

Dead Rich  
by  
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FADE IN

Washington D.C. - The murder capital of the world Aglow with Christmas lights. Spectacular. Serene. Silent.

TITLE CARD: MILLIONAIRES' ROW - CHRISTMAS EVE - 2002

Massachusetts Avenue (Millionaires' Row) in all its architectural splendor. Row upon row of huge houses adorned with expensive Christmas decorations.

On the sidewalk an elderly woman lies dead.

INT. RILEY'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Plush. The room is dark. Not a single bauble or piece of tinsel in sight. The classic movie "It's a Wonderful Life" plays on an enormous TV.

Slouched on an armchair in front of the TV, lieutenant STEVE RILEY, 33, drains the last few drops from his ice cold bottle of Bud.

He plunks the bottle down on an ornate coffee table next to a pack of ante-depressants.

As Riley settles back in his chair with another bottle, we see a snake-like silhouette on the wall behind him. It keeps deadly still. We move closer - it is a a noose.

INT. RILEY'S APARTMENT - LATER

The movie reaches its wonderfully uplifting climax. A tear trickles down Riley's face. He scoops it up with his finger and examines it from every angle - then wipes it away.

INT. RILEY'S APARTMENT - MOMENTS LATER

Riley grabs the coffee table. The empty bottles of Bud crash to the floor. He strides towards the noose. Slams the coffee table down.

He steps up on to the coffee table. Takes a deep breath.

RILEY  
Forgive me Sarah.

Riley slowly places his head in the noose -

The Phone RINGS.

Riley's eyes dart towards the phone. He hesitates... Then - steps off the table... His head still in the noose!

Riley's legs thrash and kick as his oxygen starved body slips in to unconsciousness. A stream of urine gushes down his trouser leg on to the solid oak floor.

The phone continues to RING when suddenly -

Snap! Riley crashes to the floor. He gasps for air as he frantically loosens the snapped cord from around his neck.

INT. RILEY'S APARTMENT - CONTINUOUS

The phone continues to RING - demanding to be answered.

Riley crawls across the urine soaked floor to the phone. He paws it like a kitten as he struggles to pick it up.

Slam! Riley brings the phone crashing down on the receiver.

INT. RILEY'S APARTMENT - LATER

Riley sits in silence. Contemplates what has happened. The Phone RINGS - louder than ever.

Riley reluctantly picks it up.

On the other end of the line is the face of CAPTAIN FRIEDEL, 58. A face that has spent a lifetime working in homicide - and shows it.

Friedel flicks through 'Fortune' magazine as he waits for Riley to answer.

INTERCUT AS NEEDED

INT. CAPTAIN FRIEDEL'S OFFICE - SAME

FRIEDEL  
(into phone)  
Riley is that you?

Riley tries to speak but can only manage a soft gurgle.

FRIEDEL  
Quit screwing around will ya.

Riley gently massages his throat with his left hand as he speaks.

RILEY  
What?

FRIEDEL  
About Goddamn time. Where the hell have ya been?

RILEY

Hanging.

FRIEDEL

Yeah, right. With who? Look never mind all that. Claudia Bucksley's dead.

Riley's eyes light up.

RILEY

Old "Big Bucks" dead. Please tell me she suffered?

Friedel shakes his head.

FRIEDEL

Dunno. Uniform called it in ten minutes ago. Said she'd been iced.

RILEY

Maybe there is a God after all.

FRIEDEL

Look - I need you on this ASAP. You're the best detective I've got.

RILEY

I'm the only detective you've got. Everybody else is spending Christmas Eve with their families.

Friedel smiles at Riley's perceptiveness.

RILEY

Sorry Cap. I'd like to help out...  
(fashions a new noose)  
but I've got something planned.

FRIEDEL

Well, don't let me stop ya.

Friedel slams the phone down.

INT. SAMARITANS - MOMENTS LATER

Posters on everything from teenage pregnancy to substance abuse adorn the walls.

A group of VOLUNTEERS wait by the phones --

RING. RING. RING. RING.

An eager volunteer picks it up.

VOLUNTEER  
 (into phone)  
 Hello, Samaritans.

RING! RING! RING! RING!

MARIA SANTOS, 26, and a real head-turner, mouths "sorry" to her fellow volunteers - the RINGING comes from her cell.

She grabs it. Moves to a corner of the room.

MARIA  
 (into cell, softly)  
 Hello? What, now?! I can't... I'm  
 in the middle of some... Okay.  
 Okay. I'll be there in five.

Maria mouths "sorry" - then "merry Christmas" to her colleagues. She gives them a friendly wave then charges down the stairs.

EXT. MILLIONAIRE'S ROW - NIGHT

A large crowd has gathered around the crime scene despite the festivities and exclusivity.

People of all ages jostle each other. All hoping to get a better view of the body when...

Riley pulls up in the kind of car no honest cop can afford. He gets out and forces his way through the mob.

A SHORT GUY and a FAT GUY block his path as they go at it.

SHORT GUY  
 Move your fat ass. I can't see  
 shit.

FAT GUY  
 Want me to fetch you a mirror?

The fat guy shoves the short guy.

SHORT GUY  
 Back off. Or there'll be two dead  
 bodies to look at.

Riley pulls his piece. Aims it at them.

RILEY  
 Make that three.

They both give him a look - then think better of it. They move apart just enough to let him through.

Riley pushes past them. A ROOKIE nods.

ROOKIE  
Merry Christmas, lieutenant.

Riley scowls.

The rookie cringes.

ROOKIE  
Aw, jeez. Sorry lieutenant. I forgot.

Riley ignores him. Walks towards the body.

EXT. MILLIONAIRE' ROW - MOMENTS LATER

A FEMALE DETECTIVE looks over in disgust at the two guys arguing. We do not see her face.

FEMALE DETECTIVE  
(to uniform cop)  
Christmas. A time of peace and goodwill to all men... And they're half killing each other just to get a glimpse of a corpse... Sick fucks.

The uniform cop nods in agreement. Riley walks past.

RILEY  
Forget it. It's human nature.

The female detective spins round - It is Maria.

MARIA  
Human? Those freaks?!

Riley is knocked out by her dark, sultry looks but does his best not to show it.

RILEY  
Death's big box office. The bloodier the better.

MARIA  
Bullshit.

Riley shrugs.

RILEY  
Been that way ever since some enterprising Roman zookeeper started charging to watch the lions at feeding time...  
(smirks)  
(MORE)

RILEY (cont'd)  
Course, he let the Christians in  
for free.

Maria glares at him.

Riley kneels over a body bag. The corpse of CLAUDIA  
BUCKSLEY, late-sixties peers out at him. Her gaunt features  
contrast with the expensive fur coat swathed across her  
dead body.

MARIA  
Hey! Get away from there. What  
the hell d'you think you're  
doing?

Riley's eyes stay fixed on Bucksley's body.

RILEY  
Gloating.

MARIA  
(to uniform cop)  
Move his ass or so help me  
I'll...

Riley smirks - whips out his gold shield.

RILEY  
Riley. Homicide.

MARIA  
Well, just so there's no  
confusion here detective, I'm  
heading this investigation.  
Captain Friedel assigned me  
personally... So why don't you  
run along home and see what  
Santa's brought you.

RILEY  
It's lieutenant. But you can call  
me sir.

Maria looks pissed.

EXT. MILLIONAIRES' ROW - MOMENTS LATER

Riley examines the body for any signs of injury. He touches  
the dead woman's face.

RILEY  
Jesus!

He snatches his hand away.

A beat. Riley taps her forehead and chest with his fist.

RILEY  
She's frozen solid!

Maria nods.

RILEY  
My guess is she's been dead  
several hours. The killer's must  
have stuck the body in a freezer  
then dumped it here when it got  
dark.

MARIA  
You think so?

Riley nods.

MARIA (CONT'D)  
So how come we got half a dozen  
eyewitnesses, including a cop,  
who all swear they saw her  
walking her dog less than twenty  
minutes ago?

RILEY  
No way! It's nowhere near cold  
enough. They must be mis... Wait  
a minute. What dog? I don't see  
no...  
(looks at Maria)  
... then again.

MARIA  
You should get your eyes checked.

She swaggers off.

Riley looks on almost in awe. He was expecting a finger or  
a "fuck you" - not a confident woman.

INT. AUTOPSY ROOM - NIGHT

The room is cold and scrupulously clean. Stainless steel  
and white tile. Medical Examiner JEFFRIES, 42, Films  
Claudia Bucksley's dissected corpse as it continues to  
thaw.

He does not see Riley and Maria walk in.

JEFFRIES  
Oh man...! Who said there's no  
such thing as Santa Claus?!

RILEY  
Nice to see someone enjoying  
their work.



Jeffries almost jumps out of his skin. Maria glares at the two of them, then barges past Jeffries.

JEFFRIES  
(to Maria))  
Um. Hi.

He sheepishly puts the camera down.

Maria looks down at Bucksley's emaciated corpse. Crosses herself. Then gently kisses the dead woman on the forehead before covering her face with a sheet.

Riley and Jeffries are stunned - Neither one of them has ever seen a cop behave like this before!

INT. AUTOPSY ROOM - LATER

Jeffries scrubs his hands in a stainless steel washbasin.

JEFFRIES  
They say she was seen walking her dog, minutes before she ended up like that?

RILEY  
So I heard.

JEFFRIES  
(huge grin)  
Triple time they're paying me to cut her open. Fools. I'd have done it for free.

Riley glances over at Bucksley's corpse.

RILEY  
I'd have given my left nut to have done it.

Maria glares at the both of them.

Jeffries grabs his camera - starts filming again.

Maria puts her hand over the lens.

MARIA  
I need to know what killed her?

JEFFRIES  
She was already dead.

Riley and Maria give each other a "what the hell is he talking about?" look.

JEFFRIES

Cancer. Would have been dead  
inside a month anyhow.

RILEY

But that wasn't the cause of  
death?

JEFFRIES

Well, no. Technically speaking,  
she froze to death.

RILEY

Jeez. The wonders of modern  
science.

MARIA

And just how the hell is that  
possible?

Jeffries looks Maria straight in the eye.

JEFFRIES

It's not! Well, not in less than  
twenty minutes, not on a mild  
night like this it's not.

Riley and Maria leave. Jeffries shouts after them as he  
films Bucksley's body.

JEFFRIES

Don't be surprised if this ends  
up on the net.

Maria pops her head back in. Smiles.

MARIA

Don't be surprised if you end up  
unemployed if it does.

Jeffries plunks the camera down.

INT. RILEY'S CAR - CHRISTMAS MORNING

An uncomfortable silence as Riley drives Maria along 'The  
Row'.

RILEY

You always this talkative?

Maria ignores him.

RILEY

Was it something I said?

MARIA

Gee. It's no wonder you made lieutenant.

Riley smirks.

MARIA

The way you treated that poor woman was disgusting. Not an ounce of dignity... No compassion... Nothing!

She looks at him for a reaction - nothing!

EXT. MANSION - LATER

Riley and Maria walk through the magnificent wrought iron gates up the long driveway.

Maria is open-mouthed at the sight of the impressive Gothic structure and well-maintained grounds.

MARIA

Oh my God. Take a look at that. Must have cost Bucksley a fortune.

Riley spits.

RILEY

The only people that are gonna miss that money grabbing bitch are her banker, stockbroker and accountant.

MARIA

(under her breath)  
Still three more than'll miss you.

EXT. MANSION - MOMENTS LATER

As Riley and Maria approach the solid oak door a huge Rottweiler leaps out at them from behind some bushes. Maria screams. Steps back.

The dog guards the front door. Its leash still attached to its collar.

Riley walks towards it. The hound growls and bares its huge, white, flesh shredders at him. Riley looks it straight in the eye.

MARIA

What are you doing? Don't stare  
it out like that. It'll tear you  
to pieces.

The beast snarls. It looks ready to pounce.

Riley glares at the creature. Dares it to attack - as he  
edges closer and closer.

MARIA

Either you're crazy. Or you've  
got a Goddamn deathwish!

She whips out her .38 Detective Special and aims it at the  
hound.

Riley knocks on the door. The rottweiler cowers at his  
feet. It whimpers then licks his shoes.

RILEY

Relax. He's just a big pussycat.

Maria keeps her weapon trained on the cowering beast.

Riley knocks on the door again. Nobody comes.

RILEY

Guess it's the servants day off.

He tries the door handle. It opens. They go inside.

INT. MANSION - CONTINUOUS

The hallway is dark and dusty. Maria flicks a light switch.  
There is no power.

The inside of the house is a total contrast to the  
building's magnificent exterior. There is no furniture,  
drapes or carpets.

It is an empty shell.

INT. LOUNGE - MOMENTS LATER

Riley glances around the empty room.

INT. KITCHEN - SAME

Maria looks in the cupboards. Not a scrap of food in any of  
them. She checks the refrigerator - empty.

Maria sees an empty can of dog meat on the counter-top next  
to a dirty, dinner plate.

She picks the empty can up and smells it - then smells the dinner plate.

Maria glances at the half-eaten bowl of dog meat on the floor. Realizes it was dinner for two.

MARIA

Oh, Jesus.

She rifles the drawers. They are crammed full of unpaid bills.

INT. LOUNGE - SAME

Riley sifts through the smouldering ashes in the fireplace with a pencil. Picks out little fragments of burnt clothing. He picks up a a partially burnt piece of expensive fur.

He studies it closely - deep in thought.

MARIA (O.S.)

Lieutenant. In here.

INT. KITCHEN - MOMENTS LATER

Maria thrusts the pile of unpaid bills in Riley's hands.

MARIA

Seems she was actually "No Bucks"! Poor thing was starving.

RILEY

Doesn't matter. They ain't got a Bloomingdales in hell.

MARIA

Have you no pity? The only thing she had to eat was this!

Maria hurls the empty can of dog meat at Riley. He ducks. The can sails past and bounces off the wall.

Maria snatches the unpaid bills from Riley's grasp. Sticks them in a plastic evidence bag. Storms off.

MARIA

Asshole!

Riley grins. Starts to follow. Sees two unmarked bottles of pills sat on a shelf. Slips them in his pocket.

INT. FRIEDEL'S OFFICE - LATER

Friedel sifts through several photos of Claudia Bucksley's corpse as he questions the young Rookie who angered Riley earlier.

ROOKIE

She looked fine. Just said it was a little chilly...

FRIEDEL

That's gotta be the understatement of the century! You're sure it was her?

ROOKIE

Y... Yes sir. Positive. My Mom --

The phone RINGS.

FRIEDEL

(into phone)

Don't talk to me about backlogs. Yes. Of course I know what freakin' day it is. You drop everything and get me those toxicology reports or else...

He slams the phone down.

FRIEDEL

You were saying?

ROOKIE

-- M... My mom used to breed German Shepard's. Sold one to Miss Bucksley when I was 'bout eight or nine. Pick of the litter. Won tons of awards 'n' stuff.

FRIEDEL

Good. Well done.

ROOKIE

Will that be all, Sir?

Friedel nods. Gets back to studying the photos of the corpse. Scratches his head.

EXT. METRO POLICE - AFTERNOON

Riley and Maria run a gauntlet of lights, cameras and REPORTERS all screaming questions at them. Riley is his usual uncooperative self.

REPORTER 1

Lieutenant, can you tell us exactly what happened to Claudia Bucksley?

RILEY

She died.

REPORTER 2

Have there been any new developments?

RILEY

Check with the Housing Department.

Reporter 2 looks perplexed.

Riley's forces his way through. Maria is right behind him. They cross paths with MAYOR JACKSON, 49, sleek, smooth, and very suave as he comes out of the building with two BODYGUARDS, one either side of him.

The press engulf him. The bodyguards hold them off. As he reads a statement aloud.

MAYOR JACKSON

Following the tragic and might I add unexpected demise of one of this city's finest citizens. I have met with Captain Friedel and he has sworn not to leave any stone unturned until the perpetrator or perpetrators of this heinous crime are brought to justice.

REPORTER 1

Mayor Jackson, Mayor Jackson... Is it true that the police have absolutely nothing to go on? Not a single clue?

Mayor Jackson smiles.

MAYOR JACKSON

No Tom, it's not.

REPORTER 2

How soon can we expect an arrest?

MAYOR JACKSON

Imminently.

An attractive FEMALE REPORTER, early-twenties steps forward, flashes him a dazzling smile.

Mayor Jackson looks her up and down - smiles.

FEMALE REPORTER

What do you say to those people who say you're exploiting this case in a cynical attempt to deflect attention from the allegations of corruption surrounding you and your office?

The question angers him - but the fake smile remains.

MAYOR JACKSON

Lies. Lies. And more lies!

Spontaneous applause from the CROWD.

FEMALE REPORTER

Then why is the Attorney General--

MAYOR JACKSON

Young lady, do you honestly expect my opponents to praise me for the excellent job my administration is doing in taking this great city of ours forward?

Several cheers ring out.

MAYOR JACKSON

They covet my position. And as such will propagate any falsehood in a desperate and futile attempt to destroy ME and everything I stand for.

Rapturous applause and cheers from the crowd. Several of them slap Mayor Jackson on the back as the two bodyguards lead him to a waiting limo.

INT. FRIEDEL'S OFFICE - LATER

Friedel looks agitated. Clenches his jaw.

RILEY

Well?

FRIEDEL

We gotta find out who or what turned Bucksley in to the Snow Queen or the Mayor's gonna--

MARIA

No probs. Soon as we get the tox--

RILEY

I'm out.



Riley takes his gold shield out. Tosses it on Friedel's desk.

RILEY

I won't be needing this where I'm going.

Riley heads for the door.

FRIEDEL

Let's not be hasty here. The Mayor wants you on this one. Asked for you personally.

Riley stops. Surprised. A beat. He keeps walking.

MARIA

Let him go. We don't need him. I'll--

Friedel scowls at her. Shouts after Riley

FRIEDEL

My ass is on the line here. If this case ends up on "Unsolved Mysteries" I end up on Unemployment...

Riley opens the door. Does not turn around.

FRIEDEL

You owe me... For Sarah.

Riley turns. Stares at Friedel. A beat.

RILEY

Once this is done. I'm out.

Bang! Riley slams the door behind him. Friedel plops back down in his chair. Breathes a huge sigh of relief.

INT. POLICE PRECINCT, CORRIDOR - MOMENTS LATER

An FEMALE ADMINISTRATOR calls after Riley as he storms down the corridor.

ADMINISTRATOR

Sir.

Riley ignores her.

ADMINISTRATOR

Sir...  
(louder)  
Lieutenant!

Riley stops.

ADMINISTRATOR  
The Hospital called. Want you  
there right away.

Riley grimaces.

INT. INTENSIVE CARE UNIT - LATE AFTERNOON

An OLD MAN clings to life. Tubes protrude from his body  
like tentacles from an giant squid.

Riley holds his hand.

The old man sucks up the oxygen from the mask covering his  
face like a parched wildebeest having a drink at a  
crocodile infested watering hole.

OLD MAN  
(removes oxygen mask)  
Sarah... Where's Sarah?

RILEY  
She um... Uh... couldn't make it.

The old man's face falls. He struggles to put the mask over  
his face. Riley helps.

The old man smiles. Removes the mask. Wheezes.

OLD MAN  
I... I want you to promise me  
something.

RILEY  
Sure.

The Old man coughs and splutters.

OLD MAN  
Soon as you leave here you'll go  
straight to the offices of Canter  
& Berg on Main Street. They have  
a package... for you.

RILEY  
We'll go together. Soon as your  
well enou--

OLD MAN  
Promise me.

RILEY  
I promise.

OLD MAN  
 (gasps)  
 T... T... Tell Sarah I Love  
 her...

The Old Man breaths his last. His eyes flicker. Riley holds them shut with his hand.

RILEY  
 We'll tell her together.

EXT. CANTER & BERG OFFICES - EARLY EVENING

Riley steps inside. Takes a seat outside the office of the law firm's senior partner, MIKE CANTER, late-thirties.

INSIDE CANTER'S OFFICE

Mike Canter plays a video tape for a beautiful, young, GRIEVING WIDOW, dressed in black.

ON THE TV SCREEN

An obese, ugly, OLD MAN smiles. The volume is turned up loud.

OLD MAN  
 Hi honey. If you're watching  
 this. It means I'm waiting for  
 you in Paradise.

The grieving widow sobs. Wipes her eyes with her handkerchief. Canter pours her a glass of water.

OLD MAN  
 (on TV screen)  
 To all my so called friends who  
 say you only married me for my  
 money I say screw them... I know  
 our love was pure and true...

The grieving widow nods. Wipes the fresh tears from her eyes.

OLD MAN  
 (on TV screen)  
 ... And to prove to them how  
 eternal our love is, I've decided  
 to leave you absolutely...  
 nothing!

The grieving widow stops crying. Stares at the screen in sheer horror.

OUTSIDE THE OFFICE

Riley grins.

## INSIDE THE OFFICE

GRIEVING WIDOW  
He... He can't do this.

CANTER  
Already has.

OLD MAN  
(on TV screen)  
Once they see you visiting my  
grave everyday--

GRIEVING WIDOW  
Turn it off...

OLD MAN  
(on TV screen)  
Despite not inheriting a single  
penny--

GRIEVING WIDOW  
(louder)  
Turn it off.

OLD MAN  
(on TV screen)  
They'll realize just how much you  
loved m--

GRIEVING WIDOW  
(screams)  
Turn it off!

She hurls her empty glass at the TV. The screen shatters.

GRIEVING WIDOW  
I want my money. Do you know what  
that fat piece of shit made me  
do? I want my money. Give me my  
fucking money. It's mine. I  
earned it!

INT. CANTER'S OFFICE - MOMENTS LATER

Canter escorts the "grieving" widow out.

CANTER  
Fortunately we managed to track  
down a relative of your late  
husband's. He's inherited  
everything.

The grieving widow stops dead in her tracks - Mortified!

CANTER  
Hey. Least it stays in the  
family.

The grieving widow is in a haze.

GRIEVING WIDOW  
Huh?

CANTER  
Yeah. If there's no will and no  
surviving relatives it all goes  
to the State. It's called  
intestacy.

GRIEVING WIDOW  
Intestacy?

CANTER  
Yeah. Thank God we managed to  
trace your late husband's third  
cousin twice removed!

The grieving widow looks bewildered.

CANTER  
(points)  
Rest room's that way.

The grieving widow heads for the rest room. Canter shakes  
Riley's hand.

CANTER  
Lieutenant. Come in. Have a seat.

Riley follows Canter in to his office. We hear the  
'grieving' widow vomit.

INT. CANTER'S OFFICE - LATER

Canter pours two drinks of single malt.

CANTER  
I just heard from the hospital.  
Real shame.

He drains his glass. Offers the other to Riley. Riley  
declines. Canter shrugs. Drains it. Off Riley's look,  
Canter opens a drawer pulls out an envelope.

CANTER  
My instructions were to give you  
this.

Canter hands Riley the envelope. Riley opens it. Takes out  
a key. Holds it up as if to say "what's this?"

CANTER

It's a key to a safety deposit  
box.

INT. COP'S BAR - CHRISTMAS NIGHT

Cops full of christmas cheer and alcohol. Captain Friedel has a sprig of mistletoe in his mouth as he chases an attractive FEMALE around the bar.

She giggles as Friedel corners her. Cheers ring out as he plants a big, sloppy kiss on her lips.

Hushed silence as Riley and Maria walk in. Maria sniffs her armpit to see if she has a body odor problem.

INT. COP'S BAR - LATER

Riley looks sombre. Friedel comes over with two beers. Hands one to Riley.

FRIEDEL

Get this down ya.

Riley nods. Friedel takes a sip of his own beer... Sighs.

FRIEDEL

Weird ain't it?

Riley looks deep in thought.

RILEY

Huh?

FRIEDEL

Frank dying almost a year to the  
day since Sarah...

Riley gives him a look. Friedel stops mid-sentence.

At the next table LIEUTENANT HOLMES 38, tough, brash, with a cruel streak coursing through his veins shouts across to Riley.

LIEUTENANT HOLMES

Hey! Steve, old buddy.

Riley turns to face him. Holmes raises his glass.

LIEUTENANT HOLMES

(big smile)

Merry Christmas.

Riley hurls his drink in Holmes face.

LIEUTENANT HOLMES  
 Son-of-a-bitch.

They square up to each other. They are about to go at it when Friedel grabs hold of Riley.

FRIEDEL  
 Leave it son. He ain't worth it.

Riley walks. Maria comes out of the rest room.

MARIA  
 Did I miss something?

FRIEDEL  
 Ask him.

HOLMES  
 What? What'd I say? What?

INT. RILEY'S APARTMENT - LATER

Through the window we see heavy snow fall. The phone is off the hook. On the table - the safety deposit key lies next to an envelope stuffed with cash, the deeds to a house and a stack of polaroids.

Riley slouches in front of the TV - a bottle of bud in his hand.

ON THE TV SCREEN - SAME

The show's attractive presenter CAROL HAYS referees a heated discussion between industrialist MELVIN CARLISLE, and environmentalist SENATOR RUTH MAYBRICK, about climate change.

CAROL  
 Where's it all going to end? I mean, we're seeing all sorts of meteorological records being smashed right across the globe. Not to mention tsunamis and earthquakes... A lot of people are frightened including me!

CARLISLE  
 There's really no need to be alarmed. What we're seeing now is a natural phenomenon--

MAYBRICK  
 No need to be alarmed! Is he serious?!  
 (MORE)

MAYBRICK (cont'd)  
 You're sacrificing this planet  
 and the futures of our  
 grandchildren for the sake of  
 profit--

CARLISLE  
 Here we go... Yak. Yak. Yak.

MAYBRICK  
 The ozone layer's all but gone...  
 We told you this would happen.  
 But oh no, you all thought we  
 were a bunch of cranks... Well,  
 if we don't stop destroying the  
 rain forests, drastically reduce  
 our CFC emissions and recycle  
 everything it's bye bye world  
 hello Armageddon!

BACK TO RILEY

RILEY  
 Who gives a shit.

He clicks the TV off with the remote.

RILEY'S APARTMENT - LATER

Riley's face is buried in his hands. The polaroids - all of  
 the same girl from childhood to womanhood are scattered  
 across the table.

A beat. Riley takes the two bottles of pills he took from  
 Bucksley's house out of his pocket -

Examines them both.

RILEY  
 (re: pills, sighs)  
 Eeny. Meeny. Miny....

Points to the orange colored pills.

RILEY  
 Mo!

Riley unscrews the cap. Holds out his hand. Empties the  
 bottle -

Puts them to his mouth -

A knock on the door -

RILEY  
 Shit.



Riley shoves the pills back in the bottle. Pockets it.  
Opens the door.

It is Maria.

MARIA

We've got another one!

Riley grabs his jacket.

EXT. MILLIONAIRES' ROW - NIGHT

A hive of activity. Uniform cordon off the crime scene.  
Forensics unpack their kit.

A black body-bag lies on a thick blanket of snow close to  
where Bucksley's body was found.

RILEY

So who's been iced this time?

Riley pulls the zipper down. He flinches at the sight of  
the victim's badly sunburnt and severely blistered skin.

RILEY

Christ!

MARIA

We're gonna have to check his  
dental records...

(holds up driver's  
license)

But according to this, it's the  
oil magnate, Greg Peters.

RILEY

Looks like it's open season on  
millionaires.

EXT. MILLIONAIRES' ROW - LATER

The crowd has dispersed. Forensics are packing up. Riley  
heads towards his car.

The rookie brings a drunken, black VAGRANT, 39, over to  
him.

ROOKIE

Lieutenant, wait! This man thinks  
he knows who the killer is.

Riley spins round. The vagrant staggers over to him.

VAGRANT

Sure do... It's... It's Brett. I  
seen him do this sort of thing  
before...

Riley gets a whiff of the vagrant's alcohol breath. Backs  
off.

RILEY

Where?

The vagrant does not make eye contact.

VAGRANT

I... I forget.

Riley waves his hand in the vagrant's face - he does not  
blink. The Vagrant is blind!

RILEY

And you've seen him kill like  
this before you say?

The vagrant almost slumps to the floor - the rookie grabs  
him just in time.

VAGRANT

Wit my own eyes.

Riley glares at the rookie for wasting his time. Walks back  
to his car.

VAGRANT

D... Ddd... Don't you walk away  
from me motherfucker. I used to  
be in Special Ops...

The rookie drags the vagrant away.

VAGRANT

I used to be in Special...

He slumps in the rookie's arms.

VAGRANT

... Ops.

INT. METRO POLICE - BOXING DAY (MORNING)

Maria waits for Riley in the lobby.

MARIA

Friedel's really pissed. He wants  
to see us in his office.

INT. CAPTAIN FRIEDEL'S OFFICE - MOMENTS LATER

Friedel looks ready to explode with anger.

FRIEDEL

Goddamn it. Do you two morons have any idea how well Greg Peters was connected?

Riley shrugs. Maria shakes her head.

FRIEDEL

I've just had the Mayor chewing my ass over the Goddamn phone, cause someone's fried his golf partner and we let it happen.

RILEY

Aw, Christ. How the hell were we to know the killer would strike again?!

Friedel practically foams at the mouth.

FRIEDEL

You could have staked out 'The Row'. I mean, it's not as if you had anything else to go on now is it.

RILEY

Yeah. Right. Just like they staked out the grassy knoll the day after Kennedy was shot... Just waiting for the next guy to get whacked.

Friedel clenches his jaw.

FRIEDEL

Look - We've got seventy two hours to solve this case or the Mayor's handing it over to the Feds.

MARIA

No way!

Friedel glares at both of them.

FRIEDEL

So I suggest you get your fingers out your asses and go do some detecting!

Maria slams the door as they leave.

INT. METRO POLICE - MOMENTS LATER

They march past the open plan offices

MARIA  
 (to herself)  
 Asshole. Go and do some  
 detecting. Ha! I'd like to see  
 him crack this case.

Lieutenant Holmes starts to whistle "Jingle Bells" as Riley passes his desk. Riley gives him a look.

Holmes grins. Maria mutters to herself as she surges past - too angry to notice the hostility between the two men.

INT. AUTOPSY ROOM - LATER

Jeffries whistles merrily as his hands delve deep inside Greg Peters cranium.

RILEY  
 I'm beginning to like this guy.

JEFFRIES  
 Ah, Detectives Riley and Santos!

Maria shakes her head - disgusted by his obvious job satisfaction.

JEFFRIES  
 (to Maria)  
 Something I said?

RILEY  
 Take no notice. She's got PMT...  
 (sly grin at Maria)  
 Post Mortem Trauma.

Maria gives Riley a look that suggests he might be Jeffries next subject if he's not careful.

JEFFRIES  
 This case just gets better and  
 better.

RILEY  
 Any thoughts on the cause of  
 death?

Jeffries seems surprised.

JEFFRIES  
 Sunstroke. Obviously.

MARIA

And just how does somebody die of  
sunstroke in a snowstorm in the  
middle of the Goddamn night?!

JEFFRIES

It's impossible.

MARIA

(points to Peters  
corpse)

Then how do you explain this?

Jeffries beams like a kid in a toy shop.

JEFFRIES

I can't... Not yet anyway.

RILEY

We'll be in touch.

They leave.

INT. RILEY'S CAR - MOMENTS LATER

Riley sticks the key in the ignition. Maria turns to him.

MARIA

Have you ever seen anything like  
this?

RILEY

Far as I know, nobody's has.

Maria casts him an anxious look. A beat.

Riley guns the accelerator. The tires screech as the car  
tears off.

MARIA

Hey! What's the rush?

RILEY

We're going to bed.

MARIA

In your dreams.

RILEY

We gotta get some sleep. We're  
staking out 'The Row' tonight.

Maria cringes with embarrassment.

MARIA

Oh, I thought you meant...

RILEY  
In your dreams.

EXT. MILLIONAIRES' ROW - NIGHT

An eerie silence. In the distance the Washington Monument stands proud beneath the moonlit sky.

INT. RILEY'S CAR - NIGHT

Riley and Maria sip their hot coffee.

MARIA  
So who or what are we supposed to  
be looking for?

Riley lets out a loud yawn. Lies back in his seat. Shuts his eyes.

RILEY  
Dunno. But if a a spacecraft  
lands and a bunch of aliens jump  
out carrying super duper ray  
guns, be sure to wake me.

Maria shudders.

MARIA  
You can count on it.

INT. RILEY'S CAR - LATER

Riley is asleep. Maria glances at her watch it is 10:00 P.M.

MARIA  
Shit!

She shakes Riley awake.

MARIA  
I have to go.

RILEY  
Huh?

Maria climbs out of the car.

RILEY  
What the f..? Get your ass back  
in here. You can't leave in the  
middle of a Goddamn stakeout!

MARIA  
(shrugs)  
I just remembered it's my night  
off.

She walks.

INT. SAMARITANS OFFICE - LATER

Maria bounces up the stairs.

MARIA  
Sorry I'm late.

INT. RILEY'S CAR - MORNING

Riley is wideawake. The stakeout ends without incident.

INT. METRO POLICE - AFTERNOON

Riley at his desk. Maria bursts in clutching several documents.

MARIA  
Hi.

Riley ignores her.

MARIA  
I--

RILEY  
Late night?

MARIA  
What?

RILEY  
Hope you at least got the guy's  
name?

MARIA  
Look - Asshole what I do in my  
private life has noth--

RILEY  
Least you can drop the Mother  
Teresa with a badge act now.

Maria gives him a look then slams the documents down on  
Riley's desk.

MARIA

Seems Bucksley signed her entire fortune over, bit by bit, to her stockbroker, English guy, name of Keith Clarkson.

RILEY

So she played the market and lost big time. We can't arrest the guy for that.

Maria grabs one of the documents. Shoves it under Riley's nose.

MARIA

Turns out Clarkson was Greg Peters stockbroker too!

Riley glances at the document.

MARIA

Rumor has it, Peters lost millions in a deal Clarkson was behind... Poor guy was pissed. Threatened to have Clarkson shot.

Riley casts the document aside.

RILEY

Well, wouldn't you? I know I would.

MARIA

And there was me thinking we'd got ourselves a motive.

Riley smirks.

Maria knocks the documents off the table in anger.

MARIA

Forget it. I'll crack this case on my own.

She storms off.

RILEY

(sighs)  
Maria, wait up.

EXT. LARGE OFFICE COMPLEX - LATER

Riley and Maria go inside the impressive structure.



INT. LARGE OFFICE COMPLEX - MOMENTS LATER

A list of companies in the lobby indicates that "Clarkson Investments Ltd" is on the top floor. Riley and Maria take the elevator.

INT. TOP FLOOR - MOMENTS LATER

Riley and Maria come out of the elevator and head for the SECRETARY parked outside Clarkson's office.

She is a very big woman in her early-forties, and judging by the stack of books on her desk, an avid reader of romantic fiction.

MARIA  
(flashes her shield)  
We'd like a word with your boss.

SECRETARY  
Oh?

RILEY  
Just a few routine questions.

SECRETARY  
Sorry. Mr. Clarkson's on vacation. Left for Madagascar first thing this morning.

MARIA  
Madagascar? Figures!

Riley gives Maria a puzzled look.

MARIA  
No extradition treaty.

Riley rolls his eyes.

EXT. LARGE OFFICE COMPLEX - LATER

An angry silence as Riley and Maria stride towards the car.

INT. RILEY'S CAR - CONTINUOUS

Riley climbs inside. Slams the door.

MARIA  
What's your problem?

RILEY  
You! You're acting like this is your first homicide. All that shit about extradition treaties.  
(MORE)

RILEY (cont'd)  
 We'll probably never see or hear  
 from Clarkson's ever again.

MARIA  
 This is my first homicide.

RILEY  
 Christ. What was Friedel  
 thinking?

Riley shakes his head. Thrusts the key in the ignition.  
 Drives.

MARIA  
 I worked Robbery. My partner and  
 I chased down a suspect. Kid was  
 no more than sixteen. He pulled a  
 gun. My partner screamed for me  
 to take the kid down.

RILEY  
 What happened?

MARIA  
 The kid fired. I didn't... My  
 partner spent three months in  
 hospital.

RILEY  
 What happened to the kid?

MARIA  
 Got away. Not a scratch on him.

Riley gives her a look.

INT. COP'S BAR - NIGHT

Maria, Friedel, Holmes and several other cops having a  
 quiet, festive drink.

Riley enters clutching an overnight bag. Holmes sees him.  
 Starts whistling "Jingle Bells" again. Riley ignores him.  
 Goes over to Friedel's table. Sits down.

FRIEDEL  
 Where the hell ya going?

RILEY  
 South Dakota.

FRIEDEL  
 Ya shittin' me, right?

RILEY  
 (looks straight at  
 Maria)  
 (MORE)

RILEY (cont'd)

I've been doing a little digging of my own. Seems Clarkson and the two victims own a big chunk of a rich oil field on the Pine Ridge reservation.

FRIEDEL

Oil field?

MARIA

So who owns the other chunk?

Riley gets up.

RILEY

That's what I intend to find out.

Holmes whistles 'Jingle Bells' as Riley walks past -

Crack! Riley's fist explodes on Holmes' nose - knocks him clean off his stool.

RILEY

Merry Christmas, asshole.

Blood spurts from Holmes' nose.

MARIA

What the hell?

Maria helps Holmes to his feet as Riley leaves.

FRIEDEL

That's been a long time coming.

HOLMES

He'll be sorry.

Holmes goes to clean himself up.

INT. COP'S BAR - MOMENTS LATER

Maria turns to Friedel.

MARIA

What the hell is it with them two?

Friedel shrugs.

FRIEDEL

Some people hate for no reason... 'course the fact that Riley made Lieutenant first, even though Holmes had more time in, probably didn't help.

MARIA

So what's with the 'Jingle Bells'  
and stuff?

FRIEDEL

Riley's wife passed away last  
Christmas.

Holmes returns from the rest room.

HOLMES

I don't know about you guys, but  
my mouth's drier than a nun's  
pussy.

MARIA

(big smile)

It's okay... you can have mine.

Maria throws her drink in Holmes face.

HOLMES

Stupid bitch!

Maria walks.

EXT. BADLANDS - MORNING

A Helicopter soars over the barren wasteland in to the  
rising sun. Mile upon mile of fluted hillsides, striated  
spires and stratified canyons are the chopper's only  
company.

INT. HELICOPTER - MOMENTS LATER

The pilot is a handsome Native American, JOHN STRONG FOX,  
25. He is wearing an "I Love Elvis" tee-shirt and has his  
hair styled like his idol.

Riley is his only passenger.

STRONG FOX

(sings )

She wrote upon it... return to  
sender...

Riley gives him a nudge.

RILEY

How much further to Pine Ridge?

STRONG FOX

This is Pine Ridge. Well, part of  
it... It was our reward for  
killing Custer.

RILEY  
 (sarcastic)  
 What, all of it?!

Strong Fox smiles.

STRONG FOX  
 Give a white man an inch and  
 he'll take a whole country.

Riley nods.

EXT. PINE RIDGE RESERVATION - DAY

The chopper soars high above the rolling grassland. Tin shacks, decrepit mobile homes and rusty old cars litter the plains. Riley can scarcely believe his eyes.

STRONG FOX  
 Welcome to Pine Ridge. Home of  
 the Oglala Sioux... The richest,  
 most powerful country in the  
 world's very own ghetto!

EXT. PINE RIDGE RESERVATION - CONTINUOUS

In the distance, a large convoy of wagons carrying derricks, rotary bits, drill pipes and other equipment slowly winds its way along a dirt road.

The wagons have the name "PETROCO" splashed across them in bold lettering. Above the name there is a logo of an bald eagle perched on top of an oil rig.

EXT. PINE RIDGE RESERVATION - CONTINUOUS

Further along the dry, dusty road the convoy has been brought to a grinding halt by several placard waving, Native American PROTESTERS, dressed in blue jeans, boots and cowboy hats.

INT. HELICOPTER - SAME

Riley looks slightly surprised by the Native Americans attire.

STRONG FOX  
 (smiles)  
 What was you expecting? A bunch  
 of tomahawk wielding savages  
 covered in war paint and eagle  
 feathers?!

Riley looks uncomfortable - Strong Fox was pretty close to the mark.

A beat. Riley points to an area of flat grassland near the protesters.

RILEY  
Put her down over there.

STRONG FOX  
Sure. It's your scalp!

Riley grins - He likes this guy's sense of humor.

EXT. PINE RIDGE RESERVATION - LATER

The protest is getting uglier by the minute. Lots of pushing and shoving between the Native Americans and the roughnecks.

Several LAW ENFORCEMENT OFFICERS try to keep the two sides apart.

NATIVE AMERICANS  
(chant)  
Stop the drilling! Stop the  
drilling! Stop the drill...

ROUGHNECK  
(to Native American)  
Move before I drill my foot up  
your ass!

The Native American brings a placard emblazoned with "Go Home White man" crashing down on the head of the roughneck.

One of the protester's spots Riley climbing out of the chopper in his expensive suit.

NATIVE AMERICAN 1  
There's one of them!

Several of them rush forward and surround Riley.

NATIVE AMERICAN 2  
Stop stealing our land white man.  
Go look for your oil some place  
else.

They start to push and cajole Riley.

RILEY  
Back off. I'm a cop.

NATIVE AMERICAN 1  
Yeah. And I'm Chief Sitting Bull.

He primes his fist, ready to embed it in Riley's face -  
 - A hand grabs hold of the angry Sioux's wrist just in time  
 - It is Strong Fox.

STRONG FOX  
 He's telling the truth.

The protesters back off and allow Strong Fox to escort Riley to the security barrier.

RILEY  
 Thanks.

EXT. SECURITY BARRIER - MOMENTS LATER

Brilliant sunshine as Strong Fox walks with Riley to the security barrier stretched across the dirt track.

Next to it, stands a frail, old SHAMAN in ceremonial costume. He chants softly. Stares menacingly at a fully operational oil rig in the distance.

RILEY  
 What's he doing?

STRONG FOX  
 Trying to survive. Same as the rest of us.

RILEY  
 Who is he?

STRONG FOX  
 He's a Shaman... A Holy Man. They say he's a thousand years old.

RILEY  
 He looks it!

STRONG FOX  
 (to Shaman)  
 Hi, Grandfather.

Riley cringes. The old man nods at Strong Fox. Resumes his chant.

EXT. OIL RIG - AFTERNOON

A hive of activity. Several roughnecks unload the wagons that managed to get through the blockade.

Others assemble the equipment - They are constructing several more oil rigs.

LAUGHLIN, early-fifties, big and tough with an attitude, barks orders at the others and appears to be in charge.

Riley flashes his badge.

RILEY

I'm trying to trace the owners of all this?

LAUGHLIN

Do I look like a fucking accountant? I'm an oil man. I drill for oil... period!

RILEY

Looks like the land grabbing business to me.

Laughlin lunges forward.

LAUGHLIN

Why you...

He grabs Riley by the throat.

Click! Riley's gun is pressed hard against Laughlin's stomach.

RILEY

You were saying?

Laughlin is suddenly much calmer. He lets go of Riley.

LAUGHLIN

Take it easy.

Riley presses the gun even harder against Laughlin's stomach.

LAUGHLIN

Look - I never asked Peters about his business dealings. And he never told me...

RILEY

Not good enough.

He stabs the gun even harder against Laughlin's stomach.

LAUGHLIN

Okay. Okay... You never heard this from me, right?

Riley nods.



LAUGHLIN

Peters was real friendly with Senator Maybrick, if you get my meaning. Maybe she can help.

RILEY

The conservationist?!

LAUGHLIN

Yeah. The Eco nut.

Riley is stunned.

EXT. PINE RIDGE RESERVATION - LATER

Riley and Strong Fox head towards the chopper. The sky darkens. Thunder and lightning crackles across the sky.

STRONG FOX

You can forget about flying back to Rapid City tonight.

The heavens open. Rain dashes down.

STRONG FOX

Come on. You'll have to spend the night at the local hotel.

EXT. TIN SHACK - MOMENTS LATER

Strong Fox opens the flimsy, makeshift door.

STRONG FOX

After you.

Riley takes a tentative step forward. Strong Fox nudges him in the back.

INT. TIN SHACK - MOMENTS LATER

Riley stumbles inside the sparsely decorated room. Strong Fox's heavily pregnant wife, MORNING STAR, early-twenties, prepares dinner.

STRONG FOX

(re: Riley)

Hi, honey. I snared some meat for the stew.

Morning Star looks at Riley's startled face. A broad grin covers her beautiful face.

Strong Fox kisses her tenderly. Holds her tight.

INT. TIN SHACK - LATER

Strong Fox and Riley share a beer as they sing along to an Elvis song. Morning Star joins in the singing. Strong Fox puts his arm around her. They gaze lovingly at each other.

Riley smiles.

INT. DULLES AIRPORT - NIGHT

Riley talks on his cell as he strides along the busy terminal clutching his overnight bag.

RILEY

(into cell)

Yes, I know the Senator's busy.  
So am I! ... You're damned right  
it's important. What? Well, I  
don't like you're tone either...  
I... Hello? Hello..? Bitch!

INT. RILEY'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Riley sprawls across the sofa. He has a bottle of bud in one hand and the TV remote in the other.

He flips through the channels.

ON THE TV SCREEN - Senator Maybrick on a different show continues her crusade on the environment.

MAYBRICK

Fact! America is the world's  
biggest polluter... Fact! We  
produce more greenhouse gases  
than anyone. Fact! Global warming  
is the biggest threat to...

RILEY

(at TV screen)

Fact! Bet you'd find the time to  
talk if I stuck a camera up your  
ass.

He turns the TV off in disgust.

INT. METRO POLICE - MORNING

Riley enters the lobby - almost bumps in to Maria.

RILEY

Hey, what's your rush?

MARIA

I'm bringing Clarkson in.

RILEY

He's back?

Maria hands him a copy of the passenger list

MARIA

Never left.

Riley scrutinizes the passenger list - sees Clarkson's name is not on it.

RILEY

son-of-a-bitch.

(Hands Maria passenger  
list)

Good work.

Maria looks surprised - A compliment from Riley!

MARIA

Uh, thanks.

INT. OUTSIDE CLARKSON'S OFFICE - LATER

Clarkson's secretary is engrossed in a romantic novel. Maria marches up to her. Shoves the passenger list in front of her.

MARIA

How'd you like me to throw your  
ass in jail for obstructing  
justice?

The secretary does not take her nose out of the book.

SECRETARY

Mr. Clarkson's busy. You're gonna  
have to make an appointment same  
as everyone else.

Maria strides towards Clarkson's office. The secretary, a very big woman, gets up.

SECRETARY

You'll have to go through me  
first.

Maria and the secretary eyeball each other.

RILEY (O.S.)

Rebecca's brassiere drops to the  
floor, exposing her firm breasts  
in the soft, moonlit room... She  
gasps in pure ecstasy, as Troy  
runs his lips across her  
glistening olive skin --

The Secretary casts an anxious look at her desk. Her precious book has gone. Riley is reading from it.

RILEY  
(reading book)  
Oh, Troy! Take me! Take me! She  
gasps...

The secretary stays rooted to the spot. Desperate not to hear another word.

Riley slowly turns to the last page of the book.

RILEY  
(smiles)  
Now, I'd sure hate to spoil the  
ending for you but...

The panic stricken secretary throws her hands up in defeat.

SECRETARY  
Okay. Okay.  
(in to intercom)  
Mr. Clarkson. There's a couple of  
cops to see you.

Maria nods her approval of Riley's quick thinking.

INT. CLARKSON'S OFFICE - MOMENTS LATER

A hi-tech office full of electronic gadgetry. Clarkson scrutinizes an array of financial information on his computer screen.

CLARKSON  
(British accent)  
Come in. Come in. I expect you're  
here about Claudia and Greg? Poor  
darlings.

MARIA  
The poor part's right. Thanks to  
you.

RILEY  
(laughs)  
Priceless. Absolutely priceless.  
Unfortunately, so is my time. So  
what do you want?

MARIA  
Let's start at the beginning.  
Where were you Christmas Eve  
between 11:30 P.M. And midnight?

Clarkson checks his diary.

CLARKSON

Let me see... Ah, yes. I was shagging a thousand dollars an hour whore, actually.

RILEY

So you screw people outside office hours too, huh?

Clarkson chuckles.

MARIA

What did you do for the other 59 minutes? Swap names and addresses of all the people you've both fucked?

CLARKSON

The only thing we exchanged was bodily fluids.

Riley has heard enough.

RILEY

We'll be in touch.

Maria looks incredulous.

MARIA

Say, what?

Riley grabs Maria by the arm and escorts her out of the office.

MARIA

Get off me!

INT. OUTSIDE CLARKSON'S OFFICE - MOMENTS LATER

Maria storms off. Riley stops, smiles at Clarkson's hostile secretary.

RILEY

By the way, Troy dies in the end!

The secretary scowls then flings the book down in disgust.

INT. RILEY'S CAR - MOMENTS LATER

Maria sits with her arms folded. Riley puts the key in the ignition.

MARIA

What the hell was that back there?

RILEY

It was going nowhere.

Maria stares at Riley.

MARIA

Oh my God. Clarkson's bought you off!

Riley looks incredulous.

RILEY

You're crazy.

MARIA

You're taking kickbacks! No wonder you can afford this car and that big, fancy apartment of yours.

Riley whips out his bulging wallet.

RILEY

I got twenty grand says you're full of shit.

Maria eyes the huge wad of cash in Riley's hand. Shakes her head. Her suspicions confirmed.

RILEY'S POV - Clarkson charges over to his Mercedes. Flings open the door. Dives in. Scorches off.

RILEY

What's his hurry?

Riley floors the accelerator. Tears off in hot pursuit.

EXT. ROAD - DAY

Rain dashes down on Clarkson's windshield as he races along the busy road towards Georgetown.

INSIDE RILEY'S CAR

An angry silence. Riley follows the speeding Mercedes at a discreet distance.

The only sound comes from the whir of the wipers as they battle the pounding rain.

EXT. GEORGETOWN - AFTERNOON

Clarkson parks outside a spectacular house with superb gardens.

He Leaps out of the Mercedes and dashes up the drive. Past the rain lashed swimming pool. Through the archway. To the front door.

INSIDE RILEY'S CAR

Riley parks a few feet away from Clarkson's Merc.

EXT. CLARKSON'S HOUSE - MOMENTS LATER

Riley strides up to the front door.

MARIA

Are you crazy? We can't go in there without a warrant.

Riley tries the door.

MARIA

We have no probable cause. Go in there now and he'll walk. I guarantee it... Or is that what you want?

Thwack! Riley aims a powerful kick. The door bursts open.

RILEY

There's your probable cause right there. Someone's breaking and entering.

Riley goes inside. Maria shakes her head. Reluctantly follows.

INT. CLARKSON'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

The decor is magnificent - full of fine art and antiques.

Riley and Maria split up.

A strange humming sound comes from one of the rooms. Riley draws his weapon. Slowly opens the creaking door.

INT. ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Riley creeps inside. The room is full of office equipment. Computers, copiers and other hardware.

The humming sound comes from a paper shredder, spewing out a mass of shredded documents.

Click! Clarkson has a gun pressed hard against Riley's temple.

CLARKSON

Don't move. Don't even breathe.  
Or I'll blow your fucking head  
off.

Click!

MARIA

(to Clarkson)  
Ditto.

INT. CLARKSON'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Forensics almost fall over themselves as they go over the house with a fine tooth comb.

A FEMALE FORENSIC, puts several different types of pills - everything from Viagra to ginseng capsules in to a plastic evidence bag.

RILEY'S POV - the female forensic puts an unmarked bottle of orange colored pills in the evidence bag - they are identical to the ones he took from the first victim, Claudia Bucksley's house.

FORENSIC GUY (O.S.)

Dicks! In here.

Riley and Maria bound up the spiral staircase.

INT. HOME GYMNASIUM - NIGHT

Riley and Maria burst through the doorway.

FORENSIC GUY

Over here.

Riley and Maria stride past the state-of-the-art exercise equipment and go to the corner of the room.

The forensic guy finishes dusting a high-powered tanning machine.

FORENSIC GUY

Looks like we may have found one of the murder weapons... Greg Peters prints are all over this thing!

Maria punches the air.

MARIA

Yes!



INT. METRO POLICE, INTERROGATION ROOM - NIGHT

A plain room - no creature comforts. A UNIFORM COP, waits with Clarkson. Riley enters. The uniform cop leaves.

Riley sits opposite Clarkson.

CLARKSON

Drat. No good cop, bad cop routine?

RILEY

Nope. Just you and me.

Clarkson mocks Riley by pretending to be scared.

INT. METRO POLICE, CORRIDOR - SAME

Maria mumbles to herself as she puts money in a vending machine.

MARIA

Gee, thanks for saving my ass  
Maria... Ungrateful son-of-a...

The machine eats her money.

BACK TO RILEY IN INTERROGATION ROOM

RILEY

Killing Peters like that. Pretty clever. Had me fooled... But what was it really? Just a hot date with a tanning machine...

Clarkson smiles.

RILEY

... But Bucksley, now that was special... Real special.

If Clarkson was any cooler he'd have frostbite.

Riley puts his hand in his jacket pocket - takes out the bottle of orange colored pills he took from Bucksley's house.

RILEY

So are these what you used to put the freeze on her?

CLARKSON

Duh, have them analyzed you idiot.

Riley places the pills in front of Clarkson.

RILEY  
I intend to.

BACK TO MARIA AT VENDING MACHINE

Maria rattles the machine. Tries to get her money back.

BACK TO RILEY IN INTERROGATION ROOM

CLARKSON  
(re: pills)  
I wouldn't take those even if my  
life depended on it.

RILEY  
Guess what? It does!

Riley whips out his piece and aims it at Clarkson.

CLARKSON  
Is this where I'm supposed to go  
to pieces and tell you everything  
like they do in the movies?

BACK TO MARIA AT VENDING MACHINE

Maria kicks and screams at the machine.

BACK TO RILEY IN INTERROGATION ROOM

Riley places the gun on the table.

RILEY  
Run your alibi for Bucksley's  
murder past me again?

CLARKSON  
I forget.

RILEY  
Funny. I know exactly where I  
was.

CLARKSON  
Good for you.

RILEY  
Yeah. I was swinging from a noose  
in my living room.

Clarkson chuckles.

CLARKSON  
Ten out of ten for originality.

Riley slowly unfastens his shirt - The marks left by the noose are still visible.

Clarkson is stunned - but tries to hide it.

CLARKSON  
And your point is?

BACK TO MARIA AT VENDING MACHINE

Maria refuses to let the machine get the better of her. She kicks, screams, pounds, and rattles it.

BACK TO RILEY IN INTERROGATION ROOM

Riley stays silent as he calmly picks up his gun. Takes out all the bullets. Puts one bullet back in. Spins the cylinder.

CLARKSON  
W... W... What are you doing?

RILEY  
I wonder if they'll give me the death penalty for killing you?

Riley aims the gun at Clarkson. Pulls the trigger -

CLICK!

CLARKSON  
You fucking lunatic.

Clarkson shoves several of the pills in his mouth. A beat.

The pills have had no effect.

CLARKSON  
They're vitamin pills you idiot.

Riley's face falls.

BACK TO MARIA AT VENDING MACHINE

Maria's frenzied assault pays off. The machine vends a hot cup of coffee.

BACK TO RILEY IN INTERROGATION ROOM

Riley puts his hand in his pocket and takes out the other bottle of pills he took from Bucksley's house.

The look of terror on Clarkson's face shows he knows exactly what's in the bottle and more importantly... What's coming next!

CLARKSON

This time you really will have to  
kill me.

Riley shrugs.

RILEY

Okay.

Riley pulls the trigger -

Click!

Clarkson almost wets himself.

CLARKSON

P... P... please don't make me  
take them. Oh God. Please no...

RILEY

You gave them to Bucksley didn't  
you?

CLARKSON

(sobs)  
Yes.

RILEY

Help cool you down do they?

CLARKSON

No.

Riley pulls the trigger -

Click!

CLARKSON

Yes... No... yes...

RILEY

Which is it? Yes or no?

CLARKSON

I don't know. I can't think  
straight. You're confusing me.

Riley empties the bottle of white colored pills on the desk.

RILEY

Guess there's only one way to  
find out.

CLARKSON  
No! No! Please, no!

RILEY  
Worried they might kill you?

CLARKSON  
(crying)  
Yes! Yes! Yes!

RILEY  
So what are they?

CLARKSON  
Aspirin. They're fucking aspirin.

Riley is dumbfounded.

CLARKSON  
I'm allergic to them. Nearly died  
once.

Riley suddenly realizes something. He puts his hand over his mouth. Too horrified to speak.

RILEY  
You gave Bucksley aspirin for  
cancer?!

Clarkson shrugs.

CLARKSON  
The doctors had given up on her.  
She was desperate. Wanted me to  
help find a cure. Said money was  
no object.

RILEY  
So you took it?

CLARKSON  
Do you have any idea how much it  
costs to drill for oil?

Riley looks more and more agitated.

CLARKSON  
She was going to leave it all to  
cancer research... I mean, come  
on they've already got a cure for  
cancer - It's called don't smoke!

Riley is enraged. Clarkson has achieved the impossible. Made him feel sorry for Bucksley.

Riley seizes a handful of aspirin and rams them down Clarkson's throat.

INT. METRO POLICE, INTERROGATION ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Clarkson drops to the floor. Gasps for breath. Riley, his shirt still open, crouches over him.

Maria enters. Two steaming hot cups of coffee in her hands.

MARIA

What the?

She puts the Coffee down. She is about to go for help when she catches a glimpse of the bruising and redness across Riley's throat. It stops her in her tracks.

Maria gazes in to Riley's eyes. He turns away. Fastens his buttons.

Maria races for help.

EXT. METRO POLICE - LATER

Riley and Captain Friedel watch as Clarkson is carried out on a stretcher by two PARAMEDICS, to a waiting ambulance.

FRIEDEL

What the hell happened?

Riley shrugs.

RILEY

Guy took an overdose.

FRIEDEL

You used to be a good cop... the best.

Riley turns away.

FRIEDEL

Now look at ya. Wallowing in self-pity. Shit. The only time your happy's when your miserable.

Riley looks down at the floor.

FRIEDEL

Go and see her son... Go and talk to Sarah.

The ambulance drives off in to the night.

EXT. CEMETERY - DAY

Riley places a bouquet of flowers on a grave.

The inscription on the headstone reads: "Sarah Riley. Born June 1st 1975. Died December 24th 2001. Beloved wife of Steven Riley".

Riley wipes away a tear.

RILEY

I'm sorry.

Riley slowly gets to his feet. Maria steps forward. Takes his hand.

RILEY

How did you...?

MARIA

Friedel told me.

EXT. CEMETERY, CARPARK - LATER

Maria walks Riley to his car.

RILEY

How's Clarkson?

MARIA

Left hospital an hour ago with some big shot lawyer. Kept going on about lawsuits and you!

RILEY

Like I care.

MARIA

Is that why you...? Gave him the pills I mean? Cancer? Your wife...?

Riley shakes his head.

RILEY

My mom.

Maria takes his hand.

RILEY

Bucksley bought the car plant my old man worked at. First thing she did was close it down. Stuck three thousand people including my dad on the scrap heap... Then she sold off all the plant and machinery for a big, fat profit.

MARIA

(Sighs)

Asset stripping. Perfectly legal.

RILEY

Stripped my dad of his dignity...  
He started hitting the bottle...  
Then my mom... Then me... Pretty  
soon the only thing he had left  
to hit was the road... Last time  
I saw him I was eight-years  
old... Hated that woman my whole  
life 'til now.

MARIA

Look - for some reason we didn't  
get off to a good start. What  
d'you say we try again? My mom's  
invited me for dinner. You're  
welcome to join us?

Riley nods.

EXT. TENEMENT BUILDING - NIGHT

Riley clutches a bottle of wine as he skips up the steps of  
a run-down tenement.

INT. HALLWAY - MOMENTS LATER

Riley knocks on the door. It swings open. MRS. Santos, 55,  
looks Riley up and down.

MARIA

Mamma. This is Steve.

MRS. Santos seems impressed. She gives Riley a big hug.

MRS. SANTOS

Come in. Come in.

Riley glances around the clean, but modestly furnished  
apartment.

RILEY

(hands MRS. Santos the  
wine)

The guy at the store said this  
was their most popular brand.

Maria grabs the bottle of wine off MRS. Santos.

MARIA

She doesn't drink, do you mamma.

MRS. SANTOS

Not for the last two hundred and  
sixteen days...

(looks at watch)  
(MORE)



MRS. SANTOS (cont'd)  
... Seventeen hours and forty two  
seconds... NO!

Riley looks awkward. Maria mouths "sorry" to him.

INT. SANTOS APARTMENT - LATER

MRS. Santos serves Riley and Maria their food.

RILEY  
Mmmm. This beef looks delicious.

MRS. Santos chuckles.

MRS. SANTOS  
It's soya. Maria's a vegetarian.

Riley smiles at Maria.

RILEY  
Figures.

MRS. SANTOS  
Eight years. Eight long years.  
I've been waiting for my baby to  
settle down... To busy chasing  
bad guys, eh Maria?

MARIA  
(embarrassed)  
You know me mamma.

INT. SANTOS APARTMENT - LATER

MRS. Santos serves the dessert.

MRS. SANTOS  
Trust me. She wasn't always this  
tough.  
(Laughs)  
She used to have nightmares about  
E.T.

RILEY  
Cute little E.T. The extra  
terrestrial?!!

MRS. SANTOS  
(laughs)  
Yes!

MARIA  
I was only five.

MRS. SANTOS  
I'd wake up in the morning and  
she'd be cuddled up to me.

MARIA  
He was an ugly, scary alien...  
Still is!

Riley and MRS. Santos crack up. Maria frowns.

A beat. Maria sees the funny side, joins in the laughter.

RILEY  
So er... where's MR. Santos  
tonight?

The laughter stops. An uncomfortable silence. MRS. Santos gazes at the bottle of wine on top of the cupboard.

MARIA  
Dad's um... working.

RILEY  
Still with the force?

MARIA  
Uh-uh. Works at the penitentiary.

Riley nods.

OUTSIDE RILEY'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Maria slips a card with the Samaritans phone number under Riley's door.

INT. RILEY'S APARTMENT - MORNING

Riley sips his coffee, sees the card on the floor, picks it up, glances at it. Shakes his head. Pockets it.

INT. FRIEDEL'S OFFICE - MORNING

Riley and Maria study copies of the two victims toxicology reports. Friedel waits for their reaction.

RILEY  
No way!

FRIEDEL  
It's all in there black and  
white. No drugs or toxic  
substances of any kind, in either  
Bucksley or Peters.

MARIA

There must be some mistake.

FRIEDEL

There's no mistake. They analyzed everything. Hair, nails, blood, urine, vital organs. Even their Goddamn shit! All clear!

Friedel gets up. Wanders over to the corner of the room. Opens a small safe. Takes out a bottle of champagne and three glasses.

FRIEDEL

Screw the Mayor. Screw my pension.

(Pops the cork, pours the champagne)

This case is gonna make us rich. There's gonna be movie deals. Book deals... All sorts of stuff.

MARIA

Er, excuse me captain but if you could just wipe those dollar signs from your eyes. You'll see this case isn't about money...

Friedel puts his glass down.

MARIA

... People are getting killed out their and all you're doing is--

FRIEDEL

That's exactly what this case is about.

Friedel grabs a box of the victims business dealings.

FRIEDEL

Now, if you're done patronizing me little lady. You'll agree that until recently both victims had money and plenty of it... Self-made millionaires one an' all...

RILEY

On paper maybe.

FRIEDEL

Paper my ass. Their big houses and fancy limos sure as hell weren't made outta paper!

MARIA

So?

FRIEDEL

Nobody makes it in business  
without making enemies. All we've  
gotta do is find out who that  
someone is.

(Shoves box of papers in  
her hands)

And you can start by looking  
here!

Maria's face falls.

FRIEDEL

And when you're done. You can  
make a start on them.

Friedel nods at a huge pile of boxes crammed full of  
documents. Maria's heart sinks.

Riley heads for the door.

FRIEDEL

Where the hell d'ya think you're  
going?

RILEY

Out.

Friedel clenches his jaw.

INT. SENATOR MAYBRICK'S OFFICE - LATER

Maybrick's ASSISTANT, is in the middle of a personal call  
on the phone. Riley flashes his badge.

ASSISTANT

(into phone)

Hold on hon, while I get rid of  
this cop.

She puts her hand over the mouthpiece.

ASSISTANT

So you still wanna see Senator  
Maybrick, huh?

RILEY

She's avoided me long enough.

ASSISTANT

(looks at watch)

Try Channel 12 in about forty  
minutes!

RILEY

Figures.

The assistant gives him a smug smile. Riley jabs the receiver with his finger - ends her call.

ASSISTANT

Hey!

Riley swaggers off.

EXT. STREET - MOMENTS LATER

Riley climbs in to his expensive sports car. He does not notice the two men watching him from a parked car, across the street.

INSIDE PARKED CAR - SAME

The two men are PALMER and THOMPSON from Internal Affairs. Palmer glances at Riley's file - shakes his head.

THOMPSON

Just look at that dude's set of wheels!

PALMER

How the hell did this guy get passed us? His apartment alone cost well over half a mil'!

THOMPSON

Phew. That's some mortgage.

PALMER

Mortgage my ass. He paid cash!

Thompson gasps.

PALMER

And get this. He just paid a quarter of a mil' cash in to his bank!

THOMPSON

Guy's more crooked than my dick.

PALMER

Don't worry. His ass is mine.

INT. METRO POLICE - AFTERNOON

Maria is knee deep in various documents. She lets out a loud sigh as she tosses one aside. Grabs another. Scrutinizes it.

EXT. TV STUDIOS - DAY

Riley flashes his badge at a SECURITY GUARD. The guard lets him through.

INT. TV STUDIOS, DRESSING ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Senator Maybrick is being made ready for her latest TV appearance. She shivers and shakes despite being dressed in warm clothing.

A MAKE-UP GIRL brushes the Senator's hair.

MAKE-UP GIRL

Are you sure you're okay,  
Senator?

SENATOR

Goddamn flu... I feel like shit.

MAKE-UP GIRL

I think it's wonderful what  
you're doing Senator. Even my  
Gran's started recycling and  
she's 76!

Maybrick forces a smile.

A knock on the door. The make-up girl opens it - it is Riley.

RILEY

(flashes his badge)  
Lieutenant Riley. I need to ask  
the Senator a few questions in  
private.

The make-up girl looks to the Senator. The Senator nods. The girl leaves.

SENATOR

Are you familiar with the word  
"harassment", lieutenant?

RILEY

I'll look it up in a dictionary  
sometime.

SENATOR

You do that.

RILEY

Sure. Is it listed before or  
after Hypocrite?!

Maybrick frowns - knows exactly what Riley is getting at.

MAYBRICK

Can't you see I'm busy?

RILEY

I heard you were busy with Greg Peters a lot of the time too?

MAYBRICK

I hope for your sake you're not implying what I think you're..?

Maybrick shivers and shakes even more. Sweat rolls off her brow like water down the Niagara Falls.

Riley looks concerned.

RILEY

Are you okay? You look terrible.

MAYBRICK

Touch of flu.

Riley hands her a handkerchief. Maybrick mops her brow.

MAYBRICK

Thanks.

RILEY

Look - I know this must be a little awkward for you. So anything you tell me will be in the strictest confidence.

She hands him the handkerchief back.

MAYBRICK

The shares were a birthday present. One of Greg's little jokes. Said we should have an interest outside the bedroom.

A knock on the door.

MAN (O.S.)

Senator, you're on in five.

RILEY

So you had equal shares in Petroco?

Maybrick Nods.

MAYBRICK

Twenty percent each. But not in Petroco. Well, not as such.

Riley waits for an explanation.

MAYBRICK

We own shares in companies that own shares in companies that own shares in Petroco...

RILEY

Clarkson's idea?

MAYBRICK

He said nobody would ever know for sure exactly who the five shareholders were.

Riley opens his mouth to speak.

MAYBRICK

Nothing sinister. More for tax purposes.

RILEY

And reasons of privacy?

MAYBRICK

(smiles)  
Of course.

A knock on the door.

Maybrick struggles up out of her chair.

RILEY

Five. You said there were five shareholders?

MAYBRICK

Yes. Me, Greg, Claudia, Clarkson...

RILEY

And?

MAYBRICK

Sorry, Clarkson wouldn't say...  
(smiles)  
Reasons of privacy.

She opens the dressing room door.

MAYBRICK

Now, if you'll excuse me. I've got a planet to save.

INT. TV STUDIO 1 - CONTINUOUS

Lots of applause from the STUDIO AUDIENCE as Maybrick takes a seat opposite the show's presenter, Carol Hays.



The hot studio lights beam down on them.

Carol shakes Maybrick's hand.

CAROL  
My God. You're freezing.

Maybrick rubs her arms and shoulders with her hands to keep warm.

MAYBRICK  
I know.

INT. TV STUDIO 1 - MOMENTS LATER

Riley watches from the wings. A TECHNICIAN signals.

TECHNICIAN.  
Okay people. We're live.

CAROL  
(smiles in to camera)  
Good afternoon and welcome to the  
"Carol Hays" show. Today, my  
special guest is Senator Ruth  
Maybrick.

Maybrick shudders as she tries to smile for the camera.

CAROL  
Senator, since you were last on  
the show, we've had thousands of  
letters from anxious viewers  
asking if the threat to the  
environment is as serious as you  
claim?

Maybrick looks a deathly shade of pale.

MAYBRICK  
I... I'm c... c... ccc... cold. I  
ccc... can't feel my t... ttt...  
toes.

Carol casts an anxious glance to the producer.

Maybrick manages to kick one of her shoes off. Her toes are black with frostbite.

CAROL  
Oh my God!

Riley dashes across the studio floor towards Maybrick.

An over zealous SECURITY GUARD tries to block his path. Riley bundles him out of the way. The guard crashes in to a CAMERAMAN - they both going sprawling across the floor.

The studio audience are stunned in to silence as they watch Maybrick's lips turn blue as she slowly freezes to death 'live' on air.

RILEY  
Somebody get an ambulance!

Riley checks Maybrick's pulse. Too late. She is dead.

EXT. METRO POLICE - EVENING

Riley climbs out of his car. Several reporters pounce on him like a pack of hungry wolves.

PHOTOGRAPHERS fire off shots faster than a Uzi.

REPORTER 1  
Lieutenant, do you blame yourself  
for the Senator's death?

RILEY  
Crazy as it sounds, I thought it  
was the killer's fault.

Riley barges his way through the media swarm.

REPORTER 2  
Are you going to resign?

Riley seems surprised by the question.

RILEY  
No. Why would I?

It is the reporter's turn to be surprised.

REPORTER 2  
You were there. You let it  
happen!

Riley considers this as he disappears inside.

INT. METRO POLICE, LOBBY - MOMENTS LATER

Riley takes out his handkerchief. Carefully places it in a plastic evidence wallet. Hands it to the young rookie.

RILEY  
Get this over to toxicology ASAP.  
Tell them Senator Maybrick used  
it moments before she died.

The excited rookie has a broad grin on his face.

ROOKIE  
Yes, sir!

Holmes grabs the wallet from the young rookie.

HOLMES  
What are they supposed to be  
looking for... toxic snot?!

Riley snatches the wallet from Holmes, hands it back to the young rookie.

RILEY  
No, toxic perspiration.

HOLMES  
Maybrick froze to death you  
stupid fuck. Nobody sweats when  
they're freezing cold.

RILEY  
She did.

Holmes looks baffled.

INT. METRO POLICE, CORRIDOR - LATER

Friedel confronts Riley as he strides down the corridor.

FRIEDEL  
What the hell happened?

Riley shrugs. Walks straight past Friedel.

FRIEDEL  
Where the hell d'ya thing ya  
going?

RILEY  
To watch TV.

Friedel throws his arms up in despair.

INT. METRO POLICE - NIGHT

Riley watches a tape of Maybrick's death over and over.  
Maria operates the remote.

RILEY  
Rewind it.

MARIA  
Jesus. This is way to macabre.

Maria reluctantly rewinds the tape for the umpteenth time.

MARIA

How many more times are you going to watch this poor woman die? We should be out there--

Riley suddenly spots something on the tape.

RILEY

Freeze!

MARIA

If that's your idea of a joke...

Riley grabs the remote from Maria's grasp. Freezes the tape on a section of the studio audience. Riley "zooms in" on one guy in particular.

RILEY

What's a guy from the CIA doing sitting in the audience of a daytime TV show?!

INT. METRO POLICE, LOBBY - MOMENTS LATER

Riley and Maria stride towards the door. A tall, athletic TEENAGER approaches them.

TEENAGER

Lieutenant Riley?

RILEY

Yeah?

Crack! The teenager poleaxes Riley with a venomous left hook.

TEENAGER

That's for my mom.

Maria slams the youth up against the wall. Handcuffs him.

MARIA

You're under arrest for assault.

Riley gets to his feet.

RILEY

You Senator Maybrick's kid?

TEENAGER

What of it?

RILEY

Beat it, kid.

Maria uncuffs him.

INT. RILEY'S CAR - MORNING

Riley makes a right.

MARIA

So how d'you know this CIA guy?

RILEY

He's an old army buddy. Owes me big time. Saved his life once.

MARIA

You? In the army?! No way!

RILEY

Fought in the first oil war.

Maria looks puzzled.

MARIA

Huh?

RILEY

Desert Storm.

MARIA

Wait a minute. My uncle was killed in that war. It had nothing to do with oil.

RILEY

Oh?

MARIA

Yeah. It was about freeing an oppressed people from a brutal aggressor.

RILEY

Shame there's no oil in Tibet, huh?!

Maria goes to respond. Stops. No answer.

EXT. LIBRARY OF CONGRESS - DAY

Riley and Maria climb out of the car.

Maria eyes the library's Thomas Jefferson Building.

MARIA

Good call. Nobody notices anything in a library. All got their heads stuck in books.

Riley and Maria stride up the library steps.

INT. MAIN READING ROOM - LATER

Maria gazes in admiration at the room's impressive interior with its 160 foot high domed ceiling, clusters of richly veined marble columns and allegorical murals.

MARIA

If this guy's late, do we get to fine him?

RILEY

Sshh.

INT. MAIN READING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

The guy from the tape, JACK BURROWS, late-thirties, has his nose in a book as Riley and Maria sit opposite him.

BURROWS

(whispers)

Whoa. Whoa. You're supposed to be flying solo. You never said anything about a co-pilot.

RILEY

We're all friends here.

BURROWS

Either she takes off or I do.

Burrows gets to his feet. Riley gestures with a slight nod.

Maria takes the hint and leaves.

INT. MAIN READING ROOM - SAME

The two IA guys, Palmer and Thompson observe the meeting from behind a stack of books.

BACK TO RILEY AND BURROWS

Burrows glances both ways. Opens his book and takes out an envelope.

BURROWS

(whispers)

I could get in to a lot of trouble for this.

He hands the envelope to Riley.

BACK TO PALMER AND THOMPSON

Thompson takes surveillance photos of the "exchange".

PALMER  
His ass is mine!

BACK TO RILEY AND BURROWS

BURROWS  
Seems the military was working on  
a 'smart' pill during Desert  
Storm.

Riley takes a peek inside the envelope. There is a folded  
document marked "Top Secret". Riley pockets the envelope.

BURROWS  
Remember how back in Kuwait we  
were all sweating our nuts off  
during the day, then freezing  
them off in the night?

RILEY  
Boy, do I!

Burrows puts his hand in his pocket.

BURROWS  
Seems the British came up with  
this...

He hands Riley a small, white pill.

BURROWS  
Meet BRETT --

A shiver runs down Riley's spine - he recognizes the name  
from the vagrant.

BURROWS  
-- Biologically Regulating  
Extreme Temperature Tablet. Cools  
you down when hot... warms you up  
when cold.

Riley studies the pill.

RILEY  
How come I've never heard of it?

BURROWS  
BRETT never got to see combat.  
Seems he wasn't so smart after  
all. Flunked his big test...  
Turns out he had some nasty  
little side effects...

RILEY  
Like killing people?

BURROWS  
(smiles)  
It's all in the report.

INT. RILEY'S CAR - LATER

The car is stationary. Riley studies the "Top Secret" report.

RILEY  
Shit. You'd need a science degree  
to decipher all this technical  
data.

He tosses the report aside in disgust.

MARIA  
Relax. We'll get someone from  
forensics to explain it.

Riley starts the engine.

RILEY  
I've got a better idea.

INT. PIZZA PARLOR - NIGHT

Riley hands the blind vagrant a slice of pizza.

VAGRANT  
Oh, it worked okay on the rats in  
the lab... But the boffins wanted  
to try it in the field. Needed a  
human guinea pig... A special  
kind of human guinea pig... One  
with an Iraqi accent!  
(Laughs)  
No way were they trying that shit  
out on any of us.

The vagrant practically swallows his pizza in one go.

MARIA  
Hey, take it easy. It's pizza not  
oysters. You need to chew.

Riley gives her a 'shut up' look.

VAGRANT  
So anyways, my unit was ordered  
to go and find them one. We were  
out about an hour before we came  
under fire from an enemy  
patrol... Managed not to kill one  
of them. Took him prisoner.



RILEY

Why not use one of the POW's back  
at base?

The vagrant devours a second slice of pizza.

VAGRANT

Already in the system. Had names  
and numbers.

Riley nods.

VAGRANT

So anyways, we waited until it  
was dark... 'til the temperature  
dropped. Then we stripped the  
prisoner naked and introduced him  
to BRETT.

RILEY

Then what happened?

VAGRANT

Nothing. Not at first anyways.  
Prisoner was shivering and crying  
from the cold.

The vagrant's voice crackles with emotion

VAGRANT

Took two or three hours before it  
kicked in.

MARIA

But it did work? The prisoner  
warmed up?

VAGRANT

Oh, yeah. He got real warm. Broke  
out in a cold sweat first though.  
Th... Then all these blisters  
started popping out of his skin  
like popcorn out of a pan...

Tears roll down the vagrant's cheeks.

VAGRANT

He started screaming like I never  
heard anyone scream before or  
since... Blood was streamin' out  
of his eyes... nose... ears...  
everywhere... only--

RILEY

Only what?

VAGRANT

There was steam coming off it!  
The poor bastard was being boiled  
alive. I had no choice. I had to  
shoot him... I had to.

The vagrant breaks down. Sobs uncontrollably. Maria comforts him.

INT. METRO POLICE, LOBBY - MORNING

Riley and Maria enter the lobby. A flurry of activity. Several "AGENTS" in dark suits and dark glasses carry boxes of 'evidence' out of the building.

RILEY

(to desk sergeant)  
What the hell's going on?

Friedel rushes over to them carrying a rolled up newspaper.

FRIEDEL

I got more spooks than a Goddamn  
House of Horrors. There's FBI,  
CIA, NSA, Secret Service and fuck  
knows who else crawling all over  
the place.

MARIA

Why? What's happened?

Friedel unravels the newspaper. Holds it up. Shows them the front page of the "WASHINGTON POST".

FRIEDEL

This!

On the front page. A picture of several Pine Ridge protesters together with Riley's friend John Strong Fox.

The headline reads: "NATIVE AMERICANS IN SECRET "AL-QUAEDA TERROR PLOT"!

Riley snatches the paper from Friedel's clutches. Reads the article.

RILEY

This is bullshit! They're saying  
Strong Fox and his people were  
planning to poison millions of  
Americans.

MARIA

Poison? How?

RILEY

Through the water supply. Using some new al-Qaeda drug that attacks the body's temperature.

FRIEDEL

The very same drug they used to kill our victims!

RILEY

I'm not buying it for a second.

MARIA

Me neither.

FRIEDEL

Makes sense. Stop all that drilling they were protesting about.

INT. STRONG FOX'S TIN SHACK - SAME

Strong Fox has his hand on his wife, Morning Star's heavily pregnant stomach.

The unborn baby puts in a huge kick.

STRONG FOX

Wow! My son kicks like a mule.

MORNING STAR

(smiles)

Son?

A terror stricken, Native American WOMAN bursts through the door.

WOMAN

Soldiers!

EXT. PINE RIDGE RESERVATION - MOMENTS LATER

Lots of screaming and tears as Heavily armed TROOPS round up the Native American Protesters and force them in to military transportation vehicles.

Strong Fox tries to intervene.

STRONG FOX

Leave them alone!

Thwack! A soldier smashes his rifle in to Strong Fox's face. The Native American crashes to the floor.

EXT. PINE RIDGE RESERVATION - MOMENTS LATER

Two SECRET SERVICE guys escort a stunned and bloodied Strong Fox on to a small plane.

INT. METRO POLICE, LOBBY - SAME

Riley flings the newspaper down in disgust. Storms off.

FRIEDEL

Now, where are you going?

RILEY

To a Pow Wow.

EXT. METRO POLICE - CONTINUOUS

Riley charges out of the door straight in to Palmer and Thompson's clutches.

PALMER

Lieutenant Riley?

RILEY

Yeah?

Palmer flashes his ID.

PALMER

Internal Affairs. We'd like to ask you a few questions.

INT. INTERNAL AFFAIRS OFFICE - NIGHT

Riley checks the time on his Rolex. It is midnight.

PALMER

Nice watch.

RILEY

Don't you assholes have a home to go to?

Palmer places a photo of Riley's expensive apartment down on the desk.

PALMER

Not like this, no.

Palmer places a photo of Riley getting in his expensive car.

PALMER

Nor do we own a car like this either!

THOMPSON

Nice car.

PALMER

But then, we don't take bribes.

RILEY

I work homicide, not narcotics or vice... Dead people are lousy payers.

PALMER

But not their killers, huh?  
What's the going rate for getting  
a cop to do a Stevie Wonder these  
days?

RILEY

Fuck you.

Palmer slams down a photo of Burrows handing Riley an envelope.

PALMER

Maybe you can explain this?

Riley stays silent. Careful not to implicate Burrows.

PALMER

Pretty incriminating don't you  
think? Taking an "envelope" off a  
convicted criminal!

Riley laughs.

RILEY

Criminal? He's CIA!

PALMER

Ex-CIA! Kicked out for selling  
secrets to the Russians. Did  
three years in Washington State.

Riley is stunned.

PALMER

Some people will do anything for  
money. But you'd know all about  
that...

EXT. WASHINGTON SKY - NIGHT

The tail lights of a small plane twinkle like a Los Vegas slot machine as it soars through the night sky.

## INSIDE THE PLANE

John Strong Fox is strapped to a dentist's chair. An AGENT, mid-thirties, stays eerily silent as he sorts through an array of dental instruments.

STRONG FOX

Do you know in Europe in the middle-ages, two countries, I forget which, fought each other for that long they called it the Hundred Years War...

The agent picks up a drill - turns it on.

STRONG FOX

... Imagine. A hundred years. Generation after generation butchering each other. An entire century of bloodshed.

The agent decides against using the drill. Turns it off . Puts it back. Picks up a grotesque pair of pliers.

STRONG FOX

That's nothing! You and your kind have been waging war on my people twice as long... We've had two hundred years of bloodshed!

Strong Fox swallows hard as the agent moves towards him with the pliers still in his hand.

## INT. COP'S BAR - NIGHT

Friedel and Maria discuss the case over a drink.

MARIA

It has to be Clarkson - Look!

Maria hands him a document signed by Clarkson.

MARIA

Why else would he put a clause in, that if any of the shareholder's die, the others split their shares straight down the middle?

FRIEDEL

Greedy asshole knew Bucksley was dying, so why let her family have them, when they could have them for free?!

MARIA

What if he knew Peters and  
Maybrick were going to die too?

FRIEDEL

That's one hell of a motive.

MARIA

Yeah. A billion dollars worth!

Friedel considers this.

FRIEDEL

So where do al-Qaeda fit in to  
all this?

MARIA

Nothing but a smokescreen. All  
the protesters have been rounded  
up. Drilling's back on  
schedule... The money's gonna be  
rolling in.

FRIEDEL

Okay. Then what about the  
mysterious fifth shareholder?  
Maybe he or she's the perp?

MARIA

Nah. This is down to Clarkson.  
Arrogant asshole thinks he's too  
clever for us.

FRIEDEL

He is. We've got nothing. Nothing  
that'd stick anyways.

Maria gives him a look - she knows he's right.

FRIEDEL

Soon as Riley get's back from  
Pine Ridge we'll--

Holmes comes over.

HOLMES

Ain't you heard? IA picked Riley  
up this morning.

FRIEDEL

What the hell for?

HOLMES

(big grin)  
Bribery and corruption.

Maria and Friedel glare at him.

HOLMES  
What? What?

INT. INTERNAL AFFAIRS OFFICE - LATER

PALMER  
So where'd the money come from  
then tough guy?

RILEY  
No comment.

PALMER  
If I had a dollar for every time  
a crooked cop has told me "no  
comment", I'd have almost as much  
money as you!

RILEY  
Yeah. And you'd still look like  
you shopped at K-Mart.

Palmer glares at Riley.

PALMER  
I want your badge, you fuck.

RILEY  
Come and take it.

Palmer takes a dollar bill out of his wallet.

PALMER  
Here, that should cover it.

Riley smirks.

RILEY  
Thanks. I'll put it with the  
others.

Palmer LEAPS UP out of his chair. Riley squares up to him.  
They eyeball each other. A beat.

INT. INTERNAL AFFAIRS OFFICE - LATER

Riley's attorney, JESSICA BROOKS, 32, hands Palmer a copy  
of an insurance document.

JESSICA  
As you can see gentlemen, my  
client was sole beneficiary.

Palmer scans the document.



PALMER

So Riley used the money he got from his late wife's insurance to pay for his fancy apartment and car?

JESSICA

Oh good. You can read.

Palmer hands the document back.

PALMER

Doesn't explain the quarter of a million cash he just paid in to his bank though does it?!

JESSICA

Sale of his late father-in-law's house. Quick sale... for cash. Now, if there's nothing else gentlemen. I think you owe my client a grovelling apology. Nothing to formal, so long as it's in writing with lots and lots of ass kissing.

Jessica throws a supportive arm around Riley.

JESSICA

Come on let's go.

Riley and Jessica head for the door.

PALMER

Riley.

Jessica rolls her eyes. Riley sighs.

RILEY

What?

PALMER

(winks)

Catch you later.

INT. METRO POLICE, HOLDING CELL - NIGHT

Two Secret Service guys usher a tortured Strong Fox towards a holding cell. Unsteady on his feet, he clings to his tormentors for support.

HOLMES

I'll take over from here.

SECRET SERVICE 1

We'll be back in the morning.

Holmes bundles Strong Fox in to his cell.

STRONG FOX

Wh... When can I go home? My wife will be worried.

HOLMES

(grins)

CIA's found you a new home. Nice little bachelor pad with great sea views... You're moving in tomorrow.

Strong Fox grabs hold of the bars.

STRONG FOX

No! My wife needs me... My people need me.

HOLMES

Sorry Tonto, but you signed on the dotted line. Got this new place rent free for LIFE..! And if that ain't enough, I hear Guantanamo Bay's real nice this time of year.

Holmes throws him an orange prison suit.

HOLMES

Put these on. Don't want the other terrorists thinking you're a tourist or somethin'.

Holmes slams the cell door in his face. Strong Fox screams. Pounds on the door with his fists.

STRONG FOX

No! Let me out!

He slumps to the floor. A broken man.

INT. SAMARITANS OFFICE - LATER

Barbara waits by a telephone. Maria comes in, sits next to her.

MARIA

Hi. Busy?

BARBARA

No. Quiet. Thank God.

Maria smiles.

MARIA

Great.

INT. METRO POLICE - LATER

Friedel hands Riley a coffee.

FRIEDEL  
Good to have ya back son.

RILEY  
Thanks.

Riley drains the cup. Friedel sees Holmes across the room.

FRIEDEL  
(shouts)  
Hey, Sherlock. Look who's back!

Holmes comes over.

HOLMES  
They let you go, huh? Shame it  
wasn't the CIA doing the  
questioning. They'd have made you  
talk.  
(Grins)  
Got your pal, Sly Fox to confess.

Riley turns to Friedel.

RILEY  
Strong Fox is here?

Friedel nods

FRIEDEL  
Shipping him out to Guantanamo  
Bay in the morning.

HOLMES  
Stupid savage keeps asking for  
you...  
(grins)  
Told him you were way too busy.

Riley barges past Holmes.

RILEY  
Outta my way, asshole.

Riley races to the holding cell.

INT. HOLDING CELL - MOMENTS LATER

Riley peers through the cell door.

RILEY'S POV -- Strong Fox is dead!

He has hung himself with the prison uniform Holmes gave him.

RILEY  
(screams)  
No!

Riley pummels the 'locked' steel door with his fists.

RILEY  
No! No!

INT. RILEY'S APARTMENT - LATER

Riley has his gun in his hand. On the table in front of him, several empty bottles of Bud.

Riley slowly puts the gun to his temple. His hand trembles -

INT. SAMARITANS - SAME

Barbara gazes anxiously at the clock on the wall.

BARBARA  
One more minute and we'll have  
broken our record. Two hours  
without a single call.

MARIA  
(smiles)  
Fingers crossed.

Maria and Barbara cross their fingers. They countdown the seconds.

MARIA & BARBARA  
Ten. Nine. Eight. Seven. Six.  
Five. Four. Three. Two...

The phone RINGS.

Maria and Barbara give each other a "wouldn't you know it look".

Maria picks up the phone.

MARIA  
Samaritans.

Riley is on the other end of the line.

RILEY  
(into phone)  
Please help m...  
(suddenly realizes)  
Maria is that you?!

MARIA  
(into phone)  
Steve?!

The phone goes dead.

MARIA  
Oh my God. I have to go.

Maria grabs her coat and bag. Dashes out of the door.

EXT. SAMARITANS OFFICE - MOMENTS LATER

Maria darts through the pouring rain. Leaps in to her car.  
Tears off.

EXT. BUSY STREET - CONTINUOUS

Maria's car races along. Frantically weaves in and out of traffic.

INT. MARIA'S CAR - CONTINUOUS

Maria beeps her horn as she narrowly avoids a head-on collision with a huge truck.

MARIA  
Get outta my way!

INT. RILEY'S APARTMENT - MOMENTS LATER

Riley drains his beer. Puts his gun to his head for the last time -

His finger is on the trigger. He closes his eyes -

BANG! -

OUTSIDE RILEY'S APARTMENT - SAME

- BANG! BANG! A beat. Maria BANGS on the door again! -

No answer -

She whips out her gun. BLAM! Maria shoots the lock. Charges inside.

INSIDE RILEY'S APARTMENT - CONTINUOUS

Riley stashes his gun under a cushion. Maria marches up to him. Shoves her gun in his face.

RILEY  
What the f...?

MARIA  
It's what you want isn't it..? An  
end to your miserable existence?

Riley takes a step forward.

RILEY  
You haven't got it in you.

CLICK! Maria pulls back the hammer.

MARIA  
Try me... All you've gotta do is  
say the word.

Riley takes another step. Dares her to shoot him.

MARIA  
Oh my God. You're not scared of  
dying... You're scared of living!

Riley freezes. Maria has discovered his innermost secret.

MARIA  
All this macho stuff is an act.  
Deep down you're a weak, self-  
pitying coward who's looking to  
take the easy way out.

Riley hesitates. Takes a step back. A Beat. His lower lip  
trembles.

RILEY  
I killed my wife...

Maria is speechless. She lowers her gun.

INT. RILEY'S APARTMENT - MOMENTS LATER

RILEY  
She was Asthmatic. I was supposed  
to pick her prescription up on my  
way home. Only we'd just cracked  
a big case, so I stopped off for  
a celebratory drink with some of  
the guys.

Riley wipes away a tear.

RILEY  
What the hell, it was Christmas!  
Besides, she hadn't had an attack  
in weeks. A few beers wouldn't  
hurt, right..?  
(MORE)

RILEY (cont'd)

Time I got home Sarah was already dead. Turned out she'd had a really bad attack. Doctors said she'd probably have lived if she'd had her medicine...

Maria bites her lip.

RILEY

... I as good as murdered her...

Riley starts to sob softly.

RILEY

... I keep getting this picture in my mind of her writhing on the floor, gasping for air, hoping that I'll walk through the door and save her... But I don't... I DIDN'T!

Overcome with guilt and grief. Riley lunges at Maria.

RILEY

Shoot me!

They wrestle for the gun -

The sleeve on Maria's blouse tears -

Riley looks horrified! -

On Maria's wrist several slashing type scars.

Riley and Maria gaze at each other. One tortured soul to another.

A beat. They embrace. Their suppressed feeling for each other look ready to erupt -

Riley kisses Maria softly on the lips. A beat. Riley and Maria Kiss each other passionately... Senuously -

Maria suddenly pulls away.

MARIA

I can't do this.

She races out of the room.

RILEY

Fuck.

Riley grabs the coffee table. Upends it. The empty bottles of Bud crash to the floor.

INT. RILEY'S APARTMENT - LATER

The front door swings open. Maria stands there. Soaked to the skin. She looks sexy as hell.

MARIA

Dad works at the prison but not  
as a warder... He sews mail bags.

Maria's eyes well up with tears.

MARIA

It wasn't E.T. I was scared of...

Riley goes over to her.

MARIA

... Mom was in and out of rehab.  
I guess he was lonely... Used to  
come to my room...

Riley gently puts his finger on Maria's lips.

RILEY

Sshh. It's okay.

MARIA

Hold me.

Riley and Maria hold each other as tight as can be.

INT. RILEY'S APARTMENT - MORNING

Rays of glorious sunshine beam through the window. Upbeat music plays on the radio.

Riley whistles merrily away as he cooks breakfast for "two". He dances to the music on the radio. He's happy for the first time in a long time.

INT. RILEY'S BEDROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Maria sits up in bed. Riley brings her breakfast on a tray.

RILEY

Eat up. We've got a busy day.

Maria takes a bite of her toast.

MARIA

What gives?

RILEY

We're bringing Clarkson in for  
questioning.

(MORE)



RILEY (cont'd)  
We're gonna make him tells us who  
the fifth shareholder is.

Maria stops chewing.

MARIA  
He'll never talk.

Riley holds up a bottle of aspirin. Smiles.

RILEY  
I'll question him 'til his head  
hurts.

EXT. LARGE OFFICE COMPLEX - NIGHT

Clarkson lies in a heap in the street, several yards away from the nearest tall building. A slurry of blood and brain tissue oozes from his shattered skull and broken body.

A uniform COP guards the body. He sees Riley and Maria approach.

COP  
Whoa. Whoa. This ain't no  
homicide. Just another selfish  
motherfucker who's gone 'an  
ruined New Year for his family.

MARIA  
He ain't got a family.

COP  
Selfish motherfucker's still  
ruined it for me...  
(looks at slurry of  
blood)  
I'm never having cranberries with  
my turkey ever again.

Riley studies the distance from the building in relation to Clarkson's body.

RILEY  
Suicide huh? Now that's tragic...  
Guess we're gonna have to bring  
the IOC in on this one.

Maria looks perplexed.

COP  
The IOC..? Wait a minute. I think  
I've heard of those guys. They're  
part of the FBI, right?

RILEY

It's the International Olympic  
Committee.

COP

Huh?

Maria looks just as confused as the cop.

RILEY

We're gonna have to see if they  
award gold medals posthumously.  
'Cause this guy's just shattered  
the world record for the long  
jump. And judging from the  
position of the body he did it  
while running backwards!

COP

Shit! Yeah! He must have been  
thrown off.

Riley groans. Shakes his head.

RILEY

Guess we'd better put out an APB  
for King Kong.

COP

Look - I might not be no dick  
with a gold shield an' all. But  
I'm pretty sure the guy came from  
the top of that there building...  
So if he didn't jump and he  
wasn't thrown... How the fuck did  
he end up looking like Humpty  
fucking Dumpty?!

EXT. LARGE OFFICE COMPLEX - NIGHT

An ambulance arrives to take Clarkson's corpse to the  
morgue. Two PARAMEDICS force their way through the mass of  
morbid sightseers.

Riley suddenly starts to shiver.

MARIA

(laughs)

Hey, it's not that cold.

RILEY

Must be coming down with  
something.

Maria puts her arm around Riley, moves him away from the  
crime scene.

The paramedics put Clarkson's corpse in a body bag.

Riley breaks out in to a cold sweat. Maria touches his brow. Riley is ice cold.

MARIA  
Shit! BRETT!

Riley shivers and shakes intensely. His teeth chatter as His lips slowly turn blue.

One of the gawkers sees what's going on.

GAWKER  
Hey, look!  
(Points)  
The cop's freezing to death just  
like that woman on TV.

The crowd swarm around Riley and Maria. Several of them whip out their cell phones to film Riley's last moments.

MARIA  
(shouts to Paramedic)  
Help! Over here!

The paramedics try to find a way through the crowd.

PARAMEDIC  
Outta the way. Move.

The paramedics fight a losing battle.

Maria grabs hold of Riley. Drags him away from the crowd to the unmanned ambulance. Pushes him in to the passenger seat.

MARIA  
Get in!

Maria slams the passenger door shut. Dives in to the driver's seat.

INSIDE THE AMBULANCE - MOMENTS LATER

RILEY  
I d... dd... don't wanna d...  
dd... die.

MARIA  
Look in to my eyes...

Riley tries to focus. His body temperature plummets.

MARIA  
... You're not going to die. I  
won't let you!

Tires screech as she tears off. Lights flash. Siren wails.

EXT. STREET - CONTINUOUS

The ambulance streaks along like a wailing banshee. Weaving in and out of traffic. Hurling past shops, restaurants and other commercial premises.

MARIA

Hold on. We're nearly at the hospital...

INSIDE THE AMBULANCE - CONTINUOUS

Riley slips in to unconsciousness. He is moments away from DEATH!

MARIA

Stay with me.

MARIA'S POV -- A Health spa, its plate glass window illuminated with the outline of a sexy woman in pink neon.

Screech! Maria slams on the brakes. The ambulance comes to a shuddering halt.

EXT. HEALTH SPA - MOMENTS LATER

Maria hauls Riley's freezing frame from the ambulance. Kicks open the door of the health spa.

INSIDE THE HEALTH SPA - CONTINUOUS

Maria drags Riley's lifeless body in to a private booth. A MIDDLE-AGED MAN enjoys a massage from a semi-naked BLONDE.

MARIA

Which way to the sauna?

The Blonde takes one look at Riley and screams. Maria whips out her gun aims it at the blonde.

MARIA

Last chance.

The Blonde points to a door

BLONDE

Th... Through there.

Maria lugs Riley in to the sauna.

INSIDE THE SAUNA - CONTINUOUS

Stifling hot. Steam everywhere. Maria screams at a GROUP OF MEN enjoying a sauna.

MARIA

Get Out!

The men scurry out of the sauna. AN OBESE MAN gives Maria a filthy look as he ambles past.

Maria shoves him in the back.

MARIA

Move your fat ass.

He exits quickly.

INT. SAUNA - LATER

The hot steam slowly warms Riley up. He begins to thaw out! The color comes back to his cheeks.

RILEY

Y... You saved my li...

Riley suddenly starts to convulse. His Skin is aglow from the heat.

MARIA

Shit! You're burning up. BRETT'S still in your system!

EXT. STREET - MOMENTS LATER

The ambulance accelerates down the street.

INSIDE AMBULANCE - CONTINUOUS

Small heat blisters form on Riley's face. He is barely conscious.

MARIA

Don't you dare die! I need you!

EXT. MEAT PROCESSING PLANT - MOMENTS LATER

Maria stops outside a meat factory.

INSIDE THE AMBULANCE - CONTINUOUS

Blood trickles from Riley's nose.

MARIA

Oh, Jesus.

INSIDE THE MEAT PROCESSING PLANT - MOMENTS LATER

Maria looks exhausted as she hauls Riley's semi-conscious body inside the plant.

MARIA

(screams)

Somebody help me!

A startled FACTORY WORKER rushes to Maria's aid.

INSIDE MEAT PROCESSING PLANT, COLD ROOM - LATER

Riley cools down. The heat blisters slowly fade.

Maria wipes a tear from her eye.

MARIA

I need to know you're not going to die. Not now. Not ever...

RILEY

Cross my heart hope not to die.

They kiss.

INT. AUTOPSY ROOM - MORNING

Jeffries looks almost bored as he finishes examining Clarkson's shattered body. He lets out a yawn as Riley and Maria look on.

JEFFRIES

Like I said, virtually every bone in his body's shattered.

MARIA

We looking at a jumper?

Riley rolls his eyes.

JEFFRIES

Not unless this is Chicago and he just leapt from the Sears Tower.

Maria gives him a look.

JEFFRIES

And even then, given the massive skeletal damage, I think we're at least a few hundred feet to low.

RILEY  
So we're talking chopper not  
plane?

JEFFRIES  
Yep.

MARIA  
Looks like we got ourselves  
another homicide!

They head for the door.

JEFFRIES  
Oh, I almost forgot. I found  
this...

He nods at a steel basin - it holds a small, rolled up  
document covered in clear plastic.

Riley and Maria both reach for it.

JEFFRIES  
... It was inside his rectum.

Riley and Maria look at each other.

RILEY  
After you.

Maria gives him a look - grabs the document. Studies it. It  
appears to be a share certificate.

RILEY  
Well?

MARIA  
Seems we found our mystery  
shareholder!

RILEY  
Who is it?

MARIA  
Clarkson! Sly dog owned forty  
percent.

She hands the certificate to Riley. He shakes his head.

RILEY  
Reasons of privacy my ass. Greedy  
son-of-a-bitch used Bucksley's  
money to buy himself a bigger  
stake. Didn't want the others to  
know.

INT. METRO POLICE, VENDING MACHINE - DAY

Maria puts a coin in the slot. Selects a cappuccino.

MARIA

Jeffries is wrong! It has to be suicide. Has to be... He knew we were closing in. It was only a matter of time before we--

RILEY

Trust me, the narcissistic fuck wouldn't touch a hair on his own head...

MARIA

Be better than a bunch of inmates "touching him". That would be more than he could bear.

The machine "eats" Maria's money. She rolls her eyes. Gives the machine a little kick. Riley grins.

RILEY

Next, you'll be giving me some bullshit about "he killed himself to avoid bringing shame on his family"...

Riley inserts a coin. Selects a cappuccino.

MARIA

Be pretty tough seeing how he hasn't got any. Well, not anymore.

Riley ponders this as the machine vends a creamy cappuccino.

RILEY

What, nobody?

Maria gives the machine a good kick.

INT. METRO POLICE, CORRIDOR - MOMENTS LATER

Riley and Maria sip their drinks as they stroll along the corridor.

MARIA

Uh-uh. Both parents are dead. He was an only child.

RILEY

What about a wife? The money he had. Must have had a wife at sometime.



Maria gives him a look.

MARIA  
Never married. The guy was a  
total tightwad. Guess he wanted  
to keep him and his money all too  
himself.

Riley considers this.

RILEY  
Uncles 'n' aunts?

MARIA  
(sighs)  
Nobody.

Riley's mind races.

RILEY  
Not even a third cousin twice  
removed?!

Maria starts to lose it.

MARIA  
Not so much as a Goddamn  
goldfish.

Riley drains his cappuccino.

RILEY  
... And the meek shall inherit  
the earth.

MARIA  
Huh?

INT. RILEY'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Organized chaos - crime scene photos, autopsy reports and  
various financial documents everywhere.

Riley plucks a crime scene photo of Clarkson's broken body  
off the wall, hands it to Maria.

RILEY  
Take a look at D.C.'s biggest  
ever benefactor.

MARIA  
Uh-uh. He never gave a cent to  
charity. I checked already.

RILEY  
He left his entire fortune. A  
billion dollars worth. Just  
didn't know it.

Maria looks perplexed.

MARIA  
I don't underst--

RILEY  
Intestacy.

Riley leaves.

MARIA  
(to herself)  
Intest... what?

INT. METRO POLICE, CORRIDOR - CONTINUOUS

Riley races along the corridor. A determined look in his  
eye.

INT. MAYOR JACKSON'S RESIDENCE - NIGHT

An ASSISTANT shows Riley in to the Mayor's private office.

ASSISTANT  
The Mayor's on the telephone. He  
won't be long.

Riley nods. The Assistant leaves.

INSIDE MAYOR'S OFFICE - MOMENTS LATER

Riley rifles through a chest of drawers. Pulls out various  
documents - including an old scrapbook.

He flicks through it - sees several black and white photos  
of Mayor Jackson as a young orphan - a beaming smile on his  
face as he plays.

One photo seems different somehow - A smiling priest has  
his arm draped around him as they pose for the camera - the  
little boy looks slightly anxious.

INSIDE MAYOR'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Riley flicks to the back of the scrapbook. A newspaper  
cutting shows the same priest in handcuffs with the  
headline: 'PRIEST ON MOLESTATION CHARGES'.

## INSIDE MAYOR'S OFFICE - MOMENTS LATER

Riley puts the scrapbook back, glances around the room. No expensive works of arts hang from the walls. No fine antiques on display.

The only extravagance is a stunning crystal chandelier that illuminates numerous plaques and awards from Mayor Jackson's impressive achievements.

On the main wall a selection of framed photographs. Riley meanders over for a closer look.

The center piece of the display is a mahogany framed photograph of a proud Mayor Jackson stood amongst a large group of smiling kids. In the background is an impressive orphanage built during Jackson's Mayorship.

The photograph is surrounded by smaller photos of the kids having fun using the orphanage's various facilities. Some playing on games consoles. Others playing baseball on the sports field. They look happy. Content.

Also on the wall is a Purple Heart and a tatty, worn photograph of a younger looking Mayor Jackson in full combat gear in the desert with his unit.

Stood next to Mayor Jackson in the photo with his arm draped around him is the blind vagrant. He also looks much younger and his vision is unimpaired.

Riley snatches the photo off the wall.

MAYOR JACKSON (O.S.)  
There's nothing I wouldn't do for those guys.

Riley spins round. Mayor Jackson takes the photo from Riley. Looks at it. Smiles fondly.

MAYOR JACKSON  
Made some good friends out there.

RILEY  
I know. I bumped in to one of 'em.

MAYOR JACKSON  
Oh?

RILEY  
Yeah. Real hard ass. Name of BRETT.

Mayor Jackson manages a wry smile.

MAYOR JACKSON

You're the only guy to go up against him and win... A burnt-out, alcohol dependent cop with a penchant for suicide. Go figure.

RILEY

How did you...?

MAYOR JACKSON

I read the reports. Why else do you think I picked you?

Mayor Jackson throws his arm around Riley.

MAYOR JACKSON

Let me show you what I've got planned.

Riley looks at Mayor Jackson's hand on his shoulder.

RILEY

Sure. Why not.

Mayor Jackson leads Riley to a filing cabinet.

INT. MAYOR'S OFFICE - MOMENTS LATER

Mayor Jackson opens a drawer.

Riley slowly unfastens his holster as the Mayor reaches inside the drawer.

Mayor Jackson holds up several rolled up documents.

Riley moves his hand away from his holster as Mayor Jackson unravels the documents across a large table.

MAYOR JACKSON

This is where most of the money's going.

Mayor Jackson looks like a kid at Christmas as he admires blueprints for a range of spectacularly designed buildings.

MAYOR JACKSON

A dozen new Schools. Three state-of the-art hospitals. A sports complex with--

RILEY

Why did you do it? Have them killed I mean? After all the donations they made.

MAYOR JACKSON  
Those "donations" were  
kickbacks... They only gave to  
receive.

RILEY  
And you made sure they received.  
A contract here. A contract  
there.

MAYOR JACKSON  
They corrupted me.  
(Sighs)  
Why else do you think I've got  
the Attorney General breathing  
down my neck.

RILEY  
You corrupted yourself.

INT. MAYOR'S OFFICE - MOMENTS LATER

Riley takes out his weapon and cuffs.

MAYOR JACKSON  
(smiles)  
Oh, please. Put them away. It's  
embarrassing.

Riley moves towards Mayor Jackson.

MAYOR JACKSON  
You think I'm going to let you  
take me in? Jeopardize my life's  
work. Sacrifice everything? Just  
so you can make an arrest?!

Riley secures the cuffs around Mayor Jackson's wrists.

RILEY  
You've got no choi...

Click! The barrel of a gun is pressed against Riley's back.

RILEY  
Burrows you double crossing son-  
of-a-bi--

FRIEDEL  
Afraid Burrows is MIA if you get  
my drift.

Riley can scarcely believe his ears. He tosses his weapon  
away in disgust.

RILEY  
You were like a father to me. Why  
this? Why now?

FRIEDEL  
Lots of reasons.

MAYOR JACKSON  
(grins)  
Yeah. Ten Million of them.

Click! Maria aims her weapon at Friedel.

MARIA  
Shame you're not going to get to  
spend one cent of it.

INT. MAYOR'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Friedel keeps his gun trained on Riley. Maria has hers  
trained on Friedel.

RILEY  
No, Maria. Run!

MARIA  
I've been running my whole life.  
(To Friedel)  
Now, drop it. Before I drop you!

Friedel sniggers.

FRIEDEL  
You won't kill me. It's not in  
you.

MAYOR JACKSON  
We hand picked you for the one  
quality you possess-

FRIEDEL  
Lack of a killer instinct.

Maria sighs.

MARIA  
(to Friedel)  
You're right. I won't shoot  
you...

She lowers her weapon. Mayor Jackson looks like the cat  
that got the cream.

MARIA  
... I'll shoot him. Then you.

BLAM! BLAM!

Maria shoots a stunned Mayor Jackson and Friedel.

Mayor Jackson drops to the floor - a bullet right between his eyes.

Friedel looks on in horror - seemingly oblivious to the blood oozing out of his own gaping chest wound.

FRIEDEL

Y... You... You shot him!

Friedel slumps to the floor - dead.

A beat. Maria drops her gun. The sudden realization of what she has done etched on her face.

Riley throws his arms around her. Holds her tight.

RILEY

You saved me.

A beat. Maria squeezes Riley tight - thankful he is still alive.

EXT. MAYOR JACKSON'S RESIDENCE - MOMENTS LATER

Sirens wail. Tires screech as several black and whites arrive at the scene.

FADE OUT







