

DATE WITH DEATH

Written by

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FADE IN

INT. KELLY RESIDENCE. NIGHT 20/05/1998.

We see an average detached family home in the suburbs. Inside a rugged, anxious, middle aged father stands at the bottom of the stairs. JIMMY is wearing an old NYPD sweatshirt and is shouting up the stairs.

JIMMY

Ryan! Ryan! You're gonna be late,
get your ass down here and get
goin.

RYAN a twenty year old, chip off the block, runs down the stairs shoving items into a bag.

RYAN

OK, OK, I'm goin! Relax will ya
dad.

The pushy father follows his son around the house as he puts his coat and shoes on and makes his way to the front door.

JIMMY

You know these chances don't come
around often, and you don't want to
make yourself look bad by being
late, do ya?

RYAN

You mean, make you look bad?

JIMMY

Hey, you know how hard it is to get
an attachment on my team, even if
its only an over nighter.

RYAN

Don't worry, I won't let you down.

Father and son stop briefly at the back door.

JIMMY

OK, watch how ya go and keep safe.

RYAN

OK, see ya in the morning. Bye mom!

Jimmy's wife ROSIE joins her husband and her son. An attractive Irish lass smoking a cigarette.

ROSIE
See ya honey, good luck!

Ryan hugs his mom then his dad, then leaves the house with his proud parents watching him get into his car as they embrace each other.

ROSIE (CONT'D)
You shouldn't be so tough on him.

JIMMY
It's only cause I love him. I just want him to get on.

ROSIE
(sarcastic)
He will, he's not stupid - like his father!

Jimmy's wife kisses him and walks into another room. Jimmy continues to watch Ryan drive off up the road with a contented smile on his face that he keeps to himself.

JIMMY
Keep safe son, love ya.

OUTSIDE. MESSINA RESIDENCE. NIGHT

A child runs across a huge immaculate lit lawn. The child continues into a grand brick built mansion and runs through various inter connecting rooms. The child keeps running through an oak paneled corridor which is lined with fine art. The child arrives at a huge leather studded door and is shewed away by a doorman.

The door begins to close, but we continue inside, into an office. At the centre of the room is an antique mahogany desk.

Sat at the desk is the middle aged broad shouldered kingpin LUCA MESSINA. Luca's in his inner sanctum.

We see him finish writing two letters. Luca's right hand man TONY CASTELLI approaches the desk.

TONY
You ready? Its time.

LUCA
Yeah, I'm ready!

Luca seals the letters in separate envelopes and looks at his wrist watch. Tony is glued to his bosses every move. A grandfather clock strikes 22:00.

LUCA (CONT'D)

You have served me and my family well over the years Tony! Now you must promise me you will carry out my final orders.

TONY

Of course boss.

Luca nods his head and hands Tony the letters. Luca stands and embraces Tony in a brotherly manor. They kiss each other once on either cheek. They shake hands and Tony walks towards the door. Tony walks past a wooden book case and within the book case is a tiny covert hidden camera, that only we see.

INT. DISUSED RENTED APARTMENT 2 MILES AWAY. NIGHT

A small unfurnished apartment, houses two NYPD detectives THOMPSON and MASON on stakeout. The apartment is untidy and a dumping ground for fast food wrappers and used coffee cups. There is a fold up bed in the corner. Mason has headphones on and watches a small CCTV monitor that has the live feed from Messina's office. There is a knock at the door and Thompson approaches the door with his hand on his gun ready to draw. He looks through the spyglass.

THOMPSON

Hey Mase! MASON!! Our relief is here. It's Hodge and Jimmy's kid.

MASON

Let them in, I'm good to go.

Thompson lowers his gun and opens the door. In walks HODGKINS a seasoned middle aged detective followed by Ryan.

HODGKINS

Hey girls, how's it goin'?

THOMPSON

All the better you're here.

HODGKINS

You both know Ryan, Jimmy's kid?

MASON

How you doing kid? Who'd ya piss off to be with this miserable bastard all night?

Ryan smiles gingerly as Thompson laughs out loud. Hodgkins holds his stomach and does a mock laugh, typical police banter.

HODGKINS

Hey, what you laughing at kid. Can you believe this boys, his first night on stakeout, with the best team on the force, and with the best detective and he doesn't bring any coffee or donuts! Don't they teach stakeout rules anymore?

RYAN

(embarrassed)

Hodge I already explained that!

Thompson and Mason start to exit the apartment.

MASON

Ignore him kid, he's just yankin your chain. Have a nice night ladies, we're out of here. See ya!

THOMPSON

See ya guys. Hey say hi to your pop for me Ryan.

RYAN

Yeah sure. See ya.

Hodgkins and Ryan are left alone in the apartment. Hodgkins throws a bag onto the camp bed and Ryan stands in the middle of the room awaiting direction.

HODGKINS

Right kid first things first. You sit down there and don't take your eyes off that screen. I'm going out for coffee.

RYAN

But, what I do if something happens?

HODGKINS

What would you do normally? Wait for your partner and tonight your partner is me so just hold on. Anyway kid we have been watching Messina for weeks now and he's not the most exciting of gangsters!

(MORE)

HODGKINS (CONT'D)

Something happens put in an anonymous 911 call or worst case shout up on the radio. But don't worry I will be back in a couple of minutes. I'm sure you'll cope while I'm gone.

Ryan watches Hodgkins walk out the apartment and puts the headphones on and starts to watch the CCTV screen. Ryan listens and watches via the monitor, which shows Luca sitting at his desk facing the hidden camera.

INT. MESSINA'S OFFICE. NIGHT.

Luca sits at his desk, alone. He gets up and walks over to a CD player. He starts to play melodic classical piano music.

He goes to a drinks cabinet and pours himself a large one. He breaths heavily and his face can not hide his impending concern. He returns to his huge chair and takes a large gulp of his bourbon. His hand starts to shake as he lights an expensive cigar. Luca leans back in his chair and looks at the pictures of his family and ends up focusing on the only male, Gino. Luca raises his glass and takes a further large gulp unaware that his is still being watched.

LUCA

Salute! One day you will understand son.

Suddenly the lights in the office start to flicker and Luca's face changes from contentment to seriousness. The lights go out for a couple of seconds. The light comes back on and there is a hooded figure dressed in black stood behind Luca. Luca takes a long puff on his cigar, trying to calm his shaking hand. Luca senses that he's not alone. He's been joined by BADDON who remains still. Luca sits with his back to Baddon.

LUCA (CONT'D)

It's an honour to finally meet you!
Its been a long time coming, and before you do what you are best at, I must thank you for continuing the arrangement that has made this family so successful!

BADDON

The pleasures all mine!

Baddon stands over Luca's chair with his head lowered like a cobra waiting to strike it's next victim.

Baddon slowly moves the chair around so that they are facing. The chair shielding the cameras gaze.

BADDON (CONT'D)
Relax, I'll make it quick.

Baddon then places his gloved right hand around Luca's throat. Baddon pulls Luca close to him. Luca's eyes bulge and his scared face turns pale from looking at Baddon.

INT. DISUSED RENTED APARTMENT 2 MILES AWAY. NIGHT

Ryan in a voyeuristic like trance, watching the image from Luca's office. His view of Luca and Baddon is now obscured by the throne like chair and can only see Baddon hunched over Luca. The drink and cigar drop from either hand of Luca's flailing arms signal his life is being taken. Ryan finally comes to his senses and starts to fumble for his radio, but all the time his eyes still fixed on the monitor. Ryan sees Baddon rise and turn to leave, his head hanging low. Still an unknown faceless killer. But then there is a pause by Baddon and his head twists back and stares straight at the hidden camera.

The lights flicker again, Baddon now inches from the camera inspects the device and looks straight down the lens.

Ryan becomes fixated on Baddon's eyes looking into the camera.

Ryan then watches Baddon walk out of the patio doors.

Ryan presses the transmission button on his radio.

RYAN
Control this is Charlie Oscar five.
Can I.

Ryan stops. He pauses to think. He starts to panic.

DISPATCH OPERATOR (V.O.)
Oscar five your last message is
incomplete please repeat your
request.

RYAN
No message! No message control!

Ryan then picks up his cell and quickly calls Hodgkins. The call connects.

RYAN (CONT'D)

Hodg, you need to get back here!
Luca's dead! I saw all of it.

HODGKINS (V.O.)

Hey slow down kid, what do you mean
Luca's dead? I've only been gone a
minute!

RYAN

What should I do? Should I ask
dispatch to send a car?

HODGKINS (V.O.)

No, you can't do that! Use job the
cell in the apartment. Its not
registered. Call 911 and say you
were passing by the Messina place
that you heard gunshots from inside
then hang up! OK? You got it?

RYAN

Got it!

HODGKINS (V.O.)

Stay calm, I'm coming straight
back!

RYAN

OK.

Ryan puts down his phone and finds the cell phone Hodgkins told him to use. Occasionally looking at the monitor, which now only shows a deceased Luca sat rigid and ashen in his chair. Ryan takes a closer look at the screen. His attention drawn to the suspicious events.

Ryan finally dials 911.

RYAN (CONT'D)

Yeah police. Yeah I was just on
Dogleg Drive, Riverdale and I heard
some gun shots. Well no.. I didn't
see what happened but it was from
the Messina house, you should get
some cops there, someone been
killed!

Ryan hangs up and hears the door rattle.

RYAN (CONT'D)

Gee's Hodg that was quick!

Ryan gets up from his seat starts to open the apartment door.

RYAN (CONT'D)

Man, I'm glad you're back.

Ryan opens the door and a look of both shock and dread engulfs his face. The shadowy visitor is not Hodgkins but Baddon. Ryan tries to shut the door but Baddon puts his arm out and overpowers Ryan. Baddon removes a small weapon from his clothing and we see the glint of shinny steel. Ryan frantically moves towards the desk where his gun and radio are. He's too slow, Baddon takes a few steps and slays Ryan with clinical precision. Ryan drops to the floor instantly.

Baddon composes himself and houses his weapon, but still his actions are hidden. Baddon stands over Ryan instinctively knowing he has been dispatched. Baddon approaches the monitor and ejects the VHS cassette that captured images from Luca's office.

Baddon then places a small white flat smooth pebble on the desk supporting the video equipment. Baddon calmly walks out of the apartment leaving the door wide open and escapes.

We see Ryans eyes open, lifeless, coincidently looking at the monitor which shows the other life Baddon has taken.

We see Hodgkins, out of shape, trying to run up the last flight of stairs, he's exhausted.

HODGKINS

(Shouting)

RYAN, RYAN! You OK?

Hodgkins enters the room and can not believe the scene in front of him. Hodgkins takes a deep breath and approaches Ryan to check if still alive. Hodgkins becomes emotional and gets down on his hands and knees, try's to shake Ryan back to life.

HODGKINS (CONT'D)

Wake up kid, come on wake up!

Hodgkins notices one of his hands covered in blood. His eyes start to well up and he reaches for his radio.

HODGKINS (CONT'D)

Control emergency transmission,
officer down, repeat officer down.
This is Charlie Oscar five, send
medic urgently to our location.
Repeat medic required and other
units to our location.

Hodgkins finishes transmission and breaks down into uncontrolled tears.

Over his shoulder we see in the monitor which still shows Luca's office. Tony and two other guys respectfully move Luca like seasoned undertakers. Luca is taken out of the office.

We then see medics and other officers arriving at the apartment. Hodgkins is helped to his feet by colleagues as medics check on Ryan but there is nothing they can do. Everyone in the room is devastated by what they can see.

EXT. MESSINA RESIDENCE. NIGHT

Several police cars screech to a stop all with flashing lights on. After a few moments the large gates open and the police speed up the driveway. Cops get out of their cars guns drawn expecting a shoot out, but there's nothing.

Cops rush to make a visual check outside the mansion. But there is still nothing.

SGT JAMES a thirty something, straight taking guy, is flanked by four officers, all with guns ready. They jog towards the huge front door where Tony is stood, surrounded by his guys.

TONY

Problem, officer?

SGT JAMES

We've had reports of shots fired.
What can you tell me?

Tony's face surprised and annoyed at the police disturbing him. Sgt James picks up on the bad vibes.

TONY

Nothing, everything's fine. It must
be some false report.

The Sgt James and Tony are now face to face in door way, there is a stand off. Tony gives the Sgt his 1000 yard stare.

TONY (CONT'D)

I think you and your officers
should leave! Your not welcome
here... and don't you need a
warrant or something?

The Sgt James steps closer to Tony, now nose to nose and replies with the same attitude that he was met with.

SGT JAMES

Unless you want this place to become cop central I suggest you let me in to look around. If it checks out then we go! Understand?

After a brief pause TONY concedes and moves out of the SGT'S way. The SGT walks into the house and comes level with TONY

SGT JAMES (CONT'D)

And no... I don't need a warrant!

Cops enter the house.

A black limousine speeds onto the drive way. The back door is open before the car stops. A startled Gino jumps out, his face can't hide the shock and disgust of police at his family home. Tony and Gino head toward each other like freight trains.

GINO

What the fuck are they doing here?
What's happened!

Tony stops Gino in his tracks. Holding him back.

TONY

Gino, Gino! Its your pop. He's, he's dead. It just happened, about five minutes ago.

Gino still in shock at police, looks into the eyes of his fathers right hand man. Gino is devastated.

GINO

What? How?

TONY

It was a heart attack or something, the doctors on his way!

GINO

Did they do it?

TONY

No he died before they got here.

GINO

Then what the fuck are they doin here?

TONY

They said they got a call from
someone, saying they heard
gunshots, its a fishing trip,
ignore them they will be gone in a
minute. Come with me your pop is
upstairs.

GINO

Get rid of these ass holes! Now!

Gino walks inside the house and is followed by Tony and goes upstairs.

INT. MESSINA RESIDENCE. NIGHT

Cops check the house, constantly escorted by Messina men. Rooms are checked and all in the house is calm. The cops begin to relax.

Sgt James comes into Luca's study. He senses something's not right. He's suspicious and wants answers, so goes looking for Tony.

Tony and Gino are in Luca's bedroom. The door is open and a shaft of light from the hallway intrudes into the darkness. Luca lays on the bed in state.

Tony stands a few feet from the door. On his knees, Gino holds Luca's hand. Gino looks at his father. Gino can see that the last few moments were painful, unnatural almost.

GINO

How did it happen?

TONY

Heart attack I think!
It was just so quick, he didn't
feel anything.
The doctors should be here any
second!

Reluctantly Gino accepts the account. He kissed his fathers forehead. They have a lingering moment. Gino gets up and approaches Tony, who acknowledges his new boss with a subservient nod.

Gino aware that his succession is sealed gives his first order.

GINO

Tony, get those fucking cops out of my house, so that my father can rest in peace.

TONY

Yes boss.

Sgt James finally ends up outside Luca's bedroom. Tony walks into the hallway and again they're face to face . Gino remains in the room.

TONY (CONT'D)

You found anything officer?

SGT JAMES

Nothing! Just one more room to check.

Sgt James points to Luca's room.

TONY

You won't be checkin in there!

SGT

Hey, I ain't no rookie, I know something has gone on here tonight. What don't you want me to see?

TONY

Mr Messina senior, has sadly passed away tonight and we would appreciate some respect and privacy.

Sgt James stares at Tony, trying to figure out the truth.

SGT

That's unfortunate. But I have to check. As long as it isn't a blood bath in there, we'll leave.

Tony begrudgingly moves aside again. Sgt James quietly probes the room. Gino undisturbed is sat at the end of Luca's bed. Sgt James also notices Luca corpse appears haunted. He withdraws to the hallway.

SGT (CONT'D)

OK, were goin. But I'm requesting a Post Mortum. Something ain't right.

TONY
 Officer, don't do that. It will
 just cause problems. You don't want
 any problems? Do ya?

Undaunted Sgt James walks past Tony and leaves the house with his colleagues.

EXT. DISUSED RENTED APARTMENT. NIGHT

The apartment's a crime scene. CSI's, medics and cops everywhere. Hodgkins is stunned. His boss Lt Wagner storms over to Hodgkins, in regulation cheep suite and moustache.

LT WAGNER
 (Annoyed)
 What the hell happened Hodge? Where were you?

HODGKINS
 (Upset)
 I, I, was gone for two minutes. I went for coffee and now he's gone. I fucked up!

LT WAGNER
 What else Hodgkins, what else happened?
 I can't tell Jimmy that you went to get coffee and now his kid's dead!

HODGKINS
 I'll tell Jimmy! I fucked up, so I'll tell him.

EXT. JIMMYS RESIDENCE NIGHT

Hodgkins is accompanied by a uniformed officer and LT. They knock the door. Jimmy wakes up, looks out the window. Jimmy wakes up Rosie. Jimmy and Rosie quickly open the door. They see Hodgkins with his head bowed in shame.

Jimmy and Rosie, straight away understand why Hodgkins is there. They cry uncontrollably, sinking to their knees, consoling each other. They're destroyed.

JIMMY
 (crying)
 I'll get them baby. I'll get them and they'll pay for what they did to our boy.

PRESENT DAY.

INT. UPTOWN EXECUTIVES BOARDROOM. DAY

Gino chairs a small meeting of eight. He's now a multinational CEO and government agency head hybrid. He's slightly greying. Power and wealth has made him even more arrogant. Present are lawyers and advisors. Gino's bored, all the dialogue is directed at towards him. He daydreams.

LAWYER

(nervous)

Furthermore sir, if this were to go ahead then it would have serious legal implications on the organization.

Gino's assistant STANLEY, who's more politicians mandarin than gangsters right hand man, pipes up.

STANLEY

Sir, what Tom is trying to say is that should Senator Malcom get his way, then the organization as we know it will either have to cease or face a massive criminal investigation, or even worse, both!

Gino's daydream is broken and is back on point. He stares imposingly at Stanley.

GINO

No! I don't think so! I'm not letting an over ambitious senator ruin everything that I and my father, worked so hard for! It won't happen!

The atmosphere becomes tense.

STANLEY

OK, so do you want us to prevent it?

GINO

You'll continue to obtain an interim court order. I'll sort out the rest.

(MORE)

GINO (CONT'D)

This time next week everything will be fine, you'll see. OK, that it for today people.

The meeting ends and the staff leave with the exception of the Stanley. The mood lightens. Stanley approaches Gino.

STANLEY

Sir, one last thing. With your birthday being a few days away, we were wondering, if we could have a small celebratory drink, one of the evenings next week?

I know your having your party this weekend, but the staff would like to mark the occasion with you also. To show their respect!

GINO

No! I don't think so! I'm busy all week.

STANLEY

Oh, I understand sir, thank you anyway.

Stanley leaves, but Gino remains, alone, seated. He pauses for a moments. He shakes his head in cynicism. We see his social discomfort.

Gino opens his wallet and gets out a business card with only a phone number on. He picks up a land line phone, dials the number, it connections.

GINO

Hello, it's Mr Messina. Yes you can help me. No this time it's a Senator! Malcom is his name. Do you know him? He'll have tight security, but nothing to cause you problems. OK? And your service is always appreciated.

Gino puts the phone down. He looks at the photo of his father on his desk, with a little smile.

GINO (CONT'D)

(smug)
Problem solved!

EXT. SENATOR MALCOM'S RESIDENCE. DAY

Baddon stands motionless under a tree on the boundary of the property. He is in the shadows surveying the layout and movements of security staff. We see slightly more of his clothing and frame. Baddon wears an old tatty black leather jacket, a faded black hooded top, faded black jeans and black gloves. Baddon's face is still hidden. He's tall, thin, wiry.

He moves towards the house, gliding past and behind people undetected. They should notice him, but he passes, unnoticed by like a gentle breeze.

INT. SENATOR MALCOM'S STUDY. DAY

The senator's working at a large wooden desk in his vast study. An overweight, middle aged suit, trying to relax in, casual clothes. The blinds are almost shut too, making the room dark. There is a light rattle at the door. He continues looking down at his desk writing. We see Baddon, now inside the house, listening at the door, for Malcom's movements.

SENATOR MALCOM

Enter!

After a brief moment there is another shake at the door.

SENATOR MALCOM (CONT'D)

(louder)

Yes, enter!

Malcom continues writing but when nobody enters he looks up from his desk. He stands up and walks to the door to find out who's bothering him.

SENATOR MALCOM (CONT'D)

(muttering)

For god sake, can't people open doors now?

Malcom opens the large study door and there is nobody there. He pops his head out of the door and looks side to side and there is nobody in the long hallway. A confused frown crosses Malcom's face and closes the door to continue his work in peace. As he turns, no more than a foot in front of him is Baddon. Malcom is stunned as they come face to face. Baddon cloaked by his hood slowly raises his left hand and places it around Malcom's throat. Malcom's choking, speechless and fearful, stares at Baddon. Baddon ice cold and intimidating.

BADDON

(softly)

This is a from Messina.

Baddon looks down to his right hand which is holding his bladed weapon. Malcom looks down also. Baddons's grip getting tighter immobilizing Malcom. Baddon plunges the blade into Malcom's torso. Malcom quickly fades and Baddon cushions Malcom's fall to the floor. Baddon stands over Malcom almost guarding his kill, then he withdraws his blade, wipes it on Malcom's suit and secures it. Baddon walks towards the door. He stops at a small side table next to the door and places a small, white, smooth pebble on it behind a plant pot. Baddon leaves the building, as he entered, unnoticed.

INT. JIMMYS APARTMENT. DAY

An alarm clock goes off Jimmy wakes up. He's now grey, fat, middle aged. He sits up and composes himself. He looks across to his side table and there are two pictures one of Ryan and one of Rosie. Jimmy kisses his index finger and touches Rosie's photo and then does to same to Ryan's.

JIMMY
(sleepy)
Morning you two.

He stares at the photos.

He starts to get teary eyed, so gets up and goes to the bathroom. We follow him around the small apartment as he gets up.

Jimmy's existing, alone, and its reflected in his sparse apartment and basic furniture. Jimmy gets dressed and looks ready to go to work. We see him putting on his gun holster and police badge and lanyard.

Jimmy walks into the spare bedroom. The blind two thirds down, its dark. We see Jimmy sit at a small desk facing a wall. On the desk are files and paperwork. On the wall straight ahead are photos, pictures and newspaper clippings. Its obvious this is were Jimmy spends most of his time. On the desk, pride of place is a photo of Ryan.

Jimmy starts going through various papers and talks RYAN's photo.

JIMMY (CONT'D)
Oh, just so you know, I am not really getting any where with the cross referenced search of the other vic's with abdominal lacerations! But I am gonna to keep going, something will turn up....
(MORE)

JIMMY (CONT'D)

That reminds me, I was talking this guy who works in audio analysis that says they can now review recordings on any format, so I was thinking I might submit the original 911 call, you never know!

Jimmy stops and stares at Ryan's face. His eyes well up with emotion.

JIMMY (CONT'D)

(weeping)

I miss you and your mom so much. When I promised her, that I'd get who killed you, I meant it! You know that, don't you? Then we can all be together!

Ryans's murder s Jimmy's obsession. He pulls himself together.

JIMMY (CONT'D)

(optimistic)

I'm tellin you, I've got a really good feeling about this now! You'll see. That break I keep talking about, it's just around the corner!

Jimmy takes a lingering look at Ryan's photo,

JIMMY (CONT'D)

I don't think I am going to be much use today, so I'm goin to work.... See you later kid.

Jimmy leaves the apartment for work.

INT. NYPD ORGANISED CRIME DEPT HQ. DAY

Jimmy crosses the foyer of his office block. The HQ for police force's Organized Crime Dept. It has the appearance of a general office building.

Jimmy goes up a few flights in the elevator. He acknowledges other co-workers, he's friendly but distant.

Jimmy walks into his teams office, an open space with various workstations and other detectives at work. Its loud, phone calls, discussions of cases, banter all going on.

Jimmy approaches his file strewn desk which is one desk of 4 all facing each other.

Jimmy settles into his desk for the day. He turns his computer on and checks the various messages left on his note pad on his desk.

Opposite Jimmy arrives DELASKO, Jimmy's colleague and friend. Delasko is a few years younger than Jimmy, short, stocky, to many donuts. Like Jimmy he's old school. They both start to login.

DELASKO
(sarcastic)
What happened, did ya shit the bed?

JIMMY
Very funny. I just had some stuff I had to go through so I thought I would come in early.

DELASKO
Well your makin me look bad.

JIMMY
No you do that yourself!

Delasko sits down and gives Jimmy the middle finger.

DELASKO
Well the first round's on you later.

JIMMY
We'll see!

DELASKO
Come on, you said you would come for a drink last week! Remember? The game! Come on, it's not like you have got to get back for anything!

Jimmy stares at Delasko, who's over stepped the mark.

DELASKO (CONT'D)
I'm sorry I didn't mean it like that. I just meant that its OK to have a life. You know!

JIMMY
(forgiving)
I know, we'll see. Did ya see the boss on your way in.

DELASKO
Na, isn't he in his office?

Jimmy looks over to Lt JOHNSON's corner office.

DELASKO (CONT'D)
Why d'ya wanna know?

JIMMY
He wanted to have a talk.

DELASKO
About what?

JIMMY
Do I look like a mind reader? How
the hell should I know!

DELASKO
Maybe he wants to know when you
became a wise ass. That reminds me
it's your turn to get coffee so
don't let the door hit you on the
way out.

LT JOHNSON walks into the room, he's tall and fair-haired,
firm but respected by his officers. Johnson walks straight to
his office. Delasko spots his arrival.

DELASKO (CONT'D)
Jim, the boss has landed.

The other two members of the team approach. Simon CHOI a mid
twenties Korean/American collage grad the baby of the bunch.
And Joan CLARKE a forty year old mom and wife, the matriarch
of the team.

JIMMY
Si, just in time to get me and Del
coffee.

DELASKO
You two walking in together will
start rumors!

CHOI
Does everyone want their usual?

There is a collective agreement and Choi walks off to get
drinks.

DELASKO
Hey Joanie, I didn't know you liked
younger guys?

JILL

If the choice is you or Simon, I'll go for Simon every time!

DELASKO

You've no idea what you missing!

Jimmy smiles at the banter. It's a tight team, there's respect and good spirit.

Jimmy gets up and walks to Lt Johnson's office entrance. The door is open and Jimmy pokes his head in.

JIMMY

Hey boss, you wanna have that talk now?

LT JOHNSON

Hey Jimmy, yeah sure, come on in, close the door.

They sit down face to face with only a desk between them.

JIMMY

So what have I done wrong now?

LT JOHNSON

No, no it's not that kind of talk.

JIMMY

Come on boss you can be straight with me.

LT JOHNSON

Well, the bean counters upstairs are looking at budgets, as they do, and they're trying to reduce head count. They have asked all Lieutenants if there's anyone looking to take retirement. So, what about it?

JIMMY

I think I still have a few years left in me. I can still do the job and I am enjoying it, so.

LT JOHNSON

Jimmy, when you join the team six years ago, you needed closure. But we haven't had a break through in a long time.

(MORE)

LT JOHNSON (CONT'D)

Now I want to find Ryan's killer as much as you, but do you really think its going to happen, after all these years?

JIMMY

Boss the reason I moved to the organised crime unit and requested the Messina team was for Ryan. I wouldn't be here if I thought it was pointless.

LT JOHNSON

I just get the feelin it's eating away at you, and in the end there will be nothing left. Since Rosie died the job has become your life, the extra hours, taking case files home!

Jimmy looks surprised that his boss knows what he's being doing.

LT JOHNSON (CONT'D)

Which I have made an exception for. I mean, I had to call in favours just to get you on the team.

JIMMY

I know, and I'm grateful.

LT JOHNSON

Just make sure it doesn't consume you.

JIMMY

I get where your coming from but believe me, I'm OK. You'd have more to worry about if I wasn't here!

LT JOHNSON

What does that mean?

There is a sudden knock at the office door. Jimmy and Johnson turn to look who it is. At the door is CAPTAIN JACK BRINGER, a short, stuck up senior manager, with the kind of face you would like to punch. Bringer looks immaculate in his uniform.

Bringer impatiently opens the door and interrupts the heartfelt conversation. Bringer's in a rush.

CAPT BRINGER

Lieutenant a word. In private!

LT JOHNSON

Of course sir. Jim we will finish up later.

JIMMY

OK boss.

Jimmy makes a quick retreat with an acknowledgement of Bringer.

JIMMY (CONT'D)

Sir.

Jimmy closes the door and makes his way back to his desk. Bringer is pissed off as normal, and paces in front of Johnson. Johnson gives Jimmy a concerned look as he walks back to his desk.

CAPT BRINGER

Johnson, why are there so many detectives in the office? Shouldn't they be out there, on the streets!

LT JOHNSON

Sir, they are all hard at it, I assure you. Computer enquiries, phone calls, paperwork, its a huge part of the job now.

CAPT BRINGER

Anyway that's not why I am here. There has been a murder! Yes, I know, its not a case for OCD. However, the victim's Senator Malcom!

Johnson now alert, hangs on Bringer's every word.

CAPT BRINGER (CONT'D)

As we speak there's FBI and Homicide detectives traveling to the scene, along with god knows how many news crews. Now, because of the recent allegations that have come out regarding Malcom's connections to the Messina family I want detectives from this department to support Homicide and assist the bureau! For a couple of days I'm going to be under the spot light from the commissioner, so I don't want any screw ups! Understand Johnson?

LT JOHNSON
Crystal clear sir.

CAPT BRINGER
I will expect a full update
tomorrow morning.

Bringer leaves the office like it's on fire.

LT JOHNSON
(sarcastic)
Yeah, good day to you sir!

Johnson stands in his doorway and catches the attention of Delsako. Johnson signals for the whole team to come to his office.

The team gather and make their way into the office and the door closes.

DELSAKO
Hey boss, what did the little tight
ass have to say?

LT JOHNSON
Captain Bringer's informed me that
there's been a high profile murder.

CLARKE
What's that got to do with us?

LT JOHNSON
It's Senator Malcom! The captain
wants two from our team at the
senators home, to support Homicide.
Jimmy, Joan your up. The FBI will
be there, so try and get as much
out of them as you can.

JIMMY
Sure, were on it.

LT JOHNSON
Choi you start on the hi tech
enquiries and Del make a few phone
calls, see if anyone's heard
anything. I think it's gonna be a
late one guys!

The team leave the office to complete their tasks.

EXT. SENATOR MALCOM'S RESIDENCE. NIGHT

Jimmy and Clarke arrive at Senator Malcom's house. The world's there, cops, CSI's, agents, news reporters, everyone.

INT. SENATOR MALCOM'S RESIDENCE. NIGHT

Jimmy and Clarke are met by a colleague in the hallway. SGT HERRERA a Hispanic, trench coat wearing detective. They get friendly.

CLARKE

Hey there, Detective Clarke and this is Detective Kelly, were from Organized Crime.

SGT HERRERA

Detective Sgt Hererra, homicide! I don't know why, but my boss told me to expect you! Wanna to let me in on the secret?

CLARKE

Likewise Sarge, I imagine were here because of the recent rumors about the senator.

Hererra clueless, looks at Clarke. Jimmy starts to nosey around the hallway.

CLARKE (CONT'D)

His links to the Messina family. We're the dedicated Messina team over at O C G. Sounds like the powers above think the murder is linked some how.

SGT HERRERA

OK. Did you guys know that the fed's are here?

CLARKE

Really, what's their angle?

Sgt Herrera gets his note book out.

SGT HERRERA

I was hoping you could tell me? They're agents Vern and Peters, from I O C ?

CLARKE

Italian Organized Crime. Like us but they investigate at a federal level. We don't have much to do with them.

SGT HERRERA

Well if that not enough we got some guy from Secret Service here to! I didn't even get a name from that guy.. Stuck up prick!

CLARKE

What he say?

SGT HERRERA

Nothing, he ain't said a word. I was told this guy's here just to observe and make sure its a one off and there no threat to the president and other senators.

CLARKE

Have any of them said anything?

SGT HERRERA

No I stalled them. I said I was waitin for you guys and that it would be better to have everyone in the room at the same time.

CLARKE

How was he killed?

SGT HERRERA

Well I ain't no coroner, but it looks like a blades been used, thrust into the bottom of the ribs and then slashed across the torso. The senator would of been dead in seconds. I'll warn you its quite bloody in there, he's been cut up pretty bad.

Jimmy hears the MO and suddenly becomes interested, but keeps quiet.

CLARKE

Can we have a look round and speak to the agents?

SGT HERRERA

Sure. Follow me.

The three detectives enter the study.

SGT HERRERA (CONT'D)
Normally I wouldn't let you all
into the scene like this, but
captains orders are orders.

The detectives see the corpse, in a pool of dark red blood.
Jimmy starts visualizing Ryan's murder scene.

Agents VERN and PETERS, in standard company men attire, are
whispering to each other in a dark corner of the room. HEPP
from Secret Service is sat at the desk, typing on his smart
phone. Displaying his ex military detachment like a badge.

SGT HERRERA (CONT'D)
Agent Vern, Agent Peters, this is
detectives Clarke and Kelly from
organised crime. And as for agent?

HEPP
Hepp, it's Agent Hepp. Can we get
started now, O'Hara, I don't enjoy
looking at dead people.

SGT HERRERA
(annoyed)
It's Hererra! As I was saying to my
colleagues, its better we share
everything at once! So what do we
know agents?

HEPP
Why are the FBI and detectives,
from organized crime, interested in
this murder?

VERN
Well I could ask why secret service
are here, but I won't get a
straight answer! So I'll recap.
Two week ago, an anonymous
political activist, revealed that
Senator Malcom, has for many years
been on the Messina payroll. Malcom
was willing to vote for, or against
whatever would be beneficial to the
Messina family business. He also
exerted influence at local and
national level to assist the
Messina family.

PETERS

The activist caused a lot of shit for the Senator! Due to his upcoming re election, Mr Malcom wanted to rescue his image. So last week he, unexpectedly voted against legislation that would have made possible, for the Messina's to transfer assets over to a holdings corporation.

VERN

It would of allowed the Messina outfit, to go legitimate.

SGT HERRERA

So the senator voted against the Messina's and now he's dead, that's what your saying?

VERN

Yeah, but we are here because of something else! I trust what we say won't leave the room?

There's a nod from everyone else present.

VERN (CONT'D)

For many years now the FBI have been looking at multiple unsolved assassinations with links to the Messina's.

PETERS

Our research shows every so often a high profile murder takes place. Mob bosses, high court judges, corporate executives or politicians. There all on the list. With each murder the Messina's benefit. Then, with all due respect, the local cops can't solve the murder because the killer.

VERN

The hitman!

PETERS

Whatever you want to call him, the guy is a true pro. Before you know it, the case gets buried, there are no new leads or lack of budget, whatever!

VERN

We estimate that there have been around 30 hits carried out by this one guy. 31 if you include the senator.

CLARKE

What, so, this is a serial?

VERN

Maybe!

PETERS

We are not confirming that either way. The party line is the FBI are informing fellow law enforcement agencies of the possibility of the killer and of the link to the Messina family. What you conclude is down to the NYPD!

SGT HERRERA

Oh great! Not only have I got a dead senator on my hands, but your telling me the killer might be some shit hot assassin that the FBI haven't been able catch in twenty years?

VERN

No, make it fifty years!

SGT HERRERA

Fifty!

PETERS

Vern! It's fair to say that similar hits have been carried out for a very long time. How long? We don't know!

VERN

It appears it's that ability, to take out anyone, that's made them the most powerful crime family in the country.

Jimmy is dazed and confused he can't take it all in. He manages to contain his feelings, he keeps visualizing the photos from Ryan's crime scene and comparing them the dead senator on the floor.

SGT HERRERA
 Don't you have a name? Or any ideas
 about this guy?

PETERS
 Nothing. Apart from his MO!

VERN
 He's invisible!

HEPP
 Well that was a nice bedtime story.
 There is nothing for Secret Service
 here.

Hepp quickly walks out the room, annoyed.

SGT HERRERA
 (softly)
 Good riddance ... Asshole!

PETERS
 Well I hate to break up the party
 but we have got to be somewhere
 else to.

SGT HERRERA
 Well if you can send me anything
 you got, case files, anything, it
 would be appreciated.

PETERS
 I'll see what I can do. Come on
 Vern.

The agents exit the room just leaving just the detectives.

SGT HERRERA
 What ya think?

CLARKE
 I think your not gettin home late.

Jimmy finally breaks his silence.

JIMMY
 We'll need a copy of everything you
 have about this one and a copy of
 everything the FBI send you! Will
 that be a problem?

SGT HERRERA
 No. I'm gonna need as much help as
 I can get on this.

JIMMY

OK well give us a call if you get any leads. I'm sure we can work together on this one.

SGT HERRERA

Sure, no problem.

Jimmy and Clarke head towards the door.

CLARKE

We'll leave you to it, we are just getting in the way here!

Jimmy opens the door as he turns to say goodbye, he notices the smooth stone on the table. It paralyzes Jimmy. Clarke notices something is wrong.

CLARKE (CONT'D)

You OK Jim?

Jimmy's face reflects his thought, that Ryans killer is responsible for the senators murder.

CLARKE (CONT'D)

You look like you have seen a ghost!

JIMMY

I need some air. See ya outside.

Jimmy almost runs out of the house.

EXT. SENATOR MALCOMS RESIDENCE. NIGHT

Jimmy's throwing up next to the car. Clarke meets up with him.

CLARKE

Jimmy, you OK?

JIMMY

Yeah... its been a while since I saw a stiff. You drive, I'll be fine.

CLARKE

OK but its late. I think I should drop you off at yours.

Clarke and Jimmy get into the car and drive away.

EXT. JIMMYS RESIDENCE. NIGHT

Clarke stops the car outside Jimmy's apartment.

CLARKE

You sure your OK Jim? You've hardly said a word on the way back.

JIMMY

Don't worry about me... I guess I'm gettin to old for this shit.

CLARKE

Tell me about it!

JIMMY

See you in the morning.

CLARKE

Night Jim.

Jimmy gets out of the car and Clarke pull off and Jimmy waves. He enters his apartment block.

INT. JIMMYS RESIDENCE NIGHT.

Jimmy opens the door his hand is now shaking. He walks in to the apartment. As soon as the door is shut he breaks down in tears. The emotion of Ryans death is still raw.

He manages to compose himself after a few moments.

Jimmy walks in to the kitchen. He opens a wall cupboard, up high, reaches into the back and pulls out a small unopened bottle of booze. Jimmy grabs a glass and opens the bottle and pours a decent drink.

Jimmy knocks back half the glass. He composes himself more and takes in a few deep breaths.

Jimmy picks up the glass and bottle and walks in to the spare room.

He sits down at his desk and looks at Ryans photo.

JIMMY

You know I don't normally son, but I'm making an exception tonight!

Jimmy leans forward and pours more bourbon drink. He knocks down another mouth full. Jimmy sits back, slightly more relaxed and pours a third. He looks at Ryan's photo again.

JIMMY (CONT'D)
 I saw him tonight son! Not his
 face, not what he looks like, but
 what he does and what he's capable
 of what he did to you!

Jimmy starts to weep.

JIMMY (CONT'D)
 I should of been there for you son!
 I should of had your back!
 I should of protected you!

A guilt ridden Jimmy wipes the tears from his eyes, then
 takes another drink.

JIMMY (CONT'D)
 I should of protected you, like a
 good dad should. I let you down
 son!

Jimmy cries out, his deep pain evident. He takes a moment to
 sort himself out.

JIMMY (CONT'D)
 (angry)
 Well you know I said "something
 will come up".
 Well.. fuck me! It sure did.
 It sure did!
 He's still out! The mother fucker,
 he's out there, doing his thing!

Jimmy takes another drink. He shifts from talking to Ryans
 photo to talking to himself.

JIMMY (CONT'D)
 (defiant)
 But I'm on to him now, I'm really
 onto him.
 And I'm gonna get the bastard, if
 it's the last thing I do!
 I don't give a shit.

Jimmy takes another drink and runs his hands through his
 hair.

JIMMY (CONT'D)
 I need to get my head around
 this... I'm going to bed.

Jimmy gets up out of the chair. As he stands up he looks down one more time at the photo.

JIMMY (CONT'D)
Good night son. I love you.

Jimmy leaves the room.

INT. MESSINA RESIDENCE. NIGHT

Gino is sat slouching at the desk in the study where his father died. The lay out is different but the furniture and the atmosphere are the same. Gino's reading documents. There is a knock at the door.

GINO
Enter

STANLEY
Sir, there are reports on TV that
Malcom is dead.

Gino's stops reading, a rye smile crosses his face. He looks up at Stanley.

GINO
Really, how unfortunate. What
happened?

STANLEY
They said he died at home, but they
don't know any more than that.

GINO
Thanks for telling me.

STANLEY
No problem sir.
There's something else!

GINO
Well come on, I haven't got all
night!

STANLEY
It's Tony, your fathers.

GINO
Yeah, I know who Tony is.

STANLEY
He's being moved to hospital.

GINO
Not the prison infirmary?

STANLEY
No his condition is really bad.
He's going to First Memorial
Hospital.

Gino sits up, with a concerned look on his face.

GINO
OK, if there is any change tell me,
immediately!

STANLEY
Of course.

Stanley leaves the room. Gino looks a little concerned but after a few seconds continues to read his document.

INT. ORGANISED CRIME DEPT. DAY

Jimmy and his team mates enter Lt Johnson's office. Jimmy is focused, in the zone and last nights emotion gone. The team gather around the desk for a debrief

LT JOHNSON
OK guys what did you find out?

JIMMY
The senator was butchered and as
yet no leads.

CLARKE
But the fed's say, the guy
responsible is some top notch hit
man that has been working for the
Messina's for years.

JIMMY
Yeah maybe twenty, thirty years.

DELASKO
So who is he?

JIMMY
Fed's don't know, they've got
nothing!

CLARKE
The guys a shadow!

LT JOHNSON

So are we going to be able to link the Messina's to this?

CLARKE

Unless we catch this guy and he admits to working for the them.

JIMMY

You won't get a confession out this guy. It's gonna be hard for us to get him, but he's the break though we've been waiting for.

LT JOHNSON

Well our job is convicting the Messina outfit, not this killer. That's for homicide!

Johnson rebukes Jimmy with a quick look.

LT JOHNSON (CONT'D)

Choi did you get anything from phones or tech?

CHOI

I'm still running some checks, but until I get a starting point, nothing.

LT JOHNSON

What about you Del?

DELASKO

The word on the street, has lost it's voice, nothing!

Johnson leans back in his chair and puts his hands behind his head alpha male style, he's getting frustrated.

LT JOHNSON

Well there must be some link guys! I don't believe in coincidences! The senator causes some shit for the Messina's and then a few days later he's dead? No! No, I don't think so! The hit must of come from them. There must be a link!

JIMMY

And there will be boss. But if we turn things around on this one and go after this guy, maybe he'll lead us to the Messina's.

(MORE)

JIMMY (CONT'D)

NYPD have been trying to shut down the Messina's for years ever since I remember, and we ain't never got close! If what the fed's say is true then the Messina's and this guy are in it up to their eyeballs. Go after him and get the Messina's along the way.

The whole team pause for thought at Jimmy's pitch. Johnson and Jimmy stare at each other. There is tension.

LT JOHNSON

We'll keep that suggestion under review for.

Jimmy interrupts his obsession to catch Ryan's killer starts to take over.

JIMMY

But boss we've got to this guy.

Johnson raises his voice over Jimmy's

LT JOHNSON

For a couple of days. Something else has come up.

There is silent tension again.

LT JOHNSON (CONT'D)

You said something about getting lucky, well maybe we've caught a break. Its Tony Castelli! He's been moved into critical care. Department of Corrections say he may not last the night.

DELASKO

Wow, the mean old bastards finally gonna die! I can't believe he's lasted so long, he must be what eighty now.

LT JOHNSON

He's been lucky, given his line of work.

DELASKO

We'll good riddance, cop killing piece of shit.

The tension goes up on notch. Delasko simmers.

LT JOHNSON

OK Del! Can we all keep focused please!

DELASKO

Sorry boss, but that fucking scum bag killed my partner, so you'll excuse me if I don't send him a basket of fruit!

LT JOHNSON

We know Del. Bobby Sykes was a friend of mine to. We all know what he did, settin up the squad, back in the day, but lets keep our heads, OK?

DELASKO

OK boss.

A bit of calm returns to the room.

LT JOHNSON

Now the plan is were gonna send someone in to speak to Castelli while he's still able to.

CLARKE

What makes you think he's gonna talk?

LT JOHNSON

Were gonna go in as a priest! Give him his last rites. Hopefully he will give up something big while his guards down.

The team all look at each other, and agree it's a good idea.

LT JOHNSON (CONT'D)

Jimmy, I want you be the priest!

JIMMY

(reluctant)

Boss, why me?

LT JOHNSON

Well I don't know to many female priests, Choi is to young and hansom, and he's gonna run com's for the operation. As for Del, we want information, not another murder!

Delasko looks embarrassed.

LT JOHNSON (CONT'D)

So Jim, go read up on what you need to say and get some props from your old pals in covert operations. We'll be going in tonight, bout eight.

JIMMY

Why can't covert ops send someone in?

LT JOHNSON

One, we don't have time to brief them.. Two, if he does give us something we can push for more, because we know about the family. Three, your catholic, right?

JIMMY

Was!

Johnson tries to lighten the mood.

LT JOHNSON

And four you look like a priest!
OK, Is everyone clear?

A group smirk breaks out across the team. They all nod their heads and start to walk out of the office.

LT JOHNSON (CONT'D)

I wanna be ready to roll in a couple of hours. Get your stuff together, it might be another late one.

The team exit the office and close the door behind them.

CLARKE

I had better phone my mom, see if she can have the kids.

CHOI

I've gotta cancel my date. Man she's gonna be pissed!

DELASKO

Get used to it kid.

The team separate. Just Jimmy and Delasko walk toward their desks.

DELASKO (CONT'D)
 Hey Jim, you'll make a great
 priest, just remember.

They stop Jimmy waits for Delasko advice. Delasko does the
 sign of the cross.

DELASKO (CONT'D)
 (Joking)
 Spectacles, testicles, wallet and
 watch.

Jimmy laughs. They start walking again and get to their
 desks. Del starts to sit down.

JIMMY
 Your such a jerk Del.

DELASKO
 I know, you'd better go and get
 your dog collar and bible.

Jimmy still standing, pauses. Suddenly, he starts to put his
 jacket on.

JIMMY
 I can do one better than that, I'll
 go hear it first hand.

DELASKO
 What ya talkin about?

JIMMY
 If the boss asks tell him I'll be
 back in an hour.

Jimmy picks up his phone and keys and walks off at speed.

DELASKO
 Where ya going?

Jimmy keeps walking and doesn't look back, he leaves the
 office.

INT. MESSINA RESIDENCE. NIGHT

Gino's in his study, sitting at his desk reading. Stanley
 opens the door but only half enters the room, not wanting to
 intrude.

STANLEY

Sorry to bother Sir, but it's Tony.
He's deteriorated. He may only have
a few hours.

Gino's full concentration is on Stanley.

STANLEY (CONT'D)

You said you wanted to be informed.

The news makes Gino uneasy.

GINO

(anxious)

Yes, thanks. Do we have anyone at
the hospital?

STANLEY

No sir.

GINO

Get a couple of guys down there.
Get them to watch the main
entrance. They're to call in if any
cops arrive! And let me know it
changes.

STANLEY

Yes sir, anything else.

GINO

Make sure I'm not disturbed for a
while.

Stanley nods and leaves the room. Gino gets out of his chair.
He paces in front of his desk. His face quickly turns from
concern to worry.

Gino sits down at his desk. Gino pauses to think for a
moment.

Gino opens the desk draw and gets out his wallet.

Gino opens his wallet and removes the same business card with
the phone number on and places out flat on the desk.

He pauses to think again.

Gino delay, signals uncertainty. He looks at the photo of his
dead father on his desk, for guidance.

Finally he picks up the receiver.

GINO (CONT'D)
 Sorry pop, can't risk it!

Gino dials the number and waits for the phone to connect.

GINO (CONT'D)
 Hello, it's Mr Messina. Yeah, but this ones different. It's an old friend. Tony Castelli! He's at First Memorial. He's in a lot of pain and I don't want him to suffer. Yeah, and I don't want him to let anything slip out, so make sure is quick, and respectful, is that clear. There's some prison security there, but nothing you can't handle. OK?. And your service is always appreciated. Bye.

Gino puts the phone down. He turns around on his chair with a relieved look on his face. He get out of his chair. Walks to a cabinet and pours himself a drink. He takes the glass and walks to the fire mantle, which has an old group family photo. Tony can be seen on the photo. Gino raises his glass toward the image.

GINO (CONT'D)
 Sorry old friend, but you deserve some honour. You wouldn't want to just fade away?

Gino takes a drink and has a moments silence.

EXT. ST MARYS PRESBYTERY. NIGHT.

Its raining heavily and Jimmy walks along an unlit pathway and reaches a large oak door. He rattles the old iron knocker. He waits a few moments and the door handle starts to turn. The door is opened by a real life Friar Tuck, wearing a dog collar. The priest squints to adjust to the lack of light, and has trouble recognizing Jimmy.

FATHER
 Jimmy? Jimmy Kelly? It's been some time! Come in, please come on in.

JIMMY
 Thanks Father.

INT. ST MARYS PRESBYTERY. NIGHT.

Jimmy enters the house and is dripping wet, he stands in the hallway. Several door are open, reveling various rooms, that are all slightly lit. It feels warm, cozy, a safe haven.

JIMMY

Sorry to turn up unannounced
father.

FATHER

Don't worry, I always have time for
officers. Here, let me take your
coat, your soaked through. Will you
have some coffee or something
stronger?

JIMMY

Coffee, would be good.

Father hangs up Jimmy's coat. Jimmy looks around and sees one room with a large collection of books. He continues his brief scan of the house. Father walks into the kitchen and starts to make a drink. Jimmy stays in the hallway, awkwardly rooted to the spot.

JIMMY (CONT'D)

It's been a few years, I didn't
know if you would still be here!

FATHER

If you came to mass once in a while
you wouldn't have that problem,
would you?

Jimmy embarrassed, tries to come up with an excuse, but Father puts him at ease.

FATHER (CONT'D)

Don't worry I know your busy with
work. But it would be nice to see
you once in a while.

JIMMY

I'm here now! How are you keeping
Father?

FATHER

Ah, you know me, I'm happy as long
as I am within a few feet of a
book. I got my doctorate a few
months back.

JIMMY
Really? Well done.

FATHER
I'm now a doctor of religious
anthropology.

JIMMY
What that in English?

FATHER
Its the study of religious beliefs
practices in different cultures.

JIMMY
Well good for you father. Me, I
can't stand books, I start to read
one and thirty seconds later I'm
asleep.

Father smiles and hands Jimmy his drink.

FATHER
Come through to my sitting room,
its warmer in there.

Jimmy follows Father into a dim, snug room, where two comfy
arm chairs await by the fire.

FATHER (CONT'D)
It must be two years since, Rosie's
funeral. How have you been?

Jimmy takes a big sigh and crumbles at fathers question.

JIMMY
Its hard, really, hard. It was bad
enough losing Ryan, but when she.

Jimmy starts to get teary eyed. Father leans towards Jimmy
and try's to console him.

FATHER
I know, I know, you were such a
wonderful couple... such a
beautiful woman, but she's at rest
now, she's free from the pain of
the cancer. She's with Ryan.

There's a pause. Jimmy wipes a tear from his eye. He tries to
break the silence with a joke.

JIMMY

See this is why, I don't come to see you.

Father smiles, he senses Jimmy's pain and knows not to push it any further. There is another pause, Father lets Jimmy compose himself.

FATHER

I take it, this isn't a personal visit?

JIMMY

No, it's work.

FATHER

OK how can I help?

JIMMY

The last rites. What are they?

Father looking a little confused, takes a sip of tea and explains.

FATHER

Well

JIMMY

And if I could have the basics please Father. I ain't a doctor like you.

Jimmy takes out his notebook and pen, Father smiles at Jimmy's manner.

FATHER

Well, the last rites are made up of four parts. First there is the confession which is self explanatory. Then is the Viaticum, which is the last chance for the person to receive the bread and wine or the "body and blood of Christ" before they die.

Jimmy nods and continues to make notes.

FATHER (CONT'D)

Next is the Extreme Unction, which is when the priest anoints the body, preparing it for its journey to the other side. Finally is the Last Blessing, again which is self explanatory.

Jimmy stops writing.

JIMMY

OK, that's it? There's nothing else?

FATHER

No, not unless the centuries old practice has changed recently. Why do you want to know about the last rites Jimmy?

Jimmy becomes awkward in his chair. There is a slight pause and he's uneasy about telling Father the truth.

JIMMY

We'll something has come up at work and I've gotta do some research on it.

FATHER

Jimmy, may I remind you, that this act is a sacred ritual. It's something only the clergy should be concerned with!

JIMMY

I know father, I understand where your coming from. But you have to see it from our side. Us cops deal with some real nasty people. The nastiest types of people, you know that, don't you father?

FATHER

I do Jimmy. In both our jobs, we see the very best and very worst of human behavior, daily.

JIMMY

Exactly, but my job, is to stop those people, from doing what they do. Now tonight, I have a chance of stopping one of the worst criminals around... But to do it I've got to interrogate one of his guy's. And this guy is on his death bed!

FATHER

Jimmy, I don't like this.

JIMMY

Father, from what you said all I'm gonna do is get him to confess to some stuff, then I will stop. It'll be just a little chat.

FATHER

You can't be serious! Your saying you'll trick him into thinking he's taking part in his last rites, just to get information out of him. No Jimmy that's wrong! It's immoral!

Jimmy starts to get up. He's overstayed his welcome.

JIMMY

Well sorry Father, but it's something I've got to do. And if you knew this guy like I do, then you would understand.

Jimmy walks towards the hallway.

FATHER

Jimmy, I don't agree. In the end we are all Gods children! But please promise me one thing?

Jimmy stops and turns to Father.

JIMMY

What Father?

FATHER

If you do go ahead with you plan, make sure the person is granted their full last rites, correctly!

JIMMY

Sure. I'll do that for you.

Jimmy walks into the hall puts his coat on and exits at speed.

EXT. SOUTH WING, FIRST MEMORIAL HOSPITAL. NIGHT

Jimmy arrives at the hospital and pulls up next to a white covert police van. He approaches the van and waiting next to it is LT Johnson.

LT JOHNSON

Where have you been?

JIMMY

I had to see someone.

LT JOHNSON

Was that necessary?

Lt Johnson opens the van door and they both get in.

INT. COVERT VAN. NIGHT

Inside the van is the rest of the team. Choi is sat at a makeshift desk with all the audio equipment. Clarke, who's also sat waiting to take notes. Lt Johnson's command, while Delasko is stood at the door with a shotgun - just in case.

JIMMY

I found out what I need to know.

LT JOHNSON

Which is?

Lt Johnson throws Jimmy a black shirt, dog collar and a tweed jacket.

JIMMY

The last rites. At the start is the confession, I'll get Castelli to tell us what he knows and then make some excuse and leave.

Jimmy starts to take his shirt off

JIMMY (CONT'D)

All the rest is blessings and prayers, stuff we ain't interested in.

LT JOHNSON

And your sure you know what to say?

Choi approaches Jimmy and puts a covert listening device in his ear.

JIMMY

What's that?

CHOI

So we can hear you and you can hear us.

LT JOHNSON

Jimmy, do you know what to say?
We've only got one shot at this!
It's got to be slick.

JIMMY

I know boss, trust me, I'll be OK.

LT JOHNSON

Any issues you shout up, we've got
SWAT on standby, down in the
underground car park.

DELASKO

And you've got me Jim!

LT JOHNSON

Knock it off Del. Now, just to run
through a few things. Choi's
running coms, Clarke is scribe and
point of reference should anything
unexpected come up. Del's here to
get coffee!

Delasko gives LT Johnson a sarcastic grin. Jimmy continues to
change clothes.

LT JOHNSON (CONT'D)

Castelli is in critical care unit
on the fourth floor, North Wing.
There's a uniformed cop and
corrections captain on the door.
Then a further two correction
officers in Castelli's room, and a
nurse. The only person who know's a
priest is coming is the captain!
JIMMY your name is Father CAROL
from St. Philip's, East Harlem.

CLARKE

And there are two of Messina's guys
parked up outside the main
entrance, you can't miss them.

Jimmy finishes getting dressed and puts the dog collar on.

LT JOHNSON

Remember Jimmy we need a smoking
gun admission about Messina. We
need something to nail this lot.

JIMMY

OK. So how do I look?

LT JOHNSON
Almost respectable. Any questions?

JIMMY
I think I'll be OK.

Jimmy starts to exit the van. LT Johnson picks up a bible and hands it to Jimmy.

LT JOHNSON
Hey, don't forget this!.. Good luck
Jim.

DELASKO
Remember, what I said,
spectacles... you know the rest.

Delasko does a sign of the cross again.

Jimmy leaves the van and shuts the door.

INT. SOUTH WING ENTRANCE, FIRST MEMORIAL HOSPITAL. NIGHT

Jimmy enters the busy hospital. We see him approach the reception desk and he is given directions.

Jimmy walks down a long a corridor there are staff and visitors coming and going.

Jimmy tries out his listening device.

JIMMY
Can you guys hear me OK?

CHOI (O.S.)
Loud and clear.

LT JOHNSON (O.S.)
Remember Jimmy, we've got to make
this count.

JIMMY
I know! No pressure!

Jimmy gets into an elevator. He assumes the role of modest priest with the members of the public in the elevator. He presses the 4th floor button and the doors close.

There's the usual awkward silence.

INT. CORRIDOR, 4TH FLOOR NORTH WING. NIGHT

The doors open for the forth floor, Jimmy gets out. He walks down another long corridor and can see the guard near to the end. At the end of the corridor we see a fire exit.

Jimmy approaches the guard and the uniformed officer, who gets up straight away.

GUARD CAPTAIN

Sir!

JIMMY

Hello. I'm Father Carol, I'm here for Mr Castelli. I was told you'd be expecting me.

GUARD CAPTAIN

Sure father, we didn't think you'd make it time! You don't mind if I give you a quick pat down, do ya?

JIMMY

Is it really necessary?

GUARD CAPTAIN

Castelli's gonna kick the bucket any second, but he's still classed as high risk. Its for our personal safety also!

JIMMY

Of course, I understand.

The guard searches Jimmy.

GUARD CAPTAIN

Your good to go Father.

INT. PRIVATE ROOM, 4TH FLOOR NORTH WING. NIGHT

The guard opens the room door and shows Jimmy inside. Within on a bed is a very sick Tony Castelli. Thin, gaunt, ravaged by illness. He's attached to various monitors. There are two other guards sat down killing time. A nurse is also present, she updating charts.

LT JOHNSON (O.S.)

Jim your gonna have to be alone in there.

Jimmy looks around at his audience.

GUARD CAPTAIN
Nurse, wake Castelli please, the
fathers here to give the last
rites.

The nurse goes to Castelli's bedside and rouses him.

JIMMY
I, er, I'll need to be alone with
Mr Castelli!

GUARD CAPTAIN
I'd rather my men stay Father.

JIMMY
Look at him. He's no trouble.
Please, can't a dying man have some
privacy?

GUARD CAPTAIN
Nurse, what do you think?

NURSE
He's just about conscious. He'll
might struggle to talk, never mind
anything else.

The guard thinks it over for a second.

GUARD CAPTAIN
OK, but were right outside, if you
need us. How long does it normally
take?

JIMMY
Err, ten minutes, or so.

GUARD CAPTAIN
You've got five! Come on boys.

The guards all get up and leave the room. Tony comes around.
Jimmy approaches the bedside. We see a decrepid old man, who
is sucks in his last few breaths. The nurse begins to walk
away.

NURSE
Press the emergency button if you
need me. I'll be nearby.

JIMMY
Thanks nurse.

LT JOHNSON (O.S.)
OK Jim, lets get going.

JIMMY
Hello, Mr Castelli.

TONY
(Breathless)
Who the hell are you? Where is
Father Montesi?

JIMMY
He's er.

CLARKE (V.O.)
He's with another patient, she's
very sick, and in lots of pain.

JIMMY
He's with an elderly woman, who's
very, very ill. He asked me come
and see you on his behalf. He said
you would understand.

Tony looks a little unsure but nods his head and breath deep.

LT JOHNSON (V.O.)
Jimmy move in closer we can't hear
Castelli.

Jimmy slowly sits down on the side of the bed.

TONY
I don't have long!

JIMMY
I'll be quick. First I hear your
confession, then you have the bread
and wine and then the anointing.
Finally your last blessing.

EXT. ALLEYWAY NEXT TO FIRST MEMORIAL HOSPITAL. NIGHT

A beat up 1965 Mustang in Dynasty Green pulls up. Baddon is revealed as he get out of the car. He lights a cigarette and walks towards the hospital. His small frame forces open an emergency exit door. He takes out his small scythe like weapon of choice. He enters the hospital.

INT. PRIVATE ROOM, 4TH FLOOR NORTH WING. NIGHT

JIMMY
I am well aware your past Mr
Castelli!
(MORE)

JIMMY (CONT'D)

Father Montesi has told me about your, connections to the Messina's. I'm sure a man with your reputation has done things that need forgivingness.

TONY

What do you want me to say? I've done some bad shit, sure! Did they deserve it? Most of them!

The ceiling lights flicker a little. Jimmy gets a bit of interference from his ear piece. He stares into Tony's eyes.

JIMMY

Mr Castelli, this is your chance to clear your conscience, to say sorry to God for any suffering you caused. Use it well, it's the only one you'll get!

Tony pauses and thinks for a moment.

He takes a deep breath of air from his face mask.

TONY

Bless me father for I have sinned.

JIMMY

How long is it since your last confession?

TONY

To long. Over the decades I have killed scores of men, women, even children.

INT. NORTH WING FIRE ESCAPE, FIRST MEMORIAL HOSPITAL. NIGHT

Baddon walking up the fire escape stairs. He continues to smoke, head down. The dim lighting in the stairwell flickers again.

INT. COVERT VAN. NIGHT

The team monitoring Jimmy's every move. The audio feed is on and off, there is lots of interference.

CHOI
Everything's breaking up boss.
Something's interrupting the
signal.

 LT JOHNSON
 (annoyed)
Well fix it Choi.

INT. PRIVATE ROOM, 4TH FLOOR NORTH WING. NIGHT

Jimmy gets a clicking noise from the ear piece, he can sense there is something wrong, but becomes fixated on Tony's confession.

 TONY
I've done, and seen things that
would send others crazy.

 JIMMY
Such as?

 TONY
You wouldn't believe me.

 JIMMY
Try me.

 TONY
What if I told you I saw death at
his very worst!

 LT JOHNSON (V.O.)
 (breaking up)
Let's keep. The point. Jim.

 JIMMY
I can imagine you've seen many
horrors over the decades.

 TONY
You don't understand! I mean death
himself. I have seen him up close.
I've witnessed him. Helped him. I
took his credit.

Jimmy's face changes to one of confusion.

 JIMMY
 (patronising)
I'm sure you have worked with some
evil guys.

INT. NORTH WING FIRE ESCAPE, FIRST MEMORIAL HOSPITAL. NIGHT

We see Baddon slowly continues up the stairs. He reaches the last few steps up to the third floor. Using all his senses to locate his target. His face is revealed. A gaunt, almost skeletal face. Thin, pale, almost reptilian skin covers the walking x-ray. The lights continue to flicker occasionally as he glides up the stairs.

INT. COVERT VAN. NIGHT

CHOI

We have lost the feed boss, I'm not getting a thing.

LT JOHNSON

JIMMY! JIMMY! CAN YOU HEAR ME?
JIMMY!

INT. PRIVATE ROOM, 4TH FLOOR NORTH WING. NIGHT

TONY

No. No. I mean the guy! The meanest son of a bitch, you never want to meet!

JIMMY

Who is he? What's his name?

TONY

(fading, teary)
Baddon, we called him Baddon.

Jimmy leans in to hear but he winces when he doesn't quite hear the name.

TONY (CONT'D)

He's always worked for us, since the beginning. Took out the biggest and the best. He was unstoppable, he's still unstoppable!

Jimmy struggles to comprehend what he's told.

Affected by the medication, Tony starts to weep as he enters his last few moments.

He takes in sharp strained breaths. Then a moment of calm.

TONY (CONT'D)

I feel him, he's coming, he's come for me this time!

(MORE)

TONY (CONT'D)
You know him, don't you? You've
seen him before?

INT. NORTH WING FIRE ESCAPE, FIRST MEMORIAL HOSPITAL. NIGHT

Baddon reaches the 4th floor. The lights flicker, faster, longer, strobe like. He reaches to open the fire exit door. On the opposite side are the cops and guard, they look up at the lighting, unaware what's on the other side.

INT. PRIVATE ROOM, 4TH FLOOR NORTH WING. NIGHT

Jimmy looks around he realizes something's wrong.

TONY
(very faint)
I'm sorry, forgive me.

JIMMY
CASTELLI! CASTELLI!

Jimmy tries to get more from Tony, but he fades away the monitor flat line, alarms sound.

INT. NORTH WING FIRE ESCAPE, FIRST MEMORIAL HOSPITAL. NIGHT

Baddon goes to open the door, but he pauses, instinctively aware of Tony's passing, he pulls his hand away from the door. The pulsing lights now back to the occasional flick. Baddon turns back the stairs, we finally see his face. He's unnatural face like a dried corpse. Paper thin skin, that's stretched tight like a drum, across his boney skull. His eyes are dark, faded, exhausted from the centuries of horror. He raises his withered hands and lights a cigarette.

BADDON
To late, fuck it.

Baddon puts his weapon away and walks back down the stairs, smoking as he goes.

INT. COVERT VAN. NIGHT

LT JOHNSON
Choi, what the hell's going on?

CHOI
It's back. I can hear him.

LT JOHNSON(V.O.)
 Jimmy, are you there? You OK?
 What's happenin?

INT. PRIVATE ROOM, 4TH FLOOR NORTH WING. NIGHT

Jimmy stands up he goes to get the nurse. He looks back at Tony who's still, at peace.

JIMMY
 Hold on! Nurse, NURSE!

Jimmy quickly opens the door onto the corridor. The cops are shocked by the sudden exit.

JIMMY (CONT'D)
 The nurse, get the nurse!
 Castelli's dyin.

GUARD CAPTAIN
 Father?

LT JOHNSON (V.O.)
 Jimmy do you need anyone else?
 Delasko get your ass inside now.

Jimmy stops, he looks around. He's all over the place. He notices the lights are back to normal. He smells cigarette smoke.

JIMMY
 You smell that?

Jimmy looks at the emergency door, his breathing cranks up three notches, he stops.

Then slowly reaches for the exit bar. Jimmy opens the door.

INT. NORTH WING FIRE ESCAPE, FIRST MEMORIAL HOSPITAL. NIGHT

He rushed to the banister of the fire exit. Jimmy looks down the stair well and sees Baddon's hooded figure near the ground floor.

JIMMY
 HEY, HEY YOU! STOP!

Jimmy chases after Baddon. Jumping down stairs nearly breaking his neck.

LT JOHNSON (V.O.)
 Jim, Jimmy! What's goin on?

Jimmy gives chase, overwhelmed by adrenaline.

JIMMY
 There's a guy, dressed in black,
 making off from THE fire exit,
 north wing.

Jimmy reaches the ground floor and bursts through the exit doors. He looks left and right. We see the Mustang pull off. Jimmy sucks in a huge breath. Even though he blowing out of his ass, he keeps going.

Jimmy tries his best to keep up, it's no good.

JIMMY (CONT'D)
 Index Peter Robert.

The Mustang gathers pace, Jimmy can't see the rest. He tries to give chase. Jimmy runs the length of the alleyway, as he turns the corner the Mustang has vanished. Jimmy's pissed and exhausted.

JIMMY (CONT'D)
 (breathless)
 Fuck! It's gone! I've lost it!

LT JOHNSON (O.S.)
 Jimmy, stay put, guys are commin to ya.

Jimmy looks around, sucking in every ounce of air. The cops on guard duty come out of the stairwell exit and check out what fuss is about.

Jimmy sees a lit cigarette stub on the floor. He casually walks over to it. The stub, moving slightly in the wind is burning out. Jimmy picks it up, makes sure its out and holds it in his hand.

JIMMY
 Got you, you bastard!

Jimmy looks up and Delasko jogs towards him, with his shotgun lowered. Jimmy slips the stub into his jacket pocket and catches his breath.

DELASKO
 You OK? What the fuck happened?

JIMMY
 I thought, I saw someone.

DELASKO
Who? One of Messina's guys?

JIMMY
I don't know. They got into a Mustang.

DELASKO
Well, he's long gone now, I'll put out a broadcast. Did you get the registration?

JIMMY
Na, just a beat up light green mustang.

DELASKO
Come on the boss will want us back.

Jimmy stands there, looking around, trying to figure out what just happened. He follows Delasko back along the alley.

INT. COVERT VAN, FIRST MEMORIAL HOSPITAL. NIGHT

Jimmy and Delasko enter the van. The mood is downbeat.

LT JOHNSON
Jimmy you alright?

JIMMY
Yeah, I'm fine.

LT JOHNSON
What the fuck happened in there?

JIMMY
Didn't you get what Castelli said.

CHOI
We lost the feed, we got nothing.

LT JOHNSON
What he say? And why the fuck did ya come runnin out of there?

JIMMY
I didn't have long, he said he worked with someone notorious.

LT JOHNSON
Any name?

JIMMY

All he said was "bad one" or "band an", something like that.

LT JOHNSON

And that's it?

JIMMY

Boss, I was lucky to get that. We start to talk, the guy gives me war stories, he becomes delusional, then dies. I couldn't get any more.

LT JOHNSON

Great! Our one chance and we've blown it.
What was the chase all about?

JIMMY

I don't know, I thought

LT JOHNSON

You thought what?

JIMMY

I got a feeling that someone was inside.

LT JOHNSON

Well, was there?

JIMMY

I saw a guy leave. Through the fire exit. He was smokin.

LT JOHNSON

And? What else?

JIMMY

That was it. He got into a car and drove off.

LT JOHNSON

Well who was he?

JIMMY

I don't know!

LT JOHNSON

And that's it, a guy smokes, leaves, drives off! That's all?

JIMMY

Yeah... I know it sounds shit, but something wasn't right. I got a feelin. I can't explain it.

The team look at Jimmy like he's on drugs. Jimmy drifts for a moment thinking about what happened. The guy's look at each other.

DELASKO

You did your best Jim. I bet you could do with a beer now, hey?

Jimmy releases they are all staring at him.

JIMMY

(annoyed)

What? What, you think I'm seeing things?

DELASKO

No buddy. We understand. Right boss.

LT JOHNSON

(solemnly)

Yeah, it's, been a long day. You guys go home, there nothing more we can do tonight. Good effort!

DELASKO

Who's for a beer then? Jim?

Jimmy shakes his head, he's stays silent and is annoyed. He leans against the work surface in the van.

CHOI

I'm up for a beer Del, but only if your paying.

The others start to leave the van. Clarke walks past Jimmy and pats him on the back. That just leaves Jimmy and Lt Johnson inside.

LT JOHNSON

Come on, come for a beer Jimmy?

JIMMY

It's OK boss. Anyway someone's got to drive the van back to base.

LT JOHNSON

Well, if you change you mind.

JIMMY

I know where you'll be.

Lt Johnson stands in the doorway and is about to leave the van.

LT JOHNSON

Good effort tonight Jim. We will get there in the end.

Jimmy nods at Lt Johnson as he closes the door.

Jimmy is alone in the van.

He makes sure everyone has gone. He reaches into his pocket and gets out the cigarette stub.

He gets an evidence bag out of one of the cupboards under the work surface and puts the butt in the bag, seals it and puts it in his pocket.

INT. MESSINA RESIDENCE. NIGHT

Gino is asleep reclined on his chair, his feet are up on the desk, the paper he was reading covering his chest. .

There is a gentle knock at the door. Gino comes round.

GINO

Uh, Come in.

Stanley enters at a brisk pace, carrying various documents. Gino, arrogantly, continues reading.

STANLEY

I know its late but I thought you would want to know.

Stanley hovers next to the desk.

GINO

What? Is it Tony?

STANLEY

Yes sir, unfortunately he's passed away, a short time ago.

Gino straightens him self out. The information doesn't surprise him.

STANLEY (CONT'D)

Our source at hospital said he just faded away, peacefully.

Gino looks at Stanley with a confused look on his face.

GINO
It was natural causes?

STANLEY
Yes, apparently so.

GINO
They're sure? Nothing suspicious?

STANLEY
No, he just gave out.

Gino still staring in confusion, at how Tony died.

GINO
Well, at least he can rest now. He didn't deserve to be in all that pain. It's best this way.

Gino's relief now takes over, he loosens up to Stanley a little.

GINO (CONT'D)
He was very loyal, you know, you could depend on Tony.

Stanley nods his head respectfully.

GINO (CONT'D)
You know he was here with me the night my father died.

STANLEY
I didn't know that sir.

GINO
In fact he was probably the last person with my father before he died.

Gino and Stanley share an awkward moment of silence together.

STANLEY
Well the funeral's tomorrow sir.

GINO
Wow, so soon? The family aren't hanging around, are they?

STANLEY
They've been expecting it. I think they want him, at rest a s a p.

GINO

OK. Cancel my appointment for the morning and send flowers. Make sure the family know I'll be there.

STANLEY

Certainly sir. Oh one more thing sir.

GINO

What?

STANLEY

The event planner for you birthday party wants to finalise the last few things. Only three days to go!

GINO

Can't you sort that?
You know I hate talking to those people! Can't you deal with them?

STANLEY

Of course sir.

GINO

Just make sure they know they'll be a lot of people there Sunday! I don't want any fuck ups, not on my fortieth, understand?

STANLEY

Of course sir.

GINO

I'm going to bed. Big day tomorrow.

Gino walks out of the room followed by Stanley who turns off the lights.

INT. ORGANISED CRIME DEPT. NIGHT

Jimmy arrives back at the office. He dumps his stuff on his desk.

Jimmy takes of the priest clothes and puts his own.

Jimmy books the cigarette stub into the evidence store.

Jimmy completes the paperwork required for forensic examination. Jimmy writes on the paperwork "FAST TRACK / URGENT"

We see other colleagues gradually leave the office.

Jimmy submits his DNA examination request and marks it up URGENT. Time passes by.

Jimmy is the only person left in the office. Its getting late but he continues.

Jimmy starts to make notes of the conversation he and Castelli had. He writes out certain bits. He scribbles down a few lines. In capitals at the bottom of the page is "BAD ONE".

Jimmy sits back in his chair, he looks exhausted. He stares at the page. We see the notes he's made and we focus on "BAD ONE". Jimmy stares into space. He again looks at his notes on the page. His eyes get heavy, he tries to stay awake. He drops off,

CUT TO;

DREAM FLASHBACK, INT, 1ST MEMORIAL HOSPITAL, JIMMY'S POV

Jimmy's having his conversation with Tony, but in a dream like state. Tony's comments are repeated over and over.

We see Jimmy's POV running down the fire escape stairs, chasing after the figure he saw, then rushing out into the alleyway. We hear Tony's dying voice saying "Baddon" over and over.

INT. ORGANISED CRIME DEPT. NIGHT

Jimmy wakes suddenly. He startled, and it takes him a second to get his bearings.

Jimmy check the clock on the office wall. He stretches his arms out and yawns. Its 02:36. Jimmy puts his stuff away and leaves the office.

INT. JIMMY'S APARTMENT. DAY

Jimmy gets up, kisses the photos, gets dressed, and get down to working at the desk in the spare room. Now there's a laptop on the desk. His obsession is relentless, he has Ryans case file open and sprawled over the desk. He types on the laptop. We see him using into an internet search, looking up BAD ONE.

Jimmy reads the results and nothing of interest.

Jimmy tries other variations of the words with different spellings and the space missing.

Still nothing. Jimmy starts to get frustrated.

Jimmy tries adding related words such as "Kill", "Killer", "Hitmen", "Assassinations".

We see the clock minutes tick by and still nothing. Jimmy gets nothing other than more frustration.

Jimmy sits back in his chair and runs his hands through his hair. He look at Ryans case photos on the wall for inspiration.

JIMMY
(Annoyed)
Come on, give me a break!

Jimmy takes a deep breath. He starts a new search and presses the caps lock and by accident hits the A button as well. He continues typing and we see in the search field "ABAD". Jimmy looks up at the screen and sees in the auto suggest box "ABADDON".

We see Jimmy click on the word "ABADDON" and we then see a link to an online encyclopedia. Jimmy clicks on the link and we see an in depth entry about an ancient entity know as "ABADDON". Jimmy's eyes start to scan the screen. He sits forward in his chair and his face is set alight with interest. He's mesmerized by the screen

JIMMY (CONT'D)
I think we got something son.

Jimmy continues to scan and scroll down the web page. He starts to read out aloud.

JIMMY (CONT'D)
Abbadon, a Hebrew term also know in
Greek as Apollyon.... It is
referred to in the bible as both a
place and an angel? The Greek and
Latin equivalent name translates as
"The destroyer"!

Jimmy's face changes from excitement to concentration as he continues to read.

JIMMY (CONT'D)
In Christian scriptures the first
description of Abbadon is in
Revelations, chapter nine verse
eleven...

(MORE)

JIMMY (CONT'D)

And they had a king over them which
is the angel of the bottomless
pit...

Jimmy scrolls down the page trying to absorb all he sees. On the screen there's a hyperlink, we see "Related Links - The Grim Reaper - personification of death."

Jimmy click the link and it brings up a separate search page. Jimmy becomes even more fascinated and moves closer to the screen.

We see the internet page with several pictures and paintings of the Grim Reaper throughout the centuries.

After viewing the picture Jimmy starts to read out the screen text.

JIMMY (CONT'D)

The physical embodiment of death
has existed for centuries in most
cultures.
It has been pictured as both male
and female.
The most well know personification
of death is the Grim Reaper, who is
a living skeleton, often carrying a
scythe and wearing a black hooded
cloak.
Death is mentioned in other
religious scriptures and also know
as the Angel of Death, the Angel of
the Abyss and Abaddon The
Destroyer!
In most cultures the entity is
described as a guide to the
afterlife, however, in some
folklore he's portrayed as being
able to cause a victims death.

Jimmy sits back in his chair. He's confused. He looks at the photos of Ryans crime scene. Then has flash backs of Senator Malcom. Jimmy sits in his chair thinking. He looks to Ryan's photo.

JIMMY (CONT'D)

I don't get this kid. This can't be
your killer! Can it? It don't make
sense.

The alarm on Jimmy phone goes off. We see the alarm note
"WORK"

JIMMY (CONT'D)
 Ah crap! Already? We'll pick this
 up later son.

Jimmy looks at Ryans photo again.

JIMMY (CONT'D)
 Were nearly there son, I can feel
 it.

Jimmy kisses his finger and touches Ryans face on the photo.
 Jimmy leaves for work.

EXT. HOLY TRINITY CEMETERY. DAY

Sunlight blankets the scores of mourners in attendance at the mid morning service. Tony's casket is being suspended over his grave, as his distraught family watch on. It's slowly lowered into it's resting place. Gino is seated, in a respectful position, close to the family. He's emotionless, awkward, aloof, and lacks the common touch.

FUNERAL PRIEST
 We commend to Almighty God: Anthony
 Castelli. We commit his body
 too the ground; earth to earth;
 ashes to ashes, dust to dust.

Gino observes the family's grief, but pity turns to disgust at their out pouring of emotion. The priest catches Gino eye.

FUNERAL PRIEST (CONT'D)
 The Lord bless him and keep him,
 the Lord maketh his face to shine
 upon him and be gracious unto him
 and give him peace. Amen.

Gino begrudgingly acknowledges the prayer and joins in the chorus of Amen's.

GINO
 Amen!

Gino obliges in performing the sign of the cross, with the others present.

The guests all stand up as Tony's frail wife is slowly pushed in her wheelchair to the grave side. The eighty year old is just about able to scatter a handful of soil in the grave. She's pushed away and Gino offers contrived condolences.

GINO (CONT'D)

I'm very sorry for your loss. He was one of the best. Such a kind man. But it's better this way, he's at peace now.

Gino nods his head trying to convince himself.

MRS CASTELLI

Thank you. It means so much that you're here.

Gino accepts the gratitude with demigod pomp.

GINO

If you need anything you let me know. OK!

The Castelli family nod their heads in respectful appreciation to Gino and continue to push her to meet their mother to other mourners.

Gino, at a loose end reaches for his cell in his pocket and checks for messages. He is gradually flanked by bodyguards waiting for the signal to leave.

A bland middle aged man walks toward Gino but is stopped by a wall of muscle. Gino recognizes the face and beacons the man through.

GINO (CONT'D)

It's Naputi isn't it?

NAPUTI

It is, hello. Could you spare a moment.

GINO

Of course.

NAPUTI

Will you be attending the family home for the reception.

GINO

(patronising)

I will. It's expected!

NAPUTI

I'll explain more there, Mr Messina, but late last night I began going through Mr Castelli's will and other documents.

GINO
 (contemptuous)
 As the family lawyer, I would
 expect nothing less!

NAPUTI
 Sir, within the documents I found a
 letter for you.

GINO
 For me?

NAPUTI
 Mr Castelli's will expresses that
 you were to have it when he passed
 away.

Gino pauses for a moment. His face can't hide his curiosity.

GINO
 Well I wasn't expecting anything,
 but that's Tony for you, such a
 generous man.

NAPUTI
 I have it back at the house. You
 will be able to take receipt of it
 there.

GINO
 Sure, I'll see you there shortly.

NAPUTI
 Thank you for your time, Mr
 Messina.

Naputi walks off leaving Gino to ponder.

INT. ORGANISED CRIME DEPT. DAY

Jimmy walks through the office. Delasko is sat at his desk reading a paper. Jimmy takes his jacket off and puts it on the back of his chair. Delasko continues to read and doesn't look up.

DELASKO
 Where did you get to last night.

JIMMY
 I had some stuff to sort out.

DELASKO
 You missed the boss buying drinks!

JIMMY
Really? Well, maybe next time!

Delasko looks up at Jimmy.

DELASKO
(probing)
What d'ya have to sort out?

JIMMY
The van. I put some kit away. Ya know?

They both nod in agreement.

DELASKO
Nothin else?

JIMMY
(cagey)
Na. I made some notes about what Castelli said. Just so I didn't forget anything.

Jimmy and Delasko both nod at each other again.

DELASKO
Forensics just called! A woman!

JIMMY
Really. Forensics! That's nice!

Jimmy pauses, concerned.

DELASKO
She asked for you! Is there something you want to tell me?

Jimmy takes a deep breath.

JIMMY
Well actually, last night there was a cigarette butt

Delasko cuts over Jimmy mid sentence.

DELASKO
Are you getting it on with her? You sneaky bastard! That's what you were doin last night, eh?

Jimmy starts to laugh nervously in agreement to keep Delasko in the dark.

JIMMY

Yeah. I can't keep anything from you! You should be a detective!

They both laugh. At different things.

DELASKO

(immodest)

Hey, I still got it. So what she like? She sounded hot!

Delasko raises his eyebrows repeatedly and nods his head at Jimmy. Jimmy keeps quite.

DELASKO (CONT'D)

She called twice and she sounded pretty excited, if you know what I mean.

JIMMY

Yeah I've got an idea. Did she leave a number?

DELASKO

It's on your desk. Don't you have it already?

Jimmy fakes another laugh.

JIMMY

Yeah. I've erm, only got her cell and she can't use it at work. You know?

DELASKO

Sure! Anyway, the boss wants us in his office in five. You want coffee?

Delasko get up to get a drink.

JIMMY

Hey Del, don't say anything to the others, about this.

DELASKO

Your secrets safe, loverboy!

Delasko walks off laughing. Jimmy starts up his computer.

He gets on the screen an internet search and finds the same web page he was reading earlier at home.

Jimmy prints off the pages to show the guys what he has discovered.

He puts the notes that he wrote up the night before into a manila folder.

Jimmy goes over the office printer and picks up the web pages he printed off. He starts to read them again to refresh his memory.

Jimmy plods over to the water cooler, reading en-route. Other cops are buzzing around, on the phone, shouting to one another. Jimmy's still trying to make sense of what he has found out.

Jimmy reaches the cooler slightly confused takes out a cup and starts to fill a clear plastic cup with water.

Jimmy lifts the drink up and the sun catches the surface of the water. Light dances and flickers on the top. Jimmy stares at the hypnotic jewels of light gleaming. He's lost in silence momentarily, gathering his thoughts.

He takes a sip of water and as his head tilts back his attention is diverted to a flat screen TV mounted to the wall. The TV has a live 24 hour news feed on.

ANNOUNCEMENT VOICE

Breaking news! Live news update!

Jimmy's bubble is burst by the sound of the TV. He stares up at the screen, it now has his full attention. On screen we see a female newscaster sat at in a generic newsroom desk with BREAKING NEWS: METEOR SHOWER scrolling across the footer banner.

ANCHOR

And news just in from the Astronomy Institute, that a substantial and prolonged meteor shower is due to hit the North American continent in around 4 years time. Details of the event are limited at the moment, but scientist at the institute estimate the shower could contain around two to three thousand meteors and are describing the occasion as the firework display of the century. Stay tuned for more information.

Delasko's holler breaks Jimmy trance.

DELASKO

Jimmy, JIMMY, come on!

Jimmy looks around and sees all his team are waiting for him. He snaps in to life and walks to the office.

The whole team are there, Lt Johnson, sat at his desk. Choi and Clarke are sat on chairs. Jimmy enters and perches on the corner of a table, still thumbing his notes. Delasko closes the door and hovers at the back.

LT JOHNSON

Morning all. So lets recap, last couple of days, what do we know?

DELASKO

Our equipment's shit!

LT JOHNSON

Apart from that, Del.

DELASKO

(smug)

And Castelli's dead! Bobby Sykes will be looking down on us with a smile tonight, I know that much!

LT JOHNSON

Del, come on! Any update from Homicide about the senator Joanie?

CLARKE

They're waiting on the full coroners report, but other than that, they got nothing! No witnesses, no forensics, no CCTV, no tips! They're at a dead end.

LT JOHNSON

(annoyed)

Great! Choi, you manage to get any audio from last night?

CHOI

I double checked the recordings and the feed stopped about ninety seconds before Castelli died, so zip.

LT JOHNSON

(more annoyed)

Brilliant. Jimmy, can you remember anything else Castelli said?

Jimmy goes to speak, he pauses, he looks around at his colleagues. He hesitates. The team wait for him to speak.

JIMMY

Well, erm.

LT JOHNSON

Come on Jim, spit it out.

JIMMY

OK, go with me on this.
We know the FBI think the killer,
connected to the Messina's has been
around for a years right?

LT JOHNSON

Yeah, go on.

Jimmy refers to his notes.

JIMMY

Last night Castelli said to me
that he worked with this mean S O
B, that took out the biggest and
the best. Who'd worked for the
family since the start. Castelli
said he even took the credit
sometimes.

Jimmy has the whole teams attention.

JIMMY (CONT'D)

Last night, in the van I mentioned
a name.

LT JOHNSON

Yeah you said, erm "Bad One" or
somethin.

JIMMY

Right, Baddon, that's what he said.
Baddon. So, earlier on, I ran the
name through an internet search.
Eventually I found a reference to
an angel called Abaddon.

CLARKE

An angel?

JIMMY

Yeah, well, it turns out in the
bible and other religious books
Abaddon is in fact the angel of
death!

The team are engrossed in Jimmy's explanation.

JIMMY (CONT'D)

So then I clicked on a related topic, which was about the Grim Reaper! And as you all know the Grim Reaper is, and I quote "the human embodiment of the spiritual entity death".

DELASKO

What are you sayin Jim?

JIMMY

Well, what I am sayin is, is.

Jimmy starts to lose his thread.

JIMMY (CONT'D)

What this shows is this hit man, is.

Jimmy can't say it.

JIMMY (CONT'D)

What I mean is, that, it's weird! That's what I'm sayin!

LT JOHNSON

Weird, like how?

JIMMY

Like how the feds said he's been killin for fifty years!!

CHOI

Maybe he started really young!

JIMMY

(sarcastic)

What!! When he's doin a frigin paper route?

CLARKE

Maybe it's a team, or it could even be a father and son, you know, a family trade!

JIMMY

But Castelli said the Messina's have used this guy since the beginning.

DELASKO

He was drugged up though Jim!

JIMMY

I know! I was there!
When we talked I knew he was tellin
me stuff he hadn't told anyone
else. EVER!

LT JOHNSON

What you gettin at Jim. What's your
theory?

JIMMY

Listen, Castelli said to me, as a
dying declaration, "he'd seen death
close up, I've witnessed him". What
if this hitman is something else?

The team now staring at Jimmy.

JIMMY (CONT'D)

What if the this Baddon guy, isn't
a guy? What if he's something else?

There is silence in the office.

LT JOHNSON

Like what?

JIMMY

I don't know. Something abnormal!..
Paranormal even!

Choi, Clarke and Lt Johnson burst out laughing at Jimmy's
idea. Delasko lowers his head, then shakes it in sympathy.

CLARKE

Ah, Jim, that's brilliant, you
really had us goin then.

CHOI

Just when we need cheerin up.

Jimmy stares at the team. Annoyed they don't take him
seriously.

JIMMY

Hey, guy's I ain't joking.

They quickly stop laughing.

JIMMY (CONT'D)

I'm being serious here!

The sincerity of Jimmy's face and voice leaves them silent.

LT JOHNSON
Guy's can you give us a minute.

The team get up to leave, but Jimmy has opened the flood gate.

JIMMY
Boss, I know you think I'm crazy,
but if you just look at these.

LT JOHNSON
Jimmy, come on, we need to talk.

JIMMY
I know it's not much, but if you
think about how long he's been
killin, then consider how no one
has ever got close to him.

LT JOHNSON
Jim, Jimmy! Listen to yourself,
It's crazy!

JIMMY
Is that what you all think?

Jimmy glares at the team who don't know where to look.

JIMMY (CONT'D)
Well I know how Ryan died. And I
know how Malcom died. I know this
Baddon killed them. I don't give a
shit, if you think I'm crazy, but
I'm gonna get this bastard, just
like I promised my wife and my son!

Jimmy storms out of the office, throwing the manila folder into the trash bin on the way out. Lt Johnson tries to follow Jimmy out.

LT JOHNSON
Jimmy! JIMMY!!

Delasko stops their leader.

DELASKO
Boss! Let me.

Delasko chases Jimmy out and across the main office. Jimmy bursts through a door into a wide hallway and strides down it. Delasko finally catches up with Jimmy and tugs him back.

DELASKO (CONT'D)

Jim. Jimmy. Come on man, talk to me. You OK?

Jimmy stops and stares at Delasko. Jimmy's fuming and starts to pace in front of Delasko.

JIMMY

They all think I'm, a compete psycho.

DELASKO

I know it took balls to say what you said. It's been a tough few days, for everyone.

JIMMY

I bet you think I'm crazy as well, don't ya?

DELASKO

(reassuring)

It's a bit off the wall... But if that's what feel, then that's what you feel.

It's like old Bobby Sykes used to say, a cop's hunch won't pay for lunch, but get it right, we dine tonight!!

JIMMY

What the fuck does that mean?

DELASKO

I don't know! Sykes used to talk shit!

They gradually laugh. The tension drops a little. The friends stare at each other.

DELASKO (CONT'D)

Come on you crazy bastard, we need lunch.

Delasko starts to walk back to the office and Jimmy starts to tail. After a second Jimmy stops dead, he has a light bulb moment.

JIMMY

Hey Del, how was Sykes killed?

DELASKO

Sykes? You know how, Castelli killed him.

JIMMY

I know, but how did he actually die?

DELASKO

He was stabbed! Right in the heart.

JIMMY

What case was he workin on, when he was killed?

DELASKO

Same as us, the Messina's. Except he was goin after the Lieutenants of the outfit. He must of been on to something cause Castelli. Cut him up pretty bad.

JIMMY

How was Castelli caught?

DELASKO

Well, funny you should ask, cause that's the weird thing. Sykes was killed in eighty eight, but Castelli didn't confess until just after old Luca Messina died. Nothin for eight years, then bam, he just confesses.

JIMMY

Why? I mean why then, why after all that time?

DELASKO

Yeah, we thought it was strange at the time. There was a rumor goin round that he had been forced into it, but it turns out he was sick with cancer, not that you would of known back then. Still it's always the way though with those scum bags. You or me wouldn't of lasted a year, but Castelli fights it for nearly twenty.

Jimmy looks around, his mind working over time, trying to process everything.

DELASKO (CONT'D)

Now come on, I need food.

JIMMY

Yeah, I'll catch you up there's a couple of things I want to check on.

DELASKO

OK. Shall I let the guys know your alright.

JIMMY

Yeah, I'm fine now, let them know I'm OK.

Jimmy walks off at speed again and starts to walk down the steps of the main building stairwell.

INT. CASTELLI RESIDENCE. DAY

A couple of hundred mourners are packed into an above average sized house. There's a low din of quite chattering. Gino the A lister, is flanked by bodyguards. He tires of endless acknowledgement. He watches the clock, eager to leave. Naputi enters the room, walks past several guests and manages to catch Gino's eye.

Naputi gestures at Gino to follow him. Gino casually adjusts his jacket and tie. Two of his guards assume defence to the front and rear. The convoy begins to follow Naputi. After navigating through the house and mourners within, Naputi, Gino and his guards arrive at Castelli's den.

Naputi courteously opens the door for Gino and only they enter, with the guards remaining on point outside. Naputi sits in the main chair at the desk and gestures for Gino to sit down.

NAPUTI

Thanks for your time once again sir. As I said, Mr Castelli had this letter with his other private documents.

Gino sits and looks around the room while Naputi gets the papers out and starts reading the secondary pages of the will.

NAPUTI (CONT'D)

Ah, yes, here we are. One Letter for the immediate attention of Mr Gino Messina.

Naputi places the sealed envelope on the desk. Gino starts to read the envelope.

It looks expensive but old, tatty, stained. Important but not treasured. Gino leans forward he concentrates on the hand writing.

GINO
Does it say who it's from?

NAPUTI
No, sorry. Why do you ask?

GINO
It looks like my father writing!

NAPUTI
Oh. No there is nothing other than the description.

Gino picks it up and reads the envelope close up.

NAPUTI (CONT'D)
If I could ask you to sign, for confirmation of receipt.

Gino puts the envelope in his inside jacket pocket and sits forward to sign the piece of paper.

NAPUTI (CONT'D)
And I will leave you to open your letter, I'm sure your dying to read it!

Gino puts the pen down and starts to get up out of the chair.

GINO
Does anyone else know about this?

NAPUTI
No sir.

GINO
Your sure?

NAPUTI
Absolutely. Like I said, I only discovered it last night, I haven't told a soul.

Gino glares at Naputi

GINO
Make sure it stays that way! And Naputi, if this is some sort of joke!

NAPUTI

I can assure you..

GINO

I hope for your sake, it ain't.

Gino walks out the room.

Gino's soon surrounded by his guys. They walk back through the house and Gino approaches Tony's wife. The mourners all stop and look at Gino. He kneels down in front of the old woman. Gino takes hold of her hand's. He tries to reassure her by kissing one of them affectionately. The crowd look on, it's an awkward moment. Gino pauses for a moment unsure of what comforting words to use.

GINO (CONT'D)

Tony, was a luck man, having his family and you as a wife.

Tony's wife starts to sob.

GINO (CONT'D)

Like I said earlier, you need anything, have someone call me.

Gino slowly gets up nodding his head in false sympathy.

Gino looks around and the frozen crowd, who instantly begin to chatter again.

Gino stares down at the old woman who is being consoled by her family.

GINO (CONT'D)

Unfortunately I have to leave now, my apologies.

Gino awkwardly leaves the house, encircled by his men.

EXT. CASTELLI RESIDENCE. DAY

Outside he walks a few yards and gets into a waiting black limousine.

INT. EXECUTIVES LIMO. DAY

Gino gets into the back. Stanley is in the front with the driver. The the car pulls away.

STANLEY

How did it go sir?

GINO
Thank god that's over.

Stanley starts to hand Gino some documents.

STANLEY
Sir if you can cast your eye over these.

GINO
Don't bother me now. I want some space.

Gino pushes the button for the separator screen and it slowly rises up.

GINO (CONT'D)
(Forceful)
With no exceptions Stanley!

Gino, now in private takes the envelope out of his pocket and looks at it. He goes to open it, but hesitates and leaves it on the seat next to him.

Gino looks out of the blackened window, he's uncomfortable and fidgets in his seat. He pours a drink and takes a sip. He looks down at the letter. He gently runs his finger across his name written in ink. He picks up the letter and places it safely back in his pocket.

INT. NYPD ORGANISED CRIME DEPT HQ. BASEMENT ARCHIVE. DAY

Jimmy gets out of the lift and walks down a hallway. Its dark, gloomy, stuffy. Half way down the hall, there's a little office with a half wooden door in the frame and small counter next to it. Jimmy approaches and sees an old colleague. Officer FITZGERALD is manning the desk. He sat down reading the newspaper and listening to the radio. Jimmy knocks on the counter.

JIMMY
Hey wake up Fitz.

Fitzgerald suddenly looks up. He squints because of the light and finally recognizing an old friend.

FITZ
Jimmy! What the hell? What bring you down here?

Fitzgerald slowly gets up, out of the chair and comes to the counter.

JIMMY

Well I'd love to say its because I haven't seen you for all these years..

FITZ

Please spare me the B S. What are you really after.

JIMMY

(Casual)

Well were just goin over some old cases upstairs, you know.

FITZ

(Sarcastic)

Really. Then out of the blue you think of me? Come on, don't forget who your talkin!

JIMMY

OK, I'll level with you. Remember Bobby Sykes?

FITZ

Sure.

JIMMY

Well I was wondering if there's any of his old case files down here.

FITZ

You're kiddin me?... Right!

Jimmy remains silent and slowly shakes his head.

FITZ (CONT'D)

How far back we talkin.

JIMMY

Twenty, maybe thirty years.

FITZ

Well if there is anything, and it's a great big if, I ain't helpin you find them. I'll point you in the right direction, but other than that, your on your jack.

JIMMY

Fair enough, your the boss.

FITZ

Come on, follow me.

Fitz walks out of the small office and they walk along the hallway to another door. Fitz opens it and switches the light on.

FITZ (CONT'D)
Welcome to case file limbo

The dim light, reveals row after row after row of temporary shelves as high as the ceiling. Cardboard boxes, in the hundreds fill the shelves. Jimmy is shocked at the mass of files before him.

JIMMY
Now I know why I'll be on my own
down here.

Jimmy probes the darkness, but the light is eaten up by shadows. The vast room appears endless.

FITZ
Yeah, I recon there's half a rain
forest down here. Anyways, the most
recent stuff is nearest the door,
then just work your way back to the
wall for the older stuff.

JIMMY
Is it filed in any order?

FITZ
It's hit and miss. Some by
department, some by annual
reference number. Most just chucked
in a box and forgotten about.

JIMMY
OK, better get started!

FITZ
If you need to take anything, just
fill in the register at the desk.
Oh one last thing. Good luck!

Fitz walks out of the store room leaving Jimmy alone. Jimmy makes one final pitch for help.

JIMMY
Yeah and if you change your mind,
you know where I am.

Fitz keeps walking and disappears back into his office. Jimmy looks down the rows. He starts to walk down the centre aisle.

We see Jimmy wandering a few feet into various rows opening boxes and checking the dates of the old case files.

Jimmy gradually starts checking older boxes. The light getting faint the further back in the room he goes.

Minutes start to pass by as Jimmy continues to check box after box. We see case files for thefts, robberies, assaults, rapes and homicides going back over the decades.

Jimmy checks his watch. He carries on.

We see Jimmy checking boxes up high, down low, sat on a stool skimming a file, lifting boxes back into there gap.

Jimmy's relentless searching continues. He checks his watch again. An hour has past. Jimmy, still determined, continues.

Jimmy's eyes go funny from squinting, so uses his cell as a torch.

Jimmy walks down another row. By now just reading the front of the boxes, not opening them up. The weak light from his phone catches a box at knee height, which has **DET SGT SYKES OC** written on the front. Jimmy misses it and it takes a couple of seconds to register. Jimmy steps back and leans forward. And reads it again. He drags the box out almost single-handedly, in elation.

Jimmy walks back towards the light. He drops the box in the brightest spot and grabs a stool. Jimmy takes a seat and takes off the battered cardboard lid.

Inside are around 15 dusty old case files. Jimmy takes a breath and picks up the top one. He slowly opens the file.

INT. MESSINA RESIDENCE. NIGHT

Gino walks into his office, with Stanley a few meters behind him yapping away.

STANLEY

Tomorrow you have a ten o'clock
with the board, then at one o'clock

GINO

Not now.

Gino starts to close the door on Stanley before he has chance to enter the room. Stanley tries to stick his head around the door.

STANLEY

But sir, about your party..

GINO

Don't disturb me again today.

Gino closes and locks the door. He walks to his desk and puts his phone, wallet and keys down in their usual place. He takes the letter out of his jacket and puts it down directly in front of his chair.

Gino walks over to the drinks cabinet and pours a generous drink and takes a sip.

Gino returns to the desk and sits down.

Gino picks up the envelope and checks the front and back. He reads his name.

Gino takes another sip, then opens the letter.

Inside are two pages of luxurious writing paper. Gino unfolds the pages, flattens them and starts to read.

LUCA (V.O.)

My dear boy. I write to you on the last night of my life. I hope your mother, sisters and your family are all well.

INT. NYPD ORGANISED CRIME DEPT HQ. BASEMENT ARCHIVE. NIGHT

We see Jimmy taking out the files, which are packed with reports, photos and testimonies. He starts to look through them.

INT. MESSINA RESIDENCE. NIGHT

Gino, still totally absorbed.

LUCA (V.O.)

It's with a heavy heart, that I tell you this tale. It's only now I understand how my father felt when he told me the same story. Nearly sixty years ago, during the depression, times were tough. In 1938 your grandfather, a struggling street hood, was presented with a unique opportunity.

INT. NYPD ORGANISED CRIME DEPT HQ. BASEMENT ARCHIVE. NIGHT

Jimmy focuses on the crime scene photos and starts to lay them out around him. They're bloody, brutal, snapshots of homicide history through the decades.

INT. MESSINA RESIDENCE. NIGHT

Gino continues.

LUCA (V.O.)

The opportunity would change our lives forever. What was it, I hear you ask. Well it was nothing more than a trade deal. Sounds simple right? But the deal was the cast iron guarantee of power, wealth and protection for your grandfather and his family.

INT. NYPD ORGANISED CRIME DEPT HQ. BASEMENT ARCHIVE. NIGHT

We see photos of murder after murder. The year, location and victims are different but the method is the same. Jimmy starts to get upset. The photos and files are spread out fan like on the floor.

INT. MESSINA RESIDENCE. NIGHT

Gino sits forward in his chair.

LUCA (V.O.)

He quickly agreed the terms and soon came the power, the money and all the extras. This is why, you'll be reading this letter, in comfortable surroundings. By now your wondering what was the catch.

INT. NYPD ORGANISED CRIME DEPT HQ. BASEMENT ARCHIVE. NIGHT

Photos carpet the floor. A portfolio of Baddon's work. A collage of murder.

INT. MESSINA RESIDENCE. NIGHT

Gino is hardly breathing.

LUCA (V.O.)

The answer to that is your life!!
The down side of our ongoing deal
is that the eldest male of each
generation has to give their life
when we reach a certain age. Papa
was 60. I was fifty. Unfortunately
you'll be forty, and your eldest
son thirty.

A look of panic and disbelief spreads across Gino's face,
which is now just inches from the page.

LUCA (V.O.)

Now, your probably thinking with
who? Well, its more, with what than
who. Our ultra reliable "friend on
the phone" Mr Baddon, is in fact
death!! That's right, death is our
families guardian angel. An
immortal force, that every so often
needs re-energizing. Your soul is
what he needs and takes. I know
what your thinking, bull shit,
right?

INT. NYPD ORGANISED CRIME DEPT HQ. BASEMENT ARCHIVE. NIGHT

Jimmy forces himself to look at the photos. He starts, but
blocks out the gore and concentrates on the little things,
and tries to find the connection.

INT. MESSINA RESIDENCE. NIGHT

Gino's breathing increases, he slowly shakes his head.

LUCA (V.O.)

That's what I thought, when papa
told me. But I swear its true. So I
leave you with this advice. Enjoy
you life, be happy, make it count,
prepare for the day. Because before
you know it, Baddon will be
visiting you, and trust, he always
collects. All my love. Your father.

Gino looks to the side in disbelief and drops the letter.

Gino gets up he paces the room, his hands run through his
hair.

GINO

No. No! No! NO!! NOOO!!!

He puts both hands down on the table. Head facing down staring at the letter. He gags, but nothing then again. He breathes deep trying to calm himself.

INT. NYPD ORGANISED CRIME DEPT HQ. BASEMENT ARCHIVE. NIGHT

Jimmy now standing, scans the floor. He has flashbacks of Ryan's crime scene photos and the senators scene. He continues to scan, but the dim light makes him rubs his eyes. He refocuses looks down and sees something. He crouches down for a closer look, pick up the photo, on a side board next to a corpse is a small smooth pebble, identical to the stone at Ryans and Malcom's murders. Jimmy, now on his hands and knees, franticly looks for another revealing photo.

JIMMY

Come on! Where are you? I know your here! I'm on to you now!

INT. MESSINA RESIDENCE. NIGHT

Gino is walking around his desk. He's thinking, gesturing with his hands, mumbling to himself. He stops and goes the desk draw. He opens it and gets out Baddon's phone number. He starts to dial the number then puts down the phone. He start's to pace again, he's all over the place. He returns to the phone and picks it up again and dials a number.

GINO

(raging)

Stanley, just shut up and listen. I want you to contact all the guys. No everyone! Get them to come to the house first thing. Tell them five. No, in the morning you idiot! Call Frank, tell him to make sure all the hardware is ready to go. A car will come and pick you up at five. I KNOW it's unusual! JUST DO IT! FOR FUCK SAKE!! Call me when it's sorted. And Stanley I mean everyone, got it!

Gino slams the phone down.

INT. NYPD ORGANISED CRIME DEPT HQ. BASEMENT ARCHIVE. NIGHT

Jimmy bundles together the case files that were scattered, he shoves them all back in the box, picks it up and walks back through the corridor. He looks into the small office, and its empty. His eye catches the In/Out register. Jimmy walks off with the box and enters the stairwell.

INT. NYPD ORGANISED CRIME DEPT HQ. LT JOHNSON'S OFFICE.

Jimmy comes barging in on a closed door meeting Johnson and Clarke are having. The door bangs off the wall.

LT JOHNSON
What the hell? Jimmy!

JIMMY
Here! Here it is! I've got it!

Clarke looks up at Jimmy, who's out of breath and covered in dust. Jimmy slams the box down on Johnson's desk, nearly knocking everything over.

CLARKE
Where were you? We've been looking all over?

JIMMY
I've been down the archive. I found them! I've got him!

LT JOHNSON
Found what? Slow down, ya look like you're gonna have a fit.

JIMMY
Me and Del were talking about Sykes and how he died, so I went down to the basement try and find out what he was workin on when he was killed.

LT JOHNSON
Great, you found some files, and?

Johnson and Clarke don't get it and give each other a concerned look.

JIMMY
Well it's all in there. Sykes was on to him!

CLARKE

Onto who Jim? I don't follow?

Jimmy starts to get pissed, and gets out the various photos he found.

JIMMY

Baddon! Who else? These are files Sykes was looking into. They cover decades! The victims all had connections to the Messina's. Like this one, from the fifties.

Jimmy lays some photos out in the table in front of Johnson.

JIMMY (CONT'D)

Then a couple for the seventies, the eighties, you see?

LT JOHNSON

What am I lookin at?

JIMMY

Here! Here! Here! Here! Here!

Jimmy points to specific different places on each photo.

JIMMY (CONT'D)

You see them, there stones. Smooth flat stones, pebbles, Baddon leaves them a every hit he carries out. The other day at Malcom's, there was one on a side table next to the door.

Johnson and Clarke stare at Jimmy, mouths open with disbelief. Jimmy starts to crack.

JIMMY (CONT'D)

(upset)

There was one at Ryans scene. All these, all of them. Baddon! It's him. That's his signature. Now do ya get it?

Clarke gives Johnson a quick glance and looks to the floor. Jimmy looks to them both for approval.

LT JOHNSON

Joanie, give us a minute, will ya.

CLARKE

Yeah sure.

Clarke walks out and shuts the door as she leaves.

LT JOHNSON
Sit down Jim

JIMMY
I don't wanna sit down.

LT JOHNSON
OK then, go home, take a few days
off.

JIMMY
Oh, here we go, I knew this was
commin.

LT JOHNSON
Jimmy, do you have any idea how
ridiculous you sound.

JIMMY
Excuse me?

LT JOHNSON
You come crashing in, rambling like
a wacko. You point to a bunch of
old photos, that show stones!! But
in reality they could be absolutely
anything! Then you say you saw the
same thing at the Senators, oh and
there was one where Ryan was
killed. Jimmy I don't know what's
goin on in your head but I'm
worried.

JIMMY
What, are you serious?

LT JOHNSON
Am I serious, am I serious! Let me
remind you a few hours ago you were
you were goin all Twilight Zone on
us. I thought if Del had a word
you'd see sense, but now your actin
like some nut job.

JIMMY
I don't believe this. Can't you
see?

LT JOHNSON

I can see alright, cause your goin on leave for a few days and when you come back, there will be no more conspiracy theories, no more black magic, no more bull shit! Because that's what this is Jimmy, Bull shit! Ya hear me! You think one guy is responsible for all these? And Ryan! And Malcolm, anyone more, Elvis, JFK? It's all smoke and mirrors, the Messina's have set up to throw us off. And it's worked, on Sykes, you, God knows who else?

Jimmy bites his tongue, he looks down and takes the scolding.

LT JOHNSON (CONT'D)

I understand Ryans death is eatin you up. But you've got to let it go. I can't keep lookin out for you. If management heard about this you'd be gone, get it? Grab your stuff take tomorrow and Monday off and come back next week, without the bull shit, please!

Jimmy nods picks up the photos and puts them back in the box, which he lifts up. Jimmy slowly walks out, dejected. He stops at the door, turns to his boss.

JIMMY

Maybe your right. I'm sorry. Thanks for lookin out for me!

Jimmy leaves the office and walks back over to his desk. Del gets up and looks at his downtrodden friend. Jimmy wearily lifts the box on his desk, but it catches and the files spill out.

DELSAKO

You OK buddy?

JIMMY

Yeah, I'm takin a few days. I need to sort my head.

DELSAKO

Well before you go will you phone that forensic chick. She's called three or four times this afternoon and I promised her you'd call back.

JIMMY

OK, I'll call her now. Don't suppose there's a coffee goin'?

DELSAKO

I'll see what I can do.

Delasko walks off. Jimmy picks up the note left on his desk and dials the number. As he waits for the connection he logs on to his computer. It unlocks and the web page reappears on the screen.

INT. NYPD FORENSIC LABORATORY. DAY

The phone rings, and we see a generic, minimalist, forensic lab. Heidi Schultz, a 40 year old scientist, wearing her obligatory white coat and safety glasses answers the phone.

HEIDI

Hello, forensic support team.

JIMMY

Hi there, this is Detective Brown at OCU, I'm after Heidi Schultz.

HEIDI

Oh hi, I'm Heidi. Thanks for getting back to me, I thought I'd missed you for the day.

JIMMY

Yeah sorry I've been a bit tied up. So you've got some good news for me I hope? Did ya get anything from that cigarette butt?

Jimmy's tries to sound interested out of courtesy, but by now he's not bothered. He puts the paperwork down.

HEIDI

We did yeah. But first, can I ask how you got the sample?

JIMMY

(cautious)
I picked it up of the street. Is there a problem?

HEIDI

(harsh)
This isn't some sort of prank, is it Detective?

JIMMY

No it's genuine, why?

HEIDI

Because were very busy here and if this is a joke I will report it to my supervisor.

JIMMY

Heidi, this ain't a joke, I swear!

HEIDI

OK, how was the actual DNA obtained? Cause is doesn't make any sense!

JIMMY

A suspect dropped it on the floor as he drove off in a car.

HEIDI

So you didn't see him smoke this exact cigarette?

JIMMY

No! But I'm 99 percent sure he did! Why doesn't it make sense?

HEIDI

OK, I take it your familiar with CODIS?

JIMMY

The DNA database?

HEIDI

Yeah, well within CODIS is a list, called the unidentified persons index. Which as the name suggests, is basically a list of unidentified DNA profiles from various crime scenes.

JIMMY

OK, I am with you so far.

HEIDI

Well your sample has a match on that index.

Jimmy's body language changes instantly from crushed to captivated. He sits down on his chair and pick up his pen, poised to write.

JIMMY

So we don't know who this guy is?

HEIDI

No!

Jimmy slumps again like he's been punched by defeat.

HEIDI (CONT'D)

But there is something more
bizarre. Well two things actually!

Jimmy's head rises up looking for a glimmer of hope.

HEIDI (CONT'D)

Your profile is linked to several
homicides across the country,
spanning the last twenty years.

JIMMY

That's what I thought you'd find,
but whys it strange?

HEIDI

Because we also have access to an
external database which compiles
current and historic international
profiles. We can use this to
confirm which country or region in
the world the unidentified profile
originates from.

JIMMY

OK, so you can say where this guys
from?

HEIDI

Yeah. I checked the profile you
sent us and it shares exact DNA
markers with an ancient group of
people called Le Tene. They lived
in Europe in the late iron age.

JIMMY

So what, I'm looking for a
European?

HEIDI

No you don't understand. The
profile are identical.

(MORE)

HEIDI (CONT'D)

It's as though someone went back in time a couple of millennia, got a native to smoke the butt, then brought it back and left it for you. It doesn't make any sense!

Jimmy sits back in his chair. He's blown away!

HEIDI (CONT'D)

Hello... Detective Brown are you still there?

JIMMY

Yeah I'm still here.

HEIDI

What the results are telling me is impossible!

Jimmy looks at the photos on his desk.

HEIDI (CONT'D)

Oh and I have emailed you the case numbers that we got a match for.

Jimmy looks at the web page on the screen.

JIMMY

(vacant)

Oh, OK. Call me if you get anymore.

HEIDI

I will, but the sample will be re-examined and I'll have to double check the results, to make sure there hasn't been a mix up, but at this minute god knows?

Jimmy trying to absorb all the information.

JIMMY

Yeah, maybe he does know. Thank Heidi.

HEIDI

Thanks, speak to you soon.

Delasko approaches Jimmy desk, eaves dropping on the conversation. Jimmy puts the phone down and is lost in his thoughts.

DELASKO

So when do we get to meet her?

Jimmy ignores Delasko and is busy gathering up the files and photos. Delasko sense something is wrong with Jimmy.

DELASKO (CONT'D)

You OK? You look like someone
walked over your grave.

JIMMY

God knows? Maybe that's been answer
all along.

Jimmy puts his jacket and picks up the box of files and walks out of the office, Delasko left staring.

INT. MESSINA RESIDENCE. NIGHT

Gino is sat in his chair, not drunk but not sober either. He's coming to terms with the news. Gino looks at the picture of his father. Then he looks at the photo of his own family. His wife, two daughters and a young son. The letter on the table a constant reminder of the inevitable. He looks at his father again.

GINO

Why pop? Why now? Why couldn't you
have told me when you were here
huh? I haven't prepared. At least
you had time to make plans. What do
I have? A letter! Thanks a fucking
lot!

EXT. ST MARYS CHURCH PRESBYTERY. NIGHT

Jimmy knocks on the wooden door.

He waits a couple of seconds. We hear the sound of locks turn and the door slowly opens. Out pops Fathers head.

FATHER

Jimmy? Twice in one week, I'm
honoured!

JIMMY

Don't suppose you've got five
minutes?

FATHER

Certainly, come in.

Father fully opens the door and beckons Jimmy through, into to the hallway.

INT. ST MARYS CHURCH PRESBYTERY. NIGHT

Jimmy steps inside. The atmosphere is a little frosty.

FATHER

The man at hospital. I hope you were respectful at the end?

JIMMY

It didn't go so good, and, that's why I'm here.

FATHER

Really?

JIMMY

Last time I came, you said you studied different religions and their beliefs.

FATHER

That's right.

JIMMY

I thought you might have some answers I'm after. Your my last hope!

FATHER

If we have faith, then the answer for everything can be found.

JIMMY

What do the faiths say about death?

FATHER

Death appears in every faith. The crucifixion of Jesus. Moses dying on Mount Nebo. Buddha reaching Parinirvana.

JIMMY

(frustrated)

No father. I mean actual death! The grim reaper, the angel of death, that guy, ya know?

Father stares at Jimmy half confused half concerned.

FATHER

What's bought this up?

Jimmy stares solemnly at Father.

JIMMY
I've seen things, been told things.
People at work think I'm crazy. But
I've seen him!

FATHER
Who? Death?

JIMMY
Yeah. It was him. I know it!

Jimmy stares into the foreground. Father gets more concerned.

FATHER
Come with me, to the study, lets
sit and talk.

Jimmy follows father. It's a quite, peaceful area, with bookshelves on all four walls. In the centre is a large desk with chairs on either side. Father sits Jimmy down, then walks to the other side and takes a seat.

FATHER (CONT'D)
All this talk of dying, you
wouldn't be having thoughts of.

JIMMY
Doin myself in! That's not what
this is about.

FATHER
Alright! But you know when people
talk about dying, they may have
only one thing on their mind.

JIMMY
What! You think that's me?

FATHER
Jimmy, I don't see you for years,
then in a few days your asking me
about the last rites and death.
What would you think?

JIMMY
You've got a point. But trust me I
ain't goin out like that! So What
can you tell me?

FATHER
Well, the earliest spiritual
beliefs come from death. In nearly
every religion there is a physical
representation of death.

(MORE)

FATHER (CONT'D)

Kali from Hinduism, Greek mythology has Hades. Then there's Yama in Buddhism, even Ershkigal from Mesopotamian beliefs. But the most popular image of death in Christianity, is one of the four horse men of the apocalypse. From the book of revelation!

JIMMY

So what, all of them are the same?

FATHER

They have different stories, different origins, of how they came to be, but broadly speaking they represent the same thing. The human soul, leaving the body and going to another place.

JIMMY

But are they real?

FATHER

You want to know do they exist? Obviously death in whatever form it takes is real, constant, and inevitable. Do I believe in the actual deities, being a real, living thing? I would officially say no!

Jimmy leans forward, annoyed at the answer.

JIMMY

Why not? You believe in God and Jesus!

FATHER

(forceful)
Unofficially, perhaps! You know the saying, about Gods work being mysterious?

JIMMY

So, maybe?

FATHER

Jimmy, what has brought all this on?

JIMMY

OK, at the hospital, I was with that guy.

(MORE)

JIMMY (CONT'D)

He starts telling me about someone he worked with, a killing machine. All of a sudden, he freaks, it gets all weird, the lights start flickering, the guy dies. I get a bad feeling and end up chasing after a guy. It turns out that guy has DNA a couple of thousand years old! I mean what else could it be?

FATHER

Anything else?

JIMMY

Did you hear about the Senator who died earlier this week?

FATHER

Oh, err, Mitchum or something?

JIMMY

Yeah Malcom, he was sliced up pretty bad.

Jimmy reaches into his pocket and pulls out the stone from Ryans scene and puts it on the desk in front of Father.

FATHER

What's this?

JIMMY

That was left next to Ryan, by his killer!

FATHER

I don't follow?

JIMMY

The exact same stone was left at Malcom's murder. You see? It's the same guy! But no one believes me.

Father looks at Jimmy, trying to empathise with Jimmy, but he's out of his depth.

FATHER

I don't know what to say!

JIMMY

I've got case files, photos, from the last fifty years. They show the same crimes, it's the same killer over and over and over!

Jimmy breaks down and starts to cry, with his head bowed.

JIMMY (CONT'D)

How will I stop him father? I need
to know!

Father gets out of his chair and walks around to console
Jimmy.

FATHER

If, and it's a huge if, what you
say is true, and you think you have
witnessed the living embodiment of
death, then you may not be able to
stop him!

Jimmy's head snaps back up and listens to Father.

FATHER (CONT'D)

Jimmy, if this thing has been
around for all this time, then it's
something you must leave alone.

JIMMY

I can't do that father. I promised
my boy! It's all I've got left!

FATHER

Jimmy, I'm warning you, there are
things in this world that are
beyond our control and
understanding. You must think again
about your actions.

A rye smile crosses Jimmy's face, which deflects Fathers
cautious advice.

JIMMY

Thank you Father. At least you
understand me.

FATHER

Don't thank me Jimmy, just think
about what I said.

Jimmy gets up and shakes Fathers hands.

JIMMY

Your a good man Father. I hope I
see ya soon!

Jimmy walks out of the building.

INT. MESSINA RESIDENCE. NIGHT

Gino still in his study. The usual immaculate facade is gone, replaced with a ruffled, drunken, almost broken man. He looks at his fathers photo, a look of defiance crosses his face.

GINO

Well pop, I've made a decision, the deal, it's off! It ain't my time yet, not like that, no fucking way!

Gino picks up the phone. He dials the number for Baddon. He wait of the call to connect.

GINO (CONT'D)

(condescending)

Hello, it's Mr Messina. Yeah, I'm gonna need you tomorrow. No, it's my assistant Stanley. No, it turns out he's betrayed me. So he's got to be punished, and I have to send out a message to whoever has his loyalty. He'll be in a warehouse halfway down Beard Street, Brooklyn, tomorrow, six AM. Yeah, he might have a couple of guys with him. Yeah yo won't have any problems, so take them out to. Yeah. Yeah, well I need someone I can rely on. And thanks again for the service. Yeah, see ya!

Gino puts the phone down. A devious smirk crosses his face. He takes another drink.

GINO (CONT'D)

Bye bye, Mr Baddon!

INT. UNMARKED POLICE CAR. LOWER MANHATTEN. NIGHT

Delasko is driving furiously, on almost empty roads before dawn. He picks up his mobile phone and makes a call.

INT. JIMMYS APARTMENT. NIGHT

Jimmy is sound asleep in bed. His phone rings, the screen shows "Del Calling". Jimmy wakes up, dazed and confused, sit's up and answers the call.

DELASKO

Jimmy, JIMMY! It's Del!

JIMMY
What time is this?

DELASKO
It's nearly six, so get your ass
out of bed.

JIMMY
What d'ya want?

DELASKO
It's the Messina's, there's
somethin goin down.

JIMMY
What, what is it?

DELASKO
I don't know but it's big. Bout an
hour ago all their guys got
together at the Messina House.
After ten minutes they all shipped
out. Covert team called me, they
thought we'd want to know.

JIMMY
Where they goin?

DELASKO
About half an hour ago, they were
all headed to West Brooklyn. I'm
tryin to catch up with the covert
team, but the last update was that
they'd lost sight of them.

JIMMY
You, got more back up commin
though, right.

DELASKO
Yeah, there mobilizing SWAT.

Jimmy frantically starts to get some clothes on.

JIMMY
Does, the boss know what's goin on?

DELASKO
I tried him but couldn't get
through!

JIMMY

OK, you carry on, I'll go to the Messina house, just incase this ain't a diversion.

DELASKO

OK, anything happens I'll call ya.

JIMMY

OK! Hey Del, watch your back!

DELASKO

Always pal. See ya.

Delasko ends the call and keeps driving. Jimmy finishes getting dressed and picks up his gun.

EXT. RUN DOWN WAREHOUSE. ERIE BASIN. WEST BROOKLYN. NIGHT

A worried looking Stanley gets out of the back of a black limo. He nervously looks around. Its still dark, just before dawn. He's ushered toward a derelict warehouse by a couple of heavies. He's cagey, hesitant.

STANLEY

Frank, are you sure Mr Messina wanted me to come here?

FRANK

That's what the boss said.

STANLEY

I don't understand. Your sure he told you to come bring me here?

FRANK

Hey, you got a problem, you call him! Tell him happy birthday from us.

Intimidated, Stanley backs down. The other heavies open the doors. Stanley reluctantly enters.

INT. RUN DOWN WAREHOUSE. ERIE BASIN. WEST BROOKLYN. DAY

Almost complete darkness, one of the heavies turns the industrial lighting on. The vast, mainly empty warehouse is reveled in sections. In the middle there are a few dozen large old wooden crates, there spread out, creating a corral. At the centre of the corral are a couple of battered chairs and large metal bench. Frank menacingly reassures Stanley.

FRANK

Relax! Nothings gonna happen! Go
take a seat, we might be a while!

We then see inside the various crates. In each are guys, both
with high powered assault rifles, they are in position to
launch a annihilating ambush. Stanley's uneasy.

STANLEY

Who are we meeting again?

FRANK

The boss said your to meet a guy,
to make an exchange. That's all I
know.

STANLEY

(Confused)

But I've nothing to give him!

Frank shrugs at Stanley and looks away.

INT. UNMARKED POLICE CAR. WEST BROOKLYN. NIGHT

Delasko is still driving like crazy. He picks up the police
radio.

DELASKO

Detective Delasko to Covert Ops.

COVERT OPS (V.O.)

Covert Ops to the last officer.

DELASKO

Yeah any sightings or position of
the Messina crew?

COVERT OPS (V.O.)

At present, still no current
location. Last seen around Erie
Basin area of West Brooklyn.

DELASKO

Yeah, ten four, Delasko out.

INT. JIMMYS CAR. NORTHBOUND. HIGHWAY. DAY

Jimmy, keeping one eye on the dawn lit empty road, reaches
into the glove box. He pulls out a police radio and turns it.

JIMMY

Detective Kelly to dispatch.

DISPATCH OPERATOR (V.O.)
Go ahead Detective Kelly.

JIMMY
I'm making towards the Messina House, Riverdale, can you get some units from fiftieth precinct to back me up please!

DISPATCH OPERATOR (V.O.)
Please confirm the incident your attending?

JIMMY
I'm not quite sure right now, just get some more cops there A S A P!
Detective Kelly out.

Jimmy throws his radio on the passenger seat, as he maneuvers and accelerates to get to the Messina house.

INT. BADDON'S MUSTANG. ERIE BASIN. DAY.

Baddon is cruising ominously. Cigarette in one hand, relaxed, listening to deep blues riffs on the car radio. The sun starts rising.

INT. UNMARKED POLICE CAR. ERIE BASIN. DAY

Delasko hurtles down roads, frantically scanning. He drives past various industrial buildings. As he looks around he catches a glimpse of the large, dark executives car a few hundred yards away. He slams on his breaks. Backs up fifty yards and sneaks another look.

DELASKO
I got ya!

Delasko grabs the radio again.

DELASKO (CONT'D)
Dispatch, this is Detective Delasko. Please inform Covert Ops and SWAT possible location of the target group is Warehouse 22 Beard St.

DISPATCH OPERATOR (V.O.)
Ten four, command is aware and units will be detailed to your location.

DELASKO
Ten four, Delasko out.

EXT. RUN DOWN WAREHOUSE. ERIE BASIN. WEST BROOKLYN. DAY

Delasko parks up, gets out and jogs towards the opposite end of the warehouse, to where the car was parked. He sneaks up and draws his gun. Out of breath and with his back against the wall, Delasko slowly walks along the building line. He gets about halfway down. Stops and takes a few deep breaths. He notices a boarded up window a few feet away. The board is wet and rotten. Delasko creeps up to it and gives it a poke. He manages to pry out a sodden corner. He gives it a good yank and a corner chunk of boarding breaks off, making a low thud.

INT. RUN DOWN WAREHOUSE. ERIE BASIN. WEST BROOKLYN. DAY

Stanley is sat on a chair. The atmosphere is tense. Stanley jumps when he hears the thud.

STANLEY
What was that?

Frank look at the crates for movement.

FRANK
It was nothing! Hey, don't worry,
your safe with us!

Frank looks at his cohort, they give each other a nod.

EXT. RUN DOWN WAREHOUSE. ERIE BASIN. WEST BROOKLYN. DAY

Delasko peers through a small broken pane of glass. He has framed view of the rear of the crates. He sees they have no back panel, exposing the poised gun men. Delasko goes unnoticed. He takes a closer look and can just make out Stanley, who's still seated.

DELASKO
(confused)
What the fuck?

Delasko flicks the safety off his gun and preps himself with another few deep breaths. He takes another look inside.

Baddon's car rolls up next to the limo. We hear the loud music from inside abruptly stops. A cigarette butt drops to the floor.

The door swings open and Baddon gets out, exhaling smoke. He surveys the location and the warehouse. He shuts the door and slowly whistles, then off to work he goes.

INT. RUN DOWN WAREHOUSE. ERIE BASIN. WEST BROOKLYN. DAY

Stanley bolts up out of the chair.

STANLEY

I don't like this guys, I think we should leave.

Frank and his pal get off the bench and blocks Stanley path.

FRANK

Your not goin anywhere! Now sit your scrawny ass DOWN!

Stanley, petrified stares at Frank. Suddenly the lights start to flicker. We hear the sound of the door opening, then slamming to. The heavies turn around. But struggle with the lack of light.

FRANK (CONT'D)

It's show time.

STANLEY

Who is it?

Frank and his buddy run off behind some crates, opposite to where Delasko, still watches. Delasko can see Stanley, the bait, paralysed by fear. Stanley calls out for his protection as the lights flicker.

STANLEY (CONT'D)

Guys? GUYS? GUYS!!!

Stanley sees Baddon in front of him. The intermittent light staggers Baddon's approach. Stanley edges backward in disbelief. Darkness for a couple of seconds. Then full illumination, Baddon now feet from Stanley, who lets out a shrill cry.

STANLEY (CONT'D)

Ahhh!

EXT. RUN DOWN WAREHOUSE. ERIE BASIN. WEST BROOKLYN. DAY

Delsako stares, jaw dropped, hypnotised.

DELASKO

Holy shit!

INT. RUN DOWN WAREHOUSE. ERIE BASIN. WEST BROOKLYN. DAY

Stanley, shaking, cowers down before Baddon, who stands over him, sub zero. Baddon takes out his weapon. He holds an antique wooden baton down to his side. He presses a small protruding dowel. A curved steel blade springs out and we finally see his small scythe like killing tool.

Stanley looks up, utterly terrified.

STANLEY

Wa, wa, what do you want?

BADDON

You!

STANLEY

Me, why me?

BADDON

Mr Messina order it!

STANLEY

But why? Why me!

BADDON

Because that's the way it goes!
Life's a bitch! Then, you meet me!

Baddon draws back his arm ready to slay Stanley.

Suddenly a signal is given.

FRANK (O.S.)

NOW, NOW, NOW!

Several heavies kick the front of their crates off. The wood crashes to the floor, revealing all the Messina soldiers. Stanley suddenly looks around, clueless of the trap. The men all pull back the cocking handle on their guns, ready for the command to start the onslaught.

Baddon looks around at the crescent of firepower. He begins to laugh out loud.

The soldiers look around at each other, all with stern faces, they don't share the joke.

FRANK (CONT'D)

What's so funny.

Baddon stops laughing.

BADDON
You think I didn't know this was
coming!

Baddon audaciously stares at the henchmen, relishing the situation, whilst spinning the Kama in his hand. The men return a slightly concerned look.

BADDON (CONT'D)
(patronising)
You really have no idea who your
fucking with!

FRANK
Oh really? Why just bring that
shitty little thing then?

BADDON
This "thing", has assisted me for
over three centuries. The craftsmen
who made it in Okinawa, was a
magnificent sorcerer, as you will
now see.

Baddon presses a secondary dowel and twists the handle of his weapon. Miraculously the handle increases in length and width. The blade extends from six inches to three feet. Within seconds Baddon's in battle stance with a full scale scythe. He leaps into the air.

BADDON (CONT'D)
(taunting)
COMMENCER LA DANSE MACABRE!!

FRANK
DROP HIM!!

The thugs start firing, all hell breaks loose, like the OK coral on steroids. Baddon glides in the air, defying gravity. Dozens of rounds being fired at him, but somehow he's bulletproof.

Baddon eventually lands on a crate thirty feet away. He demolishes it, crushing one of the goons inside and knocking Frank unconscious. The other men reposition to make the kill shot, again they hit, but still Baddon comes unaffected, now the gloves are off!

With an overhead swing of his scythe he takes out another two guys, decapitating one and slicing the other in half.

He takes off to his left, repositions his weapon mid air then pile drive's the blade into another two, blood and guts everywhere. Stanley cowers in a ball in the middle of the floor, his ears deafened by gunfire and haunting cries of mercy from the fallen. He's unaware of the horrors around him.

Delasko looks on in amazement, while Baddon continues his onslaught. Baddon slashes, dices, and slays all in front of him, its a slaughterhouse. Baddon's in his element.

The last few men pick up forsaken guns, desperately firing rounds to save themselves. A few rounds hit Baddon's, but nothing, he's relentless. The maestro continues effortlessly to maul and maim.

Frank starts to come round. Baddon stands over him as reality sets in. Frank tries to get up but Baddon slams him back down with just one hand. Frank slowly gets to his knees.

FRANK (CONT'D)

Please! Please! I'll do anything!

BADDON

Anything?

FRANK

ANYTHING!

Baddon pauses for a second.

BADDON

Nah? Sorry!

In one clinical thrust, Baddon impales Frank torso onto the scythe, the tip coming out of Franks bloody mouth. Baddon lifts up Frank who is now motionless.

BADDON (CONT'D)

Did anyone tell you, that you talk to much!

Baddon stares at the pathetic corpse. He twists the handle again and the Scythe shrinks back down to it's original size. Frank drops to the floor.

Delasko can't take his eyes off the action. Stanley anxiously looks around with his head bowed. He notices Baddon a few feet away. We hear police sirens in the distance. Baddon walks toward Stanley.

STANLEY

Please, make it quick and painless.

BADDON

What? You! I'm not here for you! At least no today!

Stanley closes his eyes in relief and takes a huge breath in. Baddon swoops down to his knees and grabs Stanley round throat. He pulls Stanley in close.

BADDON (CONT'D)

You were sent here as a lure, for me!

STANLEY

I can see that!

BADDON

So tell me. Where is Messina?

STANLEY

(Choking)

At home! He'll be at his home.

Baddon pulls him closer nose to nose. He stares in to Stanley teary eyes looking for the truth. Stanley slowly holds up his right hand and moves it to his inside jacket pocket. He pulls out his cell and dials the number for Gino. It starts to ring

INT. MESSINA RESIDENCE. NIGHT

Gino's sitting at his desk, edgy, impatiently waiting for positive news. The phone rings and he sees on the screen Stanley calling. Gino answers in a split.

GINO

Is it done? Is he dead?

INT. RUN DOWN WAREHOUSE. ERIE BASIN. WEST BROOKLYN. DAY

BADDON

Sorry Mr Messina! You've rather underestimated me with your plan!

GINO

Fuck you!

BADDON

Tell me, will you honor the deal like you father! Or will you take the cowards way out?

GINO

Fuck you Baddon! FUCK YOU!

BADDON

If your going to run, now's the
time! I'm coming for you!

Gino ends the call and punches the desk in fury. He throws the phone up against the wall.

EXT. RUN DOWN WAREHOUSE. ERIE BASIN. WEST BROOKLYN. DAY

Delasko's frozen, he see's Baddon on the phone and Stanley getting chocked, to far away to hear the conversation. The sirens get louder.

INT. RUN DOWN WAREHOUSE. ERIE BASIN. WEST BROOKLYN. DAY

Baddon pushed Stanley away. Stanley coughs and gasps at the same time.

BADDON

You work for me now! Got it?

Stanley, on all fours, nods his head.

STANLEY

Yes sir! Anything you say!

Baddon walks towards the exit, he puts both hands in his pockets. He stops, turns back around and out come clenched fists. He scatters a couple of dozen stones for the dead. Baddon turns and disappears out of the warehouse.

INT. JIMMYS CAR. MESSINA ESTATE ENTRANCE. DAY

Jimmy zooms into the driveway entrance. The gate wide open and the guardhouse is deserted. He continues down the long drive and slows down when he reaches the grandiose courtyard.

Jimmy looks around, it's a ghost town. He waits a second, still nothing. He gets out of the car and draws his gun. There is a eerie silence. Jimmy sees a sports car with an open door.

He looks over to the front entrance, its half open. Jimmy walks toward the house.

EXT. RUN DOWN WAREHOUSE. ERIE BASIN. WEST BROOKLYN. DAY

Delasko slowly walks down the side of the building, headed for the entrance. He can hear the back up, seconds away.

He gets to the corner of the building, braces himself, takes a breath. He pounces out, eyes half open expecting to see the unthinkable. But there is nothing. Baddon is gone, nowhere to be seen. Only the limo remains. Two SWAT units pull up, sirens blaring. Delasko signals them to go into the warehouse. The SWAT leader approaches Delasko, while the others position themselves, containing the building. Delasko briefs the SWAT leader.

DELASKO

The suspects fled. There's one non hostile inside. Around twenty casualties, but I think there all dead.

The SWAT leader nods his head.

DELASKO (CONT'D)

You won't get any resistance inside. But just let your boys know, it's gruesome, it's like an war zone in there.

The SWAT leader leaves Delasko and goes to brief his teams.

Delasko takes a second then gets his cell phone out and calls Jimmy. The SWAT team enter the warehouse, Delasko waits outside.

INT. MESSINA RESIDANCE. DAY

Jimmy edges through the huge entrance hall of the deserted house on tip toes. His gun out ready to rock and roll. Suddenly his cell rings. Panic and Jimmy fumble for his phone.

JIMMY

(whispering)

Del, I'm busy right now!

EXT. RUN DOWN WAREHOUSE. ERIE BASIN. WEST BROOKLYN. DAY

Delasko paces outside the warehouse alone.

DELASKO

(wired)

You OK? Where are you?

JIMMY

I'm fine, I'm at Messina's!

DELASKO

Jim, you were right about him!

JIMMY

About who?

DELASKO

You know the death guy, Abaddon, the reaper! You were right! I saw him! He took out Messina's guys, it was a massacre.

Jimmy stops dead in his tracks.

JIMMY

When?

DELASKO

Just now, at a ware house, down Erie Basin. It was fuckin crazy! I swear, if I hadn't seen it, I wouldn't believe it.

JIMMY

Where'd he go?

DELASKO

He just vanished? He killed about twenty guys, spoke to Messina's assistant then, boom, disappeared. SWAT are clearing the build now.

JIMMY

OK, anything else call me. Call the boss, make sure he's updated.

DELASKO

Sure thing. Hey Jim, make sure you keep safe!

JIMMY

I'm OK, back ups commin.

DELASKO

OK, I'm out of here, keep safe Jim!

JIMMY

I will, see ya Del.

Delasko looks down at his cell and ends the call. He looks up and turns towards the warehouse. He his abruptly stopped. He bounces off Baddon, Delasko begins to frown and clenches his stomach.

He looks down and sees Baddon grasping his Kama handle. Baddon moves in closer, both gutting and steadying Delasko at the same time.

BADDON

I'm sorry officer. I can't have any witnesses! It's bad for business.

Delasko, speechless, stares at Baddon with helpless, fading eyes. In the distance, we see the warehouse entrance. Delasko slowly drops to the floor and Baddon guides him down. We see Delasko last seconds, he passes, eyes open.

A stone drops to the floor and settles next to Delasko.

Cops walk out of the warehouse. They notice Delasko and run to his aid. They reach him, but he is dead and alone, Baddon is gone.

INT. MESSINA RESIDANCE. DAY

Jimmy peers into Gino's office, he sees the smashed phone on the floor. Jimmy enters, his gun raised ready for the unknown. The desk is a mess, drawers wide open, papers scattered.

He nervously walks around the office to check its clear. Search completed he approaches the desk. He starts to skim read the documents, his gun pointed towards the door. Jimmy scans the papers and give the doorway an occasional glance.

He moves a few items, then his eye is drawn to Luca's letter to Gino. Jimmy lays it flat and starts to read it. His gun lowers the more captivated he becomes in the letter.

Jimmy keeps reading and justified look covers his face.

JIMMY

I knew it. I fucking knew it!

Jimmy folds up the letter and puts it in his pockets. He leaves the room and carries on searching the vast house. There are balloons and banners marking Gino's 40th birthday.

We see Jimmy check several rooms. In the kitchen is a huge birthday cake, but nobody else is present.

Jimmy checks the lounge, but again empty. All the other rooms he looks in are clear and the house appears to be deserted.

Jimmy approaches a grand staircase, he looks up still with gun drawn. Slowly he climbs each step. As he gets to the top he can hear movement.

We see Gino in his bedroom holding a gun in each hand, and a gun in his waistband. He's almost hysterical, bundling clothes into a bag. He moves to an open safe in the floor, and kneels down. Gino picks out wads of cash, valuables and passports and shoves them all into the bag.

Jimmy approaches the bedroom and sees Gino preparing for his retreat. Gino's unaware of Jimmy and eagerly continues to gather essentials.

Jimmy walks into the room, poised to fire. Gino senses a presence and goes to draw his weapon.

JIMMY (CONT'D)

Don't even think about it, you piece of shit.

Gino raises his hands and turns and looks around. He sees it's Jimmy and bows his head with relief.

GINO

I thought you were! Someone else!

Gino lets out a little laugh, for his stay of execution. Gino goes to pick up his bag.

JIMMY

Stop or I'll!

GINO

What? Shoot me? Your a cop, you won't! If you were gonna, ya would of by now!

Gino picks up his bag and walks toward Jimmy with blatant disregard. Gino walks past Jimmy who is frozen for a second. Gino stops and turns around, he suddenly comes to his senses.

GINO (CONT'D)

What the fuck are you doing in my house?

JIMMY

Happy Birthday, from NYPD!

GINO

Very good! Well as it's my birthday I'll give you an extra twenty seconds to leave or I'll!

JIMMY

What? Shoot me?

GINO
I ain't got time for this.

Gino walks off down the corridor toward the stairs. Jimmy follows him.

JIMMY
I know about him, Baddon, I mean!

Gino stops at the top of the stairs.

GINO
And! So what?

JIMMY
And, he killed my boy! I want some fuckin answers!

GINO
Your talkin to the wrong guy!

Gino starts to move off again. Jimmy now upset, fires a couple of shots to get Gino's arrogant attention. Gino stops and turns back around he's enraged at Jimmy disrespect.

GINO (CONT'D)
I DON'T KNOW ANYTHING!

JIMMY
BULL SHIT! You've been using this guy for years! You must know where he is! Or how I can get to him!

GINO
You wanna meet him? Well stick around, he's on his way! Me, I ain't that friendly!

Gino starts to walk down the stairs with his bag. He gets about four steps down then. BANG!!!

Gino falls the rest of the stair case tumbling and rolling as he goes. He hits the bottom and cries out in pain, dazed and shocked.

We see Jimmy with the smoking gun, looking down at Gino. He starts to rush down the staircase. He reaches Gino who is in agony. Jimmy grabs hold of Gino.

GINO (CONT'D)
You shot me, you fucker, you shot me!

JIMMY

No, I shot at you! I knew you're wearing a vest. Your not hit!

Jimmy rips Gino's shirt and unzips the bulletproof vest to double check. He looks at Gino's left shoulder blade, there's a huge red mark, but no wound.

JIMMY (CONT'D)

Your fine! Now answers!

GINO

Fuck you!

Jimmy puts his left hand on Gino's shoulder and pushes his thumb into the area where he was hit.

GINO (CONT'D)

AHHH. YOU BASTARD!

Jimmy grabs hold of Gino's neck and drags him into the study. A couple of feet inside Jimmy gets mad and throws Gino into a side cupboard.

Jimmy stands over Gino, gun drawn ready to fire. Gino faces Jimmy, and looks up at the barrel. Blood runs from Gino's nose.

GINO (CONT'D)

You are so fucking dead after this!

JIMMY

This tough guy shit's boring me
Messina! Tell me, where's Baddon?

The two men face off with tunnel vision

The large chair next to Gino's desk slowly spins around, to reveal, Baddon, sat on the chair.

They both finally realize Baddon is present and their attention turns to the chair. They both look to make sure they aren't imagining things.

Baddon, relaxed, at ease, gets out a cigarette's and lights one up. He blows smoke out.

BADDON

How funny, we should meet like this. Only fifteen years since this path of fate started, here, in this very room.

Gino stares at Baddon with a confused look. Jimmy's anger begins to increase, he's finally face to face with his sons killer. Jimmy explodes and can't contain his anger.

JIMMY

This is for Ryan!!

Jimmy fires off six rounds into Baddon's face and head. We see the rounds come out of the back of the chair.

Baddon's head is lowered down. He appears to be dead. After a couple of seconds he raises his head and opens his eyes.

BADDON

That wasn't nice officer. Don't do that again, or you'll see my dark side. Now if you don't mind, I'm here to collect.

Baddon goes to get up out of the chair.

Jimmy points his gun at Gino.

JIMMY

Move, and I'll kill him.

BADDON

Really? I've seen cops cross the line before, but shoot an unarmed man? I think not!

JIMMY

You wanna try me! Go ahead! Cause right now I don't give a shit!!

Gino looks down, aware of the grave situation.

BADDON

What will you achieve?

Jimmy pulls out the letter and waves it around.

JIMMY

I know about the deal! You, him, his father! If I kill him, it stops you. That will do me!

Baddon starts to laugh. Jimmy looks around and shoves the letter back into his pocket.

BADDON

You think, if he goes then I go?
Why officer, I hate to ruin your
day, but I've always been here, one
way or another.

A concerned look crosses Jimmy's face, like he's lost his
only bargaining chip. Baddon stares at Jimmy with his
piercing eyes.

BADDON (CONT'D)

I've had many names over the
centuries, Muriel, Baron Samedi,
The Destroyer..

JIMMY

The angel of the abyss, Apollyon, I
know!

BADDON

Someone's being doing their
homework! When I first started with
his family they called me Abbadon
you know! Over the years, the
cretins thought Abe was a first
name. They soon shortened it to
Baddon. They probably thought it
sounded menacing. The idiots!

JIMMY

If you hate them, why work for
them?

BADDON

The truth? Boredom! The last two
hundred years I've had lots of
help. Guns, cigarettes, narcotics,
alcohol, the motor car, the list
goes on, and on. At present I'm
almost redundant. So I thought I'll
get a job! And, what do I do best?
Kill!

JIMMY

And the pay?

BADDON

Ah yes. That's the negative. Every
so often this body needs
revitalizing, a life force, a soul!

JIMMY

That's the deal?

BADDON

Yes. It's simple! There's always some pathetic mark, willing to trade, blinded by greed and power. There always is. There always has. It's a weakness of mankind!

Baddon stares at Gino fearlessly, as he smears the Messina name.

GINO

Fuck you asshole!

BADDON

I never tire of Anglo Saxon vulgarity! Do you officer? Anyway back to business.

Baddon goes to get up again. But Jimmy thrusts his gun, closer to Gino.

JIMMY

Well I'm ending this, you took my future, so I'm takin yours.

BADDON

Officer, what did I do that made you so angry?

JIMMY

The night you took his fathers soul, you killed a young cop. That cop was my son! Ryan!

Jimmy starts to weep, the tense pressure, getting the better of him.

BADDON

Ahh, yes, I remember now. I spy with my little eye.

Baddon gets up from the chair and walks toward Gino

BADDON (CONT'D)

I don't like being captured on film. It was unfortunate!

JIMMY

Unfortunate, UNFORTUNATE!

BADDON

I was just protecting my interests, what comes natural! It wasn't personal! You understand?

JIMMY

That's the thing. I don't
understand at all anymore!

Jimmy turns looks at Gino and fires his last rounds at him.
Gino body recoils from the impact of the bullets.

Baddon lurches forward and sees Gino is hit.

BADDON

NO!

In a second he is next to Jimmy he picks him up and launches
him through the patio windows doors at the opposite end of
the room. We see Jimmy crash through, bounce along the floor
covered in shards of glass. He comes to a stop, unconscious.

Baddon walks over to Gino and drops to his knees. Gino starts
to scream.

GINO

NO, NOOO! PLEASE, ANYTHING!

Baddon hands grasps Gino's throat and he moves his head close
to Gino's mouth. Gino goes silent.

BADDON

Shh, Shh, Shh! My kiss will soon be
over!

Gino's mouth now just inches away from Baddon's, as his jaw
almost dislocates and opens wider still. Baddon's eyes light
up and we see Gino's spirit, sucked out from the corpse by
Baddon and enters his mouth.

Jimmy starts to coming around. Face down and disorientated he
sees Baddon pinning down Gino. Jimmy passes out again.

Baddon finishes feeding. He leans back, energized, full
powered. He gets to his feet. He looks out of the smashed
doors and sees Jimmy, unconscious on the floor.

Baddon approaches Jimmy. He reaches into his pocket and takes
out the letter.

Baddon gets out his lighter and burns the letter.

Baddon then lights a cigarette and takes a few puffs.

He looks down at Jimmy, who is still on the floor. Baddon
gets a stone out of his pocket he tosses the stone a couple
of times.

BADDON (CONT'D)
No today! But, I'll be see you
soon!

Baddon puts the stone back in his pocket.

He looks up at the sky. The sun covers his face. A smile
crosses. He breaths in deep.

BADDON (CONT'D)
Ahh, another new dawn.

Baddon walks off across the lawn

FADE OUT.