chest. They kiss. They move toward the bedroom.

Dows kisses her neck. She groans with pleasure.

APT 6 - BEDROOM

Dows and Rachel fall onto the bed. She mounts him. Dows rolls her over and kisses her from her mouth to her belly button.

They roll over again. She kisses him and unclips her bra.

PPD - KUTCHET'S OFFICE

Kutchet sits at his desk looking over files.

KNOCK. KNOCK. KNOCK.

KUTCHET

Yeah?

Beauvais walks in.

KUTCHET (cont'd)

Ludovic.

Beauvais takes a seat on the couch and sighs.

KUTCHET (cont'd)

Something got you in a knot?

BEAUVAIS

The list you gave me.

KUTCHET

What did you find out?

BEAUVAIS

Winona Courts is dead.

KUTCHET

What?

BEAUVAIS

I went to her house and found her hanging from the landing with a note clenched in her hand.

Beauvais stands and hands him the note. Kutchet unfolds it and glances at it.

KUTCHET

Forgive me but I cannot-

BEAUVAIS

Do this anymore, he is coming for me and he will not stop until we are all dead. I should never have invested in that Oil company.

Kutchet shakes his head. Beauvais slowly paces.

BEAUVAIS (cont'd)

This guy isn't going after Titanic survivors, John. He's going after anyone who invested money in Saunders' oil company.

KUTCHET

Jesus.

Beauvais pours himself some whiskey and takes a swig. He seems stressed.

BEAUVAIS

That is your pattern. Anyone invested in Saunders' oil company is on the hit-list.

Kutchet puts the note down and opens up a file.

KUTCHET

Thanks for the help.

BEAUVAIS

Any other leads?

KUTCHET

Two dead in a warehouse at the docks. Burnt alive.

BEAUVAIS

What?

KUTCHET

Me and Dows were checking it out when the nut-job blew the place to hell.

BEAUVAIS

John, there were no bodies at the warehouse.

KUTCHET

They would've been bone,
Ludovic.

BEAUVAIS

Dupont combed the remains of
the warehouse. No bodies,
just rubble.

Kutchet wonders.

BEAUVAIS (cont'd)

Listen, I'm off home, try
and get some sleep, bud.

Kutchet nods. Beauvais leaves.

Kutchet looks at the note. He then starts going through
the file.

APT 6 - KITCHEN

Dows, half-naked, pours two glasses of bourbon and grabs
ice cream.

He walks to the bedroom door.

APT 6 - LOUNGE

Dows stops. He looks at the suspect list. Next to the
list is a picture of Titanic.

Rachel, Jack and a man stand in the first class foyer.

RACHEL (O.S.)

(from bedroom)

Robert?

Dows plucks the picture from the wall and enters the
bedroom.

APT 6 - BEDROOM

Dows sits on the bed and hands her the bourbon and ice
cream. He sits his bourbon down and looks at the photo.

Rachel takes a sip and wonders.

Dows stares at the photo.

RACHEL
Something wrong?

DOWS
Who is that?

Rachel gazes at the photo.

RACHEL
Jessica's boyfriend.

DOWS
What's his name?

RACHEL
Harry Davis.

DOWS
Why didn't you tell me?

RACHEL
Because it doesn't matter.

DOWS
It matters.

RACHEL
He died on Titanic, Robert.

DOWS
That's impossible.

RACHEL
Why?

DOWS
Because his name was on
the ledger at the hotel
your brother stayed at.

RACHEL
It's a common name.

DOWS
Middle name?

RACHEL
Ramsey.

DOWS
Stay here.

Dows grabs his shirt and coat.

RACHEL
You think he faked his
own death?

DOWS
I'm starting to think this
isn't about Titanic.

Dows leaves. He returns a moment later.

DOWS (cont'd)
Don't let anyone in.

RACHEL
OK.

Dows leaves.

EXT. PARIS - APARTMENT BUILDING - NIGHT

Axel pulls up in the taxi. Dows gets in.

INT. TAXI - NIGHT

AXEL
Where to, boss?

DOWS
Holland Heights Hotel.

Axel nods and puts his foot down.

EXT. PARIS - APARTMENT BUILDING - NIGHT

Rachel looks on from the window as the taxi drives away.
Thunder CRACKS.

INT. PPD - KUTCHET'S OFFICE - NIGHT

Kutchet rummages through files. He pulls out a file; a
picture falls and hits the ground.

Kutchet picks it up and looks at it. It is from a
newspaper.

Kutchet looks at the man, HENRY CASTILLO.

KUTCHET
Harry Davis?

The article shows Henry, but names Harry. Kutchet wonders.

KUTCHET (cont'd)
(realises)
Oh, SHIT!

Kutchet grabs his coat, knocks over his whiskey, which spills onto the paperwork. Kutchet leaves.

EXT. PARIS - HOLLAND HEIGHTS HOTEL - NIGHT

Taxi pulls up and parks. Dows steps out. Axel opens the door.

DOWS
Keep the engine hot.

AXEL
Boss.

Dows jogs to the hotel. He grabs the door and pulls. Door does not budge.

Dows knocks on the glass.

DOWS
Hey! Hey! Open up!

Dows peers in.

INT. HOLLAND HEIGHTS HOTEL - RECEPTION - NIGHT

Receptionist's body lies on the ground with a slit throat.

Dows notices and kicks the glass, SMASH. He rushes in and checks the Receptionist.

THUD, Beau walks down the steps clutching his throat. Blood gushes through his fingers.

DOWS
Beau?

BEAU
Run -

Beau drops dead. Dows looks up.

A MASKED MAN stands on the steps with a bloodied knife. He steps into the light and grins.

DOWS
You're not real.

Alan smirks and disappears. Dows recoils and shakes his head.

Dows looks at the bodies. Gunshot wounds are now present, instead of slit throats.

GUNSHOT sounds. Dows rushes up the stairs.

HOLLAND HEIGHTS HOTEL - EIGHTEENTH FLOOR

Henry Castillo shoots a Woman. He shoots a Man who falls out of the window.

Henry shoots the Maid.

EXT. PARIS - HOLLAND HEIGHTS HOTEL - NIGHT

Axel sees the flashing in the windows and hears the gunshots. Kutchet rushes up, bumps into Axel and runs to the hotel.

KUTCHET
Sorry!

Kutchet runs into the hotel. Axel looks on, perplexed.

INT. HOLLAND HEIGHTS HOTEL - SIXTEENTH FLOOR - NIGHT

Dows runs up the steps.

HOLLAND HEIGHTS HOTEL - RECEPTION

Kutchet notices the dead bodies. GUNSHOT sounds. Kutchet bolts up the stairs.

HOLLAND HEIGHTS HOTEL - EIGHTEENTH FLOOR

Dows reaches the top. Henry shoots. Dows rolls into cover and takes a breath.

Henry grabs a Woman as a human shield.

CASTILLO
Stay back, detective.

DOWS
Let her go, kid.

Castillo places the gun to the Woman's head.

CASTILLO
Get away.

Dows takes a deep breath and emerges from cover. He holds up his hands and slowly approaches.

CASTILLO (cont'd)
I will kill her.

DOWS
You kill her, you have no cover, no way out, she is your only bargaining chip. Do not kill her, she has done nothing wrong, Harry.

CASTILLO/DAVIS
How do you know my name?

DOWS
You dated Jessica Saunders. You died on Titanic, you faked your own death.

DAVIS
I had no choice.

HOLLAND HEIGHTS HOTEL - TENTH FLOOR

Kutchet bolts up the stairs. People run down the steps in panic.

Kutchet takes out his gun.

HOLLAND HEIGHTS HOTEL - EIGHTEENTH FLOOR

Dows briskly approaches. Davis steps back.

DOWS
Let her go, Harry.

Davis' sheds a tear and trembles.

DAVIS

I have to kill her, do you not understand? No witnesses. Her life for Clara's.

DOWS

Clara?

DAVIS

My daughter.

Dows wonders. Davis readjusts his position and backs against the window.

DOWS

I can help you.

DAVIS

No one can help me. Don't you understand? This is all a ploy. He took her, I have to do this or he will kill her.

DOWS

Did you kidnap Adam and Jessica Saunders?

DAVIS

He did. I just helped.

Dows steps forward. Davis grows tenser.

Kutchet emerges from the stairway. He aims at Davis.

KUTCHET

Let her go.

DAVIS

You're going to have to kill me, detective.

KUTCHET

Fine by me.

DOWS

John, put the gun down.

KUTCHET

I don't think so. I almost died earlier, this guy is out of his damn mind.

DOWS
It's not him.

Kutchet nods to the dead bodies. He nods to the M-1917 in Davis' hand.

KUTCHET
Same gun.

DOWS
John, don't antagonize him,
we need him alive, he is a
witness.

KUTCHET
He is a psychopath.

Kutchet aims, finger on the trigger. Dows steps in the way.

DOWS
If you want him, you'll
have to shoot me first.

KUTCHET
Get out of the way, Dows.

DOWS
Pull the trigger, John.

KUTCHET
Get out of the way, Dows!

Davis lets the Woman go. She runs. Dows looks at Davis who backs into the window.

Dows lowers his hand. Kutchet lowers his gun.

DAVIS
I can't do this.

Dows and Kutchet exchange looks. Kutchet looks at Davis. Davis puts the gun in his mouth.

DOWS
NO!

Davis blows his brains out, the window SMASHES. Davis' body slides down dead to the ground. Dows closes his eyes.

KUTCHET
What -

LATER - EIGHTEENTH FLOOR

Dupont is on scene. Coroners cover Davis' body and wheel him away. Dows and Kutchet look on.

DUPONT

Why am I not surprised to see you here, Dows?

DOWS

Not now.

DUPONT

You're like a bad penny, no matter how many times you get thrown out you always rear your head. You are not a cop anymore, Dows. I should have you arrested.

KUTCHET

With all due respect-

DUPONT

Save it, Kutchet.

Kutchet takes a step back. Dows walks to room 824.

DUPONT (cont'd)

You're not authorized to enter a crime scene, Dows.

DOWS

This is my case.

DUPONT

And this is my city, my rules. Leave, and if I ever see you near a crime scene again I promise you it will be the last time.

Dows storms off. Kutchet shakes his head at Dupont and follows Dows.

Cops roam the halls collecting evidence. A Cop bags the M-1917.

Dupont sighs.

Cops tape off room 824.

EXT. PARIS - HOLLAND HEIGHTS HOTEL - NIGHT

Dows leans on the rail looking at the sky. The sun rises.
Kutchet walks over.

KUTCHET

Forget him.

DOWS

He's right.

(beat)

I never should have taken
this case.

KUTCHET

You're listening to that
asshole?

DOWS

Do I have a choice?

KUTCHET

What happened to you, Dows?
You never used to give a
shit what anyone thought.
Now you care? What changed?

DOWS

I did.

Kutchet looks on.

DOWS (cont'd)

Ever since Night Crow I've
not been the same.

KUTCHET

Your brother's actions were
his own. You did what you
had to do to stop him.

DOWS

He was family, John. And
I killed him. My own brother.

KUTCHET

He let go. You tried to
save him.

DOWS

I failed him.

Dows walks away. Kutchet follows.

DOWS (cont'd)
I still see him, John.

KUTCHET
How do you mean?

DOWS
Nightmares, they somehow
merge into reality, I see
him everywhere.

KUTCHET
It's not real.

DOWS
My mind thinks it is.

Dows and Kutchet walk to Kutchet's car.

DOWS (cont'd)
No matter what I do I just
cannot stop seeing him.
He's - haunting me.

KUTCHET
Then lay him to rest.

DOWS
How?

KUTCHET
Put him out of your mind
and focus. Damn it, Dows,
you're the best cop this
city has ever had. Your
past - it's your past, don't
let it decide your future.
Your brother was a murderer,
you are a cop, you took him
down, he killed himself. You
never made him make those
decisions, that was him.

DOWS
I made him.

KUTCHET
Alan did that himself, no
one else. Certainly not you.

Dows thinks.

DOWS
I made him.

Kutchet looks at Dows.

DOWS (cont'd)
James Parker.

KUTCHET
The last suspect.

DOWS
I knew I was missing something. The gun, stolen from the evidence locker that can only be accessed from inside the precinct. James Parker was my old partner, went sour after I took you on, went to Liverpool and sailed on the Titanic. Titanic sunk, he faked his own death, created a new identity and returned to Paris.

KUTCHET
I don't get it.

DOWS
Get us to the precinct.

Kutchet and Dows get into the car.

INT. PPD - RECEPTION - DAY

Tasha reads a newspaper. Dows and Kutchet approach the front desk.

TASHA
Ghosts and ghouls, Dows,
is that you?

DOWS
Morning, Tasha.

KUTCHET
Tasha, I need access to the police files and I cannot tell you why. Nor can you tell.

TASHA

Dupont made it clear that you and Dows are off the case. I'm not authorized to give you the key.

Tasha slides the key across the desk secretively.

TASHA (cont'd)

I'm sorry I can't help.

KUTCHET

Well, thanks anyway.

Kutchet grabs the key and walks away with Dows. Tasha continues reading.

PPD - EVIDENCE LOCKER

Dows and Kutchet rummage through filing cabinets.

Kutchet opens files. Dows reads reports and police records. Kutchet sifts through paperwork.

DOWS

Here.

Dows pulls a police record: "JAMES PARKER".

Dows opens it. The picture of a MAN with slicked back hair, snake-like eyes and a chiselled complexion.

KUTCHET

Never seen him before.

Dows looks at the picture.

FLASHBACK - EIFFEL TOWER - NIGHT

1911

Alan falls. Parker looks at Dows from the elevator. Dows turns to Parker.

Dows passes Parker. Parker smirks.

PARKER (V.O.)

He deserved what happened to him.

DOWS (V.O.)
He was my brother.

INT. MORTUARY - NIGHT

Parker and Dows confirm Alan's body. The Mortician covers Alan's body.

PARKER (V.O.)
You feel sorry for a man
that killed twenty-six
people?

DOWS (V.O.)
He was family, Parker.

PARKER (V.O.)
He tried to kill you.

EXT. PARIS - PPD - NIGHT

Dows and Parker seem antagonized. Parker shoves Dows into the car.

PARKER
I saved your ass, you owe
me, Dows. Don't forget,
if I weren't for me you'd
be dead.

Dows shoves Parker. Parker removes his gun and points it at Dows.

DOWS
You gonna shoot me, James?

PARKER
I'm thinking about it.

Dows gestures to Parker to "do it".

Parker lowers the gun.

PARKER (cont'd)
I'm sorry.

DOWS
We are finished.

Dows budges past Parker.

Parker looks up at the clouds. Rain pours.

DOWS (V.O.)
He pulled a gun on me.

DUPONT (V.O.)
Then he's finished in this town.

PARKER (V.O.)
You can't do this.

INT. PPD - DUPONT'S OFFICE - NIGHT

Parker leans on Dupont's desk. Dows looks on.

PARKER
This is all I know. It was in the heat of the moment. He pushed me.

DUPONT
Your badge, Parker.

Parker aims a dark look at Dows. He slams his badge down.

PARKER
You're going to regret this, Dows. Mark my words.

Parker shoves Dows into the filing cabinet and storms out.

EXT. PARIS - DOCKS - DAY

Parker boards a ship to England. Dows looks on from the parking lot.

Parker looks at Dows. Parker smirks sadistically.

BACK TO DOWS

Dows sits down. Kutchet rubs his forehead and sighs.

KUTCHET
Parker killed them to get to you. But we're missing something.

Dows nods.

KUTCHET (cont'd)

Does he know where you
live?

DOWS

Rachel.

Dows gets up and runs. Kutchet follows.

EXT. PARIS - APARTMENT BUILDING - DAY

Kutchet's car pulls up and parks. Kutchet and Dows get out
and rush into the building.

INT. APT 6 - LOUNGE - DAY

The place is a mess. Bloodstains on the wall, a horrific
sight, Dows bursts through the door.

Dows notices the mess. All of the investigation work is
gone. The list of suspects is missing. The timeline is on
the floor.

DOWS

Shit!

Kutchet looks around. He sees the blood message on the
back of the door.

KUTCHET

Dows.

Dows looks at the message: "TURN AROUND".

Dows and Kutchet turn around. WHACK, SMASH. The window
smashes as Rachel's corpse slams into it, a rope wrapped
around her neck.

DOWS

NO!

Dows runs to Rachel. Kutchet cuts the rope. Dows pulls
her in and checks her pulse.

DOWS (cont'd)

She's not breathing.

Kutchet removes his gun and bolts.

Dows presses down on Rachel's chest performing CPR.

APARTMENT BUILDING - STAIRWELL

Kutchet pushes through the door and runs up the stairs with his gun drawn.

EXT. APARTMENT BUILDING - ROOFTOP - DAY

Kutchet bursts through the door in time to see the Masked Man salute him.

Kutchet shoots. Masked Man jumps from the roof and zip-lines down to the street.

Kutchet aims. Masked Man runs away.

KUTCHET

Shit!

INT. APT 6 - LOUNGE - DAY

Dows blows into Rachel's mouth. He pumps her chest. He blows into her mouth and pumps her chest frantically.

Kutchet walks back in and sees Dows.

DOWS

Wake up! Come on!

KUTCHET

Dows -

DOWS

No.

Dows continues. Kutchet bows his head. Dows pummels Rachel's chest.

DOWS (cont'd)

WAKE UP!

KUTCHET

Dows, she's gone.

DOWS

No. She can't be dead.

No.

Kutchet looks on. Dows stops and falls back to his butt. He looks as pale as a ghost.

Dows presses his hand to her cheek.

KUTCHET
I'll call it in.

Kutchet grabs the phone. Dows caresses Rachel's cheek.

EXT. PARIS - APARTMENT BUILDING - DAY

Coroner loads Rachel's body into the van. Dows looks on.
Kutchet gives a statement to the cop.

Coroner closes the van door. Kutchet nods to the Cop who
walks away.

Kutchet looks at Dows.

KUTCHET
Dows -

DOWS
This ends tonight.

INT. APT 6 - LOUNGE - DAY

Cops gather evidence. Dows steps on glass, CRACK. He
looks around his apartment.

Dows picks up a photograph. He looks at it. It is a crime
scene.

Beauvais is in the picture. In the back is the ELDERLY
WOMAN, standing in the corner like a ghost.

Dows wonders.

EXT. PARIS - STREETS - DAY

Kutchet's car drives.

KUTCHET (V.O.)
Why her?

DOWS (V.O.)
I have a suspicion.

KUTCHET (V.O.)
About an old woman?

DOWS (V.O.)
She's the only one that
has ever seen anything.
Davis said no witnesses.

KUTCHET (V.O.)
Maybe Parker didn't see her?

DOWS (V.O.)
Parker is good, John, he
was almost as good as me.
He doesn't miss anything.

Car makes a left turn and parks by the DINER.

Dows and Kutchet step out and walk to the door. Dows rings
the bell.

INT. APT BLOCK - SIXTH FLOOR - DAY

Dows knocks on apt 35b.

KUTCHET
Maybe she's out?

Dows checks under the mat for a key. He finds one and
opens the door.

They enter.

APT 35B - LOUNGE

Dows and Kutchet look around. Kutchet walks into the
bedroom. Dows checks the kitchen.

APT 35B - KITCHEN

Dows finds a bloodied kitchen knife.

APT 35B - BEDROOM

Kutchet picks up a wig. He finds fake skin, like realistic
masks.

KUTCHET
What the hell?

Kutchet opens a dresser drawer.

He rummages through the drawer.

APT 35B - KITCHEN

Dows opens cupboards and drawers. He searches under the sink and finds strips of paper and black paint.

APT 35B - BEDROOM

Kutchet pulls out a bag of bullet casings. He takes one out and inspects it.

KUTCHET
MP-eighteen rounds.

Kutchet wonders.

A gloved hand grabs a bust from the dresser. Kutchet inspects the casings.

WHACK, bust CRACKS over Kutchet's head and knocks him out.

APT 35B - KITCHEN

Dows pulls out a photograph. He sees Rachel, Jack, Harry, Adam and James Parker on an Oil Rig.

WHACK, Dows falls unconscious to the ground.

APT 35B - LOUNGE

Masked Man pours gasoline over the furniture. Dows and Kutchet sit tied in chairs with their backs against one another.

Masked Man drops the gasoline can. Dows stirs. Kutchet groans and wakes up.

THE KILLER
Welcome back to the land
of the living, detectives.

Kutchet struggles. Masked Man laughs.

THE KILLER (cont'd)
You did well.

Dows looks at the Masked Man.

DOWS

Parker.

THE KILLER

Dows.

Masked Man kneels down next to Dows and pulls out an M-1917.

THE KILLER (cont'd)

This gun has taken many lives. Guinevere Turner for example, did she squeal like a pig before I pulled the trigger.

DOWS

Why?

THE KILLER

Do I need a motive? No, a motive means I *planned this*. But this was not of my design. When I was away, I met someone, let me say she opened my eyes. Gave me a cause. A reason. Kill you, this ends.

KUTCHET

You talk too much, if you were going to kill us, you would've done it by now. You've had enough chances.

THE KILLER

True.

DOWS

All of this, just to get at me? For what, revenge?

THE KILLER

Revenge, no, redemption. You took away my life, Dows, I was a good cop.

DOWS

You were ruthless.

Masked Man stands.

THE KILLER

I got the job done! You failed! You would not take your brother down, so I took a stand and got the job done.

Dows looks on. Masked Man walks to the bedroom and grabs a Man, Adam, and throws him before Dows' feet.

THE KILLER (cont'd)

Meet Adam Saunders, consider him a martyr.

Masked Man shoots Adam in the back of the head. Blood splatters.

THE KILLER (cont'd)

Now it ends.

Masked Man points the gun at Dows.

THE KILLER (cont'd)

Just know I will have fun playing with Rachel.

DOWS

Rachel's alive?

THE KILLER

Indeed. You see, Dows, the body I hung, was Jessica's, her twin sister. Didn't see that one coming, did you, detective?

Dows scowls.

APT BLOCK - SIXTH FLOOR

Beauvais sneaks up with his gun drawn.

APT 35B - LOUNGE

KUTCHET

You are pathetic.

Masked Man points the gun at Kutchet.

THE KILLER

I think ahead, which is why
I know you sent for help.

Masked Man turns and shoots Beauvais in the chest. He hits the door and dies.

KUTCHET

You bastard.

THE KILLER

Goodbye, John.

Masked Man shoots Kutchet in the chest. He falls dead.

DOWS

No!

Masked Man returns to Dows and pulls out a box of matches.

THE KILLER

You however, will die in
flames. Poetic really,
just like your brother
you are denied a true
burial. Goodbye, Dows.

Masked Man lights a match and drops it. Couch catches fire. The fire spreads up the curtains.

Masked Man leaves.

Dows struggles and wiggles. He tries freeing himself.

Flames consume the room.

EXT. PARIS - APT BLOCK - DAY

Masked Man gets into the van and drives off. SMASH, windows break as smoke billows upward.

INT. APT 35B - LOUNGE - DAY

Dows gets a hand free. He frees himself and unties the ropes around his legs. He rushes to Kutchet and checks on him.

Dows grabs Kutchet's gun and leaves. Flames consume the apartment.

EXT. PARIS - APT BLOCK - DAY

Dows gets into Kutchet's car and drives away.

PARIS - STREETS

Van drives through oncoming traffic.

Kutchet's car drifts around the corner and gives chase.

The sun begins to set.

INT. VAN - DAY

Masked Man looks in the mirror.

THE KILLER

You just don't know when
to quit, Dows.

Masked Man puts his foot down.

EXT. PARIS - STREETS - DAY

Van skids around the corner and knocks a scaffolding down.
People fall.

Kutchet's car drifts around the corner. People avoid.

INT. KUTCHET'S CAR - DAY

Dows puts his foot down. He checks his ammo and focuses on
the road.

EXT. PARIS - STREETS - DAY

Van scrapes a car. Cars dodge. Kutchet's car scrapes the
side of multiple cars and speeds forward.

Van mounts the sidewalk. It hits a woman and sends her
flying.

Car mounts the sidewalk. HORN BEEPS. Car hurtles forward
and people dodge.

Van returns to the road and hurtles toward the Eiffel
Tower.

THE KILLER (V.O.)
Let's see how you deal
with this, Dows.

INT. VAN - DAY

Masked Man pulls the pin from a grenade and drops it out of the window.

EXT. PARIS - EIFFEL TOWER - DAY

Grenade detonates. A car flips over onto another. Kutchet's car avoids the grenades.

BOOM. Car turns away from the blast. BOOM. People go flying. BOOM. Car drifts around the corner. BOOM. Grenade explodes and sends a truck toward the car.

Dows rips the wheel left and avoids. Car destroys a fire hydrant.

Car mounts the sidewalk and hurtles forward. Van drives toward the bridge.

Van drives across the bridge.

Bridge begins to rise. Car hurtles toward it. A ferry approaches the bridge.

Car drives and jumps the bridge. It lands on the other side.

BOOM. Grenade detonates and flips the car over.

INT. VAN - DAY

Masked Man looks in the mirror. He sees Kutchet's car overturned.

THE KILLER
Goodbye, Dows.

EXT. PARIS - ABANDONED WAREHOUSE 2 - NIGHT

Van pulls in. Masked Man gets out and opens the warehouse. A few moments later he drags a woman with a sack over her head into the van.

Masked Man throws her into the back and closes the doors.

He gets into the van and drives off.

PARIS - STREETS

Dows limps down the sidewalk. He stops and looks around. He spots the Oil Rig across the sea.

Dows walks down to the docks.

PARIS - DOCKS

Van pulls in and parks. Dows takes cover behind tyres. Masked Man drags the woman out and drags her down the steps.

He sits her in a boat. Masked Man gets into the boat and drives toward the Oil Rig.

Dows walks down the steps and gets into a boat. He follows the other boat.

PARIS - OIL RIG

A mighty structure, very tall and wide sits dominantly in the sea. Masked Man parks up and ties the boat off.

He drags the woman onto the dock and shoves her up the stairs.

They enter the Oil Rig.

Dows arrives moments later. He clambers onto the dock and walks up the steps.

INT. OIL RIG - NIGHT

Masked Man sits the woman in a chair and turns on the lights.

THE KILLER

You are more trouble
then you're worth.

Masked Man backhands her. She YELLS for help. Masked Man places a gun to her head.

THE KILLER (cont'd)
Shut your mouth.

OIL RIG - LEVEL B

Dows slowly makes his way up the steps, clutching his stomach in pain.

He stops at the top and looks around.

OIL RIG

Masked Man reloads the M-1917. He places his hands either side of the shrine and begins worshipping it.

THE KILLER
I have performed as you intended.

Masked Man looks at the woman.

THE KILLER (cont'd)
She is all that remains.

Dows clicks his gun. Masked Man laughs.

THE KILLER (cont'd)
I see killing you is tougher than it appears.

DOWS
It's over.

THE KILLER
No. Not yet.

Masked Man aims the gun at the woman. Dows and the Masked Man circle the woman.

THE KILLER (cont'd)
How convenient you find yourself here. Standing once more between a killer and a victim.

DOWS
I see no victim, nor do I know why you worship the devil. All I see, is you and me. No one else dies.

THE KILLER

(sniggers)

You're an idiot, so blind
to the truth, I was not
talking to the devil, I
was talking to the one that
offered me this way out.

DOWS

You're insane.

Masked Man removes the woman's sack, revealing RACHEL.

Rachel whimpers.

THE KILLER

How do you save her?

DOWS

I kill you.

Dows shoots the Masked Man in the chest. He falls down.

Rachel sighs with relief. Dows cuts her bonds and removes her gag.

RACHEL

Robert, I -

DOWS

It's alright, it's okay,
you're safe now.

RACHEL

No we're not.

Dows looks at her. She stabs him in the shoulder with a knife. He falls back and looks down at the knife.

Rachel stands and smiles.

RACHEL (cont'd)

Pathetic.

Masked Man sits up and looks at her. Rachel picks up the gun and points it at Dows.

RACHEL (cont'd)

You played your part well,
detective. After all, we
made it easy for you. But
you didn't catch on.

Dows pulls the knife out. He covers the wound with his hand.

RACHEL (cont'd)
James gets his revenge, I
get my father's money and
the world will never know
the truth. Never saw it
coming, did you?

DOWS
Yeah. I did.

RACHEL
Really? How so?

DOWS
I realised the moment you
lied to me about James
Parker. I knew it was you,
I always did.

RACHEL
Yet you came here anyway.

DOWS
One thing I want to know.
How did Parker get the gun?

RACHEL
(smirks)
A little thing called
reinvention. He recreated
himself. Lots of father's
money mind you, to create
this stunning man. Baby.

Masked Man removes the mask, revealing LUDOVIC BEAUVAIS.

DOWS
You're dead.

BEAUVAIS
Blank bullet, I just acted
it out. And it worked
like a treat.

RACHEL
You see Dows, James could
offer me something you never
could. A way to gain my
father's money.

DOWS

You killed your brother and
sister for money?!

RACHEL

Yes. Everyone has a motive,
detective. Mine was my
father's money. And now it
is mine. And James' of course.

DOWS

She's using you, Parker.

BEAUVAIS

She loves me. She made me.
Without her I would be dead.

DOWS

Just listen! You cannot
trust her. She got what
she wanted. She doesn't
need you anymore.

Rachel smiles, Beauvais looks at her.

RACHEL

Sorry, but he is right.

BEAUVAIS

You said you loved me.

RACHEL

I lied.

Rachel shoots Beauvais in the chest. He falls dead to the
ground.

Rachel turns the gun on Dows. Dows laughs.

RACHEL (cont'd)

Something amuse you?

DOWS

Yeah.

RACHEL

What?

DOWS

Turn around.

Rachel turns around. Kutchet swings a BAT. She ducks.

Rachel shoots Kutchet in the shoulder. He falls down.

RACHEL

Absolutely pathetic, did you not think I saw that coming? I've been pulling the strings, Dows. Getting you in the right place and the right time. Harry Davis, my sister's fiancée, Jacques Lenoir, the bodies, the influence and Titanic. It was simple. So, so simple. You never anticipated it.

DOWS

I did. Which is why you should've shot him in the head.

KUTCHET

Dows, you dick.

RACHEL

I'll rearrange that miss.

Rachel shoots, click, empty. Rachel's eyes widen.

DOWS

Parker doesn't miss a trick, he knew you might screw him over.

RACHEL

You asshole. FUCK!

Dows gets up. Rachel runs. Dows chases her.

OIL RIG - LEVEL A

Rachel runs up the steps. Dows chases her. She kicks him down the steps. He scrambles to his feet and continues his pursuit.

EXT. PARIS - OIL RIG - TOP - NIGHT

Rachel teeters on the edge. Dows bursts through the door. Rachel edges out on the girder.

DOWS

It's over, Rachel.

RACHEL

I won't go to jail.

DOWS

You'll face the noose.
You killed too many people.

Rachel edges out further. She looks down at the raging waves.

Dows steps out onto the girder. He follows her.

DOWS (cont'd)

Why, Rachel? Your own family.

RACHEL

Get away. I'll jump.

DOWS

Just come to me. Please.
It doesn't have to end this way.

RACHEL

I just wanted the money.
He killed everyone. I never
killed anyone in my life.
It was James. He made me
like this.

Dows gets closer. She lets go of the support cable. He grabs her and reels her in. He embraces her.

DOWS

I will get you through this,
OK? But you can't take your
own life.

RACHEL

If I die. You die.

Rachel and Dows fall over the edge. Kutchet grabs Dows' wrist. Rachel dangles onto Dows' leg.

She pulls. Kutchet groans in pain.

KUTCHET

Climb up you old bastard.

Dows' sleeve RRRRIPPPS. Kutchet YELLS in pain. Rachel slips. Dows reaches for her.

DOWS

Give me your hand!

Rachel lets go. Dows grabs her hand. Rain begins to pour. Thunder CRACKS.

Rachel unclenches her fist and begins to slip. Her hand slips. Dows grabs hold of her fingers.

DOWS (cont'd)

Don't let go.

RACHEL

Goodbye, detective.

Rachel falls. Dows looks on. Rachel hits the water with ferocity and disappears in the waves.

Dows' sleeve rips. He grabs Kutchet's hand. Kutchet efforts and pulls Dows up. They fall back on the girder. Kutchet takes deep breaths.

DOWS

Thanks.

KUTCHET

Don't mention it.

Dows looks down at the sea. His eyes sink.

PARIS - DOCKS - DAY

Dows and Kutchet make their way up the steps.

KUTCHET

You know, I really don't
like this job.

Dows chuckles. Kutchet grabs at his shoulder.

SIRENS blare. Ambulances and police cars pull up.

Dupont rushes over.

DUPONT

Dows, what happened?

DOWS

We closed the case.

Dupont looks at Kutchet.

DUPONT

How many dead this time?

DOWS

Two. Ludovic Beauvais was one of them, well, James Parker.

DUPONT

Parker?

KUTCHET

Seems he wanted revenge, you're lucky Dows was on the case, chief.

DUPONT

You left a trail of dead bodies in your wake, if you hadn't turned in your badge I would've stripped it from you for your complete disregard for civilian safety.

DOWS

You know, I've wanted to say something to you for a very long time, chief.

DUPONT

What?

Dows punches Dupont in the face. Dupont hits the ground with a THUD.

Kutchet HISSES in pain. Dows flicks his fist.

DOWS

Shut up.

Dows and Kutchet walk away.

KUTCHET

Was that really necessary?

DOWS

No. I've just wanted to do that for a long time.

Kutchet laughs.

Kutchet and Dows walk away as the sun rises.

INT. APT 6 - LOUNGE - DAY

3 weeks later

Dows packs up boxes. Kutchet, with his arm in a sling, helps Dows pack.

Kutchet finds a picture of Dows and Alan. He packs it into a box. Dows and Kutchet approach the door.

The lounge is empty.

Dows and Kutchet leave. Dows closes the door.

EXT. PARIS - APT BLOCK - DAY

Dows packs boxes into the trunk of Kutchet's car. Kutchet gets into the car.

Dows approaches the passenger side door.

NIGHT CROW (V.O.)
Detective Dows.

Dows sees nothing. He gets into the car.

Car drives off down the street.

APT BLOCK - ROOFTOP - SUNSET

Crows swarm and form a man with a medallion.

NIGHT CROW
See you soon, detective.

Night Crow's eyes shine green along with the amulet.

CUT TO BLACK:

**ROBERT DOWS WILL RETURN IN:
NIGHT OF THE CROW**

RUN CREDITS