

Harry Collins...Harry Collins

by

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FADE IN:

CLOSE ON LAPTOP SCREEN -

The screen edges can't be seen, a porno clip is playing. We hear the MOANING, GROANING and PANTING just as if we had headsets plugged into the computer. The clip stops and rewinds, it's replayed over and over again.

We begin to MOVE TOWARD the screen focusing on the woman, CLOSING IN until we can clearly see her face, it's CRYSTAL WATERS.

The PHONE RINGS several times. Finally, the clip stops, FREEZING the scene in place. Then--

CRYSTAL (O.S.)
(soft, sexy voice)
Hello.

We can clearly hear the man on the other end of the line.

MAX (O.S.)
Hi Crystal, it's Max. I was hoping
you had a chance to look at today's
takes.

INT. APARTMENT BEDROOM - EVENING

Crystal gets up from the computer table and walks to the patio door. She's got raven black hair and thick, ruby red lips. She rides on a stunningly hard chassis. If looks are a measure of how titles are handed out, it's easy to understand why she's been named female porn star of the year. She's wearing a barely closed silk robe. It rides the curve of her nicely defined breasts and hangs loosely from there. She pulls back the patio curtain and looks out.

CRYSTAL
Just finished and I'm about to head
off to bed. Everything looks good
except...I don't like the angle on
my ass in scene 44. Do you think we
can talk Jeremy into doing another
take tomorrow?

MAX (O.S.)
I'm sure that will be fine. What
director's going to argue with female
porn queen of the year. Sorry I
called so late.

CRYSTAL

Max, I know I don't have to tell you this, but you're the best manager ever. Good night.

MAX (O.S.)

You sure you don't want me to come by and tuck you in. I'm nearby.

CRYSTAL

(laughing)

You'll never give up. Will you? No thanks. You're my manager now and this is strictly a business relationship. See ya' tomorrow.

BEEP. She hangs up.

EXT. APARTMENT BUILDING PARKING LOT - LATER THAT NIGHT

A black van pulls into the parking lot and stops. MARTIN RAY CYRUS gets out of the van. There's nothing unusual about his appearance. Just a normal Joe, thirty, slightly balding, medium build and about 6 foot tall.

INT. APARTMENT LIVING ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

The room is dimly lit by the street light that just barely sprays out from between the slightly parted patio curtains.

We FOLLOW Martin's flashlight beam, he uses it to navigate through the darkness of the living room. We hear a DAMPENED THUMP when he bumps a table leg.

INT. APARTMENT BEDROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Sleeping deeply, Crystal's back is to the bedroom door. She always sleeps naked. Turning onto her side, she exposes her soft shoulders and dangerous curves.

Martin enters quietly, he has a syringe in his hand. With it pointed upward, he taps once to raise the air bubbles. A quick squirt, he rams the needle into Crystal's shoulder and pushes the plunger.

Crystal lunges up then GASPS. She turns her head and just as suddenly her eyes roll upward. She falls limp on the bed.

EXT. GOLDEN GATE BRIDGE - EARLY MORNING

AERIAL SHOT: MOTION - - OUR POV

From the window of a SFPD police chopper - - the WHISPERING of the blades is deafening.

We circle once at the middle of the bridge - - then FOLLOW the it moving toward the city - -POLICE RADIO CHATTER is in the background - -suddenly, the chopper makes a sharp bank.

EXT. BAKER BEACH BOARDWALK - EARLY MORNING

Retired INSPECTOR HARRY COLLINS is out for his usual morning jog. The sky is clear, the wind slightly blowing. By the look on his face, he seems to be enjoying the run. While moving down the boardwalk, he looks toward the water at a sailboat gliding by. Then, noticing something unusual, he stops in his tracks.

COLLINS

That's just great.

He reaches for his CELL PHONE and presses 911 -- we hear the KEY TONES and the 911 DISPATCHER as if it's us making the call.

911 DISPATCH (O.S.)

911, what's your emergency?

COLLINS

This is Inspector Harry Collins,
SFPD retired.

911 DISPATCH (O.S.)

No way. This is the real Dirty Har...

COLLINS

No you asshole...did I say that?

911 DISPATCH (O.S.)

Are you the same Harry Collins the
movie character based on? Dude,
you're famous.

COLLINS

Yeah, yeah, yeah...famous! If I had
a dollar....

Irritated, he pauses and rolls his eyes.

COLLINS (CONT'D)

Look asshole, don't call me that and
this ain't a social call. I want to
report a body at Baker Beach.

911 DISPATCH (O.S.)

Well, there's no need for insults.
So what's wrong with the body, Mr.
Dirty Ah...?

COLLINS

Look, you little shit, I said don't call me that! And what do you mean what's wrong with the body? How about for starters, it's dead!

911 DISPATCH (O.S.)

Wow, bummer, huh?

COLLINS

Yeah well...I'm shocked too dipstick.

911 DISPATCH (O.S.)

Okay sir, we're rolling a squad car now. Will you be waiting for SFPD arrival?

COLLINS

Yes, yes, I'll be waiting at the north end of the parking lot.

Collins walks over to Crystal's lifeless body. He stoops to get a closer look at the stab wounds in her chest.

COLLINS (CONT'D)

There's something about this...

His face wrinkles then --

COLLINS (CONT'D)

Yeah, yeah...her feet were pointing east.

Lining his sites to the angle of the legs, he realizes they're pointing at the only vehicle in the parking lot. It's a Mercedes SLK350 with what appears to be a message scratched into the driver's door.

COLLINS (CONT'D)

No! It can't be.

BLACK SCREEN:

Audio only - - We hear SEVERAL GUN SHOTS immediately followed by what sounds like a BANK ALARM.

FLASH CUT:

EXT. WEST PACIFIC AVE - MORNING

We FOLLOW Raney, a local thug, running down the middle of the street toward a wooded area. The street is quite narrow with parked vehicles on both sides. The gun in his hand leads the way.

From behind him, another GUN SHOT and instantly in front of him we see the EXPLOSION OF GLASS, the bullet completely shatters a nearby truck window.

EXT. WEST PACIFIC AVE, WOODED AREA - MORNING

Raney runs into the woods for cover, he dodges in and out of trees. He's PANTING desperately for air and the CRISP LEAVES AND TWIGS CRUNCH under his feet. From behind, we can clearly hear the SHUFFLING FOOTSTEPS of his chaser.

CLOSE ON

the business end of a .357 magnum. Then --

BANG! It RECOILS and SMOKE drifts from the barrel.

BACK TO SCENE

The BULLET barely misses Raney's head and SPLINTERS the side of a tree.

RANES

Shit, this dude is crazy!

He reaches back and without looking FIRES off 3 ROUNDS then --

He leaps over a downed tree but trips up on the landing and tumbles uncontrollably in the leaves. He's on the ground looking upward - - PANTING - - uncertainty fills his eyes - - sweat rains down his face. Sitting up abruptly, he makes quick sudden movements when searching desperately for that goddamn gun. He spots the butt of the weapon just out of reach under the leaves.

In the peripheral, the BLURRY FIGURE of INSPECTOR 'HARRY' CAMPBELL. He's tall, muscular and black. He's wearing boxer briefs, flip flops and aviator sunglasses.

Raney is momentarily stifled.

CLOSE ON

Raney's REFLECTION in HARRY'S MIRRORED SUNGLASSES.

Raney scans upward until he sees himself. Even in the reflection, the look in his eyes tells just how bad he wants to get that freaking gun.

HARRY

For real? You actually think you can get to that gun in time? Just put your hands up.

RANES

Who in the hell are you, anyway?

Harry chuckles.

HARRY

Instead of thinking 'bout how bad you want that gun, you should be worrying 'bout how to keep me from shootin' your stupid ass.

Looking closer at the weapon, Ranes starts to gain confidence.

Harry steps closer.

HARRY (CONT'D)

I can see those wheels turnin' in there. You know, I'm not quite sure if I fired five or six shots. But before you do anything stupid, I suggest you consider that this is a .357 magnum. And, at this distance...it's certainly powerful enough to blow your dick clean off. Ya' feel me dawg?

A quick pause, and a chuckle --

RANES

You asshole...I saw that movie!

HARRY

For real, you saw it? And which part do you think this is?

RANES

It's obvious, it's the bank robbery scene in the first act. Besides, I counted how many shots you fired and you really are out of bullets. I can't believe you missed me all those times. I mean, don't you have to qualify firing a weapon to be a cop? You are a cop, right? Well, you suck dude.

Ranes lunges for the weapon then --

Harry squeezes the trigger, BOOM!

Ranes only has time to flinch, blood spurts upward from what remains of his hand like an erupting volcano. He SCREAMS, three fingers disintegrated into bloody stumps, a puff of BLUE SMOKE drifts from the mangled ends.

Harry kicks him in the chest violently, Ranesh uncontrollably slams to his back with Harry towering over him.

HARRY

Yeah well, this is the real deal slick...not a goddamn movie. You're lucky I didn't blow your freakin' head off for trying a stunt like that.

Harry reaches down and in one movement heaves him up by the shirt.

HARRY (CONT'D)

Get movin'!

In shock, Ranesh stumbles down the path GROANING. After only a few steps, he falls to his knees.

HARRY (CONT'D)

Come on get up... Damn, I bet that hand must really hurt.

Harry drags him up by the ear.

HARRY (CONT'D)

And just so we're clear, I hit everything I aimed at. Just be thankful that I never once aimed for you.

EXT. CITIBANK ON SACRAMENTO ST - MORNING

Harry gets Ranesh back to the bank where the chase started. The BANK ALARM is still ringing in the background.

Cops pour in and all around the bank.

OFFICER#1 sees Harry and Ranesh.

OFFICER#1

Hey Sarge, look at this.

SARGE is the veteran on the scene and in charge of securing the area. He turns to see Harry.

SARGE

What the hell!

HARRY

I believe this dirt bag belongs to you, Sarge.

Harry pushes Raney toward Officer#1.

HARRY (CONT'D)

I'm Inspector Campbell.

Removing the badge from his underwear, he reaches out to hand it to Sarge.

Sarge looks down to write in his notebook.

SARGE

Slow day inspector? What, are you doing running down bank robbers? More importantly, why are you doing it in your underwear?

HARRY

Huh, oh, uh, yeah, well, I was in the area and...

Out of the crowd appears NIKKI, a pretty, petite, blonde wearing a short, silky, red robe. Harry towers over her.

NIKKI

Are you okay, Harry?

Harry turns and mumbles to himself --

HARRY

Yeah buddy! Now that's what I'm talkin' 'bout...you owe it to yourself to live a little Harry.

He looks to Sarge and flashes him a wink.

Nikki notices the blotches of blood on his hands.

NIKKI

Oh my god...you're bleeding!

HARRY

Nah, no..no...that's not me...it belongs to meathead there.

She wraps her arm around Harry's waist, he lifts his arm, she cozies in against his body.

HARRY (CONT'D)

Okay, let's go...things were just gettin' interesting.

They start walking toward the small house nearby.

SARGE

So, can I expect a report from you
some time soon, Inspector?

Harry turns back --

HARRY

Yeah, yeah, I'll be down to the
station in a couple hours. You're
with the two-two-five, right?

They walk away.

Coming toward them, moving quickly through the crowd is AMAYA,
a gorgeous Japanese girl. She's wearing a matching short,
silky, red robe.

AMAYA

Oh, there you two are. A girl goes
to pee and when she gets back you're
both gone. I thought you guys ditched
me.

Harry again looks to Sarge.

HARRY

Ah, Sarge, um, how 'bout if I come
by with that report this afternoon?

He takes another look and a pause --

HARRY (CONT'D)

Yeah! Late this afternoon.

EXT. BAKER BEACH - DAY

Crystal's corpse is in the sand covered by a white sheet.
An abundance of cops stir in small cliques.

LIEUTENANT LEO MACKEY arrives on the scene. He's lean, tall
with dark hair and about thirty-ish.

LIEUTENANT

Where is Campbell? I told you to
get him down here. Where the hell
is he?

LAWERNCE JOHN, a homicide detective, turns to the Lieutenant.

JOHN

Lieutenant I tried him. His cell
went straight to voice mail. I left
a message.

LIEUTENANT

Well try again! Here, use my phone
and get Johnson down here too.

The Lieutenant hands him the cell phone.

JOHN

You know Lieutenant, Campbell and
Johnson are off duty today.

LIEUTENANT

Damn it, I don't care...get them
here...now.

The Lieutenant looks around.

LIEUTENANT (CONT'D)

All right, who found the body?

OFFICER#2

Sir, you're not going to believe
this.

LIEUTENANT

Yeah, probably not but try me anyway.

OFFICER#2

That's the guy who found the body.
He's retired SFPD. Collins, you
heard of him?

LIEUTENANT

Collins, Harry Collins?

INT. HOUSE - DAY

Harry's CELL PHONE VIBRATES. Harry, Nikki and Amaya are in
bed.

Nikki gets up to grab the phone.

NIKKI

It says it's from L T Dip shit!

HARRY

(grunts)

Uh, I better take that.

She hands him the phone.

JOHN (V.O.)

Campbell, hold on, the Lieutenant
wants to talk to you.

LIEUTENANT (V.O.)
Where the hell are you?

HARRY
Wassup up L T?

LIEUTENANT
Don't L T me. I want you to get
your ass down to Baker Beach and do
your god damn job, that's what's up.

HARRY
Today's my day off.

LIEUTENANT
Day off, there are no more days off.
We've got a situation here. You got
five minutes to be on scene.

HARRY
I hear you. I'm not far away, I'll
be there soon.

Harry leaps out of bed.

NIKKI AND AMAYA (unison)
Harry, where are you going!

HARRY
Sorry ladies. Gotta bounce. We'll
finish this later. Call me.

He grabs his clothes and runs to the door.

EXT. BAKER BEACH - MOMENTS LATER

JOHNSON is on scene. He's Harry's temporary partner. Walking
to the dead body, he PANTS profusely. He's older, white
hair, big, round belly, a fire plug of a guy.

A mixed crowd gathers behind the police tape, reporters snoop
around the area.

A SNAP spits from the wrist band on the latex glove Johnson
pulls on. He turns the body onto it's side.

LIEUTENANT
Has anybody touched anything?

JOHNSON
It doesn't look like the body's been
disturbed. That's a good sign for
forensics. Who found her?

LIEUTENANT

Harry Collins...the real Dirty fucking Harry?

The Lieutenant points to Collins who is nearby giving a statement to a uniform cop.

JOHN

You know Lieutenant, I wouldn't call him that if I were you. He really doesn't like it.

LIEUTENANT

Do I look like I care what he likes?

JOHNSON

What about these footprints?

LIEUTENANT

You see Johnson, that's the thing about a beach. A beach has sand and sand collects footprints...all footprints. And it takes a long time to erase them. It's a waste of time.

In the background a CAR SCREAMS into the parking area SKIDDING to a stop. It's a limited edition Hurst Dodge Challenger, SRT8.

Harry exits the car and runs toward the crime scene on the beach.

LIEUTENANT (CONT'D)

It's about time!

HARRY

Sorry sir.

LIEUTENANT

Sorry my ass, Campbell. I already heard about your little escapade running through the streets in your underwear. What the hell did you think you were doing? Unnecessary force, police brutality, malicious use of a firearm, the list goes on and on.

HARRY

Well, I just happen to be in the area working undercover when I heard the bank alarm.

LIEUTENANT

What exactly do you mean undercover?
Did I assign you to an undercover
operation? Because if I did, I must
have been stoned.

HARRY

Well, it wasn't officially undercover.
It was more like....

LIEUTENANT

(barking)
Shut the hell up Campbell.

UNIFORM COP#1

Sir.

LIEUTENANT

What is it!

UNIFORM COP#1

Sir, the Medical Examiner is here
and somebody should talk to Collins.

LIEUTENANT

Did somebody get his story?

UNIFORM COP#1

Yes sir.

LIEUTENANT

Then why do we need to talk to him
right this minute?

UNIFORM COP#1

He says he's seen this before.

Collins steps up to the circle of officers as the MEDICAL
EXAMINER passes by.

LIEUTENANT

So what is it you think you know,
Collins?

COLLINS

Well Lieutenant, this M O is similar
to a case I once worked back in the
seventies. I know you weren't even
a sparkle in your mothers eye then
but you may have heard of it. Zodiac!

LIEUTENANT

Zodiac, that case was closed years
ago.

HARRY

Actually L T the case is still open
in NAPA and Vallejo.

COLLINS

Well good for you kid. You get a
gold star. That's right and I closed
that case...

Collins looks to Campbell then -

COLLINS (CONT'D)

Here in San Francisco.

HARRY

What? Who's this asshole anyway?

Johnson and Collins know each other.

JOHNSON

Calm down kid. Hey Collins. Why do
you think it's the same M O?

COLLINS

Damn fats, you still on the job?

Johnson looks appalled.

COLLINS (CONT'D)

The body was dumped here after she
was killed.

Harry has yet to understand exactly who is Collins.

HARRY

How would you know that? You didn't
touch the evidence before we arrived,
did you?

The Lieutenant stares hard at Harry.

HARRY (CONT'D)

I mean before they arrived. Me...I
was a little late gettin' here.

LIEUTENANT

Shut up Campbell.

HARRY

It was my day off.

COLLINS

Okay kid, put a cork in it.

HARRY

Damn it, someone tell me who this
crazy, old, white guy is!

Ignoring him, Collins looks to the Lieutenant.

COLLINS

Look, I'll bet your short lived career
in homicide that the girl was also
stabbed 5 times in the back.

The Lieutenant looks to Johnson, he acknowledges with a head
shake.

LIEUTENANT

How could you possibly know that?
Unless you touched the body.

MEDICAL EXAMINER

He's right about the wounds Lieutenant
and the fact that she was moved to
this spot after she was killed.
There's no blood spatter or cast off
trails in the sand. There appears
to be wheel tracks leading to the
body, but your men have trampled
over most of them.

LIEUTENANT

Wheel tracks. What do you mean wheel
tracks?

MEDICAL EXAMINER

I don't know for sure but they look
like maybe a wheel chair.

LIEUTENANT

Is there anything else you can tell
me? Are there any signs of a struggle
or rape?

MEDICAL EXAMINER

I just got here. But off hand,
there's no appearance of vaginal
tears, no visible signs of semen
either. I just can't say for sure
until we get the body back in the
lab and run a rape analysis.

HARRY

So again, the question remains...how
does this guy know so much, if he
didn't touch the body? And who the
hell is he and why are we debating
the evidence with him?

JOHNSON

Kid, this is retired Inspector Harry Collins.

COLLINS

I might have deduced it from what I can see and the rest of the visible evidence. You know, I am a detective.

HARRY

I just heard Johnson say you're retired, so I think you mean you were...you were a detective...at one time...a long, long time ago. Kinda' sounds like a fairy tale doesn't it...a long, long time ago. What other evidence are you talkin' about that you didn't touch?

COLLINS

Oh yeah, you just got here didn't you. Well hell, please allow me to bring you up to date, Inspector Campbell. Her feet are facing the Mercedes, which is probably hers because on the driver's door is a message scratched in by the killer.

HARRY

Message. A message for who?

COLLINS

Well, if this case is yours, then I guess it's for you Inspector.

LIEUTENANT

Campbell, take charge of this crime scene. Have someone escort Inspector Collins back to station for a complete debriefing.

COLLINS

Note.

LIEUTENANT

What note?

COLLINS

There will be a note.

LIEUTENANT

Get him out of here.

The Lieutenant turns to the Medical Examiner.

LIEUTENANT (CONT'D)

Do you have an approximate time of death.

COLLINS

Six to eight hours.

The Lieutenant is animated when pointing to Collins.

LIEUTENANT

Campbell, I thought I told you to get him out of here.

HARRY

Let's go pops.

MEDICAL EXAMINER

I haven't measured the liver temperature yet. But, the eyes tend to cloud over and become soft from the lack of pressure behind the eyeball. Rigor mortis has begun to set in. It appears the vic has been dead for approximately seven hours.

LIEUTENANT

Any identification on the body?

MEDICAL EXAMINER

No, none. We'll get her prints and run them.

LIEUTENANT

That will work, if she's ever been arrested.

MEDICAL EXAMINER

Well, if not let's hope somebody is looking for her.

LIEUTENANT

If Collins is right and that's her car, we can track who she is by the registration.

INT. OBSERVATION AREA OUTSIDE INTERROGATION ROOM - AFTERNOON

Harry, Johnson, and the Lieutenant watch Collins through the one way window.

Collins knows he's being watched, he nonchalantly smiles to the crowd.

LIEUTENANT

Asshole.

HARRY

I agree sir.

LIEUTENANT

You agree, huh. Are you two jerk offs related Campbell?

HARRY

What do ya' mean?

LIEUTENANT

He reminds me more of you than you do.

INT. INTERROGATION ROOM - AFTERNOON

The smallness of the interrogation room tastes like confinement. A large folding table and several chairs swallow any open area, this exasperates the closed-in feeling.

Harry enters.

COLLINS

So Inspector, are you detectives charging me with something?

HARRY

No sir, I just have some questions for you. Then you can go.

COLLINS

Did you get the note yet telling you there will be more killings?

HARRY

Why do you keep talkin' 'bout a note? Did you send a note?

COLLINS

Look, quick jerking me off here. I can help you with this.

HARRY

Are you offerin' the SFPD your services, Collins?

COLLINS

Yes, I've seen this before. It's a copycat, but it is the same M O.

HARRY

And you have nothin' to do with your retired ol' ass, so you are offerin' to help.

COLLINS

I got plenty to do. But you boys seem like you could use some help. You in particular can't seem to find your ass from a hole in the ground. You can use me as a consultant. And damn it, don't call me old again.

A KNOCK on the WINDOW, Harry turns then back to Collins.

HARRY

(sarcasm)

Look, don't go anywhere.

INT. INTERROGATION ROOM OBSERVATION AREA

LIEUTENANT

There's a hand written note delivered by e-mail.

HARRY

If it's e-mail, how's it hand written?

LIEUTENANT

It was scanned and then e-mailed.

HARRY

What does it say?

Johnson hands a hard copy to Harry, he reads aloud.

HARRY (CONT'D)

It's not starting all over again, it's just continuing from before. See if you can catch me this time.

A silent pause.

HARRY (CONT'D)

He's challengin' us. Then there are the cipher symbols at the bottom with the Zodiac's logo.

JOHNSON

What does it mean...see if you can catch me this time? Is he saying he's the original killer?

LIEUTENANT

It can't be. Arthur Leigh Allen, the Zodiac killer, died of a heart attack.

HARRY

It was never proven that he was the Zodiac.

JOHNSON

Yeah, but that was over 40 years ago. Are you saying the Zodiac is still alive and that he's back?

HARRY

Well, what if he was only in his late teens back then. It's possible.

LIEUTENANT

That means he would be at least seventy now.

HARRY

Or, this is his student. He's been groomed by the original killer to take over. A lot of times these guys have followers. See if we can get a list from the prison with the names of people who wrote to Allen on a regular basis.

Harry looks through the one way glass at Collins, he turns and nods his head to the Lieutenant.

LIEUTENANT

Okay, show it to him and see what he has to say.

HARRY

And after that I'll cut him loose. We're the 21st century SFPD and we don't need a 20th century consultant.

LIEUTENANT

No don't tell him that. If he does know this M O, we may need his help.

HARRY

(raving mad)
That's bullshit...

LIEUTENANT

Campbell, that's an order.

Harry storms into the interrogation room.

INT. INTERROGATION ROOM - AFTERNOON

COLLINS

What's wrong Inspector. You don't look so happy.

He softly glides the paper in front of Collins.

HARRY

We just got this e-mail.

COLLINS

E-mail huh? Well our copycat is upgrading the role to modern times.

Collins looks at the paper.

COLLINS (CONT'D)

Yeah, it's a copycat.

HARRY

How can ya' be so sure?

COLLINS

The hand writing is different. It uses the same prose, same word styling, but the actual writing is different.

HARRY

And ya' can tell this how?

COLLINS

Look, the original Zodiac was predominantly a lefty but he was also ambidextrous. He wrote his notes with his right hand. Whoever is copying him maybe missed this detail. This note is written with the left hand.

Collins smiles in a condescending manner.

HARRY

You're sure it's not from the original killer?

COLLINS

Positive. Allen is dead and he was the Zodiac. No whoever this is, they're trying to copy Zodiac, but he may also be trying to evolve the legend of the killer.

HARRY

Evolve? What do you mean?

COLLINS

Well, that's the way of the world today. Quicker, better, newer, badder. No, this guy is a student of serial killing but he's not the Zodiac.

HARRY

So you believe he was trained by the Zodiac.

COLLINS

Maybe not personally. Maybe he's studying his methods.

HARRY

What like go to college and take Zodiac 101?

COLLINS

No...more like serial killer, the advanced class. What about the dates and locations scratched into the victim's car door?

HARRY

Yeah, we ran a check. The message does correlate to other recent killings in the area. The M Os were different. We're checkin' into it.

COLLINS

Well, it could have been this guy and it may not have been. The original Zodiac was often thought to take credit for killings he didn't do. He was extremely vain...probably just wanted the extra publicity. Not bad for a 20th century inspector, huh kid.

Harry looks stunned that Collins either heard his comment to the Lieutenant or that he was able to read him that well.

EXT. ALLEY BEHIND THE MASON ST. 7/11 - AFTERNOON

In the alley, a JOHN meets with a scrawny looking street PROSTITUTE#1.

MARTIN'S POV

From the cover of a nearby doorway

We see the back of Prostitute#1 with the john facing her. Over the distant street noises, the SHARPLY JAGGED WISP of the ZIPPER on his pants. Prostitute#1 inches to her knees in front of him.

BACK TO SCENE

Martin creeps closer. In one hand, a knife with the blade glistening in the sun. In the other, a pistol with a silencer.

The john leans his head back and MOANS. It's over just that quick. She did her job, and the john shuffles up the alley.

Prostitute#1 takes a mirror out of her purse to check her makeup.

Martin tucks the knife away, next the pistol, and like a stalking cat on a weakling mouse, he springs on her.

She sees a BLURRY SHADOW in the mirror and SCREAMS.

Martin cups her mouth tightly and drags her to his waiting van parked a little further down the alley. She's kicks and struggles fiercely.

PROSTITUTE#2 waits at the intersection where the alley meets Mason. As the lookout, when the john rushes past, she checks down the alley and sees the struggle.

PROSTITUE#2

Help someone help her!

She quickly flips out her cell phone. While waiting for someone to answer, she sees Martin pummel Prostitute#1 on the top of the head and push her limp body into the back of the van.

INT. INTERROGATION ROOM - AFTERNOON

Collins patiently waits. The door opens.

HARRY

We have a number to get hold of you, but for the address it says the 44 Mag Bar and Grill. You spend a lot of time there?

COLLINS

Yep.

HARRY

Is this like...where you hang out or somethin'?

COLLINS

Yeah, it's the or something part.
I'm the owner...I live on the second
floor.

HARRY

Who would of figured. A retired
homicide cop who owns a bar. All
right, so you know the drill.

COLLINS

Yep. You were going to say...thank
you Inspector Collins for your help.
Please don't leave the area. You're
free to go back to your bar. We'll
be in touch if we have more questions.
Have a nice day, sir.

HARRY

Almost. I probably would of called
you Mr. Collins, not Inspector
Collins, and may have forgotten to
say sir at the end.

Collins grins. He admires the young inspector's hardened
attitude, he stands to leave --

COLLINS

Can I make a suggestion?

HARRY

Only if you feel like your head's
going to explode if you don't.

COLLINS

What if you did a search for cell
phones registered on towers near
Baker Beach.

Harry pauses and nods his head.

HARRY

Okay, not bad, you got my attention.

COLLINS

I found the body around eight that
morning. We know from the medical
examiner on scene that the body was
dumped there before that around
midnight and certainly before two.
Everyone has a cell phone today,
even little kids. We could get lucky.

HARRY

We? There's no we on this case,
Collins.

Collins is offended.

HARRY (CONT'D)

Okay, Collins. That's a good idea.
But there are several towers and
several carriers in that area. It
may take a little time to check 'em
all...thanks for the suggestion.

COLLINS

Now there's something you ain't got.

HARRY

And that is?

COLLINS

Time, you ain't got much of it kid.
This monster is going to kill again.
And if he's trying to break away
from copying murders to architecting
his own, time is just as dangerous
to your investigation as he is.

The Lieutenant and Johnson burst into the room.

LIEUTENANT

So, Collins what do you know about
the ciphers on the note?

HARRY

Lieutenant, I got it. No need to...

COLLINS

It's probably nothing.

HARRY

You must be trippin' Collins. I
thought you were familiar with the
Zodiac case? The symbols at the
bottom are the key to breakin' the
code.

COLLINS

I agree that those symbols may or
may not have meant something in the
Zodiac case, but for this one, they
don't mean dick.

HARRY

Ands that's because?

COLLINS

Well, genius, this was a copycat right down to those symbols. If you go on-line you can find the letters that the Zodiac sent to the police, and in fact that same letter word for word, as it sets in your hand, is there. I think the letter, the symbols, all of it are there to slow you down, make you divert resources and waste time. They don't mean anything to this case.

HARRY

If you don't mind inspector, we'll keep an open mind about this for now and assume this is still evidence worth followin' up on.

COLLINS

Okay, knock your socks off. But, in the mean time you better have the coroner stock up on body bags because you're going to need them.

Collins leaves.

INT. MORGUE - EARLY EVENING

The QUIET WHINING of SMALL POWER TOOLS sing softly through the cold hallowed room. The tables are shiny stainless steel, light from overhead dances off the polished metal slabs. The sliding doors SWISH, Harry and Johnson enter.

Johnson is BREATHING unusually SLOW AND DEEP, he also appears quite sluggish.

MEDICAL EXAMINER

Did you guys come to see the victim from two weeks ago?

HARRY

Uh, that smell...just can't get use to it. What the hell is it?

MEDICAL EXAMINER

It's death. Are you okay Johnson? You don't look too good.

JOHNSON

Yeah, I'm fine. Look, kid this guy leaves no evidence at the scene, no prints, no hair. But the girl from the beach had a symbol burned behind her ear.

HARRY

He branded her like she was his property?

JOHNSON

I think this guy may be copying infamous serial killers and not just Zodiac. Since Collins has had experience with this sort of thing, I think he could have some valuable insight. We should bring him in as a consultant.

The HEAVY DUTY ZIPPER of the BODY BAG whispers harshly as the Medical Examiner opens it to reveal the AUTOPSIED CORPSE of an Asian Man.

JOHNSON (CONT'D)

This body was found up by the lake. John and Pucini are handling the case. I'm dead positive it's related to ours.

HARRY

Killed the same way?

MEDICAL EXAMINER

No! This one was killed with a similar M O to the B T K killer. Hell, the vic was even dressed in the same clothes that B T K dressed one of his victims in.

HARRY

Why do you think the murders at the beach and the lake are connected?

MEDICAL EXAMINER

Mold found on the beach vic's leg matches mold found on the Asian guy's shirt.

HARRY

So, at least for some time before their bodies were found, these two were in the same location. At the same time?

JOHNSON

I don't know if it was at the same time but certainly the same place.

MEDICAL EXAMINER

Well, we're not sure yet. The mold from the girl is still being analyzed.

HARRY

That's a leap, isn't it. Mold is everywhere.

JOHNSON

The killer dressed the Asian victim after he was dead. Brown pants and yellow-brown stripe Tee shirt. He was killed by suffocation. The exact same M O as B T K.

HARRY

How about the marks on the back of the neck?

JOHNSON

Yep, the same as today's vic. So far we can determine it's a chemical burn and not a heat burn.

HARRY

From what chemical?

JOHNSON

Some sort of drain cleaner maybe. Lab tests are being run to see if they can identify the brand.

HARRY

Like Collins said...serial killer advanced class. These murders were not quite exactly the same as the original. It's more like this guy is studyin', honin', evolvin' as his own killer. What about DNA from under our beach vic's nails?

MEDICAL EXAMINER

We didn't find any.

HARRY

Were you able to confirm the cause of death?

MEDICAL EXAMINER

The evidence doesn't yet indicate that it wasn't the stabbing. But there are traces of Pavulon in her blood. That's the commercial name, the chemical compound is known as Pancuronium. It's an extremely powerful muscle relaxer. It immobilizes you.

HARRY

Bad stuff huh?

MEDICAL EXAMINER

That's not all. Like I said, strong muscle relaxer, it makes it so you can't move but you are cognitive.

HARRY

Isn't that what's used by the state to execute prisoners on death row?

MEDICAL EXAMINER

Yep!

HARRY

The sick bastard paralyzes 'em but yet they may know and feel everythin' that's going on around them. Well, you don't just get that shit from the local dealer on the street. Am I right?

MEDICAL EXAMINER

Yeah, well it could have come from anywhere. It's used by hospitals also. I suggest starting there.

HARRY

Did you find Pancuronium in the Asian dude too?

MEDICAL EXAMINER

Nope.

HARRY

Did either the Zodiac or B T K use this drug?

MEDICAL EXAMINER

Not to my knowledge.

HARRY

All we really got right now to link these murders together is some mold, two separate incidents with victims that both appear to be killed by a copy cat killer, but the copy cat killer is emulatin' more than one serial killer. Wow, ya' can't make this shit up. Do we know who the girl is yet?

JOHNSON

Yeah, by the Mercedes registration.
Get this. She was a porn star,
Crystal Waters.

HARRY

When do ya' expect the lab results
on the mold?

MEDICAL EXAMINER

We put a rush on it. It'll probably
be tomorrow until we got something.

HARRY

Thanks Doc.

Harry turns to Johnson.

HARRY (CONT'D)

I gotta do this report for the two-
two-five on the bank robbery this
mornin' and drop it off. But later,
I'm gonna stop by Collins's place to
see if he's still anxious to work as
a consultant. You interested?

JOHNSON

I can't tonight. It's our 35th
wedding anniversary. I was supposed
to be off today, remember.

HARRY

I feel ya' partner. Seriously, are
ya' sure you're okay? The Doc is
right, you don't look too good.

JOHNSON

What, I'm fine. You guys are just
now noticing that I lost ten pounds,
that's all.

As Johnson walks away, Harry turns to the Medical Examiner
and grins.

HARRY

Hey, hey Johnson, 'bout that ten
pounds you say you lost.

JOHNSON

What about it?

HARRY

I just found it. It's attached to
your ass.

Johnson turns the corner.

JOHNSON (O.S.)
Very funny. Hey kid...blow me.

INT. .44 MAG BAR - NIGHT

Collins is in the corner playing BLUES on the PIANO.

HEATHER, the barmaid is behind the bar wiping down the counter top. She's a curvy gal, pretty, mid-forties, and tough looking.

It's almost closing time, the place is empty. Only Collins and Heather are there.

HEATHER
So, should we just call it the end
of a dull night and close the doors?

COLLINS
Sweetheart, it's never just a dull
night when you're here.

HEATHER
Nice try Collins...but no matter how
sweet you are, I have a rule. I
don't do geriatrics. Even if they
are as cute as you.

COLLINS
What the hell does geriatric got to
do with it? It only takes one little
blue pill, you know.

HEATHER
Regardless, little blue pill or
not...I'm tired and think we should
just lock up and go home.

Unexpectedly, two FIGURES step inside. They keep to the shadows of the room.

Collins maneuvers for a better look. He is quick to notice knit hats on their heads, his gut rumbles, something bad is about to go down.

HEATHER (CONT'D)
Sorry guys but we're...

COLLINS
Heather, that's okay. Go in the
back and make sure the kitchen is
cleaned.

She's confused knowing that the kitchen was cleaned and closed hours ago.

HEATHER
Collins, I think...

COLLINS
I'll take care of these guys. Now go and tell the cook, he works tomorrow 2 to 11. Okay, honey?

Collins remains cool, he plays the piano as if all is good in the world.

Trying not to panic, Heather hurries, two-eleven is their distress code, robbery in progress. She's out of sight through the kitchen door.

INT. .44 MAG KITCHEN- CONTINUOUS

The kitchen is dark and quiet. Heather heads straight out the back door.

INT. .44 MAG BAR- NIGHT

COLLINS
Now, what can I get you boys? A shot of whiskey or maybe a drawer full of cash.

MASKED MAN#1 AND MASKED MAN#2 step out of the shadows with the hats, pulled down to cover their face. They look ominous when viewing them through the holes for the eyes and mouth. They wave PISTOLS around frivolously.

MASKED MAN#1
That's right old man. You can get the fucking money.

Collins stops playing and moves from the piano. He makes a mental note, both men flinched when he stood up.

Masked Man#1 takes charge and turns to Mask Man#2.

MASKED MAN#1 (CONT'D)
Go get everybody out of the kitchen and bring them in here.

Masked Man#2 hurries through the double doors to the kitchen.

Collins calmly walks toward the bar.

MASKED MAN#1 (CONT'D)
Hold it old man. Where do you think you're going?

COLLINS

You know, that's twice now you called me old man. Why don't you lower that gun and I'll show you just how bad this old man can kick your young, dumb ass.

Masked Man#1 waves the pistol for Collins to continue to the bar.

Masked Man#2 flies through the double doors --

MASKED MAN#2

Jimmy, Jimmy there's no one back there. They're all gone. They must of hauled ass out the back door.

MASKED MAN#1

I told you to call me Spider, damn it.

COLLINS

That right...she's gone. You know, you two clowns would be a big hit on America's Dumbest Criminals. This whole cluster fuck would make the hold ups gone wrong world series.

Collins stops near the cash register.

COLLINS (CONT'D)

You know she's called it in by now. The police are probably on their way as we speak. And you, I gotta ask, what mother in her right mind would name her kid Spider?

MASKED MAN#1

It's my nickname. I made it up. Don't you have a nickname. No wait. Don't tell me. I got it. Your nickname is asshole isn't it?

Collins leans on the lower counter. His hands just inches away from two cannons holstered and attached to the underneath of the top bar. The forty-fours are Collins's most trusted friends, and as usual, they're ready to take care of business.

COLLINS

If I were you two, I would cut my losses now and haul ass...before I don't allow you to leave...leave breathing that is.

The gunmen are noticeably more irritated and nervous.

MASKED MAN#1
Is that a threat...old man? That's
funny, you're threatening us.

MASKED MAN#2
Jimmy...I mean Spider...let's get
the fuck out of here.

Masked Man#1 is losing it --

MASKED MAN#1
Damn it, Ronald, Ronald Mason, shut
the hell up.

Collins chuckles.

MASKED MAN#1 (CONT'D)
This is all a joke to you isn't it
old man? We'll see how much of a
joke it is after your brains are all
over the wall.

Masked Man#1 tears off the ski mask to exposes his face.

MASKED MAN#2
Jimmy, now he's seen your face.

MASKED MAN#1
So what. I want him to see who's
pulling his plug. He knew when we
walked in here he was out numbered
four to one and that he wasn't walking
out. Didn't you old man!

COLLINS
Actually, now that the girl's gone,
what I know for sure is the only
person walking out of here tonight
is me. You two dumb fucks aren't
going anywhere unless it's on a
stretcher or in a body bag.

MASKED MAN#2
What do you mean the four of us,
Jimmy.

MASKED MAN#1
You and your colt and me and my glock.
That's four. Now for the last time,
shut the fuck up.

INT. HARRY'S CHALLENGER- NIGHT

Parked outside the .44 Mag, Harry struggles with himself about the order from the Lieutenant to ask Collins to help with the case.

HARRY

Well, an order is an order...even if it's fuckin' bullshit.

He exits the vehicle and crosses the street.

INT. .44 MAG BAR - NIGHT

Masked Man#1 turns to Collins.

MASKED MAN#1

Tough old bastard, huh. So would you like to bet on it?

COLLINS

I'll raise your two pair with three of a kind.

MASKED MAN#1

Three of a kind...mister you ain't got shit.

COLLINS

But I do have a nickname, Spider. I just made it up. Do you want to hear it?

MASKED MAN#1

Who cares...you're dead no matter what it is.

COLLINS

Well it's Raid. That's my nickname. Your name, Spider, made me think of it.

MASKED MAN#1

And you thought Spider was stupid. Why in the hell would you call yourself Raid?

COLLINS

Because, like the insecticide, I too kill bugs dead!

A blink and just that quick Collins grabs the butt end of the guns. Still holstered -- BOOM! BOOM! The BLASTS deafens, the BULLETS tear through the wood bar like it was paper. A CLOUD of SPLINTERS linger in the air.

Man Man#1 takes an upper body shot, blood explodes from the center of his chest, he tumbles head over heels, his flight completely clears the table behind him.

Masked Man#2 manages to flinch just enough for the bullet to catch him on his side, he takes an uncontrolled spin, blood and chunks of torn flesh fling aimlessly into the empty air.

Both men are down, they're not getting up. There's no need for a stretcher, just a plastic body bag, one for each of them.

Collins stomps from behind the bar and straddles Masked Man#1, he looks down on him with indifference.

Masked Man#1 struggles for his last breathes. A red river of blood drips from his mouth.

Collins stares into his eyes and holds up the forty-fours.

COLLINS (CONT'D)

My three of a kind there Spider.
Three deadly weapons...Smith, Wesson
and me.

Masked Man#1 GASPS, then silence.

EXT. .44 MAG BAR - CONTINUOUS

Harry runs toward the gunshots, his weapon out in front.

Heather runs over to him.

HEATHER

Hey, where's your backup?

HARRY

Backup? What's goin' on here?

HEATHER

You're a cop right? Aren't you here
for the two-eleven I called in.

HARRY

Two-eleven...look, stay here 'till
the black and whites arrive, let
them know to proceed with caution.
Make sure ya' tell 'em Inspector
Harry Campbell is inside.

INT. 44 MAG BAR - NIGHT

Harry kicks through the door, weapon ready to go. He quickly spots two bloodied clumps on the floor and Collins standing over them.

HARRY
Collins...lower the weapons.

Collins turns his head to Campbell.

COLLINS
Be careful kid. We wouldn't want
you to hurt yourself with that thing.

HARRY
What happened?

COLLINS
It was a robbery gone bad.

HARRY
Yeah, I can see that...gone bad for
them. But ya' know the drill. So
please, lower the weapons.

Collins drops his arms.

Harry moves closer, stepping over the blood soaked carcasses.

HARRY (CONT'D)
So I see business is boomin'.

He studies the holes in the front of the bar, he leans over
the counter to find the holsters underneath.

Several UNIFORMED OFFICERS stream in with guns held before
them.

POLICE OFFICER#1
Freeze!

Harry steps up and shows his badge.

HARRY
Weapons down officer. I'm Inspector
Campbell. I was on the scene just
after shots were fired.

Harry turns to Collins.

HARRY (CONT'D)
This is retired Inspector Collins.
He's the owner of this joint.

COLLINS
Joint! This is a fine restaurant
and bar.

POLICE OFFICER#1
You're Collins?

COLLINS
Yeah, that's right.

POLICE OFFICER#1
Dirty...

COLLINS
Don't say it!

POLICE OFFICER#1
Jesus Christ, in the flesh. Hell, I
thought you were dead.

COLLINS
No, not at the moment.

HARRY
Look, I'm a homicide detective. I
got his story. Get one of your men
to interview the girl. And make
sure I get a copy of your report.
Thanks.

Harry turns to Collins. They casually step over the bloody
remains and body parts to get to the bar.

HARRY (CONT'D)
Look out, it's the real dirty...

He pauses and looks to Collins

HARRY (CONT'D)
Hey, how do ya' even get a name like
that, anyway?

Heather rushes to Collins's side and drapes herself over
him.

HEATHER
It's because no matter how dirty a
case smells, Collins always takes
it.

She kisses his cheek.

HEATHER (CONT'D)
Are you okay?

COLLINS
I'm all right. Go on home?

HEATHER
Okay, I'm outta here then.

HARRY

Miss, the officers need to talk to...

She interrupts.

HEATHER

I know, they need to talk to me.
This isn't my first robbery attempt
you know.

She walks off with Police Officer#1.

COLLINS

So inspector, are you here for a
reason, or did you stop by just to
bust my balls.

HARRY

No sorry...sorry. I'm here for a
reason. I'd like you to be a
consultant on the copycat murder
investigation.

COLLINS

Really...now why would an up and
coming rock star such as yourself,
need my help? Is it that you're
just not getting anywhere with the
investigation?

HARRY

Look, you're right..it's a copycat,
and not only that but a copycat of a
case you investigated.

COLLINS

Okay, I'll help. But only on my
terms.

HARRY

No, no, no, as a consultant, and on
my terms.

COLLINS

Well that ain't going to work.

HARRY

Look, Collins, this guy is just
getting started. There's more than
you know. We need your help before
someone else gets butchered.

COLLINS

More...what else is there?

HARRY

So you're gonna help...right.

COLLINS

Yeah, yeah, I'll help you get this dirt bag.

HARRY

There's one other condition.

COLLINS

And that is?

HARRY

You don't carry those cannons or any weapon at all.

COLLINS

What, are you fucking kidding me?

HARRY

I don't want anyone unnecessarily bein' killed. We're investigating this case and I intend to bring whoever is doing this in to stand trial. Take it or leave it.

COLLINS

You know, there's nothing wrong with killing as long as the right people get killed.

HARRY

I can see that. That's why I have to tell ya' I'm serious about this Collins.

COLLINS

You mean you'd allow your partner to investigate a murder case unarmed?

HARRY

No...not my partner. My partner is Johnson. But you...if you want in... you can't carry a weapon.

COLLINS

What if we come across the killer. How can I stop him, how can I defend myself, how can I back you up?

HARRY

There's where you got it wrong. I'll stop him, I'll defend us, I'll protect you.

COLLINS

Right, and who's going to protect you then?

HARRY

Look, either you're in or not?

COLLINS

You'll change your mind on that when you're lying there, the blood oozing out of a fist sized hole. It drains the life force from you as you watch your partner blow away this creep. You'll be thankful and want to reconsider then. At that point though it'll be too late. I suggest you take pause and think about that, kid?

HARRY

Either you're in that way or out all together, which is it!

COLLINS

So what else is there?

HARRY

There are other victims. But they're not only copycats of the Zodiac. They're also copycats of the B T K and who knows yet if there are any more that we don't know about. And that girl today, he branded her. He burned one of those strange symbols on her neck.

COLLINS

Shit, well mister 21st century inspector, it looks like we got ourselves a 21st century killer on our hands.

HARRY

Yeah, and his trophy is he's signin' his work.

COLLINS

He wants to distinguish himself from the M O he's copying. He's evolving to a whole other level of killer.

POLICE OFFICER#1

Inspector Campbell, we have the girl's story.

HARRY

Okay. It matches Mr. Collins's so write it up and get it to me.

POLICE OFFICER#1

Sir, how do you know it matches. You haven't heard my report yet.

HARRY

Officer, it matches. Now get this mess cleaned up and let the girl go home.

Harry turns back to Collins.

HARRY (CONT'D)

So old man, how 'bout a beer...on the house.

Collins walks to the bodies, he points down to the lifeless lump that use to be Masked Man#1.

COLLINS

Look kid, you see this sorry piece of dried up dog shit here on my floor.

HARRY

Yeah?

COLLINS

He's the last asshole to call me an old man and you see what happened to him, don't you?

HARRY

Oh touchy...okay...got it pops.

Collins smiles, he walks behind the bar. He takes two beers out of the cooler and slides one down the bar to Harry.

COLLINS

So how did a kid like you get to be SFPD inspector at such a young age?

HARRY

I grew up in California with my mom. She was a cop. She started out on the SFPD force then transferred to Riverside. After college, I went into the Marine Corp.

COLLINS

Huh...well, Simper Fi.

HARRY

You too?

COLLINS

Yeah, well that was a hell of a long time ago.

HARRY

Afterward, I joined the force in DC. I was on the job twelve years. My mother, stayed here. A little while back she got sick. When I found out she had Alzheimers, I transferred out here. I only made inspector a few months back.

COLLINS

Sorry to hear about your mother. How's she doing?

HARRY

Thanks. She's not doin' well...not well at all. She's in the final stages of Alzheimers. Her organs will soon start shuttin' down. It's only a matter of time.

COLLINS

And your father?

HARRY

He died in Nam just after I was born.

COLLINS

Sorry to hear that, too.

HARRY

It's okay. You can't miss what you never knew. Besides, my mom was always there for me, she really worked hard keepin' me in line.

COLLINS

She sounds like a damn fine women. My kind of girl. I hope I get to meet her some day.

HARRY

Yeah, me too.

Harry laughs.

HARRY (CONT'D)

As if she isn't confused enough already. Can you picture that? Hi, mom, I want ya' to meet Harry.

COLLINS

Uh, I see what you mean. Well maybe we can use nicknames so as to not confuse her. Mine's Raid.

HARRY

Huh?

COLLINS

Nevermind, it's an inside joke.

Harry takes a huge gulp on the beer, SLAP, he slams the bottle to the bar.

HARRY

Anyway, nine tomorrow mornin' in the Lieutenant's office.

COLLINS

Have we ever met?

HARRY

Not that I remember.

COLLINS

Yeah, well it's just you look kind of familiar.

HARRY

Maybe you've met my mother. Back in the day, she worked robbery.

COLLINS

Yeah, what's her name?

HARRY

Loretta...Loretta Campbell.

Harry starts to walk out.

Collins freezes as the beer nears his lips.

COLLINS

Loretta Campbell?

HARRY

Did ya' know her?

COLLINS
 (under his breathe)
 Nah, can't be.

HARRY
 Huh?

COLLINS
 Hey kid, how old are you anyway?

HARRY
 Old enough to be a SFPD inspector.
 You know Collins, I may have been
 wrong about you.

COLLINS
 Yeah.

HARRY
 Yeah, you're all right.

COLLINS
 Does that mean I can carry my forty-
 four?

HARRY
 Hardly. But it does mean I won't
 shoot ya' myself.

INT. GEARY STREET HOUSE BELOW GROUND BASEMENT - NIGHT

The below ground basement is dark, there are no windows or doors to the outside. HEAVY METAL MUSIC POUNDS, a spike driven in your ear with a sledge hammer would be less painful. The thick air feels wet and leaks a most annoying stench.

There are three wooden tables parked in the center, each with a person strapped to it, one man and two young women. Even though they are all gagged and duct taped about the mouth, their panicked WHIMPERS bleed through the loud music.

One of the girls is Prostitute#1. There's a video camera on a tripod pointed at her.

The MUSIC SOFTENS.

A SHADOWY FIGURE enters, he speaks in a soft, calm tone.

MARTIN (O.S.)
 I see everyone's patiently waiting
 for me. We're all here now so we
 can get started.

He steps out of the dimness.

MARTIN (CONT'D)

You know, I think you've all earned the right to be heard. You can have some time to scream all you want, no one's going to hear you. So feel free to let it all out.

One at a time, he rips the tape covering their mouths and pulls the gags. They SCREAM for their lives but the noise blends nicely into the metal-head montage.

Nearing an orgasm, the control feeds him like a dying wildfire finds meaning in a brisk wind. His head tips upward, his eyes close, his jaw contorts...he violently shakes and GRUNTS grotesquely. A few seconds pass, a kid-like giggle, then --

CLOSE CUT TO

A metal tray with surgical knives, scalpels, clamps, a battery powered saws-all, and three syringes filled with the Pavulon solution.

BACK TO SCENE

He's immediately down to business and makes the rounds injecting all of them.

MARTIN (CONT'D)

Don't worry, you're gonna feel every little thing that I do to you. All the Pavulon does is keep you from being able to move while I take you all apart and rebuild you again.

He pets Prostitute#1 on the forehead.

MARTIN (CONT'D)

Sh, sh, in a few seconds you'll relax. Be calm now. Shit lady, I'm the one with the tough part here. I've got to bring new life to your pathetic ass and all of you have a front row seat. You can watch, you can feel, you can hear and even smell but you can't move...you can't even scream.

CLOSE ON

Martin's eyes.

MARTIN

Apres moi, trepas ensuit... That sounds romantic doesn't it? That's French for, after me, death follows.

BACK TO SCENE

The JAGGED ELECTRIC HUMMING alone is almost calming, but when the SAWS-ALL rips through human tissue it's chatter sickens the air. Blood sprinkles about, fleshy splinters splatter, a CHIPPING sound, he hit a bone.

INT. LIEUTENANT'S OFFICE - MORNING

The Lieutenant's office is large and meticulous. He sits reading a report. With a clenched jaw, he stares at Harry.

LIEUTENANT
You blew his hand off!

HARRY
Just part of his hand and a few fingers, he's lucky he's not dead.

LIEUTENANT
Shit Harry!

HARRY
Look, he was goin' for his gun...I warned him not to. What was I supposed to do?

LIEUTENANT
You warned him not to. According to his statement, you taunted him to go for the weapon. He outright told you, he thought you emptied your weapon and you didn't tell him any different.

HARRY
Look, I actually wasn't sure.

LIEUTENANT
What, you weren't sure...why in the hell are you carrying a six gun anyway if you can't fucking count to six?

HARRY
Because I like the weight and balance of it. And so I may have pushed the edge a bit but I did follow procedure.

LIEUTENANT
Damn it Harry, this guy's already got a lawyer.

HARRY
Good, he needs one.

LIEUTENANT

No...a civil lawyer. They're threatening to bring a lawsuit against the city.

HARRY

A civil suit...for what?

The Lieutenant is embarrassed to say that he knows it's a shit deal, but nevertheless he's got to consider the reaction from those higher up.

LIEUTENANT

Police brutality.

HARRY

Yesterday this guy was a fleein' bank robber who fired at an officer of the law with the intent to kill.

LIEUTENANT

And yesterday, you were an officer of the law chasing down an armed suspect in your goddamn underwear. How was he supposed to know you really were a cop? The mayor is concerned. What if this asshole gets off because of your vigilante antics. He wants me to put you on administrative leave until this thing gets cleared up. The arraignment is at 10 today. Make sure you get your ass over there and that this guy doesn't get off on any technicalities.

A KNOCK on the door.

LIEUTENANT (CONT'D)

Yeah, what is it.

The door opens --

COLLINS

Am I interrupting something?

LIEUTENANT

No, come in and sit down.

HARRY

Look Lieutenant, I'll talk to the mayor...

LIEUTENANT

Oh no you won't. You'll stay away from this. Far away.

COLLINS

I'll talk to the mayor if you like.

LIEUTENANT AND HARRY (Unison)

Shut up Collins.

LIEUTENANT

Look you, him and Johnson get this guy and everything else will go away. I don't care how you do it but end this thing. End it before the mayor ends my career.

COLLINS

And it'll be back to admin for you huh?

Another KNOCK on the door.

LIEUTENANT

Come in damn it.

SECRETARY

Lieutenant, I just got a call from Judy Johnson.

HARRY

Johnson didn't look too good last time I saw him. Is he okay?

SECRETARY

It's serious. He had a stroke last night.

LIEUTENANT

What! Is he going to pull through?

SECRETARY

They think so sir, but he won't be coming back to duty any time soon.

Harry quickly gets up --

LIEUTENANT

Where are you going Campbell?

HARRY

Where am I goin'! He may be a temporary partner, but he's still my partner.

SECRETARY

His wife said only family members are allowed to visit.

HARRY

Shit, last night was their anniversary.

COLLINS

Kid, if you are a lucky sort he'll be the only partner you're ever going to lose, temporary or not. But I can tell you from experience that isn't the case. It just ain't the nature of the job.

Harry looks to the Lieutenant.

LIEUTENANT

Harry, meet your new partner.

HARRY

Partner, no he's not my partner. He's only a consultant.

LIEUTENANT

He's your partner now. Did you get anything from Collins's suggestion to check cell phones registered to local towers.

HARRY

Actually, we got forty possibilities.

COLLINS

Only forty?

HARRY

At that time of the mornin', yeah, and out of those we have thirty-six names and addresses to check out. We're tryin' to use registration and hand off records to determine where they all came to a stop at.

COLLINS

What do you mean?

HARRY

Oh, so you don't know everything then.

LIEUTENANT

Campbell!

Unhappy about the turn of events, Harry tightens his jaw then - -

HARRY

As you move through an area your phone monitors the signal level from the tower. And when the signal decreases to a certain point where it's stronger from another nearby tower, your service is handed off. If we can follow that trail we can eventually figure out where those forty cell phones ended up. But there's one phone that appears to be from a throw away.

COLLINS

A throw away?

HARRY

Yeah, you know, a pay as you go service. It's near impossible to find out who owns that phone. My guess is our killer isn't that dumb and the throw away is him.

COLLINS

So who's working it?

HARRY

Davis is the one doin' the technical analysis.

COLLINS

So let's go see this guy.

HARRY

Look, Lieutenant we need more people on this. Since John and Pucini's case is tied to this one, how 'bout if we use them to run down the thirty-six names tied to the phone numbers that we can identify?

LIEUTENANT

Yeah, that's fine. Give me the list and I'll get them on it.

Harry hands the Lieutenant the list of names.

LIEUTENANT (CONT'D)

So, now you got something to run with. Get moving then, both of you.

INT. SQUAD ROOM - MORNING

Harry and Collins enter the squad room. MULTIPLE PHONES RINGING and the activity in the room show it's pretty much an organized chaos.

JACK, another detective, is sitting at the desk across from Harry's desk. With head down, he's writing in a notebook.

Harry points to the empty desk - -

HARRY

You can use Johnson's desk.

JACK

Morning Harry. Man, you look like hell. Sorry to hear about Johnson.

HARRY

Yeah, thanks. Jack this is Collins. Collins...Jack.

They shake.

JACK

Collins! As in....

HARRY

Yeah, yeah, yeah...as in.

He looks to Collins.

HARRY (CONT'D)

You remember what I said right?

COLLINS

What's that?

HARRY

It's my way or no way.

COLLINS

I hear you.

HARRY

Well then hand it over.

COLLINS

Hand what over.

HARRY

Hand what over...that cannon under your arm...that's what...you think you can hide a monster like that.

Harry gets up, he slowly rounds the desk while trying to stare down Collins. He reaches inside Collins's jacket and under his arm, he takes out the .44 magnum, back to his desk, he drops it in the center drawer CLICK it's locked.

Collins smiles - -

COLLINS

Oh that.

HARRY

Let's get down to see what the medical examiner has on the body.

JACK (O.S.)

Harry, I just put a letter on your desk. Take a look at the ink, it looks weird.

Harry looks closely.

HARRY

When did this arrive?

COLLINS

What is it?

JACK

A little while ago.

HARRY

The ink is still wet.

JACK

Some guy dropped it off at the front desk.

Harry smears the ink with his finger then smells it. He quickly picks up the PHONE.

HARRY

It's Campbell, get forensics up here now.

COLLINS

What is it?

HARRY

Looks like another note.

He holds up the letter.

COLLINS

Let me see that.

Collins tries to grab it but Harry jerks it away.

HARRY

That looks like blood.

COLLINS

It's blood all right. The question isn't what is it, the question is who's. Did anybody see who delivered it?

They look at Jack.

JACK

No. But I'll get someone to check the security cameras.

Harry opens his desk drawer and digs for a pair of latex gloves. He quickly puts them on and opens the letter then --

HARRY

Oh shit!

COLLINS

What's wrong?

HARRY

It's from the killer, he says there's three more victims.

COLLINS

Three. This guy's working fast. If there are three more vics then that's four bodies in 36 hours.

HARRY

That's not all. He's pissed 'cause he's not getting the coverage in the media, he wants to be called the Apex Killer.

COLLINS

Apex! Why?

HARRY

Maybe he thinks he's an apex predator.

COLLINS

What's that mean?

HARRY

Don't you watch Animal Planet? You ought to, you can learn a lot from an animal.

COLLINS

The only animals I've been watching for fifty years is the two legged kind and I learned plenty.

HARRY

An apex predator is at the top of the food chain. All it does is hunt...nothing hunts it.

COLLINS

Apex predator or not, he has someone hunting him now. Me! So he wants a name. That's good, real good.

HARRY

Oh yeah, it sounds like he's really got us where he wants us.

COLLINS

Look, that's his motive. He has to have this.

HARRY

Why?

COLLINS

To make him famous. But we're not going to give that to him.

HARRY

We're not?

COLLINS

It's his Achilles heel and our trump card. He's gonna get mad, hell more than mad, he'll be livid that he's not getting a name. I mean think about it, he wants to be more than Zodiac, more than B T K, more than all of them. He needs to feed his ego.

HARRY

So by not playin' this up in the media, by not givin' him a name, he'll get frustrated and when he gets frustrated...

COLLINS

He'll get careless.

A short LAB TECHNICIAN enters the room looking around until --

HARRY

Are you from forensics?

LAB TECH

Yeah.

HARRY

Here, get this down to the lab. Dust it for prints and check the seal for DNA. We need any trace you can get off of this.

COLLINS

Yeah, and run a blood match test on the envelope.

LAB TECH

Who's the old guy?

HARRY

Yeah, he's a consultant workin' this case.

LAB TECH

Consultant huh. Well, I don't take orders from a consultant.

COLLINS

Old. Look hammerhead, do you want to be running tests on your own blood sample?

HARRY

I'm sorry, I forgot to introduce you. This is retired Inspector Harry Collins.

LAB TECH

Inspector...Collins? Thee Collins.

HARRY

Yeah. Well, we gotta bounce, hit me up if you get something.

LAB TECH

O-o-o-okay will do.

Harry and Collins move quickly through the squad room.

COLLINS

Where we going?

HARRY

Not we...me. I'm goin' to see Davis.

COLLINS
Davis, the analyst.

HARRY
Yeah, the analyst.

COLLINS
Okay, and what do you need me to do?

HARRY
Why don't you go down to forensics
and see if they got anythin' on the
trace from the girl's body ya' found
at the beach.

COLLINS
Alright.

INT. LAB - MOMENTS LATER

Collins finds his way to the lab and sees the same short Lab
Tech he just met.

COLLINS
Hey, do you know who's been running
test on trace from the Baker Beach
vic.

LAB TECH
Crystal Waters, uh, yeah. *

COLLINS
Well, who?

LAB TECH
(snotty attitude)
You're looking at him.

COLLINS
Are you always such an arrogant little
prick?

LAB TECH
Usually, yeah.

COLLINS
And why might that be?

LAB TECH
Because I'm good at what I do.

COLLINS
Okay, fair enough. So you got any
results for me?

LAB TECH

Not much.

COLLINS

Anything at all?

LAB TECH

The body from Baker Beach and the Asian guy's body both had traces of the same black mold.

COLLINS

Hell, this is California. You can find mold everywhere.

LAB TECH

You're right.

COLLINS

So what's so special about the mold from these bodies?

LAB TECH

Both mold specimens contain foreign toxins usually found in a paper mill.

COLLINS

Huh, there's a paper box company out around the financial district near Market and Kearny Streets. So what's this toxin tell you?

LAB TECH

Either both bodies came in contact with mold from the paper mill or they came into contact with that same mold but from somewhere else.

Collins just looks at him.

LAB TECH (CONT'D)

Look, there aren't too many homes in San Francisco with below ground basements because of seepage. But, in the area of the financial district there are a few. So, either they were both at the paper mill, or at a location near a paper mill that gets runoff when it rains.

COLLINS

Well, I gotta give it to you. For an arrogant little prick, you sure do good work.

LAB TECH
Thanks...I think.

INT. TECHNICAL ANALYST AREA - DAY

Harry exits through the elevator, it empties into the analyst area. He confidently walks over to the desk where Davis sits.

Head down, she's studying a report. She's a pretty girl, milk chocolate skin and late twenties. Harry and her have an on again off again thing and lately, it's been her impression that it's on again.

HARRY
Officer Davis, got anything for me?

TAMMY DAVIS
Straight down to business today, huh Harry.

HARRY
Sorry, but this is important. You got anything at all on those four cell phone numbers that we couldn't identify?

TAMMY DAVIS
We know the owners of three of the numbers, they had contract service with major carriers.

HARRY
Okay, but what about the throw away?

TAMMY DAVIS
Nothing much yet. All I can tell you right now is that the provider is Verizon Wireless.

HARRY
And that's all you got?

TAMMY DAVIS
These throw away phones are just for that purpose. People don't want a contract, so they buy prepaid phones. They can either add minutes, as they go, or just get rid of it.

HARRY
There's got to be some way to track it down.

TAMMY DAVIS

There is, but it takes a little more time. They get the phone with an eight hundred number. There's no roaming or no long distance charges and they can use it anywhere they get service. From the electronic serial number that registered on the tower, we were able to figure out the phone number. It's at the bottom of your list.

HARRY

And that's it? Did you call the number?

TAMMY DAVIS

Yeah, but it was turned off.

HARRY

How do you know that?

TAMMY DAVIS

It went directly to the standard recorded message to leave a call back number.

HARRY

So, we can call the number and leave a message.

TAMMY DAVIS

You can do that...but, what if it belongs to your guy? Isn't that telling him that you may be on to him?

HARRY

Only if I say that I'm the police. Anythin' else?

TAMMY DAVIS

I'm running an alert program that will monitor the carrier's network. When the phone is turned on again it'll register. AT least we'll have a position at that time. I'll let you know the minute I get a hit.

HARRY

Okay, now that the business is out of the way.

TAMMY DAVIS

Oh no you don't. Don't even go there.

HARRY

What's wrong? I'm tied up on this case.

TAMMY DAVIS

Yeah, well evidently not tied up enough to be running down the street in your underwear.

HARRY

Look, I can try to explain.

TAMMY DAVIS

Uh huh, I'm listening.

HARRY

Okay, so I really can't explain.

She hands him a list.

TAMMY DAVIS

Here you go Inspector. Have a nice day.

INT. SQUAD ROOM - MORNING

Collins and Harry meet back at Harry's desk.

COLLINS

What do you got kid?

HARRY

You first.

COLLINS

The lab matched black mold specimens from the Baker Beach vic and the body of the Asian guy from two weeks ago. It turns out that this specific mold is full of toxins found only from a paper mill. There is a paper box company in the financial district.

HARRY

Interesting.

Collins stares at Harry.

HARRY (CONT'D)

Oh yeah. The analyst was able to identify the owners of three of the four numbers.

COLLINS

But not from the throw away, right.

HARRY

We got the number but they're still working on who owns it.

COLLINS

It's not much but we're starting to get somewhere.

Harry looks at this watch.

HARRY

Look, I've got to get over to the courthouse for the arraignment of a bank robbery suspect from yesterday.

COLLINS

I heard about it when I was waiting outside the Lieutenant's office.

HARRY

Damn, you could hear that? What do ya' got the hearing of a Doberman or somethin'?

COLLINS

Yeah, and the attitude too. Why don't I come with you?

HARRY

I don't see any harm in that. As long as you keep your mouth shut.

COLLINS

Kid, I'm insulted.

EXT. DISTRICT COURTHOUSE STEPS - MORNING

Collins and Harry rush up the outside steps, Harry looks to his watch.

HARRY

Shit, I'm late.

COLLINS

Don't worry kid, these things always run a little behind.

INT. DISTRICT COURTROOM - MORNING

Court is already in session, Collins and Harry sneak into the room, it is packed.

'DISTRICT ATTORNEY', JUDY REYNOLDS is standing and speaking to JUDGE MORGAN.

She is a tall, lanky woman about fifty.

The Judge is a distinguished, older, white haired black man.

She turns to see Harry.

Ranes, also looks at him and chuckles under his breathe.

They sit down and immediately she announces Harry's presence.

DISTRICT ATTORNEY

Your honor, the arresting officer is present in the court room today.

JUDGE

Yes, Ms. Reynolds. Nice stalling...by the way. I can see Inspector Campbell. Inspector Campbell, I am sure you were told by your superiors to be in court by 10am.

Harry stands.

HARRY

Yes, your honor. My apologies.

JUDGE

Yeah, well you can thank Ms. Reynolds, I was just about to let this suspect walk. Is that Inspector Collins with you?

HARRY

Yes, your honor.

JUDGE

And what's he doing here?

Collins stands.

COLLINS

Your honor...it a pleasure as always.

Harry interrupts him.

HARRY

Yes sir. Mr. Collins is a consultant workin' with the SFPD on another case.

JUDGE

Tat explains why you're late. Inspector Collins has never been known for being punctual.

(MORE)

JUDGE (CONT'D)

Especially, in matters of the court. And I know Inspector Campbell that you two are working together on a high profile case. It's all over the news today. But I do want to remind you that justice never stops. I expect you to be here on time and not a minute later. Got it?

HARRY

Yes, your honor.

JUDGE

Anyway, Inspector Campbell, the question is whether you had sufficient knowledge and evidence to give chase, and detain a suspect. Evidently, you were off duty at the time you decided to chase him down. And you discharged your weapon blowing his hand off. Does that about cover it?

HARRY

Well your honor, it was only a few fingers...not his whole hand and...

He's quickly cut short --

JUDGE

That wasn't a question inspector Campbell. That was rhetorical. The question from the court is were you able to properly identify that you were an officer of the law to the suspect.

HARRY

Your honor, I assure you that...

JUDGE

Inspector Campbell, you were in your underwear. Now answer the question!

HARRY

Your honor, if it were you....

JUDGE

Inspector Campbell, it was not me.

HARRY

You can't just let this guy go. He fired several times on me, whether in my underwear or not, I am a detective.

JUDGE

That's not what's in question here. What's in question is your judgment to even get involved given whatever circumstances, that I assure you the court is not interested in, that led you to be in your underwear. Not to mention blowing his hand off.

HARRY

Your honor, again it was only three damn fingers.

JUDGE

That's enough. I've heard plenty. Ms. Reynolds, unless you have some other evidence proving this man was involved in the bank robbery attempt I'm going to have to let him go.

DISTRICT ATTORNEY

Your honor, the security camera clearly shows a suspect with the same build, cloths, and stature of the defendant.

JUDGE

You are the District Attorney. How many men have this same build, wear the same tee shirt and jeans, who look as though they could be the perpetrator in the security film. Until you can prove that he is that man...

DISTRICT ATTORNEY

Your honor...

The Judge bangs the gavel.

JUDGE

Release the defendant.

MR. SPENCER, the DEFENDANT'S ATTORNEY stands. He is a small, sheepish man who bears uncanny resemblance to Woody Allen.

MR. SPENCER

Your honor, there is the issue of using unnecessary force when Inspector Campbell discharged his weapon and crippled my client by blowing off...

JUDGE

Mr. Spencer, these are criminal proceedings. That is a civil matter and your client will have to take that up in civil court. Although, I do have to say, in my opinion, your case might be a bit iffy since your client did have a weapon, and fired it several times at Inspector Campbell. Even though it might have been hard to believe that someone in their underwear may be a police officer, I have to wonder just why a normal law bidding citizen, such as your client claims to be, would carry a weapon to begin with. No, all you're getting out of me is that only for the sake of proper procedure not being followed, these particular charges are dismissed, for now, until the district attorney can provide proof he was in the bank. Now get out of my court. All of you.

Once again the Judge bangs his gavel.

JUDGE (CONT'D)

Bailiff, call the next case.

They all quickly leave the court room.

INT. DISTRICT COURTHOUSE - MORNING

Outside the courtroom Collins and Harry wait for the elevator.

COLLINS

Tough break kid. I've seen my share of disappointments just like that. It seems they just don't understand that you're out there day in and out giving all of your blood, sweat and tears not just to uphold the law, but more importantly to defend those that can't defend themselves. So what if you don't always follow every little procedure. Sometimes it's just not that convenient to getting the bad guy off the street. Don't let it get to you.

Applause and laughter, Raney approaching from behind, he's taunting them.

HARRY

So I see that hand is healin' nicely.

DING, the elevator door opens.

INT. COURTHOUSE ELEVATOR - MOMENTS LATER

Ranes pushes his way in first, followed by Harry then Collins. They are the only ones on the elevator.

RANES

No, honestly the hand hurts like hell. But what makes it feel a lot better is knowing that I'm going to get at least ten million dollars out of this city. Knowing that helps me forget all about this.

Harry glares at Collins.

Without words Collins understands, he turns and presses the stop button. The elevator stops, the ALARM SOUNDS.

RANES (CONT'D)

What the fuck are you doing? Look, plenty of people saw us get on this elevator together.

Harry grabs the Ranes' bandaged hand and squeezes.

RANES MOANS.

HARRY

Listen asshole. Regardless of what the judge did here today, you'll fuck up again. I'm no psychiatrist and so I don't really understand why. Perhaps you just like to fuck up, or maybe you just can't help yourself.

Harry releases the stop button, the ringing stops, the elevator moves.

HARRY

No matter the reason, I just don't care. The next time you have an urge to do somethin' wrong, to fuck up, remember this moment when I said to you, you'll turn around and I will be right there on top of your ass.

INT. DISTRICT COURTHOUSE FIRST FLOOR JUST OUTSIDE ELEVATOR

The elevator door opens, Collins steps out. Harry keeps a grip of Ranes' injured hand and also steps out.

Intentionally, Harry lifts up the injured hand up, the elevator closes on it.

RANES SCREAMS.

Collins smiles at Harry.

COLLINS

You know kid, I don't care what the judge thinks. I like your style.

HARRY

I'm not sure if that comforts me or concerns me.

INT. HARRY'S CHALLENGER- DAY

COLLINS

Are we going to the paper mill?

HARRY

I got an idea and first wanna stop by to see a couple of friends of mine.

Harry has a smirk on his face.

COLLINS

I take it by that pleased look on your face that these friends are going to be more than just friends. Is that right kid?

HARRY

Well maybe, but this is strictly business. They're two of the hottest realtors in the area who just happen to be my friends.

COLLINS

It's a hell of a time to worry about buying a house.

HARRY

Who better to know which homes near a paper mill have below ground basements?

COLLINS

While we were at the courthouse, we could have stopped by the housing and planning commissioner's office.

HARRY

We could have. But trust me, this will be a much more pleasurable experience.

INT. REALTOR OFFICE - EARLY AFTERNOON

Harry and Collins enter the small office of Nikki and Amaya.

AMAYA

Harry!

She quickly moves over to greet him.

The Blonde comes into the room.

NIKKI

Hi Harry. Say, who's your friend.

HARRY

Ladies, this is my associate, Inspector Harry Collins.

AMAYA

He's a Harry too? Isn't that a coincidence? So are you Harry one and he's Harry two?

HARRY

Yeah, that's cute. We're headed down to the financial district and need to know if there are any homes in the area that have below ground basements.

NIKKI

Um, there might be one or two. Why?

HARRY

I can't say but it's related to a case we're workin'.

AMAYA

Which case is that? Is it the case where you jumped out of bed on us when you heard the bank alarm, or is it the case that you jumped out of bed on us when your Lieutenant called?

Harry looks to Collins.

COLLINS

Like, I said kid, I do like your style...and your taste in women too.

Collins turns to the girls --

COLLINS (CONT'D)

Look ladies, not to imply that young, Inspector Campbell was in anyway in his right mind to leave the comfort of not just one, but two gorgeous creatures, such as yourselves, so he could run off after bad guys. But, this would really mean an awful lot to us, if you could help us out here.

NIKKI

Are you married Inspector Harry two. You sure are cute.

The Blonde turns to the Asian girl.

NIKKI (CONT'D)

He is cute...isn't he?

AMAYA

Yeah, I always had a thing for the older, father figure types.

The Blonde strokes the Asian Girl's hair.

NIKKI

Oh sweetie, are you horny again?

HARRY (jealously)

Girls, girls, please. We need your help here.

NIKKI

Oh Okay, let's just get on the computer here.

She walks to the computer on the nearby desk and starts typing.

NIKKI (CONT'D)

We can do a quick search and...that was easy. There are only two within a six block radius.

HARRY

Okay, that's good. Can ya' print that out for me?

Harry looks to Collins. He is caught off guard to see the Asian Girl is quite close, grinding her buttocks against Collins's crotch. Harry quickly snatches the paper from the printer, he hurries toward Collins.

HARRY (CONT'D)
Okay, let's roll.

COLLINS
You know kid, maybe you don't need me on this one.

HARRY
Like hell, we're outta here.

Harry charges out the door.

Collins turns to the Asian Girl and chuckles.

COLLINS
I think he's a little jealous of this old man?

AMAYA
I bet you're not so old that he shouldn't be jealous now are you Harry two?

She grabs his crotch. Collins smiles.

AMAYA (CONT'D)
Wow, are you two related?

COLLINS
Thanks, sweetheart but I got to keep the kid from getting himself into trouble. So, as much as I hate to say it, I gotta go.

INT. HARRY'S CHALLENGER- MOMENTS LATER

The car is filled with a deafening silence until --

COLLINS
Nice girls. Do you mind if...

HARRY
I do, I do mind.

COLLINS
(laughing)
You took me there.

HARRY
That was my mistake. It won't happen again.

COLLINS
Well, I'm glad that's behind us.
(MORE)

COLLINS (CONT'D)

So what's your plan? You just gonna walk up, knock on the door, and ask if a sick bastard lives there?

HARRY

You know we can't very well do that. Half of the goddamn city can answer yes to that question. How 'bout some lunch?

COLLINS

I guess that won't be too conspicuous will it. Two guys, in a car, sitting in front of these houses eating lunch and drinking coffee.

HARRY

Got any better ideas?

COLLINS

All right, but you're buying.

EXT. GEARY STREET HOUSE - AFTERNOON

They car pull's up and parallel parks between two cars.

Martin routinely looks out of the front window from the house he's hiding out in, he spots them pull in and decides to keep watch.

INT. HARRY'S CHALLENGER- AFTERNOON

They settle in for the stake out. Collins passes Harry his lunch.

COLLINS

How's your mother doing?

HARRY

Pretty much the same.

COLLINS

Yeah, I hear ya'.

HARRY

Have you been through somethin' like this before?

COLLINS

Only with partners, kid. But it was usually much more sudden.

HARRY

What about family?

COLLINS
What about them?

HARRY
Well, do you have any?

COLLINS
Nah, not really. I was married once.

HARRY
Only once? Was it the job that ended it?

COLLINS
Nope...a hit and run.

HARRY
Oh, sorry. I didn't know.

COLLINS
How could you. Look, I need to talk to you about your mom.

HARRY
Yeah, about that. Look, I really need to focus on this case for now. But thanks for your concern.

COLLINS
Sure kid. I understand.

INT. GEARY STREET HOUSE - EARLY EVENING

Martin has already loaded two of the pieced together bodies into his vehicle around the corner. He's cautious now, still unsure about what's up with the two guys in the Challenger out front. Chancing it, he decides to go ahead and move the last body. He removes a PISTOL from his belt and places it behind the dead body that is sitting in the wheel chair. He puts on a RED BALL CAP.

MARTIN
(calmly)
Now, what do you think they want?
Are they looking for you?

He bends down and kisses the corpse on the cheek.

MARTIN (CONT'D)
Well my darling, they're close, but not close enough to help you.

He positions the body with the head drooped down as if asleep.

MARTIN (CONT'D)

Well then...let's play.

INT. HARRY'S CHALLENGER- EARLY EVENING

Daylight gives way to the dimness of dusk.

COLLINS

Ain't nothing happening here.

Harry notices the nearby activity.

HARRY

It's 'bout time.

At the house they've been watching, a large, wildly tattooed, BALD MAN lugs something over his shoulder, it appears awkward to carry and seems quite heavy. It's covered in a white blanket. He stops by a car parked in front, pointing the keys, BEEP BEEP then a POP, the trunk opens slightly. Suddenly, a limp arm drops into view.

COLLINS

Is that...

HARRY

Let's roll.

Harry jumps out of the car and pulls his weapon. He looks to Collins.

HARRY (CONT'D)

Okay, you hang back while I get control of the situation.

COLLINS

Okay, Kid, I'll be right behind you. Yell if you need anything from me.

Quickly, Harry crosses the street with weapon in the ready position.

HARRY

(yelling)

Freeze. Police.

BALD MAN

What the fuck...

The startled Bald Man tries to run with the limp body over his shoulder.

Harry follows.

HARRY

Halt...right now damn it. I said stop.

The Bald Man freezes, he drops the body.

HARRY (CONT'D)

Now, put your hands on your head and get down on your knees.

Collins begins to approach until he notices Martin pushing a woman in a wheel chair up the sidewalk.

COLLINS

Sir, sir, please quickly, move this way.

Collins points down the side street.

COLLINS (CONT'D)

Move it, move it now!

He turns back toward Harry then a double take on the girl in the wheel chair. There's that gut feeling again, something is not right. But, in all the excitement he's quick to rush to his partner's side. The Bald Man is on his knees, his hands on his head.

Collins approaches the scene, he pulls the blanket off of the body.

Quickly they realize it's not real.

COLLINS (CONT'D)

What the hell is this?

Collins kicks the hand of the dummy.

BALD MAN

(yelling)

Hey dude, knock it off! She's worth some money now.

HARRY

What's this?

BALD MAN

Not what...who. That's my girlfriend.

COLLINS

Girlfriend, Christ what kind of freak show is this?

HARRY

Hey Collins, doesn't she look familiar?

COLLINS

Shit, Harry don't tell me you got one of these, too? A young stud such as yourself, I would expect you to have women crawling all over you.

HARRY

Yeah, that's funny. No look at the face. Crystal, the vic at the beach.

COLLINS

Yeah. I think you got something.

Collins turns to the Bald Man.

COLLINS (CONT'D)

Where did you get that doll?

BALD MAN

She's not just a doll, that's my girl.

Collins looks to Harry.

COLLINS

We need to get him back to interrogation.

HARRY

Maybe.

BALD MAN

No, no, no...wait. She's a look alike. That's a Crystal Waters porn star doll.

COLLINS

You're a sick man.

The Bald man shrugs the comment off until--

COLLINS (CONT'D)

And that's exactly what we're looking for...a sick son of a bitch.

Collins is interrupted by a woman's scream coming from inside the house.

Harry looks to Collins.

HARRY
Ya' got this?

COLLINS
I got him. Go.

Collins pulls a back up weapon from his pant leg.

HARRY
(surprised)
What! Where did ya' get that gun?

The distant scream of a woman is again heard.

COLLINS
Go damn it, get moving.

HARRY
We're gonna talk 'bout this.

Harry turns and runs toward the house. He quickly grabs his push to talk phone.

HARRY (CONT'D)
2211 needs backup at 13655 Geary.
One in custody and a woman screamin'
for help at that address. Inspector
Campbell enterin' the premises.

He steps on the porch, without breaking stride, Boom! He kicks the door off the hinges.

INT. BALD MAN'S HOUSE FOYER - EARLY EVENING

The weapon hangs in front of Harry like an extension of his arm, he swirls anxiously clearing the way through the kitchen clearing. At the basement door, he hears the MUFFLED WHINES of a struggling woman. A LOUD SLAP then --

DOMINATING MAN
You fucking slut. I'm gonna give it
to you good.

INT. BALD MAN'S HOUSE BASEMENT STEPS

Harry moves quickly down the stairs.

Behind him, a scuffling sound, he turns quickly with the weapon pointed in a defensive posture.

Collins turns the corner.

COLLINS
Whoa kid!

HARRY

You're suppose to be with the
prisoner.

COLLINS

Our backup's here. They got him.

INT. BALD MAN'S BASEMENT HALLWAY - EVENING

They move together in synchronized motion through the narrow hallway.

Leading the way, Harry takes a quick second to throw Collins dirty looks about having a weapon.

They reach another door, behind it more SCREAMS.

Harry signals for Collins to open the door and step back.

Collins shows his fingers counting from three, at one he throws the door open.

Harry goes low.

Collins goes high.

INT. BALD MAN'S BASEMENT MAIN ROOM - EVENING

They enter with guns both poised for assault.

HARRY

Freeze, freeze goddamn it...police.

They find a HALF NAKED WOMAN, arms above her head, she's chained to the wall by both wrists, she's middle-aged but sexy. And a large DOMINATING MAN, his head covered with a black leather hood --

He spins around displaying a whip-like object in his hand.

Harry reacts instinctively and tackles the man, they wrestle on the floor.

Collins quickly realizes they've obviously broken up some kind of sex act. He smiles to the Half Naked Woman.

COLLINS

(nodding)

Good evening ma'am.

Harry finally gets the best of the wrestling match. He has the DOMINATING MAN'S arm twisted behind his back. A CLICK and a SNAP, he quickly cuffs him.

DOMINATING MAN

(PISSSED)

What the fuck, who are you people?

HALF NAKED WOMAN

(playfully)

I hope you've gotta pair of those
for me handsome?

Four Big Backup Cops straggle into the room. They CHAT amongst themselves when entering.

COLLINS

I'm sure one of these officers can
help you with that.

BACKUP COP#1 releases the Half Naked Woman from the restraints and gets one cuff closed when --

SMACK, she slaps BACKUP COP#1 across the face.

BACKUP COP#1

Whoa lady!

Collins quickly grabs her arms and finishes cuffing her behind the back. He guides her to the Backup Cop#1.

BACKUP COP#1 (CONT'D)

Are we holding them sir?

COLLINS

Just get them out of here for now
and give us a chance to look around.

They start to look around and find a large cache of sex toys and some small weapons.

Harry picks up a silicone model of a woman's behind and vagina, he hands it to Collins.

COLLINS (CONT'D)

What am I supposed to do with this.

HARRY

Go ahead...make your day.

Collins tosses it on the floor.

While sorting through the cache, Collins finds a huge blue rubber dildo, he hands it to Harry.

COLLINS

This must be for you then.

HARRY
What's this for?

COLLINS
I don't know. But if you start to
get that lovin' feeling just remember
one thing.

HARRY
What's that?

COLLINS
(smiling)
A man's got to know his limitations.

Collins walks away.

HARRY
Where're ya' goin'?

COLLINS
I'm gonna check around upstairs.

Harry shakes the dildo at him --

HARRY
Stop! I want that piece you got.

Removing his weapon, Collins turns and walks back to Harry.
SLAP the pistol hits Harry's palm.

Collins nods to the dildo.

COLLINS
I guess you got two hands don't ya'.

Harry gives the dildo to BACKUP COP#2, while making a face
and wiping his hands.

HARRY
I don't even want to think about who
used that last, him or her.

Backup Cop#2 drops it.

INT. BALD MAN'S HOUSE UPSTAIRS ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Collins walks in and quickly scans the area. He pauses when
finding that days newspaper clipping on the wall about
Crystal's body being found at the beach.

COLLINS
(to himself)
Huh.

Harry comes into the room.

HARRY
Whatchya' got?

Collins points to the clipping on the wall.

Harry walks over.

Collins turns and curiously knocks over a small trash can with his foot, a bloody rag rolls out onto the floor.

HARRY (CONT'D)
That's why the dummy is worth money now. He knew she was dead. Take them downtown for questioning?

COLLINS
All of them.

HARRY
Yeah. What if we're wrong?

COLLINS
What if we're not wrong. Can we take that chance?

Collins walks to the window, he sees the girl in the wheel chair. He hears MECHANICAL HUM, the lift raises her up, Martin pushes her inside.

COLLINS (CONT'D)
Just to be safe, let's get everyone out and get forensics in here.

HARRY
Yeah, I'm with you partner.

COLLINS
(surprised)
Partner?

HARRY
Yeah, well don't start thinkin' that you're getting your guns back any time soon. Where do ya' get all of them anyway.

COLLINS
Oh you know...here and there.

CLOSE ON

The bulge under Collins's jacket where another gun is tucked away.

Trying to hide it, Collins zips his jacket and walks away.

INT. INTERROGATION ROOM OBSERVATION AREA - EVENING

The Lieutenant, Harry and Collins watch three different interrogation rooms through the observation windows. The suspects are segregated, each to a room.

The Bald Man and the Dominating Man look extremely nervous.

The Half Naked Woman looks unusually comfortable.

LIEUTENANT

I don't know. What do you think?

HARRY

I think we let these two think about it while we talk to the girl.

LIEUTENANT

So we got a couple of perverts who's only tie to our porn star murder victim is because they're in possession of her silicone replica sex doll.

COLLINS

Siliclone.

LIEUTENANT

Huh?

COLLINS

We've been in touch with the manufacturer out of Vegas. It turns out there's quite a demand for functional sex dolls. They verified the priority shipment to a Mr. Harold Smith.

LIEUTENANT

A freaking sex doll. What about the girl there?

HARRY

It doesn't appear that she's trying to hide anything. The only thing she's probably guilty of is wantin' her ass whipped by that ugly dude over there.

COLLINS

She doesn't look too ashamed about that either. Does she? How do you want to handle this?

HARRY
I'll play the bad guy and you just
be your usual self.

COLLINS
Meaning?

HARRY
Cold, quite, intimidating, mysterious.
You know...you just be Collins.

COLLINS
Uh huh.

INT. INTERROGATION ROOM#1

Harry and Collins enter.

The Half Naked Woman's posture indicates she's relaxed.

Harry looks serious, he tosses a folder on the table and
sits down across from her.

Collins slowly circles the room, his eyes locked to hers.

Harry powers off his cell phone and puts it on the table.

HARRY
I don't want us to be disturbed.

HALF NAKED WOMAN
Is all of this supposed to frighten
me or something? Boy, you two got
this one down don't you. What is
this...bad cop...creepy cop?

HARRY
The file says your name is Candice
Benson. Is that right?

HALF NAKED WOMAN
Go on.

HARRY
Look, Candice we don't think you're
involved in any of this.

HALF NAKED WOMAN
Any of what?

HARRY
We just need to understand what you
were doing at the house on Geary
Street.

HALF NAKED WOMAN

Look, I got nothing to hide. We were partying. And I'm not sure what you're talking about when you say I wasn't involved. Honey, believe me, I was quite involved in everything we were doing.

COLLINS

(abruptly)

Look lady, we're talking about a murder investigation here. We're not worried about how you and those hammer heads get off, unless of course, it has to do with the unjustifiable killing of a young girl!

HALF NAKED WOMAN

Murder? Me and those two idiots! Look, I like to play rough and so does Jared.

COLLINS

By Jared, do you mean leather face?

HALF NAKED WOMAN

Yes.

HARRY

What about the other guy?

HALF NAKED WOMAN

Smitty, it's his place. We just get together there every now and then for some fun.

COLLINS

So what's he get out of it.

HALF NAKED WOMAN

He gets to watch...sometimes we swap.

HARRY

Swap what?

HALF NAKED WOMAN

Come on, you boys aren't that sheltered are you? He usually watches us to get himself all warmed up and then Jared and me watch him with his doll. Sometimes we swap...me and Smitty and Jared and the doll.

COLLINS

By doll you mean the Crystal Waters siliclone?

HALF NAKED WOMAN

Hey, for an old guy, you're up on the latest in sex toys. Do you need a girlfriend...I can hook you up with one? I know...

Harry cuts her short.

HARRY

Look damn it. We found a dead girl yesterday mornin'. She was brutally stabbed multiple times.

HALF NAKED WOMAN

Yeah, I heard about it on the news.

HARRY

Through forensic evidence, we know she was killed in a house with a below ground basement. A house near Market and Geary. A house like the one we found you and your playmates at. Now, since there's only a few homes with below ground basements in that area, that means she could of been killed in your playroom. Doesn't that bother you?

HALF NAKED WOMAN

And you think we're involved because?

COLLINS

Because the dead girl is Crystal Waters and Smitty seems to have a hard on for her.

HALF NAKED WOMAN

It was Crystal Waters who was killed! Smitty will be crushed.

COLLINS

Poor Smitty! He already knows and thinks his girlfriend will be more valuable now.

Collins hits the table with his fist.

COLLINS (CONT'D)

Why not poor Crystal Waters, or her family?

(MORE)

COLLINS (CONT'D)

Look your boyfriend there has a siliclone copy of Crystal Waters. The same Crystal Waters who winds up dead. Now tell me why none of you were involved.

HALF NAKED WOMAN

Look, what we do is harmless and doesn't involve murder. It's a fetish. So I like a little pain. There's a fine line between pain and pleasure you know.

HARRY

A fine line. So tell me. Where do ya' draw that fine line?

HALF NAKED WOMAN

For me, love hurts but it doesn't murder.

Harry and Collins look at each other, they start to leave the room.

HALF NAKED WOMAN (CONT'D)

Can I go?

Without turning Harry answers.

HARRY

No!

INT. INTERROGATION ROOM OBSERVATION AREA - MOMENTS LATER

Harry and Collins huddle with the Lieutenant.

LIEUTENANT

She don't know jack shit.

COLLINS

Yeah, we agree.

Harry turns to Collins.

HARRY

Look, you take leather face and I'll talk to our doll lover.

COLLINS

Okay!

INT. INTERROGATION ROOM#2

Collins enters and sits down.

DOMINATING MAN

Hey, how long are you assholes going to keep me here?

COLLINS

Look dick head, if you want to get out of here cooperate and we'll get this over with.

DOMINATING MAN

No, I know how you cops work. I want a lawyer.

COLLINS

Are you sure about that? Cause , it is late, till we get hold of him, he gets his ass down here, and you get out, it could take all night.

INT. INTERROGATION ROOM#3

Harry enters the room with a folder in his hand.

HARRY

So ya' like to fuck cold, lifeless bodies?

BALD MAN

There ain't no law against it.

HARRY

Not when it's just a doll but when it's a real dead girl. You know, in California, that will get you gassed.

BALD MAN

(scared)

What are you talking about!

HARRY

Crystal Waters.

BALD MAN

Dude, it's just a doll.

Harry flashes a photo from the folder then slides it in front of the Bald Man.

HARRY

This doesn't look like a doll to ya' does it?

BALD MAN

(shocked)

I knew she was dead but Dude I don't know anything about this.

HARRY

(pressing)

Yo don't look too broke up over it. How come we found mold on her clothes. The same mold that we found in your damp basement!

BALD MAN

There's mold in my basement?

HARRY

Yes, mold in your basement.

BALD MAN

And so what if there is. All below ground basements in this area probably got mold.

HARRY

You're probably right. But this mold has toxins in it. Toxins that could only come from the Royal Paper Box Company. That's about six blocks from your house. Isn't it?

BALD MAN

So, any house with a basement in the area could have that same mold.

Collins walks in.

Harry turns and looks at him.

Collins subtly shakes his head no indicating he believes the Dominating Man had nothing to do with the murder either.

Harry turns back to the Bald Man.

HARRY

True enough, 'cept there are only two houses within six blocks in any direction from the Royal Paper box Company that have below ground basements. And out of those two, only one has a doll of Crystal Waters.

BALD MAN

That's not true.

Collins leans on the table invading the Bald Man's space.

COLLINS

Why don't you explain it to us then,
limp dick.

BALD MAN

No, no, I mean there are other houses
with below ground basements.

HARRY

Where?

BALD MAN

Right across the street from my house
is one.

COLLINS

Which one?

BALD MAN

13658

HARRY

Do ya' know who lives there?

BALD MAN

No, it's a rental property I think.
A guy just moved in there a few weeks
ago.

COLLINS

What can you tell us about him?

BALD MAN

Uhm, he drives a handicapped van, he
must work with handicapped people or
something.

COLLINS

Why do you think that?

BALD MAN

Because, he's been pushing around
people in wheel chairs lately. They
must be really sick or something.
Most of the time they're just slumped
over in the chair...he kinda has to
hold them in it.

INT. INTERROGATION ROOM#3

COLLINS

(mad at himself)

No, no god damn it!

Collins seems alerted and abruptly leaves the room.

HARRY
 (caught off guard)
 Uhm, sir give me a minute.

Harry hurries from the room.

BALD MAN
 (yelling)
 So, can I go?

Harry stops and turns to the man.

HARRY
 Do ya' think ya' can describe him.

BALD MAN
 Who, the guy across the street?
 Yeah, sure.

HARRY
 So you've gotten a good look at him
 and you can accurately describe him?

BALD MAN
 I think so.

HARRY
 Sir, please wait here. I'll send a
 sketch artist in right away.

INT. PARK POLICE SQUAD CAR - LATER THAT NIGHT

OFFICER DWAYNE LEAKS is supposed to be on patrol making rounds in his vehicle through the park. Instead, he's pulled over at a rest area reading a copy of Jugs Magazine by the light of the car interior. He's an older guy, roundish, with a white mustache. He lowers the magazine to turn the page and a distant light catches his eye. Leaning forward, he watches intensely for a few seconds.

On the playground, a flashlight beam breaks up the curtain of darkness. Officer Leaks presses the mic button on the com unit.

OFFICER DWAYNE LEAKS
 This is Car 44. I'm on patrol out
 at Golden Gate Park. Do we got
 anything going on at the children's
 park that I don't know about?

DISPATCH (O.S.)
 Negative 44.

OFFICER DWAYNE LEAKS
 Be advised, I'm seeing what appears
 to be a flashlight. I'm going to
 roll on down there and check it out.

DISPATCH (O.S.)
 Do you need backup?

OFFICER DWAYNE LEAKS
 Nah, probably just some kids fooling
 around. I'll check back with you in
 a minute.

EXT. PARK PLAYGROUND

The park police car rolls in quietly. Nearing the parking
 lot, the headlights go off.

OFFICER DWAYNE LEAKS
 (softly)
 We got a black van down here. I
 can't make out the plates.

DISPATCH (O.S.)
 (concerned)
 Wait for backup. ETA three minutes.

OFFICER DWAYNE LEAKS
 (mumbling)
 Backup? It's probably just a couple
 of kids getting it on.

Getting out of the car, he can almost see the outlines of
 the people in the dark. He aims his flashlight, CLICK, the
 blackness disappears. He again talks into his com unit.

OFFICER DWAYNE LEAKS (CONT'D)
 Central, I got 3 kids and a black
 van, with handicapped plates. The
 plate number is two Charlie, queen,
 two, six, three, seven.

Something looks wrong, they're frozen like a deer in the
 field caught by passing headlights. Cautiously, he walks
 toward the frozen figures.

OFFICER DWAYNE LEAKS (CONT'D)
 (calling out)
 Park Police. What the hell are you
 doing out here anyway at this time
 of night? The park's closed.

Nearing one girl, he reaches and pushes on her shoulder with
 the butt of his flashlight. Unexpectedly, PLUMPH, the arm
 drops in the dirt.

He GASPS, then there's a THUMP when he's struck on the back of the head, his limp body drops quickly.

INT. INTERROGATION ROOM OBSERVATION AREA - LATER

The POLICE SKETCH ARTIST comes out of interrogation Room#3. Harry, Collins and the Lieutenant perk up.

POLICE SKETCH ARTIST

Here you go.

He hands the likeness to the Lieutenant. Collins grabs it.

The FRONT DESK SERGEANT stomps up to Harry.

FRONT DESK SARGEANT

Campbell, there you are. Is your cell phone off? You've been getting calls left and right at the desk.

HARRY

Who is it?

FRONT DESK SARGEANT

I don't know. I asked. All they said was that it concerned your mother. That's it.

HARRY

They didn't give a name, nothin'. And you didn't think to ask.

FRONT DESK SARGEANT

Hey, I'm not a secretary.

Harry turns on his cell phone.

COLLINS

Yeah, that's the guy I saw pushing the wheelchair down the sidewalk on Geary.

HARRY

Okay, Lieutenant, you wanna get this out to the media while we head back over to that house?

LIEUTENANT

We don't have a warrant.

HARRY

No, we don't have a warrant. Hell, we don't have a name either.

(MORE)

HARRY (CONT'D)

But we do know what he looks like,
and we do know where he was a couple
of hours ago. And that's where we're
going. So, why don't you put those
ass kissin' lips to work for once in
your career and get us that warrant.

LIEUTENANT

Just like that, huh?

FRONT DESK SARGEANT

Hey, the drawing there. Is that
your suspect?

COLLINS

He may be, why?

FRONT DESK SARGEANT

Because that sketch looks awfully
similar to the guy who dropped that
note off for you the other day.

HARRY

The note...addressed to me in blood?

FRONT DESK SARGEANT

Yep. I don't know if it was blood
or not but that's the guy. No doubt.

Harry's CELL PHONE RINGS. The Front Desk Sergeant walks
away.

HARRY

This is Campbell.

There's a haunting silence.

HARRY (CONT'D)

(choking up)

Uhm, I see Mrs. Winters. I'll get
there right away. Thanks for callin'.

COLLINS

Is everything okay kid?

HARRY

Th-that was the nursin' home. My
mother died about an hour ago in her
sleep. They were doing rounds and
found her. They said it was peaceful.

Collins looks to the lieutenant then back to Harry.

COLLINS

I'm sorry Harry.

LIEUTENANT

Look Harry, why don't you go, we'll handle this.

COLLINS

Yeah, I'll take John and Pucini back to the house off Geary, if that's all right with you and the Lieutenant here.

HARRY

No...no, I mean yeah that's fine. I-I'm just gonna go now.

He wonders away slowly. Then --

HARRY (CONT'D)

You know, even when you know it's near, when it finally gets here, it just kinda' catches you off guard.

COLLINS

Can you drive? I'll take you if you want.

HARRY

Thanks, but I'll be fine. No you keep on top of this guy. We...you, you, it's up to you now Collins, you gotta get this bastard.

COLLINS

Don't worry, we'll get him kid. You go take care of your mother.

Harry leaves quickly.

Collins hands the sketch to the Lieutenant.

COLLINS (CONT'D)

So now this guy has been identified as the one dropping the blood soaked note off at the desk. I ain't no judge, but in my eyes that gives us probable cause.

LIEUTENANT

We all know your eyes ain't what they used to be. Just because the sketch looks like the guy. Come on.

(MORE)

LIEUTENANT (CONT'D)

The prosecutors office will eat me alive...especially if I wake them up in the middle of the night.

COLLINS

I liked how the kid said it better a minute ago. Quit thinking about your ass and step up to do your goddamn job, so we can do ours.

Collins starts to walk away and turns --

COLLINS (CONT'D)

Oh yeah, and that reminds me. I'm going to need a car from the motor pool.

INT. COLLINS'S CAR - NIGHT

Collins stares out at the road. When turning the corner narrow beams of street light dance across his face. CLICK on the MIC --

COLLINS

Central, this is Inspector Collins. I'm approaching 13658 Geary Street. I have a search warrant to enter the premises.

DISPATCH

Ten four Inspector, Inspectors John and Pucini along with SWAT will meet you on site.

COLLINS

Okay Central, but tell them to stage on the corner of Jordan and Geary. If this bastard is home, we don't want him to know we're coming.

INT. MARTIN'S HOUSE AT 13658 GEARY - MIDDLE OF THE NIGHT

The house interior is quiet and pitch black. The silence gives way to THUNDEROUS BOOM, a small SHAPED CHARGE blows the door, it shatters into a curtain of splinters, ash, and dust. Another BOOM, a flash bang grenade goes off. For a nanosecond, a BLINDING LIGHT, then the HULKING SHADOWS of FOUR FIGURES pour into the room.

We FOLLOW the armed SWAT OFFICERS using flashlights to detect whatever might be lurking there, in the darkness. Like an army of soldier ants dressed in thick black kevlar, they fan out smoothly to predetermined positions to cover the room.

SWAT TEAM LEADER

Clear!

Then another ballet of precise group movements. Their footsteps shuffling can only be drowned out by the okay signal once they've cleared an area. They secure the bottom floor of the house and signal Collins, John and Pucini to enter.

SWAT TEAM LEADER (CONT'D)

Area's clear, sir.

COLLINS

Okay, sergeant. Have your team continue clearing the upstairs and the basement, while we get a look around in here. I don't think I need to stress this, but we really do need this guy alive. However, if there is trouble, well, I expect you and your team to do whatever is needed to do to protect yourself and each other.

SWAT TEAM LEADER

Beaufont, Jackson take upstairs. Miller, you're with me in the basement. Move quickly but carefully people and no one takes any chances.

Collins, John and Pucini perform a quick search of the living room and dining room. Collins notices a stack of envelopes on the table. He picks the pile up --

COLLINS

Huh, ever heard of a Martin Cyrus?

JOHN

It doesn't ring a bell...you Pucini?

PUCINI

Never.

Collins unexpectedly freezes.

PUCINI (CONT'D)

What's wrong.

COLLINS

(to himself)

Collins, he's an Apex killer.

PUCINI

Huh?

COLLINS

In his letters, the killer said he wanted to be known as the Apex killer.

JOHN

What does that mean?

COLLINS

It might just be a game he's playing with words, but this letter to Martin Cyrus has a return address of Apex, California. He may have been trying to tell us who he is all along. He's the Apex Killer, he's from Apex. You ever heard of it?

JOHN

Yeah, it's a little community over outside of Sacramento.

The SWAT team leader approaches.

SWAT TEAM LEADER

Inspector Collins, the upstairs and basement are cleared.

COLLINS

Did you find anything interesting?

SWAT TEAM LEADER

You're probably gonna want to see for yourself. Especially the makeshift operating room in the basement.

COLLINS

Operating room!

SWAT TEAM LEADER

That ain't the half of it inspector. It looks like he left in a hurry and didn't finish cleaning up. There's blood and pieces of flesh all over the place.

COLLINS

Oh shit!

SWAT TEAM LEADER

What does oh shit mean inspector?

COLLINS

It means there are more bodies out there somewhere.

(MORE)

COLLINS (CONT'D)

I need to know if they're still alive. Sergeant, if your guys are finished get them all out. Tell them to do it carefully and don't disturb anything.

MILLER charges to the top of the basement stairs --

MILLER

Inspector you're gonna want to see this.

COLLINS

What is it?

Millers holds out a video recorder.

MILLER

They're dead sir.

COLLINS

How do you know that?

MILLER

You have to see for yourself. He's got two women and a man sir. Here inspector, I could only watch a minute of this.

COLLINS

What's on it?

MILLER

Something, you really don't want to see. He taped killing them.

COLLINS

His trophy. Brutal bastard. Anything else?

MILLER

We did find drivers licenses and credit cards. Probably from the victims.

COLLINS

Why do you think they belong to these victims?

MILLER

Well, by the names we can tell they're from two women and a man and that's what's in the video.

COLLINS

Okay, everybody out. Miller, give those to Pucini so he can run them. Pucini let me know immediately what you get on them. John, get forensics in here. Have them check the entire house, top to bottom. And knock on doors. Show the neighbors the sketch of our guy and find out what you can about him.

JOHN

And then?

COLLINS

And then...it looks like I'm going to Apex in the morning.

INT. APEX SHERIFF'S STATION - MORNING

Collins strolls in the front door of the small sheriff's department. SERGEANT WOODSON is at the desk. He's older, clean cut looking and built like a linebacker

SERGEANT WOODSON

(politely)

Yes sir, can I help you?

Collins pulls an envelope from inside his jacket and hands it to the officer.

COLLINS

Yeah, I'm Inspector Collins with the SFPD. I'm working a murder case and would like to know if you've ever heard of a Martin Cyrus.

SERGEANT WOODSON

Hey are you....

Collins interrupts him and hands him the sketch.

COLLINS

No, I'm not, nothing to do with the movie.

SERGEANT WOODSON

Movie? No, no...you're the guy who caught Zodiac, aren't you? Yeah, we studied your case files when I was in the academy. Nice work, sir.

COLLINS

Thanks and that's sort of why I'm here. The guy I'm looking for started out doing copycat murders of Zodiac.

Woodson focuses on the sketch.

SERGEANT WOODSON

Oh yeah, that's Cyrus. He's a trouble maker from a long time back. If you were to tell me you thought he had something to do with a murder, I'd say that I don't doubt it.

COLLINS

How about serial murders? Would you believe that one too?

SERGEANT WOODSON

Let's just say inspector that possibility wouldn't cause my heart to skip a beat.

COLLINS

Do you know if he's still around?

SERGEANT WOODSON

No, I heard he was working as a hospital orderly down your way in San Francisco.

COLLINS

Hospital, you don't say. Any reason why you're not surprised to hear the name Martin Cyrus in the same sentence as serial murderer?

SERGEANT WOODSON

Well, he had all the typical markings. The father and step mother were alcoholics. His father died a few years back...he was just a really bad drunk.

COLLINS

Do tell...extremely violent?

SERGEANT WOODSON

One time in town, he beat Martin so bad and told him he wanted to shove his entire miserable life down the poor boy's throat. Yeah, it doesn't surprise me.

COLLINS
Any other family?

SERGEANT WOODSON
Yeah, he had two sisters also. They like to torment him quite a bit too.

COLLINS
Are any of them still around?

SERGEANT WOODSON
Yep, they still live at the return address on that envelope.

COLLINS
Can you give me directions?

SERGEANT WOODSON
I can do better than that. I'll take you there but first can you show me some identification please.

Collins flashes his consultant badge.

COLLINS
Uh, I'm retired and consulting on the case.

SERGEANT WOODSON
No need to explain Inspector Collins. I know who you are. Just a formality that's all sir. Okay, you can follow me out to the Cyrus place.

COLLINS
Thanks.

EXT. CYRUS HOME - LATE MORNING

The squad car leads Collins up the dirt road. Dust rolls up into a smoky curtain from behind the car. They park near a lone rancher.

The Sheriff gets out of his car and waits for Collins at a makeshift walkway leading to the front door.

SERGEANT WOODSON
Sure is quiet. Odd that no one heard us coming up the drive. We haven't been out here for a while. When he lived here, we'd have to send someone out here several times a week.

COLLINS
A trouble maker then?

SERGEANT WOODSON
Usually things like missing pets
from the neighbors, animal
mutilation...found gutted and
dissected in the woods.

COLLINS
Yeah, that's usually how it starts.

They walk to the front door and knock.

COLLINS (CONT'D)
No violence against people though.

SERGEANT WOODSON
Oh yeah. He did do some time in
county for assault.

Alerted, Collins stops to take in a deep breath --

COLLINS
Do you smell that?

The Sheriff pauses.

SERGEANT WOODSON
Smells like decomposition.

The Sheriff unholsters his weapon and raises it to the ready
position.

SERGEANT WOODSON (CONT'D)
I'm going to have to ask you to let
me go first, inspector.

COLLINS
It's your show, Sergeant.

The Sheriff steps back and with all the force he can muster
BOOM one mighty kick and the door flies open. The Sheriff
enters. A few seconds later he comes back out gasping for
air.

SERGEANT WOODSON
It ain't pretty in there.

Collins walks in hesitantly. His face wrinkles from the
putrid stench. Instinctively, he pulls out a handkerchief
and covers his nose and mouth. But as a filter, it doesn't
help much. He looks around slowly.

His eyes widen when finding strange phrases written in blood
on the wall. They're incoherent phrases about life and death
and one is the other. He lowers the handkerchief.

COLLINS
(to himself)
This fucking guy is a real monster.

He hurries back outside.

SERGEANT WOODSON
I got more guys and the coroner's office on the way. I'm afraid I'm going to have to ask you to not go back in the house. It's a crime scene. And once they get here, I want you to follow me back to the station house. We need to know what you know, and if this guy is loose in San Francisco, you're going to need to know what we find out here also.

COLLINS
Yeah, I'm with you on this.

SERGEANT WOODSON
It may take today and some of tomorrow. We don't move quite as quickly as they do in the bigger cities. I'll probably get the state police involved also. We don't have a forensics team...so we count on using theirs.

COLLINS
Marvelous. I need to call in.

He pulls out his cell phone.

COLLINS (CONT'D)
Yeah, Lieutenant I'm in Apex.

LIEUTENANT (V.O.)
Did you find anything?

COLLINS
Only if you call his stepmother and sisters slaughtered and their insides strewn all over the walls something, then yeah.

LIEUTENANT (V.O.)
So he is our guy?

COLLINS
It appears so. You have a sketch and now a name.

(MORE)

COLLINS (CONT'D)

The sheriff here thinks he left here to work in San Francisco as an orderly. I think it's time we use the media and get his face plastered all over the place.

LIEUTENANT (V.O.)

Good idea, I'll get on it. What are you going to do?

COLLINS

I'm going to be up here until tomorrow sometime. I'll get details from the crime scene here and I want our forensics to copy the Apex Sheriff's Department on everything we got and we'll start sharing details of the two investigations.

LIEUTENANT

Yeah, at this point we share everything, but we got the lead.

COLLINS

Understood. Say, how's Campbell?

LIEUTENANT

As good as can be expected. The funeral is the day after tomorrow. Look Collins, we found the other three bodies.

COLLINS

Where?

LIEUTENANT

At the Golden Gate Children's playground. It wasn't a pretty site.

COLLINS

Tell me about it.

LIEUTENANT

Well, they were posed in sexually provocative manners. As you already know from the killer's video, he cut them up into pieces.

COLLINS

Yeah, I saw that.

LIEUTENANT

What you don't know is that they were all alive and aware of everything he did to them.

COLLINS

What!

LIEUTENANT

Yeah, he used a drug to paralyze them. Those poor people couldn't move or make any noise.

COLLINS

Jesus Christ. You mean they had to lay there, feel everything he did, and see everything he did to them and each other?

LIEUTENANT

Yep, they either went into shock and died, or if they didn't, the drug eventually caused them to slowly and agonizingly suffocate. When he pieced the bodies back together at the playground, he mixed up the body parts. One may have had two left arm and the penis was placed inside one of the girls....you know.

COLLINS

Did John get anything from the identification found at the house on Geary?

LIEUTENANT

The one girl was a hooker kidnapped in broad daylight in an alley off of Mason. The other girl was a student, and Cheevers, the guy, was a city worker.

COLLINS

Did they have anything in common?

LIEUTENANT

We're still working that angle.

COLLINS

Has the next of kin been notified?

LIEUTENANT

All but the hooker.

COLLINS

Good, then you may as well release those two identities to the media also. Let's see if any info we get can help tie all of them together somehow. Now, was there a note.

LIEUTENANT

Yeah. The note said he was an artist and the scene was his canvas.

COLLINS

Who's working the scene?

LIEUTENANT

John and Pucini.

COLLINS

Ask them to keep me in the loop while I'm up here. Hopefully, I'll get something out of this that will help us get to this guy quicker. I'll see you at the funeral.

EXT. CAMPBELL HOUSE - DAY

Collins arrives at the home of Loretta Campbell's where the wake is taking place. People are on the porch mulling about in small cliques, they talk softly amongst themselves.

INT. CAMPBELL HOUSE - DAY

Collins walks in. He sees the Lieutenant --

COLLINS

How's Harry doing?

LIEUTENANT

He's dealing with it.

COLLINS

Where is he?

LIEUTENANT

He just went upstairs.

Collins looks to the stairs and starts to walk in that direction.

LIEUTENANT (CONT'D)

I think he wants to be alone Collins.

Collins ignores the Lieutenant and begins up the stairs.

INT. CAMPBELL HOUSE: MOM'S BEDROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Collins opens the partially closed door to find Harry by his mother's dresser looking through a photo album. Harry turns to Collins.

HARRY

Hey, I saw you at the service. Thanks for comin'. She kept this photo album right here on the corner of her dresser. She always said she wanted to be able to quickly get to her memories...memories huh. And look what happens, she ends up with no memories at all. Damned Alzheimers!

COLLINS

Please accept my condolences. Are you okay, kid?

HARRY

I'll get through it.

Searching for something to talk about --

COLLINS

So we found some evidence during the warrant for Geary.

Harry reaches to take hold of a locket that hangs by the corner of the dresser mirror.

HARRY

You know this locket. This was all my mother had from my dad.

Harry turns the locket over.

COLLINS

Look kid...

Harry turns to Collins --

HARRY

You know, I do appreciate you stoppin' by to show your respect, but right now I just need some time alone.

Harry opens the locket.

COLLINS

With my undying love...Harry.

HARRY
(surprised)
What...how?

COLLINS
I gave Loretta that locket. H L C
kid, Harold Leslie...Collins.

HARRY
Leslie, your middle name is Leslie?
It's you? No, my father gave her
this locket before he went off and
got himself killed in Nam.

COLLINS
Actually, I gave it to her.

HARRY
No, no, then? So what...are you
saying you're... my father?

COLLINS
Look kid, I didn't know.

HARRY
My father...you...you're dear old
dad!

COLLINS
I'm trying to tell you that I didn't
know. It was difficult times back
then. Racial tensions were high...and
mixed relationships were practically
unheard of. And your mother...well
you know how independent she was.
She told me to go and she never
mentioned, she never said anything
other than it would be too hard on
us.

HARRY
(yelling)
So you left!

COLLINS
She was right! But I had no idea by
her saying that...that she meant
anything other than too hard on her
and me.

HARRY
And you just left!

COLLINS

She left. She quit the SFPD and moved off to Riverside. I didn't hear from her ever again. Look, I met your mother a few years after...after my wife was killed.

HARRY

No...no! All those times I could have used having my dad around...and here you were just a car ride away.

COLLINS

Kid.

HARRY

(yelling)

Well, ya' can leave now too...just like ya' did back then.

The Lieutenant running into the room.

LIEUTENANT

Collins, I don't know what's going on but whatever it is, this isn't the right time.

Collins turns to the Lieutenant.

COLLINS

Fuck you! Go stick your goddamn nose in somewhere that it might belong. But this...this has nothing to do with you. This is a family matter!

HARRY

Family matter? Tell me...dad...if ya' didn't know then...how long did ya' know now?

LIEUTENANT

Dad?

COLLINS

(shyly)

The night you stopped by my bar. I had my suspicions then.

HARRY

And ya' thought what? No, never mind, don't go there. Shit, I even mentioned my father durin' our conversation.

(MORE)

HARRY (CONT'D)

Now, I know why they call you that.
It's because you're one damn dirty
bastard.

Ashamed Collins turns to leave.

HARRY (CONT'D)

I'll tell you what I don't need. I
don't need the distraction. Not
now...now when we're so close. So,
I got no choice...you're off the
case! I didn't need ya' to grow
up....I didn't need ya' to help me
when my mom was getting sick and I'm
fuckin' positive that I don't need
ya' now!

Campbell's AUNT ROSIE, ROSETTA MILFORD, enters the room.

LIEUTENANT

Guys.

HARRY

Collins's out. Got it Lieutenant.

AUNT ROSIE

Harry, baby are you okay?

Collins storms toward the door, pauses, and turns to Rosetta.

COLLINS

Hello Rosie. Sorry about Loretta.

AUNT ROSIE

Thank you Collins.

EXT. ST. FRANCIS MEMORIAL HOSPITAL - EARLY MORNING

Martin's van slowly comes to a stop under a NO PARKING SIGN.

INT. MARTIN'S VAN

He looks around to see if anyone is stirring. It looks clear,
he flips open his cell phone and powers it on. The sparse
back light glows on his face. He dials a number.

INT. TAMMY DAVIS' DESK

A blinking cursor illuminates the darkened room with it's
pulsing glow. A millisecond flash of data and a map with a
bright red star appears.

INT. ST. FRANCIS MEMORIAL HOSPITAL NURSES LOCKER ROOM -
EARLY MORNING

The door slides opens and a middle aged nurse named ALICIA HODGES enters just as the cell phone in her pocket rings. She pulls it out and looks at the display.

ALICIA HODGES

Marty, where are you? What the hell is going on? I saw your picture on the news. Tell me you didn't have anything to do with this.

MARTIN

I'm outside now. I need you to open the alley door and let me in.

ALICIA HODGES

How am I going to do that without alerting security?

MARTIN

Find a way. I need to get some things out of my locker.

ALICIA HODGES

You didn't answer my question. My God, the whole city is looking for you...

MARTIN

That is why I need you to stop talking and do this quickly, so I can get in and get out. Just let me in and I'll explain. You'll see...they're looking for the wrong guy.

ALICIA HODGES

(reluctantly)

Give me a minute.

She ends the call, pushes back her hair, picks up a clipboard.

INT. ST. FRANCIS MEMORIAL HOSPITAL HALLWAY - MOMENTS LATER

Alicia strolls seductively toward the SECURITY GUARD seated at the nurses station. He looks up from a magazine to wink and a smile.

ALICIA HODGES

Hey, I have to keep a close eye on the patient in 141 but I really do need some fresh air. Do you mind if I pop out the side door by the room for a second.

The Security Guard pauses only for a second then he reaches to the alarm console and flips a switch.

SECURITY GUARD
(flirting manner)
There you go, the alarm is disabled.
Hurry back...ya' hear.

ALICIA HODGES
(smiling)
Thanks.

She hurries down the hall and around the corner. A quick check up and down the corridor, she pushes open the door.

Martin cautiously pokes his head inside the door to see if the coast is clear. He moves quickly.

MARTIN
Come on, hurry.

He heads directly to the nurses locker room with Alicia in tow.

INT. ST. FRANCIS MEMORIAL HOSPITAL NURSES LOCKER ROOM -
CONTINUOUS

They both quickly get into the room. Martin leans on the door and closes it quietly. Then CLICK he locks it. He turns to Alicia--

MARTIN
Look, I have to get some things and then I'll be gone. Give me the key to the supply room.

He holds out his hand.

ALICIA HODGES
Gone, where do you think you're going to go. The entire police force is looking for you. And what do you need with my keys?

He opens his locker and steps in closely out of sight.

CLOSE ON -

His hand as picks up the pistol with silencer from the shelf and slams in a magazine.

BACK TO SCENE

ALICIA HODGES (CONT'D)

Did you do what they said? I mean, Marty I covered when the Pavulon came up missing, but this! I can't believe you're really the monster they say you are.

The locker door closes and Martin raises his arm, he pinches the gun against her forehead. WISP, a muted shot at close range. Brain fragments and blood paint the lockers behind her.

MARTIN

Well you should of believed it, you stupid bitch!

He looks around and bends down to fumble through her pockets.

INT. HOSPITAL MAIN ENTRANCE - LATER

Collins enters St. Francis Memorial Hospital. There's a line at the Information Desk but he barges to the front. He pushes the sketch and his SFPD contractor's badge to the DESK ATTENDANT. The Desk attendant looks at the sketch.

DESK ATTENDANT

Can I help you sir?

COLLINS

Yes I'm Inspector Collins with the SFPD. I'm looking for some information on this man. His name is...

DESK ATTENDANT

Martin, yes I know him. He's been out for the past couple of days...

Collins cuts the Desk Attendant short --

COLLINS

Okay, he's been out. When exactly did you see him last then?

DESK ATTENDANT

Well, if you would of allowed me to finish you would of heard me say that I think he's here right now.

Collins instinctively reaches for his weapon.

COLLINS

Okay, so where is he right now!

DESK ATTENDANT

I don't know. I saw him just a short time ago outside the supply room.

Collins turns and pulls out his cell phone. He starts to dial when the sliding doors open and Harry enters, he's talking on his blue tooth headset.

HARRY

All right, get it to me as quickly as possible.

He pushes the ear piece to hang up.

COLLINS

I'm glad to see you got my messages.

HARRY

What messages?

COLLINS

About the hospital and what I found when I was in Apex.

HARRY

Look, Collins, I don't know how ya' got here or what you're talking about. But just go home.

COLLINS

If you didn't get my messages, how did you know to meet me here?

HARRY

I'm not here to meet you. I got a call from Davis. The alert program she had running on the throw away got a hit a little while ago.

COLLINS

And?

HARRY

It was only activated for a minute but she was able to get the coordinates. He called from here. So I hurried over. We also discovered a link, all of our victims were treated here within the past four weeks.

COLLINS

Yeah well, Cyrus is here.

HARRY

Who's Cyrus.

COLLINS

How in the hell did you make inspector anyway? It seems like every time something big happens, I have to bring you up to speed.

HARRY

So Apex is somebody named Cyrus and ya' think he's here?

COLLINS

Yes, he's here. She saw him earlier.

Collins looks to the Desk Attendant. From down the hallway, a distant SCREAM.

Harry pulls his service weapon and they rush toward the noise.

A frightened young NURSES AIDE turns the corner. She's extremely distraught as Harry reaches her first.

HARRY

Miss, miss what's wrong?

NURSES AIDE

(frantic)

In the locker room, it's Alicia. She been shot in the head.

COLLINS

Is she dead?

NURSES AIDE

Huh?

COLLINS

Is she dead? Did you check?

NURSES AIDE

Yes, there's no pulse.

HARRY

Okay, miss listen.

She doesn't pay attention and he gently shakes her to reality.

HARRY (CONT'D)

Listen! Call 911 and report a murder. Tell the dispatcher that Inspector Campbell...

Harry pauses and looks to Collins then --

HARRY (CONT'D)

And Inspector Collins are on the scene. Tell them the Apex Killer is somewhere here in the hospital and to get backup here as quickly as possible.

Harry stands nose to nose with Collins.

HARRY (CONT'D)

Okay, then let's do this and get this guy. Then, you and I have a lot of issues to sort out.

COLLINS

Whatever you say kid. This is the closest we've been to this bastard, so let's quit flapping our gums and get on with it.

HARRY

And you need to give me that piece.

COLLINS

No way not this time.

HARRY

Now, damn it, we don't have time to argue!

Reluctantly he hands over his forty-four.

COLLINS

That's a mistake.

From a cross hall down the corridor, a huge disruption sounding like a knocked over cart.

UNKNOWN MAN (O.S.)

Hey. What the hell do you think you're doing! Get the hell out of here!

They look toward the noise just as Martin crosses their sight and in a flash he disappears out the side door.

EXT. CITY STREET - CONTINUOUS

Martin takes off running up the busy street. He jukes in and out of mindless pedestrians, they're barely interested in what's going on. He takes a quick turn down a narrow alley.

Harry and Collins follow, running as hard as they can to catch up.

EXT. ALLEY - CONTINUOUS

Turning the corner, they see it's a long alley leading to a dead end. For the first time during the investigation the Killer, Cyrus, is within their grasp.

Martin doesn't break stride as he nears the alley end. He jumps one footed onto wooden box and pushes off. It's like watching Jackie Chan when sort of instinctively, his other foot lifts up and pushes off the top of a dumpster. He slings his body into empty air, it's a long leap for a fire escape ladder. He makes it barely grasping the last rung and struggles but pulls himself up.

HARRY

He's headin' for the rooftops!

Collins looks to the adjoining building doorway.

COLLINS

I'm going up here and I'll be your spotter!

HARRY

Okay, I got him!

Collins disappears through the door of the adjoining building.

INT. ADJOINING BUILDING - CONTINUOUS

Climbing the stairs, he pulls out his cell phone and speed dials Harry.

EXT. ALLEY - CONTINUOUS

Harry follows Martin's path down the alley. While running, he manages to press his blue tooth ear piece.

HARRY

I see you're gettin' to like this technology stuff.

COLLINS

Yeah, are you happy now?

HARRY

Ecstatic.

INT. ADJOINING BUILDING STAIRWAY - CONTINUOUS

COLLINS

Yeah, well don't lose that prick. I'm almost to the roof and I'll let you know which way he runs.

EXT. ALLEY - CONTINUOUS

Harry propels himself from the dumpster stretching like a cat for the fire escape ladder. While in flight, he rolls and faces the sky.

HARRY
Hold on a sec....

HARRY (CONT'D)
(yelling)
Fuck!

He's got hold of the ladder rung. Swinging wildly, he uses the momentum, with one huge pull, he scales the next several rungs hand over hand.

EXT. APARTMENT BUILDING ROOFTOP

Martin clears the rooftop lip and looks around. In the distance, he spots Collins coming out of a neighboring building rooftop doorway. He whirls around, BANG.

EXT. APARTMENT BUILDING FIRE ESCAPE - CONTINUOUS

Harry reaches the bottom of the last remaining tier of fire escape ladders that lead to the rooftop. He looks up to barely see Martin's foot, it disappears.

COLLINS (V.O.)
He's heading east.

EXT. ROOFTOPS - CONTINUOUS

Martin leaps from one connected rooftop to another, his technique, wild and erratic. Like steps, each rooftop gets closer to the ground.

Nearing the end of the block, he focuses on the building edge and runs all out. He never slows stride, one final leap and with the building edge crossing underneath him, he leaps feet first into emptiness.

EXT. STREET - CONTINUOUS

Collins is in the street looking upward, he watches Martin take that final leap from the building.

THUMP, Martin slams to the top of a box truck. Uncontrollably, he's tumbles off the truck and into a shoulder roll.

He's up and springs to the street.

Swinging his head around, he makes a quick check and finds a COURIER getting off his bike.

Martin rushes the courier, knocks him down, and leaps on the bike, he quickly peddles up the street. He suddenly cuts in front of an oncoming car. The driver swerves and smashes into a parked car. Martin keeps peddling not phased by the near fatal move.

EXT. ROOFTOP - MOMENTS LATER

Still in pursuit, Harry locks all attention on the end of the building. He moves faster and faster. At the edge, he hurls himself outward into empty air.

Collins looks up towards Campbell's scream.

HARRY (O.S.)
A-a-a-a-h-h-h-h!

Harry swan dives from the rooftop. Stretching for every possible inch, he floats almost weightless and manages to reach the arm of a street light.

Down the street, the METAL GRINDING of a tractor trailer downshifting while turning the corner in Harry's direction.

Gracefully, Harry makes one 360 degree rotation on the arm of the light, he releases perfectly and manages to land on the roof of the moving rig. He bounces, rolls and springs up quickly, bleeding but not broken, he's up and moving again.

Collins is screaming into the ear piece.

COLLINS
He's on a bike heading north toward
the water.

Still moving smoothly, Harry jumps from the trailer to the top of the cab wind fairing, he slips unexpectedly down the front.

INT. BIG RIG - CONTINUOUS

Driver's POV

Harry's legs dangle across the windshield partially blocking the view of the DRIVER.

DRIVER
What the fuck!

The Driver slams on the brakes.

Harry rolls off the hood into the street. Immediately, he looks around to find a group of tourist rolling briskly down the street on segways. He holds his hand up, his BADGE pushed to the TOURIST GUIDE --

HARRY

Stop! Sorry dude, but I need to commandeer your uh...uh..segway.

TOURIST GUIDE

No way man.

Harry quickly checks Martin's position to barely catch a glimpse as he clears a crest in Hyde Street, he disappears out of sight.

HARRY

Get out of the way!

Harry forces the Tourist Guide aside and hops on the segway.

COLLINS (O.S.)

Get moving, get on him kid!

Harry's on the segway in the middle of the street at full throttle. Weaving in and out of the slower moving cars, he reaches the crest. Martin's got quite a lead, he's all but escaped.

At the corner, a GIRL starts her Vespa, the WHIMPERING PURR catches Harry's attention.

He hops from the segway, in a flash he's on top of the Girl.

HARRY

Miss, I'm sorry but I need your vehicle. Here you can have the segway.

Harry politely helps her off the machine.

GIRL

Hey, that's mine.

He's on and speeds down the street. He's moving faster now.

Martin smiles until he looks over his shoulder, Harry's closing quickly.

Martin looks around and spots a MAN getting on a KAWASAKI. He ejects himself from the moving bike, it continues on and slams head on with an oncoming car.

He runs to the Man and from behind strikes him sharply across the back of the head with his elbow.

The MAN drops like a limp sack of meat.

He hops on the motorcycle and blazes up the street with the engine revving so hard it seems like it's about to blow.

HARRY

Now, he's get a motorcycle and still
headin' North.

INT. HARRY'S CHALLENGER- DAY

Collins's in the Challenger, he speeds north on Leavenworth Street detouring the traffic and running parallel to the chase.

COLLINS

Where are you?

EXT. HYDE STREET- DAY

HARRY

I'm on Hyde crossin' Sacramento just
about to the hills. Where are you
at?

INT. HARRY'S CHALLENGER- DAY

COLLINS

I'll be on your right. I'm on
California heading west towards Hyde
and right on top of
you...there...there you are.

Timed perfectly, Collins nears the intersection, Harry shoots by on the Vespa.

COLLINS (CONT'D)

Drop that toy and get in.

The challenger's ENGINE SCREAMS as it flies down the street. Collins cuts sharply to the right, lays slightly off the accelerator, then sharply back to the left, the car drifts around the corner, and makes a TIRE SCREECHING stop.

EXT. HYDE STREET

As he shoots by Collins, Harry slams on the brakes and lays down the Vespa. METAL SCRAPING, it slides to the curb.

Harry hurries to the driver's door.

HARRY

Move over!

COLLINS

Damn it kid...just get the hell in!

Reluctantly, Harry circles the car and gets in the passenger side.

INT. HARRY'S CHALLENGER

HARRY

You better not put one damn scratch on this car. This is a limited edition hurst...

Collins interrupts --

COLLINS

Just buckle up. I was doing car chases before you were even born.

HARRY

But that was in Model Ts or some slow ass shit.

COLLINS

Yeah, well you better hope not. Oh and I'd suggest you hang on to your ass.

EXT. HARRY'S CHALLENGER

Collins floors the metal speed demon. The supercharged beast spends all 550 horse-power, it's off in a fishtailing cloud of burned rubber.

INT. HARRY'S CHALLENGER

Finally reaching a run of street where traffic thins out, they make a huge gain on Martin. Collins maneuvers the flashy coupe close behind the Killer, THUMP, he bumps the back tire sharply.

Martin loses control as the bike sways momentarily into the path of an oncoming truck, he manages to recover.

But the truck doesn't, it cuts across the path of Collins and Campbell. Collins takes action and the two vehicles barely miss. The truck continues past and hits that sidewalk edge then jumps through the window of a nearby store.

COLLINS

He's heading for Fisherman's Wharf.

HARRY

Yeah, but ya' know what's next don't you?

They approach the first crest in a number of rolling crests.

COLLINS
 Yep, these hills.

Both vehicles, get air over the first in a series of hills. The bike bounces several times when landing, the challenger bottoms out, SPARKS FLASHING and METAL CLANGING.

Approaching the second hill, Martin kicks it. Now airborne, the bike floats effortlessly, the peak of the hill passes underneath, the engine WHINES from the strain and it hits the ground hard. Martin reacts and swerves quickly just missing the tractor trailer coming up the hill on the opposite side of the street.

Immediately, the Challenger comes over the crest and lands on top of the trailer, it bounces once, and springs to the air again. The truck moves from below and the car slams to the street.

At the bottom of the hill, Martin makes a sudden cut to the right.

Collins reacts quickly but the car isn't agile enough for the speed. The ass end is way too loose, it slides sideways. He hits the brakes hard, the anti brake system kicks in.

HARRY
 Whoa, whoa, whoa!

The TIRES SCREECH loudly, the challenger barely avoids piling into the back of a pickup in which TWO LATINO MEN are loading furniture.

COLLINS (calmly)
 Pipe down kid. I didn't hit anything yet.

Their car comes to rest with only inches to spare.

HARRY
 Yeah, you were lucky.

Shocked, the Latino Men flinch and drop the couch. CLUMPH it hits the hood.

HARRY (CONT'D)
 No, no, I said not even a scratch Collins.

COLLINS
 Hey, don't bitch at me. They're the ones who dropped the couch.

Collins smiles devilishly, he looks to Harry then throws the car in reverse. The METAL HOOD MOANS as the couch drags across it to carve out a gaping crease. Another sliding stop and one smooth CLICK of the TRANSMISSION, Collins jams it into first gear and side steps the clutch. The tires spin, smoke spews.

HARRY

What the hell are you doing?

COLLINS

We're not losing him now. I'll buy you a new god damn car if I have to.

They move quickly down the road watching the side streets as they pass for a glimpse of the killer.

HARRY

Damn it...we lost him.

Collins spots him and --

COLLINS

There...there he is on Lombard at the curves!

Collins jams the brakes and quickly reverses the car, tires burn and smoke billows upward. He whips the car around and slams it into first gear. He floors the accelerator and the chase is still on. He quickly maneuvers the car down the sharp turns of Lombard Street while barely avoiding parked cars. The pursuit continues all the way to Telegraph Hill Boulevard.

COLLINS (CONT'D)

We've got him now. It's a dead end.

Martin unexpectedly jumps the bike off road and shooting through neighborhood yards, he's heading east toward Montgomery Street.

HARRY

Shit, he's gonna lose us for sure now.

COLLINS

Bull shit...like hell he is!

Collins makes a sharp right onto a crowded walking path, the narrow dirt lane is barely wide enough for the car. He frantically blows his horn giving warning to the pedestrians nearby, they dive to safety. A wall of loose dirt and dust blanket behind them.

HARRY

Now this...this is gonna leave more
than a damned scratch.

COLLINS

Bitch, bitch, bitch.

EXT. FILBERT STEPS - MOMENTS LATER

Martin takes a short cut down the steps and onto Filbert Street, he swings a quick left onto Sansome. He's sure he's lost them this time and eases off the throttle.

EXT. GREENWICH AND SANSOME - CONTINUOUS

Moving down Greenwich, Collins and Campbell approach Sansome. Martin blurs past, he's spotted them.

COLLINS

There he is!

EXT. EMBARCADO STREET - CONTINUOUS

Martin reacts by turning onto Embarcadero Street, that leads to Fisherman's Wharf. Traffic is heavy.

Down the street, two semi-trucks hog both lanes. They're followed by a Ford F450 super duty with a loadmax car transport trailer in tow.

MARTIN

Shit, looks like I'm not going to
lose these assholes after all.

He rams the throttle hard and speeds past the F450, then cuts between the two trucks, the Challenger isn't far behind.

Collins tries to pass on the left but the semi truck weaves to block his attempt. He tries again, this time it's a near head on disaster with a street car, he swerves back into his lane just in time to avoid a collision. He tries to pass on the right using the bicycle lane, the other truck blocks that way.

HARRY

Now what genius.

COLLINS

Just hold on kid.

He steers straight for the loadmax car trailer and stomps the gas pedal.

HARRY

What the hell are you gonna do now?
Oh no, no, no. Don't even...

The right front tire of the speeding Challenger hits the low riding edge of the trailer, the car springs up on two wheels, a side wheelie.

COLLINS

Pipe down kid, I use to do this all
the time...you know...in my Model T.

Collins keeps the car steady while just squeezing between the two semi trucks, and once through it's down softly on all wheels.

HARRY

Holy shit, Collins.

EXT. FISHERMAN'S WHARF PARKING LOT - MOMENTS LATER

The SCREAMING challenger closes on Fisherman's Wharf. Harry's quick to spot the stolen bike in the parking lot.

HARRY

Over there!

The Kawasaki has made a nice hood ornament for a moving van.

The challenger comes to a TIRE SCREECHING stop, Collins is the first to jump out.

Close ON --

Harry reaches to his shoulder holster for his .357, it is empty.

HARRY (CONT'D)

Damn, I lost it.

BACK TO SCENE

Collins's waving --

COLLINS

Come on. What are you waiting for?

Harry open the glove box, the small door SLAPS down. Inside, is one of the confiscated forty-fours. He opens the revolver cylinder to make sure it's loaded, the METAL CLICKS when he slams it shut and SWISH whispers the leather, the weapon glides into the holster's care.

He gets out of the car and quickly flashes his badge when nearing the small crowd of SHOP PATRONS.

HARRY
SFPD, where is he?

SHOP PATRON#1
He's limping. He ran toward the
dock.

Harry and Collins frantically look around trying to locate
him.

COLLINS
There he is. He's getting on the
ferry to Alcatraz.

HARRY
Let's move Collins.

They hurry toward the ferry just as the horn blows. The
BELLOW is the last warning before it sets sail for the quick
trip to Alcatraz island.

EXT. ALCATRAZ FERRY MAIN DECK - MOMENTS LATER

Campbell and Collins are the last two off the gangplank.
Luckily, the tourist crowd is light. Their eyes scan the
crowd for the killer.

HARRY
Okay, I'll work this deck, and the
main cabin.

COLLINS
I'll check up top.

HARRY
Do ya' have a weapon?

COLLINS
No, I'm following your rules,
remember.

HARRY
Great, the one time you follow
direction.

COLLINS
That's the way you wanted it.

HARRY
I know. Okay, you wait here. I got
this.

COLLINS
What, I'm not letting you go after
him alone.

HARRY

We're on a boat. I think I can find him in the fifteen minutes it will take this thing to get to Alcatraz.

COLLINS

Look, it can wait until they dock. Once we reach Alcatraz, we'll have the Captain and the crew get everyone off. There are only two gangplanks. You take one, I'll take the other. We can wait for him there. If he doesn't show, we can get backup and search the ship.

HARRY

We can't allow him to run loose on here for even two more minutes. By then, he could kill ten more people. And there are kids on here too. No, I'm goin' now. You get to the Captain and inform him of what's goin' on. Tell him to notify the crew and instruct them to keep it quiet. No need for a panic. And make sure they don't do anythin' they wouldn't normally do.

COLLINS

All right, whatever you say.

Harry cautiously strolls toward the main cabin.

EXT. ALCATRAZ FERRY UPPER DECK - CONTINUOUS

Collins jogs up the port side stairway to the upper deck. Nearing the top, he sees Martin who's watching Campbell below.

Collins uses the sparse crowd for cover, he tries to move closer. Ducking down from the Killer's view, he hides behind the base of the pilot house that stands over the top deck. Her watches Martin through the glass portal with his back is pressed to the bulkhead.

Campbell ascends the stairway that leads from the main cabin, just below the pilot house, to the upper deck. At the top, he turns the corner then --

He's face to face with the Killer and staring right down the throat of his weapon.

MARTIN

Okay, now toss that piece overboard.

In his peripheral view, Campbell sees Collins shaking his head from side to side indicating not to drop the weapon.

Harry Stalls --

HARRY

Why? Why did ya' kill all of those innocent people?

MARTIN

Ah, so you want to talk shop. Are we stalling here? Okay. Why do you think I killed them?

HARRY

My guess is because you're just a sick mutherfucker. That's why.

MARTIN

I did it because they wanted me to.

HARRY

They...they wanted ya' to. I don't believe one of them wanted ay' to kill 'em.

MARTIN

Every one of them. Not in words, but I saw it, it was in their eyes. They begged me to do it. Me, they chose me.

HARRY

Maybe what you think you saw in their eyes was actually what you want for yourself. I mean it can't be easy living with the fact you killed your own family.

Martin slowly raises his gun, the METAL SNAP as the trigger locks ready to fire.

MARTIN

Enough chit chat. So you've made your choice...die then pig!

In that instant, Collins hurls his long body into the line of fire.

BANG! Martin pulls the trigger.

HARRY

What the hell are you doing, man!

Collins shields Harry, the bullet burrows into the lower left side of Collins's back, blood spits out slightly at first then spews freely like a water main break.

Campbell catches Collins with one arm but maintaining focus on Martin, BOOM, BOOM, BOOM, the big gun answers.

But Martin is gone.

Harry slumps over his downed partner.

COLLINS

You didn't think I was going to let my partner get blown away did you?

HARRY

Okay, stay still and don't talk. I'll have the Captain turn this thing around and we'll get you some help.

COLLINS

Hell kid, this ain't the first time I've been shot. This is just a flesh wound. It's a through and through.

HARRY

Are you sure? There's an awful lot of blood.

COLLINS

Look you focus and go get that son of bitch.

HARRY

Nah, I'm right here with you...partner. He ain't going nowhere. We'll catch him.

COLLINS

Bullshit, either you go get him or I'll do it.

Collins tries to get up.

HARRY

Okay, just stay still. I'll be back in no time.

COLLINS

Hey Kid, I guess I was there for you that time. Wasn't I?

HARRY

Yeah, you sure were ol' man...you sure were.

COLLINS

Oh and when you get done with that asshole...

HARRY

Yeah?

COLLINS

I want my fucking guns back.

They both smile.

Collins passes out.

Harry gently lowers him to the deck.

A YOUNG WOMAN hurriedly turns the corner.

YOUNG WOMAN

Can I help? I'm a nurse.

HARRY

Yes, please do whatever you can for him. Miss, whatever you do, don't let him die. He's my father.

She looks puzzled.

YOUNG WOMAN

I'll do my best.

HARRY

Thank you.

Harry holds up the forty-four and momentarily stares at it. He takes off after Martin.

One of the shots Harry fired didn't miss. Hit in the leg, Martin limps to the back of the boat.

Harry follows the blood trail and corners him at the rail.

In the background, AMY, a small girl stares out at the water.

MOTHER (V.O.)

Amy, get over here.

Unexpectedly, the frolicking lass crosses the path between them.

Martin reacts, he snatches her to use as a shield.

Amy SCREAMS VIOLENTLY, he pushes the gun tightly to her temple.

MARTIN

Okay, you can get rid of that gun
and this time do it, or the girl is
dead.

Harry slowly lowers the weapon.

HARRY

There's, no need to hurt a little
girl. Just be cool.

In a blink and a flinch, Harry's arm snaps up aiming on the
fly, BOOM! One true shot, nicks the Killer's left shoulder.

The surprise causes him to stumble backward, off balance he
releases his grip on the girl.

She breaks free and runs away.

HARRY (CONT'D)

Run now Amy, get outta here.

Martin is flat on his ass on the deck --

MARTIN

You fucking bastard, I'm going to
kill you.

HARRY

Sure you are.

MARTIN

(threatening)

Your whole family is gonna suffer.
All of them...they are all dead.

HARRY

You know, if it weren't for the fact
that I'm the one holding the gun
here, I'd probably believe you.

Martin laughs --

MARTIN

Don't let that fool you.

His eyes widen, a focused attention goes to the loose weapon
lying on the deck at his feet.

HARRY

Ah, ah, ah, I know exactly what you're
thinkin', Cyrus. Did he fire five
or six shots?

(MORE)

HARRY (CONT'D)

To tell you truth, in all this excitement, I kind of forget myself. But this here is a forty-four magnum, one of the most powerful handguns in the world and it can blow you head clean off. So you've got to stop and ask yourself just one question. Do I feel lucky? Well do ya', do ya' feel lucky...
 (gritting his teeth)
 Asshole!

MARTIN

Sorry cop, but I didn't see that movie.

Martin unleashes an uncontrolled rage. SCREAMING, he somehow gets to the weapon, stands and takes aim then --

BOOM! BOOM! Campbell fires first, he fires twice.

Martin is hit mid-chest with a close grouping of shots. Bright red drops spit everywhere like water shooting from a garden sprinkler. His eyes bulge from the pain caused by the spiraling, hot metal ricocheting through his chest. The energy of the projectiles launches his body as it twists awkwardly over the rail of the upper deck. His arms and legs flail wildly. The ferry moves underneath his floating body, the backward momentum seems timed, he barely misses the aft rail on the lower deck.

A big KERPLUNK, he's swallowed by the churning white water bubbling up from the rotating propellers. The mass of meat and bone that once was a brutal killer sinks like a sack of garbage destined for the lonely blackness of the cold bay floor.

Campbell looks surprised and shows a measure of satisfaction that's told by the slight upward curling at the end of his lips.

HARRY

You should have seen the movie bitch!
 It's a real classic.

FADE OUT

EXT. DOCK - WEEKS LATER

It a bright sunny day, the wind blows gently. Campbell leans on the rail and watches from a distance as passengers board the Alcatraz Ferry. Unexpected, there's a jagged poke in his side.

COLLINS

Don't move.

Campbell cautiously stands upright and turns around slowly.

HARRY

You know, given your condition, do you really think you should be sneakin' up on somebody like that?

COLLINS

Hell, I'm fine now.

HARRY

Yeah?

COLLINS

Yeah. So how's it going kid?

They clasp hands and bump shoulders.

HARRY

Man, you should see the case I'm workin' on now. Dad, I tell ya'.

COLLINS

No thanks. I'm retired again. But I would think with that medal they gave you for Apex, the shit jobs would go to someone else.

HARRY

Yeah, well I don't mind my hands gettin' dirty.

COLLINS

I hear ya'. By the way, thanks for dropping off my guns.

HARRY

No problem?

COLLINS

I hear they're calling you Collins now. I like that. Like father like son?

Campbell reaches into Collins's jacket and finds the forty-four with the eight inch barrel, he takes it. Turning, he strolls down the dock while pulling back his jacket. With emphasis, he slides the cannon into the leather holster under his arm.

COLLINS (CONT'D)

Hey, you're not taking my gun again.
Are you? I just got that back.

HARRY

I need it more than you do... Oh,
and I told them not to call me
Collins.

In the background, the FERRY HORN BELLOWS as it pulls from
the dock.

COLLINS

Why not?

HARRY

Because...unlike you...I like being
called dirty.

OUR POV

Pull AWAY -- AERIAL SHOT. Campbell walks away and gives a
quick wave back to Collins. The torch is passed, Collins
smiles knowing his city is once again safe.

FADE OUT

THE END